

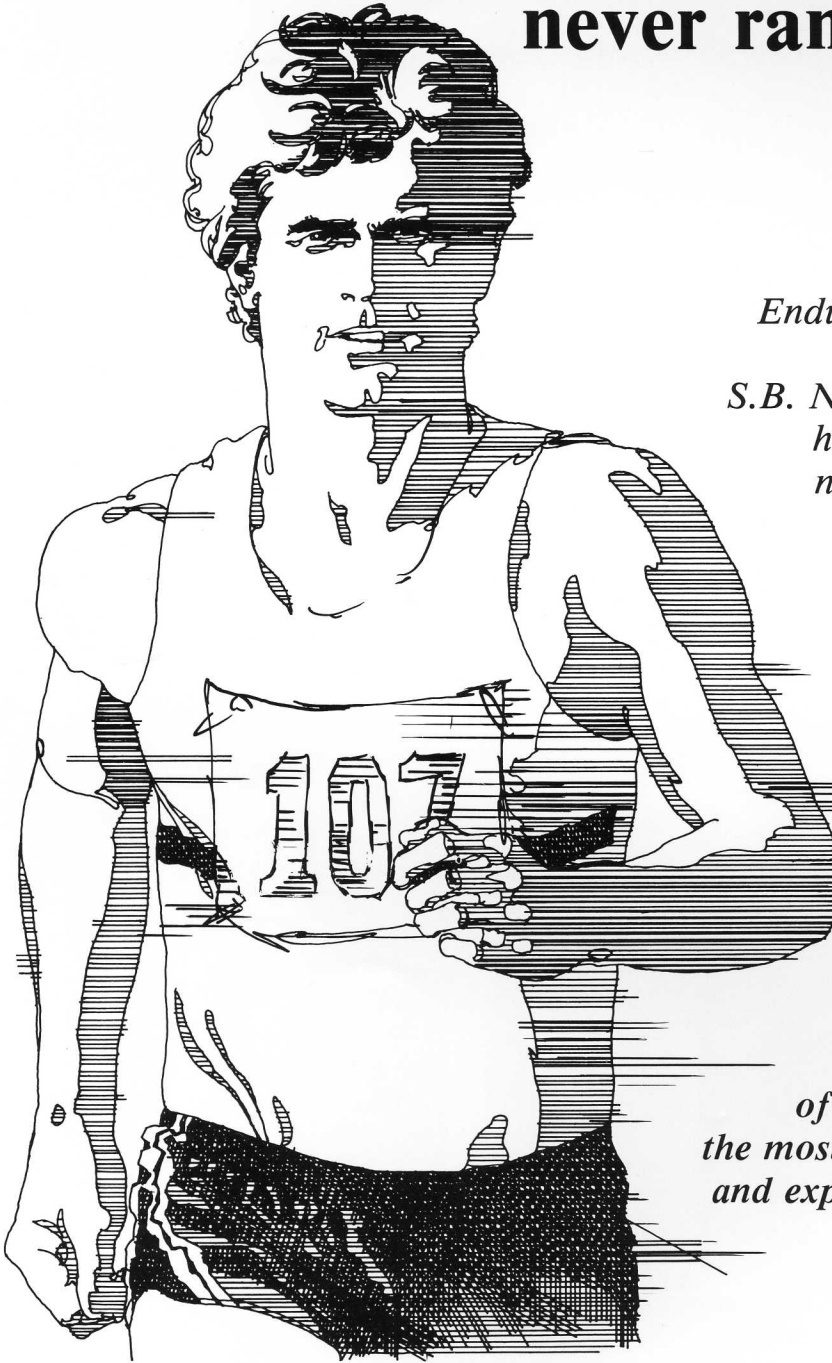
# EXPO 10,000

*Knoxville, Tennessee - May 26, 1984*



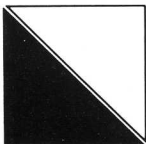
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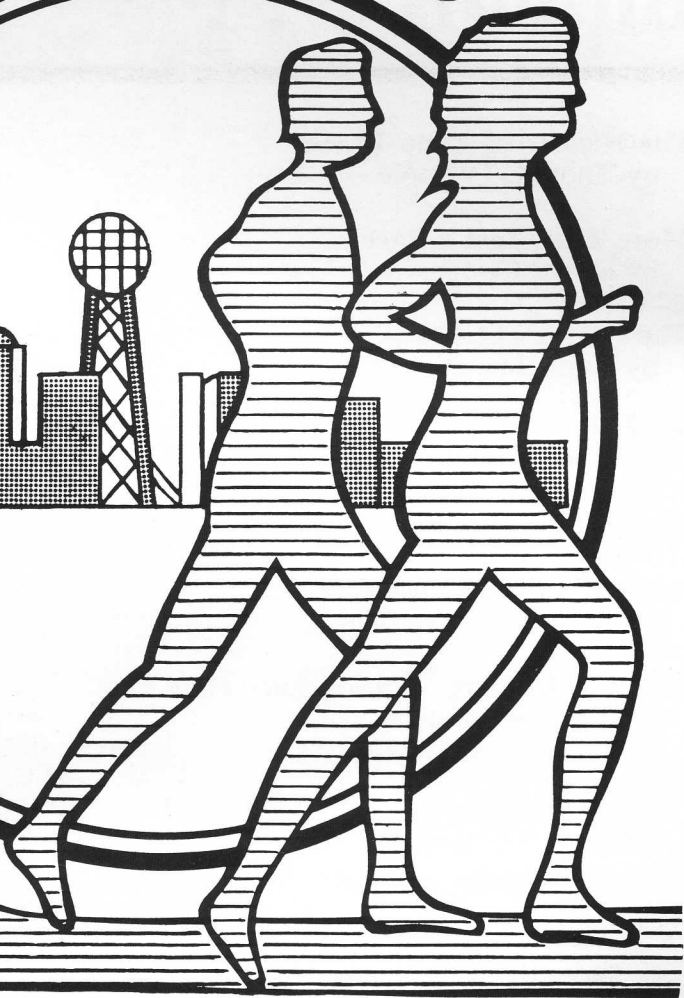
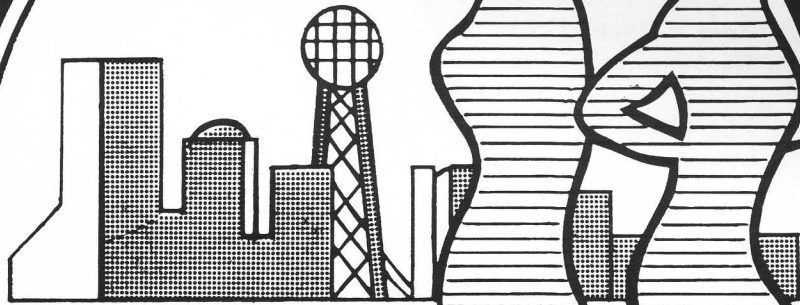
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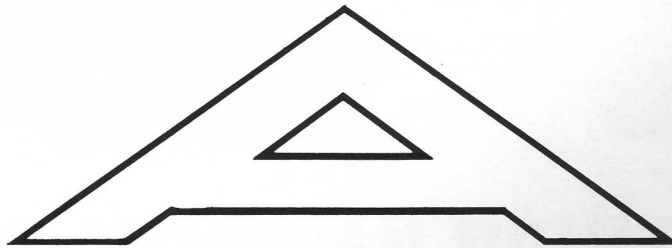
Special thanks to Campus Practitioners at the University of Tennessee for their efforts in producing this year's Expo '84 magazine.

# '84 EXPO 10,000



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# The History of Expo 10,000

by Thomas O'Toole

A family affair. That's the spirit in which the Expo 10,000 was created. That is how it has remained.

And nothing better exemplifies that spirit than the winners from the last two years: Phil and Missy Kane, husband and wife.

Although the Expo 10,000 plans to expand this year, trying to draw more runners from outside the immediate Knoxville area, the Knoxville Track Club does not want a national event. They are not committed to bringing in "name" athletes. That would cost money, and all the money that is earned from Expo 10,000 goes back into the KTC and is used to promote running in East Tennessee.

That helps make the Expo 10,000 truly a community event.

This year, more than 3000 runners again are expected to participate. It seems like only yesterday a "mere" 1576 were crossing the finish line in the inaugural.

The first Expo was in 1978, but planning began in 1973. By 1977, the seed was sown.

Crawford, past president of the Knoxville Track Club, Tom Siler, retired sports editor of the *Knoxville News-Sentinel* and official starter of this year's race, and Frank "Porkey" Calloway, Jr., head of the Athletic House, were there at the beginning.

"Without hesitation I can say Tom Siler first brought up the idea," Crawford explained. "He had always thought Knoxville should have a race of some distance. He didn't really decide the distance, but he said it should encompass the entire city and be run in downtown to bring focus and attention to the town in general."

The Knoxville Track Club had been running small races throughout East Tennessee. But those weren't providing a showcase for the club. In early 1977, Charlie Durham of the KTC told Crawford that the Athletic House was interested in promoting a road race. Durham put Crawford in touch with Calloway. Over lunch, the Expo 10,000 was born.

