

DISTANCE RUNNING *

By Jack Mooberry and
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Coach Mooberry: We're probably a little bit unique in the fact that we're surrounded by rolling wheat fields of which Gerry has investigated all. Most of these wheat fields are partitioned off into 2,000 to 3,000 acres. Some of them have roads running between them; some of them do not. This weather is no surprise to us, quite mild out here today in fact, although we too have had a light winter. We understand that you had some not so light. We had a little snow flurry yesterday morning when we left home, but it wasn't sticking and we'd hope when we get home tomorrow late, that it will still be clear.

We have a field house with a dirt track which is 220 yards, and if we're fortunate enough to keep the footballers out of there and to dodge the baseball overthrows to first base, we stay healthy. We have never been injured very seriously. I think that I'm the only victim. I finally got hit in the head with a shot once but I think that was purposely done. Personally, I have always been a firm believer in giving the boys a lot of freedom in their training program. Maybe I'm too soft, but when I have a boy like Gerry Lindgren who neither needs to be coached nor coaxed, of course, you may have a rare athlete. We have an opportunity in our area to do a good deal of long runs. We can start off on a grass golf course which is about 1.8 miles in distance, which gives us a soft footing. To start off with we usually have to wind up on our macadam roads and we have various runs marked out. Now, I say "we", but actually the boys do this. I'm not about to run out there to find out if they're telling the truth, but I know about where these spots are and of course they have various ways of getting there. Sometimes during the fall, after harvest, they're running these wheat fields and they have wheat stubbles to run through. In the early spring instead of wheat stubbles, it is plowed fields, and if you have ever run through a plowed field you know this is a little more difficult, particularly if it is up hill. We have lots of up-hill areas so we have lay outs of 5, 10, 15 and 20 miles and we use these a great deal.

Now in our runs we try definitely to run "quality". I know that anybody can go out and jog through 5, 10 or 15 miles. I have a boy that right now I'm trying to get out of this nice comfortable easy jogging stride that he uses. He has lots of mileage under his belt, but he does not have "quality" mileage under his belt and I think that there is a great difference. I think one of Gerry's pets is to run out the gym door, take a look at the tower clock, and if he is running this 10 mile trip he will try to get back in about 52 to 53 minutes - of course, depending on how much snow and ice and so forth that he has to run through. To me the quality running is very important, especially if we're trying to get a good tough workout. It may

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be that we're just going out as we would have done on Tuesday of this week and we would just take a relaxing run and will also try to vary this run up and down hills and on the flat.

In addition to the running, we like to do a little weight training, particularly for the upper extremities. A few curls, a few bench laterals for the pectorals, a few standing laterals for the deltoid and some light squats for the legs. Of course, we take for granted, and probably wrongly so, that these fellows are going to work on their push-ups and sit-ups and a few chins here and there when they get some time. Time, I think, is our biggest handicap and I'm sure Gerry will tell you this also. He had a great deal more time to train in high school than he has at Washington State. When you have an early morning class and you perhaps have stayed up until midnight or 1:00 A.M. to get ready for the quiz that prof is going to throw at you, you don't roll out too often at 5 or 6 A.M. to go out and jog 5 or 6 miles before breakfast. We have eliminated this part of his high school training except for weekends. Now on weekends you'll find Gerry and the rest of my crew out for twice a day workouts. Perhaps the long one in the morning, some quality work in the afternoon, winding up with some sprints.

Our season actually starts in August when the boys begin running on their own in preparation for our cross country season. We were the Northern Division Champions in our area in cross country, but we were thoroughly laced in the NCAA, winding up in fifth spot. None of us seem to do too well in the NCAA except Gerry. We have one hill that we like particularly. I shouldn't say we, again I should say I. I like this one hill. It is only about 600 feet in length. The boys start at the bottom and they drop their hand when they take off. They may cheat me 4 or 5 yards, but they still have this hill in front of them and I actually time them on these hills. They hate it. I'll tell you before Gerry tells you, they hate it! Gerry of all people hates it! But I like to get this quality hill running particularly with this steep little last 15-20 yards at the finish. It's steeper than most, and perhaps this is the part that Gerry doesn't like, but I like this. I feel that it puts a lot of strength into the boys' legs. We do not work much downhill unless we have a slope that is gradual enough so that injury is not apt to occur. Our cross country season ends in November and we do take a little bit of a break here. We don't quit running, but we don't do so much quality running because we have Christmas vacation coming up and first semester exams.

