

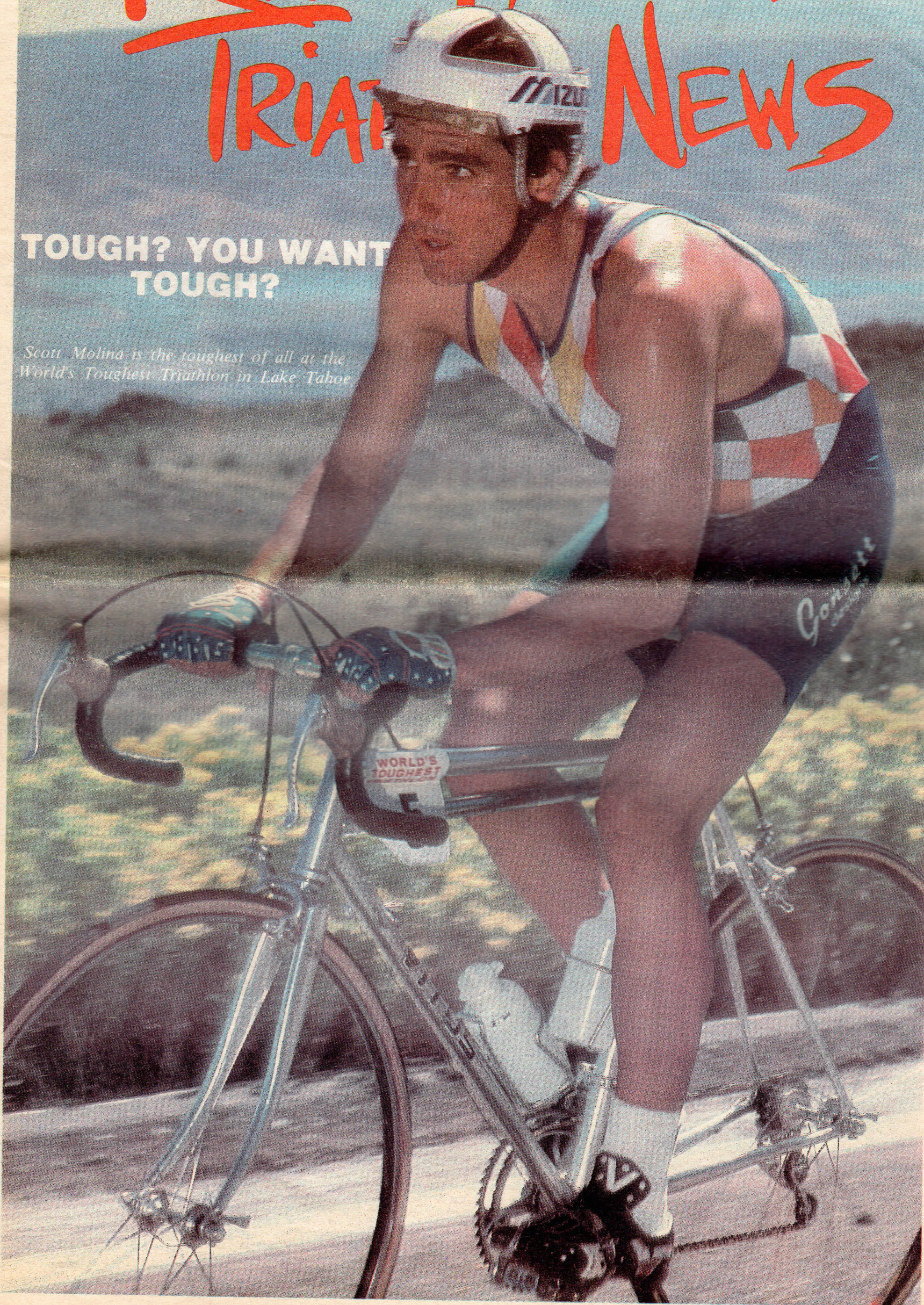
RUNNING & TRIATHLON

October 1984
San Diego edition

NEWS

**TOUGH? YOU WANT
TOUGH?**

*Scott Molina is the toughest of all at the
World's Toughest Triathlon in Lake Tahoe*



FROM THE PUBLISHER



We still hear rumbles here at the paper over our coverage of triathlons. There are still runners out there who feel that we should have stuck to what we began with; coverage of running events, period. I guess in one sense I can understand their feelings—it's tough to see something you've become comfortable with change direction. Rattles the brain cells. Bad enough you've got to deal with a new model of computer every three weeks, a car that talks to you and a 14-year-old daughter whose last tantrum revolved around not being able to leave the house with her hair dyed day-glo blue. Running, and reading about running, shouldn't involved your further adventures in the Wonderful World of Culture Shock. Oh, I'll admit that this triathlon

business can be a bit unnerving to the runner who started jogging back in 1965 in tennis shoes and has become part of "The Old Guard." You're doing ten miles around the bay while some hot shot group of high-tech super jocks is winging its way to France. In the cargo compartment of the plane are \$30,000 worth of bikes and enough flesh-hugging lycra to make a skin suit for the island of Manhattan.

