Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 16, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

THE BEAUTIES OF BRAZIL

Maria João
On the Beach
In Bahia

The New-Size Malibu Classic Coupe. Also available as a Sedan and a Wagon.

A new size, a new look, a whole lot of good news.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT MILEAGE.
And it is good news. Because the new-size Malibu has impressive EPA mileage estimates, as you can see from the accompanying box.

Of course, your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and its available equipment.

3.3 litre V6 with manual 3-speed trans. (Not available in California)	
EPA estimates highway	29
EPA estimates city	21
231 Cu. In. V6 with available auto. trans. (California only)	
EPA estimates highway	23
EPA estimates city	16

GOOD NEWS ABOUT V6 POWER.
The new-size Malibu was designed with V6 power and efficiency in mind.

A new 3.3 litre (200 Cu. In.) *V6 is standard everywhere* except California, where a 231 Cu. In. with automatic transmission is available.

Both V6s offer the smooth power you want, plus the efficiency that common sense now demands.

The new-size Malibu is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT TRUNK SPACE.
Open the trunk and you'll find a surprising 16.6 cubic feet of space. Which is more usable space than last year's mid-size Malibu. We made the luggage area larger by using GM's new fully inflated compact spare tire which stores vertically and takes up less space.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT SIZE.
Trim and lean, the new-size Malibu takes up appreciably *less space in the world than* last year's mid-size Malibu.

But as you'll discover, this new, more sensible size still gives you room. And comfort. And ride.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT ROOM.
Inside the new-size Malibu Coupe you'll find an amazing amount of room. In fact, the new-size Malibu has more front and rear leg room and more front and rear head room than last year's larger bodied Malibu.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT CORROSION RESISTANCE.
Many of the anti-corrosion treatments developed for our best-selling New Chevrolet Caprice and Impala can be found on the new-size Malibu. Galvanized steel. Zincrometal.® Special sealers and coatings.

And, in the long run, that has to be good news.

Chevrolet

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GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

The new contact sport in America.

It's called Spectating.
If you want to play, the rules are simple.
About three hours before a home game, start drinking heavily. Then switch to beer when you get to the stadium.

Take the cheapest seats you can find. High up in the stands, so more people can hear your clever remarks.

Imitate the players and coaches.

Watch the tantrums they throw at the officials. Help them along. Start razzing the opposing team. If that isn't satisfying, start on the home team.

Keep it up for an hour or so. Have a few more beers. Cheer an occasional fight that breaks out in the stands.

Then turn ugly. Toss a beer can out on the field. Aim one at an official. Maybe hit him. Take your cue from your sports hero who was just charged with Assault and Battery.

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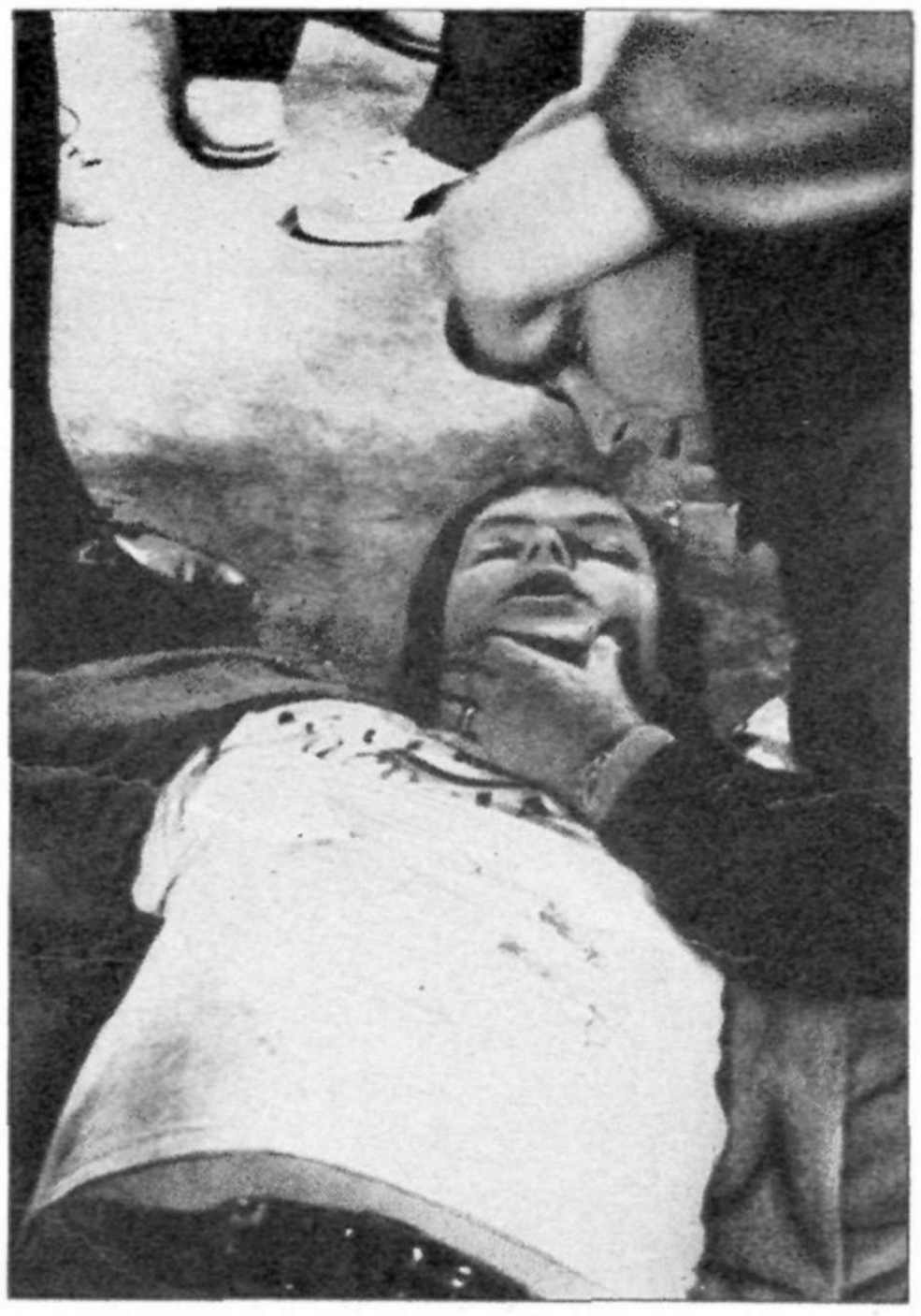
It's a dangerous new phenomenon in American sports. One which we'll explore on NBC's SportsWorld.

Starting Sunday, January 22, and each week thereafter, the SportsJournal segment of SportsWorld will look at subjects like Fan Violence, Sports Medicine, Sex and Sports, and TV Junk Sports. Those areas of the sports world that deserve to be investigated and exposed, but haven't been.

Until now.

NBC SportsWorld



Premieres Sunday,
January 22 1978.
Check your local TV listings
for time and channel.

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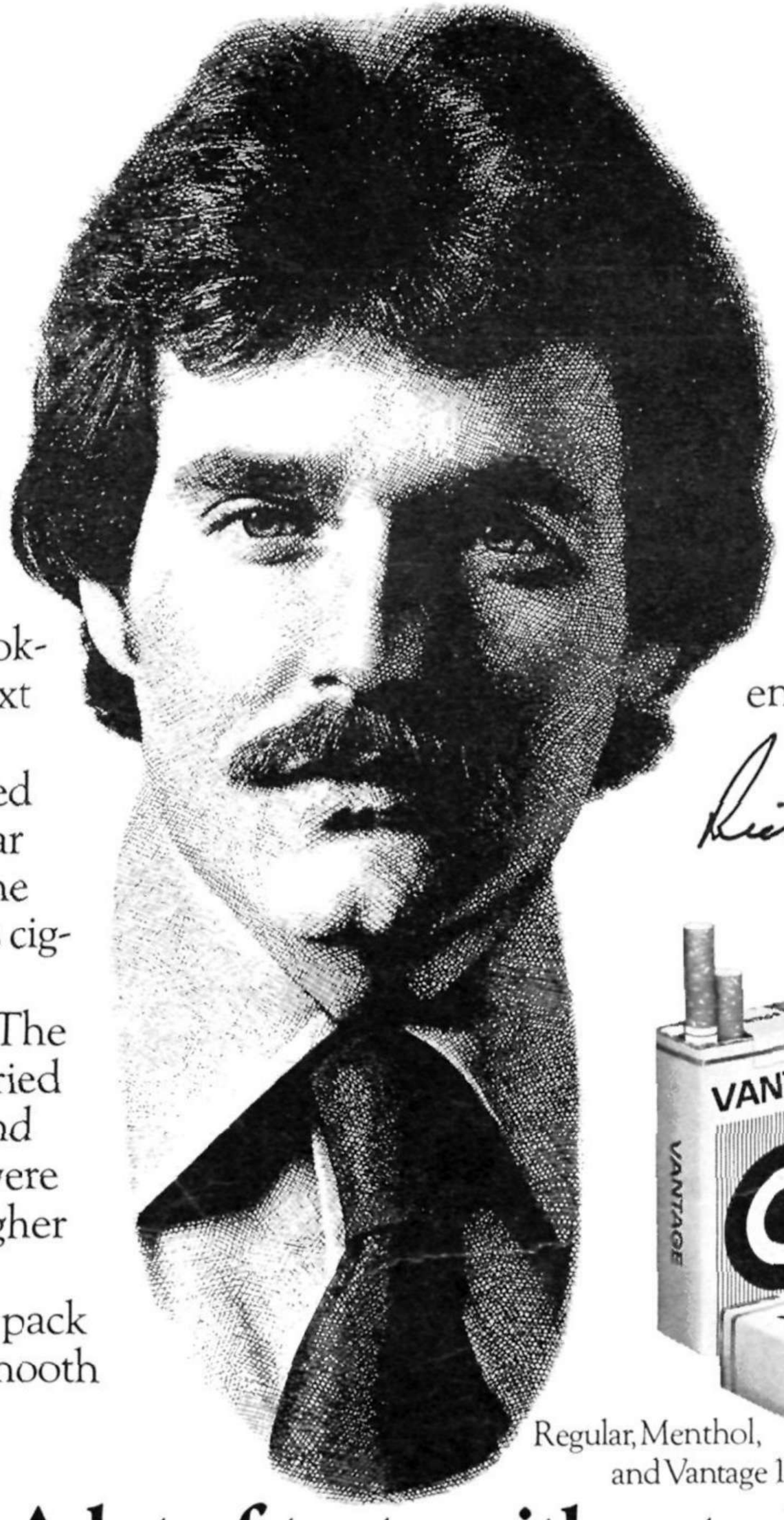
"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana

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Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Next Week

STRONG MEN paled and horses trembled when he cast his baleful eye on them, but half a century of hexing can be hard on a guy, and now the old gent is content to tell Pat Putnam about the days when he was known as Evil Eye Finkle.

THE TALL TREES FROM TERRE HAUTE, Indiana State's unbeaten Sycamores, are no one-man team. Forward Larry Bird is in the Top Ten in scoring and rebounding, but he has enough help for his team to be in the Top Ten, too. Larry Keith reports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

READING CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: IOOSS, MOURA DE CARVALHO, ROSS, CAMPBELL, TIEGS

You have already guessed that this is not a photograph of the counselors at Camp Darkwaters, right? In truth, these jolly people looking at the birdie in the jungle city of Manaus, Brazil were among those responsible for our annual resort and swimsuit act, which begins on page 34. They appear to be very cheerful here—but there were times when they felt like crying.

Take model Christie Brinkley. She is not shown above because—well, she couldn't make it. She and model Maria João were photographed on the beaches of Bahia, where, on the first day, Christie misjudged the strength of the Brazilian sun. Near the equator, it rises at 4 a.m. and by 8 a.m. is as strong as it is at noon farther north—or south. Christie was badly burned, and on the second day, she says, "I wanted to open my eyes, but they were swollen shut." She had scorched part of her stock in trade. "I hoped my face wouldn't peel," she says, "but, alas, my forehead looked like a map of Africa." Christie put ice cubes on her eyes, then steamed her face and rubbed the skin off. She covered the principal remaining blemish with sand for the day's shooting and thenceforth got up at 1:30 a.m. to allow her swollen eyes to unpuff before work. For the rest of the assignment she put the sun to use, patiently squeezing limes over her head so that her hair became bleached to a much lighter blond.

The 4 a.m. sunrise meant that the group had to be ready to leave the hotel at 3 a.m. "Each year I ask everyone to bring an alarm clock, and they never do," says Staff Writer Jule Campbell, who annually puts this act together. "So this time I was running up and down the halls at 2:30, knocking on doors in my nightgown while guests in evening clothes were going up to bed."

Models Monique Moura de Carvalho and Cheryl Tiegs had other problems. The intense humidity of the jungle near Manaus "made it hard to keep your makeup from melting," Cheryl says. A dugout canoe they were using leaked. While Photographer Walter Iooss tried to focus, the boatman bailed, joggling the canoe, and at one point Steve Ross, Iooss' assistant, observed that the craft was in fact sinking fast into waters said to harbor crocodile-like caimans. "If we had fallen in, it would have been awful," says Cheryl. "There was so much vegetation. With spiders on top." When Iooss asked her to dangle a foot in the water, Cheryl immediately began visualizing piranhas, and suggested that Iooss and Campbell improve her odds by each offering a foot as well. No piranha took the bait, but Cheryl did get nipped by a monkey while handing it a Coke.

Ultimately, the entire crew returned safe and essentially sound with results that seem to us more than worth a little sunburn, sleeplessness, piranhaphobia and a monkey bite. We hope you will agree.

Jack Meyer

YOUR LAST 2 YEARS OF COLLEGE COULD BE YOUR FIRST 2 YEARS OF MANAGEMENT.

The Army ROTC 2-year program trains you to become an officer for a modern organization —today's Army—which includes the Army Reserve and Army National Guard.

An officer who is not only a leader of men, but a manager of money and materials as well.

That's why one of the things you'll learn in our 2-year program is management training skills.

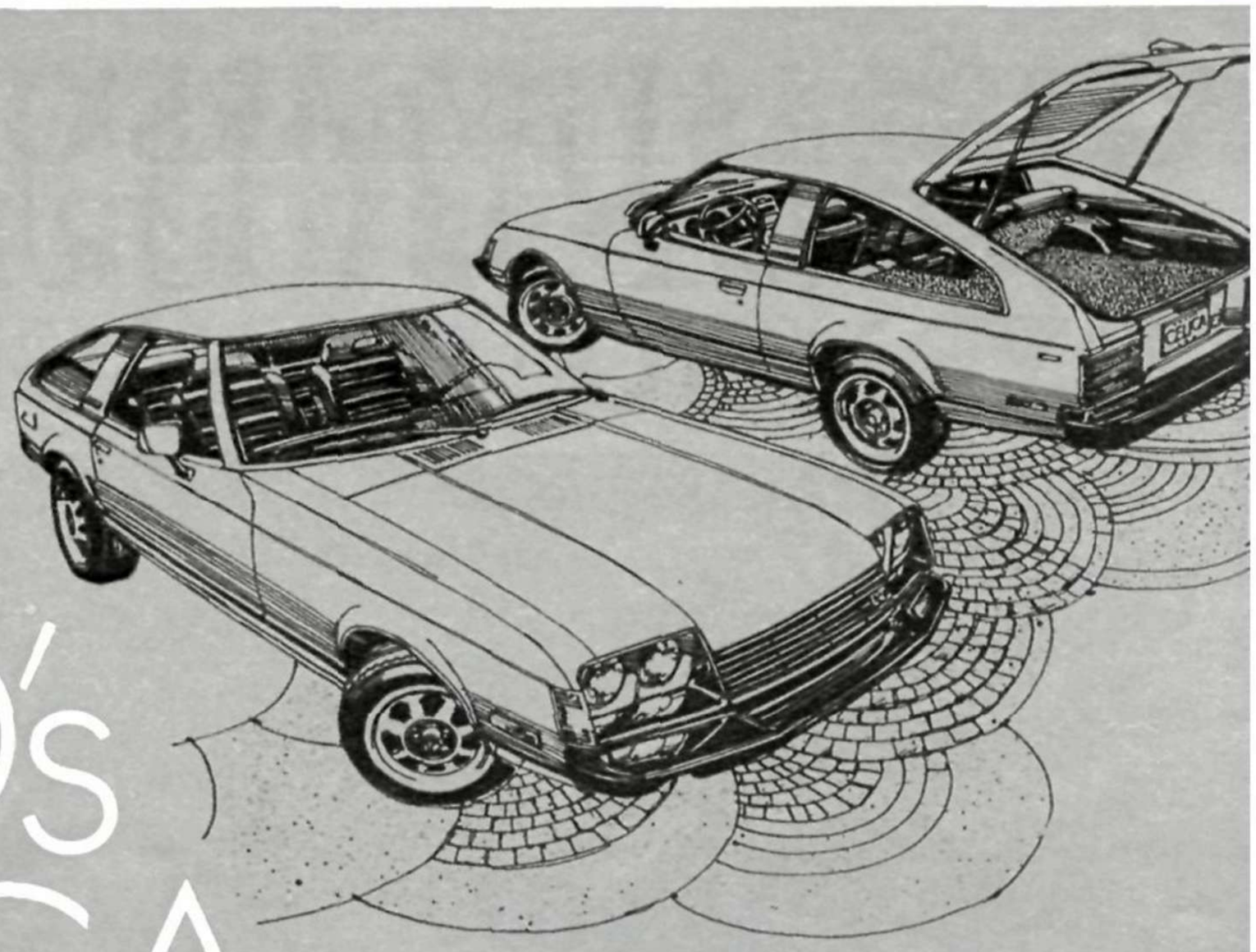
Your training will start the summer after your sophomore year by attending a six-week Army ROTC Basic Camp.

You'll earn over $400 for attending Basic Camp. And up to $1,000 for each of your last 2 years of college.

But the most rewarding part is you'll graduate with both a college degree and a commission. And become a member of the Army management team. For more information send the postcard, or write: Army ROTC, P.O. Box 7000, Dept. C, Larchmont, NY 10538.

ARMY ROTC.
LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.

THE 1980's CELICA.



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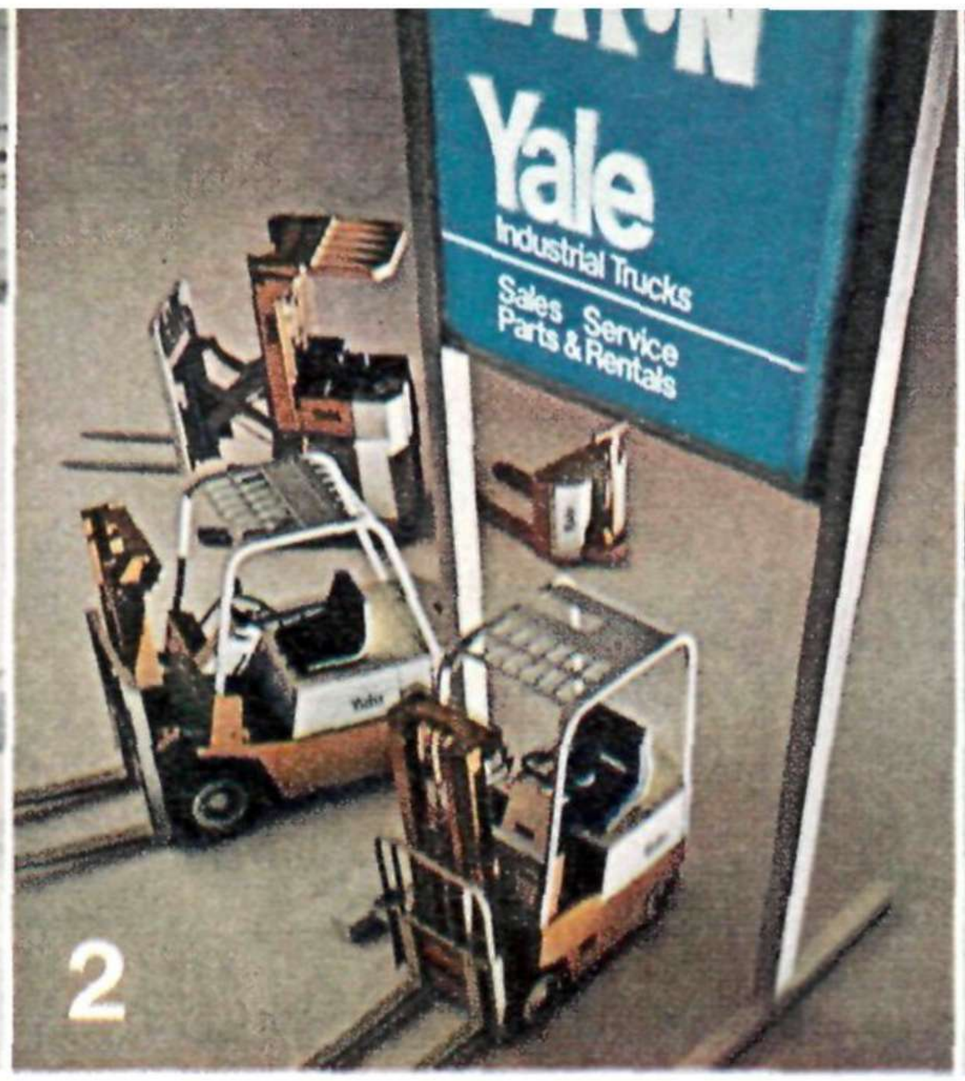

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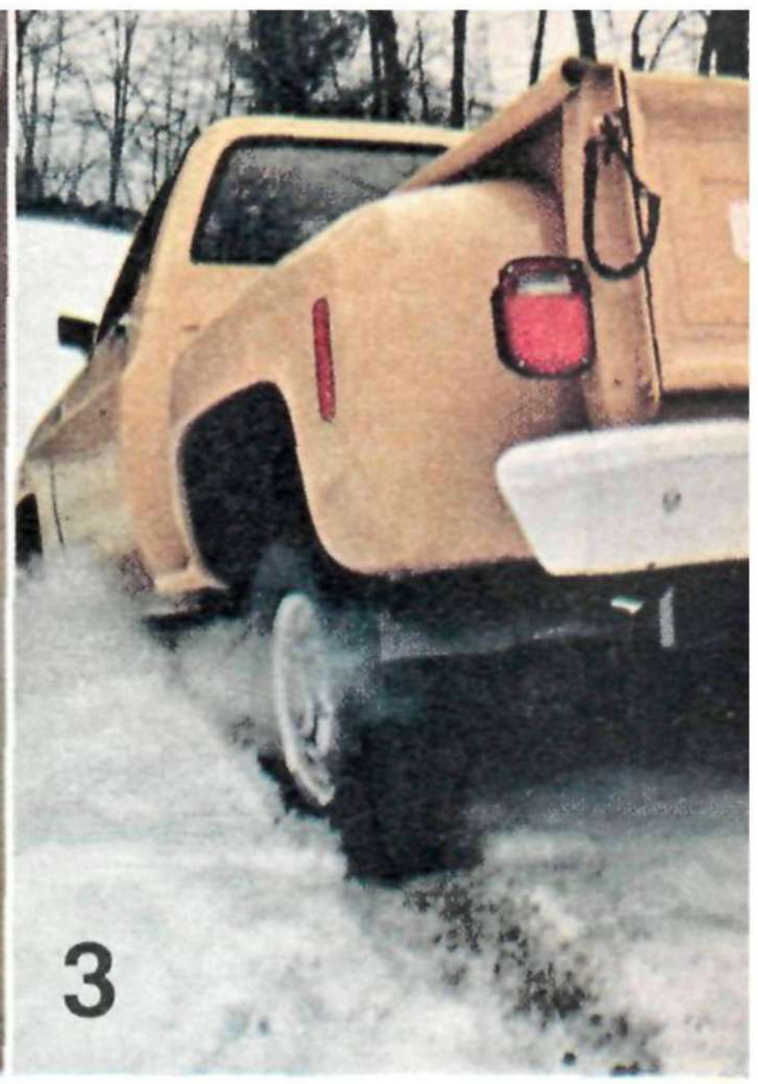
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Eaton Update:

1 Payoff at the truck stop

Responding to the urgent need for better fuel economy, the diesel engine manufacturers have developed high torque engines that produce performance and economy when geared to run at low rpm.

And we have developed a new series of Eaton® axles and Fuller® transmissions designed to team with and take full advantage of these engines.

How much payoff? Fleets are reporting fuel savings up to 10% in many cases.

2 Cutting the cost of moving things around

Eaton's response to the growing need for improved efficiency in materials handling has been the introduction of 23 new Yale® lift truck models in the last two years.

This has made our line of industrial trucks the most up-to-date, as well as the broadest in the industry.

For more than 50 years Eaton has been the leader in what is now the fastest growing segment of the market—electric lift trucks. We stay ahead by anticipating the changing needs of various industries, where materials handling can account for as much as 40% of manufacturing or processing costs.

3 The differential of the future, on and off the road

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An Eaton exclusive, the locking differential is already available on light trucks . . . and has an exciting future in passenger cars, too.

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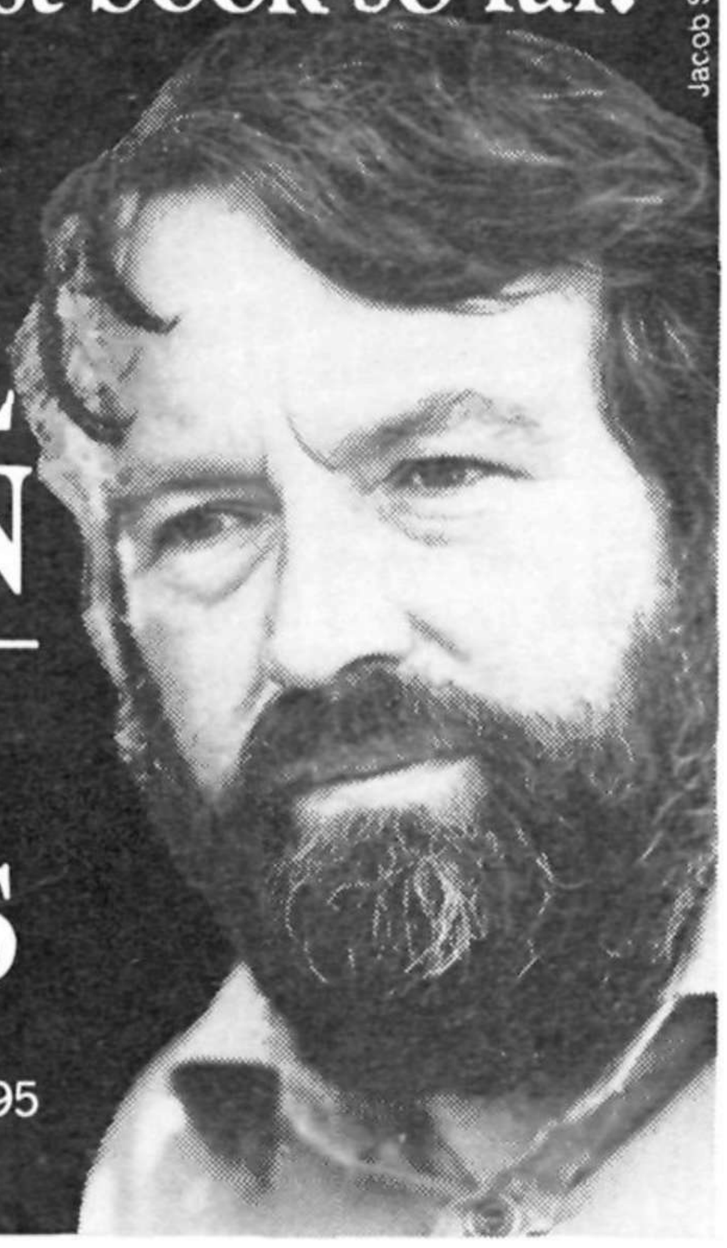
"Fowles's best book so far."
—JOHN GARDNER,
Saturday Review



DANIEL MARTIN

by JOHN FOWLES

A Main Selection of the
Book-of-the-Month Club $12.95

LITTLE, BROWN
PUBLISHERS

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A DIVERTING INSIDE LOOK AT BOXING AND AT ALI BY THE CHAMP'S DOCTOR

One of the most interesting characters in the character-packed world of boxing is Ferdie *Pacheco, who is known in and out of the* ring as Muhammad Ali's doctor but is really much more than that: a dedicated physician who operates a charity clinic in a tough Miami ghetto, a painter whose work has recently gone on exhibition, a bon vivant who delights in the company of celebrities, an urbane TV boxing color man and a raconteur who can talk for hours without stopping and without boring his audience.

All of which stands Pacheco in good stead as the author of *Fight Doctor* (Simon and Schuster, $8.95). The book, an excerpt from which ran in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Nov. 8, 1976), is a knowing and extremely funny in*side look at boxing, with emphasis on Ali and* his retinue, characterized by Pacheco as "the Ali circus." As such, it's the best book yet about Ali, informed and affectionate but devoid of the hagiography that marks most of the more "literary" paeans to Ali.

Pacheco has been in Ali's corner since the fighter's name was Cassius Clay and he came south to train under Angelo Dundee at Miami Beach's delightfully seedy Fifth Street Gym, "the last perfect example of a boxing gym." Pacheco began doctoring him, as he has dozens of other fighters, for love of the game rather than for money. Until Ali finally insisted on paying him, Pacheco had taken no pay from any fighter.

It's obvious, from the book as well as from his ring record, that Pacheco is a good fight doctor. He recognizes that the game is "an anachronism, a holdover from other, tougher days, a highly individualistic sport," and he doesn't mollycoddle his fighters. His cardinal rule: " . . . the less you do to a fighter the better." He believes that a fighter who is in good condition and working out regularly can do without most forms of medication; in the case of Ali, this has meant injecting his tender hands with only as much painkiller as the champ feels he needs.

It's when Pacheco is writing about Ali that *he is most provocative and entertaining.* His attitude is sympathetic—he obviously loves Ali—but unsentimental. He writes about Ali's Muslim religion and Muslim entourage, for example, with amusement and some vexation, but he also understands that for the confused young champion his religion provided discipline and direction.

Fight Doctor is Ali without tears: a must for all boxing buffs. **END**

As I Saw It

by JANICE KAPLAN

A TEEN-AGER INSPIRED AN 87-YEAR-OLD *TENNIS CHAMP TO PLAY ONE MORE GAME*

I played tennis with Hazel Wightman one April day, not long before she died. She was old then, 87, and I was still a teenager. We had never played together before, and when I came into her house that day, it didn't seem likely that we ever would. Mrs. Wightman was lying on her bed, and she apologized for not having enough energy to sit up. She looked very feeble, and she sighed when she told me that she hadn't picked up a racket in months.

The walls of her bedroom were cluttered with photographs that covered 70 years or so of a tennis career. In some, a young Hazel kissed celebrities, and one showed a broad-shouldered girl on a tennis court, rushing the net, racket raised menacingly. I kept staring at that picture because it seemed more real than the wilted figure on the bed. Mrs. Wightman followed my gaze. "I look competitive, don't I," she said. "Well, I was. People say I was the first woman to come to the net, and someone asked me once how I learned to volley. I said, 'What's volleying?' I didn't know what I was doing; I just did it."

Mrs. Wightman pulled herself up on one elbow and furtively touched her face, murmuring that she had grown wrinkled in recent years. "But I was never very pretty, you know," she said. "I was always too short and stocky. It never much bothered me." Without the seductive eyes of Helen Wills or the long-legged glamour of Sarah Palfrey, she relied on her unpretentious warmth and energy to draw fans. Once she had a match delayed for 15 minutes because she was nursing a baby. The first of her 44 national titles came in 1909, and the first of five babies in 1913. She initiated the Wightman Cup tournament, an annual British-American competition that she hoped would bring respectability to the women's game.

"You're young," she said to me now, "but let me tell you this. Tennis has changed. In 1906 I was offered $300 to play, and I didn't understand what that meant. It made me cross, because I was playing for fun. The new girls like Chrissie and Billie Jean and Ginny are lovely, but I wonder how long they'd enjoy the game without those $10,000 checks."

She struggled to sit up, and I noticed that her eyes were gaining animation. How long had it been since Hazel Wightman had spoken about tennis? She looked at me wistfully. "I had such joy running tournaments for children. I'd buy 14 pounds of cookies and have extra candy bars for the winners."

There was a book at her bedside by Billie Jean King, and she gestured toward it disdainfully. "These new pros make the game too hard," she said. "They have so many rules that nobody can be natural anymore. Once I won the third round match of a championship without losing a point, and I didn't even know I had done it until afterward. I wasn't trying for the record; it just happened."

She had many stories, but kept pausing to ask about me. Did I play tennis? I mentioned my summers at tennis camp and my winters of indoor lessons, but said I still wasn't very good. "That's because nobody knows how to teach anymore," she said, her voice rising. "You have to discover your own rhythm, and when you do, it's the easiest game in the world." Then she smiled for the first time. "Go get a racket. I'll show you."

I found five or six discolored rackets at the back of a closet and pulled them out. Mrs. Wightman reached for one and asked me to help her lace on a pair of sneakers. Secure now in her rubber soles, she stood up. "Follow me, dear," she said, and with a crutch in one hand, and a tennis racket and cane in the other, hobbled outside.

We walked toward the garage where so many young pros had practiced, and there was urgency in her voice as she began to expound her doctrines of the game. "Here's the first principle of tennis," she said. "It's your thinking that counts most. Forty–love is no lead unless you think so." She opened the garage door and looked around, then put down her cane and hit a wobbly ball against a backboard, which was all there was to her court. "Here's the second principle of tennis. Just get the ball over the net so your opponent can lose the point." She dropped the crutch and began hitting more steadily. The balls came plopping back at her feet, and her old face began to glow with an almost-forgotten pride. "It's so easy! I can hit the ball a thousand times and never miss!" She glanced over to where I stood. "Here," she said suddenly. "Let's play a game."

Someone had once told me that it's bad to meet your idols when they're old, because they'll have dwindled by then to human scale. For a moment I didn't know how to play against Hazel Wightman. To want to win seemed vainglorious, but not to try would be worse. We faced each other across the garage. She began tentatively, but in a few minutes she was hitting every ball that came near her. She yelled at me if she had to run and reproached me for my unnatural swing. "Forget all that modern teaching you've had! Ready, wait, HIT! Ready, wait, HIT!"

