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Bruce Jenner

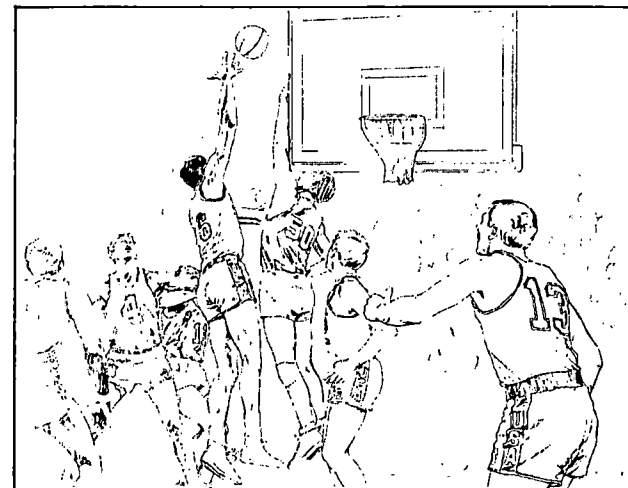
Since 1912, when the decathlon took its modern form and was won by Jim Thorpe, the United States has won the gold 10 out of 16 times. The decathlon represents perhaps the ultimate sports challenge. The athletes compete against each other, but the real foe is the scorers' table, total score being more important than winning any single event.

Bruce Jenner became a decathlete as a result of a football injury. He placed tenth in the 1972 Games but became determined to take it all in 1976.

With a personal goal of 8,600 points, Jenner began the long training road to Montreal.

The gold medal hung on the final event -- the 1500 meter run. Jenner was matched against '72 gold medalist Nikolai Avilov of the Soviet Union, who also held the decathlon world record in the 1500 meter.

Jenner not only broke Avilov's record, but also set an Olympic record with 8,618 points.



1956 Basketball Team

Olympic basketball has come a long way since 1936, the first year the sport became an Olympic event.

Dr. James Naismith, inventor of the game, was on hand to throw up the first jump ball for a game played on an outdoor clay court. The final game between the U.S. and Canada was played with an inch of rain on the court. Predictably it was low scoring with the two teams together scoring less than 30 points.

Basketball is uniquely an American contribution to the Olympics, and the country has dominated the event, winning 10 out of 12 times it has been played.

One of the most dominant U.S. teams was the 1956 group, led by future NBA stars Bill Russell and K.C. Jones. This team beat its opponents by an average 50 points per game and defeated the Soviet Union 98-55 for the gold medal.

The team was coached by Gerald Tucker, then coach of the Phillips 66ers, who had several of his own players on the Olympic team.

Other members of the team were: Ronald Tomsil, William Evans, Carl Cain, Gilbert Ford, Robert Jeangerard, William Hougland, Charles Darling, James Walsh, Burdette Haldorson, and Richard Boushka.



Debbie Meyer

Debbie Meyer began swimming at age eight, and at 14 had set her first world record. She would go on to set a total of 24 American and 20 world records. Meyer also became the first female to win three individual gold medals in a single Olympic Games competition.

Meyer's events were the 200, 400 and 800 freestyle events at the 1968 games in Mexico City. She estimates logging 30,000 miles in pre-Games training sessions.

Meyer was named World Swimmer of the Year for three straight years ('67-'69) by Swimming World Magazine, Associated Free Press Woman Athlete of the Year in 1969 and was also awarded the coveted Sullivan Award, recognizing her as amateur Athlete of the Year. In 1977 she was inducted into the International Swimming Hall of Fame.



Glenn Davis

Glenn Davis is one of those rare Olympic athletes to have won his event in two different games.

Davis, from Ohio State, became the first person to break the 50 second barrier in the 400 meter hurdles. He did this during the 1956 Olympic trials with a time of 49.5.

Later in 1956, he took the 400 meter gold at the Melbourne Games. While not matching his world record, Davis did set a new Olympic mark of 50.1.

He returned to Olympic competition in 1960, and this time he got it all -- a gold medal and a new world record of 49.3, plus leading a U.S. sweep of the event.

But Davis was not through. He also ran one leg of the gold medal 4x400 meter team for the United States.



Robert J. Kane

The primary criterion for selection to the Olympic Hall of Fame Contributor category is embodied in the category name -- Contributor. Few individuals can match Bob Kane's contributions to sports generally and the U.S. Olympic movement specifically.

Kane hit the collegiate sports scene as a member of Cornell University's track and field team. During this period he set a school record in the 200 meter run that would stand for over 40 years. In 1954, as a member of a touring U.S. team in Europe, he set a world record of 34 seconds in the 300 meter run. He later joined the athletic department at his alma mater and guided the school's athletic programs for 36 years until his retirement in 1976.

His involvement with the Olympics began in 1951 when he was named to USOC board of directors. In 1952 he managed the men's track and field team in Helsinki.

He has since held many elected positions with the USOC, including a term as president (1976-80).

Among the many sparkles in his star-studded career was his conceptualization and development of what is now the U.S. Olympic Festival, the ultimate proving ground for America's future Olympians.



SHIRLEY BABASHOFF

Californian Shirley Babashoff at an early age demonstrated a smooth, strong technique that signaled future swimming success. At 15, she won her first Olympic gold medal, as a member of the 1972 U.S. 400 meter freestyle relay team, in Munich.

In 1976, the world wondered if any team at the Montreal Games could swim competitively against an unbelievably powerful East German squad anchored by Petra Thumer and the swift Kornelia Ender. Babashoff and her American teammates repeated their gold medal performance in the 400 meter freestyle relay, and took the silver in the 400 meter medley relay - a highly respectable showing against the East German juggernaut, some thought, conceding the individual events to Thumer and Ender.

Shirley Babashoff conceded nothing. Her style, her training and her philosophy of sports and life revolved around one tenet, "strive to win". She faced Thumer in the 200 meter freestyle and the demanding 800 meter freestyle, and went head-to-head against Ender at 400 meters.

In all three races, Babashoff won the silver medal. Each time, the East Germans took the gold by less than a second. And each time, they were forced by Babashoff to set new Olympic and world records in the process.

It is an honor for the United States Olympic Hall of Fame to welcome Shirley Babashoff, an athlete of pride and determination, into its class of 1987.



DONNA de VERONA

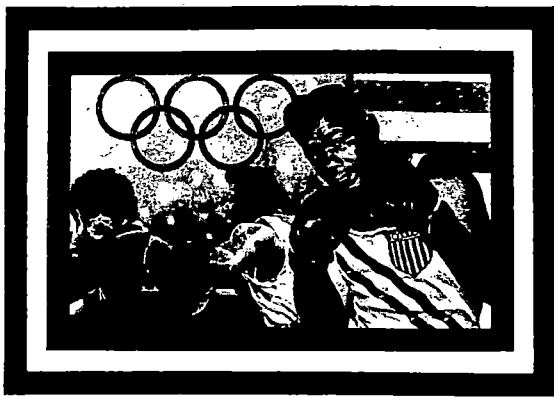
Donna de Verona began her Olympic career in 1960, in Rome. Though only 13, and the youngest member of the American swim team, she was no stranger to the rough, sometimes unforgiving world of competitive swimming.

Already, de Verona was the world record holder in the 400 meter individual medley. When the event was added to the Olympic calendar at the Tokyo Games in 1964, de Verona swam away with the gold. She added another gold as a member of the American 400 meter freestyle relay team.

After her selection as outstanding female athlete in the world in 1964, de Verona refused to rest on her Olympic laurels. She put her athletic experience and expertise to work as a network sports commentator, becoming the first woman to cover the Olympics for television.

More significantly, de Verona has played a key role in the fostering of women's rights in sports. She helped found the Women's Sports Foundation, and her undaunted work toward the passage of landmark Title IX legislation is well-recognized. She remains widely sought for her advisory skills in the progressive women's sports movement.

De Verona enters the U.S. Hall of Fame not just as one of its champions, but also as one of its most multi-faceted individuals.



FLOYD PATTERSON

The United States Olympic boxing team in 1952 was not expected to do well against the seasoned international competition at the Helsinki Games. But when the final rounds were over, the surprising Americans had won five gold medals. The team's new middleweight champion, a 17-year-old born in North Carolina and raised on the streets of Brooklyn, was the quiet but quick Floyd Patterson.

Patterson won his first Olympic bout by decision, then gathered steam as he drew closer to the gold, dominating the competition with swift, hard punches and fluid footwork. He defeated challengers from the Netherlands and Sweden before measuring Romania's Vasila Tita just 20 seconds into the first round for the championship.

Soon after the Olympics, Patterson began molding a career as a professional, setting his sights on the heavyweight division. Years of patience, hard work, and introspection were realized in 1956, when Patterson defeated Archie Moore to become the youngest heavyweight champion in the world. In deference to his early years of poverty and self-doubt, Patterson held and defended his title with dignity. He lost the title once to Ingemar Johansson, but regained it a year later.

A boxer of great skill and a man of tremendous class, Floyd Patterson this year deservedly takes his place in the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame.



DR. LEROY T. WALKER

Dr. LeRoy T. Walker is a man who has devoted his life to the betterment of education and amateur sports - a man among precious few men who realize sports are only part of a young person's development. Dr. Walker's Olympic involvement includes lofty positions both on and off the playing field. He has coached U.S. and international Olympic teams, advised governments on amateur sports administration, and has served a vital role on the United States Olympic Committee.

Dr. Walker coached the 1976 U.S. Olympic track and field team at Montreal and, through his long tenure as collegiate coach, has produced a host of world record holders, all-Americans and national championships. Yet much of his deepest satisfaction is derived from realizing the positions of responsibility his proteges have attained. Numerous doctors, lawyers, educators, public officials and business leaders point to Dr. Walker's example in ethics, achievement and spiritual awareness.

The U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame welcomes as its special contributor for 1987 LeRoy T. Walker, Ph.D., who has proven that mind and body working in unison can achieve true success and fulfillment.

TENLEY ALBRIGHT

As the first American ever to become the Olympic women's figure skating champion, Tenley Albright etched out a remarkable comeback story at the 1956 Winter Games that was symbolic of her lifelong triumphs over adversity.

Stricken by nonparalytic polio at age 11, Albright managed at age 16 to bring home a silver medal to the United States from the 1952 Olympic Games in Oslo, Norway. The following year, the Newton Center, Mass., native captured the world figure skating championship at Davos, Switzerland.

In 1954, however, she suffered a setback in an attempt to defend her world title, also at Oslo, when she took a rare spill during her on-ice performance. The next year, however, she became the first woman ever to regain the crown with a near-perfect routine at the world championships in Vienna.

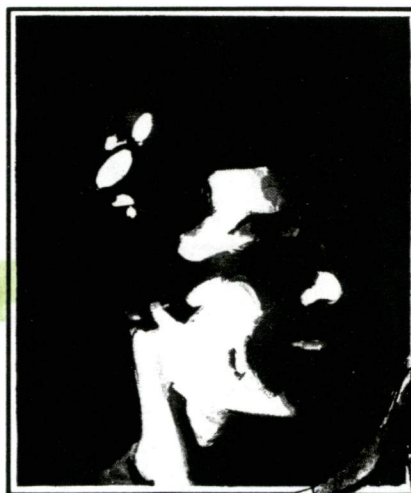
In 1956, the Radcliffe pre-med student and favorite to win the women's figure skating competition at the Winter Games in Cortina, Italy, suffered another most untimely accident. Less than two weeks before the Games, Albright hit a rut in practice, her left skate cutting through her right boot and severely scraping a bone.

Her father, a prominent Boston surgeon, flew from the United States to treat her. The wound had not completely healed when Olympic competition began, but Albright skated well enough to earn the first place votes of 10 of the 11 judges and hold off a strong challenge from her 16-year-old American teammate, Carol Heiss. Albright's gold medal was one of only two captured by the United States that year. Along with her Olympic medals and world titles, she was a five-time national champion during her brilliant skating career.

A 1961 graduate of Harvard Medical School, Albright, now a prominent surgeon in Boston, is director of the Advanced Medical Research Foundation; special advisor on the President's Council for Physical Fitness; and chair of the regional panel for the selection of White House Fellows.

Albright served on the Executive Board as corporate secretary for the United States Olympic Committee from 1977 to 1981, and also held a post on the USOC Athletes Advisory Council.

Albright holds four honorary degrees and was the first woman inducted to the Harvard Hall of Fame. She presently sits on the admissions committee for Harvard Medical School.



Class of 1988



BILL BRADLEY

Princeton All-American, Rhodes scholar, professional basketball superstar and U.S. Senator, Bill Bradley during his stellar career has exhibited all the leadership qualities of an Olympic legend. In 1964, Bradley was the captain of the U.S. Olympic basketball team, which won a seventh consecutive gold medal at the Summer Games in Tokyo. In nine games, the Americans outscored their opponents by an impressive average of 78-48, with Bradley tossing in 10.1 points per game. The unbeaten U.S. squad was seriously tested just once, in a 69-61 victory over Yugoslavia. Against the U.S.S.R. in the title game, the U.S. fell behind, 16-13, in the first 10 minutes, but then went on an 18-4 spurt to win the gold, 73-59.

Originally from Crystal City, Mo., Bradley's choice to attend Princeton over more traditional basketball schools was academic. And Princeton basketball in the early sixties became, quite simply,

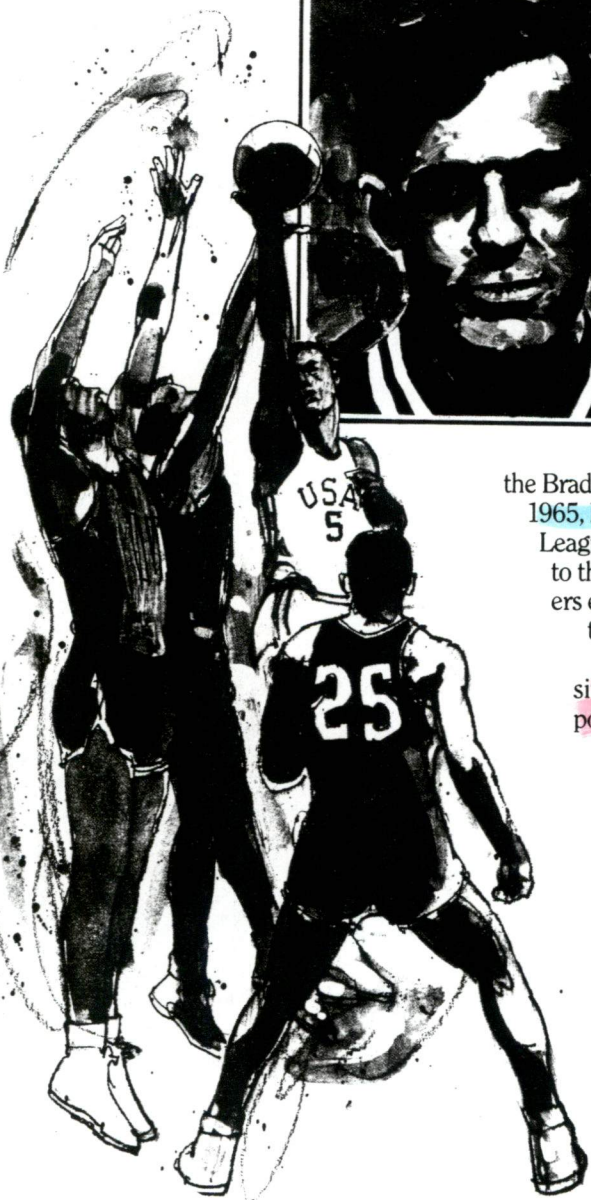
the Bradley era. The lanky, 6-foot-5 forward was a two-time consensus All-American and in 1965, his senior year, he was named college basketball Player of the Year—a rarity for Ivy Leaguers—by the National Association of Coaches. That same season, he led Princeton to the NCAA Final Four tournament and became the first of only two basketball players ever to receive the Amateur Athletic Union's Sullivan Award, symbolic of the country's outstanding amateur athlete.

After graduating with honors from Princeton, Bradley attended Oxford University on a Rhodes Scholarship, earning a master's degree after three years studying politics, philosophy and economics.

He joined the NBA's New York Knickerbockers in 1967 and enjoyed a 10-year, all-star pro career—a solid anchor on a Knicks squad that twice captured the league title, in 1970 and 1973. In 1983, Bradley was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame, making him only the fourth person to be selected in his first year of eligibility. In 1984, his Knicks' jersey No. 24 was retired in a ceremony at New York's Madison Square Garden.

In 1979, at age 35, Bradley was sworn in to the United States Senate as its youngest member. It was his first bid for public office. Soon after, he received prestigious assignments to the Finance Committee, Energy Committee, and Special Committee on Aging. Since then, the senior senator from New Jersey also has been named a member of the Select Committee on Intelligence, and chair of both the Water and Power Subcommittee of the Energy Committee and the International Debt Subcommittee of the

Finance Committee. He is the author of two books, "Life on the Run," about his experiences as an athlete on the road in America; and "The Fair Tax." A bill modeled on the principles of the original Bradley Fair Tax legislation became the Tax Reform Act of 1986.





CHARLES DANIELS

Some peculiar things happened to Charles Daniels on his way to back-to-back Olympic gold medals in 100-meter freestyle swimming. The time was just past the turn of the century, and the games were still getting their feet wet.

In 1906, the year of the Interim Games in Athens, the competition was held in the harbor at Piraeus, where British and Greek destroyers tied up alongside the swimming lanes were dumping refuse over the side. Competitors issued forth from a "treadwater" start, against an incoming tide which shifted the marker buoys and actually lengthened the course by 15 meters. Charlie Daniels won in 1:13.

Two years later at the London Olympics, Daniels was still in the process of slipping off his robe when the starter's gun sounded. Daniels, like the rest of the field wearing a modest, full-length tank suit with shoulder straps, overcame a remarkable deficit to capture the gold in 1:05.6.

The London conquest is fitting testimony to Charlie Daniels' unlikely swimming career—an odyssey in which he captured a total of seven Olympic medals, 53 national championships and 310 international awards. Except for maybe a dozen or so swimming lessons at age 12, Daniels never even had a coach. Instead, he discovered his own "groove." At the time, it was known as the American crawl. Today we recognize it as freestyle.

Whether it was swimming, track and field, basketball or even riflery (he was national junior small bore champion in

1902-03), few in America were in Daniels' league, and he was never out of his element. Daniels won five Olympic medals at St. Louis in 1904, capturing the 220-yard and 440-yard freestyle events, swimming a leg for the victorious U.S. 200-yard relay team, placing second in the 100-yard freestyle and finishing third in the 50-yard freestyle. He was 19 and still in prep school.

Daniels followed his 1904 heroics with the 100-meter Olympic victories in 1906 and 1908 and, by the time he retired an unbeaten champion in 1911, he had established seven world records in various events. He held the 100-meter freestyle mark from 1905 to 1908, and lowered it to 54.8 in 1910. He was Amateur Athletic Union "athlete of the year" in 1909.

Daniels, who died in 1973 at age 89, authored the book, "Speed Swimming," and once gave some pointers to two young, enthusiastic fans, the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII), and the Duke of York (later George VI), then 12 and 10, respectively.

Charles M. Daniels is inducted posthumously this year into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame as the first selectee in the new veterans category, honoring Olympians who competed before 1948...

That was the year he won his second California State Seniors Golf Championship.



MAL WHITFIELD

Mal Whitfield's victories in the 800-meter runs at the 1948 Olympics in London and 1952 Games in Helsinki were the classic case of history repeating itself.

An Army Air Force sergeant from Ohio State University, Whitfield was renowned for a flawless form and powerful bursts that made him the world's best at 800 meters for six years, and a three-time Olympic gold medal winner.

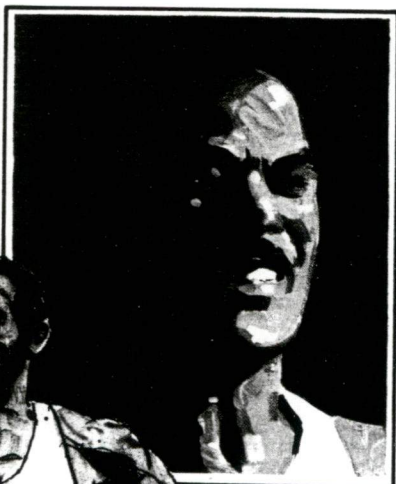
The Summer Games in London thrust the 23-year-old Whitfield into the Olympic limelight. In the 800-meter event, Marcel Hansenne of France held the early lead, but by the end of the first lap, the smooth-striding Whitfield had jumped the field and began pulling away. His strongest opponent, Arthur Wint, made a late charge, but Whitfield held off the Jamaican challenger to win by three yards in an Olympic record 1:49.2. Whitfield also won a gold medal as anchor of the 4x400-meter U.S. relay team, and a bronze in the 400-meter run.

Four years later, after he had married and flown 27 bomber missions in Korea as a tail gunner, Whitfield put his track suit back on and traveled to Helsinki for another showdown with Wint.

Wint led the 800-meter field around the first lap, reaching the half-way point with Heinz Ulzheimer of West Germany second and Whitfield third. With 250 meters to go, Whitfield made his characteristic spurt and entered the final curve ahead of the field. Wint countered with another move down the homestretch, drawing up to Whitfield's shoulder before Whitfield surged again, crossing the finish line two strides ahead of Wint and equaling his 1948 record time of 1:49.2. In four years, Wint had managed to make up just one yard on his American counterpart. The U.S. 4x400-meter relay team, again with Whitfield anchoring, earned a silver at Helsinki.

Whitfield was the undisputed 800-meter world champion from 1948 to 1954, winning 66 of 69 races. Along with his Olympic records, he set world marks for 880 yards (1:48.6) and 1,000 meters (2:20.8), and had a range greater than any other runner of his time—he covered 100 meters in 10.7 seconds and the mile in 4:12.6. At times, he seemed indestructible. In 1948, Whitfield won the American Olympic Trials for both the 400-meter and 800-meter events on the same day. On another occasion, he established a 1,000-meter world record of 2:20.8 and an hour later set the American 440-yard record of 46.2.

In 1954, he was honored as the outstanding U.S. amateur athlete, receiving the prestigious Sullivan Award from the Amateur Athletic Union.





JIM MCKAY

Winner of 10 Emmy Awards and the first sportscaster to be bestowed such an honor, Jim McKay has become a permanent fixture in Olympic Games broadcasting and commentary. He has covered the Games 11 times, from the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome, for CBS, through his most recent reports for ABC from the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles and the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary.

Millions of viewers around the world remember McKay's numbing news reports from the 1972 Summer Games in Munich, when the Black September terrorists attacked Israeli athletes in the Olympic Village. Along with two Emmys for his coverage of the Games in Munich, McKay was awarded the Officer's Cross of the Legion of Merit from the West German Federal Republic, and the prestigious George Polk Memorial Award for Journalism. In 1977, the Austrian Government awarded him the Olympic Medal for his work at the Innsbruck Winter Games the previous year.

McKay's renowned Olympic coverage is but one chapter of his dynamic career in sports broadcasting. He was host of "ABC's Wide World of Sports" when the award-winning program was launched in April 1961, and has been with "Wide World" ever since. He has traveled some 4.5 million miles to cover events for the program, and was the first American network sports commentator to visit mainland China. Over the years, McKay has covered more than 100 different sports in 40 different countries.

Born in Philadelphia in 1921, McKay graduated from Loyola College in Baltimore and served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. After working as a reporter with the Baltimore Sun, he joined WMAR-TV, and served as writer, producer, director, newsman and sports commentator. His was the first voice ever heard on television in Baltimore, when the station began operations in 1947.

McKay moved full-time into sports coverage in the 1950s, covering premier events such as the Masters and PGA championships, along with college football, horse racing and other sports. He has received several awards for his anchor coverage of and interest in horse racing, and in 1987 was elected to the Jockey Club, the sport's governing body in America. He also received the 1984 Old Hilltop Award from Pimlico Race Course, and the 1978 Engelhard Award from the Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky.

Inducted this year into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame in the Special Contributor category, McKay is a member of the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association Hall of Fame.

JOHN DAVIS

For 15 years, John Henry Davis reigned as "the strongest man in the world" and an undefeated weightlifting champion. He won his first world title as a light-heavyweight in 1938, at age 17, and captured back-to-back Olympic gold medals in the heavyweight division in 1948, in London, and 1952, in Helsinki.

It is conceivable that, but for the advent of World War II, Davis could have won the Olympic competition four consecutive times. Born in Smithtown, Long Island, and raised in Brooklyn, he won U.S. championships in 1941, 1942 and 1943 while serving with the Army in the South Pacific, but all international competition -- including the Olympic Games -- was cancelled from 1939 through 1945.

Following his 1948 London triumph, where he became the first Black American to capture the Olympic heavyweight lifting title, Davis was hailed as an international hero throughout Europe. Citing his belief in the purity of amateur competition, he refused most offers to exploit his Olympic win through commercial exhibitions and stunts. However, in 1949 -- to the delight of a Paris audience -- Davis became only the third man to successfully hoist a thick axle holding the 365-pound Apollon Railway Wheels. The French called him "L'Hercule Noir," the Black Hercules.

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Davis also disdained the bloated physique of many of his competitors. He took particular pride in photographs depicting his trim, 5-foot-9-inch, 230-pound frame on a victory stand above runners-up who sometimes outweighed him by more than 100 pounds.

From 1938 to 1953, Davis set 19 world records in the military press, snatch, and clean and jerk. During that span he captured 12 national championships, six world titles and a Pan American Games crown to go with his Olympic golds. He was the first amateur to clean and jerk more than 400 pounds.

Leg injuries ended Davis' shot at the 1956 Olympics, but his career indirectly had impact on the way Americans view the Olympic Games. In 1952, his love of opera and classical music inspired friend and sportscaster Bud Greenspan to produce a short film about the enigmatic weightlifter. Since "The Strongest Man in the World," Greenspan has become known as "the Olympics film-maker," winning three Emmy awards for his memorable series, "The Olympiad."

John Davis' dream of performing with the Metropolitan Opera never materialized -- he had taken singing lessons but also suffered from chronic hiccups. He worked for 25 years as a prison guard for the New York City Department of Corrections and set up weightlifting programs for juvenile delinquents. He moved to Albuquerque, N.M., in 1979 and soon after was stricken with cancer. City officials proclaimed John Davis Day on Dec. 7, 1983. He died seven months later, at age 63.

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LEE EVANS

One of the most-illustrious track and field champions ever, Lee Evans played a role in two of the three most-enduring track records in the world.

At the 1968 Summer Games in Mexico City, Evans shattered his own 400-meter world record of 44.0 seconds -- set at the Olympic Trials -- with a time of 43.86, leading a U.S. sweep that included teammates Larry James and Ronald Freeman. Evans also anchored America's gold medal-winning 4 x 400-meter relay team with a 44.1 leg. The Americans masterfully won the event by 30 yards and lowered the world mark by more than three seconds, to 2:56.16.

Both Evans' individual 400-meter record and relay record stood untouched for 20 years. Butch Reynolds finally reduced the 400-meter mark to 43.29 last year at a pre-Olympic meet in Zurich, Switzerland. At the 1988 Seoul Games, the U.S. 4 x 400 team, anchored by Reynolds, tied the relay time run in Mexico City.

Born in Madera, Calif., Evans was a premier sprinter at San Jose State University. Beginning in 1966, when he was only 19, Evans for several years was firmly entrenched as the world's leading 400-meter runner. He was the Amateur Athletic Union champion five times (1966-1969, 1972), the 1967 Pan American Games winner (in 44.9), and the 1968 NCAA titlist (45.0).

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He also helped set world records in the 4 x 200-meter and 4 x 220-yard relays and set a world mark of 1:14.3 for 600 meters in 1968. His best 200-meter clocking was 20.4.

Evans later spent 10 years coaching in Africa -- six of them in Nigeria, where he helped the country's 4 x 400-meter relay team win a bronze medal at the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles. He also developed and implemented international coaches training programs in 10 countries prior to returning to the United States.

Evans recently re-emerged on the competitive front and at the 1989 Meadowlands Invitational promptly set a master's (over 40) 400-meter world indoor record of 51.60. At the same meet, he was reunited with his 1968 Olympic relay teammates -- James, Freeman and Vince Matthews -- in a special trackside ceremony.

Evans this year was named Director of Athletics, Track and Field, for Special Olympics International, responsible for developing training programs, providing technical assistance to Special Olympics programs in the U.S. and more than 70 countries, and serving as a liaison between Special Olympics and track and field organizations.

A Fulbright scholar in sociology, Evans began his affiliation with Special Olympics as a graduate student at San Jose State, where he coached five Special Olympics athletes as part of an adaptive physical education course. He continued his involvement with Special Olympics throughout his career until he traveled overseas.

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JOE FRAZIER

Joseph B. Frazier was not expected to make the 1964 U.S. Olympic boxing team, much less be in the ring for the final bout. Yet Frazier, fighting through the pain of a broken hand he concealed from team doctors, won a 3-2 decision over West Germany's Hans Huber to claim the gold medal in the heavyweight division.

The win by the 20-year-old Philadelphian salvaged the pride of the U.S. boxing team. He was the only American finalist and became the fourth U.S. heavyweight gold medalist, in the 1964 Tokyo Games.

Frazier got his Olympic opportunity because U.S. champion Buster Mathis broke a thumb sparring with him in training for the Games. Frazier, meanwhile, broke his hand en route to the gold medal bout, but did not reveal the fracture until later.

In winning the Olympic gold, Frazier breezed through his first three bouts, defeating challengers from Uganda, Australia and the Soviet Union -- all by knockout.

Frazier turned professional following the 1964 Games. In 1970, he knocked out Jimmy Ellis to unify the world heavyweight championship, becoming the first man to win both the Olympic heavyweight and world professional heavyweight titles.

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In 1971, "Smokin' Joe" defended his title with a unanimous decision over Muhammad Ali in Madison Square Garden in what many veteran ring observers consider the best heavyweight title bout ever staged. He held the title until 1973, when another Olympic champion, George Foreman, claimed it. Frazier finished his pro career in 1982 with a record of 34-4 and 27 knockouts. In 1980, he was inducted into the Boxing Hall of Fame.

The youngest of 13 children, Frazier is a native of Beaufort, S.C. He was working as a Philadelphia butcher's apprentice when trainer Yank Durham discovered him working out in a local gym.

Frazier currently owns and operates Joe Frazier's Gym and a successful limousine service in Philadelphia. With his son, former professional boxer Marvis Frazier, he manages the boxing careers of another son, Hector, and a nephew, Tyrone. He also has enjoyed success as a singer and entertainer. He lives in the Philadelphia area and owns a 368-acre estate in Beaufort, not far from his birthplace.

