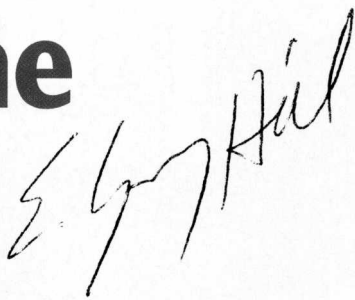
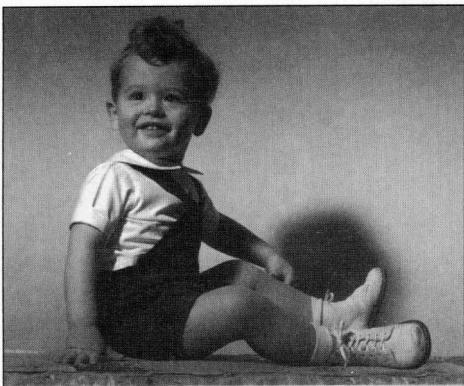


from the editor



YOW! THE BIG 5-0! I'm sitting here stuck with a 15-year-old brain in a 70-year-old body, but I'll leave any mid-life crisis problems to USATF as I celebrate my 50th birthday, because it's definitely having enough for all of us.

As for me, as I reflect on my 50 years, most of them spent with track & field as a preoccupation as well as an occupation, I count myself—with apologies to Lou Gehrig—among the luckiest people alive. It's hard for me to remember when activities related to running and jumping weren't the most important things in my life.



The track world has undergone a lot of changes in my half-century on the planet.

Indeed, without question the happiest day in my life came in December of 1969, when I learned that I had been hired for my dream job, statistician at *Track & Field News*. That's the best memory in a life full of great track memories.

I remember having "family track meets" with my mother and father from the day I could toddle. A race from one apple tree to another in the orchard, or a long jump competition on a sandy beach.

I remember my first exposure to real track. The family vacation of '54 had us driving through the Pacific Northwest, crammed in a tiny Austin A-10. We were somewhere near Vancouver and my parents kept talking about "Bannister," and as a 7-year-old my only thought was that it was funny that somebody would be named after the railing that ran up to my bedroom.

I remember dancing Cossack style after a few too many shots of vitamin V in a hotel lobby in Sweden at 3:00 in the morning with Sergey Bubka.

In fact, I remember lot of great late nights. A good trackster also has to be a great party animal. I remember the old Pacific Coast Club setting standards in that department that will never be broken.

I remember Penn's Dave Johnson (see p. 50) interviewing for our statistician's position in Montréal at the '79 World Cup. At 4:00 in the morning he asked, "When does the interview start?" not realizing he had already passed the prime test.

I remember my first Olympics, Munich. For me it was easily the greatest I've ever seen. I'm sure it will stay that way, because everyone will tell you—just like a first love—that their first is their favorite.

I remember the World Championships coming along, and in terms of pure track enjoyment, being even better than the Olympics. Hard to believe, but true.

I remember the best little meets ever staged: the handful of editions of the Two Big Guys Mountain Games that culminated with a shot competition/beer bust in the backyard of Al Feuerbach's mountain retreat.

I remember the other Big Guy, Mac Wilkins, in one of the most boggling things anyone has ever seen: three World Records in the discus in the same competition.

But sadly, as I write this, I find that I find myself remembering meets that used to be and regretting their loss. U.S. indoor circuit gone, the West Coast's wealth of bigtime invitationals all but gone. And perhaps saddest of all, the NCAA Outdoor Championships as I knew and loved it, gone. In its place, a meet which many old-timers have come to detest. Too many scorers, too much time qualifying, too much meaningless field-event competition. Still a great meet to read the results of in the paper, but not one that's all that much fun to sit through.

For a birthday present, I want the old meet back!