On a bitter cold New Year's Eve, Chuck Newell came striding out of limbo to successfully defend his title in the Ohio Track Club's Annual year-end madcap handicap. In his first race since the Frisco 50 K, he was training only by his daily treks through sleet, snow, hail, bird dew and all that jazz to do his daily rounds courier bit for Uncle Sam's postal service, the Ashland snake charmer took advantage of a soft-hearted handicapper and cruised to an easy, if chilling, victory in the 6 mile 536 yard affair. The distance was dictated by the length of laps at the Worthington High School road course, this being four laps. Without any official timers, the race had to be an even number of laps in order to start and stop the watch. This was the fifth annual race, the first at this site, and if history is any criterion, next year's will be the last at this site; we will then move on to some new and exotic course. But who cares about the future, let's revel in the delights of this year's cryogenic caper.

This year's course didn't offer any particular obstacles, other than the darkness, and its really quite enjoyable to stroll through dark. ( "But who would let me stroll", cries Jack Blackburn.) However, the weatherman cooperated fully, and we had our coldest race to date. At the first two walkers stepped onto the course just before 8 p.m., the temperature was a frigid 8 F, with a strong wind dropping the chill factor well below that. Six full-fledged idiots showed up for the start -- Tom Findley, Barry Richardson, Newell, Doc Blackburn, Jack Mortland, and Jack Blackburn.

Findley and Richardson were the first pair to venture into the icy darkness. Tom, back from a summer at Alamosa including a try at their marathon trial and an exciting T&F News tour trip to Mexico City, was having his second go at the heel-and-toe sport. Three years ago he walked at the famous New Year's Eve mudbath at Indian Village Day Camp. Barry had picked a beautiful for his first race -- Napping venture. An Englishman with a background in running a few years back, he decided the day before when talking to Mortland at work to come out and have a bloody go. With these two out fighting the numbing winds, the rest of sat huddled in the Blackburn VW bus and decided we should have a team race as well. Three two-man teams with the three pairs starting together comprising the three teams. Findley and Richardson were informed of the arrangement when next we saw them, which was the completion of their first lap.

Meanwhile, twelve minutes after the first duo set out, Doc Blackburn and Chuck Newell were sent off to meet their fate and Blackburn and Mortland (that's me) were left shivering in wait for another 8 minutes. I had originally given Chuck only 6 minutes, which was a break considering he had won it off four minutes last year. But he cried about only two workouts since July, or something like that, and Blackburn commiserated with him and suggested we start him with Doc. Doc, of course, was crying about the leg he had torn up on Sunday and wanted more like 10 minutes. But we had been soft with him the first two years of the race and he had won it, so we were wise.

Barry came by for the first time in about 18:40 as Jack and I waited. He was already well out on Tom, who strolled by just as Jack was saying go and laying the
official timepiece in the VW. We started into the wind, but only briefly before
turning to go uphill with the wind at our backs. It was long enough to get a taste
of what we were in for on the way down, however. Newell raced out of the night as
were going up and already appeared to have over a minute on the Doc, so I could see
I had probably been conned.

The trip up the hill and behind the school wasn’t too bad, but as we came around
to the front of the school the wind hit us, and hit us hard. By the time we fin-
ished that 300 yard stretch, we both had thumping headaches. After a brief respite
we turned back into it for the downhill trip. Jack commented it was the first time
he would remember having to drive downhill. We had no way to get lap times but
knew we were going pretty good and seemed to go a little faster on each lap as
the race progressed. However, by the time we crested the hill on our third lap,
it became we weren’t going to catch the flying Newell who still had over a half mile
on us, barring a complete collapse. And it began to look doubtful if we would
catch Richardson. At the same time, we were pulling for Barry to stay ahead of
Doc, because if we did catch him and Doc didn’t we had the coveted team title.
Otherwise, it would be a tie and they would get it off first place.