But for Gerry, there is not much of a break here any more because we start our indoor meets the latter part of January, the first one being at the Portland Coliseum. They never want Gerry to run just a race, they want him to run against Bailey or Clarke, or people of this calibre, so if Gerry is going to run and make any kind of showing he doesn't have much of a break. He has to stay in pretty good condition. My problem as coach is to attempt to not peak Gerry out at these times. If he can run a creditable race, fine, but our goal is still June and July. It has to be because we are in a tough conference. Maybe some of you people have heard about USC and UCLA, UCLA being our first outdoor dual meet. We'll show up, Lord knows why. By this time of year we have gotten through most of our long distance running and have begun our interval running, although Gerry hates it.

He ran 4 or 5 quarters the other night and had enough of that. I didn't see him any more, he disappeared over the hills. This is what I mean by freedom of running. If Gerry doesn't feel like doing interval running, he doesn't do interval running. I have some boys on my squad who, when they say they don't want to do this, I say we're going to do it. I feel some of them have to be told what they are going to do, but when you have a person that has the good judgement that Gerry does and you know he will not sluff off, then I leave the workout pretty much up to Gerry. If he says I think tonight I've had enough of this, he has a little bit of tendency toward tendinitis, then we don't work perhaps as much on sprints as we would like to. Most of our interval running will consist of 440's at this time of the year (outdoors), with a 220 yard jog which takes us to the other side of the track, and then we jog across the field which is another 60 yards. So we have approximately a 300 yard break in there on the jog and then we come back on another quarter. Again, the quarters are going to be determined to a great extent on the condition of your athlete and the ability of your athlete. With our top boys we try to run these quarters starting early with 65-67's and later working our way down to 62-61's depending on the number we plan on running.

The one thing I want to be sure of when my boys get through with these workouts is they're not just completely sacked out and they go stumbling off the track completely "pooped". I like to have my boys feel that they still have something left at the end of the workout, because I feel that when running gets to be a chore then a boy's interest is going to wain. I can well remember listening to a clinic not too long ago when a coach got up and told what this boy did and he did this and he did that, and by golly we say that he did it, and the boy followed him and the boy said the only reason he was doing it is because he wanted to break four minutes but he hated every minute of it. I would never like to hear that kind of a statement from one of my athletes. I would hope that when they have finished their workout they feel they have something left and they have enjoyed it and they're looking forward to tomorrow. I don't give any pills. I don't believe in pills because I cannot see any reason for them if a boy eats good wholesome food. However, we do take salt, I think all of you do. We take two salt pills a day, faithfully. The only other pill that we take is a little vitamin C which we feel helps prevent colds in our area where we get these changing temperatures. I try to discourage them from eating between meals and from eating before they go to bed at night. I would like them to believe the stomach muscle is as important as those in the legs and between the ears. I don't watch them, I don't check on them. We do not have a training table. We do not eat on a training table before a meet. I rely on the judgement of these boys to eat what they know is right for them. Two years ago I had a boy come down off a 4:12 against Oregon State. He ran a 4:06, then took great pleasure in telling me that before this race he had pancakes. Of course, that always makes you wonder if we don't pay too much attention to this. Bill Bowerman told me once his team got stuck some place on a bus and the only thing they could get was hot dogs and potato chips and some other junk, and he said, you know, they ran pretty good. As you know, Bill Bowerman's boys always do run pretty good. At the present time he has two sub-four minuters so there can't be too much wrong with their eating habits. I wonder sometimes if we coaches don't fuss too much and take too much atten-

tion to all of these things. I know that some of you are fortunate to have all of this money that you are going to put on the training table. I was a trainer for some years at Washington State and I used to go with football teams and we would pay \$8.00 for a meal, and they would eat the heart out of a steak and leave everything else. Not being used to that I almost went around and cleaned up their plates. The food they left behind looked pretty good to me.

