Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 5, 1979 $1.25

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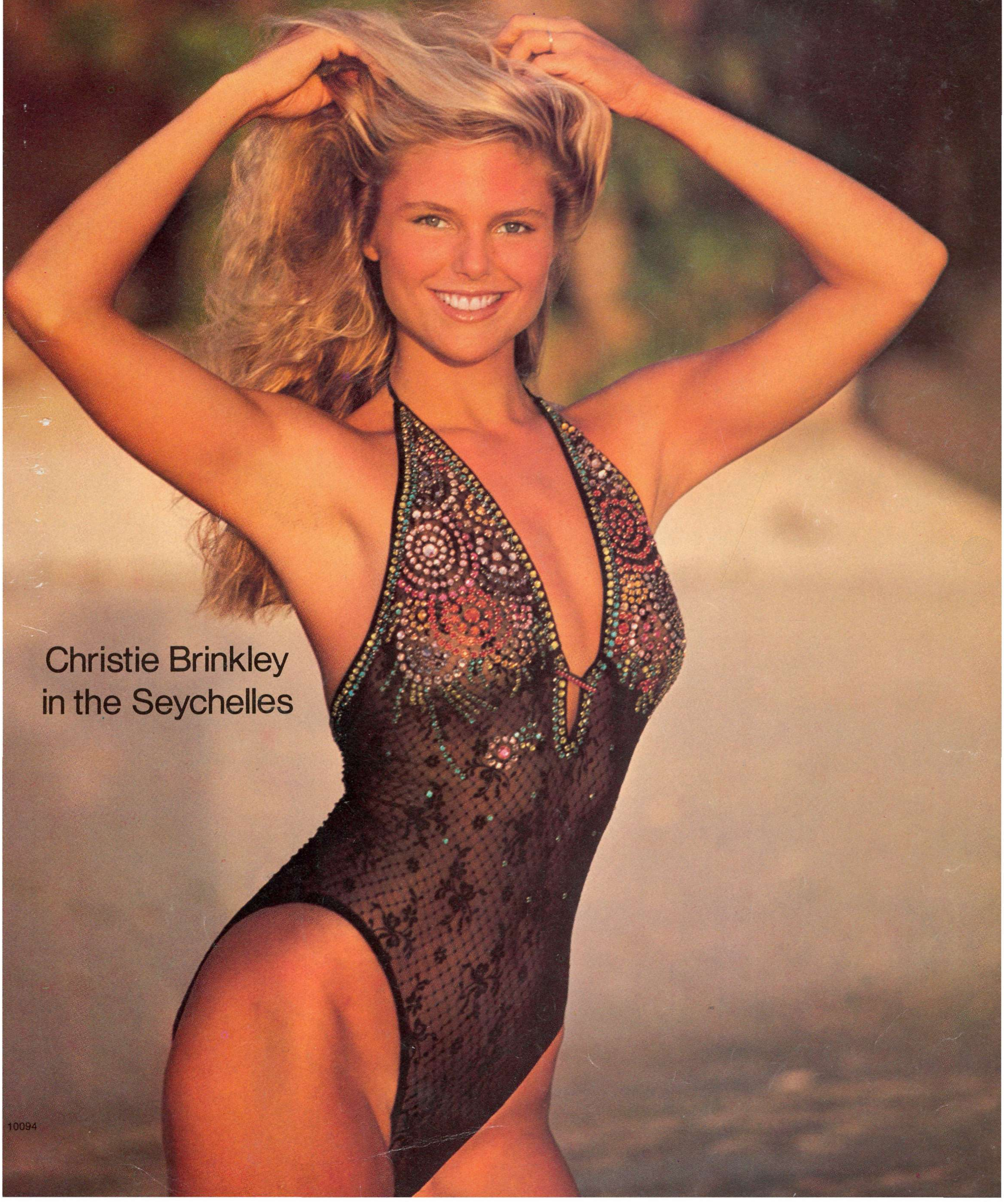

Christie Brinkley
in the Seychelles

10094

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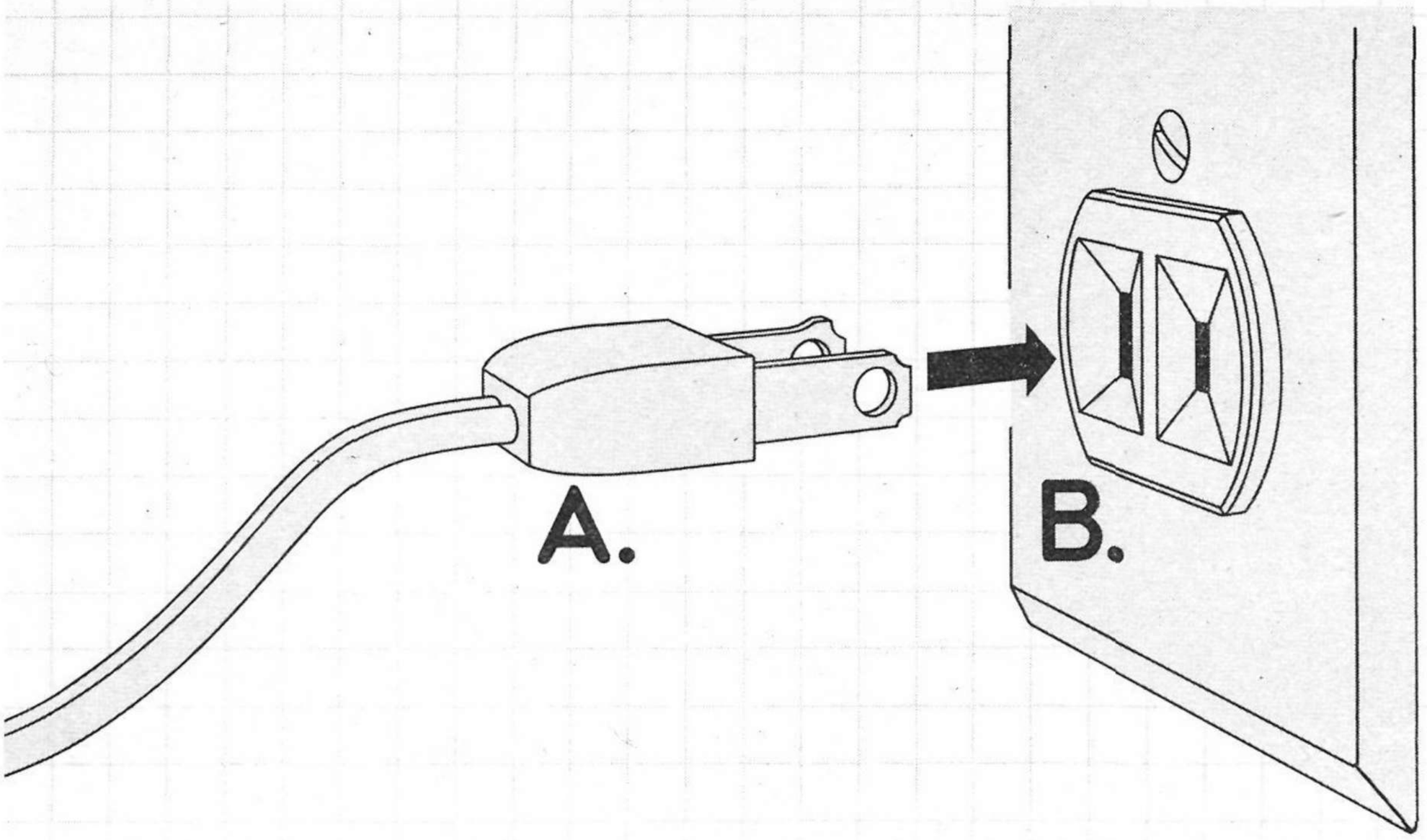

And you thought you had to have a degree in engineering to do it. Nope! And you don't need to jog around half the city to get all the pieces for this system either.

This is Sony's new AM/FM stereo with built-in cassette recorder/player. It's as easy to buy as it is to put together. That's because it's a compact. And not just a compact (because, after all, it *is* a Sony), but our most powerful ever.

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All in all, we give you quite a lot. A compact stereo you'd swear sounds as good as components (although the price sounds better), a choice of speakers that up till now you could get only with components, and, because it's a Sony, we give you a system that will make you as proud of the way it looks as it does of the way it sounds.

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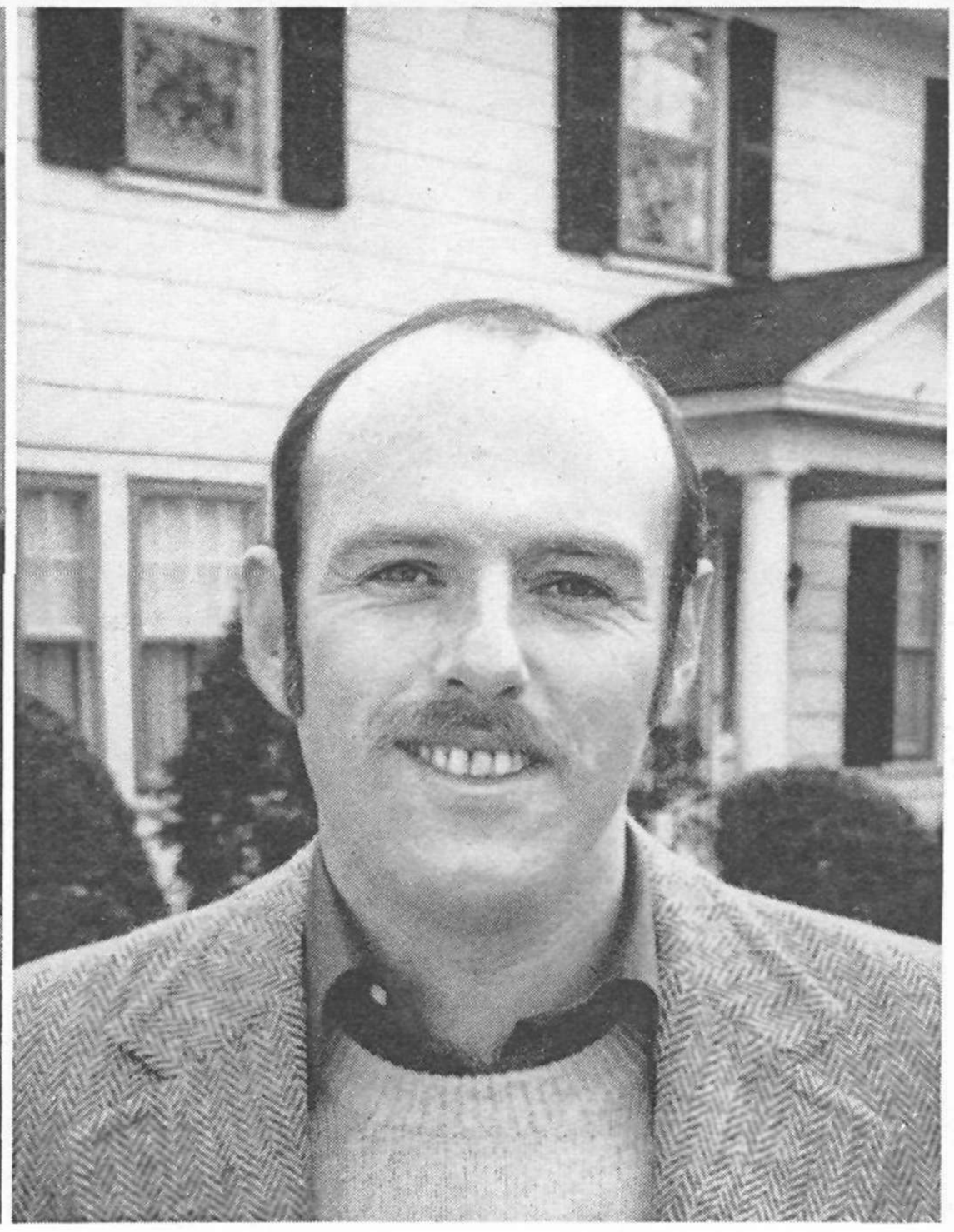

One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

He doesn't even know it. He thinks he's done his best to protect his home and his possessions. He hasn't.

Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

Rising replacement costs are one reason. In the last 10 years the cost of re-siding a home jumped 132%, re-shingling a roof 155%; and repainting a living room 142%.[1] In the last five years alone, the cost of building a new home has increased 63%.[2]

As a group of property and casualty insurance companies, we don't want you to be a sitting duck by not having your insurance provide full protection for your home. Check with your agent to be sure your homeowners policy reflects the amount of additional coverage inflation has made necessary.

Here's what we're doing to help protect you:

- Offering policies with a built-in inflation clause.
- Supporting strict building codes to reduce fire risk.
- Designing new coverages to meet the special insurance needs of older homes.
- Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property.
- Operating special claims assistance and damage repair programs in times of catastrophe.
- Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

- Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.
- Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.
- Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.
- Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.
- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

1 Source U S Dept of Labor 2 Cost does not include land Source U S Dept of Commerce

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Next Week

A REAL NICE CLAMBAKE is in store for the Monterey Peninsula when the 38th Bing Crosby National Pro-Am tees off. Dan Jenkins will be between the cypress and the deep blue sea, watching Tom Watson go for his third consecutive championship.

NO INDIAN GIVER, Danny (Little Red) Lopez, who is chiefly Ute, likes to keep what he has, which is the WBC featherweight championship. Bruce Newman pays a call on the champ, who has a habit of getting decked, only to rise and go on the warpath.

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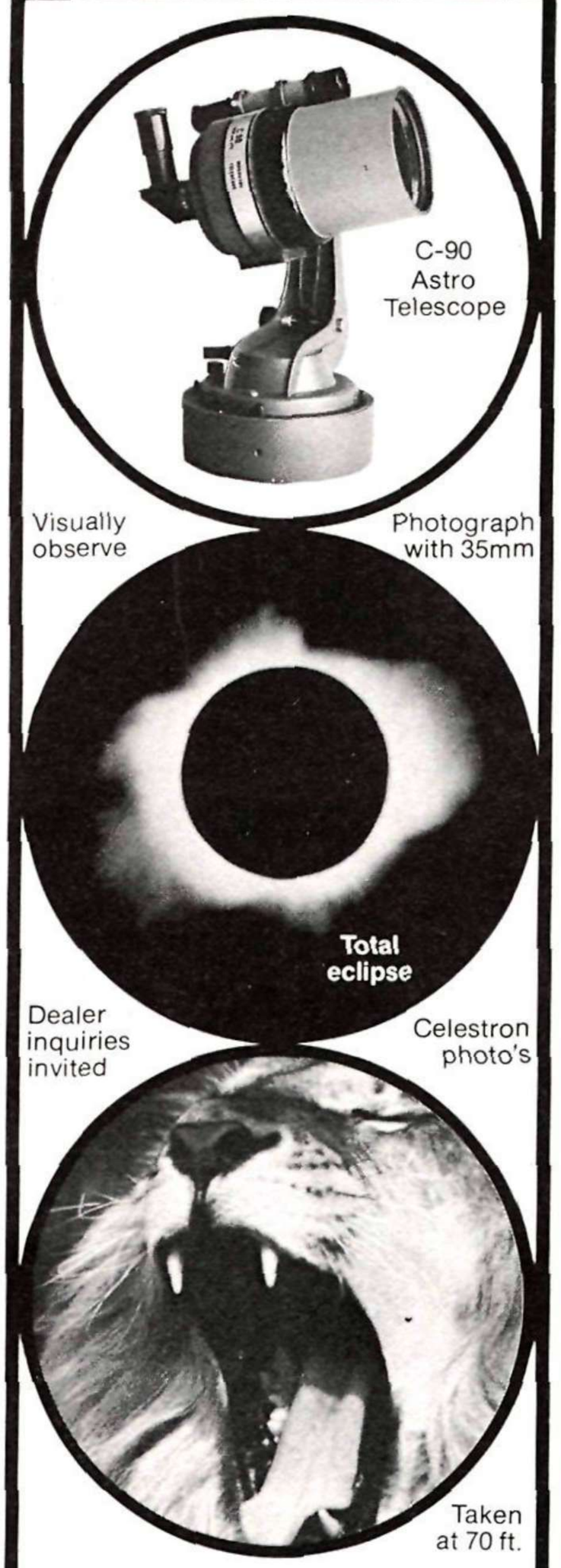

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Staff Writer Julia Lamb was asked to help coordinate and edit elements of our 15th annual swimsuit issue, it seemed a fitting assignment for one who has had a long association with the more aqueous aspects of sport. For 11 years Lamb was our boating reporter; indeed, in 1962 we hired her straight off the boat—a Yugoslavian freighter, to be exact.

"I had spent a year or so traveling in Europe after getting my degree in medieval history from Vassar," she says, "and when I landed in New York I answered an ad in the first newspaper I read."

The opening was for a copy girl, which she was for six months before being promoted to the clip desk of the sports library and, after that, to reporter. During her stint as boating reporter, Lamb, who hails from landlocked Michigan, N. Dak. (pop. 550), covered four America's Cup campaigns during which she gobbled down hundreds of Marezines to ward off seasickness.

Lamb recalls that her first sight of the ocean was something less than an esthetic experience. "I had come East to go to college," she says, "and it was on this trip that I first saw an ocean. At Coney Island. On the Fourth of July. What impressed me most was not the water or the rolling surf, it was all those half-naked sunburned bodies lying on the beach. It was an unforgettable sight." And a far cry from the bodies gracing the beaches of the Seychelles (*page 37 et seq.*), which are unforgettable in their own right.

LAMB: THE REGIONALS ARE HER REGION

Lamb's principal duty, which she assumed last November, is editing what we call the regionals, those stories found in the very front and very back of the magazine: Booktalks, Footlooses, Viewpoints, Shopwalks in the front, and the longer, first-person accounts of sporting experiences in the back—As I Did It, As I Saw It, etc.—as well as the historical Yesterday pieces. These are called regionals because they appear on pages carrying advertising that runs only in designated sections of the country—in the East, South, Midwest and West, or combinations thereof. A regional that runs in all sections simultaneously we call a national. Ain't journalism grand!

Apart from editing them, scheduling and keeping track of when and where each regional story has run can make one reach for an aspirin if not a Marezine. But Lamb has handled the job with competence and composure, though she does admit that "The scheduling process can become extremely complicated, especially when we are trying to close as many as seven different regional stories in a single week, with only three or four appearing in any one region."

Besides being a highly capable editor, Lamb is a fine writer—her last piece for SI, on the roller-skating boom, ran in our Oct. 30, 1978 issue—but we are most fortunate that for the present she is keeping a firm hand on the regional tiller.

Peter E. Sutton

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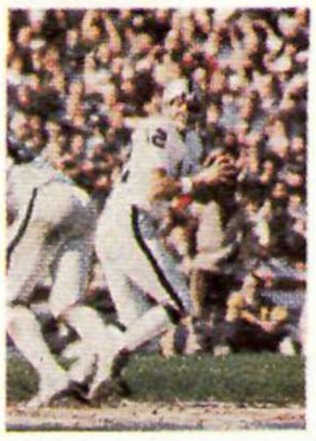

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4283 ROGER STAUBACH

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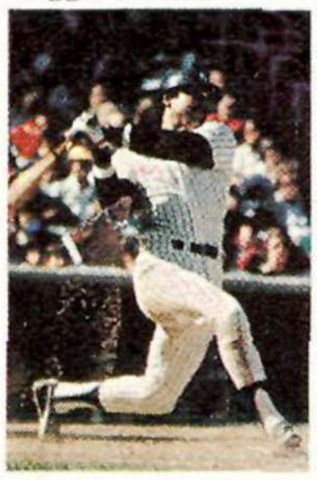
Reggie Jackson



4507 REGGIE JACKSON

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4401 JULIUS ERVING

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4100 JIMMY CONNORS

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4702 MARTY HOGAN

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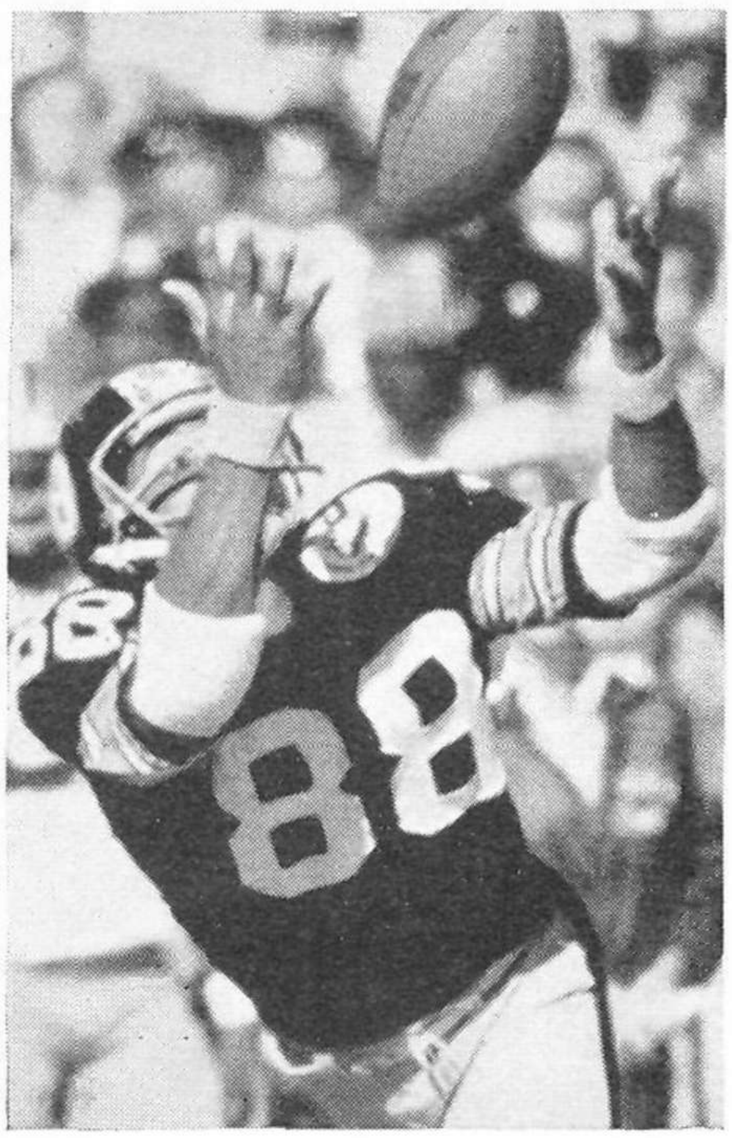

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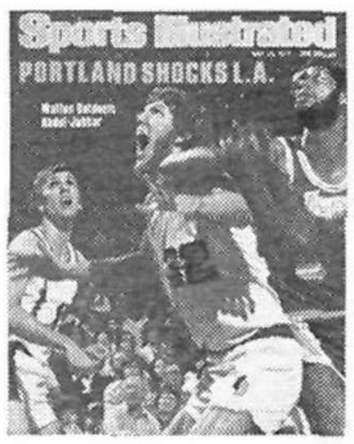

VIEWPOINT

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

THIS OLFACTORY ORACLE NEVER TURNS UP HIS NOSE AT A HIGH SCHOOL GYM

I went to visit my mother the other day in Boulder, Colo. When I walked into the house she said, with her usual frankness, "You smell like a gym." She did not say, "like a high school gym," but that's what she meant—and she was right. I did.

High school gyms have a singular aroma, *all* high school gyms, and I am an expert on the subject, having been in so many of them. Doing research for this story—the first definitive work on gymnasium bouquet—I was chagrined and saddened to find how many people have never given this matter any thought. Why is it that high school gyms are just about the only things that all smell alike? After all, houses have their special scents, as do restaurants and airplanes. Outdoor odors also change from place to place. Tennyson once rhapsodized about the "moist rich smell of rotting leaves." But which rotting leaves was he talking about? The ones in Nevada are not like those in Georgia. Even the aromas of large sports facilities vary. The smells of Madison Square Garden are different from those of Philadelphia's Spectrum which are different from those of Denver's Sports Arena. But, ah, the sweet sameness of high school gyms.

I was surprised when reading *The Sense of Smell* by Roy Bedichek to find that the author made no mention of high school gyms. To me this makes his book incomplete. Still, you have to admire a man who loved to load up his truck with cow manure and then drive around enjoying the aroma.

Bedichek, however, did note that blended odors are the best. That's why it's wrong, he added, to pick one flower in the woods and walk along sniffing it. Better you should sniff the whole scene. This is where Bedichek really had something. Why he didn't go right on at this point and discuss high school gyms, I just don't know, because for 26 years Roy Bedichek was executive director of the Texas Interscholastic League, which oversees the state's huge high school athletic program.

I could tell you I've been in 5,000 high school gyms, but I'd be understating the facts. Just believe me. I know about the blends that make up the smell. The mother church for my research was the gym at my high school in Boulder in which I attended something like 500 games. So I asked Boulder Basketball Coach Kent Smith why all high school gyms smell alike. "Gee," he stammered, "I don't know." Later, Smith tried again. "It's just a bunch of warm bodies sitting together." But assuming that the fragrance is caused purely by warm bodies is inadequate. It's certainly not a complete analysis of this special aroma. Let me give it a try.

First the players. How do they contribute to the mix? They use yards of adhesive tape, which has its strange, astringent flavor. Then there is Red Hot, a lubricant that is supposed to ease soreness. Athletes are always sore, and they glob on Red Hot with unbridled glee. To describe its odor is impossible. Players also spray on a lot of Skin Tuffner. Tape remover smells like alcohol. Nitrotan is a hot smeller and has replaced Merthiolate. Many shallow thinkers neglect to mention the odor of the rubberized numbers on the uniforms. Or the fragrance of the Ivory Flakes players often put between their shoes and their socks in the mystical belief that it will prevent blisters.

Another factor is the combined aroma of the towels that the players dry themselves with. This is important. For the first time in their lives these kids are able to use a towel, hurl it to the floor and not have their mothers holler at them to pick it up. The result is that clusters of towels dot high school gym floors like moguls on a ski trail. Dirty, smelly moguls. This problem has reached epidemic proportions, as evidenced by a sign that hangs in the locker room at Niwot (Colo.) High School: "Your mother is not enrolled in this course. You will have to pick up after yourself."

Officials contribute to the aroma, too, partly because they rub a lot of Ben Gay on themselves before a game to warm up aging muscles. This, when mixed with the faint smell of the Comet used to clean the wrestling mats which are stored in the gym, adds a unique ingredient to the air.

Popcorn helps make gyms smell alike. Popcorn is an even more dominant smell than cotton candy. Besides, at basketball games cotton candy is not sold as widely as popcorn, probably because it's the only food item that tastes worse than brussels sprouts. What is often overlooked is the smell of moth balls. That comes from the heavy jackets worn by the policemen hired to keep what passes for order at high schools these days. You see, basketball starts in late fall, and the cops have just taken their coats out of storage. I asked one policeman about this, and he said, "Go back and sit down," thereby confirming my opinion.

There is a lot of stale smoke which, blended with the lacquer on the floor and the Clorox in the restrooms, adds to the formula. Then there is the breath of the students who attend the games. In Colorado the breath smells like Coors; in the state of Washington it smells like Olympia; and in New York it smells like whatever the kids can get their hands on. Some students suck on Life Savers or, in certain trend-setting schools, cinnamon

suckers. Cinnamon suckers are very big this year, and they are ordinarily followed by chomping on Bubble Yum, otherwise known as bubble gum.

Perfume obviously contributes. Very big in the gyms these days are Lily of the Valley and Windsong. But the most popular of all, a sweating cheerleader told me, is Charlie. She explained helpfully that Charlie smells like gerbils. Another pulled me aside to explain that the scent of musk has traditionally been considered an aphrodisiac. I told her carnations remind me of funerals.

This is a complete list of the ingredients that make up the smell. I have forgotten nothing. So don't anybody write and suggest I did, because I am the expert.

My basic motivation in undertaking this monumental work is that a good sense of smell isn't widely praised. Good hearing is, good sight is, good smell isn't. As the college professor said, "We may say of an acquaintance that she is a lady of taste, but not that she is a lady of smell." Many people consider smell one of our lower senses, ignoring the fact that smell, perhaps more than any other, brings back memories. My expertise in this area—my talent for using my hippocampal gyrus with its hooklike end, the uncus—should be applauded. It's not. People really are unaware of it, with the possible exception of my mother—as noted above.

Recently the smell-alikeness of high school gyms has begun to face a number of threats. One comes from the trend toward a playing surface other than splendidly odoriferous wood. Tartan, for instance. I don't think this will seriously affect the traditional aroma, however. I also detect a recent tendency to let more sunlight, that enemy of odors, into gyms. We will survive that, too, because architects have nearly always designed high school gyms that are poorly ventilated and badly lighted, and they will never abandon this tradition of their trade. A school janitor further reassured me, "If the gym was ever cleaned good, it wouldn't smell like it does. But where are you going to find a janitor who will clean much of anything good, especially a gym?"

It's possible that one of the ingredients that make up the smell could be missing from a high school of your acquaintance. If, for example, the girls in Montana are not wearing Charlie, this shortcoming might be made up for by the boys who come to the gyms with stuff on their boots. Minor regional substitutions like this would not really flaw the end result.

I submit that things better not change when it comes to this universal fragrance of the American high school gym. It's important to the fabric of this country that in these tumultuous times at least one thing remains constant: when you have inhaled the fragrance of one high school gym, you have smelled them all. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by J. D. REED

NEW FOR THE OLD

In recent years, skating, finesse and playmaking have taken a back seat to slap shots and bruising body checks at all levels of hockey, with the result that the sport is far less fun to play than it once was. Whether it is less fun to watch is a matter for argument, but there is no argument that participation has declined.

Enter Coley Burke and the American Oldtimers Hockey Association. Modeled after the Canadian organization of the same name, the AOHA is for men 35 and older who would like to play hockey without risking their lives for it. "A 45-year-old guy doesn't want to go out and crack a guy over the head, and he doesn't *want to be pushed around by a 22-year-*old who's lean and green," says Burke, a 37-year-old New York lawyer who was an All-Ivy hockey player at Yale in 1963. "He wants to skate and shoot and pass and have a good time."

AOHA rules differ from the norm in two respects: slap shots and body contact are forbidden. Now in its second year, the league has more than 2,000 on its mailing list; elsewhere it is booming. Canada has more than 10 thousand members, and last year 56 teams showed up for a tournament in Copenhagen.

It is Burke's fervent hope that all this will somehow change the direction youth hockey has been taking in this country for several years and lead to the sort of participant explosion that tennis recently experienced. "It's ridiculous to see these kids go out and hit the way they do," he says. "Professional hockey, with its brutality, has ruined the game on a broad level. More and more kids are getting out of the game." Then he adds, "If you were on a tennis court and getting ready to hit a drop shot and your opponent jumped over the net and gave you a cross-body block, there'd be a lot less people playing tennis, too."

THE VALLEY OF DEBT

Steve Cauthen's problems continued last week when he suddenly changed his mind and decided not to leave Santa Anita. His agent, Lenny Goodman, returned to New York, leaving Steve with another agent, Chick McLellan. Two days later Cauthen switched to Harry (the Hat) Hacek in hopes of getting the mounts he needed to break his woeful slump.

When last Sunday's races at Santa Anita were run, the losing streak had reached 105. Nobody knows why the super-jockey of 1977 and half of 1978 has become the bust of '79, but the consensus of owners, trainers and fellow jockeys is that he is simply getting on too many slow horses.

One of the interesting aspects of Cauthen's case is that trainers are still using *him—he had eight mounts Sunday—thus* backing him as he tries to find his way back into the winner's circle.

As far as horseplayers go, Cauthen is riding them right into the valley of debt. There is an old system for bettors who wager on jockeys: when a good jockey is going bad, double your bet on every mount until he wins. However, no gambler can endure a 105-race losing streak by doubling up. Starting with a $2 bet on Cauthen's first losing mount and progressing through his slump, a player would have lost $40,564,819,207,303,-340,847,894,502,572,032 on the final bet.

NOISY JOINTS

The sounds of creaking knees may soon be music to the ears of injured athletes. In Akron a team of scientists led by biologist Dr. Richard A. Mostardi, formerly a defensive back with the Cleveland Browns and the Minnesota Vikings, has been feeding the tape-recorded sounds of the movements of damaged knees into a computer for the past four years.

"A healthy knee is fairly noise free," says Mostardi. "Everything fits together. But a damaged one sounds somewhat like sandpaper." The computer makes a spectral analysis of the sounds, producing a profile of the injury or irregularity.

Dr. Ivan Gradisar says, "Not only can we evaluate the condition of the joint surfaces with this technique, and do it more accurately than before, we also eliminate the painful procedure of arthroscopy, of surgically looking into the knee."

Up to now the sound-comparison system has been used mostly on lab animals and for diagnosing severe arthritis in a few human patients, but the team intends to begin clinical application within six months.

