Sports Illustrated

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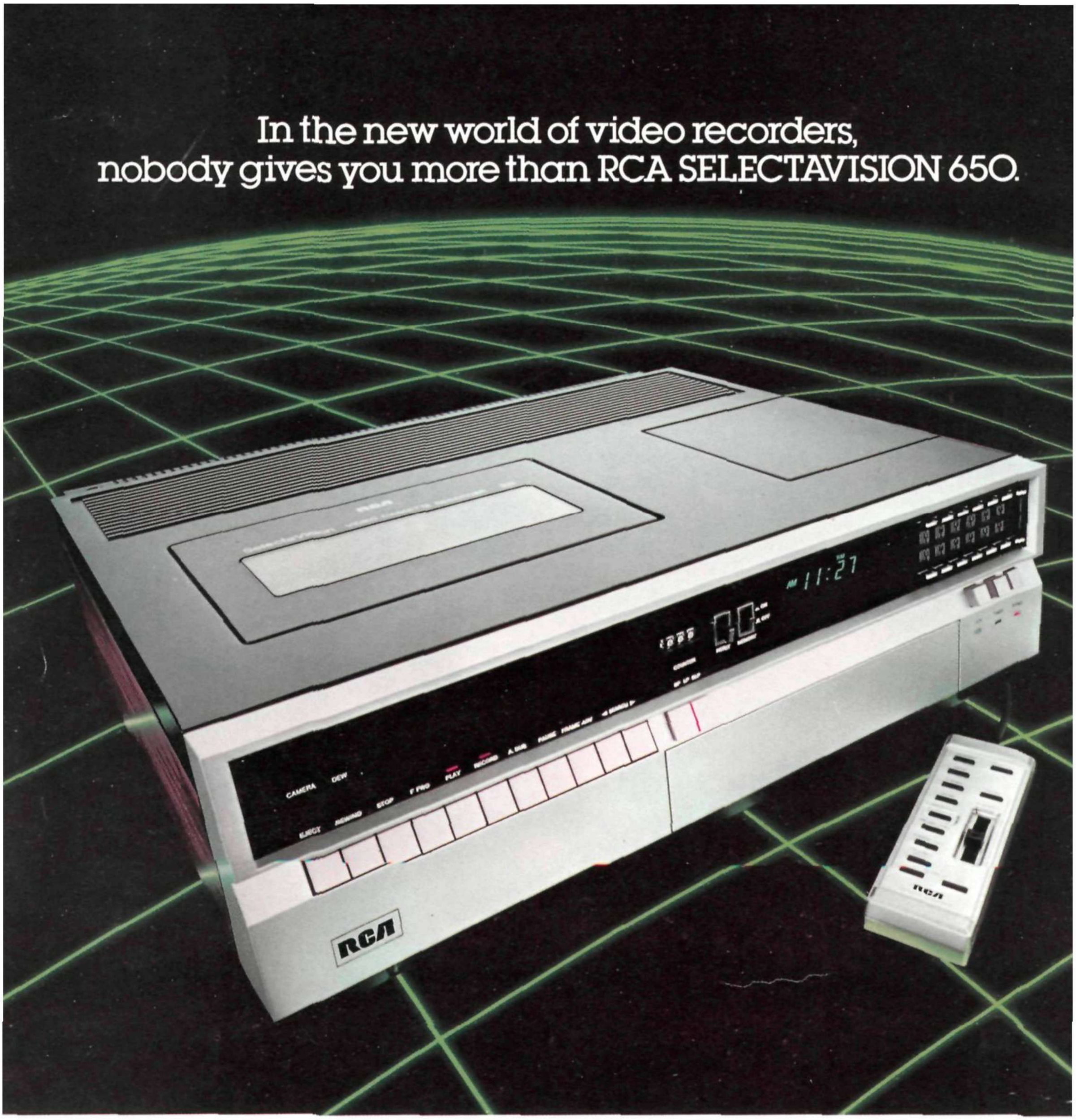

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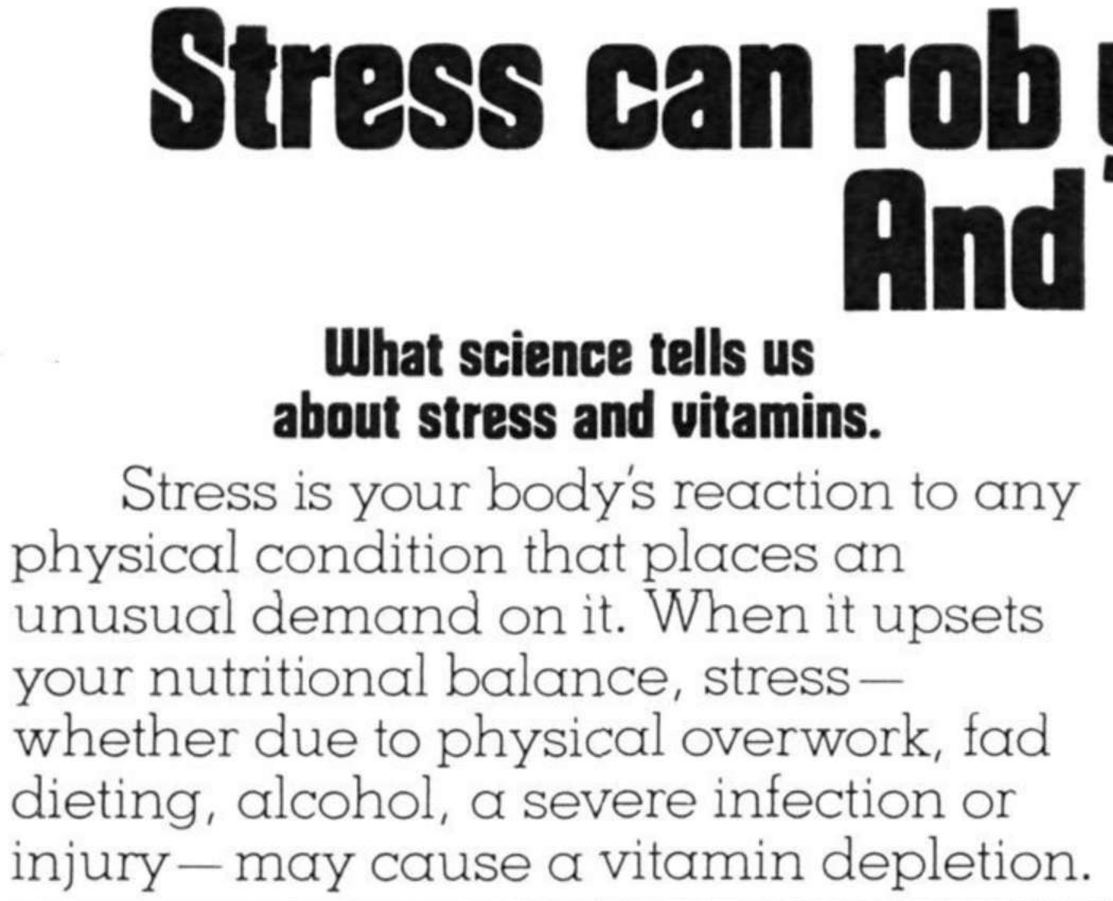

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Sports Illustrated

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Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

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Next Week

TRACK & FIELD GIANTS will gather in New York for the Millrose Games, featuring Steve Scott, Eamonn Coghlan, John Walker, Don Paige, Renaldo Nehemiah and, in the cast of thousands, football's Herschel Walker and Soviet Olympians.

PRO BASKETBALL GIANTS will square off in Philadelphia, which is to say the hometown 76ers and the Celtics clash in a showdown of Eastern Division powers. Make that NBA powers; they're the teams with the top records. By Barry McDermott.

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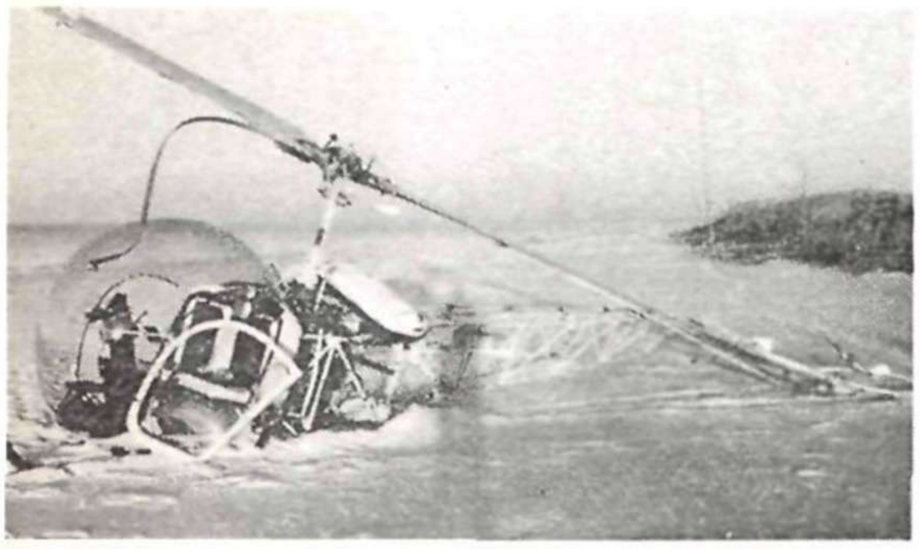
LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Zimmerman's helicopter was one scary letdown.

Every time Associate Editor Jule Campbell returns from the locale of a sunshine issue—an in-house euphemism—she says, "This is the most beautiful place in the world. What can we possibly do for an encore?" What she opted for this time was "someplace campy," as she put it—Miami Beach. Managing Editor Gilbert Rogin said, "Well—Florida, maybe, but not Miami Beach. In many places, there's almost no beach at high tide." So Campbell disappeared under a stack of books, maps and magazines and eventually surfaced with tales of little-known, lovely and decidedly uncampy islets. You can view them, and five super ladies, too—Christie Brinkley, Carol Alt, Lena Kansbod, Rita Tellone and Kelly Emberg—starting on page 52.

Less Brinkley than you have ever seen.

As it happened, Rogin had been worrying about Key Biscayne, his own vacation retreat of 20 years. Where once there were jungly tracts and only one building with as many as three stories, now high rises popped up like mushrooms. Rogin asked Senior Writer Robert Boyle, "Is Florida going down the drain?"

Boyle, author of SI articles on such despoiled wonders as Lakes Superior and Erie, the Hudson River and Chesapeake Bay, set forth to find out. What he discovered emphatically did not make for a typical account of Paradise Found.

Boyle got in touch with Nathaniel Reed, a former Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior and a resident of Jupiter Island near North Palm Beach. Boyle calls him "a central figure in the battle to save Florida." Reed said, "Florida *is* being devastated, by pollution and extraordinarily rapid development," and set up appointments for Boyle with 30 knowledgeable people around the state. "Reed accounted for every minute of my waking time," Boyle says, "and some of my sleeping time, too." He drove about 800 miles that week, and returned North with more than 50 pounds of books, articles and scientific papers.

Senior Reporter Rose Mary Mechem spent two weeks in northern Florida on interviews, and Staff Photographer Lane Stewart was sent to the state.

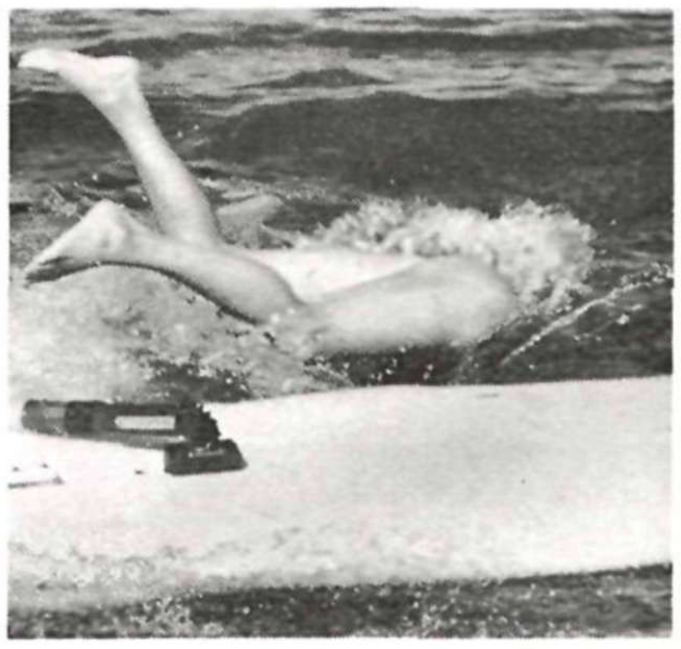
John Zimmerman shows 'em how it's done.

Meanwhile, the swimsuit brigade was cold—the models were issued wool blankets to go with their bikinis—and worse than cold was Photographer John Zimmerman's first day. At dawn he was 750 feet above Panama City's Shell Island in a helicopter; moments later he seemed unlikely to see the dusk. "There was a foul smell, like burning brake linings," Zimmerman recalls, "and suddenly the copter began to spin and fall." He tore three cameras from around his neck, fearing they would knock out his teeth on impact. Had the pilot, Bryan Scarbrough, not fought the copter away from the water they wouldn't only have sunk, they would have rapidly twisted into the sea. As it was, all three people aboard walked away from the wreck.

Though chilled, Alt was cooperative to a fault.

Under the schedule Campbell and her assistant, Sharon Mouliert, worked out for the five models, shooting started at 5 a.m. and continued until 6 p.m. each day, and because many of the locations were remote, the crew rarely got back to the hotel before nine. Because of the un-Floridian chill, the models risked goose bumps as well as mosquito bites: one day Alt counted 48 of the latter, and that was just from the waist down.

But all seemed happy: people sharing an adventure often are. And they had found that much of old Florida remains, though for how long is open to question. As Boyle observes, "Hordes of people will continue moving to Florida. It's a lot easier to be warm amid pollution than cold amid pollution."



A bit more Brinkley. For most, see page 64.

Philip D. Howlett

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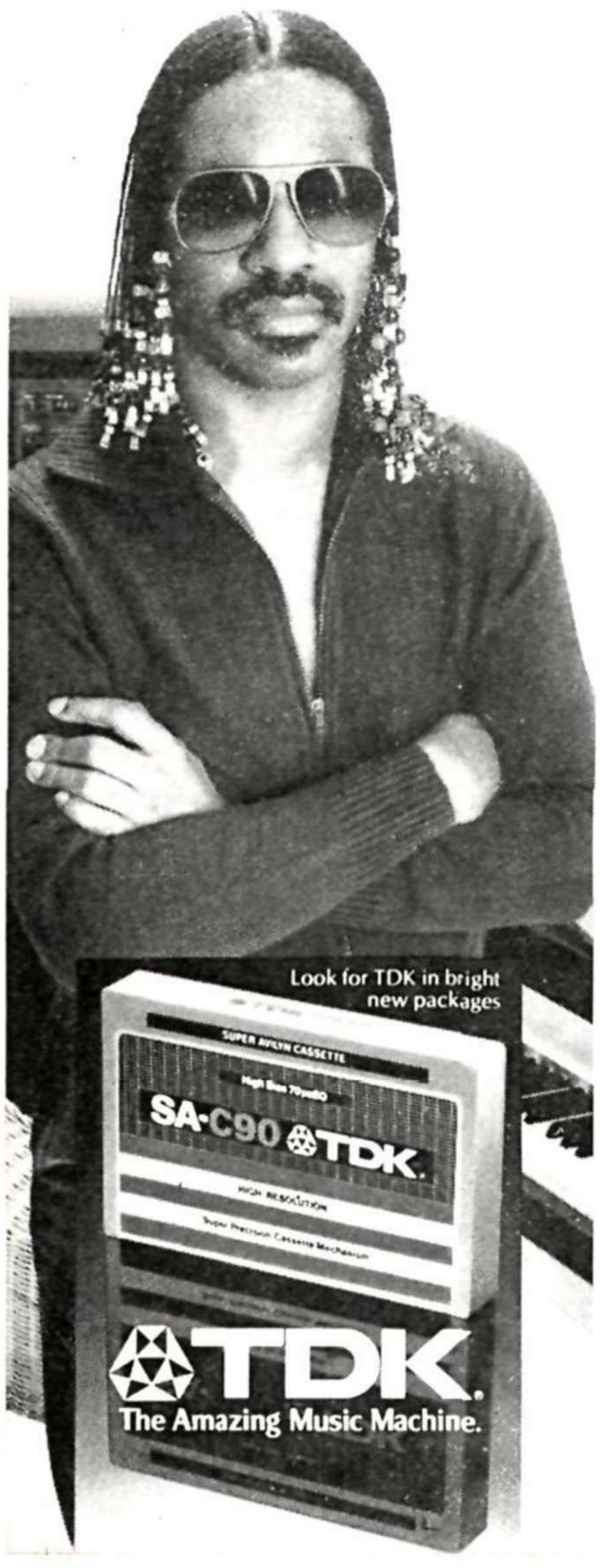

Footloose

by FRANZ LIDZ

THE HIGH POINT OF A RACER'S SEASON IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING RUN-UP

Hugh Sweeny is an arrow-limbed, javelin-thin Jersey City smart aleck who looks as if he was born in his spinach-green sweat shirt and blue Adidases. He's fond of short jokes ("Why did the marathoner jump off the Empire State Building?"), long footraces and Germanic culture: Bach, Beethoven and Anheuser-Busch.

Alone or with his buddies from the Warren Street Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City, the 36-year-old torts lawyer's cyclonic metabolism uproots everything in his path. On Feb. 12 that path leads from the ground-floor lobby of the world's third-tallest skyscraper to the observatory deck, in its time the destination of luminaries such as the three sisters of King Zog of Albania, the trysting lovers Tilly Losch and Prince Serge Obolensky, and more than 1½ million tourists.

Sweeny will be taking part in the fourth annual Empire State Building Run-Up, the toughest quarter-mile south of the Arctic Circle. It's a wild dash up 86 flights—350 yards, 1,575 steps—which is about as close to most people's idea of chic jogging as hauling 20 tons of coal out of a Harlan County mine. The New York Road Runners Club, which cosponsors the invitation-only event, requires that the step-people have completed at least one ultra-marathon (anything over 26 miles, 385 yards). The Road Runners would also like to limit entrants to a maximum of 30 in the interest of racing comfort and safety, though some sentimentalists hope the limit will be raised to 50 in honor of the Empire State Building's 50th anniversary this spring.

It's not the world's fastest quarter-mile, but then this staircase race is more a test of strength than stamina. At about the 20th floor, thighs begin to ache. At 30, lungs start to burn and your head is drooping like a semi-retired cart horse pulling a cut-rate load of 300-pound Russian tourists around Central Park. By the time you've reached the top, your body quivers like a crapshooter on his eighth pass. Taking the steps two at a time, you begin to feel as if you're on a treadmill—which is about where you are: you spend an awful lot of energy to stay in about the same place. Next week will be Sweeny's fourth attempt to get nowhere fast first. So far, he's finished farther back every year, though his time has deviated by only one second: he came in second in 13:00, third in 12:59 and fourth in 13:00. He's almost as consistent as the clocks at the Naval Observatory. "Generally, the people who beat me ran faster," he explains.

"If dollars were involved instead of glory," he says, "this event would be a real bloodbath because the stairwells are only 40 inches across and that's not enough room to get an advantage." Fortunately for Sweeny, he's got sharp elbows. Last year his elbows lasted for 86 floors, but his lungs all but gave out after 40. He told the runners on his heels that he'd let them pass if they'd buy him a beer afterward. He got three. If he'd been a little slower and smarter, he could have opened a bar. But even when he loses, he gets more press than the winners. His Warren Street club smarts and rigorous legal training enable him to snooker even the most jaded of race writers. Last year as another club member, third-place finisher Paul Fetscher, expounded on the aerodynamics of his waffle-soled sneakers, Sweeny entranced reporters by saying he'd undergone "anti-vertigo hypnosis" for the race.

(Another club coup shattered all the records at the 1980 New York Marathon. Warren Street regular Andy Maslow ducked out of the race at the first subway stop in Brooklyn, hopped a local to Columbus Circle, and crossed the finish line in an astounding 1:20.21, breaking Rosie Ruiz's old subway-assisted mark by more than an hour.)

Gary Muhrcke, a friend of Sweeny's, won the first Run-Up in 12:32.7. At the time, he was collecting an $11,822-a-year disability pension from the New York City Fire Department. Investigative reporters thought this was odd, but a doctor said the 37-year-old Muhrcke could run, he just couldn't lift weights. Muhrcke didn't show for the second running, won by financial analyst Jim Rafferty, 26, in 12:19.8. That's the record. Last year James Ochse, a 25-year-old graduate student, came out on top in 12:20.1, about 11 minutes slower than an Empire State Building elevator ascending nonstop.

Last winter Sweeny turned up at a couple of local road races with a jar in which a dead mouse was submerged. He called it "mouse juice," and offered it as a special potion with the advice, "Shake it, don't stir it." Not even road racers were gullible enough to swallow that line. Sweeny claims he prepared for this year's Run-Up by watching the great apes in the Bronx Zoo. "I went there for tips on style and technique," he says. "I figured I wasn't going to win the race on legs alone."

Sweeny says he's going to pull himself up along the banisters like a chimpanzee swinging across the ceiling of his cage. And if he slips out to an early lead, he may toss banana peels down to the competition behind him.

His training film is *King Kong*. He watches it for inspiration. "What I've learned is that there's a beautiful girl waiting for you at the top," he says.

Which is even a shorter joke than "Why did the marathoner jump off the Empire State Building?" To be a hit on Broadway, of course. Of course. **END**

J&B pours $100,000 into the richest prize in women's golf.

For the third consecutive year J&B proudly sponsors the 1981 Gold Putter Award. The LPGA sanctioned event is considered to be among the most prestigious in women's golf, with a $50,000 first prize sought by the most competitive women golfers in the world, including former winner Mary Dwyer and defending champ Pat Bradley. The competition runs the entire LPGA Tour Season, culminating in the putt-off between 16 qualifiers, each of whom is guaranteed at least $1000. To the ladies, we at J&B say good luck, and may your strokes be as smooth as our scotch.

J&B. It whispers.

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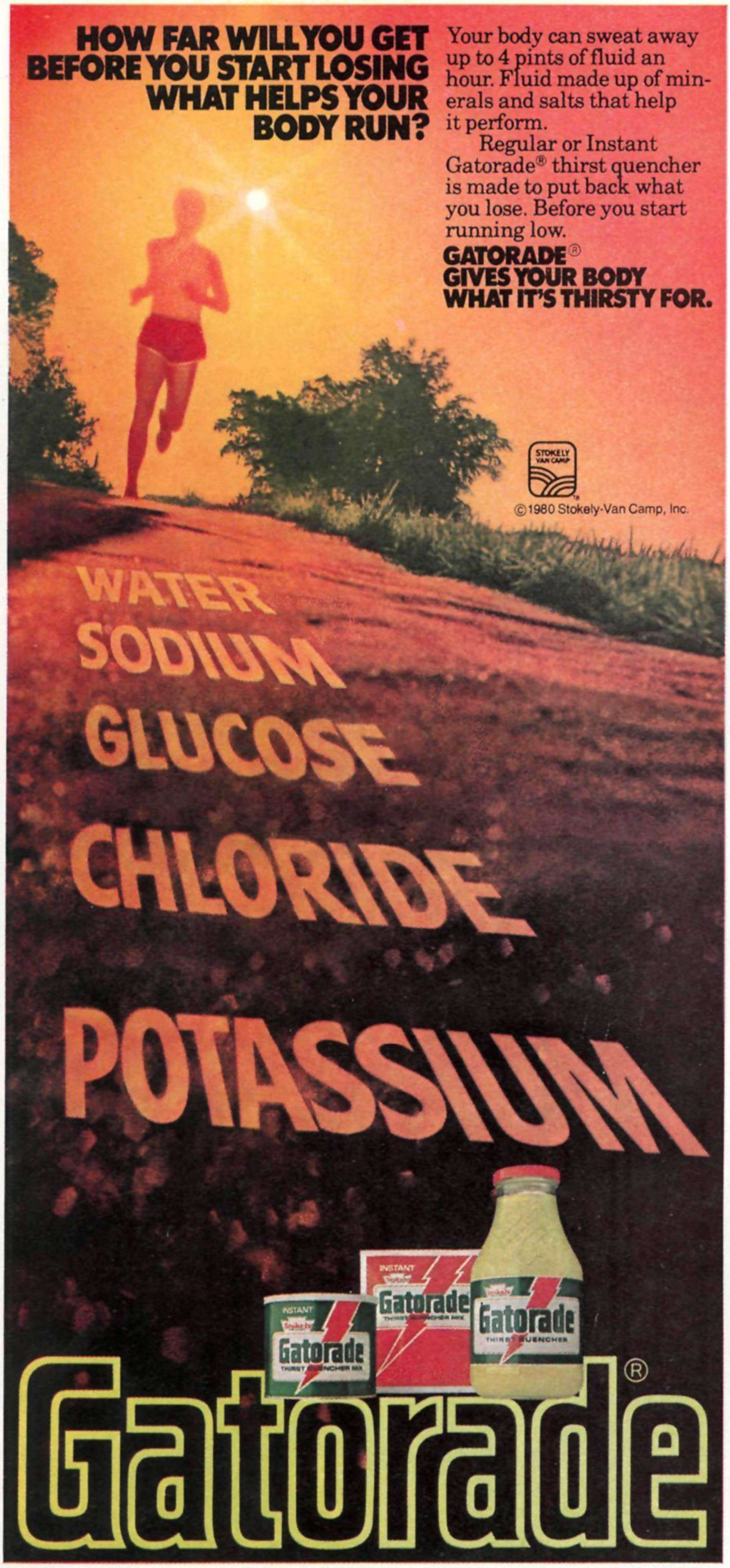


BOOKTALK

by DAN LEVIN

A THOROUGH AND FASCINATING STUDY OF THAT UBIQUITOUS FISH, THE BASS

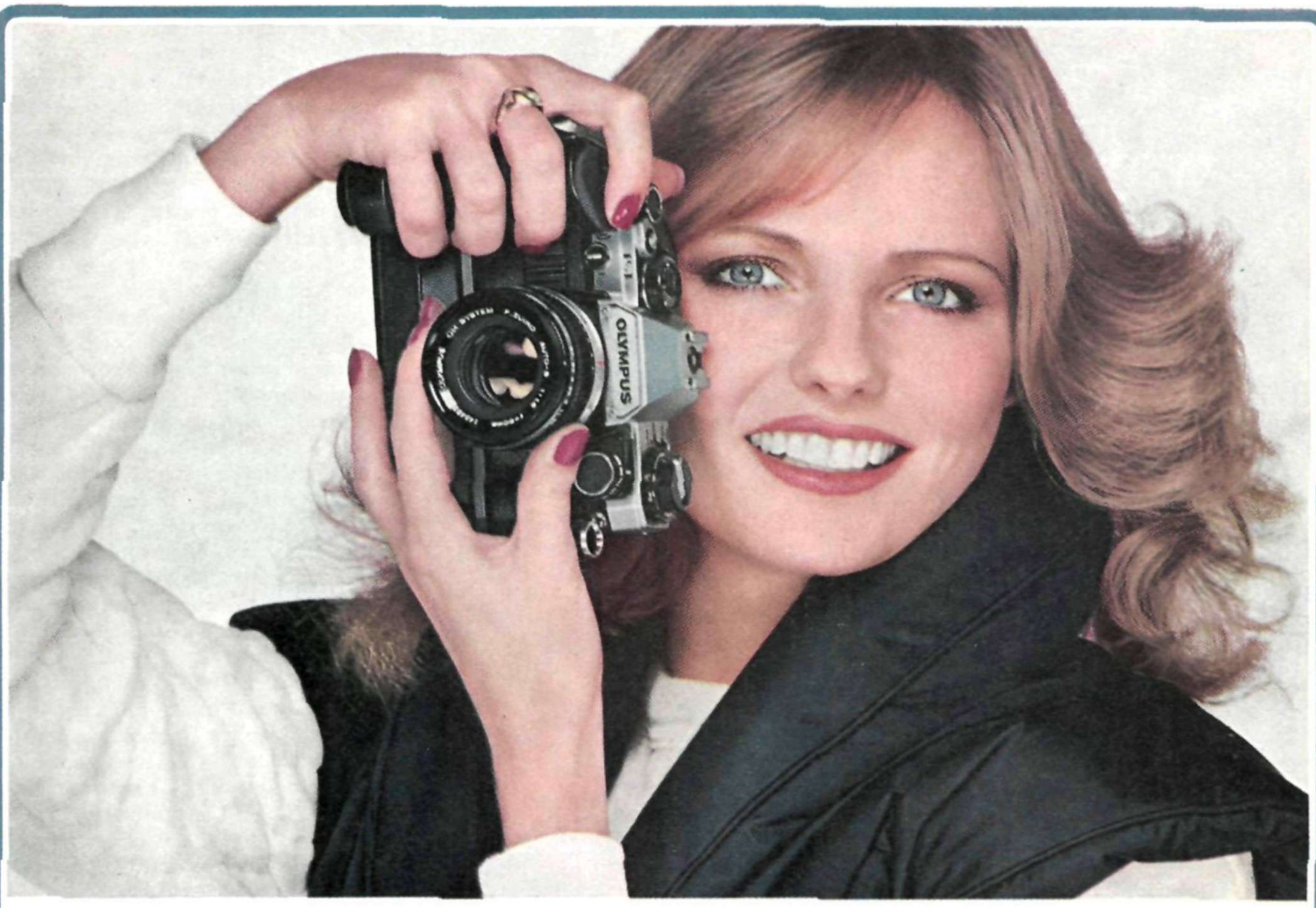
Robert H. Boyle, a senior writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, has been known to catch a bass or two between assignments, or, for that matter, between paragraphs. His latest book is titled *Bass* (W.W. Norton, $27.50), not, say, *Golden Days Amongst the Lily Pads*, and that alone suggests a certain directness of approach. *Bass* deals primarily with the life cycle and habits of the largemouth bass—"the most popular game fish in the United States." When Boyle writes of how long it takes a mature bass to excrete its food, he doesn't quote some musty old doctoral thesis; rather, he tells of an experiment in his living room: trapping a mouse and feeding it live to a 2½-pound largemouth in a 6-foot-long tank, then waiting for 14 hours. You know that's how long it takes.

Boyle's sparse prose is adorned with 75 superb color photographs by Elgin Ciampi, one of the world's great underwater photographers. They beautifully complement Boyle's accounts of the bass' life cycle. One, depicting a largemouth about to engulf an unsuspecting duckling, is particularly dramatic. Less so, but more of an accomplishment and more valuable as a teaching device, is a remarkable nine-page series showing a male and female bass in the act of spawning, and then their young, beginning life.

Other books on bass will tell you how to rig your Midget Frog Oreno Popping Bug, and where to find those Big Hawg Bucketmouth Bass that win contests. Boyle, more a scholar and watcher of fish than a competitor, would rather trace the spread of the bass (from the Midwest and South to all the states but Alaska) than tell how to decimate it. And his unique observations and analyses bring alive a world that can never be seen from the finest swivel-seated bass boat, even one with the ultimate in fish-finding radar.

Who but a man with bass swimming in his living room can write, as Boyle does, "When bass are on a feeding spree, they might stock up on . . . minnows. . . . I have looked into the mouth of a feeding bass and seen a half dozen minnows lying there"—and now a classic Boyle simile—"like so many people in bed." And who else could describe what happens when eight largemouth in a tank, one a 3½-pounder, go after a foot-long eel (thrown in, of course, by Boyle); how the big one inhales it, only to have it poke through a gill flap and wriggle free; how that eel does the same thing to all eight bass, until exhaustion slows it down, and zap!

continued



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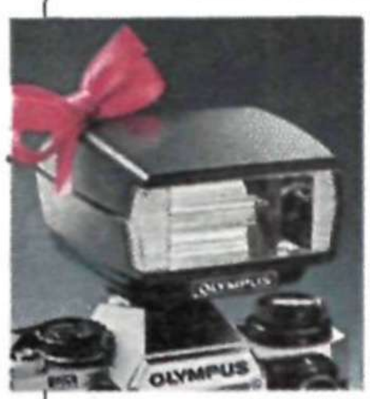

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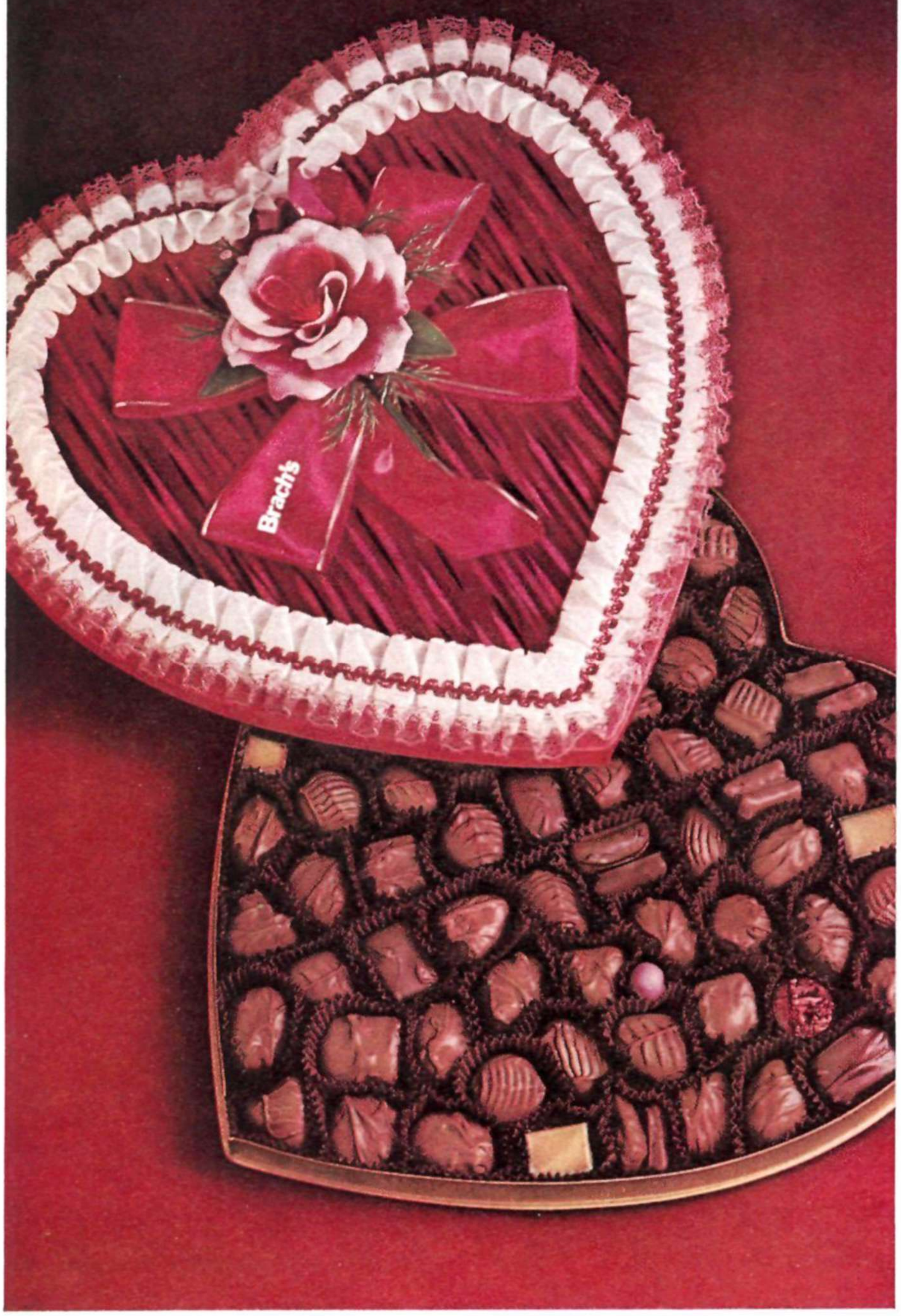

BOOKTALK *continued*

For something to use on the lake this summer, one could color-code his lure collection, based on a Boyle experiment. Fascinated with studies showing that bass respond especially well to red baits, Boyle dyed 12 killifish a neutral red, left 12 undyed, and set them swimming in his tank with six bass. He did it many times, and the same thing always happened: the bass gobbled the killies, at a rate of two red to one natural. Boyle writes, "There was no question but that bass could see red killies better than naturals. On one occasion, the largest bass, a two-pounder, had to go at the last red killie in the tank. The killie raced up and down on top of the water four or five times before the bass finally nailed it in a corner with a mighty whoosh that sent water slopping over the sides."

More than two-thirds of *Bass* deals with the largemouth, though there are relatively sketchy chapters on the less well distributed smallmouth and the striped bass, and an entertaining one on antique lures, with 12 photos by Ciampi. An expanded study of this subject would make an interesting volume in its own right. In a chapter on fly-tying Boyle writes of his own Kat's Meow Streamer-Jig, "The simplest tie I know is the most effective. . . . If I had to be restricted to only one lure for the rest of my life, I would pick the Kat's Meow without hesitation. . . . Even when stuffed full, a bass will pounce upon [it] like a fat person who just can't resist that last little piece of fudge." The Kat's Meow is certainly simple to tie, and Boyle tells how while Ciampi's photographs show how.

Boyle's Grass Shrimp has been called, by *Field & Stream* magazine, "a work of art, or as perfect an imitation of a natural fish food as it is possible to make." Instructions are included for this one, too.

Bass ends with three recipes—for bass, of course. To make Chilled Bass you drop two-inch filets into salted boiling water for two minutes, then chill. That's it. Serve with your favorite sauce. Boyle likens it to shrimp and lobster. Bass Katya is slightly more complicated, and requires fresh tomatoes seasoned with salt, pepper, minced garlic, oregano and a dusting of bread crumbs. The bass filet sits atop the tomato slices, and all is broiled until just done. A slice of Swiss cheese on top and a brief return trip to the broiler completes the dish. If pickled bass appeals, there are directions for that, too.

There is nothing complicated or obscure about Boyle's fascinating book. A bass man will digest it in far less time than the 14 hours it takes for a largemouth to excrete a mouse. But it can be read—and admired—again and again no matter what the season. Boyle instructs and Ciampi delights. *Bass* might be worth its steep price without the pictures, but with them it is a shining thing, a volume to fuel the fancies of a long winter in the 49 states of bass country. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

TAINTED GIFT

Barred from last fall's Pac-10 football race because of academic-transcript abuses and buffeted by the indictment of a number of its athletes on various criminal charges, the University of Oregon is now in the news again. This time there are indications that a wealthy lumberman tried to impose onerous conditions on a pledge to give the school $250,000 toward construction of a domed basketball arena. The lumberman, Aaron Jones, has reportedly threatened to cancel his proffered gift unless the university disbands a five-year-old clinic run by its law school.

The object of Jones' purported threat is the Pacific Northwest Resources Clinic, one of a number of organizations established by law schools in recent years as a means of giving students real-life legal experience. The Oregon clinic's work has been mostly on behalf of public-interest groups fighting for environmental causes, earning the clinic the full wrath of the timber industry, which exercises great influence in the Pacific Northwest. Lumbermen have been particularly unhappy about the clinic's role in representing the Idaho Wildlife Federation in a suit to restrict logging near the South Fork of Idaho's Salmon River. The suit maintains that certain types of timber harvesting could further hurt the river's salmon runs, which already have been decimated.

