Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 13, 1984 $1.95

HERE COMES THE SUN

Paulina Porizkova Is In The Pink In Aruba

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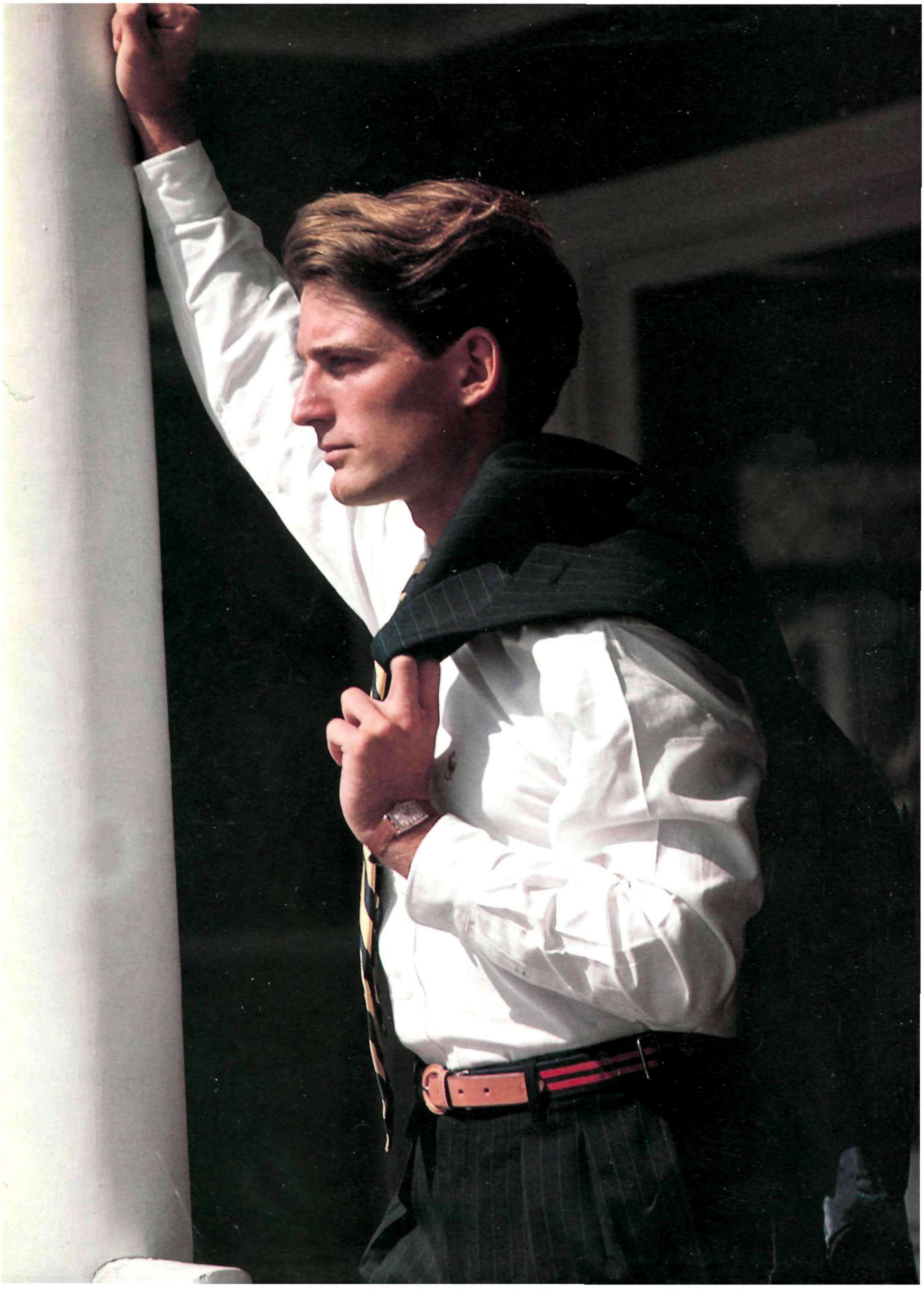

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by Ralph Lauren

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WHY A CARMAKER THAT'S BEEN AROUND FOR 27 YEARS HAS SUDDENLY BEEN "DISCOVERED."

How to be an overnight success after only twenty-seven years:

Nobody would deny that Saabs today are more desirable than they were in years gone by. They look better. They handle better. They go faster. They're more comfortable.

Yet, the same philosophy behind the design and performance of today's Saabs was right there from the beginning.

And in the intervening twenty-seven years, that philosophy hasn't changed, fundamentally.

For example, Saabs have always been designed to provide efficient transportation in virtually any climate, to pull themselves through the dark of New England winters and the muck of southern springs with the traction of front-wheel drive.

And now, with all that front-wheel drive mileage behind us, you'd expect us to have one of the most thoroughly tested and proven front-wheel drive systems in the world.

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900S 3-door	*$13,850*
900S 4-door	*$14,310*
900 Turbo 3-door	*$16,940*
900 Turbo 4-door	*$17,400*

Automatic transmission $390 additional.

So now that the general public has discovered front-wheel drive is a good thing to have, many have discovered that Saab front-wheel drive is an even better thing to have.

Today, car buyers have discovered that Saab's practical application of aerodynamics is even more important than it was twenty-seven years ago, and that Saab's pioneering use of turbocharging not only made an engine more powerful, it helped it become more fuel-efficient while doing so.**

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A fact often discovered by other car owners as they are overtaken by Saab Turbos.

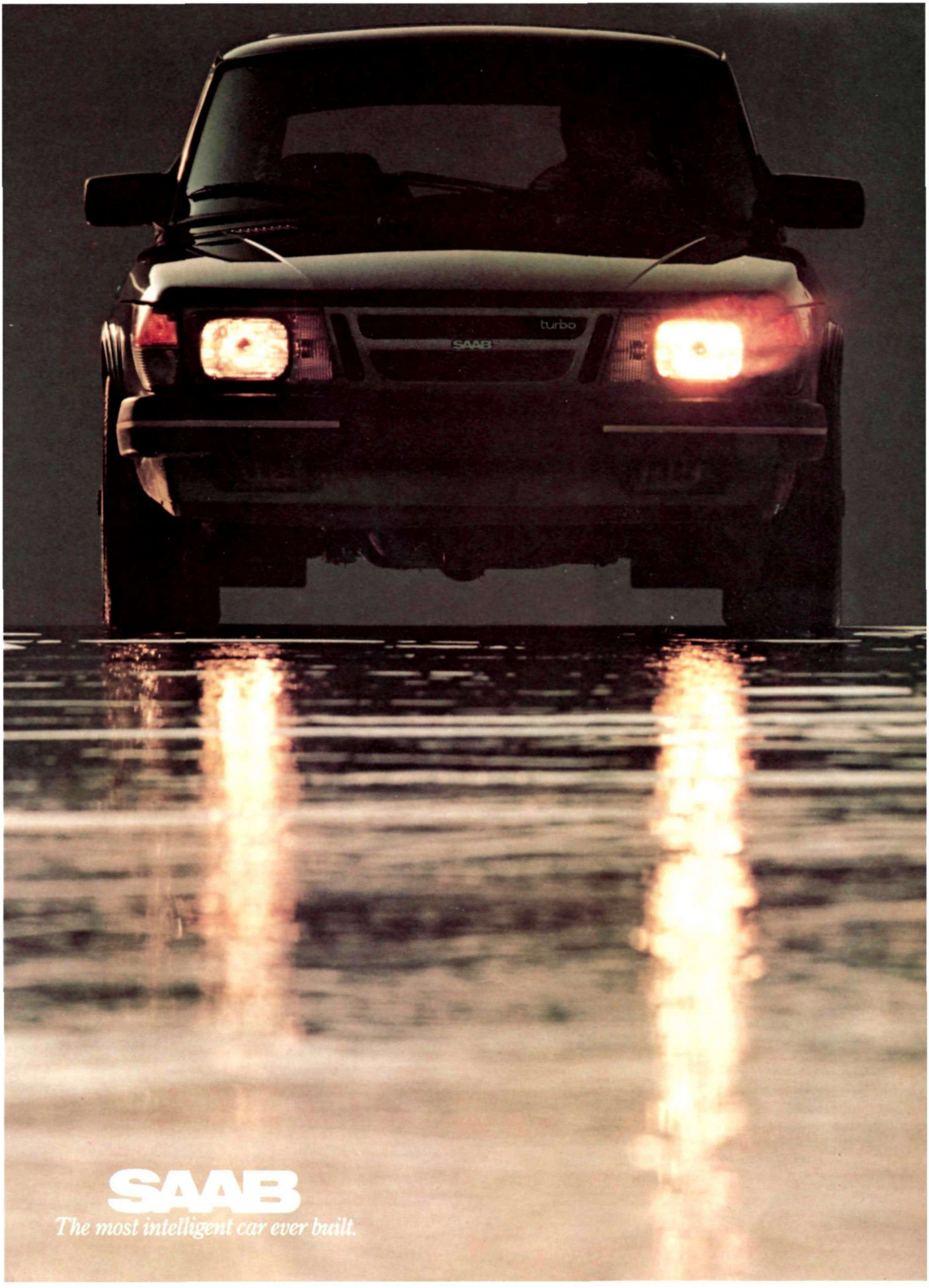
Right from the beginning, Saab designers believed that a car's interior dimensions should bear some logical relationship to those of its exterior.

And today, many Saab owners have discovered that a Saab's cargo and passenger capacity actually defies logic in its ratio to the overall mass of the car.

So you see that even though the Saab philosophy hasn't changed all that much in twenty-seven years, one thing about Saab has changed profoundly: the car itself.

But then, so have the times.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes: leather upholstery, fog lights, electronic cruise control and electric sunroof, at additional cost. **Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.*



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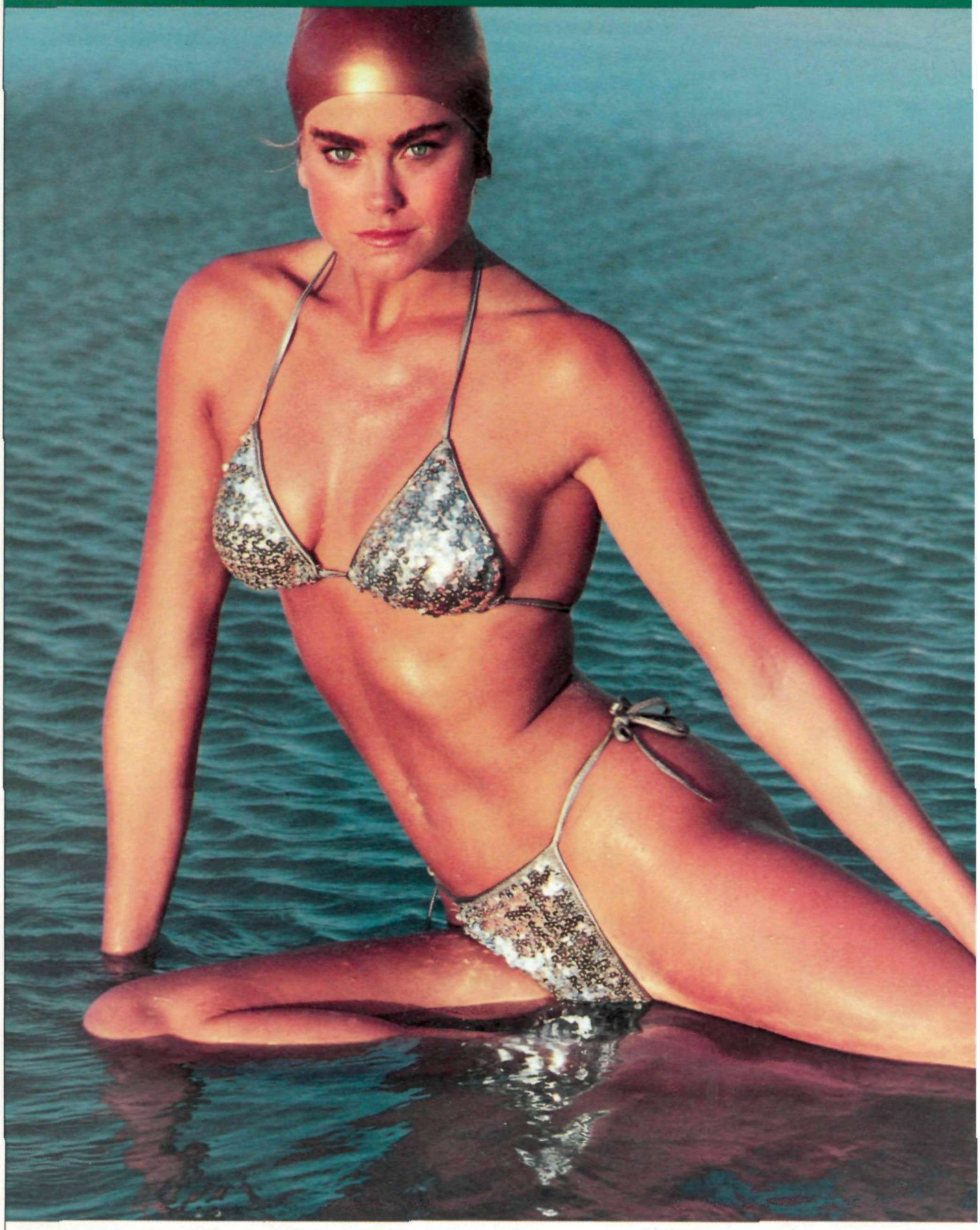
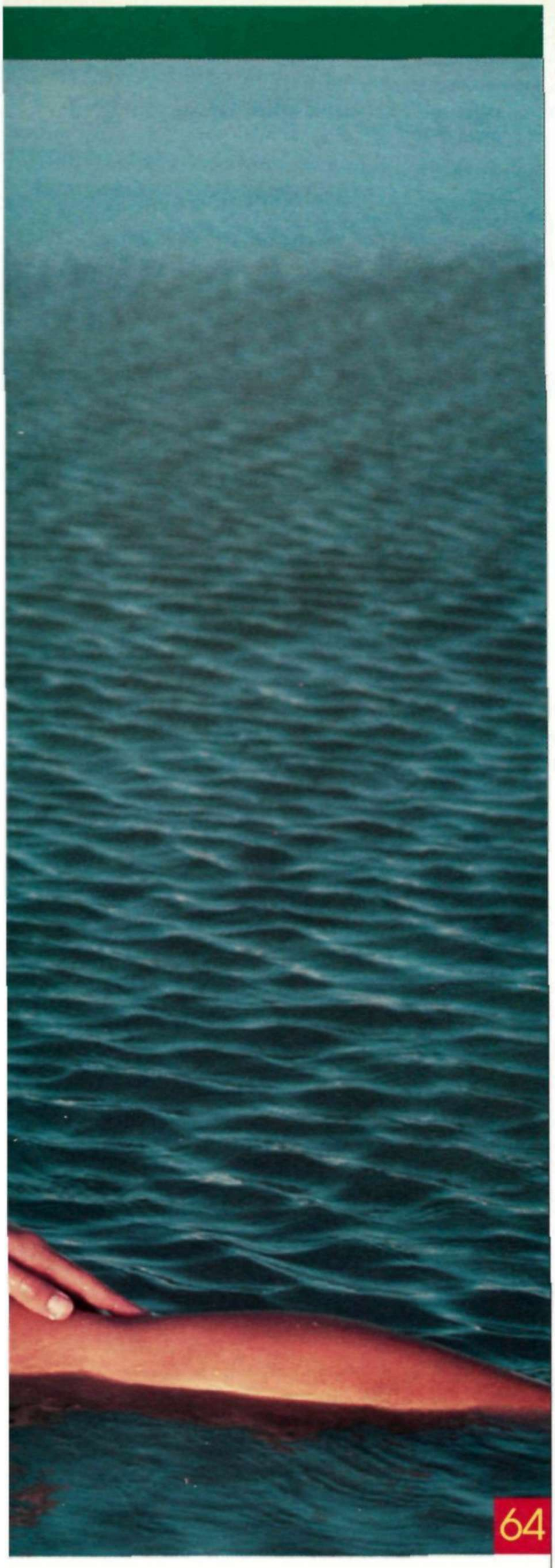


It's easy to take a shine to Kathy Ireland as she reflects on another sun-kissed day in the Netherlands Antilles while wearing a glittery bikini by Gottex ($150).



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dutch marines stage a surprise landing.

Associate editor Jule Campbell plans each shot for our annual swimsuit issue with extraordinary care, but there are occasional surprises. This year it was marines and sailors. Campbell and photographer Paolo Curto were posing Carol Alt with her back to the Caribbean off Aruba's Palm Beach when Campbell happened to notice three inflatable boats "circling like moths." Campbell beckoned them to shore. Curto kept clicking, and the unsuspecting Alt suddenly found herself "attacked" by a squad of Dutch marines (*above*).

Plans for the picture immediately below called for Kathy Ireland, Kim Alexis and Jean Pelton to pose on a dismasted sailboard, with a French frigate in Bonaire's Kralendijk harbor as background. As if on cue, the ship's company lined the rail, but one sailor, apparently feeling no pain, jumped fully clothed into the water and joined the models. This sort of thing doesn't faze three-year swimsuit issue veteran Alexis, but it gave newcomers Ireland and Pelton, both 20-year-old Californians, a start.

Pelton was discovered while working in a Santa Monica bathing suit store in 1982. Ireland, a hiker and skier, got into modeling when her mother, who felt she was too much of a tomboy, enrolled her in a course when she was 17 "to learn how to walk and apply toenail polish and all that," Kathy Ireland says. "I wasn't very interested in any of it."

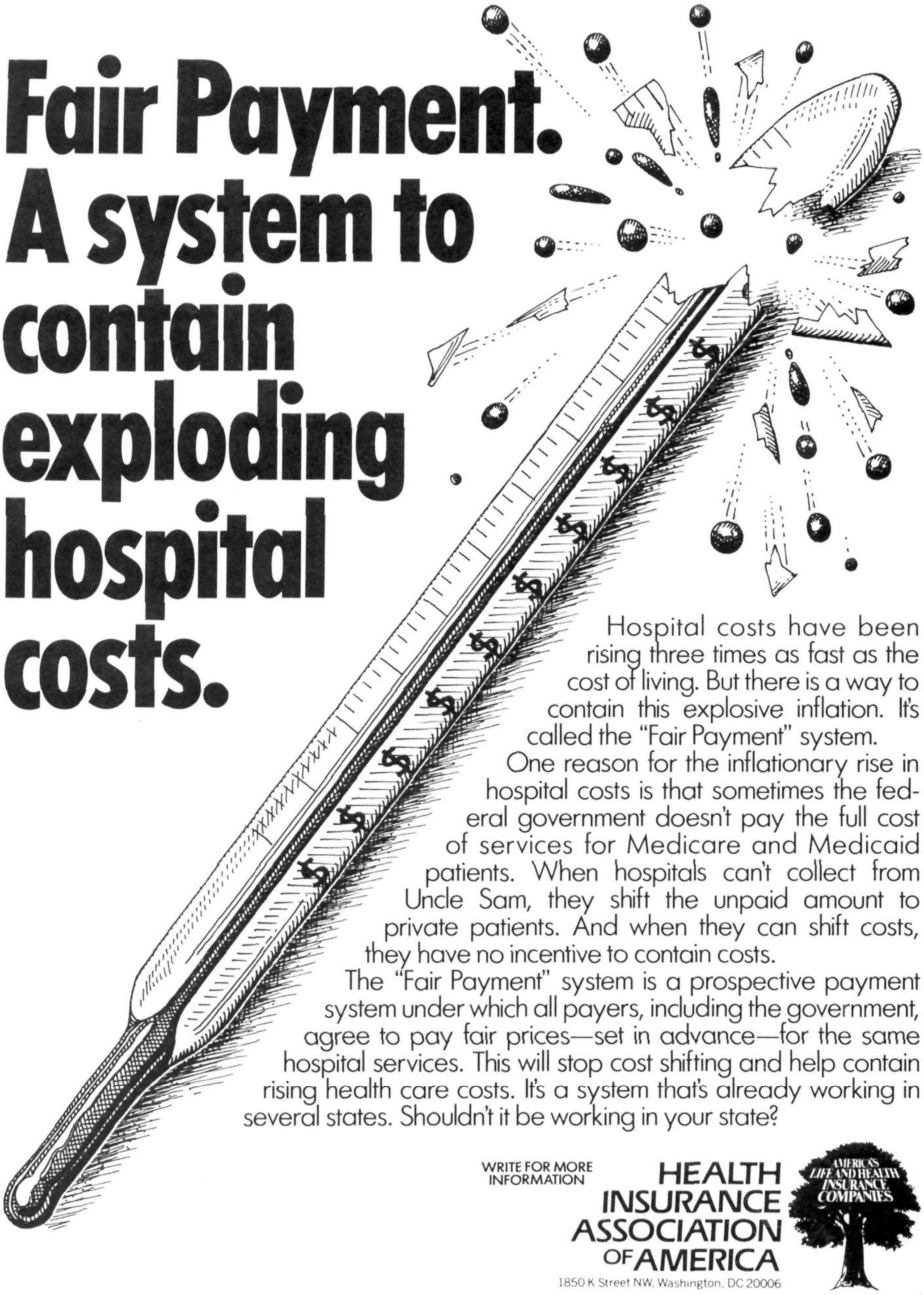
The shot on pages 64 and 65 required a bit of oil spread on the water to enhance Kelly Emberg's silvery reflection, plus a three-inch mound of sand beneath her hips. Preparing for the shoot (*below*), Campbell tries to reduce Emberg's elevation, as Cai-Cai Cicilia, a guide from the Bonaire Tourist Bureau, and photographer Curto look on.

Born in Yugoslavia, Curto grew up in Italy, lives in Sardinia, recently had a one-man show of paintings in Marseilles and met his French wife (and assistant) Catherine in Indonesia. Cosmopolitan he may be, but no more so than cover girl Paulina Porizkova, 18, who was born in Czechoslovakia and has lived in Sweden, France and the U.S. Porizkova is extremely nearsighted—"like a bat," she says cheerfully—but her myopia came in handy during a 4 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. shift. The crew arrived at Aruba's Colorado Point just before sunup, and Campbell was gratified to note that Porizkova, accustomed to functioning with little in the way of visual aid, had applied her makeup at 30 mph in the van in the pitch dark. The cover picture was taken only moments later. "I knew where the circles under my eyes were," she explained, "and I did my mascara when we stopped for a traffic light."

The French navy boards our board, and Campbell attends here to the bottom line.

Robert L. Miller

Fair Payment. A system to contain exploding hospital costs.



Hospital costs have been rising three times as fast as the cost of living. But there is a way to contain this explosive inflation. It's called the "Fair Payment" system.

One reason for the inflationary rise in hospital costs is that sometimes the federal government doesn't pay the full cost of services for Medicare and Medicaid patients. When hospitals can't collect from Uncle Sam, they shift the unpaid amount to private patients. And when they can shift costs, they have no incentive to contain costs.

The "Fair Payment" system is a prospective payment system under which all payers, including the government, agree to pay fair prices—set in advance—for the same hospital services. This will stop cost shifting and help contain rising health care costs. It's a system that's already working in several states. Shouldn't it be working in your state?

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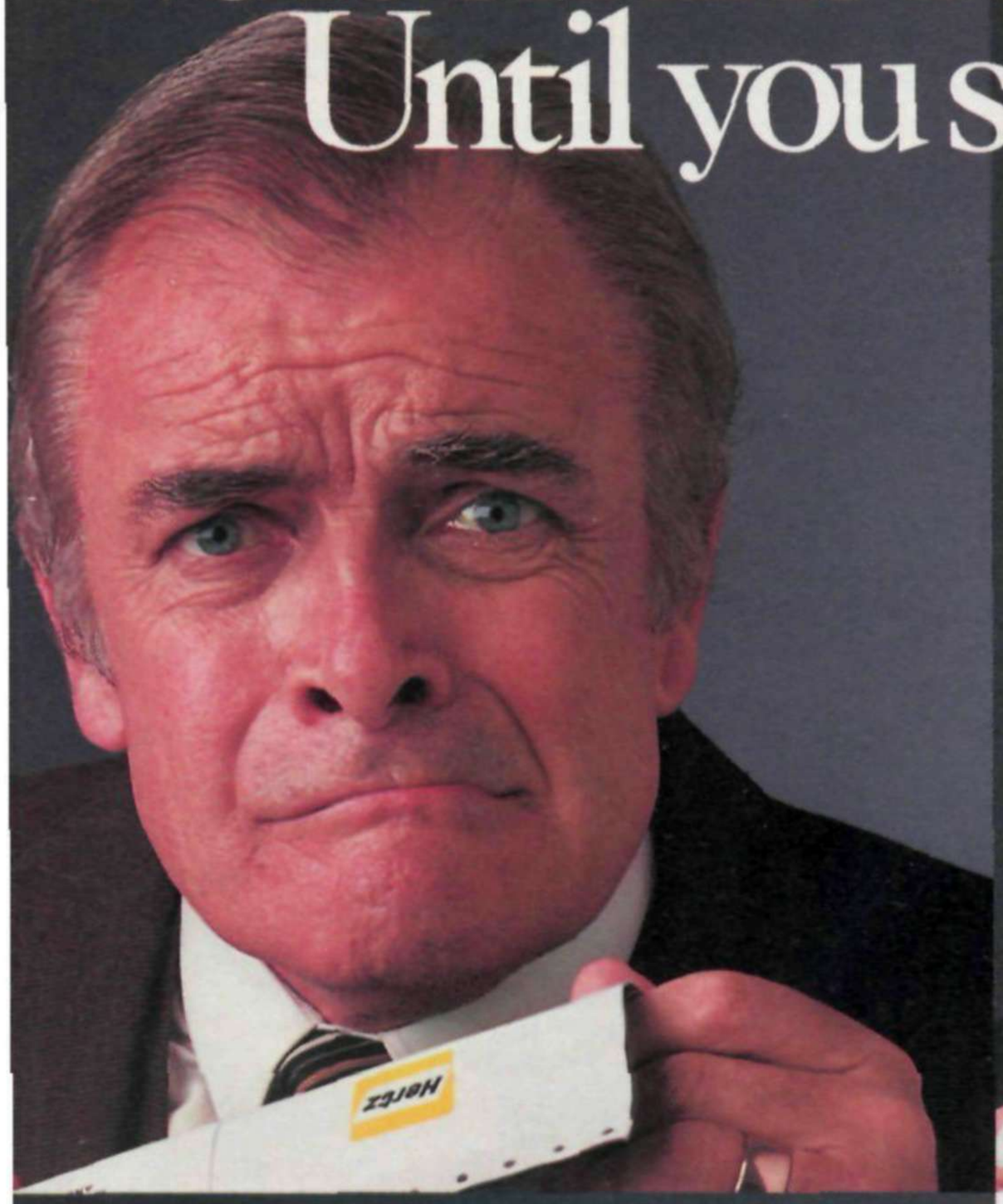

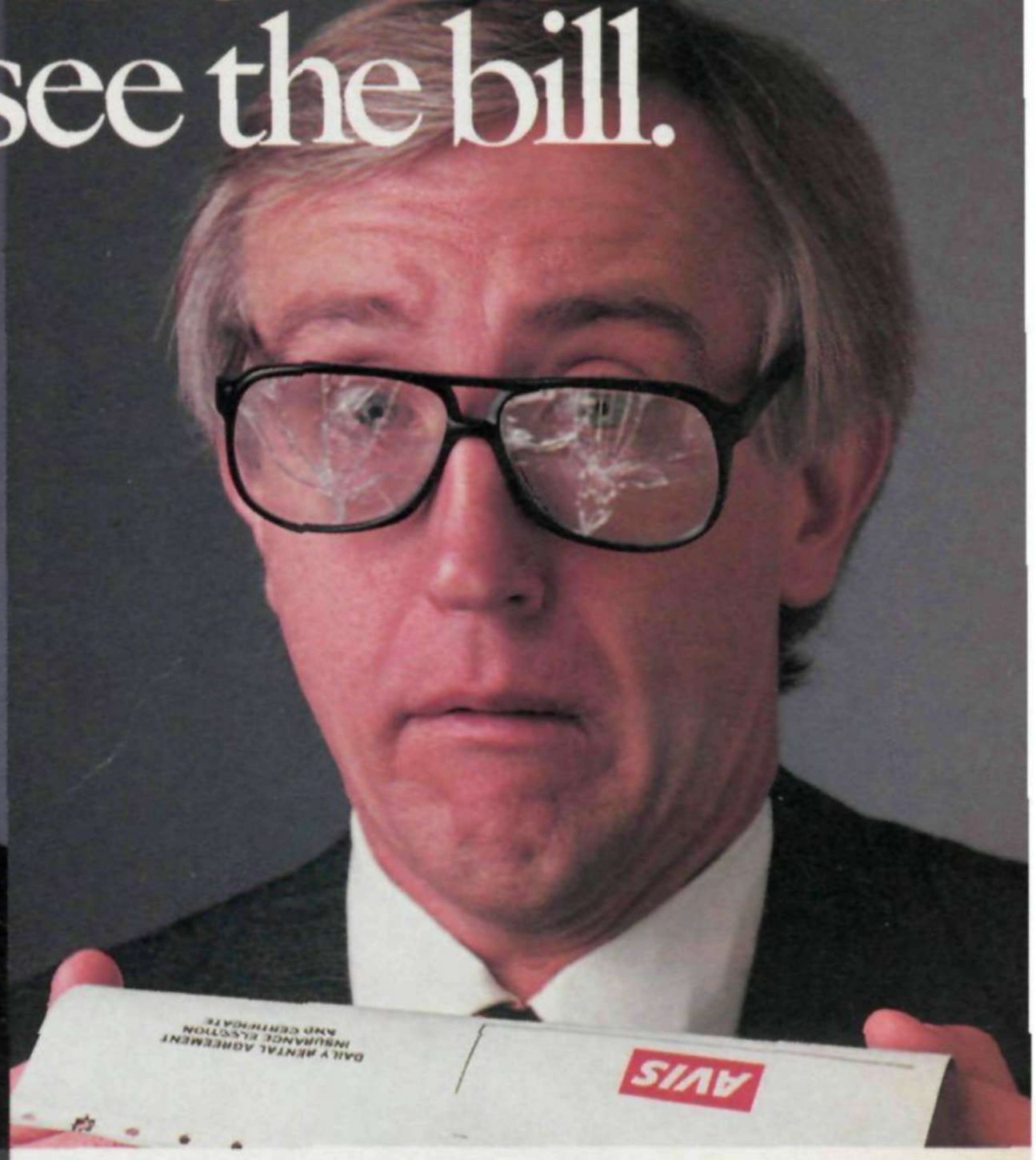

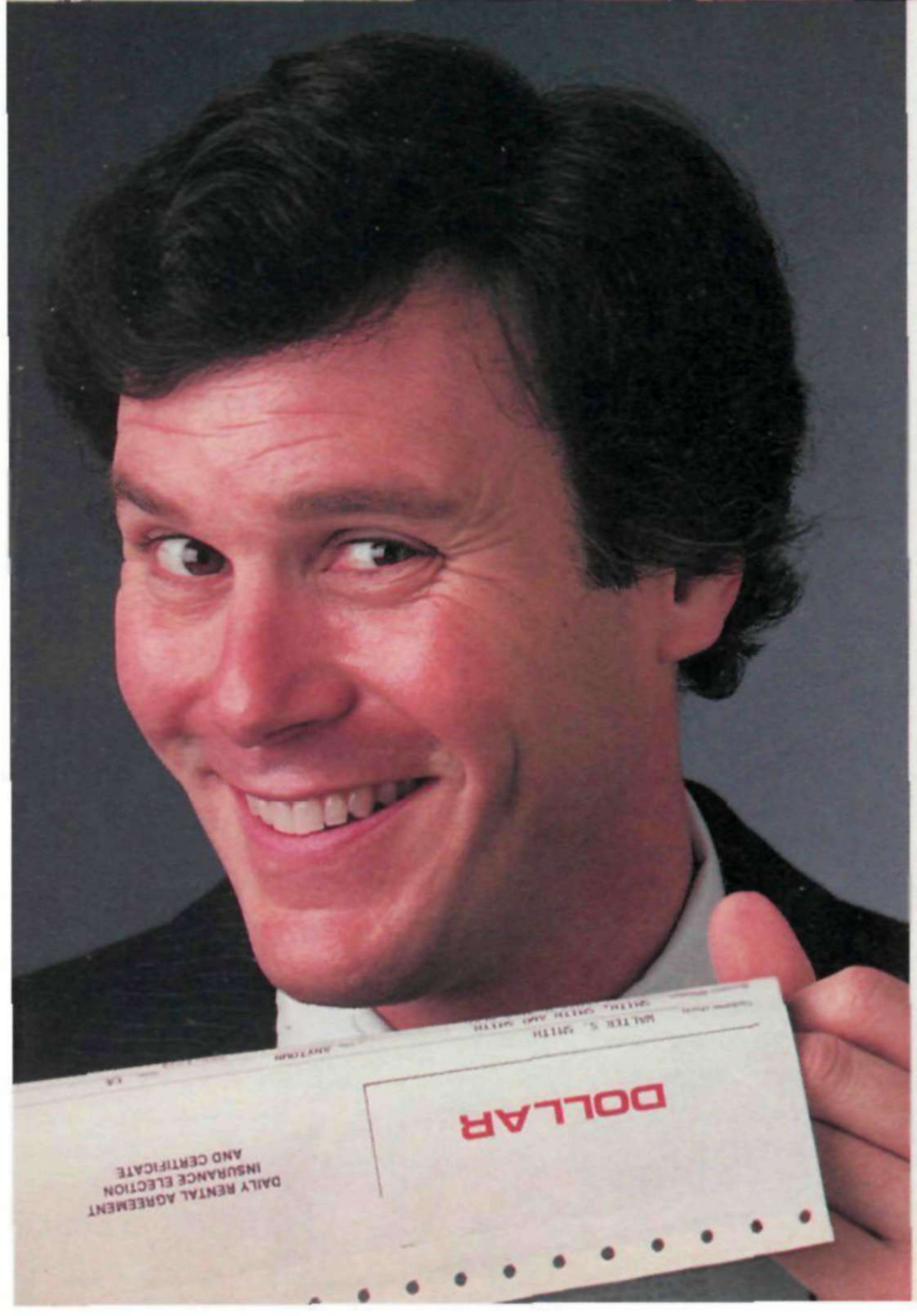

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First Person

by WILLIAM JASPERSOHN

THE AUTHOR TRIES CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING—AND MAKES QUITE A SPLASH

I came to skiing—downhill skiing, that is—late and resisted lessons. I am, therefore, a bad downhill skier, one who, if faced with a trailful of fresh powder on some stumped and touristed slope, would rather be back at the lodge—reading Veblen, say, or Scrooge McDuck; sleeping in front of the idiot box, or just sleeping. I could never get the hang of downhill and thus developed a bias against the slippery sport and its pretensions. Psychologists might term it a phobia.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PATRICK McDONNELL

That being so, I was hard-pressed to explain what, recreationally speaking, had prompted me to move bag and baggage to Vermont, specifically ski country. Then, by way of answer, cross-country skiing happened along.