#

BOBBY JOE MORROW

Weakened by a virus which cost him ten pounds just before the 1956 Summer Olympics, Bobby Morrow -- the electrifying hero of the Olympic Trials -- made a remarkable comeback as the first man since Jesse Owens to win a gold medal in both the 100- and 200-meter sprints, at the 1956 Melbourne Summer Games.

A native of Harlingen, Texas, the Abilene Christian College student emerged as one of top sprinters of the decade. In 1956, he won the NCAA 100-meter and 200-meter dashes and the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) 100-meter title for the second straight year.

At Melbourne, Morrow, then 21, twice tied the 100-meter Olympic record of 10.3 seconds in the qualifying heats. Working against a 9-mph wind in the finals, the 6-foot-1 1/2-inch, 180-pound Texan held off teammates W. Thane Baker and Ira Murchison and Australian Hector Hogan to win the gold medal in 10.5.

Favored in the 200-meter dash, Morrow's chances seemed in jeopardy when he appeared for the first heat with his left thigh bandaged from a pull suffered during his 100-meter victory.

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But in the 200-meter final, Morrow swept past defending Olympic champion Andrew Stanfield of the U.S. and won by one-tenth of a second in 20.6, tying a world record he already shared with Stanfield, Baker and two others.

The 400-meter relay team of Murchison, Baker, Leamon King and Morrow running the anchor leg also received a gold medal with a time of 39.5, shattering a world record that had been untouched since 1936, when the team anchored by Jesse Owens was clocked in 39.8.

Morrow went on to tie world records three times each in the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes. In the 1957 NCAA championships, he repeated the sprint double and was a standout member of the Abilene Christian team that set a world record in the 440-yard relay. The team established world marks the following year in both the 440-yard and 880-yard relays. Morrow also took the AAU sprint double in 1958.

Morrow was named 1956 Sportsman of the Year by Sports Illustrated and received the prestigious James E. Sullivan Award in 1957, bestowed annually by the AAU upon the nation's top amateur athlete.

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1960 ICE HOCKEY TEAM

They were the architects of the first "Miracle on Ice," surprise winners of an Olympic sport dominated by Canada, the Europeans and the Soviet Union. Until 1960, Americans never had captured a gold medal in ice hockey, and their only previous world championship was in 1933.

But at Squaw Valley, Calif., U.S. coach John P. "Jack" Riley's heavy underdogs went unbeaten in seven games, along the way dispatching powerhouses Sweden, 6-3, Canada, 2-1, the USSR, 3-2, and Czechoslovakia not once but twice -- 7-5 in the opener and 9-4 in a momentous, come-from-behind gold medal triumph that arguably put U.S. hockey on the map.

The nationally televised upset over the USSR was the first-ever win against the Soviets for the U.S. squad. It also created an unlikely subplot for the second and final encounter against the Czechs, which took place at 8 a.m. the next day.

Trailing Czechoslovakia, 4-3, after two periods, the nearly exhausted Americans were visited in their locker room by Soviet team captain Nikolai Sologubov, who in sign language advised the U.S. players to take some oxygen. In the final period, the revived Americans rallied for six straight goals -- including a hat trick by Roger Christian -- to clinch the gold medal.

-- More --

Christian and his brother Billy were one of two sets of brothers who starred for the U.S. squad, which was captained by defenseman Jack Kirrane, a teammate of Riley's on the 1948 U.S. Olympic team.

Returning from the silver-medal squad of '56 were alternate captain Weldon Olson, John Mayasich, Richard Meredith, Richard Rodenheiser and Bill Cleary -- a former Harvard standout and last-minute addition along with brother Bob Cleary and goalie Jack McCartan, who had been plucked from Army service.

Rounding out Riley's team were Eugene Grazia, Paul Johnson, Bob McVey, Edwyn Owen, Rodney Paavola, Lawrence Palmer and Tommy Williams.

McCartan etched his name in Olympic lore with 39 saves against Canada and 27 in the victory over the Soviets. He finished championship-round play with 150 saves and, aided by the aggressive defensive handiwork of Kirrane and Co., just 11 goals allowed.

On offense, Bill Cleary amassed six goals and six assists and Bob Cleary five goals and three assists. Roger Christian led all scorers with seven goals and brother Billy had as many assists. The Christians and Johnson also played for the U.S. team at the 1964 Games.

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Several members of the 1960 roster have been inducted into the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame, including Riley, the Clearys, the Christians, Kirrane, Mayasich, McCartan and Williams, who went on to record one of the longest NHL careers of any American-born player -- collecting 430 points in 13 seasons with Boston, Minnesota, California and Washington. Mayasich, perhaps Minnesota's greatest hockey player ever, was among eight team members from that state.

Riley, who guided Army to a 541-340-21 record in 36 seasons, retired in 1986 and is the third-winningest hockey coach in collegiate history. He was two-time NCAA coach of the year before handing the West Point coaching reins to his son, Rob.

Bill Cleary, who played Ryan O'Neal's hockey double in the motion picture "Love Story," has been coach at his alma mater for 18 years and a 311-187-21 record. His Harvard squad won its first NCAA title last April.

McCartan, a college baseball standout, is the only athlete to have competed in the Pan American Games and the Winter Olympics. After Squaw Valley, he joined the New York Rangers and spent 15 years in various professional leagues, including the World Hockey Association.

Historical footnote: the last player cut during tryouts for the 1960 U.S. ice hockey team was a right wing named Herbert P. Brooks, who played in two subsequent Olympics and 20 years later coached Bill Christian's son Dave in the second U.S. "Miracle," at Lake Placid, N.Y.

MEL SHEPPARD

Melvin W. Sheppard was one of the top middle-distance runners in U.S. track history and in 1908 became the last American to win an Olympic gold medal in the 1,500-meter run. In two Olympic Games, Sheppard captured four gold medals and missed a fifth by inches.

At the London Summer Games in 1908, Sheppard set a world record of 1:52.8 in the 800-meter run and established a new Olympic mark of 4:03.4 for 1,500 meters. In the Olympics' only 1,600-meter medley relay, Sheppard's 800-meter anchor leg helped the U.S. earn the gold by 25 yards, in 3:29.4.

At the 1912 Games in Stockholm, Sheppard collected his fourth gold medal, as a member of the 4 x 400-meter relay team which was timed in a world record 3:16.6. In one of the strongest 800-meter fields ever assembled, Sheppard was edged by one-tenth of a second by fellow countryman Ted Meredith and earned a silver in 1:52.0. Four of the top five finishers were Americans and all five equaled or bettered Sheppard's four-year-old world record.

Originally from Almonesson Lake, N.J., Sheppard had been rejected for employment as a New York City policeman because he supposedly had a "weak heart." But between 1906 and 1912, "Peerless Mel" -- as he was nicknamed by the sports press -- dominated indoor and outdoor track events from 600 yards to 1,500 meters.

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Initially a member of the Irish-American Athletic Club, he won seven national AAU titles and his record of five national 800-meter titles in six years stood until James Robinson won a sixth crown in 1982. Along with his 800-meter world record in 1908, Sheppard held shares of world marks on several relay teams.

Sheppard also joined the John Wanamaker department store in New York as recreation director. Through that company's involvement in amateur sports, he first became a highly successful competitor and later, after service during World War I, a long-time coach with the Millrose Athletic Association. He also coached the U.S. silver medal-winning 4 x 100-meter women's relay team at the 1928 Summer Games.

The Millrose Games -- among the world's premier indoor track and field events -- renamed the meet's 600-yard run after Sheppard, one of its earliest heroes, upon his death at age 58 in 1942.

With the 1989 induction, Mel Sheppard's name becomes the second in the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame's Veterans Category, created last year to honor Olympic gold medalists who competed before 1948.

#

ROONE ARLEDGE

Currently president of ABC News, Roone Arledge has had a hand in most of the technical and editorial concepts introduced to televised sports during the last 29 years.

Arledge brought sports into America's living rooms by launching or refining such technological innovations as instant replay, slow motion, advanced graphics, split-screen, and hand-held aerial and underwater cameras.

He also changed the focus of sports broadcasting, bringing journalistic values into coverage and taking viewers outside of the arena to meet participants "up close and personal."

From 1964 to 1988, Arledge made ABC-TV "the network of the Olympics," personally producing all 10 ABC Olympic broadcasts. The 1984 telecast from Los Angeles reached a record 180 million American viewers and 2.5 billion worldwide.

With the creation of "ABC's Wide World of Sports," Arledge brought traditionally non-televised events into the broadcast mainstream. "Wide World of Sports" became the most popular and honored sports anthology series ever, luring new fans to traditional Olympic sports and introducing the American public to events they previously saw only during the Olympic Games.

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Another Arledge concept, "ABC's Monday Night Football," became the longest-running prime time series on one network, changing the viewing habits of the nation.

In 1977, Arledge took his drive and innovation to the ABC News division with similar success. The industry trade journal Advertising Age credits him with building ABC's "first legitimate news legacy."

That legacy includes the revamped "World News Tonight"; "Nightline," which has won every major award in broadcast journalism; "20/20"; "This Week With David Brinkley"; and specials such as the acclaimed "America Held Hostage" and the "Closeup" documentary series.

Arledge was the first television executive and one of the few Americans to receive the Medal of the Olympic Order from the International Olympic Committee. Among his other numerous awards and honors are 36 Emmys, four George Foster Peabody Awards and the Gold Medal Award from the International Radio and Television Society.

Earlier this year, he was named for induction into the Television Academy Hall of Fame.

Arledge is a graduate of Columbia University. He began his television career with the Dumont network in 1952. He was with NBC for six years before joining ABC in 1960.

He is inducted this year into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame in the Special Contributor category.

#



When Scott Hamilton first laced on a pair of skates at age nine, few could have imagined the diminutive Ohio youngster would blossom into one of the world's most-celebrated and enduring figure skating stars.

Hamilton, who was born Aug. 28, 1958 and adopted shortly thereafter, had spent most of his early childhood battling a mysterious illness which stunted his growth and at one point led doctors to believe he would die within six months. It was some time before his illness



was correctly diagnosed as Schwachmann's syndrome, characterized by the body's inability to absorb nutrients. A special diet and moderate exercise began the healing process, but the turning point came one day when the young Hamilton, still on feeding tubes, was watching his sister ice skate. He decided he'd like to try.

As Hamilton began skating more and playing ice hockey, the ailment miraculously disappeared. The intense physical activity and cold atmosphere of the rink, doctors reasoned, accelerated his recovery better than any serum, and he began growing again. By the age of 13, Hamilton was training with former Olympic gold medalist Pierre Brunet, cultivating a style which eventually would catapult him into figure skating history.

Lack of finances almost ended Hamilton's promising career in 1976, until an anonymous couple offered sponsorship money. He started training under coach

Don Laws in 1979 and began making his mark soon after. He earned a spot on the 1980 U.S. Olympic team and carried the American flag during the opening ceremonies. He finished fifth at the Lake Placid Games.

After that, Hamilton earned 15 consecutive national and world amateur titles and was undefeated in the four seasons leading up to the 1984 Olympic Winter Games. At Sarajevo, the lithe, muscular, 5-foot-3 inch, 115-pounder outdueled Canada's Brian Orser and built an insurmountable lead in the compulsories to become the first American to capture the men's figure skating gold medal in 24 years.

Hamilton encored his Olympic conquest a month later with yet another world amateur title and then set his sights on professional superstardom, adding new dimensions to the world of figure skating along the way.

He first signed a lucrative contract with the institutional Ice Capades and has since starred in and/or produced numerous theatrical ventures, including three seasons of the national touring arena production, "Stars on Ice," and the 1989 national proscenium stage theatre tour of "Broadway on Ice" in which he made his musical comedy and acting debut. He has also hosted and starred on several cable and prime time network television specials. His own creations have broken new ground in the presentation of figure skating, successfully combining the pure athletic aspects of the sport with show-stopping entertainment values.

Competitively, Hamilton added two World Professional Championships in 1984 and 1986 in Landover, Md., and an additional championship in 1986 at the World Challenge of Champions in Paris.

Hamilton was the recipient of the United States Olympic Committee's first-ever Olympic Spirit Award in 1987 and in 1988 received the International Skating Union's highest recognition of merit, the Jacques Favart Award — an honor presented to only four other Olympic athletes. He has become one of broadcasting's most-colorful sports commentators and also operates a foundation benefiting children's hospitals throughout the United States.



In 1948, Dr. Samuel "Sammy" Lee — then a 28-year-old lieutenant in the U.S. Army Medical Corps — achieved his life's goal during the Olympic Summer Games in London when he became the first Asian-American to win a gold medal for the United States, in diving.

Lee, who had acquired the nickname "Yellow Peril," in tribute to his fearless performance of dives never tried in competition, chose a three-and-a-half somersault for his final platform attempt. He later recalled the dive felt like a "belly flop." It was anything but. When he surfaced, Lee saw near-perfect marks, including two 9.5s and a 10, and knew the gold medal was his. He also captured a bronze medal in the three-meter springboard competition.

During the Korean War in 1952, U.S. Olympic diving coach Mike Peppe encouraged Lee to make a comeback. By then, Lee was a doctor in the army's residency program. Upon asking his commanding officer if it was morally right to train for the Olympics while the U.S. was at war, Gen. Leonard Heaton replied, "Sam, we've got lots of doctors who can heal the wounded, but we've only got one guy who can win the Olympic medal in diving."

On his 32nd birthday, Lee became the first male athlete to win back-to-back gold medals in platform diving and the oldest athlete to win an Olympic diving title, at the 1952 Summer Games in Helsinki. Members of the Soviet delegation — returning to the Olympics after 40 years — closely studied Lee's technique. They also bestowed him their "Dove of Peace" emblem.

Lee's accomplishments did not come without hardship, however. Born in 1920 in Fresno, Calif., to Korean emigrants, Lee and his sisters were the only Orientals at their Los Angeles high school. Despite serving as student body president and co-valedictorian, Lee found certain doors barred to him, socially and at the training pool. Although few swimming clubs admitted Orientals, Lee vigorously continued to practice. At 18, he literally was training himself, but knew if he had any Olympic aspirations, he would need a diving coach.

In the late '30s, Lee met Jim Ryan, an ex-Pacific Coast diving champion and coach of former U.S. diver Farid Simaika, an Egyptian-American who lost his 1928 Olympic

gold medal in platform diving in a reversed decision. With their guidance, Lee transformed into a champion who continually startled experts with his unprecedented three-and-a-half forward somersaults. He won his first Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) title in 1942, then retired from competition to complete his medical studies at the University of Southern California.

He came back to claim his second AAU title in 1946, graduated from USC's School of Medicine in 1947 and won his first Olympic medals in 1948. In 1953, the AAU presented Maj. Sammy Lee with the prestigious James E. Sullivan Memorial Award as amateur athlete of the year, for his outstanding performance at the Helsinki Games.

Lee's commitment to the Olympic movement did not end after the Games. In addition to serving on the U.S. Olympic diving committee for two decades, he unselfishly took time from his medical career to coach Bob Webster to two Olympic gold medals in 1960 and 1964 and Greg Louganis to one Olympic silver medal in 1976. He also coached the U.S. women's diving team in 1960 and was an Olympic judge in 1956 and 1964.



Lee served as one of President Dwight Eisenhower's personal representatives to the 1956 Summer Games in Melbourne and represented President Richard Nixon at the 1972 Games in Munich. Most recently, he was one of President Ronald Reagan's delegates to South Korea for the 1988 Olympic Summer Games. In Seoul, Lee had the honor of ringing the ceremonial gong which marked the opening of the Olympic diving competition.



John B. "Jack" Kelly Sr. was a poverty-stricken youth who dropped out of school at age 10 and once was barred from competing in the prestigious Diamond Sculls race in London because he earned his wages as a bricklayer.

Yet he went on to become a triple gold medal Olympic oarsman, king of a multi-million-dollar masonry empire, and father of a four-time Olympian and a legendary screen beauty.

Described as the "perfect athletic machine," Jack Kelly was a superb athlete with marked ability in seven different sports. As a young bricklayer's apprentice, Kelly built up immense arm and shoulder strength, which he leveraged first into a successful military boxing career and later into an international reputation as a world-class single sculls champion.



Kelly served in the Army during World War I and, while working toward lieutenant, the 185-pounder registered a string of impressive victories against some of the top heavyweights in the service. He was discharged in 1918 and returned home to Philadelphia.

Twelve-hour work days did not stop the young mason from taking to the river. By age 30, he had captured 124 sculling victories, including the American Henley

singles title; become a member of the Schuylkill National Regatta championship team; and was invited to compete in the 1920 Olympic Summer Games in Antwerp.

Three weeks prior to the Olympics, Kelly was barred from competing in the lofty Diamond Sculls race at Henley because he "was not a gentleman," having earned a living working with his hands.

Kelly avenged the snub in dramatic fashion at the Summer Games, when he went head-to-head against the Diamond Sculls winner, Jack Beresford — later named the greatest of Britain's oarsmen. With a final burst of energy, Kelly beat Beresford by one second in 7:35, at that time the best single sculls clocking in the modern Olympic Games.

Sheer exhaustion prevented the men from shaking hands. Remarkably, Kelly summoned his strength and won a second gold medal in the double sculls just 30 minutes later. He remains the only man in history to win two Olympic sculling titles on the same day. Kelly and teammate Paul Costello captured the gold again in the double sculls at the 1924 Olympic Summer Games in Paris.

Kelly went on to become the influential owner of the East Coast's largest brick contracting company, Packard Building. He married Margaret Majer in 1924 and fathered four children. His only son, John Kelly Jr., competed in four Olympic Games and, in 1956, teamed with Paul Costello Jr. to earn a silver medal in the same double sculls event their fathers had captured 32 years earlier.

Ironically, John Kelly Jr. in 1947 and '49 won the Henley Diamond Sculls race Jack Kelly had been barred from in 1920. The younger Kelly eventually served as president of the Amateur Athletic Union of America. Daughter Grace Kelly entered into a film career and later became Princess of Monaco.

Jack Kelly died June 26, 1960. He is inducted posthumously into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame in the Veterans Category.



Often called the greatest swimmer in U.S. history, Tracy Caulkins amassed an unprecedented string of national titles and American records and capped her brilliant career with three gold medals at the 1984 Olympic Summer Games in Los Angeles.

Born in Winona, Minn., on Jan. 11, 1963, Caulkins was considered one of the finest female swimmers in the country by the time she was 14. She won her first U.S. title in the 100-meter breaststroke at the 1977 Indoor Nationals in Ohio. A year later, with an international audience looking on, she won five gold medals and set three world records — in the 400-meter individual medley, 200-meter individual medley and 200-meter butterfly — at the World Championships in Berlin.

Also in 1978, the 15-year-old Caulkins became the youngest recipient of the prestigious James E. Sullivan Award, given annually to the nation's top amateur athlete.

But she was just warming up. Caulkins continued to swim away with victories in 1979, winning gold medals in the 200-meter and 400-meter individual medley events at the Pan American Games and scoring two first-place finishes at the FINA Cup.

Caulkins masterfully earned a place on the 1980 U.S. Olympic swim team, but her vision of becoming an Olympic medalist was put on hold when the U.S. contingent did not compete in Moscow.

With her sights turned to 1984, Caulkins launched a one-woman assault on individual titles at several major national and international events, including the prestigious United States Swimming (USS) International, NCAA Championships, Women's International, Pan Am Games and World Trials.

While at the University of Florida, Caulkins was awarded the Broderick Cup as the nation's outstanding female college athlete in 1982 and again in 1984. She also won the Broderick Award as the top collegiate female swimmer three years straight.

At the 1984 U.S. Olympic Trials, Caulkins again seized her place on the American swim team with three first-place finishes, in the 100-meter breaststroke, 200-meter individual medley and 400-meter individual medley.



Finally, at the Summer Games in Los Angeles, her Olympic aspirations were realized. During the 400-meter individual medley, Caulkins shot out of the block and led from start to finish, racing to a 15-meter victory in 4:39.23, an American record. Five days later, she set an Olympic mark in the 200-meter individual medley in a scorching 2:12.64, nearly 12 seconds better than the previous Games standard. She captured a third gold medal as part of the American 4x100-meter medley relay team, with Theresa Andrews, Mary Meagher and Nancy Hogshead.

Caulkins retired from competition after the 1984 Games. During her illustrious career, she broke more than 60 American records, won an astounding 48 national titles and captured 12 NCAA championships. She is a former world record-holder in the 200-meter butterfly, 200-meter individual medley and 400-meter individual medley.

Despite her extensive training and competition schedules, Caulkins also excelled in academics. In 1983 and 1984 she was elected to the Academic All-American Team by the College Sports Information Directors of America. In 1984, she was one of five student-athletes selected nationally to receive the elite NCAA Top Five Award. The University of Florida established a "super scholarship" in her name in 1989.



One of the most-powerful images of the 1968 Olympic Summer Games was that of a tired, yet composed young heavyweight waving a tiny American flag from the boxing ring in Mexico City — a gesture that signified not only a patriotic victory for his country, but a celebration of personal achievement.

With just 18 fights under his belt, George Foreman used his raw power to win an Olympic gold medal against his more-experienced opponent, Ionas Chepulis of the Soviet Union. With Foreman's knockout of Chepulis in the second round, the U.S. Olympic team once again had spawned a future professional boxing champion.

Foreman's achievement was hard won. Born January 10, 1949, he was one of seven children growing up in the tough Houston neighborhood called the Bottom. At 16, he abandoned street gangs for the Job Corps in Pleasanton, Calif., where he met "Doc" Broadus, the center's physical education instructor and a former lightweight boxer.

Under Broadus' training, Foreman won a heavyweight title at Pleasanton and a Golden Gloves championship in San Francisco. He also taught boxing at the Job Corps while moving in on the National Amateur Athletic Union heavyweight crown and a place on the 1968 U.S. Olympic team.

At Mexico City, Foreman survived one of the toughest three rounds of his career, holding off Poland's Lucjan Trela in the first match. When he stopped Chepulis for the gold medal, Foreman was 19 years old, at the time the youngest Olympic heavyweight champion ever. He then delivered his famous flag-waving salute to a world-wide audience and graciously presented his opponent a bouquet of roses.

Following the Olympics, Foreman won his first 40 professional fights — 37 by knockout — and in January 1973 took his first shot at the heavyweight title against Joe Frazier, in Kingston, Jamaica. A 3-to-1 underdog, Foreman shocked the defending champion, knocking Frazier down six times and out in just two rounds. The decisive win left little doubt over Foreman's



nickname, the "Lightning Destroyer."

Foreman successfully defended his world title with early knockouts against Joe Roman and Ken Norton. His reign ended in October 1974, as Muhammad Ali reclaimed the heavyweight championship with an eighth-round knockout in Kinshasa, Zaire.

In 1977, at the age of 29, Foreman suffered only his second loss in 47 bouts, against Jimmy Young in Puerto Rico. The defeat, combined with a strong religious calling, prompted his retirement from professional boxing. He went back to Houston, where he opened the George Foreman Youth and Community Center and became a minister.

Ten years later, it became clear the emotional fire of the ring was still burning. In 1987, Foreman announced his return to boxing despite his age, 38. He successfully launched the comeback that year with a fourth-round TKO over Steve Zouski. Last January, after knocking out Gerry Cooney in two rounds, the new "Punching Preacher" told observers, "You saw that I am not of another time, but now."

Foreman, who stopped Brazil's Adilson Rodrigues in the second round on June 16, is now 22-0 with 21 knockouts in his quest to regain the world heavyweight title he last held more than 15 years ago.



Among the stories of human limitation and injustice, a drama of triumph occasionally will emerge. Tamio "Tommy" Kono's rise to fame as the greatest weightlifter of all time is one such tale.

Like many Americans, World War II brought drastic changes to Kono's world. At 12, he and his family were forced to leave their home in Sacramento, Calif., and placed for three and a half years in the Tule Lake detention camp for Japanese-Americans.

It was at the detention camp that Kono met two friends, Ben Hara and Tad Fujioka, who introduced him to weight training — an activity that built up his strength and his spirit. The young Kono had been physically limited due to asthma and, unlike most children, his greatest wish simply was to achieve good health.

Seven years after he was released from the camp, he would proudly represent his country on the Olympic victory platform.

After the war, Kono and his family returned to Sacramento where, in 1948, the 17-year-old placed second in his first weightlifting competition. His childhood wish for good health was replaced with the dream of winning.

Inspired by competition, Kono's athletic career began to soar. As a lightweight (148 pounds) contender in the 1952 Olympic Summer Games in Helsinki, Kono set a world record in the snatch by lifting 117.5 kilograms and an Olympic record with a total of 362.5 kilograms. Yevgeny Lopatin, his opponent from the ever-dominant Soviet weightlifting team — which returned to the

Olympics after a 40-year absence — had to settle for the silver.

Kono's unusual dieting system gave him the physical ability to break world records in four different weight classes, from 148 to 198 pounds.

At the 1956 Olympic Summer Games in Melbourne, he moved up to the light-heavyweight division and astounded onlookers with two Olympic and two world records. He set an Olympic record of 140 kilograms in the difficult press and another Olympic mark of 132.5 kilograms in the snatch. His jerk of 175 kilograms set a world record and his combined total of 447.5 kilograms broke his world best.

As a middleweight at the 1960 Summer Games, Kono earned a silver medal and set an Olympic and world record in the press with a lift of 140 kilograms.

He achieved three Olympic medals for three different body weights. For eight consecutive years, from 1952 to 1959, Kono was undefeated in his sport, earning titles at the Olympics, World Weightlifting championships and Pan American Games in three weight divisions — light-weight, middleweight and light-heavyweight.

During his career, Kono set 26 world records over four weight divisions (148, 165, 181 and 198 pounds).

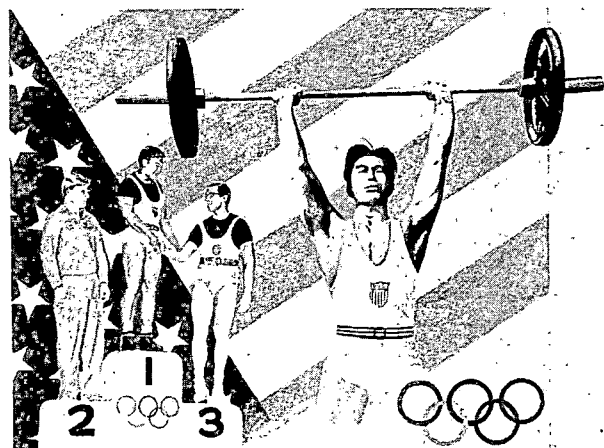
His mental fortitude also earned him respect. Soviet competitor Fyodor Bogdanovsky, who always lost to Kono, once said, "When Kono looks at me from the wings, he works me like a python on a rabbit."

Kono also was well recognized for his physique. He won the Mr. World competition in 1954 and later captured three Mr. Universe titles (1955, 1957 and 1961).

Following his retirement from competition, Kono's expertise was in demand around the world. During the mid-'60s and '70s, he coached national Olympic teams from Mexico and West Germany.

Kono coached the 1976 U.S. Olympic team and the U.S. Women's World Championship Team from 1986 to 1989. He also contributed his talents to United States Olympic Committee fund-raising efforts.

In a 1982 listing of the 30 greatest weightlifters of all time that appeared in the official magazine of the International Weightlifting Federation, Tommy Kono ranked first.





Asa Smith Bushnell, who devoted his life and numerous talents to all aspects of amateur athletics, was without question a world-class sportsman. Yet his accolades were not won on the Olympic playing fields, but in the often-intense and demanding arena of athletic administration and organization.

Born at the turn of the century, in Springfield, Ohio, Bushnell studied at Princeton University, where he held several class offices and served on various academic, social and athletic committees.

Following his graduation in 1921, Bushnell returned to Springfield to pursue a career in banking, but his love for the university prompted his return to Princeton in 1925 to become one of the most-innovative editors of the school's "Alumni Weekly" magazine.

In 1927, he assumed his first administrative position, as graduate manager of Princeton athletics. Eventually, he would become one of the country's most-instrumental leaders in amateur athletics. In 1934, he founded the notable Princeton Invitational Track Meet, an event that attracted world-renowned athletes. In its seven-year span, the meet was the site for a number of world records.

Bushnell's organizational genius and innovative leadership did not go unnoticed in the sports world and his talents soon expanded beyond Princeton to literally all areas of amateur athletics.

In 1938, he was selected to establish the Central Office for Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics, which at the time had a membership of just 50 schools. Under his management, the organization evolved into the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC) and built its membership to more than 200 colleges. Bushnell served as ECAC commissioner for 32 years until his retirement in 1970.

Bushnell's strict adherence to his philosophy, "to serve with maximum efficiency, but always unobtrusively," enabled him to serve with brilliance in several leadership roles simultaneously. While ECAC commissioner, he also held positions with the United States Olympic Committee (USOC) and the Middle Atlantic Collegiate Track and Field Association. In addition, he was secretary to 20 sports associations affiliated with the ECAC, including track and field, baseball, football, hockey and rowing. He was also president of the National Association of Collegiate Commissioners, representing the country's top 12 conferences, from 1947 to 1952.

In 1952, Bushnell became the National Collegiate Athletic Association's television program director, where he was responsible for scheduling the nation's largest athletic organization.

While serving as secretary of the USOC from 1945 to 1965 and on its board of directors from 1945 to 1970, Bushnell edited five U.S. Olympic books and helped guide the committee through numerous internal changes. In 1966, he received the USOC's Olympic Torch Award.

His contributions in shaping the world of amateur athletics were recognized repeatedly throughout his career. Included among his long list of awards are the Sportsmanship Brotherhood Award; the Touchdown Club Award; the ECAC's James Lynah Award; the Maxwell Memorial Football Club Award; and the James Corbett Award from the National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics.

In 1958, Bushnell was named to the Helms Foundation Rowing Hall of Fame — the first non-oarsman ever inducted. He also was nominated to the Athletics Directors Hall of Fame in 1970. In 1955, Bushnell received an honorary degree from Syracuse University and later received similar degrees from Hobart College and St. John's University.

The Bushnell Cup, given annually to the Ivy League's most-outstanding football player, was established in 1970 in Bushnell's honor by the Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials.

Asa S. Bushnell died on March 22, 1975, in Princeton, N.J., where he had resided for more than half a century. He was 75. He is inducted this year into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame in the Special Contributor category.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The gold rush of '49 was but a Sunday afternoon stroll in the park compared to the upcoming gold, silver and bronze rush of '84 for medals at the Los Angeles Olympics. The hurdles on the road to the Olympics are many. For most athletes blood, sweat and tears is just a starter, but for those who are burning with Olympic fever, no hurdle is too great to overcome. Some of the following athletes will qualify for the American team. Others may fail. Some will be back again in '88, but for others it is their final opportunity to satisfy the dream of standing in the winners' circle.