Mostly though, we were concentrating on our own race and were still step for
step as we started the last lap. Still feeling fairly chipper, I attempted to
spurt as we set out, hoping I could establish a quick lead and then discourage
him up the hill. I got the quick 15 or 20 yards but had no drive up the hill and
we were soon all even again. Obviously, it would boil down to the last half mile
down the hill into the wind where the powerful, oversized Blackburn, with his tank­
like approach would have an obvious advantage. And sure enough, he did. After
dodging through traffic in front of the school (kids arriving for a dance) we
started down, passing Richardson just as we did, and Jack slowly, but inexorably­
powered away to finally win by 5 seconds. Newell had been there for 1:40 with his
two-minute bonus treating him well. Richardson came in a couple of minutes ahead
of Doc, well satisfied at finishing and flushed with the thrill of it all. Tom
is a much better runner than walker and came in about 10 minutes later.

Blackburn recorded a startling 49:30, exactly equalling his course record set
in the Labor Day race two years ago. It was probably slightly faster than Gary
Westerfield had on his way to a seven mile in November when he beat Blackburn by
a few seconds. Jack came into the race afraid he was overtrained with 40 miles
or so for the month but suddenly found the speed that had been missing in recent
workouts. Really a quite remarkable time under the circumstances, and I say that
only so you will realize that my 49:35 was also remarkable. Charlie Newell’s 55:50
wasn’t bad for a broken down mail man who hadn’t trained for six months, for that
matter. Doc Blackburn had one of his slower times on this course, but considering
the weather and the leg he had torn up on Sunday, not bad. Barry Richardson bettered
12 minute miles and despite the cold really had a ball. These times are always a
bit daft anyway. We will see more of Barry in the future. The results (with actual
6. Tom Findley, OTC C 87:19. (Tom had 85 plus in the mud race in ’65, so considering
the extra 536 yards, this is an improvement.)

The Ohio Race Walker is published monthly in Columbus, Ohio. Jack Blackburn up in
Van Wert says I should quit listing him as publisher since he doesn’t contribute
a darn thing anymore, but for some crazy reason I figure the name is good for
prestige purposes. Anyone who can take fast time prizes in the NY’s Eve five years
running must be good, not to mention famous. Your editor is Jack Mortland. Address
all correspondence to 3184 Summit Street, Columbus, Ohio 43202. Subscriptions cost
you Two bucks per annum. And does anyone know where Ron Kulik is. His last two
ORW’s have come back marked "Moved, Not Forwardable." We hate to think of a lonely
race walker Crying his eyes out because the beloved ORW hasn’t arrived.
Kansas City, Mo., November 30, 1968--Gerry Willwertth, the Philly flash, emblazoned his name in the annals of sport with his first National championship in the Junior 35 Kilometer Walk today. Willwertth led all the way in the Junior race, but had to get away from open competitor Bob Young in the last 10 kilo to win the whole shooting match. The race marked Gerry's first walking victory at any level, and a National is a good way to start out. He trailed Bob by over a minute in the early going but had closed to withing 3 seconds by 25 km and pulled out to a 38 second victory from there. Second in the Junior competition was Uncle Fred of the Young clan.

A particularly noteworthy performance was that of Brenda White of Kansas City who walked with the men in winning the Missouri Valley AAU title for women in 4:07:58, ahead of five men. Willwertth figures her to best Jeanne Bocci at this distance. Maybe a match should be arranged. The results:


New Zealand, 20 Mile Championship—1. Norman Read 2:47:39


This month's tough cat is Rudy Haluza, a 37-year-old flight engineer with United, American, or one of those outfits, and just named a month ago as the recipient of the 1968 Dr. John H. Blackburn Award for the outstanding performance in U.S. race walking. This award came as a result of his fourth place finish in the Olympic 20 Kilometer, which some may label as a fine culmination to a great career in race walking, but it will by no means culminate Rudy's career. He might even have better things ahead. At least he plans to compete forever and is looking forward to a possible trip to Munich in 1972.