It seemed a whole lot saner than the Alpine variety with its suicidal terrain and endless technical debates. And a whole lot cheaper, too—no lift tickets—and cross-country equipment was blessedly free of the polyurethane surfeits that typify Alpine gear. Alpine skiers, in their florid, foam-injected, electric-cherry Frankenstein boots and saucy stretch clothes, looked synthetic; their skis were synthetic; they skied on synthetically groomed terrain. Cross-country skiers, by contrast, in their understated, all wool, leather and wood everythings, looked *natural*, and this was a period in our culture when natural meant something. I decided to give cross-country a try.

My wife and I bought our first cross-country gear from a local entrepreneur of Norwegian descent who fitted us for skis and poles like a quartermaster tricking out draftees. "Vut are you? Six-vun? Two-ten centimeter." I admired the graceful sculpture of the skis I was handed, caressed the hickory bases with their durable lignum vitae edges and marveled that anything so beautiful should also, like the giant longbow each resembled, have a function.

We watched with pleasure as the aluminum bindings with their three stubby boot pins and simplistic, yet precisely curved wire toe clamps were mounted to the skis with short screws; and we cheerfully donned our comfortable new leather boots and slid the toes into the bindings so that pin pressure points could be registered, soles drilled and the steel hole-reinforcement plates accurately mounted. We were skiers of a kind now; our clothes and our equipment proved it.

Skis, poles, boots and bindings for the two of us came to $80, and besides these items I was advised to purchase pine tar, a waxing cork, six different ski waxes and a blowtorch. This latter object with its disposable butane canister smacked not a little of the technological, but I reasoned that I could always use it come Armageddon to thaw frozen pipes, perhaps, or to heat survival rations.

That night, following our salesman's instructions, I sandpapered the skis' bases, then sealed them with the pine tar, slathering it on from the can with a touch-up brush, torching it into the sanded wood until it bubbled, then wiping off the hot excess with a rag. The scent of the pine tar ignited in me a host of personal pleasure referents—the hold of a restored whaling ship, Greece, a great-aunt's painting studio in summer, chewing tobacco, Scandinavia and cello interiors, to name several.

But more important, I liked the sport instantly—its Zen-like rhythms, its ease, its lack of pretension. You could go as fast and as far as you wanted *when* you wanted. I could tool the open meadows near our house and within minutes feel miles from the nearest lift line. I learned to read snow for the right wax, discovering that there are as many granular conditions to wax for as Eskimos have names for snow. I picked up an adequate snow-plow, a respectable step turn and a functional herringbone, and my diagonal stride, when it clicked and when I used the correct wax, provided a euphoric experience akin to wearing seven-league boots.

There were weekends at the folksy touring centers that were springing up in the area; picture-perfect outings with friends built around bread, cheese and fermented drink; solo outings; tours on some of the area's remoter logging trails into realms of virgin beech and white pine; screaming runs down corkscrew chutes resembling luge runs; late-afternoon workouts as the setting sun turned the field snow from pink to glowing violet; and general immersion in the gospel of cross-country-skiing-is-fun as preached in the writings of John Caldwell, William Lederer and Joe Pete Wilson.

An ancillary bonus from all this windmilling was that I was soon in my best shape in many a winter, a veritable engine of well-being. It seemed only natural to want to measure this newfound cardiovascular fitness. But where was I going to find a competition?

As luck would have it, that winter several citizens in our community revived a cross-country ski race that had not been run since 1954. Known as the Stowe Derby, the race would start, just as it did in 1945 when the legendary Sepp Ruschp and Erling Stromn originated it on a bet, at the summit of Mount Mansfield and then run for 10 miles over a course that dropped 2,000 vertical feet before petering out behind the Congregational

continued

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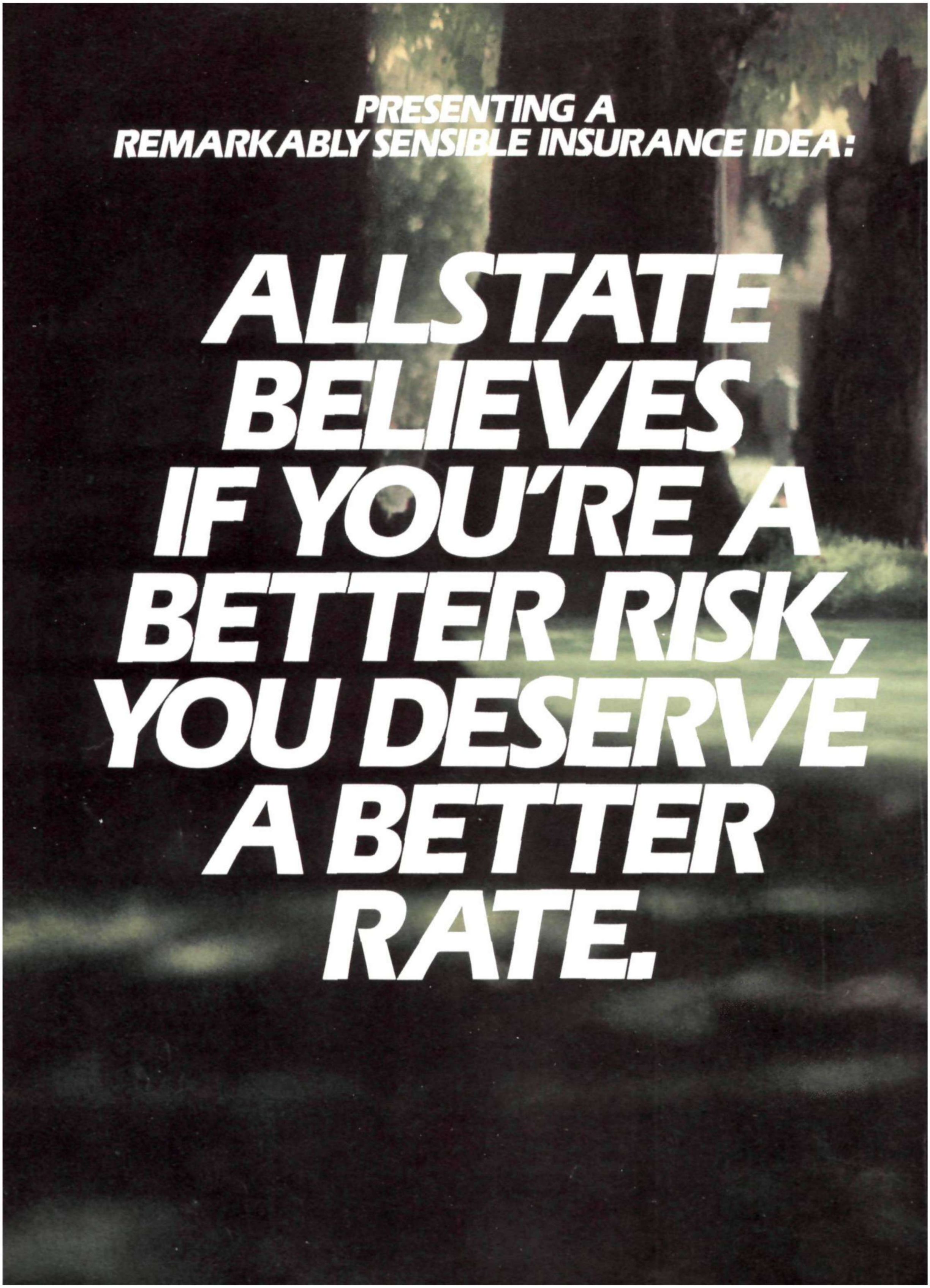
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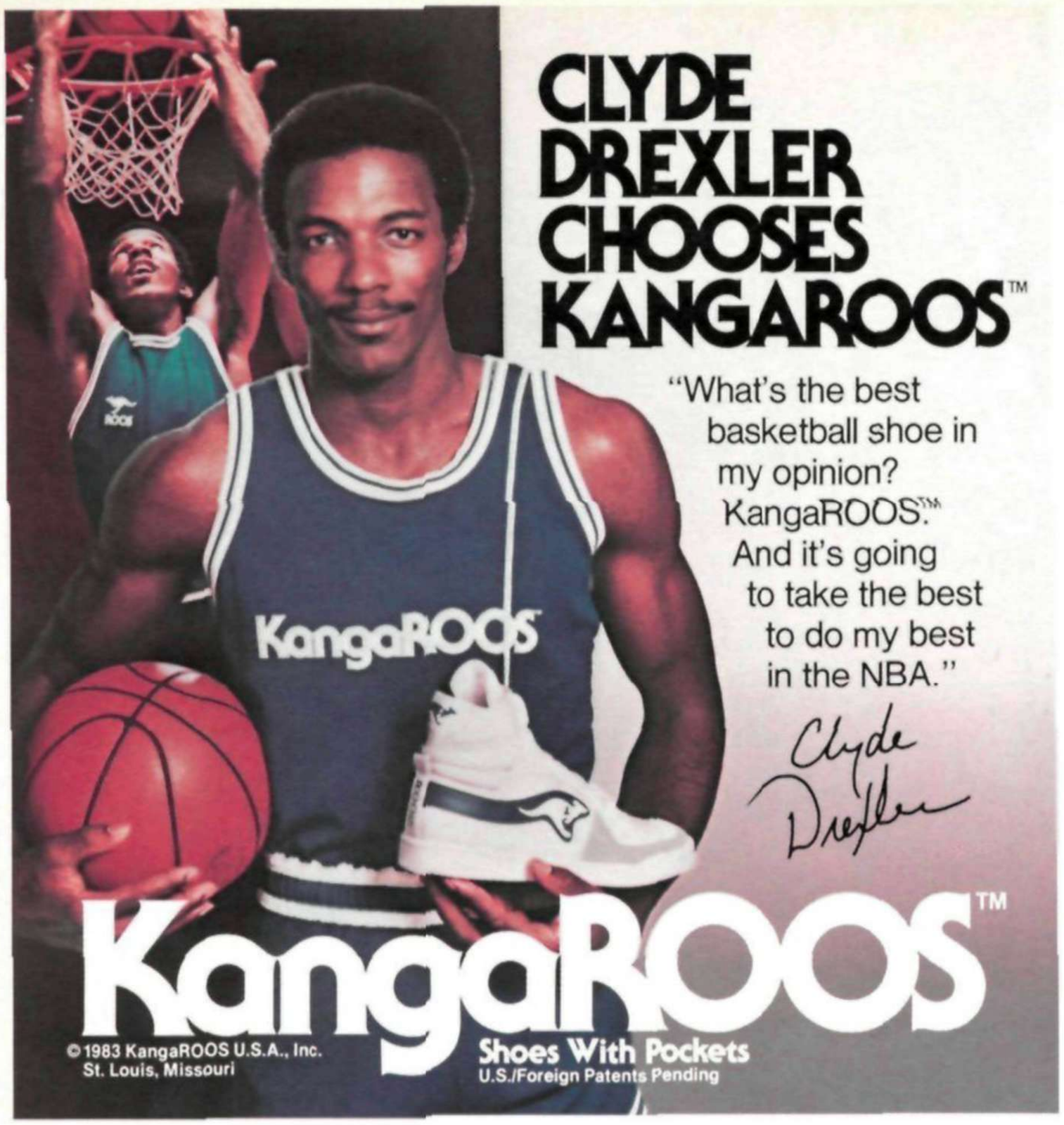

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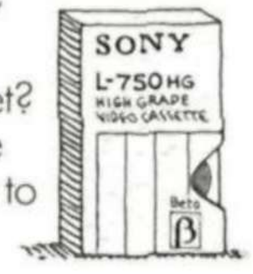

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Church in Stowe village. The first four miles on Mansfield's famous Toll Road would be pure downhill, the next six a tortuous composite of vertical and horizontal terrain. Prizes were to be awarded to the top three finishers in each of six age categories; pictures would be taken; fun was promised.

"Are you going to enter?" my wife asked me when the race announcement appeared in the local paper.

"I don't know," I answered.

But secretly I did know. I have always been haunted by a grim competitive penchant. Studied indifference has prevented me from actually saying to anyone what a tennis opponent once said to me, "I'm gonna whip your ass" (which he did not), but the sentiment was there in all its atavistic possibility: Winning and losing mattered to me.

But because hundreds of entrants were expected in the Stowe Derby, I had to couch my entrance as a form of just-havin'-fun so that when I didn't come in first (which I didn't have a rat's chance of doing), I could at least pretend to others that fun was all I had raced for.

The Derby was run on the last Sunday in February. It dawned warm, with temperatures expected to hit the mid-40s before noon. Snow had fallen earlier in the week; the course was groomed, the tracks set, but waxing for conditions that would range from packed powder on Mansfield's summit to wet tapioca in the lower flats promised to be difficult. Waxing cross-country skis, especially for races, has always been an arcane science. Choose too hard a wax and you'll slip backward going uphill and have no grip for your backward leg thrust, or kick, during your diagonal stride. On the other hand, if you use a wax too soft for snow conditions, your grip will be great, but you'll have no glide. In fact, you might find yourself bearing several kilos of snow under either ski, such is the adhesion factor of waxes that are too soft.

The day before the race I heard the forecast and did some asking around. The consensus from the tour center instructors and others in the know was that you could do one of three things: You could wax for powder on the summit with Ostbye blue mix or Swix blue or even the harder Swix green if it was cold enough, then wax again with the softer and better-gripping purple when you hit the flats. Or you could wax purple to begin

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with and sacrifice speed on your descent of the Toll Road, which, with its steady drop and hairpin turns, might require such a sacrifice. Or, if you were the adventurous type, you could not wax at all and pick up a ton of time on the downhill, time you could later use fine-tuning your wax for the harder up-and-down haul to the finish. To the adventurer stirring within me, this last tactic made the most sense.

The afternoon before the race I had my wife drop me off at roughly the mid-point of the course, where it crossed Route 108, and I skied the last five miles into the village. I took my time. I was looking for surprises, and I found some—a long ascending switchback through beech and pine followed by a schuss down a steep hill whose proximity to the local cemetery did not escape my notice. Thereafter, it was smooth cruising over the golf course, its undulant greens and fairways nullified beneath their seamless tarpaulin of snow, down lower West Hill and past a farm whose startled pigs snorted at me as I skied by; through Mayo's pasture, then across the flood plain behind the Grand Union from where, looking back, I could see the recumbent profile of Mansfield, white and implacable, behind whose angular granite schnoz the race tomorrow would actually begin. Then a quick dash to the Congo Church and a sprint to Lackey's Variety Store, where I unfastened my skis, and entered, on rubber legs, to phone my wife to come and get me.

"How was it?" she asked as I loaded my skis into the car.

"Easy," I answered. "If it stays as flat after Mansfield as the stretch I just covered, I shouldn't have any trouble at all."

For each of us, certain days in our lives loom as so significant that the living of them becomes nothing less than a dreaded passage through the needle's eye. Such, for me, was Stowe Derby Day. In my zeal to compete in the race I had made of it perhaps something more than it actually was. For example, there was the matter of my appetite—I had none. On race morning, the thought of a simple bowl of bran flakes with the requisite banana and milk was nauseating. A wifely offering of two over easy on a warm plate with a side order of toast?—*Get that stuff outta here!* I was on the verge of becoming impossible. But I knew I was ready.

Between my 19th and 20th visits to the toilet, I got dressed and packed my equipment in the car, then tried to kiss my wife, who was bent over the dog's dish, tearfully shoveling in good eggs and toast. I tried to console her but it was no use, so I headed for the door. She stopped me by inquiring if I was planning to hotwire the car or might I want the ignition keys. "Just give them to me. Just give me the keys," I said, snatching them from her outstretched fingers. She said she'd wait until after the race to serve the divorce papers on me. Under the circumstances, that was sporting of her.

At the base lodge, 100 or so fellow contestants, themselves steeped in the day's significance, were poling around the parking lot. Squinting, I made my way into the gloomy lodge to claim my bib and learn my starting time. It was to be a staggered-start race, with entrants going off three or four at a time every 30 seconds, according to bib numbers. My own number, somewhere in the 200s, put me in the middle of the pack. I had an hour before my start, and I killed half of it double-poling below the lift line to burn off a gallon or two of the adrenaline that threatened to shoot me into New Hampshire.

In various corners of the parking lot, the roar of blowtorches, steady and dragonlike, bespoke waxing plans other than my own. Then, literally before I knew it, I was in a roped-off chute with other contestants, stamping the snow off my skis and awaiting my turn to ride up the mountain.

You didn't need a demographer to interpret the interest our presence stirred in the paying customers on the other side of the chute. In our quaint knickers, nubby knee socks and woolen caps, we were creatures from another era, come to steal headsies in their lift line.

"Where's your heel binding?" a gray-haired gentleman in a color-coordinated down ensemble asked me.

"There isn't one."

continued

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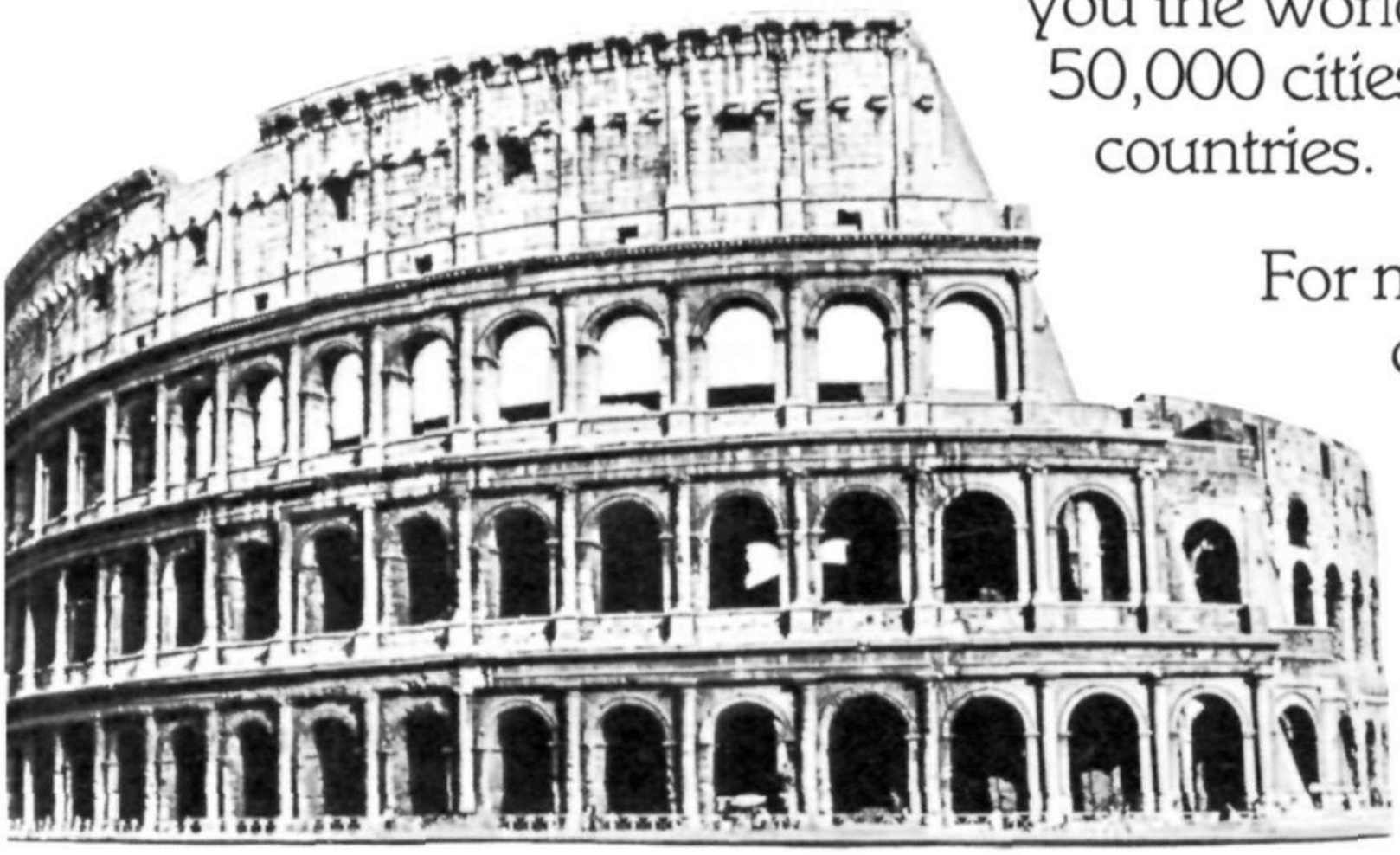

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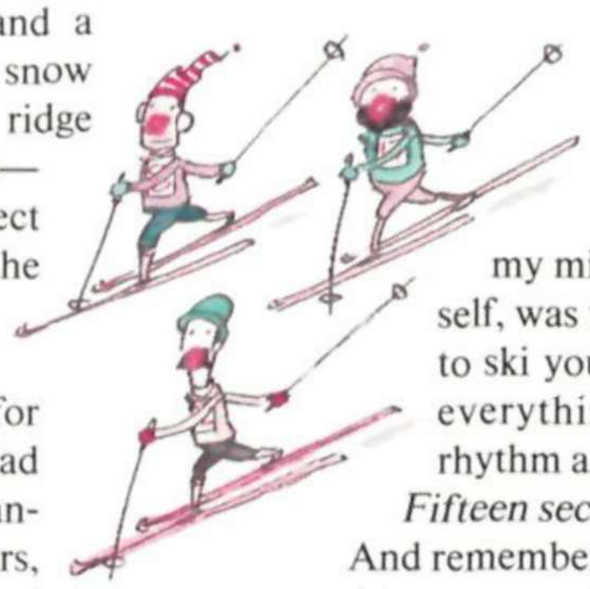
"How in hell do you carve a turn on those things, then?"

"With effort."

"Have fun," he said, turning dourly to see if he would ever get a chair ride up the mountain.

During my ride up, I gazed back and below at the rolling valley landscape, lush as velour, and contemplated the ways by which we will get ourselves where we want to go. Above me, the thick cable hummed, and the chair clacked over the towers' struts. Below me, novice skiers gingerly picked their way down a mogul field. I felt I had blundered my way into someplace foreign and that there was no turning back.

The first 100 skiers had already been started when I arrived on the summit. Snow was falling fast, and a fresh wind kicked up little snow devils along the sunken ridge where the racers gathered—the narrows that intersect a trail called Bruce and the vertiginous trail called Nose Dive. The wind was roguish and sharp for this kind of day. I was glad I was wearing my Icelandic sweater. Some racers, dressed for the lower part of the course, were suffering. A few had taken shelter in a stone Forest Service hut in the trees above the starting line, but others, vulnerable in turtlenecks, were shuffling in discomfort, stamping their feet, doing whirlybirds with their arms, or hugging themselves with a desperate apelike repetitiveness. I saw resourceful types wearing windbreakers they had fashioned from trash bags.



Near the starting line, race officials, distinguishable by their parkas, clipboards and absence of skis, shouted above the wind for racers to group themselves by number and to pay attention. They needn't have bothered with the latter command. Nobody—not even the shiverers in the stone hut—was failing to keep an eye peeled on the starting line. At the line itself, the starter was chanting the last five seconds before each start, and the next racers, three or four abreast, were bent, straining over their poles, as fierce, for the moment, as any Olympians going for gold.

I took one last warmup run up the white road above Nose Dive to the snow gauge—a red ruler 12 feet long, it registered a base of 76 inches—then skied down to my place in the sketchy ranks. There were, besides myself, only two others in my starting group—a tall, bespectacled fellow in a black Steelers watch cap who gratuitously assured me that he posed no threat ("Just push right in front of me, sir; I won't mind, I'll be last") and a compact middle-aged hotspur whose inability even to grunt when I wished him good luck signified either hearing loss or acute single-mindedness. In truth, the guy had the look of a ringer.

The snow let up. Moisture from tense breathing hung in clouds around everyone's head, rose in the cold air and dissolved. We all rubbed our skis in the snow to keep them from icing, and I shook out the tension in my shoulders, adjusted the leather straps of my tonkin poles and blew warmth into my mittens to dry my sweating palms.

Strategy vied with anxiety for a piece of my mind. The idea, I told myself, was to let everybody else go, to ski your own race, to blot out everything except your own rhythm and pace.

Fifteen seconds.

And remember, this was, after all, only a citizens' race. The dentist who cleans your teeth and who just took off three waves ago, tomorrow he'll be a dentist again. The bartender off to the side under the hemlocks, the one still waffling over the best wax to use, he'll draw you a draft later this afternoon.

Ten seconds.

Five seconds. . . !

Four. . . ! Three. . . ! Two. . . ! One. . . ! Lift-off.

We were gone to a chorus of whistles and howls.

As expected, the hotspur double-poled ahead of the other two of us and was down the road and out of sight by the first bend. I never saw him again, either during or after the race.

At the urging of the Steeler fan, I claimed our group's second place and was soon traveling at speed around the switchbacks with their weathered slatted safety fences and down the linear passages of the Toll Road. The aptly named snowplow is the cross-country skier's most-used defensive turn, and 200 racers can plow a heap of snow. On the curves the berm was so high you either slowed and rode outside around it, or dropped

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down into the very heart of the curves and rode high inside their banks much the way luge racers do to gain speed and centrifugal force around the curves.

At the narrowest switchbacks stood spotters to make sure none of us skied off into the woods, and photographers, opportunists all, waited with a ghoulish eye for that inevitable picture, "The Agony of Defeat."

I let my skis run to that fine edge between high-speed control and rampant insanity and was surprised by how many skiers I passed and even more surprised by the fact that I didn't fall. I have no idea how long I took to do the Toll Road's four miles, but it seemed only minutes before I was out of the trees.

It was fun. I was on a very slight incline now along a ridge cleared for power lines and could double-pole to hold my speed and rest my shins, which were numb from four miles of braking and banking down the mountain. Then I was

in deep woods, alternately poling and diagonal-striding over bumps shaped like channel rollers . . . and surprise! Racers began passing me! I thought I was holding a fairly strong pace, but I was wrong. Others were coming down the mountain faster and picking up even more time in the woods.

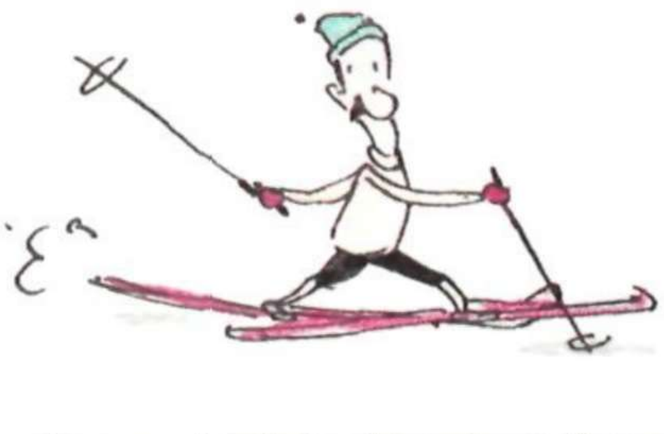
There are just about as many ways of telling another cross-country racer that you want to pass him as there are gargoyles on Notre Dame Cathedral. Polite racers usually say something like "Passing left, please!" but tougher-minded racers usually just bark "Track!" and by the etiquette of cross-country racing you're supposed to get out of their way. But no matter whether spoken politely or churlishly, a request for the track amounts to only one thing—somebody is skiing faster than you are.

I must have yielded the track six times in one furlong, and every time I did, some serious adjustment of perspective was required, such as, maybe I won't finish in the top 50 after all. The passers poled by as if fleeing Godzilla, and I began wondering if the race actually finished in town.

But all right, I thought, that ebb and surge is part of the dynamics of any race, and in cross-country racing, I had been told, it is not uncommon to be passed early on, only to catch up and battle the same skier the last 100 yards to the finish.

Spectators began materializing along the trail in increasing numbers; they would have had to park their cars along the highway and hike a good way. But maybe we were closer to civilization than I imagined. We were at the bottom of a beech-grown ravine, and maybe Route 108 was above us, whitened and salt-stained above the trees. The truth was, never having skied this stretch of the course before, I didn't know where the hell I was.

I started down a long drop. Racers ahead of me were sledding up a short, steep rise, teetering a moment before skiing out of sight down the other side. I wondered what the basis of their hesita-



tion was. I tailed a skier who at the top of the rise gasped "Good God!" and then was gone, and I was on the crest of the rise.

