

1978 WORLD POWER CHAMPS

BY TERRY TODD

Iron Man (March 1979): 44-50.

Preface: In his introduction to Inside Powerlifting, Larry Pacifico wrote about Terry's coverage of lifting events saying:

"I truly feel that one of the main reasons our sport has grown so rapidly . . . is because of Terry Todd. . . . His unique descriptions of powerlifting and powerlifters have literally changed the sport. Rarely, if ever, has a sports journalist been able to influence in a major way the sport he writes about, but that's exactly what Todd has done. I can say flatly that I would have retired in 1974 had it not been for his coverage of a couple of key meets. He put things in a new perspective for me and changed my attitude 100 percent. His words made me realize how much the game really meant to me. . . . When he shows up at a lifting event, that event becomes more important, because lifters know that what they do with him watching will live on through his accurate, honest words. His presence helps lifters extend themselves—they make lifts they otherwise wouldn't be capable of just to see how Todd will write about it. He writes with drama, with an understanding of the adventure of big-time lifting, and with a perfect feel for down-home humor."

Although Terry covered many lifting contests, I chose this article on the 1978 World Powerlifting Championships in Turku, Finland, because Larry Pacifico plays such an important role in the piece, and because it's a great example of why Larry felt Terry deserved such effusive praise.

~ Jan Todd



Because many, if not most, of you will already know about which lifts by which lifters won which championships at this year's world meet, and because so often reports of such meets only touch on a very few of the highlights in each class, I thought I'd depart just a bit from the standard format and try to take you with the team on the trip as they trained, lost weight, shopped, boogied and in general did their best—which was more than good enough to put the whammy on the rest of humanity in the 1978 version of the world powerlifting championships. Come with me and watch them gather in the VIP suite at the Finn Air terminal in the gigantic Kennedy Airport, laughing and shaking hands, pawing at the new uniforms laid out for them on the long row of tables, and swapping lies about their recent training lifts. Besides the ten lifters—Lamar Gant, 132; Mike Bridges, 148; Rick Gaugler, 165; Walter Thomas, 181; Vince Anello and Steve Miller, 198; Larry Pacifico and Dennis Reed, 220; Terry McCormick, 242; and Doyle Kenady, superheavyweight—the following people were on the charter: Bob and Alda Hoffman, Margy and Christy Schaeffer (the Hoffmans' daughter and granddaughter), Joe Zarella, Lyle Schwartz, Bob Packer,

Dennis Burke, Clay Patterson, Ramona Kenady, and your roving reporter (we were joined later by Ed Jubinville, George Zangas and Tony Fitton, among others).

Before long, the pawing, laughing, handshaking and lying were over and it was time to board the monstrous plane for the ride across the big water. As we boarded, carrying way more than our share of luggage, we made a point of seeing that big Doyle was seated in the exact center of the plane as we wanted to be sure that the plane was properly balanced so that our overnight flight to Helsinki via Amsterdam and Copenhagen would be safe and smooth. Which it was, landing us finally in Helsinki in late morning just in time for us to have a mouth-watering reindeer steak (yes, Virginia, there are reindeer, and they're tasty) before taking the half hour flight to Turku, the second largest city in Finland and the site of the forthcoming championships.

We were met in Turku by Jaarmo and Dina, a handsome young couple who were among the many people recruited by the Finnish Powerlifting Federation to assist in the competition. Jaarmo, himself a powerlifter, and Dina, also a lifter and one of the loveliest women I've ever seen, took us outside to board a chartered bus for the

15 minute ride through historic Turku and on to Hotel Iki-tuuri, the site of both our living quarters and the lifting to come. During the ride Jaarmo welcomed us over the loud-speaker and pointed out to us many interesting things about Turku, such as the fact that it was soon to celebrate its 850th anniversary. As we rode through town, we also noticed that on virtually every wall and fence there were posters advertising the world championships—literally thousands of posters—with each one showing the one and only Vince Anello at the completion of a heavy deadlift. As we drove along in silence, contemplating the countless images of Vince, the bus grew quiet, til finally the silence was broken by a deep voice saying, “I don’t know. His shoulders don’t look back to me.” Much laughter.

