Dayton, Ohio, April 23 -- Well, this hardly seems worth reporting, at least not as the lead article, but, baby, it's the only local news we have, and after all this is the Ohio Race Walker. So here goes with a report of the OTC 20 kilo which Dale Arnold was kind enough to put on in Dayton. The fact that the race didn't amount to much was sure no fault of Dale's. He had officials there, a good course on Delosse Parkway, and even good pre-race publicity in the paper. He just didn't get too much in the way of 20 kilometer walkers.

So the story of the race is that Nortland won in 1:11:13 with Arnold second in 1:13:52 and none else on the course at the finish. Wayne Yarcho and Doc Blackburn had a private old man's race at a little less than seven miles with Wayne coming out on top. But that was as far as they went. Nortland had put his triple whammy on Blackburn during a workout a couple weeks ago and young Jack was still home nursing a pulled muscle. Charlie Howell had called from far-off Australia on Saturday to report a touch of some type of virus, for which reason he chickened out. Jeff Loucks claims to be out of retirement and back in great shape, but he didn't take advantage of this opportunity to display his talent.

As to the race, Arnold stayed at Nortland's side for the first 150 yards, then dropped back and that was it. The race was held on a loop 8h yards short of two miles. An unmeasured short lap was walked first, which judging from subsequent lap times was somewhat over 100 yards longer than necessary to make up the 20 kilo distance, and then six regular laps. There were two smallish and unbothersome hills per lap. Nortland walked a not particularly fast, but rather even pace, while Arnold was slowing considerably at the end. Nortland's laps were 6:19 (short lap), 15:55, 15:50, 15:12, 15:03, 15:01, and 16:03.

Yarcho was just that little bit better than the Doc over their shorter race.
(One little and three big laps.) He jumped ahead and very gradually increased his lead throughout to record a 11:32 to Doc's 11:50. First place prize was, appropriately enough, a carved wooden foot. More people should give imaginatively prizes rather than the same old, dust-gathering trophies. Dust-gathering feet are much nicer.

The Ohio Race Walker is a monthly publication devoted to entertaining its readers with news and views reminiscent of the walking world as seen through the jaundiced eyes of Jack Blackburn, publisher, and Jack Nortland, editor. For a mere $1.20 per annum you can receive a steady flow of this type of good. Address all correspondence to: Ohio Race Walker, 315th Summit St., Columbus, Ohio 43202.
EACH WALKING FUNDAMENTALS

by Dr. John Blackburn

(Here is another in the enlightening and entertaining series of articles by the noted expert on Race Walking Medicine. This month he describes the radical approach and takes off on what is evidently a pot-pourri. To accept full responsibility for all that is said and give this our wholehearted endorsement. Ya can’t beat that, Doc.)

Race walkers are a queer lot. The only skill they need to acquire is the ability to keep one foot on the ground at all speeds and to straighten the weight-bearing leg at sometime during the stride. But are they content to stop there? No, they must wave and bob. They must grimace, wave their heads about, flex their arms, belch, groan, and wheeze. They expectorate copiously and cry loudly for sustenance. They wear all manner of outlandish gear, such as veils over their heads and ribbons tied to their shirts. They leave a smell of flatulence and strong, stale perspiration in their wake, so that on a warm, still day on a lap course, the atmosphere is quite foul. Is it any wonder that spectators lose interest and walk away? Is it any wonder the casual observer feels he is witnessing an outing by the inmates of the nearest mental institution? Is it any wonder race walking will never be as popular as baseball?

By plan is for all race walkers to try to shed any or all of the accoutrements and concentrate on proper race walking form. Seriously speaking, a good race walker is a pleasure to behold and does more for the sport than anything else. I know we can’t all be Iorlinds, lairds, or Malvas, but we can try. So let’s go back to the fundamentals of how to keep one foot on the ground at all times and to straighten the weight-bearing leg at sometime during the stride.

To a accomplish the athlete must learn to walk with a rotary motion of the hip joints. In ordinary walking, the hips are fixed in one plane and nearly all motion is dependent on the knees. The head and body bob along in a vertical plane and if walking speed is increased there is a great strain thrown on the thigh muscles. When speed is again increased, the double supporting phase (when both feet are on the ground) disappears and running is the result. That is - both feet are off the ground.