Gerry Lindgren: I'll start with how I came into track in junior high school. I had two older brothers at Rogers High School in Spokane and both of them at one time or another turned out for cross country, which is running long distances and killing yourself. I watched these guys run one time in a meet and it seemed like kind of a waste just going around in a big loop over some grass and hills and through the sand and everything, and come right back down where you started from. So I thought that maybe I'd turn out for track in junior high school, which I did, and I thought I wanted to be a distance runner like my brothers, so I got into the longest race they had - 660 yards. I remember all through my 8th and 9th grades I used to have a terrible feud with one of the other guys on the team for last place, and if I was lucky I could beat him out all of the time and get last. Usually, by the time I'd get done running, everybody else would have their sweats on and be in the bus ready to go home. It was pretty bad. So finally I got into high school and I thought maybe I'd try to do this stupid cross country stuff. I went out and I met a coach named Tracy Walters, who was then my high school coach and is now at San Jose. We started working out on the track and on the first two or three days the only thing we did was quarters and I remember trying so hard to break 85 seconds for a quarter. After the first week of training those 85 quarters were just murder on the backs of my legs. They were so sore and I was so weak that I couldn't walk up the stairs between my classes. It would take me five minutes to go up one flight of stairs to the next class because I would have to lift up my legs, and oh boy, it would just kill me and I wanted to quit. I really did! I knew this wasn't my sport and I was ready to quit. But here was this coach who, every time we'd get to the 220, would yell at the top of his lungs "34 - PICK IT UP!" It was just shocking - it would send something through me. Everybody would take off sprinting. We didn't want to let this guy down. Several times I wanted to go up to him and tell him I wanted to turn in my gear, but I would always remember his first words to us, "If you guys will give me dedication and a little bit of your time and hardest work, then I think it will make you better men if nothing else." And he'd talk so bad about the guy that was going to quit I just didn't have the guts to go up and tell him I wanted to quit. So finally after about two weeks of the cross country season my legs didn't hurt as much and I thought I wasn't running right any more.

I thought I was going too slow, or slowing down. He started to let us go a little more on cross country work like we should have done. We had a route that would go up to the foothills of Spokane. There was a road that was about 1½ to 2 miles from the bottom of the hill to the top and we were supposed to run 3 miles over here, go to the top and then run 3 miles back to school again. This wasn't so bad except when I was a sophomore at Rogers we were all kind of lazy I guess and we'd walk and run over there. Then we'd walk up the mountain

and jog back down. Usually we'd stop at an apple orchard and fill up our sweat pants with apples and pears and bring the stuff back with us to school. After about a month of cross country season I got so I could run pretty well in the meets and I thought maybe I better stick it out, although I still kind of wanted to give it up.

By the end of my sophomore year it got so I could beat all the guys in my school. In the city meet I ran 4th and they allowed me to go over to the state meet in Seattle. The race there was not 2 miles but $2 \frac{3}{8}$ or $2 \frac{1}{2}$, and I got second there. I didn't know what I was doing. I had never been on that course. It is around Green Lake in Seattle and you just run around the lake as best you can. That's all they tell you, run around the lake. I'm running around this lake and someone comes up to me gasping, how much further to the end, and I turn around. I was going to say something, but he'd dropped out. I started thinking about this guy and all of a sudden another guy goes whipping by, and I'm sprinting like mad and wonder why. I go around this tree and there's the finish line staring me in the face.

Then the track season came along. Coach was telling me that if I really worked hard and put in a little dedication and got a bit of self-discipline so that I would go out and work hard instead of loafing when I was by myself and show a little bit on my own, maybe I could do something in track. So I started going out and to run up to the mountain. I'd run all the way over there, and I'd try to run all the way up this mountain and back down again and all the way back to school with only two stops. This would be 8 miles, part uphill, and back down again, and only two stops. Real early in the season I thought I was doing great and so I went out on the track early in the season and started running quarters and I come to the first time trial that we had and I had a terrible pain in my foot. Every time I put it down it would hurt so bad that I couldn't put any pressure on it. I started running and after about a 220 it was all right and I could run, but after I stopped that time trial I just couldn't walk. It turned out that I had some sort of large fracture in my foot and I was laid off for the first track season and wasn't able to run again till after the track season was over.

I ran a little bit during the summer, just goofing around, and came back for cross country season. That year we had a pretty good cross country team and we were able to do real well and win the State Meet. When we came back for track in the spring the coach started telling me that if I really started working hard I might be able to do something on a national level. I thought, when I first went out there and was trying to run those 85 second quarters, that coach was really goofy in trying to tell us he's going to do something for us. But national level? No, not this kid. I didn't think I'd make it through the first season, and I didn't know about the second season. So I went out early in the season and I broke my foot again. Same one, in the same place. Coach was kind of mad. I think he thought I was trying to get out of it or something. Anyway, I got a crutch and I started just to show him maybe I was a little bit sincere. I don't know why I was trying to do this, but I started trying to run around this track with my crutch; I'd take two hopping steps and I'd put the crutch down. Hop, hop, crutch, hop, hop, crutch. I could get about

three quarters of the way around. I'd stay with the slow distance men but then I'd just die! Then about that time they were digging up the football field on the inside of the track so I was able to jog a little on the soft sand.