Crawford, Calloway and Siler, at the time a KTC board member, began regular meetings, their optimism growing with each discussion.

At the time plans were being made for a road race, the 1982 World's Fair was becoming a reality. Its first name was "Expo '82," hence the "Expo 10,000."

The trio took the idea to the KTC, where it was readily accepted. Other people became involved, like Col. Joe Shepherd, coordinator since Expo's beginning.

The only holdup was discussion over where the race was headed. KTC wanted a race that would be lasting. They felt that with the combination of long-standing Knoxville organizations — the *News Sentinel* and the *Journal*, the Athletic House and the KTC — the future of the race would be secure.

"I have nothing but praise for the Athletic House," said Crawford. "We have total involvement. It has been a great marriage. We had had people come to us wanting to put on a race in the past, but my concern was would they want to do it next year? After we got the right parties, there was no doubt in my mind it would work."

In the last two years, community involvement has gone a step farther. Nike, one of the world's foremost producers of running shoes and equipment, and Pilot Oil, a highly successful Knoxville business, have joined as supporters. The University of Tennessee even got in on the act. For the second straight year, the UT Computing Center will compute the results, and the UT Air Force ROTC will also help in handling the finish area.

The race has used two courses, both through downtown Knoxville. This is the third year the event will finish at the Civic Coliseum. The first four years, it ended on Market Square Mall.

Also this year, the course is certified by the Athletics Congress, meaning times will be accepted for qualifying in other races and for records. The race has been sanctioned by the TAC since the beginning.

The growth rate has been more than encouraging. The second year had 2190 finishers, the third 2278, the fourth 2439, the fifth 3237 and last year 3100.

Ed Leddy, a former East Tennessee State All-American from Ireland, won the first three. Bryan Kilpatrick was next. Then came the Kanes.

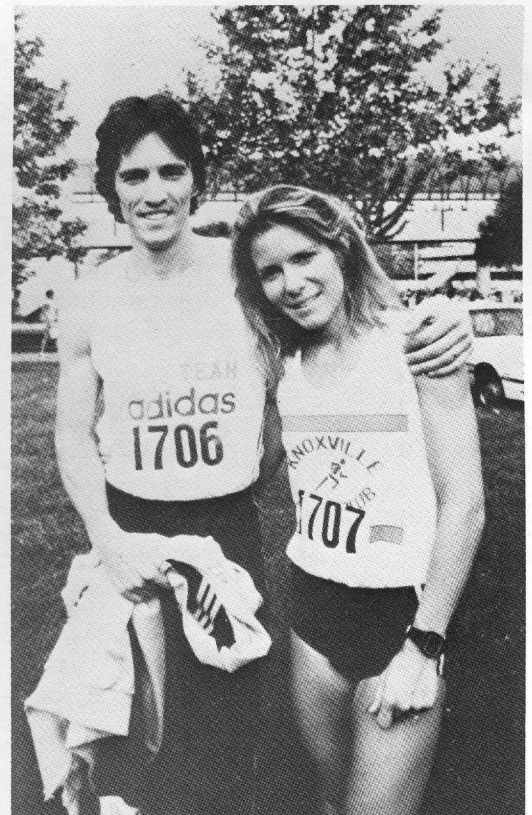
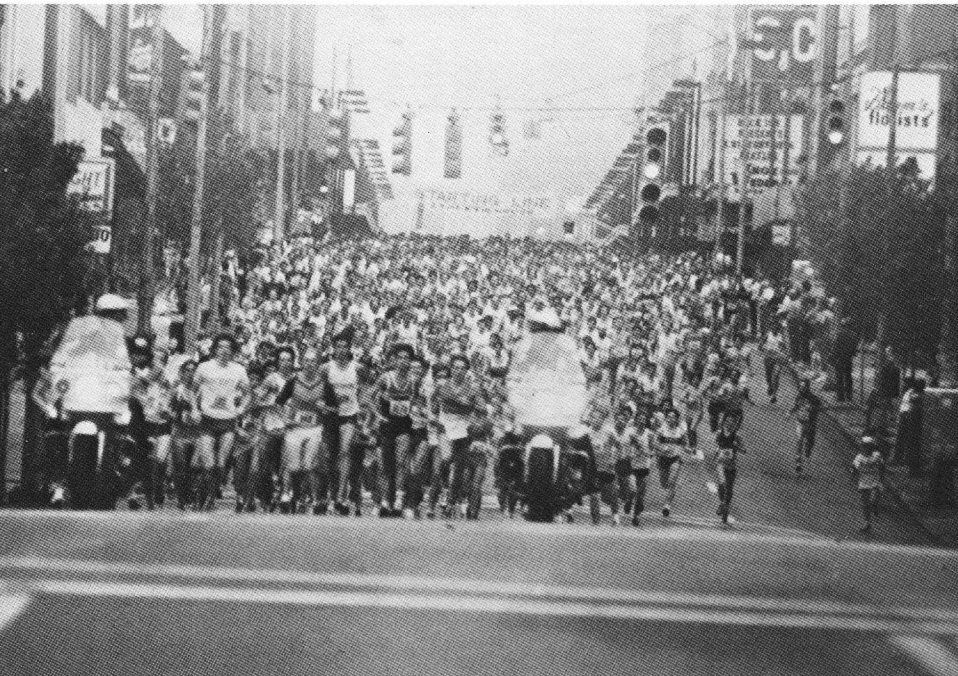
What the future holds, no one can be certain. But if the trend continues, the race will just keep getting better and better. That won't

surprise many people. After all, Expo's success so far hasn't been a surprise to those who were there from the start.

"I wouldn't say that I'm surprised at all," said Siler. "I thought it would be a big success at the start simply because we didn't have a race of that type in this area. It was the 'in' thing, if you want to call it that. People were running. Everybody pitched in."

"One thing that surprises me is the number of people who, even now, still go down to see the start that never did run. I go every year. I don't think I have missed one. Lindsay Young (a Knoxville lawyer) said the same thing to me at lunch (recently). He has never missed a start. They like to come down and see those 3000 people having a good time.

"That's been the most fun to me, to see how many people took it on as a way to have some fun, exercise, get into the swing of things, see what running is all about. It has succeeded admirably, and, at the same time, has served the main goal for us — to help us finance the Knoxville Track Club." ■



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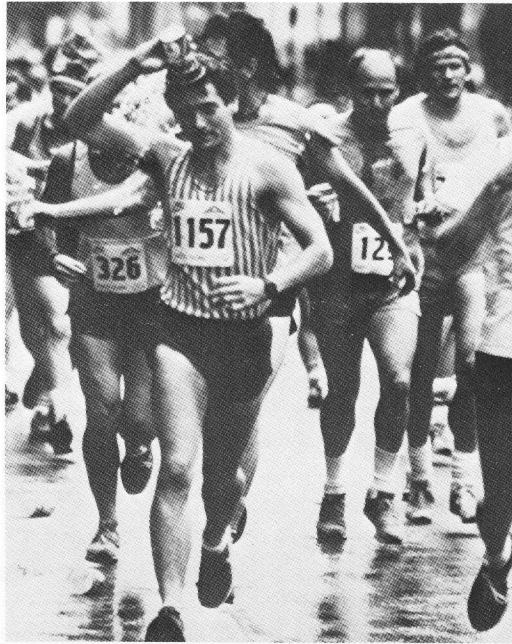
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# More Than Just a Race

by Susan Reviere



Once the race is over, the awards are presented, and the runners are all gone, Expo 10,000 is just beginning. Because Expo 10,000 is much more than just a race. It's a major source of funding for East Tennessee athletics; it's a catalyst in promoting health and fitness in our area; and not least, it's an event that brings a sense of community and togetherness to Knoxville.

"Well, among all of the other benefits that it brings, Expo is the only big source of revenue for the Knoxville Track Club," said Ginny Canfield, KTC secretary. "It supports the year-round programs for area track events."

These programs, sponsored by the KTC, benefit area youth and adults.

One of the biggest events that Expo's revenue makes possible is the summer track program for area youth. This program, for grades K through 12, lasts six weeks and is open to any young person who would like to participate.

In these six weeks, local volunteer track and field specialists in the KTC work with young people on the sports that they are interested in. In addition to this evening training session that meets once a week, a weekly meet is also held to give these youth exposure to competition.

"Sometimes the kids go to area meets, and if they qualify for the Junior Olympics, we help pay their way," Canfield said.

She mentioned that the KTC usually has a similar summer program for adults.

In addition to these, the KTC sponsors the Vol Classic meet, one of the largest high school meets in the Southeast. This meet is held every spring at the University of Tennessee Tom Black Track.

Aside from these, various other meets are held through the year for local youth.





Expo also enables the KTC to give support to the UT track program. They train officials who volunteer for UT meets, and they give general financial support to both the men's and women's programs.

For local athletes past the college level, the KTC offers financial assistance to be used for travel and registration in various meets around the country. These local athletes can apply to a KTC committee to be considered for such assistance.

"We helped send four runners to Chicago just last year, for example," Canfield said.

On a group level, teams are often sent by the KTC to meets in Huntsville, Birmingham, and other areas.