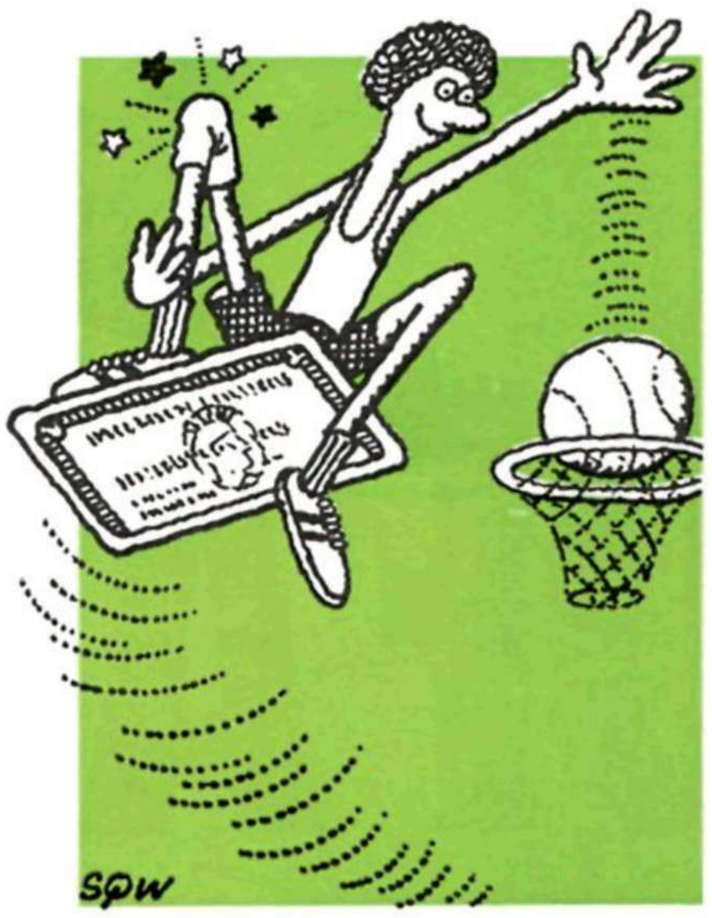
The attacks by the timber industry have been none too subtle. For example, John Runft, an attorney for Idaho-based Evergreen Forests Products, Inc., wrote to a University of Oregon official, saying the clinic's work was "against the interest of the timber industry" and was therefore "incredibly antipathetic to the interests of the university since I understand many of the large supporters of the university are to be found among such business interests." Then there are the machinations of Jones, who owns Seneca Sawmill Co. of Eugene and also is a prominent breeder and owner of racehorses. Jones hasn't commented publicly, but his attorney, Lewis Hoffman, was quoted in the *Eugene Register-Guard* as confirming that Jones threatened to cancel his $250,000 pledge if the university didn't close the clinic. Hoffman has been quoted elsewhere as saying of the clinic, "What they are doing, as far as my client is concerned, is hurting the economy of the state of Oregon."

Hoffman and Jones are entitled to question the policies of their state university. But any effort to influence those policies with money is another matter. One Oregon state senator, Ted Kulongoski, asserted on the floor of the legislature last week that the threat to withhold the $250,000 gift amounted to "extortion." However the threat might be characterized, it will probably surprise some people to learn that donors of large sums of money to universities don't always throw their weight around—at least not so overtly. Robert Odegard, vice-president for alumni and development at the University of Minnesota, says, "Few people try to tie strings to gifts. Most people understand the autonomy of the university and don't even ask." That Jones apparently *did* ask may have something to do with the fact that his gift was for athletic purposes, which seem to be particularly susceptible to undue outside influence—witness the excessive control boosters wield over many athletic departments. To its credit, the University of Oregon says it has no intention of closing the clinic. It ought to go even further and directly repudiate Jones' ultimatum—and his now-tainted gift. No school needs a new gym that badly.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

American University of Washington, D.C. has a name rich in promotional possibilities. Thus, in the early '70s, American's publicists hailed the star of the school's basketball team, Kermit Washington, as "the Center of the American Revolution." Kermit *Washington*, get it? To publicize its current star, Russell (Boo) Bowers, American distributed Frisbee-like discs bearing the inscription RED, WHITE & BOO, a play on the school's inevitable colors, and dubbed the 6′ 5″ senior forward "The American Express," going so far as to print up facsimile American Express cards bearing Bowers' likeness. Sports Information Director Rick Vaughn also issued a "statement" detailing Bowers' "transactions"—*i.e.*, points and rebounds—and spread the word that Coach Gary Williams "never leaves home without him."

But all that was before Jan. 14, when Bowers, who was among the nation's leaders with a 25.5-point scoring average and had led American to an 8–2 record, was sidelined with ligament damage in his right knee. Since then the Eagles (what else?) have won five of six



games, including a 63–55 victory last week at West Chester (Pa.) State, and they'll have to continue leaving home without Bowers until his expected return later this month. This will almost certainly prevent Bowers, who has scored 2,052 career points, from reaching the 2,500-point mark, a milestone achieved by only 16 collegians. Too bad. Vaughn was planning to commemorate the accomplishment by issuing facsimiles of the American Express "Gold Card."

BUDDING RIVALRY

Track fans are understandably excited about Renaldo Nehemiah's avowed intention to train for the 400-meter intermediate hurdles. They figure that the upshot could be a series of dream races between Nehemiah, who has the four

continued

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More than the score.

fastest clockings of all time in the 110-meter high hurdles, and Edwin Moses, who has the nine fastest times in the 400. But contrary to popular belief, Nehemiah and Moses *have* competed in a hurdles race already. It happened in 1978, when both were entered in a little-noted 110-meter race in Zurich. Nehemiah was on the verge of becoming the best in that event, and Moses was using the race to tune up for his 400-meter specialty later that evening. Nehemiah won in 13.23, followed by Charles Foster in 13.58 and Moses in 13.65.

More recently, history's two greatest hurdlers have confined their potentially explosive rivalry to a confrontation on an episode of the ABC-TV show *The Superstars* taped in mid-December in Key Biscayne, Fla. and aired on Sunday. Nehemiah and Moses twice competed face-to-face. One meeting came in a heat of a rowing competition won by baseball's Bill Buckner with Nehemiah second and Moses third. The other came in a 300-foot obstacle-course race that involved scaling a 12-foot-high wall, scrambling through a tunnel, pushing a blocking dummy, high-stepping through auto tires, leaping over a water hazard and a high-jump bar and, yes, clearing two three-foot hurdles. Competing in separate heats, Moses and Nehemiah were clocked in 24.55 and 25.83, respectively. Nehemiah might have gone faster except that he tripped over a hurdle. In the finals he didn't trip and was timed in 24.16, but Moses won anyway, in 24.04. However, Nehemiah finished ahead of Moses when the results of all events were taken into account. Assuming they're allowed to pocket their winnings under track and field's increasingly liberal "amateur" rules, Nehemiah earned $7,400, Moses $4,700. Did it occur to Nehemiah and Moses during the *Superstars* taping that they might soon be moving their rivalry onto the track? Said Moses unhesitatingly, "We thought about it."

THE OTHER DEADEYE AT ACCURACY U.

In his article on Oregon State's basketball team (*page 22*), Curry Kirkpatrick dwells on the exploits of the Beavers' 6′ 10½″ center, Steve Johnson, who had a 71.0 field-goal percentage last season, an NCAA Division I record, and is shooting a startling 76.2% this season. Well, it happens that the 6′ 5″ senior center on the Oregon State women's team, Carol Menken, is shooting 72.2% from the field, which is tops in the country, too. Menken, who has averaged 28.6 points a game and has led her team to a 12–4 record, deems it no coincidence that the two Oregon State teams boast such accurate shooters. "Both teams do a lot of passing and try to get the ball inside for the high-percentage shot," she says.

Oddly, both Menken and Johnson shoot better from the field than from the foul line; her free-throw percentage is a so-so 63.4, his not much better at 65.1. But while Johnson plays a lot "above the rim," scoring freely on tap-ins and twisting layups, Menken relies on six-to-eight-foot turnarounds. Says Johnson graciously, "Basically, we both take high-percentage shots, but hers are harder than mine. She takes jumpers."

CHARTING THE FLOW OF THE GAME

Go ahead and laugh, but you can apparently learn a lot of interesting things from water-pressure readings and the like. For example, the resort town of Ocean City, Md. (pop. 35,000), used sewage-flow measurements to determine that it had exactly 225,582 visitors last July 4. The calculation was made on the basis of variations in the flow of waste water computed by means of what scientists at Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, who developed the technique, call the "demoflush" factor. Similarly, utility officials feel that water-consumption readings can provide a pretty fair idea of just how riveting major sports events and popular TV shows like *Roots* might be. That's because bathroom use during the most gripping events tends to decline for long stretches of time, then increase significantly during breaks in the action and again at the end of the show.

A case in point is the situation in Philadelphia during Super Bowl XV. As residents crowded around TV sets, the Philadelphia Water Department recorded that at 7:30 p.m., late in the first half, it was pumping water at a 290-million-gallons-a-day rate. By contrast, the flow at 8 p.m., during halftime, sharply increased to a 448-million-gallon rate. Obviously, Philly residents had been admirably biding their time up to that point. But at 9 p.m., well into the second half, the rate declined only slightly, to 339 million gallons, suggesting that some Eagle fans had resigned themselves to the worst and were taking leave of their TV sets. At 10 p.m., after the game ended, the flow increased only to a 361-million-gallon rate. The water department had expected a bigger postgame surge, but many Philadelphians had probably already turned off the TV, having long since realized that the Eagles were going down the drain.

NINE O'CLOCK LIGHTNING

Southern Cal Basketball Coach Stan Morrison had a problem. Dwight Anderson, a heralded guard known as Dwight Lightning, and Forward Mike Owens, both of whom had transferred to USC (from Kentucky and Orange Coast College, respectively), were to become eligible at exactly 9 p.m. on Jan. 26, the moment when fall-semester final exams on the campus officially ended. The Trojans were playing California, starting at 8 p.m. in the L.A. Sports Arena, and Morrison wanted to have the services of his two new players the instant they became eligible, which figured to be roughly halftime. But if Morrison listed Anderson and Owens in the official scorebook before the game, he'd be entering names of players still technically ineligible. If he *didn't*, he'd be subject to technical fouls for using players not entered in the scorebook. After consultations with the Pac-10, the matter was resolved. Morrison, it was ruled, could enter the players in the scorebook before the game.

That out of the way, Anderson and Owens warmed up in street clothes during the first half, using a basket put up under the stands. The Trojans rolled to a 32–27 halftime lead over Cal. During the teams' halftime warmups, nine o'clock arrived. So, dramatically, did Anderson and Owens, who, now in uniform, ran onto the court to the robust cheers of Trojan fans. While Owens didn't play until the final seconds, and went scoreless, Dwight Lightning struck quickly, playing 19 minutes and contributing nine points to a 72–66 Trojan victory.

THEY SAID IT

- Ernie Banks, Hall of Fame ballplayer, now a management trainee at a Chicago bank: "My ultimate dream is to have my own bank, maybe in Paris. I'd call it Banks' Bank on the Left Bank."
- Mike Schmidt, addressing a Philadelphia sportswriters' banquet: "Philadelphia is the only city in the world where you can experience the thrill of victory and the agony of reading about it the next day."

END

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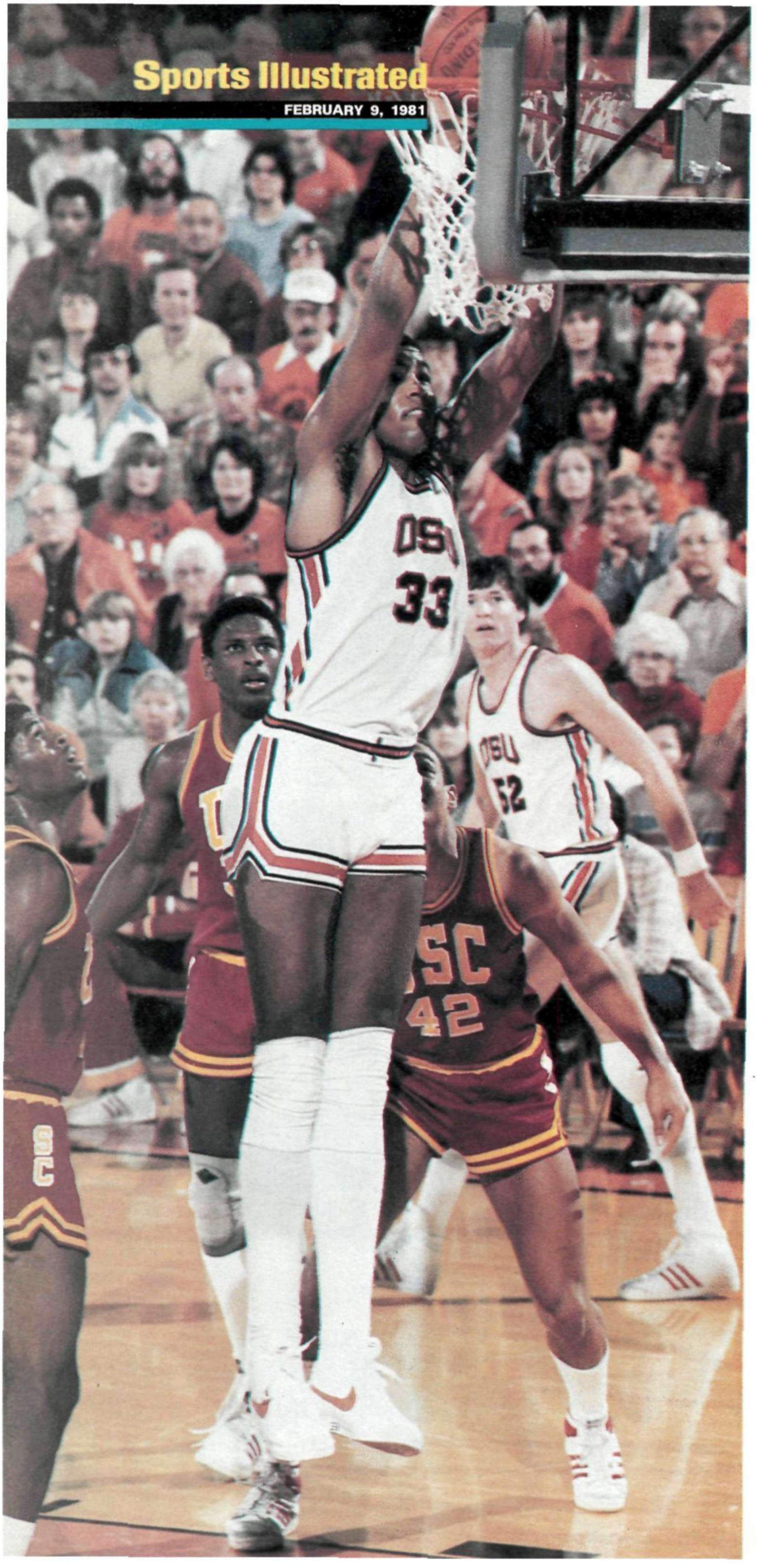
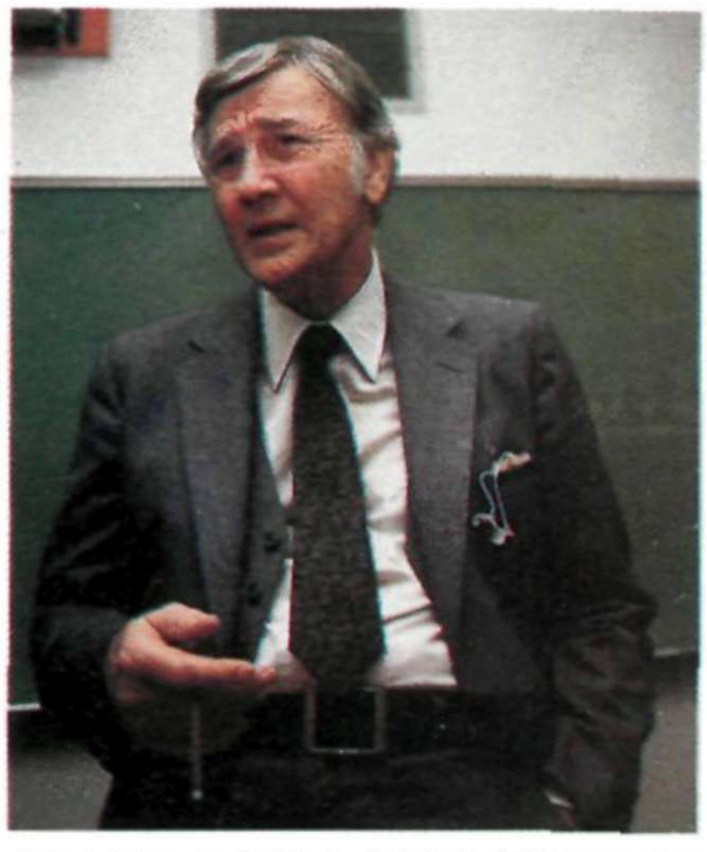


No.1

At week's end, both Oregon State and Virginia were still undefeated, but the Beavers enjoyed a slight edge over the Cavaliers in the minds of Top 20 voters

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



After Johnson (left) is finished lighting up the scoreboard, Miller can light up more Mores.

No. 1A

If we can please the preachers at Walla Walla and, with the same program, please the wild men of the mountains, we surely ought to please the multitudes of the world.

—JAMES DEMOSS, patriarch of Oregon's beloved DeMoss Family Lyric Bards, circa 1880

And now, a century later, comes another parochial band rambling out of the Great Northwest to spread its gospel, which happens to be defense, and to play its music, with lyrics that admonish everyone never to take a bad shot. But are the multitudes of the world paying attention? "Nobody knows what we look like," says Oregon State's star center, Steve Johnson. "Nobody knows our names."

Well, you can call them Beavers. After all, that's their official moniker.

Or you can call them believers and receivers, seeing as they're pos- *continued*

Sampson (right) has put Virginia in the spotlight and given Holland lots of opportunities to smile.

itively convinced of the efficacy of that all-but-lost art known as "passing."

Or you can even call them geezers. Five seniors are playing together for the fourth season, and the coach is working in his 30th.

But you don't have to call the wonderful Oregon State basketball team that nobody respects except the voters in the polls—and they aren't entirely sure—"Johnson" anymore.

It is the special irony of Oregon State's immaculate 17–0 season, which continued apace last week as the Beavers crushed UCLA 81–67 and then resorted to their cobweb defense to turn back Southern Cal 55–48, that while word of the team somehow has managed to slip out of the green glades of Corvallis, allowing the Beavers to reach the top of the rankings, the only individual's name that has made it across the Continental Divide is that of the 6′ 10½″, 235-pound Johnson. But, truth be told, for all his scoring totals, field-goal records and dazzling hooks, Johnson is but a *second* line of offense.

Oregon State first establishes its outside game, rather than the inside, as tradition dictates, because Coach Ralph Miller has passers who can thread a pumpkin through an inner tube and shooters who can knock down the baskets from anywhere within the drenched confines of the Willamette Valley.

Few outside the Pac-10 can identify these operatives—Ray Blume, Mark Radford and Lester Conner are foremost among them—because the Beavers' marvelous 27–4 season in 1979-80 ended prematurely with an upset loss to Lamar early in the NCAA tournament and also because Oregon State has never been on a major-network national TV game. This video slight will be corrected when the Beavers play St. John's in Uniondale, L.I. on Valentine's Day and at UCLA on March 1. So watch closely. The unselfish, quick-witted folks in the backcourt will spread the floor, whirl the ball around the horn like berserk infielders turning triple plays and then suddenly shoot the lights out, forcing the opposition to focus its defense on the perimeter. Then it will be time for Johnson to go to work inside and . . . well, who were those masked men?

Against UCLA Johnson scored four baskets in the first half but finished with 27 points. Against Southern Cal he got four points in the first 11 minutes but went home with 25. When Oregon State defeated Washington 97–91 in overtime, Johnson had 30 of his 38 points *after* the intermission. A late starter? No. It's the Beavers' plan to open things up with slingshots and then close the show with their cannon.

Johnson cannot jump or rebound and he would have a hard time guarding Popeye—he has fouled out of 47 games in his 105-game career, including four this year. But after he has sealed off his defender with what may be the most massive rear end in the history of the game and gotten the ball in his hands, Johnson is an automatic scorer. Teammates make light of his physique by walking around with a basketball stuffed in the seat of their shorts; they call him "The Big Behind" even as they acknowledge his status as their meal ticket. In turn, the threat of Johnson's velvet touch with the hook and his vast array of inside moves often liberate his teammates for shining moments.

Johnson scored three points against California and Oregon State won by 27. He played 10 minutes against a solid Rhode Island team and the Beavers won by 48. In their most notable conquest to date—a 71–67 victory at Arizona State—they pulled ahead with their resident lumberjack, reserve Center Bill McShane, replacing a foul-plagued Johnson.

Last week, the same kind of stuff. Against UCLA the senior guards, Blume and Radford, divided 20 shots while combining for 33 points. Against USC Blume was content with four points, Radford with four steals. The new swingman, Conner, merely had eight assists against the Bruins and six steals (yes, folks, another Lester the Molester) against the Trojans.

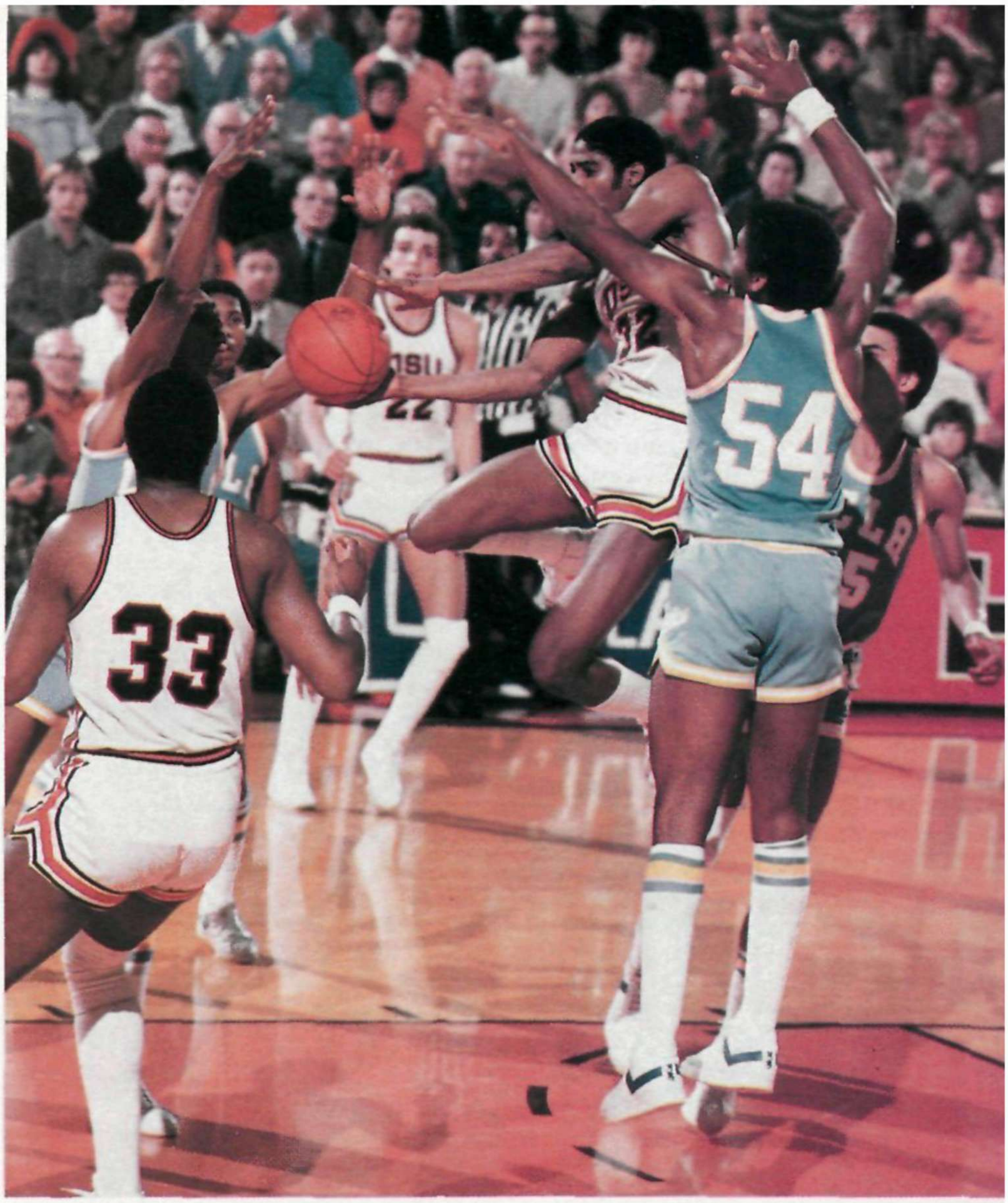
As UCLA's Rod Foster learned the hard way, one of the reasons the Beavers are chewing up opponents is the defensive play of Blume (left) and Radford.

"You have to honor Oregon State's outside people because they initiate the whole show," says UCLA Coach Larry Brown. "Their passing is so exquisite that everybody gets set up for open, easy shots by everyone else. If they find some rebounding, this could be a great team."

Oregon State's weakness—at 6′ 4″, Conner is the team's second-leading rebounder behind Johnson—has been hidden because there just aren't too many misses to rebound at the offensive end of the court. And at the other end, the Beavers' out-front defenders often take care of matters before the ball goes up on the glass.

You want stats? The Beavers will give you stats. Defensively, they've forced 20.8 turnovers a game and averaged nearly nine steals every time out. Only once—against Southern Cal—have the Beavers appeared fairly human by shooting less than 50%, possibly because the game followed by only 40 hours their inhuman 69.4% shooting against UCLA.

For the year, Oregon State had shot 57.3% from the floor, tops in the nation; if the Beavers maintain that pace, they'd set an NCAA accuracy record. This would fit nicely with Johnson's individual numbers. If he keeps up the 76.3% season average he had at the end of last week, he'd break his own NCAA record of 71.0% established last season, and his 67.3% career figure would erase the mark set by a fellow named Bill Walton.



The popular Conner is Lester the Molester on defense and Oregon State's top assist man on offense.

Still, it's the neglected art of passing that sets Oregon State apart. "The Orange Express," locals call the team. The Clockwork Orange is closer to the truth, the Beavers' well-drilled patterns being so precise that surely there's no more entertaining team in the land to watch. Oregon State averages 24 assists a game and had 36 (on 39 baskets) in its 103–55 trouncing of Rhode Island. Afterward the Rams interim coach, Claude English, called Oregon State "one of the great passing teams of the era. I've never seen one as good at any level."

The Beavers appear to have virtually no knowledge of what a dribble might be. "You think you're a dribbler? You'll sit the pines," says Blume. In addition, any Beaver using a bounce pass may get one of Miller's chain-smokes extinguished in his eye. Even Oregon State's uniform socks—long, knee-high white hose that Johnson calls "our spatters"—are designed with the passing game in mind: a visual aid by which a player can be easily spotted cutting through the pack. The team's style is all very European, or as Miller points out, "1940s basketball." He insists nothing really new has entered the game since then.

As a collegian at Kansas, Miller was a hook shooter and playmaker for the legendary Phog Allen. As a coach, he built powerhouses at Wichita State and Iowa before moving to Corvallis in 1970. Now 61, all craggy features, a scowling cocked head—the better to listen with his one good ear—and a slim, brown More cigarette dangling from his lips, Miller looks like an aging James Coburn cooling out after an action take. Now he has the team of his dreams—one giant hooker surrounded by what seem like dozens of little playmakers passing and cutting and never letting the ball touch the floor.

This Oregon State team was painstakingly put together. At first Miller's stern, unstinting ways took some getting used to. Johnson, a Californian who had run away from home in high school, didn't think the coach liked him. Blume, a self-described "radical troublemaker" as a youngster, was originally scared of Miller and wanted to go back home to Portland. Radford also felt out of his element.

The current group of seniors—minus Johnson, who sat out the 1977-78 season with a broken foot—made their college debuts in faraway North Carolina, losing three games by a total of 77 points. "The beginning of learning the team concept," Radford says of that lost week. Later those Beavers rallied to finish second in the Pac-8 and began calling the old, intimidating coach "Ralph." They broke the ground for the likes of Charlie Sitton, this year's crusher of a freshman forward, who's already first- *continued*

name all the way: "Whatever *Ralph* says is normally what goes. I learn something every day from *Ralph*."

Last season when Oregon State won the league it had all the requisite shooting, the back doors and chemistry, but the Beavers seemed to lack emotional fiber, a toughness in the crunch. And the easygoing Johnson was troubled by disagreements with his parents and his soon-to-be in-laws. Last March Johnson married Janice Inman, the daughter of the Portland Trail Blazers' director of player personnel, Stu Inman. Later a son, Marques, was born. Now Johnson can joke about the situation. "My wife asked me, if we had a daughter, what I would think of her going out with a white fellow," Johnson says. "I kind of laughed and told her, 'Well, he'd have to be awfully cool.' "

Following his team's collapse in the NCAA tournament last spring, Miller needed defensive reinforcements. The first was the 6′ 8″ Sitton, a farm kid straight off a tractor in the wheat fields of nearby McNinnville. Norman Rockwell would've loved him. Sitton wears a John Deere cap and says things like "I visited a lot of schools but I always wanted to be a Beaver."

For all Sitton's rural trappings—Blume calls him "Charlie-boy from Sitton Mountain"—he's as smart a freshman defender as Miller has ever seen. Oh, yes, one more thing. Sitton will knock the living daylights out of people; he's a discreet savage on a delicately tuned finesse team. UCLA's Brown calls him "the next David Meyers."

Probably the most important addition to this year's Orange Express, however, is Lester the Molester. A late bloomer from Chabot J.C. in California who never made the first team at Fremont High in Oakland, Conner arrived in Corvallis as a scorer. What he has turned into is the Beavers' best passer and defender.

"Having Conner on your bench is like having George C. Scott do a bit part in your movie," Washington State Coach George Raveling said before Miller moved Conner into the starting lineup last week. Blessed with slithery tentacles and the cunning of a burglar, Conner glides about the floor as if wearing ballet slippers and raises positive hell with the opposing backcourt. It was Conner's astonishing lateral quickness that convinced Miller to install him at the tip of the 1–2–2 zone that completely shut down UCLA. Then against USC he came up with those six thefts and caused half a dozen other turnovers with harassing scare tactics. "The other people's eyes go glassy when they see him now," says Oregon State Assistant Coach Lanny Van Eman. "They want no part of the Molester's area."

Conner's versatility gives the Beavers many added dimensions. Now, for example, the steady Blume, who used to play point guard, has moved to wing to concentrate on scoring, while Jeff Stoutt, the closest thing on campus to a designated shooter, has gone back to the deep bench, from which he tends to explode to the rescue.

"Johnson gives them the points they need and Blume holds them together," said St. John's Assistant Coach Carmine Calzonnetti after scouting the Beavers. "But Conner is the one who makes them so difficult to play against."

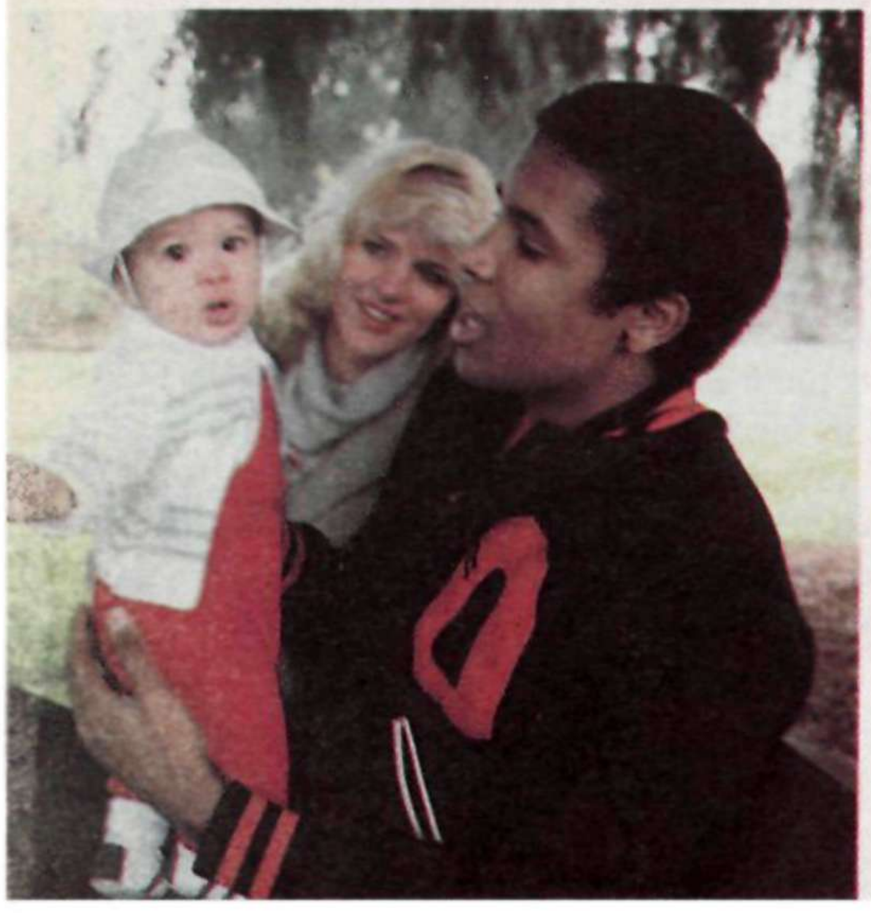
The seniors' noses aren't bent out of shape yet, but they may be soon. As reservations have come in for the Beavers' postseason banquet, nine out of 10 boosters have asked to sit at Conner's table.

The new boy may have taken over in the locker room even before he made his lasting impression on the court. He perfected an imitation of Miller's gruff growl that's so authentic, unknowing teammates were walking off court at his command. A few weeks ago as Miller was opening the team's gift, a brown blazer, following his 500th career victory, Conner called out: "It's a year's supply of More's, *Ralph*."

Miller probably grumbled at that. "This is some bunch," he said last week. "I can't even show them game films of themselves. All they do is clap."

Oh, well. You can't have everything the way it was in 1940, huh *Ralph*.

Call them all Johnson: Marques, Janice, Steve.



AND THE STREAK GOES ON

by Bruce Newman

Not long ago Ann-Michael Holland became the envy of her kindergarten class at St. Anne's-Belfield School by bringing two prized objects to show-and-tell—her father and the family dog, a golden retriever. What made her presentation particularly noteworthy was the fact that Ann-Michael's father is Terry Holland, coach of the Virginia Cavaliers who were 18–0 at week's end, and the dog is a bitch named Dean Smith. Ann-Michael, who is four years old and nobody's fool, later rivaled even that epic achievement by bringing in sophomore Guard Doug Newburg and his unnamed pet boa constrictor. "She had that snake all over her," says Ann-Michael's mother, Ann. It was a game attempt by a plucky little competitor, but show-and-tell purists will tell you that in ACC country you can't do much better than the coach of just about the hottest team around and a dog named Dean Smith.

Holland is scarcely ever mentioned in the same breath with Dean Smith—the coach at North Carolina, not the dog—but this season he has skillfully turned a self-effacing group into a juggernaut. Last week the defending NIT champions ran their two-season winning streak to 23 games—the longest in the nation—by grinding up sixth-ranked Wake Forest 83–73 and Duke 68–47. The Cavaliers have already beaten every team in the intermittently murderous ACC at least once. "We *are* boring," says Guard Jeff Lamp. Right. All they do is win.

There has never been anything quite like this basketball season at The University that Thomas Jefferson built. The Cavaliers (or Wahoos, take your pick, the school having two nicknames for its athletic teams) rank behind Oregon State in every major poll but one. Last week, largely as a result of an impressive 89–73 victory over Ohio State on national television on Jan. 25, the Cavaliers moved into a first-place tie with the Beavers in the AP writers' poll. Even sharing No. 1

was a watershed for U. Va.; it was the first time in the school's 163-year history that it had gotten a No. 1 ranking in any sport except lacrosse. Suddenly the Commonwealth was so preoccupied with its beloved Cavahoos that it was difficult to distinguish The Lawn from Tobacco Road. Yooveeay madness reached such a pitch that when Chris Logan of Fredricksburg, Va. was summoned to traffic court to clear up some outstanding violations, his lawyer politely but firmly informed him that the wages of sin in this particular case would be Logan's mother's two tickets to the Saturday Duke-Virginia game. No tickets, said the counsel for the defense, and Logan could start warming up his Count of Monte Cristo act. Logan gave the tickets to the lawyer, who graciously shared one of them with his client. Logan's mother watched the game on television.

Holland had dreaded the prospect of being the focus of so much national attention, but when 7′ 4″ sophomore Mega-Center Ralph Sampson scored 40 points and grabbed 16 rebounds against the Buckeyes with a nation watching, Virginia's secret was out. The Cavaliers had begun to look like a serious challenger for any number of championships, from ACC to NCAA. Sampson's potential is generally conceded to be unlimited, but it wasn't until his performance against Ohio State that he seemed to have finally become the game's dominant player. He leads his conference in scoring (19.4 points a game), rebounding (12.4) and blocked shots (60), and he's more involved in the Virginia offense than he was a season ago. "Last year he was content to catch the ball in scoring position, turn and shoot," says Holland. "This year we've asked him to handle the ball more. We want to force the other team to struggle with Ralph."

In addition to Sampson's improvement as a player, there has been a noticeable change in his offcourt manner. Sampson had a reputation for being difficult with the press last season, but now the visiting media herds are immediately informed that there's a New Ralph, who's more outgoing and easier to talk to. *If* you can get to talk to him, of course; the New Ralph doesn't see just anybody.

If one doesn't get to interview the man himself, there's always speech *continued*

Sampson's arrival dimmed Lamp's light, but his 17.4 average shows he hasn't been shut off totally.

teacher Carol Jablonski, who has given so many insights into the New Ralph in the past six months that she has become something of a media superstar in her own right. In the last two weeks alone she has been interviewed by such heavies as TIME, *Newsweek* and *The New York Times.*

Meanwhile, the *Milwaukee Journal*, *The Chicago Sun-Times* and the *New York Daily News* (combined circulation: 2,670,000) sent reporters to Charlottesville, but none of them got to see Sampson outside the locker room. One reporter who did get a private audience was startled when Sampson suddenly rose and strode out of the room and into Sports Information Director Doug Elgin's office. "Have you got anything on when I was in the fourth grade?" Sampson asked Elgin. "This guy wants to know how big my feet were in the fourth grade, and I don't want to get into it again."

"I guess," said the reporter sheepishly, "he'd heard that one before."

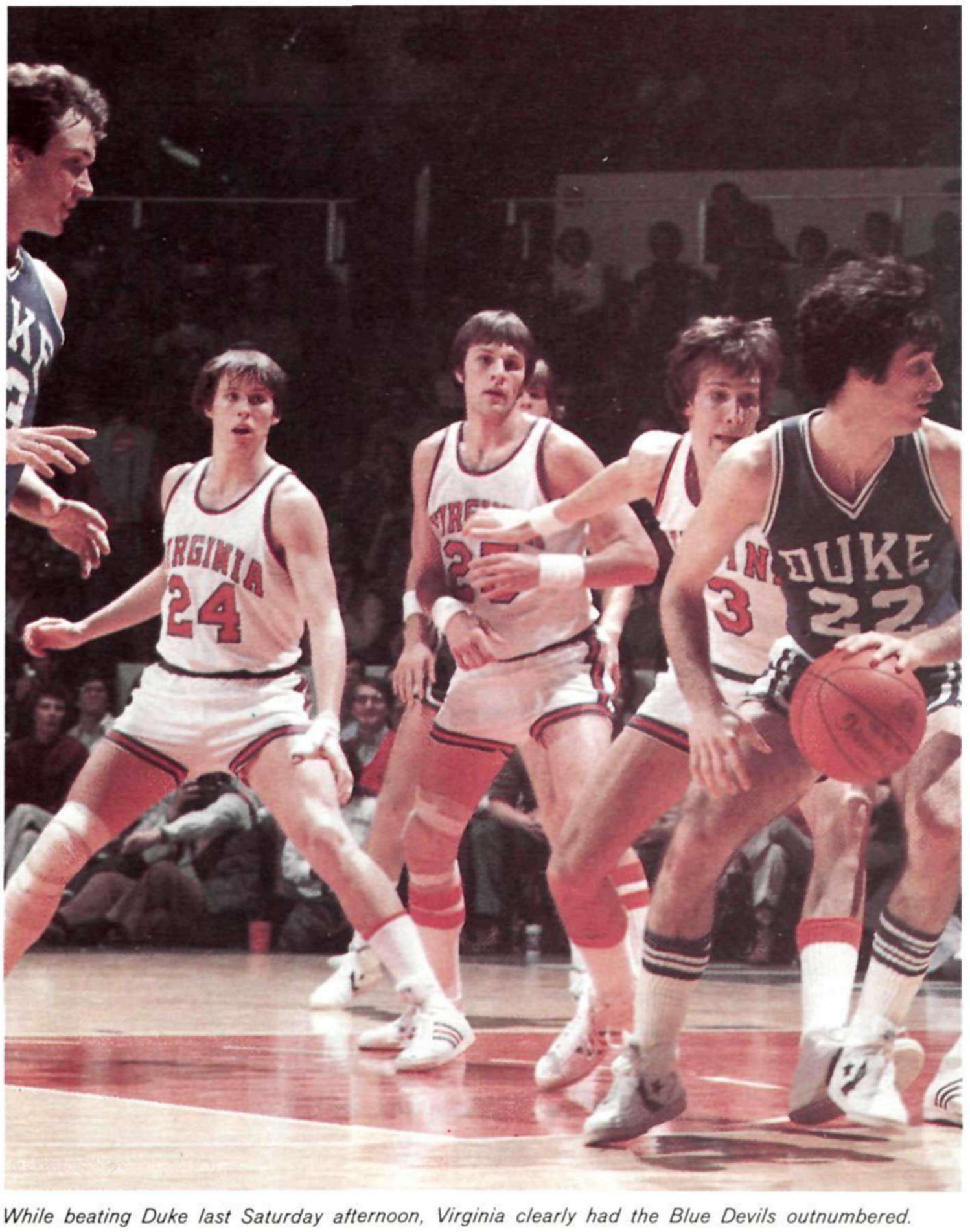
Even in the Virginia locker room after games, Sampson is in a world apart. While his teammates answer questions and towel off, Jerry Glover—a football player with no neck and arms permanently folded across his chest—sees to it that nobody tries to talk to Sampson during the team's 15-minute interview period until he's attired in his 42-inch-inseam pants, which he allegedly puts on one leg at a time. Throughout the postgame ritual, Sampson's muscular honky valet stands behind the assembled press and barks out a minute-by-minute countdown.

