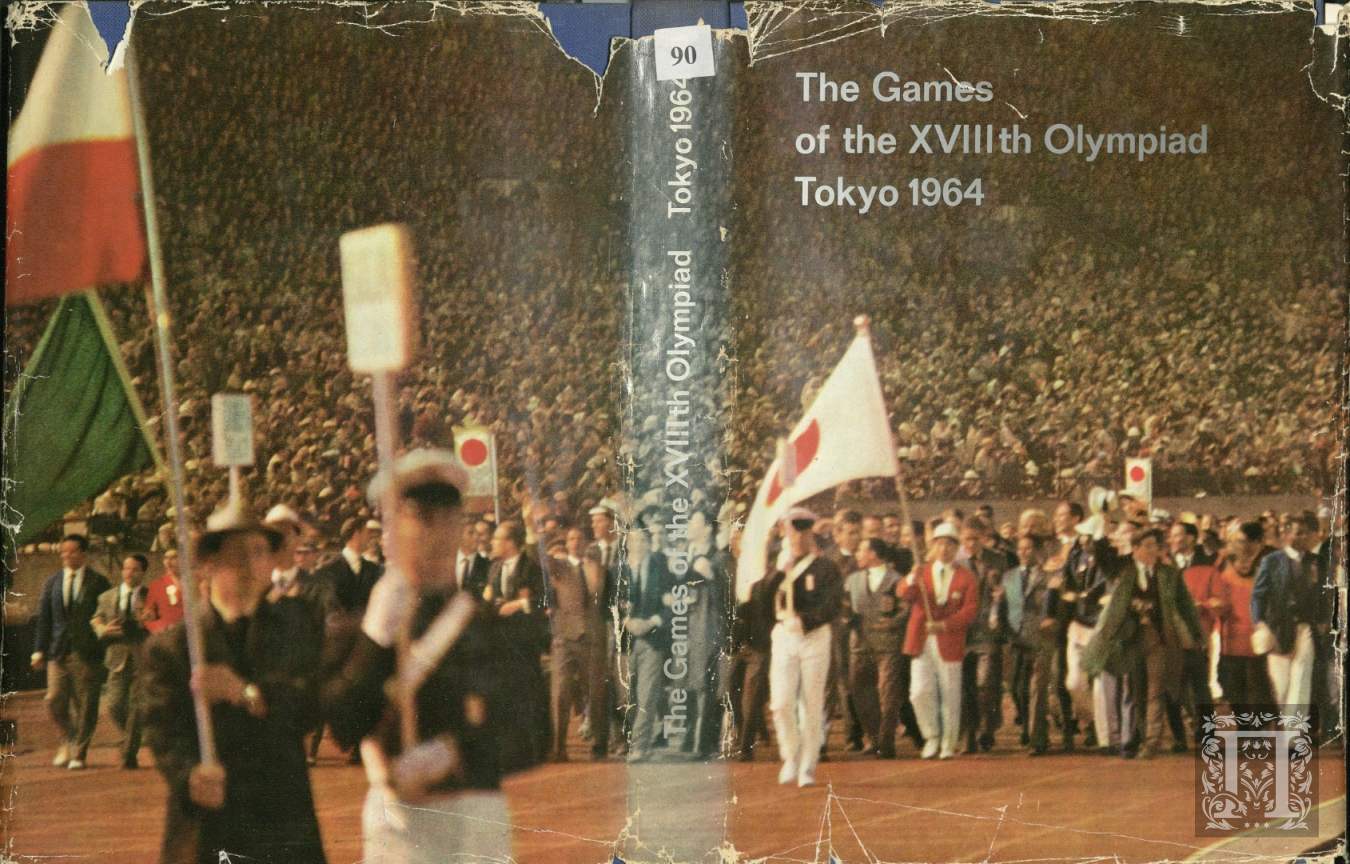
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The Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad Tokyo 1964
The Games
of the XVIIIth Olympiad
Tokyo 1964

This is the first time in Olympic history that a book of international appeal, written, as it were, by the world for the world, is being published as a record of an Olympic Festival. Patronized by the International Olympic Committee and published by the International Olympic Institute, this volume deals in an outstanding manner with the outstanding Games of Tokyo, the first ever held in Asia and certainly the most successful of them all – successful as an event of sport, as a world event of peace which held the centre of the world's interest, and successful as a social event which brought West to East and, in return again East to West – through all means of modern communications.

But while newspapers, broadcasting and the television screen can only provide a short moment's contact, this volume offers a lasting record of the Games of Tokyo in 1964, of all the achievements, records, performances, sensations, human incidents and the deeper meaning behind it all, preserved for ever by the photo camera which reveal in colours the truth, observed by Tatsuo Toki's ink-drawings, and by the written record of the world's greatest sports writers. The first names of British sport journalism and the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the most brillant sport reporters from the British Commonwealth, have, under the editorial guidance of Gideon Freud, collaborated in a way that is unique in the history of sports literature. They and a number of leading continental writers paid this tribute to the idea of the Games, making their own contribution to what Avery Brundage, the President of the International Olympic Committee has said at the beginning of the XVIIIth Olympiad:

"Let us fight as did Coubertin for the purity and simplicity of these principles, rejecting all compromise, not from rigid conservatism, because, in contra-distinction to the spectacular phenomena, which may result from the misuse of sport, the Olympic movement offers the fundamental values that enable a man to achieve his full stature and his proper balance.

This philosophy which reconciles action and thought, more than any other, is for our time; and it is this philosophy which we commend to the attention of all sportsmen and to all educators. May the pure spark which shines within each of us be kindled to fire by contact with these essential and undying truths, and so keep alive that symbol of peace and brotherhood, the Olympic Flame.

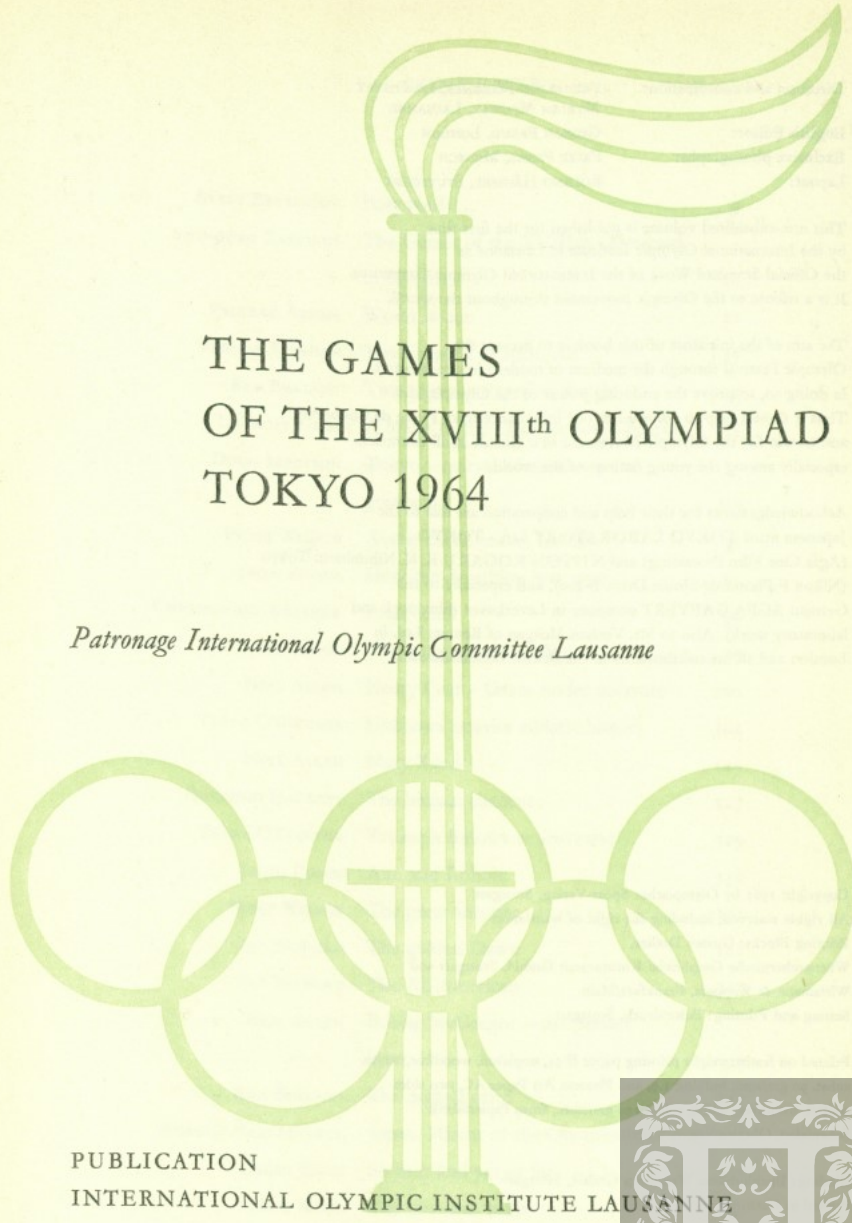
We hope that this volume, sponsored by the International Olympic Committee will spread the guiding principles of world-wide Olympic friendship into all lands and will secure for them success and recognition."

Thus the IOC considers it one of its special duties to propagate the idea of the Olympic Games. It will again patronize a volume on the Olympic Winter Games of 1968 in Grenoble and the Summer Games of Mexico City, fortified in the knowledge of having gained so many enthusiastic and illustrious collaborators and to have made friends all over the world with the present volume.



THE GAMES OF THE XVIIIth OLYMPIAD TOKYO 1964





THE GAMES OF THE XVIIIth OLYMPIAD TOKYO 1964

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the Official Standard Work of the International Olympic Committee.
It is a tribute to the Olympic movement throughout the world.

The aim of the initiators of this book is to present the
Olympic Festival through the medium of modern journalism and,
in doing so, to prove the enduring power of the Olympic idea.
Thus it should help to consolidate our inheritance from Pierre de Coubertin,
and to win for the Olympic Movement new friends in all countries,
especially among the young nations of the world.

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The ink-drawings between the texts have been exclusively produced for this work by Tatsuo Toki, the Japanese sports teacher, who was a decathlon-competitor at the Amsterdam Olympic Games in 1928, and who is today a professor at the University of Nagoya.

FOREWORD

Spanning all oceans, the Olympic Movement has spread and the Games have travelled from Greece, through Europe to America, to the Antipodes, and now to the Orient, winning converts at every quadrennial stage and proving that they belong to the entire world.

The Japanese are a proud people – they would not have been happy unless they had demonstrated to all the world that they could stage the Olympic Games as well as, or better than, any other country.

The best facilities ever offered were provided by the Tokyo Organizing Committee under the leadership of President Daigoro Yasukawa efficiently assisted by Secretary General Shigeru Yosano. Many beautiful structures of traditional Japanese architectural design and audacious modern conception were constructed proving that art and sport are closely connected.

In particular Mr. Kenzo Tange received the Olympic Diploma of Merit for having conceived the National Gymnasium and its annex, the beauty of which inspired a journalist to write that one day they would attract tourists much as do the Parthenon in Greece and the Pyramids in Egypt.

Because of the Olympic Games a huge programme of civic improvements covering the construction of new highways, private buildings and hotels was advanced to make Tokyo, as a side benefit, a much more modern and efficient city on the eve of the Opening Ceremony.

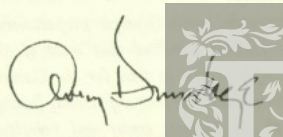
Nor were the fine arts forgotten. Treasures of Japanese museums and temples, many of which were unknown to the public, were gathered and displayed in several exhibitions of great international interest. Many demonstrations, concerts and performances of traditional theater and music gave the foreign visitor a chance to become acquainted with Japanese culture.

The sacred Olympic flame on its way to the Stadium was carried through every Japanese province, evoking an enthusiastic response from the entire population of the country. It seemed that everyone of the 95,000,000 adopted the Games as his or her own personal project.

The friendly hospitality received by the athletes from 94 countries, inspired them to even greater heights and resulted in dozens of new world and Olympic records. The results of the strenuous competition in the score of different sports are related and pictured in this book.

In addition to the record of individual prowess and of the universal public interest, the publisher has tried to convey to the reader at least some indication of the wonderful, exciting spirit of this great festival of the youth of the world which grips everyone and brings out the best in all, participants and spectators alike.

Our thanks are due to the participants, competitors and officials alike, for having demonstrated once more that sport under Olympic auspices is a link uniting all peoples, above races, religions and political affiliations, and to our Japanese hosts for their contribution to a healthier, happier and more peaceful world through the staging of the Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad with such outstanding success.



(Avery Brundage)

President of the International Olympic Committee

When the IOC session in 1959 at Munich decided to hold the Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad in Tokyo, the whole Japanese nation received the news with joyous excitement. However, there soon arose words of skeptical reconsideration, not only from the intelligentzia, but even from the general public, as to whether Tokyo was capable of meeting the honor bestowed upon it.

These people doubted whether postwar Japan had the financial capacity to accept such a great international responsiblity requiring so much monetary expenditure. They pointed to Tokyo's transportation problems with its bad roads. Again, they feared Tokyo was not prepared to accommodate the great number of foreign Olympic guests. Their view at the time, in a nutshell, was that to hold the Olympic Games so soon in Tokyo was practically impossible – that 1964 was too soon – that Tokyo required more time to get ready.

Leaving aside the financial aspect, it was true that the road conditions in Tokyo were not up to the requirement of modern transportation. Again, the sites considered as grounds for the various events were surrounded by areas already thickly populated. How to remove the houses to build proper roads and parking spaces was Tokyo's greatest problem.

However, Tokyo simply had to go ahead and get ready. At first, the pace was slow and caused many people to worry whether the whole Olympic project was really going to be finished in time. Gradually the great construction works gathered momentum. One by one, the stadia and highways were finished. Towards the spring and summer of 1964, Tokyo really was a great storming construction camp.

Tokyo finally succeeded in its Olympic preparations, but it must be frankly admitted that most of the projects were completed just in time for the Games. The great 17-storied hotel, the long expressway linking the airport with the business center and principal stadiums and finally the Olympic village – all were finished in late summer.

Coming to the opening ceremony, we recall with pride its orderliness, punctuality and effectiveness – that it won the world's admiration. And the spontaneous hilarity of the closing ceremony in which both the officials and participating athletes exhibited their uninhibited joy can never be forgotten. I believe that wildly happy behavior by all was the manifestation of our Olympic guests' complete satisfaction with the hospitality and service we offered them as their hosts.

I believe the program as a whole went smoothly, too. What I want to stress here is that the great success of the Tokyo Olympics deeply impressed our own people. It made us learn by actually experiencing it that we were capable of playing a big role, not only in the field of international sports, but in the wider realm of international culture and friendship. To see so many athletes representing so many nations of various races compete happily together inspired us. We learned clearly that sports not only develop us physically, but that it is a necessity for cultural and friendly international interchanges. This, indeed, was our greatest lesson gained from the Tokyo Olympics.

One of the main factors contributing toward the success of the Tokyo Olympics was that the entire nation was melted into one to become Olympic-conscious. During the Games, 90 per cent of the people followed the events on television. Since the TV diffusion in Japan is 90.4 per cent which means 23,700,000 households have at least one set, it is no exaggeration to say the Games were followed by those in every nook of the country.

Often when important events were going on, the streets of Tokyo appeared deserted. Many had difficulties getting a taxi. It seemed that everybody was watching the TV – even the taxidrivers. This was true not only in Tokyo, but in Osaka and all other big cities as well.

During the hours the big events were going on, it was said Japan's business was at a standstill.

Compared with the days when we first heard the Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad where coming to Tokyo when we had so many skeptics, the national sentiment was changed dramatically. Everybody was for the Olympics. This complete change of sentiment was unbelievable even to us Japanese.

In conclusion, I may say the success of the Tokyo Olympics gave us confidence that we are capable of shouldering the task of carrying out programs of international magnitude requiring creative resources and complicated enterprising organization. We also learned we are not lacking in the trait of becoming nationally united if we are properly inspired by a lofty goal. I may add that learning that those abroad have come to appreciate our good points has given us more confidence.

Shingoro Takaishi
Member of the International Olympic Committee

WORLD IS ONE

This is one of the catch-phrases dedicated to the Tokyo Games. Although such an ideal could not be accomplished literally, yet the spirit of this slogan was amply verified on and off the arena as well as in the Olympic village. Indeed, we are happy to declare that the Fundamental Principles of the Olympic Movement were faithfully observed.

Thanks to the full cooperation and encouragement of all concerned, the Tokyo Games are recognized to have been organized and conducted as successfully as could be wished and expected. The tremendous and unprecedented enthusiasm shown lavishly by the people, not only of Tokyo, but all over Japan, played an essential role in contributing to such a great achievement.

When Tokyo was selected as the host city for the Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad at the Munich Session of the International Olympic Committee in 1959, we made up our minds to make the Games a stepping-stone for accelerating the urban renewal programme of civic improvements in Tokyo. With the thorough understanding and ample financial assistance of the National Government, our Tokyo Metropolitan Government could accomplish the most difficult task of completing such preparatory works as the construction of an Olympic Park, highways, subways, express-ways, etc. which were necessary and essential for the success of the Games.

On the other hand, we have reaped rich crops from the experience of staging the Tokyo Games successfully.

First of all, the Games contributed greatly to recover and to develop further national pride which had been rather faltering in our nation, especially so among younger generations, because of the confusion and havoc after the war. The high potentiality and magnificent achievement of our nation at large in such an international enterprise as the Olympic Games have earned universal recognition and admiration. We are quite confident and proud that our future will be one of remarkable progress. And, in Tokyo, we know now what was to be accomplished and how it could be done to see the resurrection of our Mammoth City.

In other words, we recognize the truth in the proverb as it goes: "Where there is a will, there is a way."

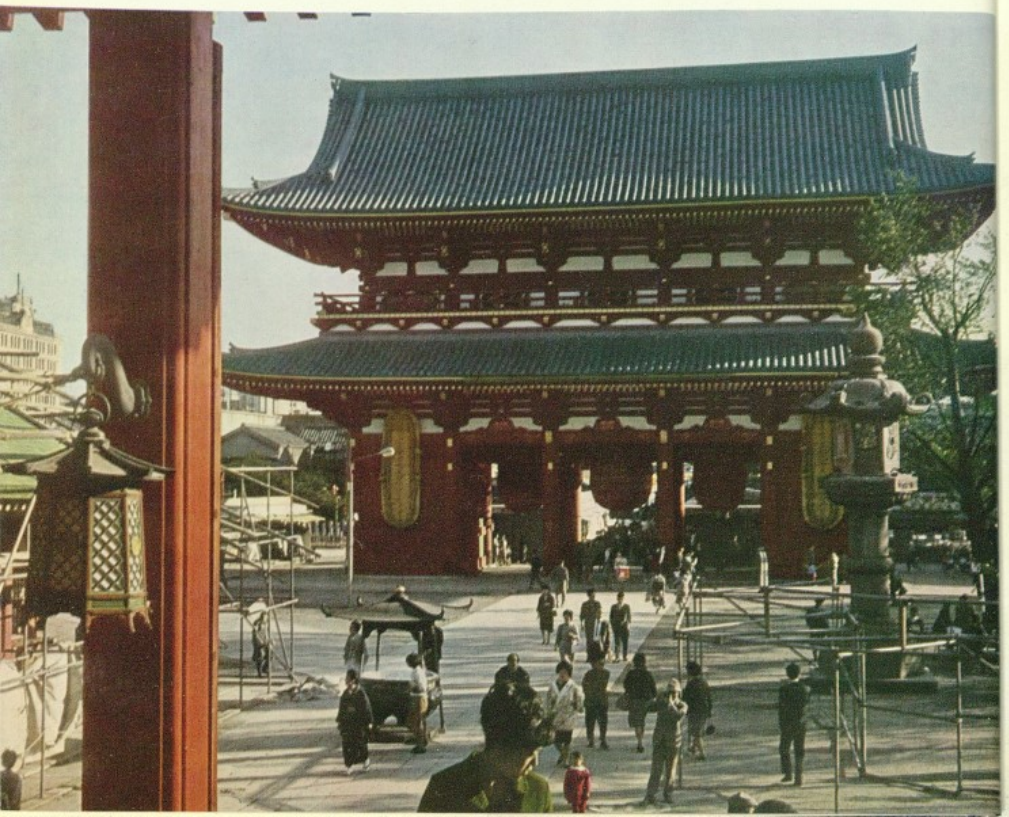
Ryotaro Azuma
Member of the International Olympic Committee Governor of Tokyo

This is Japan –
embodied in one of its countless Torii.
This one, of Miyajima near Hiroshima,
is one of the most famous

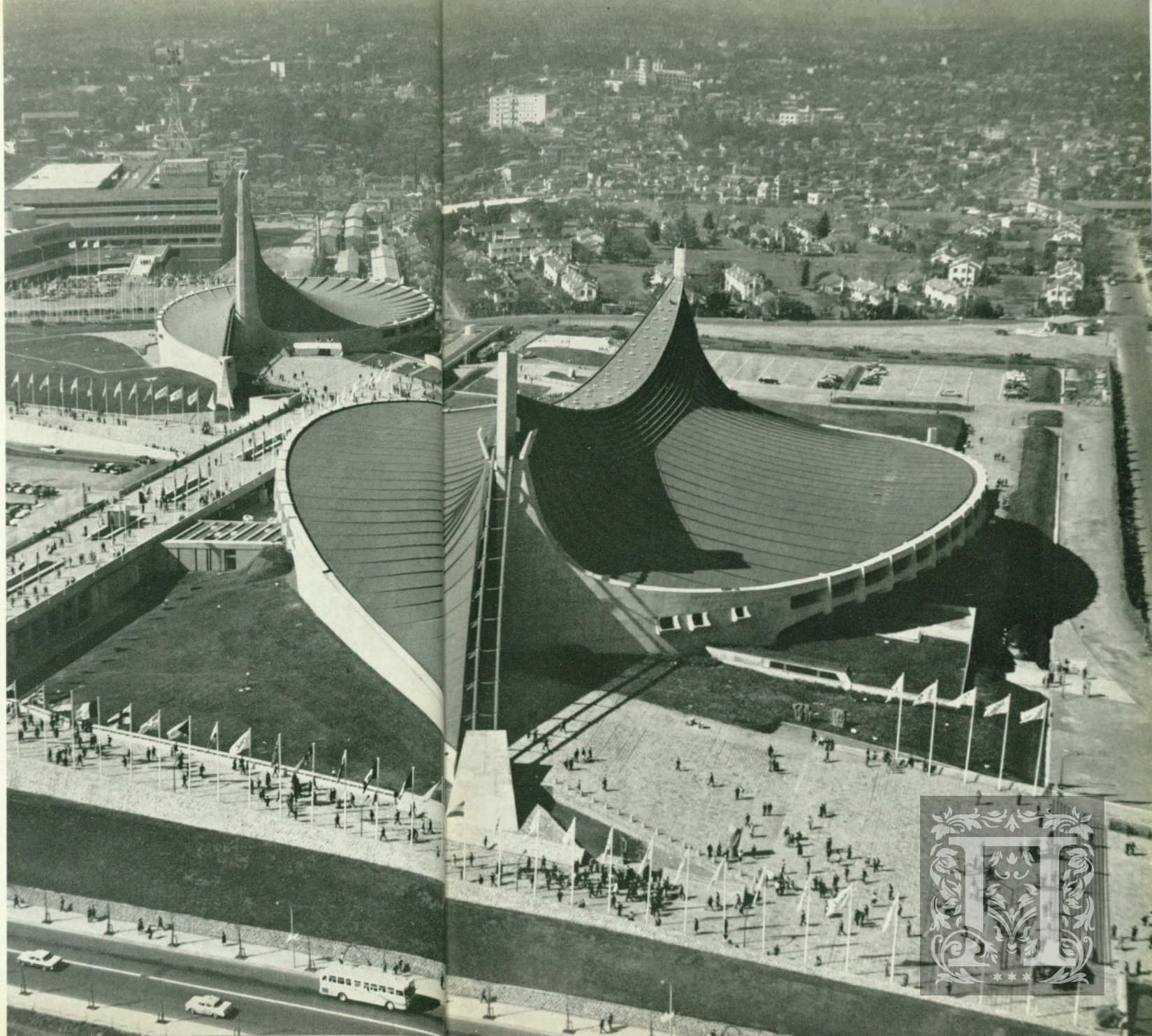


Japan's two faces, embracing centuries.
On the left the entrance to the famous Kannon Temple in Tokyo's Asakusa quarter. On the altar a small golden Kannon statue is kept which is said to have been found in the year 628 A.D. by fishermen

On the right a three layer fly over system in Tokyo's Chiyoda-ku district ►







Daringly imagined sport buildings of latest design, logical developments of traditional Japanese shapes: the "National Gymnasium" (Swimming hall) and left the "Annex". Behind the Gymnasium the Olympic village; behind the Annex Japan's Television Centre





Everyone stands up as the Emperor enters the Imperial box and the Japanese National Anthem is played by the band of the Self Defence Forces, and sung by the choir of the Higher Academies for Music, who stand behind the band

◂ It's raining–on the way to the basket ball tournament in the Annex building

March past of the Olympic family of nations –
From Africa the "Lions" of Ghana . . . and Ethiopia's flag bearer Abebe Bikila, king of the Marathon
From Asia the contingent of India's sub-continent, from America the Canadian ladies

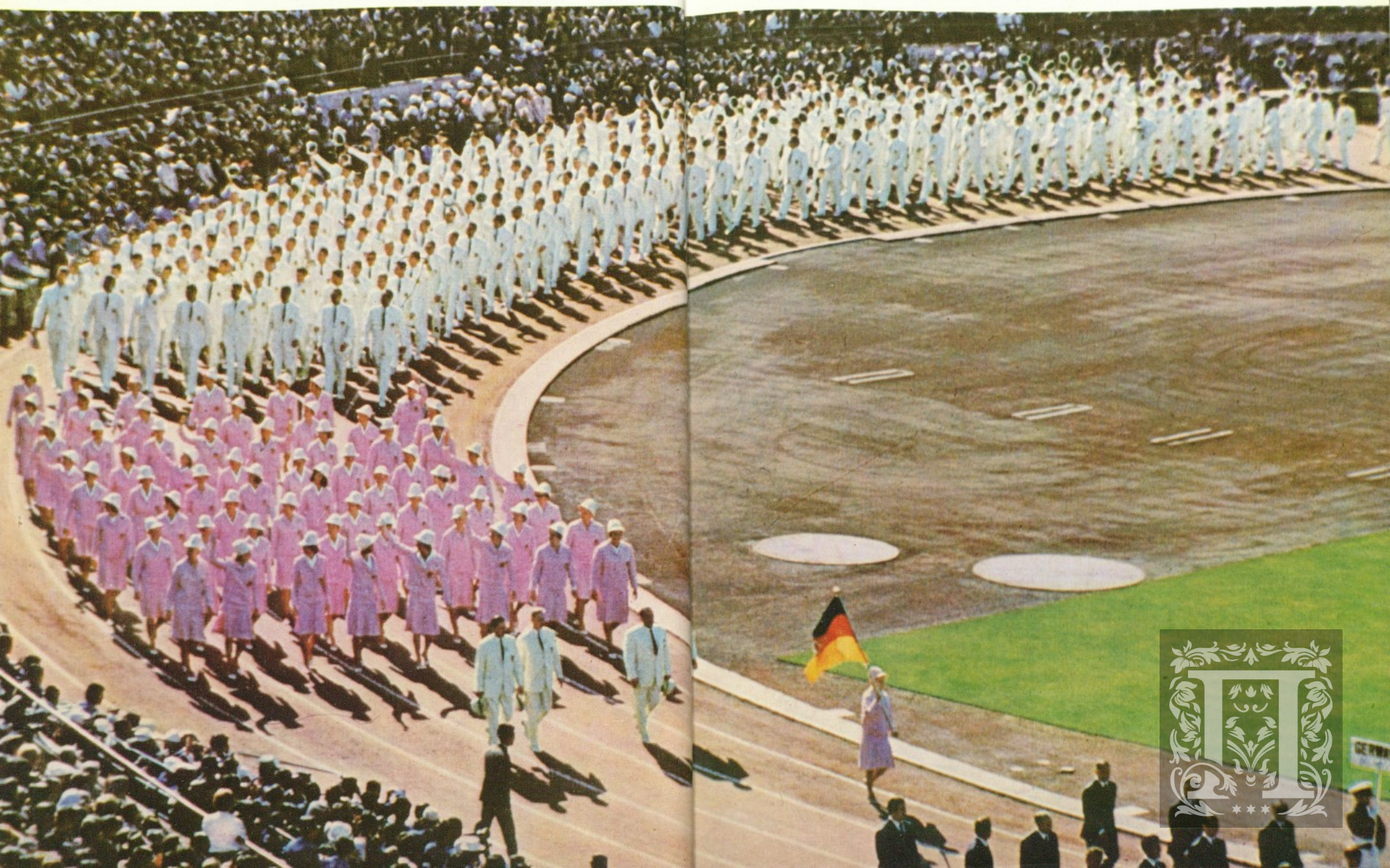




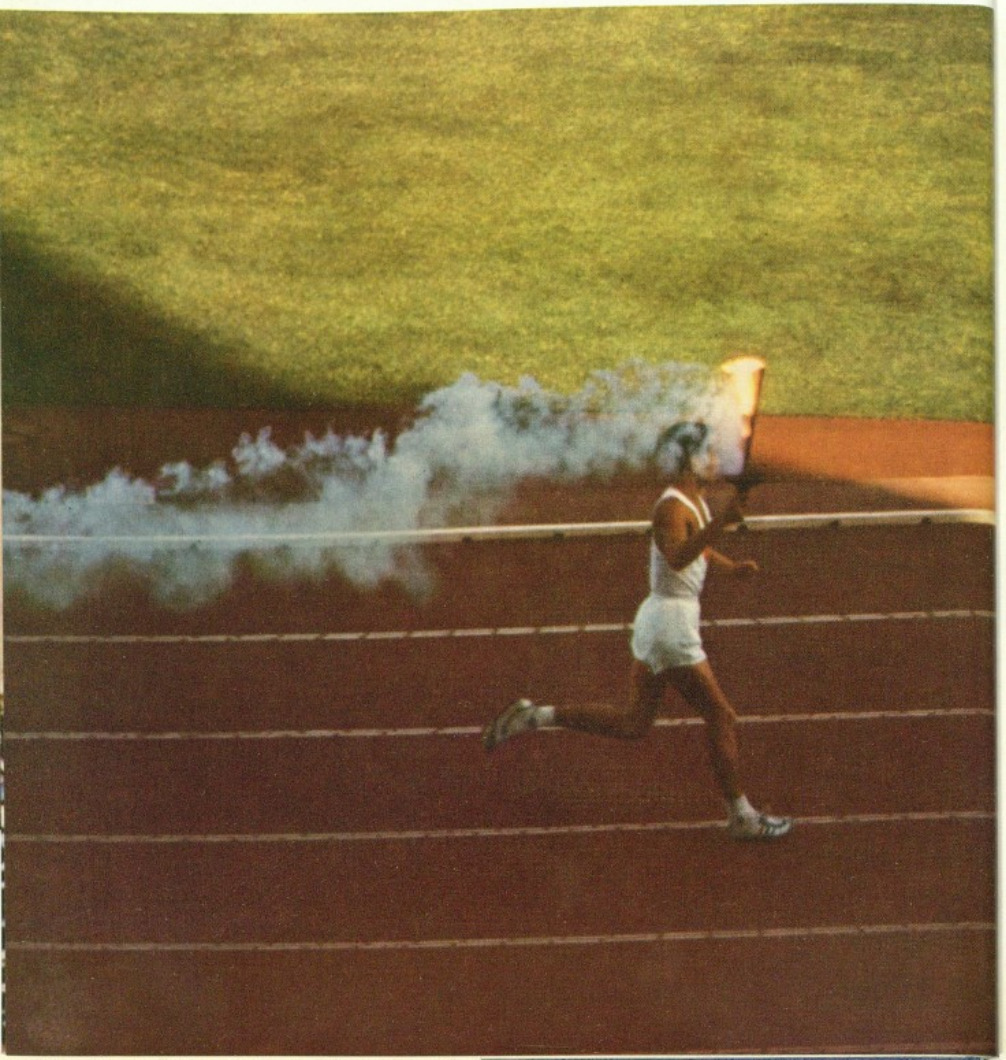




The All-German team, not separated by any wall



Born in the hour when Hiroshima died–Yoshinoro Sakai
carries the flame of peace into the stadium–and lights the Olympic fire







Climax of a great occasion. The Games have been declared open and 8000 pigeons suddenly darken the Tokyo sky as they are released to bring the glad tidings to the world – a reminder of the old Greek custom of carrying the news of the Games to the cities from which the athletes have come



Emperor Hirohito stands to attention while the Japanese National Anthem is played
to inaugurate the Opening Ceremony of the Games.
On the Emperor's left is the Empress, on his right IOC President Avery Brundage and Mrs. Brundage



A sea of faces: Japan watches "her" Games: ▶
On top the high schools,
in the middle the boys and girls from the lower schools,
and at the bottom the people





A gay picture from the "Olympic World Youth Camp" in Tokyo's Gakuga University where 1200 youth from 23 nations stayed during the Games.
From here they went every day to watch the events, and, when the Olympiad was over, toured Japan

◂ A symbol written into the sky: the five Olympic rings that interconnect the continents–fitting final accord of the Opening Ceremony

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

By Vernon Morgan (Britain)

The 18th Olympic Games in Tokyo were the greatest of them all. Few people would dare challenge that view. As one who competed in the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam and has been associated with every Games, winter and summer, ever since one can speak with some authority.

I will go even further. There will never be another Olympiad as great in every respect as was Tokyo. Even if the Olympic Games as we know them to-day survive, which I very much doubt, it is hardly likely that any Olympic city will be able to put on a show like the Japanese did in Tokyo.

What made these Games so very remarkable? Why was it that almost everyone who was in Tokyo said they would not have missed them for untold riches; and why was it that everyone returned home, somewhat sadly, loud in their praise of the Olympics, of Tokyo and of the Japanese?

There were many things that mattered, but perhaps the outstanding reason for their success was the happy spirit in which the Games were held. We, writers and sportsmen, who have witnessed a succession of them to give them some kind of adjective. For instance the 1936 Olympics in Berlin are known as the "political" Games, and the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki as the "friendly" Games. I call the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo the "happy" games.

There was a smile and a helping hand for everyone. Everyone enjoyed themselves, the competitors, the officials, the newspapermen and the many visitors from Overseas. There was hardly a discordant note.

Too high praise cannot be given the Japanese for this kindly spirit. For it was the people, the masses, rather than a handful of top ranking officials, who made the Games the success they were.

The traditional graciousness of the Japanese was firmly upheld by all and they succeeded in boosting the ego of everyone with whom they came in contact. That is the keynote of success in any field of life.

Money had to be poured into the project, for which the people indirectly had to pay; yet one never heard a whisper of complaint at the many millions of yen that went into the Games.

The Japanese have always had a reputation for precision and accuracy. It was this that enabled them to run the Games like a well-oiled machine. The efficiency was remarkable. Nothing was overlooked and everything went off according to schedule. That is the way the Games should be run. The Opening Ceremony was perhaps the "piece de resistance" of the whole Games. It deserved to be. Never was any ceremony more frequently rehearsed. Day after day, hour after hour, the Japanese went over every detail to get even the smallest item as near perfect as possible. If the Gods smiled on them for their hard work and perseverance on the opening day, they certainly turned sour for the track and field athletics and brought weather conditions that could easily have upset the programme. But the Japanese surmounted these obstacles like everything else.

One of the sights one can never forget was the way the Japanese packed the open stadium in the pouring rain, never thinking of getting cold or wet. They came in their thousands in spite of the foul weather, even for the dull qualifying field events, and sat right through it all to the closure in the evening.

Would any other nation in the world have done this voluntarily? One thinks not. It was a heart-warming sight for those from Britain who have seen only a few hundred spectators attend thrilling finals in glorious sunshine. This was real enthusiasm. The true Olympic spirit.

Judged by his remarks, and he is one who always speaks his mind openly and frankly, Mr. Avery Brundage, the President of the International Olympic Committee, was enchanted by the Tokyo Olympics. This greatest Olympian of them all, a man who has seen more Games than any other sportsman alive, will undoubtedly tell you that he gave his personal gold medal to the 18th Olympiad. He will tell you, as I have been trying to do, that they had everything.

Readers could be surprised that hitherto in this article nothing has been said about the results, about the records. As Mr. Brundage will tell you these do not really matter. It is the moral and spiritual value of the Games, and their contribution to world peace that the true Olympians look at.

When I asked Mr. Brundage why they had chosen such a "crazy" spot as Mexico City for the 19th Olympiad, when it was known that the high altitude

was bound to affect times and performances, he was pleasantly angry. "If we picked the Olympic cities on their ability to produce records and superlative performances we should elect a city in California every time" he said.

And he added that Mexico City had been given the Games because in the opinion of the International Olympic Committee it was the most deserving from the viewpoint of the Olympic charter and principles.

There is little doubt, too, that the I.O.C. having allocated the Games to the largest city in the world thought it time to give the Games to a smaller and less populated country.

That size does not interest the I.O.C. was shown by their having given the 1952 Games to little Helsinki to follow mighty London. And that the size of the city has no real bearing on the success of the Games was shown by the way the Finns ran their Olympiad.

My view is that they were the second best after Tokyo. Third place must go to Berlin in 1936. They were possibly the best organised of them all, and although held more than a quarter of a century earlier than Tokyo, were of the same high standard. But Hitler spoilt them. There was too much propaganda; too much militarism about them to make them really great, friendly or happy.

The Mexicans must not despair of putting on a good show. Indeed they are not. They are already telling the world that what the Japanese could do they can do even better. That is the right spirit.

One has hinted at the Olympics dying out at least in their present form. Men like Mr. Brundage of the United States and the Marquess of Exeter of Britain, perhaps the two strongest pillars upholding the true Olympic principles, cannot live for ever. When they step down, as in due course they must, there could be a very real change in the pattern of the Olympics.

On at least two points there will surely be changes, and possibly in the not too distant future. The first is in the matter of amateurism; the second is on the score of their size. Many want to throw the Games open to all amateurs and professionals, or at least change the amateur law so that the Games become open to semi-professionals. Others, in the Eastern bloc especially, want to increase the size of the Games and make them into a giant Spartiakad with as many events for women as men, with as many different sports as possible.

There will not be many more Olympic Games for me, alas, but one can pass from the scene knowing that one has probably seen the greatest Games of all time, and possibly the finest runner the world will ever see, the amazing Ethiopian Abebe Bikila, a marathon runner who put the immortals like Paavo Nurmi and Emil Zatopek in the shade.

TWO PIGEONS STAYED TO WATCH

By Rex Bellamy

(World Sports)

The opening ceremony of an Olympics is a massive spectacle that sets a standard for the entire Games. It demands superb organisation and faultless timing. First impressions are important, and the Japanese, so painstakingly conscientious in every aspect of the Olympics, were determined to ensure a good start. They were thorough, and no detail eluded them. They even trained the pigeons.

When the word first went round that 10,000 pigeons were needed for the opening ceremony, it seemed that every pigeon owner in Japan wanted to get his bird into the act. Restricting the number to 10,000 was an exercise calling for all the traditional Japanese tact in human relations, all their traditional courtesy in saying "No" without giving offence.

A solution was found in the fact that the pigeons of Japan (or rather, their owners) have two societies to run their affairs—one for pigeons who race, the other for pigeons who bear messages. What the organisers did was to invite each association to provide 5,000 birds.

How the 5,000 were chosen I don't know. Perhaps the selection committees demanded a Tokyo birth qualification. Perhaps they examined each pigeon's good conduct record. Perhaps they held a beauty competition.

All that matters is that the 10,000 pigeons were chosen. The next step was to convey to the pigeons an exact picture of the part they had to play in that mighty drama before the eyes of the world.

It was no good handing each pigeon a detailed script of the programme for the opening ceremony. They had to be rehearsed in situ.

So it was that in those last hectic days before the Games began, the traffic problems of Tokyo and its environs were further complicated as 10,000 pigeons were borne to the main stadium—by car, by truck, or by any other method that was handy. And they made the journey not once, but half a dozen times.

The pigeons took their places in the stadium. And when the rehearsal reached the time appointed for take-off, they were released. They soared into the heavens. They flew home. Then they were brought back to do the whole thing over again. So it went on. Day after day.

How the pigeons felt about all this we shall never know. But finally the big day itself was upon them. They were brought to Tokyo for the last time. The appointed hour was 12.30. For the time being they were tucked away in the National Gymnasium. They had 250 men to look after them.

They were taken out to the stadium and, in green cages, waited at the edge of the track as the vast and exciting pageant of the opening ceremony slowly moved to its climax. And at last, after all those rehearsals, after all the journeys to the stadium and all the flights home, after all the hours of waiting, the pigeons, 10,000 strong, rose into the sky with the flutter of 20,000 wings and briefly cast a cloud over that thrilling scene. Then they wheeled and made for home.

Well, not quite 10,000 strong. Not quite 20,000 wings. One pigeon flew to a good vantage point, the Press seats, and stayed there. Another had engine trouble in one wing and, after a valiant attempt to take off, tottered across to join the colourful ranks of the competitors.

The rest knew what they had to do. They had been through it all before. They went home. But two pigeons stayed to watch.

A HYMN TO THE OLYMPIC TORCH-BEARERS

By Liselott Diem

"I have repeated it so often that I am becoming a little ashamed to keep harking back to it, but so many people still haven't understood! The Olympic Games are not mere international championships, but *Festivals*..." Coubertin's creative mind called into life the ceremonial style of the Olympic festival. He devised every detail of the opening and closing ceremonies. After the first World War, when the Olympic Games took place again in 1920, he proudly said of his work: "The marching past, the formula of the opening address, the choirs, the release of carrier-pigeons, the cannonades... the entire ceremony, whose pedagogical value one had learned to esteem since Stockholm, stressed how untouched by the war the Olympic idea had remained. It has become known throughout the world by two symbols: the five intertwining rings and the torch-relay. Coubertin, in 1913, formed the symbol of the five connected continents.

Carl *Diem* initiated the second world-wide symbol: on May 18, 1934, the idea of a torch-relay from Olmypia to Berlin was submitted to the IOC in Athens, which, as Diem said "should be valued as a contribution towards the symbols of the Games. This idea resumes the ceremony of antiquity, when, on the altar of the goddess Hestia at Olympia, an eternal fire was maintained, which to kindle anew was the privilege of the winner in the stadium race. By this ceremony the symbol [illegible] encouraged the youth to take over the traditions of their ancestors and pass them on to the next generation." Since the Olympic Games at Berlin in 1936 the torch-relay has signified the ceremonial prelude, the overture to the Olympic festival. The light of the [illegible]

collected from the *Sky* is condensed in a flame on Greek *soil*. The torch-bearers hurrying from land to land herald with the torch the approaching festival, drawing attention to this great event of world sport. I accompanied the Greek torch-bearers on the first night along the Gulf of Corinth. Unforgettable, exciting pictures: the wide-floating smoke trail was reflected in the dark water; like a ribbon the light meandered up and down the hills, disappeared in the bays and suddenly emerged again close to us. After midnight people were still waiting in the streets, waving and talking excitedly. Many were astonished like the Greek boy from Patras who asked: "Does this light really run as far as Tokyo?" People were amazed at this worldwide connection created by the Olympic Flame and Coubertin's ideas came into mind: "To demand of the peoples to love each other is a childish thing; to ask them to respect each other, is not a utopia: but in order to respect each other one must first get to know one another." At the gates of the town house-wives, workmen and children awaited the torchbearers; they were people who never before had any connection with sport.

How solemnly the boys carried their torches, how patiently they waited when the next one to arrive lit his own torch with the last spark! And in the night they passed speedily and breathlessly through the steep slopes of the villages, without a break. Many of them ran barefoot. All were proud of their successful achievement and later had photographs taken of themselves together with friends and with the torch handle they were allowed to keep as a souvenir.

The Greek organisers accompanied the relay for two days and a night with many an anxious moment, when the relieving bearer was not on the agreed spot. The drivers did not take more than an hour's rest during the night. At the first light of dawn the bearers were again on their way. With sunburnt faces and with long strides, the red Japanese sun on their vests, they ran in the haze of the new morning along the ancient road to Corinth towards the rising sun. With the whitish smoke of the torch everything melted into a pastel, like a symbol of youthful freshness and beauty.

Many thousands of helpers work in the background for this Olympic relay over a distance of 8750 miles. They work out the plan of the timing, and for the change-over; they take the bearers to their starting points on long rough roads and bring others home. They plan gatherings of merry festivals. Speeches are made explaining the idea of the relay. The delicate flame, kindled at Olympia, is guarded in miners' safety-lamps so that it may reach Tokyo safely. These enthusiasts look for no reward. "It is a lot of work, but we enjoy it."

After the success of the first torch-relay in 1936, *Carl Diem* inspired the Japanese to plan the relay Olympia–Tokyo for 1940: "I trust that this idea once carried out will be maintained, and I therefore suggest to the Olympic Committee of Japan that the same arrangement be made for the Tokyo Games. I consider the plan of a torch-relay through Southern Asia as practicable, though not always on foot, but mostly on horseback, because the way leads through impassable, less populated districts and mainly through parts which are inhabited by people used to riding. In doing so we continue a tradition of antiquity, as in those days torch-relays were equally run and ridden." – No less a person than the Swedish Asian explorer *Sven Hedin* took the task in his hands. He explored the northern route: along the Trans-Siberian Railway, the central route: the classical Silk Route. But finally he suggested choosing the southern route through eleven countries. 3,000 runners and 7,000 riders were to bear the torch, and with great imagination *Sven Hedin* describes part of the way in anticipation: "Thus, without interruption, the Olympic Fire will fly over passes, through narrow valleys, along old bridges over rivers and brooks, through towns and villages, and everywhere Anatolia's population will greet the holy flame. Teams of oxen, vehicles drawn by buffalo climbing up the hills, caravans, mail-riders and peasants will stop by the roadside to let the Olympic riders pass." Almost like a visionary *Hedin* confesses: "With a sentiment of enthusiasm and respect everyone will watch the blazing flame from Olympia that is burning in the land of the rising sun. The grumblers who are always in the majority will ask: Why all this costly display of riders and watchmen which, after the closing of the Games, will leave nothing else but a simple firework? – The torch-relay to Tokyo is a magnificent symbolic performance."

The Japanese knew very well how to stage the torch-relay as a ceremonial introduction to the Games in Asia. When conditions did not permit either running or riding, they chose the airway. A plane brought the torch-bearers to eleven towns: Istanbul, Beirut, Teheran, Lahore, New Delhi, Rangoon, Bangkok, Kuala-Lumpur, Manila, Hong Kong and Tapet. 876 bearers took the torch from the airfield into the centre of the towns and back again, a total distance

of 455 miles. The Japanese love festivals and they understand the meaning of a ceremony. They love games and colourful demonstrations. For them the torch-relay was a great festival for the family and for the people as a whole. For this reason, from September 6th to October 10th, the torch travelled along many roads, to all islands and from four corners to the city of Tokyo: for this reason, the Olympic fire caught in a bowl burned in front of innumerable schools and universities, in front of old castles, Buddhist Temples, Shinto Shrines. 99,820 young Japanese took part in the 4197 miles long relay, for the first time boys *and* girls. And not all of them were efficient in sport, but injured and handicapped ones too were in the team. A member of a Japanese Women's Club told me of twelve boys and girls, who, though deaf and dumb, "also took part and, in their happiness, completely forgot their infirmity. We believe that just because of their deafness and dumbness they felt particularly enthusiastic about it."

The torch-relay of 1964 was marked by special features: the first bearer received the torch out of the hands of a royal Olympionicon, King Constantine, who won the gold medal for sailing at Rome in 1960. For the first time the Greek torch-bearer started on the antique track. Through the Carl-Diem-Fund of German Sports this had been cleared and, in the presence of the IOC, handed over to the Greek State in 1961. In this way new archaeological treasures of world-wide interest came to light, documents of the Olympic past: bronzes, statuettes, helmets, beacons from twenty-eight fountains in which once the sacred offerings were sunk. On August 21, 1964, Georgius Marcellos, the Greek champion in the 110 m hurdles, started, this time not–as in olden days– in the direction of the holy temples, but into the world, up to the new memorial grove of Coubertin, on the site of the International Olympic Academy, by the hill of Kronos. Marcellos was the first to walk into the Olympic Stadium at Tokyo as flag-bearer of the Greek team. For the first time all runners wore the same sports clothes; white vests with the red sun. They had been presented to them by the Japanese Organising Committee, and Greeks, Turks, Filipinos and Japanese gave the impression of one team.

With the XVIIIth Olympic Games the Olympic festival in President Brundage's words 'embraced' for the first time the fourth ring, when Asia received Olympic visitors for the first time. More people live in Asia than in all other continents together, and probably here is still more misery and suffering than elsewhere in the world. And yet everywhere we saw the effect that modern sport has on everyday life, on spare time, on education, on social development. Though Sven Hedin's idea could not be realised, the festivals in the Asian countries have proved a great success in uniting peoples from all over the world.

Everywhere the festival for the reception of the Olympic torch became an occasion for honouring sport. At Teheran thousands of people gathered in the Farah-Stadium, and 300 Iranians demonstrated their famous cultic club and wrestling exercises. The old legends of the symbol of the fire were renewed and the blazing flame became the symbol of peaceful world festivals, of youthful warmth and affection. At New Delhi thousands of people lined the road from the airfield to the Government Buildings, many of them hearing for the first time of Olympia. At Manila the Philippines sports leaders provided the guard of honour at the Torch in the Rizal Stadium, among them the 65-year-old Professor Bartolomé, Director of the Institutes for Gymnastics at the State University of the Philippines in Quezon City.

Sport has had a great impact in Eastern countries. During the past 25 years some 40 new swimming-pools have been built at Teheran. In the Farah-Stadium little two-year-olds swim like ducks. Iranian girls will soon surpass their masters in modern sports, the same as the Japanese girls. While mothers still veil their faces when going out, the sixteen-year-olds, before the gates of Teheran, climb steep hills of the Elburz Mountains in modern sports kit and show no fear when swaying on ropes 20 to 25 metres above the ground. In Manila I saw the first Filipino girls who wanted to take part in the Olympic contests. They were training with real dedication on the cement floor of their university corridors. Asian women are used to hard work in everyday life, sport and constant training do not demand anything extraordinary of them. It seems that sport is giving a new social freedom to the women of Asia.

For the first time India sent a team to the Olympic gymnastic tournament. In their gymnasia one finds gymnastic equipment, such as parallel and horizontal bars. Particularly in India, where the expectation of life is hardly more than 35 years, regular physical training could improve the general state of health, and sporting activity could stimulate active responsibility for others.

Authorities in charge of youth expect a great improvement in the whole level of sport through the

Olympic encounter. I saw the young princesses of Thailand on the occasion of their daily gym-lesson in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. Queen Sirikit and King Bumibhol had a swimming-pool and a gym-room built into their modern palace school, thus showing the importance they attach to sport in everyday life. I saw hundreds of students playing volleyball in a limited space at the University of Manila, where sport is obligatory.

"On marshy ground lotus blossoms grow most beautifully." These flowery Japanese words describe best the present situation of sport in Japan. Many Olympic achievements mature on inadequate sports fields, in halls and with equipment built by the participants themselves. But in every corner one can see them working devotedly and with confidence for their task. The youth of Asia is active and eager to learn, they are looking for an ideal, for help, and their efforts point to the future.

Sport in Asia is progressing mainly through the Olympic tournament. Games and sport are becoming more and more part of the daily round, just like going to school. Sport evens out social differences, and helps to overcome the gap between rich and poor, and between castes and religions. Volleyball and basketball, introduced by the YMCA, are being played with so much enthusiasm that the players, feeling no longer isolated but as members of a group, forget the trial and tribulation of their ordinary lives. Sport calls for individual action and decision; it gives a feeling of freedom also to the poorest. Sporting activity has an impact on many spheres of life: health, hygiene, fairness and even social improvement. Young sportsmen are being elected members of Parliament, like the Iranian world champion Habibi (wrestler), silver medal winner at Rome in 1960, or as senators, like the Asian leader in basket-ball, Padilla.

Shingoro Takaishi, President of the torch-relay, and Daigoro Yasukawa, President of the Organising Committee, honoured the arrival of the last torch-bearer on the day before the beginning of the Olympic Games, by arranging a performance of a Gagaku-Suite, one of the traditional courtly temple dances. On the morning of October 9th, the priests in their old rich robes solemnly entered the Meiji-Shrine. Musicians played the koto-harps, blew the mouth-organ, beat the big painted drums and gongs and played their light bamboo-flutes. The dancers, with ceremonial steps, moved about, expressing their thanks for the heavenly grace and for the creative power. Here the beginning and the end of the great torch-relay over a large part of the world merged into one. Who would not think of the ceremony in the sacred grove at Olympia! The Greek children carried palm and olive branches, and the Japanese priests the sacred branch of the Sakabi tree, both symbols of peace. Tribute paid with such dignity takes possession of everyone, even of the visitor, who understands the gestures of devotion without words. In the afternoon thousands of people cheered for the last time the four torch-bearers, who gathered in front of the Emperor's Palace to kindle the fire in the large bowl. The 19-year-old student, Yoshinori Sakai, of the Waseda University, carried the torch for the opening ceremony into the Meiji-Stadium and was greeted by the Emperor Hirohito and 75,000 spectators. Sakai embodies the new youth, the prayer for peace. He was born on August 6, 1945, not far from Hiroshima, where the first atom bomb fell on humanity! In the centre of the stadium stood the white flagstaff where the Olympic Flag was solemnly hoisted as had been the wish of Coubertin. The staff measures 49 ft. $10^3/_4$ in.–this was the distance Mikui Oda, Japan's first gold medal winner, managed in the triple-jump at Amsterdam in 1928. In such a symbolic way Japan honours her champions.

Modern sport sometimes shows a distorted appearance: "To try and prevent excesses will remain a pious wish of the layman!" (*Coubertin*). On the day of the opening of the XVIIIth Olympic Games spirit and good taste were the attributes of sport. 5,000 competitors moved into the decorated stadium, led by those whom they had chosen as representatives of their countries. Crown Prince Harald of Norway carried the flag of his country just as if he were an ordinary competitor, like the Olympic winners: Parry O'Brien for the United States, Peter Snell for New Zealand, Bikila Abebe for Ethiopia, Anita Lonsbrough for Britain, Ingrid Krämer for Germany, Hubert Hammerer for Austria, and the strong Yuri Vlassov for the Soviet Union. The Japanese gymnastic champion, Takashi Ono, spoke for all: "In the name of all competitors I promise that, in the Olympic Games, we shall respect the rules as honest sportsmen and that we shall participate in the spirit of fairness for the glory of sport and for the honour of our teams." The host country chooses for this "sacred" promise a truthful person, and a fair sportsman, thus honouring the ceremony created by Coubertin in 1894.

The Olympic Games of 1964 brought us a new valuation of sport and new world records, but they also brought new personal experiences, not only the untiring hospitality of the ever smiling Japanese people: the words of the British champion, Roger Bannister, became a reality: "... Sport has an individual basis and an individual meaning, and is not a national or moral affair... We run not because our country needs fame, nor yet because we think it is doing us good, but because we enjoy it and cannot help ourselves. For each of us it gives the chance to release a power that might otherwise remain locked away inside ourselves.

...The sportsman is consciously or unconsciously seeking the deep satisfaction, the sense of personal dignity which comes when body and mind are fully coordinated and they have achieved mastery over themselves".

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY MARIE-LUISE FERGUSSON

TOKYO–MARVEL OF EFFICIENCY AND GOODWILL

By Doug Ibbotson

(Evening News)

The ebony evening sky over the National Stadium still shook with pyrotechnic percussion as we jogged in joyous disorder after the bobbing placards: Follow Me For The Sayonara Party. We wound our way along avenues of happy, chanting Japanese; borne by a tide of goodwill and gaiety towards the Imperial Gardens.

The Japanese pressed forward to gain a final glimpse of the athletes, officials and Press they had fostered and feted for the past four weeks. They jostled and waved their flags and wept. They ran forward to grasp our hands. They wanted desperately to be part of this final curtain call, but more than anything they wanted to be seen.

For this was the supreme moment for the people of Japan; the time to release all the pride and exaltation they had contained so serenely throughout the physical and emotional complexities of the Games They were justified in their belief–and their relief–that the Olympic Games of 1964 would be etched in the annals of amateur sport as the Triumph of Tokyo and of all Japan.

Contrary to popular belief and, no doubt, to Japanese hopes the 18th Olympiad did not bring great wealth to the country. The billions of yen spent on motorways, stadia, accomodation, transport and communications are still heavy with interest. And though some of the amenities remain as tangible and practical assets, generally speaking the Japanese gained little... except goodwill, admiration and respect. The visitor to Japan quickly detects an intimate liaison between the powerfully resurgent industries and the Establishment. It was equally clear that the slick and proficient hands of Commerce and Finance had been co-opted into the organisation of the Games. Tokyo was transformed into an electronic network which chilled the mind with its uncompromising dimension and efficiency. Every Press seat at the National Stadium was equipped with a miniature multi-band television set beamed to the various Olympic locations. There were telephones by the thousand–and all functioned with a regularity incredible to the occidental ear.

There was a superb results service at every location with giant electronic scoreboards which were speedily augmented by calibrated sheets of results and programmes. Public and Press were in possession of the minutest detail of position and time almost before the cheering had died away.

There was an armada of coaches to and from every Olympic site for competitors, officials, radio and TV personnel. There were posses of police mounted on glistening motorcycles to sign us through the traffic to Korakuen or Komazawa.

There were fleets of brand-new cars, expertly chauffeured, available on a discretionary basis. There were pens and paper, multi-lingual typewriters, binoculars and a legion of interpreters and stewards.

neat and efficient in their white-piped black blazers. No expense was spared to provide the material necessities or indeed even trivial accessories for the Olympic guests.

A joyously democratic transport system operated in the Yoyogi Olympic village. It comprised a couple of hundred new bicycles which were available simply by possession. A cycle leaning against a tree was fair game for anyone. One simply mounted and wobbled away to one's destination and abandoned it. There was an unwritten rule, however, that no-one should hide a machine or attempt to reserve it for future use.

The International Club at Yoyogi—open to all athletes and officials—was a recreation centre of superb amenity. The spacious and tastefully furnished lounges and halls provided television, radio, record-players, table tennis, swimming, reading and writing rooms, dancing, musical instruments... and free milk shakes.

The Press were agreeably surprised to find they could visit the Olympic village with a minimum of 'red tape'. It was merely necessary to check in at the main entrance and exchange one's official identity card for an 'OV' Pass. Thereafter one's movements were restricted only by discretion and the personal decisions of team managers and athletes.

Having established procedures and protocol the Japanese organisers devised a document of reference for (almost) every forseeable contingency. This resulted in the distribution of mountains of paper which, I regret to say, frequently was jettisoned into the waste basket.

However, once a document was in existence, the lesser officials were happy, for it became the sole arbiter in any dispute between Western Logic and the Oriental Mind. However, the system almost came unstuck at the Korakuen Ice Palace one night.

I was among a group of British journalists who followed a boxer and the British team manager to their dressing room in the annexe for a brief interview. In attempting to re-enter the main hall, however, we were stopped by a Japanese steward who insisted we went outside (into a heavy downpour) and walked round to the main entrance.

We politely pointed out that we had been in the hall already and had adopted this simple procedure for the past three days.

The official was unmoved: "That is impossible," he said.

We pointed out that a fait accompli could scarcely be impossible.

The steward called up reserves in the form of an interpreter and an armed policeman. The situation was analysed again at a slightly higher temperature, but the Japanese remained adamant.

As we had not yet been confronted with 'a document' we were confident none existed and renewed our case with unarguable logic. But all our persuasions were met with the inevitable: "That is impossible."

After fifteen minutes of apparent stalemate, one of the Japanese officials smiled smugly and jabbered to his immediate superior who turned to us with a look of ecstatic triumph: "Ah," he said. "That is impossible *because*... It is *not in the Olympic Charter!*"

We had clearly lost this one and stepped out into the rain.

However, we won a brief concerted action over the allocation of Press tickets and it was usually possible to overcome minor deficiencies with a little persistence.

The Japanese were equally amenable and courteous in their extra-mural organisation. All official visitors were liberally endowed with gifts ranging from writing cases, toilet sets, postcards, stamps, hold-alls, pens, razors, soaps and souvenirs to free theatre and sightseeing trips.

Most of these were commercially sponsored, but the organisation and distribution were undertaken entirely by the Olympic organisers.

The Japanese were generous too in tax concessions and subsidies which, coupled with discounts offered by many of the large stores, enabled Olympic visitors to take home really worthwhile presents.

There was no shortage of transport for competitors. If the regular inter-camp coach services did not coincide with their exact requirements it was usually possible to aquire a chauffeur-driven car.

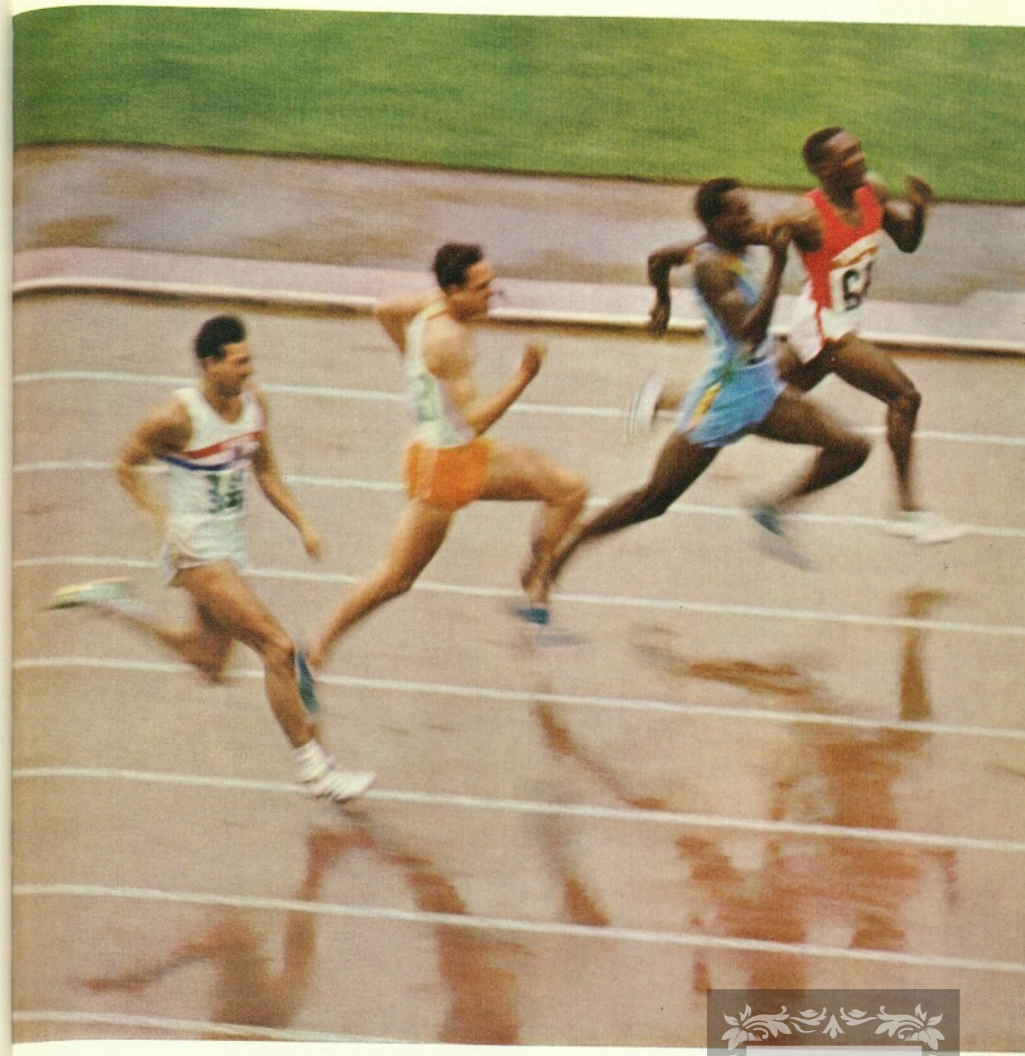
There were 'liberty buses' for off-duty trips and all official visitors were given free passes for Tokyo's underground and private railway systems.

Taxis, too, were well marshalled and quick (sometimes a little too quick) and tips of any description were courteously rejected.

The Embassies played their part in traditional style with garden parties and receptions and the Tokyo Press Club bestowed honorary membership on all visiting correspondents.

Probably the only thing the Japanese did not have properly organised was the weather which steadfastly refused to co-operate to everyone's satisfaction.

Perhaps the Mexicans will even find the answer to this.



Mirrored in the rain—four 100-metres sprinters in the third heat of that event; from left to right: Lynn Davies (Great Britain); Franciscus Luitjes (Holland); Michael Ahey (Ghana) and Wilson Jackson of Trinidad. The two leading runners, too fast for the camera to catch them, were Fenner (U.S.A.), and Kone (Ivory Coast).

A Greek and a javelin–and Time and Space caught in motion. Christos Pierrakos, who won the Balkan Games, came only tenth in Toyko, with 72.65 m. (238 ft., 2½ in.)



◄ Like a pack of hounds who chase the fox–the start of the 10,000-metres. Which man won? Take your choice. But we can tell you–the fellow in the blue vest, fourth from the right in the second line, by the name of Billy Mills of the U.S. marines. Never having won over that distance before, if someone had told him before the race that it would bring him a gold medal, he would probably have answered: "Tell that to the marines..."

A further instalment of the 10,000-metres story, taking place about 350 yards away from the finish: Mills (722), next to the Tunisian Gammoudi (615), the barefoot Temu of Kenya and Australia's Ron Clarke (12)







Start of the 100 metres final; from right to left: Bob Hayes (U.S.A.); Heinz Schumann (Germany); Enrique Figuerola (Cuba); Gaoussou Kone (Ivory Coast); Harry Jerome (Canada); Wieslaw Maniak, partly out of sight; Robinson (Bahamas), and Pender (U.S.A.), of whom only part of the legs can be seen

On the right, just before the finishing post, Bob Hayes (702), is winning, followed by Figuerola (80), Jerome (56), and behind them, without a medal: Maniak (493), Schumann (196), Kone (366), Pender (704), and Robinson (33)

On the left, Hayes, the winner, muses "Only ten seconds! So near to a new world record"





800 metres final–and one more round to go. Wilson Kiprugut, the Kenya highlander, in the lead, followed by bearded Jacques Pennewaert (Belgium), George Kerr (Jamaica), Tom Farrell (U.S.A.), Rod Snell (New Zealand), Bill Crothers (Canada), Dieter Bogatzki (Germany), and Jerry Siebert (U.S.A.). The race was won by superman Snell.





◄◄ The long walk (20 km of it) begins. On the right, wearing a cap, is the American Zinn; on the left Britain's Kenneth Matthews (5), who came first and collected a gold medal

◄ Germany's Dieter Lindner on the road. He ended a surprise silver-medal winner

Forgotten is the recent operation on his right knee, Poland's Jozef Szmidt, who holds the hop step and jump world record with 17.03 m (55 ft. 10½ in.) repeated his Rome success with a new Olympic win of 16.85 m (55 ft. 3½ in.)



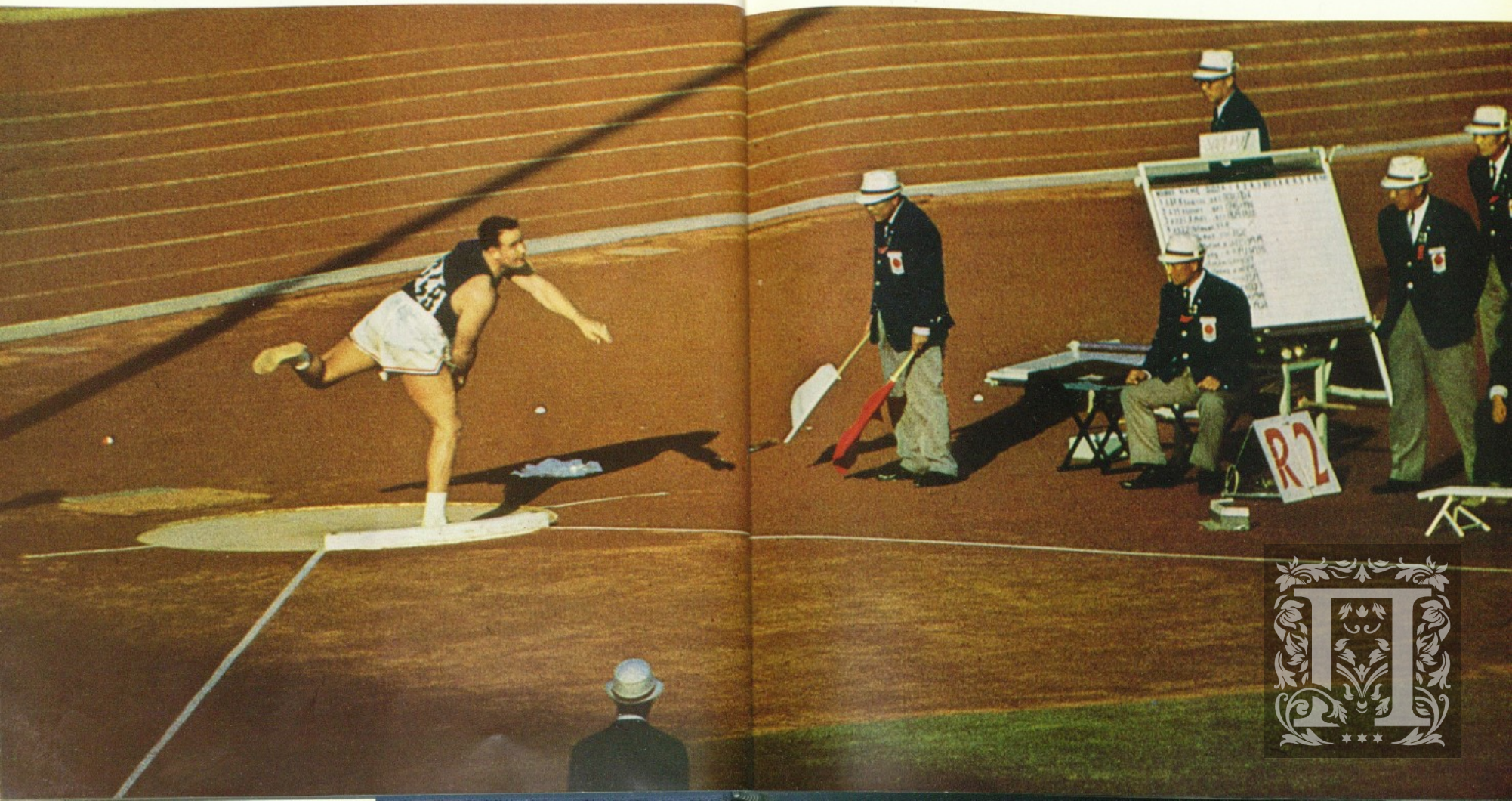
◄ Al Oerter who since 1956 makes a habit of winning the Olympic discus event, obliged this time as well, with a new Olympic record throw of 61.00 m (200 ft. 1½ in.)





A gold for Dallas Long (U.S.A.), for the shot-put, with the Olympic record performance of 20.33 m (66 ft. 8½ in.). Behind the rostrum Randy Matson (U.S.A.), silver, and Vilmos Varju (Hungary), bronze

Parry O'Brien, who is said to have invented the modern way of shot-putting, in action. Olympic winner in 1952 and 1956, silver medallist in 1960, he was this time only fourth, in spite of a 19.20 m (62 ft. 11¼ in.) performance



3,000 metres steeple chase–and Belgium's Gaston Roelants who holds the world record ▶ over that distance, is heading again for a gold, followed by Adolfas Alexejunas (U.S.S.R.–661); Manuel Oliveira (521) of Portugal, and France's Guy Texereau (133)

400 metres hurdles, second heat. Ray Cawley of the U.S.A., who holds the world record, leads Peter Warden (Great Britain–172); Joachim Singer (Germany–217), and Poland's Gierajewski (501)







◀ Finland's Pentti Nikula before becoming airborne. The former pole-vault world record holder ended seventh

German Wolfgang Reinhardt's immaculate vault won him the silver medal ▶

This is how the world looks from 5 m high.
German Klaus Lehnertz won the bronze in the pole-vault

Floodlight pole vaulting in the Tokyo night. And Fred Hansen of the U.S.A. is the final winner, with 5.10 m (16 ft. 9 in.), after a fight that began a quarter past one p.m. and ended eight minutes past ten ▶▶



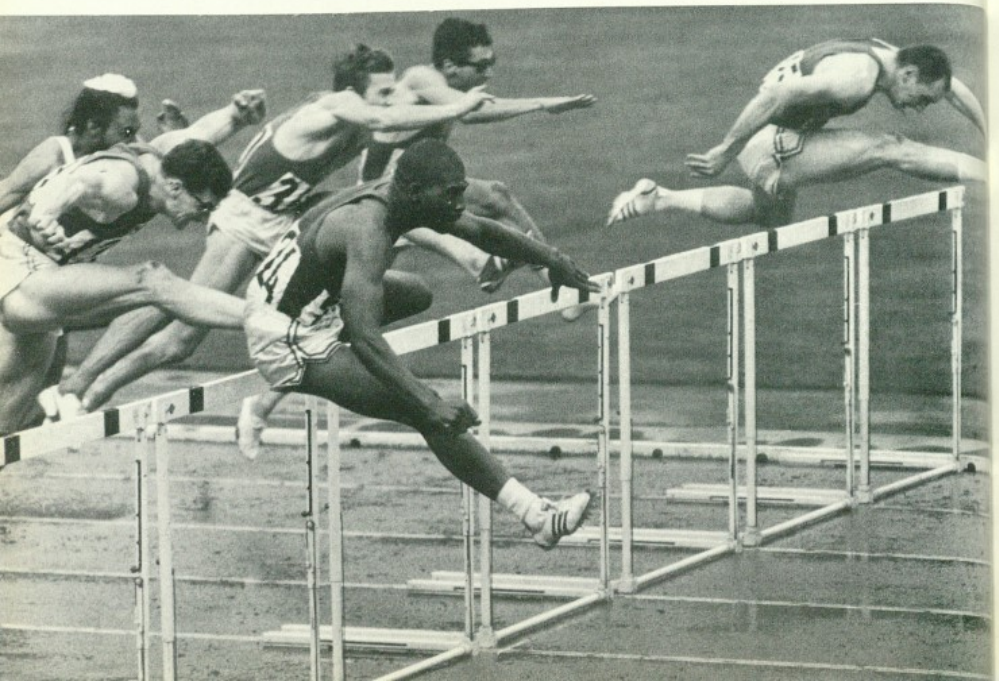






The 200 metres finish. Henry Carr (U.S.A.), breaks first through the tape with 20,3 sec., Paul Drayton (U.S.A.) is second with 20,5, while Edwin Roberts of Trinidad and Tobago is third with 20.6 sec.

The 110 m hurdles were run while rain poured down. In front is Hayes Jones (U.S.A.) who won the event in 13,6 sec. Behind him from left to right: Marcel Duriez (France), sixth; Rand Lava Gurbachan Singh (India), fifth; Edy Ottoz (Italy), fourth; Giorgio Mazza (Italy), eighth; Blaine Lindgren (U.S.A.), second







The three threw the hammer furthest: Romuald Klim (U.S.S.R.) in the centre, 69.74 m (228 ft. 9½ in.), behind Gyula Zsivotzky (Hungary), who came second with 69.09 m (228 ft. 9½ in.), and German Uwe Beyer who surprisingly won the bronze medal with 68.09 m (223 ft. 4½ in.)

Uwe Beyer (Germany) in action throwing the hammer



The 5,000 metres, a mixture of rain and sweat. The last lap begins. Left to right: Michel Jazy (France), 4th; Ron Clarke (Australia), 9th; Harald Norpoth (Germany), 2nd; partly hidden by him Bill Baillie (New Zealand), 6th; Kipchoge Keino (Kenya), 5th; on his right Nikolay Dutov (U.S.S.R.), 7th; Bob Schul (U.S.A.), in blue vest, who won the race, and Thor Helland (Norway), 8th.

Victory and the joy of winning on the faces of Bob Schul (U.S.A.), gold and Harald Norpoth (Germany), silver. Behind them Michel Jazy (France), and Kipchogo Keino. Bill Dellinger (U.S.A.) who won the bronze medal, is not seen in this picture



America's Gayle Hopkins, who had three "no jumps" and was eliminated in the long jump heat



Lynn Davies (Great Britain), who to his own and everyone else's surprise won the long jump, with 8.07 m (26 ft. 5¼ in.). He only qualified with his last jump for the final



Marching 50 km in the rain – not everyone's idea of fun. The event was won by Italy's Abdon Pamich in 4 hrs., 11 min. 12.4 sec., a new Olympic record



Britain's Vincent Nihill came second in the 50 km walk, with a time of 4 hrs., 11 min. 31.2 sec.



Top: the high jump. Ralf Drecoll (Germany), managed 2.09 m (6 ft. 10½ in.) and shared sixth place with Kjell Ake Nilsson of Sweden

Bottom: John Rambo (U.S.A.) won a bronze medal with 2.16 m (7 ft. 1 in.) which was the existing Olympic record





The gold medal high jump of 2.18 m ▶ (7 ft. 1½ in.) by Soviet Russia's world record-holder Valeri Brumel. Night had fallen over the stadium when the event was finally decided





The winners of the 400 metres are honoured by the Marquess of Exeter, Vice President of the International Olympic Committee (in red blazer): Mike Larrabee (U.S.A.), 45.1, gold; Wendell Mottley (Trinidad and Tobago), 45.2, silver, and Andrzej Badenski (Poland), 45.6, bronze



Decathlon

Chuan Kwang Yang (Formosa) doing the high jump, and reaching 689 points with his 1.81 m (5 ft. 10¾ in) performance. He ended fifth in the whole event



Horst Beyer (Germany) reaches 738 points, throwing the javelin. He was sixth in the total of points



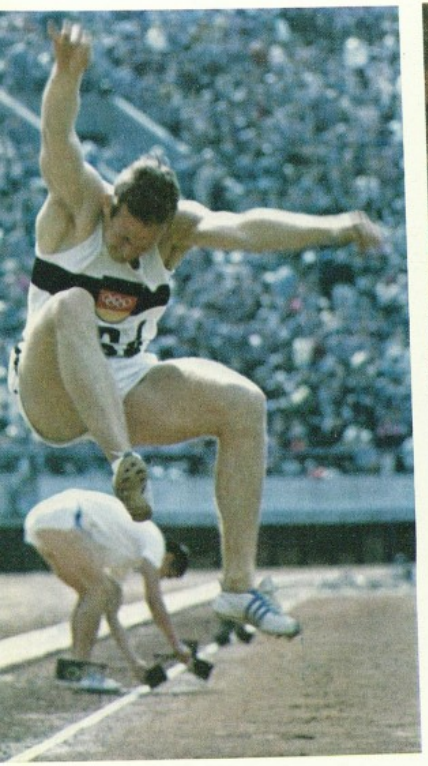
Willi Holdorf (Germany) consults his coach Friedel Schirmer before the 1,500 metres race

Rein Aun (U.S.S.R.), reaches in the pole vault 4.20 m (13 ft. 9¼ in.) and 859 points in the decathlon

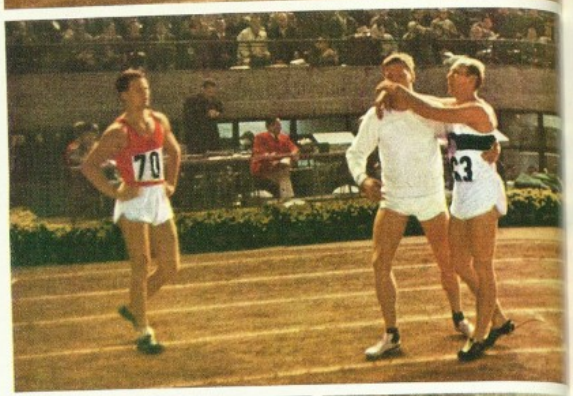


Left: The ending to a magnificent race–the 1,500 metres in the decathlon. Holdorf (Germany), reaches the finishing post
–Horst Beyer hurries to Holdorf who is near to collapsing
–Beyer supports Holdorf
–but Holdorf sinks to the ground
–and Rein Aun, Holdorf's toughest opponent, comes to his aid as well

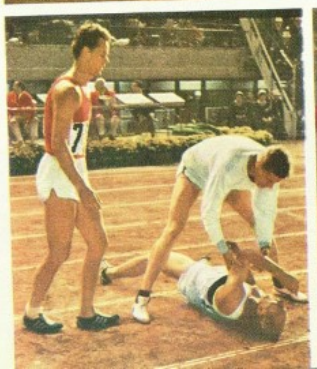




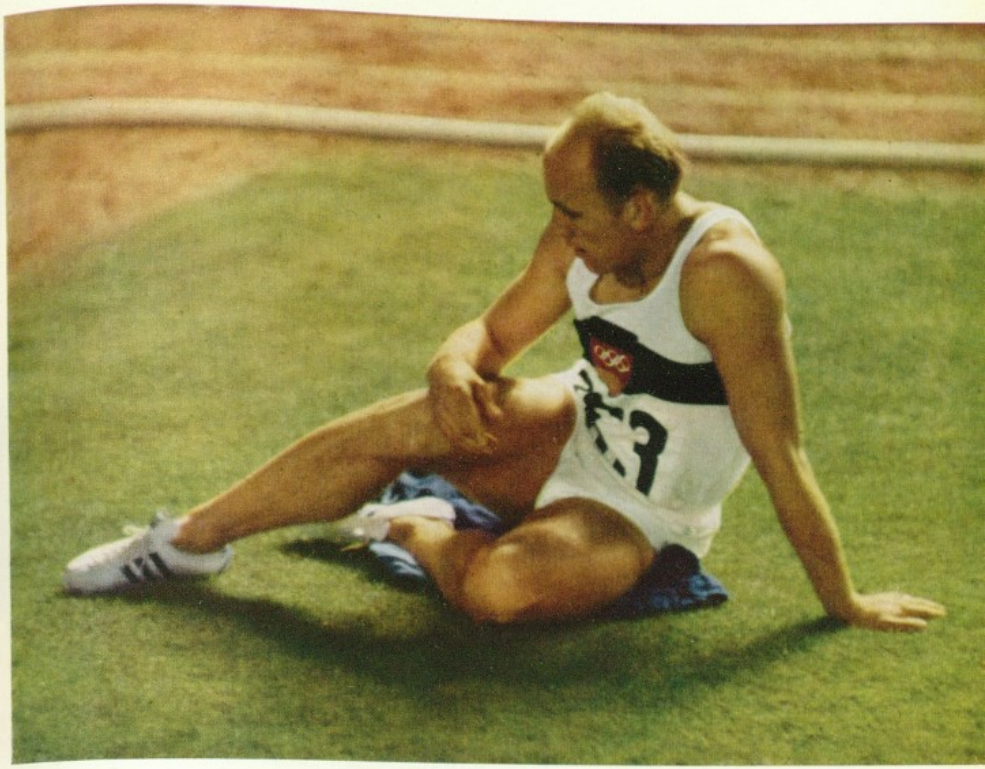




Hans-Joachim Walde (Germany), jumps 7.21 m (23 ft. 8¼ in.) long, in the decathlon, collecting 863 points. He ended with a bronze medal







Top: Slowly Holdorf recovers–and (right) here they are both, opponents in the fight, and friends afterwards, Aun and Holdorf





Decathlon winner Willi Holdorf (Germany), king of all-round athletics, receives the honour and good wishes due to him from Willi Daume, I.O.C. member and President of German National Olympic Committee. On the right stands Joachim Walde (Germany), bronze, left, covered, the Russian Aun (silver medal)

Start of the 1,500 metres. Left to right Jean Wadoux (France), who came 9th; John Whetton (Britain), 8th; Michel Bernard (France), 7th; Peter Snell (New Zealand), gold; Witold Baran (Poland), 6th; Josef Odlozil (Czechoslovakia), silver; Alan Simpson (Britain) 4th; John Davies (New Zealand), bronze, is hidden by the starter, and Dyrol Burleson (U.S.A.), 5th





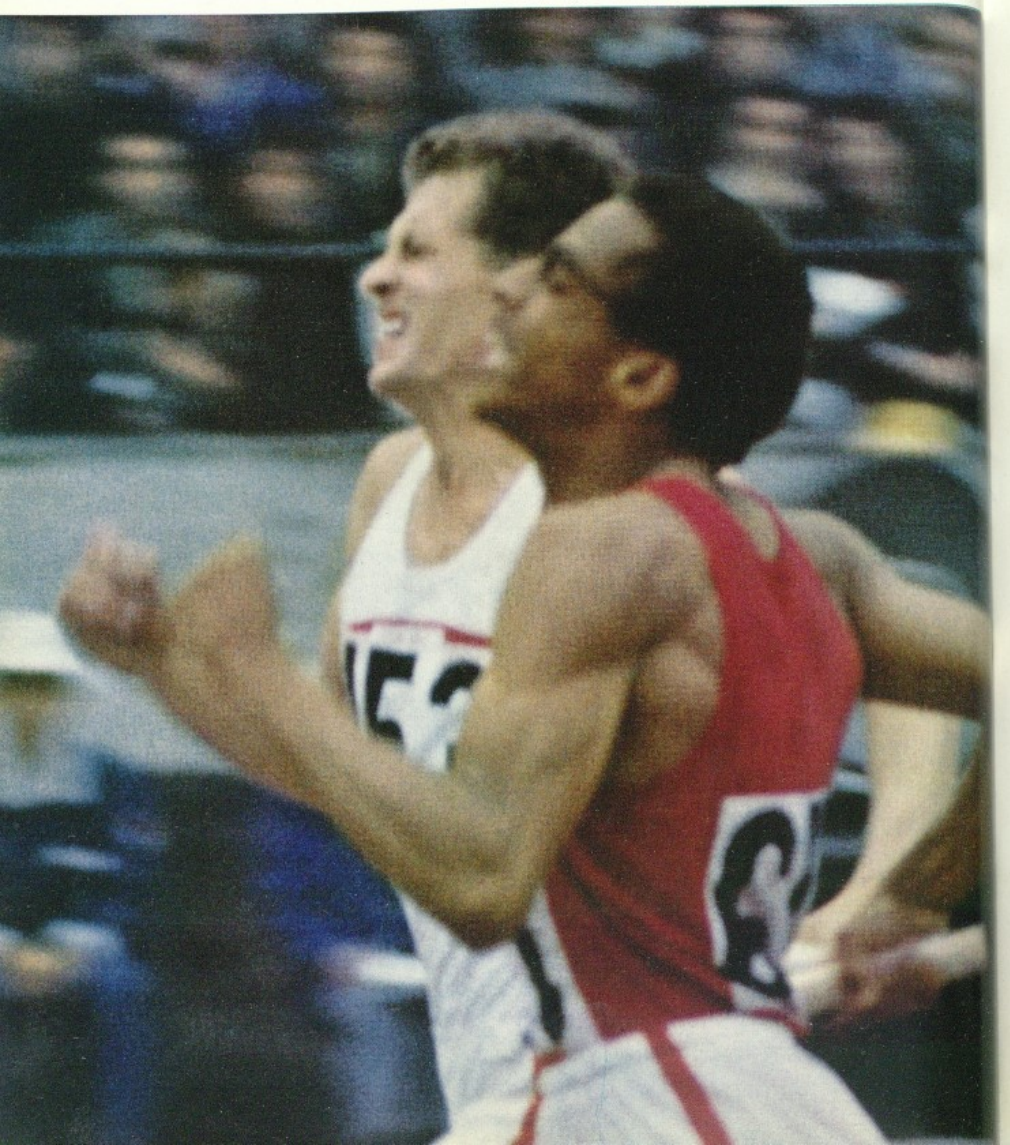
The 1,500 metres finish: Peter Snell (New Zealand), leading fellow-countryman John Davies (3rd); American Dyrol Burleson (5th); Pole Witold Baran. Britain's Alan Simpson (4th) fell. Silver medal winner Josef Odlozil (Czechoslovakia) is too far on the right to get into the picture



Second change of baton in the 4×400 metres – As though staged by a weird choreographer, Larrabee (U.S.A.) passes the baton to Williams. Metcalfe and Cooper (Britain), on outer right, change at the same time as Bernard and Roberts (Trinidad) and Malcolm Spence with Melville Spence (Jamaica). On the left Russia's Anisimov (658), indicates to Bychkov (644) his position, and in the centre Germany's Hans Ulrich Schulz looks in the general confusion for Johannes Schmitt

Brightwell's ordeal is over, and Ann Packer, his fiancée, jumps from the spectators' tribune into the arena to comfort her Robbie. Ann won a gold in the 800 metres and a silver in the 400 metres – and now she is Mrs. Brightwell ▶

An unbelievable effort by Robbie Brightwell (Great Britain) at the finish, beating Mottley (Trinidad) gives Britain a silver medal. A moment later Brightwell crashed to the ground. Britain clocked 3:01.6 behind U.S.A. 3:00.7 minutes



Following pages: Four pictures which tell the story of the 4×100 metres - which is also the amazing story of wonder runner Bob Hayes

The final change-over – everybody already in action, except Hayes who stands there relaxed, both feet on the ground while on the right Russia's Kosanov has already arrived

The French, blue vests, and the Poles, red shorts, have already changed batons; the Russians, red vests, and the Jamaicans, green shorts, are just doing it, and Hayes, hidden by Poland's Foik, is quite behind

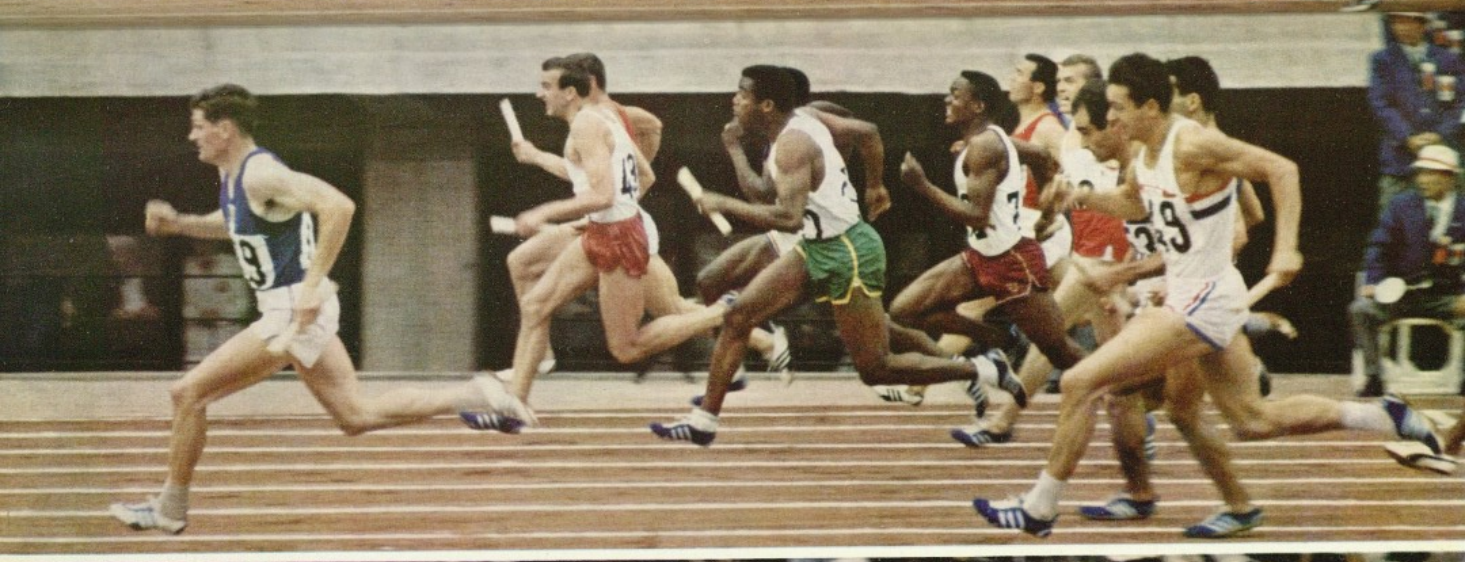
France's Delecour, in the inside, has already overtaken the whole field. Hayes is hidden by Jamaican Johnson, green shorts. Behind Delecour is Poland's last runner Dudziak

Delecour is about three metres ahead of Hayes (in blue vest, behind the also blue-vested Italian). But at the finish Hayes is about four metres ahead of the field. He must have gained about seven metres within a hundred metres. A fantastic performance which won America a gold medal and a sensational world record of 39.0 seconds











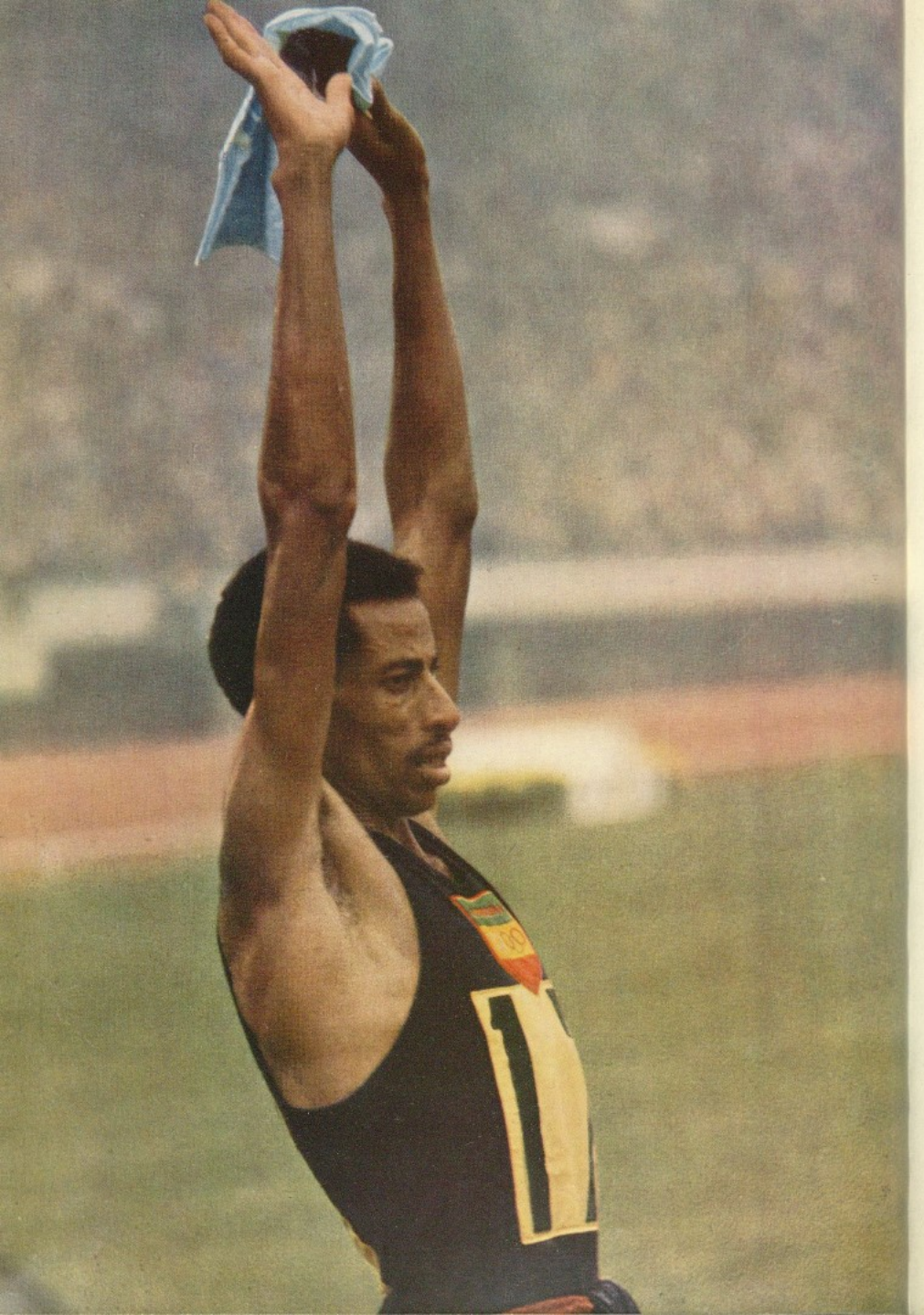


The Marathon race–the runners pass through Tokyo's streets. Here is the leading group: Abebe Bikila (Ethiopia), who won the race; Cook (Australia – 3); Chudomel (Czechoslovakia – 5) and Sokichi Tsuburaya (Japan – 17).



The killer's race is over–and Abebe Bikila relaxes with–of all things–some callisthenics

The face of utter exhaustion in bitter defeat. Kokichi Tsuburaya fought to utter self-destruction for a silver medal, only to see it snatched away at the very end by Britain's Basil Heatley. A Japanese girl-helper offers her comfort



ABEBE BIKILA MAKES HISTORY

By Peter Wilson

(Daily Mirror)

Before I saw Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila win the Tokyo marathon, the greatest marathon runner I had ever seen was—Abebe Bikila!

To win any Olympic marathon is an epic performance, but what made Bikila's unique was that he was the first man to triumph twice over the 26 miles 385 yards (42.195 kilometres) course since the modern Games were revived in Athens in 1896.

Before Bikila triumphed in Rome in 1960 the thirteen marathons had been won by three Frenchmen, twice by representatives of the U.S.A., Finland and the Argentine and once by a South African, a Greek, a Korean under Japanese colours and a Czechoslovakian.

But no man had ever won the event known as "the killer race" twice. And, frankly, although I had seen Bikila triumph in Rome, I didn't fancy his chances in Tokyo.

Perhaps it was unjustifiable patriotic optimism but Britain *HAD* done so unexpectedly well in track and field that I really expected her to pull off the greatest Olympic endurance test of all—the race in which three times, in 1932, 1936 and 1948—she had finished second.

It wasn't just blind wishful thinking. Never had the United Kingdom put so strong a three man team into a marathon. Basil Heatley had done the world's fastest time for the distance—there is, of course, no world record for the event because of the differing terrains. Brian Kilby had proved his global versatility by winning the A.A.A. marathon in England, the European championships in Belgrade and the Commonwealth marathon at Perth, Australia, all inside six months. Ron Hill had so often proved himself one of the never-say-die breed.

In fact but for one factor I should have been proved a good prophet for the British would have won a gold and a bronze medal in a field of nearly seventy.

Abebe Bikila, marathon winner in Rome and now in Tokyo, bodyguard to the Emperor of Ethiopia, one of the immortals of athletics, greets the stadium after his truly unbelievable victory

The factor was, of course, Abebe who five weeks earlier, to the day, had had his appendix removed. Bikila who two years before had been "on the wrong side" when the Palace Guard revolted against Emperor Haile Selassie, and who would almost certainly have been executed had it not been held that as a sergeant he was only carrying out the orders given him by his officers.

The circumstances were hardly propitious for a competitor in the world's most exacting foot race.