I'll also admit we're prejudiced here at *Running & Triathlon News*. The entire editorial staff is "into" (I hate that expression) the sport. One reason is that, from a purely journalistic standpoint, triathlons are more demanding and more exciting to cover than simple running races. Which is a stupid thing to say because next weekend I'll probably go out and watch a half marathon go down to the final 40 meters and my heart will be pounding out of my chest. But the simple fact is, it's a rare triathlon where the leader comes out of the water and holds onto first place all the way to the finish line. Between the clothing changes and the lead changes, the technical skill involved in riding a bike and the technical problems in keeping the thing on the road, the sport makes good copy. And the copy, more often than not, makes good reading.

The second reason we've featured triathlons so prominently is that I happen to think the sport is going to be very popular for a very long time. The excitement and the resultant media interest is one of the things that make its chances for survival look good. I'm glad that's the case, because long before triathlons caught on, we were writing about them here at *R&T News* (It was merely *The Running News* then). I've been told (and I like to believe these kind of things) that the paper has had a positive effect in interesting athletes in the sport in southern California—especially in San Diego. In one sense, we made an investment, giving a new sport a lot of coverage because we thought it had a future. And I like to think we were, and still are, on the cutting edge of this particular phase of participatory athletics.

Really, though, the thing about triathlons that makes me think they are valuable and deserve a prominent place in this publication is that they get people into alternative forms of exercise to running. I mean, I'm a runner—it's the sport of the three that I enjoy the most. But I remember the aches and pains when that's all I was doing. I remember the obsession with mileage and how upset I'd get if for one reason or another the mileage dropped. Those things don't happen now that I'm training in three sports. The cycling keeps my legs strong for running. The running keeps me cardiovascularly fit for the bike. The swimming keeps my upper body looking like it belongs to me and not that 12-year-old kid down the block. I'll admit that fanaticism still occasionally strikes, but it doesn't seem quite as hopeless as it used to be.

Let me put it this way: I think the trend in this country—especially in this part of the country—is to be generally fit; muscularly, cardiovascularly, skeletally, mentally. All systems go. I think that training in three sports, perhaps even supplementing that training with a little weight work, does that. Do you think you need 60 miles a week to accomplish your goals in running but your ankles or your knees won't let you go over 40? I'd like to think that something you read in this publication might point you toward hopping on your Schwinn and getting in the extra mileage that way. Or are you injured and can't run or bike? A past issue of *Running & Triathlon News* just might contain the information you need to be able

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Sport Shots Communications
5111 Santa Fe St.
Suite 206
San Diego, CA 92109
(619) 270-4974

Managing Editor
Mike Plant

San Diego Editor
Diane Shea

Los Angeles Editor
Bob Babbitt

Advertising Sales
Marc Lazernik (Regional)
Sally Burton (San Diego)
Nancy Hunsaker (Los Angeles)
Jay Knobloch (Los Angeles)

Art Director
Sarah Ambrose

Photography
Mike Plant
Lois Schwartz

Contributors
Dr. Joe Ellis, Ed Oleata,
Murphy Reinschreiber,
Jim O'Neil, Ron Marsickic,
Scott Tinley, Dr. Mac Larson

Office Manager
Julie Gibbs

Distribution
Diana's Distribution Service

Printer
Pomerado Publishers

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to jump into the pool and get in a month's worth of intelligent workouts in while you mend.

See, you don't have to be a competitive triathlete to benefit from what the sport has to offer. Just give the other sports a try. And if you do, and get the bug to try at least one race, you're in for a thrill. You'll begin to understand why *The Running News* became *Running & Triathlon News*.

Look, running is still our bread and butter. Within any 12-month period we're going to spend most of the time talking about marathons

and half marathons and 10K. They're as close to our hearts as they are to yours. But along with that we're going to keep pushing this total fitness bit, too. I'm convinced that gradually, one at a time, all you die-hards out there who look at swimming pools as places for dead frogs and bicycles as something your ten-year-old is going to get for Christmas will begin to see the light. We may never turn you into a triathlete—that's never been our intent. But you'll know your way around a pair of handlebars at least, and if you happen to fall into a

neighbor's swimming pool, your first instinct will be to start stroking instead of thrashing and screaming for help. We'll at least help you avoid the embarrassment of having to be rescued in four feet of water by the neighbor's kid. That's sure more than you could ask of a publication that covers only running, isn't it?

Mike Plant

TRUE GRIT

Scott Molina proved to himself that he could handle the long ones by manhandling the meanest, nastiest long one of all.

By Mike Plant

"What's your name?" asked the doctor.