There's a delicatessen in Charlottesville that sells a half-pound submarine sandwich called the Sampson. The sandwich consists of roast beef, turkey, American cheese, tomato and lettuce. Opponents have been making a sandwich out of Ralph, too, surrounding him with two or three defenders. The only team that didn't try this was Ohio State, and the consequences were disastrous. Both Duke and Wake Forest kept a defender in front and in back of Sampson at all times, and though the Blue Devils prevented him from getting off a shot until only 7:20 remained in the first half and held him to 10 points for the game, the strategy failed in one important respect. With two men shadowing Sampson, Lamp, who was scoring 17.4 points a game at week's end, and Forward Lee Raker (12.1) were usually open on the perimeter. "We did a great job on Sampson," said Duke Coach Mike Krzyzewski, "but if you leave those other guys open for just a second they'll burn you. For Sampson to be as good as he is, it's important to have those jump shooters."

If Sampson is the linchpin that keeps the Wahoos whirling under control, Lamp and Raker are equally indispensable in their own way. Against Wake Forest and Duke, for instance, Raker was merely 19 of 23 from the field, scoring 43 points. While Wake was concentrating on bottling up Sampson early in the first half on Wednesday night, Lamp lit up the Deacons for 11 points in the game's first seven minutes without missing a shot. When Lamp quieted down, Raker poured in eight points in two minutes 29 seconds to put the Cavaliers ahead by 10 at halftime. "We decided we would rather have them shoot the jumper than give it to Ralph and let him dunk it all night," said Deacon Guard Frank Johnson, who had 28 points himself. "When they've got those outside guys hitting, they're unstoppable."

Lamp and Raker played together for four years at Ballard High in Louisville, winning a state championship there before leaving for U. Va. Lamp was the star of the Ballard team and Kentucky's Mr. Basketball; Raker was a plugger whose hard work enabled him to finish second in the Mr. Basketball voting. Lamp was sought by a number of basketball powers, but only Vanderbilt, Virginia, Colorado and Louisville went afer Raker. "When we recruited him," says Holland, "we thought he was a nice player, but not strong enough to start at forward or quick enough to start at guard."

Virginia was 12–17 the year before Raker and Lamp arrived in Charlottesville, and Holland wasted no time telling Lamp that he would have to "shoulder the load." Lamp averaged 17.3 points as a freshman, but the floor in University



While beating Duke last Saturday afternoon, Virginia clearly had the Blue Devils outnumbered.

Hall was so hard on his feet and ankles it limited his running and jumping. When a new surface was laid in U. Va.'s arena for the next season, Lamp regained his spring and led the ACC in scoring with a 22.9-point average. In his four seasons at Virginia, Lamp has made 10 baskets that have tied the score or put the Cavaliers ahead with less than a minute to play. In Virginia's crucial 66–64 road win at Maryland this season, Lamp hit a 16-foot baseline shot to tie the score with 11 seconds left and then put the Wahoos ahead with an almost identical shot four seconds later.

More than anyone, Lamp had to make accommodations in his game when Sampson arrived last season. His scoring average fell off by more than five points, and suddenly he was no longer the center of attention. "He's handled it as well as a human being could handle it," says Holland. "I'm sure there were times when he thought to himself, 'Why do they have to ask me questions about Ralph Sampson all the time. I'm a pretty good player myself.' "

For Raker, who had always been in Lamp's shadow, the presence of Sampson simply pushed him farther into the background, not an easy thing to take. "It's important to him to be first in everything he does," says Holland. "When I start to blow the whistle in practice, he watches to see my lips purse so he can be first in the drills." When Raker doesn't play well, he goes to practice early the next day and runs the University Hall steps. "He's like a masochist," Holland says.

Virginia lost six of its final nine regular-season games last year and finished tied for fifth in the conference standings. The Wahoos were eliminated in the first round of the ACC tournament, but regrouped and won the NIT. The decline may have been the result of some bruised egos. In February several players had complained publicly about lack of playing time. Also around that time, Raker had learned that he hadn't been selected to live on The Lawn the following year, a senior honor he'd felt sure he'd win. "It bothered me," he says. "It still bothers me." But Raker expects no recurrence of the February Fizzle. "While we were getting to know each other we lost a lot of close games," he says. "We're winning those games this year. I think a lot of the bad things that happened to us last season are paying off this year."

Another big difference in the Cavaliers this season is the addition of freshmen Othell Wilson and Ricky Stokes. Both are small point guards who love to scavenge on defense and run the fast break. They provide up-tempo relief for junior Jeff Jones, who has led the ACC in assists the past two seasons. After Virginia fell behind North Carolina by seven points with 8:39 left in the second half three weeks ago, Holland sent in Wilson and Stokes to harass the Tar Heels, who had gone into their four-corners offense. With Raker scoring 16 points in the second half and the Cavaliers converting on 18 of their last 19 possessions, Virginia was able to turn what might have been a damaging loss into a 63–57 victory.

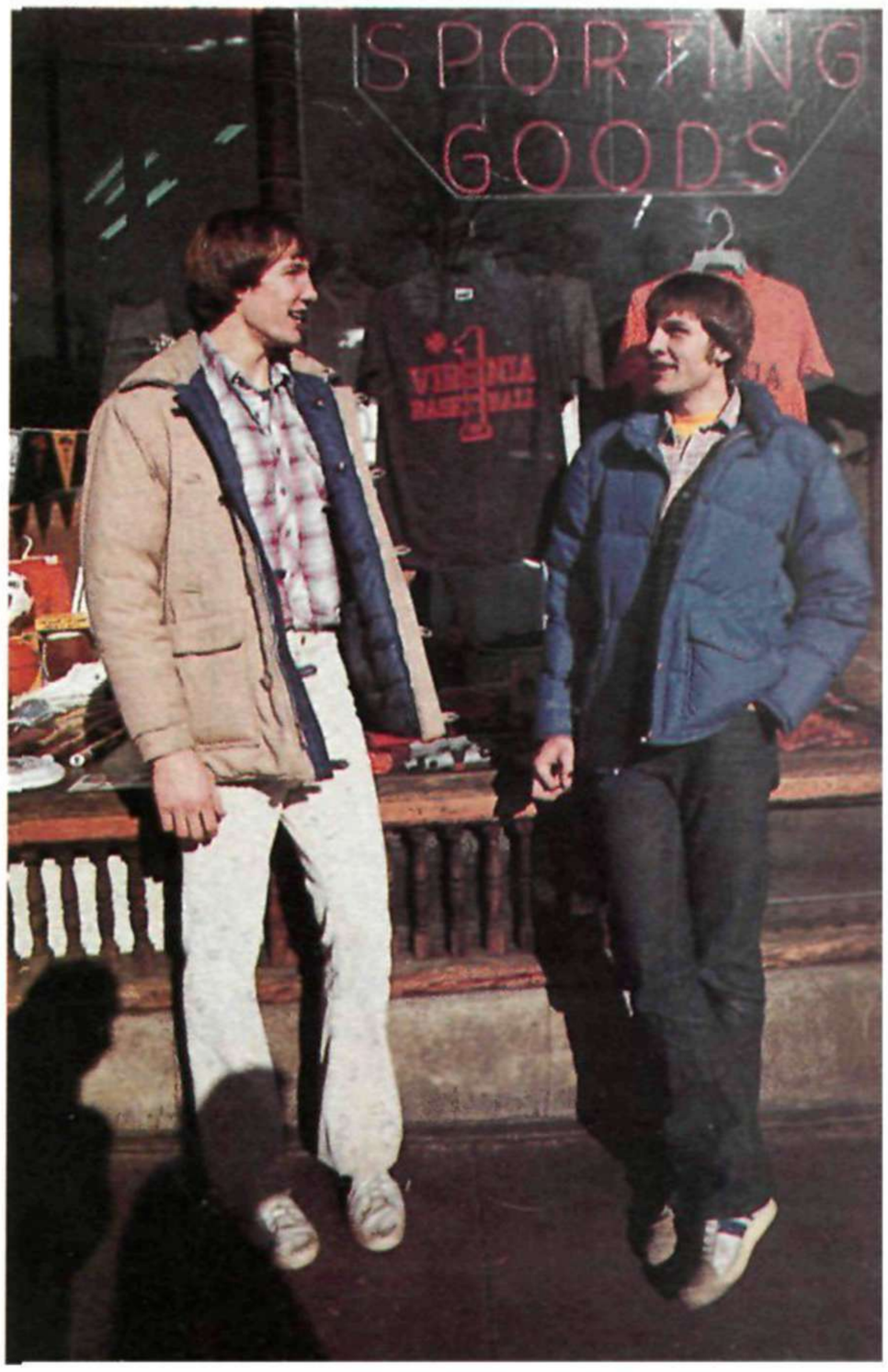
The double thrill of being highly ranked and having the game's most visible player seems to be largely lost on Holland. "Being No. 1 at this time of the year really doesn't make a great deal of difference," he says dourly. "It all depends on who has on the prettiest bathing suit."

Holland is considered to be distant, even aloof, by people who know him only casually, but behind the game-face and the cold eyes something altogether different's going on. When Terry and his wife have a spare moment at home, they thumb through sailing magazines and boat ads in newspapers, seeking the perfect vessel in which to sail off into the sunset. "It's something we dream about to get us through the winter," says Ann, "to hold us together." It was Terry who named the family dog. "When we got her, she cried all night long," recalls Ann. "The next morning I asked Terry what we should call her. He said, 'There's only one person I know who cries that much. We'll call her Dean Smith.' "

Though he is in his 12th year as a head coach, Holland has never attended any of the coaches' meetings or clinics that go on at the site of the NCAA final four. "One of his coaching friends was trying to get him to go last year," says Ann, "but Terry said, 'I'll never go until my team goes.' He would never come right out and admit it, but I think that was his way of saying he wants to win the national championship."

Then nobody in the whole wide world of show-and-tell could top Ann-Michael Holland's daddy and his dog. **END**

Lamp and Raker sport a good shot at No. 1.



At the start of the mile, won by Scott (far right) in 3:53.7, Steve Lacy got elbows from Filbert Bayi and West German Harald Hudak, but recovered to finish fifth.

DEFINITELY NO LEMONS

Among other things, the Sunkist squeezed in a hurdles world record, a very dashing new outfit and a fine win in the mile by Steve Scott

by KENNY MOORE

Renaldo Nehemiah was autographing an orange for a young fan, which was difficult because the oil in the skin made his ball-point pen skip, and if he pressed too hard, the peel would tear. It seemed silly, too, because autographs are for saving, and the observer's imagination jumped ahead to the furry, green, odiferous lump that the orange would be after six months atop the fan's dresser in Santa Monica.

"But, Mom," he'd wail, "Skeets Nehemiah signed that orange just for *me*."

"Child, his name is completely overgrown," she'd say, "and if he's a good man, I know he wouldn't want you breathing germs every night from his own signature."

Nehemiah *is* a good man, though he was a little rushed last Friday night in the Sunkist (thus the bins of oranges in the Los Angeles Sports Arena infield) Indoor Invitational Track Meet. First he set a 50-yard high-hurdle indoor world record of 6.01 seconds, .03 better than his old one. Twenty minutes later he returned to flow through the more frequently run 60-yard highs in 6.98, the season's best time until he clocked a 6.92 in The *Dallas Times Herald* Invitational the next night. Small wonder he never got around to addressing the question of the decaying memento.

Nehemiah is, of course, the master of these brief bursts that are indoor hurdling. He holds the 60-yard record of 6.89, and has run 12 of the 13 fastest times at that distance, yet seldom has he looked more in control than he did last week. Twice in Los Angeles he beat strong fields to the first hurdle and then employed his perfectly grooved form, the remarkable low stretch over the barriers that makes him look, from the side, as if he could hurdle through a keyhole, to fly ever farther out of reach and finally put some steam into an indoor season that he feels has been flat so far.

"Most athletes aren't enthusiastic right now," he said while laboriously inscribing the orange. "Even last year there wasn't anyone competing with reckless abandon, except for Mary Decker." The reason then was the need to train toward a summer Olympic peak. The reason now is that no American got to Moscow because of the U.S. boycott.

"Track's only utopia is the Olympic Games," Nehemiah went on. "That's the only time we enjoy the total absorption of the media. It was sad to miss it, and the sport as a whole seems to be still feeling it, moping around."

Last winter Nehemiah was hurt, having torn cartilage in his left ankle in a pickup basketball game. "Strangely, the boycott acted like a cushion to me then," he said. "It was a shame for all the athletes, but it helped me personally to take being injured. I knew it didn't really mat-

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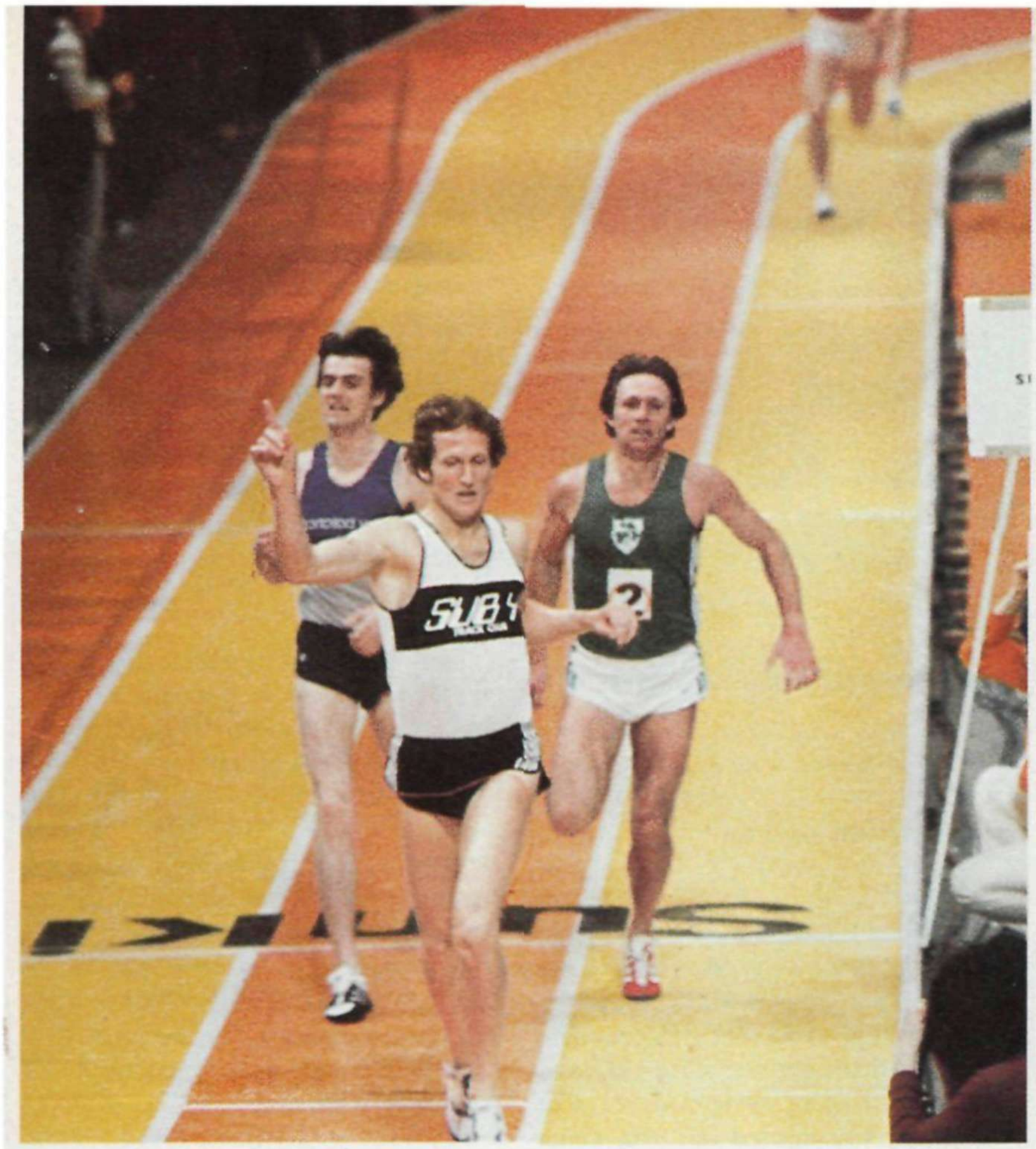
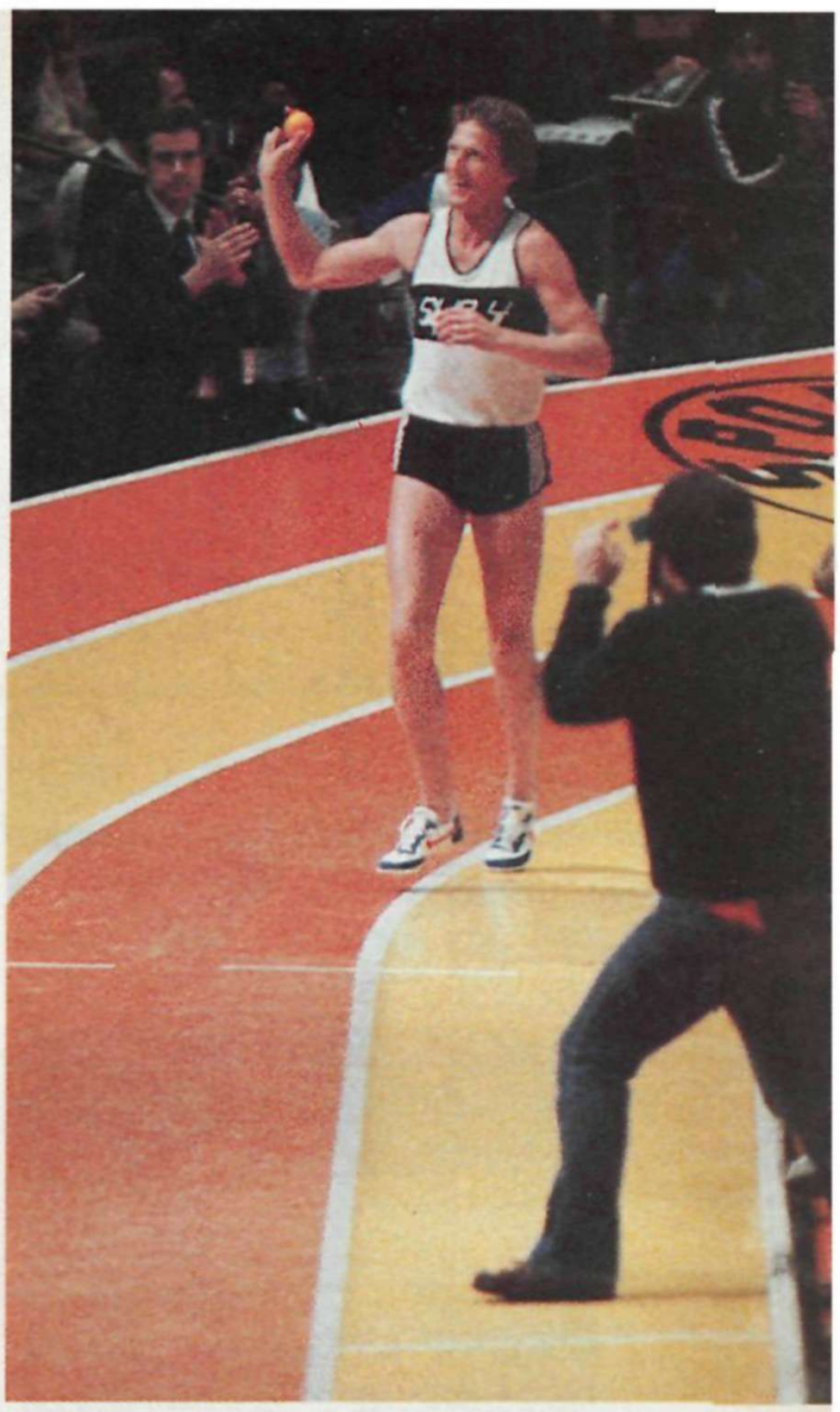
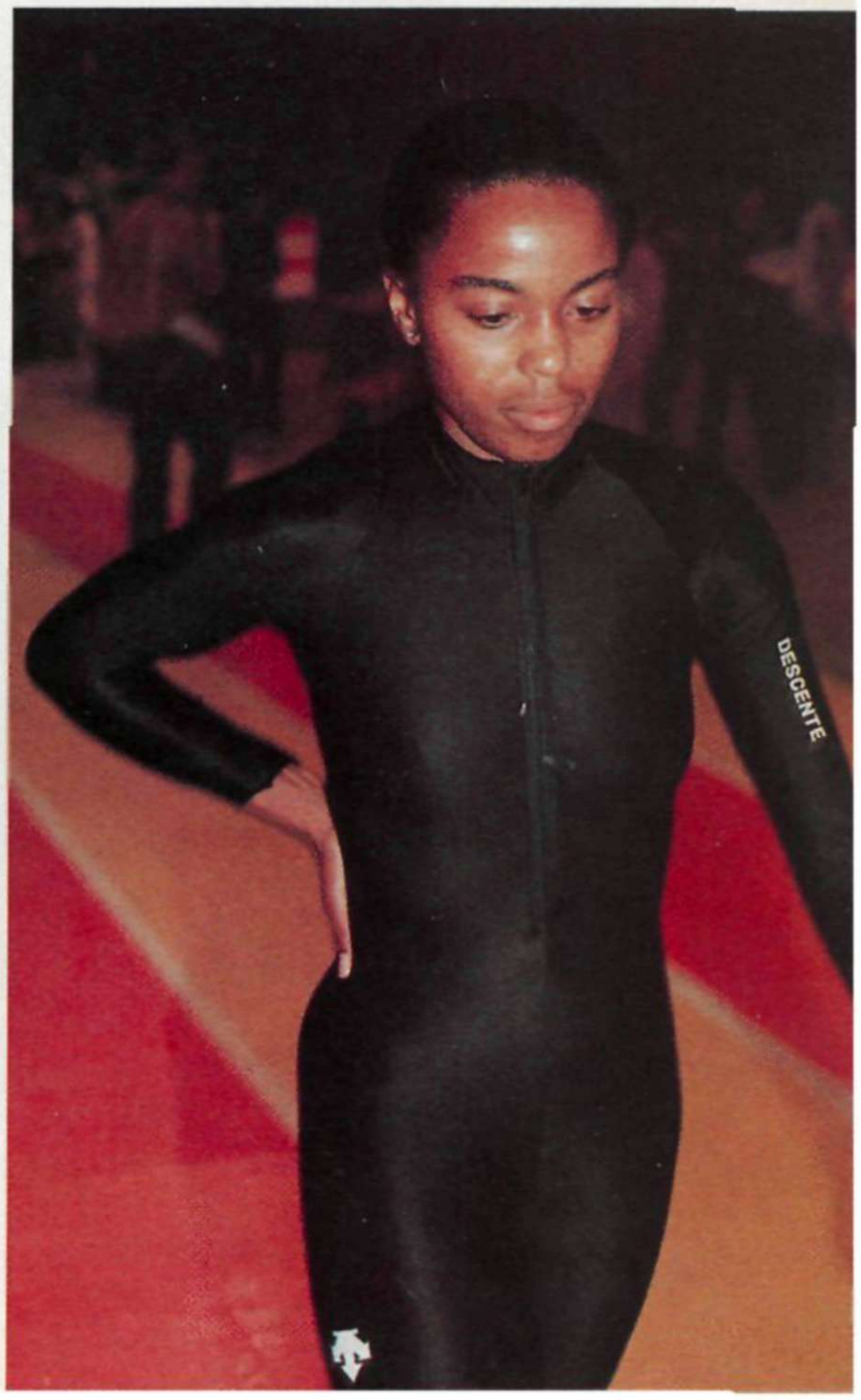


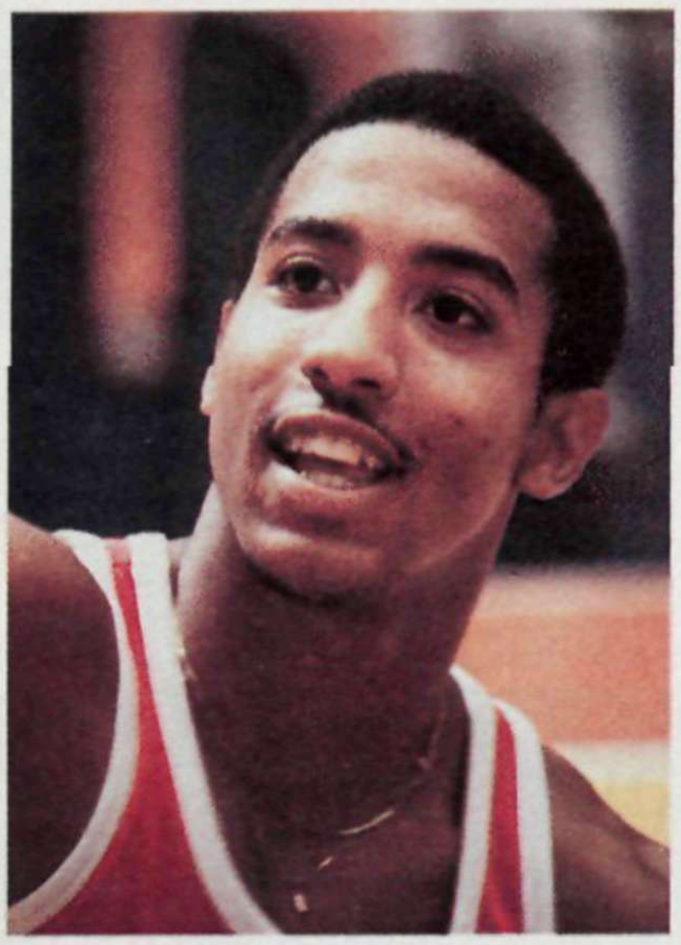


The mile, in which Coghlan (2) was second and Flynn finished third, was the fourth fastest ever indoors, making Scott's victory lap especially fruitful.

After a shaky start in the 60, Ashford zoomed by Brown. More memorable than her sprint, however, was her three-ounce Japanese-made running costume.



Nehemiah opened his two-win evening with a world-record 6.01 in the seldom-run 50-yard hurdles.



Skeets' only worry was how to sign an orange.

ter how long I needed to come back. So I turned out to have a good summer."

One cannot imagine a more opposite view than that of Evelyn Ashford. The best U.S. woman sprinter since 1977 and the world's best in 1979, Ashford, like Nehemiah, was injured in 1980, going down with a right hamstring pull last May.

While Nehemiah was soothed by the boycott's lifting of Olympic pressure, Ashford was devastated. "I remember exactly how I felt," she said. "My leg really hurt, but I thought, 'Big deal. I'm not going to the Olympics anyway.' In fact, I think that because I knew there'd be no Games for me, I had no incentive to prevent the injury. The boycott literally tore me apart."

Ashford had built a single-minded life. "Almost everything I'd done in the last few years had been for the goal of getting to the Olympics and winning some gold medals," she says. She had an outside chance at four, in the 100 and 200, and in the 4 x 100 and 4 x 400 relays. "That's why I dropped out of UCLA. That's why I didn't do interviews. I just wanted to concentrate on being the best in the world. So when I found I couldn't go, I just gave up."

As Ashford warmed up for the women's 60-yard dash in which she would face the 1980 Olympic 100-meter champion, Lyudmila Kondratyeva of the Soviet Union, Ashford's coach, Pat Connolly, continued the tale. "Evelyn actually got back into training last June," she said, "but she had no motivation, no heart. She had to get away from it."

Ashford and her husband, Ray Washington, a teacher at a school for juvenile delinquents, drove across the country to visit relatives and ponder her future. "I was done, seriously," she had said. "I didn't want to face being that hurt ever again. But in the end my body itself brought me back. I just couldn't stand not doing anything."

In the fall she began anew with Connolly, working with a close-fitting weight vest and taking advantage of the dry Santa Ana winds that in November and December blew fires through Los Angeles suburbs. "She sprints with the wind at her back," said Connolly, "which helps to overcome any fear of falling forward at real speed and to keep that natural forward lean of hers, which increases the speed of her leg turnover."

A stunning technological advance that stopped some hearts at the Sunkist meet, as it had a week earlier in Albuquerque, where Ashford set an American indoor record of 6.65 in the 60, was her custom-tailored three ounces of black, filmy stretch fabric that she has substituted for the usual racing uniform of shorts and shirt and underwear. Made by Descente of Japan, it's similar—right down to its long legs—to the racing wear of speed skaters and downhill ski racers, though lighter, and its main purpose is to keep the sprinter warm, though there may be a tiny decrease in wind resistance as well. "And it's totally free," said Connolly. "No shorts riding up, nothing to tug into place, nothing blousing out in the wind."

continued

After winning the men's 60, the forward-looking Sanford said that "you can only look back so far."

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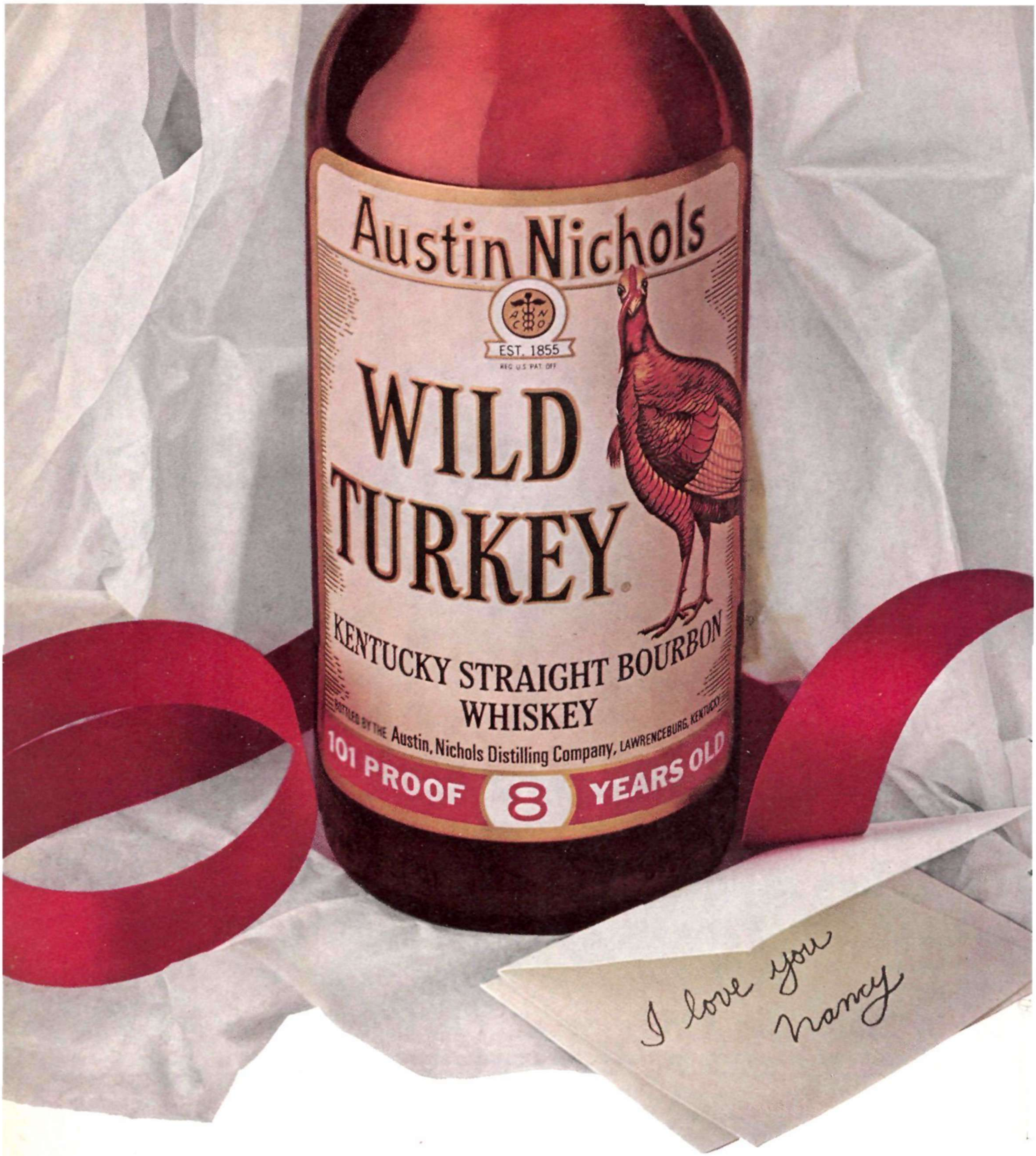


WILD VALENTINE FOR YOUR WILD GUY

In his wildest dreams, your man probably wouldn't expect a Valentine's Day greeting like this. Isn't that the best reason in the world to surprise him with the great Wild Turkey?

© 1979 AUSTIN, NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY

As Ashford stood before her blocks, the garment, from a distance, gave her the appearance of a wet-suited skin diver. Kondratyeva was to her left, a gold tooth catching the light, her face more cherubic than when she won in Moscow, probably because she's put on at least 10 celebratory pounds since then. Alice Brown of the Shaklee Track Club of L.A. was next to Ashford on the right. A splendid starter, she'd won everything in sight last year after Ashford's injury.

Ashford had warmed up a lot. "She's nervous," said Connolly. "In some ways there's more pressure on her now than in the 1979 races against the East Germans. Then it was people's hopes she carried. Now it's more like people's expectations."

Brown was off well. Ashford, jittery, started terribly. But after 15 yards Ashford began to gain, reaching a speed no one else could match. Even before she caught and passed Brown, there was no question of the outcome. In flight, the suit made Ashford seem a darting silhouette. It emphasized the shape and heft of the prime sprinter's muscles in her hips and thighs and, more memorably, the lean delicacy of her calves and arms, giving a visual impression of the size of her engine and the relatively light body it propelled.

She won in 6.66, the fourth-fastest 60 ever run. Brown ran 6.77—the next night in Dallas she would do 6.62 and break Lyudmila Storozhkova's world record of 6.63—and Kondratyeva was fifth in seven seconds flat. Ashford quickly changed out of her suit, saying, "Nobody's said anything funny about it yet," and took it and her spikes to Connolly in the stands before going to face the press.

A very suspicious-looking little bottle of white powder fell out of Ashford's shoes into Connolly's palm. "Ah, Evelyn's secret," she said.

"Secret?" asked a nearby reporter.

"Want to try some?" asked Connolly with disturbing vivacity.

"I'm . . . I'm not sure." A wrong guess here, it seemed, might jeopardize clear coverage of the upcoming mile.

"Go on." She poured a half teaspoonful into the man's hand. It didn't have the texture of salt or sugar. By now, the interchange was drawing stares, some curious, some disapproving, some greedy.

"Taste it," said Connolly. He did. It was powdered Vitamin C.

Then Ashford was back, relaxed, saying, "I wish I could have that one to do over."

"You'll have your chances," said Connolly, and Ashford will, in meets leading up to the World Cup in Rome in September. It was in the 1979 World Cup in Montreal that she had her finest races, beating East Germany's world-record holder, Marlies Göhr, in the 100 in an American-record 10.97 and defeating East Germany's world-record holder, Marita Koch, in the 200 with an American-record 21.83. In that one she clapped her hands at the end, becoming an indelible picture of . . .

". . . relief," she says. "But then, in the next instant, I was afraid. There was a vacuum in front of me. 'What do I do now?' I thought. There wasn't the ecstatic reaction I expected to have. I'd done everything I wanted to do, and it was like I was saying to myself, 'Is that all there is?' "

So it seems that reward is not what brings an athlete like Ashford back, or even the pride of returning. "From now on it's one race at a time, and the only pressure on me is from me," she said.

A parallel case, sprinter James Sanford of Los Angeles, returned a hamstring pull with an impressive win in the men's 60, missing Houston McTear's world record by .03 with 6.08. (That mark, too, would fall in Dallas when Stanley Floyd of Houston ran the distance in 6.04.) After his Sunkist race, Sanford discussed his debilitating injury of last year and, as is his happy wont, added to the language. "As I looked back, I decided that you can only look back so far and then you have to look forward," he said in stately cadence. "I will go on."

Steve Scott has quietly gone on getting stronger and stronger these past three years, until now it seems there is not a miler besides Sebastian Coe or Steve Ovett who can get near him.

"Things with me are pretty bland," he said last week. "Bland but consistent." A quiet autumn of cross-country running, weight work, no travel "and no honeymoon like last year" has left the 24-year-old Scott superbly fit and confident.

Ray Flynn of Ireland, who had raced Scott almost even in a 3:54.5 mile in Johnson City, Tenn. three weeks before, expected Scott to go after Eamonn Coghlan's indoor world record of 3:52.6. "I wanted Scott to have to take the brunt of the hard work, so I could wait just behind until the last lap," said Flynn. But when rabbit Brian Theriot only did 1:57.4 for the half, Scott held back.

"If it had been 1:55, I might have gone after it," he said, "but I decided then just to try to win." That left Flynn in the lead when the rabbit died, wondering why Scott didn't pass, and Flynn ran the third quarter in 61.1, further wrecking the chance of a record.

With 400 yards to go, Scott took the lead and pulled away. For a time it appeared Coghlan had a shot at him, but he and Flynn collided on the last turn and Scott was never challenged, winning in 3:53.7, the fourth-fastest indoor time ever. Coghlan hit 3:54.3, nearly five seconds faster than he'd run in Johnson City, and Flynn got a personal best of 3:54.4.

"My third win in a row," said Scott, seeming not at all tired. "That's as many wins as I've ever had in a whole indoor season."

It was noticed that although Scott always appears calm before races, his fingernails were well chewed.