Rowdy Gaines: 1980's Loss

In line for enough medals at the 1980 Moscow Olympics to make him the most renowned swimmer since Mark Spitz, Ambrose (Rowdy) Gaines saw his hopes go down the drain with the American boycott. Along with them went his concen-

tration and boyish enthusiasm.

"I couldn't believe the United States would actually stick to it," says this Auburn University graduate from Winter Haven, Florida. "I felt cheated, oppressed and unwanted. I still think the boycott was a stupid decision; it proved nothing."

Rowdy Gaines, at 24, continues to dream his Olympic dream. "Sometimes I wonder if I'm getting too old, burned out. I think about all my colleagues who didn't have a chance to swim and turned to earning a living, and I ask myself if I'm not wasting my time. But swimming is what I want to do the most."

Having used up his college eligibility, Rowdy still trains with coach Richard Quick at the University of Texas. Here, in the pool at Austin, is where he established his world records in both the 100- and 200-meter freestyle events. And if this training results in victories over the American competition of Chris Cavanaugh and Rich Saeger in the U.S. Trials, June 25-30, 1984, at Indianapolis, he will face Jorg Woithe of East Germany and Michael Gross of West Germany, top contenders in the Olympics.

"It's been tough the last three years," says Rowdy. We 'older' swimmers were supposed to have reached our peaks in 1980. Hopefully, that won't turn out to be true."

Mary T. Meagher's Postponed Dream

When Soviet military troops rumbled into Afghanistan in 1979, the reverberations jarred

the life's dream of 15-year-old Mary Terstegge Meagher of Louisville, Kentucky. Mary T., as she is known by her colleagues, became one of the athletic-career casualties of President Jimmy Carter's retaliatory American boycott of the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow.

"The Olympics had always been my dream," sighs this dedicated young swimmer who, as a high schooler, had followed her swimming coach from Louisville to Cincinnati to continue her training. "And that is what they have remained—only a dream."

Bitterly disappointed, she had no more than nicely rearranged her goal and rekindled her spirits when an Associated Press reporter phoned with the results of the Olympic swimming competition and told her she could have beaten their times—and wanted to know how she felt about that.

"I felt like hanging up the phone and crying," she confesses.

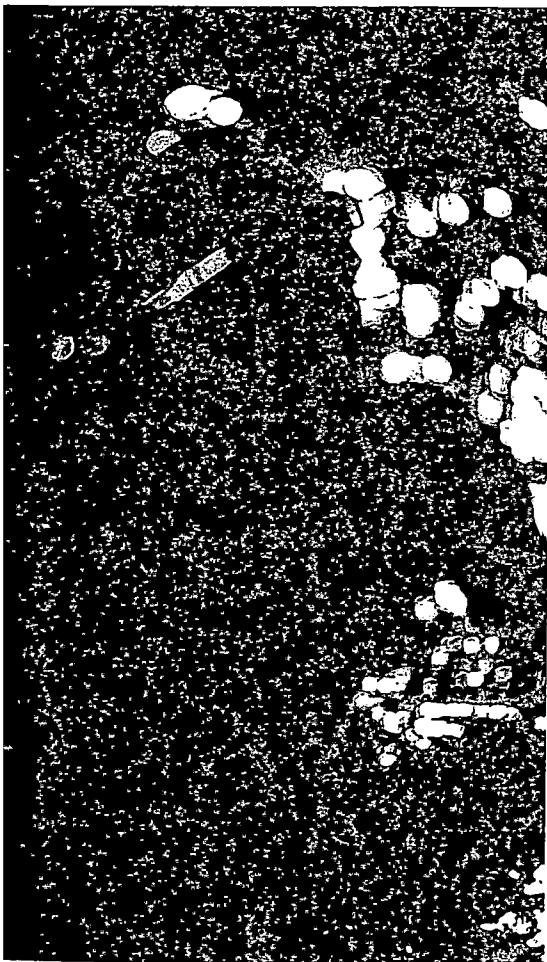
In fact, Mary T. nearly quit swimming altogether. But she decided to plunge ahead for the 1984 Olympics. And her "comeback" has already made quite a splash. She has won an NCAA championship, set world records in both the 100- and 200-meter butterfly events and has emerged as one of America's brightest hopes for ending the domination of East Germany in her sport.

"My American rivals are the ones to consider first," says Mary T., looking ahead to the Olympic trials next June 25-30 at Indianapolis. "Not having done my best times in a couple of years, I feel somewhat threatened by the new-

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH OF '84

Struck with gold fever, these determined athletes have overcome deformities, sacrificed good jobs and moved miles from family and friends in pursuit of that precious Olympic medal.

by S. Lamar Wade



Rowdy Gaines, who would have been in line for four or five gold medals had the American team participated in the 1980 Games, wonders, at age 24, if he's "all burned out."



Mary Lou Retton's gymnastic talent has, at age 12, earned her the No. 1 senior-class ranking in the nation. And, as she says, she's still improving.

comers. But with dedication and plenty of hard work I think I can come back just fine."

Mary Lou Retton—All 93 Pounds

It's a long way from the coal-mining community of Fairmont, West Virginia, to Texas. But Mary Lou Retton, a ninth-grader at Houston's Northland Christian School (having left at home her parents, three brothers and sister Shari—an All-American gymnast at West Virginia University), has come much further in her training since the days she tried to emulate the Soviet crowd-

pleaser Nelli Kim at the local gym.

Mary Lou's Texas training, in fact, has unearthed a load of gymnastic talent that, at age 12, has earned her the No. 1 senior-class ranking in the nation. And hopes are high that she will be one of the United States' most productive natural resources in the 1984 Olympic Games. Standing a scant 4'10" and weighing but 93 pounds, her performances combine speed and amazing acceleration with a force that has caused gymnastic experts themselves to flip. Though she believes vaulting and floor exercises to be her best events, an innovative maneuver on the uneven bars has already been named for her.

Mary Lou credits her refinement to coach Bela Karolyi, the Romanian tutor responsible for the stardom of Nadia Comenici in the 1976 Games, before he defected to America in 1981 and opened a gymnasium in Houston. Here, under the eye of this technician, Mary Lou has improved her fundamentals, and here she has benefited from working out with fellow-student Dianne Durham, ranked No. 2.

As to her earlier hopes of emulating Nadia Comenici: "I really don't want to be a carbon copy of Nadia," she muses. "That's a dream only



Swimmer Mary T. Meagher, whose Olympic dreams of 1980 were shot down by Soviet troops moving into Afghanistan, dreams of gold by winning the 200-meter butterfly.

for beginners. I would rather be a gymnast with my own style of performance."

With Mary Lou Retton, chances are good that coach Bela Karolyi will again strike Olympic gold—only this time for the United States.

Wee Marie—Gymnast Giant

Gymnast Marie Roethlisberger's tiny voice is a perfect fit for her 4'9", 82-pound figure. She punctuates her speech with shy giggles, typical of an 11th-grader.

She could be the average student from New Trier High School in Northbrook, Illinois. But she isn't.

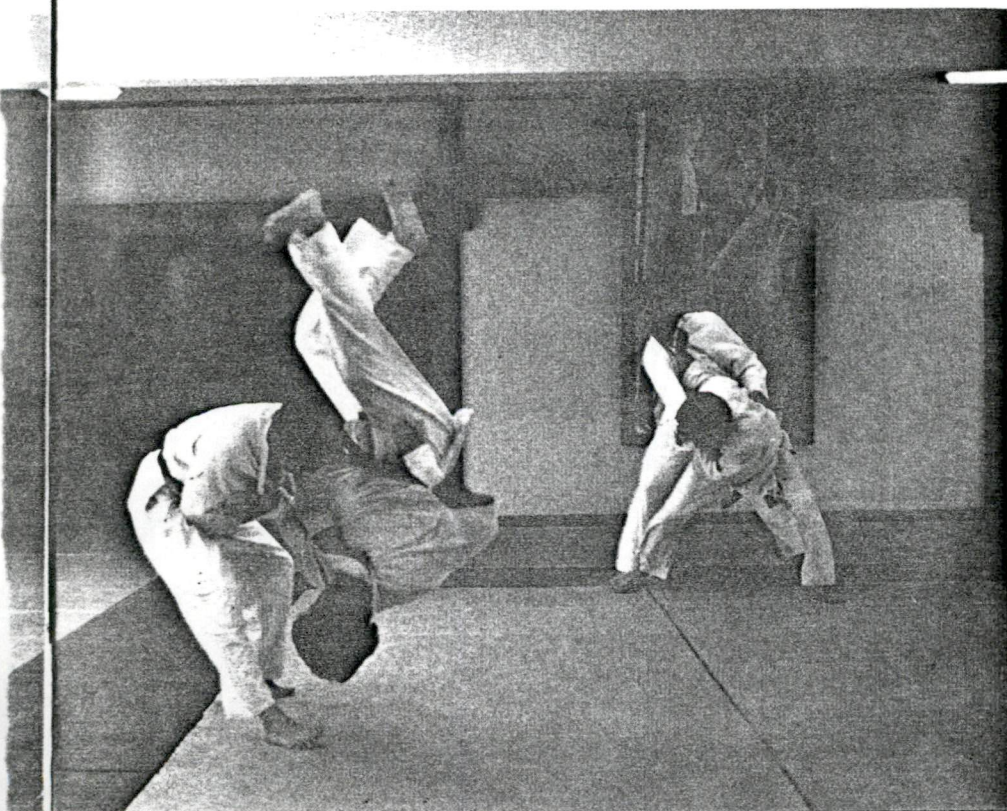
As a result of spinal meningitis when she was two years old, Marie is totally deaf in one ear and has less than 50 percent hearing in the other ear. In addition, when she was still a toddler she had to relearn to walk, an ordeal she dismisses by recalling vaguely, "Oh, yeah, my mother told me about that."

Of her deafness she says, "It doesn't bother me or affect my balance. I can hear my floor music fine, but they have to turn up the volume a bit."

Marie also has asthma, which she says is not really worth mentioning. She does mention that "not too long ago I had Osgood-Schlatter disease in both knees, and it used to bother me—but not anymore. I just have a

continued on page 96

No more booze or dope for judo hopeful James Martin. Today he injects himself only with confidence that his Olympic road will lead to gold.



Forever Voyage

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"But, captain, she's—" Hanks stopped. He nodded. "Where she is. Yes, sir."

"Good. Now give me the cup."

The water was fresh. It came from the islands beneath the earth. It tasted of sleep.

"One cup. She was right, Hanks, you know. Not to touch land ever again. She was right. But I brought her one cup of water from the land, and the land was in the water that touched her lips. One cup. Oh, if only—"

He shifted it in his rusted hands. A typhoon swarmed from nowhere, filling the cup. It was a black storm raging in a small place. He raised the cup and drank the typhoon.

"Hanks!" someone cried. But not he. The typhoon, storming, had gone, and him with it. The cup fell empty to the floor.

It was a mild morning. The air was sweet and the wind steady. Hanks had worked half the night digging and half the morn filling. Now the work was done. The town minister helped and then stood back as Hanks jigsawed the final square of sod in place. Piece after piece he fitted neatly and tamped and joined. And on each piece, as Hanks had made certain, was the tall, the golden, the full, rich, ripe-grained wheat, as high as a ten-year-old boy.

Hanks bent and put the last piece to rest.

"No marker?" asked the minister.

"Oh, no, sir, and never will be one."

The minister started to protest; then Hanks took his arm and walked him up the hill a ways. Then he turned and pointed back.

They stood a long moment. The minister nodded at last, smiled quietly and said, "I see. I understand."

For there was just the ocean of wheat going on and on forever, vast tides of it blowing in the wind, moving east and ever east beyond, and not a line or seam or ripple to show where the old man sank from sight.

"It was a sea burial," said the minister.

"It was," said Hanks. "As I promised. It was, indeed."

Then they turned and walked off along the hilly shore, saying nothing again until they reached and entered the creaking house. ★

Gold Rush of '84

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big, ugly bump under each knee."

Marie has been uprooting herself and following coaches, leaving both parents at home, since she was 12 years old. St. Louis and Omaha were her training sites before joining coach Bill Sands in Northbrook.

Although her father Fred, a 1968 Olympian and current gymnastics coach at the University of Minnesota, has been supportive, Marie insists that she has motivated herself. "It was something I wanted to do," she says, "not something he pushed

me into."

Marie's most impressive tune-up came earlier this year. In the Coca-Cola International Invitational at London, England, she won the all-around title. She swept all but one event.

Choreography coach Donna Cozzo warns Marie Roethlisberger: "She's not your little smiling-All-American-girl-with-bouncing-blond-ponytails. She's an extremely serious, intense girl who works about 30 to 36 hours a week."

While Marie may not have lived the life of a typical gymnastics pixy, there is a better-than-even chance she will become the darling of fans across the United States with no more than a bronze medal at Los Angeles.

Bolden's Bold Dash

Born premature, asthmatic and clubfooted, Jeanette Bolden's leap from life's starting block was anything but spectacular. For the first 4 of her 23 years this world-class sprinter was forced to wear corrective braces.

Today, should you happen to be on Los Angeles' Central Boulevard and spot the 27th Street Bakery, amid the aroma of sweet-potato pies you'll find three generations of the Bolden family hard at work. Jeanette, who says, "I grew up with flour in my hair," helps out by making deliveries. Although she uses an automobile, occasionally she could make better time on foot. Some track experts, in fact, give her an excellent chance of capturing the 100-meter gold medal in 1984.

If she does, she first must qualify in the Olympic 100-meter-dash trials next June in Los Angeles. Jeanette, undaunted, has overcome even bigger obstacles.

She not only had to wear corrective braces as a youngster, but several times during grade school she was rushed to the hospital with asthma attacks so severe her life was close to the finish line. At age 12 she was sent to Sunair Home For Asth-



Cover Contest Runner-up

"Our politics differ, but I'm a great admirer of Ronald Reagan," says Ray Reibel, explaining the cover portrait that brought him second place in the Post's cover contest. Although a presidential portrait may seem pretty big game, Reibel says his favorite subjects for illustration are lions, tigers and panthers. Our congratulations to Ray Reibel of Englewood, Ohio. He wins a microwave oven.

continued on following page

Gold Rush of '84

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matic Children at Tujunga, California, for nine months.

It was there that she had an introduction to sports—first swimming, then branching out to running.

"The more I ran, the more people began taking an interest in me," she says. "And in 1977, after I beat some pretty good people, I no longer had to hide anything. I just wanted to keep on running."

Besides filling demands for inspirational talks and doing volunteer work for the American Lung Association, Jeanette can also still be found occasionally delivering a freshly made sweet-potato pie for the family bakery.

Not surprisingly, her favorite passage from the Bible, which she studies avidly, is found in the Book of Isaiah: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Hard-Hitting Brothers

Farmer Theodore Gray, Boynton Beach, Florida, raises beans, cucumbers, eggplant, peppers, squash and boxers.

He planted the boxer crop eight years ago by hanging a potato sack filled with dirt and wet towels from a tree in the backyard and convincing his sons that it was a punching bag. Later, he drove them 170 miles a day to Miami for professional training.

Today, Theodore and Anna Mae Gray are harvesting a crop of amateur champions.

Last December, at the U.S.A. Amateur Boxing Federation championships in Indianapolis, the two oldest sons, Clifford, 21, and Bernard, 20, became the first brothers to capture titles in the same meet, vaulting into Olympic contention.

Currently, both boxers are working out at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado, as part of the U.S.A. Amateur Boxing Federation's "Operation Gold." Under this invitational program offering educational and athletic assistance to top American boxers, Clifford studies aerobics and speech at Pike's Peak Community College; Bernard is registered at Palmer High.

"If I make the team," says Clifford, "I'll give 100 percent to win the gold medal. Then Bernard won't have to cut his medal up to share with our father and mother. They can each have one—for the many things they have done for us."

Thus the U.S. Olympic boxing team—whose trials are tentatively scheduled for next June 4-10 at Ft. Worth—appears to have a very gray future—and that is a bright forecast indeed.

James Martin—For the Defense

Although James Martin refuses to ingest sugar, white bread, soft drinks and red meat, opting instead for fresh vegetables, poultry and fish, there was a period when this nine-time judo All-American wasn't so particular about what he put into his body. His rocky road to Los Angeles suffered a five-year detour through drug and alcohol abuse.

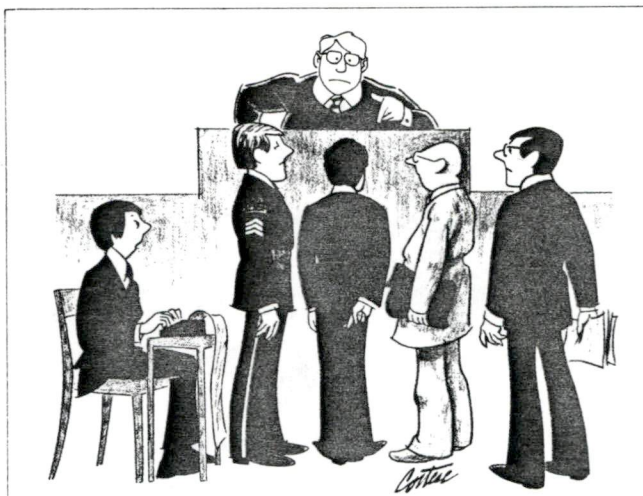
Spurred by rebellion to the rigid workout schedule set by his father, a Grand Masters champion, James turned his back on judo at age 15. But at 20, suffering ulcers and other symptoms of a badly mistreated body, he was given a shove—which also came from his father—right back into the sport.

"My dad challenged me," James remembers. "Tryouts for the nationals were a few days away, and he said he bet I couldn't qualify. With no time to get in shape, I entered—and won."

"I was really lucky, being in the right place at the right time," he says. "But from it I got the idea that I could come back and go for the Olympics."

Now 29 years old, the San Gabriel, California, resident has his eye on America's first Olympic gold medal in judo. And instead of dope, he is injecting himself with doses of confidence from coach Ben Chapman.

James, with an unprecedented six national titles to his credit, says a gold medal itself means nothing. "I'd just like to be the first ever to capture a gold medal in judo for the United States," he says. "Since judo became an Olympic sport in 1964, Americans have won just two bronze medals." ★



—You be the Judge—

by John Ritter

Carter was tried for rape in Washington, D.C., in 1969 and found not guilty by reason of insanity. The reason was that he told his court-appointed psychiatrist he had committed more than 300 rapes. The psychiatrist therefore testified in court that Carter was a sexual sadist and insane. After five years in St. Elizabeth's mental hospital, he applied to the federal court for release.

"I want out," Carter told the judge. "I'm not insane and never was; I told the court and the psychiatrists back at my trial a lot of lies just to make them think I was insane. I never really raped 300 women—it was only five or six."

If you were the judge, would you order the hospital to release Carter?

Carter goes free, ruled the judge. Mental hospitals are only for the insane, and although Carter is a liar, he is not insane. Nor can he be retried, because that would be double jeopardy.

(Based on a 1975 federal case in Washington, D.C.)

THE GREAT TAX DEBATE

Reagan on the Defensive

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Surprises Of The Spirit

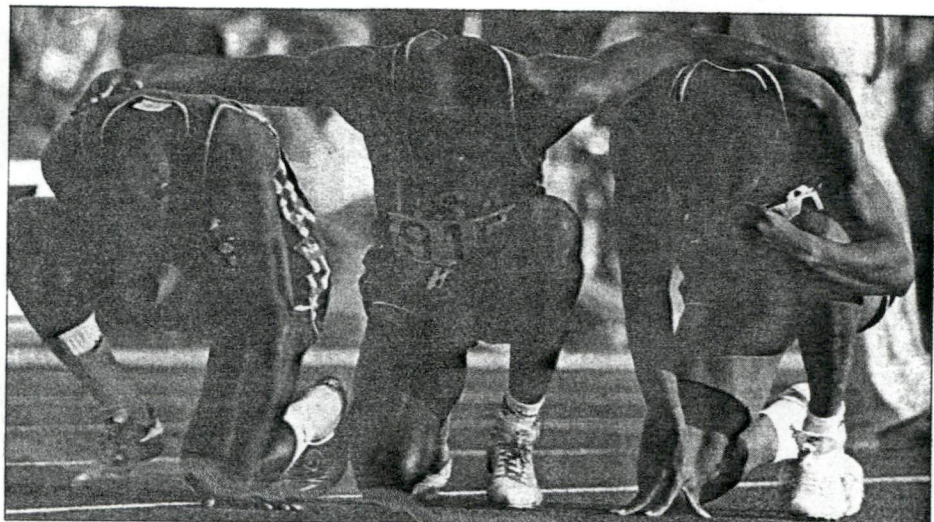
BY PETE AXTHELM

On very special occasions, there appears a quality in sport that defies all plans and diagrams. The media may describe it but it can't prescribe it. The corporate world may put a price on it, but it cannot really package it. Wrap it in a flag, and it shines forth on its own; play an anthem, any anthem, and it bursts into its own proud song. Even when the melody becomes one of wrenching heart-break, as it did Friday night for Mary Decker, the athlete's quest is a moving celebration of the potential of the human spirit. Surely, it is the glory of the Los Angeles Olympics.

Beauty lies in the capacity to forever surprise. And if the first week of the Games was dominated by surprise that they could be held smoothly and without incident, the closing week was given to surprises of the spirit. Even as smog and traffic settled quietly into their accustomed places on some local scenes, fans and athletes alike demonstrated that in the mood kindled in L.A., they could not merely endure but overcome. "We're seeing real people performing and enjoying sport for its own sake," said Bill Steinkraus, the former equestrian gold medalist who publishes books and does ABC commentary. "At a moment like this, the Olympics sweeps over everything in its path."

Even citizens without tickets got in on the party. In the unremitting Southern brightness, they bartered and bought souvenir pins with mounting fervor. The few remaining spoilsports also seemed affected: one pick-pocket rifled a pin collector's purse, got away with the pins—and left behind \$100 in cash. But most of the throngs contented themselves with bursts of break-dancing, junk-food consuming and laughing that seemed a fair California facsimile of Olympic good will.

At some venues, most notably boxing and basketball, the bullying "U.S.A." chants of the crowds while Americans crushed over-matched opponents continued to be oppressive. But even the rampant chauvinism took a perverse twist at tennis, a "demonstration" addition to the Games in which wealthy pros were invited to play amateur schoolchild-



After the 200 sweep (from left): Thomas Jefferson (bronze), Lewis (gold), Kirk Baptiste (silver)

dren. Top-seeded American Kathy Horvath was understandably annoyed when a portion of the crowd began rooting noisily for her Yugoslav rival Sabrina Goles. But when an astonished Goles responded by upsetting Horvath, some saw it as an exclamation point to the golden Games. Just when it appeared they were out of surprises, the locals showed that they could cheer for a foreigner—and an underdog.

Horvath was not alone among the victims of the sudden spontaneity. The athletes whose images were dented most, logically enough, were those whose course through the Olympics had been most carefully charted by promoters and packagers. Zola Budd's bare feet had carried her from South Africa to Great Britain and on to the Games, with the world's hustlers and chroniclers at her heels. The hype proved cruelly unwarranted. The shy teen-ager not only flopped as a runner but inadvertently dealt the blow that destroyed the Decker dream.

Master self-promoter Carl Lewis did get his medals—all of them—to match Jesse Owens's standard. The fabled loner even assumed an unaccustomed role as a team player, leading an American sweep of the 200 meters and anchoring a world record in the 4x100 relay. But with his sometimes whining attitude, Lewis threatened to turn victory into antiheroism. In sports history, he may relate to Owens much as Roger Maris relates to Babe Ruth, and may prove that mere records do not make legends.

Surprises do. Here was Evelyn Ashford, usually shy and private, sprinting to gold and flashing her whole range of emotions. Better yet was Valerie Brisco-Hooks, who

raced to three gold medals, including an unprecedented double in the demanding 200- and 400-meter races. One of 10 children raised in Watts, Valerie was aimlessly running the streets a decade ago when her brother Robert was murdered while running track. Inspired by his memory, she now has conquered her hometown and the world.

But the best news was that victory no longer had to be red, white and blue. Brazil gave the Games the middle-distance sensation Joaquim Cruz, the most wondrously powerful newcomer since Cuba's Alberto Juantorena stormed Montreal in 1976. But unlike Juantorena, the engaging Cruz was no narrow chauvinist. When hometown officials offered him a triumphant welcome back in Brasília, he politely suggested that they spend the money to improve pathetic local track facilities. And if Ronald Reagan's "Win some for the Gipper" pep talk to the Americans was gently jingoistic, there was nothing but charm in a report from women's 400-meter hurdler Nawal al Moutawakel, winner of the first Moroccan gold ever. King Hassan II called, she said as her smile lit the room. "His Excellency told me there is great joy in Morocco."

Such moments will live on, even as the movie-set pastel paint fades from the Coliseum portals. For it turns out that this was not just a Hollywood epic, bright and gaudy and doomed to fade after a limited run. Here the star was not Lewis, not even Mary Lou Retton. The personality of these Games was the people of Los Angeles, the people of America. When athletes of the world finally elbowed their way into the act, the surprise of the spirit was complete.

Ashford in triumph: The flash of emotion

Speed, Grace and Power

All three were on display as the Summer Olympics raced to a stunning finish.

And so the road to L.A. forked rather dramatically, and the king and queen of the Games headed toward their distinct destinies. Carl Lewis played it safe—much too safe, in the opinion of those who booed his decision to pass on four successive long-jump attempts—and did indeed reach his personal goal of four gold medals. In purely athletic terms, his performance was terrific; as spectacles go, it was short on drama—at least until the world record-topping 4x100 relay on Saturday night. Mary Decker, on the other hand, finished her only event in the Coliseum infield, screaming in anger and agony, the tragic heroine of the 1984 Olympics.

So now we can say about this Olympics what has been said about every other: it was the perfect 10 of times, it was the 4.6 of times. Although the organizers planned a tearful "Auld Lang Syne" for Sunday's grand finale, no one left Los Angeles humming "Is That All There Is?" In an attempt to keep up with last week's dizzying denouement, spectators hauled battery-powered TV sets to the women's hoops final so they could keep tabs on volleyball—or caught a fleeting glimpse of the pole-vault preliminaries as they rushed off, clutching their Sam the Eagle seat cushions, to watch the boxing quarterfinals. "I Need One Closing Ceremony," said the sign held aloft by a ticket seeker in jampacked Exposition Park; and the most natural response was, "So does everybody else—and quickly, please." Like Carl Lewis running in the 200, the audience felt a bit drained by the Olympic experience as the Games stampeded to a stunning conclusion.

Debate over Decker's 3,000-meter race (page 19) will afford these Games a kind of immortality that, given the pleasant but predictable atmosphere of L.A., it might not



Louganis's mastery of the springboard: 'As close to perfection as any you'll see at the Games'

JOHN FICARA—NEWSWEEK



Lewis's long jump for gold: 'He kind of stands off and tries to be different, like a celebrity'



Brisco-Hooks and silver winner Florence Griffith after the 200-meter race: 'Still learning'

OLYMPICS Los Angeles

otherwise have enjoyed. The comparisons to 1972, when American hope Jim Ryun was run down in a 1,500-meter event, are easy but not always instructive. For one thing, Ryun's demise came in a preliminary heat, while Decker fell during the fortnight's single most anticipated moment. But more important, Ryun was undone by an unknown Ghanaian, while Decker's destiny was changed by a barefoot 18-year-old runner who was already the most controversial character on the Olympic stage.

Zola Budd is from South Africa, a country disowned by the Olympic Family in 1970. Her personal views on apartheid are unknown, but whatever they are, they are the property of the London newspaper that brought her to Great Britain and then hustled her through the citizenship process so she could run free—and, not incidentally, lend her name to a regularly published "Olympic Diary." She is fast, but she is also a front runner with little international experience. In the months leading up to their confrontation, Decker frequently said that it would be "interesting" to see how Budd handled the pressure and the heavy traffic.

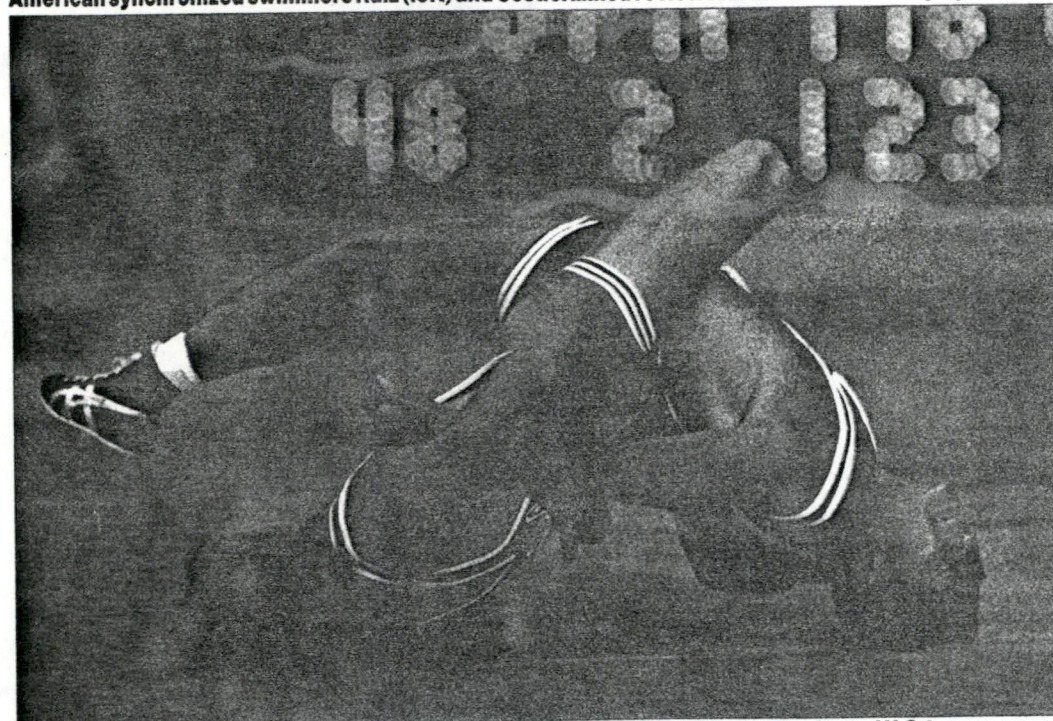
It was. As soon as the pistol sounded, Decker grabbed the lead and Budd settled into a spot just off the American's right shoulder. With a little more than three laps to go, Budd made a somewhat tentative move for the lead and wound up hovering a dangerous half step in front of Decker. Contact occurred almost immediately. Budd looked distressed, but it was Mary who peeled off grotesquely and tumbled onto the grassy infield. "I don't think there was any question that she was in the wrong," Decker said after being carried off the track in the huge arms of her fiancé, British discus thrower Richard Slaney. The officials at first agreed, and Budd—who eventually finished a badly beaten seventh behind Romania's Maricica Puica—was disqualified under Federation Rule 141 ("Any competitor jostling, running across or obstructing..."). But 20 minutes later an appeals jury reversed the decision, and Decker's gallant quest ended in the Official Bizarre Incident of the 1984 Games.

