

A.A.A.



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NEWSLETTER



LYNN DAVIES
(Roath (Cardiff) Harriers)



Olympic record holder

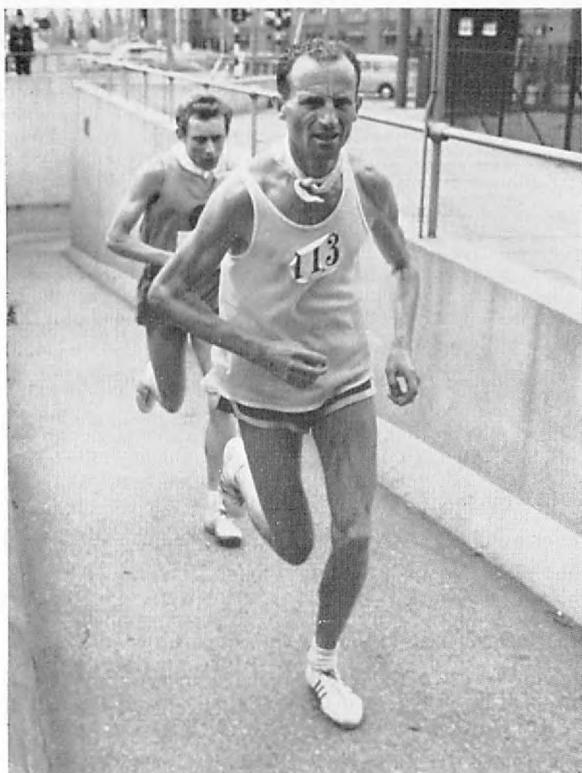
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JIM HOGAN
(Polytechnic Harriers)

“ My Sometime Friend ”

NORMAN HARRIS

THERE is a story in the Bible of an army of Gideon, an army reduced from 30,000 to a mere 500 by sending back all those whose heart was not fully in the battle and those who showed imprudence in a special test.

The 500 who remained remind me of marathon runners. It makes me think of getting together an army of runners, of turning away all those who are not really keen on the idea of running 26 miles, of then offering a guarantee of success in any other event. There would not be many left—but there would be some.

It is an argument by those who are not fully in sympathy with the decathlon that this competition attracts only those who cannot be the best in any one single event. I have an idea there may be men around who would prefer the decathlon, regardless. The challenge means greater strain but also greater rewards. Certainly it is true of the marathon.

If offered an equal chance of success—especially at Olympic level—in any athletic event, there are quite a few of us who would still name the marathon.

The marathon is something else altogether, something special. So is the city of London, which cannot be compared to the other cities of England; London is itself. We could also say that a city, even apart from its inhabitants, has character, it lives. So does a locomotive as it storms through the night. And the Eiger is a mountain with a vicious human streak. So it is that the Marathon seems to manifest itself in animate form.

The marathon is not just a long race on the road.

It's odd, you can have a 20-mile road race—but it doesn't seem anywhere near the same. You can plan on running 25 miles on a long training run, which means nothing especially—but if you should calculate afterwards that you actually ran 26 miles then suddenly you're thrilled! As if breaking some sort of barrier, you ran A Marathon.

The term "modified marathon" makes you laugh. The marathon is 26 miles, 385 yards, 6½ inches. That and only that is the marathon.

Like a fool-proof combination lock, it is as if with these figures someone found the perfect distance. You can't find the answer to the marathon, at least not all of the time. Every marathon runner in the course of 5 or 10 races, is going to have "a bad one," Nothing in athletics is more sure.

You may think you have tamed it, but the marathon can always be a monster.

Some months ago I did think I had it tamed. I ran a trial from Windsor to Chiswick, with Jim Hogan. What was for Hogan an easy opening pace was for me violent. It was a pace which one would never countenance in a race, but in a training trial it didn't matter; anyway I was committed.

Our pace gradually eased and evened out. I finished in reasonable comfort. I had run faster by two minutes than my best race time. I had not been "fresh" as for a race and I had not run myself out as in a race.

The most marvellous thing was that I had flung myself with abandon at the marathon, given not a thought to the threatening 2½ hours of running which had lain ahead.

So, the marathon runner's traditional circumspection was unnecessary! It was just a matter of being strong. Just like getting used to running at sustained speed for a 440, and then for the tough 880; overcoming the fear and the strain.

It was truly exciting to have flouted the rules of the marathon, to have smashed the last bastion which athletics could construct . . .

Two months later I raced the same course. This time I was "fresh" as well as strong. I went off at full throttle.

This hero, who had never before walked at any stage during eight previous marathons, this strong runner who had "conquered" the marathon, cracked like a twig before half-way and thereafter walked more fimes than he could remember. Finally he staggered home 20 minutes slower than he had run his glorious trial.

The Marathon had the last laugh.

Confession is good for the soul, and I made a pretty humble confession in a letter to a marathon-running New Zealand friend. The following reply came back :

"There is no event on the athletics calendar that makes a man feel as humble as does the Marathon . . . You train hard. don't make predictions, and when the gun goes pray to hell that somehow you will turn up trumps. I've been told I'm over-cautious but deep in my heart I'm honestly showing respect for an event

that is a great leveller. I'll never forget Puck (Ray Puckett, four times NZ champion) at Dunedin last year. Every second person was telling him, 'You'll win.' To everyone he was a certainty, but in a quiet moment before we set off for the ground he confided, 'I still have to run the 26 miles.' This from a man who had run marathons all his career and has the guts and determination to see him through hell."

Now—now, you try to remember what it felt like when you ran a good marathon, you want to experience that feeling again.

It is not a feeling of ease that you search for; oh no, a fast, easy marathon would surely leave one feeling something like a woman after a miscarriage.

It is a feeling that depends on strain, but not on agony (because few of us really enjoy pain), on holding together despite the strain, and driving home. Under strain, your head wants to lay to one side; so you think of finishing with your head dead-straight, everything still working, only just, but working . . .

You wouldn't want it any other way than with the stakes high. Big preparation. Big toll. Big rewards. The event which demands so much can give so much back.

I can't believe that any other event in athletics could produce as much satisfaction as I experienced after my first marathon . . . I went to the pictures that night. It was a sad little film. Vaguely I was aware that it was sad. But I was also aware that there was a smile on my face from the start to the finish.

Actually I needn't have been at the pictures for that. I could have been sitting on my own on a wooden chair in the middle of an empty room. Just me and my mate The Marathon.

The author of the above article, who though only 26, is ranked amongst the world's finest writers on athletics and amongst his books, "The Legend of Lovelock" and "Lap of Honour" are familiar to all enthusiasts. Undoubtedly, his participation in and dedication to, the sport give him an unique advantage in writing about athletics and I am very grateful to him for finding the necessary time to write this article for us.

The Commonwealth Games as seen by a Category 'A' Official

Inst.Lt.Cdr. C. A. SINFIELD, M.B.E., R.N.

EARLY in 1965 the British Empire and Commonwealth Games Council for England wrote to the governing bodies of the various sports to say that the Jamaican Organising Committee would welcome the opportunity of calling upon the services of any first class officials who would be travelling to the Games at their own expense. Following enquiries, names and qualifications of officials known to be thinking of going to Jamaica were sent out and in due course the Organising Committee indicated what posts they would like to be filled by the A.A.A. I was asked to act as a Field Judge for Throws while, others were nominated for Time-keeper, Starter, Track Judge, Announcer, Referee Walk and three Walking Judges: these were classed as Category A and it was agreed that accommodation and uniform (two shirts and a pair of trousers) would be provided for them. Any other official who said that he, or she, would be in Jamaica for the period of the Games could, with the support of his or her parent body, ask to be employed but would only qualify for the uniform and commemorative medal—these were classed as Category B officials. Les Cohen was in a completely different category, being specially invited by Jamaica to assist in the preparation of the Stadium and therefore dealt with entirely by the Organisers.

When it became obvious that our late Honorary Treasurer would not be able to go to Jamaica I was asked to represent England on the Technical Committee for Athletics. The Constitution lays down that this Committee 'will supervise and assume complete control of the technical arrangements for the sport' and then goes on to mention several of its responsibilities.

Only a few weeks before we were due to leave, the Government not only made a grant towards the travelling expenses of the teams but also made a sum available towards the fares of the Category A Officials. (These grants applied to all the nine sports). This was a very pleasant and unexpected surprise and I am sure those of us who received this assistance were most grateful.

Because of my Technical Committee nomination my original flight arrangements were altered so that I travelled with the main body of our men athletes. We reported in at the Cavendish Hotel, from whence we were transported to London Airport to join a Boeing 707 charter flight of B.O.A.C. which left at noon on Sunday, 24th July, to go first to Prestwick where all Scottish and Northern Ireland competitors for the Games were to be picked up. B.O.A.C. had produced a special 'Welcome Aboard' menu card and because our lunch was to be delayed by the call at Prestwick they gave us a "Light Meal" (as they called it) on our way North. At Prestwick we stretched our legs for about half an hour and rejoined the plane to the strains of a piper playing his countrymen off. The trip of a little over seven hours across the Atlantic at around 35,000 feet seemed to pass quickly enough in pleasant company and helped by an excellent lunch and afternoon tea.

At New York we said "Goodbye" to the crew who had brought us from London and then spent two hours while our plane was refuelled and checked. During this time we were mostly occupied in convincing the United States authorities that we were medically fit and suitable persons to be allowed into their country—even though we were only in transit. Those of us who had visas got through fairly quickly once we got to the appropriate official. Then we took off for the trip of just under four hours to Jamaica with yet another meal—dinner—to help while away the time. The weather for the whole journey was excellent and those of us fortunate enough to have been given a seat with a view could see much of the coastline until we finally left it for the run over Cuba. By this time it was getting dark and our arrival time at Kingston was about 2 a.m. for those who had not altered their watches, but a little after 8 p.m. local time.

As soon as we got out of the plane we knew that we had arrived—it was very hot even at that hour, but formalities were reduced to the absolute minimum and we were all soon on our way to our accommodation. The 'sheep' and 'goats' were separated and while the athletes were whisked away to their 'Village' in the University the few technical officials were taken to Mico College—a training college a little out from Kingston and in the opposite direction to the Village compared with the Stadium.

After a long day one is ready for the first night away from home, but the initial impression of what was being provided for us was not exciting. A certain number of the rooms were single, and the rest doubles but they were all the same in that the floors were of smooth cement with furniture limited to a bed (mattress on wooden slats with one pillow and sheets), wardrobe, chair and a school desk. On each floor to serve ten rooms, which might have up to twenty inhabitants, there were ablutions which were perhaps acceptable to the normal residents but were a little different from what one has been accustomed to—even those of us who have been in the Services. Apparently our floor was no different from the others in that we had washbasins with cold water only (this was also true of the Village), showers which projected a jet of cold water without showering and with no duckboards to stand on, and toilets with inefficient plumbing, broken seats and non-fastening doors (if the doors happened to be there). Thanks to some well directed complaints, carpenters and plumbers were sent to the College and produced some improvements, though we found that by the end of our stay the plumbing had not stood up to the strain and wash basins and toilets were, in some cases, leaking badly. Oh! and the basins did not at first have any plugs and when they eventually arrived they were not the correct size, so it was fortunate that there was no water shortage on the Island during the Games!



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I think the accommodation problems were due to the fact that nobody had given any thought to its inspection, or assessment of its suitability and preparedness for overseas officials of whom there were eventually about 100, from various sports, in residence. When one appreciates that the whole of the Jamaican A.A.A. is probably not as strong as some of our leading clubs, then it is realised that such problems were bound to arise. One of the College Staff acted as Warden, but he had the greatest difficulty in getting his supplies of necessities and was only too pleased that we did what we could to help him. The catering was apparently being done by an outside caterer and the staff did extremely well to deal with a motley crowd of strangers coming and going at all hours of the day and night: some sports went on well after midnight and some started early—for instance we were up about 4 a.m. for the Marathon. The food provided was practically English with very few local items apart from pawpaws and melons. I half expected to be inundated with bananas and grapefruit but this was not to be; even though citrus fruits were not much in evidence there was an almost limitless supply of orange juice 'on the house' and the inevitable ice water machine. One small room on the ground floor was set aside as a bar where the local Red Stripe beer, soft and other drinks were available at rather inflated prices, but the alternative would have been to have gone 'ashore' and walking round after dark was not recommended. One or two officials had unpleasant experiences, even in daylight, with pickpockets and other undesirable characters; one must expect small time crooks to congregate wherever large gatherings are present for any major event and Jamaica was no exception to this—our own Police had their problems with World Cup visitors.

On the Monday we got our bearings and reported to the Director of Athletics, Lt. Col. C. A. M. Moody, O.B.E., born and educated in England, ex Sandhurst and Royal West Kent Regiment, a Jamaican citizen whom I am sure we all summed up as 'an officer and a gentleman.' On Tuesday we had the first meeting of the Technical Committee to which each competing country is entitled to send a representative with voting powers, and the first item of importance was to elect an International Jury of Appeal with powers and duties as laid down in I.A.A.F. rules. From seven nominations five were elected with one Australian (not arriving until the Games were due to start), the Jamaican A.A.A. President Richard Ashenheim, the I.A.A.F. official observer Colonel Jack Davies, Tom Lord (a Canadian) and myself. The next item on the Agenda was to approve the list of Technical officials, and here one felt some local difference of opinion between the requirements as set out by the organisers of the athletics and what the Director of Organisation of all the Games thought should be the maximum number for which he had to supply uniforms and free seats. The Committee thought that the elected Jury would be the best sub-committee to look into this problem so that, omitting the local member to avoid embarrassment, this left three of us to spend one very long evening and a whole morning sifting the lists carefully. At that late stage it was not possible to do much pruning because the over-many local officials in some sections had been trained for their jobs over a very long period and promised everything that went with it; we also had to remember that this was a once-in-a-lifetime occasion about which they would tell their grandchildren, so in the end we sided with the Director of Athletics.

Another item considered by the Technical Committee was the organisation at the Venue of Competition as well as training facilities and the easy way out, after a lot of discussion, was to give it to the same sub-committee to deal with! Discussion on the programme led to this being turned over to the Seeding and Draw Committee which was then nominated with three members, including myself yet again. (It was known that I had collected the very latest copy of Stan Greenberg's ranking list on the morning that we left London; this list was very useful and the number of criticisms of our work which came to my ears were negligible—and even these could be argued). So at least one Category A official was in for a busy time, both before and during the Games; having been selected for the job I felt it my duty to help in any way possible because the object was to ensure that the athletes should have the best possible conditions for their competition, irrespective of local wishes or personal considerations which we found existing around the Stadium.