All at once I realized that the choice to win or lose wasn't mine. Mrs. Wightman's eyes were shining. With racket in hand, she was once again alive.

I don't know how long we hit those balls—maybe 15 minutes, maybe an hour—but Mrs. Wightman didn't miss one shot that came near her. With each swing she was battling the newfangled pros who didn't understand the Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman method of better tennis and better life. She hit one ball that went soaring past me, and when I looked up to smile, she put down her racket and called that we had played long enough. I went over to take her arm, and she leaned heavily on me as we walked back to the house. "I'm glad we played," she said. "I've gotten too lazy lately. You have to keep active to be happy."

The sun had settled a bit when we got inside, and Mrs. Wightman sank into a deep chair. She offered me fudge and a few more memories, but mostly we sat quietly in the darkening room. She had dropped her tennis racket somewhere, and as I looked at her now, I saw an old woman, far too frail and withered to play a game. Her housekeeper came by and suggested that it was time for Mrs. Wightman to return to bed.

I'll never know what inspired Mrs. Wightman's sudden strength that afternoon or why, once our game was over, she faded so rapidly. I saw her only once afterward, but she was in a wheelchair then and we barely spoke. After a cursory greeting I walked away, preferring to remember that one special afternoon when the old champ was active and a young admirer learned her lessons. **END**

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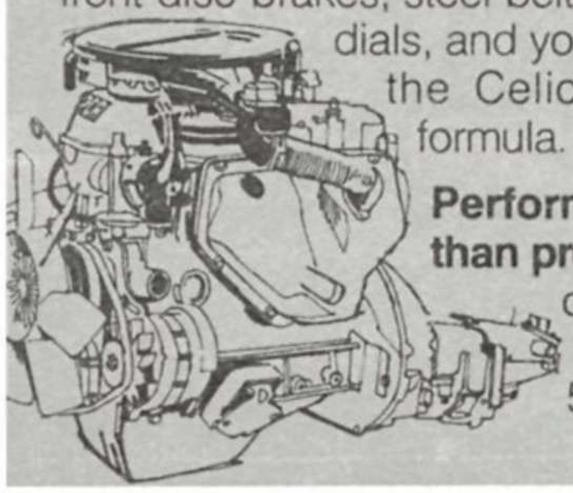
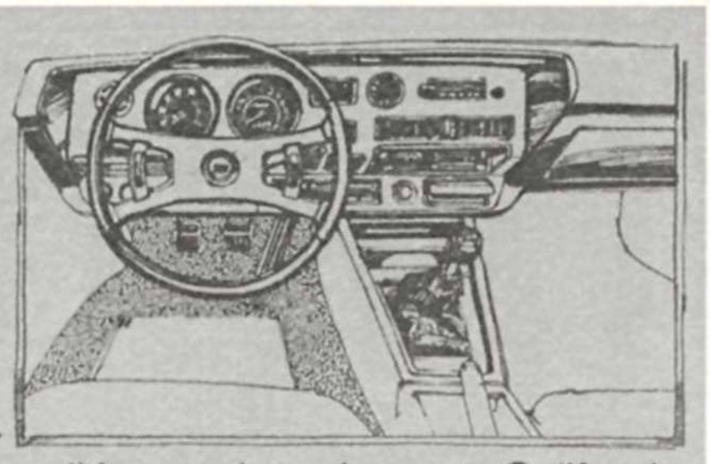
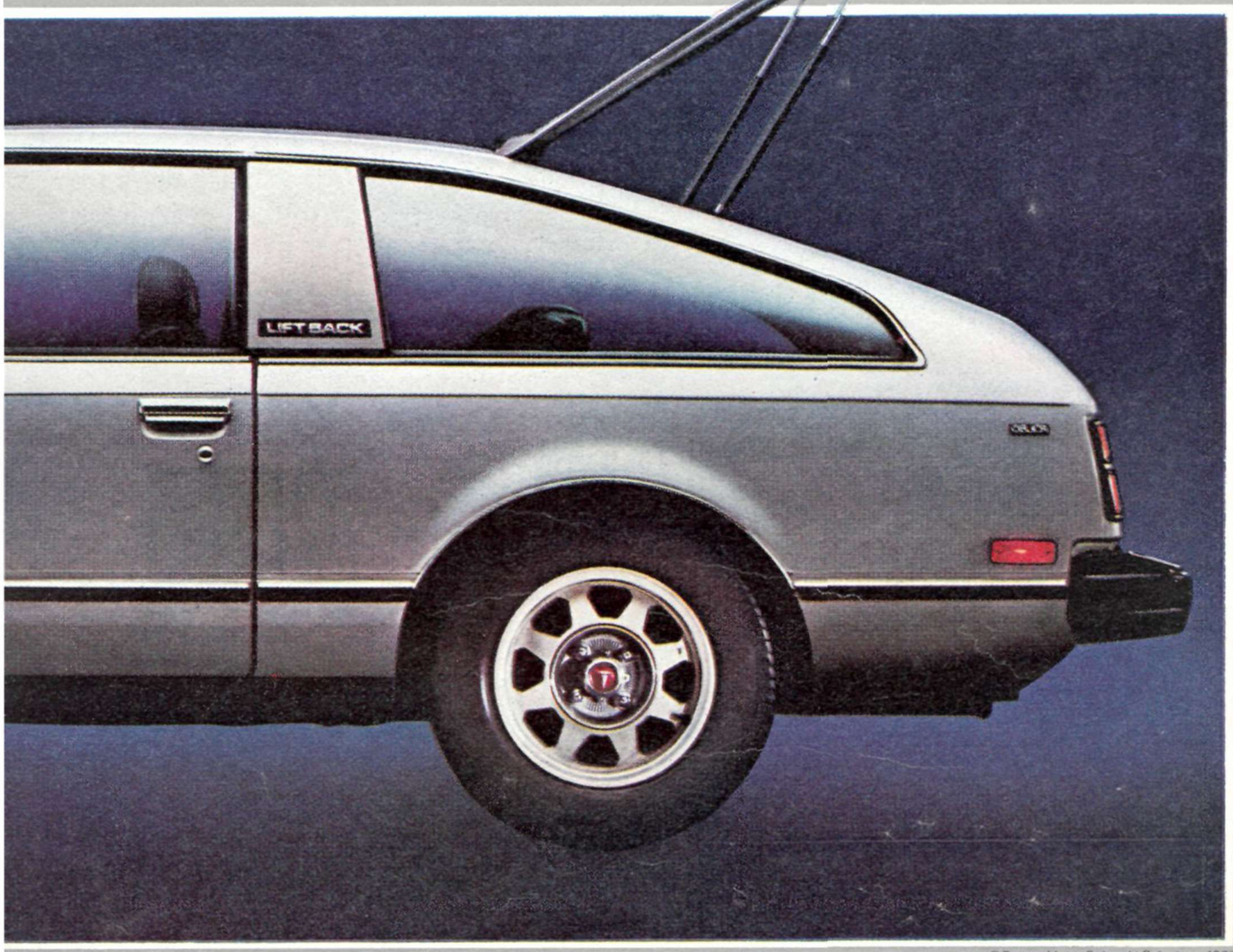


Performance that's more than pretty good. A 2.2 liter overhead cam power plant coupled to a 5-speed overdrive transmission delivers Grand Touring driving excitement and Toyota economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower.



The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers traditional Toyota dependability, and value. Reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support and AM/FM Stereo are standard. The Liftback features a rear hatch which opens to a fold down, split rear seat. The GT Liftback options include power steering, automatic transmission, and something no other Toyota has—the feeling of the wind in your hair from the optional sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. Comes in two other models as well—the GT and ST Sport Coupes. Dynamically practical cars for the 80's at your dealer today.



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Our tobacco is also unique. Its taste is boosted by a method called "Flavor Packing"™ which allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade Menthol.

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Our filtration system represents a singular breakthrough in low 'tar' smoking. Simply, we've created a "Taste Channel" within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes.

The Paper.

Even our high porosity paper is specifically designed to give an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

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Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

IF IT'S DECEMBER, THIS MUST BE FRANCE

That old Robt Day cartoon showing two sportscasters seated in an empty stadium with one of them saying, "One moment while we take a look at that little old schedule," has come true to life for Hockey Canada, a government agency that gave the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union a $50,000 grant last summer to support a team. The team was to play in a tournament in Grenoble, France from Dec. 28 to 31 and serve as the nucleus for the 1980 Olympic squad. Coach Tom Watt of the University of Toronto duly assembled a 22-man squad and took off for Europe. There the Canadians played exhibitions in Germany and Czechoslovakia and then came home, skipping Grenoble altogether. How come? Before the team's departure, the Hockey Canada officials found out they had misread the date for the Grenoble tournament. It was for Dec. 28-31 all right, but 1978, not 1977. An embarrassed official says, "We had to save face and fulfill our commitment to the Czechs."

FOR SHAME

Given the phenomenal rise in the number of participants in the marathon, it was perhaps inevitable, but nonetheless somehow shocking, that this famed race, which originated in classical Greece, should now be tainted by cheating.

In the fifth Maryland Marathon last month, 1,546 of the 1,707 starters finished. It was this surprisingly high number of finishers, each of whom received a souvenir jacket, that aroused the suspicion of race officials. "We know the normal dropout rate, depending on the weather," says Joe Holland, a co-chairman of the race. "If the weather is real warm, you could lose 30%. On a day like we had [it was in the 40s] you're supposed to lose 18%. We lost 10%. Everyone was carried away with getting the jackets. The jackets were only for finishers. The jackets were a magnet."

Unlike the Boston Marathon, which is run point to point, the Maryland race is out and back, and the course can be crowded and confused. Some nine miles from the starting line there is a public rest room, and Holland figures that about 35 to 40 runners ducked in there, stayed a while and then headed back to the finish line, cutting seven miles off the race. "We had three people with guilty consciences return the jackets," he says.

PETERS' PICKLE

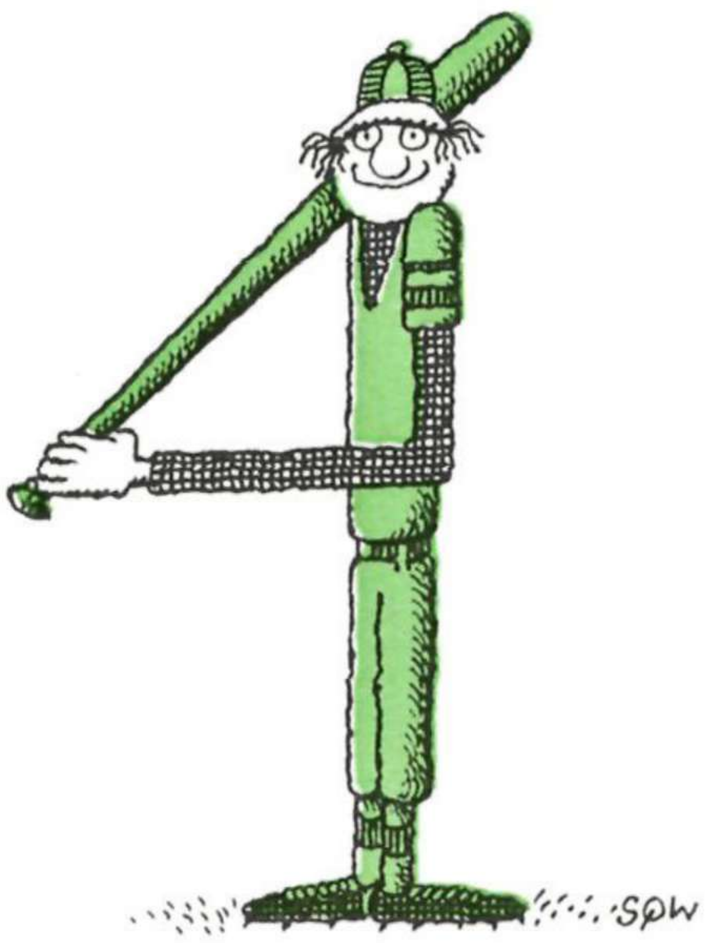
Hank Peters, the general manager of the Orioles, is in a pickle. Last year Peters, wary of losing players to the free-agent draft after Pitcher Ross Grimsley defected to Montreal for $1.5 million, signed Outfielder Ken Singleton and Pitchers Jim Palmer and Mike Flanagan to long-term contracts that called for bonuses if they made "significant contributions" to the team. Singleton thereupon batted .328, the highest in club history, knocked in 99 runs, hit 24 homers and finished third in the Most Valuable Player voting. Palmer won 20 and lost 11 with a 2.91 earned run average and was runner-up for the Cy Young Award. Flanagan, a flashy young lefthander, had a 15 and 10 record, with 13 of his wins coming in the second half of the season.

Singleton, Palmer and Flanagan asked for their bonuses, but Peters refused to pay, saying, "The interpretation of 'significant' is the sole judgment of the GM, and I say a 'significant contribution' has to be weighed against two things: what you expect of a player and what you're already paying him."

All three players filed grievances last month. When it dawned on Peters that they might all become free agents a la Catfish Hunter after Charlie Finley failed to honor his contract, Peters paid them $15,000 each. Last week, in a bizarre switch, Peters abruptly announced that the Orioles wanted the bonus money back and would file grievances against the players. Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players' Association, says that Peters is "shooting craps with the heart of the team. They could all be free agents before Opening Day."

FOUR!

Midway through the hot stove league season, Mark Noack, a baseball fan in Lynwood, Wash., looked at a Henry Aaron poster and became intrigued by the number four. Aaron wore number 44, and he broke Babe Ruth's record of 714 home runs in the fourth inning of the fourth game of the fourth month of 1974 against an opposing pitcher who also wore the number 44. The score was then 3–1, which adds up to four, and the time of the homer was 9:07 p.m., which adds up to 16, and the square root of 16 is four. The ball traveled 385 feet, which also adds up to 16, and the square root of 16



is, of course, four. Both Aaron and Ruth were 40 when they walloped their record home runs. Ruth died in 1948, and the square root of 1948 is 44.136152, which rounded off is 44. Which was Hank Aaron's number.

NOT QUITE RIGHT

The Bristol-Myers Co., which began to support track and field when it sponsored the U.S. Olympic Invitational in Madison Square Garden last winter, has come up with another attempted shot in the arm for one of the country's needier sports. The company has just announced that it will sponsor a Grand Prix for the current indoor season to honor the best athlete in 14 meets, from last week's Muhammad Ali Games at Long Beach, Calif.

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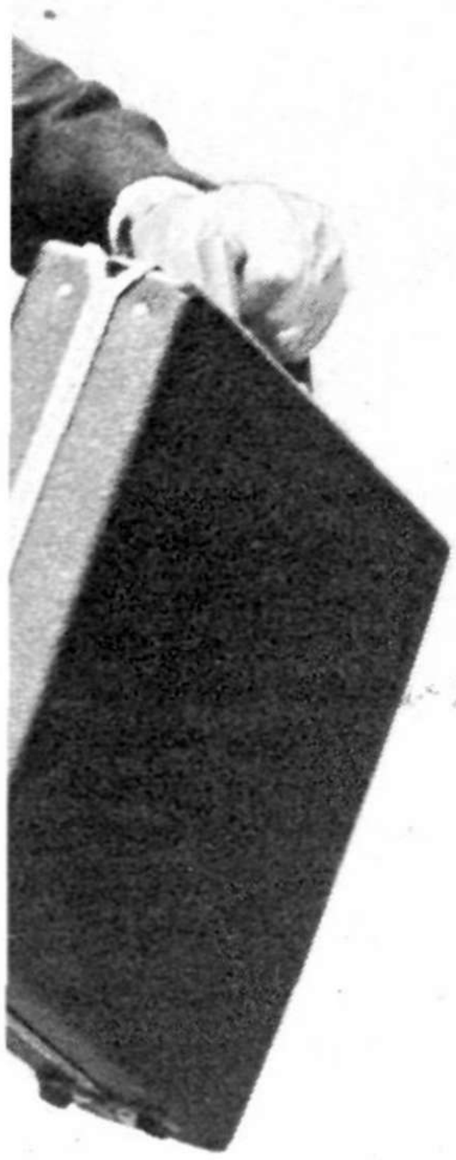

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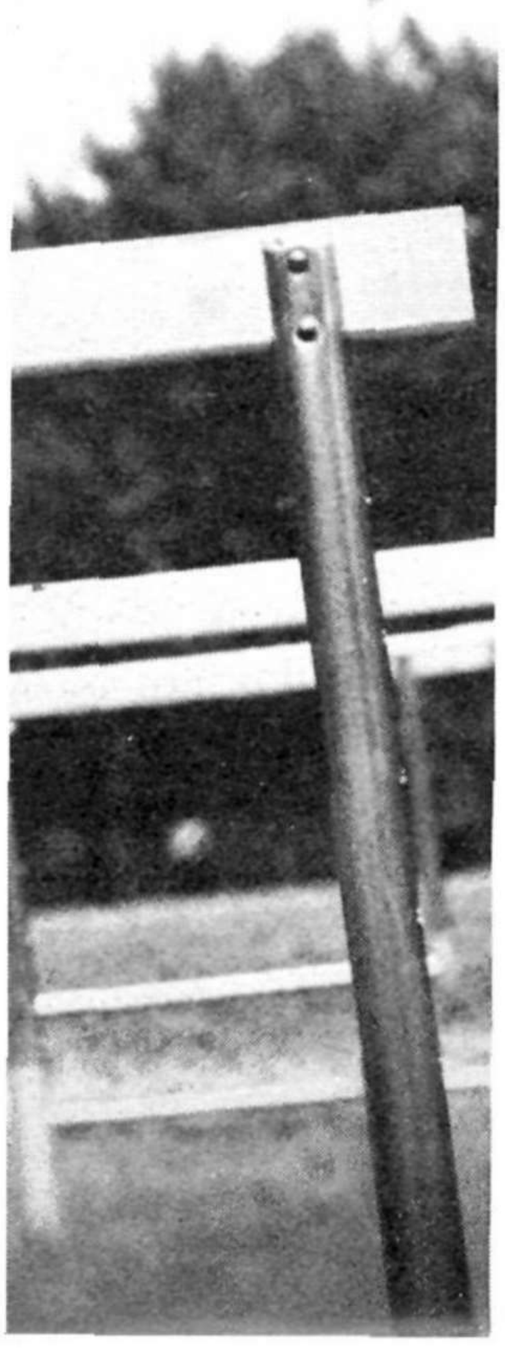

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to the national championships at Madison Square Garden in late February.

While Bristol-Myers' heart is in the right place, calling the winner of the Grand Prix the "best athlete" borders on hyperbole because the basis on which points are awarded—five for a win, three for second and one for third—almost assures that the winner will not be a distance runner. Ten of the meets are held on five Friday-Saturday weekends and require overnight travel. A sprinter, high jumper or pole vaulter can rather easily win back-to-back competitions over two days but it will be much harder for a distance runner to do so. Shotputters, long jumpers and women hurdlers aren't even in the running because these events are not contested at some meets.

For sure, the Grand Prix' big winner will be the U.S. Olympic Committee; $20,000 of the top athlete's $25,000 prize will be a contribution to the USOC in the winner's name. The remaining $5,000 goes to the organization or track club to which the winner belongs, while the athlete gets to take home a "specially designed trophy."

Sprinter Steve Riddick, last year's outstanding indoor performer with 15 wins in 15 races in the U.S., says, "It's progress, but it would be nice if the USOC got a little less and the club a little more."

GOODBY TO A GREAT ACT

The Celtics' sad season last week cost Tommy Heinsohn his job, which is the kind of thing that can happen to big-time coaches, and we regret his departure for reasons that have nothing to do with his won-lost record. Heinsohn was an authentic national figure, one of just a handful of coaches whose images—thanks to TV directors who recognize a good thing when they see it—had become fully as large as that of the teams they coached. Bobby Knight and Woody Hayes come to mind, as do John Madden and Billy Martin and, of course, Heinsohn. Legions of viewers who followed pro basketball only casually knew the bear of a man. He had the best scowl in the business. He could convey great menace by simply rising to his feet. His rages and spells of anguish along the sidelines were always marvelous to behold. There was sham in it, of course; away from the court Heinsohn was a mild man, a painter of talent, a successful insurance man. But his was a great act, and a lot of people will miss it.

DALLAS VS. DENVER

Fourteen years ago, when Mrs. Tom McVie gave birth to a son, she and her husband, who is now the coach of the NHL Washington Caps, decided that Dallas had a nice sound to it and so named their boy. Five years later, Mrs. McVie gave birth to another boy, and she and her husband named him Denver after a character in a TV Western.

Both Dallas and Denver grew up without much fuss being made over their names until Denver and Dallas made the Super Bowl. Now the brothers themselves are at odds. Dallas, 14, is rooting for Denver, and Denver, nine, is rooting for Dallas. By the way, the difference in their ages matches the early point spread.

PUN MY NAME (CONT'D)

Here in response to Richard Lederer's list of writers and sports their names suggest (SCORECARD, Dec. 12) are more sent in by readers.

Archery: Beaumont and Fletcher.

Auto racing: William Carlos Williams, Ogden Nash.

Baseball: Arthur Balfour, Oscar Wilde, Genevieve Taggard, Fannie Hurst, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and Taylor Caldwell (umpire).

Bullfighting: Gore Vidal.

Dog shows: Archibald MacLeish.

Football: John Gardner, Les Line and Robert Benchley.

Horse racing: James Fixx, John Betjeman, the Sitwells, Stephen Spender and Mary Ellen Chase.

Hunting: Mark DeWolf Howe.

Mountaineering: Clifford Odets and John Updike.

Rodeo: Hugh Trevor-Roper.

Skiing: Yvor Winters.

Track and Field: Dashiell Hammett, Myles Connolly and Damon Runyon.

THE FUTURE IS WAS

Back in 1972, when international hockey was a novelty, it seemed to be the future of the sport. The future, last week, turned out to be awful. The Toronto Maple Leafs rewarded a sellout crowd by resting four of their best players against Kladno of Czechoslovakia; the Canadian Broadcasting Company canceled a telecast of a so-called "Superseries" between the Islanders and Pardubice of Czechoslovakia; and Moscow Dynamo drew only 500 people to the Detroit Olympia for its 12–0 stomping of the University of Michigan. More than a dozen teams from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovskia, Finland and Sweden will play in the U.S. and Canada this season. Even Alan Eagleson, one of international hockey's biggest boosters, admits the whole concept has become "a joke."

The dumping of foreign teams on Canada and the U.S. started last year when the World Hockey Association began importing teams during the regular season to hype the gate. So, naturally, the National Hockey League had to copycat. And next year the WHA (if it is still around) will schedule 84 international games. "We've killed the golden egg," says International Hockey Chairman Gunther Sebetsky of West Germany. Overcooked might be a better word. It is obvious that if international hockey is going to have any significance, only top teams should play in meaningful competitions.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

A bass fisherman in the state of Washington, who is also a computer statistician, worked out a surefire formula that would allow him to fish without buying a license, yet not get caught. To a computer he fed data on his county's population, the total miles of roads in the area and the number of wildlife agents in the region. The computer gave back the answer that the odds were 10,000 to 1 against his being caught.

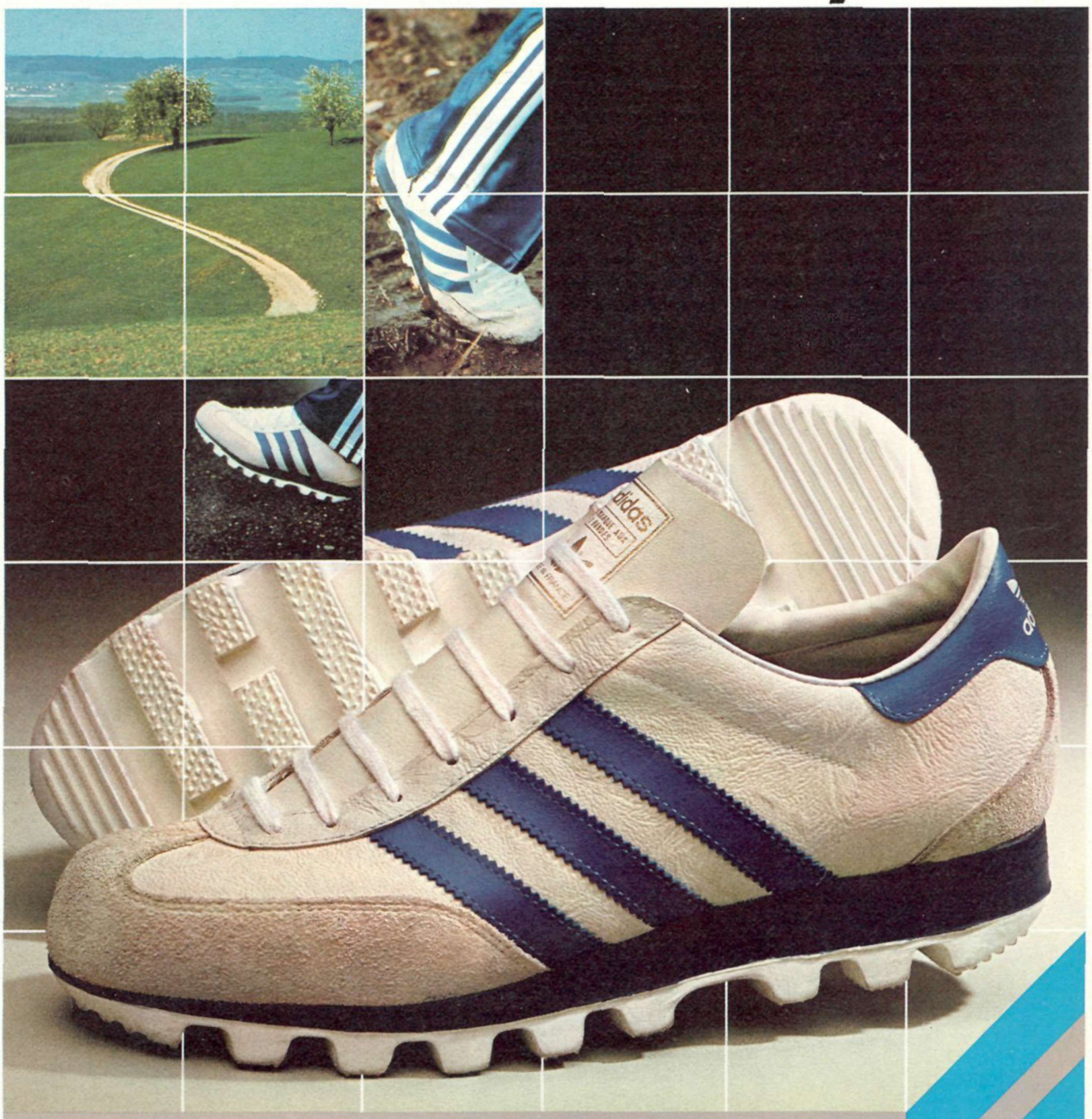
The fisherman later explained all this with some embarrassment to Tony de la Torre, a wildlife agent who caught him and charged him with fishing without a license.

THEY SAID IT

- Roy Danforth, Tulane basketball coach: "Our program is three years away. It's a very critical situation because I've only got two years left on my contract."
- Abe Lemons, Texas basketball coach, after a one-point victory over Army, coached by Mike Krzyzewski: "He's doing a great job. If anybody could spell his name, he'd be coach of the year."
- Gary Inness, Indianapolis goalie, to a reporter after the Racers' 7–1 loss to Houston: "What you could do is just not write a story and maybe people would think there was no game."
- Phil Esposito, New York Ranger center, on violence in hockey: "If they took away our sticks and gave us brooms we'd still have fights."

END

Falcon - the town and country shoe



Falcon is a creation of Adi Dassler, the man behind the adidas name.

The Falcon, a revolutionary road runner from adidas, performs well off the road too. The deep rigid sole pattern provides excellent traction on snow and on the roughest of terrains. It also gives a comfortable ride as the extra thick mid sole and deep profile absorbs shock while maintaining perfect stability. The uppers are of Cangoran® – a synthetic leather-like material that forms to the foot in no time, is very light and yet surprisingly hardwearing.

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 16, 1978

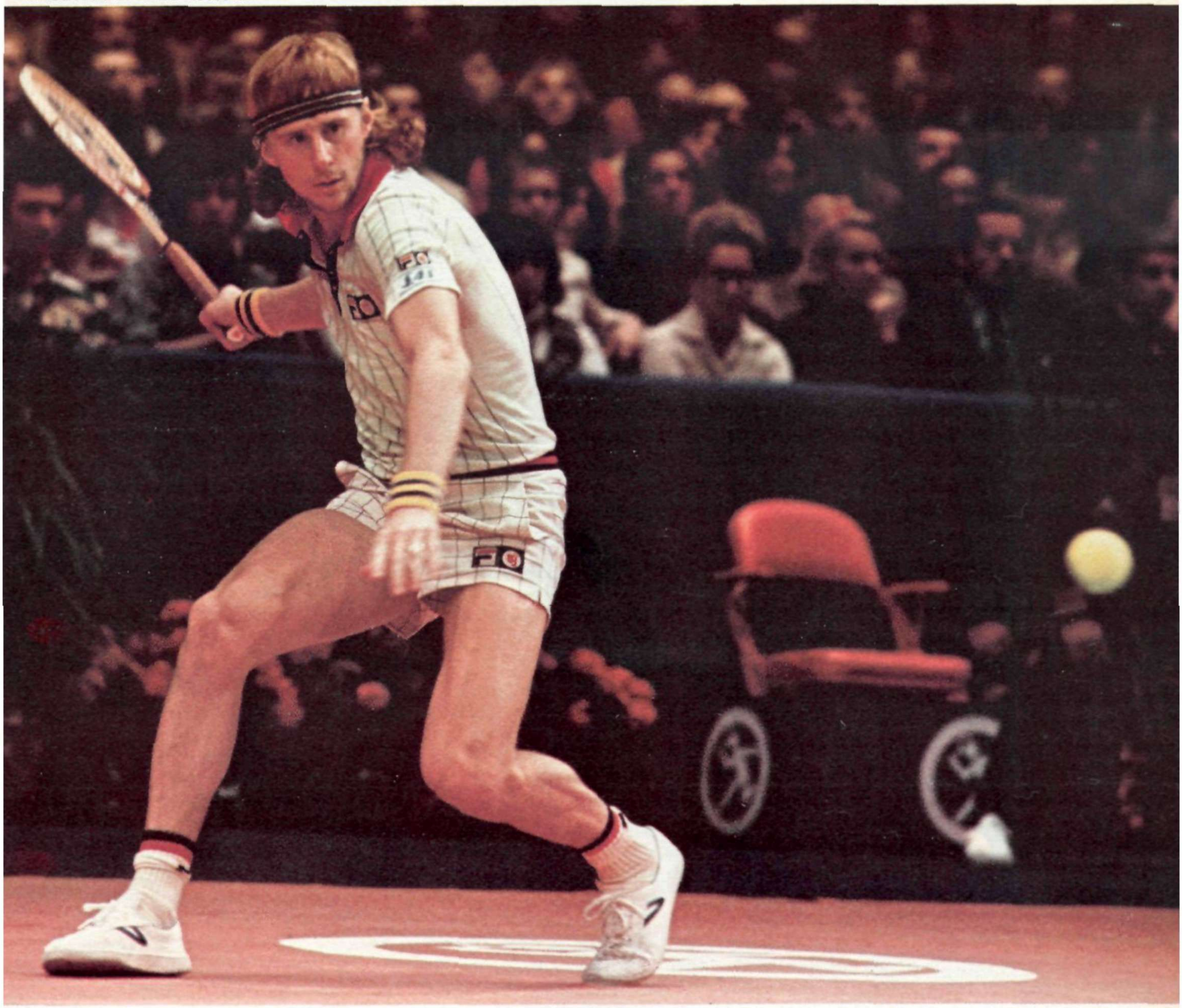
AND IT WAS STILL THREE FOR ONE

Although Jimmy Connors won the Colgate Grand Prix, he failed to settle the vexing question of who's No. 1—he, Borg or Vilas

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Connors (above) defeated Borg (above, right) in a thrilling three-set final match, but in another thriller that was played Thursday in the round robin, Jimbo lost to Vilas, who lost to Borg in the semis.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.



Whether or not the sport of tennis found its heart or lost its soul in New York City last week is a question that the Colgate Grand Prix Masters tournament can take up just as soon as Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas finish beating up on one another. Or defaulting to somebody else to avoid beating up on one another. For the time being, who's No. 1? How about Bess Myerson?

When Connors defeated Borg 6–4, 1–6, 6–4 in as thrilling a match as Madison Square Garden had witnessed since, well, 72 hours earlier when Vilas whipped Connors, all it did was reinforce the notion that these three young men, who are head and racket handle above everyone else in the game, are separated from each other by only the barest of psychological threads.

It may be that for Vilas to climb to the top he needs six more months under the glowering tutelage of Ion Tiriac, who has shown him how to outthink Connors but has been unable to convince him of the vulnerability of Borg. This will be especially difficult now that the Swede has defeated Vilas for the 12th time in their 16 meetings, most recently in the Masters semifinals, 6–3, 6–3.

