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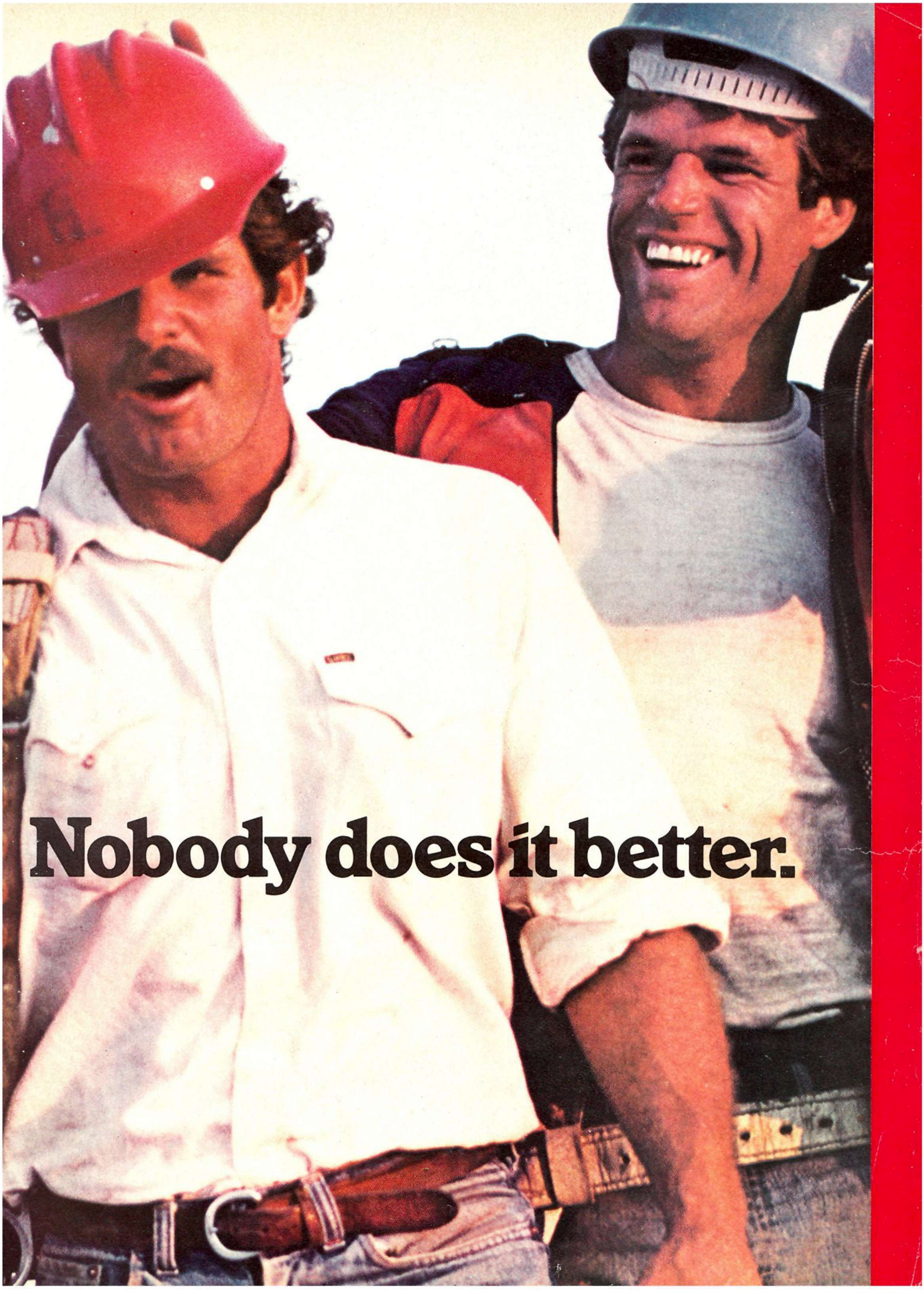
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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

JULE CAMPBELL SOOTHES A NEW FRIEND

One night last September, Associate Editor Jule Campbell went to sleep wearing sneakers. "So I could run," she says. For her life. She was in Kenya scouting photographic locations for this, our annual swimsuit issue, and she had stopped at George Adamson's famed lion camp in Kora. Its "walls" turned out to be of chicken wire, and as Campbell recalls, "All night from my tent I could hear the lions breathing."

This is the 18th consecutive year Campbell has produced the swimsuit issue, and the word *is* produced. In that time she has selected all of the 53 models who have appeared in the issues, all the swimsuits they have worn and most of the exotic locales—from Brazil and Baja to Bora Bora and the Seychelles—in which they have worn them. It has been an exhausting assignment, but never a dull one.

Campbell's September scouting trip lasted three weeks. She flew all over Kenya in pilot David Allen's single-engine Cessna U206 and found the greatest danger wasn't lions in the night but zebra and Cape buffalo in the day; they enjoyed standing around on airstrips while the plane was taking off.

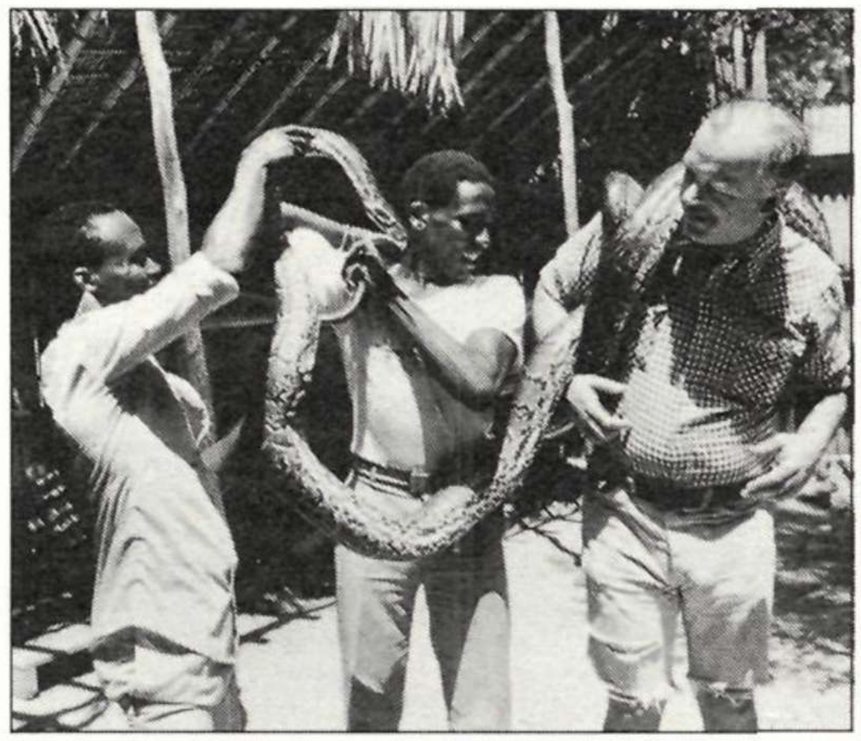
Campbell selected seven locations, then returned to New York and spent three more weeks choosing swimwear—*e.g.*, pink fabrics for areas with flamingos, zebra stripes for those with zebras.

Three of the suits were custom-made from a single square yard of a scarce silvery fabric called Skilab. The only square yard available was in Italy; designer Monika Tilley had the fabric flown to New York and then transferred to a flight for San Diego, where she made the suits. Campbell had them the following evening. It was a satisfying accomplishment, which is fortunate, because none of the three suits made it into the magazine.

In early November Campbell returned to Kenya, this time with her assistant, Sharon Mouliert; photographer John G. Zimmerman; his assistant, Bruce Margolis; and models Kathryn Redding, Kim Alexis, Charissa Craig and Carol Alt, not to mention five suitcases crammed with some 300 swimsuits. Campbell's troupe was never aboard the Cessna at one time. But the 800 pounds of Zimmerman's equipment were rough on the plane, and often as it creaked toward takeoff Allen would call, "I may abort at the end of the runway." Better that than going down in the desert.

As it was, the wildest and hottest scheduled stop was a patch of land at Fergusons Gulf on Lake Turkana (*pages 56-57*) that Campbell calls "the hellhole"; one afternoon there Mouliert found two bats hanging in her room. Beside herself, she was assured that they would fly away come evening. They did.

At the island of Lamu, where Campbell had hired Hamid, a Swahili, to have his two dhows sail back and forth in the background (*pages 64-65*), a mango fly bit Margolis. Chills and fever promptly ensued, and he wound up spending five days in a hospital. But he recovered; Mouliert found no more bats in her room; Campbell remained unclawed; the little plane never aborted; and one day near the end of their tour—it was Thanksgiving, and they had a lot to be thankful for—our crew celebrated with a feast of spaghetti and Nile perch on the shores of Lake Turkana.



WRITER BOB JONES MAKES NEW FRIENDS, MORE OR LESS

Robert F. Jones, who had been to Kenya three times for us, did the piece on that country's Coral Coast, beginning on page 92. His previous trips had been to the interior, but Jones was delighted to go to the coast this time, because he had heard of the fine fishing there. His story is full of leaping marlin, fearsome snakes and exotic food, as well as unforgettable glimpses of ancient cities with minarets, pale-skinned natives in turbans and camels on beaches.

Philip D. Howlett

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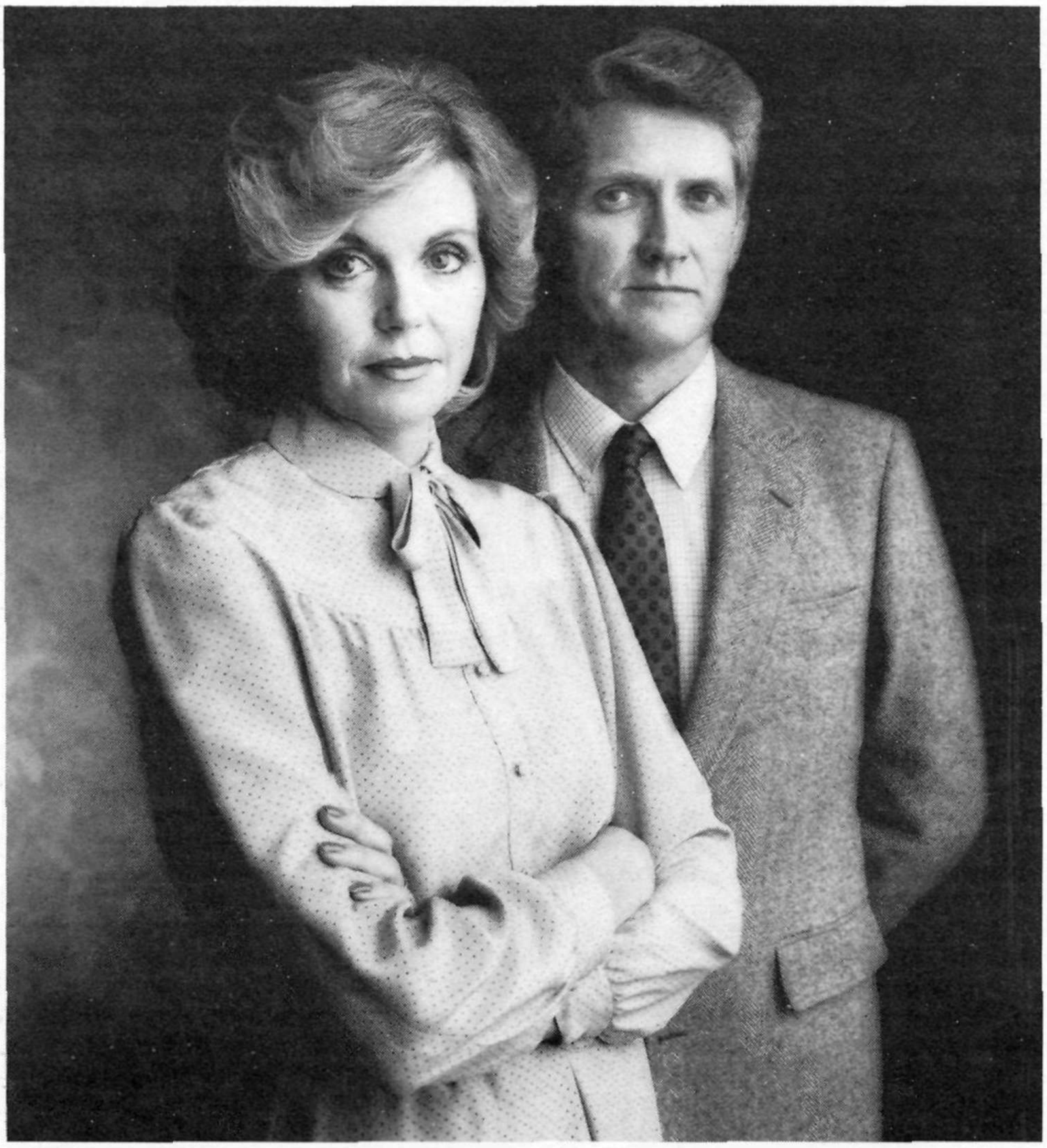

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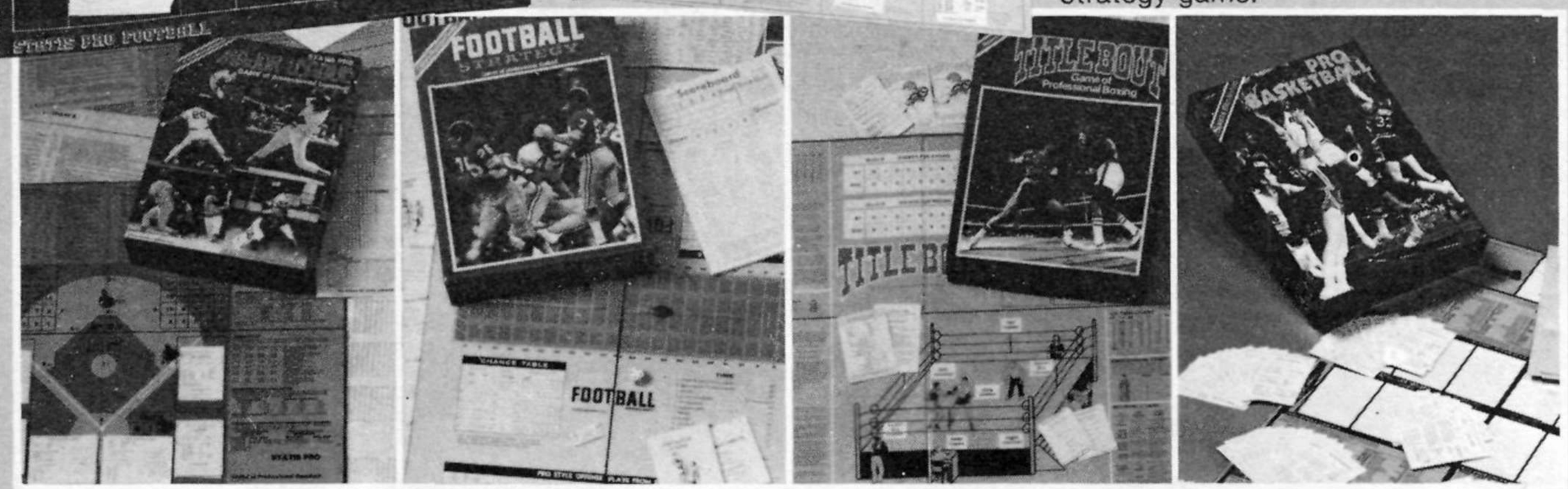

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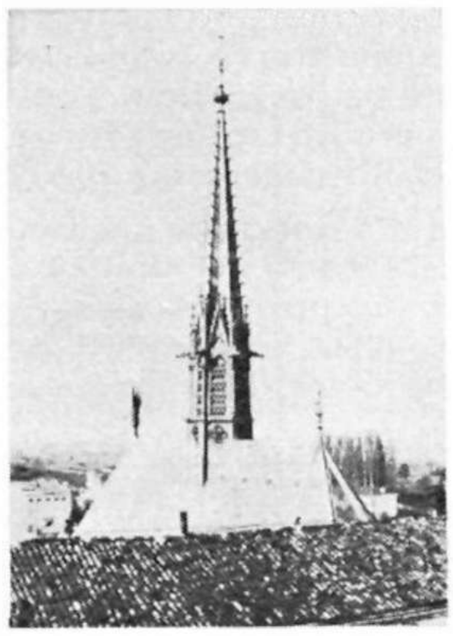

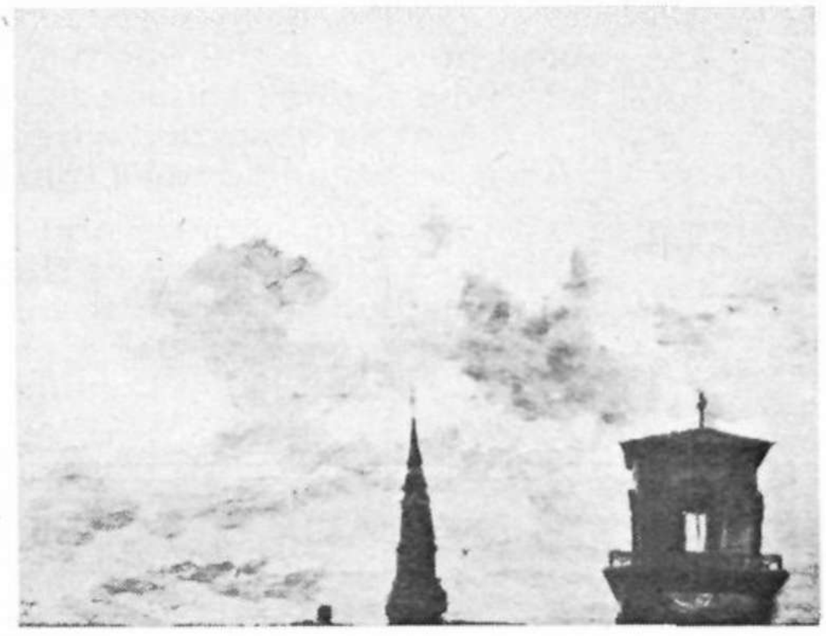

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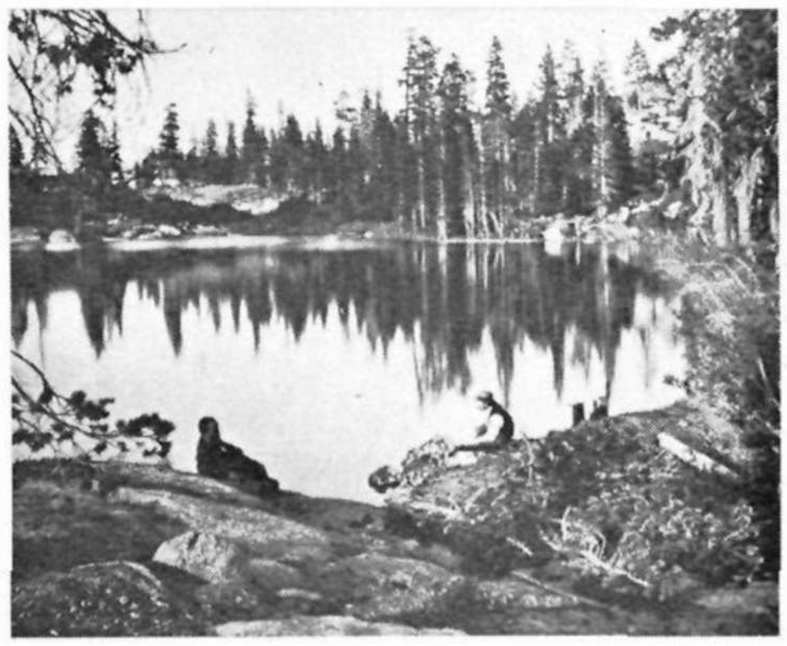

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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

A FAN'S ODE TO NEW YORK, FROM THE YANKEE HEIGHTS TO THE CITY DUMPS

To 10-year-old Stanley Cohen in 1944, it was the names of the players that constituted baseball's initial appeal. "In my neighborhood," he writes, "everyone had names like Goldstein, Feldman, Geller and Cohen. . . . Who could even imagine someone named Arky Vaughan or Rip Sewell? *Those were names!*"

A quick study, as most bright 10-year-olds are when the price is right, Cohen memorized the lineups of every team in the major leagues overnight. The reward for his effort was the unbridled admiration of his buddies, who had ridiculed him only the day before for not even knowing who Stan Musial was.

Thus inducted, Cohen soon became a student of the game and a devoted Yankee fan, which, it turns out, aren't mutually exclusive pursuits, as those of us who have spent a lifetime hating the Yankees have thought. In his charming book, *The Man in the Crowd* (Random House, $13.50), Cohen almost wins us over to his side. One test of a writer is the ability to make you see things his way, at least while you are at his disposal. Cohen temporarily convinced me that it was indeed a magical moment when Chris Chambliss hit the ninth-inning home run that won the 1976 pennant for the Yankees. (At the time, however, I thought it was kind of a drag.)

As he grew older, Cohen discovered football and boxing and basketball—especially New York college basketball, in the days when it was the best in the land. He rejoiced in the fact that kids from New York City made up the City College team that won both the NCAA and NIT titles in 1950. "Without athletic scholarships," he writes, "without high-powered recruiting, without any inducements but the promise of an education, we had produced the best basketball team in the country." To his credit, having shared CCNY's triumph he felt obliged to share its disgrace when the 1951 basketball scandals exposed feet of clay. Vicarious glory carries with it the risk of vicarious shame. Some people never do acknowledge that. Cohen un-

derstood it and lived with it. Many years later he wrote a book about "the scandals." I haven't read it, but I suspect it's worthwhile.

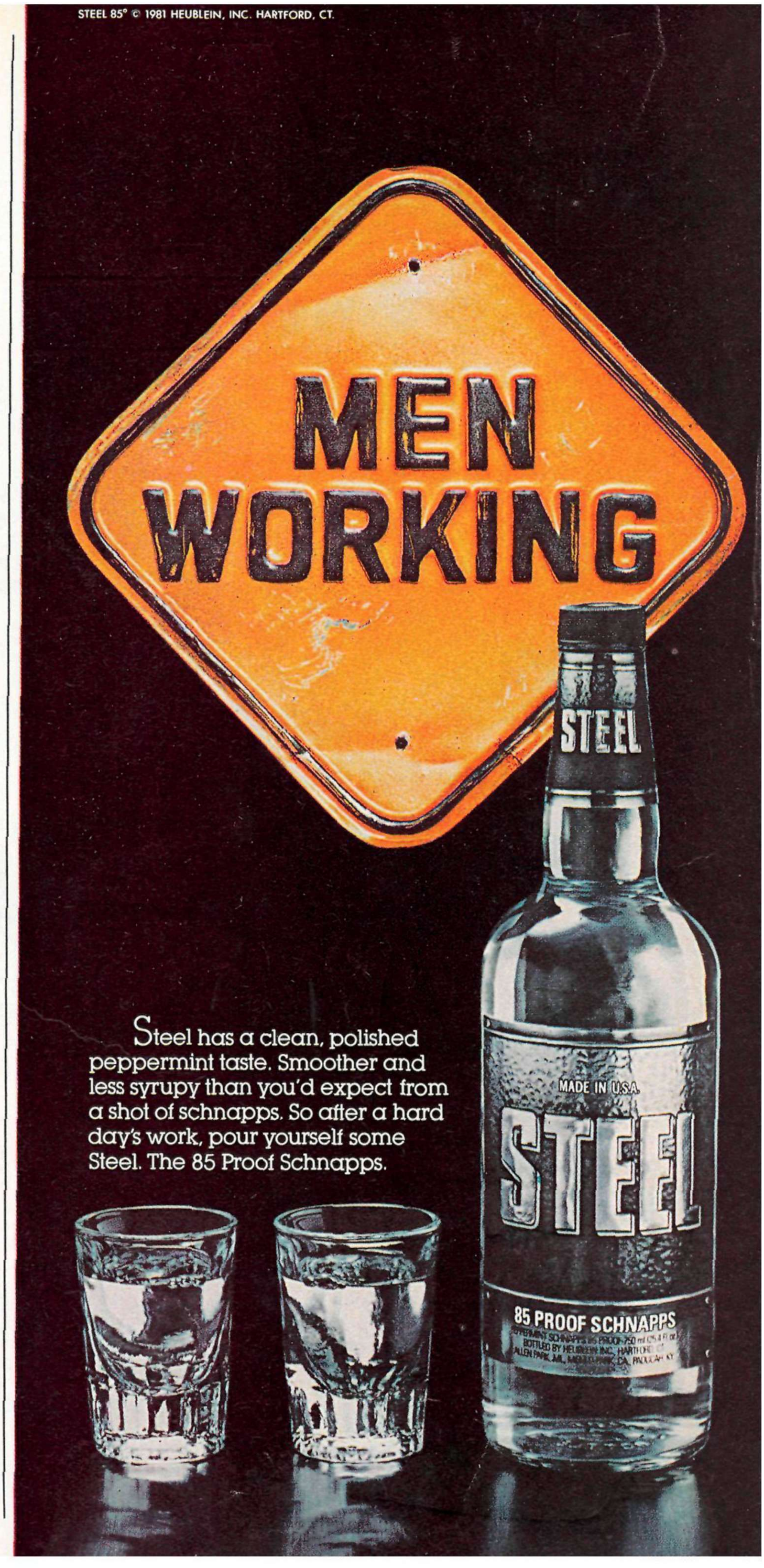
The Man in the Crowd is subtitled "Confessions of a Sports Addict." I dislike jocular "confessions of" titles, which seem to me unnecessarily laden with sauciness. This one was probably added by an editor ("We have to tell 'em what it's about, Stanley"), and it's especially inappropriate because Cohen strikes me as the kind of writer who, while he might lapse into sentimentality here and there, would rather dismantle his typewriter than stoop to any form of cuteness. In any case, a better and more elucidative subtitle would have been "Notes of a Complete New Yorker," because the book is in large part a hymn of praise to the city.

New York is the only American city Cohen's father, a Romanian immigrant, ever knew or wanted to know. It is the city where Cohen grew up and where he in turn raised his own son to be a faithful Yankee fan. And the author loves it with an undiluted passion which I envy, having divided my own affection among a number of cities.

The immigrant father's favorite anecdote, endlessly repeated, was of how he had seen his first baseball game—the Giants vs. the Cubs at the Polo Grounds—as a result of winning a newspaper limerick contest. "Imagine," he would say, "I had just learned to speak English, and here I won a poetry contest. What do you think of that?" Cohen, who always heard him out, thought a lot of that.

Finally, it must be noted that Cohen's love of sports, while unquestionably genuine, does have a few soft spots in it. For a period of several years, while occupied with other matters, he lost interest in watching games, he says. Not coincidentally, these were the very same several years when the Yankees were lousy. When the Yankees started to win again, however, he started watching again. Faithful fans of the White Sox and Indians and Tigers (*forget* the Cubs), accustomed to waiting a decade or more for a mere contender for a title, may be forgiven for questioning the true depth of his "addiction."

But no matter. It's a very nice book, well written and full of history for the young and memories for the more mature. You'll like it. If you're a New Yorker, you'll love it. **END**



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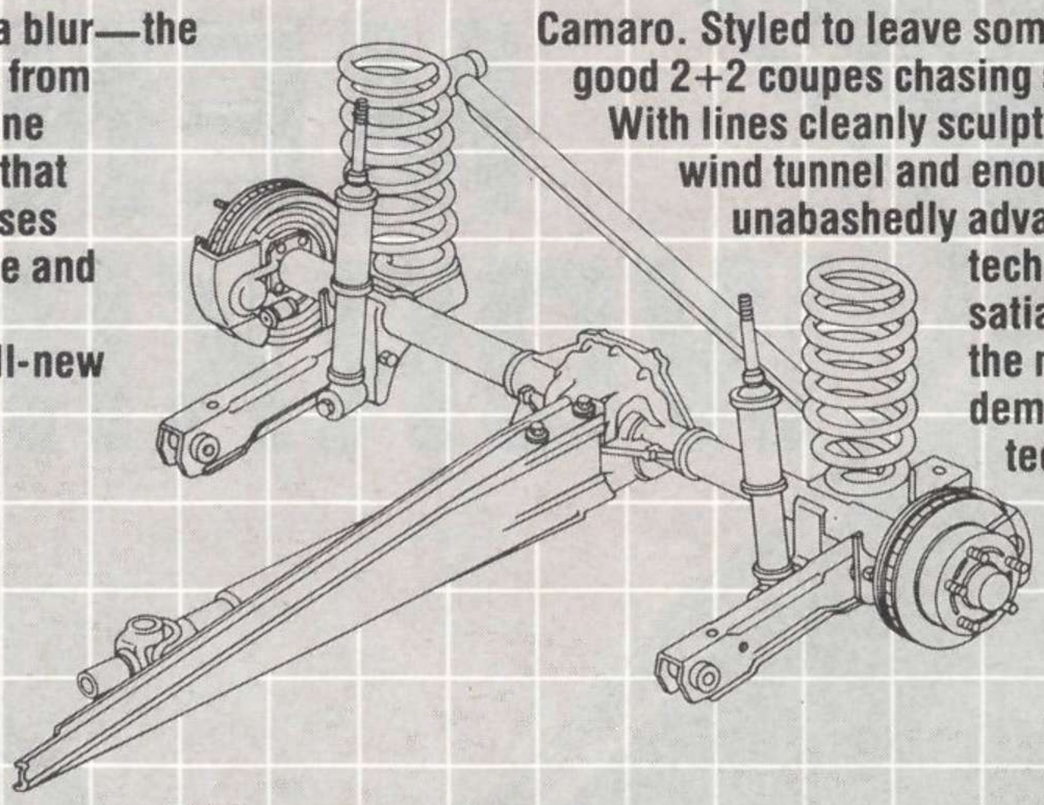

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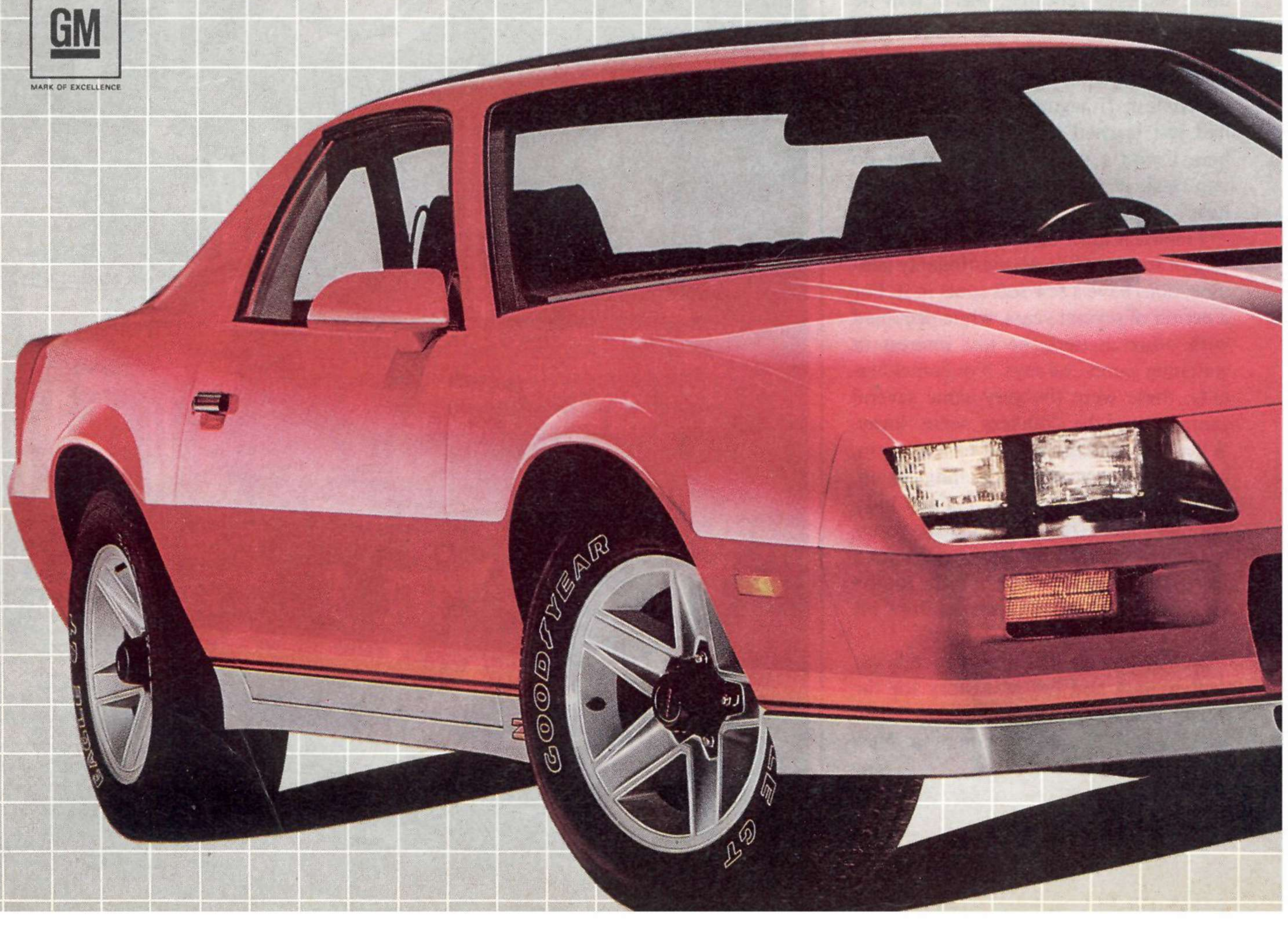

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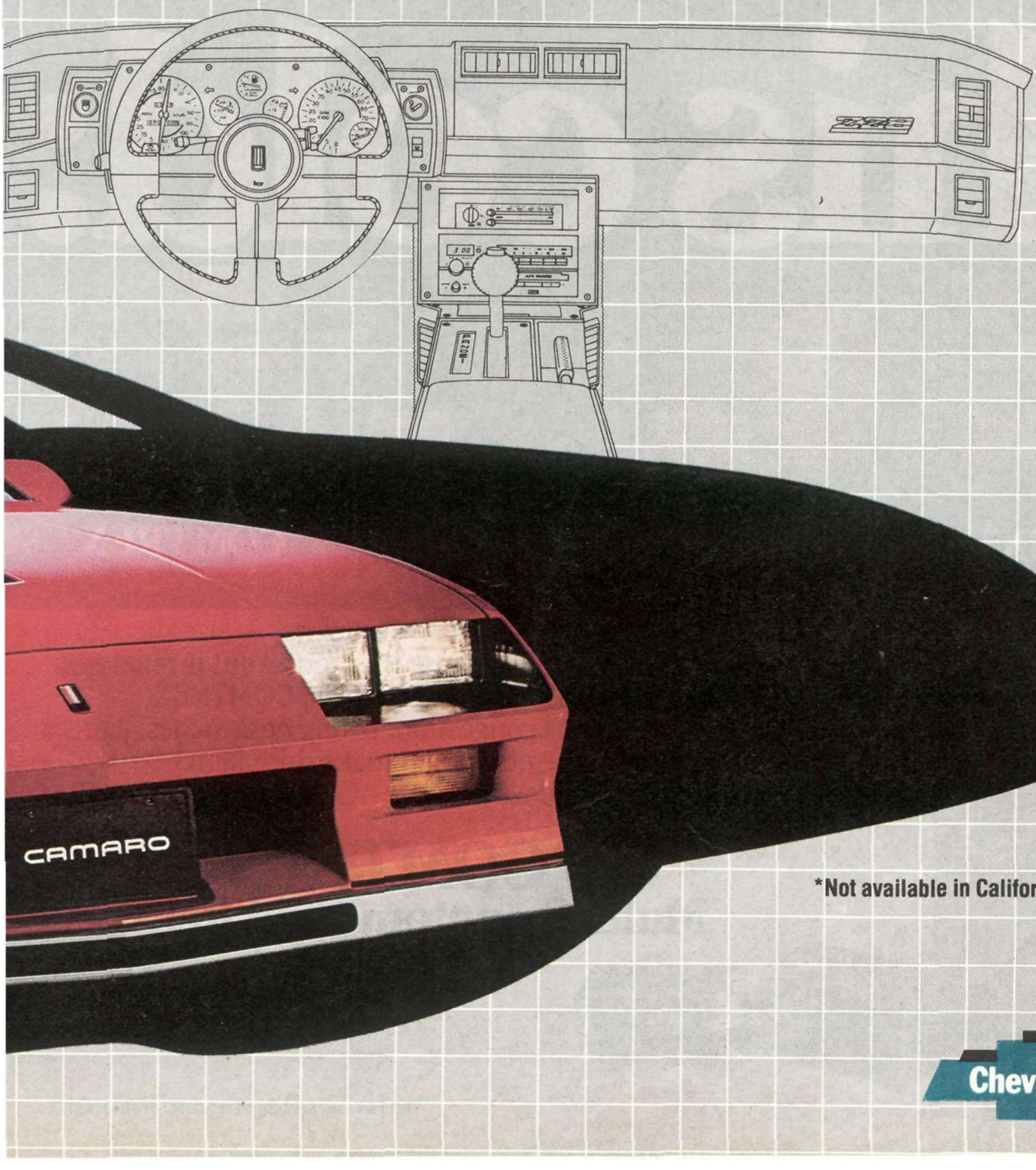

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

RELEASE-22

Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* said there was no way you could win. John McEnroe seems to have come up with the reverse. Last July, you may recall, McEnroe was fined $10,000 (later reduced to $5,000) by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council because of his obstreperous behavior at Wimbledon. McEnroe appealed the decision, and in accordance with its rules the MIPTC set up a three-man panel to decide whether McEnroe should indeed be fined. The panel was selected from a list of about 20 prominent tennis people from around the world. The MIPTC picked one member. McEnroe, as the accused, picked another. Those two selected the third.

The other day the panel handed down its decision. McEnroe was absolved and the fine rescinded. The vote was 2–1 against him.

Against him? Yes. McEnroe's choice, Harry Hopman, once McEnroe's coach, voted for McEnroe. The other two panelists, Bob Kelleher, former USTA president, and Lawrence Krieger, a New York lawyer, voted against him.

Then how come McEnroe won? Because under MIPTC rules, a player's appeal can be denied only if the decision against him is unanimous.

Let's get this straight. You mean, the accused gets to appoint one of his judges, and if that judge votes for him, he can't be found guilty?

Well, yes. And, no, Lewis Carroll didn't make this up, although he must be gimbling in his wabe because he didn't.

It should be noted that the rule has now been changed. The MIPTC did smell a rat in there somewhere, and henceforth a simple majority will be sufficient.

Too late! John's away! With Alice in Wonderland.

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Mike Flanagan, the Baltimore Orioles' pitcher, couldn't reach agreement on a new contract with Hank Peters, the club's general manager, so last week they went to arbitration, in which each party submits a salary figure and the arbitrator picks the one he deems the more reasonable. It turned out that Flanagan asked for a lower salary ($485,000) than the one offered by the Orioles ($500,000), only the second time this has happened since arbitration in its present form became a part of baseball in 1976. The incident, which ended in effect with the arbitration being called off and Flanagan getting the $500,000, probably serves to prove that not all players are greedy. Or that not all clubs are stingy. Or perhaps only that Flanagan and Peters would be pigeons playing poker.

R.I.P.

Life is so bad for the New York Knicks these days it looks like death to some observers. When Boston whipped New York 131–99 last week, handing the Knicks their ninth defeat in 11 games, *The New York Times* erroneously indexed its account of the loss as the second item under "Obituaries."

HARASSING HAGLER

Middleweight champion Marvin Hagler was warned last week by the World Boxing Association that he had 15 days "to come to terms on your mandatory fight with the leading available contender Fulgencio Obelmejias." For years while he was the best—or just about the best—middleweight around, Hagler was repeatedly ignored when big fights were being arranged. He was so tough and so little known—and lefthanded—that nobody with aspirations of his own wanted to get in the ring with him. Now he seems to be doing the same thing to Obelmejias. Or is he?

"He'd fight Fully Obel tomorrow," says Hagler's lawyer, Steve Wainwright. "Look, that's not the problem. Marvin knocked him out a year ago, and you won't find anybody who wants to promote the fight. Why would anybody pay to see Marvin knock out Obel again?"

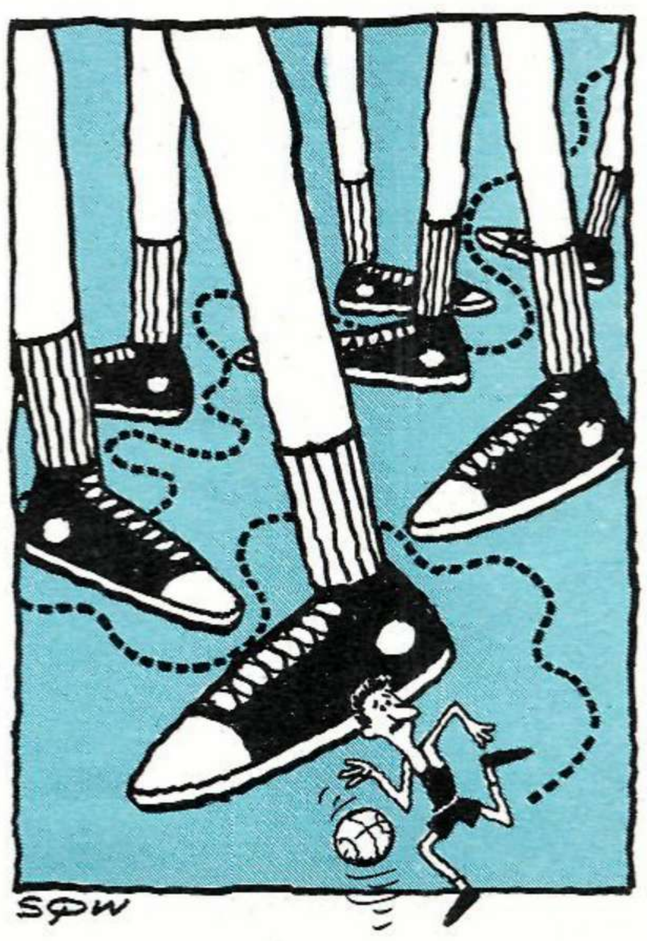
Hagler doesn't want to fight Obelmejias because he has an attractive array of moneymaking bouts lined up for March, April and June, the last against Thomas Hearns, a far worthier opponent than Obelmejias. Still, Obelmejias *has* fought his way back up to No. 1 on the WBA's list of contenders since the Hagler beating and under WBA rules must be given the next shot at the title.

"It's politics," a bitter Hagler insists. "This is the only way they're going to get the title away from me, trying to strip me of it.

"Politics. I thought that was all over."

LONESOME END

When several players on the same basketball team foul out, it often means defeat. Seldom, however, does a team get into as deep a hole as the West Coast Christian College Knights did a few



weeks ago against the University of California-Santa Cruz Sea Lions.

The usually well-disciplined Knights had committed an average of only 17 team fouls a game, so Coach Jerry Turner wasn't concerned when injuries left him with only eight men to play Cal-Santa Cruz. Wouldn't you know? That night his players kept getting whistled, whistled and whistled. Said Sea Lion Coach Joe Richardson, "There were some strange calls. The officiating was consistently poor." Whatever the reason, the Knights got into *bad* foul trouble. One player fouled out, then another, then a third. The Knights kept on fouling

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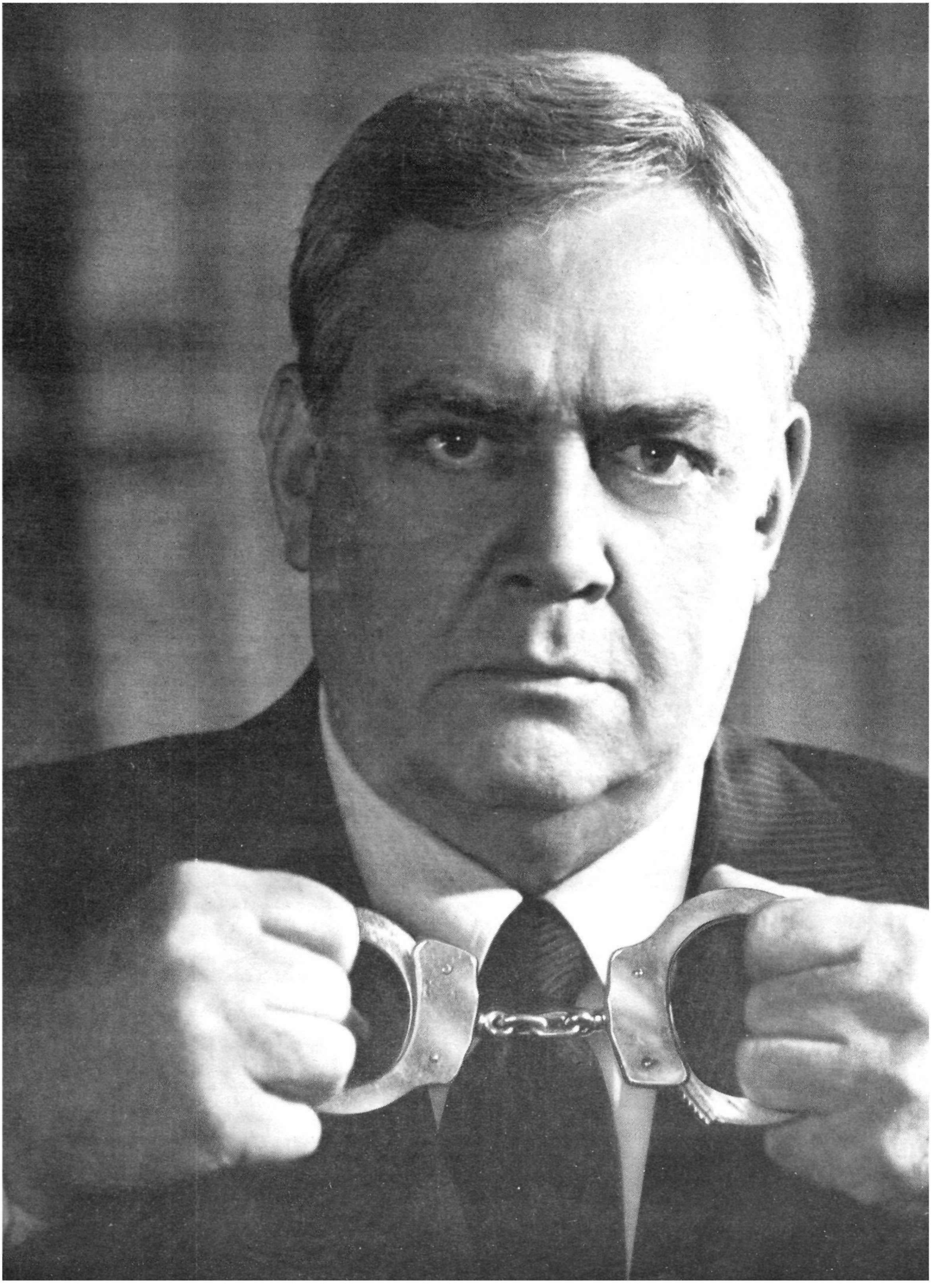

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out until only one man, 6-foot Guard Mike Lockhart, was left. "We had started in a tandem zone," Lockhart explained afterward. "Then we went to a straight 2-3 zone. After we were down to four guys we used a 2-2 box. Then a 1-2 diamond. Then a 1-1 zone. Finally a 1."

There were two minutes and 10 seconds to play in the game when Lockhart found himself alone on the floor, with the Knights ahead 70–57. "I was scared to death," he said. "I have confidence in my ball handling, but I had four fouls myself and there was nobody to pass to. The coach told me to calm down, take my time."

Further complicating Lockhart's situation was that, when he put the ball in play after a Sea Lion score, it had to touch another player before he could retrieve it. Once he managed to bounce the ball off an opponent's leg and then grab it back. He also got a rebound after Cal-Santa Cruz missed a shot. When he got possession, he did a good job of dribbling to eat up the clock, and the Sea Lions were forced to foul him to get the ball. Lockhart made five of six free throws.

In their brief five-to-one matchup Cal-Santa Cruz beat Lockhart 10–5, but that wasn't enough to turn the game around. West Coast Christian won 75–67. "It seemed like an eternity before it was over," Lockhart said. "I just thanked the Lord."

THE BUSINESS OF BLOOD

NHL officials say some pretty amazing things on the subject of fighting during games. They'll tell you that fighting is tolerated by the league because it's an outlet for frustration, that nobody gets hurt and that, if fisticuffs *weren't* tolerated, the players would resort to swinging their sticks. Never mind that the typical NHL fight isn't a spontaneous occurrence born of frustration but, rather, a set piece intended to intimidate an opponent and waged by designated tough guys. Or that players do get hurt in hockey fights, as the Rangers' Ed Hospodar will tell you, if he has recovered sufficiently from the broken jaw he suffered upon being punched by the Islanders' Clark Gillies. Or that NHL games feature fighting *plus* stick swinging. Surely nobody expects the NHL higher-ups to admit the truth: to wit, that they cynically detract from hockey's inherent beauty and the skill of its players by condoning fighting to pander to the baser impulses of the ticket-buying public.

But few of the league's higher-ups have gone as far in defense of fighting as Paul Martha, chief operating officer of the Pittsburgh Civic Arena and the Penguins. In an interview with Dan Donovan of *The Pittsburgh Press*, Martha was so adamant in expressing the view that brawling is a harmless way for players to release "pent-up emotions" that he was moved to say, "I don't think fighting is necessarily violence." Moreover, even while insisting that NHL teams "don't sell violence," he conceded that the Penguins had been encouraged to exhibit the "aggressiveness" that puts them second in penalty minutes among NHL teams. And he outdid himself when he said, "It's not the players who cause fights, it's the fans." With that remarkable comment, Martha appeared to be absolving from responsibility for fighting not only the players but also, by extension, NHL executives and referees who make and enforce the rules. He elaborated: "The players give no more and no less than what the fan demands. If he didn't like what he saw, why would the spectator come out?" In other words, hockey fights occur not to release players' pent-up emotions but to satisfy the bloodlust of certain fans.

If nothing else, Martha sure let the cat out of the bag. If his argument is correct, doesn't that make the NHL owners purveyors of gore?

Not long after Martha made his revealing remarks, Paul Gardner of the Penguins got into a minor mix-up with a Winnipeg Jet in a game at Winnipeg. Jimmy Mann of the Jets went onto the ice soon after and hit Gardner with a blind-side punch that broke Gardner's jaw, sidelining him for an estimated 25 to 30 games. Mann's skills are evident: In 109 games played over two seasons with the Jets, he has scored six goals while amassing almost 400 minutes in penalties. Last Thursday the NHL suspended Mann for 10 games. "Ten games . . . what a joke," said one NHL general manager. "The best punishment would be to force Winnipeg to play Mann as a regular for 10 games. Losing him is no loss."

That same day in Pittsburgh a radio spot promoting last Saturday's Penguins-Jets game urged folks to come out and see Jimmy Mann. While the commercial obviously was prepared before Mann's suspension was announced, it nonetheless suggested that Pittsburgh hockey fans attend the game to see a fellow who had shattered the jaw of one of their players. What's the NHL trying to say? Come out and see the wild animals?

THE WAGES OF PEACE

A revealing sidelight to all this occurred during a recent game between the Los Angeles Kings and the Vancouver Canucks. A run-of-the-mill fight broke out on the ice, and the Kings' rookie coach, Don Perry, ordered 6′ 4″, 220-pound Paul Mulvey off the bench and into the fray. Mulvey had been obtained by the Kings from Pittsburgh late in December to give L.A. a little muscle; he'd already had 126 minutes in penalties as well as a one-game suspension this season. But he refused to follow Perry's orders, recalling the league rule that slaps a three-game suspension on anyone coming off the bench to join a fight.

Perry, furious at Mulvey, told him four times to get out on the ice, but Mulvey refused until other players had preceded him and both benches were about to empty onto the rink. Perry raged at Mulvey in the locker room afterward, told reporters, "I don't want him on my hockey team," and soon thereafter L.A. put Mulvey on irrevocable waivers.

"I'm a human being," Mulvey said, "and I stuck up for my rights as a person. I was being shoved out there as if I was nothing—he was asking me to get a couple more games in suspensions. I've had my share of fights, but I don't think my role is to fight. I'm a hockey player. What I have to do is play hockey."

If only the management of his former teams believed that.

KISSING YOUR SISTER

Or maybe Perry was just working off some frustrations. After all, by tying Philadelphia last Wednesday, the Kings extended two streaks simultaneously: six games without losing and 16 games without winning.

TONY C.

When baseball fans think of Tony Conigliaro, they think of a hard-luck player. They remember the early promise and the awful 1967 beaning that left Conigliaro's left eye damaged and his career in jeopardy. They may recall the embarrassing attempt at a singing career and

continued

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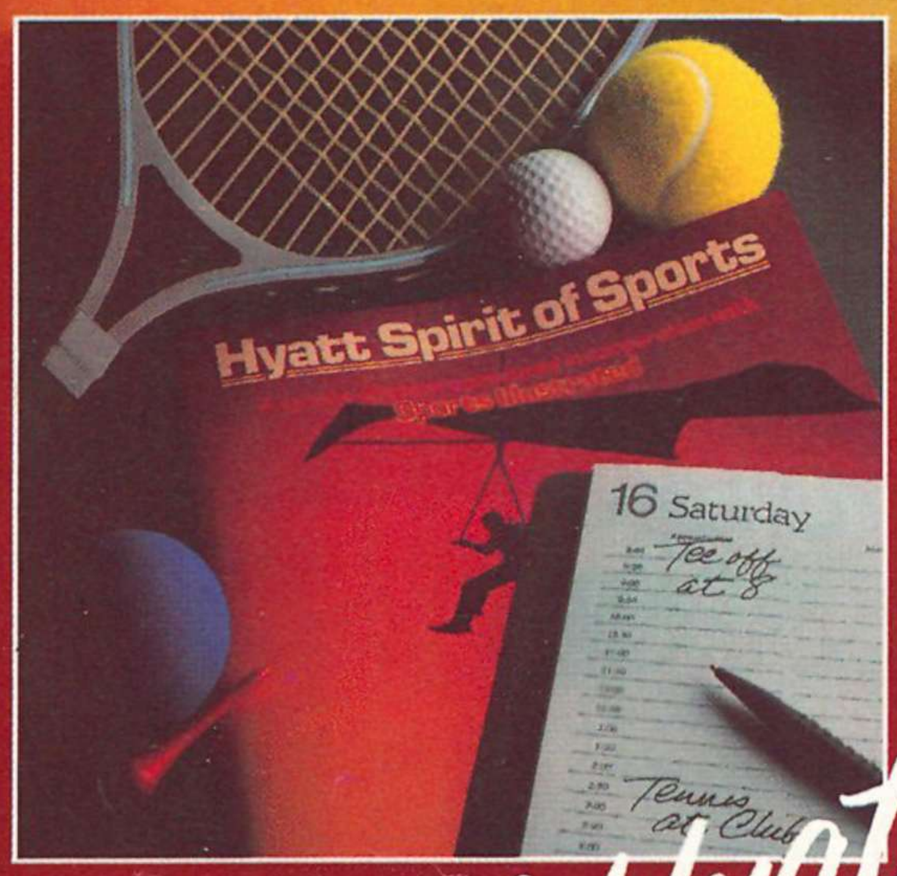

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the desperate digging up of his dad's front lawn when Tony decided to build a pitcher's mound in an attempt to find a ticket back to the majors.