How did Abebe win? Let us go back to that Wednesday afternoon in October. As the field fidgets nervously like a great bundle of congealed confetti fretted by the wind the number of runners and the Fahrenheit temperature was the same—68.

The heavy clouds seemed to press down on the runners like some sopping grey sponge as they wound out of the stadium with Ben Boubaker, of Tunisia, leading down the tunnel like a kite dragging the longest multi-coloured tail in the world behind him. Ron Hill was third.

Once on the open road the cavalcade of nations, only a handful speaking the language of their rivals but all understanding the remorseless rhythm of man's earliest form of progression, were picked up by three postillions, graven of face, goggled, helmeted, white scarfed, who were to precede them on motorcycles at a little over 12 mph for the next twenty-five miles.

The first discernible mark was 5 kilometres, reached in almost exactly a quarter of an hour. Australia's big Ron Clarke—torch bearer at the 1956 Games at Melbourne, world record-holder for the 6 miles and the 10,000 metres but a woeful disappointment in Tokyo where he finished only third in the 10,000 and ninth in the 5,000 metres—was in the lead here with Jim Hogan, of Ireland, and another Tunisian, Haddeb Hannachi almost abreast of him.

But in less than half-an-hour—28 min. 17 sec. for those who stickle for exactitude—Bikila had taken the lead which he was never [illegible] 10 kilometres—reached in [illegible] min. 14 sec.—Abebe was slightly ahead of Clarke who had opened a gap of 200 yards from a group of runners headed by Hannachi.

Ron Hill was another 100 yards back on his own in 8th position and a little later I saw Hogan shaking his arm as though fighting off cramp.

The 15-kilometre mark was reached by Bikila in 45 min. 35 sec.—the consistency of his pace made you think that the Ethiopian was a metronome on legs—with Hogan and Clarke trying to stick to him and Kilby in the picture for the first time.

By the time they had been running for an hour the roaring crowd—a quarter of a million, a half, a million?... who could tell?... but Britain's Basil Heatley summed it up well afterwards when he said "I began to think I was at the Coronation"—began to have an almost hypnotic effect on runners and spectators alike.

The Japanese thronged the roadside ten deep and more at places, crowded the balconies, swarmed up the cherry trees in the suburbs, obscured the spider-writing on the limp-hanging banners. And as the factories and the flats and the flimsy-looking houses were left behind Bikila's piston—pounding legs seemed to spell out the message: "There's no discharge in the war."

It was almost a relief when, at the 20-kilometre mark the Ethiopian proved that he was human—if a human machine—and that human machines, too, need fuel. He snatched up a mixture of fruit juice and glucose from one of the service stations and Hogan who didn't take a drink closed the gap from twenty-five yards to three.

Now they're at Tobi Takyu-machi, just outside the village of Kanto Mura, the turning point—in more senses than one. Hogan managed to stay with Abebe for a mile-and-a-half more, but as Bikila pulled away from the Irishman they were still coming face to face with runners who yet had to reach the half-way mark. At 25 kilometres Abebe is ten seconds, roughly fifty yards, ahead of Hogan. Clarke is 1½ minutes behind the Irishman. Basil Heatley has inched up into ninth place with Kilby tenth, three seconds behind.

Long ago I have ceased speculating about who will win. There is only one possible victor. What is still in doubt is what this superman's time is going to be and what will be the order of the runners who finish behind him.

It's time to take a long, hard look at Bikila while he's still in the sweat and strain of competition. His black vest might have been sprayed on his dark form. His shorts are the colour of dried blood, his shoes and socks white.

There isn't of course, an ounce of spare flesh on him and his legs could belong to some sinewy old rooster. The face is expressionless, branded with the black bar of his moustache and topped with black, crinkly hair. He has a ring on one finger.

But now there is a further explosion from the frenetic Japanese because, for the first time, one of their own runners, Kokichi Tsuburaya, accompanied by Jozsef Suetoe, of Hungary, is coming up on Hogan while Clarke has flagged back to fifth position.

A little over an hour and three quarters have elapsed when Abebe, now several hundred yards clear, takes his second drink and it's impossible to avoid the irreverent thought: "How many miles to the pint does a marathon runner do!"

At 38 kilometres there was a steep hill—what cruel things men will do to fellow men!—and for the first time Bikila showed some signs of being in a race as he picked up a napkin from a roadside table to mop his brow.

Heatley was now fourth with Kilby just behind him and Suetoe was beginning to flag, looking anxiously over his shoulder at the two Britons. Hogan was beaten. He was being passed by a stream of runners and was walking dejectedly and only occasionally jog-trotting along the side of the road.

Abebe with his crocodile stride which gobbled up both the course and all opposition acknowledged the cheers of the massed thousands round Shimjuku railway station and then to the brazen shouts of trumpets—the traditional salutation to the marathon winner—he loped into the arena.

It was precisely 3.10 p.m.

He might have been running in the cattle meadows and foothills outside Addis Ababa where he does his training for all the attention he paid to the wildly applauding crowd of some 75,000 as he circled the red rim which he had left less than two-and-a-quarter hours before. Until he reached the tape and finally flung one arm towards the sky as though in salutation to his immemorial gods.

And still this unique hero was not done. He went into a complex of toe-touching, cycling, somersaulting callisthenics which would not have disgraced one of the Olympic gymnasts. At last, using the only means of communication open to him he turned, hands aloft, to the four sides of the arena to acknowledge the thunderous acclaim.

No sooner had it died down than it swelled louder than ever for to the delight of the victory-starved Japanese the next man to enter the stadium was their own champion, Tsuburaya.

Close on his heels came Heatley. Almost, British though I am, I could have wished that the Japanese could have held his place if only for the tens of thousands who had waited eight long days for such a moment as this.

But it was not to be. As Tsuburaya "treacled" his way round the track Heatley inexorably "climbed up his back" until only a furlong from home—a furlong in 26 miles 385 yards!—he passed the Japanese and the crowd was hushed as though some gigantic hand had closed round 75,000 wind-pipes.

As I wrote at the time: "Now their silver man was being turned into bronze before their very almond eyes."

As Heatley crossed the finishing line Tsuburaya, 20 yards back, began to waver and wobble like a man moving away from some shocking accident. It was the bitter disappointment rather than fatigue which turned his knees to water and his legs to jelly and he was, in fact, the only one of the leading runners to show any signs of distress. Brian Kilby, who came in fourth nearly forty seconds behind Tsuburaya, was quite composed.

But what of Abebe, that fantastic man who had run the fastest marathon ever recorded and whose time of 2 hrs., 12 min. 11.2 sec. was 3 min. 5 sec. faster—approximately a kilometre better—than the Olympic record he had set up in Rome?

He summed it up: "At the half-way mark I was 200 percent certain I would win" and his Finnish-born coach Onni Niskanen rubbed it in by adding: "Once the doctors had told me he would be fit in time after his operation I knew there could be only one winner."

The final footnote—and "footnote" I feel is the right word for the great runner: "I shall train on for the next Olympic Games in 1968 and I expect to win easily in Mexico City. After all I shall have an advantage because it is 7,000 feet high just like the country where I train."

Abebe will be thirty-six in 1968 but I shall never wager again on anyone to beat the man who in Tokyo averaged almost 12 mph on foot over 26 miles 385 yards.

Remember, if you run *one* mile in four minutes you average only 15 mph!

HOW THE DECATHLON WAS WON

By John Rodda

(The Guardian)

The slim frame of Willi Holdorf, his thin fair hair streaked back close to his head, lurched across the line and collapsed on the red shale of the National stadium Tokyo to win the Olympic decathlon title. He was the most distressed champion of the Games—certainly of the athletics. The pain of two days' competition reached its climax in the cool Tokyo evening as Holdorf clambered on to the rostrum to receive the medal for the greatest all round athlete of the Games, a title that the German himself denied since he felt that Bob Hayes the sprint champion was a greater athlete—a sentiment with its roots in the fact that Holdorf set out in athletic life to be a sprinter, found there were too many Germans faster than himself and turned to the decathlon.

His victory brought to an end the domination of this event by the United States which has lasted since 1928. (For the first time too the Americans did not win a medal.) At last Europe and particularly the Germans are awakening to the event as a test for the all round athlete, and not merely a place for athletic discards; the Germans had three men in the first six and Manfred Bock, their best man who had the highest score in 1964, did not take part because of injury.

Ever since he had dragged his body into second place at the Rome Olympics, Yuan-Kwang Yang of Taiwan, a student at an American University, had been preparing to take the Olympic decathlon title at Tokyo. Those who saw his effort against Rafer Johnson at Rome gave him sentimental support and

the thought of an Asian winning a gold medal in the main Olympic arena increased that feeling when the time of competition came.

But two factors in 1964 added to Yang's burden. First he suffered a nagging ankle injury that caused him to reduce training and, as it proved, a loss of fitness. And then in August came the new scoring tables. Measuring a man's effort in ten events on two consecutive days has caused frustration and nightmares among mathematicians—as well as the athletes. The previous scoring system, like the several before, tended to favour the athlete talented in one or perhaps two particular events. Yang was one of those for he was a top class pole vaulter and he expected to score over a thousand points in this trial alone, probably more than an eighth of his total. The new scoring system tended to even things all round, and properly many may argue, bring the modest performer at all ten events to the top. This, as you will see from the scores at the end of this book is what was achieved. Yang was almost a foot higher than anyone in the first six in the pole vault, yet it did not make up for his heavy deficit elsewhere.

Holdorf's winning margin at the end was only 45 points, and this slender amount in a total of 7887 tended to emphasize a point that the International Amateur Athletic Federation and the officials at future games must surely give greater account to. The affair was extremely close with the last event, the 1,500 metres to come, Holdorf's lead over Hans-Joachim Walde was 60, over Rein Aun of Russia 127, over Yang 150 and one more point over the Russian veteran Vassily Kuznetsov. Thus the test was crucially balanced and all but one of the men to place in the first six appeared in the same heat of the 1,500 metres. Surely this was wrong, giving Holdorf an advantage? He knew that he could not afford to lose to Aun by more than 17 seconds. Thus when the race started Aun had to make the pace, just as Yang did four years before in the last event against Johnson. Holdorf merely had to remember a lot of figures—each man's number to some seconds—and adjust his running so.

The Russian flagged during the last few yards but still won in 4 min. 22.3 sec., and Holdorf, knowing that the medal was within his grasp, surged through the straight, weaving a little near the end. In the darkness the weary figures moved eerily about, the aching and pain subsiding as they were released from the tension of this most demanding of Olympic events. If one was emotionally absorbed in the moments of victory and defeat, it is meet now to examine again those closing stages.

Did that crucial 1,500 metres truly interpret the spirit of the event? The Decathlon is a trial of the various skills and techniques of athletic events. The track events are not races. In fact the IAAF in their laws call them 'running trial'. Holdorf against Aun and Walde in that 1,500 metres was not a trial, but a race; the burden lay heavily with the Russian and Walde, and the advantage clearly with Holdorf. Would the German victor have been able to gauge his running so well, had he run the trial on his own? Would the five seconds difference between him and Aun have remained?

To ask each man to run the 1,500 metres alone might sound an exhausting business to officials, but when the whole matter of victory and defeat is so crucially balanced, it is something that ought to be considered.

PETER SNELL

By Christopher Brasher

(Observer)

Few great athletes look like great athletes. You would never pick them out in the street as someone who could take a world record by the scruff of its neck and change its shape. But suddenly there has emerged from Australasia a new breed of athlete who looks the part and who manages to break world records by greater margins than anyone has done for twenty years or more.

Herb Elliott was one, and now Peter Snell who triumphed so magnificently in Tokyo, and since then has broken another world record, is another.

Neither Elliott nor Snell became athletes because they were underprivileged or because they'd been toughened by their experience of a war. They come from ordinary middle-class families. Elliott's father ran a furniture store in a little town near Perth—Snell's father was an electrical engineer working for the power board in a small town called Opunake on the North Island of New Zealand.

They might never have run if they hadn't come in contact with two of the greatest fanatics in athletics—Percy Cerutty and Arthur Lydiard. Both Elliott and Snell were very good all-rounders—Snell in fact was one of the best junior lawn tennis players in New Zealand.

One day Percy Cerutty came to Herb Elliott's school in Perth and told him that he could be a great athlete. And Elliott believed him. With Snell, it just happened that a great friend of his at school was coached by Arthur Lydiard and through his friend, Snell gradually came under the aura of Lydiard's enthusiasm. It is perhaps because neither started out to be an athlete that they have had so much trouble in keeping their enthusiasm at a high peak once they achieved what they set out to do.

But there is about both of them a determination that is rare in any man. When Snell left school—rather in disgrace because he had failed his university entrance exam—he started to train seriously under Lydiard. The Lydiard dictum is that fitness is based on running 100 miles a week—no more, no less. One of the linchpins of this mileage was a 22-mile run from the suburbs of Auckland out into the hills around. Snell can remember vividly the first time he attempted it. "It was a hot day and there was a whole bunch of us—Jeff Julian and Barry McGee (the marathon runners), Murray Halberg (the three-mile world record-holder), Arthur Lydiard and a couple of others. And the bloke who used to give us massage followed us round in a car. They ran hard and of course the pace was far too fast for me. It was only my first time around, I'd never done much training, and I really cracked up. I can remember this terrific struggle over the last few miles. I asked to get into the car two miles from home. The masseur said 'No, you'll make it,' and he drove off. And I thought 'You bastard.' I thought they were all bastards.

I was cursing Julian and all the guys that had left me and I was struggling on by myself. When the last of them left me not far from home I just flopped against a fence and hung on. But I knew I had to get home, back to Murray Halberg's house, and I just staggered on down the road. As I opened that door and got indoors I burst into a flood of tears. It was most embarrassing. I don't know what brought it on but I just couldn't stop it. I suppose I thought that I just wasn't good enough to fulfil all the great plans that Lydiard had outlined. But it really toughened me up that run. I never looked back. I've never experienced anything, not even my first marathon, that was anything more than child's play compared with that."

Snell was born in Opunake, a little town of about a thousand people, on December 17, 1938. His father, 6 ft. and 16 st., had been a university rugby player. His mother had won medals at school for her sprinting ability but now she just played tennis for pleasure. Both his brother, 12 years older, and his sister, 6 years older, were keen and above-average tennis players. It was a marvellous place to bring up children. There was a sandy surfing beach almost outside the front door and Mount Egmont in the background.

Peter spent most of his time barefoot, climbing up and down the cliffs or playing on the beach. By the time he was five he was banging a tennis ball against a volley board. When he was nine his father was promoted and the family had to move to an inland town, T'Araho—90 miles from Auckland. Peter was set on becoming a champion tennis player. But he didn't play with any intensity, he didn't spend hours repeating one stroke till it was perfect. His practice was just playing.

Once a year he would go on a Sunday School outing—50 or 60 boys and girls, washed and neatly pressed, bundled into a chartered bus and down to the nearest beach. And they'd have three-legged races, and egg-and-spoon races and sprints, and the winner would always get a toffee. Peter never won a toffee until one year when the teacher ran out of ideas he suggested a long distance race "up to that boat and back." And this he won.

But still he was only interested in tennis and rugby—the national game of New Zealand. He failed his School Certificate and he felt the disgrace because he knew that his father always cherished the dream of "Snell and Sons, Consulting Engineers." His brother had already passed his Bachelor of Engineering degree and now Peter had to work hard to try to do the same. He was sent to a boarding-school, Mount Albert Grammar School in Auckland. He sat his School Certificate again and passed. But it was the last exam he was to pass.

His first meeting with Lydiard would have put most people off. His great school friend suggested that he should come out on one of Lydiard's Sunday picnics. Peter found himself on the back of Lydiard's milk delivery truck along with such already established athletes as Murray Halberg. Fifteen miles from the beach, he was shovelled off the truck and told to run. The first five miles was easy but then he began to get worried. Lydiard had driven out of sight and the beach was still nine miles away. There was no fight left in him when he spotted the milk delivery van and climbed aboard. As far as he was concerned athletics wasn't as much fun as tennis.

But now that he was having to work hard for his university entrance exam he did not have so much time to dash off to the tennis courts. It was easier to do some training with his friends.

He left school having won the *victor ludorum* award and having been a member of the rugby and cricket teams. But he hadn't passed his university entrance exam. He was 19.

Without this exam he could not become an engineer and he could not become a surveyor. Instead he chose quantity surveying. He took up his job as a trainee with a firm of quantity surveyors in Auckland and in the evenings he trained and at the weekends he taught Sunday School. He now felt himself to be an athlete rather than a tennis player and *the* one event that changed his mind was a half mile race at a New Year's Carnival when he beat Bill Bailey, already a veteran of the Commonwealth and Olympic Games. He always had been determined to reach the top in something – it didn't matter what – and now it seemed that it should be in athletics.

He started on Lydiard's schedule of 100 miles a week. "I remember running 15 miles for five consecutive nights and then the next night I had had it mentally and just couldn't go out. The trouble was I wasn't getting enough variety. So next summer – the New Zealand summer before the Olympic Games – I changed it. Monday would be 10 or 12 miles, Tuesday would be 15, Wednesday 10 or 12 again, Thursday an 18, Friday a 6, Saturday a 15 and then on Sunday the big 22-miler. All on the roads. It's hell on the legs but they soon get accustomed to it. That would be my training for a couple of months and then we'd switch it to hill work. We had a square circuit of about two miles: half-a-mile up a hill, half-a-mile along the top, half-a-mile down the hill and then the last half along the bottom. We would do our sprinting along the bottom, stride hard up the hill, take a bit of a rest along the top, and then flat out down the hill. And repeat that about five times an evening.

"That was my basic training until I went to Rome and on it I'd managed to break 1 minute 50 seconds for the half-mile on two occasions. But that's all. It was hardly enough to get me into the Olympic final but that was my one ambition.

"When we got to Rome it was so marvellous running on a track in good weather that I immediately started to improve. I was terribly nervous, of course. All these big names and me an unknown from New Zealand. There were only four runners in my heat with three to qualify. They were all established runners and I thought that if I missed out on this, then I'd be a real failure. But when I'd managed to come through that and to win my semi-final, we began to set our sights higher and to think of finishing in the first three.

I worked out a plan with Arthur. I was going to make my run for home along the back straight. But when it came to it in the final I just couldn't do it. Perhaps the pace was too fast, perhaps I was feeling the effects of the earlier races. I went into that last bend in fifth position. There were only six runners in the race and the sixth was already well out of it. But when we came into that finishing straight they started to weaken and I was feeling good – must have been all that 100 miles a week. I knew that in the last 100 or 200 yards I could always run myself into the ground. I suddenly thought I might have a chance of getting third. I was lucky because a gap opened up in front of me and I accelerated through it. And then I could see Roger Moens ahead of me and I started to chase him. And then it was all over and I didn't know whether I'd won or not. Moens came over to me to congratulate me and I said, 'I'm not sure.' But he was sure enough. I think I went and grabbed the Olympic flagpole and swung round it."

Moens followed him over, grabbed the pole in both his hands and shook it in anguish.

"You know, I didn't really realise that I'd won an Olympic title," says Snell. "I remember wandering round the Village that evening in half a dream with Halberg. He'd won a gold medal too. I can't remember what we said but it's the sort of thing you can say to someone who's just done what you've done and which you couldn't tell to anyone else. It's a hell of a feeling really.

"But you know I'm not certain that I knew what it all meant until I took a couple of days off and went down to Sorrento with a pal of mine. We said we wanted the cheapest room they had and they showed us way down into the cellars and we said 'This'll do us for the price.' When we went upstairs again and handed in our passports they just looked at them and their faces lit up and they showed us to the best room in the place – at the same price as our cellar.

"But you know in the long run it just doesn't mean anything. I always think that the blokes who have their exams behind them and have got themselves into a well-paid job are getting the best out of life in the long run. Other people have said this but it's true – a gold medal isn't going to keep you. It's not going to do anything for you except give you a little standing in the world. It's nice to think that when you mention your name anywhere in the world it's a ten to one chance that people will know who you are but it's not going to do you any good at all.

"You've got to get down to real life sometime and I'm engaged (he has since married) and how on earth can you get married on a gold medal and a trainee's salary – £7 a week I was getting at the time of the Olympics and I don't get that generally when I'm away on a trip. In the future I'm interested in doing a bit of work amongst young people and that's why I'll try and keep on running. Gold medals help because they give you influence and sway over them. You see, I used to teach in Sunday School until I had to give it up because of training, but when I go back to it, a name should attract more and more kids to Sunday School. It's surprising how this attitude does help me to keep going.

"Religion assumes more and more importance as I go on. I drifted at the time when I started to do well and people took notice of me, but I realised I was getting far too self-centred, and in the end I'd like to have some sort of good influence on the world – living a good, Christian life. I think that's really the basis of everything."

THE 4×400 METRES RELAY

By Roy Moor

(Daily Mail)

Two world record-breaking relay finals had already set the packed stadium tingling with excitement on this the final afternoon of the Olympic Games athletics...

The United States were back as the men's 4×100 metres relay champions with an incredible run of 39 seconds flat; and Poland had been no less devastating in capturing the women's 4×100 metres title in a new world best of 43.6 seconds.

Still the tension was mounting, for the world's greatest quarter-mile runners were entering the arena to do battle for the 4×400 metres relay gold medals.

They could not have wished for better racing conditions. No wind. Humidity comfortable. And the finest track in the world on which to show their pace...

"Get to your marks!" ordered the starter. "Get set!"

Bang!!... and out of the starting blocks flashed eight superbly fit athletes with a single purpose – to be first to the change-over with their batons.

Eyes instantly focussed on the 6 feet 2 inches American, Ollan Cassell. His powerful stride gave him an early look of authority.

But not to Britain's Tim Graham. He was too busy running the race of his life in the outside lane to know what was going on behind him.

His one concern was to stay in front. And stay in front he did – right up the finishing straight, to hand over to the Oxford University Blue, Adrian Metcalfe, a yard ahead of Cassell.

Mike Larrabee, the new 400 metres individual Olympic champion, snatched the baton from Cassell and gave instant chase after Metcalfe. Trinidad's Kent Bernard and Jamaica's Mal Spence followed hard at heel.

New international rules compelled Metcalfe to run

in that outside lane all the way round the first bend of this second circuit, and when he broke from it, he was three yards up on Larrabee. He increased this to five as he tore into the next turn.

Then the true greatness of Larrabee started to unfold. Steadily making up lost ground coming out of the turn, he forced himself to almost sprint pace to snatch the lead from the Englishman. He finished sending his No. 3, Ulis Williams, away with a four-yard advantage.

It was the turn now of Edwin Roberts (Trinidad), John Cooper (Britain) and Mel Spence (Jamaica) to give chase ahead of Germany, Soviet Union, France and Poland.

But there was no catching the tenacious U.S. Negro. Williams sped on to a five-yard lead for the final hand over to Henry Carr.

The race now looked well won for the United States. And with Wendell Mottley (Trinidad) and George Kerr (Jamaica), the next men strongly away on the last circuit, Britain's chances of even place medals seemed lost as anchor man, Robbie Brightwell, set off in pursuit, seven yards down on Carr and four behind the two West Indians.

But those with faith in the courage of Brightwell, had not given up hope. They knew too well he was out to make amends for his failure to collect a medal from the individual 400 metres final.

Here was his chance. And none appreciated it more so than Brightwell.

A thunderous roar rose from every corner of the stadium, to become even more deafening as in the back-straight, Mottley drew level with the leading Carr. Kerr was gaining, too. And there was Brightwell making ground.

Still Carr was in command and to prove it he came into the finishing straight sprinting at his magnificent best, followed by Mottley and Kerr racing almost side by side; and Brightwell, clear of the rest of the runners, a dangerous-looking fourth.

Fifty yards to go there was no chance of the American being caught.

But Kerr was faltering against the punishing finish by Brightwell. Within another 20 yards Brightwell had taken Britain into third place and become locked in desperate battle with Mottley for the silver awards. Not even Mottley, winner of the silver medal in the 400 metres individual final, could withstand the ferocity of the Briton's finishing fight and Brightwell grabbed Britain the second place with a final stride which sent him headlong into the cinders of the track.

A painful finish. But a joyous one.

Once more the official watches showed a world-record time. And not only by the United States, clocked at 3 min. 0.7 sec. Britain with 3 min. 1.6 sec. and Trinidad, 3 min. 1.7 sec. were also inside the previous world mark.

Three runners, too, raced faster than the listed world best of 44.9 sec. for 400 metres—Larrabee and Carr with 44.7 sec. and Brightwell with 44.8 sec....

What a race... what a day... what an Olympic Games to remember!

HENRY CARR – GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

By Neil Allen

(World Sports)

An athlete's athlete" was the description one of the members of the great United States team at Tokyo gave of Henry Carr. And the label fitted. Carr, winner of a gold medal in both the 200 metres and the 4×400 metres relay, was one of those rare Olympians who even other champions felt bound to praise.

When I think of Henry Carr at Tokyo there are many pictures which spring to my mind. There is the nervous Carr sitting on the grass in the middle of the training track in the Olympic village worrying about the test to come. There is the Carr of the relay making the normally demanding 400 metres look almost a canter. There is the Carr of the press interview room, reticent and shy as he was so often on public occasions.

But clearest of all is the moment at the end of 200 metres when the runners had just finished their deceleration after the final lung stretching drive for the line. As Carr began to straighten up and walk off the cinders he had just devoured so quickly, the Italian Livio Berutti, who had won the same event unexpectedly four years before at Rome, thrust out his hand to shake that of the slim negro. He gave the new champion a flashing smile and we could almost hear the word "Magnifico!"

What Berutti felt was shared by others who had shone in the Olympics. Men like the great 100 metres champion Bob Hayes who once said to me "Why is it that what I make look so hard old Henry can make look so easy." For Carr was the epitome of ease, of poetry in motion. He possessed grace under pressure to a greater degree than any other man who has faced the challenge of the classic distance of 200 metres.

The boy from Detroit who made his name running for Arizona State was not just a natural however. He told me "I only got good and smooth round the turn by hard work—really hard work. Weeks and weeks as a schoolboy practising the bend, the controlled power round the turn and the gradual acceleration out of it. I learned to sway my tall body just enough and I learned how to use the lane. I may have made it all look easy but there was a lot of sweat and suffering getting so good."

When Carr came to Tokyo he was by no means the clear favourite for the 200 metres that he had been earlier in the year. In the final American trials, which he had been expected to win by a couple of metres, he was so way below form that he finished fourth. Only a special dispensation from the American selectors qualified him at all for the American team.

When I talked to him one dusk in the village, three days before competition began on the Olympic track, Carr explained that he had been unwell at the time of the U.S. trials. But he had not wanted to make any excuses. "I'm only telling you now, so that you have the background."

As we talked he gently massaged the long legs which had carried him to so many victories and records. By now he knew that he was back to peak fitness, but the strain of the last few days, before the starter's gun released all his energy, was still telling upon him. He was tired of seeing the same old faces in the Village. He wanted a change of scene, but when he did step out into the vast tumult of Tokyo he was afraid of getting hopelessly lost.

Yet when it came to the 200 metres he was far from lost. It was, after all, his kingdom. He took the early rounds easily, staying relaxed all the way round the turn. And when it the final arrived he was ready, after all the years of work, to sweep aside the challenge of the rest of the world.

As he came off the turn his jaw was loose with relaxation and then he cried aloud "Go, man. Go!" And he went away from the other mere mortals, never losing the poise that had made him the marvel of the tracks of Europe in the seasons before. In those fleeting seconds he was the perfect combination of strength and suppleness.

It was astonishing that the tall Carr managed to negotiate the stiff bend of the 200 metres at such speed without his abductor muscles paying a heavy toll. But it was even more startling to consider his potential over 400 metres which, even Olympic one lap champion Mike Larrabee agrees, Carr could have won at Tokyo.

Carr did not try for a third gold medal simply because he did not like the individual 400 metres. He told me "I get an unpleasant feeling of loneliness when I run the 400. It's only in a relay when I know there are four of us concerned that I can enjoy running a lap. I like it more in a relay, too, because we're not in lanes."

Carr was never quite sure of his real feelings about the 400 metres and he admitted to me that it was quite possible that four rounds of the event at Tokyo might have taken the edge off him. But he cast aside all his inhibitions when he came to the relay final and ran a leg of seemingly effortless power that took him only 44.5 seconds.

So the quiet man of athletics, who had climbed his way into society from a poverty-stricken home in Detroit, came to the climax of his athletics career. No one will ever be sure what times he could have recorded for 400 metres. But what was more important was the contribution he made to the aesthetics of athletics. *Le style, c'est [illegible]*

UNKNOWNS REWRITE ATHLETIC HISTORY

By Terry O'Connor

(Daily Mail)

Tradition decrees that the long track race over 10,000 metres is run on the opening day of the athletic programme. This is fitting because the 10,000 metres is automatically a final and all those who enter compete against each other. This is a race which demands character, tenacity and speed–qualities so important to sustain the Olympic movement.

As the multi-coloured vested athletes representing the nations of the world nervously warmed up, spectators sensed they were on the eve of a great event. But none of the 70,000 crowded in the Tokyo stadium could have known that in less than half an hour more than 50 years of athletic tradition would be in ruins, and the names of then unknown men would flicker defiantly across the electric score board.

With a massive field of 38 starters it was difficult for even the most experienced observer to pick out the pre-race favourites. The famous black shirt of the New Zealander Murray Halberg, winner of the 5,000 metres at Rome, clashed with the black faces of the Africans. Many critics had tipped this pale looking Kiwi, who has a withered left shoulder, to win the title.

Even among the dazzling array of colours it was not difficult to see the three men who were wearing the blood-red vests of Russia. They included Pyotr Bolotnikov, winner of the title four years previously, Nikolay Dutov whom the Russians claimed was their outstanding contender, and Leonid Ivanov.

It was also possible to pick out the smallest man in the field, teenage American Gerry Lindgren, who had crushed the Russians earlier in the year. At 18, was he too young to challenge in the greatest 10,000 metres field ever assembled at that time?

Britain had a strong trio, with a tough Lancastrian Ron Hill the best of their competitors. Then there were a number of famous European runners. All of whom could cause a surprise in what will always be regarded as the greatest race a man can run.

Fourteen of the competitors had run under 29 minutes for the event–a time which would have won ten of the previous titles.

As officials shepherded the runners on to the wet track, I caught sight of the tall muscular Ron Clarke from Australia. Earlier in 1964 he had captured the world 10,000 metres record from Bolotnikov. At the start of his athletic career Clarke had been hailed as a great mile discovery. As a junior he had shown so much promise that the Australians honoured him when the Olympic Games were held in Melbourne 1956. He ran the torch on the final lap.

When another Australian, Herb Elliott, strode around the world as a middle distance colossus, Clarke faded from the scene. Now he had come back as the premier distance track runner and arrived in Tokyo with the ambition of winning the 10,000, 5,000 metres and the marathon like Emil Zatopek in the 1952 Olympics.

Zatopek himself was impressed with Clarke in training, but warned of Halberg's tenacity and the ruthless approach of the Russian runners. Before the race he also mentioned the names of the lesser known competitors, but showed little confidence of men who were not of European stock. Why should he? Since this event was first run in 1908 a European had always triumphed.

There was Emil Voight, an Englishman in 1908 in London. Then followed the reign of the brilliant Finnish runners. First came Hannes Kolemainen, followed by the incomparable Paavo Nurmi. Ville Ritola won in 1924, but four years later Nurmi was again king of the Olympic 10,000 metres.

In 1932 there was break in the Finnish superiority as the Polish runner Janusz Kusocinski intervened. Again in 1936 the land of lakes and pine trees had found another champion–Ilmari Salminen.

After the Second World War Zatopek was to dominate the scene and revolutionize the approach to distance running, winning the title in Wembley and Helsinki. When he stepped down the Russians took over. First there was the blonde Vladimir Kuts. In a dramatic two man race at Melbourne in 1956 Kuts "killed" the Englishman Gordon Pirie after twenty laps broken up by torturous sprints. In Rome 1960 another Russian, Bolotnikov, ensured his country kept the title.

At the start of the 1964 race Bolotnikov strode defiantly into the lead with an opening lap of 64 seconds. Even this pace failed to break up the big field and the runners were still bunched dangerously six abreast.

Although the International Amateur Athletic Federation had set qualification times for competitors, it was still the right of every country to nominate at least one competitor, whatever time had been achieved. Many of the Asiatic countries, keen to take part in the first Olympic Games staged in their part of the world, had taken advantage of this clause and caused a swollen field.

As the race moved into the second lap it was seen that Bolotnikov had failed in a desperate gamble to run himself back to form. Clarke had taken over the lead and the Russian champion slipped back and never again threatened to keep his title.

Within two laps the field had been broken and runners stretched almost half way along the track. By five laps the stragglers were being lapped. This made it difficult for spectators to follow the race. It was essential to keep a close watch on the leaders. This was made easier by the presence of Clarke. He could be distinguished by his big physique, low arm action and bouncing stride. Clarke was determined to make the pace. No doubt the memory of how Kuts had destroyed the opposition by leading all the way in Melbourne, lived with him.

The first four laps were run in an even pace taking 4 min. 21.5 sec. (estimated 4 min. 23 sec. for the mile). Eight laps were covered in 8 min 55 sec. and at this stage ten runners were in the leading bunch. During the next lap Halburg began to fade. Later it was discovered he was the victim of a virus.

Just before the 5,000-metre mark Clarke whipped up the pace with a 66.4 sec. lap and the leading group now included only five runners and Billy Mills the American had taken the lead in 14 min. 4.6 sec.! Behind him was Clarke, followed by the Tunisian Mohamed Gammoudi, Ethiopian Mamo Wolde and Russia's Dutov. So at the half way stage only one European looked a serious contender.

Later Clarke said: "At 5,000 metres I felt confident the race was mine. All the recognized 10,000 metres men except Dutov had dropped back, leaving me with two Africans and an American-Indian I had never heard of."

When Dutov lost contact with the leaders less than two laps later, Clarke felt even happier. But his confidence was false. Mills, Gammoudi and Wolde were not only determined to stay with the Australian but they all had the audacity at times to take the lead. Clarke consoled himself with the belief that his rivals would not be able to withstand the final sprint he was saving for the last three laps.

After the half way stage the pace became more even and kilometres of 2:53.2, 2:54.8, 2:54.4 and 2:55.8 min. were recorded, as the four leaders weaved their way through the back runners, some of whom were lapped many times. With three laps left Wolde began to show signs of stress.

When the bell tolled there were three men left to fight for the title–Clarke, Mills and Gammoudi. They had to contest the last lap on a track full of other competitors.

Mills had moved into the lead at the start of the lap with Clarke on his shoulder. Just before the back-straight a lapped runner came back at them just when Clarke was making his bid for the lead. He was forced to push Mills to save himself from colliding. At first Mills resisted but was then sent flying right out of his lane. At this moment Gammoudi struck. He tore through the gap and roared down the back straight with a shocked Clarke in pursuit. Mills was four yards back and his rivals were running away from him.

Spectators realised they were likely to witness one of the sensations of the Games as the red shirted Tunisian went round the final bend in the lead.

Reporters asked each other: "Who is Gammoudi?" The only worthwhile information which emerged, as the battle continued, was that he had made a name for himself as a cross country runner.

Gamely Clarke hung on to Gammoudi and down the home straight cluttered with runners he began to make an impression on the Tunisian. Fifty yards from the tape he was drawing level and spectators plus millions of television viewers knew they were about to see a dramatic finish.

With the tape looming ahead came another dramatic incident. Flying down an outside lane was the American Marine Lt. Mills. He caught Clarke and Gammoudi as they were almost abreast and his greater speed took him through to a three yard victory. Clarke and Gammoudi were so stunned they never had time to recover.

So an American, who achieved to a big seventeenths Sioux Indian, had won the Olympic 10,000 metres title for the first time in history. Europeans had been dethroned and their best man Ivanov finished fifth. The Olympic record had been broken

by the first four – Mills, Gammoudi, Clarke and Wolde. During the time it had taken Mills to run the race 28 min. 24.4 sec. an athletic revolution had taken place. The long track race no longer remained the domain of the Europeans. Africa was on the rise and the new continents of America and Australia had found great challengers. The rise of the Africans was may be the most significant, because in future Olympiads I am sure that men from this continent are to become even more formidable rivals.

Even American journalists knew little of Mills when he stood with his gold medal on the victory rostrum. It was said he was the only American athlete nobody had bothered to interview. Now everyone wanted to speak to him.

It emerged that he was orphaned at the age of 12 and took up running to train for boxing. This was the first 10,000 metres race he had ever won.

Therefore the handsome 26-year-old Mills had proved that even in this age of the elite sportsman, it is possible for the unknown to rise to world prominence. I am sure the feat of Marine Lt. Billy Mills on Wednesday, October 14, will inspire thousands of youngsters in every part of the world.



The setting is a bit different, but the effect similar to Renoir's "Les Parapluies". And the poor girls have to run their second heat for the 800 metres. Zoja Skobtsova (U.S.S.R.) takes the lead from Gerda Kraan of Holland, and a little way behind trail Wörner (Germany), Kyle (Eire), and Knott (U.S.A.). The heat was won by Mary Hodson, finishing before the German and Russian girls

Britain's golden girl Mary Rand doing what she does best–and better than any girl in the world: the long jump. This time in the pentathlon, after already having won a gold medal and broken a world record in the same event. Mary got a silver in the pentathlon, with 5035 points, 11 points behind Irina Press (U.S.S.R.) who established a new world record ▶

Germany's Ingrid Becker qualified with this beautiful long jump for the final, where she ended fourth with 6.40 m. (20 ft. 11¾ in.), missing a bronze by 2 cm. (1½ in.)







Rumania's Jolanda Balas jumps 1.90 m. (6 ft. ¾ in.) high, towards a gold and a new Olympic record. A fantastic improvement since Melbourne where she came fifth with 1.67 m. (5 ft. 5¾ in.)



Elvira Ozolina, of the Soviet Union, throwing the javelin. She qualified as holder of the world record with 61.38 m. (201 ft. 4½ in.), but lost that distinction when Elena Gorshakova, also of Russia, established a new world record of 62.40 m. (204 ft. 8¾ in.) with her first throw. The finals, however, looked different: Gorchakova got only a bronze with 57.06 m. (187 ft. 2½ in.), while Ozolina was sixth. Mihaela Penes of Rumania was the winner with 60.54 m. (198 ft. 7½ in.), before Antal Kiss of Hungary (58.27 m., 191 ft. 2 in.).

100 metres final. Fleet goddesses of the sprint in powerfully graceful motion. This is how they arrived: Wyomia Tyus (U.S.A.), 11.4 sec., first; Edith McGuire (U.S.A.), 11.6 sec.; Eva Klobukowska (Poland–red shorts), third with 11.6; Marilyn White (U.S.A.), 11.6, fourth; Miguela Cobian (Cuba–blue vest), 11.7 fifth; Marilyn Black (Australia–shorts with yellow-green-yellow stripes), 11.7, sixth; Halina Gorecka (Poland), 11.8, seventh, and Dorothy Hyman (Great Britain), 11.9, eighth



400 metres final: a fourth gold medal for Australia's Betty Cuthbert. (She won in Melbourne the 100 and 200 metres and was in the winning 4×100 metres relay.) She is wearing No. 12. Britain's Ann Packer (55) came second; Judith Amoore (Australia–11), third; Antonia Munkacsi (Hungary–105), fourth; Maria Itkina (U.S.S.R.–197), fifth; Tilly van der Zwaard (143), sixth; Gertrud Schmidt (Germany–72), seventh; Evelyne Lebret (France–44), eighth

Bottom: the fight is over, and, from left to right, Packer (Great Britain) reaches her arm out to the exhausted winner Cuthbert, who puts a protecting arm around fellow Australian Amoore. Again, from left to right: silver-gold–and bronze





Third heat of the 800 metres. The five who have qualified together in the leading group: Antje Gleichfeld (Germany) before Laine Erik (U.S.S.R.); Gizela Farkas (Yugoslavia); Ann Smith (Britain), and Janny van Eyck-Vos (Holland)



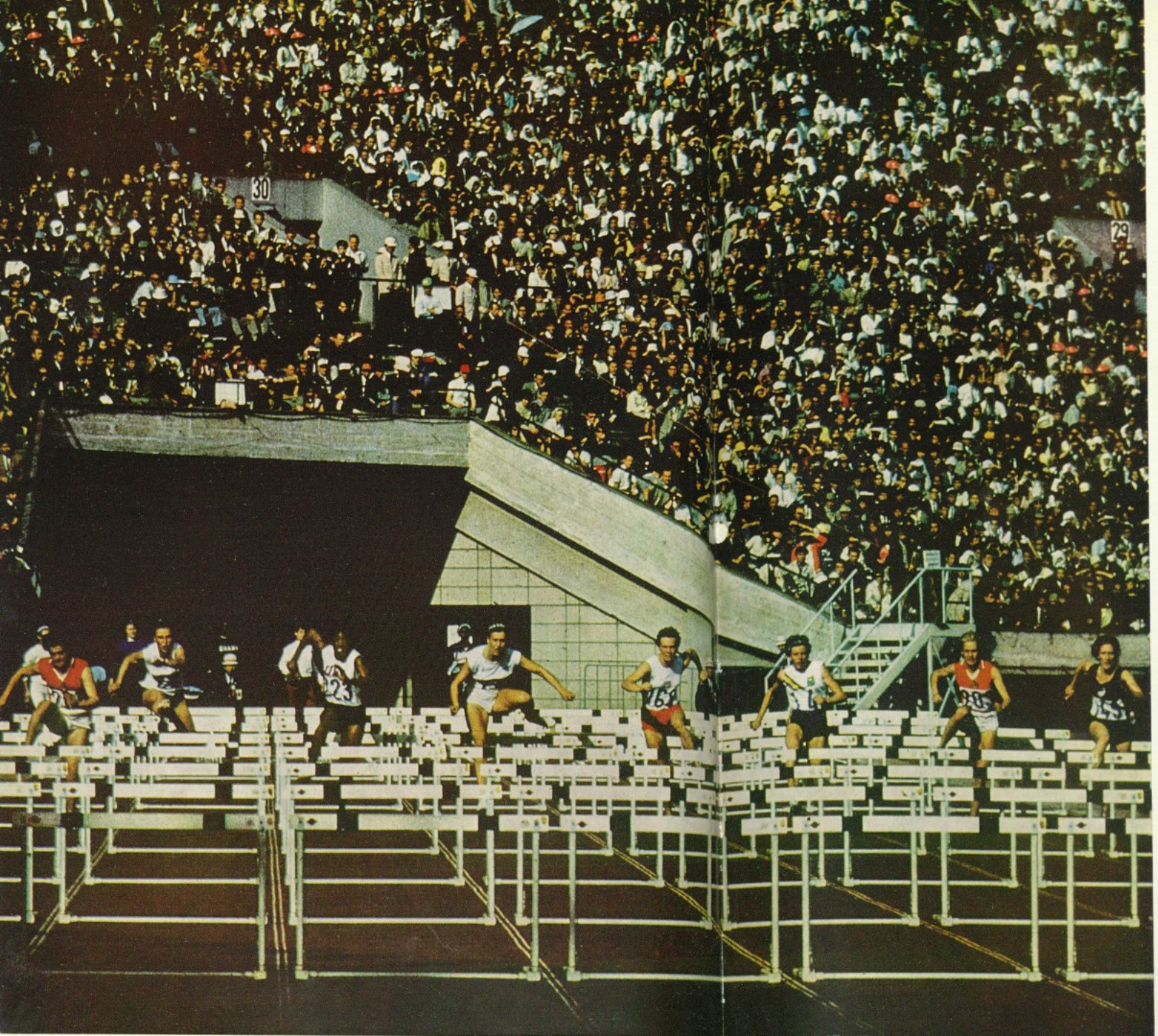




800 metres–the final round. From left to right, Ann Smith (Great Britain), eighth; Ann Chamberlain (New Zealand), third; Antje Gleichfeld (Germany), fifth; practically obscured by her Gerda Kraan (Holland), seventh; Maryvonne Dupureur (France), second; Britain's Ann Packer who won therace; Laine Erik (U.S.S.R.), sixth, and Zuzsa Szabo-Nagy (Hungary), fourth

Breaking the tape in the 200-metres race. The U.S.A. girl Edith McGuire wins with 23 sec. before Poland's Irena Kirszenstein, who arrived a tenth of a second later.
(The perspective makes it appear the other way round in this picture)





Magnificent total view of spectators and female competitors in the 80-metres-hurdles semi-final. From left to right: Irina Press (U.S.S.R.), third; Snejana Angelova Kerkova (Bulgaria), eighth; Rosie Bonds (U.S.A.), fourth; Gundula Diel (Germany), seventh; Teresa Ciepla (Poland), second; Pamela Kilborn (Australia), first; Tatyana Talyshova (U.S.S.R.), sixth, and Avis McGrath (New Zealand), fifth. In the final Ciepla won a silver, Kilborn a bronze behind Karin Balzer of Germany, who pocketed the gold medal





◀ Top: still life before action begins–the ladies' discus throw: Hiroko Yokoyama, Japan's record thrower (251) steps into the throwing circle, while Rumania's Catarama (177) with the appropriate Christian name Olympia, gets the feel of the discus
Bottom: But the so efficient Japanese officials and enthusiastic helpers are busier...

Top: The ladies' pentathlon winners are hailed and wave back, left to right: Britain's Mary Rand, silver; Irina Press (U.S.S.R.), gold, and Galina Bystrova (U.S.S.R.), bronze

Bottom: Same play–different cast: the winners in the ladies' shot-put, left to right: Renate Garisch (Germany) silver, with 17.61 m (57 ft. 8¾ in.); Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.), gold, with 18.14 m (59 ft. 6 in.); Galina Sybina (U.S.S.R.), bronze, with 17.45 m (57 ft. 3 in.). Press has already won a gold before, for throwing the discus with 57.27 m (187 ft. 10½ in.)





Last change of baton in the 4×100 m. Halina Gorecka (Poland) has already found the hand of Eva Klobukowska (red shorts), while Edith McGuire (U.S.A.) still waits to get the baton from Marilyn White. In the U.S.S.R. team Ludmilla Samotesova (red vest) forwards hers to Galina Popova.

The Polish girls, doing the so-called "inside" change-over, won in the fantastic world record time of 43.6 sec. (Ciepla, Kirszenstein, Gorecka, Klobukowska). The U.S.A. came second with 43.9 sec., Britain third with 44.0 sec.





MARY RAND

By Neil Allen

(World Sports)

Two aspects of the successes of Mary Rand in the Olympic athletics made her winning of gold, silver and bronze medals of international as well as British appeal. One was her essential femininity. The other was her great natural ability.

The well-known German hurdler, Erika Fisch, once said of Mary "she is all woman." And as an attractive wife and mother Mary Rand is certainly one of the best advertisements that women's Olympic sport could have.

Her private and sporting life seem perfectly balanced. Her husband Sydney is an outstanding sculler who is always ready to accompany his wife on arduous training runs and her two year old daughter Alison is her usual companion during summer days spent on the training ground.

In typically honest fashion Mrs. Rand is always ready to admit "I'm a bit slow to grasp fine points of technique." What she does best in athletics is what comes to her most naturally. She is, for example, perfectly suited to the natural swiftness and explosiveness of the long jump but, as she showed when running for Britain in the 4×100 metres relay final, not quickly adapted to the fine judgement which is so important in baton changing.

The essential femininity, the natural ability and the close family affiliations were all apparent on the day when Mary became the first woman to win an Olympic athletics gold medal for her country and the first in the world to long jump more than 22 feet. Her victory was a triumph for the well balanced attitude to modern international amateur sport.

Her greatest day had begun with the heavy burden of the qualifying competition. A burden because it was difficult for Mary Rand to forget the Olympics of Rome when she had led the morning qualifiers and, worried by nerves and slightly unsure technique, had eventually finished only ninth in the final.

At 10.30 a.m. at Tokyo Mrs. Rand was again leading the qualifiers and, she admitted later, "It went through my mind that it was exactly the same position as at Rome. But there was a big difference. I'm a woman now. Then I was a girl." Since Rome she had married, she had borne a child. And her fuller life gave her greater confidence to face the pressure of the greatest sporting competition in the world.

The evening before she was unable to sleep very much. So, she told me later, "the girls in my room, Ann Packer, Pat Pryce, and Mary Peters, fooled around a bit and had a sing-song. Ann told me we had better get a cloth ready to shine the long jump medal or else to hang over it if it got too bright. We all laughed and joked and it helped to take away any strain in my mind."

Strained was the last adjective one could apply to Mary Denise Rand as she came out for the final of the Olympic long jump. She opened with a leap of 21 ft. 7¼ in. and then replied to the spirited challenge of Poland's talented young Irene Kirzenstein with the world record of 22 ft. 2 ¼ in. in the fifth round.

High up in the press seats an Australian reporter murmured "Look at the coolness of her. What a girl! What a champion!". At that moment Mary was walking up and down the grass infield barefoot wearing a white windcheater and blue ski pants. Her short-cut fair hair shone under the floodlights. She fluttered her hands occasionally to relieve any tension and twice glanced towards the outside of the track where her husband and team-mates waited. But she was completely in charge of herself. The shadows of Rome had gone.

At five past five in the evening she was the Olympic champion at last and soon she came bubbling into the Press interview room to be embraced by Chris Brasher, Britain's Olympic steeplechase champion in 1956. She laughed a lot but admitted "those last minutes were the worst. It was a long wait."

The wait had been four years. An Olympiad. But all through the summer before the flame came to Tokyo she had looked the part. In her final competition for Britain she had jumped so well that she had had the confidence to admit "I would like to beat the world record and take the Olympic title at the same time, like Herb Elliott did."

Baby high up on Mummy's back, both under a protecting umbrella, watch the 50 km. walk. One can't start too soon...

She is, in fact, one of the few athletes I have ever met to whom a world record meant as much as an Olympic gold medal. "To be the first girl in the world to jump over 22 ft. is something that no one can take away from you. I like to think that it makes you part of the history of your sport."

Mary Rand has an almost insatiable appetite for competitive sport. At home during the hard English winter she plays mixed hockey ("which gives me more dents in my legs than hurdling") and squash rackets. So ready is she to compete that in a match against West Germany in 1963 she took part in the long jump, 80 metres and 100 metres hurdles, 4×100 metres relay and the five event pentathlon. Nine events in two days!

Yet during her build-up towards Tokyo she admitted that it was hard to combine being a housewife, mother and athlete. Like thousands of other less occupied housewives she said "I could do with about six more hours in every day."

In March, 1964 she told me "What with dusting, washing and ironing it was pretty bad about a month ago. I would be putting my daughter Alison to bed about seven in the evening and then going out for a run on the road with my husband Sydney about 10 minutes later. We seemed to have no time to spare at all. But once it got lighter in the late afternoons Alison was able to come out with me to the training and as long as she doesn't find a puddle to fall into she's very happy."

Her summer training period lasted about two hours "if you included all the nattering you do with friends at the track." And include striding along the track, "playing about the shot" and several bursts over four flights of hurdles. "The *feeling* of hurdling" pleased her most, but her confidence suffered a little after a fall and she found that the 80 metres event did not suit her long stride.

Those who saw her follow her long jump victory with a silver medal in the pentathlon behind Irina Press might be surprised to hear that Mary Rand regards herself as "basically lazy." Of course many of the top athletes of the world are ready to spend a great deal of time at rest because it is such a contrast to the energy needed for their hobby.

But in the case of Mary Rand she has, in the past, got by with less than maximum work in training. She could do this because she found the basic skills of high jumping, long jumping and sprinting comparatively easy. I think it is partially the reason why her shot putting was so poor in the pentathlon compared with her other fine performances. She never felt really at ease with the shot. It didn't seem a naturally graceful thing for her to do. And so, in spite of genuine efforts to increase her strength last year, she never made much headway in that one event.

Sport can open the doorways of a fuller life to all kinds and classes of people. In the case of Mary Rand, the daughter of a Somerset baker, it helped to get her to the exclusive Millfield School which, without the help of a scholarship, her parents could never have afforded. From then on her environment became far wider than if she had never taken up athletics. But one of her secrets was that she never let it change her loyalty to old friends. She may be a champion of champions but she remains as unspoiled as when I first met her eight years ago.

Before Tokyo she told me "I've been jumping a long time and I still don't know when I've done a good one. I want to be able to feel it all click as I take off and know I'm over 21 ft." Ten minutes after she won her Olympic title she said "I felt I was a little flat all through. Even the world record, which gave me quite a kick, didn't feel a really good jump."

In these words there is the itch for perfection which marks all the great artists of sport. Mary Rand, with world record and Olympic honours won, seems to have done all that any athlete could want. But she has not, she felt, quite got the best out of herself and to fulfil her own potential remains the most important goal.

As the memories of the great days of Tokyo recede a little she has was become more and more certain "I want to do 23 ft. I know I can do better." That is why she has remained an amateur athlete in spite of the most tempting offers to turn to business fields. The poised young woman of Tokyo is the same, inside, as the ruddy cheeked girl who first came to the London stadiums and made us smile with her Somerset burr. She loves sport for its own sake.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

By Desmond Hackett

(Daily Express)

The unforgettable kaleidoscope of the most fantastically theatred Olympic Games of this modern age has now been reduced to the sombre black and white of the statisticians' figures.

The stop watches have ceased adjudicating their precise assessment of the efforts of the athletes. What were gay, colourful, romantic and so often dramatic events are now lifeless figures reduced to the last hair-line fraction of time, weight and distance.

The results are plain irrefutable facts that move into the tomes of Olympic history, but stories told in stark, though so strictly accurate, figures make for only academic study.

These columns do not record the trim orchidaceous beauty of the fluttering lovelies of Japan who handed up the medals to Olympian champions of a day. These girls were as delicate as butterflies, as colourful as peacocks; creatures of such rare beauty they looked as though they had just stepped from the silk of a master painter.

Blunt figures in rigid columns do not tell the stories behind the gold medals which shone in rich salute to the wondrous efforts of the British athletes.

When you read for instance this chronicled record: Long jump. 1. M.D. Rand (G.B.) 22 ft. 2 ins. (World and Olympic record) it promotes little more than the brief aside of 'Well done.'

It does not tell the story of a girl who nursed a heart ache for four years after she had failed so pathetically in the Games in Rome in 1960.

On a day when the Tokyo skies shed pitiless rain Mary Rand had made her day bright with a qualifying leap of 21 ft. 4½ ins., which slashed the Olympic record by six inches.

In the afternoon when 80,000 stoic spectators stoutly ignored the rains Mary Rand four times out-leapt the Olympic peak.

In between leaps Mary moved restlessly around gossiping and breaking into excited little runs. Once Mary moved into some tiny remote world of her own as she patiently and earnestly tight-roped along the white tape which marked the limit of the javelin throws.

With her short golden hair gleaming in the rain she looked like a reluctant schoolboy tardily moving towards school, balancing on the kerbstones.

Then briskly she was back about her Olympic business. She took off the sloppy thigh length white sweater, the blue track slacks and carefully, expertly cleaned her spikes free from grit and sand.

Poised on the tip toes of her show-girl legs she looked like a ballerina. Then she took off. She flailed into a powerful run up. Twenty paces. The right foot landed smack on the take off board. She soared, graceful as a golden eagle, before a cathedral hushed audience. There was a gasp of alarm as she appeared to be falling back. The crowd seemed to will her forward.

The slim figure slowly moved forward. A new mark in space was stamped firmly in the dark sands of the landing pit. A defiant landmark which stretched 22 ft. 2 ins.

Afterwards smiling Mary confessed she was feeling tired as she prepared for this golden airlift. Then she said: "I thought of my baby Alison Jane back home in England and I whispered 'This one is for you, baby,' and whoops! there I went."

When the hard-riding reporters quizzed Mary Rand in the interview room she moved even this experienced-toughened babel when, asked about her next ambition, she replied:

"I just want to go home and tuck my baby into bed. Alison Jane is worth all the medals and all the records in the world."

This was the theme of my insistence "It is love that brings the medals to Britain." Certainly nobody else could offer any alternative solution to the record breaking glory of British athletes.

When Ken Matthews, a chuckling highwayman, slipped on a pair of old shoes and won the 20 kilometre walk and another gold medal for Britain it was not the faultless footman Matthews who collected the cheers.

A slim lassie in a fawn suit and a rose pink [illegible] had the crowd purring with pleasure as she skipped on to the track and threw her arms around the winner.

The big kiss was from his pretty wife Sheila. [illegible]

were 1,903 Defence Corps men—that is the Japanese for police—marshalling the route and the stadium, and a further 237 stewards guarding the various exits and entrances.

The Japanese with typical well drilled efficiency had safeguarded and insured against everything; well, everything except a determined English girl. Sheila had broken every stadium rule as smoothly as her husband had broken the Olympic record.

As she flung herself into the arms of her husband tears poured down her face. The Japanese thrilled as they focussed beaming faces upon this willow pattern plate love scene.

But the Olympic book staidly chronicles: 20 kilometre walk. K.J. Matthews (G.B.) 1 hr., 29 min. 34 sec. (Olympic record).

When the film star handsome lad from Wales Lynn—the Leap—Davies won the long jump gold medal with his best ever jump of 26 ft. 5½ ins. his thought was far away from the packed stadium of Tokyo.

As he paused for the wind to drop and for the rain to cease driving into his face he was thinking of a flaxen haired lovely back in the long valleys of Glamorgan. Before he left his home town of Nantymoel he had promised his fiancée Meriel Griffiths; "My love, I will bring you back a gold medal to wear at our wedding."

And when Davies had made his leap to glory he defied the final efforts of world record-holder and 1960 gold medal man, the fabulous American "Hawkeye" Boston, and Russian Igor Ter-Ovanesian who shared the world record long jump horizon with Boston.

So Lynn Davies took his gold medal back to the valleys and back to his bride-to-be.

The Olympic book unmoved by this romance solemnly records: Long jump. 1. L. Davies (G.B.) 26 ft. 5 ½ ins.

Ann Packer, the elfin lovely laughing girl of the tracks turned a joke into the greatest success story of the Olympic Games and another run-for-love story that had a gold medal ending.

It was an ending in which the fleet and lovely Ann Packer with the classical grace and power of a thoroughbred swept past the world record barrier in 2 min. 1.1 sec.

When the entries were being completed six weeks before the Olympics flamed into action the ever cheerful British athletics team manager Marea Hartmann called across to Ann: "What about having a bash at the 800 metres?"

Ann Packer called back: "Anything for a laugh. Just put down Packer the old packhorse from England."

She had run this distance only five times and then it was only to make up the numbers.

Ann was depressed because she had failed to win the gold medal over 400 metres, in which she finished second.

She was broken hearted when Robbie Brightwell, the man she has since married, had run into fourth place and into misery when he was out-classed in the 400 metres which he had been convinced was his for the running.

There never was such a finish to a race. Ann Packer was lying sixth as the field moved around the last bend. Ahead were the favourite petite French girl Maryvonne Dupureur and the steel tough European champion Maria Kraan.

The Olympic flame flickered restlessly in the cold breeze and there seemed nothing in this race to warm the British hearts. Then a slim lovely-limbed girl was switching to the outside lane. Ann Packer was moving up. She was fourth, third and then an eye misting second as an 80,000 audience rose to salute this sight of courage and beauty.

Cheers, crazy wild roaring British cheers, brought her alongside the French girl Dupureur. It became a test of skills, spirit and endurance. It was Dupureur who broke down.

As she moved forward on lithe limbs, the agony of tension softened and she skimmed on joyous feet beyond the winning line—Ann Packer smiled.

Ann Packer had won the gold medal she had promised her sweetheart Brightwell and it was Brightwell who carried back the gold medal in triumph to the British encampment in London Street, Tokyo.

How does the Olympic log recall this race? It says: 800 metres. 1. A.E. Packer (G.B.) 2 min. 1.1 sec. (World and Olympic record.)

Maybe you might think this is just a lot of Madame Butterfly willow pattern romanticism. Maybe you have a more scientific answer to these gold medal successes. I just prefer to think that very human beings and their so very human stories will be remembered instead of the metallic mechanical findings of a stop watch.

TRIUMPH FOLLOWS CONTROVERSY

By Terry O'Connor

(Daily Mail)

The British are certainly making an impact on these Games."

That remark was made by Robert Richards, the American who won the Olympic pole vault in 1952 and 1956 and is now a broadcaster. Scene was a packed lift in the main Tokyo stadium transporting journalists and broadcasters to the interview rooms to meet the newly crowned Olympic champions.

Richards' comment was inspired by the dramatic late sprint which had brought victory for Ann Packer in the 800 metres in a world record. This attractive 22-year-old schoolteacher was the fourth Briton to win a track and field gold medal. When the athletic programme finished the count back showed that Britain had also won seven silver and one bronze medal. So they had achieved their best Olympic team performance since 1924 when the dedicated approach among competitors was uncommon, and it was still possible for the week-end athlete to succeed.

Although one man, no matter how inspiring, cannot take all the credit for team successes, there is no doubt that 24-year-old schoolmaster Robbie Brightwell had played a significant role in the triumphs of his team.

To trace the reason for the resurgent spirit shown by the British team it is vital to go back to another Olympic Games in Melbourne 1956 when the competitors, disappointed by the attitude of their officials, formed a group called the International Athletes Club. During the following years this club used its influence to bring the British athletic approach in line with modern demands and ensure that coaches had a stronger voice.

Late in the season of 1963 the British athletic team achieved two outstanding triumphs beating Russia in Volgograd. Almost without sleep, due to transport difficulties, they gained a narrow win over Hungary in Budapest two days later. It seemed the perfect omen for Tokyo providing the team and spirit could be kept intact.

A couple of days before the team was due to leave for Japan there was a bitter controversy which threatened to destroy all the work of the past years. Certain leading athletes, including skipper Brightwell, refused to take part in a television programme. They claimed that the agreement between the athletic officials and the International Athletes Club had been ignored.

The next day there was a move to sack Brightwell as team captain.

Fortunately it failed because later in the day team manager Pat Sage and Brightwell made peace for the sake of the team. But the haunting question hung over the party as they flew to Tokyo: had morale been damaged? The events which were to follow proved that the competitors became even more united and determined to prove they were not a second rate team.

They remembered bitterly the failures in the sultry heat during the Rome Olympic Games. Then a fatal mistake was made when British competitors arrived four days before their events. Yet medical evidence available suggested that this was just the wrong time. Past experience at European athletic championships indicated that an early victory would provide the British with the incentive they needed. This meant that the responsibility rested with Mary Rand, the pretty long jumper, who was one of the favourites, and competing on the first day. She rose to the momentous occasion by winning the title in a world record.

Next day Ken Matthews won the 20,000 metres walk and was never headed after 5,000 metres. The tails of the British team were up. Many of their more famous opponents were shocked by the tenacity shown in competition. This was well illustrated in the 400 metres hurdles which was expected to be contested between the Americans and Italians.

At the last barrier that seemed to be the case. Everyone believed this except John Cooper, the British hurdler who grit his teeth and drove himself to a medal.

On the Sunday during the middle of the athletic programme came the greatest shock of all—victory for Lynn Davies, a handsome Welshman, in the long jump. Ralph Boston of the U.S.A. who the country-men predicted was unbeatable, was forced to accept a silver medal.

The weather suited the British competitors. None was more happy than Davies who must have thought he was back home in Wales with the rain and wind.

Further silver medals were won by walker Paul Nihill, Mary Rand, Ann Packer, Basil Heatley and steeplechaser Maurice Herriott. But the finest was achieved on the last day of the athletic programme. And it was fitting that Brightwell should be the hero when Britain ran second in the 4×400 metres relay.

Britain were fourth in the relay when Brightwell took the baton from John Cooper. In front of him were three of the world's finest quarter-milers Henry Carr (U.S.A.) Wendell Mottley (Trinidad) and George Kerr (Jamaica).

Carr was in an unassailable position but Brightwell closed on Kerr and Mottley, holding his challenge for the home straight. Kerr defied Brightwell for ten yards, then wilted. The tape loomed only a few yards away when Brightwell caught Mottley, but he ensured a silver medal and beat the existing world record by plunging headlong into the red cinders.

This final act of courage wiped out the memory of Brightwell's defeat in the individual 400 metres, and illustrated why as captain he had inspired a British athletics team to such magnificent achievements.

ANN AND ROBBIE

By James Coote

(Daily Telegraph)

From despair to elation, from tears to a pocketful of medals, and all this within twenty-four hours. It has happened to Mr. and Mrs. Robbie Brightwell, or as they were on that warm Japanese October day, Miss Ann Packer and her fiancé Robbie Brightwell.

Brightwell, captain of Britain's athletics team, came to Tokyo with more than hope–almost certainty, that he would soon possess a medal: perhaps a gold, but certainly a silver and a bronze at least. All this was changed though by the time the 400 metres final had finished, and Brightwell lay crumbled on the ground, having run himself to exhaustion to finish fourth without even the honour of being the first European home–that going to Andresz Badenski, of Poland.

But how did it all start? Brightwell romped through his early rounds but it was obvious he lacked the speed–although he was without any doubt the strongest of all the runners on the field. Miss Packer came through her 400 metres heats with praise and by Sunday, October, the seventeenth, had won her first medal–a silver when she finished second to Betty Cuthbert of Australia. After that she entered the 800 metres, but only as an afterthought and with only half a dozen races over this distance to her credit. She was a novice in tactics and possessed only the experience of a sprinter–experience which was to prove of inestimable value in the final.

She qualified fairly easily only a few minutes before that disastrous 400 metres final. Had the 800 metres semi-finals been held after the final, in which her fiancé failed to gain a medal, I doubt whether she would have run at all.

I know I will never forget how Brightwell and Miss Packer disappeared immediately after the 400 metres final. While Mike Larrabee of the United States, Wendell Mottley of Trinidad and Badenski were accepting the plaudits of the crowd and answering the countless questions of journalists from all nations the unhappy British pair were walking together, hand in hand, both crying, both so unhappy. They sat huddled together on a bench in the darkest corner of the stadium and when they had composed themselves a little, Brightwell began to talk haltingly of his race, how he felt during the race and how he felt to have lost.

It was then that Miss Packer, an attractive 22-year-old physical education teacher like her husband-to-be, vowed she would win and bring to the family a gold medal that she felt was rightfully Robbie's. And she was not alone in these sentiments. There was John Cooper, who for the past three years had trained almost daily with Brightwell. After winning a silver medal in the 400 metres hurdles Cooper said "I feel that I owe at least half this medal to Robbie. He has done so much for me." There was really not one person in the British team who disagreed.

How Miss Packer won the 800 metres is now history. How she glanced up at the huge Seiko clock on the scoreboard and was surprised she was going so fast, how she was boxed in not once but twice and overcame this rather important predicament, and how she overtook all the field except the French favourite Maryvonne Dupureur on the final bend. And finally how she strode past the unfortunate French girl for a gold medal and a world record. Just as some victories inspire one athlete to further heights, so had the defeat of her fiancé inspired Miss Packer to a gold medal. But there was still more to come, for Brightwell came back and anchored Great Britain's 4×400 metres relay team to a superb silver medal so that he could at least have some tangible reward for that four years' hard slogging in Britain's wind, rain, snow and cold.

THE GREAT SURPRISE

By Peter Wilson

(Daily Mirror)

The most exciting event in sport is a complete surprise.

Nowadays even though more athletes than ever are entering international competition the real "upsets" are becoming rarer, year by year, because owing to the increase of improved communications, there are fewer and fewer "outsiders" winning in the world of sport.

Yet on a bitterly cold, wet Sunday evening–and the conditions were of supreme importance–in Tokyo we were to see one of the great reversals of form in the modern Olympic Games.

Certain track and field events are the special province of certain nations. Outstanding, of course, is the pole vault which has always been won by the U.S.A. since it was first held in 1896.

The long jump has been almost as completely a "shut-out" for the U.S.A. Only once, in 1920, did a Swede, William Pettersson–who later changed his name to Bjorneman–deprive the Americans of the gold medal.

In Tokyo the leading representative of the U.S.A. was the defending Olympic champion, Ralph "Hawkeye" Boston–he had won in Rome with a leap of 26 ft. 7¾ ins. (8.12 metres).

He was also the man who after a quarter of a century had beaten Jesse Owens' wonderful 1936 world record jump of 26 ft. 8 ¼ ins. (with a prodigious bound of 26 ft. 11 ¼ ins. in August 1960) and, as though that were not enough he had become the first man ever to clear 27 ft. and had only five weeks before the Tokyo final pushed the world record up to 27 ft. 4 ¼ ins.

Clearly he was the hottest of favourites to retain his Olympic laurels–and even if he were to fail the man most likely to succeed him was Igor Ter-Ovanesian, one of the "Merited Masters of Sport" from the U.S.S.R.

Britain had a chance of a medal–a bronze one only though–through the efforts of a 22-year-old Welshman, Lynn Davies. Writing of his prospects before the Games started I had said that he would "have to excel himself to get a medal." His best pre-Tokyo jump was 26 ft. 4 ins.

As Davies himself said afterwards: "A bronze medal was the most I thought I could get before coming out here. In fact had anyone said to me this morning that I would win the gold I would have laughed right in his face."

Certainly there was no indication of any sensation during the preliminary round–except the sensation that Davies very nearly failed to clear the qualifying distance of 24 ft. 11 ¼ ins.

Again in his own words: "I nearly didn't qualify for the final. My first jump was short by 8 ¼ inches. My second was a 'no jump'."

You can imagine the state of mind of an athlete who has spent four years training for the one supremely important day of his career and who is now faced with the bleak prospect that he has failed with one

jump, "wasted" another and has only one more even to qualify for the final.

Davies was determined not to waste his last attempt. He takes up the tale again: "Then I noticed that my marker was not in the right place. I checked it and found it placed two feet short of its correct position. "After changing it I did 25 ft. 6 ¼ ins.–and that was a 'safety' jump, too." So he had qualified–by just seven inches! By such a small margin is immortal fame achieved!

By the time the finalists had been whittled down to the last six and with these six having only two jumps to go the conditions could not have been more abominable.

The rain was coming down in silver cloth-yard shafts; the buffeting wind was acting like air-brakes on the jumpers as they took off.

Boston, born in the sub-tropical heat of Mississippi and a resident of East Bonbon Street, Covina, which basks in Californian sunshine, was clearly a most unhappy athlete, a "bonbon" melted by the rain, frustrated by the wind, as he took his last but one jump.

It was a "no jump!"

Davies was sandwiched between Boston, the favourite, and the "next best", Ter-Ovanesian.

It was the Welshman's penultimate leap. He stood poised for a long, long moment seeming to concentrate all the power in his 6 ft. 1 ins., 12 stone body into the jumping muscles of his legs.

Now luck, which every Olympic champion needs to a greater or lesser degree, comes to Davies' aid. The wind which has been blowing against the athletes at anything up to 12 mph suddenly, unpredictably, miraculously–for the Welshman–drops to perhaps 4 mph.

And he's off, churning through the soggy run-up, viscous as red porridge, like a fighter plane taking off from a sodden runway.

He soars, a human guided missile, through the glittering stair rods of rain. He lands... and the electric score-board shows 8.07 metres. The British, all thumbs, leaf frantically through their conversion tables. The adjusted figures read 26 ft. 5¾ ins.

This was the first time anyone had cleared 26 ft. but before the applause had fully died away it was Ter-Ovanesian's turn to take *his* fifth jump.

It's a good one... it's a good one. Yes, over 26 ft., too–but still a vital 3 ¼ ins. short of Davies'.

The essential competition has now narrowed down to the Welshman, the American and the Russian... and it's the American's turn–his last chance–again.

There is, too often, a kind of vicious circle about field events in Britain. Normally not enough attention is paid to them by the crowds and because of this lack of public interest there is too little application by the athletes themselves which, in turn, leads to unsatisfactory standards.

But nothing could hold this crowd in a tighter grip than this jumping duel in the wind and the rain.

Boston nerves himself for a final supreme effort. He puts everything he's got left into his last leap.

Again it's a good one. The judges spend agonising moments checking whether the American has fouled the take-off point. No... the white flag goes up. It's a fair jump.

But... how far has he jumped? Alas, for him, the wind hadn't dropped again. The indicator flashes the figures and again we must convert them. He's 1½ inches short of the Welshman.

Boston can't beat Davies. But can Ter-Ovanesian?

The Welshman's next jump does not look like improving on his previous one–everything depends on the Russian.

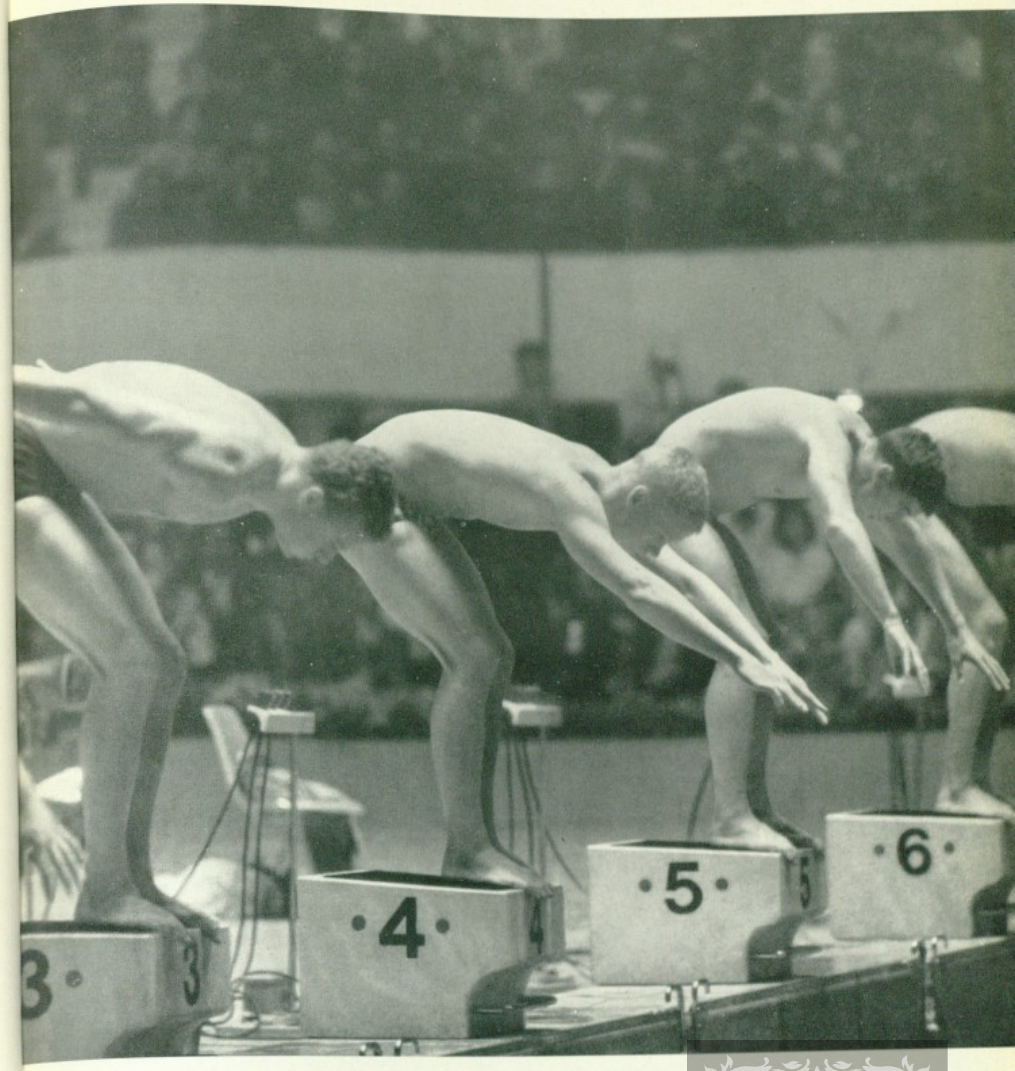
But the tension, the fatigue, the drenching rain, the whistling wind are too many opponents for one man. He jumps again but almost as he takes off we know he has failed.

It's Lynn the Win! Davies from the Welsh village of Nantymoel (English translation: "The *Spring* by the Hill") has won Britain a gold medal in an event in which in fourteen previous Olympics she had never placed better than third and only three times in the first six.

The winner's distance was disappointing–two inches less than Boston had done in Rome four years previously–and as he said in the interview room afterwards:

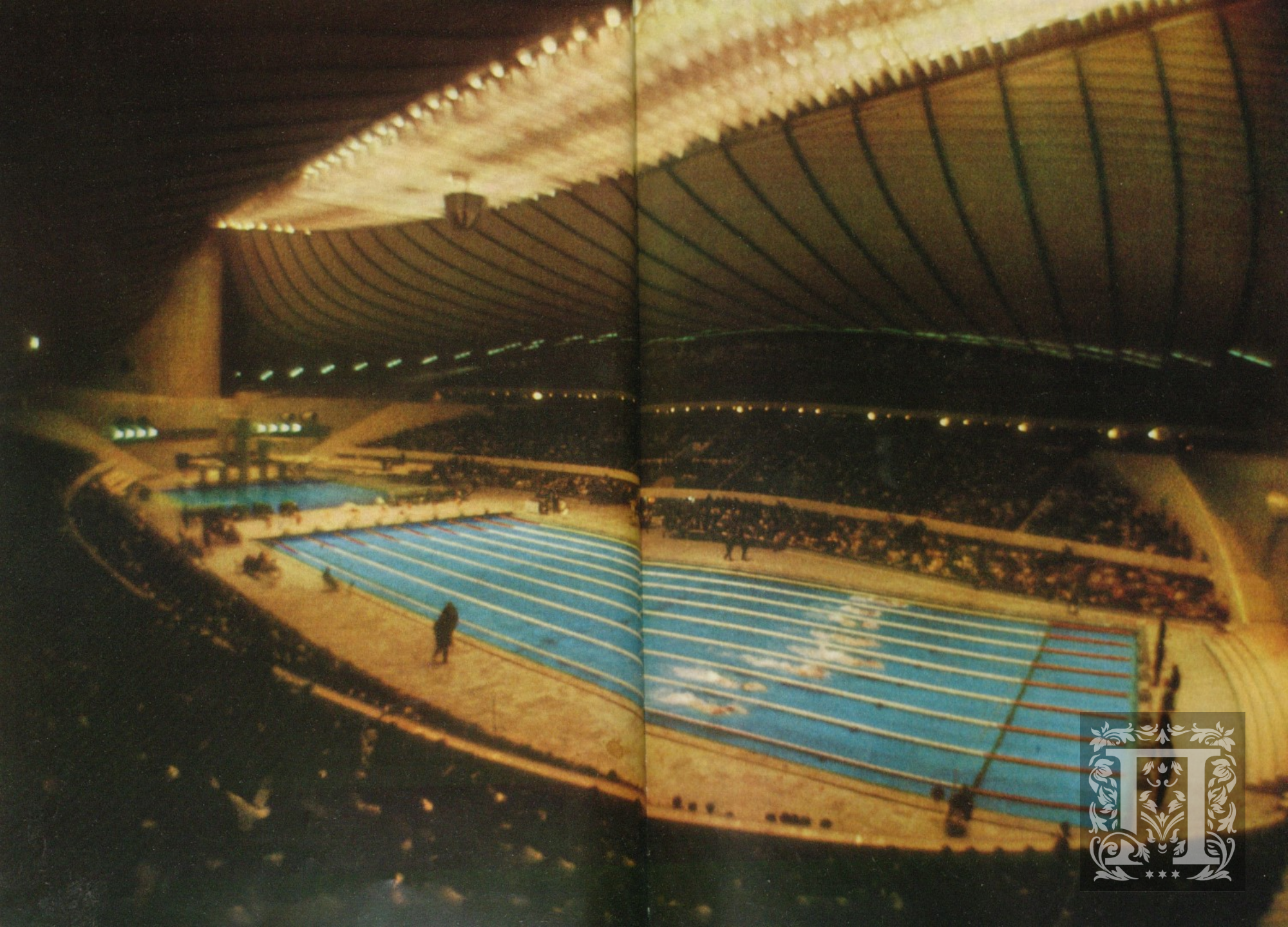
"Of course I was delighted with the weather. It suited me fine. Had it been like yesterday"–when the temperature was in the seventies–"I shouldn't have won."

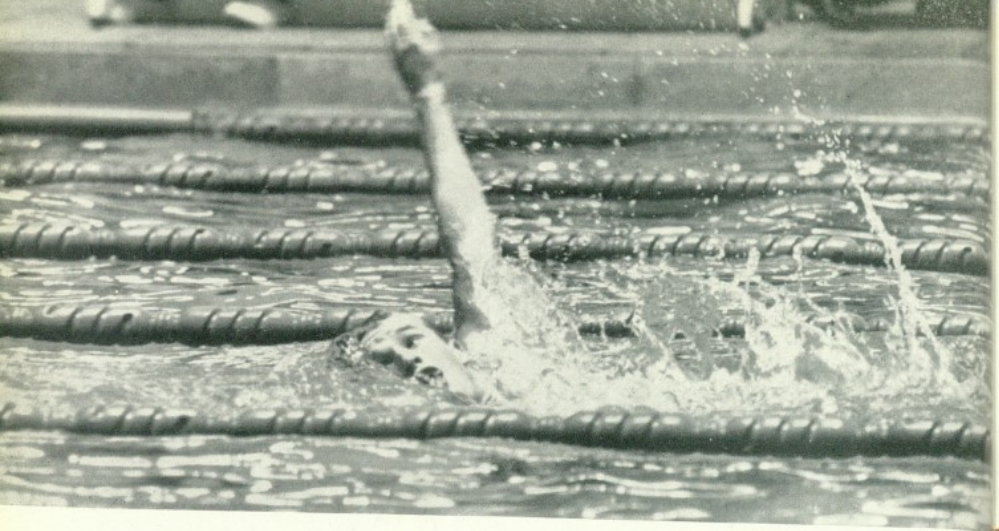
But after conceding that Lynn had the luck remember, too, that no man had trained more diligently–and that he was *man* enough to seize his great chance and so bring off a Tokyo miracle.

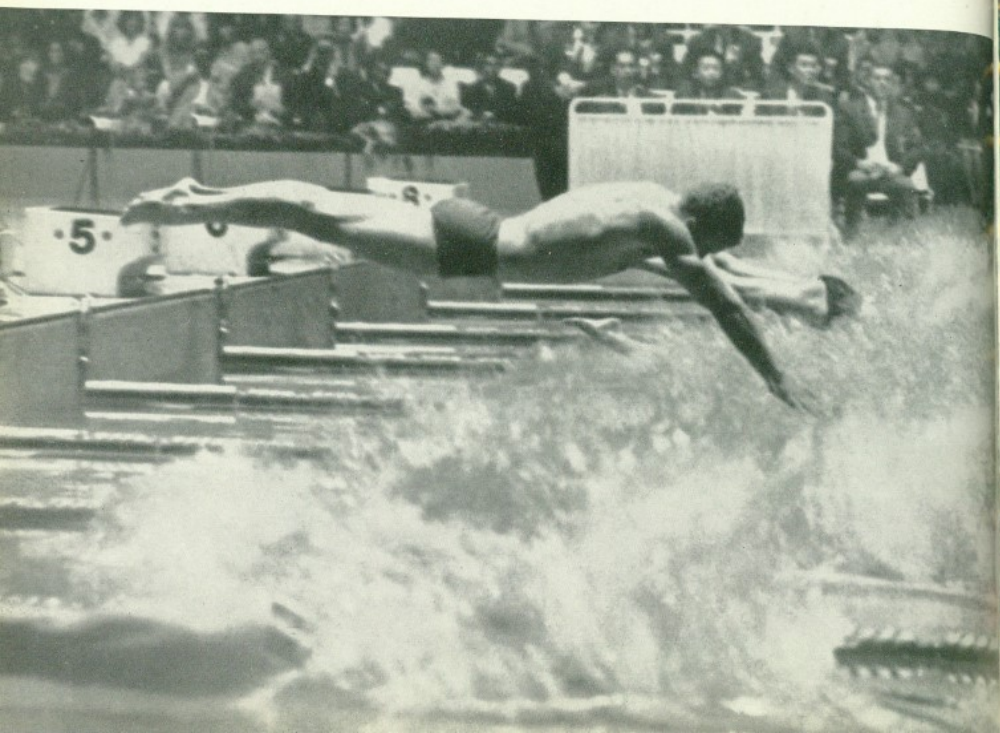


400 metres free-style. The medal-winners-to-come start, swimming in adjoining lanes, although this is only the elimination heat – in No. 3 Frank Wiegand (Germany) silver, No. 4 Don Schollander (U.S.A.) gold and No. 5 Allan Wood (Australia) bronze

Tokyo's National Gymnasium, doubtless the world's most magnificent swimming pool worthy of the records that were established there



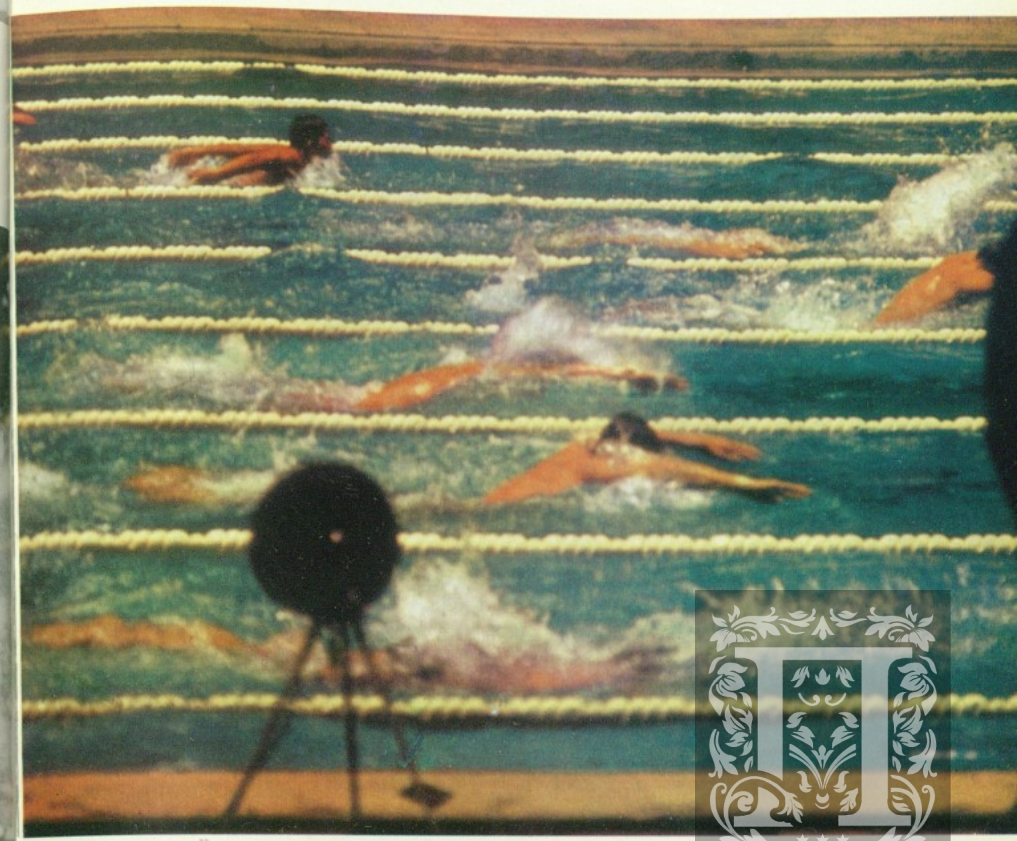




◄ Top: Germany's Gerhard Hetz, just recovered from a throat infection, in the 400 metres medley in which he won the bronze medal

Bottom: Start of the 400 metres free-style, won by Don Schollander. Nearest to the camera is Frank Wiegand (Germany), who came second

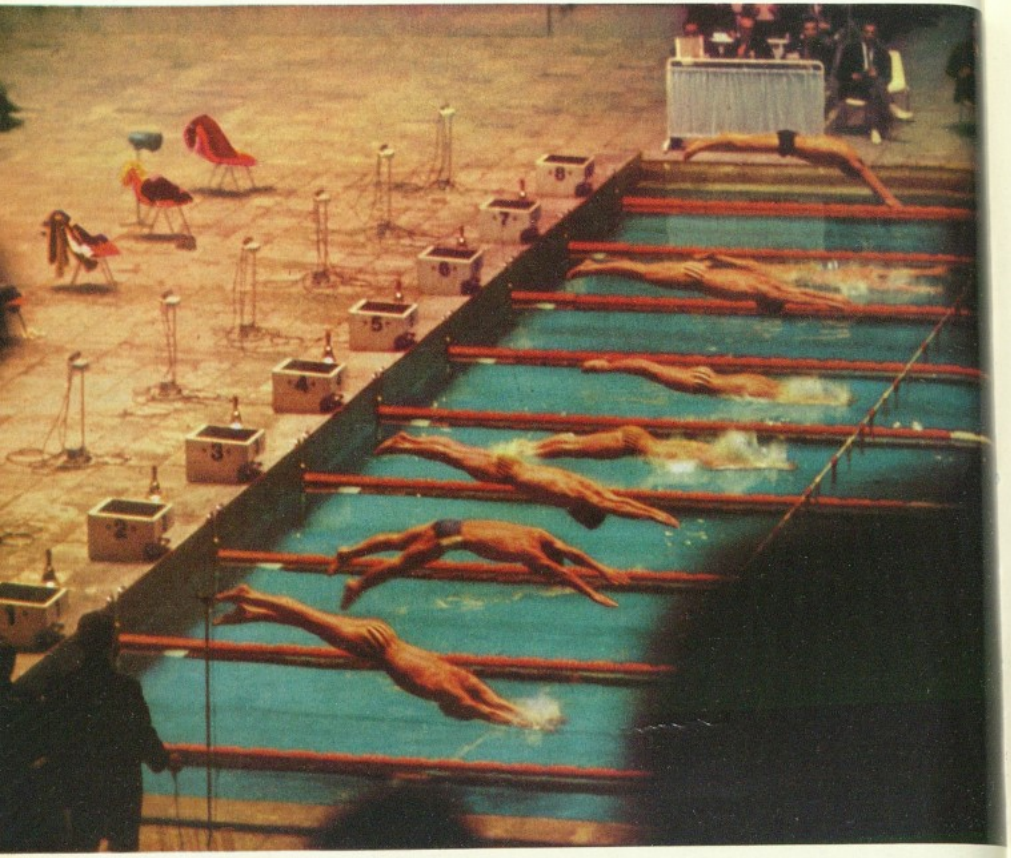
The waters foam as these human dolphins plough their courses across the pool



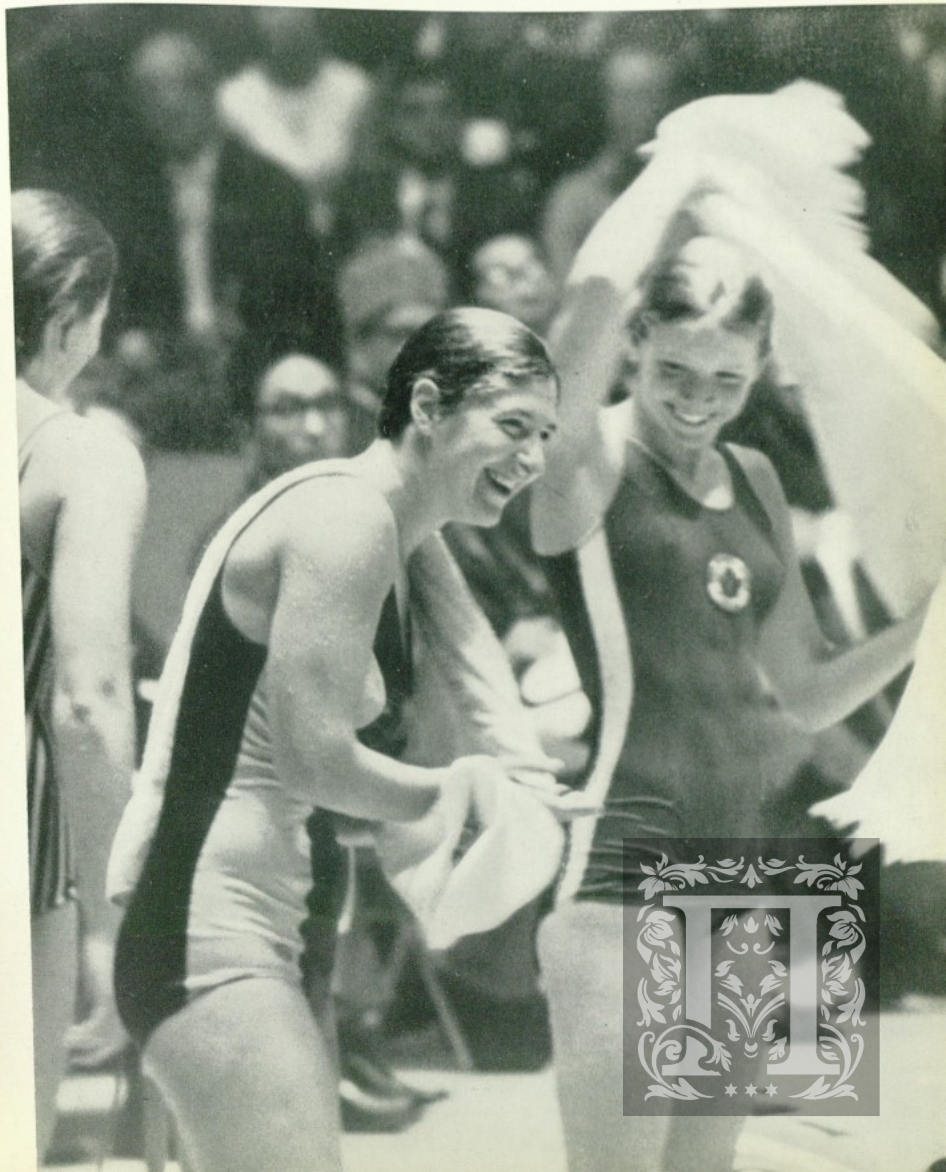


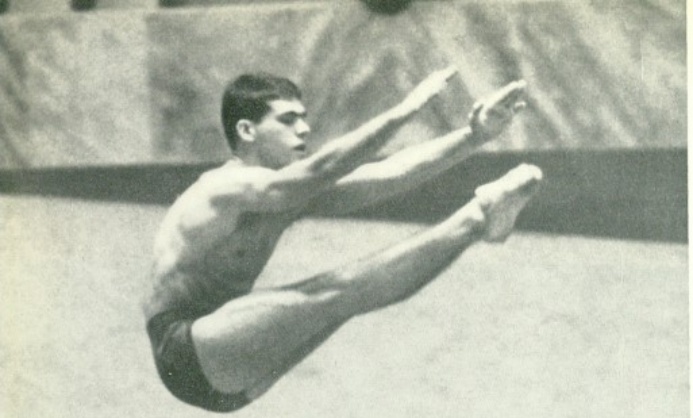
Grandstand view of the 4×100 metres free-style relay, a symphony in blue, white and the pink of the swimmers' bodies.
First change: In lane 4 Steve Clark (U.S.A.) has just touched, having equalled with 52,9 the world record time, and Austin is off, swimming second. In lane 5 Dickson (Australia) is still in the water. In lane 7 France lies second, although later disqualified for an early start. On No. 3 starting block Wiegand (Germany) waits for Löffler to touch. In lane 1 swims Japan who came fourth, in lane 2 U.S.S.R. who finished sixth, in lane 6 Sweden who were fifth and in lane 8 Britain who finished seventh.

Start of the 100 metres free-style. From lane 1: Uwe Jacobsen who finished eighth, Robert McGregor (Britain) silver, Alain Gottvalles (France) fifth, Gary Ilman (U.S.A.) fourth, Don Schollander (U.S.A.) gold, Mike Austin (U.S.A.) sixth, Hans-Joachim Klein (Germany) bronze, and Gyula Dobai (Hungary) seventh. Note McGregor's slower start than Schollander's. Bobby is still in the air while the American has already made contact with the water. Could it be that this made all the difference in the end?



Australia's Dawn Fraser, left, the world's woman-swimmer number one, after having won the 100 metres free-style event. Next to her Marion Beverly Lay (Canada), who was fifth





Soaring like an eagle, ► Germany's Ingrid Engel-Krämer kept her Rome springboard title by beating Jeanne Collier (U.S.A.) by 6.64 points. She finished second in the highboard behind Lesley Bush (U.S.A.)



A beautiful dive: Triple victory in springboard-diving for U.S.A.: Kenneth Sitzberger (gold), Francis Gorman (silver), and Larry Andreasen (bronze)





Second goal for Soviet Russia against Hungary in the waterpolo tournament, scored by Nikolay Kalashnikov. Miklos Ambrus, defending Hungary's goal, couldn't stop the ball. The match ended by 5 goals to 2 for Hungary who were also the winners of the tournament

THE GOLDEN DAWN

By Pat Besford

(Daily Telegraph)

A dark-haired young woman was pulled out of a smashed car in March, 1964. She was in plaster for six weeks with a chipped vertebrae and her mother was killed. Yet seven months later that same young woman not only competed in the Olympic Games, but she won a gold medal and made history too. That woman is Australia's golden Dawn, Dawn Fraser, the only swimmer in the long history of the modern Olympics to have won the same event at three successive Games. For the record, it was the blue riband 100 metres free-style which Miss Fraser first won in Melbourne in 1956, again in Rome in 1960 and then in Tokyo.

The feat is almost unbelievable, especially in the light of the accident, not only because of the physical effect on Miss Fraser but the mental one linked with the death of her mother. At first it was feared Dawn would never race again, and that if she did she would never "make" the team or climb back to her special pinnacle. But Miss Fraser always has been different, always has been a fighter and this was just the kind of situation for her special brand of courage.

Twenty-seven year old Dawn from Sydney went into swimming without any parental sponsorship. She is the youngest of eight children of Scottish born Kenneth Fraser who went Down Under with a football team and stayed there and married there. He never cared much about swimming, even after Dawn's continual and spectacular successes. And Mrs. Fraser just said to her then 14-year-old daughter... "If you want to swim, you go get yourself to the top."

At first the only encouragement she got was from her brothers, though they were more interested in football. It was coach Harry Gallacher who guided Fraser in those early days, and in 1955 when he took a new job in Adelaide, she moved there too.

The Fraser name hit the swimming world for the first time, like a bomb, a year later when she was 18. Then, in the Australian championships, she beat the great Lorraine Crapp (the first woman to break 5 min. for 400 metres free-style) to take the 110 yards title in the 55-yard Sydney pool in 64.5 sec. But this unknown did more than that... she broke a world record too, a most significant world record.

That 64.5 sec. on February 21, 1956, smashed by one tenth of a second a world record that had stood unchallenged for twenty years. This was the 100 metres mark set by Wily den Ouden of Holland in 1936... and Miss Fraser broke it despite the fact that she swam two feet further than 100 metres and only had, the advantage of one turn to Miss den Ouden's three turns in a short 25-metre bath. No swimmer can have had such a dramatic entry into the big time.

But the impact she made then has been magnified since a thousandfold. She chipped and cut the 100 metres record down to 63.3 sec. and 62.0 sec. in winning her first Olympic gold in that year of 1956. By 1958 she had smashed that particular world mark three times more... down to 61.5 sec.... to 61.4 sec. and down again to 61.2, a time she repeated in winning her 1960 Olympic gold medal.