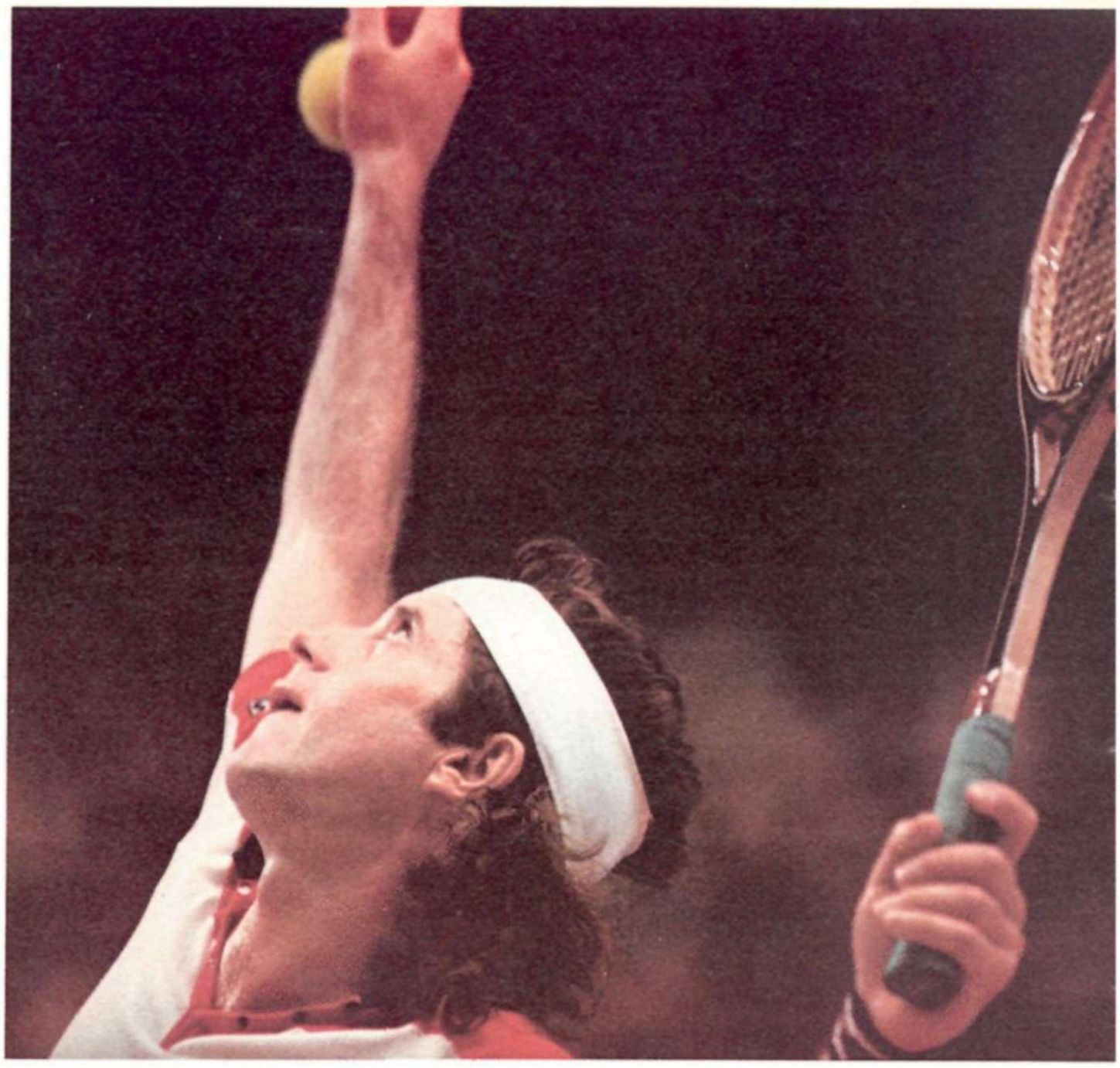
On the other hand, while Borg dominates his once-close *amigo* from the Argentine, the pair's mysterious ailments and shameless disregard for the ticket-buying public during the tournament's preliminary round robin demonstrated that neither man (or for that matter, neither of their coaches, Lennart Bergelin and Tiriac, who are the suspected culprits) is prepared to deal with these showdowns without resorting to some con-

continued

nivance, be it a sore ankle, a fever or anything else they can come up with on the spur of the moment. In chronological order, to recover from Connors and to get ready for him, Vilas and Borg, undefeated and having already qualified for Saturday's semifinals, defaulted their third-round matches (Vilas to rest a "strained tendon," Borg to recover from "severe flu") but were allowed to continue in the tournament, presumably because there was no rule against it. All that this medical buffoonery (sing, "I can do anything sicker than you can; I can get sicker, much sicker than you") did was disgrace the sport and—irony of ironies—turn Connors into a white knight. Or, as the Masters sponsor might prefer, the Ultra Brite Knight.

"It's good to see somebody else on the barbecue pit," said Connors, who leads the world in defaults with four in 1977, 13 in the last four years.

And that was not Jimbo's final comment on Borg and Vilas, either. Before his match with Brian Gottfried in the other semifinal, Connors arrived on the court hobbling on a crutch, which engendered loads of hilarity in everybody but Gottfried, who lost a tense 6–4, 3–6, 6–3 struggle.



Vilas was No. 1 in the regular-season Grand Prix race but he ran fourth at Madison Square Garden.

In the final on Sunday, it appeared as if Borg would need at least a crutch, if not a whip and chair, to stop an aroused Connors. "I wanted to come out creaming everything," said Jimbo. Connors was devastating in the first set, breaking service in the third game as well as strings on two different rackets as he won 6–4. By then, however, Borg's penetrating first serves were beginning to take effect, and he began to vary his speed and depth of shot, working on Connors' forehand to break serve three times and grab the second set by 6–1. Despite the lopsided score, Borg lamented, "I don't feel 100% O.K. in my head, you know?"

Nonetheless, he went quickly ahead in the final set with an early break and held serve for a 3–1 lead. Then he faltered. Connors broke back to even the deciding set at 3–all with a lunging forehand volley and then a net-cord winner. "It was big point, for sure," said Borg. "Jimmy so tough unless you stay ahead. After that, I feel very strange."

After that, Borg's first serve deserted him—he missed 27 of 42 in the last set—and he had to fight off three break points in the eighth game. By the time Borg served in the 10th at 4–5, 15–0, both men had won 40 points in the set. But Connors was still hitting some amazing rockets and Borg was not. Jimbo had a few more left: a forehand down the line, a backhand stab drop volley, a cross-court forehand, another volley. It was over.

"That's the best I can play," Connors said afterward. "Who's No. 1? It looks like we'll have to go out and do it all over again, doesn't it?"

Well, yes. Having lost Wimbledon to Borg and the U.S. Open to Vilas, Connors must have looked on the Masters as a close encounter of the third kind. Third place in the world rankings was staring him square in the face, even though the USTA computer ranked him first.

Let's look at the numbers. Though Connors won eight of the 21 tournaments he entered, his match record for the year was only 70–11, not as good as Borg's (13 victories in 20 tournaments, 78–8 in matches) and Vilas', who played just about every waking minute in compiling his 139–14 match record and 21 wins in 34 tournaments.

Borg's percentage, then, is slightly the best and he won the world championship as well. But Vilas won the U.S. *and* French titles and put together a streak of 55 clay victories while winning 83 of 85 matches on all surfaces. But Connors won the big bowl game at the end. What now? Head-to-head? Borg is 5–1 against the other big two, while Vilas is 2–3 and Connors a woeful 1–4.

If the Masters did not entirely decide who is No. 1, it did bring big-time tennis back to the Garden and, in the process, show everybody that the Masters is the Super Bowl of the game and the only real conclusion a tennis season has.

Perhaps because the tournament had only twice graced American soil, the Masters never had caught on. But this year Colgate—those same wonderful folks who invented Dermassage, Handi-Wipes and Dinah Shore—took over the tournament, signed a three-season deal with the Garden, moved the affair to an off-week for pro football, sold it to TV and promised to make the Masters an *event*. Among other marvelous arrangements, Colgate raised the total prize money to $400,000 and spent another $400,000 on advertising.

The most significant thing Colgate did, however, was persuade the eight best players in the world—Gottfried, Manuel Orantes, Raul Ramirez, Roscoe Tanner

and Eddie Dibbs also were on hand—to show up, a feat previously considered impossible unless you guaranteed each of them $100,000 first-place money and a position at the head of the line at Studio 54. When Connors, who had skipped this tournament the past three years, barely qualified for the final berth and agreed to play, tournament organizers knew they had a winner.

The last time New Yorkers had seen—and been obnoxed by—Connors was when he stormed out of Forest Hills last September, claiming that his U.S. Open title had been "stolen" because of rude crowd behavior and bad line calls while he was losing the championship match to Vilas. Connors' return last week was less stimulating. He merely disrupted a player picture-taking session, walked out on a TV interviewer and snapped at a journalist who had the effrontery to ask why Connors was finally gracing the Masters with his presence. "Because I feel like it," he snorted.

Not surprisingly, Vilas, who had won the regular-season Grand Prix points race and its bonus pool of $300,000, did *not* seem to feel like it.

One day Vilas ripped the tournament to shreds in his soft, charming voice. "This Masters used to mean very much to me when it was in December and changed continents every year," he said. "Hopefully, someday it will be on clay. I don't prepare for this. If I don't have to come to collect $300,000, I no come. How badly I want to win? No badly."

Vilas' last remark would come as a shock to the crowd of 18,590 that packed the Garden on Thursday night to watch his 6–4, 3–6, 7–5 repeat victory over Connors.

To begin with, it was one of those remarkable moments the sporting world comes up with every now and then when whatever game is being played is transcended by the emotion and suspense of the event. Boston, 1975: the Reds-Red Sox sixth game. Augusta, 1975: the Nicklaus-Miller-Weiskopf fourth round. Stuff like that. Andrew Young, over from the U.N., was on hand, as was Farrah, just out from under the blow dryer. But the attraction was mostly Vilas and Connors, slugging it out and thinking it over down there on the eggshell-blue carpet of the roaring arena.

First, it was Vilas pounding huge serves and floating his sidespin ground strokes into the quicksand where Connors has to use his erratic forehand. Vilas gained two early breaks and ran out the first set. Then it was Connors jumping all over his nemesis in the second set, giving up only two points in the first three games and only five during his five service games.

"I had to change tactics," Vilas was to say later. "It was big casino, but my legs not moving. I no afford to stay back."

So, in the final set the man they call "Willie" became aggressive and occasionally even covered the net after slashing approaches into the corners. Connors had three break points in the third game, but Vilas saved them all at the net and held serve. Next, against Connors' serve, Vilas mis-hit two returns, but Jimbo could handle neither one overhead, and suddenly Vilas had the break for 3–1.

Vilas took the set to 5–3 and to match point after Connors got a bad call on the baseline. But Jimbo saved himself with a net-cord volley winner. Connors hammered his racket on the net and screamed at the line judge, "That's for you! That's for you!" Not to mention some fairly horrible other words.

By this time the Garden was going wild. One would have thought the Knicks had won another championship or even covered another point spread, such was the thunder from the rafters. "This is as good as the Tiger-Torres fight," said Joe Flaherty of *The Village Voice*. "The Fleischmann bottles will be coming out of the upper deck any minute."

And so, like a vicious prizefight, the match went on. After a shaken and groggy Vilas double-faulted and was wide with a forehand, the score reached 5–4. After Connors held serve easily, it was 5–all. Abruptly, with the American crowd now clearly favoring the American, Vilas summoned up the heart he had found somewhere last summer.

With love–30 against him, he hit a glorious backhand pass to win the most spectacular point of the evening (now morning) and eventually took the game. Then, after staggering to his chair on the changeover, Vilas went back out to hit one more winning backhand, to watch one more Connors forehand sink into the net and to break serve and win a match that may one day be legendary. It was 42 minutes after midnight. "I hope next time we can do this in a bigger stadium," Vilas mumbled.

They might have done it two days later in the same arena, were it not for some nifty one-downmanship by Borg in the hospital sweepstakes. Knowing that Vilas, who was scheduled to meet Dibbs, had been granted a default and a day's rest because of his "hurt" ankle, Borg suddenly came up with the flu, defaulted from his match with Gottfried and got a day off himself. Moreover, because a default counts as a loss, he wound up playing Vilas instead of Connors in the semifinals. Hmmmmmm.

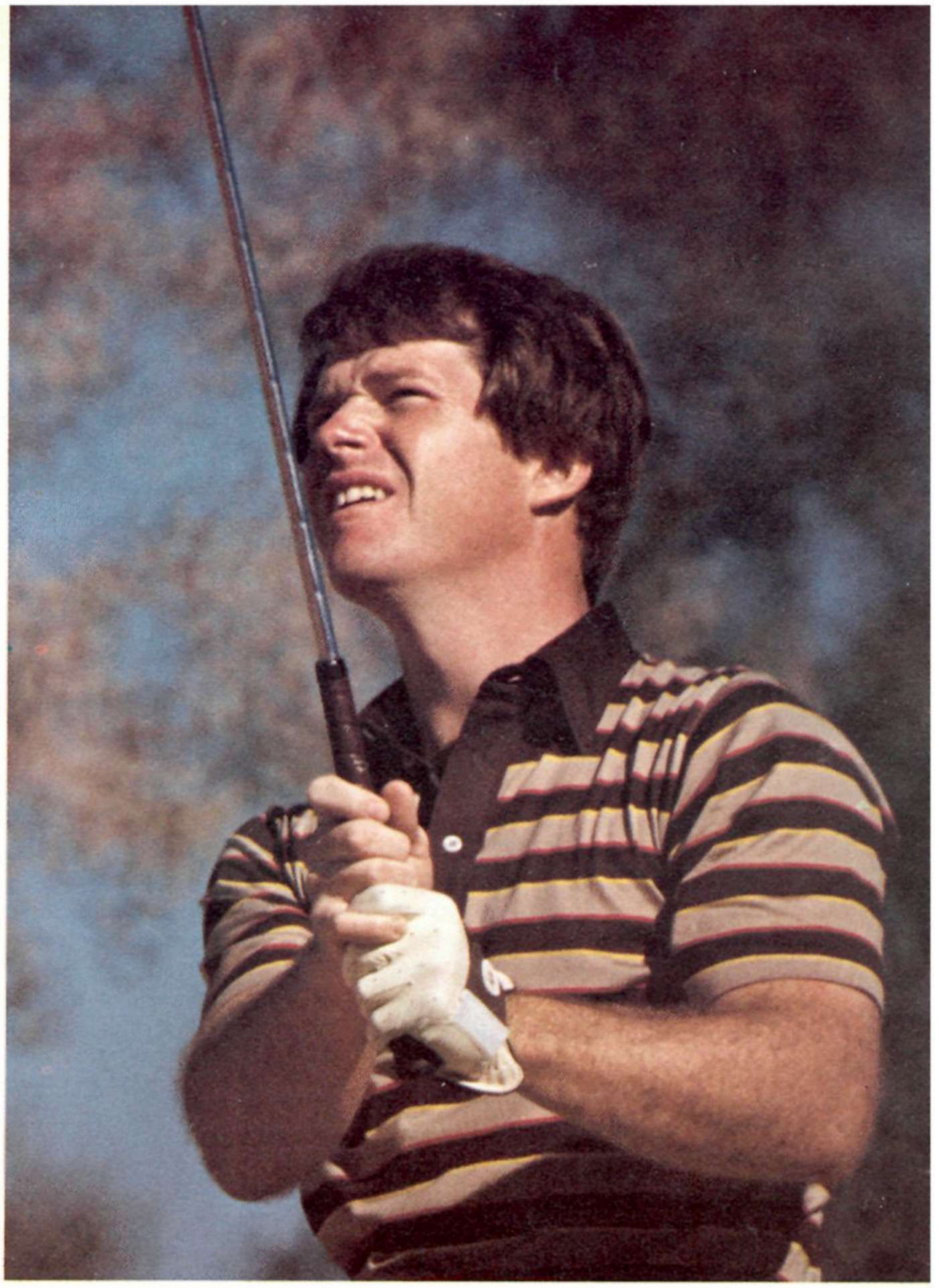
"If you not think I am sick, I am sorry," Borg said. The point is that the loose tournament format worked in favor of the two walking wounded, led to cynicism and infuriated both the press and the public.

On Saturday morning when the two sickies began their Profiles in Courage challenge match, what is believed to be tennis' first banner was unfurled near the top of the Garden. It read: BORG AND VILAS. WE WERE HERE LAST NIGHT. WHERE WERE YOU?

Tennis had finally made it in the Big Apple. **END**

Taunting defaulters, Connors was funny as a . . .

COME, WATSON, THE GAME'S AFOOT



The call went out from Tucson for the first tournament of 1978 and last year's hero replied with a quick 63 and a win

by DAN JENKINS

It might as well have been Tombstone, which is just a six-gun and a one-iron down the road. All of the bad guys could have been waiting there for Tom Watson to step off the next stagecoach. Billy Clanton and his brother Ike. The McLaurys, Frank and Tom. Indian Charlie and John Ringo. Maybe Three-Fingered Jack Dunlap. But Watson outdrew them all, fired a 63 into the O.K. Corral, shrugged off a couple of flesh wounds and finally planted an upstart kid named Bobby Wadkins on a rocky slope of Boot Hill. It was golf, of course. But, boy. Talk about your reruns.

Perhaps because the pros had enjoyed such a long layoff, the first tournament of 1978, the Joe Garagiola-Tucson Open, attracted one of its better fields. There were Lee Trevinos and Johnny Millers and Bruce Lietzkes all around the desert, but Watson was more prominent than anyone, being the guy who shot down Jack Nicklaus in the streets of Augusta and Turnberry.

That Watson would start right out as if 1977 never ended must give his contemporaries something to think about. It was as if young Tom from Missouri was out there in Arizona specifically to drop the hint that nothing in the past 12 months was any kind of a fluke. What Watson did was lead from start to finish. His 63 on Thursday flattened so many egos that Trevino said, "The tournament's over, I can't catch him."

It wasn't exactly over. Even after Watson added a 68 on Friday, his lead was only four strokes. In golf, that's not much. Still, if you looked at who was chasing Watson—mainly Wadkins—you had to know that by then it was purely a case of Watson avoiding any calamities. On Saturday he shot an undistinguished one-over-par 73, and still held the lead by two. It did get touchy on Sunday when Wadkins, who first came to the attention of America last May by shooting a 29 on the back nine of Nicklaus' Muirfield Village course, birdied the first two holes to tie for the lead.

Watson regained the lead with a birdie at the 6th hole, and they both played along steadily after that until Watson bogeyed the 16th, putting Wadkins back into a tie. But ultimately it came down to experience at the last hole, a tough and scenic par-4 with enough water on each side of the fairway to drown the Apache nation. While both golfers drove beautifully, it was Wadkins who would hit the fat iron shot, chip poorly and then miss a 10-footer for a par.

When it was Watson's turn to fire at the green, he struck the kind of four-iron he hit at Nicklaus all last year. Fifteen feet from the cup, case dismissed, a $40,000 start, Happy New Year. It was, however, the 63 which shook up the tournament, the city and the sport.

Watson did not know what to expect of himself or his golf clubs when he got

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

to Tucson. He had been away from competition for 2½ months. He had played only 10 rounds and none of them seriously. He had not practiced at all. He had mainly gone hunting a lot and learned to fly. Tom did not learn to fly because he was looking forward to owning his private Lear one of these years. He did it strictly as a hobby. "In Kansas City several of our friends fly, just for fun," he said. "I merely wanted to be able to go out with them on weekends and fly . . . if there's no football game on."

Last year had worn him out emotionally. Why not? He had outbattled Nicklaus twice in major championships, winning the Masters and the British Open. He had won four other events and about $350,000, counting foreign prize money. He had become the Player of the Year by midsummer with no one else even remotely in contention.

The little golf that Watson did play during the winter had nothing to do with improving his game. Once, when the weather was terrible at home, he and Linda packed up and went to Delray Beach, Fla. for five days as the guests of Bob and Gail Murphy. Tom and Bob played some fun rounds. Later on, Watson spent a couple of days with one of his golfing shrinks, Byron Nelson, in Dallas. They discussed some mental aspects of the game. And that, so far as golf is concerned, was it.

Watson arrived in Tucson in time to play a practice round on Monday but he wanted to watch the bowl games. So his serious preparation for the new year did not begin until Tuesday. In short, he was going to start out defending his fast-draw reputation with only two practice rounds behind him.

On the practice tee Thursday morning Watson said his shots did not have the feel or the look of those of a golfer who had won anything more important than a $5 Nassau. "I really didn't know what to expect," he said. "I was as curious as anybody else."

All of this was what led up to the nine-under 63, which was as low a round as any Watson had ever shot on the tour, in terms of being under par.

He started on the 10th hole that first day, and from the moment he found the fairway and the first green in regulation, about 35 feet from the flag, he got the notion that his swing suddenly felt better—as if just being in real competition again had done something to the muscles. He was off with a par.

Then those familiar old explosions began to occur. He hit a "soft wedge" up to within six feet of the cup for a birdie on his second hole of the new season. At the par-3 12th, he put a four-iron shot about 20 feet away and got his first long putt down. Yes, that was working, too.

"Kind of does your heart good to find out that everything is where you left it," Watson said later.

A couple of four-foot birdie putts slid into the cups at the 14th and 18th holes, and the first thing anybody knew the word was up on the scoreboard that Watson was out in 32. On the front nine, Watson just kept it going. He birdied four of the first five holes (20 feet, six feet, 10 feet, 12 feet) and made the final touch a grand one. At the 216-yard 8th hole (his 17th) he nailed a five-iron to within four feet of the pin. In the air, it looked like a one. With that putt, the 63 was complete and there was no more curiosity about what Watson had in mind for 1978.

With their usual thirst for controversy, the touring pros naturally found something else to discuss in Tucson besides Watson's bank account. It all has to do with the PGA tour taking away lifetime exemptions from players who thought they would never have to qualify again.

What has happened is the following: whether you are Julius Boros or Frank Beard or Dave Marr or some guy from Village Nook, Ore., you are going to have to prove you can still play golf a little in order to appear on the tour. There are now what the PGA calls "performance guidelines." It used to be that a Lionel Hebert could simply show up and enter any tournament he chose because he happened to win the PGA in 1957. Now he is going to have to prove he is capable of earning at least $10,000 in prize money a season. For example, a player named Tom Storey won $10,000 in 1977 and finished 146th on the money list. Shouldn't Lionel Hebert be able to play at least that well to justify his taking up a tournament spot? Lionel is a good example. Last year he entered 20 tournaments and won $828.

The argument of the older players, who are threatening a lawsuit, is that "names" have built the tour, and the public would certainly rather see a Lionel Hebert than a Tom Storey. "I don't believe in lifetime exemptions," Frank Beard said. "I never have. Where else in sports is a guy guaranteed a lifetime exemption? Mickey Mantle's not still playing center field for the Yankees because he has a lifetime exemption. But there has to be a compromise. Why does anybody want to keep Julius Boros out of a tournament if he wants to play?"

The debate was best summed up by Orville Moody, who understood the new rule in its simplest terms. "If I can't cut it, I'm South," Orville said. Then he thought a moment and added, "But if I was whoever thought it up, I wouldn't want me out here, either."

That is how it was in the locker room, where the debates will rage on throughout most of the winter. Outside, around a wide, deep creek bed called the Cañada del Oro, where the Tucson National course leaps and roams, it was a Tom Watson story from beginning to end.

Or as the most shameless and unbashful of radio announcers broadcast one morning, his voice reverberating through the press room: "Leader Tom Watson teed off this morning before large legions of links-laughing loyalists. And that's pro golf as I see it. H. G. Listiak for KOY Sports."

That's how everyone saw it, H.G. **END**

Bobby Wadkins, Lanny's kid brother, bogeyed to lose.

LAND OF THE ICE-COLD EYEBALLS

Skiing in an ice fog so thick that contestants had to blink to keep their eyes from freezing shut, two sisters-in-law and a brain trainer were the big winners at Anchorage's national cross-country championships

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

A cross-country ski racer once described a typical 50-kilometer race this way: "It is like going through the trauma of birth, the boredom of an entire life and the agony of a terrible death—all in three hours." And so it was last week to one degree or another for 131 men and women who competed in the week-long national cross-country ski championships in Anchorage.

Alaska was at her deep-freeze winter best—or worst. The jagged white peaks of the Chugach Mountains rose through swirling banks of fog, and the waters of Cook Inlet were black and filled with slabs of ice. The morning light was never bright until after 9 a.m., then the sun arched low over the horizon until twilight began around 3 p.m. A strange and persistent ice fog—literally specks of ice hanging in the air—rolled in and out of the woods during the races. This created a special hazard for the competitors, but it also covered every tree with a stunning coat of furry white crystals that turned even the cruelest sections of the course into a fairyland.

U.S. cross-country racers are accustomed to performing in isolation, but on the first day of the Anchorage event they were surprised to find nearly 3,000 cheering Alaskans scattered along the trees and trails of Russian Jack Springs Park to watch the relay races. "It was like racing in Scandinavia," enthused John Bower, director of the U.S. nordic program. When the men's 3 x 10 km. race was won by a New England team of Stan Dunklee, Doug Peterson and Bob Treadwell, the cheers were politely enthusiastic. But when the women's 3 x 5 km. relay was won by an all-Anchorage team of Betsy Haines and sisters-in-law Lynn VonderHeide and Alison Spencer, the woods rang with cheers.

The unfamiliar advantage of performing before an audience was slightly offset by the fact that the field of entrants was unusually small, a journey to Alaska being so long and costly. Also, three of the country's best racers—1976 Olympic silver medalist Bill Koch and veterans Tim Caldwell and John Mike Downey—did not make the trip to Anchorage.

Downey is considering retiring because of recurring illness. Koch and Caldwell were recovering from a siege of flu and bronchitis that felled almost the entire U.S. team early in December during a race in Colorado. Cross-country coach Marty Hall called it "a nightmare; they were falling like flies, someone new every day. Cross-country skiers are as tough as any athletes, but they push themselves so close to the ragged edge of exhaustion every day they train that they are left with almost no line of resistance against bugs. They catch everything."

The prognosis for both Koch and Caldwell was that they would be fully recovered for a winter of racing in Europe, including the world championships in Lahti, Finland, in mid-February. After his long struggle with exercise-induced asthma, Koch changed his asthma medication and had regained peak condition when he was felled by the Colorado bug.

Weaving through a winter wonderland, Alaska's Alison Spencer won the 7.5- and 20-km. events.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT M. HALLER

Trained for pain, Kevin Swigert won the 50 km.

And now, "We'll know in a couple of weeks," said Hall. "It's all up to Kochie. It always has been."

Even without Koch, Caldwell and Downey, the men's field was well supplied with first-class skiers, at least by U.S. standards. Dunklee and Peterson had raced fairly well in Europe last season. Not far behind were Kevin Swigert, Bob Treadwell and Craig Ward, though none had any extensive international experience. The best of the women, by far, were VonderHeide and Spencer. Unlike the U.S. alpine team, which often has had superior women and so-so men, the U.S. nordic team has been just the opposite for years. That may be changing. Spencer, a seven-year team veteran, said, "American girls are taking this sport more seriously because they have to. When I started, coaches used to say, 'Now don't overdo it, girls.' Now they say, 'Get out and do it—or else.' "

After the opening relays, all events were held in Kincaid Park, a bleak yet beautiful wilderness area outside Anchorage where the trails were surprisingly impressive. "They're not far off the best in Europe," said Peterson.

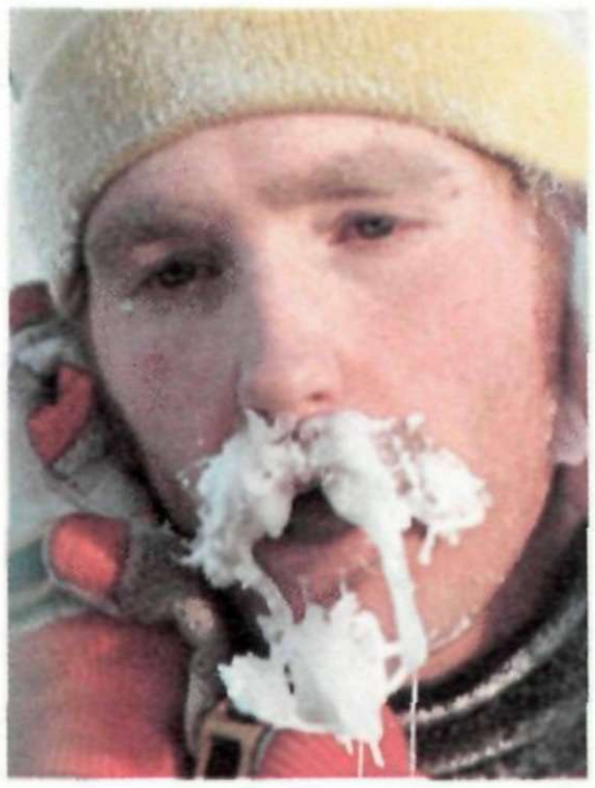
In addition to the tough course, there were the vexatious problems of having to ski long and killing distances in the clammy subzero temperatures common to an Anchorage winter. "This is unique weather," Hall said. "These kids have never skied anywhere like it. Your clothing becomes soaked and there is no way for the wetness to evaporate. In a long race like the 50-kilometers, your body heat is just sucked out as energy to feed the physical effort to cover ground. There's nothing left to keep you warm. If your hat gets wet, you lose all kinds of heat from your head. This leads to hypothermia. You lose your strength—but worse, you lose your ability to make decisions. You just come apart."

In cross-country races run in such intense cold, racers use a variety of tricks to fight off frostbite—blowing out the cheeks constantly, wearing wool socks over ski boots, tucking hands into stomachs on downhill runs to avoid the dread "wooden hand," changing to dry hats two or three times during a long race and smearing green skin lube on the face as greasy armor against the freezing air. But Alaska added a new hazard, the ice fog, and this caused a frightening-sounding injury to become quite common—the iced-up eyeball. The cause is a buildup of ice particles in the fluid lubricating the eye. The particles become solid ice, which acts a bit like a layer of glass on the eyeball, scratching, burning and blurring the vision. "If you didn't blink often enough," said Spencer, "your eye simply froze. So along with everything else we have to concentrate on in a race, we had to consciously remember to blink, blink, blink, to keep the eye moist." If a skier didn't blink often enough, the particles also could build up on the eyelids until they became so heavy that they would drop—and stick shut.

On the first day of individual competition, Treadwell skied a smooth 30-km. race in 1:32:23.98, beating Swigert and Ward for the title. When he finished, Treadwell's face was so cold that he said, "I feel like I have two nails driven into each cheek." In the women's 7.5-km. race, Spencer won in 24:40.59 with VonderHeide second. Two days later it was even colder, 11 below zero. In the men's 15-km., Dunklee demonstrated that he had recovered from his last traces of Colorado pleurisy to win in 43:46.18, with Ward and Swigert behind him. Peterson was fourth by barely a minute, mainly because he fell on a hill while partly blinded by ice in his eye. In the women's 10-km., the sisters-in-law finished in reverse order, VonderHeide winning in 32:26.32 and Spencer coming in second.

The last day of the meet was to be the most punishing of all. The women were to ski 20 kilometers, their longest championship event, and the men were to undertake one of the great ordeals in sport, the 50-km. Cross-country racers often speak of pain and controlling it, of using it as a barometer for measuring their performance in mid-race. But nothing causes pain like a 50-km. race and many is the man who "hits the wall," which Kevin Swigert describes as "exactly like having a piano land on your back."

The women's race, once again, went to Spencer, who finished in 1:04:28.64, with VonderHeide second. Then a hopeful and shivering field of 21 men came to the line in the 50-km., facing an approximately three-hour journey. Betting at the start was that no more than five would finish; the rest would hit the wall. But, astonishingly, 12 men went the full route. The winner, in 2:48:02.43, was the doughty Swigert, followed by Treadwell. Exhausted and frosted, his long hair standing out stiffly below his cap, Swigert raised his ski poles in triumph. He had said earlier that whenever he felt he was approaching the wall he would begin to chant his favorite training slogan: "Train the brain for pain ... train the brain for pain." And any man who is going to face birth, life and death in one three-hour race had better have at least his brain prepared for the ordeal. **END**



No fair kissing until it all melts, darling.

Broncomaniacs want rookie Coach Red Miller to change his name to Orange Miller. By any name, Miller, who acts as his own offensive coordinator, calls the plays for Quarterback Craig Morton, who runs only in self-defense.

THE ORANGE IS DOOMED TO BE CRUSHED

It will be Dallas' Doomsday II defense over Denver's Orange Crush in Super Bowl XII

by JOE MARSHALL

The last time the National Football Conference won a Super Bowl, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were in office, Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson were alive, the Dow Jones was ready to break 1,000 for the first time, *The Godfather* was just a book, Elizabeth Ray just a secretary and Watergate just an apartment complex. That was Jan. 16, 1972 in New Orleans, where the Dallas Cowboys pummeled the still-developing Miami Dolphins 24–3. Since then it has been all AFC, with Miami, Pittsburgh and Oakland winning the last five Super Bowl games. But now, at last, the NFC seems to have a super team in the Super Bowl. Once again it is Dallas, and this Sunday night in the New Orleans Superdome the Cowboys are expected to put an unhappy ending to the Cinderella story of the 1977 Denver Broncos by stampeding them right out of Super Bowl XII.

In keeping with Super Bowl tradition, the Cowboy-Bronco game will be decided by defense, and few defenses have been more extolled than Denver's rambunctious 3–4 alignment, the Orange Crush. But the truth is, Dallas' Doomsday II defense is better. Dallas veterans call it the best Cowboy defense ever. And against Denver, Doomsday II's clear superiority at putting pressure on the quarterback should give the Cowboys all the edge they need to win.

The two quarterbacks—Dallas' Roger Staubach and Denver's Craig Morton—were team-

mates on the Cowboys from 1969 to 1974. During that time Staubach took away the starting job that Morton had inherited from the retired Don Meredith. Morton led Dallas to the 1971 Super Bowl, which the Cowboys lost to Baltimore 16–13, while the less-experienced Staubach rode the bench. During the first half of the following season Coach Tom Landry gave Morton and Staubach almost equal time, with such predictably disastrous results that, after the seventh game, Landry made Staubach No. 1. Staubach responded by guiding Dallas to 10 straight wins and its Super Bowl victory. "They were both championship quarterbacks," Landry said recently. "Both could throw and both were leaders. But the one thing that tipped the scales was Roger's mobility. I made the right decision for the Dallas Cowboys."

That was not the end of the Morton-Staubach saga. The next year Staubach separated a shoulder in the exhibition season, and Morton came off the bench to quarterback Dallas into the playoffs. But when the team floundered under Morton against San Francisco in the opening round, Landry brought in Staubach. Staubach led a magnificent winning rally, and Landry rewarded him with the starting assignment in the NFC championship game against the Redskins the following week. Most of the Cowboys felt it was a bad decision, and a rusty Staubach confirmed that by playing poorly in a 26–3 loss. Landry didn't make the right decision for the Dallas Cowboys that day. But the issue of who was going to be quarterback in Dallas was settled forever. Morton asked to be traded, and in 1974, after forcing the Cowboys' hand by signing with the World Football League for 1975, he was exiled to the New York Giants.