Lewis, despite his complaints about the scheduling and a sore left leg, never seemed in danger of botching his carefully constructed plan. He won the 100-meter dash in 9.99, the 200 in an Olympic record 19.80, easily took the long jump with a leap of 28 feet one-quarter inch, then cruised home to victory as the anchorman in Saturday's 4x100 relay final. The only surprise was that he left with a somewhat tarnished image; by passing on jumping turns and post-event interviews—and by allowing his manager, Joe Douglas, to publicly drool over the prospect of the lucrative endorsement contracts (page 25)—Carl came off, in what was to have been his finest hour, as the ultimate Legend in His Own Mind. "He's dug himself into a hole," observed fellow jumper Larry

PHOTOS BY DAVID MADISON—DUOMO



American synchronized swimmers Ruiz (left) and Costie: Mixed reviews for a series of new Olympic events



Freestyle wrestler Weaver (blue) in bout against Japanese opponent: An unprecedented U.S. team success

Myricks. "He kind of stands off and tries to be different, like a celebrity. And now lots of people want to see him get beat."

But if Lewis wasn't smothered with unbridled affection, it may have been because the spectators were already nursing pulled heartstrings. The victory-stand tears of 100-meter queen Evelyn Ashford were one reason, but so were the joyous smiles of such dark horses as 400-meter man Alonzo Babers, hurdler Benita Fitzgerald-Brown

Hooks, who set Olympic records at 400 meters (48.83) and 200 meters (21.81), and as a member of the 4x400-meter relay team (3:18.29). "I guess this proves you can come back from anything, even a baby," said Brisco-Hooks, who was 40 pounds overweight after giving birth to her son, Alvin, two years ago. "But, really, I'm still lifting my knees wrong, still learning how to compete." The same could not be said for diving champion Greg Louganis, who reached a

tion, scoring more 9s and 10s than all his competitors combined. Said his coach, Ron O'Brien, "Greg is operating as close to perfection as any athlete you're bound to see at the Games."

Perhaps, but the U.S. boxing team (page 20) was almost as flawless; 11 of its 12 members made it into the medal rounds, and in the end 9, including the highly touted Mark Breland, survived a mind-boggling number of matches (and a seemingly equal number of judging and coaching controversies) to get the gold. But no one lorded over their rivals more obviously than America's basketball teams. The women, under the quiet control of coach Pat Head Summitt, overwhelmed their opponents by an average victory margin of 32 points during the tournament and trounced South Korea 85-55 in their suspenseless final. Forward Cheryl Miller—the USC junior who led the team in scoring, assists, rebounds and steals—did everything but dunk. ("I would have liked to have done it," she said, "but the shot wasn't there.")

The men's final promised to be—and was—so one-sided that a surprising number of seats at the L.A. Forum were empty as coach Bobby Knight directed his collection of college all-stars to a 96-65 victory over Spain. The highlight of the game occurred near the end of the first half when Knight, distressed by the play of guard Leon Wood, kicked a wire container holding the players' water bottles, and wound up splashing three LAOOC security guards. Or maybe the highlight was the postgame press conference in which Spanish coach Antonio Diaz-Miguel praised "the ability for colored players to play basketball"—and then, struggling with an idiom, added, "It is clear as consommé soup that the U.S. is at

least 50 years ahead of all other basketball programs."

But if the host country ungraciously dominated certain events, this was also the week that athletes from around the world weighed in with some of the Games' most memorable performances. Zhou Jihong won China's first-ever gold medal in women's platform diving, beating out American favorites Michele Mitchell and Wendy Wyland. World-record holder Anisoara Cusmir Stanciu of Romania took the women's

JOHN FICARA—NEWSWEEK

RAY STUBBLEBINE—AP

Decker's Tragedy

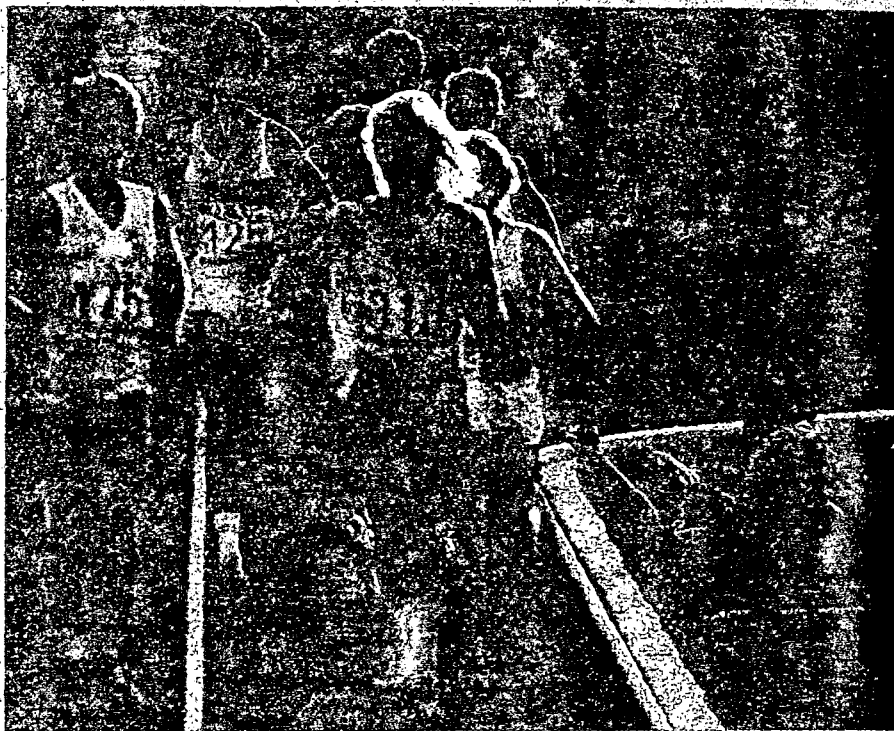
For a dozen years she had pursued her golden moment, shaking off injuries and blinking back disillusionment, always aiming her small battered body and expansive soul toward the Olympic finish line. She had begun the journey as little Mary Decker, 14, prodigious and naive enough to push her frail frame too far too soon. Now she was 26, cool and wealthy under modern amateur rules—and ready to cash in the biggest chip of all, the Olympic gold. The final shining leg of the quest was to cover 3,000 meters before 85,000 fans in the Coliseum. About 1,300 meters remained when the cheers turned to gasps and boos—and Decker and her dream lay crumpled on the trackside grass.

The nuances of the incident will be long debated, the fingers of blame pointed by the purists and the prejudiced. But the searing memory is less technical than visual: Zola Budd was on the outside, tiny and barefoot and strangely vulnerable despite her vast reputation; Decker was on the inside, holding her own. Legs brushed, spikes hit a bare Achilles' tendon; a little girl lurched inward. And suddenly Decker was plunging, clawing at the air. All she grasped as she fell was the number off Zola's back.

Like most great and awful Olympic events, this one had both immediate emotion and historical impact. Budd, who slept every night under a Decker poster as she grew up running in South Africa, showed horror when her idol went down, and she finished the race in tears. When she approached Decker moments later, Mary waved her off: "Don't bother." Zola looked crushed as she boarded a bus to leave, and a British official pleaded forlornly, "I hope they don't blame Zola."

Thousands did, of course, including Decker. For some, Mary's understandable rage recalled a time when she was the teenage prodigy—and hurled a relay baton at a Russian who forced her off the track. For most, it brought back Jim Ryun's fall in

After the fall: 'How can this happen to me?'



Decker hits the grass, Budd (barefoot) runs on: Left with only the number off Zola's back

Munich: And that parallel, portrayed instantly by ABC's amazing tape library, presented a poignant question. Ryun was a true amateur preparing to retire and earn a living in the real world; his defeat robbed him of an exclamation point on a great career. Decker's loss will cost her, by her agent's estimate, hundreds of thousands of dollars. On the other hand, her ongoing

income on the circuit promises considerable solace. Can the relative hurt be measured across the years and the vast changes in the sport?

Certainly there were no dollar signs on the tears that fell next to Budd's tattered number on the Coliseum infield. Even one of Decker's business people said the next day, "Mary's life is running, and running is more important to her than money." As for Ryun, who watched on TV, he said, "God can turn this for good. I know he did in my life. And yet my response immediately was much like hers: 'How can this happen to me?'" Perhaps the proper response is to grieve for both those champions, save a tear or two for Zola—and remember that some of the most memorable Olympic moments will always be the might-have-beens.

PETE AXTHELM with MARTIN KASINDORF



long jump with a leap of 22 feet 10 inches. Yugoslavia edged the incredibly hunkish U.S. team in water polo. And fast-closing Joaquim Cruz of Brazil won the 800 meter—the race of the meet, for hard-core track fans—by beating Britain's Sebastian Coe and America's Earl Jones in the Olympic record time of 1:43.

No one added more to the international flavor than decathlete Daley Thompson (page 24), the son of a Nigerian father and a Scottish mother who runs for Great

Britain even though he's been living lately in Southern California. Untroubled by the hot days and suddenly cool evenings, Thompson, 26, ran away from rival Jürgen Hingsen of West Germany. He celebrated his victory by running the opening leg in the 4x100-meter relay.

As the Games wore on, the Olympic city became something less than the perfect place it had been in week one. One problem was that Angelenos, no longer able to resist the temptation, sneaked back into their

Mercedeses and Ferraris, causing rush-hour traffic to reach normally horrendous pre-Olympic levels. The ultimate crunch probably came on Wednesday, when the 92,000 spectators heading for the semifinal soccer matches met commuter traffic head-on, causing congestion to spread from the Pasadena to the Santa Monica and San Diego freeways. This, in turn, helped bring back the pollution that, for a while, existed only in the minds of visiting Soviet journalists. As a first-stage smog alert went out,

OLYMPICS Los Angeles

mini-ambulances toured the venues, and indeed found oxygen in demand: several women on the Dutch field-hockey team had to stop playing because of debilitating chest pains, and six spectators at the Santa Anita equestrian events were felled by a combination of heat and hydrocarbons.

But the natives were hardly restless. "I'll vote for another Olympics, new bond issues for cops, anything to keep L.A. like this all

the time," said producer Barney Rosenzweig, who was able to keep shooting episodes of his CBS series "Cagney and Lacey" without interruption. The demand for tickets, moreover, remained strong to the end; the LAOOC announced in midweek that it had sold a record 4.5 million—and seats for the closing ceremony went for \$400 or more on the bullish black market.

Souvenir seekers, meanwhile, were lining up before 6 each morning to buy "L.A. '84" banners and stars-in-motion flags from a

local manufacturer. "They're as hot as Cabbage Patch dolls," said AAA Flag Co. owner Howard Furst. Homemaker Susan Yam had to agree. "I complained about the Olympics for 2½ years," she said. "Now I'm standing in line for a memento of something I never wanted to happen." Another banner buyer, Julia Driscoll, worried aloud about having "postpartum depression after the Olympics."

There is already evidence that the L.A. Games will have a lasting impact on Amer-

► The Amateur-Boxing Follies

The most glamorous American Olympic boxer, welterweight Mark Breland, was so distracted by a coaching controversy that he was roundly booed during one lackluster victory. The most promising newcomer, light heavyweight Evander Holyfield, was disqualified for hitting an overmatched New Zealander after the referee had told him to break. And heavyweight Henry Tillman advanced toward his gold with the help of several inexplicably bad decisions by the juries who get to second-guess the regular judges in amateur boxing. Los Angeles may have taken most of the Olympic ill will out of these Games, but Mount Olympus itself couldn't bring sanity to boxing.

With the strong Cubans absent, 9 of the 12 U.S. fighters breezed to gold medals. But if suspense in the ring was minimal, the action outside it could fit well into ABC's daily soap-opera break. At times the boxers couldn't figure out who was their coach. And by the time that is-

Pat Nappi, a low-profile career Army coach, is the official U.S. mentor. But six fighters are connected with Emanuel Steward, a respected Detroit trainer who has developed pro champs like Thomas Hearns and Milton McCrory. In many sports, this would hardly constitute a crisis. But boxing rings are built on insecurity, so petty rivalries soon flared.

In the first installment of this soap, Steward visited a high school where the fighters were training. Informed by a security guard, Nappi said—in front of several Steward loyalists—"I've never heard of Emanuel Steward." In a retaliatory low blow, Steward then took three of his fighters to a separate gym, where they informed reporters of Nappi's shortcomings and their need for a refresher course from Steward. Nappi decided to quit and go home. He got as far as the airport before officials persuaded him to return.

Finally a shaky peace was declared. But Breland, one of the trio that had gone with Steward, dropped both his left and his shiny image during his next fight. Even when he returned to form to slash his way to the gold, Breland was accompanied at every step by Steward and rock promoter Shelly Finkel, who plans to be his promoter. Neither was about to leave center stage to Nappi.

"Mark slept in my hotel room last night and left in great spirits at last," Finkel said after the quarterfinal. Steward admitted that he felt "torn up" by amateur-boxing booster Howard Cosell's TV references to pro managers as vultures.

"I've trained four amateur champions and two pro champs," he said. "But other people want the credit here, so I'm the shadow they don't want to see around."

As the tournament progressed, the general discontent turned toward reliable tar-

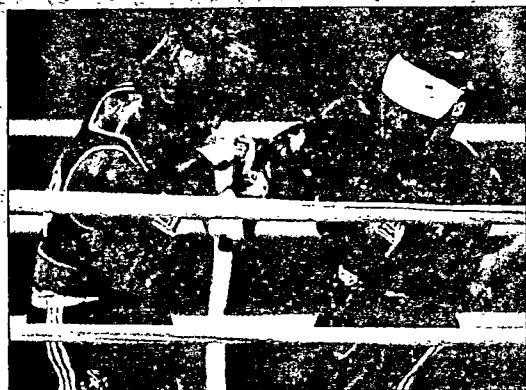
gets, the judges and juries. In a new arrangement, the juries can overturn close decisions by the judges. Rather than try to make sense of this, rest assured that two home favorites—Jerry Page and Tillman—were not the only beneficiaries. A touted Canadian named Shawn O'Sullivan enjoyed the most egregious decision of all.

As for Holyfield, he did hit rival Kevin Barry after ref Gligorije Novicic called, "Stop." So he had to be disqualified. But the ref had been indecisive earlier, and the stop order was issued from a strange position behind Holyfield, who said he never heard it. After the obligatory protest and the rejection by boxing's solons, Col. Donald Hull, president of the International Amateur Boxing Federation, called the affair "a travesty for the young man." In amateur boxing, that word is often irresistible.

PETE AXTHELM

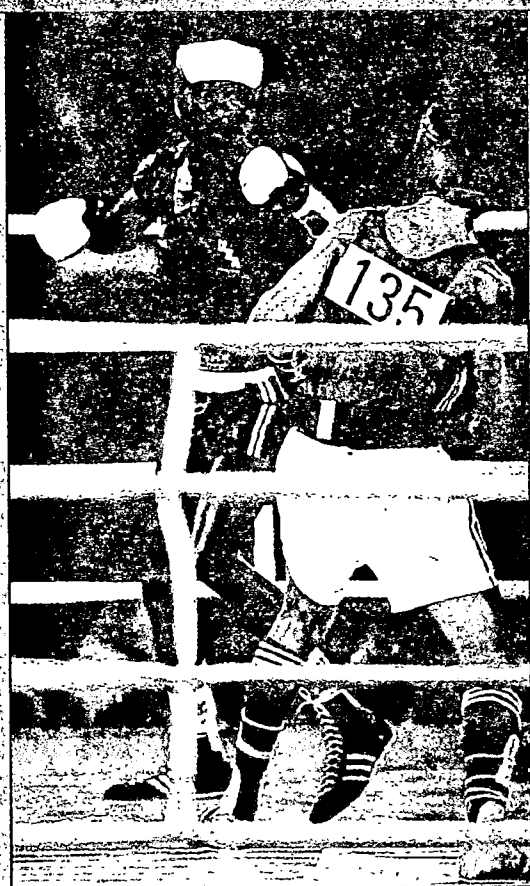


Novicic: 'Stop'



Holyfield (right) versus Kevin Barry: A 'travesty'?

sue was smoothed over, the Americans and their fans got to turn on the Yugoslav referee who dismissed Holyfield—coincidentally leaving the gold in that division to a Yugoslav fighter.



Breland (left): Distracted by coaching controversy

PHOTOS BY STEVEN E. SUTTON—DUOMO

OLYMPICS Los Angeles

ica. Volleyball got hot as a result of the gold medal won by the U.S. men's team and the silver won by the women's (box), and women's long-distance running seems set to enjoy a new vogue in the wake of Joan Benoit's stunning marathon victory—and some gymnastics schools are reporting an unprecedented fall enrollment. "Our phones haven't stopped," says Tom Cook, owner of the Atlanta school where bronze-medal

gymnast Kathy Johnson trained for three years. Yes, it happens after every Olympics. But this time not all of the applicants are would-be Johnsons and Mary Lou Rettons; at least half of the incoming class, says the director of another school, are boys, ages 8 to 10, who've been inspired by the graceful heroics of Mitch Gaylord, Bart Conner and Peter Vidmar.

Youthful equestrians, too, have a spectacular U.S. team success to admire—as have aspiring wrestlers, who watched

105½-pound Bobby Weaver of Rochester, N.Y., parade his infant son around the Anaheim Convention Center in an ebullient victory march after his freestyle win.

Some people, however, were a little *too* caught up in the excitement. Mark and Dave Schultz, brother teammates of Weaver, were officially accused of excessive brutality when both of their opponents had to be hospitalized after one evening's matches. Mark, who broke the arm of Turkey's Resit Karabacak, was eventually

An Old Game Comes Home

William G. Morgan invented mintonette at the Holyoke, Mass., YMCA in 1895. Soldiers and missionaries exported it under a more apt name, and today volleyball trails only soccer in world popularity. But like Julio Iglesias, the game has never really captured the U.S. market. Now, thanks to America's successful Olympians and the gamble that created them, America is rediscovering a homegrown game.

The herky-jerky savagery of Olympic volleyball, with spikes topping 100 mph, barely replicates the familiar beach-and-barbecue version. Still, that faint link may be the international sport's virtue. "It's easy to understand because everyone has played it," says ABC's Rooney Arledge. Volleyball is both electric and emotional, and for those who thrive on come-from-behind rallies, it's a game that truly ain't over 'til it's over. Players master action so complex that all six teammates must be as

U.S. Volleyball Association. During the mid-1970s—rather than start nationwide coaching programs it couldn't afford—the USVBA put its eggs into the national men's and women's teams, hoping to build world-class winners—and bring mainstream Americans panting to the net. Now USVBA funds are adequate to greet them with new programs for schools, scouts and other groups. As U.S. Olympian Pat Powers puts it, "We feel like the Founding Fathers."

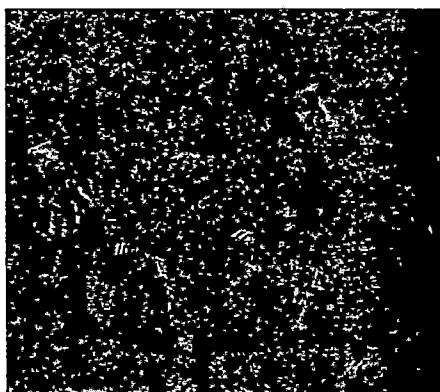
And well they might. For years, men's team members like Dusty Dvorak, Aldis Berzins and Karch Kiraly have practiced four hours daily—some scurrying to jobs, then returning for doses of weight lifting and game films. U.S. women like Flo Hyman, Rita Crockett, Debbie Green and Rose Magers followed a regimen more demanding than any other in the history of U.S. amateur team sports. Some of them even forsook marriages, jobs or educations in servitude to their daylong, Sundays-off grind.

Such a clannish push for superiority is not without critics. Women's coach Arie Selinger has been accused of browbeating his players—which he and they deny. Men's coach Doug Beal has taken his lumps from addicts of beach volleyball, a popular sport in California. The beach boys accuse Beal, a native Ohioan, of demanding more commitment than southern Californians care to provide. Beal wearily notes that most of his players are Californians; he forbids them to play in lucrative beach tournaments because the motor skills required differ from international volleyball. "When tennis pros have time off," he says, "they don't play badminton."

Such internecine intrigue cannot obscure America's resurgence in a sport long dominated by Japan, the Soviet Union and China. Since the Olympics began, new TV offers have been served to both the U.S. and

world volleyball federations—and teams at all levels could use a boost. ("In all six New England states, there is one boys' high-school team: us," says Tom Yankus, coach at The Choate School in Wallingford, Conn. "It's a pain in the neck to drive to Pittsburgh all the time.") Pat Powers, who hopes one day to market the sport for TV, has grand plans. "I can see it now," he says dreamily. "Monday Night Volleyball," with Howard Cosell and Pat Powers."

JOHN McCORMICK with TENLEY-ANN JACKSON in Los Angeles and SID ATKINS in New York



Silver (from left): Magers, Hyman and Green

mentally skilled as quarterbacks. Indeed, of the U.S. men, five are bankers or financiers.

America's sudden embrace of the game appears genuine. In Los Angeles, concessionaires unable to peddle Olympic torch T-shirts added a volleyball imprint on the backs and sold them by the boxful. Scalpers' ticket prices soared to \$500 as throngs jammed the Long Beach Arena. Muttered one fan: "I never thought I'd have to resort to this for volleyball." That kind of befuddled allegiance plays into the hands of the



Berzins (above), Kiraly: 'The Founding Fathers'



STEVEN E. SUTTON—DUOMO

American women take Summitt for a victory ride: 'At least 50 years ahead of other basketball programs'

stripped of a victory for employing an illegal hold. "All we're doing is fighting for position," protested brother Dave. "We're both Christians by faith and we more or less feel what happens is not in our hands." The bodily punishment suffered by steeplechase racer Henry Marsh, on the other hand, was entirely self-inflicted. Running with a virus, the American hopeful splashed through the last water hazard, then collapsed at the finish line and had to be taken from the track on a stretcher. The smiling steeple-

chase winner turned out to be Julius Korir of Kenya.

Marsh wasn't the only American track star who didn't perform as well as expected. Javelin thrower Tom Petranoff, the pre-Olympic favorite, failed to make the final cut in his event. The popular Willie Banks was sixth in the triple jump. But no one raised more eyebrows than 110-meter hurdler Greg Foster, suspecting a false-start, hesitated for a split second and got nipped at the wire by American outsider Roger King-

dom. In the end, though, the losers were gracious and, in their own way, as inspiring as anyone who got the gold. Watching high jumper Dwight Stones, a veteran of the '76 Games, come back at age 30 to place fourth was a bittersweet 11th-hour moment.

There were mixed reviews for the several new Olympic events introduced in these Games. The baseball tournament, a demonstration event that was won by Japan, was well attended and entertaining—as were the stiffly theatrical synchronized-swimming events dominated by Americans Candy Costie and Tracie Ruiz. But the rhythmic gymnastics competition suffered from numerous technical glitches and gaffes. One problem was that the ventilation system at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion played havoc with the streamers the athletes use in their signature routine. The British delegation demanded

action, but a high-ranking Olympic official responded by paraphrasing Avery Brundage: the air conditioning must remain on, she said, "We will not sweat." Maybe that breakdown was a signal that it was indeed time for the Games to conclude. As the bumper sticker spotted on Wilshire Boulevard said: "Welcome to California—Now Go Home."

CHARLES LEERHSEN with MARTIN KASINDORF, JANET HUCK, JOHN MCCORMICK, DANIEL PEDERSEN, ELISA WILLIAMS and RICHARD MANNING in Los Angeles

► The Best in the World?

Britain's Daley Thompson may or may not be the greatest athlete in the world. He certainly must rank, however, as the cheekiest. When the son of a Nigerian father and a Scottish mother won the grueling two-day decathlon, he celebrated in characteristic style. For his victory lap, he donned a T shirt emblazoned, "Thanks, Americans, for a Good Games and a Great Time." Across the back was the question, "But What About the TV Coverage?"—a reference to charges that ABC had focused too heavily on U.S. athletes.

With a total of 8,797 points, Thompson, 26, had joined Bob Mathias as the only athlete to win two Olympic decathlon championships. He had beaten archrival Jürgen Hingsen of West Germany seven straight times in head-to-head contests before last week's face-off. True to form, he got off to a fast start in the first day's events, equaling or surpassing personal bests in the 100 meters, long jump and shot put before knocking off for a lunch of chicken and chips. After the first five events, Thompson had built up a formidable 114-point lead. And just before the start of the final event, the 1,500 meters, Hingsen offered his hand to Thompson in congratulations.

After his victory Thompson predicted he would be around for the 1988 Games in Seoul, but admitted that with his commercial value at an all-time high, it might be difficult to preserve his amateur standing. "If there is money to be made he'll make sure he gets the market price," says friend Graeme Fell. But, he added, Thompson "competes because he enjoys it." Thompson himself described his L.A. experience as "the biggest buzz of my life."



DAN WEINER—DUOMO

Gymnast
Mary Lou Retton

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Gold
Rush

NEWSWEEK

Special Report

Gold Rush

Patriotic crowds in L.A. went flag-waving wild for the home team last week as U.S. athletes staged an unexpected tour de force in the XXIII Olympiad.

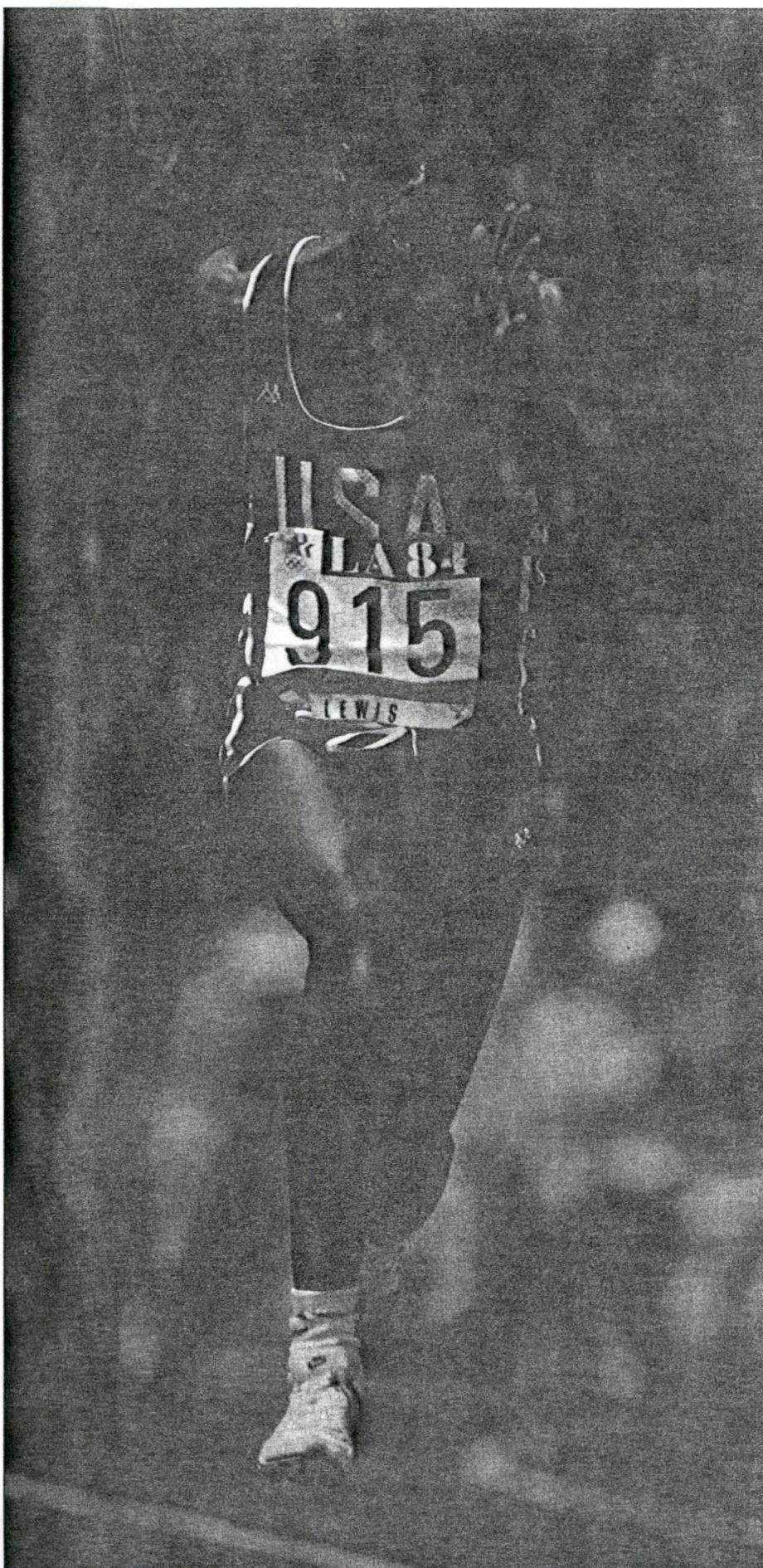
Things like this don't happen in real life—only at the Olympics. With an estimated 2 billion pairs of eyes watching worldwide, six young men—and a piston-driven pixie named Mary Lou Retton—forgot that America is not a gymnastics power. The 16-year-old Retton, who stands just 4 feet 9, towered over the traditionally strong Romanian women by getting the perfect 10 she so desperately needed in the final exercise of her competition's final round. The U.S. male gymnasts, with no less flair for the dramatic, claimed the team honors—and, of course, the gold—by taking it, as they say in L.A., to the max.

Move over, *Miracle on Ice*: make way for the *Miracle on the Mats*. As the American men, led by Peter Vidmar and Mitch Gaylord, slapped high fives in anticipation of victory, little puffs of white chalk rose into the atmosphere, making it look from certain angles as if the ubiquitous L.A. Police Department had been dusting for dreams. "No one who knows gymnastics thought we'd beat the Chinese," said their stunned coach, Abie Grossfeld. "I never thought I'd see this in my lifetime."