By the end of the season the doctor said it was okay for me to come back, and I ran in a dual meet and ran the mile in about 4:43. I was able to run in the city meet and I got third, which was the lowest place you could get to qualify for the bi-district which would qualify for the state. At the bi-district I had to be in the top two in order to go to the state meet. I just lucked out there and nipped some other guy for second to go to the State. At the state meet there was another guy from Spokane who had been leaving me in that last lap and killing me off. After the first three laps he had gone about 40 yards ahead and I started to give up and thought it's all over now, and some guy from the stands yelled that the lead guy was tired. I wasn't really that tired so I thought I'd try to go up to see if he was tired. By the turn I had caught him and the guy looked really tired to me, so I guess I got an inspiration or something and I started sprinting as hard as I could. I couldn't get away from this guy; I guess he wasn't that tired. He was sprinting too, and we came down neck and neck at the wire, and I beat him by about one inch. I didn't beat him by much, but we ran 4:18, a state record then. I was really happy. During the summer I got to run in one track meet and got down to 4:12.9, just barely beating Tracy Smith in that one, and he was the California State Champion.

Then in cross country we had a relatively easy season. This was my senior year and in one particular meet we thought the course was two miles but later we found it was 60 yards short. Actually this was good, because I ran 8:59 and they thought this was an 8:59 two mile, so I got invited down to an indoor meet in San Francisco. I had to pay my own way down and stayed with friends in different places. It was a lot of fun, but when we got to the meet I had never been so scared in all my life. I had never run against any kind of competition except the guys back home. When I got on the track and they introduced Jim Ryun, then they introduced me and I got out there and Ryun is about twice my size, I wanted to get off the track. Everybody laughed when I came out there. Then they introduced a guy named Gamez, now at San Jose. He's from California and he's done real well, and he's on the other side and he's almost as big as Ryun. After they introduced the field, they shoot the gun off and Ryun falls, and that's real good. I got scared and took off and everybody started laughing. Gamez was right behind for awhile, and then he dropped back as I went through the mile in 4:29. Now everybody said holy mackerel, look at that little kid. The coach runs out and says you're right on time! Keep going! Anyway, I ran 9 minutes and they invited me to another meet, and I ran 8:46 and I got beat by Gaston Roelants. They invited me back to San Francisco and I had to run against Ron Clarke. I ran 8:40 and again I got beaten by Clarke real bad in the last lap. He just took off. All during the race he kept nipping at my heels. I thought I was slowing down and he was going to eat me up or something. I'd try to sprint out and he'd think, gee whiz what's the matter with this guy. He'd try to go by because he said he wanted to help me lead the race, but everytime he'd start to go by I thought I must be slowing down and I'd sprint, and he didn't like that at all. The last lap he just sprinted out and left me in the dust. He ran

8:40. Everybody said what a good job, and I thought I'd done poorly. I got to run a three mile in the AAU meet back in New York City and got blisters and did terribly.

Now the coach was telling me that if I really worked hard I had a chance to make the Olympic team in '64. First I'm not even going to make the high school track team, and now he says I'm going to make the Olympic team! So we went through track season. Jim Ryun, during my senior year in high school, was a junior in high school, and coach said I should try for the national mile record which was 4:08.8, by Dennis Carr. I was going to go for this record and I went 4:12, then I read in the paper that Ryun went 4:11. So I went 4:10, and Ryun did 4:09. The Kansas State Meet was the day before ours, so as I was warming up for the mile at our state meet I heard that Ryun did 4:06.6 and busted the record - the whole bottom just dropped out of everything. It was all over, but I ran the mile and I came through the three quarters in 3:05 and I thought I had really had it. But I came in at 4:06 flat and the coach was all up in the air. I thought they had read the stop watch wrong or something and they were going to change it, but I got away with it I guess. Of course Ryun came back the next year and brought it down to about 3:59.