Says Gradisar, "It won't be too far in the future when sound profiles of knees are a regular part of every pro football team's physical exam."

This is not only welcome news to the blindside crowd, but the same technology can be applied to the great symphony of elbows and ankles sounding off out there by the millions.

SHOT OUT OF THE GATE

Waiting for the starter's bell at Redcar racecourse in England, Stetchworth, a 9 to 1 long shot who had never won a race in his short career, reared and bucked in the starting gate, threatening to throw his

rider. According to the *Daily Mail*, when the gate opened he streaked out, powered down the seven-furlong course and sped across the finish line half a length ahead of his nearest challenger. While long-shot bettors rejoiced, track officials examined him and learned that Stetchworth had been hit on the rump by a pellet from an air gun just before the start.

Three boys armed with air pistols were subsequently found in the long grass near the starting gate. In juvenile court, the prosecuting solicitor didn't regard the offense as overly grave. "A small mark was found on the horse's flesh," he said. "It

continued

did not appear to suffer too much." Two of the boys were fined, and the third—who admitted to an unrelated burglary—was put into official care.

Track officials let Stetchworth's win stand. Said a Jockey Club spokesman, "There was no *deliberate* fraud, since the shooting took place before the off. But if it had happened at a crucial point and the horse had shot forward and won the race, the matter could have come under the rules relating to violent and improper conduct and fraudulent practice. Disqualification could have resulted."

NEVER EAT AT MOM'S

To win baseball games you must have heart, not heartburn. At least that was one of the conclusions of a study by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research compiled from data collected last summer by an observer traveling in the Midwest with a Class A team.

Among the findings of on-the-road factors that influenced the team's fate:

The closer restaurants were to the motel, the worse the team played. On the other hand, the nearer the team's motel to bars, theaters and shopping centers, the better the team fared.

Players have known this all along, of course. It's those darn managers and coaches, with bed checks and fines for breaking curfew, who never seem to learn.

BUSTING UP THE BUSTARD HUNT

The great Indian bustard, a highly prized desert game bird, has recently been saved from almost sure extinction by the Indian government. When visiting Arab Prince Badr, brother of King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, decided to call off falconing for the lesser and great bustards—the latter one of the world's rarest—at the behest of the Indian Minister of State for External Affairs, it caused rejoicing among Indian environmentalists.

Arabian nobles and well-heeled sportsmen have been hunting the more plentiful and unprotected lesser bustard from air-conditioned Jeeps in the desert on the India-Pakistan border. According to local observers, however, they had also slaughtered great numbers of great bustards as well. The best answer, it seemed, was to stop the hunting of both varieties of the slow-moving birds (bustard is derived from the Latin *avis tarda*, or slow bird).

Falconry is a traditional Arab sport, and the deserts of India and Pakistan have been popular hunting grounds since the bustard—both great and lesser—was extirpated in Saudi Arabia.

Moreover, the sport has been the subject of widespread betting. By means of high-powered radio equipment, the Arab princes would announce to waiting bookies throughout the Middle East which of the numbered falcons had bagged the most birds.

In the study that led to the law protecting the great bustard, passed in 1972, a specialist called in by the Indian government had said, "The birds are fragile enough without being hunted. They suffer an extremely low reproduction rate and generally lay only one egg a year, and they suffer from habitat destruction, poaching and disturbance.

"The Arabian nobles think of falconry as a culturally central sport. But it's badly distorted when they show up in India in motor caravans to continue the slaughter."

FISHY STORY

Charles and Katie Crowe say they should have smelled something fishy after she boated a 7′ 2″ sailfish two weeks ago on a charter boat out of Miami Beach. "It did seem kind of lifeless when we got it on the boat," says Crowe, a Dallas contractor in for the Super Bowl. Lifeless was right. The fish had been dead at least a day before Mrs. Crowe "caught" it.

Moments before the "strike" a team of *Miami Herald* observers, who had been tipped off, watched from a nearby boat while the mate of the *Therapy IV* slipped forward to the bow of the boat, out of sight of the anglers in the cockpit, attached the hitherto concealed fish to Mrs. Crowe's line, eased it into the water, gave it time to stream astern, then yelled, "We've got one!" The "fight" was on. By keeping the boat in motion, Captain Jack Wiggins produced the effect of a 20-minute battle.

Mrs. Crowe agreed to have the fish mounted. The cost would have been $431, with $140 going to Wiggins and the mate—which explains the deceit. A charter crew usually gets a 30% share of the mount money—the $5-per-inch fee for taxidermy—paid by the angler.

"They were pushing us real hard about getting the fish mounted if she caught one," says Crowe. "My wife was the only one of our party who'd never gotten a billfish. I recall the mate was out of sight for a while. He said he had to make a phone call or something."

Captain Wiggins was suspended from taking part in the annual Metropolitan South Florida Fishing Tournament after ichthyologist Charles Getter certified that the fish had been dead before it was reeled in. Back in Texas, Crowe put a stop on the $120 taxidermy deposit check. "I don't want to have a fraudulent catch mounted," he said. But he added that he wouldn't try to recover his $60 portion of the charter fee or the $20 tip he gave the mate.

Said Elwood Harry, President of the International Game Fish Association, "One possible answer to the problem is some sort of licensing. Then when something like this comes up you could put them out of business."

OFF OFF-BROADWAY

Long Wharf, a lively section of New Haven's downtown urban-renewal area, will have a new attraction to add to its theaters, restaurants and shops next fall. American Totalisator Company has devised Teletrack, an off-track betting parlor with a difference. Several differences. In fact, Teletrack will actually be an off-track betting theater.

Races from five New York tracks—Aqueduct, Belmont Park and Saratoga by day and Roosevelt and Yonkers raceways by night—replete with paddock scenes and post parades for atmosphere, will be shown live and in color by microwave transmission on a 768-square-foot screen. Punters will place their bets at racetrack-style facilities on the ground floor, a space that will accommodate 1,800 bettors, as well as on the clubhouse level, which, including a dining room, will hold 400 more. Changing odds, based on Connecticut's off-track betting pools, will be displayed on monitors.

For horseplayers, Teletrack means off-track convenience with on-track atmosphere. For Connecticut, it means race-track revenue for a state with no horse tracks of its own. As any legislator avid for tax dollars can tell you, show biz is a lot better than no biz.

HE SAID IT

• Don Budge, on the new Ellsworth Vines and Gene Vier book, *Tennis: Myth and Method*, in which Vines picks Budge as the greatest player of all time: "It's one of the most knowledgeable tennis books ever written." **END**

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Comparison of sticker prices of comparably equipped models excluding destination charges which may affect comparison in some areas.

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The Pinto Runabout, shown below, is sticker-priced at $3,822 (including optional white sidewalls), excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

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FORD DIVISION Ford

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 5, 1979

FLYING TO THE TOP

Indiana State's 18–0 record is the best in the country and so is its 6′ 9½″ forward, Larry Bird, but hardly anyone seems to be aware of it **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

The phone had been sitting there, stubbornly refusing to ring for what must have been a minute or more, when Ed McKee, the sports information director at Indiana State, finally began to stare disbelievingly at it. CBS Radio had just called, and before that *The Providence Journal*, and in between there were a lot of questions by an insistent chap from *The New York Post*. "They all want to talk to Larry Bird," McKee said glumly, as the phone finally rang. "And Larry's not talking."

This time the call was from Nancy Petersen of the National Solid Waste Association. You know, garbage. Petersen said that the Solid Waste people wanted to do a feature on Bird for their monthly newsletter because they had heard that he used to work on a garbage truck back in his hometown of French Lick, Ind. That was four years ago, when Bird was trying to make up his mind whether to go back to college so he could become a zillionaire in the NBA or pursue a career as a filling-station attendant. Petersen told McKee that she would need an interview with Bird and that she would also like a picture of Larry "doing a dunk." McKee promised to see what he could do and hung up.

Well, hey, Nancy Petersen, tell the National Solid Waste Association, and the man from Glad, and anybody else who happens to ask, there ain't no flies on the Indiana State Sycamores. Last week they ran their record to 18–0 by defeating Southern Illinois 88–79 and Creighton 77–69. Not only did the victory over Creighton allow the Sycamores to remain undefeated, a distinction they share on the major-college level only with unranked Alcorn (Miss.) State, but it also came on the same day as losses by top-rated Notre Dame and No. 2 North Carolina. As Indiana State stood trembling on the threshold of the No. 1 spot in college basketball, courtesy of the wire service polls, a lot of people who don't live in Terre Haute—which is where the Indiana State campus is located and about the only place you can see the Sycamores on TV—were suddenly wondering: Who are those guys?

There are several good reasons why Indiana State has been the best-kept secret in basketball this year, and all of them trace back to Bird. Without much doubt, he has been the best college player in the country for two seasons. Going into last week, he was the nation's leading scorer, with 31.0 points a game, and stood third in rebounding, with 15.0 a game, and 19th in free-throw shooting, with an .878 percentage.

Bird, a 6′ 9½″ forward, averaged 32.8 points a game as a sophomore, and even though his scoring dipped to 30 a game last year, he was considered such an extraordinary pro prospect that the Celtics used a first-round pick in last June's NBA draft to select him, hoping they either

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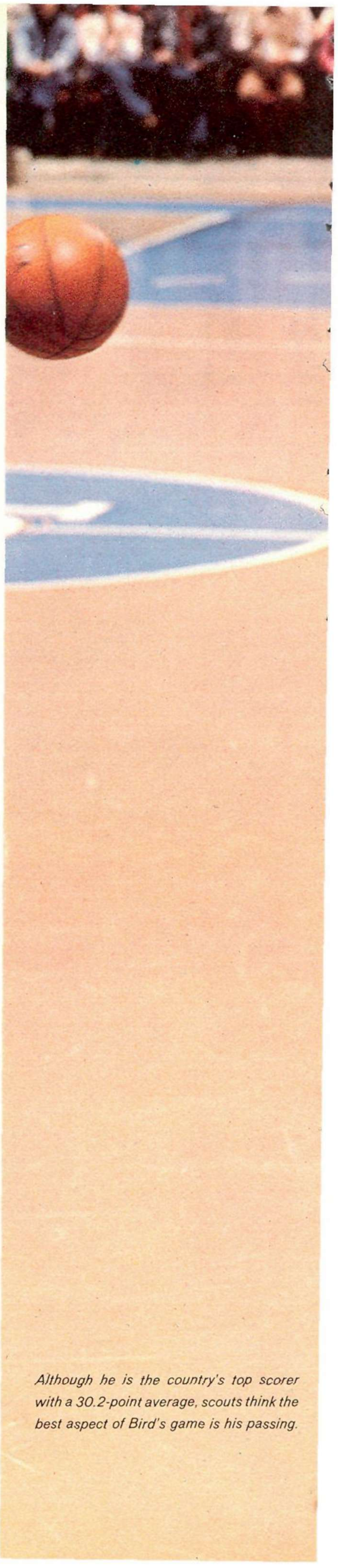


Although he is the country's top scorer with a 30.2-point average, scouts think the best aspect of Bird's game is his passing.

43
INDIANA
33
STATE

could persuade him to skip his senior year or sign him this spring before the 1979 draft is held on June 25. The Celtics have the sole right to bargain with Bird until 24 hours before this year's draft. Should they fail to sign him, his name will go back into the pool. He would then surely be picked by whichever of the two teams with the worst records in their respective conferences wins a coin toss to determine which chooses first in the draft. The toss will be held in April, and although Boston has exclusive negotiating rights until June 24, Bird and his agent will no doubt be able to subtly play off the winner of the flip against the Celtics and drive the bidding out of sight. The only way that strategy could fail to pay off is if the Celtics finish with the worst record in the NBA's Eastern Conference—a distinct possibility—and subsequently end up winning this year's flip.

Though Boston failed to sign Bird last summer, his talks with the Celtics dragged on so long that NBC's schedule of national games-of-the-week was announced before anyone knew if he would return to school this year. Indiana State was not on NBC's list, because the network felt that the Sycamores with—or, especially, without—Bird did not have a big enough reputation or sufficiently enticing opponents to draw a big audience. The result is that, unless NBC suddenly revises its schedule, Indiana State will appear on nationwide television only if it makes the NCAA tournament semifinals next month. "Should we ever get on national TV," says Sycamore Coach Bill Hodges, "I imagine the first thing that would surprise a lot of people is that Larry Bird is a white guy."

The color of Bird's skin is hardly a secret in the NBA, however. "There are so few outstanding white players in our league. They're very rare," says Pat Williams, the 76ers' vice-president and general manager, "and that makes Bird an asset. But with Bird, skin color is a secondary issue. The kid is very talented. If he were *green*, you'd still make a great effort to get him."

Pete Newell, chief scout for the Warriors, agrees that Bird is of considerable value to the NBA as a Great White Hope. "A white kid could be a drawing card," says Newell, "but he has to play well. The NBA is gradually losing its big-name white players. Jerry West has retired, John Havlicek quit last season, and Rick Barry has only a couple of seasons left. So Bird's marketability is increased by the fact he's white. He is also one of the great forwards of the last dozen years."

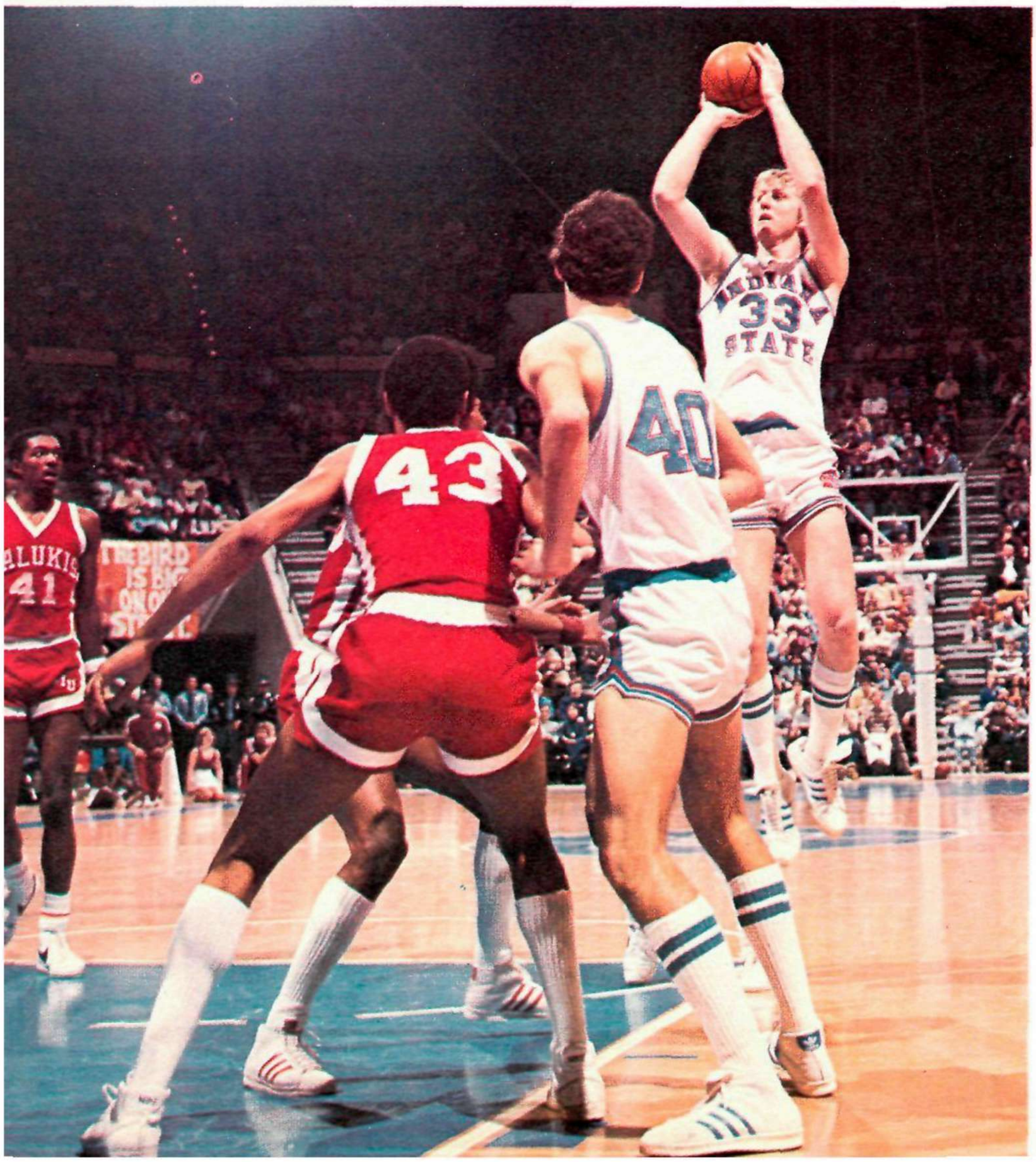
Southern Illinois Coach Joe Gottfried has said somewhat facetiously of Bird, "If this guy has a weakness, it's that he can't shoot the 20-foot jumper lefthanded." But most pro scouts agree that Bird is not particularly quick, is only so-so on defense and is a bit too reluctant to dribble under pressure. Still, Laker General Manager Bill Sharman calls Bird "one of the best college forwards I have ever seen." And Slick Leonard, coach and general manager of the Pacers, says, "I've seen two great passing forwards in my time. Rick Barry is one, and Larry Bird is the other. Bird seems to see guys before he even gets the ball."

"Normally it isn't Larry's scoring that beats you," says Creighton Coach Tom Apke. "It's his ability to pass and create opportunities for other players." Bird proved that Saturday when he had his worst shooting night of the season, scoring only 17 points, but led the Sycamores with nine assists and had several other spectacular passes fumbled or kicked by his teammates. Carl Nicks, the Sycamores' exciting junior guard, has learned to expect the unexpected from Bird. "You've got to watch him every minute," he says, "or he'll hit you in the nose with the ball."

Except for Bird, Nicks has contributed more to the Sycamores' surprising performance this season than any other Indiana State player. After a disappointing freshman season, Nicks was exiled last year to Gulf Coast Community College in Florida to work on his game. He averaged 22.4 points and was brought back to play guard for the Sycamores. He is scoring 19.7 points a game and helps keep opposing defenses from sagging on Bird.

Like most of his teammates, Nicks likes and admires Bird, but he is also bored by questions from reporters about Bird's personal life. "I don't understand why they don't want to ask me about

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON



An outstanding jump shooter and a terror under the boards, Bird is Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside.

me," says Nicks. "I can play." Hodges insists his players were so upset by the questions of one reporter that they asked not to be interviewed except immediately after games.

This stony silence began to set in when Bird announced last fall that he had been misquoted in a newspaper story and that, as a result, he would do no more interviews except on radio or TV. Not that Bird had ever been loquacious. When he agreed to return for his final year of college, his one requirement was that he not be forced to talk to the press, a proviso he did not strictly enforce until after the offending article. Bob King, the Sycamores' coach for the past three seasons, who allowed Bird to have his way in just about everything, endorsed Bird's silence. During the past seven months, however, King has suffered a heart attack and undergone brain surgery. He is not expected to coach again. Hodges, who was King's assistant and has masterfully guided the Sycamores in his boss' stead, has continued to indulge Bird to the extent that both he and many Indiana State players seem afraid of Bird. Last week Hodges responded to a question by saying, "I have no comment, because Larry and I have a good relationship, and I wouldn't want anything he reads in the paper to change that."

One of Bird's few printed interviews of late was given to the Indiana State cross-country coach and was published in *Amateur Sports*. "You gotta be careful what you say around sportswriters," Bird said, "because a lot of them want to find out what goes on inside you, the private you. They don't want to know how good a basketball player you are. They don't even want to talk about basketball. They're interested in knowing who your girl friend is, or they want to know ... 'Why did you work on a garbage truck?' ... I'm not saying all writers are like that, but there sure are a few who fit that image."

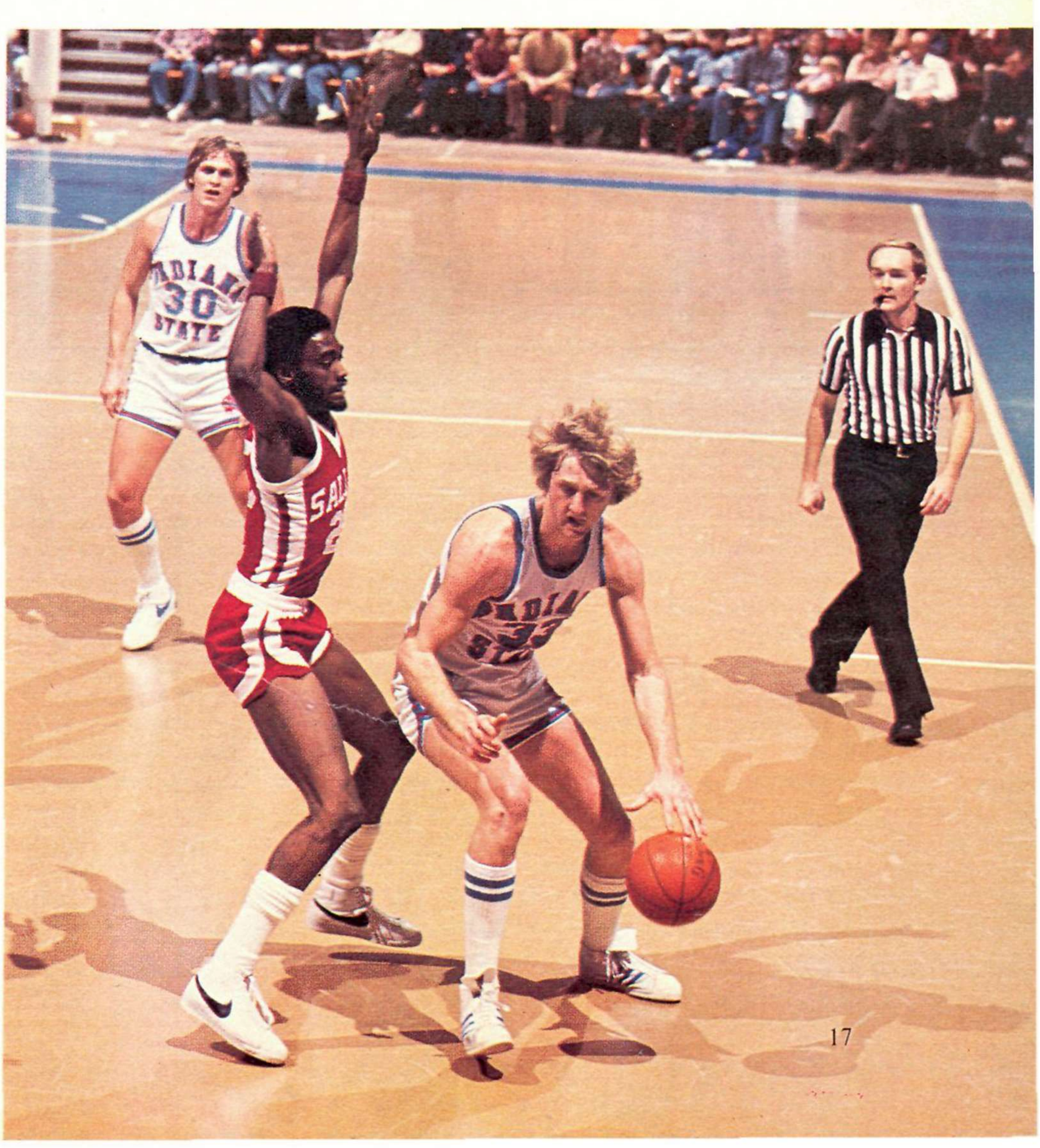
Bird has never trusted strangers who ask a lot of nosy questions. And his life has been fraught with a series of personal tragedies and feelings of inadequacy. When he was a high school senior, he was recruited by a Florida college and was sent a plane ticket so he could visit the school. But when Bird arrived at the airport, he took one look at the airplane on the runway and was so frightened at the idea of flying that he turned right around and went home.

Bird then decided to attend Indiana University, which has an enrollment of 31,500; it took him only a week to realize that he was in over his head, and once again he bolted for home. Shortly after leaving Indiana, he enrolled at Northwood Institute, a 160-student junior college in West Baden, Ind., but he quit again, after only two months at the school. "He was very unsettled," says Northwood Coach Jack Johnson. "He had trouble attending class and was very undisciplined."

For the remainder of what would have been his freshman year, Bird had a job with the French Lick parks department, which included a stint on the celebrated garbage truck. It was during that year that Bird's father committed suicide, after which Larry was persuaded to return to school by Indiana State's recruiters. A brief marriage followed, but that ended in divorce in September of 1976. There were attempts at a reconciliation, but the only thing that resulted from them was a paternity suit—filed against Bird by his former wife Janet.

"Basketball is my whole life and it will always be my whole life," Bird has said. "I'm a lot smarter on the court than I am in life." Last Saturday afternoon Bird was talking to a friend about the adjustments he dreads having to make when he enters the pros. "I like the idea of playing basketball every night," he said, "but I don't know about the rest of it."

Little by little, the world outside French Lick seems to be discovering Larry Bird and, in terms of basketball, liking what it finds. For the moment, at the very least, the Sycamores look like they are for real. Bird's services are coveted by every NBA team, and there's a former chicken magnate in Boston who is probably spending sleepless nights thinking up new ways to throw money at him. Now, if only Bird would take a chance on the rest of the world, he might discover it's not a solid waste of time. Hey, Larry, ain't no flies on us. **END**



Though he is a sound ball handler, pros say that Bird is reluctant about dribbling under pressure.

AN ODD WAY TO EVEN THINGS UP

So say college administrators who fear that government efforts to bring parity to women's sports might bring ruin to the men's

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

According to the fearful administrators of intercollegiate sport, a crisis of "unprecedented magnitude" has been dumped on them by the federal government. They claim that this momentous crisis, if unrelieved, will strangle the financing of intercollegiate competition and lead to its demise.

At issue are the guidelines laid down by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare for the enforcement of Title IX, the 1972 act that forbids sex discrimination in any educational institution receiving federal funds—in other words, just about every college and university in the country. HEW, as Title IX's interpreter, is required by Congress to deny funds to institutions not complying with the statute.

Title IX was not originally written with sports in mind, but in the '70s activists for women's athletics made the statute applicable to sports. Subsequent attempts to clarify what Title IX meant as far as intercollegiate sports programs are concerned were so vague that college athletic administrators were puzzled. Nevertheless, women's participation in college sports has more than doubled this decade. It has grown with such speed that, according to HEW, women now constitute 26% of the total number of college athletes, and 18% of the total collegiate budget dollar is spent on women. This is undoubtedly a result of Title IX, even though the procedures for compliance weren't spelled out.

In the six years since Title IX became law, there has been debate over exactly how a school is supposed to avoid sex discrimination in its athletic program. For example, if a school spends $100,000 on men's sports, does Title IX mean it must spend $100,000 on women's sports? If it pays its men's basketball coach $30,000 a year, must it pay its women's basketball coach the same amount? Such questions should have been answered last July, the original deadline for compliance with Title IX. They were not answered, and until the end of the year, a spirit of laissez-faire prevailed.

Then the bomb fell.

Last December, a month before the NCAA's annual convention in San Francisco, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano issued a 35-page "clarification" of the guidelines that had been proposed in 1975 and were to go into effect last July. In addition to setting a new deadline for compliance—the start of the 1979-80 school year—the document included an apparently logical policy formula requiring that "expenditures on men's and women's athletics be proportional to the number of men and women participating . . ." and that they be "substantially equal" on a per capita basis. As HEW Staff Attorney Jean Peelin explained it at the convention, "If a college has 200 male varsity athletes and spends $200,000 on scholarships for an average of $1,000 per scholarship per male athlete, that college must spend an average of $1,000 on athletic scholarships for women."

According to the college administrators, that formula alone would present obvious and numerous pitfalls to anyone

who ever tried to balance an athletic budget. But what scared them most was that Califano's "clarification" specified that the colleges had to include football and basketball in the formula, and that the revenues of these sports could not be counted against their expenditures. Example: State College spends $250,000 on its basketball program. The basketball program brings in a profit of $100,000. The college administrators would like to subtract the profit from the expenditure. HEW says no dice, the expenditure of $250,000 must be the figure the school uses when it calculates how much it spends per male athlete in order to determine how much must be spent per female athlete. By way of alleviating this fear, HEW does say it will take into account the exceptionally high cost of certain sports, for instance, football. But the adminstrators weren't mollified.

In San Francisco, Peelin further said the HEW staff had been instructed by Califano to say no more about the guidelines until after Feb. 10, the deadline for the colleges to "comment" on the HEW proposals. But she said it was understood that the policy would have an open end, that whenever a women's team was added—or a woman was added to a team—the per capita formula would apply. This, she said, was in keeping with Califano's guideline synopsis, which specifies that colleges and universities "take specific active steps to provide additional athletic opportunities for women."

Although Califano stated that the interpretation "recognizes that intercollegiate football, in particular, is unique among sports," and that "reasonable provisions considering the nature of a particular sport" would have to be taken into account, by the time the college administrators hit San Francisco, they were in no mood for what one representative called "vague assurances." Most of them, in fact, were at a loss to explain what they considered HEW's continual waffling. Tom Hansen, the NCAA's assistant executive director, said, "When you start understanding them [the guidelines] is when you really get scared."

Stirred up by an impassioned keynote speech against HEW by Dr. William E. Davis, president of the University of New Mexico, the delegates forecast doom all around. They called the proposals an "illegal power grab" by HEW, and Davis said, "A crisis of unprecedented magnitude is coming." He charged the federal government with "trying to become the fifth man in the Notre Dame backfield."

In an almost unanimous resolution the delegates charged that the HEW formula was "unrealistic and unworkable." They credited themselves with "massive new allocations of resources to their women's programs" and said that they were going to get "judicial determination" because HEW "does not have regulatory authority over intercollegiate sports programs which are not federally assisted." They charged that the guidelines constituted an incursion "upon the autonomy of institutions," and vowed to see their Congressmen.

These administrators say they are terrified because they feel the options left to them are not only budget-busting, but also acceptable only to those who want to see big-time football and big-time basketball put in their places. Which is to say de-emphasized, if not eliminated. Every solution, they claim, is an economic monstrosity. These include:

1) Bring the women's program to scratch by simply shoveling in the necessary funds. Ironically, some of the football giants could probably do this without pinching a penny. Alabama football not only funnels vast sums into the athletic department (and a seven-sports women's program), but it also makes annual donations to the general fund—including $500,000 one year for professors' salaries. UCLA Chancellor Charles Young says it would cost his school *only* $250,000 to achieve fiscal parity of the sexes, and sees it as no problem. For the majority of colleges, however, $250,000 is a mother lode. For those on the hairy edge, says San Jose State Athletic Director Bob Murphy, "even $5,000 is a small fortune."

2) Reduce the money spent on men's football and basketball. There is no doubt that more "extras" are provided in those sports than are necessary. Football recruiting costs are obscene. The rub is that when Team A cannot keep reasonably close to Team B's budget, its ability to compete deteriorates, and that in turn reduces its revenue potential. Many schools make enough money from football to fund their entire athletic programs. In the future the money will have to be found elsewhere.

3) Eliminate revenue sports and fund everything else through student fees. This would destroy intercollegiate sport as we know it. It would also, of course, decrease sports opportunities for women.

So the solutions seem not to be solutions at all to the administrators, who, of course, fear the worst. And they say many other questions have been left unanswered. If, for example, there are no stipulations as to the level of skill of play (and there are none in the guidelines), how do you turn away 10 girls who decide one afternoon that they are a judo team? (Of course, HEW could well say how do you turn away 11 *boys* who decide they are a field hockey team?) Given the importance of good coaching, how can you pay a women's coach less (as it appears is allowed by the guidelines) without athletes claiming that you have given them less?

On the other hand, Margot Polivy, an attorney for the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, said last week that her group considers HEW's per capita formula "rational, reasonable, effective and workable."

If that sounds as if the battle lines are drawn, you have decoded the message. President Davis says, "I think Mr. Califano was hoping for a plan that would help women without dismantling the men's program. I still think this is his objective. The problem is, for the women, equal is equal."

Father Edmund Joyce, the vice-president of Notre Dame, offered one alternative to the per capita formula: that HEW count the revenue from football and spread the profits equally among the other men's and women's sports, or if there is a loss, count that as an expenditure and include it in the cost breakdown.

No sale, says Polivy. "Expenses would rise to meet the revenue every time," she says, implying that intercollegiate budget makers are not to be trusted. She says, "There simply is no way to justify Michigan spending $400,000 to send its football team to the Rose Bowl," and that big-time football is "anathema" to the educational system.