In that year the stop watch hands were trembling on the brink of the magic minute as the timekeepers stopped the racing Dawn at 60.2 sec. And on October 23, 1962 she clocked one minute for 110 yards to set world records for this distance and the shorter 100 metres.

But the really historic day was still far away... the day she broke the minute, the first woman in history to do so. She did this in Melbourne, in the bath where she had won her first Olympic title... and she clocked 59.9 sec.

Within a month Miss Fraser had done the incredible again, only more so, by swimming 110 yards in 59.5 sec. in Perth. And on February 29, 1964 she had cut her 100 metres time to 58.9 sec.

At that stage no woman, except Fraser, had broken the minute for 100 metres or 110 yards—no swimmer had come within two seconds of her times. Yet this sun-tanned phenomenon in eight years and eight days had broken the world 100 metres record eleven times, nine times without challenge from another swimmer and taken 5.6 seconds—more than nine yards—off her personal per[illegible].

In this time too, she had broken the 100 yards world record once (not recognized as a record distance since May, 1957), 110 yards (seven times), 200 metres and 220 yards (four times each), 110 yards butterfly

(once) and helped Australia to 12 relay records and herself to a total of 40 world record certificates. Only one woman, Ranghild Hveger of Denmark, has more world record certificates (43), but 20 of the Danish girl's performances were for distances no longer in the record book.

Yet little Dawn's swimming career nearly ended in disaster before it had properly begun, for in 1947, when she was 10, she joined the Balmain (Sydney) professional club. She hadn't realised the danger of doing this in her youthful innocence, but fortunately she didn't win any prize money and so was able to be reinstated as an amateur.

Miss Fraser is the lone wolf, who swims because she likes it, who hates to see ambitious parents pushing sons and daughters to try for sporting success against their will. She says: "The desire to succeed must always come from within... that's why I have been fortunate that my parents didn't push me."

And that is probably why she has been happy to stay in the sport for so long. Miss Fraser actually enjoys the slog of training, but has sufficient confidence in herself to skip a training session if she doesn't feel like it. She is not afraid to have late nights, go to parties, drink her glass of beer... in fact, she does what she likes to do and what she likes to do most of all is swim.

Great as she is, Dawn is also gracious. It would be understandable, after years in the lime-light, if she got a little testy now and then with all the people who would like to talk to her, get her autograph. But she is polite and courteous to everyone... to the attendants at the baths where she trains, the boys and girls with whom she trains, the press, radio, television... she has time for them all.

She has spent 30 minutes under a dark cold stand in Rome talking to an Italian journalist, assisted by an interpreter, only minutes after winning her second Olympic title... then rushed to a broadcast point to talk on the radio to London... and then a television interview. And all the time she could have been relaxing, enjoying her great moment of triumph with her friends and team mates around her. And even though the constant expectations—by her Australian public in particular—that she will break world records every time she enters the water is a private burden, it is never made apparent in public.

Miss Fraser doesn't scare easily... and she has always had the courage of her convictions. That is why she, more than any other Australian swimmer, has run up against bumbling officialdom. In the Rome Games there was a row because she refused to swim in a heat of the free-style relay... she had been told she wasn't required and then, 45 minutes before the race, she was told she was. Dawn didn't swim—and though now she admits she probably was wrong, at the time it just seemed another muddle resulting from what she calls typical Australian inefficiency in team organisation.

She was not allowed to make a trip to New Zealand in 1961 because of the Rome row—and there were threats that she would be on the carpet again after Tokyo. She had been nominated to carry the Australian flag at the opening ceremony in Japan, but the swimming team officials said "No" and that she wasn't even to go into the opening ceremony.

Miss Fraser was determined to march, she had missed too many other opening parades because the swimming was early in the programme, and she did.

But the Australian public knew what was due to their golden girl. Her tumultuous welcome home included a state drive around Melbourne race-course on one of the biggest race days of the year. It must have been a relaxed, heart-warming occasion for Dawn... very different from the dramatic day in Tokyo where she earned the right to that ride.

For the day of the Tokyo final must have been one of Fraser's most anxious moments. She was challenging almost the gods in going for this never-before-achieved triple and she is too intelligent and experienced not to have realised the tremendous task that faced her. The new generation of swimmers, headed by Sharon Stouder of the United States, were much closer to her in time than her nearest rivals at the earlier Games. And she had a cold and was worried in case she would not be able to breathe as easily and fully as usual. And anyway the sprint is always the most difficult and unpredictable event to win, for one tiny mistake at the start, the turn or during the race could mean defeat instead of victory.

Miss Fraser went away beautifully and was quickly into her powerfully effective stroke. As she came to the turn she was well clear of Miss Stouder. But then came the gasp of horror that swept all around this great pool under the huge fluted roof—Miss Fraser had done a slow open turn and Miss Stouder was just ahead.

But Miss Fraser knew what she was doing—and why, even if the massed spectators did not. That cold was the reason why she didn't tumble her turn. She wanted to conserve her breath for the race. And in the end, her courageous gamble, based on her assessment of her own swimming ability, paid off. She pulled past the 15-year-old American and won her third successive gold for the 100 metres by four tenths of a second in an Olympic record time of 59.5 sec.

This last success brought her major medal tally to four Olympic golds (the fourth was in 1956 for the free-style relay) and four silvers (400 metre free-style in 1956 and three relays), six Commonwealth golds (four of them in the 1962 Games) and two silvers and innumerable Australian championship medals. And even this may not be the end of Miss Fraser's fabulous career.

After Tokyo, she said she might retire when she married Townsville bookmaker Gary Ware. But a few weeks later, on Australian television, she said: "I still might swim in the 1966 Commonwealth Games in Kingston, Jamaica, and in the Mexico Olympics in 1968... after all a German of 31 with three children (Ursula Happe) won the Olympic breast-stroke in Melbourne, so it wouldn't be impossible for me to win at 31 too."

With those sentiments I whole-heartedly agree. Nothing is impossible to this woman who started her international swimming career at 18, at an age when many of the world's stars have finished; who has been exceptional, astonishing, always before her time in everything she has done. To amend slightly the words of her mother so many years ago: "If you want to win your fourth gold, go get it, Dawn."

THE ALL-AMERICAN

By Pat Besford

(Daily Telegraph)

The All-American boy—the one every mother would like to be her own or would like her darling daughter to marry—is always fresh-faced, full of smiles, and very successful. In which case, Donald Arthur Schollander of Lake Oswego, Oregon, four times an Olympic gold medallist in Tokyo fills the bill in every respect.

Truly, golden boy Don is the American ideal. Fair-haired and handsome, husky, staggeringly successful yet unspoiled and charming, modest... I could go on, but I wouldn't want to make him blush.

Strictly in the swimming sense there has never been anyone quite like this 18-year-old. His talent which took him to victories in the 100 metres and 400 metres free-style and the 4×100 metres and 4×200 metres free-style relays in Tokyo is apparently unlimited. If he had taken part in the American trials for the 1,500 metres, I think he could have won a fifth gold medal in Japan. And if the United States had swum him in the medley relay on the free-style leg he would have got a sixth gold without lifting a finger... well almost.

In fact, it is not impossible that he could do the impossible. He will be only 22 in 1968 when the next Olympic Games are staged in Mexico City. Not that Don has a fixation about winning six gold medals at a single Games, which no competitor in any sport has ever achieved.

He said after Tokyo: "I didn't cry, as the U.S. press said I did, because I wasn't in the medley relay team. Sure I would have liked to have been in it and got a fifth gold. It would have been something nobody had done before and, of course, I was disappointed. But that's the way it was. Next time? I'll be happy just to make the team." And I am sure he means just that.

Schollander has a sports background... mother, father, brother. Mother Martha Dent Perry Schollander worked in swimming films and Tarzan pictures with Johnny Weissmuller (Olympic 100 and 400 metres free-style champion in 1924) in the 1930's. Father Wendell Leslie Schollander was an outstanding football and baseball player and was an All-American football half-back while at high school in 1936. Brother Wendell Leslie junior, three years older than Don and a student at the University of Pennsylvania, is an outstanding all-round athlete. He was not [illegible]

nated to the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame as a scholar-athlete.

And Don has carried on the family tradition. He learned to swim at five—his mother taught both boys because she wanted them to be able to swim for safety and enjoyment. But it wasn't enough just to be able to keep afloat. She wanted the boys to swim correctly too.

When Don was nine, he went for a holiday in Florida, the home of his mother's parents. Mrs. Schollander's brother Newton Perry was a swim coach and he entered young Don for his first race because he said the lad had the best leg kick of any child of his age he had ever seen. Don didn't win—one of the few times he didn't—but that race did something.

It made young Schollander determined not to be beaten in the future. And when he went back to Oregon, he entered a novice meeting and was the highest-scoring competitor. He joined the Aero Club in Portland, Oregon in 1955 and this was the start of his serious competitive career. A year later he switched to the famous Multnomah Club there and in 1962 came to Santa Clara, California, to train with the American Olympic coach, George Haines.

At Santa Clara his swimming successes were fabulous. No other word will do. He never lost a race in high school and was an All-American—those words again—for three years in free-style, back-stroke and butterfly. A product of the fantastic American age-group system of competition, Don broke 14 national records in the 13–14 age group (some of which still stand after five years) and nine in the 15–17 age group.

For one so young, Schollander has certainly been around. He was 15 when he first went to Japan where he won gold medals for the 200, 400 and 800 metres free-style and celebrated his 16th birthday. A year later he celebrated his 17th birthday in Brazil and collected a silver medal there for the 400 metres free-style in the Pan-American Games.

In the autumn of 1963 he was back in Japan and more triumph. He won nine gold medals in matches against the Japanese National team, broke the world 200 metres record twice, helped set a world record in the 4×200 metres and American records for 400 metres and 800 metres.

But the most significant thing Schollander did before the Tokyo Olympics concerned one distance and one record. He was the first man to swim 200 metres in less than two minutes. This was on the 27th July, 1963 in Los Angeles and the staggering time for this bronzed water shark was 1 min. 58.8 sec., an improvement of 1.5 seconds on the old world record. Later, in Japan, he did 1 min. 58.5 sec. (on 17th August) and 1 min. 58.4 sec. (on 24th August).

He did, in fact, lose this treasured record for a little while in 1964 to Germany's Hans-Joachim Klein (1:58.2), but the German's reign as No. 1 was short lived. Came August 8th and the headlines were there again... Schollander breaks world 200 metres record. This time he did 1 min. 57.6 sec. in the American championships in Los Altos, California.

Yet even this was not to be his greatest 200 metres show. In the Olympics, as anchor man in the 4×200 metres relay, wonder-boy Don astounded even the hardened experts at this gathering of champions, with a split time of 1 min. 55.6 sec. It cannot be counted as a world record because his time was from a flying take-over—but even allowing for the slight advantage gained by this kind of start, Schollander's effort was at least 1.5 seconds faster than his record-book best.

This was the last shattering performance in the huge National Stadium pool and it was a wonderful finale to the Games for the winning American team came home in under 8 minutes (7 min. 52.1 sec. in fact) the first time any quartet had broken that particular barrier.

But the finale couldn't over-shadow, couldn't make one forget all the glitter and gold that had gone before for Schollander. One can't forget the last five metres sprint that won hin the 100 metres title, and the last lap sprint that gave him the 400 metres crown in a world record of 4 min. 12.2 sec.

But this swimming marvel isn't all brawn and no brain. He was an honour student at Santa Clara High School where he was also Vice-President of the students' society, and he went to Yale University in January, 1965 on an academic scholarship—repeat academic and not sporting, scholarship. Don's idea and ambition is to be a doctor and he will take his pre-medical studies and examinations at Yale hoping to go on later to medical school.

He told me: "I hope I can keep swimming in top form for another four years and go in for the Mexico City Olympics. After that, I shall have to quit competitive swimming as my medical school studies will take up all my time. And anyway, after I get to 22, my age will begin to be against me."

Schollander might have been good at almost any sport. He would have liked to have been good at football like his father and brother and as a youngster he played baseball and basketball. But as soon as swimming started to click he found he hadn't time for anything else. Even now, though he likes to dance and have dates, swimming cuts in to his social activities at the most inconvenient times.

Not that he seems to mind. He was asked about this in December when he made a flying trip to Marseille where he won the annual Christmas race in the harbour... the first time in his life he had ever raced outside a swimming pool. He said then: "O.K. so I have to leave a party just when things are warming up and I don't drink and I don't smoke. But what's smoking and drinking anyway. And I have plenty of fun, as much as anybody... and, as well, I go on fabulous trips with real nice people. So who loses anything?"

Just the same, it has taken an awful lot of hard work to get Schollander to his pool pinnacle. In the off-season he does body building, using weights and pulleys and also swims about two hours a day. In January just before the start of the swimming season, he lays off body building and concentrates on swimming training and goes in twice a day, working for 1½ hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. He does these work-outs six days a week.

In June he starts working in a 50-metre pool in the mornings from 7–9 and does another two hours in a 25-yard pool in the afternoon. To have his long course work-outs, Schollander and the other members of the George Haines squad (who include Steve Clark, Gary Ilman, Dick Roth and Donna de Varona—all Olympic medallists) have to drive 20 miles to the nearest big bath.

Don has no food fads and very few diet restrictions. He tries to keep to a high protein diet and not overeat on sweets, though he does have some. Haines says: "Eat what you like so long as you have a well-balanced diet, including vegetables and fruit."

Perhaps the most remarkable attribute of this young man is his calmness. He has been known to stand at the pool-side chatting to friends on a diversity of topics, then suddenly stop and say: "I'm on"... walk to the starting block and dive in and break a world record. This calmness has a very solid foundation, of course, born of the absolute confidence in his own swimming ability. And this, coupled with his determination to do everything to the best of his ability, are the reasons why, in 1964, this younger son of a very sporting family was voted "Sportsman of the Year" by a world wide poll of all the leading sports journalists.

Yes, Donald Arthur Schollander, swimmer extraordinary, is indeed the All-American boy with the mostest of all.

BOBBY McGREGOR–THE PERFECT LOSER

By Neil Allen

(World Sports)

Nothing in the twenty sports of the Tokyo Olympic Games ever moved me quite as much as five minutes in the Olympic swimming pool on October 12. Five minutes when the greatest of all the sportsmen of the Tokyo Games, Don Schollander, gained his first gold medal. But five minutes, too, when Bobby McGregor proved he was not only a remarkable swimmer but also a young man with real pride.

The 100 metres free-style final, in which McGregor was beaten by an arm's length by Schollander, was a classic contest. Both these young men swam at their best to produce a battle of giants overshadowed the rest of the world. And when the foam of the pool had settled there really could be no talk of "if only." Certainly that was the way Robert Bilsland McGregor wanted it, for he is a purist in his attitude to sport.

Bobby McGregor, who will have to live now for ever as "the second best swimmer in the world" grew up with Olympic fever in him, for his father, a swimming baths superintendent at Falkirk, Scotland

was a member of the British water polo team that went to Berlin in 1936.

This 6 ft. tall, dark-haired Scot had been training hard since he was eight and ever since he really burst to fame in 1962 as Europe's best 100 metres man he was obsessed with the thought of victory at Tokyo. The talent was obviously there, as the top Australian coaches agreed at the Commonwealth Games in Perth, and McGregor allied to his natural ability the strength and suppleness which come from rigorously hard training.

Six months before Tokyo, the lean form of this student of architecture would dive into the Falkirk pool at 7.30 every morning to begin 90 minutes training before he went off to his studies in Glasgow. He would come back to another session in the evening, and three times a week went in for weight-lifting as well.

As I watched him go towards his blocks for the start of the Olympic final I thought of all the hard training that had gone before. I thought, too, of the evening when we had eaten in a London restaurant and McGregor had leaned across the table to say to me tensely "I want to win because no one ever remembers you when you're fourth, third or second. I don't even want to win by a touch. I want to win big."

The eight Olympic finalists mounted their platform and, after one false start by Jacobsen of Sweden, were away with the gun. McGregor was off well, he turned without his old hesitancy and he came down the second length clearly ahead of the rest of the world. For about 15 metres we could believe in his triumph.

And then, out of the corner of my right eye, I caught the first glimpse of the shaven, blond head of Schollander shining under the banked lights. The young American god of the pool did not have the basic speed or snap to be there at the start, but now the strength that gave him world records at 200 and 400 metres brought him closer and closer.

McGregor could do nothing except swim with the remnants of style and stamina as the American came rushing up. The British swimmer had done everything that could be expected of him on the occasion of this supreme test. He was simply unlucky enough to be in the same Olympics and the same event as the greatest swimmer the world has ever seen.

Down below my press seat I saw the two heads, one dark, the other fair, drive towards the end of the pool and the crouching figures of the judges who hung half suspended above the water. The end was as swift as anything in the transient world of sport.

One stroke McGregor and Europe were clearly in front. The next two and the New World and Schollander's gleaming, shaven body had rolled and pulled past. It was quite clear. It was definitely Schollander's hand which slapped home first and demolished McGregor's hopes.

To rub it in, the television screen on the press desk ran through the race within a few minutes. And so we had to watch again as if in some dream where the legs go to jelly as the unknown terror draws near. Down in the pool, where the finalists now bobbed breathless, there was just one spurt of bitterness from McGregor as he suddenly smashed at the water with the flat of his hand. Then he turned, swam towards Schollander, and offered his congratulations and a warm smile. From then on it was almost impossible to appreciate that here was a loser. As the first three waited for their medals he talked to his conqueror, shook hands firmly again with him and with Germany's Klein, and never let a frown furrow his brow.

He was just the same when he had to face the strain of the babbling press interview room where Occidental reporters jostled with Oriental photographers and hurled questions at the young Scot while he stood politely aside for the spotlight to be all for Schollander.

Three times in five minutes McGregor said firmly that he had no excuses. "I swam to the best of my ability on the day. There was nothing I would change about the way I went. I just didn't have the necessary strength in the last 10 yards and I went down to a stronger boy."

Under considerable pressure McGregor admitted "If I could plan it all over again I would work for more strength." But he would not elaborate on the question of his training schedule which, the evening before, he had told me he had slightly misjudged.

On the night of October 12 the sporting world of Bobby McGregor might well have been in ruins but he was determined that the glory, undimmed in any way, should go to the greater swimmer—Don Schollander. At only 20 years of age McGregor showed that sport had taught him something more than just how to beat records.

THE NIGHT I CRIED

By Rex Bellamy

(World Sports)

To glance at the gymnastics results of the 1964 Olympics is to recall with the mind's eye the way Endo led Japan to a thrilling triumph over Russia in the men's event... the way Caslavska, the new queen, carried Czechoslovakia within 0.901 of a point of Russia in the women's event... the way this brilliant and breathtaking spectacle borrowed something from the theatre, something from the circus, and out of the mixture made a magic that was all its own own.

Even now, as I write, with the wind and rain of an English winter beating upon the windows, the crowding memories chill the spine anew. And one memory stands out, just as in looking at a painting the eyes seize suddenly upon a fleeting detail that brings the whole canvas flaming to life. Come back with me to that night in Tokyo, and look over my shoulder. This was the night I cried...

Look around you, first, at this gigantic gymnasium, with four soaring tiers surrounding the central arena. Yet the 7,000 seats are not enough. The people of Tokyo are standing, too. Amid all the vast panoply of the Olympics, this, suddenly, is where their hearts lie. All is bright and clean and beautiful. There are 258 lamps shining down upon us. There is music, too, as the gymnasts warm up for their exercises.

The women's events have reached a decisive stage. Russia in general and Latynina in particular are slipping from their thrones. Caslavska and Czechoslovakia have them by the throat. The tense drama of the challenge has us on the edge of our seats as the floor exercises begin. One by one these lovely young women step forward to delight and enchant us. They—and we—keep a close watch on every decimal point of the scoring. It is touch and go.

Enter Latynina, the queen of Rome. The music begins anew... And suddenly the competition is forgotten. The computers of the mind are frozen. The decimal points matter no longer... Only the heart speaks to us now, for Latynina has become not just a gymnast, not just another figure in the Olympics, not just a housewife and mother two months short of her 30th birthday... She has become, magically, the embodiment of all that is young and lovely and happy and gay. It is a dream, wondrously real. It is a fairy-tale, wondrously true. It is the spring of life, wondrously renewed. It is a moment. And it is over. Latynina and the music stop. Briefly, there is silence. Then a storm breaks. The mighty gymnasium echoes with the thunder of more than 7,000 voices, more than 14,000 hands. And here and there is a flutter of white. My handkerchief is one of them, because a tear is flowing down each cheek.

All of us have a few such moments to treasure. Something, sometime, comes along to overcome our emotional discipline, to freeze the spine, to make us reach for a handkerchief. It may be a few lines of poetry, a sunset, a painting, a piece of music... a sight or a sound so beautiful that it makes the heart bleed. It does not happen often, least of all to a journalist hardened by a decade or two of the excitement of sport. Yet here I was, roving to and fro among eight Olympic events, with 20 years in the game behind me... and suddenly in tears.

It did not recur during the Olympics. It has not recurred since. It may not recur for years.

Russia kept their crown. Latynina remained queen of the floor exercises (how could the gods depose her?), though she lost her overall championship to Caslavska by 0.566 of a point. To reduce beauty to such decimal figures is to propose an absurd marriage between art and science.

Caslavska herself, poised like a ballerina in her cherry-coloured leotard, won three gold medals—one as champion, the others on the beam and the vault. Yet the pressure of competition, the quest for a new personal Everest, were of such intensity that twice I saw her fall—once during the floor exercises, once on the asymmetric bars (These were the only individual events in the entire gymnastics programme in which the champions of Rome—Latynina and Astakhova of Russia—retained their titles).

Each time Caslavska was attempting the apparently impossible. Perhaps she recognizes no boundary between what is possible and what is not. Here, as in the men's event, there was evidence that the gymnasts of today are raising their standards so high that the body cries out in protest.

Caslavska was lovely and brave, dynamic and inventive. She did not so much drag the sense of

assault them. When she stepped softly into the arena we half expected to hear a bugle sounding the call to battle. She was a whirlwind of a woman. Yet her very humanity gave the Russians their chance, and how wonderfully they took it. Astakhova, a blonde with immaculate elegance of line, finished only 0.033 behind Latynina in the overall placings.

While Astakhova was delighting us, I said to a Japanese neighbour: "She is beautiful—by western standards."

"She is beautiful," said the Japanese, "by universal standards."

As a team it was the Russians who caught the eye—as gymnasts and as women. The Swedes, as women, were their equals. Yet the personalities of the women's event were the effervescent Japanese. They were bubbling over with happiness. They were all bounce and laughter. They almost burst with joy when they did an exercise really well (and they often did—they finished third). Other women's teams to achieve a notable advance were Germany (sixth in Rome, fourth in Tokyo) and Hungary (up from seventh to fifth).

In the men's events Japan won five of the eight gold medals. The depth of their resources is almost incredible, and they have developed apparatus and exercises alike to a remarkable extent. The standard of difficulty they set—and achieved—was startling. Even their compulsory figures were inimitable. But the taller, older Russians were not far behind them.

The competition was so fierce, the exercises so ambitious, that in the vault final—to take only one example—all six competitors had a least one fall. Even the peerless Yamashita once looked as though he would fly headlong into the crowd.

The strong German team were in good form and finished third (an advance of four places since Rome). Menichelli of Italy beat everyone in the floor exercises, and Cerar (Yugoslavia) was another "outsider" to strike gold, on the pommelled horse. From the start these two had impressed everyone, and it was no surprise when they made their mark in what many had once regarded as a private battle between Japan and Russia.

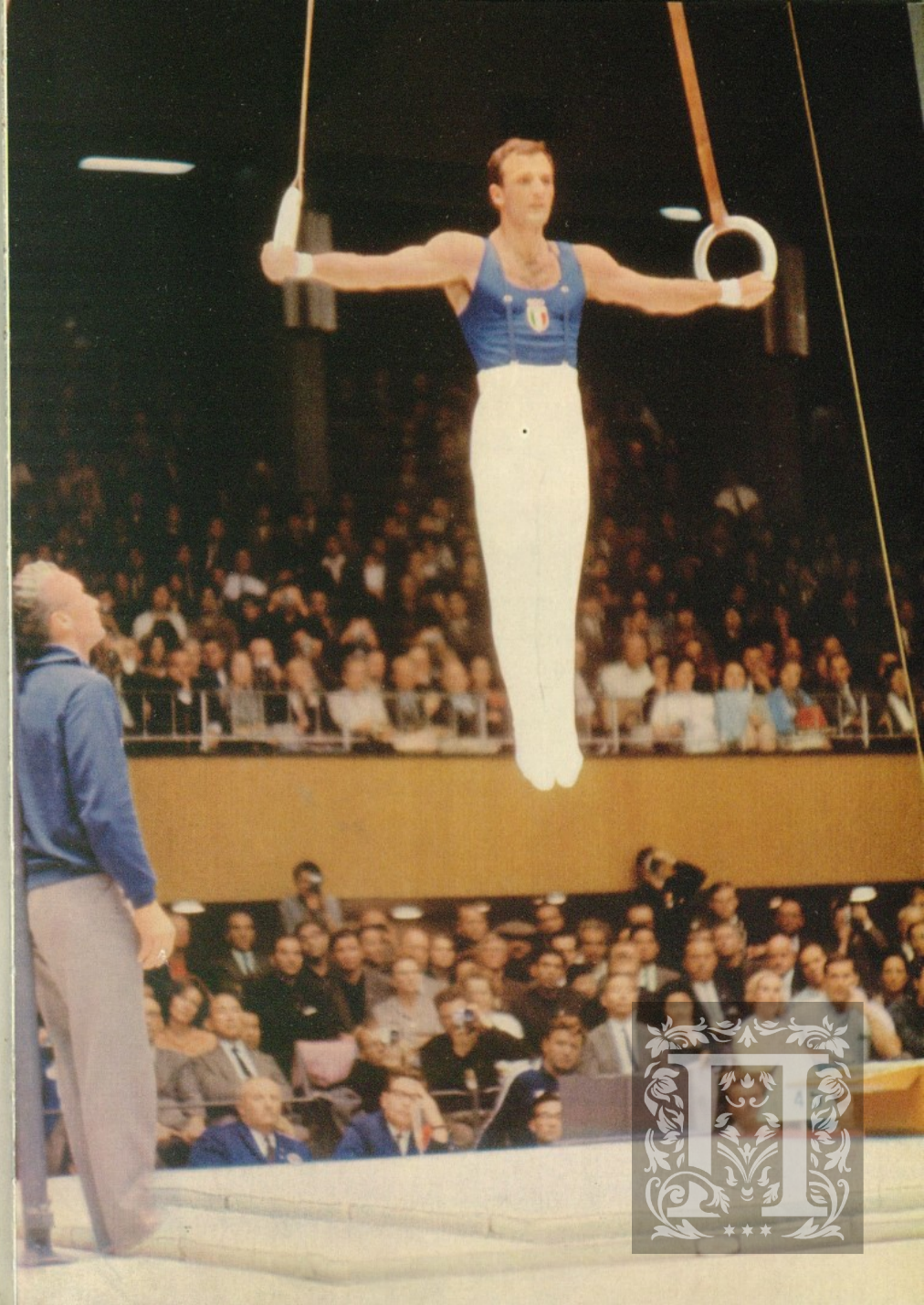
There were, of course, a host of minor personalities, men the crowd took to their hearts at one time or another. Among them was Mitchell of America, who began his floor exercises rather improbably with a double back somersault that even had the Japanese wide-eyed with admiration. "Some of Mitchell's jumps are so high," said one team manager, "that you could run a train under them." The only Iranian competitor, Bazargan-Vali, achieved a rather different kind of transitory fame because his number, 91, was stitched on upside down, which baffled everyone.

The gymnastics, which succeeded swimming as the centre-piece of the Games, was perhaps the best competition of its kind ever organized. It ran like clockwork. There was hardly any hanging about. Even while the teams were going from one piece of apparatus to the next, there was a touch of spectacle about it as they marched behind their national flags, to the accompaniment of music and the rhythmic clapping of the crowd. And all the time, of course, the cameras were busy. Many a team took home with them films that will be an inspiration and an example in their training for the future.

It was appropriate that, on the last night of all, the two individual champions at Rome, Shakhlin and Latynina, each gained a gold medal at last, in apparatus finals. Shakhlin is the personification of the strong, silent man. He has the rugged good looks of a "Western" hero. I can see him now, pacing out—heel to toe—his run to the vault, then standing utterly still, hands on hips, looking at it askance, before moving into his stride. It was an exercise in concentration by one of the great gymnasts of our generation. Now he was 32. Younger men were pushing him from the limelight. Yet on that last night, as I say, he struck gold. It was on the horizontal bar. And Latynina, of course, still reigned supreme in the floor exercises. Thus these two were among the handful of competitors who were given gold medals the night the curtain came down on the 1964 Olympic gymnastics programme at the Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium. Those lovely Japanese girls, in their colourful kimonos, brought out the last array of medals. The lights were dimmed for the last time.

A brilliant and breathtaking spectacle was over. As expected, the Japanese men and the Russian women—in spite of Caslavska's individual triumphs—had come out on top.

But as the memories came flooding back, one alone stood out, as it stands out now... the memory of Latynina, and the night I cried.



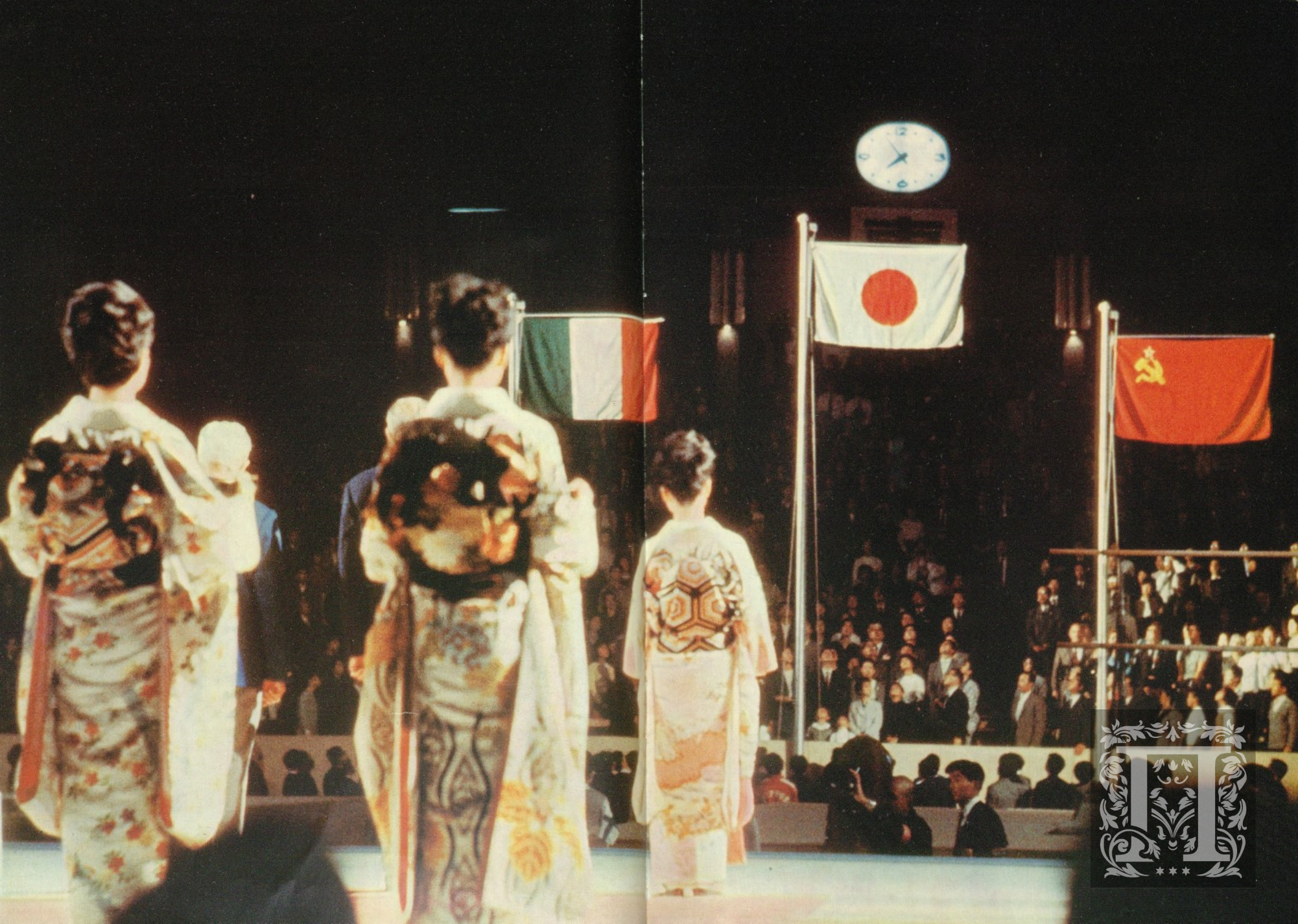
Perfect balance attained by a blend of technique and strength – Italy's Franco Menichelli on the rings. Menichelli, an Olympic triple gymnastics medallist, gained a gold for his floor exercise, a silver at the rings and a bronze at the parallel bars, thus challenging the Japanese and Russians who led the world in the gymnastic events

◄ Japan's Takuji Hayata
who won the rings events striking
a daring pose
at the parallel bars

Up go the flags of Japan, Italy and the USSR to honour ►
the first three in the rings gymnastics: Takuji Hayata,
Franco Menichelli and Boris Shakhlin, while three lovely
Madame Butterflys lend colour to the official ceremony

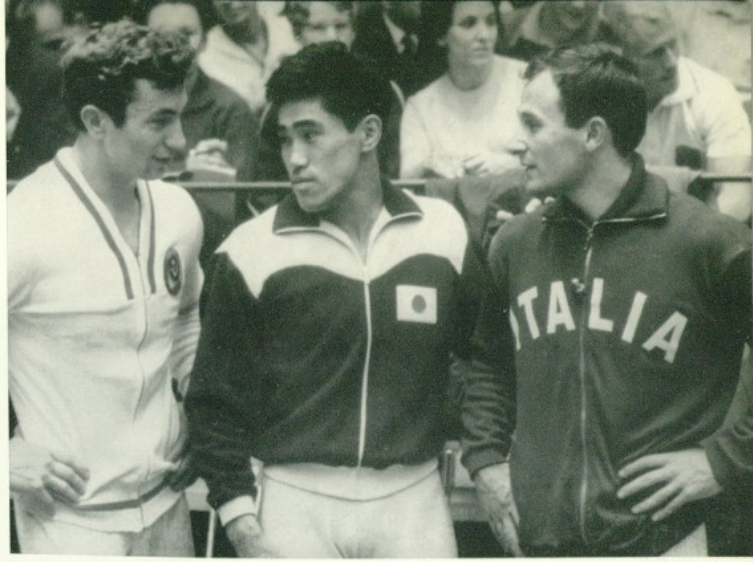
The Yugoslav, Miroslav Cerar, floating in repose above the side horse, supported only on one powerful arm.
One can see why the judges awarded him the gold medal for this event





Power and poise – Russia's 30 years old Boris Shakhlin performs on the horizontal bar, gaining in the process his one gold medal. (In Rome he got four)



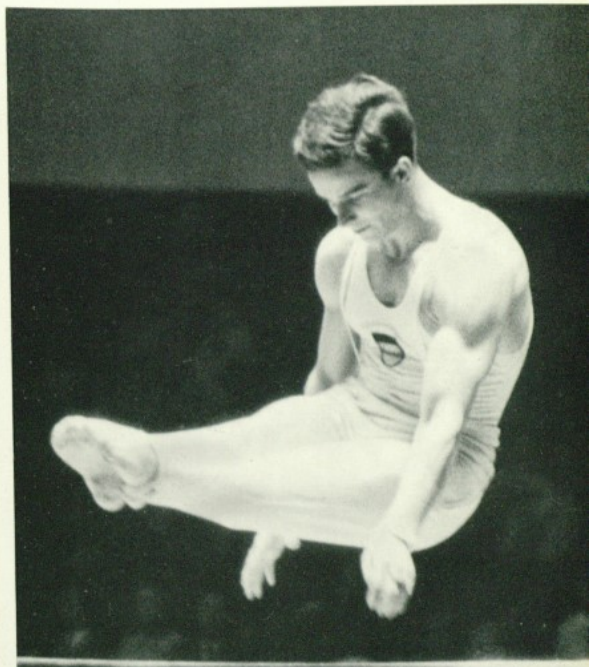


The three who came first in the gymnastic floor exercise, in the order of winning: Menichelli of Italy on the right, Endo of Japan in the centre, Lisitsky of the USSR on the left

After the effort the rewards: collecting the team medals for the dodecathlon of gymnastics are, from left to right Shakhlin (U.S.S.R., Silver), Ono (Japan, Gold), and Fülle (Germany, Bronze)



Germany's Siegfried Fuelle during his dodecathlon routine





The gymnastics jury dispassionately watching a man of many accomplishments: the Japanese Yukio Endo who in Tokyo won the dodecathlon and the parallel bars events, came second in the floor exercise, fifth on the horizontal bar, sixth on the rings and the horse vault



The all-ladies jury ▸
of the ladies gymnastics –
an awe-inspiring view,
but really
a quite homely affair



◄ The Fonteyn or Ulanova of Gymnastics: Russia's Larissa Latynina, by far the most successful woman gymnast alive. She collects Olympic medals like other people collect postage stamps

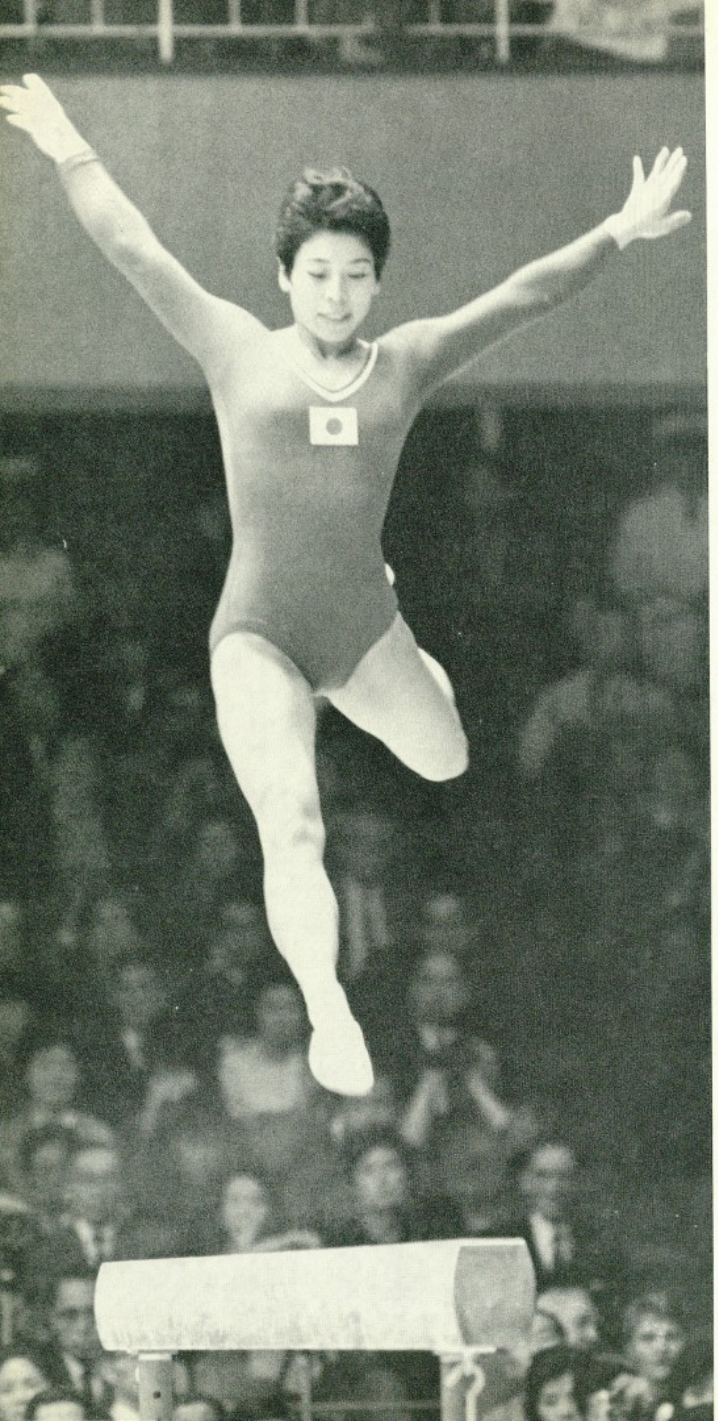
A very graceful bird indeed – Germany's 19 years old Birgit Radochla, the world's fourth best woman gymnast





Swimming in the air – Vera Caslavska of Czechoslovakia, horse vaulting towards a gold medal

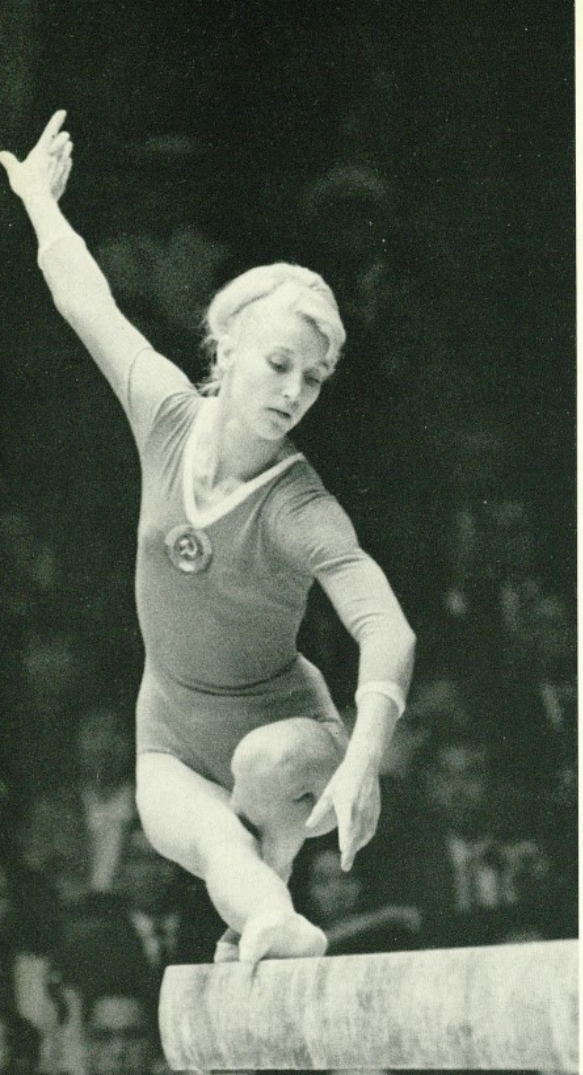




Germany's Christel ▶ Felgner winds up her magnificent beam routine

Keiko Ikeda (Japan) vaults on the beam – a picture of triumphant elegance

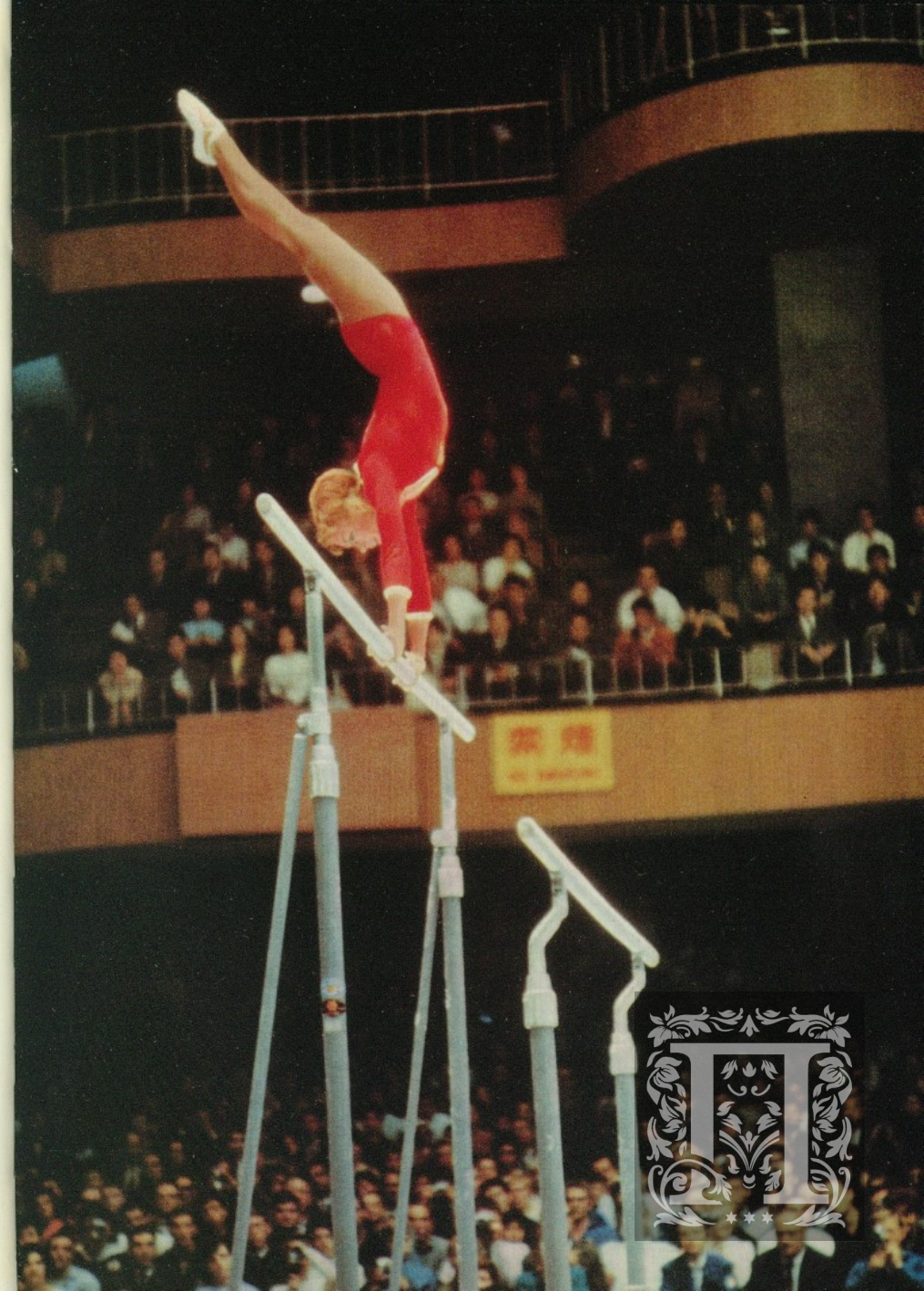


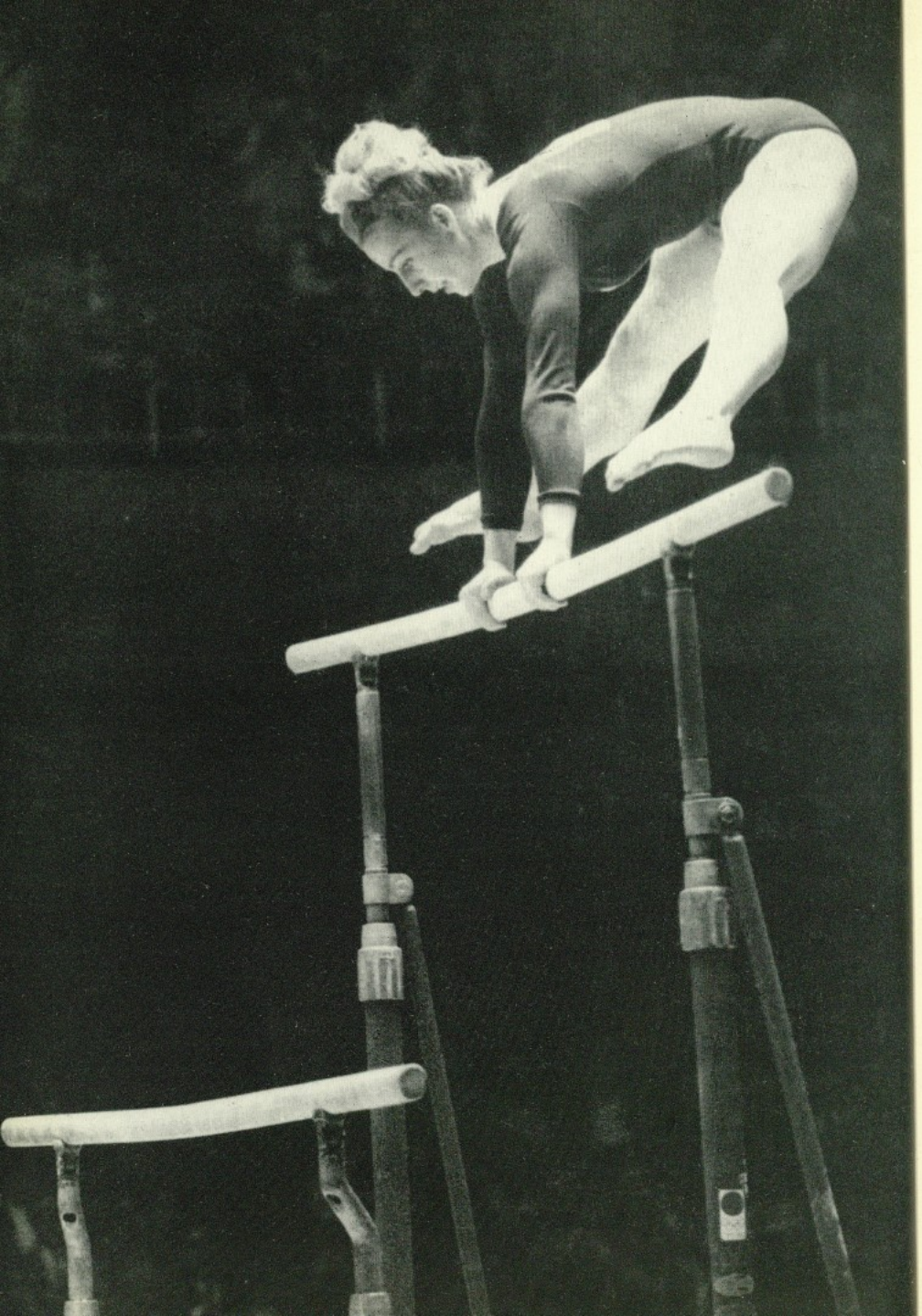


And once again the incomparable Russian girl, Larissa Latynina, on the asymmetrical parallel bars ▶



Best foot forward... for Russia's Polina Astakhova on the beam





The new Champion with the highest total of points in Tokyo's Gymnastics, and showing why she is "best": Czechoslovakia's Vera Caslavska

JAPAN, MIRROR OF THE OLYMPIC IDEA

By Rudolf Hagelstange

Anybody can find the town of Tokyo, scene of the XVIIIth Olympic Games of modern times, on any world atlas – on the map it looks like Rome, New York, or Moscow. In the course of a travel-happy life I have discovered many European, Asian and American capitals – but I spent twenty days looking in vain for the real Tokyo. A population of about ten million people manages to dwell there without street-names and house-numbers; everyone notices this and many have commented on it. But what is much more likely to have hindered my search is the image which Europeans and Americans are inclined to have of a 'town', especially of a metropolis. Whatever their differences may be, Paris and San Francisco, Rome and Stockholm are unmistakably major towns both in outline and in the impression which they give. Even Munich, which is at times, with gentle scorn, called a village with a million inhabitants, is undoubtedly a major town. But Tokyo, the capital of Japan, with its millions of inhabitants, really is a village, and this is the character in which it repays discovery and finally arouses affection.

On one of the few days during the Olympic Games when the sun was shining, I decided to neglect my duty to watch the events, and travelled to Kamakura to pay homage to the great Buddha, and to see Japanese places of worship and Japanese scenery. To get there we had to travel through Yokohama. For almost two hours we travelled through a region which was not quite a town in our sense of the word – nor yet open country.

"Is this Yokohama?" I asked my companion.

"No, we are still in Tokyo."

And later: "Are we still in Tokyo?"

"No, this is Yokohama."

Yokohama too has a million inhabitants. To the stranger, the uninformed, it must seem like a part of the huge village of Tokyo. Of course the Tokyo community possesses the features and institutions which are part of all major international towns – its very size makes this necessary. Where more than ten million people are living together, there are bound to be shopping-centres, entertainment-quarters, skyscrapers, stadiums, an underground railway, theatres, cinemas, hotels, restaurants... but they hardly count amongst the immense spread of Japanese private life. Outside the very centre of the town, they rise more or less accidentally above the sea of little houses and cottages, like fortresses meant to testify to something that is at odds with the circumstances, with reality, with nature. For at the feet of the scattered skyscrapers and hotelblocks there nestles the simple Japanese life, the individuality of each single inhabitant. In no other town in the world do people seem to live so patiently in large numbers without becoming a crowd, as they do in Tokyo. At certain hours masses of people pour like streams of lava into the town (from the stations for instance); in every nook and cranny there flower in the midst of Tokyo a hundred thousand, one might even say: a million personal idylls. Idylls not in the old-fashioned or out-dated romantic sense, but in a personal sense. Through perseverance as well as for various reasons of necessity this country has absorbed completely the different processes of industrialisation and technical progress; there are manifestations of an astonishing degree of concentrated national effort and expenditure and it is fertile ground for automation; yet here ordinary people with modest means are still able to control their own immediate environment, which in many other countries only certain privileged or moneyed classes are still able to do.

For a long time I did not know what to make of this remarkable place. The houses of the inhabitants are dainty; therefore the distances are all the more gigantic, and a wide conveyor belt of vehicles runs incessantly through the town. One day at noon I set out from the big stadium on foot, to have a look at the immediate

neighbourhood. As I mingled with the people amongst the little shops and restaurants (some of which have only four or five tables for their customers), amongst the frail little houses, small gardens and lawns, I felt that I was beginning to understand the essence of Tokyo, and it seemed to me that neither the radiant, artistic Kyoto nor the frantically busy industrial town of Osaka were able to explain the very real tension which has caught hold of this country. The town Kyoto derives its beauty from a great past; the other is completely contemporary, modern, up to date. In Tokyo, the whole range of the Japanese temperament, of Japanese ability and Japanese ambiguity strives to find expression. To say that Tokyo is an ugly town would therefore be cheap and hasty. That it is not yet a 'town' (in the traditional sense) I do maintain. Perhaps after another two or three decades it will become one, and then it will be a representative embodiment of Japanese existence. But one cannot help wondering if it will not lose in the process those individual and intimate traits which make Japan and Tokyo itself so attractive.

Those who go by scenery, decor and monuments cannot do justice to this remarkable settlement. But anyone who has visited other Asiatic capitals – Djakarta, Delhi, Rangoon or Manila for instance – will not be so ready to find fault. And anyone who wants to get to the root of the good and the bad powers which struggle for possession of individuals and peoples at this stage in the world's development will find Tokyo a rich field for investigation, at once disturbing and instructive.

It is no accident that this is the town which took on the problem of the XVIIIth Olympic Games. The task was regarded as a challenge in a way which seemed to many people dangerous. But a colossal effort supported by the whole nation created the conditions necessary to allow this bold venture to succeed, and the town has met its own challenge gloriously.

The Great Event

Supported by the whole nation – that may seem obvious; the extraordinary resources which a country must summon to stage the Olympic Games always mean a certain commitment, which may at first appear superficial. But in the case of Tokyo the very roots of national existence were committed; with the exception of the Greeks and the Games of 1896 in Athens, surely no nation in the world has identified itself so unreservedly with the idea of the modern Olympic Games as did the Japanese. If one did not know better, one might have thought that Olympia had lain in Japan, or that Coubertin had been Nippon's son.

This devotion, this effort on behalf of an idea which originated and was traditional in the West was no accident; the reasons were various but they all worked towards the same effect.

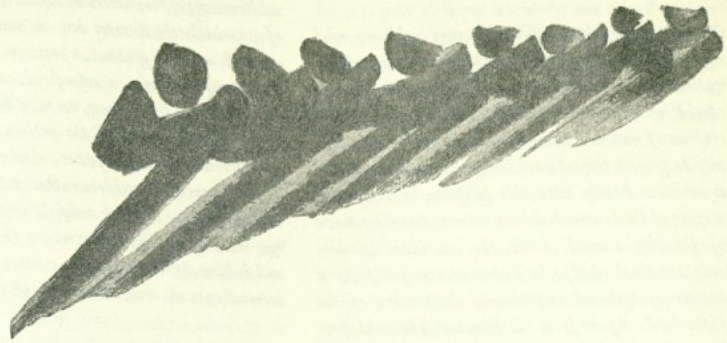
At about three o'clock in the morning before the opening of the Games, I passed, on my way from the airport to my hotel, the place where the Olympic flame was burning; it had been shown a rare interest by the population as it had made its way to Tokyo, to be carried in a few hours into the stadium. I saw the light from the fire and a crowd of people standing round it.

"What is the matter?" I asked my (German) companion.

"Oh, the Olympic flame is burning over there. You won't believe what a fuss the Japanese are making about this Olympic flame. But – perhaps it's all a part..."

The reference was not to the Games but to the Japanese, to their taste for paying homage, their partiality for images, symbols and myths, their respect for tradition. What the world outside Japan may frequently regard as a routine matter – the journey of the flame from the old to the new Olympia – was considered by this people a sacred act. Here the mystery of the flame found devotees. Who will wonder that in the middle of the night people going home stopped in order to look into the flame and beyond it to the origin of this and every flame?

The Japanese has a more elementary, a more compelling relationship with tradition than the European. To us, tradition is often no more than a dead fire, but to him tradition is not the preservation of ashes but the tending of a flame. Olympia, the old and the newly excavated, may be remote – the tongue of flame gives him an unambiguous report of it, it brings him good



tidings, tidings worth being heard and being obeyed. When I attended the opening ceremony in the stadium eight hours later, I became aware that this mysticism is matched by an astonishing efficiency and sense of reality. Japan has lost a war; besides defeat it has undergone an occupation, loss of territory, the apocalyptic experience of the atomic bomb, and if one considers the broad outlines of Japan's past history one realises or at least suspects what a turning point the year 1945 was, what an impact it had on the nation's feelings. The Japanese Emperor, though stripped of his divinity, kept his throne. That the Tenno remained meant some preservation of things which belong to the past, of tradition, of a sense of history. Even if the nation seemed to have been deprived of happiness – the nation remained; though humiliated and conquered, it was sound in body and soul. The real attack on it was of a political, national, ethical nature and came with the army of occupation. The Americans might have appeared as avengers; Pearl Harbour had been an unprecedented provocation, and they expected resistance after some of the things which had happened to the peoples in the territories which had experienced temporary Japanese occupation.

Because there was no resistance this attack remained superficial: restricted to fashion, entertainment, technology, morals and immorality. The readiness of the Japanese to cooperate in their Westernisation – their more than Westernisation – must have had its origin in their defeat; but much of it is the natural consequence of general, global development. Like the Germans, the Japanese had been thrown completely off their course and were presented with a clean slate; like the German Stehaufmännchen they were able to work as if possessed, and therefore to start again from scratch suited them extremely well. Even the monuments to war-guilt which are to be found in Asia – indemnity buildings such as state-owned hotels, large bridges, factories – unexpectedly have the character of pioneer achievements and seem to bear witness for their former opponents. Tenaciously, at home and abroad, the individual achievements began to mount up, Japan secured a place in the world market, each personal life was conscientiously put into new order; they earned fresh confidence, built, invented, automated. They had everything – hard work, a boom, tourists, full employment. The only thing lacking was a suitable opportunity to show themselves peaceably in a good light. Much work was done, and with some results, openly and behind the scenes; what was needed was a great event, the opportunity to be director and principal actor on the international stage.

This need was met by the decision of the IOC to award the XVIIIth Games in Tokyo.

Patriotism and Devotion

The idea of the Olympic Games is very highly regarded – fortunately it is more deeply rooted in modern civilization than some people are willing to admit; but the staging and promotion of the Games is not in itself evidence of national ability, or the most ideal opportunity to project the national image. Even international exhibitions hardly serve this purpose. In Rome the staging of the Games had been more or less the concern of the city council (while the individual inhabitants remained aloof); in Tokyo it was felt to be a matter of national importance, the concern of the fatherland. Apart from the Finns at Helsinki, perhaps no nation has ever invested so much energy and effort, so many resources, in the Olympic venture as the Japanese. No nation has devoted so much attention to this festival of youth, has made such conscientious preparations, or been so willing to consider it as more than a sporting event. Never has a nation identified itself so completely with its competitors or shared to such an extent in their victories and in their defeats. (And nowhere have so many tears of joy and of sorrow been shed as in Tokyo.)

This patriotism (which exists in various forms all over the world) might have found loud or obtrusive expression, in which case it would no doubt have offended the visitors from other nations. But any noisy form of commitment is foreign to the Japanese. His patriotism is quieter and therefore more intense. His fanaticism is more profound and therefore more extensive and impressive. Where others look for an advantage, the Japanese wants to prove himself the better man. He sublimates his ambition to achieve a personal triumph into the most ardent desire to be able to offer a victory to the shrine of the fatherland.

Such a view could be rejected; indeed, it might be pointed out that it contradicts Coubertin's ideas and wishes. But if we remember the Greek Olympia, if we consider the Asiatic island realm of Japan, if we consider the real moral seriousness with which this offering is desired, we cannot criticise, we might even in a way admire this view (which is more a matter of the emotions than of the intellect). Next to the captivating examples of the English fighting spirit and the actual achievements of the American athletes, this phenomenon of an absolutely discreet but unconditional Japanese devotion made the greatest impression. I am afraid that we Europeans have a superficial, artificial idea of Japan and its inhabitants, an idea determined by the Second World War and the actions of the military caste which was then in power. And so we talk of the Samurai and of Harakiri as others talk of the Munich Festival, of the Spanish bullfight and of the Eastern bazaar. Popular ideas obstruct our view of the motives and hidden difficulties of this nation, one of the most interesting and most admirable of the human race.

A People Seen Through its Art

Certainly, one does not learn very much in a few weeks of more or less accidental meandering about; in any case the staging of the Olympic Games anywhere will bring out common traits and characteristics which will obscure rather than reveal a country's peculiarities. One has to investigate the origins, descend into the mines of history, find the treasure-house of art – which is usually an effort taking months and requiring many journeys. But the National Museum in Tokyo held an amazing exhibition of a cross-section of the creative skills of all times in all genres and categories; this paved the way for anyone who was curious about the country and provided him with an altogether unusual insight which made a lasting impression.

The Japanese are reputed to have many artistic talents, talents which are not solely confined to the creation of works of art and arise out of a clear sense of abstraction which has become fashionable these days, but also talents which apply artistic thoughts and feelings, artistic principles to life itself, which make art real by its usefulness. The Japanese consumes his beef-tea, clear as water, first of all with his eyes; it is for them that a wafer-thin segment of mushroom and a small four-leaved herb rest on the bottom of the little lacquer bowl. He knows of no movement which is only motion or purely practical; movement is to him a fleeting but extremely pliable means of expression. In the Kabuki Theatre, but especially in the Noh Theatre, an actor who has to leave the stage does not "disappear"; he strides off openly. The voices of the players do not serve interchangeable communications; they convey the sense and a deeper meaning, an image and at the same time its caricature. Whether it is a question of preparing tea, of archery, or of the salutations of judo fighters – the ceremony is not confined to the gesture, it is necessary for the enjoyment of the contest, it is both a regulation and good manners. The serving Geisha is not a servant whose actions are solely practical; she ennobles and embellishes the purpose which she serves incidentally. We care for a garden, we cultivate it; the Japanese sees even in the smallest front garden a challenge to artistic expression. What Gemütlichkeit is to the German, aesthetics is to him. A few stones, arranged in a square according to such principles, the construction of the pattern of a fence out of different but simple kinds of wood, the hatching of a raked sandgarden, the arrangement of a few objects in some relationship to each other, the perspective of a view from a window, the shading of a watercolour: the artistic nerve of this race finds its expression in the handling of the most trivial objects, in the respect paid to them. One of the most famous Waka poets of the XIIth century wrote in a critical essay: "It may depend upon a single word whether a poem will be delicate and beautiful." And because the Japanese is physically dainty, he succeeds in creating even more dainty miniatures, but the large or the heroic becomes in its own way grotesque. And so, in the theatre, certain garments have long ceased to be robes or costumes – they are monstrous draperies, exaggerations.

This exhibition had brought together the best and most significant examples in miniature and in monuments, of traditional crafts and of works of art, in the intimate and in the dynastic styles, as testimony to the demoniacal and to the humane. There Man was represented as beggar and as Emperor, as priest and as poet, as saint and as general, in stuff and in stone, clothed and carved in wood. He was present in the images of Buddha which he himself had invented and which are all, in a mysterious way, identical and yet, in an equally mysterious way, all different. Indeed, Christ too has his "face"; but more closely considered, it is characterised by two quite different attributes not at all of equal importance: the beard, which is decorative, and the suffering from which it derives its power. Buddha is beardless, and Buddha smiles. Christ is in pain and visibly marked and so becomes a symbol of human suffering, he has mortal features. Buddha stands for the conquest of the temporal, he signifies divine patience, serenity, and remains enigmatic. And so he always dwells in the realm of art or near it; there is in the whole of Asia and certainly in Japan no counterpart of the devotional confections with their unbearable and unworthy bowdlerisations which clamour for attention in many Christian countries.

And so a people's nature can be assumed even from its tools and vessels, its garments and documents. What poetry dwells beyond their appearances in literary, historical and religious documents! Japanese script is sign or picture language; again it is nearer to its subject matter than ours, and yet at the same time it is the subject matter made abstract. Like all Arabic scripts it is foreign to us; it is fantastic and so fires the imagination.

In 1962 I saw a comprehensive exhibition of East Asiatic art in Leningrad, in which the Chinese element, apart from certain contemporary Chinese trends, naturally set the fashion. Many people find the roots of Japanese art in the Chinese, which does not detract from it any more than Aristotle's influence detracts from the development of European philosophy. Next to the one in Leningrad, this Japanese art exhibition during the Olympic Games was the most striking proof



of the greatness and the power of Asiatic culture. And even if it must be taken for granted that not every visitor to Tokyo became convinced of this power and greatness – those who saw that exhibition must undoubtedly have felt a breath of the Japanese spirit which was responsible for what became emphatically apparent during the Games. On that rainy Sunday, an endless queue of visitors moved through the adjoining streets and forecourts towards the museum in order to see this national exhibition. And in a way even this queue of visitors was self-revealing.

Olympic Architecture

There were many other things apart from this exhibition – some of them were always available and not unusual, some were special and foreign, a few were meant to appeal to the visitors in the "Western" manner – in any case more was offered than an onlooker to the Games could enjoy. In the Kyobashi Museum the modern trend was not neglected. And there was a bonus of unforgettable art for those who were lucky enough to see the great Dali exhibition; the Japanese, above all the young people, greeted the farcical genius of the tyrannical Spaniard with amazement, perplexity, confusion, curiosity, misgivings, understanding, smiles. Theatres and galleries, museums and parks kept their gates and entrances open, to provide the Olympic events with a background and with depth.

But what was most surprising was that there was a connecting link important in its own right between what was old, spiritual, traditional, and what was new, physical and a sporting event. Indeed, it was one of the real sensations of these Games at Tokyo: the new stadiums, designed and built by contemporary Japanese architects. The pottery and the folding screens, the lacquered work, the manuscripts, the materials, the bronzes and the sculptures were invariably beautiful, they pierced the conscience of our classical European selfconceit – what made all this evidence finally so impressive were the buildings which the descendents of the great artists and masterbuilders had created for the Games. Excellent organisation, generous hospitality, technical brilliance deserve praise. But the surprise and revelation of these Games were the various magnificent stadiums; in them the spirit of modernity achieved a happy combination of practical considerations and technical perfection with an inborn sense of beauty and traditional mastery of line. This encounter of the past and the present was noticeable but quite innocent. These buildings repeated the lines of the temple gates; a soaring roof in the imperial gardens of Kyoto might suddenly remind you of them, the cut of a stone in a jeweller's window, the curve of a shell – they seemed to reveal a mysterious synthesis between material and spirit, purpose and elevation, porportion and alienation. There can be no doubt of it, the ambitions of artists and architects to create superb stadiums for the world's youth have never before achieved such extraordinary fulfilment.

The National Gymnasium, the covered stadium in which the fascinating swimming events took place, remains the apex of these achievements. Kenzo Tange, a professor at Tokyo university, was responsible for the idea and the design of this stadium which appears to be about to take off or to be landing after a daring flight; it may set the standard by which buildings for similar purposes will have to be judged in future. The open stadium in Tokyo, an existing building adequately converted at some trouble, had no particular surprises



to offer; the crowning glory of the national building effort was the National Gymnasium. It combined the lightness of a circus tent with the solemnity of a cathedral, grace of line with the solidity of a convincing design in strong material, a well-considered, well-organised lay-out of the tracks with the spaciousness and grandeur of the whole. The competitors had ideal conditions – the spectators an excellent grandstand.

Next to this building, the Budokan Hall – the scene of the judo contests – may be considered the most daring and successful creation, which will in future surely become of major importance to the national Japanese sport – the Olympic programme in Mexico City will not include judo. The choice of public or other buildings which had been borrowed to accommodate the abundant display of the Games also was well-considered and appropriate. It must be admitted that the rowing events on the Lago Albano near Rome were incomparably more exciting and worth-while both as sport and because of the scenery, than the same events in the artificially constructed basin in Toda; it is true that the high diving against the background of a Roman August sky had a decorative and noble effect which was lacking in Tokyo. Nevertheless, dispassionate judgement must concede that – as a creation of Man – the pool represented an extreme structural achievement. The other stadiums which were grouped around this central point – for instance the halls which accommodated the interesting volley-ball and the basket-ball tournaments – also deserve unqualified admiration. The Japanese aimed high, it was their ambition to give these Games an exceptionally attractive framework. They achieved their aim.

Conscientious Good Manners

Every single particular was subordinated to the whole with the same thoroughness with which the whole (the nation itself) and its charge (the Games) were displayed. Not only had exceptional stadiums been created – within one single year the streets of the town were improved so much that even the oldest European residents in Tokyo were amazed. For a whole year the inhabitants had to walk or drive across planks and boards, had to put up with diversions and obstructions, they jumped across ditches, climbed over scree – at the end of the afflictions came the day on which the great conveyor belt began to run. There are fewer traffic-lanes and lights than in Western European countries; the driving is better, the traffic moves faster. But one has to know where one is going, or at least one's driver has to know it.

In this respect there were a few problems, which might have doubled or trebled the distances. The stadiums were mostly new and the taxi-drivers had come temporarily from other towns, a knowledge of English was rare and even where it existed the pronunciation caused difficulties. But people were full of good intentions, they did not take advantage of mistakes but corrected them, they offered friendly, apologetic smiles, behaved politely and were eager to oblige. What good is a knowledge of languages when it is used to foster resentment, ingratitude, misunderstanding and bad feelings, even if it does solve the problem of travel? And what a pleasant effect do silent willingness and politeness have! Our helplessness likes to interpret Japanese politeness as helplessness – the ubiquitous Asiatic smile which is supposed to be non-committal. If language and custom did not make us obliged to each other, how polite would we be? Are we not prevented from being polite most of all by what separates people, by ignorance?

Perhaps the conscientiousness of those who represent not only themselves demands that those who are ignorant should be polite and those who are informed should be chivalrous.

* * *

These were the first Olympic Games on Asiatic soil, and some think that their undisputed success must have been more or less foreseen by those who knew their "Prussians of the East." Times of war and of peace have made the Japanese talent for organisation well-known; those to whom the Asiatic world is not a closed book also know that of all its countries Japan has far and away the most in common with Europe and the United States – technically, economically, and in its civilisation. But it is precisely this which gives

the Games, in the long run, their special significance. The Japanese idea of sport and gymnastics also comes closest to our own; even as early as 1928 one of their women, Hitomi, achieved success, and after Amsterdam they also had some successes in Los Angeles and Berlin, while certain Asiatic states did not yet even exist and others were not at all active in the realm of sport. But a closer and more careful look makes it clear that our Western way of practising sport is very different from that of many Asiatic countries including Japan. With us, too, sport undeniably has its origins in war and hunting; it began with the duel with weapons and with wrestling. But long ago "abstract" competitions made their appearance: the Greek discus throwing, the long jump, the pentathlon; in Germanic countries they practised stone-throwing and the long jump with a load; probably all countries knew racing and swimming. Long ago the Greeks fought not only one man against another but also side by side.

In Asiatic countries physical training was for a long time considered only in connection with training for war. Riding, fencing, archery – sword-fighting as it is still practised in Thailand today – nearly every one of these and similar exercises were applicable to war. Certain arts of attack or self-defence – for instance Japanese judo and Thai-boxing – surely also arose out of practical considerations: behind everything was the fight for existence and survival. (Sumo may represent an exception; this is the wrestling of the Japanese heavyweight fighters who, like the Swiss wrestlers, have to seize each other by the belt. In the meantime, its general popularity has lifted it far above the status of a local entertainment; in any case the Japanese tendency to award to all human activity a precise meaning and a definite form has always included sport.) Certain kinds of sport which are practised in some Asiatic countries – such as hockey and polo – are an exception. And they are, significantly enough, games. (Games are played by many; sport is practised by the individual.)

Although the Japanese as a people are more peculiarly dependent upon tradition than most, they were the first to be influenced by modern ideas of sport, the first to achieve success in this sphere. Logically enough, they were therefore allowed to stage the first Games held in Asia. But not only have the Japanese been leaders and pioneers in certain kinds of sport, far in advance of their neighbours – with the staging of the XVIIIth Olympic Games on Asiatic soil their stimulating influence may now begin to bear fruit in many respects. A profession of racial equality is merely theory; but when it is practised in a stadium or within a team it carries weight. In many Asiatic countries democratic equality is a day-dream – in Tokyo it could be experienced or could be seen to be experienced. Asiatic woman as an emancipated companion of the man may be a pious utopia; here the women's events were held in the same arena. And, black, white and yellow, the women were honoured like the men. Mao-Tse-Tung's colossal realm has for the time being been excluded; while we should most certainly not underestimate the effect of its "equality" and "democracy" on the Asiatic peoples – the effects of these Olympic Games on them and on the peoples of Africa will soon become apparent. In the midst of a world made difficult by a hundred regulations and contradictions, there is here one healthy spot. We should not over-estimate the festival because of this: just as spiritual beauty remains defenceless before violence, so physical perfection has no visible influence on political affairs. But there is a reason for everything; the rest of the world mobilised every conceivable means of communication in order to participate in this perhaps feeble manifestation; this great sympathy bears witness to the world's secret longing.

Whatever we may think of the value of the performances and records and whatever our attitude to the social phenomenon of sport may be, the Olympic Games are a global plebiscite for goodwill, good-neighbourliness and comradeship amongst peoples, for equal rights, fair treatment, bloodless competition and the dignity of Man who chooses to struggle for the idea of perfection.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY KAREN GERSHON



An exciting finish of the scull event, and even the imperturbable Japanese eight crew which is watching gets (slightly) excited, to judge from their back view. The race was won by Viacheslav Ivanov of the USSR who beat Achim Hill of Germany

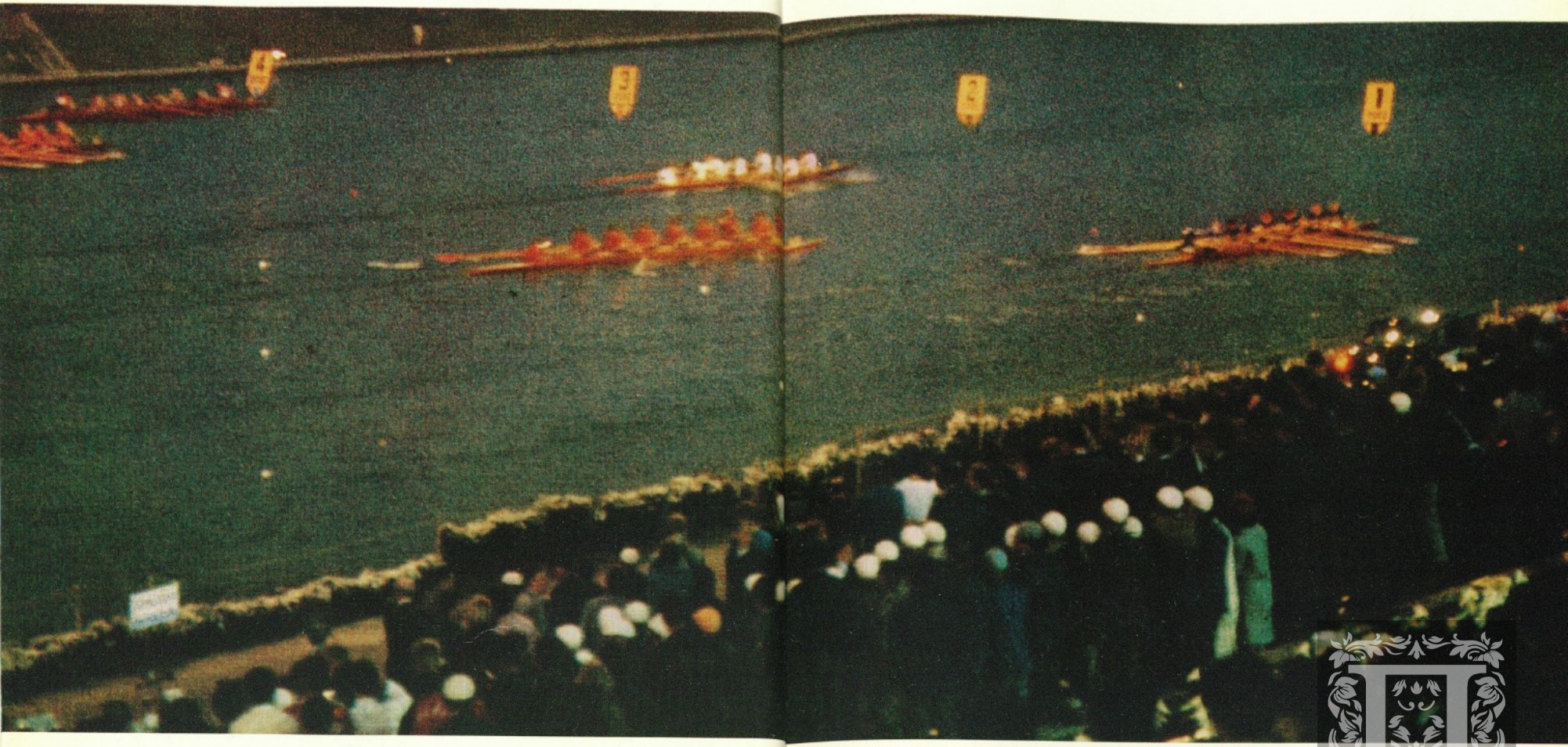
To us it is all Japanese, but to Tokyo's rowing fans the text on the flag means:
"We pray for victory in any case for Saotomi Kasagi from the town of Ena."
They have put it up by the bank of the River Toda where the Olympic rowing took place



...And calm reigns again over the waters... after the coxless pairs race.
The German pair Wolfgang Hottenrott
and Michael Schwan relax, having brought home their bronze medal

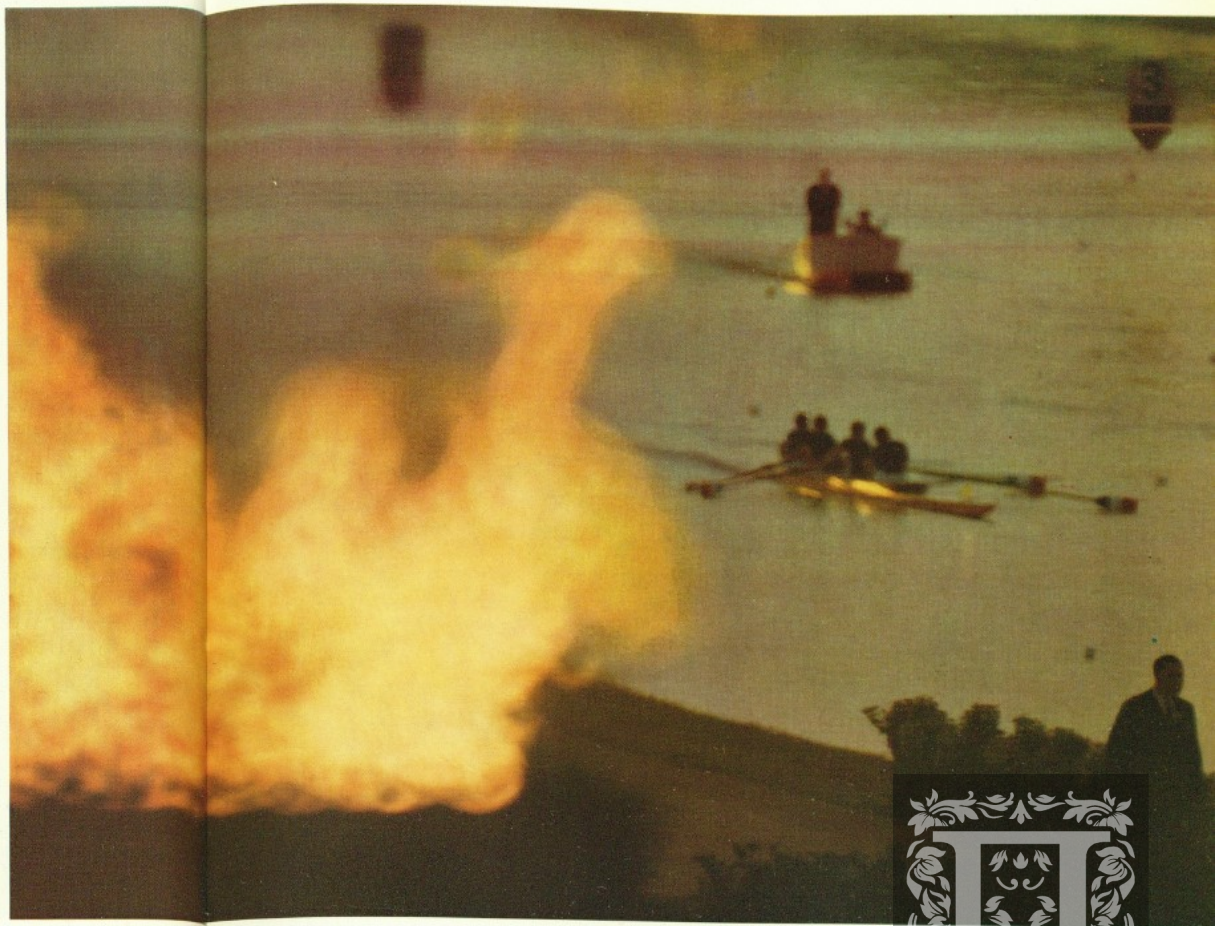


The Camera records a race and at the same time paints a scene: the spotlight finish of the Eight event – a unique blend of the colours of eventide and the thrills of battle.
But who won? The perspective of the snapshot doesn't reveal it. It was the USA crew, on the far left, the Czechs just behind them were third, the Germans, dressed in white, were second, behind them the USSR were fifth, and on the right the Yugoslavs fourth



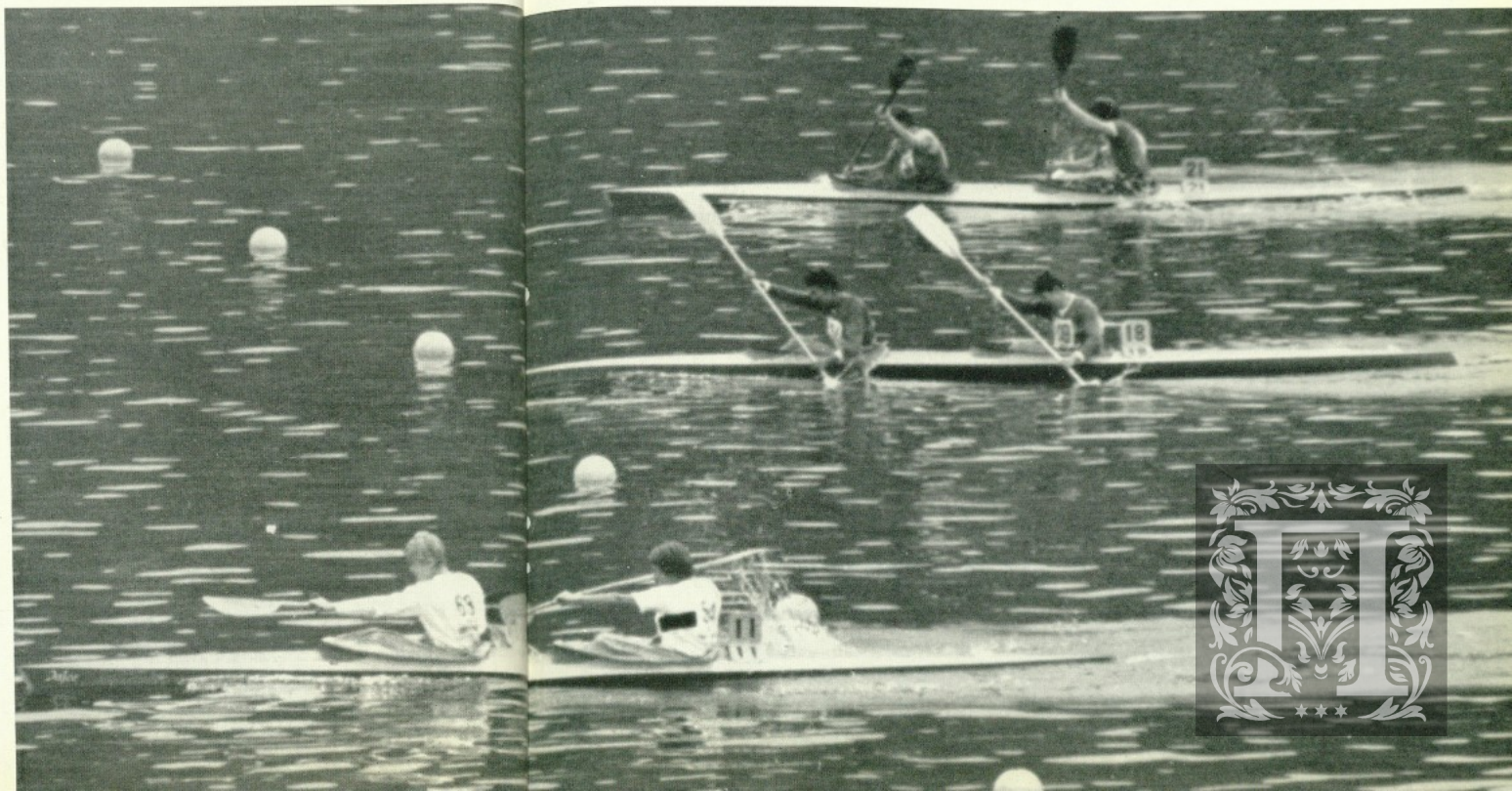
◄ A gold medal for the German coxed four

The Olympic fire, and the last boat safe in harbour. Gone is another day of the great Festival of Sport



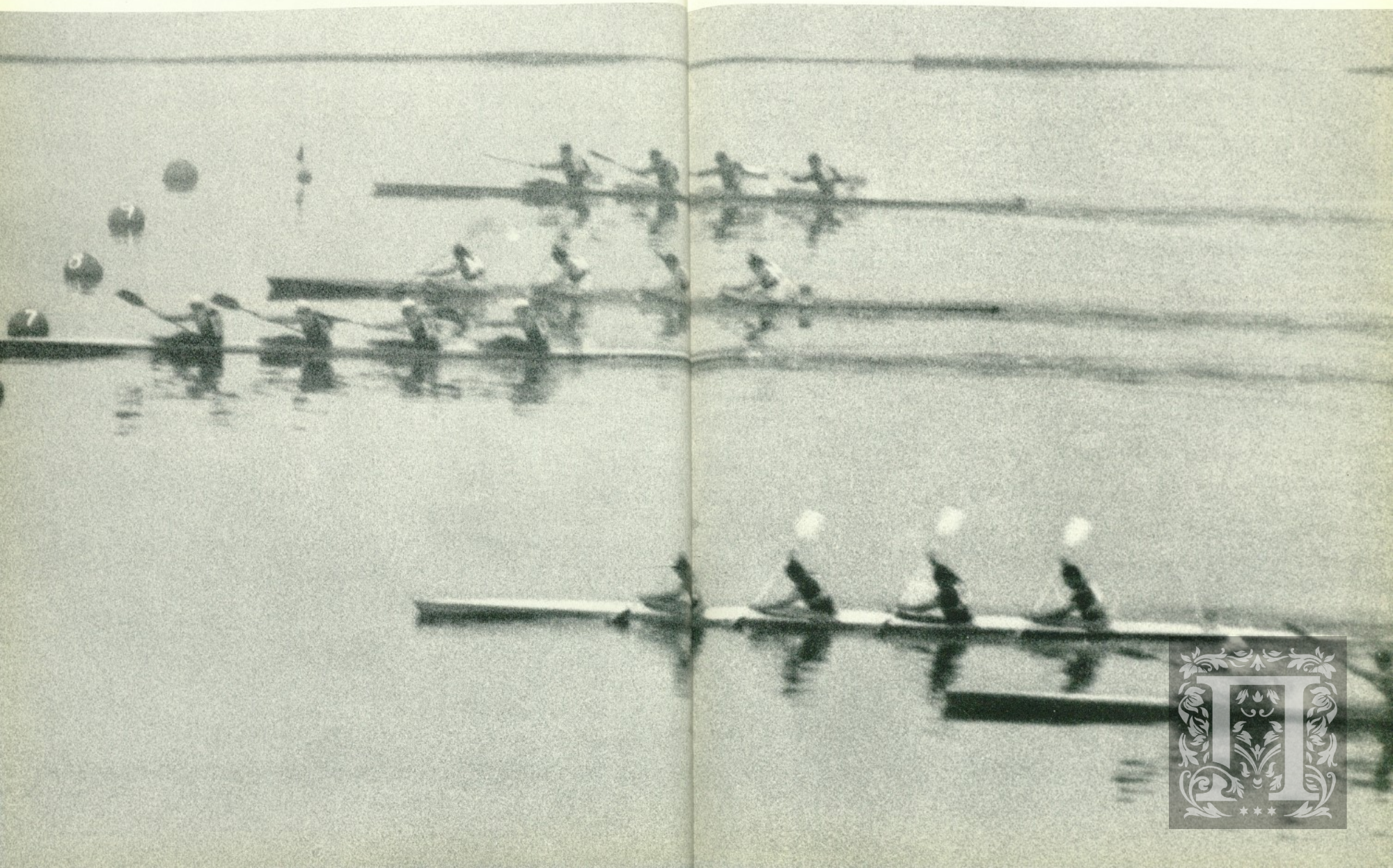


Germany's Juergen Eschert digs deep into the water to win the Canadian single event



They had a marvellous row! In the Kayak ladies pairs race of course. Here we see, in a heat, Roswitha Esser and Annemarie Zimmermann of Germany, the final winners, coming first, followed by Hilde Lauer and Cornelia Sideri, Roumania, second, in the centre, and Nina Gruzintseva and Antonia Seredina of the USSR third

It was pouring with rain on Lake Sagami when the Kayak-Four race was decided. It was won by the USSR (Zhuzhikov, Grishin, Ionov and Morozov), with Germany (Perleberg, Schulze, Wentzke, Zander) second and Roumania (Cuciuc, Sciotnic, Turcas, Vernescu) third



It could be Cowes, but it happens to be Sagami-Bay, before the start of the last race of the Finn Dinghy Class



Germany's Willi Kuhweide brings his boat home, after having won the Finn Class event





Into the water goes Germany's Peter Arendt, baptised by Mense and Lorenz who with him comprised the silver medal winning crew in the Dragon Class

Very close together indeed, these two boats – in the fourth heat of the Star Yacht competition, the Swedish one under skipper Pelle Petterson, trying to reach the German boat, skippered by Bruno Splieth. In the end the Swedes were the winners



SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

Train of thought of one who lost

Louis Martin, Great Britain's world weightlifting champion, reveals his thoughts to Oscar State, secretary of the International Weightlifting Federation.

About one month before the Games I came to realise how important to me were my second Olympics. I won a bronze in Rome but now I wanted a gold. I concentrated on my performance in all the lifts and thought about my total, the end product of all the training, sweat and sacrifice. I figured on a Total of 1,080 pounds (490 kg.) based on what I was doing in the gym.

In the village, three weeks before the competition, my training was going tremendously good. Probably too good, because I think now that I overdid my training, but I could do no more than train while I was there. I did not think of doing anything else because my first triumph came as a result of being told what to do by my coach and I have always used that formula, win, draw or lose. I rely implicitly on my coach because he can see you as you are and not as you think you are when you are lifting.

The morning of the contest I prayed that I could fulfil my desire to win the greatest gold medal of all, an Olympic gold. As the competition came nearer I relaxed mentally because I am a fatalist and believe in Omar Khayyam's philosophy „The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on."

When I stepped on to the scales for the weigh in, I said to myself „This is it. I have trained twelve months for this and, Louis, you are going to do your best now." Then when I started to warm up, I realised that the little flame that burns within me at all my other contests wasn't there. It was a terrible feeling. If I had been at home at my club in Derby, Bill, my coach, would have said „You're not in form, Louis. Pack up and go home!" But I couldn't go home. I had to go on regardless. At this stage I thought I would rely on sheer animal strength and the burning desire to conquer, but in doing so I lost my technique and correct performance pattern.

When the contest started I was still hoping to make my Total as planned by calling on my reserve power. So my performance was based more on sheer strength than on technique. When I failed my last Press I started thinking of the Snatch and then the Jerk because I had been taught to treat each lift separately and to try to make my maximum on each. You remember you told me yourself if I did not make my best Press, not to worry about it but go on and make up in the next two lifts. I thought I could still beat Golovanov on the fast lifts. When he snatched 314 pounds (142.5 kg.) then I realised that to win I would have to beat the world record in the Jerk. I hoped to reach 425 pounds (192.5 kg.) and beat him on lighter bodyweight.

My first Jerk felt hard, but this is customary with me. In the second one, I jerked the bar to arms' length but my right shoulder collapsed. At this stage I realised at last that I could not beat Golovanov. I did not blame myself because I could not see anything to blame myself for. I was terribly sorry because of the publicity that I had had and through me weightlifting and also Britain had me down as a possible winner. I could not understand why I failed my Jerks after making the two Cleans so easily.

When I was greeted with congratulations for the silver medal and my tremendous effort, this was some consolation. I was grateful to my team commandant Sandy Duncan for the appreciation which he showed me then and there on the platform where he came to speak to me.

Later that night at the British team's champagne party I felt that I had let Britain down. I began to brood and this dark mood lasted a whole week. I kept saying to myself „So near and yet so far." It was a mistimed peak – a week before, just think what I could have done.

But now I am thinking only of next time in Mexico. Next time I must win."

Looking like some strange monsters, their spinnakers billowing, the 5.5 m boats steer towards the marker buoy. Italy is in front, behind and partly hidden, Switzerland, and then the USA

THE ONE-MAN TEAM

By Roy Moor

(Daily Mail)

They were anxious days in British Guiana in the months before the opening of the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Internal political differences had led to wide-spread sniping in the country, and athletes training to win places in their national Olympic team risked coming under fire if they ventured out on fitness runs.

These were not ideal conditions for building world-beaters for Tokyo—nor, for that matter, for raising funds to send athletes half-way across the world in search of Olympic glory.

But the brave little British Guiana Olympic Committee were determined not to let the internal upset stop their country from being represented in the Games. With the aid of a few sports socials, jumble sales and collecting boxes, they managed to raise sufficient money to send one competitor to Tokyo.

He was Martin Dias, a 28-year-old weightlifter from Georgetown.

And as he marched with the flag of his country in that never-to-be-forgotten opening ceremony at the Tokyo National Stadium, I applauded no less heartily than when the mighty competitive forces of Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union and Japan, all 300 or more strong, strode the sun-lit arena in their wonderful array of colours. I knew the hardships that British Guiana had overcome to get that one-man team in the parade.

Dias was honoured with the selection of being his country's one Olympic competitor on the strength of a national ranking list, specially prepared to assess priorities. He topped the poll as the reigning Pan-American Games champion for the bantamweight division of weightlifting.

He went to Tokyo with his heart set on surpassing any previous total he had lifted in competition—and succeeded. But he still had to be content with eighth place in the final. He totalled 738 lbs. to equal the poundage lifted by Yukio Furuyama, of Japan, 6th, and In-ho Yu, from Korea, 7th, but was relegated to the eighth position because of being the heaviest of the three who achieved this total.

Had it not been for an unfortunate experience at the start of the press series, Dias might well have finished in the top six. Judges refused his first press of 221 lbs. and coach Ronald Blackman wanted to protest, but had not the thousand Yen (£1 sterling) needed to make an official protest, and he could not find an interpreter in time to help him get the money. This so upset Dias that he was not at his best for the next attempt, and failed. But he succeeded with the lift at the third attempt-only to have it turned down again by the judges.

This time coach Blackman had the money ready for an immediate protest. And the protest was upheld.

The success of the appeal so heartened Dias that he went on the equal his personal best for the snatch with 225 lbs. and exceed his best jerk with 292 lbs.

His performance brought special praise from Blackman. "It was typical of Martin's courage that he did so well" stated the coach to me at the time "because due to the colder weather in Tokyo compared with the warmth to which he is accustomed in British Guiana, he was ½ lb. overweight at the weight-in, and he had to have a steam bath to get it off before he could go into the competition."

Dias, to help keep down the cost of his visit to Tokyo, returned to British Guiana before the full programme of the Olympic sports had been completed—but not before he had won the hearts of many sports lovers in Japan, and proved to the world how worth-while it is to send even a one-man team to the world's greatest sporting festival—the Olympic Games.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF THE STRONG MEN

By Brian Glanville

(Sunday Times)

Weightlifting is an esoteric sport and weightlifters, objectively speaking, are esoteric fellows. One of my clearest, most persisting memories of Tokyo is of the weightlifters' Hall on a Saturday night, the night when Louis Martin won a silver medal, when most of us had expected him to win a gold.

Weightlifters—it could scarcely have been more evident than on that night—are not what they seem; no mere carcasses of bulging muscle, powerful but insentient. In the first place, as they will often tell you, they are inclined to take up the sport for much the same reason as others take the Charles Atlas system. They are small and weak, or large and flabby, and they want to be big and strong. This, provided they persist long enough, they usually succeed in becoming, but the psyche remains unchanged. One is reminded of the dictum which Connolly borrowed from Orwell, and burnished up; that inside every fat man, there is a thin man who is longing to get out.

It was appropriate that in this foetid, modernistic hall, with its soundproofing and its reverent hush of people, activity should take place on a stage. As one watched the weightlifters go through their contortions, their strange communings with themselves, the iron bars and, one could only assume, their familiars, the stage seemed almost that of the London Lyceum. Not the Lyceum of today, a world made safe for typists and teddy boys, but the Lyceum in Irving's day, when the tragedy kings and queens stalked the boards. Weightlifters, it is also clear, are exhibitionists. They need an audience before whom they can strut and suffer. Looking on, the lifting of these vast weights seemed to become a triumph of mind, rather than muscle, over matter, to take on some strange spiritual aspect; at least in the minds of the lifters themselves, and perhaps in the minds of the closer initiates.

