

# Bowerman Supports Runners At Troublesome L.A. Meet

By DICK LEUTZINGER  
Emerald Contributor

Dyrol Burleson just came home from New Zealand and Bill Bowerman from Los Angeles. Burly wears an ear to ear grin on his sun tanned face when he talks about his experiences in New Zealand with Olympic champions Murray Halberg and Peter Snell and world record holder Roger Moens.

Bowerman though, wears no smile. He's usually quite a reasonable man, but sometimes if he doesn't get his way, he loses his temper and becomes rather difficult to get along with. He didn't get along with the Southern California track meet promoters and hotel clerks last weekend, so he merely blew his stack.

FRIDAY afternoon his contingent of runners was scheduled to leave for the Southland to compete in the Los Angeles Times Invitational meet at the L.A. Sports Arena Saturday night. They missed connections to one plane when another which they were on arrived late in San Francisco.

Then when they arrived at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, where they were supposed to have reservations, the desk clerk told Bowerman: "I never heard of you." He sent them two blocks down the street to the Chancellor Hotel, where he promised to get them rooms. But the desk clerk there never had heard of Bowerman either, and wasn't even sure if he knew what the University of Oregon was, and certainly had no knowledge of why it had representatives in town. Athletes can be a temperamental bunch. For that matter, so can coaches, especially if they are named Bill Bowerman and it is four o'clock in the morning.

COACH Bowerman, momentarily suppressing his anger, slowly explained that the Los Angeles Times, he had been led to believe, published a daily newspaper for the townspeople of L.A. With this the hotel clerk agreed. Then Mr. B. told him about the track meet. He said he had heard about that too. Soon he had Bowerman on the phone with a man on the sports desk at the Times office.

The conversation went something like this:

Bowerman: "Let me speak to Glenn Davis, please."

Newsman: "He's not here now."

Bowerman: "Give me a phone number where I can reach him."

Newsman: "He has an unlisted number and he's home in bed."

Bowerman: "Get me his phone number anyway, I'll wake him up."

Newsman: "Can't do it."

Bowerman: "Yes you can. I'm down here with four athletes who



**BILL BOWERMAN, Oregon track coach, found organization for the indoor track meet in Los Angeles rather un hospitable for his runners.**

need some sleep before the meet tomorrow and we don't have the rooms that were supposed to be reserved for us. I've got five plane tickets. If Davis isn't in touch with me within five minutes, we're turning around and going back to Oregon."

THE TICKET bit, admits Bowerman, was just a bluff. He knew there wasn't a plane leaving for several hours. But it got results. Within five minutes, there was another conversation, this one between Bowerman and Davis.

Davis: "What are you so mad at me for?"

Bowerman: "Because we're your guests and you were supposed to get us a place to stay."

Davis: "Oh."

Within another five minutes, Coach B. and his runners were in bed, and soon thereafter, asleep.

"A young person can usually go a night without much sleep," says Bowerman, "but sometimes it can cause a psychological block." Apparently it did just this. Archi San Romani ran his race as planned until the halfway mark, but then "didn't have it" anymore. "It was probably partly a mental block," explains Bowerman. "He really was tired, but the way he turned it on at the end to pass two men and almost catch another showed that he had strength he didn't know about."

OTIS DAVIS suffered too, possibly more so than the others. He had a cold when he arrived in town, and the lack of sleep the night before didn't help his condition. He stepped off the track after about 350 yards of the 500 yard race. "I just didn't have any strength," he said later. He was dead last when he withdrew.

Roscoe Cook fared better than

his mates. He won the 60 yard dash, although his time was 6.1 seconds, slightly slower than the fans had hoped for.

Olympian Hayes Jones won the 60-yard high hurdles, with a disappointed Jerry Tarr finishing third, 1/10 of a second behind. Tarr says the lack of sleep might have made the difference, but added "I don't like to use it as an excuse."

BURLY HAS been away from Eugene for three weeks. While he was gone, Bowerman got into another squabble, this one with two faculty members from the Speech and Drama Department. At lunch one day recently, they asked him why he allowed Burleson to leave school for three weeks during the middle of the term. Bowerman's theory on education is that travel is one of the best teachers. So, he asked them how the Speech and Drama Department could let a whole group of students travel to the South Pacific last year during the school year. Chalk up another point for Bowerman.

No matter how much controversy is raised, the trip was a great experience for Burly, and there is no question about the educational values of such a trip.

