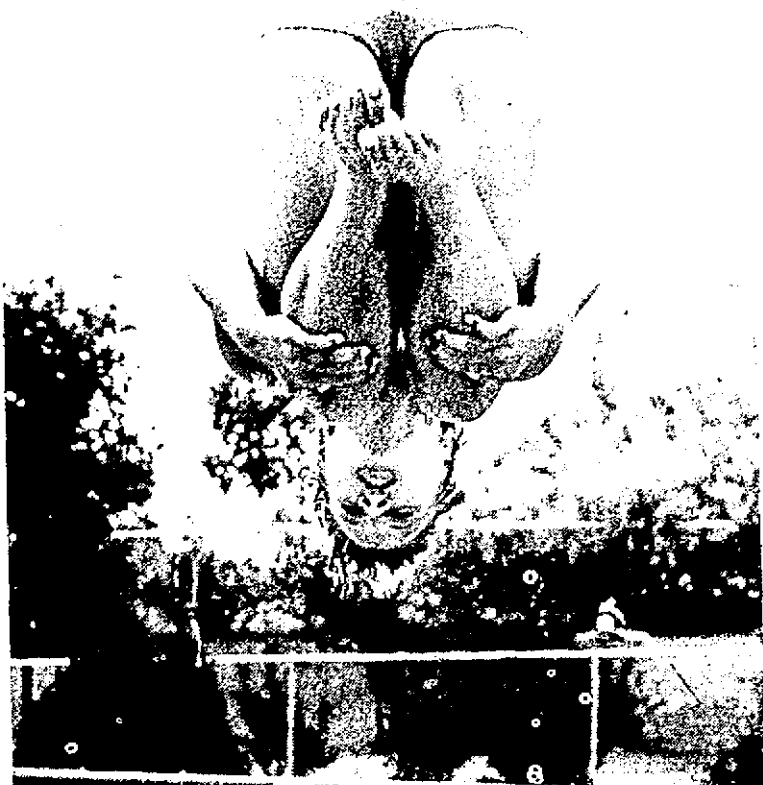




# Hassles, frustrations mark Olympic Games



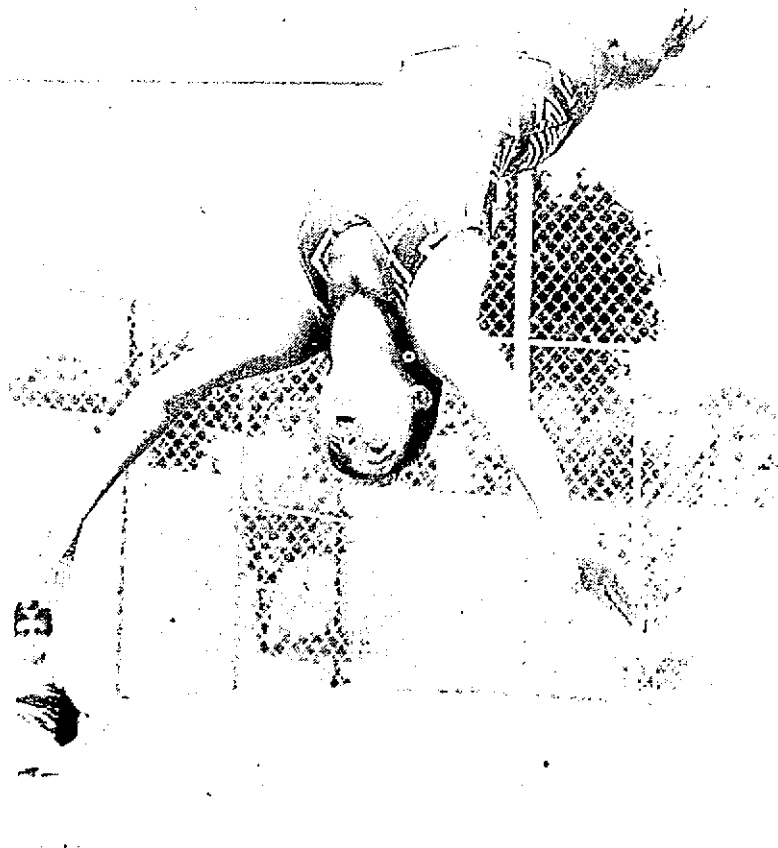
## The view from another perspective

Divers have a tendency to spend a lot of time upside down, looking at the world with their heads about to enter the water.

Toni Endres, above, who dives for the Ridgewood pool, and Kara Williamson of Shorewood, right, spent a good share of Thursday afternoon checking things out from that angle.

What they saw was the Parkerest divers clinch the All-City Pool Meet diving championship at the Parkerest pool. (See story on page 16.)