Many people never thought they would see an L.A. Olympics actually dominated by sporting events, but to the almost-certain dismay of the Soviet Union, that was the case at the halfway point of the XXIII. Enthusiastic spectators—often expressing surprise at their own Olympic fever—turned out by the hundreds of thousands to watch the competition. Most turned downright patriotic; impromptu cheerleaders appeared. All warmly applauded great athletes from abroad: in gymnastics, Japanese

U.S. heroes (from left): Gymnasts Daggett, Johnson, Gaylord, Hartung, Vidmar, Conner

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5-ABC SPORTS



Lewis blisters a 100-meter dash: Quest for a quartet of golds—and the mantle of Jesse Owens

OLYMPICS Los Angeles

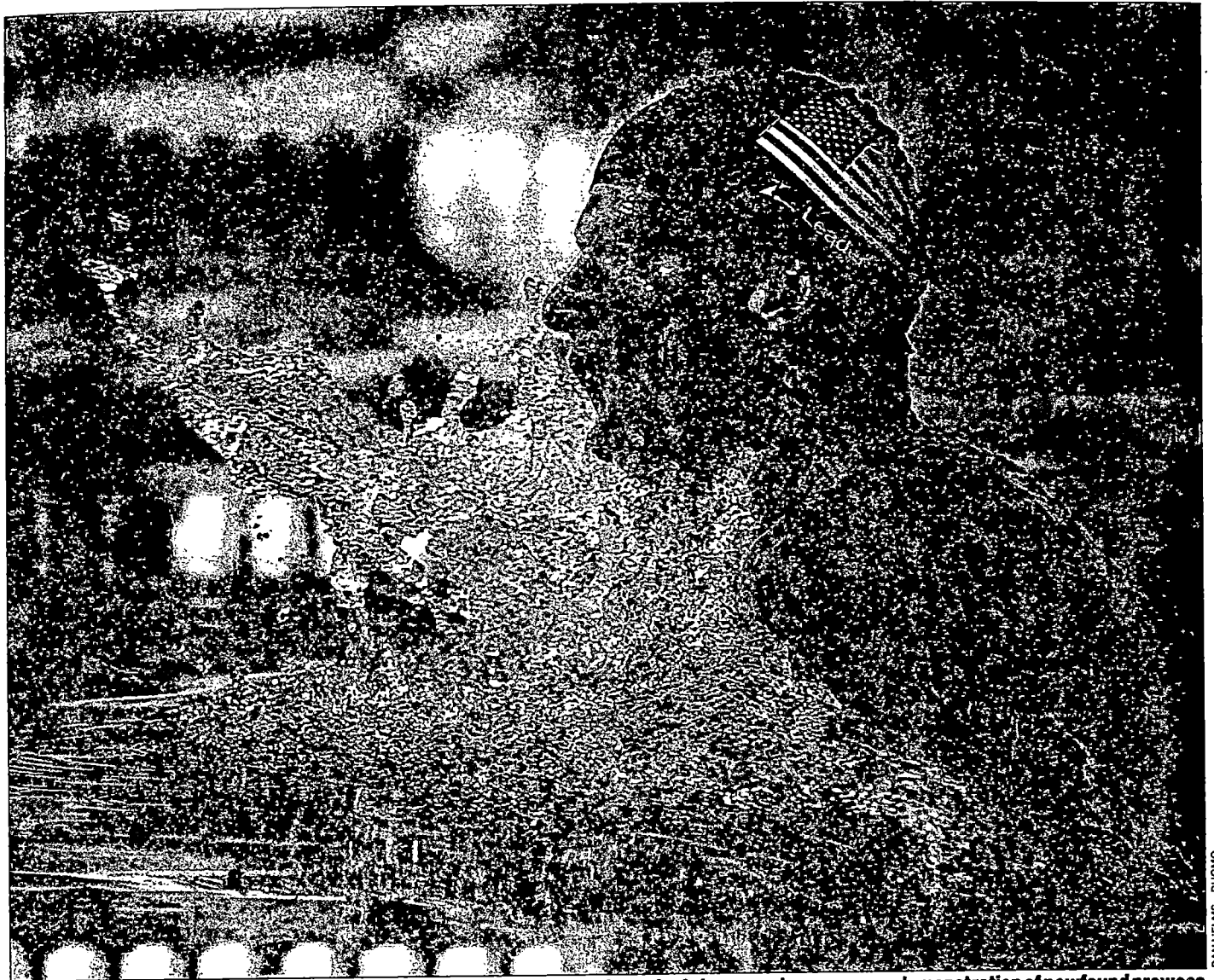
perfectionist Koji Gushiken and China's show-stopping Li Ning; in swimming, West Germany's awesome Michael Gross. And for the home team, they simply went flag-waving wild.

With good reason: America's fired-up athletes staged an astonishing tour de force. By Saturday evening, they had all but lapped the field in the gold-medal race, with China—after a 32-year absence from the Summer Games—running a surprising second. The United States was going strong from the water-polo pool at Pepperdine to Coto de Caza's modern pentathlon venue, all over Westwood and down Doheny way. In addition to the gymnastics gold, there were victories for Americans in cycling (page 21), shooting, women's rowing and—for the first time ever—Greco-Roman wrestling, where a New Yorker named Jeff Blatnick, 27, capped a courageous comeback from Hodgkin's disease with an Olympic victory. Out toward the airport, meanwhile, the men's and women's basketball teams (page 26) were rolling through their respective tournaments, while in strangely calm and quiet downtown L.A., Mark Breland led a boxing team that was looking good and going undefeated.

But ultimately, it may have been the swim team (page 24) that best demonstrated America's newfound—and in some cases, boycott-aided—athletic prowess; individual men, women and assorted relay teams combined to win 21 of 29 available gold medals, and set 4 world and 13 Olympic records. "It was worth all the hell," declared Ambrose (Rowdy) Gaines IV, 25, a veteran of the 1980 team that never went to Moscow. Olympic Village bunkmates Carrie Steinseifer and Nancy Hogshead echoed that sentiment after they finished in a dead heat for first in the 100-meter freestyle. "Tying," said Hogshead, "made it twice as good."

While they towed off, track star Carl Lewis began his quest for a quartet of golds. He cruised home in the 100-meter dash in 9.99 seconds, with teammate Sam Graddy taking the silver; then—to a full-throated roar from 90,000 spectators—Lewis ran a victory lap carrying an American flag. Electrifying stuff: but as Lewis and teammates like hurdler Edwin Moses and Joan Benoit—who ran away with the first-ever women's Olympic marathon—moved to center stage in the Coliseum, they clearly had a tough act to follow.

So did the Olympic city (page 28), which survived even Aug. 3—a.k.a. Black Friday because of a combination of events that was supposed to produce the ultimate smog-lock—in fine style. On most days the freeways were clear, the sky relatively clean, the chic eateries and shops surprisingly empty. "People don't want to spend two hours eating dinner in a restaurant when Mary Lou Retton is on the balance beam," noted a chef at one gourmet takeout place. "They are entertaining at home in front of the



DAN HELMS—DUOMO

Lundquist on his way to a world record in the 100-meter breaststroke: A touch of class—and an awesome demonstration of newfound prowess

television." The nearly unprecedented local Nielsen ratings supported that contention, as did Tammy Lazer, Olympics coordination manager for the Greater L.A. Visitors and Convention Bureau. "The 625,000 predicted visitors are here," she insisted. "But they don't have time to dine at Ma Maison or shop for \$600 blouses. They are here to see the Games."

It seemed that any event, no matter how obscure or mystifying to the American public, would do. When the L.A. Olympic Organizing Committee conducted a "Faire" to dispose of leftover tickets, one woman was injured in the crush—and over at Murray's Tickets, co-owner David Andelman said: "It's unbelievable—people are waiting hours for anything. They'll take team handball, judo." Before the U.S. team was eliminated from the soccer tournament, 78,000 turned out to watch them whip Costa Rica.

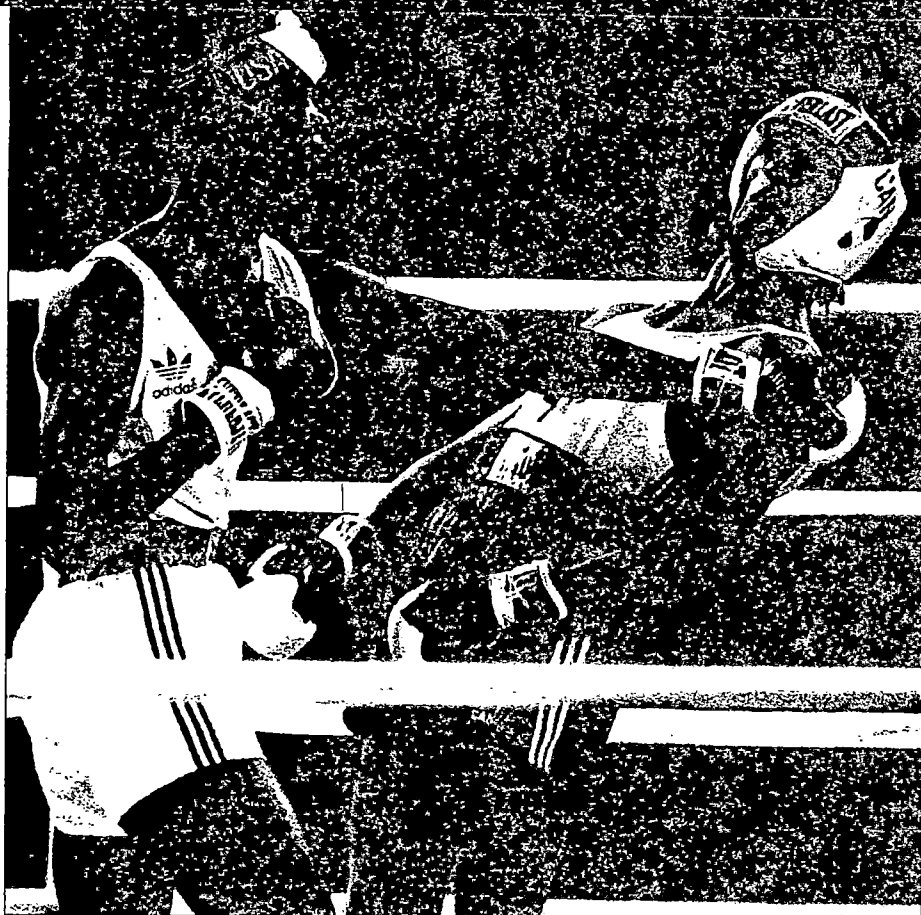
Even the perennially optimistic LAOOC officials expressed surprise when a throng of 8,000 people—10 times more than there was room for—showed up to watch the shooting as the United States won its first

silver medal in modern pentathlon, an event that one of the competitors likened, from a spectator's viewpoint, to "spending time in a Turkish prison." But the crowds, always orderly, seemed to disappear into the mercifully thin air as soon as each event was over. Oddly, it was at one of the few poorly attended events that something akin to an international incident occurred: the Indian delegation complained to the LAOOC that pro-Sikh demonstrators had seized and trampled the national flag during a protest march outside the field-hockey stadium.

With no serious security problems to contend with, the LAPD concentrated on what it called "rumor control." One report—that a man with explosives in his car was trailing an athlete's bus—proved all too true. But when another officer heard that some Korean athletes were barbecuing snakes, he checked and found not snakes, "just snacks." Nor were there any wholesale harvests of prostitutes, as had been predicted. "The word on the street," said a confident Lt. Les Coil, "is that L.A. is not the place for them to be." Indeed, the only kind of solicitors operating openly in the busy Coliseum

area were Moonies and other religious zealots seeking contributions in spite of the posted rules. Things were so peaceful, in fact, that police were insisting that crime in certain sections had somehow dropped 250 percent—even though anything over 100 seems to imply that some lawbreakers had switched to performing good deeds.

But whatever the statistics, the good vibrations seemed to be spreading across America as sports fans took time from their beers and box scores to bask in Team America's success. "There's a lot of interest here, a feeling of us against the world," says Robert Maloof, co-owner of Atlanta's popular Manuel's Tavern. "We turn the television on and the customers love it," says a bartender at Daisy Buchanan's in Boston. Even in Chicago, where the lovable Cubs are fighting for their first pennant in 39 years, the crowd at the Ultimate Sports Bar is grudgingly giving in to the nightly broadcasts. And the manager of Dan & Nick's Sportsmarket in Houston says, "When the United States does well, you can feel the electricity in the air. During the gymnastics, they scream and roar and say things



OLYMPICS Los Angeles

Peters was equally enraged. "I filed so many protests today my fingers are sore," he said.

Their objections turned out to be moot; an American official had compensated for her Romanian counterpart by marking the U.S. women disproportionately high. But two nights later there was another scoring squabble that may have cost the Americans any chance for a team gold. While the balance-beam judges argued over a disparity in the marks awarded Kathy Johnson, teammate Julianne McNamara was forced to wait about eight agonizing minutes before taking her turn. When it finally came, her concentration seemed lost, and she tumbled off the beam as she began her routine, earning a miserable 9.2.

Even before that incident, though, the American women had looked surprisingly ragged. One reason may have been simple fatigue. After the men's victory, Peters noted wryly, the women stayed up waiting for the guys to come in from their celebration—"but the guys didn't come in." Ultimately, though, the Olympic pressure seemed to be weighing heavily even on the gold-medal-winning Romanians. "Nobody was perfect tonight," said Johnson, at 24 the old lady of the team, after the United States had won the silver. "But the mistakes that were made were mistakes of excitement."

Of course, that doesn't explain how Mary Lou Retton can look so excited and manage to make almost no mistakes at all. Gifted with a low center of gravity—and powered by stocky legs that remind sportswriters of fullbacks and tree trunks—she is the sport's first industrial-strength performer: gymnastics in a drum. The comparisons to Co-

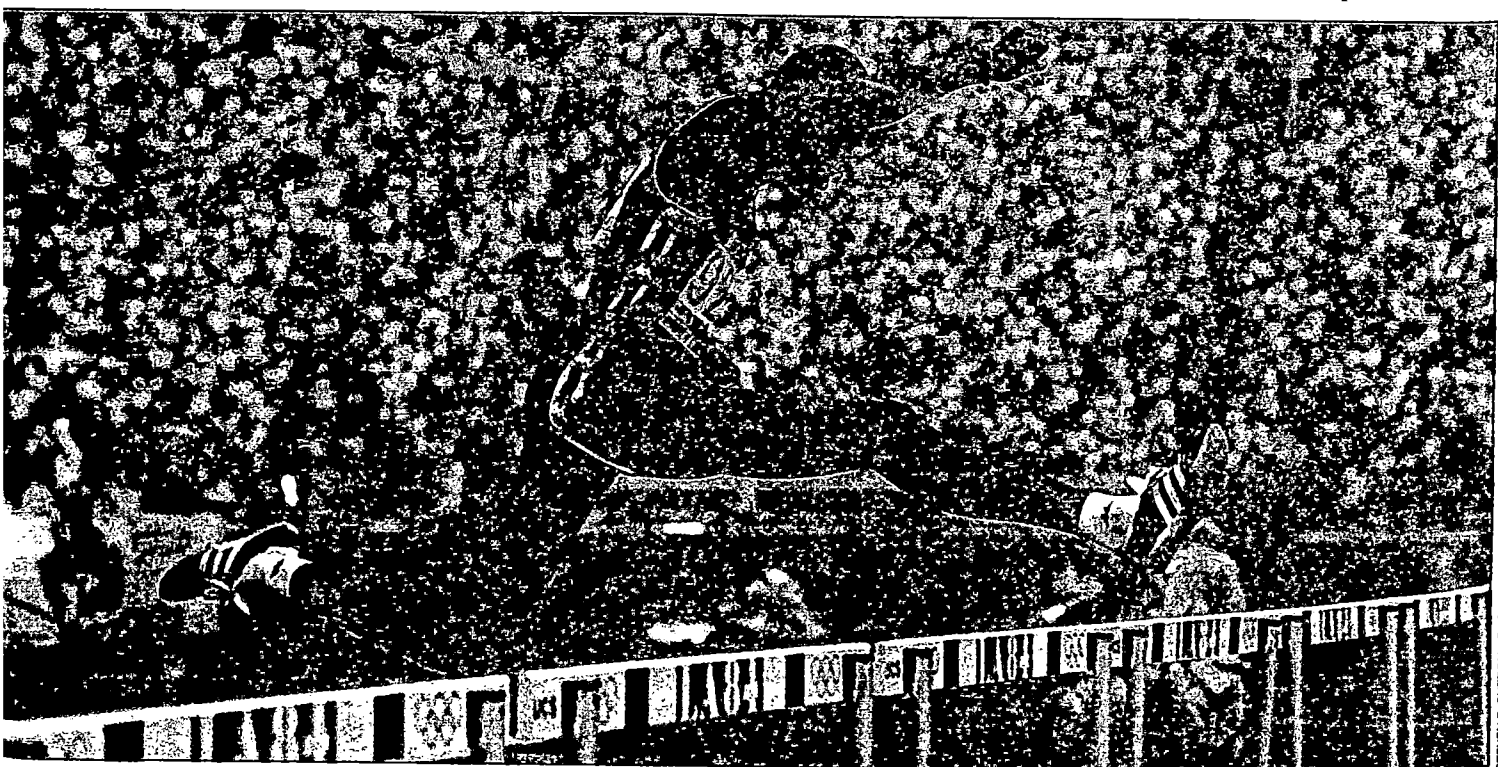
Breland connects with Canada's Wayne Gordon: Good vibrations spreading across America

like "That was the best iron cross I've seen all night!"

There was little for Americans to cheer about, however, when the women gymnasts first took the floor. The opening round of their competition, the compulsories, was marred by a controversy over a Romanian judge with a penchant for grading Retton and company rather harshly on the balance

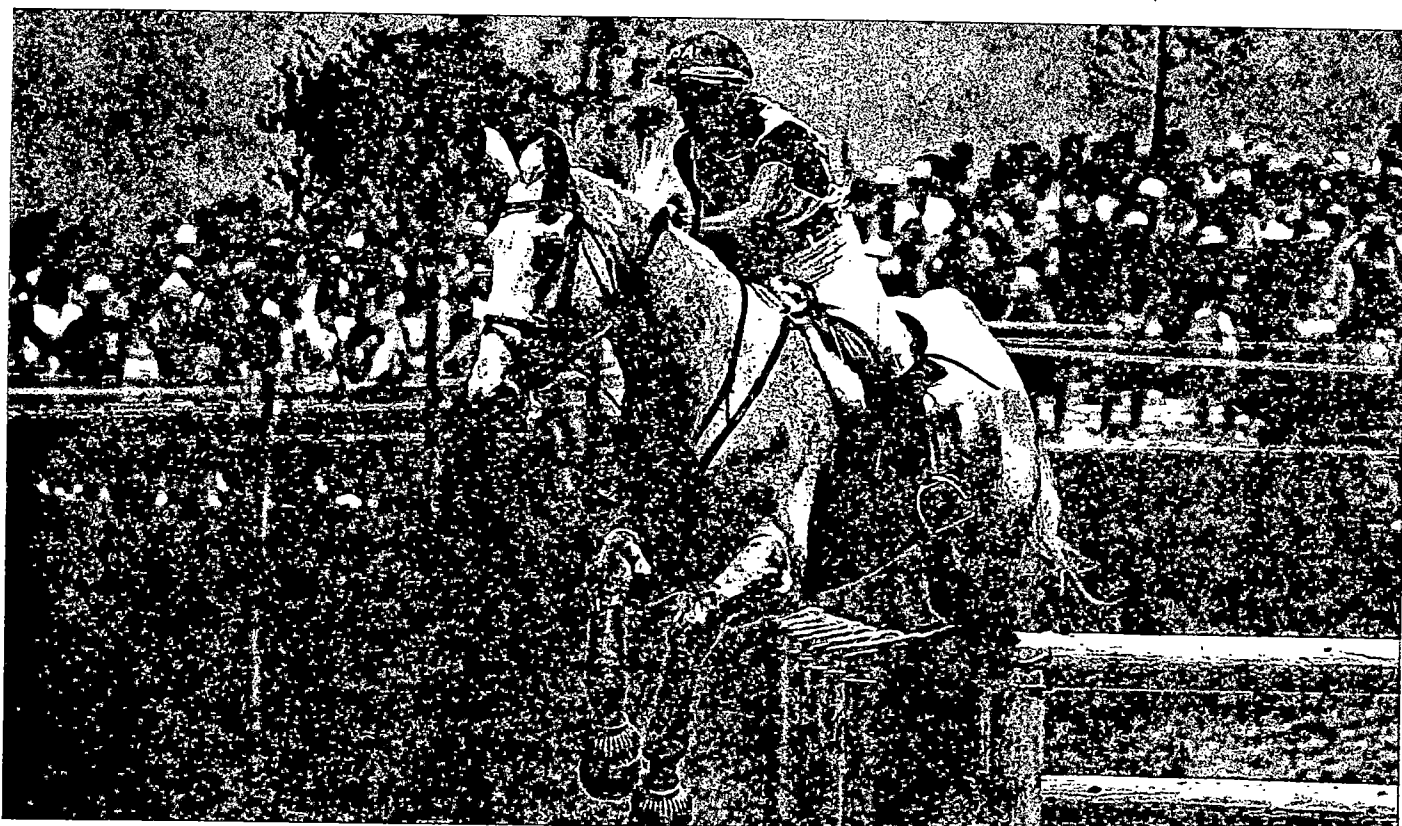
beam. When the United States wound up .45 of a point off the lead, Bela Karolyi—a Romanian defector who molded Nadia Comaneci and now coaches Mary Lou—angrily suggested that the lady official be "made to do agriculture." Then he spilled the beans about how the LAOC had quietly agreed to pay part of Team Romania's Olympic expenses after the boycott. U.S. coach Don

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5-ABC SPORTS



Moses flies over the 400-meter hurdles: Speed, grace, a flapping gold chain—and an unbroken string of 104 victories going into the finals

STEVEN E. SUTTON—DUOMO



DAN HELMS—DUOMO

Equestrian competitor Karen Stives moves over a cross-country jump astride Ben Arthur: Aggressive American strength in far-flung events

maneci and Olga Korbut are inevitable, but neither of those legends seemed to vault as far—or stick themselves to the floor as solidly—as the girl from West Virginia. Nor has any gymnast ever flaunted such a case of terminal spunk: waves and smiles seem to be an integral part of her every dismount. “Mary Lou has opened a new era in American gymnastics,” said Karolyi. “Nadia was a great champion, but Mary Lou is bigger.” The reason: “She’s got the psychological power to go through the most difficult moments without falling apart.”

There were several difficult moments during Retton’s quest for the individual all-round gold. The first came early on. Thanks to a 10 and several 9.9s she had earned in previous rounds, Mary Lou began the evening with a .15-point advantage over Romania’s Ecaterina Szabo, 17, the world champion and pre-Olympic favorite. But that lead was quickly erased when Szabo popped a 10 on the balance beam while Retton settled for a 9.85 on one of her less favorite apparatus, the uneven bars. After that, the competition was nip and tuck until—as even the cloistered Carmelites near the volleyball court in Long Beach must know—Szabo twirled around the bars for a 9.9 and put the ultimate pressure on Retton. “I knew what I needed, a 10,” Mary Lou said later. “And I knew if I hit it, I’d get it.”

Fortunately, the rotation had brought her to the vault, by far her strongest exercise. With the crowd so quiet you could hear the Nikon motor drives whirring, Retton roared down the runway, hit the springboard—and then became the first person ever to layout-Tsukahara her way into America’s heart.

“Olympic champion!” yelled Bela as he vaulted over the retaining wall to administer a Romanian-style bear hug. There was no doubt about the 10, or about Retton’s desire to prolong the moment by going out and, quite superfluously, scoring another 10 on her second turn. This was, after all, why she had moved away from her family a year and a



DAVID MADISON—DUOMO

Flo Hyman at the volleyball net: Power hitter

half ago to study with Karolyi in Texas, and why she had traded a normal school life for a correspondence course. It was also why she had undergone a risky knee operation just six weeks before the Games—a fact that wasn’t highly publicized until she was wearing the gold medal. But could she possibly ask for anything more? Mary Lou considered that question for a split second—and then said, “Yes, a Porsche.” If only she had a driver’s license.

Retton wasn’t the only American woman who made history at the Games. Cyclists Connie Carpenter-Phinney and Rebecca Twigg finished one-two in the first Olympic cycling race for females; Cheryl Miller led what looked like the strongest basketball team ever assembled, and Wanda Jewell won a bronze in rifle shooting. Karen Stives finished second to New Zealand’s Mark Todd in the three-day equestrian event, one of the rare events in which women compete head to head with men.

But probably no one was doing more for the image of women’s sports than the powerful and savvy volleyball team. Led by 6-foot-5 Flo Hyman, 30, the American women scored a stunning victory over the world-champion Chinese team on Friday and positioned themselves as gold-medal favorites. If they do win, their victory will be years in the making; coach Arie Selinger, a tough taskmaster widely known as the Bobby Knight of volleyball, has kept together much of the same squad that fell victim to the boycott of 1980. “He believed in us when not too many people did,” says hitter Rita Crockett. In L.A., however, there were enough believers to make

tickets as scarce as the Soviet athletes.

The male volleyballers were enjoying the same kind of support; tickets for their Monday-night match with Brazil were going for \$200 or more at Murray's. "It's like we've been in the twilight zone so long," said blocker Steve Timmons, "and this is kind of a payback." Another reward could be an Olympic medal. Thanks to solid performances from Karch Kiraly and Dusty Dvorak, the Americans beat Argentina, rolled over Tunisia in near-Olympic-record time, then dispensed with Korea. And the crowds never stopped cheering. "It's evident that this is the first time people are seeing volleyball played as a sophisticated, complex event," said coach Doug Beal. The fever was even spreading to the local beaches, where

courts were reportedly filling up earlier in the morning than usual. "The people," said one surfer type, "are riled up."

There was not, on the other hand, a sudden outbreak of Greco-Roman wrestling, although that was hardly the fault of Jeff Blatnick and Steve Fraser, who won gold in an event in which Americans had never won anything. In some areas, however, the United States staunchly clung to its losing tradition; the men's field-hockey, handball and soccer teams all dropped out of the running. America was also a nonfactor in the early weight-lifting rounds; the nation's one entrant, Angeleno Albert Hood, 19, finished eighth. The big surprise in that sport was the emergence of the Chinese, who lifted eight medals in the first nine days.

OLYMPICS Los Angeles

For some, inevitably, the pressure was so great that they went too far in seeking an extra edge. One Swedish pentathlete was stripped of his points for illegally taking an additional shot at a target when he thought the judge wasn't looking. And France's eight-man rowing team was given a free pass into the finals after falling victim to a saboteur; someone, it seemed, had filed one of their oar-locks so it broke after a few hard pulls. But the good news was that the bad news was hard to come by. And, like most of us last week, it was buried in the sports pages. CHARLES LEERHSEN with MARTIN KASINDORF, JANET HUCK, PETER McALEVEY, TENLEY-ANN JACKSON, RICHARD MANNING, JOHN McCORMICK and bureau reports

Free Spirits and 'Funny Bikes'

Posterity will forget that a Chinese fertilizer salesman won the first gold medal of the 1984 Summer Games—and that moments after Xu Haifeng triumphed in the free pistol-shooting competition, Connie Carpenter-Phinney took the second gold by winning the women's 49-mile cycling road race. But for the loyal cadre who follow bike racing, her win was an epochal event. In inching out teammate Rebecca Twigg, Carpenter-Phinney not only won the first women's Olympic cycling event ever—she also became the first American biker to win any shade of medal since Taft was in the White House.

The Carpenter-Phinney victory marked the beginning of a glorious time for the free spirits who make up the American cycling team. From Carpenter-Phinney and Twigg to Mark Gorski and Nelson Vails (who capped the competitions by taking gold and silver in the individual match sprint), it was a week of triumph. Alexi Grewal, the headstrong 23-year-old road racer who was temporarily booted off the men's Olympic team three weeks ago after a postrace test came up positive for a banned antiasthmatic drug, celebrated his last-minute reinstatement by publicly vowing to win the gold. He was as good as his word: taking and then losing the lead on the last 10-mile lap, Grewal finally passed Canadian Steve Bauer in the final mile and crossed the finish line with

arms airward à la Rocky Balboa.

Three days later Steve Hegg upset West German favorite Rolf Golz in the 4,000-meter individual pursuit; fellow Californian Leonard (Harvey) Nitz carried home the bronze. Pumping one of American coach Eddie Borysewicz's

"funny bikes"—a high-tech model that boasts a slightly oversize rear wheel made of graphite—Hegg passed Golz on the last half lap. However, it was brains, not high technology, that powered the 20-year-old Californian to the gold. He let Golz play rabbit for the whole race, constantly checking the huge scoreboard clock to make sure he was no more than .8 seconds behind the West German. When it finally came time to pass the exhausted favorite, the fatigued Hegg psyched himself by "just thinking of the medal ceremony."

That final image was appropriate motivation: Hegg, a world-class skier who had a shot at the Winter Olympics, quit the downhill last December when he decided he'd have a better chance for a cycling medal. He had beaten skier Billy Johnson in the past, and after watching Johnson win the Sarajevo gold, Hegg girded for his own battle. "It made me train even harder for Los Angeles," he said. "I just wanted to be sure I got my gold medal like he did." Hegg, like the American cycling team as a whole, got exactly what he came for.