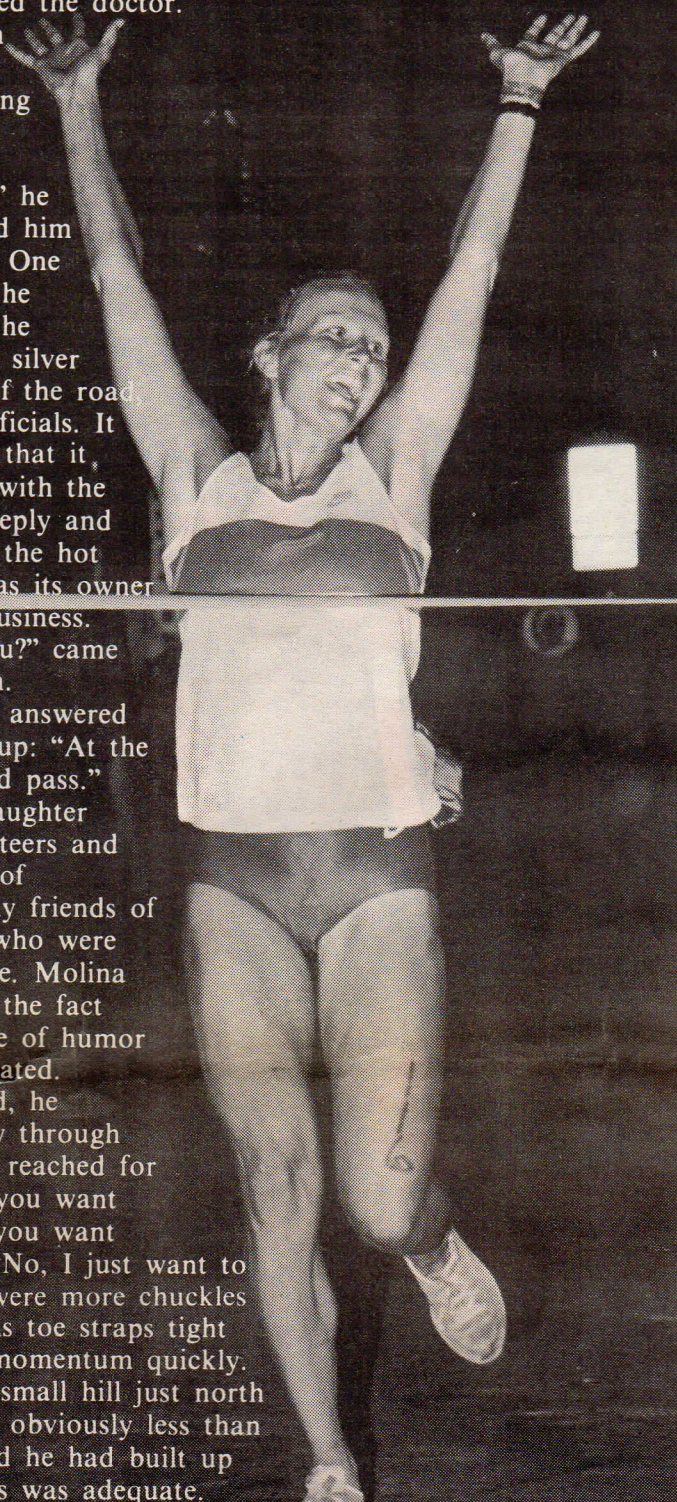
Scott Molina, fidgeting in the canvas chair, fighting with the unaccustomed feeling of having to stop in the middle of a race, answered without looking up. "Scott," he said almost sullenly. Around him medical volunteers scurried. One was taking his pulse while the doctor continued to assess the athlete's condition. Molina's silver bicycle waited by the side of the road, held upright by two race officials. It was easy to imagine that it, too, was impatient with the delay, breathing deeply and perspiring under the hot sun as anxious as its owner to get back to business.

"Where are you?" came the next question.

Again, Molina answered without looking up: "At the top of that stupid pass."

There was soft laughter among the volunteers and the small crowd of spectators—mostly friends of the competitors who were following the race. Molina was oblivious to the fact that his dry sense of humor had been appreciated.

Finally released, he pushed his way through the crowd and reached for his bike. "Do you want anything? Do you want water?" called a volunteer. "No, I just want to leave," said Molina. There were more chuckles as he mounted up, pulled his toe straps tight and pumped hard, gaining momentum quickly. In seconds he was over the small hill just north of the checkpoint and gone, obviously less than sure that the 8½ minute lead he had built up during 60 mountainous miles was adequate.



The ecstasy before the agony. And vice versa. Jacqueline Shaw of San Diego crosses the finish line at left with a flourish, dreams of the \$10,000 first prize dancing in her head. Runner up Angela French at right looks happy enough with the thought of \$5,000. Both were in for surprises. Shaw was later disqualified and French went home with an extra five grand.

The presence of Scott Molina at the head of the pack at The World's Toughest Triathlon was particularly apropos. Beaten only infrequently in a race this year, Molina sits on top of the Association of Professional Triathlete's prize money list, but more significantly he has proven himself in 1984 to be most durable competitor the young sport has even seen. Almost weekly his name graces the lists of results of triathlons of every distance, up to and including those of Ironman proportions. King of the United States Triathlon Series, Molina used USTS races this year as a steady source of income, going so far as to win the Portland edition of the series only one week after finishing second to Scott Tinley at the Ironman distance Midwest Triathlon on July 7. World's Toughest Triathlon? It was too much of a challenge for Molina to pass up.

Hard to pass up too was the \$50,000 prize purse that World's Toughest race director Charlie Lincoln had collected. So was Lincoln's hospitality. Deals with Air Cal and Harrah's Hotel and Casino allowed the race director to treat several top athletes to working vacations in Lake Tahoe, and his amiable personality and obvious care for the competitors more than soothed any fears over a chilly 2.4 mile swim. Put triathletes at the base of a 5,000 foot climb and they'll run or peddle

up the thing with glee, point toward a 60-degree lake and they'll use every opportunity to stand helplessly on the shore and shiver.