WHILE HE was there he ran against the world's best competition in Halberg, Snell, Moens. Burleson did well in meeting the task of reaching a peak so early in the season, and getting accustomed to running on a grass track, a new experience for him.

He was undefeated in his first five races, having a best time of 4:01.2 in the mile and 1:50 flat in the half, the latter run during a driving rain.

HOWEVER, before his last race, the New Zealanders decided it was time for the young American to lose a race, so a \$400 prize (about \$800) was offered to the track club of the man who could beat him. Burly was unaware of the plot. Not only did he have this against him, but the local marathon champion invited him for a run the day before the race, an opportunity which Burly jumped at. The marathon is 26 miles long. Later he realized what had happened, but he was not bitter when he was beaten the next day. Bowerman was not upset either: "He'll probably profit from the experience."

## Order of the O

The Order of the O will have its weekly meeting and lunch at the Sigma Nu fraternity Wednesday.

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# New York Commission Gives Archie the Word

The New York State Athletic Commission has given an either or else ultimatum to aging light-heavyweight Archie Moore.

Either Moore defends what's left of his light-heavyweight title or the title will be vacated. The New York Commission doesn't care who Moore meets, just as long as he arranges a defense. It mentioned Doug Jones of New York or some other suitable contender.

The National Boxing Association lifted Moore's crown last year for the same reason—fail-

ure to defend. It recognizes Harold Johnson of Philadelphia as light-heavyweight champion.

Moore tried to arrange a defense against Erich Schoeppner of Germany but Schoeppner and New York promoters can't agree on the purse.

Arrangements for a London title fight between lightweight champion Joe Brown and Dave Charnley were completed today when Charnley agreed to a return fight clause. If Charnley wins, the return bout will be staged at Houston, Texas.



## "I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU"

I know all of you have important things to do in the morning—like getting down to breakfast before your roommate eats all the marmalade—so you really cannot be blamed for not keeping up with all the news in the morning papers. In today's column, therefore, I have prepared a run-up of news highlights from campuses the country over.

### SOUTHERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Willard Hale Sigafos, head of the department of anthropology at Southern Reserve University, and internationally known as an authority on primitive peoples, returned yesterday from a four-year scientific expedition to the headwaters of the Amazon River. Among the many interesting mementos of his journey is his own head, shrunk to the size of a kumquat. He refused to reveal how his head shrinking was accomplished. "That's for me to know and you to find out," he said with a tiny, but saucy grin.

### NORTHERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Mandrill Gibbon, head of the department of zoology at Northern Reserve University, and known to young and old for his work on primates, announced yesterday that he had received a grant of \$80,000,000 for a twelve-year study to determine precisely how much fun there is in a barrel of monkeys.

Whatever the results of Dr. Gibbon's researches, this much is already known: What's more fun than a barrel of monkeys is



To determine precisely how much fun there is...

a pack of Marlboro. There is zest and cheer in every puff, delight in every draw, content and well-being in every fleecy, flavorful cloudlet. And what's more, this merriest of cigarettes comes to you both in soft pack and flip-top box wherever cigarettes are sold at prices that do no violence to the slimmest of purses. So why don't you settle back soon and enjoy Marlboro, the filtered cigarette with the unfiltered taste.

### EASTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

The annual meeting of the American Philological Institute, held last week at Eastern Reserve University, was enlivened by the reading of two divergent monographs concerning the origins of early Gothic "runes," as letters of primitive alphabets are called.

Dr. Tristram Lathrop Spleen, famed far and wide as the discoverer of the High German Consonant Shift, read a paper in which he traced the origins of the Old Wendish rune "pt" (pronounced "krahtz") to the middle Lettic rune "gr" (pronounced "albert"). On the other hand, Dr. Richard Cumberbund Twonkey, who, as the whole world knows, translated "The Pajama Game" into Middle High Bactrian, contended in his paper that the Old Wendish rune "pt" derives from the Low Erse rune "mf" (pronounced "gr").

Well, sir the discussion grew so heated that Dr. Twonkey finally asked Dr. Spleen if he would like to step into the gymnasium and put on the gloves. Dr. Spleen accepted the challenge promptly, but the contest was never held because there were no gloves in the gymnasium that would fit Dr. Twonkey.

(The reader is doubtless finding this hard to believe as Eastern Reserve University is celebrated the length and breadth of the land for the size of its glove collection. However, the reader is asked to remember that Dr. Twonkey has extraordinarily small hands and arms. In fact, he spent the last war working in a small-arms plant, where he received two Navy "E" Awards and was widely hailed as a "manly little chap.")

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