Staff photos  
by Dave Sandell



By SALLY QUINN  
Washington Post News Service

MONTREAL — The Olympics, as seen on television, are very different from the Olympics as seen first-hand. What you see on television is a lot of nice games, prepared with an occasional announcement of unfortunate events, like the Russian fencer fixing his epee.

What goes on in Montreal (and, from what one can gather, went on in Innsbruck, Munich, Mexico City, et al) is an incredible hassle — frustration, anger, foul-ups and not infrequently near hysteria on the part of the press, the committee, the athletes and the visitors.

• A photographer arrives from Europe, having applied a year earlier for his credentials through the

Canadian Olympic Committee (COJO). He finds that his credentials have been lost, his accommodations not made and all record of his existence eliminated — except for a mailbox. He opens the mailbox hopefully and inside among a pile of press releases is a handwritten note from the head of the press section wishing him a happy birthday. It is his birthday.

• An American reporter arrives in Montreal, his COJO accommodations clutched in his hand. He gets in a cab and directs the driver to the hotel. When they pull up the "hotel" looks suspicious.

"Does anyone else stay here?" he asks the driver.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the driver. "But not for more than an hour . . ."

It turns out to be a brothel. He stays there for two hours until his desperate searching unearths a hotel.

• A reporter is running a copy for a colleague after the first Olga-Nadia confrontation at the gymnastics forum. She is standing at one point in front of the telecopier desk when someone bumps into her.

"Pardon," says the small voice. There is Olga Korbut in a red leotard. She goes into the press bar where unannounced and unbeknownst to most of the more than 7,000 reporters in Montreal, a press conference with the two young rivals is being held.

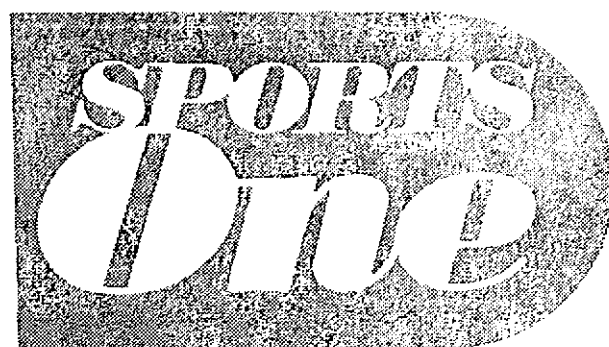
Nadia finishes her part through a translator. Olga begins. The 15 or so lucky members of the press who just happened to be having a late beer are interviewing her in English. The questions are then translated to her through an interpreter, and she answers them. In Russian, the interpreter does not translate her answers back into English.

The reporters grow restive. Irritation mounts as one probably wonderful quip after another sails above their heads in Slavic tones. Finally, half-crazed with frustration the reporters begin to chant:

"Trans-la-tion.  
Trans-la-tion.

"TRANSLATION." Suddenly an officious man of mysterious rank thanks the group — in English — and whisks Olga away.

## THE CAPITAL TIMES



MADISON, WIS., Friday, July 30, 1976—15

Later a COJO spokesman said, quite simply, "We never promised there would be a translation."

• The wife of the captain of Australia's water polo team, David Neesham, arrives at the Olympic Village with a pass to see her husband. She is told only 500 people are allowed in the Village. She is number 501. They will not let her in. "All I want to do is kiss my husband after a match," she says, wild with frustration.

• The young American women athletes are upset. The phones that were in their room that morning have been secretly removed. Now it is too late to leave the dorms to make a call. Why, they are told by Olympic Village administrators, didn't they say they wanted to make calls that evening. Because, they reply, nobody told them the phones would be removed. "Tao bad" is the reply.

• Jim Barniak, a sports reporter for the Philadelphia Bulletin, had no trouble at all filing his stories through COJO. But it was the messages he was getting back from his editor that troubled him. They were all perfectly translated into Italian.

• One of the most significant facts about the Olympics is this: COJO has set up a special emergency team of

social workers to deal with people who crack up during the Games.

If things continue throughout the rest of this week as they have been, there should be quite a few "clients" from among the members of the press.

• With all the hysteria, harassment, frustration and general snafus concerning everything from logistics to security, the big question in Montreal this week is whether the Olympics should ever be held again. If so, where and how and under what circumstances.

Some say the Games are finished, what with all of the scandals and politics involved.

Even now Pierre Trudeau and Lord Killam are still arguing over Taiwan. Trudeau insists he made it clear a year ago Taiwan would not play under the name of the Republic of China and Killam insists he never mentioned it until a week before the Olympics.

In the past week we have seen many of the African countries pull out for political reasons. We have seen charges of fixing, bribing and lying. It got to be such a common occurrence that one cynic suggested a new motto for the Olympics. For the Games of the 22nd Olympiad, he said, the motto should be:

"Fix. Cheat. Quit."