In addition to the Director of Athletics and the Director of Organisation for the whole Games, there was the President of the Organising Committee who had his office at the top of the stand in the Stadium in such a position that he could see everything and everyone on the arena—and this did not always make for smoothness of co-operation. In addition, ceremonial on the arena came under another boss who inflicted Victory Ceremonies on the programme just when he thought fit, even if an athletic event was scheduled for that time. It took several days of competition to fix this one!

At the second meeting of the Technical Committee the I.A.A.F. observer, Col. Jack Davies of Canada, withdrew from the Jury as he was also Commandant of the whole Canadian Games contingent and the vacancy was unanimously filled by Abraham Ordia of Nigeria. Recommendations from the various sub-committees were accepted and further problems passed to them for investigation and action.

At the Stadium several snags were discovered. The Walkers and Marathon runners were expected to re-enter the Stadium by the 'Marathon Tunnel,' but it was obvious that no walkers at the end of a 20 miles journey would have survived the slope without running, so the alternative approach tunnel had to be used with consequent adjustment of Starts and Finishes for the two long distance events. Then there was the serious problem of getting competitors from the practice track to the inside of the arena. Unfortunately this track was not well sited and would have involved escorting parties of athletes through several lanes of traffic and into a crowded tunnel entrance to the arena. A rough cricket field adjacent to the Stadium made a useful warming up area, but local opinion was against changing the arrangements when a training track had been provided at considerable expense and many were the obstacles placed in our way before we finally won this battle; we were even told that the Police wanted the cricket field for a car park when in fact the Commissioner of Police had no parking problems. The same cricket field was unfortunately the only place where the hammer throwers could hold their competition because there was a risk of fracturing pipes for the sprinkler system for the arena grass. It is a pity that such a limitation is not known when events are scheduled, but we found that field events were not so popular or were understood as well as in our own country. White City presentation for throwing events was not acceptable to the local organisers so that it was only from the announcers that the state of the competitions could be obtained.

Dissemination of information from organisers to team managers, athletes and officials seemed to suffer through the distances involved, and a couple of despatch riders attached to the organisers would have made all the difference, especially if they had known exactly where to go in the Games Village. A map at the main entrance to the Village would have shown where every team was located and the site of each team office.

The timekeepers had their problems when it was found that the sale of tickets, and the free seats for athletes and local officials and their friends, necessitated the placing of chairs on the cycle track because all the locals stood up as soon as a race came near them. In addition no thought had been given to keeping spectators, sufficiently far away, nor was there a stand for the timekeepers so that even if spectators were standing the timekeepers would have a fairly clear view. A stand was designed and used but it was noticed that on most occasions there was enough vacant seating accommodation outside the cycle track, though not necessarily alongside the finishing straight, to have taken all those who were directed onto the cycle track seating.

All officials were entitled to refreshments in an 'Officials Lounge'—This was certainly much better accommodation than we are accustomed to at the White City and the early arrivals did well with refreshments—sandwiches and drinks of various types—but there was some dissatisfaction that the swimming officials from across the road could get into the Stadium with their passes and go anywhere once they were in (including, so it was said, the Officials Lounge). Generally the Overseas Officials, whose names appeared at the foot of the various lists of officials, were too busy to have time to need the Lounge. It was not until about the last two days of athletics that some attention was paid to seating of spectators, who seemed

to get into any seat which they fancied once they were inside the main stand entrances. Even members of the Jury found their seats occupied if they happened to leave them for a few minutes!

My general impression of the standard of officiating was that there were very few errors; each section had some excellent local officials and, backed up by overseas officials, this ensured fair competition. The odd problem arose—as it was bound to do on such an occasion—and was satisfactorily disposed of. There were certainly too many officials in some sections and the system, based on what had been done at Tokyo, was not flexible enough so that even with a Decathlon heat of four or five runners the full Starter's party of eleven bodies marched out to the start and the full complement of judges mounted the stand. If this could have been modified there would have been no need for the slight hiatus with the cycling officials when the Decathlon intruded into their time space.

The Closing Ceremony makes a suitable topic for a final paragraph and here I quote from the original Constitution of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games:—'Team officials and Competitors in columns of eight formed up in haphazard order and never in groups of the same nationalities, will then march in on the far side of the track from the Dais and behind the Flag Bearers.' It is understood that this has now been amended so that five groups—gold medallists, silver medallists, bronze medallists, other Team members and Technical Officials come onto the arena, but the representation from each country is restricted to five team members so that if a country has at least five medal winners none of its other competitors can appear. This to me, seems strange and it is possible for a country to have at least five medallists in one sport which means that none of its other sports are represented in the Closing Ceremony parade. Surely the medal winners have had their moment of glory in their Victory Ceremonies and the spirit of the Games might be better exemplified by doing away with this new medal 'class consciousness.' I wonder what is wrong with having one from each sport from each country—if it is desirable to reduce the numbers. Marching Technical Officials is an innovation and I doubt if any overseas officials joined that column. A few British athletes managed to steal the show and proved that no amount of attempted regimentation will prevent that 'end of term feeling' which I am sure we all felt on this occasion.

From a personal point of view, I came away with the impression that I had made new friends among athletes from home and other countries, team officials and Technical Officials from many countries and all this made the journey and the jobs of work worth doing.

Sports Medicine

Dr. J. G. P. WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH recognised in many countries abroad, Sports Medicine as an independent specialty is yet to be accepted in this country. There are many reasons why it has yet to be recognised, many of which will become apparent in the paragraphs that follow, but the fundamental one is that not enough people want it badly enough! Athletes and Sportsmen generally are concerned enough when injury or a training problem hits them—indeed some make a tremendous fuss about it!—but otherwise do little actively to campaign for the sort of medical service they say they want. This may be in part due to the false idea that the National Health Service will supply all that is necessary, which of course is not so. At the best of times all that the Service supplies is the bare necessities, and all too often it falls short even of that.

What is Sports Medicine? There is as yet no generally acceptable definition, and concepts of it vary from country to country. However, it seems to cover four distinct fields, as follows:—

1. Man as an athlete.
2. The athlete as a man.
3. The athlete as a patient.
4. The patient as an athlete.

Within these four fields are embraced all that can properly be included in the heading Sports Medicine. The first has to do with the physiology and psychology of exercise, training and competition. The second has to do with the position of the athlete in society, and covers hygiene, doping, and personal habits together with the athlete's place as a man in an external environment which may as to climate, locale and so on be to a greater degree inimical. The third field of course covers sports Physic and sports Surgery, the larger part of which involves sports injuries. The last field embraces sports therapy and sport for the disabled.

It must be clear that Sports Medicine covers a wide range of scientific and clinical disciplines, and it is therefore probable that no one individual could become a master of the whole subject. Nevertheless, so closely integrated are the various fields that perforce all practitioners working within it must have at least a basic understanding of all. Hitherto, one of the big problems in developing the idea of the specialty has been the tendency for the various practitioners to compartmentalise their interests with the inevitable disrupting effects. There are signs that this tendency is now being overcome, at least to some degree.

It seems unlikely that there will be rapid development of the specialty and of the Sports Medicine Institutes so common on the continent, as far as the United Kingdom is concerned. Progress is slow and painstaking, and the obstacles to be overcome are huge. It is necessary that these be understood and recognised, because only then can they be overcome. The chief practical barrier is lack of money. Medicine costs money—this is a hard truth which the N.H.S. with its basis of "medical service free at the time" all but conceals. The fees that private Doctors and Physiotherapists must charge in order to make a living give some indication of the economic value of the medical services given. The mass exodus and recruiting difficulties met with in all grades of the Health Service underline the high cost of medicine and the difficulties of running a service where funds are limited. The setting up of the sort of facilities seen frequently abroad and of which every sportsman (and every practitioner of Sports Medicine) dreams is just not possible without deployment of the sort of funds which can only be made available from Government sources or from the wealthier sections of industry. Indeed, it will probably be only if and when the football pools are nationalised (as they are in Belgium) or where levies for the purpose are made (as they are in Italy) that these facilities will be forthcoming. To underline the point, reference can be made to two much publicised "research" projects in sport recently, the study of Golf which has been going on for the past eighteen months, and the visit to Mexico of the Olympic Association's team last year. In the first case large sums have been expended to apply a sound scientific technique to produce what can so far only be described as "marginal gains," and in the second case a considerable sum was spent on a project the results of which from a strictly scientific point of view are distinctly suspect and which have signally failed to stop speculation and concern about the 1968 Olympics. The answers to the problems of both Golf at any level and Athletics at altitude are only capable of solution at an expense which would be prohibitive. The great altitude experiment will take place not in the years preceding, but in 1968 itself, when indeed that money will have been expended willy-nilly by the competing countries, and the results will be clear to all.

After lack of money, and perhaps arising therefrom, is shortage of trained personnel, or rather, personnel whose training is such as would immediately qualify them to undergo the additional training needed to complete their specialist education. And perhaps what is worse, there are too many people in the field who lack that degree of training necessary to allow the proper discrimination between what is scientifically proven and what is not. The false conclusions so many people draw from statistics are a case in point, and by way of illustration may be taken some oft quoted figures from another sport. It is often claimed that Amateur Boxing is a safe sport because the knock-out rate is only one per hundred bouts. On the face of it this seems reasonable enough, but further consideration shows how erroneous such conclusion may be. One hundred bouts equals two hundred "man bouts" and at nine minutes (maximum) per man per bout, this gives a knock out rate of one per thirty hours boxed, which is equivalent to about three knock-outs for every two games of rugby football—at that rate rigger would be regarded, and rightly, as lethal! There are hundreds and hundreds of similar

examples of misinterpretation of data to be found in the published literature of Sports Medicine. The author has overcome the temptation to point out similar flaws in the methodology or interpretation of most of the published work on "warm up," but they are there to see for those who will but see them! It is perhaps not unreasonable here to point out that so much of the published work on sports physiology that comes the coach's way has been done by Physical Education students both in this country and America, and as such is unfortunately subject to many flaws. The best of the physiological work relevant to this field is to be found in the Journals of Physiology who contributions are of the highest academic standard—unfortunately such material does not generally come the way of the coach. What then is needed is some common ground upon which the scientists and the practising athletes and coaches may meet, or some medium of communication between them. To a greater or lesser extent it is organisations such as the British Association of Sport and Medicine and publications such as the "Revue Analytique" and the Physical Education Association's new review of research that can bridge the gap. These media are however, imperfect, and cannot substitute for planned work carried out by appropriate experts for particular sports and applied directly thereto. The Amateur Swimming Association is pursuing more and more a policy of direct research and study of the sport and the results in terms of improved performances are becoming apparent. However, even they have not gone far enough, chiefly through lack of funds, but they do provide a model which other Associations might well emulate with effect.

Progress through scientific research into, and evaluation of, training methods (which is the only safe way of making improvements in a sport) must rely on objective observation of certain causal factors and their effects in what are known as controlled trials, and these trials demand a high level of discipline from their participants. Unfortunately athletes in general do not cooperate well in such trials, becoming (quite naturally) irked by the restrictions necessarily imposed upon them, restrictions which have to be imposed to produce the necessary standardisation of conditions where the variable factors under study are not pronounced. This is especially true in clinical trials of treatment of Athletic injuries, and is perhaps the main reason why there is still so much disagreement on ways of treating different conditions, such as Chronic Achilles tendon strain. Were Athletes (and sportsmen and women in general) more cooperative in clinical trials there would be a far higher level of treatment available for their injuries since it would be possible effectively to establish the best methods without dispute.

Human nature is funnily enough another barrier to the development of Sports Medicine. The idea of getting something for nothing by means of some sort of touchstone is hardly new, but is somehow fostered to the "nth" degree nowadays, with Pools, Premium Bonds, Advertising Competitions and so on. This holds good in sport as well as in anything else, and is one of the reasons why Doping is a problem, even in England, and even in Athletics! Where any successful competitor is found to have any idiosyncrasy in training, diet or dress, it is slavishly followed in the erroneous belief that this is the special secret of success! Of course it is not, but far too many people believe that it is and hold to that belief, rationalising it on bogus scientific grounds. This sort of thing is terribly dangerous in terms of leading to wasted effort and worse. It not infrequently occurs when some new idea is put forward in some article in a journal which is either not read critically, or misunderstood. It is very tempting, when trying to read through a mass of literature in order to keep up with the latest developments in a sport, to read only the summary and conclusions at the end of each article by way of getting the gist of the author's arguments. This is all very well, but when an article of interest is found the conclusions of which are expected to influence significantly one's own thoughts on any subject, that article must be read from beginning to end, and the experimental design, method, results and interpretation submitted to critical examination before the conclusions can be accepted.

Another aspect of human nature which must not be forgotten is a tendency to be reactionary—at least this is a polite way of putting it! New ideas, however sound their basis, all too often embarrass those who, for one reason or another, cannot or will not bend their minds to accept them. Since the reactionary cannot or will not change himself, and realises that he may be left behind by progress, he

fighters to maintain the status quo regardless of anything but his own interests. This is as true in sport as in so many other walks of life, and the development of Sports Medicine as a formal specialty demanding of new high levels of expertise unfortunately often seems to threaten the positions of so many people that the cumulative braking effect they can generate is quite considerable.

It may seem strange to the reader that an article purporting to be about Sports Medicine should turn out to be about the lack of it, if one may put it that way. There is however reason for this. Plenty of inspiring words are written and said about what a good thing Sports Medicine is and about all the grand ideas people have for its promotion. But the cold facts of the matter are that the specialty does not really exist in this country and is not even recognised. No medical practitioner can at present make a career for himself in the specialty in this country unless he is possessed of a considerable personal fortune, and the opportunities for others are hardly less limited. There seems therefore little point in eulogizing about Utopia when it is so far away.

If Sports Medicine is ever to serve sport in the United Kingdom to the extent that it does in many countries abroad and with the realisation of the possibilities which it offers, it will ONLY be because people want it to—not its devotees, its servants, but those whom it can serve. It is said that the country gets the Press it deserves—it can also be said that it and sport get the medicine they deserve. If people really want it enough the money will be forthcoming. Money will certainly provide the facilities, but they have to be used and in the last analysis it is the athlete or sportsman who must use them. The injured athlete who grumbles about the difficulty in getting treatment, the envious athlete who casts covetous glances at the facilities in other lands, the worried athlete who doesn't know how to train, jointly and severally they have only themselves to blame. The provision of the necessary facilities is not a matter for "them" be it State, Local Authority or Fairy Godmother, it is a matter for you.