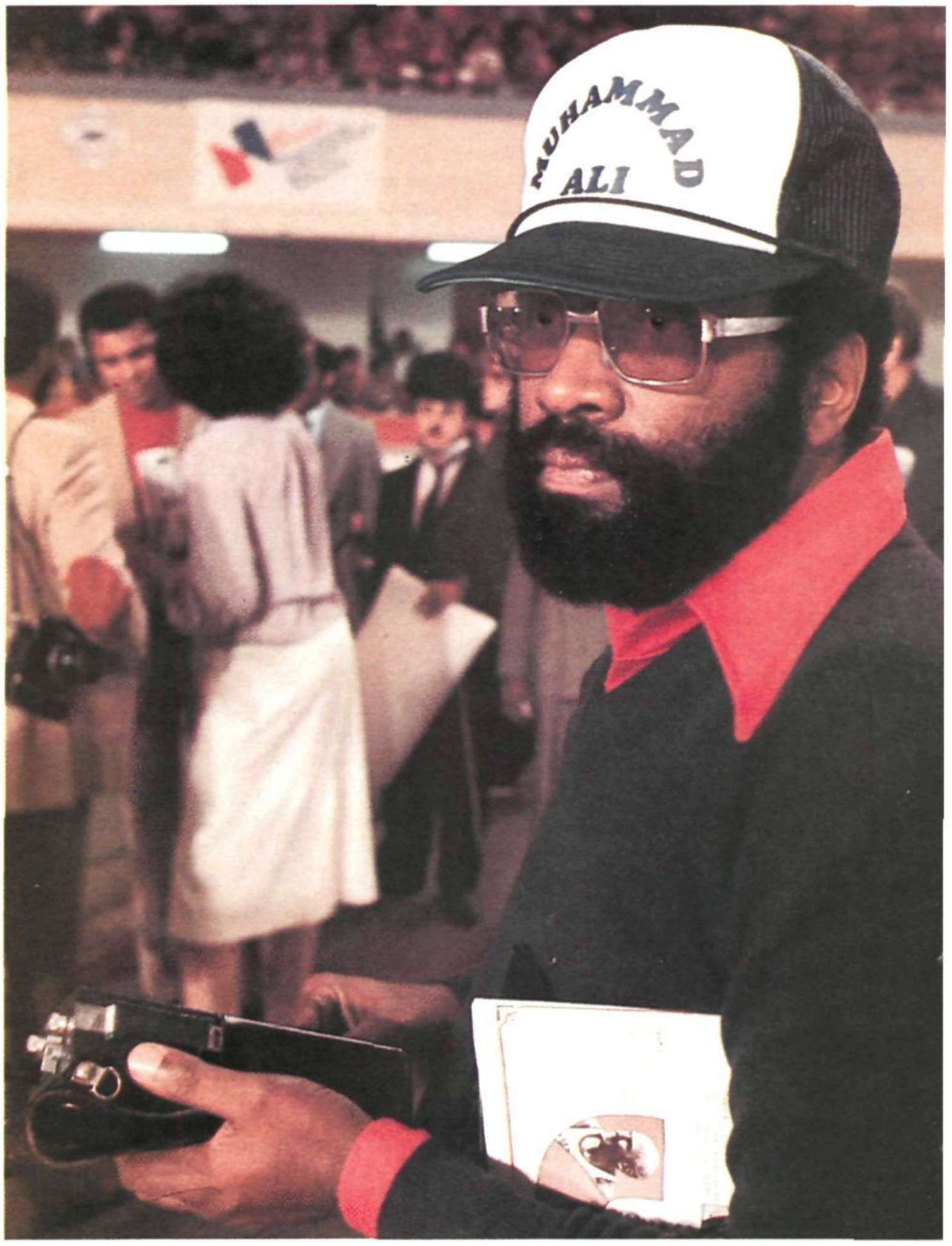
"That's the part that makes it exciting," he said. "It would be dull if I weren't nervous, wondering whether I'll be able to dig deep enough in the last quarter. I don't think I had that killer instinct a couple of years ago."

"You want to be a killer?" he was asked.

"Well, uh . . . on the track, yes." He smiled at his own niceness. "I'm trying not to be bland—I had a hemorrhoid last week, is that spicy enough?—but I guess I'm not really in this to be a millionaire, and I don't really care if I'm the best-known person in the world or the least-known. My objective is to do my best in the sport and for the sport. And I guess if I do that and lose, I'll still know I gave it all I had. And that's sensible, right? And bland."

However, the stamp of a world record imparts a certain piquancy to a runner, so Scott knows what he has to do. "This 3:53.7 off a tactical pace will put ideas in people's minds," he said with relish. "If they couldn't get me in a kicker's race, maybe they'll figure they'll have to take it out hard, say next week in the Millrose mile in New York. And I hope they do!"

Those were fighting thoughts—the kind that keep you warm and bring you back and set you apart, the real things to remember long after all the oranges have molded away. **END**



BOXING GETS A SUDDEN CASE OF THE SHORTS

A promoter and big bucks are missing. Gone, too, are boxing's big purses **by PAT PUTNAM**

Four years ago Harold J. Smith didn't have the price of air fare from Los Angeles to New York. Two years later, on May 25, 1979, he promoted his first boxing show at a small club in Santa Monica, Calif. through a corporation named Muhammad Ali Professional Sports (MAPS). Within another year Smith, who suddenly seemed to have a limitless supply of cash, was threatening to take over the sport. Champions were delighted to fight on his cards, because he offered much bigger purses than anyone else. Occasionally questions were raised about where all the money was coming from. Last week we may have gotten the answer. A bank in Beverly Hills, where one of Smith's partners was an officer and where MAPS had accounts, discovered that it was missing millions upon millions of dollars. Missing, too, was Smith.

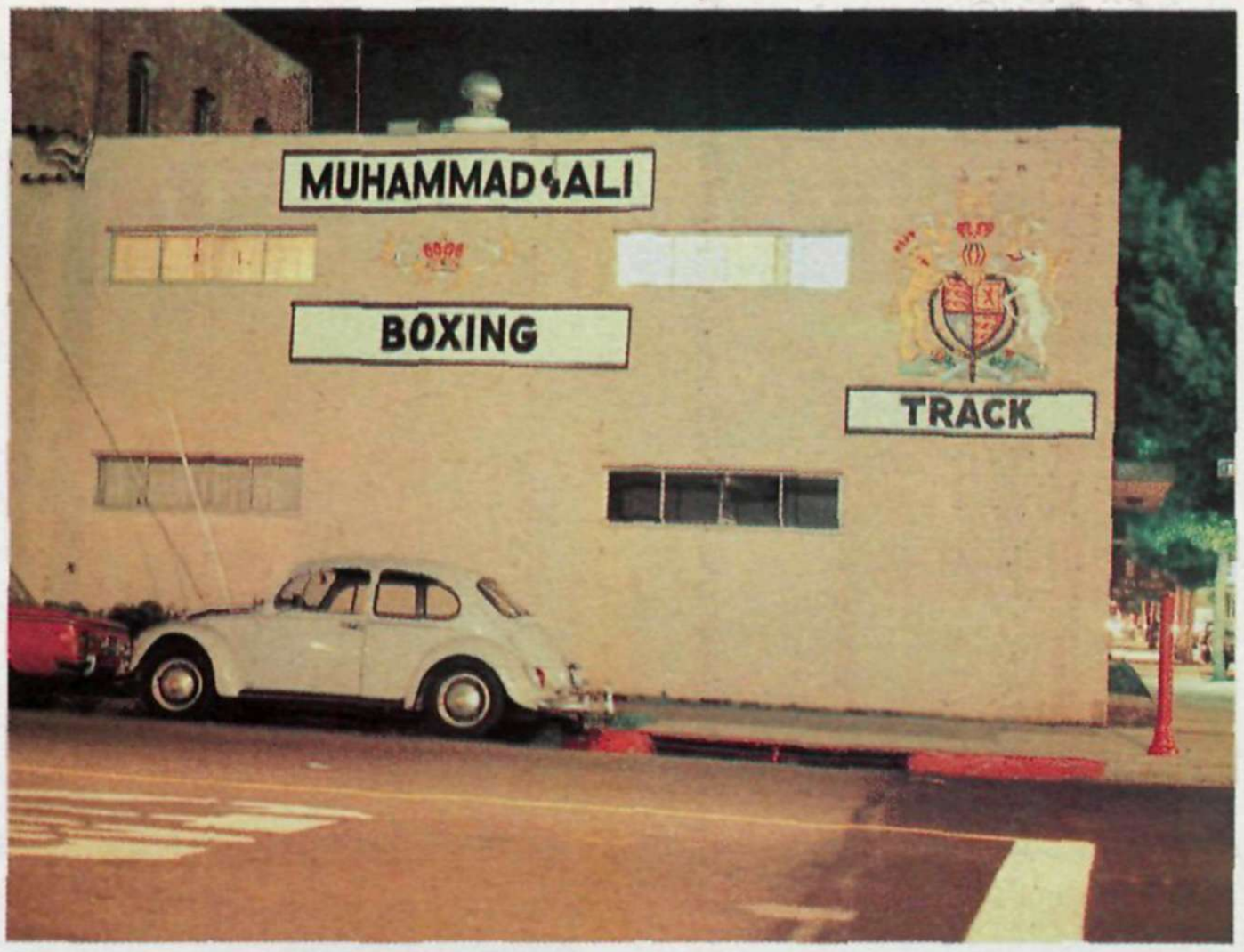
The big paydays ended with the discovery that the Beverly Hills branch of Wells Fargo Bank had, through a routine audit, uncovered an apparent embezzle-

ment that may reach $50 million. One source said that $20 million allegedly had been illegally transferred to MAPS accounts and had then vanished, while another unaccounted-for $30 million is still being tracked down.

The FBI quickly stepped in and Wells Fargo froze all remaining funds in MAPS accounts. Quietly a search began for the missing Smith, 37, the executive director of MAPS, who hadn't been seen since Jan. 21, and for Benjamin Lewis, a bank official who was also a member of MAPS' board of directors, and had himself been missing since Jan. 26. Ali, who said he'd been suspicious for some time of how Smith was getting his money, demanded that his name no longer be used by the beleaguered company.

Repercussions were immediate. In Philadelphia CBS threatened to cancel its telecast of last Saturday's Jeff Chandler-Jorge Lujan WBA bantamweight title fight. MAPS was co-promoting the bout with J. Russell Peltz of Philadelphia. "We were afraid the fighters wouldn't get paid," said Mort Sharnik, CBS' boxing consultant. A few hours before the fight, Sammy Marshall, the noticeably haggard MAPS president, signed all rights over to Peltz.

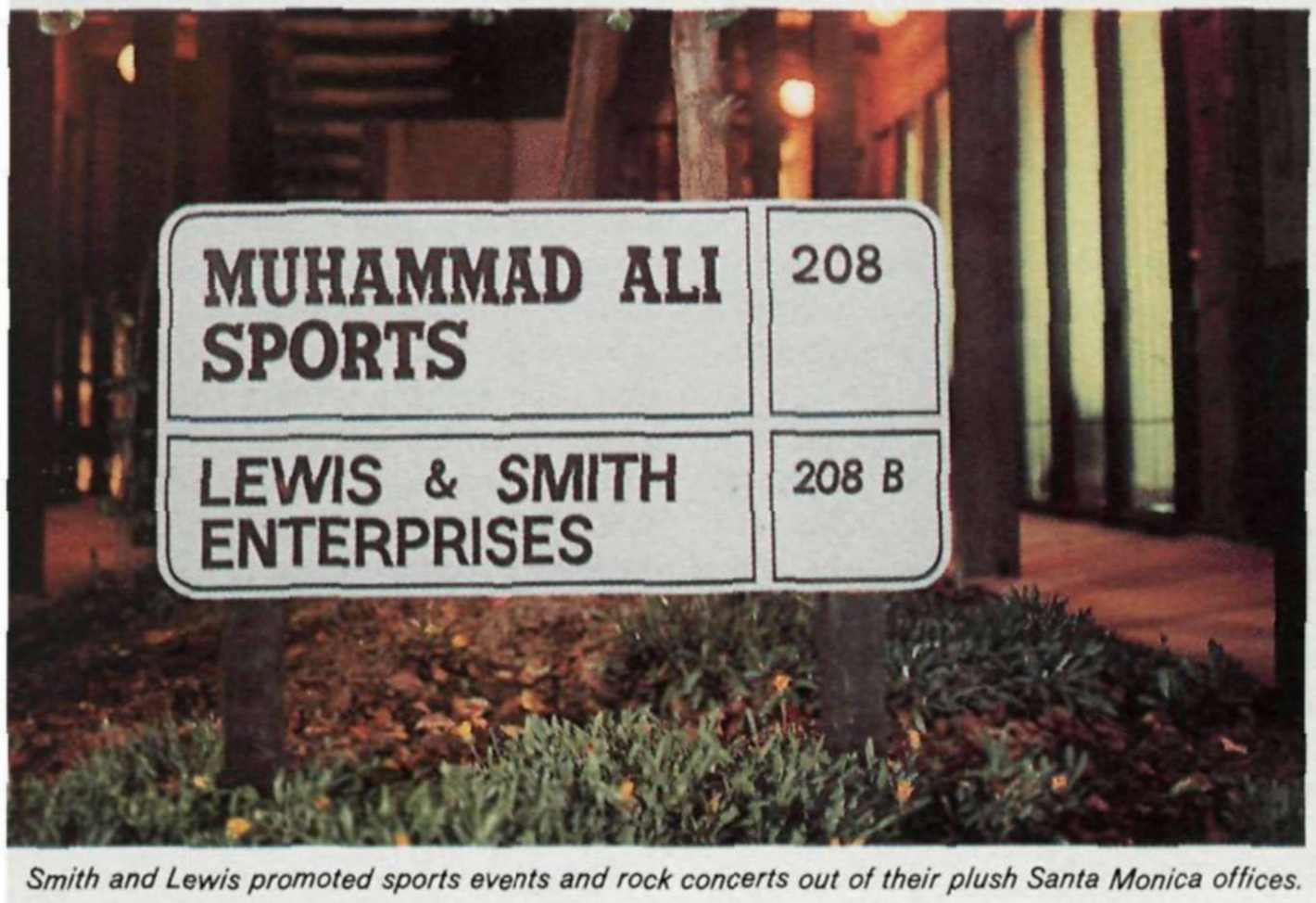
In New York a frenzied search began for a way to salvage the Feb. 23 $8.1-million MAPS promotion at Madison Square Garden that was to include three title bouts and the ballyhooed Gerry Cooney-Ken Norton heavyweight fight. Elsewhere at least eight world champions under MAPS contracts started seeking new, if less generous, promoters.



Track stars like McTear trained alongside Smith's stable of young fighters in this Santa Monica gym.

When the bearded, 6′ 2″ Smith was last seen, he was reportedly leaving for Puerto Rico to complete the plans for an Ali-John L. Gardner fight tentatively scheduled for San Juan in mid-April. But 10 days later Mrs. Pepe Cordero, the wife of the boxing promoter Smith was supposed to contact in Puerto Rico, said neither she nor her husband had seen or heard from Smith in two weeks.

Smith was much in evidence when he promoted the Muhammad Ali track meet in 1979.



Smith and Lewis promoted sports events and rock concerts out of their plush Santa Monica offices.

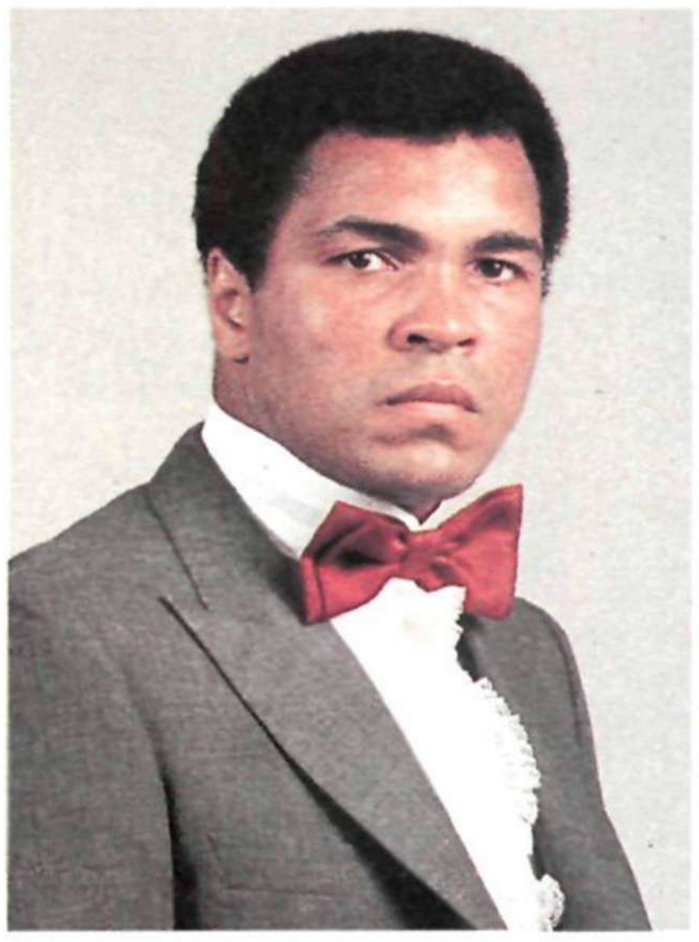
Smith, a native of Alabama, has always been something of a mystery man, even to those close to him. In the 1960s he was often seen with civil rights activists like Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. He once told a friend that his uncle was one of the Scottsboro boys. In 1965, at the age of 22, he carried an American flag during the protest march in Selma, Ala. When Ali refused to be drafted in 1967 and was stripped of his heavyweight championship, Smith led an exhaustive campaign that reportedly amassed hundreds of thousands of signatures to statements protesting the move. After that, Smith and Ali became friends. Ali was Smith's idol, and for the use of the Ali name, the former heavyweight champion reportedly was paid 10% of the gross from all Smith's promotions.

Little else is known of Smith's past except that he was involved in minor league entertainment promotions when he moved from New York to California around 1976. In Los Angeles he formed a rock-concert promoting company with Lewis. One of the last promotions was a four-night series of Shirley Bassey shows for which, per usual, he overpaid.

Smith's association with sports started soon after his move to Southern California, when he read a newspaper story describing the desperate financial circumstances of Florida sprinter Houston McTear's family. Contacting McTear,

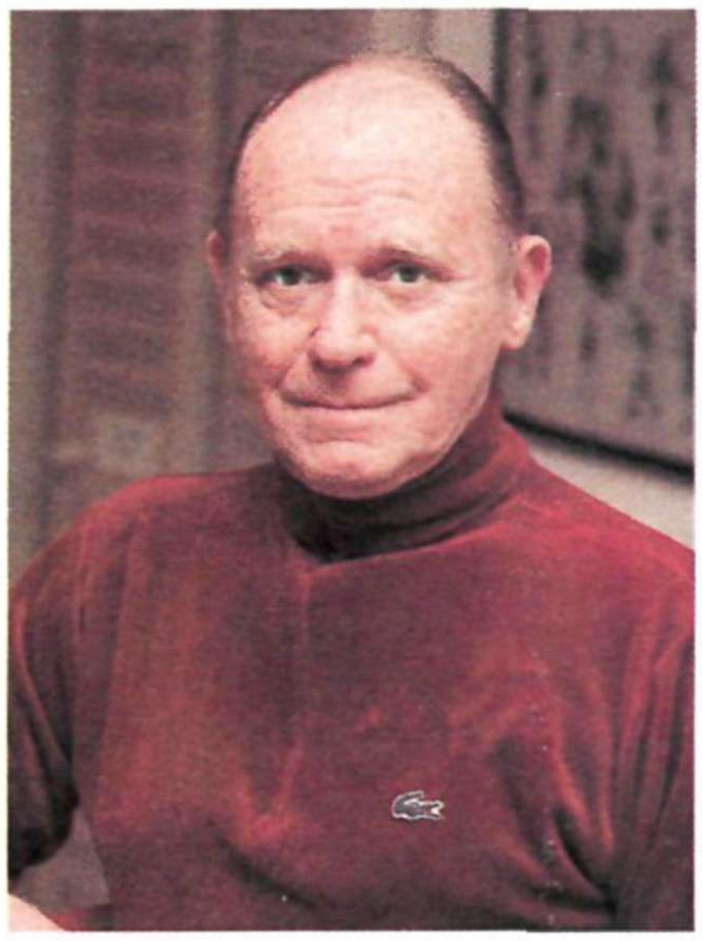
continued

Clancy now expects more down-to-earth purses.



Ali quickly disassociated himself from MAPS.

Co-promoter Glass inherited the whole show.



Condon says the Garden was only the landlord.

BOXING *continued*

Smith offered to sponsor him on the West Coast. In 1977 he moved McTear to California to train. It was Smith who talked Ali into giving McTear a check for $30,000, which Ali reportedly dispensed with the words, "Go buy the family a house."

Soon afterward, Smith formed Muhammad Ali Amateur Sports, and he emerged as a promoter of track and field meets. CBS televised Smith's first meet, in 1977. Barry Frank was then CBS' director of sports. Shortly after signing a contract with Smith, Frank flew to Los Angeles for a meeting of network affiliates. Waiting for him in the lobby of the Century Plaza Hotel was Smith.

"Barry, I've got to have $50,000 in advance or we can't hold the meet," said Smith.

Frank said he'd have a check drawn.

"Could you make $300 of it in cash?" Smith asked. "I don't have enough money to fly back to New York."

In less than three years, Smith, having apparently become very wealthy, was taking the boxing world by storm and blithely losing millions along the way. "The prices he paid were ridiculous," says rival promoter Bob Arum, who, along with the flamboyant Don King, took to the sidelines rather than do battle with Smith's flight bags full of cash.

In a matter of 19 months MAPS lost close to $10 million while putting on an extraordinary series of outstanding fights. The pot of gold seemed bottomless. "My wife and I put up $4 million," Smith explained, "and wealthy friends put up another $8 million." He never said where he and his wife, Lee, had acquired their wealth or who their rich friends were.

Whatever the source, the money was quickly shuffled into the bank accounts of happy fighters. The purses Smith offered were outrageous; he often paid four or five times more than the going market rate. And MAPS never offered less than two expensive bouts on any program. Frequently there were three or more such fights. There was no way the company could come close to getting back what it was paying out.

Consider MAPS' last three matches of 1980:

- On Nov. 28 in San Diego, Smith paid $250,000 each to Matthew Saad Muhammad and Lottie Mwale to fight for the WBC light-heavyweight championship. Only 2,197 fans saw that match. Gross gate receipts: $41,785. There were no television revenues.
- The following night in Los Angeles, MAPS gave Eddie Mustafa Muhammad $300,000 to defend his WBA light-heavyweight title against Rudi Koopmans, who got $50,000. Attendance: 2,749. Gate receipts: $37,000. No TV income.
- On Dec. 12 in Sacramento, Smith paid Wilfred Benitez, a leading welterweight, $250,000 to fight Pete Ranzani, who made at least $75,000. A total of 4,507 fans paid $89,992.50 to attend that bout. No TV revenues.

It was insanity. Or was it? If one wanted to embezzle substantial sums, a good way would be to set up a company or companies with large and frequent cash inflows and outflows, so that big deposits and withdrawals wouldn't raise a red flag. Fight promotions are ideal for this purpose, because of the publicity given the millions of dollars involved.

Some government sources are speculating that Smith may have been an unwitting front for Lewis, who could manipulate funds from his post within the bank. But all the money funneled into the MAPS accounts came in the form of cash deposits, and it was Smith who made such a show of dealing in cash. He used to carry a flight bag filled with greenbacks and reportedly bragged that, if necessary, he could stuff three-quarters of a million dollars into the bag.

Though lavish in his spending, Smith,

a soft-spoken man of average build, kept a very low profile. He was reluctant to be photographed, which, considering the present circumstances, seems to have been wise. At boxing matches he would either take a seat far from the ring or would stand in a corridor.

He was moving in a world he claimed to despise. "I hate boxing," Smith told Jack Fiske of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "I happened to get into it and I'm stuck, but I won't be involved by the end of 1981." Because he distrusted those with whom he did business, Smith taped all of his telephone calls, and he videotaped all meetings in his office. The revelation of that idiosyncrasy may shake up some of those who did business at Smith's headquarters in Suite 208, 3231 Ocean Park Boulevard, Santa Monica.

The offices are tastefully and expensively decorated. The decor reflects Smith's personal dress, which is stylish but subdued and tends toward Western-cut suits. He was rarely seen without his cowboy hat and sunglasses. Sometimes he also wore cowboy boots. In public, no matter the scene, he preferred to remain at a distance from the goings-on.

Smith has expensive personal habits. He owns several large houses and two condominiums in Marina del Rey; he drives a $40,000 black customized El Dorado convertible and a Seville, and his wife has a Mercedes 450 SL; he purchased an $84,000 powerboat and leased a Learjet. Along with his wife and one Michael Blake, he has a racehorse named Johnlee n' Harold, which won the California Breeders' Stakes on Dec. 27, 1980. At Christmas time he passed out envelopes each containing a $1,000 bill to friends and employees.

Lee Smith and their 4-year-old son, John, have also disappeared. At first it was believed that they had left Los Angeles with Smith when he disappeared on Jan. 21. But a source close to the family believes that they may be hiding out in L.A.

Among those hardest hit by the alleged bank sting were the young and promising boxers Smith had recruited from around the country to fight for the Muhammad Ali Boxing Club. Last Saturday, after news of the investigation began to leak out, they gathered at Ali's palatial Los Angeles home to eat chocolate ice cream and to wonder how they would get home.

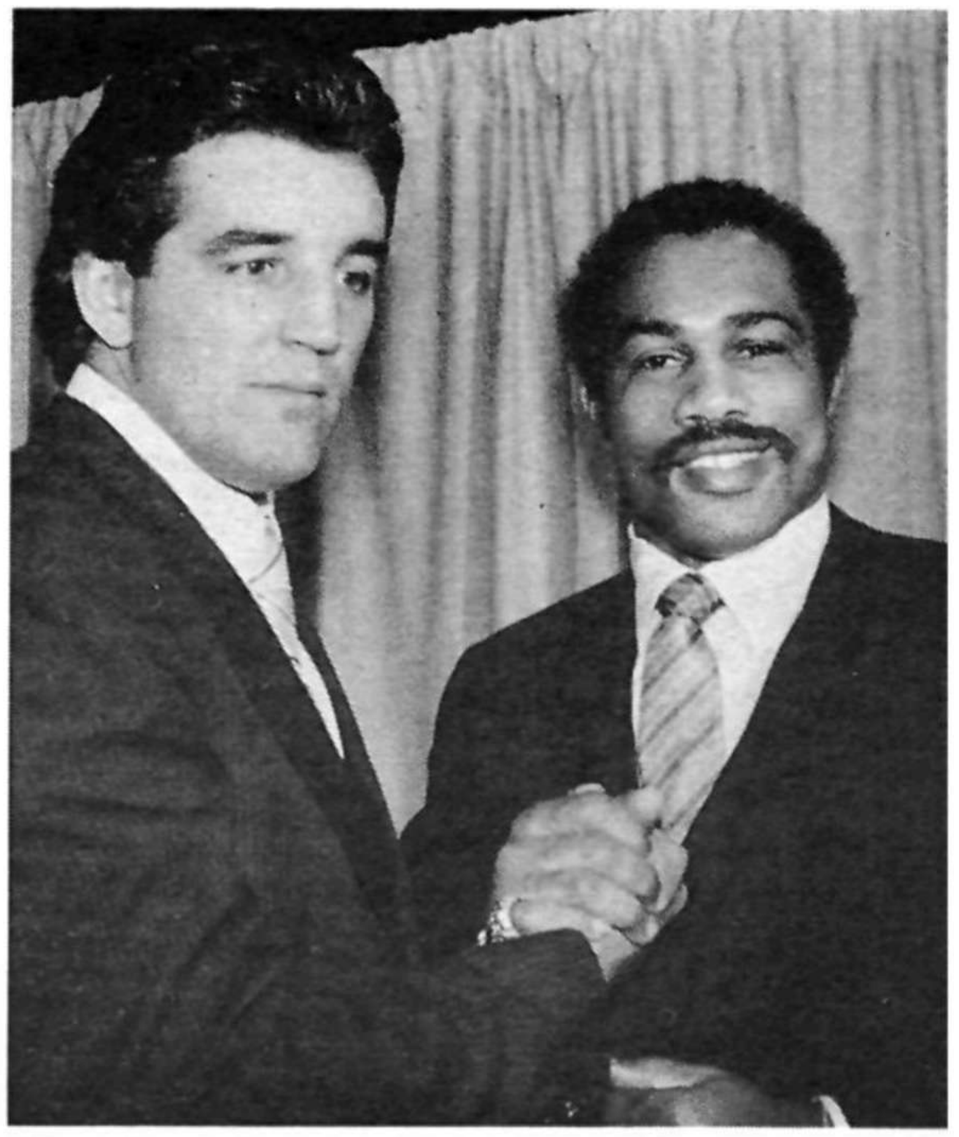
Ali told them not to worry. "I'm going to give them my money," he said. "All of them are boxers who relied on Harold Smith to pay their rent. And now that he has gone they don't have any place to go."

Ali's sole association with MAPS was the use of his name. Only a few weeks ago, at the urging of friends, he had started his own investigation into Smith's company.

Ali's attorneys asked Smith for his books so an audit could be done. "He said O.K.," says Ali with a sigh, "but he never seemed to find the time to give us the books."

It's possible that Ali's investigation spurred Smith's flight. The day before the scandal broke, Ali said he had already made up his mind to remove his name from the organization. "The money he was paying all those fighters. The office buildings. Everybody flying around in a private jet. The hotel rooms. Flying those card girls, the ones who carry cards between rounds, all over the place. All that money being spent and nobody saying where it was coming from. It was too much for me."

Marshall, who was once a loan officer at the Beverly Hills Wells Fargo Bank, said on Sunday that he and co-promoter Sam Glass of Tiffany Promotions, a Long Island attorney, had called a New York meeting to try to save the Feb. 23 fights at the Garden. On Monday they met with Garden officials and managers of the fighters involved to see if they could work out a financial compromise. No one can pay the purses promised by MAPS and remain solvent.



Cooney-Norton figured as the big Feb. 23 draw.

Mike Jones is a co-manager of Cooney, the WBC and WBA No. 1 heavyweight contender, who was going to be paid $1.25 million to fight Norton. "It was great for the boxers while it lasted," said Jones. "Now we'll have to go back to reality." The reality is that there's no one who will pay $4.1 million for a $600,000 or $700,000 fight. That is what the light-heavyweight *continued*

Marshall (right), seated next to Hearns in this 1980 photo, is still overseeing MAPS business.

THE JAMES GANG

MEET THE MEN BEHIND THE LEGENDS

Western Hist. Dept., Denver Public Lib.

Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

Missouri Hist. Soc.

Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

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champions, Muhammad No. 1 and Muhammad No. 1A, were supposed to get paid for their showdown at the Garden.

Still, not all is lost for the fighters. Cooney, for example, has already been paid $250,000. He was supposed to get another $500,000 on Dec. 15, and the final $500,000 a month later. Neither payment arrived.

John Condon, the president of Madison Square Garden boxing, insisted that he wasn't at all surprised by last week's turn of events: "The purses that Smith has been paying and the ones he promised for the February 23 fights were ludicrous. They've been way out of proportion."

"It's time we get back to basics," said Garden matchmaker Gil Clancy. "Managers are going to come in and be shocked at what we offer and at what Bob Arum and Don King offer, but the offers will be just exactly what the fighter is worth. A $300,000 fighter is going to get $300,000. If he wants $1 million, let him go find Smith."

Some of the fights on the Garden card are sure to be canceled. There were too many to begin with in the first place. That was the MAPS way. In addition to Cooney-Norton and Muhammad-Muhammad, the original program also included WBA welterweight champ Thomas Hearns fighting Benitez, WBC superbantam titleholder Wilfredo Gomez defending against Mike Ayala and WBA lightweight champion Hilmer Kenty taking on Alexis Arguello. This last bout was canceled in early January.

In November Smith turned up in Puerto Rico for a WBA convention and posed with Ali and Condon.

All the fighters received advance money from Smith. The two Muhammads each got $300,000, although Eddie Mustafa's had been placed in the Wells Fargo Bank, where it has now been frozen. Matthew Saad is supposed to get the balance of his purse on Feb. 8. "We're not holding our breath," said Saad's manager. Benitez was paid $100,000, while Hearns got between $100,000 and $150,000 for training expenses. Norton received $100,000.

"We aren't saying we won't take a cut, but first I want to take a look at the realistic projected earnings," said Jones. "I mean the solid money. Let's face it, the major interest is in Cooney-Norton. That fight could stand alone and make money. From Cooney's standpoint, I don't know that what we were getting was unrealistic. But I'm not going to say I won't take a cut."

Jack Cohen, Norton's adviser, seemed less flexible: "No cut. We won't take one dime less than the $1.1 million we agreed upon." Emanuel Steward, Hearns' manager, took a similar stance about his fighter's $1.2 million. "No cut," he said.

Jimmy Jacobs, the manager of Benitez, took a softer line about his fighter's $1 million guarantee. He had heard that all the managers would be asked to take cuts but hadn't heard any figures. "What do they mean about a cut?" asked Jacobs. "Are they talking $100,000 or $900,000? No one has mentioned any numbers to me. I'll go to the meeting at the Garden with an open mind. But one thing I'm sure of: a Hearns-Benitez fight will absolutely take place. The question is where and what are the numbers."

Last Monday they began sifting through the debris of Smith's shattered empire. By late afternoon Wells Fargo had filed suit against Smith, Lewis, their wives, Marshall and MAPS, seeking to recover $21.3 million. Meanwhile, back East, Marshall and MAPS attorney Edward Franklin were still trying to salvage the Feb. 23 Garden card.

Waiting in the wings were Arum, King, Detroit promoter John Yapp and the Garden's Condon and Clancy. "Legally, until MAPS dissolves and all their contracts are null and void, we can't do a thing," Condon said. "Should that happen we, like every other promoter in the world, would be interested in bidding on some of the bouts"—at prices that would put them in the black.

Boxing isn't dead. It's just taking another standing eight count. **END**

In August Smith conferred on his jet with Steward, Hearns' manager.

by FRANK DEFORD

SWISH! BOOM! LET'S GO TO THE VIDEOTAPE!

WARNER WOLF IS REPLAYING A CAPITAL SUCCESS IN NEW YORK

The local TV sports announcers on the six and 11 o'clock news shows seldom establish themselves as distinct personalities. Most are interchangeable with another scoop of vanilla somewhere else. TV announcers tend to be transients, anyway; they don't live in a city, they work in a market. Besides, in that business, everything outside of the networks is Bridgeport. Aspiring little golden throats dream about growing up to become Dick Enberg or Keith Jackson. They don't dream about becoming Warner Wolf.

Warner Wolf?!!?! Hey, gimme a break! Boo of the week! Swish! Boom! Warner Wolf? O.K., let's go to the videotape!

Wolf is an aberration. As a network announcer at ABC, he bombed, yanked successively off *Monday Night Baseball*, *Wide World of Sports*, on which he served as host, and *NCAA College Football Scoreboard*. But in contrast to this abject failure on the national scale, he has twice established himself as the undisputed premier sports announcer in a major city—first in his native Washington a decade ago and now in New York, where it can be argued that Wolf has become the most prominent personality in local TV. When Wolf switched from WABC to WCBS eight months ago, ABC sued in vain to keep him, and since he joined WCBS that station has jumped ahead of WABC in the news ratings at both six and 11, after years of languishing as runner-up. His contract is up for renewal in a year a half, and because he already makes $400,000 a year for his 40 minutes a week of airtime, there's no telling what he'll command then.

The very things that brought Wolf a cropper on the network help explain his success at the local desk. Because network presentations are invariably highly structured, they straitjacketed the freewheeling Wolf. More important, perhaps, network sports announcing has done the impossible: to lower group journalism to even deeper depths. So much misdirected emphasis in TV today is placed upon how chummily you work with your palsy-walsy colleagues in the booth. Wolf prospers for the very simple, old-fashioned reason that his rapport is, first, with the strangers looking in.

The camera transforms him. He somehow fills the screen and—pointing his finger at you and yours out there—seems to be coming right out of it. In person, though, he can barely manage eye-to-eye contact, and he turns out to be so cute and tiny—under 5′ 6″—that one has the impression this must be some ingenious child playing Warner Wolf. But on or off the air, he's the consummate fan. His four-minute routines are equal parts Wolf rattling off opinions (which is what a fan does naturally) and Wolf showing action highlights (which is what a fan desires). It's a wonderful mixture he has stumbled on. He even regularly shows pro wrestling highlights—lowlights?—laughing along, perched there upon his two seat cushions.

In this, as in most of his *schtick*, it's Wolf's breezy bonhomie that sets him apart. Even as a child in Washington, he was irritated that most sports announcers were formal and pedantic on camera. Wolf developed his own style on radio, starting out at a station in Pikeville, Ky. for $40 a week on April Fools' Day, 1961. He scuffled his way back to Washington and was soon doing one of those dreadful call-in shows—"Warner, why don't the Redskins pass more?"—plus radio play-by-play in a variety of sports. "But I was always on TV myself," he says. "Hey, all those years on radio, I'd be talking and looking into that mike like it was a camera. Hey, working on radio was the best thing for me. You gotta be more descriptive, help the listener. The worst television news *performers* are the ones who didn't start in radio."

Wolf's own showmanship doesn't derive entirely from radio. Both his parents were in vaudeville, his father a comic who was in the trio that succeeded The Three Stooges in theaters when Larry, Moe and Curly went to Hollywood. The elder Wolf's group was called The Gentle Maniacs. Hey, gimme a break. Let's go back to the videotape.

The fact is, Wolf looks at so much tape that he has his own producer (Carmine Cincotta) and his very own tape editor (Tony DiGiovanni) and even his own tape facility, where they spend hours every day eyeballing game tapes from all over the country. Sometimes they have six games going at once, everybody looking for a bit here, a snippet there, so Warner can say "Boom!" or "Swish!" on the air. As off-the-wall as his end product appears to be, it is unlikely that any other TV sports hawker is as well prepared as Wolf or has such an extensive support apparatus.

Wolf's inherent knowledge of sports, combined with effective use of tape, is what grants him license to spout off. Still, his success is more in his presentation than in what he actually says. Opinions are tolerated on television, but only to a point. Wolf succeeded Jim Bouton, who was much more provocative, but in television that translates into "controversial"—something to be avoided at all costs unless it promotes bad taste. So WCBS dumped Bouton and went after Wolf.