Morton's predicament in Dallas was hardly helped by his life-style. In addition to his ability, Staubach was simply too much Landry's type of person to be denied the No. 1 job. Compared to Meredith, Morton was a dedicated football player, but compared to Staubach he deserved his nickname—"The Prince of Greenville Avenue," a popular strip of nightspots in Dallas.

That was the "old" Morton. The "new" Morton has settled quietly in Denver with his bride, and has "accepted Christ into my life." The reformed Morton also plays for a reformed coach. Before getting the head coach's job in Denver, Red Miller—Broncomaniacs want Red to change his name to Orange—spent 17 years as

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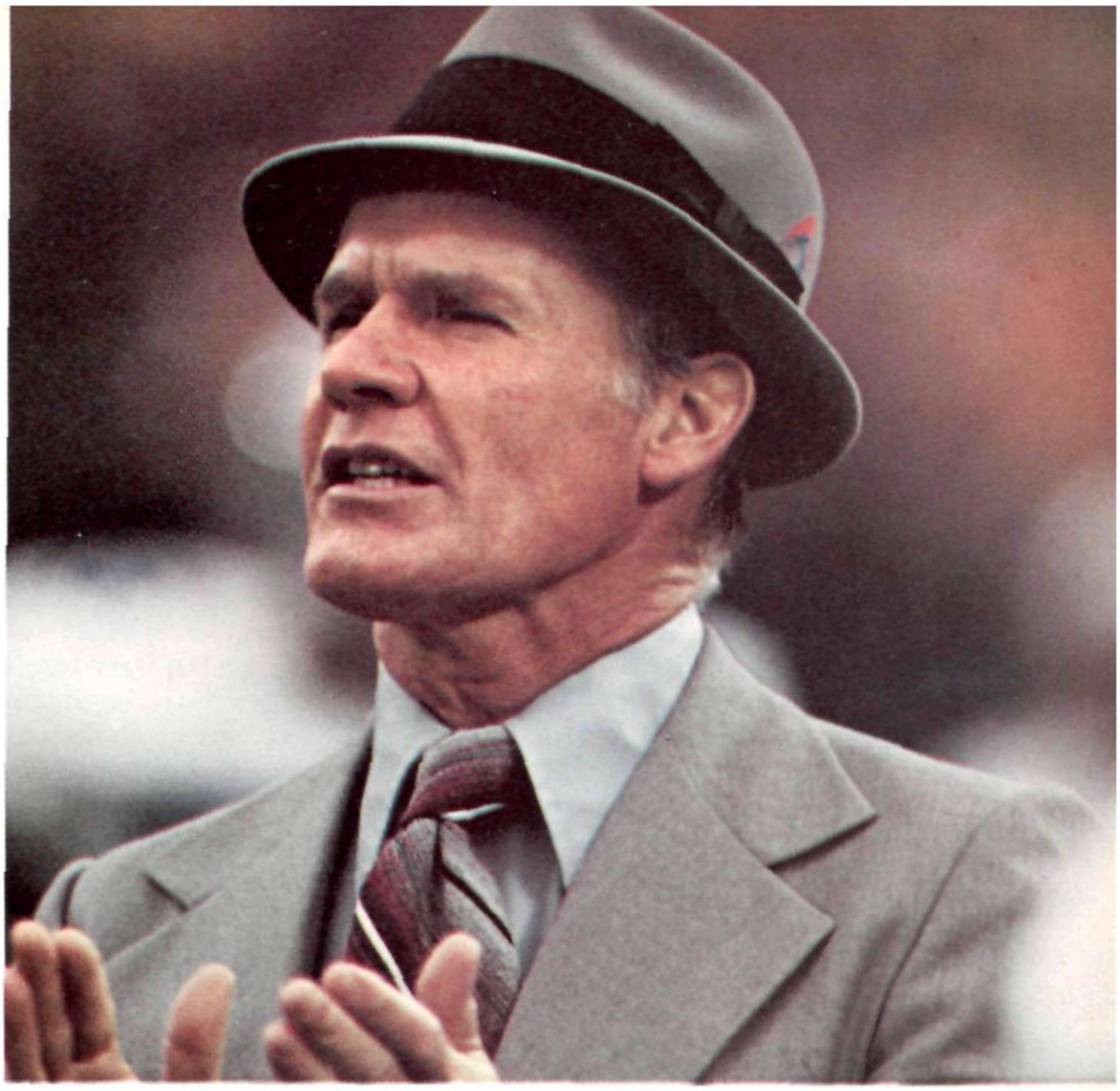

When it came time to settle the Morton vs. Roger Staubach debate in Dallas, Cowboy Coach Tom Landry opted for Staubach's better mobility and shipped Morton away. Staubach's running may well give the Crushers fits.

an NFL assistant, the last four as the offensive coordinator for the New England Patriots. "I had just about made up my mind to be the best assistant coach I could," Miller admits. He was even turned down for the head coaching job with the WFL's Chicago Fire. Everywhere Miller went, though, he proved himself a brilliant offensive strategist as well as a coach who could relate to his players.

But his dedication was always in question. He was known as "Good Time Red Miller" and, as one Denver writer put it recently, "Darkness would sometimes find him out of bounds." Miller was determined to land a head job. "I stopped drinking about a year and a half ago," he says. "I haven't had a thing since." When the Broncos clinched the AFC West title in Houston in December, Miller smuggled eight cases of champagne aboard the team plane for a surprise celebration for his squad. He may have been the only person on board who didn't touch a drop.

While Denver's main weapon is its Orange Crush defense, the Broncos became Super Bowl contenders only when Miller, who serves as his own offensive coordinator, put some direction into the offense. The Denver attack is best described as realistic. Not blessed with a strong offensive line, the Broncos play cautiously, rarely gambling in their half of the field. And Morton has executed Miller's conservative philosophy perfectly. Often intercepted in the past, Morton had only eight passes picked off in 14 games this year.

Like Denver, Dallas also restyled its offense this season. However, comparing the Denver offense with Dallas' attack is like comparing the Bronco Belles with the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders. Denver ranked 12th on offense in the 14-team AFC. Dallas, which ranked first in the NFC in 1976, was a far stronger first in 1977. "This is the most explosive team I have ever played for," says 13-year Offensive Tackle Ralph Neely, who was on both the Don Meredith-Bob Hayes and the Duane Thomas-Calvin Hill teams. The Dallas defense also ranked No. 1 this year, the first time a Super Bowl team has achieved that double since undefeated Miami did it in 1972.

"The big difference now is our running game," says Staubach, pointing out that last year's top Cowboy rusher, Doug Dennison, gained just 542 yards while this year NFC Rookie of the Year Tony Dorsett got 1,007 despite playing only about half the time the Cowboys had the ball. "Tony is very explosive. He had the longest runs in Cowboy history this season [84 and 77 yards]. Once you do something like that, everyone knows you can do it. It enables us to use play-action passes much better."

Play-action passes, which start as if they are running plays, are an offensive staple for both Dallas and Denver. There are other similarities in the two attacks. Denver's Haven Moses and Dallas' Drew Pearson are carbon-copy receivers: each is able to go deep and each is also particularly adept at running precise patterns 12 to 15 yards downfield.

Both teams run almost solely behind the strong side; wherever the tight end lines up, that's where the runner will normally head. The Broncos favor their right side, preferring to follow 260-pound Guard Paul Howard and 280-pound Tackle Claudie Minor. They did just that for six straight plays and two first downs while killing the last 3:08 against the Raiders in the AFC championship game. The Cowboys have no such preference, running to either side.

The Cowboys may well try to surprise Denver with a play Landry devised this year for 3–4 defenses. It starts with two tight ends, one of them going in motion back toward the center. After snapping the ball, Cowboy Center John Fitzgerald lets the defensive nose tackle slip unopposed into the offensive backfield, where he is promptly blind-sided by the in-motion tight end. Dorsett then takes a handoff up the vacated middle. Against Philadelphia that play produced Dorsett's 84-yard touchdown romp.

Ultimately, the outcome of Super Bowl XII will hinge on the war between Doomsday II and the Orange Crush. They are almost exact opposites. Dallas uses a variation of the traditional 4–3 alignment, Denver the 3–4. The heart of the Orange Crush is its four linebackers—Tom Jackson and Bob Swenson on the outside, Randy Gradishar and Joe Rizzo on the inside. They probably comprise the fastest linebacking corps in the history of the pro game. Gradishar is the slowest of the four, and he runs 40 yards in a speedy 4.8 seconds.

Dallas counters with five linebackers, or so it sometimes seems to opponents. Philadelphia Coach Dick Vermeil described Dallas safeties Charlie Waters and Cliff Harris, the game's best pair, as "two extra linebackers making tackles at the line of scrimmage."

Waters likes to ride his motorcycle without a helmet, but it is Harris whom the Cowboys call "Crash." Waters plays with pain. He played one whole season with a broken arm that was held together with a pin. In fact, he rebroke it one day while putting his shirt on. Harris, though, is considered the tougher of the two. Cowboy players measure opponents' toughness by how they get up—if they get up—after being hit by Harris. Dallas Cornerbacks Aaron Kyle and Benny Barnes say that in the interest of self-preservation they always try to upend their man before Harris arrives. Crash doesn't distinguish between friend and foe when he tackles; in Dallas' opening game this year, Harris twice knocked out Kyle with tackles.

The Cowboy defensive backs get a lot of help from their front four, which this year led the NFC with 53 sacks. Harvey

continued

Hi there, Mr. Morton, my name's Harvey Martin.

Check which car you think is which and compare your answers with those at the bottom of the page.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
GRANADA ESS	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
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Martin, the NFC's defensive player of the year, topped the NFL in individual sacks with 23. Next to him on the right side is Randy White, whom Waters calls "the manster—half man, half monster." White is the strongest Cowboy ever, and very mean. Landry says, "I never thought I'd see another Bob Lilly in my lifetime, but Randy White can be another Bob Lilly for us." White was acquired with the No. 1 draft pick Dallas got from New York in return for Morton.

Ed (Too Tall) Jones and Jethro Pugh handle the left side. Jones, who will play opposite the mammoth Minor, dominated the scrimmage line in Dallas' playoff wins over Chicago and Minnesota. However, Too Tall has yet to develop into a great pass rusher. "I've been getting better," he says, "but when I get to the quarterback, Harvey or Randy are already sitting on him."

For their part, the Broncos do less than a championship job of protecting Morton. Denver quarterbacks have been sacked 50 times this year, the third-highest total in the NFL. One reason for this is that Miller has instructed his quarterbacks to eat the ball rather than risk an interception. Another is that Morton has never been much of a scrambler. If the hip condition that hospitalized Morton before the Oakland playoff game flares up against Dallas, Morton may well be a sitting duck for the Cowboy front four. Interceptions are unquestionably costly, but then so are sacks. Bud Goode, a statistician whose computer service is bought by many NFL clubs, claims the sack is too often underrated. His Univac computer says that dropping the quarterback is worth three points to the defense.

Unfortunately for the Broncos, they have trouble sacking opposition quarterbacks themselves—the lone chink in their defensive armament. With only three down linemen, the Broncos don't apply great pressure and they often leave big gaps between the rushers. Against Oakland's hobbled Ken Stabler, this shortcoming made little difference. But Staubach can—and does—run effectively. He should be able to keep two or three drives alive by moving around until he finds an open receiver—or by running for a first down. In a tight defensive struggle, this may be all the Cowboys will need to break the Broncos.

At least it's something to think about until Sunday night. **END**

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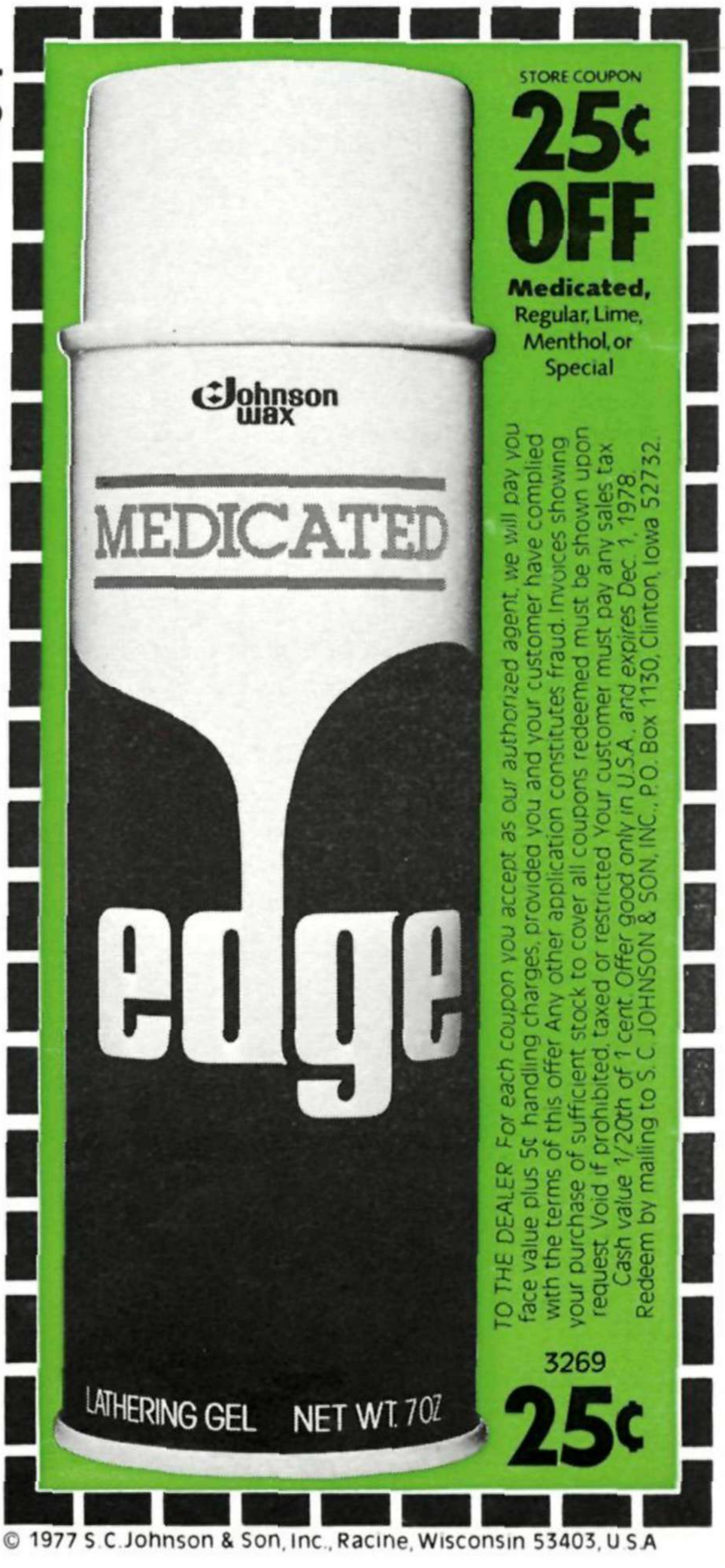

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PRACTICE DIDN'T MAKE PERFECT

For the 1970-71 Princeton hockey team, the reward for all its hard work came to one victory and 22 defeats

by E. M. SWIFT

They didn't arise singly but en masse. All 2,543 of them were suddenly on their feet, cheering madly, applauding, as the worst hockey team in Princeton's history left the ice for the last time. I caught a glimpse of Copper. Despite the loss, he broke into a grin from ear to ear and had a shine to his eyes that nearly brimmed over.

I suppose Vince Lombardi might have said that the 1970-71 Princeton hockey team had a 1–0 season. The Eastern College Athletic Conference records show it as 1–22, but the ECAC operates under the premise that winning is not the only thing and that losses also count. Whatever, Princeton lost a lot.

But the team didn't lose because of a lack of talent. I would not be writing this if it had been the worst team on the ice in 22 of its 23 games. It lost because there is a kind of art to losing, and the Princeton players excelled in that art. There is also an art to quitting, but they never discovered that. We waited and waited, but they never quit. They never figured out why they lost, either, which I guess is why they kept plugging.

My roommate was the goaltender. His first name was Copper—I don't know why. I worry about Copper sometimes, worry what suffering through such a season at the tender age of 19 might have done to him. But he's all right. He hasn't played hockey in five years, which is part of it. I asked him once to write down his thoughts on losing.

Here's what I got: "Losing teaches a person humility. It also teaches him that not all the goals in life are to be gained—that to try and try again is often man's fate. That's worthwhile to know.

"But there's a difference between losing and never winning. Never winning is wicked. Never winning teaches a man about injustice. It makes him question God. We practiced just as hard the year we went 1–22 as we would have had we gone 22–1. Harder, because it wasn't fun. Because it was torture. I had always thought that hard work was rewarded. That practice made perfect. It wasn't, and it didn't. Never winning is for the birds, if you hate birds."

The Princeton hockey team in 1970-71 was not supposed to never win. It began the season with high hopes. A solid core of lettermen had returned, supplemented by a wave of sophomores from such Canadian hockey hatcheries as Moose Jaw, Sask., and Kapuskasing, Ont. The coach was Bill Quackenbush, former Boston Bruin and Detroit Red Wing defenseman, a member of the Hockey Hall of Fame. Preseason scrimmages went well, and the players looked forward eagerly to the opening game.

They lost it. They lost their first six.

I draw a line at six not because they were to win their seventh, but because they were reprieved by Christmas vacation. Those first six games were different from the rest of the year, because the team had yet to achieve that losing attitude. The players were appalled by those early defeats. They were playing good hockey and losing made them angry. Quackenbush fumed and raged.

That was before the holidays. Somehow, the respite gave the players time to accept the idea of being winless. An 0–6 record did not seem so bad after eating roast goose at Christmas dinner. The team's troubles seemed trivial when compared to, say, those suffered by Joseph and the Virgin. Or the goose.

In their first game after Christmas, they were blown out of the rink by Wisconsin, 9–0. No fumes. No rage. Their sojourn down the losing way had begun in earnest.

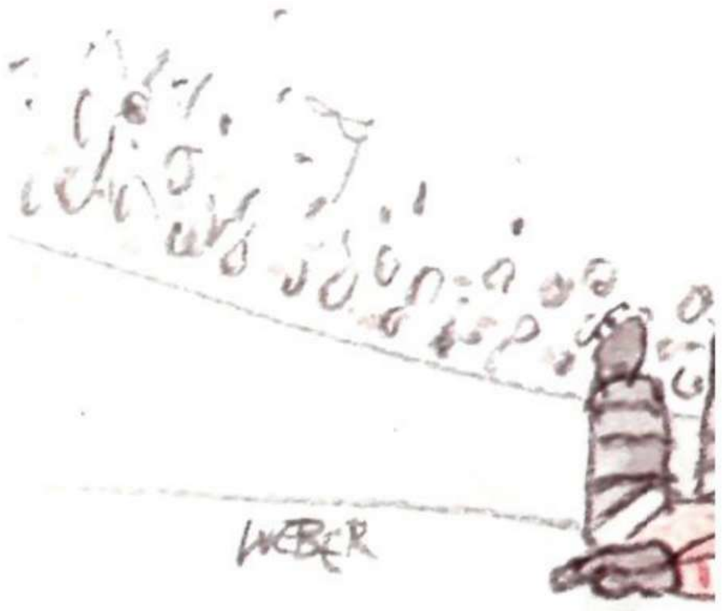
In subsequent weeks the team experimented with different types of defeat: lopsided ones, seesaw ones, dull, listless ones in which even the winners seemed to be losers for participating. Princeton tried to play cleanly, and when that failed it played dirty, and the players were both cursed at and laughed at by their opponents. Through it all, they lost.

What is a losing attitude? For Princeton, it was taking the lead and wondering, "How will we blow it this time?"

Against Clarkson (ranked second in the East) Princeton held a 4–1 lead near the end of the second period. A three-goal lead is dizzying to a team without a win. In the closing moments of that period Princeton stole the puck and had a three-man breakaway. As the players raced unmolested into the Clarkson zone, the line, dizzily, went offside.

It was a bad play, but Princeton still had a three-goal lead with only a little bit more than a period to play. The team, however, reacted to the offside as a losing team would. In the minute left in that second period Clarkson scored twice.

"What happened?" I asked Copper



between periods.

Copper shrugged. "Any team that puts itself offside on a three-man breakaway is too stupid to beat Clarkson."

"You're still ahead," I reminded him.

He thought about that for a moment. "Doesn't seem like it."

It didn't. It never did when the Princeton team was ahead. It was like jumping

a man in checkers and knowing you were going to be double-jumped back. Clarkson won, 6–4.

In another bizarre loss, Princeton and Brown were tied 5–5 in the final seconds of the game when a floating shot from the right point inexplicably eluded Copper. It was the last shot of the game.

He was not the sort of person to make excuses. When I pressed him on the matter, he kept saying, "Just skip it." Finally I got him to explain. "I lost the damn puck in the black of an umbrella," he said. Then he shook his head. "I think. Hell, I don't know. That's what it looked like." He shook his head again with finality. "Don't print that. Couldn't have been an umbrella. I look stupid enough."

I didn't print it, but when I stepped outside, it was pouring.

The best defenseman Princeton had, a player whom I shall call Chad Clarke, suffered from an acute hatred of the war in Vietnam. It touched all facets of his life, even hockey. Before a game against West Point, Clarke sat trancelike on the bus. Every once in a while he would deliver a short, savage statement: "Let's kill those Fascist skin heads tonight!" or "They won't be taking on any rice-eating peasants this time!"

Clarke was not himself, and Quackenbush should probably have kept him on the bench that game. In the first minute of play, he pumped a rebound past Copper while trying to clear the puck behind the net. He had scored a goal for the United States Military Academy. When that sunk in, Clarke began a barrage of treasonable offenses with his Sher-Wood stick, spent a lot of time in the penalty box and Army scored five power-play goals en route to a 7–2 win.

Quackenbush seldom raised his voice after those first several games. He preferred to put the blame on the opposing teams' luck or, finally, the officials' incompetence. Referees and linesmen cost the Princeton hockey team 22 victories in 1970-71. Whoever he blamed it on, Quackenbush had accepted defeat, too. The losing attitude even infected the opposition. Princeton entered a game with so little confidence that it instilled a feeling in its foes that nothing could go wrong. Nothing ever did. Before one game, Harvard's Bobby McManama, who later played with the Pittsburgh Penguins, was grinning ear to ear.

"What's the joke?" asked a perplexed

continued

Art Schmon, a Princeton centericeman.

"I'm thinking about all the points I'm going to get tonight," McManama responded truthfully.

Sixty minutes later the Harvard star had a goal and three assists.

Copper heard the story afterward and shook his head. "He who laughs first is not supposed to laugh best," he said.

As the losses kept coming tempers grew short, and fights became commonplace in practice. One in particular stands out. It was between the Princeton captain, Tom MacMillan, and the star forward, Jack McNab. Like most fights in hockey, this one was largely a flurry of missed punches, but when the two were broken apart Copper saw each skate away grumbling that he had lost the skirmish because the one had done this or the other had done that. It's possible for both participants to lose a fight, but I had never before heard of both *admitting* to being beaten.

As the season dragged along, a new strategy was developed. Where some teams try to sit on a one- or two-goal lead, Princeton began protecting a one- or two-goal deficit. Most of the time this tactic failed, but if by chance it succeeded and the game was still close when it ended, the players were all smiles. "Nice loss," they would announce to one another. It wasn't that they had *quit*. That's an important distinction to make. They had simply started setting their sights a little lower than most teams.

The darkest hour came against Boston University, that year's national champion. The game was played in the decrepit Boston Arena, an appropriate setting for a contest that ended 14–0. It was Princeton's 11th consecutive defeat, a university record. The team would match that record later in the season.

BU scored five goals in the first period, the most Copper had ever let slip by him in a single session. In the second period BU scored six. There were 56 shots on Copper's goal in the first two periods. The puck was never out of the Princeton zone. Between periods the Zamboni driver needed to clean only one end of the ice. At the other end there were only six or eight coasting tracks left by BU defensemen who went to retrieve the puck after Princeton had iced it.

Between the second and third periods, Copper went into the trainer's room and fell asleep from exhaustion. As the team filed out for the final 20 minutes, Quackenbush asked me to roust him out.

I shook him gently, and Copper sat bolt upright. "It's not over, is it?" he said.

"No. They're waiting."

"Maybe they'll start without me," he said hopefully. But he hopped off the table and started toward the locker room door. "What's the score?"

"Eleven-zip."

He thought for a moment. "Maybe I can keep them out of the teens," he said and went out to the ice.

When BU scored its 13th goal with a little more than a minute remaining, I saw Copper stare fixedly down at the ice for a long while. His shoulders sagged, and a fire went out.

The 14th tally was the first easy shot to get by him. Copper just blew it. He'd flat run out of personal goals for that game, and a person needs them, no matter how lowly.

On the bus ride home we sat together. He was keyed up, still thinking about the game, and I kept trying to change the subject. We got to talking about books.

"Have you ever read *The Red Badge of Courage*?" he asked me. I had. "I felt like Henry Fleming tonight," he said. "They had my number listed wrong in the program. The fans thought I was John Miller. [Miller had left the team a month earlier.] They kept yelling, 'Miller, you stink!' " Copper smiled for the first time in the bus ride. " 'He had performed his mistakes in the dark, so he was still a man.' That's what Crane said about Fleming after he deserted and got away with it." Copper pushed his seat back. "I'm going to sleep."

It took him about five seconds. Everyone on that team had got pretty good at looking on the bright side.

Dawn came against Colgate, a 5–4 win for Princeton in overtime, but the second 11-game losing streak immediately followed. In a way, it was cruel to the players for them to win when they did. Coming at exactly the halfway point in the schedule, it gave Princeton just enough hope to last the rest of the year.

There was a girl named Jane who ladled out soup during lunch in the cafeteria. She used to embarrass Copper by stopping the lunch line to tell him how sorry she felt for him. She wasn't alone in that—everybody felt sorry for someone on that team. They were a source of confidence for every man, woman and child in the university community: "Things may be rotten for me, but look at the hockey team."

The day after the Colgate win, Jane saw Copper coming from as far away as the salad bar, and started slopping chicken gumbo all over the counter in excitement. But instead of congratulating him, she nearly burst into tears.

"Isn't it terrible?" she lamented.

"What?" he asked casually.

"Haven't you heard?"

"No. What?"

The Daily Princetonian, unbeknownst to me, had run a headline, HOCKEY WIN NULLIFIED! The story said that Quackenbush had been caught giving pep pills to the players and had defected to Cuba with our Communist defenseman, John Stuckey. It was the paper's annual joke issue, but a lot of people believed the headline. They could believe anything when it came to the hockey team, except that it had won.

Late in the season Dunc Rainie, Princeton's biggest defenseman, was struck squarely in the ankle by a shot. Dunc was a New Hampshire farm boy, and he knew how to holler. "Ouchhhh!" he screamed. Then he dropped his stick, clutched his ankle and began hopping in a circle as play continued around him. He hopped for 30 seconds before it oc-

curred to him to get off the ice and let another man take his place.

Another trait the team developed was a sincere appreciation of its opponents' talent. Between periods the players were always talking about how good the other team was. Peter D'Ewart, a defenseman, carried this to an extreme in a game against Cornell. With the score tied in the third period, D'Ewart and Rainie were defending against a two-man break. The Cornell puck carrier, who was opposite D'Ewart, threaded a perfect pass between Peter's legs to his wingman, who had gotten past Rainie. They were right in front of the Princeton bench at the time, and Quackenbush, the rest of the team and the fans in the front few rows clearly heard D'Ewart call out, "Nice pass!" to the Cornell player. Copper made the save, and when D'Ewart returned to the bench, Quackenbush asked him dryly if he was enjoying the game. Peter nodded.

If Princeton's players could find bright moments in the bleakness, it was because they were amateurs playing a game. But there was one man who was not an amateur, and that was Bill Quackenbush. Coaching was his occupation. He measured his own success or failure by the team's play. While Copper and his teammates could go back to their books and try to excel in other areas, Quackenbush would go home and wonder, "Why? What am I doing so wrong?" The team's failure carried into other areas of his life. One Sunday, when a few of the players were at his house for dinner, for little apparent reason Quackenbush snapped at his wife. After an uncomfortable silence, he turned to the players and said apologetically, "See what a season like this does to me?"

The saddest moment of that sad year came in a Howard Johnson's. The team bus had stopped there after a trouncing by Harvard. Quackenbush was sitting by himself at the end of the counter. He looked like three miles of bad road, as only he could after one of those losses. The man had been a great hockey player in his day—the team was his embarrassment. I sat next to him. His eyes were red, and his sparse hair was mussed. I asked him about his son's high school hockey team, and he seemed eager to forget about his own immediate problem. After talking for a bit about his son's team, he said, "I keep telling his coach they ought to be doing certain things differently, but he doesn't listen. . . ." He paused and said, "I guess I see why, now." He wasn't smiling. Quackenbush was a gentle man, and, that season, a very unhappy one.

Years like that are always a lot easier to look back on than to experience, but there was one thing that helped mute the blows all the way along: the fans. Princeton students were not used to winning hockey teams. They weren't prepared for one as bad as that one, but once they became accustomed to the idea, they adapted just as the team did. They were like the old New York Met fans who loved the team, perhaps not despite the fact that they lost, but because they lost. People *liked* the damn hockey team. That the players could live with as horrible a season as they were having was important to people. They represented man struggling on in the face of adversity. In a fast-changing world, one needs something stable to cling to. For five months people clung to the Princeton hockey team—it would always lose, and it would always struggle on.

So before the final game of the season, the team received what no hockey team in the history of the university had ever been given: a pep rally. It was attended by a modest but enthusiastic crowd, and all the players made fierce-sounding promises.

And, wonder of wonders, the final game, against Dartmouth, was sold out, a standing-room crowd jamming the Hobart Baker rink. Princeton charged off to a 2–0 lead but ended up losing 4–3 in a very exciting game. It all seemed very appropriate.

Then, as the team was leaving the ice, came an incredible ovation. For two minutes Quackenbush, Copper and the rest of the Princeton team stood and listened, almost in awe. It was a chilling scene. The tribute wasn't mocking; it wasn't rowdy. It was honest appreciation. The fans loved that 1–22 hockey team, loved it more than if it had gone 2–21 and probably less than if it had gone without a win at all. What were those fans cheering, the loser in each of us?

In his speech at the hockey banquet after the season, Tom MacMillan said, "I have come to bury this team, not to praise it." Consider it buried. But don't try to bury the losers. God help you, they *shall* inherit the earth. **END**

One thing remains to be added. Modesty or chagrin kept the author from revealing that Copper, the goalie, was in fact himself.

BRAZIL IS REALLY PERKING

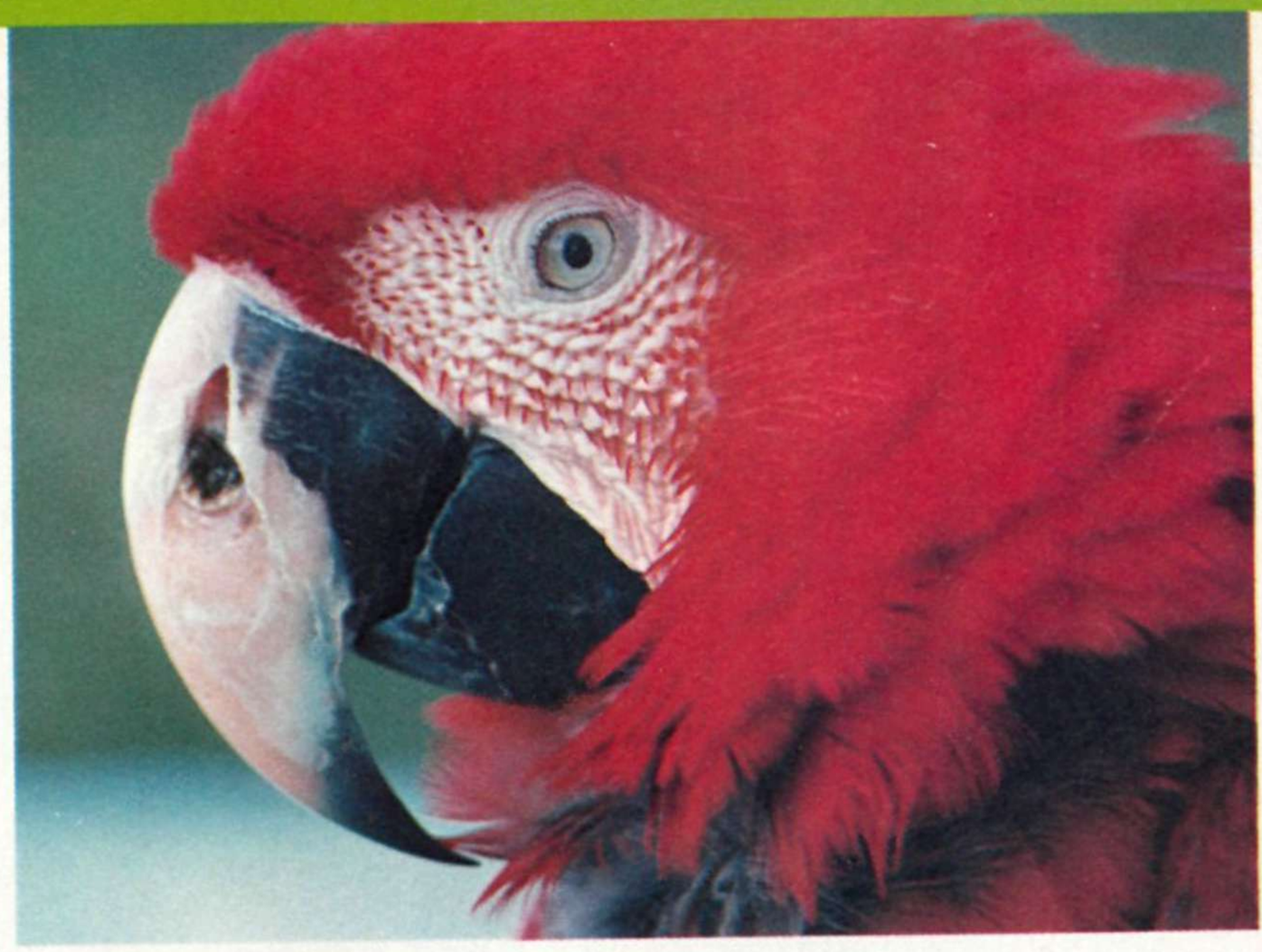
Besides all that coffee, Brazil has more than 4,500 miles of shoreline, most of it one long, glorious beach. During the week it's deserted save for fishermen and kids playing pickup soccer. But on the weekends it is thronged, and throbs with the beat of the bossa nova from pickup combos. Implausibly, there are even sandy beaches 1,000 miles in the interior, like those on the Rio Negro in storied old Manaus. Whether turning heads on the coast or in the jungle, the swimsuits on the following pages are fashioned in fascinating ways for bagging the most rays. On the cover, Maria João wears an intriguing little number by Maria Elzira of Rio de Janeiro ($40). —Jule Campbell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

Christie Brinkley, posed by a fishing boat on Bahia's Itapoã Beach, sure doesn't have to fish for compliments. Her suit is by Anne Collins for Bobbie Brooks ($25).