The author of the above article is the Secretary of the British Association of Sport and Medicine and also one of the World's foremost authorities on this subject. We are indeed fortunate to have such an expert to write for us.

Jumping for Joy

I. B. WEBB

THE writer was fortunate enough to attend this year both the Commonwealth Games in Kingston, Jamaica, and also the European Athletics Championships in Budapest. While we saw some magnificent battles on the track at both meetings, the field events provided for me many moments of excitement and minutes of tension which will remain clearly in my memory for a long time. I am thinking in particular of the long jump, and without (I hope) indulging in too many purple passages I have written the following accounts of the four long jump competitions in an attempt to show just how exciting and varied field events can be.

Women's Long Jump—Kingston

The current Games Record of 19' 11½" set by that great all-rounder from New Zealand, Yvette Williams, as long ago as 1954 was due for revision. But who would finish on top? The Mary Rand of 1966 seemed to lack the zest which earned her three medals in Tokyo, and her best jump of the year so far was "only" just over 21', 3" further than Sheila Parkin of England and less than 5" up on Kilborn of Australia, the winner of this event in 1962 and Olympic bronze medallist in the 80 metre hurdles in 1964. England was soon in the lead with 20' 8", a new Games

record—but it stood to the credit not of Mary Rand but of her 'eternal' second string Sheila Parkin (an international athlete for five years now—but still only 20!). Mary, in fact, was in trouble. After two rounds she was only in seventh position, and had to improve with her third jump if she was to qualify for the final stages of the competition. One had visions of that nightmare experience at the Rome Olympics, when she had the best jump of the qualifying competition but could not get her run up working well in the final and finished only ninth. It was a dramatic moment as she stood poised at the end of the runway; one appreciated by those following the event closely but one to which the announcer could not, in fairness to the athlete involved, draw the attention of the crowd. But Mary pulled through the crisis this time; her third jump moved her up into second position, and her fourth gave her the lead with a new Games Record of 20' 10½". She and Sheila Parkin did not manage to improve further; and though Scotland's Alix Jamieson improved on her best for the season, she had to yield the bronze medal to Violet Odogwu of Nigeria who improved on her personal best-ever by nearly a foot in clearing 20' 2¼".

Men's Long Jump—Kingston

At the 1962 Commonwealth Games Lynn Davies performed the surely unique feat of setting a new Games Record in the final and yet returning home without a medal, a paradoxical situation explained by the fact that the best jumps of the three medal winners were wind assisted. Since then, of course, he had surprised nearly everyone by winning the Gold Medal in Tokyo; and the herculean task he had set himself for 1966 was to win Gold Medals both in Kingston and in Budapest, not only to complete a unique hat-trick of gold medals but also to prove that his Olympic victory was no fluke. As the day of the Kingston competition dawned prospects seemed hopeful. Lynn had jumped well in South Africa earlier in the year, setting a new U.K. record of 26' 10". His chief threat according to the current ranking list were likely to be Crawley and May of Australia, Morbey (the former British international now resident in Bermuda), and Clayton of Jamaica, third in 1962, who would have the advantage of performing before his own crowd.

Davies approached the final with the satisfaction of a 26' 3" training jump behind him, and hoping to become the third man in history to clear 27', a feat which would have been a wonderful tonic for him in his preparation for his greater test in Budapest. Ralph Boston jumped 27' 3¼" off the fast Kingston runway in 1964, so such a figure was not out of the question. Alas, a bad error on the part of the ground staff at the National Stadium made it impossible. When the long jump competitors were brought onto the track to make their preparations for the 6.45 p.m. start, they found that so much water had been sprinkled onto the cinders that they made deep holes as they tested their run-ups. A unanimous protest was staged, and it was a full two hours before the run-up had dried and been rolled into an acceptable state. Considering the drain on nervous energy caused by this delay, and the fact that the long competition ended well after midnight, it was of a very high standard. Davies improved his Games Record at once with 25' 10", and in the second round jumped 26' 2¼". But after that his performances tailed off, and we all watched anxiously to see if his rivals could catch him. Clayton, cheered wildly by the crowd, was incredibly consistent, a span of 7" covering all six of his jumps, and he well deserved his bronze medal (though his best of 25' 8¼" gave him only 1½" to spare over the Australian Alan Crawley—but it was John Morbey who threatened Davies more and more as the evening wore on. He started with 23' 10¼", 24' 10½" and 25' 4", but still lay fourth at the half-way stage. In the fourth round his new personal best performance of 25' 8¼" moved him into second place (and also second on the U.K. all-time ranking list), and at five minutes after midnight he improved still further in the fifth round to 25' 10¼", only four inches behind Davies. Everything depended on Morbey's last jump. It was 25' 9¼"—confirmation of his right to second place—but it meant the Gold Medal for Davies, and a stirring rendering of 'Land of Our Fathers' by the strong band of Welsh supporters at the Victory Ceremony.

Women's Long Jump—Budapest

The universal pre-Championships favourite was undoubtedly Tatiana Shchelkanova of Russia, whom we saw beat Mary Rand decisively at White City earlier this year. But she did not appear for the medical examination which all competitors in the women's events had to undergo—because of injury, according to official reports.

Mary Rand came safely through the qualifying competition, but it was evident that the Pentathlon had been her main interest (she failed narrowly to win a medal), and that she took part in the final without enthusiasm and only to keep team-mate Sheila Parkin company. Sheila, who had got into the final by the skin of her teeth (she failed to reach the qualifying distance, but was brought into the final as twelfth equal) showed that she is a real fighter by twice equalling her best Kingston jump and ending in seventh position.

In the absence of Shchelkanova the new favourite was certainly the tall Polish girl Irena Kirszenstein of Poland, one of the great revelations of Tokyo. She came to Budapest in peak condition—and returned home with three gold medals, to the delight of the large contingent of Polish supporters (whose singing of their national anthem at the Victory Ceremonies was most moving). At the half-way stage she led with 6.40 m. from Yorgova (Bulgaria) with 6.35 m. and Talisheva (U.S.S.R.) with 6.33 m., though the latter unfortunately injured herself in making her first jump and took no further part in the competition. In the fourth round Viscopoleanu of Rumania moved into third place with 6.33 m., the same distance as Talisheva but backed up by a second best of 6.28 m. Kirszenstein improved to 6.43 m., yet lost the lead to Yorgova who cleared 6.45 m. The fifth round brought more drama. Kirszenstein regained the lead with 6.55 m., while Hoffmann (West Germany) became the third girl to jump 6.33 m., and took third place from Viscopoleanu by virtue of a superior second best jump (6.29 m. as opposed to 6.28 m.). The many German supporters near the long jump pit (which was situated between the final straight and the stands) cheered with delight. Moments later they were silenced as the blonde Dutch girl Corrie Bakker improved to 6.34 m. and thus moved into third place. Kirszenstein fouled, Yorgova failed to improve, and so we came to the last jump of the competition. Could Hoffmann hope to move back into the medal positions? Everything seemed against it. The competition had now lasted 2½ hours. At the age of 28 she was competing in her fourth European Championships, and was verging on retirement with thirteen national championships to her credit. She hovered at the end of the runway for what seemed an age and ran at last. It looked a good one. The crowd watched the scoreboard in a hush of anticipation; then exploded into applause as the figures 6.38 m. appeared, and showed that she had crowned her career by earning the bronze medal.

Men's Long Jump—Budapest

The pundits forecast a close competition between Lynn Davies and Ter-Ovanesyan (U.S.S.R.), European Champion in 1958 and 1962. British hopes rested on the form shown by Davies earlier in the season. The Russian had recovered from injury but had yet to prove that he had returned to peak form. To spur him on there was not only the goal of a third successive title, but also the knowledge that he had beaten Davies in five of the six outdoor competitions in which they had met.

The day of the final brought rain. "It was all uncannily like Tokyo" wrote Melvyn Watman in "Athletics Weekly"; "the glistening runway, the dampness and chill put out of mind by the fluctuating fortunes of an emotional contest, the anticipation, the suspense, resignation, re-birth of hope, the climactic moment, pangs of fear, relief and ultimate rejoicing. Such is the spectators lot—yet who would have it otherwise?"

Ter-Ovanesyan started strongly with 7.86 m./25' 9½", and apart from one foul had an excellent series, all twenty-five feet or more. That first jump, in fact, was good enough to give him the lead for all the first five rounds. Lynn Davies seemed slow to warm up. He was in third place at the half-way stage with 7.63 m. and then improved to 7.66 m. and 7.70 m. with his next two jumps. But others had improved too, and he was still third with only one chance left. After keying himself up for a do-or-die effort, Lynn gave it all he had got. As he moved off the official by the take-off board held up a red flag in an endeavour to halt him, because three medal winners, led by an official, were setting off on a collision course across the run-up for their Victory Ceremony in the centre of the arena. But nothing could have stopped Lynn then, and he flashed past the noses of the medallists to record 7.98 m./26' 2¼" for the lead. Could anyone catch him? Barkovskiy (U.S.S.R.) was in third place with 7.74 m., Stenius (Finland) fourth with 7.68 m. and Cochard (France) had improved in the fifth round to 7.66 m. We waited anxiously as they took their last jumps. Ter-Ovanesyan made a tremendous effort, and after a heart-stopping pause the scoreboards signalled 7.88 m., an improvement but still four inches behind Lynn. But there was still more excitement to come. Cochard improved dramatically with his last jump, and this also was announced as 7.88 m. Ter-Ovanesyan was in fact still entitled to the silver medal, but only by virtue of his second best jump, while his compatriot Barkovskiy was obliged to surrender the bronze.

The spectator can of course only appreciate the excitements of field event competitions (i) if he follows the event closely, and (2) if he is informed of the distance of each jump or throw. In Budapest he had every assistance in the form of two superb and vast electric scoreboards which spelled out names and performances (these were used mainly for track events), plus little revolving scoreboards which gave us after each field event performance the round number, competitor's number and distance achieved.

It would have been absurd to expect anything comparable in tiny Jamaica. At least they had a scoreboard there which spelled out results in lights (no doubt most competitions in their hot climate are held in the evening)—but it seemed to require a small army to operate it manually, and it was used in the main to show final results during Victory Ceremonies. The field events enthusiast had to rely in Kingston on the hand operated rotating indicator boards of the type used here at White City and elsewhere. These are fine (i) provided that someone is present to operate them (which was not the case, for instance, at the start of the women's discus throw in Kingston), and (ii) provided that the operator realises that his job is to present information to the maximum number of spectators for the maximum amount of time, not the minimum. I cannot report on 100% attainment of that goal in Kingston. The operators would usually begin rotating their board as soon as they had got the numbers into position, and would whip those numbers down as soon as they had moved the board through 360 degrees with the result that it was all too easy to miss recording a performance. The same criticism can, of course, often be made of the operators of the White City indicator boards. Surely the numbers could be left in position until the next competitor begins the next jump or throw!

Another visual aid was of great assistance to spectators in Budapest. It was used for the long and triple jumps and the shot putt, and looked rather like a section of a schoolboy's ruler, greatly magnified. Rods, each of which bore a competitor's number, were slotted into this scale at appropriate points, and moved whenever a competitor improved on his previous best performance, with the result that one could see at a glance not only how the competition stood at any given moment but also what distance each competitor had achieved so far. It was large enough to be read with ease by anyone sitting reasonably close to it and, in addition I found that one could read it through binoculars from the other side of the stadium. White City—please copy!

The Amazing Wilson

TOM McNAB

TO CHOOSE as a childhood hero a man 150 years old might seem strange; but not if his name were Wilson. Wilson ran under four minutes for the mile in the 1830's, putt the shot over 70' in 1880 (aged 85, he was then in middle age) and before the turn of the century had cleared 7 feet in the high jump, carrying a 16lb. shot in each hand (these were for reasons of balance).

Wilson started to appear in the pages of the 'Wizard' towards the end of the last war. The first series concerned the appearance in international pre-war athletics of a mysterious bare-footed wonder athlete, clad in a black one-piece Victorian bathing costume. In no time, Wilson had demolished all existing records; sprints, throws, jumps, middle-distance it was all the same to him. Despite his small stature (illustrations always depicted him as 90% legs, devouring the ground beneath him) Wilson appeared to have no limits. His only weakness was a tendency to fall into a death-like coma after a major effort. On one occasion, this was mistaken for death (not surprisingly, since his heart had stopped beating) and he was buried. Thankfully, he was dug up, fresh for new records, in time for the following week's episode.

All through the first series, Wilson was an enigma. Athletic performances apart, he showed astonishing historical knowledge. 'Wilson, did you hear that Capaldi of Italy has become the first man to run 9.2sec. for 100 yards?' some bright-eyed reporter would ask. 'No, Hookes, the Flying Tailor of Egham ran 9 seconds flat in 1821', Wilson would reply. And of course he was right, invariably right.

The questions left unanswered at the end of the first series were met by a second series, purporting to be the Diary of William Wilson. This explained all.

Wilson was born in 1795, at Stayling Moor in Yorkshire. He was the original seven stone weakling, constantly bullied by neighbouring louts. He decided to toughen himself up by leading a spartan existence stripped to the waist on the moor. He seems to have spent most of his time frightening hares to death by running alongside them and inventing isometric exercise in his early futile attempts to lift the Grieve Stone, a 300lb. chunk of rock lying in the middle of the moor. Eventually the Stone was lifted, for Wilson to fall into the first of his many comas.

About this time, Wilson met Matthew, an old hermit living in a cave by the moor. Matthew's oblique references to happy days at the court of Charles I gave hints that he was close on 200 years old and he eventually revealed to Wilson that he had discovered the elixir of life. Soon after, Matthew's cave fell in on him, but not before he had given Wilson the recipe for the elixir.

Wilson's hunt for the elixir-ingredients provided the basis for the next series. Certainly, anyone who secured the elixir deserved it. Eye of Newt from Afghanistan, toe of Frog from Turkey, eyelash of Lama from Tibet, the list was long and the journeys arduous. Wilson, hardened by his training on the moor, and having already thrashed the local peasantry at athletic feats, was more than equal to the task.