Lincoln convinced them to take the plunge. A 35-year-old businessman and Christopher Reeves-dressed-as-Clark-Kent-look-alike, Lincoln is the athlete's dream of a race director; detail oriented, concerned and firm. With horror story after horror story circulating through triathlon ranks about prize money rip-offs, Lincoln gave his money away in the form of crisp \$100 bills. With suspicion and scepticism over race directors who use and abuse athletes running rampant, Lincoln went so far this year as to invite 1983 co-winner Gina Fleming, who hadn't trained for the 1984 race, to Tahoe just to watch, at race expense. With lax or partial rule enforcement seriously straining the credibility of the professional arm of the sport, Lincoln announced his rules in no uncertain terms at the pre-race dinner, then had the guts to back-up course marshals who had disqualified Jacqueline Shaw of San Diego, winner of the women's division by a wide margin. The decision hardly made him Shaw's favorite person, but it was one that spoke loudly and clearly to the rest of the triathlon community: here's a guy who is interested in running a square, up front event. Credibility was the name of Charlie Lincoln's

game in Lake Tahoe.

In a sense, Scott Molina's game was credibility, too. He's never been entirely successful at ultra-distance races, although most would give their right arms for his fourth place Ironman finish in 1982 and his second to Tinley at the Midwest. But in Molina's mind there were doubts. In a sport that has come to place great emphasis on versatility, his 5:30 miles in short races are only a piece in the total picture. He needed to do well at World's Toughest, if only for his own peace of mind. And besides, he could use the \$10,000 that went to the overall male and female winners.

"After winning this race there's a little less pressure to perform well at Ironman," Molina said the day after the race. "I've tried I don't know how many long races in my life and I've only had what I would call one good performance. And that wasn't great. It was good, but . . . This race was good for me because of the way I felt and that I didn't cave in."

In fact, no one but a select few knew just how easy it would have been for Molina to cave in. He was slow in the swim, but hardly in trouble. Most of the field was dressed in full wet suits against the Lake Tahoe chill; speed was more

of a factor of how bundled you'd decided to get. Besides, slow in the swim for Molina meant coming out of the water in fourth place. Unconcerned, he changed into his cycling gear almost leisurely, ignoring the fact that Kurt Madden of San Diego had a two-minute lead and that Barry Makarewicz of Salt Lake City was up in front, too. When he did leave the transition area Molina was confident he could catch both men quickly. He was ready for anything. Anything that is, except a rear gear cluster that wouldn't work. Pumping up the base of the first big climb toward Luther Pass, Molina knew that disaster had struck. Without the ability to downshift into a sufficiently easy gear, climbing the grades of the World's Toughest required would be physically impossible.

All of the competitors at Tahoe had made adjustments to their bikes in anticipation of the tough climbing. New gear clusters had been fitted to most bikes—clusters that contained gears of 24, 26, or 28 teeth that would make pedalling easier. Molina and some of the better riders moved up, too, but to much smaller gears. In Molina's case, his easiest gear—the one with the most teeth—was a 21. Needing only that was unthinkable for most people in the race—it was a tribute to his strength. Climbing toward Luther Pass, however, Molina dis-

covered that he was unable to shift past his 14. "I'll never climb that next pass with this wheel," he screamed at his wife Stephanie who was leap-frogging the course in a car from aid station to aid station. For both, it was a helpless, frustrating situation. What to do? Not a thing. In Molina's mind was the grim reality; he'd ride for as long as he could. When he reached the steep parts of Monitor Pass, he'd get off his bike and leave the competition. Simple.

But it never came to that. Surprising even himself, Molina made it to the top of Luther Pass (1500 feet of climbing to an elevation of 7740 feet) in his 14. Makarewicz stayed close, but Molina opened the gap significantly as he followed the course down into Hope Valley, through Centerville and onto Route 395. Monitor Pass loomed. With a three minute edge on Makarewicz, Molina began climbing and found to his delight that the balky gearing had begun to work. He was able to attack the very part of the course that he had thought would destroy him. Sometimes off his saddle and sometimes driving relentlessly from his seat, Molina pushed through the steep, back-switching sections of Monitor Pass, never using a gear bigger than a 19, despite the 3300 foot climb from 500 to 8300 feet. It was more than Barry Makarewicz could ever hope to do. He lost more

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TOUGHEST

(Continued from Page 4)

than five minutes during the 15 miles of climbing. By the time he rolled into the medical checkpoint at the base of a short downhill just north of the Monitor summit he was forced to face the inevitable. Scott Molina may not have been comfortable with an 8½ minute edge, but all Makarewicz, Dean Harper behind him and Mac Martin in fourth were racing for from that point on was second place. Fourteen minutes behind and losing ground, Harper, an accomplished triathlete from Lafayette, CA, with national-class credentials, could only joke. "Tell Scott I'll split the money with him if he wants to tie," he said with a grin when informed of the time differential.