And finally Expo funds, in addition to all of these and other similar programs, a year-round program of races from Gatlinburg to Oak Ridge to Townsend. These meets vary in structure and include at least one long-distance run every month. Only five of these events require an entry fee, and most enjoy large participation.



Aside from all of the events, the KTC publishes a newsletter which serves as a communications link between area runners, informing them about races and the activities of other runners. This too, is funded largely by Expo.

But that's not all. Expo also promotes health and fitness in Knoxville. "It's a healthful thing. . . a wellness kind of thing," Canfield said. "It promotes and shows fun in having physical fitness."

"Many people start getting their bodies in shape with the express purpose of running Expo. They want to improve their PRs from last year," said Col. Joe Shepherd, Expo race coordinator.

"And Expo is a peak event for area runners," said Bob Roney, KTC President. "From the slow joggers to the fastest runners, it's a focal point in the year," he said. "It's the local race that most of us point toward to improve ourselves."

But Expo interests more than the runners. Col. Shepherd estimates that there are three to four spectators for each runner.

"And it's an incentive for a lot of these people who aren't presently physically active," he said. "It excites them, increases their interest, and they start thinking about fitness."

But perhaps one of the most important things Expo does for Knoxville is found in the sense of community it brings.

"It's a time when friends and family, some from across the country, get together and participate in a wholesome activity. It's a time to participate, have a good time, and take fellowship with another, all for one common purpose," Shepherd said.

Indeed Expo is an event which Knoxville can point to with pride. As the 84th largest race in the U.S. and the 1st in Tennessee, Expo gives Knoxville a lot to be proud of.

As Bob Roney says, Expo is "uniquely Knoxville." ■

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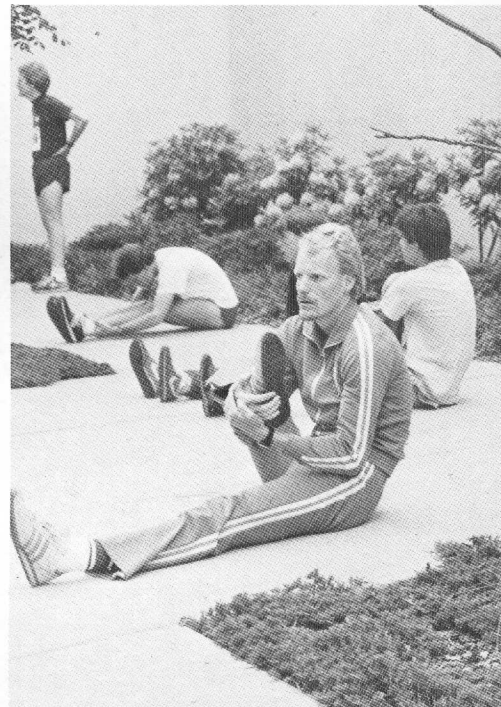
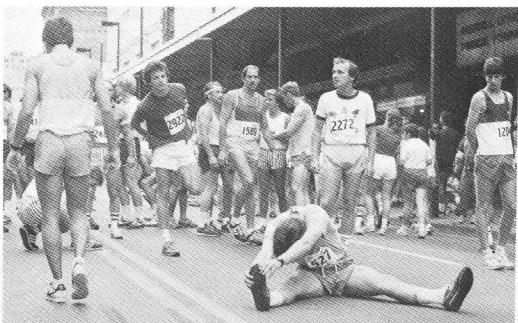
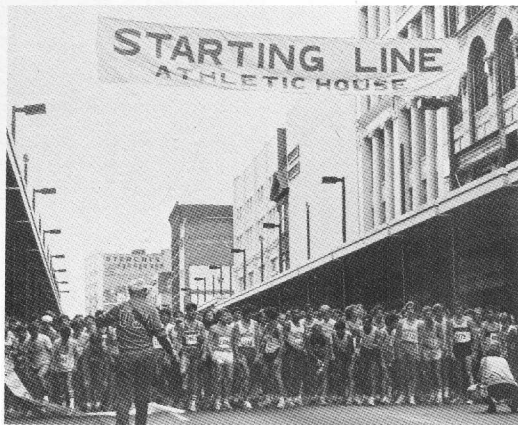
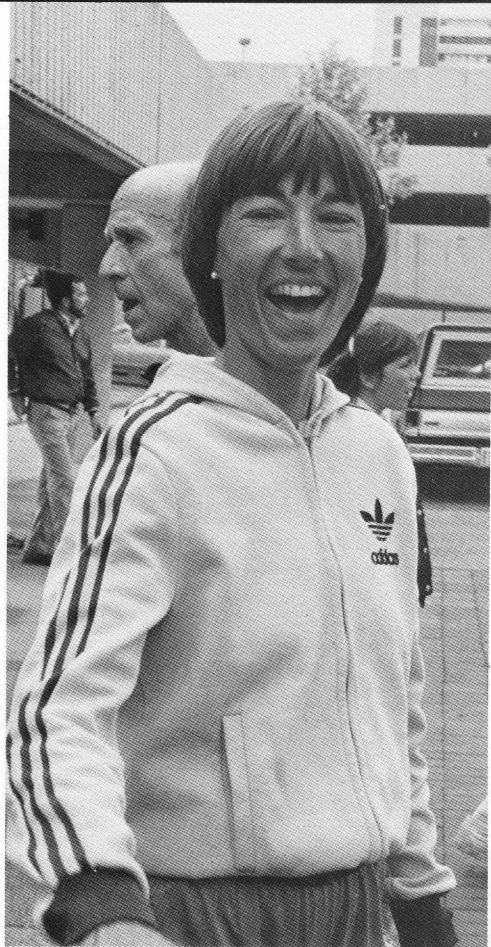


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# The Rest of the Pack

by Bob Roney



**M**any non-runners (and some of “us”) may wonder why all those folks back in the pack at Expo and other road races even bother. Certainly most do not expect to win, not even their own age/sex category. Few are of the caliber of Phil or Missy Kane, John Mullins, Eileen Hornburger, or even Sam Stone, Lloyd Lundin, or Wendy Williams. Rather, we are often struggling just to finish or to complete 10-K in 48 or 50 minutes. . . . The running literature is full of feature articles about Mary Decker, Rod Dixon, or Bill Rodgers. It is understandable that we want to be informed about the elites in our sport — their training schedules, diets, successes, injuries, and even their personal lives. But there are more of us back in the pack than there are of those up there in the front. So these thoughts are about all those runners whose names do not often appear among the top 5 finishers — overall or in any other category. Who are we, and why do we do it?

First of all, let me dispel the idea that we are not competitive. We may not be dashing for the tape stride-for-stride with the ultimate winner; but we are, almost to the person, competing in our own way. Our race may be against ourselves, against the clock, against a friend or unknown runner of similar ability, or simply against the idea of completing the course — alive. But we are striving for something, if not a trophy or medal.

Let’s look at several of the most common reasons the rest of the pack run. In my own case, and I suspect in the case of many Expo 10,000 participants, I began jogging as a means of weight control and general fitness. The rewards were gratifying, as in over a year’s time I went from a very rotund (sounds better than fat) 220 pounds to a more satisfying 178. The required new wardrobe and surprised compliments from friends sustained me for awhile. But after a bit, a certain boredom began to creep in. I had progressed slowly from a few slow, painful laps at the track to 5 - 6 miles on the roads. So I decided to enter a road race — not to be competitive, I told myself, but just for the heck of it and to have something to work toward. Of course, by the time the race day arrived I had set goals (admittedly modest ones), so I was already caught up in my own competition of sorts. My goals for the first 10-K (I didn’t have enough sense to seek a shorter race first) were, in order of difficulty, (1) to finish, (2) to beat at least one other runner, and (3) to finish in under 50 minutes. Now, we are talking about a 44-year-old man who had been sedentary for the better of 20 years. Well, my reward was terrific. I did finish and in reasonably good shape; surprisingly I beat not only one other runner but about half the field; and I finished in a few seconds under 50 minutes. No trophy was awarded to me that day, but I was a winner — and I still have that first,

now faded, t-shirt.

This first “success” led to other attempts with new goals. Sometimes I was able to reach the goal; sometimes not. Basically you can run road races much like the hacker plays golf. You may never set an age-group record (break par), but you may get a PR (beat your previous best). So we go out anywhere from every weekend (most of us don’t go this often!) to once a year at Expo or somewhere in between. And we run against ourselves and our previous best time — the best time ever or best time over a given distance. A good example of this: I am now working on a string of three consecutive years of beating my previous year’s time in Expo. I’ll need luck to keep the string going this year, but that is my goal.

In addition to the self-competition, we may begin to notice the group of people who tend to finish in about the same time we do. So we begin to think about trying to beat those runners who finished just ahead of us in the past several races — just a few seconds off our time and maybe we can beat them today. When I first started this madness, I thought I was the only one who played this game. I would usually pick out runners who were about my speed, try to keep close to them, then try to “blow by” them in the last quarter mile.

I also developed a sense of pride about passing more people toward the end of a race than those passing me. Actually, I felt insulted if I was passed in the last tenth of a mile and became very aggressive if I heard footsteps coming fast behind me at this stage. After all, the elite runners should all be far ahead of me by now, so I should be able to hold my own. Right? Not always!