In subsequent series, the world was his oyster. He discovered a pocket of lost Ancient Greeks in Africa and spent a few fruitful months trouncing their champions. A black uprising, led by an athlete-king called Chaka was quashed because of Wilson's timely intervention. In 1940, he took another name, (possibly to avoid age queries—he was now 145) joined the RAF and took part in the Battle of Britain. Surprisingly he was shot down early in the war, but popped up again in a later series as the mysterious Greene, coaching a cripple to become world mile champion.

Wilson had the strength of Hercules and the mystery of Sherlock Holmes. Like Holmes, he never married although he must have had plenty of opportunities during his long life. Indeed, the only woman ever mentioned in the series was his mother and she was killed off in the second chapter. As far as I know, Wilson never indulged in any type of work in his whole 170 years of life. Still, he relied on no one. The moor was his home, herbs and sluggish hares his food.

More recently, Wilson appears to have fallen on hard times. His story is now told in pictures rather than words, and he appears to have eased off a little, playing Cricket for Loamshire, a team I have been unable to locate in the county tables. A far cry from the time when he climbed Everest barefoot, without oxygen! Regularly now a black-costumed figure falls into a coma after having skittled out six Blandshire batsmen in six consecutive balls. At 170, he has a right to his retirement. In my heart, no other champion has ever held sway. Perhaps as he rubs a ball on his black Victorian bathing-costume and hears that Clark has beaten 13 minutes for 3 miles he thinks back to the time when Wilson of Stayling ran 12 minutes dead at Knutsford Moor in 1854.

Easter 1966

A. T. NEUFF

THE mad Easter rush started to rear its ugly head about January, when I began to get invitations to help staff various young athletes' courses in the Home Counties. It became more noticeable in mid-March, when further details of programme and travelling directions came flowing through the letter box.

The first course at Norwich started on 1st April, an appropriate day; but who are the fools, the athletes or the coaches? I submit that it is the coaches, as most have been on a course before and know what it involves.

I had considered travelling by train. However on collecting my luggage together I decided that I had not done enough training to compete against a suitcase, holdall, 1 cwt. of lead plates for use in weighted jackets, a box containing the jackets, harnesses and sundry other items of athletic torture. After an eventful journey, the car had been serviced and I discovered (the hard way) that the fan belt was loose, (I have always considered that the A.A. subscription was an insurance premium) I arrived. Collecting my "Bed", blankets, etc. I wandered around the school looking for the staff room where we were to sleep. Being rather later than I had intended I found that my fellow coaches had selected the best spots. I was offered a choice between the main doorway (always a bad place to sleep) and the side wall by a locker rack. I chose the lockers as they looked fairly safe.

Dinner was served, and as usual the food was good. The evening was to be devoted to a run. The motive of this has nothing to do with athletics. It is simply to tire the athletes so that the night is not disturbed. The coaches are also expected to run the 2½-3 miles. What the motive is in their case I do not know. For those that could face it, cocoa was served at 9.30. The coaches settled down for a night's chat about athletics. An interesting point is that coaches suggest that wine, beer, smoking, and late nights are not conducive to good performance and yet we indulge in some, if not all, of these pastimes and probably some others as well. [Don't do as I do, do as I say?]

The next day the course started in earnest. The usual activities, some in a new guise, were on the programme: talks on aspects of athletics, specialist event coaching in small groups (mine was very small—1 athlete). The weather was poor, and this does cause considerable difficulty, even in a well-equipped course. I exhausted my pole vaulter by the end of the first day, which left me with the problem of how to keep him interested. We do find that even on a selective course the athletes are not able to take a great deal of intensive work. The day finished about 6.30 p.m. and a dance was arranged for the athletes.

The coaches went their separate ways for the evening, returning to base about 11 p.m. But not to bed. A rather strange activity started. It seems to be called liar dice, I am not sure why. Dice are thrown whilst covered and are passed onto the neighbour stating what has been thrown. One then tries to increase the throw before passing them on. A great deal of noise is made, but I have not seen the participants come to blows over the game. About 1 a.m. some of the coaches (can one have nocturnal athletics?) started to play cards, which finished with a magnificent display of hypnosis by Sid Coleman aided (or was it obstructed?) by Colin Smith. And so to bed.

Sunday brought rain but no rest. More athletics. Demonstrators of high standard came for the day to show how the events should be done. We went out into the rain and watched these dedicated athletes perform, aided by a typical commentary from Tom McNab. The activities closed with a progressive relay of the athletes' teams. The finalists had the honour of competing against the staff. We usually win even with a handicap as the athletes are exhausted at the end of a course.

The next week found me on a similar two day course organised by the London Schools A.A. with Jim Alford in charge of the coaching. The weather was terrible; I got drenched going from the car to the gym. I discovered that I was coaching pole vault and that the vaulters were those that I was already coaching, so there were no new faces. The rain stopped, and we were able to get on to the track in the afternoon. The intensity of activities was far lower than the residential course, and the athletes were not selected; this produces problems when one is trying to work with a very wide range of age and ability. The second day was much the same, and by the afternoon I had brought the vaulters to such a state of fatigue that they craftily opted out of the progressive relay without my knowledge and left me to run while they watched (I am going to get my revenge one day). The staff won with the help of the active athletes acting as demonstrators.

I now have a week's rest from athletics. I spend it trying to catch up on the Chemistry I should have done instead of the young athletes' course.

So on to Bournemouth. It was likely that there would not be any pole vaulters (the event they wanted me to coach) so they invented a new event for me ". . . there are many athletes wishing to do high jump and low jump." I arrived at the hotel, to be greeted with the words "We only do bed and breakfast." Being the first to arrive I selected my room and my room mates (fellow coaches) and moved in. Another coach arrived soon afterwards, and not liking his room was accommodated in a maid's room (the maid was not in residence). My room mates arrived and we went into town to eat. We looked at the prices in the town centre and wandered up the side streets to find a less pretentious restaurant and eventually obtained a good meal. I am unable to name the restaurant or the road as I lost my bearings—pointer towards a later part of the course.

The assembly of athletes the next day showed a complete absence of vaulters. Had they heard I was coming or is there a lack of vaulters at school level? I know which answer I prefer. Not feeling competent to coach low jump I helped with the long jump, having obtained a promise from Tom McNab that I would get some athletes to coach in pole vault the next day.

The evening started with Liar Dice in the lounge, and although I watched for an hour I was unable to work out the rules. Can anyone explain please, as this seems to be an essential part of coaching activities? We then descended on the bowling alley at 11 p.m. This was another new venture for me, as I live in a sleepy market town. I picked up the rules and we stayed bowling until they threw us out at 1 a.m. Some of the coaches, led by Coleman and McNab, started Liar Dice again in the hotel lounge. I was finished, and retired to bed, where Martin Hyman was trying to finish his orienteering course for the last day.

The next day brought rain, and the coaches' ingenuity was taxed to the limit with new ideas in the gym and hall to keep the youngsters occupied. The best event of the day was in the evening. We went bowling again. I was last to leave the hotel, and I waited outside the bowling alley for 15 minutes—no other coaches. "Perhaps they went somewhere else? Odd! They definitely said this one. Where have they gone? At last! Here they come." They got lost in a car park—unbelievable but true. Coleman and McNab were "navigating" and driving and they took a wrong turning (one of many I guess), entered a car park and were unable to find their way out. The other passengers were quite helpless with laughter and were still laughing when they reached the bowling alley. This episode was a warning about McNab's sense of direction, and he was well advised to avoid orienteering the next day.

I think that I was the only coach to participate in the orienteer. I collected a map and list of instructions, worked out what I thought was the best route and set off. I am no longer an active athlete and I never was keen on cross country running. "Off we go—look for a white plank in the middle of the field (daft place to leave a plank)!" I find it near a long jump pit. My map reading seems O.K. so on I go. "Next point is a hawthorn bush at a road junction (but what does a hawthorn look like?). Very fortunate there is only one bush. Next stop is a pillar box—easy, onto a hole in the ground in a wood." Have you ever tried looking for a hole in a wood?—there were dozens. I eventually found it and jogged on, (you note I say jogged) to the next place—a tree stump. "I do not think that I should have had those three doughnuts for tea. On from the stump to a big tree, to a bent pine tree and to a school garden. I must have run 1½ miles—feels like 10 miles. I should not have had those doughnuts. Time is getting short, I had better push on. I can see the next point 300 yards away and the one beyond. Downhill we go and I am managing to overcome the doughnuts. Down the lane to the greenhouses (some of the coaches jeer as they go by in a car) and only six points to visit. Time is short, I had better stop and check time and penalty points for lateness. I will probably do better to miss the points and get in on time (not so far to run either)." I ran into the final control right on time. After a few minutes recovery I decided that I did enjoy it.

"But what about the progressive relay?"

I ran and we won. We then had a final session with our athletes and were homeward bound.

I dropped Peter Reed near his home and decided to cross the Thames by the Dartford Tunnel. A tiny snag. The tunnel is well signposted to it but there are no signs away from it. I got lost in the Essex country lanes and was not amused to arrive home at 12.30 a.m.

On reflection are Young Athletes' Courses worthwhile? I think the answer is yes. The coaches have an opportunity to talk athletics and swap ideas. Although hard work, I find them enjoyable and they are a change from Chemistry.

The author of the above article is a member of the A.A.A. Club Committee and also a Honorary A.A.A. Senior Coach.

From the Legend (?) to the Living

(Part II.)

A. E. H. WINTER

(continued from the last issue)

THE move of course necessitated a change of route and a new one was measured—Windsor, Eton, Datchet, Stanwell, across what is now London Airport, Hayes, Western Avenue. It was on this route that Sam, in 1933, was to make his farewell to active marathon running, and it was in the following year that Scotland's "Dunkie" Wright returned and won once again the race he had first won the year that Sam had made his début as an unknown runner.

We now come to 1935, famous as the year that the "Sporting Life" Trophy returned to Regent Street and also illustrative as to the vagaries of life. My predecessor, Jack Andrew, had been responsible for the organisation of every Poly. Marathon Race since its inception and also the Olympic race before it. The first Poly. Marathon had seen a Poly. Harrier win it, he had carried on in the hope that once more he would see the Poly. colours victorious. However, after 25 years he handed over the reins of office to the writer—then Dame Fortune smiled and the first man to enter the White City Stadium that afternoon was Bert Norris of the Polytechnic Harriers. Bert was one of those dedicated athletes who devoted all their leisure hours to long-distance running, and he could have had no greater reward than to know that at last his perseverance had brought this famous trophy back to the Poly; he was also to win the race for the next two years and also to have the distinction of being the first man to win the Poly. Marathon and the A.A.A. Championship when they were held as separate races in the same year.

In the previous paragraph I have written of a man's dedication to running. I now speak of another man's dedication to the administration and organisation of athletics. Looking through the records of the Polytechnic and the Poly. Harriers from about 1904 to about 1914, there is one name that is constantly appearing—J. M. Andrew, I doubt whether any one person could tell you how many things "J.M.A." was responsible for. Marathons, the first Brighton Walks, Christmas Dinner Funds, plus all the routine jobs of a club's Honorary General Secretary, all came alike, and when, in 1934, Jack made his swan song, a figure who went back even to the days of Edwardian athletics left the arena.

During our stay at the White City, we had often made representations to the Governors of the Polytechnic for our own track at Chiswick and, in 1938, our wish came true for there arose in the corner of the Quintin Hogg Memorial Ground, the new Polytechnic Stadium, one more milestone in the work of the Polytechnic for the physical welfare of the men and women of London.

The first race to the new Stadium saw our route diverted at 22 miles, and proceed along Gunnersbury Avenue to Strand-on-the-Green and Chiswick, it also saw, for the first time for fifteen years, a foreign name upon the trophy, the winner being H. Palme of Sweden. Our visitor was also to come back the next year and repeat his victory. Although the victory went overseas, the Poly colours were again to be prominent. To digress for a moment, we were fortunate at this time, not only to have a very good cross-country team but also one which contained some very good club men, among whom was Squire Yarrow, who was a valued member of our marathon race organisation, and it was with very mixed feelings that I saw him progress towards stardom as a road runner. Even then it was the shock of the 1938 race to find Squire, running in his first marathon, finishing only a few hundred yards behind the Swedish champion. He was later more than to confirm this form as, when running for Great Britain in the European Games of 1938, he finished second to the Finn, Hietanen, with Palme third.

I said earlier that the Marathon Race brought drama and suspense to the waiting spectators. I can only use this phrase once again to describe the 1940 race; our country had been at war since the autumn of 1939 but the spirit of the times decreed that business should be as usual and it was in this mood that we decided to try and go on with our race.

It was obvious that you could not have the event on public roads between Windsor and London, it was also very clear that the ideal place would be the roads within the grounds of Windsor Castle. Our President put the suggestion to the King and we shortly learned that once again we had been the recipients of a very great royal privilege as His Majesty had not only given us permission to have our race within the grounds of the Home and Great Parks, but had asked the Deputy Ranger, Mr. Saville, to prepare a measured course for us.

We now had only one real problem left, that of dressing accommodation and that was solved when Col. Lord Wigram, the King's Equerry, obtained permission from the Commanding Officer of the Grenadier Guards for us to have the use of part of the nearby Victoria Barracks. To receive so much help and goodwill called for some measure of practical gratitude from ourselves, so we resolved that we would promote the race with the minimum of expense and devote any surplus funds to the Sportsman's Appeal section of the Red Cross and St. John War-Time Appeal, of which Lord Wigram was Chairman.

By good fortune, we had overcome the difficulty of finding a practical solution to what was really a hazy idea, but now the drama was to come; by mid-summer, the war situation had worsened, the British armies in France were falling back towards the Channel ports and it was in a depressed mood that I walked through the deserted streets of the West End, called in at an equally deserted Poly, apart from a few workers in the War Comforts room, and listened to one of Churchill's speeches on a radio.

After a while I was told that a young man wanted to see the organiser of the Poly. Marathon Race. By good fortune I was there to see him, he told me that he was a member of the staff of the Roumanian Embassy in London and that his Ambassador wished to present a cup to the winner of our forthcoming Marathon Race. I was puzzled and asked why a complete stranger should, at the present time, wish to do such a thing, he then asked me to call the next day at his Embassy. I said that I would call and would also refer the matter to our President Sir Kynaston Studd.

I duly called at the Embassy and saw the Councillor, who told me that their Ambassador, M. Tilea, wished to present us with a cup as a public expression of friendship and confidence in our country. I reported back to our President and he referred the matter to the Foreign Office and also to the War Office.