## Marquette's Al McGuire:

# 'All I want is to win and have a beer'

By KATHY FOSTER  
Of The Capital Times Staff

Dressed in a brown pullover, baggy plaid pants and dirty tennis shoes, he didn't look anything like the dynamic dynamo who has led his team to the NCAA basketball playoffs eight times in 12 years.

But when you heard his voice rise into the familiar Irish crescendo that cost his team a pair of costly technicals during the NCAA regionals in March, you recognized the man as Al McGuire, the controversial, but clement, coach of the Marquette Warriors.

McGuire was in Madison Thursday, one of the few times in his Marquette tenure, to speak at the first Wisconsin High School Coaches Federation Workshop being held this week on the University of Wisconsin campus.

Walking into the assembly of about 40 high school coaches, McGuire immediately became lost in the lingo and logistics of basketball.

"When you have the ball, you are king," the effervescent Irishman said, his voice picking up tone. "But when I have it, I am king." His voice was getting stronger. "And when you dribble, you are king, but when

you stop, I am king." His voice had reached that familiar peak. "That's one of the basics of basketball," he stressed, "the kindergarten of the game."

He continued his presentation.

"At Marquette, we probe. We look for your Achilles and probe, probe, probe. And if someone beats us, it is because they are a better team — like Indiana."

Talking about his team's "mosquito" defense, a plan that almost defies explanation, McGuire was deeply involved in plotting his strategy on the blackboard.

Suddenly, his hands covered with chalk, McGuire, the coach, stopped and McGuire, the man, took over.

"I had a hernia operation a couple of weeks ago," he nonchalantly related to an amused audience. "I went into the hospital on Monday and was out by Thursday. In five days I was riding my bike and in seven days I was falling in love."

Looking back to the scribbles on the blackboard, he resumed his talk.

"You must know exactly what you are doing and, if a player asks you a question and you can't answer it, let him know that, be honest," he said, his voice picking up pitch



Al McGuire

again. "Bo (Ellis) asks me a lot of questions and, if I don't know the answers, I ask someone else."

He dropped the eraser on the floor. "I have no Einsteins at Marquette and that's no stretch of the imagination."

He stopped to pick up the eraser. "Players must know instinctively what they are supposed to do. I think the biggest thing wrong with the game today is that no one can pass any more."

Addressing a gathering that consisted of

several women, McGuire had to correct himself several times. "This is a defense you should use, guys . . . and . . . uh . . . girls." But he soon forgot his rectification. "But, fellows, always remember this . . ."

A short time later, McGuire, the man, was back, relating one of several anecdotes.

"Butch Lee (Marquette guard) loves to play the game," he laughed. "And once when we were losing a game, he gave me and several players one of those Knights of Columbus handshakes. I said: 'What the hell are you shaking everyone's hand for? We are down by 10 points.' He didn't care, he just wanted to play."

"But, if you don't keep score, you can't beat your grandmother. All I want to do," he confessed, "is win the game and go out and have a beer and a sandwich — that's all."

After the workshop, McGuire remained to talk. He reaffirmed what he stated after the March technicals. "I will not coach in a tournament again," he said. "I just end up hurting the team, the officials and the game."

He also said his coaching career was nearing its end. "I'll be around this season."

he said. "But it is getting toward the end of my career. I want to get involved in other things. And besides," he cracked, "the team might do better without me."

McGuire said he has been offered many pro contracts over the years but wouldn't want to go that route.