As Neil Derrough, the station manager, points out, Wolf's great value is that he can be appreciated on two levels, whether or not you like sports. Warner says, "First of all, hey, you gotta give the information. I'm out there every day, like the newspaper. But if you're accurate and they know you know your stuff, then you can provide some humor, too." Thus saying, the gentle maniac went down to his private videotape sanctum sanctorum to watch six more games in the never-ending search for the elusive highlight. **END**

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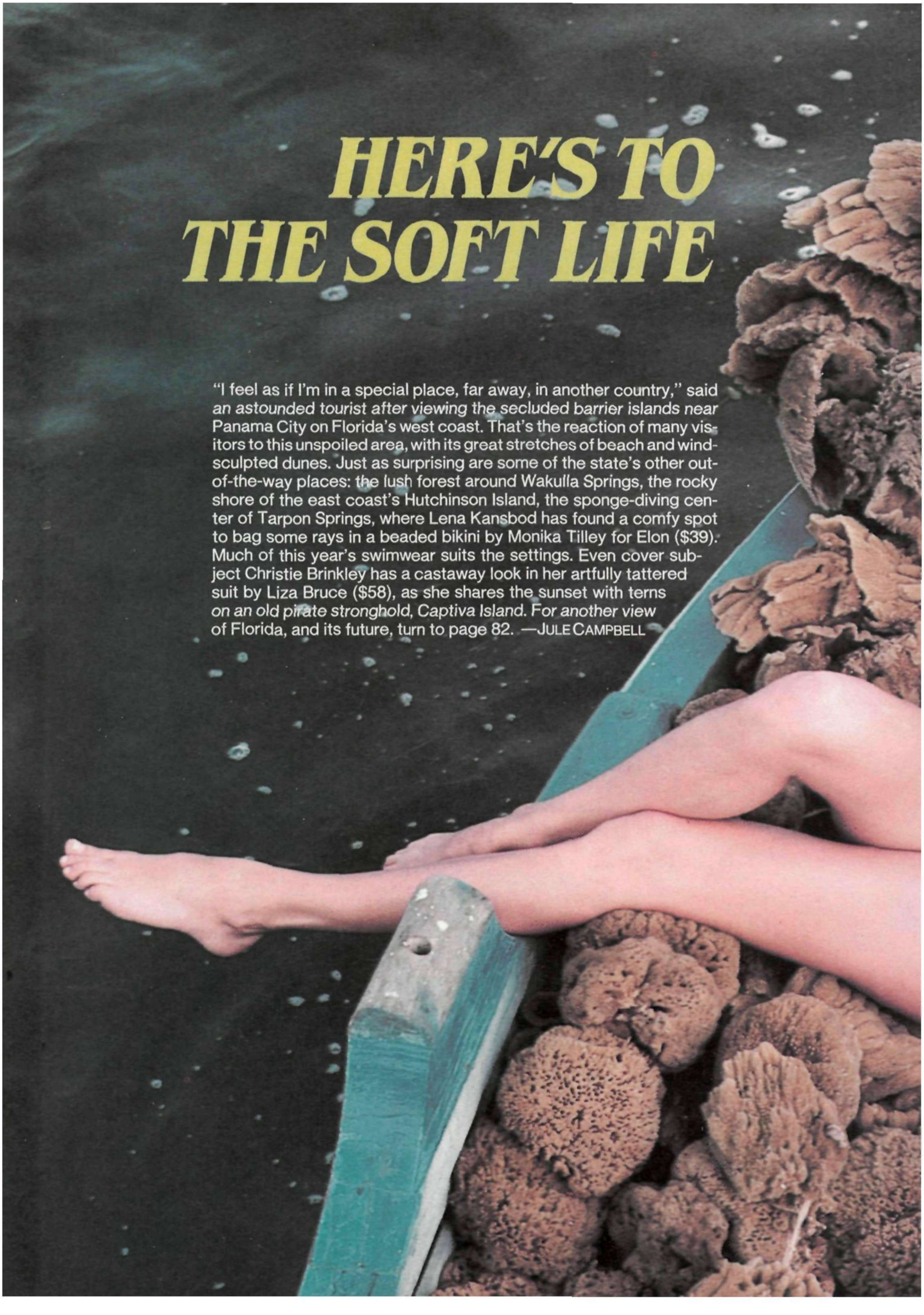


HERE'S TO THE SOFT LIFE

"I feel as if I'm in a special place, far away, in another country," said *an astounded tourist after viewing the secluded barrier islands near* Panama City on Florida's west coast. That's the reaction of many visitors to this unspoiled area, with its great stretches of beach and wind-sculpted dunes. Just as surprising are some of the state's other out-of-the-way places: the lush forest around Wakulla Springs, the rocky shore of the east coast's Hutchinson Island, the sponge-diving center of Tarpon Springs, where Lena Kansbod has found a comfy spot to bag some rays in a beaded bikini by Monika Tilley for Elon ($39). Much of this year's swimwear suits the settings. Even cover subject Christie Brinkley has a castaway look in her artfully tattered suit by Liza Bruce ($58), as she shares the sunset with terns *on an old pirate stronghold, Captiva Island. For another view* of Florida, and its future, turn to page 82. —JULE CAMPBELL

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

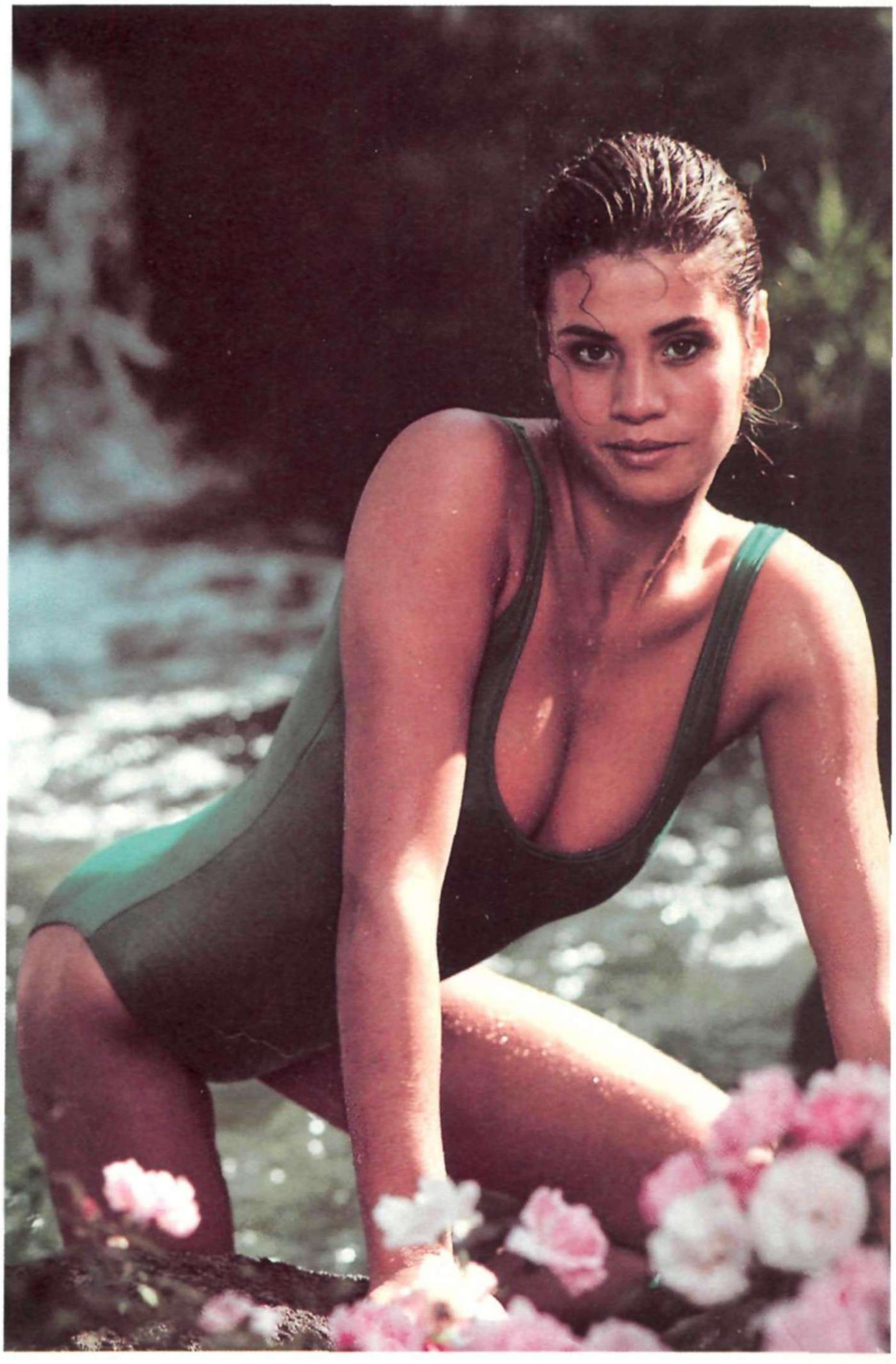
CONTINUED

Kelly Emberg, in a lace-edged Lycra camisole suit by Bonnie August of Danskin ($19), fleetingly populates uninhabited Shell Island, a 5½-mile-long stretch of sand near Panama City.

A smile is Carol Alt's umbrella as she mimes the bathing beauty adorning her tank suit, designed by Leah Gottlieb for Gottex ($56), while gracing St. Joseph Beach in the panhandle.

Christie struts her stuff—a suit ($48) and reversible jacket ($100) from Gottex—on Hutchinson Island, north of Palm Beach, where the rocky coastline seems more like Maine than Florida.

The cool pool below a Cypress Garden waterfall is the perfect place for a dip, as Rita Tellone has just discovered. She's semi-attired in a Lycra tank suit from Gottex of Israel ($42).



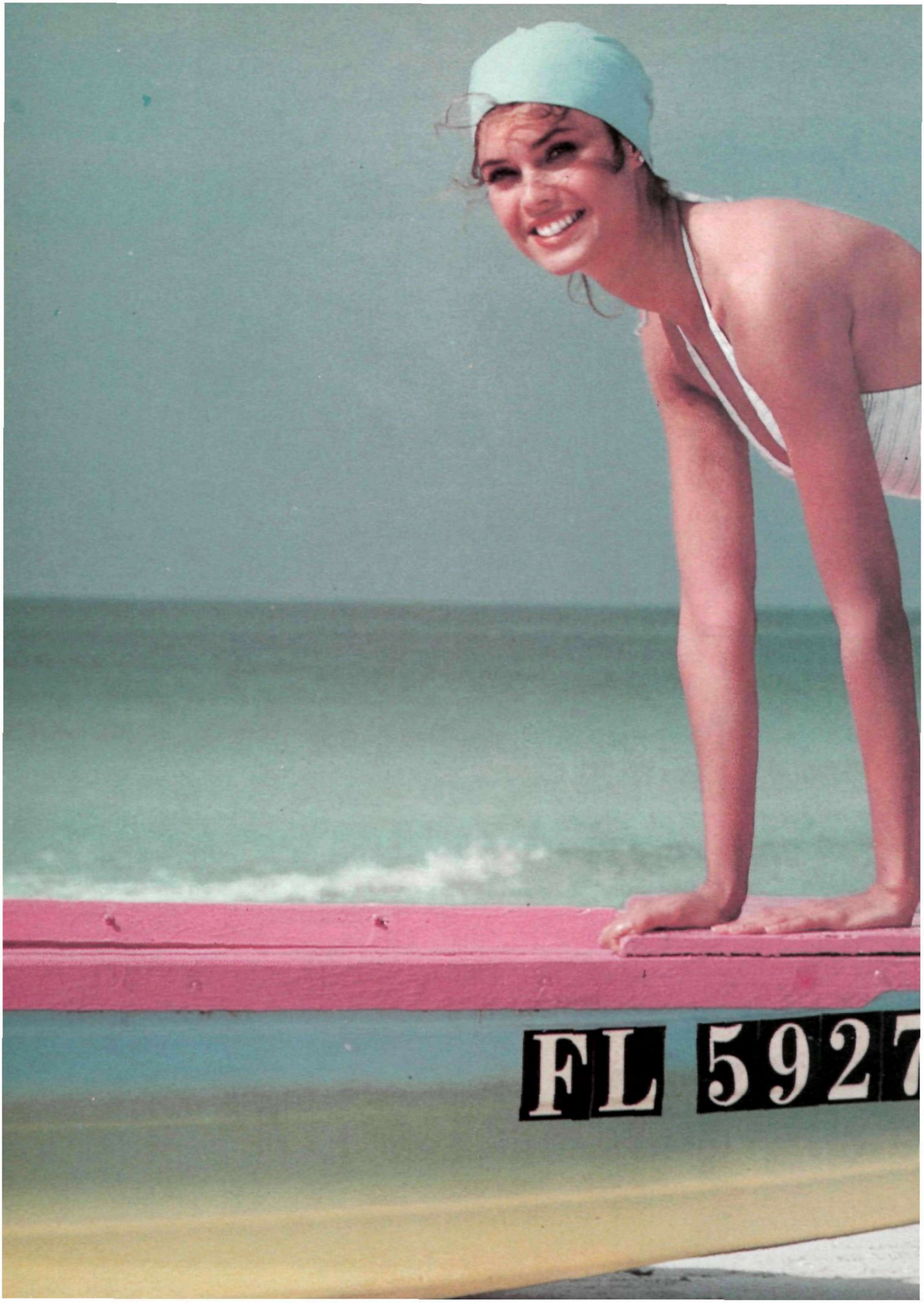
No, that's not a snake in the grass; it's Carol amid the sea oats on Shell Island. Her snakeskin-print suit by Bill Blass Beachwear ($44) certainly doesn't constrict her.

At Wakulla Springs, a 4,000-acre wildlife sanctuary near Tallahassee that's chock-ablock with exotic plants, birds, fish and—watch that oar—alligators, Kelly pokes about in a Gideon Oberson suit ($67).

He's awfully short, but kinda cute, thinks Rita as she tries to bring a 400-pound, 30-year-old Galapagos tortoise out of his shell at Disney World. Rita's less weighty covering is by Gideon Oberson ($59).

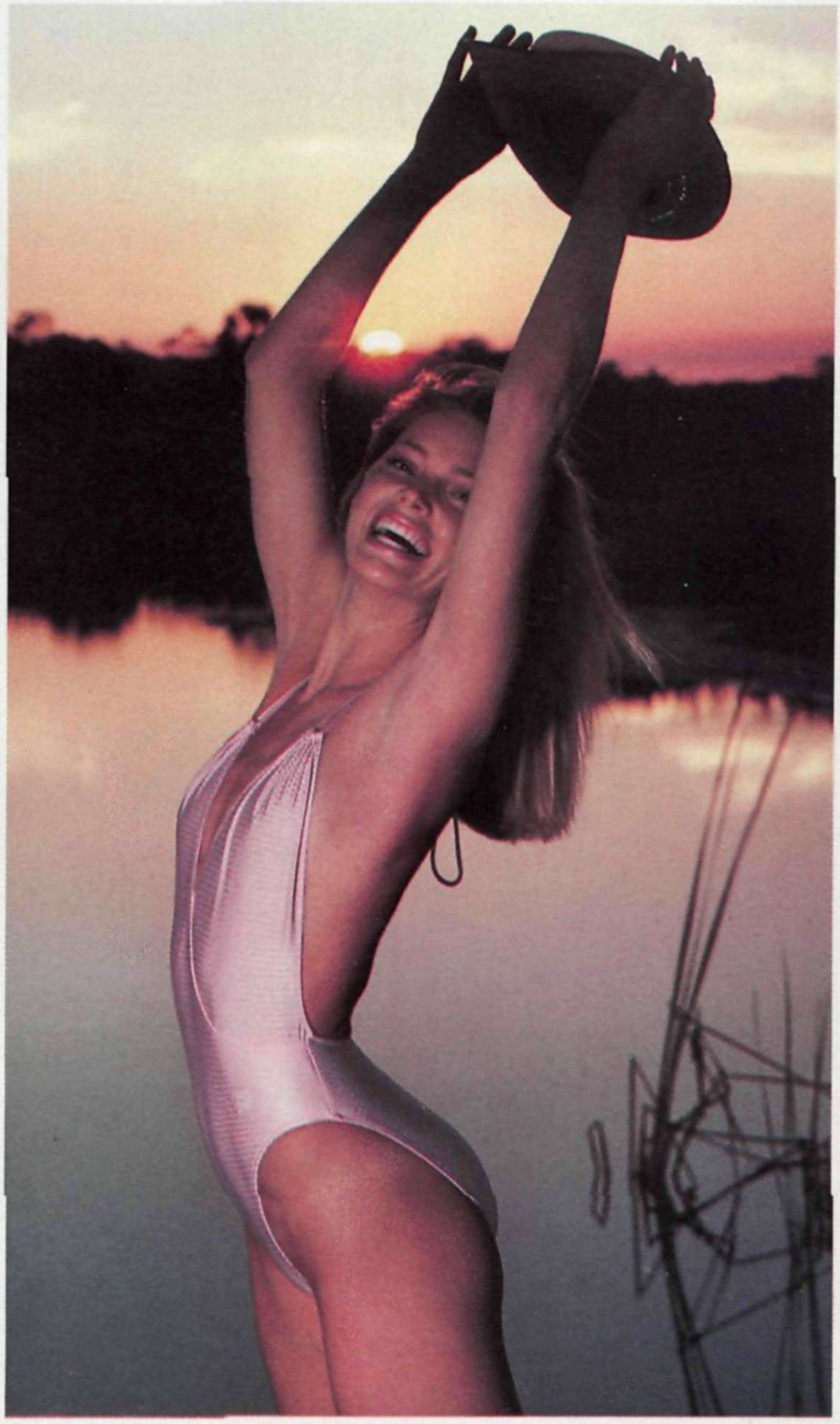
"You Tarzan, me Christie," our heroine seems to be saying as she legs it along Red Fish Pass on Captiva Island in a strapless leopard-spotted chamois that Norma Kamali designed for OMO ($185).

Rita looks for a pad of her very own in a pool of variegated water lilies at Cypress Gardens. Her Lycra suit, made in England for Liza Bruce ($56), is appliquéd with the leaves of the *Monstera deliciosa.*


FL 5927

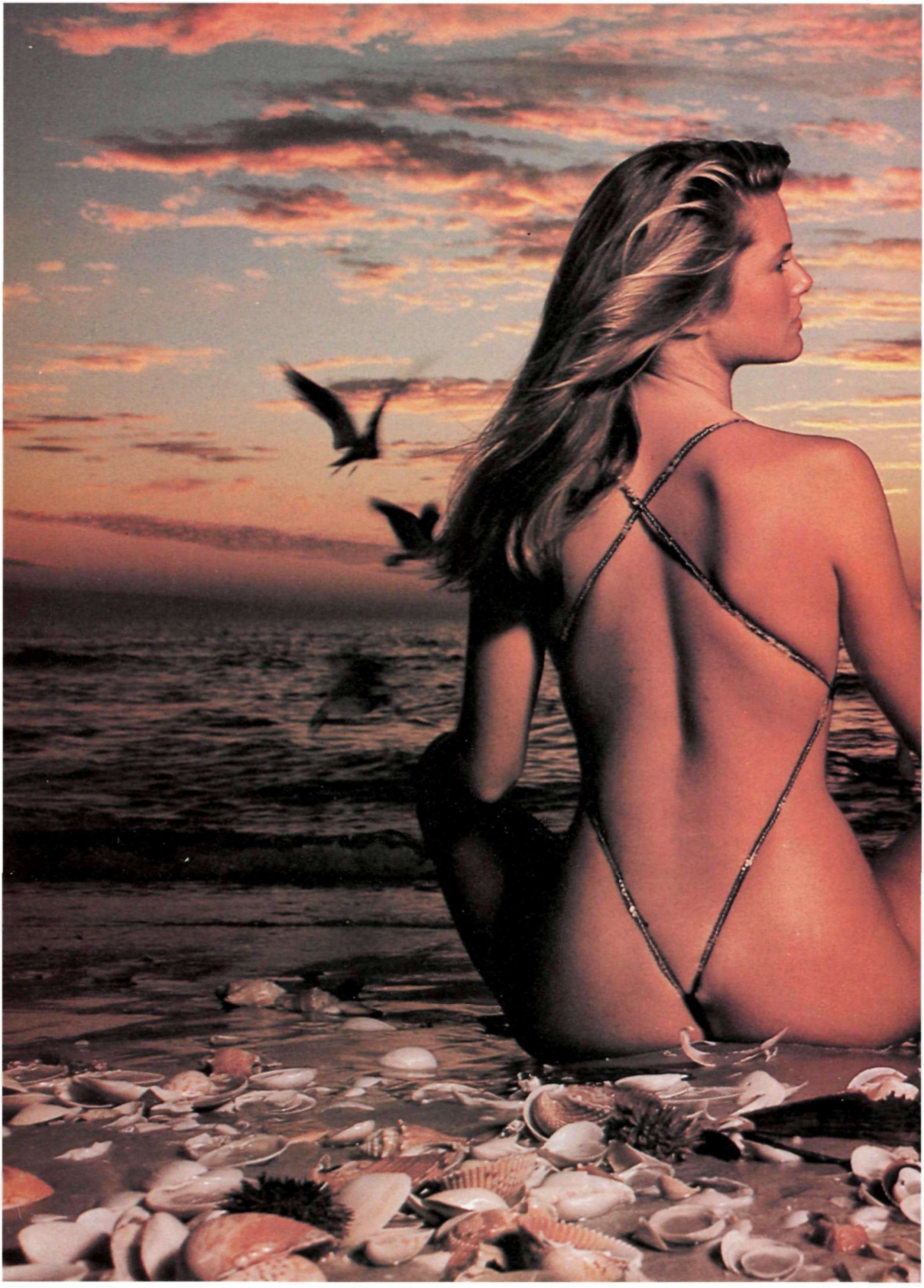
On the beach on Shell Island, a boat to match one's suit is nothing to skiff at, and lucky Carol's handsomely harmonized ensemble includes a maillot by Moi ($60).

Christie lingers until the very last flicker of light on Johnson's Shoals off Captiva. Her silky Lycra suit is adorned with an embroidered satin rose designed by Monika Tilley for Elon ($60).



Let's hear ruffles and flourishes for Christie who makes a splash at South Seas Plantation resort on Captiva in a suit by Monika Tilley for Elon ($45) that has a skirt for dry-land conditions.

Kelly takes off her hat to greet the dawn beside a sweet-water lagoon on Shell Island. Her shadow-striped Lycra maillot with a halter neck is created in Israel by Gideon Oberson ($67).



Laved by wavelets, Christie listens to terns cry as they wheel off shell-strewn Captiva. Her suit, which has a modest Lycra front, is by Norma Kamali for OMO ($75).

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by Anthony Cotton

PRO BASKETBALL

Like snow on a bamboo leaf

In the NBA thickets Jamaal Wilkes is often mistaken for part of the scenery

Through it all—the 88-game winning streak at UCLA and the four national championships, collegiate and professional—the stars that glitter in the Hollywood firmament have never shone upon Jamaal Wilkes of the Los Angeles Lakers. That's probably because Wilkes isn't 7′ 4″ tall or called "The Big Fella." Nor is he Magic. He's Silk, and that's, well, a bit effeminate. It just doesn't fit in with the roughness under the boards.

It's not that Wilkes isn't worthy. In last season's championship game against the 76ers, he scored a career-high 37 points. He added 10 rebounds, equaling the combined total of Philly's Darryl Dawkins and Caldwell Jones. Lights? Camera? Action? Nope. The spotlight that night shone on Earvin Johnson: 42 points, 15 rebounds and that smile. When asked about the game afterward, Wilkes gave Johnson his due, then added matter-of-factly, "I don't think we would have won without me, too."

No brag, fact. Wilkes, 27, is a winner, and this season he is hanging up some impressive numbers that are finally bringing him into the limelight. At last week's All-Star break he was averaging 23.3 points a game, 11th-best in the NBA, on 54.7% shooting from the field and was one of the main reasons Los Angeles was only 3½ games behind front-running Phoenix in the Pacific Division despite losing Johnson on Nov. 18 with a knee injury. In games in which Wilkes has scored 20 or more points, the Lakers have a 27–10 record. They have won all 11 games in which he has scored 30 or more.

Predictably, the fans didn't vote Wilkes to a starting berth in last Sunday's NBA All-Star Game, but he was named to the West squad by the coaches, and in an informal SI poll of league players, he received more votes than any other Western Conference forward. For Wilkes it was only his second All-Star Game in a steady, if unspectacular, pro career. That has been the Wilkes story: a consistent player consistently under-recognized. A 17.8-point career scorer, he played the full 82-game schedule four times in his first six NBA seasons. He has played in 224 consecutive regular-season games, scoring in double figures in the last 131.

"What happens with Jamaal is, he slides the knife into you, delivers the goods, takes it out and is gone into the night to the next city," says Laker Coach Paul Westhead. "He does it again and again and never even gets a mug shot taken. The other day Michael Cooper scored on a great stuff shot off a rebound. Now if someone were scouting the game they would say, 'Try and stop Kareem and watch out for Cooper on the offensive boards.' Then, as an afterthought, they'd add, 'Oh, yeah, Wilkes has a nice shot, too.' "

Wilkes kills his opponents softly, using L.A.'s fast break and his speed and soft hands to get more layups than perhaps anyone else in the league. Last Thursday in a 118–104 victory over Kansas City, which stretched L.A.'s winning streak at the All-Star break to five games, Wilkes scored 30 points, 16 on layups.

The Lakers' fast break usually begins with an Abdul-Jabbar or Jim Chones rebound and outlet pass to Norm Nixon, with Cooper or Magic (when he's healthy) on one wing, and Wilkes on the other, filling the lanes. And the lanes are always filled. "If the man I'm guarding likes to crash the boards, I'll screen him out, then go, but sometimes I just take off," Wilkes says. "The transition game is suited to me because I can get out and move. To me the game is a series of moments passing. I get distressed when I don't use those moments as best I can."

Even when the break stalls, Wilkes remains in motion, slithering back and forth across the lane, running his man through pick after pick, eventually breaking free for an easy bucket. When not shooting layins, Wilkes scores with an awkward-looking but deadly corkscrew jump shot. Or set shot. As he shoots, Wilkes' feet barely leave the ground. He just sort of stretches up on his tiptoes. The basketball moves from the waist to a spot somewhere behind his right ear and is released with

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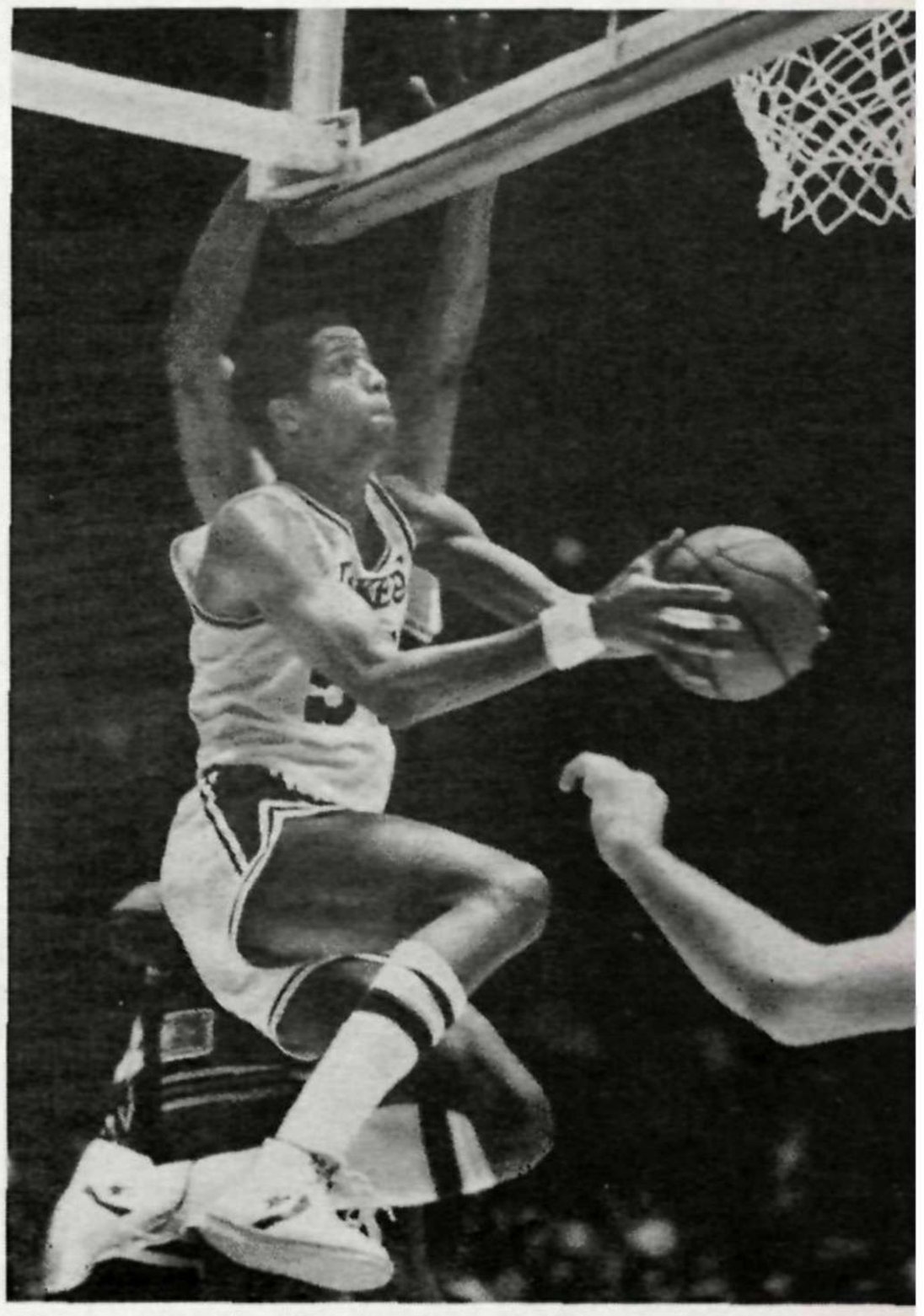

Silk is smooth making this move to one of his many layups.

Baby-faced Wilkes may be, but he's also deadly.

both hands pushing across his body.

As he shoots, Wilkes resembles a giant slingshot; the execution isn't pretty in the classic sense. But the ball goes in. That doesn't always wow the crowd, as Westhead lyrically points out. "To me his shot is like snow falling softly off a bamboo leaf," he says. "One minute it's there, the next it's not. Unfortunately, people don't get into falling snow." Falling snow might be better appreciated if Jamaal would also rear back and throw down a dunk or two, but he has purposely omitted that shot from his repertoire, as he has behind-the-back, no-look passes and most other flash and dash.

"A long time ago I saw what winning meant, what you were exposed to from winning," he says. "I decided to dedicate myself to that phase of the game, to concentrate on winning, even to the point of never being flashy. People who win and like to win appreciate that."

Despite all the winning, Wilkes has been recognized mainly for his physique and good looks. With his even-toned smooth skin and hazel eyes, Wilkes seems to glow on the court, as if surrounded by an aura. He has grown used to being called "kewpie-doll" or "baby-faced Jamaal Wilkes."

"That's the nature of the business," he says. "We're well-built men, running around in these short outfits, people watching us sweat. It's probably sort of sensual."

It was "baby-faced Keith Wilkes" until his first pro season when, after converting to Islam, he changed his name to Jamaal Abdul-Lateef. He continues to use the name Wilkes only for purposes of public recognition.

Wilkes grew up in Ventura, Calif., the son of a Baptist minister. He never really became a part of the shakin' and bakin' of the Ventura playgrounds, and he developed his sling-shot to avoid blocks from bigger, older players. Jamaal started playing in organized leagues at age eight. He took to the concept of team play, and even as a kid he diligently blocked out his man and set picks, to the surprise of his peers. "*What was that?*" "A pick and roll." "*A whaat . . .?*"

"Jamaal was raised and supported in a home environment where we always strove to be more reasonable and rational than others," says L. Leander Wilkes, Jamaal's father, a very reasonable and rational man himself who was supportive at the time of his son's religious conversion. "There was sometimes a different set of values on the playgrounds, but Jamaal was always secure, and that shows when he plays. Players who aren't as secure will show a weakness of character in times of stress, be it anger or loss of control. That doesn't happen with Jamaal."

Jamaal's strength of character is reflected in the won-lost columns. He hasn't been on a team with a losing record since he began playing basketball in the third grade; he hasn't missed the playoffs in his pro career. After triumphant high school seasons at both Ventura and Santa Barbara, Wilkes made the move down the coast to UCLA and two national championships and a pair of first-team All-America berths.

In his first season in the NBA, with Golden State, Wilkes was named Rookie of the Year and the Warriors won the championship. In three seasons with the Warriors he averaged 16.5 points a game playing in the shadow of Rick Barry and was twice named to the NBA's all-defensive team. He joined the Lakers as a free agent before the start of the 1977-78 season.

Wilkes' Hollywood debut was a critical bomb. Hampered by a broken finger and other injuries, he played in only 51 games, averaging 12.9 points—not bad at all, but not good enough for the L.A. fans, who thought he had been overrated. Wilkes had far bigger worries off the court. His infant daughter had recently died of a heart ailment, and his first marriage was breaking up. Wilkes averaged 18.6 points on 50.4% shooting in the 1978-79 season, a preview of last year's 20.0 and 53.5% marks. At the end of last season he remarried, and he and the former Valerie Topping now live—inconspicuously, of course—on the ocean in the L.A. suburb of Playa del Rey.

Wilkes' blossoming as a scoring threat isn't merely a tribute to the Lakers' fast break. Last season Wilkes shifted from power forward to small forward, a task for which his 6′ 6″, 190-pound frame was better equipped. His overall game had always suffered as a result of the constant pounding he took at strong forward. It's not a coincidence that the Lakers showed their heels to the rest of the league last year after new owner Jerry Buss added muscle and board strength to his front line with people like Chones and Mark Landsberger.

That helped Buss entice Wilkes, again a free agent before the start of last season, to remain in Los Angeles. "After I got the team, my first priority was to sign Jamaal," Buss says. "At power forward he was overmatched night after night. I convinced him that we could add some rebounding and run and have fun with him at small forward. I knew we could win, too."

The part about winning was all Wilkes needed to hear, and he promptly signed a long-term contract at a reported $600,000 a year. That pact was negotiated for Wilkes by an old teammate from the Ventura playgrounds, his sister Naomi, who is now a lawyer. "She really played basketball first," Wilkes recalls. "She was the neighborhood tomboy, always playing with the guys. Because she helped me learn the game, it only seemed right that she remain a part of my career, so we decided to give it a try."

Westhead is glad they did because Wilkes' presence gives the Lakers a force, albeit a quiet one, to accompany Abdul-Jabbar on offense. "Our thinking is to get Jamaal out of the game early for a little rest, then bring him back in when Kareem sits down," Westhead says. "When Kareem is out, the offense really revolves around Jamaal, but the way he goes about his business no one really notices. His inconspicuousness is part of his greatness. I just hope no one ever catches on." **END**

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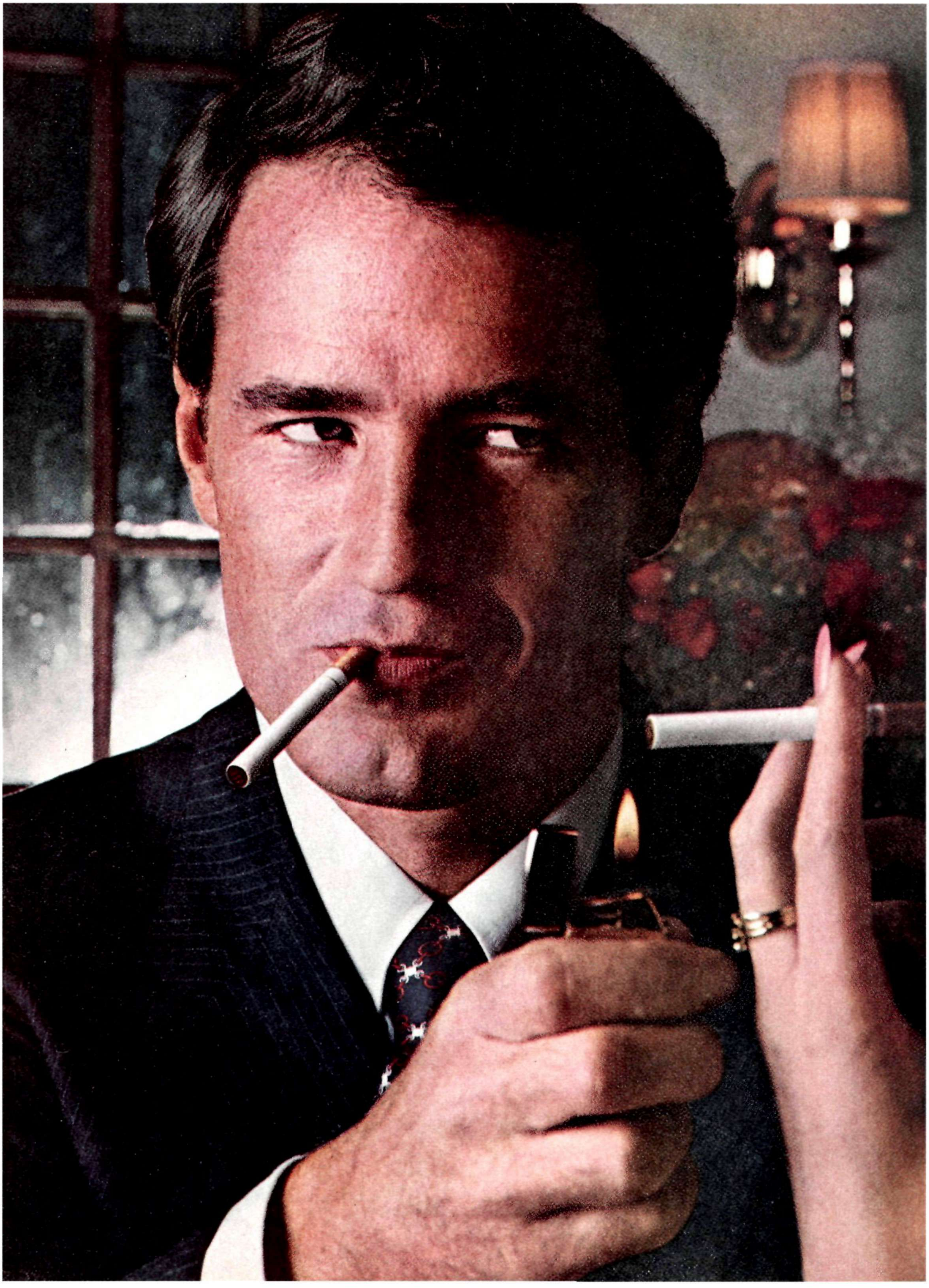

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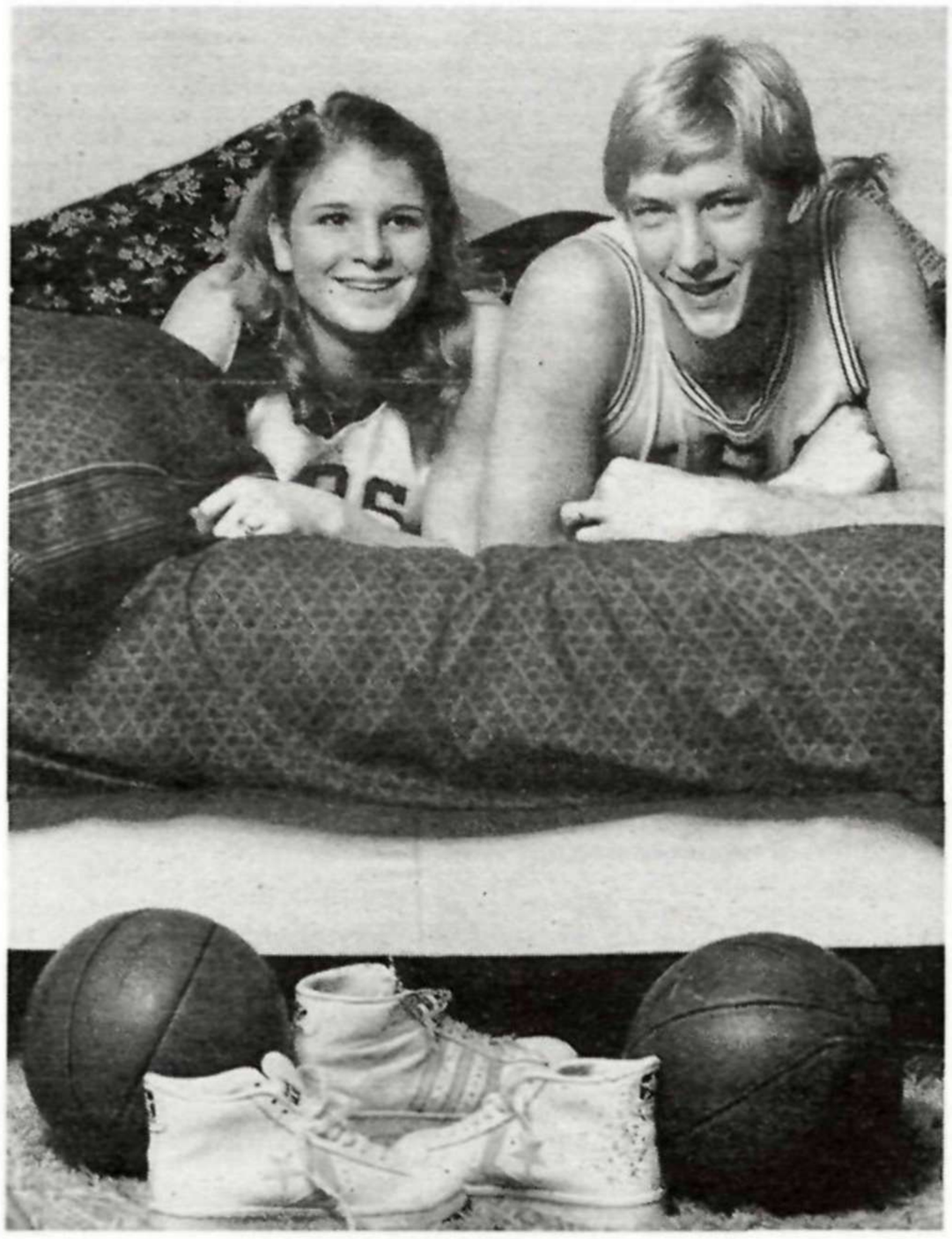
by Mike DelNagro

A couple of hot shots

The University of Puget Sound, located in Tacoma, Wash., is a private school with 2,800 students. It is one of the state's most expensive institutions to attend (tuition alone is $4,280 a year), and the campus is gorgeous—72 parklike acres situated alongside the Sound, deep in the shadow of Mt. Rainier. It's been around for some 93 years. Although Puget Sound won the 1976 NCAA Division II basketball championship, its teams have gotten little national attention.