In due course we were told that we could accept the cup and that M. Tilea could come to Windsor to present it to the winner, but he was not to be allowed into the barracks and I was to accompany him throughout the afternoon and never to leave him.

M. Tilea accepted our conditions, and our preparations for the race went on. My wife and I went to Windsor to check our plans, discreet figures behind trees checked us. I never knew what they thought of us; England was in danger of invasion and the Poly. was organising a marathon race. Later I remembered that, 400 years earlier, another invader had sailed up the Channel and then Drake had played bowls on Plymouth Hoe. Later I visited the Victoria Barracks and saw preparations being made to house the British Forces if they got back from France, every spare room was being laid out with improvised beds and we were asking for dressing accommodation for a race! My will to go on weakened and I asked Lord Wigram to call it off, but he said that he thought we would get it through in time.

We still had our problems, competitors' teas was one, I asked the NAAFI if they would supply us but they declined—we were civilians, it did not matter that the King had given us the use of the grounds of his Castle, that the Army had

given us the use of their barracks, that we had given our money to the Red Cross, not one drop of NAAFI tea must pass a civilian's lips. Luckily the Guards came to our rescue and every one except M. Tilea and myself had tea—we went to the "local"; the Police also told me that, if the air raid warning was sounded during the race, the event must be stopped. I agreed, but I never knew how I was going to do it.

The day of the race arrived, Squire Yarrow started a hot favourite, but suffered the fate of many a favourite before him and finished second. Leslie Griffiths of Herne Hill Harriers won and became the only man to win the "Sporting Life" Trophy and not be photographed with it, the trophy was safely in the silversmith's vaults.

As our race concluded, the air raid sirens sounded, even the Luftwaffe had waited for us to finish our modern game of bowls; M. Tilea gave a very generous donation to the funds of the Red Cross, and then like those legendary mad dogs, the Englishmen and the marathon runners came out of the midday sun and went home.

Whether it was wrong to carry on and make a nuisance of ourselves or whether it was right to carry on, if only for the opportunity it gave a very brave foreign gentleman to show his confidence in our country, is something I shall never be able to make up my mind about—I can only place on record our deep gratitude and loyal thanks to His late Majesty for allowing us to use the roads within the Castle grounds, to M. Tilea for his confidence in Great Britain and to our friends in the Grenadier Guards and all those weary men who came back from Dunkirk and found that their long looked for sleeping quarters were being used by a crowd of people who wanted to run 26 miles for pleasure on a Saturday afternoon.

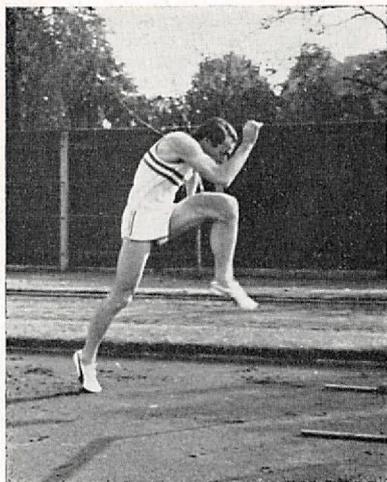
The war continued and so did our race, but we decided that it would be wise to concentrate our activities nearer London so, when the A.A.A. (Southern Committee) put on a war time meeting at Chiswick, we welcomed the opportunity of holding our race in conjunction with it. A four-lap course was measured around the Stadium and the first of four "round the houses" marathons was won by Humphries of Woodford Green A.C who, in an exciting finish, beat Cecil Ballard of Bexhill-on-Sea H., who to be strictly accurate, collapsed just outside the Stadium and did not finish. The next two years saw Leslie Griffiths repeat his Windsor victory and the next two races at last enabled Tom Richards of Mitcham A.C. to fulfil his ambition by getting his name upon the "Sporting Life" Trophy.

We returned to peace and in my opinion, to one of the most important periods in our long history. In our first post-war race from Windsor we were honoured once again by H.M. the King acting as our Starter, a position he had already occupied twice, as when Duke of York he had sent off the 1927 and 1933 races. The event was won by H. Oliver, Reading A.C., and was, incidentally, the first occasion on which the start and finish were covered by sound radio.

This summer was to see another piece of Poly. marathon history, although not about the Poly. Marathon. I have told earlier how Squire Yarrow, in 1938, came from behind the scenes, as one of the back room boys of the marathon organisation, to rise to athletic stardom as an International runner, but we all felt that when the war came his chances of getting one of the major titles had gone; but Squire came out of the R.A.F. and was one of the entrants for that year's A.A.A. race. Most people looked upon the event as a foregone conclusion for McNab Robertson, who had many victories in the race to his credit. Listening to the progress of the race over the loud speaker, we were surprised, but pleased to hear that Squire was staying with the great McNab, I must say to our greater surprise they came into the White City Stadium together and in one of the most desperate marathon race finishes ever seen, Squire, by inches, put his name on the scroll of A.A.A. Champions.

The next year saw Cecil Ballard, who in 1941 had seen victory slip from his grasp, gain retribution, and at last join the list of famous winners of the Poly. Marathon.

(to be concluded in the next issue.)



PICTURE 1



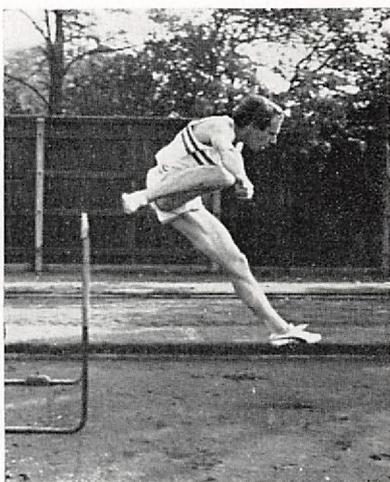
PICTURE 2

J. MICHAEL PARKER
(*Achilles Club and G.B.*)

These photographs by Mark Shearman have been reversed deliberately to show Parker running from left to right. As a result of reversing these photographs Mike Parker is shown with a left leg lead, whereas in reality Mike is a right leg lead hurdler.



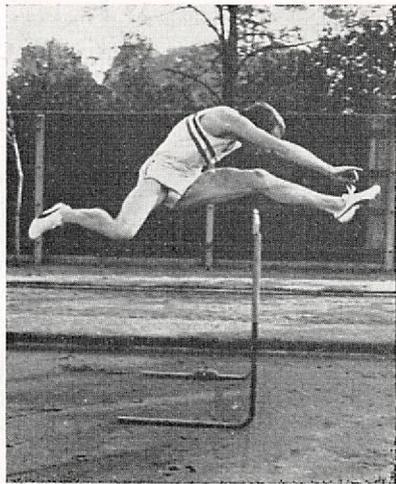
PICTURE 5



PICTURE 6



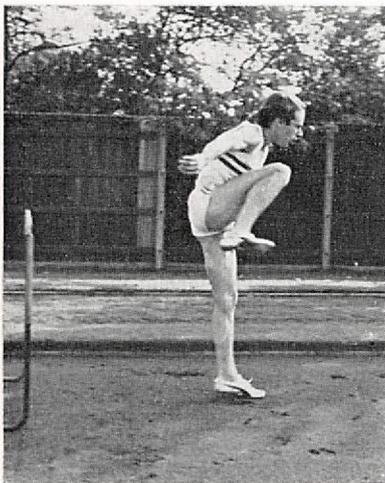
PICTURE 3



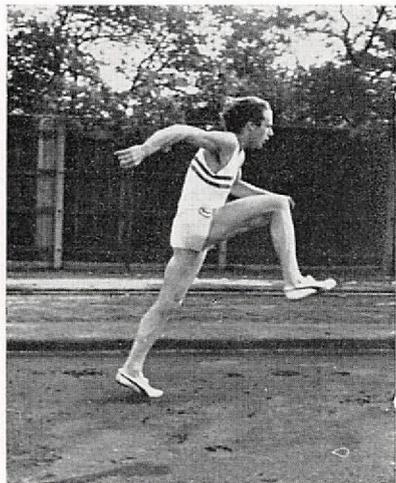
PICTURE 4

On the following pages Les Mitchell, an Honorary Senior Coach, gives his comments on these photographs.

I am very grateful to the Amateur Athletic Association and John Le Masurier for allowing me to reproduce the photographs, these were specially taken for inclusion in John's new Instructional Booklet on Hurdling, which has just been published by the Association.



PICTURE 7



PICTURE 8

J. M. Parker

(Achilles Club & G.B.)

LES MITCHELL (A.A.A. Hon. Senior Coach)

THE following notes are not an attempt to analyse in detail the hurdling technique of Mike Parker, but are merely a commentary on a particular hurdles' clearance. It should be remembered that a hurdles race over 120 yards is a sprint race and the ten clearances involved are only part of the technique. The start with its mere eight strides before take-off at hurdle one, the adjustments in stride lengths required to fit three strides plus one clearance into each ten yards interval and the final sprint over the last fifteen yards for the finish line are all skills which the hurdler must master through constant practice.

Mike Parker is a veteran hurdler who has represented his country on many occasions over a period of years. He is co-holder of the National record for the high hurdles (13.9 seconds) and recently won a silver medal at the Kingston Commonwealth Games.

Picture 1.

In the first photograph take-off is imminent. The driving leg (right) is almost at full extension and the lead leg (left) has merely exaggerated the sprinting action by contributing a fast and high knee pick-up. This is an essential part of a good clearance, for it encourages a good 'splits' between the thighs where the driving leg is left behind and contributes to body dip, thus allowing the athlete to drive forward and up across the rail, rather than up and forward. This will ensure a low trajectory so that the athlete is out of contact with the ground for the minimum amount of time. Note that the lead knee reaches its highest point in relation to the trunk before the foot swings forward. The hurdler must not reach for the hurdle with the foot. This would slow the movement considerably with the result that the trailing leg would have to be delayed artificially, producing a float over the hurdle, or this rear leg would tend to catch up thus destroying the forward rotation generated at take-off, which is so essential to a good landing after the clearance has been made. The maxim then is "Pick up the lead knee fast and high, then forget about it!" The high knee lift, it will be observed, is accompanied by a vigorous use of the leading arm. Notice, however, that the hand indicates a great degree of relaxation. It is interesting, too, to note that Parker's trunk lean looks greater than it actually is because of his habit of hunching the shoulders—a trait familiar in tall men who have constantly to look down on lesser mortals! The trailing (left) arm might be improved. Mike has turned the elbow outwards whereas, ideally, he should have driven it back in a normal sprinting action. However, it appears to be well flexed and quite relaxed.

Picture 2.

Contact with the ground has just been broken and the lower lead leg is swinging through relaxed as the rear leg commences to fold up after completing its drive off the track. Note that the lead arm does not straighten and there is no reaching towards the lead foot. This is often coached and is fallacious. As will be seen later, the lead hand passes close to the foot on its way back, but any attempt to reach forward at this point would be likely to result in a locking of the elbow joint and a slow straight-armed recovery as the trail leg was pulled through. The left arm has hardly made any backwards movement owing to the turning out of the elbow. Body dip is quite sufficient for a tall man who can get nearer to a "step-over" action than a shorter hurdler who would need to dip and drive more viciously across the hurdle and would, therefore, also need to take off further back. Head position is good, looking down rather than up which would tend to induce backward rotation and bring the trunk upright.

Picture 3.

The lead foot is cocked up as it passes over the hurdle rail and there is a momentary straightening of the leading leg as it completes its swing through. Some indication that it has swung through naturally and not been straightened deliberately will appear immediately afterwards by a rapid flexing of the knee. The rear leg is folding up naturally without any artificial delaying. Body dip is good with the chin over the knee of the lead leg. The lead arm is beginning to open up in the same way as in flat sprinting as it sweeps down and back. Head and eyes are still down, helping to maintain forward lean.

Picture 4.

The lead knee is now flexed and relaxed with the foot moving down towards the track as Parker commences to pull the rear leg through. In good hurdling the athlete is moving all the time through the 'pivot' over the rail. The rear knee turns out as the pulling action begins, with the foot also turning away so as to avoid the hurdle. Again, the left arm does not appear to be doing anything other than aiding balance in the clearance.

Picture 5.

The leading leg continues to move downwards very relaxed with the foot stretching in anticipation of a ball-of-foot landing. The leading arm is being recovered to the side to balance the action of the trailing leg which will tend to tilt the hurdler to the left. Body lean is all-important at this critical stage to help absorb the twisting effect of the movement of the rear leg. Clearly, the trail leg is being pulled through with the knee close to the rail. It must not be lifted yet, since this would cause the foot to drop and hit the hurdle and also cause the trunk to come upright. The position of the head is still very good, and again the left arm, hidden by the trunk, is obviously making little if any movement.

Picture 6.

Clear of the hurdle now and the lead leg is straight but relaxed as the athlete reaches for the track. Body lean is excellently maintained. The rear (right) knee is now beginning to lift for a running stride as the heel is well clear of the rail. Parker runs off the hurdle; he does not clear it then wait for the ground to come up and meet him. There is every indication that he is already shaping up for the next barrier.

Picture 7.

Contact with the ground is imminent and the body weight will undoubtedly be a little forward of the foot on landing, thus ensuring forward drive giving a good first stride towards the next hurdle. If the body weight is behind the foot at this point, then there will be a checking of forward speed of course. The knee of the trailing leg has been lifted high also to help obtain a good first stride. The foot is swinging in and the arm has moved wide to allow passage of the knee. The right hand shows how relaxed the action is as does the lack of tension in head and neck.

Picture 8.

Mike is now completing the driving phase of the first stride away from the hurdle and it is most important that this should be as long as possible. The right knee is high and the foot has come round to the front in order to ensure that the stride will be in line of running. No doubt the length from spike mark to spike mark will be between five and five and a half feet. The left arm, so long concerned only with balance has come forward ready to drive back as the left leg is recovered. I must say that I like to see an athlete opened up at this point. There is an overall impression of speed with relaxation and excellent range of movement.