Looking round, one saw faces one knew. Benny Helfgott, who lifted for Britain in the previous two Olympics; small, sincere and intense, his Polish accent still intact. Zimmy, his friend—alias Mr. Zimmerman, a businessman of considerable means, but known and celebrated among the weightlifters for his astonishing ability to be *in*, everywhere, from London to Moscow, from Warsaw to Tokyo. Zimmy is a weightlifter himself, a sturdy, healthy looking man in middle age, with a long, sloping face and a bush of grey hair. A night or two before, one of the British officials had told us of an occasion in Warsaw—I believe it was—when a friend came into the hall and said he was surprised not to see Zimmy there. The official told him that indeed Zimmy was there.

"Where?" asked the man.

"Which are the best seats in the house?"

"The Press seats?"

"No. Try again."

"The competitors' seats?"

"No. The *best* seat in the house."

"The international jury?"

"Take a look."

Al Murray, the unfailingly humorous Scot who manages and coaches the British team, complained that what he really resented was, "When *I'm* somewhere in an official capacity, and I have to ask Zimmy to get me in!"

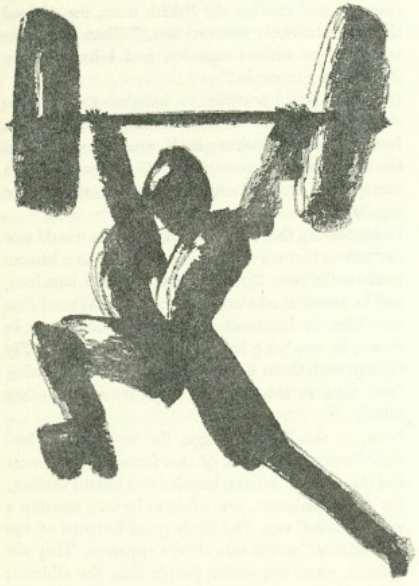
It would be impossible to imagine an Olympic weightlifting event without Zimmy... and Benny. In the Olympic stadium itself, one found them in the Press seats representing... God knows which newspaper. At all events, wearing the appropriate regalia, they were there.

Louis Martin, that devotee of poetry who would one day like to become a poet himself, had won a bronze medal at the 1960, Rome Olympics. He is a Jamaican, and he works as an electrician in Derby. When I first met him, in his room in the Olympic village in Rome, he was lying happily on his bed, reading *The Odyssey*, with Omar Khayyam by his bedside, pausing from time to time to quote Shelley to the other lifters.

Now, in the Tokyo village, the weightlifters had their "cottage" a block or two from the swimmers and the athletes. Martin, bearded and usually smiling for all the pressures, was often to be seen wearing a white baseball cap. The lovely good humour of the weightlifters' world was always apparent. They are quicker, more responsive people than the athletes;

let alone the very young swimmers. There is no sense, here, of having to mask one's batteries, choose one's words and topics. Weightlifters are largely men of the world, and intelligent men of the world, at that. Murray, his assistant, Louis Martin and the lightweight, Mike Pearman, a good looking blond hairdresser, from Battersea, rode the tension well, made each other cups of tea, told jokes, swopped reminiscences, read books.

The Russians had been to see Martin in training, so impressed were they by his technique. It was characteristic of Martin that he should always deprecate his technical abilities; but this self-doubt, self-torment, perpetual selling short, was typical of the man. "The Russians," said Murray, "know more about the psychology of training than we do, because they've got medical people behind them, and a lot more money." Murray complained that too many people still equated weightlifters with coalheavers. His secret ambition, if he won his gold medal, was to change that image. In changing it, in getting weightlifting accepted as a branch of "heavy athletics," he hoped that young people would be encouraged to take up the sport.



"There is a part of the lift," said Murray, appositely, "where the lifter has to be like a ballet dancer."

The danger to Martin, it became clear, was Russia's middle-heavyweight, Golovanov. "He's just beaten the record with 1063," said Martin.

In the dining-room, Martin said, "I'm dabbling in psychology, but I stopped it. I become too mild, too calm. You see yourself in those books, isn't it? And you become too mild. I begin to control myself and suppress my emotions, and this is terrible... I was trying to study only today Polonius' speech to his son. You know; 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' and Henry V, 'How many thousand of my present subjects.' And 'Once more into the breach, dear friends.' I've read Khayyam so much. Do you know Khayyam? 'The moving finger writes and having moved goes on.' And I like 'If you and I should Fate conspire.' Do you know that one? I've gone on to a bit of Emerson. Have you done him? He's got little epigrams. Fascinating. He's sort of the American Khayyam.

"I believe in luck. Regardless how hard you train, regardless how technical you become, without the element of luck you're finished... I should like to win. I can see myself winning this year, but I can't in another four years. To win you've got to be able to lose, but this time I should like to win, because I think I've earned this."

Morally, perhaps he had, but it was Golovanov, setting up new world and Olympic records, who in fact prevailed. One recalls Golovanov, that night on the stage, under the lights, as a Soviet Robin Hood, a vast, squat, blond man, dressed in red shorts, red jerkin, with a broad, red leather belt. He came on to the stage, massively; acknowledging the applause with a polite, detached gesture of the hand. Then, as weightlifters do, he began to pace, commune and concentrate. He stopped to rub powder on his hands, stopped again in front of the great barbell to take a histrionic notch in his belt; then, at last, bent to lift.

Martin, on his last lift, was equally dramatic. He came on in white, reminding one, with his beard, his incantatory expression, of Paul Robeson playing O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. He marched to the right hand corner of the stage, looked up, as if for guidance and at last confronted the barbell.

Seizing it with both hands, he raised it, and began to hiss like a snake. "Up, up!" he shouted, exhorting himself, and up the barbell went, but not far enough. Sullenly, it crashed to the stage again, and Martin went off, bowed and disappointed, to be cosseted by his trainer. He had won, not a gold medal, but a silver.

"He left it in the gymnasium," said Benny Helfgott.

Later, in the weightlifters quarters, one was to find Martin bitterly self-critical. Al Murray lay in bed, in his pyjamas. He wasn't ill, one was assured; merely fed up. "Frankly," he said, "his technique was the worst we've seen for three years."

"I was struggling from the word go," said Martin. "My God. Am I going on? What a terrible question to ask. I think I can still win. On the right night. I'll win next year. It's a mistimed peak, that's all."

ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS...

By Desmond Hackett

(Daily Express)

It may be my failing, my virtue or my extreme good luck that I still regard sport as sport and on occasion find myself amused even at such important and solemn occasions as the Olympic Games.

Abebe Bikila, the sleek black panther from the Ethiopian Royal guard joined the Olympic immortals when he became the first man to win the marathon for the second time.

In the process he set up a new world record of two hours 12 minutes 11.2 seconds. This was surely sufficient for one day.

But not for the bold Abebe. Into the centre of the Tokyo arena strode Abebe and put on a show of callisthenics, toe touching and press-ups that might have earned him some distinction in the gymnast event.

There was the tiny man from Ceylon who was lapped, relapped and lapped again in the 10,000 metres. When he did his first solo lap the crowd generously applauded. When he went into the second act they rose to acknowledge his persistence, but when he galloped round on the lone run for a third time even the band stopped playing to join in the cheers.

And having completed this extreme loneliness of the long distance runner the little man paused to make solemn bows to all corners of a roaring stadium.

There was the Marathon man who politely raised his straw hat as he finished round about number forty.

But my favourite recollection is of Police Constable 344 Denis McNamara of K. Division, West Ham, London, E. 15, and the occasion when he briskly ruined the night of the Third Happiness for the Japanese wrestling addicts by defeating their champion Masonoria Saitou in 83 unbelievable seconds.

Certainly I doubt if even now the Japanese can believe what they saw. Five thousand went along to the third night of the wrestling, in which the Japanese had been making honourable progress.

P.C. McNamara soon stopped that little carry on. In the process of fulfilling his wrestling duties he became the first Briton to pin a Japanese in the history of the Olympic series.

The night was designed to be a royal occasion. The setting in the fantastically designed pagoda of pain at Komazawa was gleaming and richly decorated with rather out of place delicate blossoms to greet Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko. They arrived with a regal entourage of outriders. A massive band, brave in cream, gold and scarlet, fanfared the royal welcome.

The great Saitou, with his shaven head gleaming in the lights, presented a frontage rather like one of those beaming Buddha affairs. He looked a shade over-exposed in what would have passed for a tightly drawn baby's napkin.

P.C. McNamara was decently clad in the blue regulation tights, rather like an old time boxer.

Saitou corrugated his expansive frontage into a deep obeisance of homage in the direction of his Imperial fan club. P.C. McNamara, not quite sure what all this was about, gave a civil nod.

Courtesies completed, they ascended three short steps to the table cloth [illegible] wrestling mat.

The full house of 5,000 beaming Japanese hissed their pleasure and prepared to make huge delight in what they anticipated would be a bliss house of the august wrestlers.

The tiny support group of seven Britons watched apprehensively as the well-trimmed 15 stone of McNamara was lost under the spreading 16 stone bulk of the great Saitou.

The brief slaughter appeared to be going according to the Japanese plan. Small portions of McNamara could be observed but only briefly.

The hissing of much joy was like a steam pipe leak. The Imperial party gravely bowed their approval.

The hissing stopped. The bows froze. The mighty Saitou was no longer pressing the breath out of P.C. McNamara. He was in fact being hauled into the centre of the ring by an arm and a leg like some aggressive drunk who had started to disturb the peace along West Ham highway, E.15.

Saitou was slapped down and P.C. McNamara smartly laid the great Saitou in the centre of the ring, got the firm hold as laid down in regulations, and in a silence in which you could have heard a lotus blossom land like a thud, the great Saitou had been taken into complete and expert custody by P.C. McNamara. At which point the P.C. stepped back and thoughtfully examined the depressed Japanese who had lost such face in front of the Imperial court.

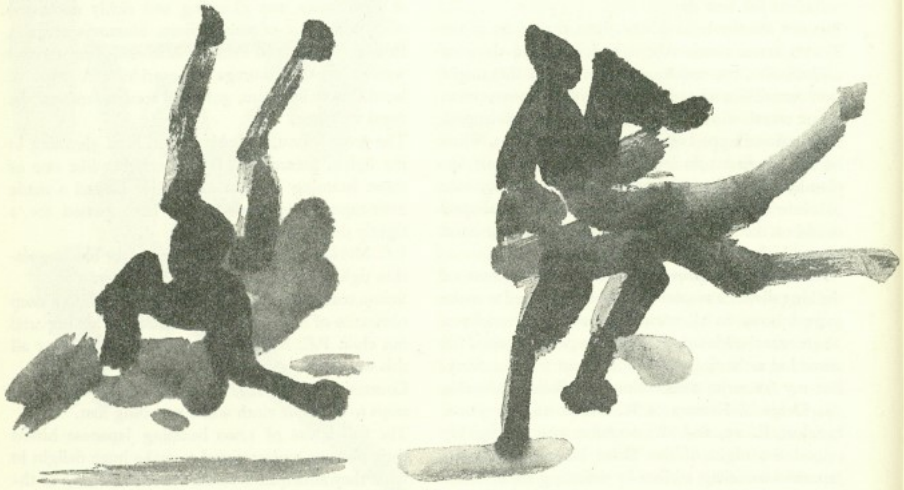
You could almost imagine P.C. McNamara sucking his pencil, reaching for his policeman's notebook and inscribing:

"While proceeding with my duties in Tokyo this man Masonoria Saitou became abusive. As a large crowd had assembled I thought it best for his welfare to take him into custody. This I proceeded to do. He was aggressive until I tussled with him.

"After a brief struggle he gave me no further trouble. I advised him to go home and not cause any further disturbance."

This likeable bobby with an ear like a pickled walnut was cheered off by the greatly relieved little band of Britons and, his duty well and faithfully done, went to bed to rest his feet.

Possibly the Japanese would not relish this as the highest form of humour but it made me chuckle. As I mentioned, there is still a whole lot of laughter in sport, thank goodness.



FIFTY-FOUR COUNTRIES IN THE RING

By George Whiting

(London Evening Standard)

Normally, one expects the Olympic Games to be of outstanding significance in the world of international boxing, but Tokyo, for all its excitement and its meticulous organisation in the Korakuen Ice Palace, proved to be a patchwork of disappointing form.

Too many of the 269 boxers competing from 54 countries were far removed from Olympic calibre. Some of them, indeed, turned out to be the veriest novices, plainly unacquainted with even the rudiments of the sport.

To box in the Olympic Games is a distinction, but it is asking for trouble to pitch green and untried youths into the hottest amateur competition in the world. There were more than a dozen disqualifications in Tokyo, and the majority of them were brought about, not by flagrant misdemeanours or incompetent refereeing, but because the "erring" competitors were ill-equipped technically and obviously lacking in experience.

One luckless youth, now presumably parading his native land as an "Olympic star," had actually taken part in no more than six contests before stripping off for the rigorous test of Tokyo. He lasted exactly 90 seconds – and was fortunate to escape serious hurt.

Boxing has many critics. It will have more unless some system of qualification and local elimination is devised before competitors are exposed to the rigours of the Olympic Games. In less demanding sports, it might be excusable for tyros to "chance their arm." In boxing, such entries are, at the best, irresponsible, and, at the worst, dangerous.

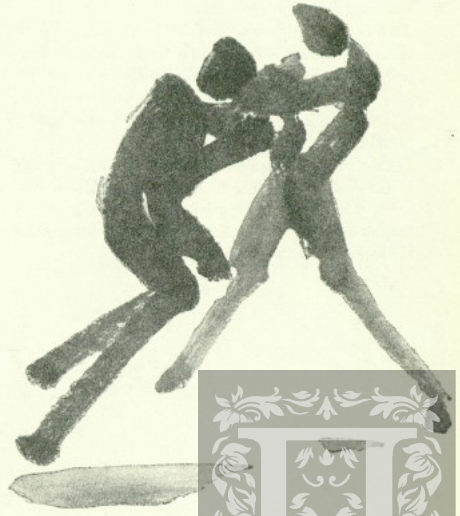
I have excused the Tokyo referees for the spate of Olympic disqualifications. Nevertheless, there were flagrant instances of incompetence. Too many Olympic referees have forgotten—or prefer not to remember—the qualities of self-effacement. A really good referee has no need of histrionics, and can impose his will without preening towards the television cameras.

Olympic judging also came in for criticism, but the Tokyo standard, I thought, was an improvement on previous Games. With more than 250 contests up for judgment in twelve turbulent days, it is a tribute to ringside adjudicators that the recognized cream of international amateur boxing talent came to the top. Russia and Poland each finished with three gold medals. Italy, another consistentent boxing nation, claimed two; U.S.A. and the newly emerging Japan one each.

Great Britain, it is sad to note, made a brief inglorious showing. Once a power in Olympic boxing, British standards have slumped almost to the point of non-existence—due mostly to the inroads of professionalism among youngsters still wet behind their pugilistic ears.

British amateurs still have style, but they are too young to be arguing Olympic authority with countries where professionalism is outlawed.

In Tokyo, too, Britain's eight self-prepared competitors were painfully short of condition. Denied collective training under competent coaches, four of



the British team were summarily dismissed in the first series, and three more—including "immortal" Dick McTaggart—departed one series later. Frankly, it was the flabbiest exhibition of Olympic endeavour I have seen from a British team in four decades of ringside reporting. Nor were the Americans much better.

If the State-trained teams of Russia and Poland are to be challenged in the Olympic ring in Mexico in 1968, it seems certain that the competition will come from Afro-Asia, especially in the lower weights. Japan, Nigeria and Ghana could well be the coming nations in international boxing.

No Cassius Clay, no Nino Benvenuti lent Tokyo distinction. Valery Popenchenko, the Soviet middleweight, won the Val Barker Trophy for supremacy of style—after disposing of four opponents, only one of whom managed to stay the distance.

My own nomination for the premier award would have been another Russian—light-middle weight Boris Lagutin. A copy-book stylist in the "English" manner, Lagutin gave a model exhibition of ringcraft after suffering an eye injury in the final against the aggressive French southpaw, Joseph Gonzales.

Third nomination for the Barker prize was the promising Japanese bantamweight, Takao Sakurai, enterprising winner of an all-southpaw final against Korea's Shin Cho Chung—who was floored four times by accurate left-handers.

Two more southpaws, Stanislav Stepashkin of Russia and Anthony Villanueva of the Philippines, contested the feather weight final. A majority of the five judges found for Stepashkin, but many observers, myself included, preferred the more versatile inside-punching of his opponent.

Fernando Atzori, Italy's flyweight winner, was one of the few competitors to hit consistently and correctly with the knuckle part of the closed glove—a facility seen to good effect when he twice rocked Poland's Artur Olech in the final.

After much mediocre boxing in the early stages, it was refreshing to see well-taught and well-trained experts from Russia and Poland opposed in three of the ten finals.

Poland's Jozef Grudzien had little difficulty mastering the southpaw unorthodoxy of Vellikton Barannikov at lightweight. Another Pole, the experienced Jerzy Kulej, adopted similarly successful tactics against another right-foot-forward Russian, Eugeny Frolov, at light-welterweight.

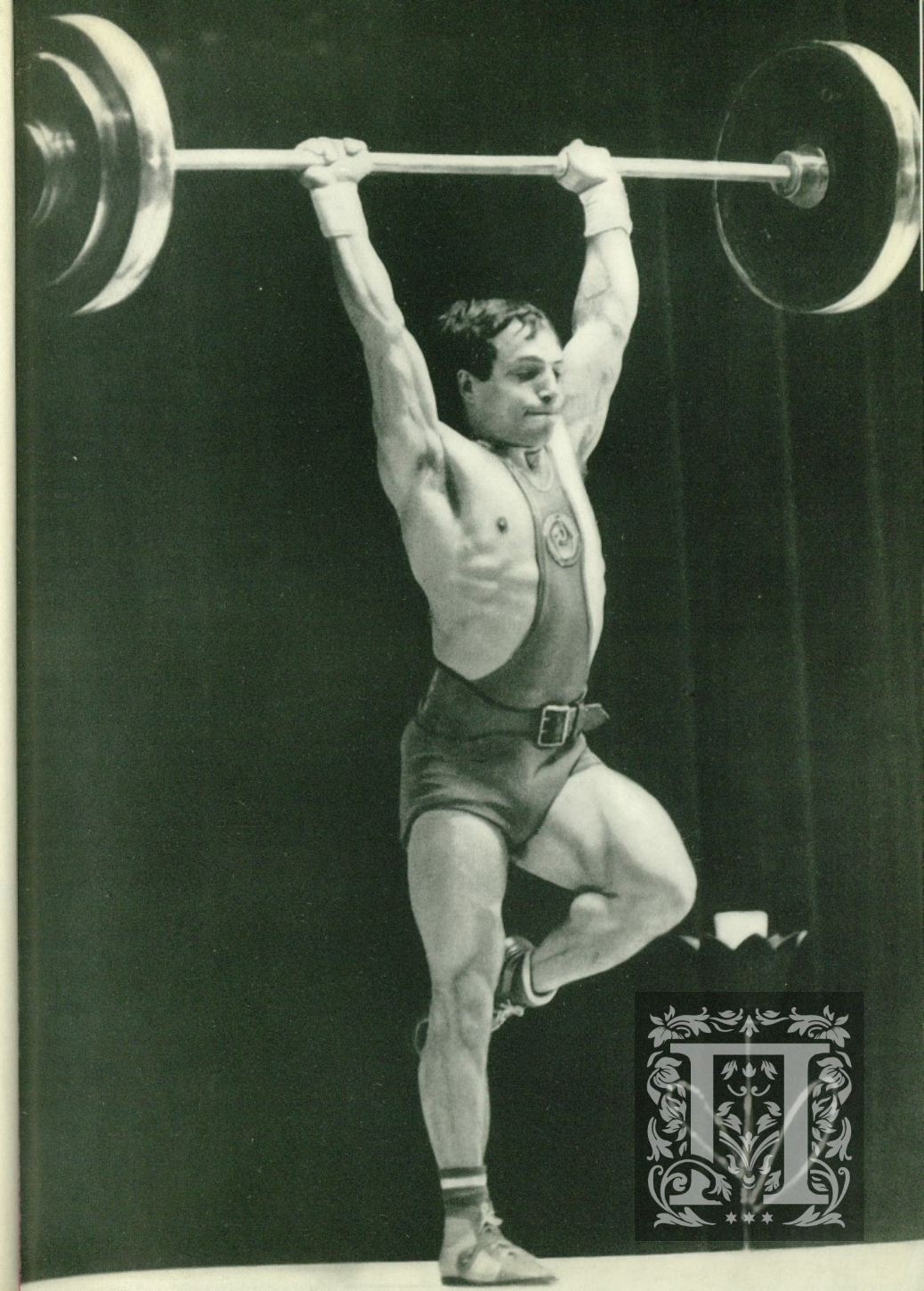
But the keenest of the Russo-Polish contests came from those tried and tested welterweight southpaws, Richardas Tamulis and Marian Kasprzyk. A double European champion, Russia's Tamulis could possibly be losing a little of his snap, but only an advantage mark lost him the decision to a stronger-finishing Kasprzyk. The exact markings (Tamulis first) were: 58–58, 59–59, 59–59, 59–60, 58–57.

Cosimo Pinto, Italy's new cruiser-weight gold medallist, exploited an orthodox left hand against the seemingly unending surge of southpaws when he outpointed Russia's Alexy Kiseliov, but here again the issue was close.

Heavyweights, as always, were clumsily inadequate. America's Joseph Frazier wielded a potent left hook in the preliminary series, but made excessively hard work of subduing a swiftly retreating German, Hans Huber, in the final.

Regrettably, one is forced to the conclusion that the Olympic boxing of 1964 will be remembered less for the quality of performance than for the "incidents" aroused by fraying tempers—not among the boxers, I am glad to record, but among partisan cohorts.

When all else is forgotten, I shall remember the tiny flyweight figure of Korea's Dong-Kih Choh—who sat protestingly immobile in the Olympic ring for 51 minutes after being disqualified. In less understanding hands than those of the patient Japanese, little Dong-Kih Choh could have raised the Korakuen roof.



He can do it on one leg as well—Russia's Alexey Vakhonin, Olympic winner in the bantamweight division and holder of the new triathlon world record, completing the jerk



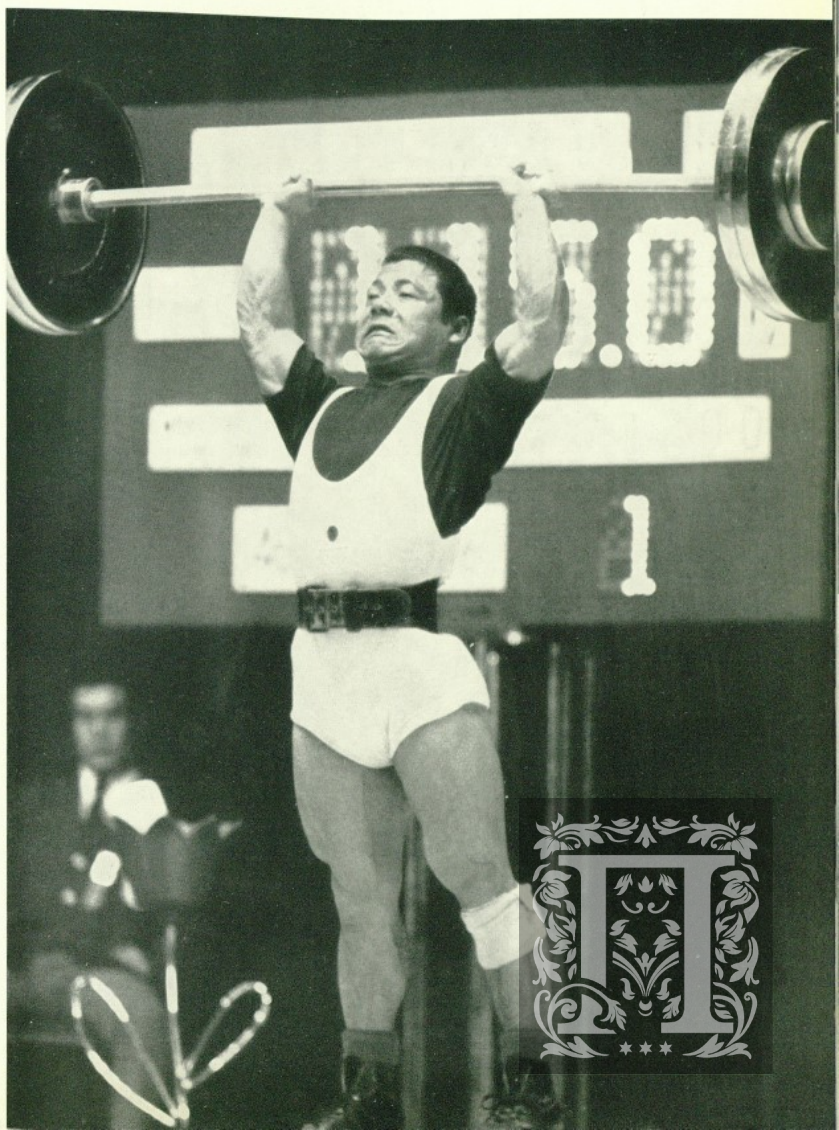
Top: Bulging muscles and a look of determination–36-year-old Rudolf Plyukfelder (U.S.S.R.) a three times world champion and now the Olympic winner in the light heavy-weight too

Bottom: Jumping for joy, as the scoreboard indicates 185 kg. (407 lbs.) Hungary's Geza Toth has made it on his third trial in the jerk–and it's a silver in the light heavy-weight



The strongest man of the world in action, and a new world record too in the jerk. ▶ Russia's Leonid Zhabotinsky at his last trial which won him the gold medal, established with 217,5 kg. (479 lbs.) a new world best performance, and surpassed most fancied Yuri Vlasov, also of Russia

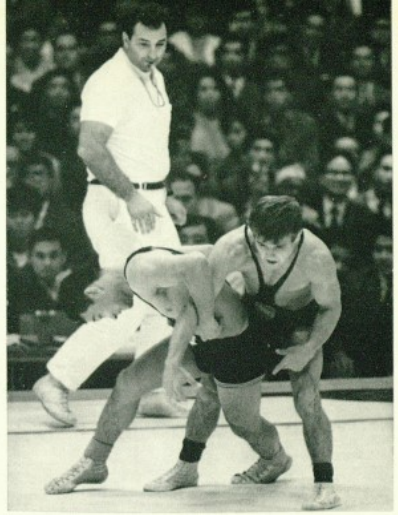
Japan's Yoshinobu Miyake won the gold medal in the feather-weight with 397,5 kg. (876 lbs.). This is 55 lbs. more than the heavy-weight Strassberger managed in 1928 in Amsterdam



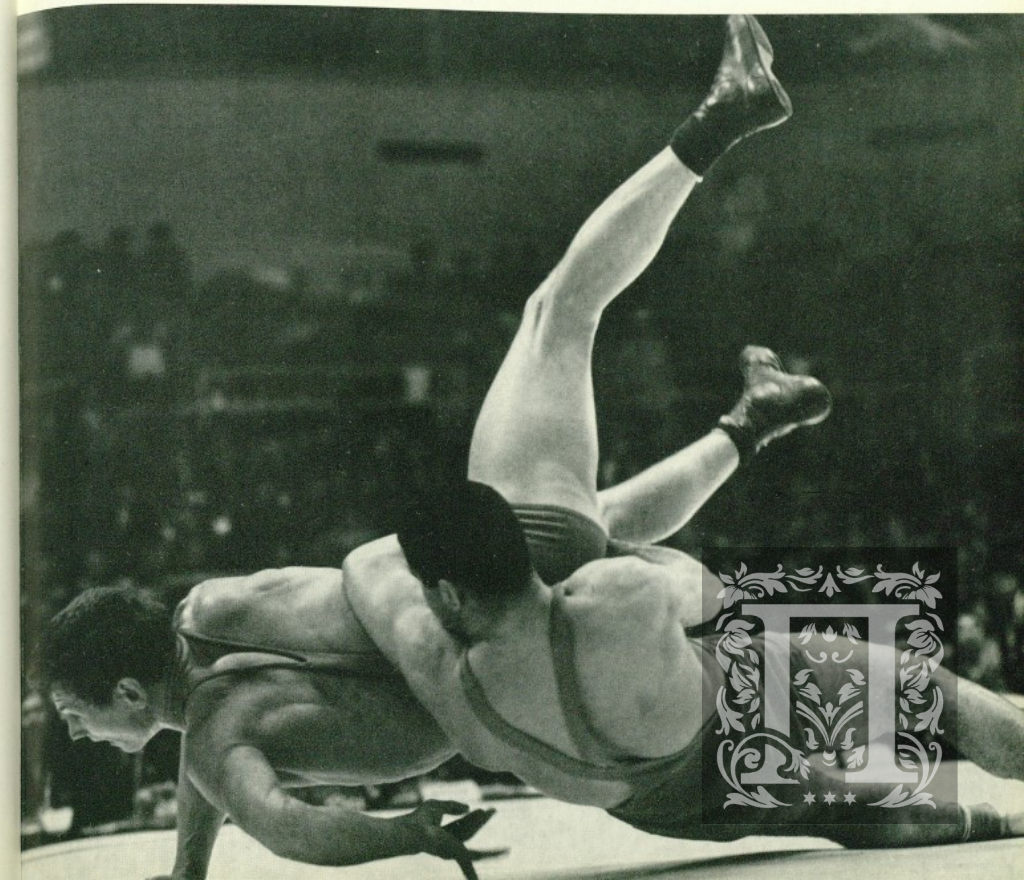
Gold and silver medallist fight it out together in the light-weight class of free-style tournament: Klaus Rost (Germany) white band, beated by Enio Valtchev Dimov (Bulgaria) back to camera

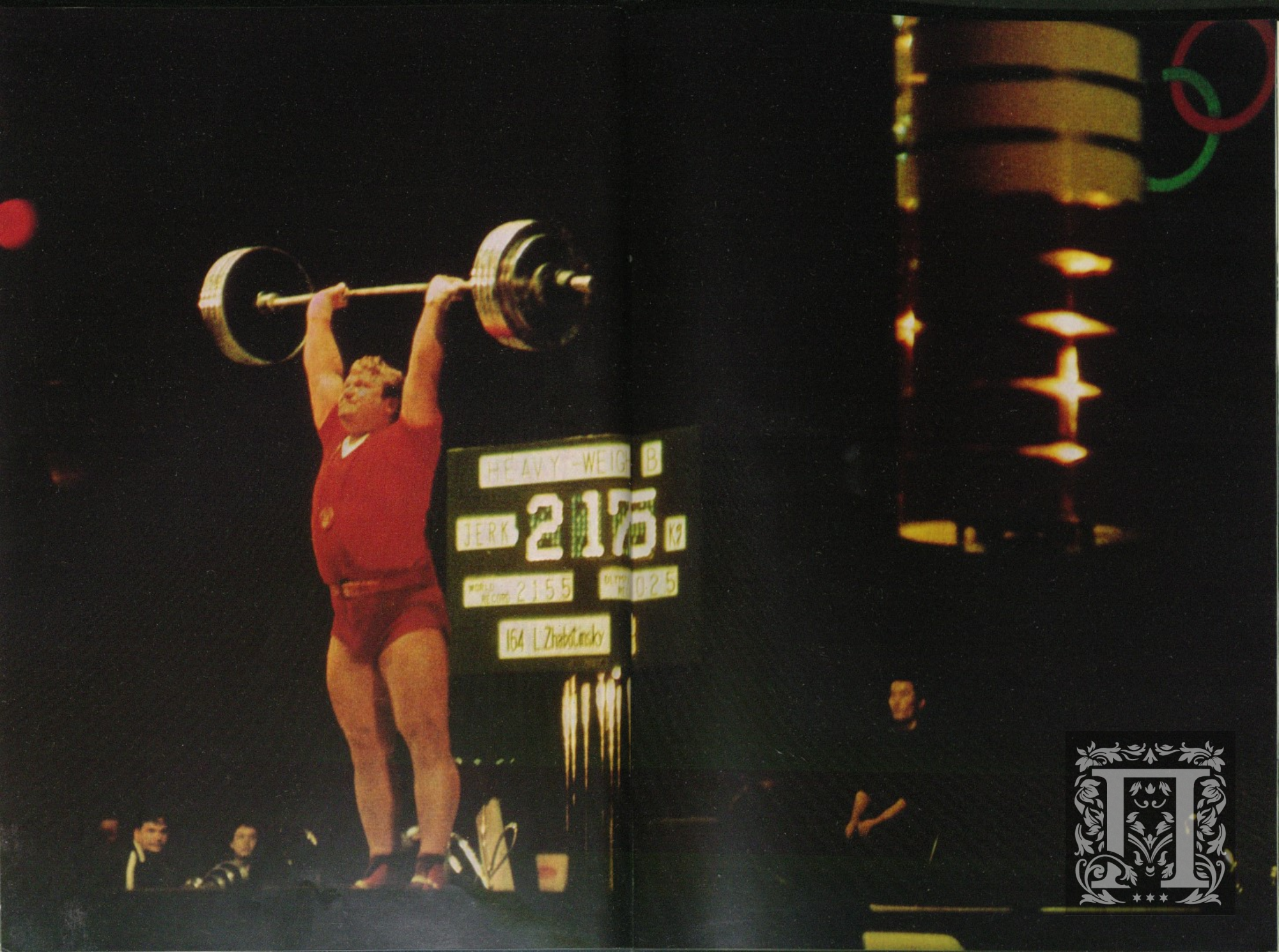


Fight of two fly-weights in the Greco-Roman wrestling. Tsutomu Hanahara (Japan), left, beats Angel Kerezov (Bulgaria), right, winning a gold, and his opponent a silver



Clash of the light heavy-weight favorites already in the third round, ending in a draw. Ahmet Ayik (Turkey), right, and Alexandr Medved (U.S.S.R.) supporting himself on a finger. In the end Medved won a gold, Ayik a silver and Said Mustafov Sherifov (Bulgaria) the bronze




HEAVY WEIG B
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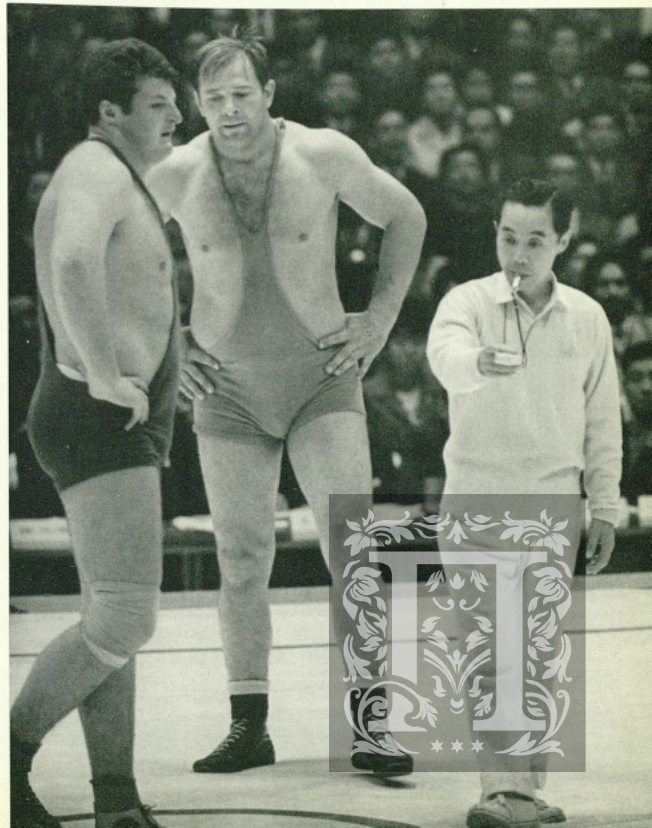
◂ Nippon high in the air–and every reason for being so: in the lower weight classes the light-built Japanese won five gold medals out of six in both styles, free and Greco-Roman





Wilfried Dietrich (Germany) tries a "throw-over" on Istvan Kozma (Hungary) in the fourth round of the heavy-weight wrestling-unsuccessfully. Kozma was the final winner, gold, before Roschin (U.S.S.R.) and Dietrich

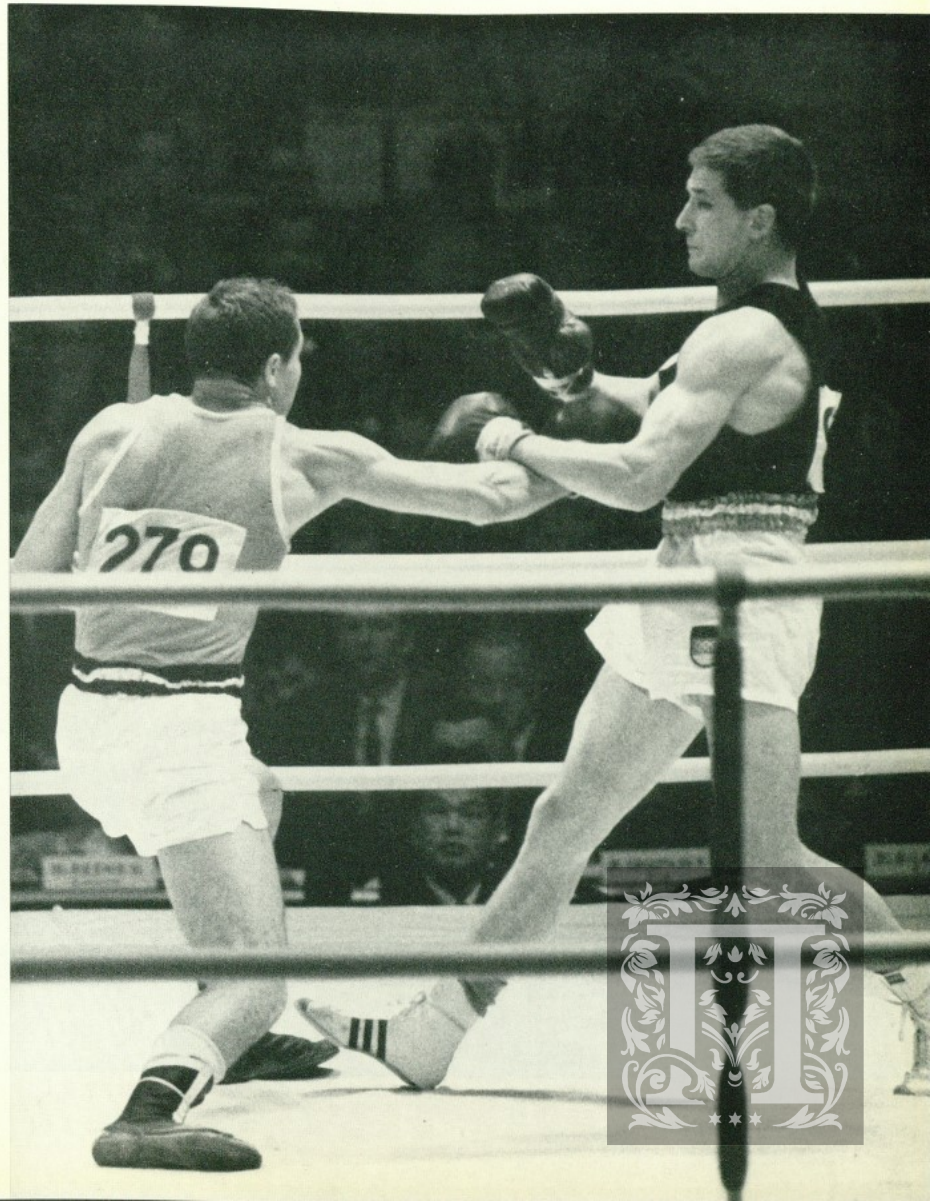


Istvan Kozma (Hungary), left, and Anatoly Roschin (U.S.S.R.), right, after their clash which ended in a draw

A beautiful straight right to the face–in the light-weight final. Jozef Grudzien (Poland), left, beat Vellikton Barannikov (U.S.S.R.) on points, winning a gold. The bronze medal was shared between Harris (U.S.A.) and McCourt (Ireland)

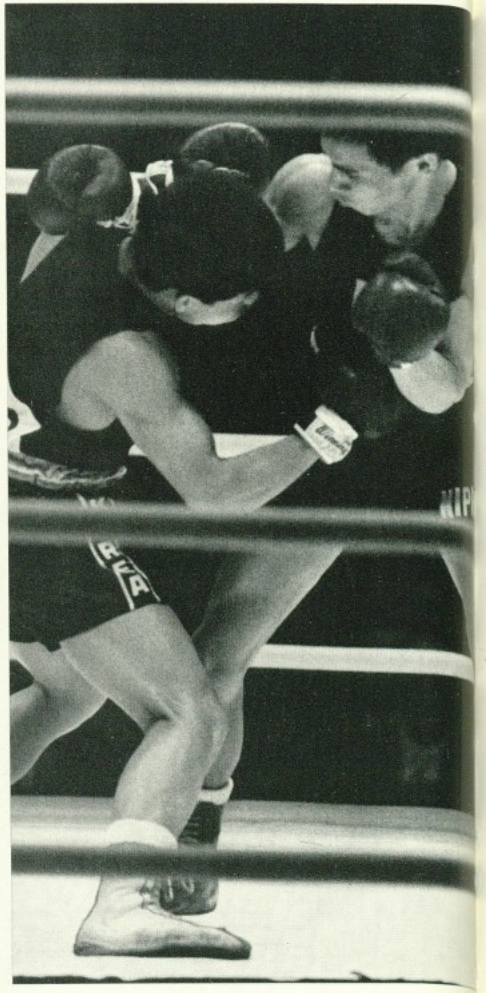


Final in the middle-weight. On the left the winner Popenchenko (U.S.S.R.) knocking out Schulz (Germany), right, in 2 min. 5 sec. The bronze medal was shared between Valle (Italy) and Walasek (Poland), the latter having also been knocked out by Popenchenko

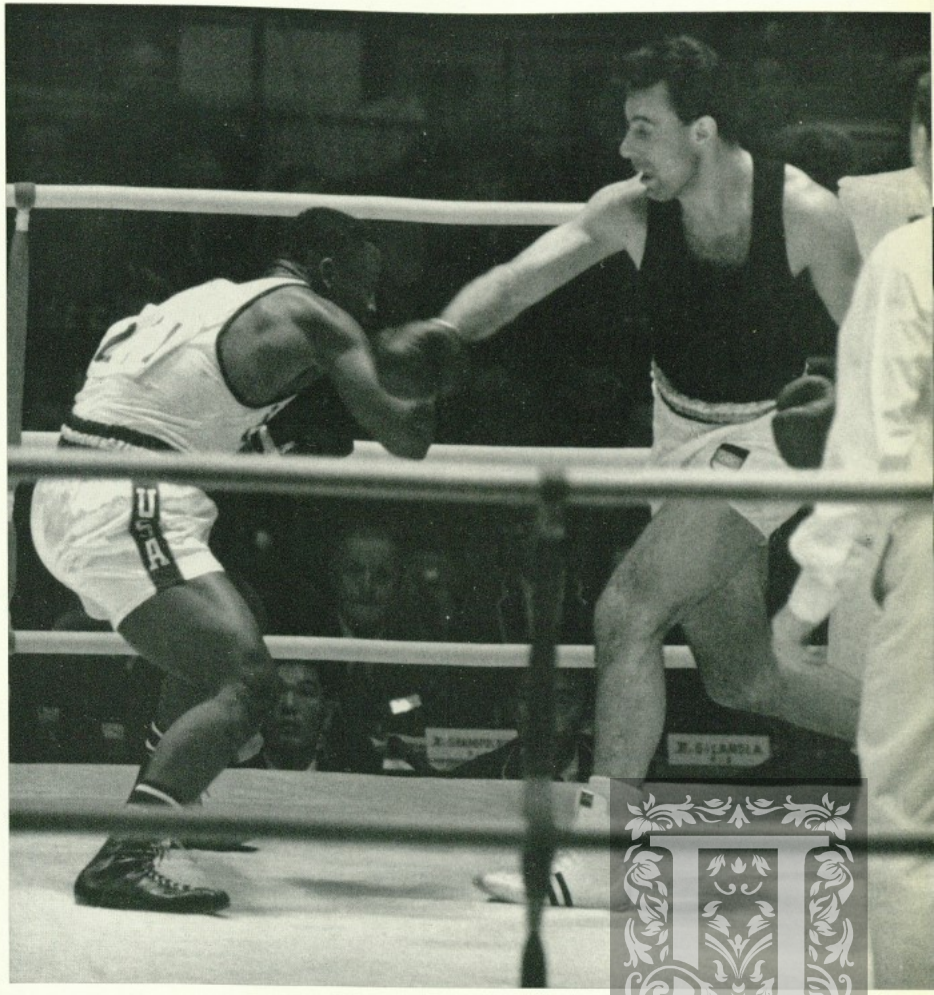


Two finals. Left: Fernando Atzori (Italy), left, becomes Olympic winner in the fly-weight by out pointing Poland's Artur Olech. (Bronze: Carmody (U.S.A.) and Sorokin (U.S.S.R.)
Right: In the bantam-weight Takao Sakurai (Japan), right, knocked out Shin-Cho Chung of Korea in the second round. Bronze: Fabila (Mexico) and Rodriguez (Uruguay)





Heavy-weight final. America's Joseph Frazier, left, beats German Hans Huber on points, after having eliminated Oyvello (Uganda), McQueen (Australia), and Yemelyanov (U.S.S.R.) by knock outs.
Bronze: Ros (Italy) and Yemelyanov (U.S.S.R.)





◄ Two priests of Judo, Klaus Glahn (Germany) and beneath him Ben M. Campbell (U.S.A.). Glahn won the semi-final fight, and finished with a bronze medal in the open class

The moment 13,000 Japanese will never forget. Dutchman Anton Geesink applies iron hold-down on Akio Kaminaga, Japan's Judo-idol – in the "class of all classes". The most coveted gold medal of all didn't stay in Japan







Middle-weight Final, and a hard won victory by Isao Okano (Japan) over Germany's Wolfgang Hofmann who proved to be the best Non-Japanese, after wins over Le Berre (France), Madrigal (Costa Rica), Snijders (Holland), and Bregman (U.S.A.)

FROM TOKYO–VIA TELSTAR

By Harry Carpenter

(BBC London)

We had sat hour after hour absorbing a fortnight's boxing. There had been 255 individual bouts. Night after night we shot glimpses of the best to a waiting world. Memories of that long tournament and an electronic miracle come flashing back.

Joe Frazier, 20, the U.S.A. heavyweight who slaughtered cattle for a living, threw one punch–a left hook–reminiscent of the abattoir axe. It resounded round the world when it hurled the Russian, Yemelyanov, into oblivion in the semifinals.

If his gold medal victory over Huber of Germany seemed to lack drama, it was only because we did not know at the time Frazier was boxing with a broken hand.

The Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad was the first occasion on which television got to grips with sport to fling its image right round the world. Pictures were seen simultaneously with performance as far away as the United States. Europe, nearly 10,000 miles distant, had to wait a little longer, but still saw the Games the same day as they had taken place.

The world, immunised against surprise in the electronics field, accepted the achievement with scarcely a lifted eyebrow, from armchairs in Akron, Ohio, to Paris, France.

In the Korakuen Ice Palace, Tokyo, sentiment demanded that talented Pietrzykowski, the 30-year-old Polish light-heavyweight who had won every honour in boxing but an Olympic gold medal, should triumph at last.

The years, however, remorselessly caught up with him in his losing semi-final with Kiseliov of Russia and we knew that the image of the idolised Pietrzykowski would be seen no more on our Olympic screens.

When the Tokyo Games opened, it was only seven years to the month since the Soviet Union launched Sputnik I, the pioneer satellite which made space-age television possible. Those seven years had been crammed with success by communications engineers the world over.

The Sputnik's modern successor, Syncom III, a compact metal ball bristling with electronic equipment, now hung in space, miles above the Pacific Ocean, keeping pace at 18,000 mph with the world below.

All that was required was to fling the impulses of the television signal from ring or track on the ground in Japan to Syncom III in the heavens. The satellite gathered it, drew back its arm, and hurled the signal to earth, on the other side of the Pacific. Result: instant TV.

At featherweight, a 19-year-old Filipino, brown and strong, whose father had won a bronze medal at bantamweight in the 1932 Olympics, battled out a remarkable final.

His name was Villanueva and his rival was Stepashkin, a fellow-southpaw from Russia. Villanueva was cut over both eyes in the opening minute. I had noted him earlier as a gold medal prospect when he efficiently disposed of Italy's experienced Girgenti. Now he was one bout away from a gold medal. The final raged this way and that, neither man willing to give ground. In the last round a doctor was called to look at the Filipino's eyes.We hoped he wouldn't say "enough"... we wanted a fair result, not medical intervention.

We got it. Stepashkin, 24, himself cut over one eye, had three judges out of five on his side. Villanueva wept. We sympathised. It was a pity there had to be a loser.

Syncom III, bouncing the pictures across 6,000 miles of ocean, had a predecessor named Telstar which did similar work between the American continent and Europe. In February, 1964, I had reported for the B.B.C. the fight in Miami, Florida, between Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay. The pictures were relayed to New York, from there shot up to Telstar and bounced back to earth in Britain, where people got up at six o'clock in the morning to see Clay, the 1960 Olympic light-heavy-weight champion, take the world professional heavy-weight title from Liston. This had pointed to what could be achieved in Tokyo.

In Japan I was one of some 30 television commentators reporting the Games to Europe. We told our viewers: the welterweight gold medal had not been out of European hands since 1932. By the time the

semi-finals of this weight were reached in Tokyo, we knew it would come to our side of the world once more. Four Europeans were through and in the end Kasprzyk of Poland, tall, moustached, an awkwardly useful southpaw, triumphed over Tamulis, the Russian. Indeed, the well-coached, superbly fit boxers of Poland and the Soviet Union (the Poles under little Felix Stamm, the Russians under burly Viktor Ogurenkov) were to dominate the 10 finals. One or other of these nations had a man in all but two of the finals. In the end, they won three gold medals each. Italy were runners-up with two. The U.S.A., sadly lacking in ability for the first time since they entered the Olympic boxing in the early days of the century, had only Frazier, the heavyweight, to thank for a gold medal.

The pictures we sent to Europe had made only half their journey by the time they reached the ground on the western coast of Canada. They were fed by land-line across the North American continent, 3,000 miles, to a station in Montreal. The pictures now permanently recorded on reels of television tape, were then stowed aboard a Transatlantic jet plane and sped, at 500 mph-plus, to Hamburg in Germany. The tape was fed into Hamburg's transmitters, the signals dispatched throughout Europe, collected at each country's own TV mast, and so finally picked up by receiving sets in the homes of millions of Europeans.

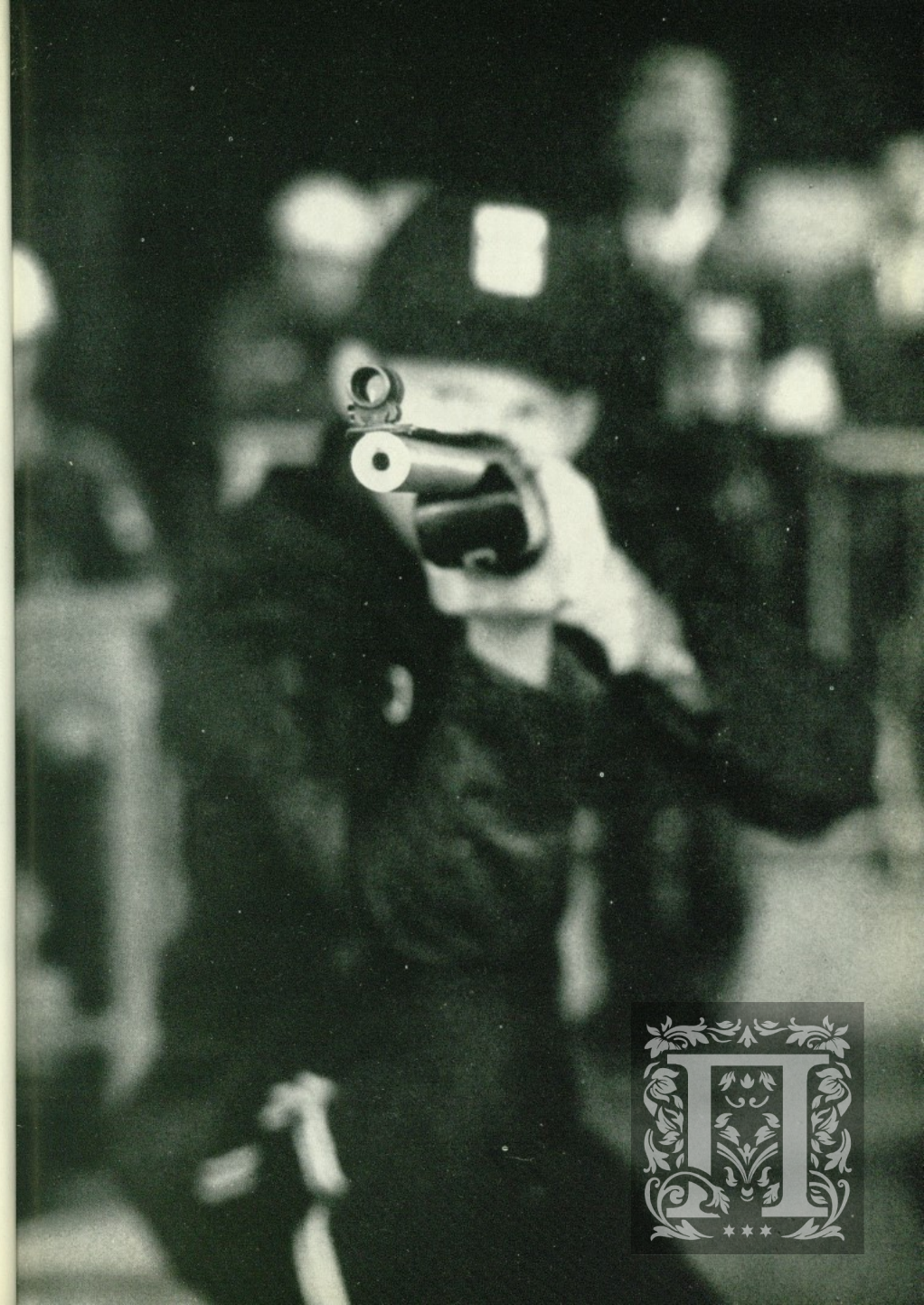
In this way East and West were linked, visually, for the first time and, appropriately, Japan, the host nation, the superb organiser of these most successful Games, was seen to win her first boxing gold medal. The Korakuen stadium thundered with excitement as Takao Sakurai, 22, a vigorous student-boxer of icy temperament, became champion of the bantams, in the presence of the Crown Prince. Grigoriev, the stocky Russian gold medallist of the Rome Olympics, who had been expected to prevail again, was surprisingly beaten in the quarter-finals.

A TV boxing commentator's daily routine in Tokyo was this; you sat through both boxing sessions, 2 p.m. and 7 p.m., in the lofty Korakuen stadium. At night, when boxing was over, you dashed five miles by car to NHK, Japan's radio-TV headquarters. Here, a German editor had the unenviable task of sifting the day's massive quantity of televised sport and, from it, selecting one hour's material suitable for Eurovision. Shortly before midnight, all was ready for the finished programme to be beamed skywards to the waiting Syncom III.

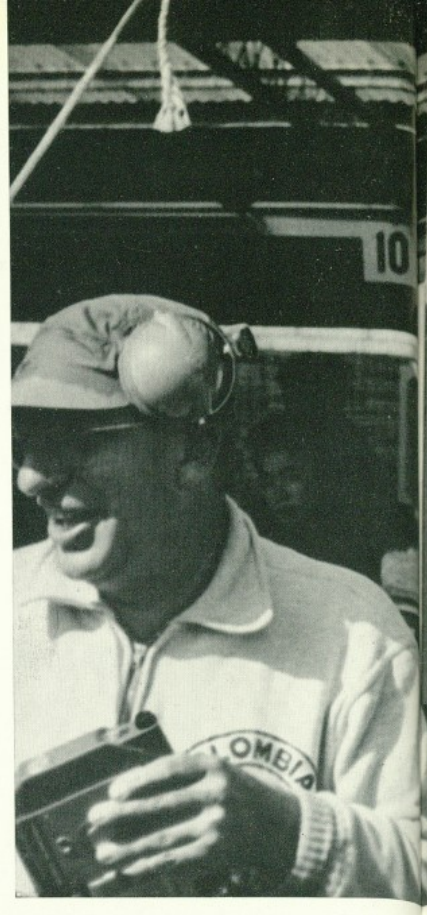
Commentators from a dozen European nations, headphones adjusted, microphones at the ready, sat tensely on forms at desks, like pupils in a school, and gazed through a darkened room at the glowing, silver-blue television monitor screens before them. A breathless silence descended until the moment when the first picture flashed across and then an indescribable torrent of noise broke out, a Babel of differing tongues. It was impossible to believe you would ever be heard 10,000 miles away–and, indeed, for a time we weren't. An ironic twist of fate decreed that although Syncom III worked its magic without a hitch, the relatively simple submarine cable carrying our voices short-circuited 28 miles east of Guam and remained unusable for five days while a repair ship steamed slowly to its aid from Yokohama.

One story we did tell, however, was the emergence in boxing of the young African nations, notably Ghana and Nigeria. Early on, they threatened the traditionally successful Olympic countries. They persisted manfully up to the quarterfinals. Then the casualties were heavy and none reached the finals.
Arguments raged among commentators as to who should win the coveted Val Barker trophy for the outstanding boxer of the Games. My feeling was that Lagutin, the flame-haired Soviet light-middleweight of considerable artistry, should get it. The authorities, however, decreed otherwise. Popenchenko, another Russian, won it for his middleweight victory.

Some time after midnight on October 23 we laid down our microphones for the last time. An engineer said; "Well, it worked. I don't know how. Shooting pictures at Syncom III is like aiming at a golf ball from 200 miles."
But we all knew–this was just the beginning of a new era in worldwide Olympic communication.



Gun in action–not a close up of a Hollywood gangster, but America's Gary Lee Anderson establishing with 1153 circles on the target a new world record





Electronics and computers have played a big part in Tokyo. Left to right: Shigeru Yosano, Secretary General of Organising Committee, IBM coordinator for Summer Games in Tokyo, IOC President Avery Brundage and General Manager G. R. Williamson.

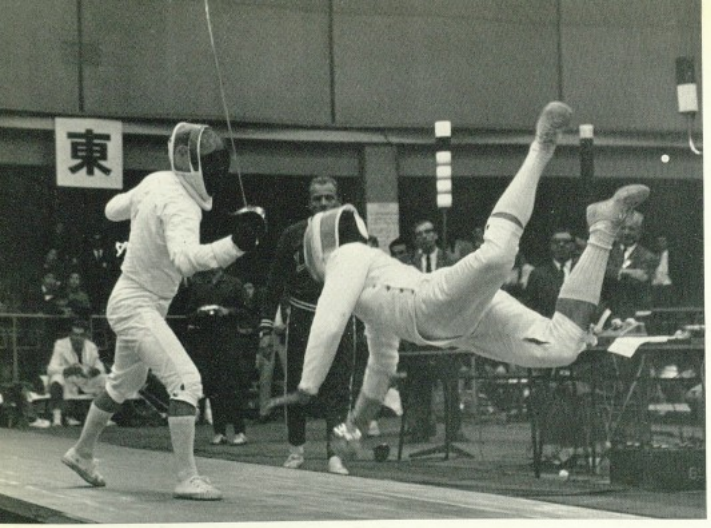


Pentti Linnosvuo (Finland), the best man in the world to pack a pistol. Won a gold medal for rapid firing in Tokyo, after a silver in Rome and a free pistol gold in Melbourne 1956

◄ Ferenc Török (Hungary) in the cross-country race – part of the Modern Pentathlon, Baron Coubertin's invention and favourite competition

Honours for the winners in the team competition for the Modern Pentathlon: Left to right: the American team (Moore, Kirkwood, Pesthy), silver, U.S.S.R. (Novikov, Mokeev, Mineev), gold with 14961 points, Hungary (F. Török, Nagy, O. Török), bronze





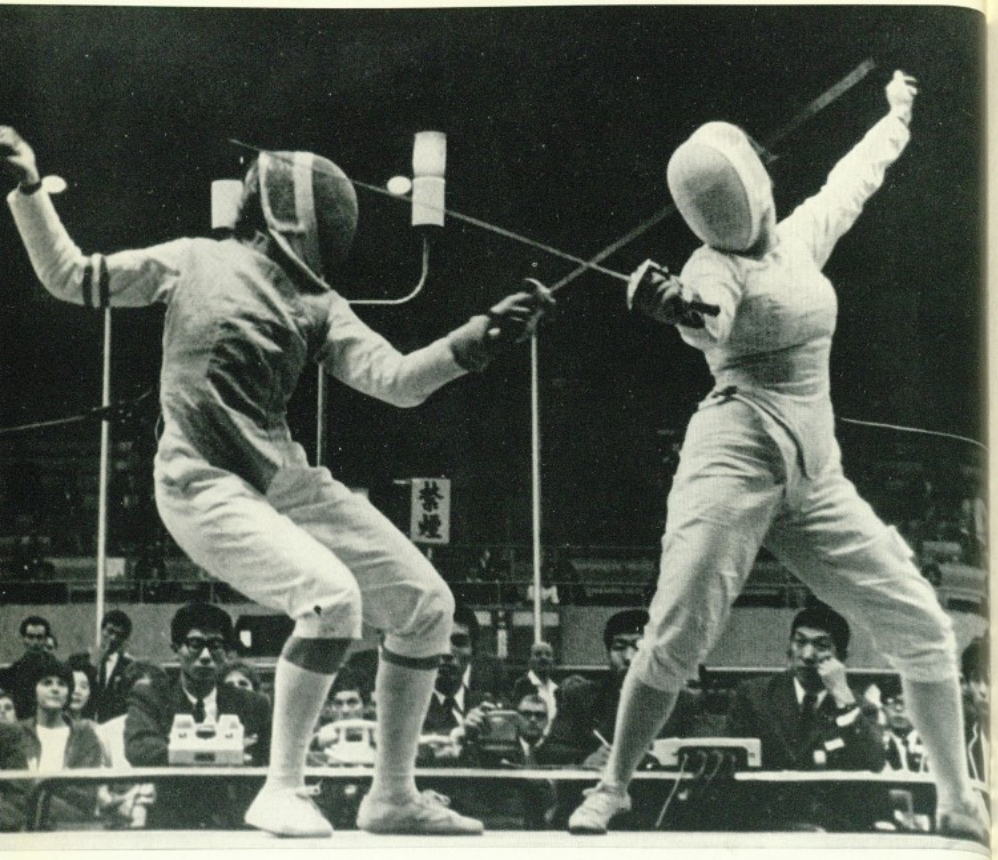
Aerial fencing. Walter Köstner (Germany) won over Poland's Jerzy Pawlowski



Sabre in the air, disconnected from its swordsman. Lefèvre (France) has knocked it out of Salvadori's (Italy) hand

Even when on the ground did he defend himself; U.S.S.R. soldier-lefthander Grigory Kriss who won the gold medal in the épée fencing





The ladies cross swords. The decisive encounter between Hungary's Ildiko Ujlaki-Rejtö, left, who won a gold, and Helga Mees (Germany), silver

THE YOUNG LION OF KIEV

By Rex Bellamy

(World Sports)

Of all the Olympic sports held within the city of Tokyo, none stepped as close to the shadows of privacy as fencing did. Even to drive to the memorial hall of Waseda University was to leave behind the cosmopolitan world of the gay and brilliant city and enter the confidential seclusion of the suburbs.

In the hall itself, the feeling of withdrawal to an esoteric temple was sharpened, exaggerated. One felt that, though the problem of presenting the sport to the public had not defeated the ingenious Japanese, it had proved a match for them. The scoreboards, like the crowds, tended to be rather small. There were few concessions to those who stepped into an alien country when they went to watch the Olympic fencing. It was significant that most of the noise and excitement came from the arena itself, not from the spectators. It was as if some Rip van Winkle had suddenly woken up and found himself face to face with modern art.

Yet the facilities here, as elsewhere, were excellent for the competitors themselves, though the competition was punctuated by electrical difficulties. Always the anonymously masked fencers, wrapped in concentration on their narrow pistes, were at the mercy of Faraday's Law.

As for the fencing itself, there was renewed evidence that, whereas a man's individual flair was once all-important, nowadays physical conditioning has an increasing influence on results. At Olympic heights the physical demands are immense—there is the need to strike top form in a sudden, explosive effort, then rest, then repeat the whole process. It is not a question of working up to a peak, but of stepping from one peak to the next, with precious little respite in between.

Look down the long list of Olympic sports, and you will find few that make such peculiarly exacting claims in a field that medical experts would probably label as neuro-physiology.

Because of all this, the many physical and mental qualities we sum up in the word "form" count for much. Given three or four men of roughly the same class, and it is impossible to predict which of them will win. "Form" on the day is decisive, particularly with such a weapon as the épée.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and at Tokyo the men's individual gold medals all went in unexpected directions—to Franke (Poland) with the foil, Kriss (Russia) with the épée, and Pezsa (Hungary) with the sabre. Had a similar competition been held even a month later, would anyone have backed the same three to win?

Thus flair and fitness go hand in hand. So far as the second is concerned, physical conditioning sits oddly with the traditions of this aristocractic sport. Alongside the very pistes at Tokyo, fencers were drinking wine and smoking cigarettes. I know one coach who would not travel back to the Olympic village with his team because, he said, he could not breathe in the bus—it was full of cigarette smoke.

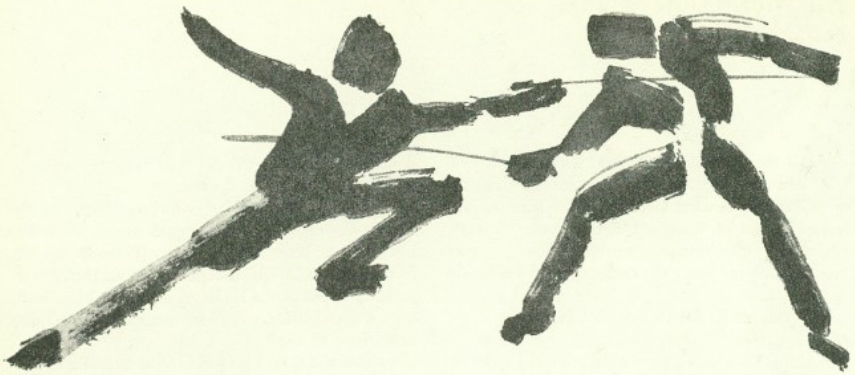
And it is no great help to a fencer's concentration on the main business that the sport traditionally attracts some of the loveliest, shapeliest camp-followers to be found at any Olympics.

But there are distractions and distractions. We had far too many of the wrong kind on the day of the individual épée final.

There was an early protest that a hit had not registered on the lights. There was more trouble of the same kind. The lights seemed arbitrary with their favours. They would not flash when a hit had been made. They flashed when a hit had not been made. Saccaro of Italy had more frustration than most. There were delays, consultations. There were repairs. Then came a cloud of pungent fumes as a battery beside the piste became red hot. After the inimitable Kriss had been pounding to and fro for a while, the piste itself had to be repaired, with the noise of hammering echoing through the hall. For a time Saccaro and Kriss were given chairs on the piste so that they could sit down while all was made ready again. It must have been a nightmare for the poor Japanese.

In six successive Olympics this title had gone to Italy. It seemed for a while that Saccaro might keep it for them, but he failed. How much the interruptions had to do with it we shall never know.

The title finally rested between Hoskyns, a 22-year-



old British fruit farmer, and Kriss, a 23-year-old Russian soldier. Neither nation had ever won this particular title, and Britain, in fact, had never won a gold medal at any of the men's fencing events. The news spread round the city, and British journalists came flocking to Waseda University.

When Hoskyns and Kriss met for the first time, there were four successive double hits from four-all, an astonishing sequence. Now they were together again, with the title at stake. It was a remarkable performance by both to get as far. But although Hoskyns was getting on in years, he remained one of the world's most consistent fencers. His composure and concentration were immense, his economy of effort enviable.

Kriss was a startling contrast. He made nonsense of all the traditional conventions of épée fencing. He was a ball of fire. He was a tumbler, an acrobat. To see him at work was to be reminded of Cossack dancing. He was all action. He stamped along the edge of the piste. He feinted. He charged to the attack. He tumbled off the piste altogether. He kicked up such a rumpus that Hoskyns never knew when Kriss was coming for him. And when Kriss did come, he came like lightning. His flèche attack was fantastic.

In the barrage two flèche attacks put Kriss ahead, and he never looked back. He was unorthodox, certainly, but he was wonderfully effective. It may be that the accepted tenets of épée fencing will have to be revised because of that October day when the young lion of Kiev won glory for himself and Russia.

No one else was so outrageously triumphant or so triumphantly outrageous. The likes of Kriss—celebrating his first year in the Russian team—do not come along very often.

But the policy of aggression that served Kriss so well had its parallels elsewhere. Franke, for instance, won the foil title because, besides fencing well, he had the courage to attack wholeheartedly. Placed immediately behind the 29-year-old Pole were two young Frenchmen: the world champion, Magnan, aged 23, and Revenu, aged 21. It was, of course, a bitter disappointment for France they did not regain the title Christian d'Oriola won for them at Helsinki and Melbourne in turn. But the new school of French fencers achieved a notable advance on Rome. There they had failed to win a medal. At Tokyo they gained silver medals in two individual events and bronze medals in one individual event and the foil and épée team events. It looks as though the lean years of French fencing are over.

With the sabre, the experienced Pezsa retained for Hungary a title that—save for an Italian success in the Antwerp Games of 1920—had never been out of their hands since 1908. Here again, a Frenchman, Arabo, was runner-up. But in the team event Hungary's run of seven successive titles was ended—more than that, they could finish only fifth. The winners, for the first time, were the Russians.

Though deprived of one kingdom, the Hungarians gained another. Their épée teams had never finished first in the Olympics. Except for 1956, they had never even finished in the first three. Yet at Tokyo they romped into top place, beating both the traditional giants of the event—France by 9–3 and Italy by 8–3. Great Britain, who had finished second in Rome, were unexpectedly beaten 8–4 by Switzerland in the first round of the direct elimination series. Jay and Hoskyns—the individual silver medal winners at Rome and Tokyo in turn—were both below form.

The only men's team title that did not change hands was the foil, retained by Russia. They had a wonderful final with Poland, who had never got as far before. The margin was only 9–7, and there were boisterous celebrations when Russia eventually scraped home.

The surprise in this event was the form of the Japanese, who came desperately close to their first fencing medal of any Olympics.

The gold medals in the women's foil events both went to Hungary. The team competition was introduced only at the 1960 Games, when it was won by Russia. But Hungary's sole previous winner in the women's individual foil was Elek, the only fencer of either sex who successfully bridged the 12-year gap between Berlin and London. Now Rejtö regained Hungary the title in a thrilling final.

For the first time since 1908 Italy failed to win a single gold medal. For the first time in Olympic fencing history Franke struck gold for Poland. So it went on. Every day had its colour, its drama, its excitement, its dash of the unexpected. But for me, and for many others, the echoes reverberating from Tokyo are the echoes of that roaring young lion from Kiev.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE SIXTH BULLET HOLE

By Rex Bellamy

(World Sports)

It happened out at the Asaka shooting range on the third day of the modern pentathlon's five-event programme. We were in the country, far from the madding crowds of Tokyo. It was a peaceful day.

The competitors were standing in what might have been a covered market. Each firing post looked rather like a starting trap on a racecourse. Spectators were clustered around, but at a respectful distance, behind a black and yellow plastic rope. They might have been attending a cattle auction.

In the distance were the silhouettes. All was precise, well ordered, formal. And save for the staccato crack of the shots, and occasional discreet applause, all was quiet. The morning was overcast, the scoring poor.

It hardly made sense that this was to be the setting for one of the most dramatic and baffling disputes of the entire Olympic programme... the curious case of the sixth bullet hole.

The central figure, and prime suspect, was O. Török of Hungary, aged 26, younger brother of the overall leader.

The competition consists of four series, each of five shots. Török, shooting in the last detail, scored 48 on each of his first two series. Then, in the screen behind the target, six bullet holes were found... six... and there should only have been five.

What had happened? Had Török missed the target once in his second series, and had an extra shot? There were some who said he had in fact fired one shot too many. Török denied it. So did the marshal in charge. Could the shot have come from another direction?

The rules did not cover this sort of thing. The jury of appeal could not reach a unanimous verdict. They discussed it all afternoon, while back at the Press Centre in Tokyo everyone wondered why the results were so late coming in. The mystery of Asaka deepened.

And finally the jury of appeal made an extraordinary decision to solve an extraordinary case. They deducted 21 points from Török's score for the second series.

So it was that the brothers Török both achieved prominence—the younger as the key figure in that puzzling controversy, the elder as the eventual winner of the competition. T. Török took the lead in the second event, the fencing, and maintained it

throughout the shooting, swimming, and running, finally collapsing at the end of the last event to provide the climax with a dash of incidental drama.

Thus Hungary retained the individual title, in spite of a brave challenge by Novikov of Russia during the last week of his 34th year. But the Russians were irresistible as a team, with Novikov second, Mokeev third, and Mineev fifth. The fact that Hungary finished third instead of first was something of a surprise, but all the team event really proved was that Russia, the United States, Hungary, and Sweden –the top four, in that order–were still a class above the rest.

It was more or less what we expected. Not that the first event, the riding, was much help in sorting out the wheat from the chaff. It was held at Asaka Nezu Park, a level stretch of heath and woodland. The tang of horses and leather hung in the air. The sunshine blazed down on us. All was warm, drowsy, and still–even the competitors as they rested in their marquee before and after the rides.

The course was as friendly as the day, and the horses were too good for it. At the end, when the points were tallied, there were some strange names up among the leaders. But the fencing put that right. F. Török and Hungary moved ahead. After the shooting it was still Török, but no longer Hungary. Russia and the United States had pushed them into third place.

The top three teams remained in that order through the swimming and running, though the pressure of the three Russians gradually but firmly separated Török from the support of his countryman, Nagy, who was eventually seventh. And all the time one had the impression that the men who are versatile enough and strong enough for this exacting event live in a private world where they have the best of everything.

At the end of it all we saluted a Török... and remembered the other Török, perhaps the only man who really knew the answer to the curious case of the sixth bullet hole.

THE LOSERS

By Doug Ibbotson

(Evening News)

Mr. Ho Thanh Chinh of Vietnam and Miss S. Charanggool of Thailand were two of the most important people of the Games of the 18th Olympiad. If their names are unfamiliar it is probably because they made only the briefest appearance in the National stadium.

Mr. Chinh's flight through the Olympic firmament began and ended with heat four of the men's 100 metres in which he finished seventh (of seven) with a time of 11.9 seconds.

Miss Charanggool lasted a little longer for she took 64 seconds to cover 400 metres–which was 9.1 seconds more than the heat winner.

Clearly Mr. Chinh and Miss Charanggool were among the 5,000 competitors who did not win medals in Tokyo, a body which outnumbered those who did by ten to one. In the light of Pierre de Coubertin's immortal stricture, this makes them very important people indeed.

There were good losers and bad losers; losers petulant and losers morose; cheerful losers and tearful losers–all absolutely splendid and honourable.

The only failures were the *indifferent* losers.

If the Japanese loved anyone more than the spectacular success it was the spectacular loser. One of my most poignant memories of the Games was the sight and sound of a packed stadium paying homage to a Singhalese called Karunanda who ran the last two laps of the 10,000 metres completely alone rather than abandon a principle.

Then there was the 'outsider' Kiprugut of Kenya who, having snatched an 800 metres bronze by sheer burning enthusiasm, flung himself into his 400 metres heat as if his life depended on it and crashed over the line in a final lung-bursting effort... to finish seventh.

I liked to see a man peel away from the broken tape and beat his brow because he had failed to qualify. I



admired the boxer who was led away sobbing because he had been eliminated. I applauded Elvira Ozolina, the Russian javelin thrower who had her head shaved in penance for what she mistakenly believed had been a disgraceful performance.

If we criticize such competitors for their emotional demonstrations we fail to appreciate that here, at least, are men and women deeply conscious of the importance and honour of taking part in the Olympic Games. The man who simply shrugs at defeat is not necessarily less worthy but to me his attitudes, if not his motives, are suspect.

I know of one boxer in Tokyo who clearly had no intention of allowing Olympic competition to interfere with his jolly Japanese holiday. His team-mates were similarly aware of the reason for his blatant capitulation and said so in no uncertain terms.

Fortunately this was an extreme case, but there were other losers who showed a greater affinity for fun-and-games and rich foods than for dedicated training.

Indeed, I sometimes wondered if the recreational amenities and freedom within the Yoyogi village were not a little too lavish and the discipline too scant.

There were not many, for instance, like weightlifter Louis Martin who steadfastly refused to deviate from an almost monastic existence before the competition. One could always find Louis in the training hall or in his billet, utterly obsessed with the determination to do his best for Britain and for the Olympic ideal.

Martin gained a silver medal and still considered he had failed.

If there were special commendations for losers (and why not?) I would certainly nominate Mary Peters who came fourth in the Pentathlon.

This jovial, pink-cheeked Belfast girl trained and improved every day throughout the pre-competitive period. She worked hard, [illegible] individually with her own coach, not because she expected to win but simply in the joy of becoming a better athlete and, therefore, a worthier competitor.

It was always a joy to meet Mary returning from a training session. She *never* complained about the

facilities, the food, the programme, the weather or her fellow athletes. She neither believed she was a world-beater nor a no-hoper.
She simply exuded hope, determination and enthusiasm and left one in no doubt at all that Mary Peters was supremely proud to be competing in the Olympic Games.
It is upon the deeds and dedication of losers like Mary Peters that the Honour and Dignity of victory depends.

THEIR THIRD GOLD MEDAL

Three athletes particularly distinguished themselves in the course of these Games. Not only did they obtain individual gold medals, but these medals were their third to be won consecutively in the same event.
They were the American discus-thrower Al Oerter, the Australian swimmer Dawn Fraser and the Russian oarsman Viacheslav Ivanov; they had all already won first places at Melbourne and Rome. Mention must also be made of the German show-jumping team, which has won the "Grand Prix" three times running. Hans Günter Winkler was in each of these winning teams.

Al Oerter, by Edouard Seidler

(L'Equipe)

During the summer of 1958, two years after his Olympic victory at Melbourne, Al Oerter had announced that he was soon going to retire from competition. Having finished at University, he was now married and living in New York. He found himself placed in the worst circumstances for hoping to continue his sporting career. Six years later at the age of 28, this same Oerter was carrying off his third Olympic gold medal. And far from thinking of retirement, he is already dreaming of a fourth medal which he hopes to win in Mexico.
His enthusiasm for athletics, which he pursues with the fervour of a true amateur, led him to face up to all the difficulties and to overcome everything which stood in his way, so that he could keep his Olympic rendez-vous. Nevertheless, he nearly did not make Tokyo. The aircraft company which employs him looked unfavourably upon the absence of their engineer, who always carries out his sporting engagements in his holiday time. A veritable campaign was needed in the press before he could set out for Tokyo.
Al Oerter did not seem destined to win at Tokyo, just as he had not been expected to win at Melbourne and Rome, where he beat the real favourite for the event on both occasions, first Gordien, then Babka. The Czech, Ludvik Danek, had several months previously increased the world record to the phenomenal distance of 211 ft. 9 in. Oerter had himself been beaten during the selection trials in the United States.
He was moreover handicapped by a dislocated neck which made it necessary for him to throw trussed up in a "collar" made from a belt and a towel! At Tokyo, the respective performances in training of Danek and Oerter continued to make the Czech the favourite for the competition. But those who were aware of Al's fantastic psychological and technical powers knew the American was capable of surpassing himself under the spur of battle.
On the evening of the opening ceremony, fate came down against Oerter and seemed to have finally eliminated him: victim of a badly strained cartilage in the trunk, followed by internal haemorrhage, it appeared that he would have to stand down. Oerter however is not one to give up.
Casting off his collar on the day of the competition, he presented himself, full with cortisone and suffering a martyr's agony at each throw. Dominated at first by Danek, he put all his remaining strength and courage into the fifth throw. With 200 ft. 1 in., he went to the head of the competition. Danek did not wait for the end of the contest to acknowledge his rival's victory; in the arena, he shared with him the bottle of Czech beer he had brought along to wash down his own success.

"I could not have thrown a sixth time," gasped Oerter a while later, "my pain was unbearable." Nevertheless", he added, "we shall have to throw well over 213 feet in Mexico."
He thinks he can do it, this man who achieved his first Olympic title, twelve years before Mexico, with a throw of 181 ft. 2 in.

Dawn Fraser, by Edouard Seidler

(L'Equipe)

She is the most amazing swimmer of all time. She has given her all and sacrificed everything to swimming. But she has received even more in return. She began life empty-handed. Hers was a poor family. Early on, she came to know deprivation and strain—a sad, grey life with nothing to look forward to.
Then one day she discovered swimming. She took the plunge with all the enthusiasm of adolescence. Even today, it is with emotion that she calls to mind the event which was to remain the happiest moment of her life: the moment when the trainer Harry Gallaher came over to her at the Balmain Bath in Sidney to say, "You are gifted, Dawn. You must train seriously. You could go a long way."
She was fifteen, and this was the first time anyone had taken an interest in her, the first time that anyone had believed in her.
"No record, no Olympic medal has ever given me more pleasure than that sentence of Harry Gallaher's," she said.
From that day forward, for her, nothing was more important than swimming. In 1955, when she was eighteen, she won her first national title. A year later, at the Melbourne Games, she became Olympic champion.
From then on, she was to go from triumph to triumph, without ever suffering defeat over the distance for which she was the undisputed queen—the hundred metres. In fact, for eight years, she domineered the field in the ladies' sprint to a greater extent than anyone had ever done in any other sport before her. Practically speaking, she was a whole generation in front of the best of her rivals.
She carried off her second Olympic title in 1960 at Rome. Two years later, she became the first woman ever to swim the 100 metres in under a minute, nearly forty years after the first man, Johnny Weismuller. It was in that year that her father died. At the beginning of 1964, she was training for her third Olympic triumph when her mother also died, killed at her side in a terrible car accident: Dawn was driving.
They thought her swimming days were over. On the contrary, as soon as she came out of hospital, it was in the water that she took refuge. In the water, she would be able to forget and make a new attack on life.
There she was again at Tokyo, unchanged except for a ring on her finger, the ring which her mother had worn on their last outing together.
In the Olympic Final, far in front of the Americans, Dawn Fraser's hand—the one with the ring on—touched home first. Supreme, smiling, magnificent, Dawn had won her third individual gold medal.
It was then she announced her retirement. This was received with a certain amount of scepticism. In this Japanese autumn, eight years after Melbourne, four years after Rome, Dawn Fraser was still the living image of someone with a craze for swimming.

Viacheslav Ivanov, by Maurice Maurel

(L'Equipe)

This time, they thought he would not make it. His head lolling oddly on his left shoulder, Viacheslav Ivanov, already winner of the single sculls event at Melbourne and Rome, had just stopped, exhausted, 197 yards from the finish. No, definitely not, the Russian would not have that third gold medal.
It was the beginning of the afternoon of the 11th of October 1964 on the rowing basin at Toda. At the start, they were giving him as the winner, despite the presence of Don Spero. Indeed, the American had always been on a level with him, but they knew Ivanov and his amazing spurt which left standing all who challenged him. But this time, they had to yield to the evidence: the spurt had not only failed to show itself, but also Don Spero's reserves seemed superior. Herein lay the drama; an inner drama as well as the drama on the water; the drama of the beaten athlete and of the proud man caught in his own trap.
However, Ivanov must have remembered. A similar misadventure had already befallen him before, and the cause had always been his desire for applause—that extra applause which comes because they are not only acclaiming the winner but also the hoaxer playing cat and mouse with his victim.
Let us recall his career. This oarsman was first seen

when scarcely eighteen, at Bled in 1956. He was the eye-opener of the European Championships, which he dominated with his personality. A few months later at Melbourne, he easily won his first Olympic title.

But glory went to his head. The next year, he was beaten at Henley, finishing only third in the European Championships. He could only manage the same place in 1958.

In 1959, Ivanov took hold of himself and at the Games in Rome, easily won his second medal from the man who was to be his closest rival at Toda, the German, Achim Hill. The following two seasons, the Russian again called the tune and became World champion. Then came a fresh downfall, the more serious because it happened only a year before the Games. He dropped to fourth in the European Championships at Copenhagen in 1963.

The forecasters wondered—was he not too old? They overlooked the fact that the started very young, and they also did not take into account his amazing personality. For, in 1964, there he was at Amsterdam, on top once more. Surely, his third gold medal was now in the bag... Thus you can imagine the currents of rumour which rippled along the water's edge at Toda on this first day.

Happily, Ivanov not only has class: he also has self-respect. Beaten once, he set off like a shot; given a second chance, no one was going to catch him. In the final, leading all the way, he put in a magnificent spurt which left his rivals standing and relegated Don Spero, the man who had beaten him on the first day, to last place. His third consecutive medal leaves no room for criticism.

Germany's Horsemen

By Jean Saint-Fort Paillard

(Le Figaro)

The German riders have long held a place in the front rank in the three equestrian events which figure on the Olympic Games Programme.—Grand Prix, Three-Ray Event, and Dressage. At Tokyo, they succeeded in winning the team gold medal in the Grand Prix for the third consecutive time, a performance unique in the annals of the Games.

Even more extraordinary is the achievement of Hans Günter Winkler. He was not only in all three victorious teams, and therefore titleholder of three gold medals, but he also won the individual gold medal on his mare Halla when picked for Stockholm in 1956. Here, then, is a rider who has collected four gold medals in three Olympic Games. Assuredly a record, and one which is not likely to be broken... unless he succeeds in improving it himself in Mexico in 1968; this can by no means be discounted since he was only 38 in Tokyo. The Frenchman Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola became Olympic champion at the age of 44, after previously having been champion at Helsinki twelve years earlier.

The other Germans who rode to success at Winkler's side were Fritz Thiedemann who, thrice selected with his horse Meteor, made his début at Helsinki by winning the bronze medal before contributing most efficiently to the team's gold medals at Stockholm and Rome; Alfons Lutke-Westhues (Ala) at Stockholm, Alwin Schockemöhle (Ferdl) at Rome, Hermann Schridde (Dozent II), individual silver medal, and Kurt Jarasinski (Torro) at Tokyo.

If individual victories are sometimes simply the manifestation of an exceptional performer who has come to the fore at the right time in a country whose general level in the particular sport is not necessarily of world class, it is an entirely different matter for team victories. These are more certainly indicative of the national standard and correspondingly, of the value of the training scheme, and the way that this is put into practice to make such a standard attainable. This is indeed the case here. In fact German horsemanship proved itself at Tokyo by another team gold medal in the Dressage, two individual silver medals (Grand Prix and Dressage), two bronze medals (individual and team in the three Day Event), as well as this gold medal in the Grand Prix. These six medals spread among the three events go to make up a result which speaks for itself. It is the culmination of a very methodical selection—horses chosen from a high quality stud; riders from a sport which is properly supervised and encouraged and which is continually improving in both numbers and standard. But these successes are due also to drill, training and horsemanship whose principal characteristics are the quest for total submission on the part of the animal, coupled with extreme precision on the part of the rider. Thus the animal's instinct and the rider's flair is reduced to a minimum, whilst the greatest possible emphasis is laid on getting the most from high quality "tools".

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY R. F. SAVAGE



No need to hide his face in shame—on the contrary: Giovanni Pettenella, right, of Italy was by far the most successful of all cyclists in Hachioji's indoor cycling track. He eliminated first favorite Belgian Patrick Sercu and then in the semi-final – this picture – France's world champion Pierre Trentin. From there Pettenella went on to win the final against fellow-countryman Sergio Bianchetto

This is Belgium's Patrick Sercu, sprint world champion 1963, winning the 1000 metre time trial ahead of Pettenella (Italy), and Pierre Trentin (France)





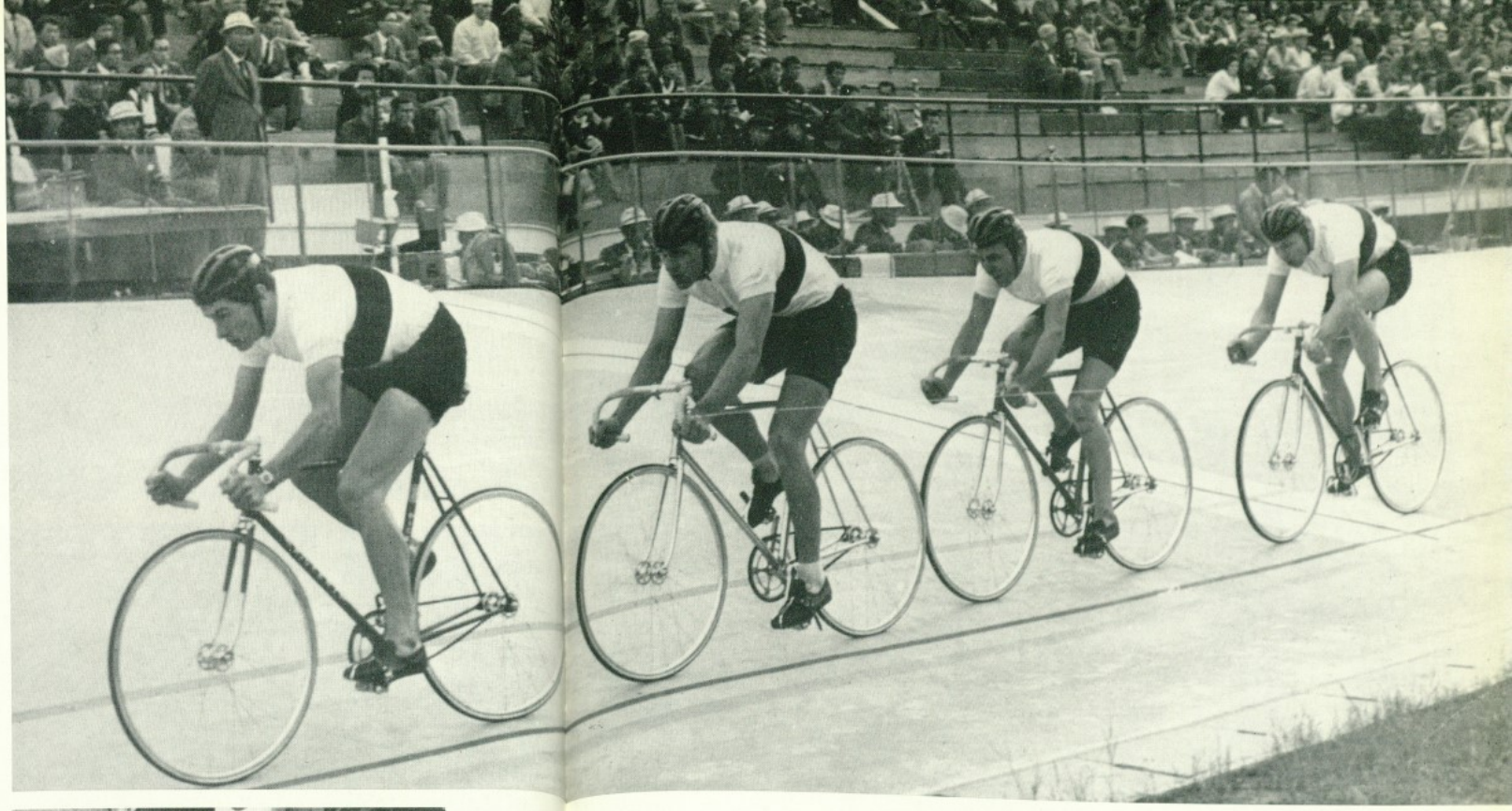
A surprise gold medal for the Dutch Dolman, Karstens, Pieterse, Zoet in the team time trial



Many are called but few are chosen – start to the individual road race on October 22nd, 1964



The fellow on the right, who shouts victory, is the gold medal winner Mario Zanin (Italy), won the individual road race, beating Kjell Rodian, Denmark, extreme left, and next to him Walter Godefroot (Belgium)



Four men on two wheels each – Germany's Claesges, Link, Henrichs, Streng in the team pursuit race – the only world champions who in Tokyo also won the gold medal



18-year-old Dutch cyclist Tiemen Groen in the individual pursuit race. Although 1964 world champion, he this time only finished fourth, behind victorious Czechoslovakian Jiri Daler, Giorgio Ursi (Italy), and Preben Isaksson (Denmark)



Olympic tandem race winners Damiano/Bianchetto (Italy), lead German pair Kobusch/Fuggerer (62 and 63) – although in the picture it looks the other way round. The Germans finished with a bronze medal

THEY BOTH STOOD STILL

By Peter Bryan

(Sporting Cyclist)

The world's two cleverest team managers stood chatting and smiling together in the track centre at the Hachioji stadium. Rivals at any major international competition, former French daredevil sprinter Louis Gerardin and Italy's dapper Guido Costa spoke animatedly, giving the impression that their minds were far from the concern of the Olympic Games.

But only ten yards away, poised in a tactical standstill battle of nerves were two riders on the verge of a gold medal chance. World champion Pierre Trentin, of France, a chunky sprinter nurtured all summer in the wiles of speed cycling by Gerardin, was opposing the tanned, lean Giovanni Pettenella in the first of the semi-final matches.

Trentin, to draw the sting from the undoubtedly powerful Italian, had decided on go-slow tactics at the end of the first of the two-laps race. High on the steep banking, as the bell signalled the start of the final 400 metres, Trentin came to a halt, balancing in a perfect standstill with the object of forcing Pettenella into the lead or, by prolonging the period of inaction, trying to weaken the leg muscles of his opponent.

But Pettenella did not fall for the bait. As Trentin came to a halt, Pettenella slid easily alongside him, rocking imperceptibly on the pedals and matching Trentin's immobility.

Five minutes passed and neither rider moved forward; my watch recorded that there had been 10 minutes of inaction, 12 minutes, then a quarter of an hour.

The polite Japanese spectators—obviously seeing these Western-style tactics for the first time—looked puzzled but refrained from the popular European whistle for action.

Still the two mentors, Gerardin and Costa, stood chatting at the trackside. There was little that they could do for their charges; their work had been in the physical and mental preparation of their riders. Once the pair came under starter's orders the responsibility was the cyclists'.

The seconds, the minutes accumulated. Soon there had been 20 minutes of standstill.

The crowd looked at their programmes. Wasn't this a test of speed, a *sprint* race? Perhaps there was a printer's error. Perhaps, after all, the event was a slow bicycle race…

Finally, with 21 minutes 57 seconds elapsed, Trentin, muscles bulging with the effort, jumped away to end the longest recorded standstill in Olympic cycling.

Such was his burst that he kept ahead all the way to the line, winning the race by a wheel.

Olympic sprinting is decided on the best-of-three race formula. Trentin, with a one-up advantage, was too anxious to clinch his entry into the final when, meeting Pettenella in the second race, he swerved violently right across the track in front of the Italian on the run-in to the finishing line. Abruptly the amiable tête-à-tête between Costa and Gerardin ended.

In a flash, Guido Costa was over to the judges' tribune, lodging a formal protest against Trentin's riding.

The Frenchman was disqualified. Now the semi-final match, and that place in the final, hinged on the third race.

Again, just before the last banking, Trentin swerved out but like a cat, Pettenella switched inside him and galloped up the home straight to victory. An hour later, Pettenella—son of a Milan poultry dealer—lined up for the all-Italian final against his country's champion, Sergio Bianchetto.

It would not be true to say that the final was a walk-over for the man who had so recently beaten the world champion. Indeed, there were two occasions when the finalists went into standstill tactics and, failing to keep his balance on the wall-of-death track, Pettenella twice lost his balance and fell off.

Bianchetto did not give up fighting for the gold medal. A superb master of steep tracks, he led Pettenella a merry dance, almost having him over into the crowd on one occasion.

But Pettenella kept his head and won the first race and then, displaying a mastery of the kick in the last 20 yards of the second tussle, zoomed over the line, his hands in the air giving the victory salute.

As he mounted the podium to receive his Olympic medallion, Pettenella could not have helped casting his mind back through the entire series, especially

to his eighth round heat against Poland's Zajac and the Russian, Khitrov.
That was Pettenella's only defeat, against a ruthless hammer and sickle combination.
But grasping the "second chance" offered by the repechage series, Pettenella won his repechage heat and then the repechage final to re-qualify for the competition.
Such is the calibre of a champion: the will and ability to win whatever the opposition—and the tactics. No wonder that it was Guido Costa who ordered the champagne that night!

GOSTA, STURE AND ERIK

By Peter Bryan

(Sporting Cyclist)

Pale moonlight was the only illumination on the quiet roads near Gothenburg as the small group of cyclists pedalled through the night. The winter snow, beginning to melt under an insipid daytime sun, was frozen hard again, crackling as the riders' tyres slipped and slithered through the ruts.
The three Pettersson brothers—Gosta, Sture and Erik—ignored the difficult conditions but continued to punish their bodies. It was not easy. Training had to be fitted in after a hard day's work for all three. They would not feel the refreshing warmth of a hot bath, the revival from a good supper until their task was completed.
At times, on their nightly self-imposed hour's training spin, they wondered whether the effort would be worthwhile. But all the time the eldest of the three, 24-year-old Gosta, urged on his two younger brothers.
"Don't give up," he exhorted them, although he, too, often felt the strain under such difficult conditions.
"It will be worth every mile we have covered one day," he said, believing it himself and, with a strong personality managing to instill a spirit of determination in the others.
The Swedish winter turned to spring. Riding became easier and the three Pettersson brothers were a familiar sight as their training rides lengthened.
Tokyo, and the Olympics, were still five months ahead but the three Pettersson boys applied themselves religiously all the time to their target: they wanted to represent their country in the 100 km. team time trial.
Gosta would say to his parents, "You know, you should have produced a fourth son and then we could have tried to get a complete family team in the Olympic event!"
When the Olympic selections were announced, the brothers achieved the first stage of their Tokyo target. They were named for the team time trial event with Sven Hamrin making up the four-man side.
Their Olympic build-up started with the world championship event in France when the team finished seventh, five minutes down on the world record holders, Italy.
Then a fortnight before the Games an edge was given to their speed when the quartet trounced the formidable Danes by six minutes in a team event.
At Hachioji, 30 miles west of Tokyo, the day of the Olympic event was bitterly cold with a continuous drizzle making riding uncomfortable and dangerous. But after the first of the three laps race, the Swedes were nicely positioned in fourth place with France, surprise leaders by two seconds from Italy, and Holland ahead of them.
On the next lap they moved up one place but then it seemed, as they were half-way round the final circuit, that all their preparation had been to no avail.
Sven Hamrin, in pain earlier, had to retire with backache. Gosta, knowing that all three had to finish to qualify, bullied, coaxed and cajoled his two brothers.
"Come on, keep together. It's not far to the finish," he urged, the rain streaming into his eyes, his jersey and shorts sodden with the two hours' downpour.
The three battled on, legs like lead, eyes blinded by the rain, all their last reserves of energy fast-disappearing. They stayed together as a team on determination alone and with one last despairing lunge on the pedals they crossed the finish line to collapse at the Swedish pits.
There were still other teams to finish but the Swedes' had produced the shock ride of the event and soon it was confirmed that they had gained the bronze medals, finishing only 40 seconds behind Holland, the winners, with a 28 mph average speed for the course.
As the brothers made Olympic road cycling history by going up to the podium for their medals someone said, "It's all right for them, they are used to the cold and wet conditions where they come from." But the last word came from team leader Gosta Pettersson: "We had no advantage today," he said. "Believe me, it doesn't matter where you come from. If it's cold your muscles seize up. Today we suffered like anyone else."
The cycling sons Pettersson are still riding this winter – for pleasure.