Perhaps they recall the unpleasant stories about Tony C.'s arguments with Boston Manager Dick Williams and the subsequent shipping of Conigliaro to the California Angels. Lately, they've heard that the health food business Conigliaro was running in San Francisco was lost in the mudslides and that he suffered a heart attack in Boston a few weeks ago. They know that he has been lying unconscious in Massachusetts General Hospital and that his chances for a complete recovery dim with each passing day.

What is often forgotten in stories about hard-luck guys are the bright moments, and Conigliaro had a luminous one that bears recounting at this dark hour. After his beaning, the vision in Tony's left eye, once 20/15, deteriorated to 20/300, and doctors at the Retina Foundation in Boston told him the damage was irreparable and that he'd never play baseball again. Here's what is generally forgotten: Not only did Conigliaro play again, but he drove in a total of more than 200 runs for the Red Sox in 1969 and 1970. Two years after the beaning, ophthalmologist Dr. Charles Regan reexamined Conigliaro and discovered that, miraculously, his eye had healed itself and the vision in it was 20/20. "You're an amazing young man," Dr. Regan said. "Someone must have been saying a lot of prayers for you."

The man, still young at 37, is seemingly in need of another miracle. A lot more prayers are asking that he have at least one more shining moment.

THEY SAID IT

- Reggie Jackson, of California Angel owner Gene Autry, who signed free agent Jackson to a four-year, $700,000-a-year contract: "I think he likes me."
- Bob Donewald, coach of Illinois State's big but slow basketball team, after the Redbirds arrived at the baggage area of Boston's Logan Airport before the Worcester City Classic and found their suitcases were already there: "Even our luggage is faster than we are."
- Glenn Wilkes, Stetson University basketball coach, lamenting a schedule that includes games against Duke, Clemson, Nevada-Las Vegas and Marquette: "We don't have a fight song. We have a surrender song."

END

"After I stopped running around the courts, I started running my own small business."

-John Havlicek

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While the announced retirement of any fighter should never be taken as gospel (Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson and Muhammad Ali come to mind), it's probably safe to bet the rent that Roberto Duran will never again be paid to appear in short pants and padded mitts. The 30-year-old Panamanian cashed in his career chips last Saturday night at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas after losing a unanimous decision to Wilfred Benitez, the WBC junior middleweight champion with a 43–1–1 record.

Although Duran, the former lightweight and welterweight champion, lost the fight to Benitez, he could walk away from the game with pride and dignity, qualities he conspicuously failed to exhibit 14 months ago.

All week before the Benitez bout, Duran kept saying that if he lost this one there would be no more. "I am fighting Benitez to get one more chance at Ray Leonard," he said. "Leonard is my ultimate goal. But if I lose to Benitez. . . ."

Leonard was the ultimate because on Nov. 25, 1980 in New Orleans' Superdome, Duran lost his welterweight championship rematch to Leonard when he quit without honor in the eighth round. The

continued

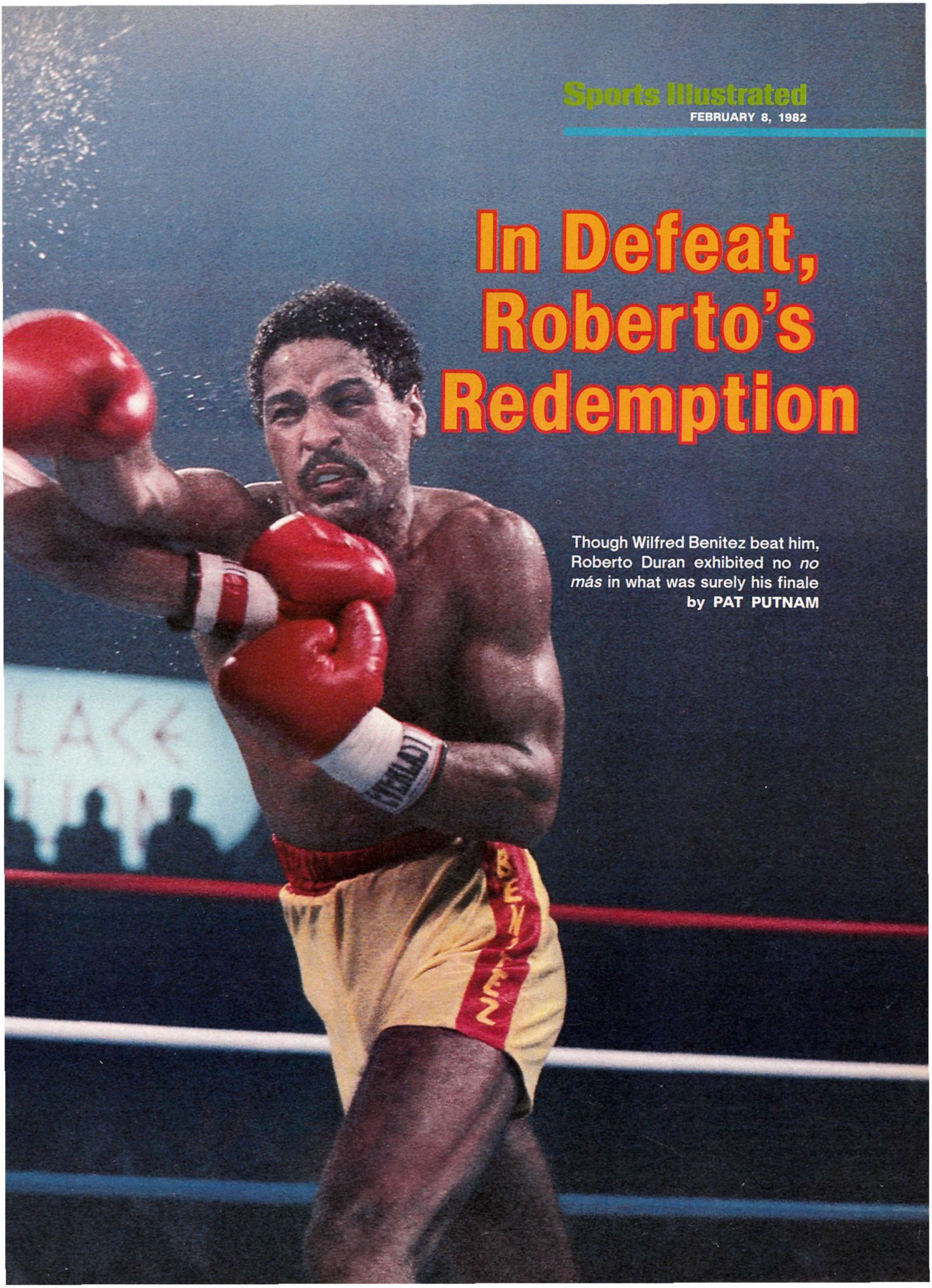
Duran never hit the deck, however hair-raising were Benitez' best shots.

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 8, 1982

In Defeat, Roberto's Redemption

Though Wilfred Benitez beat him, Roberto Duran exhibited no *no más* in what was surely his finale

by PAT PUTNAM



Duran was devastating as a lightweight, but more pounds have meant less punch.

words he muttered at the time—*no más, no más*—have haunted him ever since.

Returning to Panama in disgrace, he begged his manager, Carlos Eleta, for a second chance. "No," said Eleta. Then he relented. "In New Orleans, Duran had surrounded himself with bad people," Eleta explained. "I told him that if he wanted to fight again, first he must get rid of that entourage. It took nine months before the last one was gone. Then he came to me, and I said I would help him."

Duran began his comeback as a 154-pound junior middleweight by winning unspectacular decisions over Nino Gonzalez and Luigi Minchillo. Then he signed to fight Benitez for $500,000.

Duran had been known to train on rich food and fast nightlife. And, next to the Canal, Panama considered him its most important asset. Reports from New York, where he spent time last summer, said Duran had ballooned upwards of 180 pounds before the Gonzalez fight in August. In Panama, getting him into fighting shape for the Benitez bout became a national concern.

Secretly, Eleta and General Omar Torrijós Herrera, Panama's ruler, who has since died in a plane crash, set up training quarters for Duran on Coiba, a penal island 15 miles off the coast of Panama. About 350 people, including Panama's most vicious convicts, live there. For Duran, there would be no restaurants or theaters, no television or telephones. There are no cells on Coiba, but the waters surrounding the island are shark infested.

Duran had been led to believe he would train in Los Angeles, a city of delights that he knows well. Too well. One of his closest advisers, Luis Henriquez, established a training camp in L.A., and last Dec. 2 he returned to Panama to get Duran. On arrival, Henriquez was met by a detachment of national guardsmen.

They took Henriquez to Florencio Flores, their commandant. "Colonel Flores told me not to bother unpacking," Henriquez said. "He said they had a plane waiting to take me and Duran to Coiba. It turned out to be a masterstroke. All the prisoners know what hard times are, and it didn't bother them what Roberto had done in New Orleans. They did wonders building his morale. And, with no distractions, he became hard and mean once more."

If anyone has a reputation for training less than Duran, it is Benitez. But for the $1.4 million he would earn for his second defense of the title he won from Maurice Hope last May, Benitez was hard at work in Puerto Rico.

"When Benitez lost the welterweight title to Leonard in 1979," said Jimmy Jacobs, a co-manager of Benitez, "he trained three days, and I'm not sure about two of those."

Benitez said he had put in two full months of hard work this time. His father, Gregorio, who trains him, said it

was one month. They have been known to disagree.

During that period there was a wave of celebrity kidnappings in Puerto Rico. One night the telephone rang in the Benitez house, and Gregorio answered.

"We have kidnapped Wilfred."

"*Sí.*"

"We want a million dollars."

"*Sí.*"

"Or we'll kill him."

"Kill him," Gregorio said, deciding it was a hoax.

A few days before his fight with Duran, the champion stretched out on a bed in his Las Vegas hotel suite. It was 6 p.m. and he had just finished a very hard workout, with eight rounds of sparring. Why the new regimen?

"Dedication and maturity," said Benitez, one of six men ever to hold championships in three divisions. "This is my last fight as a junior middleweight and it is very important. After this fight I want to become a middleweight and beat Marvin Hagler for my fourth title. For this I must be disciplined."

Two months ago Benitez weighed 172 pounds. Three weeks ago he was down to 165. As he spoke last week, after the workout, he weighed 155.

"I have trained right," he said. "I lost the weight by training instead of just not eating, but this weight is too hard to make anymore. But I feel strong because I have worked very hard. At this weight I, and not Duran, will have the hands of stone."

As Frank Parilla, one of Benitez' handlers, and his grandson, 9-year-old Juan Francisco Vasquez, were playing dominoes, one of Wilfred's favorite games, Gregorio was checking the suite for signs of voodoo. He had heard that the Panamanians thought that he was a witch and would use voodoo against him. He had posted extra guards and was constantly searching for suspicious powders or marks on the doors.

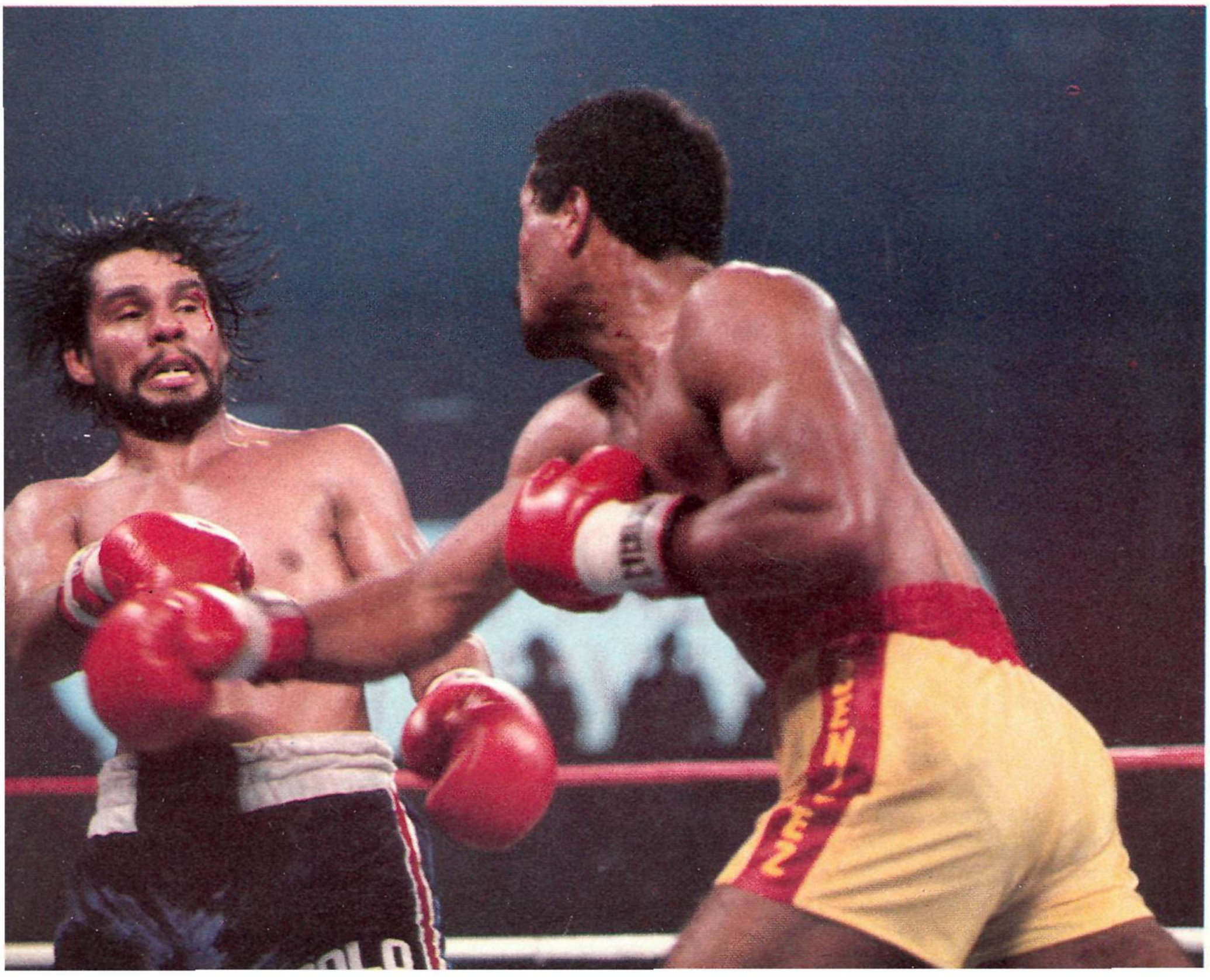
"Duran is a dirty fighter," Gregorio said. "Everybody knows he is a street fighter. He is a guy who comes in angry. All of Wilfred's fights have been clean. If you are going to fight with fouls, then let's call this kick boxing. That's the Japanese style [sic]; you hit with fist and with feet. Duran should be a kick boxer."

An onlooker mentioned that Wilfred was saying how hard he had worked.

Gregorio frowned. "I got nothing to say about that," he said, and then had something to say about that. "I think he could have trained better this time. This is going to be a furious fight. This is a fight for Latin America and the Americans are all eager to see my champion beat Duran. We have to beat him any way we can. Kicking if we have to. But Duran can't beat him. Wilfred is a young man with the age of 35 in the ring. He has 200 and some fights on his ribs. They can do 1,000 marvelous things to him, and with his experience he's too great for it to matter. He is a bible." By Gregorio's count, Wilfred had sparred 400 rounds and had run 200 miles preparing for Duran.

At a press conference the following day, Gregorio glared at Duran and said, "We have trained to fight 15 rounds just in case you decide not to quit in the eighth round." *continued*

Benitez' best punch was his right hand, with which he repeatedly rocked Duran.



Duran laughed at him. Later he told the newsmen, "After I beat Wilfred I am going to get Don King to sign my father to fight his father."

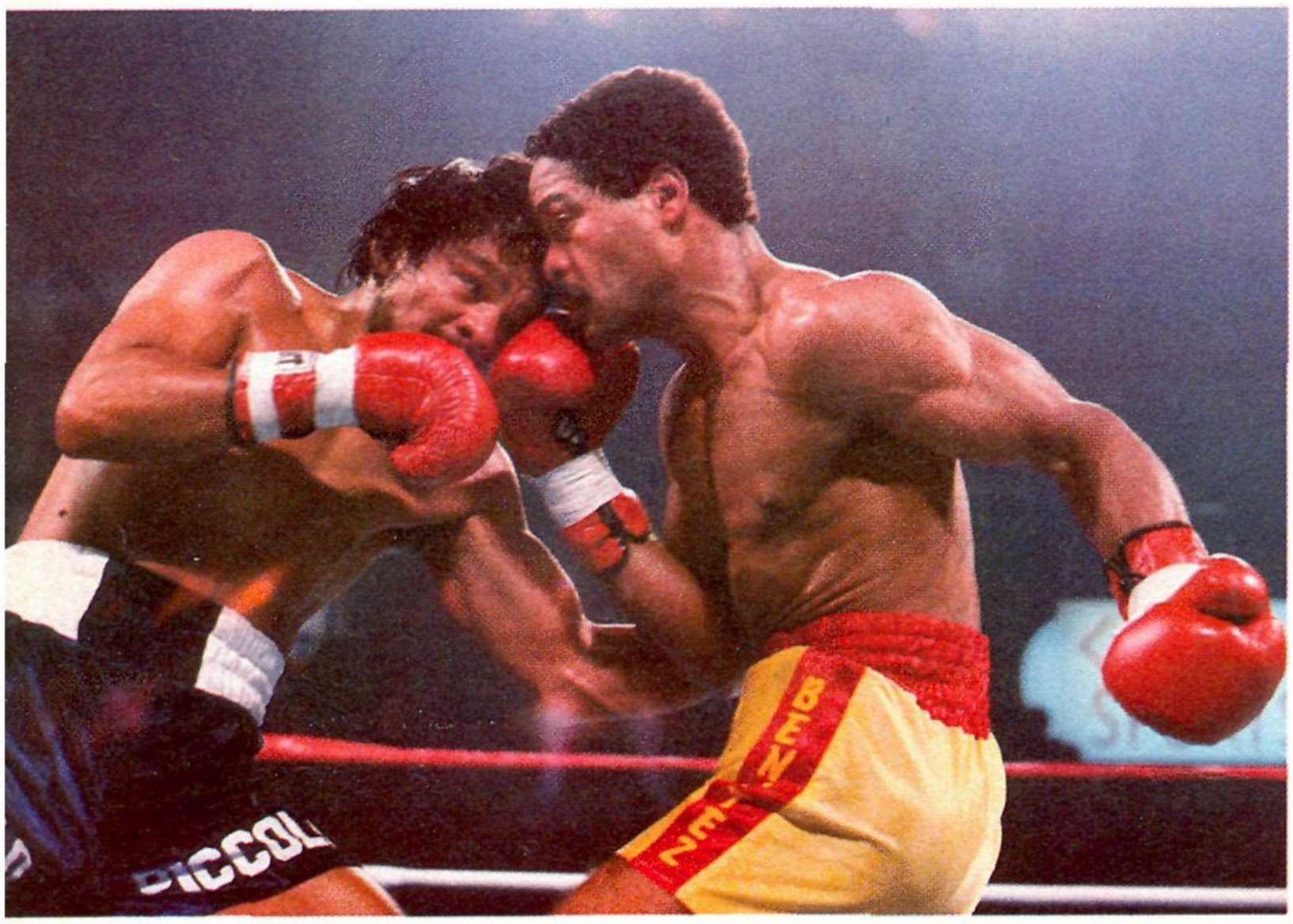
Wilfred was enraged by the comment. Jumping up, he tried to get at Duran, who laughed and ducked out of the way. Later, in his dressing room, Duran said, "All of Benitez' clowning just proves he is afraid of me. I sleep nights. I am sure he doesn't."

Duran's interpreter relayed a question about Leonard.

"I am fighting Benitez," Duran said angrily. "I don't think about Leonard. Why do you keep asking me about Leonard? *Why don't you go ask Leonard why* he doesn't give me a second chance like I gave him?"

On the night of the fight Leonard was doing color commentary at ringside for Home Box Office, which was televising

Benitez' exceptional sense of anticipation enabled him to slip many of Duran's shots.



Benitez was dominant—no ifs or ands—although there was an occasional head butt.

the bout live. He had picked Benitez to win. "But only if he doesn't fight Duran the way I fought him in Montreal," Leonard said, grinning.

Just before the first bell, Benitez, who had been scowling across the ring at Duran, turned and winked at Leonard. Then, with a 2½" height advantage and those marvelous reflexes that he calls radar, he went to work.

For this fight, Eleta had coaxed Ray Arcel from retirement. The 82-year-old trainer had packed it in after the New Orleans debacle. "It made me sick," Arcel said. "Physically sick. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I was jittery. But I guess it's true that time heals all wounds. Who knows what happened that night? Not even Duran can explain it. Can you condemn a man for one mistake? When Eleta called me I told him if Duran was ever in a big fight, I would be there."

Now Arcel had ordered Duran to get on top of Benitez and stay there. "I don't want a fencing match," he said. "That's his game. We got to fight him for 15 rounds. He's a stylist, but we are stronger. It's brain against brawn."

Duran came out firing, but Benitez is a bewildering target. He stands straight up, barely moving, appearing no more difficult to hit than, say, the ring post. But you swing and he is gone; sometimes by no more than a fraction of an inch, but gone.

Duran became frustrated. He tried to lunge in behind a jab, only to leave himself off-balance and open for snapping *hooks to the body. In the third round* Benitez began to fire righthand leads to the head, each time paying for it as Duran banged combinations to the body. Benitez switched to digging both hands to the body. By the end of the round, Duran was backing up, and he looked grim. Benitez continued to work over Duran's body in the fourth, and at the bell he hit Leonard with another wink.

The sixth was Duran's best round: He hit Benitez with three solid right hands to the head. But Benitez didn't blink.

"It's the size," Arcel would say later. "He hit a lightweight like that and he goes. But while he can hurt these bigger guys, they are strong enough and have enough endurance to come right back."

In the seventh, Benitez sliced open Duran's left eyelid with a right lead, jarred him with a right uppercut and then appeared to let Duran trap him against the ropes, only to outpunch him three to one. The fencer was beating the strong man at his own game.

As Benitez continued his vicious body attack, Duran began to tire. As a lightweight he was a legend, but now he was a legend carrying a 17½-pound impost. It began to take its toll. As he returned wearily to his corner after the 10th, Duran was met with a barrage of Spanish from Panama Lewis, a handler who was relaying instructions from Arcel and cutman Bill Present.

"Throw more overhand rights," was the message. "The other guy is dropping his left. And stay inside and punch."

Duran sighed as Present worked on the cut. "I try. I try," he said. "But I can't do it. My arms, they are too heavy. I'm trying to put pressure on, but my body won't let me."

Indeed, more and more Duran seemed to be resorting to a tactic in which he would unleash one desperate punch and then close with Benitez, tying him up before the champion, a committed counterpuncher, could retaliate. Although Benitez kept looking to unload a big right, like the punch that coldcocked poor Hope, he never abandoned his steely purpose; that is, he wisely refrained from disobeying one of the sport's hoariest and truest dicta—don't slug with a slugger—however much he wanted to put Duran away. Of course, slugger is a description that doesn't apply to Duran nowadays; he throws the wide punches of that breed, but they are no longer forceful, no longer destructive.

But, to his credit, Duran never stopped trying. He kept boring in, taking everything Benitez could throw, still trying to unload the killer punch that had given him 55 knockouts in 76 fights. In the 12th, a butt ripped open a small cut on the side of Benitez' left eye. In the 13th, Duran came out minus his mouthpiece. Present had been working on the eye. As the bell rang, Present screamed, "Where's the mouthpiece?" In the excitement one of his handlers had taken it down the steps. By the time he returned, Duran was in the ring fighting his heart out.

"I can promise you this," Arcel had said. "If Duran ever thought he'd do again what he did against Leonard in New Orleans, he'd kill himself first."

Duran proved that in the 15th. Exhausted, hardly able to hold up his arms, he whaled away against Benitez in a neutral corner, and for most of the final three minutes they slammed each other with abandon.

It was the way people should remember Roberto Duran: Although he knew he couldn't win, the indomitable and courageous Panamanian warrior who gave us years of fierce joy was giving his all until the final bell. **END**

It was a banner night for Benitez, hundreds of his followers and his mama, Clara (left).

Good Show For The Show Me People

In winning on the road against tough Kansas State, Missouri not only put up but also shut up its main skeptics—its fans **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

After approximately 60 days and 60 nights, the college basketball season was supposed to put the finishing touches on that Rozellian paradise fashionably known as parity. UCLA and Wichita State had been KO'd by the NCAA; North Carolina and Virginia had been erased in the ACC; Kentucky and Louisville had been grazed in the Bluegrass; Georgetown had been jumped, Idaho exposed, Texas taken and all the other contenders nicked at least once. Surely now it was Missouri's turn to face the music. Time: last Saturday afternoon. Opponent: Kansas State. Site: Ahearn Fieldhouse, Manhattan, Kans. Prospect: curtains. In two tones of purple.

Missourians practically beg for this, of course. Any state whose slogan is a put-up or shut-up demand for action must anticipate a similar attitude when its favorite basketball team appears so clean-cut and non-nasty, so unprepared for the vicious struggle, so . . . so *average*. Show me? "Even our own students figure we're about to lose each time out," says Jon Sundvold, the Tigers' underrated junior guard. "We must look it."

Whether Missouri—deep, talented, cerebral, No. 1 in the AP and UPI polls, No. 2 in SI's—is better than the higher-priced spreads was still difficult to ascertain Saturday after the Tigers had gotten fewer shots, rebounds, steals and blocks than the home team while botching seven of 15 free throws—normally their hole card. But what Missouri did do at Kansas State, which had a 14–4 record at week's end and was ranked 17th by SI, was hang tough in its oppressive man-to-man defense, overcome a pitiful showing by its star scorer, Ricky Frazier, shoot 60.5% as a team and ultimately defeat its bitter Big Eight Conference rival 59–58 to remain the only unbeaten Division I team in the land. Show the Tigers parity and they'll show you 18–0.

The last two times Missouri played Kansas State on a roll of 17 straight were in the seasons of 1919-20 and 1920-21. The Wildcats halted the streak on both occasions. "A lot of people have died between then and now," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart. One of the deceased, Harry Truman, was just a local politico back then, and Prince Bridges might have been the moniker of a hustler in some Kansas City speakeasy.

Prince Bridges? Nowadays in the Big Eight, Prince Bridges is a code word for danger among Mizzou opponents. The 6′ 1″, 160-pound Bridges, out of Tyler (Texas) JC, is the smallest Tiger starter, but he made the biggest play of Missouri's season so far by scoring the winning basket in a 44–42 squeaker at Nebraska. He made another stunner on Saturday when he went back-door—Bridges doesn't merely run through the back door, he leaps over it—to convert the business end of a rainbow pass from Sundvold by tomahawking a breathtaking slam dunk. It was Bridges' first and only bucket of the afternoon, and though it came with more than 13 minutes left, it was just the kind of surprise that had swung Mizzou-Kansas State games in the past. It seemed to do so again.

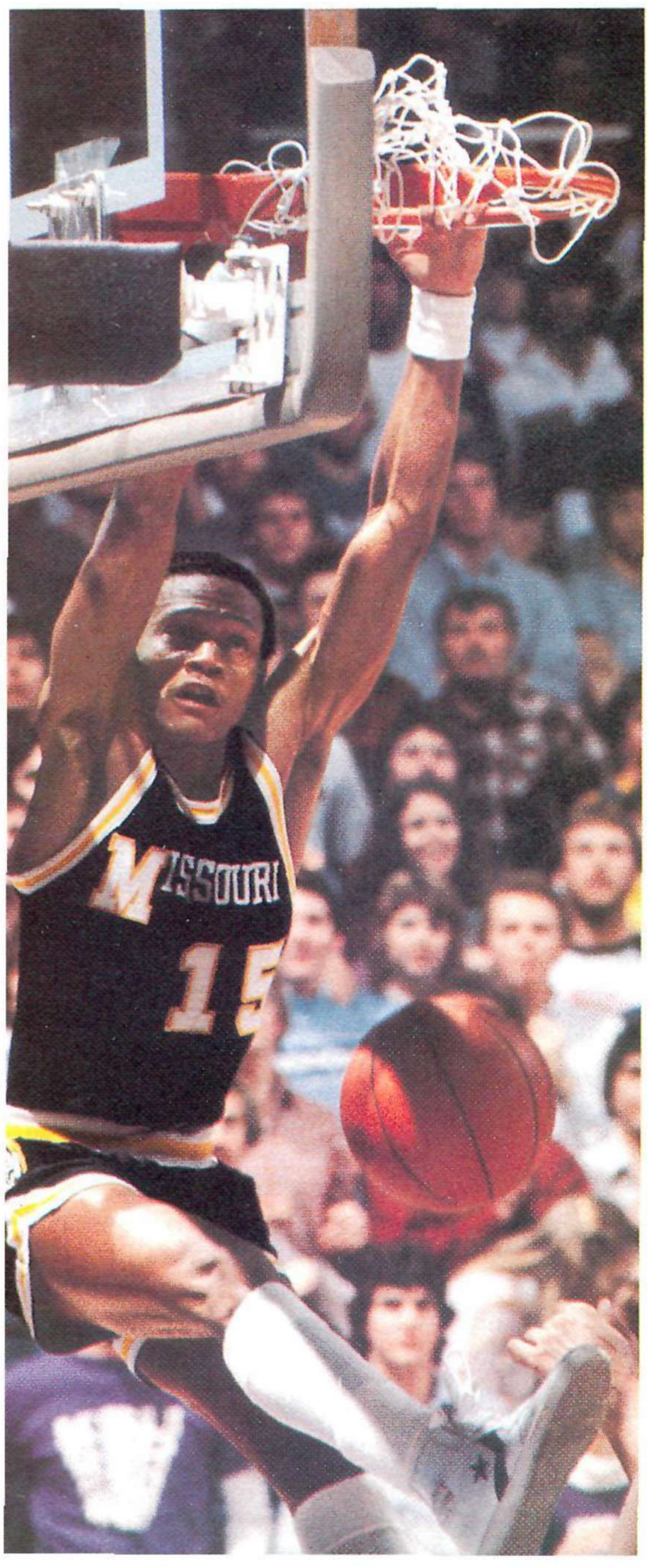
Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman, the sweet scientist with the sour disposition, deserves every bit of his reputation as one of the game's brilliant tacticians—who can forget his systematic assassination jobs on San Francisco, Oregon State and Illinois in last year's NCAAs?—yet Stewart has put the whammy on him in recent years in Ahearn, winning five of their last seven meetings there. Once Stewart had a center check Wildcat Guard Mike Evans. Once he had a guard check Wildcat muscleman Ed Nealy. Another time Mizzou's Willie Smith bounced an inbounds pass off the back of a K-State player, grabbed the ball and scored a key basket.

Before last week's renewal, Stewart stoked the flames by explaining, macho-like, his aversion to zone defenses. Naturally, Hartman's familiar, suffocating 3-2 zone was the target. "A zone is like a bunch of hens in a brood," Stewart said. "It's an admission—like saying, 'We're no good, so let's all get together in a

Bridges' stunning slam dunk, his only basket of the afternoon, ignited the Tigers.

knot and try to protect ourselves.' "

Somebody mentioned that a home-team defeat would mean that K-State had laid an egg, but Hartman, who is said to have last smiled when the hostages came home, kept his record intact. The coach's voice had practically died along with his team at Oklahoma State earlier in the week when Nealy, mired in some sort of funk, took just one shot in 31 minutes during a 56–53 loss. Yet Hartman did find respite from endlessly doodling plays to rasp a reply to Stewart: "Norm's so damn insecure and cynical that anything in life he can't figure out, he has to bad-mouth."



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

The pleasantries concluded, on Saturday Missouri needed most of the first half to figure out the Kansas State zone, namely the subtle adjustments Hartman had contrived to clog the passing lanes to the slithery Frazier, who would get only six points. The Tigers are most impressive, however, when Stewart unleashes his hungry bench. In this era of Title IX and watered-down rosters, Mizzou may be the last of the nine-man gangs. That is, nine men who can really *play*. And 6′ 4″ junior Guard Michael Walker, a physique-alike for that other Walker, the football guy from Georgia, may be the finest eighth man in college history.

Walker positively destroyed Louisville a few weeks ago, and he wreaked the same havoc on Kansas State. The Wildcats were leading 20–13 with 7:39 to go in the first half, but their relentless pounding of Missouri had put their front line in foul jeopardy, and when Walker entered they were forced to cope with one of the few Tigers as rough as they are. Another is Steve Stipanovich, the Missouri Rifle himself, who through concentration and diligence has improved, oh, maybe 400% over the confused, harassed Stipo of last winter. Soon Stipanovich and Walker had Missouri back in the flow, and the Tigers took the lead 25–24.

That the officials were whistling a very close game worked against heftier Kansas State, and by halftime, with Missouri ahead 29–28, Nealy, Forward Randy Reed, Center Les Craft and Swingman Lafayette Watkins all had three fouls. Nealy, the 6′ 7″, 245-pound heart of the 'Cats, not to mention the beef, was to lead all rebounders with nine despite playing only 23 minutes.

Kansas State had no excuses at the beginning of the second half, however, when Sundvold, who finished with seven baskets and four assists, personally realigned the strategy of the game with three bombs over the zone. His club behind 37–30, Hartman called time-out and ditched the zone, after which K-State clawed back with a tight hen-to-hen defense. Also, the Wildcats scored seven unanswered points.

Shortly thereafter Missouri called time-out, and in the huddle Stewart ordered that spectacular alley-oop to Bridges. "I throw it anywhere in the building, he'll get it," said Sundvold. Which the Prince of Clean Air did. And now the Wildcats, getting no offensive aid from the usually consistent, 15-point-a-game Tyrone Adams and struggling with inexperienced freshmen, appeared to be in chaos.

Stipanovich, who ended up hitting nine of 11 shots for 20 points, and Walker, who was four of five from the floor and had three assists, continued to be effective as Missouri increased its lead to 51–43 and then went to a spread "layup game" offense with 8:05 to go. Obviously the battle was over, and Mizzou, the nation's second-best foul-shooting outfit (.778), would play out the string at the line. Well, uh-huh. The game *was* over, and that marvelous old sour lemon, Hartman, knew it. But he didn't let on to the 'Cats. Employing time-outs (four in 4:39) and fouls (five in 2:04) as if they were the final bullets in his arsenal, which they were, he kept K-State alive.

Four times in the final minute the Missouri deadeyes went to the foul line and dropped dead. Meanwhile, Kansas State made its own foul shots. Eduardo Galvao, a refugee from that basketball hotbed of São Paulo, Brazil, made two at :35 to cut the Missouri lead to 57–54. Samba time. Adams hit two more at :31 to make the score 57–56.

Miraculously, K-State still had a chance when two 'Cats trapped Sundvold at midcourt. But the Tiger quarterback spotted Stipanovich all alone and hurled him the ball. Stipo dunked for the clincher with 22 seconds remaining. "All I could see was a bunch of purple numbers coming after me," Stipanovich said of his final effort.

But for at least one more week the Tigers were still unbeaten. The only number that mattered to them was No. 1. **END**

Stormy Weather At South Carolina

SPECIAL REPORT

Parsons held a live rooster on the cover of the Lady Gamecocks' 1980-81 media guide.

In the wake of Coach Pam Parsons' departure come alarming charges of misdeeds involving lesbianism, recruiting, drugs and academics

by JILL LIEBER and JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

For the University of South Carolina's women's basketball team, these have been tumultuous times. Barely a month ago the Lady Gamecocks boasted a 7–0 record, the No. 2 ranking in the national polls and a future so rosy that Coach Pam Parsons was openly talking about *embellishing her already successful, if* ofttimes stormy, career with the national championship. That dream now lies shattered. Parsons is out of a job, having resigned last month under initially mysterious and still troubling circumstances. Since her departure, the Lady Gamecocks have lost six of 11 games to fall out of the Top 10. They have been so decimated by dropouts that at one point last week, the team had just six players. As a result, the man who succeeded Parsons, former Assistant Coach Terry Kelly, was reduced to placing a notice in the campus newspaper, *Gamecock*, announcing open tryouts for new players.

Explanations for the stunning reversal in the Lady Gamecocks' fortunes vary with who's talking. One interpretation is offered by Parsons, 34, a Brigham Young-educated, self-styled pioneer of women's sports who breezily describes herself as "a simple little redheaded, left-handed, pigeon-toed girl from Utah." Parsons believes that the troubles that have befallen her are a matter of persecution, pure and simple. "In men's basketball, they want coaches who produce," she says. "In women's sports, they want women they can mold, women who will roll over and die. And I won't die." Be that as it may, the more immediate reason that Parsons' high-flying program self-destructed is a staggering array

of allegations of financial, academic, recruiting and sexual improprieties, exacerbated by her own knack for stirring up controversy and emotions. Beyond what they say about Parsons' own program, the details of her downfall suggest that women's college basketball, having only recently gone big-time, is still suffering growing pains and that women still aren't always comfortable in the fiercely competitive caldron of high-powered team sports. Those details also are a reminder of the enormous influence that coaches wield, for good or ill, over the young people in their care.

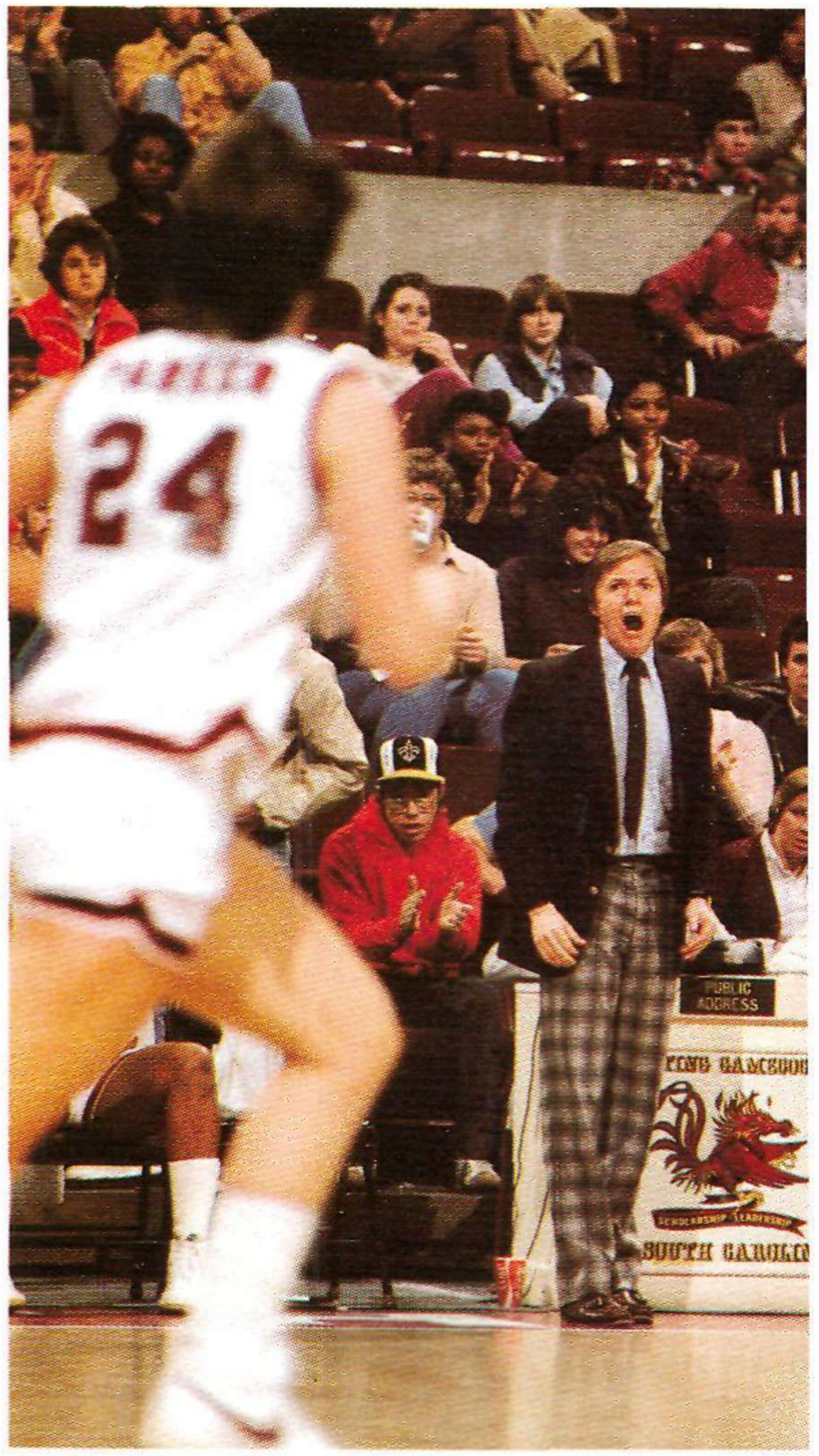
The central figure in the sorry saga, Parsons, has a career record of 151–73. She formerly coached at Old Dominion (1974-77), where her success in recruiting Nancy Lieberman, Inge Nissen and other stars laid the groundwork for the Lady Monarchs' national championships in 1979 and '80, although by that time Parsons had moved on to South Carolina after a public squabble with Old Dominion Athletic Director Jim Jarrett. Parsons immediately made herself conspicuous at South Carolina—a trim, immaculately groomed figure who appeared at courtside in low-cut dresses or ensembles consisting of, to take one eye-catching example, disco pants slit at the ankles and a purple tube top. One of her team's media guides, as slick as a Saks Fifth Avenue catalog, bore the credit line, "Ms. Parsons' fashions furnished by Rackes," the latter being a Columbia, S.C. clothing store. After she arrived on campus the nickname of the team was changed from Chicks to the slightly ludicrous Lady Gamecocks. She unsparingly berated referees and players, and when sportswriters therefore referred to her as the Bobby Knight of women's basketball, she berated them, too, asking heatedly, "Why aren't there any *women* they can compare me to?"

Parsons' operation at South Carolina was volatile from the start. In contrast with NCAA rules, which provide that transferring athletes ordinarily must sit out a year before playing at a new school, the AIAW's code makes it possible for such athletes to play immediately, one proviso being that they can't always receive an athletic scholarship during their first year at the new institution. The rule is well-intentioned, predicated on the notion that as students first and foremost, athletes should be able to participate immediately in all student activities, including intercollegiate basketball. But the rule has resulted in shameless raiding by coaches and in wholesale ship-jumping at the slightest hint of a leak. The revolving door has been especially busy at South Carolina. Before this season, no fewer than 18 players had quit the Lady Gamecocks during Parsons' reign.

To be sure, one of the fugitives from Parsons' program, Cheryl Autry, a guard from Rome, Ga., says that she transferred to the University of Georgia only because she was homesick, adding, "Coach Parsons was good to me. That lady was sharp. She dressed so well. She wouldn't let us wear jeans on the plane. She wanted us to look like ladies. Our team was classy. Everybody commented on our dresses." Now working as a mechanic in a textile mill in Calhoun, Ga., Autry says, "I grew so much as a person under Coach Parsons."

But other South Carolina players, past and present, say that Parsons was erratic, dictatorial and inclined to play favorites. Parsons also was loose with the rules. In 1980 the Lady Gamecocks were put on probation because, among other things, she had sent flowers to a high school star, a breach of an AIAW rule prohibiting "inducements" to recruits. On another occasion Parsons was so devastated by a loss in a tournament at the University of North Carolina that she confined herself to bed in a motel and refused to coach the next game, relenting only after her players, hoping to cheer her up, sent flowers to *her*. "She was so mentally drained that she made herself physically ill," recalls a former player, Suzanne Woolston, who eventually fled South Carolina for Old Dominion. Another critic of Parsons is Forward Evelyn Johnson, a junior on the current South Carolina team and kid sister of Magic Johnson, who also lost a coach this season, for reasons, some say, of his own doing. Says Evelyn, "Under Coach Parsons you couldn't stand up and voice the way you feel. It was her way or no way."

Parsons sometimes liked to leave the impression that she took such complaints in stride. "You have to close your eyes to criticism," she said after her resignation. But, in fact, Parsons was anything but mild-mannered, often seething when things didn't go her way. During the 1979-80 season, in which the Lady Gamecocks finished third in the nation with a 30–6 record, Parsons angered team members following a galling defeat to Clemson by forcing them to wear T shirts bearing the legend CHICKEN CHOKE to practice and on campus. Last season the emotional roller coaster the Lady Gamecocks often seemed to be riding took some new dips and turns. During a game in a tournament in Los Angeles, All-America Guard Frani Washington, who had transferred at the start of the season from Ohio State, refused to return for the second half after Parsons upbraided her at courtside and in the dressing room for asking for advice on strategy from the team's assistant coach, Karen Brown. Two weeks later, after a



New coach Kelly pleaded for walk-ons.

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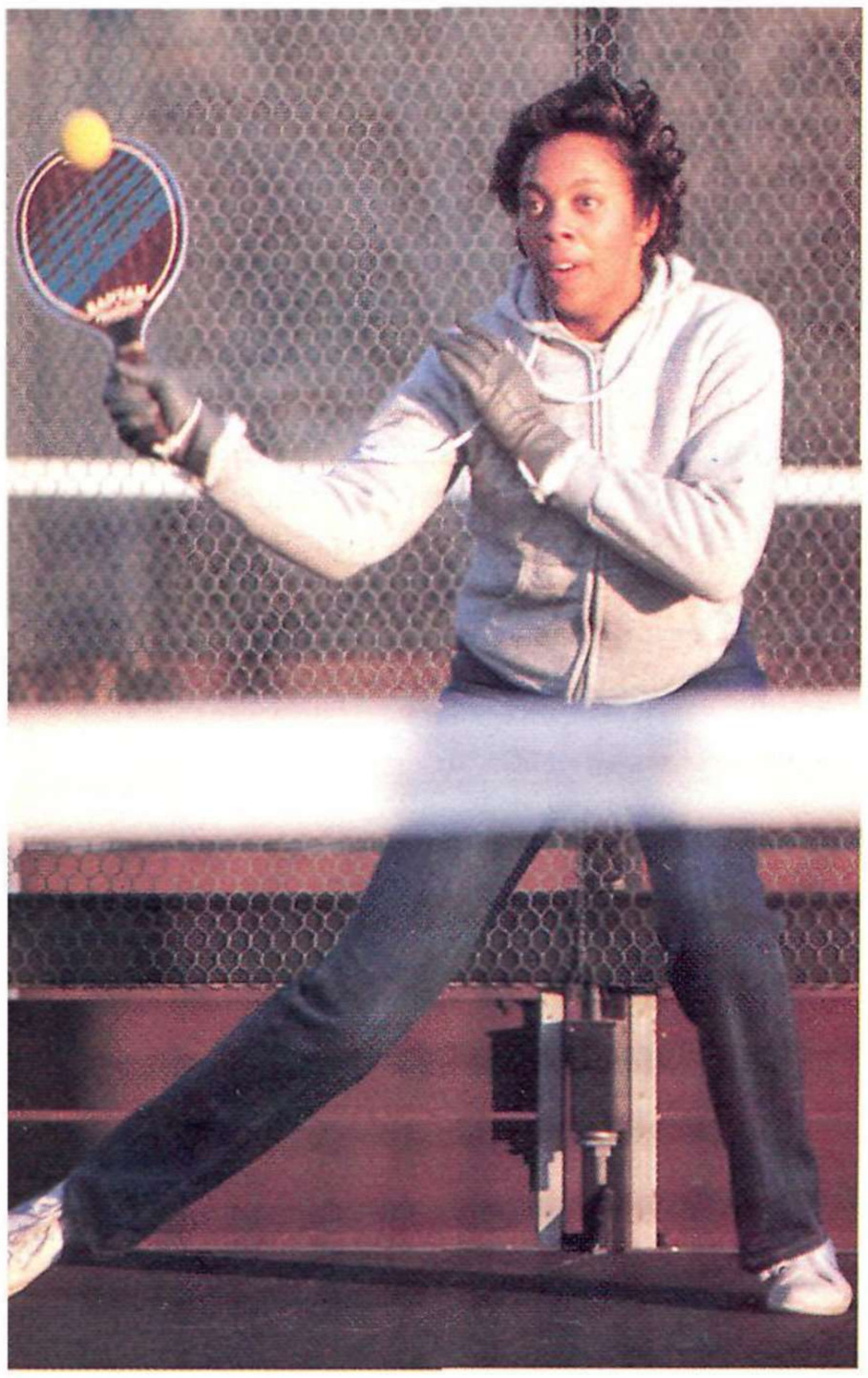


Washington was told she "wouldn't have to pay a cent" at the school, she says.

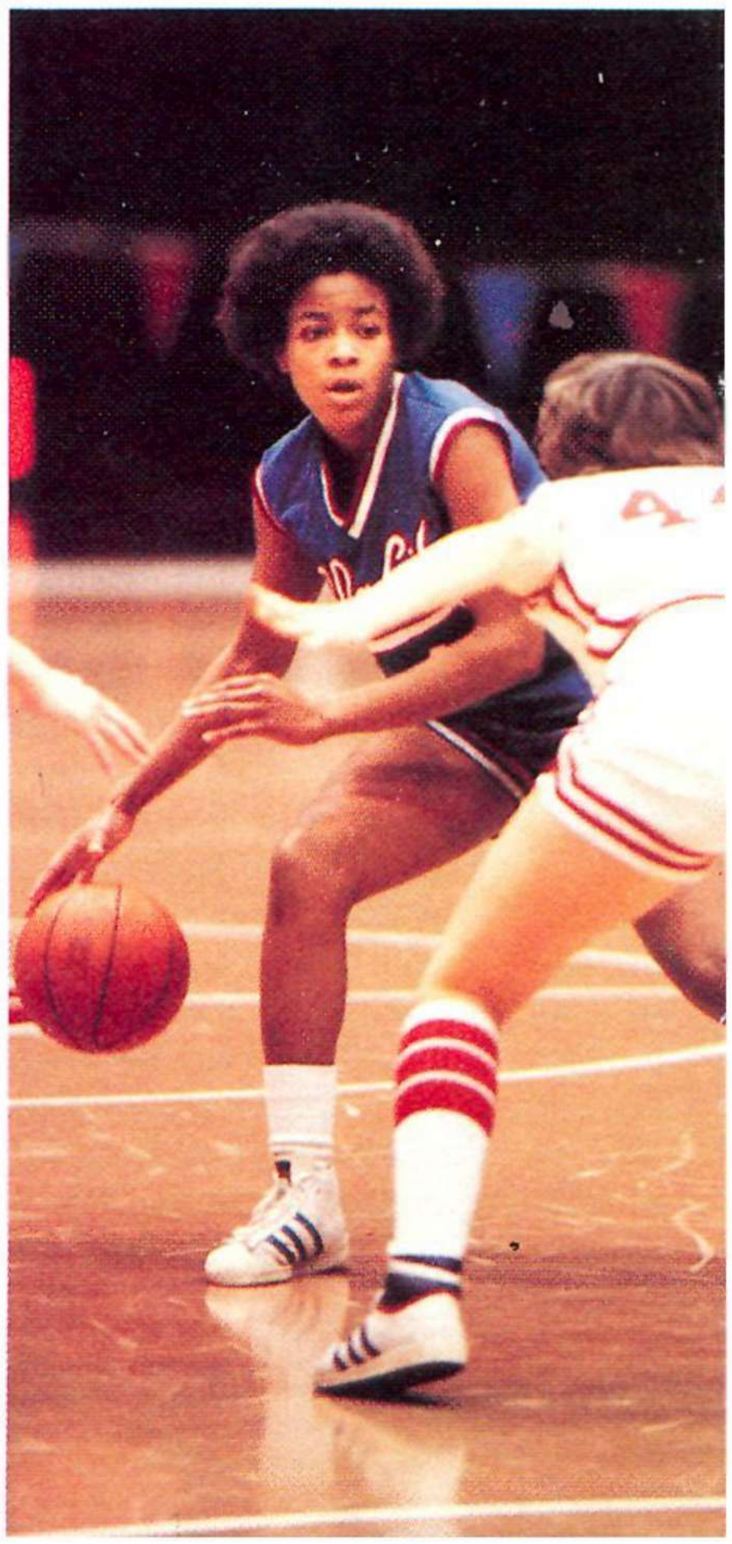
78–57 home-court win over North Carolina State, it was Parsons who didn't return to the court with the team at the start of the second half, and after the game, threatening to quit, she rushed into the Carolina Coliseum parking lot crying, followed by her tearful players, who pleaded with her to stay. The mother of one South Carolina player says that she later asked Parsons about the incident and that the coach replied, "I had my period." Other sources say, however, that Parsons was still unhappy about the influence of Brown, who was left at home when the team departed the next day for Ohio State. Brown thereupon quit, as did, six days later, Administrative Assistant Linda Singer, with whom Parsons had been sharing a house.

Parsons continued to feud both with Washington and with another player, Pat Mason, who had transferred at the start of the season from Kansas only to have a rift develop between herself and her coach. According to Mason, Parsons frequently told team members, "You'll never be anything without me." At a team meal in Knoxville before a 65–54 loss to Tennessee, the coach asked players to bow their heads in prayer for Washington and Mason, "for they are troublemakers." After the next game, an 82–54 win over Mercer in Columbia on Jan. 15, Mason's mother was visiting the dressing room when, Mason says, "Parsons walked in and said, 'O.K., everybody out. I don't want anybody in here but my team.' She looked at my mother and said, 'Moms out.' That was so cold. I thought, if that's all the respect you have for my mother. . . ." Mason quit the team the next day, claiming that Parsons had told her she'd "ride the bench forever." Mason told the *Gamecock* that the team was "a cult and she is Jim Jones. I wasn't willing to be manipulated to the point that I don't have a mind of my own." In another jolting development, Washington was declared ineligible by the AIAW five days later, following the discovery of discrepancies relating to her academic record at Ohio State. The Lady Gamecocks forfeited eight games, making a 21–9 record 13–17.