NEAL KARLEN WITH MARTIN KASINDORF

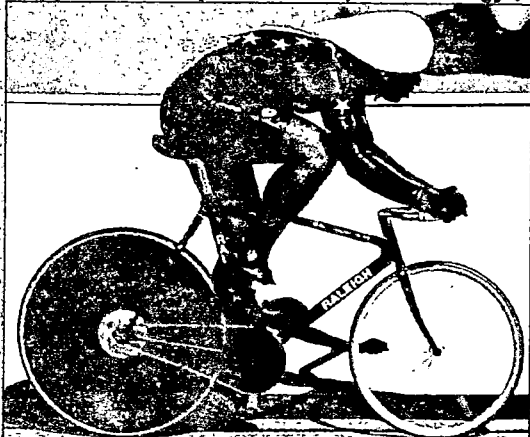


Carpenter-Phinney

DAVID MADSON—DUNING



Grewal crosses the finish line: Fulfilling a vow. Hegg in individual pursuit: Brains, not technology

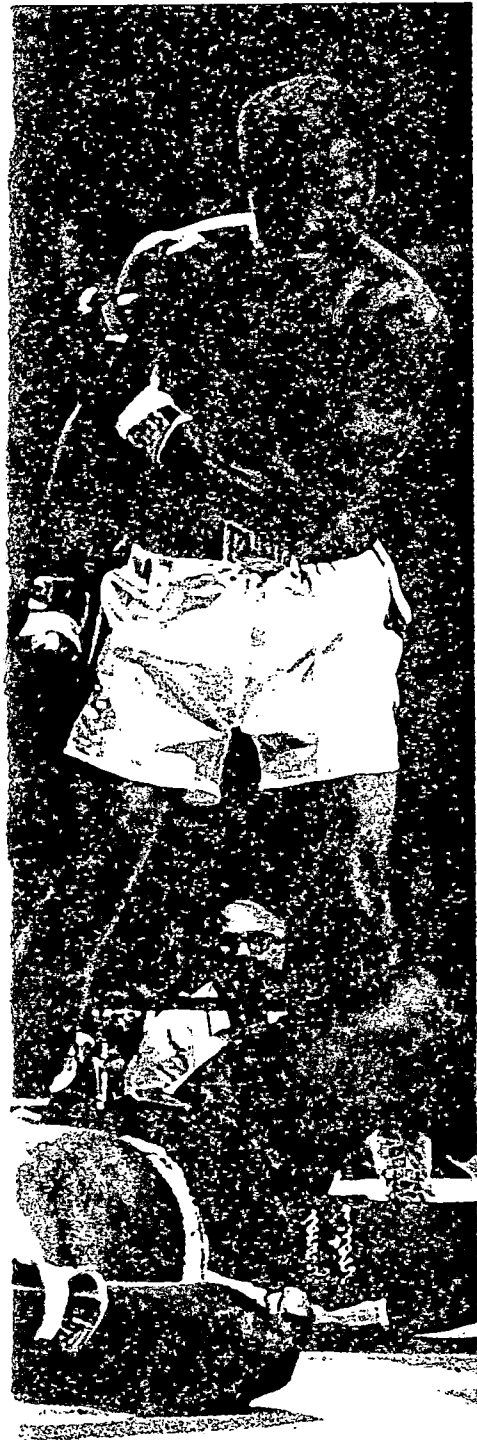


JOHN McDERMOTT

MITCHELL B. REIBEL

CHAMPIONS

OF AMERICAN SPORT



WILMA RUDOLPH (b. 1940)

Wilma Rudolph had to relearn to walk before she could run. After an early childhood bout of double pneumonia and scarlet fever had left her left leg paralyzed, she went through years of confinement to bed or chair before she was back on her feet at age eight, with the use of special shoes. It did not take long for her body to find its natural tone. By thirteen, she had made her high-school basketball team and, at fifteen, was a certified athletic marvel, known throughout the black community of Clarksville, Tennessee, as an all-state player who had scored 803 points in twenty-five games. Her coach, Clinton Gray, who called her "Skeeter" (for mosquito) because she was "always buzzing around," took up the suggestion of the great track coach Ed Temple to start her running. After one year she had already qualified, at sixteen, for a place on the 1956 Olympic team at Melbourne, where she shared in a bronze-medal win for the 400-meter relay.

But that was all prelude. Within one year she was running full time for Ed Temple at Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial State College in the best women's track program in the nation. Rudolph's genius was honed by hard competition. "Her teammates are the next three fastest girls in the country," said her coach. "Rudolph runs fast because she is pressed so hard in practice. Without it she wouldn't be nearly as good as she is." Temple's point was proven when the entire 400-meter women's relay team for the 1960 Olympics was chosen out of his squad.

Never able to count on her health, Rudolph went through a debilitating illness which canceled her 1958 track season, a pulled left thigh muscle in 1959, and serious complications from a tonsil operation in the Olympic year of 1960. But, when it was time to go to Rome, she was ready. How ready became obvious in her first event, the 100-meter dash, when she broke away from the competition at the halfway point and won, three yards ahead of the silver medalist, in 11 seconds flat. Her second Olympic record and gold medal came in the 200-meter dash, at 24 seconds, when she again showed the stride which, one reporter wrote, "made the rest of the pack seem to be churning on a treadmill." The Rudolph trademark was composure—a quality of smooth, effortless, impassive speed. Her third gold medal came to her, as if by right, when she anchored the United States 400-meter relay team: Wilma and her Tennessee A & I classmates set both world and Olympic marks at 44.5 seconds.

On tour throughout Europe with her teammates, Rudolph was hailed as a goddess of sport. "La Gazella Nera" (Black Gazelle) to the Italians, "La Perle Noire" (Black Pearl) and "La Chattanooga Choo Choo" to the French, she was mobbed wherever she went. Once her shoes were pulled off her feet. A wax statue was made of her in Madame Tussaud's London Museum. Overwhelmed by the hoopla, she returned to America for a new round of celebrations, banquets, and carnivals in her honor. Winning gold medals must have seemed easier.

She had not finished yet. Runner-up in 1960 for the Amateur Athletic Union's Sullivan trophy as outstanding amateur of the year, she took it that next year, only the third woman to do so. She was the first woman in thirty years to be invited to participate in the celebrated Millrose Games at Madison Square Garden, where she was clocked at 6.9 seconds in the 60-yard dash, tying her own world record. She trimmed it to 6.8 seconds at the New York Athletic Club games two weeks later. By the end of the year, she owned the world's records for the 70-yard dash and the 100-meter event. That was enough. She retired, at the height of her glory, to the quieter life of a schoolteacher.

ERIC HEIDEN (b. 1958)

Eric Heiden's performance at the 1980 Winter Olympics, during which he won gold medals in each of the five men's speed-skating events, established him as the best men's speed skater in history. At the previous Olympics, seventeen-year-old Eric had finished an unobtrusive nineteenth in the 5,000-meter and seventh in the 1,500-, but the next year (1977) he traveled to the Dutch city of Heerenveen and, with remarkable efforts in four grueling races ranging from the 500-meter sprint to the 10,000-meter marathon, broke from obscurity to become the men's speed-skating champion of the world. He continued to build his confidence by sweeping the field in European races during the next two years, and repeated as world champion in Sweden in 1978 and Norway in 1979. The Norwegians, for whom speed skating is as much a part of the national marrow as baseball and football are for America, adopted the boyish Heiden as a folk hero. His profile appeared on milk cartons as well as sports pages, and songs and books were written about him. In Oslo and Amsterdam, he commanded more adoration than rock singers.

But it was not until the "Great Whoopee"—Eric's term for the hoopla surrounding the 1980 Olympics at Lake Placid—that an epidemic of Heiden fever boiled America's blood. Eric Heiden went for the gold with electrifying derring-do, hurtling his body around the ice oval with such speed that he consistently covered the distance of five football fields in between thirty and forty seconds. Although he is 6'1", Eric's 185 pounds seemed concentrated in his twenty-nine-inch thighs, which moved like pistons as he pumped out meter after meter on the ice.

At Lake Placid, he captured four Olympic gold medals—in the 500-meter, 1,000-meter, 1,500-meter, and 5,000-meter events—before taking a break to scream his lungs out at the U.S.–Soviet hockey game. "He left there thinking he could conquer the world," his coach said. In the 10,000-meter finale the next day, he won his fifth gold—an Olympic record—by an astonishing margin of 7.9 seconds over his nearest competitor. Later, when asked what he would do with all his medals, Eric guessed that "they'll probably sit in my mom's dresser where the rest of them are." He never really skated for the glory of it all so much as for the pure joy. "American skaters have no other reason to skate except for the fun of it," he explained just before the start of the games. "We're out to have a good time, and I think that's why we win."

As for the future, Eric Heiden hopes to slip back into relative obscurity, do some bicycle racing perhaps, and study sports medicine. "I don't want people to put me on a pedestal," he worries. "I want to stay just the way I am now. I'd really be uptight if people were always praising me and stuff like that." But he also knows that life will never be the same. "I guess it's something I'm going to have to get used to."

TENLEY ALBRIGHT (b. 1935)

Only two years after she took up figure skating at the age of nine, Tenley Albright was stricken with a mild case of polio—a near-tragedy that, in fact, helped make her a champion. The polio was nonparalytic, though it weakened her abdominal and lower back muscles. Illness gave her the kind of determination and discipline a superior athlete needs, and she was skating again only three months after the attack. Asked if her confidence had ever flagged, she said, “Just once, really—last winter. It was four o’clock in the morning and snowing hard. I was going down the back alley to the skating club with my heavy tape recorder and two pairs of boots and skates in my hands, when suddenly I slipped and everything went flying all around me. I just sat there and said to myself, ‘What am I doing here?’ I was so alone and there wasn’t even anyone to laugh with me.” According to her coach, “She’d take a lot of falls, but she’d pick herself up and start all over again.” Albright would regularly practice for three or four hours before breakfast and school. As her coach said then, “She’s got it in her head and heart and that’s why she can make it come out through her feet.” In January 1947, four months after her bout with polio, Tenley Albright won the Eastern U.S. Ladies’ Junior title.

She competed in her first Olympics at Oslo in 1952, winning an astonishing second place and the silver medal. The next year, at the age of seventeen, she became the first American woman to win the world championship. She also won the U.S. and North American titles that year, thereby becoming this country’s first triple-crown figure skater. When she entered Radcliffe in 1953, she continued to compete, winning the U.S. Ladies’ Senior Figure Skating title in 1953, 1954, and 1955. Then, in 1956, she became the first American woman to win the Olympic gold medal in figure skating, edging out another young American, fifteen-year-old Carol Heiss, who won the silver medal. When she returned home to Newton, Massachusetts, she was greeted by a crowd of fifty thousand people along a parade route nearly two miles long.

Miss Albright’s great strength was her ability to blend aesthetic and athletic skills. To the art of free skating she brought a special grace and fluidity of motion. She contributed several innovations to this aspect of the sport, including a soaring mazurka jump with which she was particularly identified. Although she always scored well on her “school figures”—the sixty-two patterns in which a skater traces and retraces two- and three-lobed figure eights—she particularly enjoyed free skating. “Skating is expression,” she has said, adding that it was the creative side which she relished—“the opportunity to practice new jumps or dance steps, to fit them to music in my own way, and then perfect the whole thing.”

Her last competition was in 1956, when she defeated rival—and heir—Carol Heiss in the U.S. championships. The contest has been described as a “dazzling” exhibition of skating. Miss Albright won, 1,712.02 total points to 1,691.67 for Miss Heiss.

Following that event, Tenley Albright gave up competitive skating and earned an M.D. at Harvard Medical School. A highly regarded specialist, she is a member of the Sports Medicine Committee of the U.S. Olympics Committee.

*Mark Spitz, 1972,
Personality Posters,
Inc., New York*



MARK SPITZ (b. 1950)

"The medals weighed a lot," said Mark Spitz about this pose. "They have heavy, crazy chains. Really, it was hard to stand up straight wearing them all at one time."

For the most popular poster ever made of an athlete, Spitz wore the seven gold medals he had won in swimming events at the 1972 Olympiad in Munich, West Germany. There, in a performance unsurpassed in sports history, he earned four golds in individual competition and three as a member of relay teams—all in world-record time.

"No Olympic star ever shone more brightly," wrote one observer of Spitz at Munich. At 6 feet, 170 pounds, slender, broad-shouldered, with slim hips, long arms, large hands, and unusually flexible legs, he possessed the perfect physique for a swimmer. He could "kick six inches deeper than anyone else. His legs," said teammate Jerry Heidenreich, "are like a bow." In his first event—the 200-meter butterfly in which he had finished last at Mexico City four years earlier—Spitz first conquered a mental block against that painful event, and then set a new world record: 2 minutes 7 seconds. Said he: "I feel like this is going to be just fine, now." He had won his first gold and, within the week, six others followed.

California-born, Spitz began formal swimming instruction in Sacramento at the age of eight. His father, a steel-company executive, was the driving force in his career. Before 1972 he had set twenty-three world records and thirty-five U.S. records. A major setback occurred at the Mexico City games in 1968, "the worst meet of my life," where he had not performed up to his own high expectations. Afterward he spent four years at Indiana University as a premed student and—as a member of the nation's foremost collegiate swimming team—he fell under the sound guidance of Coach Jim ("Doc") Counsilman. It was "like a comeback for me," said Spitz at the age of twenty. Counsilman considered him "one of the all-time great athletes in any sport."

Describing a swimmer's ordeal before a race, Spitz recalled the Munich games, where "we waited in a small place about the size of a motel bedroom," he said, "the eight of us in our different sweat-suit gear, the sound of 20,000 people outside beating at the wall, and we would watch the race preceding ours on a monitor. We were really like stage performers. They would knock at the door and call out, 'O.K., you're on.' "

Having topped the previous Olympic records of four gold medals won by Don Schollander in the 1968 swimming events and by Jesse Owens in track and field (1936), Spitz was suddenly tired of swimming. A price was paid, he said, for "all that work. There is something very depressing about being the best in the world at something. I was programmed for all those years. I swam $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the morning and 2 in the evening, maybe seven miles a day for six years, and during all those hours I'd think about getting out of the pool at the end of the session and how pleasant that was going to be. I loved to think about getting out. But I became the best in the world."



Spitz in the midst of his gold-medal sweep at the 1972 Olympics, Neil Leifer, Photograph, Sports Illustrated

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER (b. 1904)

Swimming assumed the American spotlight in 1924, when Johnny Weissmuller starred in the Paris Olympic games, capturing three gold medals and gaining center stage for a decade of record-breaking achievements. At the Amsterdam games in 1928 he won two more golds, breaking his own records in the 100-meter and the 800-meter relay. No specialist in any one stroke or distance, Weissmuller was the total champion. He swam every event from 50 yards to the half-mile and, during ten years of amateur competition, he remained undefeated. His 100-yard freestyle record (51 seconds), set in 1927 without benefit of starting blocks, lane lines, or flip turns, stood for seventeen years. He took fifty-two national titles and set sixty-seven world records by 1928, when he retired. In 1950 he was voted "The Greatest Swimmer of the Half-Century" by 250 sportswriters and broadcasters of the Associated Press. He was "the great dramatizer of swimming," and it seemed as if he "had been deliberately invented and carpentered for the sport."

Raised in Chicago by poor, Viennese immigrant parents, Weissmuller recalled spending his "tadpole" days with his younger brother at the "Baby Beach" (Fullerton Beach) on the shore of Lake Michigan. Later he braved the deep, rough waters of "The Rocks" along the lake shore. At the age of fifteen, he demonstrated his "terrible stroke" to Bill Bachrach, coach of the Illinois Athletic Club, who drilled him in a year-long rigorous training program. He promptly broke four Amateur Athletic Union championship records and thereafter never lost a major race.

Weissmuller regarded Bachrach's lessons in relaxation as "the greatest secret" of his success. Observing Johnny strolling into line before the starter's gun at the 1924 Paris Olympics, Grantland Rice wrote that he "was about as tense as a loose towel." His cool, unruffled self-confidence aptly suited the strenuous tests of the champion. Then at his physical peak—6'3", 190 pounds, and superbly coordinated—Weissmuller possessed the classic frame for a swimmer: broad-shouldered, full-chested, with a slim, muscular torso. He was universally described by sportswriters as a handsome, poised Adonis. No challenger could touch him. He swam with a unique style—back arched, head and shoulders thrust full out of the water, elbows cocked high. His body seemed endowed with a special buoyancy described as "half human, half hydrofoil." Said Robert Kuphuth, the 1928 U.S. Olympic Team coach: "I've seen the most durable of athletes, Nurmi and Zatopek in track, Armstrong and Greb in boxing, Hogan in golf, Cobb in baseball. But I'd have to say Weissmuller had the most fantastic endurance of any champion."

Swimming turned out to be Weissmuller's passport from poverty to a unique place as a double legend among American sports and entertainment heroes. In 1930 he successfully made the transition from heroism as the greatest freestyle swimmer in the world to one of the best-known, best-loved Hollywood film stars. As Edgar Rice Burroughs's famous jungle hero, "Tarzan, the Ape Man," he made nineteen films. "It was up my alley," said Weissmuller about his Tarzan role. "There was swimming in it, and I didn't have much to say."

Johnny Weissmuller at the 1924 Olympics; he would compete in the 1928 Olympics to bring his total of gold medals to five, United Press International

*Gertrude Ederle emerges
from the surf following
her 1926 Channel swim,
Bettmann Archive, Inc.*



*Swimmingly Yours,
Gertrude Trudy Ederle*
NEW YORK
Successful Channel Swim
Aug. 6, 1926
Cap Gris Nez to Kingsdown
14 HOURS 30 MIN.

GERTRUDE EDERLE (b. 1906)

Overnight, America's Gertrude Ederle became the most famous woman in the world after her record-breaking swim across the English Channel on August 6, 1926. The 5'5", 125-pound Olympic medalist was only the sixth swimmer—the first woman—to succeed in conquering the Channel, and the first to have done so in less than sixteen hours. Ederle's time: 14 hours 31 minutes. "She was the demonstration of those times," Paul Gallico wrote, "that courage, training, willpower and indomitable spirit comprise the secret weapon against seemingly unconquerable obstacles . . . but she went through hell."

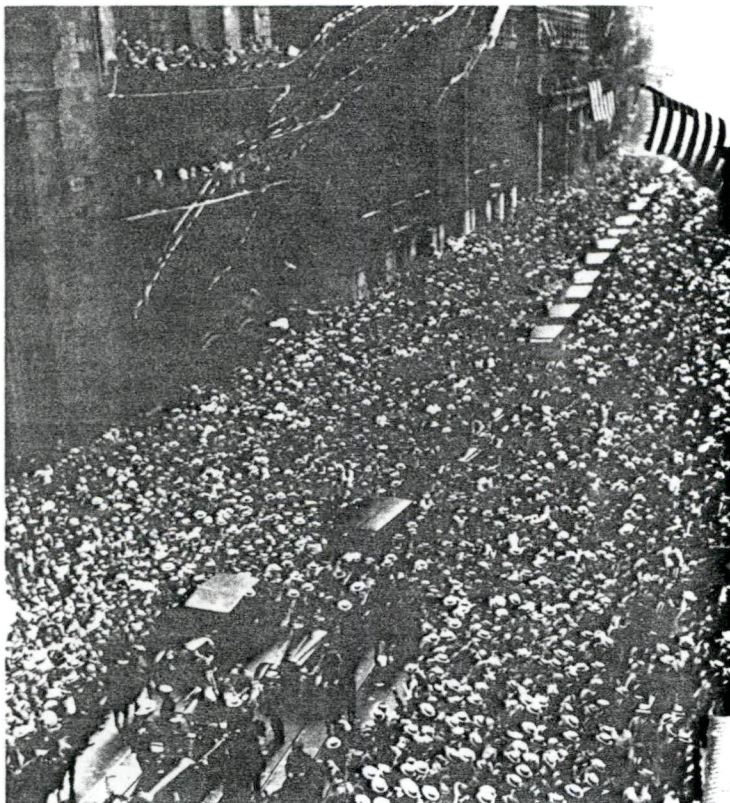
Strong tides, choppy waves, and icy water were the obstacles against which Ederle pitted her small frame when she entered the water at Cap Gris-Nez, France. Odds were 3 to 1 that she would fail—that she could not achieve her goal of reaching Dover, much less swim it in record time. Wearing layers of olive oil, lanolin, Vaseline, and lard, and accompanied by two tugs carrying relatives, newsmen, photographers, swimming coach, and other interested swimmers, Gertrude plunged in at 7:08 a.m. and began to cut her way through the water. A sign on the side of one tug read "This Way, Ole Kid!" with an arrow pointing forward.

With strong, "space-eating" crawl strokes, she pushed ahead. Urged to slow her pace, she refused, pausing only briefly to take food. Occasionally a member of the party would join her in the water to boost her spirits. But, by midafternoon, wind, rain, monstrous swells, and a cross-tide hampered progress and forced her to swim thirty-five miles to cover the twenty-one-mile distance. Refusing to give up—"What for?" she asked those who implored her to quit—she reached shallow water at Kingsdown on the Dover coast at 9:04 p.m.

The daughter of a New York delicatessen owner, "Trudy" Ederle had early in life shown outstanding physical stamina. She learned to swim at the age of six and, at fourteen, won her first big race—a three-mile swim against fifty top competitors in New York Bay. Within three years she held eighteen world's distance records. In 1924, at the Paris Olympiad, she won a gold medal as a member of the U.S. 400-meter relay team, and two bronze medals for third place in the 100-meter and 400-meter freestyle races. The following year, she bettered the men's record for the twenty-one-mile distance from the Battery in lower New York to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, in 7 hours 11 minutes.

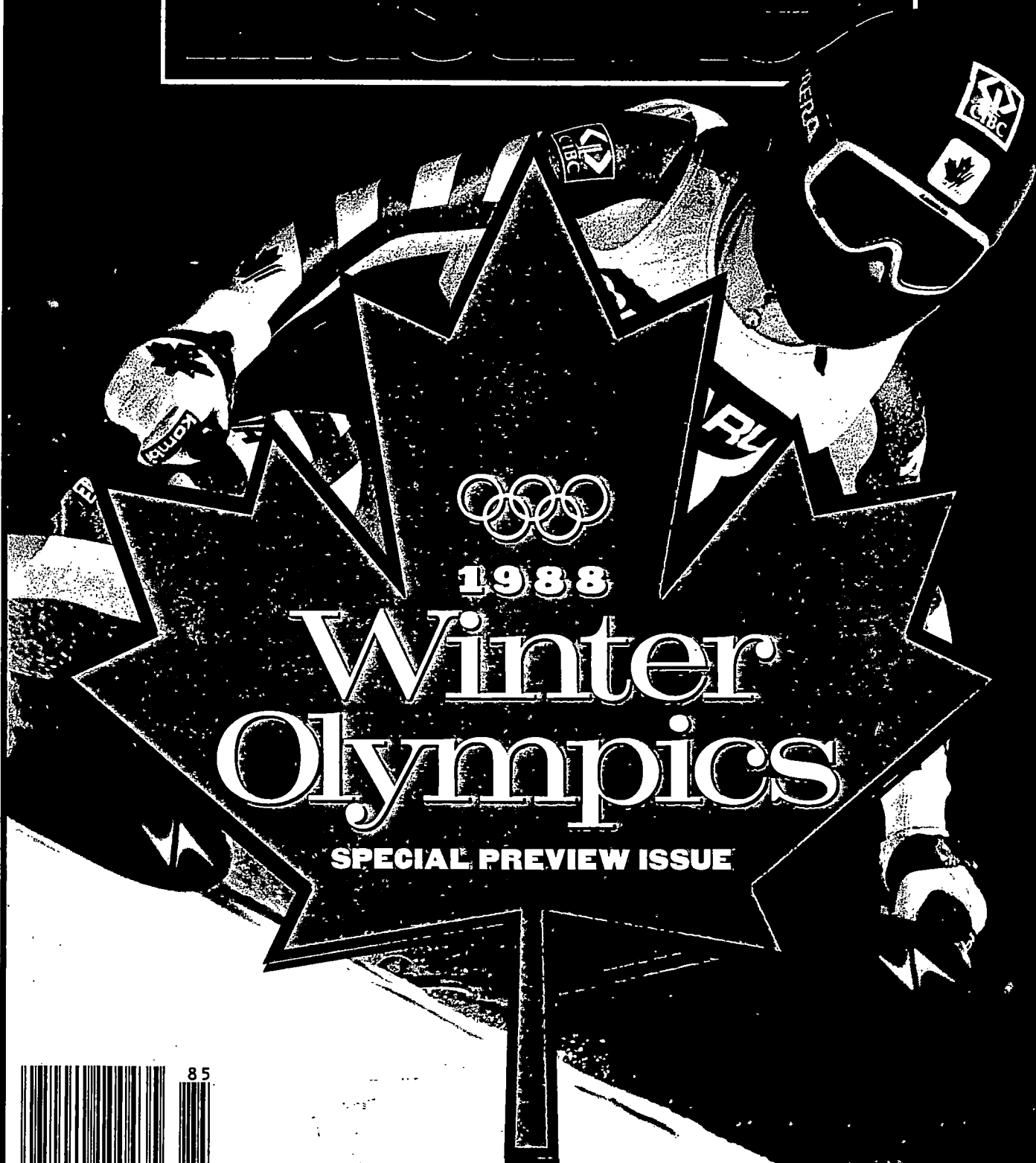
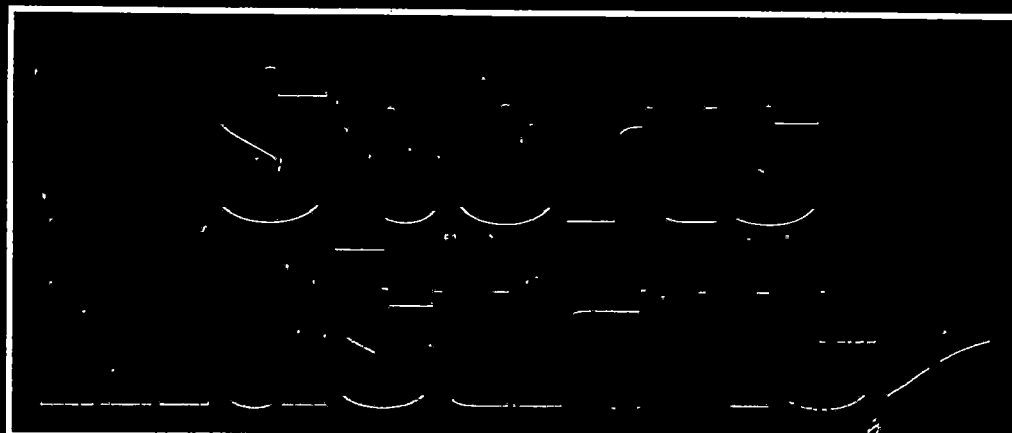
Now, at nineteen, triumphant after her second attempt to swim the Channel, Ederle was the toast of New York. Given a monumental motorcade up lower Broadway, she was cheered by an adoring crowd straining to catch a glimpse of her, "her arms extended," wrote one observer, "as if to embrace them all." In a ceremony at City Hall, Mayor Jimmy Walker, epitomizing the exuberance of the 1920s, compared her achievement to Moses crossing the Red Sea, Caesar crossing the Rubicon, and Washington crossing the Delaware. Calvin Coolidge called her "America's best girl," and the *Saturday Evening Post* editorialized: "In all the annals of sport there is no finer record than that hung up by this young American girl."

Although misfortune—in the form of deafness and a spinal injury—prevented her from enjoying the limelight for long, Gertrude Ederle reflected philosophically about the fickleness of fame. "It doesn't matter if they've forgotten me. I haven't forgotten them," she said. "It was worth it."



New York welcomes Ederle following her Channel conquest, Bettmann Archive, Inc.

\$3.95



1988

Winter Olympics

SPECIAL PREVIEW ISSUE



Double the Pleasure

Now that he has added artistry to his superior athleticism, Brian Boitano is no longer merely a skating robot

BY E.M. SWIFT

BRIAN BOITANO IS WORKING up speed as he approaches his takeoff point. His skates scratch lightly over the ice, making a sound that cuts through the still, cold air and echoes through the empty arena. He's in Berkeley, Calif., at the Iceland arena, where the interior walls are painted to look like a winter wonderland. It's a nice effect, if weird, for the streets outside the arena are among the grimmest in the Bay Area.

A mist hangs over the ice. As Boitano slips through it, he's thinking, Sit a little forward; push light; not too hyper on the turn. He transfers his weight from his left to his right skate and pivots so that he's gliding backward. His face is calm. He sets the toe pick of his left skate into the ice and tells himself, Now explode!

What happens next is nearly impossible to follow. Boitano launches himself skyward and immediately becomes a gyrating blur as he attempts a quadruple toe loop. In his mind's eye, Boitano sees an explosion of ice that propels him into the air. He's not concerned about the height of his jump, for **he has the natural leap of a deer.** Rather, he concentrates on staying centered, on making a quicker than normal rotation. If he is in trouble, as he is in this jump, he knows it early on. But that knowledge is of little use. Everything happens so quickly—onethreefour revolutions, faster than you can count—that there's no chance for a saving adjustment.

Crunkkkk! As he lands, Boitano's right skate blade digs deeply into the ice, and he pitches forward as if tackled. It's a violent fall. His coach,

Linda Leaver, watches impassively. She has been his coach for 16 years, since he was eight years old. He's the godfather of her youngest daughter, Lindsay. When Boitano retires, Leaver will retire also, for she wants to spend more time with her family. And, let's face it, once you've coached a Brian Boitano, it's hard to settle for less—less of a skater and less of a friend.

After a while, Leaver asks, "How did that feel?" She's referring not to the fall but to his approach, in which they've made a minor adjustment. "Better," says Boitano, catching his breath. "I think I was too far forward."

"That's what it looked like."

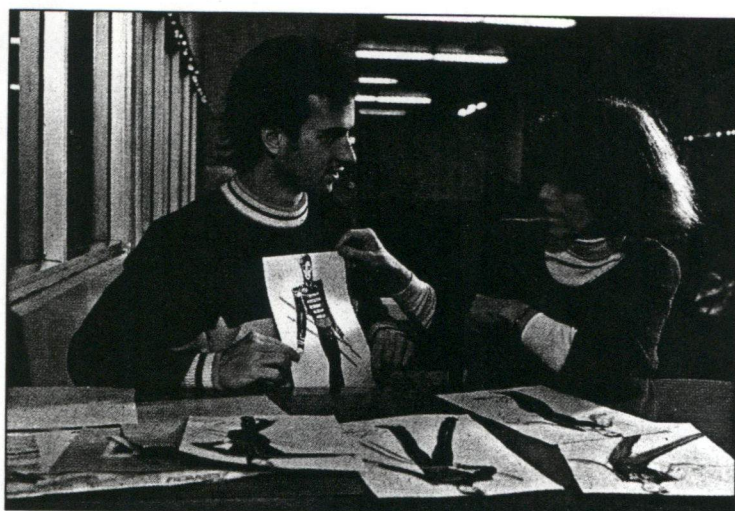
Neither Boitano nor Leaver seems convinced. Maybe he was too far forward, maybe not. "Sometimes you just don't know what you did differently from one jump to the next," Boitano says later, assessing the failed leap. "You wonder, Why am I falling today?"

He falls because he skates out on the edge. With the 1988 Winter Olympics just around the corner, Boitano, four-time U.S. champion and the 1986 world champ, is still testing his personal limits and the limits of his sport, which just happen to be the same. At 24, he's still growing as a man and a skater.

