

UO Frosh Erupt As Race Result Hits Vancouver

(Editor's Note: Phil Knight, freshman half miler and an Emerald sports staffer was at the Vancouver, Canada, Relays with the Frosh track team when the Los Angeles Coliseum special race was broadcast. His report follows.)

By Phil Knight
Emerald Sports Writer

The Frosh track squad was wishing its medley relay team luck at the Vancouver relays when word came over the public address system that all relays were called off while the mile race from Los Angeles was broadcast.

The freshmen tensed as the announcer reported that the runners were off, and Ron Delany, unbeaten Irishman from Villanova, grabbed the lead and set the pace over the first two laps. The announced time for the half mile was 2:02 and the Frosh moaned, "They'll never break four minutes now!"

The announcer's steady voice went on, reporting Landy had taken over the lead and was running very easily. At the end of three laps it was Landy still running smoothly with Delany 15 yards behind, and Oregon's Jim Bailey behind Delany.

Almost in unison the freshmen said, "Come on Jim, you gotta beat Delany." And when Bailey passed the Irishman, the Frosh were happy and thought that Bailey had run a great race.

But the announcer began to get excited and the crowd in the background began to make noise. The hopped up announcer reported, "And here comes Bailey; he's running very strong; he's catching up to Landy — the two Australians are running stride for stride, and now Bailey has a one yard lead on Landy."

The freshmen couldn't believe it. Their eyes grew big as silver dollars and Jerry Christian kept saying, "Go Jim, go!"

The Frosh strained their ears as the announcer was almost drowned out by the roar of 38,000 people. The broadcaster shouted on, "Bailey has one yard, one yard." It seemed like forever until finally the announcer yelled, "Jim Bailey wins!" The freshmen were practically out of their heads. They were jumping up and down, slapping each other on the backs, and screaming at the tops of their lungs. And when the time, 3:58.6, was announced the Frosh went crazy all over again.

It took the relay officials five minutes to restore order on the Memorial coliseum infield.

IM Schedule

First round IM playoff games that were postponed last Friday will be played this Wednesday at times and places listed below, according to Denny Rapp, intramural chairman.

Wednesday, May 9

Softball:

4:p.m. Sederstrom vs. Sigma Nu, North Field
Sigma Chi vs. Sigma Alpha Mu, South Field
Phi Delta Theta vs. Sheldon, Upper Field

Golf

Hale Kane vs. Phi Sigma Kappa, Oakway

Tennis

4:p.m. Sigma Alpha Epsilon vs. Phi Gamma Delta, courts 4, 5, 6.

BEFORE THE RACE

TV, Dual Meet Make Pressure on Runners

By Chuck Mitchelmore

Emerald Sports Editor

LOS ANGELES — What do you do before a four minute mile?? "Not much," Jim Bailey said. "We watched TV awhile in the morning, just loafed around mostly."

"We took a couple workouts Thursday and Friday, but very light and on the grass — not more than a half mile at the most. And we just fooled around — waiting."

Art Litchman, Oregon athletic publicist, who accompanied Bailey and teammate Bill Dellinger for the special race in the Los Angeles Coliseum Saturday said that a band playing for a high school dance kept the boys awake most of the night before the race. "I felt like getting up and dancing," said Bailey.

Saturday the pair ate steaks and drank tea at 10 a.m., left their Santa Monica hotel about 11 and drove in to the Coliseum. They came out on the track at 2 p.m. for their preliminary warm-ups just in time to watch Bob Seaman win the mile of the UCLA-USC meet for the Bruins with a 4:07.4.

Bailey appeared a bit on edge and jogged uneasily across the edge of the grass infield. Dellinger, practically completely relaxed, stopped to talk to some friends then had a chat with tiny Max Truex, the USC sophomore two miler who has the current best time in the nation at 9:01.

Rafer Johnson, UCLA's one-man track team, put out a tremendous effort in the broad jump with a 25' 5 1/4" leap to insure a Bruin first place in that event and the white uniformed Uclans mobbed him. Dellinger got up and started after Bailey at a jog.

The Oregon runners disappeared inside the dressing room again and John Landy came out at 2:20 followed by three or four officials, one carrying a double armload of shoes, towels and equipment. The world record holder wore a white sweatshirt and black sweatpants with a pair of old brown canvas crepe-soled shoes.

Lon Spurrier came off the infield and stopped to talk to Landy a minute on his way to the dressing room. The half mile record holder wore faded red warmups with "San Francisco Olympic club" stenciled on them.

Seaman came by trailed by a couple of puffing, striding newsmen, "Yes, this is my best this year... Before this it was 4:07.9..."

Ron Delany came out alone in black Villanova sweats swinging a green ditty bag. The lean Irishman, his hair parted in the middle, put down the bag and took off at a trot. Landy sat on a bench in the shadow of the parade tunnel watching the crowd while his followers fussed with one another.

Rafer Johnson came racing to the curb to urge on UCLA's Russ Ellis in the stretch of the 440. USC's Mike Larrabee swept by Landy in the outside line and the biology teacher got up to watch. Ellis won in 47.4. Landy got up and started his warmup.

Dellinger and Bailey came back at 2:30. A horrible noise started inside the parade tunnel and finally a small steam roller came out and started rolling the curve. A crew with push brooms came by sweeping off the hard packed track. Earlier a hose team had wet

down the entire oval. "Trying to make our boys feel at home," said a Eugene photographer.

Rafer Johnson shot out of the 100-yard starting blocks like a fire engine and zoomed to a 9.8 victory. The UCLA white uniforms erupted again.