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Cross Country

G. L. N. DUNN

(Hon. Secretary, English Cross Country Union)

YOUR Editor has kindly asked me to produce some copy on either the National Championships or the English Cross Country Union but since the Union was formed as long ago as 1883 to promote the championships the subjects are naturally very much interwoven. Previous to that date championships styling themselves the All England Cross Country Championships, perhaps more in jest than in earnest, had been held as far back as 1876, which was a triangular race between South London Harriers, Spartan Harriers and Thames Hare & Hounds. The first race was run in Epping Forest at Buckhurst Hill, but since several competitors lost their way, some even emerging face to face, the race was declared void, for the one and only time in its history. Next year the same three clubs competed at Roehampton, which was to be the venue of the championships until 1883, the year in which the National Cross Country Union was formed, to be so-called until 1934 when it was altered to its present title of English C.C.U. The Union was formed to encourage and promote cross country running, which are naturally its objects to this day. That these objects have been vigorously pursued is surely proved by the fact that the championships have grown from a single senior race of 32 runners from only three clubs to three championships covering seniors, juniors and youths in which a total of 1774 runners started from as many as 219 different clubs in this year of grace, 1966!

As has already been mentioned the Union was formed in 1883, the precise date being the 18th August, the place the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, the component parts being representatives from the Midland, North and South Associations. This state of affairs lasted until 1933 when the three areas became four, the Eastern being formed from their easternmost counties. One of the first rules to be made was that the championships should be held alternatively in the North, Midlands and South which rule held good until 1955 when the Eastern area's application to stage the championships was granted, since when the rotation has been North, East, Midlands and South. The early years were not without their ups and downs, one awkward point being the club an athlete represented, since a member of the winning team in 1885, Liverpool Harriers, had a fortnight earlier won the Northern championship as a member of Salford Harriers! This practice led to the formation of a rule that each competitor must be a first claim member of the club he represents on the 1st January immediately preceding the race. With or without this rule trouble still continued until the now famous 14 months rule was adopted to operate from 1st January, 1900, and this, together with the 20 mile radius ruling brought a large measure of uniformity to the proceedings in the world of cross country.

Until the outbreak of the last war, the only national race staged by the Union was that for seniors, the numbers of which had gradually increased over the years to above the 300 mark, the record up to 1939 being that of 429 when the race was staged at Crewe in 1927. During the last war a special junior event was staged in 1941, but this was only a flash in the pan, as nothing more was heard of the juniors until 1948, no doubt because all were of an age to be engaged elsewhere. Immediately after the last war it was decided to institute a race for youths and 1946 saw their first event held at Leamington when there were 160 starters. Innovations are naturally not without their critics and when a regular junior race was organised in 1948 loud were the cries that the organisation could not cope and that the provision of adequate changing accommodation would prove impossible. Such arguments seem strange nowadays but they were real enough at the time and it must be acknowledged that without the active co-operation of education authorities up and down the country, the question of changing accommodation would be a very real problem and we must extend our grateful thanks to all authorities, headmasters and caretakers.

When one looks through the records it is interesting to note the innumerable places at which the championships have been held, south into Surrey, westwards to Hereford, north east to Richmond and north west to Blackpool, whilst next year sees the championships really going eastwards when they visit Norwich. Invariably there has been a new venue each time an area has staged the championships and until recently one finds few examples of duplication. However the South have now established their venue at Parliament Hill Fields and eventually some of the other areas may find that it is more convenient to move round two or three chosen venues rather than find a fresh one each time. The possibility of staging the Nationals at one central venue has been explored but besides putting the vast amount of work involved regularly on to one set of local workers it would also mean that the clubs nearest would score every time when it came to totting up the travelling expenses, whereas under existing arrangements the change of venue around the country does help towards equating the expenses over the years and spreading the work around.

Of the clubs which have supported the Nationals since the beginning two survive, namely South London Harriers and Thames Hare and Hounds. Thames were early winners in 1877, the first real race, and again in 1879, since when they have not appeared in a winning vein. On the other hand South London had to wait until as recently as 1955 before they could register a win, which is as odd as it is true. Over the years 22 clubs have won the senior championships and of these only Birchfield Harriers have run into double figures. This remarkable club have won it no fewer than 28 times from as long ago as 1880 to the more recent times of 1953. It can be truly said that they dominated the Nationals from 1920 to 1934, when they won it each year except for 1927 when they were second! Of clubs who have been prominent of late years only Coventry Godiva appear in our early records when they notched a second place in 1886.

Of the 21 championships which have been staged since the war it is interesting to note that clubs from the Midlands have been successful on six occasions, whilst the North and South have managed seven each so that honours can be said to be almost equally divided. On the remaining occasion a team from Scotland, Victoria Park Amateur A.C., won in 1952, which gives the event an authentic 'national' character. It is perhaps appropriate at this point to mention that the championships are open to first claim members of any clubs affiliated to the national bodies of England, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales and only last season Shettleston Harriers took the third youth medals home to Scotland. From the middle twenties until 1964 the nationals were restricted to British subjects but now they are open to any athlete who is a first claim amateur and has been in continuous residence in Great Britain for two years immediately prior to the competition. So now it is again possible for an athlete who is not a British subject to win the championship as was the case in 1920 and 1922 when it was won by a Frenchman!

The Nationals, although the emphasis is naturally on the team angle, has not been without its prominent individuals, the chief of these being P. H. Stenning, winner for the first four years and Alfred Shrubbs winner in the years 1901-4, who died as recently as 1965. Others who have been successful on more than one occasion include J. T. Holden who distinguished himself by spreading his successes over the years 1938, 1939 and 1946. Dr. F. E. Aaron, B. B. Heatley, E. W. Parry and D. A. G. Pirie have all won it on three occasions, all except Heatley consecutively. Numerous individuals have won it twice, including W. G. George, famous for his performances over a mile when records were first being registered. It is interesting to note that since there have been senior, junior and youth championships only two names have appeared in the records as being 'placed' in each championship, namely B. B. Heatley and W. Hesketh. This is indeed an achievement of a high order.

Over the years the Union has been fortunate with its Officers and Committee men and many have been the hands which have guided its course. The President has always been an annual office as was that of Secretary until it was realised that continuity of office would be more beneficial to the Union, since which time in 1914 there have only been four individuals spanning the 52 years, pride of place



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going to L. N. Richardson with 22 years to his credit. Mention must also be made of Charles Otway, secretary 1914-1929 to whom succeeding generations owe much and who welded the Union into its present strong position and gained autonomous recognition for it from the A.A.A.'s. Championship secretaries are naturally appointed annually and here we find J. Peace of the Midlands taking first place, having organised no fewer than five championships during the course of his 35 years as Midland secretary. Treasurers have come and gone more frequently, perhaps the strain of making ends meet may have something to do with it, since the only real source of income is from whatever areas can make on the championships plus, of latter years, a helping hand from the News of the World.

And so, as we conclude our glance back over the years we find yet another season ahead of us with countrymen girding up their loins for the annual round of club, league, district and area races and championships, culminating for many in the National championships and for the chosen few in the International, but that is another story.

The 8th Games

HOWARD PAYNE

THE 1958 Games in Wales were known as the "Friendly Games," those in Perth in 1962 came to be called the "Sunshine Games" but the recent 8th Games in Kingston must have been the friendliest and the sunniest yet. The happy-go-lucky Jamaicans were wonderful hosts for this family gathering of Commonwealth nations. True, the organisation of some of the sports left much to be desired, but no one can remain upset by Jamaicans for long. Their joyful and friendly natures more than compensated for their lack of efficiency at organising athletics.

The hot sun made our trip a great holiday, though it also made training an ordeal for some. The locals looked at us queerly when we said: "lovely day to-day" for the first few days. Then we realised that almost every day was a lovely day in Jamaica! During the whole of our stay we experienced rain only two or three times and these were short heavy showers. We were very conscious of the heat most of the time, for it was some 20° F. higher than British temperatures. On the second day at noon some of the throwers ventured out for a "short" training session—it was even shorter than that for after ten minutes we knew how the character on his knees in the desert cartoon felt. "Only mad dogs" etc! Generally we had to train either before 9.00 a.m. or after 5.00 p.m. because the day between these hours was just too hot. Unbelievable as it may sound in Britain it was usually too hot, even at night, to wear more clothes than was necessary to be decent.

The heat seemed to sap the strength of most British athletes—it certainly did mine, as I could tell by my weight training poundages. On the other hand the heat made relaxation easy and of course relaxation is one of the secrets of good throwing, jumping and hurdling. For me the ability to relax so completely while throwing more than offset my fall in strength and I was able to reach a personal best in training.

All the teams for the Games were accommodated in the halls of residence of the University of the West Indies which was situated on the rising ground below the Blue Mountains where it was a few degrees cooler than the centre of Kingston some five miles away. The ladies of all teams were in their usual fenced-off section and the guards at the gate were under strict instructions to exclude all males from the enclosure. I couldn't find any foundation to the rumour that the barricades had only gone up the day after the Australians arrived! The men's teams were scattered around three halls. Unfortunately no single hall had a dining room large enough to seat all the people in the "village" and, unlike previous Games, people had their meals in three distinct groups in three separate dining rooms. To my mind the existence of one huge dining room is essential to maintain the family gathering atmosphere of the Games, for it is here that many friendships are made and renewed.



“Statue of a Jamaican sprinter outside National Stadium”

Photograph by Howard Payne

The food was plentiful, especially the local produce, and the helpers in the dining rooms and kitchens made us feel very much at home with their friendliness. There were many new dishes and fruits to acquaint ourselves with, for example there were the cooked green bananas, tasting not like raw bananas at all, the pots of delicious goat stew, the strange akee fruit which was poisonous if not cooked properly, the smooth tasting paw paw, thirst quenching watermelons and the large chunks of fresh pineapple. Steaks tended to be rather tough but the loads of tasty chicken made up for that. The heat made us sweat and we were constantly thirsty, but the huge vats of iced orange drink and the mounds of ice cream tubs kept us from becoming too parched. Incidentally if you are a beer drinker and you visit Jamaica don't be misled by some of the local British when they tell you that the beer is weak—they are probably rum drinkers and anything tastes weak after rum! I found that iced beer was the only true thirst quencher in that climate, but it was awful having to wait for my daily glass until after training each day.

The University boasted two open-air swimming pools in which we cooled our hot bodies when the swimmers weren't training. There was also a number of training buildings for wrestling, weight lifting and weight training within the University campus and the huge recreation hall with its table tennis, television, indoor games, and juke box was always crowded.

On our first day in Kingston Rosemary and I decided to go shopping. We were fortunate to get a lift into town but then had to catch a bus back after our shopping. What a bus journey that was! We smiled when we read the notice at the

front of the single decker bus: "40 seated, 45 standing passengers"—"where could 45 people stand?" we thought. The smiles faded as the conductress let more and more people onto that hot, sweaty, smelly vehicle until I felt sure there were 145 standing passengers. Rosemary remarked how well behaved a child opposite us was, six stops and 30 passengers later the child had sicked up all over his mother and sister and was bawling his head off. The passengers were an interesting lot—a mixture of Chinese, Indian and African stock by the look of them. One little boy by himself kept dropping off to sleep (or perhaps he was overcome by the atmosphere in the bus!) and we had to nudge him frequently for fear that he would go past his stop. When this stop did arrive he forgot his parcel of sugar cane and one of the passengers had to run after him with it while the bus waited. It was a great experience being on that bus, but it was an experience we felt we didn't need to repeat, so next day we hired a car!

Some people at home think that athletes who are selected to travel to far places to represent their country should concentrate on their training and not waste time and energy in frivolous sight-seeing. But an athlete cannot train all day and on long stays in Games' villages boredom can become a serious problem and can even lead to reduced performances. Sight-seeing and gay parties in moderation, far from being detrimental to athletic performance can really be a means to retain vitality and interest. Most of us at some time or other before the Games managed to see something of the island. There was a competition of sorts at Annotto Bay at which some of us competed after the officials had chased the local goats and hens off the grass track. The track was vaguely square in shape and the shot putters had to wait for the runners to pass by before throwing from a hard tennis court to the landing area on the other side of the track.

Rosemary and I set out from Annotto Bay for a trip along the coast. En route to Port Antonio we were flagged down by an enthusiastic youth who persuaded us to attempt rafting down the Rio Grande. While he drove our car down to the mouth of the river we were punted 8 miles downstream by a tiny cheerful "captain" on a raft made of bamboo and wire. The landscape was primitive with the jungle coming right down to the water's edge. This jungle was alive with birds and insects but no crocodiles came crashing in after us, for the mongoose is the only wild animal on the island. Later that evening as we dined in the "Golden Dragon" in Port Antonio we watched the life below us in the square. It was Saturday when the Maroons came to town. These are descendants of slaves who were freed and formed an army with the Spanish to fight the British in the 17th century. To-day's Maroons are no longer hostile but they still live in fairly isolated communities. They, the locals and a band of a kind of Salvation Army thronged the streets. It was an unusual exciting place with strange smells and I can still remember the whistle of the peanut vendors.

We shunned the expensive hotels for tourists and had the richer experience of a night at a real Jamaican guest house run by two very old ladies, one of whom was a J.P. The furniture was pre-victorian and we almost needed a ladder to climb into bed. Don't go to Port Antonio on a Saturday night if you want to get some sleep! The sounds of drumming, singing and dogs chasing cats went on all night and there was a dead cat in the garden next morning to prove that we hadn't been dreaming. Jamaica is a strange mixture of poverty existing beside luxury with very little in between in the way of a middleclass. We saw the extreme example of luxury in the middle of the wilderness at the establishment called "Frenchman's Cove" where one may stay for around £15 per night. So called chalets, which are more like mansions, are dotted around the 600 acre garden beside the sea and servants with battery operated cars constantly see to it that guests do not have to weary their valuable legs when walking the 50 yards to the beach. We went into the place for a coffee one morning but after looking around we decided that the fortune the coffee would cost would be better invested elsewhere.

At Runaway Bay where many years ago the Spaniards finally fled from the British we found an old Englishman holding out against the Americans—in hotel management. While the Yanks in the next door palace gambled on hermit crab races this English gentleman sat watching the T.V. recording of the World Cup final. We dined here in wonderful style on the patio with the sea breaking on the beach five yards away.

The sea is very warm all around the island but only in the north is it really clear. It was well worth taking equipment with which to snorkel, for the fish are beautiful in their bright colours and will not move away until one reaches out to touch them.

The hospitable Jamaicans organised one or two pleasant parties for us. Mr. and Mrs. Sangster relatives of the Acting Prime Minister were hosts to the English team one night and the great man himself spent most of the evening there, though I must confess that I mistook him for a waiter dressed as he was in a tuxedo he had worn at an earlier function!

