

Three Pounds Over

By Dave Conifer

When I got to the weigh-in room, in the bowels of Boardwalk Hall, there were a few other wrestlers already there. Apparently they had the same problem I had. After stepping on the scale, they quickly dressed and left the room with worried but determined looks on their faces. The crinkling sound most

of them made as they walked past me made me laugh to myself. Like me, they were resorting to the rubber suit out of desperation.

When I stepped on the scale, the news was even worse than I expected. I deliberately averted my gaze, but knew I had a serious problem just by hearing the clank of the balance bar. I was more than 3

pounds over the limit, and had about 2 hours and 45 minutes to do something about it. I didn't put my uniform or singlet on, knowing that anything I wore would soon be soaked with perspiration. Along with the rubber suit I donned a set of thick cotton sweats. On to my head I pulled my East Carolina knit ski cap, to trap more body heat. The room was filled