"Technically, Brian's the best there's ever been. I don't think there's any question about that," says Sandra Bezic, Boitano's choreographer and a five-time Canadian pairs champion. "He's powerful, and his position in the air is perfect. He's technically exact."

A technical robot, Boitano used to call himself, as consistent as he was athletic. In 1982, **when he was 18, he became the first skater to land a triple Axel in the nationals—3½ revolu-**

THROUGH A LOT OF
HARD WORK AND
DEEP REFLECTION,
BOITANO GOT HIS
TWO SIDES IN SYNC



HERE BOITANO PICKS COSTUMES WITH LEAVER AND SHOWS GOMEZ THAT HE'S A GOOD SKATE—EVEN ON WHEELS



tions in the air. In '83, during his debut in the world championships, he became the first skater in the world to land all six triple jumps in that competition—Salchow, Lutz, Axel, toe loop, loop and flip. By way of comparison, Scott Hamilton, in winning the Olympic gold medal in Sarajevo in '84, performed only three of those triples, and the '87 world champion, Canada's Brian Orser, had never done a triple loop in competition until last September. "Not taking anything away from Brian Orser—he's quick and catlike, and his leg thrusts on his Axels are spectacular," says Leaver. "But technically

there's no comparison between him and Brian."

Leaver's view—a biased one, to be sure—is shared by most of the skating community. On the athletic side, Boitano is the dominant male skating today. In addition to the six triples he has in his repertoire, he has also created something he jokingly calls the "Tano Triple, in which he performs a triple Lutz with one arm over his head and the other arm cradled in front of him, as if holding an invisible partner. Visually, the move is engaging, but having one's arms away from one's body has the aerodynamic effect of slowing down rotation. To make up for that, Boitano must reach a staggering height. "No one else in the world can do it," says Leaver. "I'd like to see anyone else even try it."

But there's more to skating than athletics, as was reinforced last March in Cincinnati when Orser took the world championship away from Boitano, who fell while attempting his much ballyhooed quadruple toe loop. "Failing to land the quad wasn't what cost him the title," says Bezic. "He's told me a number of times he wasn't hungry enough to win. It was like he wanted to skip a year and go right to 1988."

"It wasn't that important to me," Boitano agrees. "I really believe I made myself not win in Cincinnati."

That's the fatalist in Boitano talking. He doesn't believe in randomness. And whether it was the ghost of Hans Brinker, benign fate or some inner voice in Boitano—a voice he calls Murphy—that orchestrated his defeat in the world championships, the end result has been that Boitano is a better skater for it.

Someone or something must have been watching over him all these years. How could he ever have been drawn into this crazy sport? No one in his family skated. None of his friends did. As the youngest—by seven years—of four siblings, Boitano spent a lot of time by himself as a child. He roller-skated on the sidewalks in front of his home in Sunnyvale, Calif. One of his favorite games was to pretend he was invisible. And he liked baseball, which his father, Lew, had played at the semipro level for the San Jose Bees before starting a career in banking.

When Brian was eight, the Ice Follies came to San Francisco, and his parents took him to see it. The moment he remembers best was when a woman in an Arabian costume was carried around on a giant pillow looking like something out of TV's *I Dream of Jeannie*. (The woman was Uschi Keszler, who is now Orser's choreographer—another twist of fate as far as Boitano is concerned.) Before long he had badgered his parents into paying for ice skating lessons. The teacher was Leaver, who worked out of the Sunnyvale Ice Palace.

Leaver had many students back then—she now has only two, Boitano and Yvonne Gomez, the Spanish national champion who will also skate at Calgary—but she immediately saw something special in Brian. “I thought he’d be great right away,” she says. “I used to keep charts on every student, with my predictions and expectations for them. Though Brian was only eight, I went home and told my husband that one day he’d be the world champion.”

Boitano’s idol was Terry Kubicka, the U.S. champion in 1976, who holds the distinction of being the first and last skater to do a backflip in the Olympics, which he performed at Innsbruck in 1976. (The backflip was soon banned as too dangerous by the International Skating Union.) “Like most boys, Brian was never very interested in the artistic side,” says Leaver. “How you point your toe and all that. He was interested in going fast and jumping high and doing more turns than everybody else.”

Thus was born the technical robot, a perfectionist who never missed a jump but who also

never put very much of his inner self on display. He impressed the judges but left them unmoved. “He’s always been a private person,” says Leaver. “But every year I’ve known him he’s changed and grown. He’s more ready now to express what’s inside him through his skating.”

That has been a big step for Boitano. Figure skating is as subjective a sport as there is, and to bare one’s soul before an international panel of sour-looking judges—not to mention a packed arena—takes equal parts moxie and ham. Boitano is not a showman by nature. He excelled in this sport, even won a world championship, on the technical brilliance of his skating and his ability to perform under pressure. Those qualities masked his artistic shortcomings.

Ironically, had he mastered the quad in 1987, he might never have been a complete skater. The quad represents the new, and perhaps last, technical frontier for skaters, and Boitano wanted to be the first to land it cleanly in competition. He nearly did so at the ’87 nationals in Tacoma, Wash., last February, completing the four

And Now the Front-Runner

Once known as the Alydar of figure skating, Canada’s Brian Orser has been affirmed as the man to beat in Calgary now that he has won a world championship. After a silver medal at the Sarajevo Games—Scott Hamilton of the U.S. won the gold—and three second-place finishes in the worlds, Orser had been labeled an also-ran, even a choker, until he finally broke to the front in the 1987 worlds in Cincinnati. “The Canadian press was writing that I was destined to be second the rest of my life,” Orser says. “People were giving up hope.”

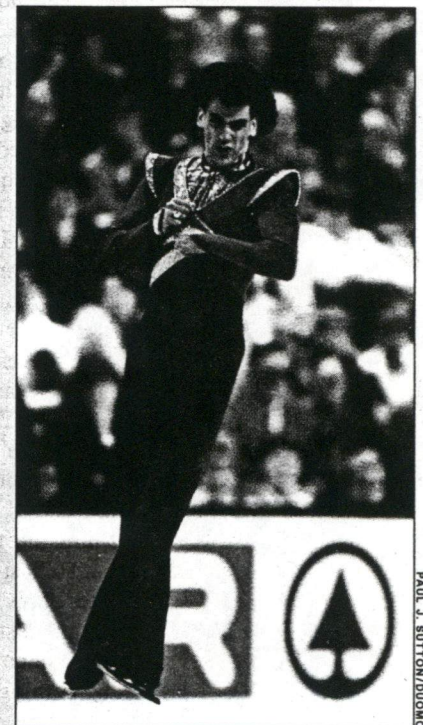
Now that fading hope has been replaced by bright expectations. Orser, 26, will carry the burden of being the favorite in Calgary. Whatever political advantage he gains from skating for the host country should be more than offset by the psychological pressure of trying to live up to the beliefs of 25 million countrymen. “In 1985 the world title should have been mine, and I didn’t produce,” he says. “I panicked and felt the pressure of being expected to win. Having gone through that once makes this year a little easier.”

Indeed, Orser is a different man

since winning his world championship. His compulsory figures, once maligned, are now on a par with his free skating, which appears to be effortless and weightless. Known early in his career as the skater who popularized the triple Axel among men—there’s a sign in the Brian Orser Arena in Orillia, Ont., where he trains, that proclaims YOU’RE NOW IN TRIPLE AXEL COUNTRY—Orser was able to strike a balance between the athletic and artistic sides of his skating before his competitors did. “I’m flattered that this year Brian [Boitano] has made such great strides on the artistic side,” he says. “I feel I’ve set that trend.”

He also feels that he’s the best figure skater in the world. “I don’t think there’s any question right now,” Orser says. “I believed that even before I was champion. I was training well, winning all the practices. The problem wasn’t physical, and it wasn’t technical, so it had to be something else. Then I lost the ’86 worlds when I blew two triple Axels—my trademark jump. That’s when I called Dr. [Peter] Jensen and said, ‘Help!’”

For the past two years, Jensen, a sports psychologist, has worked with Orser at developing “mental skills



PAUL J. SUTTON/DUOMA

that allow him access to his physical skills.” They rehearse actual competitions, plan how Orser will spend the hours leading up to each performance, and steel him against unexpected distractions so that he can maintain the equilibrium necessary to skate his best. And at his best he’ll be very tough to beat.

—E.M. SWIFT

WHEN IT CAME TO JUMPS, BOITANO ONCE CARED MORE ABOUT HEIGHT THAN EFFECT. NOW HIS FEELINGS ARE SPLIT



revolutions of the toe loop but touching down with his hand as he landed. He would try it again at the worlds.

The quad, by that time, had taken on a life of its own. It was bigger, almost, than the competition itself. Boitano was asked about it incessantly, was second-guessed for including it in such an important competition and was sniped at by some of his rivals for building his program around a single gimmicky jump. While warming up for the long-program part of the competition, which he needed to win to retain his title, Boitano nailed a quad perfectly. "It was the best one I'd ever done in front of an audience," Boitano recalls, "and I was really proud of myself. The voice inside me, Murphy, started saying, You proved to yourself you could do it. Good going. Then another voice inside me said, Keep fighting. You have to do it in the actual competition. Oh, relax, Murphy would say. I thought, Shut up, Murphy. You're not doing me any good."

But maybe Murphy knew best. Boitano fell when he attempted the quad during his long program, and while that miscue by itself didn't cost him the title, it did cost him some confidence. He lost his aggressiveness in the last two minutes of his program, pulled out of a couple of moves and lost the championship to Orser.

"Ever since he first skated, every time Brian's lost something he could have won, he's made a major change in direction," says Leaver. Boitano had considered working with choreographer Bezic in the past but hadn't followed up on the idea for one reason or another. Now he was ready. Leaver contacted Bezic, who lives in Toronto, and Boitano headed for Canada. "I didn't know how much I could do for him," Bezic says. "Artistically, a lot of people thought that Brian Orser was superior to him and that my Brian just might not have it. I was worried about that

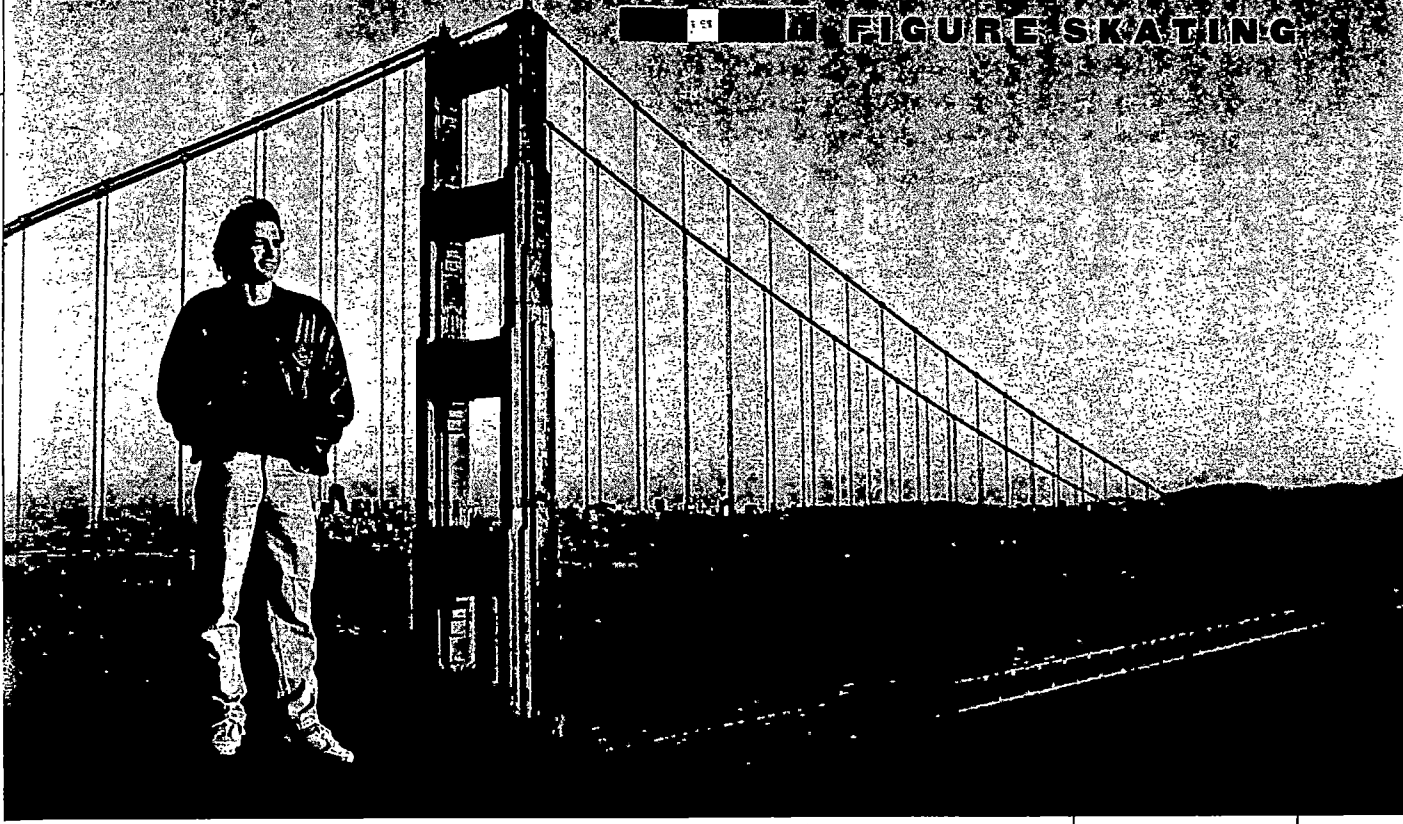
myself. But he does have it. He just needed some direction."

When Boitano was choosing his own music, he skated to upbeat rock-'n'-roll tunes or western fiddle music. In his long program he performed the role of a skating cowboy—lots of hat-tipping and handclapping and smiles. "I was trying to be a big Brian Orser," he says now. "I thought I had to do that."

Orser is small, almost tiny, at 5' 4", 135 pounds. Hamilton, the 1984 Olympic champ, is similarly built. So is the top Soviet skater, Alexander Fadeev. Boitano, by contrast, is a veritable giant in his field at 5' 11", 158 pounds. "I've always envied those other guys who have compact bodies and those quick, little legs," he says. "But Sandra wanted to bring out the qualities that suit me best, which are line and strength. Those other skaters can't be line skaters [performers who use the natural lines of their body to create a pleasing design]. We're just going to make a great line and let the judges decide which look they like better."

Out went the rock 'n' roll. Out went the fiddles. "He's powerful—his jumps are incredible—and I wanted to showcase simplicity instead of shtick," says Bezic.

For Boitano's short program Bezic chose a ballet, *Les Patineurs* ("The Skaters"), that's about a 19th-century boy who struts his stuff on a frozen pond while the townspeople watch in awe. The young skater is arrogant—and good. Boitano, while practicing the program, lands a triple Axel-double loop combination and then wipes the snow off his skate blade, throwing it to the ice with a flourish. "Get that chin up!" Bezic tells Boitano, encouraging him to look as cocksure as possible. Strangely, that attitude on him



is attractive, while on another skater it might look obnoxious. "To me, Brian is the result of a hundred years of skating, and we wanted to combine his technical ability with the classic look of just skating on a pond," says Bezic. "It works because he's not arrogant. He's such a together and disciplined person that what comes across is strength."

Boitano skates with much the same demeanor in his new long program, in which he plays a military character, to music composed for the film *Napoleon*. He battles and parades, dances and courts, broods and exults in victory. In the process, Boitano showcases his array of technical skills, which will include the quad in the 1988 world championships in Budapest, but not the Olympics. Leaver believes he can win the gold medal in Calgary without it and feels there is too much at stake to risk a fall. But in any case, the quad isn't the centerpiece of the performance. Boitano is. He's riveting.

"He's always felt a little vulnerable on the ice," says Bezic. "With these two programs, either as the military man or the arrogant boy, he can hide behind a character. It gives him a mask. That helps when you're putting your heart and soul on the ice. It's like being bare-naked out there during a performance."

Now the artist and athlete have come together, perhaps for the first time. In January at the nationals, Boitano's short program brought the crowd to its feet and earned perfect marks for composition and style from eight of the nine judges. "I've never had such positive feedback," he says. "People treat me as if a lightning

bolt came down and hit me, as if Sandra performed some sort of miracle. But I don't believe it. What they're seeing was always inside me, but I always hid it. What I'm seeing is me. It's me out there." What they're seeing is an athlete in his prime.

It's 1:30 p.m. Boitano has been training since 7:45—three hours of practicing figures, a few minutes' rest while the ice was resurfaced and then two more hours of freestyle skating. He's an uncomplaining worker, for he hasn't, even after all these years, lost his love of skating.

The mist has lifted off the ice, and Boitano's blades are making short, quick, snicking noises as he picks up speed to attempt another quad. As he approaches the takeoff point, he thinks once more, Sit a little forward; push light; not too hyper on the turn. He pivots backward, coasting, his legs flexed. Then he sets his toe pick and *explodes!*

You still can't follow the spin. Up and out he soars, an airborne top, some sort of impossible human gyroscope on skates. As he blurs before you, you are thinking, There will never be a quintuple toe loop; they will run a two-minute mile before a man can spin faster than this while in flight. And then—*crunkkkk!*—the moment is past. His blade hits, and he turns. He has nailed it. A perfectly executed quad. Leaver watches, a smile creasing her face, as Boitano makes a couple of perfunctory moves and then coasts past, hands on his hips, catching his breath. What was different about that one? he wonders. ★

**BOITANO HOPES TO
BRING A GOLD
MEDAL HOME TO
THE GOLDEN GATE**

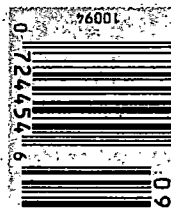
Sports Illustrated

The Winter
Olympics

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**GOLD MEDAL WINNER
BRIAN BOITANO**

**BRAVO,
BRIAN**



BY E.M. SWIFT

ONE WANTED TO WIN; ONE WANTED to skate his very best. One wanted a place in history; the other a place, however small, in his countrymen's hearts. One left no stone unturned in his pursuit of glory; the other was careful not to kick over too many stones during the quest, so that he might recognize himself when all was said and done. Two Brians, quite different people, each graciously carrying the gold medal hopes of an entire country. They gave the Olympics and figure skating a week of sport-drama that many won't soon forget.

In the end, which was on Saturday night during the free skating, it came down to a bobble. Not a fall. Not even a stumble. After all the weeks of rhetoric and buildup, of interviews and comparisons between the two Brians, the gold medal slipped away from Canada's Brian Orser when he bobbled a jump called a triple flip. It was the sort of mistake that Scott Hamilton had made two or three times four years ago in Sarajevo, and he had still hung on—to beat Orser—for the gold. Peggy Fleming, Dorothy Hamill, Robin Cousins—who had *ever*, until now, skated her or his very best under the white-hot pressure of the Olympics? One lousy bobble and—poof—four years of working and waiting and training go up in smoke. Because that bobble by Orser was all Brian Boitano needed to win over five of the nine judges and give the U.S.—yes, he said he

It was a riveting drama for coach Leaver (above) and the proud choreographer, Bezic.

Bezic told Boitano to show the crowd his soul, and when it was over he knew he'd done just that.

would share it—its first gold medal of the Calgary Games. It shouldn't have been that close. **Boitano skated the performance of a lifetime.**

Boitano was the first up among the final group of six skaters—a bit of luck, since that was his favorite spot in the draw. For the first time all week every seat in the Saddledome was occupied. He warmed up with celerity—Boitano's choreographer, Sandra Bezic, worried he was moving too quickly, but she hugged him and said, "It's your moment, show them your soul." Then he waited for the other skaters to clear the ice, tying and retying his skates under the supportive eye of his coach, Linda Leaver, who had been waiting for this

moment since Boitano was eight. They didn't say anything in these final minutes before he skated—Leaver and Boitano communicate half the time without speaking, anyway.

There is approximately a nine-second pause between the start of Boitano's music, the theme from the movie *Napoleon*, and the time he makes his first move. In that pause Boitano blots out the crowd. Skates, ice, program. Those are the only things he focuses on when he performs. Some figure skaters "work a room," as they say, picking out a face or a number of faces in the audience and making eye contact with them. Brian Orser is a master at it. Some skaters—Debi Thomas is one—get their energy from the spectators' reactions. But Boitano is best when he skates as if the arena were empty, when it is just Boitano and the ice and

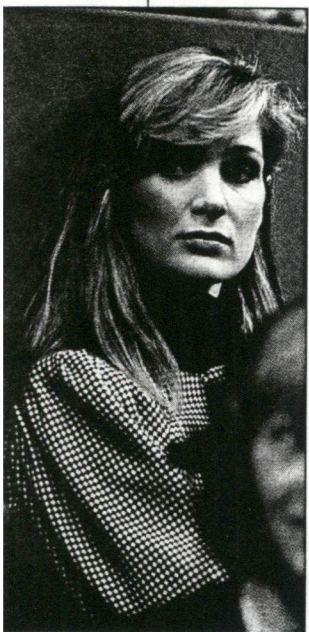
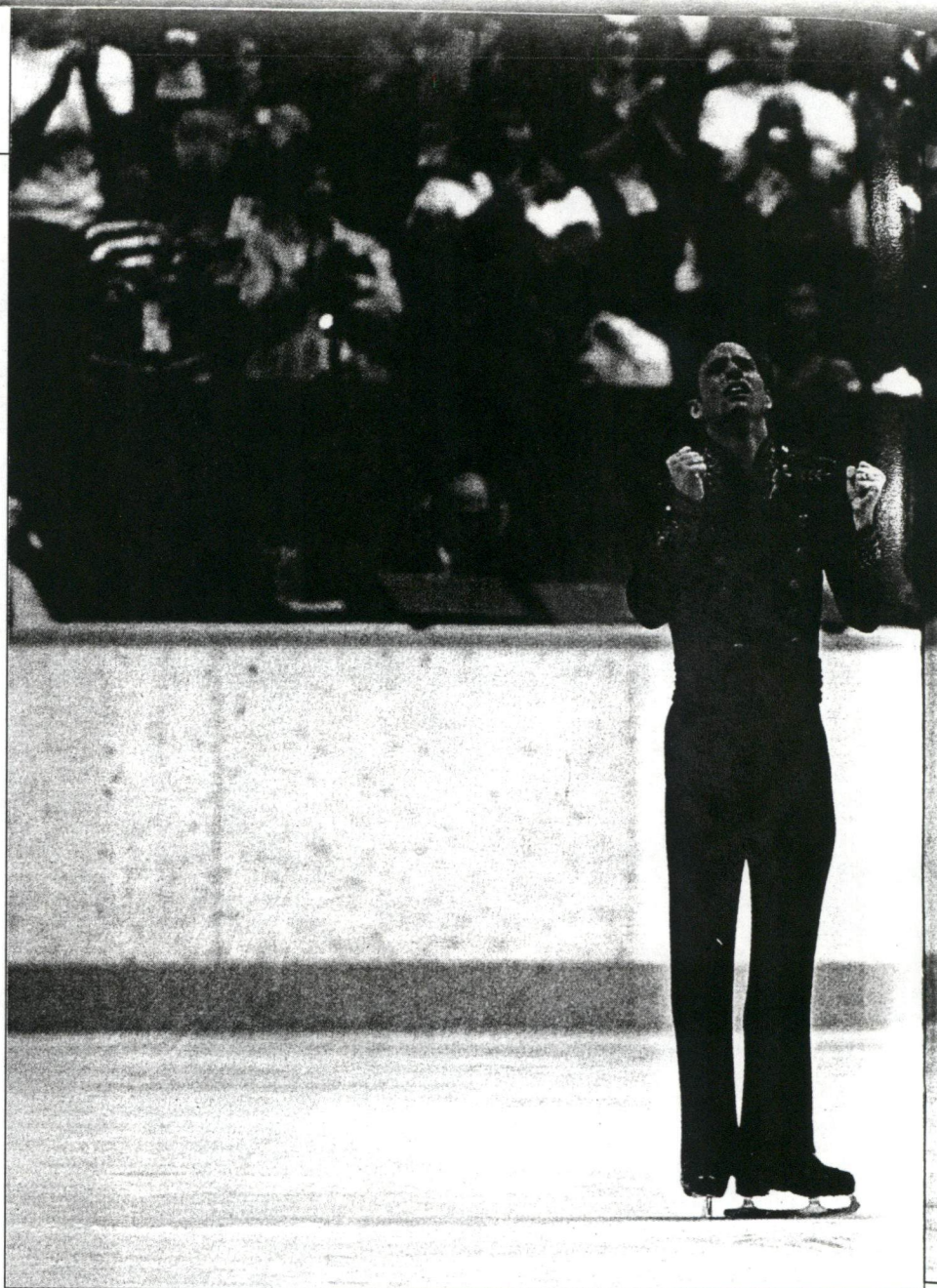


FIGURE SKATING

with such ease that he said "it felt like angels were lifting me and spinning me." This was Brian Boitano the technician, whose precise and powerful jumps are the envy of the sport. But there was something new here, something few among the judges or the crowd had ever seen in him before. He was emoting. A gasp could be heard during his fabulous spread eagle, in which, canting backward at a harrowing angle, he carved a wide, slow circle on the outside edges of his blades. He never missed a subtlety or a beat. And when, in a final flourish, he landed a double Axel, then an Arabian, violently shaking his head and fists in conclusion, it was clear to everyone in the building that, well, this was the best that he could skate.

Some thought it was more than that. "It was the best performance I'd ever seen any skater skate," said Paul Wylie, the American who finished 10th overall. "I was going nuts."

"I did it. I did it," Boitano kept saying, first hugging one of his friends, Lisa Schoeller, and then Leaver and Bezic. "That was it, that was my competition, I'm done," he said, beaming, as he came off the ice. Later he remembered: "I wasn't thinking gold or anything. I had done what I came to do."

Which is why he wasn't even watching as, two skaters later, Orser bobbled on his triple flip. Skaters nearly always watch their competition after they have finished, but Boitano sat alone in the dressing room, wiped off his blades, packed his carrying bag and listened to a tape on a Walkman. A few minutes later, U.S. teammate Christopher Bowman told him he had won the gold medal. Gold, silver—it really didn't matter to him, because he knew that he had skated his best. Not *tried* to skate his

best: he'd actually done so. If the judges still liked Orser better, well, there was nothing he could do about it. Such is the nature of a subjective sport like skating. The only real battle is with oneself.

Besides the bobble, though, there was one other flaw in Orser's program that made the judging a mite easier. It came near the end as Orser, tiring, decided to turn his final triple Axel into a double. It was a minor thing, but in many small ways his exhaustion was visible. The snap and the energy that, at his best, set Orser apart from all others were strangely absent at the end of his freestyle program, sapped, perhaps, by months and months of gold medal hype. "It's hard to say," he said afterward. "I trained very well. I'm in ideal shape. But I guess a lot of it has to do with the pressure that I was feeling before I even started skating."

The pressure on the two of them had been intense all week, exacerbated by the fact that, at the time of their showdown Saturday night, the United States and Canada had a grand total of two bronze medals and a silver between them. The two Brians chose to deal with the pressure in very different ways. Orser had a support staff around him the size of the Danish Olympic team, including a coach, a sports psychologist, a p.r. director, a financial adviser and a rolfer—a masseuse who not only massaged Orser's muscles but actually attempted to realign them. Orser also has

MANNY MILLAN

STEVE FENN/ABC



An elated Boitano gave his freestyle program a confident thumbs-up and was right on target.

the character he is trying to portray, which in this case was an officer in Napoleon's army. "I kept looking at his face to see if he was in character, which when I really knew he was on," said Bezic, who had to browbeat Boitano for weeks before he could assume an arrogant air.

Oh, he was on, all right, nailing a triple Axel (a Lutz with one arm over his head, the other cupped away from his body) and then a triple Axel-double loop combination in the opening moments of his program. He sandwiched a camel spin a carpenter could have used at a level between two more triples, then did a spectacular death drop in which he early kicked a hole in the ceiling of the addledome. Next came his triple flip-triple toe combination, the most difficult move in his program, which he landed



FIGURE SKATING

a nutritionist and a costume designer who were not in Calgary.

Boitano, by contrast, had only Leaver and Bezic. Asked if, for her Brian, she was all those other people rolled into one, Leaver lightly responded, "I certainly don't tell him what to eat." Boitano himself addressed the matter of an entourage with this gentle dig: "I have tried sports psychologists before, but I find they can't tell you anything you can't tell yourself. If you step on the ice and think, I've sacrificed sugar for a year, have been drinking concoctions I don't like—all for this one performance, it just puts more pressure on you."

Pressure, pressure, pressure. The word kept coming up, partly because of Orser's past reputation of choking at big competitions—a reputation he had successfully rebutted with a flawless performance at the 1987 world championships, in which he had taken the men's title from Boitano. And the pressure had a visible effect on Boitano, too. Normally garrulous and accessible, he cut off all media interviews except mandatory press conferences. "I remember in Sarajevo Scott Hamilton tried to accommodate everybody, and he ended up not skating his best," Boitano said shortly

FRG	USA	DEN	URS	SUI	JPN	GDR	CAN	TCH
5.0	5.9	5.9	5.9	5.9	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.9

FRG	USA	DEN	URS	SUI	JPN	GDR	CAN	TCH
5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.9

RICHARD JACKSON

Boitano's higher marks—five 5.9s—for technical merit tipped the balance in his favor ...

before the competition started. "I'm focused enough to know what my job is." He even tried to avoid watching the Olympics on the tube, which was difficult because he was in an eight-man suite with the other male skaters on the U.S. team. ABC kept promoting the forthcoming Battle of the Brians. "I kept telling the rookies to turn that television off!" Boitano said.