Rudy started race walking 16 years ago, turning from a so-so track and cross country record. By 1959 he had firmly established himself as our top man at the middle distances. In June he won the 20 Km in Baltimore in 1:32:36 on a course generally considered about a half mile short. A month later he acquitted himself quite admirably, as Paddy O'Brien said 83,000 times during the Olympics, in the US-USSR dual in Philadelphia in really torrid conditions. Golubnitchiy was first in 1:38:20, Vedyakov second in 1:39:38.4 and Rudy third in 1:41:57.8. He also won the 25 Km in Chicago in August with a four minute margin over Ron Laird, again in sweltering conditions.

In 1960, Rudy won Nationals at 10, 20, and 30 Km and competed in the Rome Olympics. His 10 Km race was outstanding, beating Jack Blackburn by over a minute in 48:03 on a track made extremely soft by steady rains. The 20 was on the short Baltimore course again; this time he did 1:34:12, nearly two minutes ahead of Ron Zinn, with Canadian Alex Oakley between them. In Rome he fell victim of the old tourist trots and was the third American home in 1:45:11 and 24th place. The next couple years were spent in England with the Air Force, competing with the Essex Beagles quite successfully and becoming quite popular amongst the British Air Force fraternity. He was back in this country in 1963 but never really in shape due to his Air Force duties. These conflicts also kept him from top condition in 1964, and he finished fifth in the 20 Km Trial and had to drop out of the 50 after a good try.

1966 was Rudy's year, and once he got going he was as unbeatable as Ron Laird was a year later. He started by beating Don DeNoon in the NAUA One Mile in Albuquerque, shortly after DeNoon had shattered the world's best. On successive weekends in June he won the 10 and 20 championships in the hot humid midwest both by very convincing margins and with seeming ease. Later in the summer he won an International 20 in L.A. against the British Empire. Probably his best performance of the year was a 10 mile track in San Diego on May 22 in which he recorded 1:12:38.2 with a 4:32 10 Km on the way. Unfortunately, there was no sanction and not enough judges for record acceptance. He also had an 8 1/2 mile race in 61:53.

Those are a few highlights of Rudy's career. In 1967 he was plagued by injuries and walked only three races from the spring of 1967 to the spring of 1968. However, as we all know, he timed his training from then on perfectly and peaked at just the right time. He has no thought of leaving it there however.

Rudy normally trains about five days a week but increases to seven, with some two-a-day when preparing for a major race. His mileage varies from 35 up to 80 a week depending on his immediate goals. He does no running or weight training but does some light exercises (push-ups, sit-ups, stretching) mainly for warming up. He does not participate in other sports, likes to swim but finds that it interferes with walking. He has a tendency to put on weight and has to watch the diet but wheat germ is the only real diet fad.
Rudy's training consists primarily of 8 to 15 miles, sometimes on consecutive days, alternated with speed work on the track (the distance walks are on the road). He has an occasional time trial at 5 to 10 miles. His longest workout ever is 22 miles. Speed work may be something like 12 x 440 at 1:45 with 1:15 rest, 20 x 330 at 1:40 pace with easy 110 between, or 10 x 180 with two minute rests. He has no planned schedule and often doesn't know what he is going to do until after his warmup.

Rudy thinks race walking is the best and easiest way in the world to keep fit and if you happen to be good and fast, much the better. Much the better for Rudy and for race walking in the U.S. And not only is Rudy the fastest guy we have going these days he is also, from where we sit, about the best liked. We hope there is still much to be heard from Rudy.

Little news as yet from the AAU convention and we had a bid in for a National that we would like to know about. However, the item of most importance, and one we can report on—-we have a new National Chairman, Bruce MacDonald, a man we feel is going to be quite capable and energetic. But remember, no one can do the job alone. He will need the advice, assistance, and cooperation of all of us in order to accomplish what he wants and what is needed. The one other convention action of which I am aware is that Howie Jacobsen, Jim Hanley, and I were appointed to be the National Committee and I stand ready to do whatever I can to help any walker with problems, suggestions, grievances, etc., that we want to bring to the attention of the National Committee. I am sure Howie and Jim stand equally ready to help. The sport can only be as strong as we make it and the powers that be will know what is in our minds only if we tell them. Bruce stands ready to listen to any suggestions or criticism regarding the status of the sport. Certainly, he can't promise positive action on everything but we have an open ear, which we haven't had in the past couple years, and attached to that ear we have someone wholly in sympathy with our interests. The Ohio Race Walker is ready to offer what ever support we can and we encourage your comments. We also encourage additional subscriptions as the only functioning publication of national scope. And don't worry, if we should ever, by some miracle get to the point that we are making a profit, it will go back into the sport in some form.