Molina, of course, wasn't about to split anything with anyone. He'd found a groove and was going incredibly hard. Earlier in the bike ride he'd been passed by one of the riders on a relay team—Tom Resh. Resh had performed well on the road at the 1984 Olympic cycling trials and was one of several top cyclists riding for relays at the World's Toughest. Yet when Molina started to move, not even Resh could hold on. The triathlete stayed close, repassed, and eventually lost the cyclist completely. It was both an indication of Molina's strength and of how little he was holding back, despite the prospect of a mountainous marathon to come.

Said Mark Caldwell, another Olympic Trials cyclist, World's Toughest relay member and the

only rider to stay in front of Molina during the ride: "Tom Resh is known for his ability to motor off in front of a group of riders and just stay solo and increase his lead. That's what Resh is all about. He's a really good time trialist and a really good solo rider once he gets a gap between himself and the rest of the pack. Molina trounced Resh.

I knew if I caved in and had to walk a lot and lost a lot of ground . . . It's always a possibility."

At The World's Toughest Triathlon, it seems, anything is a possibility. Ask Jacqueline Shaw. A native Canadian, Shaw lives and trains now in San Diego. She also has ties in the Tahoe area and spent quite a bit of time training on the World's

Toughest course in the weeks before the race, acclimatizing herself to the altitude, solidifying her position as a pre-race favorite. A good swimmer and a very tough cyclist with experience on the hills in France, Shaw was expected by almost everyone to come off the bike in first. The big question was, could she run well enough to hang

on? The answer to that turned out to a very positive yes, but by the time anyone had a chance to voice it, the accomplishment was meaningless and the \$10,000 worth of \$100 bills were in the hands of second place finisher Angela French.

What happened was this: race director Lincoln was at the mercy of Caltrans officials for race permits. Caltrans was willing, but insistent on strict observance of traffic laws. That meant stops at unpoliced intersections where traffic lights or stop signs were in place. Lincoln announced pointedly at the pre-race dinner that not only would race officials be closely monitoring such intersections, but that Caltrans officials would be too. In some cases they would even be using Polaroid cameras to document infractions. "They'll close us down," warned Lincoln, and he vowed that infractions would mean automatic disqualification. And they did. Or

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WORLD'S TOUGHEST TRIATHLON					
SWIM 2.4 MI BIKE 120 MI RUN 26.7 MI					
September 8, 1984					
PLACE	NAME	SWIM TIME	BIKE TIME	RUN TIME	TOTAL TIME
MEN					
1	Scott Molina	0:58:43	5:39:21	3:45:33	10:29:21
2	Barry Makarewicz	0:56:35	6:00:46	4:07:20	11:11:43
3	Dean Harper	1:01:13	6:02:35	4:21:37	11:30:28
4	Mac Martin	1:03:51	6:02:01	4:25:26	11:36:13
5	Runar Boman	0:58:44	6:32:47	4:11:33	11:55:54
6	Don Seymour	1:03:42	6:45:40	4:19:45	12:17:25
7	Kurt Madden	0:57:28	6:33:20	4:44:34	12:20:26
8	Mike Lannoy	1:08:09	6:31:13	4:49:37	12:38:32
9	Kemp Aaberg	1:12:13	7:06:17	4:24:38	12:50:48
10	Michael Bartz	1:18:56	6:39:28	4:47:37	13:02:30
WOMEN					
1	Angela French	1:17:50	6:48:49	4:55:08	13:08:06
2	Judy Glynn	1:12:41	7:05:31	4:49:20	13:17:14
3	Sue Smith	1:01:56	7:09:42	5:10:25	13:29:52
4	Susan Negus	1:15:18	7:23:30	4:56:48	13:45:24
5	Anne McDonnell	1:13:01	7:32:47	5:22:44	14:16:10

So that's a story in itself—for someone to be able to pass Resh, because he doesn't let that happen. He's the kind of tough guy who wouldn't want that to happen. He's got a steel heart."

Which leaves one wondering about Scott Molina. Steel legs, maybe? Whatever, he rolled into the transition area at Harrah's, changed and headed out again, running east along Highway 50, past Harrah's and Caesar's and the High Sierra and Harvey's, a surer bet than any being made in any of those establishments of chance. He had stretched his lead to an insurmountable 21 minutes. Never cocky and always aware that anything can happen in a race of this length, Molina might have even been talked into betting on himself. But he might have asked about the odds you were willing to give first.

"When I started the run and I had 20 minutes," said Molina, "I thought I might win. But even then

It Really IS Tough!

The world's fastest car. The world's most luxurious hotel. The world's most beautiful woman; that's my word, son, right here on our stage! The world's meanest, the world's biggest, baddest, tallest, roundest . . .

Excuse me? The world's toughest triathlon? In capital letters? Bull. Man, I've trained in the Mohave Desert, finished Ironman three times, run the Catalina Marathon backwards and forwards on 20 miles a week of training. You know, the hills where I ride at home are . . .

Ah, but you didn't listen. Don't be embarrassed about writing that world's toughest jazz off to Madison Avenue hype at first, but all you had to do was ask one of the 37 athletes who finished The World's Toughest Triathlon in 1983. They'd have told you that what we're dealing with here is more of an understatement than anything else. Something like . . . oh, maybe Olympic diving coach Ron O'Brien patting Greg Louganis on the back after a 3½ pike for tens and saying, "Nice dive."