Once at the hotel, all wearily made their way to their rooms for some much needed sleep, all except me and Pacifico, who figured that if we slept in the afternoon we’d never sleep that night. And besides, we’d heard so much about the Finnish saunas that we couldn’t wait to give one a try. Thus it was that 20 minutes later we were naked as jaybirds, groping our way up to the top tier of by far the biggest, darkest sauna either of us had ever seen. Gradually, as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we saw two fair-headed men sitting across from us, smiling. “Americans?” one of them asked, to which we replied, also with a smile, “yes.” This seemed to please them greatly, and they looked at one another, smiling even broader smiles, as one of them reached for the dipper in a bucket at his feet, and said to us, “A little hotter, yes?” as he flipped about two quarts of water onto the huge pile of electrically heated rocks. I should point out that it was already so hot, sweat pouring out of and down our bodies, that when that half gallon of water hit those rocks, the first shock wave of heat felt like it gave me at least a first-degree burn. Pacifico, to my right, leaned over to me and said softly, “Doc, I can’t breathe, let’s get out of here,” to which I replied, also quietly, “Take a look at our two buddies. Now Pacifico doesn’t see too well without his glasses, but what he finally saw was two men whose smiles now seemed to take up half their faces as they watched us expectantly, nudging one another in the ribs from time to time.

That did it. No one who knows the true extent of Pacifico’s competitive nature would have been surprised at what he said when he saw the two big grins across the room. “I’ll stay here til I’m medium rare before I’ll let a couple of pencilnecks like those two run me out of a sauna,” was his position on the matter, a position I knew



Terry and Larry Pacifico were good friends and roomed together at the 1978 World Powerlifting Championships in Finland. Sitting stageside, they’re chatting with Bob Hoffman, founder of the York Barbell Company, who also made the trip.

would result, as it did, in another pair of grins, another, “More hotter, yes?” and another two quarts of water being flung onto the glowing rocks. Well, by now I was afraid to move for fear my skin might split, and I was afraid to take anything but the shallowest of breaths as I figured that second degree burns on the outside of my body were bad enough without having second degree burns on the inside. I could hear Larry muttering to himself and I could see his fists clenched and I thought to myself that maybe, just maybe, we could stand it when all at once I heard the dreaded, “A little hotter, yes?” and heard the water hit the rocks. At that point things got confused, as Pacifico and I broke for the door at the same time, only to find ourselves wedged in the doorway with the very guy who’d been dishing out all the water. Finally, we got out, all four of us, and the two Finns, who were laughing out loud by now, grabbed our hands and said, “Joke, joke, a little joke, yes? For our American friends. Come, now we take ice bath.”

Although murder crossed my mind briefly, as I’m sure it did Pacifico’s, I reasoned that whatever satisfaction I’d get would hardly be worth spending my life in a Finnish prison, so I went along with the others to the edge of a huge, ordinary looking indoor pool, which I imagined would be of moderate temperature, thus allowing our bodies to cool off a bit before taking the “ice bath.” So, without a moment’s hesitation, I dove toward the water,

as did Larry. But as my hands and forearms hit the frigid water I felt my whole life flash before my eyes and I realized that I was on my irreversible way into the “ice bath,” which was obviously a suburb of heart attack city. But, to my great surprise and joy, instead of dying I was revived, as was Mr. Mole, my companion, yet as invigorating as was the swim and as relieved as we were at coming out of both the sauna and the ice bath with no permanent damage, we knew for a fact that we were no longer in the U.S. but were, instead, strangers in a strange land.

The following day most of the team members found their way to the well-equipped gym, run by Jaska Parviainen, who organized the contest, and they began to work out the kinks of a long and enervating journey, which included swollen feet, vertigo, stiffness, and a sore tail. The gym was on the lower floor of the hotel, next to the dreaded sauna and the scary but invigorating ice bath, and it quickly became the central meeting place for the lifters of various nations as they began to arrive. Fortunately, at least for the lighter lifters, we arrived a full week before the first day of the four day competition, so our men had plenty of time to get over the effects of the trip and to get in a couple of good workouts before the meet itself.