To date, HEW has not denied any college a nickel for failing to comply with Title IX. But come September, it is obliged by law to do just that. And as one university spokesman said in San Francisco, "Once government starts administering, it tends to get adamant as hell, whether it's right or wrong." **END**

HE SURELY IS THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

San Antonio's James Silas struggled with injuries for two years, but now the NBA is finally getting to see the best guard from the ABA **by JOHN PAPANEK**

It has been 2½ years now since the San Antonio Spurs smuggled ABA basketball into the NBA. Not the red-white-and-blue kind, the throw-up-the-ball-and-let-'em-play kind. Once the staid members of the older league scoffed at the Spurs' run-and-gun offense and their apparent antipathy toward rebounding and defense, as if bloody noses and the ability to hold a team under 100 points were proof of a club's machismo. But lately, opponents have come to feel about San Antonio the way Colonel William B. Travis and his 184 Texas Volunteers did when they realized the Alamo had no back door.

So what's new? At least a few people outside of South Texas must have heard by now that the Spurs' 52–30 record was third best in the NBA last year and that they won the Central Division championship by eight games over the Washington Bullets. The Spurs' nonpareil 6′ 8″ guard, George (the Iceman) Gervin, is again pouring in all kinds of shots from all kinds of spots, whether single-, double- or triple-teamed, and leading the league in scoring with a 29.5-point average. Forward Larry Kenon is having another fine year, averaging 23.8 points, 10 rebounds, four assists and two steals per game, and no one has to tell him how good he is. Allow him. "I'm the best all-round forward in the game today," he says. "No question about it." And Center Billy Paultz and the rest of the Spurs are once more performing as directed by Coach Doug Moe's playbook, which is only slightly less complex than a Captain Marvel comic. The bottom line: keep moving like a team of jackrabbits running relays across the Texas plains, shoot 50% from the field and 80% from the line, score 120 points and let the other guys try to keep up. Furthermore, the Spurs are again at the head of their division—at week's end by 1½ games—although now that the Bullets are in the Atlantic Division, the Spurs are enjoying keeping their cross-state rivals, the Houston Rockets, in their place, which is second.

And that makes the infamous Baseline Bums at the HemisFair Arena happy. The Bums still tank up on Lone Star beer by the gallon and they still spill a drop or two on a referee now and then, but not everything has stayed the same in San Antonio. For instance, the Spurs' 30–20 record, which did not come that easily.

On Dec. 15 they struggled to the .500 mark by beating New York and Indiana, and were in third place, one game behind Atlanta and half a game in back of Houston. Then Moe made a lineup change. He benched Mike Gale, a two-year starter at the guard spot opposite Gervin, and installed James Silas in his place. The Spurs went on to win six straight, making it 12 of 13, and by last Friday, after beating two division leaders, Kansas City and Seattle, back-to-back by a combined 46 points, they had won 18 of 22 games before stumbling a bit in weekend losses at Atlanta and Indiana. Were these the same jinglin' and janglin' Spurs? No way.

The difference was Silas. For those who never followed the ABA, James Silas (Stephen F. Austin '72) was once simply the best guard there was. "In those days," says Bob Bass, who coached the Spurs in 1974-76, the last two years of the ABA, and now serves as Moe's assistant, "he could accelerate, he could explode, he could shoot and he could jump over people." This isn't hyperbole. In 1975-76 the 6′ 3″ Silas averaged 23.8 points on 52% shooting, 5.4 assists and four rebounds per game.

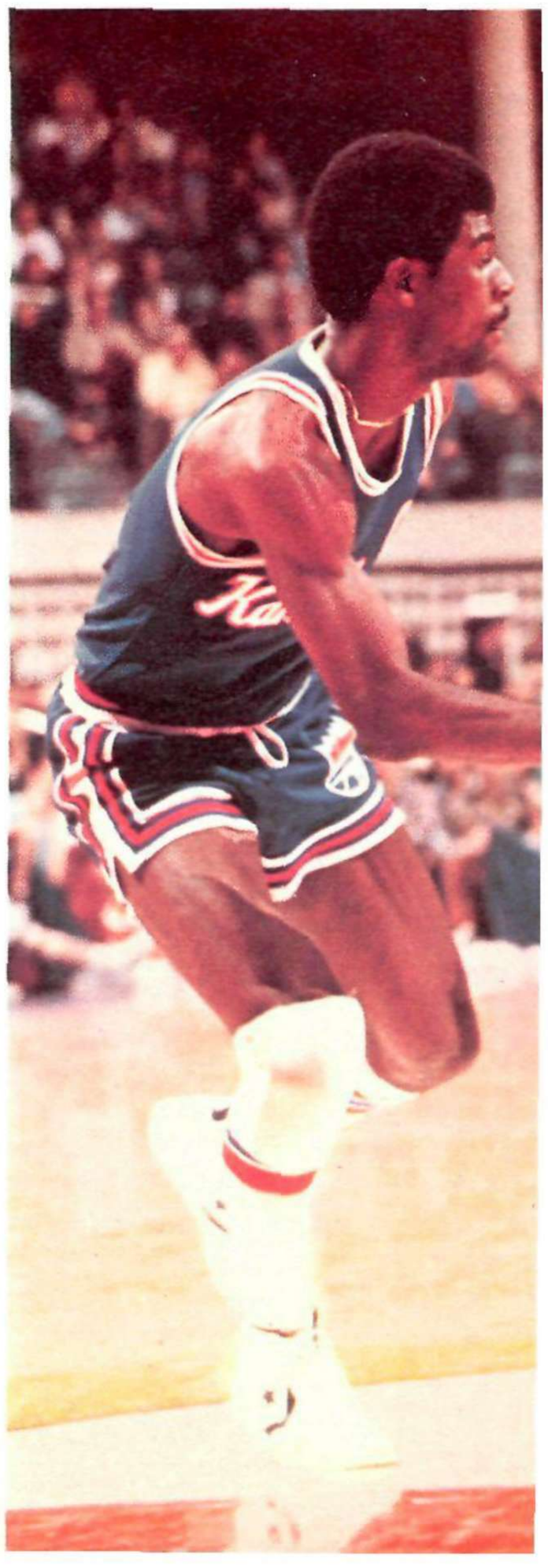
"He really was the best," says Louie Dampier, the sole surviving ABA original, once an opponent, now a teammate of Silas'. "I can say that because I was the guy on our team who had to try to guard him." Atlanta's Hubie Brown, who coached the Kentucky Colonels in the ABA, says, "He was not only the best in our league, he was one of the two or three best in *either* league."

"He was such a good player when the clock was running out that he defied description," says Bass.

Why then do people speak of him as if he had risen from the dead, and why is James Silas now making his NBA "debut" as he nears his 30th birthday?

Silas' misery began in the first game of the 1976 ABA playoff series against the New York Nets, when he fell on Brian Taylor and broke his right ankle. That summer, while Silas was wearing a cast, the leagues merged. But by the first exhibition game against Kansas City, Silas was ready to take his rightful place among the NBA elite. In the second quarter of that game, the Kings' 230-pound forward, Bill Robinzine, fell heavily across Silas' left knee. Silas kept on playing, but the next day he couldn't run. The pain dogged him through the preseason, but when the Spurs opened their first NBA campaign by beating the 76ers, Silas

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MACKSON



scored 18 points. From there it was all downhill for the next two years.

He appeared in only three of the next six games. "I would play a game, then rest, then play," he says. "But the knee felt like something was holding it, like it was locked." In November a surgeon removed damaged cartilage from the knee, and Silas was out for six weeks. He spent his down time lifting weights and doing leg raises and stretching exercises. By January, he says, "I felt I was ready." He came back on Jan. 5, 1977 and scored 28 points in 28 minutes. But the game was against Denver. The NBA still hadn't seen the real James Silas.

"When I got into the car that night," he recalls, "the knee was so stiff I couldn't bend it. But I figured that I hadn't played in a while and the stiffness would go away. But the next day it was terrible. I couldn't walk. I thought, 'Hey, they took the cartilage out and I've been working on it. What's wrong? Why isn't it working?' "

Silas played in six more games, but ineffectively, then missed the next eight, a pattern that continued for the remainder of the season. His absence brought mixed blessings. It prompted Moe to move Gervin from forward to guard, where in time he became the best scorer in the game. But Silas was depressed. "I came back thinking, 'I want to be like I was before I got hurt,' " he says. "I wanted to jump as high, penetrate, do all the things I knew how to do. And this was the first time I had all those things taken away from me. It was scary."

He felt certain that the knee would improve during the summer, but it didn't. He flew to Los Angeles to see Dr. Robert Kerlan, the noted orthopedist. Silas recalls Kerlan saying, "Your problem is that you think you're working hard. You need to work twice as hard." Silas didn't believe such work was possible.

"I was all on my own," says Silas, "and that's the worst thing in the world, having to work out all by yourself." Despite his redoubled efforts, the knee remained sore all summer, but Silas hoped the pain would go away before the 1977-78 season began. "The first day of training camp I felt great," he says, "but the next morning I couldn't walk again. Now I said, 'Hey, I'm through. Jimmy, you're not going to play again!' " But everyone implored him to keep on working. And so it went. He began the season being shuffled on and off the injured list, then played sporadically. Play four, miss five, a couple of minutes of frustrated agony. Memories of what he had been carved him up like razors. He went to another specialist, Dr. Lanny Johnson in East Lansing, Mich., who examined the knee with an arthroscope and pronounced it "ugly." Johnson removed bone spurs, scraped the rough edges of the bones smooth and sent Silas back for still more rehabilitation. After missing 27 games, he resumed his fruitless in-and-out program, working out in solitude when the team went on the road.

By this time, Moe had all but given up on Silas. The Spurs were winning their division with Gale and Gervin. But Bass kept after Silas, phoning him every morning and begging him to push himself. When the team was at home, Forward-Center Coby Dietrick, the only Spur besides Silas left over from the Dallas Chaparral days, played one-on-one with him, pushing him until Silas would curse his friend in anger. Toward the end of the season, Silas played in 14 consecutive games, his longest stint in two years. Occasionally, he showed flashes of his old self. But they were just flashes.

This past summer Silas worked tirelessly on a Nautilus machine, and the knee started to come around, this time for real. But even with renewed confidence in the knee, Silas was afraid he was down to his last chance.

"Coming back was just like leaving high school and playing your first college game," Silas says. "The floor looked bigger, the leg felt naked. Every move I made was cautious. I didn't want anything to happen to me. I hadn't played with these guys for so long I wanted to say, 'Hey, guys, I want to play again. Help me.' "

In the opening exhibition game against Kansas City he scored 18 points in 20 minutes. Then he scored 12 in 13 against Atlanta. He was back. Playing as the third guard, he averaged 13 points in 21 minutes over the first 28 games of this season. On Dec. 16 he became a starter, and the Spurs began winning in bunches. Gervin has been scoring in torrents, as usual, but at pressure points, where the Spurs had been coming undone, it was Silas who once again was the agent of control. Since becoming a starter, he has averaged 16.6 points, but, more important, he has regained his leadership.

Against Kansas City last Wednesday, Silas and Gervin combined for 21 of the Spurs' first 25 points while the Kings were scoring 10, igniting a 124–95 blowout that was all but decided in the first quarter. In the 125–108 win over Seattle on Friday, Silas scored 20, launching a little salvo just about each time the Sonics threatened to creep back into the game. Stroking his beard, Seattle's Fred Brown said after the game, "I used to hear stories about James Silas. People used to tell me I'd be amazed at some of the things he could do. But I never saw him do anything until tonight."

Despite all this, those who have known Silas point out that he is still nowhere near what he was. Moe says he is just a bit more than halfway back. Bass says he's definitely not 75%. Silas is modest in assessing himself. "I would say that I'm about 80% now," he says, "and that's enough to be good. One hundred percent would be great, and the other 20% is coming, piece by piece." **END**

Silas was determined to make it back, and he's just as determined to get by KC's Phil Ford.

IT WAS A GRAVE ENDING FOR ARTHUR

Much to Ashe's disgust, the talk at the U.S. Pro Indoor in the Spectrum at Philadelphia was all about how he had risen from the ashes—but he had come back and oh so splendidly, until Jimmy Connors laid him to rest in the finals **by E. M. SWIFT**

There is nothing—not a sleigh ride, not a bowl of homemade ice cream, not *Leave It to Beaver*—that makes one long for the old days more than a modern professional tennis tournament. Tennis has become a game dominated by men-children who strut and fret their hour upon the stage, full of sound, all right, and occasionally fury, signifying, well . . . what does a year-end $300,000 bonus to Eddie Dibbs, winner of four tournaments out of 27 entered in 1978, signify to you?

The old days may be gone, but Arthur Ashe, thank God, is not, and neither is his tennis game. The 35-year-old Ashe served due notice of that last week in the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships against what in all likelihood will be the third-strongest field of the entire year, after Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Sixteen of the top 22 players in the world were in Philadelphia, and the only really big name missing was Bjorn Borg, who makes his 1979 debut this week in Richmond. Which meant that there were few easy picks. En route to the finals, Ashe had to upset the likes of sixth-seeded Brian Gottfried, fourth-seeded Vitas Gerulaitis and second-seeded Guillermo Vilas. Waiting for him was defending champion Jimmy Connors, crown prince of the strutters and fretters. The two had not met in a tournament of consequence since 1975 at Wimbledon, when Ashe triumphed by throwing Connors an array of off-speed junk that would have made Luis Tiant proud.

But Connors' game has matured since then, and what little junk Ashe could muster on Sunday was turned against him. Connors defeated the veteran in straight sets, 6–3, 6–4, 6–1, collecting the $40,000 winner's share and his third U.S. Pro Indoor title in the last four years.

In their last meeting, Jimbo was smothered by Ashe's junk, but this time he tossed it right back.

Ashe tried five drop shots during the match, and Connors converted all five into winners—as well as nearly everything else Ashe threw at him. To be fair, Ashe's undoing was as much a result of his grueling five-set win over Gerulaitis in the semis as it was of Connors' deftness. "My body felt as if somebody beat it with a stick," Ashe said afterward.

He was a step behind Connors' ground strokes all afternoon, and time after time faulty footwork caused him to make numerous unforced errors. "You can only play as well as the other guy lets you play," he said. "Jimmy hits the ball in a straight line. Everybody else hits it in a parabola, which gives you an extra second to get there."

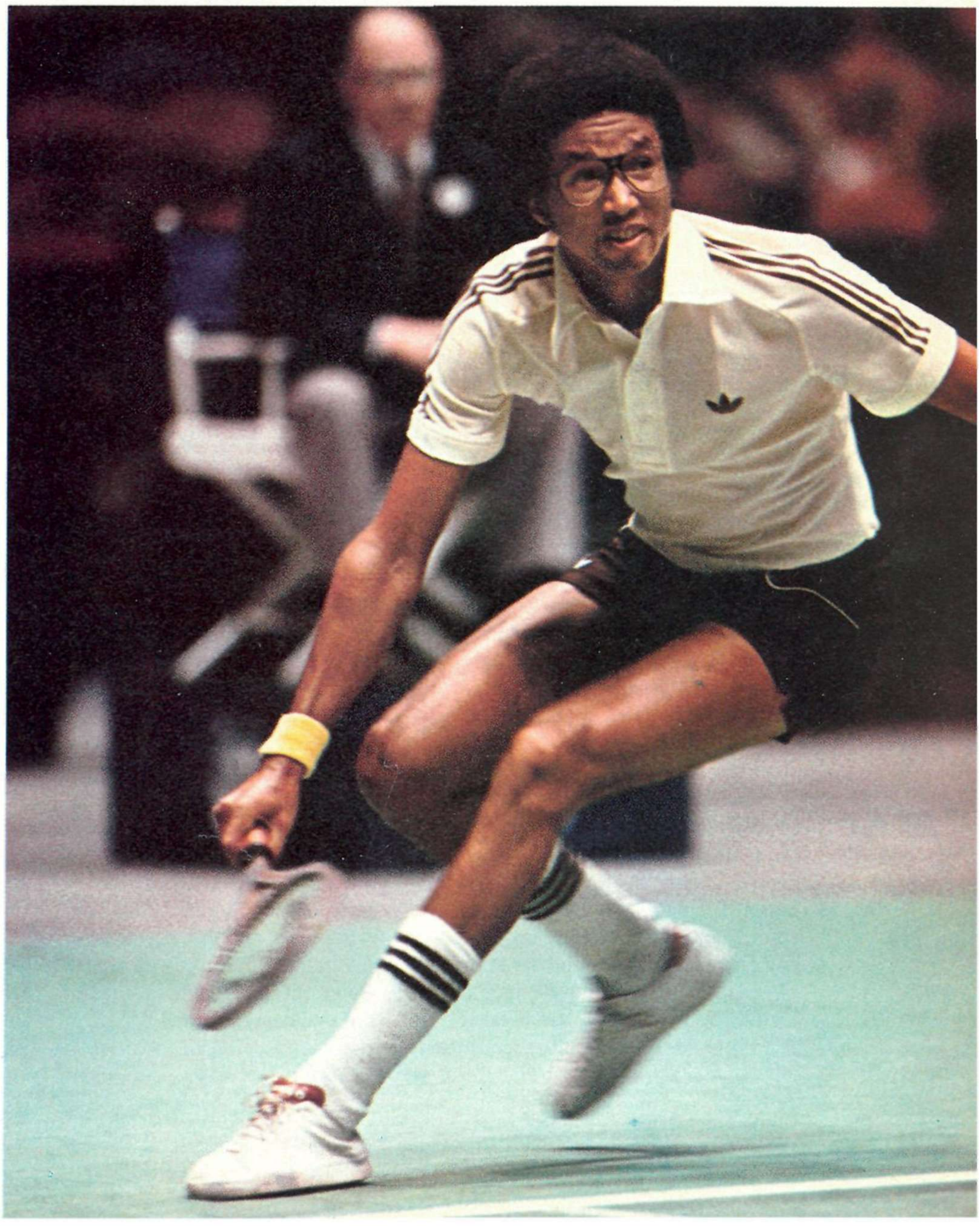
Once again it was Connors' service return—the best in the game—that was especially devastating. He has moved in a step and feels he is returning better now than when he won the U.S. Open in September. Against Ashe he hit 15 outright winners off the serve. Ashe hit only one off Connors.

Connors' route to the finals was something of a strut down the yellow brick road. No fret, no sweat. His first two victims—Van Winitsky (6–4, 6–3) and Eric van Dillen (6–1, 6–1)—didn't even qualify for the tournament. They were what is known as "lucky losers"—alternates who wait around at the start of a tournament to replace any qualifiers who drop out for one reason or another. Connors finally had some opposition in his third match, defeating 15th-seeded Wojtek Fibak of Poland 6–4, 7–6. The match was close only because Connors consistently sprayed unforced forehand errors into the net while keeping one eye on the acrobatic Gerulaitis-Johan Kriek match on the next court, one eye on Fibak and his mind on a heckler in the stands. "I wanted to tell the heckler a few things," he said afterward, "then I wanted to watch the other match. I didn't even want to play mine."

Connors wasn't alone. In fact, nearly everyone complained of the distractions. The tournament is held in the Spectrum, and up until the semifinals the matches are played simultaneously on two courts

continued

Feeling the effects of his five-set win in the semis, the 35-year-old Ashe couldn't cope with Connors.



set 12 feet apart. Balls bounce indiscriminately from one to the other. "Let" calls made on Court 1 are adhered to on Court 2. Connors went so far as to admit that *the carnival atmosphere gave him an ad*vantage over the field, because he was "flaky" anyway.

But it wasn't supposed to be so easy. After crushing Geoff Masters of Australia 6–3, 6–3 in the quarterfinals, Jimbo was expected to meet the new kid on the block, John McEnroe. It was the match people had been awaiting for weeks, or since Jan. 11, when Connors was forced to default to McEnroe because of a blistered toe when trailing by a set and a break in the Masters in Madison Square Garden.

Connors publicly pooh-poohed any special desire to give McEnroe his comeuppance, but, in fact, he was miffed at several of McEnroe's statements questioning the professionalism of defaulting with no more than a blistered toe. Incidentally, that selfsame toe, cushioned by two layers of socks and a coating of *foot powder, was fresh from a victory in* Birmingham. For his part, McEnroe was looking forward to meeting Connors, mainly because he was certain he would win.

But something happened. McEnroe has been the world's greatest tennis player the past three months, but in the quarterfinals he faced a southpaw he soon began to wish hadn't come to the party—Roscoe Tanner, he of the howitzer serves. McEnroe lost 7–6, 6–2. Going back to the U.S. Open, McEnroe had won five *singles tournaments, a doubles tourna*ment and two Davis Cup matches. But in Philadelphia, Tanner had a streak of his own going; he had held every service after the first game of his first match, a span of 60 games. The string wasn't broken by McEnroe. Tanner hit 20 outright winners off his serve and countless others that provided easy putaways.

It was a very patterned match. Both players served and volleyed every point, so there were no baseline exchanges. The points were short, pitting Tanner's power against McEnroe's quickness and finesse. However, McEnroe repeatedly missed his passing shots on the critical points, and after failing on three set points at 6–5 of the first set, he never came close to breaking Tanner's serve again. Tanner won the tie-breaker 7–3, and broke McEnroe in the second game of the second set when the Stanford dropout netted three volleys. It was more or less typical of McEnroe's night when he laid off an easy putaway at match point, *thinking it would go out. It didn't, but* McEnroe did.

Afterward, McEnroe gave Tanner his due and talked numbly about cutting back on his schedule. He had been in Las Vegas the week before, filming a movie with Dean Martin Jr. and Ali MacGraw, which is hardly recommended as a way to rest. McEnroe plays himself in the movie, uttering three lines, easily the most difficult of which is "Don't choke, Pancho." He also spoke about the Supreme Court surface being "a little faster than I thought." When asked about the remark, Ellen Fernberger, a tournament official, pointed down to Court No. 1. "You see that court. That isn't just the same *type* of court he won the Masters on two weeks ago. That *is* the court." It had simply been rolled up and shipped from New York to Philly. Maybe McEnroe really meant that Roscoe's *service was faster than he thought.*

Once the Connors-McEnroe match failed to materialize, Ashe was the one consistently bright spot of the tournament. He had won this event once before—way back when Lyndon Johnson was President—and had the crowd solidly behind him throughout. Ashe seems to have completely recovered from a heel injury that required surgery in February of 1977 and kept him out of action nearly an entire year. "I never dreamed I *would come back this far,*" *he said early* in the week. "My original goal was just to make it back to the top 20."

Seeded 10th, Ashe opened the tournament by beating South Africa's Bernie Mitton (6–2, 7–6) and Marty Riessen (6–1, 4–6, 6–4) and protesting newspaper accounts that made it sound as if he had one foot in the grave. "I'm *tired of all this,*" *he said.* "I'm not coming back from anywhere. I'm just playing tennis."

In the third round he faced Vilas, who was coming back from Down Under, not the grave. Vilas has been making a concerted effort to improve his play on faster surfaces, and in December he went to Australia, where he won that country's Open on grass against a mediocre field. But Ashe proved that Vilas has a long way to go before he will win anything big on a surface other than clay, beating him 6–3, 7–5. The one thing Ashe wanted to avoid was long baseline exchanges. "I'd lose 80% of those against Vilas. *I need to play as many points as possible* on one-third of the court"—meaning from the service line in.

That's exactly what he did, coming to the net at every opportunity, including behind Vilas' shallow second serve, and volleying, as he put it, "decisively." His serve, as is always the case when Ashe is on his game, was humming. The rout of Vilas enabled him to advance to the quarterfinals, where he beat Brian Gottfried—strong, affable, with an unenviable knack for giving away important points—6–4, 7–5.

Gerulaitis was Ashe's opponent in the semis, having advanced there with wins over Zjelko Franulovic of Yugoslavia, Kriek and Harold Solomon. By far the best of these was his match with Kriek, who may be the tour's fastest player. Gerulaitis is probably the second-fastest and, without question, is the whining-est, *stomping about after every close call like* the Little League pitcher who *can't believe* he has walked the bases full. Kriek was up a set and a break before Gerulaitis lifted his game and won 7–5 in the third, in the most scintillating tennis of the tournament.

And it seemed that the momentum Gerulaitis gained there would carry him right into Sunday's finals. In the best-of-five semifinals, he steamrolled over Ashe in the first two sets, 6–1, 6–4, and was serving for the match at 5–4 of the third. *Ashe is the best strategist in the game* and one of the few players who can effectively alter his style of play to counter his opponent, but his game plan of drop shots and lobs left little margin for error against a speedster like Gerulaitis. Ashe's normally reliable serve was zooming in and out, and to that point in the match he had double-faulted 11 times.

Gerulaitis went up 15–0 on a service winner, but then, shockingly, Ashe put away an overhead and made two dink passing shots that even Gerulaitis couldn't catch up with, making it 15–40, Ashe. Gerulaitis saved three break points, but on the fourth Ashe delicately feathered a backhand by him at the net. Both players held serve, and in the tie-breaker Ashe overcame yet another double-fault to win, 7–4.

In the fourth set the momentum had

continued

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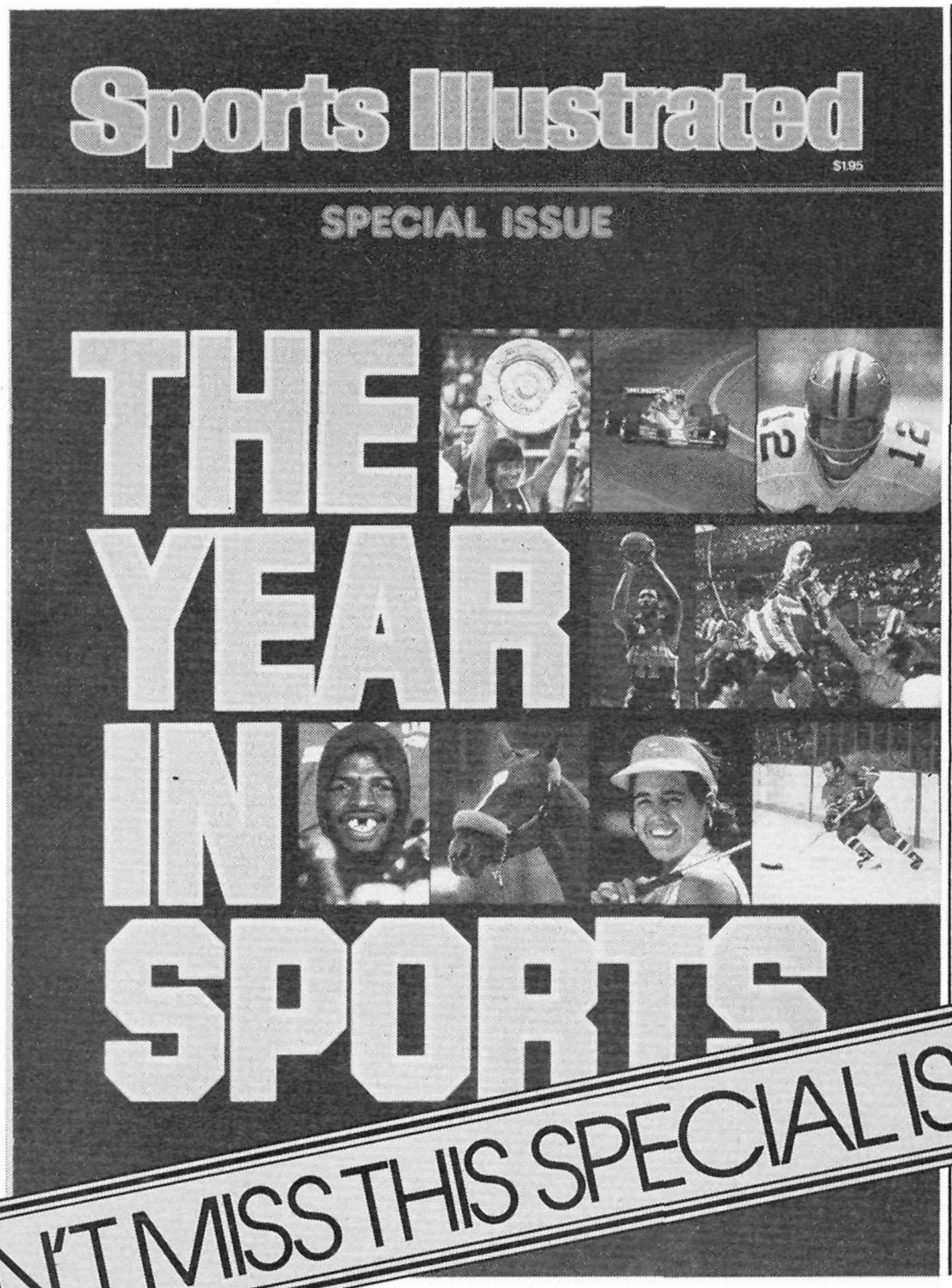

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clearly changed. Ashe found the range with his serve, and Gerulaitis began playing tentatively and defensively. Both players held service until the ninth game, when Ashe hit a backhand passing shot down the line that gave him the crucial break. Ashe served out the set, 6–4. In the fifth set, with Ashe serving for the match at 5–4, it appeared things might take a final turn in favor of Gerulaitis. He held four break points. Twice Ashe brought it back to deuce on big serves, and twice Gerulaitis hit passing shots out. On Ashe's first match point, Gerulaitis hit a backhand cross-court return that Ashe never touched, but a moment later Vitas netted a second serve to give Ashe the 3½-hour match and send him to the finals.

"I thought the gods owed me this one," Ashe said afterward, thinking of the two match points he held against McEnroe two weeks ago before losing.

The other semifinal match pitted last year's finalists, Connors and Tanner, who both spent much of the match at the baseline. In sharp contrast to Ashe-Gerulaitis, there were no cat-and-mouse tactics here. "There's no one else on the circuit who will stand there and slug it out with you like Jimmy," Tanner said with no small measure of admiration. There is also no one who will beat you more surely at that particular game. Connors returned Tanner's serves with incredible force and regularity in coasting to a 6–3, 6–3, 3–6, 6–1 win, setting up Sunday's finals.

And there, with more than 15,000 fans in his corner, Ashe looked like something he had not resembled all week—a 35-year-old tennis player. Asked again, *yet* again, what his reaction was to the stories being written about his returning from the dead, Ashe sat back, smiled and shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "Everyone keeps bringing it up, so I decided this morning I'm just going to go along with it. There's nothing else I can do."

Welcome back to the living then, Arthur. Do tennis another in a long series of favors and keep your foot out of the grave for a while.

As for Connors, who so seldom shows insight into another player's talents, he had this to say after Sunday's finals: "I played well today, but I had to, because of what Arthur did yesterday. It's always in the back of your mind that he'll do it again." **END**

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'HEY, I GOT THE DUCKS'

Ducks being ducats being tickets to a big sports event. If you don't have them, the scalper does—for a price

by ***ROY BLOUNT JR.***

Scalping. Everybody who has ever attended a sporting event of any magnitude has witnessed, if not been skinned by, some form of ticket scalping. Ticket scalping occurs when one man sells tickets to a game, a fight or a race to someone else for more money—usually a lot more money—than he paid for them. During Super Bowl week the Gross Scalping Product must have been well over half a million dollars. In Miami, tickets with a face value of $30 were going for as much as $200.

Thanks to scalpers, most sold-out sports events in this country can be attended by anyone who shows up outside the gates 10 minutes before game time with $20. Well, maybe 20 minutes before with $30. By that time the smaller operators are trying to get rid of what they have left, and the bigger operators, cutting potential losses, have turned over what they still have to their "dumpers," usually kids who sell the tickets at, or near, or even below face value. Sometimes that hurts.

"Here I was, the guy with the great connections," recalls Chuck Puskar, a Pittsburgh insurance man. In 1975 Puskar managed to obtain eight tickets to the Super Bowl in New Orleans for a big client. "I had taken care of my client, and he was grateful," Puskar says. "He flew me to New Orleans in his Learjet, he wined me and dined me, he put me up in a big hotel. And here we were strolling to the game, his group of eight together. We had *tickets*, we were set, you know? They're all impressed. *He's* impressed. I'm feeling good. And then outside the stadium, here are these little street kids waving *fans* of tickets at us, yelling 'Six dollars! Five dollars!' Closer to the gates it's 'Four dollars! Three dollars!' 'You can't *depend* on that,' I'm telling my client. 'Yeah,' he keeps saying."

But you *can't* depend on it. Three years later in New Orleans, before the 1978 Super Bowl, scalping prices stayed high right up to game time and closed at what seemed like 1998 inflationary levels. Much the same held true this year in Miami: an insurance man with eight tickets to the Steelers-Cowboys—whew, there's no telling *how* many policies he could have written.

Although dealing with a scalper tends to leave a bad taste in the mouth, the transaction is a kind of wildcat grassroots capitalism. Some scalpers describe themselves as speculators, old-fashioned horse traders, providers of a public service. In more places than one might think, scalping is legal. In Ohio and Oklahoma the only restrictions are that the cities of Cincinnati and Oklahoma City require annual license fees ($3,500 in Cincinnati, only $100 in Oklahoma City). In some states, Texas for one, there are no scalping regulations at all.