It is at this point that the skill of the true race walker becomes evident. The forward and downward rotation of the hip joints increases his length of stride and enables him to maintain contact up to 200 steps a minute. The vertical motion of the head and body disappears, which means that the center of gravity of the body remains at the same point above the ground. This is a very important item, because the body weight must no longer be raised several inches at every step. All muscular energy can therefore be used to create forward motion. The arms are flexed at 90 degrees at the elbow and swing freely. The hands rise to nearly shoulder height in front and drop to a position just to the rear of the hip.

Race walking was once called "heel-and-toe walking", since it is obvious that the heel of one foot is landing as the toes of the other foot are driving off, both being in contact with the ground for an instant. I think we have all
seen the race walker who sprints to the finish line with perfect form but is showing an inch or more of daylight under each foot at this point.

Walking judges should use some of the following faults to help determine the validity of race-walking form and styles:

1. Motion of the head and body in a vertical plane. This implies inadequate hip motion and eventual loss of contact.

2. Goose stepping or high knee lift. This may pull the rear foot off the ground too soon with resulting loss of contact.

3. Forward lean of the body. Again there is danger of pulling the rear foot off the ground before the heel of the leading foot is down.

4. Hands carried too high. This in turn lifts the shoulders and tends to pull the walker off the ground during the double supporting phase, even though his hip motion may be perfect.

5. Knees bent. This is nearly always associated with absence of hip motion. At racing speeds, the competitor will be jogging and contact with the ground will be lost.

In conclusion let me make a plea for us to leave off the dramatics, the exotic attire, wear clean uniforms in good repair and concentrate on decent walking form. This, I am convinced, will help the sport as much as anything.

Here Comes Kelly

New York, April 16 -- (Special to the OW from Dr. George Shilling) - John Kelly, representing the Killrose AA of New York, today won the Metropolitan Association 35 kilo race-walking championship in the time of 3 hrs. 8 min. 17 sec. to surpass the American record of 3:08:25 set by Ron Daniel in this same race last year. The race held at C.W. Post College in Greenvale, N.Y. on an all-weather track, saw Ron Daniel lead for about 17 miles, passing 10 miles in about 1:29 and 12 miles in about 1:38, with Kelly exactly 1 lap behind from about 5 miles up to 15 miles, when he started to gain on Daniel. Kelly's'ortzv' overtook Daniel who dropped out due to leg trouble. Ron Kulik walked very strongly in the middle part of the race and at about 17 miles was only about 1 min. behind Kelly.


(We of the OW have regarded Kelly as a real threat in the distances for some time, and he has sure come on strong this year. He will be a tough man to beat at 50, and off this and other performances this year, is going to be about all anyone can handle at 20.)
2 World Class 20 Kilo's

April 22 — Ron Laird indicated he is recovered from his leg problems by winning the 2nd Annual Carpinteria 20 Kilo road race today in a fast 1:33:28. Literally right on his heels was Don Daloon in 1:33:28. At the half-way mark Laird was 1/2 minutes out on Daloon, so maybe Don is finally shaping up in his race strategy. No report on exactly what the 10 Kilo time was though. Maybe Laird just lost his head more than Daloon usually does.

The race was held on an eleven lap loop on paved residential streets. One fairly steep hill coming and going. Other places were: 1. Harry Young 1:39:10 1. Rich Bowman 1:41:24 (another out who has really gotten tough) 3. Jim Hanley 1:42:03 (him too) 6. Dick Ortiz 1:42:28 and Bob Bowman somewhere under 1:50.

The above results come from Charlie Silcock now relocated in sunny California. He also reports briefly on a few other races, but more important reveals that he is engaged, to Don Hall's secretary no less. Miss Stella Anato is the name.