It's impossible to describe the World's Toughest Triathlon in words that accurately describe the awesome reality of the event. Perhaps that's why some athletes sold the race a little short in 1984 and flew into Lake Tahoe slightly unprepared for what greeted them on race day. Can it really be all that bad?

Well, frankly, yes. Scott Molina's impressive performance this year notwithstanding, it's unlikely that anyone will ever get the measure of the solemn, stern, unblinking hills that guard the reputation of the race. Is it really The World's Toughest? Just ask:

"I think so," said 1984 runner up Barry Makarewicz with a chuckle. "I think it deserves the name. It was hard. I never walked in a race - ever - before, not even through the aid stations at Ironman. I walked a lot here."

"I had driven the course," said fifth place woman Ann McDonald, "but I didn't realize how tough it was. Being from Minnesota, we don't have mountains. I mean, we have hills - short hills - but I'm not used to training on a course like this. Or racing on a course like this. When I come back to do it next year, I'll definitely train here for a good two weeks. I'd only been here for seven days and it wasn't enough. I just didn't think I'd be crawling on my hands and knees getting up those trails. I had to walk and crawl. . . and the hard part was coming down, trying to follow a path in the pitch dark."

"There's no comparison to this," said Rick Kozlowski, who finished 11th this year, then went through five pints of I.V. fluids on a cot in the medical tent before being released. "You have the altitude, the terrain. . . Fortunately, the climate was good this year. It's been noted that you can do this route and have 80, 90-degree temperatures in the valley and snow on top of Monitor. One of these years that's gonna happen; then it'll be the toughest of the toughest."



CULVER CITY DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES
RECREATION AND LEISURE SERVICES DIVISION
PRESENTS

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TAC NO.

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19-29	B	K
30-34	C	L
35-39	D	M
40-44	E	N
45-49	F	O
50-54	G	P
55-59	H	Q
60 +	I	R

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WORLD'S TOUGHEST TRIATHLON

(Continued From Page 5)

rather, it did. There was only one that anyone noticed. Shaw, with a big lead on the bike, ran a light in full view of another competitor, a course monitor and a van with another race official behind the wheel. "It'll be green in a minute" she was heard to say. In fact, it turned out to be even less than that, but they were very precious, very unnecessary seconds. Shaw not only held her own on the run, she actually picked up a lot of ground on second place French, a 25-year-old Arizona resident who placed third in the World's Toughest in 1983 and is known for her strong running. The margin at the finish line was an impressive 34 minutes. Jacqueline Shaw could have not only well afforded to stop for the light, she could have stopped for lunch and still won. As it was, her impatience cost her a cool ten grand. Not even the high rollers in the Harrah's casino would have been able to walk away from that kind of loss with a smile.

Scott Molina was smiling, though. At the end of the race, anyway. The run itself wasn't a heck of a lot of fun. The course starts climbing almost immediately from Harrah's at 6240 feet and doesn't stop until it reaches the crest of Spooner Pass, 9150 feet above sea level. Nine miles of that is on a steep, off-road trail that at one point leaps 2000 feet within the space of four miles. Considering the fact that most of the athletes were not well altitude acclimated, it's little wonder that most of them spent a good deal of time walking. Molina didn't, and his 3:45 for the 26.7 miles reflected that, but he was hardly immune to the effects of the long, hot run. He emerged from the trail section, with almost six miles of mostly downhill running still in front of him, moving cautiously, as if he were running on eggshells. Informed that there was only one runner in front of him (Jim King, a member of the Yorba Linda Fleet relay team and the winner of the 1983 Western States 100-Miler) and that the relay runner who had started in front—Brian Maxwell, a 2:12 marathoner from Canada—had dropped out with cramps, Molina remarked drolly, "Yeah, I can relate."

Few, however, could relate to Molina when he finally crossed the finish line at Harrah's. Everyone was *amazed*, but few could relate. His time of ten hours, 29 minutes and 21 seconds was an hour and 36 minutes under the course record. It would be almost 45 minutes before Barry Makarewicz, in second place, would cross. The third man all day to finish, Molina had beaten 25 relay teams. In fact, the third place team wouldn't finish for another 28 minutes. It was a stunning performance, minimized not at all by the fact that Molina's chief rivals on the triathlon circuit, Scott Tinley, Mark Allen and Dave Scott, were racing in Nice, France.

"I'm sure that 10:29 . . . it should have been a lost faster," said Molina the day after the race. "Maybe a half hour." Already he was well recovered, talking about edging back into training, hoping to do well at the USTS national final in Bass Lake in two weeks and positive that he'd be ready to go at Ironman within a month.

"I went 3:45 on the run," he continued. "If I had had a good run I should have gone 3:30."