The verb "to scalp," meaning to cut off the scalp of a person, is an American coinage of the 17th century, but by the late 1880s it had become a term of commerce, used, for example, on the Stock Exchange, where it meant selling at a *lower* rate than the official price. Price cutting, in short. Just when it turned around and came to mean inflated rather than discounted prices is unclear. But by 1928 "scalpers" were arrested for selling tickets to the Michigan-Minnesota football game at a dollar a yard: $10 for seats on the 10-yard line, $20 for seats

on the 20 and on up to $50 for the 50.

Scalping thrives wherever tickets are hot. Rock concerts attract heavy scalping. Two-dollar tickets to the King Tut exhibit have gone for as much as $50. When a special one-shot tour of Richard Nixon's compound in San Clemente was organized in 1978, a woman boasted that she had sold her $2.50 ticket for $1,500. But scalping is especially prevalent in sports. The Super Bowl, the World Series, the NCAA basketball playoffs, the big college football games, the Masters golf tournament, the Kentucky Derby and the Indianapolis 500 are all major scalping events. So are the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, the annual indoor tractor-pull championships in Louisville and, of course, the Olympics. In Munich in 1972 a scalping bourse flourished on Marienplatz, and in Montreal in 1976 one busy young scalper circulated from buyer to buyer on a skateboard. It is almost certain that next year the Olympics will bring this example of freewheeling capitalism to the shadow of the Kremlin walls.

Scalpers deal by telephone, through bellmen, by means of classified ads, via friends. They inhabit various well-established locations: in Boston on Jersey Street outside Fenway Park, in Buffalo under the New York Thruway across the street from Memorial Auditorium, in Cincinnati along the north side of the pedestrian walkway leading to Riverfront Stadium, in Philadelphia near the Broad Street subway stop at Pattison Avenue, in Montreal in Toe Blake's Tavern near the Forum, in Los Angeles on Elysian Park Avenue or Stadium Way near Dodger Stadium. When the U.S. Open tennis tournament was still being held at Forest Hills in New York, scalpers thrived at a site where Son of Sam committed one of his murders.

"Gotcher tickets?" scalpers cry, or "Two?" Or even something so blatant as "Hey, I got the ducks [ducats], who's got the dough?" Some scalpers just hold up two fingers. Some keep asking for tickets, partly to camouflage their selling activities from the rare policeman who might be in the neighborhood, partly to keep abreast of price fluctuations, partly to obtain tickets that can be turned over for a quick profit. The camouflage doesn't always work. Denver's KOA-TV shot films of scalping transactions that interested the local D.A.'s office. At one Super Bowl, plainclothes police arrested a Hallandale (Fla.) man after he tried to sell them two $15 tickets for their face value of $30—provided they first give him $220 for a can of Orange Crush and a box of Girl Scout cookies.

Last year at New Orleans I got to know a scalper named Alex Carameros. There were wild rumors in the French Quarter that someone had paid $1,400 for two $30 tickets and that someone else had offered $2,000 to anyone who could find

continued

him two good tickets and a hotel suite for one night. In fact, single tickets *had* been sold for $300, and the going price to cooler customers was not a whole lot lower: $150 to $200. Carameros got top dollar. He'd buy tickets from softer-nosed scalpers for $50 and $75 and resell them for $150 and $175.

Tall, fleshy, composed, he was wearing an Exxon cap, holding up an I NEED TICKETS sign, talking a brisk line and moving along Poydras Street outside the Superdome like a man with things to take care of.

"You might be Vice," he suggested when I asked if I could question him while he scalped.

I showed him my identification.

"What the hell, it's legal in Texas," he said, and shouted, "*I need tickets*!"

"Do you do this for a living?" I asked.

"Me? I'm a commodities broker in Midland, Texas. I came in this morning with a good customer of mine. I just like to trade—buy low, sell high. *Let's see those tickets*! We kind of do this for kicks. We got here this morning at 11 with no tickets and we've been doubling our money ever since. *Show me tickets*! It gives me a thrill, that speculative desire. There's a van! We got to hit that van! I got six from a van earlier for $50 each."

The van proved dry. "*Need tickets*!" Carameros cried. "I'll stand on my head for $100 and a ticket!"

Passing bowlgoers smiled, their pride in their tickets enhanced. "You *got* one?" a man with a much less contented expression inquired. As smoothly as he had accelerated in pursuit of the van, Carameros modulated his voice to a softer but not surreptitious pitch. "$150," he said.

"Is it a real ticket?" asked the man.

"I've found that people are basically honest," Carameros said, as if buying were his primary concern and selling just a sideline. The man forked over three 50s.

"I like to make money," Carameros said. "I started scalping tickets in college. Now I just hit some of the big games around this part of the country. It's a risk. Like, hell, I lost almost $50 on Washington-Dallas tickets this year. They televised the game in Dallas and I couldn't give 'em away. Had to literally throw four in the trash can."

Where Carameros depended on on-the-spot buying for his tickets, a full-time scalper might mail in eight or 10 different orders for tickets to a big event, using his own address, a box number, his sister's name, his cousins' names, his girl friend's name and *her* cousins' names.... Even if the limit is two tickets per order, that can add up to a couple of dozen tickets, if the cousins don't get greedy. A larger operator may employ kids called "diggers" to wait in line for tickets, moving from window to window to get as many as possible.

Scalpers will sometimes make deals with ticket managers, ticket sellers and other front-office personnel to let them buy tickets before they go on public sale. The Chicago Black Hawks' ticket office was investigated by a grand jury a few years ago in connection with such practices. In college sports, students get cut-rate tickets, and so do faculty members and staff. Some of these tickets have been known to find their way into the scalping market. At a Michigan football game a couple of years ago a 90-year-old man was bounced from the student section.

Players get ticket allotments. At a big-time college an alumnus may arrange with a player to buy all his tickets throughout the season. When a visiting team arrives at an airport for a big game, local scalpers will be waiting to take extra tickets off the players' hands. Enterprising Super Bowl-bound players buy up teammates' extra tickets at twice their face value and funnel them off.

Most tickets obtained from the inside are scalped before game day to regular clients, such as functionaries charged with fixing up things for VIPs, Las Vegas hotels who hand them out to high rollers, big suppliers who use bellmen to sell them to guests. Even so, most sports scalping is small business. "Making arrests of scalpers is like fishing at a hatchery," says Captain Jerry Kennedy of the Denver police department. "You can only handle so many." In most cities, scalpers get away with a small fine, and uniformed police usually ignore scalpers who exercise minimal discretion. One

scalper, Bobby Estell of Birmingham, who was arrested for scalping at the 1967 Auburn-Alabama game, fought his case for four years and finally won in a Federal Court of Appeals, which threw out the Birmingham anti-scalping ordinance.

"I felt all along it was unconstitutional," says Estell. "Scalping is no more than selling something that's your property."

In New Orleans last year a middle-aged man in a police uniform, but with no hat, touched Carameros' arm. "That's all right," he said when Carameros jumped. "That's all right. All I wondered, can you sell my son here a ticket?" A gangly youth gulped.

Carameros was not going to stop and scalp a ticket under the eyes of even a hatless policeman. He didn't break stride but he did say, "Tell him to come with me, and I'll get him into the game."

The cop was the one who seemed embarrassed. "He says he'll get you in," he told the youth. "Just go with him."

The son gulped again. Here he was being told by his father, the law officer, to follow a scalper off somewhere. He stood rooted. The cop pulled him along behind Carameros for a while but finally he gave up.

When I asked if he had ever been arrested, Carameros said once a cop in Miami told him he'd run him in if he didn't tone his operation down a little. "Usually it's live and let live," he said. "If it turns out here that they're running people, I'll just go in and watch the game. Watch the game! I guess that's the ultimate rip-off of the scalper."

I tried a little scalping myself, in the interests of journalism. I began at the World Series. I had a $15 ticket to sell, and I was with my friend Roland Betts, who is a lawyer. A lawyer is good at arguing, at getting top dollar, at keeping people out of jail and, because he is accustomed to being paid by the hour, at counseling patience. You don't just step out of the subway hollering, "I've got two boxes for $150." Especially if you don't have two boxes. First, you get into the rhythm, get into the mood. You circulate a little. You check out your fellow scalpers. Little twitchy scalpers, hard-eyed Yankee-capped scalpers who resemble Sal Maglie, languid, hey-I-couldn't-care-less scalpers, obviously amateur scalpers mumbling to each other, "*I* don't know, what do you think?" And here and there a guy with such a good thing working that he's smiling, bubbling; he hasn't a care in the world.

You look over the uniformed cops in the area, but since people are visibly scalping all around them already, it would appear that all you have to worry about is not blatantly consummating any deals under their noses.

Not that you're doing anything illegal yet. You're strolling. You may ask an occasional question. Somebody mumbles, "Who needs two?" You mumble, "How much?" Whatever the answer is, you say, "Huh," and move on, as though you have a keener sense of values. To this the seller may say, "Huh? *Huh.* Better get 'em while you can." He may even give you a certain kind of confident scalper's sneer. You say "Huh" again.

You begin to feel the urge to deal. You work out an approach. Or, rather, a way of being approached, because it is important for reasons of style, leverage and discretion that you eschew the hard sell. You're not hawking, you're not exactly trafficking, even; you're indicating that you might be prevailed upon to offer a service. You might walk around holding up a finger or two, or letting the tickets stick up from your shirt pocket. I found I felt comfortable and authentic moving against the flow of the crowd, snapping, "Who needs 'em?"

It worked. Roland and I sold my $15 ticket for $40, bought two more for $65, moved more and more suavely, snapped "Who needs 'em?" more convincingly, followed a guy who had eyed us into a dark street corner. . . .

Wait a minute! How did we get into a dark street corner? I was trying to decide whether to run, throw myself on his mercy, or throw Roland on his mercy, when the guy said, "You sure you ain't cops?"

"Huh?" He sold us two bleachers for $20, and we went back to operating. We became authorities on The Price. "Naw, that ain't The Price," we'd snap to people asking more or offering less than we were. Maybe we weren't the *last* word on The Price, but we were working the crowd, driving at least semihard bargains, riding the surf of the moment, snapping "Who needs 'em?" Until all of a sudden I ran into a sportswriter I knew, who exclaimed, "What are *you* doing?"

As a class, sportswriters aren't the highest socioeconomic flyers in the world, but they're not usually reduced to peddling tickets. I was rattled. "Oh, I, uh . . . doing a story," I said. And all my concentration was gone. We wound up

with a cash deficit of $45. That is, after starting out with the one seat worth $15 and trading for three hours, we got ourselves and a kid who said his name was Cliffert into the bleachers for $30.

At the 1978 Super Bowl I had a ticket and my press credential, and somewhere along the line I sold the ticket for $100. Carameros had been suggesting he might see his way clear to giving me $75 for it. The guy I sold it to probably turned it over for $150. I couldn't get top dollar because I couldn't come up with lines the way Carameros could. When a man quibbled about the price of a ticket he needed for his wife, Carameros said, "Let her watch it on TV! I hear those instant replays are great!"

I stayed with Carameros until game time, but I wanted to see the game and I didn't think it was wise to scalp my press credential, so I left him right after the kickoff. Later he told me he was getting ready to sell his last ticket for $175—the buyer had the money out—but "there were some people around acting disgruntled about the price, and I saw a policeman giving me the evil eye. So I didn't sell it. I went ahead and saw the ball game."

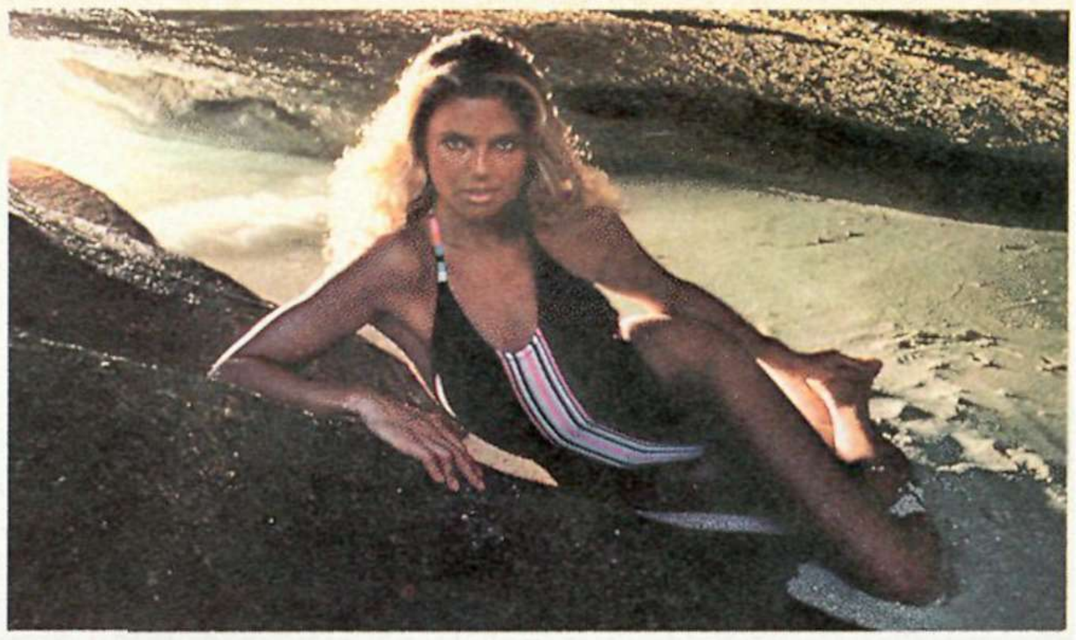
END

SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEYCHELLES

Photographs by Walter looss Jr.

Well, not really. But if she were selling, she'd be doing a land-office business. The Seychelles islands, aptly called the Pearls of the Indian Ocean, offer a lot more than cowries and conchs. For this week only, they are decorated with young ladies wearing this year's sculptured, pared-away swimsuits—the most glamorous fashions to hit the water since a sequined Esther Williams plunged into all those Hollywood pools back in the '40s. Many of these suits can go swimming by day and—add skirt or pants—disco dancing by night. On the cover, Christie Brinkley shimmers in a stretch-lace suit by Giorgio Sant' Angelo that goes for $300. Don't despair. A moderately priced version is now on the way.

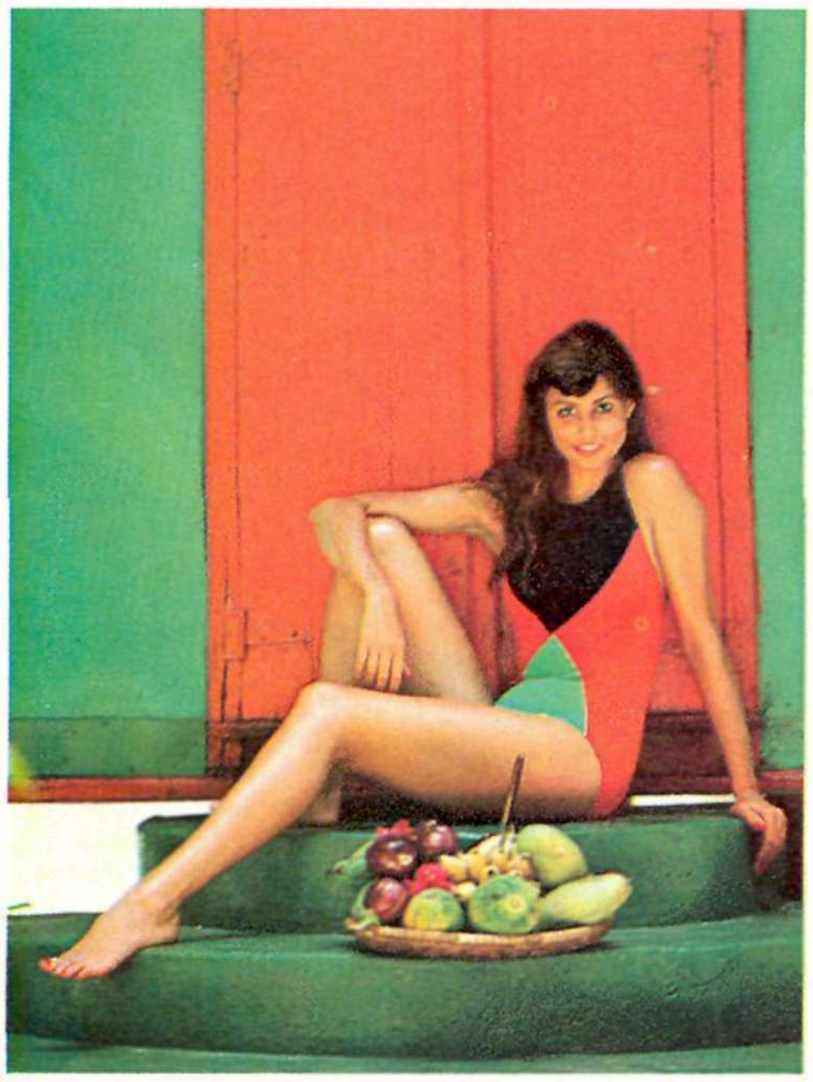
Christie wraps up the day at L'Union on La Digue in an intriguing suit that ties at the hip and is cut out for swimming and sunning by Monika Tilley for Elon ($39)



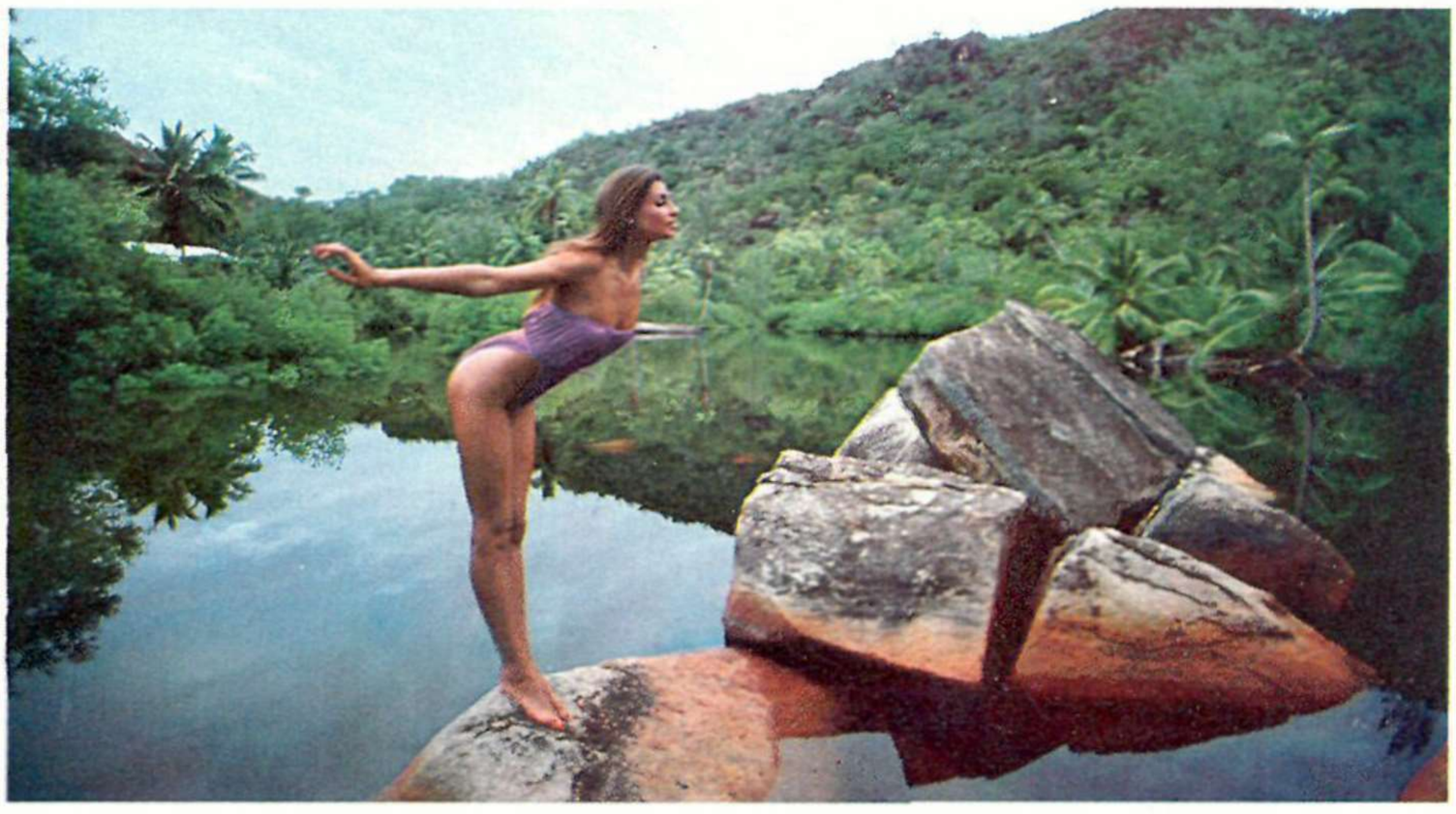
Reclining in a seaside grotto on La Digue, Christie has it made in the shade in her licorice-striped suit from Elon ($35). Stretching like a cat, Nicaraguan-born actress Barbara Carrera makes a splash in a leopard print by Gail Simms for Catalina Jrs ($23).

Apollonia Van Ravenstein of The Netherlands checks out the action in downtown Victoria. Back in the swim, "Apples," as her friends call her, cools off on the island of Praslin in the most recent version of Monika Tilley's fishnet swimsuit for Elon ($33).

As dusk descends on Bird Island, a pensive Christie (left) sifts through her thoughts in a bright magenta suit ($31), while Apples invites a maximum tan in a minimal shell-trimmed maillot ($39). Both swimsuits were designed by Monika Tilley for Elon.

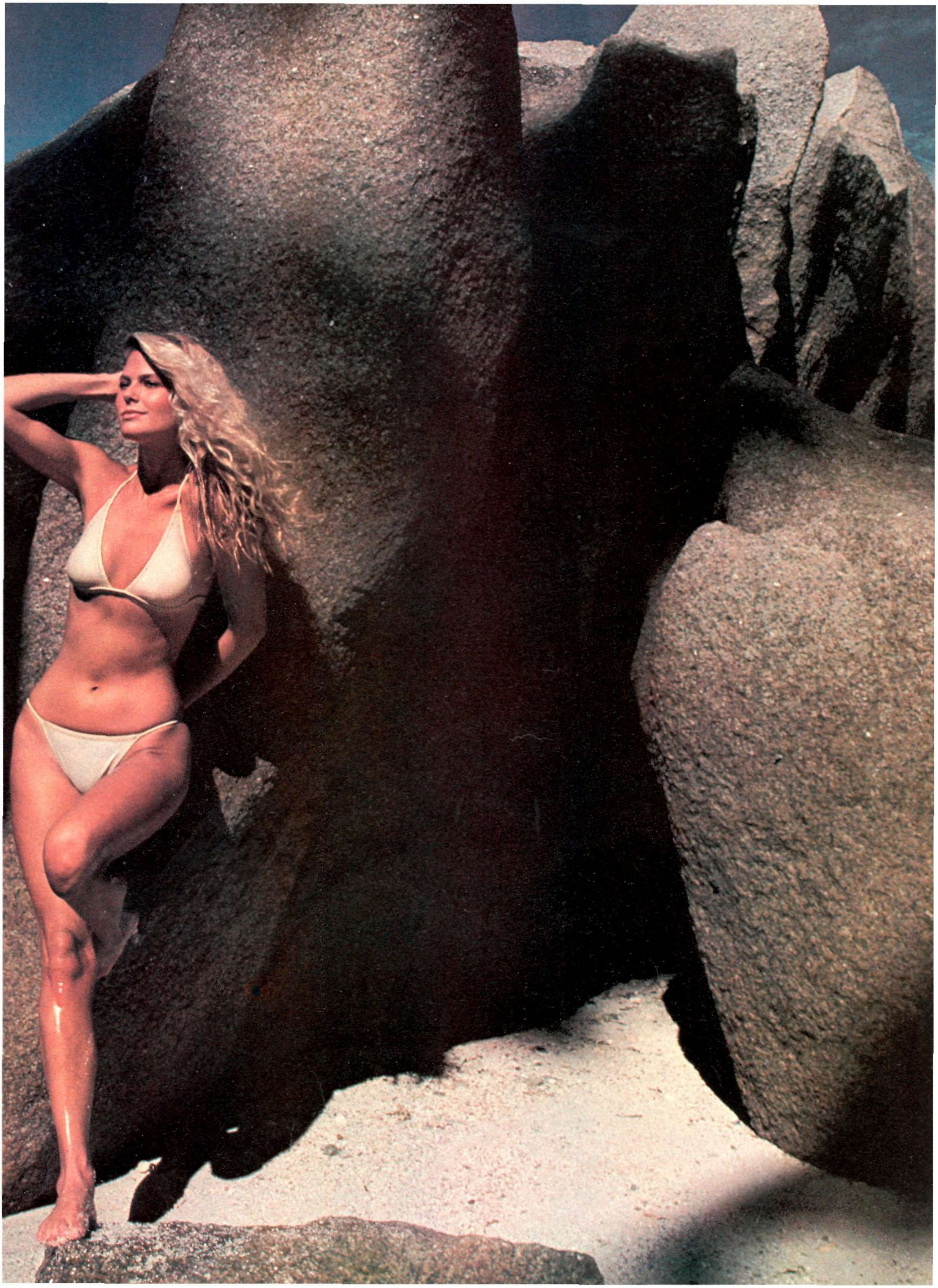


Clad in a Lycra-and-nylon tank suit from AMF Head Sports Wear ($30), which features the inserts, slinkiness and glamour that characterize Head's new racing suits, Apples appropriately poses with a platter of fruit on the steps of a house on Praslin.



Like a swimmer on the mark (well, sort of), the well-balanced Apollonia prepares for a plunge into a placid lagoon near the spectacular Anse Lazio beach on Praslin. She is almost wearing a strapless, permanently pleated suit by Monika Tilley for Elon ($49).

Two sculptured forms, a wind-worn granite outcropping and La Brinkley, are warmed by the morning sun on La Digue. Her suit is by Elon ($29).

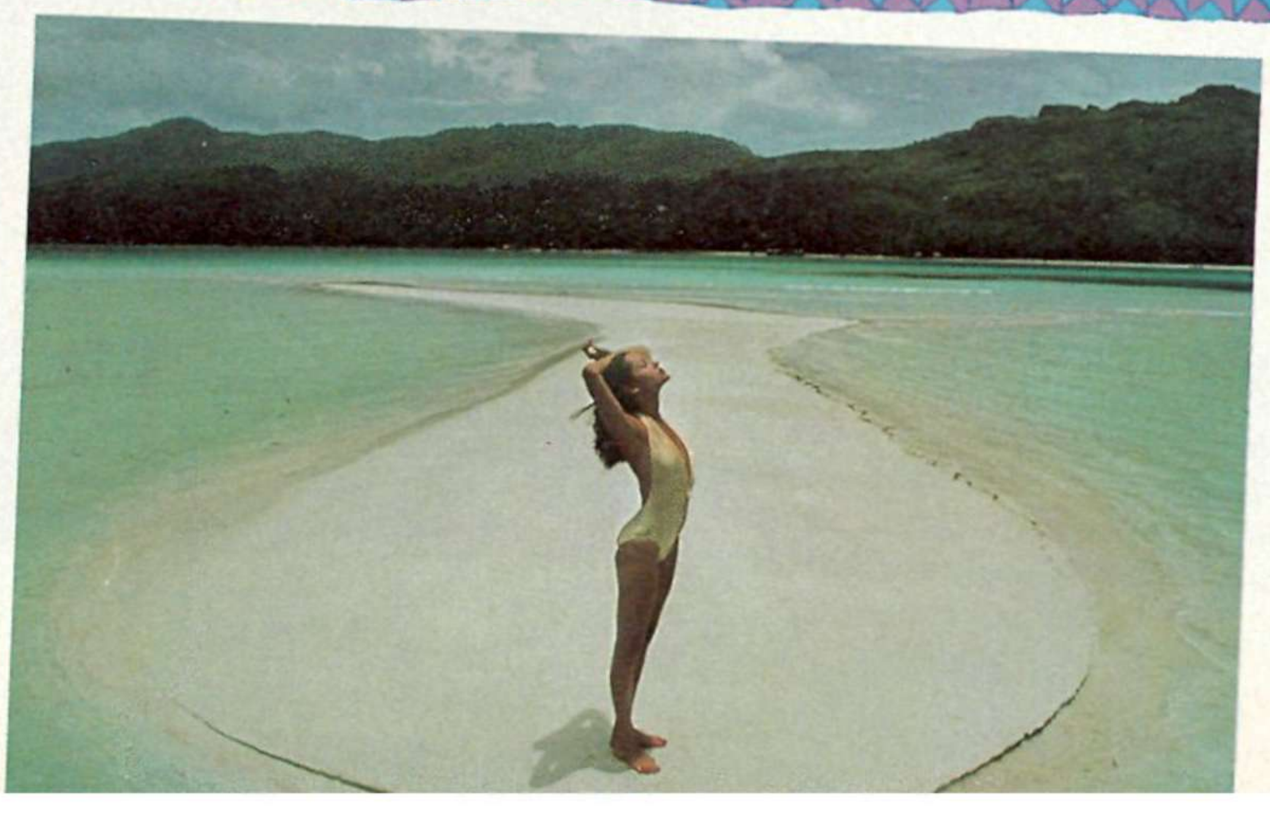


At sunrise, Barbara reaches for the drawstring ribbons of her adjustable neckline as she emerges from a pool at a secluded hillside villa at Glacis on the northwest coast of Mahé. The Lycra-and-nylon watercolor design is by Monika Tilley for Elon ($37).

In the dappled light of the Vallée de Mai on Praslin, Apples, camouflaged by a leaf-print suit from Elisabeth Stewart ($30), gets back to nature. The heavily forested Vallée is the main habitat of the celebrated coco-de-mer palm, a symbol of the Seychelles.

Racing along the coral beach of Bird Island, Christie is accompanied by her feathered friends, the sooty terns. The rare fairy tern, another denizen of the Seychelles, decorates her swimsuit, part of a collection of hand-painted designs by Elon ($41).

At Anse à la Mouche on Mahé, Barbara goes out in the midday sun on a whale-shaped sandspit uncovered by the ebbing tide. Her glamorous, satin-like suit, fittingly titled the Rita Hayworth, is designed by Leah Gottlieb for Gottex of Israel ($48).



Barbara, obviously the catch of the day, takes her ease on a fishing boat in a sand *and seashell bikini by Gottex of Israel* ($38). A beached Barbara, wearing a halter-neck maillot from Elon ($35), is enmeshed in her thoughts at Beau Vallon Bay on Mahé.

THIS PLACE IS FOR THE BIRDS

The only bad thing about the Seychelles is getting there. One can fly from New York on British Airways, which has connecting flights from London on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, or on Air France, with connecting flights from Paris on Thursdays and Saturdays. The actual time spent in the air, New York to the islands, is about 20 hours, but that doesn't include the delays that frequently occur at Heathrow and Charles de Gaulle airports. Round-trip fare from New York: $1,259 excursion rate (14-45 days), $1,697 economy and $2,515 first class.

So, the trip is long, tedious and expensive, but now for the good news. The unspoiled Seychelles offer swimming and sunbathing along miles of empty, white-sand beaches, excellent snorkeling and scuba diving (called "goggling" by the locals), and sport fishing for striped, black and blue marlin, sailfish, yellowfin tuna, wahoo, bonito, various species of shark and dogtooth tuna; five world records on the latter species have been set in the Seychelles. Birders won't even need binoculars to add half a dozen exceedingly rare and almost poignantly trusting species to their life lists—birds like the black parrot, black paradise flycatcher and Seychelles brush warbler.

The climate is unusually agreeable for a country so near the equator. Temperatures average between 75° and 85°, and the annual rainfall, though a heavy 90 inches, occurs primarily from November through January. Nonetheless, bookings are hardest to get in December. "People even sleep on hotel floors just to get out of their misery in Europe," explains travel agent Sonja Lindblad. The most comfortable time to visit is during the cooler southeast-trade-wind period from May through September.

Mahé, the largest of the archipelago's 92 islands, is the site of both the International Airport and the country's capital, Victoria, a city of 23,000 nestled at the foot of palm- and fern-carpeted mountains. The most luxurious and expensive hotel on Mahé is Fisherman's Cove ($85 a day per person, including breakfast). Built of native stone topped with thatching, it offers air-conditioned chalets and rooms with balconies overlooking Beau Vallon Bay. The Mahé Beach is a large, modern European-style hotel built on a rocky point; from a distance it resembles an enormous cruise ship gone aground. It has a sizable swimming pool, a small beach, tennis courts and spectacular scenery. Except for some tropical landscaping, however, the hotel lacks island atmosphere and charm. The average rate for an air-conditioned double room is from $45 to $60 a day per person, including breakfast and dinner. Also on Mahé are the Beau Vallon Bay, the Coral Strand and the Reef. All provide a variety of water sports, and disco music at night, but they are much like resort hotels anywhere. Double rooms are in the same price range as the Mahé Beach's. If you'd like something more intimate, a number of inns and guesthouses are available.