Intrepid Cheryl Tiegs explores the jungle near Manaus with trusty Raimundo Monteiro. Her suit by Gottex of Israel ($48) parrots the local "papagaios."

At dawn on Itapoã Beach, Maria checks out the fishermen hauling in their nets. Her nylon bikini is from Anne Collins for Bobbie Brooks ($21).



Monique Moura de Carvalho reflects at twilight in a tranquil inlet off the Rio Negro at Manaus. Her Brazilian bikini is from Blue Man ($17).

Peeled down to her cotton banana print bikini from Blue Man ($17), Maria is clearly the best of the bunch at the weekly market in Itapoã.

On a hidden lagoon near the Amazon in Manaus, Monique glides among victoria regia lily pads, which are often five feet wide. Her bikini is from Blue Man ($17).

At the Tropical Hotel on the outskirts of Manaus, Cheryl looks hip in a Lycra suit with extra stretch from Gottex of Israel ($48).

Christie appears in the pink for an early morning dip at Bahia's Lake of Tears. Her net-and-lace maillot is by Monika for Elon ($33).

For poolside at the Tropical, Cheryl gets the most out of a ruffled suit ($35) with matching skirt by Sant' Angelo for Sinclair ($38).

Maria in Bahia on the crest of a Stela Maris dune outshines the midday sun in a gold suit with drawstring sides ($36) and shawl ($60) by Gottex of Israel.

THE SNOOK WITH THE FARAWAY LOOK

There's an awful lot of fish in Brazil but, as the author soon realized, the natives are, shall we say, reluctant to disclose their whereabouts

by CLIVE GAMMON

Forever lost is the name of the passenger who ordered the last champagne cocktail before the *Titanic* hit the ice. But I am nearly certain that I can close the file on a historical parallel. Late on the afternoon of Thursday, Nov. 10, 1977, I believe I was the last man to pay the full price for a fishing rod at Abercrombie & Fitch before that august sporting goods emporium gurgled beneath the waters of insolvency.

I'd just arrived home, and I was unwrapping the rod with half an ear tuned to the six o'clock news when the tidings came. A bitter moment that became even more bitter when I realized that I would miss A&F's closing sale. I am probably the only angler in New York City who did not head down to 45th and Madison for some cut-price tackle the following week. When they opened the doors to the throng, I was 3,600 miles away, dangling a cube of filet mignon, medium rare, into the murky waters of a tributary of the Amazon and hoping for a piranha or two.

It is somewhat odd, in view of their reputation, that piranhas do not seem to care for steak *bleu*, or even rare. The bait as it lay on the stern of our boat gently cooking in the equatorial sun, had gone through both stages in the hour we had been on the water. Orlando, the guide, and my traveling companion were both using rods of bamboo culled straight from the jungle, but the ancient magic of pole and bent pin vs. sophisticated weaponry wasn't working, not even when we followed an old man in a dugout canoe, who trustingly held up a fine *tucanaré*, a fish resembling a largemouth bass tricked out like a parrot in red, green and yellow, that he had been keeping cool in river weed.

The old man had left Manaus, on the far shore, at 5 a.m. to fish this spot, so Orlando said. We harried him unmercifully, sidling up to him every time he anchored, slipping through narrow waterways behind him, until at last he turned and gave Orlando an earful of Portuguese. "Hokay," said Orlando in satisfaction. "Now he tells us where the piranhas are!"

We anchored in a bay of reeds, where saplings that had been washed down by the last flood poked through the surface. The steak cubes were nicely browned now, and maybe that was what the piranhas wanted, because they fell on them at once—red piranhas, gold piranhas, silver piranhas, all different species, Orlando said, and the little red ones were the meanest. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Fitch, it seems slightly shameful that the last of your rods was blooded—

and that is precisely the right word—on such an essentially vulgar fish, all teeth and no subtlety, as a piranha. But that is how it was, and the collapsible spinning rod was not even accorded the honor of taking the fish of the day. That fell to my companion, who had succumbed to naked bloodlust, shouting with triumph as she swung each snapping little fish into the boat, snatching up the most promising-looking bait cubes and finally landing a black piranha, a good three-pounder. To me her smile was taking on a fangy, predatory look. "Where can we cook it?" she said.

We headed down the river to where some of Orlando's cousins lived in a house on stilts set among wild rubber trees, its main feature an enormous refrigerator, innocent of any electricity supply, crowned with a champagne bottle and flanked by models of Mickey Mouse and Snow White. The lady of the house cooked the piranha and served it with bananas and manioc grits. My companion ate hers, asked for a second helping and then for the teeth, to take home with her. She was showing disturbing tendencies.

After lunch we fished the main river, in a great brown eddy that might have had fish in it upwards of 300 pounds, fish with scales bigger and hornier than those of a tarpon, fish built like armadillos. But the beef was now curling black at the edges, and we caught nothing after an hour in the battering sun. It was time to head upstream and home, past the waterfront of Manaus, the shacks of the very poor, huts on broken stilts, almost afloat on refuse, blending into the slum of houseboats along the floating pontoons of the port.

Home to a great contrast, to the Tropical Hotel, one of the most luxurious in South America, it is said, where the Amazon Experience can be encapsulated into two days. A strange place with long, tiled, high-ceilinged corridors radiating from the lobby and pushing into the rain forest. There is an almost ecclesiastical silence, an impression strengthened by one's room. The heavy, ornate shutters of dark Amazonian wood and the high, carved closets seem to call for Gregorian chants, for requiem masses to be piped in softly

And tend also, it must be said, to drive one swiftly to the pool, a huge one in three concentric circles and three shades of blue-green, clearly meant to recall the vast pads of the victoria regia water lilies that fill the backwaters of the river A peaceful place in the mornings when the tourist groups, usually either French or German, are out. Later it is noisy—either boisterous or shrill, depending upon which nationality is scheduled for it. The boisterous Germans can be easily identified when they come in from shopping. They are the ones with the bows and arrows.

Probably they will have bought them at the hotel souvenir shop, just as they embarked on their Amazon trip from the hotel landing stage onto the hotel river boat. And the hotel will also make it possible for them to view the wildlife without danger of insect bites or even getting muddy. It will gladly arrange for them to be driven to the zoo.

It strains credulity, but there in the jungle, or at least within a powerful arrowshot of the jungle, is a small zoo. It is a small *military* zoo, where bugle calls sound, where in combat fatigues and high-heeled sandals the guide introduces the exhibits in an unpedantic style. "These are nize li'l monkeys," she indicates. "These are big-belly monkeys. This is paca. He is a big rat." No sign of paca. "Maybe he go down in groun'," she says indifferently. "These," she pauses at a pen of guinea fowl, "are all good eatin' bords." Next door, 20 carelessly heaped feet of anaconda has turned its back on the pair of live chickens that is clearly destined to be its lunch. Not far away is the Amazonian jungle, still rich in jaguars, anacondas, nize li'l monkeys, big-belly monkeys—but this, courtesy of the Brazilian army, seems to be as close as you can get to it. The animals have been captured on "jungle maneuvers," says the guide.

The wildest life there ever was on this particular stretch of the river flourished in the last years of the 19th century. Manaus, only 20 kilometers away, was a roaring, wicked boomtown then because the Amazon had the world rubber monopoly. Its days were numbered from 1876 on, when Henry Alexander Wickham, in the cause of Empire, smuggled wild rubber-tree seeds out of Brazil, had them germinated in Kew Gardens in London, then shipped the plants to Malaya and Sumatra. But it was a long time before sneaky old Wickham's action spoiled the fun. Manaus had its instant millionaires in their carriages, with splendid baroque mansions built in clearings that the jungle was swift to take back when the price of rubber fell from $3 to 20¢ a pound. It was a boomtown with style, with an opera house that would not have been out of place on the Seine or the Danube. They shipped the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, in to sing, the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt to tread the boards 1,000 miles up the Amazon. No expense was spared by gentlemen who sent their evening shirts to be laundered and starched in London, express service five months.

This very evening the local ballet school would present *The Nutcracker Suite* in the opera house. And so we were off to the opera house, still standing, even restored somewhat. The French baroque ceiling, all rosy-rumped cupids, acanthi and generously bosomed goddesses, is bright, the Corinthian pillars regilded. Only the original drop curtain is faded. And the imperfections of the Manaus Corps de Ballet, in particular those of a large lady who achieved arabesques with all the grace and style of one who swoops to retrieve a small object dropped into the long grass, only enhanced the sense of past glory.

On the road back to the Tropical, we came upon an odd sight. A cluster of lit candles at the roadside, a bottle of wine, a bowl of manioc, some chicken feathers, a crucifix. Suddenly the hotel was 10 kilometers and 500 years away A *candomblé* offering, we were told later, voodoo, Brazilian style, possibly a spell to prevent a married man from

continued

straying. Very chic in Brazil just now. Wasn't Pelé himself on television the other day with the *candomblé* priestess from Salvador? To thank her for past favors, to repay promises he made as a young man should he achieve success on the soccer field?

Maybe, I told my companion, we ought to arrange for the priestess to spill a little chicken blood over Abercrombie's last farewell. Because now we were headed for the coast, where all things were possible, according to a brochure put out by the Brazilian Tourist Authority and entitled *The Colourfull Sea.*

"Listen to this," I said. "They have, and I quote, 'Snooks, drifting at will in all directions in the upper waters, staring at nothing.' And moreover, 'In places where the movement of the sea agitates the waters, the giant Permits and Pampas find their climate. . . .' " I was packing the five sections of my rod away into its neat little case. "First," I murmured to it, "you are going to catch the great big snook with the faraway look. Later I might match you with a pampa—whatever that might be."

Recife in Pernambuco, on the northeast coast, was where we planned to go first. But the hotel denied knowledge of our reservations, and Recife itself proved to be Hamburg or Liverpool with added sun, bars lining the long waterfront for sailors to yaw in and out of, where they could buy, brief research revealed, WHISKI SCTCH 40 CRS PER DOSE. Or, GIM. Or, GIM-TONICA. Not a place to linger.

But Tampaú, 100 kilometers up the coast, looked more promising. Half a mile out to sea, clear blue water fractured on a pattern of reefs. Beyond, local fishing boats were working and they did not work in vain. Close to the hotel, a small but bustling fish market operated. There dolphins were being butchered, meaty ones, 30-, 40-pounders. Half a dozen wahoo were lined up for the customers and one groaning bench was heaped high with red snapper. And there, in a corner, staring at nothing certainly, were snook. Not great big ones but very acceptable six- and seven-pounders. The only question was, would the world's worst fishing-rod bargain be up to the tasks that lay before it?

But luck seemed to be holding. In the hotel was Senhor Vidal, manager, headwaiter, speaker of English, a man with every characteristic of the natural-born fixer. At dinner, after pointing us firmly at the red snapper *meunière*, he considered briefly the question of fishing. Luiz over there, he said, indicating a thin and elderly waiter who could have been Graham Greene in disguise, picking up a little color for his next novel, Luiz had a brother who was a fisherman. Would 11 a.m. suit the senhora? A gallant as well as a sophisticated man, Senhor Vidal.

The gallantry proved disastrous. An 11 a.m. start meant time for an hour at the pool first, during which, gallant myself, I attempted to haul the senhora's chair, with the senhora still aboard, into the sunshine. With a howl of agony I realized that an old fishing-trip wound, a back injury sustained in a hotel shower in Brisbane, Australia, had flared into violent life. Half the hotel staff helped me to the resident masseur, an enormous man smelling heavily of violet oil. After he had worked on me for three quarters of an hour, the doctor arrived. Vitamin B_{12}, straight into the shoulder muscle to relieve spasm. Powerful pain-killers to be crunched. I limped offstage to bed. If I could stand in the morning, new arrangements could be made.

Something must have worked. Next morning I reckoned I could not only stand but toss a light lure with Abercrombie's Revenge. Slightly crooked but mobile, I went in search of Vidal. He wasn't around. No one at the desk could speak English, but the word finally got through to me. It was Senhor Vidal's day off.

But on Day Three he was there, smiling benignly. The fishing? But of course. At noon, Luiz' brother's boat would await us on the beach. It would be no gleaming Hatteras, of course, or even a stylish runabout. The boats at Tampaú were solid old wooden, diesel-powered whalers, 36-footers, that class of thing. But who needed a Hatteras at Tampaú? On our idle day ashore, we had seen how the whalers would run out beyond the reef and return as soon as they had a few sizable fish—a couple of hours at most and a mere 20-minute run to the fishing grounds.

Luiz' brother was indeed there at noon. He greeted us on the beach. But where was his sturdy whaler? The truth dawned as he courteously indicated a craft drawn up on the sand, one so small, so primitive-looking that it could have been idly hammered together by a giant child with some slats of wood and a box of nails.

Basically, indeed, it *was* a slat of wood. A raft, in fact, with a mast amidships and a single foresail. The mast was a plain old bough with the twigs hacked off, as was the primitive bowsprit. There was an anchor, also made of fortunate finds in the jungle and weighted by half a dozen stones in a wicker cage arrangement.

Slowly, very slowly, we tacked out to where the sea was breaking white. There was little wind. Periodically, Luiz' brother hurled a can of water on the sail to wet it. In 20 minutes we were a good 300 yards off the beach, which seemed to satisfy him. He furled the sail and picked up another *objet trouvé* from the bush. He was going to *pole* the boat. I looked down and, yes, I could see the bottom. After five minutes with the pole, over went the anchor. A large yellowish rock

could be seen maybe six feet under the surface. Fish around that, Luiz' brother indicated in sign language.

There were fish around the yellow rock, sure enough. Some of them were almost eight inches long, and all of them pretty. Luiz' brother smiled and laughed as he stowed each diminutive capture into a little wicker basket, no doubt intending them for some Brazilian equivalent of bouillabaisse.

That was Tampaú. Further investigation proved that the owners of whalers did not approve of do-it-yourself fishing. That afternoon a broadbill, small but indisputably a broadbill, was brought into the market. In vain I tried to make myself understood, that what I in fact wanted was to go to sea. We came away with a couple of pounds of wahoo wrapped in newspaper, a result of the senhora's ill-advised pointing *at the fish in an attempt to make our message clear.*

In Brazil, I was coming to understand, they are reluctant to share their fish with you. In Salvador, 1,700 miles down the coast, there was ample opportunity to stroll on the extensive beaches, to look at churches, to samba and to sear your mouth with the hottest chili sauce on earth. But it took five days to rent a boat, a very old boat with a canopy over it that prevented the Abercrombie Special, which had now been lugged more than 6,300 miles, from being cast properly upright. With this handicap, however, the little rod accounted for an electric ray and a sort of bluish fish the shape and size of a dinner plate.

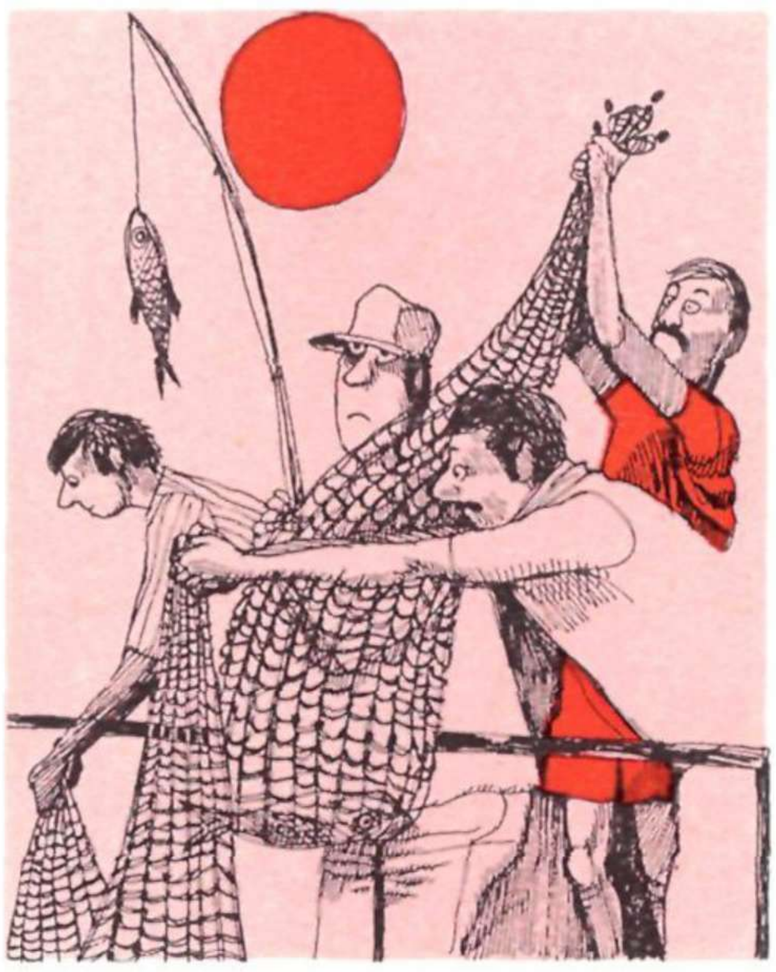
All I had left now was Rio and the thinnest of chances to get some fishing action. Sport had to compete, after all, with mandatory trips *to the Christ statue and Sugar* Loaf, with Copacabana Beach and several thousand restaurants. And, unexpectedly, with the Jockey Club. My companion had learned that the club was a perfect replica of the old Longchamp track in Paris, as it was before they rebuilt it in 1966; too much to be resisted by a fervid racegoer.

*I was just about ready to swim with the tide. It is far eas*ier to go to the horse races in Rio than to fish. My companion had soon ingratiated herself with what seemed to me the foolishly simpering *apparat* of the Jockey Club. Free membership. Lunch with the president. One evening I said, "Why don't we get a car and drive up the coast for a few miles?" Impossible, she said. Baron Hubertus von Kap-Herr had invited her to drive out and inspect his stud farm.

All I was trying to do was prepare her for a little outing I had set up. Idly glancing through a tourist brochure I had happened upon in the hotel room, I had come on a section that described Cabo Frio, a summer resort down the coast. The usual thing. But in the restaurant section, extolling the seafood, the writer had mentioned the deliciously prepared, locally caught robalo. In other words, snook!

I seemed to be, just barely, in business again. The little rod went into a rented car, and leaving my companion to the tender mercies of the baron, I headed north. Or I tried to. Half an hour later I was still inextricably tangled up with the Rio freeway system, but then I had a stroke of luck. A double one. I picked up an American trying to *hitch a ride north, a novelist, it seemed, a very young one.* Not only did he find the right exit, but he also told me that the village where he lived was on a wide lagoon. People fished there all the time.

What he failed to tell me was that they fished with nets. The lagoon, indeed, seemed perfectly constructed for snook. The sea ran into it, a big, turbulent saltwater river, and the *fish would run with the tide. Only one thing prevented* them. A series of nets that spanned the entrance to the lagoon.



But it was too late to turn back. People fished from the bridge, the young American had said, where the road crossed the lagoon at its narrowest. *Before I headed there,* I bought half a kilo of mushy sardines from a fishmonger. It was Abercrombie's Last Stand.

People were fishing from the bridge all right. With cast nets. Occasionally the high tides might let a few fish through, I reasoned. And there would always be a few small enough to swim through the meshes. Feeling a little foolish, I took up my stance in a gap between the netmen.

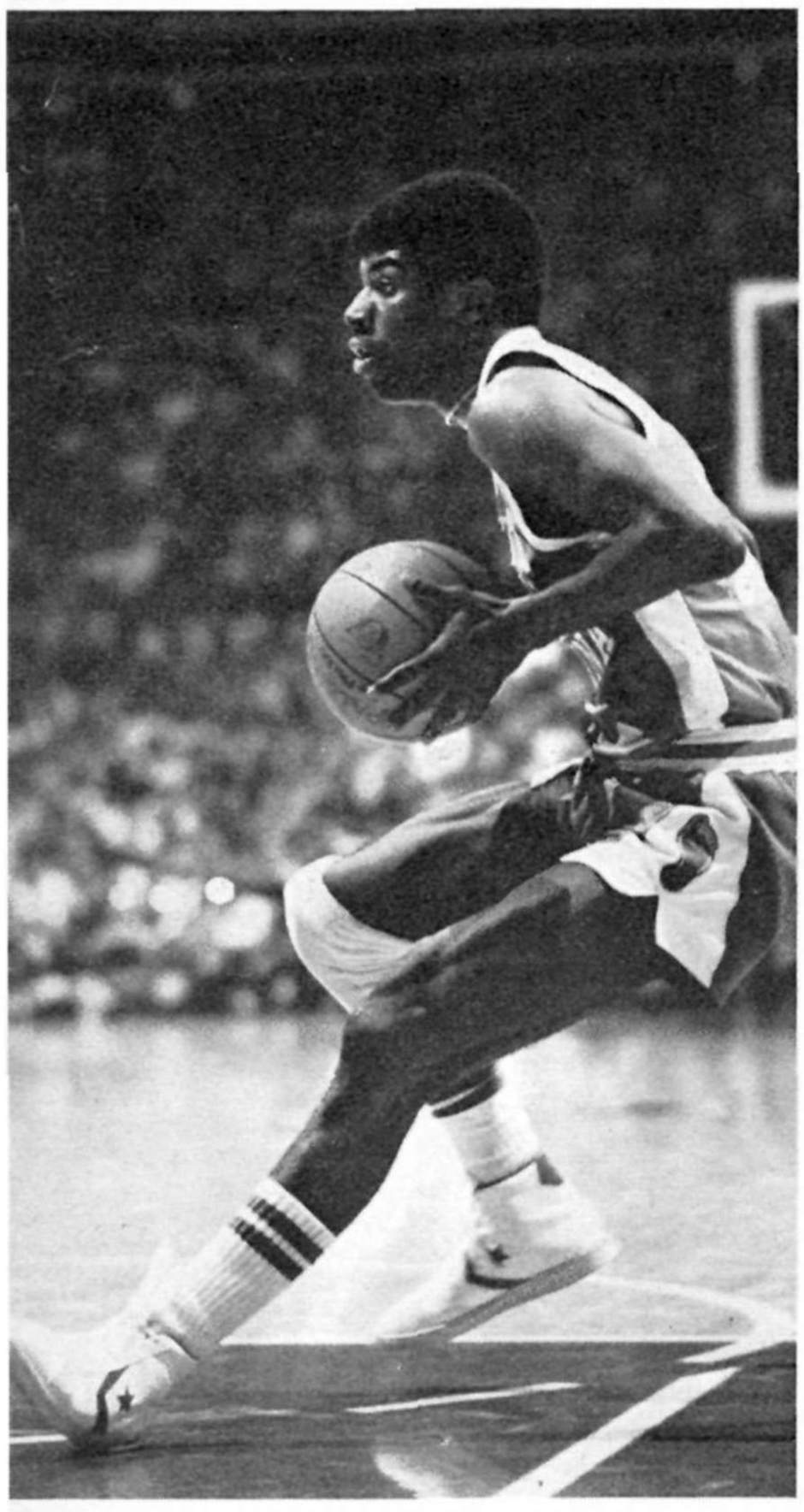
There were small fish, certainly. Little catfish mostly, some shadlike fish. I caught several on my sad fragments of sardine, though I was *chiefly occupied in seeing what the* netmen brought up. "Robalo?" I'd asked them earlier. They merely shrugged, but the message must have got home because one of them called me over, smiling. "Robalo," he said. It was the only word we had in common. He pointed at a fish less than a foot long, with silvery sides and a black lateral line. "Robalo," I said, giving *him a look indicating I congratulated and envied him.*

Several catfish later, he called me over again. He had something for me. An enormous speckled shrimp. A mastershrimp he had just netted. Unforgivably, for a moment I thought he wanted to sell it. But no. "Robalo!" he said, gesturing for my hook. He mounted the tail section and indicated the water. I cast.

Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Fitch, I have a happy ending for you, as you pace above the clouds in your heavenly safari suits. Your rod caught me a robalo. I will not say how large it was, but it certainly had a faraway look when I slid it gently back into the lagoon. After all, that little fish had a place in history. The first snook to be caught on the last rod with a full A & F price tag. Or I am almost sure it was. **END**

Their hopes were shot to pieces

Favored for a change, Virginia was outgunned by the Tar Heels' hot hands



Ford had 10 straight points in the second half.

For the University of Virginia, last Saturday had a distinct aura of *déjà vu.* Almost six years to the day had elapsed since an unbeaten Cavalier team, then ranked eighth in the country, had taken on No. 3 North Carolina, which had lost once, in a game that could have turned Virginia into something it had never been before—the front-runner in an Atlantic Coast Conference race. In the process, the Cavaliers might well have lost their reputation as the league's doormat. Alas, Carolina put its foot down on Virginia, 85–79.

Last week, after a 67–60 victory in their conference opener against Wake Forest, the Cavaliers were 8–0, stood 13th in one wire-service poll and 14th in the other, and again were in position to seize the edge in an ACC race—if they could defeat another once-beaten bunch of Tar Heels.

This time Virginia seemed to have a better than even chance of pulling it off. Although Carolina was ranked higher (No. 2) and has two of the best players in the country, Guard Phil Ford and Forward Mike O'Koren, the Cavaliers seemed to have better balance. Their defense, which had been tops in the ACC last season, even while they fizzled to a 2–10 league record, was still tight. Moreover, their previously punchless offense had gained a lot of wallop, partly because the principal holdovers from a team that shot .452 last year were suddenly all hitting 50% or more of their field-goal attempts, and partly because of the addition of 6′ 5″ freshman Guard Jeff Lamp, a deadly baseline shooter from Kentucky who leads the Cavaliers in scoring with an 18.2 average.

Even the omens seemed to favor the upstarts. Carolina's loss had been to another Virginia team with a reputation for good defense, William & Mary, and the Tar Heels had needed to go into overtime in their league opener to beat Clemson. The oddsmakers took a hard look at all this, figured in the fact that the game would be played at Charlottesville and proclaimed the Cavaliers a one-point choice.

This computation neglected a couple of things. One of them was the buoying psychological effect that criticism of Carolina Coach Dean Smith by his Virginia counterpart, Terry Holland, may have had on the Tar Heels. In an article that appeared on Christmas Day in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Holland was quoted as saying, "I have a lot of respect for Dean Smith. He is very innovative. His kids project the image college kids should project. . . . And yet, why do I constantly read about a different person from the one I know?

"He has more technical fouls than anyone in the league, and yet he's pictured as the greatest gentleman. He works very hard at building the proper image."

Subsequently, other papers in Virginia and North Carolina ran headlines reading HOLLAND: SMITH NO GENTLEMAN. Smith says he did not talk about the Clean Dean controversy with his players, but Ford, for one, was well aware of it. "Coach Holland is a good coach, and I'm sure a lot of those things seem true to him," he said. "Maybe I'm prejudiced, but the man [Smith] I know is one of the best guys in the world."

The other thing the oddsmakers failed to anticipate was that the Tar Heels would be downright ungentlemanly in their manhandling of the Virginia defense. With almost four minutes remaining late in the first half and the score tied 29–29, Carolina took off on an amazing 24-minute shooting rampage. The Tar Heels made their last four field-goal attempts to take a 39–29 lead into the dressing room. "I told my kids at halftime that there was no way Carolina could continue to shoot so well," said Holland.

But the Tar Heels did, unbelievably firing in 16 of their 17 shots in the second half. For the game, Carolina had a .767 percentage, a school record and the second-best single-game shooting performance ever by an NCAA school.

Still, with 9:17 to go, Virginia remained in contention, trailing 55–45. It was then that Ford, who had 23 points for the night, showed that he, too, is one of the best guys in the world, at least when it comes to playing basketball. He took his first shot of the half, a jumper going to his left, and made it. He fired on four of Carolina's next five times down the floor—two jump shots and two layups—and made them all. His 10 consecutive points gave Carolina a 65–45 lead. From there the Tar Heels coasted to a 76–61 victory.

As for the Cavaliers, they had returned to their old shooting ways (38%) for this game. Afterward, Virginia Guard Bobby Stokes said that Carolina is used to being highly rated and feels no pressure

from it. But how about his own team? "It's tough being unbeaten and ranked," Stokes said. "Everybody is gunning for you." So Virginia fans have now found out—twice.

THE WEEK

(*Jan. 2-8*)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Kentucky, making it a habit to rise up as time wears down, crunched its opponents in the second half for two Southeastern Conference victories. The Wildcats played listlessly for much of the night against Vanderbilt and led only 32–23 at halftime, but exploded for 15 straight points to go ahead 55–31. James Lee, who came off the bench in the second half to score 15 of his 17 points, led the Wildcats to their 72–59 win. Florida, playing at its infamous Alligator Alley after 11 consecutive road games, hoped to knock off Kentucky. The score was tied 31–31 before the Wildcats tossed in the last seven points of the first half. The Wildcats won 86–67, got 20 points from Kyle Macy and shot .610 as Lee canned eight of nine field-goal attempts and Rick Robey seven of eight.

Georgia, which had stunned Ohio State and Louisville the week before, came up short in two of three SEC encounters. In between a 76–69 loss to Auburn and a 96–78 drubbing by LSU, the Bulldogs were 57–54 winners over Florida. Alabama squeezed by Mississippi 65–62 and LSU 70–67 and clobbered Mississippi State 76–59.

Michigan State, Purdue and Michigan each won a pair of Big Ten games. Minnesota overcame a 31–23 halftime deficit at State to go in front 76–71. Then it was the Spartans who surged, scoring 10 points in 44 seconds and going on to win 87–83. Two freshmen ignited the Spartans, Earvin (Do It All) Johnson coming through with 31 points (25 of them in the second half), eight rebounds and four assists, and Jay Vincent scoring 22 points. Michigan State also beat Wisconsin 74–63. Walter Jordan scored a total of 41 points and Joe Barry Carroll had 32 rebounds as Purdue defeated Illinois 95–85 and Northwestern 87–62. Michigan beat Northwestern 80–65 and Minnesota 69–65.

After winning their Big Ten openers, Indiana and Ohio State were upset. Even though Indiana won 69–51 at home against Iowa, Coach Bobby Knight was perturbed because the crowd did not "generate more enthusiasm" and because of his Hoosiers' "disgraceful" play. Knight was really annoyed when Indiana lost at home to Illinois 65–64. After the Buckeyes had beaten Wisconsin 77–61,

continued

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they were in turn jolted by Iowa 87–75.

With Centenary leading 10–8 at Marquette, the Warriors' Bernard Toone and Jim Boylan tossed in three quick baskets apiece as the home team pulled away for a 72–56 victory.

1.KENTUCKY (10–0)
2.NOTRE DAME (7–2) 3.MARQUETTE (9–1)

MIDWEST

"This is about the fifth game he's won for us this way," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum of Rick Wilson after the Cardinals had ended Cincinnati's home-court winning streak at 69 games. To the dismay of the largest crowd ever to watch an Ohio college game (17,038), Wilson rallied Louisville to a 78–75 Metro 7 win. The Cardinals trailed by six points with 8:58 to go, went ahead 76–75 on Darrell Griffith's basket with 19 seconds left and then salted the game away when Wilson forced a turnover, drew a foul and sank two free throws.

Wilson, called "the best all-round player in the conference" by Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett, was instrumental in another 78–75 triumph. That was at Memphis State, where he put the Cardinals in front 76–75 on a three-point play with 29 seconds left. James Bradley's 29 points kept the Tigers close, but Louisville got 24 from Wilson and 23 from Griffith.

Cincinnati split two other games. Marching behind Sammy Drummer's 25 points, Georgia Tech shocked the Bearcats 59–56. Playing at Tulane, Cincinnati romped to a 102–67 victory.

Nebraska pulled off a succession of surprises at Kansas State. It was not uncommon for the Cornhusker fight song to be played before the Big Eight game—except that it was rendered by the Wildcat band under the direction of a Husker fan. And it certainly was not surprising that State led by three points at halftime. The Wildcats' prospects seemed to get even better with 13:38 to play, when Center Carl McPipe, Nebraska's leading scorer and rebounder, sat down with four fouls. Replacing McPipe was 6′ 7″ freshman Andre Smith, who startled K-State by popping in 14 of his 18 points in the second half as Nebraska earned a 77–63 win.

Kansas salvaged a 71–67 victory at Missouri. Although four starters fouled out, the Jayhawks hung on as Donnie Von Moore scored 25 points and Darnell Valentine contributed seven field goals and seven assists.

"When I read about them, I didn't see how they could be that good," admitted Hofstra Coach Roger Gaeckler following a 95–70 loss at Arkansas. "But their timing is so good and they're so quick, I can see that what I read was right." Doing the most to make Gaeckler a believer in Razorback Power were Sidney Moncrief, who hit on 12 of 16 shots and had 29 points, and Marvin Delph, who made 11 of 15 from the field.

Texas battered TCU 90–41 in a Southwest Conference runaway. TCU, which scored only 12 points in the first half, shot .269 for the game and committed 29 turnovers. The Horned Frogs were so disorganized that four of them once dashed downcourt, leaving no one behind to receive an inbounds pass. As for the Longhorns, they continued to pour in points as they polished off Texas Tech 101–86.

Marquette had its hands full at Wichita State. The Warriors led by only 52–47 before surging to a 67–56 win.

