from the editor

I ONCE RACED SEB COE... AND WON! Disclaimer: Coe was unaware that he was even in a race. The setting was the Rome airport after the '81 World Cup, and it was chaos. After several hours of standing in line, I finally cleared the counter and prepared for a mad dash through a long concourse to make a plane for London that was leaving in 5 minutes or so.

Lo and behold, there was one Seb Coe, 24-year-old middle-distance superstar, right next to me. I introduced myself on the run and we sprinted for the plane, chatting all the way (one of us just a bit more breathless than the other). And when we got to the gate, I made sure to dip at the line and win the "race."

What happened next amazed me. Seb was absolutely mobbed on the plane but rather than going into some kind of prima donna mode, he spent a couple of hours signing autographs and chatting up the dozens of fellow Brits on the plane who worshiped—and I mean worshiped—him.

He exhibited such grace and poise and showed that he really knew how to work a room that I said to myself that he probably had quite a future in the sport after he retired. And everything he did in the years that followed only bolstered that impression.

In the years (wow, decades) that have followed, I’ve spent quite a bit of time in Coe’s company. Enough that we’re at the point where I’d consider us friends, even though journalists are supposed to remain cold and detached from the objects of their attention.

So if I appear to remain too much in his corner in any attempt I make to analyze his overall performance in the current IAAF kerfuffles (see p. 6), you’ll understand why.

He has certainly been largely deserted by a rabid British press which recognized him as a smooth businessman/politician when he brilliantly steered the London 2012 operation. But check out some sample headlines in the wake of his giving up his Nike deal: “Arrogant Lord Coe… Just Doesn’t Get It,” and “Coe Offers Good Grounds To Laugh In His Face.”

Not that he has been above reproach, leaving many serious questions to be answered. How could he not from the get-go have seen the conflict of interest in his Nike consultanship?

How could he have resisted terminating the relationship for so long?

Why was he so effusive in his praise of a Lamine Diack who is now carrying around so much baggage?

How could he have been so slow to see the developing Russian drama?

Does he still have the support of the constituency that elected him to the presidency?

Can he take the firm steps needed to quickly restore public confidence in our sport?

I’m hopeful that in the months to come that Coe is able to answer all those questions to the satisfaction of all (well, all but the torch-and-pitchfork crowd, of course, for whom there is no hope). I still firmly believe that he brings a combination of qualities—business acumen, historical knowledge of the sport, an open and friendly personality, a take-no-prisoners approach to the drug problem—to the presidency that make him uniquely qualified to solve the problems of a sport in turmoil.

I also think that from this point onward that he won’t be—as he was at Fiumicino in ‘81—in a race that he doesn’t know he was in.