Then came the inevitable question: Is The World's Toughest Tri-

(Continued on Page 9)

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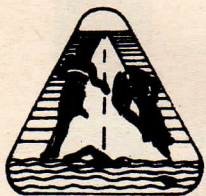
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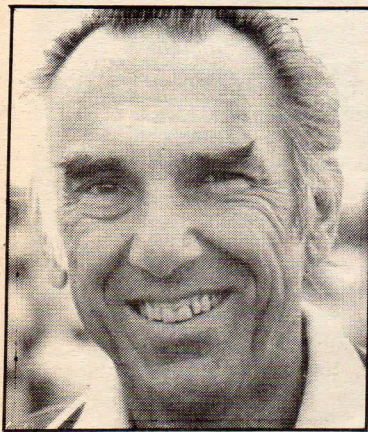
In consideration of my acceptance and on behalf of my heirs, assigns and myself, I hereby release and waive all claims for damages and causes of action known or unknown, present or future that I might have, which might arise from my participation in the Kauai Loves You Triathlon. I understand this is a strenuous competition with great risks of accidents in the water and on the road. I assume these risks personally by entering this competition and agree not to hold liable the organizers of the event, the Association of Professional Triathletes, Inc., its Officers or Board of Directors, employees or staff, nor the County of Kauai, nor the property owners whose property the race passes over, nor the sponsors. It is my individual responsibility to determine the safety of the course in light of my training and ability and determine my participation the day of the event. I agree to follow the directions of the organizers and any safety officers during the race. I assume all of the above risks and assume and will pay my own medical and emergency expenses in the event of accident, illness or other incapacity, regardless of whether I have authorized such expenses. In consideration of my acceptance into the event, I grant and assign to the APT, Inc. in perpetuity the right to make, use and show from time to time and at its discretion, motion pictures, and live, taped or filmed television of the applicant, my heirs and assigns.

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MASTERING THE ART

Jim O'Neil



that the next older age group is not the soft touch that he thought it would be. The growth of the masters program can be measured by the quality of the athletes in the upper divisions. We are now seeing 60-year division record times that would have been credible for the 40-year age group of 1970.

The 17th Annual TAC National Masters Track & Field Championships were held on Aug. 17-19 at Hayward Field in Eugene, Oregon, the site of two U.S. Olympic Trials. The Oregon Track Club Masters did an outstanding job of organizing the competitors and the program included some very familiar names of the past. Parry O'Brien, now 52, won a gold medal in the shot put in the Rome Olympics in 1960, and a silver four years later in Tokyo. Bob Richards, 58, a two time gold medalist in the pole vault, was in Eugene to throw the hammer. Jay Silvester, silver medalist in the discus in the 1972 Olympics in Munich, was also there. In addition to these Olympians, a number of former U.S. national champions competed. On the program were Ron Whitney and Josh Culbreath (400 hurdles), John Dobroth (high jump), Thane Baker (springs), Phil Conley (javel-

Masters runners have a weird perspective on aging. They look forward to getting older in order to reach another age group. This never fails to get a laugh from our non-running friends who are sometimes faced with real trauma when they reach their 40th, 50th, or 60th birthdays. I guess the difference in attitude is part of what the aging runner means when he claims that his running keeps him young. The motivation that is needed to be competitive is recharged every five years when he anticipates entering what he hopes will be an easier age group, although sometimes he finds

in) and Bill Bangert (shot put). In addition, there were a number of foreign athletes competing, including former world record holder Bill Baillie of New Zealand and Al Lawrence (formerly of Australia), a bronze medalist in the 10K in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

It was also good to see David Pain of San Diego at the meet. He's been absent from these events for too many years. David was the pioneer of the masters program and organized the first U.S. Masters Championships in San Diego back in 1968. He's back into running now (as well as triathlons), and he was in Eugene to compete in the age 60-64 800 meter and 1500 meter events.

I kept my attendance record for U.S. Masters Championships intact, and competed in the 10K and the 5K. Having won both of these races each year since I turned 50, I might have gone up there with a little too much complacency, overconfidence, or smugness (choose one). At any rate I was in for a rude awakening. Remember what I said about the renewed motivation when we reach a new age division? It was like that for my friend Tony Sapienza from Boston, who had just turned 55. He was kind of like the new kid on the block, waiting to knock me off. I'm 59, and my thoughts were on how good I'm going to look next year. Anyhow, I realized how pumped up Tony was for the 10K when I noticed that he had brought along his entire family to support him; even his parents, for godsake. You wouldn't do that for a 10K fun run.

Our race involved men 50 & over, meaning the entire field had to

suffer the rather humbling feeling of being lapped at least once by 51-year-old Ray Hatton of Bend, Oregon. The amazing Ray recorded an excellent time of 33:03, not his best, but still impressive. Tony Sapienza won my division by the simple strategy of getting 50 yards in front of me and staying there. In my effort to catch him I did manage to pass some others to get the silver medal. Tony's time was 35:35, while I got a 1984 P.R. of 35:50.

My 5000 meter race was a demonstration of the importance of speed work, or the penalty you'll pay for the lack thereof. It's a strange feeling to be running flat out in a short race only to discover that what you're doing is actually your

10K pace. That definitely won't win a 5K. Sapienza won this one too, in a time of 17:08. Second went to Bill McChesney of Eugene, whose son Bill is a world class runner from the U. of O. I got the bronze in a time of 17:37.

The next U.S. Masters will be held in Indianapolis, Indiana. The central location should result in record participation. Why not give yourself and your family a treat and be there? You'll get in touch with the great feeling of competing in the masters program, so well expressed on the back of an elderly competitor's lawn chair in Eugene. The message read: "Old age and treachery will overcome youth and skill."

TOUGHEST

(Continued from Page 7)

athlon really the toughest?