For an evocation of the Seychelles by George Plimpton, turn to page 58.

Exploring Mahé's beaches and small restaurants is a treat, and a car can be rented for $15 a day. But beware. Although paved, narrow mountain roads are shoulderless, and driving is on the left side, English fashion. As a further driving hazard, the scenery is very distracting. Each switchback opens up a spectacular view of lush forest at one turn and azure sea and white beach at the other.

Praslin Island, 24 miles northeast of Mahé, is ringed with great stretches of sand, interrupted only by an occasional sun-bleached tree trunk or wind-sculptured rock. The largest hotel on Praslin, the Paradise, consists of 16 comfortably furnished chalets cooled by overhead fans. Excellent Creole and European cuisine is served buffet-style. A double room with breakfast is about $27 per person. The Village du Pecheur, situated on the beach of the Côte d'Or, is a delightful little hotel made up of five thatch-roofed chalets. At night, tables are placed on the beach; dinner, served under the stars, features superb Creole dishes and fresh *bourgeois* (red snapper) which practically jump out of the sea into the frying pan. A room with full board costs $45 per person.

Oxcarts meet the ferry that regularly leaves Praslin for La Digue. No cars disturb the tranquillity of this island, and the unpaved street of the village, La Passe, is swept clean by a woman with a palm-frond broom. Gregoire's Island Lodge, the largest of the three hotels on La Digue, has 10 A-frame cottages and charges $45 per person for a double, including all meals.

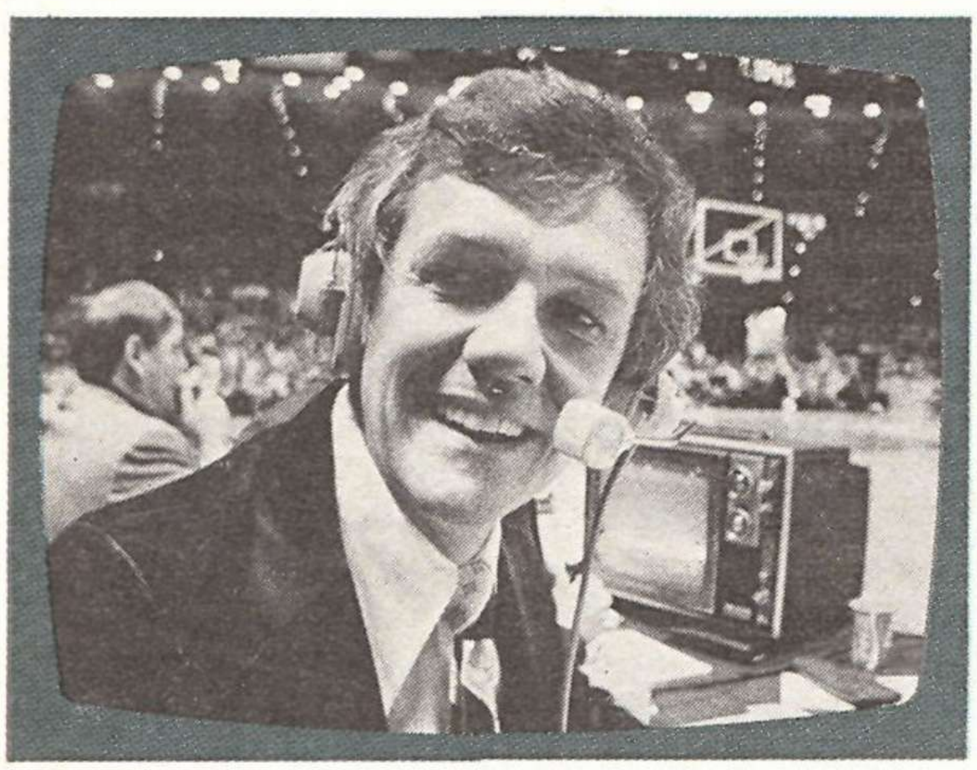
The only hotel on Bird Island, a wildlife refuge, is the Bird Island Lodge, a cluster of thatched chalets that resembles a small African village. The Lodge's extensive buffet luncheon includes freshly caught wahoo and dolphin, prepared in Creole, Chinese or Indian style. A double with full board is $52 per person.

For the first-time visitor, travel agents are indispensable. The complications of booking hotel accommodations, transportation to the various islands and charter boats, if the visitor is a fisherman, will discourage the do-it-yourselfer. In the U.S., Lindblad Travel Inc. (133 East 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10022) works directly with professional travel agents to set up itineraries. Sonja Lindblad is an expert on the islands, having lived there for eight years. Or contact these tour operators in Victoria, Mahé: TSS Travel Services (Seychelles) Ltd. (P.O. Box 356); Coralline United Touring, Ltd. (P.O. Box 115); Blue Safari (Pty) Ltd. (P.O. Box 549); or TFC Tours/Mason's Air Travel (P.O. Box 459). —JULE CAMPBELL

Sashaying on Praslin's Côte d'Or, Apples reveals another side of her fishnet suit. The end.

by FRANK DEFORD

HOT ROD IS HITTING THE ROAD AGAIN



BASKETBALL'S PETER PAN IS NOW FOURS BACK TO BACK

It has been many years since I have written about Hot Rod Hundley, and to account for this, I must begin with a personal episode. Years ago Rod and I were out together one evening in Manhattan, up to no good. It is my view that athletes—especially glib, boyish All-Americas—are of foremost value to the press in helping to pick up girls. Sure enough, Rod came through. Alas, one of the laws of urban civilization is that two good-looking women never travel together, so naturally Rod kept the prize of the pair for himself. Nonetheless, as the evening wore on it seemed to me that Rod's lady was actually sending fond glances my way. However, every time I tried so much as to say hello to her, she looked away.

At last, when Rod excused himself for a moment, I made my most suave move, asking her if she was enjoying herself. There was no response; she turned her head away again. "Hey, you can at least answer my question," I protested.

"No, I can't," she replied.

"You can't talk to me?"

"No," declared the beauty. "Hot Rod told me that I was not to pay any attention to you, not to say one word; that you were only here to follow him around and write down all the funny things he says."

Well, it has taken me almost 15 years to get over being vilipended, but now I have again followed Hot Rod around and written down the funny things. And the funniest thing is that he is middle-aged. Hot Rod, the Peter Pan of sports, is now "fours back to back"—44. And during some hours of the day he is downright mature. He is coming back to a national stage with a great deal of gray hair, gold-framed spectacles and a much svelter waistline than he had when he played his way out of the NBA. Carl Lindemann Jr., vice-president of programs at CBS Sports, has hired Hundley as an analyst on the network's traditionally woe-begone NBA telecasts.

"I don't know why he wasn't already signed up," says Lindemann, who was once director of sports at NBC. "At my first CBS Sports meeting, I asked what we could do to improve, and everybody—*everybody*—said, 'Why don't we get Hundley?' So we did. Hundley, John Havlicek and Keith Erickson are going to alternate with Brent Musburger."

Hundley has appeared on the networks before as an analyst, but for the past five years he has been hidden away down in New Orleans as the Jazz' announcer, where he has developed into a first-rate play-by-play man and where he will continue to work between assignments with CBS-TV. Only a handful of jocks have become bona fide professional radio play-by-play announcers, and as far as anybody knows, Hundley is the only basketball player to make the transition. That it is the legendary clown, Hot Rod, who has brought this off must astonish a good many people. Hundley was an outstanding player at West Virginia, but his career with the Lakers tumbled from mediocrity to garbage time, and he left the NBA after six seasons, hounded by the realization that he had wasted his talent and opportunity. He has succeeded as an announcer because he has made himself work at the craft in ways that he, a natural athlete, never applied to basketball.

"I'm very insecure," Hundley says. "Before I got into announcing, I never did anything but play ball and sell sneakers. I haven't got a degree. I never went to class. I read now. I'm teaching myself. I look up all the words that are new to me and try to use them. [Checked out vilipended yet, Rod?] And when somebody corrects me, I don't forget it.

"I honestly think this: I'm the best color man in basketball. I know the game, I've got humor, and I don't look bad on camera. A play-by-play man has to prepare more, but an analyst has got to get in and get out in a hurry. A play-by-play man can destroy a color man if he wants to. Now I want to be the best play-by-play, too, and I know damn well that there's nobody who can do both as well as I can."

Hundley possesses one natural microphone asset, a voice that rolls in like fog, and he has added to it a distinctive style: no s's. That is, singular subjects get short plural verbs, *i.e.*, "Goody right to left front court, angle left to Jimmy Mac, terminate the belt-high dribble, whip it down to Haywood, penetrate the baseline and score!"

But s's aside, even before he was an announcer, Rod liked imitating announcers, and one of his more conspicuous charms is that he sees the pretension and excess in his profession. He enjoys nothing better than parodying himself. One evening when Truck Robinson, the Jazz Player of the Game, failed to show up for his postgame interview, Hundley went right ahead and interviewed Robinson anyway, playing both parts. Hundley even went so far as to award Robinson-Hundley a gift certificate. "Thanks for joining us, Truck," he said. Replied Truck-Rod, "It's always a pleasure to speak with you, Hot." On other occasions, when Pete Maravich makes a spectacular shot, Hundley will drop into his formal announcer's voice and actually say, "A gentle push, a mild arc and the cowhide globe hits home." (Note to pretty girls in bars: That's the kind of stuff I write down when I hear it.)

So, hey! Rod out of the NBA, angle left into sneaker sales, yo-yo, drop it off into color, whip under to New Orleans, penetrate the play-by-play, fake left, go right, spin up a 15-foot network hopper. . . . It has taken a long time, but Hot Rod is ready now to take his best shot. **END**

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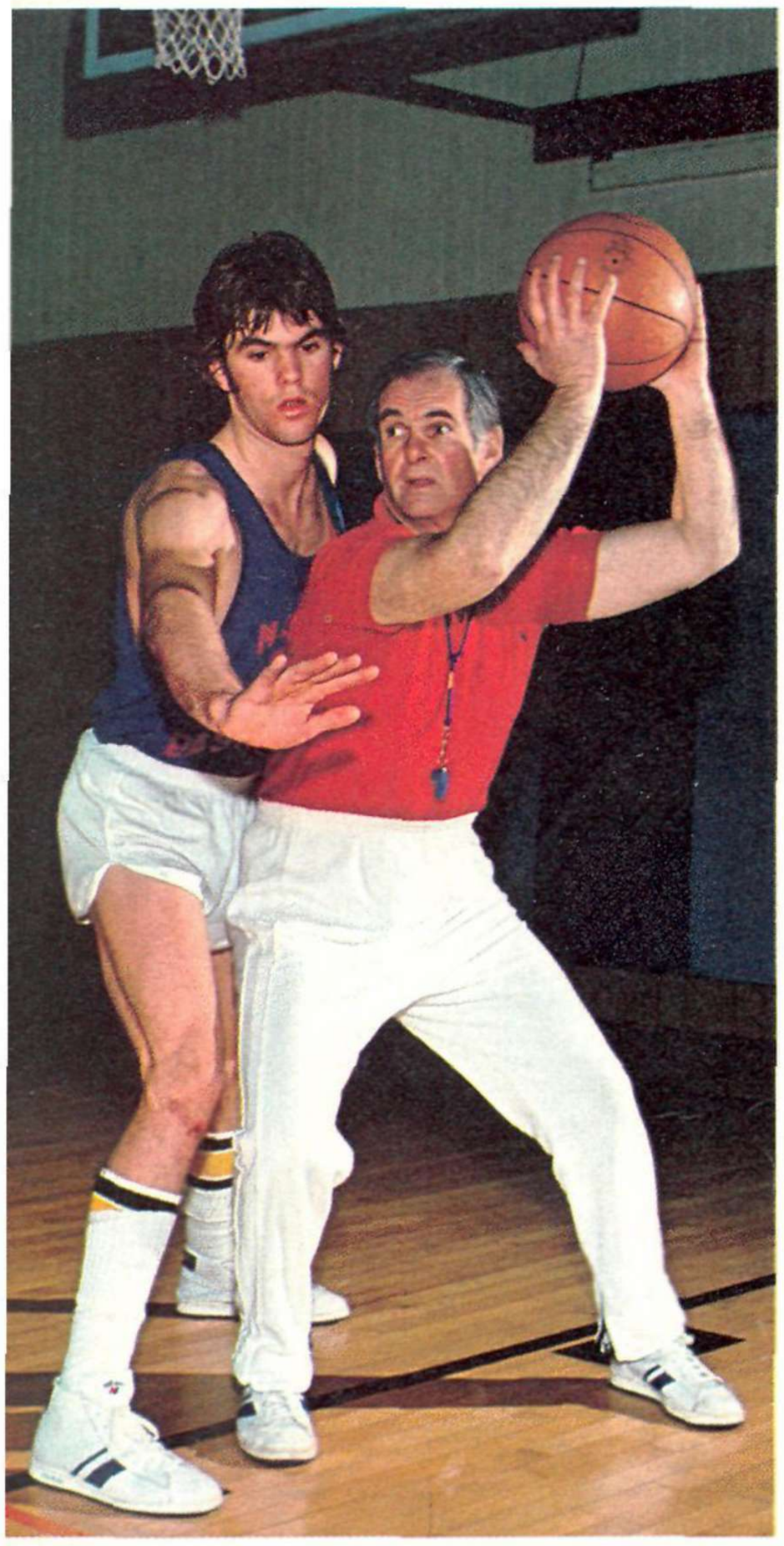
by Joe Jares

He knows how to take charge

Though only a JC coach, Bud Presley is among the best in the business



Presley still gets out and shows how it's done.

Practice in the decrepit barn of a gym has been going at a frenzied pace—adhesive man-to-man defense and bodies bumping violently under the backboards. Directing the fierce drills is a 56-year-old coach with graying hair and a small spare tire bulging under his sweat suit. He chides, he screams, he patiently explains techniques to the young men he calls "lads." Finally it is time for a rite of manhood, the coach's Take-the-Charge Drill. He steps into the key and stands there with his arms at his sides. One of his huskier lads dribbles full blast straight at him. Oof! Down he goes and back he slides four feet. The players explode in cheers, surround him, pull him to his feet, clap him on the back, practically smother him with affection. Then they take turns steamrolling each other.

George (Bud) Presley Jr. is in his eighth season as basketball coach at Menlo College, a small, private JC in swanky Atherton, Calif., a few miles north of Stanford University on El Camino Real. It has high entrance requirements and, unlike the 104 other California junior colleges, is expensive. Tuition and fees come to $3,810 a year, and there are no athletic scholarships.

Menlo's record in the four years before Presley arrived was 17–75. Presley's record in 7½ seasons is 187–36. His teams have won one state Division II junior college championship and finished second three times. They've won five Coast Conference titles and ended up second twice. And in all likelihood they've won the national championship every year in taking charges. Points, assists and rebounds are not ignored at Menlo, but "charges taken" is the glory statistic. A few seasons ago a mild-mannered Chinese-American, Phillip Ching, drew 109 charging fouls in 25 games.

Presley travels all over the country speaking at clinics, mostly on motivation and man-to-man defense, and one of his favorite bits of theater is to invite someone in the audience to come up and flatten him with a charge. Unfortunately, he once pulled this stunt shortly after undergoing minor surgery to remove a skin cancer from his chest. The charge broke his stitches, and he finished the talk with blood all over his shirt.

Presley is fond of conducting private clinics while driving, sometimes using the car to demonstrate how to cut off an opponent at the baseline. He occasionally becomes so wrapped up in his discourse that he tries to enter a freeway via an off ramp. Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian once spent a few days with Presley and his long-suffering wife Gloria. When it came time for Tarkanian to depart, Presley, talking basketball all the way, tried to drive him to the San Jose Airport, but ended up nine miles away in Milpitas. Tarkanian missed his plane. Perhaps because he is always busy pondering new ways to draw the charge, Presley gets lost even when he rides alone. "He can't find his way anywhere," says a friend. "He phones me and says, 'Damn it, kid, where am I? I'm out in a cornfield in Hayward.' He calls everybody kid. I say, 'How the hell did you get there?' 'Oh, I don't know. You must've given me the wrong directions.' "

The University of Portland's Jack Avina, formerly a Bay Area high school coach, recalls going home with Presley one day. "Bud couldn't find his house key," says Avina, "so he went around back where there were a number of trash barrels with a plank over them. He climbed up on the plank, opened a window and crawled in. He kept that plank there and his bed next to the window because he had to get in that way so often."

Presley stories are common wherever coaches gather in California, and none seems to be apocryphal. There's the one about how he so hates zone defenses that an ex-student assistant, five years into his own coaching career, refused to use a zone for fear Presley would find out. And the one about how, on a road trip, Presley sat up in his sleep at 3 a.m., screamed, "Defense, damn it! Defense!" and fell back on the pillow, leaving his startled assistant coach-roommate awake the rest of the night.

But tributes come just as thick and fast as accounts of his eccentricities:

• "He is a man with incredible enthusiasm, a man who has never lost his ap-

petite for more knowledge about basketball. He is a great teacher."—Portland Trail Blazer executive Stu Inman.

• "There is no better coach anywhere in the country."—Penn State's head man, Dick Harter.

• "About as fine a teacher of team and individual defense as any man I've seen."—former Cal Coach Pete Newell.

• "He is a great disciplinarian. He's at the top of the list there, above Bobby Knight or anyone else."—Avina.

One of Presley's players took a bad shot a few years ago—it doesn't happen often—and Presley ran on the floor, grabbed the kid, carried him past the bench and dumped him in the third row of the stands. The referees were so shocked they didn't even call a technical foul. And Presley felt so bad afterward about the incident that he couldn't make himself go into the locker room. He waited outside, half hoping the youngster would come out and paste him one. Instead, the player came out and hugged Presley, and they both started crying.

Presley is capable of screaming at a player—"You *sprint* back on defense next time, or you'll never play another minute for this school"—and a few minutes later, be it after victory or defeat, telling the player without the least hint of embarrassment how much he loves him. Presley's extreme emotions are probably a reaction to the reserved manner in which he was treated by his father, whom Bud idolized. Presley Sr., a multisport athlete at Stanford and a prosperous San Francisco lawyer who died when his son was 11, showed affection by putting on boxing gloves and sparring with Bud.

One year during Presley's coaching days at Cubberley High in Palo Alto, his team had a 12–0 record when several top players got injured. Cubberley lost seven games in a row, and Presley was going crazy. Gloria, who would rather go to the opera than a basketball game, suggested that he drop his boorish ways and behave more like the gentlemanly Inman, then coaching at San Jose State.

"I was desperate, I was willing to try anything," says Presley. "I tried to be Stu for a week. I wore a suit and I took my briefcase to practice, and when some tender candy wouldn't crash the boards, I would call time and say, 'Son, do you not think that if you rebounded with just a bit more intensity, it might benefit our cause?' Then I would smile.

"Well, this went on for a week, and

continued

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we lost two more games. Then one night I had to go scout. The whole squad came over to the house—they loved to come over and see Gloria and get a little sanity in their lives, a little mellowness and tenderness. They said, 'We know the coach isn't home, Mrs. Presley, but we came to talk with you.'

"So they came in the house, and a couple of them said, 'We think the coach has quit on us. We think he has given up on us. He's not himself. He doesn't scream at us anymore. He doesn't call us terrible names. Is he sick?'

"Gloria said, 'No, not physically. Mentally, yes, he has been sick for years.'

"The point is, I couldn't be Stu Inman. I had to be myself. Kids see through a phony in two seconds. They want somebody to set limits for them. They're crying for somebody to make them physically and mentally as good as they can be. They want somebody to make them work hard. They want somebody to teach them the glory and thrill of an all-out effort.

"But if you're going to be demanding and get those kids to die for you out there, you'd better hug 'em off the floor, you'd better be concerned about their lives, and you'd better give 'em love."

Presley's mixture of affection and abuse has worked beautifully over the years. His teams have won 517 of 726 games over 28 seasons. Last year at Menlo he became the first coach to win the Charles B. Emerick Teaching Prize.

The question naturally arises: If this Presley guy is such a genius, such a great motivator and such a defensive wizard that pro coaches call him in to teach their players—which they do—how come he's not working at a major college?

Age is one reason. Not many schools are willing to hire a man 56. An even more likely reason is Presley's habit of raving about gutless administrators and namby-pamby psychologists.

More than 10 years ago, practically on the eve of his being named the coach at College of San Mateo, a good junior college job, Presley got into a brawl with two hecklers at a Cubberley High game. Avina got the job instead, built a good record and moved on to Portland. In 1966 Presley did get an assistant's position at Gonzaga, with a good chance of taking over as head man in a few years, but he had a dispute with his boss and left.

If he had his life to live over, Presley would do many things differently, but he would still be a coach. He speaks about his calling with revival-tent fervor.

"Coaching can be discouraging at times," he told a clinic recently, "but far more often it is deeply satisfying and rewarding. Youngsters are naive, they are variable, they are sometimes obstinate and incomprehensible, but they are also warm, flexible, loyal and incurably optimistic. They lift us up when we are down, they deify us when we and all our peers know that we have feet of clay, and they constantly reaffirm our faith in the innate goodness of man.

"No matter how much we give of ourselves to our kids, we can never match by half what they give us in return. We tend to bellyache and despair at times. Some of us are petty and belittle our fellow coaches, and all of us by necessity are a little insane. But we should count our blessings because we in the coaching profession are the most fortunate people on the face of the earth."

THE WEEK

(Jan. 22-28)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST "It was unbelievable," said Ohio State Coach Eldon Miller after beating Indiana 66–63 in overtime, despite having trailed 55–46 with two minutes to go in regulation time. Carter Scott triggered the comeback, scoring 11 of the Buckeyes' last 20 points. Ohio State, which also stopped Northwestern 73–61, remained unbeaten in the Big Ten.

Second-place Iowa won twice at home. The Hawkeyes defeated Illinois 58–52, going into a four-corner offense midway through the second half. They then trimmed Minnesota 81–64, forsaking the anticipated four corners and running the clock down with a weave. Freshman Kevin Boyle had 29 rebounds and 28 points in those games.

Michigan State took a tumble, losing 49–48 at Michigan and 83–65 at Northwestern. Against the Wolverines, the score was 48–48 when Michigan freshman Keith Smith was fouled going for a shot as time expired. While State Coach Jud Heathcote vehemently argued the call, Smith, who was waiting to go to the free-throw line, was taunted by Gregory Kelser of the Spartans. "He told me I was too young for this kind of pressure and that I didn't belong in the Big Ten," said Smith, who overcame the psych by sinking his first shot. The Wolverines then squeezed past Illinois 56–54 on Marty Bodnar's layup at the buzzer, the third time in their past four outings they won in the last instant.

Scoring only two field goals in the final 10 minutes at Florida would usually be enough to add up to a loss for any team. Alabama, however, sank 21 of 25 foul shots during that span and won 77–66. The Crimson Tide also was a 68–67 victor at Mississippi State, giving Alabama a piece of the Southeastern Conference lead.

Sharing first place was Vanderbilt, which started off with a 57–56 victory at Florida, after the Gators had zipped ahead 20–4. But the Commodores couldn't catch Tennessee, which led by 14 at halftime. Vandy pulled to within one point with 1:38 left and worked for a last shot, only to have Bert Bertelkamp steal a pass. Bertelkamp fed the ball to teammate Terry Crosby, who was fouled with six seconds remaining. Instead of Crosby, a 71.4% free-throw shooter going to the line, it was Bertelkamp, an 82.6% marksman, who stepped in. "Me and Bert made it up," Crosby confessed. "Coach didn't know about it." A Vanderbilt player spotted the trickery, and Crosby had to shoot the free throws, making both as Tennessee won 71–70. Next time out, the Commodores outscored Auburn 10–2 down the stretch at home to pull out a 66–59 triumph.

Louisiana State fell to third after edging Tennessee 77–75 and losing 93–88 at Georgia, where the Bulldogs got 24 points each from Eric Marbury and Walter Daniels.

Because his hearing aid had conked out, Coach Hank Raymonds missed the announcement that Sam Worthen had tied a Marquette single-game mark with his 13th assist against Oral Roberts. "I was ready to take him out," said Raymonds, who found out about the record in time and left Worthen in long enough to get his 14th assist in the Warriors' 75–60 victory.

Mark Aguirre had 23 points as DePaul ended Illinois State's 30-game home-court winning streak 87–69. Western Kentucky shot a school-record 78.4% from the floor while jarring Dayton 78–72.

1.NOTRE DAME (12–2)
2.OHIO STATE (13–4) 3.VANDERBILT (14–3)

MIDWEST Texas, which labored through the early portion of the season, has been coming on like a gusher of late. With Jim Krivacs scoring 75 points and Tyrone Branyan 67, Phil Stroud bringing down 33 rebounds and John Moore getting 33 assists, the Longhorns won three times. Krivacs and Branyan scored 21 of Texas' last 25 points in the first half against Texas A&M as the Longhorns prevailed 89–66. And they fired away for 36 points to bring down Southern Methodist 98–62. In between those home-court victories, Texas hung on for a 77–76 verdict at Baylor. It was no surprise that the game was close, because the previous nine meetings between the two have been

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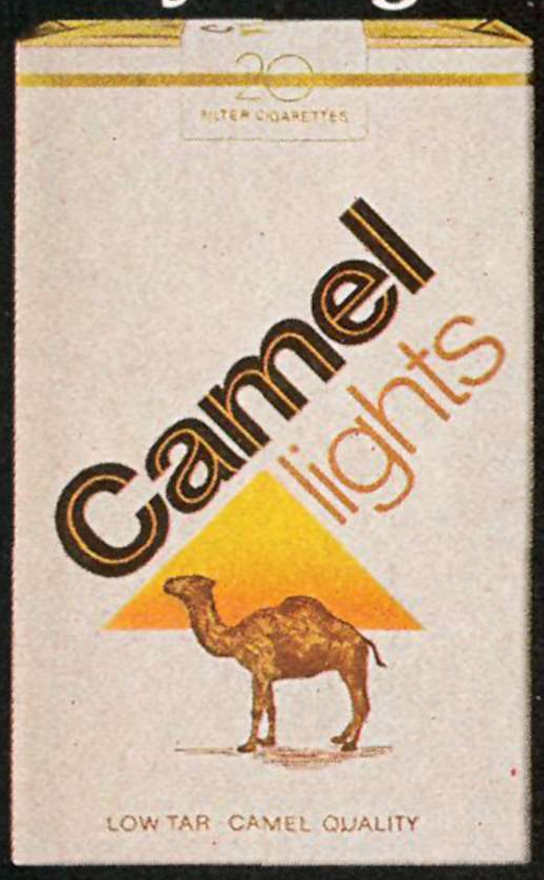


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

decided twice by one point, five times by two points, once by three points and once by five. What was unusual was that the Bears had seven more field goals and seven more rebounds than the Longhorns, whose 21'-for-24 foul shooting settled the game. Baylor Guard Vinnie Johnson, the top scorer in the Southwest Conference last season with a 21.6 average and the current leader at 26.9, had 27 points. One game behind Texas in the SWC chase was Texas A&M, which decked Texas Christian 57–43 and Rice 81–62.

In the Big Eight, the scramble for first place was as snarled as rush-hour traffic. When everybody was done playing on Wednesday, there was a jam-up at the top, five teams having 3–2 records. Kansas State, the only conference team to win on the road last week, earned a share of the lead by beating Oklahoma State 77–73 in overtime. Also 3–2 were three losers, Missouri having been toppled by Colorado 82–69, Iowa State having been defeated by Kansas 80–71 and Oklahoma having lost 74–56 to Nebraska. By winning, the Huskers were also 3–2. Because of his poor play this season, Kansas' Paul Mokeski was booed by Jayhawk fans before facing Iowa State. But after his 17 points and 15 rebounds helped Kansas win, he was cheered.

Following Saturday's action, three teams were tied for first—Missouri, Oklahoma and Nebraska. Missouri held off Kansas State 83–79. Oklahoma and Iowa State engaged in a run-and-gun battle hardly typical of the conservative Big Eight, the Sooners winning 98–83. Kansas, which seemed finally to have righted itself, was a 66–64 overtime loser at Nebraska, where Husker Bob Moore broke the 13th and last tie of the game with a 35-foot shot at the gun.

It took a halftime chewing-out by Coach Denny Crum to get Louisville moving. The Cardinals, who led St. Louis by only 33–32 at the intermission, went on to win 80–65 as Bobby Turner wound up with 24 points. Louisville solidified its Metro 7 lead on Sunday by beating Virginia Tech 82–72.

1.INDIANA STATE (18–0)
2.LOUISVILLE (17–3) 3.TEXAS (14–4)

EAST Top-ranked Notre Dame and No. 2 North Carolina were done in by foul play. The Irish, down by 12 points early in the second half at Maryland, went in front 66–62 with 1:39 left. Thirteen seconds later Larry Gibson of the Terps halved that deficit by canning two free throws. With one second to go, Gibson came through with a decisive three-point play, taking a pass from Greg Manning, scoring a game-tying basket and converting a foul shot that finished the Irish 67–66. Keeping the Terps in the lead most of the way were Ernest Graham's 28 points and Buck Williams' 15 rebounds.

Had North Carolina won a few hours later at Clemson, it probably would have earned the No. 1 ranking for the first time since 1959. But the Tigers, who were 8–69 in their series with the Tar Heels, upset Carolina 66–61. Larry Nance had 21 points for Clemson, which sealed its victory by converting seven straight foul shots in the final minute. North Carolina earlier won 76–69 at Wake Forest.

Duke, playing its finest game of the season, was an 84–66 winner at Virginia. The Blue Devils made their last nine field-goal attempts of the first half, shot 61.5% for the night and got 24 points from Mike Gminski. That left Duke 4–1 in the Atlantic Coast Conference, while North Carolina's record dropped to 6–2. On Sunday, Duke continued to look impressive, knocking off independent Marquette 69–64 as Gene Banks came through with 23 points.

Joining Maryland and Clemson in pulling off surprises was Wake Forest, which jolted Rhode Island 69–67 in overtime when Frank Johnson stole a pass and connected on a 30-foot jumper at the buzzer. For the Rams, who had been in front 40–28 at halftime, it was their third setback of the season, all by two points or less.

One of the surest bets around is that Syracuse will win at home. Even though Rutgers shot in front 18–5, the Orangemen won 71–65, Marty Headd leading the way with 20 points and Roosevelt Bouie adding 13 points, nine rebounds, six blocked shots and three steals. The only good thing Rutgers Coach Tom Young could say about Syracuse's Manley Field House was, "The crowd has improved. You don't get hit with as much ice anymore." The Orange then manhandled Manhattan 113–68 for its 41st consecutive home triumph. Syracuse also won for the ninth time in a row at Philadelphia's Palestra. Down by seven with 13:51 to go, the Orange beat Temple 78–76 in overtime, as Hal Cohen scored 24 points.

Georgetown's Tom Scates doesn't have impressive statistics this season, but he is beginning to make use of his 6′ 11″, 245-pound body. Against St. Francis, Scates got the Hoyas' first basket on an over-the-shoulder, one-handed dunk. He then blocked two shots and scooped up a loose ball, taking it in for a layup that put the Hoyas in front 9–3. They went on to win 74–62. In an 88–80 victory over American University, Scates had just one point, but he snuffed nine shots. The rest of Georgetown's points were scored by John Duren and Eric Floyd, who had 23 each, Steve Martin (21) and Craig Shelton (20).

The season's most improbable shot—an 80-footer at the final buzzer—helped St. Bonaventure win 74–72 at Niagara. Delmar Harrod of the Bonnies, who swished the lengthy toss, put Niagara over a barrel for keeps when he went to the other extreme and scored on a layup with only four seconds left in overtime.

1.DUKE (14–3)
2.N. CAROLINA (15–3) 3.GEORGETOWN (16–2)

WEST San Francisco, which had left the heart of its offense in the hands of Bill Cartwright all season, displayed much-needed balance while defeating Santa Clara twice. In a game filled with 50 personal fouls, the Dons edged the Broncos 75–74 at USF. Cartwright, plagued by fouls, had just four points, but Billy Reid and Guy Williams picked up the slack by scoring 17 apiece. Londale Theus, who had 28 for the Broncos in that game, poured in 31 points in another losing cause three days later. San Francisco won 94–86 with an attack that included lots of points from the outside, on drives and on backdoor plays. A 29-point effort by Doug Jemison kept the Dons rolling as they boosted their WCAC record to 6–0.

Arizona, a surprise winner over UCLA the week before, completed a parlay against the Pac-10's Los Angeles teams by beating visiting Southern Cal 74–72. Joe Nehls popped in 31 points for the Wildcats.