And some heavy iron was moved, let me tell you. Mike Bridges, in particular, had the Australian team shaking their heads in disbelief as he exceeded four world records in one workout, handling 633 in the squat with power to spare; even the fact that he was seven or eight pounds overweight didn't dim the magnificence of that workout. But our men weren't alone as they handled all those scary poundages—little Precious McKenzie was right with them, exceeding the world records in both the squat and the total, and topping off his amazing performance by climbing up to the chinning bar, hanging from it with one hand for five seconds or so, then smoothly pulling himself up for a perfect one hand chin, then low-



Terry, Larry Pacifico and Russian superheavyweight weightlifter Sultan Rakhmanov, unexpectedly met in Finland where the Russian weightlifting team was competing in a town close to Turku. Rakhmanov and Terry were already friends from time they'd spent together at the 1978 Weightlifting World Championships held a month earlier in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. (Rakhmanov ended up second in Gettysburg, losing on bodyweight to Jürgen Heuser of Germany.) Because he had missed a training session to go with Terry to see the Russians, Pacifico did a demonstration at the end of the weightlifting and deadlifted 755.

ering himself back down, hanging for five more seconds, pulling up again, then switching hands and repeating the process. No tricks, no gimmicks, just four perfect, dead-hang chins, two with each hand. Not bad for a 42-year old man.

Not to be outdone by the little guys, old Doyle unlimbered that mountain man strength of his one afternoon and treated the open-mouthed troops to an 860 deadlift and a 550 bench; and no one, other than perhaps Doyle himself, seemed more pleased about all this than the Japanese team, all ten of whom together weighed about what Doyle did. They all seem to have incurable cases of what I'll call for want of a better name, “Sumo Fetish.” Not having great size themselves, they have a reverence for it that seems almost religious. They could often be seen standing close to Doyle, or walking around him, as you might walk around a shrine, gazing at him and chattering happily to themselves.

And while I'm on the subject of big guys, listen to this improbable but true story, the background for which was a week I spent with the Russian lifting team in Gettysburg before and during the recent world championships. During that week Jan and I deepened our friend-

ships with Vasily Alexeyev and Sultan Rakhmanov—and made other acquaintances on the Soviet team—to such an extent that I felt real sadness when they boarded the plane for the USSR as I felt sure that it would be at least six months before I would see them again. Thus it was that I felt a mixture of disbelief and amazement on Friday when one of the Finnish officials said to me one day, “Say, Rakhmanov and several other Russians are lifting early this Sunday afternoon in a small town about 50 miles away. Would you like to go?” Is a 300-pound bulldog fat? Seeing my enthusiasm, which included telling him that I’d pay for all the expenses of the trip, he said he’d arrange for a couple of cars if I’d find the people to fill them. Which was no problem, as everyone on the U.S. squad who hadn’t scheduled a training session wanted to see the Russians, especially Rakhmanov, about whom I’d gotten them all interested. One of our men, in fact, who had scheduled a deadlift session for Sunday afternoon decided to cancel the session rather than miss the trip. This was our buddy Pacifico again, eager not to miss out on any of life’s experiences. Not wanting to see him miss a session, however, I spoke to Jaska, the organizer of the world championships, and asked him to offer the organizers of the Russian exhibition a chance to let their crowd get to see some world class powerlifting as dessert to the main Sunday dinner of snatches, cleans and jerks.



Sultan Rakhmanov’s massive forearm were other-worldly, and I say that after living with a man whose own forearms would never be described as “spindly.” This shot of the three of us was taken in 1978 in Gettysburg. Rakhmanov later won the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow.

Accordingly, this was arranged and so about 18 of us piled into three cars and headed for the small town of Forssa and a look at the biggest set of pins in the iron game.

As we got there a bit late, the lighter Finnish lifters had already taken their first attempts, so I walked over toward the door leading to the warmup room but was met by a stern-faced official who was guarding the entrance. Then, all at once the huge form of Sultan Rakhmanov strode past the door, glanced out, saw me, did a classic doubletake and then charged through the doorway—almost knocking down the guard as he did so—and grabbed me in a classic bearhug, saying over and over, “Terry, cannot believe, cannot believe.” What all our team couldn’t believe were the legs on the man, and the forearms. For shape, size, and muscularity combined, I don’t think any superheavyweight—power or Olympic—has ever had their equal.