DOWN IN HACHIOJI...

By Peter Bryan

(Sporting Cyclist)

The sacred Olympic flame at the National Stadium flared brightly against the Tokyo skyline, a sporting message to the world, a friendly beacon to Japan's thousands of visitors.
Caught in the fever of the Games, the Japanese clip-clopped along the Tokyo pavements in their wooden clogs towards the flame like myriads of moths unable to resist its welcoming glow.
As they packed the perimeter of the vast, modern National Stadium, scene of the heroic athletic battles of the Games, the Olympic-flame pilgrims paid their homage Japanese-style—by shooting off thousands of feet of film.
But that was Tokyo, brash, bustling and sophisticated, to most of the world the only Olympic venue.
Yet there were other centres, away from Tokyo, important only to a minority of fanatics, where less popular sports on the Olympic programme were contested.
No Olympic flame seared the sky at Hachioji, a textile city some thirty miles west of Tokyo which acted as host to cyclists from thirty-four nations of the world.
The commercial and social life of Hachioji went on with hardly a sideways glance at the road and track riders.
Instead of crowds in their thousands, the gates of the Hachioji velodrome drew sightseers by the score, with never the need for a policeman to keep them from blocking the road.
But if Tokyo were the heart of the Games, then Hachioji represented the lungs. Here men joined in battle with all the intensity of the athletes, boxers, swimmers and fencers who were adulated in the capital.
The cyclists were like one huge family, relaxed and friendly even though few had more than a dozen words in common.
When not in competition or training on the road or track, the riders spent their waking hours mostly in the combined lounge and restaurant.
The vast, airy hall was divided into two, with a cafeteria-style restaurant at the far end.
The other half housed a souvenir shop and the lounge, which offered two TV sets, a stereo-record player and a mass of armchairs.
Here in the lounge the riders of different nations relived the days' events with a mixture of international cycling jargon and sign language. A mixture of delight and defeat could be read from their expressions.
It was here that I met the rider unanimously voted the most popular medal winner—Jiri Daler ("one 'L' please in my name" he reminded me), the individual 4,000 metres pursuit champion, who cheerfully got out of bed before breakfast to come and meet me with his Czech team manager, Lubomir Puklicky, to lend help as an interpreter in a smattering of English, French, German and Czech.
Daler, a powerfully-built giant, with penetrating blue eyes, was the shock winner at Hachioji.

Second fastest to world champion Timen Groen in the time trial qualifying round, again second fastest to Groen in the quarter finals, the big Czech kept up his consistency with the second fastest time in the semi-finals.

His chances in the finals were not rated highly. The series had seen the sensational collapse of Groen, the one big gold medal favourite, to the surging speed of Italy's Giorgio Ursi.

The pursuit final was a Daler-Ursi race with the Czech pedalling into an immediate and sustained lead. As he finished the 4,000 metres ride, Daler's team mates rushed on to the track and, while he was still strapped into the pedals of his machine, they hurled their hero and bicycle into the air six times in all to celebrate his victory.

Daler recalled that moment for me when I met him, terming it "the peak of my life."

How did this first Czech Olympic cycling gold medallist celebrate his contribution to the Games history?

By going to a Japanese tea-drinking ceremony that same night!

Daler, a quietly-spoken engineer from the industrial town of Brno, loved Japan and before he returned home he mapped out a four-days cycle tour of the surrounding countryside.

"I may be an Olympic winner–but I also enjoy the pleasure I get from touring" he said.

But the Hachioji lounge also harboured its share of defeat and disappointments. It saw the resignation of the popular British team manager and national coach, Tommy Godwin, himself bronze medal winner at the London Games in 1948.

Six months before the Tokyo competition Godwin had said publicly: "No British medals and I will retire."

He had supreme confidence in the squad of riders he had trained throughout the summer; among them, he felt certain, was a medal winner or winners.

But one by one the Britons went down–literally in the 4,000 metres team pursuit, when a first-round crash wrecked the side's golden opportunity to be drawn out for a fast time by a coveted pairing against eventual winners and champions, Germany.

When, finally, the British tandem pair of Karl Barton and Chris Church were eliminated, I found Godwin in the riders' lounge.

He looked dejected and soon I knew why. "That's it. I'm finished. I'm resigning" said Godwin, looking sadly at a cup of coffee which was getting cold on the table.

He had decided there and then to honour his promise to quit as team manager and national coach, feeling that he had been unable to inspire his men to the height required by Olympic standards.

The Games were still not over; away to the east in Tokyo the Olympic flame burned as brightly as ever. But in Hachioji the Olympic flame had been quenched in the heart of one dedicated sportsman...

PERSONALITY IS EVERYTHING

By Karlheinz Gieseler

I

Jesse Owens was present every day amongst the journalists in the grandstand of the Olympic Stadium in Tokyo. Certainly, the world has seen many great athletes, unforgettable heroes of relentless contests, often garlanded with legends, like Spyridon Louis, Arne Borg or Helen Mayer. Their names are inscribed in the golden book of the Games. In Tokyo there were many of the great athletes of the past; for instance Emil Zatopek who, in 1952 in Helsinki, by winning the three longest races achieved what even Paavo Nurmi hoped for in vain, and Bob Richards; Naoto Tajima and Harold Abrahams, fastest sprinter of the 1924 Games in Paris; Rafer Johnson, Roger Moens, Gordon Pirie, Marcel Hansenne, Gerhard Stöck and many more whose performances made Olympic history. But Jesse Owens has a special halo, a past which remains singularly alive.

In Tokyo the Olympic Games faced a crisis: in almost all events many competitors came astonishingly close to record performances. Never before have there been so many decisions which have been so close. There was a boom on the record exchange, the limits of human achievement were considerably extended, there were magnificent winners and wonderful losers. But who is able to say *today* whose newly-plucked laurels will be as fresh *tomorrow* as those which Jesse Owens won in 1936? Time has caused many figures to lose their importance; but his claim to fame has remained, although the small oaks, charming supplements to the medals at Berlin, have long ago matured into majestic trees. This man possesses a peculiar aura, because his image was not shaped by successes, records and medals only. What counted was the man, his vigorous, dynamic personality, his style of running; no doubt the sum of these is the symbol which is remembered, and which has made Jesse Owens the ideal of generations.

Almost 30 years have passed since that 25th of May 1935, when Owens attained at the Western Conference Championships at Ann Arbor (Michigan) his world records–until today and perhaps for all time a unique series: 9.4 sec. for the 100 yds., 8.13 m in the long jump, 20.3 for the 200 m and the 220 yds., 22.6 for the 200 m and the 220 yds. hurdles. Of these world records, the long jump was the last to be broken; for more than 25 years it survived all attempts on it. Only on 13th of August 1960 his dark-skinned compatriot Ralph Boston managed 8.21 m in the U.S. training camp Walnut. In athletics, only the world record which Pat Ryans established on 17th of August 1913 in throwing the hammer 57.77 m lasted as long; on 27th August 1938 Erwin Blask hurled the hammer weighing 7.257 kg a clean 59 m in Stockholm.

Six world records in 100 minutes and in the following year four gold medals! So far no-one has equalled Jesse Owens. He illustrates the difference between the enduring model and the ephemeral stars; Bishop Prof. Dr. Hans-Wolfgang Heidland, who was himself an Olympic oarsman in 1932 in Los Angeles, recently explained: "The model stimulates, it develops also other people's powers. The star on the other hand literally fascinates and spellbinds. Because the star is concerned with himself he prefers to act alone. The model looks for a group and lives in it." This applies exactly to Owens, whether in sport or in the fight against juvenile delinquency in the slums of Chicago, or as "ambassador of goodwill" in foreign countries or as John F. Kennedy's supporter against "the soft American." While athletes who have been almost as successful are now no more than pale ghosts of memories, the outline of Jesse Owens' captivating personality is bold and clear.

Today modern sport dwells in the waiting-room of world records, and Jesse Owen's opinion is especially significant. He holds that technical and mechanical ability and robust physical strength alone do not make a winner, that success is achieved by the human being as a balanced whole, as a marvellous, mysterious, puzzling combination of mind and will-power and courage and vitality. He thinks that this mental background to athletic performance is still ignored, still not sufficiently realised and understood, and that the smaller the difference between the best performances, the more the difference between winning and losing will depend upon a person's attitude.

The Games in Tokyo and the U.S. team in which no fewer than 42 athletes had one or more academic degrees, emphatically confirmed what Jesse Owens said: that everything depends upon the personality!

II

Supreme athletic achievements are not prepared for in the lap of luxury, but with the infinitely hard effort and the renunciations of a simple life–without hope of *material* reward. Often it is a lonely road which demands much courage, patience, and self-control, and therefore deserves a special admiration. A society which lives according to the law of increasing productivity, increasing expectations, extending abilities through increasing knowledge, which daily achieves new records in all fields, surely will not make an exception of sport, especially in its most concentrated form. Records are the logical outcome of every athletic activity!

Perhaps things would be better without stopwatches. Then nobody would know how fast or how slow a race had been. The most important thing would be the competition between men, the struggle to win. And no records tell you anything about a runner's style, about the length of his stride, and the distance a javelin has been thrown tells nothing about the gracefulness of the throw. They convey no idea of the joy to be got out of an exact control of one's movements, of the beneficial pains of a training that lasts for years. And yet success is impossible without either. This is the opinion of Roger Bannister who, in 1954, was the first man to run a mile in under four minutes.

If sport is considered only in the superficial light of the records which are established, its creative demands of renunciation, concentration, asceticism and self-control will never be understood. And so it is necessary to find a more subtle approach.

Hemingway says in one of his stories that the hero just found himself behaving correctly. His eyes noticed things and his body responded correctly without thinking. If he had thought about it it would have been all up with him. A man of action must deny himself all deliberation, his response must become second nature to him, be unambiguous, and follow automatically. The psychological connection between such unconscious physical and mental reactions was acknowledged by Robert Musil in the good counsel to take the training easy during the last few days before a contest "so as to make it possible for the muscles and nerves to reach a final understanding without the interference of will-power, intention or awareness."

Certainly, Tokyo was dominated again by the joy of achievement, by enthusiasm, release, and playfulness, in other words by those individual values dismissed so lightly by the architects of collectives and the prophets of an athletic "industrial revolution." Certainly, modern training obeys technical and economic laws, which apply scientific knowledge in various ways. These seem to be surer, more reliable than human enthusiasm. But here as well the pendulum will one day swing back, because the opportunity for personal risk and for proper reactions simply must not be allowed to disappear from sport or it will be utterly changed. After all, at the beginning of our century sport attracted such crowds precisely because it promised them a release from the burden and worry of serious existence, and because it was an antidote against rationalism and utilitarian thinking and any over-estimation of pure theory.

"Test-tube" records? Races are frequently organised for these and mostly take place very quietly. The tactics are determined in advance, all thinking during the race, all tactical considerations have become unnecessary, because the trainer thinks on behalf of the athlete. And woe to him who infringes the tactical plan. The outcome? An addition to the record books at the expence of giving the athlete the illusion that he is better than he really is. If we consider first class athletics, we will notice some qualities which are absolutely essential for success: a fast pace, a strong spurt, quick reactions and fighting spirit. But these qualities cannot be developed by chasing "electric hares". No race can be designed beforehand. The real competitors are made during the contest.

This is exactly what Tokyo showed: what was on the theorist's drawing-board looked altogether different afterwards, in the stadium; and in sport an exaggerated intellectualism is always corrected "almost automatically." At the end of the experiment the human being continues to preserve his free individual development.

III

Progress continued to be made. The best example for this is Parry O'Brien, who in the fifties revolutionised putting the shot: he won the Olympic Games in 1962 with 17.41 m and in 1956 with 18.57 m, in 1960 he won the silver medal with 19.11 m and in 1964 he came "only" fourth with 19.20 m. What are the limits of human capabilities? Every time this question arises anew. In Tokyo Yury Vlasov, the great favourite, was in fact beaten by his compatriot Zhabotinsky, but he is still the world record-holder of the triple lift with 580 kg and the strongest man in the world; he once said: "Human capabilities are probably as unlimited as intelligence. Already sport comprises all sorts of complicated scientific knowledge; medical, chemical, mechanical and pedagogical, as well as the most specialised psychological enquiries. The field of psychic education especially contains endless food for thought and unlimited possibilities."

For us this lies in the future; we have been vouchsafed a small prelude by the Russian weight-lifters who have been trained by Arkadi Vorobiev who has several times been world champion and world record-holder and was Olympic winner in 1956 and 1960; he is now a doctor of medicine. The progress in weight-lifting was one of the most memorable features of the Games. We need only think of the "miniature Vlasov" Yoshinobu Miyake, a student from Tokyo who is 24 years old and whose height is 1.54 m; in the featherweight class he lifted 397.5 kg, which is 25 kg more than Josef Strassberger, from Munich, lifted to win the Olympic heavyweight class in 1928 in Amsterdam–only, Strassberger was then exactly twice as heavy as Miyake...

The decisive impulse behind these increasing achievements came above all from the improvement in the methods of training. These made it possible to mobilise reserves of strength in the human organism which led to unexpected improvements in all kinds of sport. An overall consideration of progress must also take into account the increasing speed of people, the improvement in the provisions for training and of the equipment–there were no starting blocks for Jesse Owens, no somersault-turn for Johnny Weissmüller, no glass-fibre pole for Warmerdam and no metal javelin for Järvinnen. Other contributory factors are the athletes' ascetic life of dedication, more suitable nutrition, the use of biomechanical knowledge at the selection, the more intensive promotion of the best athletes, the careful search for talent and finally the entry of the "young nations" into athletic competition.

A small foretaste of what exactly is to be expected of the new generations was given in Rome and Tokyo by boxers from Ghana and Nigeria, Korean wrestlers and several athletes who trod in the footsteps of the "golden" quartet of 1952 from Jamaica (4×400 m in 3:03.9):–the 24-year-old N.C.O. of the Kenya army Wilson Kiprugut (3rd in the 800 m with 1:45.9), his compatriot Keino (5th in the 5,000 m with 13:50.4), the Tunesian Gammoudi (3rd in the 10,000 m with 28:25.8) and the two runners from Trinidad, Mottley (2nd in the 400 m with 45.2) and Roberts (3rd in the 200 m with 20.6). Once they possess, in addition to their reserves of turbulent strength, the technical skill, without which no one today can hope to succeed, they will very quickly come to the fore also in other kinds of sport. The competitors from North Korea, who were recalled to Phöngjang before the Games, would surely have given proof of this...

The mirage of world records fascinates. And a great deal of ability and effort will continue to find ways and means to improve performances through cleverly applied methods of training. Here are three examples, taken at random, of the demands which are today being made: *Gerhard Hetz* covered in June 1964 in 43 training sessions a distance of 112 km. Of this he covered 27 km on one single occasion, divided into 16.3 km leg-training and 10.7 km arm-training. His general perseverance was improved by 8 training sessions of continuous swimming over distances of 3 and 4 km. In the interval Hetz did 40 times 50 m concentrating on style, with a minimum pause of ten seconds. *Bud Schul* reports that on a morning of a "hard" day he ran 60×100 m each time with 15 m recuperation, in the afternoon he ran one and a half miles to warm up, followed by 10×100 m, then 12×300 m (62.0 seconds), half a mile trotting, then 14×150 yds. dashes, another mile trotting and finally 6×200 m each time all out. In 1964 alone, the Russian gymnast *Lisitsky* went through 2,600 movements every week as his technical training, and in addition more than 350 exercises of general physical training.

Considering the present standard of achievement, there can be no doubt that the training for a record performance, even when it starts with a favourable mental and physical basis, represents a profound invasion into the private life of the athlete. Tokyo has shown that there are no longer any great differences between the best performances. Throughout, the athletes who won were those who were able to throw into the scales, apart from the physical prerequisites, their whole personality, their unqualified and resolute determination. Roughly speaking, the winning performances resulted from about 70 p.c. physical ability and about 30 p.c. human qualities.

IV

Are there in fact *no* limits? Actually, it is impossible to define the idea of the limitation of human performance, even though there can be no doubt that human performance as such is limited. The problem cannot be solved in the laboratory as the diagnosis of sport cannot command the experimental methods by means of which a person's maximum performance under competitive conditions could be assessed. And so it is at the moment no more than an increasingly accurate conjecture, in which mathematical and statistical interpretations attempt to establish with more or less success generally valid laws, much as they might in physics.

Even Tokyo did not bring a levelling of the graph indicating the progression of records. On the contrary. In this connection it is particularly interesting that medicine has discovered that the demand made on the special physiological functions which are concerned when the body is under maximum stress–for instance the intake of oxygen, the intensity and the tempo of the heart-beat, the amount of lactic acid in the blood–has *not* increased during the last decade in accordance with the increase in total athletic ability. Rather, the physiology of record performances has brought to light the development of an entirely personal ability to invent, out of basic constituents, new, improved kinds of movement.

"There is a creative phenomenon which is continually revealed in painting, music and literature and which is categorically different from the standards of physics" (Jokl). Do athletic record performances reveal a similar phenomenon? The highly gifted English physiologist Sir Charles Sherrington wrote a Nobel Prize-winning description of the quantitative character of the achievement contained in all forms of human expression–does this provide us with a sufficient answer? Anyway, it was possible to recognize in the winners at Tokyo a new type, more clearly defined than before: *the creative personality* as a basis for the supreme athletic performance.

Roger Bannister said that the narrower and the more limited our lives become, the more vitally necessary people will find it to satisfy their longing for *freedom* in the hazard of their athletic performances. And he explained that these demand irrevocable decisions, the efforts of a whole lifetime seem to be crowded into a few minutes. Anyone who has undergone this experience can never again be quite the same as before. The more experienced he becomes–and this is the real gain–the sooner he will learn how to pour all his energy, physical and mental, into the profound happiness of a few moments.

And the real meaning of sport? The features and figures of the winners and losers in Tokyo have become idolised by a young generation not otherwise rich in ideals; they are the activity-inspiring models of a *new* future which began during the last Olympic Games.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY KAREN GERSHON

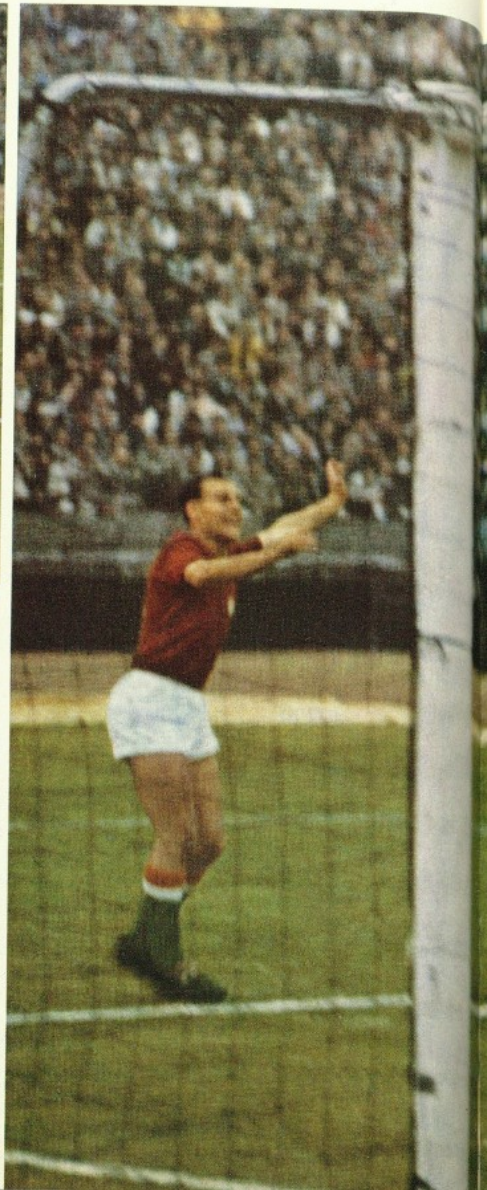


A packed defence in the German penalty area, in their match with Egypt. The Germans won it by three goals to one, and with it the third place in the Olympic soccer tournament

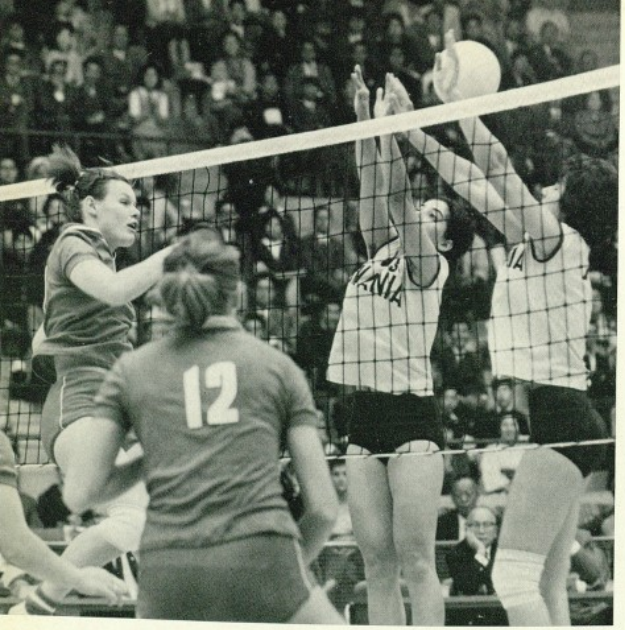
This is, in three phases, the goal that won Hungary the soccer gold medal when they beat Czechoslovakia in the final by two goals to one. First, Hungary's Ferenc Bene has found a gap in the enemy's defence. Second, he kicks the ball viciously, and three, the ball dances in the net











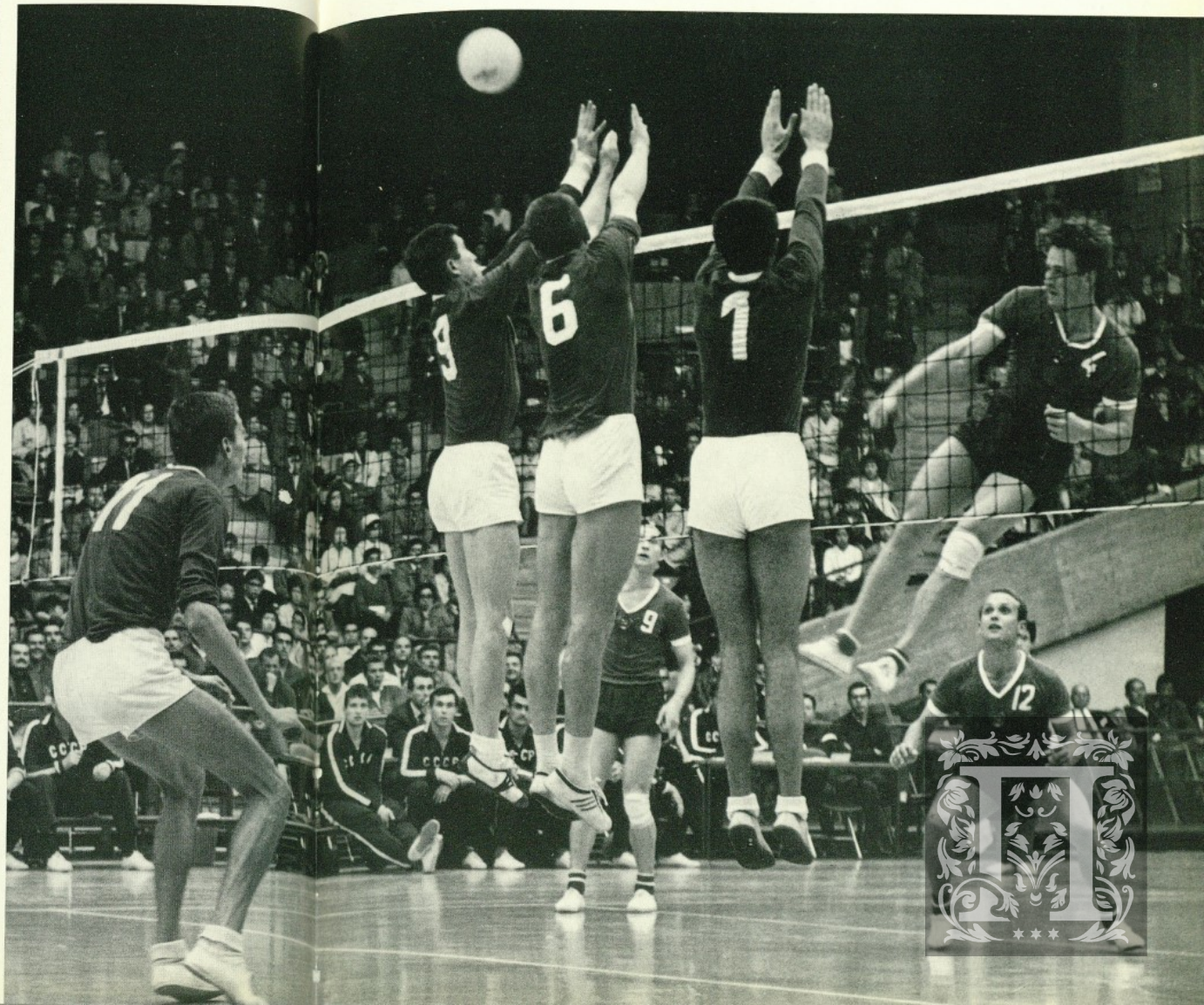


Top left: Soviet Russia's women, silver medal winners of their tournament, nearer to the camera, beat Rumania's girls 3:0

Bottom left: Oh, to be coach of a successful girls' team! The Japanese ladies volleyball team, having just won the gold medal, is much too elated as not to show it. So they throw their coach Daimatsu into the air

Volleyball–the ball game that has conquered the world, and is beginning to make an impact in the English speaking countries

Centre: Soviet Russia's Dimitry Voskoboinikov, wearing the Number 4 shirt, shows the Czechs how to do it. The Soviet Union won the fight 3:2 and with it the gold medal





This is basket ball in Tokyo, as played in the Yoyogi sports hall



Hockey–India's players manage to contain Freiberger of Germany. The Indians, the world's leading team in the game, could only draw with Germany, by 1:1, and were lucky to do so. For the Germans were in the lead up to the 53rd minute before the Indians equalised

THE BATTLE OF KOMAZAWA

By Rex Bellamy

(World Sports)

The greatest thing about the Olympics–and in this respect no other event in any sphere can match them–is the way they bring the nations of the world together to achieve the paradox of competitive harmony. The rivalry is fierce yet friendly. It may leave a bruise or two, but they soon heal. And the friendship remains.

Yet at every Olympics tempers are frayed at some time or other, usually in team games. Angry scenes, though not peculiar to team games, are prevalent among them. And at every Olympics there are many who feel that team games make an odd marriage with the Olympic ideal. It is an argument that will never die.

At Tokyo there were five team games. It was the 14th Olympics for water polo, the 12th for football, the 10th for hockey, the seventh for basketball, and the first for volleyball. Of these, I watched only the hockey, and this–in spite of its many superb matches and the wonderful spirit in which most of them were played–provided plenty of ammunition for those who feel that, if the Olympic programme must be pruned, the team games should go first.

Perhaps the worst example was the match in which Germany, after leading 1–0, drew with India, the eventual champions. This was more like a battle than a hockey match, and there were casualties on both sides: not just scratches and bruises, but real wounds. In the final itself, between India and Pakistan, sticks were raised during an angry and potentially dangerous brawl. This sort of thing cast a cloud over the whole tournament. It was unpleasant, unnecessary, and uncharacteristic of everything the Olympics stand for.

It was also discourteous to our delightful and painstaking hosts, who were infectiously happy themselves and did everything that was humanly possible to make everyone else happy too. What superb pitches they provided at Komazawa. The weather was sometimes sullen, but even the thorough Japanese cannot arrange everything.

The tournament as a whole, forgetting those isolated flaws, was a wonderful success. Its outcome was in suspense until the final whistle; some reputations were advanced, others regressed; the hockey was usually good and often uncommonly so; and the crowds shrieked with delight.

The most notable result, of course, was that India regained–by the precarious margin of a penalty flick–the title Pakistan took from them in Rome. Apart from Great Britain, who won the first two tournaments, no other nation has struck gold at Olympic hockey. And India, of course, have been successful in seven Olympics out of 10.

No one beat India. Only Germany and Spain managed to hold them to a draw. Yet oddly enough the champions were not the only unbeaten side at Tokyo. They shared that distinction with Germany, who nevertheless failed to reach the semi-finals because they drew no fewer than five of their seven pool matches. It is entirely relevant to point out that after playing India in that messy match on the second day, Germany had only one more victory in their pool. Play with fire, and you are bound to get burnt.

Still, the well drilled and robust Germans were a good side who, by beating Kenya in a play-off, finished fifth, an advance of two places on their Rome showing. Even more spectacular was Australia's rise from sixth to third. Only India, Pakistan and Kenya got the better of them.

The Australians, like the Germans, were–to put it mildly–well trained. Hockey is only a minor sport in Australia, and its playing resources are limited. But the game's administrators had liaised with the Sports Medicine Federation to devise the most suitable training for hockey. That training was varied, thorough, and very tough ("The players were ready to cut my throat," said their manager-coach). Its effect was startling.

I happened to be there when Australia first showed us what dedicated preparation can achieve. They thrashed Britain (fourth in Rome) by 7–1, scoring six goals in only 34 minutes. Four of those goals came from corners, one of them a long corner. ("A week ago they told me it was impossible," said their coach). Australia made quick stops and hit hard, long, and accurate passes. They were strong, fast,

and fit. Their fitness and resolution were exemplified by their goalkeeper, Dearing ,who played the last 17 minutes of the first half with a dislocated shoulder. He had it put back at half-time and did not miss a minute's play.

It was, altogether, a staggering performance, and it was no surprise when, having lost to India in a semi-final, Australia beat Spain in the play-off for third place. In a game of rising standards, Spain had made less progress than some since Rome. But they were unbeaten in their pool, even holding India to a draw. On their day they can be a match for anyone.

Kenya were beaten only by Pakistan, Germany, and Japan. They were the first side to stop the Australians. We knew they would be good, of course, because the backbone of their side is from Indian stock. As for Britain, they gradually recovered from that nightmare of a match with Australia, but they never stood a chance of emulating their Rome achievement—a place in the semi-finals. Their forwards, stopping apart, did nothing quickly enough.

So we were left with India—all eye, wrist, and stick-work—and Pakistan, who were just about their equals in all three and, in addition, were a little faster here and there. The semi-finals were conclusive enough. Pakistan beat Spain and India beat Australia. So to the big day.

What a miserable day it was: cold and windy and wet. For most of the play-off between Australia and Spain, it was raining. Yet the stadium was packed. Children yelled every time the play came their way. There were Japanese family parties, with the ladies in their lovely kimonos, their feet in spotlessly white socks, protected from the wetness and mud by high wooden shoes. There were supporters for all four nations involved, and every group had its cheer leader. All was noise and excitement.

The play-off for third place had plenty of incident. Australia scored first. In the second half Spain scored twice in quick succession, the second goal following the first almost before Australia realised their lead had gone. It was not until five minutes from the end that Australia drew level, and not until the second half of extra time that they finally won the match. Then a couple of the Spaniards started angrily jostling one of the umpires. One way and another, it was a lively introduction to the last match of the tournament.

This long play-off meant that the wet pitch was past its peak as a playing surface. But we need not have worried. Into the arena now strode the finest hockey players in the world. Even the rain had stopped, as if the gods, deciding to watch, had pushed the screening drizzle aside. And what glorious hockey it was.

First Pakistan launched a wave of attacks, then India. The supporters of each roared themselves hoarse. The children screamed. The ball flashed to and fro like forked lightning. Amid the straining tension Harbinder Singh was sent off to cool his heels for a while. Just before the break some ill-chosen words were exchanged and that nasty scene ensued, with officials dashing on to the pitch to restore order.

At half-time Pakistan had their photograph taken. A gesture of confidence? They had certainly had the better of it so far. The cheer leaders marshalled their choirs and rested their lungs. The lights were switched on (it was still a grey afternoon, though Komazawa was splashed with colour that October day).

Then, after five minutes of the second half, came that goal by Mohinder Lal, with a penalty flick. Pakistan struck back like demons. In India's goal Laxman, who had been superb before, now performed prodigies of valour.

Gradually the tide turned. Some of the zest inevitably drained from Pakistan. India, with the confidence the goal had given them, began to play dazzling hockey. Yet they were under pressure again before the end. It seemed the tumult and the shouting would never die.

Suddenly it was over. Pakistan, as if stunned by shock, hung their heads. The field was full of prancing Indians—players, officials, supporters. There were embraces. There was dancing. A youth brandished a placard that read: "Gold for India." The pitch was bubbling with delirium. One Indian player after another was thrown joyously into the air. And throughout it all the young lady on the public address system kept announcing that the victory ceremony would take place "immediately". No one seemed to care. The medals could wait. The fever of triumph was raging.

But at last the ceremony did take place. The jerseys were swopped. The band played "Auld Lang Syne." A tournament that had been skilful and tough, fast and furious, had reached and passed its climax. And again India led the world.

A FINE END TO FOOTBALL

By Brian Glanville

(Sunday Times)

After a dismal early beginning in which figures such as Vittorio Pozzo growled their way round Tokyo, saying it was the worst Olympic tournament they'd ever seen, it all ended *in bellezza*. Ended, that is to say, with one of the best Finals one could possibly imagine, a battle of mobile dynamic chess between a fine Czech team and an equally fine Hungarian one. This, indeed, was football at its most sophisticated and intelligent. There could scarcely be a better advertisement for the game before the eighty thousand fascinated but uninitiated Japanese who packed the National stadium.

The football tournament is, of course, and long has been, under the fire of the Olympic purists. In isolation, their criticisms are impossible to dispute; have been, indeed, for the last forty years. "What were we, then," wrote Fulvio Bernardini, now Bologna's manager, of the Italian team which took part in the 1928 Games, "if not professionals?" The Uruguayans who won that tournament, and had won the previous tournament, too, were surely professionals in all but name. But then, what of today's athletes, with their State sinecures and their athletic scholarships, their grace and favour jobs and their total commitment? If it is true that the Olympic football tournament, as it stands, is a fiasco, desperately in need of rationalisation, it is wrong to use it as a scapegoat for sins at large.

Vicente Feola, the huge, plump, infinitely shrewd Brazilian team manager, told me when I spoke to him in the Olympic village that it should be limited to the 21-year-olds, and under; "It would be fine to see the youngsters." The Italians, no doubt, would agree. *Their* team, having qualified at the expense of the Poles, was so flagrantly professional that the Olympic Committee brought pressure to bear, and CONI, the Italian committee, forced it to withdraw.

Perfectly right and proper, when some of the members of the Italian team were known to be earning up to £15,000 a year, when two of them, Mazzola and Facchetti, had just been members of Inter's world championship winning team, receiving an alleged £1800 bonus!

But at least these players were, almost without exception, under 21, conforming with the peculiar Italian sophistry that since a player below that age couldn't legally be a professional, he must therefore be... an amateur. By contrast, the Iron Curtain countries fielded teams of experienced players, benefiting by the FIFA law that any so-called amateur was available for the Olympic Games, provided he had not participated in the previous World Cup.

The withdrawal of Italy heavily weighted the odds in favour of Eastern Europe. Denmark, the gallant surprise of 1960, had been eliminated; another disappointment for the *connoisseur*, the more so as the Danish team had, that very summer, fought its way into the Finals of the European Nations Cup and given Hungary a very tough battle for third place. Ole Madsen, their centre-forward, would have been a welcome figure in Tokyo, with his powerful finishing and effective play.

But the tournament, besides its rousing Final, was also full of happy surprises. Not the least of them was the astonishing performance of the Japanese team. Who had ever heard of Japanese football, yet here was a swift and effective side which actually had the temerity to beat the Argentine! For this, the credit went to its clever German coach, Herr Kramer, but it was clear that the Japanese had a good deal more talent for soccer than for baseball, which they've been playing so obsessionally and with such limited success for the past sixty odd years. "A revelation," was how Feola described the Japanese team. He felt that they were technically lacking, their control of the ball being suspect, but he was much impressed by the way that there were always two or three men running with the man with the ball.

The tournament was once again arranged in a series of four qualifying groups. Two teams would then go forward from each group into the quarter-finals, from which point it would become a straightforward Cup competition, on a knock-out basis. There was, however, one important difference from the past. Goal average, in the qualifying groups, would be replaced by goal *difference*. That is to say, instead of dividing the number of goals scored by the number of goals

conceded, the number of goals conceded would be subtracted from the number of goals scored. The new system was freely agreed to by the competing teams and seemed, on the surface, to have at least this advantage; that it would discourage the manic defence which had blemished the eliminating groups of the 1962 World Cup, in Chile.

Alas, however, it produced the inevitable anomaly. The United Arab Republic qualified at the expense of Brazil on goal average; thrashing Korea 10–0 after a group which, till then, had been very tightly contested. There were many who looked askance at the result. On this point, I am not prepared to take any stand; merely to say that in view of their thoroughly disappointing form in semi-finals and final, it was a great pity that U.A.R. should have qualified at the expense of the Brazilians. Trashed by the Hungarians, intimidated by the Germans in a dreadful third place match, they were curiously lacking in tactical skill, strength and physical courage. For the Hungarians–if any of them remembered so far back–it was a rich revenge for their Olympic humiliation by Egypt, forty years before. For myself, who had so admired the Egyptian skill and fortitude when they played Italy in a snow blizzard early in 1954 in Milan–a World Cup qualifying match–it was strange to see that they had made no progress whatsoever.

Yugoslavia, fielding what appeared, on paper, to be a powerful team, full of experienced players, were among the initial favourites. The holders of the trophy, they included such full international players, in attack, as Samardzic and Zambatta. Hungary, playing in the same group, and Czechoslovakia were also well fancied. The Czechs were able to include Jan Geleta, their newest international star, a 21-year-old left-half who had made his debut for the first team only the previous season. In attack, they had such well weathered performers as Brumowski, on the left wing, and the excellent, deep lying centre-forward, Lichtnagel, endlessly mobile and highly intelligent. Hungary were able to call on the 19-year-old international centre-forward Ferenc Bene, who emerged as the outstanding player of the tournament, Rumania put out their complete international side, while the Germans fielded what amounted to their under 23 team; and a very good one, too.

A number of Games were seriously blemished by weak refereeing, and it soon became clear how unwise it had been to entrust so many tight matches to Asian officials. Apart from an obvious haziness on the question of offside, they seemed too often intimidated by the sight of hulking Middle Europeans vigorously setting about one another.

Thus, when Hungary and Yugoslavia met in a strange, eleven goal game at Komazawa, which nominally didn't matter at all because both had qualified, there were two hair raising incidents. In the first half, when Hungary were quite properly awarded a penalty, a Yugoslav defender tucked the ball under his arm and wouldn't surrender it. Csernai, the big, balding Hungarian inside-right–a thunderously good right footed finisher–got the ball back from him; and was brutally kicked for his pains, right under the nose of the referee, who did nothing at all about it. The referee was a Japanese. In the second half, another Yugoslav defender kicked a Hungarian, without sequel.

In due course, the Yugoslavs were deservedly beaten by the Germans in the quarter-final, at the Prince Chichibu Field. Frenzel, the German centre-forward and the best player on the field, got the only goal. Elsewhere, the Czechs beat the Japanese 4–0, Hungary took care of the Rumanians, the Arabs beat lively but disorganised Ghana.

In the semi-finals, the Hungarians were much too tough and determined for the Arabs, again at the Chichibu Field. They scored six goals, and allowed themselves the luxury of playing the last twenty minutes without the not too seriously injured Csernai. In the other game, the Czechs overcame the Germans, handicapped by a severe injury to Urbanczyk. And so to that magnificent Final in which Bene, scorer of half-a-dozen goals against the unhappy Moroccans in the National stadium, the day the tournament opened, was once more the salient player. Two superb individual bursts led to an own goal, then a goal of his own, before the Czechs could score their consolation.

Tokyo had seen the rising of a new international star.

INTO BATTLE: THE WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL FINAL

By Doug Gardner

(World Sports, London)

Although it was dark, and it was raining, and on the other side of the world on an October night, it reminded me of going to the Cup Final at Wembley on a May afternoon. Once on the main road, one's taxi soon became part of a long stream of traffic all heading in the same direction. Crowds lined the pavements; the whitehelmeted, grey-uniformed police were out in their hundreds blowing their whistles and waving their candle-lit lanterns (and dozens of them doing this at intervals down a long straight road made the wet night one of picturesque beauty) as they urged on the cars and buses.

Excitement permeated through the rain-spotted windows of the car and roused my spirits. It was tired, almost exhausted mentally by the three weeks of new experiences in a strange land and watching men and women striving for new heights in the world of sport for day after day, night after night. Now at last we were near the end–the 13th night of the Games of the XVIIIth Olympiad in Tokyo and I was on my way to yet another new experience–my first-ever women's volleyball match. It is a game scarcely known in Britain, but one which I myself had once played with a great deal of enthusiasm while on a longer, harder, incompleted journey to Japan many years before. Since then it had spread all over Asia, Europe and the Americas and now, for the first time, had reached Olympic status. Russia had already won the men's medals from Czechoslovakia and Japan in a 10-team field. But I had not been there. This was by way of a pilgrimage to see what had happened to the game I used to know…

But why all the crowds, the traffic, the fuss? This was women's stuff. They get 90,000 watching women's hockey at Wembley, but they are nearly all schoolgirls and men who wouldn't know the difference between a bully-off and a punch-up, and whose eyes certainly don't follow the ball. There were half-a-dozen finals in other sports taking place in Tokyo that night. But here were the citizenry converging on the Komazawa volleyball court as if it were the last refuge from the end of the world.

One reason soon became obvious. The traffic was unceremoniously shunted to one side; the whistles blew even more frantic obbligatos; the lanterns performed miracles of parabolic designs. I waved my press-card out of the car window but for once it failed to get us moving. Everything stopped while, to great surging flutter of paper flags along the pavement, the big, black limousine sped smoothly past with its roaring entourage of police outriders. "The Princess," announced my driver excitedly as, at a respectful distance, we followed Emperor Hirohito's daughter-in-law to the scene of the action.

Only at one other stadium in the world have I had a harder fight to get in–that is at Tottenham Hotspur on the night they met Benfica in the European Champions Cup. The Komazawa court was built to hold 4,000 spectators: it was packed to the beams and there were at least twice as many people outside trying to join them. Like every other entrance, the press gate was surrounded with a milling mob, waving every kind of ticket except the one that counted, or scraps of paper upon which, it seemed, the captain and the coach and every single member of the Japanese team had faithfully promised, upon the honoured memory of their ancestors, that the recipient would be allowed to enter. It was then that, like Bruce Tulloh, I discovered a chief advantage of being among the Japanese. Even with my scanty height I was tall enough to wave my ticket above the heads of the crowd and have it recognised from about ten ranks back. Had it been at Tottenham, I would have been there yet. Sighs of envy mixed with mutters of discontent were left in my wake as I passed through what seemed like holy portals. I had never before met any free-loader so short that he reckoned he could nip under the shelter of my back. But a couple of frantic Japanese tried it that night.

Inside, the place was loaded with the kind of electric atmosphere you get in a boxing hall on big fight night when everyone is waiting for the lights to dim and the champions to enter the ring. A band in cream-and-gold uniforms sent martial music echoing round the rafters, and the crowd [illegible] clapped in cheerful unison as the men, recently presented with their medals, marched out of the arena. In the corridor under the stands, there was a great rushing and scur-

rying as people dashed for their seats. While all the other 3,999 seemed to be chattering their heads off in nervous excitement, the Princess sat calm and serene in a lemon-colour dress under the bright lights which set the waxed boards of the court shimmering and turned the green rectangle of the playing area itself into a translucent turquoise.

Then they entered... twelve strapping Russians in scarlet vests and trunks, pony-tailed hair bobbing, each built like an Amazon, grim, purposeful, determined—and twelve little dark-haired Japanese in white vests and green trunks, who looked like a class of girls following their teachers, crocodile-style, to school. Looking at the comparative physique of the teams, it seemed a monstrously unfair contest. But I remembered that these same boyish-looking Japanese had once whipped the Russians in a world championship... That they had been training for three years under a martinet coach (whom the crowd applauded rapturously) for this very evening. That, like the Russians, they had beaten everyone else Poles, Czechs, Rumanians—in this competition and carried the marks of their battles proudly in white tape wrapped around battered fingers and blue-brown bruises spotting their thighs and arms.

When, at last, the game began, it was very soon clear to me that whatever notions I had that I once knew *this* game could be forgotten. Any three of these girls, Japanese or Russian, could have taken on my Army team with one arm tied behind their backs. We had a 6 ft. former professional footballer who fancied his chance at centre and used to soar up to the net to smash the ball down like Tommy Lawton nodding them in. The Russians had a husky blonde-headed centre named Inna Ryskal who, when she leapt, would have looked down upon my old team-mate from a great height. Built like Brian London and looking twice as mean as she stalked around the court between points, she scared the life out of me.

At first, I thought that she and her determined, tigerish companions, who fought as grimly, fiercely and unemotionally as their fathers must have fought before Leningrad and Stalingrad and Moscow, must have scared the Japanese, too. Even before the first ball was launched a great twittering of noise had gone up from them, rising even above the screeches of the crowd. They called encouragement to each other as they raced back and forth, to and fro, retrieving Ryskal's smashes, lofting the ball up in delicate parabolas, leaping, twisting, diving, seeming almost to flutter down until they crashed into the hard green



boards: thump... thwack... slap... such a battering of flesh and bone. But then, agile as kittens, they hunched their shoulders, brought up their knees and rolled over and up... always with their arms and hands outstretched in case of the lucky chance that the ball would hit them instead of the ground. Get it back... get it back... get it up and back. And always the cries going from one to the other as men do in battle to keep up their spirits.

And this was war. Neither side would give in. Even at the end, when the Japanese were within a few points of victory, with plenty in hand, the Russians came back at them with such a sudden fury of smashing, pounding doggedness that the whole building seemed to shake and silence fell upon the place as point after point was drummed out of the boards on the Japanese side. Grim, unsmiling, unspeaking, they were as relentless, threatening and menacing as a squadron of tanks heading for a breach in the line. Was it a breakthrough? Black patches of sweat stained the red uniforms; hair came awry, was pinned up, thrust back, brushed aside. But they had no joy among themselves at points won; no twittering sympathy at returns missed at the expense of a scorched elbow or seared kneecap; not even a pat on the back. They glowered—and they lost.

They lost to an inscrutable man who sat on the Japanese bench in his blue coach's track-suit and watched three-years of demonic, ruthless, pitiless work come to fruition. He alone moved not a muscle throughout (not even when, long afterwards, his girls outrageously took him in their battered arms and threw him high in the air). They lost also to a little wisp of a girl named Yukiro Handa, who, with her shingled hair kept in place by a single hair-grip, looked like a prim little housemaid of the 'thirties. But she was a tough little nut, and the boss among all the sound and fury.

As the big Russians waited to serve, little Miss Handa stood at the back of the court and yelled defiance at them, rallying her battered team with parrot-like calls: "Ute (*hit the ball*), Ute, Ute..." she cried. And back came the answer from all of them together: "Hai (*o.k.*) hai, hai."

When, at last, the gold medals, too were "hai," the crowd—partisan at last after a fortnight of impeccable hospitality to all their guests—yelled and stamped in delight. Their beautiful, slow, tuneful (even to Western ears) National Anthem went soaring up with the flag, and as big bold tears came rolling down out of the eyes of my interpreter, I stole away into the night infinitely more exhausted than I had been before.

"Where have *you* been?" a fellow journalist asked me when I got back to the Press House. "To the Cup Final," I replied. And I told him all about it.

"The trouble with you is you take these minor sports too seriously," he answered. "Now let me tell you about the boxing..."

JOURNEY TO KARUIZAWA

By Doug Ibbotson

(Evening News)

There were two of us on the bus. We sat, sandy-eyed, in the pale dawn shadow of the Press Centre trying to resist the gently rocking lullaby of the diesel.

The crew, a puppy plump little girl in brown tunic and forage cap and the slim but sinewy driver, looked tired too. And very young.

They checked their watches and with a sad shrug in the direction of the Press House verified that it was 6.30 o'clock and time to leave for Karuizawa.

Even at this early hour the streets of Tokyo were heavy with traffic, as the bus, its soft suspension strangely unburdened, plunged and rolled like a stricken galleon through the narrows of the north-west suburbs.

Thus it was more than an hour before we escaped the tentacles of the metropolis and the incessant tantivy of wind-tones and whistles.

By now the sun had climbed onto the side of the bus and was glaring in upon two smoke-dry and increasingly peckish pressmen. My companion, Werner Pietsch of the Hamburg Bild-Zeitung, rummaged in his briefcase and came out with a fragment of carbon paper, two dozen strands of tobacco and a small pile of woollen fluff to which was attached a glutinous piece of chocolate. We devoured this curious compound with exaggerated relish.

However, within half an hour the bus halted at a roadside café where we refreshed ourselves more substantially on a kind of noodle soup drawn from a bottomless black iron pot that snorted and hissed in a cloud of fishy steam.

The journey to Karuizawa was more than 100 miles, yet we were puzzled by the schedule which estimated our travelling time as five hours. This seemed to be particularly pessimistic when we resumed after breakfast and were soon cruising at 50 mph through countryside in many ways reminiscent of northern France.

The terrain was perfectly flat, the road wide and straight and the traffic moderate—but the key to the schedule lay on the horizon.

At first they appeared as a smoky mirage set against the azure sky. But as we skimmed past a patchwork of small plantations and rice fields, lapping up those short, flat miles, they began to assume shape and depth of awesome proportion. And the more readily they became recognisable as mountains the less real they seemed.

We arrived at length at the foot of the range and again stopped at a café perched on a ledge on the brief approaches to this strange and silent sierra.

We stood by the bus and gazed at the jungle of rock and timber which soared virtually from our feet until it disappeared into a swirling mist thousands of feet above.

The entire range was so densely forested it was impossible to determine the path of the road beyond the first hairpin bend if, indeed, there really was a road at all. This uneasy conjecture was not lightly dismissed as we boarded the bus for the ascent.

The road, of course, did not end at the first tortuous twist but we were soon to learn that many a journey had terminated tragically within the next dozen miles.

Our approach to the climb was such that the nearside of the bus was on the precipitous edge of the road with a sheer drop of some 600 feet. As some concession to safety the engineers had erected pressed steel barriers on the narrower and more acute bends. But this straw of security was quickly snatched away.

Dozens of the barriers were smashed flat and traversed by skid marks which pointed with absolute finality out into the void.

Such unmistakable captions however were beyond the comprehension of our intrepid driver who threw himself into the challenge at full throttle.

The ascent took an hour which included brief stoppages for manœuvring round ten ton granite lorries – and once to overtake a coach which lurched crazily over the edge.

All the time the scenery girated past in a confusion of autumn colours. The sky spun by. Then a smoky haze of descending distance. A glowering face of rock. A lake. A lorry. A blaze of beech trees and a platoon of pine as the bus snaked and soared higher and higher. And suddenly it all stopped.

We arrived at Karuizawa like a cork emerging from a whirlpool, cast out onto a placid plateau under a crystal sky. And it was cold.

The equestrian village was idyllic. The modern and luxuriously appointed headquarters was set amid silky lawns, exotic blooms, landscaped borders and flowering shrubs. And the whole wrapped in October's finest mantle of gold.

Unfortunately there was no time to dwell on these sylvan charms for a shuttle bus was waiting to transfer us to the showjumping location about two miles away.

This was set virtually in the centre of the plateau against a backdrop of sage and sienna hills. Though the sun was bright and brittle a cool wind scythed through the thin atmosphere – and through my equally inadequate clothing. Now and again great eddies snatched at the shrubs and chased a legion of brown and copper leaves across the skyline.

The horses parading in the paddock raised their heads the better to sniff this rare distillation and the competitors moved briskly about, hunching their shoulders and slapping their thighs with a crop.

I had come to Karuizawa in the belief that Britain could win an individual gold medal on this the last day of the three-day event.

The British contingent were nourishing similar hopes as they leaned on the barrier watching the early rounds. Richard Meade, the 26-year-old engineering graduate from Chepstow, was leading the field after the first two days and needed only a reasonable round to clinch the gold.

We watched the Russians, the French, the South Americans with little more than academic interest. Then it was Meade's turn.

It proved an excruciating experience. Within seconds the brave Barberry – and my gold medal scoop – had crashed in the red shale of Laruizawa.

I walked away from the arena leaving the flying horsemen fighting for their final places. It was growing dark as I climbed into the bus again.

The driver was picking chestnuts in the scarlet shadows and the girl watched the sun set behind a peak as if she might never see it rise again.

It was pitch black by the time we reached the maelstrom at the edge of the plateau. Whirling round and round we slowly descended into the soft, warm bowels of the lower world.

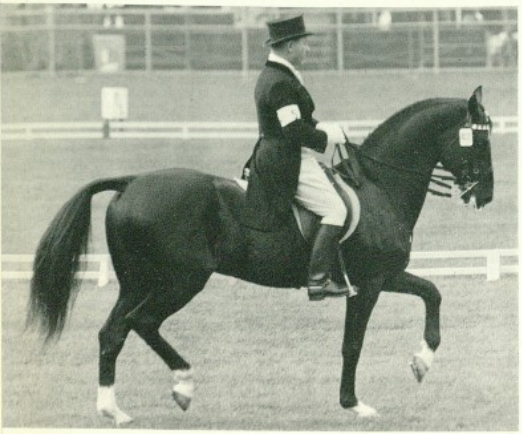
I don't know what happened to Werner because we came back without him. Perhaps he decided to return by train. Or perhaps he is still up there – an enchanted lotus eater on Japan's lost horizon.



Germany's Harry Boldt missed a gold by one point; however, he did win the silver. Here he is seen sitting proudly astride his grey horse



Germany won the gold medal in the Dressage team event. Here, from left to right, is the victorious team, the 52-year-old Josef Neckermann on "Antoinette", Dr. Reiner Klimke on "Dux" and the brilliant Harry Boldt riding "Remus"



Sergey Filatov, the successful Russian rider, scored the third place on "Absent" in the individual, and also helped his team to win the bronze medal

Henri Chammartin who is a riding-master at Switzerland's Military Equestrian Academy, won on "Woermann" the exacting Grand Prix Dressage, and the only gold medal for his country in Tokyo





Clearing the ditch in the Karuizawa cross-country-event, 95 miles away from Tokyo. This cross-country-course with its moor bogged down with rain was a severe test for horse and rider. The German rider Gerhard Schulz on "Baiza X" at obstacle 28 of the cross-country-course.



Action. Dr. Arrambide on "Chimbote" clears another obstacle







This is 44-year-old Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola of France, riding "Lutteur" and bringing home France's only Tokyo gold medal, repeating his Olympic victory of 1952

◀ Top: Germany's Kurt Jarasinski was fifth in the first phase.

Bottom: Raimondo d'Inzeo, Italy's famous show jumper, failed this time on "Posillico" in the total points award. He wasn't placed among the first six



What is she thinking about? France's charming Janou Lefèvre, darling of all equestrian tournaments, who helped her country win a silver medal in the team trials

A very good jump indeed: Britain's Peter Robeson riding "Firecrest" who won a bronze, with only sixteen faults



Riding towards a gold medal Germany's Hans Günter Winkler on "Fidelitas", securing his country its third team gold medal since Melbourne 1956





Tokyo's final prize winning ceremony. IOC President Avery Brundage honours the victorious show jumpers Hermann Schridde (Germany) on the left (silver), Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola (France) centre (gold), and Peter Robeson (Britain) right (bronze)

FRENCH WITH TEARS

By George Harley

(Daily Mirror)

French without tears? Not in the great Olympic stadium in Tokyo as the show jumping, final event of the 1964 Games, came to an end. French visitors, officials and competitors from other sports, journalists and photographers wept tears of joy as the Marseillaise was played for the first time during the crowded fortnight.

It saluted the "incroyable" triumph of Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola, who had won the individual gold medal, twelve years after his success on the last day of the Helsinki Olympics.

It is not surprising that so many French men and women in the stadium saw the ascending Tricolor through a mist of tears. For France had reached the closing hours of the Games with her golden hopes destroyed.

Athletes Michel Jazy and Maryvonne Dupureur, swimmers Alain Gottvalles and Christine Caron, fencer Jean-Claude Magnan, boxer Joseph Gonzales had all started high among the favourites for their events. All had been beaten. Not one gold medal had glinted from a French breast.

The show jumpers? Their chances were shrugged off. How could they hope to beat the Germans, the Italians, the British? D'Oriola? Had he not been out of the sport for six of the twelve years since his victory at Helsinki?

Some French television men, indeed, thought so little of their prospects of any kind of medal that they decided to go only to the closing ceremony. To their indescribable amazement and chagrin, they heard the Marseillaise as they neared the stadium—and rushed in to see d'Oriola standing on the victory rostrum!

D'Oriola's success is the more remarkable because, at the beginning of the year, there seemed no chance of his being selected. "He will be forty-four, far too old for Olympic competition," said his critics. But the veteran champion knew that he had found a really great horse in his nine-year-old bay brown Lutteur—aptly, the French for "fighter." Their form during the year clinched their place in the French team... and the rest is Olympic history.

There was little to suggest that they would win after the first round; they were lying fifth with nine faults; Lutteur had dislodged a pole, dropped a foot in the water and incurred one time fault.

The second time, however, they jumped clear, meeting every fence perfectly, and d'Oriola showed such precision and judgment that he was just 0.5 second inside the permitted time.

Only the consistency of the German team prevented the French from winning the team gold medals. But the silver medals went to France, thanks to d'Oriola's nine faults combined with 32 by Janou Lefèvre and 36.75 by Guy Lefrant. It is intriguing that d'Oriola was the oldest of the forty-six competitors—and Mlle. Lefèvre the youngest.

Germany's team triumph was their third in successive Olympics, but Hans Günter Winkler, the individual champion in 1956, was no longer their star. He totalled 32.5 faults to 13.75 by Hermann Schridde and 22.25 by Kurt Jarasinski.

Schridde, a 27-year-old farmer, rode Dozent to the only other clear round, but it was at a cost of 1.25 time faults; his total gave him the silver medal, and Britain's captain, Peter Robeson, collected the bronze medal on Firecrest with a total of 16 (eight and eight).

Robeson thus maintained Britain's record of gaining at least one medal from the equestrian events at every Olympic Games. He was one of the four riders leading after the first round with eight faults; Firecrest failed at the same fences—the fourth and the water jump—second time round.

The Australian, Tom Fahey, also totalled 16 faults on Bonvale. This involved a jump-off for the bronze medal. Robeson's coolness and experience enabled him to clear the shortened course, and Fahey could not match the performance.

It could be claimed that the water jump cost Robeson

the gold medal; competitors generally found this one of the most troublesome obstacles on a course which proved more difficult than it looked.

Britain's other partnerships, David Boston Barker on North Riding and David Broome on Jacapo, fell too far below the captain's standards to add a team medal to his bronze.

Barker and North Riding showed their inexperience in a first round which cost 28.25 faults, but the young Yorkshireman reduced this to 16 on his second excursion—and two former Olympic champions, Winkler and Italy's Raimondo d'Inzeo, had fared no better when they first tackled the course.

Broome, in contrast, started with 16 faults, then had 21. His somewhat experimental partnership with Jacapo thus proved a selectors' gamble that failed.

It is worth noting that Germany's total of 68.5 faults was the highest by a winning team since the war—and Britain had little cause for comfort in finishing fourth with 97.25.

CHANGING FORTUNE FOR HORSE AND RIDERS

By George Harley

(Daily Mirror)

No Olympic event is more susceptible to changing fortunes than the three-day horse trials. The Great Britain team will subscribe ruefully to that view.

They arrived in Tokyo as formidable contenders for the gold medals. It was generally conceded, in fact, that the contest would be dominated by Australia, the 1960 champions, Ireland and Great Britain.

Events proved this to be a flight of fancy—three flights of fancy, indeed, as the honours went to Italy, the United States and Germany. Australia finished a modest seventh, Ireland were fourth and, almost unbelievably, Britain were eliminated from the team event. Japan and Korea were the only other nations to suffer this indignity.

Even so it seemed that Richard Meade and Sergeant Reuben Jones would salvage something from the wreckage with individual medals. But both failed lamentably in the final show jumping phase.

Meade had become the overnight favourite for the individual gold medal by gaining maximum bonus marks over the steeplechase and cross-country courses. This gave him a fractional lead over the young Italian Mauro Checcoli, and Jones was not far back in fifth place.

But Meade and Jones vitiated their sound and steady performances in the first two phases by failing to solve whatever problems lurked in a show jumping course which no fewer than thirteen of the final thirty-four competitors cleared without error.

Poor Meade certainly knew the extremes of delight and dismay during his sojourn in Japan. First he had the anxiety of wondering whether or not his horse, Barberry, would recover from an attack of colic in time to compete. Then his exultation at riding Barberry into the leading position after the first two phases was tempered by the disappointment of the British quartet at their elimination from the team event. Finally came the deep despair of his ruinous final round.

The opening stage, the dressage, had ended with Jones and Master Bernard in second place with 35 penalties compared with the 32 of the German leader, Fritz Ligges, on Donkosak.

Meade was next best of the British, in eleventh place with 52.67 penalties. Checcoli was lying a somewhat unconsidered thirteenth with 54, and only a Roman soothsayer could then have foreseen Italian triumphs in both the team and individual events.

Heavy rain during the night made the going difficult on the steeplechase and cross-country courses for the endurance test. But Meade, riding Barberry with determination and judgment, sent British hopes soaring by clearing both impeccably for maximum bonus points.

Jones, on Master Bernard, fared almost as well and, with two riders home, Britain were well ahead—and the two more experienced combinations were still to come.

Then... calamity. Captain James Templer, generally rated favourite for the individual gold, rode M'Lord Connolly superbly until the twenty-seventh fence, the last but four, of the cross-country course. The horse stopped. Templer turned him and, perhaps too quickly, tried again. The horse refused a second time. Templer tried again... and the unbelievable happened. M'Lord Connolly stopped a third time, and Templer was out.

Britain's hopes of surviving as a team then depended on Michael Bullen and Sea Breeze, the last of the forty-eight competitors. They began to fade when Bullen had a bad fall on the steeplechase course and dislocated a shoulder.

He remounted and started the cross-country course in great pain and with the grim knowledge that Templer had been eliminated. The going had become cruelly heavy and, after a second fall, Bullen was eliminated at the twenty-fifth fence when the gallant Sea Breeze was literally stuck in the mud and, technically, guilty of three refusals.

The weather was bright but chilly for the show jumping phase. Meade's one point lead over Checcoli disappeared in the crash of falling poles and Barberry collected thirty-six penalties; only three of the thirty-four riders fared worse. Jones and Master Bernard found the problems equally insoluble; they collected thirty penalties.

Checcoli, a 21-year-old student, seized his chance like a veteran. Making the most of advice from Italy's show jumping experts, he had a clear round on Sunbeam to win the individual gold medal with a final score of plus 64.4 which played a decisive part in his country's victory in the team event. Their total of plus 85.8 was twenty more than the United States team who fully deserved the silver medals for displaying the consistency which had been so sadly lacking from the British team's performance.



TOKYO – SIGNPOST TO AFRICA'S SPORTING FUTURE

By Roy Moor

(Daily Mail)

The greatly improved standards of performance by African athletes at the Olympic Games gave a clear warning to the rest of the world of the tremendous threat this vast continent will become in the Olympics ahead.

So much natural talent, hitherto given little opportunity to enter the limelight of international sport, is now being groomed on a national basis for successes in track athletics, football and boxing.

Doubtless the range of this development will spread to other Olympic events as the momentum for national sports training programmes increasse throughout Africa.

Ghana, Kenya and Nigeria each won a bronze medal in Tokyo. Only Ghana captured an award – a silver for boxing–at the previous Olympics in Rome.

Africa's new approach to international sport was impressed on me in an interview in Tokyo with Edward Nyako, the national coach for athletics in Ghana. He said: "One of my first jobs when I get back to Ghana will be to impress upon everybody the need for athletes to go out and train in all weathers. It has been a common practice for our athletes to wait for rain to stop before going out to run. We have got to get ourselves accustomed to doing top-class performances in all conditions. This is the big lesson I have learned in Tokyo.

"Rain fell on the days our sprinters were in competition and it seemed to effect their attitude of mind. They were not used to competing in rain so did not give of their best. It was a big disappointment to me."

Nyako was also disappointed that his 80-metres hurdler, Rose Hart, failed to survive her semi-final in Tokyo. But with a time of 11.1 seconds she at least had the satisfaction of racing $^{1}/_{10}$ second faster than when the great Fanny Blankers-Koen, of Holland, won the Olympic title in London in 1948. Blankers-Koen's time then was a world record.

So note how the pace of women's hurdling in Africa is hotting up. The 22-year-old Rose, from Sekondi, has a best mark of 10.9 seconds for the event.

Note, too, how the standards of sprinting and 400 metres running are improving in Senegal. The sprint four in Tokyo twice broke their national record for 4×100 metres, first by running 40.5 seconds in finishing fourth to the United States in the opening heats, and then improving this to 40.2 seconds in the second round.

Senegal's previous national record for this distance was 41.2 seconds–approximately ten yards slower.

In the 4×400 metres relay, Senegal also produced a new national best of 3 minutes 12.5 seconds to give yet further proof of Africa's athletic advance.

The greatest discovery of the African continent at the Games was probably Wilson Kiprugut, the 24-year-old Kenyan soldier, who took the bronze medal in the 800 metres won by New Zealand's Peter Snell in Olympic record time of 1 minute 45.1 seconds. Kiprugut was only $^{8}/_{10}$ second slower and surpassed anything ever achieved by his countrymen.

The march of progress will continue throughout Africa–more especially with the international federations of athletics and football organizing coaching schemes to assist national organizations of the smaller countries.

Typical of the modern African outlook to international sport was the visit to Tokyo of an Olympic delegation from Libya. Their national Olympic association was formed a year earlier, with Megniddin Coobar as secretary-general. Instead of taking a team of competitors to Tokyo, Coobar took three delegates, all specialists in sports administration.

Interviewed in Tokyo Coobar said: "We thought that bringing a team with little experience would do more harm than good. Instead the money available to us has been used to learn from these Olympics so that we can return with knowledge to help Libya build a team for Mexico City in 1968. Money is available now at home to enable us to take sport seriously."

It is this availability of cash for sports development which is enabling the African nations to become rich in talent of Olympic quality.

THE TOKYO GAMES

By Brian Glanville

(Sunday Times)

All the way from London, across Asia, and through Hong Kong, one question was paramount; shall we be able to get into the Olympic village? In retrospect, the question seems absurd, for it was all so easy, so pleasant. Those plaintained lawns, with washing hung to dry, those steadily disintegrating bicycles to be fought for, those cottages and bungalows full of athletes, sometimes shy, sometimes sullen, sometimes ebullient. But the advance stories had made the blood run cold. First, *no* journalist would be allowed inside. Next, there would be four passes per delegation. Four passes!

Arriving at the Press Centre on my first day, I found two foolscap sheets of paper; draconian laws on how the Olympic village might be breached. If you wanted to go in, you must present yourself, armed with your Identity Card, at the Main Gate. You must fill in a form, giving your name, country, newspaper, ID card number, number of the badge with which you were issued, time of clocking in (there was, of course, another space for clocking out.) You must indicate whether your visit was for General Puposes, in which case the way was clear to you, or for an interview. If the latter, you must phone from the Main Gate to the appropriate Chef de Mission.

The Chef de Mission, if he gave permission, would cause the athlete to be found (or, presumably, not to be found). When found, the poor fellow would be despatched to the Main Gate, and interviewed in the... Interviewing Room. Should a journalist enter the village on a General Purpose visit, then decide he wished to interview an athlete, he must then return to the Main Gate, telephone the relevant Chef de Mission, who... etc. In no circumstances was it permissible to interview an athlete in one of the restaurants.

The first athlete I interviewed was Bobby McGregor, captain of the British swimming team. He was going off to eat, he said. Would I come and talk to him in the restaurant? As far as I know, the interviewing room was never used.

Beyond doubt, the Japanese made a resounding success of these Games; the touch of over-organisation was perhaps inevitable. But Tokyo cared about the Games, and cared desperately. For Tokyo, it was an anxious matter of saving face. Flowerbeds miraculously appeared overnight, where rubbish tips had been. In Rome, Nervi's stadia were magnificent, but they were merely a few fine buildings amidst the architectural glories of centuries. In Tokyo, the futuristic Olympian stadia *were* the finest buildings. All else was a festering, urban sore or, at best, a conglomeration of great, functional monoliths. But the sweep of the National stadium, the soaring undulations of the Gymnasium, where the swimming took place; these were splendid.

Of the two ceremonies, the Opening and the Closing, I vastly prefered the Closing.

The Opening Ceremony saw the athletes march in phalanx, shoulder to shoulder, their flags borne before them. It was a pity that both the British and the German girls should have chosen pink, but then, they both looked fetching. Only the American girls, one noticed, refrained from waving prettily. "Don't you dare take any liberties with *us*," they seemed to say, as they strode their silent way around the stadium. By contrast, Kuznetsova, the colossal Russian discus thrower, waved enough for all of them put together.

But the closing ceremony was redeemed by the athletes themselves. In they flocked like a crowd of happy children, suddenly released from school, waving, cheering, dancing, singing, shouting. It was in vain for an earnest young woman to exhort them, over the loudspeakers, to march in file. The athletes, bless them, would have none of it; bar the Japanese, who came into the stadium in an homogeneous block.

One's memories are as much of the Olympic village as of the National stadium. Heroes toppled, of course; among them, most surprisingly of all, perhaps, C. K. Yang. For Yang, the decathlon seemed no more than [illegible] contended it manfully with his University room-mate.

Rafer Johnson, in Rome, [illegible] on the very pos[illegible] Wasn't he acknowledged [illegible] as the finest all round athlete in the world? No wonder everybody wants



to see him, to interview him; myself among them. He was to be found in the Taiwanese quarters, presided over by his coach–who had been Johnson's coach–Mr. "Ducky" Drake, a little man slightly reminiscent of Buster Keaton; though the sadness, if any, came after the decathlon.

"Five minutes!" he hissed at me, holding up five fingers from the window, and when I got up, there was Yang, stretched out on the massage table, long and golden and curiously pustuled for a great athlete.

"You're lucky," he told me; journalists from all over Asia had wanted to talk to him, and he had refused.

"You're lucky," said Mr. Drake. When I had finished talking to Yang–who complained about the new scoring system, and said that when he retired, he wanted to show Formosa his appreciation–an elderly Chinese official asked me, "You have seen C. K. Yang? You are lucky!"

Yang, alas, was not so lucky. He finished right out of the money, beaten to the wide by the Germans. It was a sad anticlimax to a splendid career.

If there were a motif to the Games, a motif which ran through the life of the Olympic village, and rose to crescendo in the Stadium, it was provided by Peter Snell. The Rome Olympics, I suppose, might be described as Herb Elliott's Olympics. Tokyo's were beyond doubt Peter Snell's. First, there was the mystery of it all. Would he run in the 1500 metres, the metric mile, *and* the 800 metres, which he had won in Rome? Or would he let the 800 metres go, and concentrate on the 1500? What would his form be like? As splendid as when he had beaten the world record for the mile, in his native New Zealand, or as disappointing as it had been, not long after that, when there were all sorts of rumours that he would retire? How was he getting on, now, with Arthur Lydiard, his coach and father figure in Rome and now, after an estranged period, his coach again? Would Jazy, the elegant Frenchman who'd followed Elliott home in 1960, compete against him, or would he confine himself to the 5000 metres, which came before the 1500?

Snell is not, perhaps, a journalist's man, though he is, in his quiet, school prefect's way, a splendid interviewee, cogent and sincere. At times, his cautious, wary attitude reminds one of the two psychoanalysts who are said to pass each other in the street. The first inquires, "How are you?" and the second asks himself, "What does he mean by that?"

New Zealand's quarters were tucked away in a remote corner of the sprawling Olympic village, which till lately had been an American Army camp. To find it, one cycled past, or strolled over, lawns on which red tracksuited Mexicans shadow boxed in the twilight, from which tiny birds rose in whirring flock, led by... a canary. Ideally, one found Lydiard first, Snell afterwards, in which case the ground was prepared, and there was no hiatus, no awkward beginning. Jazy, he said, was the man he worried about, because he had never run against him, never beaten him. The others: O'Hara, Burleson, Baran, had been met and conquered. He couldn't make up his mind whether to run both races. "It's usually easier to progress *up* through your runs. It's easier to do a five and ten double than a ten and five double. That's why I think Jazy's got a terrific task if he wants to run in the five and the fifteen hundred. I'm a bit lucky I'm running so well in the eight hundred. It is likely I shall go right through and run the Final. And that being so, I'll have nothing to lose. If I flop in the eight hundred, it's another story."

Snell has been described as a self-doubting person. In terms of his activities putside the world of athletics, this may well be so. Inside it, one senses an enormous confidence, which shows from time to time, almost despite himself: "Baran? Simpson beat him."

One's first day in the village, that fine Belgian runner Roger Moens, now a television commentator, had come bounding through, trumpeting Snell's performance that morning on a waterlogged training track: "One forty seven one! Enormous! I have never seen it!"

Dyrol Burleson, the lean and lank and brown American, was sceptical about it when I conveyed him the news, some hours later. "It wouldn't even get him in the Final."

Above all, however, I remember Snell's parting remark, as he sat, thoughtful and ingoing, on the edge of his bed. "There's only one thing that concerns me, and that's... Since Rome, I haven't really lost a race I've wanted to win, and I'm just wondering what it would be like should I fail to win. That's all."

He didn't, of course, fail in either race. Each time, black vested, chugging along like a relentless locomotive, he left the field struggling behind. Jazy, a failure in the five thousand metres, did not compete. Afterwards, Snell stood on the podium outside an entrance to the Stadium, and whispered his answers so low that the small Press conference could scarcely hear them. Was he disappointed that he had not beaten Elliott's record? No. Had Burleson said anything to him after the race? At this, Snell turned suspiciously to his questioner, an American journalist. "Why do you want to know?"

American journalists gave the Games something of their flavour. There was the one who approached a colleague and myself in the blue carpeted sanctum of the typing room, in the Press centre. "Can you guys help me? This Abebe; how tall is seventy-eight centimetres?" There was another, a doyen of his profession, a big man who loomed over tiny Gerry Lindgren, the 18-year-old 10,000 metre runner. "How long have you been in track, Gerry?"

Lindgren was fetchingly quiet and shy. "Uh, I don't know. Six years, I guess. I began in 1959," to which came the ponderous answer, "Your mathematics are bad. I make that *five* years."

The Americans brought with them, perhaps as a sort of licensed jester, an immense, roly-poly coloured heavyweight called Buster Mathis. Mathis, though he'd been chosen for the team, was not, in fact, due to fight. He had broken a bone in his hand sparring with his deputy before they left the States. The deputy took over–and won the gold medal. But Mathis seemed wholly undeterred; he would erupt on people like an enhusiastic and massive puppy.

On Dallas Long, for example, the evening that Long had won the gold medal. "How far did you put it?" he demanded.

"Sixty-six feet, eight-and-a-half," was the modest reply.

"Did you win?"

"Yes."

"So what? I could have taken first place in the shotputt, too. So you're all through now. Going to give it up."

"I plan to."

"Going to teach me, so I can get it in sixty-eight? Boxing and shotputt?"

A moment before, Long had been accosted by a Japanese photographer, looked up obligingly, and had his picture taken, to be approached again, and asked who he was. Having been told, the photographer promptly took another picture. It reinforced the impression that *any* Western face was strangely interesting and desirable to a Japanese. The entry to the National stadium was forever thronged with Japanese spectators, taking photographs of Western tourists. The very dummies in the shop windows, the very actors in the television soap operas, had Occidental faces.

The Japanese girls' volleyball team was beyond doubt one of the strangest and most significant features of the Games. They duly won the title, as everyone expected them to. Anything else, indeed, would have been anticlimax, after the regime of training and selfsacrifice to which they had been exposed. Almost all of them worked in a textile mill, lived in dormitories *in situ*, and spent up to eight hours every day, after work, being drilled by their coach, Diamatsu. Their training, in its rigour had almost sadistic overtones. Girls, driven to exhaustion by the endless series of balls hurled just out of their reach, would collapse in tears; even, at moments, attack the coach, who'd push them contemptuously away.

Western journalists were barred from these training sessions, but the secret was out; a colour documentary film, shown at Cannes, "Le Prix de la Victoire," betrayed it. The girls' language during training was said to be hair raising; but having seen what they were forced to undergo, it was hard to blame them. After they'd won, they stood there crying a while, then, having recovered, proceeded to toss their coach playfully into the air. One watched carefully, but they didn't drop him.

The theme of sacrifice, meanwhile, was not confined to the Japanese volleyball girls. "Athletes," proclaimed the Italian coach, "are sacrificed, like soldiers." One seemed to have confirmation of this when Robbie Brightwell, the British captain and quarter-miler, spoke.

"Fear drives my athletics. Learn to control fear. It's very difficult to make yourself feel fear, but in training you can bring it on and you can cope with it and channel it and control it, as you wish. At the same time, there's this positive attitude to pain, which must figure very highly in four hundred metre running. Pain has one quality, which is you can't remember what it's like, to feel pain. It is so fleeting you must have a sixth sense about it. You have to learn to drive yourself through it. You have to learn to function and concentrate through this welter of physical discomfort." And again, "We are not children. We are individuals who have sacrificed a great part of our lives."

Sacrificed a great part of their lives. It wasn't for this that Baron de Coubertin reinstituted the Olympic Games, not for this, surely, that Avery Brundage appeals to the world. An amateur, by definition, is someone who does something for the love of it, not in a spirit of masochistic self-punishment. But, how-

ever surprisingly, he still seems to exist, even at the highest level; intriguingly enough, even at 400 metre level!

After Mike Larrabee, the world record-holder, had crushed Brightwell and the rest in the final, he cheerfully and garrulously faced his Press conference, a crew cut, spectacled eternal college boy. Some people went fishing, he said, some people built model airplanes; he went running. No, he hadn't sacrificed anything for it. He enjoyed it. No, he didn't train too hard. A few years ago, he'd lost to Ulis Williams in the national championships, but where Ulis Williams had finished in a state of collapse, he himself was still full of running. This convinced him and his coach, Coker, of the Southern California Striders, that he was leaving too much of his form on the track. He'd cut down on his training, and his performances had improved.

For Britain, the happiest surprise of all was surely Lynn Davies' mighty feat in the long jump. Ralph Boston had been so overwhelmingly the favourite that the jumping seemed a formality. More poised and mature than he'd been in Rome, he'd said to me, "I don't like being favourite, but if that's how it is, that's how it's got to be." He didn't seem to have a care in the world.

But the wind blew, the rain pelted down and Davies won because, as the Russian coach told him, "You are strong," strong with the strength of infinite hours of weightlifting. "Would you like to see the medal?" he asked me, and took me into his quarters, where three other athletes were watching television. There it was; the gold medal that not even his likeable coach, Ron Pickering, had expected to be better than a bronze. Davies himself could hardly believe it at the time, he said. He'd wandered about all night, in a daze. "I just met Jesse Owens. He wrote me out a piece, actually. He said, 'Best wishes and congratulations to a worthy champion'."

Worthy indeed.

SAYONARA TOKYO

By Laurie Pignon

(Daily Sketch)

A massive ring of torches held in tiny hands glittered like a ribbon of gold, floating in a sea of darkness. Gentle music filled our ears but not our hearts, for those were already swollen with conflicting emotions. The 1964 Olympics were over and there, towering into a velvet sky, was the scoreboard which recorded man's greatest ever sporting triumph blazing its electronic "*sayonara*."

Never again will I be jealous of other languages and their romantic sounding Arrivederci, Au revoir and Auf Wiedersehen, for when a Japanese 'goodbye' is said it has the sadness of the wind which whispers over the silent snowy crown of Fuji.

Sayonara on October 24, 1964 will echo in the ears of the world with the same nostalgia as a half forgotten lullaby, thus in the mind's eye will we always see those fifty thousand pocket handkerchiefs fluttering like a cloud of white butterflies in silvery light waving their personal, but silent, farewell to the athletes of the world who crowded as never before into this already overcrowded Island in the Orient.

We, high in the press box, looked down at it all through misting eyes. We felt an inward joy of having been a part of it all and a sadness, for now the curtain of time had fallen on the greatest show on earth.

It is one of those exciting but inexplicable contradictions that a people who discourage any public show of emotion should stage the most emotional Olympics. Some, like parts of the closing ceremony, was spontaneous and unrehearsed but the mood had already been set by a stage management who dreamt up enough ideas to keep Hollywood in business for another 10 years.

The pomp, circumstance, music, kaleidoscopic colour, and split second precision of the opening ceremony was like a massive coronation, with youth and supreme fitness being crowned king of the universe.

Yet this opening ceremony had a touch of Sean O'Casey, for surely this Irish playwright had written a "Plough and the (Sporting) Stars," and he too would have seen that one called Yoshinori Sakai, born in Hiroshima at 8.15 a.m. on August 6, 1945, an hour before the atom bomb fell, carried the torch that was to light the flame of peace.

At the same time, unseen in the great crowd of seventy-five thousand, was a young Japanese couple who went to endless trouble to get enough seats together to exchange shinto marriage vows—surely a romantic twist that Jane Austen would have loved to have recorded with pride and without prejudice.

As every good film producer knows there is nothing like a few kids to steal a show, to steal a tear, and the Olympics have certainly never seen anything like the noddyland band of youngsters tattooing the satin embroidered flag, the emblem of the 1920 Games, into the stadium. Add to this the colour of the Kabuki, the grace of the kimono, and the uneasy anticipation of things to come, plus the sparkling sunshine which like a minor miracle had replaced the dark rain clouds of the previous day, and Japan gave us an opening ceremony which, like the performances of the competitors and the final Sayonara, is unsurpassable.

Now the vast majority of spectators have returned to Japanese towns who, to a stranger, seem a careless but colourful conglomeration of narrow back streets which look as if a giant jigsaw has fallen from the clouds. The comparative few who came from overseas have returned either flying into the night or into the dawn. But I'm sure that each one of them took home with their transistors, their cameras, their silk, a little of the Japanese way of life.

Every Olympics have their own magic and their own special heroes. Nurmi in Paris, Burghley in Amsterdam, Owens in Berlin, Fannie Blankers-Koen at Wembley, Zatopek in Helsinki, Kuts in Melbourne, Elliott in Rome and from Tokyo the world will take their pick from Abebe Bikila, Peter Snell and Dawn Fraser.

On other pages, other men have frozen in printed words the great moments of the Games of the XVIII Olympiad, the first Games to be held in the Orient. For my part I want to paint the backcloth against which these Games were staged. Figures frighten me, statistics stagger me and I don't care a yen that the production costs of this sporting extravaganza was £700,000,000, that everything was done by electronics and was rehearsed so often that it almost became human automation.

It was the people who watched who left the deepest impression. I have been lucky enough to follow sport around the world, and I can write without fear of any contradiction that the Japanese are among the fairest and most generous of spectators I've ever encountered. Indeed, the standard of the sportsmanship both in the arenas and stadiums was superb. Far better in fact than at many a smaller event where there's been far less tension and nervous strain. I have almost convinced myself that there is some sort of telepathic communication between crowd behaviour and competitors. For even with all the pressures, there was not one heated protest.

Day after day in sun and rain the National stadium was packed by a large majority of Japanese who sat and cheered heroes and heroines from other nations with excited equanimity. Time and again they've watched their own men and women fail with an inward disappointment that was obviously felt but rarely openly seen or heard.

The big moment for the Japanese came on Wednesday, October 21... the day of the mighty marathon. Second into the stadium behind the fantastic Abebe Bikila of Ethiopa came the little Japanese runner Kokichi Tsuburaya. And twenty yards behind was Britain's Basil Heatley. Every man and woman in the stadium was standing and cheering and the warm air echoed with the rumble of human thunder. Except for the British everyone wanted the Japanese to win a silver medal, for this would have been his country's first track and field award, a tiny pay-off for the tremendous effort Japan had put into the Games. But Heatley hadn't come half way round the world and run 26 miles to give away anything. Slowly he caught his man and going into the final bend completely destroyed Tsuburaya who earned the toughest bronze medal in the Games. Even I was almost sorry that the Japanese crowd had to watch what was virtually a public execution of their own hero.

The host country's 16 gold medals came from other stadiums, in weight lifting, wrestling, boxing, gymnastics, judo and women's volleyball. Pity they couldn't get one inside the National Stadium, the Olympics glittering heart.

These Games have played much more than a sporting part in the history of the world. Prejudices have been weakened, understanding has been strengthened and the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, wrote: "The Olympics

symbolize an entire Civilisation, superior to countries, cities, military heroes or even the ancient religions" would have been well pleased.

There were two exceptions which had nothing to do with the Japanese. First, the unwelcome and completely unwarranted intervention of politics caused by Indonesia and North Korea and secondly, the understandable nationalistic pride of man to use these Olympics as an international prestige art.

But I am not one who would like to see the table of medals stopped, for there is nothing evil in a man running for the honour of his country: it's only wrong when politicians try to make capital out of it.

We all went to Japan with excitement in our hearts. For many of us it was the first trip to the Orient. Few of us knew what to expect and most of us were pleasantly surprised. From the gaudy glare of the Ginza to the quiet stone steps of the Kyoto shrines, we discovered a quiet dignity and honesty not to exploit the tourist, and a way of life that to the Westerner, at least, was like walking into another world. It was very hard saying "*sayonara*."





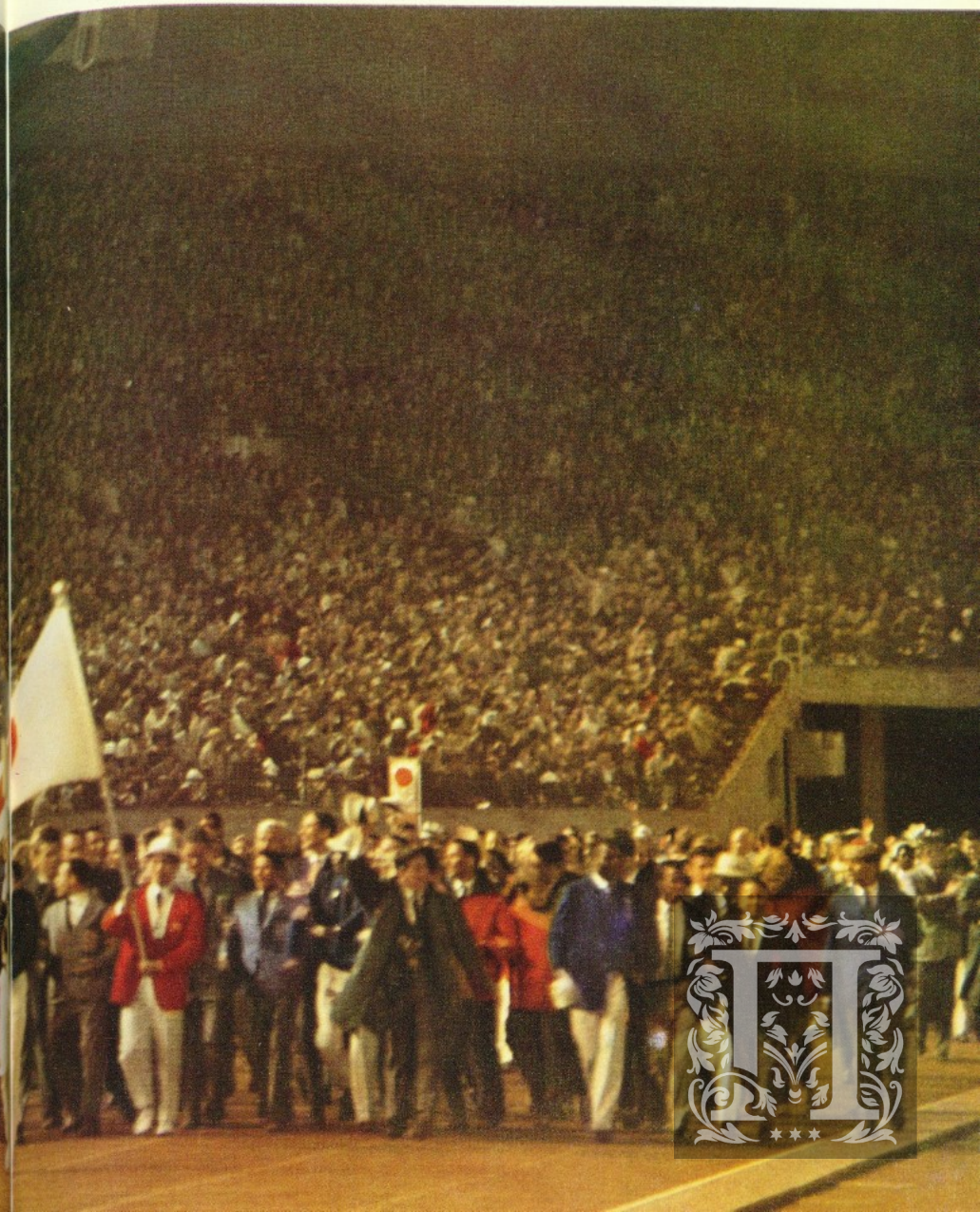
The Games are over, and here all those who have competed against each other for a fortnight, unite in a tremendous march past, a happy family whose members encircle the globe, making true for one glorious moment the dream of a future in which all mankind is one

Winding up the emotionally most enthusiastic farewell of any Olympic Games, the spirit of orderly courtesy takes over. In a solid block of red, embellished here and there with a glittering medal, the host Japanese competitors march past their Emperor and the other spectators

Here they parade together, the golden youth of the world, winners and losers, representatives of 94 nations gathered together from every corner of the earth, shouting, singing and waving their flags and banners through this never to be forgotten night, the ending of the Tokyo Olympic Games of 1964

As the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" swell from a thousand joyous throats into the Japanese evening, the drama, exultation and heartbreak of the last fourteen days are forgotten in an apotheosis of goodwill which knows no frontiers of colour, race or creed



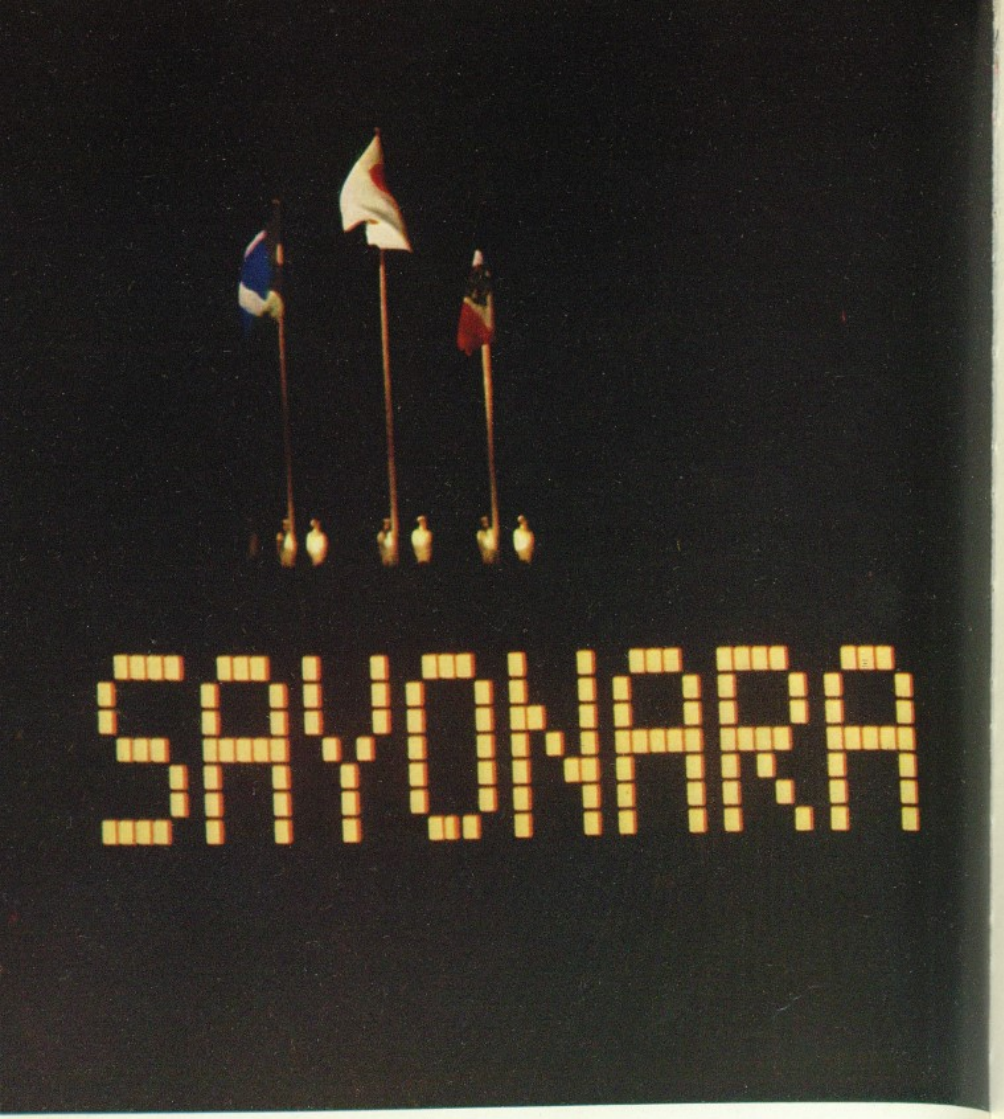


No director could have better staged the final fade-out of the Eighteenth Olympic Games of modern times: total darkness in the stadium; high above three flags; a solitary spotlight illuminates the Olympic flag, as it is taken down and slowly carried out by eight Japanese sailors. The Games are over



A hint of nostalgia is in the air, as the standards of each nation are borne around the track. The six thousand athletes are congregated in the centre of this vast arena, surrounded by a human wall of torchbearers. The bands play and the crowds cheer. And the minds of all are turned towards the future and Mexico City where in four years' time the next chapter of the Olympic story will be written





The final irrevocable moment, and the last picture to illuminate the Tokyo Olympic fortnight: the three flags that tell the great story, on the left the Greek one for the past, in the centre Japan's Rising Sun for the present, and on the right the Mexican one for the future. And underneath, in huge lettering, the Japanese word that already belongs to all nations: Sayonara. With it the Games say to all who prepared, organised and took part, to all who competed and attended, and to the entire world which followed the events in print, sound and picture: let's meet again

Summaries and results

ABBREVIATIONS

Afghanistan	AFG	Dominican Republic	DOM	Korea	KOR	Portugal	POR
Albania	ALB	Ecuador	ECU	Lebanon	LEB	Puerto Rico	PUR
Algeria	AGR	El Salvador	SAL	Liberia	LBR	Rhodesia	RHO
Argentina	ARG	Ethiopia	ETH	Libya	LYA	Rumania	RUM
Australia	AUS	Fiji	FIJ	Liechtenstein	LIC	San Marino	SMA
Austria	AUT	Finland	FIN	Luxembourg	LUX	Senegal	SGL
Bahamas	BAH	France	FRA	Madagascar	MAG	Sierra Leone	SLE
Barbados	BAD	Germany	GER	Malaysia	MAL	Spain	SPA
Belgium	BEL	Ghana	GHA	Mali	MLI	Sudan	SUD
Bermuda	BER	Great Britain	GBI	Malta	MAT	Surinam	SUR
Bolivia	BOL	Greece	GRE	Mexico	MEX	Sweden	SWE
Brazil	BRA	Guatemala	GUT	Monaco	MON	Switzerland	SWI
British Guiana	GUI	Haiti	HAI	Mongolia	MGL	Syria	SYR
Bulgaria	BUL	Honduras	HON	Morocco	MRC	Taiwan	TWN
Burma	BUR	Hong Kong	HOK	Nepal	NEP	Tanganyika	TAN
Cambodia	CAM	Hungary	HUN	Netherlands	NLD	Thailand	THA
Cameroons	CMR	Iceland	ICE	Neth Antilles	NAN	Trinidad & Tobago	TRT
Canada	CAN	India	IND	New Zealand	NZL	Tunisia	TUN
Central Africa	CAF	Indonesia	INA	Nicaragua	NCG	Turkey	TUR
Ceylon	CEY	Iran	IRN	Niger	NGR	U.A.R.	UAR
Chad	CHD	Iraq	IRQ	Nigeria	NGA	Uganda	UGA
Chile	CHI	Ireland	IRL	Northern Rhodesia	NRH	Uruguay	URU
Colombia	COL	Israel	ISR	Norway	NNR	U.S.A.	USA
Congo	CGO	Italy	ITA	Pakistan	PAK	U.S.S.R.	URS
Costa Rica	COS	Ivory Coast	IVC	Panama	PAN	Venezuela	VEN
Cuba	CUB	Jamaica	JAM	Paraguay	PAR	Viet Nam	VET
Czechoslovakia	CZS	Japan	JPN	Peru	PER	West Indies	WID
Dahomey	DAY	Jordan	JOR	Philippines	PHI	Yugoslavia	YUS
Denmark	DEN	Kenya	KEN	Poland	POL		

OVERALL INTRODUCTION ATHLETICS SUMMARY

By James Coote

(Daily Telegraph)

The track and field struggle at Tokyo will always be especially remembered for two things: first, the complete emergence of the African nations and secondly, the failure of the mighty Russian sports machine to produce any stars of tender years. Whereas in Rome the African countries placed only Bikila Abebe (marathon gold) and Nyandika (5,000 metres final) this time their overall strength on the track was more than impressive.

They started with Gadussou Kone (Ivory Coast) who took sixth place in the 100 metres final, continued with one of the surprise medallists Wilson Kiprugut, who finished third for Kenya in the 800 metres. Kenya also had a fifth place in the 5,000 metres when Kipchoge Keino came through well, while the greatest African success came in the controversial 10,000 metres. There Mohamed Gammoudi of Tunis finished second and Mamo Walde, of Ethiopia, was fourth.

Ben Assou El Ghazi, of Morocco, was last but one in the steeplechase final, in a new national record while Wariboko West of Nigeria was only one place away from a long jump medal and Mike Ahey, of Ghana, was seventh in the same event. And of course Africa had the most spectacular winner of all in Bikila who became the first man to retain his Olympic marathon title. With this continuing trend it would appear that by 1968 the balance of athletics power will shift from Europe and the United States and Australasia to include the untapped power of Africa.

The Russian problem is quite another matter. When they first entered the international athletics arena they produced stars of supreme calibre. Instead of concentrating on the base of the pyramid they instead displayed their stars again and again. Now most of the stars are getting too old for Olympic type competition and with a few exceptions, namely in the hammer and high jump seem to have a crisis on their hands. This can only be resolved by long term planning, not by simply taking a few young athletes and force-feeding them. This Russian "failure" will be a lesson to those countries who want to show too much athletics strength in too short a time.