The public turmoil surrounding the 1980-81 season can be at least partly explained by allegations that, SI has learned, were being lodged against Parsons with university officials. One accuser was Brown, who at one point hired a private detective to shadow Parsons. Now the women's basketball coach at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, S.C., Brown says she turned on her boss because she knew of many transgressions, wanted them stopped and was conscience-stricken about her own role in the wrongdoing. Brown says she told university officials, including William F. Putnam, associate dean of business administration and NCAA delegate, and then-Athletic Director Jim Carlen, about financial dealings that Parsons allegedly had had with Mason and Washington. As transfer students, under AIAW regulations they weren't permitted to receive housing allowances for playing basketball during their first year at South Carolina, but Brown claims such payments were made to both women. Mason and Washington say so, too. "I told the university that Parsons gave me $800 in cash to pay Pat Mason's housing and that she or Linda paid for Frani's housing," Brown says. Brown, Washington and Mason call the university's response to that information unsatisfactory, and Mason terms it a "cover-up." Washington and Mason say they were told by athletic-department higher-ups that any funds they received were loans and that they were expected to pay back all the money. The extension of loans to first-year transfer students could violate AIAW rules, too. At any rate, both women deny that the payments were loans, and both also tell of other improper transactions.

"I was told that in coming to South Carolina I wouldn't have to pay a cent," says Washington, now a non-basketball-playing student at the University of Toledo. "Then all of a sudden Parsons comes to me and says I owed $865 for housing." Washington says she was also given money for a flight home to Toledo, another probable violation of AIAW rules.

On leaving the team, Mason publicly complained about a housing bill she'd received from the university and said that Parsons had promised her that all such expenses would be "taken care of." Parsons denied making any such promise. Associate Athletic Director John Moore said at the time he hadn't yet made a "thorough examination" of Mason's claim. Today Moore says he eventually



Mason was billed by the school, but she says Parsons promised to pick up the tab.

determined that "no huge examination was needed." Mason, who now plays for Oklahoma City University, says, "Parsons told me everything would be taken care of moneywise—books, housing. She said some alumni would be looking out for me." Mason also says that as a recruit she made both an official visit to Columbia and one on her own and that Parsons improperly underwrote part of her expenses during the second visit. She further maintains that Parsons improperly gave her $80 toward rent during the summer she spent in Columbia before enrolling at school.

Brown says she also told university officials that she believed recruiting rules were being violated. It was to substantiate one such charge, she said, that she hired a Columbia detective to stake out Parsons' residence. The detective reported that he established surveillance of Parsons' house at 6:50 a.m. on Sunday, Nov. 2, 1980 and that Tina Buck, a visiting high school recruit from Atlanta, left the house with the coach and Singer at 9:58 a.m. Brown concluded that Buck had spent the night at the house, which is a 20-minute drive from campus, in apparent violation of an AIAW prohibition against off-campus recruiting.

Last May Parsons was relieved of her duties as women's athletic director and replaced by Ron Dickerson, a former Miami Dolphin defensive back, who took charge of all women's and non-revenue sports. But Parsons stayed on as coach, and there was no indication that school officials tried very hard to get to the bottom of the allegations made by Brown, Washington and Mason, or to hear what else they might have had to say. For example, all three have told SI that Parsons appeared to be "stoned" on marijuana during a road trip last year. In a particularly disturbing allegation, Brown says that she and Parsons collaborated to write as many as half a dozen term papers for players "if it meant the difference between passing and flunking. It was Pam's idea. She did the majority of the writing. I typed them."

Evelyn Johnson is another witness who contends that Parsons appeared to be stoned on a road trip. Johnson also makes an allegation about Singer. "She gave me money to buy drugs for her," Johnson says. "She wanted me to buy speed, pills—like uppers and downers. Not pot. She gave me $15 or $20 each time, once a week, for about two, three or four weeks. But I just kept the money. I felt funny about that. I asked her if there was anything she wanted me to do for her—like move something or help her clean. I told her my sources dried up. I knew Linda could have gotten the drugs herself. It's not that hard on a college campus. When she approached me, I thought, 'Now how stupid does this look? I'm sure you know just as many people as I know.' I felt like Linda and Pam were trying to set me up. It just wouldn't have looked good, Magic Johnson's sister caught for buying drugs." Singer, now living in Atlanta, declined to comment on any charges arising from her work at South Carolina.

Brown put a private eye on Parsons.

What ultimately forced Parsons from her job was yet another stunning charge: that she had sexual relations with a player. Such an accusation would be no less unsettling if it involved a male-female or male-male liaison between coach and athlete. But it happens that speculation and anxiety about lesbianism are common among women basketball players and parents who fear that their daughters will be compromised by lesbian coaches. Not all women basketball coaches, certainly, are homosexual, nor do those who *are* necessarily get involved with, or impose their sexual preferences on, their players. Nevertheless, Kansas State Coach Lynn Hickey isn't alone in admitting that she has tried to allay fears on the subject by publishing photos of herself with her husband in media guides.

The South Carolina team had been awash with speculation that Parsons was "involved" with players or had made passes at one or another of them. One former team member who was rumored to have been propositioned admits that she's a lesbian and says that homosexuality is "all over the place," not only in women's sports but also in men's basketball and football. She says that Parsons had indicated she was a lesbian in their conversations. "She used to say to me, 'We have to be careful. If people knew, they'd hang us for what we are.' She told me she was in love with a particular woman but had to break up because it got to the point where the other woman was picking out her clothes for her." But the former player also says that while Parsons once invited her to accompany her to a gay bar in Atlanta, she declined the invitation and that Parsons had never made overt sexual advances toward her.

Brown and Mason draw damning inferences from some of Parsons' words and actions. "Pam recruited with sex in

continued

Southers' allegations of sexual improprieties triggered the coach's resignation.

mind," says Brown. "I talked to a high school coach in Georgia the other day and he said, 'Karen, I never believed any of those stories about Pam. Until now. Pam is interested in Jane [fictitious name for the coach's star player]. She called and said, "Is Jane good-looking?" And I said, "Good-looking?" And she said, "Yeah, I only want good-looking girls on my team." And I said, "Well, coach, I only know how she plays basketball." ' "

Mason: "On my first recruiting visit to campus, Parsons felt my arm and said, 'It's so strong.' I looked at her and thought, 'What is with this lady?' In her office, she patted me on the rear end. It wasn't like it was in any athletic context or was a sending-me-off-in-the-world kind of thing. It really freaked me out. I got out of there fast. I didn't say anything to anybody about it. I tried to excuse it. She was always giving us compliments about our bodies. I felt funny about it. She thought Philicia [Philicia Allen, a 6′ 6″ sophomore who quit the team last week] had nice legs. Philicia and I were together when she told Philicia that. And the way she looked at Philicia when she said it, I don't think she was joking."

It's conceivable that allegations by Mason and other players that Parsons acted suggestively toward them were the product of the vivid imaginations of young women who feared, or were infatuated with, so high-powered an authority figure. As Evelyn Johnson perceptively says, "A young girl might actually think she's fallen in love with Parsons, I guess. Maybe she never felt good about being so tall, so boyish, an athlete. And maybe she could never talk about it with anyone—then she meets Pam. And maybe she thinks she's in love." And maybe, in such cases, a player misconstrues a compliment or a smile or a squeeze of the arm. Johnson notes that Parsons herself may have fueled speculation by "always inviting the same favorite people out to dinner." Nor did Parsons end the whispers when, according to two witnesses, she embarrassed a player on a team bus last season by saying, in a loud, mocking tone, "What happened? You didn't come to my room last night." Johnson also says, "It seems to me that Parsons recruited very naive, almost dumb players and tried to bring them under her influence." Pat Mason concurs: "Some of her players were there physically, but mentally they were zombies."

Parsons' departure was melodramatic. The loss of Mason and Washington had been offset this season by the arrival of new stars, and the Lady Gamecocks were rolling right along until Dec. 31. That afternoon Dickerson paid a call at Parsons' house. When he emerged, he had in his possession a two-sentence handwritten note in which Parsons said she was resigning "due to serious conditions with my health." On New Year's Day, her 34th birthday, Parsons phoned the university and attempted to revoke the resignation. She also called reporters to say that she hadn't resigned and was in "perfect health." But James B. Holderman, president of the university, pointedly said that her resignation had been accepted. On Jan. 2, after beating St. Joseph's 50–48 in Philadelphia to run their record to 8–0, the Lady Gamecocks, now coached by Kelly, flew back to Columbia and were greeted in the middle of a drizzly night by the sight of Parsons holding a banner that read, in part, WELCOME HOME. I HAVE NOT RESIGNED! The message was signed YOURS IN SPORT, P^2. Mike Nemeth, the school's assistant sports information director, later said, "When I saw her holding that sign, I thought, 'Uh, oh, here we go again.' " That night Parsons sent a single silk red rose to each of her players as "a sign of love." Two days later, she resigned anew, this time for keeps. She had reached a settlement under which the university agreed to pay her $20,111.68. She cited "philosophical" differences with the school as the reason for her leaving.

But Chris Vlahoplus, senior vice-president for university relations, offered a different explanation. On Jan. 7 he told SI that the mother of one South Carolina player, freshman Brantley Southers, had complained to the university that Parsons was having relations with a second player. "Ron Dickerson talked at great length about it with Parsons," Vlahoplus said. "At first she denied being a lesbian and having an affair with a player, then she finally admitted it." Vlahoplus added, "We have nothing against anybody who's gay. But to have a coach carrying on with a student . . . we just can't let that go on." Two weeks later, Paul J. Ward, a university attorney, learned of Vlahoplus' statement. Ward called SI to say that Vlahoplus now denied making

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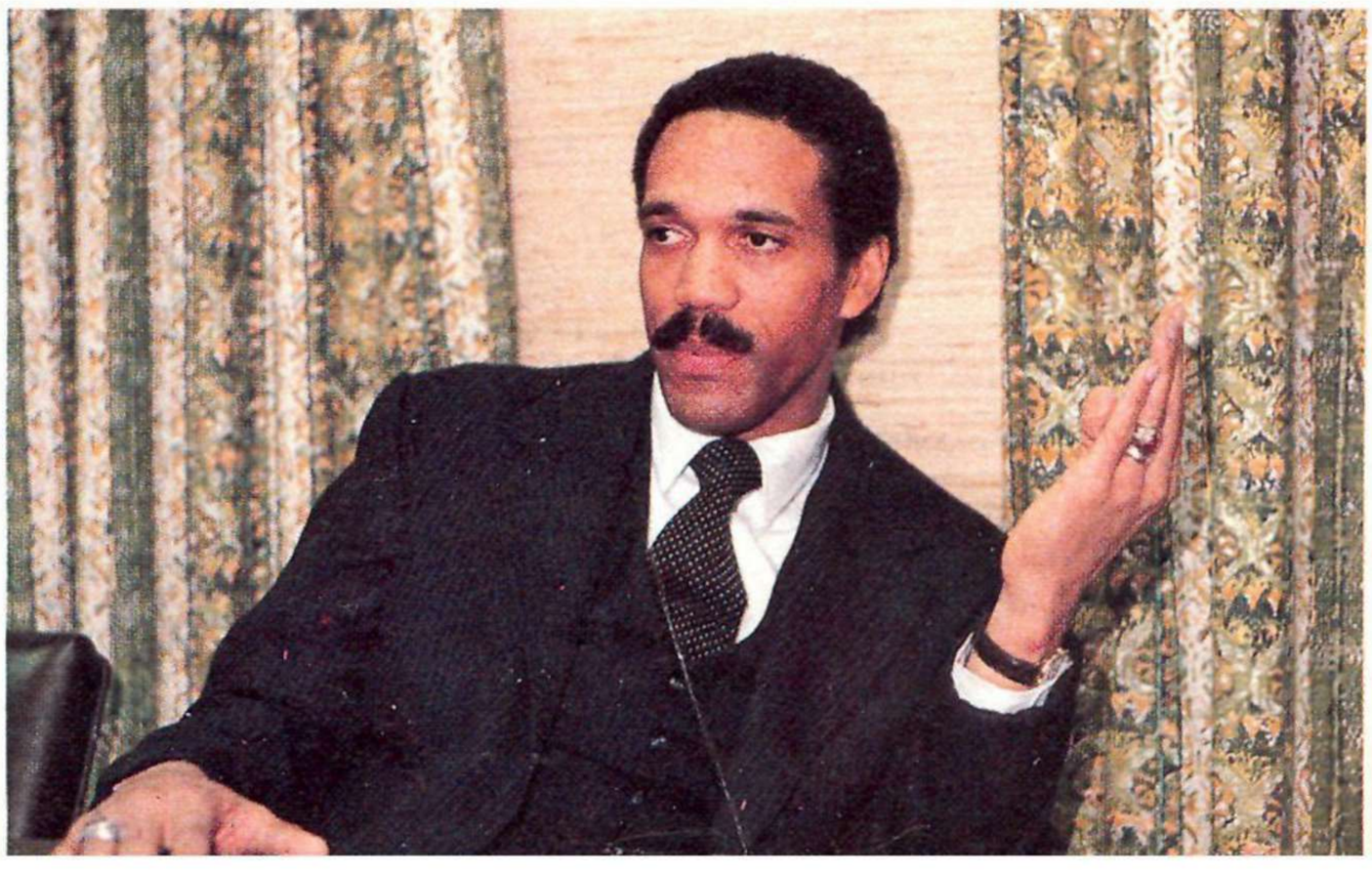
Magic Johnson's sister, Evelyn, smiled with Parsons at a happier time. Assistant A.D. Dickerson obtained Parsons' resignation.



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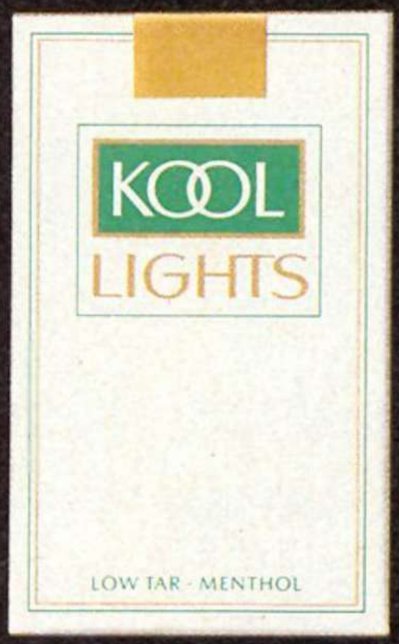

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the statement. However, Ronni Keisler, Southers' mother, said she had indeed *complained to the school about Parsons'* being involved with a player and that Holderman had "told me on the phone that Pam admitted it to Dickerson."

The incidents Brantley Southers told her mother about allegedly occurred in Parsons' home, where Southers had gone in recent weeks to watch TV and where once, when Parsons was out of town, she had, by her own account, spent the night. The incidents, Southers says, involved Parsons and one of Southers' teammates. "I saw them kissing on more than one occasion," says Southers, a 6′ 1″ forward whose jumping prowess accounts for her nickname, the Great White Leaper. "They were long kisses. It really spooked me. And I heard them say they loved each other." Referring to the other player, Southers said, "I'd heard a lot of rumors about her and Parsons, and she told me the rumors were all true."

It should be noted that Southers acknowledges that she told her mother about Parsons and the other player only after having been caught in a lie by her parents; she said she'd spent the night at a friend's house when, in fact, that was the night she'd stayed at Parsons' house. Although this circumstance might be seen as calling into question Southers' truthfulness, university officials acted on the information she provided.

Attempts to question Parsons about allegations of payments and false representations to Mason and Washington, recruiting violations, ghost-writing of term papers, marijuana use on team trips and other matters were unavailing. Parsons' attorney, Jean Toal, ruled out phone calls to her client and said of the allegations, "This is all Karen Brown's hatchet job." On the subject of lesbianism, Parsons had earlier said to SI, "What does 'being gay' mean? I've had close relationships with women, but when does a relationship become 'gay'?" However, when *The Greenville News* reported Jan. 20 that Parsons had quit after being accused by the mother of an unnamed player of "being involved in a lesbian situation with one player and making sexual advances toward another," Parsons denied the allegations, and Toal denounced them as "unsubstantiated rumor." As far as SI could determine, the accusation made by Southers' mother involved just one player.

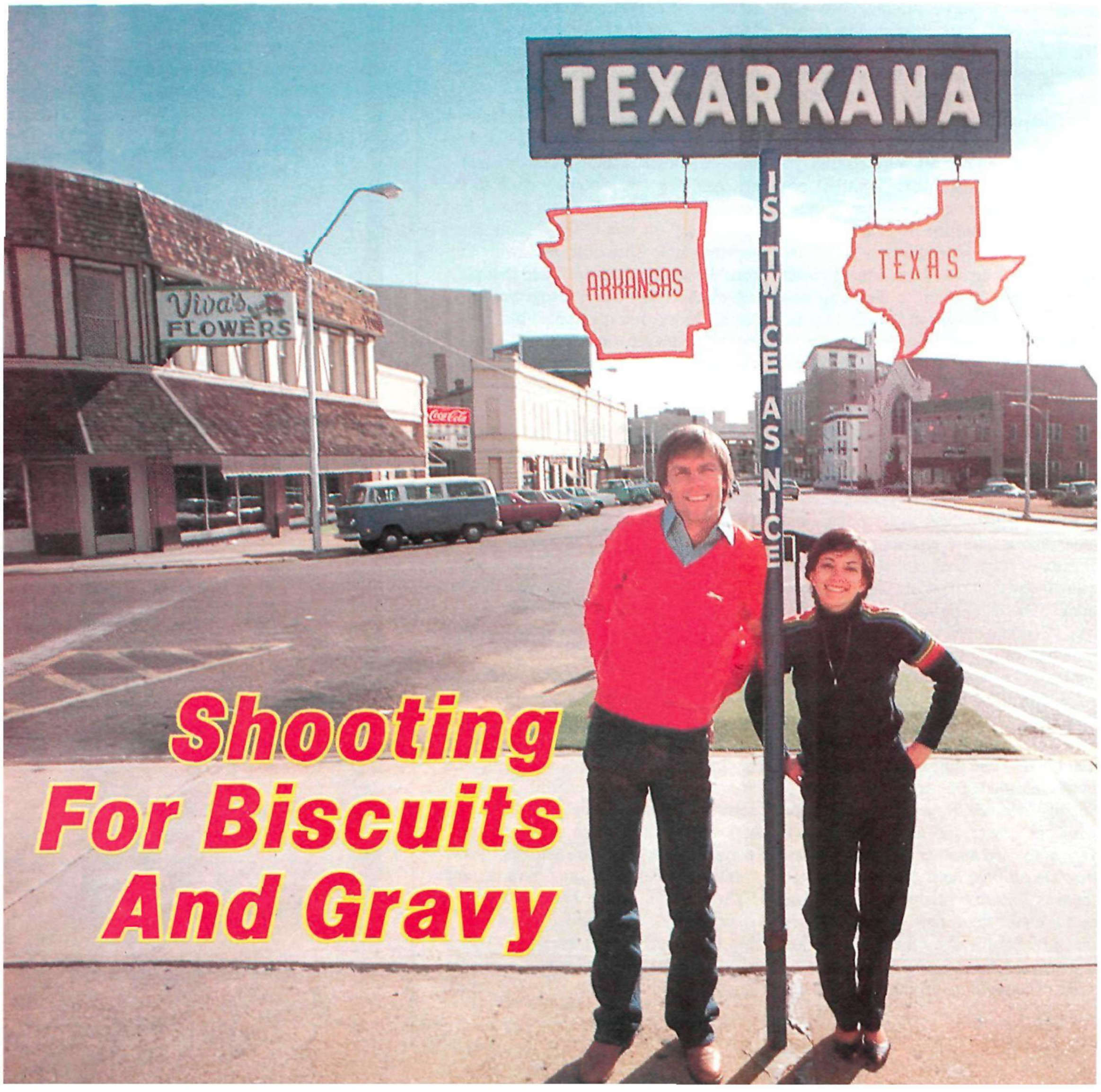
The conclusion is inescapable that Parsons committed a serious betrayal of trust. This is a subject that Southers' *mother spoke of with more than a little* bitterness when she said, "What would you say if Pam Parsons came into your home, all dressed up, with pretty clothes and makeup and nice hairdo, and said, 'In a year from now you won't even know your daughter'? You'd think, 'My little tomboy is finally going to learn how to be a lady.' Instead. . . ." There was no need to finish. In her temperamental outbursts and psychological ploys, not to mention possible rule infractions, Parsons belied her own avowed mission, as she once described it in a newspaper interview, to "reinforce the principles Mom and Dad taught." Parsons also had, at the very least, violated a fundamental principle of coaching ethics—that coaches treat all players equally. Whatever the truth of Southers' allegations with regard to sexual improprieties, Parsons *was* closer to some players than others. And she was especially close to the player with whom Southers linked her. Friends say the two of them went skiing together after Christmas. Following Parsons' resignation, according to that player's mother, they traveled together to Atlanta. More recently that player—or rather, ex-player, since she, too, has quit the team—was seen driving in the Columbia area at the wheel of Parsons' new silver Honda Accord.

*Parsons implies that she's not interest*ed in landing another coaching job and says, "I may write a book, get into broadcasting, or go into the chiropractic field." She hasn't been attending Lady Gamecock games because, she says, "I don't want to be an outside interference. I want them to win." But victory may not come as easily for the Lady Gamecocks in the future. Last week's tryouts produced three new team members, but they weren't likely to make up for the five players, two of them starters, who have departed since Parsons' resignation, some out of loyalty to her, others because they reportedly find Kelly, her successor, less than forceful. But Kelly sounded forceful enough when he spoke the other day of three of the departed players, none of whom had been previously implicated in any wrongdoing. "They're mad at me because I cut off their money," Kelly said. "Pam was paying for them to go home, giving them money." The accusation had a depressingly familiar ring to it. **END**

Two of the best-kept secrets in the golfing world are finally about to break through the cashmere curtain at the country club gates and become part of the public consciousness. One of them is that a slender 30-year-old Texan named Bill (Buck/Panther) Rogers has the most enviable bag of shots on the pro tour, and the other is that Rogers may be *the nicest and most unassuming athlete* who ever overlapped an all-weather grip. This last fact obviously goes a long way toward explaining why the British Open trophy, which Rogers brought home last summer, is sitting in the lobby of the Twin City Bank in Texarkana, Texas, next door to a Whataburger.

Bill Rogers' fellow competitors have been aware of his ability to hit artistic golf shots, all kinds, for the past three or four years. Nearly all of them agree that *if you had to whap your drive in the* heart of a narrow fairway, or if you *had* to sculpt a high fade with a two-iron, or

Bill and Beth may live in a town
divided, but they're very close.



Shooting For Biscuits And Gravy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

. . . lots of gravy. After winning $500,000 and top golfer honors for '81, Bill Rogers aims at '82

by **DAN JENKINS**

if you *had* to land a five-iron on the preferred level of a green that had humps and swales in it, ideally you would want Bill Rogers to provide these services for you.

Asked recently if he was cognizant of the fact that his tee-to-green game was held in such lofty esteem by his contemporaries, Rogers grinned with a look of embarrassment and said, "*What?* You are *trickin'* me, son."

Sorry, Bill. To put it in the language of a folksy touring pro, you are the kind of golfer who at any time is apt to haul off and open up a 10-pound can of Hogan.

"That's strong," said Rogers, blushing again. "That's *big* strong."

Despite his locker-room reputation for being able to hit all those talent shots, however, it wasn't until 1981, Rogers' seventh year on the tour, that he began to believe in himself as something beside another pedestrian among the game's top 60 players.

What Rogers did last year was win seven tournaments and more than $500,000 on four different continents and get himself named the Golfer of the Year by a panel of his peers and by the PGA.

It was only the second time that a pro had collected more than half a million dollars, globally, in a calendar year. Tom Watson had done it in 1980. And only Severiano Ballesteros and Gary Player had ever won on four different continents in the course of a single season. Rogers' victories were achieved on the landscapes of North America, Europe, Asia and Australia.

In order, Rogers won the Sea Pines Heritage Classic on Hilton Head Island, S.C. in March, the British Open at Sandwich on the coast of Kent in July, the World Series of Golf at Akron in August, the Suntory Open near Tokyo in September, the Texas Open at San Antonio in October and the New South Wales Open at Sydney and the Australian Open at Melbourne in November.

His closing stretch might have ignited a grass fire. He won five of the last seven stroke-play tournaments he entered, and he was second and fourth in the other two, which were in Japan and New Zealand. And between the two events he won in Australia, Rogers got on a plane and flew home to Texarkana for several days. That's 25 hours *one way*. You can't get the chicken-fried steak out of Bill Rogers.

Texarkana is half in East Texas, half in West Arkansas—the state line bisects the post office building—and not all that far from Louisiana in miles or culture. Crayfish are considered as much of a delicacy as biscuits and cream gravy. Rogers lives on the Texas side of this quiet, wooded, easygoing, good-old-boy town where a pair of clean Levi's with a crease in them and a new hunting jacket are considered almost formal attire.

Rogers was born in Waco, Texas, but from the age of 11 he was raised in Texarkana, as were his brothers, Rick, a lawyer in town, and Dex, an Air Force officer stationed in Oklahoma. Their father is a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel, which is why Rogers has dim childhood memories of living in West Germany, Morocco and Alabama before arriving in Texarkana. Today Rogers' father is also retired from the insurance business and has become a full-time golf fan, and if you ask him why he chose Texarkana as his home, he will point to a clump of tall pine trees and mention a good nearby fishing stream and say, "Anybody's crazy not to live in East Texas."

Curiously, many of Bill Rogers' deeds in 1981 went largely unnoticed and uncelebrated outside of Texarkana, where he is the leading sports figure in the community. Whenever he and his wife, Beth, are in town, the Union Jack is flown above the Northridge Country Club in honor of his British Open victory. Northridge is the club where Rogers grew up and learned his craft. He still hangs out at the club when he's home, practices there, is kept honest around the grillroom by his old friends, most of whom are older than he is; and it is to the club that he goes to seek advice about his game from the longtime pro, Jerry Robison, who taught him much of what he knows about golf.

Robison is the only man who knows there's a weakness in Rogers' golf game. "Chipping," Robison said not long ago after giving the question some thought. "Hell, he hits so many greens, he don't get a chance to practice it," he said, cackling at the joke he had made.

Although it is the oldest professional tournament in the world, the British Open has never created quite the stir here that it should. Beth Rogers wasn't even at Royal St. George's to watch her husband's heroics. "I didn't know the British Open was a big deal," Beth said not long ago. "I do now."

It had started becoming a big deal for the Rogerses after the second and third rounds, in which Bill fired a 66 and a 67 and leaped into a five-stroke lead. It became less of a big deal in the early stages of the final round. Through the first sev-

continued

The Union Jack is hoisted over Texas.

en holes at Sandwich, Rogers' game was shaky and his lead shriveled to one shot. It was at precisely this point that ABC's telecast came on live in the States. Hearts sank all over East Texas and southwest Arkansas.

In Texarkana, $300 also started to sprout wings, suddenly. That was the amount of money that Robison had collected from members and employees at the Northridge Country Club and given to Rogers to bet on himself—on their behalf—at the 25-to-1 odds the legal bookmakers in England were offering.

"After he shot that 66 in the second round, a couple of waitresses in the grill room wanted to know if they could put in another dollar," Robison says. "When the TV came on, they said things you can't print."

When Rogers staggered off the seventh green at Royal St. George's after making a double bogey, he was hardly thinking about the bet. But he steadied himself and birdied the 9th, 10th and 12th holes, and struck beautiful shots from there in. Eventually he was able to win by four shots and take that triumphant stroll up the last fairway, which, at the British Open, is like walking through a roaring tunnel of love. He had simply played too superbly to lose.

"Right then, on the last hole, I decided I could afford to grin," he says. "That's the only time I thought about the $300 and how happy my friends and folks back home must have been."

Rogers' nickname "Buck" was inherited from his father, who probably got it from the comic strip during his football-playing days at Baylor back in the 1930s. The nickname "Panther" was bestowed on him by college roommate Bruce Lietzke because of Rogers' nervous habits both on and off the course. At times, he seems almost to leap at an iron shot or a short putt.

And as Rogers' friend and manager, Hughes Norton, of the International Management Group, says, "When Bill has a flight to catch, he gets to the airport two hours ahead of time. I mean that's when he gets to the *gate*."

So it was that at dinner on the evening before the last round at Sandwich, Norton and two other good friends of Rogers', Ben Crenshaw and Lietzke, did everything they possibly could to avoid the subject of the British Open.

"It's sort of a gentleman's agreement on the tour," Rogers explained. "You don't talk about it the night before when a guy's *supposed* to go out and win the next day. I didn't want to talk about it anyhow, for another reason. Ben had been in it for two rounds, but he'd played bad, and I know how much the majors mean to him. But he's a great guy. He's a good mimic, you know. He can talk like Miller Barber and imitate everybody's swing. People know that. What they don't know is, Ben can write like everybody. He's a great forger. He can sign his name just like Arnold and Jack—all the great players. We laughed all through dinner with Ben showing us how to sign every golfer's name."

The next morning Crenshaw was asked about the strong points of Rogers' game. "He's got control," Crenshaw said. "With his grip and his swing, he can't hook the ball. He's got the whole left side of a golf course eliminated before he tees off."

Which brings up one of the greatest strengths of Rogers' game—his ability to avoid the disastrous hook.

By way of explanation for the right-handed non-golfer, a hook is a shot that either soars or darts from right to left with overspin, which means the ball can *bounce or run into deep trouble if it's hit* off-line. There is an old golf saying, attributed to Jackie Burke Jr., that goes: "Never hit a hook. You can't *talk* to a hook." In other words, a hook doesn't stay in sight long enough to hear anything you might yell at it.

Ben Hogan fought a tendency to hook throughout his early career, but finally conquered it and won all of his big stuff, including four U.S. Opens, with a fade, which is a shot that goes from left to right. Ben has been quoted as saying he'd rather have a coral snake crawling inside his shirt than hook one tee shot.

Now Rogers' golf swing is being compared to Hogan's by certain people who claim to be keen observers of golfing me-

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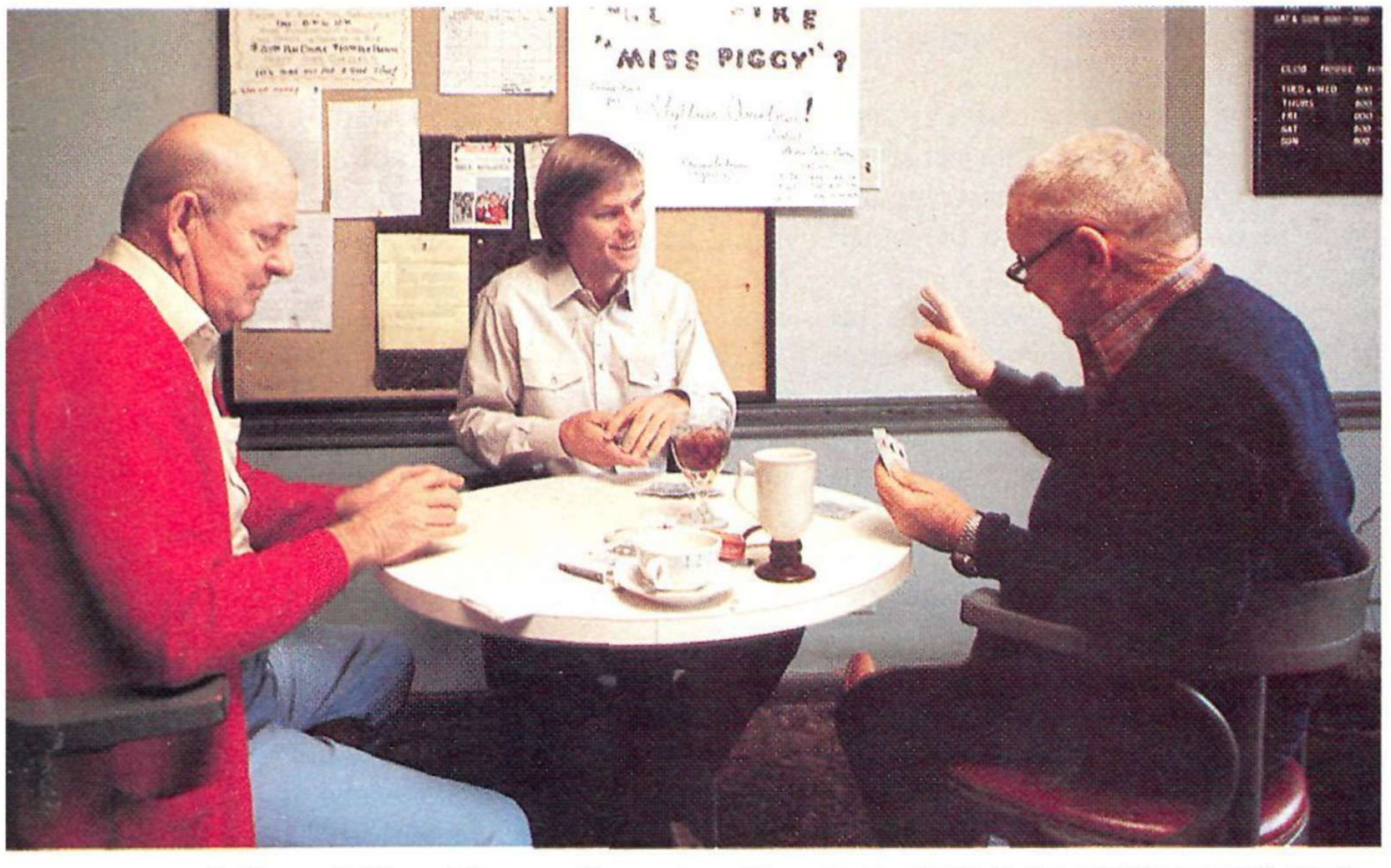
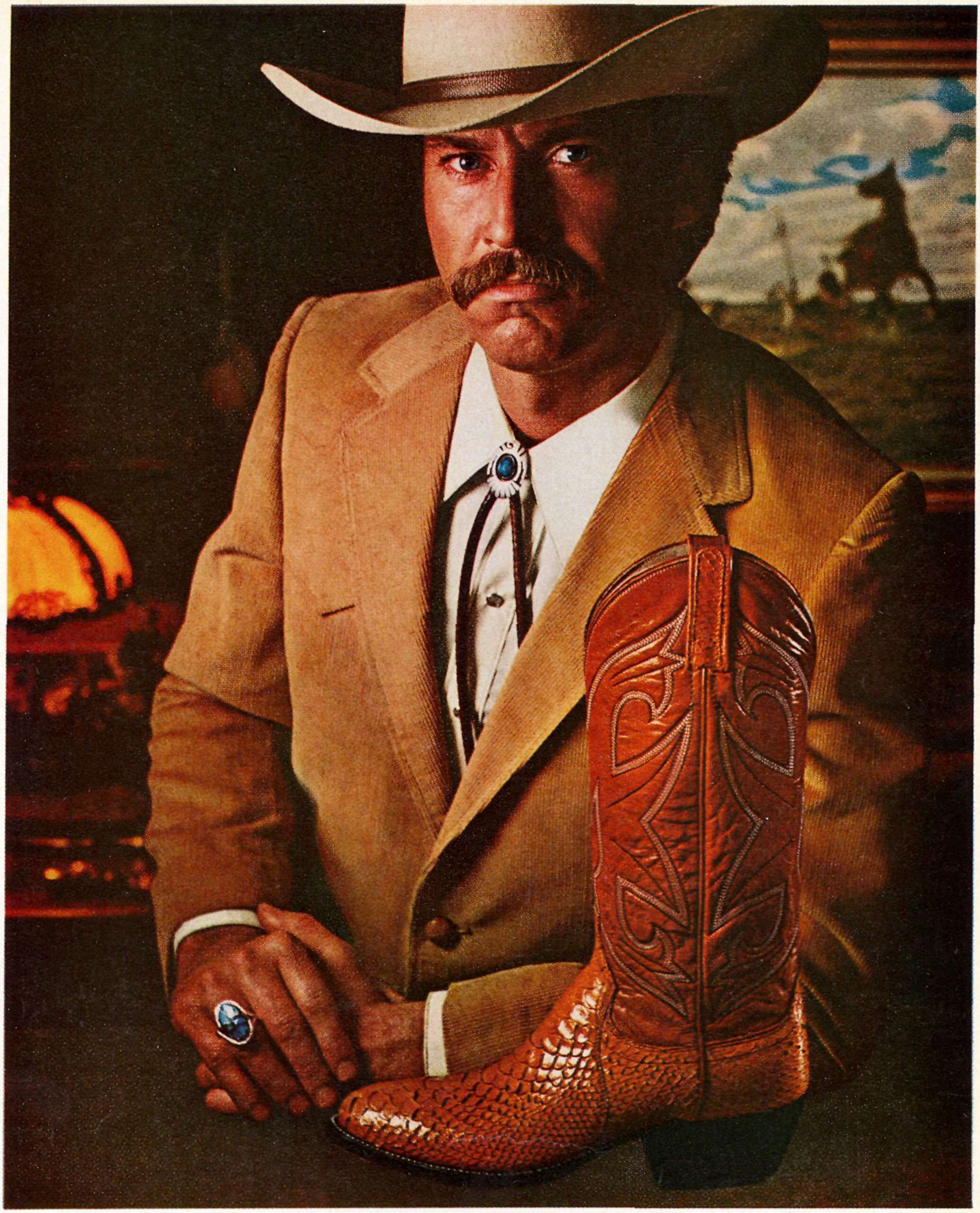


Robison (left) and Rogers often relax with a game of gin in the clubhouse grill room.



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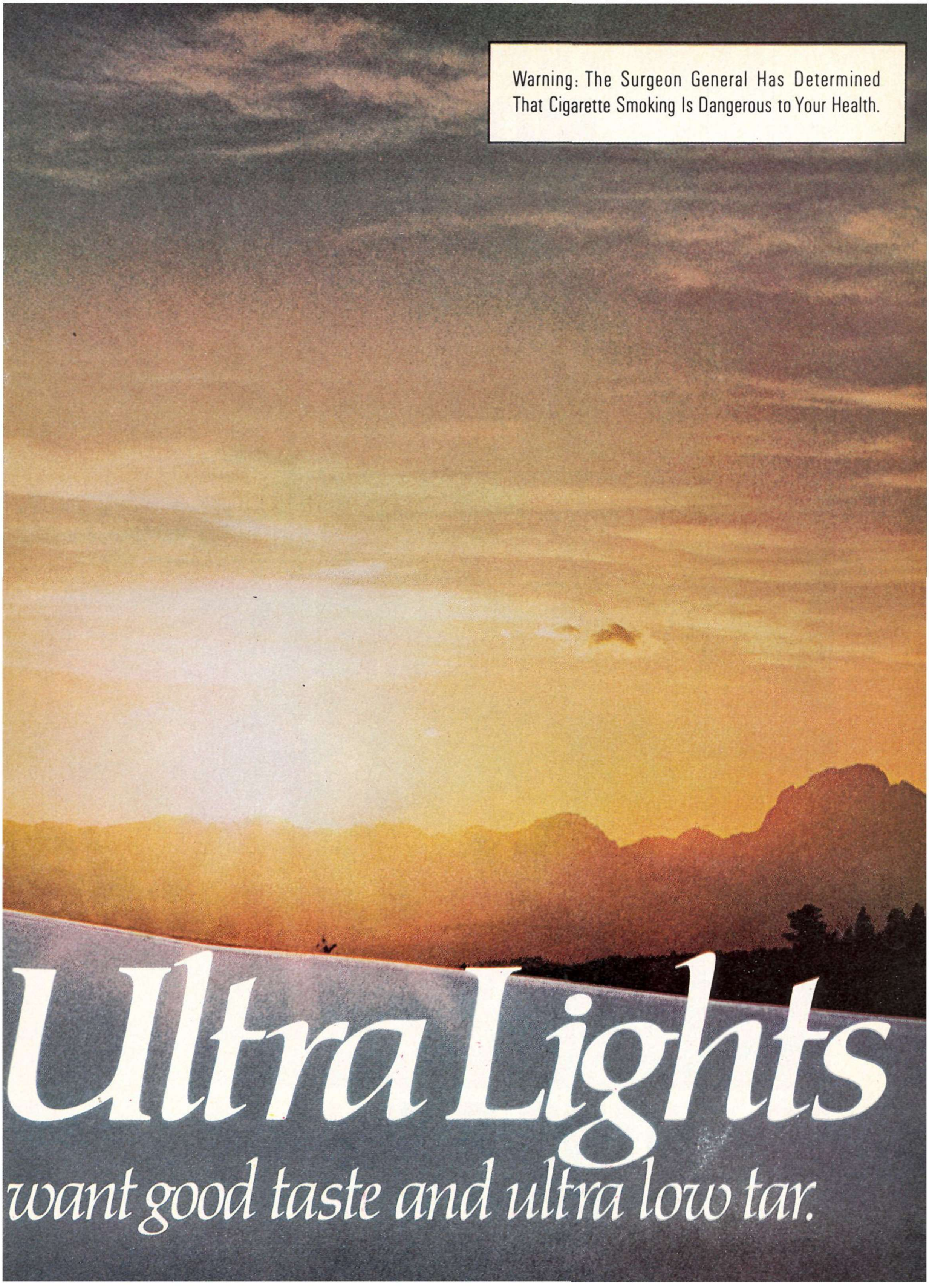
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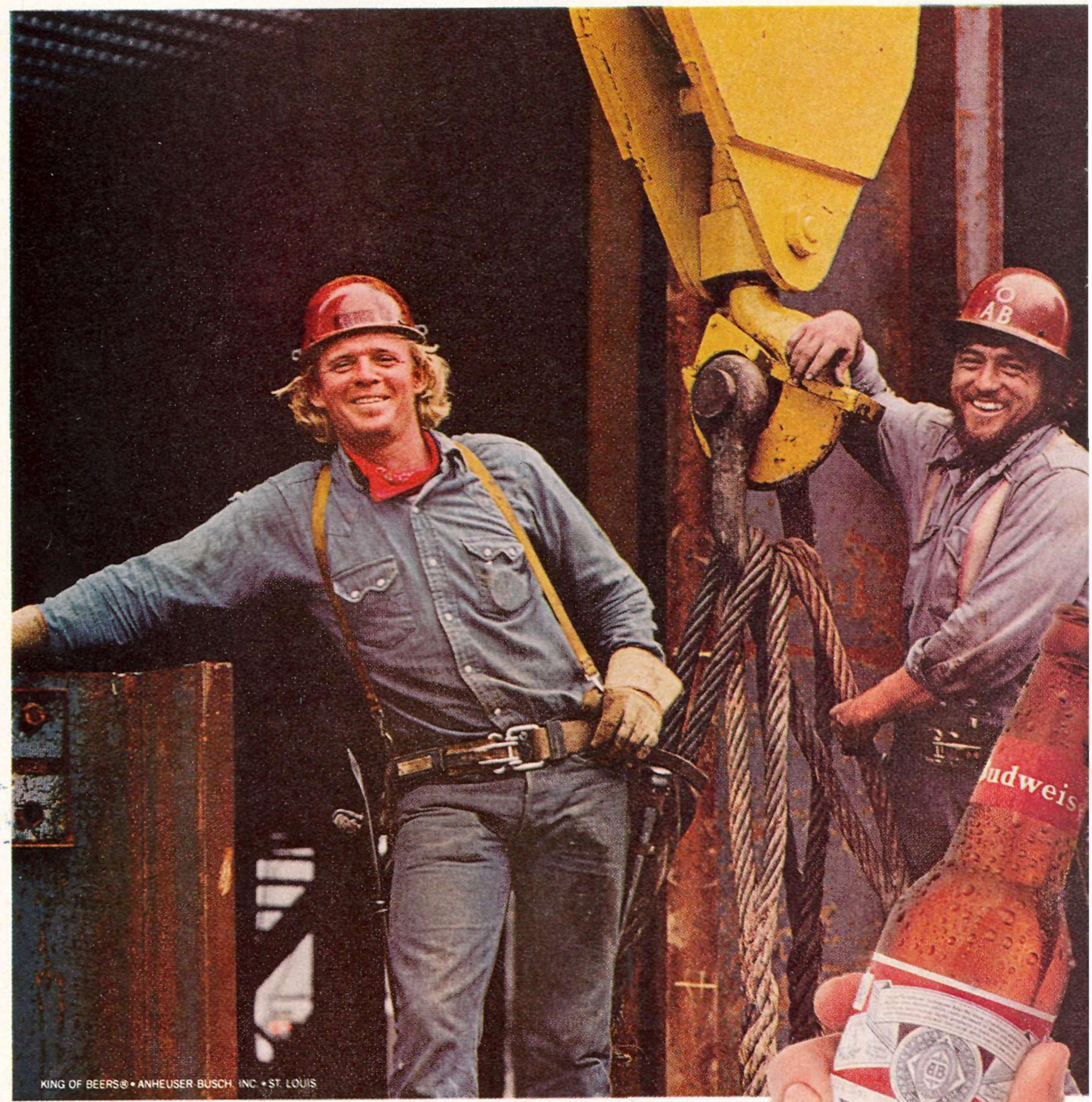

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chanics. As Rogers was winning those titles in Australia, Peter Thomson, the five-time British Open champion, said that Rogers' grip was the nearest thing he had ever seen to Hogan's. Left hand on top, right hand weak. And no glove, just like Hogan. Thomson even noted that there were worn grooves on Rogers' grips, as there were on Hogan's, because his left thumb slides on the takeaway and the follow-through. Hogan had a sliding left thumb, too, said Thomson.

"Can you *believe* that?" was Rogers' reaction.

Whereupon his grips were examined and there were indeed places worn in them from his sliding left thumb.

"O.K.," said Rogers, "but I sure don't know where Hogan's were."

Rogers' swing, which features a late release and looks at times as if it is more hands than anything else, came to him naturally, but he gives all the credit to Robison for refining it. When things don't feel right to him, he always goes back to the man he still addresses as "Mr. Robison."

"Aw, I haven't done much for him," Robison will tell you. "He was always gonna be special. I *did* put his left hand on there when he was a kid and told him not to move it."

The fact is, Robison had a good bit to do with getting Rogers' swing back to where it belonged last spring. Rogers started off the season as if he might have to look for a new profession. He performed decently enough in Tucson and Palm Springs, but then, in succession, he missed the cut in Phoenix, tied for 47th in the Crosby, missed the cut in San Diego, missed the cut in Hawaii, missed the cut at Bay Hill and missed the cut at Inverrary. And this happened at a time when Rogers hadn't won a tournament in the U.S. in three years. He went home to Texarkana to see if some crayfish would help, or biscuits and gravy, or discussing ducks and birds and other worldly matters with another friend, Bruce Barton, at the Barton Motor Co., a used-car lot near downtown. Or maybe even playing a little friendly gin in the grill room at the club after going over his game with Robison.

Rogers began swinging like himself again, buoyed his confidence by going off to the Pacific and beating Isao Aoki in a couple of exhibitions in Tokyo and Manila. He came home and two weeks later won the Heritage.

He continued to feel good hitting the ball for the next three months, although he didn't win. "You know it when you're just gettin' by out there," he says, "and you know it when you're hitting it on the club face. I was keeping it on the club face."

At the U.S. Open at Merion he played elegantly all the way and finished tied for second behind David Graham. It was the best he had ever done in a major. He was overjoyed with his performance, as happy as he had been on another occasion of major importance in his life, which was when he made it through the tour's qualifying school in 1974.

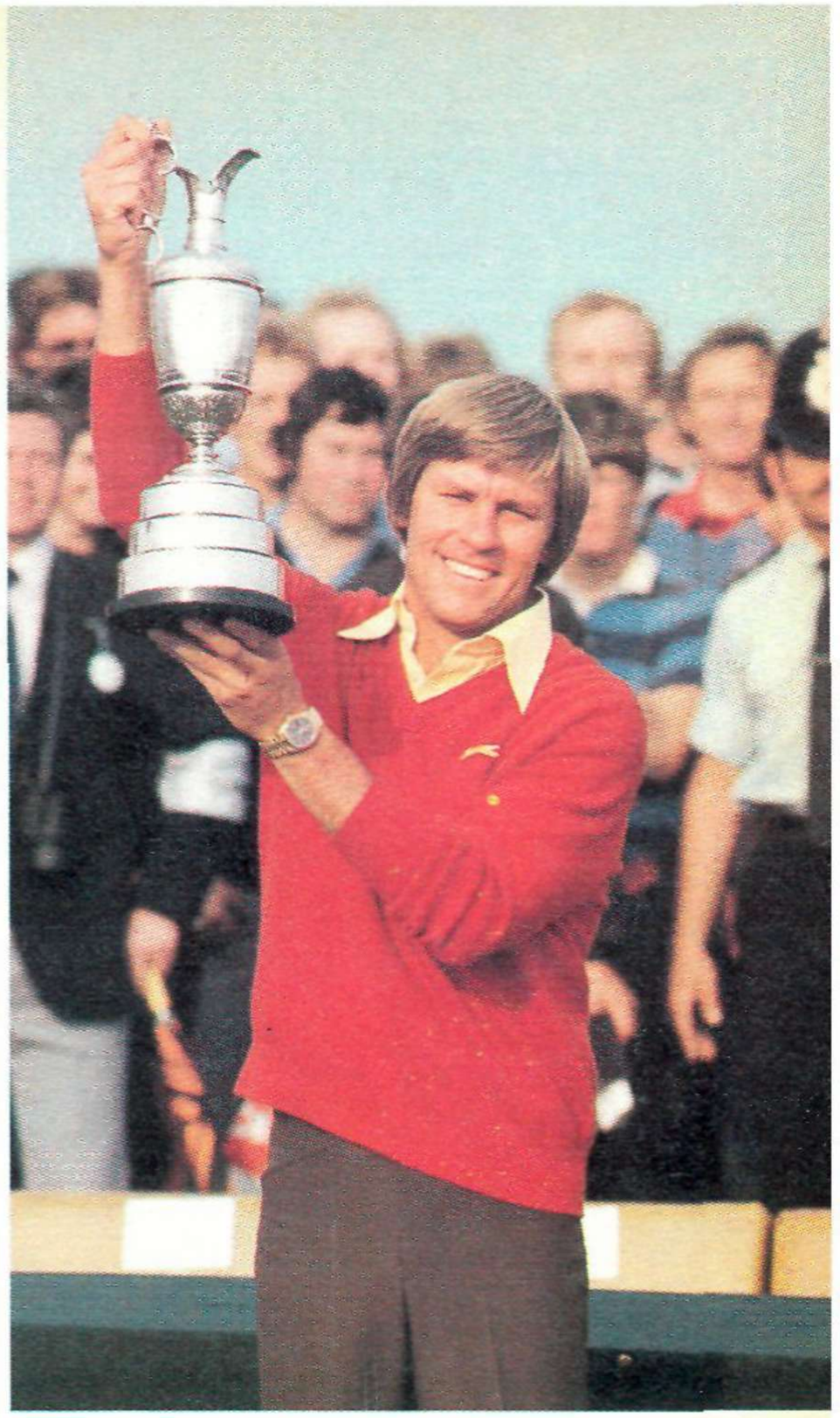
"The qualifying school was torture," Rogers says. "I didn't sleep the two whole weeks we played. I mean, if I don't make the school, my life is *over*. All I know how to do is play golf. Tell you what, I can't honestly look back and say that winning a tournament—even the British Open—made me any happier than getting through the school. That's pressure, son. If you don't make the school, you're talkin' about a *grocery clerk*."

After the U.S. Open, Rogers took his silver runner-up medal back to the motel that night and looked at himself in the mirror and said, "You know what, son? You can *play* golf."

Fade-in montage: A month later he wins the British Open. After that he holes a 12-foot birdie putt on the 72nd hole to win the World Series of Golf, wins the Suntory Open for the second year in a row, drops a 4-foot birdie putt on the first extra hole to beat Crenshaw in the Texas Open, wins the New South Wales Open, sinks a 5-foot birdie putt on the last green to win the Australian Open and becomes Golfer of the Year.

For all of this, Rogers has yet to learn how to do one thing, which is kind of nice. He hasn't learned how to act like a superstar.

Only the other day he was sighing about the fact that he wouldn't be competing in the Crosby. The Crosby hadn't been something that he was aching to enter this winter, but his older brother, Rick, the Texarkana lawyer, had yearned to play in the glamorous tournament as Bill's pro-am partner. Beth, on the other hand, was hoping her husband would forgo the Crosby because that was the very week when she had hoped they could move into their new home near the Northridge Country Club.



A new Bill the Conqueror at Sandwich.

Rogers went through the normal channels in asking if his brother, a good amateur player, could be invited to the Crosby. The answer was no. Rogers asked again, going to higher-ups among the Crosby officials, and then, after hearing nothing for a long while, learned that his request had been denied again.

Several people told Rogers he had gone about it the wrong way. He was the British Open champion, after all, and the Golfer of the Year. The Crosby officials should have been reminded of those facts. Did Rogers have any idea how Nicklaus would have handled it? Watson? Trevino? He ought to have used some muscle. All the Crosby officials would have to do to make room for Rick would be to ask some ad salesman or agency guy to spend the week in the bar instead of the ice plant at Pebble Beach. No brother, no Golfer of the Year. That's what the Crosby sponsors should have been told.

"Aw, I couldn't ever do a thing like that," said Bill Rogers, who is contentedly staying home in Texarkana this week, wondering when he and Beth are going out for some crayfish. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

When You Say Wisconsin...

... you've said it all. Just ask Bob Johnson, coach extraordinaire of the top-ranked college hockey team in the country **by E.M. SWIFT**

As the film threaded through the projector—tic-tic-tic-tic—the hawk-nosed man operating the machine began to twitch with excitement. "This one's *really* good," Bob Johnson said. "It's an *ex*cellent film. You don't want to miss *this* one, boy. Everything you need to know about Badger hockey is here." When Johnson is enthused, which is 90% of the time, he e*nun*ciates his words with relish, as if they were being recorded for posterity. His china-blue eyes shine and dart about. He bares his teeth.

On this occasion Johnson was showing highlights of the University of Wisconsin's 1972-73 hockey season, which culminated in the Badgers' first NCAA championship. They repeated in 1977 and in 1981, but the highlight films of those successes lack the drama of that 1973 classic. Oh, what a recruiting tool! In the semifinals of the NCAA tournament in Boston Garden, Wisconsin fell behind Cornell 4–0, and then 5–2 in the third period. "We're going to win *this* one, boy. Don't go away!" said Johnson as the last of the Cornell goals was shown. He was absolutely delighted by the prospect. Badger hockey would prevail. A comeback win, preserved on celluloid! And sure enough, Wisconsin scored three late goals to tie the score and then won 6–5 in overtime.

"I told you!" Johnson said. "*The Year of the Champions.* They did a *great* job with that film. You can't leave yet. Wait a minute, this next one's of the 1977 tournament in Detroit. What a tre*men*dous tournament. *From Madison to Motown.* We won *two* games in overtime. You're going to *love* this. Some of the greatest names in *Bad*ger hockey history . . . John Taft . . . Mark Johnson . . . Craig Norwich. . . ." Tic-tic-tic-tic-tic. The film was rolling.