And with such a great start how could it help being a great afternoon? For not only did our guys get to see Sultan in all his primitive magnificence—looking like a Frazetta cover on a Conan book—but they also got to see Yuri Zaitsev, the world 242-pound champion, Sergei Arakelov, the young man who tied the legendary David Rigert in Gettysburg in the 220s, losing only on bodyweight, and several other Soviets of truly alarming strength. And on top of that, when they were through, Pacifico treated both the audience and the Russians to a deadlifting demonstration in which he worked up to an easy single with 755, which brought down the house. And the good thing was that although the crowd had come to see the greats of Olympic lifting, they respected strength in any form, and the ovation they gave Larry as he pulled the 755 was equal to any they’d given to any of the Soviets, including Sultan himself.

When the applause had died down, Sultan took me aside and said, “Terry, come to hotel. We drink, talk. Also Pacifico.” So, we went, we drank, we talked, we exchanged gifts and we made hopeful plans to meet in Leningrad at the Friendship Cup competition in March, finally leaving when they had to dress for an official banquet. Thinking back on it all, one of the good things to see about this somewhat historic meeting between some of the best men of both sports was that each had such great respect for the other.

Without question Pacifico has as much regard for Rakhmanov as the big man has for him. In the hotel, Sultan placed his hand a couple of times across Larry's ham-like upper arm and said, "big, big," to which Pacifico would reply by pointing at Sultan's forearm and saying, "bigger." It was good to see.

One of the events of importance which always accompanies a world championship is the Congress of the International Powerlifting Federation, in which legislation of consequence to the sport is considered. This year, in particular, several critical changes occurred in the structure of our sport, one of which was the inclusion as full partner of women's lifting as part of the IPF. World records will now be "official," and, in 1980, the first world championships will be held. Appropriately enough, these championships will be held in Nashua, New Hampshire, and will be promoted and organized by Joe Zarella, U.S. powerlifting chairman and patron saint of women's powerlifting. Another big change that the American delegation (Bob Hoffman, Lyle Schwartz, and Dennis Burke) fought for and finally brought off is the official recognition of the 275-pound class (125 kg). Although the first world championships to include this class will unfortunately not be held until 1981, all other meets whether local, regional, national or international may include it now, and world records at that weight may be submitted immediately. In my view, this is a great step forward for our sport and I know that powerlifters everywhere join me in thanking the three U.S. representatives who fought so hard and so well, against surprisingly stiff opposition, to see that the new class got adopted. One of the delegates, in addition to his other good work, also placed a bid, which was successful, for the 1979 world championships. The delegate was the almost 80-year-old Bob Hoffman, who sees the tremendous potential of powerlifting and has committed himself to matching the magnificence of the Finnish meet, which was by far the most elaborately staged competition in the history of our sport. Bob plans to hold the meet somewhere in the York area and he says he plans to give the U.S. fans something to remember.

Other things of importance were also discussed and voted on at the Congress, but space prevents their discussion here, though perhaps I should mention that a new, "improved" version of the Schwartz Formula was adopted that gives the smaller and larger classes a chance against the classes in the middle. And that no longer will the spotters be allowed to lower the bar to the lifter's chest in the bench press. And that no longer will the spot-

ters be allowed to help the lifter backward with the bar in the squat, though they will still be allowed to help the lifter in lifting the bar upward off the rack. And that women the world over will not have to worry about insecure, petty officials who sometimes seemed to enjoy harassing women by invoking a strict interpretation of the rules and insisting that the women be weighed nude in front of one or more male officials. Now, the world has adopted the U.S. policy of having the male officials delegate the weighing-in responsibility to a woman. In this regard, I told a rather amazing young woman I met in Finland the story of a recent confrontation in Canada in which several male officials forced a young woman to either be weighed nude by one of them or drop out of a certain meet. Apparently, when the Canadian woman told the officials that in the U.S. the policy had for some time (even before it was adopted as the official policy) been for the male officials to delegate a woman to do the weighing, the chief official snapped, "That's the U.S. This is Canada. Either you weigh-in nude in front of a male official or you don't lift." Anyway, the young woman to whom I told this sorry tale looked at me when I finished and said simply, "I would have given him a kick he'd have never forgotten." And as this particular young woman holds a very high belt in karate and has spent years in that sport and in aikido and as she can bench press 215 at a bodyweight of 132 and as she is quite probably in better overall shape than any woman in any sport in the world, spending an average of six hours a day in vigorous exercise of many kinds (bodybuilding, ballet, swimming, running, tennis, and, of course, karate, and aikido, along with powerlifting), I rather doubt that he would either have forgotten or gotten over it. Look for some more information on this amazing athlete in one of the forthcoming issues of *Iron Man*.