Whoever had tracked the course—and word had it that it was Olympic racer Joe Pete Wilson's work—had taken it right to the junction where the West Branch River flowed under Route 108 and turned it 90 degrees at the last available moment at the base of the knoll on which I now stood. You either skied down the knoll and instantly hung a sharp right, or you fell into the river. It was as simple as that. Spectators, sensing that this was the place to be, had gathered on the amphitheatric embankment above the river. There were at least 100 of them, arrayed across the slope in vivid ski wear. Most were grinning. They knew it was just a matter of time until somebody fell in.

They all cheered when the racer before me successfully executed his turn.

Racers were coming up the rise behind me; I skied down the knoll. Besides being devilishly steep, it was glazed with ice. I tried, with all my first season's skill, to lift my right ski, plant it to the right, lift my left ski and make it follow. But my muscles failed to execute my brain's message.

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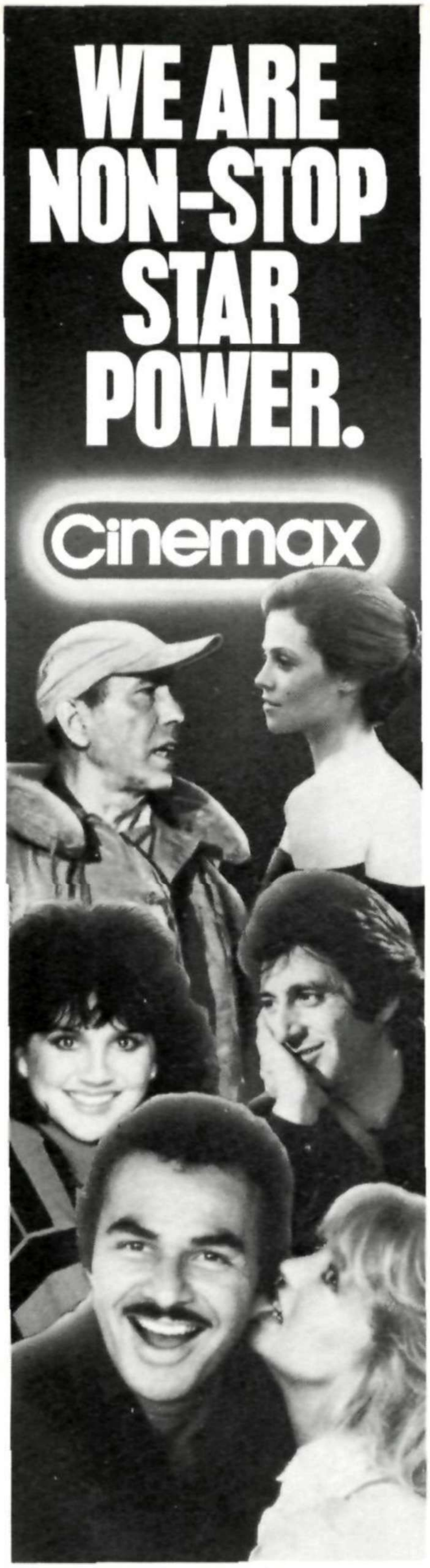

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In terror, I felt my feet whisk out from under me, and my skis went parallel to my face. I was airborne. I was over the water.

Gleefulness marred the crowd's spontaneous *a cappella* accompaniment to my flight. I fell in the river, displacing a volume of amber water with a splash, the water's iciness instantly penetrating my sweater. My ski tails speared the riverbed, jerking my legs into makeshift traction, and my ski poles twirled to the 9:05 position on the face of a giant invisible clock. I was up to my rib cage in river. My race had come to an unexpected halt.

"Don't touch him!" A woman's voice froze a Samaritan in the act of scrambling toward me down the embankment. The voice belonged to a course spotter.

"If anyone touches you, you're disqualified," she said, approaching me. "Do you want a hand out of there?"

"I don't think so."

"Are you staying in the race?"

"We'll see."

"Is the water very cold?"

"I was getting hot anyway."

"Oh, you poor thing!"

I surveyed the faces beaming down above me—I saw several cameras raised, aimed and lowered—and thought, this is not what I had bargained for. Instant self-discovery. The humbling variety. Just add water.

Somehow I managed to fumble my skis off, wade back to the bank, climb into my skis and get started again. My sweater had stretched to the size of a tent and my hat had floated downstream. On my back, I estimated, were 10 souvenir pounds of river.

The crowd on the embankment, suitably entertained, gave me what sounded like an encouraging send-off as I shuffled on. I stopped, turned and gave the crowd a deep bow. That was it. That was our last exchange. I never knowingly saw any of them again, and no one I ever met thereafter who had watched the race told me that he or she had seen my accident.

But then, though I've told this story on myself many times among friends, I've never really searched that hard for the witnesses.

Of the rest of the race, well, the day turned warmer than the weatherman had predicted; I was two waxes off—carrying purple in my pocket when I should have had yellow—and I slipped backward slightly with every forward step I took. But then, so did most everybody. From a blimp, the last five miles of the race must have looked like something Napoleonic.

And yet, at ground level, we were each of us in a private dance whose source and meaning transcended the mere timed crossing of a finish line. It was enough to be there. That's what the river taught me.

My time, one hour and 58 minutes, was 72 minutes off the winning pace. I was very nearly last. I tried not to let it bother me. In fact, to prove my utter indifference to this lame performance, I let 10 years elapse before deciding to race again. I'm still not sure whom I thought I was kidding.

By the time I got around to entering another Stowe Derby, petrochemicals had invaded cross-country equipment manufacture. I was wowed. The equipment was beautiful. I ceased being an acolyte of the wooden ski. Enthusiastic, I bought myself synthetic skis, synthetic poles, synthetic boots and a synthetic single-piece stretch suit that looked like something an elder rocker might wear on his farewell American tour. I tried, too, to be less of a Nordic snob. But it was hard; downhillers still asked those inane questions—"Where's your heel bind-

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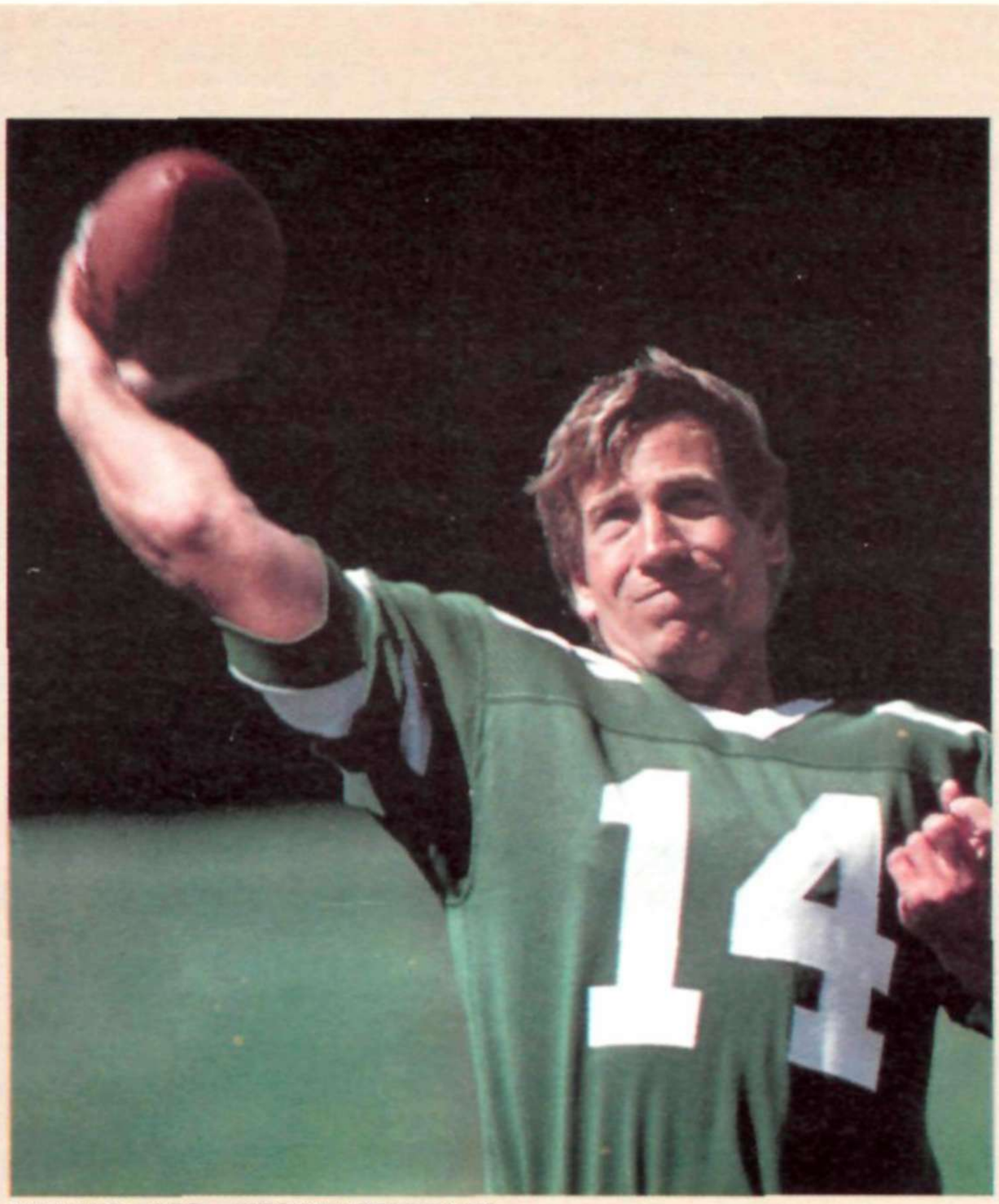

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ing?" "How do you turn?"—and they still shouted, "You're going the wrong way!" when I climbed the Toll Road to see the birches.

The day before my second Stowe Derby, I drove to the spot where the course crossed Route 108, but this time, instead of skiing the back five into town, I skied the front five, toward the mountain. I was looking for that bend in the river.

On my way there, I ran into Jan Reynolds, a friend and an athletically blessed person who was once a member of the U.S. women's Nordic team and who now participates in cross-country ski expeditions with writer-explorer Ned Gillette. I did not beat around the bush. I asked her if the course still skirted the infamous river spot.

"No, they changed it years ago," she said. "I guess a couple of people fell in over there."

I told her I was one of them, and her upper-octave laughter was totally appropriate.

After Jan's news, the rest of the afternoon was pure heaven. I skied two miles up the Toll Road, skied back to my car and, assured there would be no surprises, felt ready for the next day. I know that humans, like horses, can profit from going back and taking a missed jump, but to be truthful, I was glad I wouldn't be seeing that riverbank.

The next day, I lopped nearly 50 minutes off my old time, which was enough to place me squarely in the middle of the pack. This year I hope to crack an hour. Why shouldn't I try? Attempting to do something well is a form of belief in human endurance.

I think this as I set a track in the snowfield outside my window. I put on my skis, push off with my poles, and I'm gone. Faster and faster my arms pump in smooth ascending arcs; tighter and tighter my toes curl, sensing through their boots the precise moments of purchase and release so precarious against the snow's variable resistances. Soon, I am a furnace of motion, my skis in parallel vectors cutting the snow. An icy patch interrupts my skis' whisper, and in my mind an image erupts—of a river, dark as quicksilver, of a crowd, blurred and prismatic, of my skis, useless and airborne. In my chest, I feel primitive fear.

I hold my balance this time. My circle of memory complete, I finish my loop of the pasture, connecting my two tracks a moment later at their starting point. **END**

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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

FOR THE INVENTOR OF RACQUETBALL, FAME IS NOT THE NAME OF THE GAME

The 68-year-old Greenwich (Conn.) YMCA, a magnificent structure of colonial red brick with Ionic columns and a copper dome, resembles a historical monument. Perhaps rightly so, because racquetball was invented at the Greenwich Y in 1950. Recently, the creator himself, Joe Sobek, 65, returned to the scene of his prime and was delighted that the old handball court where he unveiled the new game was unchanged in shape and freshly painted. "By golly, they've cleaned it up and made it look nice," he said, beaming. Indeed, so pleased was Sobek that he didn't notice one glaring oversight. Nowhere in the building he made famous is there a plaque honoring Joe Sobek.

Sobek's life is filled with irony. The inventor of racquetball made no money from playing the game—"Not a sou," he says. The founding father has never played in a major tournament. Under the archaic rules of his youth, a professional in one sport (Sobek was teaching tennis and squash) was ineligible for amateur events in another, and racquetball didn't go pro until Sobek was well into middle age. Unlike most inventors, Sobek has lived to see his creation prosper and grow, yet he's not well known for it. A few years ago he appeared on the television program *To Tell the Truth*, and none of the panelists correctly identified him—not even Gene Rayburn, one of his former tennis students.

Sobek lives in Greenwich with his buoyant, charming wife, Nancy, in a split-level house he designed. It is at the end of a secluded, dead-end drive, with a mile of woods for backyard. Awash in warm colors, the living room of the house is packed with all manner of plants, from African violet to cactus, numerous still lifes and family pictures (Sobek has five children and six grandchildren). Reclining on an easy chair, Sobek looks like a cross between Archie Bunker and a beardless Santa Claus. And befitting his retired status, he's casually dressed in sneakers, white tennis shirt, button-down sweater and faded jeans hoisted around his considerable girth by multicolored suspenders.

Sobek is not bitter about his lack of fame. "Sure, I wish I'd made more money off the game," he says. "They could put the inventor's name on a racket and sell it forever; champions change all the time. But I've turned down some companies who asked me to be a consultant because I didn't want to go out in the business world and fight the battles. I'm satisfied that I'm recognized as the inventor of the game."

That he is. In the archives at the University of Connecticut is a sealed envelope, dated March 13, 1950, registration number 7579; it contains Sobek's blueprint for the first racquetball racket. No one has ever asked him to break the seal and prove his claim. His picture once graced the cover of *Racquetball* maga-

zine, over the headline IN THE BEGINNING. . . . To make sure he's fully recognized, Sobek has inscribed on the license-plate frame of his Jeep, RACQUETBALL BY SOBEK. As Nancy says, "He's not afraid to take credit."

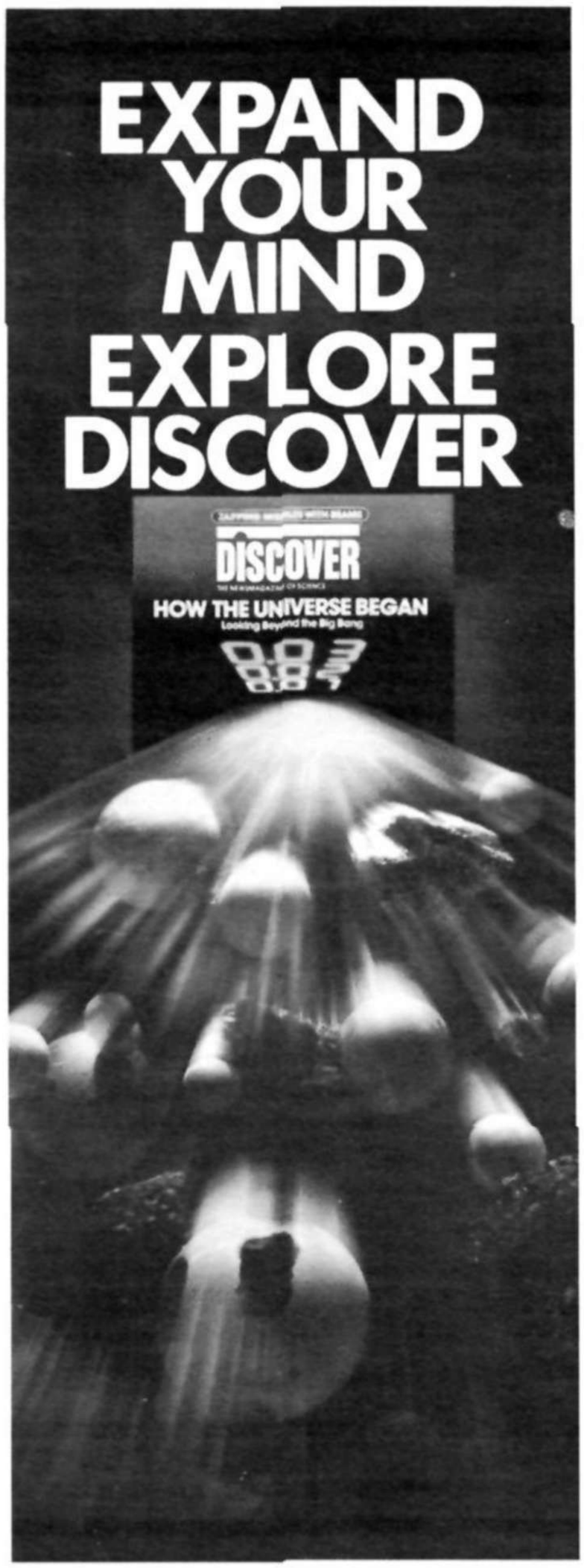
One Sunday, Sobek attended the finals of a pro tour event at the Downtown Racquet Club in New Haven. He was introduced before the match by Dick Squires, the club director at the time and the author of *The Other Racquet Sports*, the last word on non-tennis racket games. "None of us would be here today if it weren't for a gentleman who created a game called paddle rackets, which has now become racquetball," Squires said. "I'd like to ask Joe Sobek to stand up." Sobek rose, waved shyly to respectful applause, presided over a raffle and lavishly complimented Squires. A traditional fellow amid the trendy crowd of a modern racquetball-*cum*-disco club, Sobek oohed and aahed at the speed-and-power final. Afterward Squires interviewed both Sobek and tournament champion Marty Hogan on cable TV. "If there hadn't been a Joe Sobek, there wouldn't be a Marty Hogan," said Squires. Sobek was pleased. Let others reap ephemeral wealth; Joe Sobek has his eye on a far loftier target—immortality.

Sobek has always made the best of less-than-ideal situations. He dropped out of Yale after half a semester during the Depression—and promptly landed a job as a tennis pro. "My salary was $100 a month and $3 per lesson," says Sobek, who had been Connecticut interscholastic champion. "People forget how far money could go. I bought a Ford, brand-new, for $600, and completely furnished an apartment before I was married. It wasn't a bad life, either. People can be bastards in the business world, but at the club they were always nice to me because I was doing them a favor."

After a decade of teaching tennis and squash at clubs in the Greenwich area, Sobek became customer-relations director for an industrial rubber products manufacturer in Bridgeport, Conn. The sedentary life bored him—and gave him the incentive he needed to invent racquetball. "I'd go over to the Greenwich YMCA to exercise," he says. "There were very few indoor tennis courts then; I was too good for most of the squash players, and handball hurts. I started playing paddleball with a wooden platform tennis bat. Paddleball's a good game, but I thought that if we had a resilient, strung racket, we could dig 'em out of the corners and use finesse and speed."

In 1950 Sobek sought out a friend who had been making tennis rackets for him, Charles H. Currie of the Magnan Manufacturing Company, which produced sports equipment, and showed him a design for a short, strung racket with a head about the size of a paddle-tennis racket. Because Currie didn't have a mold that size, he made 25 prototypes the size of a badminton racket. Playing with four of them and using the pink inside of a tennis ball, Sobek and three friends—he has long since forgotten their names and the date—played the first game of a sport Sobek dubbed paddle rackets. It was an instant success. Bitten by the bug, Sobek

continued



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impulsively dropped his letter of resignation on the desk of the boss's secretary. As he walked out of the building, Sobek heard his boss calling after him, "Joe, Joe!" He never looked back.

Some of the happiest and busiest years of Sobek's life followed. He returned to teaching tennis and squash to support himself, but his true calling was paddle rackets. The Sobeks would stay up until all hours sending out rackets and answering letters of inquiry. Magnan manufactured the rackets and Sobek sold them. In 1963, Bancroft bought out Magnan and hired Sobek to sell rackets on a royalty basis. Though he made about $15,000 a year, his major compensation was the satisfaction that came with being a successful missionary.

"The physical education directors of the Ys got the game going," he says. "It was strange how the damn thing began to jump. It would go from Greenwich to New Britain, Conn. and from there to Chihuahua, Mexico because the directors happened to be friends." The game's growth was neither constant nor continuous, though. It languished for several years while a ball with the proper compression and strength was being developed.

By 1968, however, the game had two official organizations—Sobek's National Paddle Rackets Association and the late Bob Kendler's International Racquetball Association (a tennis pro named Bob McInerny had coined the term "racquetball" in 1967). At this point Sobek made a decision that has affected the game to this day. Mindful that a sport called squash tennis, once more popular than squash racquets, had declined because of arguments over the proper ball, Sobek disbanded his organization, dropped the name paddle rackets and left Kendler in charge of racquetball. "The last thing you want is factions," says Sobek, "and Kendler had done a great job of promoting handball."

Kendler then did a great job of promoting racquetball. In 1968 there were no clubs (the game was played on handball courts) and only 10,000 players; today there are about 2,000 clubs and an estimated 11 million players. Unfortunately, Kendler also may have hurt the game by insisting on handball-oriented rules rather than the sensible amalgamation of squash and paddleball rules that Sobek had favored.

Under Sobek's rules, games were played to 21, with a point awarded after each rally; a slow ball was used; and players served diagonally, into either one of two quadrants in the backcourt. Under Kendler's rules, games were also played to 21, but points went only to the server; the ball was speeded up; and players could serve to anyplace in the back half of the court.

Sobek isn't entirely happy with the way the game has evolved. "Games to 21 can take forever if you only allow the server to score," he says. "He's got a tremendous advantage by serving. You're giving him a double advantage with the scoring. And the wide receiving area makes the serve too powerful. They should either allow one serve instead of two, or have players serve to a smaller box or put a line on the front wall to create a looped serve, as in squash.

"If you earn a point when you're receiving, you should get credit for it," he says. "Furthermore, the ball's gotten so lively it's a slam-bang game with no finesse. I don't feel the differences between my rules and Kendler's are that important, though. The important thing is that everybody plays by the same rules." (In the past few seasons, however, a slightly slower ball has been adopted and the two pro tours have experimented with 11- and 15-point games, two gestures of acquiescence to critics.)

Sobek still plays racquetball several times a week. Indeed, people are almost as surprised that the game's inventor is still playing as they are that he's still alive. Driving to New York's State University College at Purchase campus the other day, Sobek laughed about some of his matches with students. "They see this old, fat guy asking them for a game and they wonder why they should," he said. "They say, 'All right, one game.' Oh, are they surprised!"

Not content to thrill his guest with his mere presence—imagine going one-on-one with James Naismith—Sobek ran him from side to side while dominating center court himself, barely breathing hard. Every few minutes he blended in some advice. On the final four points Sobek used hard serves and scored three aces. "That's what happens with the big serve," he said. "If you don't put it away, you win on the next shot."

"You sure know how to give a lesson," said his guest.

"Well," said Joe Sobek, "I've played a little." **END**

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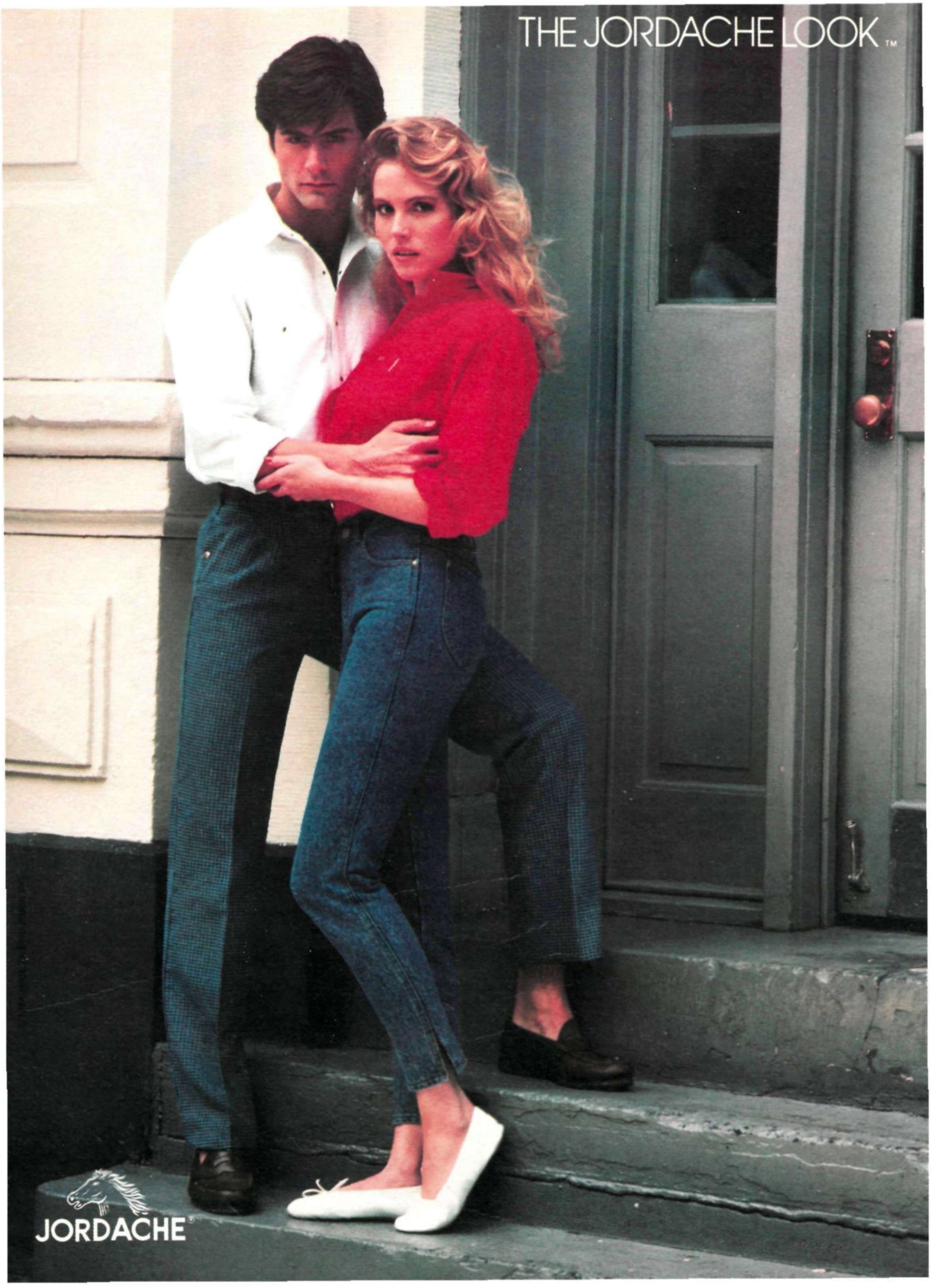
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SEAHAWK AND OTHER SYNDROMES

Remember when the midseason TV ratings for the NFL were in the doldrums and league and network officials said, "Wait a few weeks, things will get better when the cold weather keeps people indoors"? Well, we waited, and the ratings on the whole got worse. Now come the Nielsens for the NFL's nine postseason games, Super Bowl included, and as SI's TV writer William Taaffe reports, the tidings are uniformly bad. CBS, whose ratings during the regular season were down 4.6% from 1981 (regular-season comparisons with 1982 are difficult because of that season's strike), suffered a decline in its five postseason games of 14.9% from 1981-82 and 7.1% from '82-83. NBC, off 12.2% from 1981 during the regular season, was down a sobering 27.3% from '81-82 and 19.9% from '82-83 in four postseason games.

No matter what kind of face one tries to put on these figures, there's clearly trouble in paradise. Let's break down the numbers. All of CBS's games were off compared with 1981-82. Especially weak were the Redskins-Rams game on Jan. 1, which got a 24.9 rating (off 23.8% from the Sunday divisional playoff two years before), and the Redskins-49ers NFC championship game on Jan. 8, which pulled a 30.1 (down 29.8%). One mitigating circumstance was that both games were played early in the afternoon, whereas the corresponding games two years ago were played later in the day, when more viewers normally tune in. This year's Super Bowl, widely touted in advance as a "classic," got a 46.4 rating (106 million viewers), down 5.5% from the '82 game. Of course, as Jack Squirek will gladly tell you, this year's game turned out to be a certified blowout before the half.

It was NBC that really got blind-sided in the postseason. Here's its tale of woe. Seahawks-Broncos wild-card game, Dec. 24: 16.0 rating (down 30.4% from the wild-card two years ago). Seahawks-Dolphins divisional playoff, Dec. 31: 18.9 rating (down 32.3%). Raiders-Steelers divisional playoff, Jan. 1: 22.5 (off 22.7%). Raiders-Seahawks AFC championship game, Jan. 8: 26.3 (off 24.8%). The alarming thing about that last game is that it was played late in the afternoon, whereas the AFC title game two years ago was played early. In other words, the ratings slide in this instance probably would have been *worse* had this season's game been played in the same time frame as that of '82.

Inasmuch as three of the four NBC postseason games involved Seattle, a team that consisted mostly of no-names, it can be said that NBC suffered from the Seahawk Syndrome. Even the Steelers suffered from Seahawk Syndrome, having been led by Cliff Stoudt and not Terry Bradshaw. NBC is stuck year in and year out with the smaller AFC markets, and the situation wasn't helped this season by the fact that the Jets and Bengals went down the, well, tube, while the Chargers, another supposedly glamorous team, were reduced to playing Ed Luther in place of the disabled Dan Fouts. The big star in the AFC this year was newcomer Dan Marino. That should tell you something about the league's shortage of established stars.

As for the season-long decline, all the talk about lopsided games and lackluster matchups is too glib. You always have blowouts. The fundamental problem may have to do with 1) the glut of sports on conventional and cable TV, and 2) the steady fading of team and player identities owing in part to competition for personnel from the USFL. Says Steve Leff, who handles the Miller beer account for the ad agency Backer & Spielvogel: "It seems to me that the old heroes are going out, and the new heroes haven't become

continued

SARAJEVO '84: CONFIDENCE AT THE STARTING LINE

Whatever the verdict on the XIV Winter Olympics once they've run their course on Feb. 19, let the record show that an air of confidence reigned in Sarajevo as the Games were about to begin. At the Zetra and Skenderija ice arenas, for example, workers had things so well under control that at one point last week dozens of them sat around TV sets at both sites watching that old Hollywood chestnut *Samson and Delilah*. We are assured by usually reliable sources that Victor Mature doesn't sound a bit better dubbed into Serbo-Croatian.

Meanwhile, the Sarajevo newspaper *Oslobodenje* was conducting an "Olympic smile" promotion in which just about everybody in town—taxi drivers, waiters, store clerks—was rated for courtesy and friendliness, with the widest smilers getting praised in print. Another Sarajevo newspaper reported that everything was going so smoothly that even the trains were on schedule. But maybe things were going too smoothly. The trains were leaving town largely empty because most folks had become accustomed over the years to their running late.

Townspeople joined Vučko, the Games' wolfish mascot, in taking it all in stride.

firmly enough established. If that premise is right, then there definitely is an impact from the USFL, because when the USFL pulls out certain people there's a diminution of potential heroes for the NFL. So is this the reason for the poor ratings? My answer is 'sure,' for lack of better proof."

BUMPER CROP OF CONTRACTS

O.K., bumper-sticker fans, here's a brand-new one for you. It's inspired by the litigation in the U.S. District Court in Detroit in which it's to be determined—probably sometime this week—which team winds up with the Lions' star running back, who complicated his life by grandly entering into contracts for this year both with that outfit and with the USFL's Houston Gamblers. The message says: HONK IF YOU'VE GOT A CONTRACT SIGNED BY BILLY SIMS.

SUCH GAUL

Last Friday night at the annual Eclipse Awards dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, a foreign thoroughbred was named Horse of the Year for the first time ever. The horse so honored was All Along, the French filly whose owner, Parisian art dealer Daniel Wildenstein, sees that award as being just the beginning. SI senior writer Clive Gammon recently visited France and reports that Wildenstein is leading an assault on U.S. racing by his country's thoroughbred establishment.