**POSTAL RACES**

Speaking of promoting the sport, don't forget those two big postal races with proceeds to go towards style prizes for all 1969 Nationals. First, a two-man 10-mile relay, each man doing alternate quarters. To submit times, you must have at least two teams competing and at least a couple of competent judges on hand. Entry fee is $1.00 per team, which can be submitted with the results. You can corvette anytime between now and March 31 and try it as many times as you want, but only the best performance of each will be recognized in the final placings. This is sort of a workout race. A few crummy certificates as prizes, don't know yet how deep. But more important is good publicity in the ORW.

The second race is a 20 Kilometer on the track to be held either the first or second weekend in February. Take your choice or go both weekends, but again only the best time per individual will be recognized. Entry fee of $1.00 per individual. Organize a local race and send results to the ORW. Same crummy certificates for awards. We will recognize a team champion based on the total time for three men. No team prize other than great publicity. We will release these results through the National AAU Office so you could get your name in a paper somewhere. Please support these races!
First, thanks to all of those who sent Season's Greetings to the OW staff. This pagan old rag didn't even recognize the season in the last issue as we should have, but belatedly we wish all of you a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous 1969.

Received a card, and two notes from Don Jacobs and he points out that Bill Grandy and Bob Young should not have been placed in the Junior 50 since they both had Junior titles. Rest easy Don, they weren't. That was our goof in not designating them as open competitors in the writeups. Never, ever even occurred to your stupid editor. Don also points out that we credited Steve Tyrer with a 1:29:58. I'm sure most of you figured that this should have been 1:39:58. As you may have noticed, my ten thumbs do things like this quite frequently.

Also received a letter from Ray Somers with a very well taken point. He suggests that it is a bit incongruous to use the receipts from a 20 x 440 walk to buy style prizes, especially in light of the way some individuals do interval 440's. I tend to agree with Ray but though it was too late to change now. If we try this again next year we will make it alternate miles, which should encourage slightly better style. I have seen some rather atrocious 440 intervals myself. Ray also points out that the race-walking fraternity may have been directly responsible for the U.S. gold medal in the Tokyo 10,000. A careful perusal of the June '62 issue of Chris's old mag shows that one Lt. William Mills, of the Quantico Marines, was doped in a 4 km track walk at West Point. Very good sleuthing Ray. An item your editor had somehow overlooked.

And another letter from Larry O'Neil in which he discusses his 100 mile adventure this year, and I quote: "My Irish luck was with me again. Last year it was so good that I felt as good as any day in my life and this made the race enjoyable and easy. This year, luck enabled me to finish for I vomited 11 times after feeling fine up to the 48 mile mark. Thanks to Bill Clark, who finally figured a winning combination of cold tea with needed sugar which stayed with me, I perked up for I had been burning up inside without sweating. After a while, I managed to hold a few sips of water and I got a genuine lift from sugar lumps. The reaction was quick—only about two laps after eating sugar."

A few reflections on the Olympics in general... As usual I was rather torn up by the Opening Ceremonies, despite my gruff exterior I am all soft, squishy, and sentimental inside. Doesn't choke me up quite as much as a real gutty or inspiring performance on the track, but almost as much. The most inspiring and unbelievable thing out of these games was Bob Demon's sub-orbital flight. Like everyone else I was sitting hastily translating to English units finally concluding it must be around 29 feet and further concluding that they had made a mistake. But they hadn't and now what's the use of anyone long jumping anymore. I was also very much aroused by Al Oerter's victory. The only person I have ever known who may have been a better competitor was old OTG clubmate, Glenn Davis. This is four times Oerter has been unfavored to win the gold and again he has proven he is the greatest discus thrower ever. Winning is still what counts. Don't count him out for a fifth. And too bad about Ron Clark. I don't know if he would have won at sea level but I wish he could have had a fair chance to try. And I don't mean to question Temu's ability. After all he was ranked first in the world in '66 and '67. Incidentally, did you know that of 55 5000 meter times under 13:35 only eight of them have been recorded in races that Clark was not in. And he has 29 of them. He may not be the best racer, but he is sure the best paceman. Others can't do it without him.