During the summer after I got out of school I went to the AAU Meet and placed second in the 5000 meters. Earlier in the year I had won the 10,000 meters at the National U.S.T.F.F. Meet and the U.S. coach that was to coach the US-Russian Meet team was there and he said he'd like me to run the 10,000 for the United States instead of the 5,000. I had only run one 10,000 meter and the Russians were the best runners in the world. I didn't really want to, but if he wanted me to I guess I would. All summer the coach had me training for this and he said that if I wanted to do something big then this was the meet because I would be representing my country. I was really fired up for this meet so the coach had me running three times a day; in the morning before 10 o'clock, in the afternoon, and in the evening. I would try to get in from 15 to 20 miles in the afternoon. I would either run on the streets where the streets were almost a quarter mile apart, and I'd sprint a street, jog a street, sprint a street, jog a street. Or else we would go out on the track and coach would have me do intervals of 880's and 3/4's. We would either do 880's at pace, which would be in 2:10, or else we'd do a 3/4 at 67 or 65 pace. Or we'd do 880's where we'd do a 70 second lap and then sprint a 60 second lap or else we'd do a 3/4 and do the 70 second lap, sprint the 60 second, and then come back with another 70 second lap. Then in the cool evening I was to go out just for easy jogging, 6, 7 or 8 miles and take it easy. I guess during a couple of months during the season at least one month we were doing 225 miles a week or something. It was really bad. Ron Clarke told me when I was at San Francisco that I should have been dead for the Russian meet, and I guess I should have been, but somehow I lucked out. We got in the Russian meet and they ran a slow race because of the smog and the heat. But I had it lucky there too. In the Russian meet I ran in third position and the two Russians ran in first and second most of the way. Down on the track it wasn't that hot because there was a little breeze in my face all the time. Because they were handling the pace they started sweating early and eventually began to labor. I had one other advantage, too, because these two bigger

guys were ahead of me the sun was positioned right down at the end of the straightaway so that I had half a lap of shade. During the summer we had done this sprint interval work because we thought that the Russians would take off in the middle of the race and run a sprint lap and then keep going. So after four miles coach told me to do this so I took off and did a sprint lap, and I was just dead. I couldn't make it anymore, and everybody started yelling. In high school whenever anyone started yelling it was because someone was coming up and going to go by. I thought I wanted to look good when he went by, I didn't know what I was doing but I tried to keep on sprinting, and I tried to keep on going and I had to go this way for the last two miles. It was just murder, but these guys weren't there and they weren't going to come by like I thought. So I was able to win, but it was really rough.

My last indoor season when coach was in Australia, he sent me a letter and told me that he wanted me to try to develop a kick, because every time he'd see me run in the indoor season I'd be running along all right and there was always somebody in the field that would have somewhat of a kick left and he'd go by and I'd be left in the dust. I didn't think I was a kicker at all and I thought he was kind of crazy, like I did when my high school coach told me to run, but I tried it. After my long workouts I'd just be dead but I would go into the field house and do 90 or 110 yard sprints on the straightaways. I'd always feel pretty good and I could do 7 or 8 of them before my legs would really hurt. I think it's done an awful lot of good for me because now at the end of a race I feel a little bit better, no matter how hard the pace. Before I think I was sprinting and I was just picking up a little bit, but now I can feel if I'm not picking it up enough. I know when I'm not sprinting.

I've become a bit of a bug on mental attitude because of my high school coach. I think that when coaches and researchers tell us what we should eat and what we shouldn't eat, what we should do and what we shouldn't do, and we should do 440 yard intervals but if we do 441 yard intervals this is going to be bad for us, this is not going to help runners at all. I think a lot of training ideas have to be up to the individual guy. It's more of a mental attitude - what you think is going to be good for you. Like last year I used to go out and I had nothing but this 10 mile course. I was really obsessed with running this 10 mile course for about two or three weeks. I began running it when I was recovering from the flu. So I'd go out every day and run this course according to how I felt. If I got out there and felt good then I'd take off like mad. The first six miles had a lot of hills and I thought that if I sprinted up these hills I might get in a little better shape quicker. I could usually run the first six miles in about 29 or 30 minutes, then I'd have to go the last four miles when I was tired against the wind, and sometimes it was pretty strong, and I'd go this last four miles and try and make it as quick as I could. Usually I would have a mile and a half to go and I'd see that I only had about 10 minutes to go to break 55 minutes so I'd sprint like mad or try to pick it up. Naturally I thought it did me a lot of good.

We also had other distance men who ran on the track. One in particular was Chris Weston. He would train on the track and he

thought that he should do quarters. I thought, gosh, those quarters are going to kill him because he'd go out there and do 20 or 30 quarters in 65 or 64 seconds. I thought this guy was out of his mind, and when we'd start running together in a time trial I'd think, boy, I got this guy beat. But he'd be thinking that this guy Lindgren has just been out loafing, I've got him beat, and he would beat me all the time. I thought that was terrible. I think it was because he had developed a mental attitude on the benefits of interval running. I think if I was a coach I would work on getting a guy no matter how he trains, as long as he's doing something that is helping him and as long as he's doing something that is helping him I think that's great.