Wildenstein spoke of the French aspirations in the magnificence of the 18th-century headquarters of the Wildenstein Foundation on the Rue La Boétie in Paris. The scheme he outlined was reminiscent of the spy-novel scenario in which the Soviets build a facsimile of a small American town in the steppes to familiarize agents with the minutiae of life in the U.S. heartland. The French variation on the theme: construction by the Société d'Encouragement, the French Jockey Club, of an American-style dirt track at the national racing center at Chantilly, about 30 miles north of Paris.

"We will train our horses, which are now used only to grass, in the American way, so that they can receive dirt in their faces and become accustomed to left-hand tracks, sharp turns and American horseshoes that grip," Wildenstein said. "It will be marvelous. In a year or two we will be sending horses to win all their best races, the Kentucky Derby, everything. We have much better horses here."

If Wildenstein's words seem a touch nationalistic, it's not surprising. Back in the mid-'70s he named another outstanding filly Allez France so that when she raced in England he would have the pleasure of hearing English bettors yelling her name—which means, of course, "Let's go, France." And building the American-style track, which is expected to be completed this summer, is an idea he nurtured for many years. In the Chantilly offices of the Société d'Encouragement, director Christian de Lagarde pointed to a wall map and told Gammon, "It will be here on the other side of the forest at Avilly-Saint Léonard. It will cost two million francs [about $240,000]." And there was the track clearly indicated. "If we didn't do it, Wildenstein would on his own," de Lagarde said. "If it's good for France, I am for it."

A couple of miles away from where de Lagarde spoke, Yannick Barbot, 20, All Along's groom, showed off his charge in her apple-green bandages and said he was eagerly awaiting a phone call from the Eclipse dinner in New York from *Le Patron*—The Boss. "Anytime the French win anything he calls right away," Barbot said. *Le Patron* is trainer Patrick-Louis Biancone, and if Wildenstein's dreams come true, Biancone and other French horsemen will be happily making many transatlantic calls in the future.

Life can be tuneful for the Reids even when they're not having an argument.

CALLING TIME OUT FOR A MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Mike Reid, the former Cincinnati Bengal All-Pro tackle who has become a successful country songwriter, has been nominated for a Grammy award for best country song for his current hit, *Stranger in My House*. The song, which is about a troubled marriage, was recorded by Ronnie Milsap, who has been nominated for a Grammy for best male country vocal. Reid says the song was inspired by a spat he had with his wife of four years, Susan, who was a waitress before giving birth to the couple's first child, Matthew Michael, last Dec. 17.

"A couple of years ago, Susan was working nights, and I was working during the day," Reid says. "With our schedules, we weren't seeing a lot of each other. I told her, 'Living with you is like having a stranger in my house.' As soon as I said it, I thought, 'That's a great title for a song.' So I left the room and wrote it down. Then I went back and continued the argument."

THEY SAID IT

• Melvin Howard, freshman guard on Georgia's basketball team, on his limited playing time: "It's not the sitting that bothers me. It's the not playing."

• Howard Cosell, appraising his career: "I think I've made a difference in my phase of the broadcast industry, but I don't think I've impacted on the world in the manner of Franklin Roosevelt." **END**

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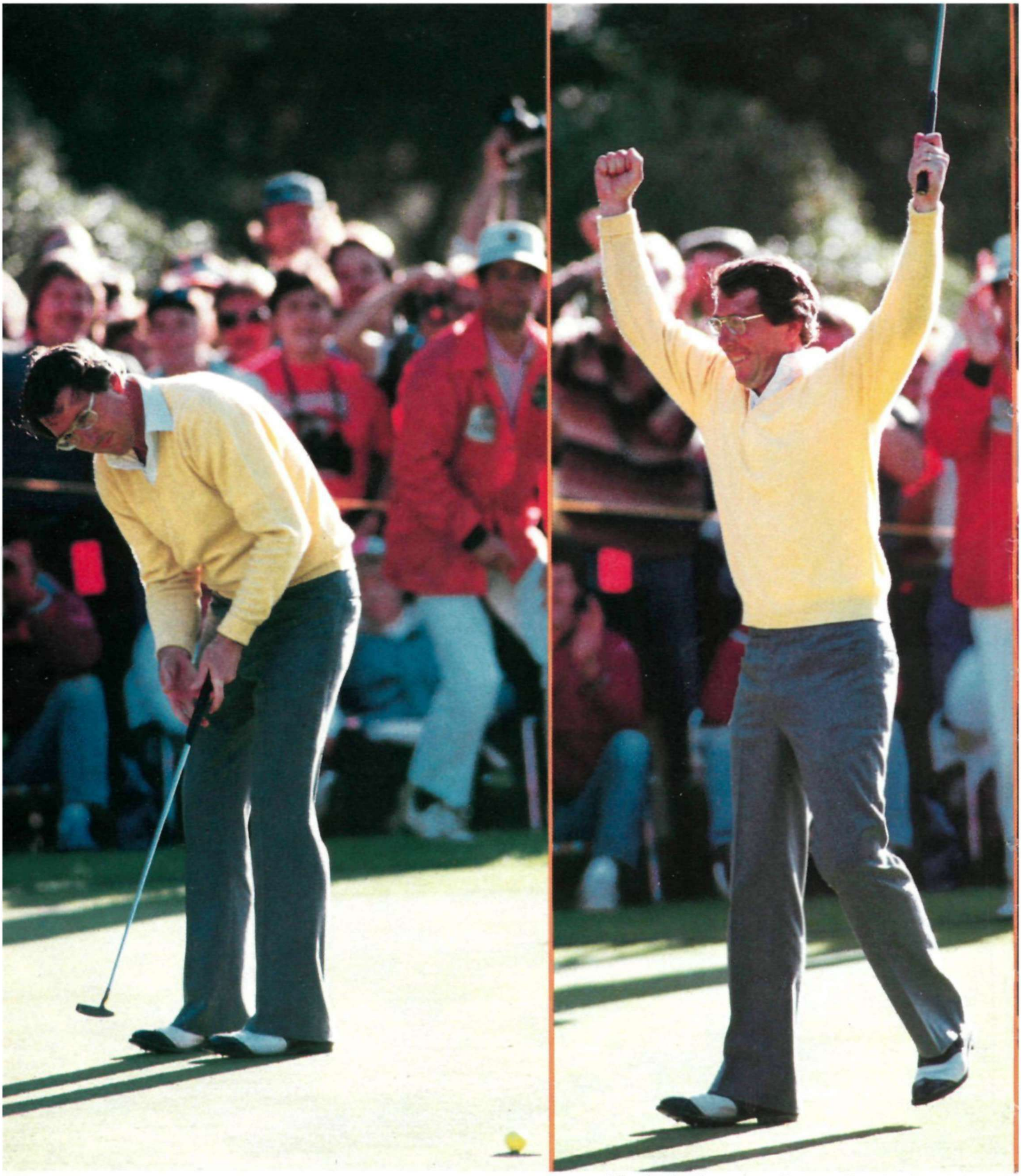

After having been saved by a rock and a flagstick on 18

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 13, 1984

The Bumper

and the sand shot of his life in the playoff, Irwin's winning nine-foot putt was a cinch—and worth a clinch from his caddie, Matt Bloom.

Pool Crosby

Two sensational 18th-hole bank shots at the Bing Crosby Pro-Am lifted Hale Irwin into a playoff, which he won on the second hole

by DAN JENKINS

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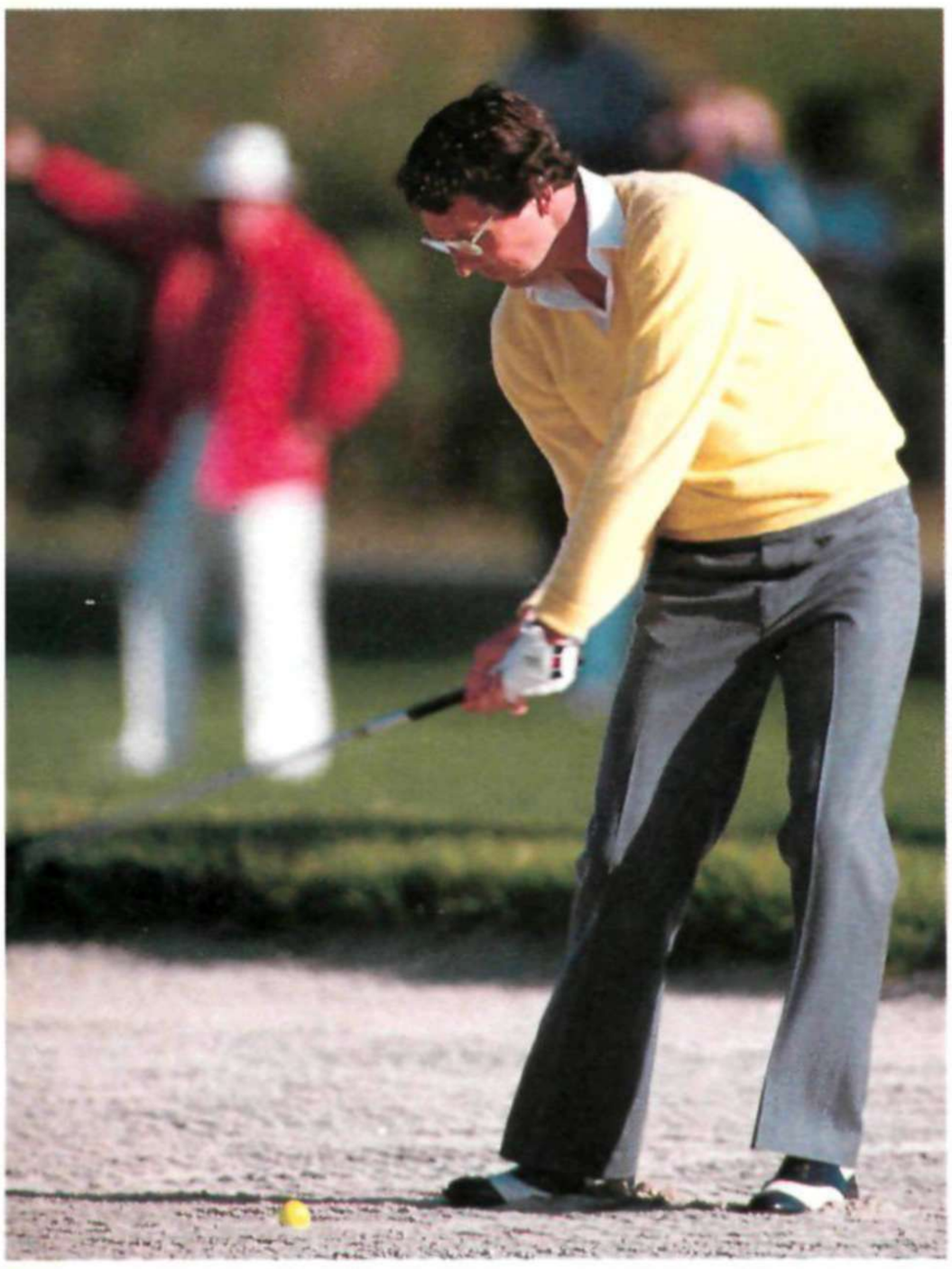


Irwin's ultimate weapon: a two-iron from the sand.

Four days of designer weather on the Monterey Peninsula last week produced one of the weirdest tournaments in the lusty 44-year history of the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am before it wound up in the sensible clutches of Hale Irwin. For a while there on Sunday it seemed to belong to a little guy who plays righthanded, putts lefthanded and looks like a New Wave guitarist. But Jim Nelford simply wasn't destined to win. How can you beat somebody at Pebble Beach who's going to bounce a golf ball off an oceanside rock, then carom one off a flagstick to get himself a tie, and then overcome a skied tee shot on the second sudden-death playoff hole with a career two-iron shot out of a fairway bunker? Except for that 213-yard blast, which got him in there for his birdie putt, Irwin looked as if he were winning—or losing—the Bing Crosby National Bumper Pool Championship.

Nelford, a 28-year-old Canadian who grew up playing more ice hockey than golf, performed grandly in Sunday's final round in an effort to gain his first victory in seven years on the PGA Tour. He rapped in six birdies as he fired a four-under 68 and reached the scorer's tent two holes ahead of Irwin with a total of 278, 10 under par. Meanwhile, Irwin, 38, who had begun the day with a two-stroke lead on the field, spent a good deal of time wondering if he'd forgotten how to play the game. For a two-time U.S Open champion and a man with a reputation for showing off his best golf on the toughest courses, he seemed always to "pull out the wrong club," as he said later.

Irwin was struggling to get to the house with an even-par 72, which would tie Nelford, and only the tenacious competitor that he is could have rescued this round. Even so, it looked lost when Hale bogeyed the 15th hole. He needed a birdie somewhere, but he wasn't hitting many greens in regulation. On the scenic and infamous par-five 18th, he had one last chance, but from the way he struck his tee shot it appeared as if he were trying to hit the ocean in regulation.

"It *was* low and it *was* hooking," Irwin said. It had fifth place written all over it, but. . . ."

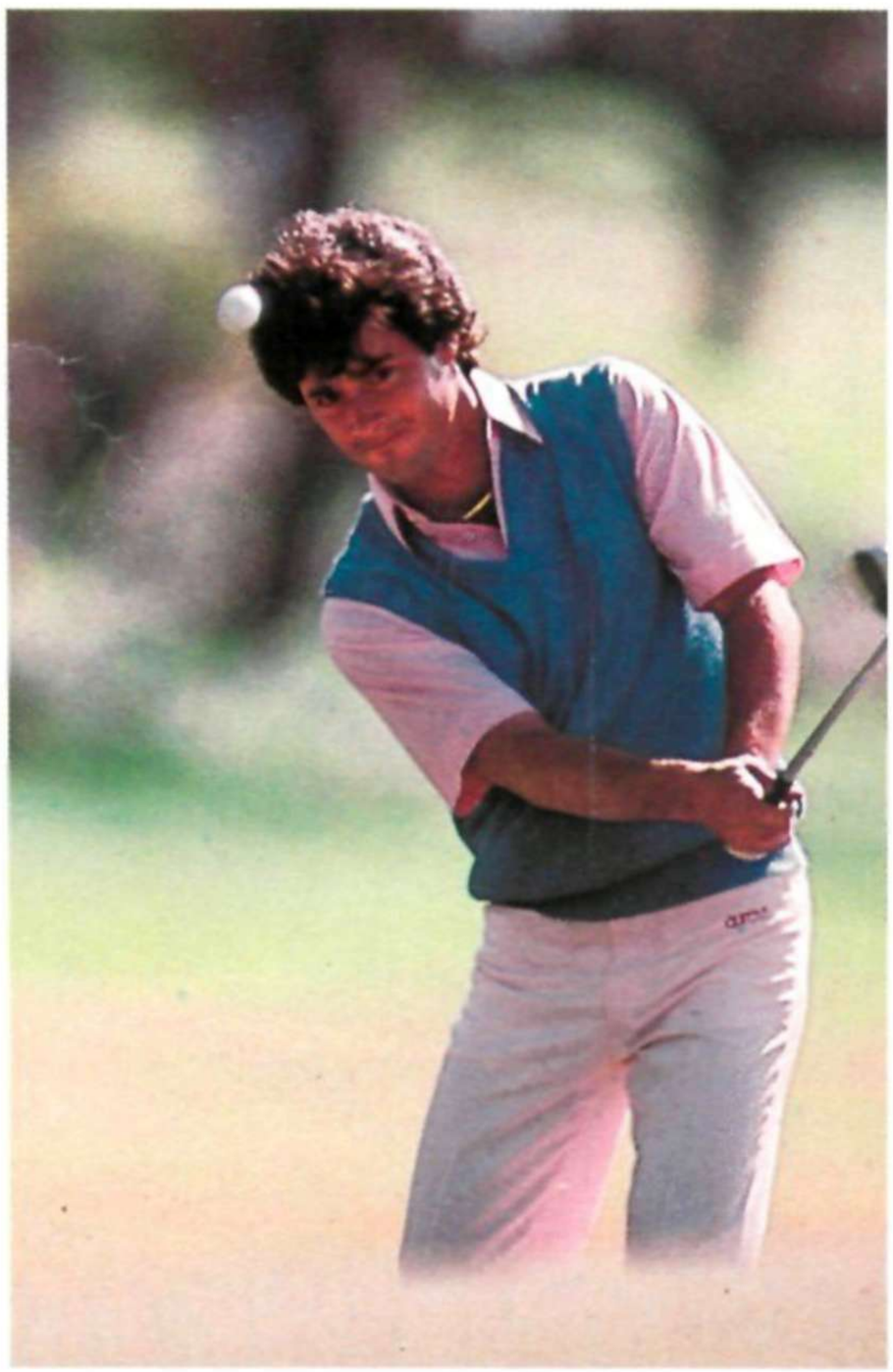
But it hit a rock along the steep drop-off to Carmel Bay and popped right back onto the fairway. From there he was able to put a three-wood second shot into position for an 81-yard wedge to the pin. Hale hit a splendid shot—as it turned out, even better than it looked. The ball one-hopped square into the flagstick and stopped five feet from the cup. He rapped it in for a birdie that gave him a 72—and a deadlock with Nelford, who stood watching and was too much of a gentleman to throw up in front of so large a gallery.

They halved the first playoff hole, the 15th, with par 4s, and then Irwin stunned himself by hitting "the worst tee ball of my life." Driving with his usually reliable three-wood, he hit the turf behind the ball, and high handicappers everywhere must have taken heart. In the heat of the moment, Irwin had hit the ball exactly as they would have. It came down from another universe to rest in a long fairway bunker, less than 200 yards from the tee.

Nelford was safely in the fairway with only a seven-iron to the green, and once again it seemed he held the upper hand. Irwin couldn't possibly reach the green, could he?

"I thought I might as well *try*," he said. "In a situation like that—one of those 'Well, what have we here?' things—you have to make yourself forget everything but the mechanics. Stay down on it, swing slowly, make contact with the ball first. That's all I thought about."

The shot was an absolute beauty, 213 yards of perfection, over the dangerous cross-bunker guarding the green, onto the putting surface, the ball rolling toward the pin, then coming to a stop about nine feet behind the hole. Irwin wasn't about to miss the putt after having made



When the switch-hitting Nelford had Irwin behind the eight ball, Hale took his cue and let fly.

Wee Willie was a surprise to those who knew little about Woodcraft.

a shot like that—and he didn't.

Irwin thus had gone from a ricochet romance to instruction-book stuff in the space of half an hour, from the rocks to the winner's circle, proving once again what a marvelous golfer he is on the most testing terrain. Irwin, who with his $72,000 Crosby check now ranks fourth on the alltime money list with $2.45 million, has won championships on such storied layouts as Harbour Town, Winged Foot, Butler National, Riviera, Pinehurst No. 2, Inverness, Muirfield Village—and now Pebble Beach.

He is a collector of great golf courses. That he caught Pebble in a tame mood will be forgotten, but not the miraculous way he beat it. The only thing the glorious weather did was keep the puzzling names—like Nelford's—on the scoreboards throughout the tournament. Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Spyglass Hill—the three courses the field took turns playing until the survivors moved to Pebble for the final round—have trouble defending themselves without any real wind whipping in off the ocean. They lack a certain bite, become disarmed. This makes everyone in the field a little more equal.

Equality began on Thursday when a rather odd threesome shared the first-round lead at five-under 67: Thomas Gray, who would write his elegy soon enough; Bob Murphy, an unemployed TV announcer; and Nelford. Murphy and Nelford had seized on a tame Spyglass for their 67s. Irwin played Cypress Point that day and shot a 69.

Gray's score at Pebble was the most surprising. He had been heard from only once before. That was in 1982, when he finished second in the LaJet Classic in Abilene, Texas at the end of a near-penniless season and vaulted onto the exempt list. A criminal justice major at Arizona State, Gray was about ready to seek a new line of work. His follow-up 76s in the Crosby were either criminal—or justice. He missed the cut.

Murphy's timing was perfect. Tom Weiskopf had just been hired as a commentator for CBS to work 12 tournaments this year, and Murphy had just been shoved into reserve. Murphy still will be used occasionally, but he wasn't last week. He faded from contention after the opening-round 67, while Weiskopf wound up in a three-way tie with Pat Summerall and Ken Venturi on CBS' 18th-hole tower.

Nelford drifted back to a 73 at Pebble on Friday, the day two more strangers moved to the top, Willie Wood and John Adams. Wood wasn't that unfamiliar to golfing enthusiasts. A cute little guy built like a one-iron (he weighs 135, stands 5′ 7″), Wood, 23, was the medalist at the PGA Tour Qualifying Tournament back in November, after having been a two-time All-America at Oklahoma State. Adams wasn't the second President of the U.S., but he *was* second in the Hall of Fame Tournament at Pinehurst in 1982, his main claim to leaderboardom.

Wood added a 69 at Cypress to his opening 68 at Pebble for his 137 total. Adams fired a 67 at Cypress to go along with his 70 at Pebble. They were one

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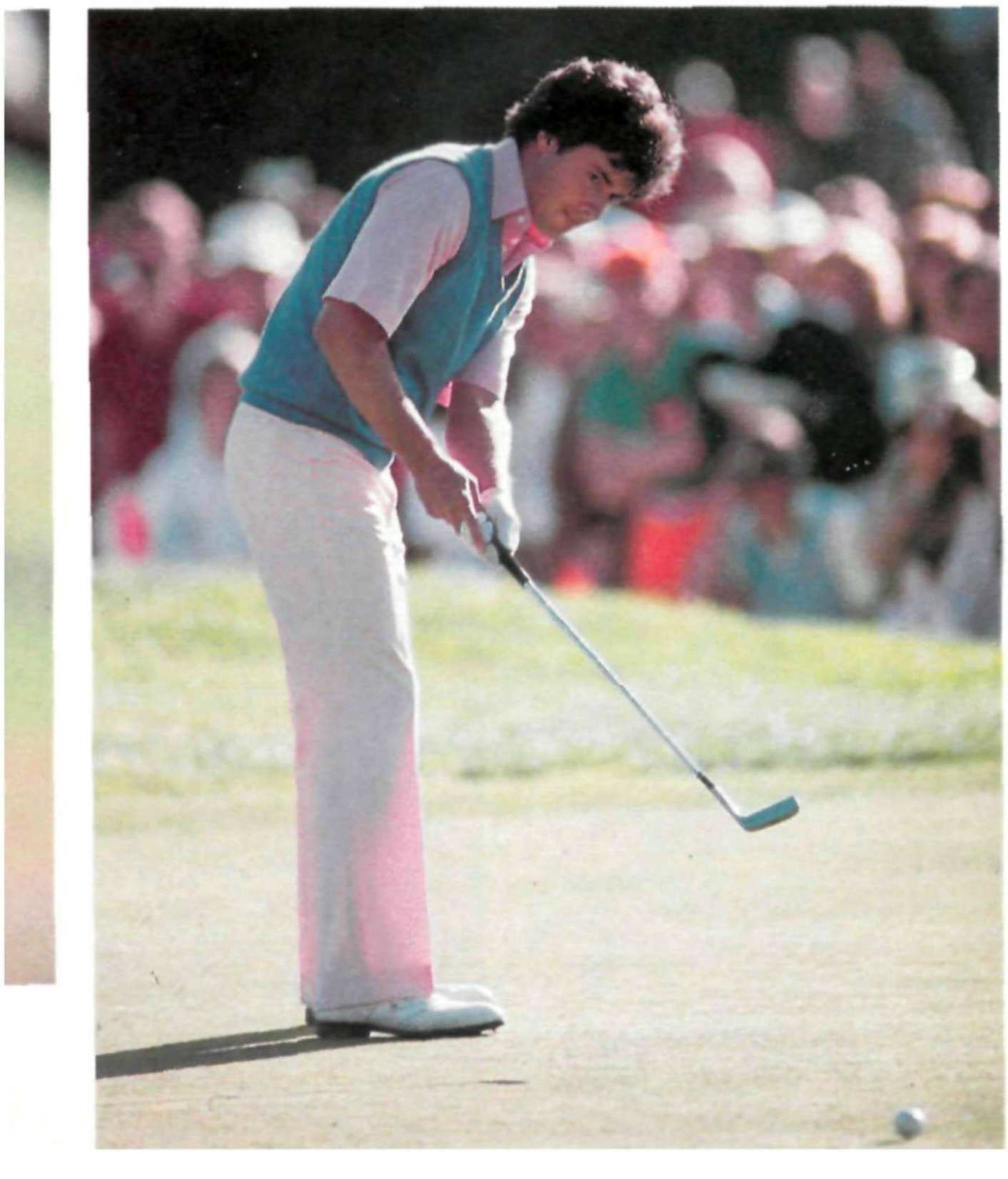
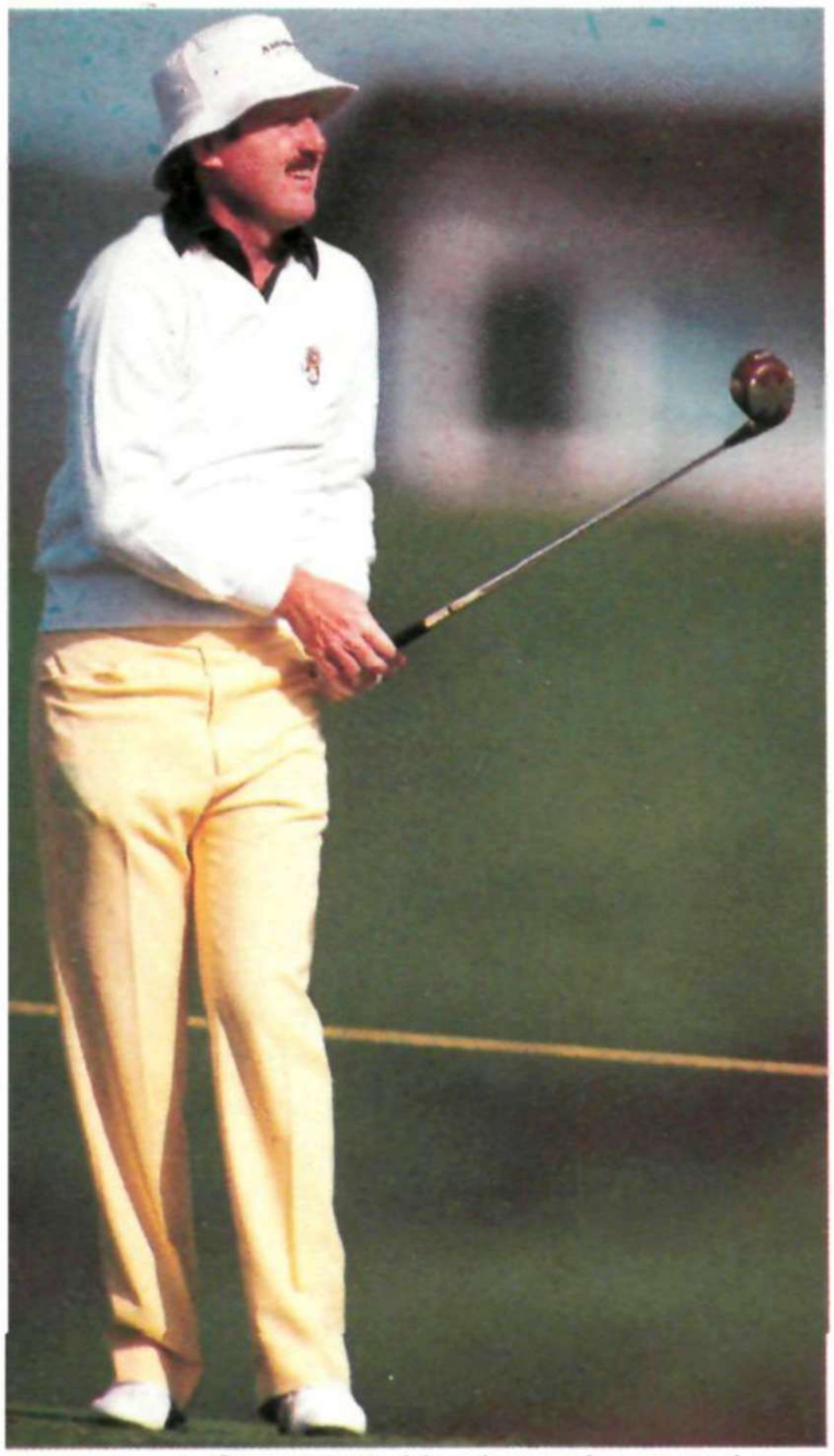
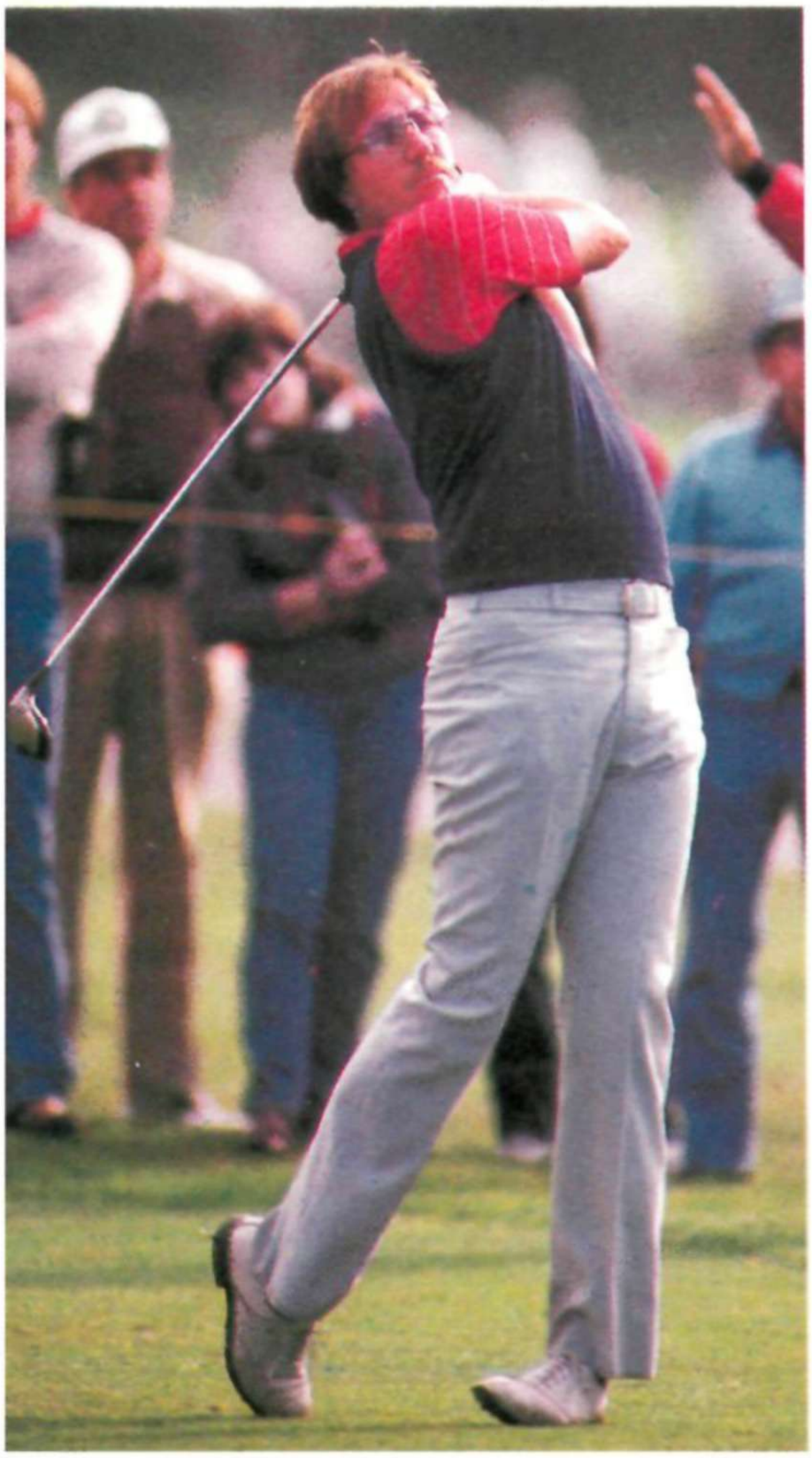




Gray wrote his elegy after round one; Adams was not cut of presidential cloth.



stroke ahead of Irwin, who had now shot back-to-back 69s, and Craig Stadler, who had a near-perfect 66 at Pebble, a round which could have been much lower. "I'm about ready to win any minute," Stadler said, speaking too soon. He would fall back to a 74 on Saturday and end up tied for sixth.