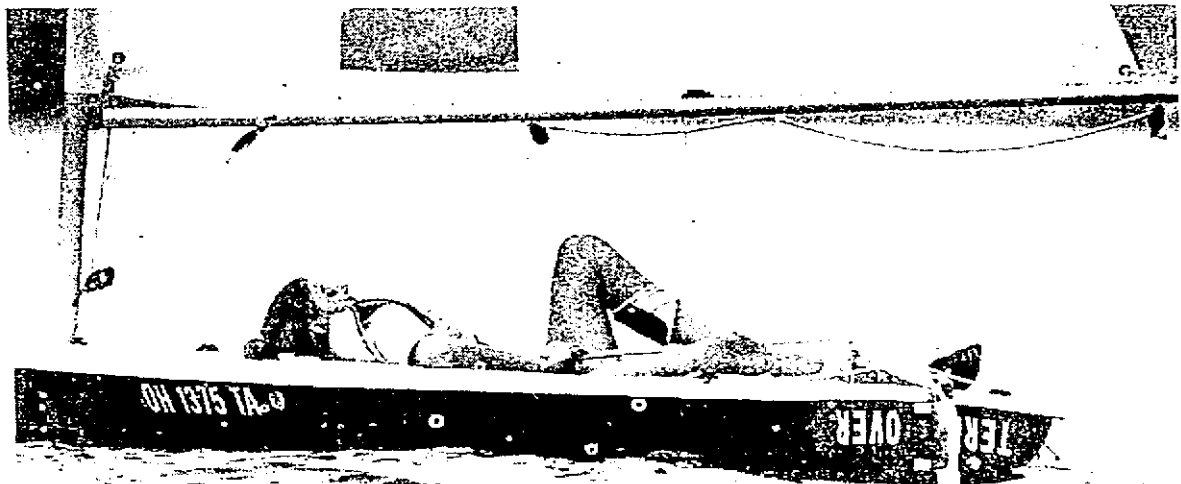
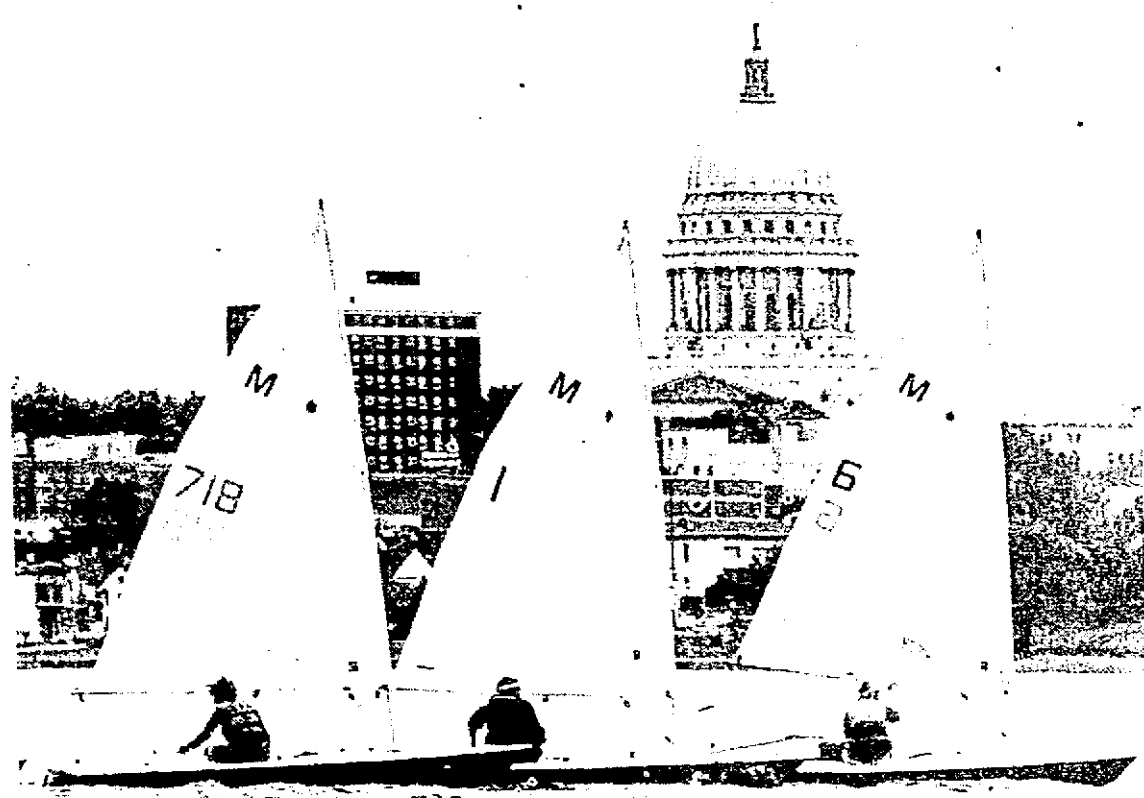
"I wouldn't go pro because if I told someone like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to jump, he'd probably tell me to go to hell. And I like my present life style. I wouldn't want to change that."

"Through all my years in basketball, I have developed a feeling for it and I would like to put something back into the pot," he continued.

"But people think I'm a thief because I come from New York, where you get picked up by your wallet if you fall."

McGuire said the coaching profession has been good to him. "I have tried my best and have been very fortunate over the years," he said. "But I have had a lot of excellent players. It's a two-way street."

McGuire, the maverick, then took over and summed up his not so philosophical philosophy: treat your players well, help one another — but don't do it for nothing.



## More than a relaxing afternoon

Sailing along in the breeze . . . a perfect way to spend a relaxing afternoon.

But when they get together to compete, it's a different story, despite the relaxed attitude one-skipper takes before her race on Lake Mendota (above).

When the racing starts, it's all business. And

the Capitol provides a beautiful setting for the boats.

The action came in the United States National Women's Single and Double-Handed Sailing Championships on Lake Mendota. The event was hosted by the Hooplers Racing Club and the Mendota Yacht Club and sponsored by the U.S. Yacht Racing Union.

Staff photos by Fritz