I guess the realization that others were playing the same game came after my fourth or fifth race. A fellow middle-of-the-packer came up to me after we finished and said, “Good race (puff-puff); I tried for two (puff-puff) miles to catch you (puff-puff) but couldn’t!” And this guy was at least 10 years younger than I was. Wow, what an ego boost for someone who had just finished 376th out of 748 finishers!

In fact, I remember almost every step of the races the first time I was able to beat various friends — Harold, Gary, Jane, etc. Those people who beat me nine times out of 10 (or more) were especially pleasing to slip by for a rare “victory” back in the pack. It really doesn’t matter that they weren’t feeling well, were injured, or hadn’t been training much. Excuses do not remove the fact that they were lower in the final standings than I was on a given day.

Of course, there is the social atmosphere that goes with racing. The very elite runners may at times be (or seem to be) aloof as they prepare mentally for a race. But most of us have a grand time during the warm-up and after the race. We greet friends and familiar faces, joke about our chances, or discuss our last race or the new shoes we are trying. We compare times, share excuses, and look forward to seeing many of the same faces at the next race. If we are in a track club, we may see each other at meetings too. But if we are not club members or are in different clubs, the camaraderie is there just the same. When you have shared hills and humidity toward a common goal, you have a special bond.

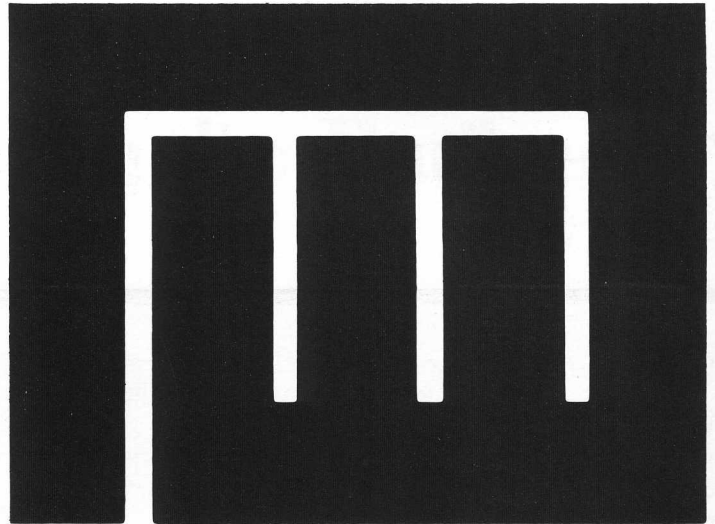
Then, there is the ultimate accomplishment. Forget all the motivations — you finished. You have at the very least accomplished what all of those sedentary friends of yours have not even attempted. You have done something which, when it quits hurting, will make you feel good about yourself, physically and emotionally. And you have a t-shirt to show for it. One reason I prefer to get the shirt after I finish rather than before is the psychological effect it has — I have to finish to get it.

Well, finally, what would the elite runners do if they didn’t have the rest of us to beat? Some might think this would be a good thing, but most realize that we just add to their following (literally). Somehow finishing 5th or 25th would not be nearly as gratifying if the total number entered was 30 rather than 3000. So all you big winners need to appreciate all of us little winners who follow you to the finish line. ■

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# Selecting a Running Club

by Harold W. Canfield

The “care and feeding” of athletes in the United States is unique. Few other countries in the world have anything like our school system for developing athletes. The training and selection process starts in junior high school or even elementary school with the best prospects going on to compete in high school and then in college.

The greatest strength in the U.S. athletic system also leads to one of its greatest weaknesses. The schools have always had the money, the professional coaches, the equipment and facilities to make them the backbone of athletics. Thus the club system, as it is known throughout the rest of the world, has given the schools that role by default.

At least, this has been the situation until the establishment of the present era of road racing. Along with the tremendous growth and popularity of this new sport, it became necessary to establish and develop a club system to accommodate the millions of runners who were shut out of school competition.

Our school system takes excellent care of those who qualify for it, but only a limited number of runners meet the ability or age qualifications. The club system approaches running from a number of angles other than the conventional win-for-the-school competition. Clubs can specialize in single events or sets of events. Clubs can stress running for fun and fitness. Above all, clubs can provide the opportunity for what the British call “no-hopers” who still want to do their best.

England has a club system that dates back more than 100 years. One of the country's leading clubs, the Blackheath Harriers, has operated continuously since 1869. The British club system is the heart and soul of athletics in the country. Virtually all competitive athletics is undertaken through the sports clubs which provide training facilities, coaching assistance, and sponsorship of competitions. Almost every community of any size has at least one club, and larger cities have several.

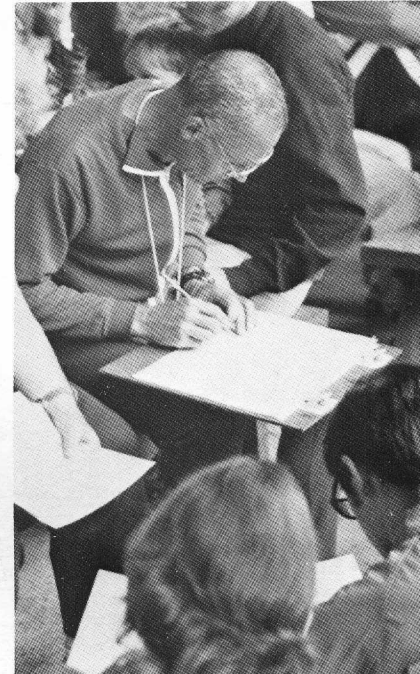
Clubs form in different ways and for different reasons. Some gather around a coach. The Los Angeles Track Club and Club West were that way. Other clubs, like Athletes West, recruit actively and are geared to sup-

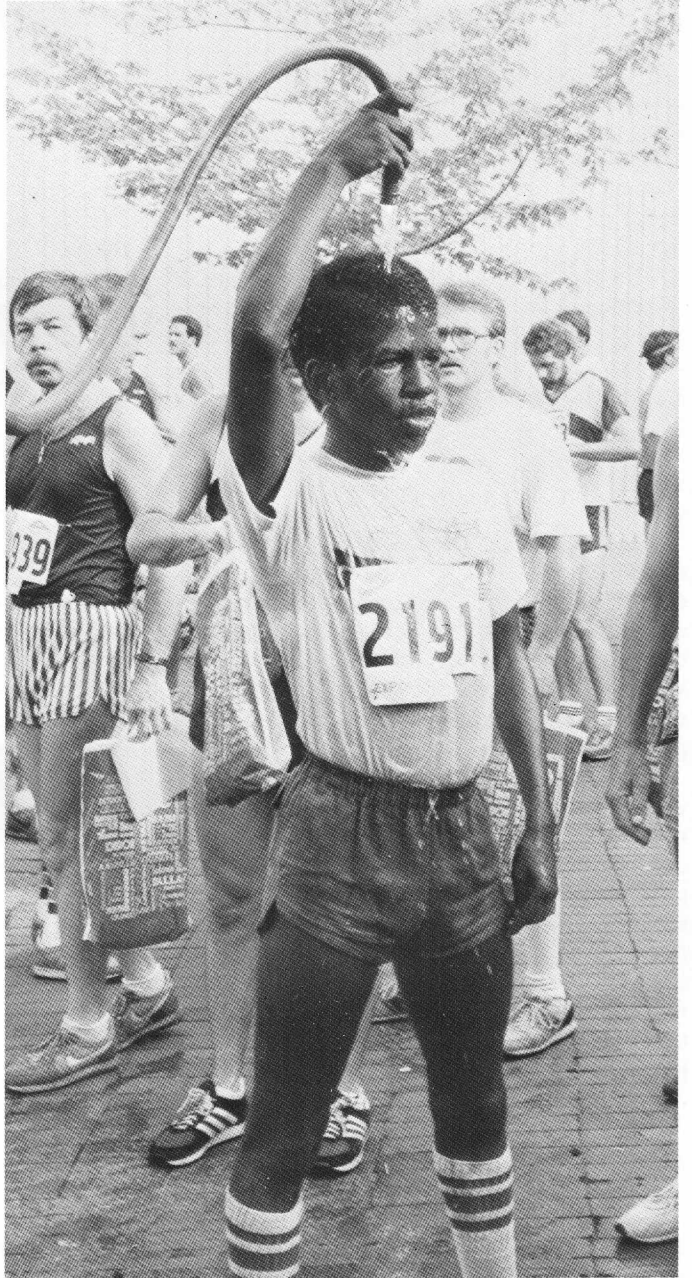
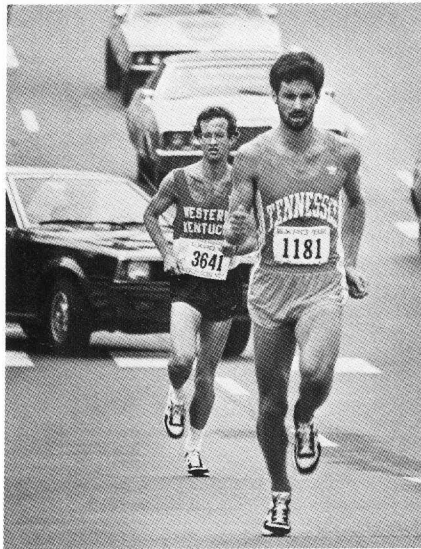
porting the “big name” runners. However, the vast majority of clubs merely provide team identity, communication, and competition for runners who want to be active beyond the relatively short span of school years.