Walking news Charlie reports on includes 6:29 outdoor miles for Daloon and Larry Walker and a couple of miles in the low 6:30's for R. Owen Laird, the sometimes hamster. In a 30 Kilo in early April, on what is reported as an accurately measured course, Don Daloon walked what has to be his best race ever at any distance over one hour with a 2:30 for 30 Kilo. (No seconds reported on these times, just hours and minutes.) Laird was second in this one with 2:32, followed by Young 2:35, Ortiz 2:38 and Hanley 2:40.

Charlie feels that we can expect at least five and maybe ten under 1:40 at the Senior National 20 Kilo. Gee, I hope to be under 1:40 and I can count at least a dozen guys I have no particular assurance of beating. That's not counting Oakley and company from north of the border. Of course, I go through this same process everyday year, and then no one, including myself, lives up to expectations. But this could very well be the year. I certainly look for the fastest race finish in the history of American race walking.

While covering the far west scene, we also heard from Dick Ortiz, and have to tell you that he complimented us on the good job (underline his) we are doing. This was the most important thing he said. He also says, "I hope you noticed the name of John Mikaelson on the results of our ten mile walk (see below) - ring a bell?? It should - its the one and only - he came to L.A. about 12 years ago and lives in North Hollywood. He is a house painter by trade. John is 53 now and his wife says he has not put on a pound since his last Olympic win. He loves to dance, swim and watch and play any kind of ball."

For those among our readers who may need to be told, John, from Sweden, was the Olympic champion at 50 Kilo in 1948 and 1952. If you have been reading our recent issues you should even be able to quote his time in 1952. Anyway, he is becoming active in L.A. walking circles, evidently, and the Striders hope to have him competing on their Seniors team. The Striders now have 28 walkers, incidentally, which is probably more than anyone in the country, except maybe North Medford with all their distance runners who occasionally get in walks.
SOME MORE WEST COAST RESULTS:
5. Jim Henley, Striders 1:30:49 (Dalmoon did not finish, after passing 6 miles in only 34:25.) The editor would like some explanation of these loopy times, but no one has offered it.

This race was held on the same course as the '64 Olympic Trials, and Ed would have been on the plane with this time. McCarthy won that one in 4:49:31, but Nick Brodie nailed down the third spot with a 4:55:21. Nick, by the way, is now teaching in Southern California and has been getting in a few races, although he hasn't shown his '64 form yet. In the above race, Karl Johansen was also in the field but was suffering with a cold and had to stop at 25 kilo with 2:29:25.


Hey! We finally found out who won our first style race at the One Mile. Got the news only by reading Mr. Cook's AFW. Larry Walker, who pulled down second in the race, carried home the first of these handsome plaques. There will be one up for grabs at each of this year's Senior Nationals, so read the Doc's article again and brush up on your form.

Here is something I have never done before and will probably never do again. PREDICT on the National 20. Out of modesty, I exclude myself and also exclude anyone who probably won't be able to make it due to his injury. I assume everyone else will be there and will be healthy, although I understand Andy Halusa is having some trouble. Anyway, here goes:


In between these two big races is the 2nd Annual Ron Zinn Memorial 10 Kilo in Chicago. This is on Memorial Day (May 30, a Tuesday) and is on the track at Hanson Stadium. Starting time 1:30 p.m. The race takes place between soccer games and there should be a good crowd on hand, for those of you who are home. West Coast walkers could take a few days of vacation and stay over for this one after the 20. I shouldn't say that. If everyone takes me up on it, it could wipe out my chances of winning the thing again. Nice race anyway on a decent cinder track.
MY FIRST NATIONAL
by Jack Mortland

It was back in the hot summer of ought-fifty-eight that I was first struck with the insane thought of becoming a race walker. Up until that time I had drifted serenely along as a journeyman middle-distance runner, hurdler, high jumper, and what have you. A guy who had once told my college roommate, "It's only a hop, step, and jump to Melbourne." That was in the days when what is now called triple jumping was about as popular as race walking today and was a pretty wide open event Olympic-wide. I did once achieve 37'6 in a summer meet, but even this noteworthy leap wasn't nearly good enough.