On Wednesday, during the compulsory figures, which accounted for 30% of the scoring, 12 members of Orser's family scattered about the arena, hiding behind spectators so that Brian O wouldn't see them. "That's something new here," admitted Orser, "only because when I

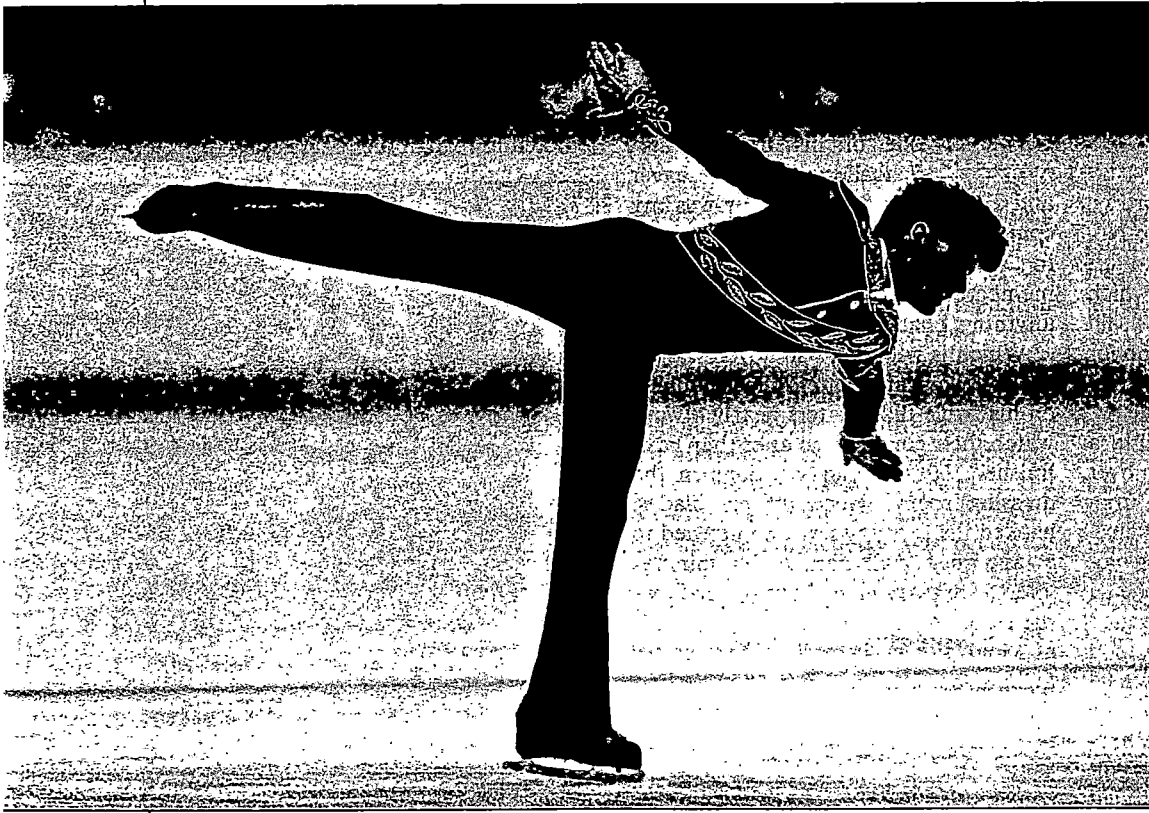
see my family I want to skate so well it sometimes backfires."

Each time Orser stepped on the ice to skate one of his three figures, Peter Jensen, his sports psychologist, repeated, "Just you and the figure," a phrase that had worked well during their pre-Olympic simulated run-throughs. Every step of the day was carefully planned. Orser listened to relaxation tapes after the first figure, and sat and watched the Olympic flame in McMahon Stadium after the second. Orser, whose seventh-place finish in figures cost him the gold in Sarajevo, skated well. He finished third to the Soviet's Alexander Fadeev and to Boitano, who clinched second with a final figure so perfect that Leaver came out onto the ice to photograph it when the compulsories were over. Tee-

tering on the ice in her heels, she gushed, "That's the best figure I've ever seen in competition." As she pointed out the subtleties, face flushed with pride, one couldn't help thinking that here, etched in the ice, was the product of her 16 years of coaching: a perfect figure in the Olympic Games from a skater who had once been an awkward eight-year-old. "That makes my week," she said and meant it, though there was very much more to come.

In Thursday's short program, Orser skated first among the leaders and gave a marvelous, energetic performance that brought the crowd to its feet. It seemed, at the time, an omen that this competition would belong to the host country's Brian, particularly when Boitano skated a

Orser said the unremitting pressure may have cost him the winning edge.



MAURICE HILLMAN

RG	USA	DEN	URS	SUI	JPN	GDR	CAN	TCH
5.8	5.9	5.7	5.8	5.8	5.9	5.8	5.8	5.9

RG	USA	DEN	URS	SUI	JPN	GDR	CAN	TCH
5.9	5.9	5.8	5.8	5.9	5.8	5.9	5.9	6.0

stake-free but cautious program that is good for second place. When Boitano is on, he skates his short with the attitude of an arrogant boy on a pond, assured and showy. But on this night it was very much the careful technician. "He did exactly what I wanted," insisted Leaver. "He skated clean. Maybe in his head he was skipping to the next jump, but in the short, they nail it if you make a mistake. It's O.K. to be cautious."

Fadeev, who was world champion in 1985, was indeed nailed when he fell on his combination jump. He finished a dismal ninth in his short, a showing that eventually cost him the bronze medal, which was won by his countryman Viktor Petrenko.

The night clearly belonged to Orser, the 26-year-old from Orillia, Ontario, but while on the surface everything was sweetness and light between the two Brians—they posed for pictures arm-in-arm, thumbs-up—Orser took his snipe at Boitano's style: "What's really neat is that we both skated our best, and after all the hype about Boitano's new artistic side, what put me over the top was my artistic marks. I seem to be skating well under pressure."

"I was dying for my Brian to say he could have skated better than he did," said Bezic later that evening. "Because he was better at the U.S. Nationals last month. He's got to be magical on Saturday."

And that is exactly what Boitano was. Pure magic or fantasy or whatever is the stuff of dreams. "I had been told as

... but Orser tightened things up with his numbers (bottom row) for composition and for style.

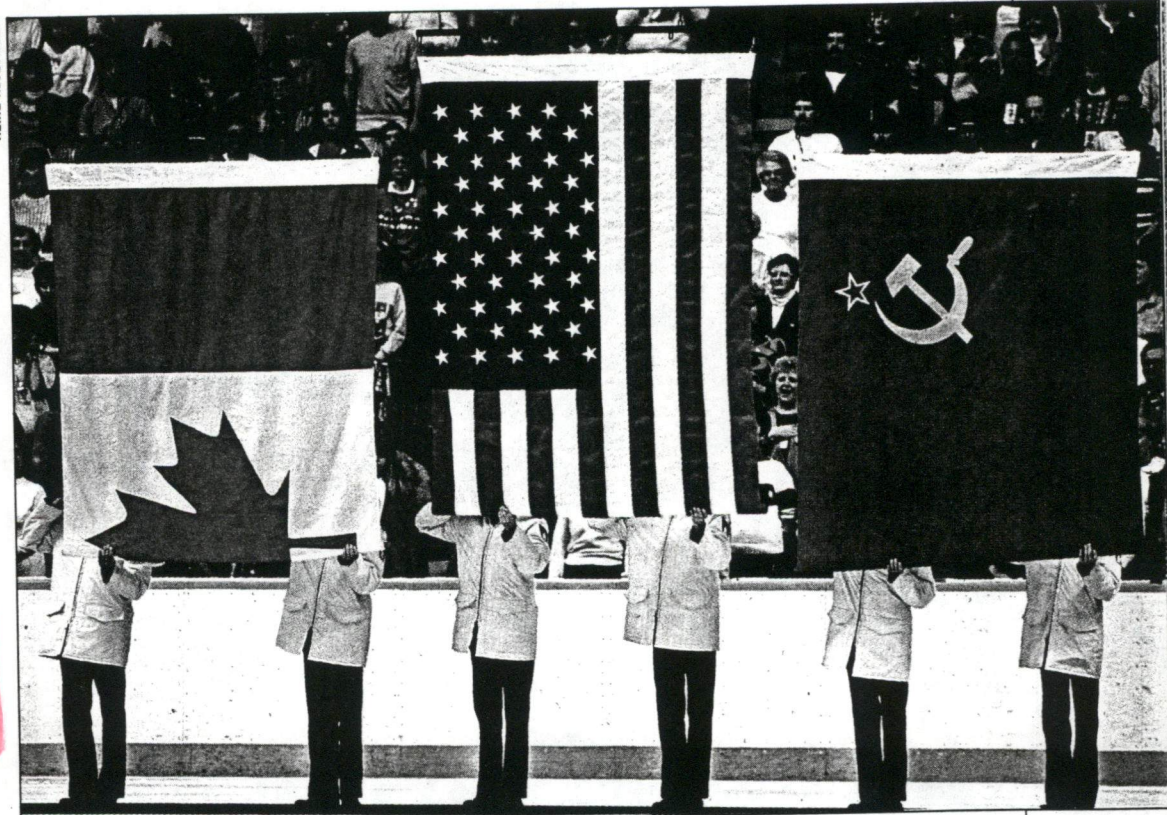
a child that no one ever skated their best in an Olympic performance," Boitano said afterward, cradling the gold. "My dream was to change that, to prove it didn't have to be that way. I would have hated to win the gold medal with anything but my best."

For his part, Orser wanted that gold medal any way he could get it—best, worst, or indifferent—and he thought, when he first skated off the ice, that, despite the triple flip, he might have won it. "I had no idea how Brian Boitano had skated," he said, "and when the second marks came up, I still thought maybe I'd done it." No Canadian man had ever won the singles competition in the

Olympics, and he wanted to be the first. Besides, Orser knew what the silver felt like and, both blessed and cursed by a champion's mentality and pride, silver didn't do it for him. "I came in here with one and only one thing in mind," he said. "And that was to leave here with the gold medal. Life goes on. I don't feel I have to apologize for anything. I gave it a good shot."

It is tempting to say that they brought out the best in each other, but in fact it was Orser who brought out the best in Boitano. Boitano owes him for that. Orser pushed Boitano to a level that he otherwise might not have attained, and as he did so, the two of them elevated the level of the entire sport. It happens that way sometimes—and it could happen again next month in the world championships in Budapest—but there is something extra special when it happens in the Olympic Games. "All week I'd been seeing bobsledders and lugers who told me, 'Come on, you've got to win the gold for us,'" said Boitano, a 24-year-old from the San Francisco area. "And you really do feel that it's the whole country's medal, that you're sharing it with everyone. I've never been so proud to be an American."

The Stars and Stripes finally got a welcome lift, courtesy of Boitano.





Going for Gold in Seoul

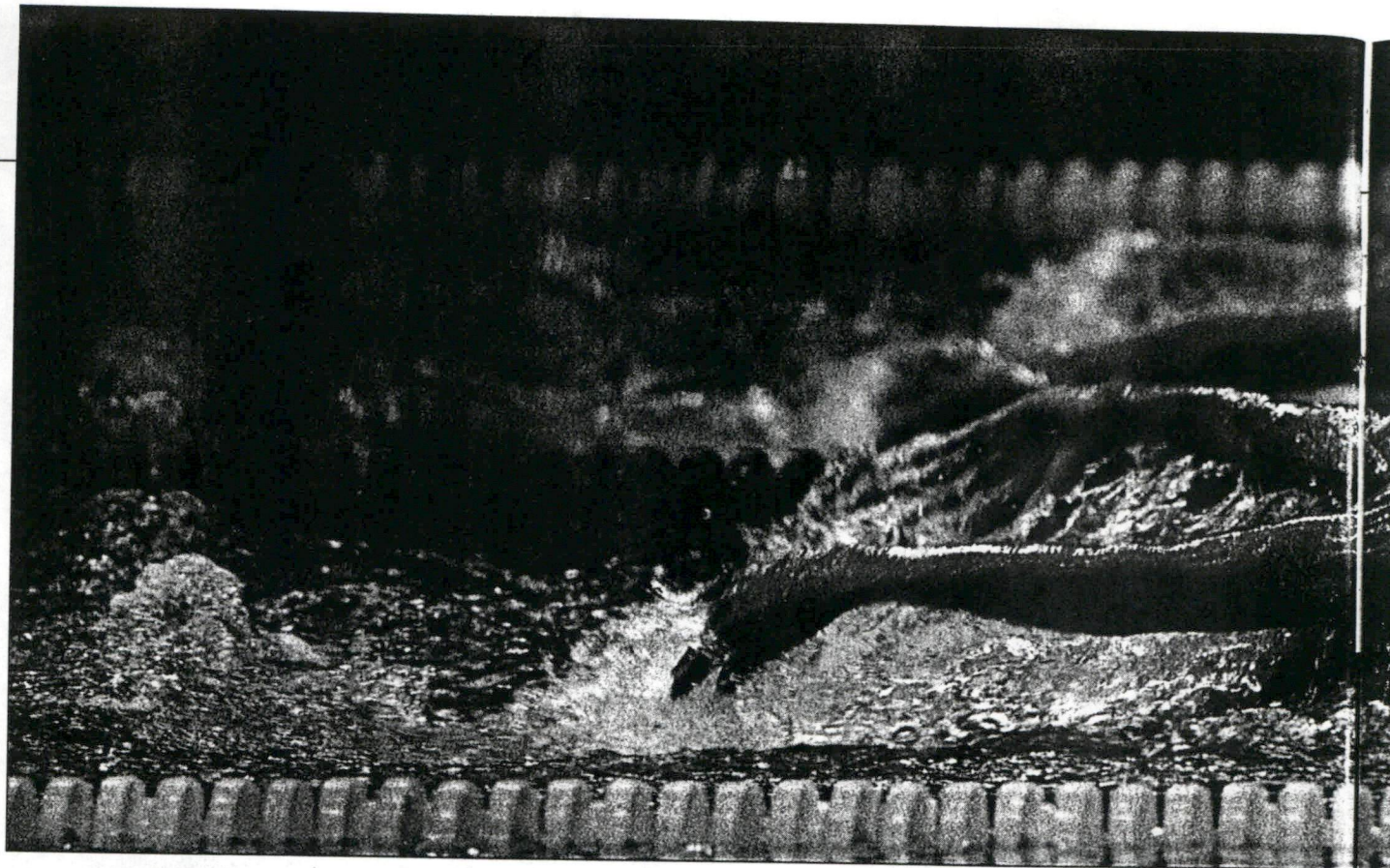
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**IT'S A RUNAWAY
FOR DWIGHT EVANS
AND THE BOSOX**



HER GOLDEN MOMENT

Janet Evans made winning the U.S.'s first gold medal look easy

BY CRAIG NEFF

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, WHEN TRIPLE-gold medal hopeful Janet Evans of the U.S. touched the wall after the opening butterfly leg of the grueling 400 individual medley, she was in fourth place, more than a second behind Kathleen Nord of East Germany. But those in the know at Seoul's Olympic Indoor Swimming Pool were aware that the race was over. The fly was Evans's weakest leg, and since she stayed so close to the leaders in those first 100 meters it would be only a few minutes before the 17-year-old high school senior from Placentia, Calif., would provide the U.S. with its first gold medal of the Games.

Oddly enough, Evans, who holds the world records in the 400, 800 and 1,500 frees, was expected to have her best gold medal shot in the 400 IM, in which she had only the American mark (4:38.58). Even if she swam a perfect race, she would have trouble bettering the magnificent world record of 4:36.10, which

was set by Petra Schneider of East Germany in 1982.

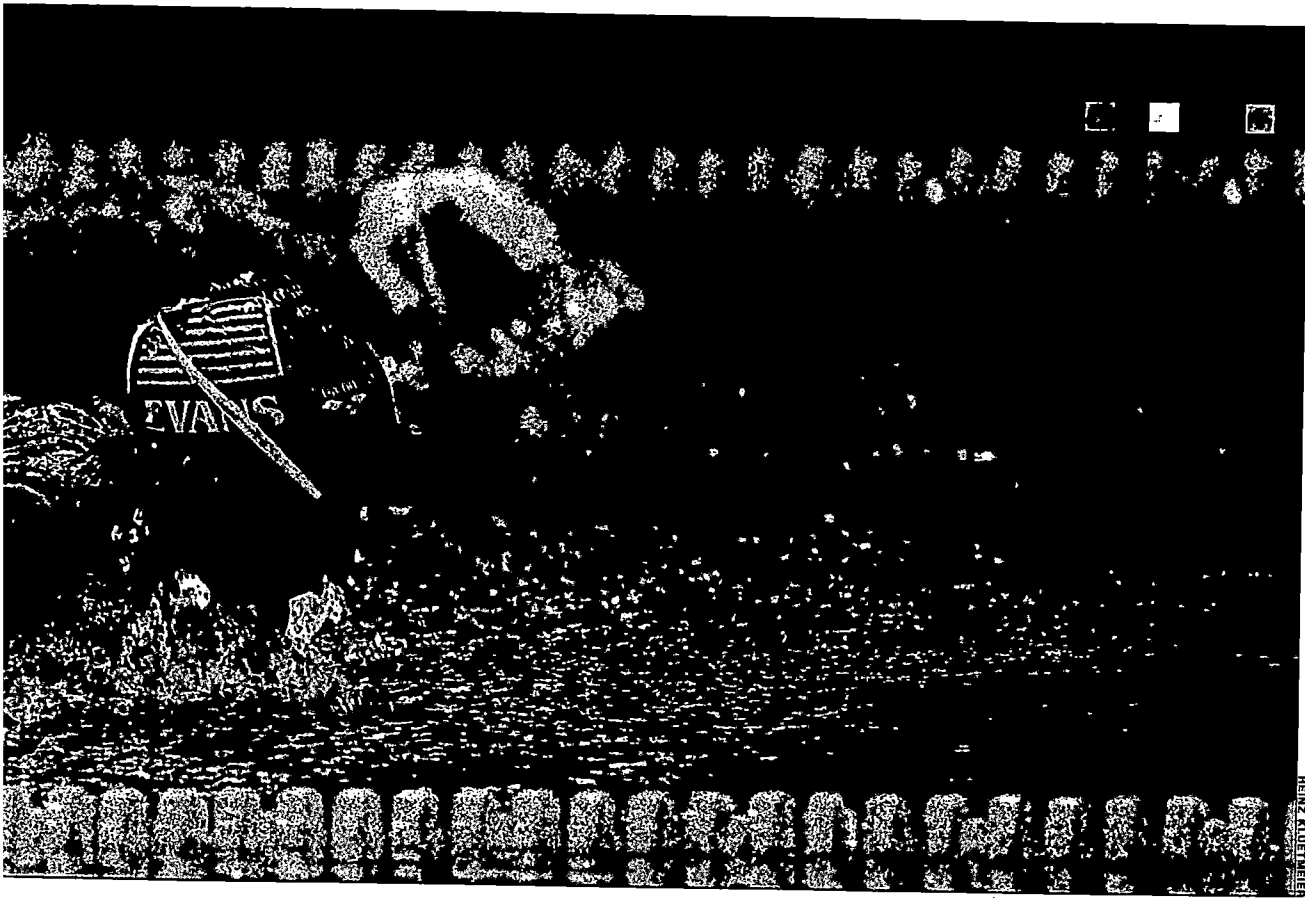
Evans was set to give it the old high school try. She had come to Seoul from a training camp in Hawaii, where she had to work out in a lane with the U.S. men because none of the women could keep up with her. "She's just amazing," said her coach, Bud McAllister.

After hanging near the leaders in the opening 100 on Monday, she zoomed to the front on the second leg, the backstroke; pulled away in the third leg, the breaststroke; and after the freestyle leg won the gold by more than a body length, in a new American record of 4:37.76. "However happy you can be, that's how happy I am," she said afterward. Having won the IM by a whopping 1.7 seconds over second-place Noemi Lung of Romania, the 5' 5½", 102-pound American seemed set for equally strong assaults on this week's 400 and 800 frees.

The first two days of Olympic finals produced mixed results for other U.S.

swimmers and divers. The pressure on Matt Biondi of the U.S. to win seven gold medals—to repeat Mark Spitz's 1972 feat—ended early Monday afternoon in the finals of his first event, the 200 freestyle, when he finished third behind Anders Holmertz of Sweden and the surprise winner, Duncan Armstrong of Australia. U.S. divers Michele Mitchell and Wendy Williams exceeded expectations by winning the silver and bronze medals, respectively—America's first medals of the Games—in the women's platform competition. But Greg Louganis, who came to Seoul trying to become the first man to win gold medals in the springboard and platform in consecutive Olympics, had a brush with disaster in the three-meter springboard preliminaries when he smacked his head on the board, opening a cut that required five stitches.

Armstrong's win was one of the most delightfully shocking upsets in Olympic history. "Lucky Lane 6!" cried Australian coach Laurie Lawrence in the bed-



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

that followed Armstrong's victory. the astonishment of everyone who watching, the 6' 2", 176-pound Armstrong, 20, of Brisbane, competing Lane 6, blasted home in the last 50 ers to chop down an international st of world-record holders: the 6' 6" ndi; Michael Gross of West Germa- the 6' 7" defending Olympic champ; 6' 5" Artur Wojdat of Poland, the qualifier in the previous day's heats. only that, Armstrong shattered ss's world mark of 1:47.44 with a .25 clocking. "Anything's possible, e, if you've got an Australian hat hooted Lawrence. anything did seem possible as the nptic aquatics competition opened at superb pools nearly 3½ miles apart. first 12 medals awarded at the aming pool went to competitors 10 different countries—perhaps a h knell for the sport's fading U.S.- et-East German axis. at nothing was as startling as the 's 200, in which Gross, Biondi, Woj- and Holmertz had figured to fight he title. No one paid any attention armstrong, who came into the es ranked 46th in the world with a time of 1:51.18. The only thing that im apart was that he liked to surf. it you know those Aussies. In Angeles in 1984, unknown Jon n—also coached by Lawrence and swimming in lucky Lane 6—had

run down Gross on the last lap of the 200-meter butterfly to claim the gold medal and the world record. Could lightning strike twice? Lawrence thought it could. When he got up Monday morning he began concocting a gold medal strategy for Armstrong. Several hours before the finals were to start, Lawrence broke into a locked videotape room at the pool by removing a glass pane and watched replays of the 200-free heats. He decided that Armstrong should stick to the shoulder of Biondi, who, as the world-record holder in the 100 free, would surely go out fast. Armstrong could then slingshot past Biondi in the homestretch. It sounded good. Just for luck, Lawrence tossed a penny into the pool. Biondi, glad to be racing at last, took the 200 out at record pace. He had been under intense pressure since deplaning to a crush of media a week earlier at Kimpo Airport. "I've never seen anything like it," said his U.S. swim coach, Nort Thornton. Biondi had been trying not to dwell on the daunting field he would face in the 200, the toughest of his seven events. "It's like the old golf saying," said Thornton. "You don't worry about all the sand traps and water hazards, you just try to get the ball in the hole."

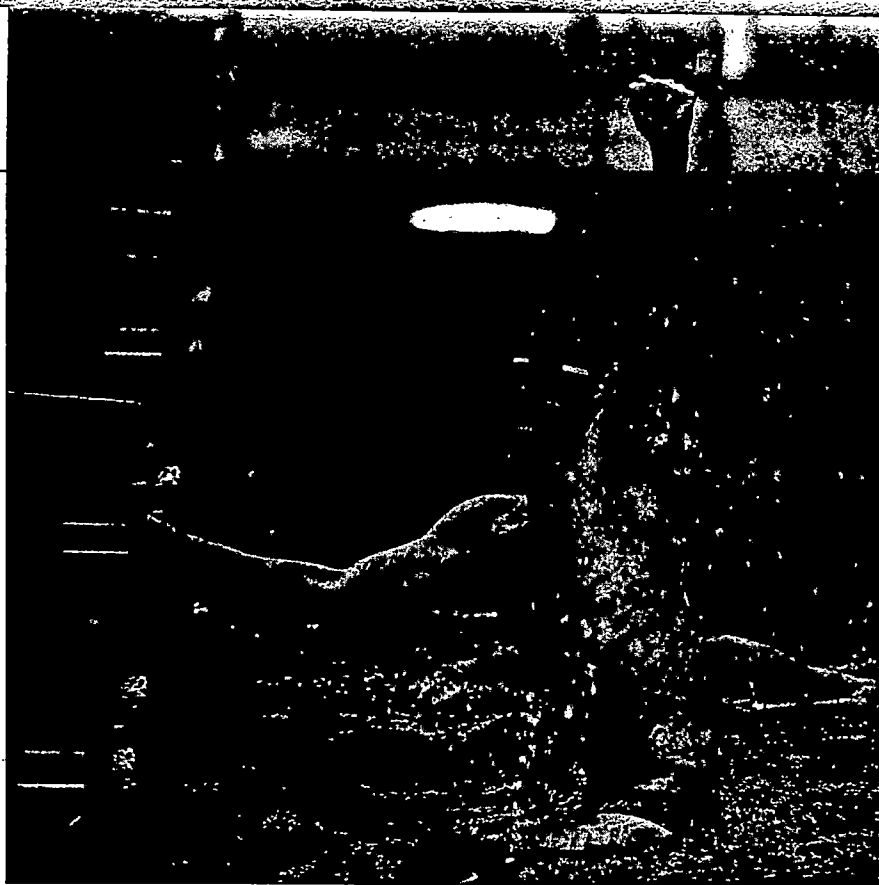
At the awards ceremony it was glads and glitter for Evans, who gets A's in high school and pool.

Evans was fourth after the butterfly leg, but flew right through the rest of the 400 IM.

Little did Biondi know as he hit the wall at 150 meters, still on record pace and a meter ahead of Holmertz, that this day's water hazard was in Lane 6, surging powerfully. With 25 meters to go, Armstrong was with Biondi stroke for stroke. Then he was past him. Armstrong touched first, followed by Holmertz in 1:47.89 and a slowing Biondi in 1:47.99. Australian hats flew off. "I didn't die where I usually die," said the quietly elated Armstrong afterward,

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referring to the 150-meter mark. His victory brought his country its 100th Olympic swimming medal (not including Frederick Lane's victory in 1900 in the obstacle race, a one-time-only event), and Lawrence had good reason to grab a radio mike and declare, "Hello, Australia! We just won the gold, and it's a bloody enormous feeling!"

Monday's two other swimming events brought no more U.S. medals, but did offer a certain poetic justice. Tall, lanky Kristin Otto, 22, of East Germany, one of the great woman swimmers in history with seven world-championship titles, had missed the '84 Games because of the Eastern bloc boycott, but she came through in Seoul with a wire-to-wire triumph in the women's 100 free. Her time of 54.93 was just .20 off her 1986 world record and boded well for her bid to win as many as six Olympic medals.

Men's 100-breast winner Adrian Moorhouse, 24, who took up swimming as treatment for severe childhood asthma, made up for his disappointment at the 1986 world championships in Madrid. There the Englishman had been disqualified and stripped of the 100-breast title on a questionable illegal-kick ruling. Here he stormed home in the final 50 to outtouch Karoly Guttler of Hungary by the narrowest of margins, 1:02.04 to 1:02.05.

Across town at the Chamshil diving pool, there was also drama. It was on his

While all eyes were on the stars, the unsung Armstrong swam to a record in the 200 free . . .

ninth dive of Monday's springboard prelims, a reverse $2\frac{1}{2}$ pike, that Louganis banged his head. He was lucky to come away with five stitches and the No. 3 qualifying spot. Louganis, who had a similar accident during a platform competition in the Soviet Union in 1979, nailed his next dive, one of his most difficult, a reverse $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with $3\frac{1}{2}$ twists, for 8.5s and 9.0s, the highest score of the day by any diver.



A more pleasant development for the U.S. was the showing of Mitchell and Williams, who seized medal opportunities in the stumble-filled women's platform finals on Sunday and finished second and third, respectively, behind China's 17-year-old Xu Yanmei.

"I just wanted to end my career on a good note," said Mitchell, 26, who also took a silver at L.A. in '84. Since then she has had to come back from shoulder surgery and a psychological block on one of her key dives, an inward $3\frac{1}{2}$ tuck, which had been destroying both her confidence and her Olympic hopes until she scrapped it two months ago in favor of an easier inward $2\frac{1}{2}$ pike. "I would have been happy with any medal," she said later.

There didn't figure to be any medals left for Mitchell or Williams if a kiddie corps of tiny Chinese and Soviet acrobats performed up to expectations on their high-degree-of-difficulty dives. All eyes were on Xu, her 14-year-old, 4' 11" teammate Chen Xiaodan—the top qualifier in Saturday's preliminaries—and 4' 8", 71-pound Elena Miroshina, also 14, of the U.S.S.R.

But high-degree-of-difficulty dives are risky, especially for young teens competing in their first Olympics. Under the fierce pressure of Sunday's 10-meter finals, Chen and Miroshina fell apart, more crash than flash. "It shows we still have many shortcomings, like psychological training," Chinese coach Xu Yiming said.

Not that anyone had to apologize for the shy, 5' 4" Xu Yanmei, who displayed terrific body control for someone once labeled the "least promising" gymnast at the spare-time sports school in her native Nanchang City. "I thought if I did well, they might clap for me," she said of the U.S.-heavy crowd, which responded to her splash-free, rip entries with roars of approval.

The divers had endured a rather strange week in Seoul. They had trained at the Chamshil pool amid the din of blaring Korean music, P.A.-system tests and shouts and whistles from water polo practices going on in the adjacent swimming pool. Sunday's finalists had to deal not only with a slippery platform sur-

... then took a postceremony bite of his medal to check that he had truly won Olympic gold.



On his ninth dive in the springboard preliminaries, Louganis cracked his head on the board.

face—Williams sportingly lent Xu her towel to use as a mat for better footing—but also with the distracting sounds of spectator chitchat and water slurping noisily into the side drains of the pool. The most noticeable commotion came from the photographers' section whenever the 21-year-old Williams—a blonde University of Miami junior whom the July issue of *Mademoiselle* declared "The Great American Body"—performed. "Every time Wendy goes, it sounds like a machine gun going off from all the motor drives," said Mitchell.

As Chen got ready for the final dive of the competition, Xu and Mitchell had their medals virtually wrapped up, but Williams stood teary-eyed on the pool deck. "I figured I was going to get fourth [behind Chen]," she said later. But when Chen flopped badly on an extremely difficult back 3½, Williams cried tears of joy. Behind her in the stands, Anis Mitchell, Michele's father and a Korean

War vet who had once vowed never to return to the country, joyfully waved a large U.S. flag. "It's kind of neat that by being here, I've changed his perspective on an entire region of the world," said his daughter proudly.

The final standings showed Xu first with 445.20 points, Mitchell next at 436.95 and Williams third with 400.44. Chen finished fifth and Miroshina sixth.

"I am getting very homesick now," said Xu, adding that she hoped "to go home as quickly as possible." Her American rivals, by contrast, couldn't wait to dig into the remaining two weeks of their Olympic experience—at the diving pool and elsewhere around Seoul. "I didn't train all these years just to do 16 dives and go home," said Mitchell. "This is where the fun starts. I'll be here right to the end."

After a quick inspection of his injury, Louganis nailed the day's best dive.

"My goal is to see the best in each sport," added Williams. "I want to see that 6' 8" Chinese woman basketball center, and I want to see Matt Biondi swim. I want to see the greats."

As last week's competition showed, the greats at these Olympic Games could come from anywhere.