In competitive clubs, races are by far the most important activity. However, all clubs have an occasional business meeting, if only to elect officers. There are various other running-related activities that can stimulate interest and participation. Attempts are usually made to involve as many members as possible in one or more of these activities: group training sessions, awards banquets, lectures, clinics, picnics, and social events. These all contribute to the “club spirit,” bringing runners together to find something they can't get on their own. This should be the purpose of any club.

Runners of similar aptitudes and interests tend to band together, but few clubs have the resources, human or financial, to be all things to all people. Therefore, a versatile club with an appeal to all groups interested in the sport should be a first priority. Second, the club should encourage participation of members in competitions. In addition, look for a club that utilizes a newsletter as a means of communication and unifying force for the club. Most important, choose a club that continually strives to widen the circle of those responsible for planning and carrying out the club's programs. Choose a club which involves people. The only sane and sensible way of managing the work of a running club is to have it carefully and clearly mapped out, each part connected with every other, with no administrator having to carry too much of the work load.

So in selecting a running club, what are you looking for? Are you a competitor with a national or international ranking? Are you a “fun runner” participating for the enjoyment and fitness aspects of the sport? Or maybe you're a non-runner with a talent for organizing and officiating athletic events. Regardless of your abilities or goals, there is a place for you in most well-organized, active running clubs. If the local club isn't active in your phase of activity, the opportunity is there to initiate or expand that part of the club's program. ■







# QUOTH THE JOGGER

Once upon a morning dreary,  
half awake and eyesight bleary,  
While I fetched the morning paper  
lying there outside my door;  
As I stood there, stretching, yawning,  
Wondering what the day was spawning,  
Came a figure thru the dawning,  
fiercely running as to war,  
“Who is this,” I asked myself, “who  
runs as if he’s off to war?”  
“Just a looney, nothing more.”

I could see his Nikes clearly,  
and his perspiration nearly,  
Soaked right through the cotton sweat-  
shirt, and the running shorts he wore;  
Shorter breaths now he was taking,  
And from grunts that he was making,  
I felt sure he must be aching,  
from the labors of his chore;  
“Does your body ache,” I asked, “each  
time that you perform this chore?”  
Quoth the Jogger, “Ev’ry pore!”

Striding down the street, he ran there,  
trotting past each parked sedan there;  
Til the air was filled with gasps that  
I had heard heretofore;  
Soon I knew as he came closer,  
He was not a looney, no sir,  
Or some early-rising grocer,  
racing toward some distant store;  
“You’re a Jogger,” I exclaimed, “And  
not some grocer with a store!”  
Quoth the Jogger, “To the core!”

Round the block now he was veering,  
then quite soon was reappearing,  
Battered, scarred and bleeding, in a  
state most people would deplore;  
Ev’ry garment he was wearing,  
Now was either ripped or tearing;  
Furthermore, his legs were bearing  
signs of toothmarks by the score;  
“What on earth,” I asked, “has caused  
these signs of toothmarks by the score?”  
Quoth the Jogger, “Dogs galore!”

Suddenly it started raining,  
and I thought he’d be complaining  
of conditions unforeseen that  
Mother Nature had in store;  
Drenched with rain, he soon was dripping  
and at times he lost his gripping,  
Causing him to wind up slipping  
on the pavement bruised and sore;  
“Give it up,” I pleaded, as he  
lay there gasping, bruised and sore;  
Quoth the Jogger, “Let it pour!”

On and on he did continue,  
straining ev’ry bond and sinew,  
Round the block and back again  
until each passing was a bore;  
“Hey,” I asked him, “aren’t you done  
now?” “Surely this can’t be much fun  
now.” “Fifteen miles or more you’ve  
run now; since I’ve been keeping  
score;  
“Isn’t that enough,” I uttered,  
as I stood there keeping score;  
Quoth the Jogger, “Just one more!”

Then it was that I did see there  
just how young he seemed to be there;  
Youthful was his shining face with  
muscles I could not ignore;  
Years of running so insanely  
He must be much older plainly,  
Than his looks, which I felt mainly  
must be twenty-five or more;  
“What’s your age?” I asked expecting  
he’d say twenty-five or more;  
Quoth the Jogger, “Ninety-four!”

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Revised

# On Winning and Losing

by Harold W. Canfield

I am on the side of the tortoises, because I am one of them. We are the slow ones. We may not be the fastest—but at least we'll be here after the fast-starting hares have dropped out.

I also say that the big victories aren't permanent. The saddest people I know are those who have won prizes and acclaim for a few moments, lost them, then spend the rest of their days trying to relive those moments.

Times have changed. There was only one definition of victory while I was growing up in the sport—each contest had one winner and everyone else lost.

In 1965, a coach lectured me that “second place ain't worth a damn.” He said that unless I won or was insulted by anything less, I shouldn't be racing. Using his definition, I should have quit running a long time ago. I was a loser by his terms, since I finished first in only a few minor events and remember few disappointments at not being out front.

Yet I'm a survivor in the sport, and one of the reasons is that long ago I redefined “victory” in more personal and sensible terms. I decided to measure myself against myself instead of against a world of runners or arbitrary standards. I decided the only person who could beat me was me.

Since then, I've still won some and lost

some. And only later have I been able to tell which was which, since the final score usually doesn't come in until long after the event is over.

Since the times have changed for me, and I've never thought of myself as a unique runner, lots of other people must have changed their thinking about victory and defeat too. Otherwise running wouldn't be growing as fast as it is, because chronic losers either don't start, or they stop early.

For them and myself, I list what I sense are the new definitions of winning and losing. Few of them have any resemblance to the ones I heard in the locker rooms of the 1950's and '60s.

1. Winning is realizing you already have won by being in the running. You may not finish ahead of many other runners, but you have already beaten the much bigger pack of people who choose to move on wheels instead of on foot. Losing is not starting, but being content to talk about what might be, or what might have been if. . . .

2. Winning is finishing the distance you set for yourself, however humble it might be. Speed is a gift your parents either gave you or didn't. You had little to say about it, so the time you take to run your distance doesn't say much about your spirit. But endurance and persistence are qualities that are acquired largely by training and learning. Finishing is a victory of strong spirit over weak flesh. Losing is dropping out for no other reason than a weak will. Quitting in the face of actual or potential injury is wisdom, but giving up to moderate inconvenience or mild discomfort is defeat.

3. Winning is measuring yourself against yourself. It is learning to take pride in your improvements, no matter how small. Later, it is taking pleasure in more subtle measures of victory which have little to do with time and place. Losing is matching yourself against



everyone else who runs. This is self-defeating, because few people ever win this way and those who do, don't keep it up very long.

4. Winning is counting the number of runners ahead of you and recognizing your relative ability. You look up to them for advice and inspiration without viewing them with feelings of envy or inferiority. Losing is being intimidated out of the sport by those ahead of you or counting anyone who comes in later as inferior.

5. Winning is working with other runners so all of your results are better than any you could have gotten alone. It is in one sense selfish; you use someone to raise yourself. But it is constructive competition in the sense that it can lift everyone. Losing is cutting someone else down so you can look taller. It is interfering in any way, physically or psychologically, with another runner's program.

6. Winning is accepting results as they come, knowing that an occasional bad run will come even to those of us who look at competition this way. These runs are important to help you appreciate the good ones. Losing is choosing to ignore the real results and to quote exaggerated ones instead. It is calling a 9½-mile course "about ten miles," or calling a time of 59:59 "in the mid-50's."

7. Winning is learning from your bad experiences. They often teach better than the good ones, because they force you to look for relief. I'm not saying you should intentionally make mistakes so you can learn from them; enough will happen automatically. But turn a minus into a plus when they do. Losing is refusing to accept failure as a teacher or to examine the reasons for failing.