Now, rather than going through the contest lift for lift, I'd like to talk a bit about the members of the U.S. team and about how they trained and relaxed and a bit about the three world champions who came from countries other than this one. And who would be a better subject on whom to begin than the marvelous little Japanese, Hideaki Inaba, who this year won not only his fifth consecutive world championship, setting world records in the squat and total, but was chosen the best lifter—the champion of champions—for 1978. The things I remember about Inaba are, besides of course his lifting, his wonderful disposition and the capacity he has—so out of proportion to his stature—to have a good time. Although he

stayed pretty well clear of the discos prior to the lifting and during the time when his teammates were competing, when the meet was finally over he really cut loose, buying everyone drinks, kissing the ladies, and doing a solo dance complete with powerlifting and Olympic movements (not to mention a wondrous amalgam of the martial arts) —a real showstopper. I spent a couple of hours in Finland interviewing this fine little guy, through an interpreter, and got loads of fascinating information which, as time permits, I'll try to pass along to the powerlifting public.

But as precious as Inaba was, he was no more precious than the 42-year-old New Zealander who won the world 123-pound (56 kg) championship, the aptly named Precious McKenzie. That dapper, stylish little man, besides shattering the minds of everyone in the warmup room, as I explained earlier, made his new world record squat with 479 so easily that I felt sure that he had a bit more, and when I asked him about it later he said he was "saving back a bit" for an exhibition the following week in England (and in which, as it turns out, he broke the record twice more, ending with the scary weight of 496). But not only did Precious dress well and lift well, he even sang well at the party Jaska arranged for everyone following the conclusion of the meet, standing up there with the band and belting out a very professional version of "More" and several other standards to the extreme delight of the big, happy crowd.

As for my man Lamar Gant, he also has a great love for music but his affiliation with it is more terpsichorean than vocal. Lamar, in short, can get down, drawing the attention of everyone at the disco as he would swirl, spin and glide across the dance floor smiling like a possum up a ripe persimmon tree. And old Lamar didn't wait til he was through lifting before he boogied—no sir—he hit it, along with Pacifico, every night, proving that the way a man prepares for competition as far as spare time is concerned is as individual as the way a man trains. Different strokes for different blokes, as Tony Fitton should've said even if he didn't. And the fact that it worked for Lamar can be easily seen in the fact that not only did he break the world record in the deadlift (with 623) and the total (with 1410), but he beat the great Eddie Pengelly in the process, racking up his fourth consecutive world title.

The thing I remember most about Mike Bridges, more even than his world record squat of 622, his world record bench press of 402, or his world record total of

1609, is a night several evenings prior to the competition in his class, when I happened to look up from the table where I was sitting, watching Lamar and others dancing, to see Mike, all alone, standing on the lifting platform at the other end of the cavernous hall of Hotel Ikituuri, apparently lost in thoughts and dreams of the lifting to come. The thing that seems to stick in my mind is that although Mike is a rather small man and although he was over 100 yards from where I was sitting, his concentration—his presence—was such that rather than seeming small he seemed almost to fill the platform. He was on that platform, by himself, making plans, and as his plans solidified, he appeared to dominate the stage. Finally, after at least an hour of meditation, he stepped at last onto the top—the winner's position—of the dais, standing there for several minutes gazing out over the empty hall. At that moment, any doubts I might have had about Mike's ability to come through under the intense pressure of international competition were stilled. I knew then even more than when watching him make world records in practice that Mike would not only win but would in all probability create new standards for his class. And he did.