Only seven pages of the OW this time since I have only seven stencils on hand and I'm not going to run off for more for a half page. Please note the numbers following your address on this issue. These indicate the month and year that you, or should I say your subscription, expires. If you have any arguments speak now or forever hold your peace.
Fortunately I quit with one page to go last night for important things arrived in today's mail. Like a letter from Ron Daniel with the schedule of National Senior title races for 1969. I find that we landed the 15, which is about as good as I hoped for when I bid for the 20. Since in our bid for alternate races, I left the date open pending the remainder of the schedule, there is no date yet. However, the race will be held in Worthington on the course that we conduct our carnival on and on which we held this year's NY's Eve classic. An excellent course with each lap just 40 yards over 2500 meters, one long hill per lap, and no traffic problem. Looking at the remainder of the schedule, it looks like we will go either in late April or early September. This will be announced in the next issue. The remaining schedule is:

- May 3 One Hour Los Angeles
- May 24 10 Km Chicago
- June 7 25 Km Long Island (date will probably be changed)
- June 14 20 Km Long Beach
- June 29 2 Mile Miami
- July 5 35 Km Hickeeport, Pa.
- Aug. 17 40 Km Long Branch
- Aug. 31 50 Km San Francisco
- Nov. 29 30 Km Columbia, Mo.

Start planning now for these important trips and put Columbus, Ohio (Worthington) on the top of the list.

The other mail brings us the results of a One Mile in Chicago on Dec. 21.
1. Jerry Bocci 7:01 2. Jim Clinton 7:16 (does anyone know Jim's address? Also got his last OHM back. That was his last chance issue to renew. Let the world know who the deadbeats are.) 3. Richard Godin 7:48 4. Bob Woods 7:56 5. David Miller 7:58 6. Bill Walker 8:08 7. Jeanne Bocci 8:13 plus four more. First 6 had personal bests in their determination to save face with Jeanne bearing down on them, even if they had to run to do it, or so Jeanne says.

Speaking of distaff walkers, how about the 1:54:34.6 20 Km by Karin Holel of Denmark on October 13. She also has a 54:37.6 for 10.

To fill this out, let's see what the current political pundit of the race-walking world is about these days. He writes letting us know he gave up training after watching Pedraza come into the stadium and finish second. "Had two friends watching with me who had never seen a walk before but had been bullied into observing this one. It was pretty damned embarrassing when one of them commented that Pedraza didn't look like he was walking. What do you say? So I've returned to writing and reading about C.1. Mills and the sino-Indian border dispute. Ask McCarthy: political scientists are prone to such insanities."

Park goes on to make some caustic comments on the recent elections, maligning our president elect, for whom I tremblingly cast my vote and closes with "This is the time to resurrect Ferlinghetti's poem, 'Tentative Description of a Dinner to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower'. Here are some excerpts:"

After it became obvious that the strange rain would never stop... And after it became obvious that the strange rain would never stop and Old Soldiers never drown and that roses in the rain had forgotten the word for bloom and that perverted pollen blown on sunless seas was eaten by irradiated fish who spawned up cloudleaf streams and fell onto our dinnerplates... And after it became obvious that the law of gravity was still in effect and that what blows up must come down on everyone including white citizens... Then it was that the natives of the Republic began assembling in the driving rain from which there was no escape... Other men whose only political action during the past twenty years had been to flush a protesting toilet and run... And finally after everyone who was anyone and after everyone who was no one had arrived... The president himself came in. Took one look around and said

We resign.
We don't resign, we'll be back next month.