Taking over first place in the conference was UCLA, which whipped Washington State 89–71 and Washington 86–61. In their victory over State, the Bruins got 22 points from Brad Holland and a career-high 21 from Kiki Vandeweghe and crimped the Cougars with a revitalized press. Solid performances by David Greenwood, who had 24 points and 16 rebounds, and Vandeweghe, who had 21 and 10, helped the Bruins dispose of Washington. USC stayed within a half game of UCLA by putting away Washington State 67–61.

New Mexico, which a year ago ended Nevada-Las Vegas' 72-game home-court winning streak, shocked the Rebels again amid a flurry of 66 personal fouls. Larry Belin led the Lobos with 30 points, but the clinching points came from Mike Stewart and Phil Abney. The Rebels' Flintie Ray Williams made a layup in the last four seconds to tie the score at 99–all, but he also was called for charging. Stewart sank a free throw to break a 99–99 tie, and Abney added the game's final basket to make it 102–99.

Utah and Brigham Young were deadlocked for first place in the WAC. The Utes trimmed Wyoming 64–60 and Colorado State 96–75. BYU won 98–83 at Colorado State but lost 71–69 in overtime at Wyoming.

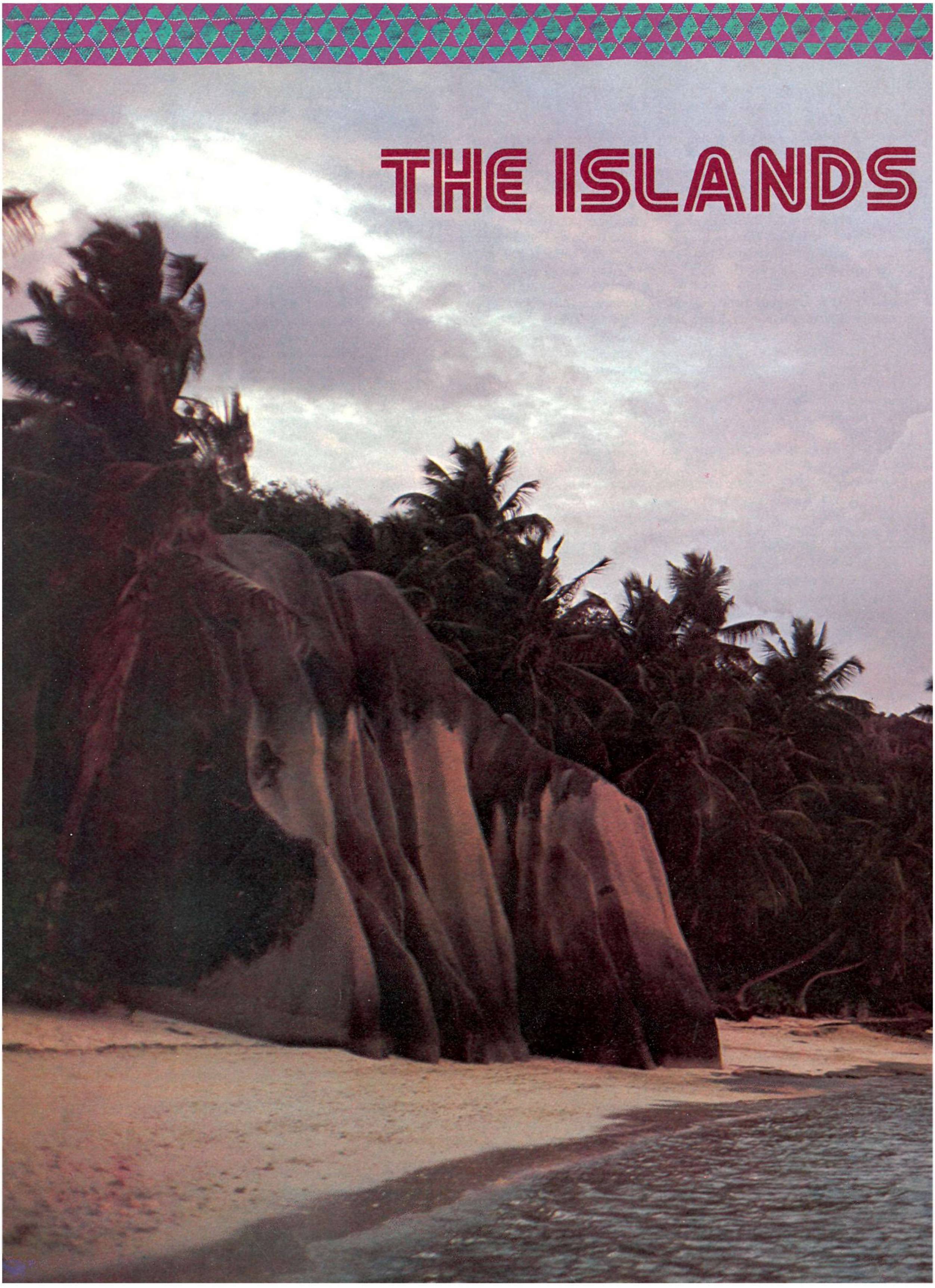
An 84–67 win at Northern Arizona ran Weber State's Big Sky record to 7–0.

1.UCLA (14–3)
2.SAN FRANCISCO (15–4) 3.WEBER ST. (19–4)

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM KRIVACS: Texas took charge of the Southwest Conference race as the senior guard went on a scoring spree, putting in 28 points against Texas A&M, 23 more at Baylor and 24 against Southern Methodist.

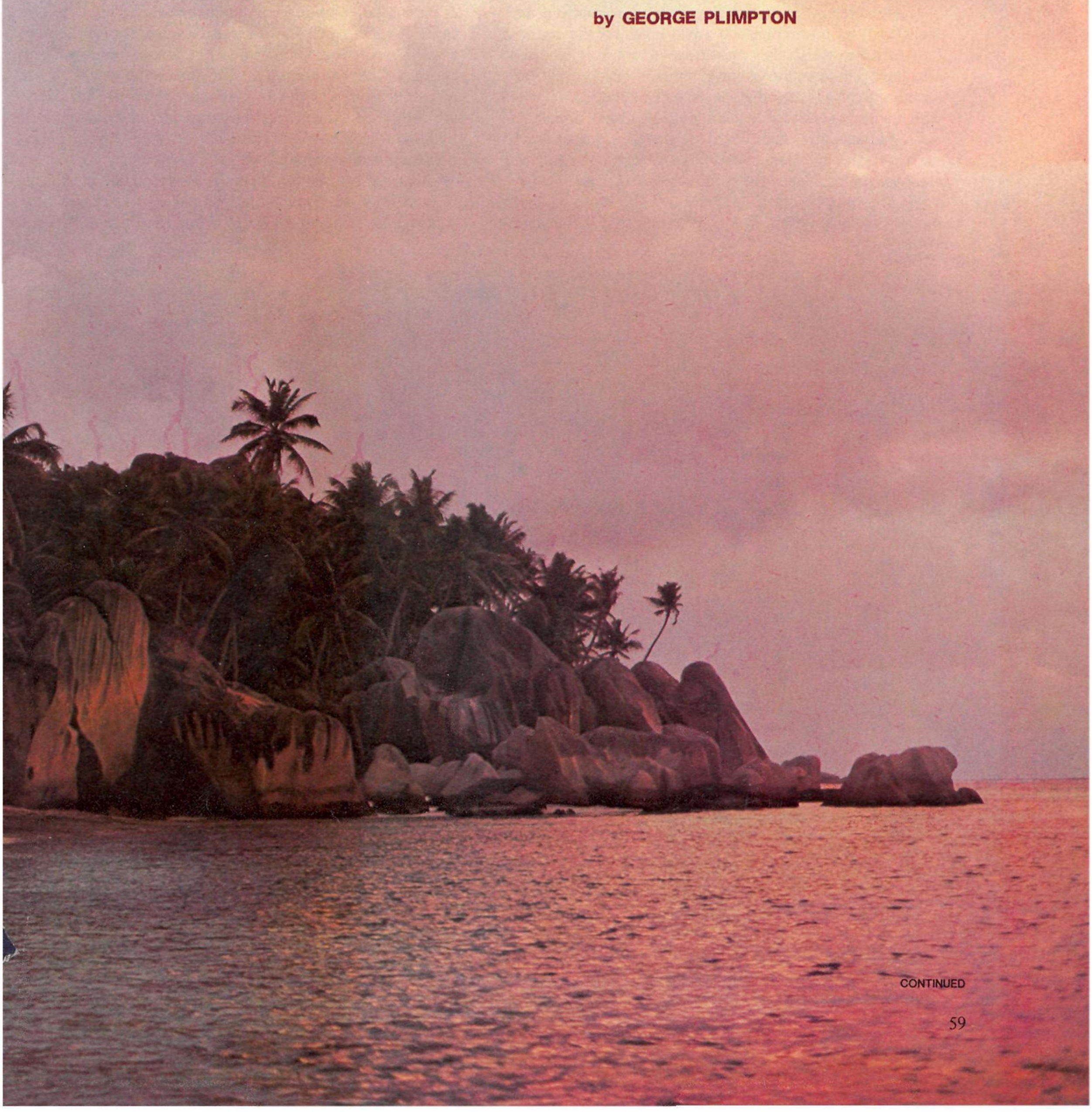
THE ISLANDS



OF PARADISE

Majestic beaches, such as this one on La Digue; cloud forests; rare, astonishing birds; a predilection for dominoes and amour; and no radio playing on the buses—these are the Seychelles

by GEORGE PLIMPTON



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SEYCHELLES

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It is always a surprise coming by airplane upon islands in the vastness of an ocean. Looking down and seeing the Seychelles come into view is no exception. One thinks of the marvels of navigational aids—that anyone can find these tiny islands (Charles de Gaulle dismissed them as "fly-specks") smack in the middle of the western Indian Ocean.

Most travelers know the Seychelles (pronounced say-shells) only as an archipelago 1,000 miles off the coast of East Africa to which they must travel to get from Kenya to Tanzania. Those countries have common borders, but they have been closed since they began squabbling in 1977 over which was responsible for the financial collapse of East African Airways, thus requiring that travelers detour out to the Seychelles and then back to the African coast to cover what used to be done in the stride of a foot.

What a mistake not to get off and enjoy what has been thought of by travelers as a way station, but is, in fact, a unique island group. Most mid-ocean islands are either coral or volcanic. The Seychelles include the only granitic ones, which would seem to support the theory that they did not originate in mid-ocean but were left behind as a ridge of land mass when India and Africa swung apart millennia ago. The result is spectacular. American tourists are often reminded of the coast of Maine except that in the Seychelles the beaches are of white sand and the rocks rise out of the turquoise of a warm tropic sea. One of the most singular and beautiful beaches of the world must be L'Union on the western shore of La Digue, one of the 92 islands of which the Seychelles are composed—a beach of miniature lees and bays created by huge granite boulders rising off the ocean edge in an artistic tumble that would delight Henry Moore.

The largest of the Seychelles is Mahé; 55,000 people, almost 90% of the population, live there. Its land area is 55 square miles, dominated by a skyline that includes Morne

At the Village du Pecheur, the bar is cooled by trade winds.

The fabled coco-de-mer.

To see the paradise flycatcher, just whistle.

On Mahé, children run to school along the beach.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

Seychellois, at 3,000 feet the highest peak, and the peaks of the Trois Frères, a cloud forest with a unique population of tree frogs, chameleons, snails and beetles found nowhere else in the world, and the enormous white Fiberglas globe of the U.S. satellite tracking station built in the Lyndon Johnson era and still referred to as "Johnson's golf ball."

The capital, Victoria, lies along the curve of a deepwater bay. "You won't need more than three hours to visit Victoria," tartly proclaims the *Guide Book to the Seychelles*, the self-professed official guide. However long one stays, one remembers Victoria for its clocks—first for the Clock Tower that stands in the middle of town, a silver-tinted miniature replica of the rococo monument on Vauxhall Bridge Road near London's Victoria Station. One passes the Clock Tower so often in the course of walking or riding around Victoria that it is said of someone especially dim-witted: "*Il n'a pas vu l'horloge*" (He has not seen the Clock Tower).

The other memorable clock is in the four-bell steeple on a hill behind the cathedral, which chimes two minutes before the hour to awaken any of the populace that might be asleep, and then at the hour itself to enable them to register the time. Invariably, in the hotel dining rooms the strolling guitar player strums a local ballad and sings the refrain, "I'm going back to the Seychelles where the clock chimes twice—Islands of Paradise!" The strange clock so caught Alec Waugh's fancy that it provided the title for one of his travel books, *Where the Clocks Strike Twice*.

Quite appropriate to a country whose capital is famous for its odd clocks, there is an almost farcical aspect to the history of the Seychelles—much of it a consequence of the competition between the French and English for possession of the islands. In 1780 the rivalry in the spice trade between the two countries was so keen that the French growers were instructed to burn the entire spice crop if a British

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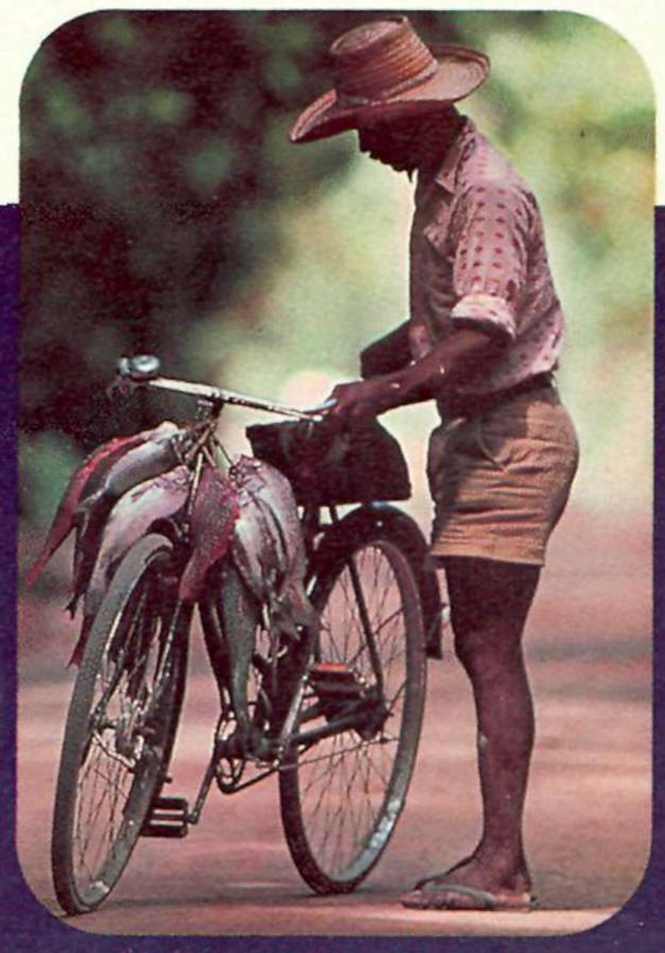
A boat moored at La Digue appears suspended in air.



A fishmonger makes house calls.

The Mahé Beach Hotel is one of the island's largest.

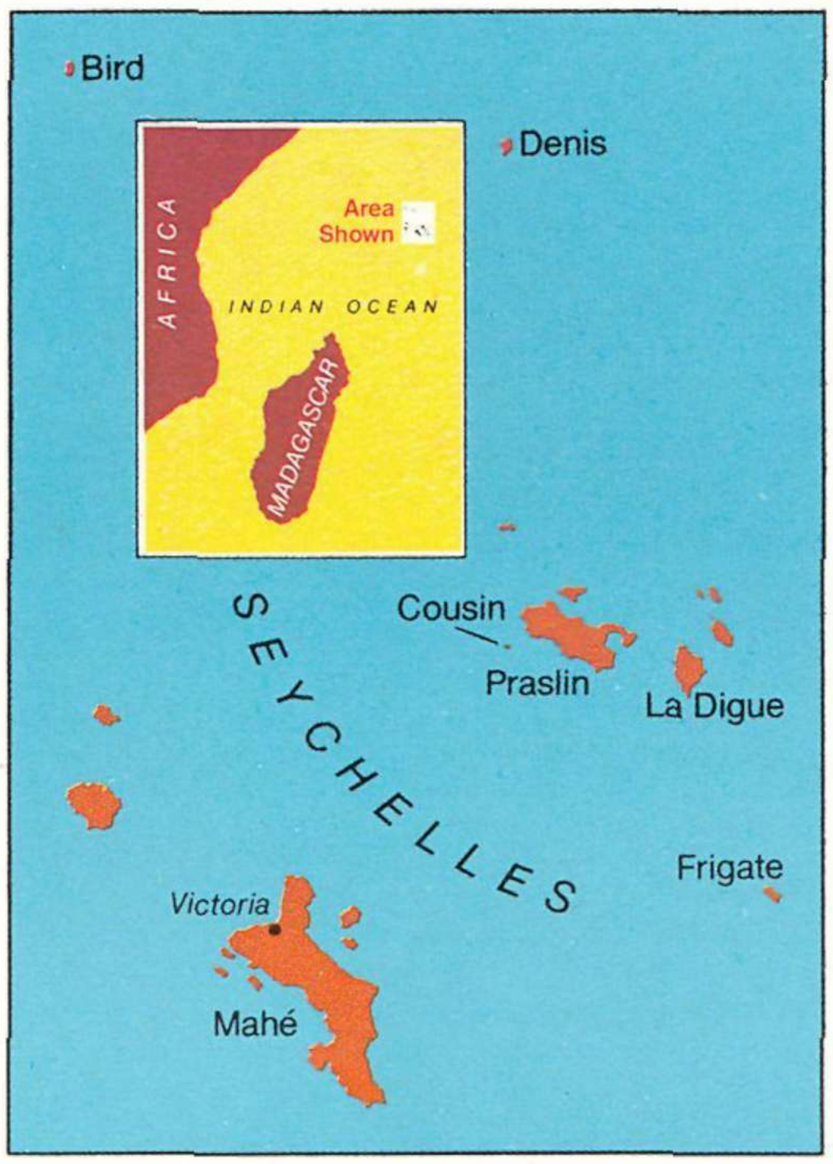
Hey, this grass is really good stuff.

ship turned up on the horizon. That year, in May, a French ship put in to Mahé. The captain, thinking that the island was under British sovereignty, prudently changed flags as he approached. Somewhat to his surprise he entered the anchorage under an enormous sweet-smelling cloud. The growers, assuming he was British, had burned the entire crop of nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and pepper.

During the Napoleonic Wars the island administrator was an extraordinary French colonist, the Chevalier Jean Baptiste Queau de Quinssy. He surrendered the islands to the British *eight* times, very often writing up the Act of Capitulation himself, and signing it. When the British ships were over the horizon, he would haul down the Union Jack and raise the tricolor and life in the Seychelles would go on very much as it had before.

In 1814, under the terms of the Treaty of Paris, the Seychelles were formally ceded to the British, but de Quinssy remained at his post—the British had come to admire him—and in deference to what now seemed a permanent situation he anglicized his name to Quincy. Historians were not fooled. One wrote, "De Quincy was half British and wholly French."

Certainly the names of the British sent out to govern the Seychelles in de Quincy's footsteps could not be anything but English. Their names seem lifted from the pages of P. G. Wodehouse: Sir Bruce Greatbatch; Sir Selwyn Selwyn-Clarke; Sir Ernest Bitcham-Sweet-Escott; the Hon. Sir Eustace Edward Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes.



The Seychelles gained their independence on June 29, 1976. The two most powerful men in the government at the time were James Mancham, the president (who wasn't at all sure that independence was desirable and said as much), and France Albert René, the prime minister. It is hard to imagine two more different men: René, by all accounts, solemn, hard-working, a devoted Socialist; Mancham, an energetic voluptuary. As the titular head of the country, Mancham did very little to curb his image: he rode around Mahé in a Rolls-Royce; he was often to be seen with a beautiful girl on his arm; and in Europe, where he went increasingly, he was linked romantically with a Yugoslav starlet and a topless dancer, among others. In *Who's Who* he lists as his clubs Annabel's, which is a fancy London disco, and El Morocco, the New York nightclub. Labeled "the Trudeau of the Indian Ocean" in the days when the prime minister of Canada was known for his partying, Mancham took exception to the order of ranking. "No, no," he said, "they've got it wrong. Trudeau is the Mancham of North America!" On the independence of the Seychelles, he informed U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim just what could be expected of his government. "We may not have much of a role to play in major global issues," he said, "but we'll do our part on the international cocktail-party circuit."

Something of Mancham's perhaps excessively sporty character is indicated by his poetry (his collected poems are still on sale in some Victoria shops). In one of them he refers to himself as "Mister Happiness"; in another, the verses divulge that "By the sea, In the car, He was always a Romantic Fool."

Doubtless all of this was carried off with considerable charm, and with purpose as well. Mancham felt that the Seychelles should emphasize their romantic and sybaritic reputation and that his personal behavior, widely reported, would promote the islands as a lovers' paradise and increase tourist trade.

Others in the Seychelles did not approve of this approach, especially René. On June 5, 1977, when Mancham was in London attending the Commonwealth Conference (a story one hears repeated a number of times is that he was also looking in on the finishing of the soft-core pornographic film *Goodbye Emmanuelle 3*, which was made in the Seychelles), René took over the government in a coup known as the "Night of the 60 Rifles." He gave as his reason that Mancham was trying to get himself declared Life President. René's group broke into a tiny shed that served as the islands' armory. Many of them in that peaceful part of the world had never handled a gun before.

From London, the deposed Mancham referred to the coup as "Judas-like." He went on, "It is no big heroic deed to take over the Seychelles. Twenty-five people with *sticks* could seize control."

I was told that two people died during the night of the coup. One was a watch repairman who staggered drunk into a police station and was gunned down in an incident very likely unrelated to the coup. Another was one of René's fellow conspirators who in the excitement of the take-over was shot in error by one of his cohorts, very likely by someone using a gun for the first time.

Even if this unfortunate's demise lacked the usual panache, he is commemorated in the manner of all revolutionary martyrs: an avenue, one of the main arteries of Victoria, has been named after him—the Avenue Francis Rachel.

This tragicomic aspect of the take-over seems typical of coups that take place in small countries like the Seychelles. I have a friend who collects coups the way others collect odd-

shaped stamps. He was interested in the martyrdom of Francis Rachel because so many coups seem to have a single victim. He told me that in 1903, in the overthrow of Colombian authority that resulted in Panamanian independence, a spent artillery shell bounced off a roof and landed atop an unfortunate Chinese, who ended up as the only fatality. Or a more exalted example: on Jan. 2, 1547, while leading his troops ashore in a conspiracy against the Doria of Genoa, Giovanni Luigi Fiesco missed his footing crossing a gangplank and fell into Genoa harbor in a suit of armor, thus instantly removing from the scene a figure of such leadership qualities that, following his plunge to the bottom, the coup collapsed.

I asked my friend if he knew of public figures deposed for behavior as mildly scandalous as James Mancham's. Well, yes, there had been a president of Ecuador, Arosemena, who because of an excess of drink told off the U.S. ambassador and then vomited at a public reception, so compromising the national dignity that troops surrounded the presidential palace and the military took over.

My friend said it was interesting that James Mancham was a poet, even if a somewhat amateurish one. In the bloodless coup of 1889 that finished off the Brazilian empire, the Emperor Pedro II composed a poem of considerable distinction—"Highly polished and melancholic," my friend described it, "the sort of thing the Portuguese do best."

"Was it a long poem?" I asked.

"Quite short," my friend said. "He put it together while waiting to be deported on a British cruiser. His creative powers might not have been at their best."

Almost everyone in the Seychelles feels that the islands are the better for the coup and that the present government's concern is less flibbertigibbety than that of its predecessor. As soon as it was installed, the new government clamped down on excessive and irresponsible behavior. Drinking hours were regulated. Swearing was not allowed. The playing of radio music in buses was banned—to the evident relief of passengers, one of whom told me that in the old days a certain bus driver was famous for swinging the steering wheel back and forth to the beat of ragas.

Actually, the population of the Seychelles has always had a reputation somewhat in line with Mancham's sybaritic nature. "The Promiscuous Islands," the Seychelles have been called—"*Les Îles d'Amour.*" To my question of how the Seychellois spent their time, a British expatriate replied succinctly, "Dominoes and sex."

It was easy enough to see that he was right about the dominoes. Driving around Mahé, I noticed off the side of the road a number of open-air pavilions with signs that proclaimed them DOMINO CLUB, always with the notice PRIVATE—which was odd, considering how *un*private they were, being open on all sides, often with a chicken or two searching among chair legs for scraps. Exclusivity is apparently a holdover from British colonial times that the Seychellois have not got quite right: one sign hanging over the main street in Victoria announces, SEASHELL NIGHT CLUB—PRIVATE—GUESTS WELCOME.

As for sex, there seemed to be a difference of opinion as to how much it concerned the Seychellois. A taxi driver in Victoria told me that one of the common evening diversions was for someone in the neighborhood to hire (for 350 rupees, some $50) a kind of television set; it came with four cassettes of movies. Friends are invited; the guests play dominoes and watch. He didn't say anything about sex.

My expatriate friend was scornful. "They might watch for a while. But not for long. It's all quite simple. Linguistic foreplay," he told me rather pompously, "is not at all necessary. There's quite a lot of nipping and biting." He went on to say that the level of promiscuity was such that incest was a common occurrence. "Many of the Seychellois are bonkers as a result," he told me, "elderly people playing hide-and-seek out in the back. Perfectly all right. There's no stigma attached. Families keep the bonkers people around the house like pets."

The expatriate's opinions about promiscuity would appear to be borne out by the islands' illegitimacy rate, which is startlingly high—more than 50%! The Seychelles guidebook mentions in its forthright manner that the Catholic Church baptizes illegitimate children on Friday and legitimate children on Sunday. No stigma is attached to illegitimacy, either, the children bearing their mothers' surnames.

The result of all this is such an amalgam of nationalities (European, African, Indian and Chinese) that since 1911 the government has given up trying to classify people by ethnic origin. The Seychellois designate each other by color—never with racial overtones, but as Westerners differentiate one another by hair color. "See that red over there," a Seychellois will say, the way we would point out a redhead.

The people are handsome whatever the gradation of color, and friendly. Very rarely can one walk by a Seychellois without being greeted by a smile and a "*Bonjour, comment ça va?*" They are strongly nationalistic, having no more interest in the turbulent affairs in Africa than a Bermudan might have. Indeed, the average Seychellois disassociates himself from the mainland to the west to such an extent that it would be an insult to refer to him as an African.

Around the islands one hears three languages spoken—English, French and Creole—with almost everyone being at home in all three tongues, especially Creole, which is the daily language. I was surprised to hear that the Creole of Haiti, literally on the other side of the world, is quite similar, though the Seychelles Creole has underpinnings of both Hindi and Bantu. It only takes two or three days for a resident of one country to become fluent in the patois of the other. The Creole of the Seychelles is not the official language because it lacks an orthography. The president makes speeches in Creole; his written notes to aides are in English or French. One of the principal secretaries of the government, Mme. Danielle d'Offay, is working on an official orthography. She showed me examples of the three languages juxtaposed and what Creole looks like as she writes it:

English: People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

French: *Occupez-vous de vos affaires (ou de vos oignons).*

Creole: *Balié kot ou avan ou balié kot dimoune.*

English: Empty vessels make the most sound.

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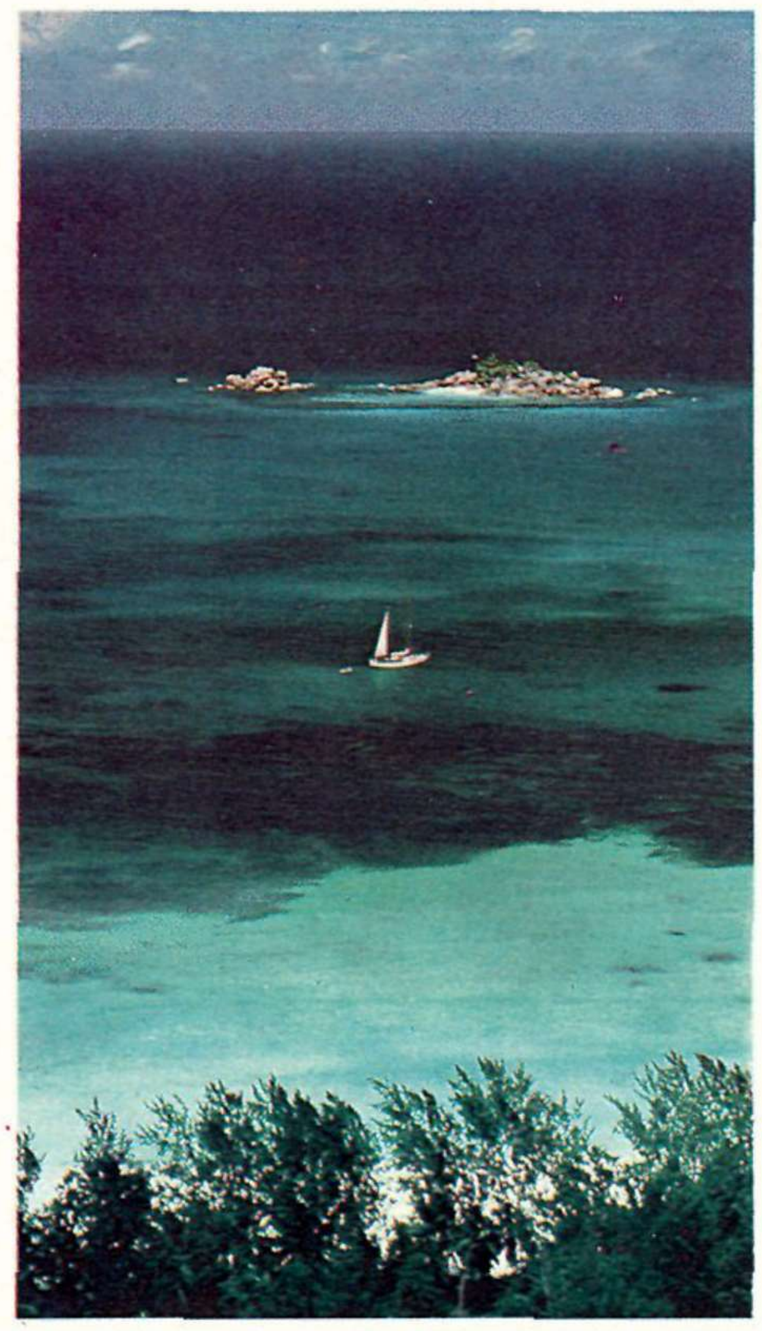
French: *Barrique vide résonne beaucoup.*

Creole: *Barik vid i fer tapaz.*

When I remarked how fortunate it was to be raised in a multilingual society, she shook her head. No, she felt there was a degree of interference in speaking three languages, whereas in speaking just one language, one learned it very thoroughly. She reminded me of what Somerset Maugham once said: that though he envied multilingual people he comforted himself with the knowledge that their facility did not necessarily make them wise.

Creole turns up in the daily newspaper, called *Nation*, but usually in an announcement or a short article. While most of the stories are in French and English, none of them are translations of the stories in the other language. A tourist whose knowledge is limited to English, say, would only be able to understand half the news. No editorial style exists as to which language should be utilized for a given story. When I asked a Seychellois reporter what dictated which language he picked, he replied, "It depends on how you start. If you find you've written your first word 'the,' you continue in English; if it's 'le' or 'la' you move on in French."

The sports page of *Nation* is distinguished by refreshingly frank copy. The reporter covering the Seyco-Rangers "B" soccer final for the Chairman's Cup at the People's Stadium described the play as "very funny indeed," and he went on to write, "the funniest part of it was every time the ball reached the right back and left wing of the Rangers' side." Unfortunately, the reporter did not press ahead to describe *what* was funny, though he did mention in passing—which seemed funny to me—that the Chairman's Cup for which the two teams were competing was not presented at the match's conclusion. Last year's winner, Afro, had not seen fit to return it.



Two rocky islets that lie off Praslin's Côte d'Or.

On the same page of that issue of *Nation* another story (in English) begged for amplification. The report stated that the Anse Aux Pins soccer team, St. Michel, behind 8–1 at the half, sent out only six players for the second half, forcing the referee to "abandon" the match.

When I asked an official in the Recreation Division about this, he said, "Yes, strange temperament, these boys. They probably felt they had something better to do than get beat. So they went home and played dominoes."

"Or the other thing?"

"Again?"

The official had a South African accent; he told me he spent his vacations in England, but he always felt very happy to get back to the Seychelles. He hoped that I'd have a chance to play the golf course at the Reef Hotel, a clever layout with nine greens and 18 tees; "a very nice tight little course," he described it.