What you're watching, ladies and gentlemen, is the best-run, best-promoted, most enthusiastically supported, best-coached, most profitable college hockey program anywhere. That it's in Madison instead of Boston or Minneapolis is exclusively because of the efforts of the man behind the proboscis, Badger Bob Johnson, 50, also affectionately known as the Hawk. Johnson, a Minnesotan by birth, has become one of the most beloved sports figures in Wisconsin since

continued

Wisconsin has gone 358–168–23 since Johnson took over in 1966.

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MVP of last season's NCAA tournament, Goaltender Marc Behrend is 16–2–1 this year.

taking over the Badgers' fledgling hockey program in 1966-67.

"This is the only place where they boo the hockey writers and cheer the coach," cracked one of Johnson's colleagues during a recent road trip to Madison. Johnson's teams have a .678 winning percentage (358–168–23). They have won three NCAA championships since 1973; in the same span, the Wisconsin football team has had three winning seasons. Six times in the past 12 years the Badgers have made the NCAA semis.

They also have led the country in home attendance every year since 1970, and in 1980-81 they outdrew the school's basketball team by almost 2,000 fans a game. In 24 appearances last season at the 8,670-seat Dane County Memorial Coliseum in Madison, the Badgers had 20 sellouts, and the hockey program pumped $350,000 into the athletic department budget. Sums up Tony O'Brien, a referee in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association (WCHA), "Wisconsin's arena is the Montreal Forum of college hockey. Every referee wants to work there. Every coach wants to coach there. Every team wants to play there."

Unless, of course, a team is fussy about its won-lost record. The 1981-82 Badgers may be the best hockey team Wisconsin has ever had—and they aren't even healthy yet. Only six of the 22 players have been able to play in every game. Still, at week's end the Badgers were ranked first in the nation with a 26–4–1 record and had outscored their opponents 184–81. Nine Badgers already have been drafted as future choices by NHL teams, and a 10th, freshman Pat Flatley from Toronto, is expected to go in the first round in June. Says Johnson, "It used to be if you went to college you weren't drafted in the first three rounds, but all that's changed."

One player who hasn't been drafted is Johnson's son, Pete. To maintain an air of impartiality, Johnson never refers to him as Pete or as his son but always as Pete Johnson. A senior wing who was a late bloomer, Pete isn't flashy, but he's a natural scorer. He has emerged from the shadow of older brother Mark—1979 College Player of the Year while at Wisconsin and 1980 Olympic hero who is now playing for the Pittsburgh Penguins—to become the Badgers' No. 2 scorer so far this year, with 30 goals and 19 assists. Sophomore Center John Newberry leads the team with 33 and 21.

Wisconsin didn't even have a hockey program between 1935 and 1962, partly because neither the school nor the town had an indoor rink. Johnson was coaching at Colorado College in 1966 when Wisconsin offered him the job of making its hockey program a national power. One of the principal attractions for him was the coliseum, which was completed after Johnson's first season in Madison. "Before I accepted I asked myself, 'Why isn't there hockey in Wisconsin the way there is in Minnesota?' " Johnson recalls. He decided there could be. "All I had was a desk. I finally got a phone. Then I got a chair. Then I think I got a filing cabinet. I had to sell the program not only to the players but also to the athletic department."

Johnson now has a newly refurbished office in Camp Randall Stadium that would put those of most NHL coaches to shame; the furniture, the decorations, the television—the whole deal—was either donated by local businessmen or paid for by contributions from the Blue Line Club, which numbers some 800 members and last year raised nearly $30,000 for the Badger hockey program. The school makes a hockey highlight film each year. You think the Chicago Black Hawks ever make a highlight film? The team weight room is the size of a small dairy farm. The players get their names stamped on their sticks by the manufacturer. Every home game gets statewide TV coverage. Johnson is the only college hockey coach in the country to have his own television show.

Clearly Wisconsin hockey is big time. But in the early years there was no Blue Line Club. Few people around Madison even knew what a blue line was. "I went to every service club in the city and talked," says Johnson. "I explained icing, offsides, everything. I challenged them to go to three games. If they didn't like it, I said not to come back."

The breakthrough came in 1969-70, the first season in which Wisconsin played in the WCHA. Compared with the previous year, attendance doubled to 6,651 fans a game. Wayne Thomas, an eight-year NHL veteran and now an assistant coach with the New York Rangers, was the goalie on that team. "I never dreamed about playing in the NHL," says Thomas. "Wisconsin wasn't a big hockey school when I was recruited. The Hawk asked a bunch of us if we thought we had enough talent to play in the WCHA, and we said yes. We came in fourth that first year and made the NCAAs. The football team wasn't winning, and the students were looking for a winner. Hockey games became a happening."

Those were, in Johnson's words, "the glory years." Students would line up for

continued

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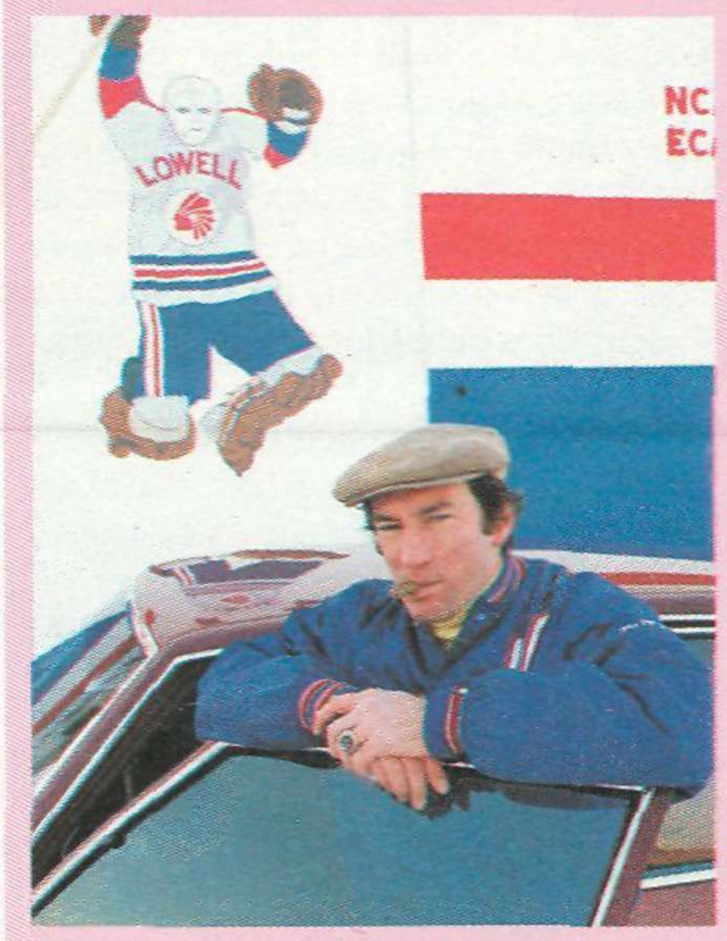
tickets to a 7:30 game as early as noon. Rubber chickens were dangled from the coliseum's balcony during games, and to this day Johnson can't watch a Badger highlight film from the early '70s without lamenting the passing of rubber chickens. "They don't do that anymore," he says. "Boy, you should have been here." The vicious "sieve" chant was perfected during those early days. It sounds like a medieval dirge—*sieve, sieve, sieve . . .*—as 8,670 arms point toward the opposing goaltender. Oldtimers tell the story of the North Dakota goalie who tried to leave a game after hearing the chant one time too often. He skated to the bench after a Badger goal, but his coach sent him back into the nets following a brief argument. Wisconsin promptly scored again. This time the goalie didn't bother with the bench. As *sieve, sieve, sieve* thundered throughout the coliseum, he skated directly to the locker room.

The Badgers' version of the Budweiser jingle that was used until recently in TV advertisements within the state (SCORECARD, Dec. 28-Jan. 4) originated at a hockey game. The song has since been adopted by Badger football and basketball fans. It started dur- *continued*

AN UP TEAM IN A DOWN TOWN



Riley has his Lowell Chiefs smoking again.

After a visit to Lowell, Mass. in 1842, Charles Dickens spoke of his "inadequate expression of the gratification it yielded me." In 1901 the painter and native Lowellian James McNeill Whistler offered a harsher opinion: "I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born in Lowell."

It has ever been thus. The argument has perpetually raged over whether Lowell, a mill city of 92,000, 24 miles northwest of Boston, is closer to heaven or hell. The hottest topic in town today is Rand McNally's recently published *Places Rated Almanac*, which lists Lowell as the fourth most undesirable metropolitan area in which to live in the U.S. Lowell denizens take umbrage at such assessments. They point defiantly to the city's storied Merrimack River, to its ongoing historic restoration project, to the University of Lowell, a school of 13,000 that's noted for its engineering program, and, especially, to the college's national championship hockey team.

Lowell has embraced the Chiefs because they are much like the town itself: ethnic, proud, tough and determined to win in the end. The players are good, hardworking kids, and they've got a good, hardworking coach.

The place to start with Bill Riley Jr., a/k/a The Lowell Hockey Program, is out back of the school gym in 1969. It's twilight on a winter's evening, and Riley is standing there, all 5′ 7″ of him, shivering as he floods the tennis courts to create Lowell's practice ice. Here's the strange part: Riley is excited about what he's doing. He's one year out of Boston University, where he played aggressive hockey as a too-small forward, and now he has his own college team to coach. Although it's a Division II club, and one the athletic department would just as soon drop, he believes that if anyone can make this thing work, then a Riley can. Didn't Dad twice lead the country in scoring while playing for Dartmouth? Didn't Uncle Jack coach the 1960 Olympic team to the gold medal?

Riley flooded the tennis courts and *dreamed of good skaters, new uniforms and* indoor ice. All were slow in coming, but eventually they did. The breakthrough occurred five years ago, when Craig MacTavish, a Junior-B player from Ontario, ended up at Lowell after being turned down at Brown. As a sophomore in 1978-79, MacTavish won the NCAA Division II scoring title, and Lowell won the national championship. The next season, MacTavish having gone to the Boston Bruins, Lowell lost in the NCAA semifinals and finished 23–7.

At the start of 1980-81 the Chiefs' potential was unknown. But when they lost three straight, that question seemed answered. So Riley showed up for a game on Jan. 14 against Babson sporting an oversized cowboy hat, and he told his players just to have some fun. Thus began The Streak. The hat stayed on for 28 games as Lowell won the 1981 national title and the first 12 games of this season as well.

Small wonder that the community got caught up in the excitement. Lowell's cable-TV station (yes, even Lowell) began covering Chief games, and Channel 9 in Manchester, N.H. started videotaping highlights for its 11 p.m. news. Lowell City Manager Joe Tully coaxed the state into buying the old Billerica Forum for the university. Last summer, CETA workers (remember them?) began renovating the arena. In December Riley held a special "work" day during which his players *and 80 volunteers painted the arena, cleaned* the bleachers and did some plumbing and wiring. By the time the morning doughnuts, the lunchtime stew and the cocktail-hour beer had been consumed, the cavernous Forum—"that dump," as it had often been described by the locals—looked real pretty.

The Streak, the NCAA titles, the local support—the Chiefs draw more than 2,000 fans a game at home—have combined to present the obvious question: When is Lowell going Division I? The school will formally consider the move this semester. However, despite the Chiefs' 7–7 record against Division I teams the past four seasons, Riley has reservations. "I like the low-key atmosphere of a Division II program," he says. "But we've been beating up on our opponents pretty much, which is not healthy."

No, *it's not. Consider that until* Saturday's 5–3 loss to archrival Merrimack, Lowell had won 34 straight Division II games. That at week's end it was 20–3. That All-America Paul Lohnes was voted the best defenseman, Division II *or* Division I, in New England last year. That in the last three seasons Lowell has produced five Division II All-Americas. That since midway through last season it has scored more shorthanded goals than its opponents have scored power-play goals. Yet the stat Riley says he's proudest of is that 100% of his players who have skated four years have earned their degrees.

Lowell fans will tell you that all this success is Riley's doing. So why is a coach with a five-year record of 110–35–3 still in Lowell? "Look, I've had opportunities to move to bigger schools," he says, "but I enjoy it here. I've enjoyed watching this grow. I like the area, too. It's very ethnic; it's got the different neighborhoods—the Portuguese, Greek, Italian, Irish, French. They're very intense and proud. A lot of people don't have a good feeling about Lowell. It's one of the last places they'd think of going for a weekend. But we do have pride in Lowell. And if a good athletic team helps, well, then, that's good."

And so there, Rand McNally.

—ROBERT SULLIVAN

Martha likes the ring of the letters NHL.

ing the 1972-73 season, when the folks in Section G began screaming for a polka near the end of a win. They are a merry lot. The closest thing to a polka Mike Leckrone, the university bandmaster, could think of was "When you say Bud . . . da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da. . . ." As the first rendition came to an end he encouraged the fans to substitute Wis-con-sin for Bud-wei-ser. The song immediately caught on. The band plays the tune once every game while Badger fans literally dance in the aisles. Hands go to hearts when they sing, "When you say Wis-con-sin! You've said it all."

Minnesota-Duluth Coach Gus Hendrickson remembers a game in which the Wisconsin crowd nearly drove his club into catatonia. "We came in here a few years ago and were ahead 3–2 in the third period, when we scored but had the goal called back," he says. "The fans gave Wisconsin a five-minute standing ovation—just for having the goal called back. I could see our guys looking around, thinking, 'Here it comes!' Wisconsin beat us 4–3. If you've got young players, those fans will nail you."

Badger fans also have quite an impact on the road. Some 3,000 of them journeyed to Providence for the 1978 NCAA tournament, and they were such a boon to the local economy that a representative from the Providence Chamber of Commerce made the 1,000-mile trip to Madison to present the Badgers with a 3½-foot trophy inscribed TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST FANS. As if they needed any more encouragement.

One of the many stories from that weekend in Rhode Island involves Wisconsin Athletic Director Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch. He reportedly gave a local saloonkeeper $500 after the Badgers had been eliminated from the tournament and told the man to use the money to purchase as much Old Style beer as he could lay his hands on and then give a can to anybody who came into the bar wearing Badger red.

As avid as the Wisconsin fans are, however, they don't win hockey games. The Badgers' success hinges on Johnson. When he took a leave of absence in 1975-76 to coach the U.S. Olympic team to a fourth-place finish in Innsbruck, Wisconsin fell to 12–24–2, its first losing season since the sport's resurrection in Madison in 1962. When Johnson returned the next year, Wisconsin went 37–7–1 and won the NCAA title.

"Six or seven years ago, when everyone else was playing a real physical style, Bob was playing the skating and passing game," says Hendrickson. "He's never changed. As a tactician, he's excellent."

Last spring when Wisconsin upset Minnesota, Johnson's alma mater for whom he played baseball and hockey, for the national title, one coach remarked, "I've never seen one coach give a clinic to the other in an NCAA tournament game before." Outmanned, Johnson varied the Badgers' forechecking system to befuddle the Gophers and keep them pinned down in their own zone.

When Johnson coached Team USA, all 23 of whose members were NHL players, to a surprising fourth-place finish in the Canada Cup series last fall, he gained more admirers. Said Team USA Goalie Tony Esposito, a 14-year pro, "No doubt about it, the man is a great coach. He's a great motivator, but level-headed. None of that rah-rah stuff."

"International hockey has helped me gain a whole new view of the game," says Johnson. "I'm more knowledgeable every year. People use the term 'European hockey,' but it's all different—the Russians, the Czechs, the Swedes."

Perhaps no one has analyzed the diverse national styles more thoroughly. Johnson can rattle off not only how each country plays but also how it *practices*, and to vary Badger workouts, he occasionally has a Russian Day or a Swedish Day or a Canadian Day. His alltime favorite practice—and Johnson can barely contain himself when recalling it—was a 1965 session the Soviets held under Coach Anatoly Tarasov, the Russian master, in Colorado Springs. Johnson wrote down each of the 10 drills they did that day. "The Russians didn't play the Canadian pros until 1972," he says, "but they were as good then as they are now. They spend so much time on conditioning. They've tried to turn every one of their players into Superman, and they've done a great job of it. But I think the Czechs do a better job in a lot of areas, like penalty-killing and power plays."

Johnson incorporated the Czechoslovakian power play—in which the wings stay wide and one man acts as a decoy in front of the net—into Wisconsin's offense several years ago, and in 1976-77 the Badgers scored an astounding 93 power-play goals in 45 games. Now everybody is using it. He also has an "umbrella" power play, with two men in front of the goal and three in an umbrella at the top of the offensive zone, and a "Boston" power play, modeled after the one used by the Bobby Orr-Phil Esposito Bruins. Now he's fooling around with a "Gretzky" power play, featuring one man behind the net.

The most important element in all these plays is the ability of the players to move the puck. One-touch passing, he calls it, and no one does that better than the Swedes. So the Badgers have Swedish drills in which they pass—bing-bing-bing—around a zone, never stopping the puck. When it comes time to shoot, they do so off the pass. The result of all this is that year-in, year-out, Wisconsin has the best power play in college hockey, and this season the Badgers are scoring on 30.5% of their chances.

"The WCHA has an ideal situation for the development of hockey players," says Johnson. "First, we've got a four-to-five-week training camp before our first game. Second, we practice twice as much as we play. Third, we have a long season—six months."

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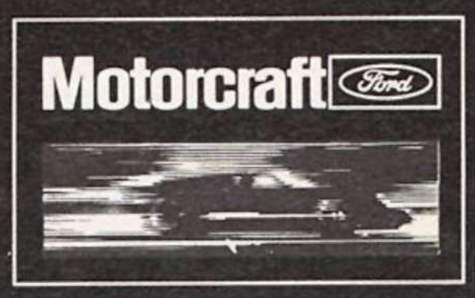

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When Johnson arrived at Wisconsin, six former college players were in the NHL. Now there are 59. The knock used to be that the colleges didn't play enough games to prepare a player for the grueling NHL schedule. Today many NHL organizations believe the Canadian junior league teams, which play as many as 100 times a season, don't hold enough practices, and consequently a lot of players come into the league lacking fundamental skills and team discipline.

"I've always believed in the college programs," says Ron Caron, director of personnel and recruiting for the Montreal Canadiens. "We used to have that territory all to ourselves, but now every team's taking college players." Two of Montreal's top draft choices, Chris Chelios (second round), and Newberry (third round) are at Wisconsin. "Every time I go there I see the way the players respect Johnson," says Caron. "Newberry is playing with much more intensity now. With the limited number of games they play, each one is important. I've heard nothing but good words about Johnson, not only about the way he teaches fundamentals, but about the way he teaches intensity, fortitude and the value of a team activity."

Johnson carries the team concept to an extreme. The players receive no money for food on the road; all meals are taken together. When classes aren't in session, he gets the team up by 9:30 to play volleyball or soccer. Why? "If I'm a player on the fourth line and you're a John Newberry, maybe in volleyball *I'm* a John Newberry and you're a player on the fourth line," Johnson says. "That's important for a team." The Badgers do flexibility exercises every day together, twice on game days, and Johnson has even been known to take the players on walks, although he concedes, "They might not appreciate that." WCHA games are played on Friday and Saturday nights, and every Thursday evening Johnson shows the team a hockey film, which he narrates.

On Sundays, an off day officially, Johnson has made a tradition out of "the Russian games"—voluntary, free-wheeling, no-check sessions in which Badger players, alumni and friends come out to skate. Johnson is always the late Valery Kharlamov, former star of the U.S.S.R. team. The opposition is "the Canadians," unless, of course, a particularly inept group shows up, in which case the Koreans take on the Chinese. Johnson always takes the best goalie for his team, and has been known to bait the losing team into returning to center ice to shake his "Russian" team's hands. If an account of the game appears on the team bulletin board Monday morning, obnoxiously extolling the exploits of Kharlamov, no one has to guess who wrote it.

The only cloud on Wisconsin hockey's horizon is the possibility of Johnson's leaving to coach an NHL team. He's intrigued by the idea, especially now that his youngest son will be graduating. He's following the progress of former Minnesota and Olympic Coach Herb Brooks, who now coaches the Rangers, with more than passing interest. (Johnson's Badgers, it should be noted, were 17–9–3 against Brooks's Gophers.) Tellingly, Johnson's feisty wife, Martha, who rings Dane County Coliseum to life every game with her cowbell, is fascinated by the NHL. "I guess there's one more thing we'd like to try," she says. "I'd rather end up there than here, and it would be nice to leave when we're on top." Then she adds, "I'd also like to be able to afford to go visit my grandchildren."

"It was more fun to build the program than to maintain it," admits Johnson. "People ask, 'Do you think you can coach the pros?' Who are the pros? Mark Johnson? Reed Larson? Dave Christian? I know them and have recruited many of them. Things have changed in the last five years. I think the players in the NHL *want* good coaching."

No doubt the advice Johnson gives his players about the NHL has entered his thoughts of late. He tells them to get the pros out of their systems or they'll spend the rest of their lives wondering. Johnson, at 50, has never been a better coach than he is now. And he's wondering.

"He'd be a fool to leave," says one former Badger. "He'd never find a position as good as the one he has at Wisconsin." Nonetheless, should the right opportunity come his way, Johnson would consider giving up security—he is a tenured professor in the Wisconsin physical education department—and life as a Badger legend. Why? He's a student of the game, and the NHL is still the best hockey league in the world. It wouldn't be as much fun. Sundays he might be in Chicago or Detroit or Buffalo instead of skating as Kharlamov in Madison. Damn few pro players would go for walks with him. He probably wouldn't even get to make his highlight films. Hockey just wouldn't be the same. Because as everyone in that part of the country knows—hands on your hearts everybody, this one's for Badger Bob—"When you say Wis-con-sin. . . ." **END**

Pete Johnson may be team co-captain, but he gets no special treatment from his dad.

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A golden sunrise illuminates the eastern shore of Africa, the light glancing off the tidal lagoons, white beaches and towering dunes that line Kenya's 250-mile-long coast. Murmuring casuarina trees bend to the Indian Ocean surf.

Kenya Top This?

Though Kenya lies on the equator, soft sea breezes cool the morning air, ruffling the feathers of heron that come to the shore to feed. But wait. What's this zebra doing on Tiwi Beach? Actually, it's a not-very-camouflaged Kim Alexis in wild stripes by Norma Kamali for OMO ($55). On the cover, Carol Alt, in a fiery suit from David Haag ($45), lures fishing dhows to Manda Island at sunset.

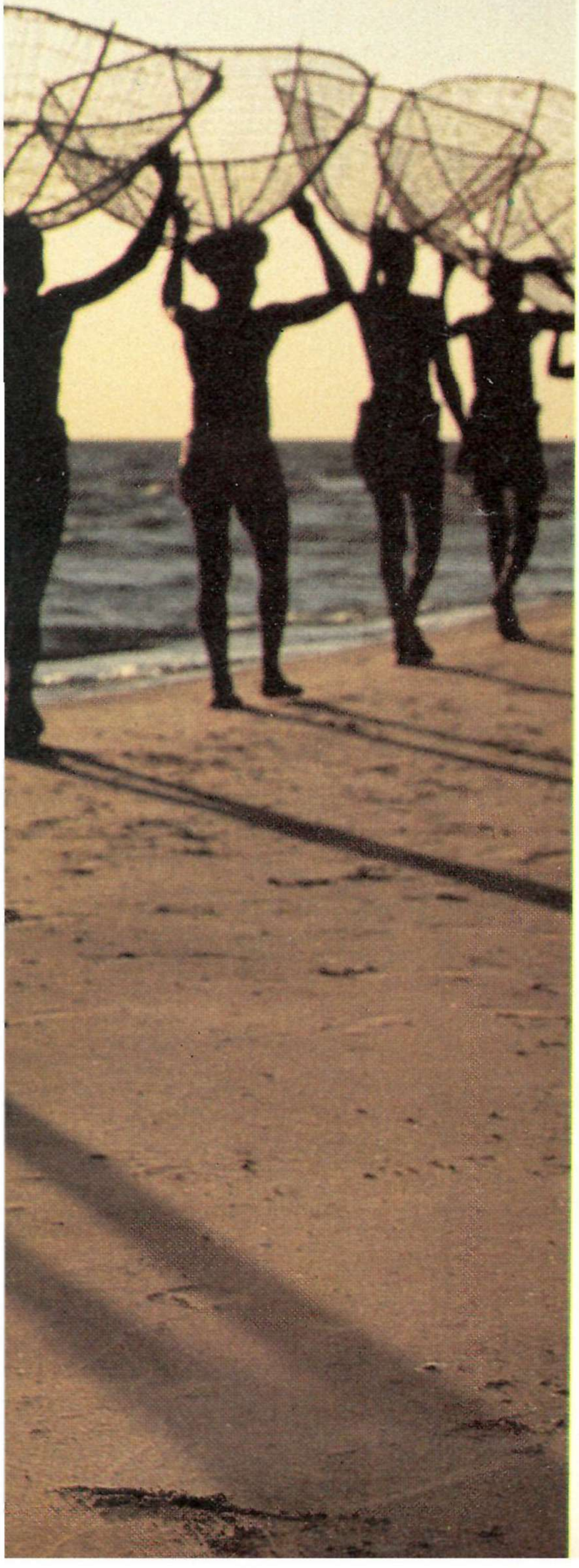
BY JULE CAMPBELL

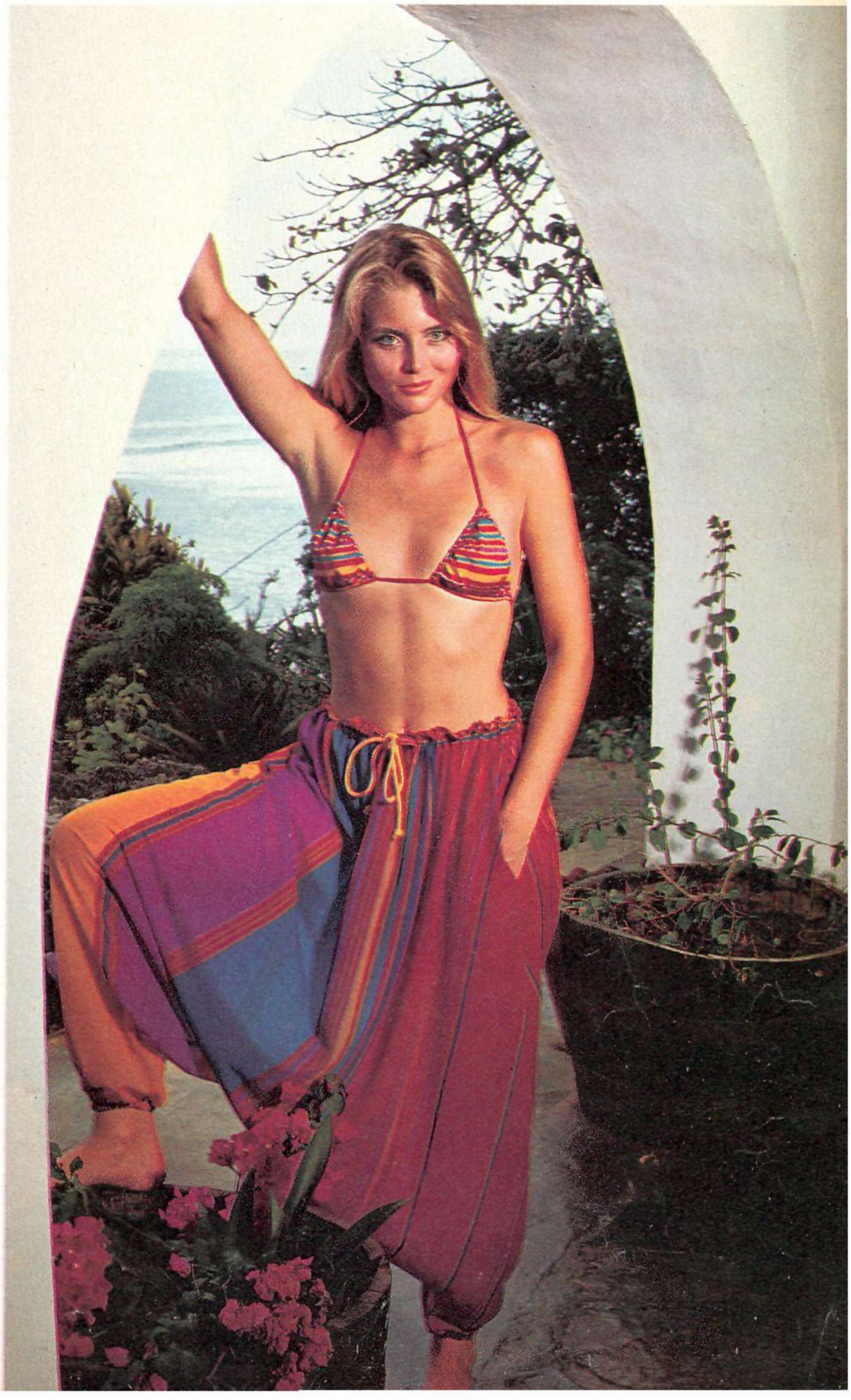
CONTINUED

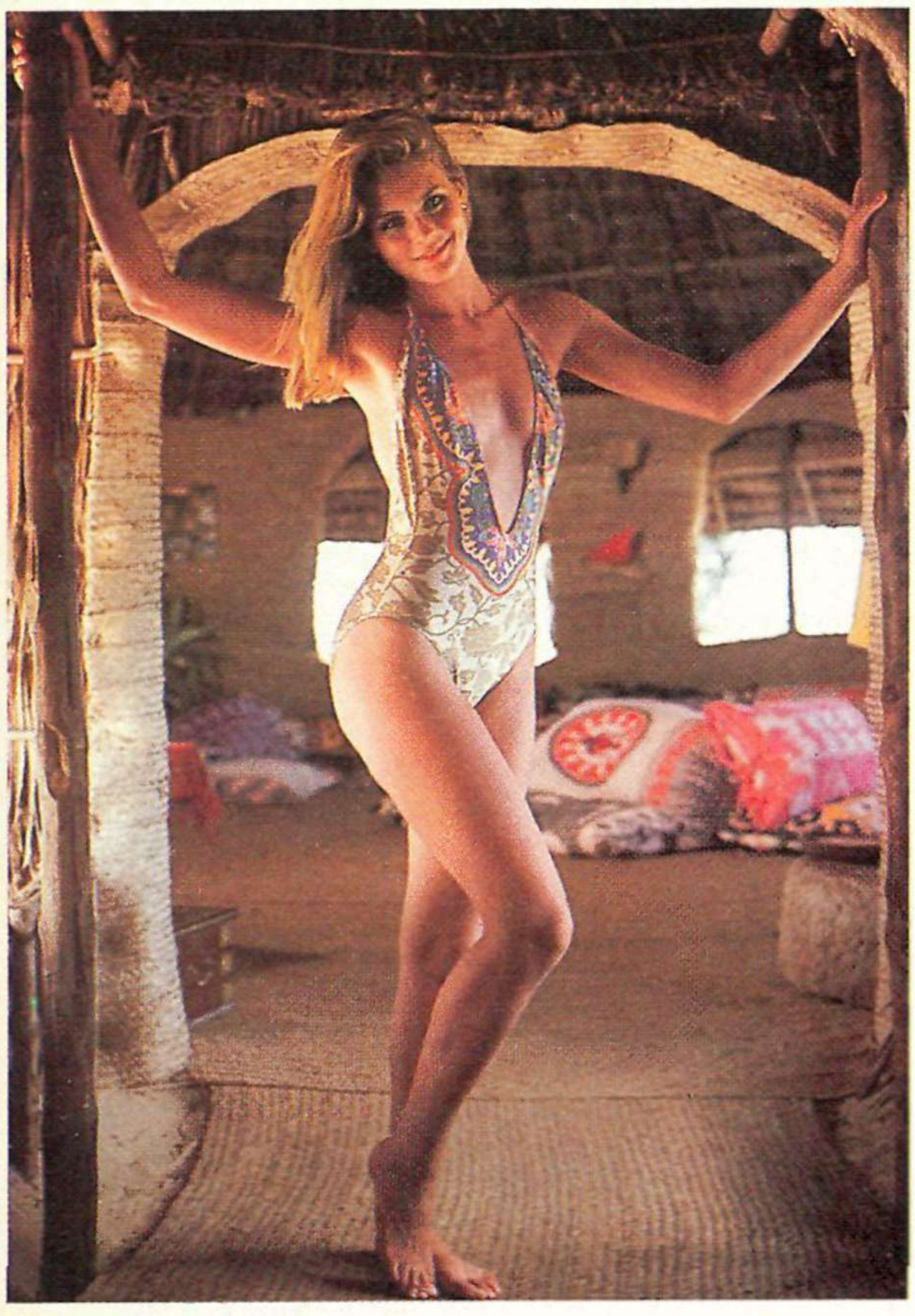
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

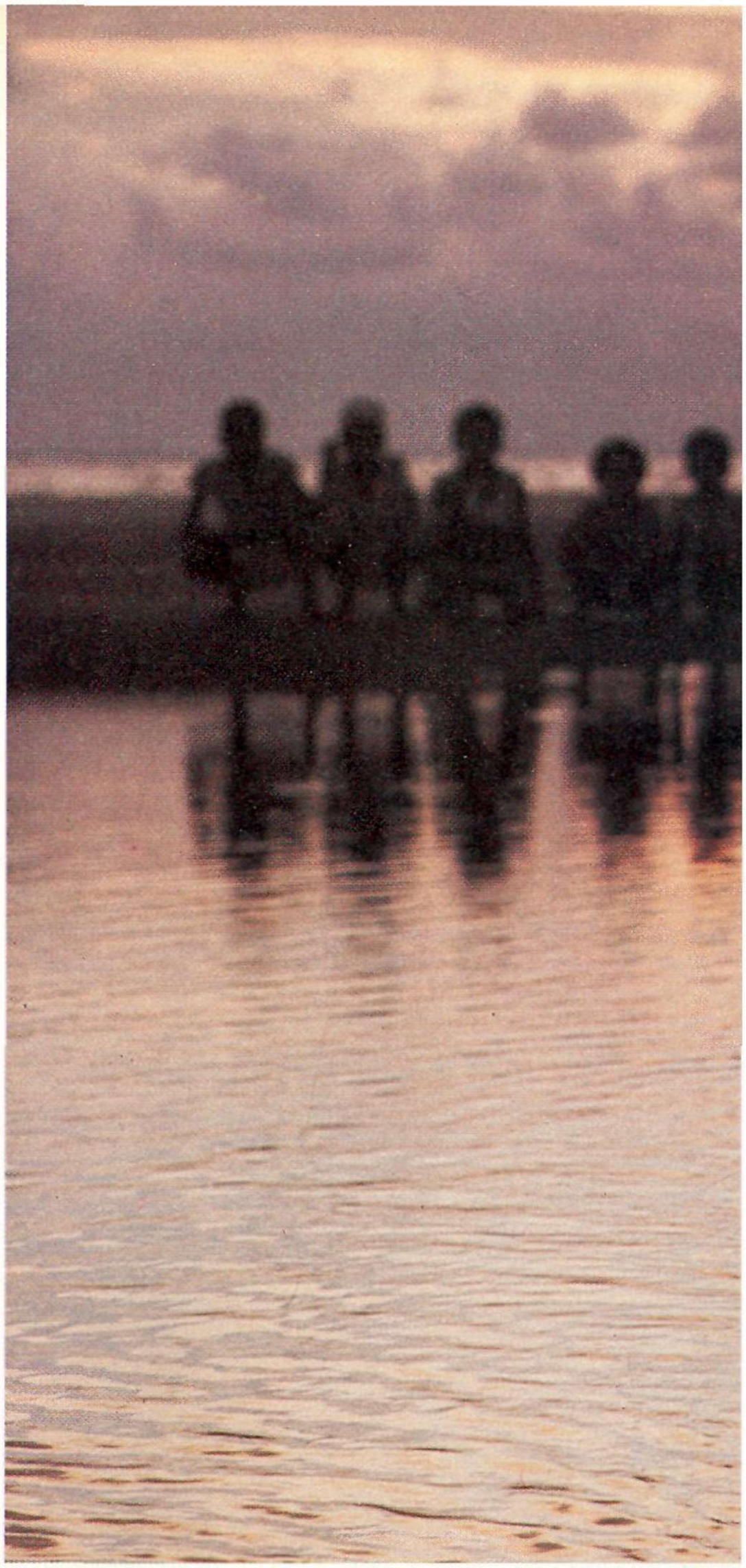
Daybreak on inland Lake Turkana: Fishermen march off to work carrying "ibude" nets woven of bark from the "mkana" tree, as Charissa Craig angles for the rays in a moonstruck suit by Marcia Friedman for Le Bag ($56).

Kim fits right in with the bougainvillea at Indian Ocean Lodge near Malindi. Her "Persian Garden" pants ($180) and bikini ($48), by Leah Gottlieb for Gottex, complement the lodge's Arabic architecture. They also do a lot for Kim.



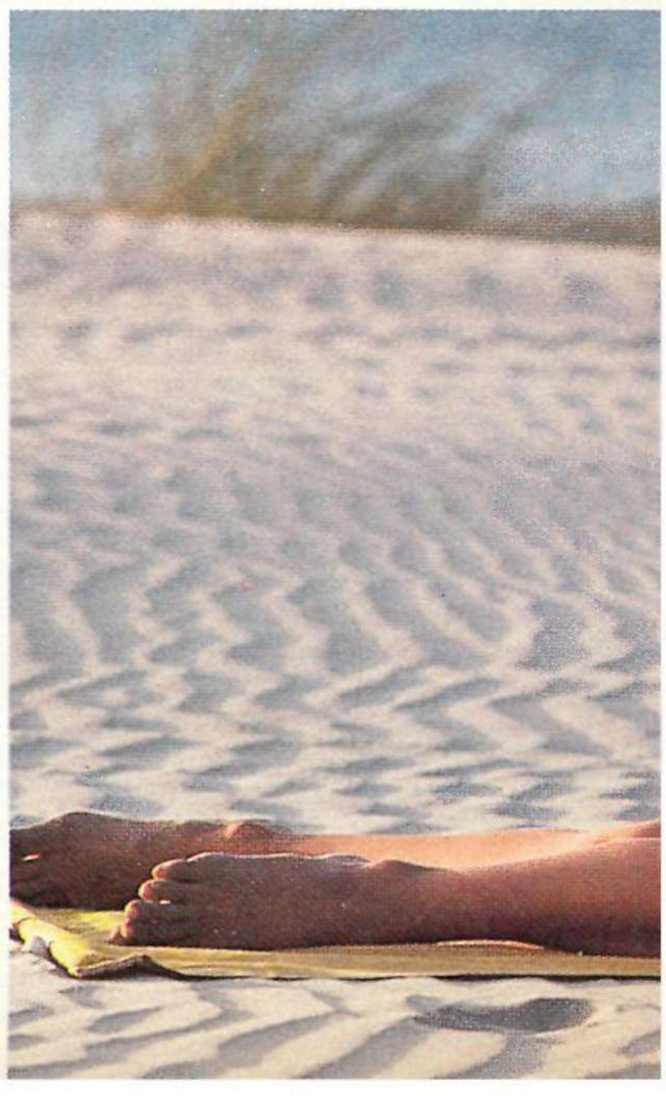






Kim's a most welcome sight (above) in a Persian print from Gottex ($68) as she greets visitors to a thatched-roof "banda" at Club Che-Shale near Malindi. The club offers superb food, plus excellent big-game fishing.

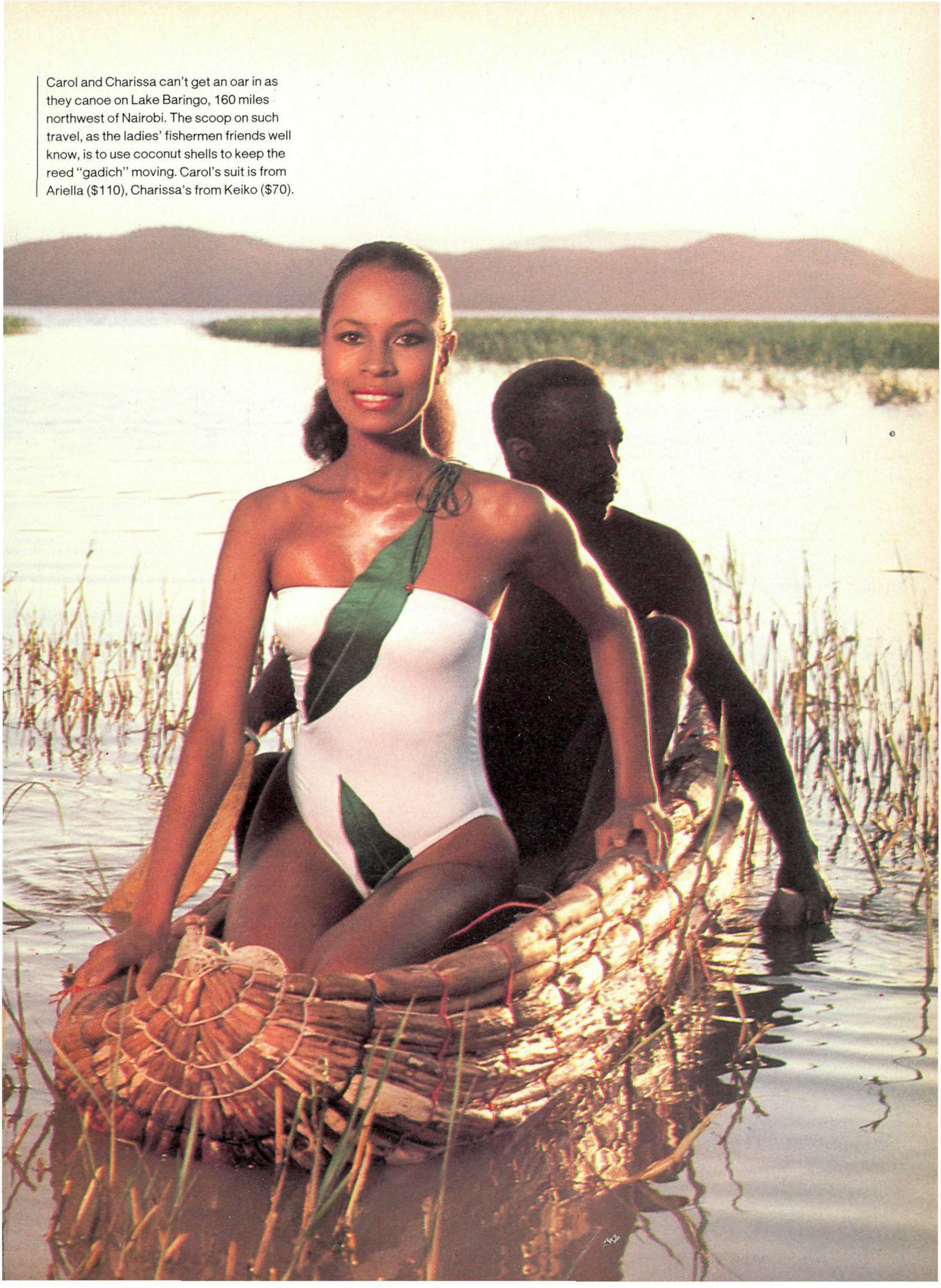
On the great sand dunes of Lamu Island, the aptly named Kathryn Redding (left) turns a warm shoulder to the sun as she works on her tan—yes, redheads do tan—in a star-studded suit by Marcia Friedman for Le Bag ($54).

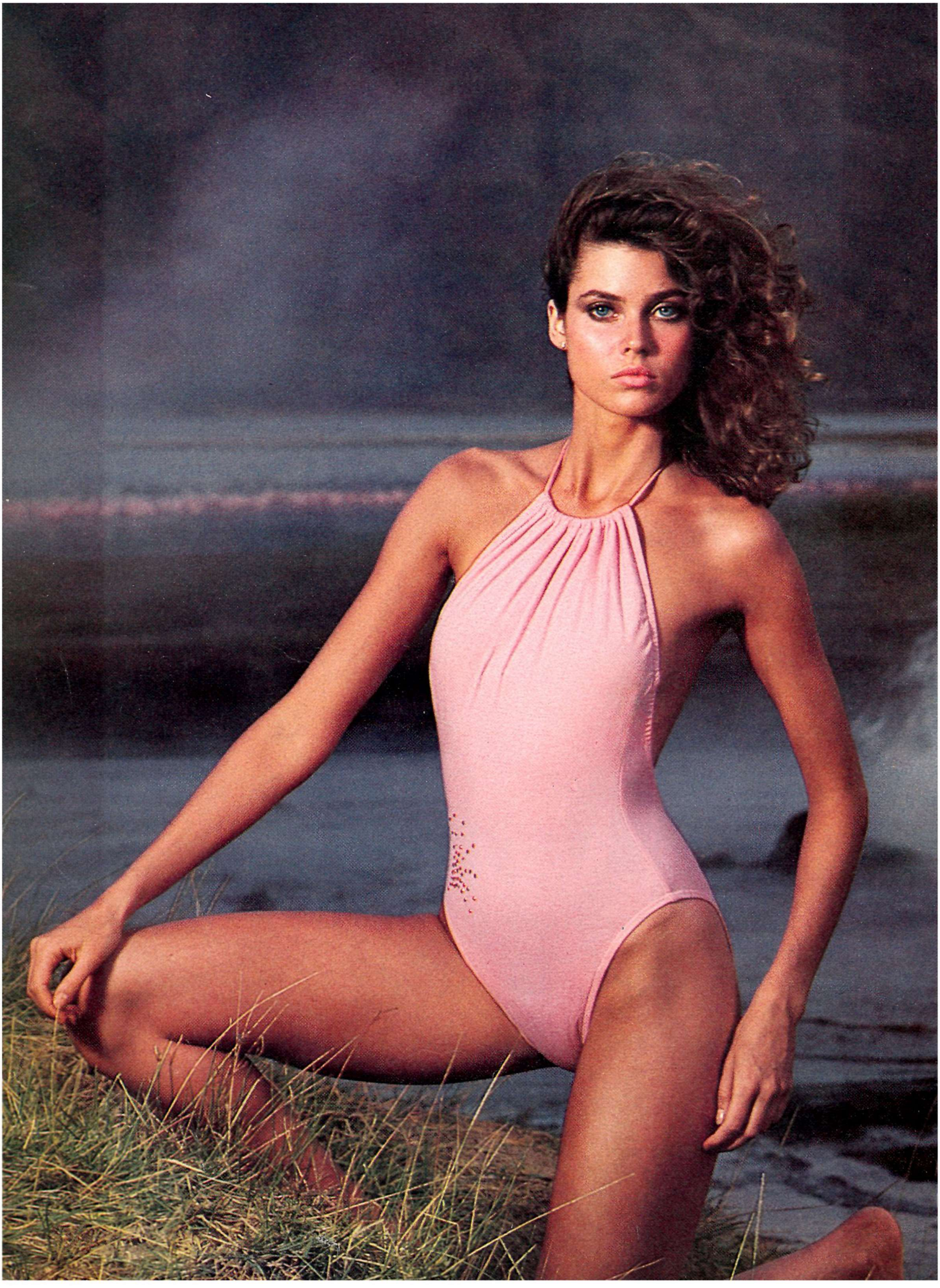


At dusk, while musing in a tidal lagoon, Kathryn (above), wearing a strapless by David Haag ($55), is blissfully unaware that she has attracted a mysterious following. Not to worry. Her admirers are kids from nearby Lamu Town.

Hot sun, white sand, cool sea—and Carol's mellow yellow suit made in Italy by Oceano ($115)—add up to a languid afternoon at Lamu. Carol gets a lift from a Beachstyxx canvas chair that rolls up like a window shade ($29).

Carol and Charissa can't get an oar in as they canoe on Lake Baringo, 160 miles northwest of Nairobi. The scoop on such travel, as the ladies' fishermen friends well know, is to use coconut shells to keep the reed "gadich" moving. Carol's suit is from Ariella ($110), Charissa's from Keiko ($70).

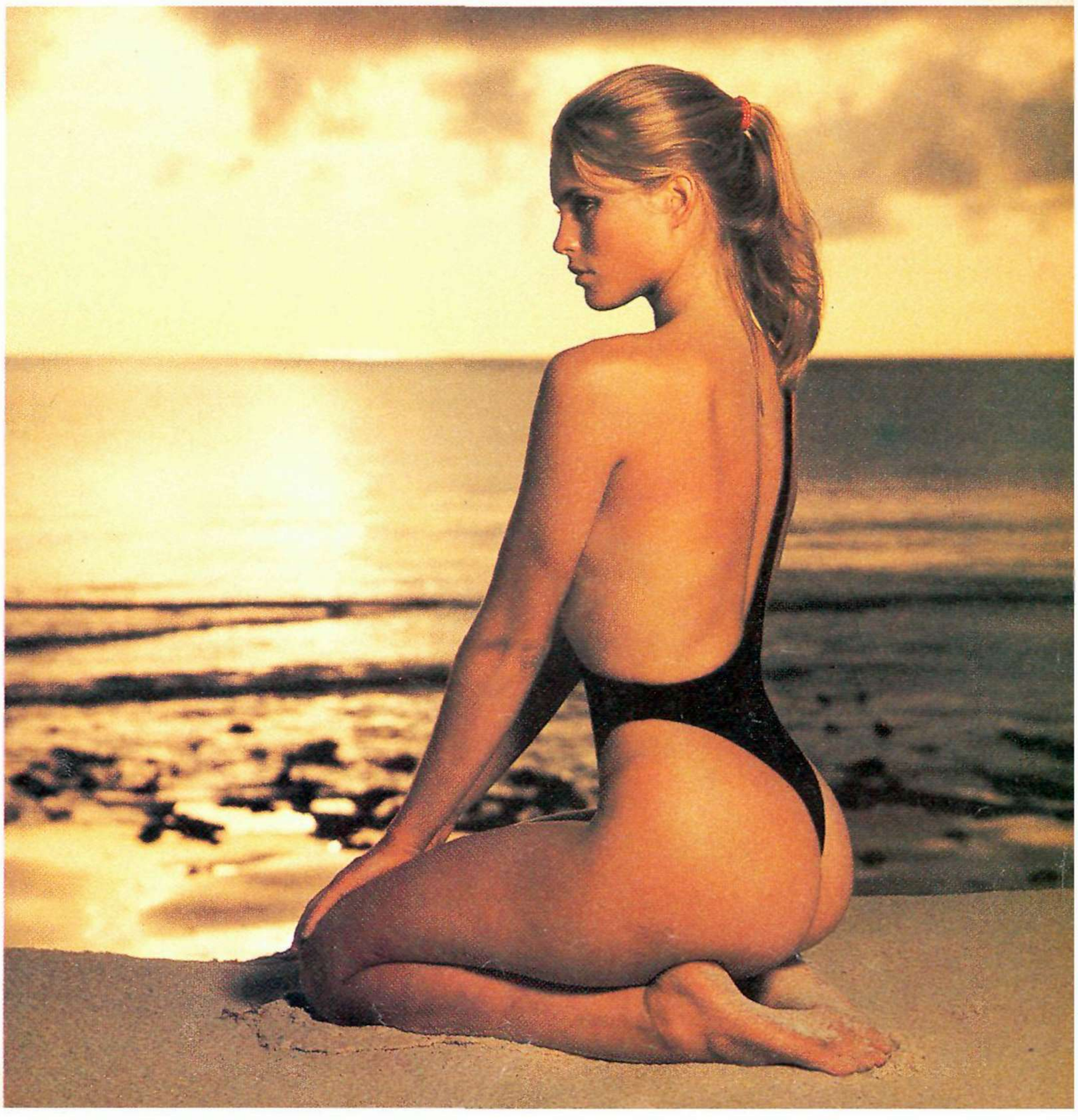


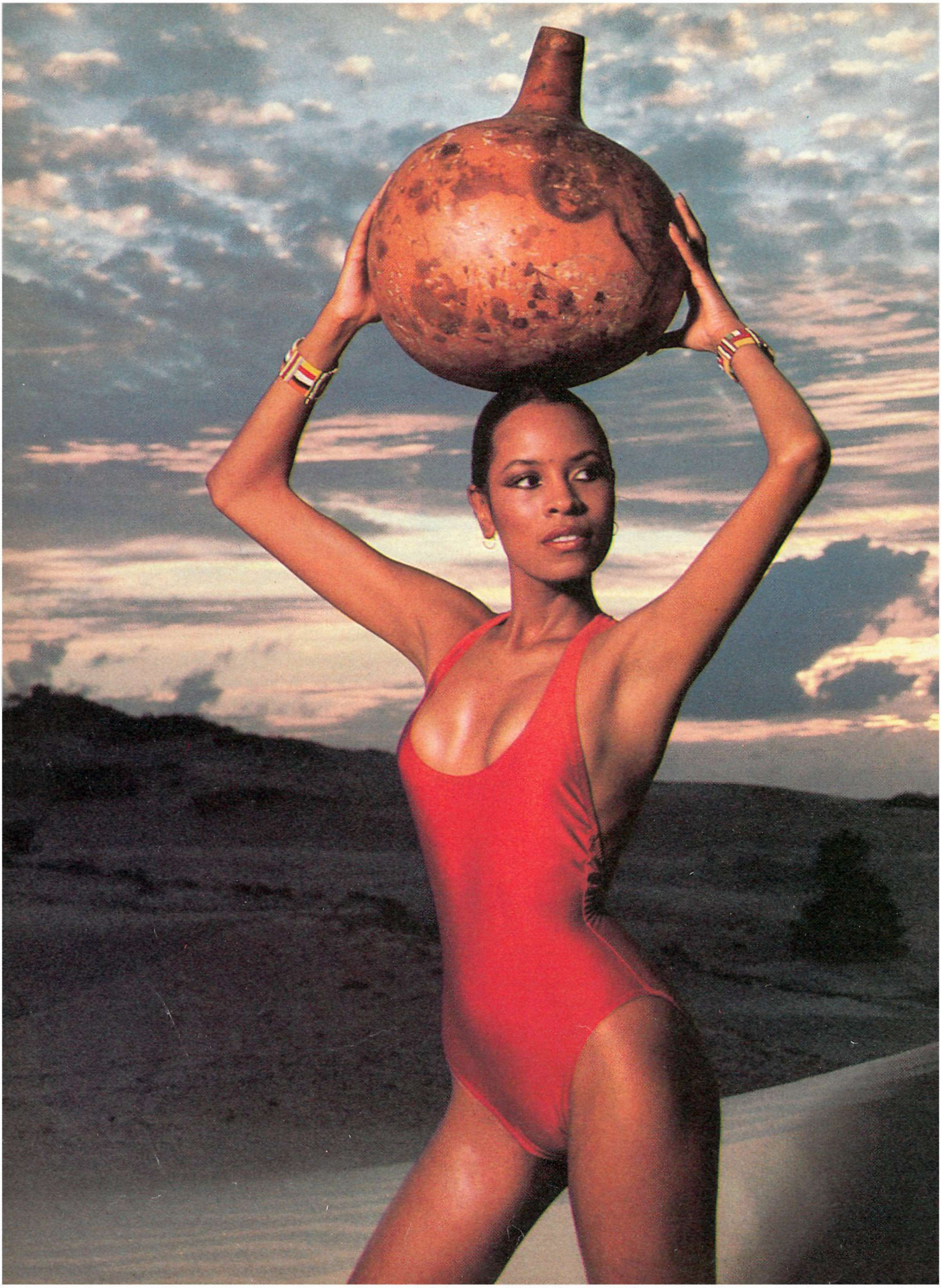


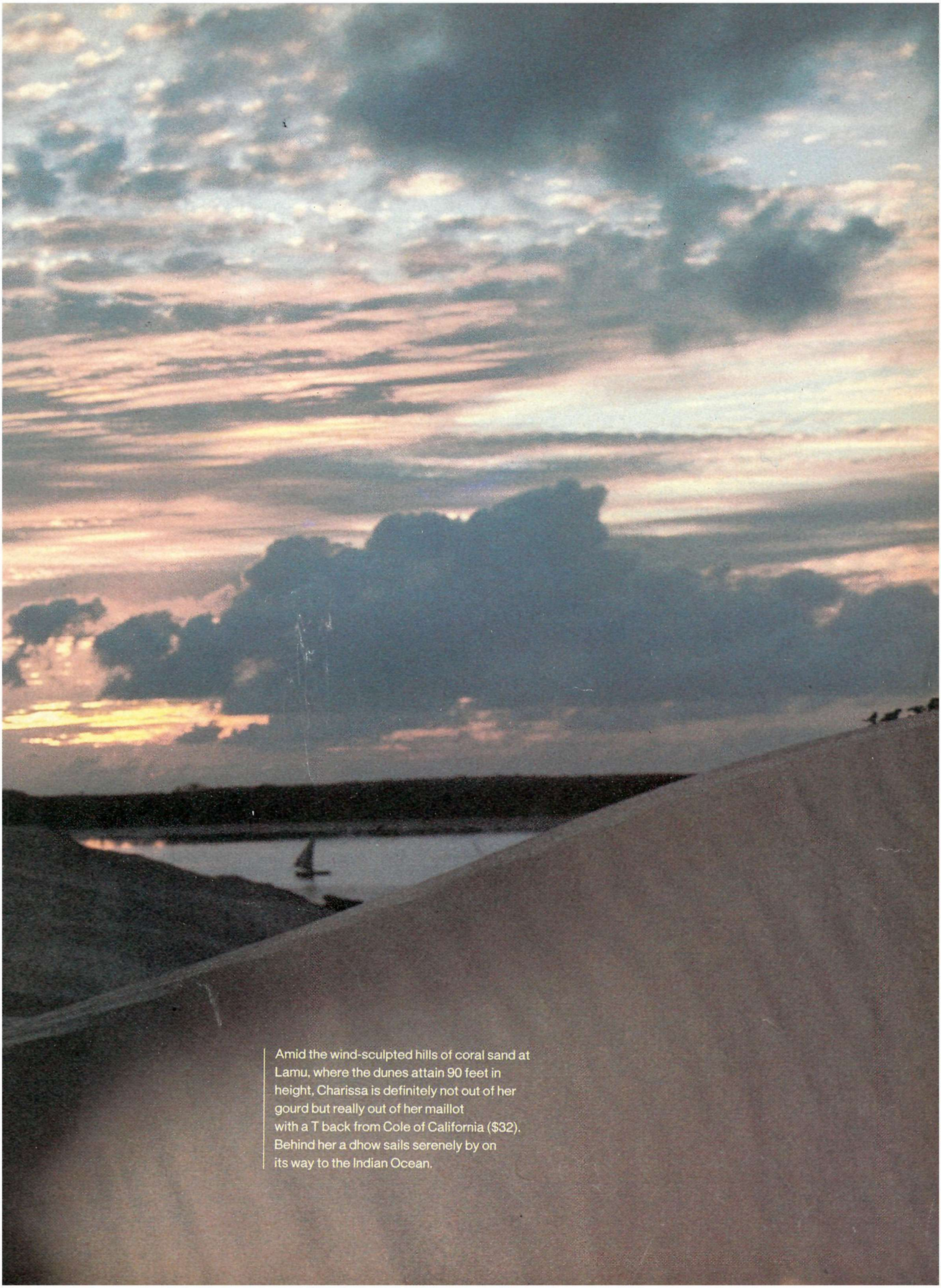
Talk about your hot spots: Clouds of steam rise from the bubbling geysers at Lake Bogoria, a favorite hangout for flamingos. Carol generates some BTUs of her own in cotton-and-Lycra with rhinestones by Le Bag ($48).