On another occasion we were treated to an excellent cabaret complete with belly and limbo dancing by Jamaican artistes on the garden terraces at the home of a well-known paint company director. It was here that we saw a limbo dancer go under a crossbar which was only supported on two ordinary beer bottles on the floor. Half-way through the man stopped and lit a cigarette then carried on with it in his mouth and except for his feet on the floor he touched neither the floor nor the bar as he passed under the bar. We told this story to a local the next day and she said "That's nothing, I've seen a limbo dancer with a glass of water balanced on his head go under the same height with the bar in flames!"

The low standard of driving, narrow roads and large volume of traffic make travel dangerous and sometimes chaotic in Jamaica. There were at least three occasions when we missed having a serious accident by a hairsbreadth while driving our hired car around the island and in each case it seemed to be only me who bothered to take avoiding action. However the classical near miss which makes me wince whenever I think of it occurred when our bus-load of English athletes was returning from the Opening Ceremony. Our driver decided he had had enough of the traffic jams and impossible delays about which even the police were in despair—he began to overtake the bus in front as we entered a relatively clear but narrow road. However the bus in front was also accelerating at full power—and we could all see that our driver wasn't going to be able to get in front before a third bus coming towards us would be upon us. We watched in horror as the driver accelerated us towards certain disaster instead of just braking and falling behind into line. The bus we were overtaking and the one bearing down on us seemed oblivious of the situation. We ducked down and braced ourselves for the crash but instead there was just a loud ripping sound as by some miracle the only contact between opposing buses was with wing mirrors. England very nearly lost half of her athletic team that night.

The Opening Ceremony nearly did not open with the competitors for we were stuck in those traffic jams for ages. Some who in the early stages got out and walked the 3 miles to the stadium got there long before the buses did. The solemn Ceremony was lightened somewhat by heaviness of the "hydrogen" used to fill the 10,000 balloons. Many of these failed to take off and caused great merriment among the crowd as they drifted a few feet above the ground as the Duke made his speech. We couldn't hear the speech above the din and the lightning interference on the microphone anyway, but fortunately someone had a transistor radio in his pocket and we heard the proceedings on that. This is characteristic of the athlete's participation in ceremonies of this kind. Unless he happens to be very near the front he can neither hear nor see much of what is going on. It is little wonder that the athletes in the rear apparently behave badly at these functions for none of the solemnity of the occasion reaches them and they become bored by just standing about. Perhaps the organisers could reduce some of the waiting before-hand—some teams had to fall-in for the Opening Ceremony in Jamaica at 6.30 p.m., the actual march in did not start until 9.00 p.m. and it was 11.00 p.m. before we arrived back at the village. In all that time the only action required of us was to walk in and out of the stadium. Certainly a lot of wasted manhours when over 1500 people are involved!

The passing of time and the emergence of the new nations was nowhere more evident than in the decision to change the name of the Games so that the name "Empire" would no longer offend. But perhaps it was too progressive of the person who remarked as the band played "God save the Queen" by mistake at the raising of the English flag: "Haven't they got their independence yet?"

What of the competitions? My memory is filled with great performances tempered by the frustrations of poor organisation and poor officiating. We writhed in sympathy for the women shot putters on the first night when they were kept

waiting for nearly two hours between the call and the start of their event because the decathlon pole vault was still in progress. Even when their event finally got under way it was interrupted as tables were moved, a platform for the starter was set up and the 100 yards was run. In the vital last round just as Mary Peters was about to make her final challenge to Val Young the competition was stopped for an irrelevant victory ceremony.

You all heard of the soft run up in the long jump because all eyes were on Lynn Davis but very few people saw, as we did the tragic case of Robin Tait (New Zealand) who only got a bronze medal because a perfectly good throw which apparently sailed beyond all other markers was disallowed. There was a protest and Robin was allowed another throw because the marker had been removed when the first red flag went up. It would have needed an Al Oerter to reproduce a throw like that after such an upsetting experience. Or on a lower level of performance, though none the less tragic there was poor Otieno of Kenya fouled on his first attempt in the discus before he had even taken up his throwing stance. The rules of discus throwing are there to ensure equal competition so that no one gains an unfair advantage, but nobody can say that a thrower has gained any advantage before he has even started to throw. There was a much more lenient but fair approach to the judging in Tokyo.

There seemed to be an army of photographers in the centre of the stadium and I have never known them to be so inconsiderate. When they flocked around Michele Brown after it became clear that she was the womens' high jump winner they obliterated her run up marks and were the direct cause of her failing to set a new Games record. Throwers and jumpers had to contend with the firing of flash bulbs and the whirring of ciné cameras as they tried to concentrate on the moments for which they had trained for months.

The marathon mix-up will go down in history. We went down to the stadium at 8.00 a.m. that morning to see the finish and in reply to our question the policeman on duty at the main entrance said that the runners would come in by the entrance on the other side of the ground. They came in by the main entrance and one wonders that if the man on duty did not know they were coming in there, who did? At the crucial moment when we heard that Alder was in the lead just outside the stadium, the Duke arrived. In the confusion Alder ran too far and Adcocks not far enough and we nearly wept for Alder when it was not he who entered the stadium first. Fortunately for all concerned the Scot had enough left in him to overtake Adcocks and prevent the culmination of the tragedy.

The worst injustice befell the hammer-throwers. Because of water pipes and sprinklers in the centre of the stadium, so we were told, we had to throw from a hashed-up circle on a sloping field outside. There were various versions about the depth of the pipes, from 3" to 3 feet, and we discovered that the sprinklers could be unscrewed anyway. It wouldn't have been so bad if we had had a reasonable circle of the correct size (this one was $\frac{1}{4}$ " oversize) and a level surface (we threw up a 1 in 100 slope). No amount of protest from the athletes seemed to have any effect so the medal winners decided to protest themselves in the only way possible—we said that as we had been forced to compete on a back field we wanted our medals presented on that same back field. The rules were with us here for it is laid down that medal presentation must be at the venue of competition. But as we did not wish to cause an unpleasant incident we agreed to go into the stadium for the victory ceremony when we were sure that our protest had reached the ears of the Chairman of the B.E. & C.G. Council and the stadium manager.

There were many other examples of bad organisation and teeth-grinding frustration on the part of competitors but no one wants to hold a grudge and we must give credit to this young nation for the job it was determined to do alone. Above all we should work for the friendship of the Commonwealth and the glory of sport, as trite as that may sound. The Scots and everyone in sport must see to it that the mistakes of these Games do not occur in Edinburgh in 1970.

The last word came from the athletes themselves. "Somebody" decided that only the medallists should parade for the Closing Ceremony. He could not have been a sportsman. Thank goodness for those athletes, successes and "failures" who showed that Closing Ceremonies are not for solemnity, organisation or discrimination by forming their own "parade" in joyful abandon and proving once again that sportsmanship and friendliness are what really matter.

The author of the above article was the Gold Medallist in the Hammer event at Kingston and his wife Rosemary was fourth in the Discus.

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Obituary

JACK CRUMP

WORLD athletics has lost one of its leading administrators. Jack Crump is with us no more . . . and the condolence cables have come from his colleagues as far afield as Melbourne and Moscow, Belgrade and Budapest.

When injury put an early end to his active career as a moderately good road walker, Jack devoted himself, and devoted is the word, to the administrative side of athletics. The reference books will list the many offices he held but they can't indicate with what energy and sincerity he served in these offices.

The fact that he never shirked an unpopular decision frequently made him the target of criticism, much of it unfair, and I know he was deeply hurt by the unfairness and irresponsibility of some of his critics. He'd say to me—"But, Arthur, they're so unreasonable." It was perhaps this personal experience and strong sense of fair play that made him so tolerant a magistrate in his native county of Surrey.

His subtle, kindly and ready wit, stood him in good stead as a broadcaster and kept him in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker; and although he never failed to respond to every request for his services, he sometimes regretted that all too often this kept him away from his family.

He enjoyed an even greater reputation abroad than at home. At international congresses and meetings one was constantly aware of the great respect and the genuine personal affection that his friends in other countries had for him. I well remember at the 1964 fixtures congress in Geneva I happened to mention to the Dutch delegation that Jack Crump would be retiring the following month. Joe Moerman immediately said: "And when will you be having your banquet in honour of him? We must be there!"

The two major athletic fixtures in the world this year were the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica and the European Championships in Hungary. Jack was to have been the International Federation's observer in Kingston and their technical supervisor in Budapest. That was some measure of his standing in the world of sport . . .

And now . . . I have lost a friend, world athletics has lost a stalwart worker and a wise counsellor, and the community has lost a man who devoted himself to the service of his fellow men.

ARTHUR GOLD.

PHIL GALE

The administration of athletics in this country has suffered several severe blows in 1966, the latest of these being the death of Phil Gale, Honorary Treasurer of the A.A.A.

His considerable contribution to our sport at Club and County level was made before I came to know him personally, but there are many people in athletics who cannot hear the name of Southgate Harriers without thinking of Phil and the magnificent junior teams, probably unmatched ever by any other Club, which they fielded when he was their Junior Secretary in the years before the War. It was indeed thanks largely to his enthusiasm for the idea that the A.A.A. Junior Championships were introduced into the athletics calendar. Another memory recalled to me recently was of the floodlit Inter-City matches staged at White City in the 1950's, brilliantly planned and executed, in which Phil played a leading part. Middlesex County A.A.A. too will remember with gratitude the work he did for them which earned for him a term of office as their President.

But it was on the financial side that Phil Gale was to make his greatest contribution. After serving the Counties Athletic Union as Treasurer (as well as Secretary) he was a "natural" to succeed Arthur Thwaites as Treasurer of the A.A.A. Though his business acumen worked wonders for us, it is sad to have to record that dwindling support at major fixtures has of late caused us renewed financial worries. Almost every Club and County, however, must have benefitted from the work of the A.A.S.A. which Phil founded and built up so successfully, thanks to the drive and the enthusiasm which he brought to every aspect of athletics to which he turned his hand.

He was a blunt and outspoken man and very quick thinking, a formidable opponent in committee. Indeed when I took office 16 months ago, considerably younger and less experienced in the administration of our sport, he might easily have made himself a formidable colleague. But Phil was very kind to me from the first, and this I shall always remember with gratitude. Above all I shall remember the courage with which he faced these last few months, hoping always to overcome his illness, working away always for the sport he loved and which he pursued round the globe. His courage was matched only by the devotion of his wife, Connie, and our sympathies are with her and her family.

BARRY WILLIS.

Editorial

I AM sure that many of our members will have heard about the motor accident in which Group Capt. Donald Finlay was involved in earlier this year and will wish to know the latest news of his progress. He is cheerful and up in his chair at Stoke Manderville Hospital and has already been home for a couple of hours. It is probable that he may not walk again, though the doctors feel that there is a slight possibility that he might be able to walk with the help of callipers, but they will have to see at a later date whether his shoulders are strong enough to take the strain. He is swimming in the pool at the Hospital and is considering competing in the next Paraplegic Games. He is aware of the position and has accepted the fact very well. The doctors were amazed how tremendously fit he was and though in his late 50's they said he had the body of a 40 year old man. He should be home for Christmas and is very touched with all the messages he has received. On his return home he will be delighted to see all his friends or anyone else. I know that all our Members would like to join me in sending him every good wish and success.

In this the 18th issue of the Newsletter I have included for the first time ever, sequence photographs of an athlete together with comments by an Honorary Senior Coach. This idea has of course often been used in other magazines, particularly technical ones. However, it has long been my view, that the average spectator's knowledge and enjoyment of athletics could be much increased if he understood and appreciated some of the basic skills, and techniques involved in the many different events which make up our Sport. I asked Vic Sealy in an earlier issue to attempt this for the Field Events and to my mind a logical progression is to do the same for individual events in greater detail. The choice of event to be covered was somewhat limited as Mark Shearman had, at the time of the article, only recently started taking sequence photographs. As the photographs were of such a very high standard I decided to include some of Mike Parker. The use of photographs adds to the interest and understanding of an event more than any single written article could possibly do. I should be very glad to receive readers' comments on this idea, whether they be in favour or not, and if the former how they feel the idea could be improved upon or enlarged.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Barry Willis for all the help, advice and encouragement, badly needed at times, which he has given me. He succeeded in taking the Newsletter from a small roneed production until, at his retirement as Editor, it had become one of the best magazines of its type in circulation. A challenging, if somewhat daunting, time for anybody to take over. Nobody unless they have edited a similar magazine themselves can fully appreciate the trials and tribulations of being Editor of a periodical such as ours. The greatest tribute to Barry was the number of willing contributors who helped me initially, without any doubt through a loyalty to him, both as a person and also for the professional manner in which he produced the Newsletter.

Social and Membership News

ROBERT STINSON

MANY of you will have enjoyed this year's Championships Dinner at the House of Commons, so ably organised by Tony Turnbull with the aid of his Wife and Peter Lenton. We welcomed the Club's new Chairman Lord Byers as Chairman of the Dinner in what we hope will be a long association with the Club. Terence Higgins M.P., kindly consented to act as Sponsor for the Dinner for which we are most grateful; it was a great pleasure to welcome him and his wife as guests. Ron Clarke of Australia once again replied most ably for the Champions.

Regrettably, due perhaps to insufficient advance notice not enough members were able to take advantage of the car parking and bar facilities arranged at the White City. Let us hope these facilities may be available next year and that more members will be able to take advantage of these.

By the time of publication a presentaton will have been made to Sir Joseph Simpson by past and present members of the Committee at a special Dining Club occasion at the Café Royal; the Dining Club will also have met on 18th November to hear Emlyn Jones, Director of the Recreation Centre at the Crystal Palace. Future Dinners will be on 20th January and 31st March (a Ladies night) 1967 when it is hoped that the Speakers will be Norris McWhirter and Harold Abrahams respectively. Anybody who would like to join the Dining Club (sub. 10/6) should contact R. J. Murray at 11, New Farm Avenue, Bromley, Kent. Members will be glad to hear that the United Sports Club scheme is in operation; if you are interested in joining please contact your Honorary Secretary.

Under the leadership of your new Chairman, your Committee are exploring the possibilities of a full scale Ball in London next year for the purpose of raising funds to further the Club's objects and activities, and it is to be hoped that by the time the next Newsletter is published that there will be some definite progress to report. Your Secretary has had conversations with the Editor of Athletics Weekly with a view to reaching a mutually satisfactory arrangement so that membership of A.W. Club and the A.A.A.'s Club could be combined in some way. Your secretary is also making enquiries as to the possible use of endowment assurance at special rates to make it easier for members to attend future Olympic Games in far off climes. As this is in line with the increasing interest by spectators in overseas matches and meetings.