Meanwhile, Adams said he knew what to expect from the headlines: "UNKNOWN TIES FOR CROSBY LEAD—I can see it now." Maybe he couldn't have foreseen the 76 he had coming up at Spyglass, but most people could.

Wood wasn't going to win the Crosby, but he did charm it with his personality, and he finished tied for 17th. He is going to be a player to reckon with. He has accuracy off the tee and the ability to hit what he calls "talent shots" all through the bag. Stamina will be his only problem.

At the Crosby, Wood spoke of looking forward to being paired with "Mr. Nicklaus and Mr. Watson." He spoke of often being mistaken for a caddie because of his boyish looks. He spoke of all the cameras on the golf courses. Everybody brought a camera to take snapshots of Clint Eastwood.

"They sound like popcorn," Wood said.

He also spoke of his impending marriage, this week in Hawaii, to a girl named Holly. How will she pronounce her married name? he was asked. "Very slowly," he said. "Holly . . . Wood."

Saturday was the day Irwin took the lead he would be asked to protect against the strangers who stayed near him. Irwin "managed" a round of 68 at Pebble Beach, admitting it couldn't compare with the flawless 69 he had shot at Spyglass. "When you're a grizzled vet," he said, smiling, "you learn how to save strokes around the greens. I saved a few."

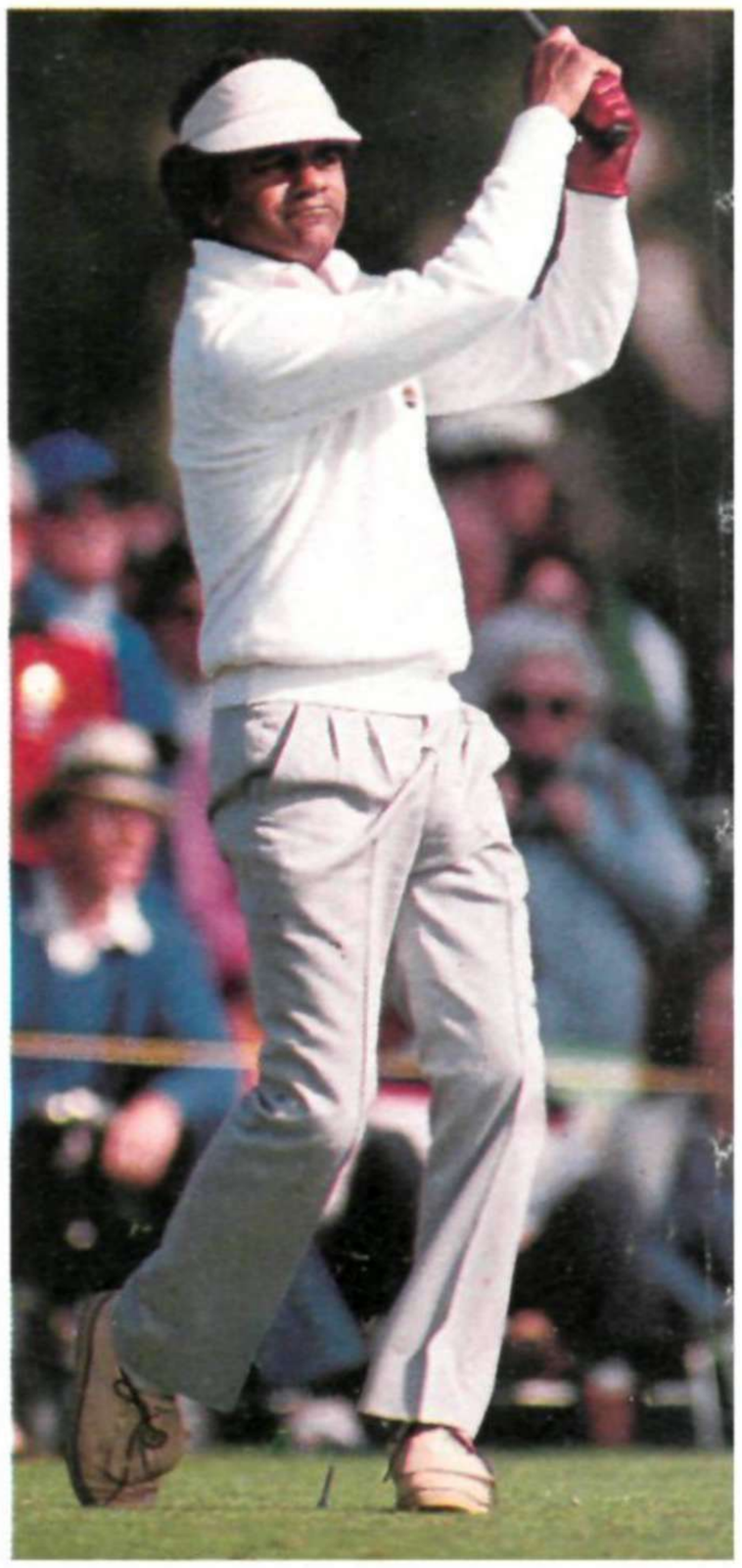
Irwin's total of 206 through 54 holes gave him a two-stroke lead over the field. His nearest pursuer was David Edwards, another one of those Oklahomans, who had quietly put together rounds of 69, 70 and 69. Four strokes behind Irwin were Nelford, Mark O'Meara, Fred Couples and Hal Sutton—one household name, at least.

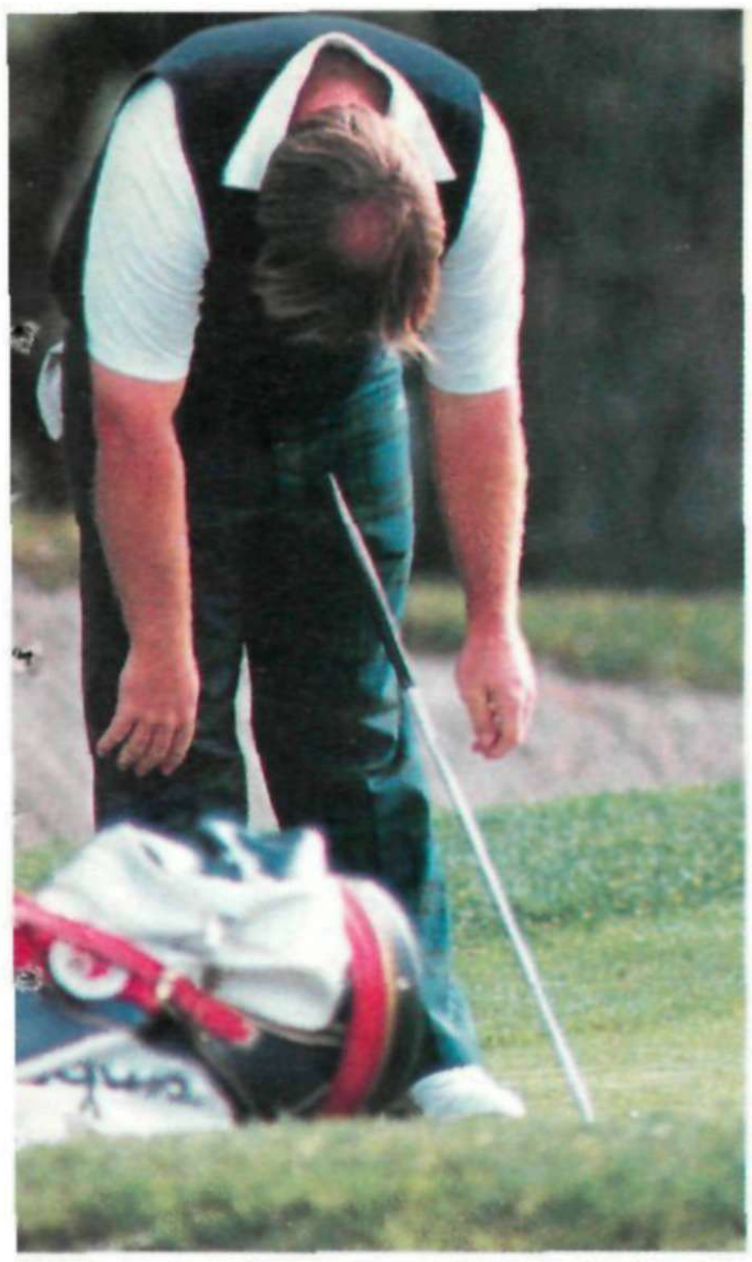
Irwin deserved special credit, for his rounds had been forged through "Dirty Harry's galleries," as he put it. Irwin and his partner in the pro-am segment of the tournament, local oil man Darius Keaton,

Stadler thought he'd be moving up, but in

had been paired with Eastwood and Ray Floyd for those first three rounds. These had taken an average of six hours to complete, mostly because of the mobs that wanted Clint to "make their day." Irwin said, "You have to keep reminding your-

Chances are Mathis won't make another ace



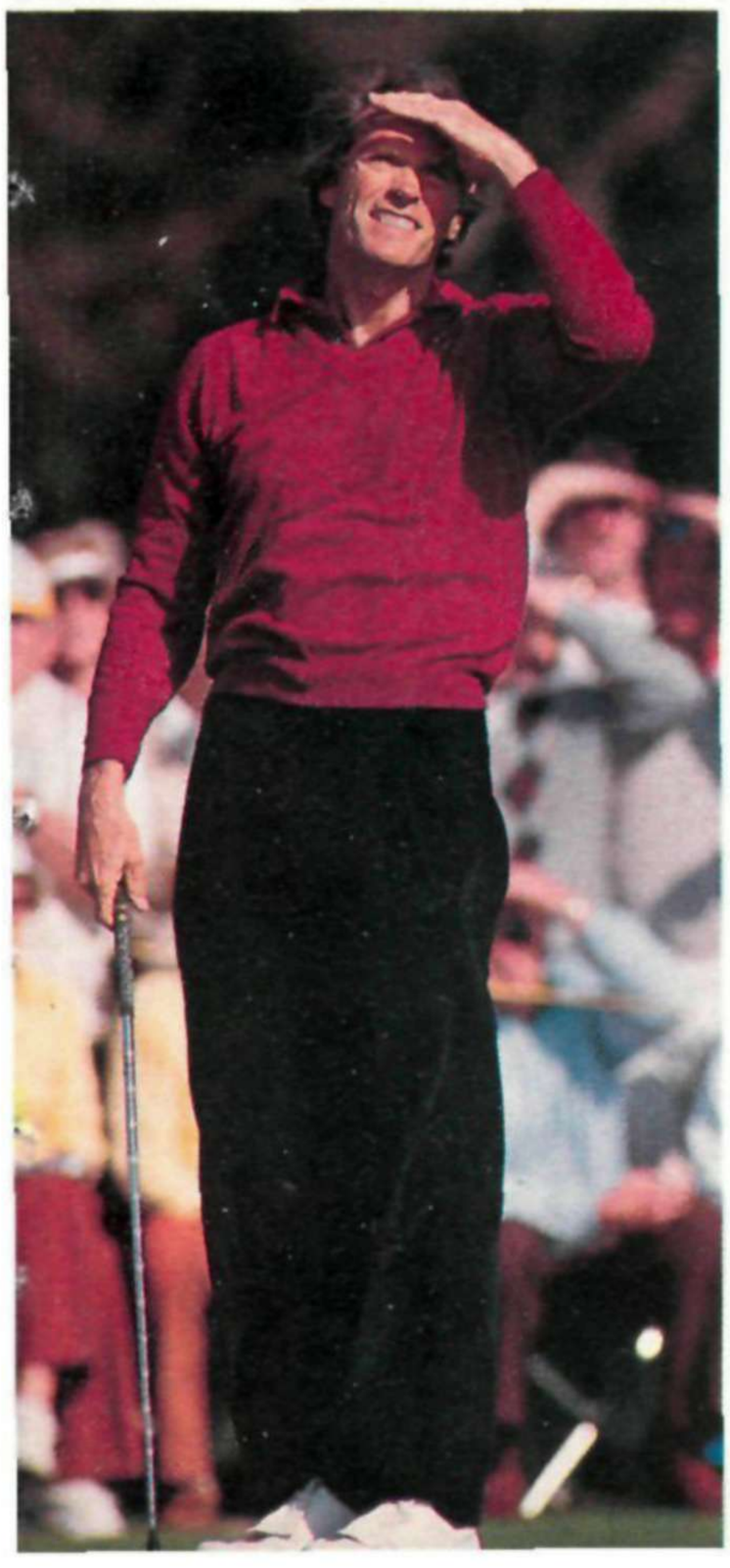


the end the Walrus bowed down and out.

self that you're in a golf tournament."

Two chaps who were never in the tournament, as it happened, were Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson. Nicklaus, who was making his first start of the season, played routinely, with rounds of 72, 73, 71 and 70, finishing in a tie with Wood and eight others. Watson opened with a shocking 77 at Cypress Point, including a shot into the water on the par-3 16th, and gradually vanished, missing his second cut in a row, having done the same thing at San Diego. What a strange start for Watson in '84. He began by winning $100,000 for two days of golf in the Tucson Match Play, and he has now missed two consecutive cuts in his only other appearances while remaining No. 1 on the money list.

and somebody will make Dirty Harry's day.



Nicklaus had an excuse, had he chosen to fall back on it. Jack's amateur partner was Gerald Ford, who did his usual trick of shanking a shot and hitting a spectator. Over the years, Ford has become the leader in the clubhouse for hitting spectators with golf balls. There were even two ladies in his gallery last week who wore hard hats identifying them as JERRY'S CHEERING SECTION.

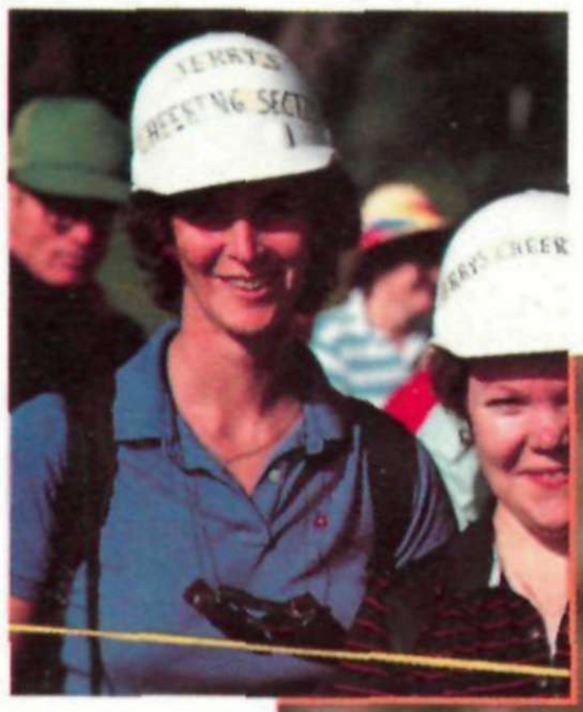
But Ford was outdone in sprayed shots. Ken Howard, the White Shadow of TV fame, struck the same spectator *twice*, on different holes. The man wasn't injured, but he supposedly said to a friend after the second plunking, "That's it, I'm getting out of here."

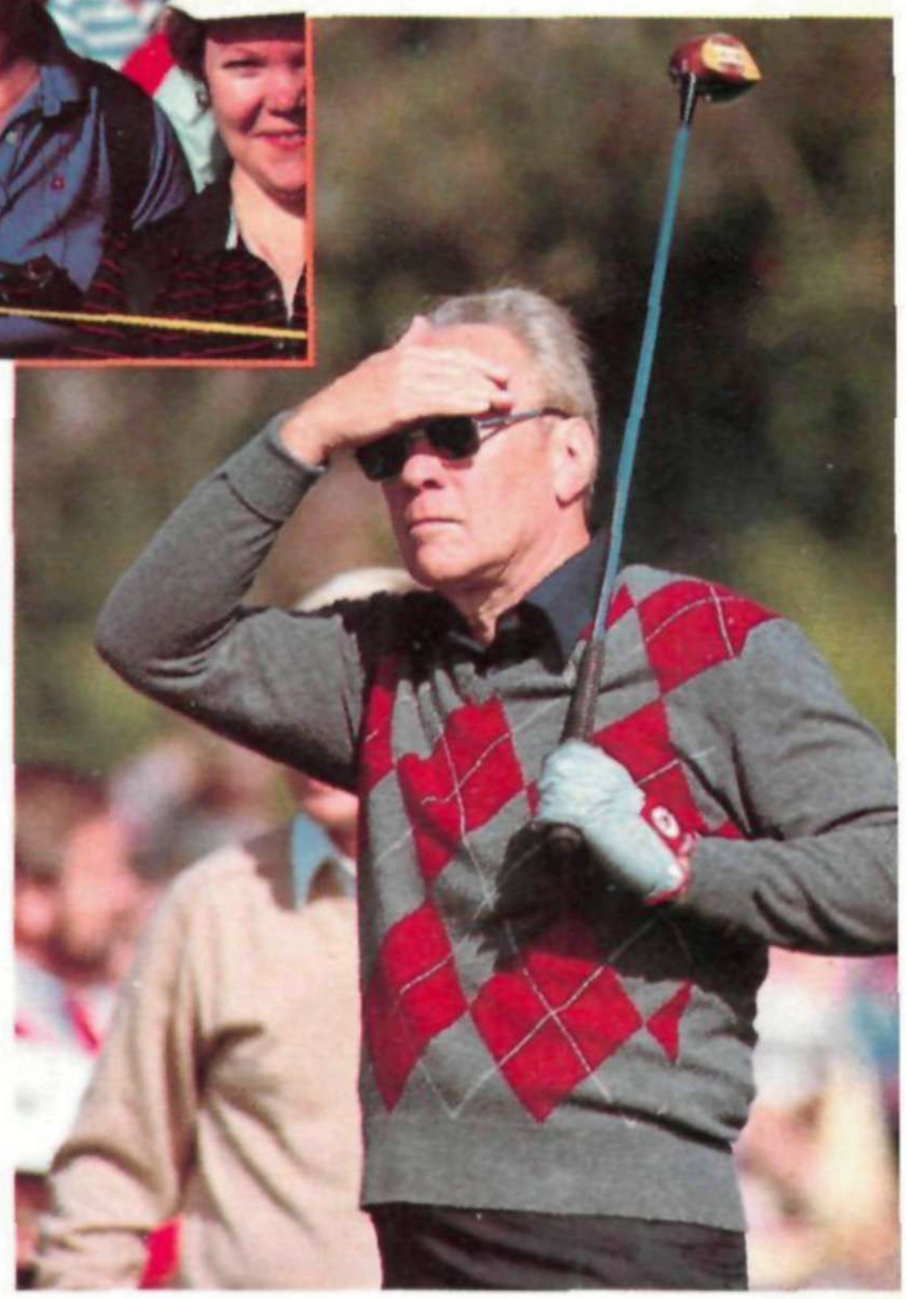
The pro-am business loses some importance when an amateur brings an under-arrest handicap into the event. It's a colorful part of the proceedings, of course, when Jack Lemmon is thrashing around in the ice-plant, or when Johnny Mathis is making a hole in one, as he did at the short 15th at Cypress on Thursday. Normally, however, the pro-am cries out for police sirens.

Leading after the first round with a 61 was the team of pro Mike Donald and Cris Collinsworth, the Cincinnati Bengal wide receiver, playing in his first Crosby. Collinsworth was getting 18 strokes, and a fellow amateur said to him, "Is there a history of kleptomania in your family?"

The pro-am winners turned out to be O'Meara and his partner, J.P. Diesel, a Tenneco executive from Houston, who ran in a 30-foot birdie putt on the final green to get them to 31 under. Diesel leaped around in ecstasy, but O'Meara missed his own birdie putt, which would have put him in the playoff with Irwin and Nelford for the big prize, then blew a tap-in and had to settle for a third-place tie with Couples.

Thus the stage was set for Irwin's astounding finish, which he may have had coming. He had lost the 1976 Memorial when Roger Maltbie hit a wayward shot that glanced off a gallery stake and onto the green to save par on the third hole of a playoff. Pebble made it up to Ir-



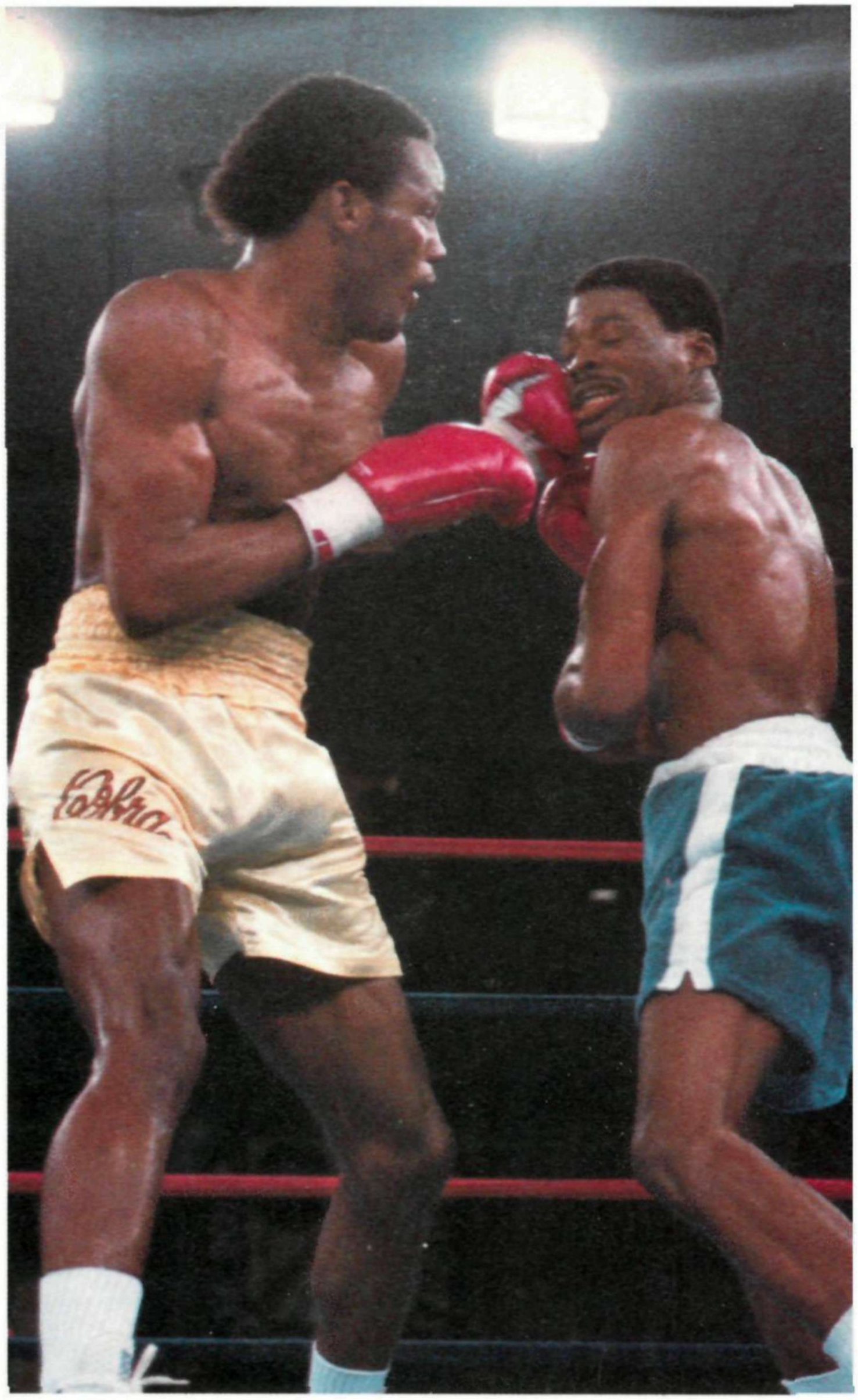


Never one to let down his fans, Ford made another big hit with the gallery.

win, but now poor Nelford was left with something to gnaw on.

"Five years ago," he said, "I came to the 18th at Pebble one shot behind the leaders. I was thinking about a birdie, and I hooked my drive like Hale did. Mine went 50 yards into the ocean. I'll have to do something to appease the gods."

Maybe the gods don't approve of righthanded hitters putting lefty, but they surely were smiling on Hale Irwin. **END**



In the first few minutes after winning a unanimous decision over Marlon Starling at Bally's Hotel in Atlantic City last Saturday, WBA and International Boxing Federation welterweight champion Donald Curry was characteristically impassive, but then, as his handlers led him to a press conference, Curry brightened and found a bit of humor in the dark glasses he'd put on to conceal a swelling under his left eyebrow. "Lookin' like Ray," he said gaily.

Leonard, that is, not Charles. Indeed, against the tough and talented Starling, Curry put on an artful display of combinations, speed and defense that only Leonard among today's middle division boxers could match. Which may be one reason that Leonard, the former undisputed world welterweight champion who's about to embark on a comeback, has avoided adding Curry to his list of notable prospective opponents that now numbers Milton McCrory, Roberto Duran and Thomas Hearns.

Neither Curry, though a world champion at 22, nor Starling had much marquee value before last week's bout, and each was hoping to obtain some with an impressive victory. The winner would then enter the multimillion-dollar sweepstakes that seems sure to result from Leonard's return to the ring after two years of inactivity.

Curry, now 18–0 with 13 knockouts, holds half of Leonard's old 147-pound title, and he's recognized as a superb technician. In his first bout with Starling 16 months ago, which Curry won on a split decision, he'd used his deft footwork and left jab to keep out of danger. He said he was forced to resort to those tactics because he felt weak after steaming off three pounds the day of the bout to make the 147-pound limit.

Since then he'd been criticized for lacking the finishing power and, most disturbing, the fortitude of a champion. Starling had been Curry's loudest critic; he'd taken to calling Curry—who bills himself as the Lone Star Cobra because he's from Texas—the Lone Star Chicken.

Starling, 25, the self-proclaimed Magic Man and the best fighter out of Hartford,

His Recipe Is A Mix Of Sugar And Curry

Donald Curry hopes, perhaps vainly, that his win over Marlon Starling will lead to a bout with Ray Leonard

by JAIME DIAZ

Conn. since Willie Pep, brought a 30–1 record with 20 KOs into Saturday's bout. He also vowed not to indulge in the clowning that had cost him points in his first fight with Curry. "I did everything I wanted in that first fight but win," said Starling, who's ranked No. 2 by the WBA. "I was the boss, but I let him run too much. He out-thought me, and I can't let this kid do that."

From the opening bell Saturday, the 5′ 10½″ Curry largely eschewed his vaunted jab and instead crowded Starling, beating him to the punch with short hooks and showing surprising strength by bulling his stockier opponent—Starling is 5′ 8¼″—into the ropes. In the sixth round Curry knocked Starling back with a sharp right to the head, and at the bell the challenger wore a respectful look. Starling won some of the middle rounds, doing most of his damage with right uppercuts, but Curry finished strong: In the 15th round Starling was in danger of being knocked down for the first time in his pro career. Although Curry suffered a cut inside his lower lip along with the wound that caused the swelling above his eye and never had Starling in serious trouble, he won easily on all three cards.

"I showed everyone I was tough," Curry said. "People say Donald Curry likes to run a lot, that he has no heart. I think I showed heart today."

Starling offered no excuses. "Curry came out with 'c'mon' in his eye, and he took some shots," he said. "He fought from his heart, and he had the heart of a champion."

But Curry's tactics didn't impress his manager, Dave Gorman, a Fort Worth contractor. "I knew Donald was going to get macho," he said. "I thought he would take Starling out, but he avoided what he does best. Don's fight is to keep the guy off balance by changing punching angles and then firing."

Curry began boxing at age eight under the tutelage of Paul Reyes, who's still his trainer. He was 400–4 as an amateur and in 1980 won the National Golden Gloves at 147 pounds, and his class in both the World Cup tournament in Kenya and the Olympic Trials, beating Davey Moore, who would later win the WBA junior middleweight title. Curry won the vacant WBA welterweight crown last February with a victory over Jun Sok Hwang of South Korea. After recovering from ligament damage in his right wrist, Curry KO'd Roger Stafford in September.

Curry maintains a stern visage and admirable composure in and out of the ring. Until his half brother, Bruce, lost his WBC junior welterweight title on Jan. 29 to Billy Costello, the Currys were the only brothers—half or otherwise—ever to hold world championships simultaneously. Donald said he didn't watch Bruce's fight because "my brother's best days are behind him . . . but Bruce's losing just inspires me more."

At the postfight press conference Saturday, which was attended by McCrory, who holds the WBC welterweight title, Curry was uncharacteristically brash in saying, "I don't think Milt wants to fight me." Then Curry quickly toned down his challenge: "I'm not trying to hassle you. I'm just ready to fight whenever you are. We're buddies." Oddly enough, Curry is an admirer of John McEnroe, and not because Mac has a sizzling serve. "I like his mouth," Curry says.

Assuming Leonard beats a so-so welterweight named Kevin Howard in his Feb. 25 comeback fight, he's the kingpin in making superfights. And right now, Curry offers Leonard maximum risk and, because of Curry's relative obscurity, minimum profit, compared with bigger if slightly tarnished names like Duran and Hearns, the WBA and WBC junior middleweight champions, respectively. "If I was Ray Leonard, I wouldn't want to fight Curry," Gorman says.