Who's that untamed beauty peering from the high grass that grows on the endless dunes at Lamu? Why, it's Kathryn, who's stalking the goats that graze there. She's in a clingy nylon-and-Lycra that's also from Le Bag ($48).

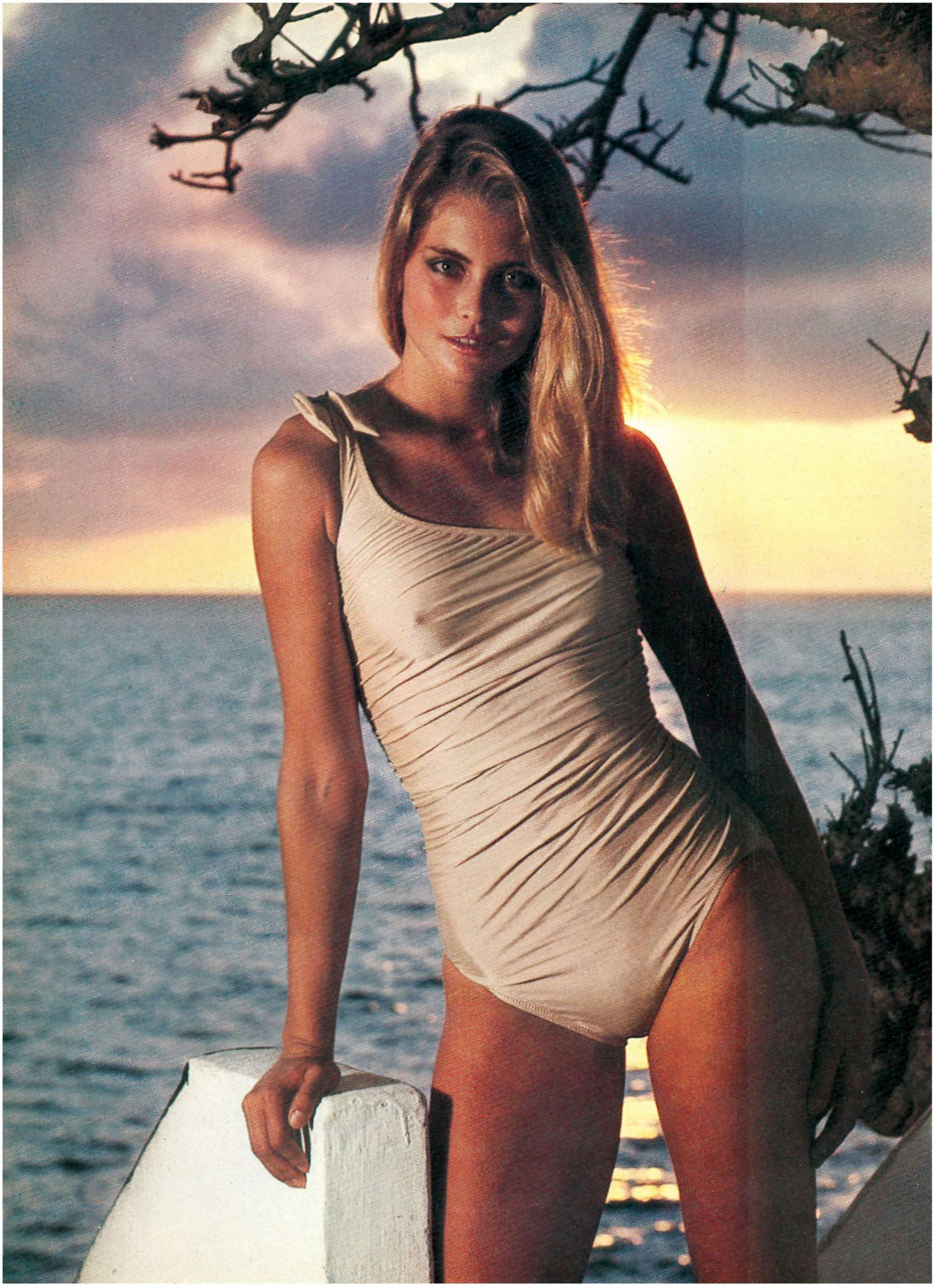
Norma Kamali, who has a knack for creating suits that almost aren't there, triumphs again with a one-piece topless ($35) that lets Kim get down to the bare facts. For the faint of heart, a bra and bikini bottom are optional ($45).







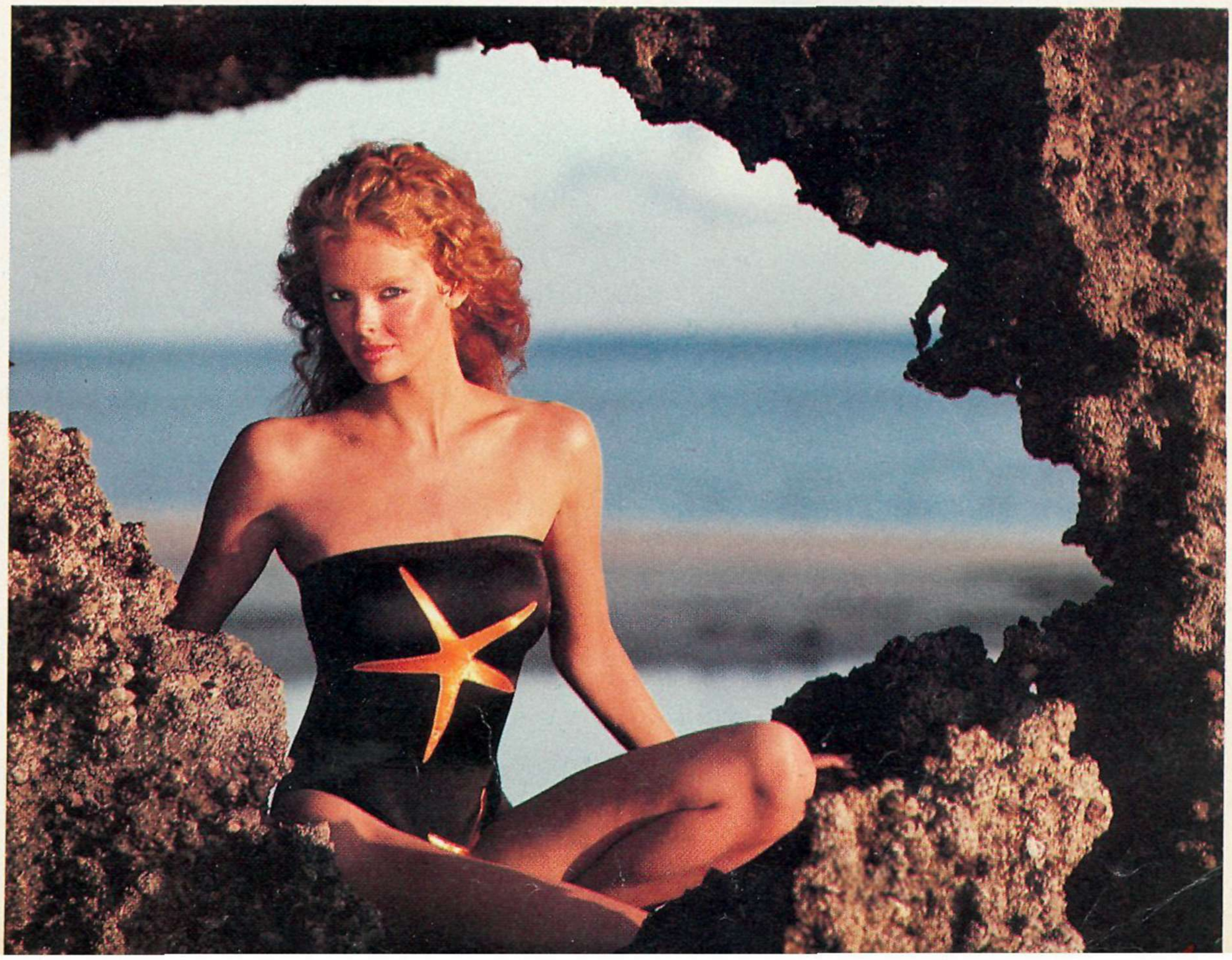
Amid the wind-sculpted hills of coral sand at Lamu, where the dunes attain 90 feet in height, Charissa is definitely not out of her gourd but really out of her maillot with a T back from Cole of California ($32). Behind her a dhow sails serenely by on its way to the Indian Ocean.



Kim, in Monika Tilley's design for Elon ($55), takes a breather after climbing the steep stairs at Indian Ocean Lodge. The steps were no sweat for Kim, an ex-competitive swimmer, who—for those with weak eyes—is still in shape.

The stars, not to mention the starfish, come out at twilight on Tiwi Beach (right), where Kim demonstrates that she's a real supernova in this luminous nylon-and-Lycra suit with appliqués strategically placed by Liza Bruce ($78).

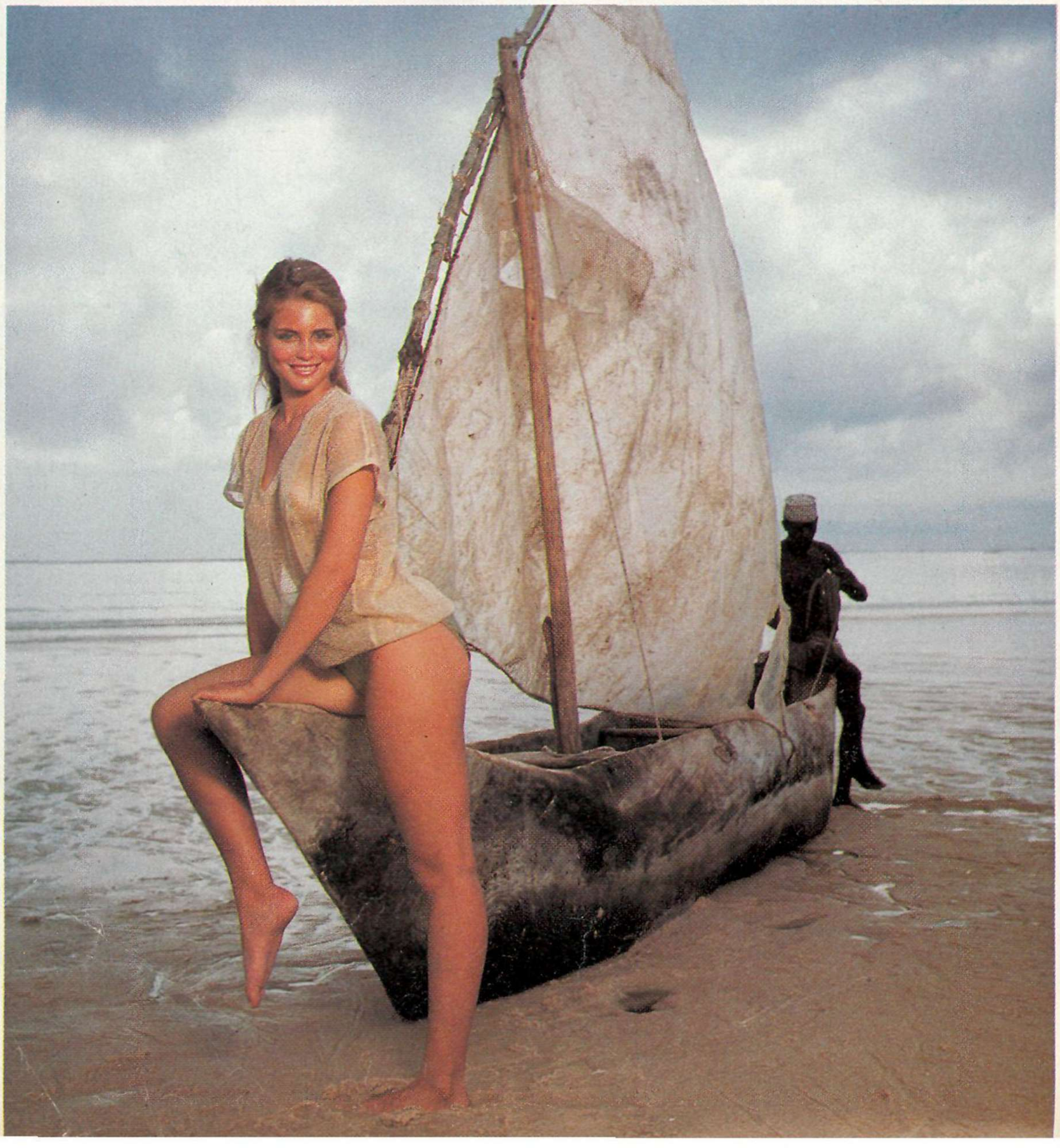
It seems there's more than one starfish suit in the sea, and Kathryn has hitched herself into this one from Keiko ($65) that has apparently washed up among the coral formations on Kiwaiyu Island, 20 miles north of Lamu.



Is a laid-back Charissa (left), here toasting in *the sun on the coral of Kiwaiyu, playing the old* shell game? Of course not. After all, you can't hide much under the three nylon scallop shells so cleverly strung together by Keiko ($80).

Holy cow! Kim's perched on the bow of a dhow (below), in a wow of a bikini that's topped off with a gold fishnet shirt by Gottex ($90). She's waiting for the afternoon tide to float her fishing boat off the beach at Indian Ocean Lodge.

Well, the tide's gone out and left Carol (right) high and dry—well, almost—at Lamu in a Gottex design of Lurex, nylon and Lycra ($58) that's the merest suspicion of a suit. Now to quote the eloquent Porky Pig: "That's all, folks."



Two kings of the same hill

Baltimore has the country's No. 1 schoolboy team. Maybe No. 2, too

by Franz Lidz

When James (Pop) Tubman, the 5′ 8″ point guard for the Calvert Hall College high school Cardinals, isn't moving the ball upcourt with his powerful, rhythmic dribble, he's often flagging down wild passes and shoveling them off behind him to fast-breaking teammates for easy layups. Tyrone (Muggsy) Bogues, a 5′ 3″ playmaker, scoots, skates and skitters for the Dunbar High Poets, picking off passes from hulking opponents like a sparrow stealing seeds from lazy pigeons.

Pop and Muggsy live not far from each other in predominantly black East Baltimore. There, a lot of basketball fans think Dunbar, which at week's end had a 19–0 record, is the best high school team in the country. However, *Basketball Weekly* and just about every other publication that keeps track of such things rank Calvert Hall (21–0) No. 1. *Basketball Weekly* had Dunbar No. 5 in its latest (Jan. 28) poll.

If Calvert Hall, an exclusive, mainly white Catholic boys school in the Baltimore suburb of Towson, hadn't offered Pop, who's black, an athletic scholarship three years ago, he probably would be playing for Dunbar. The same goes for most of his five black teammates. Conversely, if Dunbar, a public school in East Baltimore, didn't offer health-care courses, Muggsy would still be playing for Southern High's second-rate team.

Muggsy, like two other Poet starters, allegedly aspires to be a dental technician, and Dunbar is the only school in the city that provides training in that vocation. Like many cities with large public school systems, Baltimore allows a student to transfer out of his neighborhood school if that school does not offer the curriculum the kid wants. Instead, he can find another city school that does. That stipulation, coupled with the availability of athletic grants at most of the city's parochial schools, means that many Baltimore coaches scout for prospects like impresarios scouring the hills of Calabria for the next Pavarotti. Some coaches have intermediaries solicit for them, and nearly all are in some way dependent on summer recreation directors to funnel players to them. Rec hoop coaches who supply white suburban prep schools with inner-city talent are about as welcome in Baltimore's black community as Magic Johnson would be at a Westhead family reunion.

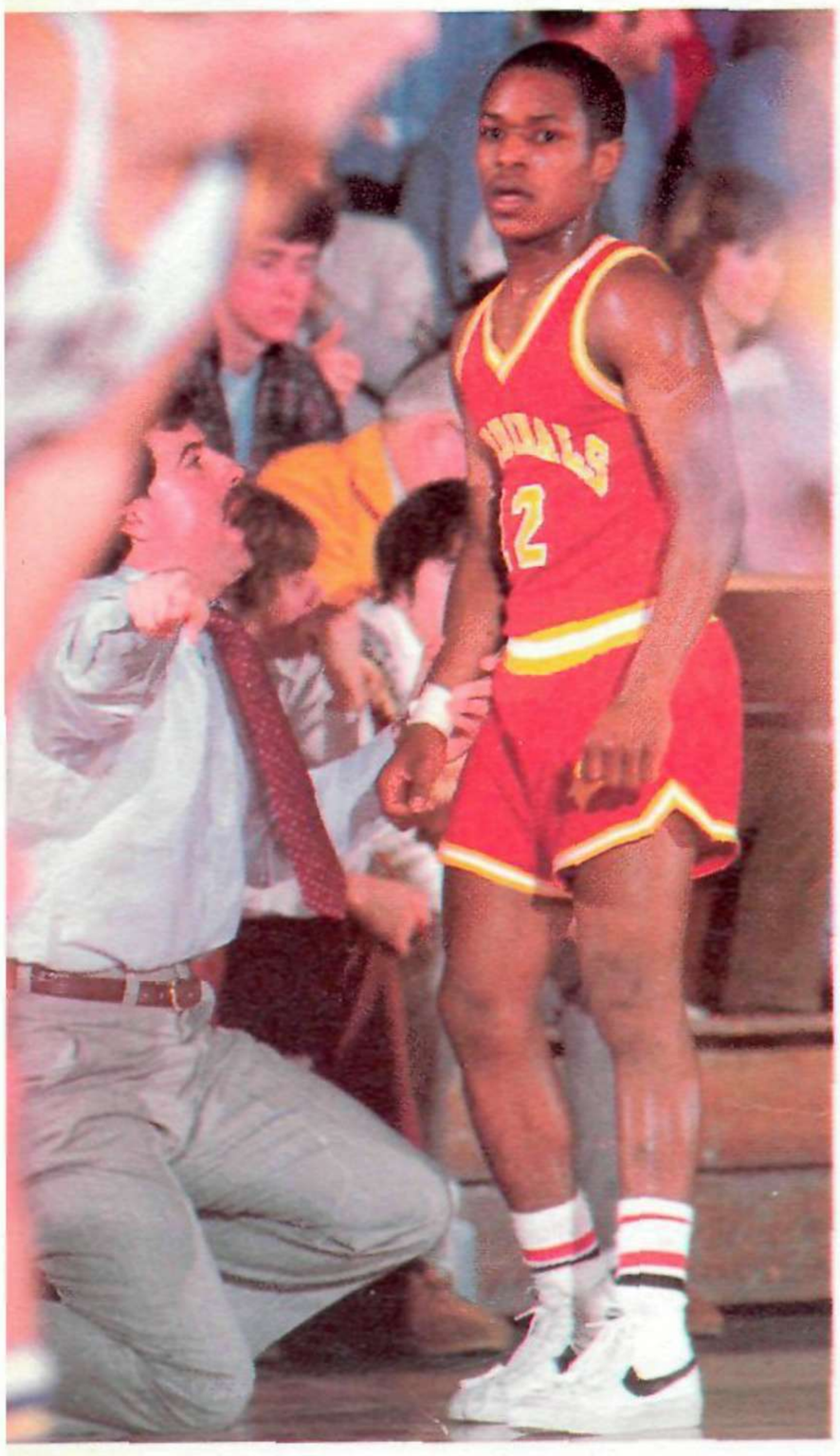
Recruiting kids to play high school ball isn't unique to Baltimore, but it attains special notoriety when the top players in a large metropolis are concentrated on what are arguably the two best teams in the country. "If we were 0–20, nobody would care what we did," says Dunbar Coach Bob Wade. "But since we're winning, everybody is taking potshots at us." Says his Calvert Hall counterpart, Mark Amatucci, "People say I buy players, but that's not true. I hustle. Our program sells itself."

Both teams have their selling points. For Dunbar, it's Wade's 132–10 record and five Maryland Scholastic Association titles in the last six seasons. For Calvert Hall, it's the school's fine academic reputation and two consecutive Baltimore Catholic League titles.

The Cardinals have been a power only since 1979-80. Before that season Tubman and his best friend, Marc Wilson, both of whom were entering their sophomore year, chose Calvert Hall over Dunbar because Amatucci told them they would make the varsity right away and possibly even start. They did, and ever since they've formed a brilliant backcourt tandem. Wilson is scoring 19 points a game and was one of three Cardinals picked in the preseason for one All-America team or another. Dunbar has four such selectees. The best prospect at either school may well be 6′ 5″ Calvert Hall Forward Duane Ferrell, who's only a sophomore. An exceptional leaper with a splendid shot from the corners, Ferrell also has a 19-point average.

The polls rate Calvert Hall higher than Dunbar on the basis of a sensational 94–91 triple-overtime defeat of the Poets last March and an ambitious schedule this season. Over the Christmas holidays, the Cardinals won the Nike tournament in Las Vegas. In five days they beat four teams, including St. Bernard's of Playa del Rey, Calif., ranked 20th in the nation at the time. The school's alumni association raised more than $7,000 to pay for the trip. Earlier in the year, Calvert Hall had defeated the three best clubs in talent-rich D.C., and last month it won the Pepsi Challenge in Philadelphia. In the

continued



Tubman was a big recruit for Amatucci.

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finals of that tournament, the Cardinals beat Camden (N.J.) High, which had lost only one of its previous 52 games and was ranked second nationally. As usual, Calvert Hall's balanced attack was like a slightly reluctant F-16, taxiing on the runway for three periods before suddenly taking off. While the Cardinals don't have Dunbar's quickness or strong inside game, they are more patient and selfless, and they always seem to perform best in tight games. In that triple-overtime victory over Dunbar, Calvert Hall trailed by nine with 1:52 to go in regulation play. This season the Cardinals got a tip-in with three seconds remaining to defeat St. Bernard's 65–64, and against Camden they made up a five-point deficit with less than five minutes to play and won 67–62.

Dunbar is named after Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906), a black American short-story writer and poet. Regrettably, the school lacks the beauty of its namesake's best verse. Cramped amid drab housing projects, Dunbar has all the charm of a government warehouse. Calvert Hall, on the other hand, sits on the greensward atop a tree-clad hill. The school has the immaculate cheeriness of a merry monastery, and students in well-pressed blazers and ties give the place a look of impeccable rectitude.

Calvert Hall has never had much of a black enrollment. The Christian Brothers who run the school claim they've always sought out poor kids, but they certainly haven't found many takers in the black community. Though Calvert Hall was founded in 1845, the first black wasn't admitted until 1961. Today only 3½% of the student body of 1,270 is black, but four of the basketball team's starters are black. The lone white transferred there this year as a senior.

For many years Calvert Hall competed with Dunbar in the MSA. But in 1969, the year after the streets of Baltimore exploded in rioting following Martin Luther King's assassination, a black Dunbar fan slugged a white Catholic-school player at a game. The Catholic teams pulled out of the MSA and formed their own league. That's when Calvert Hall and other parochial schools began offering athletic grants to help players cover the cost of tuition, which today at Calvert Hall comes to $1,350 a year. The Catholic schools that didn't offer athletic rides stayed out of the league because they couldn't compete.

Still, Baltimore was hardly a hotbed of high school basketball until 1973, when Dunbar, led by Skip Wise, who would go on to star at Clemson, and Larry Gibson (Maryland), upset DeMatha, the perennial D.C. powerhouse, which had Adrian Dantley (Notre Dame) and Kenny Carr (North Carolina State). The game was the last for William (Sugar) Cain, the former Harlem Globetrotter whose reign as Dunbar coach spanned 32 years. Wade took over two seasons later, retaining Cain's vaunted running game and zone defense. Wade is a smart, cagey and excitable sort who badgers officials and slashes the sideline air in a Kung Fu frenzy. He tries to instill in his players the same discipline he learned from Vince Lombardi as a defensive halfback for the Washington Redskins in 1969.

His team executes as if it were giving a clinic on how the sport is meant to be played. Two weeks ago Carver High, which had the second-best record in Dunbar's division, "held" the Poets to 16 first-period points. Unfortunately for Carver, it could come up with only three. Early in the fourth, with Dunbar ahead by 35, Wade sent in his scrubs. When they increased the lead to 45, it became apparent that the third-best team in the city may be riding the Poets' bench. Final score: 74–29.

This supremacy and the fact that three of Dunbar's starters are transfers have earned the Poets the not-so-lyrical nickname "The City All-Stars." Recruiting is against MSA rules, and Wade claims he refrains from it. But other Baltimore coaches are complaining and asking for sanctions against athletes who change schools. For example, David Wingate, one of the Poets' All-America candidates, came from Northern High, a basketball lightweight. He is in the dental technology program at Dunbar and reportedly had his transfer application cosigned by an "uncle" who turned out to be the coach of his summer rec team, a squad laden with Dunbar starters. The Northern coach protested that Wingate had been enticed, but no collusion could be proved. When Bogues wanted to leave Southern to attend Dunbar in the fall of 1981, his coach, Meredith Smith, just shrugged. "When a kid is set on going to Dunbar that's the end of it," he says. "To try to stop him would be an exercise in futility."

Which is about how Amatucci must have regarded the job of coaching basketball at Calvert Hall when he took over in 1976. The Cardinals had gone 9–16 the previous two seasons. Amatucci, 29, is an amiable psychology teacher who seems convinced that he can sway players to his point of view by rational discussion, by facts, by the self-evident. He doesn't rant or shout. He built the Cardinals by hanging out at the summer rec leagues and by befriending the two black coaches of the most successful team, the Buccaneers, who happened to play only a few blocks from Dunbar. Pretty soon a steady stream of Buccaneers began to flow to Calvert Hall. Some blacks have all but accused the Buccaneer coaches of treachery for leading the exodus of black athletes out of the inner city. Wade has been one of the most vocal critics, charging that the private schools string the inner-city recruits along academically just to enhance the school's athletic prestige.

"I think Bob Wade believes the blacks on our team have been stolen from him," says Brother René Sterner, principal of Calvert Hall. "That implies that the black inner-city schools own them, that they're betraying their race if they go to honky schools." But the criticism may have had an effect. Calvert Hall has stopped giving athletic scholarships as of this year. All future awards will be based solely on need.

As for now, it looks as if two of the best high school teams in the country are best at ducking each other. They aren't scheduled to meet and a rematch seems unlikely. "We have nothing to prove," says Amatucci. The season may well end with the two powers bound in a tacit nonaggression pact, so both can claim to be No. 1—in Baltimore and everywhere else.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 25-31)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Surprise No. 1: Forward Cliff Windham of Alabama, who had started every game this season, was on the bench when Tennessee came to Tuscaloosa. He was there because Tide Coach Wimp Sanderson opted for a three-guard starting lineup. Surprise No. 2: Windham, who was averaging 7.4 points and 3.7 rebounds, came off the bench and in just 15 minutes had 15 points, six rebounds, two as-

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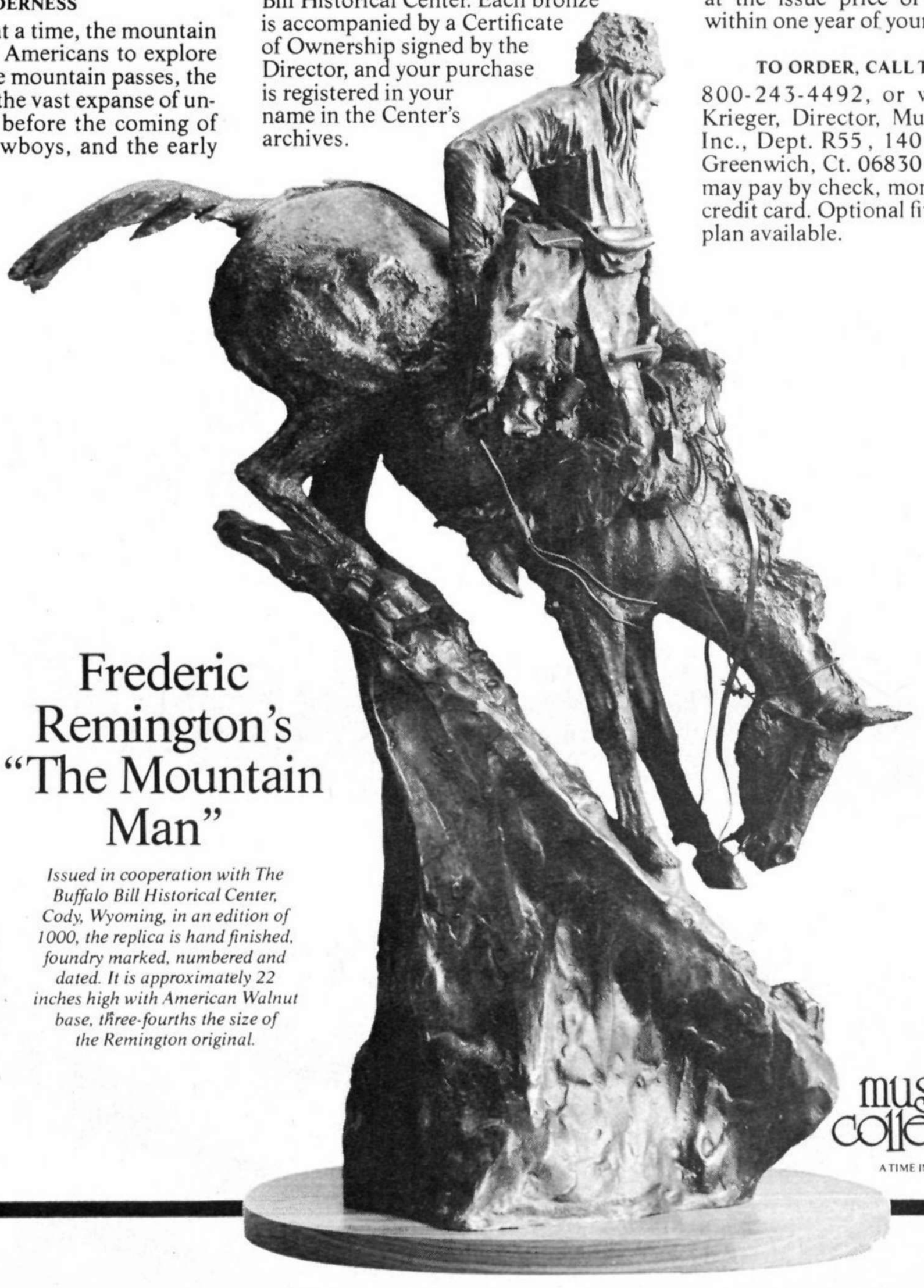

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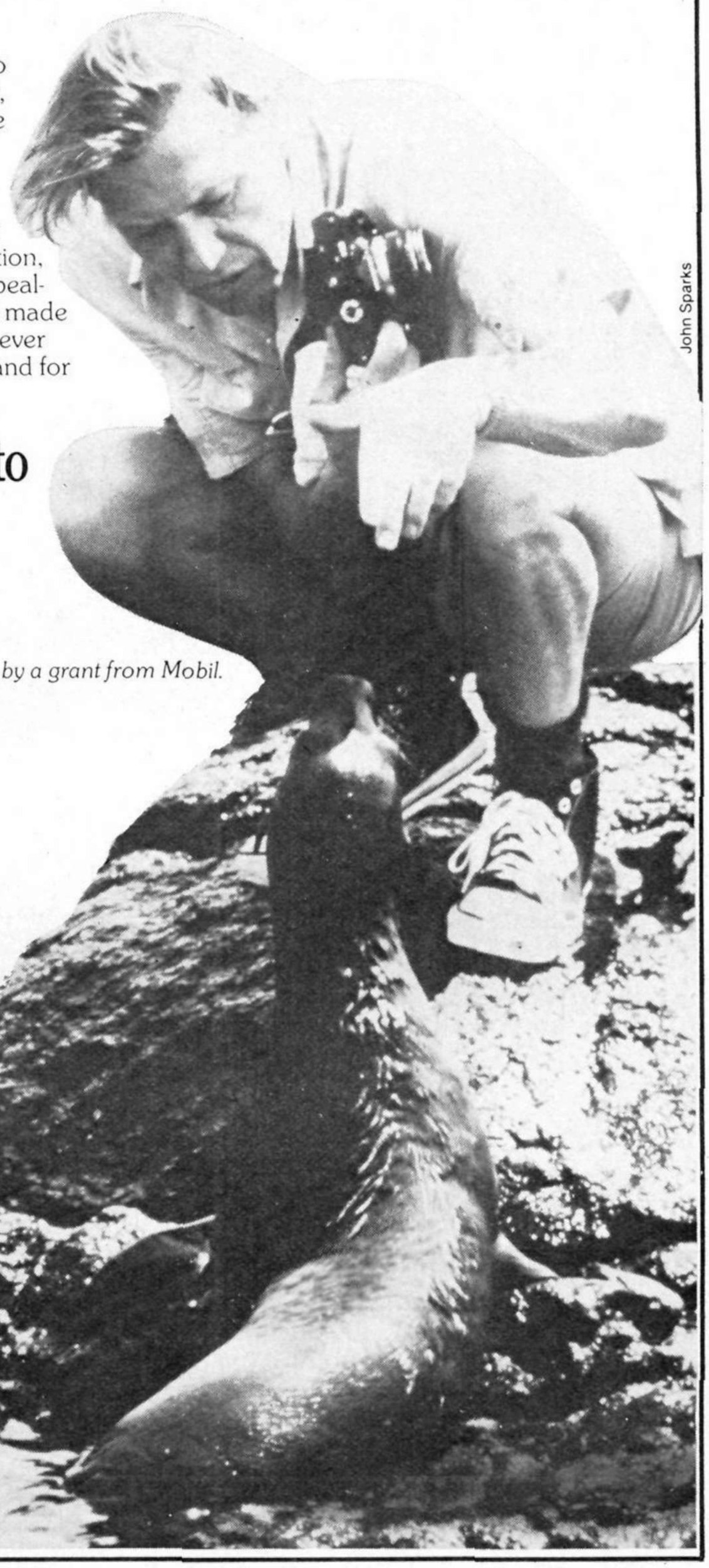
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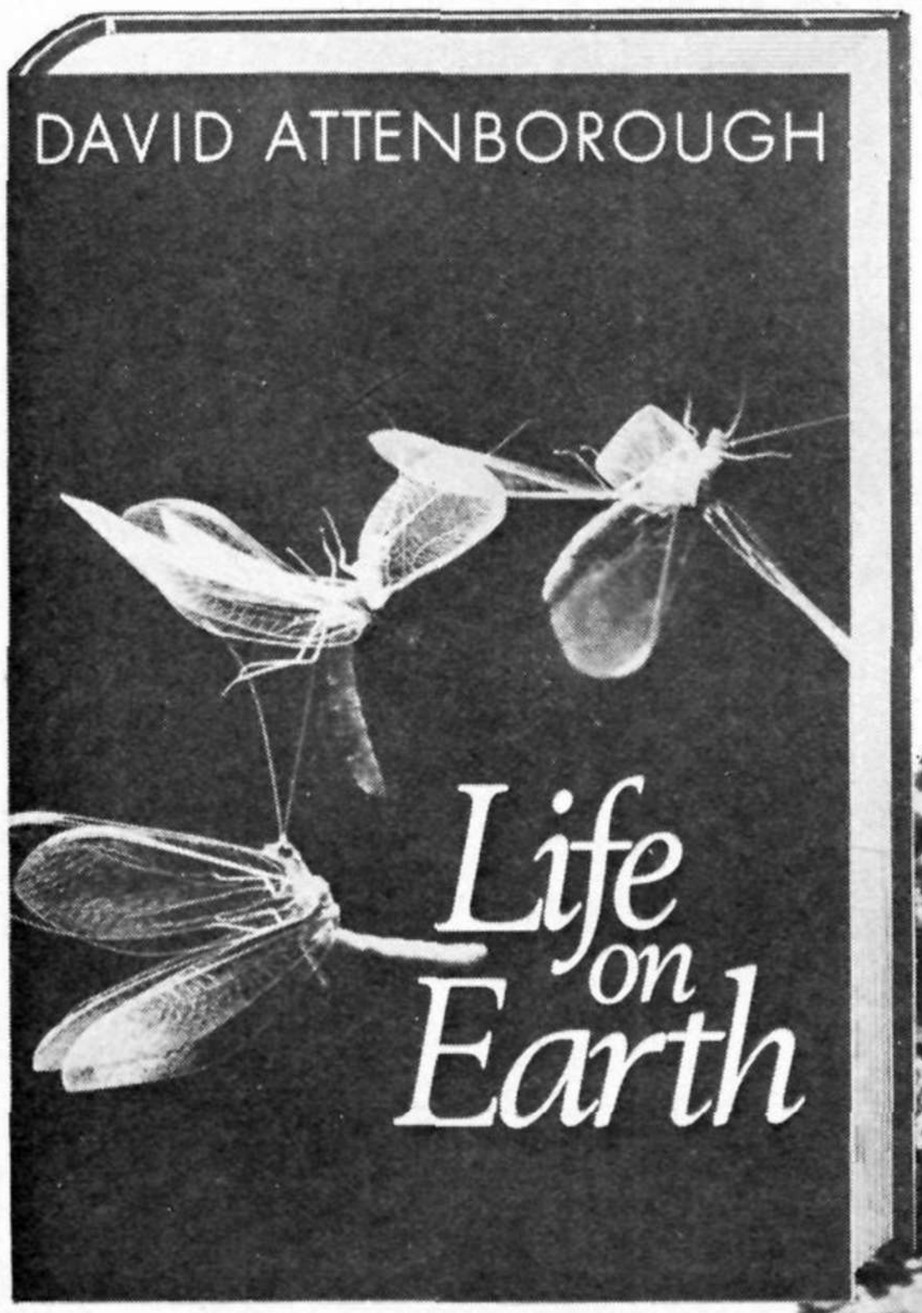

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sists and a steal. Windham was at his best in overtime, scoring seven points as 'Bama defeated the Vols 77–72. The loss was the first for Tennessee in the SEC and reduced its lead over second-place Alabama to one game. Both teams had won squeakers earlier in the week. The Crimson Tide bumped off Auburn 67–65 and Tennessee got by Georgia 66–64. Dale Ellis of the Vols scored his team's last eight points, the final two on a game-deciding dunk with 22 seconds left.

A zone defense enabled Mississippi State to upset visiting Kentucky 56–51 and break its 17-game, two-season SEC losing streak. Three blocked shots and two late steals by 6′ 9″ Center Kalpatrick Wells helped the Bulldogs come out on top. So did 16 points by Jeff Malone and 15 by Butch Pierre. The Wildcats, though, made themselves right at home in Lexington against Louisiana State and Georgia. With 6′ 11″ Center Mel Turpin getting 20 points and nine rebounds, Kentucky beat LSU 76–65. The Wildcats then defeated Georgia 82–73 as Derrick Hord scored 21 points, Dirk Minniefield 20 and Jim Master 19.

"We scrapped our low-post offense because we wanted to involve everyone," Minnesota Coach Jim Dutcher said after a 69–62 victory at Indiana. "We knew they would sag back on [7′ 3″] Randy [Breuer], and that's when we wanted to back-door them." Back door, front door, the Gophers came from every direction. Breuer scored all 15 of his points in the first half, after which Minnesota turned to deadly outside shooting and also drilled in 14 of 15 free throws. Darryl Mitchell had 18 points for the Gophers in that game, and Trent Tucker scored 18 as they pulled away from Northwestern in the second half to win 61–53.

Iowa clung to a one-game lead over Minnesota in the Big Ten, although Center Michael Payne was unable to play because of a sprained right foot. Following a 57–56 win at Michigan State, the Hawkeyes defeated Ohio State 76–66 at home. With a second injury victim, Forward Kevin Boyle, hampered by a badly sprained left wrist and scoring only five points, Iowa needed a boost from its healthy starters. And they delivered. Guard Kenny Arnold scored 14 points. Steve Carfino, the other backcourt regular, made five key steals. And Forward Mark Gannon, whom Coach Lute Olson didn't let accompany the Hawkeyes on a tour of South America last summer because he had missed a practice, returned to full favor with 19 points, six rebounds, four assists and nary a turnover. He also held high-scoring Clark Kellogg to five points after the intermission and 17 overall.

With Idaho and Maine coming to town, Coach Digger Phelps declared it Potato Week at Notre Dame. For a while against the Vandals the Irish seemed to be suffering a famine of sorts, as Idaho hit 14 of its first 15 shots and led 36–26 at the half. But the Vandals, who hadn't arrived in South Bend until 4 a.m. that day because of travel difficulties, went into a slowdown and became as cold as yesterday's French fries. Idaho scored only 10 points in the second half and two in overtime en route to a 50–48 loss. Freshman Guard Ron Rowan, who sank three foul shots in OT, led Notre Dame with 17 points. After that the Irish mashed Maine 79–55 but lost to Marquette 70–62.

Perhaps the happiest players anywhere were those from VMI. By beating Appalachian State 67–62 in overtime in a Southern Conference contest, the Keydets ended their losing streak at 23.

MIDWEST

"We have one of the smallest teams in the conference," said Baylor Coach Jim Haller, "and Texas came in here ranked as the No. 4 rebounding team in the nation, but we outrebounded them by 20 [48–28]. Can you believe that?" It *was* hard to believe. And so was the fact that the Bears knocked Texas from the unbeaten ranks by a score of 69–59. Those who did the most to hook the Horns were Terry Teagle, who had 22 points and 12 rebounds, and Ozell Hall, who got 20 and 15. What may well cost Texas more dearly than the defeat is the loss of 6′ 9″ Forward Mike Wacker, who had been averaging 16.3 points and 9.9 rebounds. With 8:20 left in the first half he tore up his left knee so badly—fractured and dislocated kneecap and torn ligaments—that he might not be ready for the start of *next* season. Back home, the Longhorns lost again when Claude Riley sank a 12-foot jumper with five seconds to play in overtime to give Texas A&M a 71–69 win. The Aggies, who had been converting only 65% of their free throws, hit 81% (17 of 21) of them at Austin.

A&M did in the Horns, but a horn may have done in the Aggies when Arkansas came to College Station. Rudy Woods, whose free throw had just given A&M a 63–62 lead with seven seconds remaining, had his arm cocked to try another free throw when—*honk!*—the timekeeper inadvertently touched off the scoreboard horn. The startled Woods shot awkwardly and missed. Carey Kelly of the Razorbacks grabbed the rebound and shoveled it to Darrell Walker, who dribbled upcourt and sank a 20-foot jumper at the buzzer for a 64–63 Arkansas victory. Behind 49–34 before beginning a resurgence, Arkansas had pulled even at 62-all when Walker, who finished with a team-high 23 points, converted a steal into a layup. A 60–54 triumph over Rice three nights later left the Razorbacks a half game in front of A&M and Texas in the Southwest Conference. Arkansas fans would have been in Hog heaven if a last-gasp shot had gone in on Sunday against Wake Forest. But that final try missed and the Deacons hung on for a 49–48 triumph despite 24 points by Walker. Jim Johnstone was the key

continued

SI TOP 20

1.	N. CAROLINA (16–1)	1 *
2.	MISSOURI (18–0)	2
3.	VIRGINIA (20–1)	3
4.	DePAUL (18–1)	4
5.	IOWA (15–2)	7
6.	MINNESOTA (14–3)	10
7.	TULSA (15–3)	9
8.	USF (19–2)	8
9.	ALABAMA (16–2)	14
10.	TENNESSEE (14–4)	15
11.	KENTUCKY (14–4)	6
12.	OREGON STATE (15–3)	12
13.	ARKANSAS (15–3)	13
14.	IDAHO (17–2)	11
15.	FRESNO STATE (17–1)	17
16.	TEXAS (14–2)	5
17.	KANSAS STATE (14–4)	16
18.	WAKE FOREST (14–4)	20
19.	MEMPHIS STATE (14–3)	—
20.	WEST VIRGINIA (17–1)	19

* Last week

man on the Deacons' stingy defense, allowing Scott Hastings of the Razorbacks to score only six points.

After knocking off independent Marquette 77–70, Memphis State took command in the Metro Conference by beating Virginia Tech 83–78. The youthful Tigers got 24 points and nine rebounds from 6′ 10″ freshman Center Keith Lee.

Evansville was another team on the move. The Purple Aces, who lead the Midwestern City Conference, ran their record to 15–3 with two decisive victories, 86–69 over Detroit and 80–47 over Butler.

Tulsa connected on 13 of 18 second-half shots, held West Texas State to one field goal during the final 11:32 and came from nine points back to win 68–61. A 59–45 lead was almost not enough for the Golden Hurricane against New Mexico State, which pulled to within two points before losing 76–72. The two wins left Tulsa tied for the Missouri Valley Conference lead with Bradley, which beat Illinois State 72–58 and then lost 47–42 at Wichita State.

EAST When Virginia's Ralph Sampson was introduced by the P.A. announcer at Duke, many fans feigned disinterest by reading newspapers. That little ploy didn't bother the big man, who put on another RSVP—Ralph Sampson Versatile Performance. Sampson gave those spectators something to *really* read about by scoring 17 of his 23 points in the second half, taking down 11 rebounds and blocking two shots as the Cavaliers won 77–65. Earlier in the week Tim Mullen, a freshman forward who had scored a total of only four points in his previous two games, got 21 to carry Virginia to another road victory, 69–66 at Wake Forest. Jim Johnstone kept the Deacons in contention all the way by scoring 19 points and limiting Sampson to 10.

Solid second-half efforts kept North Carolina half a game ahead of Virginia in the ACC race. Clemson employed a torrid fast break to lead 54–45 with 9:56 to go at Chapel Hill before succumbing 77–72. Jimmy Black (21 points and 10 assists) and Matt Doherty (21 points) rallied the Tar Heels. Visiting North Carolina State, down by only 29–27 at the intermission, was harassed into 13 second-half turnovers and lost to North Carolina 58–44. James Worthy tossed in 23 points for the Tar Heels.

Sampson wasn't the only newsmaker in Virginia. With Guard Helen Malone getting 17 points and 6′ 8″ Center Anne Donovan scoring 16 and adding 12 blocked shots, Old Dominion's women overcame a 10-point deficit to upset Louisiana Tech 61–58. The Lady Techsters had won a women's major-college record 54 consecutive games.

The coaches of Pittsburgh and West Virginia agreed on one thing: The performance by each of their teams stank. "It probably set basketball back 10 years," Roy Chipman of the Panthers said of a 48–45 loss to West Virginia in which his team was guilty of 20 turnovers and shot a tepid 24.6%. "The first half was the worst half I've ever had a team play," said the Mountaineers' Gale Catlett, who is in his 10th season of coaching. Despite 22 turnovers and 38.6% shooting, West Virginia established a school record with its 15th consecutive victory. No. 14 was no lark, either. The visiting Mountaineers trailed Massachusetts 29–23 at halftime before winning 72–60. Guard Greg Jones, who finished with 22 points, led the West Virginia comeback. On Sunday the Mountaineers, playing on their home floor, extended their streak to 16 by defeating South Alabama 65–59. Holy Cross stunned Connecticut 76–69 as Guard Kevin Greaney scored 17 points and Forward Darren Maloney came off the bench to get 16.

"This was a win we needed, a win under pressure," DePaul Coach Ray Meyer said after his Blue Demons had defeated Syracuse 92–87. The Orangemen got 29 points from Tony Bruin and led 67–66 with eight minutes to go, but then Skip Dillard scored a layup off a loose ball to put DePaul ahead for keeps. Dillard wound up with 28 points, and teammate Terry Cummings, who played the whole second half with four fouls, had 22 points and seven rebounds.

Georgetown, which had dropped three games in a row, chalked up two impressive wins against Big East opponents. The Hoyas romped over Villanova 72–56 behind a total of 35 points by Eric Floyd and Eric Smith. In a Sunday matchup, Georgetown breezed past St. John's for the second time in four weeks, coming out on top 63–46. As for Villanova, the Wildcats split a pair of Philadelphia Big Five games, clobbering LaSalle 117–82 and then being routed by St. Joseph's 84–64.

WEST Although UCLA's rebounding advantage over visiting Oregon State was a slim 29 to 24, it was a vital factor in the Bruins' 74–68 victory. UCLA rarely allowed the Beavers a second shot and often turned missed Oregon State field-goal attempts into fast breaks. Mike Sanders had 29 points for the Bruins, and Kenny Fields added 25. UCLA then beat Oregon 84–61, and Oregon State bounced back from its loss to the Bruins with a 72–55 victory at Southern Cal, which shot a mere 34.6% from the floor. Washington regained a share of the Pac-10 lead with Oregon State by defeating Oregon 76–70 and Washington State 75–60. Those wins improved Washington's overall record to 15–3 and gave the Huskies one more victory than they had all last season.

To show that they were still loyal to their team despite its two straight losses, 9,200 fans showed up to cheer Idaho to a 91–59 home-court rout of Boise State. That was the largest crowd ever to watch a game at the Kibbie Dome in Moscow, where the Vandals shot a Big Sky Conference record 71.9% by sinking 41 of their 57 shots.

Fresno State, which began the week yielding 44 points a game, fewest in the country, brought that figure down to 43.6 by beating San Jose State 63–45 at home and 47–36 on the road.

Unheralded University of San Diego stayed all but even with San Francisco until the Dons forced the Toreros into miscues on four straight trips downcourt. That started an 18–2 spurt by the Dons that broke open a 38–34 game. USF won 72–53. Wallace Bryant, who scored 24 points, and Quintin Dailey, who had 20, were even more productive as San Francisco beat St. Mary's 86–84 in double overtime. The Gaels abandoned their usual tactics—a hurry-up offense and a man-to-man defense—and kept the visiting Dons off stride throughout the game. However, the 1–3–1 zone used by St. Mary's couldn't prevent Dailey from pouring in 40 points and Bryant from scoring 29, including a decisive short jumper with six seconds remaining. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DALE ELLIS: Tennessee's 6′ 7″, 205-pound junior forward sank 13 of 15 field goals and had 28 points as the Vols won 66–64 at Georgia. He then scored 38 in a 77–72 overtime victory over Alabama.

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Hemingway gets a little Moore advice.

The 'Best' isn't good enough

A film about women athletes succumbs to a dreaded Hollywood disorder

by Frank Deford

Years ago one of my favorite actors was John Cassavetes, but then he started writing and directing his own films, casting his wife and friends, too, and the quality of his performances and movies declined in direct proportion to his involvement. I came to call this the Cassavetes Syndrome. Cassavetes is hardly the only one in Hollywood to be afflicted with this dread disease. Warren Beatty, for example, tacks an extra half hour onto *Reds* for every additional credit he takes on that film.

The most recent victim to be struck down in his prime is Robert Towne, who has long been recognized as one of the finest screenwriters in the world. Towne wrote *The Last Detail*, an exquisitely fashioned piece of work; he won an Academy Award for *Chinatown*, a script of such classic quality that it is often singled out for study in college courses.