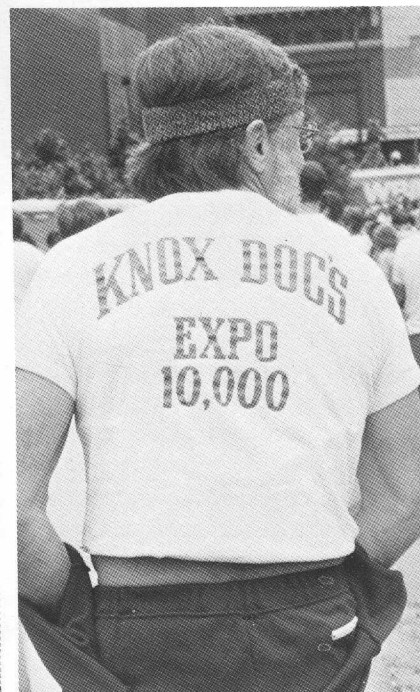
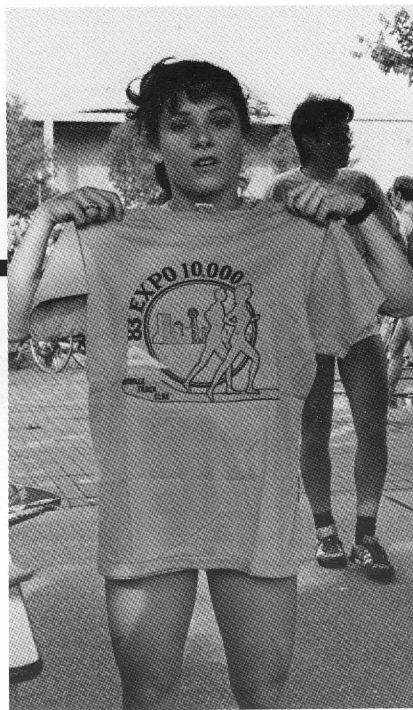
8. Winning is standing on the shoulders of the giants. It is absorbing the written and spoken lessons of people who have run before, instead of using up an entire career resolving by trial and error the puzzles that already have been solved. Losing is refusing to share with others your solutions to running puzzles or claiming someone else's solutions as your own.



9. Winning is continuing to run after fate has decided that you are past your prime and will never again break a personal record. It is going on when there are no races left to do. Losing is setting goals you either can't reach or can reach too easily. Goals are stopping places if they're made too rigid and important. If you don't reach them too quickly, you stop with no other peaks left to climb.

10. Winning is knowing you are only as good as your last run. The good effects and feelings don't store well, so you have to renew them all the time. Mediocre fresh runs are far better than spectacular stale ones. Losing is living in the past. It is trying to restore old glories to the condition they were in during their short life. ■

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# Distance Running—More Fact Than Fad

by Barbara Johnson

Americans have always been attracted to fads. From yoyos to walkman tape players, we've shown a steady interest to join whatever it is "everyone else" is doing.

Even the sport of distance running, which was once synonymous with individuality (and sometimes crazy), has succumbed to our infatuation with trends. This seems evident by the number of runners, which has more than doubled in the past ten years. With this incredible growth have come a variety of racing distances: 5-Ks, 10-Ks, half-marathons, and marathons.

Recently added to this confusing array of endurance tests is a whole new class of competition—the triathlon. These "triathletes" swim 2.4 miles, cycle 112 more miles, and then run a marathon of 26.6 miles. There are many such events to be found. For example, the city of Eureka, California, boasts of a "Ride & Tie"—40 miles of agony on foot and horseback—and locally, Knoxville has contributed to the competition action with a "physathlon." This event has all the characteristics of a half-triathlon with the addition of power lifts, free weights, and Nautilus exercises.

Call them fitness buffs or just plain foolish, these endurance athletes are blessed (or burdened) with a fierce determination. They seem to be driven beyond the normal limits of human endurance. The question most commonly asked of athletes who compete in these grueling events is "why?"

To the uninitiated the distance events seem pointless—even masochistic. The reasons given by participating athletes are varied and often vague. Some seek the recognition, however slight, that they can find through competition. However, most successful

distance runners are not glory-oriented. There is something more than winning that drives them on. Many individuals find that the best way to combat tension and anxiety of their work-day is through intense exercise. The most common motivation seems to be the physical and psychological sense of well-being the training brings.

One local athlete says the bottom line for his participation is fitness, but after each event he hopes to do better than before. At 64, Jim Johnson has competed in several 10-K runs, five marathons, two half-triathlons, three quarter-triathlons and a physathlon. For Johnson, there is an element of adventure in each event. "I don't know what the course will be like, how cold the water is, how hot the sun is or the quality and conditions of the roads," Johnson says, "but the variety of events and camaraderie among competitors, particularly in the physathlon, make the events enjoyable."

Undoubtedly, attitude contributes to much of the increased popularity of endurance sports. People are measuring themselves against their own personal records—or PR, rather than those runners who finished first. No longer is distance running for the fast or the young. Instead, the personal goals, achievement, and satisfaction that push 1/4 million American athletes to their physical limits, is converting distance sports from a fad to a fact in our lives. ■



# BOSTON '84

by Vicki Johnson



AHH. . . Boston. Like your favorite old shirt or the family dog. A warm familiarity, a nostalgic predictability. Something you can return to year after year knowing that it awaits unchanged. The early morning bus ride to Hopkinton, the leisurely hours in the town square, the crowds milling among the hot dogs, balloons, t-shirts, homemade fudge, SPCA bakesale, Girl Scout cookies, souvenir buttons, and high school bands. Sitting against a tree in the sunshine, children playing on the grass, music wafting through the warm spring air, the smell of homemade brownies and freshly-brewed coffee. Ahead are twenty-six miles of family picnics, tailgate parties, beer blasts, roof-top jamborees, and screaming coeds as a million people celebrate the New England rites of spring while 8000 runners make their way to Boston.

So why am I standing on Baylestone Street in a torrential downpour with the temperature at 38 degrees? Where are the balloons? Where is the laughter? Where is the music? More importantly, where is the bus? It is **cold** out here, and no matter what the paper said, the rain has not diminished to a light drizzle, the wind has not shifted out of the East, and it is nowhere near 50 degrees.

The plastic rainsuit was a good buy at \$4.95 from the Army Surplus Store, and it doesn't actually leak as such, but still you feel soaked when surrounded by the sheets of driving rain. The pants, somewhat short, tend to conduct the water straight down the legs and into the shoes. And it doesn't help that as you jumped into the taxi an hour ago, the seam in the back of the britches ripped wide open so that now you have the feeling that you've been squatting in a trout stream in Northern Maine.

Traditionally, buses carrying the runners from Boston out to the start at Hopkinton run from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. People leave at all hours of the morning, but this year the only sensible plan was to stay warm and dry as long as possible and take the latest available bus. So, there were all of us who were sensible, waiting for a bus at 9:30, lined

up some 1000 strong down the street, around the corner, up the next street, around the corner and down the next block. Standing unprotected in a driving rain at 38 degrees for an hour. So much for sensible.

Every now and then a yellow school bus would pull around the corner and we'd all cheer as 42 people at the front of the line stumbled aboard and rode off while we moved eight or ten steps. Once three buses came simultaneously and we all cheered like mad, but mostly they came one at a time every once in a while.

For the first half hour standing in the line we were all fairly jovial. We wanted, after all, to make the best of the situation since griping would not improve it. Besides, it's important before a race to keep up the spirits and assume a positive attitude. And this was Boston. We were thrilled to be here, and there were thousands of people who'd gladly stand in our soaking shoes for the opportunity. So we joked about how all we really needed were bikes and we'd have a triathlon. We said how glad we were that it wouldn't be too hot.

Sometime later there were those among us who began to get a little testy—especially with friends, spouses, and line-crashers (and most especially if the former became the latter). There were one or two lively domestic quarrels that helped to entertain us. We even enjoyed watching two cars being towed from a no-parking zone. Meanwhile, a line-crasher defended his right to jump in ahead of us on the basis that he'd "paid his dues" because he was wet. I thought at that point we were on the verge of condensing *Lord of the Flies* into a micro-study, and it was almost a shame that the socio-dynamics had to be interrupted by the arrival of our bus.

My plan for the Hopkinton portion of the day was to find a nice cozy dry place and hole up in comfort while changing clothes and waiting for the noon start. I envisioned a church basement, a country store, a gas station, a front porch, perhaps even the living room of some magnanimous Hopkintonian. I saw myself warm and dry as I changed leisurely into the dry clothes I carried in a



well-tied garbage bag and prepared myself for the race.

So much for visions. At 11:15 I was hunkered under a wooden staircase in the backyard of a shoddy apartment house with four strange men, where a large brown spider was trying to make a temporary home of a beat-up folding chair and a small pile of dry leaves. An experienced bag-lady may have done better, but not much.

As I peeled off wet clothes and rummaged in my plastic poke trying to decide exactly how to dress for the run, I considered all available alternatives. A few hours ago, Billy Rogers had appeared on the *Today Show* and advised runners to wear hats, gloves, tights, and short-sleeved shirts with Vaseline or olive oil on their arms. A local veterinarian had advised plenty of warm clothes to guard against hypothermia. A sportscaster had said that it was important to stay dry for the first ten miles, and that one should run in ponchos, garbage bags, and with plastic baggies on the feet. Peeping out from between the steps to see how others were dressed, I saw one fella in a tux and top hat, several guys in shorts and singlets, and many people in gortex or nylon rain suits.

I learned long ago never to run in sweat-pants when it's raining (just try sometime to run any distance while holding up a pair of soaking pants). I also believe that whenever in doubt it's better to wear too few clothes than too many. So, while keeping my eye on the spider and studiously ignoring the fellows at the other end of the staircase, I dressed in a total body layer of Vaseline, dry shoes and socks, shorts, a long-sleeved shirt, a nylon jacket, socks for my hands, and (most important) a camouflage duck hat. I was ready to go and feeling great except that my feet were completely numb, with no feeling whatsoever. I ran laps in the parking lot for ten minutes until 11:58, and as I took my place at the start it was as if my feet didn't exist.