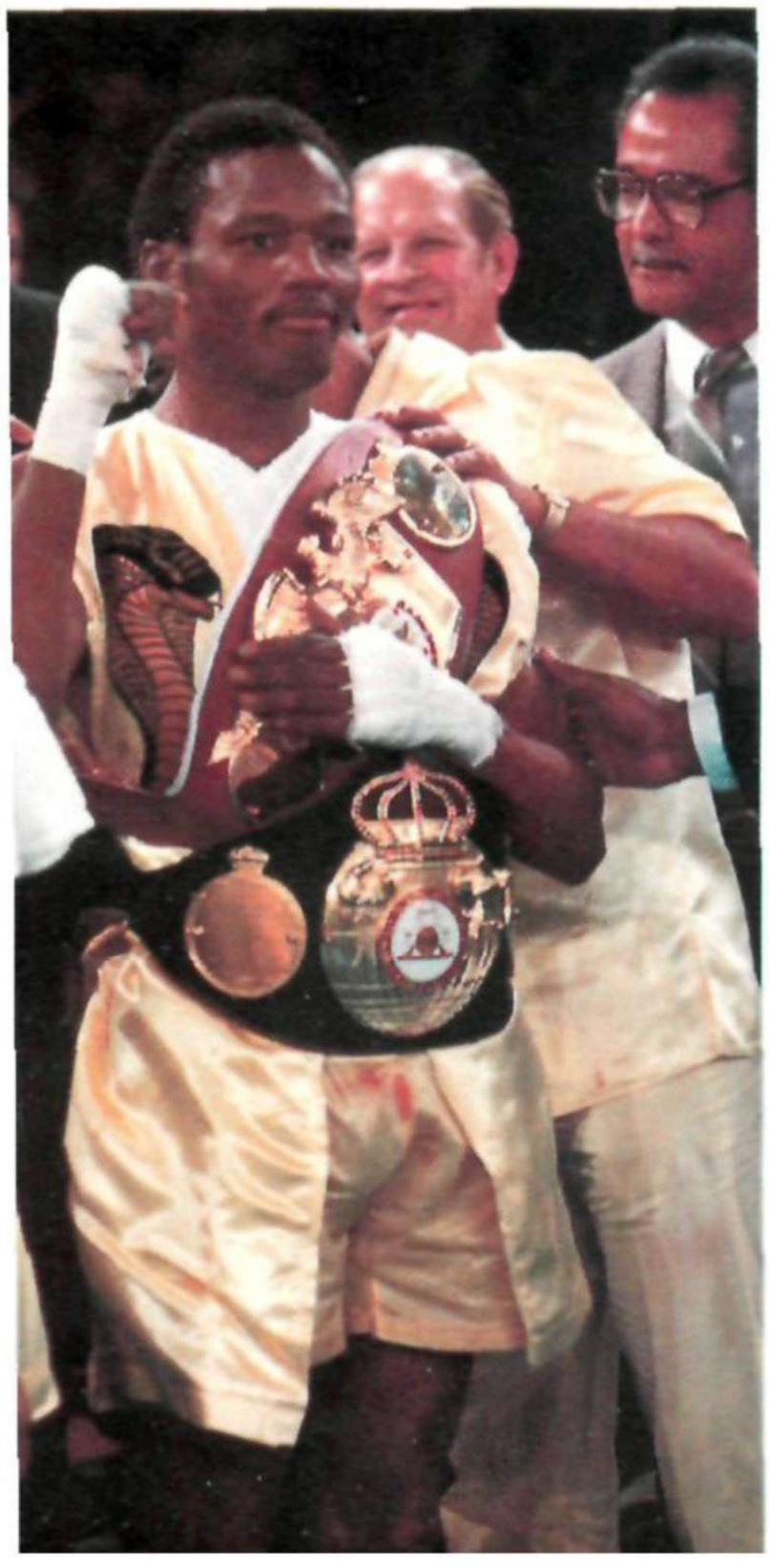
That kind of talk frustrates Bob Arum, the Top Rank promoter who controls Curry and Duran but would be shut out of any Leonard fight. "Leonard has to remember he's not the champion anymore," Arum says. "If he wants his title back, he's going to have to come to Curry." Then, perhaps remembering that Leonard could go for McCrory's WBC crown instead, Arum outlandishly added that Curry doesn't need Leonard: "Donald will soon be making $1 million and more a fight." For Starling, Curry got $250,000, his biggest purse to date. Starling was paid $100,000.

Curry says he'll challenge Duran or former WBA junior welterweight champ Aaron Pryor, who might be enticed into unretiring. First, though, Curry must defend against No. 1–ranked Elio Diaz of Venezuela.

With the big money waiting, it's doubtful Curry will have to go toe-to-toe for 15 rounds again. Even Starling said as much. "I told Curry, 'You don't have to prove you're the boss by fighting inside,' " he said. "I told him, 'You can be the boss from the outside.' "

But, as Curry knows, the old boss is back in the division, which could make Curry very much an outsider. **END**

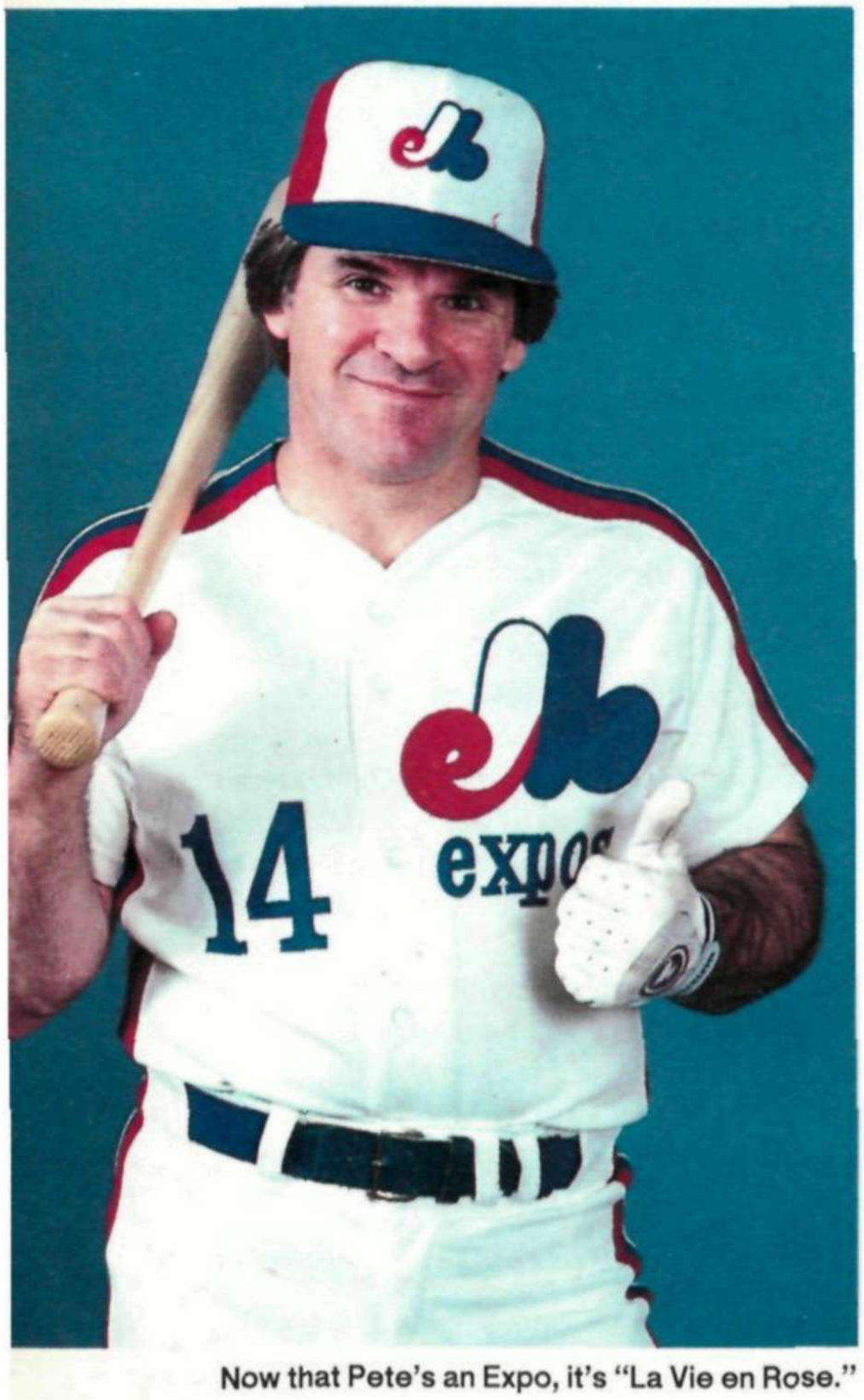
After having belted Starling, Curry was belted by the International Boxing Federation and WBA.



Pete's Out To Prove He Can Pull His Weight

At 42 going on 4,000, Pete Rose has a new team, the Expos, and a new challenge—lifting yet another club to the pennant **by RON FIMRITE**

The Nautilus showroom just off the lobby of the Vernon Manor Hotel in Cincinnati isn't what you'd call your basic gym. Nearly life-size photo cutouts of King Kong are on the walls, and a vintage jukebox is situated incongruously amid the $80,000 worth of workout devices. The showroom is rarely used, and then by only a handful of pro athletes. On this particular Tuesday, a lone man strains against the diabolical contraptions as Kong stares balefully down on him, and the Wurlitzer plays, with stunning appropriateness, Edith Piaf's *La Vie en Rose.* Indeed, these off-season workouts on the Nautilus machines are supposed to keep the bloom on a Rose named Pete, who will play this season for the Montreal Expos and their largely French-speaking fans. It will be a season to determine just how much *vie* is left in this old Rose.

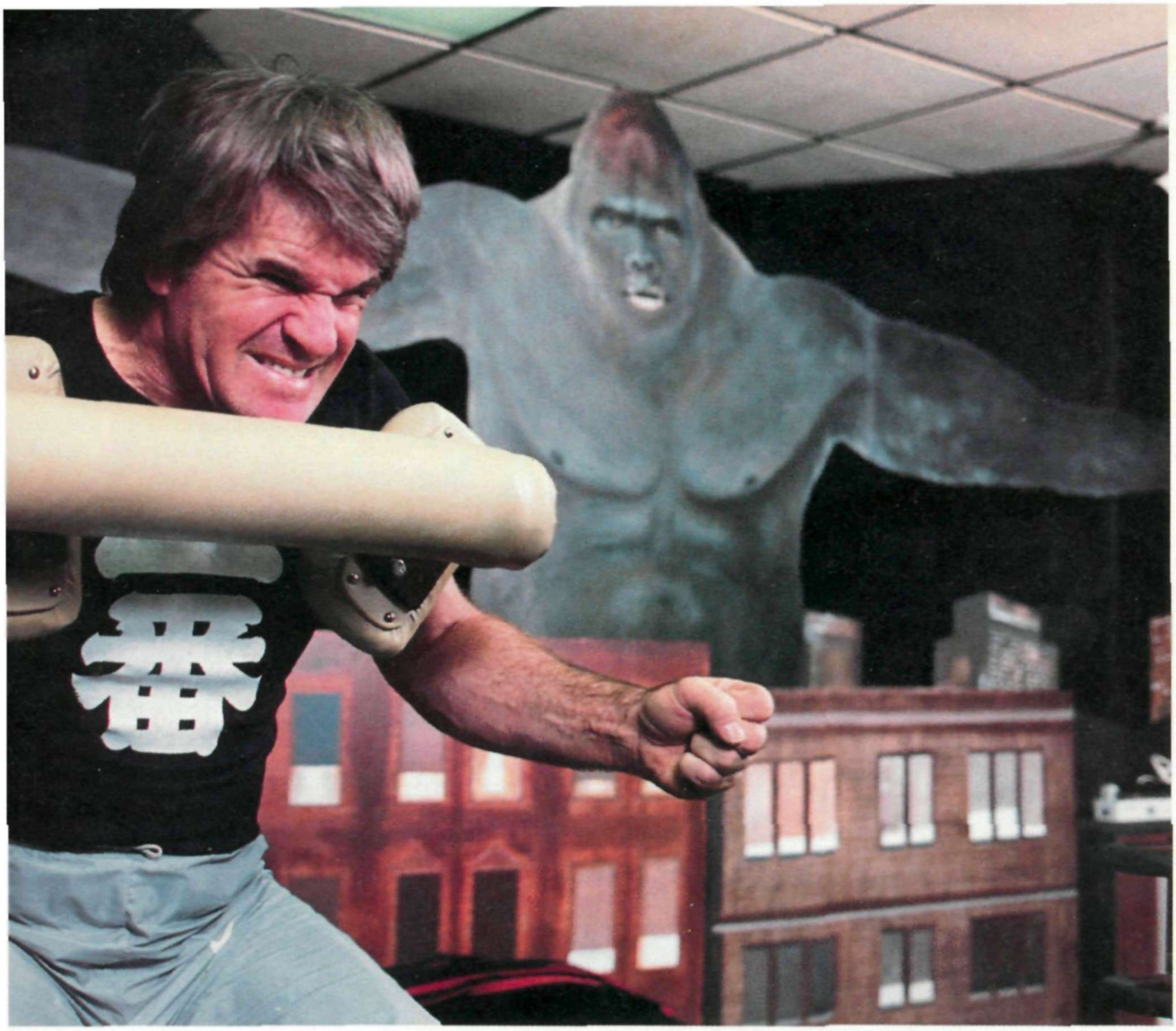


Now that Pete's an Expo, it's "La Vie en Rose."

Pete Rose's 20 previous major league off-seasons were spent mostly on the banquet circuit, with some tennis, basketball and touch football thrown in to keep the aging body trim. But Rose the fading superstar no longer is in that much demand, and though he still plays tennis, basketball and touch, he's supplementing these exertions with thrice-weekly workouts at Vernon Manor. They aren't light workouts. Under the supervision of Larry Starr, the Cincinnati Reds' trainer, Rose pits himself against 16 machines in each of his one-hour-and-20-minute workouts, half of the machines attending to the upper body, half to the lower. In between machines he does a total of 140 situps, 50 side-bends and 50 trunk twists. He skips rope for two minutes and does bench step-ups for another two. He hasn't eaten red meat since October, when the workouts began, and he neither drinks nor smokes. "No one could have worked harder than he has," says Starr. "He may be in the best shape of his career."

Rose knows he'd better be. He'll turn 43 in April—how fitting that Pete Rose and baseball should begin each year together—and for the first time since he was a rookie he isn't guaranteed a position. He'll also be playing for a new team, one with more than its share of stars and with a baffling history of near-misses. And he'll be in a new city in a new country where a foreign language is spoken. Rose had never before worked out with weights, but he's eager to show skeptics that he's not too old to learn new tricks. "I never had to change before," he says, forearms bulging against the pull of Nautilus weights. "My way was working. But .245 [his batting average last year with Philadelphia] will wake anybody up. If my way doesn't work anymore, I'll try Larry Starr's. I can change."

Rose, as proud as any who ever played the game, will come to Montreal with enough motivation to fuel a space shuttle



Working on weights for the first time, Rose hopes to make Montreal "ichiban"—No. 1.

blast-off. He'll try to prove that in middle age he can still play every day. He'll try to show the Phillies, who let him go, and the Reds, who let him go to Philadelphia in the first place and then wouldn't take him back so that he could finish his career in his hometown, that they were dead wrong about him. Rose isn't merely disappointed by these snubs from his old teams; he's seething with bitterness and resentment. "The Reds didn't even try to sign me," he says. "Dick Wagner [then the general manager] was always worried about image, and, sure, I had a divorce and a paternity suit. Well, a lot of guys have divorces. I'll agree that not many have paternity suits, but I never let that affect my concentration."

Rose is only 10 base hits shy of his 4,000th, and he'd like nothing better than to lace that landmark bingle either in Cincinnati on April 9, 10 or 11 or at home against the Phillies on the 13th, 14th or 15th. "I'd just as soon get that hit in about the third game or maybe in extra innings in the second," he says, "but if I have to wait. . . ." And finally, of course, there's The Record. Rose needs 202 hits to surpass Ty Cobb's career hit total of 4,191, but time is running out on him. His contract with the Expos is for one season only, and, as Rose learned to his embarrassment this past winter, his services are no longer in wide demand.

He began shopping for a new team after the Phillies failed to renew his contract on Nov. 15. In 1983 he was paid $1.2 million in salary and a $300,000 incentive bonus for having appeared in more than 130 games. He won't approach those figures this year, although, with various incentives and an attendance clause that begins paying off if the Expos surpass last season's home total of 2.3 million, he can earn somewhere between $700,000 and $1 million. Not bad at all for a fellow who was having trouble finding a job.

The Angels were interested in him until they re-signed Rod Carew. The Mariners were intrigued (mainly by his drawing power) until they reached the decision to get out of the rent-a-player market and go with youth. Atlanta twice called Rose's agent, Reuven Katz, then never called again. Cincinnati never even made an offer, though both Rose and Katz live right there. The Reds, for sentimental reasons, were Rose's first choice, but, says Katz, a low-key lawyer, "Montreal was where he really wanted to be. Pete doesn't like to leave teams. He never left one because he wanted to. It was always because he didn't fit into their plans. But he wants to go with a winner, and he knows that John McHale [the Expos' president] wants a championship team. McHale wasn't interested in Pete

continued

because of the Cobb record. He was interested in him because he wanted a championship."

The question remains whether a 43-year-old who hit .245 with only 17 extra-base hits last season, a player who was reduced primarily to pinch-hitting in the final, critical month of the season and who was humiliated by being benched in the third game of the World Series, can help a team that hasn't been able to help itself when it counted. The Expos, loaded with

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Open the garage doors at Rose's new house and a Rolls-Royce and a Porsche jump out.

such brilliant young stars as Andre Dawson, Gary Carter and Steve Rogers, were being acclaimed as the Team of the '80s after they won 95 games in 1979 and finished second to the Pirates in the National League East. In the strike-truncated '81 season, they lost to the Dodgers in the ninth inning of the final National League playoff game when Rick Monday hit a game-winning homer off Rogers. After that, the Expos indulged in an orgy of wheeling and dealing, but nothing seemed to help. They came in third in both '82 and '83, finishing only two games above .500 last year while trailing the Phillies by a disappointing eight games—this with a strong pitching staff and a lineup that included centerfielder Dawson, a perennial MVP candidate; Carter, considered the game's best all-around catcher; first baseman Al Oliver, a lifetime .305 hitter; outfielder Tim Raines, a .298 hitter who scored 133 runs and stole 90 bases in '83; and Tim Wallach, a brilliant young third baseman who hit 47 homers in his first two seasons. This year they've added lefthander Gary Lucas, acquired from San Diego, to a bullpen that already has righthanded stopper Jeff Reardon. What more could they possibly need? Maybe Rose.

"We've been analyzed by everyone and his dog," says Rogers, the pitching ace, "but I would characterize the Expos as a ship without a rudder. Pete Rose could be that rudder. He can bring another dimension. We have a strong nucleus, but nobody from that nucleus can assert himself as a leader. We're equals. You can't be a leader to your peers. Hell, we all grew up together. We're brothers. How can any of us be the dominant brother? We need somebody above that, a Pete Rose."

"Pete's the missing ingredient," says second baseman Doug Flynn, a former teammate of Rose's on the Reds. "We need leadership, not so much on the field as on the bench and in the clubhouse. Our club has been too laid-back. Pete's not going to let anybody relax. I don't care if he hits .240, he can help us. He looks hungry and good. He has that look in his eye."

"He represents professionalism and enthusiasm and a winning attitude," says McHale, the man who signed him. "We're betting that he has a breath or two left. Peer pressure, I think, is more effective than pressure from the manager or from management. Players respond more to it. As the crowds get bigger, the prizes larger and the races closer, we need someone to get up and say, 'Let's do it!' "

Rose sees some similarity between the Expos of '84 and the Phillies he joined in '79. Both teams had a wealth of talent, but neither could win a pennant. The Phillies had won three straight National League East championships in the mid-'70s but couldn't get past the playoffs to the World Series. One year after Rose joined them, they won their first Series in 30 years.

The Expos want to play Rose in left-field and bat him second, behind Raines and in front of Dawson. Raines, who has developed into one of the game's better leftfielders, will shift to right. Warren Cromartie, who had been the third outfielder, with Raines and Dawson, has defected to Japan, thus creating a vacancy.

If Rose, the only man ever to have participated in more than 500 games at five different positions (first, second, third, leftfield and right), is supplanted in left, he's prepared to play where needed. "I told Bill Virdon [the Montreal manager] that I've got gloves of all sizes and I know how to use all of them," he says. The Expos seem not in the least concerned, as some teams apparently were, about Rose's announced intention of playing every day. "The Phillies almost ruined me by getting people to believe I was only a part-time player," says Rose. "I had to re-sell myself. When Virdon asked me how many games I wanted to play, I told him every one. He said, 'That's the attitude.' "

"Bill feels he'll not be disruptive to our club," says McHale, "that he'll understand if he's asked to be a super-sub."

Some baseball people and newsmen have interpreted Rose's desire to play every game as pure selfishness. They see

continued

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"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless

Consumer Orientation
No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

24 Porsche 944

Engineered for maximum performance, the design of the Porsche 944 does not lend itself to ease and speed of assembly. We cannot increase our production schedule because to do so would mean to compromise the outstanding quality and performance that created the exceptional demand for this automobile in the first place.

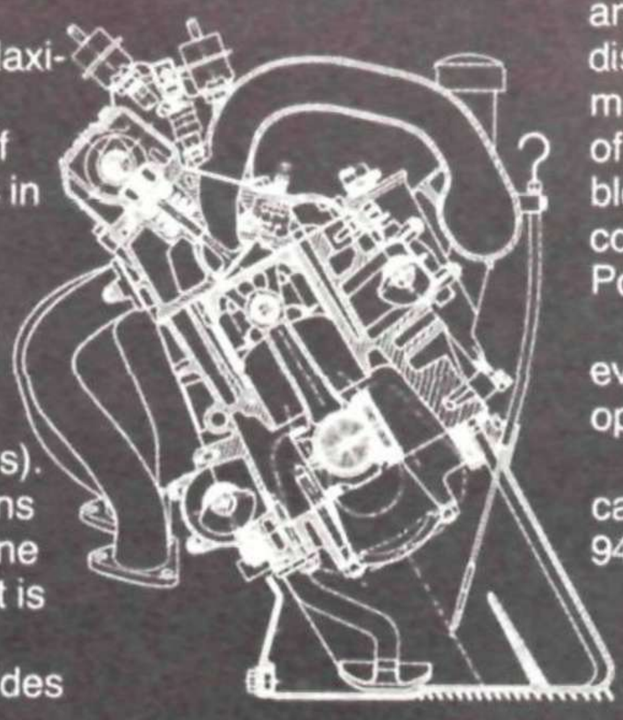
The Porsche 944 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. Top speed is 130 mph. Maximum torque is achieved as low as 3000 rpm.

Behind these impressive numbers is one of the largest, most powerful 4-cylinder engines in production: 2.5 liters, 143 hp.

To counter the vibrations an engine of this magnitude would normally produce, Porsche engineers have incorporated a system of counter-rotating silencer shafts and special engine mounts (actually mini shock absorbers).

The result: a 4-cylinder power plant that runs with the smoothness of a 6. Building the engine is, by necessity, a slow process, but the result is a high performance automobile.

Porsche's exclusive transaxle design provides an almost perfectly balanced front/rear weight distribution. This design requires drive train elements to be constructed as a single unit, instead of as individual components. Difficult to assemble, it contributes to the exceptional handling, cornering and directional control unique to Porsche.



From its internal mechanics to its ergonomics, every aspect of the Porsche 944 is designed to optimize performance.

To insure high performace and quality, every car is inspected, every engine is tested, and every 944 is run on the open road prior to shipment.

The Porsche 944 is the antithesis of the mass produced automobile. But then, at Porsche, excellence is expected. **PORSCHE + AUDI**
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

© 1983 Porsche Audi

Rose and Carol have taken a shine to their new kitchen, not to mention one another.

him as a man whose principal concern is getting his record before it's too late, not helping his team win by playing the role assigned him. Rose pooh-poohs such talk. "I could've gone to the American League as a DH," he says without adding, "if they'd wanted me." But he insists that it's not so much the record but his personal makeup that drives him. "What kind of player would I be if I said I wanted to play on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays? I'm not made that way."

Rose is supremely confident that he can make it as his new team's regular leftfielder. "I'm not going to embarrass anybody out there," he says. "What people don't realize [a recurring phrase these days] is that I have the highest fielding percentage [.992] of any outfielder who's played at least a thousand games. And my arm is as strong now as it was when I led the league in assists [15 in 1972]. Heck, you can count the strong arms in our league on one hand, and most of them can't hit the cutoff man. I'd rather run on a strong arm than on a guy who's fundamentally sound any day. I told Virdon I don't even want to play if I'm not doing the job."

For now, Rose, the irrepressible Rose, is riding high. He has bought a magnificent new house, which looks like something out of a ski resort, in the exclusive Indian Hill suburb of Cincinnati—"Garage doors open and Jags jump out"—where he and his fiancée, Carol Woliung, 29, live. Daughter Fawn, now a sophomore at Franklin College in Indiana, and son Pete II, 14, a budding baseball star at Bridgetown School, are frequent visitors. Rose is in remarkable shape for an athlete his age—"Doctors tell me I have the body of a 30-year-old"—and his confidence, sorely tested last year, is unwavering. Introduced by McHale at a sports banquet in Montreal the day of his signing, Rose stepped briskly to the microphone and greeted his new fans with "*Bonsoir, mes amis.*" McHale is convinced that Montreal will clasp Rose to its bosom. "Canadian fans identify with what they call diggers," he says. "They like guys who work hard. It's their hockey heritage. They like team men. Pete's their kind of guy." The public reaction to the signing wasn't as positive, however, as McHale would have liked. In a poll run by Montreal radio station CFCF a week before the signing, the response was 540 against hiring Rose to 510 in favor. After he joined the team, the station posed the question, "Can Pete Rose help bring a championship to Montreal?" The response was 229 yes, 224 no.

His new teammates seem solidly behind the oldtimer, but even among their optimistic number there are questions. Rogers, who served up Rose's 3,000th hit six years ago, is certain that if any 43-year-old can make it, Rose is the guy. But he does have some second thoughts: "This game is so darn unforgiving that if he doesn't pull his weight, anything he might say in the clubhouse will become hollow. Even if you've had 45 years of excellent service, you can lose your influence. The numbers you've put on the board over the years give you a look. Your performance now gives you the forum for leadership. You just don't walk in and lead. And there's the inescapable physical fact that slumps are harder to get out of when you're older. Here's a guy who's never had to worry about not playing if he goes 0 for 4. That's no longer true. Now he's got to have some rookie-type worries."

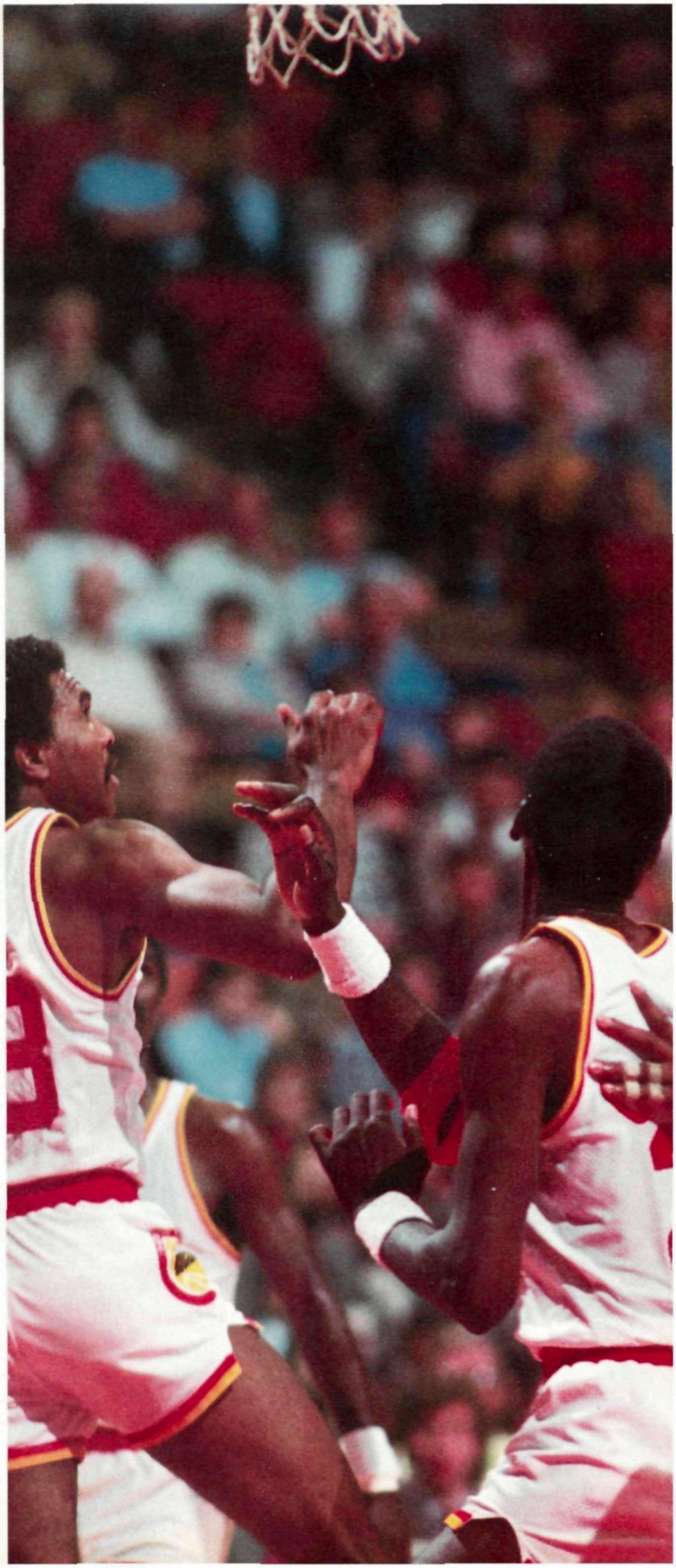
Rose, as always, has an answer to all that: "I just want to be treated as Pete Rose, the baseball player, not Pete Rose, the 43-year-old." Alas, this is easier said than done. **END**

He was unbelievable," Dallas Maverick forward Mark Aguirre mumbled, eyes glazed. "Unstoppable. To score 50 back-to-back on the road, that's a roll. He is on a roll. Rolling. Rolling. Rolling."

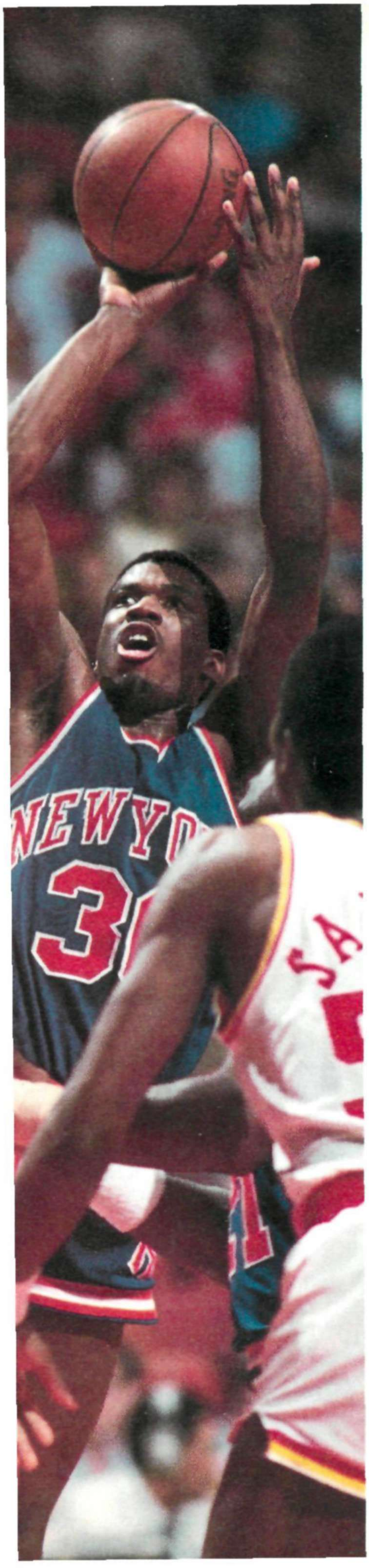
Bernard King of the New York Knicks indeed was on a roll last week. Playing at San Antonio on the night of Jan. 31, he scored 50 points as the Knicks beat the Spurs 117–113. The next evening in Dallas he deposited another 50—many of them against Aguirre, who fouled out in the fourth quarter of New York's 105–98 victory. If Aguirre's dazed testimony didn't sum up King's remarkable feat, try this on for size: The last NBA player to score 50 or more points on consecutive nights was Wilt Chamberlain, who did it in February 1964 for the San Francisco Warriors. The last player to score 50 or more in back-to-back games was Rick Barry, then also of the Warriors, who accomplished it in February 1967.

King, a 6′ 7″ forward who's in his seventh NBA season after a stellar college career at Tennessee, converted 40 of 58 shots from the field (69%) during his two 50-point games and followed those performances with a 25-point outburst in a 103–95 victory at Houston on Saturday. His play helped the Knicks draw to within 2½ games of second-place Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division race.