He talked about sports in the Seychelles. "We're very good at netball, which is a version of basketball for ladies. We have natural ability at boxing up through the middleweight division. We're all right at long-distance track, which you might find odd considering the cramped size of the islands. Of course, we're very much outnumbered in population by the countries we play in international competition—Kenya's 13.8 million, Mauritius' one million, even the island of Réunion, which has a half million. So we've had mixed fortunes. But the support is fanatical. When we beat Mauritius in soccer, people came out and did headstands on the pitch. In track, we entered the African Games. We didn't do too badly, though we didn't win anything. But someday we will. We're forming an Olympic Committee."

The next day I read an indication of the determination of the sports authorities. *Nation* ran a story reporting that the Seychelles Football Association was going "to stamp out the prevalence of undisciplined actions by players at national competitions." A number of players were suspended for "foul language." Two players and an executive from Rangers "B" (the team with the amusing left wing and right back) were fined 200 rupees (about $28) for "scuffles" with match officials. The St. Michel team (the one that had trouble fielding a team for the second half) was suspended for the remainder of the season and fined 100 rupees. An editorial (in French) supported the Football Association's actions.

Even more than perusing *Nation*, my favorite reading on the island was the guidebook. It is as frank as the sports column of *Nation* and curiously deprecatory about the country it is supposed to extol. "Alcoholism is a terrific problem in the Seychelles," it confesses. Or, "Generally speaking, the Primary Educational System is catastrophic." It complains, "The picking of [cinnamon] leaves is done by women who are not well paid." It can be snide: "The 500-odd British expatriates . . . are called 'anglais pourris' [rotten Englishmen] by the locals because they are not always cleanly dressed." The guidebook can even dispel some of the charming local legends: "The locals will tell you that men wearing ear-ring are divorced or want to protect themselves from an 'evil eye.' This seems doubtful."

Much of the guidebook gives more traditional information. It lists the hotels (about 50 throughout the islands)

continued

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"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

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"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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SEYCHELLES

continued

and the restaurants, and describes the cuisine of the islands, which is mainly Creole—with the influence of the Indian subcontinent apparent in the vast number of curry dishes—including such fare as shark chutney, beef curry with coconut milk, bouillon of fish heads, curried octopus, escargots in herbal butter, minced ray, fried parrot fish, and so forth. The most exotic and startling dish is *chauve-souris*, the giant fruit bat, which, as its name suggests, feeds on the juice of the mango, eucalyptus, jackfruit and breadfruit. I saw some of them fly out of the top of a ridge on the island of La Digue and they seemed as dark and big as ravens. Indeed, their wingspan matches that of the raven—about three feet—and they provide almost a pound of food for those who order them in the restaurants where they are the specialty. The bats are caught at the mouth of their caves in nets; each year several hundred of them are served, usually in a curry dish. One of the disconcerting problems *with ordering up a bat is that it arrives* on the plate looking—as it was described to me—like a very small, muscular man. The manageress of Gregoire's Island Lodge on La Digue told me mournfully, "They have sweet little faces, the *chauves-souris*, and even with the curry way of doing them, I was dreadfully upset to see them arrive on the plate. I've only had a bat twice—and both times by mistake."

One of the great pleasures of the Seychelles is to be able to take side trips from Mahé to the outlying islands—either by boat or air, the larger islands having grass landing fields. Along with the inevitable splendid beaches, each of the islands seems to offer a character and individuality of its own.

My first trip was to Bird Island, a small coral island, the northernmost of the Seychelles and appropriately enough named because it is the site of a sooty-tern rookery, where at the height of the breeding season more than two million birds crowd one end of the island. The colony was once badly depleted. The terns' eggs are very palatable, and as many as 100,000 eggs a year were cropped from the nesting areas until 1977 when an annual quota of 30,000 was established. When I asked how the collectors could be sure they were picking up fresh eggs, I was told that the procedure was to trample through a marked-out area of the rookery, destroying all the eggs, and then to return a few days later when the birds had laid new clutches.

My informant on Bird Island was George Norah, the manager of the tourist facilities there, which include a large open-air dining-bar pavilion with a thatched roof, and a dozen or so conical cottages for overnight guests. A young man with sun-bleached blond hair and a large new beard (which in the manner of new beard growers he kept stroking as if to check its presence), Norah was wearing a pair of worn shorts and sandals; he had served his apprenticeship in the Grosvenor House in London, where pinstriped trousers, a cutaway and highly polished shoes were the uniform of the day. He had been on Bird Island for 2½ years and could not imagine himself in a better situation. The days drifted by with little to mark the passage of the seasons except the vast yearly breeding movements of the terns.

*The most publicized island in the Sey*chelles is Praslin—second largest to Mahé and 15 minutes away by air—where in the upper reaches of the crescent-shaped Vallée de Mai is the extraordinary forest of giant palms (the tallest of them rising 100 feet) known as the coco-de-mer. Even before the Seychelles were discovered, evidence of these trees caused considerable astonishment. Enormous heart-shaped coconuts weighing up to *40 pounds* would wash up through the surf onto the beaches of India. Inside the husk was a double nut formed in striking similarity to the bottom half of the adult female torso. Because no one knew of trees with such fruit, it was at first supposed that the nuts grew on underwater trees rooted to the ocean floor, and that they broke loose from time to time, bobbed to the surface and floated shoreward—thus their name, "coconut of the sea." Naturally, any number of properties, especially aphrodisiacal, were ascribed to the nuts because of their shape. General Charles (Chinese) Gordon thought that the coco-de-mer came from the original Tree of Good and Evil, and he spent a lot of time theorizing that the Garden of Eden was not in Iraq, as had been supposed, but that Praslin was originally part of a submerged continent and that the Vallée de Mai was the Garden. General Gordon was apparently

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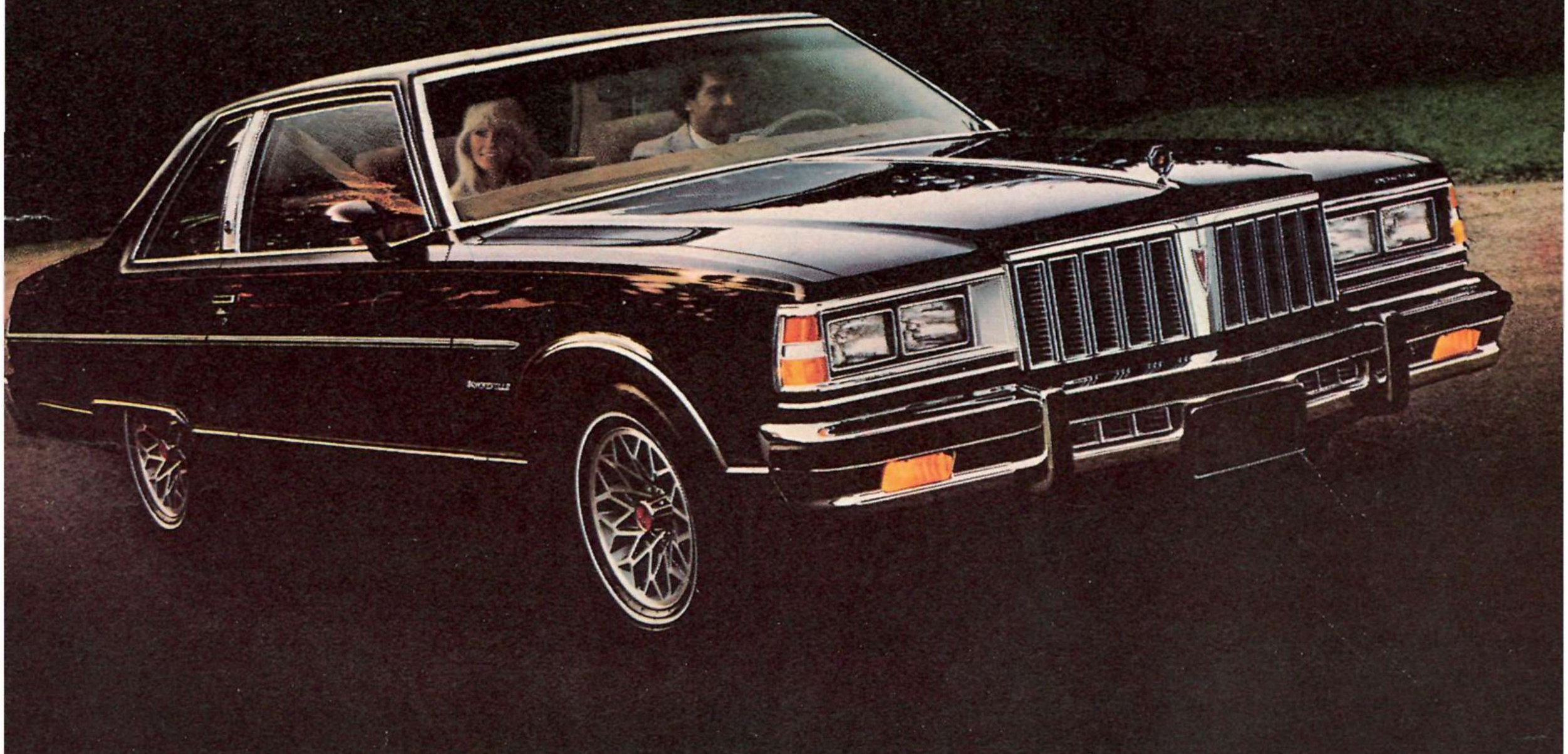

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shaken by the appearance of the nut itself, believing, as he did, that the female sex was "the true seat of carnal sins."

From the first, the huge nut was a highly prized object in the civilized world. The Holy Roman Emperor Rudolph II, who lived from 1552 to 1612, offered 4,000 gold florins for a coco-de-mer that was in the family of the Dutch Admiral Wolfert Hermanssen. He had received it from the Sultan of Bantam in 1602 as a gift of gratitude for recapturing the sultan's city from the Portuguese. History does not record how the admiral reacted on receiving a large nut as a reward for his feat of arms, but his family was apparently enough impressed with its value to turn down Rudolph's offer, doubtless to the chagrin of the heirs nearly a century and a half later when a surveyor on an expedition to the Seychelles in 1768 discovered the coco-de-mer on Praslin, and not only brought out 30 specimens but also spoke of a thick forest of them. The going rate for one nut must have lowered considerably.

Nowadays the Seychelles government controls the sale of coco-de-mer. Those who bring them in get some 80 rupees a nut from the government, which in turn sells them to tourists for 600 to 700 rupees apiece—about $100.

Frankly, I do not know why one would want to have one of these nuts lying around the house. To begin with, I can't imagine anyone getting a coco-de-mer through U.S. Customs without blushing and stammering and looking down at his feet. A friend of mine who brought a coco-de-mer in found the experience comparable to what he felt it would be like to declare a full-size inflated rubber "Suzy Sultry" doll—which he had seen in a Copenhagen sex shop. He had not actually bought the doll, but he had thought of it when the Customs official peeled back the wrapping paper and stared down at the smooth apple curves of the coco-de-mer. He had asked, "What do we have here?"

"A nut," my friend said, "just a very big nut."

"At least," I pointed out, "you could have deflated the doll before bringing *that* through."

He said that after the Customs official had allowed the nut through, he had settled it into his living room as a conversation piece; the nut had provoked a lot of comment. He knew of one other coco-de-mer owner who had put underwear on his.

I was taken through the Vallée de Mai by an attractive Seychellois girl guide. It was named, she told me, after an early woman settler, Madame de Mai, who was one of the few who dared venture into the place. The forest canopy rose high above us, the morning light barely filtering through, so that we seemed to be moving through a green twilight. The girl giggled as she pointed up at the coco-de-mer palms.

I asked her if anyone had ever been hit by a falling nut. (The thought had crossed my mind: How long would humankind have taken to figure out the Law of Gravity if Sir Isaac Newton had been a Seychellois and had made the tragic error of resting against the trunk of the coco-de-mer?) The guide said she had never seen the nuts of the coco-de-mer fall. They dropped only at night, she told me; she had never heard of any fatalities because no one would be fool enough to wander into the Vallée de Mai after dark. She said that one of the legends about the valley was that the palm trees sway toward each other on windy nights and entwine to procreate, and that anyone unfortunate enough to witness the awesome sight is struck dead on the spot.

The main reason I had come to the Vallée de Mai Nature Reserve was to try to spot the black parrot, a bird to be found only on Praslin and a rare ornithological sight because the species is restricted to an area about the size of Manhattan, and most often to the Vallée itself, which is smaller than Central Park. The sighting of a black parrot is a prize moment; there are probably less than 100 of them.

When I mentioned this, my guide said the parrots would appear down by the road at 11 a.m. She was quite blasé about it. She did not mention the black parrot again until just before 11 when she led me out of the forest and we walked down a macadam-surfaced road with high banks on either side; the girl whistled occasionally, two notes descending, as if she were calling a dog.

Sure enough, right on the dot, a pair of parrots appeared beyond the banks, darting through the fronds of the coco-de-mer in a quick, shifting flight not unlike a pigeon's. The birds were much grayer than their name suggests.

When spotting a new species, I have often let out an exultant shout, but in this case I didn't, perhaps because of my guide's ho-hum attitude in assuring me that the birds would put in an appearance right on schedule, like the 6:17 arriving at Hicksville.

So they had, somewhat to my disillusionment. One expects that somehow the reward of sighting a rare bird should be preceded by an effort of some sort. To be led up to a designated spot, with a bird sitting there, however rare, is not unlike being deposited in front of a cage in the Washington zoo and being informed, "Well, there's what you've been looking for—a panda! Not quite the bamboo forests of Nepal, but that's the same genuine article drinking out of that tin dish."

In fact, all the rare birds of the Seychelles are relatively easy to find. Not only are the birds' habitats limited by a vast surrounding sea that pins them to their islands, but the rarest of them also seem to crave the company of man—very often to their detriment. On the island of Frigate at the eastern fringe of the granitic group, the magpie robin spends much of its time hopping around doorsills, and even into cabins where it makes the sad mistake of gobbling up insects half dopey with bug spray, which profoundly affects the bird's life cycle. However farfetched it may seem that an aerosol can used indoors can tamper with the very existence of a species, there may not be more than 50 magpie robins left.

The flightless rail of the island of Aldabra—an extraordinary atoll, which at 600 miles from Mahé is the most distant of the outlying islands—is so tame that if you sit still, it will come up and peck at your clothing. The traditional way of attracting rails (so I read in Malcolm Penny's bird guide) is to tap a pair of turtle bones together. Penny goes on to say that they will then come running, their stubby wings extended backward like a domestic hen's on the run, to investigate any sound. Fortunately, Aldabra is so remote that those ashore are either scientists or visitors who not only know that the

rail is the last surviving flightless bird of the Indian Ocean but also are well aware of what happened to the rail's cousin, the dodo, on the nearby island of Mauritius.

To my regret, I could not get to Aldabra to see the rail (only a schooner or two put in at that distant place approximately every six months, so that a visitor must be very interested in rails to want to spend that amount of time with them), but I did go by coastal schooner across a few miles of water from Praslin to La Digue to see what is probably the most endangered species in the Seychelles, the black paradise flycatcher. Once again, this bird's trouble is its liking for the clearings in the vanilla groves and Badamier woods where people have built huts and lean-tos.

The government has commissioned a warden, a small bowlegged Seychellois wearing an official-looking green forest ranger's hat with a drawstring knotted under his chin, to do what he can to protect the bird. He met me at the dock. We climbed into an oxcart for a short trip to Gregoire's Island Lodge to drop off a bag. Just before starting off, the driver doused the ox with insect spray. The animal's skin shivered deliciously at the cool moisture, and in a pleasant aromatic cloud we moved down the path to the hostelry, where the warden and I shifted to bicycles. We were not more than five minutes into the vanilla groves when we stopped; the warden began whistling—two descending notes, precisely the same ones the girl guide had produced on the road outside the Vallée de Mai. I wondered vaguely if all the birds of the Seychelles responded to this universal call. Whatever, the whistle provided the desired effect. A male paradise flycatcher with beautiful long, black tail streamers and a pale blue bill—and facial skin whose line is oddly like the smile of a porpoise—appeared and perched on a twig of a takamaka tree four feet above the top of an outhouse. A bicycle was parked outside the structure. There may have been someone inside. Four boys were weeding a garden patch nearby. The sound of a saw rose from a nearby mill.

As in the case of the magpie robin, the flycatcher's proximity to man may result in its extinction. The bird suspends its nest from the end of a branch hanging out over such clearings as we were standing in, which keeps the young out of harm's way from lizards, a habitual enemy, but the nest is consequently in such an exposed place that it is often a target for a boy's slingshot, or can easily be conked by someone passing by heedlessly with a headload. The *veuve* (as it is known in Creole) is thus very rare; perhaps not more than 15 or 20 pairs exist.

One of the other great ornithological rarities in the Seychelles is the brush warbler, which is found only on the tiny nature reserve island of Cousin. My host there was the resident scientist, Michael Brooke. He met me on the beach as I waded ashore off the motorboat from Praslin—a shy young man who in a barely perceptible voice informed me that he was too busy to show me around. His assistant would do so. I must have looked startled at the thought of being "busy" on that small patch of island (it comprises only 67 acres), for he told me that he was studying the behavior of the ghost crab, a pale, almost transparent creature. In particular, he was studying the male's practice of strumming its big claw against its chest—what is called stridulating. It is much the sort of thing, Brooke explained, that the cricket does in rubbing its limbs together. Unfortunately, it was just the right time for ghost-crab observation; he apologized, but he had to be on the job.

I set off with his assistant, a Seychellois named Robbie. He turned out to be a scientist as well, his particular interest being the behavior of the enormous millipede of the Seychelles. I had seen a number of them—mahogany-colored and often six or seven inches in length, the myriad stiff-hair legs moving the cigar-sized body in a progression over the ground that was at once delicate and formidable. In East Africa, Europeans call this millipede the "Mombasa Train" after the slow-moving local that chugs up the single rail line to Nairobi. The dried-out, sun-bleached husks of the millipede lay everywhere on Cousin. The schoolchildren who come out to Cousin break them into ring size and slip them on their fingers as decorations.

Wildlife on Cousin flourishes to such a degree that it is almost overpowering to walk amidst it. I felt as if I had been set down in a habitat group in New York's American Museum of Natural History, into one of those spectacularly overcrowded dioramas in the Oceanic Birds wing, and that everything had suddenly started moving. Lizards were everywhere. Geckos and skinks scurried off the path by the dozens as we walked along. We saw the brush warbler almost immediately. Down by the water's edge the crabs watched us through stilt eyes (it pleased me to think that Michael Brooke was staring at them with all the intensity with which they were inspecting us), and we saw a moray eel slither up onto a granite outcropping, mouth panting—after crabs, Robbie said. But the birds, the seabirds in particular, were what left the lasting impression; the island was so much their domain, their numbers and variety so striking, that one seemed very much an intruder. Noddies, shearwaters, white-tailed tropic birds, different species of tern were everywhere in the air, wheeling so close at hand that I found myself walking in a slightly crouched position to avoid a possible collision. The squat Casuarina trees were heavy with roosting and nesting birds. On the ocean, just out from the rocks, two huge frigate birds maneuvered on gaunt angular wings.

The noise was deafening. At night, Robbie told me, it was even noisier, especially from the enormous racket produced by the wedge-tailed shearwaters, which seem to call to each other more often in the darkness, their cries punctuated by the high little whine of the smaller shearwater, the Audubon's, which sounds exactly, so Robbie said, like a telephone ringing. Anyone spending his first night on Cousin, he suggested, would thrash out endlessly, reaching for non-existent phones.

Visually, the dominant bird on Cousin is the lovely fairy tern (*see photograph atop page 61*), a pure-white bird with a black bill, a bit upturned, which gives its head a slightly lopsided, foolish look—an impression that is heightened by being able to get within inches of one if it is sitting on its egg. The bird appears so tame because the single egg is laid

continued

in a most haphazard way on a tree branch or a seaside rock without a vestige of a nest to hold it in place, balanced so precariously that the tern's flying off the egg might well dislodge it. Thus, as one approaches, the tern stays in place, looking nervous and occasionally emitting a shrill alarm note. Nowhere, to my surprise, did I find evidence of smashed eggs, but I did wonder what the chick must make of its first horrifying glimpse of things, emerging as it does from an egg balanced on a limb with all the stability of a coin set on edge on a tabletop; fortunately, the young bird is born with enormous feet, with which it doubtless grabs and holds on as it steps into the world.

The fairy tern is everywhere on Cousin, but Robbie told me it had had a hard time of it on Mahé. Until man appeared, the only native birds of prey on Mahé were the miniature-sized scops owl and the beautiful little Seychelles kestrel, neither of which preyed on the tern. But in 1951, East African barn owls were introduced to reduce the considerable rat population. The owls flourished, but not on the rats. They preferred the endemic avifauna, especially the fairy tern, which were common (or were until the owls got into high gear), and being pure white were very conspicuous at night when the owls hunted. Now it is a rare sight to see a fairy tern on Mahé. Finally the government realized that the owl experiment was a disaster and began offering a bounty of 30 rupees for every owl carcass brought in. Robbie had heard rumors that speculators were raising owls in big hidden pens up in the hills—owl crops—to cash in on the government's offer.

Because Cousin is a nature reserve, the rules of conduct there are very strict. Bathing and picnicking are not allowed, and even smoking is restricted—so I was told by Robbie—to an area near the "boathouse." This attitude of preservation is to be found everywhere in the Seychelles. Like Cousin, many of the islands have been designated as nature reserves, and one lands to find in the dunes a tastefully done-up sign announcing that the islands belong to the birds and that visitors are their guests. The scuba-diving instructor at the Reef Hotel on Mahé will not let a swimmer into his boat if he catches him holding a shell or even a piece of coral picked off the reef below. *Nation* runs a banner notification across the bottom of its front page pleading with its readers to BE TIDY, MAKE USE OF DUSTBINS PROVIDED.

The government itself is very much in the forefront of maintaining the unique quality of this varied island group. Regulations affect every level of the tourist trade. Even Mancham—for all his ideas about the islands as a paradise for lovers and hedonists—stipulated that a hotel would never be built "higher than a coconut palm." Mme. d'Offay told me that the official emphasis would always be on "tourism" rather than "mass tourism," with the government's position being that the lure to the islands would rest with their natural resources—the bird and marine life—rather than the entertainment and casino elements so common in the Caribbean. The government projects a limit of 5,000 "beds" for tourists—about twice the number at present. "We don't want the big charter flights coming in and 1,000 people milling around the streets of Victoria asking for fish and chips," she said.

What will probably save the islands even more than government regulations is their remoteness. I saw only one American couple there—the girl an airline hostess on the kind of junket that airlines provide their employees as perquisites. Of the few Americans who turn up, most work in the Middle East's oil fields. They arrive with money to burn; often they charter a fishing boat and go out after sailfish or the three varieties of marlin. In 1975 a 1,140-pound black marlin was caught off the Amirantes, which lie 150 miles from Mahé. My friendly guidebook opens with sentiment about the remoteness of the islands. "Paradise and the Seychelles have two things in common: both are beautiful and everyone wants to go there. But there's that confounded problem of how. So many people can't manage it—either to Paradise or to the Seychelles."

For a long stretch of their history the Seychelles were thought of as primarily a place to send undesirable exiles. The French dispatched a boatload of Jacobins in 1801 after they tried to blow up Napoleon and Josephine outside the opera with an "infernal machine." The English have packed off any number of unworthies—among others, the Sultan Abdullah Khan of Perak (Malaysia), who was banished to the Seychelles in 1875 for murder; Mwanga, the king of Buganda, who was responsible for the massacre of the "40 Martyrs of Uganda," arrived on Mahé in 1901. About the same time, Prempeh, the young king of the Ashanti nation, now a part of Ghana, whose ruler sat on the Golden Stool, was sent into exile with 56 tribesmen, their families and a number of wives. He brought along his personal headsman, and was very miffed when he was told by the authorities that he could not execute a servant who had misbehaved. In 1922, Winston Churchill, then the Secretary of State for the Colonies, wondered if the islands could handle up to 5,000 political prisoners whose retention in Ireland was "embarrassing," but then thought better of it.

More recently, in 1956, Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus spent a year in exile there. One imagines this imperious black-coated figure with his flowerpot hat taking his constitutional on the white sands.

He and the others were firmly marked by their exiles in the Seychelles; they remembered the islands with surprising affection, considering the conditions of an enforced stay. The archbishop concluded that of all the places he had visited, the Seychelles were "the most beautiful." He wrote, "One can meditate in tranquillity and find a sanctuary away from the troubles of the outer world." The Sultan Khan, after his 19-year stay, took a Seychelles tune back with him, which became the national anthem of the Federation of Malaysia.

As for King Prempeh, according to one account he had arrived in the Seychelles wearing a leopard skin. Exiled for 25 years, he went back to his Golden Stool wearing sponge-bag trousers, a cutaway and a silk hat. He had shed all his wives but one. He had endeared himself to the Seychellois. Half the colony came down to see him off. He had very little wish to leave the islands. As the long boat drew away from the quay, he held both hands over his face, as if to shut in his last sight of the islands, like the close of a curtain. **END**

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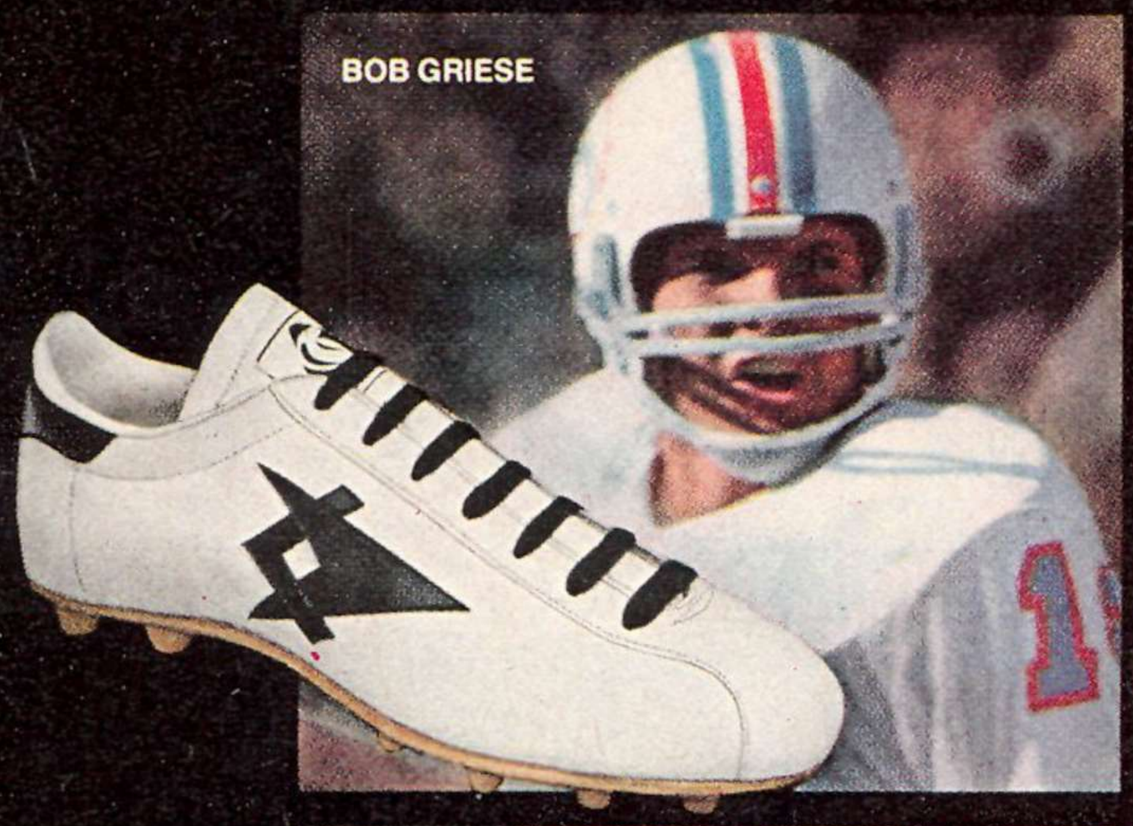