100 Metres

Jesse Owens, winner of four gold medals in the 1936 Olympics, could scarcely praise Robert Hayes, the Florida A. & M. student, enough. He praised his pick-up, his power down the red cinders and his blazing finish, the like of which has rarely been seen.

The twenty-one years old Hayes went through four rounds of the 100 metres completely unperturbed. With first and second round wins in 10.4 sec. and 10.3 sec. respectively behind him, he recorded an amazing 9.9 sec. in the first semi-final. The race was aided by a 5.28 metres per second following wind and thus dispelled improvement on the world record of 10.0 sec.

In the final, the first in Olympic sprinting history to contain eight men, the incredible power of Hayes took him to victory, this time in a world record equalling performance. Enrique Figuerola, the exciting sprinter from Cuba, fulfilled his role as second favourite by just holding off the challenge of the fast finishing Harry Jerome, the Canadian co-holder of the world record. Figuerola finished fourth in the same race at the last Olympics.

European sprinting, dominant in the previous Olympiad, was again overshadowed by the Americas. Wieslaw Maniak of Poland, who carried out much of his pre-Olympic training in England, was the first European over the line after a blanket finish with three of his rivals.

200 Metres

The 200 metres proved once more how majestic the athletes of the American continent are in the art of explosive running. The winner in Rome, Livio Berruti, was the best European, but this time he finished no higher than fifth.

The winner was Henry Carr, of the U.S.A., a tall, lithe, Negro with thoroughbred racing qualities. Carr high-stepped round the curve with the minimum of effort necessary to win his gold medal. His winning time of 20.3 sec. has only been surpassed once in the history of bend running and that was by Carr himself. He was later to play a major part in the U.S. 4×400 metres relay victory.

Carr, who nearly missed selection in the U.S. team through finishing fourth in the U.S. Olympic Trials (he was reinstated as Hayes had already qualified in the 100 metres) was followed home by fellow-American Paul Drayton. In third place, Ed Roberts (Trinidad) stopped Harry Jerome from gaining his second bronze medal of the Games.

Marian Foik, the evergreen Polish sprinter, finished in sixth place – two places lower than in Rome – although clocking the same time, 20.8 sec.

400 Metres

Even pace running – an art many top-class one-lap runners can never master – brought victory to the co-world record-holder from the United States, Mike Larrabee. Only a month and a half short of his 31st birthday, Larrabee resisted all temptation to rush off with Robbie Brightwell of Britain, Wendell Mottley (Trinidad) and Poland's Andrzej Badenski. He covered his first 200 metres in 22.5 sec. By comparison, the slowest of the leading three was Brightwell in 21.7 sec.

As the pace told on the impetuous youngsters, Larrabee came through to cover the second half of the race in 22.6 sec., giving him a time of 45.1 sec. This was only one fifth of a second outside the world record he shares with Otis Davis (U.S.A.) and Carl Kaufmann (Germany), the gold and silver medallists in Rome.

Mottley held on to his early lead and took second place in 45.2 sec. while Badenski (at 5 ft. 8½ ins. / 1.74m, small for a world-class 400 metre runner) ran above himself to take the bronze medal.

One of the most pleasing, albeit surprising, efforts of the final was shown by Tim Graham of Britain. This third-string runner with the frail appearance, improved by seven-tenths of a second on his pre-Tokyo best performance and was only just beaten for fifth place by the experienced American Ulis Williams.

800 Metres

What was suspected before Tokyo proved to be true in the Japanese capital: that Peter George Snell of New Zealand is the number one middle distance runner in the world and on a par with the all-time greats.

Immense reserves of power and devastating finishing bursts helped Snell to regain the 800 metres title and add the coveted 1,500 metres crown to his list of successes. There is little doubt that Snell would have broken the world record in both events had be been pressed. Even so in the 800 metres he clipped 1.2 sec. off the Olympic record he set in Rome. The next three runners were also inside the previous mark.

The highlight of the entire 800 metres series was the uninhibited and inspired running of the little-known Kenyan, Wilson Kiprigut. Not only did he improve upon his personal best by just over two seconds in Tokyo, but he gained Kenya's first-ever Olympic athletics medal, and prevented George Kerr (Jamaica) from gaining his second bronze medal in this event.

Whereas Snell found himself boxed in during the second lap, yet with facile grace slowed and moved out to a more favourable position, Bill Crothers of Canada was rarely in trouble and, with velvet-like precision, moved into second place at the beginning of the home straight and was never in doubt for the silver medal. His time of 1 min. 45.6 sec. was a career best and the second fastest two lap run of all-time.

1,500 Metres

With an equally devastating run, reminiscent of Herb Elliott at Rome, Peter Snell gained one of the few honours yet to be won by this powerful New Zealander. Always well placed in the nine-man field, he made his characteristic burst with 200 metres to go and the race for second began.

Alan Simpson, the British number one, took second place on the crown of the last bend, but faded badly in the last 15 metres, only to be overtaken first by Josef Odložil (Czechoslovakia), then by Snell's compatriot, British-born John Davies. Odložil, considered an outsider by most, achieved the highest placing in this event by a Czechoslovakian athlete.

By adding the 1,500 metres title to the 800 metres won five days earlier, Snell became the first man to accomplish this feat since Albert Hill (Great Britain) in 1920. Altogether five men, including Snell, have gained this distinction.

Dyrol Burleson, one of the favourites for lesser honours, could finish no higher than fifth. Nevertheless, he improved on his performance in the 1960 final by one place. On the other hand Michel Bernard (France) made no improvement on his Rome placing, although three tenths of a second faster. The European mile record-holder, Witold Baran, failed to live up to his semi-final performance, finishing sixth in the final and nearly one and a half seconds slower.

5,000 Metres

The qualifying heats of the Olympic 5,000 metres have often been the downfall of many great runners and 1964 was no exception. By far the most significant non-qualifier was Murray Halberg, the 1960 champion. Halberg was one of 16 starters who also ran in the 10,000 metres two days earlier. Of these, only three qualified for a place in the 5,000 metres final, Clarke, Dutov and Gammoudi. The latter was, however, a non-starter. Although there have been past examples of successful doubling in these two events, the results in Tokyo provided possible proof to the contrary.

The winner was Bob Schul, the 27-year-old American, who went to the start with the year's fastest time at the distance and a world record at 2 miles behind him, plus a reputation as a fast finisher. Schul ran an extremely intelligent race, never being persuaded to match Ron Clarke's early pace or the planned bursts midway through the race.

Eventually Clarke paid the supreme penalty and Frenchman Michel Jazy, the 1,500 metres silver medallist at Rome, unwillingly led the field, with just under three laps to go. Breaking for home soon after the bell with Dellinger in close attendance, Jazy sped to possible victory. But the finishing speed of Schul was effectively brought into operation. Jazy, suffering the same fate as Simpson in the 1,500 metres, saw Harald Norpoth of Germany pass him 2 metres out and the oldest man in the field, 30 years old Bill Dellinger (U.S.A.), win a photo-finish decision on the line.

The inexperienced Kenyan, Kipchoge Keino, who improved on his previous personal best by nearly half a minute, ran courageously into fifth place – one better than his fellow countryman, Nyandika, at Rome.

10,000 Metres

A tale of woe for the established masters of long-distance running – but not for the United States. For the first time, this great athletics nation headed the field in the shape of the comparatively unknown Billy Mills, a U.S. Marines Lieutenant with Sioux Indian ancestors. Concerned more with running a race than applying tactics, Mills brought 80,000 spectators to their feet with an electrifying finish, rarely witnessed by an athletics audience.

The race, rated by many as the greatest in track history, began with 38 runners. In little time the track was encompassed by these athletes, struggling to keep pace with the Australian powerhouse, Ron Clarke and one of the Ethiopian Emperor's bodyguards, Mamo Wolde. These two found, at the half distance, two other runners prepared to battle for the honours – Mohamed Gammoudi, of Tunisia, and Mills.

Weaving in and out of the back markers with tedious regularity, the four colourful athletes exchanged the lead for the next nine laps. At this point, the Ethiopian tired and dropped away from the leading trio. With one lap to go, Clarke and Mills were level and Gammoudi was less than a metre behind. What followed will live in the minds of those present together with millions of television viewers throughout the world for a very long time.

Clarke moved out to pass a lapped runner... Mills, following at his shoulder, was momentarily forced off balance... Clarke and Mills re-formed in front... Gammoudi, in short, stocky Tunisian, sped between them with arms flying and opened up a ten metres lead... and still 250 metres to run. In the home straight, now filled with lapped runners, Clarke attempted to head Gammoudi... 50 metres to go... Gammoudi held off this late challenge... and then Mills, with his electric

fying run, overtook both runners to gain Olympic immortality.
Few could believe the result–least of all the winner, Billy Mills.

Marathon

To win an Olympic marathon is a great achievement; to be the first man to win two consecutive Olympic marathons is an outstanding achievement; to win the second only a short time after an appendix operation in the world best time of 2hrs., 12min. 11.2sec. is a superlative performance, ranking high in the annals of human endeavour.
This is the unique record of Abebe Bikila, the lean and flexible Ethiopian, who had led the field for all but half an hour of the total race time. After finishing, Bikila, yet another royal bodyguard from Addis Abeba, delighted spectators with an exhibition of calisthenics, hitherto unprecedented in marathon running.
Just under three minutes later, the stadium erupted into a cauldron of fanatical patriotism upon the entry of the Japanese runner, Kokichi Tsuburaya. Not twenty metres behind came Britain's Basil Heatley, who was, before this race, the world's fastest marathon runner himself.
Slowly these two runners circumnavigated the track amid loud cheering. With less than 300 of the 42,195 metres marathon course to cover, Heatley summoned extra reserves of energy to sprint past the tired Tsuburaya and take the silver medal.
Brian Kilby of Great Britain, the 1962 European and British Commonwealth champion, who had steadily forced his way through the field, finished fourth behind Tsuburaya. Although failing to gain his third major title, he far from disgraced himself in such company.
Notably, Tsuburaya, Clarke and Mills, who finished sixth, third and first respectively in the 10,000 metres, all completed the marathon course; the lowest placed was Mills in fourteenth position.
Abebe Bikila's victory set the seal on a series of fine performances by natives of the African continent on the Tokyo track, with the athletes of Ethiopia, Kenya and Tunisia predominant.

3,000 Metres Steeplechase

Gaston Roelants, the world record-holder from Belgium, proved that front running in an Olympic steeplechase final can produce a winning performance. In ensuring a very fast pace in the second kilometre, he had run away from all but the tiny Frenchman, Guy Texereau. With grim determination, Texereau attempted to stay with the solid Belgian, but just before the two thirds distance he failed and slowly fell back, eventually finishing sixth.
Roelants had about half the length of the finishing straight in hand at the bell and his final lap was more a formality than a race. Meanwhile, four other finalists–Ivan Belyayev of the Soviet Union, Maurice Herriott (Great Britain), Portugal's Manuel Oliveira, and George Young from the United States–were each concerning themselves with the battle for the silver medal. Entering the back straight for the last time. Herriott broke away and chased after the leader, followed closely by Belyayev.
The Briton, by virtue of a superior hurdling technique, had preserved enough strength to hold second place. Had Roelants weakened in the last 200 metres, Herriott could well have caused an upset. Belyayev finished well ahead of the surprise fourth, Oliveira, who in turn had much in reserve over George Young.
Again, as in the 5,000 metres, the heats of the steeplechase provided the inevitable shock eliminations including some sub-8 min. 40.0 sec. performers.

Hurdles

Italy, a country with a fine hurdling tradition, continued on this plane by placing all its five entrants in the final of the 110 and 400 metres hurdles. This feat probably equalled the performance of the United States hurdlers, who have virtually dominated Olympic hurdling since 1948.
The 'highs', held in heavy rain, was won as expected by the 1960 bronze medallist, Hayes Jones of the U.S.A., ahead of team-mate Blaine Lindgren. Jones' sure style, fluent action and fast finish, which have been seen in all quarters of the world, carried him through to victory.
Lindgren, level with Jones over the final flight, had to bow to the greater finishing speed of his rival, and only just held off the challenge of the Soviet Union champion Anatoli Mikhailov.
The first Italian to finish, Eddy Ottoz, was fourth. Gurbachan Singh, the Indian Sikh, surpassed any of his previous performances by placing fifth in the time of 14.0 seconds–still a good time by world standards. The Indian won a close decision from Marcel Duriez of France.
From the results and times of both the heats and semi-finals, the 400 metres hurdles final appeared to be between four athletes: the two Italians, Roberto Frinolli and Salvatore Morale; John Cooper of Great Britain; and the world record-holder and favourite, Rex Cawley (U.S.A.).
For the first half of the race Cawley and Cooper disputed the lead hurdle for hurdle. Then Frinolli took over and established a three metre lead into the some straight with Cawley second, followed by Morale. After the ninth flight, the power of Cawley was turned to good effect and he swept through to take the gold medal undaunted.
Frinolli in the meantime had noticeably tired over the last two hurdles and Morale, one of the finest stylists in the world, slipped into second place ahead of Knoke, Luck and Cooper.
On the run-in, Cooper blazed a trail of glory for himself with an inspiring finish to catch Morale on the finishing line. These two had opened up a comfortable lead on the fourth man, Gary Knoke of Australia. American Jay Luck took fifth place in front of the luckless Frinolli.
Without detracting from the performance of Rex Cawley, this race was a real triumph for John Cooper, who repeatedly lowered his British record in the face of opposition that had beaten him before.

Walks

The outstanding walker of the Games won no medal because he finished 19th over 20 kilometres and 16th over 50 kilometres but, since he was 45 years of age, this is hardly surprising. Gold medallist at the longer distance in 1948, grey-haired John Ljunggren of Sweden recorded two performances in times thought impossible when he first struck gold.
Sweden fared better through Ingvar Pettersson, who finished third in the 50 kilometre event. At 38, Pettersson was the oldest competitor to gain an athletics medal at Tokyo. Among the many youngsters finishing behind him was one Don Thompson of Great Britain–champion in Rome but 10th here.
This race was won by the Italian, Abdon Pamich, after a keen battle during the latter stages with young Paul Nihill, the latest star to emerge from Britain. It was only after the 35 kilometre point that Pamich managed to create a slight lead over Nihill, which had increased to 18.8 seconds at the finish.
The 20 kilometre walk was won more easily by Britain's Ken Matthews. Taking the lead shortly before the quarter distance from American Ron Zinn, who finished sixth, Matthews retained his first position to win by over 1.5 minutes from Dieter Lindner of Germany.
It was a case of 'all change' for Lindner and the next two men home. Lindner, in finishing second, improved two places on his Rome performance, whereas the reigning champion, Vladimir Golubnichy this time came third and Australian Noel Freeman dropped from the silver medal position at Rome to fourth at Tokyo. All improved on their times achieved in the Italian capital. Sweden again provided an interest, with only 14 seconds separating all three walkers, who finished in 18th, 19th and 20th positions.
In the short race, the first two beat the previous Olympic record and no fewer than 12 walkers were inside the 50 kilometre standard set by Thompson in 1960, the result of the cooler weather conditions.

Relays

The startling improvement in the world record by the United States sprint relay team can be attributed to three major factors: the new take-over rules, in force for the first time at the Olympic Games; the high standard of competition; and Robert Hayes, the individual 100 metres champion.
Running the final leg, Hayes received the baton from Richard Stebbins, found himself in fourth place, and produced a sprint, which left both rivals and spectators gasping for breath, stunned at the phenomenal speed of the huge American Negro.
Johnson of Jamaica, Dudziak of Poland and Delecour of France were each overtaken by Hayes with incredible ease as he thundered down the track to victory. The Pole, Marian Dudziak, rose to the occasion and snatched second place from the rather surprised Jocelyn Delecour, the French anchor man.
All but one team equalled or improved on the winning time in Rome–ample proof of the high standard of relay running at Tokyo.
The four lap relay also produced an equally high level of competition and exciting finish. Again, the United States were the winners, but their final runner was left with a relatively easier task–to stay in front rather than to get to the front.
Ollan Cassell, Mike Larrabee and Ulis Williams had provided the American team with a four metre lead at the bell and Henry Carr, the 200 metres gold medal winner, had no intention of losing that lead. Although Wendell Mottley of Trinidad endeavoured to overtake Carr on the back straight, the American's acceleration triumphed and he led his team to a world record of 3 min. 0.7 sec. and the winner's rostrum.
In the home straight, the race for the minor positions was raging. Mottley was lying second and George Kerr of Jamaica was close behind third. However, the whole stadium was suddenly aware of the British runner, Robbie Brightwell, gaining on the two West Indians. Brightwell, timing his attack perfectly, forced his way past Kerr and, with a supreme effort, caught and passed Mottley just short of the finishing line. As he crossed the line, his body crashed headlong on to the cinder track, drained of all energy.
Jamaica were only one tenth of a second outside the world record yet finished fourth. In front of them, the U.S.A., Great Britain and Trinidad all beat the record set at Rome.

High Jump

The Rome favourite, American John Thomas, was again beaten for the high jump title but in Tokyo he redeemed some of his losses by clearing the same height as the winner, world record-holder Valery Brumel from the Soviet Union.
Brumel, Thomas and Stig Pettersson (Sweden) all improved on their Rome placings by one position. However, the defending champion, Robert Shavlakadze (U.S.S.R.), could only finish fifth, two centimetres below the Olympic record he set in 1960.
Brumel's apparent low winning height was probably due to the length of the competition–5 hours. That he lost his jumping shoes and was forced to compete in a borrowed pair was hardly conducive to a world record performance either.
Both Brumel and Thomas failed at 2.20 metres and the Russian won after the count-back with fewer failures. Thomas needed a second attempt at 2.12 m and 2.16 m, one more than Brumel in each case. Surprisingly these two high jump specialists required three attempts before they registered success at 2.14 m.
John Rambo, a comparative newcomer to the ranks of American high jumping, led the field at 2.14 m but had three attempts at 2.16 m. He took the bronze medal after being eliminated with the bar at 2.18 m.

Pole Vault

The biggest upset in Olympic Games athletics history almost occured in the pole vault. The U.S.A. have maintained a 100 per cent winning record in this event since 1896. John Pennel and Bill Pemelton had both been eliminated before the 5 metre mark had been reached. This left six athletes still in the competition, amongst them the sole-surviving American Hansen.
The three Germans and Hansen cleared 5 metres at their first attempts. The former all elected to vault at 5.05 m. At this height, Klaus Lehnertz and Manfred Preussger of Germany, Gennady Bliznetsov (U.S.S.R.) and Rudolf Tomasek (Czechoslovakia) were finally eliminated, with Lehnertz gaining the bronze medal by one less failure than his compatriot Preussger.
Wolfgang Reinhardt cleared 5.05 m at his first attempt, whereas Hansen decided to pass at this height. This decision was to prove critical at the final stage of this contest, which had already been in progress for 8½ hours.
With the Olympic flame flick[illegible] in the background, the stadium floodlights picked out the two vaulters, who had reached the climax of their endeavours to attempt to vault 5.10 metres. Reinhardt, the first to go, failed with his third and Hansen already having di[illegible]d the bar twice, had one further chance to retain the United States' unique record.
The many still present were silenced as Hansen prepared for his

final vault just after 10 p.m. The American ran with apparent calm towards the bar and catapulted himself over to win the gold medal outright. If he had failed, Reinhardt would have won the title.
Thirteen competitors tied or broke the Olympic record – 4.70 metres by Don Bragg in Rome – a result of the advent of the glass fibre pole. No vaulter in Tokyo used a metal pole.

Long Jump

While all eyes were focussed on Ralph Boston, the defending champion, and Igor Ter-Ovanesian, who between them had monopolised world long jumping in the past four years, a young Welshman, Lynn Davies, was performing consistently without the tension and responsibility of a favourite label.
With the wind and rain, the National stadium was scarcely an inspiring place for an Olympic long jump final. Yet it was here in those conditions that Davies rose to the occasion.
In third place after four rounds behind his two experienced rivals, Davies waited for the powerful head-wind to drop before his fifth jump. At the opportune moment, he hared down the wet runway and leaped to a personal best 8.07 metres. The wind reading was 0.7 m per second against, the lowest speed recorded for any of the top six jumpers.
Ter-Ovanesian jumped 7.99 m in the fifth round and had moved into second place. Boston's reply in the last round was 8.03 m against a 2.02 metres per second wind – just five centimetres short of retaining his title – and the Russian had to settle for the bronze medal. Victory had already gone to a "meteorological expert", Lynn Davies and to his coach Ron Pickering, of Wales, who for so long had given Davies intensive body training, while keeping down his weight, coupled with explosive work and lots of mobility.

Triple Jump

Only two months before the Games, Josef Szmidt of Poland had a serious knee operation and chances of defending his title seemed slight. A successful defence seemed impossible.
The fact that he did win his second Olympic title was proof enough of this 29 years old triple jumper's greatness. His second jump of 16.65 m took him into the lead and would have won for him the gold medal. Nevertheless the wiry Szmidt, discontented with this performance, improved his own Olympic record by four centimetres with a last round effort of 16.85 m.
Olyeg Fyedoseyev (U.S.S.R.), junior to Schmidt by one year, gained the silver medal by jumping 16.58 m in the fifth round, having been in fourth place prior to this.
The surprise first round leader was Briton, Fred Alsop, with a leap of 16.46 m, further than he had ever jumped before. He could not however produce a better performance and was relegated round by round to fourth place.
Viktor Kravchenko of the Soviet Union moved into third place for a bronze medal with a 16.57 m jump in the fourth round.

Shot Putt

The winner in 1952 and 1956 and second in 1960 – the record of William Parry O'Brien (U.S.A.), one of the world's greatest exponents in the art of shot putting. If sentiment decreed the result of Olympic events, O'Brien's claim to the bronze medal would have been high.
However, in Olympic competition, sentiment does not rank. Although he putt the 7.257 kg shot further than he had ever done before in the Olympics, he finished only fourth, 19 centimetres behind the bronze medallist, Vilmos Varju of Hungary.
The battle for the gold medal was fought between the two mighty Americans, Randy Matson, 19 years old, and Dallas Long, 24, who won the bronze medal at Rome behind Nieder and O'Brien. Matson, with a putt of 19.88 m, led after three rounds. In the next round, the event was decided.
First, the tall Matson sent the shot to a personal best distance of 20.20 m – the second time he had broken the Olympic record. Then world record-holder Long replied promptly with a Games record and winning putt of 20.33 m. With his last attempt in the competition, Zsigmond Nagy (Hungary) gained fifth place, two centimetres ahead of Nikolay Karasyov of the Soviet Union.

Discus Throw

Al Oerter, the colossus of discus throwing, became the fourth athlete (all Americans) to win three gold medals for the same athletics event. In the 1900–1908 era, Ray Ewry won all three standing high jump and standing long jump titles, and John Flanagan completed his hat-trick in the hammer throw. Frank Wykoff gained three sprint relay gold medals between 1928 and 1936.
Oerter competed with a muscle injury that called for a heavily bandaged rib cage. This did not allow the freedom of movement he normally enjoyed. Finding himself in third place with a mere (for him) 58.34 m throw to his credit, Oerter stepped into the circle for his fifth throw and unleashed the 2 kg discus, which fell exactly 61 metres away. Thus he had overcome his handicap and retained his title for the second time.
This fine throw of Oerter's was nearly half a metre further than the fourth round throw of Ludvik Danek (Czechoslovakia), the man who earlier in the year had displaced Oerter as world record-holder. Danek was never out of the first two positions throughout the entire final.
The bronze medal went to the 22 years old American giant (height 2.01 m; weight 120 kg), Dave Weill, with a distance of 59.49 m. The only threat to Weill's chances of a medal came from his team-mate, Jay Silvester, who eventually fell 40 centimetres short of third place.
Of interest, five of the twelve finalists in the discus had no fewer than nine world record plaques between them, spanning the last six years. Oerter, the winner, contributed to four of these.

Hammer Throw

Yet another athlete returned from hospital to the athletics arena and a medal – this time it was Gyula Zsivotzky of Hungary, who had had a serious abdominal operation less than a year ago.
Zsivotzky led for the first three rounds with 69.09 m but was passed by Romuald Klim of the Soviet Union with a fourth round throw of 69.74 m. The Hungarian, who was the silver medal winner in Rome, had no answer to the Russian's best and again filled second place. This was Klim's first major success, achieved at the age of 31.
With established hammer throwers Yury Nikulin and Yury Bakarinov (both U.S.S.R.) and American Hal Connolly constantly on his heels, it was no wonder that Uwe Beyer, the 19 years old German, jumped in the air with delight when he discovered he had won the bronze medal. Beyer was not ranked in the leading 100 performers for the previous year.
Hal Connolly, the 1956 champion, was handicapped by the continuous rain during the competition, which made his back injury more than usually painful. Under these conditions, he performed well to take sixth place.

Javelin Throw

The first man to reach 90 metres with the javelin, Terje Pedersen (Norway), created a major sensation by failing to qualify, along with such distinguished stars as Carlo Lievore (Italy), Michel Macquet (France) and Willy Rasmussen (Norway). Only one thrower attained the 77 metres qualifying standard and the next best eleven were promoted into the final.
The leader at the end of the first round of the final was the silver medallist at Melbourne, Janusz Sidlo of Poland, with a throw of 80.17 m. In the following round, however, Janis Lusis of the Soviet Union threw 40 centimetres further for the bronze medal (the exact margin by which Weill won his bronze in the discus).
At the end of the third round, the order remained unchanged: Lusis, Sidlo, von Wartburg, Nevala, Kulcsar and Kinnunen. All continued with three more attempts, but only one more was needed to decide on the destination of the medals.
Pauli Nevala (Finland) won the top honour with a throw of 82.66 m and gained his country's fifth success in this event. A distance 34 centimetres short of this was recorded by the Hungarian, Gergely Kulcsar, to add a silver medal to the bronze he won at Rome.
With his last throw, Urs von Wartburg, the Swiss champion and only true qualifier for the final, was unlucky to foul after having thrown the javelin into a medal-winning position.

Decathlon

The three representatives from Germany, as in the pole vault final, filled three of the first six places in the decathlon, the event which tests every aspect of the competitor's athletic ability.
The winner was Willi Holdorf, who narrowly defeated the Russian, Rein Aun. With one event (the 1,500 metres run) to go, the result was still unpredictable as Aun, lying third 127 points behind the leader, Holdorf, could pick up valuable points through his superior running qualities.
Holdorf ran himself into the ground to record 4 min. 34.3 sec. Even though this was 12 seconds behind Aun, he mounted the winner's rostrum as the best all-round athlete by a mere 45 points.
Rein Aun pulled up one place to take the silver medal and German, Hans-Joachim Walde, finished third with 7,809 points. The favourite for the title, Formosan Yang Chuan-Kwang, had two comparatively bad days of competition and was relegated to fifth place behind Paul Herman of America.
The new International Amateur Athletic Federation scoring tables, which had a mixed reception from the athletics fraternity at the beginning of the year, were used at Tokyo for the first time in an international championship. Few would have complained of them, save the Formosan Yang, who, on the old tables, would have finished second behind Holdorf. Much of the credit for the German's success is due to Friedel Schirmer, of Duisburg, whose groundwork as coach of this highly specialised event paid dividends. An amateur, he worked early mornings and late nights to lay the foundation of victory and was one of the few coaches in the world to make positive use in training of the new tables.

Athletics • Men

100 Metres

71 participants from 49 nations: 10 heats, 4 second round races, 2 semi-finals. For the first time the first eight (formerly six) qualified for the Final. World record: Hary (Germany, 1960), Jerome (Canada, 1960) and Esteves (Venezuela, 1964) 10,0 sec. Olympic record: Hary (Germany) and Sime (U.S.A.) 10.2 sec. (Rome, 1960). Hayes (U.S.A.) equalled world record. The time of 9.9 sec. Hayes (U.S.A.) clocked in the first semi-final was not recognised because of too strong following wind (5.28 m/sec.). The Olympic record was beaten once and equalled twice. New Olympic record: Hayes (U.S.A.), 10.0 sec.

	sec.
1. Hayes USA	10.0
2. Figuerola CUB	10.2
3. Jerome CAN	10.2
4. Maniak POL	10.4
5. Schumann GER	10.4
6. Kone IVC	10.4
Pender USA	10.4
8. Robinson BAH	10.5

200 Metres

57 participants from 42 nations. 8 heats, 4 second round races, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 taking part). World record (curved track): Carr (U.S.A.), 20.2 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Berruti (Italy), 20.5 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken. The Olympic record was once broken and twice equalled. New Olympic record: Carr (U.S.A.), 20.3 sec.

	sec.
1. Carr USA	20.3
2. Drayton USA	20.5
3. Roberts TRT	20.6
4. Jerome CAN	20.7
5. Berruti ITA	20.8
6. Foik POL	20.8
7. Stebbins USA	20.8
8. Ottolina ITA	20.9

4×100 Metres Relay

21 teams from 21 nations. 3 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 teams). World record: U.S.A. (Jones, Budd, Frazier, Drayton)

39.1 sec. (1961). Olympic record: U.S.A. (Murchison, King, Baker, Morrow) (Melbourne, 1956) and Germany (Cullmann, Hary, Mahlendorf, Lauer) (Rome, 1960), 39.5 sec. The world record was broken once. The Olympic record was broken 5 times and equalled 3 times. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A. 39.0 sec.

		sec.
1. *U.S.A.*	Drayton, Ashworth, Stebbins, Hayes	39.0
2. *Poland*	Zielinski, Maniak, Foik, Dudziak	39.3
3. *France*	Genevay, Laidebeur, Piquemal, Delecour	39.3
4. *Jamaica*	Monell, Robinson, Headley, Johnson	39.4
5. *U.S.S.R.*	Ozolin, Zubov, Kosanov, Savchuk	39.4
6. *Venezuela*	Herreraa, A., Murad, Romero, Herrera, F.	39.5
7. *Italy*	Berruti, Preatoni, Ottolina, Giannattasio	39.5
8. *Great Britain*	Radford, Jones, Campbell, Davies	39.6

400 Metres

50 participants from 33 nations. 7 heats, 4 second round races, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 taking part). World record: Otis Davis (U.S.A.), Kaufmann (Germany) (both 1960), Plummer (U.S.A., 1963) and Larrabee (U.S.A., 1964), 44.9 sec. Olympic record: Otis Davis (U.S.A., 1964) and Kaufmann (Germany), 44.9 sec. (Rome, 1960). Neither world nor Olympic record was equalled.

	sec.
1. Larrabee USA	45.1
2. Mottley TRT	45.2
3. Badenski POL	45.6
4. Brightwell GBI	45.7
5. Williams USA	46.0
6. Graham GBI	46.0
7. Vassella AUS	46.3
8. Skinner TRT	46.8

4×400 Metres Relay

17 teams from 17 nations. 3 heats, Final (8 teams). World and Olympic record: U.S.A. (Yerman, Young, Glenn Davis, Otis Davis) 3:02.2 min. (Rome, 1960). The world and Olympic records were three times broken. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A. (Cassell, Larrabee, Williams, Carr), 3:00.7 min.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Cassell, Larrabee, Williams, Carr	3:00.7
2. *Great Britain*	Graham, Metcalfe, Cooper, Brightwell	3:01.6
3. *Trinidad and Tobago*	Skinner, Bernard, Roberts, Mottley	3:01.7
4. *Jamaica*	Kahn, Spence, Mal., Spence, Mel., Kerr	3:02.3
5. *Germany*	Jüttner, Schulz, Schmitt, Kinder	3:04.3
6. *Poland*	Filipiuk, Kluczek, Swatowski, Badenski	3:05.3
7. *U.S.S.R.*	Sverbetov, Bychkov, Anisimov, Arkhipchuk	3:05.9
8. *France*	Hiblot, Martin, Nelzy, Boccardo	3:07.4

800 Metres

47 participants from 32 nations. 6 heats, 3 semi-finals, Final (8 participants). World record: Snell (New Zealand), 1:44.3 min. (1962). Olympic record: Snell (New Zealand) 1:46.3 min. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not equalled. The Olympic record was broken 6 times. New Olympic record: Snell (New Zealand), 1:45.1 min.

	min.
1. Snell NZL	1:45.1
2. Crothers CAN	1:45.6
3. Kiprugut KEN	1:45.9
4. Kerr JAM	1:45.9
5. Farrell USA	1:46.6
6. Siebert USA	1:47.0
7. Bogatzki GER	1:47.2
8. Pennewaert BEL	1:50.5

1,500 Metres

43 participants from 33 nations. 4 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (9 participants). World and Olympic record: Elliott (Australia), 3:35.6 min. (Rome, 1960). The world and Olympic records were not equalled.

	min.
1. Snell NZL	3:38.1
2. Odlozil CZS	3:39.6
3. Davies NZL	3:39.6
4. Simpson GBI	3:39.7
5. Burleson USA	3:40.0
6. Baran POL	3:40.3
7. Bernard FRA	3:41.2
8. Whetton GBI	3:42.4
9. Wadoux FRA	3:45.4

5,000 Metres

48 participants from 25 nations. 4 heats, Final (11 participants, 1 didn't compete). World record: Kuts (U.S.S.R.), 13:35.0 min. (1957). Olympic record: Kuts (U.S.S.R.), 13:39.6 min. (Melbourne, 1956). The world and Olympic records were not equalled.

	min.
1. Schul USA	13:48.8
2. Norpoth GER	13:49.6
3. Dellinger USA	13:49.8
4. Jazy FRA	13:49.8
5. Keino KEN	13:50.4
6. Baillie NZL	13:51.0
7. Dutov URS	13:53.8
8. Helland NNR	13:57.0
9. Clarke AUS	13:58.0
10. Baidiuk URS	14:11.2

10,000 Metres

29 runners from 17 nations. No heat. World record: Clarke (Australia), 28:15.6 min. (1963). Olympic record: Bolotniko (U.S.S.R.), 28:32.2 min. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic was 4 times. New Olympic record: Mills (U.S.A.), 28:24.4 min.

	min.
1. Mills USA	28:24.4
2. Gammoudi TUN	28:24.8
3. Clarke AUS	28:25.8
4. Wolde ETH	28:31.8
5. Ivanov URS	28:53.2
6. Tsuburaya JPN	28:59.4
7. Halberg NZL	29:10.8
8. Cook AUS	29:15.8
9. Lindgren USA	29:20.6
10. Cervan YUS	29:21.0

Marathon

68 participants from 35 nations, of which 58 finished the course. World best performance: Heatley (Great Britain), 2:13:55.0 h. (1964). Olympic best performance: Abebe (Ethiopia), 2:15:16.2 h. (Rome, 1960). New Olympic and world best performance: Abebe (Ethiopia), 2:12:11.2 h.

	h.
1. Abebe ETH	2:12:11.2
2. Heatley GBI	2:16:19.2
3. Tsuburaya JPN	2:16:22.8
4. Kilby GBI	2:17:02.4
5. Suetoe HUN	2:17:55.8
6. Edelen USA	2:18:12.4
7. Vand den Driesche BEL	2:18:42.6
8. Kimihara JPN	2:19:49.0
9. Clarke AUS	2:20:26.8
10. Wolde ETH	2:21:25.2

110 Metres Hurdles

37 participants from 23 nations. 5 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 participants). World record: Lauer (Germany, 1959) and Calhoun (U.S.A., 1960), 13.2 sec. Olympic record: Calhoun and Davis (both U.S.A.), 13.5 sec. (Melbourne, 1956). Neither the world nor the Olympic record was broken.

	sec.
1. Jones USA	13.6
2. Lindgren USA	13.7
3. Mikhailov URS	13.7
4. Ottoz ITA	13.8
5. Randhawa Singh IND	14.0
6. Duriez FRA	14.0
7. Cornacchia ITA	14.1
8. Mazza ITA	14.1

400 Metres Hurdles

39 participants from 25 nations, 5 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 participants). World record: Cawley (U.S.A.), 49.1 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Davis (U.S.A.), 49.3 sec. (Rome, 1960). Neither world nor Olympic record broken.

	sec.
1. Cawley USA	49.6
2. Cooper GBI	50.1
3. Morale ITA	50.1
4. Knoke AUS	50.4
5. Luck USA	50.5
6. Frinolli ITA	50.7
7. Anisimov URS	51.1
8. Geeroms BEL	51.4

3,000 Metres Steeplechase

29 participants from 20 nations. 3 heats, Final (10 participants). World record: Roelants (Belgium), 8:29.6 min. (1963). Olympic record: Krzyskowiak (Poland), 8:34.2 min. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic 7 times. New Olympic record: Roelants (Belgium), 8:30.8 min.

	min.
1. Roelants BEL	8:30.8
2. Herriott GBI	8:32.4
3. Beliaev URS	8:33.8
4. Oliveira POR	8:36.2
5. Young USA	8:38.2
6. Texereau FRA	8:38.6
7. Alexeiunas URS	8:39.0
8. Gustafsson SWE	8:41.8
9. El Ghazi MRC	8:43.6
10. Pomfret GBI	8:43.8

20,000 Metres Walk

30 participants from 15 nations, of which 26 finished the course. World record: Golubnichy (U.S.S.R.), 1:27:05.0 h. (1958). Olympic record: Spirine (U.S.S.R.), 1:31:27.4 h. (Melbourne, 1956). The world record was not broken, the Olympic one twice. New Olympic record: Matthews (Great Britain), 1:29:34.0 h.

	h.
1. Matthews GBI	1:29:34.0
2. Lindner GER	1:31:13.2
3. Golubnichy URS	1:31:59.4
4. Freemann AUS	1:32:06.8
5. Slodov URS	1:32:33.0
6. Zinn USA	1:32:43.0
7. Khrolovich URS	1:32:45.4
8. Edgington GBI	1:32:46.0
9. Sperling GER	1:33:15.8
10. Paddick GBI	1:33:28.4

50,000 Metres Walk

34 participants from 19 nations, of which 31 finished the course. World record: Pamich (Italy), 4:14:02.4 h. (1961). Olympic record: Thompson (Great Britain), 4:25:30.0 h. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken twice, the Olympic 12 times. New Olympic and world record: Pamich (Italy), 4:03:09.0 h.

	h.
1. Pamich ITA	4:11:12.4
2. Nihill GBI	4:11:31.2
3. Pettersson SWE	4:14:17.4
4. Leuschke GER	4:15:26.8
5. Gardiner AUS	4:17:06.8
6. Höhne GER	4:17:41.6
7. Vediakov URS	4:19:55.8
8. Sakowski GER	4:20:31.0
9. Sowa LUX	4:21:[illegible]
10. Thompson GBI	4:22:39.4

Long Jump

32 participants from 20 nations. The qualifying distance was 7.60 m (24 ft. 11 in.) (1952: 7.20 m (23 ft. 7½ in.), 1956: 7.15 m (23 ft. 5½ in.), 1960: 7.40 m (24 ft. 3½ in.)). Only

5 competitors attained this distance, therefore according to the rules 7 further competitors (up to 7.46 m (24 ft. 5¾ in.)) were admitted to the semi-final. The six best of the semi-final competed in the Final (3 more jumps). World record: Boston (U.S.A.), 8.34 m (27 ft. 4½ in.) (1964). Olympic record: Boston (U.S.A.), 8.12 m (26 ft. 7½ in.) (Rome, 1960). The Olympic and the world records were not broken.

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Davies GBI	8.07	26	5¾
2. Boston USA	8.03	26	4
3. Ter-Ovanesian URS	7.99	26	2½
4. West NGA	7.60	24	11
5. Cochard FRA	7.44	24	4¾
6. Areta SPA	7.34	24	0¾
7. Ahey GHA	7.30	23	11½
8. Stalmach POL	7.26	23	9¾
9. Yamada JPN	7.16	23	6
10. Klein GER	7.15	23	5½

Triple Jump

34 participants from 22 nations. The qualifying distance was 15.80 m (51 ft. 10 in.) (1952: 14.55 m (47 ft. 8¾ in.), 1956: 14.80 m (48 ft. 6¾ in.), 1960: 15.50 m (50 ft. 10 in.)). 13 competitors attained this distance. The six best of the semi-final (3 jumps) competed with 3 more jumps in the Final. World record: Szmidt (Poland), 17.03 m (55 ft. 10½ in.) (1960). Olympic record: Szmidt (Poland), 16.81 m (55 ft. 1¾ in.) (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record once. New Olympic record: Szmidt (Poland), 16.85 m (55 ft. 3½ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Szmidt POL	16.85	55	3½
2. Fedoseev URS	16.58	54	4¾
3. Kravchenko URS	16.57	54	4¼
4. Alsop GBI	16.46	54	0
5. Ciochina RUM	16.23	53	2¾
6. Hinze GER	16.15	52	11¾
7. Stoykovski BUL	16.10	52	9¾
8. Rückborn GER	16.09	52	10
9. Davis USA	16.00	52	9¼
10. Okazaki JPN	15.90	52	6

High Jump

28 competitors from 19 nations. The qualifying height was 2.06 m (6 ft. 9 in.) (1952: 1.87 m (5 ft. 9¾ in.), 1960: 2.00 m (6 ft. 6¾ in.)). 20 competitors cleared this height. World record: Brumel (U.S.S.R.), 2.28 m (7 ft. 5¾ in.) (1963). Olympic record: Shavlakadze (U.S.S.R.) 2.16 m (7 ft. 1 in.). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record twice broken and once equalled. New Olympic record: Brumel (U.S.S.R.), 2.18 m (7 ft. 1¾ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Brumel URS	2.18	7	1¾
2. Thomas USA	2.18	7	1¾
3. Rambo USA	2.16	7	1
4. Pettersson SWE	2.14	7	0¼
5. Shavlakadze URS	2.14	7	0¼
6. Nilsson SWE	2.09	6	10¼
7. Drecoll GER	2.09	6	10¼
8. Caruthers USA	2.09	6	10¼
9. Idriss CHD	2.09	6	10¼
10. Peckham AUS	2.09	6	10¼

Pole Vault

30 participants from 20 nations. The qualifying height was 4.60 m (15 ft. 1 in.) (1952: 4.00 m (13 ft. 1½ in.), 1956: 4.15 m (13 ft. 7½ in.), 1960: 4.40 m (14 ft. 5 in.)). 19 competitors cleared the qualifying height. For the first time at an Olympiad the newly developed fibreglass pole was used. World record: Hansen (U.S.A.), 5.28 m (17 ft. 4 in.) (1964, fibreglass pole). Olympic record: Bragg (U.S.A.), 4.70 m (15 ft. 5 in.) (Rome, 1960, bamboo pole). The world record was not broken. The Olympic record was broken 25 times, and equalled 11 times. New Olympic record: Hansen (U.S.A.) 5.10 m (16 ft. 9 in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Hansen USA	5.10	16	9
2. Reinhardt GER	5.05	16	6¾
3. Lehnertz GER	5.00	16	5
4. Preussger GER	5.00	16	5
5. Bliznetsov URS	4.95	16	3
6. Tomasek CZS	4.90	16	1
7. Nikula FIN	4.90	16	1
8. Pemelton USA	4.80	15	9
9. Feld URS	4.80	15	9
10. Moro CAN	4.70	15	5

Putting the Shot

22 participants from 13 nations. The qualifying distance was 17.80 m (58 ft. 4¾ in.) 1952: 14.60 m (47 ft. 10¾ in.), 1956: 15.00 m (49 ft. 2½ in.), 1960: 16.75 m (49 ft. 11¼ in.)). 13 competitors attained the qualifying distance. The first six of the semi-final (3 attempts) competed with three more attempts in the final. World record: Long (U.S.A.), 20.68 m (67 ft. 10 in.) (1964). Olympic record: Nieder (U.S.A.), 19.68 m (64 ft. 6¾ in.)). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record twice. New Olympic record: Long (U.S.A.) 20.33 m (66 ft. 8½ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Long USA	20.33	66	8½
2. Matson USA	20.20	66	3¼
3. Varju HUN	19.39	63	7¼
4. O'Brien USA	19.20	62	11¾
5. Nagy HUN	18.88	61	11¾
6. Karasiov URS	18.86	61	10½
7. Mills NZL	18.52	60	9
8. Varanauskas URS	18.41	60	4¾
9. Komar POL	18.20	59	8½
10. Lipsnis URS	18.11	59	5

Throwing the Javelin

25 participants from 15 nations. The qualifying distance was 77.00 m (252 ft. 7½ in.) (1952: 64.00 m (209 ft. 11¾ in.), 1956: 66.00 m (216 ft. 6½ in.), 1960: 74.00 m (242 ft. 9½ in.)). Only one competitor qualified, therefore according to the rules 11 other competitors were included in the semi-final (up to 72.31 m (237 ft. 3 in.)). The six best of the semi-final (3 attempts) competed with 3 more attempts in the Final. World record: Pederson (Norway), 91.72 m (300 ft. 11 in.) (1964). Olympic record: Danielsen (Norway) 85.71 m (281 ft. 2½ in.) (Melbourne, 1956). Neither the world nor Olympic record was broken.

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Nevala FIN	82.66	271	2
2. Kulcsar HUN	82.32	270	0½
3. Lusis URS	80.57	264	2
4. Sidlo POL	80.17	263	0¼
5. von Wartburg SWJ	78.72	258	3
6. Kinnunen FIN	76.94	252	5
7. Herings GER	74.72	245	2½
8. Kuznetsov URS	74.26	243	7½
9. Nikiciuk POL	73.11	239	10
10. Pierrakos GRE	72.65	238	4

Throwing the Hammer

24 competitors from 13 nations. The qualifying distance was 63.00 m (206 ft. 8¼ in.) (1952: 49.00 m (160 ft. 9 in.), 1956: 54.00 m (177 ft. 2 in.), 1960: 60.00 m (196 ft. 10 in.)). 15 competitors attained the distance. The six best of the semi-final (3 attempts) competed with 3 more attempts in the Final. World record: Connolly (U.S.A.), 70.67 m (231 ft. 10 in.) (1962). Olympic record: Rudenkov (U.S.S.R.) 67.10 m (220 ft. 1¾ in.) (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record 14 times and equalled once. New Olympic record: Klim (U.S.S.R.) 69.74 m (228 ft. 9½ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Klim URS	69.74	228	9½
2. Zsivotzky HUN	69.09	226	8
3. Beyer GER	68.09	223	4½
4. Nikulin URS	67.69	221	1
5. Bakarinov URS	66.72	218	10½
6. Connolly USA	66.65	218	8
7. Burke USA	65.66	215	5
8. Cieply POL	64.83	212	8½
9. Matousek CZS	64.59	211	11
10. Rut POL	64.52	211	8

Throwing the Discus

29 competitors from 21 nations. The qualifying distance was 55.00 m (180 ft. 5½ in.) (1952: 46.00 m (150 ft. 11 in.), 1956: 47.00 m (154 ft. 2½ in.), 1960: 52.00 m (170 ft. 7 in.)). Only 10 competitors attained the qualifying distance, and therefore according to the rules 2 more competitors (up to 53.81 m (176 ft. 6½ in.)) were included in the smi-final. The six best of the semi-final (3 attempts) competed with 3 more attempts in the Final. World record: Danek (Czechoslovakia) 64.55 m (211 ft. 9½ in.) (1964). Olympic record: Oerter (U.S.A.), 59.18 m (194 ft. 1½ in.). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record 5 times. New Olympic record: Oerter (U.S.A.) 61.00 m (200 ft. 1½ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Oerter USA	61.00	200	1½
2. Danek CZS	60.52	198	6¼
3. Weill USA	59.49	195	2
4. Silvester USA	59.09	193	10½
5. Szecsenyi HUN	57.23	187	9
6. Begier POL	57.06	187	2¼
7. Piatkowski POL	55.81	183	1
8. Trusener URS	54.78	179	8¾
9. Bukhantsov URS	54.38	178	5
10. Hollingsworth GBI	53.87	176	9

Decathlon

22 participants from 14 nations, of whom 18 finished the competition. Shortly before the Olympic Games a new system of scoring tables was introduced. World record: Yang (Formosa), 9,121 points (old scoring system) 8,087 points (new scoring) (1963). Olympic record: Johnson (U.S.A.), 8,392 points (old scoring), 8,001 (new scoring) (Rome, 1960). Neither the Olympic nor the world record were surpassed.

	100 m Points	*Long Jump* Points	*Shot* Points	*High Jump* Points	*400 m* Points	*110 m hurdles* Points	*discus* Points	*pole vault* Points	*javelin* Points	*1,500 m* Points	*Grand Total of Points*
1. Holdorf GER	10.7	7.00	14.95	1.84	48.2	15.0	46.05	4.20	57.35	4:34.3	
	879	820	786	716	889	848	801	859	728	561	7,887
2. Aun URS	10.9	7.22	13.82	1.93	48.8	15.9	44.19	4.20	59.06	4:22.3	
	828	865	717	796	861	757	766	859	750	643	7,842
3. Walde GER	11.0	7.21	14.45	1.96	49.5	15.3	45.15	4.10	62.90	4:37.0	
	804	863	756	822	829	817	747	832	796	543	7,809
4. Herman USA	11.2	6.97	13.89	1.87	49.2	15.2	44.15	4.35	63.35	4:25.4	
	756	814	721	743	842	827	765	896	802	621	7,787
5. Yang TWN	11.0	6.80	13.23	1.81	49.0	14.7	39.59	4.60	68.15	4:48.4	
	804	778	680	689	852	881	677	957	858	474	7,650
6. Beyer GER	11.2	7.02	14.32	1.90	49.8	15.2	45.17	3.80	58.17	4:23.6	
	756	824	747	769	814	827	784	754	738	634	7,647
7. Kuznetsov URS	10.9	6.98	14.06	1.70	49.5	14.9	43.81	4.40	67.87	5:02.5	
	828	816	732	588	829	859	759	909	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
8. Storozhenko URS	11.0	7.22	16.37	1.84	53.6	15.0	43.20	4.00	[illegible]	5:00.7	
	804	865	868	716	655	848	747	807	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
9. Hodge USA	11.0	6.75	14.93	1.75	49.6	16.0	44.64	3.70	[illegible]	4:24.8	
	804	767	784	634	824	748	775	728	[illegible]	625	[illegible]
10. Emberger USA	11.2	6.72	11.80	1.90	49.1	14.9	35.32	3.70	[illegible]	4:19.3	
	756	761	586	769	847	859	590	728	[illegible]	65[illegible]	[illegible]

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

By John Rodda

(The Guardian)

The women's athletics in the National stadium emphasised in almost every effort the truly remarkable progress that has been made in the world. During the Games four world records were broken, one was equalled, and Olympic records were set in every event.

100 Metres

The first round of this championship brought the memories of Rome welling up, for in Wyoma Tyus the Americans appeared to have yet another Wilma Rudolph, the woman who won the 100 and 200 metres in 1960. Miss Tyus too came from the University of Tennessee, like the champion, and she brought that same lazy, nonchalant attitude that the coloured people seem able to maintain in this the hottest pit of competition. She equalled the Olympic record of 11.3 sec. in her heat, broke it in the next round and was three tenths of a second faster than anyone else in the semi-finals. In the final her easy motion and tremendous stride had taken her clear by halfway. In contrast the running of the rest, apart from her team-mate Edith McGuire, was brittle and tense. With three girls in the first four the Americans seemed to have the speed to win the relay but that theory was soon to be debunked. Miss Hyman, of Great Britain, who had worked desperately hard for four years to win the title and was injured a few months before the Games, looked a sad figure in eighth place.

200 Metres

Miss Tyus did not compete in the second of the women's sprint championships, and there came the positive threat to American domination from Miss Irina Kirszenstein, an 18-year-old Polish girl who had already won a medal in the long jump. But it was Miss McGuire who showed the greatest stamina, having already won a medal in the 100 metres, and speed when it came to the final. This was the greatest race in the history of the event with the first three breaking Miss Rudolph's record of Rome and Miss McGuire clocking 23 sec.

400 Metres

Miss Betty Cuthbert of Australia, winner of the Olympic 100 metres and 200 metres in 1956, took the gold medal for the 400 metres. At the moment of it happening it seemed a cruel twist to form, but in retrospect hers was victory of an Olympian, a competitor who measured her strength across three days of competition and then only released her full power in the crucial race. This was the first time that 400 metres has been included in the Olympic programme and the first two rounds, particularly the opening heats, showed that many runners lacked an appreciation of the so vital pace judgement. Miss Ann Packer of Britain was fastest in the first round with 53.1 sec. and in the semi-final with 52.7 sec. To exercise the body and the mind for the sort of running that would be needed in the final was one way of approaching the crucial test; Miss Cuthbert with 56 seconds (third in her heat) and 53.8 sec. (second to Miss Packer) in the semi-final chose the other method. The day of the final was cold and the draw with the Australian girl on the inside did not help Miss Packer. Miss Cuthbert hammered her way through the first furlong so that she would turn into the straight with a lead over her main rival. As the runners turned, the slim frame of Miss Packer must have felt the wind like soft but suffocating cushions. She always runs upright and here was a situation which needed a head-down, gutty finish. She tried desperately to pull back the gap, but Miss Cuthbert had judged it well and held her lead until the line.

800 Metres

The athletic world could hardly believe the transformation; after the 400 metres there were tears from Miss Packer, wholly justified as she wondered at her defeat after such outstanding running in the early part of the championship. Then victory in the 800 metres, an event by no means her best, one in fact that she had run only seven times, including her three in Tokyo. This was the most startling result of these games and a hard search through Olympic history would be needed to find one more surprising.

Miss Packer won in the world record time of 2 min. 1.1 sec., beating an astonished field easily. In May of 1964, Miss Packer ran her first 800 metres race, a race desiqued as no more than training for the 400 metres. With Britain unable to find an obvious choice for the third place in the distance of 800 metres, and the event coming after her first string races, she decided in September to achieve the Olympic qualifying standard. With this background and the dejection of failure in the 400 metres coated thickly with the dejection of her fiance, Robbie Brightwell's failure in the men's 400 metres, Miss Packer approached the test in a very different frame of mind to the other seven finalists. She was tired and weary of athletics and knew that this race, come what may, would be the last of her career. She was then free of tension, free of inhibition and not too concerned about the way the race was going to be run. But for all these factors the question must be asked: how many athletes go through life struggling in the wrong event?

Miss Dupureur of France and Miss Marise Chamberlain in the black strip of New Zealand had dominated the racing in the early rounds. With Miss Gleichfeld of Germany they looked the experts to direct challenge and change tactics. Miss Packer, like Miss Cuthbert in the 400 metres, was in the shadows of it all. Miss Szabo of Hungary, with a high stepping stride and hair flopping up and down in unison with her legs, chose a pace to scatter the weak. There was no need to consult a stop watch to discover the pace fast, for the field was stringing out at the first furlong mark. The halfway point was reached in 58.6 sec., with the French girl and the New Zealander among the leaders and Miss Packer a good way down the file. In the backstraight came the pain and the long line shortened as the momentum dropped. Miss Packer was just inside Miss Chamberlain as the bend was approached, and then at the crown she seemed to dislodge herself, and while the others carried on at the original speed she was sprinting as though she were back in the 400 metres, past the New Zealander, past Miss Szabo and past Miss Dupureur who from the beginning to the middle of the last straight must have felt that she was to win France's first gold medal of the Games. But Miss Packer slipped by and on and on and on to the tape, amazed, baffled and not quite believing it.

4×100 Metres Relay

The speed of Miss Tyus, Olympic 100 metres champion, was insufficient to overcome the smooth, technically accomplished baton changing of the Polish team. The Polish quartet, aware that individually they lacked the speed of the Americans, had concentrated upon the speedy, smooth passing of the baton to bring them to the gold medal position of the podium. It was not possible to appreciate fully their technique in the cluster of bodies as each of the eight finalists changed through the lap, but then Miss Klobukowska drove home the painstaking efforts of her colleagues as she ran through the last straight, her lead ever diminishing to the American Miss Tyus, but still sufficient for her to win comfortably. The Polish and the second and third teams broke the existing Olympic and world records, but this was not entirely due to the abundant talent. Since the Games in Rome the International Amateur Athletic Federation changed the rule governing the baton change so that a runner taking over the baton can begin his run outside the change-over box. This then produces a higher speed change and therefore a faster overall time.

80 Metres Hurdles

The 80 metres hurdles produced a high standard in the early rounds and then one of the tightest finishes of the Games in the final. There was an impressive array for the final race, three joint holders of the world record, Irina Press the defending champion; Karin Balzer of Germany; and Draga Stamejcic of Yugoslavia. There was as well Ikuko Yoda of Japan which meant that the host country had the chance of a gold medal in the main arena–something they dearly wished to achieve. Miss Yoda, apart from being a competent hurdler, is something of an actress as well, as the earlier rounds had shown. Before the final she finished her warming up by doing backward rolls on a tiny white towel laid out on the grass; with decorum and decency she managed to work herself into a body girdle by a careful routine of lifting her track suit top over it, her track suit trousers over that and so on until the garment was next to, or presumably next to, her skin. Then to take away the dryness that comes to the mouth as nervous tension rises, she sucked a lemon and spat out the last pip as the competitors were called to their marks. But in the race there was no single figure so dominant. Miss Yoda led to the first flight, but after that Balzer, Terese Ciepla, Pam Kilborn of Australia and Press went up and down at each obstacle together, as though they were controlled as one by some unseen force. Miss Press faded, but the rest lurched and twisted their bodies at the line. About nine inches separated them from the German winning, Miss Ciepla taking the silver medal for Poland and Miss Kilborn the bronze, all of them clocking 10.5 sec.–a time equal to the world record, but one that cannot be ratified because the wind was slightly above the permitted limit.

High Jump

There is an air of inevitability about any international high jump competition in which Miss Iolanda Balas of Rumania takes part. She won the high jump in Rome, has held the world record since 1956 and has been undefeated for eight years. Her extraordinarily long legs give her an advantage on everyone else, but it needs concentration and dedication as well to reach such consistency. She won the competition without a single failure but was unable to manage a new world record height of 6 ft. 3¾ ins. The surprise of the competition was in Miss Aida dos Santos of Brazil taking fourth place and improving by over three inches on her previous best.

Shot and Discus

Miss Tamara Press, the world record-holder in both shot and discus, took both titles. In the shot, which she won at Rome she was never in any danger. Her massive form exploded the ball away from the arc to 57 ft. 5½ ins. in the first round, to give her the lead, and she remained in front all the time reaching her winning distance 59 ft. 6½ ins. in the last round. In the discus her competitive ability was much more seriously taxed. Ingrid Lotz of Germany led the field with a throw of 187 ft. 8 ins. that withered the Olympic record and in the chilly windy conditions Miss Press seemed to be having difficulty knitting all the techniques. But in the fifth round the platter curled away gently and cut the turf just 2½ inches ahead of the German.

Javelin

The start of the qualifiying competition in the morning was remarkable. Miss Yelena Gorchakova ran up to take the first throw, dropped her arm back and thrust the spear towards the sky and it fell into the rich green turf 204 ft. 8½ ins. away, for a world record. In the other extreme came the failure of Inge Schwalbe of Germany, who during the year had gone close to 190 ft., to qualify for the final. But the final itself produced some odd twists. The new world record-holder took only the bronze medal, the old one, Elvira Ozolina of Russia finished only fifth and fouled with each of her final four throws. The champion is Miss Mihael Penes of Rumania, only 17 years old, who just scraped into the final with her last qualifying throw. Yet with her first throw in the final she improved by almost 17 feet on her previous best performance to win the gold medal. The Olympic arena is a baffling place at times.

Pentathlon

The Press family of Russia again was represented on the podium after the pentathlon. Irina Press took the gold medal for the first time that the event had been included in the Olympic Games, as everyone expected she would, setting a world record of 5,246 points. The indefatigable Mrs. Rand took the silver medal and another Russian Galina Bystrova the bronze. It was Miss Press's all round ability which is what the contest aims to discover that brought her the gold medal. Mrs. Rand was brilliant in three events, long jump, high jump and 200 metres, in which she achieved the best performances of 21 ft. 5¾ ins., 5 ft. 4¾ ins. which would have given her fifth place in the individual high jump competition, and 24.2 sec. But in the shot, Mrs. Rand's slim graceful

shape could not coil the explosive power needed to unleash the 16 pound metal ball far enough to sustain a challenge to her Russian rival. Miss Press, who headed the list in this event and the 80 metres hurdles, reached 56 ft. 3½ ins. for a score of 1,173 points, while Mrs. Rand plopped the implement only 36 ft. 3 ins away from the stop board for a paltry score of 789. Miss Press too had the fastest 80 metres hurdles 10.7 sec. She managed a high jump of 5 ft. 4½ ins., a long jump of 20 ft. 5½ ins., and ran the 200 metres in 24.7 sec., all sufficient to keep her ahead.

Long Jump

The long jumping of Mary Rand was the greatest performance in the women's events of the Games. Her complete supremacy, her bubbling enthusiasm and her sense of humour relaxed the tension within the British team, men and women, on the first day of the athletics competition and so played a crucial part in the successes that followed.

In Rome four years before Mrs. Rand–then Mary Bignal–suffered the pain of her youth and inexperience when in the final she failed to get her approach run correct and was beaten after having led the field in the qualifying stage. Four years of hard work, the maturity and mellowness of married life and motherhood, brought a much more steely competitor to Tokyo; and she conquered unmercifully all those about her. In each of her seven jumps she broke the Rome Olympic record, set a United Kingdom record with her first leap in the final and then with her fourth reached her winning mark of 22 ft. 2¾ ins. (6.76 m)–and this as a wind of 1.69 m per second was pressing against the generous curves of her body. During the competition she found relaxation in the sympathetic words she gave to Britain's other two competitors, Sheila Parkin and Alix Jamieson, and in the knowledge that her coach John LeMasurier and her husband, Sidney were just beyond the barrier that seperated the competitor from the spectator. The most agonising moments came after her final jump, when she had finished the greatest competition of her life and then had to wait while her two most dangerous rivals Tatyana Shelkanova of Russia and Irina Kirszenstein of Poland had one more trial. Both the Eastern Europeans hurtled down the red shale run up, bent upon dislodging this amazing Briton and in struggling to surpass their previous distances they fouled at the take off board.

Mrs. Rand's triumph brought Britain her first gold medal of the Games and the first ever in women's athletics. After years of narrow failure then Britain's first gold medal in this section came in the glory of a world record and the victor was so supremely the mistress of this day. It was Miss Kirszenstein of Poland, 18 years old, not the former world record-holder Miss Shelkanova, who took the silver medal. Twice the Polish girl reached 21 ft. 7¾ ins. which in Rome four years before would have beaten the gold medal winner.

Athletics • Women

100 Metres

44 participants from 27 nations, 6 heats, 4 second round races, 2 semi-finals, Final (to which for the first time at an Olympiad 8 competitors were admitted). World record: Wilma Rudolph (U.S.A.), 11.2 sec. (1961). Olympic record: Wilma Rudolph (U.S.A.), 11.3 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was equalled once. The Olympic record was once broken and twice equalled. New Olympic record (at the same time world record equalled): Wyomia Tyus (U.S.A.), 11.2 sec.

	sec.
1. Wyomia Tyus USA	11.4
2. Edith McGuire USA	11.6
3. Eva Klobukowska POL	11.6
4. Marilyn White USA	11.6
5. Miguelina Cobian CUB	11.7
6. Marilyn Black AUS	11.7
7. Halina Gorecka POL	11.8
8. Dorothy Hyman GBI	11.9

200 Metres

36 participants from 24 nations. 6 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 competitors). World record: Wilma Rudolph (U.S.A.), 22.9 sec. (1960). Olympic record: Wilma Rudolph (U.S.A.), 23.2 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic one 3 times. New Olympic record: Edith McGuire (U.S.A.), 23.0 sec.

	sec.
1. Edith McGuire USA	23.0
2. Irena Kirszenstein POL	23.1
3. Marilyn Black AUS	23.1
4. Una Morris JAM	23.5
5. Ludmila Samotesova URS	23.5
6. Barbara Sobotta POL	23.9
7. Janet Simpson GBI	23.9
8. Daphne Arden GBI	24.0

400 Metres

For the first time as Olympic event. 23 participants from 17 countries. 3 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 competitors). World record: Sin Kim Dan (North Korea), 51.9 sec. (1962). Olympic record: none registered until now. The world record was not broken. First Olympic record: Betty Cuthbert (Australia), 52.0 sec.

	sec.
1. Betty Cuthbert AUS	52.0
2. Ann Packer GBI	52.2
3. Judith Amoore AUS	53.4
4. Antonia Munkacsi HUN	54.4
5. Maria Itkina URS	54.6
6. M. C. van der Zwaard NLD	55.2
7. Gertrud Schmidt GER	55.4
8. Evelyne Lebret FRA	55.5

800 Metres

23 participants from 15 nations. 3 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 competitors). World record: Dixie Willis (Australia), 2:01.2 min. (1962). Olympic record: Ludmilla Shevkova (U.S.S.R.), 2:04.3 min. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record 6 times. New Olympic and world record: Ann Packer (Great Britain), 2:01.1 min.

	min.
1. Ann Packer GBI	2:01.1
2. Maryvonne Dupureur FRA	2:01.9
3. Ann Chamberlain NZL	2:02,8
4. Szusza Nagy-Szabo HUN	2:03.5
5. Antje Gleichfeld GER	2:03.9
6. Laine Erik URS	2:05.1
7. Gerarda Kraan NLD	2:05.8
8. Anne Smith GBI	2:05,8

80 Metres Hurdles

27 participants from 19 nations. 4 heats, 2 semi-finals, Final (8 competitors). World record: Gisela Birkenmeyer (Germany, 1960), Betty Moore (Great Britain, 1962), Karin Balzer (Germany, 1964), Irina Press (U.S.S.R., 1964), Draga Stamejcic (Yugoslavia, 1964), 10.5 sec. Olympic record: Irina Press (U.S.S.R.), 10.6 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, but equalled 3 times. New Olympic record (at the same time world record equalled): Karin Balzer (Germany), Teresa Ciepla (Poland) and Pamela Kilborn (Australia), 10.5 sec.

	sec.
1. Karin Balzer GER	10.5
2. Teresa Ciepla POL	10.5
3. Pamela Kilborn AUS	10.5
4. Irina Press URS	10.6
5. Ikuko Yoda JPN	10.7
6. Maria Piatkowska POL	10.7
7. Draga Stamejcic YUS	10.8
8. Rosie Bonds USA	10.8

4×100 Metres Relay

15 teams from 15 nations. 2 heats, Final (8 teams). World record: Poland (Piatkowska, Kirszenstein, Gorecka, Klobukowska, 44.2 sec. (1964). Olympic record: U.S.A. (Hudson, Williams, Jones, Rudolph), 44.4 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken 3 times and equalled once. New Olympic and world record: Poland (Teresa Ciepla, Irena Kirszenstein, Halina Gorecka, Eva Klobukowska), 43.6 sec.

		sec.
1. *Poland*	Teresa Ciepla, Irina Kirszenstein, Halina Gorecka, Eva Klobukowska	43.6
2. *U.S.A.*	Willye White, Wyomia Tyus, Marilyn White, Edith McGuire	43.9
3. *Great Britain*	Janet Simpson, Mary Rand, Daphne Arden, Dorothy Hyman	44.0
4. *U.S.S.R.*	Galina Gaida, Renata Latse, Ludmila Samotesova, Galina Popova	44.4
5. *Germany*	Karin Frisch, Erika Pollmann, Martha Pensberger, Jutta Heine	44.7
6. *Australia*	Dianne Bowering, Marilyn Black, Margaret Burvill, Joyce Bennet	45.0
7. *Hungary*	Heldt Bartoss, Marko Nemeshazi, Antonia Munkacsi, Ida Such	45.2
8. *France*	Marlene Canguio, Daniele Gueneau, Michele Lurot, Denise Guenard	46.1

Long Jump

31 participants from 20 countries. The qualifying distance was 6.00 m (19 ft. 8 in.), (1952: 5.30 m (17 ft. 4⅝ in.), 1956: 5.70 m (18 ft. 8½ in.), 1960: 5.80 m (19 ft. ⅛ in.)). 17 competitors attained, respectively surpassed this distance. The six best of the semifinal (3 attempts) qualified for the Final (3 more attempts). World record: Tatyana Schelkanova (U.S.S.R.), 6.70 m (21 ft. 11¾ in.). Olympic record: Vera Krepkina (U.S.S.R.), 6.37 m (20 ft. 10¾ in.), Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once. The Olympic record was broken 15 times and equalled twice. New Olympic record and world record: Mary Rand (Great Britain), 6.76 m (22 ft. 2 in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Mary Rand GBI	6.76	22	2
2. Irena Kirszenstein POL	6.60	21	7¾
3. Tatyana Schelkanova URS	6.42	21	1¾
4. Ingrid Becker GER	6.40	20	11¾
5. Viorica Viscopoleanu RUM	6.35	20	10
6. Diana Jorgova BUL	6.24	20	5⅛
7. Hildrun Laufer GER	6.24	20	5⅛
8. Helga Hoffmann GER	6.23	20	5
9. Berit Berthelsen NNR	6.19	20	3¾
10. Tatyana Talysheva URS	6.18	20	3⅛

High Jump

26 participants from 18 nations. Qualifying height: 1.70 m (5 ft. 7 in.). (1952: no qualifying, 1956: 1.58 m (5 ft. 2 in.), 1960: 1.65 m (5 ft. 5 in.)). 11 competitors cleared this height. 4 other competitors who had cleared 1.68 m (5 ft. 6 in.) were admitted to the semi-final. World record: Jolanda Balas (Rumania), 1.91 m (6 ft. 3¼ in.), (1961). Olympic record: Jolanda Balas (Rumania), 1.85 m (6 ft. 3¾ in.). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record twice. New Olympic record: Jolanda Balas (Rumania), 1.90 m (6 ft. 2¾ in.).

	m	*ft.*	*in.*
1. Jolanda Balas RUM	1.90	6	2¾
2. Michele Brown AUS	1.80	5	10⅞
3. Taisia Chenchik URS	1.78	5	10¾
4. Aida Dos Santos BRA	1.74	5	8½
5. Dianne Gerace CAN	1.71	5	7¼
6. Frances Slaap GBI	1.71	5	7¼
7. Olga Pulic YUS	1.71	5	7¼
8. Eleanor Montgomery USA	1.71	5	7¼
9. Karin Rüger GER	1.71	5	7¼
10. Jaroslawa Bieda POL	1.71	5	7¼

Putting the Shot

16 participants from 11 nations. The qualifying distance was 15.00 m (49 ft. 2½ in.). (1952: 12.30 m (40 ft. 4¼ in.), 1956: 13.00 m (42 ft. 7¾ in.), 1960: 14.50 m (47 ft. 6¾ in.)). 12 competitors qualified. The six best of the semi-final (3 attempts) competed with 3 more attempts in the Final. World record: Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.), 18.55 m (60 ft. 10¾ in.), (1963). Olympic record: Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.), 17.32 m (56 ft. 10 in.), (Rome, 1960). The world record was not equalled. The Olympic record was broken 6 times. New Olympic record: Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.), 18.14 m (59 ft. 6 in.).

	m	ft.	in.
1. Tamara Press URS	18.14	59	6
2. Renate Garisch-Culmberger GER	17.61	57	9¼
3. Galina Zybina URS	17.45	57	3
4. Valerie Young-Sloper NZL	17.26	56	7½
5. Margitta Helmbold GER	16.91	55	5¾
6. Irina Press URS	16.71	54	9¾
7. Nancy McCredie CAN	15.89	52	1½
8. Ana Salagean RUM	15.83	51	11
9. Johanna Hübner-Lüttge GER	15.77	51	9¾

Throwing the Javelin

16 competitors from 10 nations. The qualifying distance was 51.00 m (167 ft. 4 in.). (1952: 38.00 m (124 ft. 8 in.), 1956: 43.00 m (141 ft. 1 in.), 1960: 48.00 m (157 ft. 5¾ in.). 7 competitors attained this distance. According to the rules 5 more competitors (up to 48.94 m (160 ft. 7 in.) were admitted to the semi-final. World record: Elvira Ozolina (U.S.S.R.), 61.38 m (201 ft. 4¾ in.). Olympic record: Elvira Ozolina (U.S.S.R.), 61.38 m (201 ft. 4½ in.). Olympic record: Elvira Ozolina (U.S.S.R.), 55.98 m (183 ft. 8 in.). The world record was broken once (in the qualifying), the Olympic record 7 times. New Olympic and world record: Elena Gorchakova (U.S.S.R.) 62.40 m (204 ft. 8¾ in.).

	m	ft.	in.
1. Michaela Penes RUM	60.54	198	7½
2. Marta Rudas HUN	58.27	191	2
3. Elena Gorchakova URS	57.06	187	2½
4. Biruta Kaledene URS	56.31	184	8½
5. Elvira Ozolina URS	54.81	179	9½
6. Maria Diaconescu RUM	53.71	176	2½
7. Hiroko Sato JPN	52.48	172	2
8. Anneliese Gerhards GER	52.37	171	9
9. Susan Platt GBI	48.59	159	5
10. Michele Demys FRA	47.25	155	¼

Throwing the Discus

21 competitors from 15 nations. The qualifying distance was 50.00 m (164 ft. ½ in.). (1952: 36.00 m (118 ft. 1½ in.), 1956: 42.00 m (137 ft. 9½ in.), 1960: 47.00 m (154 ft. 2¾ in.)). The qualifying distance was attained by 14 competitors. World record: Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.), 59.29 m (194 ft. 6 in) (1963). Olympic record: Nina Ponomaryeva (U.S.S.R.), 55.10 m (180 ft. 9 in.). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record 14 times. New Olympic record: Tamara Press (U.S.S.R.) 57.27 m (187 ft. 10½ in.).

	m	ft.	in.
1. Tamara Press URS	57.27	187	10½
2. Ingrid Lotz GER	57.21	187	8
3. Lia Manoliu RUM	56.97	186	11
4. Virginia Angelova BUL	56.70	186	0
5. Eugenia Kuznetsova URS	55.17	180	0
6. Jolan Kleiber HUN	54.87	180	0
7. Kriemhild Limberg GER	53.81	176	6
8. Olimpia Catarama RUM	53.08	174	1¾
9. Jirina Nemcova CZS	52.80	173	2¾
10. Judit Stugner HUN	52.52	172	3¾

Pentathlon

This event was included in the Olympic programme for the first time. 21 participants from 15 nations. World record: Irina Press (U.S.S.R.), 5,194 points (1964). Olympic record: none so far. The world record was once beaten. First Olympic and world record: Irina Press (U.S.S.R.), 5,246 points.

	80 m Hurdles Points	*Shot Points*	*High Jump Points*	*Long Jump Points*	*200 m Points*	*Grand Total of Points*
1. Irina Press URS	10.7	17.16	1.63	6.24	24.7	
	1,096	1,173	976	1,042	959	5,246
2. Mary Rand GBI	10.9	11.05	1.72	6.55	24.2	
	1,061	789	1,067	1,111	1,007	5,035
3. Galina Bystrova URS	10.7	14.47	1.60	6.11	25.5	
	1,096	1,014	945	1,014	887	4,956
4. Mary Peters GBI	11.0	14.48	1.60	5.60	25.4	
	1,044	1,015	945	897	896	4,797
5. Draga Stamejcic YUS	10.9	12.73	1.54	6.19	25.2	
	1,061	904	880	1,031	914	4,790
6. Helga Hoffmann GER	11.2	10.67	1.60	6.44	25.0	
	1,011	762	945	1,087	932	4,737
7. Bille eWinslow USA	12.0	13.04	1.63	5.90	24.6	
	890	924	976	966	968	4,724
8. Ingrid Becker GER	11.6	11.62	1.60	6.17	24.6	
	948	829	945	1,027	968	4,717
9. Nina Hansen DEN	11.1	11.26	1.54	6.27	25.9	
	1,027	804	880	1,049	851	4,611
10. Maria Siziakova URS	11.1	11.87	1.57	5.94	26.3	
	1,027	846	913	975	819	4,580

SWIMMING

By Pat Besford

(Daily Telegraph)

The one nation who can be relied upon to do almost anything on a super-colossal scale, using perfect timing to get the maximum effect, are the United States. And if their Tokyo performances had been directed in Hollywood, the result would have been acclaimed as an epic. Their swimmers were that good – from quadruple gold medallist Don Schollander right through the cast to those who swam only in the heats of the relay.

The young Americans won eight of the thirteen individual swimming titles, all five relays and three of the four diving titles. They took 10 second places and 11 thirds and won 34 out of a possible 56 medals. The nations were able to enter three competitors in each individual event and one team in each relay. The Americans therefore had 56 potential finalists and all but six got through to the last eight. Never before had one nation so completely dominated the Olympic pool.

Unquestionably, Schollander was the man of the Games. This fair-haired 18-year-old student is the complete swimmer. Watching him in Tokyo I could not think of anyone who has excelled in water sport to this extent. He claimed he wasn't a sprinter, yet he won the blue riband sprint race, the 100 metres free-style. And he produced a finish, like a hungry shark coming in for a bite, to rob Britain's Bobby McGregor of the title.

Schollander even produced a sprint killer-finish to win the 400 metres free-style. With two laps to go, he was only $^1/_{10}$ of a second ahead of Australia's Allan Wood. But in the end he won by 2.7 seconds in a world record of 4 min. 12.2 sec. from Germany's Frank Wiegand, Wood having slipped back to third another one fifth behind.

Schollander did not need to push himself to anchor the American to victory in the 4×100 m. free-style relay – but he did. He came home in a split time of 53 seconds, $^4/_{10}$ faster than his individual winning time to clinch a world record of 3 min. 33.2 sec. for his team. And on the last day he was two seconds inside his world 200 m. record of 1 min. 57.6 sec. in again anchoring the U.S.A. quartet to a world record of 7 min. 52.1 sec. in the 4×200 m. free-style relay.

This magnificent champion really could have done the undreamed of... he could have won six golds. But he didn't swim in the American 1,500 m. trial and so was not nominated for this event – and had he swum instead of Steve Clark on the free-style leg of the 4×100 m. medley relay, the United States' world record winning time (3 min. 58,4 sec.) for this could hardly have been slower.

If there was a surprise, it was in the 1,500 metres, not so much because Australia's Bobby Windle won, but because the world record-holder Roy Saari (U.S.A.), the only man to have broken 17 minutes, was so completely eclipsed. The over-ambitious Saari, who had taken on water polo as well as swimming in the American trials in August in an effort to get his club team through to the Games (which he did), paid for his tremendous expenditure of energy in Tokyo.

He missed an expected medal in the 400 metres free-style by 1.6 seconds, took a silver in the 400 metres individual medley, faded almost unbelievably to seventh place in the 1,500 metres (17 min. 29.2 sec. – his world record is 16 min. 58.7 sec.), but got a gold at last in the 4×200 m.

The staggering thing about the Americans was their depth of talent which was shown more than anywhere in the 200 metres back-stroke – the event for which, two months before the Games, they did not think they had a single star. Came Tokyo and they won all three medals and their champion Jed Graef set a world record of 2 min. 10.3 sec.

In the women's events, this talent-depth was shown just as clearly. They took all three medals in the 400 metres free-style and individual medley... they were first and third in the 100 metres back-stroke and butterfly... they were second and third in the 100 metres free-style and even in the 200 metres breast-stroke, in which they were reputed not to be so talented, their youngest representative Claudia Kolb (14) snatched the silver.

But despite the glitter of the Americans, the girl with the golden touch was Australia's Dawn Fraser. Miss Fraser, 27 years old, who looked at her water-babe rivals and called herself "Granny," made swimming history by winning the 100 metres free-style for the third successive Games. Until she came to Rome in 1960, no woman had won this title even twice before. And though she was pushed all the way by the astounding Sharon Stouder – the 15-year-old American was in the lead just after the turn – one never thought that Fraser would be beaten. And she wasn't.

I felt Miss Fraser's presentation ceremony should have been made something out of the ordinary. For it was a very special occasion and a bouquet of flowers, an extra roll of the drums, even a special announcement as she received her third gold medal was the least tribute due to a very great competitor.

Miss Stouder may have been disappointed at not taking the sprint gold, but her battle with Fraser did produce something for her. She became the second girl to break the minute (59.9 sec.)... a glory that she shares only with the great Dawn.

Had Miss Stouder won, she would have emulated Schollander, for her medal tally at the end of the Games was three golds and a silver. She broke the world record in winning the 100 metres butterfly (64.7 sec.), and swam the butterfly leg in the 4×100 m. medley relay and the first leg in the 4×100 m. free-style relay, both won by the United States in world record times.

America got another world record, thanks to Cathy Ferguson in the 100 metres back-stroke (67.7 sec.) who won a thrilling battle with Christine Caron (France) and her US team-mate Ginny Duenkel, in which the three girls touched with only $^2/_{10}$ between them. Miss Duenkel went on to show her versatility by being the surprise winner of the 400 metres free-style in which she beat world record-holder Marilyn Ramenofsky by 1.3 seconds in 4 min. 43.3 sec. And world record-holder Donna de Varona was out on her own in

becoming the first holder of the new 400 metres individual medley title.

The astonishing progress of post war swimming was reflected in all the women's events. America's medley relay record of 4 min. 33.9 sec. would have been a world record for *men* in 1953. Miss Duenkel's 400 metres free-style time was faster than Jack Medica's Olympic winning time in 1936 (and Miss Ramenofsky's July world record of 4 min. 39.5 sec. would have won the men's title in the 1948 Games).

Australia and Germany provided the few serious challenges to the all-conquering Americans. In fact, Ian O'Brien, from Down Under, won a title that the States had thought was theirs... the 200 metres breast-stroke. This 17-year-old swam a masterly race against two older and more experienced rivals, 27-year-old Gyorgy Prokopenko (U.S.S.R.) and world record-holder Chet Jastremski (U.S.A.). He did not make his effort until half way up the last length and he went into the lead for the first time with only five metres to go. He beat the Russian by $^{4}/_{10}$ of a second in a world record of 2 min. 27.8 sec. with Jastremski, a disappointing third, a further 1.4 seconds behind.

O'Brien's team-mate, Kevin Berry, was just as devastating in the 200 metres butterfly which he won in a world mark of 2 min. 6.6 sec., with three Americans trailing behind. Four year's ago Mike Troy (U.S.A.) took this title in 2 min. 12.8 sec. and Berry was sixth in 2 min. 18.5 sec. In Tokyo, Australia's Brett Hill equalled Troy's time, yet came only seventh!

The wounds inflicted on the U.S.A. by the Germans were sore indeed. Their sprint star, Hans-Joachim Klein snatched the bronze medal in the 100 metres free-style (thanks to the marvelous Japanese electrical timing-judging machine) by $^{1}/_{1000}$ of a second from America's Gary Ilman.

Frank Wiegand improved his pre-Games 400 metres free-style time by 3.5 seconds to win the silver, in a European record of 4 min. 14.9 sec. and Gerhard Hetz, stopped the American trio of Dick Roth (world record winner in 4 min. 45.4 sec.), Saari and Carl Robie from making a clean sweep in the 400 metres individual medley by taking third place.

However, it was in the relays that the Germans were so terrific. The Americans, in winning the 4×200 m. free-style, were the first ever to break eight minutes (7 min. 52.1 sec.). But the Germans went under this magic-minute barrier too, taking second place in a European record of 7 min. 59.3 sec. Three of their team (Klein, Wiegand and Hetz) had swum in Rome four years earlier, when they could do no better than seventh in 8 min. 31.8 sec. This time Wiegand and Klein broke two minutes and were, in fact, faster than anyone else in the race, except Schollander.

The Germans set European figures too in the 4×100 m. free-style (3 min. 37.2 sec.) and 4×100 m. medley (4 min. 1.6 sec.), taking second place in each event, again to the States.

The Soviet Union, who had never won an Olympic swimming medal, finally achieved their ambition in Tokyo. And not once, but four times. The one that mattered, the gold, came by courtesy of Galina Prosumenschikova, a 15-year-old Muscovite, who streaked away with the 200 metres breast-stroke title, with her team mate Svetlana Babanina in third place. Prokopenko got his silver, of course, in his breast-stroke and the women's 4×100 m. medley squad, thanks to an incredible two lengths burst by Babanina (1 min. 15.3 sec. – world record 1 min. 17.2 sec.), came third.

They were pushed out of the silver in this relay by two inspired swims from the Dutch girls Ada Kok (silver medallist in the 100 metres butterfly) and free-styler Erica Terpstra. In fantastic power-packed show, Miss Kok pulled back four seconds on the third leg to level with the Russians ans Miss Terpstra (fourth in the individual 100 metres free-style) clinched the silver and a European record of 4 min. 37 sec. with a 61.3 sec. These two saved the face of the Netherlands, who have seldom done as badly in the Olympics before.

Britain had only one shining light, sprinter Bobby McGregor. The 20-year-old Scot did everything that was expected of him (though he was far from satisfied with himself). He swam as fast as he had ever done in his life but unfortunately, for Britain, the rest of the team did not show a similar zest and determination. In most cases they swam below their top level, but universally they lacked the fire and purpose that are essentials for success in the Olympics.

Swimming • Men

100 Meters Free-Style

67 participants from 33 nations. 9 first round heats. The 24 with the fastest times reached the semi-finals. 3 semi-finals The 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Gottvalles (France), 52.9 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Devitt (Australia) and Larson (U.S.A.), 55,2 sec. (Rome, 1960). The World record was not broken, the Olympic record 23 times broken and 3 times equalled. New Olympic record: Schollander (U.S.A.), 53.4 sec.

	sec.
1. Schollander USA	53.4
2. McGregor GBI	53.5
3. Klein GER	54.0
4. Ilman USA	54.0
5. Gottvalles FRA	54.2
6. Austin USA	54.5
7. Dobai HUN	54.9
8. Jacobsen GER	56.1

400 Metres Free-Style

49 participants from 26 nations. 7 heats, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Schollander (U.S.A.), 4 min. 12.7 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Rose (Australia), 4 min. 18.3 sec. The world record was broken once, the Olympic record 8 times. New world and Olympic record: Schollander (U.S.A.), 4 min. 12.2 sec.

	min.
1. Schollander USA	4:12.2
2. Wiegand GER	4:14.9
3. Wood AUS	4:15.1
4. Saari USA	4:16.7
5. Nelson USA	4:16.9
6. Yamanaka JPN	4:19.1
7. Phegan AUS	4:20.2
8. Belits-Heimann URS	4:21.4

1,500 Metres Free-Style

32 participants from 24 nations. 5 heats, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Saari (U.S.A.), 16 min. 58.7 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Konrads (Australia), 17 min. 19.6 sec. (Rome, 1960). No new world record. The Olympic record was broken 5 times. New Olympic record: Windle (Australia), 17 min. 1.7 sec.

	min.
1. Windle AUS	17:01.7
2. Nelson USA	17:03.0
3. Wood AUS	17:07.7
4. Farley USA	17:18.2
5. Phegan AUS	17:22.4
6. Sasaki JPN	17:25.3
7. Saari USA	17:29.2
8. Katona HUN	17:30.8

200 Metres Breast-Stroke

33 participants from 21 nations. 5 first round heats, the 16 fastest reached the semi-finals. 2 semi-finals, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Jastremski (U.S.A.), 2 min. 28.2 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Mulliken (U.S.A.), 2 min. 37.2 sec. The world record was broken once in the Final, and equalled once. The Olympic record was broken 33 times. New Olympic and world record: O'Brien (Australia), 2 min. 27.8 sec.

	min.
1. O'Brien AUS	2:27.8
2. Prokopenko URS	2:28.2
3. Iastremski USA	2:29.6
4. Tutakajev URS	2:31.0
5. Henninger GER	2:31.1
6. Tsurumine JPN	2:33.6
7. Anderson USA	2:35.0
8. Kosinsky URS	2:38.1

200 Metres Butterfly

32 participants from 21 nations. 5 first round heats, the 16 fastest reached the semi-finals. 2 semi-finals, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Berry (Australia), 2 min. 6.9 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Troy (U.S.A.), 2 min. 12.8 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once in the Final. The Olympic record was broken 17 times and equalled twice. New Olympic record and world record: Berry (Australia), 2 min. 6.6 sec.

	min.
1. Berry AUS	2:06.6
2. Robie USA	2:07.5
3. Schmidt USA	2:09.3
4. Riker USA	2:11.0
5. Kuzmin URS	2:11.3
6. Kadonaga JPN	2:12.6
7. Hill AUS	2:12.8
8. Sherry CAN	2:14.6

200 Metres Back-Stroke

For the first time in 64 years (last time 1900 in Paris) again on the Olympic programme. 35 participants from 22 nations. 5 first round-heats, the 16 fastest reached the semi-finals. 2 semi-finals, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Stock (U.S.A.), 2 min. 10.9 sec. (1962). Olympic record: Hoppenberg (Germany), 2 min. 47 sec. (1900). The 64 years old Olympic record was broken by all competitors in every heat. The world record was broken twice in the Final.

	min.
1. Graef USA	2:10.3
2. Dilley USA	2:10.5
3. Bennett USA	2:13.1
4. Fukushima JPN	2:13.2
5. Küppers GER	2:15.7
6. Mazanov URS	2:15.9
7. Hutton CAN	2:15.9
8. Reynolds AUS	2:16.6

400 Metres Individual Medley

A new Olympic event. 30 participants from 14 nations. 4 heats, the 8 fastest reached the Final. World record: Roth (U.S.A.), 4 min. 48.6 sec. (1964). The World record was broken twice in the Final. New world and first Olympic record: Roth (U.S.A.), 4 min. 45.4 sec.

	min.
1. Roth USA	4:45.4
2. Saari USA	4:47.1
3. Hetz GER	4:51.0
4. Robie USA	4:51.4
5. Gilchrist CAN	4:57.6
6. Jiskoot NLD	5:01.9
7. Kosztolanczi HUN	5:01.9
8. Buck AUS	5:03.0

4×100 Metres Free-Style

A new Olympic event. 13 teams from 13 nations. 2 heats, the 8 fastest teams qualified for the Final. World record: U.S.A. (Clark, McDonogh, Ilman, Townsend), 3 min. 36.1 sec. (1963). The world record was broken once in the Final. New world and first Olympic record: U.S.A. (Clark, Austin, Ilman, Schollander), 3 min. 33.2 sec.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Clark, Austin, Ilman, Schollander	3:33.2
2. *Germany*	Löffler, Wiegand, Jakobsen, Klein	3:37.2
3. *Australia*	Dickson, Doak, Ryan, Windle	3:39.1
4. *Japan*	Iwasaki, Goto, Fujimoto, Okabe	3:40.5
5. *Sweden*	Nordvall, Eriksson, Lundin, Lindberg	3:40.7
6. *U.S.S.R.*	Mazanov, Shuvalov, Semchenkov, Sumtsov	3:42.1
7. *Great Britain*	Lord, Martin Dye, Kendrew, McGregor	3:42.6
8. *France*	Gottvalles, Gropaiz, Canavese, Curtillet	disqualified

4×200 Metres Free-Style

15 teams from 15 nations. 2 heats, the 8 fastest qualified for the Final. World record: U.S.A. (Cuttler, Wall, [illegible] Schollander), 8 min. 1.8 sec. (1964). Olympic record: U.S.A. (Harrison, Blick, Troy, Farrel), 8 min. 10.2 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken twice, the Olympic record 8 times. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A. (Clark, Saari, Ilman, Schollander), 7 min. 52.1 sec.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Clark, Saari, Ilman, Schollander	7:52.1
2. *Germany*	Gregor, Hetz, Wiegand, Klein	7:59.3
3. *Japan*	Fukui, Iwasaki, Shoji, Okabe	8:03.8
4. *Australia*	Dickson, Wood, Doak, Windle	8:05.7
5. *Sweden*	Svensson, Eriksson, Rosendahl, Lundin	8:08.0
6. *France*	Curtillet, Canavese, Luyce, Gottvalles	8:08.7
7. *U.S.S.R.*	Belits-Heimann, Berezin, Paramonov, Novikov	8:15.1
8. *Italy*	De Gregorio, Bianchi, Orlando, Boscaini	8:18.1

4×100 Metres Medley

14 teams from 14 nations. 2 heats, the 8 fastest qualified for the Final. World record: U.S.A. (McGeagh, Craig, Richardson, Clark), 4 min. 0.1 sec. (1963). Olympic record: U.S.A. (McKinney, Hait, Larson, Farrell), 4 min. 8.9 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record 11 times. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A. (Mann, Craig, Schmidt, Clark), 3 min. 58.4 sec.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Mann, Craig, Schmidt, Clark	3:58.4
2. *Germany*	Küppers, Henninger, Gregor, Klein	4:01.6
3. *Australia*	Reynolds, O'Brien, Berry, Dickson	4:02.3
4. *U.S.S.R.*	Mazanov, Prokopenko, Kuzmin, Shuvalov	4:04.2
5. *Japan*	Fukushima, Ishikawa, Nakajima, Okabe	4:06.6
6. *Hungary*	Csikany, Lenkei, Gulrich, Dobai	4:08.5
7. *Italy*	Rora, Gross, Fossati, Boscaini	4:10.3
8. *Great Britain*	Thwaites, Nicholson, Jenkins, McGregor	4:11.4

Swimming • Women

100 Metres Free-Style

44 participants from 22 nations. 6 first round, heats, the 16 who swam the fastest times reached the semi-finals. 2 semi-finals, the 8 with the fastest times reached the Final. World record: Dawn Fraser (Australia), 58.9 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Dawn Fraser 1 min. 1.2 sec. (Rome, 1960). The World record was not broken, the Olympic record 5 times. New Olympic record: Dawn Fraser, 59.3 sec.

	min.
1. Dawn Fraser AUS	0:59.5
2. Sharon Stouder USA	0:59.9
3. Kathy Ellis USA	1:00.8
4. Erica Terpstra NLD	1:01.8
5. Marion Lay CAN	1:02.2
6. Csilla Dobai-Madarasz HUN	1:02.4
7. Anne Christine Hagberg SWE	1:02.5
8. Lynette Bell AUS	1:02.7

400 Metres Free-Style

31 participants from 16 nations. 4 heats, the 8 who swam the fastest times reached the Final. World record: Marilyn Ramanofsky (U.S.A.), 4 min. 39.5 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Chris von Saltza (U.S.A.), 4 min. 50.6 sec. (Rome, 1960). The World record was not broken, the Olympic record 8 times. New Olympic record: Virginia Duenkel (U.S.A.), 4 min. 43.3 sec.

	min.
1. Virginia Duenkel USA	4:43.3
2. Marilyn Ramenofsky USA	4:44.6
3. Terry Lee Stickles USA	4:47.2
4. Dawn Fraser AUS	4:47.6
5. Jane Hughes CAN	4:50.9
6. Elizabeth Long GBI	4:52.0
7. Kim Herford AUS	4:52.9
8. Gunn Ann-Charlotte Lilja SWE	4:53.0

100 Metres Back-Stroke

31 participants from 17 nations. 8 heats, the 8 with the best times reached the Final. World record: Virginia Duenkel (U.S.A.), 1 min. 8.3 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Lynn Burke (U.S.A.) 1 min. 9 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken 3 times, the Olympic record 7 times. New Olympic and world record: Cathie Ferguson (U.S.A.), 1 min. 7.7 sec.

	min.
1. Cathie Ferguson USA	1:07.7
2. Christine Caron FRA	1:07.9
3. Virginia Duenkel USA	1:08.0
4. Satoka Tanaka JPN	1:08.6
5. Nina Harmar USA	1:09.4
6. Linda Ludgrove GBI	1:09.5
7. Eileen Weir CAN	1:09.8
8. Rosemarie Norfolk GBI	1:11.2

100 Metres Butterfly

31 participants from 16 nations. 5 first round-heats, the 16 with the fastest times reached the semi-finals. 2 Semi-finals, the 8 who swam the fastest times reached the Final. World record: Ada Kok (Holland), 1 min. 5.1 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Caroline Schuler (U.S.A.), 1 min. 9.5 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record 15 times, and equalled once. New Olympic and world record: Sharon Stouder (U.S.A.), 1 min. 4.7 sec.

	min.
1. Sharon Stouder USA	1:04.7
2. Ada Kok NLD	1:05.6
3. Kathleen Ellis USA	1:06.0
4. Eila Pyrhonen FIN	1:07.3
5. Donna de Varona USA	1:08.0
6. Heike Hustede GER	1:08.5
7. Eiko Takahashi JPN	1:09.1
8. Mary Stewart CAN	1:10.0

200 Metres Breast-Stroke

27 participants from 15 nations. 4 heats, the 8 with the fastest times reached the Final. World record: Galina Prozumenschikova (U.R.S.S.), 2 min. 45.4 sec. (1964). Olympic record: Anita Lonsbrough (Great Britain), 2 min. 49.5 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record 8 times. New Olympic record: Galina Prozumenschikova (U.S.S.R.), 2 min. 46.6 sec.

	min.
1. Galina Prozumenschikova URS	2:46.4
2. Claudia Kolb USA	2:47.6
3. Svetlana Babanina URS	2:48.6
4. Stella Mitchell GBI	2:49.0
5. Jill Slattery GBI	2:49.6
6. Bärbel Grimmer GER	2:51.0
7. Klena Bimolt NLD	2:51.3
8. Ursula Küper NLD	2:53.9

400 Metres Individual Medley

First time at Olympic Games. 22 participants from 12 nations. 4 heats, those who swam the fastest times reached the Final. World record: Donna de Varona (U.S.A.), 5 min. 14.9 sec. (1964). Olympic record: none so far registered. The world record was not broken. First Olympic record: Donna de Varona (U.S.A.), 5 min. 18.7 sec.

	min.
1. Donna de Varona USA	5:18.7
2. Sharon Finneran USA	5:24.1
3. Martha Randell USA	5:24.2
4. Veronika Holletz GER	5:25.6
5. Linda McGill AUS	5:28.4
6. Elizabeth Heukels NLD	5:30.3
7. Anita Lonsbrough GBI	5:30.5
8. Marta Egervari HUN	5:38.4

4×100 Metres Free-Style

10 relay teams from 10 nations. Two heats, the 8 with the fastest times reached the Final. World record: U.S.A. (Alsup, Seidel, Bricker, Stickles), 4 min. 7.6 sec. (1964). Olympic record: U.S.A. (Spillane, Stobs, Wood, von Saltza), 4 min. 8.9 sec. (Rome, 1960). The World and the Olympic record were broken twice. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A., 4 min. 3.8 sec.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Sharon Stouder, Donna de Varona, Lillian Watson, Kathleen Ellis	4:03.0
2. *Australia*	Robyn Thorn, Janice Murphy, Lynette Bell, Dawn Fraser	4:06.9
3. *Netherlands*	Paulina van der Wildt, Catharina Beumer, W. van Weerdenburg, Erica Terpstra	4:12.0
4. *Hungary*	Judit Turoczy, Eva Erdelyi, Katalin Takacs, Csilla Dobai-Madarasz	4:12.1
5. *Sweden*	Ann-Charlott Lilja, Katrin Andersson, Ulla Jafvert, Ann-Christine Hagberg	4:14.0
6. *Germany*	Martina Grunert, Traudi Beierlein, Rita Schumacher, Heidi Pechstein	4:15.0
7. *Canada*	Mary Stewart, Patricia Thonpson, Helen Kennedy, Marion Lay	4:15.9
8. *Italy*	Paola Saini, Maria Pacifici, Mara Sacchi, Daniela Beneck	4:17.2

4×100 Metres Medley

9 relay teams from 9 nations. 2 heats, the 8 with the fastest times reached the Final. World record: U.S.A. (Ferguson, Goyette, Ellis, Randell), 4 min. 34.6 sec. (1964). Olympic record: U.S.A. (Burke, Kempner, Schuler, von Saltza), 4 min. 41.1 sec. (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record broken 5 times and equalled once. New Olympic and world record: U.S.A., 4 min. 33.9 sec.

		min.
1. *U.S.A.*	Cathy Ferguson, Cynthia Goyette, Sharon Stouder, Kathleen Ellis	4:33.9
2. *Netherlands*	Kornelia Winkel, Greetje Bimolt, Ada Kok, Erica Terpstra	4:37.0
3. *U.S.S.R.*	Tatiana Savelieva, Svetlana Babanina, Tatiana Deviatova, Natalya Ustinova	4:39.2
4. *Japan*	Satoko Tanaka, Noriko Yamamoto, Eiko Takahashi, Michiko Kihara	4:42.0
5. *Great Britain*	Rosemary Norfolk, Stella Mitchell, Mary Anne Cotterill, Elizabeth Long	4:45.8
6. *Canada*	Eilleen Weir, Marion Lay, Mary Stewart, Helen Kennedy	4:49.9
Germany	Ingrid Schmidt, Bärbel Grimmer, Heike Hustede, Martina Grunert	disqualified
Hungary	Maria Balla, Zsuzsa Kovacs, Marta Egervari, Csilla Dobai-Madarasz	disqualified

DIVING

By Pat Besford

(Daily Telegraph)

The diving championships were marred by what can only be described as negative judging. With up to ten marks to award for each dive, the extent of the judges' awards, except for a really bad performance, ranged between 6 to 7.5. An eight was a rarity, which in this championship of the world was patent nonsense. Having seen near perfect dives being given 6.5 marks, one asked what cause a diver would have to improve thirty-five per cent, particularly as an indifferent movement was getting six.