Well, pay some to Eric and Kelly Brewe (the name rhymes with gooey). At the moment Eric is 15–3 Puget Sound's top scorer, and Kelly is the top scorer for the 11–4 AIAW Division III Lady Loggers. O.K., maybe even taken together, the Brewes aren't going to make folks forget Larry Bird. But in all of college basketball, nothing quite like the Brewes has ever happened before. Eric and Kelly, you see, are husband and wife.



Kelly and Eric Brewe, the first man and wife to star at the same school, are big scorers for the University of Puget Sound

To be sure, at 6′ 6″ and 210 pounds—which he might weigh right after lunch—Eric is no Darryl Dawkins. And Kelly's knees look as if they have been through the wars. But while the Brewes might not excel on major-college teams, they are bona fide small-college stars.

As a sophomore two seasons ago, Eric led Puget in scoring. Last season he was second at 13.0 points per game, less than a point behind the leader. Last week, after putting in 38 points in victories over Central Washington and Western Washington, Eric boosted his 1981 scoring average to 18.0 points a game. The figure becomes more impressive when you consider that under Logger Coach Don Zech's fresh-man system, Eric plays only about 27 minutes a game. He's lefthanded and graceful, a 59% shooter from the floor. He also has Division I quickness, and from his spot at low post, Eric works Division II wonders.

Zech considers Eric's main strength his patience. "He'll hold back on a shot and draw a lot of fouls," says the coach. "And he shoots well from the line. So he's just about unstoppable with the ball near the basket one-on-one." Indeed, fully a third of Eric's 324 points this season have been scored from the foul line.

Off the court Eric looks casual, serene, almost as if he's beyond agitation. Critics say that that carries over to his play. Zech disagrees. "Eric's only problem," he says, "is that he *looks* so unwarlike."

By contrast, Kelly is a 5′ 7″, 135-pound sophomore forward who flies up and down the court full tilt, 40 minutes a game—a comet trailing a tail of longish blonde hair. Her cheeks are rosy, her eyes afire. She wears a knee brace, plays a wing the way Sidney Wicks did at UCLA, and shoots backspinning jumpers off the dribble, going either way. She also cans 16-footers as easily as she laces up her sneakers.

"I'm just naturally more aggressive than Eric," she says. "He has far more finesse and plays much smarter. If there's a loose ball and two guys are scrambling for it on the floor, Eric will watch, knowing that somewhere it's going to pop loose. Me, I just dive in."

Sports always came easy to Kelly. At grammar school in Seattle she excelled at track, cross-country and soccer. In ninth grade, she ran a 5:20 mile. In 1975, at the age of 14, Kelly and one of her girl friends used to ride a bus downtown and crash the gate at the Coliseum to watch the SuperSonics play. Soon she was hooked on basketball.

That summer Kelly attended a camp run by Slick Watts, who at the time was a SuperSonic guard and the biggest sports figure in Seattle. Slick and Kelly became friends. "We messed around a lot," she says. "Sometimes he'd take me to town in his van for an ice cream."

In the camp's windup one-on-one tournament, involving 100 girls, many of

continued

them older, Kelly advanced all the way to the finals. She's kept on advancing ever since. This season she has already scored 240 points in 15 games and is shooting 48% from the field and 72% from the foul line. Thanks mainly to Kelly, the Lady Loggers are off to their most promising start ever. "It would be much more fun," she says, "if everybody played with a bit more intensity."

Eric Brewe and Kelly Kranda met four years ago last September, in biology class at Shorecrest High in North Seattle. Eric was a senior, the top-scoring high school player in all of Washington and one of the very big men on campus. Also, he was tall, blond, blue-eyed. The girls flocked around.

Kelly was a newcomer, fresh out of Morgan Junior High. She was plucky and pretty, but young, even to Eric. At Shorecrest, Kelly eventually would play varsity basketball for three years straight and lead the team in scoring as a junior and senior. She would end up getting a basketball scholarship offer from the University of Washington, a Division I team. And she would agonize before turning it down to be with Eric in Tacoma. But that September, she thought mainly about Eric.

"I was a real smarty," she says. "I acted like I owned the school. How many times is a sophomore going to get dates with a big senior basketball star? The older girls wanted to tear out my hair. But I was pretty aggressive. I busted loose and went after my man." Indeed she did. In biology class, she moved her seat to be next to Eric. Kelly began dropping by his house more and more frequently. Once, when he was out of the lineup with an infected knee and feeling very low, Kelly picked him up in her father's car and took him to a movie.

"She was bright, offbeat funny and very cute," says Eric. That June, he took Kelly to his senior prom. Last September, he married her.

Today Eric and Kelly live off-campus in a $180-a-month, one-room apartment, pretty much on a shoestring. He has a full athletic scholarship, but hers is only partial. To fill the gap, they use their summer earnings and money borrowed from his parents. For additional income they referee intramural basketball, earning $4 apiece per game. In January they each worked 15 games. In the off-season, Kelly works as a waitress; Eric lays railroad tracks. So far they've bought a bed and, for $69, a 12-inch black-and-white TV. The family car is a 10-year-old Plymouth that has 110,000 miles on it and breaks down a lot. Cooking in the Brewe household is sketchy: she's a vegetarian fond of salads; for Eric she makes sandwiches and cooks the odd hamburger. The two of them are having the time of their lives.

"We compete against each other in little things all the time," Eric says. They will take a football to the park and hold a field-goal-kicking contest. Or they'll set up a soccer goal and try penalty shots, taking turns playing goalie and striker. They play cards together and go bowling. But they seldom practice basketball together.

"I've played against a lot of men, and it's a great way to improve," Kelly says. "But the truth is that men are too quick and too strong for women to match up. For instance, I'm taller than my dad and have much better skills. But every time we go out on a court, he just knocks me around."

The dilemma they have to face, of course, is that he is a senior and she is a sophomore. Come May, Eric graduates and the gig is up. They have just four more months. At the moment Eric is thinking about playing ball in an Australian national basketball league. Last summer the Loggers toured Australia, playing 20 games against the best teams there, and Eric impressed a lot of the coaches. Already one Aussie has offered Eric plane fare, help in finding a job and a spot on the roster. There's no pay, but Eric doesn't care. "I really don't want to settle down right after college," he says.

And Kelly? "So far it's always been *me* we've been thinking about," Eric says, "but I know she has a better chance than I do of making a living in basketball. The women's game is growing so fast, and Kelly's so good, she could earn good money playing or coaching. If my basketball days end and she has a chance to transfer and play major-college ball, I'd hook up with some firm and go to work."

Back at the apartment, Kelly is getting ready to leave for practice. She shunts aside the question of her own basketball future. "I'm young," she says. "I have plenty of time." And firmly: "It's more important now for Eric to get his chance. I never want him to think he missed an opportunity because of his wife." She shrugs. The rest of the season is still to be played.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 26-Feb. 1)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST Utah Coach Jerry Pimm knew what his team had to do if it was to defeat Brigham Young in a battle for the Western Athletic Conference lead. The Utes would have to control the big Cougar front line, keep BYU from sweeping the boards clean and pay close attention to Danny Ainge. Those were not small tasks. But when the Cougars came to Salt Lake City, that's exactly what happened. BYU's frontliners, who missed 22 of 31 floor shots, combined for a modest 22 points. Utah was outrebounded only 39–35. And Pace Mannion stuck to Ainge like glue, helping to limit him to 4-for-19 shooting and 16 points, 10 below his average. The Cougars led 28–26 at the intermission, but then the Utes began penetrating the 2–3 zone that had been designed to corral them. When not busy containing the Cougar front line, Utah's Danny Vranes and Tom Chambers teamed up to pull down 20 rebounds and showed why they are 1–2 among the WAC's field-goal shooters. Vranes had six buckets in nine tries and scored 12 points, while Chambers made eight of 12 and scored 22. The game was tied on 20 occasions before Utah won 60–56.

There was also a scramble among the top four teams in the PCAA. Because San Jose's Civic Auditorium was booked, San Jose State met Utah State at nearby Independence High School. Some early rejects by the Aggies' 6′ 11″ Leo Cunningham caused a further change in the Spartans' plans. Instead of working the ball inside as they usually do, they rode to a 68–64 victory behind the outside shooting of Forwards Doug Murray, who had 22 points, and Sid Williams, who had 20. Two nights later, the teams played at Utah State, where San Jose State made 11 of its last 13 floor shots, got a 21-point performance from Murray and came out on top 82–71.

Those results left the Spartans a game up on Long Beach State, which twice defeated UC Irvine. Kevin Magee of Irvine, who began the week as the NCAA scoring leader with a 29.4 average and who was second in field-goal percentage and third in rebounding, left the first game with 11 minutes to go after suffering a broken nose in a battle for a loose ball. At the time, the score was 44–44 and Magee had scored 14 points and grabbed six rebounds. His replacement, Grant Taylor, put the Anteaters on top 53–50 with a three-point play. Long Beach State then ran off 14 straight points and won 70–59. Craig Dykema scored 22 points for the 49ers in that game. Long Beach State won two days later at Irvine 82–78 even though Magee, who briefly wore a nose guard, scored 35 points.

UCLA rallied to break even on the road. After an 81–67 loss at Oregon State (*page 22*), the Bruins trailed Oregon 63–62 with 4:36 left before winning 75–69 as Mike Sanders tossed in 22 points and Rod Foster 20. Arizona State solidified its hold on second place by romping to an 84–66 Pac-10 victory over Stanford as Guards Byron Scott and Lafayette Lever combined for 36 points.

MIDWEST

Will the real Missouri please stand up? On the road, the Tigers have played like declawed kittens, losing six of 11 games. At home, though, they've been a roaring success. Mizzou extended its at-home record to 10–0 by dealing Oklahoma State its first Big Eight loss, 92–77, and stopping Colorado 66–58. Steve Stipanovich had 38 points in the wins as the Tigers pulled to within a game of first-place Oklahoma State. Matt Clark of the Cowboys, who sprained an ankle against Missouri, sat out most of the first half against Oklahoma two days later. Clark, who began the week with a 19.8 scoring average, the best in the league, limped through Oklahoma State's fast-paced attack and scored 15 points in his team's 87–85 victory. Leroy Combs had 23 points and Randy Wright nine assists. Keeping the Sooners close—and sometimes ahead—was 6′ 4″ sophomore Chuck Barnett, who had 34 points and 12 rebounds.

Kansas scored its fewest points in 19 years in a 54–43 loss at Kansas State and fell again at Nebraska 57–54. Even though Rolando Blackman had just one point against the Jayhawks, Wildcat Coach Jack Hartman spoke of his play as a "perfect example" of how effective a guard can be in other ways. Blackman played tough defense, had seven rebounds, seven assists and three steals.

After 12 minutes at West Texas State, Wichita State was down 30–12. When it was all over, the Shockers had a 73–65 triumph and a share of the MVC lead. What made the comeback possible was the Shockers' use of a half-court defense that hounded the Buffaloes into numerous turnovers, seven in the first five minutes of the second half. Wichita State also wiped out Indiana State 93–59. Co-leader Bradley defeated New Mexico State 80–65 as Mitchell Anderson had 24 points and 13 rebounds, and supersub Hasan Houston came off the bench to score 21 points.

SI TOP 20

1.	OREGON STATE (17–0)	1 *
2.	VIRGINIA (18–0)	2
3.	DePAUL (18–1)	3
4.	LOUISIANA ST. (19–1)	4
5.	ARIZONA ST. (15–2)	5
6.	WAKE FOREST (16–2)	6
7.	KENTUCKY (15–3)	7
8.	TENNESSEE (15–3)	9
9.	NOTRE DAME (14–3)	10
10.	UTAH (18–1)	11
11.	UCLA (12–4)	8
12.	N. CAROLINA (16–4)	15
13.	MARYLAND (15–4)	12
14.	BYU (15–4)	14
15.	IOWA (13–4)	13
16.	MICHIGAN (14–3)	18
17.	WICHITA ST. (16–2)	20
18.	S. ALABAMA (17–3)	16
19.	ILLINOIS (13–4)	--
20.	OKLAHOMA ST. (15–3)	19

* Last week

EAST

"Man, I love Big Ten officials. They never call fouls." So said Wake Forest's Jim Johnstone after his 18 points and Frank Johnson's 19 helped hand Marquette an 83–60 setback in a game in Winston-Salem, N.C. refereed by a Midwest crew. The Warriors, down 31–30 at halftime, were worked over in the second half as they suffered their worst defeat since 1964-65.

Although he played just two seasons of high school ball, Center Sam Perkins of North Carolina has become the finest freshman in the Atlantic Coast Conference. In a pair of road games Perkins had 16 points and 12 rebounds as the Tar Heels defeated Clemson 61–47 and added another 16 points as they downed North Carolina State. North Carolina trailed the Wolfpack by five with 9:20 left, but then clamped on a tight zone. It allowed only three points the rest of the way and settled matters when Al Wood converted two foul shots in the final five seconds. Despite the graduation of five seniors from last year's team, the Tar Heels have been surprisingly strong and are one game behind first-place Virginia (*page 26*). North Carolina is short on depth, but Coach Dean Smith has manipulated well. Other factors have been the development of Perkins and the recovery of James Worthy, who broke an ankle last season.

Pitt was leading visiting Maryland 62–55 with 2:56 remaining when Albert King and Greg Manning of the Terps came through. King popped in five quick points and Manning scored on a baseline drive to knot the score with 1:27 left. It was Buck Williams who made the difference in overtime as he netted six points in Maryland's 69–66 win.

Rhode Island (15–3) knocked off Connecticut 78–75 behind Horace Owens' 27 points and then was a 56–49 victor at Rutgers in an Eastern Eight contest. Conference leader West Virginia (15–3), which has outrebounded every opponent this season, stayed a game ahead of the Rams by defeating Pitt 76–63.

A 73–60 victory over Villanova moved Boston College (15–2) into a first-place tie with St. John's in the Big East.

Princeton's Randy Melville converted a free throw with 10 seconds left to give Princeton a 62–61 victory over Penn and a tie for the Ivy League lead with Harvard, which downed Cornell 71–69 in overtime.

Broome (N.Y.) Community College swept past Alfred Tech 70–40 for Coach Dick Baldwin's 760th win. That put Baldwin, 59, fourth on the alltime victory list.

MIDEAST

Kerschplatt. Ka-thump. Crunch. Teams were really mixing it up in the Big Ten last week, despite the officials' best efforts to maintain order. The Purdue-at-Indiana black-and-blue special was only 1:34 old when Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight was hit with a technical for protesting a foul call. Russell Cross, the 6′ 10″ Boilermaker freshman, made all four free throws for a 6–0 lead. Just 18 seconds later, Purdue Coach Gene Keady drew two Ts for protesting that Knight wasn't tagged with one when Knight grabbed an official and moved him out of his line of sight. By the time everyone limped off the floor, 27 fouls had been levied against the Boilermakers and 26 against the Hoosiers. Oh, yes, Isiah Thomas scored 26 points as Indiana won 69–61 to take the lead in the Big Ten.

Earlier in the week at Minnesota, the Hoosiers came back from a 30–18 deficit in the second half for a 56–53 overtime victory. Randy Wittman, told by Knight at halftime, "We can't win without your scoring," got all 14 of his points after the intermission. Two of Wittman's baskets came in the extra period. Five of Indiana's seven losses have been to Top 20 squads, but the Hoosiers have persevered, especially on defense.

Purdue's game at Iowa was another matchup of sophisticated muscles and elbows. "It was terrible out there," Cross admitted after the Boilermakers' 84–67 loss. Hawkeye Coach Lute Olsen liked the way his big men—Steve Krafcisin and Steve Waite—took charge. "They came out thinking aggressively," Olsen said of his Steve-adores, who poured in 28 points and hauled down 15 rebounds. Purdue, which began the season well, has now lost four of its last six games.

Mike McGee had 46 points as Michigan took two road games, 77–52 at Northwestern and 74–67 at Wisconsin. The Badgers led 31–28 at the half, but McGee netted 17 second-half points and propelled the Wolverines to a 70–54 lead at one stage.

"I don't put any pressure on to win," said Illinois Coach Lou Henson of his new, easy-going approach. "I tell my players to play relaxed, move the ball, play the game right." The Illini played right at Michigan State, winning 71–70, and shocked visiting Iowa 79–66 while outrebounding the Hawkeyes 45–31.

With Dominique Wilkins scoring 18 of his 32 points by halftime, Georgia led Kentucky 31–18 at one point and 37–30 at the intermission. But then the Wildcats' Sam Bowie scored several times off alley-oop passes to help send the game into overtime. Bowie blocked an unwise Bulldog shot with 48 sec-

continued

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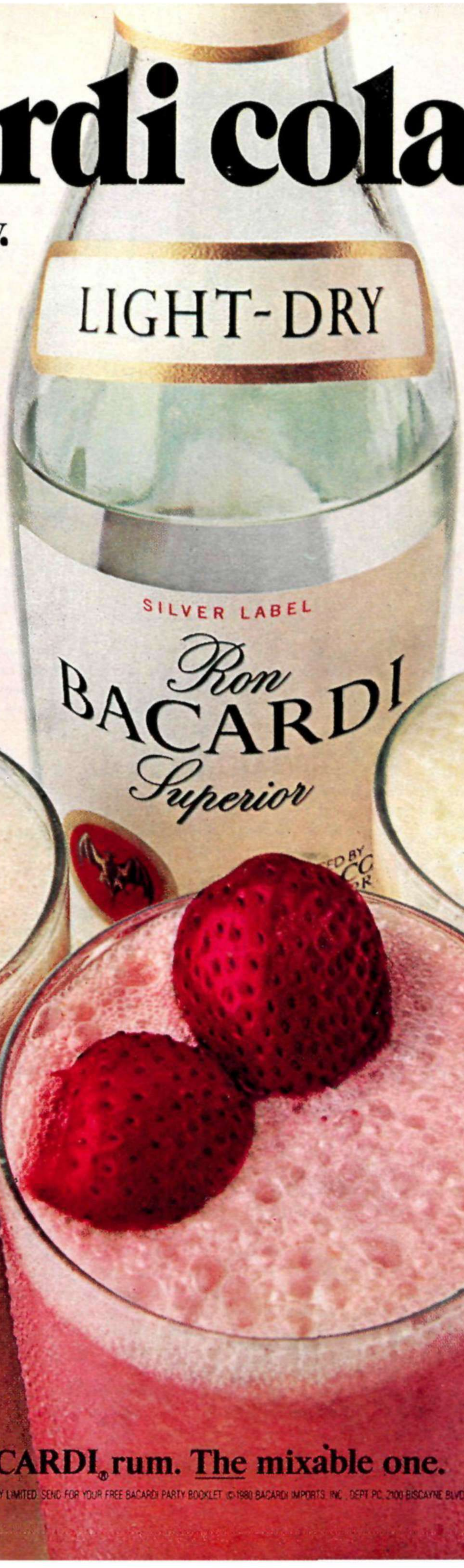

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onds left in the first extra period, and Kentucky took the ball downcourt for a tying basket. In the second overtime, Dirk Minniefield's dunk put Kentucky ahead 67–64 and safely on the way to a 71–68 victory.

Second-half surges kept Louisiana State unbeaten in the SEC. In a game at Mississippi, the Tigers finally took the lead for keeps with 10 minutes to go and won 69–63 as Durand Macklin had 21 points and 10 rebounds. Florida's young squad put up a fight, too, before succumbing 92–75 at LSU. Freshmen Ronnie Williams and Vernon Delancy had a total of 45 points as the Gators became the first conference team to score in the 70s against the Tigers. Macklin had 28 points in that game, Howard Carter scored 25 and Ethan Martin added 18. Martin also had 10 assists and four steals, giving him 50 thefts in the 18 games he has played.

Dale Ellis twice came through in the late going to carry Tennessee to home-court triumphs, 72–67 over Georgia and 62–58 over Alabama. Ellis led the Vols back from a pair of eight-point deficits against the Bulldogs and finished with 24 points.

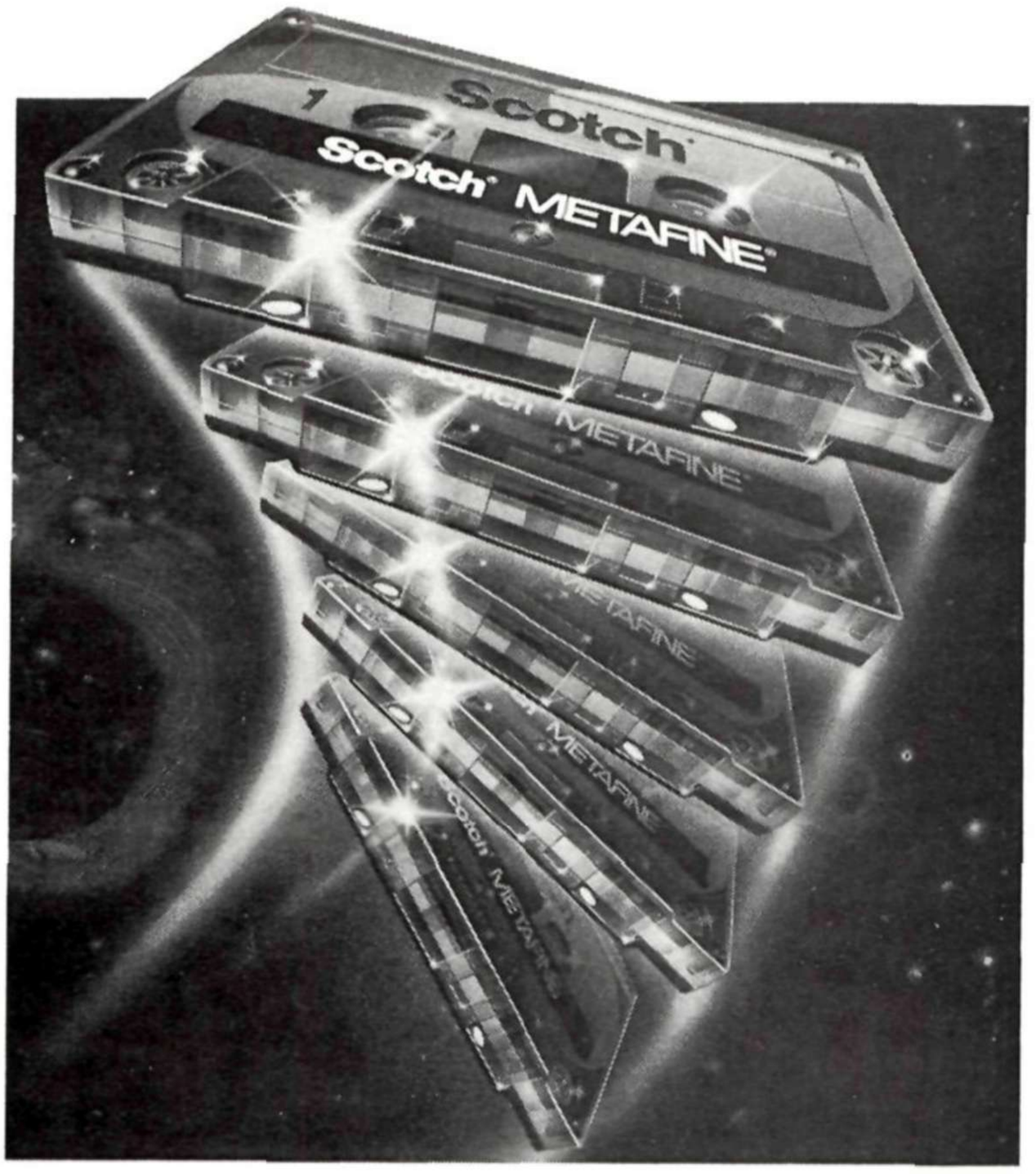
PLAYER OF THE WEEK

STEVE JOHNSON: The 6′ 10½″, 235-pound senior center kept Oregon State first in the Pac-10 by sinking 23 of 34 floor shots, scoring 52 points, grabbing 23 rebounds and getting seven assists in wins over UCLA and USC.

It was Thursday, and DePaul Coach Ray Meyer was seated in his new office, which features dark green carpeting and walnut paneling. Nonetheless, Meyer was glum about his team's latest uninspiring victory, 54–50 the night before at Illinois State. In between mouthfuls of raspberry ice cream, Meyer said, "We were walking into the locker room after one game and a player, who didn't know I was behind him, said, 'I'll bet we took five years off Coach's life tonight.' We're not rebounding. We're a transition team and we *have* to rebound. Are we playing not to lose or to win?" On Sunday against Syracuse, the Blue Demons played to win and did, 91–69.

A Sun Belt Conference-record crowd of 16,131 was at Alabama-Birmingham as the Blazers bumped South Alabama out of first place 73–70. The Blazers did it the hard way, trailing by 16 in the first half and then shifting from a zone to a man-to-man in the last 20 minutes when they held the Jaguars to 32.0% shooting. Oliver Robinson had 26 points for UAB, which also ended South Florida's 12-game winning streak, 70–53.

Kelly Tripucka tossed in 39 points as Notre Dame defeated Cornell 80–57 and South Carolina 94–84. The Gamecocks' Zam Fredrick had 34 points against the Irish, 29 in a 93–77 win over Richmond and 39 in a 90–72 defeat of Hofstra. **END**



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3M

by Jim Kaplan

Will he be Willie again?

In most respects, the affair at the Pines Manor restaurant in Edison, N.J. was a typical winter sports banquet. Manager Dallas Green and Vice-President Paul Owens of the world-champion Philadelphia Phillies made speeches. A "Good Guy" award went to the New York Yankees' Willie Randolph. The master of ceremonies drew the inevitable analogy between sports and patriotism. There was, however, one moment worth treasuring. The part of the program that brought 700 people to their feet and sent them home smiling was a brief address by New Jersey's own Willie Wilson, the Kansas City leftfielder.

The emcee had hailed Wilson as "the Jersey Jet," who "tracks down anything hit to the outfield faster than anyone in the major leagues, maybe faster than anyone past, present or future." Swelling now, the man went on, "He has already written one record into the books—he has had more trips to the plate [actually, at bats in one season—705] than anyone in the history of the game of baseball."

As he listened, Wilson wondered what to say. "I always speak my mind," he'd said before the banquet. "If I feel happy, I give my happy speech. If I feel sad, I give my sad speech."

In fact, Wilson felt a little of each. After thanking the New Jersey Sports Writers Association for giving him the state's Pro Athlete of the Year award and expressing his joy at attending the banquet, Wilson turned to the emcee. "I got another record you didn't tell them about," he said, good-naturedly. "It's 12 strikeouts in the World Series." There was more laughter, and then generous applause.

"You try to forget things like that, but how can I?" Wilson continued. "I got two Phillies on my right and a Yankee on my left." More laughter and applause. "But it was a pleasure to be in the World Series. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I can hold my head high because I was there." His last words were drowned in cheers.

The season's hero and the Series goat, Willie Wilson mulls his ups and downs

Switch-hitter Wilson hit .326 in the season but only .154, with a record 12 whiffs, in the Series.

It was a touching scene: an athlete admitting his fallibility, even making fun of it, and vowing to forge ahead. Responding warmly, the fans at the banquet seemed willing to overlook Wilson's Series, if only he could. But when Green privately told him, "You'll make good money, Willie, you'll get all the accolades in the world," Wilson replied, "I just hope I get a chance to redeem myself in another Series." Wilson hadn't forgotten.

How could he forget? Charged with responsibility for igniting the offense, he struck out to open the Series, struck out to end it and struck out 10 times in between; he batted .154 and was labeled the goat. Oh, how he suffered. Wilson's winter of discontent has been as prolonged as the Phillie celebration.

Historically, ballplayers have recovered quickly from poor Series. Mickey Owen of the 1941 Dodgers, Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky of the 1946 Red Sox, Gil Hodges of the 1952 Dodgers and Eddie Murray of the 1979 Orioles, to name a few, had good seasons in the immediate aftermath. Hodges is the only one of the five who had a chance to redeem himself in subsequent Series; he had good ones in 1953, 1955 and 1956.

But history was of little consolation to Wilson in the anguished moments following his final strikeout in Philadelphia. "When I struck out for the last time, everything seemed to be moving in slow motion," he said recently at his mother's house in Summit, N.J. "I saw the catcher jump in the air, the police dogs in the dugout, the people in the stands, and it was like a dream that wasn't true. I was walking in slow motion back to the dugout. The season wasn't over; it was just another game. Then—*boom!*—it all came home to me."

The reality was too much to bear. Returning to Kansas City, Wilson went into seclusion. "I was embarrassed to go outside, embarrassed that people would see me in the streets or stores," he said. "I kept replaying videotapes of me hitting during the season. I saw that I was relaxed, not tight, not looking up. I just went up and hit. But when your mind's going bad, you start doing things wrong physically, like turning your head and shoulders before hitting. In the Series I was way ahead of the ball, trying to kill it instead of just throwing my bat out. And I kept doing that, even when I had my thinking straight. In fact, the last time up, I was sure I'd get a hit."

The Phillies had been exploiting Wilson's bent-over stance by pitching him inside and preventing him from extending his arms. Then on Wilson's final at bat, with the tying runs on base, Tug McGraw fed him the high pitch Wilson had been expecting, and it tailed out over the plate. But Wilson's body wouldn't obey his mind. He didn't strike out swinging; he struck out *flailing*.

continued

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Looking back, Wilson believes the strikeouts were as much the product of his frame of mind as of the Phillies' strategy. "I think I got tight because I'm young," he said. "I'm 25, and when it hit me that I was in the World Series, the pressure began. I read how important I was supposed to be, and I took the whole load on myself. I was all right on defense, but not on offense. I could see faces, see people yelling at me, but I wasn't able to listen. It was as if I was a rookie again. I was in a fog." The very memory sometimes seems to disorient him. Talking, cigarette in hand, he reclined on his mother's couch, threw his arms back and burned a hole in a drape.

After the Series, Wilson mulled over his failure for hours on end, leaving the house only to collect mail at Royals Stadium. "And that's what cheered me up," he said. "I got letters from all over, and people were so kind it was unreal. They'd say, 'What are you hanging your head for? Don't forget the great season you had. We'll be rooting for you when you come back here.' I must have read 250 letters, and only one, from somebody in Philadelphia, was nasty. So after a week or so, I felt fine."

But as he ventured into the world, Wilson met precious few of his sympathetic correspondents. Everywhere he went—to clubs, restaurants, stores—people reminded him of the Series. "They tried to be nice, but they didn't know how to do it," he said. "Some guys came up to me and said they'd lost money on me. I didn't know whether they were kidding or not. And some of my buddies said, 'I try to stick up for you, but people say you choked.' That just made me feel worse." Wilson's private moments haven't been particularly pleasant either. "I hear the battery commercial that has the 'Is the World Series just another game?' line in it, and I start thinking about striking out all over."

When Wilson reviews the 1980 season, he thinks of little but the Series. That's a shame, because he had a regular season and a playoff that were well worth remembering. During the season Wilson batted .326, stole 79 bases in 89 attempts, led the American League in runs (133) and hits (230) and tied for the lead in triples (15), set league records of 32 consecutive stolen bases and 184 singles, and was the Royals' Iron Man, playing in 161 games. Wilson also won a Gold Glove for his exemplary work in leftfield. His was a year for the books. "Some of the things I did," Wilson says, "were hard for *me* to believe."

Just how valuable was Wilson? Just before the playoffs, when Moss Klein of the Newark, N.J. *Star-Ledger* asked some Royal and Yankee players for their MVP preference, nine of 11 Royals and seven of nine Yankees chose Wilson over his teammate George Brett, who only batted .390. "I pointed out to Darrell Porter that the Royals were 22–26 without Brett, and he said, 'Without Willie we might have been 8–40,' " says Klein. "Reggie Jackson told me, 'He's a walking double. When I'm in rightfield, I hope he doesn't get a hit in my area because he'll be running around the bases laughing while I'm juggling the ball.' The Yankee pitchers talked about how Wilson upset them when he was on base, and the hitters spoke of how he ran everything down in the outfield. Here I was trying to argue in favor of Brett, and guys were turning it around! I began to realize that, unlike the other candidates, Wilson had no argument against him: Brett missed too many games, Reggie slumped in September, and Goose Gossage is a relief pitcher who didn't play every day and blew some games during the last week of the season." Klein eventually cast the only first-place vote Wilson received during the MVP balloting, in which Willie finished fourth. Wilson continued his fine play in the playoff sweep of the Yankees, batting .308 and driving in four runs.

Then came the Series. Wilson's statistics looked awful, but did he doom the Royal cause, as his critics charge? On the contrary. He had his good moments, too. In the 10th inning of the third game Wilson walked on four pitches, stole second despite a pitchout and scored the winning run on Willie Aikens' hit. The next day Wilson sparked a four-run first inning by singling and advancing to third upon drawing a wild pickoff from the Phillies' rattled pitcher, Larry Christenson. The lead held up, in part because Wilson made a spectacular catch of Bob Boone's seventh-inning drive.

The Royals lost the Series the same way they'd won in the regular season and playoffs: as a team. But Wilson's bad stats singled him out for attention, and when he was questioned, he was characteristically frank, admitting his own shortcomings, but also pointing out team deficiencies, thereby earning himself a label almost as odious as goat: alibier. Had he really wanted an alibi, he had one as credible as Brett's hemorrhoids. A wisdom tooth was coming in, and the pain kept Wilson up nights and bothered him during games. "When the painkilling shots wore off, the tooth would go wild," he said. "I'd be rubbing it with my tongue and at the same time trying to keep my mouth shut so the wind wouldn't get it." He disclosed the ache to no one but the team doctor.

A sensitive realist, Willie surveys his future.

"As far as I'm concerned, everything's fine now," he said. "I can talk about what happened and I can't wait for the 1981 season to begin. I look forward to another Series. Every year I've had a challenge of some kind, and this will be the next one. I just had to be by myself for a while, to think things over without 20 different people telling me what to do, without having to be nice to everyone."

Wilson's feelings are easily hurt, so it's natural the Series would leave him traumatized. His personality provided no defenses. Self-effacing and deferential, Wilson calls older men "Mister," has little use for scrapbooks or trophies and speaks earnestly of building a much-needed laundromat in downtown Summit. He's happy in a crowd, miserable when watched at close quarters. "I just want people to keep in mind that I'm human," he said. The World Series and its aftermath should be proof enough of that for anyone. **END**

Florida. Flor-i-da. The three syllables trip gaily off the tongue. Florida, the land of flowers, the American Eden, a glorious confluence of sun, land and water. Florida has 1,000 miles of coastline, more than any state except Alaska. Florida has 10,000 miles of rivers and streams and more than 7,000 lakes and springs that well up from the great limestone bed underlying the peninsula. The only state except Hawaii that can be called tropical, it's a biological treasure-house, with more than 3,000 species of plants and a profusion of animal life.

Thirty-eight million tourists are expected to visit Florida this year, and some who like what they see will stay for good. There is a flood tide of people moving to the state. Every week some 7,000 people arrive seeking the good life. In 1950 Florida had a population of 2.7 million and ranked 20th among the states. By 1960 the population had almost doubled to 4.9 million, and Florida ranked 10th. Now the population has doubled again, to almost 10 million, and the state

continued

There's Trouble in Paradise

The channelized Kissimmee River, once a meandering stream that nourished a wide floodplain, symbolizes Florida's dilemma: too many people demanding too much of the state's fragile land and water systems

by Robert H. Boyle and Rose Mary Mechem

giddiness is Tampa, where more new construction was announced last year than had been completed in the previous 50, and where one of "the most spectacular developments" will be an office/hotel/retail complex, starting with a 20-story office tower that will feature "a stunning lobby and a three-level atrium."

The sad fact is that Florida is going down the tube. Indeed, in no state is the environment being wrecked faster and on a larger scale. Some gorgeous places still exist, but there are few areas that aren't under siege, ranging from the Everglades in the south ("The Everglades—a Dying System," runs a headline in the magazine *Florida Out-of-Doors*) to the storied Suwannee River in the north, threatened by phosphate mining.

ranks seventh. By the turn of the century, Florida is expected to have 14 million people, and rank fourth.

Boosters and boomers see nothing but good in this population explosion. "Florida is the growingest big state. . . . On that basis the picture is bright," says a subscription appeal for *The Kiplinger Florida Letter*, while another business newsletter, *Florida Forecasts*, notes, in an item entitled "Music to Their Ears," that Governor Bob Graham has told the state's Industrial Development Research Council that his administration is dedicated to bringing in more industry. A special supplement in the magazine published by Eastern Airlines, which flies seven million people a year to the Sunshine State, reports that Florida is "turning into a state of euphoria for all who go there." A "striking example" of this

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

ened by phosphate mining, housing developments and a pipeline to carry water to an adjoining county. And there are serious urban ills. Miami, which erupted in racial riots last year, has a soaring crime rate. Dade County, which includes Miami, had 580 murders in 1980, one of the highest per-capita rates in the nation, and many of the killings were drug-related. Drug smuggling may, in fact, be the biggest industry in the state. A skipper with a fast boat and a knowledge of shallow coastal waters can make $100,000 in a single night. The recent big jump in the price of real estate in south Florida is attributed partly to the laundering of drug profits. Last fall Governor Graham suspended the Monroe County state attorney after the attorney had been charged with using drugs.

On the environmental front, the basic integrity of the state's lands and waters is at stake. Florida, said ecologist Raymond F. Dasmann in his study *No Further Retreat*, "is a leading contender for first place in the nation's chamber of environmental horrors." Dasmann wrote those words 10 years ago, but since then the state's Department of Natural Resources, an ineffective agency at best, has conceded that Florida is undergoing "ecological disaster."

The key is water. For the last century, but particularly since World War II, federal and state agencies and a host of Floridians have been enthusiastically administering ecological enemas to marshes, swamps, wetlands and floodplains. Such areas cleanse water naturally, but now many have been drained to make way for cities, towns, housing developments, farms, industrial parks and shopping malls. This not only depletes the water storage capacity of the limestone aquifers below but also degrades the surface water. In many locations Floridians have, in essence, run a hose from their toilet to the kitchen faucet.

"The failure of the state to manage water sensibly is involved in virtually every environmental issue," says Charles Lee, 30, lobbyist and vice-president for conservation for the Florida Audubon Society. "There's no common body of state policy on water, and that's why we are in very real danger of losing all. The Water Resources Act passed by the legislature in 1972 calls for development of a state water plan, but we don't have one yet. Every environmental fight funnels into government for a hearing. If you can muster a coalition with clout to beat back a project, you have a chance, but it's a case-by-case treadmill. Proponents of development projects are well financed and

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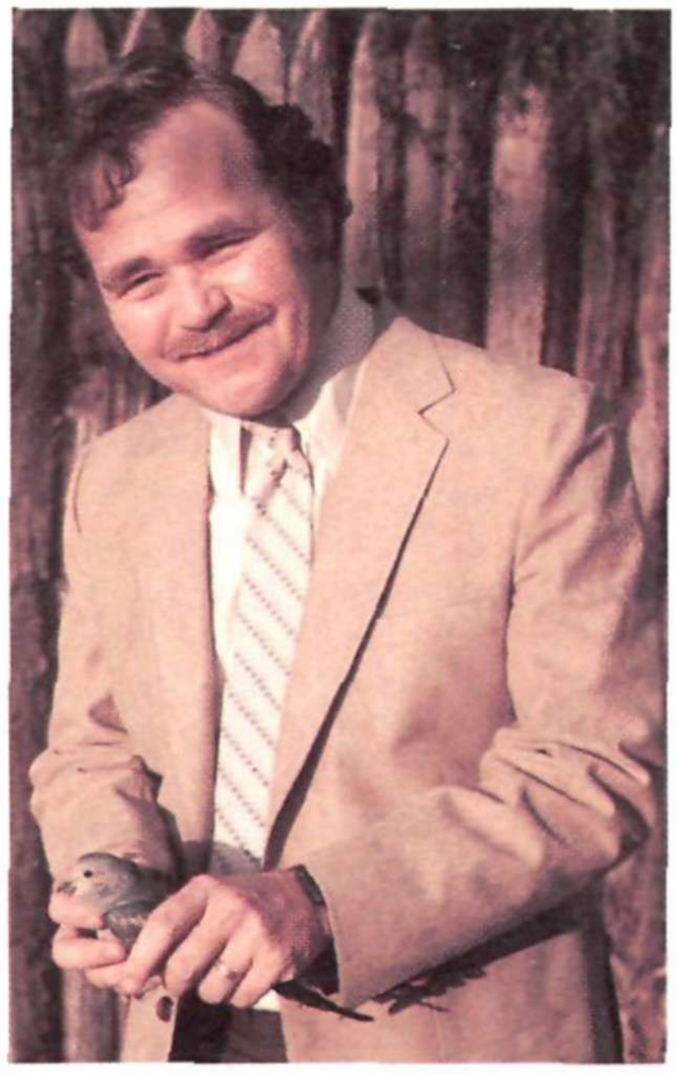

Florida pioneers and problems (clockwise from right): Audubon's Lee rescues a mourning dove; Marshall feels the Glades aren't mucked up enough; Douglas strolls the wetlands she helped save; evidence of the state's population explosion—a development awaiting new homeowners on the Gulf Coast.