Now Towne has written *Personal Best*, a movie about female athletes. Alas, he has also directed and produced *Personal Best*; Towne has such an extreme case of Cassavetes Syndrome that he could be the poster child for this malady. It would be a cheap shot to call his film *Personal Worst*, though it would also be an understatement. It is almost inconceivable how any man could produce such excellent work and then turn out something so tedious and garbled.

The film is about two pentathletes, who are both competitors and lesbian lovers. The difficulty of competing against someone you love is an intriguing problem, most recently examined—heterosexually—in *The Competition*, and *Personal Best* is very topical because lesbianism in women's athletics has recently been in the news. But the serious nature of these themes makes the film's failure all the greater, all the more obvious.

The subject of homosexuality is never really addressed in *Personal Best*, either by the two women involved or by the other characters. The whole issue was further confused for me when the younger woman (Mariel Hemingway) then takes a male lover (Kenny Moore), a water polo player, with no more inner conflict or compunction than when she took her female lover (Patrice Donnelly). Are we to think that the business of sexual preference is no more than a question of shotput or hurdles? Later the water polo-ist does ask the young woman to explain her feelings, but she just says no, she'd rather not, and that's that. So much for drama. In sporting parlance, the film not only loses, it also chokes.

The principal characters are not only almost all unappealing and unsympathetic, but they also lack any real definition. The older woman, played by Donnelly, a former world-class hurdler, is a dark and brooding presence who trails off into bitchy whining. Hemingway sets a pr for vacuity, displaying more prowess at athletics than acting. Scott Glenn, the coach, in his first role since his magnificently evil ex-con in *Urban Cowboy*, is at sixes and sevens, getting the most conflicting signals of all from the script and the director. Glenn has one marvelous speech about coaching women—"I could have been a man's coach. Do you really think that Chuck Noll has to worry that Terry Bradshaw is going to cry if Franco Harris won't talk to him?"—but ultimately we are left with the impression that he chooses to be a women's coach because that way he can sleep with his athletes.

Moore is an Olympic marathoner (1968 and '72), now a writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and—scout's honor—the film's only saving grace. Like the other rookie thespian, Donnelly, Moore proves to be a very credible actor, capable of sweet subtlety. More to the point, he's the only principal who is both coherent and appealing. He must survive, however, a coed toilet scene that's as unnecessary, as base and as embarrassing a moment as ever tarnished the silver screen.

At the other extreme, there's one scene of the two women running together, struggling up a sand dune, that tells more of devotion and competition than the whole rest of the film; not coincidentally, the scene is without dialogue. Unfortunately, the cinematography of the track sequences isn't up to that standard. In fact, I thought the rather graphic lesbian love scenes were photographed with more visual sensitivity than the athletic ones. There's also plenty of frontal nudity and a steady diet of four-letter words, much of which could have been avoided without any loss of verisimilitude. Furthermore, away from the high-jump pit, the steam room and the bedroom, the athletes seem to spend most of their time smoking dope and drinking beer. There is a tendency in movies like *Personal Best* to overemphasize the seamy side of competition so that promoters can advertise that it isn't "just" a sports movie. Better, apparently, that it's "just" rubbish?

END

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Starring, but not starting

In picking the NBA's All-Bench Team, the author says these subs are super

by Bruce Newman

Kevin McHale whiles away his idle hours on the Boston Celtics' bench by telling jokes and cracking wise with teammates. Michael Cooper of the L.A. Lakers sits on the sidelines with his legs crossed demurely, patiently awaiting his coach's call. Houston's Calvin Murphy, on the other hand, maintains such a sharp state of readiness that Rocket Coach Del Harris says that when he beckons Murphy, he "leaps off the bench so quick he scares the guys around him."

McHale, Cooper and Murphy are talented enough to start for most NBA teams but, like a select number of other players, they have become too valuable as reserves to be thought of as anything quite so common as starters. There are 115 players who start for the 23 teams in the NBA, but there are perhaps fewer than a dozen who can come off the bench and consistently make an impact. The best subs have the capacity to deliver a burst of instant offense, and some of them, notably Cooper and McHale, can produce spectacular defense. "If I had Kevin on one of those teams they say he could start for," Boston Coach Bill Fitch says, "I still wouldn't necessarily start him, because he's too valuable as he is. He can do a very difficult thing, which is to go effectively from a dead start into a game that's already in motion."

No one has ever performed that role as well as John Havlicek did for half of his 16 seasons in Boston. One player who came close to matching Havlicek was Billy Cunningham, the Philadelphia 76ers' sixth man before he became a starting star. "It's unlike stepping in in any other sport," says Cunningham, now the Philly coach. "In football, a backup quarterback gets to throw on the sidelines before going in. A relief pitcher has the bullpen. But in basketball you're thrown in the midstream and you're expected to fit in right away." Herewith six subs who have performed swimmingly this season, our 1981-82 NBA All-Bench Team.

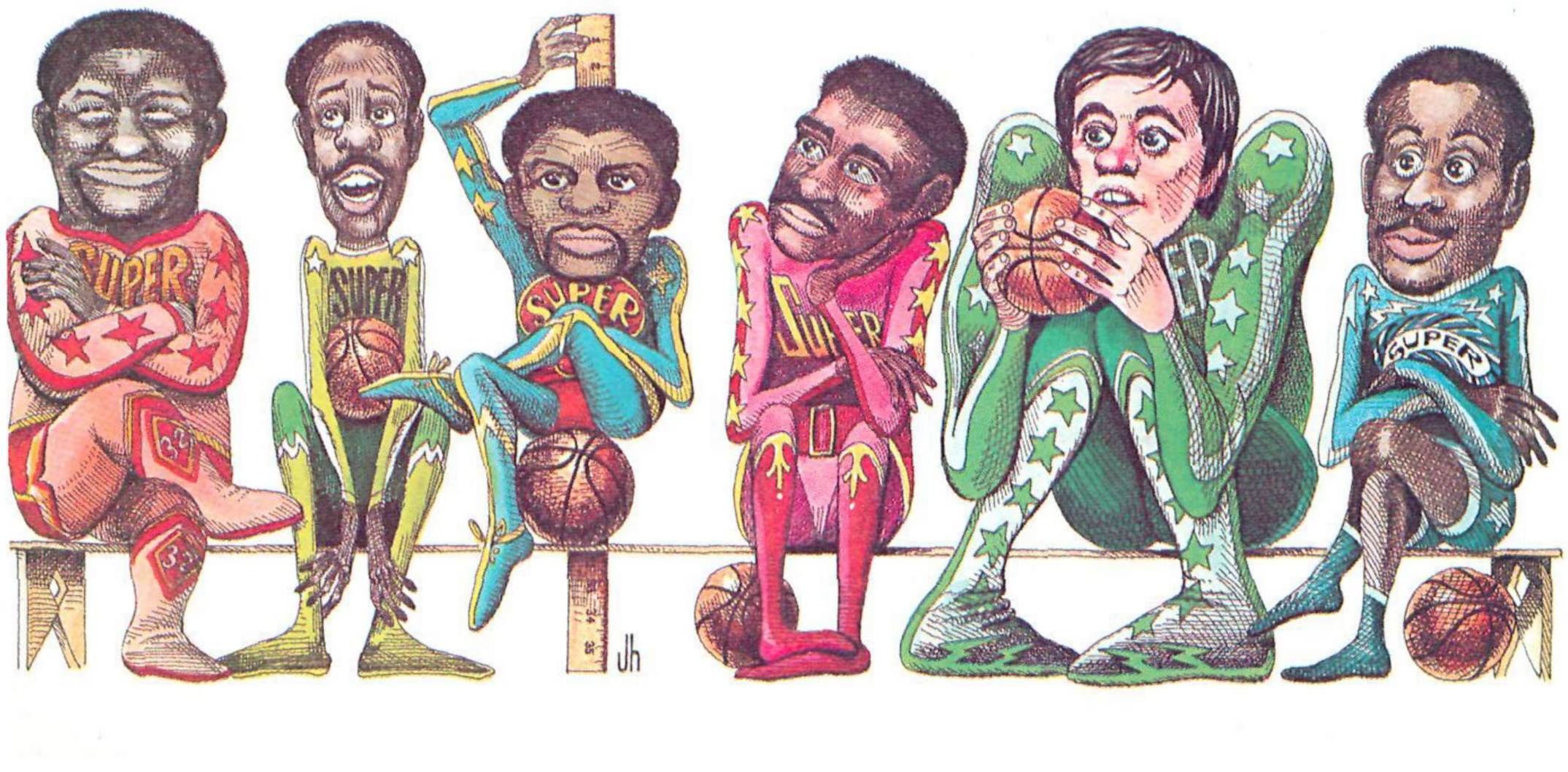
THE FORWARDS. Over the past three seasons Milwaukee's Junior Bridgeman has led all NBA non-starters in scoring (16.6 points per game). Though hampered by injuries so far in 1981-82, he has been the Bucks' third-leading scorer behind starter Sidney Moncrief and sub Brian Winters. Bridgeman was set to start in 1977, but the Bucks drafted Marques Johnson and that was that. "Being the sixth man has its own kind of distinction," says Bridgeman, a 6′ 5″ swingman. "It seems when you have that title you're looked at as having a more important role with the team."

Though he's just 6′ 7″, Detroit's Terry Tyler has led the league's forwards in blocked shots three years running and is among the leaders again this season ranking tenth with two a game. He has rejected as many as nine shots in a game. His team-record 290th consecutive game played was a 108–107 victory over the Atlanta Hawks last week, and Tyler's performance in it was only a bit better than usual: 8 for 8 from the field, 2 for 2 from the free-throw line, 18 points, eight rebounds, four assists and three blocked shots in 31 minutes. Tyler is an animated, handslapping player. "Fun, that's my game," he says.

CENTER. Atlanta Coach Kevin Loughery says McHale is already "one of the top 10 players in the league," and who could disagree after McHale's outstanding rookie season in 1980-81 and his clutch performance in the playoffs? McHale is 6′ 10″ and has long arms even for his size, but it's his splendid timing that makes him potentially the second-best white shot-blocker in NBA history,

continued

Those who not only sit and wait but also excel are, from left to right, Brown, Bridgeman, Murphy, Cooper, McHale and Tyler.



surpassed only by Bill Walton. He's currently sixth in the league with 2.16 blocks per game, as well as eighth in field-goal percentage (.561). But in Boston he sits while Robert Parish, Larry Bird and Cedric Maxwell start up front. "To tell the truth," McHale says, "I kind of like being on the bench. I've had my taste of starting, and I don't need it. I don't consider myself any less an efficient player because I don't start."

GUARD. Seattle's aging Freddie Brown is still a delight when his quick-release cruise missiles are falling. "Start with Downtown," says Fitch in naming super subs. "Now he's a shooting specialist, but he played third guard on that team when he was better than either of the starters, [Dennis] Johnson or [Gus] Williams. He had to accept that role and he did." Brown once scored 58 points in a game as a starter and, at age 33, is still capable of all sorts of moves. One favorite is to wait until an opponent is lined up for a free throw and then walk across the lane in front of him.

Murphy and Brown are the only two active players who have been with the same team for 10 or more years, and that longevity is testament to their worth. Murphy is beyond his best years, but he's as tenacious as ever and still rolls up impressive numbers on occasion, as he did last month when he scored 31 points against Golden State and then had 33 against Seattle two nights later. Murphy is an excellent free-throw shooter—his career mark, .890, is best among active players—but that's one department in which, he says, being a substitute has hurt him. "It's much more difficult being a consistent free-throw shooter off the bench. You might go a week or 10 days without ever trying one, then come in cold and have to shoot one in the first 30 seconds."

SIXTH MAN. Michael Cooper has become, quite simply, the best player off the bench in pro basketball. A third-round draft choice who was almost cut by the Lakers two seasons ago, Cooper earned a spot on the roster with his defense and then he went out last summer and got himself a jump shot. Now the second leading shooter among the league's guards (.541), Coupe de Ville, as he is called by his teammates, has become a virtual cult figure among Laker fans, who breathlessly await each new Coop-a-Loop. That is an alley-oop, sky-slam play that Cooper has made his trademark this season. "We've been called a circus," Cooper says, "and while the fans come to watch the other guys, I show 'em my act. I'm just a sideshow right now, trying to get to the main tent."

There are other bench noteworthies, of course, players that no self-respecting All-Bench contingent should be without. Washington's rookie center-forward, Jeff Ruland, has been the find of the season, and Philadelphia would be less of a threat without the amazing arsenal of Guard Andrew Toney. But it's a six-man team and, hey, not everybody can start. On the NBA All-Bench Team it's not just how you play that counts, it's how well you wait your turn. **END**

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Boning up on the skeletons

An obscure form of the sport has come out of the closet in the U.S.

by Bob Ottum

Leave it to the fat man to sum it all up. The fat man is a bobsledder of the old school, comfortable with his bulk, his long sporting career showing in his gnarled hands and the ridges of whitened scar tissue across the bend of his nose. He's now a maintenance worker at the Mount Van Hoevenberg bobsled run at Lake Placid, and he steps out of his little warmup shack at the No. 8 turn and makes a pronouncement. On this −9° morning, his voice rings out crisply. "These —— guys," he says, "have got to be out of their —— minds."

Even cleaned up for publication, his assessment seems to make a certain gritty sense. For what the fat man has just seen is another human hurtling down the bob run aboard a 36″-long sled that rises only 2″ above the track. What's more, the sledder was doing a belly-buster, face-down. And worse, he was holding his arms back along his sides and steering by means of minute movements of his head and shoulders. His chin rode an inch from the iced track, and as the little steel sled skittered around Big Shady turn, the rider turned his head slightly and the left side of his crash helmet rattled against the ice: *Brrrraaaaappp!* In another flash he was headed down toward Little S turn and Zig-Zag.

Maybe crazy, maybe not. The contraptions in question are called skeleton sleds, and the aforementioned rider is a member of the U.S. skeleton sled team. This may be the most obscure U.S. team in existence. The entire population of the U.S. skeleton team is five guys—four of them are sledders and the fifth is the manager. They've been a team for, oh, five months, and in a week or so, for better or worse, they'll represent all of us, the entire U.S. of A., at the world championships in St. Moritz. What's more, there's a campaign afoot to add skeleton sledding to the 1988 Winter Games; it was an Olympic sport before, back in 1928 and 1948. If it returns, these same guys will also probably be the U.S. Olympic team.

They'd desperately like to have more sliders. "Right now it's a lonely, sort of orphan sport," says Bill Hunt, the manager. Hunt, who's from Mont Vernon, N.H., is wistfully earnest about the skeletons. "Imagine if we could get a whole bunch of guys out, all of them bombing down this run and trying out for the team, just like they do in other sports," he says. "We could be like, you know, like a fraternity of sledders and all sit around comparing our cuts and lumps over a few beers in the evenings."

Sledder John Thoren, 36, of St. Albans, Vt. adds a recruiting note. "Riding the sleds *looks* a whole lot scarier than it really is," he says.

"First you feel panic. And then you feel a few touches of sheer terror. But then you get a sense of *euphoria*, " says Pat Murtagh, of Mallets Bay, Vt.

Oh sure. The Lake Placid bobsled run, which is used in its entirety for skeleton sledding, is a rarity—one of maybe 10 in existence. It's the only one in North America and the fastest in the world. It offers three principal straightaways and 16 curves in a vertical drop of 488 feet, with all that fun squiggled into a mere 1,557 meters—a one-mile dash down the mountainside. The big guys on their two- and four-man bobsleds make it down in barely more than a minute, hitting about 80 mph in some spots. The world records, set on this track, are 1:01.79 and 59.73 for the two-man and four-man, respectively. But *they* are all sitting there like gentlemen; they're not belly-whopping down a glazed ice chute on a 13″-to-15″-wide rig (measured from runner to runner) and letting it all hang out.

No wonder that the fat man came out of his shack for a look. There are few sporting sights quite so stunning as the one of a skeleton sled and rider in full cry. They're buried deep inside the trench on the straightaways and then suddenly thrown high into the curves. G-forces compress and distort the sledders' bodies. All of this happens at 70 or so mph; there's a quick impression of legs slightly skewed and elbows out (though they're supposed to be held tightly closed), and in that split second one can actually see the slight turn of head that steers the sled. Then man and vehicle are

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gone—and in the rattle of their departure comes an odd realization that something vital was missing. Of course: There's *no sled to be seen* at that speed, just one frail human body hurtling past on the shining ice.

The theory is that, one day soon, the skeletons will be doing all this almost as fast as the two-man bobsleds; a less than 1:10 run is considered attainable, and a 1:05 is every sledder's dream. At Lake Placid last weekend the official U.S. team was barreling down the course in the 1:11 to 1:15 range, each rider arriving wide-eyed and exhilarated at the bottom. "Man!" says Thoren, fastest slider on the team so far. "When you think of how much faster we can go, wow!"

"And here we are," says Chris Leach, 34, of Swanton, Vt., a teammate. "Four guys who happen to have the sleds. You can't get much more amateur than that."

The skeletons perhaps represent one more step into the wonderful insanity generated by the luge, whose riders go down the run on their backs, toes first, and hanging on to a rope with one hand. The lugers, however, have their own tracks, no bob runs for them. Still, like the skeletons, luges are descendants of ancient sledding contraptions. Indeed, the skeleton is a direct offspring of the Cresta sled, whose famous run is at St. Moritz. The Crestas, however, offer such comforts as sliding belly boards for control and balance, and the riders take the run in an arms-out-front position. Actually, the traditional position for riding a skeleton is with hands gripping the front of the sled, but the U.S. team has opted for the more daring kamikaze position, with arms held back to lessen wind resistance, a technique that has been in use in Europe for several years. That way the head and softly rounded dome of the crash helmet become a sort of battering ram. If a kamikaze rider hits something head on, he is a cinch to break his neck all the way down to his kneecaps.

But that's it—the danger is part of the special kick. No guts, no glory. It's a nice irony that the mildest-looking member of the U.S. team is actually its fiercest driver, who doubles as the coach, trainer, maître d', whatever. Timothy Rath is 33 years old, 6′ 1½″ and 210 pounds, an explosives contractor from St. Albans, Vt.

"While the sled looks simple, it's really not," Rath says. "The thing can weigh from 66 to 90 pounds—your preference—and every sled has a sweet spot on it just like a tennis racket or a golf club. You get set up on it, find the center of gravity and get yourself in perfect balance, lying absolutely still; head down, your chin must be an inch off the ice. You never, *never* raise your head or shoulders—if you so much as look up one time, you start to lose control of the sled and then you could be in big trouble. Instead, you . . ." Rath drops his whiskery chin against his chest and then rolls his eyes upward, peering out from beneath his brows, ". . . instead, you peek out from under the edge of your helmet, like this. Got it? And if you do all of that correctly, without moving a muscle, you can virtually steer the sled by simply *glancing* in one direction or the other."

Swell, Timothy. Just fine. Then what is all this ungainly flopping about on the bobsled run, heads swiveling, legs all splayed apart, toes digging into the ice?

"Well, we're still learning," Rath says. "We're desperately trying to master the techniques—and here the world championships are just a few days away. I think it's fairly safe to say that, with nine or 10 countries and some 90 riders entered, that we're not going to come home with any gold medals. But a couple of weeks ago the Austrians were kind enough to send over Gert Elsässer, Europe's best slider, to show us how. And while teaching us that head-down position, Elsässer told us, 'Ze nize thing about skeleton sledding is that, if you do it right, you can *smell* ze ice.' "

Thus is a national team built, maybe even a dynasty. In years to come, who knows, these guys might become the scourge of skeleton sledding the world over. A skeleton team can consist of up to 10 men, and women's teams also are possible, though not permitted yet in international competition. Anyone who wants to try out for next year's U.S. team has but to show up at Lake Placid on just about any frosty morning with sled and elbow pads. "Perhaps someday these hard times might be known as the good old days of skeleton sledding," Rath says.

Meanwhile, Hunt has been making the rounds, hat in hand. The U.S. Bobsled Federation contributed $2,500 to help send the team to the world meet in Switzerland; various equipment manufacturers have donated everything from shoes and boots to helmets and those glossy, skintight racing suits. One old bobsledder, eyeing the glistening fabric, murmured: "That stuff is so slick that if a fly tried to land on it, he'd slide right off and bust his ass."

And when the team gets to Switzerland, Hunt is going to attempt a coup. "Hardly anyone remembers," he says, "that skeleton sledding was an Olympic event at the Winter Games of 1928 and 1948 in St. Moritz. So we'd like to bid for the 1983 world skeleton championships to be held here at Lake Placid. And we'll invite the Yugoslavs, see? And *then*, perhaps in 1984, everybody will be talking about skeleton sledding at the Winter Games in Sarajevo. Now wouldn't that be something?"

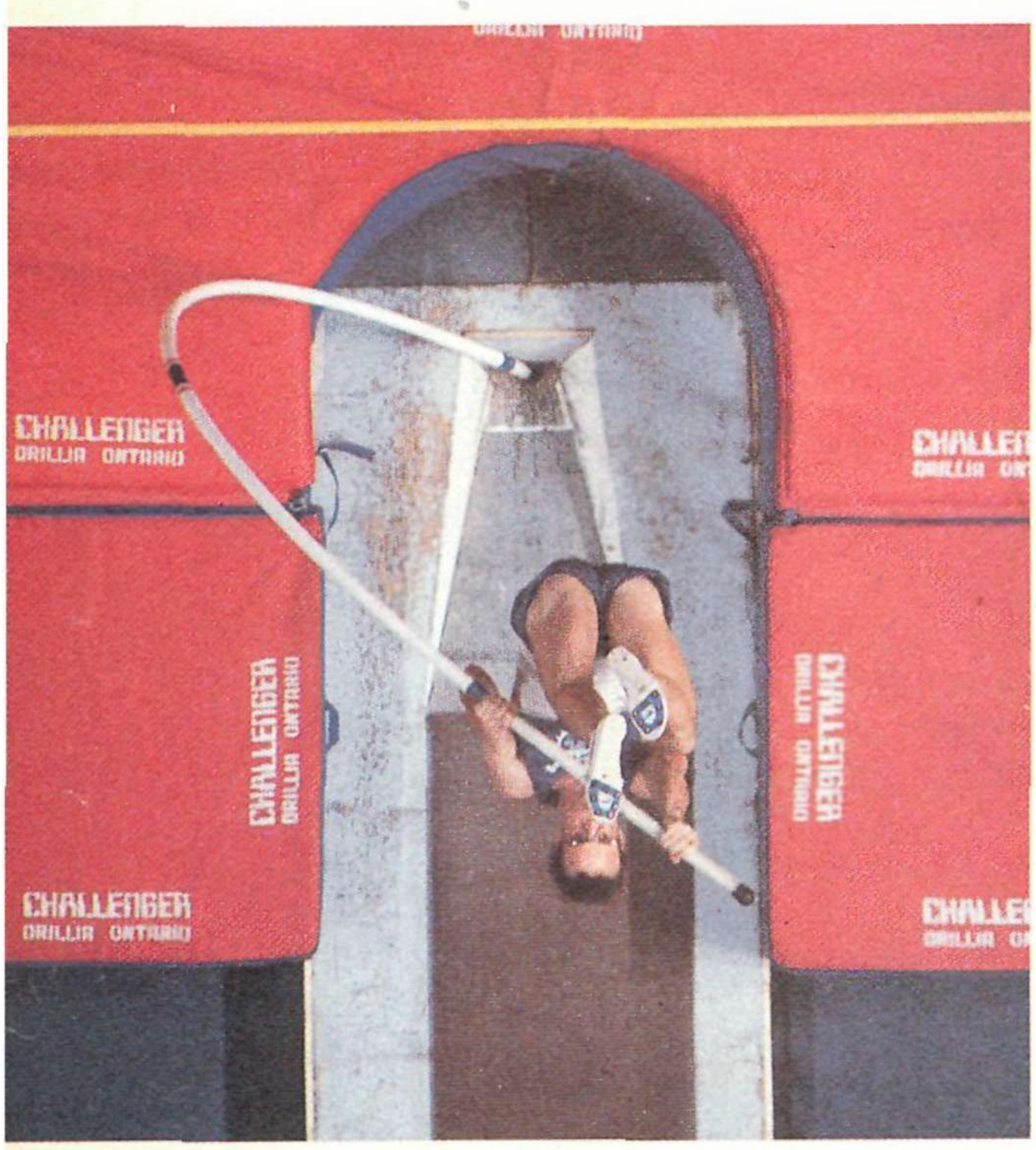
It would be something, at that. Not a bad start for a gang of sliders who are just learning how to smell the ice. **END**

The U.S. team at Mount Van Hoevenberg (from left): Thoren, Leach, Murtagh, Rath, Hunt.

They broadcast their ability

Erstwhile DJs Billy Olson and Skeets Nehemiah got three hit records

by Craig Neff



Olson's 18′ 8¾″ vault put him on top of the charts.

In Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens late last Friday evening, Renaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah, who used to host his own sports show on the University of Maryland radio station, sat at trackside amid a knot of athletes and did some impromptu color commentary. He's good enough at it that ABC, NBC and a couple of cable networks have tried to lure him into a blazer of one sherbet hue or another. And he had convincingly reaffirmed his credentials in his principal line of work earlier in the Toronto Star Maple Leaf Games by breaking his world indoor record (5.98) in the 50-yard hurdles with a 5.92 clocking. But what stimulated Nehemiah to do his announcing bit—and about 13,000 spectators to burst into cheers—*was the best indoor pole-vaulting* competition in history.

When the crossbar stood at 18′ 8¾″, half an inch higher than the world indoor record shared by Konstantin Volkov of the Soviet Union and Thierry Vigneron of France, three Americans were still in the running. Two of them, Dave Volz and Earl Bell, had just cleared 18′ 6½″ to tie Billy Olson's two-week-old U.S. indoor mark. The other vaulter, Olson, a fifth-year senior at Abilene Christian, had passed at that height, hoping to conserve strength for three tries at the world record.

"Now, Volz is *strong*," said Nehemiah as the Indiana sophomore lined up for his first attempt at the record height. Volz's short, bearish build and the good use he makes of his powerful upper body continually amaze Olson. "His center of gravity is unbelievably low," Olson said. "He pushes off the pole when he's this far [Olson holds his hands a yard apart] below the bar and *still* goes over. That's impossible. Golly, if I could do that, I'd clear 19′ 6″, no problem." Unfortunately for Volz, who last year set an American junior outdoor record of 18′ 3¼″, the law of gravity eventually caught up with his center of gravity. On all three tries at 18′ 8¾″ he missed badly.

After Volz's first miss, Bell, a former outdoor world-record holder (18′ 7¼″ in 1976), went to the end of the runway. "Look at his left leg," said Nehemiah. "It's almost an inch shorter than the right one." Fellow hurdler Willie Gault of Tennessee craned to see. "Look," said Nehemiah. "You can see that the sole of his left shoe is built up." Gault nodded, *as if to say, "I see it now"—that's what a* color commentator is supposed to make his audience do. Nehemiah failed to mention, however, that Bell has learned from this defect: Having become familiar with skeletal imbalances, he has been serving as Olson's chiropractor. He even gave Olson, a Pacific Coast Club teammate, an adjustment earlier in the evening. "Earl knows all about being out of whack," says Olson, "and I've got this left hamstring that bothers me a lot, so I have him pop me back in line. He hasn't got a license, but he's good."

Bell, 26, and Olson, 23, are amicable rivals who share everything from comparable builds (about 6′ 2″ and 165 pounds) to similar vaulting styles to prematurely receding hairlines. Both come from small cities in the Southwest. "Earl, he scares me," says Olson, who's from Abilene, Texas. "He's just got all kind of potential sittin' in there." Says Bell, who lives in Jonesboro, Ark., "Billy's a typical Texan—which isn't necessarily a compliment. Actually, Billy's a good guy . . . but different in his ways."

After a short wait to let a mile relay get under way, Bell took his opening attempt at the world record height and scraped the bar just enough to send it trembling off the standards. Encouraged by his narrow failure, Bell decided he would proceed to a greater height—18′ 10″—for his remaining two jumps. He seemed to have gotten up that high on at least two of his earlier vaults. "This is the damndest place," Bell said. "The standards are too close together and they make the bar look higher than it is, but, historically, we jump well here." Meanwhile, historically, it was Olson's turn at 18′ 8¾″.

Standing behind Nehemiah as Olson applied lighter fluid to secure his grip on the pole, half-miler James Robinson blurted out, "Hey, he's got to break the world record to win." Robinson shook his head. "The *world record.* Just to *win. Damn!*" Nehemiah acknowledged the remark and then resumed his commentary: "The pole-vault coach at Maryland *told me—and this is natural ability we're* speaking of—that Bill Olson is the best vaulter he's ever seen. Look at the arms.

You can tell he's got strength, that he's been hitting the weights. And he's fast. He runs a 10.5 hundred meters. He's phenomenal. But the question is, is he the best? We'll soon find out."

Olson was using the same long (16′ 5″), stiff pole that had propelled him to his American indoor record at the U.S. Olympic Invitational in New Jersey on Jan. 16, and for the first time in four subsequent meets he had enough runway to accommodate his complete—and unusually long—146-foot approach. He also, as always, was wearing his Swiss-made glasses. "They make everything look so sharp I can't jump without them," says Olson, who's nearsighted. "I don't dare wear them when I'm doing anything else because I'm afraid they'll break."

One might assume that spectacles attain a maximum state of peril when perched on the nose of a competing pole vaulter. Think again. In his spare time Olson—without his special specs—likes, for example, to jump 30 feet down from a balcony and onto a vaulting pad in Abilene's Taylor County Coliseum. "It's neat," he says. Also typical of his behavior was his attempt at rope vaulting in September 1980. "It's good exercise, but to be safe you need three or four thick gymnastics pads," says Olson. With the crossbar set at 16½ feet, he had swung out from a rafter, Tarzan-like on a rope, toward the standards. He cleared the bar, but his upper body missed the pads, and he shattered every bone in his left wrist and dislocated his left elbow. His arm was in a cast for six months. On the day it was removed he tried vaulting again. One of the bones still hasn't healed.

With a record at stake, the crowd in Toronto grew quiet enough to hear Olson's two huffs before he charged down the runway. As he rose toward the bar, the silence was absolute. With at least four inches of clearance, he made his deliberate arc over the bar and then let his body go limp as he fell toward the pad. The bar remained motionless. Even before Olson had landed, his hands were clenched in triumph above his head.

"I told you! I told you! He's great!" shouted Nehemiah as the crowd loosed a roar. "Did you see before, when it was at 18′ 6″, Bill looked at the bar and said, 'Cake'?" Olson gave the fans one jubilant lap of the track and went under the stands to phone his parents in Abilene.

Olson has lived his entire life in Abilene, except for the first semester of his freshman year in college, which he spent 200 miles away at Baylor. "I had vaulting problems there," says Olson. "It was a runner's school. When I got there I was jumping 16 feet, but by Christmas break I couldn't even plant a pole. I said, whoa, this is big trouble here."

He transferred to Abilene Christian and became an 18′ 7″ vaulter by 1980. He feels comfortable at the small, Church of Christ-affiliated university and at various times has been a sportswriter for the college newspaper and a morning disc jockey for the campus radio station. "We play your basic kiddie Top 40," he says. "You know [voice lowers, twang melts], 'Hi out there, this is KACU and it's a beautiful 48 degrees in Abilene at 7:45. . . .' "

Olson, who still lives with his parents, almost always calls home right after any meet, regardless of his performance, regardless of the time. But Bill Olson Sr. is accustomed to receiving calls at any hour from odder characters than even pole vaulters. He owns SOS Bail Bond in partnership with a professional wrestler named Don (The Lawman) Sletton. "The Lawman's a real asset in bail bonding," says young Bill, who hopes to join the business someday. "All the crooks know him. All the crooks go to rasslin' matches." Bill Jr.'s part-time work for the firm has allowed him to meet such notables as "Jesus' best friend . . . he told me he and Jesus eat together all the time."

After Olson told his parents about his record vault, he remembered something. "I have to hang up now," he said to them. "Earl's still jumping. I might have to go higher to win." He hustled back out onto the floor, whereupon Nehemiah called to him. "Bill! How high you going? Nineteen?"

"Nineteen," affirmed Olson.

"Nineteen *easy*?" asked Nehemiah. No response.

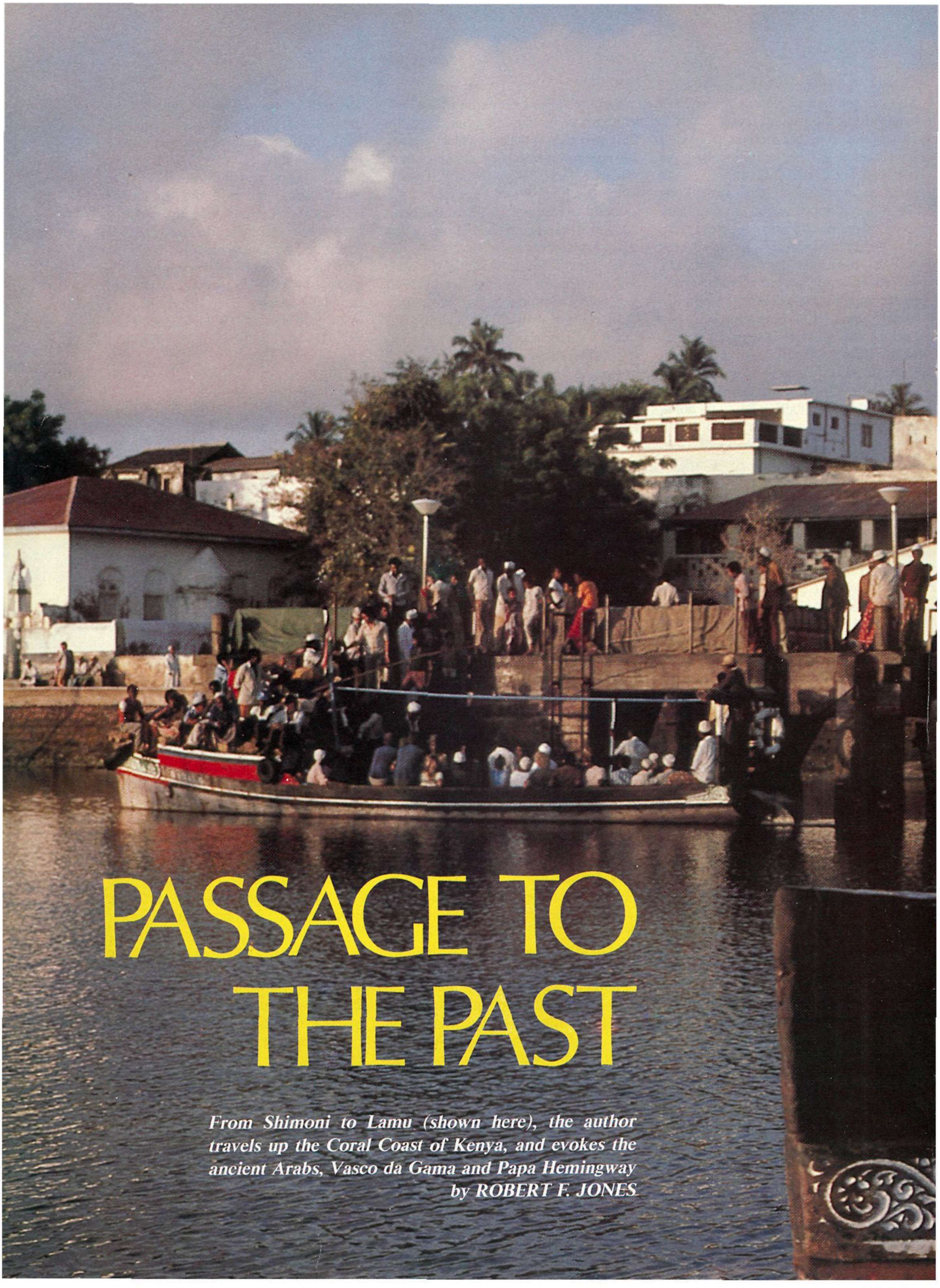
Bell's initial try at 18′ 10″ was so close that the bar didn't wobble off until he was well on his way down, but his last jump was a solid failure. Olson, having finally won the competition, requested a height of 19′ ¼″.

Olson's first and third attempts were decent tries—misses—but his second was truly exceptional. He got over the bar with several inches to spare but was so excited he threw his arms back too hard as he began his descent, thereby causing his chest to thrust forward into the bar, knocking it off. "I could have made 5.78 meters [18′ 11½″] on that,"

A 5.92 in the 50 got Nehemiah (right) his first mark.

said Olson. "I *know* I can jump 5.80 [19′ ¼″]. Right now I'm thinking 5.85 [19′ 4¼″]. Tonight was just amazing. People were jumping out of their heads."

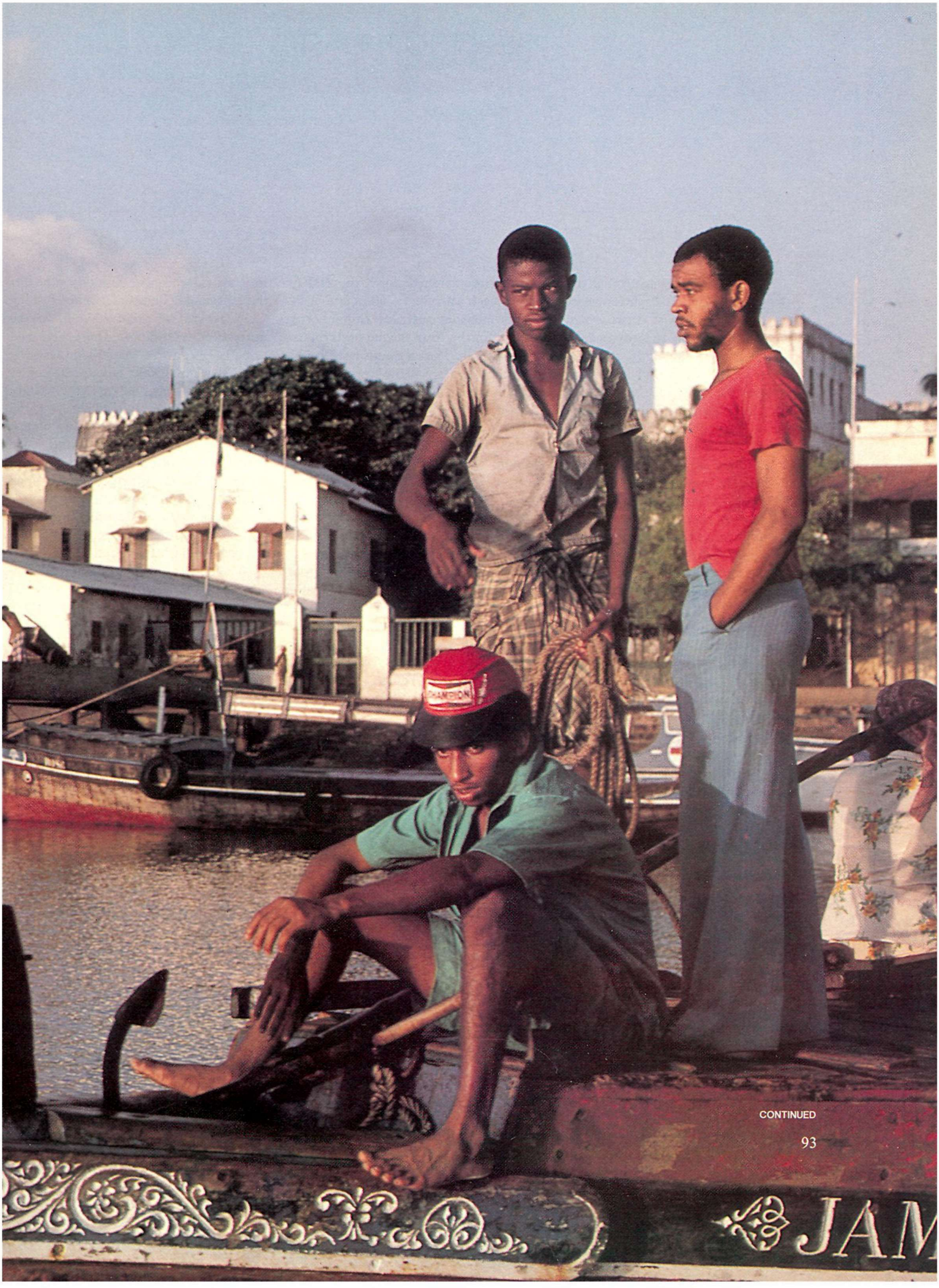
"Those guys were *killing* those heights," said Nehemiah, who the next night in Dallas would knock off another of his own indoor world hurdle records—60 yards, which he covered in 6.82, surpassing his old mark by .07. "I don't think the American vaulters will have to take a backseat to the Europeans anymore," said Olson, aware that in 1981 Bell was the only U.S. vaulter ranked in the world's top 10 (he was sixth). "I think," Olson continued, "you have just seen the turn of the tide." **END**



PASSAGE TO THE PAST

From Shimoni to Lamu (shown here), the author travels up the Coral Coast of Kenya, and evokes the ancient Arabs, Vasco da Gama and Papa Hemingway

by ROBERT F. JONES



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PASSAGE TO THE PAST

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The old order changeth, but the ghosts linger on. Eighteen years ago, when I first drove down the tarmac from Nairobi to Kenya's Coral Coast, great angry elephants—glowing ruby-red from the ocher they had rolled in—prowled the Tsavo region and lazed in the shade of giant baobabs along the road. Now the elephants are few; the majority were killed by poachers or died during the long drought in the early 1970s. Along the road in those days, one would also see Africans in tribal dress, red *shukas* over their shoulders, spears and war clubs carried for defense. As one neared the coast, the costumes changed: The women wore Muslim-black *buibuis* or brightly colored *kangas*, the men pinstriped *kikois*.

Not so today.

When, in December, I and my companions, photographer Bill Eppridge and Bill Winter, an old friend and hunting guide, stopped at a Total station in Mariakani to refuel our safari wagon, parked near us at the pumps was a shiny bronze-colored Audi 2000. At the refreshment kiosk—or "key-ox," as many New Africans pronounce it—stood the car's occupants. Mama wore bright red hot-pants and a frilly blouse. Junior, in his shorts and T shirt, was plugged to his Sony Walkman, diddybopping to a rock beat from Dar es Salaam. And the *mzee* (old man) sported reflector shades and a T shirt no European would have dared wear. It was emblazoned with a chimpanzee in a business suit holding a telephone and saying brightly, JAMBO! BOSS SPEAKING.

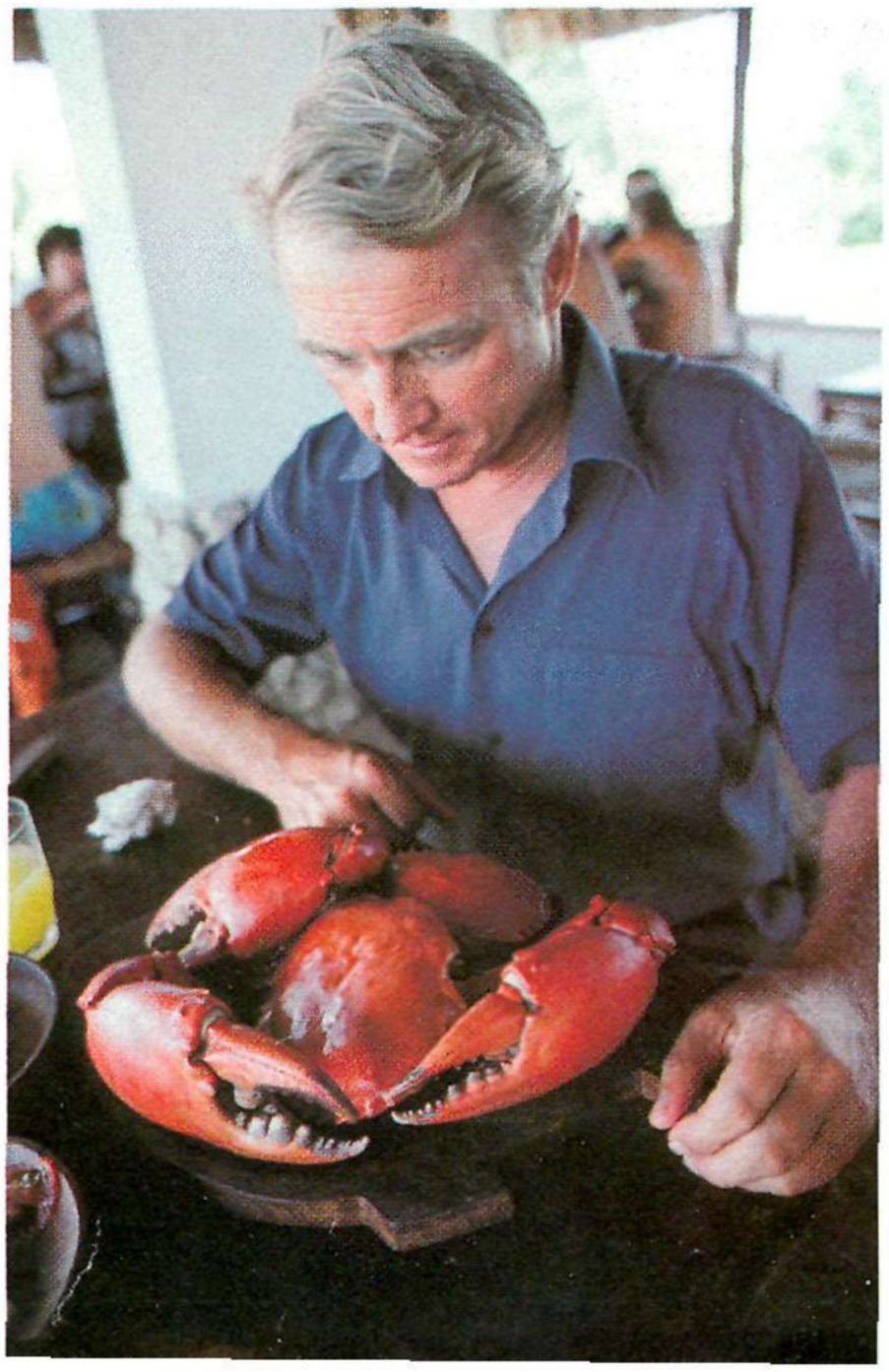
To reach the coast, one drives through the Taru Desert, a belt of *nyika* (thorn scrub) some 200 miles wide. At one point there is a long, dry hill called the *Kilima Kiu*—the Hill of Thirst. A century ago, coffles of slaves taken in the interior marched down the Hill of Thirst, each carrying a 60-pound load, usually elephant tusks or rhino horns, heading for the Arab slaving ports on the Indian Ocean. The infamous last stop on this trail of tears was the town of Bagamoyo in what is now Tanzania. Translated from the Swahili, Bagamoyo means "lay down your heart." Along with your burden, I guess, and your last hope of freedom. Now we passed places along the route called The Bumping Bar and The Cozy Boy Hotel and debouched finally onto the Coral Coast, near a place called Shimoni.

Over the eons, the Indian Ocean has eaten great caves into the coralline rock lining the beach there. *Shimo* is Swahili for hole, and Shimoni means "in the hole." Slaves were kept chained in the caves of Shimoni while awaiting the Arab dhows that would carry them to Zanzibar, Aden, Yemen and points north. One evening at Shimoni, hunting for ghosts, I walked at dusk down the dirt road from the Pemba Channel Fishing Club, where we were staying, to the nearest of these shimos. There were said to be bones down there still, and rusting iron shackles. Pale green stalactites glowed eerily in the fading light. A leathery rustling sound echoed up from the cave mouth, underscored by an almost electronic chitter, as of an Atari game gone berserk. Just at dark the authors of this alary alarum emerged: Wave upon wave of bug-hungry bats flew up into the jade-green night like a whirlwind in reverse. *Mdudu* means bug in Swahili. I bugged-out with the mdudus.

We had come to Shimoni for the fishing, as had Ernest Hemingway some 27 years earlier. That was just after his two plane crashes in Uganda in 1954, and he was still suffering from injuries incurred in those mishaps—ruptured liver and kidney, a skull fracture and severe burns—so he did very little fishing, even though he had arranged for his son, Patrick, to bring down a boat called the *Lady Faye* from Mombasa, 50 miles to the north. "It was not a happy camp," we had been told by Denis Zaphiro, the game warden Hemingway had befriended earlier in the safari. "Mary, Pat and I fished a bit but with very little luck. A few red snapper, dolphin and jacks, a yellowfin tuna and a wahoo—but no billfish, which were what we had come for.

"Papa, for the most part, stayed in his tent, licking his wounds and drinking. Three bottles of whiskey a day. The only sign that it was affecting him was that, in the afternoons, he would lapse into his telegraphic mode of speech, his Indian talk as he called it. Then one day a bushfire blew up. Papa went off with the lads to fight the fire. When they came back, he wasn't with them.

Uplander Winter contemplates a plate of mangrove crab claws.



It's the rearview mirror, not the wheels, that attracted this proud peacock to his precarious perch.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

We followed them out where he'd last been seen and found him, face down in the blackened stubble, covered with third-degree burns. I remember him later, sitting there, pouring bottles of Gordon's gin over his seared head. Probably did him a lot of good, actually. Killed the pain and served as an antiseptic as well. *He'd walked straight into the fire, he told* me. Deliberately. During the second plane crash in Uganda, he said, when the plane had caught fire and he'd had to batter his way out with his head, he'd feared that Mary had thought him a coward. Walking into the fire here at Shimoni was his way of disproving that."

So there was another ghost to contend with. Our stay at Shimoni, however, proved far more productive than Hemingway's. Since his day, the Pemba Channel Fishing Club has come into being. The channel is a natural fish funnel, a deepwater gut separating the clove islands of Zanzibar and Pemba from the mainland. All three varieties of Indo-Pacific marlin—blue, black and striped—run the gut in season, along with sailfish, wahoo, great schools of yellowfin (called "tunny" by the British) and tiger sharks weighing as much as 1,000 pounds. Along the reefs live huge, slab-sided crevalles known as giant trevally or, locally, *karambesi* (the record thereabouts is 116 ¼ pounds), which were recently recognized as worthy prey by the International Game Fish Association.

The club, a sprawl of comfortable *bandas* (guesthouses) thatched in the plaited coconut fronds called *makuti*, is situated on a coralline promontory. Its grounds are covered with brilliantly flamboyant trees and frangipani, desert rose and the inevitable giant baobabs, leafless in this season and hung with their huge, cream-of-tartar seedpods. It *was opened in late 1962 by Patrick and* Maia Hemphill, who knew virtually nothing about deep-sea fishing. "We'd been upcountry farmers all our lives," says Maia, a plump, jolly lady who oversees an excellent kitchen. "But with independence coming and our farm slated for Native Resettlement, we were looking for something new, something that could keep us in Kenya. Commander David Blunt had been running a sport-fishing operation near Mombasa since before the war, and he owned some land down Shimoni way, where he knew the fishing to be first-rate. He offered us a partnership and Pat said yes. I'd been praying he would. People told us we were bonkers to go into this at that time. Still, it's good to go bonkers every now and then."

Just keeping his tackle in shape and his three sport-fishing boats running has kept Pat mildly bonkers ever since. Spare parts, if available at all, are worth their weight in gold in Kenya today. Plain wood screws can cost 80¢ apiece (American) when you can find them, and often they come with no slots in their heads. Hemphill isn't the chattiest of charter-boat skippers, but his African crews are as well trained and skillful as any I have trolled with, from Key West to the Kona Coast of Hawaii. Hemphill personally "shifts his flag" from day to day around *his fleet—one day in Pingusi, a 30-foot* catamaran; the next in *Broadbill*, his new single-hulled 46-footer; and then to *White Otter*, another single-hulled sport-fisherman. In that way, he insures all engines are working properly, and all crews as well. His son, Simon, 21, a marine zoologist, serves as his second-in-com-

continued

Cultures cross on the beach at Watamu as local women bear buckets of water past some recent arrivals.

At six, Sally, Baobab Park's hippo, is still milking her attendants for big bottles.

PASSAGE TO THE PAST

continued

mand. Simon, in profile, actually looks like an adolescent marlin; while his father is merely taciturn, Simon is downright mute: He resolutely refuses to tell his fishing clients what he is up to or why he is using whichever lures are out. When he does answer a question, his voice drips with youthful scorn at the questioner's ignorance. As Joseph Conrad wrote, "Ah, Youth . . ."

Our first day out in the Pemba Channel we had neither Pat nor Simon to contend with, but rather one of Hemphill's African skippers, a chatty young Vumba, the son of a fisherman, from nearby Wasini Island named Saidi Ahmed. Within minutes we were into fish, sharp-spined five-fingered jacks, mainly, which we would use for marlin bait. The sea was calm, with a greasy swell rolling down from India on the gentle push of the *kaskazi* (the northeast monsoon), and the sun had an equatorial weight to it that should have pushed the big billfish down into the cooler depths. Yet, at straight-up noon we got into marlin.

"*Samaki!*" yelled Saidi from the flying bridge. "Fish!" He clapped his hands to alert us. Two of our five trolling rods bent and our reels squealed to the strikes. I dropped my bait back with the fish, the reel in free-spool, thumbing the spool to maintain tension, and when Saidi reckoned the marlin had turned the bait to swallow it, I locked up the drag even as Saidi two-blocked the throttles. Winter, on the other working rod, did the same. Simultaneously, the two marlin jumped, far out and heading in opposite directions. It's one of the most thrilling sights in fishing: that great silver, black and electric blue spearhead powering up out of the sea, the maniacal scream of the drag, and then the fish pounding back into the water—"like a horse thrown from a cliff," as Hemingway described it. I counted a dozen jumps before my fish settled down for the fight. Though I would have preferred to fight the fish California style—i.e., standing up the whole way, from a dead boat, using only a rod belt to socket the tackle—Saidi insisted I take the fighting chair. With the weight of the sun in those latitudes, a sun far hotter than that off Baja or even Hawaii, he was probably right. I would never know. After 10 minutes, and still running deep with no slack on the line, my fish pulled out.

But Winter's marlin, the first of his life, was still on. Winter, 50, is a hunter, not an angler. Since 1971 I've made many safaris with him, all upcountry, with gun and camera, and in either situation he's as fine a guide as you can hope to find in Kenya. At deep-sea fishing, though, he's a rank neophyte. Still, he proved a quick study. The fish, we could see, was foul-hooked just above its left pectoral fin, and Bill had it on 50-pound test line, which made for a dangerous fight. Hooked as it was in the side, the fish could go virtually wherever it wanted. Bill had to keep the line taut and yet not pump so hard as to pull the hook through the thin layer of skin that held it. Five times he brought the marlin in close enough for us to count its stripes, and five times it sounded again, stripping off all the hard-gained line Bill had reeled in. It struck me, as I coached him, that our usual safari situation was reversed. Hunting dangerous big game, he backed me up with his skill and his big rifle. As the marlin came in the sixth time, I asked him the question: "Do you want me to go in after him with the .458?"