This level of marking was substantially the same for every-

one. Nevertheless it was thoroughly demoralising for competitors used to scoring between 7.5 and 9.5 (if not 10) for their dives. And it created a sense of despondency and discouragement which permeated throughout every diver in the competitions.

The International Diving Committee must take the responsibility for this situation which came about through an honest endeavour on their part to get rid of the national bias in judging which had been rife in nearly every major competition in the past ten years. Their plan was to analyse the marks after each series of dives to show which judges were up-marking their own divers and under-marking the nearest rivals of their own representatives.

Unfortunately the net result was that the judges closed their range of marking so that they could not be accused of being over or undergenerous. Yet the national bias remained, though now it was shown by a half or a single mark instead of by two or even three marks as in the past.

Despite this situation, two 1960 Olympic champions, Ingrid Engel-Krämer (Germany) and Robert Webster (U.S.A.), retained titles they had won in Rome. Frau Engel-Krämer, a double gold medallist four years ago, easily kept her springboard title by beating Jeanne Collier (U.S.A.) by 6.64 points. Then, surprisingly, she lost her highboard. But defending highboard champion Webster, after some heart-in-mouth moments, came through to win by 1.04 points from the young, little known Italian, Klaus Dibiasi.

Yet the marks they scored were ample illustration of the policy of the judges. Frau Engel-Krämer, who scored 155.81 for the ten-dive springboard test in Rome, received ten points less in Tokyo, yet was diving just as well. Webster's 1960 score was 165.56, despite the fact that he missed his 2½ back somersault. Though he dropped this dive again in Japan and perhaps was not quite as brilliant, he certainly had not deteriorated to the extent of the 17 marks difference between his two gold medal scores (Tokyo = 148.58).

The surprise of the diving was the success of Lesley Bush (U.S.A.) in the highboard. She went into the lead, by 0.80 of a point, on the first round of dives and was never headed. Frau Engel-Krämer pulled back to an 0.54 deficit after three dives, but the young American kept her nerve in this most tense battle to win by 1.35 marks.

The men's springboard was a see-saw affair in which the U.S.A. took all three medals. Their star, Frank Gorman, held an "unbeatable" lead of 8.14 points over Ken Sitzberger with only two dives to go – yet lost. Gorman dropped his ninth dive badly and though he scored the highest marks of any competitor for his last, it still wasn't enough to retrieve the lost ground.

Diving

Spring Board Diving – Men

27 competitors from 16 nations. Elimination round 7 dives, of which 5 were compulsory and 2 were voluntary. The first eight qualified for the last round. Last round: 3 more voluntary dives.

	Total Points
1. Sitzberger USA	159.90
2. Gorman USA	157.63
3. Andreasen USA	143.77
4. Pophal GER	142.58
5. Lundqvist SWE	138.65
6. Poluljakh URS	138.64
7. Safonov URS	134.00
8. Vasin URS	133.48

Springboard Diving – Women

21 participants from 9 nations. Semi-final 7 dives, of which 5 were compulsory and 2 were voluntary dives. The 8 with the highest points qualified for the Final. Final: 3 more voluntary dives.

	Total Points
1. Ingrid Engel-Krämer GER	145.00
2. Jeanne Collier USA	138.36
3. Mary Patricia Willard USA	138.18
4. Sue Gossick USA	129.70
5. Tamara Fedosova URS	126.33
6. Elena Anokhina URS	125.60
7. Kanoko Mabuchi JPN	125.28
8. Angelika Hilbert GER	123.27

Highboard Diving – Men

30 competitors from 16 nations. Elimination round: 7 dives (6 compulsory, 1 voluntary). The first eight qualified for the last round. Last round: 3 voluntary dives.

	Total Points
1. Webster USA	148.58
2. Dibiasi ITA	147.54
3. Gompf USA	146.57
4. Madrigal MEX	144.27
5. Palagin URS	143.77
6. Phelps GBI	143.18
7. Sperling GER	142.24
8. Otsubo JPN	142.05

Highboard Diving – Women

24 participants from 11 nations. Semi-final: 4 dives (3 compulsory, 1 voluntary). The 12 with the highest points qualified for the Final. Final: 3 dives (1 compulsory, 2 voluntary).

	Total Points
1. Lesley Bush USA	99.80
2. Ingrid Engel-Krämer GER	98.45
3. Galina Alekseeva URS	97.60
4. Linda Cooper USA	96.30
5. Christiane Lanzke GER	92.92
6. Ingeborg Pertmayr AUT	92.70
7. Natalia Kuznetsova URS	90.91
8. Barbara Talmage USA	89.60
9. Robyn Bradshaw AUS	88.16

HUNGARY CLINCHES FIFTH OLYMPIC WATERPOLO TRIUMPH

By Brian McKibbin

(Australia)

Brawny Hungarian goal sneak Zoltan Domotor snapped the skimming ball from the water, whirled and with missile speed shot it at the seemingly impenetrable Russian guarded net.

For a split second the atmosphere was tension thick, then the ball exploded through the mass of diving Russian defenders and stopped with a resounding crash against the centre of the meshed net.

Fifteen thousand voices in Tokyo's big National main swimming pool at suburban Yoyogi broke into a deafening roar of cheers.

Domotor had shot his finest goal in a brilliant career to regain world dominance for Hungary in waterpolo and win his team the Tokyo Olympic gold medal by one point over Yugoslavia.

Hungary's victory – a record fifth Olympic triumph – was not unexpected although it was awarded the gold medal only on a point-scoring basis over Yugoslavia.

Both Hungary and Yugoslavia won two final games and drew a third to tie at the end of the tournament.

The gold medal went to Hungary because of its one-point win margin in the finals over Russia as opposed to Yugoslavia's victory against the Soviet team.

Russia came through as the bronze medallist and defending champion Italy surprisingly failed to win a game in the final round.

The result was the complete reverse to the 1960 Rome tournament when the order of finishing was Italy, Russia, Yugoslavia and Hungary.

The four top teams went into the Tokyo finals after qualifying from an eight-team round robin semi-final round.

Earlier they had swept throught a 13-team round robin elimination tournament.

The spectacular water sport, which finds ardent support in European countries where cold outdoor weather has seen the growth of vast numbers of indoor pools, got under way here on Sunday, October 11, in the Metropolitan indoor gymnasium.

The 13 teams were divided into four categories – A, B, C and D for the elimination round.

Italy, Russia, Yugoslavia and Hungary, because of their 1960 rankings, were each placed in separate groups.

Group A saw Italy, Rumania and Japan pitted against each other; in group B, Russia, Australia and Germany; group C, Yugoslavia, the United States, the Netherlands and Brazil; and in group D, Hungary, the United Arab Republic and Belgium.

Japan, Australia, Brazil, the U.A.R. and the U.S.A. were eliminated in the opening round from which the two top teams in each group moved into the two-group robin semi-final tournament.

The four top ranked teams from the Rome Olympics advanced to the Tokyo finals while Rumania, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, in that order, filled fifth to eighth placings.

Hungary, and silver medallist Yugoslavia, were the only two teams to sweep through the week-long hard and roughly fought contest without a loss.

But so evenly matched were the two teams that they were unable to overcome each other and tied in both the semi-finals and the finals, each time with a 4–4 score.

The four top teams advanced without loss through the first round but in the semi-finals Italy failed against Russia 0–2 to emerge with two wins and one loss on its way to the finals.

In the finals, Italy dropped its three games, losing again to the muscular Russians 0–2, to Yugoslavia 1–2 and to Hungary 1–3.

Russia's win over Italy in the finals gave it the bronze although it suffered defeats by the Yugoslavs 0–2 and the Hungarians 2–5.

Russia's bronze medal success was one of the big surprises of the Olympic competition. The Soviet swimmers who had come to Tokyo were a brand new group.

Although Hungary now holds a record five Olympic victories – 1932, 1936, 1952, 1956 and Tokyo – the game was dominated by Britain in the early years after its introduction in 1900 as an Olympic sport.

Britain did not compete in this year's Games and last won the gold medal in 1920.

One of the most disappointed teams at Tokyo was Brazil, last year's Pan American Games champions, which failed to qualify from the opening Olympic round after dropping its three matches in group C to Yugoslavia, the Netherlands and the U.S.A.

The U.S.A., also, was prevented by Yugoslavia and the Netherlands from advancing to the semi-finals although it played surprisingly well against the two strong European squads.

The U.S.A. team was formed of college swimmers who do not in their own country play the same hard, rugged brand of waterpolo as the Europeans.

In fact the Americans on their home ground use two referees, one on both sides of the pool to watch closely for fouls.

In European and International competition only one referee is engaged who finds it impossible to detect all fouls in a game in which players are dragged underwater, swamped and held back by the legs and swimming trunks by opposing swimmers.

The Australian team which also failed to advance from the elimination round, being trounced 0–6 by Russia in its first game and later 1–3 by the Germans, was not expected to give a good showing in the Olympic competition.

Although using fast and able swimmers the Australians suffered from the disadvantage of waterpolo being a minor sport in their country and the Olympic players were brought together for the Tokyo series only a few weeks before the contest got underway.

In contrast, the European teams had mostly trained together

for several months in strict competition in their own countries prior to the Olympic Games.
One problem raised at this year's Olympic waterpolo competition was the increased height of players.
Pressure consequently began to build up for a change in rules that require a minimum pool depth of 1.8 metres.
The Italians and Hungarians complained at the Olympics that the Yoyogi pool, where two of the four final games were played, was shallow enough at both ends to allow tall players like the Yugoslavs to stand heads above the water.
On the other hand the Metropolitan pool where all of the Olympic waterpolo games except the two final matches were held, was made deeper than the Yoyogi venue. The Yoyogi pool is exactly 1.8 metres deep at its shallowest point for waterpolo and this could not be changed because Olympic swimming was also being held there.
The Metropolitan pool, which was used exclusively for waterpolo, also met the 1.8 metres requirement, but an elevated rim around it allowed it to be filled another 15 centimetres.
This officials had done in recognition of the height problem.
The International Swimming Federation (FINA) is soon expected to take up the question of increased height among waterpolo players with a possibility of reviewing the existing rules.

Water Polo

13 teams from 13 nations. Qualifying Round in 4 groups (A–D). The first and second of each group qualify for semi-final round. Semi-final round in 2 groups (A and B). The first and second of each group qualify for Final round for 1st to 4th place; the third and fourth for 5th to 8th place in Final round. In the semi-final and final round the results of the previous round were counted as well where teams had already played against each other.

	Goals	*Points*		*Goals*	*Points*
Hungary	12:7	5	U.S.S.R.	4:7	2
Yugoslavia	8:5	5	Italy	2:7	0
Rumania	14:10	4	Belgium	13:15	2
Germany	14:12	4	Netherlands	12:16	2

1. *Hungary* Boros, Ambrus, Mayer, Gyarmati, Kanizsa, Dr. Kappati, Domotor, Felkai, Pocsik, Konrad II, Rusoran
2. *Jugoslavia* Muskatiovic, Simenc, Bonacic, Trumbic, Stipanic, Stanisic, Nonkovic, Rosic, Nardeli, Jankovic, Sandic
3. *U.S.S.R.* Yegorov, Grabovshy, Kuznetsov, N., Popov, Osipov, Ageev, Kalashnikov, Semionov, Grishin, Bortkevich, Kuznetsov, V.
4. *Italy* Bardi, Cevasco, D'Altrui, Guerrini, Lavoratori, Lonzi, Merello, Parmegiani, Pizzo, Rossi, Spinola, Dennerlein
5. *Rumania* Stefanescu, Muresanu, Zahan, Firoiu, Kroner, Kuliniac, Marculescu, Novac, Lita, Szabo, Grintescu
6. *Germany* Schmidt,Teiel,Schlenkirch,Ballerstedt,Hohne, Wittig, Vohs, Schulze, Kluge, Thiele, Mader
7. *Belgium* Caufrier, De Hesselle, De Vir, De Wilde, D'Oosterlinck, Dumont, Laurent, Pickers, Stappers, Van den Steen, Van Reybroeck
8. *Netherlands* Bultman, Van Dorp, Hermsen, Muller, Van Spingelen, Vriend, W., Vriend, H., Van der Voet, Wormgoor, Kniest, Leenard

RUSSIA LOSES GYMNASTICS DOMINATION TO JAPAN

By Brian McKibbin

(Australia)

Probably the hardest felt defeat suffered by Russian sportsmen at the Tokyo Olympics was their loss of domination in the world of gymnastics.
The end of their long reign also meant one of Japan's greatest achievements in amateur sport as Japanese gymnasts walked away with five of the eight possible firsts in the men's division.
Not so their women. They had a goal in sight–the silver medal–but it was obviously impossible because of the great improvement on the part of the Czechoslovakian women.
But they nevertheless captured the bronze in the team event against stiff opposition from the tall and graceful Caucasians.
In the Rome Olympics Japanese men gymnasts won four gold medals–one was shared with Russia–but their pretty almond-shaped eye girls failed to gain a major placing.
Russia at the time swept through for five golds in the men's section–three of them won by brilliant Boris Shaklin–and for five out of a possible six in the women's.
But in Tokyo the sure-footed Japanese pitted their agility against the brawn of the Russian men to soar to top honours in the battle which began in Rome four years earlier.
This time the Russians took home only one gold from the men's division and that one–for the exacting horizontal bar test–won by Shaklin.

The Russian women kept three golds but the most prized crown in both sections–the individual competition–was lost by the Soviets for the first time in three Olympiads.
And so as the resin dust cleared and gymnasts unflexed tired muscles a new king and queen reigned in the world of precision body exercises.
For the Japanese it was a dream come true when Yukio Endo clinched the gold medal in the men's individual to nose out his great rival Shaklin by a slim 0.55 point margin.
But the victory of the new Olympic gymnastics queen, Vera Caslavska, a 21-year-old blonde secretary from Prague, was completely unexpected.
She edged Russia's Larissa Latynina, two-time winner at the Olympics, by a mere 0.566 points.
Miss Caslavska's performancs were such that she almost brought disaster to the Soviet women who had never lost a team championship.
So close was it that the team title wasn't decided until 29-year-old Miss Latynina in the last event of the last day, scored 9.666 on the horse vault to give the Russians a 380.890 to 379.989 points victory–by a narrow 0.901 points margin.
Miss Caslavska, who finished a poor eighth in Rome, said after her Tokyo triumph–"Even now, I can hardly believe I have won the championship. I have never dreamed of fulfilling such a great achievement, although I have had much training for the Olympic contest."
The attractive blonde added two other gold medals with precision performances in the horse vault and the balance beam.
Outgoing queen Miss Latynina retained her floor exercise title from Rome.
Observers agreed Miss Latynina seemed to have reached her peak although she displayed exceptional ballet-gymnastics in the floor exercises in both the compulsory and optional tests.
But she couldn't match the Czech girl in exercises that required the coordinated grace of a ballerina and the daring skill of an acrobat.
Miss Caslavska scored a 0.233 lead over the Russian girl in the four-event balance beam, uneven parallel bars, horse vault and floor compulsory exercises, in the opening round.
Her score was 38.432, Miss Latynina's 38.199.
The Czech beauty improved her performance for the four-event optional exercises, which she said she preferred.
She picked up 0.333 points by compiling 39.132 to the Soviet queen's 28.799 in the optional events.
Her overall combined total was 77.564.
Vera's best scores were 9.600 in uneven parallel bars and 9.700 horse vault in compulsory and 9.800 balance beam and 9.800 horse vault in the optional.
Larisa tallied 9.666 in the compulsory floor exercise and 9.800 in the optional floor exercise and 9.733 in optional balance beam.
The Russian women, however, displayed depth as a team to retain their Olympic title.
They compiled their 380.890 points with 189.728 for compulsory and 191.162 optional.
Twenty-seven-year-old Japanese University lecturer Endo also excelled in the parallel bars to rob Shaklin of a second title.
The fair Russian, a six-time gold medal winner, who at 32 is finding he must be content with memories of an illustrious career, did not qualify in Tokyo even for the parallel bars finals.
In the overall individual event, muscular little Endo proved his brilliance when he beat the powerful Shaklin at his own game, namely on the side horse, suspended rings, long horse vault and parallel bars.
Endo finished with 115.95 points to the husky Russian's 115.40.
And Shaklin had to settle for second place tied with team-mate Victor Lisitsky and another little Japanese, Shuji Tsurumi.
But the hard-fighting Shaklin still emerged as Russia's only male gold medal winner when on the last day he worked in faultless precision to clinch the horizontal bar title.
Apart from Shaklin's gold, Russia picked up five silvers and two bronze medals in the men's division but generally their standard showed decisive signs of deterioration.
To further mark their slip in world gymnastics were the unexpected victories of Italy's Franco Menichelli and Miroslav Cerar, of Yugoslavia, who rose to the occasion for gold medals in separate floor and side horse tests.
Russia's Lisitsky came home 0.100 points behind Menichelli for the silver in the floor exercise followed by the always-there Endo, a further 1.25 points behind.
Tsurumi clinched another silver for Japan with 19.325 points to Cerar's winning 19.525 in the side horse. Russia's Yury Tsapenko was 0.125 points behind Tsurumi for the bronze.
The six-day competition in Tokyo's 6,000 seat Metropolitan Gymnasium attracted entries from 30 nations in the men's division and from 24 in the women's.
The men's division was split into 23 teams as 11 nations formed four mixed teams.
Fourteen nations in the women's division formed into five mixed groups, which added to 10 national teams gave the competition a total of 15 teams.
Altogether 213 gymnasts, of which 83 were women, competed in the searching tests which continued from 8.30 each morning to 11 o'clock at night.
The competing teams in the men's division were: Korea, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Taiwan, Poland, Finland, United States, Canada, Australia, Hungary, India, Germany, Switzerland, the Soviet Union, Japan, Rumania, Bulgaria and Cuba. The mixed teams were; Norway, Sweden and Mongolia; Iran, Britain and the Philippines; France and Luxembourg; Algeria, United Arab Republic and the Argentine.
In the women's division the teams were: Hungary, the Soviet Union, Japan, United States, Germany, Sweden, Australia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania. The mixed teams were: Britain, Canada and Mongolia; New Zealand, Portugal and Taiwan; Belgium, Iran and France; Austria, Finland and the Philippines; Bulgaria and Korea.
The popular Olympic event got underway on Sunday, October 18, with compulsory exercises in team and individual combined competition.
In Olympic competition, each male gymnast does compulsory and optional exercises in six events.
The highest score in each event earns a gold medal, and the gymnast with the highest total score for all his exercises in the six events wins the highest honour, the all-around championship.
The same conditions apply to women gymnasts who compete in four different events.
In determining team championship honours, the five best

scores obtained by each national team in each of the exercises (12 exercises for men overall; eight exercises for women) are added together. The team with the highest total is the champion.

Each nation is permitted six gymnasts in the men's and women's divisions respectively. Each must take part in all exercises. However, the rules permit the entry of a seventh gymnast as replacement, if necessary for a team member injured prior to competition. No replacement is permitted once the competition has begun.

The first six placing gymnasts in each exercise classification qualify for the individual championship finals which follow the team and all-round competitions.

Men's events are horizontal fixed bar, parallel bars, rings, pommelled (side) horse, long (vaulting) horse, and free standing exercises.

Women's events are uneven parallel bars, balancing beam, long (vaulting) horse, and free standing exercises.

Long before the Olympic event, the spotlight was focused on the two gymnast giants, Russia and Japan.

There had been a long-standing rivalry between gymnasts from both countries.

In Rome, Japan led Russia by a slight margin of 1.05 points in compulsory exercises.

Japanese gymnasts find free exercises easier than compulsory tests. It was therefore reckoned by Japanese coaches that should the Japanese top the Russians in the compulsory, there would be a chance for Japan to repeat its team victory at Rome.

The strategy worked with Japan gaining a slight 1.45 points marginal win over the Soviet in the compulsory section.

Japan retained its team title by a combined 2.50 points over Russia.

Germany trailed for the team bronze with 564.103 points – 10.35 points behind the Soviet.

For Japan its achievement in the Olympic gymnastics surpassed its wildest hope.

Including Endo's individual victory, Japan garnered five gold and four silver medals in the men's division and the bronze in the women's team event.

The bronze was also a worthy victory.

Since women's gymnastics is a contest based on grace, the short-legged Japanese girls had a big disadvantage competing against the Caucasians, and yet they proved that they could look as charming, and in some cases outpoint the Caucasians, through hard training.

The success of the Japanese gymnasts was manifest considering that the total gold medal earnings by Japan in the Tokyo Olympics was "only" 16.

The "golden age" in Japanese gymnastics is likely to continue for the time being because of Endo's competitive age and the fact that other team members are only between 23 and 26 years, except for veteran Takashi Ono who is 32.

Generally the Tokyo Olympic Games will be long remembered in gymnastic history as the occasion when Russia's great gymnast Boris Shaklin gave up the king's throne to Japan's Yukio Endo and Larissa Latynina relinquished her queen's position to the Czech girl, Vera Caslavska.

Gymnastics • Men

Team Competition

18 teams of six competitors from 18 nations. The best five individual totals constitute the team total. One compulsory and one voluntary exercise each on the parallel bars, the horizontal bar, the pommelled horse, the rings and a compulsory and voluntary vault on the long horse.

Result		*Total Points*
1.	*Japan*	577.95
2.	*U.S.S.R.*	575.45
3.	*Germany*	565.10
4.	*Italy*	560.90
5.	*Poland*	559.50
6.	*Czechoslovakia*	558.15
7.	*U.S.A.*	556.95
8.	*Finland*	556.20
9.	*Hungary*	555.70
10.	*Bulgaria*	555.65

Result		
1.	*Japan*	Ono, Endo, Tsurumi, Mitsukuri, Yamashita, Hayata
2.	*U.S.S.R.*	Shakhlin, Titov, Lisitsky, Tsapenko, Diamidov, Leontjev
3.	*Germany*	Fülle, Fürst, Lyhs, Koppe, Köste, Weber
4.	*Italy*	Giovanni Carminucci, Pasquale Carminucci, Cimnaghi, Franceschetti, Menichelli, Vicardi
5.	*Poland*	Jankowicz, Konopka, Kucharczyk, Rokosa, Mikolaj Kubica, Wilhelm Kubica
6.	*Czechoslovakia*	Klecka, Kubicka, Krbec, Gajdos, Pazdera, Mudrik
7.	*U.S.A.*	Banner, Barak, Mitchell, Sakamoto, Shurlock, Weiss
8.	*Finland*	Laiho, Rantakari, Ekman, Heinonen, Kestola, Heikkinen
9.	*Hungary*	Csanyi, Aranyos, Varga, Lelkes, Sos, Cser
10.	*Bulgaria*	Kapsazov, Prodanov, Christov, Mirtchev, Kondev, Batchvarov

Individual Awards Combined

130 competitors from 24 nations. The individual awards are made on the points scored during the progress of the team competition.

		Total Points
1.	Endo JPN	115.95
2.	Tsurumi JPN	115.40
	Lisitsky URS	115.40
	Shakhlin URS	115.40
5.	Menichelli ITA	115.15
6.	Yamashita JPN	115.10
7.	Cerar YUS	115.05
8.	Hayata JPN	114.90
9.	Mitsukuri JPN	114.80
10.	Leontyev URS	114.50

Apparatus Individual Awards

The six best on each apparatus, as established during the team competition, competed for the final title of the best on each apparatus (a voluntary exercise). The results of the team competition were counted as semi-final performance by halving the total of compulsory and voluntary exercises. For the individual awards qualified: Japan with 6 competitors 15 times, U.S.S.R. with 6 competitors 13 times, Italy with 1 competitor 3 times, Yugoslavia with 1 competitor 3 times, Norway and Finland with 1 competitor once each.

Floor Exercise	*Total Points*
1. Menichelli ITA	19.450
2. Lisitsky URS	19.350
Endo JPN	19.350
4. Leontyev URS	19.200
5. Mitsukuri JPN	19.100
6. Tsapenko URS	18.850

Apparatus Individual Awards

Pommelled Horse	*Total Points*
1. Cerar YUS	19.525
2. Tsurumi JPN	19.325
Tsapenko URS	19.200
4. Yamashita JPN	19.075
5. Wigaard NNR	18.925
6. Mitsukuri JPN	18.650

Rings	
1. Hayata JPN	19.475
2. Menichelli ITA	19.425
3. Shakhlin URS	19.400
4. Leontyev URS	19.350
5. Tsurumi JPN	19.275
6. Endo JPN	19.250

Long Horse

The final was decided by a new ruling. Every competitor had to do two different vaults twice. The highest points for each of the two attempts were added together and halved. These final points, added to the semi-final points, gave the Total Points.

	Total Points
1. Yamashita JPN	19.600
2. Lisitsky URS	19.325
3. Rantakari FIN	19.300
4. Tsurumi JPN	19.225
5. Shakhlin URS	19.200
6. Endo JPN	19.075

Parallel Bars	
1. Endo JPN	19.675
2. Tsurumi JPN	19.450
3. Menichelli ITA	19.350
4. Diamidov URS	19.225
5. Lisitsky URS	19.200
6. Cerar YUS	18.450

Horizontal Bars	
1. Shakhlin URS	19.625
2. Titov URS	19.550
3. Cerar YUS	19.500
4. Lisitsky URS	19.325
5. Endo JPN	19.050
6. Ono JPN	19.000

Gymnastics • Women

Team Competition

10 teams of 6 competitors from 10 nations. The best five individual totals constitute the team total. One compulsory and one voluntary exercise each on the asymetric bars, the beam, a floor exercise and one compulsory and a voluntary vault each on horse sideways, without pommels.

	Total Points
1. *U.S.S.R.*	380.890
2. *Czechoslovakia*	379.989
3. *Japan*	377.889
4. *Germany*	376.038
5. *Hungary*	375.455
6. *Rumania*	371.984
7. *Poland*	371.287
8. *Sweden*	367.888
9. *U.S.A.*	367.321
10. *Australia*	342.235

Result		
1.	*U.S.S.R.*	Latynina, Astakhova, Manina, Volchetskaya, Zamotailova, Gromava
2.	*Czechoslovakia*	Caslavska, Ruzickova, Cedlackova, Tkacikova, Krajcirova, Posnerova
3.	*Japan*	Ikeda, Aihara, Ono, Nakamura, Tsujii, Chiba
4.	*Germany*	Radochla, Föst, Starke, Felgner, Mannewitz, Stolz
5.	*Hungary*	Janosi, Kovacs, Makray, Tressel, Müller, Erdosi
6.	*Rumania*	Iovan, Popescu, Lita, Ionescu, Ceampelea, Dobosan
7.	*Poland*	Apostolska, Miler, Niedurna, Eustachiewicz, Brylka, Wilczek
8.	*Sweden*	Egman, Lambert, Lindahl, Lindstrom, Lundquist, Rydell
9.	*U.S.A.*	Grossfeld, McClements, Metheny, Speaks, Walther, Corrigan
10.	*Australia*	Bedford, Fletcher, Roberts, Buffham, Hancock, Cage

Individual Awards Combined

83 competitors from 24 nations. The individual awards are made on the points scored during the progress of the team competition.

	Total Points
1. Vera Caslavska CZS	77.564
2. Larisa Latynina URS	76.998
3. Polina Astakhova URS	76.965
4. Birgit Radochla GER	76.431
5. Hanna Ruzickova CZS	76.097
6. Keiko Ikeda JPN	76.031
7. Toshiko Aihara JPN	75.997
8. Elena Volchetskaya URS	75.765
9. Kiyoko Ono JPN	75.665
10. Ute Starke GER	75.632

Apparatus Individual Awards

The sixth best on each apparatus, as established during the team competition, competed after the team event for the final title of the best on each apparatus (a voluntary exercise). The results of the team competition were counted as semi-final performance, by taking half of the sum of the compulsory and voluntary exercises. Qualified for the individual awards: *U.S.S.R.* with 5 competitors 10 times, Czechoslovakia with 2 competitors 5 times, Germany with 3 competitors 4 times, Japan with 2 competitors 3 times, Hungary with 2 competitors twice.

Horse Vault	*Total Points*
1. Vera Caslavska CZS	19.483
2. Larisa Latynina URS	19.283
Birgit Radochla GER	19.283
4. Toshiko Aihara JPN	19.282
5. Elena Volchetskaya URS	19.149
6. Ute Starke GER	19.116

Asymetric Bars	
1. Polina Astakhova URS	19.332
2. Katalin Makray HUN	19.216
3. Larisa Latynina URS	19.199
4. Toshiko Aihara JPN	18.782
5. Vera Caslavska CZS	18.416
6. Tamara Zamotailova URS	17.833

Beam	
1. Vera Caslavska CZS	19.449
2. Tamara Manina URS	19.399
3. Larisa Latynina URS	19.382
4. Polina Astakhova URS	19.366
5. Hana Ruzickova CZS	19.349
6. Keiko Ikeda JPN	19.216

Floor Exercise	
1. Larisa Latynina URS	19.599
2. Polina Astakhova URS	19.500
3. Aniko Janosi HUN	19.300
4. Birgit Radochla GER	19.299
5. Ingrid Föst GER	19.266
6. Vera Caslavska CZS	19.099

ROWING

By William Gasson

(New Zealand)

Perhaps the best aspect of the 1964 Olympic rowing finals was the widespread distribution of medals.

No one country dominated the field but the North Americans – the United States and Canada – issued a warning that they were out to break European dominance in the sport by capturing three gold medals, a silver and a bronze between them.

The combined German team, with six crews in the seven finals, could only capture one gold medal, two silver and a bronze and saw their hopes of taking off the eights crown for the second consecutive Games dashed by America's crew of "old timers" from Philadelphia.

The Russians won the two sculling gold medals but they too failed to produce the quality needed for victory in the other hotly contested races which were rowed against a killing head wind.

If America's top sculler Don Spero slumped badly in his race, the Russians failed dismally in the eights to provide some of the surprises of the day.

Canada cruised off with the gold medal for the coxless pair – much to the surprise of everyone but the Canadians – while Denmark's coxless fours rowed their way predictably to victory.

The minor silver and bronze medals were generously distributed with the Italians, Dutch, Swiss, French, British and Czechs also taking a share.

It was saddening to learn, incidentally, that Switzerland's sculler and bronze medallist, Gottfried Kottmann, drowned in Switzerland only a few weeks after the Games.

Undoubtedly the most disappointing oarsmen in the Games were the Japanese. The fittest and the most enthusiastic, they punished themselves unmercifully for medal honours. But they were too light and, some oarsmen believed, their boats were too short.

Latin Americans, Australians and New Zealanders were also among the "also rans" but at least they went away wiser after comparing techniques, training methods and boats with European crews.

Facilities for the rowing events in Tokyo were ideal in spite of the industrial surroundings and fume-impregnated air.

The Japanese had built a 2,400-metre course beside the Arakawa River on the outskirts of Tokyo. Although 2.5 metres deep at the shallowest point many officials and oarsmen felt the course was too shallow and, consequently, slow.

A stepped embankment cut down the backwash of waves and, the "old hands" claimed, facilities for oarsmen and their boats were superior to anything in previous Games.

Mobile television trucks covered the 2,000 metre long races and the officials and press, gathered in stands at the finishing line, could watch the whole of the race on television sets.

Brilliant sunshine with a moderate breeze favoured the oarsmen in the elimination heats and repechages but a strong cross-wind marred the early races on the final day. The coxed fours and the coxless pairs were held with crews in lane six partially sheltered by the embankment while the other crews fought against a sharp chop and strong headwind.

The start for the finals was delayed an hour in the hope that the wind would drop. Another delay occurred following the first two races – after both boats in lane six won their events – but racing continued when the wind shifted a few points to blow directly down the course at the oncoming oarsmen.

The German coxed fours – Peter Neusel, Joachim Werner, Bernhard Britting and Egbert Hirschfelder with Jürgen Oelke as cox – won the first gold medal of the day as they suggested they would with their heat-winning performance a few days earlier.

They drew the more sheltered lane six and had smooth water ahead of them while the other crews faced the chop. But it was the Italians who struck the faster stroke and led after 500 metres. However they could not match the strong, steady stroke of the Germans who gathered them in soon afterwards, then went on to lead for the remainder of the race to finish in 7 minutes 00.44 seconds.

The Germans, who also won in Rome, finished two lengths ahead of the Italians with the wind-buffeted Dutch crew third.

Although the sun was shining and flags fluttered gaily in the wind, they belied the gloomy prospects of success facing crews which failed to pick lane six.

The Canadian coxless pair – two students from the University of British Colombia, George Hungerford and Roger Jackson – drew the lucky lane for the next race and went on to win from the Dutch pair, Steven Blaisse and Ernst Veenemans, in 7 minutes 32.94 seconds.

They were one of the upsets in the rowing but, like the German coxed fours, indicated in the earlier heats, a strong claim for the gold medal.

The Finnish crew took the early lead only to find the pace too fast against the wind and eventually dropped to last. The Canadians took over with the Dutchmen and the Germans tagging along.

Then the Canadians gained a two-length lead at the 1500-metre mark and seemed assured of victory. The Dutchmen and Germany's Michael Schwan and Wolfgang Hottenrott were neck and neck, but then the Dutch pair pulled ahead and chased after the Canadians. They produced a brilliant finishing burst against that wind, but the Canadians were still about a length ahead when they crossed the finishing line.

The Canadians attributed their win to luck and weather.

"No one expected us to win, so there was no pressure on us and we just relaxed," they said.

Officials delayed the start of the third race, the single sculls, for about 15 minutes, then decided to continue when the wind shifted, and blew directly down the course.

It almost seemed to whistle down the centre lanes.

In these conditions the single scullers set off, with the 20,000 spectators along the course expecting a great tussle between Don Spero, the American, and Russia's World champion, Viacheslav Ivanov, who was trying for his third Olympic gold medal.

But that duel fizzled out when Spero failed to strike form and trailed the other boats in last, while Ivanov stroked to victory in what he said was one of his toughest and slowest races.

It was a far cry from the elimination heats when Spero raced to victory while a defeated Ivanov was booed by the crowd when he gave up the struggle and rested on his oars.

But there was a duel in the finals. Germany's veteran sculler, Achim Hill, nearly upset predictions when he raced away to more than a three length lead with only 500 metres of the race left.

The Russian had gained the early lead but Hill surprisingly took over and led at the half way mark. He was increasing his lead when disaster struck – he caught a crab, lost ground and his race-winning rhythm.

Ivanov produced a brilliant finish over the last 500 metres to make up the deficit and won by about two lengths from Hill.

The boos of the previous day were forgotten as the 26-year-old engineer proved beyond doubt his claim to the dual title of World and Olympic sculling champion.

Switzerland's Gottfried Kottmann, who was last at the 500-metre mark, produced a great finishing burst to take the bronze medal. He pipped the Argentinian Alberto Demiddi on the post and squashed that country's hopes of a rowing medal.

Ivanov's time of 8 minutes 22.51 seconds was more than a minute slower than his Rome time.

The Americans recouped some of their prestige in the coxed pairs when Edward Ferry and Findlay, coxed by Kent Mitchell, swept past the startled Russian pair to win the gold medal.

It must have been a disappointment for the Russians, Nickoly Safronov and Leonid Rakovschik, for they had led from the start when, a few metres from the finishing line, they were "swamped" by a fleet of boats and could only finish fourth.

It was a tremendous finish with France and the Netherlands finishing second and third, only a few metres behind.

The Russians led from the start closely followed by the Dutchmen, Jan Bos and Herman Rouwe, while the Americans filled third place.

Then at the halfway mark the Americans had crept up and were almost in line for second place with the Dutchmen and the exuberant French brothers, Georges and Jacques Morel.

Russia, America, France and the Netherlands swept past the 1500-metre mark in that order, then, quite suddenly, the Russians were left behind in a flurry of blades.

The Americans finished in 8 minutes 21.33 seconds and said they knew they were going to beat the Frenchmen when they had 20 strokes to go.

"We passed Russia. Then we edged ahead of the French and the Dutch and, while the wind slowed us down, we knew it was doing the same to the other crews. We were quite confident then that we should win."

Denmark's golden triumph came in the coxless fours when John Orsted Hansen, Erik Petersen, Bjorn Horgen Haslov and Kurt Helmudt quite predictably led the field home.
They finished in 6 minutes 59.30 seconds about a length ahead of the British crew who were quite content with their silver award.
The Dutch crew led after 500 metres and were still there at the halfway mark with Denmark and Britain trailing a length behind.
Then the Danes applied pressure and passed the Dutchmen. The American crew which had come up fast followed, then came Britain for a thrilling finish which saw the British come home second in what they claimed was their best race.
The Danes' comment was: "We were in top form and that is why we won."
A thrilling duel in the double sculls between Russia's Oleg Tiurin and Boris Dubrovsky and America's "Cy" Cromwell and Jim Storm brought the spectators shouting to their feet as the crews see-sawed their way down the course.
The Russians produced the finishing stamina to win by about a length in 7 minutes 10.66 seconds. But it was only in the last few metres that they could count victory theirs.
The Russians broke ahead first, then trailed the Americans at the halfway mark. They inched their way up again against the still strong head-wind to lead by a fraction of an inch at the 1500-metre mark.
The last 500 metres was punishing but the Russians slowly drew away while the Czech pair, Vladimir Andrs and Pavel Hofman, spurted to reach within a length of the Americans, after trailing by more than two lengths.
Dusk was gathering when the eights rowed off to decide the top honour in the sport and parachute flares drifted across the course as America's "old timers," the Vesper Club team from Philadelphia, beat the defending Germans into second place.
It was a great climax for the American oarsmen who had startled America by beating the favoured Harvard and Yale University crews to represent their country.
There were serious doubts that the Germans would win when, in the heats, the Americans almost pipped them. In the final the American crew made no mistake.
They let the Germans take the early lead followed by the Russians, then settled down and with long, powerful strokes against that head-wind, gathered in the rival crews one by one until at the 1500-metre mark they led the Germans by more than two lengths.
And there the Americans stayed until the finish, with the Germans finishing second and the Czechs third. It was beautiful rowing and a fitting performance for the last race.
The Russian crew, always considered a threat in pre-race calculations, failed badly and straggled in fifth.
The sun was setting like an orange ball and the sky was a blaze of colour when the nine Americans – Joe Amlong, H. Boyce Budd, Stan Cwiklinski, Bill Knecht, Tom Amlong, Emory Clark, Hugo Foley, Bill Stowe and Bob Zimonyi, the cox – received their medals.
Spotlights played on the Stars and Stripes; night was gathering in the eastern sky and spreading fast. The victory flags drooped as the wind at last died and the Olympic flame flickered from its special cauldron on the embankment. For the thousands of spectators and oarsmen gathered there the 1964 Olympic Games had already, after the first five days of competition, died a little.

Rowing

Distance 2,000 metres. There were 7 events and entries from 27 nations with 99 boats. 3 heats and 3 Repechages in every event. Finals for 7th to 12th place, and for 1st to 6th place. Due to better weather conditions much better times were recorded for 7th to 12th place than for 1st to 6th place in the Finals.

Single Sculls

13 boats from 13 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

		min.
1.	I. Ivanov URS	8:22.51
2.	Hill GER	8:26.24
3.	Kottmann SWI	8:29.68
4.	Demiddi ARG	8:31.51
5.	Watkonson NZL	8:35.57
6.	Spero USA	8:37.53

Final for 7th to 12th places

7.	Groen NLD	7:17.50
8.	Gotfredsen CAN	7:28.70
9.	Edwards AUS	7:30.06
10.	Plettner MEX	7:33.24

Coxed Pairs

16 boats from 16 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*U.S.A.*	Ferry, Findlay	
	cox Mitchell		8:21.33
2.	*France*	G. Morel, J. Morel	
	cox Darouy		8:23.15
3.	*Netherlands*	Bos, Rouwe	
	cox Hartsuiker		8:23.42
4.	*U.S.S.R.*	Safronov, Rakovschik	
	cox Rudakov		8:24.85
5.	*Czechoslovakia*	Chalupa, Palko	
	cox Mejstrik		8:36.21
6.	*Poland*	Naskrecki, Siejkowski	
	cox Kozera		8:40.00

Final for 7th to 12th places

7.	*Germany*	Bergau, Gorny	
	cox Danielowski		7:27.98
8.	*Austria*	Sageder, Kloimstein	
	cox Salzbacher		7:31.65
9.	*Australia*	Richardson, Lodding	
	cox Gammon		7:32.54
10.	*Rumania*	Paunescu, Petrov	
	cox Rieffelt		7:35.74

Double Sculls

13 boats from 13 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*U.S.S.R.*	Tiurin, Dubrovski	7:10.66
2.	*U.S.A.*	Cromwell, Storm	7:13.16
3.	*Czechoslovakia*	Andrs, Hofmann	7:14.23
4.	*Switzerland*	Bürgin, Studach	7:24.97
5.	*Germany*	Lebert, Steffes-Mies	7:30.03
6.	*France*	Duhamel, Monnereau	7:41.80

Final for 7th to 12th places

7.	*Great Britain*	Clay, Webb	6:44.39
8.	*Netherlands*	Alwin, Bots	6:47.07
9.	*Belgium*	De Meulenmeester, Higny	6:49.70
10.	*Japan*	Hosoya, Murase	7:15.22

Coxless Pairs

14 boats from 14 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*Canada*	Hungerford, Jackson	7:32.94
2.	*Netherlands*	Blaisse, Willem Veenemans	7:33.40
3.	*Germany*	Schwan, Hottenrott	7:38.63
4.	*Great Britain*	Nicholson, Farquharson	7:42.00
5.	*Denmark*	Christiansen, Boye	7:48.13
6.	*Finland*	Pitkanen, Lehtela	8:05.74

Final for 7th to 12th places

7.	*Switzerland*	Bolliger, Gobet	7:05.71
8.	*Poland*	Nawrot, Slusarski	7:08.38
9.	*Australia*	Ninham, Shirlaw	7:12.18
10.	*U.S.A.*	Edmonds, Johnson	7:15.04

Coxless Fours

14 boats from 14 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*Denmark*	Hansen, Haslov, Petersen, Helmudt	6:59.30
2.	*Great Britain*	Russel, Wardell-Yerburgh, Barry, James	7:00.47
3.	*U.S.A.*	Picard, Lyon, Mittet, Nash	7:01.37
4.	*Netherlands*	Wartena, Enters, Boelen, Castelein	7:09.98
5.	*Italy*	Sgheiz, Balatti, Zucchi, Sgheiz	7:10.05
6.	*Germany*	Schroers, Effertz, Müller, Misselhorn	7:10.33

Final for 7th to 12th places

7.	*U.S.S.R.*	Yutsis, Levitskas, Mateyunas, Liutkaitis	6:22.03
8.	*Austria*	Ebner, Kuttelwascher, Losert, Krausbar	6:24.15
9.	*Rumania*	Pongracz, Borbely-Covacs, Veres, Tarara	6:27.28
10.	*France*	Drivet, Chatelain, Freslon, Clerc	6:38.32

Coxed Fours

16 boats from 16 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*Germany*	Neusel, Britting, Werner, Hirschfelder	
		cox Oelke	7:00.44
2.	*Italy*	Bosatta, Trivini, Galante, De Pedrina	
		cox Spinola	7:02.84
3.	*Netherlands*	Mullink, J. van de Graaf, F. R. van de Graaf, R. v. d. Graaf	
		cox Klumperbeek	7:06.46
4.	*France*	Fraisse, Pache, Jacquesson, Dumas	
		cox Darouy	7:13.92
5.	*U.S.S.R.*	Tkachuk, Kurdchenko, Kuzmin, Luzgin	
		cox Evseev	7:16.05
6.	*Poland*	Grajczyk, Leszczynski, Lubicki, Nowaczyk	
		cox Pawlowski	7:28.15

Final fort 7th to 12th places

7.	*U.S.A.*	Gunderson, H. Pollock, Th. Pollock, Tew	
		cox Washburn	6:43.68
8.	*New Zealand*	Boswell, Dryden, Masfen, Page	
		cox Steorey	6:45.16
9.	*Norway*	Ahlsand, Knudtzon, Brodtkorb, Kristiansen	
		cox Syversen	6:48.38
10.	*Australia*	Herford, Grover, Duval, Allan	
		cox Campbell	6:48.45

Eights

14 boats from 14 nations.

Final for 1st to 6th places

			min.
1.	*U.S.A.*	J. Amlong, Th. Amlong, Budd, Clark, Cwiklinski, Foley, Knecht, Stowe	
		cox Zimonyi	6:18.23
2.	*Germany*	Aeffke, Bittner, v. Groddeck, Wallbrecht, Behrens, Schröder, Plagemann, Meyer	
		cox Ahrens	6:23.29
3.	*Czechoslovakia*	Cermak, Lundak, Mrvik, Tocek, Ventus, Pojezny, Janousek, Novy	
		cox Konicek	6:25.11
4.	*Yugoslavia*	Balas, Barut, Klavora, Skalak, Berc, Colja, Mandic, Kleva	
		cox Martic	6:27.15
5.	*U.S.S.R.*	Yagelavichus, Suslin, Karla, Briedias, Ste[illegible], Bagdonavichus, Todtkevich	
		cox Lorentsson	6:30.69
6.	*Italy*	Giani, Tagliaferra, Gilardi, Glorioso, Po[illegible]avon, Savarin, Brun[illegible]	
		cox Stefanoni	6:42.78

Final for 7th to 12th places

7. *France*	Fevret, Maddaloni, Sloth, Moroni, Dumontois, Grimaud, Meynadier, Viaud cox Bouffard	5:58.57
8. *Australia*	Ramage, Boykett, Davies, Lachal, Guest, Tomanovits, Vear, McCall cox Wickham	6:02.21

Final for 7th to 12th places

9. *Canada*	Gray, Wieczorek, Bordewick, Worobieff, Pretty, Larsen, Lemieux, Sturdy cox Overton	6:02.69
10. *Japan*	Sato, Miyano, Ito, Ogasawara, Onishi, Hasegawa, Ishikawa, Kikuchi cox Mandai	6:05.14

CANOEING

By William Gasson

(New Zealand)

Steady rain marred the finals of the canoeing events on picturesque Lake Sagami, situated about 60 kilometres from Tokyo. It began at the end of the first race and never stopped.

But this failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the canoeists and some close and gruelling finishes were seen along the straight men's 1,000 and women's 500-metre courses.

Three factors emerged from the finals this year. They were that: European countries still dominate canoeing events,

Sweden re-emerged as the leading kayak country, and

American women are now in world kayak class. They made history this year by winning medals – a silver and a bronze.

There were other points to notice. The continuing superiority of the Russians who again won three gold medals here as they did in Rome in 1960; the success, as a spectator event as well as competitive event, of the fourman kayak race which was included in the Olympic programme this year for the first time, and the lack of top quality among the Rumanian and Hungarian canoeists who reached the finals in all seven races but failed to win a gold medal. Hungary could only gain one silver to record its worst Olympics for some time.

Rumania finished with two silver and three bronze medals.

Sweden and Germany took two gold medals each.

Outstanding individual performances came from Sweden's 19-year-old Rolf Petersen who took the kayak singles title from Hungary's Mihaly Hesz by 0.15 of a second, and from Marcia Jones, Gloria Perrier and Francine Fox, the American girls who did so well in their kayak events.

A special tribute is, perhaps, due to Blaho Carmen, the Italian coach who took the American girls under his wing at the lake. Impressed by their enthusiasm despite a lack of technique, he set to and changed their method. The medals followed.

Ominous grey clouds swirled round the forest covered peaks encircling this summer holiday resort when the first race, the kayak singles, began. Erik Hansen, Denmark's defending Olympic champion, was favourite for the race, but the speed in the early stages of the race caught him unawares and it was the Swedish student, Rolf Petersen, who was leading 200 metres from home.

Behind him, coming up very fast, was Hungary's Mihaly Hesz and Rumania's former World champion, 25-year-old Aurel Vernescu.

Hesz was gaining in the last ten metres but Petersen nudged his kayak home by a split second with Vernescu a length away third. Hansen could only finish seventh.

The times of Petersen and Hesz were 3 minutes 57.13 seconds and 3 minutes 57.28 seconds respectively.

The rain started as these two kayaks crossed the finishing line scattering unprotected spectators, and drenching the press exposed to the elements on top of the administration building. But there was no wind.

Russia's former World and European champion, Ludmila Khvedosiuk, was never troubled to continue her country's Olympic grip on the women's kayak singles event.

But behind her came a thrilling tussle between three almost parallel kayaks – Rumania's Hilde Lauer, America's Marcia Jones and Germany's Elke Felten. They finished in that order with hundredths of a second separating their three kayaks.

Though Lauer took the silver medal from Jones, the 23-year-old American took the honour of being the first American woman to win a medal in an Olympic canoeing event.

The East German champion, 23-year-old Jürgen Eschert, won Germany's first gold medal by winning the men's Canadian singles from Rumania's Andrei Igorov.

There was little space separating the canoes in the first half; Russia's former champion Eugeny Peniaev led the field followed by Eschert. In the last few hundred metres however the German had caught the Russian and was followed by Igorov across the finishing buoy.

Eschert's time was 4 minutes 35.14 seconds.

Sweden's Sven Sjodelius and Gunnar Utterberg completed the kayak double for their country when they won the kayak pairs in a thrilling finish from the Dutch and Germans.

With 100 metres left five kayaks were almost in line. Then the Swedes broke clear a little in lane one, while in lane five the Dutchmen, Altonius Geurts and Paul Hoekstra, tried to make up the inches separating the bows.

They failed and finished 0.10 of a second behind the Swedes in 3 minutes 39.03 seconds. The German pair, Heinz Büker and Holger Zander were a close third followed by Rumania.

For Sjodelius it was his second consecutive gold medal in the event. He won in Rome with Gert Fredriksson.

The experienced Russian pair, Andrey Khimich and Stepan Oschepkov, won the Canadian pairs comfortably after leading for almost all the way.

Their only serious challenge came from the French pair, Jean Boudehen and Michel Chapuis, who closed the gap a little in the last 100 metres but never looked like catching the Russians who gave their country its second gold medal. Their time was 4 minutes 4.65 seconds.

Denmark's Peer Norrbohm Nielsen and John Sorensen finished third.

The 1963 World and European champions Roswitha Esser and Annemarie Zimmermann, from Germany, had little trouble in winning the gold medal for the women's kayak pairs.

The pair, with several championships titles behind them, outclassed the field to win in 1 minute 56.95 seconds.

Behind them came the American pair, Francine Fox, the youngest woman competitor at 15, and Gloria Perrier, the oldest at 35.

They finished a good two lengths behind the winners in the steady downpour of rain but astonished officials with their success. Miss Perrier, a powerful woman, who paddled in Rome, celebrated their success by tossing the Italian coach Carmen into the air when they reached shore.

A gool deal of peering took place to see the finish of the last race, the men's kayak fours, which was held in deepening gloom and steady rain. Car lights flashed across the lake as motorists drove along the cliff road. The Japanese girls who accompanied officials to the victory dais for the presentation of medals had their beautifully designed kimonos flapping wetly round their legs by this time and most people were wet and miserable.

But the fours was the highlight of the day's racing. It was a tremendously gruelling race with inches separating the nine finalists most of the way.

The Russian four – Nikolay Chuzhikov, Viacheslav Ionov, Anatoly Grishin and Vladimir Morozov – won in 3 minutes 14.67 seconds with Germany and Rumania second and third less than a second behind, after matching strokes for the last 30 metres.

A fraction of a second later came Hungary, then Sweden and neck and neck Italy, the Netherlands and Jugoslavia, with the Australians last.

It was a tremendous race for the finish of the day but there were only few waterlogged people left to see it.

Canoeing

500 metres Kayak Singles, Women

13 participants from 13 nations, 2 heats, 1 repechagem, Final (9 boats).

	min.
1. Ludmilla Khvedosiuk URS	2:12.87
2. Hilde Lauer RUM	2:15.35
3. Marcia Jones USA	2:15.68
4. Elke Felten GER	2:15.94
5. Else-Marie Ljungdahl SWE	2:16.00
6. Hanneliese Spitz AUT	2:16.11
7. Daniela Pilecka POL	2:17.52
8. Maria Roka HUN	2:17.85
9. Birthe Hansen DEN	2:18.21

500 metres, Kayak Pairs, Women

10 boats from 10 nations, 2 heats, 1 repechage, Final.

	min.
1. *Germany* Roswitha Esser, Annemarie Zimmermann	1:56.95
2. *U.S.A.* Francine Fox, Gloriane Perrier	1:59.16
3. *Rumania* Hilde Lauer, Cornelia Sideri	2:00.25
4. *U.S.S.R.* Nina Gruzintseva, Antonina Seredina	2:00.69
5. *Denmark* Birthe Hansen, Anni Werner-Hansen	2:00.98
6. *Sweden* Else-Marie Ljungdahl, Eva Sisth	2:02,24
7. *Hungary* Katalin Benkö, Maria Roka	2:03.67
8. *Poland* Izabella Antonowicz, Daniela Pilecka	2:04.31
9. *Australia* Margaret Buck, Lynette Wagg	2:10.70

1000 metres Kayak Singles, Men

18 participants from 18 nations, 3 heats, 3 repechages, 3 semi-finals, Final (9 boats).

	min.
1. Peterson SWE	3:57.13
2. Hesz HUN	3:57.28
3. Vernescu RUM	4:00.77
4. Suhrbier GER	4:01.62
5. Pfaff AUT	4:03.56
6. Geurts NLD	4:04.48
7. Hansen DEN	4:04.72
8. Wilson GBI	4:05.80
9. Pisarev URS	4:07.67

1000 metres Kayak Pairs, Men

14 boats from 14 nations. 2 heats, 2 repechages, 3 semi-finals, Final (9 boats).

		min.
1. *Sweden*	Sjödelius, Utterberg	3:38.54
2. *Netherlands*	Geurts, Hoekstra	3:39.30
3. *Germany*	Büker, Zander	3:[illegible]
4. *Rumania*	Ivanov, [illegible]	3:41.[illegible]
5. *Hungary*	Meszaros, Szöllösi	3:41.39
6. *Italy*	Beltrami, Zudoli	3:43.57
7. *U.S.S.R.*	Kalugin, Kasanov	3:44.17
8. *Australia*	Jeffery, [illegible]	3:44.[illegible]
9. *Denmark*	Jensen, Knaasen	3:47.[illegible]

1000 metres Kayak Fours, Men

This event was included in the Olympic programme for the first time. 14 boats from 14 nations, 2 heats, 2 repechages, 3 semi-finals, Final (9 boats).

	min.
1. *U.S.S.R.* Chuzhikov, Grishin, Ionov, Morozov	3:14.67
2. *Germany* Perleberg, Schulze, Wentzke, Zander	3:15.39
3. *Rumania* Cuciuc, Sciotnic, Turcas, Vernescu	3:15.51
4. *Hungary* Kemecsey, Meszaros, Szente, Szöllösi	3:16.24
5. *Sweden* Peterson, Sjödelius, Utterberg, von Gerber	3:17.47
6. *Italy* Agnisetta, Beltrami, Pedroni, Zilioli	3:19,32
7. *Netherlands* Hoekstra, van Halteren, Weijzen, Wittenberg	3:19.36
8. *Yugoslavia* Desancic, Ignjatijevic, Kercov, Radmanovic	3:19.79
9. *Australia* Coles, Green, McGuire, Stuart	3:21.69

1000 metres Canadian Singles, Men

11 boats from 11 nations, 2 heats, 1 repechage, Final (9 boats).

	min.
1. Eschert GER	4:35.14
2. Igorov RUM	4:37.89
3. Peniaev URS	4:38.31
4. Toro HUN	4:39.95
5. Emanuelsson SWE	4:42.70
6. Mussev BUL	4:44.76
7. Stahl CAN	5:04.79
8. Van Valkenburgh USA	5:12.55
9. Jiran CZS	5:40.00

1000 metres Canadian Pairs, Men

12 boats from 12 nations. 2 heats, 1 repechage, Final (9 boats).

		min.
1. *U.S.S.R.*	Khimich, Oschepkov	4:04.65
2. *France*	Boudehen, Chapuis	4:06.52
3. *Denmark*	Norrbohm, Sörensen	4:07.48
4. *Hungary*	Hajba, Soltesz	4:08.97
5. *Rumania*	Lipalit, Sidorov	4:09.88
6. *Germany*	Böhle, Lewe	4:13.18
7. *Canada*	Elbert, Heese	4:21.99
8. *Czechoslovakia*	Houzim, Penkava	4:22.89
9. *Finland*	Makinen, Narjanen	4:23.02

YACHTING

By Peter O'Loughlin

(Australia)

Most times, people tend to overlook Olympic yachting. Usually it takes place some distance from the main Olympic arenas and generally is overshadowed by the glamour events in the main stadium.

The fact that it takes seven days to produce a winner in the yachting events, also detracts from its public interest. But this year it was different. When the 109 yachts from 42 countries competing in the five Olympic classes started the seventh and final race, no one yacht or helmsman was certain of a gold medal. For exciting finishes few events of the Tokyo Olympics could match the yachting.

When the final results were computed, the United States won five medals – a silver in the Star and Finn classes and bronze medals in the 5.5 m. class, Dragon and Flying Dutchman classes.

The gold medal winners were W. H. Northam of Australia in the 5.5 m. class, O.H.V. Bernsten of Denmark in the Dragon class, D.R. Knowles of the Bahamas in the Star class, H.O.L. Pedersen of New Zealand in the Flying Dutchman class and W. Kuhweide of Germany in the Single-handed Finn Dinghy class.

Kuhweide of Germany had the most dominating win of the series. His winning margin over P. J. Barrett of the United States was 1265 points. The New Zealand Flying Dutchman Pandora sailed by H.O.L. Pedersen also had a comfortable win, finishing 699 points clear of the silver medallist F.K. Musto of Great Britain in Lady C.

In the other classes the winning margins were 29 points in the 5.5 m. class, 28 points in the Dragon class and 79 points in the Star class.

The 5.5 m. class, the only open class in the Games and the only class in the Olympics which emphasizes not only the skill of the skipper and the crew but also the design and construction, provided the most excitement as the narrow winning margin indicates.

J. J. McNamara Jr. of the United States, sailing Binge was excepted to repeat the winning performance of his countryman G. O'Day who won the gold medal in Naples, in 1960.

From the very first race it was obvious that the winning margin would be very close indeed.

Northam of Australia in Barrenjoey led the fleet round every mark in the first race to take an early lead. McNamara followed Northam's win with two wins in succession. The race looked like developing into an Australia–United States duel. When the final race came there were four yachts still with chances of a gold medal, the Australian, the American, former Swedish gold medallist Lars Thorn, and Italian Agostine Straulino, a gold and silver medallist in the Star class in two previous Olympics and one of the world's great yachtsmen.

In the final stages of this great last race, America and Sweden fought a tremendous duel almost to the finish, when McNamara, in a desperate bid for the gold medal, tacked across Thorn.

But it was an illegal tack and the American sportingly withdrew and let Thorn win the race and the silver medal. Thorn sailed a supremely consistent race finishing fourth five times and first twice.

But he was not consistent enough to beat the hard sailing Australian who notched up three wins, a second, a fourth, and a sixth.

In the Star class, D.R. Knowles of the Bahamas, confirmed his place as the world's greatest Star sailor by adding a gold medal to the bronze he won in Melbourne, and his World championship win.

Despite one race in which he was forced to withdraw with a broken halyard, Knowles had three wins in the seven races to beat R.I. Stearns of the United States who sailed a magnificent series to win the silver medal with two seconds, two thirds, a sixth and a seventh.

The Swedish helmsman P.H. Petterson finished 139 points behind the Bahamian to win the bronze medal.

The Dragon class series saw O.H.V. Bernsten of Denmark in White Lady win the gold medal with P. Ahrendt of Germany second and L.O. North of United States third.

The Dragon races were extremely even, with Bernsten narrowly winning the gold medal by 28 points.

The Flying Dutchman class, the fastest centre board boat in the world, provided plenty of thrills, particularly on the days when the wind freshened to 30 knots.

Before the Olympics, the British pair, in Lady C, who are European champions, were expected to do well, but it was H.O.L. Petersen of New Zealand who relished the days when it did blow hard, that won the gold medal.

Petersen won three of the seven races, was forced to withdraw from one with damaged gear, and came third and sixteenth in the other two. This gave him a handy 699 points margin.

Musto and Morgan of Britain were not able to find the form that won them the European championship. They were particularly uncomfortable in the shifting winds of Sagami Bay.

All the yachtsmen who sailed in the 1964 Olympics, whether they won medals or not, found the weather unsettling.

For most of the series, the light breezes blowing from the mountains which ring Sagami Bay, completely baffled the yachtsmen. Its shifts and changes played havec with race tactics, and in many cases lost first place points, and possible medals, by last minute changes of direction in the final stages of races.

When it did blow, it blew hard. In the seven days of racing, two races were sailed in 25 to 30 knot winds with gusts up to 40 knots. Yachtsmen who had rigged for light weather suddenly found themselves dismasted or capsized or were forced to retire with damaged gear.

In all of this the Japanese Maritime Self-Defence Force performed splendidly. Never has an Olympic Yachting series run more smoothly.

On shore the Japan Yachting Association, using their multi-million Enoshima yacht harbour for very nearly the first time, ran the series so smoothly that one would have thought they did it every day.

Few sporting events anywhere have been so meticulously organised, a statement with which, I am sure, every yachtsman who was at Enoshima will agree.

Yachting

5 classes, 109 boats, 223 participants from 40 nations. Each participating boat had to sail in 7 races of which the 6 best races were counted. The number of points calculated for each place gave the final score.

Finn Monotype Class

33 boats, 33 participants from 33 nations.

	Total Points for Best Six Races
1. Kuhweide GER	7,638
2. Barrett USA	6,373
3. Wind DEN	6,190
4. Mander NZL	5,684
5. Raudaschl AUT	5,405
6. Ryrie AUS	5,273
7. Bruder BRA	4,956
8. Koulingas GER	4,546
9. Devillard FRA	4,528
10. Nelis BEL	4,210

Flying Dutchman Class

21 boats, 42 participants from 21 nations.

	Boat	*Crew*	*Total Points for Best Six Races*
1. *New Zealand*	Pandora	Pedersen	
2. *Great Britain*	Lady C	Wells Musto Morgan	6,255 5,556
3. *U.S.A.*	Widgeon	Melges Bentsen	5,158
4. *Denmark*	"Miss Denmark 1964"	Petersen Poek	4,306
5. *U.S.S.R.*	Almaz	Elkin Shelkovnikov	4,375
6. *Netherlands*	Daisy	Verhagen De Jong	4,214
7. *France*	Pigoule	Buffet Schoen	3,864

	Boat	Crew	Total Points for Best Six Races
8. *Austria*	Brigantia	Geiger Fischer	3,706
9. *Norway*	Lucky	Koefoed Mehren	3,669
10. *Italy*	Aldebaran	Capio Sartori	3,664
13. *Germany*	Tantalus	Reschwamm Gedde	2,783

Star Class

17 boats, 34 participants from 17 nations.

1. *Bahamas*	Gem	Knowles Cooke	5,664
2. *U.S.A.*	Glider	Stearns Williams	5,585
3. *Sweden*	Humbug V	Pettersson Sundström	5,527
4. *Finland*	Squid III	P. J. Tallberg H. J. Tallberg	5,402
5. *U.S.S.R.*	Taifun	Pinegin Shutkov	4,305
6. *Germany*	Bellatrix XIII	Splieth Meyer	4,175
7. *Canada*	Glisten	Miller West	3,565
8. *Portugal*	Faneca	Duarte Fernando	3,330
9. *Switzerland*	Ali-Baba IX	Bryner Bucher	2,360
10. *Australia*	Maryke	Visser Owens	2,256

Dragon Class

23 boats, 69 participants from 23 nations.

1. *Denmark*	White Lady	Berutsen von Bülow Poulsen	5,854
2. *Germany*	Mutafo	Ahrendt Mense Lorenz	5,826
3. *U.S.A.*	Aphrodite	North Rogers Deaver	5,523
4. *Great Britain*	Andromeda	Parry Harris Reade	5,090
5. *Bermuda*	Oleander XII	Cooper Simmons Soares	5,055
6. *Italy*	Argeste	Sorrentino Furlan Pelaschiar	4,636
7. *Bahamas*	Guanahani	G. K. Kelly B. T. Kelly Eardley	4,294
8. *Greece*	Porteus II	Eskitzoglou Zaimis Magoulas	4,188
9. *U.S.S.R.*	Olen	Shavrin Nikolin Alexeev	3,996
10. *Argentina*	Tango	Salas Chaves del Rio Rivademar	3,682

5.5 Metres Class

15 boats, 45 participants from 15 nations.

	Boat	Crew	Total Points for Best Six Races
1. *Australia*	Barrenjoey	Northam Sargeant O'Donnel	5,981
2. *Sweden*	Rush VII	Thörn Stork Karlsson	5,254
3. *U.S.A.*	Bingo	McNamara Skully Batchelder	5,106
4. *Italy*	Grifone	Straulino Petronio Minervini	5,738
5. *Germany*	Subbnboana	Reich Kopper- schmidt*) Wagner Marcs*)	3,057
6. *Finland*	Chaje II	Gullichsen Fazer Salovaara	3,030
7. *Canada*	State VI	Dr. MacDonald Woodward Dr. Skinner	2,955
8. *Norway*	Fram III	H. R. H. Prince Harald Johannessen Føyen	2,860
9. *Bahamas*	John B	Symonette Ramsay Knowles	2,713
10. *Switzerland*	Alain VI	Ramelet Rouge Graul	2,474

*) Kopperschmidt retired after third regatta. In his place substitute Marcs continued.

WEIGHTLIFTING

By Oscar State

(Secretary International Weightlifting Federation)

I must begin this report with a well-deserved tribute to the perfect organisation of the Japanese officials which kept the competition moving so smoothly and undoubtedly helped to produce the amazing crop of 12 world and 142 Olympic records.

Bantamweight Category

Shiro Ichinoseki (Japan) hoped to make history by winning the first gold medal of the Games for the host country but he made only his first Press and never recovered from this disadvantage, even though his Snatch was an Olympic record. He had to be content with the bronze medal. Imre Földi (Hungary) justified his surprise reduction from feather weight with an Olympic Press record and then set up the first world record of the Games with a Total of 355 kg. Alexei Vakhonin (U.S.S.R.) who was behind after the Press and Snatch finally took the gold medal with an Olympic Jerk record and a new world record Total of 357.5 kg.

Featherweight Category

Japan was able to acclaim her first gold medal winner, Yoshinobu Miyake. He gave a terrific performance with nine good lifts, including Olympic Press and Snatch records, then with each Jerk broke the world Total record three times in succession. His amazing Total of 397.5 kg. was considered by many experts to be the finest performance of the Games.
Silver medallist Ike Berger (U.S.A.) dropped out of the running when he made only his first Snatch but he had some consolation with his world record Jerk of 152.5 kg. Mieczyslaw Nowak (Poland) came through with a big Jerk to beat the favoured local boy Hiroshi Fukuda for third place.

Lightweight Category

Three former world champions, Waldemar Baszanowski (Poland), Marian Zielinski (Poland), Vladimir Kaplunov (U.S.S.R.) battled for the honour of adding an Olympic gold to their trophies. Zielinski fell out of the reckoning when he had to try three times before succeeding with his opening Snatch. Nor did his desperate gamble for first place with Jerks of 172.5 kg. succeed.
Kaplunov led in the Press but Baszanowski's Olympic Snatch record gave him the lead. After one failure in the Jerk, Baszanowski succeeded in setting a new world record Total of 432.5 kg. Kaplunov took more, cleaned it, jerked it to arms' length but the barbell crashed back to the floor before he could get the referee's signal of approval, leaving him in second place because of Baszanowski's lighter bodyweight.

Middleweight Category

Masashi Ohuchi (Japan) gained the bronze medal as expected and, if he had not failed his last two Jerks, could have won the silver medal. Beset with nerves, Viktor Kurentsov (U.S.S.R.) made only one Press, two Snatches and then horrified his coach by missing his first two Jerks. In the meantime Hans Zdrazila (Czechoslovakia) had gone into the lead due to his Olympic Snatch record. To overcome this lead Kurentsov took a bigger weight than the one he had twice failed and, to everybody's surprise, succeeded. He was leading and in order to win Zdrazila had to try a new world record weight of 177.5 kg. The drama of the situation hushed the audience into suspenseful silence but the Czech calmly set about his formidable task. The lift was smoothly made and the crowd cheered his Olympic record Total made under such fierce pressure.

Light-Heavyweight Category

World champion Gyözö Veres (Hungary), handicapped by an elbow injury, was below his best and, after failures in the Press and Snatch, found himself obliged to try a new record Jerk in order to win. It was too much for him and he could only finish third. He was even beaten by his teammate Geza Toth whose Olympic record Jerk and lighter bodyweight helped him to gain the silver medal.
Rudolf Plyukfelder (U.S.S.R.), after an uncomfortable start in the Press, where he was lucky to have even his first lift accepted, made three Snatches with beautiful technique and went through all three Jerks to his highest ever Total of 475 kg. for a new Olympic record and a well deserved gold medal. This was the most prolific category for Olympic, records yielding no fewer than 37.

Middle-Heavyweight Category

Four lifters were rated possible winner in this class, Bill March (U.S.A.), Louis Martin (Great Britain), Ireneusz Palinski (Poland), Vladimir Golovanov (U.S.S.R.), but after the Press there was really only the Russian in contention. He was 10 kg. ahead of Martin and March and 15 ahead of Palinski. Even though Golovanov missed his last two Jerks through over-eagerness, his Olympic record Total gave him victory by a convincing margin.
Former world champion Martin was right off form, due undoubtedly to staleness caused by overtraining during the last three weeks. He failed to catch Golovanov in the fast lifts but totalled enough to earn second place. Palinski, also deterred by Golovanov's huge lead, vainly tried two world record Jerks to beat him. The Pole had only three good lifts but managed to take the bronze medal.

Heavyweight Category

That grand veteran, 40-year-old Norbert Schemansky (U.S.A.) put up a tremendous performance to take third place after frightening himself by nearly failing to register a Press.
The exciting battle between the two Russian Goliaths Yuri Vlasov and Leonid Zhabotinsky provided a tremendous climax to the competitions. Vlasov was off to a good start with a new world record Press, but then shocked everybody by just scraping through with one lucky Snatch. Zhabotinsky's Snatch brought him to within 5 kg. of Vlasov, but the result

seemed certain when Vlasov made two huge Jerks with smiling ease whereas Zhabotinsky, amid a startled silence, lifted his second weight only to knee height. With the smile of victory already on his face, Vlasov came up for his last lift, cleaned it easily and nonchalantly jerked it aloft. But this nonchalance proved his downfall because the vigour necessary to fix the bar at arms' length was missing and down it crashed. However, Vlasov was still in the lead and Zhabotinsky, after his miserable second effort, had the world record of 217.5 kg. to contend with. Again we had the dramatic situation of a lifter trying a world record in order to win. The prospect of victory galvanised the baby-faced giant into the greatest effort of his life. The barbell came right into his shoulders and was then incredibly aloft on solidly locked arms. A great lift, a great new world record and a great new Olympic champion.

Weightlifting

149 competitors from 42 nations. 7 weight classes: Bantam up to 56 kg, Feather up to 60 kg, Light up to 67,5 kg, Middle up to 75 kg, Light-Heavy up to 82,5 kg, Middle-Heavy up to 90 kg, Heavy over 90 kg. In all weightclasses: three disciplines, consisting of the press, snatch and jerk, each one with both hands. Where the same total was reached, the competitor's weight decided the order of placings.

Bantamweight

24 competitors from 18 nations, 11th October. World record: Miyake (Japan), 352.5 kg (1962). Olympic record: Vinci (U.S.A.), 345 kg (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken twice, the Olympic record three times. New Olympic record and world record: Vakhonin (U.S.S.R.), 357.5 kg (788 lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Vakhonin URS	357.5	788
2. Földi HUN	355.0	780½
3. Ichinoseki JPN	347.5	766
4. Trebiki POL	342.5	755
5. Yang KOR	340.0	749½
6. Furuyama JPN	335.0	738½
7. Yu KOR	335.0	738½
8. Dias GUI	335.0	738½
9. Nagy HUN	330.0	727½
10. Eslami IRN	330.0	727½

Featherweight

22 competitors from 20 nations, 12th October. World record: Miyake (Japan), 387.5 kg (1964). Olympic record: Minaev (U.S.S.R.), 372.5 kg (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record 4 times. New Olympic and world record: Miyake (Japan), 397.5 kg (875¼ lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Miyake JPN	397.5	875¼
2. Berger USA	382.5	842
3. Nowak POL	377.5	831
4. Fukuda JPN	375.0	825½
5. Mannironi ITA	370.0	814½
6. Kim KOR	367.5	809½
7. Kozlowski POL	375.5	788
8. Abbas UAR	342.5	755
9. Lee PAN	340.0	749½
10. Chung MAL	335.0	738½

Lightweight

20 competitors from 18 nations, 13th October. World record: Baszanowski (Poland) 430 kg (1964). Olympic record: Bushuyev (U.S.S.R.), 397,5 kg (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken twice. The Olympic record was broken 5 time and equalled once. New Olympic and world record: Baszanowski (Poland) and Kaplunov (U.S.S.R.), 432.5 kg (953½ lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Baszanowski POL	432.5	953½
2. Kaplunov URS	432.5	953½
3. Zielinski POL	420.0	926
4. Gercy USA	412.5	909¼
5. Otahal CZS	400.0	881¼
6. Yamazaki JPN	397.5	881¼
7. Jalayer IRN	395.0	876¼
8. Kornprobst GER	385.0	849
9. Saleh UAR	382.5	842
10. Rashid IRQ	367.5	809½

Middleweight

19 competitors from 17 nations, 14th October. World record: Kurentsov (U.S.S.R.), 445 kg. Olympic record: Kurinov (U.S.S.R.), 437.5 kg (Rome, 1960). The world record was equalled once. The Olympic record was broken twice and equalled once. New Olympic and world record: Zdrazila (Czechoslovakia, 445,0 kg (981 lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Zdrazila CZS	445.0	981
2. Kurentsov URS	440.0	970
3. Ohuchi JPN	437.5	964½
4. Lee KOR	432.5	952¼
5. Miwa JPN	422.5	931¼
6. Huszka HUN	420.0	925
7. Maier FRA	417.5	920
8. Konarov BUL	415.0	915
9. Pagan PUR	415.0	915
10. Mohammed IRQ	407.5	898

Light-Heavyweight

23 competitors from 20 nations, 16th October. World record: Veres (Hungary), 477.5 kg (1963). Olympic record: Kono (U.S.A.), 447.5 kg (Melbourne, 1956). The world record was not broken, the Olympic record 7 times. New Olympic record: Plyukfelder (U.S.S.R.), 475.0 kg (1047 lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Plyukfelder URS	475.0	1,047
2. Toth HUN	467.5	1,030
3. Veres HUN	467.5	1,030
4. Kaczkowski POL	457.5	1,008
5. Cleveland USA	455.0	1,003
6. Lee KOR	452.5	997
7. Kangasniemi FIN	450.0	992
8. Arnold GER	440.0	970
9. Kailajarvi FIN	435.0	959
10. Blackman GBI	427.5	942

Middle-Heavyweight

19 competitors from 18 nations, 17th October. World record: Golovanov (U.S.S.R.), 485 kg (1964). Olympic record: Vorobiev (U.S.S.R.), 472,5 kg (Rome, 1960). The World record was broken once, the Olympic record twice. New Olympic and World record: Golovanov (U.S.S.R.), 487.5 kg (1076 lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Golovanov URS	487.5	1,076
2. Martin GBI	475.0	1,047
3. Palinski POL	467.5	1,030
4. March USA	467.5	1,030
5. Baroga RUM	460.0	1,014
6. Nemessanyi HUN	460.0	1,014
7. Katlajarvi FIN	452.0	996
8. Tachev BUL	445.0	981
9. Lewis CAN	440.0	970
10. Herbst AUT	437.5	964½

Heavyweight

21 competitors from 18 nations, 18th October. World record: Vlasov (U.S.S.R.), 580 kg (1964). Olympic record: Vlasov (U.S.S.R.), 537.5 kg (Rome, 1960). New Olympic record: Zhabotinsky (U.S.S.R.), 572.5 kg (1,262 lb.).

	Total kg	lb.
1. Zhabotinsky URS	572.5	1,262
2. Vlasov URS	570.0	1,256½
3. Schemansky USA	537.5	1,226½
4. Gubner USA	512.5	1,171
5. Ecser HUN	507.5	1,160
6. Ibrahim UAR	495.0	1,122½
7. Veselincy BUL	490.0	1,080
8. Hwang KOR	482.5	1,064
9. Oliver NZL	480.0	1,058
10. Reding BEL	477.5	1,043

WRESTLING

By Brian Humberstone

(New Zealand)

The use of negative tactics by some competitors was the only serious criticism, which could be made of the Olympic Games wrestling held over eight days at the Komazawa Gymnasium.

Too often an untalented competitor would simply resort to pushing methods in an endeavour to hold off his more gifted opponent. Unfortunately there were times when these pushing methods paid off, and the other man was penalized for not showing sufficient aggression.

The standard was considered by many officials to exceed that of Rome four years ago. Most teams were in superb condition, and, no matter how gruelling the contest, few competitors showed signs of distress.

A feature of the championships was the rise of Japan, especially in the lighter weights. The Japanese won five gold medals – the greatest number in the 16 classes.

The decline of the Turks was another highlight, and at the finish they could only count two gold medals, five less than the number they won four years ago.

Brief reports on each division are as follows: –

Freestyle

Flyweight. – After he had beaten the Russian, A. Aliev in the fifth round, Y. Yoshida, of Japan became a hot favourite to win the gold medal. He rarely looked like taking the Korean, Chang-sun Chang for a fall in the final, but he established a clear points lead, and to the joy of his countrymen was declared the winner.

Bantamweight. – Many competitors and officials believed that the winner, Y. Uetake, of Japan, was the star of the entire tournament. He performed brilliantly throughout, showing great speed and anticipation.

In the round-robin tournament he turned back comfortably the powerful challenges of A. Voronkov, the Russian, and H. Akbas, the Turk, to take the title.

Featherweight. – Victories over S. Ivanov (Bulgaria) in the fifth round, and N. Khokhashvili (Soviet Union) in the round-robin assured the Japanese O. Watanabe of a gold medal. He too always looked the star of the field, and it was not until the fourth round that he conceded a bad mark.

Lightweight. – E. Dimov, of Bulgaria, showed too much speed and strength for the German Klaus E. Rost in their final. Although he gave a plucky display, Rost was clearly no match for his powerful opponent. Rost may have been fortunate to reach the final as he had a pretty easy draw, including a bye.

Welterweight. – The crowd was held in suspense for some time to learn the winner of this class as the round-robin had failed to find the champion, and a weigh-off was necessary. I. Ogan, of Turkey, proved to be lighter than the Russian, G. Sagaradze, and he took the gold medal. This was perhaps an indication of the evenness of the top competitors in this division.

Middleweight. – A weigh-off was also required in this class after P. Gardjev, of Bulgaria, and H. Gungor, of Turkey, had wrestled a solid draw in the final. Gardjev was the lighter man, and automatically took first place.

It was in this class that the United States gained their only medal. D. Brand won a bronze, and might have done even better if he had not lost a doubtful decision to Gungor in the fifth round.

Light-heavyweight. – In a disappointing final, the Russian, A. Medved outclassed the Bulgarian, S. Sherifov, and clinched the title with a fall. This defeat cost Sherifov a silver medal, as A. Ayik, the Turk, had the better record in the earlier rounds. One of Ayik's best performances was to gain a fourth round win over the crack Iranian, G. Takhti.

Heavyweight. – The Russians won their second gold medal when A. Ivanitsky gained a draw with the Bulgarian, L. Djiber. His superior record over the earlier rounds assured him of success.

Greco-Roman

Flyweight. – Two brilliant victories in the fifth round gave the Japanese T. Hanahara the gold medal for this class. Against the Rumanian D. Pirvulescu he worked furiously for a fall, and was rewarded after 8 min. 19 sec. of the bout. Wrestling the Bulgarian, A. Kerezov, he held a slight but definite edge, and there was never any doubt that the decision would be his.

Bantamweight. – A round-robin was also not required in this division, for after the fifth round the only man remaining was the Japanese M. Ichiguchi.

In this round he showed too much polish in beating J. Svec and eliminating the Czech from the competition. V. Trostiansky could only gain a points victory over I. Cernea (Rumania) and as a result both men were eliminated from the championship.

Featherweight. – Urged on by his vociferous countrymen, the Hungarian, I. Polyak wrestled soundly to draw with the Russian, R. Rurua, and take the gold medal with a better record in the earlier rounds.

Polyak had a comparatively comfortable draw to reach the fifth round, but he deserved the title for his willingness to engage in 10 minutes' solid wrestling.

Lightweight. – This was one of the four Greco-roman classes, which found a gold medalist – K. Ayvaz (Turkey) – before the evening session began. Although he had a bye in one round, Ayvaz had a good record of wins.

He beat M. Ibrahim (United Arab Republic) in his opening bout and followed this with two fine points victories over D. Gvantseladze (Soviet Union) in the second, and Ivan Ivanov (Bulgaria) in the fourth round.

Welterweight. – There was little to choose between the leading competitors in this class, which came to an end in the fifth round as there were no more survivors. The countback revealed that the solid Russian, A. Kolesov had taken the gold medal from C. Todorov, of Bulgaria, and B. Nystrom, of Sweden.

There was a little sadness in this division as the great Turkish performer, Mithrat Bayrak failed in his quest for a third successive gold medal. He made a bad start by drawing with Nystrom, and then suffered elimination when he lost on points to the German, R. Vesper in the third round.

Middleweight. – Yugoslavia gained her only gold medal when B. Simic held on desperately for a draw against the Russian V. Olenik in the fifth round.

Simic could be counted fortunate in having a comfortable early passage, but there was no denying his vigour when roused, and this was well demonstrated in his last contest with Olenik.

Light-heavyweight. – The winner, B. Alexandrov was held by many to be the star Greco-roman wrestler, indeed possibly a rival to Uetake as the finest competitor in the entire tournament.

The stocky, hairy-chested Bulgarian worked unceasingly for a fall in every bout. Even in his last bout against N. Martinescu, of Rumania, when holding a comfortable points lead for the gold medal, he never stopped trying to take his opponent to the mat.

Heavyweight. – The Russian A. Roschin made a gallant attempt to beat the giant Hungarian I. Kozma, and on several occasions he had his opponent racing to the side of the mat for safety. But Kozma, urged on by his countrymen, came back each time, and with his great strength managed to hold off Roschin, earn a draw, and with it, the coveted gold medal.

Wrestling

In the free-style wrestling: 152 competitors from 34 nations. In the Greco-Roman wrestling: 150 competitors from 33 nations. In both types: 8 weight-class divisions (the division lines separating the various classes were changed after 1960): Flyweight up to 52 kg – 114½ lb., Bantam up to 57 kg – 125½ lb., Feather up to 63 kg – 138½ lb., Light up to 70 kg – 154 lb., Welter up to 78 kg – 171½ lb., Middle up to 87 kg – 191½ lb., Light-Heavy up to 97 kg – 213½ lb, Heavy over 97 kg – 213½ lb. In each round wrestlers with 6 bad points or more were eliminated. Victory by fall – 0 bad points, decision on points – 1 bad point, draw – 2 bad points, defeat on points – 3 bad points, fall – 4 bad points.

Free-Style Wrestling

Flyweight

22 entries from 22 nations. 38 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 16, were victories by fall, 19 decisions on points, and 3 draws.

	Total Points
1. Yoshida JPN	3
2. Chang KOR	6
3. Haydari IRN	6
4. Zoete FRA	7
Aliev URS	7
Yanilmaz TUR	7
7. Simons USA	6
8. Niaz PAK	7
9. Malwa IND	8
Tchimedbazar MGL	8

Bantamweight

22 entries from 20 nations. 35 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 10 were victories by fall, 22 decisions on points, and 3 draws.

	Total Points
1. Uetake JPN	(3) 2
2. Akbas TUR	(5) 4
3. Ibragimov URS	(3) 6
4. Auble USA	6
5. Choi KOR	7
6. Bishambhar IND	8
7. Varga HUN	7
8. Din PAK	5
9. Khodabande IRN	6
10. Georgiev BUL	7

Featherweight

21 entries from 21 nations. 35 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 11 were victories by fall, 22 decisions on points, and 2 draws.

	Total Points
1. Watanabe JPN	(2) 1
2. Ivanov BUL	(5) 2
3. Khokhashvili URS	(5) 5
4. Douglas USA	6
5. Ebrahimi AFG	7
6. Saifpour IRN	8
7. Schilling GER	6
8. Tovar-Gonzales MEX	7
9. Jaskari FIN	6*)
10. Jutila CAN	6*)

*) Jaskari defeated Jutila on points in the 2nd round.

Lightweight

22 entries from 22 nations. In 6 rounds 37 bouts, of which 7 were victories by fall, 28 decisions on points, and 12 draws.

	Total Points
1. Dimov BUL	(5) 1
2. Rost GER	(5) 3
3. Horiuchi JPN	6*)
4. Atalay TUR	6*)
5. Ardabili IRN	7
6. Beriashvili URS	6
Ruth USA	6
Chung KOR	6
9. Marsh AUS	7
Vario ARG	7

*) Horiuchi defeated Atalay on points in the 5th round.

Welterweight

22 entries from 22 nations. In 6 rounds 34 bouts, of which 4 were victories by fall, 25 decisions on points, and 4 draws.

	Total Points
1. Ogan TUR	6*)
2. Sagaradze URS	6*)
3. Sanatkaran IRN	8
4. Dermendjiev BUL	8
5. Watanabe, Y. JPN	6**)
6. Oberländer CAN	6**)
7. Jigjidym MGL	7
De Vescovi ITA	7
9. Singh IND	8
10. Afzal PAK	9

*) The bout for 1st and 2nd places, with equal numbers of bad points and a draw when fighting each other, was decided in favour of Ogan (Turkey) due to his lower weight.

**) Watanabe (Japan) won against Oberländer (Canada) on points in the 4th round.

Middleweight

16 entries from 16 nations. 28 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 10 were victories by fall, 13 decisions on points, and 5 draws.

	Total Points
1. Gardjev BUL	7*)
2. Gungör TUR	7*)
3. Brand USA	6**)
4. Mehdizade IRN	6**)
5. Sasaki JPN	6
Hollosi HUN	6
7. Muhammad PAK	9
Bauch GER	9
8. Kobelt SWI	6
Lomidze URS	6
10. Khorloo MGL	8

*) The fight for 1st and 2nd places, with equal numbers of bad points and a draw when fighting each other, was decided in favour of Gardjev (Bulgaria) due to his lower weight.

**) The fight for 3rd and 4th place with equal numbers of bad points and a draw when fighting each other, was decided in favour of Brand (U.S.A.) due to his lower weight.

Light-Heavyweight

16 entries from 16 nations, 27 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 10 were victories by fall, 12 decisions on points, and 5 draws.

	Total Points
1. Medved URS	3
2. Ayik TUR	5
3. Sherifov BUL	9
4. Takhti IRN	6
5. Jutzeler SWI	9
6. Conine USA	6
7. Kiehl GER	7
8. Vigh HUN	6
9. Mane IND	7
Kawano JPN	7

Heavyweight

13 entries from 13 nations. 24 bouts in 5 rounds and an additional round for the 3rd place, of which 9 were victories by fall, 9 decisions on points, and 6 draws.

	Total Points
1. Ivanitsky URS	4
2. Djiber BUL	5
3. Kaplan TUR	7*)
4. Kubat CZS	7*)
5. McNamara GBI	15
6. Stingu RUM	8
7. Saito JPN	6
Dietrich GER	6
Kristoff USA	6
10. Reznak HUN	7

*) The fight for 3rd and 4th place with equal numbers of bad points and a draw when fighting each other, was decided in favour of Kaplan (Turkey) due to his lower weight.

Greco-Roman Wrestling

Flyweight

18 entries from 18 nations. 28 bouts in 5 rounds, of which 5 victories were by fall, 22 decisions on points, and 2 draws.

	Total Points
1. Hanahara JPN	(3) 1
2. Kerezov BUL	(4) 4
3. Pirulescu RUM	(2) 7
4. Wilson USA	6
Mewis BEL	6
Fabra ITA	6
Lacour GER	6
8. Shin KOR	6
Bozkurt TUR	6
Ganotis GRE	6

Bantamweight

18 entries from 18 nations, 29 bouts in 5 rounds, of which 5 were victories by fall, 21 decisions on points, 4 draws.

	Total Points
1. Ichiguchi JPN	4
2. Trostiansky URS	6
3. Cernea RUM	8*)
4. Svec CZS	8*)
5. Stange GER	6
Pashkulev BUL	6
Ali UAR	6
8. Basergil TUR	7
9. Fitch USA	6
Varga HUN	6

*) Cernea (Rumania defeated Svec (Czechoslovakia) on points in the 3rd round.

Featherweight

27 entries from 27 nations. 47 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 16 were victories by fall, 22 decisions on points, and 9 draws.

	Total Points
1. Polyak HUN	4
2. Rurua URS	8
3. Martinovic YUS	9
4. Sakurama JPN	6
Finley USA	6
6. Mansour UAR	6
Mirmalek IRN	6
Mewis BEL	6
9. Macioch POL	7
Ballery FRA	7

Lightweight

19 entries from 19 nations. 34 bouts in 5 rounds and an additional round for 2nd and 3rd places, of which 6 were victories by fall, 20 decisions on points, and 8 draws.

	Total Points
1. Ayvaz TUR	5
2. Bularca RUM	(6) 3
3. Gvantseladze URS	(6) 4
4. Fujita JPN	(6) 5
5. Horvat YUS	7
6. Tapio FIN	8
7. Jonsson SWE	6
8. Ivanov BUL	7
9. Schmitt GER	8
10. Savvas GRE	6

Welterweight

19 entries from 19 nations. 36 bouts in 5 rounds and an additional round for 1st to 4th place, of which 7 were victories by fall, 17 decisions on points, and 12 draws.

	Total Points
1. Kolesov URS	8
2. Todorov BUL	9
3. Nyström SWE	11
4. Dubicki POL	12
5. Taranu RUM	6
Rizmayer HUN	6
Camilleri USA	7
Schiermeyer FRA	7
Zoughian IRN	7
Laakso FIN	9

Middleweight

20 entries from 20 nations. 34 bouts in 5 rounds and an additional round for 2nd and 3rd places, of which 8 were victories by fall, 19 decisions on points, and 7 draws.

	Total Points
1. Simic YUS	4
2. Kormanik CZS	(6) 1
3. Metz GER	(6) 3
4. Olenik URS	7
Hollosi HUN	7
6. Bimbalov BUL	8
7. Baughman USA	7
Selekman TUR	7
9. Persson SWE	9
10. Popovici RUM	6
Raskovy AUS	6

Light-Heavyweight

18 entries from 18 nations. 29 bouts in 5 rounds, of which 9 were victories by fall, 14 decisions on points, and 6 draws.

	Total Points
1. Alexandrov BUL	2
2. Svensson SWE	6*)
3. Kiehl GER	6*)
4. Martinescu RUM	8
5. Jutzeler SWI	6
Abashidze URS	6
Kiss HUN	6
8. Wiesberger AUT	7
9. Yilmaz TUR	8
10. Maenpaa FIN	6
Bulgarelli ITA	6

*) Svensson (Sweden) beat Kiehl (Germany) on points in the 5th round.

Heavyweight

11 entries from 11 nations. 19 bouts in 6 rounds, of which 8 were victories by fall, 9 decisions on points, and 2 draws.

	Total Points
1. Kozma HUN	3
2. Roschin URS	5
3. Dietrich GER	7
4. Kment CZS	8
5. Svensson, S. SWE	6
6. Pickens USA	7
7. Kassabov BUL	8
Sugiyama JPN	8
9. Stingu RUM	9
10. Kaplan TUR	7

BOXING

By Neil Allen

(World Sports)

The 1964 Olympic boxing competition at the Karakuen Ice Palace looked reasonably full of promise in the preliminary rounds. But this promise was not fulfilled in the finals which, though of variety, could not compare with those of Rome in all round standard.

It had been expected that since these were the first Games in the Orient there might be a lively challenge from the Asian countries in the lightest weights. This proved only so at bantamweight where it was Japan versus Korea in the final. For the rest it was left to the old masters from the Soviet Union and Poland to dominate the last bouts. Of 20 finalists 4 came from Poland and 7 from the Soviet Union.

The Russians, who lost four finals, were most unlucky at light-heavyweight, for the verdict against their Kiseliov in favour of Pinto of Italy seemed rather unjustified even though Kiseliov was penalized for a low blow. Four judges made the bout a draw!

In the main the Russians relied on superb fitness, rather than any really flashing boxing skill, to carry them through the competition, and sometimes it seemed that they lacked the capacity to rise to the occasion that the Poles possessed.

But it was the Soviet Union's light-middleweight Lagutin who produced some of the best "amateur" technique of all. He showed us such rare moves (rare these days, anyway) as a hook off the jab and the uppercut against the solid but somewhat uninspired Gonzales of France who finished strongly when Lagutin suffered a cut eye.

Lagutin epitomized perhaps best of all the eastern European amateur who is perfectly adapted for an effort over three three-minute-rounds and no longer.

The Japanese bantamweight Sakurai was more compact than Lagutin and a shade more economical, as though he might have to travel longer than three rounds. In fact, it only took Sakurai 1 min. 18 sec. of the second round before he had exploded sufficient hooks on Chung of Korea to cause the bout to be stopped. Chung took four counts altogether and I was left impressed by Sakurai's neat combination punching and his quickness to follow up an opening.

The most exciting final was that at featherweight between Stepashkin of the Soviet Union and Villanueva of the Philippines. Villanueva, whose father won a bronze medal in the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, entered the ring with a strip of plaster over both eyes, having been cut so badly winning semi-final against Brown of the United States. Villanueva had both cuts opened by the third round but he and Stepashkin kept up a fast pace throughout with little in it at the finish.

The American heavyweight Frazier impressed many when he stopped Yemelyanov of the Soviet Union in the semi-finals, but in the final the American was handicapped by an injured hand, was afraid to attack to the body of Huber of Germany in the final for fear of disqualification, and missed far too often with his powerful left hook to the head on the way to a points victory.

A list of the most noteworthy of those who did not reach the finals must include the American lightweight Harris, who is only 17, the Rumanian welterweight Mihailic, the Irish lightweight McCourt, the Tunisian light-welterweight Galhia, the Japanese light-middleweight Masuda and the American Gibson at the same weight. Overall some observers felt that there was too much favouritism shown towards those boxers who went in for pure aggression rather than simple points scoring. I did not notice such a mood – – in fact the refereeing and judging was far too individualistic to allow for any general trends to exist. I felt there were far too many disqualifications (one of which caused the sit-down strike of a Korean) for slight infractions of the rules. There will always be disagreement about who has won a boxing match, but there should be more agreement about the rules and the spirit of the rules in the Olympic boxing tournament.

Boxing

269 participants from 56 nations, 10 weight-class categories. Every defeated boxer was eliminated from the tournament. There were no bouts for 3rd and 4th place. The two losers of the semi-finals shared the 3rd place and both got a bronze medal.

Flyweight

Up to 51 kg weight, 28 entries from 28 nations.

1. Atzori ITA
2. Olech POL
3. Sorokin URS
   Carmody USA

Bantamweight

Up to 54 kg weight. 32 entries from 34 nations.

1. Sakurai JPN
2. Chung KOR
3. Mendoza MEX
   Rodriguez URU

Featherweight

Up to 57 kg weight. 32 entries from 32 nations.

1. Stepashkin URS
2. Villanueva PHI
3. Heinz Schulz GER
   Brown USA

Lightweight

Up to 60 kg weight. 34 entries from 34 nations.

1. Grudzien POL
2. Barannikov URS
3. McCourt IRL
   Harris USA

Light-welterweight

Up to 63,5 kg weight. 35 entries from 35 nations.

1. Kulej POL
2. Frolov URS
3. Blay GHA
   Galhia TUN

Welterweight

Up to 67 kg weight. 30 entries from 30 nations.

1. Kasprzyk POL
2. Tamulis URS
3. Purhonen FIN
   Bertini ITA

Light-Middleweight

Up to 71 kg weight. 25 entries from 25 nations.

1. Lagutin URS
2. Gonzales FRA
3. Maiyegun NGA
   Grzesiak POL

Middleweight

Up to 75 kg weight. 20 entries from 20 nations.

1. Popenchenko URS
2. Emil Schulz GER
3. Valle ITA
   Walasek POL

Light-Heavyweight

Up to 81 kg weight. 19 entries from 19 nations.

1. Pinto ITA
2. Kiseliov URS
3. Nicolov BUL
   Pietrzykowski POL

Heavyweight

Over 81 kg weight. 14 entries from 14 nations.

1. Frazier USA
2. Huber GER
3. Ros ITA
   Yemelyanov URS

JUDO

By Brian Humberstone

(New Zealand)

Two questions were frequently asked by many before the Olympic Games judo began at the Budokan on October 20. The first was, would the Dutch giant, Anton Geesink prove his mastery over the Japanese representative in the all-categories event, and the second was, could the Russians halt the predicted sweep of the home representatives in the three lighter restricted weights?

Geesink answered the first question by convincingly beating the Japanese hope, Akio Kaminaga, while Japan showed she was still the premier nation in the sport she introduced to the world by winning gold medals in the three lighter divisions. The Budokan was crowded each day, and the success of the contests has given hope to the International Judo Federation that the sport may yet gain a place in the Olympic programme at the Mexico City in 1968.