"The course is the toughest," said Molina. "But what makes a race tough is racing. It's like a 10K. You do a 10K in the morning—a training run—and you do it in 40 minutes.

It's not that hard. You try and race somebody fast and it's real hard. It's competition that makes the race.

"They get \$100,000 here next year—which they're talking about—\$20,000 to the winner, then it's going to be real hard. I won't feel this good the day after, that's for sure."

Number One And Trying Harder

It would seem that in a young sport like triathlon the turnover of competitors at the top would be rapid. Athletes who succeeded early would be eclipsed as others entered the sport with more ability or better competitive backgrounds. That has certainly been the case on the women's side, but among the men the big names three years ago are still the big names. If anything, the dominance of Scott Molina, Scott Tinley, Mark Allen and Dave Scott has become more pronounced. Allen's margins of victory have been uniformly huge in 1984. Molina has been untouchable in shorter races, Tinley keeps swimming faster and running harder (few of his competitors thought that was possible) and Dave Scott's second place in Nice, France signals his inexorable push toward another Ironman.

How is it possible that these four men can maintain such a firm grip on the sport? Are they really that good, or do they know something no one else does? Is it training or mental attitude or a combination of both? Not even they can tell for sure. Following his 45-minute win at The World's Toughest Triathlon on September 8, Scott Molina discussed the subject with Running & Triathlon News Managing Editor Mike Plant.

R&T News: It seemed out there yesterday that you were the only one on the course who was really racing—that everyone else was merely interested in surviving.

Molina: I was the only one racing to win. Harper and Makarewicz and Martin seemed like they were racing for second. Actually, Makarewicz was racing for a while.

R&T News: That seems to happen to you a lot. Guys coming in to race against you and Tinley and Allen almost concede the win right from the start.

Molina: That's fine with me. That's what I try to do. I mean, I love to be so far out in front that they say, he's gone, don't worry about it.

R&T News: But you don't get that far out in front by just waiting for it to happen. Yesterday it seemed as if you were just working so much harder than anyone else on the course, even when it looked as if you had the race won.

Molina: I was working hard. I ride that hard a lot. I ride really hard and I ride mountains, so . . . You get used to it.

R&T News: So you work harder and you train harder, but it still puzzles me how you and Tinley and Allen and Dave Scott can be so far out there. It seems silly that you should be able to win this race by 45 minutes. There were some good triathletes out there yesterday.

Molina: It is silly. I know those guys train pretty hard—they don't train quite as hard as I do—but there shouldn't be that big a gap. I'm not sure why there is. I know cyclists who are better than me, runners who are certainly a lot better than me and swimmers who are certainly a lot better than me. I don't know what makes people cave in the way they do. Those guys caved in yesterday. They were still in the race, but after Monitor Pass they caved in. I put ten, 15 minutes on them after Monitor Pass—in a 40 mile stretch.

R&T News: Are you confused by that?

Molina: I am confused. I wonder what their answers are. I don't know.

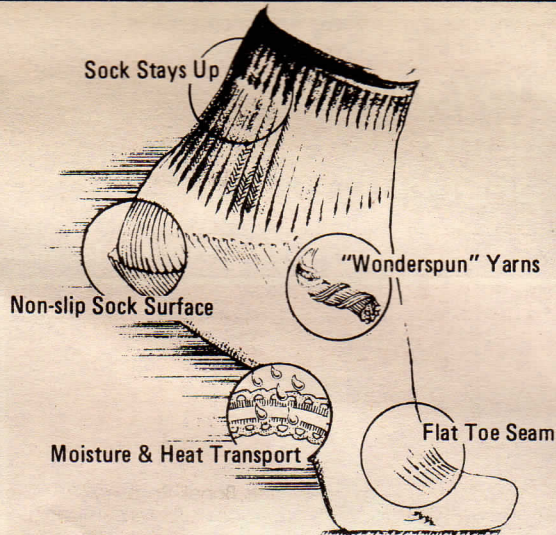
R&T News: Winning the way you do—by such wide margins—especially in a race this tough, seems to indicate that the massive amount of training mileage you and Tinley are putting in, for instance, might be the key to racing endurance events. Your system seems to be working.

Molina: Different bodies respond differently to different kinds of stress. I think for me this kind of training is necessary. I seem to be improving. Still. What can I say? If it works for me and I'm still improving and the other guys aren't doing that kind of training and I'm beating them by a lot . . . If they're reaching their potential with their type of training, then fine, I hope they stick with it. If they don't feel that they're reaching their potential then I suggest they go back to the drawing board and start training a little longer and a little harder.

Whether Scott Molina's competitors will train a little longer and harder is yet to be seen, but Molina himself probably will. He's at the top of his sport, but I have a feeling he knows the only way to stay there is to keep on pushing. Walking away from the South Shore Room at Harrah's Casino where the World's Toughest Triathlon award ceremony had been held, I could still hear Molina's short award acceptance speech. You might have thought he's won by 45 seconds instead of 45 minutes: "I don't know if I can train harder than I've been training," he said, looking less than ferocious with his three-year-old daughter Jennifer in his arms, "but I'm going to work a little harder and be a little better prepared next year."

The question Barry Makarewicz and Dean Harper and Mac Martin had to ask themselves was, "Better prepared for what, Godzilla?"

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