To put what King achieved last week into sharper perspective, he was averaging *only* 24.4 points a game, fifth best in the league through last weekend: In each of his explosions he more than doubled his norm. Chamberlain—who scored 50.4 points a game in 1961-62, when he had 100 points in one game—averaged 36.9 in 1963-64, Barry 35.6 in 1966-67. Both seasons came in an era when NBA scores were significantly higher than they are now. For them to have doubled their averages, back-to-back 70-point performances would have been in order. Another factor that makes King's output so noteworthy is that under coach Hubie



Though he scored only 50% of 50 against the Rockets, King gave his typical 110%.



It Was A 50-50 Proposition

The Knicks' Bernard King became the first NBA player in 17 years to hit 50 points on successive nights

by BRUCE NEWMAN

Brown the Knicks play a very deliberate offense that doesn't lend itself to the running style King prefers.

King had primed himself for last week's outburst with his performance in the All-Star Game a few days earlier in Denver. There he'd scored 18 points in only 22 minutes. From Denver King flew to San Antonio with New York assistant coach Rick Pitino, and during the flight the two talked about the importance of the Knicks' getting off to a good start in the second half of the season. "Bernard was concerned we weren't playing as well against the middle-of-the-road teams as we were against the top teams," Pitino says. Indeed, at the All-Star break New York was 6–2 against the league's elite—Boston, Philadelphia and Los Angeles—but was only 18–16 against everybody else. King was determined to start the Knicks' stretch drive off with a bang.

For a while against the Spurs it was all King could do to stay even in the scoring column with San Antonio's George Gervin. Gervin oozed his way through every defensive pore for 16 points in the first quarter, exactly what King scored in the period by making his first eight shots. Nine times in the quarter, when either King or Gervin scored, the other would retaliate with a basket or free throws. At one juncture during the period, which ended with New York ahead 37–33, the gunslinging became so rapid-fire that Knicks guard Rory Sparrow walked over to teammate Trent Tucker and whispered, "It looks like it's the shootout at the O.K. Corral."

It isn't uncommon for players on a scoring tear to say that the basket looks larger than normal to them, but King had a different feeling. "I could see and feel everything," he said. "It's almost like an unconscious feeling, as if you're being guided to all the right places at just the right times.

"I got the ball in the positions I like to get it, and I felt all the seams. What I mean by that is that you don't always have to look to see where the defense is, you just feel it and go."

Feeling it and going are two of the things King does best, though he doesn't get to do either very often in the Knicks' methodical offense. "I prefer running to anything," says King, "and my perception level of what's going on in the game goes up when we run. I don't consider myself a creative player in a set offense. I create on the break, and that's where my heart is. I'm born to run. But that doesn't happen to be the best thing for this team. We experimented with it early in the year, and it didn't work."

The Knicks did run more often than usual against San Antonio, but King has become so adept at establishing position along the baseline that he scored all but about a dozen of his points off New York's setup offense. "We don't have a system designed for one-on-one play," King says. "We don't believe in that. *I* don't believe in that. Everything is done within the system. I think it means more to get 50 within the system than by going one-on-one."

It helps, of course, that the Knicks usually get the ball to King in the low post, a spot in which he can make maximum use of his unique ability to turn and

continued

get off his jumper—he fires it with the fastest release in the league—even when guarded by several men larger than he. It's also a spot from which he shoots almost unerringly. Says Sparrow, who spent most of Tuesday and Wednesday keeping his eye upon the King, "If you get him the ball on his spot and he misses twice in a row, you feel he's off."

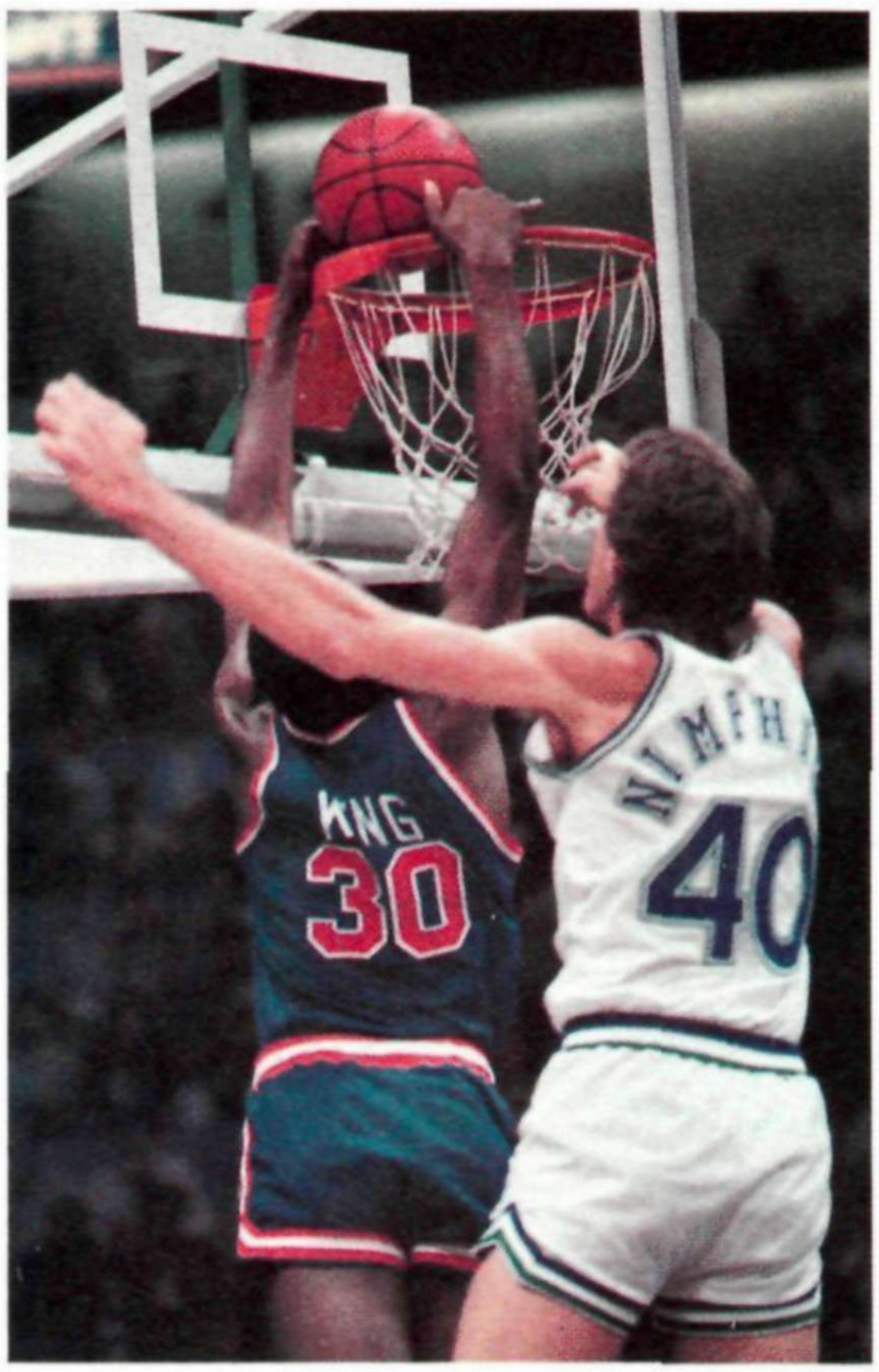
King was rarely off against San Antonio, but he did cool down considerably late in the third quarter when the Spurs removed forward Gene Banks, who had held King to a measly 40 points, and tried rookie Fred Roberts on him. Starting shortly after Roberts entered the game and continuing until the Knicks had blown a nine-point lead and trailed 110–105, King went 12 minutes, 59 seconds without a point. Roberts was fresh and played the by-now tiring King as if the NBA title were on the line, which King says "took me a while to adjust to. I looked up at the clock with four or five minutes left, and I said, 'My goodness, we've worked too hard to lose this game.' I was tired, but I just picked myself up another notch."

In the span of 36 seconds, beginning with 3:45 left to play, King rebounded a Sparrow miss and went back up over 7′ 2″ Artis Gilmore for a score; faked Roberts to the right and spun left for a 10-foot jumper; and then finished the flurry with his signature move, a turnaround eight-foot jumper from the baseline that put the Knicks up 111–110 and left the Spurs gasping.

After the game, King's teammates presented him with a couple of bags of ice for his shooting arm, possibly a more symbolic act than they realized, considering that Gervin, the Iceman, had himself bagged 41 points. The Knicks also threatened to call substitute forward Louis Orr, who was home with the flu, and beg him to come to Dallas for their game the next night, so that Brown could keep his second unit intact. After all, it was Orr's absence that had made it necessary for King, who at the All-Star break was averaging 34.1 minutes a game, to play 44 minutes against the Spurs and 41 versus the Mavericks. Too, with guard Ray Williams out for both games with a turned ankle, King felt he should shoulder a greater offensive burden.

King says he isn't superstitious, but just to be on the safe side, when he arrived in Dallas he ordered from room service the same meal, a breast of turkey sandwich and a vanilla milkshake, that he'd ordered in San Antonio the day before. And exactly 10 minutes before the start of the pregame team meeting in the locker room, King went out on the floor to shoot around. He had done the same a day earlier. "I tried to follow the pattern I'd used in San Antonio," he admitted somewhat sheepishly. But he had some logic working in his behalf: "Some of my best performances have come in the second of back-to-back games," he says. "I usually feel better the second night."

Well, this second night he was merely as good as he'd been the previous evening. In fact, he seemed less proficient. This may have been history's first "quiet" 50. "You can't say he's spectacular," Brown said after the game. "You think he has 18 points, and when you look up he has 32. Tonight when I heard he had 48 toward the end of the game, I couldn't fathom it." Even Sparrow, who had 14 assists against Dallas, was shocked. "I didn't realize he had 50," Sparrow said. "In San Antonio, Bernard scored points in mass quantities. But in the Dallas game it was more a matter of grinding out 50 points. That is, if you *can* grind out 50."



En route to 50, King showed the Mavericks all of his stuff.

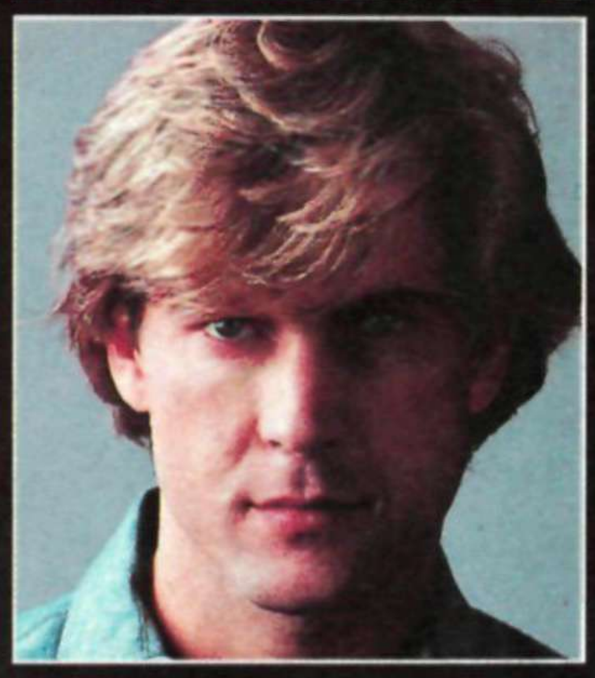
In grinding it out, King just went about his business, establishing position down low. "Everybody in our offense knows that when Bernard gets the ball, he's going to get it on the baseline nine out of 10 times," says Pitino. "His are never easy points. He gets elbowed on the screens; when he catches the ball he gets hit. [Maverick coach] Dick Motta said after he had watched film of our game with Dallas that Bernard didn't see the basket on half of his shots."

King prefers contact with other players under the basket; it gives him a sense of where the defenders are. "He beats me up more when he's on offense than when he's on defense," says Laker forward Jamaal Wilkes.

Against Dallas, King didn't get his 49th and 50th points until seven seconds left in the game, and this basket was the only one in either game on which the Knicks purposely fed King the ball to fatten his point total. Sparrow was dribbling out the clock when the Knicks on the bench began screaming at him to give the ball to King, which he did. King took the pass at the three-point circle, dribbled left and, when he pulled up 22 feet from the basket, Dallas' Jay Vincent was there to cut him off. "I just said to myself, 'I'm not missing this one,' " King said later. With that, he spun to the right and launched a softly arcing jumper.

"I've played with the same consistency, desire and intensity this season as I've played with my entire career," says King, who's only now beginning to realize his full potential. "So if that means this is a particularly good time in my life, well, it sure the hell is. This is a pretty good time for Bernard King." **END**

The 60's was the wild look.



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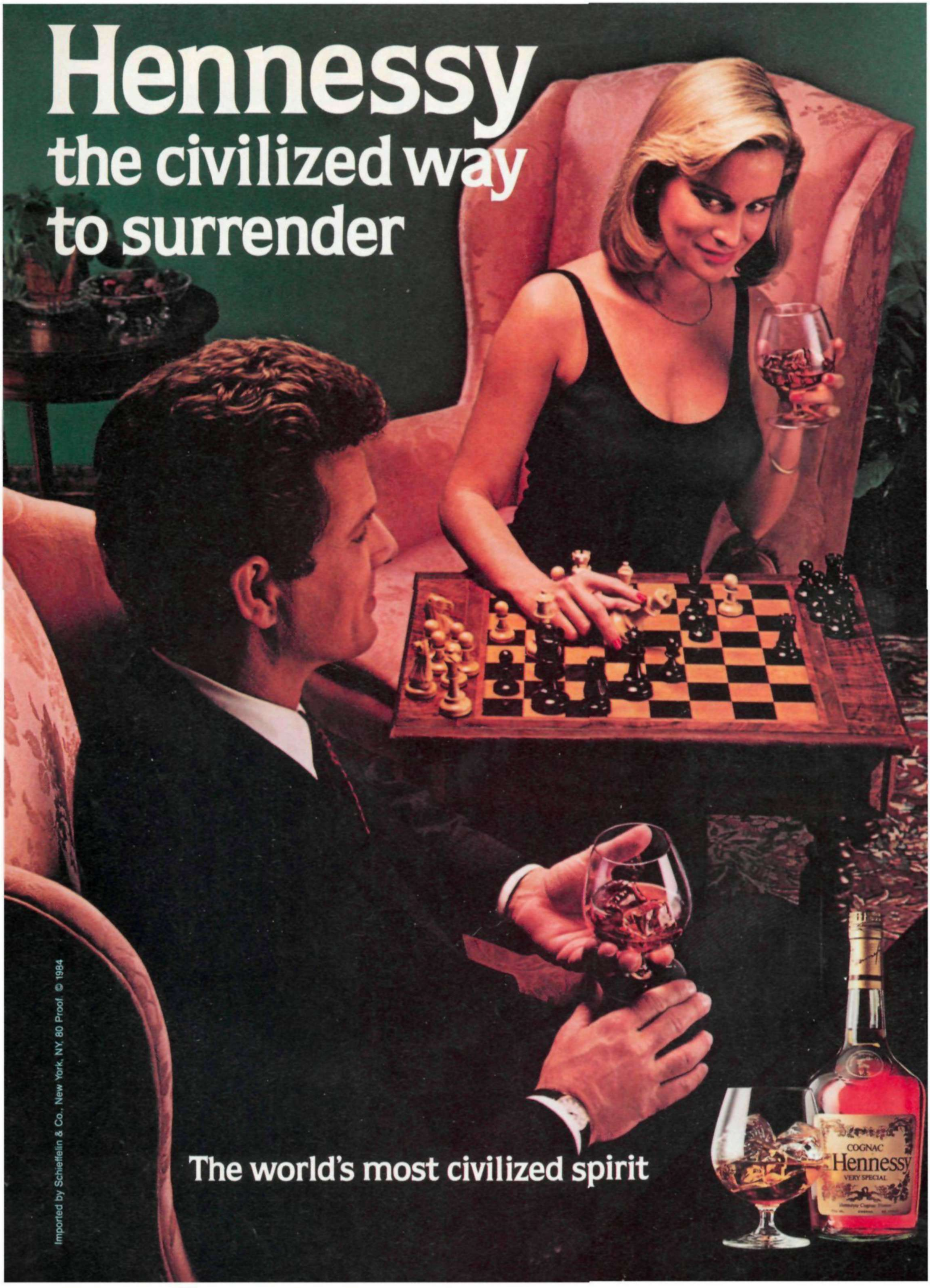

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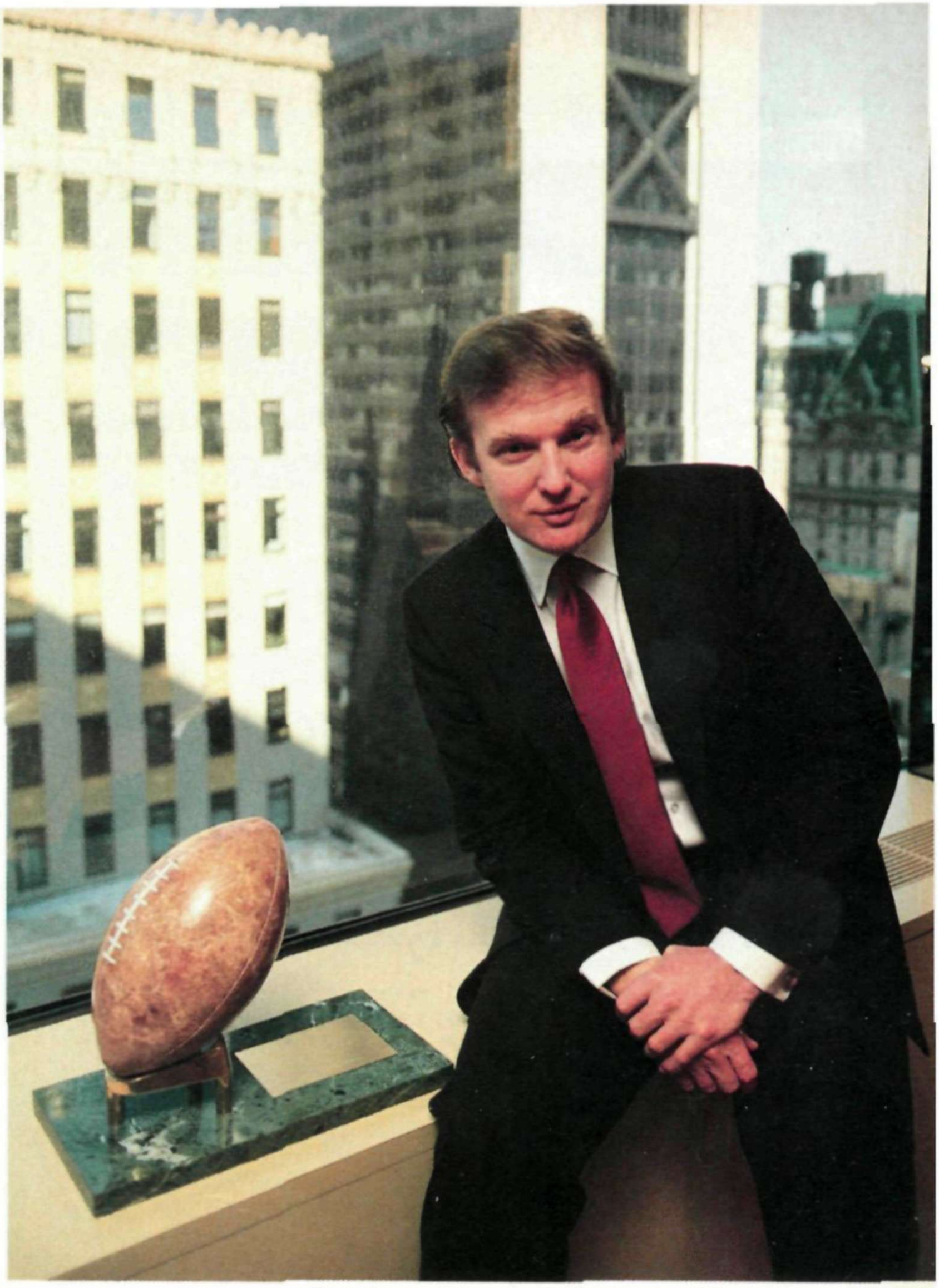

Trump oversees his empire from a "26th-floor" office (psst, it's really on the 19th story).

The USFL's Trump Card

Builder Donald Trump, owner of the New Jersey Generals, has bid big bucks to make his league a winner

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The United States Football League begins its second season in two weeks, but Donald J. Trump, who has become the biggest and most visible wheeler-dealer in all of sport since buying the New Jersey Generals in September, is already looking forward to what he calls the Galaxy Bowl. The Galaxy Bowl? Yes, the Galaxy Bowl. According to Trump, who thought up the name, it would pit the USFL championship team against the winner of the NFL's Super Bowl. As Trump sees it, the first Galaxy Bowl would take place perhaps three years from now, when the NFL's TV contracts come up for renewal, or maybe even sooner, depending on whether the USFL switches from a spring to a fall schedule. For Trump, the question of switching to a fall season isn't if but when. As he puts it, "I see different scenarios, but that happens to be the scenario I favor."

This may sound like brash talk, but no one, including his critics, has ever accused Trump—who once hung a huge banner across the front of Grand Central Station with TRUMP in block letters—of thinking small. A 37-year-old multimillionaire developer who has deftly swung from one vine to another in the political jungle of New York real estate, Trump is used to getting what he wants. He has the buildings to prove it, such as the Grand Hyatt Hotel (which features a restaurant called Trumpet's) and the new Trump Tower, sheathed in bronze and glass, a structure combining stores, offices and condominiums, on Fifth Avenue next to Tiffany's. Affable and boyishly handsome, Trump and his blonde wife, Ivana, a Vienna-born former competitive skier and model who gave birth to their third child on Jan. 6, have recently been the golden couple of newspaper style pages. They dine at tanned goatskin tables in their own Manhattan condo overlooking Central Park, wear designer clothes and ski in Aspen, Gstaad and St. Moritz when not weekending at their Greenwich, Conn. estate. "Donald's brilliant," says Ivana, an executive vice-president in charge of interior design for the family-owned Trump Organization. "As a lot of people say, whatever he touches turns to gold." Trump skis and plays an occasional game of golf or tennis, but he has no deep interests aside from his family, real estate and the Generals. "I like to create," he says. "I like to create great things. I

continued

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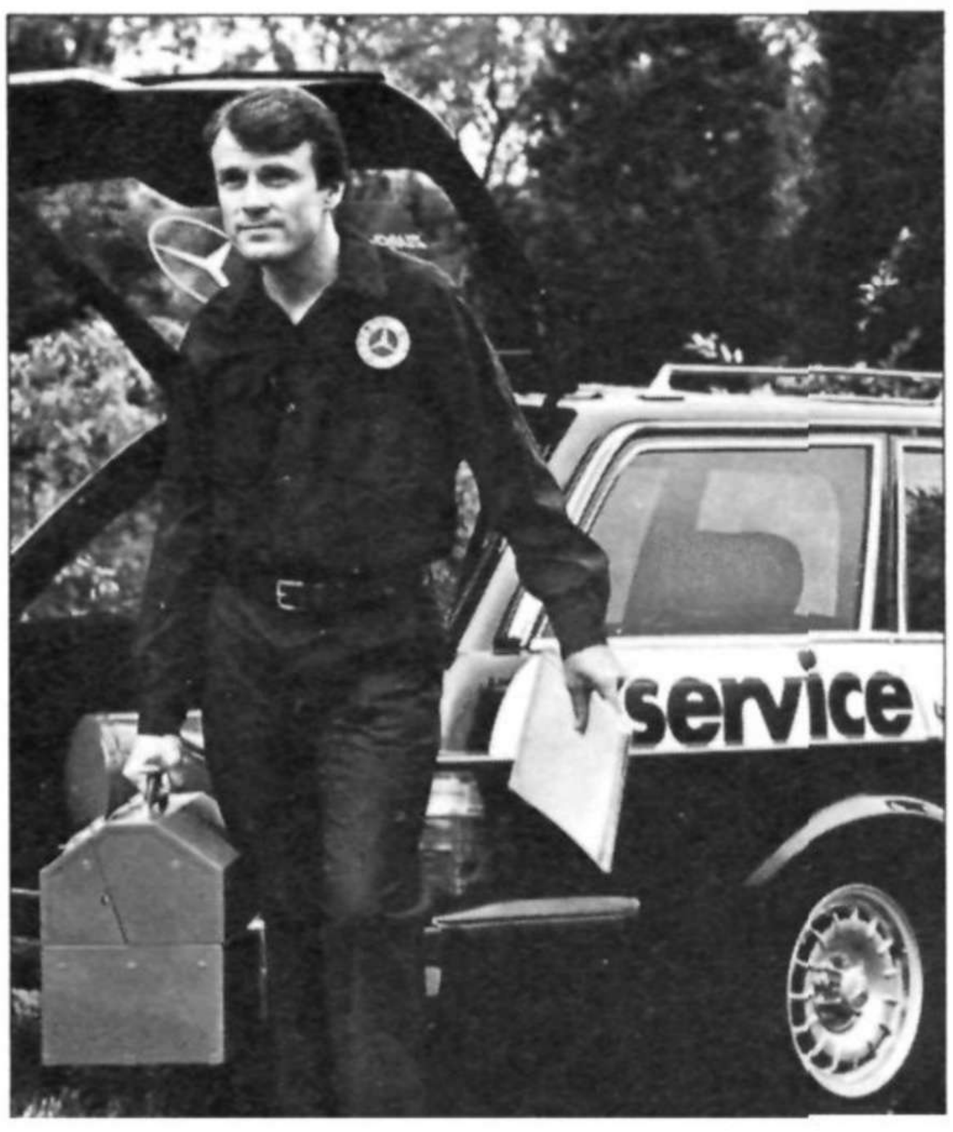

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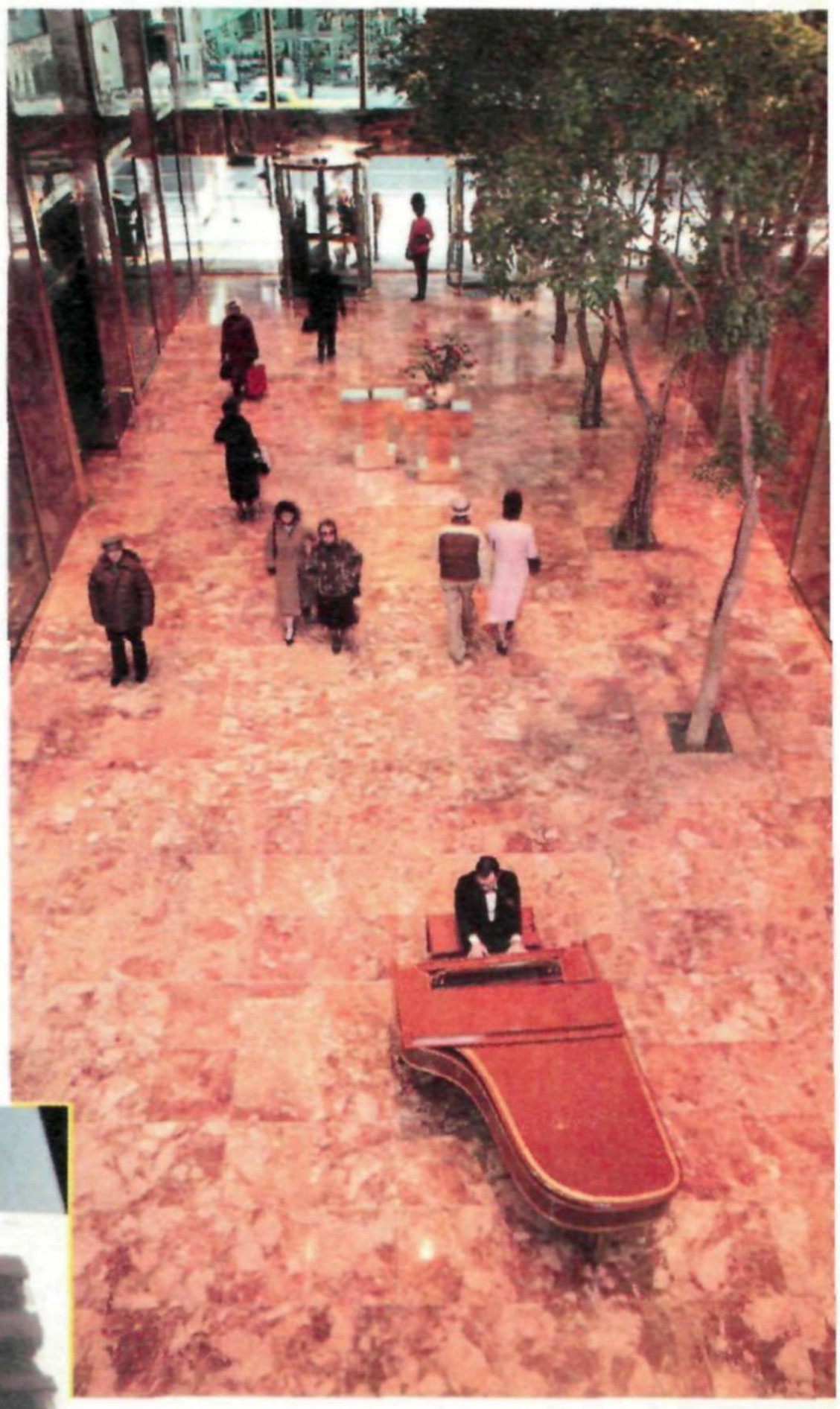
don't go after money for money's sake. Money is an offshoot of what I do."

As might be expected, the Trumps travel in rarefied circles. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is their pastor, Roy Cohn their attorney. "Donald Trump is an extraordinary young man," says Peale. "He has the elements of genius." Cohn says Trump is "one of the most enterprising, ingenious businessmen on the American scene . . . a miracle man who can't seem to make a mistake even if he tries."

Given his record of success, Trump finds it no big deal to tackle the NFL head on. "I could have had four or five NFL teams," he says, but he bought the Generals, who were a dismal 6–12 their first season despite having Herschel Walker, because "I like a challenge." Trump adds, "People look at certain institutions, like the NFL, as being infallible when they're not. When the AFL started, the NFL was supposedly indomitable. Then people realized the AFL was playing a more interesting brand of football than the NFL. Now, in a different decade, there's going to be a similar thing happening, only something more exciting. Institutions are sometimes the most vulnerable elements of our society, and the NFL is very vulnerable."

Trump revels in the attention that he and the Generals have attracted since he bought the team last fall. He loves to see his name on buildings or in print. It all helps sell, he explains, whether the business is real estate or sports. "I know how to sell," Trump says. "Selling is life. You can have the greatest singer in the world, but if nobody knows who he is, he'll never have the opportunity to sing. If the USFL has taken off in the last three months, it's because of the interest we've [read: I've] created." But Trump's love of publicity goes way beyond business. Publicity makes him as excited as a kid. When the *New York Post* held a sports forum in December featuring George Steinbrenner, owner of the Yankees, Sonny Werblin, then president of Madison Square Garden, Fred Wilpon, president of the Mets and newcomer Trump, it was Trump who got most of the attention, and he was exultant. "Did you see the picture on the front page of the *Post*?" he asked. "It wasn't Steinbrenner and Ed Koch. It wasn't Sonny Werblin and the mayor. It wasn't Fred Wilpon. It was Donald Trump and Ed Koch."