Features of the four events were as follows:

Lightweight.–The only major incident of the entire four days occured in the final of this weight. There was a long discussion between the referee and judges early in the contest before it was finally announced that Takehide Nakatani had won the gold medal with two half points after the bout had only gone 75 seconds.

The delay had been caused on Nakatani's second throw, an outer leg reaping throw against the Swiss Eric Haenni, who surprisingly reached the final. The throw was ruled to be valid, greatly to the joy of the thousands of Japanese in the gymnasium.

There was no question that Nakatani was the star of the division. Not only had he finished off all his opponents before time was called, but he proved clearly in his semi-final that the Russians' vigorous sambo type of judo still falls far behind the classical Japanese style.

In this round Nakatani faced the powerful O. Stepanov, who tried desperately to take the Japanese to the mat. This he never succeeded in doing, and after four and a quarter minutes he fell victim to a splendid reaping throw by Nakatani.

Haenni's way to the final was more difficult as he had a terrific struggle with the second Soviet representative A. Bogolibov before being awarded the decision at the end of the bout.

The Swiss was outclassed in the final, but it was a notable effort for the "one-man team" of his country to gain a silver medal amidst such formidable opposition.

Middleweight.–The Japanese dominance was maintained on the second day when Isao Okano defeated the German W. Hofmann in the final.

The European tried desperately to upset Okano by immediately attacking the Japanese. Okano replied with an attempted shoulder throw, but Hofmann countered safely.

Attack and counter-attack followed for a little time, and then the two men fell off the mat. On their return Hofmann once more attempted to attack, but Okano, showing wonderful speed and anticipation, never looked in danger.

Finally the pair went to the mat, and in a flash the end was in sight. Okano had caught Hofmann in a sideways four-quarter hold, and try as he could, the man from Cologne had no chance of escape.

The time clock remorselessly recorded the 30 seconds, and soon delighted Japanese were cheering their second champion immediately it was announced that Okano had gained an "ippon" or full point by holding his man down for a half minute. Sharing third place in the competition was the American Jim Bregman, who was eliminated in his semi-final by Hofmann, and the Korean Eui-tae Kim, who went out to Okano.

The Korean who has studied judo in Japan, looked a pretty capable performer, and Okano paid him the compliment as being his most difficult opponent.

Heavyweight.–All eyes were on the Japanese Isao Inokuma for many of his fellow countrymen and overseas critics thought he should have been the man that the home country should have sent in against Geesink in the all-categories class.

Inokuma, however, made certain of a complete Japanese superiority in the restricted weights by taking the gold medal in this division. He looked easily the most polished performer in the weight, and in his bout with the Russian A. Kiknadze he completely outclassed his burly opponent.

But Inokuma, conceding 50 lb. in his final against the young 236 lb. Canadian Doug Rogers, had to call upon all his resources to contain his rival. Throughout Inokuma held a slight but definite advantage. The bout went the full distance, and the Japanese star was given the verdict on a slight superiority.

Rogers is typical of many a young judoka, who is prepared to leave his own country for two or three years to study at the Kodokan. While in Japan Rogers often trained with his conqueror, and this perhaps explained the caution of the two men in the final.

Inokuma naturally had respect for his rival's strength, while Rogers knew only too well the speed, anticipation and experience of his opponent.

All-categories.–Fittingly enough this was the last event of the programme, and the one which was awaited with the greatest interest.

With such a small entry–only nine men in the field–three pools of three were held. But to ensure that there were four men for the semi-finals a fourth pool made up of the second men in each of the original three pools fought off, the winner of this taking his place with the other three survivors in the semi-finals.

As luck would have it Geesink and Kaminaga met in the same pool. Geesink won their bout, although the Japanese did well to last the distance. Kaminaga, however, won the fourth pool, and with a victory over the Greman K. Glahn he got a second chance at the Dutchman in the final.

This was an absorbing bout, Kaminaga trying everything he and his followers knew in an effort to overthrow Geesink. The two moved surprisingly fast for such big men, but with a third of the 15-minute bout gone little had happened.

Kaminaga tried an ankle throw without luck, and then unsuccessfully attempted to pull Geesink down. About halfway through the bout the pair came to grips, and as the two crashed to the mat it was clear that Geesink was in control with a dangerous scarf hold. Kaminaga never stopped trying to break the grip, but Geesink's hold was too firmly applied.

At last the 30 seconds were recorded, and Geesink had won the coveted gold medal. Kaminaga, it is said, was an extremely disappointed man at his defeat, but Japanese pride, as some claimed, was not lowered by his defeat. Rather it was raised by the gallantry of his effort.

An interesting feature of this weight was the success of the Latvian-born Australian representative, Theodore Bronovskis in gaining a bronze medal before losing to Geesink.

This is a reassuring sign to the international body that judo is no longer a Japanese specialty, but has its followers in many parts of the world.

Judo

A new Olympic event. 74 judokas from 27 nations. 4 weight divisions: Lightweight up to 68 kg, Middleweight up to 80 kg, Heavyweight over 80 kg, All-Categories (unlimited weight). There wer no fights for 3rd and 4th places. The two losers of the semi-finals shared the 3rd place and both got a bronze medal.

Lightweight (up to 68 kg)

25 participants from 18 nations. Elimination round of 8 groups of 3 respectively 4 judokas. The 8 group winners continued in direct eliminations.

1. Nakatani JPN
2. Haenni SWI
3. Stepanov URS
   Bogoljubov URS

Middleweight (up to 80 kg)

25 participants from 20 nations. Elimination round in 8 groups of 3 respectively 4 judokas. The 8 group winners continued in direct eliminations.

1. Okano JPN
2. Hofmann GER
3. Bregman USA
   Kim Eui Tae KOR

Heavyweight (over 80 kg)

15 participants from 13 nations. Elimination round of 5 groups of 3 judokas. The winners of groups 4 and 5 staged one more fight in order to find the 4th participant for the direct final fights.

1. Inokuma JPN
2. Rogers CAN
3. Kiknadze URS
   Chikviladze URS

All-Categories (unlimited Weight)

9 participants from 9 nations. Elimination round in 3 groups of 3 judokas each, and a qualifying round to find the 4th participant at the direct eliminations.

1. Geesink NLD
2. Kaminaga JPN
3. Glahn GER
   Boronovskis AUS

SHOOTING SUMMARY

By Karl Heinz Lanz

(International Shooting Sport)

Japan's marksmen spared no effort in their desire to make the shooting competitions, to which 56 nations had sent 286 competitors, a perfection of organizational achievement. The exemplary ranges in Asaka (rifle and pistols) and in Tokorozawa (Clay Pidgeon), and of course a whole army of enthusiastic helpers, laid the foundation for top results to come, for a flood of Olympic records, and for several new World records.

If one analyses the results of the six Olympic shooting competitions, the following facts emerge:

the domineering position of the USA in rifle shooting (two gold, one silver, and two bronze medals),

the sensational victory of Finland in both pistol competitions,

the strength of the Latin countries in Clay Pidgeon shooting (first as well as fourth to sixth place respectively).

Thus a transformation has been completed in world shooting sports. The huge efforts of the U.S.A. in Tokyo were justifiably rewarded with a whole collection of medals, but the "Rest of the World" made itself felt as well. Marksmen from nine nations in all were to mount the rostrum at the Victory Ceremony to receive one of the eighteen medals distributed in the shooting competition. On the other hand the competitors from the Soviet Union who had distinctly dominated the scene since the World Championships in Caracas of 1954, suffered an unexpectedly clear defeat ("only" two silver medals).

Two different paths led the winners to reach top form. Some of them did it through years of intensive practice. Others again were only to attain perfect condition in the shortest possible time. Such was the case of Pentti Linnosvue, 31, from Finland who fought his way to an Olympic victory and record, with the Rapid-fire Pistol. He was able, in the space of ten practice days on the Asaka range to regain his routine, his earlier physical and mental ability, and tip top condition that made it possible for him to continue his Olympic successes of Melbourne 1956 (gold medal, Free Pistol) and Rome 1960 (silver medal, Rapid-fire Pistol).

Younger, less experienced shooters now have a more difficult task. They must, in the face of the increased standard of achievement in the world's top class, be prepared to sacrifice their spare time for several years in order to reach a place in the highest echelon of shooting sport. Also of increased significance is the experimenting with weapons and ammunition, as well as the complete scientific study of the interaction between shooter and weapon.

A good marksman, an accurate rifle, a precision cartridge do not guarantee a top score. One has to spend several hours finding the ideal cartridge for a potential high-scoring barrel, selecting the best possible sight for various weather conditions (ring or post front sight in their proper dimensions), finding the ideal equilibrium between marksman and weapon, and perfecting the factory-produced rifles or pistols in such a way that they do not exceed in weight and grip dimensions the permissible tolerances, yet are tailored for the individual shooter as exactly as possible.

However, back to what happened in Tokyo. Favourites and outsiders alike collected three victories.

The biggest surprise was the winning of the gold medal in shooting with the Free Pistol by the 35-year old Finn Väinö Markkanen. At the World Championships in Cairo in 1962 he was placed 15th with 541 points, at the European Championships in Stockholm of 1963 21st with 545 points. Hardly less sensational was the success of the 22-year old medical student Laszlo Hammerl, Hungary, in the Smallbore Prone. As the youngest of six Olympic winners in Tokyo, he had previously in his own country always stood in the shadow of his fellow countryman Jakosits, but shot now, with 597 points, a personal record (and World record), and confirmed four days later his top form by winning the bronze medal in Three Position Small-bore Rifle. Finally, Pentti Linnusvuo from Finland can also be counted among the surprise winners. Admittedly his trophy cabinet contained already before Tokyo an Olympic gold and a silver medal. However, he has lately been outside the limelight, and he only regained the standard of his earlier performances when, making use of the long days of enforced waiting in Tokyo, he put in some special practice.

As against this, Free Rifle shooter Gary Anderson (USA) and Clay Pidgeon specialist Ennio Matarelli arrived in Tokyo as clear favourites. Both had lately sped from victory to victory, had almost always shone with high scores, knew about their great potential, and had the right temperament to play their leading parts. Anderson's victory with the new World record score of 1153, like Matarelli's triumph with 198 out of 200 possible hits (no World records are recorded in Clay Pidgeon shooting!) were accomplished in superior fashion. Both shooters are in their respective field counted among the greatest talents ever known in international shooting. Also the Three Position Small-bore Rifle competition ended with a success for a favourite. Lones Wigger of the USA was, however, first raised to the position of contender Number one shortly before the Olympic competition. The army lieutenant from Montana who until then had only competed on national level, shone during practice on the Asaka Range with dream-scores previously unheard of in competition or training: once, in no time at all, he bewitched his targets with 1170 points (397 prone, 393 kneeling, 380 standing!). His later World record score of 1164 established a new scale for measuring the world's best.

A new record for organisational perfection was – as already told – established in the ranges at Asaka and Tokorozawa. Future major shooting competitions will be measured against this new top effort by the host country. But which nation will be in a position to equal this record? No less than 340 million Yen (about 350,000 Pounds Sterling) were invested by the Japanese in expanding the Asaka Range alone. 1390 helpers and officials stood ready there and on the Clay Pidgeon lay-out at Tokorozawa, eager to work for "His Majesty, the Shooter." With the result that the Tokyo Olympic shooting competitions were without fault and blemish, took place without a single protest, and gave full satisfaction to all who participated.

Shooting

Small-Bore Rifle – Prone (50 metres)

73 participants from 44 nations. 60 shots in six 10-shot series. World record: Holup (Hungary), 595 points (1959); Olympic record: Kohnke (Germany), 590 (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken 3 times and equalled twice. The Olympic record was broken 18 times and equalled 4 times. New Olympic and world record: Hammerl (Hungary), 597 points.

	Points
1. Hammerl HUN	597
2. Wigger jr. USA	597
3. Pool USA	596
4. Boa CAN	595
5. Rotaru RUM	595
6. Rinzaki JPN	594
7. Wenk GER	594
8. Cogut RUM	593
9. Jakosits HUN	592
10. Hristov BUL	592

Small-Bore Rifle (50 m)
Three Positions

53 participants from 33 nations, 120 shots, 40 each in the three positions, prone, kneel, stand. World record: Anderson (U.S.A.), 1,157 (1962). Olympic record: Shamburkin (U.S.S.R.), 1,149 (Rome, 1960). The world record was broken once and the Olympic record 3 times. New world and Olympic record: Wigger (U.S.A.), 1,164 points.

	Points
1. Wigger USA	1,164
2. Hristov BUL	1,152
3. Hammerl HUN	1,151
4. Köcher GER	1,148
5. Nowicki POL	1,147
6. Pool USA	1,147
7. Olarescu RUM	1,144
8. Müller SWI	1,143
9. Shamburkin URS	1,142
10. Tolhurst AUS	1,141

Free Rifle (300 metres)

30 participants from 20 nations. 120 shot in 3 series of 40 shot. World record: Hollenstein (Switzerland), 1,150 (1963). Olympic record: Borisov (U.S.S.R.), 1,138 (Melbourne, 1956). The world record was broken once, the Olympic record twice. New Olympic and world record: Anderson (U.S.A.), 1,153 points.

	Points
1. Anderson USA	1,153
2. Kveliashvili URS	1,144
3. Gunnarsson USA	1,136

	Points
4. Gerasimenok URS	1,135
5. Hollenstein SWI	1,135
6. Kervinen FIN	1,133
7. Müller SWI	1,131
8. Köcher GER	1,130
9. Hammerer AUT	1,125
10. Rissanen FIN	1,124

Rapid-Fire Pistol (25 metres)

13 participants from 36 nations, 60 shot in two 30-shot series (10 shot each in 8,6 and 4 seconds). World record: Kropotin (U.S.S.R.), 595 (1963). Olympic record: Petrescu (Rumania), 587 (Melbourne, 1956). The world record was not equalled. The Olympic record was broken 7 times and equalled 3 times. New Olympic record: Linnosvuo (Finland), 592 points.

	Points
1. Linnosvuo FIN	592
2. Tripsa RUM	591
3. Nacovsky POL	590
4. Albrecht SWI	590
5. Kun HUN	589
6. Rosca RUM	588
7. Bakalov URS	588
8. Kubo JPN	587
9. Falta CZS	587
10. Clark GBI	587

Clay Pigeon

51 participants from 28 nations. 200 shots in 8 series of 25 shot each. There are no world or Olympic records in this event, due to great variations in conditions.

	Points
1. Matarelli ITA	198
2. Senichev URS	194
3. Morris USA	194
4. Rossini ITA	194
5. Dumitrescu RUM	193
6. Lira CHI	193
7. Braithwaite GBI	192
8. Marscheider GER	191
9. Meixner AUT	190
10. Mehrez UAR	190

Free Pistol (50 metres)

52 participants from 35 nations. 60 shots in six 10-shot series. World record: Yassinski (U.S.S.R.), 566 (1955). Olympic record: Gustchin (U.S.S.R.), 560 (Rome, 1960). The World record was not equalled. The Olympic record was equalled once.

	Points
1. Markkanen FIN	560
2. Green USA	557
3. Yoshikawa JPN	554
4. Garreis GER	554
5. Chivers GBI	552
6. Vita PER	550
7. Larsson SWE	549
8. Smith USA	548
9. Ahn KOR	548
10. Huhtinen FIN	546

MODERN PENTATHLON

By Chris Boyce

(New Zealand)

Dr. Ferenc Torok, a 29-year-old Hungarian whose skill in fencing on the second day was a vital factor and U.S.S.R., who recovered brilliantly after being last in the riding section on the first day, were the gold medallists in the Modern Pentathlon.

The event was contested by 37 individuals and 11 teams, a substantial drop in numbers from the entry of 60 and 17 respectively at Rome four years earlier.

Immediate indication of the administrative efficiency which prevailed throughout the five day event was forthcoming from the quality of the horses available for riding. The secret dread of competitors, whose ability as horsemen causes them to rely on a high points tally in this section, has invariably been that they will draw a horse unworthy of their ability.

There need have been no such fears this time. The quality of the mounts was such that the only critisicm heard was that "the course was too easy for them."

Under amended rules in use for the first time at an Olympics, there was a feast of scoring. The former bonus points for riding the course faster than the standard time had been discontinued. It soon became apparent that a safe jumper capable of covering the 1,500 metre circuit within the generous time allowance of 3 minutes 45 seconds, was assured of the maximum total of 1,100 points.

Ten riders managed this impressive total, another eleven lost only 30 points for incurring one fault. The last of the twenty fences, an innocent looking brick wall, topped with a movable rail, proved a bar to many competitors. Situated about 25 yards after a log fence which was at the top of a rise, the final obstacle caught several horses and riders slightly unbalanced with resultant penalty points.

Otherwise the course offered few tricks, and all 37 competitors rode comfortably within the time limit, the fastest being the Mexican, Tovar Flores, whose time of 2 minutes 39.6 seconds was 10 seconds better than the next best, and over 1 minute better than the standard time.

Austria, with 3,270 of a possible 3,300 points, had its hour of glory by holding the team lead. Australia, who ultimately finished fifth, came perilously near to having its hopes destroyed. After Donald McMiken had completed a flawless round, he dismounted before being officially instructed to do so. Subsequently, the Jury of Appeal decreed that McMiken had confused a statement made in Japanese by an official as an order to dismount. After many anxious moments, his hopes, and those of Australia, survived.

Dr. Torok's supremacy in fencing was immediately apparent when he started the second day by winning his first fifteen epée encounters. He was the only competitor to win three-quarters of his bouts and gain 1,000 points. He beat Igor Novikov, of U.S.S.R., the ultimate runner-up, by 144 points in this section and was 108 points better than any other contestant.

This was the break-through which stood to the Hungarian in his bid for the gold medal. At this stage, he was 174 points ahead of Novikov, who was fourth. This lead was whittled down to a slender 19 points before the final day when Torok again asserted himself to win finally by 49.

After two days Hungary had grasped the teams' lead by a bare 3 points from Austria. U.S.A. lay third and U.S.S.R. had advanced noticeably to fourth.

An incident at the shooting on the third day profoundly affected the swaying fortunes of the team event. Following the second series of five shots fired by Dr. Otto Torok, a younger brother of the individual gold medallist, the backing target revealed six shots had been fired instead of five. Torok's 48 marks of a possible 50 were reduced by penalty to 27. In effect this meant a deduction of 420 pentathlon points and his shooting points for the four series of five shots were reduced from 880 to 460.

Torok, a disconsolate figure as he waited outside for the Jury of Appeal's decision, insisted that he had fired only five shots in the series. But the incident enabled U.S.S.R., who had a distinguished day, to grasp the teams' lead by 328 points from U.S.A. with Hungary retreating to third.

Albert Mokeev had done the Soviet team valiant service with scores of 50, 50, 49 and 49 for 1,060 points, the best of the day. The relentless Novikov supported him brilliantly with 1,020.

U.S.S.R., now looked to have the gold medal in safe keeping, barring misadventure. But Sweden, in earlier years the great strength of this event, complicated the struggle for the silver and bronze with an inspired swimming effort. Its three contestants, Bo Jansson, Rolf Junefelt and Hans-Gunnar Liljenwall finished first, second and third in the 300 metre event. U.S.S.R. relentlessly took second place in this section while U.S.A. plunged to sixth and Hungary to seventh. The Soviet team now led by 568 points from U.S.A. and Novikov, after one of his finest swimming efforts, loomed as a formidable threat to Ferenc Torok.

But Torok was equal to all demands. The 4,000 metre cross-country course at picturesque Kemigawa was a gruelling final test. It's steepness was accentuated by a foothold made difficult by prior rain and even on the downgrade competitors could not make up much time because of the greasy surface.

Novikov needed to run the course 7 seconds faster than Torok to displace the Hungarian for the gold medal. But he was 10 seconds slower and Torok, who had led from the end of the second day, retained the title which F. Nemeth had won for Hungary four years earlier, by 5,116 points to 5,067.

Mokeev's 1,216 points in running enabled him to win an individual section for the second time and he improved from fifth position after four days to take the bronze medal. He had recovered splendidly after being one of few to lose valuable points in riding.

A 26-year-old Australian, Peter Macken, finished third in the running and advanced to fourth place. It was the best effort yet by an Australian in a pentathlon and a fitting reward for years of spartan sacrifice and endeavour by a civilian candidate. Victor Mineev of U.S.S.R. was only 3 points behind Macken, with James Moore of U.S.A. a close sixth.

Moore, with an inspired running effort late in the day, rescued the silver medal for U.S.A. His time was bettered only by Mokeev. Because of his splendid effort U.S.A. was able to repulse Hungary's late challenge by a bare 16 points. Sweden followed its brilliant swimming with a sound cross-country effort and took fourth place, clearly ahead of Australia and Germany.

Modern Pentathlon

37 participants from 15 nations, among them 11 national teams of 3 competitors each. Individual and team competition in each event. The team result was reached by adding together the individual results of the three team-members. 1,000 points scoring.

Individual Placing

	Total Points		Total Points
1. Török, F. HUN	5,116	6. Moore USA	4,891
2. Novikov URS	5,067	7. Nagy HUN	4,874
3. Mokeev URS	5,039	8. Jansson SWE	4,760
4. Macken AUS	4,897	9. Kirkwood USA	4,722
5. Mineev URS	4,894	10. Junefelt SWE	4,674

Team Placing

		Total Points
1. *U.S.S.R.*	Novikov	
	Mokeev	
	Mineev	14,961
2. *U.S.A.*	Moore	
	Kirkwood	
	Pesthy	14,782
3. *Hungary*	Török, F.	
	Nagy	
	Török, O.	14,173
4. *Sweden*	Jansson	
	Junefelt	
	Liljenwall	14,056

		Total Points
5. *Australia*	Macken	
	McMiken	
	Page	13,703
6. *Germany*	Goedicke	
	Adler	
	Frings	13,599
7. *Finland*	Hotanen	
	Kaaja	
	Vanhala	13,540
8. *Japan*	Fukutome	
	Uchino	
	Mino	13,402
9. *Great Britain*	Fox	
	Finnis	
	Phelps	13,152
10. *Austria*	Trost	
	Birnbaum	
	Polzhuber	12,613

FENCING

By John Gillon

(Evening Standard)

An entry of 32 nations was received for the eight fencing championships which were magnificently organized at the Waseda University Memorial Hall.

This spacious building contained 12 pistes on to which spectators could have an uninterrupted view from balcony seats. Fencing usually started at 8.30 a.m. with the finals commencing in the early evening, so that, although unavoidable delays occurred, most events finished at a reasonable hour. Though these championships were being held for the first time under the system of pools and direct elimination bouts the whole programme ran smoothly.

The standard of fencing, as has been the case at all post-war Olympics, was generally well maintained. As expected, Hungary's women's team, the reigning World champions, won their team event, and also the individual title. But not one of the men contestants successfully retained his Rome Olympic title, nor did a reigning World champion take first place. The domination of the Eastern European nations – Hungary, Russia and Poland won all the gold medals – was due to superior physical fitness as much as better fencing technique. The silver and bronze medals were shared by the Western European nations at the expense of the rest of the world who failed to produce one finalist.

Men's Individual Foil

In the second round the 1961 World champion Richard Parulski, Poland, and Jacky Courtillat, France, provided the first shocks of the event by being eliminated. But the big surprises were delayed until the first series of direct elimination bouts. Allan Jay, Great Britain's Rome epee silver medal winner and 1959 World foil champion, crashed 10–2 to Colette Revenu of France. Then Sandor Szabo, Hungary, beat Germany's Dieter Schmitt by the same score. Bill Hoskyns, Great Britain, ended Italy's interest in the event when he beat Mario Curletto. Albert Axelrod, at 43 the oldest competitor and U.S.A.'s defending 1960 bronze medal winner, was beaten in the next series of direct elimination bouts. Jean-Claude Magnan, the French national champion and reigning world title-holder, was given a hard bout by Japan's No. 1, Heizaburo Okawa before making the last eight.

Six nations were left in the last eight and France was strongly placed for the final when Daniel Revenu easily beat Tim Gerresheim, Germany, and Magnan scored a 7–10 win over Jeno Kamuti, Hungary. Roland Losert, Austria, beat Szabo on the last hit. Hoskyns, the most experienced international left at this stage, was humbled to a 10–4 defeat by Egon Franke of Poland. The final was a triumph for Franke, 29, the Polish 1962 champion. He fenced magnificently to beat all his opponents and so give his country its first ever Olympic foil success. Magnan opened the final by beating his fellow countryman Revenu and this win enabled him to take the silver medal, as both Frenchmen also scored easy successes over Losert, a little out of his class here. He only scored four hits throughout the final.

Men's Foil Team

Japan provided the major shock in this event by reaching the last four at the expense of Korea, U.A.R. and Hungary. In the semi-final Japan was far from disgraced when going down 9–4 to Poland, the reigning World champions. Russia beat Germany 9–3 to qualify for the semi-final against France whom they beat 9–6. France beat a tired Japanese team 9–4 for the bronze medal. The standard of fencing throughout this event had been a little disappointing but the final between Russia and Poland was an exciting match. It was a repeat of the 1963 world championships and although the Poles fought with great aggression they never managed to gain a clear lead, thanks to four victories by Russia's Herman Sveshikov, and Russia added the Olympic title to their World title by winning 9–7.

Ladies' Individual Foil

Heidi Schmid, Germany, and Ildiko-Rejtö, Hungary, the reigning Olympic and World champions, were among the 39 entries for the women's individual title. The shock defeat of Mario Vicol, Rumania, in the first round – she was the 1960 bronze winner – was just an early indication of even greater surprises in store. Brigitte Gapais, the French champion, went out in the next round. Then, in the first round of the direct elimination series, Heidi Schmid, who appeared to have refound her Rome Olympic form, was crushed 8–4 by Hungary's Katalin Juhasz. Helga Mees, Germany, caused an equally major shock when she ended the hopes of former World champion Lidia Sakovics Domolky, Hungary. Ildiko-Rejtö took a major step forward to winning the title when she defeated Russia's Rome silver medal holder, Valentina Rastvorova. As holder of the World title and with most of her main rivals out of the tournament, the way was now clear for this Budapest chemist who is almost completely deaf, to win the Olympic crown. A neat left-hander, Miss Rejtö entered the final confidently as her rivals, Galina Gorokhava, Russia, Antonella Ragno, Italy, and Helga Mees, Germany, were not in the ranking list. But this final provided the real excitement of the whole fencing championships. Both Ragno and Mees easily beat the Russian girl; then Mees caused a sensation when she outfenced the Hungarian World champion to win a classic bout by 5–2. Rejtö drew level in her last fight when she defeated Ragno who was also the German girl's last rival. A victory would give Mees the title and Germany its second successive Olympic gold at this event. But Mees found the occassion too much and, with the title in her grasp, her nerve snapped and she lost, offering little opposition, 5–0. In the triple barrage for the title Miss Rejtö made no mistake and only the Italian girl managed to score a hit against her, though she in turn was easily beaten by Mees who had now recovered her nerve – but too late.

Ladies' Foil Team

From the 10 teams entered U.S.S.R., Poland, Germany and Italy reached the last four. Hungary included in their team the top three world "seeds" and, as the reigning World team champions, were favourites to beat Germany in the fight for a final place. The all-round ability of the Hungarian girls enabled them to confirm this favouritism by a 9–6 victory. Italy were soundly defeated by Russia in the other match for a final place.

In the match for the bronze medal between Germany and Italy, Heidi Schmid could do nothing wrong and practically defeated the Italian team on her own. She won all her four bouts to establish her team as worthy bronze medal winners. Galina Gorokhova, who had failed to record one victory in the individual final was at her best in the team event. She won three of her four bouts against Italy in the semi-final and in the final beat each Hungarian girl in turn. But she was on the weaker side and once again the Hungarian girls fenced more as a team to win the title 9–7 on the last bout.

Men's Individual Epee

There was an entry of 65 for the epee individual and, as usual at this weapon, many noted champions were eliminated in the early rounds. Jay, the Rome silver medallist was beaten in a barrage in the second round. Others who failed at this stage were Yves Dreyfus, the most experienced of the French entries, who was runner-up in the 1963 World championships; and Bruno Khabarov, Russia's 1960 Olympic bronze medallist. Giuseppe Delfino, the defending Olympic champion, put up a great fight before being beaten in the first round of the direct elimination stage by Zoltan Nemere of Hungary. Jack Guittet, the French champion, tied 10–all with Franz Rompza, Germany, who won the fight-off but was beaten for a place in the final by Great Britain's Bill Hoskyns. Grigory Kriss and Guram Kostava, both of Russia, reached the final and Gianluigi Saccaro, Italy, completed the field.

The final was marred by a series of technical snags and eventually Hoskyns and Kriss tied for first place. The Italian and Kostava tied for the bronze placing. Kriss had defeated the British finalist in an earlier round and also in the final pool and completed a hat-trick to firmly prove his superiority over Hoskyns in the fight-off for the title. Kostava won the bronze.

Men's Epee Team

Seventeen teams met in the epee team event and the biggest shock was provided by the defeat of the Great Britain team who had been expected to repeat their 1960 Rome silver medal success. They failed to produce their best form and were eliminated in the second round by Switzerland who were then put out of the tournament by Sweden. Germany lost on a score of hits to Great Britain in their first bout but defeated U.S.A. to make the second round. But France, who considered their epee team the strongest in the tournament, ended German hopes with an 8–4 win. Hungary and Italy caused upsets by defeating the better fancied Russian and Polish teams in the second round to make the final stages. The defeat of Poland, the World champions, left the way clear for Italy to retain the title. But the better trained Hungarian team scored a runaway 8–3 win to take the title. Five hits, after an 8–8 draw with Sweden gave France the bronze medal.

Men's Sabre Individual

In the sabre individual the 52 competitors were evenly matched and, as in the epee final, a double barrage had to be held to decide the final placings.

Hungary, who have won this event in every Olympic Games since 1924, retained the title, after a number of scares, through their No. 3 Tibor Pezsa, a tall ungainly sabreur. He defeated the French champion Claude Arabo, easily the most stylish and technically correct sabreur in the tournament, 5–2 in the fight-off. Ulmar Mavlikhanov and Yakov Rylsky of Russia fought out the bronze medal award with the former gaining the decision by two clear hits.

Men's Sabre Team

The last event decided was the sabre team and it also produced the biggest shock of the championships Hungary had won the title at every Olympics since 1928. But they were put out of the event when defeated 9–7 by Italy in the second round. Poland made a late effort to beat Germany 9–5 and France and Russia had clear-cut wins over Rumania and U.S.A.

Unfortunately the draw brought Russia and Poland together in the semi-final. They are first and second on world ranking, and again Russia confirmed her No. 1 placing by winning 9–7. Poland gained consolation by scoring a one hit win, after an 8-all tie, over France for the bronze medal.

The final was one-sided and Italy, who had defeated France in the previous round never got on terms with the Russians. Only Vladimir Calerese could match the skill of the Russian sabreurs. He won four of his team's six victories and alone deserved better placing than the silver.

Men's Foil

55 participants from 19 nations. First round (9 pools) and second round (6 pools) to provide 24 best fencers. 8 were eliminated in round three, 8 in round four and 4 in round five to find the best four. One final round for places 1 to 4. 3 direct eliminations for places 5 and 6.

Result

1. Franke POL
2. Magnan FRA
3. Revenu FRA
4. Losert AUT
5. Kamuti HUN
6. Gerresheim GER

Men's Foil – Teams

16 teams from 16 nations. First round (4 pools) to find best 8 teams. 4 were eliminated in round two to find the best four. 7 were eliminated in play-off round, semi-final, third-place match and Final to get order of placings 1 to 6.

Result

1. *U.S.S.R.*	Sveshnikov, Sisikin, Midler, Zhdanovich
2. *Poland*	Skrudlik, Woyda, Franke, Parulski
3. *France*	Revenu, Courtillat, Rodocanachi, Noel
4. *Japan*	Tabuchi, Shimizu, Mano, Okawa
5. *Germany*	Brecht, Wellmann, Mehl, Gerresheim
6. *Rumania*	Muresan, Drimba, Falb, Haukler

Epee

64 participants from 25 nations. First round (8 pools) and second round (6 pools) to find 24 best fencers. 8 were eliminated in round three, 8 in round four and 4 in round five to find the best four. One final round for places 1 to 4. 3 direct eliminations for places 5 and 6.

Result

1. Kriss URS
2. Hoskyns GBI
3. Kostava URS
4. Saccaro ITA
5. Gonsior POL
6. Bourquard FRA

Epée – Teams

18 teams from 18 nations. First round (5 pools) to find 10 best teams, 2 were eliminated in round two to find best eight and 4 were eliminated in round three to find the best four. 7 direct eliminations (semi-finals and finals) to get places 1 to 6.

Result

1. *Hungary*	Kulcsar, Nemere, Gabor, Kausz
2. *Italy*	Saccaro, Breda, Paolucci, Delfino
3. *France*	Brodin, Dreyfus, Bourquard, Guittet
4. *Sweden*	Genesjo, Lindwall, Lagerwall, Abrahamson
5. *Poland*	Nielaba, Pomarnacki, Gonsior, Andrzejewski
6. *Germany*	Rompza, Geuter, Wurtz, Gnaier

Sabre

52 participants from 21 nations. First round (8 pools) and second round (6 pools) to find 16 best fencers. 8 were eliminated in round three and 4 were eliminated in round four to find the best four. Final round for 1st to 4th places. Direct eliminations for 5th and 6th places.

Result

1. Pezsa HUN
2. Arabo FRA
3. Mavlikhanov URS
4. Rylsky URS
5. Ochyra POL
   Parent FRA

Sabre – Teams

13 teams from 13 nations. First round (4 pools) to find best eight. 4 were eliminated to find best four in second round, 7 direct eliminations (Semi-finals and Finals) for places 1 to 6.

Result

1. *U.S.S.R.*	Rylsky, Asatiani, Rakita, Mavlikhanov
2. *Italy*	Calarese, Salvadori, Calanchini, Chicca
3. *Poland*	Ochyra, Pawlowski, Zub, Piatkowski
4. *France*	Ramez, Lefevre, Arabo, Parent
5. *Hungary*	Bakonyi, Meszena, Kovacs, Horvath
6. *Germany*	Wellmann, Allissat, Köstner, Theuerkauff

Women's Foil

39 participants from 17 nations. First round (6 pools) and second round (4 pools) in order to provide 16 best fencers. 8 were eliminated in round three and 4 in round four to find the best four. 3 were eliminated for 5th and 6th places.

Result

1. Ildiko Ujlaki-Rejtö HUN
2. Helga Mees GER
3. Antonella Ragno ITA
4. Galina Gorokhova URS
5. Katalin Juhasz HUN
6. Giovanna Masciotta ITA

Women's Foil – Teams

10 teams of 4 fencers each from 10 nations. First round (3 pools) to provide best 6 teams. 2 were eliminated in round 2 to get the best four. 5 were eliminated in play-off round, semi-final, third-place match and Final to get order of placings 1 to 6.

Result

1. *Hungary*	Ildiko Ujlaki-Rejtö, Katalin Juhasz, Lidia Sakovicz, Judit Mendelenyi-Agoston
2. *U.S.S.R.*	Galina Gorokhova, Valentina Prudskova, Tatyana Samusenko, Ludmila Shishova
3. *Germany*	Heidi Schmid, Helga Mees, Rosemarie Scherberger, Gudrun Theuerkauff
4. *Italy*	Antonella Ragno, Giovanna Masciotta, Irene Camber, Natalina Sanguinetti
5. *Rumania*	Olga Szabo, Ileana Gyulai, Ana Dersidan, Maria Vicol
6. *France*	Catherine Rousselet, Marie Depetris, Brigitte Gapais, Annick Level

CYCLING

Peter Bryan

(Sporting Cyclist)

Typical of the thoroughness with which Japan organized and executed the Olympic Games were the facilities provided for the 320 road and track cyclists.

With no suitable banked cement track in Tokyo, the organizers chose a site at the textile town of Hachioji, 30 miles west of the capital, erected an Olympic village for the cyclists and built a 400 metres track alongside the competitors' living quarters.

Indeed, there has probably never been such consideration given to Olympic cyclists as that experienced at Hachioji. From the main reception hall of the two-storeyed building housing riders, a tunnel led to the centre of the track. If he wished, a rider could leave his bedroom on his bicycle, enter the tunnel, ascend to the track centre and start training without having to dismount.

Every facility needed for the upkeep of men and machines was readily to hand in the special Olympic village. Bedrooms were fitted with dozens of hooks in the ceiling, from which spare wheels and bicycles could be hung, there were air pumps for tyres, sets of training rollers, work-benches, to say nothing of medical facilities and, of course, every comfort and interest to keep riders free from nervous tension when they were not competing.

To this background of skilled planning and thought the seven Olympic road and track events took place – races which, by any standards, showed that competition is as keen as ever in world cycling.

Proof of the extra effort which Olympic competition can produce was the fact that only one winner of a world-championship six weeks earlier in France succeeded in mounting the Olympic victory podium.

The one exception was Germany, whose quartet of Henrichs, Link, Claesges and Streng re-affirmed their world-championship to win the Olympic 4,000 metres pursuit final at Hachioji in one of the closest finishes in memory.

Germany met Italy, a smooth-pedalling foursome of grace and power who held a slender lead for the first eight and a half laps of the 10 laps race.

In the final 400 metres circuit there was no splitting the teams and for 10 minutes after the race had ended officials studied the photo-finish and electric timing devices to guide their decision.

Germany gained the verdict – with seven hundredths of a second to spare over Italy in the time of 4 minutes 35.67 seconds, the fastest of the series.

That second place silver medal was one of five won by the superb Italians at Hachioji; the other four came from the individual sprint (Bianchetto), one kilometre time trial (Pettenella), 4,000 metres individual pursuit (Ursi) and the 68 miles team time trial.

The number of events for the 18th Olympiad had been increased from six to seven by the introduction of the individual 4,000 metres pursuit.

This appeared to be tailor-made for the burly young Dutch revelation of 1964, Tiemen Groen. The farmer's son, only 18, had won the world title just prior to the Olympics with such overpowering superiority that there seemed no reason for going through the preliminary rounds to achieve what was a foregone conclusion.

But Groen met defeat in the semi-finals, thrashed by Italy's Ursi who, having gained the initiative from the start, clung on to it with a fervour that carried him through to victory.

Thus there was a new favourite. Ursi had raced to a new Olympic record of 4 minutes 56.64 seconds to beat Groen. Surely the gold medal was now within his grasp?

The drama of the pursuit was not over, however, and the gold medal slipped through the Italian's hands when he was beaten in the final by a god-like Czechoslovakian athlete, Daler.

The delight of the Czechs just bubbled over after they had seen their man win the gold medal. As he slowly circled the track, regaining his breath, Daler's team mates rushed over to him and, while he was still strapped into his bicycle, hurled him into the air half a dozen times to the applause of the generally-unsmiling Japanese spectators.

Of all the different Olympic competitions in Japan, one had the impression that the cycling programme, more than any other sport, was primarily for the competitors who managed to shut from their minds the few spectators who watched and appreciated their efforts. And racing was all the better for it.

Cycling

1000 Metres Time-Trial

26 participants from 26 nations. The world and Olympic record (Gaiardoni, Italy, 1 min. 07,27 sec., Rome, 1960) was not broken.

	min.
1. Sercu BEL	1:09.59
2. Pettenella ITA	1:10.09
3. Trentin FRA	1:10.42
4. Van der Touw NLD	*min.*
5. Pecka CZS	1:10.70
6. Claesges GER	1:10.80
7. Latocha POL	1:11.[illegible]
8. Gibbon TRT	1:11.[illegible]
9. Logunov URS	1:11.[illegible]
10. Sato JPN	1:11.[illegible]

Scratch Sprint Race

39 competitors from 22 nations. First Round: 13 heats and 15 repechages. Eighth-Finals: 6 heats and 6 repechages. Quarter-Finals: 4 heats. Semi-Final: 2 heats. Final: 2 heats.

1. Pettenella ITA
2. Bianchetto ITA
3. Morelon FRA
4. Trentin FRA

Individual Pursuit (4 km)

24 participants from 24 nations. Stages for the first time ever at any Olympic Games. 12 elimination heats, 4 second round, 2 semi-finals, 2 Finals. World best performance: Van Looy (Belgium) 4 min. 51.20 sec. First Olympic best performance: Daler (Czechoslovakia) 5 min. 14.75 sec.

	min.
1. Daler CZS	5:04.75
2. Ursi ITA	5:05.96
3. Isaksson SWE	5:01.90
4. Groen NLD	5:04.21

2000 Metres Tandem

28 participants (14 teams) from 14 nations, 6 heats, 4 repechages, 4 quarter-finals, 2 semi-finals, 2 Finals.

1. *Italy*
   Damiano/Bianchetto
2. *U.S.S.R.*
   Bodniex/Logunov
3. *Germany*
   Fuggerer/Kobusch
4. *Netherlands*
   De Graaf/Van der Touw

4 km Team Pursuit

18 teams from 18 nations. 9 first rounds, 4 second rounds, 2 semi-finals, 2 finals. World best performance: Germany (Federal Republic) 4 min. 26.60 sec. (1962). Olympic best performance: Italy, 4 min. 30.90 sec. (Rome, 1960).

	min.
1. *Germany*	
Claesges, Henrichs, Link, Streng	4:35.67
2. *Italy*	
Roncaglia, Mantovani, Rancati, Testa	4:35.74
3. *Netherlands*	
Koel, Cornelisse, Oudkerk, Schuuring	4:38.99
4. *Australia*	
Brislin, Baird, Browne, Vogels	4:39.42

Cycle Road Race (Individual)

139 participants from 34 nations, of which 86 completed the race. Length of road course 194.83 km (121 miles).

	h.
1. Zanin ITA	4:39:51.63
2. Rodian DEN	4:39:51.65
3. Godefroot BEL	4:39:51.74
4. Bilney AUS	same time
5. Lopez SPA	same time
6. Peffgen GER	same time
7. Pettersson SWE	same time
8. Delmastro ARG	same time
9. Breppe ARG	same time
10. Byers NZL	same time

100 km Road Time-Trial (Team)

33 teams of 4 men each from 33 nations, length of road course 109.89 km (68 miles).

1. *Netherlands*	
Dolman, Karstens, Pieterse, Zoet	2:26:31.19
2. *Italy*	
Andreoli, Dalla Bona, Guerra, Manza	2:26:55.39
3. *Sweden*	
Hamrin, Pettersson, E., Pettersson, G., Pettersson, St.	2:27:11.52
4. *Argentina*	
Acosta, Breppe, Delmastro, Placanica	2:27:58.55
5. *U.S.S.R.*	
Melikhov, Olizarenko, Petrov, Saidkhuzhin	2:28:26.48
6. *France*	
Bidault, Chappe, Desvages, Vuillemin	2:28:52.73
7. *Denmark*	
Hansen, Petersen, Pedersen, Ritter	2:29:10.33
8. *Spain*	
Goyeneche, Lopez, Diaz, Santamarina	2:30:55.26
9. *Rumania*	
Badara, Ciocan, Cosma, Rusu	2:31:22.96
10. *Uruguay*	
Baridon, Cencic, Perez, Vazquez	2:31:36.74

SOCCER

By Doug Gardner

(World Sports, London)

Olympic soccer received a badly-needed boost when 60,000 people turned up to see Hungary beat Morocco 6–0 in the first game in the National Stadium. But despite continuing good support, the 35 games in Tokyo and Osaka seldom rose above the mediocre. The battles were either too hardily-fought or too easily one-sided.

The reason was not hard to find. Five of the 14 finalists were from Eastern European countries where Olympic teams are merely stepping-stones for players destined for higher things in the international soccer world. All five, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany (represented by an East German team), Rumania and Yugoslavia finished in the last six, and the first-named three carried off all the medals.

In the main, they were opposed by countries young in the ways of football technique and tactics, who displayed the obvious signs of belief that enthusiasm would suffice to overcome deficiencies in skill. Some of them, no doubt, were misled by encouraging results from friendly matches against much stronger countries during the preparations for Tokyo. Now they realise how hard the chips go down when they have to be laid on the table.

The performances of the U.A.R. in taking fourth place was surprising up to a point. But even here, an analysis of the results reveals a gap between fourth and third as big as the hole which suddenly appeared in the middle of the Prince Chichibu field to interrupt the game between Iran and Mexico, much to the embarassment of the otherwise excellent organization. In their group, U.A.R. were beaten 5–1 by Czechoslovakia, drew 1–1 (with a goal two minutes from time) with a disappointingly luke-warm Brazil and beat South Korea 10–0. They then beat the Group D winners Ghana 5–1 in the quarter-finals, but lost 0–6 to Hungary in the semi-finals. By far their best performance was in holding Germany to a 3–1 lead in the match for third and fourth places.

Next to Brazil, the Argentinians were the most disappointing. With only Ghana and Japan to cope with in a three-team group, they did not win a match. Ghana's lively team performed excellently against them, again uncovering the traditional South American weakness in adversity by refusing to bow before Argentina's single goal lead in the first half and finally equalising with only 10 minutes to go.

Defending champions Yugoslavia conceded a shock second minute goal to Morocco before they got into their stride, but they were shattered in a tremendous 11-goal battle with Hungary which brought them up against Germany in the quarter-finals. The Germans, whose bruising battle with Rumania was a mockery of Olympic football, grabbed a quick lead, packed their defence and the Yugoslavs bowed out, shortly afterwards announcing that they had no intention of trying again in 1968. Few can blame them.

A goal ahead in the first half of their semi-final against Czechoslovakia, Germany might have made it through to the final but for injury to one of their stars, Urbanczyk, in the second half, but the Czechs scored twice against the depleted team. In the match for third place, the Germans confronted the U.A.R.'s rigid 4-2-4 formation with their 1-4-5 line-up and won 3–1 – despite appalling shooting – mainly because the U.A.R. goalkeeper Ahmed proved at a loss in dealing with high centres, and the other U.A.R. defenders played too much to the ball and forgot about the Germans who hadn't got it.

Although the Hungarians had looked the "class" team from the start, the final was not very interesting. Much rain over the final two days made the National Stadium pitch very soft and a great deal of the tackling and body-work by both sides was not pleasant to see. Czechoslovakia had the discipline, particularly through Geleta and Picman, who made their left flank very strong, but Hungary had the flair for the unexpected move and in Komora and Bene two forwards of ability and wit.

Bene was the individual star of the tournament. A lithe, quick-thinking, quick-moving centre forward with a deadly shot (his 12 goals easily beat any other individual scoring feat) he made the whole thing memorable with one quicksilver run which took him from just inside the Czech half to an angled position near their goal-area from where he unerringly drove home.

This was the second of Hungary's goals, coming in the 59th minute after Farkas had put them ahead 2 minutes after the interval. It deservedly won them the gold medals, if for no other reason than that it was not until Brumovsky reduced the Czech arrears with only 10 minutes to go that the Hungarians attempted to close up the game–a tactic many other sides had consistently employed with far less reason and one which more than anything succeeded in making this tournament disappointing as a whole.

Finally, one must add that the refereeing did not help. Generally speaking, officials from Middle Eastern and Asian countries allowed European players to get away with far too much petty retaliation. The Japanese, Fukushima, was totally unable to control a near-fight in the Hungary–Yugoslavia match, and Israel's Ashkenazi, reputedly one of the more efficient, had to give 36 free-kicks in the first half of the final and 24 in the second period. He might have made things easier for himself had he not in the first minutes not only summarily dismissed Hungarian appeals for a goal after a mad scramble on the Czech goal-line, but also given a free-kick against them, without consulting the linesman and from a position fully 30 yards from the scene of the action. There were, in fact, many weird decisions in many of the matches, and had they been made before more soccer-knowledgable and less polite crowds than Tokyo provided, the results might well have been finally disastrous to the game's already tenuous foothold in the Olympic programme.

Soccer

In the elimination rounds played before the Olympic Games 14 national teams qualified for the Olympic soccer tournament.

First round: 4 groups (A–D) of 3 respectively 4 teams. The first 2 teams of each group continued on the cup system (quarter-finals, semi-finals, thirdplace match, Final).

Quarter-Final	Germany–Yugoslavia	1–0
	Hungary–Rumania	2–0
	Czechoslovakia–Japan	5–0
	U.A.R.–Ghana	3–1
Semi-Final	Czechoslovakia–Germany	2–1
	Hungary–U.A.R.	5–0

Final Hungary–Czechoslovakia 2–1

For 3rd and 4th places

Germany–U.A.R. 3–1

Result

1. *Hungary* Szentmihalyi, Csernai, Novak, Kaposzta, Orban, Ihasz, Szepesi, Palotai, Nagy, L., Nagy, G., Komora, Varga, Bene, Dunai, Farkas, Katona, Orosz, Nogradi, Gelei
2. *Czechoslovakia* Schmucker, Urban, Weiss, Picman, Vojta, Geleta, Cvetler, Mraz, Lichtnegl, Masny, Valosek, Knesl, Matlak, Nepomucky, Knebort, Brumovsky, Svajlen
3. *Germany* Heinsch, Urbanzcyk, Walter, Geisler, Seehaus, Unger, Pankau, Rock, Korner, Barthels, Engelhardt, Backhaus, Bauchspiess, Frenzel, Frässdorf, Noldner, Liesewicz, Vogel, Stocker, Weigang
4. *U.A.R.* Ahmed, Gad, Eliinawi, Amin, Badawi, Eltabak, Kotb, Elsherbini, Korshed, Attia, Riad, Chahine, Ismail, Mohamed, Mahmoud, Elfanagili, Nosseir, Hassan, Zaki, Etman

VOLLEYBALL

Thousands see Russia and Japan take Gold Medals

By C. P. Ho

(Hong Kong)

The tremendous spectator interest in volleyball at the Games of the 18th Olympiad in Tokyo has in all probability assured the sport of its "right to live" in future meets.

Cheering thousands saw the Soviet Union men's team win the first Olympic gold medal in volleyball and Japan, hosts to the Games, take the women's event.

Its introduction–seven years after the International Olympic Committee had given formal approval for its inclusion–as an Olympic event in Tokyo was auspicious. For the Japanese have long been fascinated by this six-a-side, modified form of basketball and helped to popularise it, especially in Asia. Thousands of them filled the stadiums each day and encouraged a display that was worthy of Olympic, and world, standard.

Ten teams were entered for the men's event and six for the women's. Brazil, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Japan, Korea, the Netherlands, Rumania, the United States and the Soviet Union sent representatives to the former and Japan, Korea, Poland, Rumania, the United States and the Soviet Union had players in the latter.

The South Korean girls took the place of the North Koreans who pulled out of the Olympic Games.

Played on a league basis, the matches spread over 11 days from October 11 to 23, with rest days on October 16 and 20.

The matches were held, sometimes simultaneously, on two beautifully constructed wooden-floored courts at the Komazawa Olympic Park and the Yokohama Cultural Gymnasium. The two venues, which provided seats for some 4,000 spectators each, satisfied players and officials who overlooked the fact that they were some distance apart.

The Russians, world champions, just managed to edge out Czechoslovakia in the men's event for the distinction of being the first Olympic volleyball gold medallists. Both teams suffered one defeat each and collected identical 15 match points. But the Russians, who had 22 set victories against five losses compared with the Czech record of 23 set victories and 10 defeats, won on the strength of their higher set rate.

Second-placed Czechoslovakia dropped its only match in the series when it lost 2–3 to Russia.

Japan, whose players spiked effectively against a bewildered Russian defence to score an unexpected 3–1 victory, took the bronze medal.

In the women's event, Russia and Japan met in a "cup final" for the coveted gold medal. Both sides had beaten all other teams and it was a clash of the Amazons.

The dainty, high-jumping Japanese girls were a bundle of energy and quickly asserted themselves. They outplayed the Russians for a well-earned 3–0 triumph.

Poland, who lost 1–3 to Japan and 0–3 to Russia, was third. The United States and Korea, sadly outclassed, finished bottom of the table in both the men's and the women's events.

The girls had the honour of opening the Olympic Games volleyball tournament on October 11 when Rumania met Russia and Japan drew the United States.

Spiking with deadly accuracy and power, the Russians and the Japanese set the scene for their coming tussle. The Russians beat the Rumanians 15–5, 15–6, 15–0 in 40 minutes; the Japanese took one minute longer to dispose of the Americans 15–1, 15–5, 15–2.

They had similarly easy victories the next day. Russia defeated Korea 15–0, 15–6, 15–0 while Japan downed Rumania 15–7, 15–3, 15–8.

The Polish girls also showed their prowess and, tearing gaping holes in the American defence, beat the United States 15–3, 15–4, 15–10.

Following this, Rumania scored its first victory with a 15–9, 15–1, 15–2 win over the United States. Poland, without too much difficulty, disposed of Korea 15–5, 15–5, 15–11.

Japan had a comfortable 15–3, 15–2, 15–4 victory over Korea. Russia kept pace with it in the number of match wins by beating Poland in a hard-fought 15–9, 15–5, 15–5 duel, then went one better when it defeated the United States 15–1, 15–8, 15–7.

This was equalled by Japan with a 15–4, 15–5, 13–15, 15–2 triumph over Poland. The Poles were very aggressive but the Japanese girls, after dropping the third set, rallied strongly and left the issue in no doubt.

Rumania registered a 15–10, 15–9, 15–6 win over luckless Korea who went on to lose 7–15, 13–15, 13–15 to the United States to give the American girls their only victory in the series.

At this stage, Poland and Rumania had two match victories each but the former had a higher set average and was lying in third place. Their encounter was virtually a match to decide the bronze medallists. Poland earned their right to the medal in a thrill-packed 15–7, 15–6, 15–8 battle.

The climax of the event was the "cup final" between Japan and Russia. Japan, who had dropped one set in the match against Poland, started the underdogs but the seemingly fragile Japanese out-jumped and out-spiked the Russians. Their spikes were like cannon balls and many a time sent the Russians sprawling on the floor in vain but gallant attempts to return the ball.

They took the first two sets 15–11, 15–8 before the Russians recovered sufficiently to stage a brief rally. But the Japanese had the advantage of playing on home ground and the knowledge that they needed only to clinch the set to win the gold medal. And they won it 15–13.

The men's event began on October 13, on both the Komazawa and the Yokohama courts.

Hungary produced the surprise that day, extending Czechoslovakia, the eventual silver medallists, to five sets. It took the powerful Czech team all their skill to win 15–10, 12–15, 13–15, 15–9, 15–10.

By contrast, Russia beat Rumania 15–8, 15–10, 15–9 and Japan downed Korea 17–15, 15–8, 15–3 in easy fashion. Brazil and Bulgaria were rather evenly matched but the more intelligent–and coordinated–play of the Bulgarians gave them a 16–14, 15–10, 15–6 win. The United States started in confident form to triumph 15–10, 15–13, 15–6 over the Netherlands.

The next day, the Americans registered what was to be their last victory in the event, by beating Korea 16–14, 4–15, 4–15, 15–10, 15–11. Hungary, still in fine form, downed Japan 15–12, 15–8, 15–12. Russia beat the Netherlands 15–8, 15–3, 15–11, Rumania Brazil 15–6, 15–5, 15–5 and Czechoslovakia Bulgaria 15–13, 13–15, 15–11, 7–15, 15–11.

October 15 saw some of the most closely contested matches in the series. Rumania fought to a 15–6, 11–15, 5–15, 15–13, 15–8 win over Bulgaria while Russia defeated Korea 15–7, 15–5, 15–6, Czechoslovakia Japan 9–15, 15–13, 15–12, 15–13, the Netherlands Brazil 14–16, 15–11, 15–12, 6–15, 16–14 and Hungary the United States 15–12, 15–13, 15–8.

Following this, the Japanese improved their game and won 15–10, 12–15, 15–6, 15–10 over Bulgaria. Czechoslovakia beat the United States 15–7, 15–13, 16–14, Rumania the Netherlands 15–9, 15–6, 15–13, Russia Hungary 15–9, 15–13, 15–11 and Brazil Korea 15–12, 15–8, 14–16, 16–14.

Russia then went on to defeat Czechoslovakia 15–9, 15–8, 5–15, 10–15, 15–7 in a match that was to help it clinch the coveted gold medal. At the same time, Japan triumphed 15–12, 15–10, 13–15, 15–11 over the United States, Rumania 15–9, 14–16, 8–15, 15–9, 15–9 over Korea, Brazil 15–4, 13–15, 11–15, 16–14, 15–11 over Hungary and Bulgaria 15–11, 8–15, 15–8, 14–16, 15–8 over the Netherlands.

The agile Japanese, playing with skill though they still lacked power, now climbed to fourth place by scoring a surprise 14–16, 15–5, 15–8, 15–10 victory over the Russians. It helped to give the Czechs, who downed Brazil 15–5, 15–6, 15–10, a fighting chance in their battle against the Russians for the gold medal.

Bulgaria defeated the United States 15–9, 15–3, 15–7, the Netherlands Korea 13–15, 15–7, 16–14, 15–8 and Rumania Hungary 15–6, 12–15, 15–10, 16–14.

An indication of how the teams would make out in the end emerged when Russia beat the United States 15–6, 15–5, 15–4, Czechoslovakia Rumania 15–11, 7–15, 15–12, 15–12, Japan Brazil 15–12, 15–9, 12–15, 7–15, 15–11, Bulgaria Korea 15–4, 12–15, 15–11, 15–9 and Hungary the Netherlands 15–4, 8–15, 15–11, 15–12.

After seven matches each, Russia was lying first, followed by Czechoslovakia, Japan, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Brazil, the Netherlands, the United States and Korea which had lost all its matches to date.

They were to retain their places during the last two days.

The Soviet Union had 15–2, 16–14, 15–13 wins over Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia 10–15, 15–10, 15–9, 15–6 over the Netherlands, Japan 15–6, 15–9, 15–8 over Rumania, Brazil 5–15, 11–15, 15–9, 15–6, 15–9 over the United States and Hungary 17–15, 6–15, 13–15, 15–8, 15–6 over Korea.

The final day saw the Soviet Union beat Brazil 15–7, 15–6, 15–9 and Czechoslovakia defeat Korea 15–1, 15–7, 15–9. Both teams had the same eight wins, one defeat, match record but the Russians won the gold medal on their higher set average.

Japan triumphed 15–17, 15–4, 15–8, 15–5 over the Netherlands to take the bronze medal.

Rumania beat the United States 11–15, 15–9, 15–11, 15–13 to take fourth place. Bulgaria, defeating Hungary 15–9, 15–12, 12–15, 15–8, came fifth.

Volleyball

A new event for the Olympic Games. 10 national teams in the men's tournament, 6 national teams in the women's tournament. The final placing was established on the league system, each team playing every other team once.

Men's tournament

Result

1. *U.S.S.R.* Chesnokov, Ivanov, Mondzolevsky, Kovalenko, Voskobojnikov, Kuchar[illegible]

	Sibiriakov, Poyarkov, Vengerovsky, Kalachikhin, Bugaenkov, Ljugailo
2. *Czechoslovakia*	Cuda, Golian, Humhal, Kop, Labuda, Musil, Paulus, Perusic, Schenk, Smidl, Sorm, Toman
3. *Japan*	Demachi, Koyama, Sugawara, Ikeda, Sato, Koseda, Higuchi, Minami, Tokutomi, Moriyama, Nakamura, Nekoda
4. *Rumania*	Dragan, Nicolau, Derzsi, Grigorovici, Coste, Ganciu, Schreiber, Plocon, Szocs, Chezan, Fieraru, Barbuta
5. *Bulgaria*	Kratchmarov, Kotchev, Srandev, Konstantinov, Stoyanov, Slavov, Boyadjiev, Koritarov, Karov, Christov, Ivanov, Giuderov
6. *Hungary*	Galos, Tatar, Molnar, Janosi, Florian, Prouza, Ivancso, Czafik, Bodo, Kangyerka, Lantos, Tuske
7. *Brazil*	Albano Feitosa, Nuzman, Viotti de Azevedo, Mezzasalma, Leao de Oliveira, Franca, Schwart da Costa, de Oliveira Ramalho, Volpi, de Victor, Barbosa Andrade, Barcellos Borges
8. *Netherlands*	Constandse, Ewalds, Groenhuijzen, van der Hoek, Koolen, Korsloot, Oosterbaan, van der Stoep, Swieter, Tinkhof, de Vink, van Wijnen
9. *U.S.A.*	Bright, Brown, Erickson, Griebenow, Hammer, Highland, Lang, Nelson, O'Hara, Suwara, Taylor, Velasco
10. *Korea*	Kim, I., Sohn, Suh, Chung, Lee, Oh, Kim, Y., Kim, J., Lim, Kim, S., Park, Kim, K.

Women's tournament

Result

1. *Japan*	Kasai, Miyamoto, Tandia, Handa, Matsumura, Y., Isobe, Matsumura, K., Shinozaki, Sasaki, Fujimoto, Kondo, Shibuki
2. *U.S.S.R.*	Ryzhova, Biltauer, Lukanina, Buldakova, Abramova, Tikhonina, Kamenek, Ryskal, Katusheva, Roschina, Mishak, Gureeva
3. *Poland*	Busz, Czajkowska, Golimowska, Jakubowska, Kordaczuk, Krupa, Ledwig, Marko, Rutkowska, Sliwka, Szczesniewska, Hermel
4. *Rumania*	Enculescu, Vanea, Chezan, Popescu, Golosie, Lazeanu, Mocan, Ivanescu, Todorovschi, Colceriu, Stanca
5. *U.S.A.*	Bright, Gaertner, Galloway, Harwerth, Murphy, O'Rourke, Owen, Peppler, Perry, Peterson, Thomas, Ward
6. *Korea*	Li, O. H., Kang, Rim, Kim, E. J., Kim, Y. J., Li, M. J., Li, B. S., Song, Li, J. S., Suk, Kim, S. D., Hu, J. J.

BASKETBALL

By Ernesto Mendoza

(Philippines)

The United States, with her forceful, though sometimes lacklustre performance in the Tokyo Olympics, looks assured of keeping the basketball championship for some years to come against a growing challenge from other nations.

One fact stood out during the Games, and it is that other nations are catching up with the "Big Three" made up of the U.S.A., Russia and Brazil.

Compared to the 1960 Rome Olympics, there was a better field in Tokyo and only the U.S.A. and Russia finished the seven-match preliminary round undefeated. Brazil suffered two losses – to Peru and the U.S.A.

The style of play of teams which have never been in the basketball "map," notably Australia and Japan, has improved at a fast clip.

But Russia – the Americans' strongest rival since 1952 – and the other nations still have to come up with an answer to the tremendous resources the U.S.A. has at her disposal in picking an Olympic team. There is an abundance of talent in U.S. collegiate basketball matched by few, if any, countries.

Never though had the U.S.A. been more fearful of losing the basketball title, which she has held since the game was first introduced into the Olympics in 1936, than in Tokyo.

Coach Hank Iba, who has piloted the Oklahoma State University quintet to 700 wins in 30 years, was telling reporters before the Games: "We shall be real lucky if we win."

The Americans' main cause for worry was the absence from the bench of stars like Jerry Lucas and Oscar Robertson who gave the U.S.A. her fifth straight basketball gold medal in Rome.

Also, five of the U.S.A. players in Tokyo had been in a U.S.A. team which was decisively beaten on a European tour early this year, first by Poland, then in two successive matches by Russia.

But the U.S.A., paced by Jerry Shipp, a sharp-shooting 6'6" (198 cm.) forward and Lucious Jackson, a high-jumping 6'9" (206 cm.) centre, came through with flying colours after a sluggish start.

One of the loudest voices in the stadium was that of Mr. Iba who, dissatisfied with his team's playing, shouted frantic orders from the bench. "Get back, get back," he yelled hoarsely, gesturing to his team to organise their defence quickly. Between games, Mr. Iba who whipped his team into shape in a three-week pre-Olympic training camp at Pearl Harbour, subjected his boys to rigorous drill sessions.

Mr. Iba's stern methods paid off when the U.S.A. trounced Russia 73–59 in the final. It was the only defeat in the tournament for the Russians who have won the basketball silver medal at every Olympics since 1952.

Against Russia, it was Jackson's control of the backboards, Shipp's quick thinking and Lawrence Harvey Brown's smooth ball-handling in the clinches which spelled victory for the U.S.A.

The American superiority in the backboards was clear. They got 23 rebounds – Jackson alone grabbing 9 – compared to the Russians' 14. The Americans netted 31 of 68 field attempts compared to the Russians' 23 out of 58.

Russia worried the U.S.A. only in the first half, when the score was deadlocked twice, and then the Americans pulled away to a 39–31 lead at the interval.

In the tournament, Alexander Petrov, a 7' (210 cm.) Moscow student, stood out for his brilliant performance under the basket, and Armenak Alachachyan, a small 33-year-old Moscow schoolteacher, for his clever play-making.

Russia's Yan Krumin, a hulking 7'2½" (218 cm.) giant who used to be a woodcutter, never failed to get a round of applause from the crowd, mostly Japanese schoolchildren, each time he stepped into the court.

One reason given by American officials for their win is that they are familiar with the style of the Russian team which has remained virtually unchanged for some years.

Brazil, the world basketball champion in Sao Paulo last year, lived up to pre-tournament predictions and repeated her bronze medal performance in Rome.

The fast-breaking Brazilians started badly, suffering a shock 50–58 defeat at the hands of Peru on opening day.

Peru finished second last in the 16-nation tournament. One of the top tournament scorers was Brazil's 27-year-old captain, Wlamir Marques, who consistently netted jump shots from long range. Another outstanding Brazilian was balding Amaury Antonio Pasos who was both a good rebounder and shooter.

To gain the bronze medal, Brazil had to beat Puerto Rico, one of the surprise teams in the tournament, in the final. Puerto Rico capitalised on the height of two Negro centres to squeeze past better-seeded teams.

Yugoslavia, runner-up in Sao Paulo last year, and Poland, second to Russia in the European Championships, did not do as well as expected.

The teams finished in this order: U.S.A., Russia, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Italy, Poland, Yugoslavia, Uruguay, Australia, Japan, Finland, Mexico, Hungary, Canada, Peru and Korea.

It was a well-organized tournament and team officials hold special praise for the magnificent snail-shaped basketball stadium with a seating capacity of 4,000.

The uniquely-designed electric time indicator broke down a few times, but stadium officials quickly produced hand-operated signboards.

Apart from this, there were few discordant notes. Tempers flared several times but there was no violence.

Mexico's Mario Pena gave the spectators one of their most memorable moments. Playing against Japan, he got the rebound seconds before the halftime gun under the Mexican goal and hurled the ball like a discus towards the opposite goal. The ball arched through the air and fell neatly into the hoop, without touching the backboard. After a momentary stunned silence, the crowd cheered wildly.

Basketball

The best 8 nations of the Rome Olympic Games (1960) were allowed to participate in the Olympic basketball tournament. (1 country waived its claim.) To these came the 2 first teams of the Pan-American and European elimination tournaments and the team of the host country as well. The team that won the African elimination tournament also waived its right. Four more teams picked themselves after their successes in the pre-Olympic qualifying games in Yokohama so that 16 national teams altogether competed.

The Olympic tournament consists of a qualifying round (2 groups A and B with 8 teams each, and a final round (4 groups competing for 16 places).

Final rounds

For 1st to 4th place

USA–Puerto Rico	62–42	U.S.S.R.–Brazil	53–47
1. U.S.A.	73–59	3. Brazil	76–60
2. U.S.S.R.		4. Puerto Rico	

For 5th to 16th place

5. Italy	11. Finland
6. Poland	12. Mexico
7. Yugoslavia	13. Hungary
8. Uruguay	14. Canada
9. Australia	15. Peru
10. Japan	16. Korea

Result

1. *U.S.A.*	Barnes, Bradley, Brown, Caldwell, Counts, Davies, Hazzard, Jackson, Mccaffrey, Mulli–Davies, Hazzard, Jackson, Mccaffrey, Mullins, Shipp, Wilson
2. *U.S.S.R.*	Muizhniex, Bagley, Alachachian, Travin, Khrynin, Krumin, Moseshvili, Korneev, Petrov, Volnov, Lioso, Kalninsh
3. *Brazil*	Pasos, Marques, Pereera, Maciel, D. Massoni, Braun, De Sousa, Schall, Bispo dos Santos, Salvador Sucar, Mirshawka, De Toledo Machado, Edvar Simones
4. *Puerto Rico*	McCadney, Droz Ramos, Adorno Melendez, Cruz Downs, Vicens Sastre, Zamot Bula, Anza Ortiz, Frontera, Colley, Baez Marino, Garcia Lucas, Cancel Acevedo, Gutierrez Ferrer
5. *Italy*	Giomo, Pellanda, Dembech, Primi, Berrini, Vittori, Sardagna, Riminucci, Masini, Bufalini, Vianello, Gavagnin
6. *Poland*	Wichowski, Petrokonski, Bonk, Perka, Olejniczak, Sikorski, Piskun, Likszo, Lopatka, Fredrycz, Czernichowski, Dregier

7. *Jugoslavia*	Gordic, Korac, Rajkovic, Kovacic, Djierdja, Raznatovic, Daneu, Petricevic, Eiselt, Cvetkovic, Djuric, Nikolic
8. *Uruguay*	Poyet, Marquz, Gomez, Koster, Ciavattone, Roca, Pisano, Garcia, Gadea, De Leon, Rial, Maya
9. *Australia*	Davie, Hackwill, Heard, Wyatt, Ahmatt, Cole, Rodwell, Dancis, Linde, Hody, Gaze, Gardiner
10. *Japan*	Nara, Wakabayashi, Shiga, Nakamura, Masuda, Bai, Fujie, Kaiho, Egawa, Moroyama, Tsunoda, Kodama

THE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

By David Lawday

(Great Britain)

India and Pakistan maintained their position at the top of the world's hockey nations in Tokyo, reflecting once more the edge Asian hockey has, at its best, over the European style.

Yet India owed their gold medal triumph to a large extent to the spirit and determination with which Spain, Germany and Holland contested the Pool B qualifying matches.

The Indians, held to draws by both Spain and Germany, and struggling through by a narrow 2–1 margin over Holland, were well attuned psychologically for the toughness of an Olympic final by the time the big match came around.

By contrast, Pakistan romped through their Pool A qualifying games with six victories, the only team to reach the semi-finals with a perfect record. Their final pool match against the dynamically fit Australians turned out to be the only game which had them at full stretch before they entered the final.

In the playoff for the bronze medal, Australia's supreme fitness, which had only once momentarily faded in the course of the tournament, paid its greatest dividend and they wore down Spain in a 15-minute extra time period.

The high standard of hockey played in Tokyo and the tension it produced was due in part to the improvement of many sides in the four years since Rome Olympics and in part to three perfectly prepared pitches. Each was smooth and firm, planted with a special grass which refused to cut up in spite of three days of rain and storm. Both these factors brought team managers to the early conclusion that the competition would be the most open ever.

Seeding was based on results in Rome, so that Pakistan and Britain (first and fourth) were placed in Pool A, cut off from competition with Pool B's India and Spain (second and third) until the final stages.

The two groups were originally made up of eight teams, each having to play seven games in nine days–and two more if successful. But Indonesia withdrew from all Olympic competition at the last minute and Pool A was left with seven teams.

The major surprise of the first day's play, Sunday, October 11, was the 7–0 defeat of Britain by Australia. Britain did not recover their confidence until the final stages of the tournament, when it was too late. The speed and directness of the Australians, already proving themselves leading exponents of the European-style game, put them this early in the running for a medal and they had a further trump card in the person of right back Donald McWatters, who converted four of his side's seven goals from penalty corners.

Pakistan kept Australia company at the head of Pool A with a narrow 1–0 win over Japan, while Kenya, which was to switch from brilliant to mediocre throughout the Games, confounded first expectations by playing out a goalless draw with Rhodesia.

Meanwhile a pattern was evolving in Pool B woven around the tense rivalry between India and the three European sides, Spain, Germany and Holland.

In the early stages, Germany, with two wins and a 1–1 draw against India to their credit, looked set to win one of the top two places in the group. But they stumbled to draws against teams which all their main rivals beat–first Malaysia, then Belgium and Hongkong, giving the Crown Colony its sole point in the tournament. In the event, Germany finished level on points with Holland but took third position in the group by virtue of a 1–0 victory over the Dutchmen.

It was the talented young Spaniards, for whom centre forward Francisco Amat scored eight goals in pool matches, who put themselves solidly in second position. They played out hectic 1–1 draws with their three chief rivals and beat Malaysia, Belgium, Canada and Hongkong without conceding a goal.

India and Holland, meanwhile, awaited their encounter on the last day of the pool matches to decide who would join Spain in the semi-finals, India, facing the prospect of not even having a tilt at a medal for the first time in 36 years, emerged determined 2–1 winners and pushed the Dutchmen down to fourth place in the group.

The outcome of the first pool was cut and dried by comparison. Pakistan's forwards worked and foraged together as the complete creative unit, cutting their way relentlessly through all opposition and contributing to the best pool goal average of 17 goals for and three against. Pakistan headed their group with a maximum 12 points.

Australia took second place with four wins, including victory against their southern hemisphere neighbours New Zealand. Apart from a narrow defeat at the hands of Pakistan, the Australians lapsed only once in going down 1–0 to Kenya, their nearest rivals for second position. Japan survived two early defeats to finish fourth.

With the qualifying matches over, Germany and Kenya overcame Japan and Holland respectively for the right to contest fifth overall Olympic position. The German forwards regained their form to take three goals from the Kenyans without reply in the playoff.

Meanwhile the semi-finals had gone according to expectations and the 3,000 crowd which filled the compact number one stadium on a rainy Friday, October 23, prepared to watch all three Rome medallists, Pakistan. India and Spain, set about retaining or improving on their positions.

Australia, beaten 3–1 in the semi-finals by India, were the first to upset the previous order of things. They led Spain 1–0 at half time in the match for the bronze medal but were checked immediately after the resumption in a sensational 30-second spell, during which Spain's outside right Ignacio Macaya grabbed two goals. Australia only kept themselves in the medal race with a short corner goal five minutes from time.

During extra time, the Spaniards, hampered by an injury to their key defender, right back Jose Colomer, conceded one more goal–and with it the bronze medal.

It was the first time Australia had captured an Olympic hockey award.

The final between Pakistan and India, only the sixth time the champions had met, began at a cautious pace but flared into an fierce battle for most of a goalless first half. The umpires, Walter Schinner of Germany and Francois Lathouwers of Holland, twice walked onto the pitch to soothe frayed tempers.

India earned their 1–0 victory with a penalty flick goal in the fifth minute of the second half. A Pakistan defender was adjudged to have stopped the ball on his goalline with his foot and India's right half, Mohinder Lal, scooped the ball into the net from the penalty spot. A feature of the match was the control India's backs and half backs had over the previously unstoppable Pakistani forwards. This strength, and the lessons in determination they gained in the qualifying rounds, won back for India the gold medal they have held, with the exception of the defeat by Pakistan at Rome, in every Olympiad since 1928.

Hockey

15 teams from 15 nations. Qualifying round of 2 pools of 7, and 8 teams respectively. Semi-final round: 4 teams for 1st to 4th place, 4 teams for 5th and 6th places, 3 final matches for 1st to 6th places.

Semifinal round

For 1st to 4th place		*For 5th and 6th places*	
India–Australia	3–1	Germany–Japan	5–1
Pakistan–Spain	3–0	Kenya–Netherlands	3–1

Final round

1. India	1–0	5. Germany	3–0
2. Pakistan		6. Kenya	
3. Australia	3–2		
4. Spain			

Result

1. *India*	Laxman, Christy, Gurbax Singh, Dharam Singh, Frithipal Singh, Lal, Jagjit Singh, Charanjit Singh, Rajinder Singh, Joginder Singh, Kaushik, Peter, Harbinder Singh, Patll, Udham Singh, Darshan Singh, Sayeed, Balbir Singh
2. *Pakistan*	Asad, Munir Ahmad, Atif, Din, Niazi, Azam, Mahood, Ullah, Anwer, Afzal, Rashld, Hamid, Hussain, Hyat, Zafar Ahmad, Anwar Ahmad, Nawaz, Aziz
3. *Australia*	McBryde, Piper, Crossman, Dearing, Evans, Glencross, Hodder, McCormack, McWatters, Martin, Nilan, Eric Pearce, Julian Pearce, Smart, Wood, Waters
4. *Spain*	Alvear, Francisco Amat, Jaime Amat, Pedro Amat, Calzado, Colomer, Del Coso, Dinares, Dualde, Echevarria, Macaya, Narciso Ventallo, Santiago Ventallo, Nogues, Solaun, Usoz, Vidal, Garcia
5. *Germany*	Stephan, Thieme, Vetter, Brennecke, Bahner, Dahmlos, Lippert, Westphal, Freiberger, Ehrlich, Krause, Sasse, Hanschke, Traumer, Mausert, Richter, Opitz, Wowra
6. *Kenya*	Geore, Vaz, Sohal, Matharu, Panesar, Sivester Fernandes, Hilary Fernandes, Edgar Fernandes, Egbert Fernandes, D'Souza, Mendonga, Simonian, Bhardwaj, Aggarwal, Mangat, Leo Fernandes, Khan, Brar

GERMANY SCORES IN OUTSTANDING EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCE

By Brian McKibbin

(Australia)

Not since the 1936 Berlin Olympics did German horsemen perform as well as they did in Tokyo this year when they scored in each of the three equestrian events to win two gold medals, two silver and two bronze.

They narrowly missed a third gold medal when the top performing rider at the Tokyo Games, West Germany's Harry Boldt came within a point of equalling Switzerland's Henri Chammartin's winning ride in the [illegible] Grand Prix Dressage event.

Italy also gave a sterling performance by clinching a gold medal double in the arduous three-day event, and a bronze in the Grand Prix Jumping competition.

It was Italy's first victory in an Olympic three-day event.

The slick organisation of the Olympic competition by the

internationally inexperienced Japanese came under early criticism, particularly the 20-mile endurance course for the three-day event.

But on the day of the stringent test the course, which had been described as too easy, took its toll of competitors including two leading British riders.

The competition was conducted over 10 days beginning on October 14 with the three-day event in the picturesque wooded valley of the Mt. Asama mountain range outside the tiny western Japan village of Karuizawa, 90 miles from Tokyo.

Later came the Grand Prix Dressage test–not open to three-day event competitors–and the final spectacular show jumping contest on the last day of the Games at Tokyo's ultra-modern National Stadium.

Tragedy preceded the equestrian sports when the American horse Markham was destroyed in flight on its way to Tokyo when he went berserk in the air-float transport shortly after the aircraft cleared Newark, New Jersey.

The grey 12-year-old gelding Bold Minstrel was later flown to Japan as a replacement and was ridden by Michael Plumb in the United States silver medal team victory in the three-day event.

Plumb later bought British Army Captain James Templer's M'Lord Connolly for shipment home to the United States.

Templer and his 9-year-old bay gelding were eliminated from the three-day event for faults in the endurance test.

Prior to the commencement of the toughly contested events, exercise facilities for horses in quarantine in Karuizawa came under attack.

Teams complained that their horses had insufficient space in which to exercise at Karuizawa as compared to the spacious areas for the specialised dressage and show jumping mounts at Equestrian Park in Tokyo's suburban Baji Koen.

Japanese officials, who at all times displayed a ready willingness to meet with competirors requests and demands, immediately enlarged the Karuizawa exercise yards and horses came out fit and able for the start of the three-day event.

Two days before the event got under way the secret endurance course was revealed to competing riders and team officials. Mixed reaction followed.

The Australians, defending champions in both the individual and team sections of the three-day event and who were among the critics of the course, later found the course in fact to be a true test and suffered heavy penalties with only one entrant finishing well.

The gala autumn day eventually dawned for the opening ceremony of the Equestrian sports at Karuizawa.

The Olympic cauldron, adorned with horse-shoes, was lit, pigeons fluttered in the air, red coats and black coats and army uniforms lined up in national alphabetical order and balloons soared into the clear blue sky as fireworks burst with resounding echoes among the mountains ringing the dressage arena.

Fine weather, following on days of rain, was improving conditions on the cross-country course, and the ground was drying where fences had been built over the rolling countryside covered with autumn pampas grass.

Competitors also had their second inspection of the course they were later to ride.

Early on the morning of the opening ceremony all 48 horses entered for the three-day event passed the compulsory veterinary examination, allowing them to start.

For the first time in the Olympic Games, a veterinary inspection was arranged after phase C of the endurance test when the horse would have covered 23,520 metres.

In order to establish his fitness to carry on over the cross-country phase, despite criticism that the course was less demanding than was excepted, entrants welcomed the innovation for the sake of their horses.

The first test, dressage of the three-day event got under way the day following the opening ceremony, on Friday, October 14. The dressage test was held over two days because of the number of entrants.

Britain emerged on the Saturday from the first test at the head of the field of 12 nations.

It was the first time Britain had captured the Olympic lead at the beginning of the three-day event.

The favoured Australian gold medallist team from Rome occupied 11th place, only just ahead of Korea.

But two hard days of riding tests were ahead.

Britain's Sgt. Reuben Jones whose low penalty score of 35 on the Friday on Master Bernard put him in the early individual first place gave all the credit to his horse when he said: "Didn't he go nicely?"

The German pair moved down one notch on the Saturday when Fritz Ligges guided the responsive Donkosak, a 10-year-old dark bay gelding, in a polished display that earned the lowest penalty score for the test of 32.

Carlos Moratorio and the 11-year-old chestnut mare Chalan, of Argentina, were rewarded with 42 points and Michael Page, of the United States, scored 43 penalty points on the 15-year-old brown gelding Grasshopper, that was on Ireland's Olympic team in 1956 before changing hands and going on to represent America at both Rome and the Tokyo Games.

Stony Crossing, a brown gelding of Australia, demonstrated his youth in a burst of exhuberant inattention in the dressage ring and although Brian Cobcroft sat patient and persistent he suffered to the tune of 100 penalty points.

Stony Crossing was to prove himself on the next day when he brought Cobcroft home in second position in the endurance test.

But with the coming on the Sunday of the much awaited endurance test was also heavy rain to turn the twisting hilly course into a quagmire and leave no doubt to the severity of the test.

Wearing gumboots and sheltering under brightly coloured bamboo umbrellas thousands of Japanese mountain people braved the driving rain and mud to watch riders and horses negotiate the slippery obstacle course.

Vantage points on little hills in the plateau commanded a splendid survey of the steeplechase on the cross-country course and the final phase.

Britain going into the test with the early lead, ended out of the running when both Capt. Templer and Michael Bullen were eliminated.

Richard Meade, on Barberry, who competed first for Britain had no penalties and received the maximum bonus points for speed on both the steeplechase and cross-country phases.

Their performance was particularly noble since Barberry had been a sick horse during the week.

After Sgt. Jones and Master Bernard had a good showing the British hope was high but then came Templer's faulting near the end of the course, closely followed by Bullen's fall and injury in the steeplechase. Bullen renounced it and continued only to be faulted on the cross-country.

Neale Lavis, of Australia, who won the silver medal in 1960 fell and teammate John Kelly fell twice.

Bill Roycroft, hero from Rome, was unseated once and hung upside down around his horse's neck until he was safely upside in the penalty zone.

Cobcroft saved the Australian team by obtaining the maximum score on Stony Crossing.

During the afternoon, the clouds came low and visibility was poor. Then Harry Freeman Jackson, of Ireland, a country used to rain, had a fall, perhaps because his horse could not see well.

Tony Cameron, also of Ireland, earlier had completed his cross-country journey only three seconds over time for the maximum bonus.

Going into the final with the happiest team outlook were Italy, whose Mauro Checcoli on Surbean, received the maximum points, Germany and the United States.

America's Helena Dupont, the first woman to compete in an Olympic three-day event, fell twice but completed the course.

At the beginning of the Monday's final trial, after all horses had passed the morning veterinarian inspections allowing them to jump in the afternoon, only a single fence stood between five competitors in the running for an individual Olympic title.

First of these to go, Meade, of Britain, was penalized for two knocked down fences, one refusal plus time faults.

Teammate Sgt. Jones lost his chance when three fences went down in the wake of his Master Bernard.

Capt. Moratorio and Chalan, of Argentina, jumped clear and so maintained their previous day score.

Italy's Checcoli, riding in an atmosphere of mounting tension, rattled a couple of rails which somehow held up to allow them a clean passage.

Confident then that he could not be overtaken, Checcoli embraced with enthusiasm the gray gelding that had carried him faithfully and courageously over the last three testing days.

When Ligges and Donkosak, of Germany, knocked down a fence it became apparent that they had surrendered the silver medal to Moratorio.

Checcoli's ride also assured team supremacy for Italy. But not until the last American rider Michael Plumb went, was the silver medal secured for the U.S.A. Plumb's clear round on Bold Minstrel supported Michael Page's earlier clearance on Grasshopper to give the U.S.A. second place.

The consistent horsemanship throughout of all four Germans who rarely rode as a team, was rewarded with third place and the bronze medal.

Four days later at Tokyo's Equestrian Park Germany won the gold medal in the Olympic Grand Prix de Dressage in a result that was hardly in doubt since the first rider of their three-man team performed his test early in the morning.

Boldt, on the gray 9-year-old gelding Remus, gave a superlative display that was rewarded with a score of 889 points.

Dr. Reiner Klimke, who has switched from three-day events since Rome, rode Dux, a 12-year-old chestnut gelding, for a score of 937 points.

Last of the trio, Josef Neckermann, bronze medallist from Rome, and at 52 one of the oldest riders in all the equestrian games, exhibited beautiful grey mare Antoinette for a total 832 points, and assured the team gold medal for Germany.

Claiming the silver medal was Switzerland, represented firstly by Miss Marianne Gossweiler and Stephen. Miss Gossweiler emerged at the head of all the eight women who were competing in the event. Her teammate, Adjutant Henri Chammartin, a Rome veteran, rode this time on Woermann, a bay gelding who whinnied loudly at finding himself in the show ring.

Sgt. Gustav Fischer and Wald, the Rome silver medal partnership, completed the polished performances of the Swiss riders.

The Russian team won the bronze medal for third place, Sergey Filatov and Absent, the defending champions, receiving the surprisingly low mark, for them, of 847, while Ivan Kizimov and Ikhor scored 758, and Ivan Kalita and Moar 706.

The individual aspirants to medals were decided the following day in a ride-off among those occupying the first six places in the team event.

These were all the three German riders, whose overall precision and elegance defeated all-comers, the two men from Switzerland, and the peerless Russian whose comparatively low score on the first dressage day surprised himself as well as his fans.

Chammartin performed superbly the next day to clinch the individual gold medal with a combined 1,504 points. Boldt was judged to the silver with 1,503 points and Russia's Filatov won the bronze with 1,486 after turning in the best display in the ride-off with 639 points.

The next day, October 24, the final equestrian sport of the Games, the Grand Prix Jumping, was decided at the National Stadium under overcast skies and in cool conditions.

Germany maintained its performance to capture the team award and the silver medal in the individual section.

The French team won the silver medal and Italy the bronze.

The teams of Korea, Japan, and Mexico went out in the morning round and were joined by the Russians in the afternoon.

However, not until the last German rider went on Fidelitas was the team position finalized.

Hans Winkler, 39-year-old member of the gold medal winning team of four years ago, entered the ring knowing that he could not win an individual medal for himself, but could win or lose an award for his country.

He rode with care and precision, and even with 15 faults kept Germany ahead of France who was already leading Italy.

Earlier, the first rider for Germany, Hermann Schridde, had entered the ring for his second round needing to go clear to keep in the running for an individual gold medal.

Although he jumped cleanly–the first rider of the day to do so–he was penalized on time and had to be content with the silver.

Later in the day came Pierre Jonqueres d'Oriola, gold medallist from Helsinki and soon to make himself hero of Tokyo. No one could have been more aware of pressure, and none gave less suggestion of it.

On Lutteur he jumped superbly and accurately to return the only clear round of the Tokyo Grand Prix Jumping and assure individual first place for himself as well as second place for the French team.

Peter Robeson, of Britain, and John Fahey, of Australia, tying for third place, jumped off over an abbreviated course.
Robeson, a member of Britain's bronze medal winning team at Stockholm, went first and was clear.
But 21-year-old Fahey faulted and lost the medal after some very creditable performances. Robeson, who had ridden in the unenviable first place at 8 o'clock in the morning and had set the standard for the day, well deserved his bronze medal recognition – the only equestrian laurel from Tokyo for Britain.

Equestrian Events

Three-Day Event

48 riders from 12 nations, in the individual awards and team prizes. A team consisted of 4 riders of whom the 3 best ones were given points for the team. 9 full teams (34 riders) completed the event. Three scoring sections: 1) Dressage Test. 2) Cross-Country Test: altogether 32.7 km with 5 consecutive stages: Stage A – 6 km over roads or paths, average speed 240 m/min. Stage B – 3,6 km Steeplechase over 12 jumps, average speed 600 m/min. Stage C – 13.920 km over roads or paths, average speed 240 m/min. Stage D – 7.2 km cross-country over 31 jumps, average speed 450 m/min. Stage E – 1.980 km on the flat, average speed 330 m/min. 3) Jumping Test: 800 m, 12 obstacles, time 120 sec.

Individual Placings

	Horse	*Total*
1. Checcoli ITA	Surbean	+64.40
2. Moratorio ARG	Chalan	+56.40
3. Ligges GER	Donkosak	+49.20
4. Page USA	Grasshopper	+47.20
5. Cameron IRL	Black Salmon	+46.53
6. Karsten GER	Condora	+36.60
7. Roycroft AUS	Eldorado	+32.20
8. Meade GBI	Barberry	+29.73
9. Jones GBI	Master Bernard	+26.20
10. Gaziumov URS	Gran	+23.47
20. Schulz GER	Balza	−29.07
25. Fuhrmann GER	Mohamet	−50.00

Team Placings

		Horse	*Total*
1. *Italy*	Checcoli	Surbean	+ 64.40
	Angioni	King	+ 17.87
	Ravano	Royal Love	+ 3.53
	altogether		+ 85.80
2. *U.S.A.*	Page	Grasshopper	+ 47.40
	Freeman	Gallopade	+ 17.13
	Plumb	Bold Minstrel	+ 1.33
	altogether		+ 65.86
3. *Germany*	Ligges	Donkosak	+ 49.20
	Karsten	Condora	+ 36.60
	Schulz	Balza	− 29.07
	altogether		+ 56.73
4. *Ireland*	Cameron	Black Salmon	+ 46.53
	Brennan	Kilkenny	+ 1.13
	Harty	San Michele	− 4.80
	altogether		+ 42.86
5. *U.S.S.R.*	Gazimov	Gran	+ 23.47
	Konkov	Rumb	− 10.97
	Deev	Satrap	− 32.13
	altogether		− 19.63
6. *Argentina*	Moratorio	Chalan	+ 56.40
	Flores	Legitima	− 2.73
	Gesualdi	Morrina	− 88.47
	altogether		− 34.80
7. *Australia*	Roycroft	Eldorado	+ 32.20
	Cobcroft	Stony Crossing	+ 8.40
	Kelly	Brigalow	−107.87
	altogether		− 67.27
8. *France*	Le Goff	Leopard	− 37.87
	De Croutte		
	de St. Martin	Mon Clos	− 38.47
	Landon	Laurier	− 57.53
	altogether		−133.87
9. *Mexico*	Gonzalez	Condor	− 36.40
	Higareda	Engano	−159.67
	Mendivil	Xihuilt	−178.07
	altogether		−374.14

Dressage Test

22 riders from 9 nations of which at the same time 18 riders in 6 national teams of 3 riders each. The programme consisted of 32 tests which were to be completed in 12 min. 30 sec. in the prescribed order. For the individual placings, a jump-off between the first six with a shortened trial (23 tests in 6 min. 30 sec.) was held.

Individual Placings

	Horse	*Total*
1. Chammartin SWI	Woermann	1,504
2. Boldt GER	Remus	1,503
3. Filatov URS	Absent	1,486
4. Fischer SWI	Wald	1,485
5. Neckermann GER	Antoinette	1,429
6. Klimke GER	Dux	1,404
7. Marianne Gossweiler SWI	Stephan	802
8. Patricia De la Tour USA	Rath Patrick	783
9. Hamilton SWE	Delicado	777
10. Kizimov URS	Ikhor	758

Team Placings

	Rider	*Horse*	*Points*
1. *Germany*	Boldt	Remus	889
	Klimke	Dux	837
	Neckermann	Antoinette	832
			2,558
2. *Switzerland*	Chammartin	Woermann	870
	Fischer	Wald	845
	Marianne Gossweiler	Stephan	802
			2,526
3. *U.S.S.R.*	Filatov	Absent	847
	Kizimov	Ikhor	758
	Kalita	Moar	706
			2,311
4. *U.S.A.*	Patricia De la Tour	Rath Patrick	783
	Anne Newberry	Forstrat	707
	Karen McIntosh	Malteser	640
			2,130
5. *Sweden*	Hamilton	Delicado	777
	Wikne	Gaspari	753
	Ljungquist	Karat	538
			2,068
6. *Japan*	Kikuko Inoue	Katsunobori	648
	Okabe	Seiha	589½
	Matsudaira	Hamachidori	542
			1,779½

Jumping Test – Grand Prix

46 riders from 17 nations of which at the same time 42 riders in 14 national teams of 3 riders each. Length of course 780 m. 31 obstacles, minimum time 1.57 minutes. Each rider 2 rounds. The placing order was obtained by adding up all penalty points of both rounds.

Individual Placings

	Horse	*Total*
1. D'Oriola FRA	Lutteur	9
2. Schridde GER	Dozent	13¾
3. Robeson GBI	Firecrest	16 + 0*)
4. Fahey AUS	Bonvale	16 + 8*)
5. Duarte POR	Jeune France	20
6. Pessoa BRA	Huipil	20
7. Chapot USA	San Lucas	20½
8. Jarasinski GER	Torro	22¼
9. D'Inzeo ITA	Sunbeam	24½
10. Hauri SWI	Millview	25½
16. Winkler GER	Fidelitas	32½

*) The jump-off for third and fourth places was won by Robeson (no fault) before Fahey (8 faults).

Team Placings

	Rider	*Horse*	*Total*
1. *Germany*	Schridde	Dozent	13¾
	Jarasinski	Torro	22¼
	Winkler	Fidelitas	32½
			68½
2. *France*	D'Oriola	Lutteur	9
	Janou Lefèvre	Kenavo "D"	32
	Lefrant	Monsieur de Littry	36¾
			77¾
3. *Italy*	D'Inzeo, P.	Sunbeam	24½
	D'Inzeo, R.	Posillipo	28
	Mancinelli	Rockette	36
			88½
4. *Great Britain*	Robeson	Firecrest	16
	Broome	Jacopo	37
	Barker	North Flight	44¼
			97¼
5. *Argentina*	Canaves	Confinado	29½
	Arrambide	Chimbote	34¼
	Delia	Popin	37¼
			101
6. *U.S.A.*	Chapot	San Lucas	20½
	Kathryn Kusner	Untouchable	29¾
	Mary Mairs	Tomboy	56¾
			107
7. *Australia*	Fahey	Bonvale	16
	Anne McIntyre	Coronation	39½
	Bacon	Ocean Foam	53½
			35
8. *Spain*	Goyaga	Kif-kif	109
	Martinez	Eolo IV	40
	Queipo de Llano	Infernal	43¾
			118¾
9. *Switzerland*	Hauri	Millview	25½
	Weier	Satan III	32
	Moehr	Troll	83¾
			140¾
10. *New Zealand*	Hansen, G.	Saba Sam	37¾
	Hansen, R.	Tide	56
	White	El Dorado	62½
			156¼

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Christopher William Brasher President Cambridge University Athletic Club 1950–51 and Mountaineering Club 1949–50. British International Athlete: 1952 Olympic Games, Helsinki (3000 metres steeplechase); 1954 First Four Minute Mile, Oxford and Empire and Commonwealth Games, Vancouver (one mile); 1956 Olympic Games Melbourne (3000 metres steeplechase, Gold medal, see picture). Journalist and Author: Sports Editor "Observer" 1957–1961. At present contributor to the "Observer" and BBC television.



Peter Bryan Group Managing Editor, Go Magazine Limited, among whose publications are "Sporting Cyclist" and "Cycling". Founder-member of the Sports' Writers Association.



Harry Carpenter Boxing correspondent for the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1962. Before that he was on the staff of the London "Daily Mail" for eight years as boxing and general sports columnist.



Terry O'Connor Assistant Sports Editor "Daily Mail", London, has covered the last five Olympic Games. He is regarded as one of Britain's foremost Rugby Union critics and has reported some test international matches and tours to South Africa. He served with R.A.F. aircrew during the last war.



James Coote of the "Daily Telegraph", age 28, youngest athletics correspondent of a British national newspaper ever since he was appointed 4 years ago. Once broke evens for 100 yards but gave up running to write.



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Liselott Diem Physical Training Instructor since 1927, Professor at the Sports Academy in Cologne since 1965, Member of Executive of International Council of Physical Education and Sports, Vice-President of International Association for Physical Education and Sports of Girls and Women. Wife of the late Carl Diem, known as one of the most important representatives of the ideas of Coubertin.



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Rudolf Hagelstange is a German poet and novelist, a social critic, globetrotter, canoeing enthusiast and, as an ex-pole vault jumper, an informed follower of competitive sport. Awarded Olympic Diploma of the IOC in 1963 for his services rendered to the Olympic idea through his literary work.



Bill Gasson New Zealand. Reported general news and sport in New Zealand, Australia, and the Far East. At present Reuter Correspondent in Indonesia.



George Harley Sports Editor of the "Croydon Times" before six years in the Army. Joined the British Press Association after the war. Now in seventeenth year with "Daily Mirror" where he is Deputy Sports Editor.



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Roy Moor Former Great Britain international quarter-miler, attended all the Olympic Games since Berlin 1936. Athletics correspondent of the "News Chronicle" for 15 years before the newspaper merged with the "Daily Mail" in 1960.



Vernon Morgan Sports Editor of Reuters for more than 30 years. Competed in the 1928 Olympic Games in Amsterdam in the steeplechase; schoolboy mile champion of England; Oxford University athletics and soccer „blue". Has played and covered nearly all major sports in most countries in the world.



Edouard Seidler Assistant chief-editor of Paris "Equipe". 1964 winner of prize for best sports report for his piece on the Olympic Decathlon.



Jean Saint-Fort Paillard, on the staff of the Paris "Figaro". Champion of the equestrian Three Day Event, competitor in many Olympic Games, gold medal winner in London 1948.



Oscar State General Secretary of the International Weightlifting Federation, technical organiser of four Olympic Games, seven world championships and numerous international tournaments.



Laurie Pignon Chief sports writer of the "Daily Sketch" since 1945.



George Whiting Boxing reporter since 1923. Sports writer with the London "Evening Standard" since 1944. Winner of the 1964 Hannen Swaffer Award for the best sports journalist of the year.



John Rodda Sports writer for "Manchester Guardian" – now "The Guardian" – since 1953.



Peter Wilson Full-time journalist all his working life since 1931, contributing first to "The Times", then with the "Exchange Telegraph", joining the "Daily Mirror" in 1935, transferring to the "Sunday Pictorial" in 1938. After war service rejoined the "Sunday Pictorial" in 1946 and subsequently went to the "Daily Express" from 1950 to 1953 when he returned to the "Daily Mirror" where he has been since.

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