It's hard to be overlooked when you are 6′ 11″, but that has been the plight of Indiana State's DeCarsta Webster, who has been overshadowed by the scoring feats of teammates Harry Morgan and Larry Bird. Webster, though, was highly visible during a Missouri Valley Conference game against Southern Illinois, grabbing nine rebounds, scoring eight points and blocking four shots as the Sycamores won 66–58. Morgan added 24 points and Bird a season low of 21. Going into a game against West Texas State, the Sycamores had the best field-goal-percentage defense in the country (.377). The Buffaloes shot well (.587), but could not cope with Bird (30 points) and Morgan (23) as they lost 79–63.

1.ARKANSAS (11–0)
2.INDIANA STATE (10–0) 3.LOUISVILLE (9–2)

EAST

North Carolina Coach Dean Smith, that renowned tactical wizard, had two chances to show his acumen in the Tar Heels' ACC opener at Clemson. With eight seconds left and Carolina behind 72–70, Smith called time-out and set up a play. When action resumed, Mike O'Koren took an inbounds pass and fired the ball to 6′ 11″, 312-pound Geff Crompton, who was open. Crompton scored, sending the game into overtime. Some genius, that Smith. Who would have thought of having the ponderous Crompton take such a vital shot? Not Smith, to be sure. His plan was to have Phil Ford shoot. When Ford turned out to be covered, O'Koren looked for an open man and found Crompton. Smith set up another play with 10 seconds to go in overtime and Carolina down 77–76. Tom Zaliagiris wound up with the ball, put in a layup, was fouled and sank the free throw for a 79–77 triumph. Some genius, that Smith. Who would have thought he would have a spear carrier like Zaliagiris take such a shot? To be honest, Smith did not design the play that way. But Ford and O'Koren were blocked out, Zaliagiris was open, and Smith looked like a mastermind.

Maryland dropped its first two ACC games. Duke, taking advantage of the Terps' defensive lapses, scored numerous back-door baskets to win, 88–78, at Maryland for the first time in seven years. Jim Spanarkel's 33 points paced the Blue Devils. Against Wake Forest, the Terps blew an 11-point lead and lost 84–75 as the Deacons got 23 points and 18 rebounds from Rod Griffin and 24 points from sophomore Guard Frank Johnson.

When Duke took an early seven-point lead at North Carolina State, the Wolfpack shifted to a 1–3–1 zone. The Blue Devils made 26 turnovers and scored only 20 points in the second half as State rallied to win 74–50.

Syracuse built a 58–41 halftime edge over North Texas State and eased its way to a 94–84 win. Dale Shackleford of the Orange tossed in 23 points.

Georgetown was impressive in a 72–61 victory over St. John's. With the Redmen taking away their inside game, the Hoyas worked for high-percentage jumpers, led 34–31 at the half and then increased their margin as Guard John Duren scored 27 points.

East Carolina, which had won only once, edged William & Mary, which had lost only once, 58–56, as Oliver Mack had 24 points.

Penn opened the Ivy League season with a 78–63 win at Princeton as Keven McDonald scored 23 points. The Quakers got 56 more points from McDonald as they beat Harvard 86–81 and Dartmouth 74–51. Princeton came back to defeat the Crimson 83–64 and the Big Green 60–47.

During a 100–65 breather against Fordham, Ron Perry of Holy Cross connected for 26 points. Perry had 22 more as the Crusaders outlasted Army 78–76.

Providence beat Brown 68–52 and Canisius 82–72, with Guard Dwight Williams scoring a total of 49 points.

Despite 37 points by Rutgers' James Bailey, Penn State, which had trailed 60–41, trimmed the Scarlet Knights 81–79 in an Eastern-8 contest. Jeff Miller of the Nittany Lions had 30 points and scored the winning basket with 11 seconds remaining. Penn State then lost 54–48 to Duquesne, while Rutgers handed Massachusetts its first defeat of the season, 78–74.

Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines picked up his 602nd coaching win as unbeaten Winston-Salem defeated Norfolk State 80–74. Gaines, 54, who holds the record for victories by a small-college coach, is sixth on the overall list, which is topped by Adolph Rupp's total of 874.

1.SYRACUSE (11–1)
2.N. CAROLINA (12–1) 3.GEORGETOWN (10–2)

WEST

Trailing 68–51 with 10:32 remaining against San Francisco, Nevada-Reno Coach Jim Carey told his players precisely what one would expect a Reno coach to tell them: "Do some gambling." The daring Wolf Pack—which had missed its first 13 field-goal attempts—suddenly could do no wrong. Reno harassed Don Guard Chubby Cox into eight turnovers, outran USF and, during one stretch, outscored San Francisco 21–2. When it was all over, the Wolf Pack had gamboled to a stunning 82–80 WCAC win. Johnny High had 24 points for the win-

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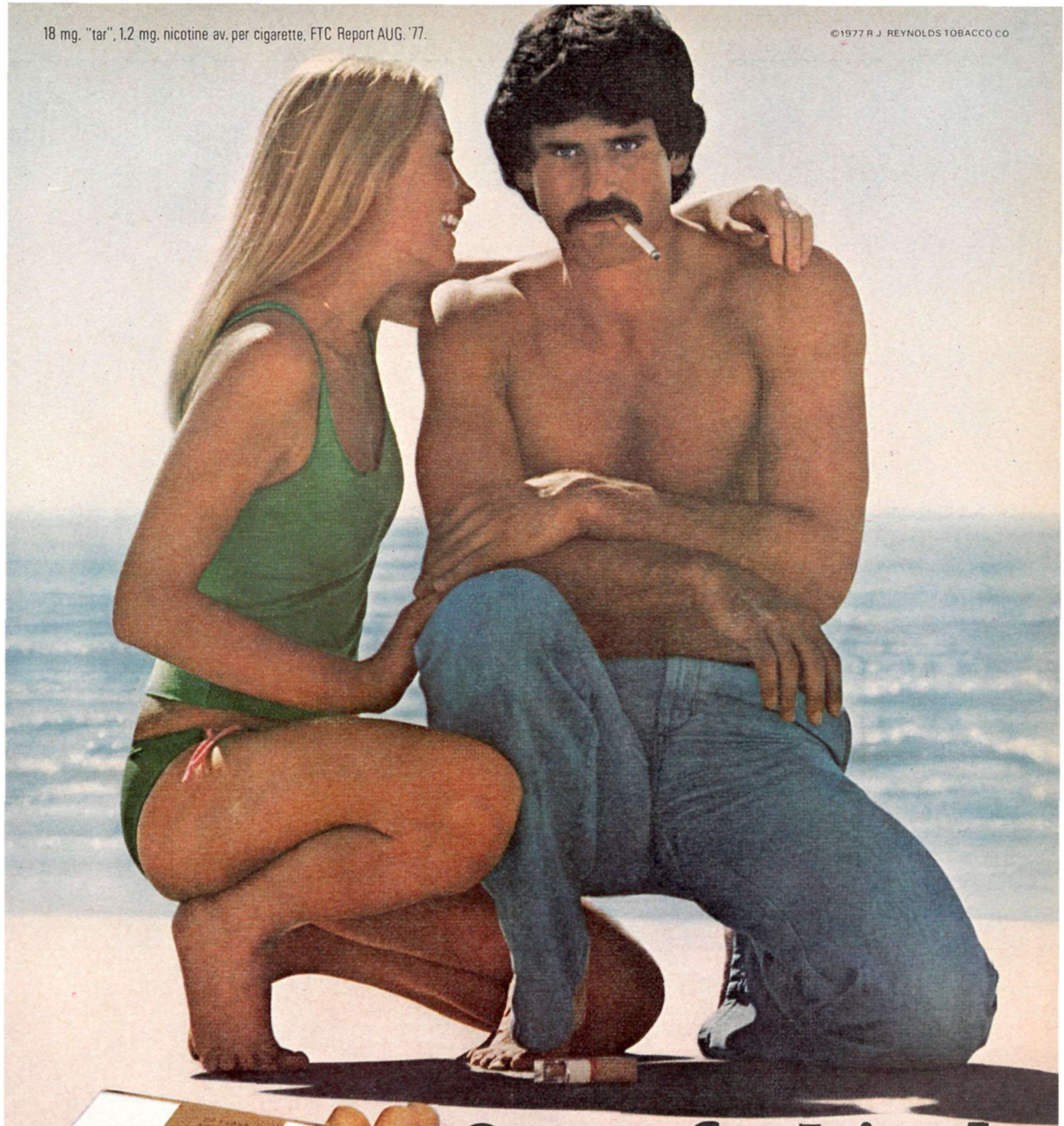

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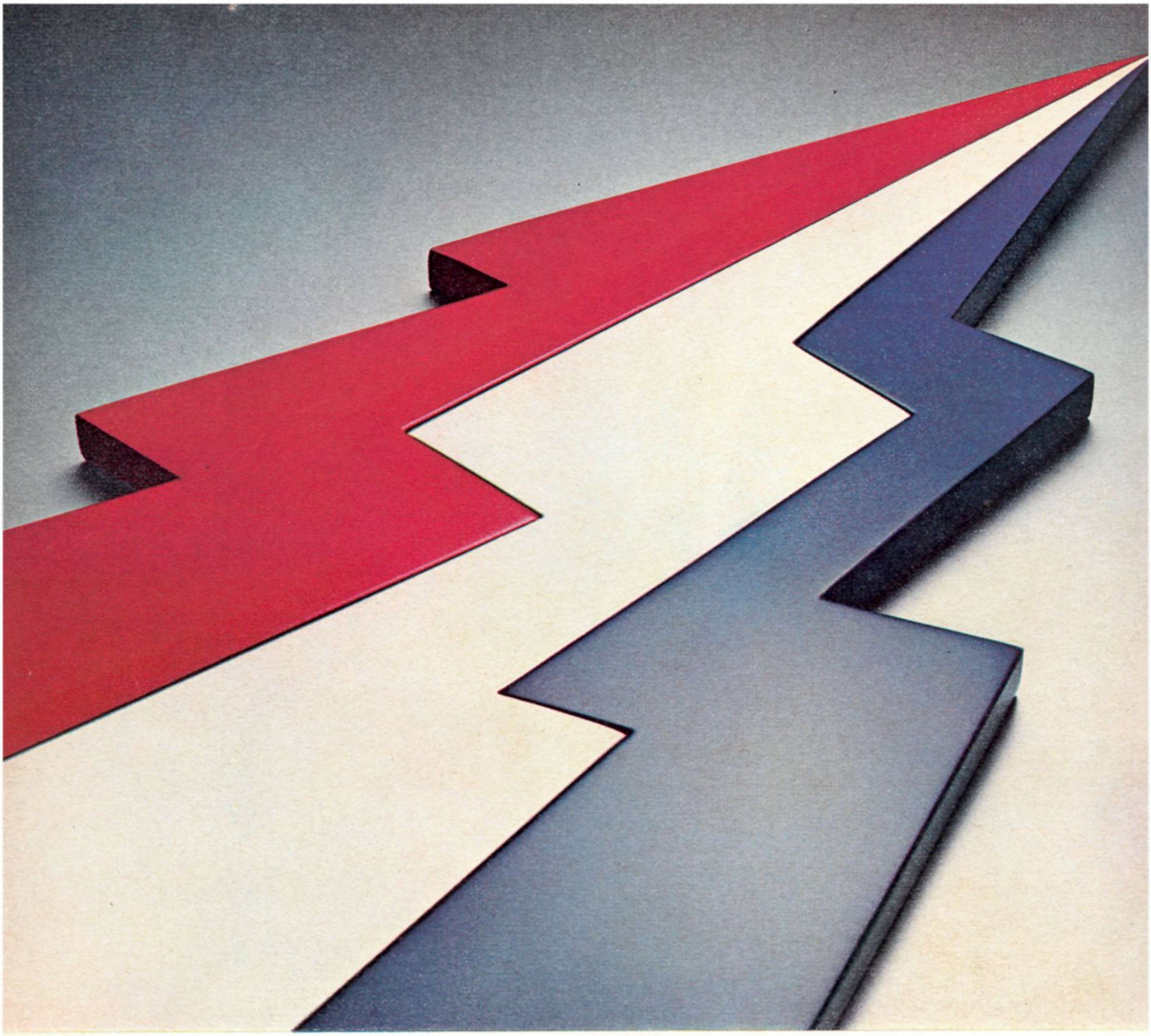


To become less dependent on foreign oil, we need more than American oil. We need American energy.

In the last few years, America's dependence on oil from other countries has increased to about 45 percent of our total consumption.

One way to reduce that dependence is to conserve energy—to use it more wisely and efficiently.

And while companies such as Conoco continue to search for more domestic petroleum, it's imperative that we also develop other kinds of energy.

For example, there's enough coal and uranium in the U.S. to meet our energy needs until solar power and other fuels of the future can begin to play a significant role.

We think it's a good thing that Conoco has the skilled people and the financial strength to go beyond petroleum—into coal, uranium and newer forms of energy.

That's the best way to reduce our dependence on foreign oil.

CONOCO

Doing more with energy.

To learn more about what we're doing with energy, write Dept. D, Continental Oil Company, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

ners and Winford Boynes 28 for the losers.

Then, while Reno took another conference game from Santa Clara 88–76, San Francisco downed St. Mary's 111–87. Boynes again had 28 points, but the Dons' high man with 38 points was Bill Cartwright, who made 15 of 17 shots.

Nevada's other high-powered team, the Rebels from Las Vegas, had its four-year, 72-game home victory streak ended by New Mexico, 102–98. The Lobos won the rebounding battle 65–35 and got superlative performances from three players. Marvin Johnson, who has a sign on his locker saying SHOOT, MARVIN, SHOOT, did just that, sinking nine of 10 second-half shots, scoring 31 points and pulling down 11 rebounds. Phil Abney, starting at forward for the first time this season because Willie Howard missed the team flight from Albuquerque, had 26 points and 12 rebounds. And Michael Cooper chipped in with 24 points and 15 rebounds. The game was tied 15 times, and the lead changed hands on 13 occasions before Vegas was handed its first loss of the season. Earlier in the week, UNLV had bumped off Cal State-Northridge 83–72.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

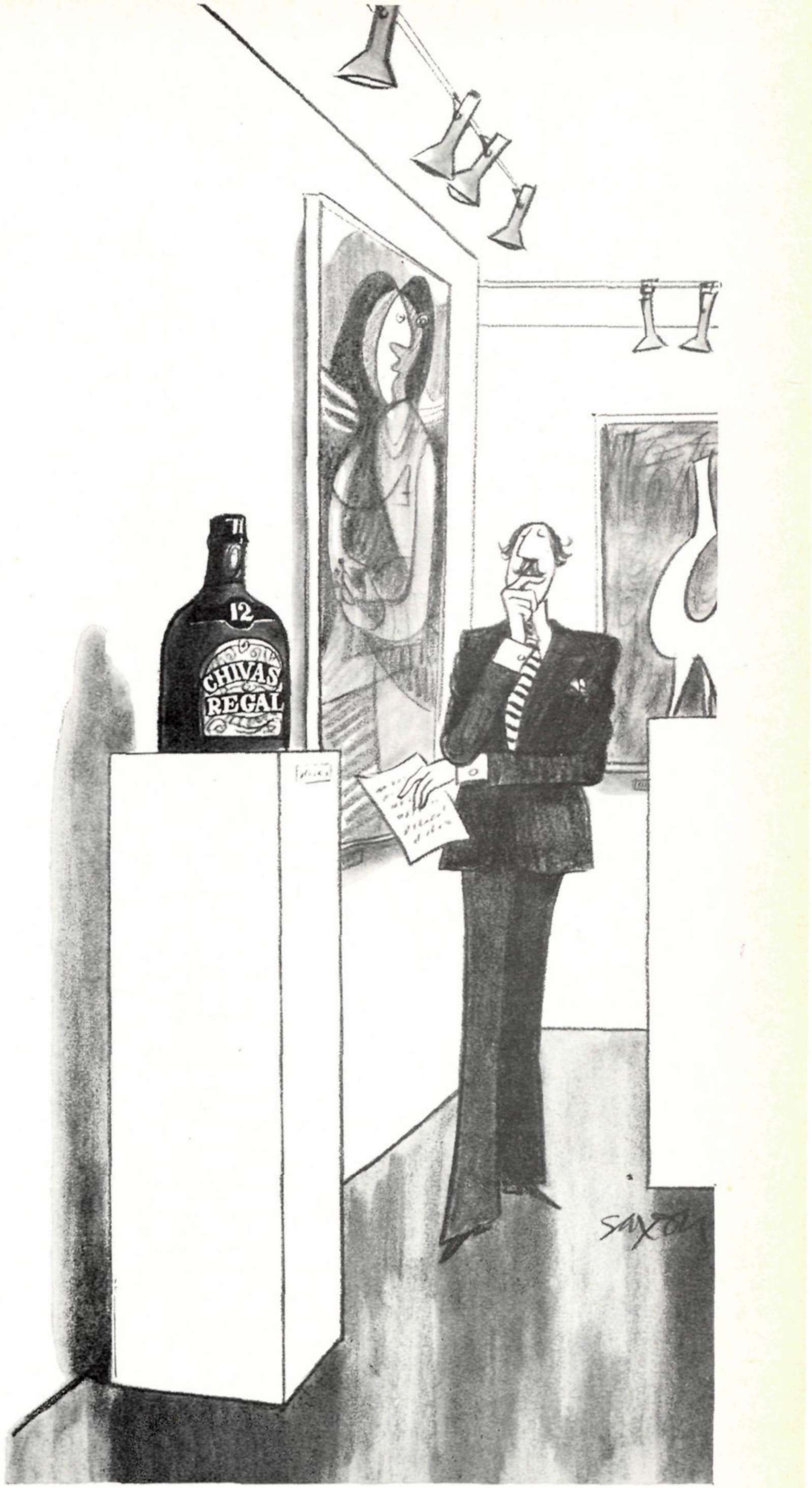
RICK WILSON: Louisville's senior guard clinched a pair of 78–75 wins, scoring five of his 24 points in the final 55 seconds at Memphis State and the last two of his 10 against Cincinnati with 13 seconds remaining to play.

Washington's lack of power at center was exploited by UCLA and Southern Cal. David Greenwood tossed in 18 points and had 23 rebounds as the Bruins beat the Huskies 79–60. The next night, 6′ 9″ USC freshman Cliff Robinson accounted for 23 points and 13 rebounds as Washington lost again, 81–73. Southern Cal then squirmed past Washington State 68–65 as Don Carfino converted four free throws in the last 90 seconds and Robinson had 20 points. UCLA also concluded a successful trip with a 70–55 triumph over the Cougars, in which Roy Hamilton and Raymond Townsend combined for 36 points.

Utah and Utah State zapped Fairleigh Dickinson, the Utes winning 91–66 and the Aggies 79–44. Then the Utah schools went in for some intrastate conflict. State was an 83–76 loser at home against Utah and absorbed an 85–84 double-overtime setback at Brigham Young as Greg Anderson sank the decisive free throws with 14 seconds left in the game.

Eastern Montana, an NAIA team which the week before knocked off Division I Montana State 80–77 and North Carolina-Charlotte 67–65 to win the KOA Classic, returned to its own level and beat Great Falls 71–55.

1.UCLA (12–1)
2.NEVADA-LV (14–1) 3.NEW MEXICO (9–2)



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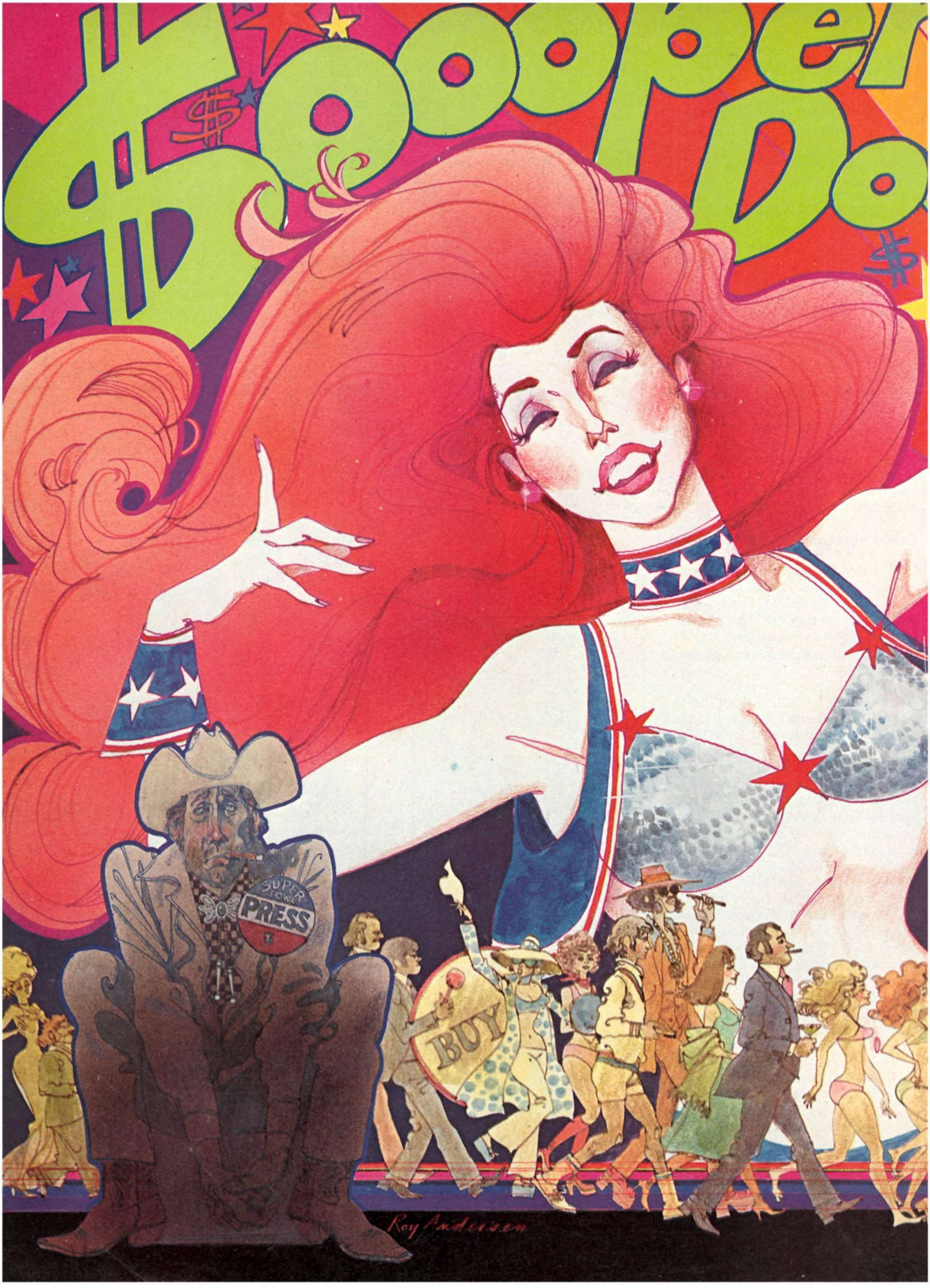
$uper Do



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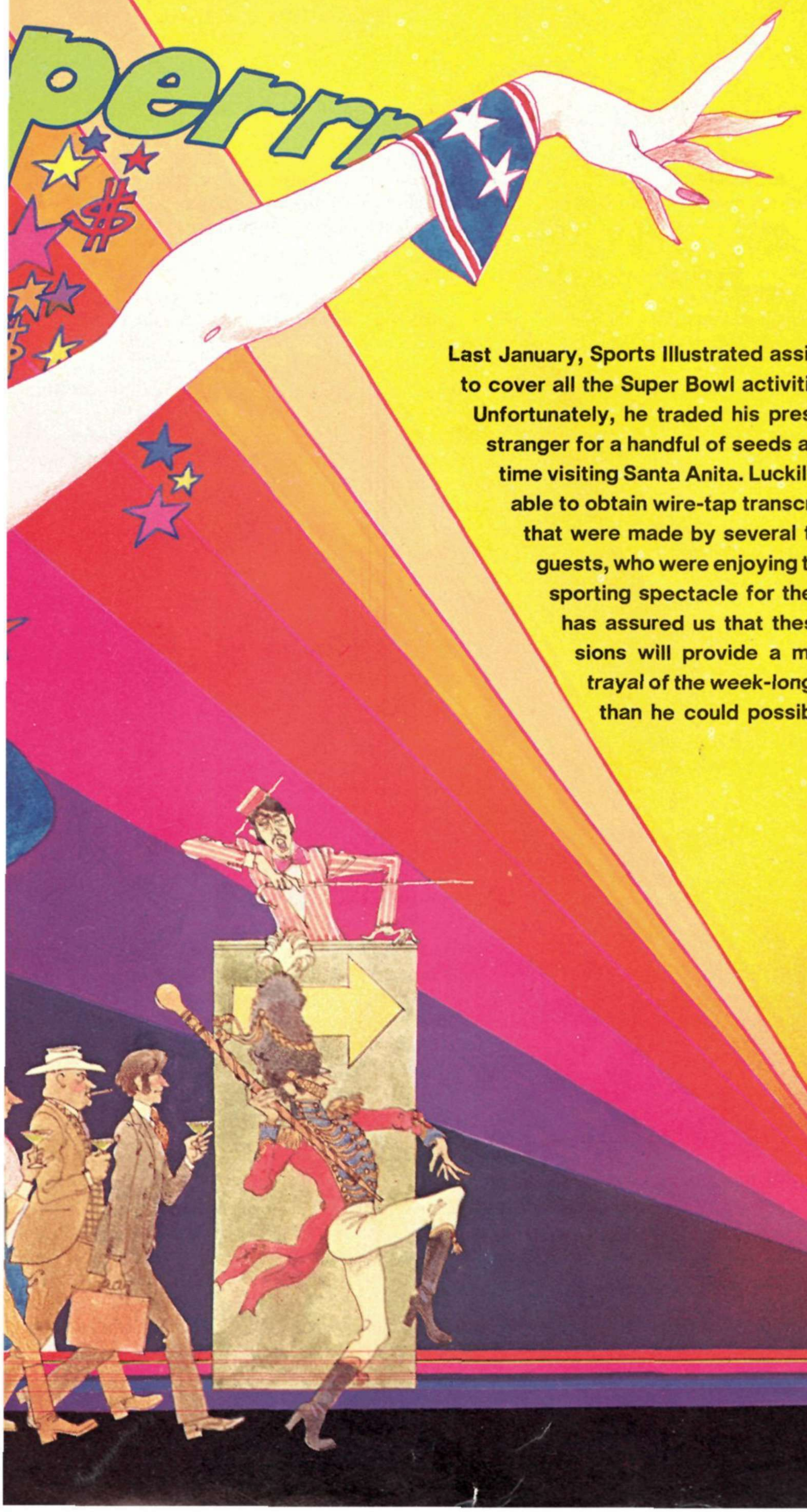
BY FRANK DEFORD



Last January, Sports Illustrated assigned Frank Deford to cover all the Super Bowl activities in Los Angeles. Unfortunately, he traded his press credentials to a stranger for a handful of seeds and spent the entire time visiting Santa Anita. Luckily, however, he was able to obtain wire-tap transcripts of phone calls that were made by several typical Super Bowl guests, who were enjoying this great American sporting spectacle for the first time. Deford has assured us that these random impressions will provide a more accurate portrayal of the week-long Super Bowl scene than he could possibly have managed.

CONTINUED

Hello, this is Cheryl, may I help you?"

"Yeah, Cheryl, I have a message to call Operator 6 in Amarillo, Texas."

"You can dial that direct, sir."

"No, Cheryl, I don' think you unnerstan' me. I'm in a motel."

"Yes, sir, I know. Just dial eight, and then zero, the call-back area code and number, and an operator will come on the line."

"Is that a fact? I didn't know you could do that in a motel. Thank you now, Cheryl. . . ."

"Hello, this is Jessie. May I help you?"

" 'Deed you can, Jessie. I'm tryin' to git aholt of Operator 6 in Amarillo."

"This is Operator 6."

"Son of a buck. Now ain't that a coincidence? All the operators in the Lone Star State, and I get right on through to you."

"Uh, yes, sir. And who is your call-back party?"

"Mah what-all?"

"Who are you trying to reach, sir?"

"Why, Herb Wiley. Mah boss over in Mesquite Creek. You unnerstan' now—it's him tryin' to git me."

"Yes, sir."

"Mesquite Creek *Globe-Express*, good afternoon."

"This is Los Angeles, and I have a WH on the line for Mr. Wiley. And your name, sir?"

"I'm Punch Zimmer."

"Hey, Punch! Hey, how's old Ellay? It's me, Doreen."

"Hey, Doreen, is Herb around?"

"Sir, ma'am, please. This call is for Mr. Herb Wiley."

"Well, operator, you tell Mr. Bigtime Punch, Mr. Super Bowl Hotshot, that Herb's in the little boys' room right now."

"Shoot, Doreen, he's rilly been tryin' to git aholt of me."

"Well, uh, ma'am, we can hold for one minute."

"Hang on, operator. I see him goin' over by Emil now. Herb! Herb! Punch is callin' from Ellay. . . . He's comin', Punch."

"Mr. Herb Wiley?"

"You bet."

"I have your call-back party from Los Angeles. Will you accept?"

"You bet."

"Hey, Punch, what's up? Here I go sendin' you off to the Super Bowl—the first reporter from the Panhandle ever to git within spittin' distance of the big time—and here it is Tuesday, two whole days later, and we ain't heard one word outta you."

"Herb, I was jes' now gonna phone in mah early prediction story to Emil."

"I ain't jes' talkin' 'bout your ole story, Punch. I mean, you could have called us—collect, o' course—jes' to let us know how-all it's a-goin'. God*dam*, it must be some excitin', right, ole buddy?"

"Well, Herb, I, uh. . . ."

"You bet. The greatest, most thrillin' single e-vent in the whole wide world of sports. Bar none! It must rilly be sumpin'. Right, Punch?"

"Fact is, Herb, uh, it's uh. . . ."

"What-all is this, Punch? You ain't tellin' me one word 'bout how tee-riffic it all is."

"Well, now, Herb, I don' know real well how to let on to this, but the truth is, Super Bowl Week's 'bout the most borin'est, the most blowed-up, the most stupid. . . ."

"Punch, Punch! Hush up! Doreen, are you still on this here line?"

"I'm jes' now hangin' up, Herb."

"Hold on there, boy. That's all we need—ole Doreen goin' round tellin' every soul in the county that mah sports staff don' like the Super Bowl. You plumb crazy, Punch? You been drinkin' too many of them sissy California drinks, where they stick Morton's salt up alongside the rim?"

"Well, it's a damn nothin', Herb. It's all hokey, it ain't got nothin' to do with sports, let alone the gridiron, and. . . ."

"Punch, Punch Zimmer! You gone be committed, you talkin' so foolish. Why, all the nationally known fellas I'm a-watchin' on NBC, they tell me the Super Bowl's 'bout the next best thing to heaven. And CBS allows that only heaven and last year's Super Bowl beats it. Now, Punch, who am I gonna b'lieve: ole Punch Zimmer from Mesquite Creek, or NBC and CBS? Hmmm?"

"Flat-out, Herb, I'd b'lieve me. 'Cause I ain't sellin' no commercials. And I ain't no regular NFL writer, shillin' for the league by callin' it a 'showcase.' I give you a little hint, Herb: anytime you hear a fella say this here is a showcase, that is one sure sign you have got yourself a shill."

"But Punch, jes' ever'body says it's a showcase. If it ain't a showcase, what is it?"

"Well, I guarantee you it ain't no football game. You and me seen football games all over the Panhandle and as far away as Waco, and this sure ain't no game. This here is one big ole commercial that runs for a week, with a football game chucked in at the end. And excitin'? I seen more interest generated in a pinball game down at Skeeter's Starlight Lounge than for what-all Ellay cares. They might as well be playin' this game on the moon."

"Punch Zimmer, you stop with that subversive talk. Why, it says right here in the wire service that, quote, interest is at an alltime high, unquote, and Vikki Carr herself gonna sing *America the Beautiful.* And then you come on the

phone tellin' me stories that it ain't a showcase."

"You know, Herb, maybe I ain't on no first-name basis with the players, maybe I ain't never been to no Indonesia to see Muhammad Ali fight, maybe I only got the one off-cream leisure suit to mah name, but I can spot me a phony. This ain't no Super Bowl; this is a supermarket."

"Well, damn you, Punch, you keep these anti-'Merican thoughts to yourself, you hear me? And what do you know about traditional classic American e-vents, anyhow?"

"All right, I'll tell you one thing. When I was in the service up in Fort Knox, a spec-four in armor, I seen me two Kentucky Derbies, and also one year a bunch of us went up to Indy and seen that, too. And when I got released, 'fore I came back home, I went over to see mah cousin Ralph who lives in Greater Pittsburgh, P.A., and it was when the Pirates was playin' the O-ree-oles in the World Series; so no, I ain't no virgin in these exact matters. And lemme tell you, Herb Wiley, the Derby and Indy and the World Series is altogether diffrunt from this here showcase. Them other things was fun and there was real folks. And you know what-all, Herb? They had charm. And you're sayin' to yourself, what does ole Punch Zimmer know about charm from a carburetor, and I'll jes' tell you flat-out that if sumpin' ain't got no charm, then all of a sudden you know what charm is. And that's a fact, Herb."

"Well now, Punch, don't git me wrong. It's the 'Merican way to let a man holt a diffrunt opinion."

"Shoot, Herb. Ain't nobody even talks about the game here. All you hear is how much money it's a-goin' to pump into the local e-conomy, like it was some kind of new shoe factory comin' to town.

"I was down in the press room yestiddy, pickin' up the press releases they churn out ever' few minutes, and I started talkin' to this bigshot reporter from New York City, and he says, must be your first Super Bowl, and I says, yes, it sure is, and he says, it is sure one large slice of 'Mericana. And I says, well, this sure ain't no 'Mericana I ever seen. This here is only Hollywood and Madison Avenue thrown together.

"And he says, well it sure-all beats the World Series, don't it, 'cause, he says, he has to go to places like Cincinnati to see it. And he says, they are sure takin' the World Series away from Joe Fan, 'cause they play the games at night when it is a little cool and inconvenient for his deadline. And I says, it seems to me to play the games at Cincinnati at night is just about perfect for the workin' man in Cincinnati. And he says to me, what-all are you, son, some kind of Communist?