The dimples beneath the water off an Everglades mangrove forest are spawning holes for fish, a major concern of hunter-fisherman John Jones.

Florida *continued*

usually politically well connected, while opponents are most often citizens groups that don't have the resources of the pro-development forces. Some concerned officials in government take an active role, others play Pontius Pilate. As far as the environment is concerned, we have a government of men, not a government of laws. If the right man happens to be in the right spot, you have a chance. Otherwise the battle is lost."

If Lee's words seem overwrought, consider the following:

• The volume of fresh water in the Biscayne aquifer serving Dade County has decreased so much that in times of drought wells have to be closed because salt water intrudes from the sea. Even when there is no drought, Miami's drinking water is one of the most chemically contaminated of any city in the country.

• The Miami Canal and others in the state are grossly polluted with dangerous levels of coliform bacteria. "Perhaps if people knew something about the water quality of our canals, they would hesitate before buying waterfront homes," Chris Pflum, an environmentalist, writes in *Florida Naturalist*. "A child can pick up less bacteria playing in a toilet than in many canals."

• Forty states have one or more sites containing potentially hazardous wastes with no barrier to the groundwater. Florida is by far the worst offender in the country, with 103 such sites.

• Tampa Bay, once a glory of the state, is also filthy. "It's a mess," says Dr. Robert J. (Skip) Livingston, a marine ecologist at Florida State University. "There will never be an oyster in Tampa Bay again. It's unsafe to swim in Hillsborough Bay, as the northeastern portion of Tampa Bay is called, it's so polluted."

• All told, only 38% of Florida's estuarine habitat is still in a near-pristine condition. Miles of mangrove stands, which shelter fish spawning and nursery grounds, have been ripped up and smothered, and fish populations have dropped alarmingly. Snook are in such short supply that the establishment of a hatchery is being considered. Great numbers of shellfish grounds have disappeared since 1950. Of those left, only 23% are safe for harvesting.

• More than half the fresh waters in Florida, reports the state's Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, "have been negatively altered or degraded. . . . Basically, the natural habitat that is crucial for fish and wildlife species has shrunken dramatically and what is left is being destroyed on a piecemeal basis. We are casually destroying an annual $1 billion freshwater sports-fishing industry." The St. Johns River in northeast Florida, the state's largest waterway and once the most famous bass river in the country, is perhaps too far gone to save. It's plagued by industrial waste, municipal sewage and uncontrolled urban runoff. In two major kills last year, 15 million fish went belly-up in the St. Johns.

• Central Florida's Lake Apopka, once one of the state's most celebrated bass lakes, is now a septic tank of pollution, and Lake Tohopekaliga, another sport-fishing mecca, may soon be destroyed by runoff from farms and developments and discharges from two sewage plants on Shingle Creek, a tributary called "an environmental time bomb" by the Orlan-

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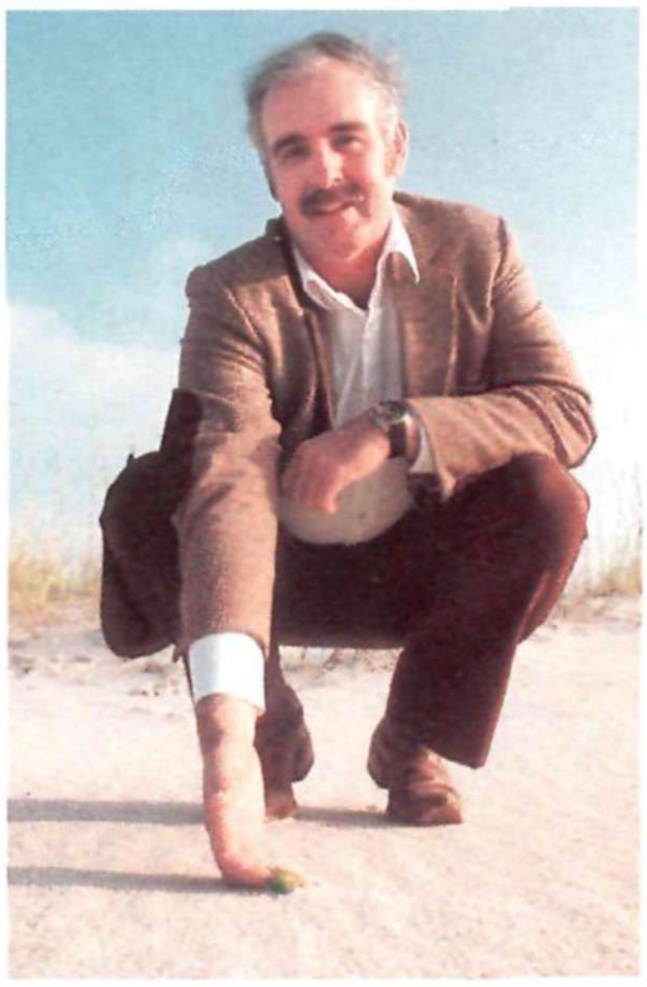
do *Sentinel Star*. Last March biologist Vince Williams of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission reported that Lake Tohopekaliga will probably be lost within the next decade. "If Lake Tohopekaliga goes, the other downstream lakes in the chain, including Cypress, Hatchineha and Kissimmee, will undoubtedly do the same," says Williams. Lake Okeechobee, one of the largest lakes in the U.S., is polluted by farm wastes and pesticides.

The loss of habitat is continuing at such a pace that John C. Jones, executive director of the Florida Wildlife Federation, tells his 50,000 members that he doubts there will be any need for hunting licenses in 20 years. The same, he says, could go for fishing licenses. There simply may not be any game or fish to go after. Jones, who 10 years ago gave up a successful plumbing contracting business to work fulltime toward saving his native state's wildlife, believes that the most endangered species in Florida is not the well-publicized manatee or the Everglades kite but the Florida sportsman. The marsh where Jones once hunted ducks is now the Palm Beach Auditorium; a housing project is situated on his dove-hunting grounds; the Florida Turnpike runs over another favorite spot; Century Village, a condominium complex with 15,000 residents, covers still another; the field in which he used to train his dogs is filled with litter, broken glass and abandoned cars; and the meandering Kissimmee River, where Jones and his wife, Mariana, once fished for bass, is now a channelized and polluted ditch. A Mormon convert, Jones likes to quote Isaiah 5:8: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place. . . ."

Even some of the state's most famous natural assets are being destroyed. "If there's any one thing that makes Florida unique from an environmental standpoint it's the coastal areas," says Tallahassee attorney Jay Landers, former secretary of the state's Department of Environmental Regulation. "To me the biggest environmental tragedy in Florida is the fact that so many of our beach areas have been ruined. Until 10 years ago, it was common practice to bulldoze sand dunes to put in a development. That has changed dramatically since the passage of the Beach and Shore Preservation Act in 1965 and the subsequent establishment of coastal construction setback lines on a county-by-county basis. No construction is allowed seaward of that line except through special permits. But for many areas of the state it's much too late. Had we had a law like that 50 years ago, Florida would still be a remarkably beautiful coastal state. There's not much left. There are a few stretches here and there where we can still go and see what it was like 100 years ago. Some stretches along the panhandle, which is relatively undeveloped, are just magnificent."



On St. George Island, Livingston (right) admires a tuft of dune grass, while Reed surveys land that he has helped to preserve on Jupiter Island.

Miami Beach is a classic example of the destroy-and-develop concept of building. Nelson Blake, historian and critic of urban water systems, describes in his recent book, *Land into Water, Water into Land*, how developers "transformed a swampy island into the glittering resort of Miami Beach. Armies of laborers hacked away the mangroves with machetes, and great dredges pumped sand from the bottom of the ocean and spread it over the swamp to provide land for hotels, polo grounds, golf courses, tennis courts, yacht basins and bathhouses." Yet as destructive as the creation of Miami Beach was to the im-

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Phosphate strip mining has left Polk County scarred by gypsum piles and slime ponds, a situation deplored by Carr and other conservationists.

Florida continued

mediate environment, it did not, in the view of most ecologists, create the kind of long-term problems caused by the filling, draining and development of other coastal and interior wetlands.

Last September, the Orlando *Sentinel Star*, in a special 10-page supplement entitled "Florida's Water: Clean It or Kill It," reported, "Waters are befouled by farms, developers, industry, cars and homeowners. . . . When compared with 20 years ago, the picture is bleak. Once-pristine lakes and streams run dark from years of use as convenient septic tanks in the growth-at-any-cost philosophy. What the future holds is uncertain. Some experts foresee a crisis of major proportions by the year 2000, a teeming Florida choking on its own wastes, a paradise lost, the legacy of public officials unwilling to protect the environment that attracted them and their neighbors here in the first place." In an editorial, the *Sentinel Star* described local governments, particularly its own Orange County Commission, as negligent and guilty of political cowardice and concluded, "Florida will wither and die if it is continually choking on ever-increasing amounts of human and industrial waste.

It is, it always has been, a case of life or death. It is only now that we are finally realizing that."

As bad as the mess is in Florida, it would be a lot worse were it not for the local environmentalists who have been battling this degradation since the 1960s. In Miami they've included attorney Alice Wainwright, later president of the Tropical Audubon Society; the current Florida Audubon vice-president, Lee, then a 15-year-old sports fisherman whose mother chauffeured him to environmental meetings; Jim Redford, now a Dade County commissioner, and his late wife, Polly; and Marjory Stoneman Douglas, author of *The Everglades: River of Grass*, who's still active at 90.

Working in various combinations, these pioneers scored some stunning victories in the '60s and early '70s. They stopped a refinery project on Biscayne Bay, fought off development of the northernmost keys and got Congress to establish the Biscayne National Monument, a 96,000-acre preserve of small keys, coral reefs and bay shore. This was followed up with the defeat of the Everglades jetport and a corollary effort that resulted in the acquisition of the Big Cypress Swamp as a national preserve. To the north, Marjorie Carr of Gainesville, a fisheries biologist and mother of five, and Bill Partington, a jazz pianist from Winter Park, helped stir up such a commotion about the Cross Florida Barge Canal that President Nixon finally halted construction of it in 1971.

Volunteer experts and grass-roots workers have been the key to the environmentalists' most important victories. Or, as Carr puts it, "When it comes to the final battles, the bodies have to be there." At 65, she's now directing her efforts toward increasing the clout of the Florida Defenders of the Environment, an organization she helped found in 1969. "The objective then was to defeat the canal," she says, "but now the thing I'm most excited about is trying to expand the organization. We plan to hire an executive director and a couple of assistants so we can make the best use of our volunteer specialists. And we want to open a year-round office in Tallahassee because we think there ought to be at least one environmental center in the state capital."

There is still much work for enthusiasts like Carr. For instance, in a second special supplement in December, the *Sentinel Star* reported that the phosphate mining industry, which is based primarily in central Florida's Polk County, currently uses 200 million gallons of water daily, almost four times as much as the city of Orlando. But the quantity of water consumed, the pollution by waste of yet more water and the miles of landscape scarred by slime ponds and gypsum piles are insignificant compared to the uncomputed damage to human and animal life that may result from exposure to radioactive by-products of the mining operation. One Florida organization, Manasota 88, based in Sarasota, south of Manatee County, is making the

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problems created by phosphate mining its major concern.

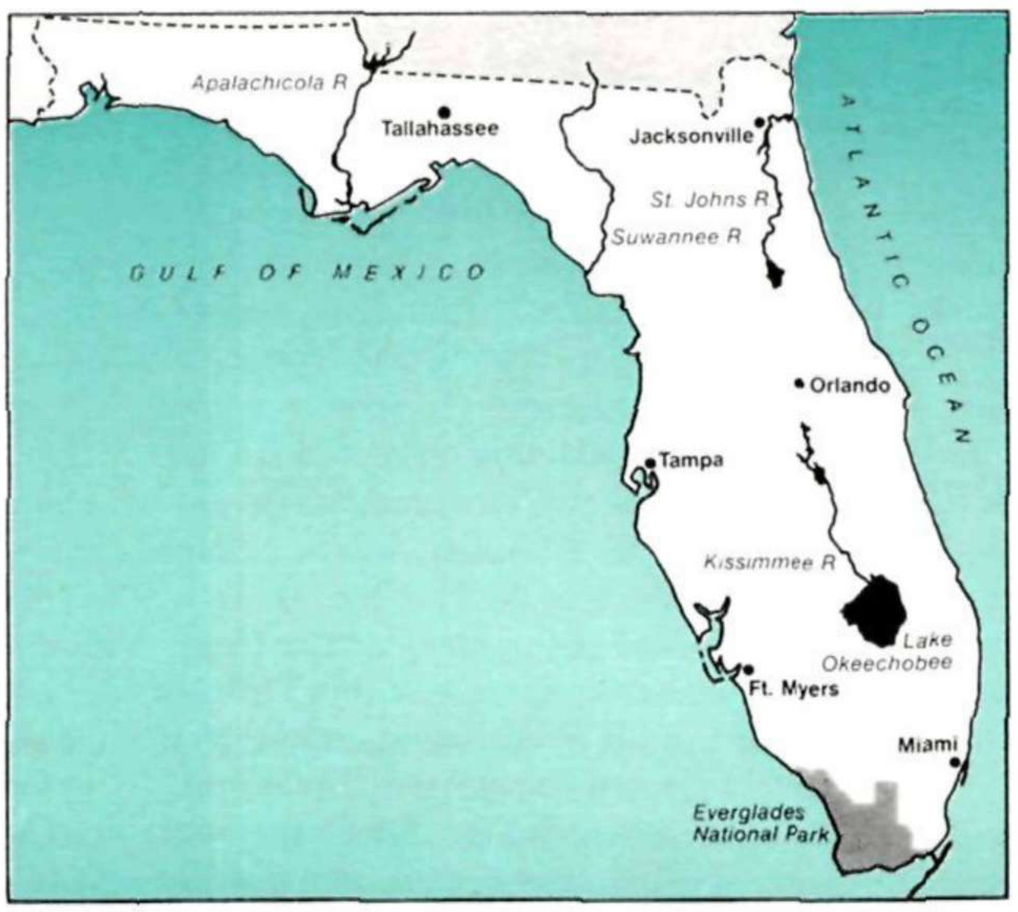
Countless conservation groups have sprung up in the decade since environmental awareness took root in Florida. And countless thousands of individuals have joined the activist ranks. These crusaders believe that, though parts of Florida are ruined forever, other areas can be at least partially repaired, such as the Everglades system, which is vital to south Florida's human and wildlife populations, and still other parts can be preserved, such as the Apalachicola, the last major undisturbed river and estuary in the state.

The fate of Florida depends on these environmentalists as well as on its well-informed hunters and fishermen because they're light-years ahead of everyone else, including government, in the drive to keep Florida livable.

A central figure in this battle is Nathaniel P. Reed, 47, of Jupiter Island, 25 miles north of Palm Beach. A former assistant secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks in the Nixon and Ford administrations, Reed is wealthy, articulate and extraordinarily energetic. Sooner or later anyone who messes around with Florida's environment has to reckon with him. "Nat Reed is a 2,000-pound gorilla," says Jones of Florida Wildlife Federation.

An avid birder and lepidopterist and a skillful hunter and fisherman since boyhood, Reed went north to prep school and college and then served four years as an Air Force intelligence officer until his discharge in 1959. "The change in Florida in those four years was so dramatic I couldn't believe it," he says. Reed traveled the state and was appalled by what he saw. "I became totally incensed about what was happening. I started speaking to Rotary Clubs and local Audubon chapters and wrote a great many letters. Now there are hundreds of thousands of people who are willing to raise hell, but they weren't there 20 years ago. I was regarded as a lunatic or the rich kid who didn't want to share Florida with anyone else. I actually got thrown out of one water board meeting."

In 1966 Reed met Claude Kirk, the GOP gubernatorial candidate that year. No Republican had ever won the governorship of Florida, but after Kirk told Reed that he was "going to change everything in Tallahassee," Reed helped raise campaign money and, with Lyman Rogers, a sporting-goods salesman and angler, wrote Kirk's position paper on natural resources. When Kirk was elected, Reed served as the governor's special assistant for four years. "I did everything from opening his mail to troubleshooting," Reed says. "For the last two years I also served as chairman of air and water pollution control. Things were so bad that even the polluters wanted some guidance. Kirk was the first governor to take a stand for conservation. He became the strongest proponent of the Biscayne National Monument. He was against the barge canal and the dredging of the Kissimmee River."



On Florida's 1,000-mile coast, many of the beaches are severely eroded.

In 1969 Reed, Rogers and others organized Conservation '70s to serve as a lobbying group in the legislature and as a result, the next year the legislature passed 41 of 55 proposed environmental bills. Although some of the legislation was weak, the new laws gave much-needed muscle to Florida's environmental movement by providing funds for sewage-treatment plants, penalizing polluters, creating a state wilderness system and establishing setback lines for beach construction.

In 1970, after Kirk lost the governorship to Democrat Reubin Askew, Askew asked Reed to stay on in his same role. He remained for seven months and then moved to Washington and the Department of the Interior. Askew kept the momentum going for reform, appointing a 15-member task force to recommend legislation. In 1972 the legislature passed four important bills: the so-called Endangered Lands Act, the State Comprehensive Planning Act, the Water Resources Act and the Environmental Land and Water Management Act. These constituted the last big burst of legislation. The last two were landmarks at the time. No other state had anything comparable in scope.

When Graham, who is generally credited with getting the bills through the state senate, was elected governor in 1978, environmentalists were full of hope. But the Democrat from Miami Lakes has been a disappointment to many of his supporters.

Florida sportsmen recently attacked Graham for siding with "the despoilers" in a "many-million-dollar drainage deal that benefits a precious few" in Hendry County. "With the exception of Warren Henderson, there never was a better environmental senator than Bob Graham," says Jones, "but as governor he has wandered away from us. I can't even get in to talk with him, and I run the biggest conservation organization in Florida. As a governor, he ain't got it. People say he has gotten more conservative, more right-wing, so he can run for President, and to do that he has to pacify those people who don't like environmentalists—the sugarcane league, agribusiness, the biggies. I'm a conservative, and to me that means conserving clean air and clean water as well as money."

The people and how they respond to their own increasing demands on the state's resources will determine what happens to Florida. David Pearson, a marketing consultant to developers of re-

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sort communities, was Graham's campaign manager. A member of the board of directors of the Florida Audubon Society, Pearson regards himself as an environmentalist. "Florida is the cutting edge for the rest of the country," he says. "All the problems we face here are simply problems that are waiting to exist in other places. We're under a magnifying glass." Indeed, ENFO, the newsletter of the Florida Conservation Foundation, considers the "basic cause of present national and world turmoil" to be the growing scarcity of natural resources. Reed also believes that "the great problem America faces is coming to terms with limited resources. We've been a nation of boomers, with Florida traditionally the biggest boomer state of all."

According to Reed, a board member of the South Florida Water Management District, which includes the Everglades system, the place to start undoing the damage is in the Glades. "The option is still open to repair that system," he says.

"Note the word repair, not restore," says Arthur R. Marshall, the author of just such a plan. "To restore the Everglades, I'd have to move 300,000 houses." A scientist who's widely regarded as having the best insight into Florida's ecological problems, Marshall, 61, embarked on his mission as an environmental evangelist in 1960, when he became the Florida administrator for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. After a brief stint as a professor and the director of the division of applied ecology at the University of Miami and later as a professor at the University of Florida, he became a private consultant in 1974. Marshall preaches a regard for ecosystems, for how they function and for how mankind can use them to advantage. In 1962 he caused a furor by predicting the end of the million-dollar-a-year scallop fishery in Pine Island Sound off the west coast of southern Florida if Lee County built a causeway to Sanibel Island. The county attorney demanded, unsuccessfully, that the Fish and Wildlife Service transfer Marshall out of the state. The causeway was built, and in two years the scallop fishery had disappeared for good. "I hit that right on the nose because I was doing ecological-systems thinking," Marshall says. "The causeway retarded the outflow of fresh water and backed it up into Pine Island Sound. That reduced salinity levels below 20 parts per thousand, and that killed the scallop larvae. We don't have any agencies in state government that consider whole ecosystems, and that's a major problem. If we don't change our way of thinking, we're going to see the collapse of our systems and the resources they've provided."

Marshall has spent 20 years studying the Everglades, a system that doesn't originate within the national park boundaries, or even in Lake Okeechobee, but to the north near Orlando, in a chain of lakes in the upper Kissimmee River basin. "Historically, these lakes overflowed during the rainy season and sent a sheet flow of water over the mile-wide floodplain of the lower Kissimmee River," Marshall says. "That river should never have been channelized. Some of the water soaked into the shallow aquifer, while the rest ultimately spilled into Lake Okeechobee. Water then moved out of Okeechobee through six or seven streams running south from the lake into the great sawgrass country of the Everglades. This freshwater flow into Florida Bay, at the tip of the state, created the brackish estuarine conditions that shrimp and many fish need to thrive. But because of the reduced flow, the marine fisheries in Florida Bay are now under duress—guides are going broke—freshwater fish are threatened, some bird species are on the brink, the aquifer is absorbing less and less fresh water, and we're losing muck because the whole system has been diked and ditched. But it's still a single basin, and we can upgrade it, repair it. We can't take it back 150 years, but we can do a lot.

"I mentioned muck. Say the word muck to someone and they think you're out of your mind, but muck to me is the key to the Everglades. If we can generate muck, we're improving the system. The muck soils of the Everglades are 5,000 years old. Muck is created by decomposing vegetation, but this vegetation has to be saturated by flooding for seven or eight months. Anaerobic bacteria then convert the vegetation to muck. But when you cut off the flow of water to the Glades, the muck dries out, oxidizes and blows away. Right now we're not getting any new muck, and the agricultural area of the Everglades is losing old muck at the rate of an inch a year. This area of 1,200 square miles has already sunk six to seven feet. Underneath is hard limestone that rings like a bell. What will happen when that muck disappears? They'll sell the land for houses, which will only add to the problem. What I want to do is reflood the system."

Here's the Marshall Plan. He would raise the levels of the lakes on the upper Kissimmee to restore a gradual sheet flow into the floodplain below. During dry-season drawdowns, increased oxidation and wind would expose the dried-out bottoms of accumulated organics to the atmosphere. He would dechannelize the Kissimmee River, allowing it to meander over its old 100-mile course rather than through its current 50-mile chute. Thus, water would again flow over now-dry lands. "Ultimately many Floridians will evaluate this plan in terms of its worth to mankind," Marshall says. "Its value in three areas—muck for agricultural production, marine and freshwater fish for food, recharge of the Biscayne aquifer for water supply—is evident in our world of increasing needs and diminishing resources."

Meantime, other lands vital to the ecosystem are being saved. Huge tracts are being acquired. In fact, General Tire and Rubber announced in December that it would sell and donate a total of 78 square miles it owns in the East Everglades. Reed helped set in motion the acquisition of such tracts while at the Department of the Interior. Concerned about the impact that activities on adjacent lands could have on the Everglades National Park, he got the EPA to put up $1.2 million to fund the East Everglades Resources Planning Project, an endeavor that complements Marshall's plan.

The Federal Government is committed to buying additional wetlands in the Big Cypress Swamp, but locating the 40,000 people who own the property is going to be a chore. "The swamp peddlers sold the land mainly to buyers in Central and South America," Reed says. And thanks to the persistent urging of Rod Chandler, a warden for the National Audubon Society, the society has bought more than 6,000 acres of the old Kissimmee floodplain as a wet prairie sanctuary.

continued

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CLIP AND SAVE

Money and legislative acts can go a long way toward resolving some problems. Others, not manmade, can never be totally controlled. Lethal yellowing, a bacteria-like plant disease, has destroyed 95% of the coconut palm trees, long the very symbol of Florida, in Dade County and is fast spreading.

A far more sinister natural threat, which has been compounded, perhaps direly so, by man's actions, is one the boomers and boosters never mention: hurricanes. "The Gulf Coast and southeast Florida are the most vulnerable areas in the United States," says Dr. Neil Frank, director of the National Hurricane Center in Coral Gables. "Yet we have hundreds of thousands of people living on islands and on coastal tidal lands who don't know their homes will literally go underwater someday. Part of the problem is that there has been no big bad hurricane in Florida since the enormous population increase on the coast." Reed agrees, though he also suggests that a major storm could be an important educational experience. "Only then, perhaps, will land developers learn that they cannot build on tidal lands," he says. "Only then will those who fought this no longer be considered lunatics."

Fortunately, there are a number of less drastic ways to change the state's direction. The most ambitious environmental scheme in all of Florida is the one to save the Apalachicola River and Apalachicola Bay in the panhandle. In terms of water flow, the Apalachicola River is the ninth-largest in the U.S. It runs 107 miles from the Georgia line to Apalachicola Bay on the Gulf of Mexico. The system is incredibly rich: largemouth bass, striped bass, sea trout, flatfish, Atlantic sturgeon, blue crabs, shrimps and oysters. In fact, 80% to 90% of all Florida's oysters come from the bay, and the fisheries industry, a multimillion-dollar-a-year business, is basic to the local economy. The Apalachicola basin is one of the most lightly populated areas in Florida. Franklin County, which lies on both banks of the river and bay, has a population of less than 7,000, and the oystermen and fishermen don't want to see their livelihoods buried beneath a tidal wave of condominiums and pollution. The county clerk, Bobby Howell, has been outspoken about the dangers of overdevelopment, though he admits he didn't always feel that way. "When they put up that bridge to St. George Island [a narrow, 33-mile-long island in Apalachicola Bay] in 1962, I was just as crazy to see it built as I am now to see it blown into the bay," Howell says. "I was convinced that financially we'd be paying lower taxes. I was so narrow-minded I could see through a keyhole with both eyes at the same time. All these damn fools that don't want the bridge, I said then, don't have any sense. I was the damndest fool of all. My philosophy changed. You know, men change their minds, fools never do."

Howell's environmental education began in earnest in the early 1970s when he met Florida State's Skip Livingston. Livingston had come down from Tallahassee to examine the river and bay, and he was so beguiled by them that he began bringing researchers with him. In the ensuing years, Livingston and some 850 researchers, mostly undergraduates and graduate students at Florida State, have studied the river and the bay from top to bottom, from the basic productivity of grass flats to the impact of forestry on the watershed. A year after Livingston began his research, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers announced it had plans to erect as many as four dams on the river; shippers upstream in Georgia and Alabama wanted to make the river a barge canal. Livingston became the ringleader in the fight to stop any dams from being built. "Their plans were based on rotten economics and rotten environmental facts," he says. "We had the facts, and we used them. We took polls, and they showed that more than 70% of the people living along the river and bay didn't want the dams. So the Corps said it would only put in one dam, and when we showed that was uneconomical, too, the Corps withdrew. We beat the Engineers for the time being. You can never say you've beat the Corps for good, because all it does is put the plans in a drawer and then come back at you again. But I'm hopeful."

Excited by the richness of the Apalachicola system, Livingston and Howell went to Washington in 1974 to see John R. Clark, senior ecologist at The Conservation Foundation. Clark was fascinated by the Floridians' plan to save the Apalachicola system, and he put them on to officials in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the Fish and Wildlife Service and the EPA. "Howell spoke eloquently," Livingston says, and their hopes began to burgeon. The next year, the state of Florida spent $8 million under the Endangered Lands Act to acquire 20 miles of key river frontage extending four to five miles inland on both banks. In 1979 Congress established the Apalachicola River and Bay Estuarine Sanctuary. The sanctuary now encompasses 192,000 acres, including all the vital wetlands that fringe the bay, and there are more land acquisitions in the offing. All oystering, fishing and utilization of other renewable natural resources can continue, while the sanctuary board, on which Livingston sits, conducts research and education programs. "We're now going to work with the whole Franklin County school system, right from kindergarten on up, to make the sanctuary a regular part of the kids' education," says Livingston. "We're going to teach students how their system works. We're going to train them as environmental managers, and actually have a growth industry in education and research through the sanctuary. This is the cleanest industry we can think of, and we're going to export this idea of people having control of their own fate to the world at large."

At present, Franklin County and other counties along the river and bay are preparing master zoning plans in accordance with state law. Seeking to keep the population stable, Franklin is considering a limitation on building sites in areas deemed critical to the basic natural resources. Developers are kicking up a fuss, particularly those who own property in the middle of St. George Island. "Bad development there could wipe out a fourth of Florida's oysters," says Livingston. "We've mapped out every blade of grass, every fish, every crab in the area. We know all the important areas in the bay from the standpoint of productivity." There's court wrangling on the issue now, but Livingston is optimistic that the Apalachicola system will be saved. "I really would love to see this happen," he says. "Just one place where we can see what it used to be like. Well, I think we're going to do it." **END**

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Reminiscence

by RALPH GRAVES

PLAYING LEFT TACKLE FOR EPISCOPAL'S FRESHMAN TEAM WAS NO PIECE OF CAKE

I once played on a football team whose achievement has never been recognized. And yet that achievement may be unique in the history of the team, the history of the school and, for all I know, the history of the U.S. Such a record deserved notice, but the school yearbook didn't even mention it. All that survives in the yearbook is a photograph of two coaches and 22 young boys. Not one person in the picture is smiling—and with good reason.

Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va. cherished God and the honor system, but it worshiped football. With a student body of about 230 boys, Episcopal fielded five football teams: the varsity, the varsity B squad (which played only one game), the junior varsity, the 130-pound team and something called the Cake Team. The Cake Team had a weight limit of 115 pounds and an age limit of 15 years. In effect, it was the freshman team, but it was called the Cake Team because, at the end of the season, the headmaster and his wife gave a party for these young boys at which cake was served.

Not everyone at Episcopal had to play football, but we all had to think football. School spirit wasn't just encouraged; it was decreed. Attendance at varsity games was compulsory. Not only did we have to attend, but we also had to cheer—loudly and incessantly. The cheerleaders kept an eye on the stands, and if anyone was caught not cheering, he might be reported to the Senior Monitors for disciplinary action.

The seven Senior Monitors were a dread group with ferocious power over the student body. Once a week during evening study hall, one of them walked between long rows of desks where each of us quivered in his assigned seat. The Senior Monitor would tap one or two or sometimes three boys on the shoulder, boys who had committed some terrible crime, such as not cheering at a game or failing to show proper respect to a Senior Monitor. Each tapped boy, his face stricken, got to his feet and followed the Senior Monitor out of the room to face the Inquisition, whose deliberations and actions were forever secret. Any boy who revealed what was said or done to him at a Senior Monitor meeting, we believed, could be expelled or, some of us thought, eaten alive. The seven Senior Monitors were all varsity football players. What other claim to superiority was necessary?

The Cake Team of 1938 got off to a bad start. The coach was a tennis player at heart but had been drafted to run our team, his first coaching assignment. I was permitted to select my own position and chose left tackle, not because I was good (I wasn't) and not because I had ever played it before (I hadn't) but because I thought it sounded modestly rugged (it wasn't). Other young boys chose their own positions for similarly whimsical reasons, and after a few weeks of practice we played our first game. We lost. We also failed to score a point.

Well, that happens: young team, first game, new coach, not enough practice. We just hadn't jelled yet. But what was special about the 1938 Cake Team was that it never jelled. Practice didn't help. Time and experience didn't help. New plays didn't help. We didn't develop confidence. We had hit our stride on the first game of the season.

We lost the next four games, an unthinkable occurrence at Episcopal High School. At first, nobody paid much attention to what we were doing—or rather, to what we were not doing. We were, after all, the youngest and least important team, and what the school cared about was the varsity, which was having its customary fine year. Two of our games were reported in the school paper, but nobody read about the Cake Team except the boy who had written the story. He was an unsympathetic fellow. Thanks to the Alumni Office, I can quote from these two accounts: an 18–0 defeat by McDonogh was "a sad day for the struggling Cake." A 26–0 defeat by Landon was described as "slow and uninteresting." So were we.

And yet, as our season wore on, a certain ugly awareness began to seep through the school. The Cake Team, insignificant though it was, caught the school's interest. We had not only failed to win a game. We had also failed to score. After five games we had no touchdowns, no points, not even a safety. This was almost impossible, given the level of high school football in those days. If the opposing team made a poor punt, a wobbly pass into the flat, a fumble near the goal line, it could easily result in a touchdown. That very fall I had seen a member of the junior varsity intercept a pass deep in his end zone and stupidly try to run it out. Instead of being nailed inside the five, as he richly deserved to be, this bonehead went 108 yards for a touchdown. Similar foolhardy miracles must have been taking place a thousand times a week at high schools all over the country, but not one of them ever happened to us.

From my modestly rugged position of left tackle I had failed to tackle anyone, although I had occasionally piled on when an opportunity occurred in my vicinity. Actually, none of us made many tackles. Mostly we waved at opposing runners and receivers who seemed to be going past at extremely high speed.

The week before our final game we became the center of attention. Other team coaches lectured us. Cheerleaders gave us exclusive pep talks. We even talked to each other about our predicament. And at last, on the day before our game, the football-playing Senior Monitors summoned us to a special meeting. One by one they addressed us. They told us about honor, about school spirit, about the football tradition at Episcopal and even a little about God (we

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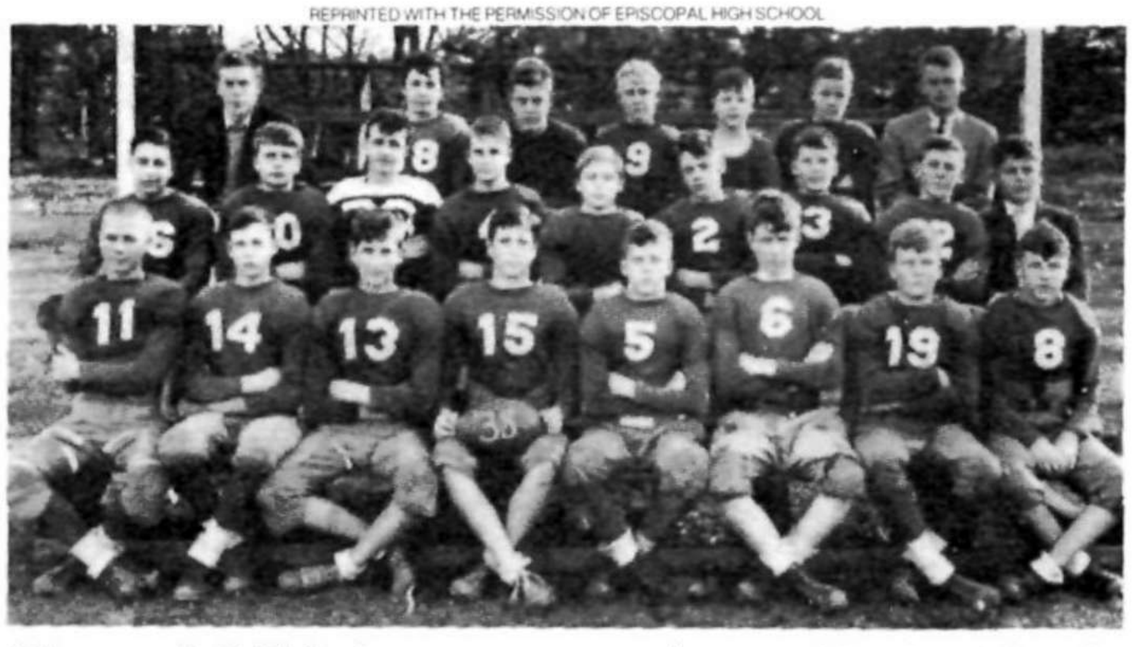

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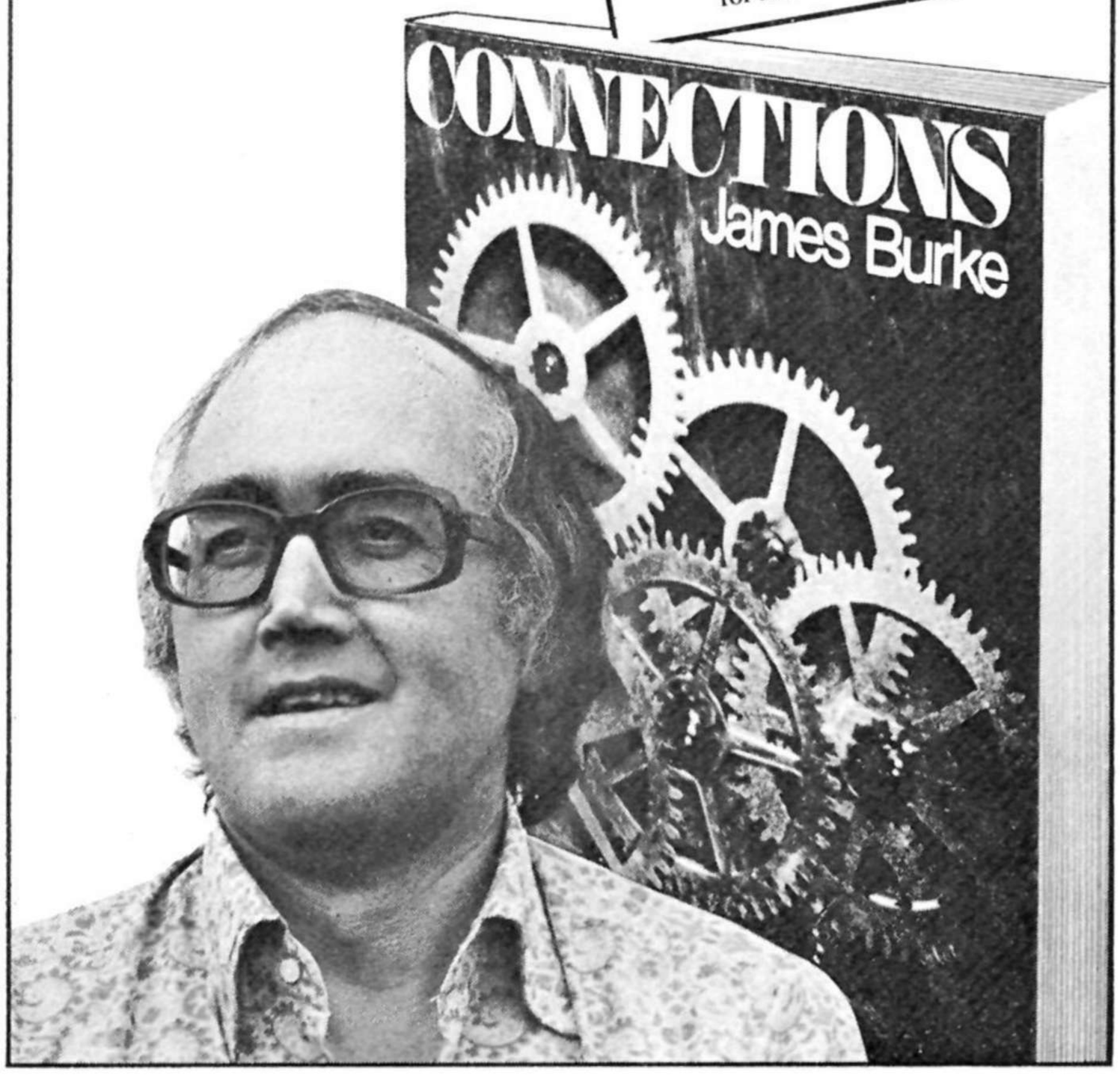


were a religious school, our opponents were not. Therefore . . .). All the Senior Monitors ended by exhorting us to win. Last game, last chance. We could save the whole season! It was invigorating stuff. We were more excited than we had been at any time since the opening kickoff in our first game.