Funny thing about Vaseline—it really does keep you warm. Within a few miles I was good and warm. But I had this dreadful feeling that on a day when 8,761 people would

say race conditions were either perfect or too cold, I would be the only person suffering from the heat. The other interesting thing is that after two prolonged baths and three showers over a period of three days, the water still beaded up on my skin like an \$80 wax job on a new Lincoln.

Fortunately, the day got colder rather than warmer, and wetter rather than dryer, and I found that by wiping the grease off my face and tying the jacket around my waist I was entirely comfortable. I also found that the duck hat was a great thermostat—I took it off when I got warm, put it on when I got cool, and for heavy showers pulled it over my eyes and hunkered down under it.

Preoccupied with monitoring my hat and avoiding puddles (I finished with only somewhat damp shoes), I had little time to think about running. I sometimes remembered to look at my watch at mile markers, but invariably either forgot to look at it at the next mile, missed the marker altogether, or could not remember the previous time. So I mostly just ran along and watched for puddles and from time to time took off my hat and looked around.

I do remember a few things. I passed the halfway point at 1:29 and after several minutes of laborious calculations figured out that the pace was slightly under a 3:00 marathon. (I think my muscles used so much oxygen that there was none left for the brain. Sometimes I wonder if runners are in danger of developing permanent brain damage—or maybe already have). Someplace around fifteen miles a forty-ish woman dressed in purple blew by me like I was standing still (and as far as I know I wasn't). I was frantic to find out who she was and to try to see her number. Unfortunately there are no numbers on the backs of runners and anyway I couldn't have read a billboard at the distance she was putting between us. Somewhere around sixteen miles I realized that my abortive effort to follow this woman had caused me to pound down a hill in such a way that my right thigh felt like it had been stabbed.

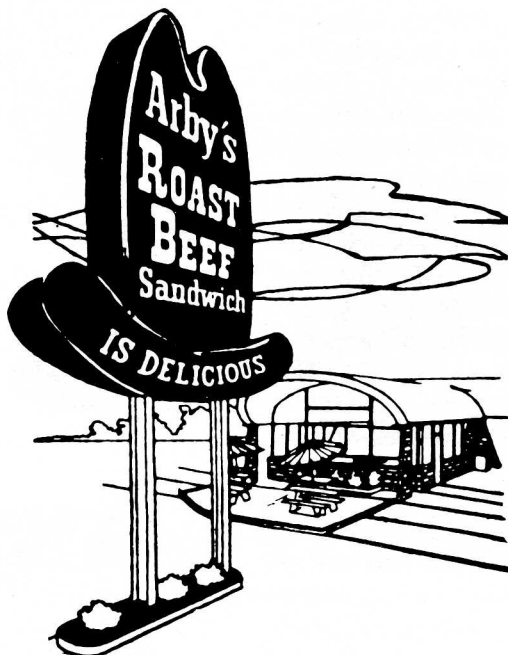
I also remember the Newton Hills. What a

relief to run uphill for a change. Everytime I run these hills (the fourth of which is the infamous Heartbreak) I remember my first race in 1980 walking the whole distance with thousands of people imploring me by name and number to "come on and run a little bit, you can do it." I sure could relate to this year's walkers. They'd trot a few wobbly steps and the crowds would cheer wildly and then they'd walk and the folks would groan. This eight-hundred-voice chorus of "Awwwww. . . ." is the pits. I have already decided that if (or if ever) I get to those hills again and can't run smartly up them, I am taking off my number, turning down a side street and walking up the next block behind the cheering (and groaning) masses.

I kind of coasted along the next few miles—did a lot of waving and nodding and acknowledging the spectators. I maybe got a little high on the dense marijuana fumes in the Boston College area. Got offered a lot of beer by the B.C. fellows and had several offers to trade my hat for various things. I'm usually at death's door by this point in the race so it was nice this year to enjoy the festivities.

At the 25-mile mark it was almost over and I wasn't ready for it to end. I said to myself, "This is it for this time" and I launched into an all-out, no-holds-barred sprint and covered the next mile in under 6:30. Figure I passed somewhere between 200 and 300 people, including at least a dozen women who had passed me earlier (but no sign of the woman in purple). I was the only person in that last mile who was really running—passing people who were shuffling along all tied-up, people who were pumping like crazy but not going anywhere, people who were walking forward and one who was walking backward. I sprinted up Beacon Street and onto Hereford and turned left for the last 200 yards to the flagpole at the Pru. Super run—great race—great day, headwind and all. (Next year I may try this sprint business a little sooner).

Wound up with 3:05:26, seventh among the masters' women. I got a medal at the awards ceremony which turned out to be a passport to the finest parties in town. There sure are a lot of great free food and drink in Boston on marathon night. Ah, Boston. Nothing like it! ■



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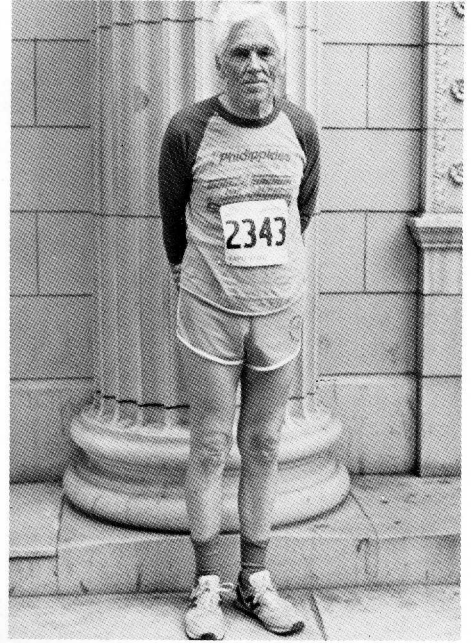
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# And The Winners Are . . .

EXPO 10,000 VI  
May 28, 1983  
Knoxville, Tennessee

## FINAL RESULTS

### MALES OVERALL

1. 29:58 P. Kane
2. 30:00 C. Crabb
3. 30:32 M. Friedrich
4. 30:33 M. Sonnenfeldt
5. 30:34 D. Krafsur

### MALES 10-14

1. 35:45 John Faulkner
2. 40:14 Jack Faulkner
3. 40:21 J. Cassell

### MALES 20-24

1. 30:35 J. Mullins
2. 30:38 J. Stubbs
3. 31:13 J. Young

### MALES 30-34

1. 31:20 A. Rouch
2. 33:26 K. Pfrangle
3. 34:00 G. Giles

### MALES 40-44

1. 34:22 W. Orr
2. 35:05 S. Stone
3. 35:53 H. Faust

### MALES 50-54

1. 38:29 S. Eichel
2. 38:43 D. Johnson
3. 38:59 C. Boston

### MALES 60-69

1. 40:48 R. Marriott
2. 46:08 L. Lundin
3. 47:55 E. Nicholson

### FEMALES OVERALL

1. 34:42 M. Kane
2. 35:25 S. Baxter
3. 37:19 P. Fillmore
4. 37:57 M. Winkler
5. 38:01 D. McLain