The Club held a Social organised by S/Ldr. Cobb at Shell Mex House on Friday, 11th November when Denis Watts showed his and Wilf Paish's film of the recent European Championships at Budapest. Refreshments were kindly provided by the Shell Mex authorities. It is hoped that there will be a second social this winter in the New Year when the Rothman film on the Empire and Commonwealth Games should be available. The Club's A.G.M. may be later next year as it will most probably be necessary to alter the Club's financial year to bring it into line with that of the Association.

Membership continues to grow; not unfortunately at the rate of last year but still above the former average. The most disquieting feature is the failure of many members to renew their subscriptions at the correct time or, at all. The Club's finances suffer as a result and those who are seriously in arrear are being struck out without further warning. As it is it will probably be necessary to organise a specific reminder service to avoid loss of revenue and the work will be much reduced if members will only remember to pay (preferably by bankers order). If you have NOT paid this year's subscription please send it NOW to the Honorary Treasurer R. K. Farmer at 9, Porlock Close, Gayton, Wirral, Cheshire.

Book Reviews

"PROBLEM ATHLETES AND HOW TO HANDLE THEM"

by Bruce Ogilvie and Thomas Tutko. (Pelham Books 30/-)

THOSE who have followed the articles of Ogilvie and Tutko in *Track Techniques* and *Track and Field News* will welcome the publication of this book. Others who have awaited some authoritative account of the psychological factors affecting the performance of top level athletes will certainly be highly pleased with this report of long term and extensive research. The authors have worked assiduously over the past ten years or so to measure the personality structures of outstanding athletes from various sports and find themselves now in a position to identify various important dimensions which characterise these gifted individuals. This book however deals almost entirely with evidence on track and field athletes.

From their measurements of more than 2000 athletes on some 154 psychological traits Ogilvie and Tutko have found it possible to propose and describe a number of psychological types. These are given such descriptively fascinating names as 'The Con Man,' 'The Psyched-Out Athlete,' 'The Success Phobic Athlete,' 'The Depression-Prone Athlete' etc. Each of these types is described in detail with typical case histories supplied to heighten the clinical effect of the analysis. In all, some twenty dimensions of personality have been suggested which appears to discriminate between athletes and non-athletes of which the most important seems to be 'drive towards success.'

The findings of these two researchers are not dissimilar in any major way from previous serious investigation in this field (see for example, review by Cofer and Johnson in *Science and Medicine of Exercise and Sport*). Their findings are however clearer and more consistent for a population larger than any previously used in a long term rigorous research in this area. More important however is that Ogilvie and Tutko have taken the unprecedented step of suggesting techniques of a psychotherapeutic nature for dealing with athletes who apparently have personality problems inhibiting their athletic performance. The book is written for the coach and the authors have avoided technical terminology and have presented their advice and suggestions in practical understandable terms. They quote interesting case histories of outstanding athletes (coached by Payton Jordan, Bud Winter and others) whose performances have been remarkably improved after analysis and subsequent guidance.

The book tells a story and suggests possibilities which seem too good to be true. While the case would seem to be overstated slightly here there is no doubt that this report represents an important contribution to our fuller understanding of the non-physical aspects of human performance. Of these it would seem that psychological factors will explain more and more the small variations in maximal physical output that differentiate between winners and losers. If this is true then athletics coaches in particular would have to include this text on their reading list and consider the contents seriously and critically.

The book makes pleasant and easy reading. My copy, however, lacked the references that were quoted and the final paragraph on P24 is confusing without further detail.

J. E. KANE.

"THE MARATHON" by John Hopkins. (Stanley Paul 21/-)

This book deals with the history of the Marathon from its inclusion in the revived Olympic Games of 1896 to the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo and every Olympic race is covered. There are also chapters on the psychology and preparation of the Marathon runner and a round-up of the more important International races, together with their results. The Marathon has long been an unique event with every possible element of tragedy, drama and even comedy, played out in the

space of the 26 miles 385 yards covered. Very few people are ever fortunate enough to witness the whole of the race and because of this probably fewer people than in any other athletic event are able to fully appreciate the matching of the individual competitors' physical endurance and strength of character against the distance and each other. Only those who have been fortunate enough to follow a race can really appreciate the spectacle of a Marathon slowly unfolding before their eyes. For those who have not been lucky enough to see this, then I suggest that they should try and see either Leni Riefenstahl's film of the 1936 Olympics or Ichikawa's recent film of the Tokyo Olympics, both manage to capture the very essence of the race by the use of different techniques. The author makes a good job of describing the various races and the great moments are there for all to read about, such as Dorando Pietri's dramatic disqualification in the 1908 Olympics held in London, Emil Zatopek's performance in winning at Helsinki in 1952, he had never officially run this event before, and Abebe Bikila's unique "double" of Olympic victories. A name which will be familiar to all our members, is that of Sam Ferris who finished 5th in the Paris Olympic event of 1924, 8th at Amsterdam in 1928 and 2nd in 1932 at Los Angeles, in this race he finished only 19 seconds behind the eventual winner, Zabala. No British athlete has ever won the Gold Medal in this Olympic event though we have achieved second place on no less than 4 occasions through Sam Ferris, Ernest Harper (1936), Thomas Richardson (1948), and Basil Heatley (1964). This book is undoubtedly full of interest and the author must be given every credit for being the first to undertake such a history of the Marathon, but it is unfortunate that he does not fully succeed in the task of bringing this quite unique event to life. This book also seems somewhat over-priced at 21/-, however the author cannot be criticized on this account.

" UNITED KINGDOM INDOOR TRACK AND FIELD HANDBOOK "
(Second Edition)

Compiled by Andrew Huxtable and Patrick Mackenzie. (5/- Post free from—
A. Huxtable, 78, Toynbee Road, London, S.W.20.)

This is a revised and enlarged edition of their pioneer book on this subject written in 1964. The new features include unique progressive record lists both for men and women, world all-time best performers and also a complete list of all the full indoor international matches held so far, including the European Indoor Games held at Dortmund in March this year. There is also a section listing the World's major indoor tracks, it is perhaps significant that there are 68 listed in America and only 43 for the whole of Europe. The authors have produced another invaluable reference book for all those interested in athletics and it is remarkably good value.

" U.K. JUNIOR & INTERMEDIATE LADIES ALL-TIME BEST PERFORMERS ANNUAL "

Compiled by Peter V. Martin on behalf of the N.U.T.S. (3/- post free from—
" Arena " Books Dept., 325 Streatham High Road, London, S.W.16.)

This booklet also includes the 1965 best performers in each age group and is an invaluable statistical work of its kind. It is perhaps encouraging to note how many of the young ladies mentioned in the 1965 lists have made the International team this year and it is shattering to think that Ann Wilson is only just 17 years old and that Wendy Kavanagh, who will not be 16 until October, finished 3rd in the 100 metres in her first ever international against France. It is perhaps interesting to note that Dorothy Hyman made her international debut by filling 3rd place against France in 1957 when four months older than Wendy. With these and many other talented youngsters the future is indeed bright.

"INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS ANNUAL—1966" (World Sports 10/-)

If you are fascinated like me by the facts and figures of the easily measurable sport of track and field athletics, then you will need no recommendation to buy this, the best Athletics Annual of its kind in the World. However for the few whose education is still sadly lacking. The 100 best performance in each of the men's events and 50 best by women, achieved in 1965, the world's all-time best performers, national records and championship summaries, results of International matches and many other sections to delight the reader. Last year we had the inaugural European Cup competitions for both men and women and the results are here, together with an article by Bob Phillips. One can also not fail to be impressed and somewhat over awed by the performances on the World's leading Junior list. There are also pictures of many of the World's leading performers including Chen Chia-Chuan, who equalled the World record for 100 metres and Ni Chih-Chin who, with Valeriy Brumel's tragic injury, is now the leading exponent of the High Jump, perhaps in the not too distant future we shall see both these athletes over here at the White City. In the near future the 1966 issue will be published, to delight its readers and I, for one, will be in the forefront of the queue.

"HURDLING" by John Le Masurier. (4/6 post free)

"SPRINTING AND RELAY RACING" by Bill Marlow. (5/6 post free)

(both the above instructional booklets can be obtained from J. Hitchcock, 2, Burn Close, Oxshott, Leatherhead, Surrey.)

John Le Masurier, who has been a Senior National Coach since 1961, is ideally suited to write the latest edition of the A.A.A.'s instructional booklet on hurdling, having written the first booklet on this subject in 1952 and also as he has coached many British International Hurdlers. John calls upon his great knowledge and experience to make this one of the best books ever written on the subject, not only does he know the various facets which constitute this event but he also possesses the ability to put these clearly and concisely into print so that the subsequent information can be readily assimilated by any athlete, coach and/or teacher. Undoubtedly much credit for the success of this booklet must go to Mark Shearman and Ton! Nett who have contributed some really excellent sequence photographs. The author deals with all the standard hurdle events and also covers the 330 yard event for Juniors, which was first used by the Southern Counties A.A.A.'s in their 1966 Championships. I also like very much the use of photographs showing Mike Parker carrying out exercises which are designed specifically for hurdlers, far too often it seems to me that the exercises are described in words without any pictorial evidence of how they should be carried out. I am quite convinced the A.A.A.'s have a best seller on their hands with this publication and I am cannot recommend its purchase too much. Not only for those actively engaged in athletics, either as competitors or coaches but also for any enthusiasts who want to increase their knowledge of the event, which can only result in a subsequent increase in their enjoyment as well.

Bill Marlow, was appointed a A.A.A. National Coach in 1962, prior to this he had taught in schools for over 17 years and is perhaps best known for his successes with sprinters, so that it is only appropriate that the Association should have asked him to write this, the latest edition of their booklet on Sprinting. The author deals clearly and concisely with the 100, 220 and 440 yard events which constitute the term 'sprinting' and here again, as with the booklet on Hurdling, Mark's photographs play an integral part by readily illustrating the points which the author is making in the text. There are also 11 pages of text and 2 of pictures dealing with Relay racing, all too often one sees poor baton passing at all levels of competition, however, if all the coaches and teachers who deal with this event, study carefully the author's comments then there should be an improvement in, at least, the understanding of the event which should go a long way towards

helping improve our overall standard. The author brings to bear a modern approach to the event and the result is a really excellent booklet which should be readily to hand for all coaches, teachers and athletes to consult. These instructional booklets published by the A.A.A.'s have always been eagerly sought after throughout the world and undoubtedly these two latest editions will prove to be no exception. Both publications are moderately priced and attractively produced, in themselves high commendation.

I feel that perhaps we, in Britain, do not fully appreciate how fortunate we are to possess a coaching set up which is the envy of the World and National Coaches who are amongst the very best coaches to be found anywhere. With such an able body of men the future in this respect, anyway is bright.

"THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE"

by Ron Clarke in collaboration with Alan Trengove. (Pelham Books 30/-)

Ron Clarke is, to many athletic enthusiasts, something of an enigma in that his attitude towards defeat has led some critics to declare that he lacks the necessary killer instinct. Anyway in this book he attempts to clarify his views. Synonymous with his name are World Records and his ideas on this subject are best summed up by using his own words "Seeking fulfilment in distance running is like seeking an elusive Shangri-la, because the moment one feels it is attained it vanishes again." Clarke emerges from the book as an intelligent, self-assured and mature young man, who has reached the pinnacle of success in two widely differing fields, both of which require perhaps above all other qualities the ability to use and apply one's talents and ability to the maximum possible advantage. In fact after having achieved no small degree of success in the sport he gave it all up to concentrate on his chosen career and his marriage, it was not until he had passed his final examinations and consequently had more leisure time available that he discussed with his wife the possibility of starting to train seriously again. His ability to overcome all the difficulties which a long lay off entails showed once again his determination and doggedness, though at the time he admits he felt there was little hope of attaining International Standard. Clarke feels that there were three distinct episodes in which he developed the subsequent self-confidence so necessary for a truly top international runner. The first was his American tour, the second his visit to Europe and the third his experience in the 1964 Olympic Games. The one performance of which he is ashamed is his disappointing effort in the 5,000 metres at Tokyo because at the crucial moment in the race he quit because he was frustrated and rattled by the way the race was run. His memory of this race drives him towards atonement. In the 10,000 metres he tells us that for only the second time in his life he felt confident of victory with eight laps still to go, even in defeat he says he thoroughly enjoyed the race. This is a very entertaining book, a lot of the credit for which must go to collaborator Alan Trengove, who is a well known Australian journalist and was associated with Herb Elliott in his book "The Golden Mile." There has obviously been a great deal of thought put into the preparation of this book. I am sure that nobody who saw him run the then World record for the 3 miles at the White City in the 1965 A.A.A. Championships, will ever forget this pulsating race. I, for one hope, to see him run many more times. Clarke has the ability to marshal his thoughts clearly and concisely and perhaps even more important the ability to translate these to print. He is also a fine speaker with a dry sense of humour, as all our members who were fortunate enough to attend the last two A.A.A. Club Championship Dinners at the House of Commons can testify to.

"COMMONWEALTH STATISTICS" compiled by Stan Greenburg.

(8/6d. post free from "Arena" Books Dept., 325, Streatham High Road, London, S.W.16.)

This labour of love, which has taken the author some thousands of hours of research and checking spread over the last 12 years or so, is written by the World's foremost authority on the subject. In standard linear events for men the author has gone to a depth of 100 or more, though of course the recent Empire Games at Kingston radically altered the list of best performances. It is perhaps interesting to note that in the mile Sydney Wooderson's 4.4.2 at Gothenburg in 1945 has now been bettered by 46 other Englishmen; such is progress! There is also a section devoted to the best performances by women together with a most useful guide to women competing under single and married names. Two men, Ronald Clarke and Kipchoge Keino, between them top the lists in no less than seven out of the eighteen men's flat track events. There is also a progressive Commonwealth Best Performances list which makes fascinating reading. For the true enthusiast this is essential reading

We are grateful to all those who have contributed articles to this issue of our Newsletter. Their views are, of course, not necessarily those of the A.A.A.

Honorary Secretary of the A.A.A. Club: H. R. H. Stinson, Tite Corner, Tite Hill, Englefield Green, Egham, Surrey. Hon. Editor of Newsletter: P. S. Lenton, 38 Rugby Avenue, Wembley, Middx. Hon. Treasurer: R. K. Farmer, 9, Porlock Close, Gayton, Wirral, Cheshire.

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