The last Senior Monitor said something different. An angry, redheaded boy of 18, the star halfback on the varsity, he was brief but clear. "Try to win," he said, "but for Christ's sake, at least *score*."

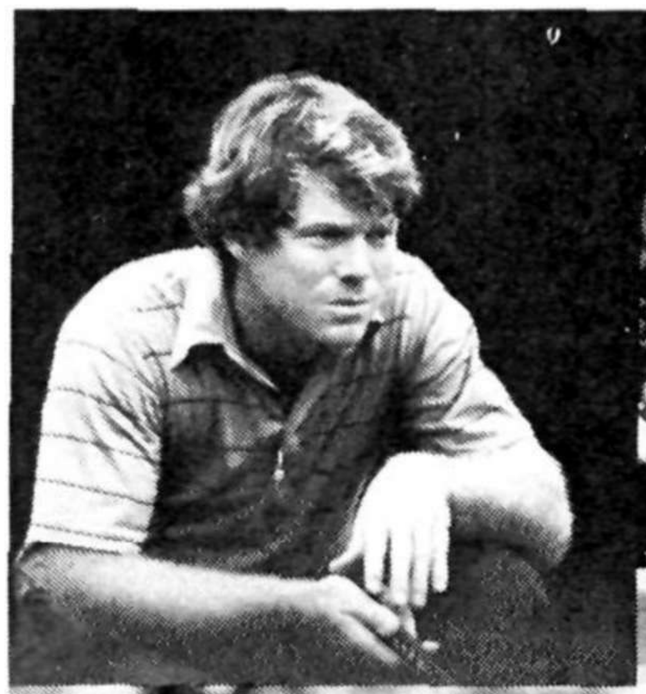
Such concentrated attention on our young team was marvelous for morale. Despite our past ignominy, none of us wanted to let the school down—or to be eaten alive by that redheaded halfback.

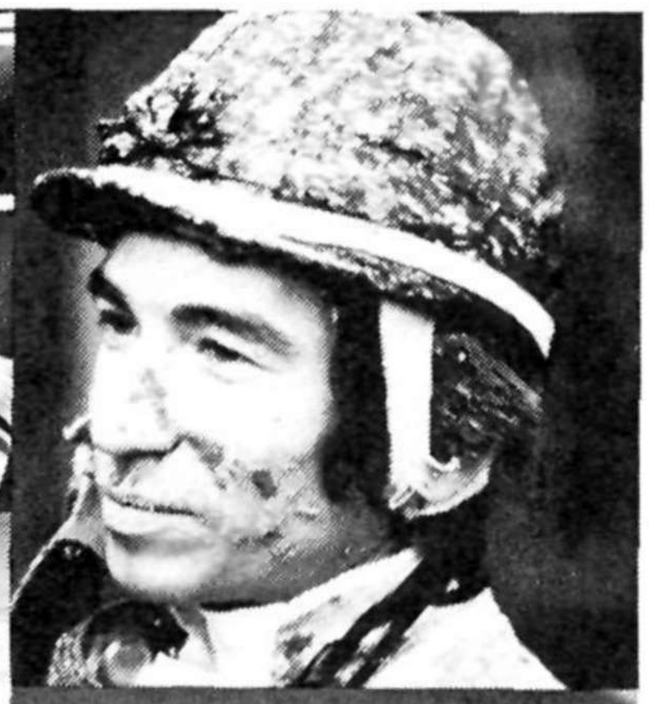
Indeed, the next afternoon we took the opening kickoff and marched down the field with rare success. We had one back, a tall, thin boy, who was nervous about physical contact. He hated to be tackled, so he would dash for the sidelines and run out of bounds rather than be hit. But, like all scared rabbits, he was fast, and on this opening series of plays he twice got away for good runs. We also completed a pass, which wasn't our custom. Suddenly we found ourselves on our opponents' 12-yard line with a first down. We were almost certain to score. A score! And if we scored, we would have the lead. The lead! And besides, our opponents might be demoralized by our splendid opening march. We knew a lot about demoralization.

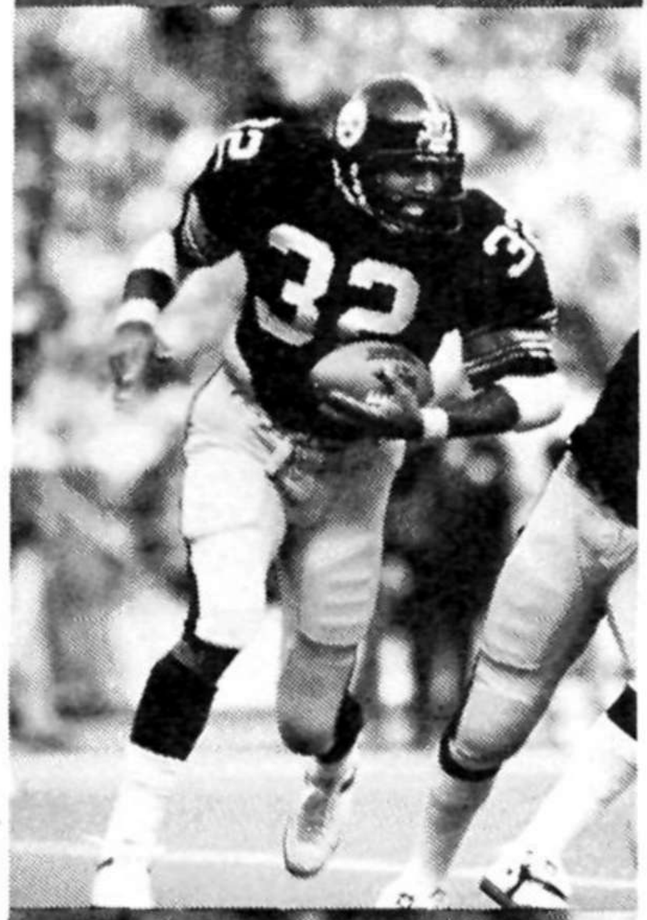
As we came back to the huddle and gathered to hear the play that might take us across the goal line for the first time all year, our quarterback had a thought. He chose to pass it on to the rest of us. To this day it remains the most incredible act of leadership in my memory. What our quarterback said to us on the brink of triumph was both unexpected and original. "Remember," he said, "they haven't had the ball yet."

We all thought about that for a moment. Then he gave us the play. I don't remember what it was, but it went nowhere. Neither did the next three plays. We didn't score, and our opponents took over. We didn't score the whole game, just as always, but they did.

When the One Great Scorer came to write against our name, the mark was zero. Small wonder that the yearbook failed to list our record. We didn't get any cake, either. **END**







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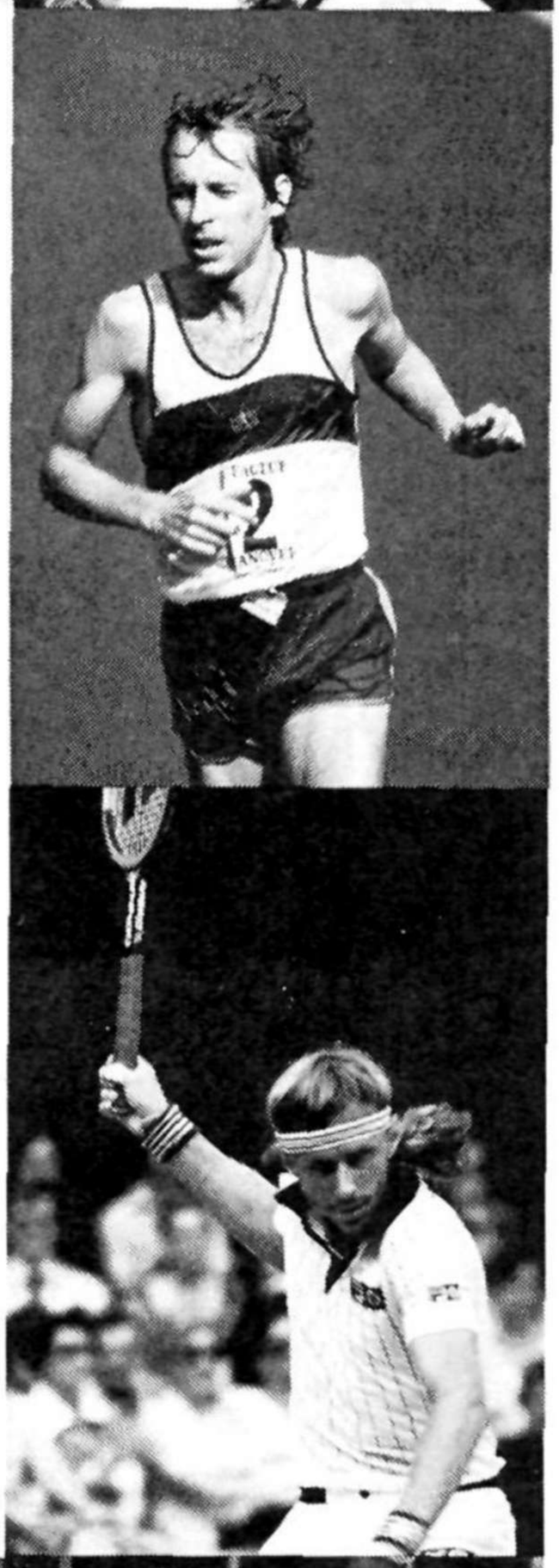

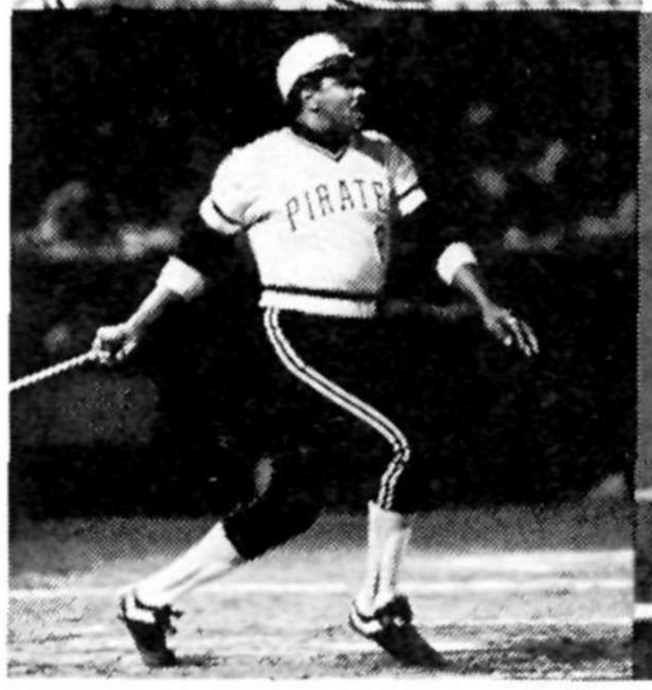

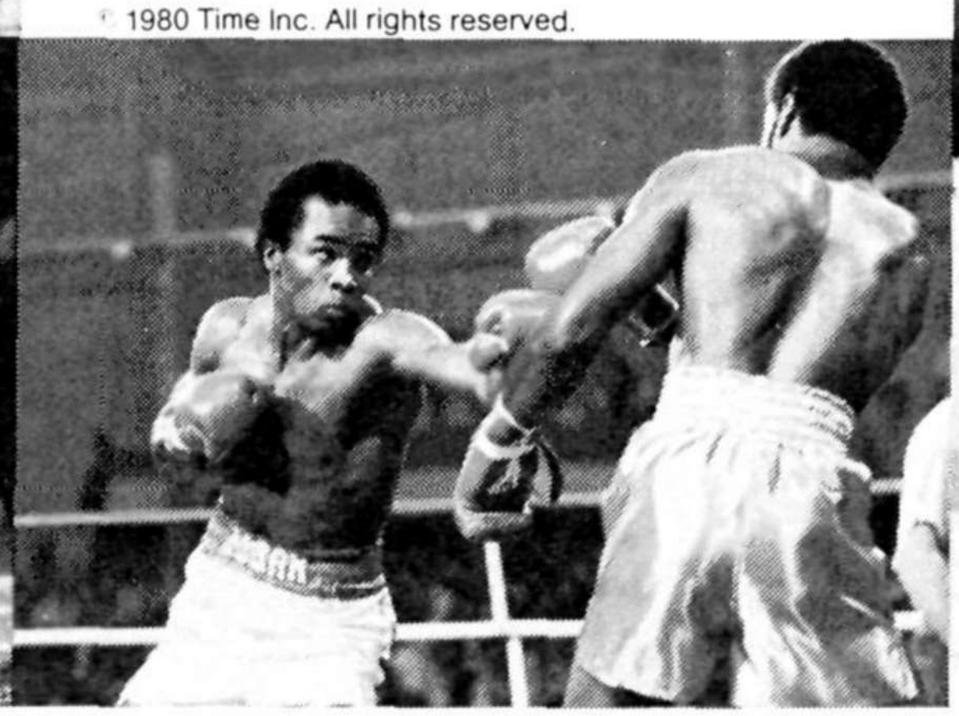

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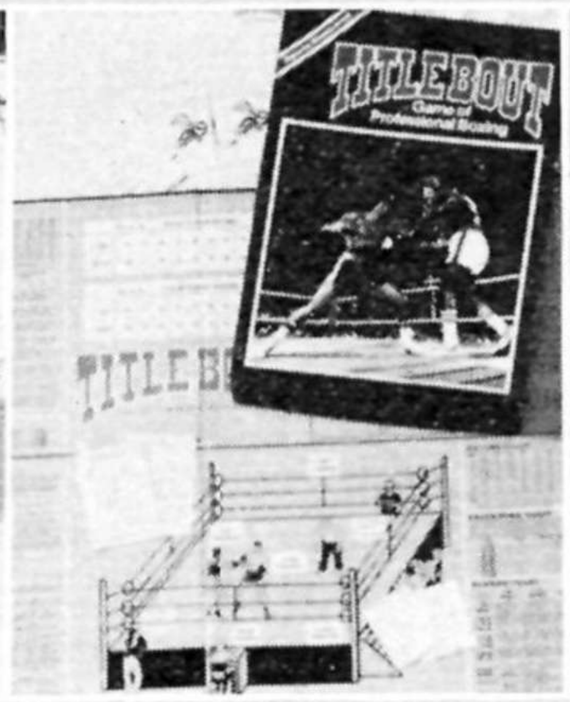

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 26-Feb. 1

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—In games leading up to the All-Star break, stand-ins stole the limelight. Chicago got 18 points from reserve Center Dwight Jones and a total of 56 from its bench in a 118–101 triumph over Golden State. It was the Bulls' fifth consecutive win. Chicago then hosted Boston, which had won a showdown with Philadelphia, 104–101, the night before to run its win streak to 13. The Celtics, suffering an obvious letdown, lost 108–85 to the Bulls. In the fourth quarter of that game, Chicago backups Ricky Sobers, James Wilkes and Jones scored 26 of their team's 30 points to help raise the Bulls' record to .500 (27–27). Boston, meanwhile, fell half a game behind the 76ers in the Atlantic Division. Another clutch performance came from Phoenix understudy Rich Kelley. After starting Center Alvan Adams reinjured his left ankle during a Suns game at New York, Kelley stepped in to score seven late points and make two steals as Phoenix beat the Knicks 99–94. Despite losses to Philadelphia (98–93), Washington (108–98) and Cleveland (115–111), the Suns maintained a 3½-game lead over Los Angeles in the Pacific Division. After a 118–110 defeat at Portland and a 112–108 victory over the Nets, San Antonio remained 9½ games ahead of second-place Houston in the Midwest, but still it was a bad week for the Spurs. Reserve Forward Kevin Restani was involved in an auto accident in which he suffered six broken ribs, lung damage and minor burns. Though Center Dan Issel was out with the flu, Denver handed Central Division-leading Milwaukee a 131–118 defeat as Kiki Vandeweghe, Dave Robisch and Billy McKinney combined for 50 points coming off the bench. And in a 119–114 San Diego victory over Kansas City, backups Ron Davis and Henry Bibby scored 18 points apiece. In the 31st All-Star Game in Richfield, Ohio, the Eastern Conference defeated the West 123–120.

BOWLING—MARSHALL HOLMAN defeated Richard Martinez 209–203 to win a $125,000 PBA tournament in Grand Prairie, Texas.

BOXING—JEFF CHANDLER retained his WBA bantamweight crown with a unanimous 15-round decision over Jorge Lujan in Philadelphia.

GOLF—SANDRA PALMER shot an eight-under-par 284 to win a $100,000 LPGA tournament at Deerfield Beach, Fla. by two strokes over Amy Alcott.

HOCKEY—Last-place Winnipeg, which earlier had sustained losses at Washington (4–3) and Boston (7–6), where Rick Middleton scored the game-winner for the Bruins on a rebound with 46 seconds to play, ended the week with a 2–0 victory at Toronto. Jet Goalie Markus Mattsson stopped 38 shots en route to his first NHL shutout. After losing 4–2 at Toronto, Detroit skated to a 2–2 standoff with Quebec, with whom the Red Wings were tied for next to last, and then drew 3–3 with Minnesota. The Nordiques had a 3–0 lead over Los Angeles in the second period, but the Kings rallied, with wings Steve Jensen and Jim Fox each scoring twice, to win 7–5. Quebec's week ended with a 5–1 triumph over the Islanders, who were first in the standings with 74 points. Nordique Marc Tardif had a hat trick as his team beat the Islanders for the first time ever.

HORSE RACING—*SUPER MOMENT* ($8.80), ridden by Fernando Toro, defeated Exploded by three lengths to win the $235,000 Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old covered the 1¼ miles in 2:01⅕.

JET VIEW ($18), Robert Adair up, beat Sparkling Moolah by a neck to win the $203,000 El Primero Del Año Derby for quarter horses at the Los Alamitos Raceway. The 3-year-old covered the 400 yards in 19.98 seconds.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of Brian Redman, Bobby Rahal and Bob Garretson combined to drive their Porsche Turbo 935 to victory in the 24-hour endurance race at Daytona Beach. They averaged 113.153 mph to complete a total of 2,718.72 miles during the race.

POWERLIFTING—BILL KAZMAIER of Auburn, Ala. set superheavyweight world records for the bench press (661.5 pounds) and total (2,425.0) at the West Georgia Open in Columbus. At the same meet JAN TODD, who is also from Auburn, established women's heavyweight records in the squat (545.5), deadlift (480.0) and total (1,229.5).

SPEED SKATING—GAETAN BOUCHER of Canada established a world record of 1:13.39 in the 1,000 meters, in Davos, Switzerland. He beat the mark of 1:13.60 set by Eric Heiden last year.

TENNIS—ROSCOE TANNER defeated Wojtek Fibak 6–2, 7–6, 7–5 to win the $250,000 U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Hana Mandlikova 6–4, 6–2 to win a $200,000 tournament in Chicago.

TRACK & FIELD—RENALDO NEHEMIAH of the U.S. set a world indoor record of 6.01 in the 50-yard hurdles at the Sunkist Invitational in Los Angeles (*page 30*).

STANLEY FLOYD of Houston established an indoor world record of 6.04 in the 60-yard dash, in Dallas, lowering the mark of 6.05 set by Houston McTear in 1978. In the same meet ALICE BROWN of Los Angeles set a women's indoor world record of 6.62 in the 60, surpassing the mark of 6.63 established by Lyudmila Storozhkova of the U.S.S.R. in 1979.

JARMILA KRATOCHVILOVA of Czechoslovakia established world indoor records of 22.76 in the 200-meter dash and 49.64 in the 400-meter run in Vienna. In the 200 she surpassed last year's mark of 23.15 set by Angella Taylor of Canada. In the 400 she beat the time of 51.14 clocked by Marita Koch of East Germany in 1978.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED: By the American League, the sale of 80% of the Seattle Mariners franchise for $10.4 million to George Argyros, a real estate developer; and the sale of the Chicago White Sox for $20 million to a group headed by Jerry Reinsdorf, also a real estate developer, and Eddie Einhorn, a television executive.

ELECTED: To the Professional Football Hall of Fame, GEORGE BLANDA, 53, the NFL's alltime scoring leader with 2,002 points over 26 seasons; MORRIS (Red) BADGRO, 78, who starred as a receiver for the New York Giants from 1927 to 1935; and former Green Bay Packers Defensive End WILLIE DAVIS, 46, and Center JIM RINGO, 48.

RETIRED: Pittsburgh Steeler Defensive End DWIGHT WHITE, 31, after 10 seasons and four Super Bowl victories, to become an account executive.

DIED: JOHN GERBER, 74, the former international bridge champion and inventor of the Gerber Convention; after a brief illness with heart trouble; in Houston.

CONSTANCE M.K. APPLEBEE, 107, who brought women's field hockey to the United States in 1901; in New Milton, England.

CREDITS

4—John G. Zimmerman; **22**—Peter Read Miller; **23**—Manny Millan; **24-26**—Peter Read Miller; **27**—Tony Triolo; **28,29**—Tony Triolo (left), Manny Millan; **30**—Richard Mackson; **31**—Robert Hagedohm (bottom left), Richard Mackson (3); **32**—Robert Hagedohm (bottom), Richard Mackson (2); **38,39**—Richard Mackson (3); **40**—Tony Triolo (bottom right), Lane Stewart (3); **41**—AP; **49**—Howard Bingham; **50**—Tony Triolo; **67,68**—Richard Mackson; **73**—Grant M. Haller; **78**—Heinz Kluetmeier; **81**—Evelyn Floret; **93**—map by William Bernstein; **98**—courtesy Episcopal High School; **103**—Toronto Star Syndicate, Avelardo Moulinet, Virgil Shipley.

FACES IN THE CROWD

TERRI WEISHAAR
VANCOUVER, WASH.

Weishaar, 31, the girls' volleyball coach at Ridgefield High, guided the Spudders to a 14–0 season and a second-place finish in the state tournament. In her seven years, her teams have gone 81–0 in league play and won two state titles.

TROY NOSEWORTHY
WESTON, ONTARIO

Troy, 7, has scored 16 goals and assisted on nine others to lead Humberview to a 14–3 record in the North York ice-hockey league, in which most competitors are 9 years old. The 4′ 1″, 51-pound wing is the youngest player in the Toronto area.

SANDY STEINMEYER
INCLINE VILLAGE, NEV.

Sandy, 16, represented the U.S. in the Australian Alpine championships and beat 20 members of the Aussie ski team to become the youngest Australian combined champion ever. She also won that country's junior Alpine combined title.

MIKE WALL
SUSANVILLE, CALIF.

Mike, 12, won the National Junior Olympics 11- and 12-year-old cross-country title in Cheyenne with a time of 10:18.7 for the 3,000-meter course. He also holds The Athletics Congress age-group crown, which he won with a clocking of 10:26.8.

LINDA PAGE
PHILADELPHIA

Linda, a 5′ 11″ senior guard at Murrell Dobbins Tech, scored 87 points in a 112–25 win over Roxborough High. With the Lady Mustangs running up a 9–0 record, she has hit 63% of her shots from the field and averaged 51 points per game.

DAVE DOBSON
MT. VERNON, OHIO

Dobson, 26, an electrician, bowled three 300 games in less than six weeks. On Dec. 9 he rolled the first perfect game of his life at the Redskin Lanes, followed by 300s on Dec. 12 at the Tilton Lanes and on Jan. 20 at Redskin.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BOBBY

Sir:

I'm glad to see SI finally cared enough about college basketball to write an article showing the human side of one of the sport's greatest coaches—Bobby Knight (*The Rabbit Hunter*, Jan. 26). He has probably brought more joy to the people of Indiana, especially the students of Indiana University, than anyone else. If only we all could be as good at our jobs as Bobby is at his.

MAG BINKLEY
Indianapolis

Sir:

SI has redeemed itself in the eyes of Indiana University and Bobby Knight fans. Excellent, objective journalism by Frank Deford.

MARK V. KAMINSKI
Indiana University '77
Memphis

Sir:

Frank Deford produced a consummate article on Coach Knight. As a junior high school coach, I only hope I can remain as dedicated to my principles and goals as Bobby has to his. His deep concern for the purity of the college athletic and academic experience is something that I hope will become the standard of the future. When those who squeeze all they can from the college game have moved on to more lucrative endeavors, Bobby Knight will still be selling principles and hard work in exchange for a fishing rod and a chance to hunt some rabbits.

STEPHEN D. WOLKOFF
Indianapolis

Sir:

The article on Bobby Knight was a disgrace and a cheap shot. I suggest Frank Deford stick to sports writing and leave the psychoanalyzing to the psychiatrists.

JAMES P. MOONEY JR.
Glenham, N.Y.

Sir:

The article was one of the best I've ever read. People can say what they will about Bobby Knight as a person, coach or diplomat, but in the final analysis he must be looked upon as an extremely positive force. The predication of his entire educational philosophy on honesty and integrity is a pleasant change from the scandals of present-day college athletics. Isn't it something of an enigma that such a philosophy should be the source of such vehement criticism?

SAM K. SHRIVER
Aiea, Hawaii

Sir:

By spotlighting an immature, self-serving coach, you have unfortunately given a great deal of credibility to a style of coaching that will be emulated by others seeking to match Bobby Knight's record. But at what price? Will we see the next generation of young athletes who undergo such "coaching" transfer what they've experienced in sports to their everyday activities? Imagine a world full of people seeking to succeed through intimidation, belittlement and verbal abuse.

It has become my habit to silently cheer whenever Indiana loses a basketball game. At the same time, I hope that the IU players rise above their shoddy role model.

JERALD T. WRUBEL
Geneseo, N.Y.

Sir:

I was on the plebe (freshman) basketball team at West Point during 1970-71, Bobby Knight's last season there. During what is known as "Beast Barracks," the most difficult time of plebe year, Coach Knight's home was always open to us. On many a Sunday afternoon half of the plebe team would be in the Knights' basement talking, watching television and eating treats prepared by Nancy Knight. The Knights knew what we were going through and did what they could to provide us with a home away from home.

CHARLES DODSON
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

"Too many people humor Knight instead of responding to him, and that may be the single real deprivation of his life."

Superbly put! I know. I once was humored (feared) like Knight. My joy in living began only when people reached through my defensive posture and confronted me honestly, bluntly, warmly. I'd been killing rabbits with TNT. When I was able to stop that, I was able to respond to what was there, not what I feared was there.

I owe my thanks to the honesty of a true friend. Bobby Knight should have more friends. Frank Deford is one.

ANNA KALIN
Jefferson City, Mo.

Sir:

Too bad you had to waste your Jan. 26 cover on Bobby Knight. He is an obnoxious, overbearing bore—the Woody Hayes of college basketball, with zero class.

TOM RICHARDSON
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

What a lovely fellow! Personally, I prefer your faceless Indiana jersey cover of a year ago (Dec. 3, 1979).

BOB CONNORS
South Weymouth, Mass.

Sir:

You quote Bobby Knight's wife as saying, "We're growing up with the game." I suggest that in the future you devote space to the many worthwhile competitors who have already grown up.

HERBERT HOLL
Austin, Texas

TOP SCORERS

Sir:

I was very pleased to see the article in your college basketball section about a female star, the University of Kansas' Lynette Woodard (*Far Above the Crowd*, Jan. 26). Woodard will make a fine addition to the Women's Basketball League. However, I believe you have slighted a current star in that league, Pearl Moore of the St. Louis Streak.

I had the pleasure of seeing Pearl perform for Francis Marion College of Florence, S.C., and I watched her become "the leading all-time collegiate basketball scorer, male or female," according to SCORECARD (Feb. 11, 1980), with a total of 4,061 points.

Now Woodard is being honored as "the top scorer in the history of women's college basketball," with 3,206 points. I don't want to take anything away from Woodard, but please allow me the satisfaction of saying that I saw Pearl (The Earl) Moore—the girl who scored more points than Travis Grant (Kentucky State), who holds the men's record with a career total of 4,045.

PAUL D. CHARTIER
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

• Woodard's claim to the scoring title is restricted to the AIAW's Division I, which is as far as the fledgling AIAW's records go. Francis Marion, where Moore scored 3,884 of her 4,061 points, is in Division II. Moore's first 177 points came in eight games at Anderson (S.C.) Junior College.—ED.

SUPER SUCCESS

Sir:

Once again Paul Zimmerman was correct (*It's Not for Goodness' Sake*, Jan. 26). The Raiders showed their vicious defense but were equally impressive on offense. Not only did they beat the Eagles in Super Bowl XV, but they also beat the so-called SI cover jinx (Jan. 19) to rightfully earn their halos.

J. SNYDER
Sacramento

NOT SCALPED

Sir:

In reference to your article on Super Bowl ticket scalping by William Nack and Robert Sullivan (*Football's Little Bighorn?* Jan. 26), we agree that the classic Economics I equa-

continued

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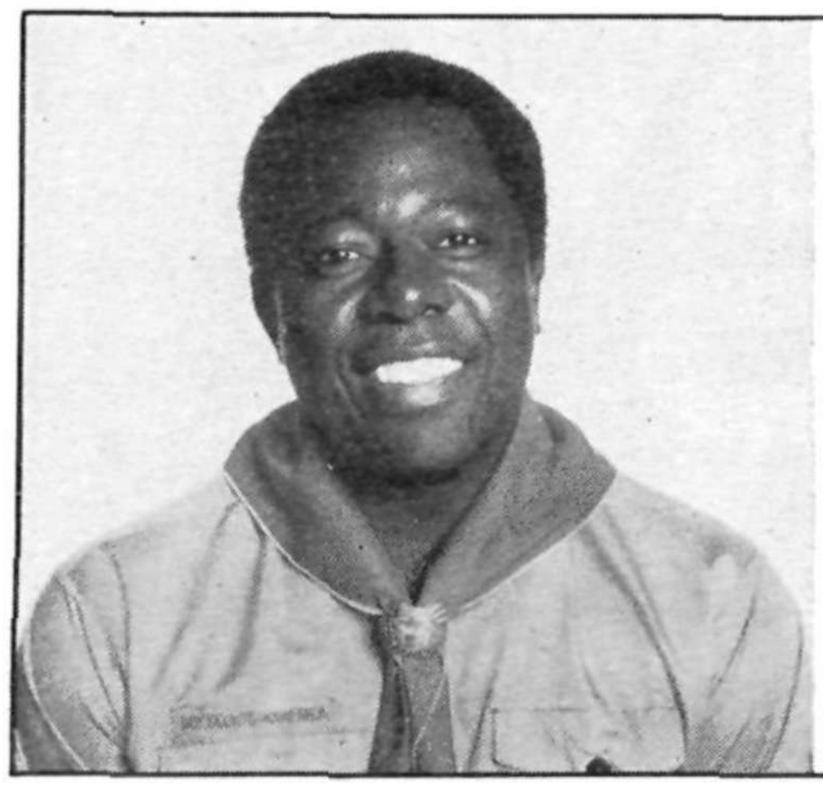

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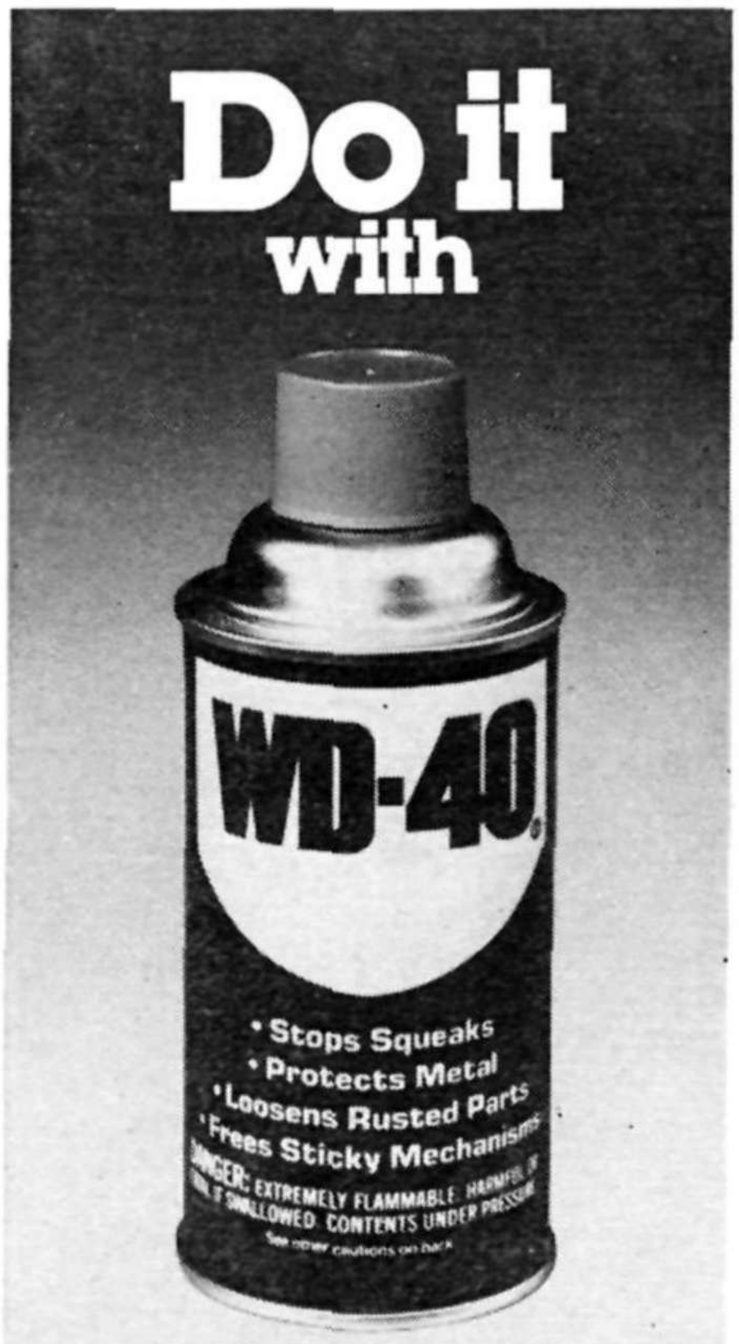

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tion, "The price of a commodity will rise to its proper level," is accurate, but it is accurate only to a point when applied to an athletic extravaganza. As veteran spectators of nine NBA championships, six Stanley Cups, five World Series, three Super Bowls, three Rose Bowls, two world heavyweight title fights and the Olympics, we have found that at the moment of the playing of the national anthem, just before each event, the market collapses and the buyer can then purchase tickets at a fraction of their face value. We think Adam Smith would be proud of us.

PAUL AND MICHAEL FLANAGAN
San Francisco

ANALYSTS AND ACTORS

Sir:

I take exception to Bob Ottum's statement that Merlin Olsen "is now TV's best football color man" (*Tackling a New Career*, Jan. 19). What about quality veteran broadcasters like Tom Brookshier and Hank Stram? As for newcomers, I believe John Madden compares favorably with anyone, including Olsen.

Ottum is correct in assessing Olsen as a great All-Pro and an "emerging character actor," but let's leave value judgments like "best color man" to the viewers.

PAUL TONER
West Chester, Pa.

Sir:

Bob Ottum's fine article on Merlin Olsen left me with mixed emotions. I'm pleased to learn that Merlin's future in acting is a bright one. However, I'm an addict of TV football, and the prospect of losing Olsen as a color analyst gives me withdrawal pains.

Merlin and his partner, Dick Enberg, are surely the finest team on any of the networks. As the play-by-play announcer, Enberg is unhesitating, accurate and well informed, while Olsen provides a perfect blend of statistics, team strategy and personal insight. He is humorous without being oafish and instructive without being overbearing.

Good actors are a dime a dozen, but if you could somehow put a dollar value on the competency of a sports analyst of the caliber of Olsen, then I doubt that even George Steinbrenner could afford the price.

R.B. MCPHEE
Dedham, Mass.

Sir:

Bob Ottum slung some mud on Clint Eastwood. To say that Clint "just flat cannot squint properly" is like saying that Merlin Olsen didn't know how to put the crunch on an opposing quarterback.

DOUG BROWN
TOM KANE
SCOTT BEDSON
KURT SHISLER
Delaware, Ohio

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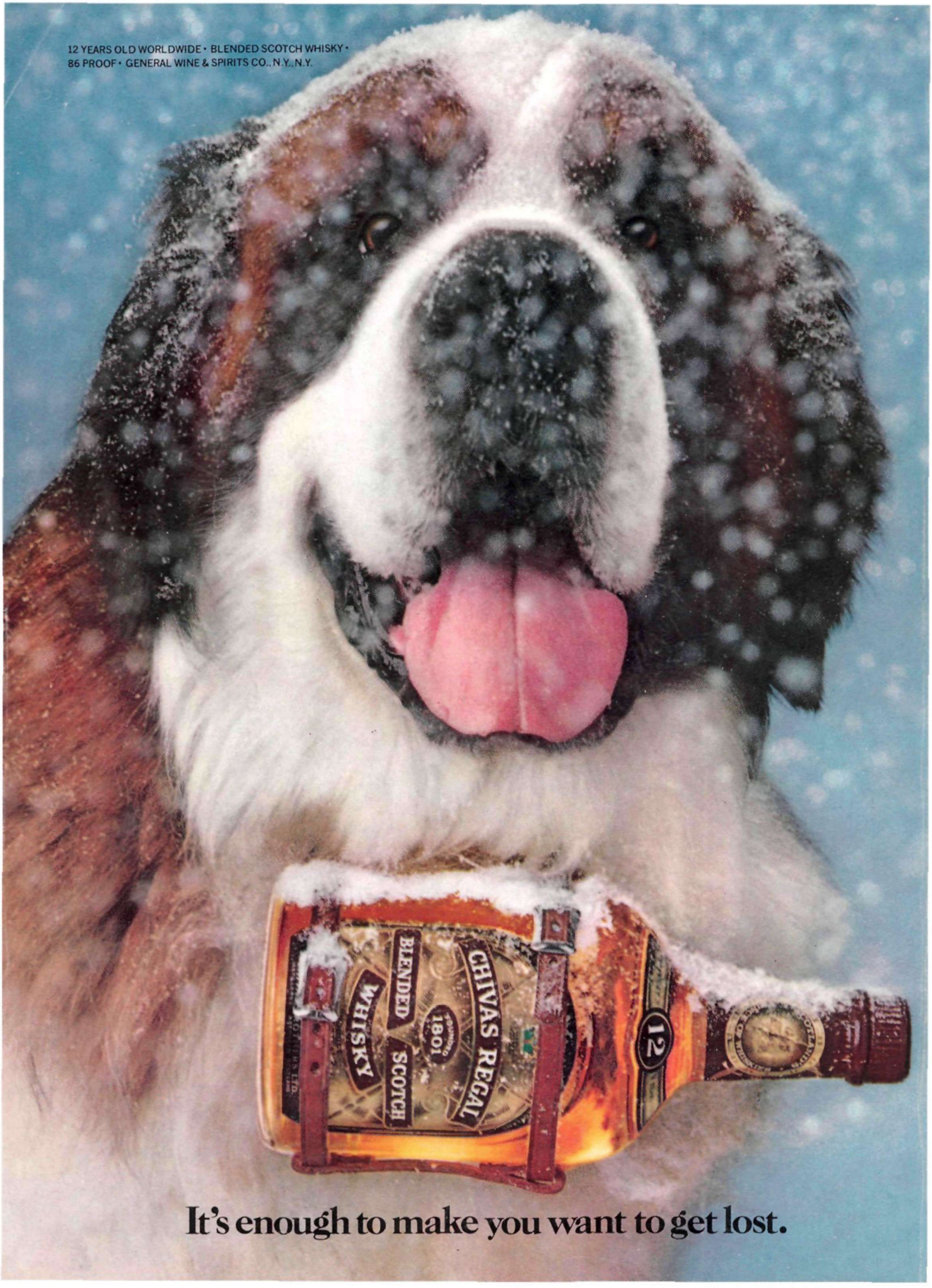

It's enough to make you want to get lost.