And now comes the sad task of discussing the unfortunate failure of Rick Gaugler to get a squat and thus stay in the meet. Who knows for certain why he bombed? Hindsight would suggest that in light of the fact that he did no heavy squat training during the week before the meet in Finland and that he made "only" 617 at the senior nationals, his opening attempt was too high, 25 pounds or so under your recent contest best being perhaps several cuts too close to the bone, particularly at the world championship, when team points must be considered. Perhaps both Rick and the coaches should have realized this, but wherever the blame falls, I think Rick's misfortune was the saddest thing to bear for the entire U.S. squad, along with the failure of Dennis Reed to total in the 220 lb. class, because Rick is such a fine young man, so well liked and respected by everyone on the team. It was simply heartbreaking to watch as he got caught by the clock on the first attempt and then dumped his next two over his head as he was on his way up out of the bottom position. He was in such splendid condition, or so it seemed, that we were virtually certain that he'd dominate his class. But as it turned out, the original hard luck kid, Peter Fiore, who in the past seems always to have been the bridegroom but never the groom, hung on for a very popular victory. As for Rick, following his failure, although it must have taken enormous courage for him to do so, he

came right back to the hall to help his teammates, refusing to give full expression to the grief he must have been feeling by either getting tanked or by holing up in his room or both. It took a man to come right back to the hall in the face of lost face lost so publicly.

What can I say about Walter Thomas, other than that he was his usual loud self, almost always drunk, with four or five women with him, hollering and shouting some obscene story or other and telling everyone around about how he was the greatest lifter in the world and that Ron Collins was nothing, man. Does anybody believe what I just wrote? I surely hope not, but I just couldn't resist having a little fun with one of the nicest, quietest, straightest, strongest, and most modest men in our sport. Anybody who knows Walter could probably not even imagine him doing any of the things I had him doing in the first sentence. Walter drunk? You must be kidding. Walter hanging out with loose women? Come on! And as for him tooting his own horn, the real truth of the matter is that he's actually like the horse named King in the story about the farmer who had two work horses, Prince and King, and who was all the time bragging about how strong old Prince was, and how tough and about how he just couldn't be beat and so on until finally one of the other farmers who lived nearby and who knew how good a horse King was, asked how come the only thing that got talked about was how tough Prince was and how strong Prince was and how come there was never any bragging on old King, at which point the horse-owning farmer just smiled and said, "All you have to do is watch old King work. He does his own bragging." Walter squatted 672, benched 413, deadlifted 716 and totalled 116 pounds more than his closest opponent. That's all the bragging a man needs.

One addendum to my comments about Walter has to do with how much he loved the Finnish people and how he responded to the amazing way they treated him (and all of us). It seems that Walter's wife had their fourth child on the very day he won his gold medal and that in honor of the Finnish people and their remarkable hospitality, he named his child "Ketos," which is Finnish for "thank you." To me, this signifies more powerfully than anything else I know the depth of feeling Walter and the entire U.S. contingent had for the fantastic Finns. I say it again—ketos.

All I have to report about Brother Anello is that when he finished lifting, lowering that bar-bending 815-pound deadlift to the floor, every man on our team was

proud of how he had come through under pressure and of how he had made those thousands of posters come to life, with his shoulders back, Jack. It wasn't easy for Vince. Pressure seems to bother him a bit and Steve Miller, who had tied him at the Seniors, was looking mighty strong in the pre-meet training sessions, so strong in fact that quite a bit of usually smart money had shifted to Steve rather than Vince for the gold medal. But when the contest began, Vince was there with the goods and Steve pulled up injured—injured twice, in the upper thigh and shoulder—leaving Vince all alone at the top. For some people, Vince apparently among them, too much human contact the last day or two before a big meet is bad, because the talk always turns to lifting and the talk is exciting and the excitement causes the old adrenaline to begin spurting, thus depleting the supply for the competition. Obviously, Vince understands this about himself and so a couple of days before he was to lift he began keeping more or less apart, drawing a cloak of silence and concentration around himself and readying himself for the time when he would walk to center stage, bend down, wrap his muscular, calloused hands around a bar loaded to 815 pounds, and then pull both it and the audience into the air in defense of his cherished world crown.

Perhaps I shouldn't say these kinds of things about Pacifico, he being a living legend and all, but I'm going to say them anyway. After all, everyone knows that he'd held more world records than anybody else and that he's won every world championship that's ever been held, but how many people know that he snores like a 400-pound asthmatic orangutan. Or that rooming with him is like living in a clothing store in the garment district of New York City. The thing about rooming with him which in a moment of weakness I was talked into doing, is that he brings about 9,000 super-suits and 15,000 sets of superwraps along and turns his room (my room!) into a kind of bazaar (it's bizarre, all right, especially if you have to live there). What happened was that at any time at all, day or night, the door would be knocked and outside would be standing a little group of foreign guys, waving dollar bills or Finnish marks in their hands, smiling and saying over and over, "Pacifico, Pacifico." Lord have mercy! Personally, after having to live with him for two weeks and put up with all of that plus blow dryers and the loudest clothes this side of Disneyland, I was glad to see his 804 squat and his 523 bench get two red lights each even though the squat was deep enough and the bench never stopped. Served the stocky little rat right. So he

won his eighth straight world title. Big deal. Try rooming with him sometime.