He laughed through the rolling sweat.

Moments later Saidi gaffed the fish and brought it in. A 133½-pound striped marlin on light line, not bad for a first effort.

We fished another day, with Surly Simon, but caught only three bonito. Of far more interest was the snorkeling at Kisiti Island's Marine National Park, 10 miles off Shimoni. Visibility wasn't as good as it might have been—the monsoon rains had clouded the water a bit—but the reef itself was vast and variegated. Squirrelfish, damsels, sergeants major and rock lobsters abounded. Spearfishing isn't permitted in the Marine Park waters, but the fish were so wary that I suspect poachers must come in anyway. Toward noon a junk pulled up and disgorged a horde of German tourists and soon the water was full of bulbous pink bodies in scanty bikinis. So we cleared out to avoid the suntan-oil slick.

We lunched that same day at the Wasini Restaurant, an open-air,

continued

Slowly but surely, this "Mombasa bus" turns the casuarina needles to humus.

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WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIET DOWN
AT THE END OF THE DAY, EVEN A FIRE
TURNS TO RED.

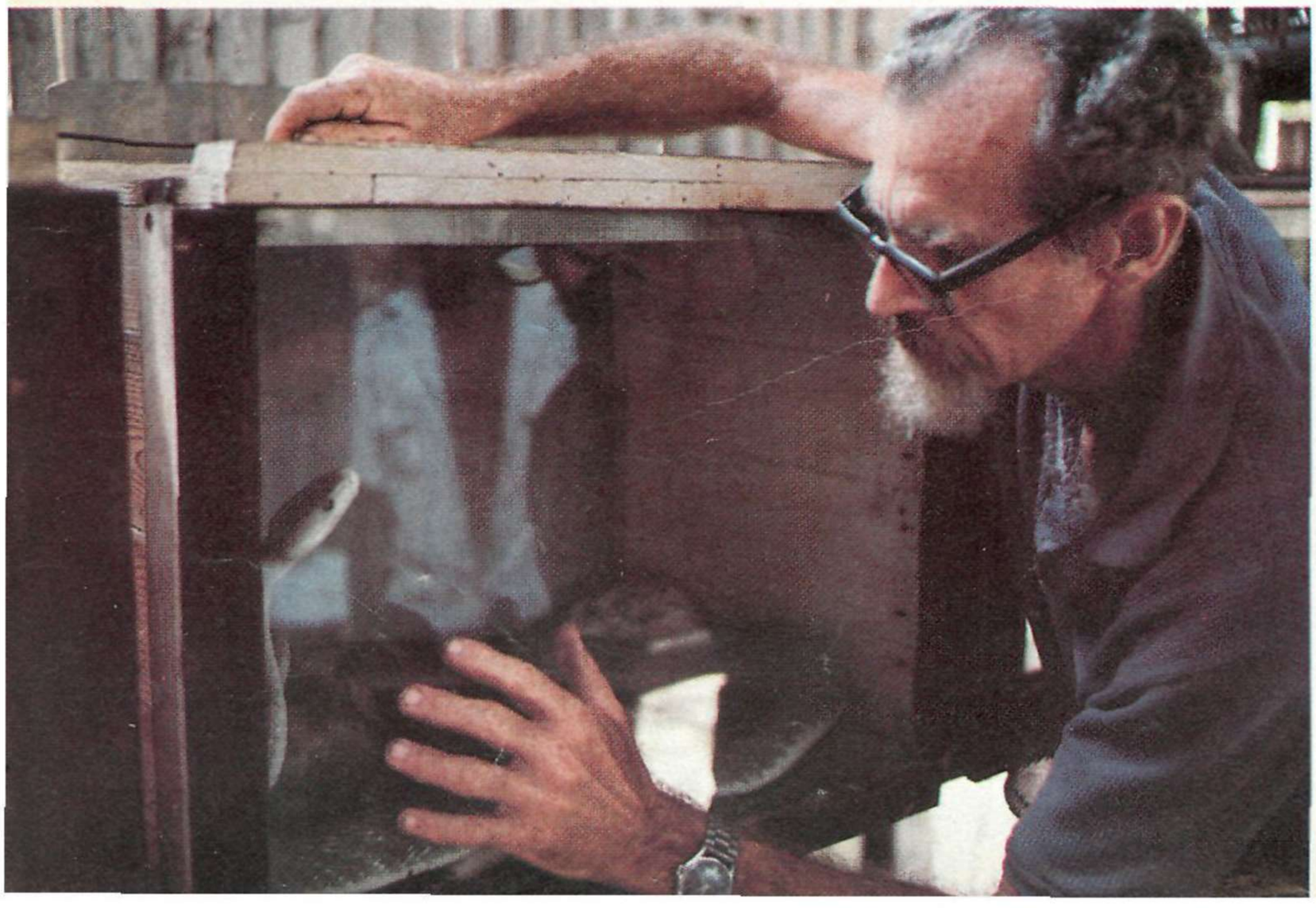
JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.

thatched-roof establishment on the island of the same name. It has a fine view of nearby Tanzania, and we ate excellent mangrove crabs (*Squilla serrata*), which are every bit as good as Florida stone crab, but bigger. One monster had a carapace the size of a serving platter and a dominant claw that must have weighed three pounds. After lunch we visited Wasini village, an Arab town with the oldest still-functioning mosque in the area. The town is coastal Arab—the thick-walled buildings have arched windows that encourage a venturi effect on the air and provide a form of rudimentary air conditioning; there are ancient graves beneath the baobabs, some marked with the typical Arab phallic monuments. In a vast tidal flat beyond the village *birika* (water catchment), strange coral heads stood like an oddly eroded Stonehenge.

From Shimoni we pushed along the Coast Road to Mombasa. The coastal strip, about 10 miles deep, is a different world from the rest of Kenya. At least a thousand years of Arab influence shows in everything from agriculture to architecture—even in the faces of the people. Members of the dominant Swahili tribe are paler than their inland Bantu cousins, with the hawk noses and high cheekbones of their Semitic ancestors commonplace. The word Swahili derives from the Arabic *sawahil*, meaning coasts or shorelines. Swahili is a coastal language made up predominantly of Bantu, with strong Arabic influence. Ethnographers believe that traders from Persia and the Arabian peninsula have been visiting the East African coast for 2,000 years. The first reference to the region in classical literature comes in a book called *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*, written by an Alexandrian Greek in the second century A.D.

At the Mnarani serpentarium, George dons a 130-pound necklace of pythons, while Bramwell and nemesis, a deadly black mamba, go eyeball to eyeball.



"There is evidence that the Egyptians were here as well," says Edward Rodwell, 74, a Kenyan journalist and an enthusiastic amateur historian whose column, "Coastal Causerie," has been appearing in the African paper *The Standard* since 1940. "A painting dating from about the 23rd century B.C. depicting the Land of Punt in one of the tombs along the Nile shows Egyptians catching sailfish. 'Punt' may come from *pwani*, a Swahili word for this coast, and certainly sailfish do not occur north of present-day Somalia."

The first European to visit these shores, in 1498, was Vasco da Gama. Meeting a hostile reception from the Sultan of Mombasa, the Portuguese established their first East African "factory" at Malindi, some 75 miles north. Not until the late 16th century did the Portuguese capture Mombasa from the sultan and begin building their great red edifice, Fort Jesus.

"Apart from the fort, you don't see much Portuguese influence left on the coast," says Rodwell. "Before World War II, though, they still held bullfights on the island of Pemba. I photographed one once. They would bring out the bull, on a rope, throw it down and shout obscenities in its ear. Quite colorful. That's about the extent of my sporting knowledge of the coast, except in the other sense of the word. Some years ago that fellow S.J. Perelman came through here. He had heard that there was a brothel on the coast called Eskimo Nell's, and he was determined to find it. I assured him there was no such place in Mombasa. Later he cadged a flight to Lamu, a town way up the coast, to continue his research. I doubt that he found Eskimo Nell there, either."

One highly evident influence on the coast is that of the *jinis*, those malicious spirits that accompany Arab culture wherever it goes. No sane African or Arab will remain in Fort Jesus after sundown. The people at Diani, a resort area

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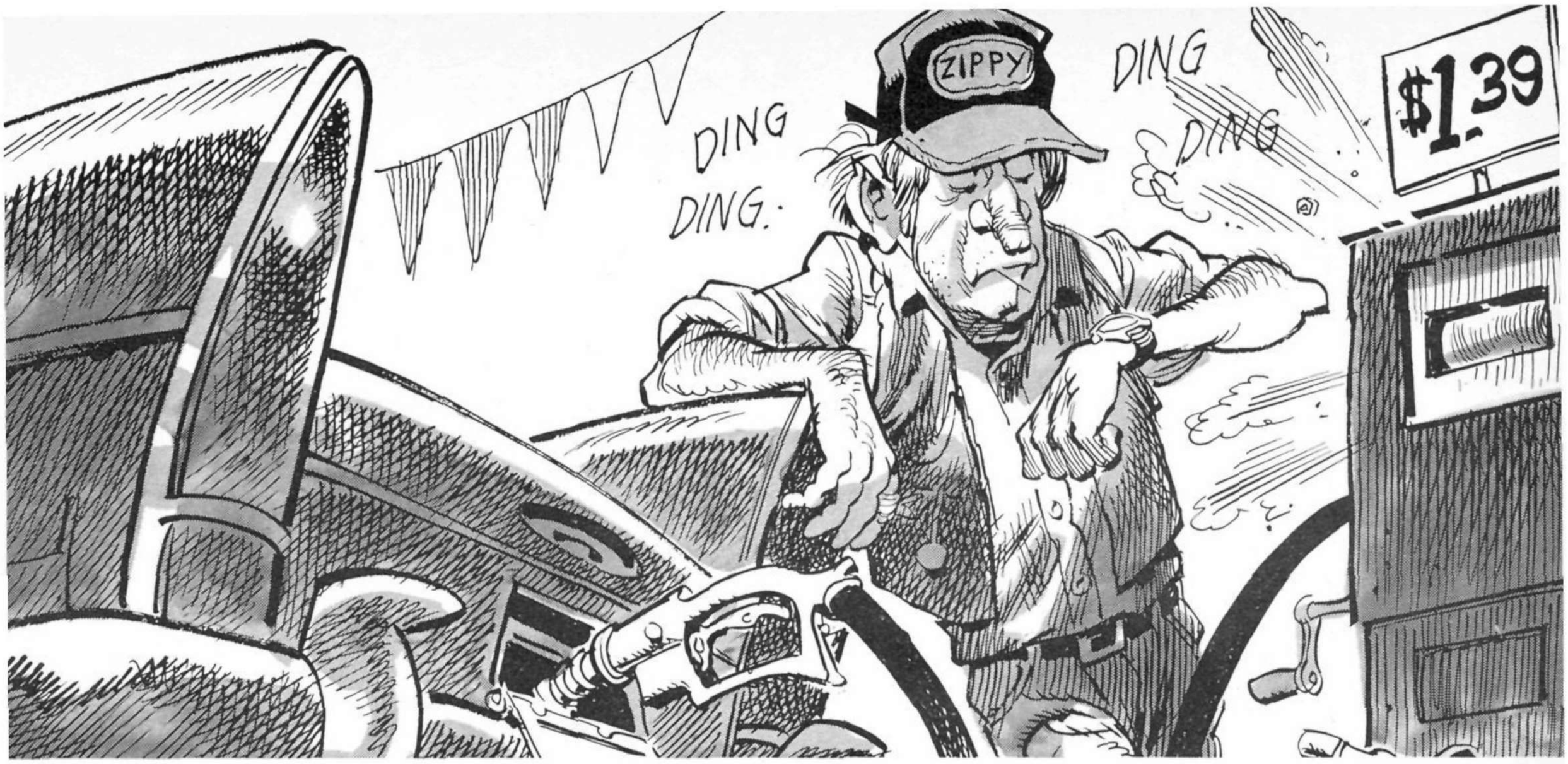

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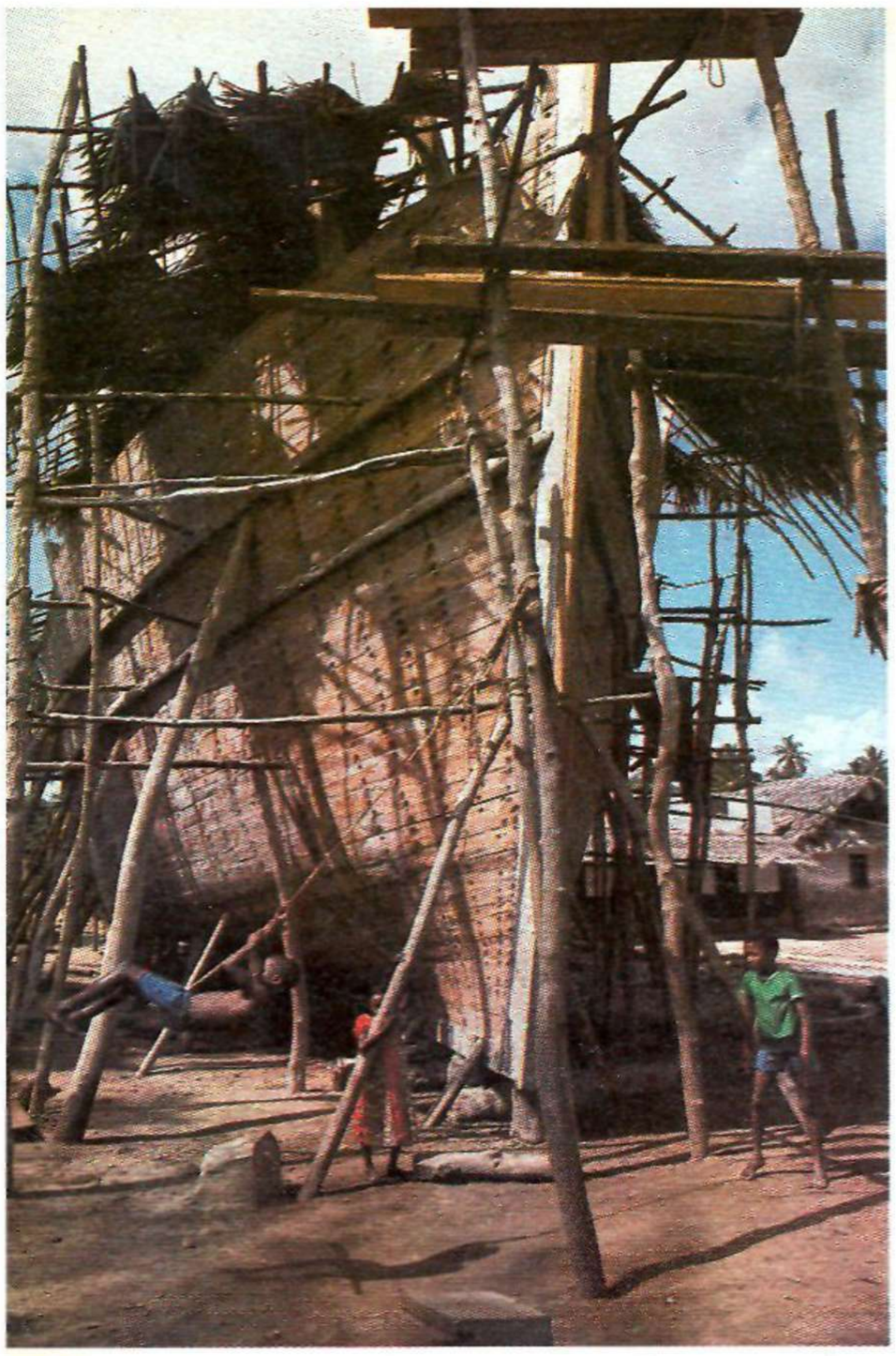

A big dhow takes shape on Lamu's waterfront.

south of Mombasa, warn Europeans not to venture too far offshore in their boats. "There are *jinis* out there," an old man told me in all seriousness. "Little men with hooked noses and big *tumbos* [bellies] who live in the mud. They will lure you into the mud. All the evil of the world comes from those mudbanks." He looked around conspiratorially. "They have rockets," he whispered.

Farther north, Winter bumped into one of his old game scouts from his days as a warden. The man was now stationed on the coast. "Must be nice down here," Bill suggested.

"Oh yes, very beautiful, Bwana," the man said. "But it's so damned expensive. All those goats and chickens."

"What do you mean?" Bill asked.

"Because of the *jinis*," the man said. "Every day my wife tells me something else they've done. So I have to make sacrifices." He shook his head wearily. "Too expensive."

The hulking presence of Fort Jesus at the entrance to the old dhow harbor in Mombasa is enough to convince even the most skeptical Westerner that some powerful evil influence is at work here. Now a national monument, the fort was begun by the Portuguese in 1593 and completed 30 years later. Its 50-foot-high walls, built of coral blocks cut from the reef, limed over and then daubed red with ocher, appear bloodstained in low light. And indeed they are. The fort has changed hands many times over the centuries, usually by treachery. From 1696 to '98 it underwent siege by Omani Arabs that only ended when plague got loose among the garrison. Portuguese and Arab graffiti overlay one another in the gloomy man-made grottoes within the fortress; at one corner is a deep pit into which prisoners were dropped—sometimes Arab, sometimes European. Blue and yellow agama lizards live in the mouths of old cast-iron cannons, flicking their forked tongues from shadow into harsh sunlight. Hooded crows circle raucously over the twisting, narrow streets of surrounding Mombasa, as if in search of carrion. One expects to see Peter Lorre or Sidney Greenstreet ducking down a shaded alley.

If Fort Jesus represents the coast's glamorous—if bloodstained—past, the Baobab cement factory at Bamburi, just north of Mombasa, symbolizes the present. From the highway it would appear to be just a huge hole in the ground, wreathed in white dust and grumbling with the engines of giant dump trucks. But within the fringe of feathery-needled casuarina trees that masks the 60-acre factory from the beach hotels, a fascinating ecological experiment is taking place. The coral bedrock left after the cement miners have finished is being turned into a game park and fish farm.

Already a small mixed herd of eland and fringe-eared oryx has been established in the casuarina grove. A pond upon which swim Egyptian geese, white pelicans and fulvous tree ducks also sports a 6-year-old hippo named Sally, who guzzles milk from a gigantic baby bottle. "She's been fed on milk since she was a baby," says Tony Armitage, an assistant to Rene Haller, the Swiss agronomist who developed the park and farm. Armitage scooped a handful of rich brown loam from beneath the casuarinas. "This is the key to it all. The casuarina can root in just a few inches of coral." Then he pointed to an 8-inch-long millipede, black with orange legs, crawling through the casuarina duff. "That chappie turns the needles into humus at the rate of as much as an inch a year. Already in some places we have eight inches of topsoil, so we can grow other trees as well, like the conocarpus and the algarroba, which are salt-tolerant. The algarroba comes from South America. It produces a sweet, very edible pod. Our monkey population has considerably increased since we put the algarroba in. Goats, sheep, eland, even hippos thrive on it." We sampled a pod, which tastes like carob.

The black and orange millipede, omnipresent along the coast, is known locally by many names: bongololo, chungalulu, jongoo, the Tanganyika train, the Mombasa bus. For a while the casuarinas were threatened by an insect, the longicorn beetle, that was killing the trees. Haller solved the problem by introducing a squadron of eagle owls that quickly scoffed up the beetles. Similarly, an invasion of biting wasps, to which some people are intensely allergic, was countered by bringing in a variety of spider that weaves tough webs. "That took the sting out of the situation," says Armitage.

Farther along in the park is a family of spotted serval cats, aloof and suspicious, intermixed with large tortoises from the island of Aldabra in the Seychelles. "The servals have been breeding like mad," Armitage says, "but we can't get to the kittens quickly enough. The male eats them." The servals are fed with culls from a chicken farm, also on the cement factory property. Nearby is a pond full of crocodiles, somnolent and vacant-eyed in the heat.

"A very valuable product, the old croc," Armitage explains. "We feed them with tilapia guts from our fish farm, which is the real center and *raison d'être* of the whole operation."

A series of ponds, all kept at 29° Celsius, contains tilapia of every size up to six pounds, although those bred for commercial use generally weigh less than a pound. The tilapia, an excellent food fish, looks like a cross between a bluegill and a crappie, and thrives in captivity. It's known among East African epicures as Bamburi trout. The local water isn't right for true trout; they will die if the oxygen level in the water falls below 35 percent. "Tilapia can live with only 15 to 20 percent oxygen," says Armitage.

During our tour of the tilapia tanks, we passed Armitage's Honda MT-5 motorcycle. A peacock was preening on the seat, admiring himself in the rearview mirror. Just beneath his gorgeous tail stood a mound of green droppings. "Makes for a bit of a mess when you dash out after work and leap onto the

continued

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PASSAGE TO THE PAST

continued

bike for the ride home," Armitage said. "Got to think ahead in this business."

North of Mombasa's sprawl the country turns agricultural again: miles of coconut groves and sugarcane interspersed with stands of cashew, mango and papaya trees and vast hillsides spiky with pineapples. A food-lover could lead an ecstatic life here existing only on fruit, nuts and the abundant seafood—tiny and slightly metallic-tasting oysters, langouste and especially the huge prawns done in a spicy style called *piri piri*. The fragrant mangoes, ripened on the tree and a rich orange in color, are alone worth the price of the visit.

Now we come to the Snake Part. Anyone suffering from herpetophobia had best skip ahead. Ever since my son insisted on keeping a rosy-tailed boa constrictor as a pet for two years—or until it graduated from a diet of mice to hamsters—I've been fascinated with snakes. Bill Winter's friend, Peter Bramwell, is a snake catcher and we had arranged a visit to his serpentarium at Mnarani, on the south side of the Kilifi ferry crossing an hour north of Mombasa. Tucked in among the key-oxes that clutter the ferry slip, selling everything from wood carvings to cashews, the serpentarium is a bit scruffy in appearance, but the snakes are in excellent shape: big-eyed boomslange and slate-gray spitting cobras; a racy, whip-tailed green mamba the color of a lime Popsicle; squatty, swollen puff adders and a tangle of pythons thicker than fire hoses.

Bramwell, 53, is a wiry man with a graying spade beard and thick spectacles—the result of too many encounters with the spitting cobra (*Naja nigricollis*). "His first line of defense is to shoot for the eyes," Bramwell says. "It's a neurotoxic venom, of course, and strongly acidic. I've tested these snakes and they can spit 19 to 21 times before they run dry. At 18 feet, they'll spray you from head to foot, but at 12 feet they'll hit you dead in both eyes every time. Because they're nocturnal hunters, you have no warning of their presence. Within four seconds after a hit, you're reeling out of the way with pain. I always carry eyedrops—adrenaline, one in 2,000 parts—and with that you can stop the pain in 10 minutes. Untreated, it will last five days. Unsweetened milk is the next best treatment—the sugar in sweet milk will stick the venom to your eyeballs. Water is less effective, but often the only recourse, and in a real pinch, ugly as it sounds, you could have a companion urinate in your eyes—anything to wash out the venom. It's also a good idea, when going after spitting cobras, not to shave. That's why I have the beard. A drop of that toxin in a shaving nick and you've had it." In deference to his wife, Jan, Bramwell hasn't caught any poisonous snakes since 1977. That was the year he was bitten by a black mamba, one of the most dangerous snakes in the world. "Until then no one had survived the bite of a black mamba," he says. "I'd been bitten by boomslange,

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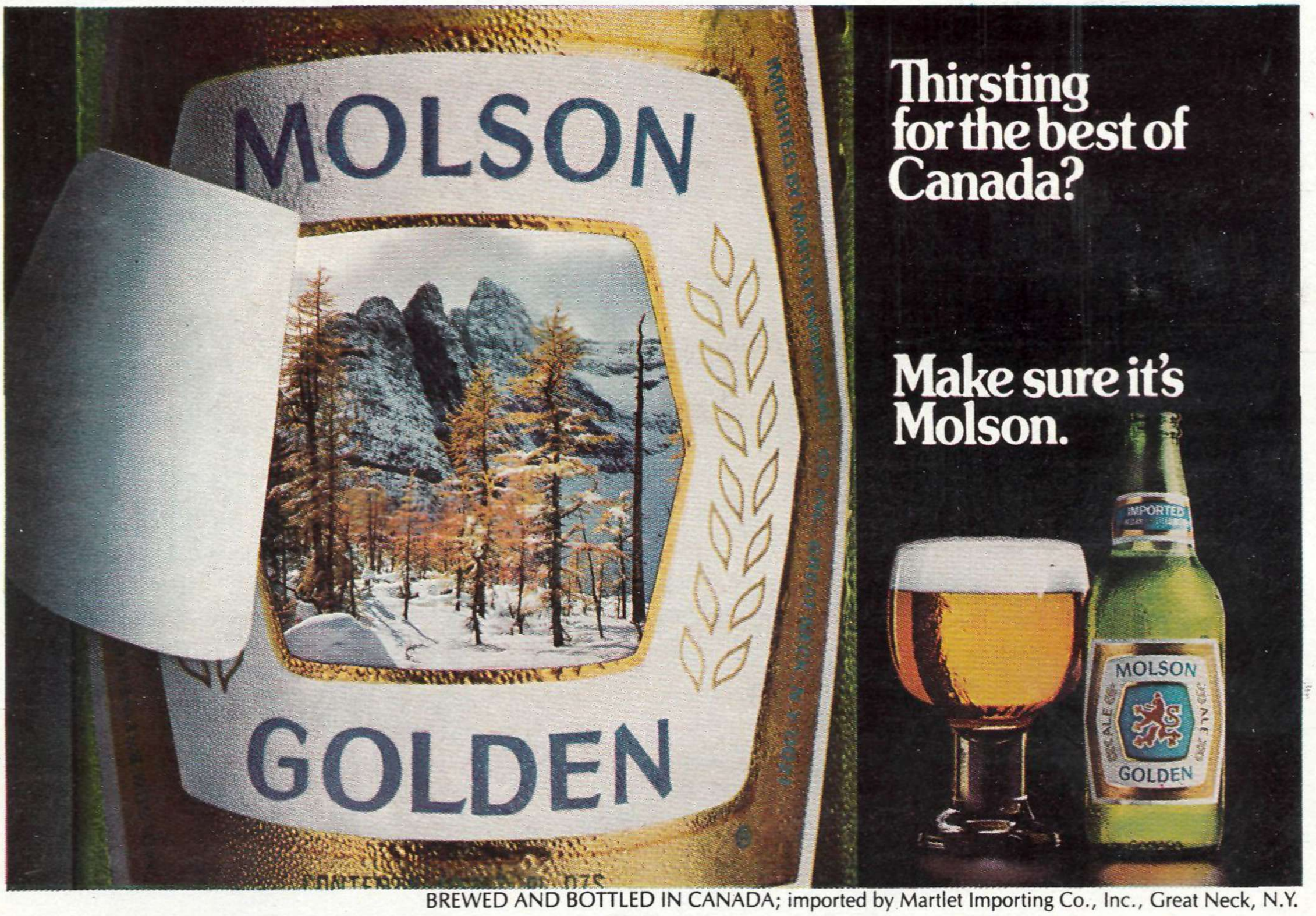

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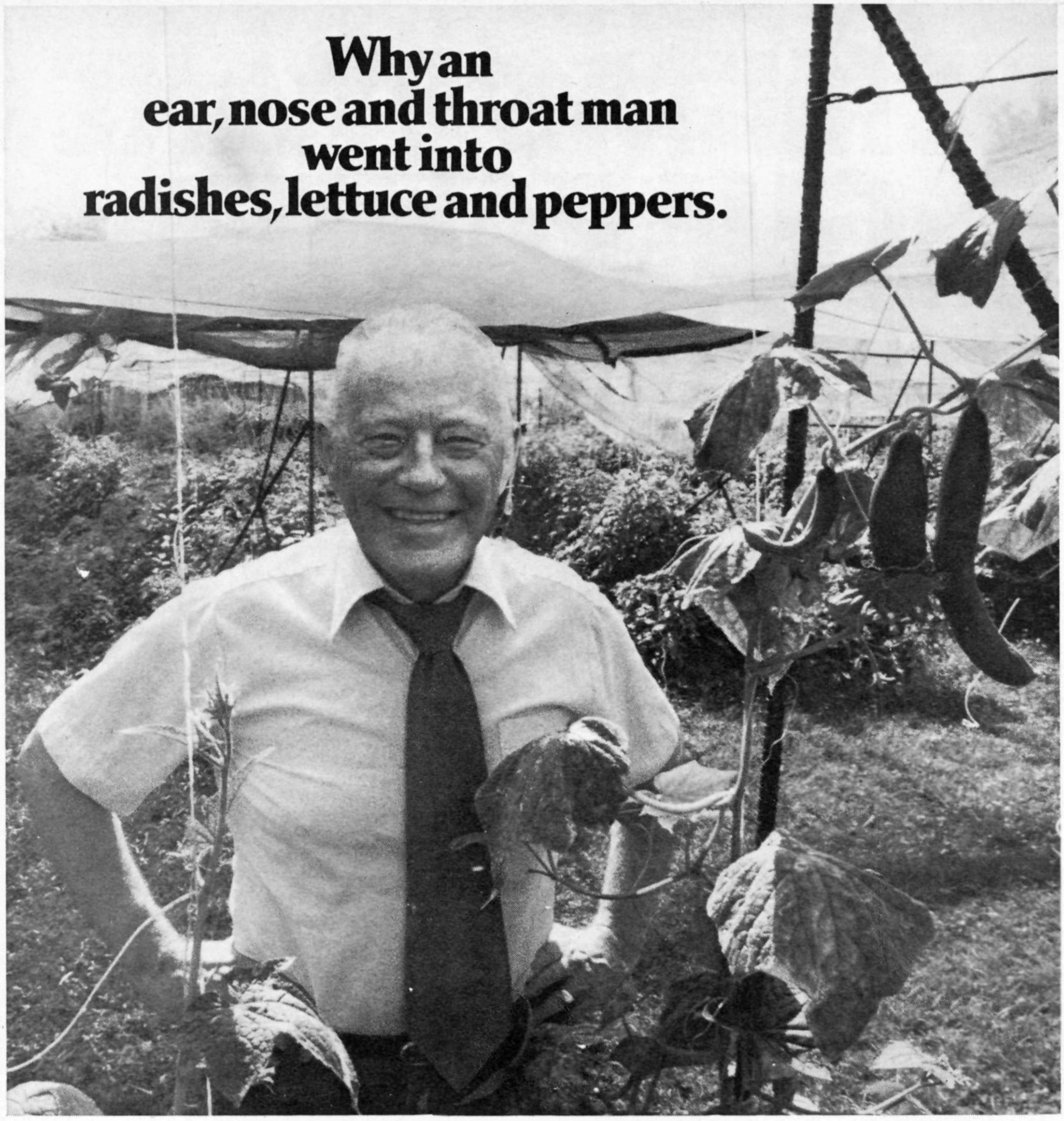
Why an ear, nose and throat man went into radishes, lettuce and peppers.



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PASSAGE TO THE PAST

continued

puff adders and a green mamba and pulled through, but when the black hit me, I thought I'd had it. It happened on a Sunday, and I should have known better. All my bites have come on a Sunday."

Bramwell was at home that day, near Kilifi, when one of his staff reported a snake lurking near the rabbit hutches. "It was up on the rafters and I could see it was a black," he recalls. "I got the tongs—they're rather like the device grocery clerks use to remove packages from high shelves, but padded so as not to injure the snake—and got the leather-necked catching bag ready. Then I grabbed him. Too far back. About 18 inches of his neck and head were forward of the tongs. As I went to close the bag, my hand was too near the lip. The snake was still on the tongs but he got his head over the edge and hit me on the hand. Twice. I whipped him out of the bag and killed him. I recall shouting, 'I've killed you, you bastard, but you're not killing me.' "

That was about 9:30 a.m. There was no pain—"Neurotoxic venom doesn't hurt," Bramwell says, "but the bite of a puff adder, which is hemotoxic, makes you feel like you've got a toothache from the top of your head to the soles of your feet." Within 20 minutes Bramwell was feeling "pins and needles" in his extremities. Neurotoxic venom attacks the autonomic nervous system, ultimately shutting off the victim's ability to breathe and sometimes even stopping the heart. Realizing that their Toyota Land Cruiser was too slow for the emergency run to the nearest hospital, Jan borrowed a neighbor's car and drove Peter to Mombasa at 85 mph. Fortunately, a snake-bite expert from Europe was at the hospital when Bramwell arrived. "He pulled me through," says Peter. "Three days later, I learned that a chap in South Africa had also survived a mamba bite. We were the first to do so." But the aftereffects have left him weak, lethargic and without much zest for the hard physical work he used to enjoy.

"The effect of these poisons is cumulative," he says. "My uncle, Alan Tarlton, was a snake catcher here for years. During World War II, when the demand for antivenin was very high, he never had fewer than 400 puff adders in his cages. He was bitten 45 times by old *Bitis*—that's the puffer's generic name. He claimed that after the 43rd bite he was

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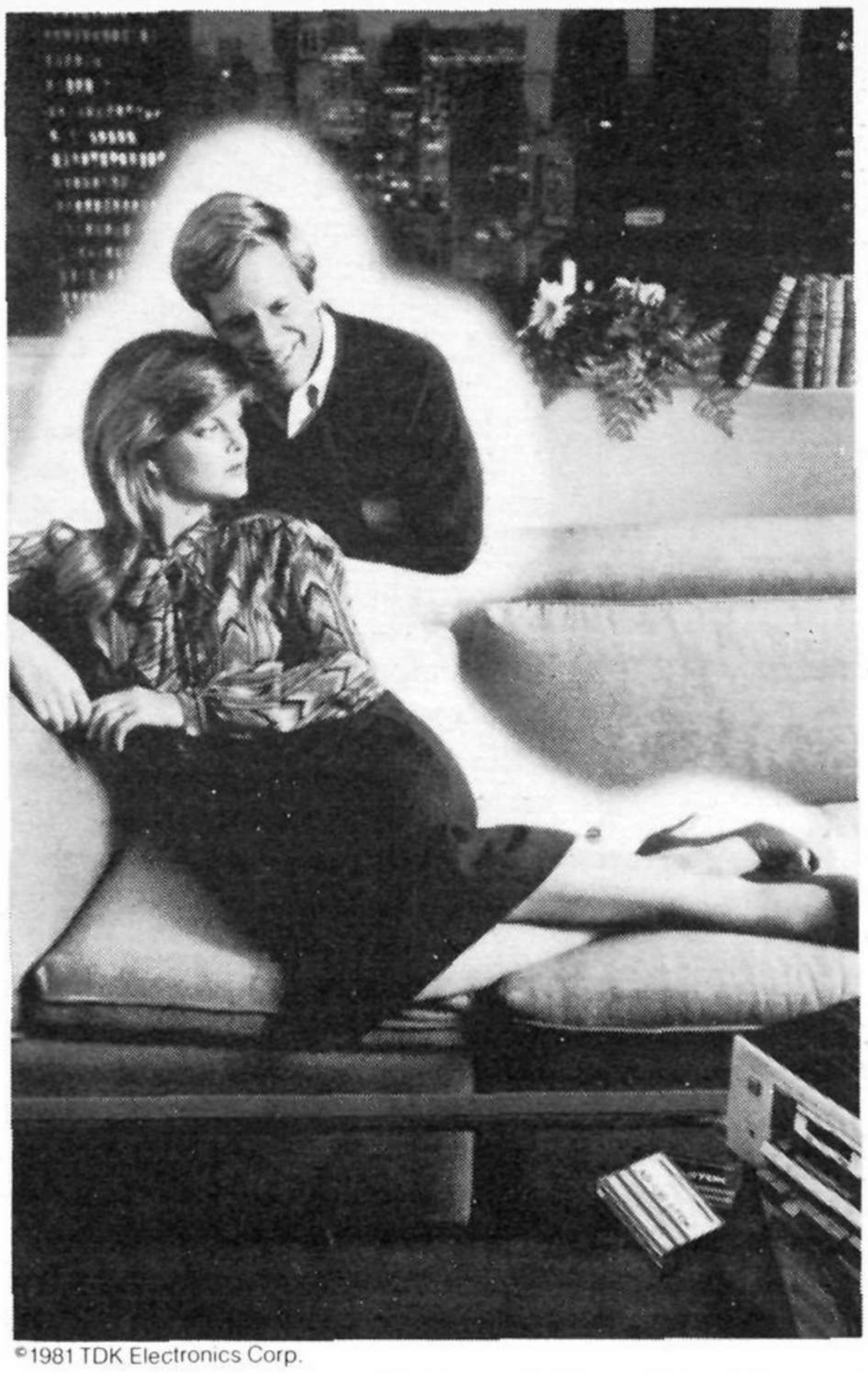

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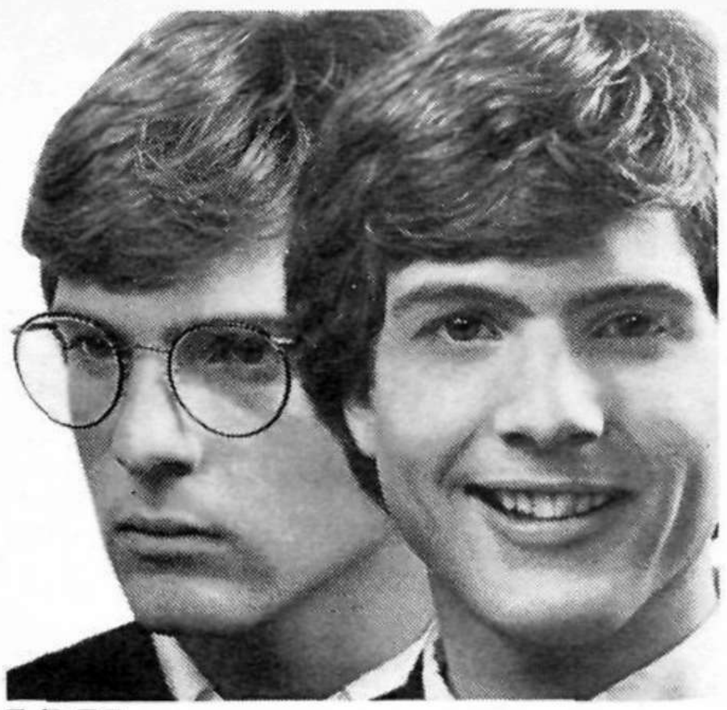

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A. Do what millions of others have done—switch to Bausch & Lomb soft contacts.
Q. Can I see as well with soft contacts as with glasses?
A. Since there are no frames, you may see a whole lot better. Bausch & Lomb soft contacts give you a wider field of vision.
Q. What's their main advantage over glasses?
A. Not only do they make you look better, they free you up for things. Like today's sports. It's why so many active people wear them. Unlike glasses, they never fog up or fall off.
Q. But aren't they uncomfortable?
A. Just the reverse. They're so light and comfortable you hardly know they're there. In fact, you have to remember to take them off—for sleeping or *swimming*.
Q. Isn't it true they pop out?
A. Hard contacts sometimes do. Bausch & Lomb soft contacts rarely do.
Q. How long can they stay in?
A. For regular wearers, from the time you get up in the morning till you go to bed at night.
Q. How often do you clean them?
A. Once a day. It takes about as long as it does to brush your teeth.
Q. Aren't all soft contacts the same?
A. No they're not. Only Bausch & Lomb makes lense by a unique spinning process which guarantees super smoothness, optical excellence, and incredible thinness for comfort.
Q. Can they be used for astigmatism?
A. Now they can. Bausch & Lomb has recently developed a full line of astigmatic lenses.
Q. Can my budget afford soft contacts?
A. You may be surprised at how inexpensive they've become. Less than a lot of so-called "designer" glasses.
Q. Where can I find out more about them?
A. See your eye doctor. Ask for Bausch & Lomb contacts. They're the most prescribed soft contacts in the world.
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continued

immune, but the 45th bite finished him."

Peter took up full-time catching—"this silly business," as he calls it—in 1964 after a varied career in the bush as a hunter, game warden and police officer, mainly in what was then Tanganyika. While stationed near Kisumu, on the north shore of Lake Victoria, where the Kenyan government had a prison, he witnessed a massacre by snakebite that still leaves him chilled. He spins the yarn in a deep voice, as hypnotic as a cobra's sway, with the cadence of a story in the *Boy's Own Paper*.

"In those days," he says, "a lake steamer called the *Rusinga* served the town periodically. One week it was long overdue and everyone worried, when finally we saw a plume of smoke slowly approaching through the channel. It was *Rusinga*, all right, but embedded in a huge floating island of papyrus she had collided with en route. Unable to back out, the skipper pushed the island into Kisumu. It was a proper island, complete with thorn trees growing on the thick, matted reeds. The prison warden deputed a work party of the hardest cases in jail to cut the steamer free. The prisoners went over the side with their *pangas* and began chopping. Suddenly there came a hideous scream—then another and another. Snakes? No, crocodiles. The snakes came later. Scads of them, in the trees, the reeds, living on the island like the crocs. Cobras mainly. More than a dozen men died before one side of the ship was cut free. Then the survivors went over the other side. They were back in a flash, shivering with fear. Under one of the thorn trees lay three lions."

The lions, more fortunate than the prisoners, were shooed ashore and their lives spared.

Over the years, Bramwell figures he has caught more than 1,000 snakes. His best single day came on a 60-acre plot along the coast in Kilifi, when he caught 15—mainly green and black mambas—in one morning. The poisonous snakes were sold to producers of antivenin, black mambas in those days bringing Bramwell about $25 apiece. "Pythons are the most expensive," he says. "In the '60s and early '70s, they brought 100 bob—about $14—a foot. Now the skin alone is worth more."

What becomes of the pythons?

"A lot of them end up in zoos, others become purses and footwear. I'm told the Chinese eat them, but I've never had an order." Bramwell pauses, then grins. "Maybe the Chinese don't order out."

Before leaving the serpentarium, I was presented with a necklace by Bramwell's African assistant, George. The necklace consisted of two live pythons, together weighing 130 pounds. They coiled cool and smooth around my neck, distributing their heft so evenly over my arms, back and shoulders that I had no sense of their weight. As one python stared into my eyes and tested my nose with his tongue, a small African boy stared with popping eyes. "That *mzee*," he said to his companion, "is not a coward."

Little did he know.

After a day of bird watching in Kilifi Creek—we saw thousands of egrets, ibis, white pelicans and kites leaving their roosts—we pushed the 25 miles north to Watamu, a fishing and diving resort. Watamu is around the corner from the famed Blue Lagoon, where the original film of that name, with Jean Simmons and Donald Houston, was shot, and the snorkeling is excellent. It's a strange sensation to pop up for air after watching barracuda feed along the reef and see a man in a turban leading a camel up the beach. Old colonial types stroll the sand in the cooler hours, sometimes coming into conflict with the ubiquitous German tourists who throng to the Malindi area in midwinter. Not long ago an elderly lady who had spent most of her life farming in the Kenyan upcountry was walking primly along the beach at sunrise when she came upon a nude and brazen German. Recoiling in horror, she wielded her rubber-knobbed cane like a cavalry saber, striking at the man's most vulnerable (and evident) parts. "When I made contact," she told her friends, "there was a most disgusting thump."

Winter and I spent a day light-tackle fishing aboard the *Honeylulu* with David and Jeni Slater, accomplished charter boaters who put us into wahoo, kingfish, yellowfin and dolphin. Known elsewhere as dorado and mahimahi, the dolphin here is called *felusi*, from the Arab word *flus*, for gold. Though we saw two blue marlin and a sailfish, they wouldn't take. The marlin run larger than the billfish at Shimoni, with the Watamu record for blues being 754 pounds.

It's possible to drive from Malindi to Lamu, the northernmost town of conse-

continued

Stress can rob you of vitamins

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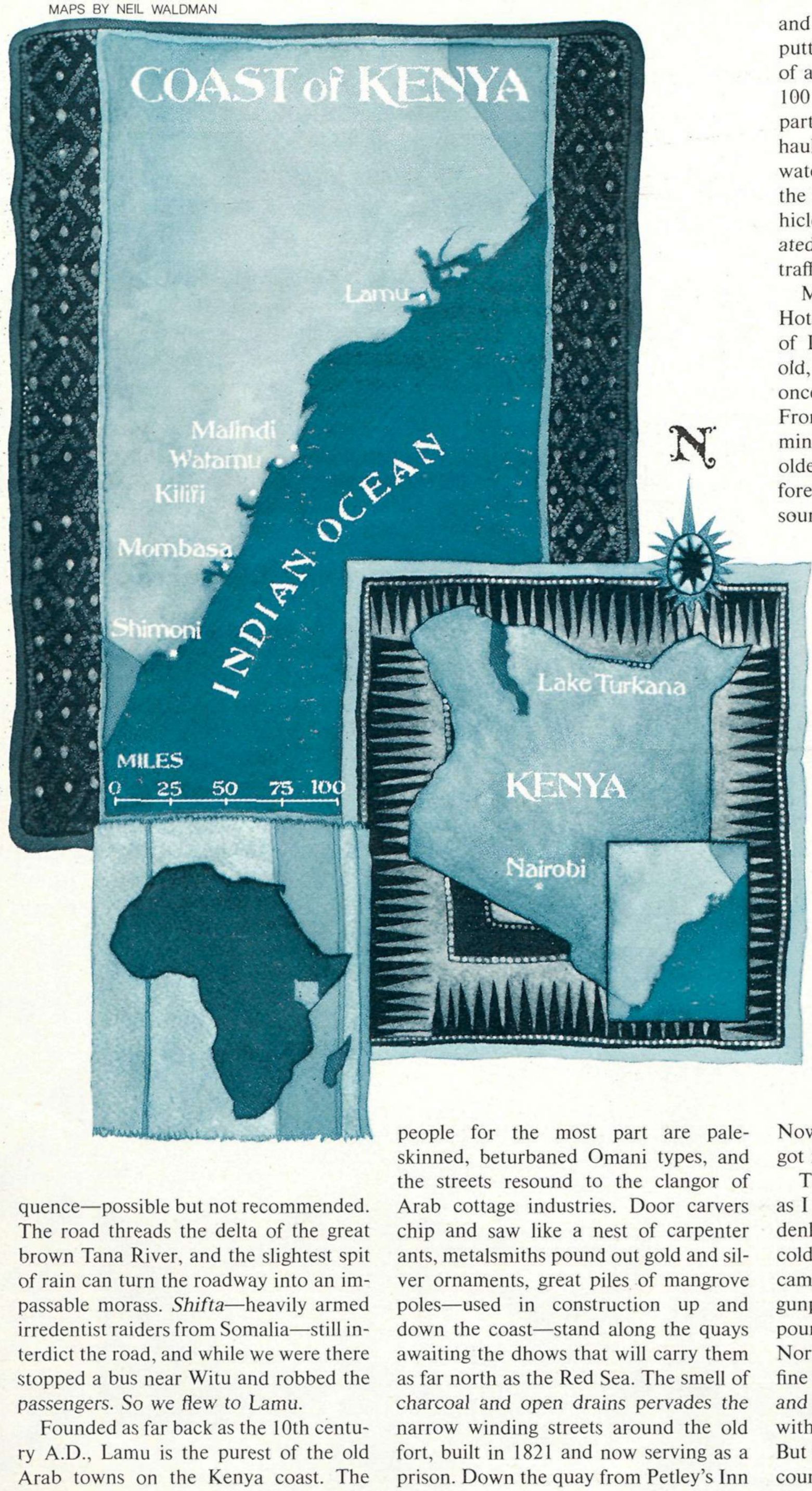
MAPS BY NEIL WALDMAN



and the Lamu Museum, shipwrights are putting the finishing touches on the hull of a new dhow—a giant of a ship, fully 100 feet long. The whole town will take part in its launching, which will entail hauling the ship by hand down to the water. Smaller dhows and *jahazis* cruise the harbor day and night. No motor vehicles are allowed in Lamu, which is situated on an island of the same name; all traffic is either by boat or on foot.

My accommodations at the Peponi Hotel, a short dhow ride from the town of Lamu, were called The Palace—an old, renovated suite of rooms that was once the home of an Arab merchant. From the back window I could see the minaret of the Friday Mosque, one of the oldest on the island. Each morning before dawn I would be awakened at the sound of the muezzin climbing the steps to the minaret. He suffered greatly from catarrh, and his hawking and spitting echoed out over the sleeping town like the voice of a sick raven. But then, miraculously, would come his call to morning prayer: "*Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar.*" Pure and clear and as old as Islam.

One morning, as if in answer to the muezzin's call, I heard a howl—faint and distant—coming from the island of Manda, just across the channel. Oooo-WEEP! Oooo-WEEP! I recognized it at once from my time in safari camps upcountry: It was the call of a hyena. That day I asked one of the boat boys about it, and he told me, yes, there was a lone hyena on Manda. There had been two, but one died. Now the survivor called each night, and got no answer.

That evening I heard the hyena again as I lay in the coffee-scented dark. Suddenly, I felt a wave of nostalgia for the cold, high country of the interior, the camps and the smell of raw meat and gunpowder, the chill of rain and the pounding of the high, dry sun of the Northern Frontier. Yes, the coast was fine for a change—hot and humid, bright and rich with exotic foods, glamorous with its Arab past and its tourist present. But for me, Africa will always be the upcountry, the night cry of the hyena. **END**

people for the most part are pale-skinned, beturbaned Omani types, and the streets resound to the clangor of Arab cottage industries. Door carvers chip and saw like a nest of carpenter ants, metalsmiths pound out gold and silver ornaments, great piles of mangrove poles—used in construction up and down the coast—stand along the quays awaiting the dhows that will carry them as far north as the Red Sea. The smell of charcoal and open drains pervades the narrow winding streets around the old fort, built in 1821 and now serving as a prison. Down the quay from Petley's Inn

quence—possible but not recommended. The road threads the delta of the great brown Tana River, and the slightest spit of rain can turn the roadway into an impassable morass. *Shifta*—heavily armed irredentist raiders from Somalia—still interdict the road, and while we were there stopped a bus near Witu and robbed the passengers. So we flew to Lamu.

