

Snapshot from 2 weeks in February 1960

Publisher's note: *The following was written for Lake Tahoe News in 1960. LTN was a weekly print publication at the time owned by Flip Brandi. Del Wright, the writer, is better known to those on the South Shore as Del Laine.*



By Del Wright

It's going to take me years to sort out all my memories of the Olympics.

I'll never forget the Opening Ceremony and the way the sun burst out at the cannon salute, after snowing hard all day ... or the lump in my throat as the athletes paraded past ... or the hush of expectancy as Andy Lawrence skied down Papoose Peak with the Olympic Torch ... or the way the Olympic Flame roared into life.

I'll never forget Jean Vuarnet's brilliant Downhill victory, proving that nice guys do win ... or the sheer delight on the face of Yvonne Rungg when she realized she'd won a gold medal with her Giant Slalom run ... or the sobs of Elwira Seroczynska when she tripped and fell on her way to a speed skating record ... or the Finnish relay team, anchored by the great Veikko Hakulinen, beating the Norwegian entry by a mere two yards ... or Chick Igaya twisting his way down the slalom ... or the sportsmanship of the competitors, always ready to congratulate a top performance or a good try ... or the complete mastery of figure skaters Carol Heiss, Dave Jenkins, Barbara Wagner and

Bob Paul ... or being at the finish line the day seven national and international records were broken in the ladies 1000 meter speed skating ... or watching Georg Thoma of Germany become the first middle-European to win the Nordic combined ... or yelling myself hoarse at the hockey games ... or watching those wonderful, crazy fools soar off the jumps ... or sitting with Lidija Skoblikova, Russia's double gold medalist, at a hockey game and teaching her to yell "go-go-go" while she taught me to yell "shaibu", the Russian word for "one goal!"□

I'll never forget the staff I had the good fortune to work with on this assignment, either. Walt Little, who masterminded the whole coverage, kept his sanity and sense of humor beyond all reasonable expectation. Sarah Link took a back seat to no other working photographer when it came to pulling out pictures of the winners and dramatic sights of these games. And I'll never forget the day that my cohort in coverage, Jeanne Ireland, hurriedly typed up a story and THEN discovered she's grabbed a Swedish typewriter.

I'll not soon forget the sight of the Russian journalists chortling over Dear Abby ... or the mortification, of the Japanese journalists over the showing of their hockey team ... or the excitement I felt when my Canadian and French press friends gave me tips that turned into good stories.

In fact, there's so many things I won't ever forget, I can't recall half of them!

To me, the real memory of the Olympics is not bound up entirely in the champions, or the records made and broken, or the close races, or the sportsmanship of the contestants, or the colour of the ceremonies or the excitement of the crowd.

When I think of these Olympic Games I'll always remember Kyung Soon (Yim) of Korea.

Kyung is a skier.

Out of all the skiers in the world he was the last of sixty-four men to run the slalom.

The slalom is run twice. Ernst Hinterseer of Austria boomed through the 69 gates in the less than a minute on his second run.

Kyung was last man again. He started off by smashing into a gate. He got his feet back under him and hiked back up to the gate and started down again.

He spilled again. And he hiked back up to get the gate.

Two more falls, many wide sweeping turns, and 2 minutes 35 and 2 tenths seconds later, Kyung made it across the finish.

With the biggest grin I've every seen.

And the crowd gave him the biggest hand of the day.

Publisher's note: *On Jan. 17 read about the recent gathering of those involved with the 1960 Games at Squaw.*