"He says, this here is the way sports should be played: someplace in the Sunbelt where there is plenty of nice hotels and restaurants for the press. He says, don't you unnerstan' what a showcase the Super Bowl is? They would never get the corporate biggies and the movers of Madison Avenue to come to the Super Bowl unless they played it for their convenience in the right resort areas. He says to me, I'm afraid you don't unnerstan' the bottom line a-tall, and I says, I always thought the bottom line in sports is the final score, and he says that jes' goes to show you you're jes' another naive country boy when it comes to this here showcase."

"Well, Punch, how is your 'commodations?"

"We are what is called 'centrally located,' which means that the press is 40 miles from the players in one direction and 'bout another 40 from the stadium in the other. And then, all the real important folks. . . ."

"The players?"

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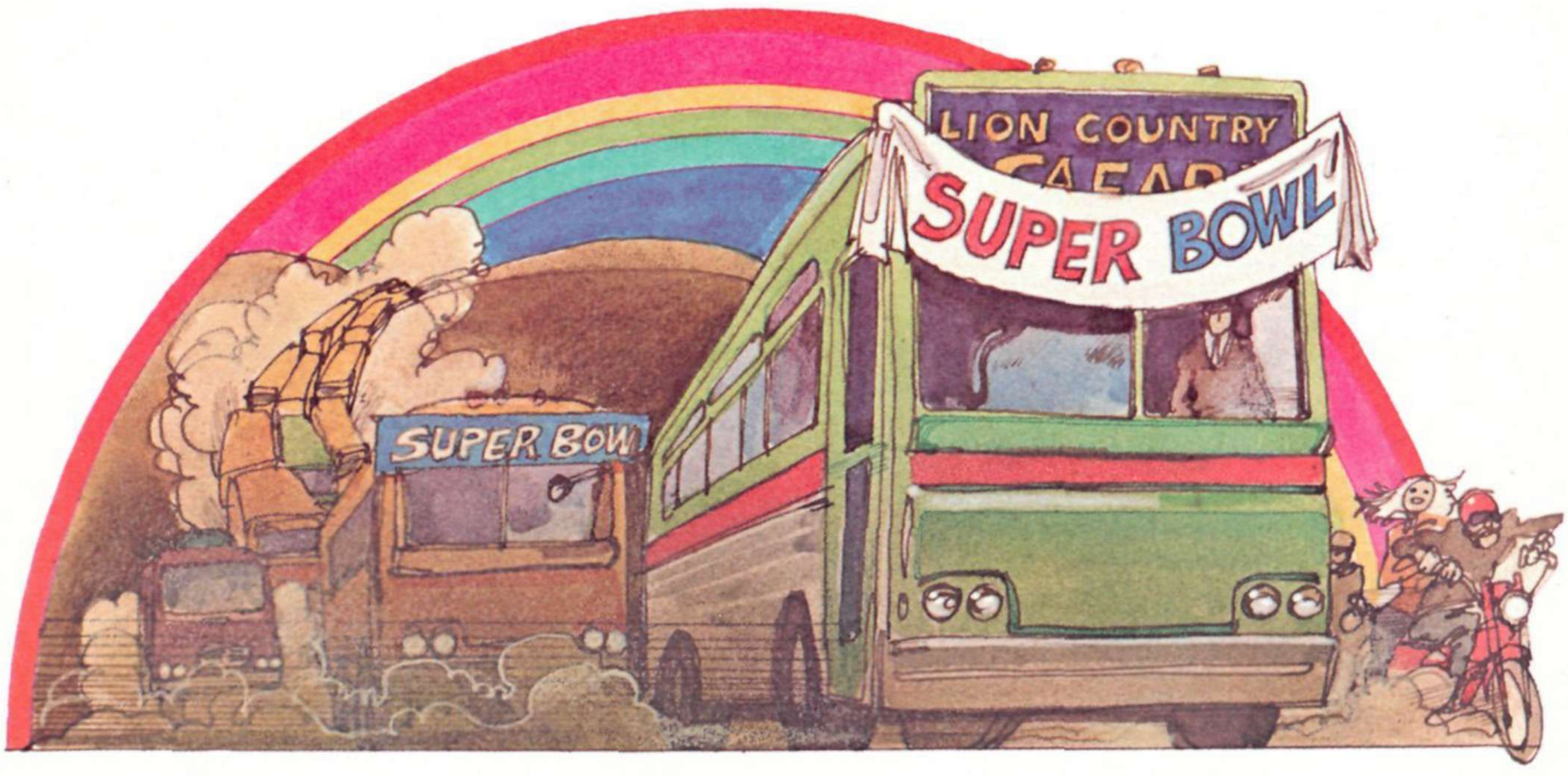

SOOPER DOOPER *continued*

"No, the owners and advertisers. They're out in Beverly Hills. So all us press is stuck here, talkin' to ourselves. They have got more PR men than Heinz has pickles to take care of us, so I asked one of them why are we here, plumb in the middle of nowhere. I says, if I was coverin' the President, would you put me in Baltimore? And he says, this location is for your convenience, and I says, oh, thank you, I din't 'preciate that. He says, why sure, it is real convenient to the airport. I says, that would be nice if I was a 727, but I ain't goin' nowhere for another week. I says, I b'lieve I would rather be convenient to the football game.

"So we hang around the motel here, watchin' the airplanes overhead and speculatin' on the TV ratings, and, most important, talkin' 'bout this golf toonament they're havin' for us Thursday. I was a-wonderin' where all them cardigan sweaters came from, Herb. And another PR man says to me, do you know that Warner-Lambert is puttin' out nearly $100,000 for this golf toonament, and I says, sorry, I don' know the fella, and, besides, I'm a bowler.

"Well, he says, there is always a first time for ever'thin', but, he says, the NFL does have a free gift for you, which turns out to be this fruity little briefcase the color of spit-up that looked to me like it had been picked out by one of them faggots in Green-wich Village. Herb, if I was to tote this briefcase into the pressbox at West Texas, they would laugh me clear to Albukerk."

"Don't you ever get to see the players, Punch?"

"Sure, Herb. Ever' mornin' this bus picks us up and drives us off to Mexico or wherever it is they're at. The bus has a big ole sign up front that it also goes to Lion Country Safari, to Marineland, and to the picture studios at Universal, so the Super Bowl fits in right well with this bunch.

"First it takes us to the Vikin's, till this other PR man says, 'For your convenience, the buses will roll to the Raider camp at 9:45.' The players is all sorted out. At the Raider hotel, it is like a sock hop, with each table havin' a Raider's number on it, and the important ones like Stabler and Atkinson has tables full of writers, and some of the other fellas just sit all by their lonesome, like they was an ugly-type girl at a'dance.

"O' course, nobody much-all talks about football. All the talk is 'bout the media theirselves and how-all will the media affect the game, so the more ever'body talks 'bout it, the more effect it has, I 'magine. This whole thing jes' turns in on itself so.

"I am over at the Vikin's, and I see this pretty blonde who is some kind of built, and I hear somebody say, lookee there, it is Chrystie Jenner, the wife of the world's greatest athalete, and a celebrity in her own right. And so I move up close to where she is talkin' to a bunch of hotshot writers from New York City, and they are sayin', remember me from Montreal and where is Bruce at and so forth, and one says, well, what are you doin' here anyway, Chrystie, and she says, well, I am coverin' the players' wives for ABC, and what brings you here yourself? And he says to her, well, I am coverin' all the hoopla at this showcase. Are you followin' me, Herb? Here we got a football championship, and we got a wives reporter and a hoopla reporter.

"But, for our convenience, it is time to see the Raiders. And their coach, the heavy-set guy, stands up. This is Madden, who they call Pinky, which is the part I like best 'cause that means the coaches at the Super Bowl is Bud and Pinky, jes' like they was over to Skeeter's. And a writer says that Tarkenton has let on that his team is obsessed, and what do you have to say to that? And Madden says, well, we will outobsess them, a remark which gets some kind of guffaw out of me. And then he starts gettin' all these questions about rhetoric, which, b'lieve me, Herb, if I didn't know any better, I would think was some kind of a formation, or a linebacker, maybe. Ever'body is askin' Pinky, will the rhetoric hurt the Raiders, and will they get used to the rhetoric and how will they dee-fense the rhetoric and what-all.

"Half the time, Herb, I don' know what anybody is talkin'

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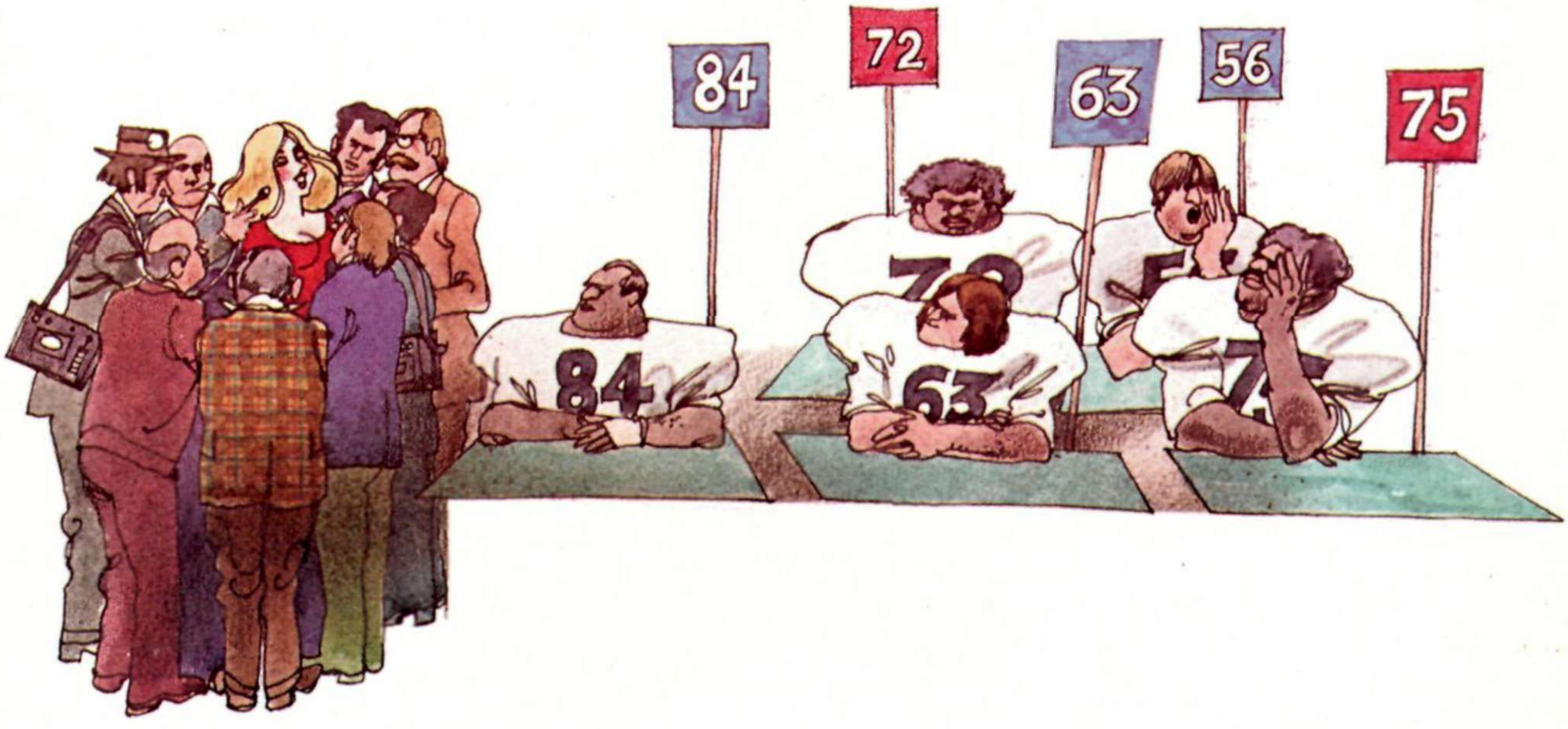

An open invitation to the open road. And the highways of your mind. Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme.

Climb inside a new Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, open the available hatch roof, and open your mind to every highway you've ever dreamed of traveling.

Settle back into full foam seats with center armrest. Or order the available buckets for even sportier excitement.

As you feel the road moving smoothly beneath you, you sense the sky moving silently above you. It's a breathtaking feeling of freedom.

Feel the thick carpeting underfoot. Scan the all new instrument panel. Enjoy being surrounded by Supreme's trim new style—tasteful, dramatic, unmistakably Cutlass.

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Cutlass Supreme

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

'bout. Bud Grant, he keeps referrin' to stature-type players. At first I thought he meant they were, you know, like statues that didn't move laterally real good, but later on I caught his drift. He means they have reputations. Ever'body talks funny at the Super Bowl, Herb. It's kinda a simulated language, the way the astronauts used to carry on.

"Well, I'm goin' to hang up now, 'cause it's your nickel. But I'll phone Emil mah early prediction story soon."

"O.K., Punch, and lissen up now: I'm gonna tell ever'one you're havin' one great ole time. I don' want folks to think you're no traitor to our 'Merica, Punch. I'm gonna do that for your own damn good, you hear?"

"O.K., Herb. And you tell Mary Beth I'm still scoutin' 'round for that simulated Vikin' corsage she asked for."

"You bet, Punch. Bye now."

"Operator, this is Los Angeles. Routes for Northfield, Ohio, please."

"Two-one-six, plus seven digits."

"Thank you. . . . There's your number ringing, Miss."

"Hello."

"Hello, Karen, it's me, Dianne!"

"Ooh, Dianne! Where are you, hon?"

"I'm calling direct from Beverly Hills!"

"Ooooohhhh. I won't keep you, but. . . ."

"Don't worry about the three minutes, Karen. Sandy told me—you want to call your girl friend, take as long as you want. He says he has a WATS line on his expense account!"

"Ooohhh, Dianne!"

"I can't begin to tell you, Karen. It's so fantastic, like. I saw Bob Newhart and Lorne Greene. . . ."

"Nooooo!"

"And Joe Namath was in the Polo Lounge, and last night was the official Super Bowl party, given by the National Football League itself! Oh Karen, if only you could have been there to share it with me. Up With People entertained!"

"Ooh! I've seen them on TV."

"And there was just nothing spared on the food and beverages, Karen! The canapes would not stop! And Sandy introduced me to this exotic foreign drink that has salt on the rim!"

"Oh Dianne, I'm so happy for you. How is . . . he?"

"Karen, he's just a doll. Some women . . . his wife doesn't understand him at all. He told me that confidentially. He's so sensitive, so concerned about my feelings. I told him back in Akron, in the cafeteria, oh Sandy, how could I come with you to the Super Bowl? Why, I would feel just like a common. . . . And you know what he said, Karen?"

"What?"

"He said, Dianne, don't ever say that about yourself. He said, I am the real hustler, I am the one forced by my company to go out to the Super Bowl and go to meetings and dumb parties, to drink with network people and football people, to try and keep our products in the corporate and video spotlight. Your going with me would give me the respectability I can't get from my job."

"Oh Dianne, that is beautiful."

"He's just a beautiful-type person, Karen."

"Where is he now?"

"He had to play tennis today. His company makes him do that. It's one of his obligations, like. Sandy says if he doesn't play tennis with the right people, his company might not be allowed to buy football commercials next year. And Sandy says that is the upwardly mobile, high-demographics audience he seeks."

"Oh, I see."

"Sandy's so conscientious, Karen. He hates all these meetings he has to go to around the pool, but it is his nature, like, never to miss a one. And yesterday, he had to play golf all day. He was so tired, the poor thing, we were late getting to the party."

"But it was good?"

"Good? Karen, I saw Julie London there."

"Ooohhh, Dianne!"

"You see, like Sandy says, you really have to know someone to get in, Karen. Either that or you have to help make money for the NFL. They hold the guest list down to 2,500 VIPs. Some years they have had it on the *Queen Mary* or in the Astrodome. It's not for any Tom, Dick or Harry, like. This year they had it at the Pasadena Civic Center, and it was all decked out. Sandy said it was a south-of-the-border decor. He knew that because there was a mariachi band."

"Dianne, you said Up With People were there."

"They *both* were, Karen, Up With People *and* the mariachis."

"Oh, my Godddd, Dianne, two bands!"

"And two rooms, Karen! Two ballrooms! Adjacent, like."

"Oh, it's a fairyland, Dianne!"

"And not only that, but there was a special little section all fenced off where the people who own these football teams could stay all by themselves, like, and Sandy knew one of the owners, and we got right in there, right in the first-class section, and Sandy introduced me all around."

"What players did you meet there?"

"Who?"

"What players, Dianne?"

"No, there's none of them, Karen. I heard that the teams playing in the game are on the Coast, but nobody ever

continued

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Only 7 mg. tar.

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The low tar with the taste that could only come from Pall Mall.

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Pall Mall 100's . . . . . 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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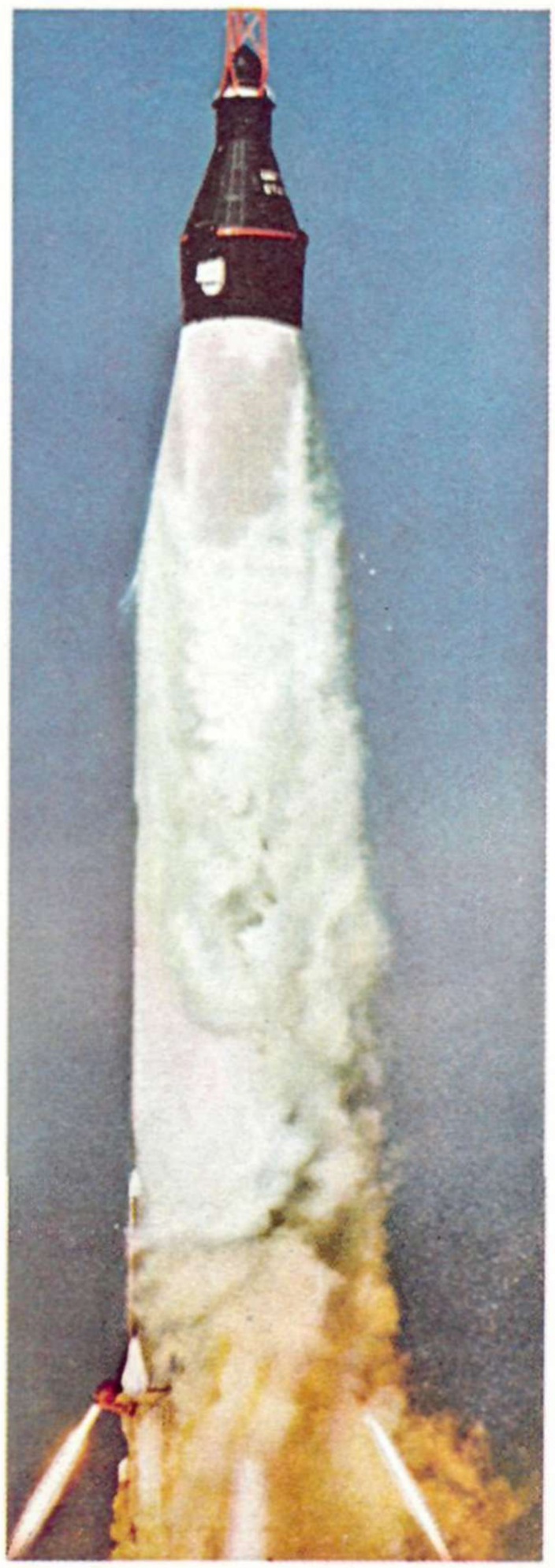
UNION CARBIDE SEES

Thin air. To the people at Union Carbide, the air around us provides a limitless resource for products and systems to benefit everyone. For Union Carbide, finding new ways to stretch our precious natural resources, through imagination and responsible technology, is the most important thing we do.

AN INDUSTRY BUILT ON THIN AIR.

At the Linde Division of Union Carbide, highly sophisticated systems liquefy air down to temperatures of minus 320° F, then distill it to separate pure oxygen, nitrogen and rare gases like argon, neon and xenon.

Union Carbide engineers also came up with a unique way to transport these gases. In liquid form (for hydrogen, that means at a temperature of minus 420° F), they ride in a tank truck so well insulated, it can maintain that incredible cold all the way from Los Angeles to Cape Canaveral.



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Union Carbide's liquid oxygen, distilled from ordinary air, combines with high-energy fuels to send rockets to the moon. To Mars. And perhaps, someday, to the stars themselves.

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When the steel industry developed more efficient steelmaking processes, using oxygen, Union Carbide came up with ways to supply the vast amounts needed: on-site oxygen plants and pipeline systems. And our argon-oxygen process, used for making three out of four tons of stainless steel, uses lower-grade ore and saves energy, too.

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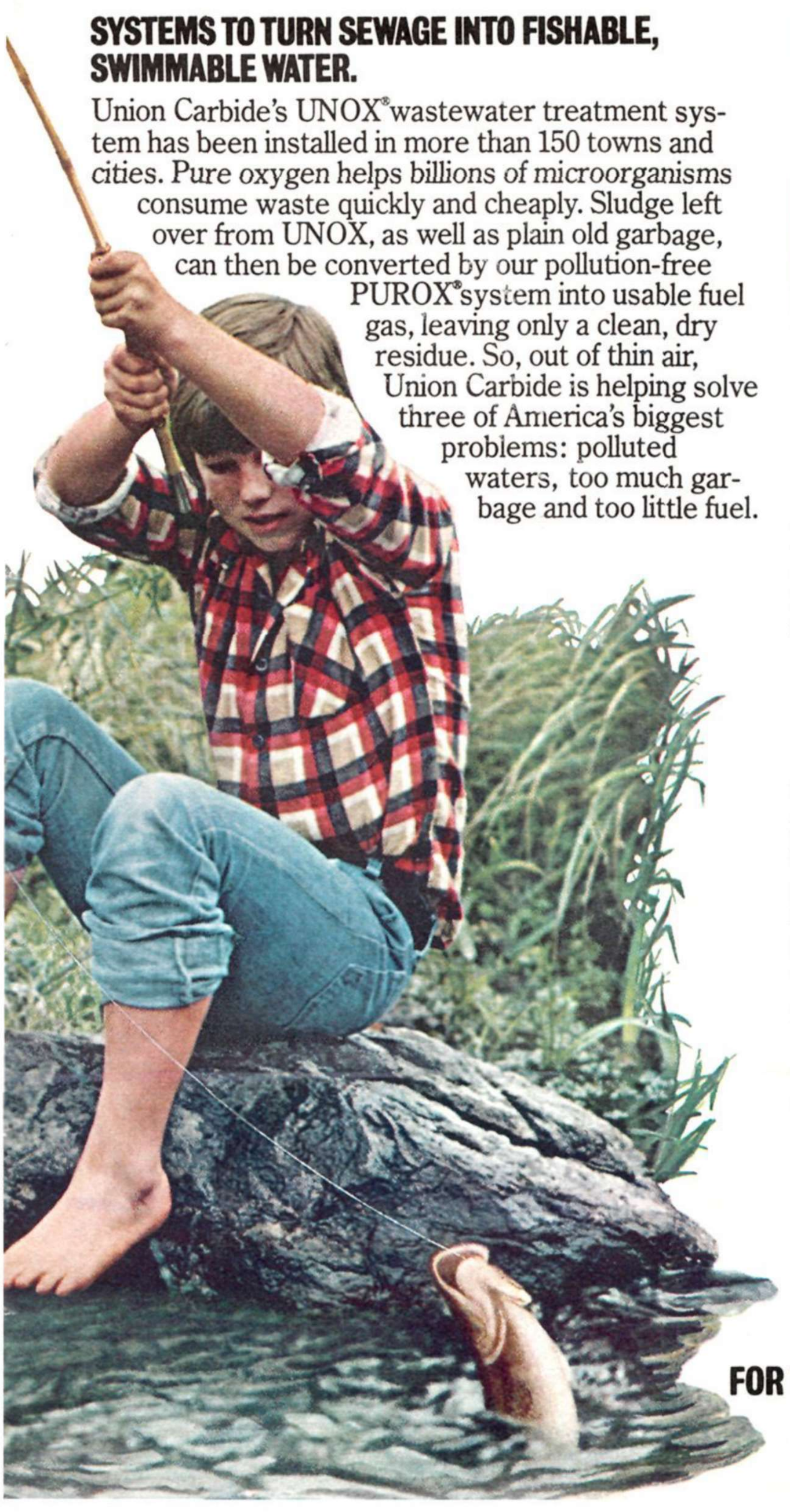

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talks about them. Sandy says, maybe we should go down to Tijuana Sunday and see a bullfight instead. He says nobody cares about the football game. He says, this is the great American corporate game. Sandy says there's a veritable who's-who of the business world here. He says, this is the way business gets done in America. It's fascinating. Everybody has private planes and limousines. Sandy says an NFL man told him that the people here for the game will spend $50 million in Ellay. Sandy says the NFL man told him: 'Sandy, this is not your Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm-type crowd. This is your sophisticated, drinking, betting, upwardly mobile-type all-American sports crowd.' Why, everybody, just everybody, stopped off at Vegas. Sandy says, that's why Ellay is the ideal place to have the Super Bowl, because it is convenient to Vegas."

"Dianne . . . did you?"

"Did we! Nipsey Russell was in the lounge and Wayne Newton himself was the main attraction, like."

"Oh, Goddd, Dianne. I'm so happy for you, hon."

"That's why we had to leave Akron a day early. You see, Sandy's company made him go to Vegas first. They said he could make contacts there. Sandy says it is harder these days for a guy in the business to get the job done. Sandy says something called NFL Properties used to throw a special party for all the businessmen at the Super Bowl, but they found out they didn't have to anymore, because all the businessmen come anyway. So the businessmen have to find each other on their own. That's why Sandy has to spend so much time at bars, because as much as he hates the thought of it, a lot of the business types hang around there."

"Oh, I see."

"But it's not all work for Sandy, Karen. He knows some TV types, too. Both NBC and CBS are putting on these terrific variety-type shows. With a football *motif*, like, Karen. Like we saw a rehearsal and the announcer says, 'Page sacks Stabler on the 19,' and Charo says, 'Who ees thees 19 in the sack?' "

"Oh, that's so comical, Dianne. Charo has such a funny accent."

"The casts are just star-studded, Karen. Besides Charo, there's Andy Williams, Don Rickles, Elliott Gould. . . ."

"And they'll be on TV?"

"Tonight. Live on tape from the Super Bowl. Oh, I just adore football so much, Karen. And you know, it's funny, but I never cared that much for it before, back in Akron. But I just adore the Super Bowl."

"I'm so jealous, Dianne."

"Well, I better hang up now. I have to get dressed. Sandy's going to try and take me to the theater."

"What are you going to see?"

"I really don't know. He just said he'd try to get away from the tennis long enough for us to get in a matinee."

"Oh, I hope you have good seats, Dianne!"

"Karen, believe me, Sandy's right. Every American should try and go to the Super Bowl, because it is so representative of Americana, like. I'll see you at work Monday, hon. Be good, now."

"Well, if I can't be good, I'll be careful."

"O.K., bye, Karen."

"Have a happy, Dianne."

"Hello, operator, would you be so kind as to get me a number in New York?"

"You can dial that direct, sir."

"Yes, I should like to very much, but I don't know the bloody number."

"Sir, dial one, plus 212, then 555-1212 and ask for the number."

"I see, yes. Thank you so much. . . ."

"Directory assistance."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I was trying to reach information."

"Look, this is directory assistance, Mister. Do you want a number in Noo Yawk?"

"Indeed I do. I'm trying to secure the number of the Algonquin Hotel."

"Is it a new listing?"

"No, luv, I was there just the other day, and it was standing as straight as ever."

"What?"

"Madame Assistance, do you have the number?"

"All right, make a note of this: 687-4400."

"Thank you so much. . . ."

"Hello, this is Dale, may I help you?"

"I do hope so. I should like to reverse charges."

"Yeah, what's the name?"

"Just Room 407, please."

"Algonquin Hotel."

"Long distance for 407."

"Are you paid, operator?"

"No, it's collect to the room."

"Hello."

"Is this 407?"

"Yes it is."

"Ihaveacollectcallfromlosangeleswillyouacceptcharges?"

"I'm so sorry, what?"

"Darling, it's me, Michael."

"Sir, this is a station call!"

"Michael!"

"Lady, will you accept charges?"

"Yes, of course I will."

"All right, go ahead."

"Michael!"

"Sylvia, darling!"

"Where are you?"

"I'm in a bloody phone booth somewhere along Sunset Boulevard. I really don't know. I just had to get off this damned bus."

"Bus? What bus?"

"This awful chartered monstrosity that took me to the Super Bowl."

"Darling, the what?"

"The Super Bowl. Oh, Sylvia, you can't imagine. It's the American football championship, although as nearly as I could fathom, the journey to the bloody game, on this dreadful bus, was much more an attraction than the game itself."

"*Darling, please back up. What in the world were you* doing on this bus at this bowling alley?"

"No, no, football, Sylvia. And it's all so depressing. You remember Nick, that ghastly producer who belongs to the nude backgammon encounter group?"

"Oh, God, yes."

"Well, he called me up at a fever pitch last evening to say that an extra ticket to the Super Bowl football had come into his possession, and would I care to go. And of course I protested that it would be a terrible thing to waste the ticket on someone such as myself, who knows nothing about American football, but Nick insisted that this was the single most important cultural event in the United States, *and for me to turn down such an opportunity would be*—and I fear this is a direct quote, darling—the equivalent of turning down an invitation to have dinner with the Queen at Buckingham Palace."

"Oh, my God, Michael. I'm so sorry for you out there, poor thing."

"Well, if we're going to get the financing and a chance for McQueen, Nick is the fellow. Any port in a storm. So I accepted with gratitude. And then he informed me about the bus. This game, for reasons that still elude me, is between a team from Minnesota, which is somewhere amongst the Midwestern states, and Oakland, which is a rather shabby working-class suburb of San Francisco, but it is being played here in Los Angeles. Or rather, it is being played in some godforsaken place known as Pasadena, which is primarily famous for its smog. And it is, apparently, inaccessible by automobile, which is why everyone journeyed by bus. Well, I should not say everybody. The Midwest rooters all seem to have traveled in these awful conveyances known as vans—every last one of them boasting a CB radio—while the fans from San Francisco appeared to have arrived en masse on motorcycles. Most of these fellows even affected the early Brando."

"*Poor Michael. Was it all so bad?*"

"Worse, I'm afraid. These people who inhabit the Sunbelt take a rather perverse pride in the vulgar, you know. They absolutely lack taste in all things but the climate. They can discourse upon a partially sunny day as literate men and women once spoke of poetry or philosophy. And saddest of all, they try mightily to bring the rest of the nation down to their level. I was told that this utterly tasteless exhibition was a classic representation of America. One especially annoying buffoon on the bus, who was wearing an off-lime leisure suit and drinking another margarita. . . ."

"I'm sorry, dear, a what?"

"A margarita. It is this dreadful liquid concoction that was, alas, not stopped at the Mexican border by immigration authorities. As you know, Sylvia, Americans employ salt to excess on all foods. We should have known that before long they would find a drink they could also destroy in this way. Such is the margarita, which has become a sort of liquid French fry throughout the Sunbelt. In any event, this was the staple of our bus ride."

"Did you get to the match?"

"Oh, my God, I'm afraid we did. We had to leave at the crack of dawn to reach our assigned parking place, and to accommodate the television network, which schedules the game for the convenience of saloonkeepers in New Jersey, rather than for the poor devils, such as myself, who make the supreme effort to appear at the bloody thing in person.

"Then, when we emerged from our mobile vault, we were greeted by a scene, darling, the likes of which you would not attribute to Dante at his most vivid. A full landscape of CB vans and motorcycles, with matching people, all at their most outrageously harlequinesque, all consuming equal amounts of beer and bus exhaust and dodging Frisbees, which clattered about like hail. The lights of the stadium were already on, ready to penetrate the smog, I imagine, even though it was not yet midday. Everywhere, a profusion of vendors—of the quantity and persistence of beggars in Bombay—tried to foist upon us souvenir merchandise of such quality that it would all surely be rejected in Taiwan as beneath human standards. Here and there, as we drew closer to this antique arena, scalpers were trying desperately to sell tickets at face value."

"But Michael, I understood you to say this was the great championship that every American longed to see."

"Oh, indeed, there is a great deal of glib sociological talk about how it is the average fan who attends this spectacle, but the fact of the matter is that those present are either expense-account freeloaders, such as myself, or zealots who have traveled thousands of miles, and thus must be well-off—and further, they must also be rather asinine to do so.

"So basically, luv, what you have at a Super Bowl is not an average American at all. You don't even have an average American sports fan. Instead, you have a collection of the affluent foolish—The Affluish Americans."

"The worst of the lot."

"By and large."

"Well, I do hope that at least the game was exciting."

"No, not at all. It was perfectly dreadful. The team from San Francisco absolutely eviscerated the Midwest club."

"*Oh, I'm so sorry.*"

"No matter. It didn't bother a soul, because they assured me that they were all quite resigned to this circumstance—that it was almost always a terrible game, and certainly always when the Minnesota club played."

"And this didn't upset the fans?"