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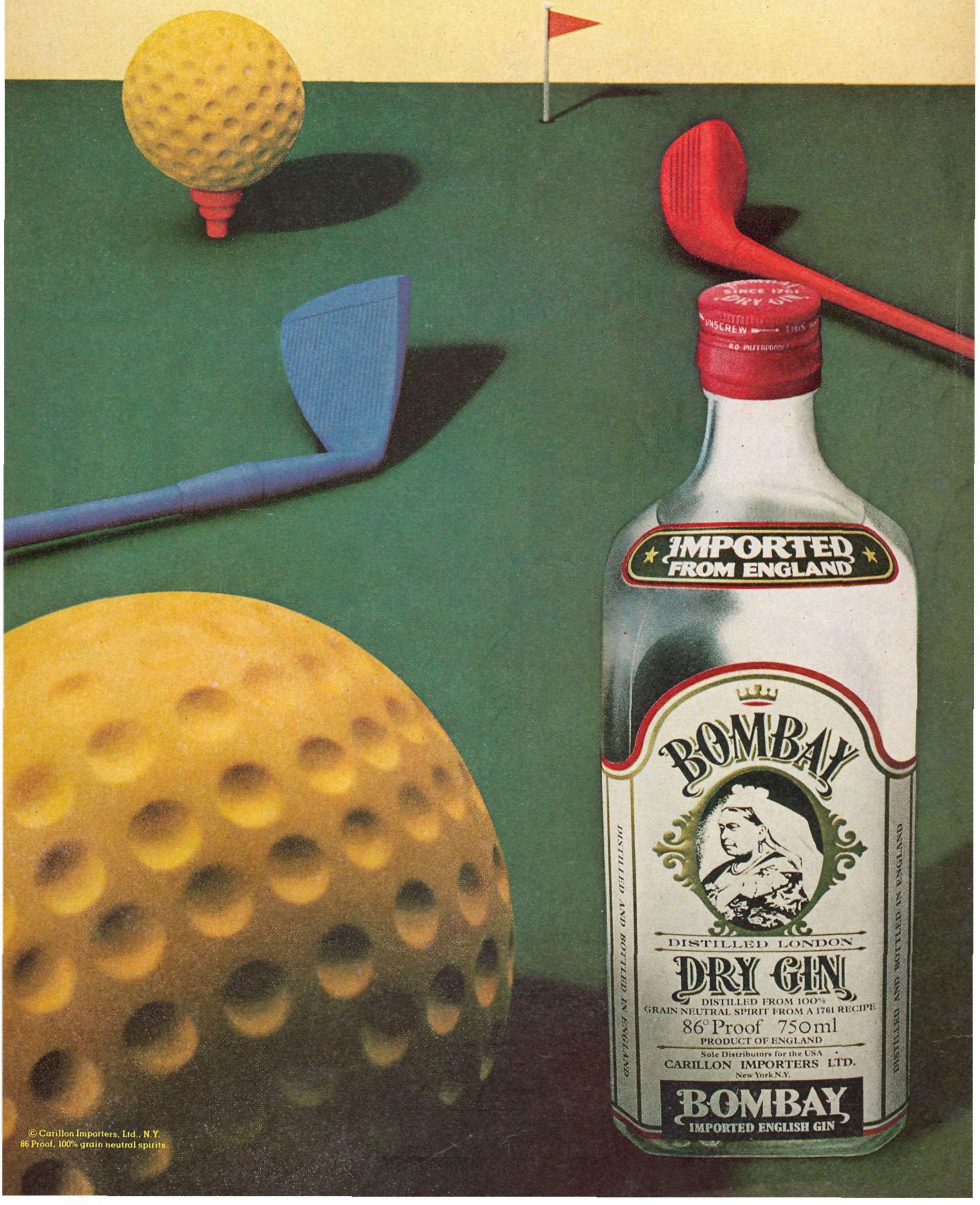

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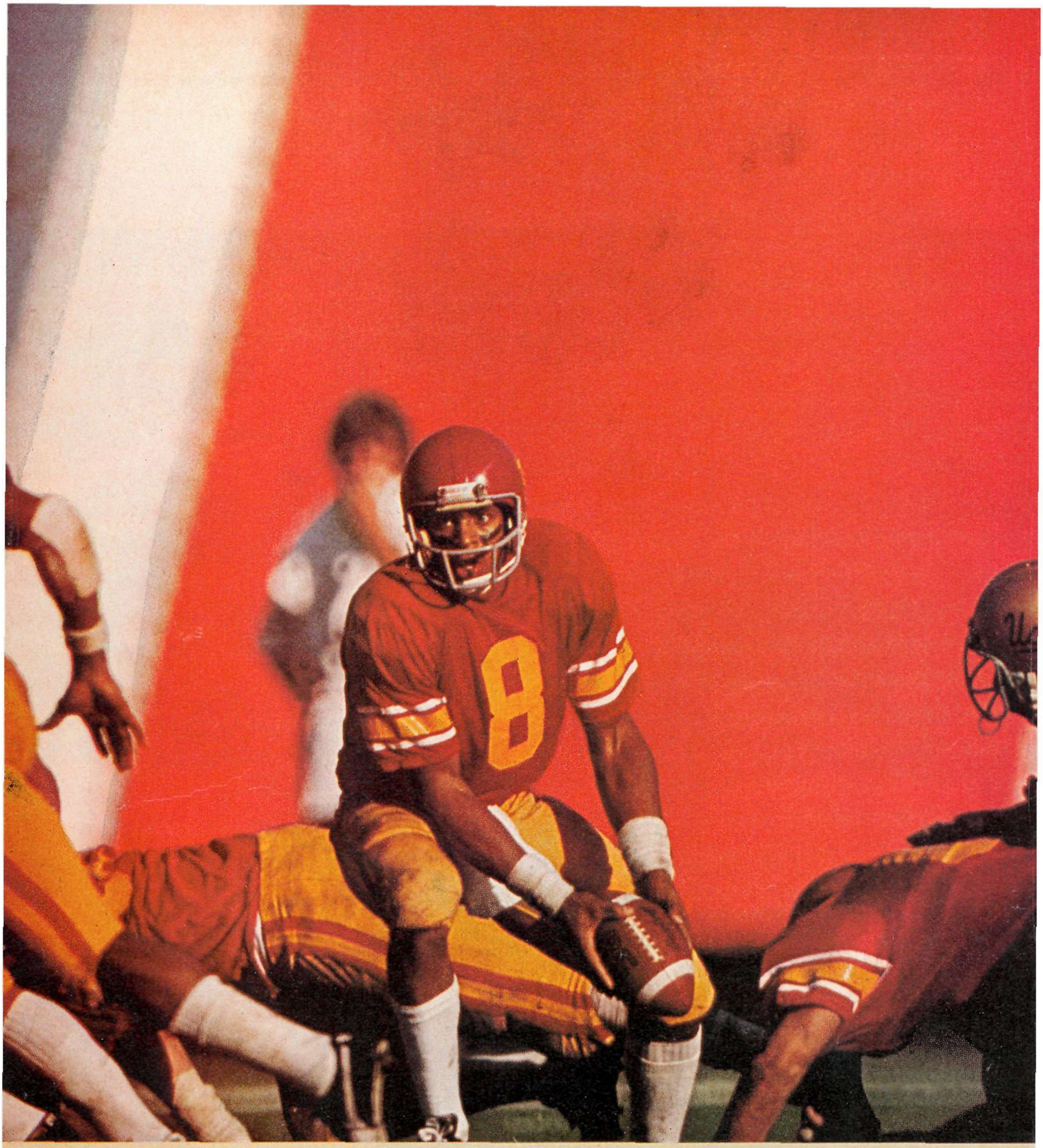

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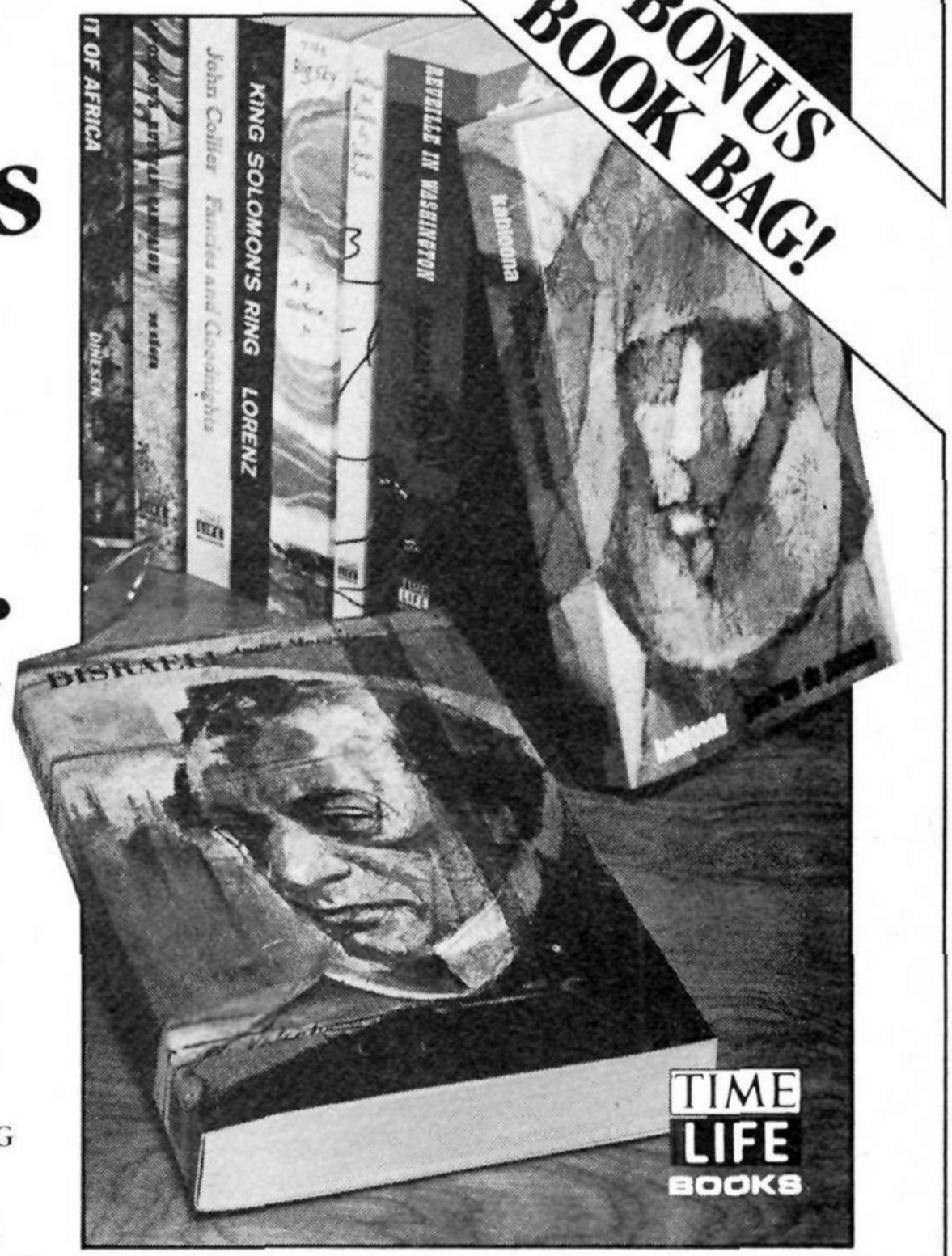

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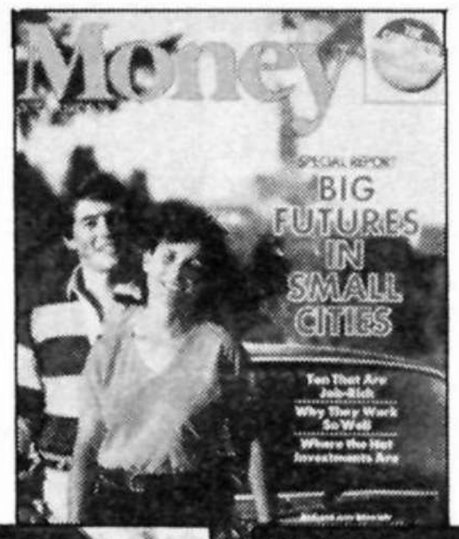

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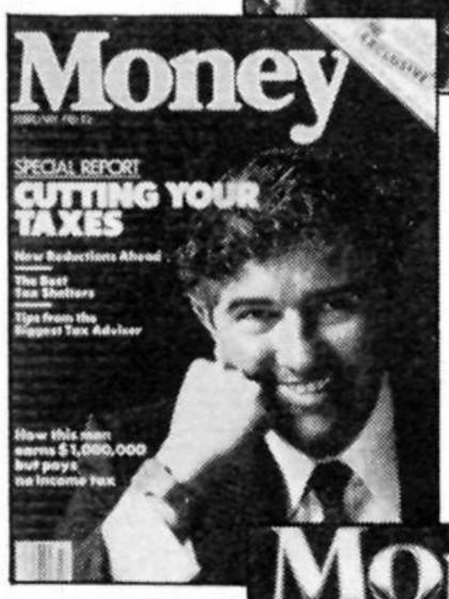

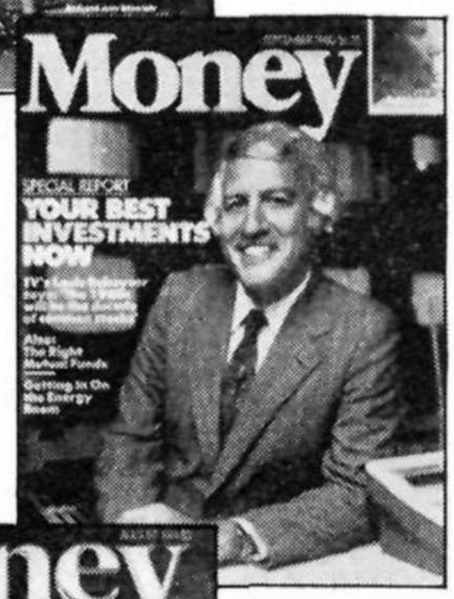

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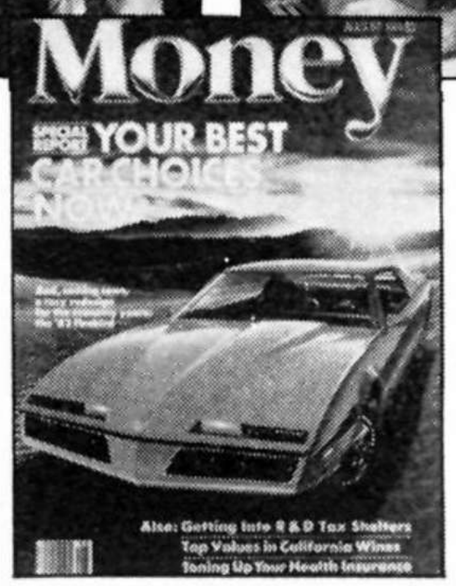

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 25-31

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—With seven seconds left and Central Division-leading Milwaukee tied with Pacific Division-leading Los Angeles 94–94, Sidney Moncrief of the Bucks saw his chance and took it. He drove down the lane past Magic Johnson to lay in the winning basket at the buzzer. With triumphs over New York (131–99) and Cleveland (116–104), Boston took a 2½-game lead on Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division, while in the Midwest San Antonio stretched its margin over Denver to 5½ games with wins over the 76ers (103–95) and Kansas City (126–115). In the 32nd All-Star Game, the Eastern Conference defeated the Western 120–118 at the Meadowlands.

BOWLING—ART TRASK defeated Mal Acosta 239-200 to win a $125,000 PBA tournament in Grand Prairie, Texas.

BOXING—WILFRED BENITEZ successfully defended his WBC junior middleweight championship with a unanimous decision over Roberto Duran in Las Vegas (*page 22*).

ARTURO FRIAS retained his WBA lightweight title on a technical decision over Ernesto Espana when the bout was stopped because of an accidental butt by Espana in the ninth round in Los Angeles.

FIGURE SKATING—In the U.S. Championships in Indianapolis, SCOTT HAMILTON retained the men's title, while ROSALYNN SUMNERS was first among the women. PETER and CAITLIN CARRUTHERS defended their championship in the pairs competition, as did JUDY BLUMBERG and MICHAEL SEIBERT in the dance.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS won the $300,000 Phoenix Open with a 21-under-par 263, the lowest 72-hole total carded on the tour in seven years. Jerry Pate was second, six strokes back.

JOHNNY MILLER shot an 18-under-par 270 to win the $300,000 San Diego Open by a stroke over Jack Nicklaus.

HOLLIS STACY beat JoAnne Carner on the fifth hole of a sudden-death playoff to win a $125,000 LPGA tournament in Deerfield Beach, Fla. Both finished regulation play at six-under-par 282.

HARNESS RACING—HYMOUR, driven by Jean-Pierre Dubois, beat Jiosco by a nose to win the 58th Prix d'Amérique at Vincennes, France. The 9-year-old trotted the 1⅝ miles in 3:19.9.

HOCKEY—The Islanders started the week quickly, getting five goals in the first 4:08 of their 9–2 triumph over Pittsburgh; it is believed to be an NHL record for a game-starting spree. The Islanders, in first place in the Patrick Division, went on for two more victories, 6–3 in a return match with Pittsburgh and 4–2 over Norris Division-leading Minnesota. After tying a league-record six games in a row, Los Angeles got its first win in 17 games, 7–4 over St. Louis, but returned to form with a 6–3 loss to the Rangers. First-place Buffalo of the Adams Division lost thrice in the Canadian west: 4–3 to Vancouver, with Canuck Stan Smyl getting a hat trick; 3–1 to Smythe Division-leading Edmonton, with Wayne Gretzky scoring the winning goal; and 3–2 to Calgary. Those defeats allowed Montreal to creep within a point of the top in the Adams Division. The Canadiens beat Quebec 8–3, Boston 6–3 and Detroit 5–3. Gretzky helped Edmonton maintain its record as the NHL's best team by scoring three goals in a 7–4 win over Philadelphia. His 67 goals, in just 55 games, are nine short of Phil Esposito's single-season record of 76.

HORSE RACING—SAFE PLAY ($7.20), Don Brumfield up, beat Rainbow Connection by a half-length to win the $168,300 La Cañada Stakes for 4-year-old fillies at Santa Anita. The winner covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅗, tying the Stakes record.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of John Paul, John Paul Jr. and Rolf Stommelen combined to drive its Porsche Turbo 935 to a record-breaking victory in the 24-hour endurance race at Daytona Beach, Fla. They averaged 114.794 mph around the 3.84-mile course to complete a total of 2,760.96 miles.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: Baltimore kept pace with New York and Pittsburgh in the Eastern Division by beating New Jersey 9–2, Joe Fink scoring seven goals, and Phoenix 6–5. In the Western Division, first-place St. Louis was on a streak. The Steamers—16 of whom are St. Louis natives—beat Memphis 7–4 before a home crowd of 18,086. It was their third Checkerdome sellout in a row.

NASL: Chicago remained atop the Central Division with an 8–6 win over Tulsa, while Montreal, the leader in the East, got hat tricks from Gordon Hill, Thompson Usiyan and Andy Parkinson in its 11–6 victory over the Cosmos. In the Northwest Division, Vancouver took over the top spot with a 9–2 defeat of San Jose, while San Diego beat Portland 7–5 to keep the lead in the West.

SPEED SKATING—TOMAS GUSTAFSON established a world record of 14:23.59 in the 10,000 meters in Oslo, 3.12 under the mark set by Dmitri Ogloblin in 1980.

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Andrea Jaeger 6–2, 6–0 to win a $150,000 tournament in Seattle, and then defeated Wendy Turnbull 6–4, 6–1 to win a $150,000 tournament in Chicago.

JOHN McENROE won the $300,000 U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia with a 6–3, 6–3, 6–1 defeat of Jimmy Connors.

IVAN LENDL extended his streak of consecutive tournament victories to eight with a 6–4, 4–6, 6–4, 7–5 victory over Peter McNamara in the $300,000 WCT Gold Coast Cup Classic in Delray Beach, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—On Friday evening in Toronto, RENALDO NEHEMIAH lowered his own year-old world indoor record of 5.98 by .06 in the 50-yard hurdles. The next night, in Dallas, he ran the 60-yard hurdles in 6.82, reducing by .07 the world indoor mark he set in 1979. Also in Toronto, BILL OLSON pole-vaulted 18′ 8¾″ to surpass by ¼″ the world indoor record set by Thierry Vigneron and Constantin Volkov last year. In Dallas, JEANETTE BOLDEN broke the women's world indoor 60-yard-dash mark of 6.62 set by Alice Brown in 1981 with a clocking of 6.60 (*page 90*).

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, GEORGE MUSSO, 71, former tackle and guard with the Chicago Bears (1933-44); DOUG ATKINS, 51, former defensive end with the Cleveland Browns (1953-54), Bears (1955-66) and New Orleans Saints (1967-69); SAM HUFF, 47, former linebacker with the New York Giants (1956-63) and Washington Redskins (1964-67, '69); and MERLIN OLSEN, 41, former defensive tackle with the Los Angeles Rams (1962-76).

SUSPENDED: For 10 games by the NHL, Winnipeg Jets Wing JIMMY MANN, 22, for breaking the jaw of Pittsburgh Penguin Paul Gardner with a punch in a game in Winnipeg on Jan. 13.

TRADED: By the Chicago Cubs, Shortstop IVAN DeJESUS, 29, to the Philadelphia Phillies for Shortstop LARRY BOWA, 36, and RYNE SANDBERG, a 22-year-old utility player.

By the California Angels, Outfielder DAN FORD, 29, to the Baltimore Orioles for Third Baseman DOUG DeCINCES, 32, and lefthanded Pitcher JEFF SCHNEIDER, 28.

DIED: DR. HUBERT S. (Shucks) PRUETT, 81, the lefthanded pitcher with the St. Louis Browns (1922-24), Philadelphia Phillies (1927-28), New York Giants (1930) and Boston Braves (1932), best known for his rookie-season feat of striking out Babe Ruth in 10 of the first 14 times he faced him; of cancer; in Ladue, Mo.

CREDITS

4—Bill Eppridge (right), John G. Zimmerman (2); **22-24**—Tony Triolo; **25**—Manny Millan; **26**—Manny Millan (top), Tony Triolo; **27**—Manny Millan; **30**—University of South Carolina 1980-81 Media Guide; **31**—JoAnne Kalish; **32**—Tony Tomsic; **33**—JoAnne Kalish; **34**—Manny Rubio (left), JoAnne Kalish; **45**—Graham Finlayson; **51**—Lane Stewart; **72**—Jerry Wachter; **80**—Stephen Vaughan; **86,89**—Bill Eppridge; **90,91**—Paul Kennedy.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DOM VACCA
RACINE, WIS.

Vacca, a 72-year-old retired electrician, rolled his first ABC-sanctioned 300 game in 51 years of bowling, at Surfside lanes in Kenosha, Wis. The perfecto was part of a 697 series. Vacca has a 185 average for Dickie's Tavern in a Sunday league.

KATHY SMITH
KIRKLAND, WASH.

Kathy, a senior at Lake Washington High, swam a girls' national high school record of 1:02.96 in the 100-yard breaststroke. Her 23.21 in the 50-yard freestyle is tops in the U.S. for a girl in high school competition this season.

SAM (Fox) LOVE
CADIZ, KY.

Sam, a senior at Trigg County High, won his second straight Class A state high school cross-country title, running the 3.1 miles in Lexington in 16:16. He also won the Class A 800 meters (1:54.47) and 1,600 meters (4:15.85) last year.

BETSY JOHNSON
POND EDDY, N.Y.

Betsy, a 5′ 8″ senior striker at Eldred Central High, scored 61 goals to lead the Yellow Jackets to a 19–0 soccer season and their third sectional title in her four years on the team. She had 167 goals and 31 assists in her varsity career.

JIM JORDAN
ST. PARIS, OHIO

JEFF JORDAN
ST. PARIS, OHIO

Jim, 17, and Jeff, his 16-year-old brother, have combined to win five state Class AA titles for the Graham High wrestling team. Jim, a senior, has a high school record of 134–1 and has been the Ohio AA champion at 98, 105 and 119 pounds. He also won the 123-pound titles at the National Sports Festival and World Elite (16-18) meets last summer. Jeff, a junior, has a high school record of 119 victories and one defeat and has been an Ohio AA titlist at 98 and 105 pounds.

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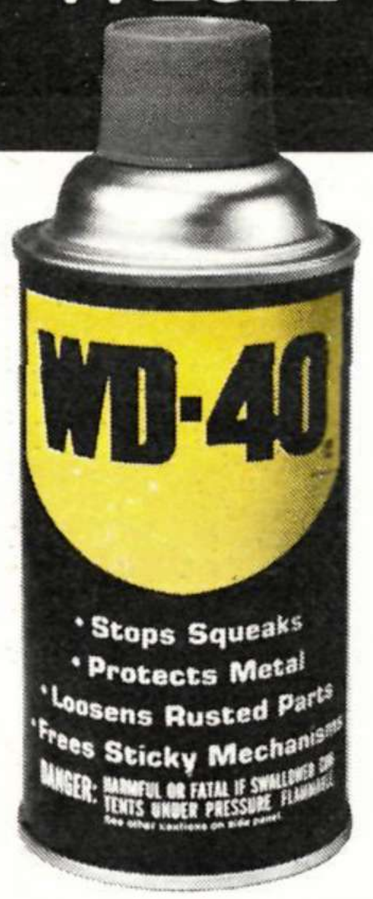

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NINER COVERS

Sir:

Of the six issues of SI that preceded Super Bowl XVI, four pictured eventual Super Bowl contestants on the cover, and three of them featured San Francisco 49ers: Earl Cooper (Dec. 21), Dwight Clark (Jan. 18) and Joe Montana (Jan. 25). According to the myth about the SI cover jinx, this should have more than sealed the fate of the Niners: Surely they would lose to the Bengals. But no, the 49ers put an end to this old armchair quarterback's excuse. Congratulations. The myth of the SI cover jinx is all but dispelled. Then again, don't let Thomas Hearns read this. He might not agree.

MARK C. CLARK
Milwaukee

Sir:

I admit the 49ers are a talented football team—you have to be talented to beat a team like the Cowboys twice in a row—but don't you think that three 49er covers in 35 days is a little ridiculous? And that's not even counting the Super Bowl cover of Feb. 1.

JIM STUART
Charlotte, N.C.

Sir:

I know the girlie version of SI is upon us, but this gal already has her pinup, thanks to your great cover shot of my new heartthrob, Joe Montana. Thank you, SI, I needed that!

FRAN KERR
Tampa

MONTANA'S PILL

Sir:

I hope you will have some comment on Joe Montana's public pill-popping at the start of the second half of the Super Bowl. I am sure that many of the millions of fans who saw it on TV are curious. After all, there was a confident Montana on the sidelines, headgear off his handsome head, just before the kickoff, extending his palm toward a trainer to receive a pill, which he popped into his mouth. My dentist thinks it was an upper, but he can't understand why Montana got off to such a slow start in the second half. Could he have been slipped a downer by mistake?

SIDNEY L. JAMES
Laguna Hills, Calif.

• No uppers or downers here. According to the 49ers, Montana suffered cramps in his passing hand in the first half and was given a tablet of a soluble calcium salt supplement called Fosfree. Among its various applications, Fosfree, which contains calcium, vitamins and iron, is sometimes useful for relieving such muscle cramps.—ED.

NO SAFETY

Sir:

Was I the only person in the world to see San Francisco *lose* the NFC championship game against Dallas (*Off on the Wrong Foot*, Jan. 18)? On the last play, after San Francisco's game-clinching recovery of a Dallas fumble, didn't Joe Montana take the snap from center and, while the opposing linemen stood up to shake hands, etc., turn and run from near midfield through the San Francisco end zone for a *safety*? No matter if time expired before he got there; the play started with 27 seconds still on the clock.

In an amazing coincidence, SCORECARD in that same Jan. 18 issue carried an item on a high school game between Shawnee Mission (Kans.) South and Shawnee Mission West that parallels this situation: The "winning" quarterback took the final snap on his opponent's 40-yard line and then, without downing the ball, retreated toward his own goal line, waiting for the last five seconds of the game to elapse. An alert opponent rushed up, grabbed the ball from the quarterback and ran it in for a touchdown and victory for the "losing" team.

It sure would be nice to have the 49er play explained!

GENEVIEVE SCHWARTZ
Northbrook, Ill.

• Although it may have seemed that way, the situations weren't identical. Art McNally, the NFL's Supervisor of Officials, assures us that after Montana took the final snap, he dropped back and down on his right knee, whereupon he was touched—actually, grabbed at each side of the waist—by Dallas Right Cornerback Dennis Thurman. The referee then blew his whistle, ending the play. While it's true that the clock was still running when Montana stood up and, noting the crowds descending onto the field and some players leaving it, ran off with the ball through the end zone, there could be no safety because the ball hadn't been snapped to begin another play.—ED.

A WORD FROM THE POLICE CHIEF

Sir:

I read with interest the article on Bobby Unser by Sam Moses (*"I Will Go Fast Until the Day I Die,"* Jan. 11). However, I was very disturbed by the passage regarding the New Mexico State Police. It indicates that Unser has a free pass to speed on New Mexico highways.

As head of the New Mexico State Police Department, I want to go on record that nei-

continued

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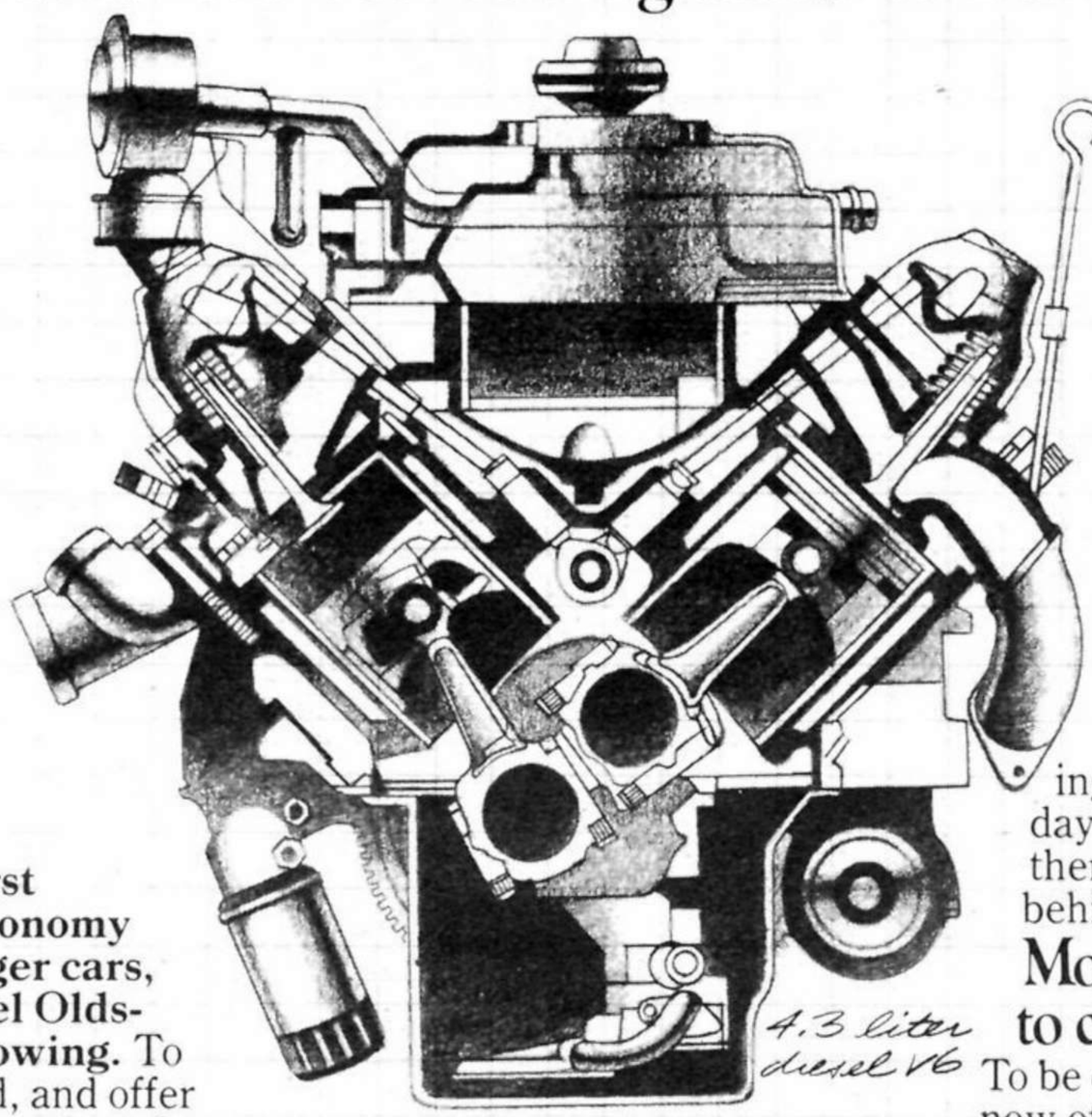

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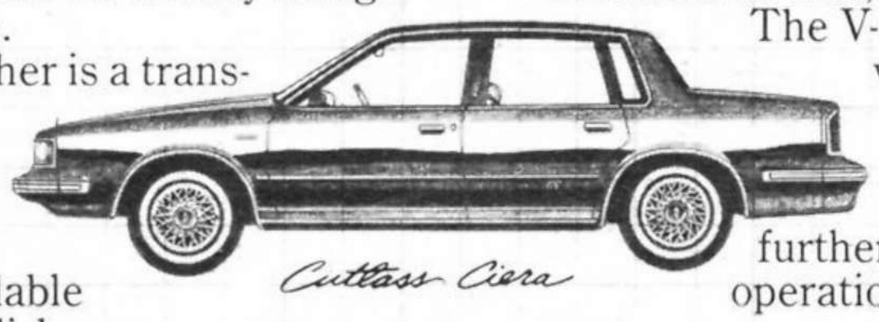
Ever since 1977, when Oldsmobile first introduced diesel economy in American passenger cars, the demand for diesel Oldsmobiles has been growing. To help meet this demand, and offer even more drivers the option of high style plus high mileage, Oldsmobile now offers a new diesel V6 in addition to the popular diesel V8.

The new diesel V6 and America's number one car.

The diesel V6 is a great match for Cutlass. Its size. Its weight. Its efficiency. It even comes in two versions. One is a conventionally mounted version for stylish Cutlass Supreme coupe and sedan models. So, now Cutlass Supreme models offer a choice of two available diesel engines, the popular diesel V8 and the new diesel V6, which features the V8's many design advances.

The other is a transverse-mounted version, which is now available in the stylish new front-wheel-drive Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera coupes and sedans. It's the first transverse diesel V6 ever in a passenger car, and it offers fuel economy estimates as impressive as the Cutlass Ciera itself.


Cutlass Ciera

Hwy. Est. EPA Est. MPG

Impressive diesel performance, too.

In a new Cutlass Ciera, the diesel V6 can take you from 0 to 30 in just over five seconds. The standard Fast-Start Glow Plug System helps it start quickly, too, in about 8 seconds or less, even at 0°F.

The V-type design, water/fuel separation system and roller hydraulic lifters further enhance operation.

Proven diesel design.

The new V6 diesels have received over 1.5 million miles of testing. The popular diesel V8 has been proven by over 420,000 owners, each driving the kind of miles you do, day in and day out. So, you know there's plenty of experience behind every diesel Oldsmobile.

More diesel Oldsmobiles to choose from than ever.

To be exact, 22 Oldsmobile models now offer available diesel power. So, in 1982, there are more ways than ever to make a very practical buying choice while you stretch out in a roomy, comfortable and stylish Oldsmobile.

Diesel V6 and V8 Oldsmobiles. Even today, there's still room to do it with style.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Diesel mileage estimates.

MODELS	Fuel Tank Cap. (Gal.)	Est. Hwy.	Est. Hwy. Range	EPA Est. MPG	Est. Range
Cutlass Ciera (V6)	16.4	42	688	28	459
Cutlass Supreme (V6)	19.8	36	712	25*	495*
Cutlass Supreme (V8)	19.8	34	673	23	455
Cutlass Cruiser (V8)	18.2	34	618	23	418
Delta 88 (V8)	26.0	36†	936	23	598
Ninety-Eight (V8)	26.0	36*†	936*	22	572
Custom Cruiser (V8)	22.0	36*†	792*	22	484
Toronado (V8)	22.8	36	820	21	478

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and range lower. Range estimates are obtained by multiplying EPA and highway estimates by the fuel tank capacity. *Estimates lower in California. †Automatic transmission with overdrive (optional on Delta 88). Oldsmobile projections of 1982 Cutlass Ciera EPA estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

America's number one seller of diesel cars.

FOR AN INFORMATIVE BROCHURE WRITE:
Diesel Oldsmobiles, 920 Townsend Street, Lansing, MI 48921

Oldsmobile

"Pilot. The pens you have to hold onto with two hands."
—Rodney Dangerfield

"Get your claws off my Pilot pen. I don't get no respect!"

"People just have a hunger for my Pilot Fineliner. You know why? They're always fishing for a fine point pen that has the guts to write through carbons. And Pilot has the guts to charge only 79¢ for it.

People get their hands on it and forget it's my pen. So I don't get no respect! You think I make out any better with my Pilot Razor Point? No way! It writes whip-cream smooth with an extra fine line. And its custom-fit metal collar helps keep the point from going squish. So people love it. But for only 89¢ they should buy their own pen—and show some respect for my property."

PILOT
fine point marker pens
People take to a Pilot like it's their own.

19TH HOLE *continued*

ther Bobby Unser nor any other person traveling on New Mexico highways is free to exceed our speed limits.

As for the statement that Unser "looks after their patrol cars," we have our own mechanics and also use commercial garages for that purpose. Furthermore, Unser would not be authorized, nor has he ever had authority from this office, to work on our patrol cars.

MARTIN E. VIGIL
Chief
New Mexico State Police
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

COURT TO SHORT

Sir:

In your SCORECARD item (Jan. 25) on current college basketball players whose first names match the last names of major league shortstops, past or present, you omitted the most famous, hardest-hitting shortstop of all, Henry Aaron, who could be paired with Villanova's standout forward, Aaron Howard. As any true fan recalls, Hammerin' Hank began his career as Milwaukee's shortstop.

TED JOHNSON
Denver

• Aaron played 87 games at short for Eau Claire in the Northern League in 1952, his first year in the minors, but he never played that position in the big leagues. He began his major league career as an outfielder for Milwaukee in 1954, following a season at second with Jacksonville in the Sally League. Aaron played 2,759 regular-season major league games in the outfield, 210 at first, 202 as a designated hitter, 43 at second and seven at third.—ED.

Sir:

You missed the most obvious one. Michael Jordan of North Carolina and Gene Michael of the Yankees, Dodgers, etc.

PATRICK BROWN
Laurel, Md.

BOWLS AND EXAMS

Sir:

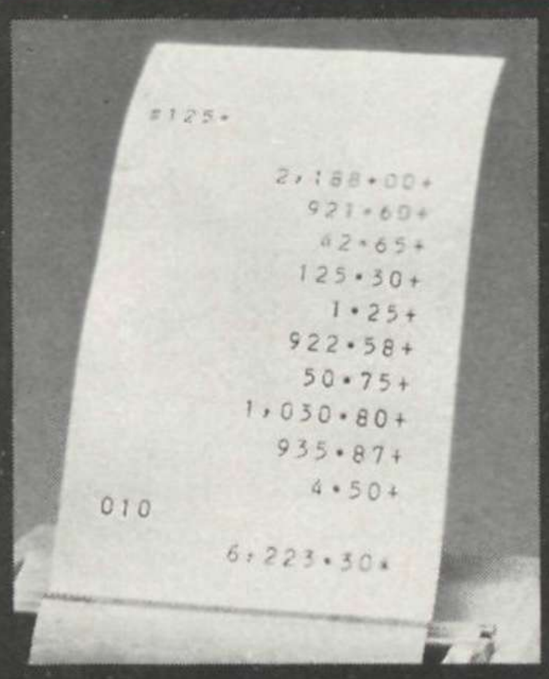
As the athletic academic counselor at the University of Missouri, I, too, was concerned about our football team's accepting a bid to play in a bowl game—the Tangerine—whose date conflicted with our final-exam week (SCORECARD, Dec. 21). You might be interested to know how we made the decision to go. Coach Warren Powers first came to me for advice, I surveyed 30 faculty members who would be inconvenienced, and an emergency meeting of the Faculty Advisory Committee on Athletics was held before we submitted our request to attend a bowl to the chancellor, who in turn sought counsel from the Faculty Committee on Bowl Selection before giving the go-ahead.

Each player was then required to make alternate exam plans with his professors and obtain signatures acknowledging such arrangements. Some took exams before finals week, some while they were in Orlando, Fla.,

continued

ANOTHER TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE FROM SHARP.

SHARP'S 2188 VS. THE IRS'S 1040.



WITH SHARP'S EL-2188 PRINTING CALCULATOR (OR OUR EL-1195) YOU'LL KNOW WHAT YOU DID & WHY YOU DID IT.

The IRS's 1040 is a worthy opponent. Which is why, when going up against it, you should equalize the contest by using one of Sharp's extensive line of Printing Calculators. Like our top-of-the-line EL-2188, or our pocket-sized EL-1195, or any of our other 5 models in between.

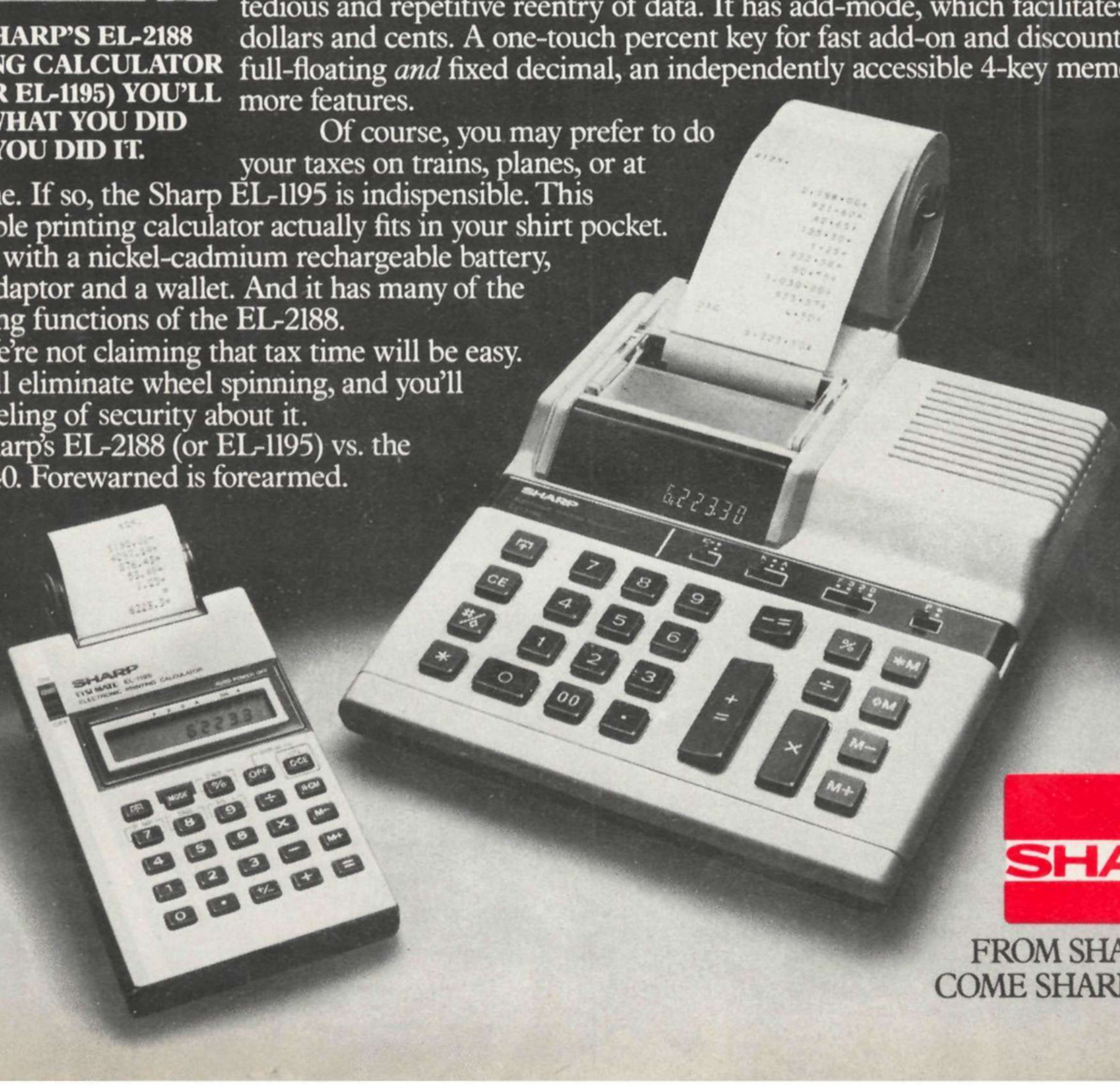
A Sharp Printing Calculator makes tax time a totally different experience. The mere act of using it organizes you. You'll have a record of every calculation made, and you'll always know where you are, what you did, and why you did it. And you won't spend half the night wondering where that elusive mistake is. You *will* wonder why you didn't use a Sharp Printing Calculator years ago.

You also get the benefit of a lot of technology that's built into the EL-2188 for saving you time and making life easier. It does "constant calculations" for eliminating tedious and repetitive reentry of data. It has add-mode, which facilitates the entry of dollars and cents. A one-touch percent key for fast add-on and discount calculations, full-floating *and* fixed decimal, an independently accessible 4-key memory, and many more features.

Of course, you may prefer to do your taxes on trains, planes, or at lunchtime. If so, the Sharp EL-1195 is indispensible. This remarkable printing calculator actually fits in your shirt pocket. It comes with a nickel-cadmium rechargeable battery, an AC adaptor and a wallet. And it has many of the timesaving functions of the EL-2188.

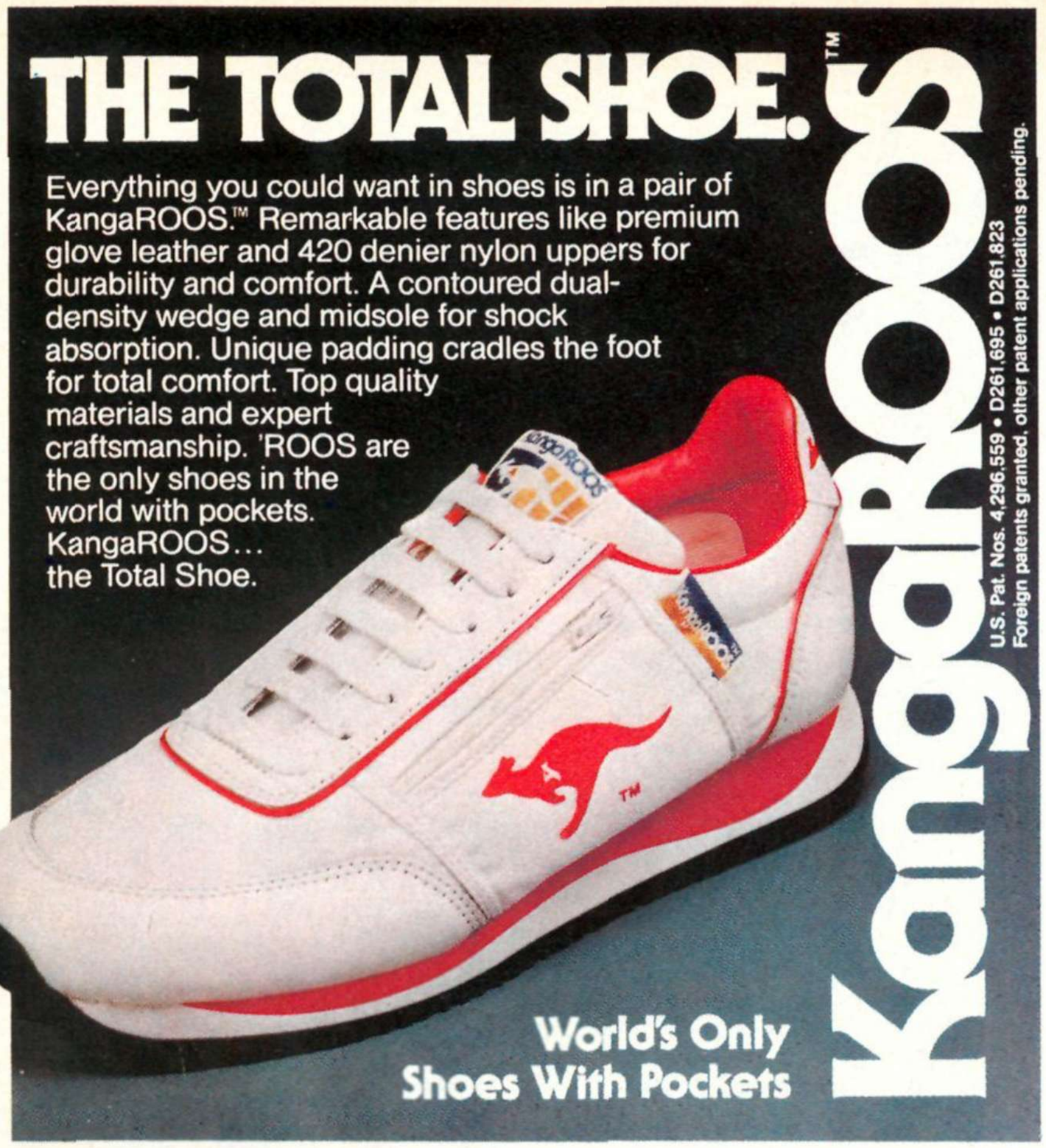
We're not claiming that tax time will be easy. But you'll eliminate wheel spinning, and you'll have a feeling of security about it.

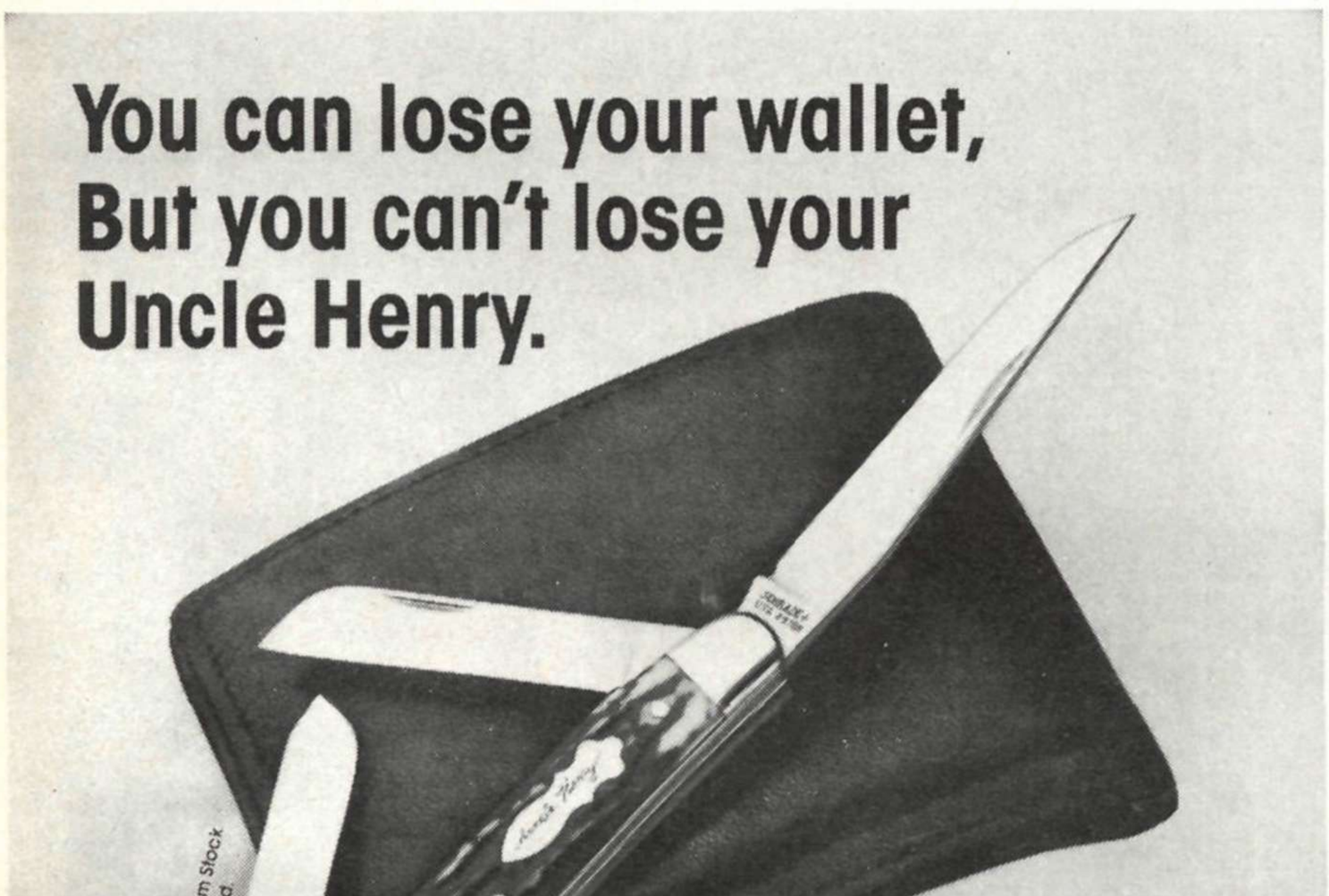
Sharp's EL-2188 (or EL-1195) vs. the IRS's 1040. Forewarned is forearmed.



SHARP

FROM SHARP MINDS COME SHARP PRODUCTS





19TH HOLE *continued*

and some after they came back. Several players elected not to go to Orlando because of their concern that they might jeopardize their academic performance. And those players who needed to miss practice to study were allowed to do so. No one experienced any major difficulties.

Too often critics propose extreme solutions to the problems in college athletics, such as scrapping the early bowl games. I believe academics and athletics can continue to survive together. I am very proud of our academic and athletic programs and can honestly say that the student-athlete concept is alive and well at Mizzou. Furthermore, for those who made the trip, the stay in Orlando was an educational experience.

LYNN LASHBROOK, ED.D.
Manager, Academic Counseling Unit
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

Sir:

Let me assure you that the members of the Oklahoma State football team did take their books when they went to Shreveport, La. for the Independence Bowl game. In fact, they had regularly scheduled study halls there, along with practice and publicity appearances. This may have resulted in more studying than would have been accomplished on campus. For the band, the cheerleaders and the thousands of undergraduates who made the trip to Shreveport to support their team, the weekend break may have been more intellectually stimulating than marathon cram sessions.

Why the sanctity of exam week? The academic process is spread over the entire 18 weeks of a semester. Intellectual achievement, like athletic achievement, is, after all, the result of continued self-discipline, effort and dedication. Woe to the football team that waits till Friday to prepare for Saturday's game.

JEANNE AGNEW
Professor of Mathematics
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Okla.

Sir:

The NCAA has long used interference with academics as an excuse for not holding Division I-A football playoffs. This excuse seems farcical in view of your Dec. 21 SCORECARD item, "Have Finals, Will Travel," the Division II and III playoffs and the expansion of the I-A basketball playoffs. Is Clemson really the best team? We'll never know for sure as long as the bowls and the greedy stronger conferences dictate to the NCAA.

FRED GUSTAFSON
Philadelphia

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

LATEST U.S. GOV'T REPORT:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

Carlton Scores Best In Cigaret Testing

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Carlton king-size filter cigaret sold in a hard pack had the lowest tar, nicotine and carb... of any ci... tested i...

CARLTON IS LOWEST.

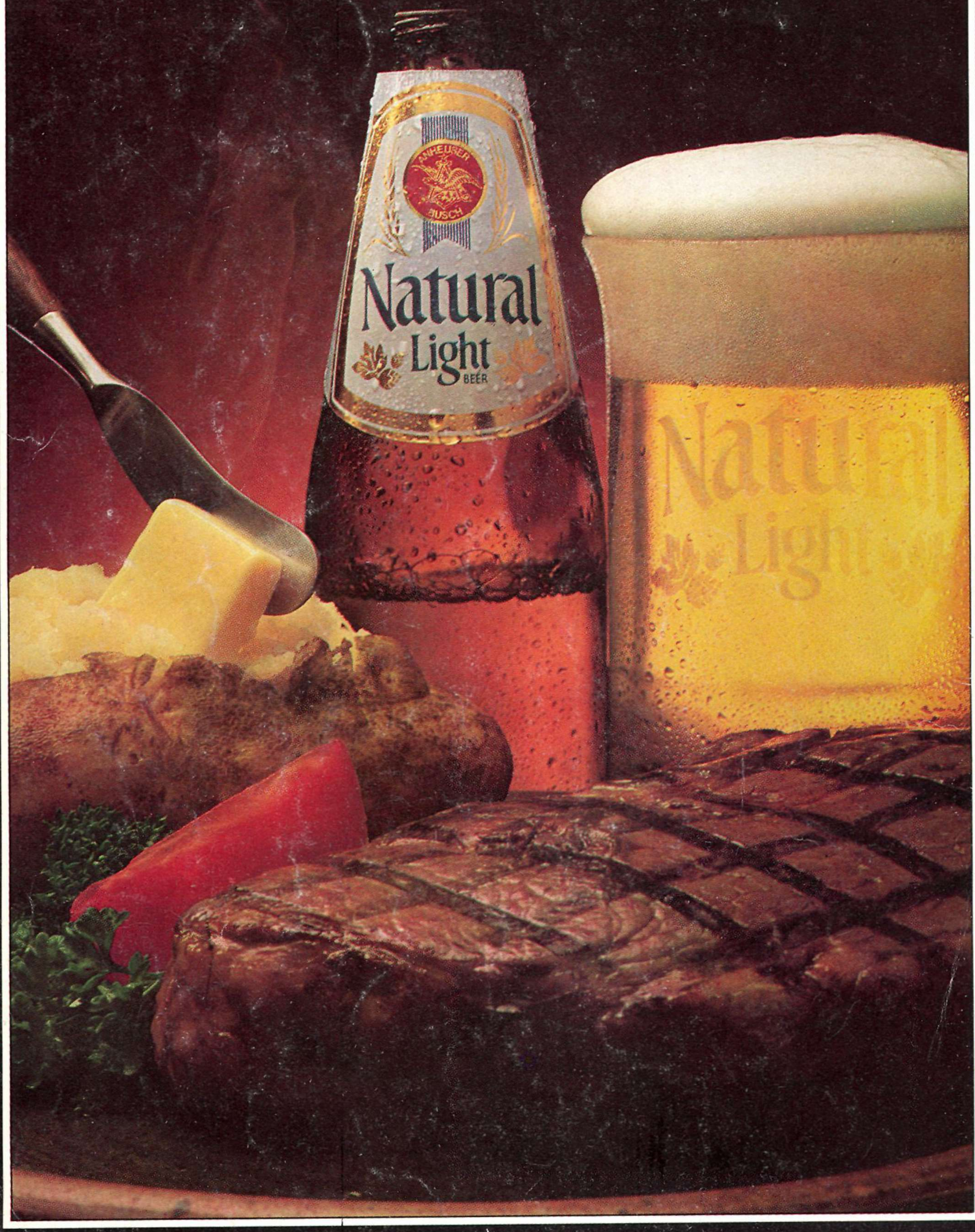
Today's Carlton has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's 1981 Report.
Despite new low tar brands introduced since–**Carlton still lowest.**

Box–less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

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

Ahh, the beer with the taste for food!



Anheuser-Busch, Inc. St. Louis, MO