Race walking certainly wasn't completely unknown to me. I had first seen Henry Laskau at the Cleveland X of C indoor meet in about 1951 and had spent the next day on the track trying to emulate the peculiar, demanding style I had seen. Two years later, as a starry-eyed kid, just out of high school, I had even collected Henry's autograph in a Dayton hotel on the occasion of the NAIA Outdoor Track and Field Championships. The only race-walker autograph I ever got, although I must admit, Reggie Pearman's signature meant more to me. Gee, I still have the program with those cherished autographs upstairs somewhere gathering dust.

Anyway, having seen Henry in action on two occasions, I found I could quite easily get the old heel-and-toe style and held the one-lap indoor record at Bowling Green (about 120 yards.) I had a roommate at this time who actually took the smart up, together with starvin' Marvin Crosten, a graduate student. Actually, the guy wasn't my roommate until the next year. This was when we were freshmen, and old Trask and Crosten used to get up early every morning and go out for their walk. I was too wrapped up in running to get involved in this, but did take some interest in their training. They actually journeyed to Cincinnati for the 40 kilo that spring (1954) and both dropped out; Trask at about 17 miles, and Crosten around 21 in something like fifth or sixth place. Marv later did a little walking with the OTC and is now coaching at Upper Arlington HS here in Columbus. Trask has never walked since, and is now one of the fattest men in Columbus, Ohio.

But I digress. I did after title this My First National, so I had better move in that direction. Actually, although I hadn't thought of it as such when I started to write this, my first National, walking-wise, was in 1955 when I journeyed to College Park, Maryland for the National AAU All-Around championship. One event in this is the 880 walk. With no particular training, I used my old Henry Laskau style to come home first in 3:45. My great pride was soon shattered by some guy I had beaten who tactfully complimented me on my "nice running."

So with this background, we return to that hot summer of '58. I took my workouts on the Ohio Stadium track that summer, and a couple of times a week these crazy Blackburns, father and son, came down to walk. Now, I knew Jack from back in high-school days, and had done quite a bit of running with him the winter before. Dad always thought of him as a fairly sensible fellow. His doctor father I could see was a queer old duck right from the start, and figured it might be his influence that was leading Jack astray. And wouldn't you know it was only a few days and they were doing it too. And old Doc really wasn't so bad after all. A bit eccentric for sure, but certainly not queer.
So it was that on September 8, I found myself in an old '46 Desoto buzzing across the turnpike to Philadelphia. My first trip to that fair city and for a stupid walking race yet. But, I must admit I was rather excited about the whole thing. To be sure my prospects weren't too bright. This was to be the National 25 kilo, an unheard of distance for one who is primarily a quarter-mile runner. I had three races under my belt. A two-mile in Dayton, which I dropped out of after 5 laps. A 10 mile in Dayton, which I dropped out of after 6 miles. And a one mile in Cincinnati, which for some unknown reason I finished with a blazing 7:50. I had staggered through 10 miles in a workout once. Still I saw no reason I shouldn't make the distance. I always felt racing brought out the best in me. The trip was off to a good start as I was told we had a new record for the Philly trip. A wonderful effort for that old car which was certainly a noble vehicle. Blackburn (young) was of course at the wheel. He was always at the wheel in those days. It made the trip gutter if you drove all the way back, plus walking a tough, long race. And it had to be a record because Blackburn has to compete in whatever he does, like, he sets records to the grocery store and back, and for taking off his shoes, and for lots of silly stuff like that. Anyway, we had our record, and were now mentally ready for the big day on Sunday.

Sunday morning in Fairmont Park. A nice sunny day, pretty girls strolling around, guys cruising around in their open convertibles, people losing in the sun. And there was I. In a dirty old boathouse putting on my jack and shorts to kill myself in a crummy 15 mile plus walk. It was old stuff to Doc and Jack. They had already been to the 40 kilo in Dayton and the 20 kilo in Baltimore. They seemed to know all the weird looking guys around and even introduced me to a few of the big names. Laird, MacDonald, Kerr, guys like that. I think Jim Hewson was only pointed out to me along with the Argentinian, Waller. Nearest, toughest looking guy I ever saw. And here I was, a young green punk lost in the crowd off all the big names in race walking. I had never changed clothes in the same room with immortals before. At the same time I had never seen such a crummy dressing room before. I quickly got the idea that this wasn't a real glamour sport. ('cause me John and Charlie)

Now that I have come this far, I must admit I really don't remember much about the early stages of that race. Where I was placed in the early stages I don't know. I do know I was amazed at how far ahead of us a lot of guys were getting and how much easier they seemed to be going at that pace than I was at mine. Hardly seemed just. Hewson and Waller looked particularly imposing to me. Like, man, how do you ever get that hard and tough looking.