Bailey and Landy were walking shoulder to shoulder down the far straightaway engaged in a vigorous conversation. Dellinger came sprinting by, stopped and went back to trail the pair. ("He kept asking about Delany — he was worried about his kick, he said. I told him to forget that; Delany's kick has come only at the end of 4:10's and 4:11's.")

Four anxious officials converged on the group, urging them to the starting line. The three continued their walk. At the USC bench Landy stopped to say a word to someone. An official hustled over, "Hurry, Landy, we're going to run."

The group passed Spurrier stretched out in the sunshine. A second official ran back, "Up and at 'em, Lon!" Spurrier grunted, rolled over and stripped to his U.S. Air Force togs and followed. Delany looked at the sky and listened to a rapidly talking adviser. A frustrated official put an extra pin on Bailey's number.

Newsreel and still photographers swarmed the starting area, fighting for space with officials. Danny Schweikart and Jerome Walters appeared from somewhere and the crowd hushed as 2:52 p.m. drew near. Landy drew a large ovation from the crowd, as did Spurrier. Bailey and Dellinger received courtesy applause along with Schweikart and Walters.

The P.A. announcer introduced Delany from Villanova and Ireland to a solid applause topped with moans and some boos. (A later correction revealed that Delany, "I'm happy to say," is from southern Ireland. The correction brought wild cheers from the Irish element.)

The starter called the runners to marks, raised a neon-sleeved gun arm to the sky and at 2:52.10 p.m. the cannon echo of the starting shot began the first sub-four minute mile in America.

Unhappy Moments Try to Disrupt Group's Big Time

It's not all roses in the path of the first four minute miler in America. Put these down as unhappy moments in the four-day trip of the Oregon contingent in Los Angeles.

• Jim Bailey, Bill Bellinger, and Art Litchman miss connections in San Francisco on first leg of trip down. After hour's wait, catch another plane into L.A.

• Bill Dellinger loses warmup shoes on infield grass of Coliseum after changing to spikes for race.

• Rented car bearing three celebrants after dinner Saturday night breaks down. Trio stranded in outskirts of L.A.

• Litchman gets sore throat and dilly of laryngitis case. Three speaking engagements scheduled for first three nights of this week for UO publicist.

• Emerald sports editor Chuck Mitchelmore loses extra jacket on United Airlines plane as mob greets group in Eugene.

Delany-Bailey Switch Stymies Duck Varsity

By Bob Rogers

Emerald Sports Writer

We were out on the Moscow, Idaho, field early and were jogging around trying to get limber and pass time when a voice could be heard over the loudspeaker like a man broadcasting over the radio. He had a southern drawl. Everyone stopped and listened.

"And now the participants for the coming race are getting ready to run and are approaching their assigned lanes." The Idaho and Oregon track teams were motionless. "In lane one, Needles; lane two, Career Boy; running in lane three, Reaping Right..." Everybody looked at each other with puzzled expressions and someone said, "What?"

"The horses are in their gates..."

Derby Fools Crowd

"Damn, I thought it was the race," someone said. Everybody started warming up again. A few of us were crowded together doing calisthenics and we noticed some guys running over to the judges' stand. We kept stretching and we saw more people crowd around the booth. Then we hurried over too.

A crowd was listening to a portable radio and we arrived at the end of the second lap. Landy had just passed Delany and was running well in front. The announcer was having trouble with his diction. He was excited. "Landy's moving out in front now ladies and gentlemen; way, way, way out in front. He's way ahead now... 10, 15 yards."

"All Landy"

We all sort of expected Landy to win, but we were really interested to find out how Bailey and Dellinger were doing. We were mad because all the announcer could talk about was Landy. I guess we were pretty excited too because we were jumping around and pounding our fists on the wooden benches.

Coach Bill Bowerman didn't say much. He just stood there in the middle of us listening to the meet with his hands in his pockets.

"Delany" Presses Aussie

Then the announcer was speaking again. "Wait a minute folks, Delany is moving up on Landy. He's getting closer. They are in the final turn now and he's right behind him. They're coming out of the turn and Delany's making his bid. Ladies and gentlemen, Ron Delany is passing Landy."

The announcer stopped and stuttered for a minute like he couldn't believe what he was seeing. We could hear the roar of the crowd in the background. "He's ahead by a stride now and folks he might win. He does, ladies and gentlemen Ron Delany from Villanova in a green and white uniform has just beaten world champion John Landy..."

No Bailey, Dellinger

Something about the green and white uniform didn't sound just right but none of us thought much about it. We hung around for a few minutes trying to find out what the official time was and how Bailey and Dellinger did, but all the guy would talk about was Delany and what he thought the unofficial time was.

About five minutes later a few of us were sitting around putting on our track shoes and a few students walked up to us in street clothes. "How does it make ya feel for yer team mate to beat Landy?" one of the guys said.

We looked at each other and then back at him. "Gawan," one of us said, "We heard it on the

radio. Delany won."

"What da ya mean he won, we saw it on television."

"Forget it."

"Look you guys, the guy that won had a big 'O' on his jersey. Even the TV announcer said it was Bailey."

"No kiddin'? Ya serious?"

"Yep."

We just stood there for a minute looking at the ground and at each other. Then we started running up and down the field telling everybody the good news.

It really spread fast. Soon everyone knew about it. A couple of us went looking for Bowerman. We found him over at the broad jump pit.

"Hey Bill, the announcer was crazy. It was Bailey that won."

"What?"

"Yeh, some guys saw it over television. They saw Bailey win. Even the announcer said it was him. Big 'O' on the jersey and everything."

He didn't say anything right away. He just looked at us. Then his face broke out in a big grin. "Rogers," he said, "if you're wrong I'll kill ya, but if yer right I'll give ya a million bucks."



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