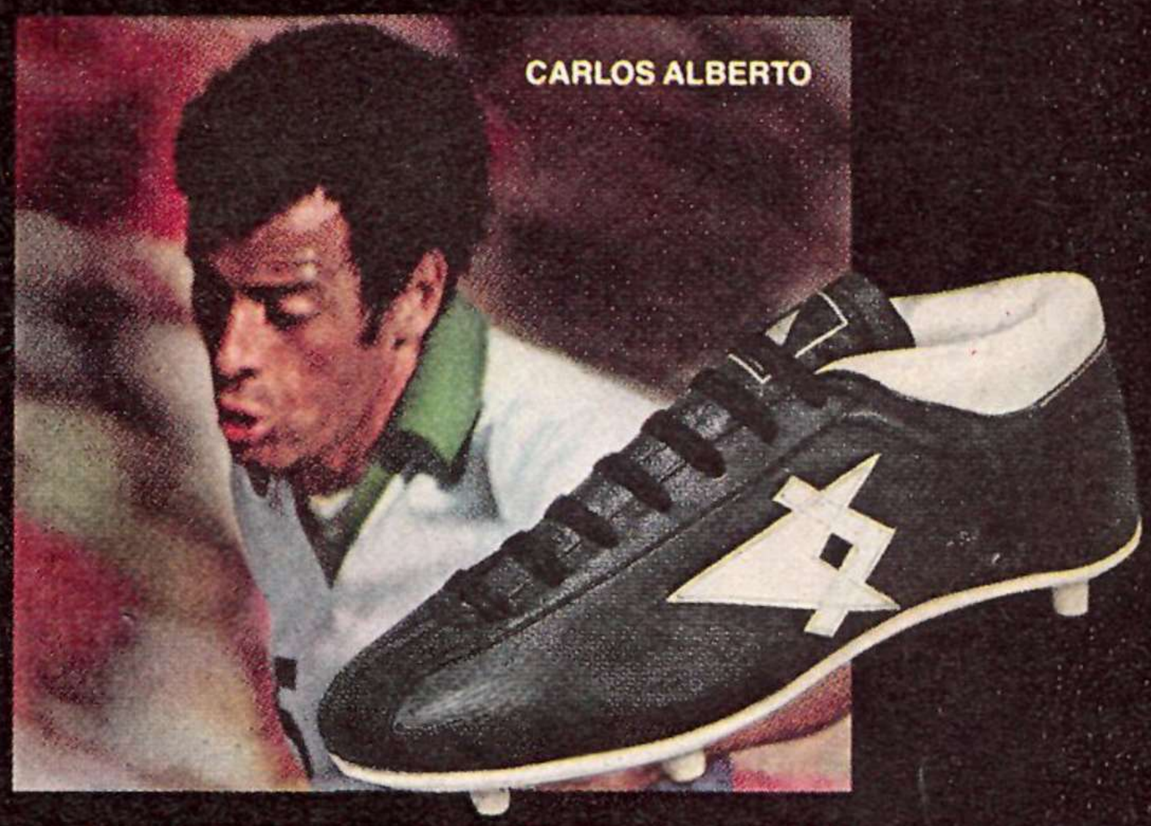

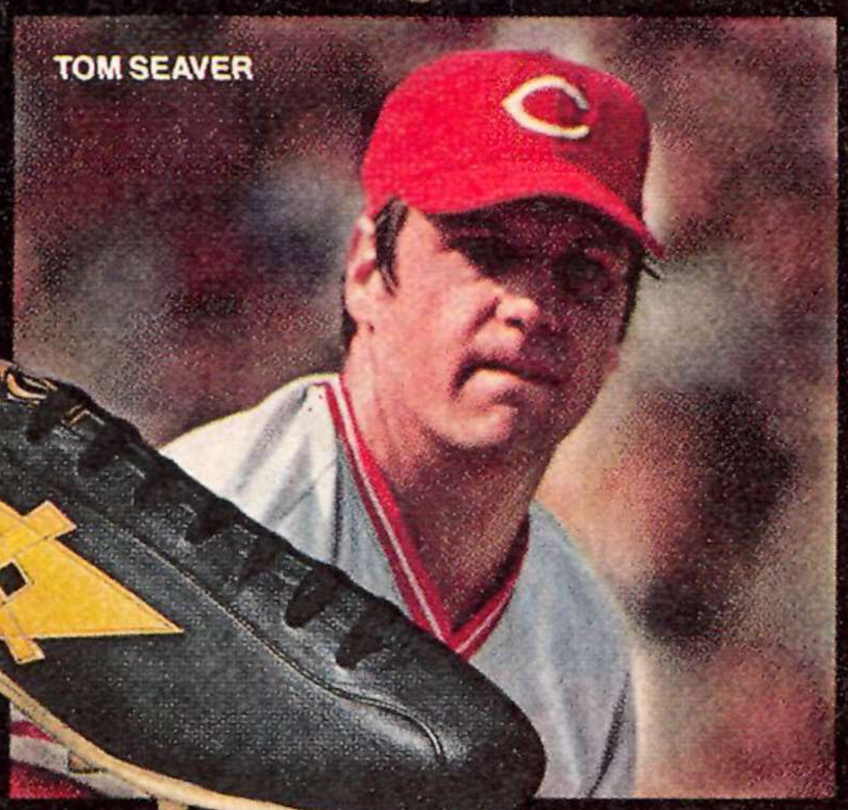

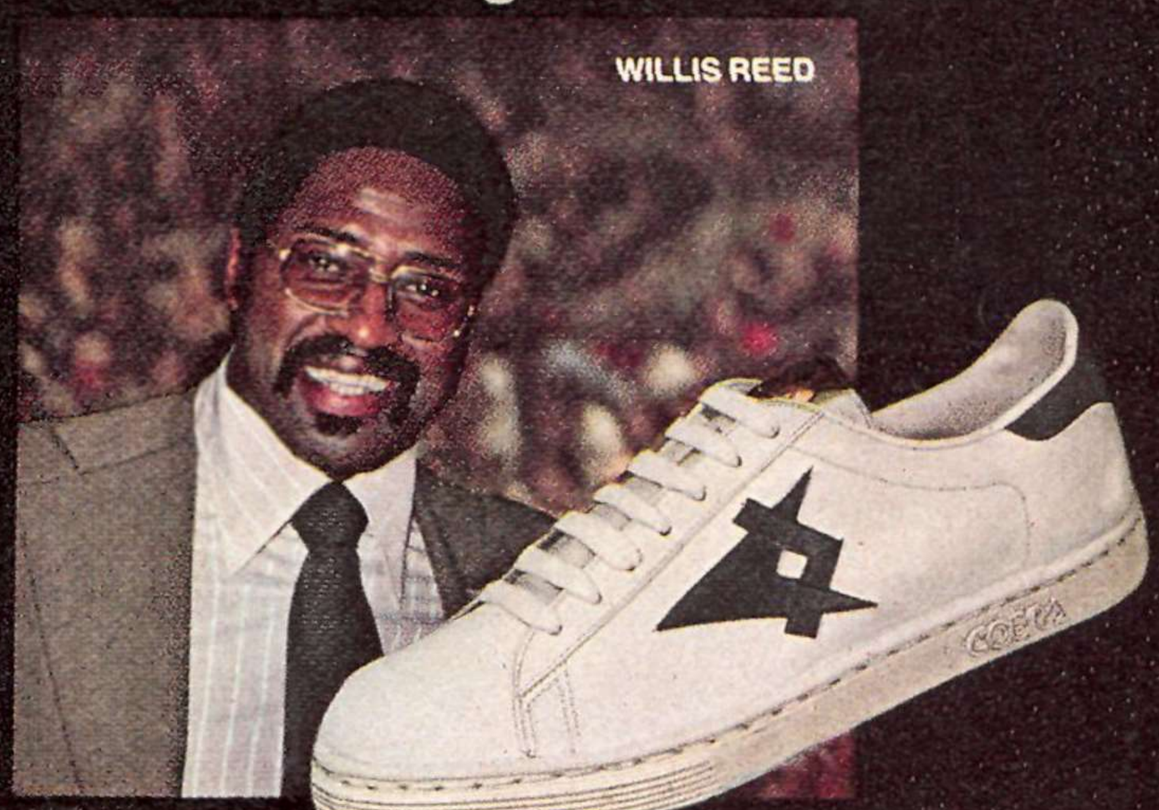

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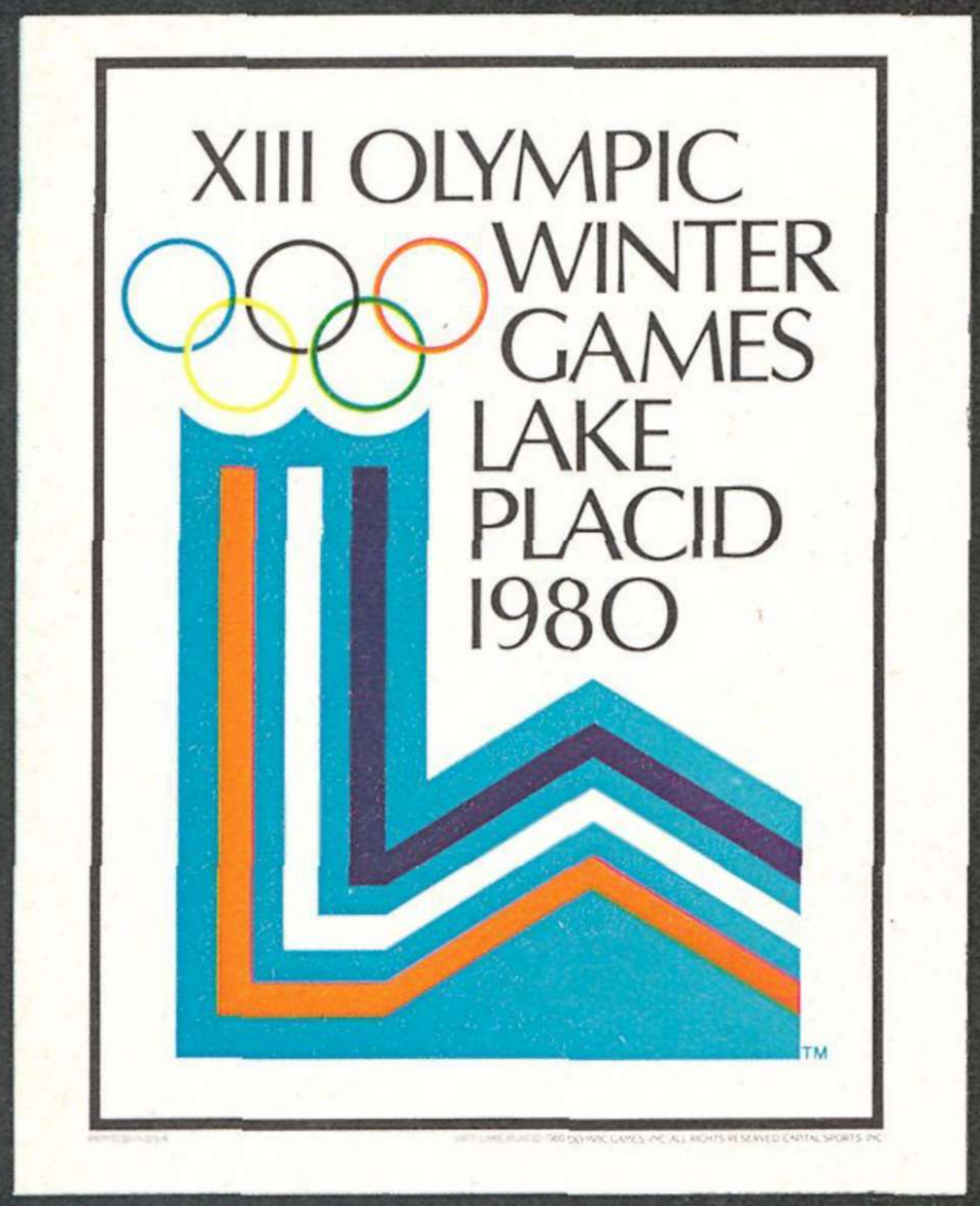

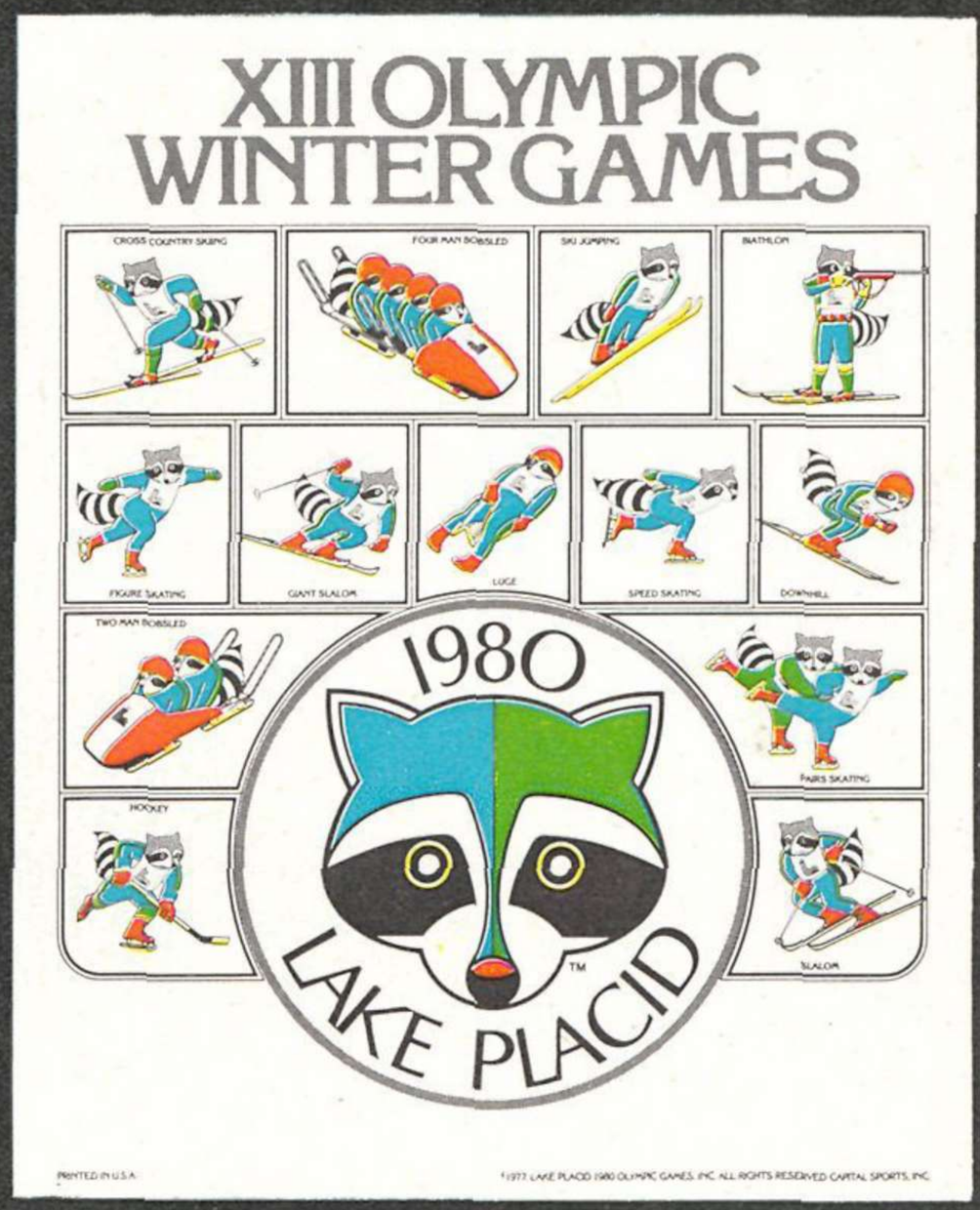

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 22-28

PRO BASKETBALL—The Knicks' swing through the Far West was far from profitable. Although Bob McAdoo tossed in 45 points, his high as a Knick, and fell one short of tying Wilt Chamberlain's league record of 18 consecutive successful field-goal attempts, the Knicks were drubbed by Los Angeles 148–124. New York followed this defeat with losses to Golden State 126–123, and Phoenix 108–107. Later in the week Detroit beat the Lakers 135–100, its third straight win, a season's high. After New Jersey suffered its 10th defeat in its last 14 games, 123–114, to Cleveland, Nets Coach Kevin Loughery decided that poor defense was costing his team too many games. Against New Orleans, New Jersey's starting lineup included quick-handed Eddie Jordan and tenacious Jan van Breda Kolff. The Nets won 110–104. The Celtics, who are headed for their worst year ever, lost their 29th, 30th and 31st games of the season. The most embarrassing of their defeats came at Boston Garden, where Atlantic Division-leading Washington ripped the Celts 128–106. The Bullets then were defeated 142–128 by Kansas City, which leads the Midwest. Three Kings—Phil Ford, Otis Birdsong and Scott Wedman—scored more than 30 points in that game. Washington also lost 103–100 to the Pacific Division's top club, Seattle, which later was defeated 125–108 by Central Division leader San Antonio (*page 20*).

BOWLING—MARSHALL HOLMAN upset Mark Roth 217–186 to win the $100,000 Quaker State Open in Grand Prairie, Texas.

BOXING—Heavyweight TONY TUBBS of Cincinnati outpointed the U.S.S.R's Evgeniy Gorstkov to enable the U.S. team to beat the Soviet Union 6–5 in an amateur match in Las Vegas.

GOLF—FUZZY ZOELLER shot a final-round 72 for a 16-under-par 282 to win the $250,000 San Diego Open by five strokes over Wayne Levi, Tom Watson, Artie McNickle and Bill Kratzert.

BEN CRENSHAW scored a one-stroke victory over Jay Haas in the rain-delayed, 54-hole, $187,500 Phoenix Open. Crenshaw finished with a 14-under-par 199.

HOCKEY—*NHL: The Patrick Division-leading Islanders,* who held off the Chicago Black Hawks 2–1 to increase their home undefeated streak to 23, had the string broken 7–2 by the Rangers. It was the first loss for the Islanders in 28 regular-season home games dating back to last March. Boston, which leads the Adams Division, pulled out a 3–1 victory over Atlanta, but added Peter McNab (injured knee) and Dennis O'Brien (pulled groin) to its injury list, which already included Brad Park, Dick Redmond and Stan Johnathan. Goalie Tony Esposito of Smythe Division leader Chicago stopped 34 shots and picked up his second shutout of the season in a 5–0 Black Hawks' win over the Canucks. Buffalo beat Detroit for the third straight time, 6–3.

WHA: Wayne Gretzky did his best to combat the notion that the league is on shaky financial ground by signing a 21-year contract with Edmonton. Two nights earlier the Oilers had defeated New England 5–1. First-place Quebec's 7–5 defeat of Birmingham was effortless according to Bulls Coach John Brophy. "The Nordiques were just handed their seven goals," he said. Bill Gilligan got the tying goal as Cincinnati rallied to a 5–5 tie with Winnipeg.

HORSE RACING—CREST OF THE WAVE ($4.60), William Rodriguez up, won the $54,900 San Miguel Stakes by three lengths over Roman Oblisk at Santa Anita. The 3-year-old colt covered the six furlongs in 1:09.

MOTOR SPORTS—The Lancia-Stratos team of BERNARD DARNICHE and ALAIN MAHÉ of France won the six-day Monte Carlo rally by six seconds over Bjorn Waldegaard and Hans Thorszelius of Sweden in a Ford Escort.

SPEED SKATING—Six-time world champion ERIC HEIDEN won the 500-meter race in 38.89, the 1,500 in 1:57.74 and the 3,000 in 4:14.06 to lead the U.S. men to victory over Norway and the Soviet Union in a meet in Trondheim, Norway. At the same meet, BETH HEIDEN, Eric's sister, won the 500-meter race in 44.22, the 1,000 in 1:27.11, the 1,500 in 2:17.29 and the 3,000 in 4:43.35 to pace the U.S. women to a win against the Norwegian and Soviet women.

SQUASH—HEATHER McKAY of Toronto, top-seeded in the foreign section, beat the top American seed, Barbara Maltby of Philadelphia, 15–9, 15–3, 15–3 to win her third Women's International Open singles championship in Philadelphia.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Arthur Ashe *6–3, 6–4, 6–1 to win the $250,000 U.S. Pro Indoor* championship in Philadelphia (*page 22*).

Top-seeded MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated second-seeded Virginia Wade 6–3, 6–2 to win the $125,000 Houston tournament for the fourth consecutive year.

Unseeded GREER STEVENS beat Dianne Fromholtz 6–4, 2–6, 6–4 to win the $150,000 tournament in Hollywood, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—Racing at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn. in an open field that included nine male runners, JAN MERRILL broke her six-week-old women's world indoor record for two miles by seven seconds. Finishing fifth, she was timed in *9:31.7.* Dan Oliver of Coast Guard won in 9:14.6.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As baseball coach at Towson (Md.) State University, BILLY HUNTER, 50. Hunter was fired as manager of the Texas Rangers last season, despite having directed them to 147 wins in 255 games.

NAMED: WILLIE MAYS to the Baseball Hall of Fame with the highest percentage of votes—he was named on all but 23 of the 432 ballots—since 1936, when Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth and Honus Wagner were selected. During his 20½ seasons with the New York-San Francisco Giants and 1½ seasons with the Mets, Mays had 660 home runs, 1,903 RBIs and a .302 batting average.

To the National Football Foundation's College Hall of Fame, ERNIE DAVIS, Heisman Trophy-winning halfback at Syracuse in 1959-61. Davis led the Orange to the 1959 national title and still holds the school record of 6.6 yards per carry. He died of leukemia in 1963 at the age of 24. Also named were two other Heisman winners, JOHNNY LATTNER, Notre Dame halfback in 1951-53, and HOWARD (Hopalong) CASSADY, Ohio State halfback in 1952-55; JOSEPH DONCHESS, Pittsburgh end in 1927-29; ERNEST (Pug) RENTNER, Northwestern halfback in 1929-31; O. E. (Babe) HOLLINGBERRY, Washington State coach in 1925-42; MIKE HOLOVAK, Boston College fullback in 1940-42; AUGIE LIO, Georgetown guard in 1938-40; DICK MAEGLE, Rice halfback in 1952-54; ED McGINLEY, Penn tackle in 1922-24; VERNON (Catfish) SMITH, Georgia end in 1929-31; TOM SCOTT, Virginia end in 1951-53; and HERMAN WEDEMEYER, St. Mary's (Calif.) halfback in 1943 and 1945-47.

To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, JOHNNY UNITAS, quarterback for the Baltimore Colts in 1956-72 and San Diego Chargers in 1973; DICK BUTKUS, Chicago Bear linebacker in 1965-73; RON MIX, tackle for the Los Angeles-San Diego Chargers in 1960-69 and Oakland Raiders in 1971; YALE LARY, Detroit Lion defensive back in 1952-53 and 1956-64.

CREDITS

4—Evelyn Floret-Black Star; **22, 23**—George Tiedemann; **50**—John Kenny; **52**—Mickey Pfleger; **62**—map by William Bernstein.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JANET KARVONEN
NEW YORK MILLS, MINN.

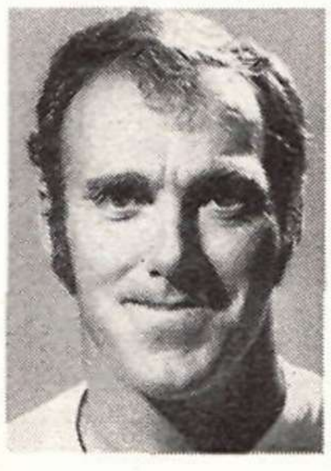
Janet, a 6-foot junior at New York Mills High and holder of the Minnesota career basketball scoring record for girls (1,780 points), is averaging 31.3 points and 12 rebounds for the 8–1 Eagles, the state's No. 1-ranked Class A team.

BILL HARVEY
HAMPTON BAYS, N.Y.

Bill, playing with only two teammates after four had fouled out during regulation play, scored 20 points in a three-minute overtime to lead Hampton Bays High to a 112–103 win over Eastport. The 6-foot guard finished with 62 points.

STEFAN THYNELL
GOTEBORG, SWEDEN

Thynell, a West Virginia University junior, set a national collegiate record by scoring 1,178 out of a possible 1,200 points in small-bore three-position rifle competition at a meet in Morgantown. He was a member of Sweden's 1976 Olympic team.



TOM HERMSTAD
SEAL BEACH, CALIF.

Hermstad, 39, water polo coach at Golden West CC for 13 years, this season coached the Rustlers to a 23–0 record and their second California Community College title. He has also coached the swimming team to six conference titles.

GLENN DARDEN
FORT WORTH

GARY SPRAGUE
MIAMI

Darden and Sprague, sailing 420-class dinghies, led Tulane, the nation's fourth-ranked team, to an 11-point victory over No. 3-ranked Texas in the Sugar Bowl Intercollegiate Regatta. A 21-year-old senior who in August had won the Mallory Cup, emblematic of the national men's keelboat championship, Darden had three firsts and a fourth on Lake Pontchartrain. A 19-year-old junior, Sprague had six firsts, one second, two thirds and an eighth and was the regatta's low-point skipper.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

REALLY SUPER

Sir:

Congratulations to the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers and to the runner-up Dallas Cowboys for cutting through the hoopla and the hype to play a classic football game. Congratulations, too, to Terry Bradshaw, whose courage and faith—not to mention his super talents as a quarterback—rightly earned him the Most Valuable Player award.

And congratulations to Joe Marshall and Robert F. Jones for superb pregame briefings (*Super Showdowns*, Jan. 22). Their articles were interesting, informative—and right on the button.

BOB DURAND
Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

Terry Bradshaw may not be able to spell cat—according to Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson—but he sure can spell victory. That is something Henderson couldn't spell in the Super Bowl.

RICHARD EVANS
Sharon, Pa.

Sir:

Give my regards to "Hollywood."

BRIAN WHITLOCK
Provo, Utah

Sir:

With Pittsburgh's victory in Super Bowl XIII, the AFC's dominance over the NFC continues. Since 1969, the record is 8–2 for the AFC, with both NFC victories belonging to the Cowboys.

BERNARD FINE
Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

I agree with Joe Marshall that the Super Bowl is usually something less than super, but for him to say that having the Minnesota Vikings take part is the worst thing that can happen is underhanded. The fact that the Vikings have played in the Super Bowl game four times in the last 10 years proves they're a good team.

DAVID BERG
Fergus Falls, Minn.

RON GUIDRY

Sir:

I've been waiting for the article *Yankee from Louisiana* (Jan. 22) ever since Ron Guidry made it to the majors permanently. I played minor league ball against him on a few occasions—he struck me out three times in one game. It was at that point that I realized he had guts behind that slight build. He is truly a master of his art. His intensity is terrifying (to say nothing of his fastball). But most of all, he showed that it doesn't matter what other people think of you, just what you think of yourself. He persevered through the long bus rides, the poor playing conditions and the demoralizing treatment he received from "the men upstairs." That's more than I can say for myself, an ex-journeyman second baseman.

This article lends support to my conviction that Guidry was the *only* choice for Sportsman of the Year 1978. Take it from a displaced Cajun.

JAMES J. (JACQUES) CUMMINGS
El Segundo, Calif.

Sir:

Sam Moses' article is superb. It seems as though Ron Guidry can do no wrong. One added anecdote: during his four-hit victory over the Dodgers in the fourth game of the 1977 World Series, Guidry made his first major league appearance at the plate. (To my knowledge, he is the first player in the history of the game whose first at bat occurred in a World Series game.) Guidry handled the pressure admirably by laying down a perfect sacrifice bunt.

JAMES ARENO
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir:

Ron Guidry needs another lawyer. His four-season $600,000 contract is pitiful. Tommy John won't fill Yankee Stadium the way the Cajun will.

JEREMIAH O'NEIL
College Park, Md.

Sir:

Regarding Ron Guidry's comment "I think I'll switch from baseball to football": as a long-suffering (though undaunted) Boston Red Sox lover, I will be happy to pay his way to the NFL tryout camp of his choice.

KEITH TOMLINSON
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

I think Ron Guidry has unwittingly cracked the Billy Martin case. The New York Yankee management and old No. 1 himself can talk about the return of the prodigal manager in 1980 until their pinstripes fall off. It has to be a falsehood. If Guidry believed that Martin was going to be his manager again, would he have confessed to spitting tobacco juice on his socks? With Martin's short fuse?

GARY STEWART
Canandaigua, N.Y.

Sir:

I sincerely enjoyed Sam Moses' article, but he might also have mentioned the time Ron Guidry gives to special children and children in hospitals. The fame that has come his way has not altered his feelings for those who have been less fortunate.

GENE VEILLON
Scott, La.

Sir:

You'd think a 25–3 season would be enough! But now that I know Ron Guidry commiserates with hawks and can't bring himself to shoot a deer, I'm totally enraptured by him.

DIANE GIELOW
Woodstock, N.Y.

THE BIG TEN

Sir:

Larry Keith's engaging article on the strength and balance of Big Ten basketball (*A Case of Fratricide*, Jan. 22) was perceptive and timely. And how we beleaguered Illinois fans gloried in favorable national sports coverage!

As hard as we Illini try to keep sports in perspective—Physics Professor John Bardeen's two Nobel Prizes have to be worth at least four Heismans—we have been reminded that it's great to have a winner.

DAVID M. PAISLEY
Montclair, N.J.

Sir:

I must commend you on the excellent photographs of the Ohio State Buckeyes. Unfortunately, I can't say as much for the accompanying article. It's too bad Larry Keith spent more time comparing Big Ten basketball to Big Ten football than he did describing Ohio State's excellent basketball squad. And leave it to SI to find a way of getting Woody Hayes into the article.

From the way Keith raved, one would have thought it was the Illini, not the Buckeyes, who won the game in Champaign, Ill. Obviously, you believe Ohio State basketball is a fluke. Don't feel bad, though. Duke, Louisville, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan once thought so, too.

JACK SHEPPARD
Sports Editor
The Ohio State Lantern
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Was it really necessary to include those gibes at Woody Hayes in a basketball article? I believe that is called kicking a man when he is down.

PAUL CASEY
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

You were right to mention the Atlantic Coast Conference as the Big Ten's rival as the nation's strongest league. To balance the record, I'd just like to point out that as of

continued

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Jan. 22, the ACC's overall winning percentage for the season was .712, the Big Ten's .637. ACC teams won seven of the nine tournaments they entered this season, and nonconference victories have come over such notables as Michigan State, Southern Cal, Detroit, Texas A&M, Louisville, Arkansas and Long Beach State.

The final accounting will come at season's end, but in terms of overall league strength in basketball, year in and year out, the ACC is the bench mark against which other leagues are measured.

TOM WESTALL
Charlotte, N.C.

Sir:

You missed the boat when you called the Big Ten *the nation's strongest conference*. Although the Big Ten, like the Southeastern, Southwest and Atlantic Coast conferences, has three or four excellent teams, the true test of a league's overall strength is the performance of its second-division teams. If Larry Keith or anybody else at SI would like to bet the Big Ten's second division against the ACC's second division, please contact me. I believe you could make me a rich man.

LOUIS J. STRIEDNIG
Raleigh, N.C.

CANADA'S TEAM

Sir:

In regard to your Jan. 15 SCORECARD item on the NHL "No-Stars," I fail to grasp what you meant when you discussed the starting team as being a "U.S." team—unless, of course, you were referring to a group of politicians who will be present for the opening ceremonies of the NHL-U.S.S.R. hockey match.

Nothing burns a Canadian more than having the U.S. take credit for something Canadians take pride in. We take great pride in *our* game of hockey and in the fact that more than 85% of the players in the NHL were born and bred in Canada.

HOWIE SNYDER
Port Coquitlam, British Columbia

Sir:

If there is an American player on the ice come Feb. 8, I'll eat the issue that the item appeared in.

TOM BELL
London, Ontario

FOR USC

Sir:

In the Jan. 22 19TH HOLE you didn't give equal time to USC's point of view, so I have decided to add my two cents. If the best record in college football (12–1) against the toughest schedule in the country is not a justification for USC being named the No. 1 team, I don't know what is.

The Trojans played six bowl teams, all but one of which (Michigan) won or tied in its postseason appearance: Alabama beat Penn State (Sugar Bowl), Notre Dame beat Houston (Cotton Bowl), Stanford beat Georgia (Bluebonnet Bowl), Arizona State beat Rutgers (Garden State Bowl) and UCLA tied Arkansas (Fiesta Bowl).

MELVIN T. YAMADA
Pearl City, Hawaii

Sir:

The annual brouhaha over which college football team is No. 1, and demands for a national-championship playoff are unnecessary this year. The deciding game was played in Birmingham on Sept. 23. The result: USC 24, Alabama 14.

SCOTT GRAY
Pasadena, Calif.

BOWL COVERAGE (CONT.)

Sir:

What a grouch! In William Oscar Johnson's *report on college bowl-game coverage* (TV-RADIO, Jan. 15), his remarks about Bruce Jenner were dreadfully offensive. And as for O. J. Simpson being too effervescent in his loyalty to USC, a little levity and loyalty shouldn't hurt anyone.

MRS. BURLEIGH BAGNALL
Bonita, Calif.

Sir:

William Oscar Johnson said many things that should have been said about the bowl games, about football games in general and about the parades on New Year's Day. When are the networks going to learn that the game or parade is show enough? Two or three celebrity announcers aren't needed to describe what can be seen plainly if the cameramen are doing their job. All we need are the pertinent facts. If it is a devastating tackle or the most glorious float in captivity, we can see it for ourselves.

However, I do not agree entirely with Johnson's criticisms of halftime ceremonies. Granted, many of the bowl shows are a little too much, but they do reveal the spirit and vitality of the college game.

TED PLOTT
Haw River, N.C.

COLLEGIATE CHEWERS

Sir:

We are proud to inform SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that students at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater are in the process of establishing their own chapter of what we would *like to call the Collegiate Tobacco Chewers* of America (CTCA). Although our chapter is not yet formally organized, we have seen many potential members, plug in cheek, scattered throughout Whitewater's social establishments. Our chapter would therefore very much like to be recognized along with the other college chapters mentioned in "Great Expèctorations" (SCORECARD, Jan. 15).

TOM NICHOLS
BOB STEFAN
Whitewater, Wis.

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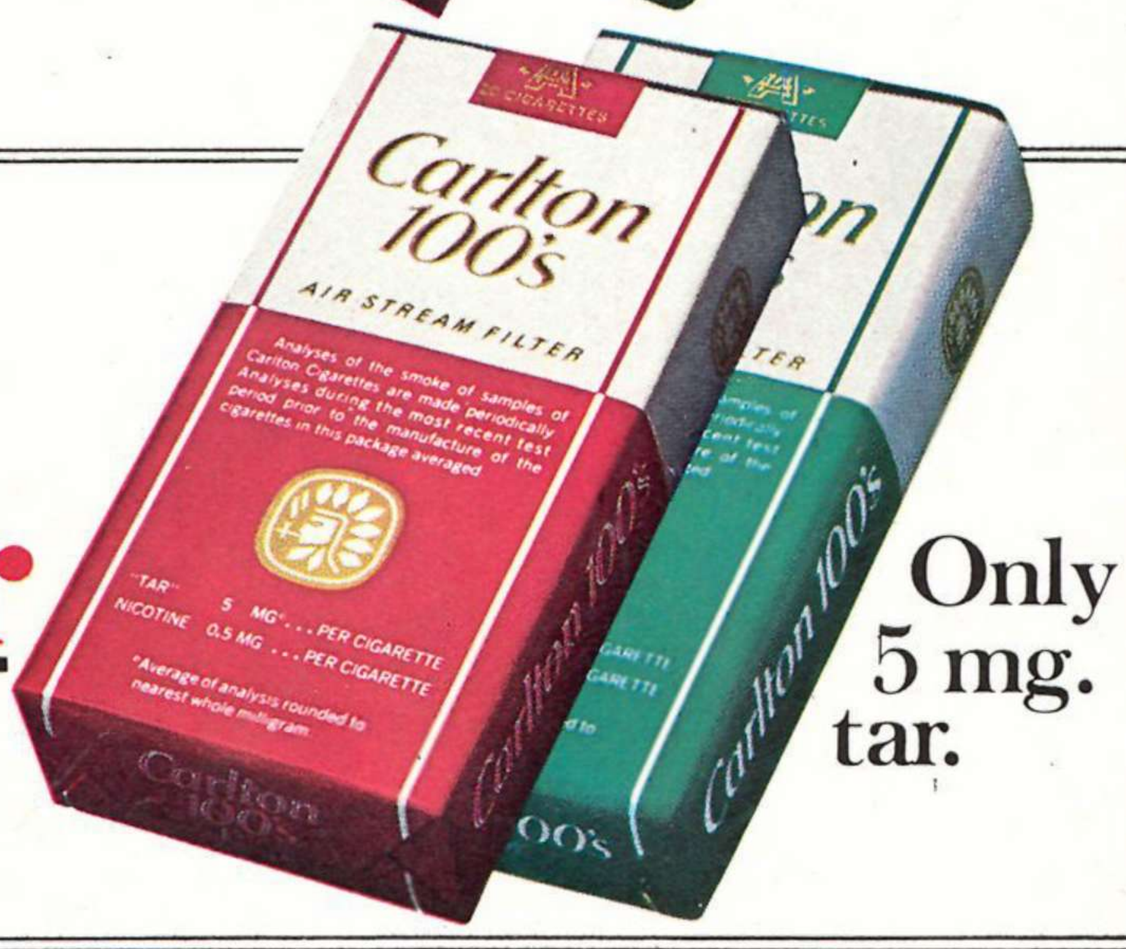

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