The course was out and back, out not quite so far and back again. As I found out later they didn't turn us quite soon enough the second time and the race was actually about 16 miles. The rats. Let me tell you about that last trip back. I wasn't really feeling too bad up until then. I knew there was a big automobile overpass we went under a mile or so from the finish and figured if I could just make it to there I could then stagger in some way. So feeling worse all the time, I finally glance up (quite an effort itself) and see an overpass looming not too far ahead. Lord, I'm saved. He's brought me out of the desert. Then I see this strange object starting across my bridge. It doesn't take me more than a couple minutes to definitely identify it as a train. There is a railroad overpass a good mile before the other one. The fact is
more than clear - I still have well over two miles to go. My throat is parched. My legs ache and refuse to function in anything like their normal manner. I have no energy. I have no will. In my extreme agony, I bellowed out in a loud mournful wail, for all around to hear, "Oh no that railroad bridge!" I was sobbing and choking, moaning and groaning. About this time I noticed a figure on the walk in front of me on which I actually seemed to be gaining. A new life flowed through me with this new challenge. Although I soon realized it was a woman pushing a baby carriage, it still offered something to be conquered. By golly, I can beat that lady, and I'm going to prove it. I was soon even with her, and I swear it didn't take me over a quarter mile to actually pull ahead. Knowing that I could not now be beaten by this mere mortal, I tried to look again for new words to conquer in order to force myself onward against the growing agony of the effort! And who should I see not far ahead but the guy who had been introduced to me as the great Bruce MacDonald! A real live Olympian. And he was just street walking along. Stopping to drink occasionally, leaning against a post here and there. Soon I snuck past him as his back was turned at a drinking fountain, and now I felt I really belonged. These guys wasn't so tough. And I was actually past that last bridge now and on the way home. The cares that Bruce came streaking back at me in the last half mile and I had nothing with which to accept the challenge. After all I had held and tossed it all the way and had seen him actually street walking.

So finally I crossed that blessed finish line. Fourteenth place - 2 hrs. 40 minutes. I stopped. And then it really hit me. All that suffering to get to the finish line so you can stop and relax only to find you feel worse when you stop then you ever even imagined out there. And worse, you're like Laird who has been finished for 20 minutes or more are lounging around, shooting the breeze, locking fresh and revived. I swore then I would never again walk in one of those races. An hour later I was feeling disappointed because I was going in the Army for six months and wouldn't have the chance to compete again for until the spring. A funny thing about all this is, every race since has been about the same way. Bunch of idiots in this sport anyway. Sometime in the future I'll have to tell you about the trip home and some of the marathon trips we have taken at other times. Or maybe I'll leave that to the driver - Jack Blackburn.

I wonder Department: If Henry Leslau had known that I pace honored him by asking for his autograph would he have given me that ball in the Garden in '61.

A short letter from Dick Trace in Dayton: "You're Right! Anyone who can catch pneumonia and white articles like "Resuscitation" and in a doctor has missed his calling. I'm forming a Dr. John Blackburn for Chief Writer for the Chic Race Walker Committee, the BRANCHFOOTC.gg."

Also a letter from Mark Achan in which he says, among other things, "I have always been an avid collector (that is of innocent trivia, e.g., stamps, coins, rocks, marbles), but lately I have had to devote full attention to my walking newsletter collections. I have received several feelers from the Marx Bros. Museum of Ridiculous Journals for a complete set of the OaM. I believe I can sell such a collection at a fantastic loss, and will gladly share it with you. Of course, to be complete your octoleaf periodical (sporadical?) must go out of business. Experts at the Museum assure me such a desire is quite eminent and that we shall be able to negotiate terms very soon! Nah, Mark, we're still pretty healthy."