### FEMALES 10-14

1. 41:23 J. Faulkner
2. 41:47 J. Lowe
3. 42:27 A. Faulkner

### FEMALES 20-24

1. 35:25 S. Baxter
2. 37:19 P. Fillmore
3. 38:01 D. McLain

### FEMALES 30-34

1. 42:53 B. McCall
2. 43:16 S. Leggett
3. 44:40 J. Edwards

### FEMALES 40-44

1. 39:40 V. Johnson
2. 45:12 A. Anderson
3. 45:40 V. Silvus

### FEMALES 50-54

1. 45:35 W. Williams
2. 58:25 B. Berry
3. 58:43 K. Sanders

### FEMALES 60-69

1. 55:00 M. Goddard
2. 1:28:11 E. McKinney

### MALES 9 & Under

1. 42:42 E. Boyer
2. 47:58 B. Boyer
3. 47:58 S. Westerman

### MALES 15-19

1. 30:34 D. Krafsur
2. 31:04 C. Dickinson
3. 31:06 D. Giles

### MALES 25-29

1. 29:58 P. Kane
2. 30:00 C. Crabb
3. 30:32 M. Friedrich

### MALES 35-39

1. 32:54 F. Cornett
2. 33:13 J. Sodemann
3. 33:13 M. Adams

### MALES 45-49

1. 37:56 C. Engle
2. 38:16 J. Adamson
3. 39:10 H. Franklin

### MALES 55-59

1. 38:27 M. Laitinen
2. 41:40 B. Michel
3. 44:02 A. Masingill

### MALES 70 & Over

1. 55:18 T. Finucane
2. 1:31:53 H. Goddard

### FEMALES 9 & Under

1. 54:00 A. Long
2. 1:31:27 R. Goddard

### FEMALES 15-19

1. 40:26 E. Klots
2. 41:35 K. Taylor
3. 41:39 K. Perez

### FEMALES 25-29

1. 34:42 M. Kane
2. 37:57 M. Winkler
3. 42:04 S. Sligar

### FEMALES 35-39

1. 41:00 E. Smith
2. 43:43 J. Huster
3. 47:20 M. DeLozier

### FEMALES 45-49

1. 48:16 P. Reece
2. 49:11 M. Mabee
3. 49:35 J. Morris

### FEMALES 55-59

1. 55:50 F. Smith
2. 56:28 N. Claiborne
3. 1:00:50 B. Fuzek

Father-Son: G. Captain-J. Captain  
Father-Daughter: F. Cornett-C. Cornett

Mother-Son: A. Anderson-T. Preston  
Mother-Daughter: M. Faulkner-J. Faulkner

Husband-Wife: P. Kane-M. Kane  
Over 220 lbs.: J. Duvall









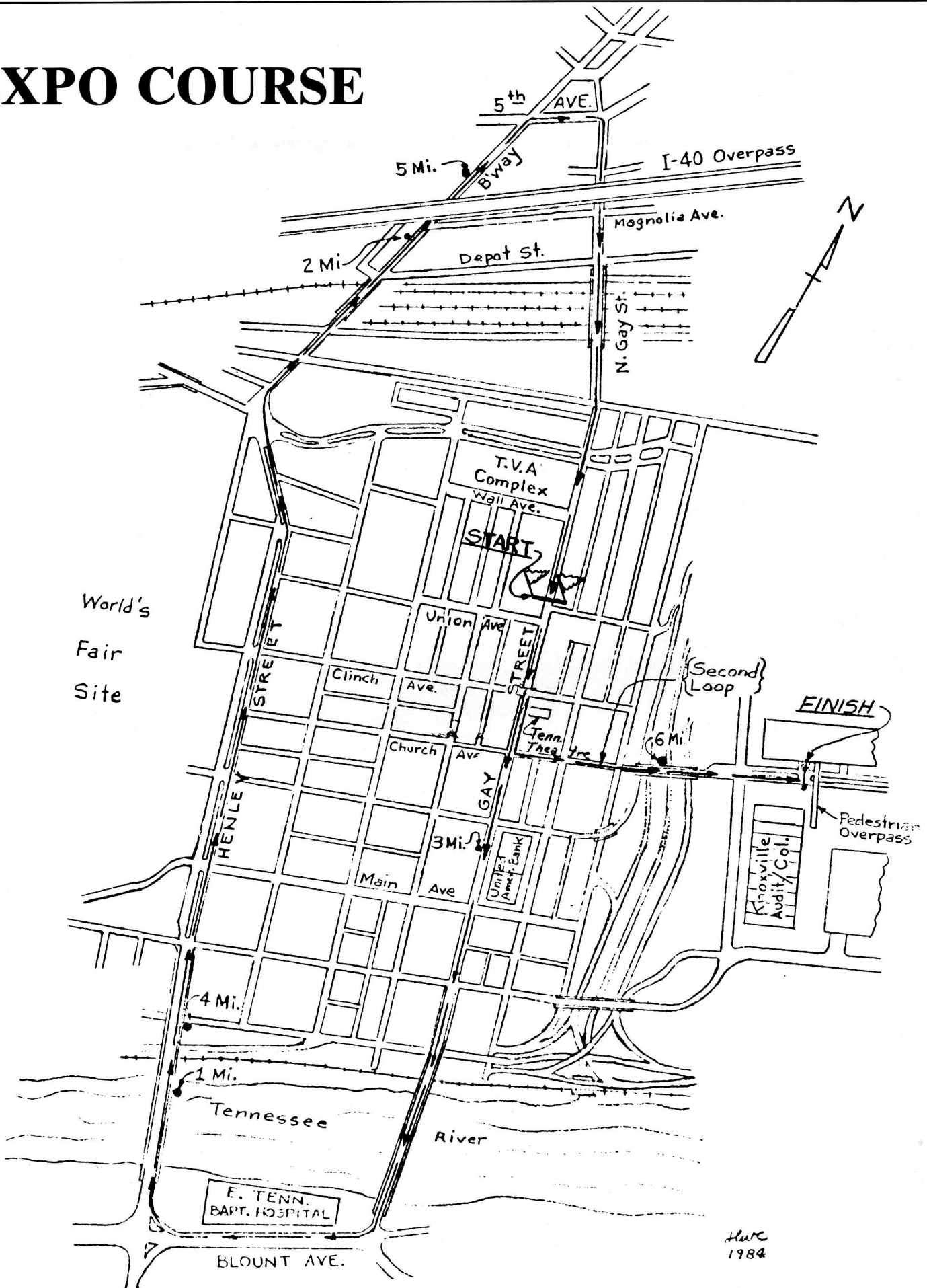








# EXPO COURSE



# History of the Knoxville Track Club

The Knoxville Track Club was founded on May 1, 1961, and incorporated by the State of Tennessee in May of 1971.

The Knoxville Track Club has sponsored or co-sponsored a total of 8 National Championship competitions in track and field and long distance running.

The Knoxville Track Club was the first club to sponsor a year-round distance running program in Southeastern United States.

The Knoxville Track Club has had a total of 5 Olympians among its membership.

The Knoxville Track Club was the first club in Southeastern United States to be represented in the Boston and the National AAU marathons.

The Knoxville Track Club was the first club in Southeastern United States to hold a track and field clinic to instruct officials.

The Knoxville Track Club sponsored and directed the only high school cross-country program in East Tennessee from 1964 through 1978.

Knoxville Track Club long distance races have produced a total of 4 American road records.

## JOIN THE KNOXVILLE TRACK CLUB

The KTC meetings and races are open to anyone interested in physical fitness through running. Membership includes the newsletter, monthly business meetings, four program meetings, and the annual picnic. To join the KTC, fill out this application and send it with the appropriate dues to the address indicated.

.....

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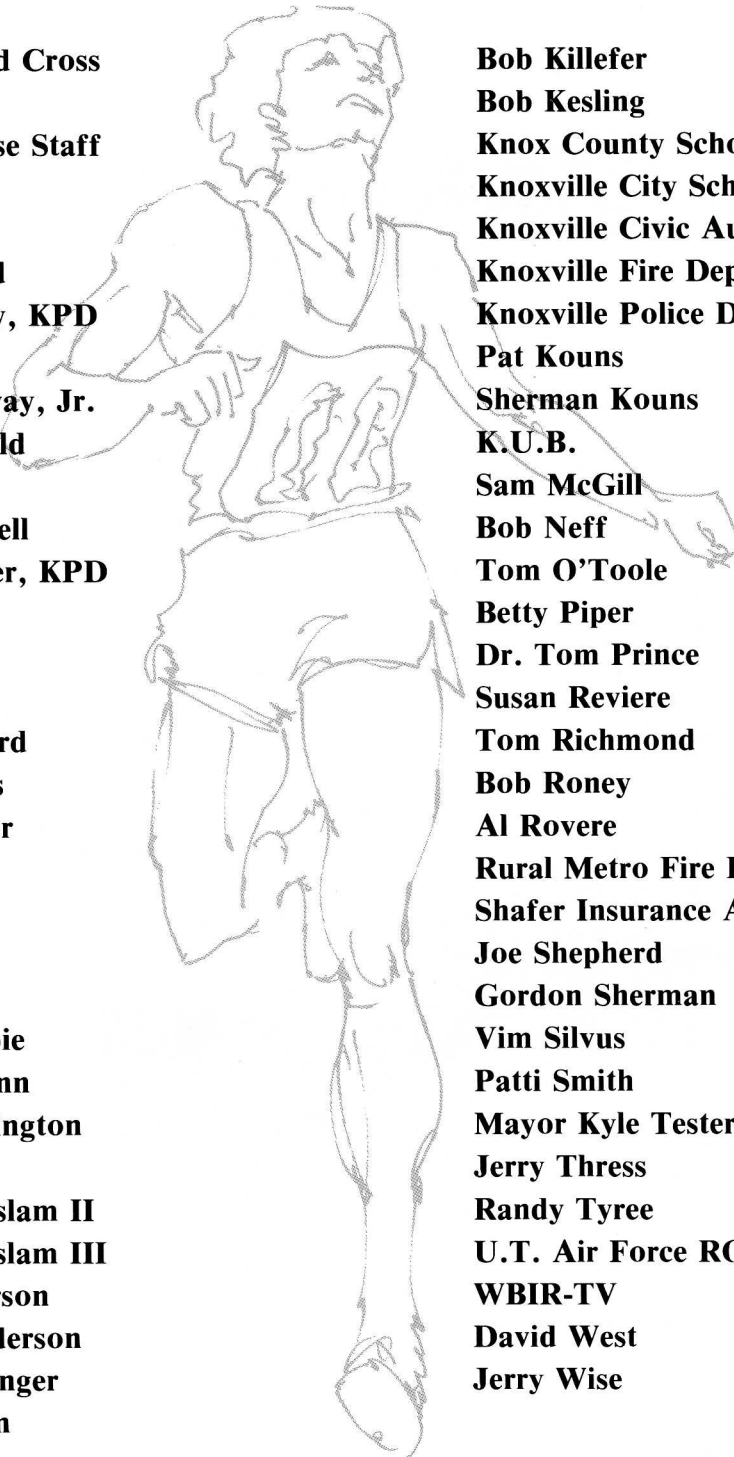
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