"Oh, no. The league and the press have convinced the

continued

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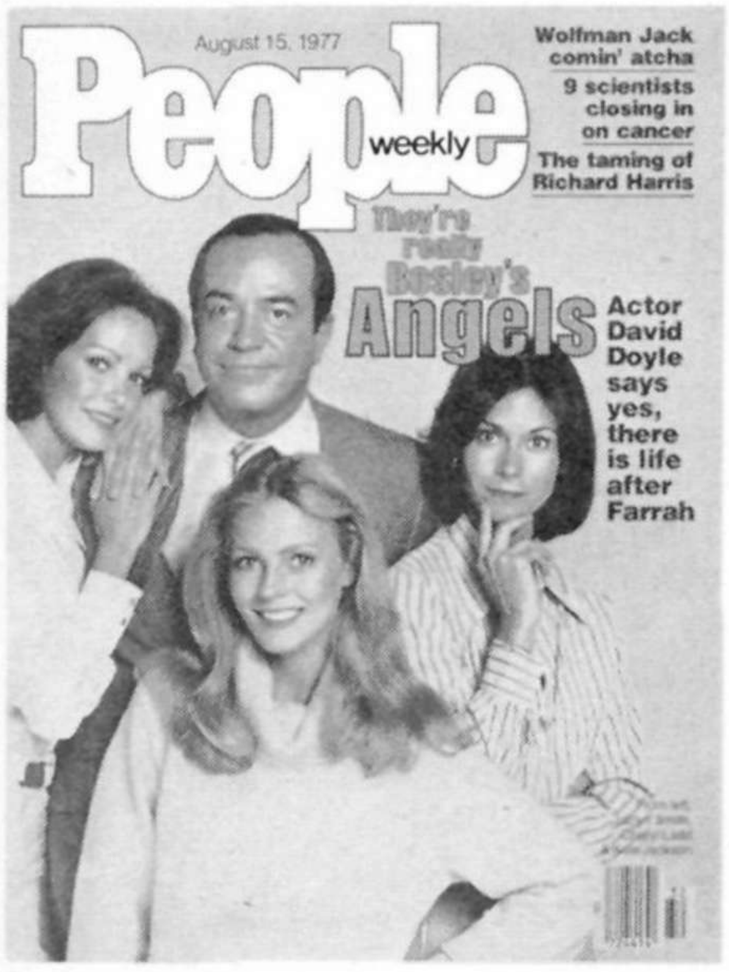

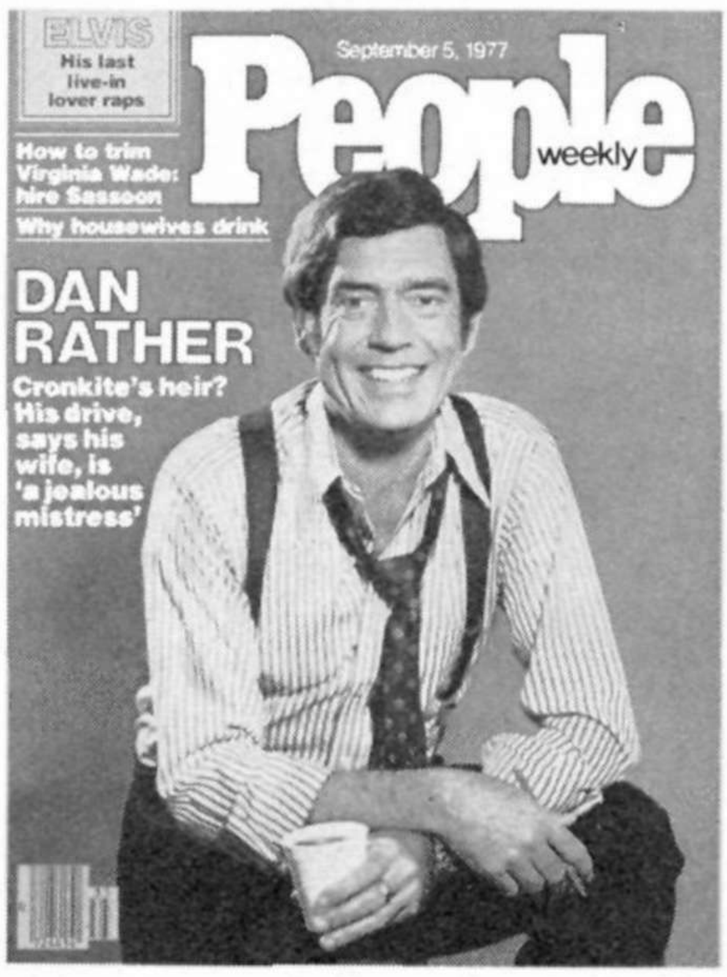

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fans that the only important thing about the Super Bowl is that it be played in nice weather. I came to understand that the Super Bowl really was very representative of America—at least of the worst of modern America. It is all flash and no substance. A duel of transients passing by, played before transients. Of course the games are always going to be awful. Even the players must sense that they are the end result of a programmed, franchised society. The Super Bowl is the ultimate remove in this nation, luv."

"I do hope you kept these sentiments to yourself, dear."

"Oh, I was the perfect guest. Besides, we were kept busy in the stadium. Soon enough the public-address announcer advised us: 'You are sitting in the world's largest card-stunt section,' and for all of us to get ready our cards."

"Michael, what in the world?"

"Well, darling, we were programmed rather like those poor Chinese in Peking on Mao Tse-tung Day, holding up these cardboard sections to form rather infantile color patterns. I did ask why we were expected to perform these maneuvers, and Nick explained to me that it was for the convenience of the TV audience. It seemed to me that this was all rather backward, inasmuch as we had paid $20 a seat—a hard seat—while the people watching on the telly were enjoying the proceedings more comfortably and *gratis*, but since I was a guest myself, I agreed to quietly go along with this dreadful mass exercise."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you, darling."

"Well, thereafter, like any drone, I merely followed the path of least resistance and tried valiantly to develop a taste for margaritas. And, at last, we were back on the bloody bus, and when I happened to glance out the window an hour or two later and saw a street sign indicating that we had returned to civilization—or at least to that second cousin of civilization that calls itself 'Ellay'—I made very hasty apologies, claiming that I was going to meet a dear old friend at the next corner, and exited precipitously from the bus as soon as it came to a stoplight. Darling, if I ever get a taxi back to the hotel, I'll be on the nine o'clock flight tomorrow morning. Till then, Sylvia."

"Good night, Michael. Oh, you poor dear." **END**

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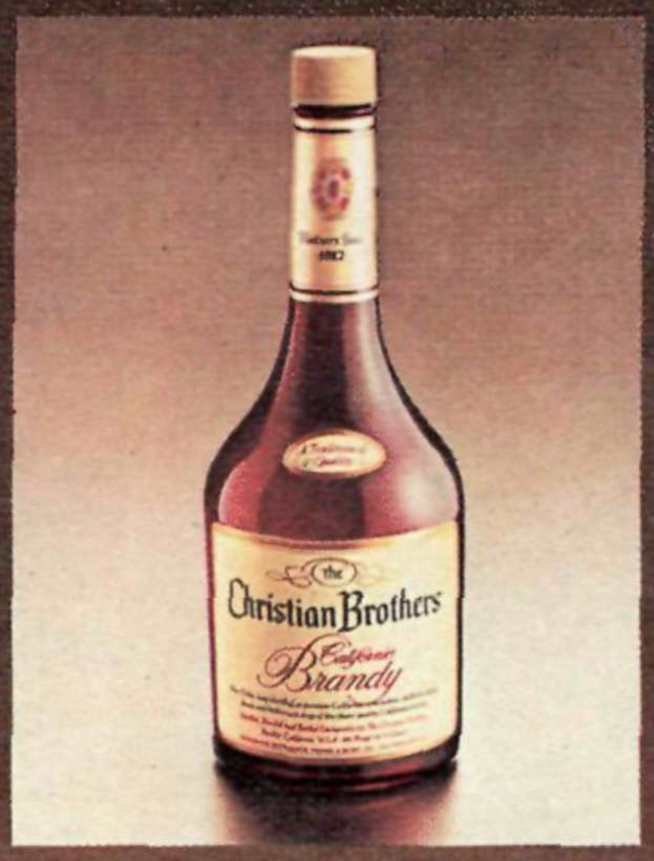

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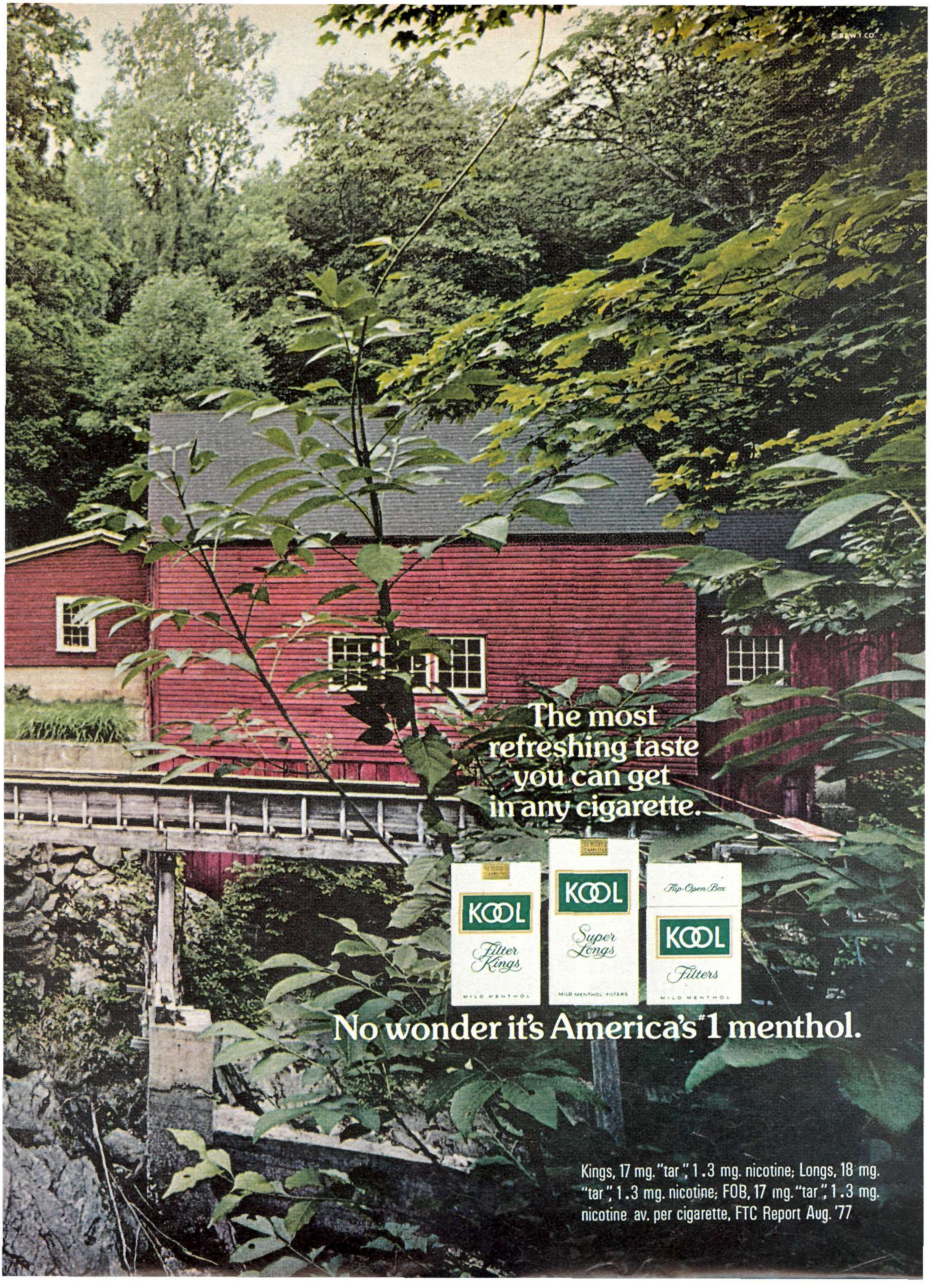
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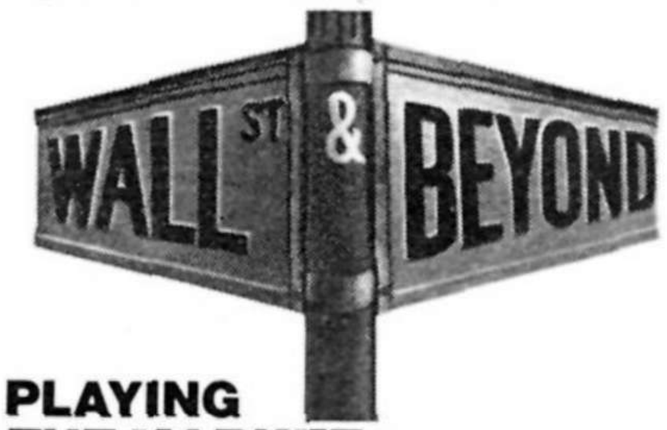

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 2-8

PRO BASKETBALL—It's that time of year when, as the saying goes, if the bus breaks down you shoot the driver. The Celtics didn't really break down; they've never gotten started. Giving up an average of 110.9 points a game, they have only once held an opponent to fewer than 100 points. "No defense" was the diagnosis, so Satch Sanders, a longtime Boston defensive stalwart, replaced Coach Tom Heinsohn. But when another former Celtic, Paul Westphal, scored 43 points, and Walter Davis added 40 more, Phoenix handed the new coach his first defeat, 121–111. The next coach to go—the fifth this season—was Phil Johnson of Kansas City, who was NBA Coach of the Year in 1975 when he led the 44–38 Kings into the playoffs. But Kansas City is 13–24 this year, and a 100–93 loss to the Knicks—the Kings' seventh straight defeat—was the last straw, so Assistant General Manager Larry Staverman took over. Chicago remained in second place in the Midwest behind Denver, but barely. Losing four straight, the Bulls were just .001 ahead of Milwaukee. Fourth-place Detroit had won eight of its last nine games, including five straight on the road, before it headed west, where it lost 107–106 to Golden State and 109–105 to Pacific-leader Portland. Seattle, which sent Slick Watts to New Orleans in midweek in exchange for cash and a first-round draft choice, took over third place; Golden State and Los Angeles are tied for fourth. In the Central, San Antonio defeated Cleveland 109–107 on two free throws by George Gervin with four seconds left in overtime to assume a 1½-game lead over the Cavs, who fell to third, 3½ games behind Washington. The Knicks continued to get peerless shooting from Bob McAdoo, who averaged 28.3 for the week, but remained 3½ games behind Atlantic-leader Philadelphia. The cellar-dwelling Nets had one ray of sunshine: Bernard King, riled by the publicity given Walter Davis, a rival for Rookie of the Year, scored a career-high 44 points and helped hold Davis to 14 as the Nets beat Phoenix 115–83.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH, last year's top money-winner on the PBA tour, won the first 1978 event, the $100,000 Lite Classic in Los Angeles, 212–192 over top-seeded Lee Taylor.

BOXING—MATE PARLOV of Yugoslavia became the first prizefighter from a Communist country to win a world title, knocking out WBC light-heavyweight champion Miguel Angel Cuello of Argentina in Milan.

In Japan, MIGUEL CANTO of Mexico outpointed Shoji Oguma in Koriyama to retain the WBC flyweight championship and GUTY ESPADOS of Mexico successfully defended his WBA flyweight title with a seventh-round knockout of Kimio Furesawa in Tokyo.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING—In the national championships in Anchorage, KEVIN SWIGERT won the senior men's 50-km. race, BOB TREADWELL the 30 and STAN DUNKLEE the 15. ALISON SPENCER took the senior women's 20 km. and 7.5 and LYNN VONDERHEIDE the 10 (*page 22*).

GOLF—TOM WATSON won the $200,000 Tucson Open, scoring a 12-under-par 276, one stroke better than Bobby Wadkins (*page 20*).

HOCKEY—NHL: The New York Islanders closed to within three points of Patrick Division leader Philadelphia by beating Vancouver 4–1 and Cleveland 5–3 while the Flyers were losing to Atlanta 5–3 and tying Los Angeles 4–4. "We're not working hard enough," said Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke. Some Philadelphia players also were griping that Coach Fred Shero has become too lax, that he was encouraging the Flyers to play a more *wide-open style rather than the close-checking system* that has been their staple for six seasons. Rookie Goaltender Jim Bedard shut out Los Angeles 4–0 for Washington, which has a 6–3–4 record since snapping a 20-game winless streak last month. Paul Gardner tied Montreal's Guy Lafleur and the Islanders' Bryan Trottier for the goal-scoring lead as he scored No. 28 to lift Colorado over the New York Rangers 3–1. Boston, which has lost only two of its last 27 games, took a three-point lead over Buffalo in the Adams Division as Ron Grahame shut out Detroit 7–0, Gerry Cheevers shut out Chicago 3–0 and Grahame stopped Minnesota 3–1. Vancouver played four games in five nights and lost them all by the collective score of 24–9. In the final game of their trip, the Canucks were outshot 57 to 30 in a 6–4 loss at Toronto. Montreal extended its latest win streak to eight as Ken Dryden had his fourth shutout of the year in a 2–0 defeat of St. Louis and Bunny Larocque stopped Atlanta 4–1. The Canadiens then boosted the NHL's sagging image by routing Spartak 5–2. Spartak, the seventh-place team in the Soviet Union's major league, had defeated Colorado 8–3 and St. Louis 2–1 before meeting the Canadiens, who outshot the Soviets 16–1 in the first period.

WHA: After their recent winless streak reached 11, the *last-place Indianapolis Racers had an unexpected guest* in their dressing room, owner Nelson Skalbania, who thought the time was right for his first-ever chat with the boys. What Skalbania said to the Racers was not revealed, but they promptly went out and defeated Birmingham 4–1 and first-place New England 4–3. Skalbania, who bought the Racers last summer, said he stands to lose some $500,000 if the team's home attendance—the Racers currently average about 7,500 spectators a game—does not improve dramatically. "The announcement that Indianapolis led the WHA in attendance the last two years was bull," Skalbania said. "The figures were inflated. One out of three seats was free. This year I stopped all the freebies."

SWIMMING—Sixteen-year-old MICHELLE FORD of Australia broke the women's world record in the 800-meter freestyle at the KB International in Brisbane. Her time of 8:34.86 was .18 of a second better than the previous record held by Petra Thumer of East Germany.

TRACY CAULKINS, 14, of Nashville broke two of her own American women's records in the first women's international meet at Brown University, winning the 200-yard breaststroke in 2:16.47 (.5 of a second better than her old mark) and the 200-yard individual medley in 2:27 (2.5 faster). She set a third American record in the 400 IM, her time of 4:16.76 being 3.88 seconds better than the previous mark. LINDA JEZEK, 17, of Los Altos, Calif., broke the American record in the 100 backstroke with a 56.26 clocking, .14 under the old standard.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Bjorn Borg 6–4, 1–6, 6–4 to win the Grand Prix Masters (*page 16*).

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won a $100,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Washington 7–5, 6–4 over Betty Stove.

TRACK & FIELD—Three world indoor records were set at the first Muhammad Ali Indoor Games in Long Beach, Calif. HOUSTON McTEAR capitalized on a blazing start to win the 60-meter dash in 6.54, breaking Gerhard Wucherer's record of 6.57, set in Stuttgart, West Germany in 1972. Steve Riddick, who finished second in 6.62, also broke the American mark of 6.66. HERMAN FRAZIER ran a 500-meter world-record 1:01.3 on the new, high-banked, 200-meter track to lower the mark of 1:02.4 shared by Stan Vinson and Aubrey Wilson. MIKE TULLY cleared 18′ 4″ on his third attempt to top Dan Ripley's world pole-vault record of 18′ 3¾″. WILSON WAIGWA won the 1,500 in 3:38.6, with Paul Cummings second in *3:39.4* and *Dick Buerkle* third in 3:40.0. Waigwa's and Cummings' times are the second and third fastest in indoor history.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: By Wake Forest, CHUCK MILLS, 49, whose 1977 football team was 1–10. In five years as the Deacons' coach, Mills' record was 11–43–1.

MARRIED: In the wedding dress she bought at a St. Louis J. C. Penney's in 1976 and left in an Indianapolis bus station, Soviet gymnast OLGA KORBUT, 22, to Leonid Bortkevich, 27, top Soviet pop singer; in Minsk.

NAMED: By the Boston Celtics, Assistant Coach TOM (SATCH) SANDERS, 39, as head coach, replacing Tom Heinsohn. Sanders was a forward for the Celtics for 12 seasons (1960-73) and coached at Harvard (1973-77). Heinsohn had a 427–263 record in nine seasons, the best among active NBA coaches, but the team was 11–23 when Sanders took over.

NAMED: By Dartmouth, JOE YUKICA, 46, as football coach, succeeding Jake Crouthamel; Yukica had a 68–37 record in 10 seasons at Boston College. By Virginia Tech, BILL DOOLEY, 43, as football coach and athletic director. Dooley took North Carolina to six bowl games and had an 11-year 69–52–2 record.

DIED: GEORGE HENRY BURNS, 84, American League first baseman from 1914 to 1929 and AL MVP in 1926; in Kirkland, Wash. Burns, who helped win the 1920 World Series for Cleveland when he doubled in Tris Speaker for the only run in the sixth game, had a lifetime batting average of .307. Playing for the Red Sox in 1923, he was the first man to get a hit in Yankee Stadium and that same year became the third major league player to make an unassisted triple play.

CREDITS

4—Walter Iooss Jr., **11**—drawing by SQW; **24**—Peter Read Miller; **25**—Walter Iooss Jr. (top), Neil Leifer; **26**—Walter Iooss Jr.; **50**—James Drake; **56-66**—illustrations by Roy Anderson; **75**—Charles Mann (1).

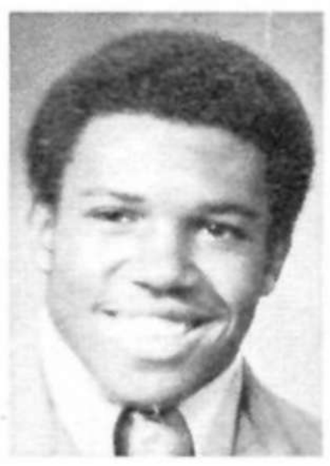
FACES IN THE CROWD

CLIVE DAVIES
PORTLAND, ORE.

By running the Portland Marathon in 2:49:17, Davies, a commercial artist, broke the world age-62 record by 11:43. He now holds four age-group records, which include a 2:47:46 marathon, the fastest he ever ran, for the 55–60 category.

MERILYN CHAPMAN
DIABLO, CALIF.

Merilyn, 15, a sophomore at Monte Vista High in Danville, won the individual all-round gymnastics title at the British Invitational. She was the first American since *1970* to win an all-round while competing directly with U.S.S.R. gymnasts.



JON PRUITT
BERWICK, PA.

Jon, 18, concluded his football career at Berwick High with a state prep single-season record of 2,350 yards (on 341 carries). The 5′ 7″, 160-pound tailback scored 244 points last season, which was four short of the state record.

SUE HOAGLAND
NORWICH, CONN.

A sophomore, Sue, 15, won the state Class L girls' cross-country title and finished third in the Open class to lead St. Bernard High to its fourth straight class and third straight Open championship. Last year Sue took both titles.

BARRY STRINGFELLOW
WILMINGTON, DEL.

A senior at Brandywine High, Barry, 17, ended his high school soccer career by shutting out Concord 3–0 for the state championship. In three years he had 31 shutouts in 44 games—13 last season—and allowed only 18 goals for a .41 average.

BETTY FIANDACA
MOORHEAD, MINN.

In leading the University of Idaho field-hockey team to an 18–2–2 record, the best in the school's history, Fiandaca, 20, a junior center forward, scored 36 of the Vandals' 68 goals, more than double the 17 scored by their opponents.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUPER REFEREE

Sir:

Your suggestion (SCORECARD, Jan. 2) calling for the use of a "super referee" to monitor NFL games via TV's instant replays and reverse any obvious officiating errors proved timely during the AFC championship game. Oakland may have lost the game because of a Ron Lytle "nonfumble" (*Wholly Moses for Denver*, Jan. 9). A super referee would have made it a different ball game.

GREG ELLIS
Clearwater, Fla.

Sir:

If a plan such as you suggest were adopted, I think it would be necessary to have still another official to watch over the super referee in order to correct any mistakes *he* might make.

DAVEN CLAERBOUT
Oostburg, Wis.

Sir:

SI's proposal to have a super referee monitor football games by way of television is interesting but fraught with difficulties. There are many violations of rules in football, basketball and hockey that are not seen by officials but that are noted (duly and loudly) by spectators. If an official is on the off-side and does not see a fumble but merely sees a quarterback tackled and going down, how can you fault him? And if no other official on the field sees the play and consequently offers no amendment, don't you go by the standard rule that the officials are doing their best, even if at times they err?

THE REV. EARLE A. NEWMAN, S.S.J.
Birmingham, Ala.

AFC VS. NFC (CONT.)

Sir:

Now wait just a minute! I have read Wellington Mara's letter (Dec. 12) on the subject of AFC superiority over the NFC in head-to-head competition and want to add some corrective analysis.

Wellington attempts to explain away the AFC's winning record by quoting figures on the post-1969 records of the three switchover teams—the Colts, Browns and Steelers. He credits these three teams with being the decisive factor in the AFC's reaching a superior level. Taken as a group, the won-lost figures he quotes (which include all games against all opponents) indicate that Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Cleveland have been successful overall. However, for two reasons, the figures are really not pertinent. The facts are that in the seven seasons since the merger was finalized that Wellington talks about, two of these teams—Baltimore (53–44–1) and Cleveland (49–47–2) have been just about average. Only Pittsburgh (64–33–1) has a strong winning record. A closer look at AFC-NFC head-to-head competition shows that the three teams' combined eight-year record against NFC teams is definitely average—34 wins and 33 losses (50.7% which, ironically, is exactly the percentage by which the AFC now leads the NFC after eight years—147 wins to 143 losses).

Pittsburgh, a team that arrived in the AFC tied for the worst won-lost record in pro football (1–13 in 1969), has a 14–8 record vs. the NFC in these eight years. Baltimore is 11–11 and Cleveland is 9–14.

It is well established that Pittsburgh now is a power in pro football, but by no stretch of the imagination can it be said that the three teams are the reason the AFC has moved ahead of the NFC. Pittsburgh has won two Super Bowls, but certainly not based on credentials the Steelers brought with them from the NFL. As Wellington says, Chuck Noll was a "Paul Brown disciple," but he also was an "AFL disciple," having been an assistant coach for at least five years in the AFL. Baltimore was rebuilt under Joe Thomas' guidance and he has both AFL and NFL backgrounds.

The AFC's current superiority will not last forever—these things run in cycles; however, it is healthy for pro football that opinions are voiced about who is best. In this case, I felt it important that a closer look be taken at the facts.

LAMAR HUNT
President
American Football Conference
Dallas

BASKETBALL VIOLENCE

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick did a fine job of chronicling the thoughts of many NBA players regarding violence (*Shattered and Shaken*, Jan. 2). Kirkpatrick is heading in the right direction when he suggests the implementation of the three-point shot. This would relieve the congestion in the free-throw lane. It would also add more excitement to the offense, allowing Dr. J and other gifted athletes in the NBA to put on an even greater show.

However, the second suggestion of a three-man officiating team should not be implemented. After watching that system in action in the Big Ten for the last five years, it is evident to me that three officials cannot adequately communicate with each other and coordinate their calls and positioning well enough. There is also an alarming tendency on the part of officials to rely too much on the other guy to make a call. This results in many out-of-position calls and, consequently, an inconsistently officiated game.

STEVE PRECHTEL
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Wes Unseld's statement, "The NBA has created a monster out of fighting. Now let them live with it," just about sums up the basic problem. However, two other statements need a bit of clarifying. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar maintains that "he labors under a 'double standard.'" Yet, if memory serves, Abdul-Jabbar's brief fisticuffs with Kent Benson was not his first experience. The names Hairston and Awtrey seem to ring a bell.

The second statement was credited to Kermit Washington, who is upset because this is his option year, and the exposure caused by his hitting Rudy Tomjanovich may reduce his value in the marketplace. What about Tomjanovich? What about *his* future worth in the marketplace? Washington's analogy is laughable at best. Tomjanovich was the individual who was mugged. Washington is getting his just desserts.

One final note. If all of the Bullets really feel the way Mitch Kupchak says they do ("If we put ourselves in Kermit's position, we would have reacted the same way"), then professional basketball is in a sorry state.

RON COSTA
Woodside, N.Y.

Sir:

Though this may be the tragic end of a great career for Rudy T, I don't think he or any Houston fan wants to see Kermit Washington crucified. All we want are better-enforced rules to keep this from happening.

BILL BARTO
Houston

Sir:

The problem of violence in the NBA is a growing one, yet it can be solved. The hand check has ruined the game and by tolerating this technique officials have allowed pro basketball to become distorted by defensive mauling. The 1970 New York Knicks played true defense. Many of today's teams play a kind of karate defense. Large fines and long suspensions are not the answer. The referee's whistle would do a lot more than people think. The hand check has to be eliminated, before someone gets killed. If Commissioner Larry O'Brien does not see fit to take this step to improve basketball, he alone can take the blame for the resultant violence, *not* Kermit Washington or Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS JR.
Ozark, Ala.

continued

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Alex Karras, from *Even Big Guys Cry* by Alex Karras with Herb Gluck (Holt, Rinehart and Winston)

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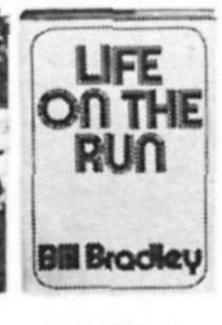

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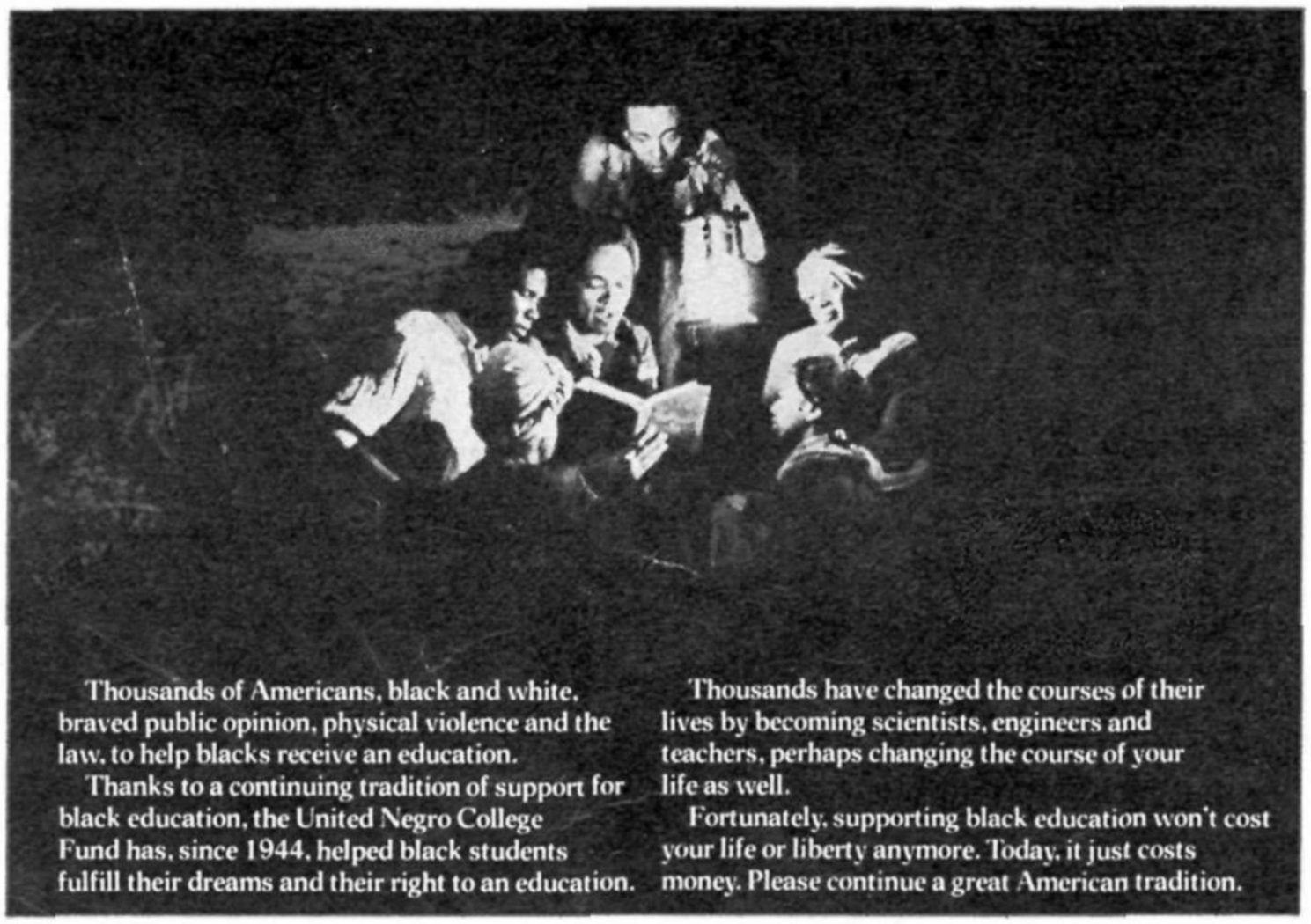

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Ad Council

19TH HOLE *continued*

ALASKA

Sir:

As a backcountry national park ranger in the Coast Range mountains of Alaska during the summer months and one who has traveled 600 miles down the Yukon River, I find the flora and fauna of that state and the colorful atmospheric displays unsurpassed. The trophy hunters from the Lower Forty-Eight who pay extravagant fees to stalk and kill the wildlife are bitterly scorned by the true Alaskan, who hunts for survival in the Far North. It is hard to believe that Robert F. Jones can be so concerned with the environment when writing his essay on the fragile nature of this giant state and at the same time view out-of-state or transplanted big-game trophy hunters with rose-colored glasses (*Land of Geese and Plenty*, Dec. 12). It's beyond me. Let's hear it for the lesser Canadas and snows that "yelped across the sky, usually well out of range."

CRAIG A. JULEEN
Midway, Utah

Sir:

Before the Americas were discovered by the Europeans, the part of North America that we recognize as the Lower Forty-Eight was as pristine, verdant, beautiful and as abundantly endowed with non-human life as Alaska is today or ever has been. Therefore, we can no more blame the native Aleuts, Eskimos and Indians of Alaska for the current damage being inflicted upon the fragile ecosystems of that state than we can blame the native Americans of the Lower Forty-Eight for our current problems of gross overpopulation, polluted water, polluted air, ravaged landscapes and depleted and endangered wildlife. Clearly, it is at the hands of non-native people that the Alaskan earth and its life forms have suffered and continue to suffer most severely.

DENNIS M. LUND
Malden, Mass.

Sir:

Robert F. Jones' article on fishing and hunting in the Tikchik Lakes region was refreshing. Not a fisherman myself, I nevertheless enjoyed his descriptions and his remarks on conservation.

Having traveled to Alaska the past two years, and to Katmai National Monument this past summer, I was particularly pleased with Jones' assessment of "the fragile giant." As huge and as abundant in wildlife and wilderness as Alaska is, it must make critical and subtle decisions if it is to maintain even a semblance of its present spirit.

MICHAEL DAVIES
Somerville, Mass.

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