Terry McCormick. The very name signifies consistency and pressure lifting. All of us who know him were pleased that he had a good chance to win this year, though we were saddened by the absence of Doug Young, due to what now looks to be an injury that won't keep him out for much longer, praise be, and we felt sure that he'd turn in his usual solid, workmanlike performance. Which he did, winning convincingly over the fearsome Finn, Haanu Saarelainen, a man who also came to win and who was still so full of confidence the evening after the lifting that he came up to Terry, poked him gently (well, as gently as Haanu can poke) in the chest and said with a look that could freeze blood, "I know who is the best man in Finland." To which Terry replied, being as smart off the platform as he is on it, "So do I, Mr. Saarelainen, so do I." Actually, Terry's superiority was even greater than the lifts indicate as he decided not to take his third squat and his third deadlift, feeling a bit off form and thus disinclined to risk injury when he felt he had the meet wrapped up. So, although he didn't get his usual nine for nine, he still batted 1,000, going seven for seven and winning his first world championship.

The thing about Doyle Kenady's performance that took everyone's breath away was that he faced two of Finland's greatest lifters, one of whom is the most popular strength athlete in the country, 1977 world superheavyweight champion Taito Haara; that he faced them in front of 2000 Finns who had come there to see their men win, and that he was able by the clean, no question style of his lifting to not only gain the respect of those 2,000 rabid partisans but to bring them to the point where they were on their feet screaming for him to succeed with his 885 world record attempt in the deadlift. His squats were so deep and his benches were so powerful and his deadlifts were so awesome that by the end of the meet even the Finns themselves knew that Doyle Kenady was cut out of the same cloth as Don Reinhoudt and so deserved to be the champion of the world. And not only is he a champion, he thinks like a champion, as the following story clearly demonstrates. What happened was that the CBS television people (yes, there will be coverage, nationwide, of the meet) asked me to do an interview with Doyle prior to the lifting, during which interview, at the conclusion of a bunch of questions about how he thought he'd do in the meet, I hesitated for a moment, turned to him and said "Listen, Doyle, I've been wanting to ask you something.

Do you think Bruce Wilhelm is really the strongest man in the world?" To which the big man instantly replied, without a trace of a smile, "Definitely not." I repeat, he thinks like a champion and as so often happens, the thought is father to the act.

And while I'm on the subject of television, let me say how happy we all were when arrangements were finally concluded with CBS which resulted in their coverage of the meet. I worked with them throughout the lifting and they seemed to be genuinely impressed, as well they should have been, with both the way the contest was conducted and with the quality and excitement of the lifting. Their original plan called for the creation of only one 25-minute segment for their "Sports Spectacular" show but after seeing what a hot property they had they have apparently decided to do two 25-minute segments. I'll do my best to get the word out to all the appropriate publications as soon as I know when the show will be aired, but for now let me say again what I've said before. Which is that when the show does come on, please take five or ten or fifteen minutes and write a letter or send a telegram to Eddie Einhorn, CBS Sports, 51 West 52 Street, New York, New York 10019. Believe me when I say that your letters and telegrams last year had a great deal to do with the fact that you're going to be able to see the lifting from Finland this year. And believe me when I say that if you want to continue to see the sport of strength televised, you simply must do your part to let the head guys know that we've got one terrific sport and that there are lots of us.

I hardly know what else to say except that it was a real privilege to me to be able to make such an exciting trip and to be able to do my little bit for the sport I love, especially when I did it in the company of such fine, dedicated, purposeful men—athletes as well as officials. All of you who didn't get to go can rest assured that you were represented in Finland by men of whom anyone would be proud. We're the best in the world now, no question, and if we can continue to field teams like this one, I have an idea that we'll be the best for a long, long time to come.

Team Winners

U.S.A.	92 Points
England	85 Points
Finland	82 Points
Sweden	55 Points
Australia	49 Points