

Moscow Olympics

By RED SMITH

Red Smith, one of America's greatest sports writers, has arrived in Russia to report the 1960 Moscow Olympic games for Collier's. Here is his first dispatch, radioed just prior to the start of the games

THREE weeks hence, the world will demonstrate that real peace has arrived. It will be heralded by 90,000 voices cheering in concert in Moscow's monstrous Dynamo Stadium, by strident sounds of bickering in the council room of the International Olympic Committee, by shouts of triumph and cries of disappointment and the angry gnashing of coachly teeth throughout this fortunate capital.

In an Olympic year, these are the noises of international comity, world brotherhood and universal good will.

On July 22d, seventh anniversary of the atomic bombing of the Kremlin, the muscular delegates of 78 nations will open the thirteenth quadrennial carnival of the modern series of Olympic games. Quadrennial? That's what the book says, but the calendar tells another story.

Back in the autumn of 1951, the Scandinavian Airlines ferried a consignment of American sports writers to Helsinki to show what preparations that optimistic city was making to conduct the Olympics of 1952. Fifteen years of planning and hundreds of millions of Finnish marks already had been expended on the project; Helsinki's great Olympic stadium had stood empty for a dozen years, a monument of discouragement.

For as early as 1936, when Hitler's Berlin was host to the games, Finland had sought the privilege of staging the 1940 show. Instead, Tokyo got the assignment, only to sink hip-deep in a war in China and relinquish its claims, so that Helsinki was elected after all. But scarcely had the Finns completed their 70,000-seat stadium, when World War II rendered international track meets unpopular.

London got the games when they were finally resumed in 1948, and at that time Helsinki was tapped to be host in 1952. Once again Finland got ready, and once again the world was plunged into war when, two months before the entertainment was scheduled to start, Petrovic and Borlic, the Kremlin's assassins, pitched their high hard ones at Tito's head in Belgrade and our long-smoldering planet burst into flames.

This summer's games, therefore, are the first in the Olympic series since 1948. There is more than that to distinguish them, however. Never before in world history has this sweaty extravaganza represented what it stands for this summer. Never before, not even in the fondest imaginings of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, father of the modern games, has the carnival symbolized so vividly the hope of mankind.

When World War I was over and the 1920 Olympics went to Antwerp, Belgium and her allies specifically barred their late enemies, Germany and Austria, from participation. In 1948 the sores of World War II still festered; neither Germany nor Japan was invited. This time the world has done

better than merely accept a defeated aggressor on terms of absolute equality with all other competitors. This time the Russian people, five years after the Soviets were overthrown, are in fact the host to whom all the rest of us make our manners.

There have been no payments of reparations, no trials of war criminals. This time the nations are trying to live together and play together.

Pending final word from a few outlying precincts, it is expected that about 7,000 athletes, perhaps 2,000 more than any such gathering has hitherto seen, will take part in the opening ceremonies in the stadium. There will be much that is familiar, much that is novel, about these ceremonies.

As always, the Grecian delegation will lead the march into the stadium and down the track past the box occupied by members of the Provisional Russian Government. As the original Olympic nation, Greece always has first place. It has been the custom for nations to follow in alphabetical order, from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia. The custom has been revised. This time second place has been accorded to Finland, in recognition of that nation's gracious gesture in permitting this carnival to come to Moscow instead of Helsinki.

Next comes gallant Yugoslavia, whose heroic resistance against the Reds' initial assault ultimately led to the destruction of the Iron Curtain. Thereafter, the alphabetical rule will be observed—except that Russia will parade last, as the host always does.

When these games were being arranged, there was agitation in favor of (Continued on page 123)



FRED BANBERY

Held in Russia's capital, the 1960 Olympics, first in 12 years, drew athletes of 78 nations, signaled world brotherhood and good will

Philadelphia Phase

By PHILIP WYLIE



For Americans, too, in the crippled cities, these were times of great stress and hardship. There was an enormous job to be done—a job that took determination, and courage, and love.

NEXT." The major spoke in Russian. He did not bother to look up. The line trudged a step closer to his desk—a human serpent with a thousand feet.

"Name," said the major, reaching for an Assignment Form.

"Tatyana Veelenskaya." The voice was deep, resonant, and female.

There were almost as many women as men in the line. He began to write, smiled a little, and looked up at last. She was about twenty-five, he thought. Beautiful. As if to keep on guard, he glanced past the line to the windows and to the desolation beyond—the desolation of his own city, Philadelphia. His jaw set.

"Occupation." His voice was cold.

She followed his gaze. Then she turned from the dreadful scene and her eyes were full of sorrow. "It might be Rostov, where I was born. Or Murmansk. Or Moscow." She said it in English and without too much accent.

He nodded stiffly. "Yes. Your occupation?" he repeated.

She tugged a worn sweater closer around herself; the great room in the warehouse was cold and the square miles of wreckage seemed to make her shiver. She answered, "I am a locomotive engineer."

The major couldn't get used to it, even though he had seen it in Russia while he had been there with the Army. They were steelworkers. They ran ships' engines. They were locomotive engineers. They—the women of Russia. Under "Remarks" he scribbled: *English good.*

He said, "Fair enough. You'll be assigned to one of the switching engines down there." He gestured toward the windows. "Millions of tons of rubble to move."

"I will like that. I will like to help clear away this—this shambles your country and mine have made."

"Your country," he said severely.

She answered softly, "Yes. My country. *We* were wrong."

He looked at her for another moment. Was her very softness of tone a kind of sarcasm? Russia was beaten. But was Communism dead? She was the only beautiful woman he had seen that long morning, and the only one who spoke good English. She would be an ideal agent for some plan to infiltrate postwar America with new discontents, new cells of Communists, a new underground. He wondered if he should send her back for an extra screening. Major Robert Blake was not sure of the advisability of importing from Russia several hundred thousand technicians to help rebuild the city,

men and women who had been invited by the UN to study U.S. methods of construction.

Before the war, Robert Blake had been a banker, and conservative. His father's bank was somewhere in the middle of the ruin that had been all of Philadelphia between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers until the bomb fell in '53. The bank lay in that landscape of frozen debris, and so did the bodies of his father, his sister and his brother. They'd been downtown that afternoon. His mother hadn't lived to see the atomic war.

"How did you learn English?" he asked the Russian girl.

A flush stole into her cheeks but her eyes did not waver. "Our government," she replied, "expected to defeat the capitalist nations. Some of us were trained in English to be among the forces occupying your country. I was one. You learned Russian. For the same reason, yes?"

He stared at her. "I was the head of the foreign department of my father's bank. I speak French, German, Dutch, Polish and Russian. I learned them in college. I learned them because languages interested me. I learned them because we Americans like to get acquainted with other people and to do business with them, not because we plot to enslave them. You were brought here to learn and then be returned. (Continued on page 110)