Scarcely a day goes by without a Trump deal trumpeted all over the papers or TV. He boasts that the Generals, a team that had "gotten no ink," received more coverage last fall in New York than the NFL did while its season was under way. Trump created hoopla with stories that he was negotiating with Don Shula of the Dolphins to coach the Generals, and when the Shula deal didn't pan out (Trump says Shula asked for the unaskable, a condominium in Trump Tower), he created more to-do, at least locally, by hiring Walt Michaels, who formerly coached the Jets. Trump also grabbed headlines by raiding the NFL for players, most notably Brian Sipe, the Cleveland



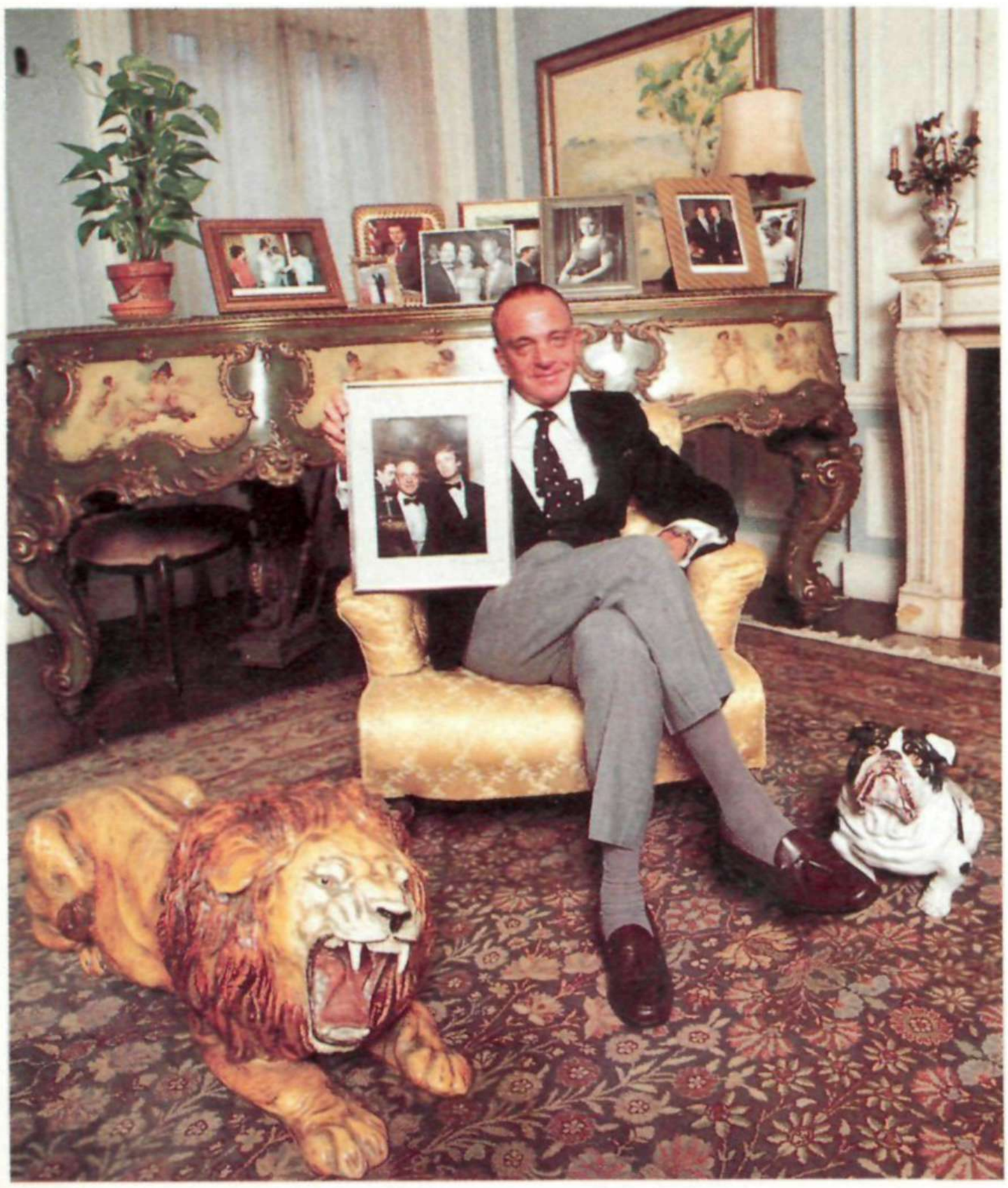
The Trump touch: dressing the lobby up with a piano player and an imitation Household Cavalry.

quarterback whose passing is supposed to open up the Generals' running game for Walker. Most recently, Trump massaged salt into the wounds of the NFL after signing Lawrence Taylor, the Giants' super linebacker, to play for the Generals starting in 1988. When the chagrined Giants subsequently offered Taylor a huge raise and a new long-term contract extending beyond 1987, Trump, saying he

continued

had no wish to hamper Taylor's career, sold Taylor's Generals contract back to him for $750,000 of the Giants' money. "It was a very creative deal," says Trump, who then signed Freddie Gilbert, a defensive end from Georgia who would have been a high-round choice in this spring's NFL draft.

A relative newcomer to Manhattan, because, he said, the project would help rejuvenate East 42nd Street. In partnership with Equitable Life, he tore down the Bonwit Teller store at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street to build the $200 million Trump Tower, which he says is 68 stories high. Trump Tower has a six-story marble atrium, complete with two bronze T's 3½ feet tall and a six-story-high waterfall. The doormen wear summer uniforms with pith helmets like Bahama cops and winter uniforms modeled on those of the Household Cavalry at Buckingham Palace, right down to the fur busbies (Ivana Trump had the uniforms tailored in London), and a pianist (and occasionally a violinist) plays Cole Porter and Gershwin in the lobby. Trump has gone to court to get a $50 million tax abatement for Trump Tower. "The city has always given a tax abatement to anyone who built a residential building," Trump says, "but because of the wealth of the people in the building, or whatever, the city doesn't want to do that now. Aristotle Onassis got it on Olympic Tower, so Donald Trump should get it on Trump Tower."



Trump's office on the 26th floor has a splendid view of Central Park. The view will never be blocked because he bought the air rights over Tiffany's for $5 million. "I always like going first class," says Trump, whose office furnishings include a marble football with a bronze plate inscribed DONALD J. TRUMP/OWNER/NEW JERSEY GENERALS/USFL/1984, which was given to him by the company that did the marble work for Trump Tower. Trump says, "To anybody in real estate, there's an expression, 'Tiffany location.' Whether it's in New York, Paris, Los Angeles or Des Moines, Tiffany location means the very best. This is *the* Tiffany location. This is the best piece of real estate in the world. I've always invested in things of first-class quality. I believe in overpaying for the best—not the very good, but the very best."

Curiously, Trump's 26th-floor office is directly across Fifth Avenue from the 19th floor of the Crown Building. That's because Trump arbitrarily numbered the upper floors in Trump Tower because the ceilings of the lower floors are higher than usual. The lower floors are rented out for offices and shops and command as much as $400 per square foot per month, well above the going New York rate—one tenant who sells leather goods pays more than $200,000 a month rent—while the condominiums starting on the 30th floor (really the 23rd floor) are priced from $600,000 to $12.5 million each, half again as much as the next most expensive apartments in the city. So far, Trump has sold $274 million worth of condos to such luminaries as Johnny Carson, Sophia Loren, Paul Anka, Steven Spielberg and the British Royal Fam-

continued

Counselor Cohn (above) lionizes his client, and pastor Peale praises his parishioner.

Trump has been triumphant in real estate deals ever since he left the family's home turf in Brooklyn and Queens in 1973. In partnership with the Hyatt Corp., he gutted the bankrupt Commodore Hotel next to Grand Central Station to build the glittery Grand Hyatt, now one of the most heavily booked luxury hotels in the city. To the anger and dismay of established hoteliers, he got a 40-year tax abatement now valued at more than $150 million from the city on that property,

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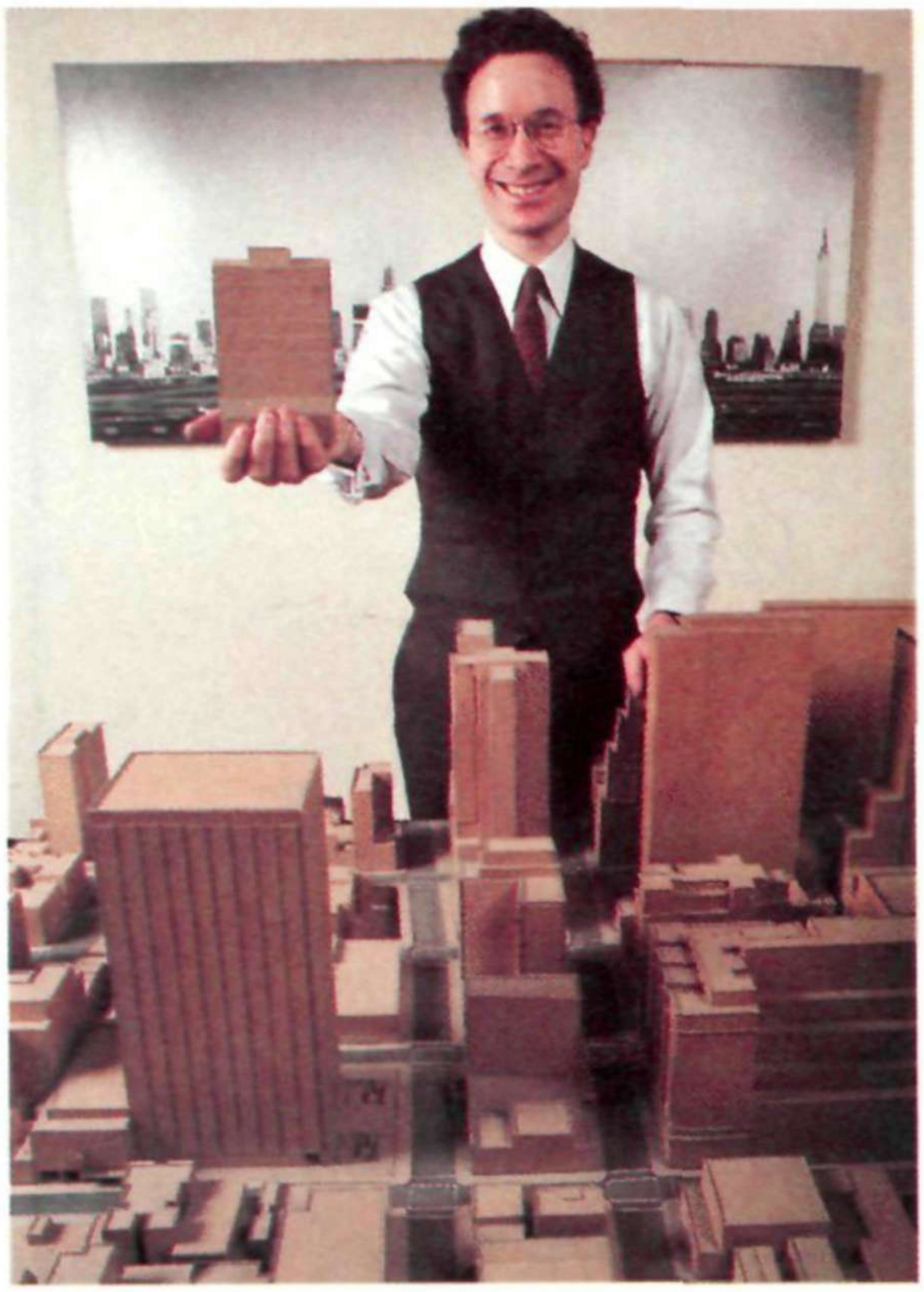
ily. That leaves Trump a mere $40 million worth of condos to dispose of. At present, Trump is finishing off Trump Plaza, a $100 million cooperative apartment house on East 61st Street, near Bloomingdale's, and he also is "building the tallest hotel-casino in the world, Harrah's at Trump Plaza" in Atlantic City in partnership with Holiday Inns, Inc. He estimates the profits from the hotel-casino will amount to $100 million a year. The odds are a billion to one against Trump's ever rolling the dice in the casino. He has never played a gambling game, and he is a lifelong nonsmoker and nondrinker whose strongest libation is ginger ale.



Hess has a handle on Trump's maneuverings in Manhattan.

Trump's critics are not so generous in their praise as are pastor Peale or counselor Cohn. Both Trump and his father, Fred, a onetime carpenter's helper who made part of the family fortune building publicly financed housing projects, have been accused of being politically wired for real estate deals. Both Trumps have made generous campaign contributions to city and state politicians, and Fred in particular was noted for his coziness with the Brooklyn Democratic machine that helped serve as a power base for former Mayor Abe Beame and former Governor Hugh Carey.

In 1974 the Trump family gave $35,000 to Carey's election campaign, in '78 another $66,500. In '74 Donald hired Louise Sunshine, Carey's chief fund-raiser, to work for him as a lobbyist. In '79, Wayne Barrett wrote a two-part series in *The Village Voice* on the Trumps as power brokers in which he quoted a representative of Penn Central as stating that Donald Trump had been picked to develop the bankrupt railroad's yards in mid-Manhattan because there was a need for a developer "who seemed best positioned in the New York market to get rezoning and government financing." The Penn Central man stressed that zoning is a "highly political activity in the city of New York."

Trump denies he's politically wired, but he has been criticized on other fronts as well. In 1973, the Department of Justice charged that the Trump Organization discriminated against blacks in renting apartments. Donald Trump denied the charge. He did say the Trump Organization wouldn't give leases to people on welfare "unless they have guaranteed income levels, because otherwise everyone starts leaving the building." Trump later signed an agreement to provide housing opportunities for minorities.

In 1980 he was denounced as an esthetic barbarian after he ordered the demolition of two Art Deco bas-reliefs on the facade of Bonwit Teller. The Metropolitan Museum of Art wanted the sculptures, but Trump, who was tearing down the building to make way for Trump Tower, said his experts deemed them worthless and that trying to save them for *the museum would have cost $500,000* and endangered passersby below. "The funny, sad thing is that the publicity was responsible for sales of apartments in Trump Tower," Trump says. "The publicity caused interest in the building."

More recently, columnist Sydney Schanberg of *The New York Times* accused Trump of trying to get rid of tenants in a building on Central Park South that he wants to tear down, by stashing vagrants in vacant apartments. Trump says that the tenants are multimillionaires with rent-controlled leases and that he simply was seeking to help the homeless. "Why should I leave a building with 20 apartments empty when I can put in people who are freezing in the streets?" he asks. Philip Hess, the counsel for the City Planning Commission, views the offer somewhat differently. "This is a case study of how Donald operates," says Hess. "He made this proposal—and it may have been tongue in cheek—with a serious strain of public concern. That concern was one in 100 compared to Donald Trump's interest to serve his own self-interest in that building. From my experience, it is absolutely par for the course."

Even within the tight circle of Manhattan's developers Trump has his critics, and he is by no means the biggest developer in Manhattan. George Klein, who operates under the name Park Tower Realty, is bigger, but he doesn't court publicity. The same goes for the Reichmann family of Toronto, which goes by the corporate name of Olympia & York. What helps raise hackles is that Donald Trump gets all that publicity. "He's in love with himself," says one developer, who asked for anonymity. "He's always promoting Donald Trump. When he wants something, he doesn't permit anything to stand in his way. He doesn't have a regard for human feelings. I don't know a lot of his peers who have any warmth for him—there's a lot of broken china behind him—but they respect him. He does accomplish things. He's made Trump Tower the Number One building, the place to be, because of his ballyhoo. He's like a Steinbrenner. That's why he wound up with the USFL. He bought a *team because he wants people to know* who he is."

Hess says, "Donald Trump is an extremely gifted self-promoter. The most important thing about him is his absolutely unshakable confidence in himself. Donald does things in a very public way. He arranges things so they become events, not just an announcement."

With a smile Trump says, "My image is much different than I actually am. After people meet me, they get along with me. Before they meet me, it's negatives."

Peale says, "Anybody who succeeds at anything is likely to be the recipient of jealousy. Reporters who talk to me about Donald view him as a tough guy. That's

continued

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not the case. I'm in the people business, and this man is a gentleman. Every time you try to compliment Donald, he diverts the praise to his father or mother. Donald is an honest genius who, in my humble judgment, will go down as one of the greatest builders of our era. Anything that Donald attempts, he's likely to succeed at."

Whatever praise or criticism comes Trump's way, it's important to note one thing: He has succeeded at every challenge he has set for himself. And no one knows this better than Trump, who readily recounts them all. Trump's recitation goes like this: "I've always undertaken jobs that people said couldn't be done. People said that the Grand Hyatt would never be built. Now they see it. They said that Trump Tower would never be built. Now they see it.

"In life you have people who promote and those who manage," Trump continues. "I'd like to think that I'm somebody with both qualities. Take the Cabbage Patch doll. Great promotion. Poor management. For the past 10 years people have seen the Jets and Giants. I think the New York–New Jersey area deserves a winner. The Generals have become hot. The season-ticket sales could well top 40,000, maybe 50,000. [As of Feb. 5 they stood at 29,000.] We've created a stir. There's going to be a lot of excitement."

Although Trump has indeed generated a lot of excitement with his signings, he's not intimately involved with the day-to-day operations of the Generals. He leaves that to the club's president, Jason Seltzer, and others in the front office. Seltzer, an attorney who worked on some of Trump's real estate deals, handled the negotiations with Sipe, Gary Barbaro, the All-Pro safety who jumped from the Kansas City Chiefs, and Lawrence Taylor, although Trump worked out the deal that netted him a profit on Taylor's contract. Trump says, "I have no wish to hurt the Giants or the Jets." That may be, but a Generals radio commercial pointedly contrasts the differences between his team and the lackluster Jets and Giants, asking, "Which professional football team in the metropolitan area has the best head coach? The Generals with Walt Michaels. The best running back? The Generals with Herschel Walker. The best quarterback? The Generals with Brian Sipe. The best defensive back? The Generals with Gary Barbaro. The Generals have signed on the best, and now they're looking for you, the best football fan in the world . . . it's time you joined the ranks of the best."

Vienna-born Ivana, once a competitive skier, was a Montreal model when she met Trump.

Donald Trump is of Swedish-German descent, but he says that many people think he's Jewish because his family owns so many buildings in Brooklyn. He is one of five children born to Fred and Mary Trump, who live in Queens, across the East River from Manhattan. Their oldest son, Fred Jr., died of heart failure three years ago. The family story reads like a saga by Thomas Mann. The master builder is Fred, whose own father died when he was 12. Now 78, Fred has a full head of red hair, a bristly mustache and an erect carriage. "The chicks think I'm 50," he says. He spends his time in his office, at 600 Avenue Z in Brooklyn, looking after his rental units. Manhattan is Donald's stomping ground, not his.

After graduating from high school, Fred Trump went to work as a carpenter's helper. "Learn a trade, and you can always go back to it if things go wrong," he says. By the age of 20 he had built a one-family house in the Woodhaven section of Queens. In 1935, in the depths of the Depression, he put up 78 two-family houses in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. Other developers had shied away because the area had been mined for sand and then filled with garbage, but Trump devised a way of putting in pilings to give the houses stable foundations, and he was off and running to a fortune.

Fred and Mary Trump raised their family in Jamaica Estates in Queens. President Reagan recently appointed the oldest living child, Maryanne Trump Barry, a federal judge in Trenton. Elizabeth, the second-youngest, is an administrative assistant at Chase Manhattan Bank in Manhattan ("She's my friend at Chase Manhattan," says Fred, parodying a TV commercial), and Robert, the youngest, is an executive vice-president of the Trump Organization. Donald was fascinated with building from childhood. He played with building blocks and erector sets, and when he was 11 he built a balsa-wood model of The Highlander, an apartment house his father was erecting. "He liked real estate," says Fred. "He grew up in that atmosphere."

When Donald was 12, his parents sent him off to the New York Military Academy in Cornwall-on-Hudson, just north of

continued

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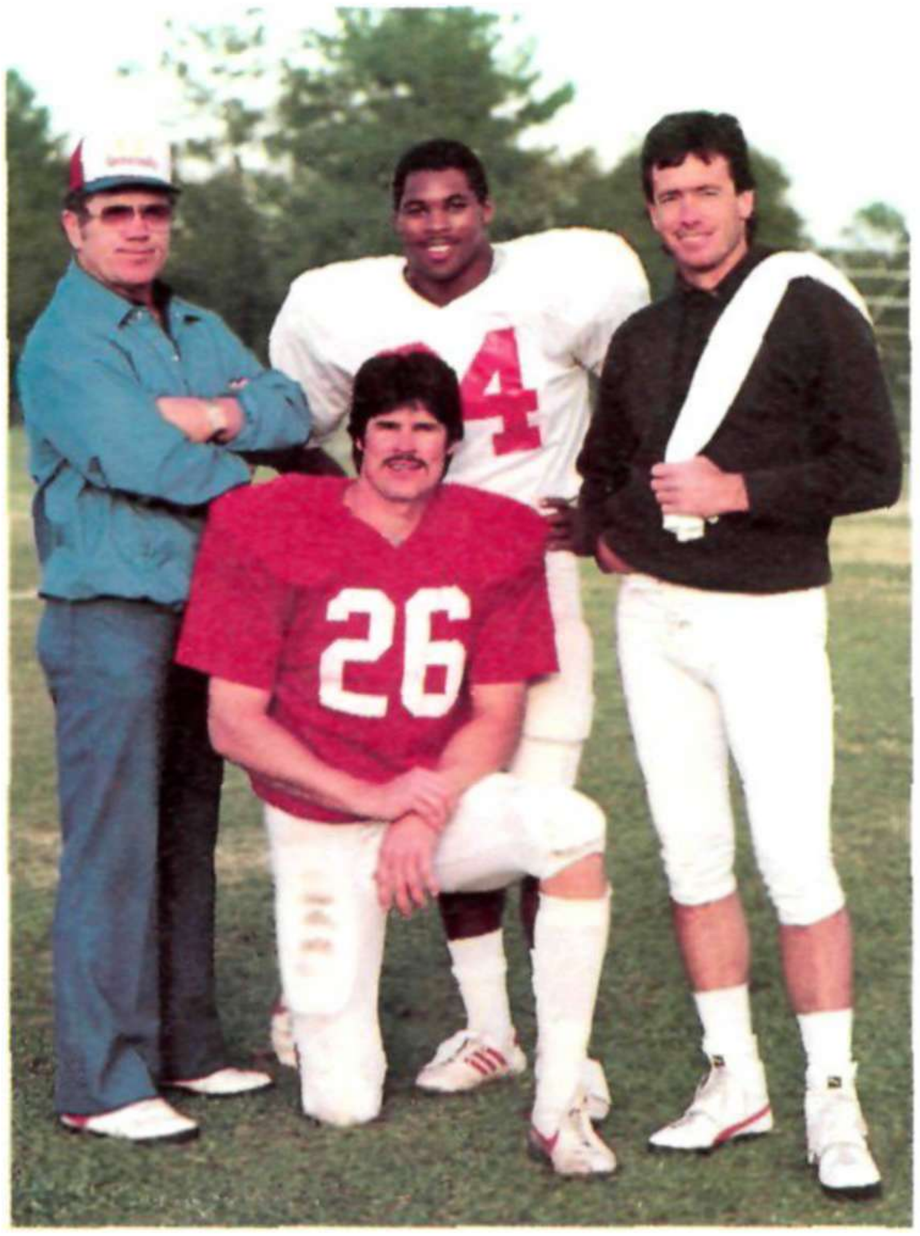
West Point. "They had what Donald needed," Fred says. "They're strict. They're stern, and they give a good education." He was concerned that Donald would become spoiled if he stayed home. "His friends were kids who'd give $40 baseball gloves for a birthday present," Fred says. "Donald wanted to give a boy a $40 glove for a birthday present. I said, 'Donald, Times Square Stores has gloves for $8.95.' He almost threw up.

"That school really built him up in his formative years. He became a captain, and he marched in the Columbus Day parade. He had medals on like he won the war singlehandedly."

After graduating from New York Military, Donald went to Fordham for two years and then transferred to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was first in his class. While at Wharton, he made money reconditioning buildings in Philadelphia, and after he graduated, in 1968, he returned home to take a supervisory job with his father in the Trump Organization.

In 1973, Donald struck out on his own for Manhattan. The Manhattan real estate market was then depressed, and he figured the time was ripe to start making deals. "I bought a lot," he says. "As people were selling, I was buying. After '76 the market became hot again." He concentrated on the choice midtown area. He has studied it so thoroughly that he knows where basements interconnect, and there are sections where he can walk five blocks through maintenance rooms without going aboveground.

Trump persuaded city officials to abandon construction of a new convention center on the Hudson River, where $37 million worth of work had already been done, in favor of a new site over the Penn Central yards near Penn Station. Trump held the option on the new site, but when the city refused to let him build the convention center (he wanted it named the Trump Convention Center), he made a $2.5 million profit on his option and moved on to construction of the Grand Hyatt. The city began building the convention center on its own, and the project is now more than two years behind schedule and $200 million over budget. "I would have built the convention center on time and on budget," Trump says. "Public agencies can't do the job. There's tremendous talent involved in being able to build on time and on budget." As Fred Trump says, "I always told Donald, 'If you dawdle, you lose your shirt. You pay interest 365 days a year.' "



The major Generals: Michaels, Barbaro, Walker and Sipe.

Trump met Ivana in 1976 at a party in Montreal. Born Ivana Winkelmayr to an Austrian mother and a Czech father, she was raised in Vienna and moved to Czechoslovakia at the age of 14 when her father, an architect, had the opportunity to design sports complexes. In Vienna Ivana had been a promising swimmer, but in Czechoslovakia she gave up swimming to concentrate on skiing. She received her bachelor's and master's degrees in physical education from Charles University in Prague and is fluent in Czech, German, Russian and English. In 1972 Ivana was a member of the Czechoslovakian ski team, although she wasn't one of those chosen to compete in the Olympics in Sapporo, Japan. After the Olympics she went to Canada to stay with an aunt and uncle and became one of the top models in Montreal, while keeping her hand in at skiing by serving as an instructor at Jay Peak in Vermont on weekends.

Donald and Ivana are a close team. Before he bought the Generals, he and his wife talked it over, because, as she says, "Owning a football team means the end of our Sundays." Ivana herself designed the Generals' cheerleaders' new uniforms, which she thinks are "fantastic." But Fred is unlikely to attend any of the Generals' games this spring in the Meadowlands. "I'm not a football fan," he says. "It's the challenge that drove Donald to do something with the USFL."

Last month, the state Urban Development Corporation announced that it had formed a subsidiary to do a $1.2 million study on the feasibility of a new sports complex which would attract professional teams back to New York City. Donald Trump, who had already been scouting the city on his own for possible sites for a stadium, was named a director of the subsidiary, which will consider, among other things, a domed football stadium that could seat 100,000. In an editorial headed WE DON'T NEED A STUDY TO TELL US WE NEED A STADIUM, the *New York Post* said that politicians had botched their chance to deliver the convention center on time and on budget and urged that the state "let Trump get on with what only the Trumps of this city can do."

On the basis of his track record, it's quite likely that Trump *will* build the stadium, and if his scenario for the USFL comes true, the chances are good that the Galaxy Bowl will be played there.

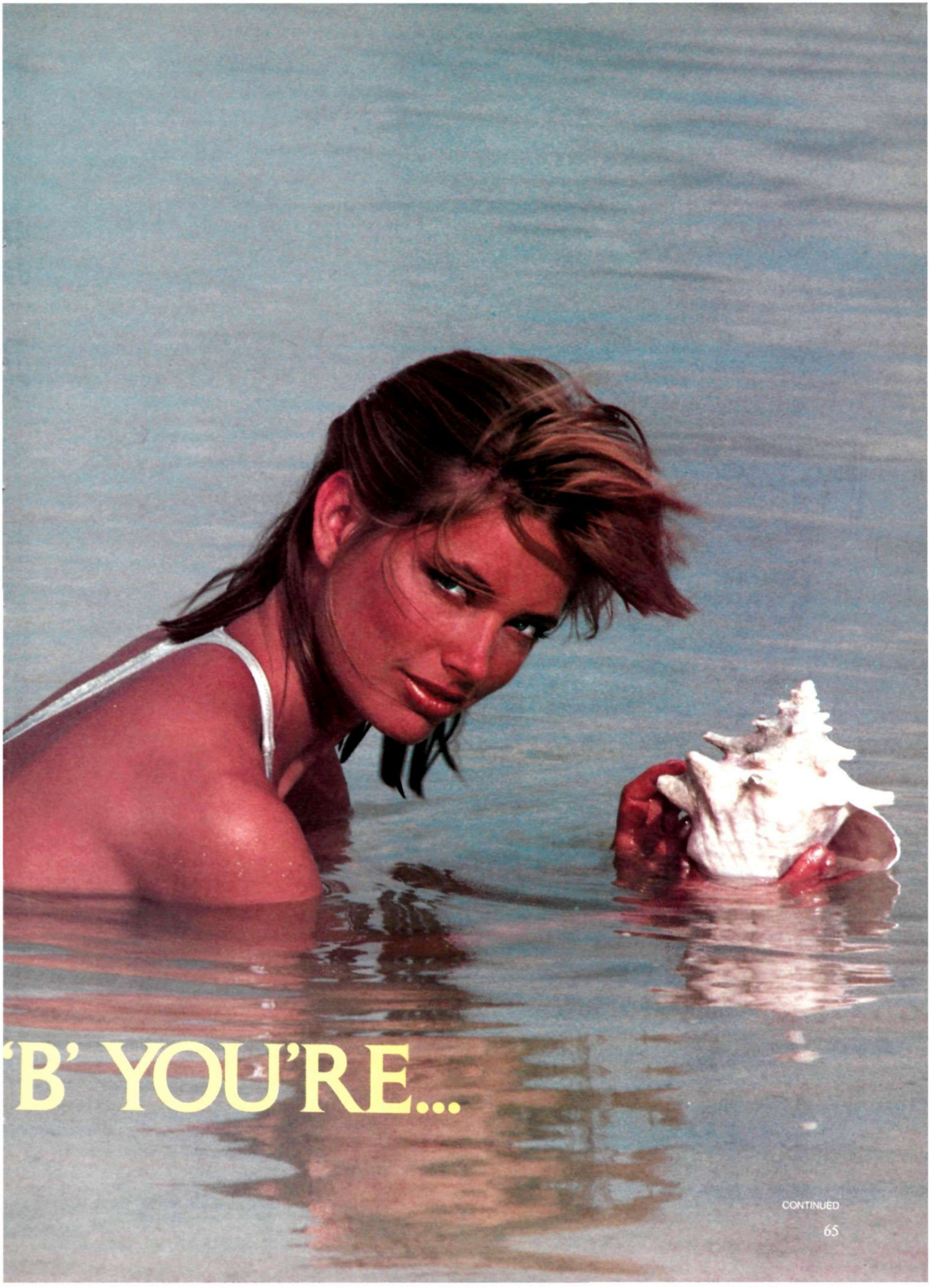
Donald Trump has no doubt that the USFL will make it and make it big. To Trump, it's "absolute nonsense" that 1984 will prove to be the make-or-break year for the league. Pointing to neighboring skyscrapers from his office, he says, "There's ABC. There's CBS. There's NBC. They're all around me. They read that the Grand Hyatt would never be built, but it was. They read that Trump Tower would never be built, but it was. Now they see me buy a football team. They're gonna believe." Trump adds, "When I want something, I want victory, completeness, results." **END**

No wonder every smart sunseeker knows his ABCs. Aruba *is* adorable. Bonaire *is* beautiful. Curaçao *is* a cutie full of charms. And together they constitute the southernmost islands of the Netherlands Antilles. Aruba, which lies 15 miles north of Venezuela, is the smallest of the three. Its eight miles of white sandy beaches, wave-washed cliffs and wind-sculptured rock formations make it one distinctive island. Bonaire is a scuba diver's paradise notable for coral-studded coves where visitors can drop in on a glorious array of fish. Curaçao features lively casinos and a bustling free port in addition to waters of turquoise hue. On the cover, Paulina welcomes the sun at Aruba's Colorado Point in a suit from Ellen Ann Dobrovir ($65). Below, Kelly Emberg admires a conch in Bonaire's Lac Bay. Her wrestler's suit and bandeau are from Everlast ($48). For more on Bonaire's submarine attractions, turn to page 106.

BY JULE CAMPBELL

'A' YOU'RE ADORABLE,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO CURTO

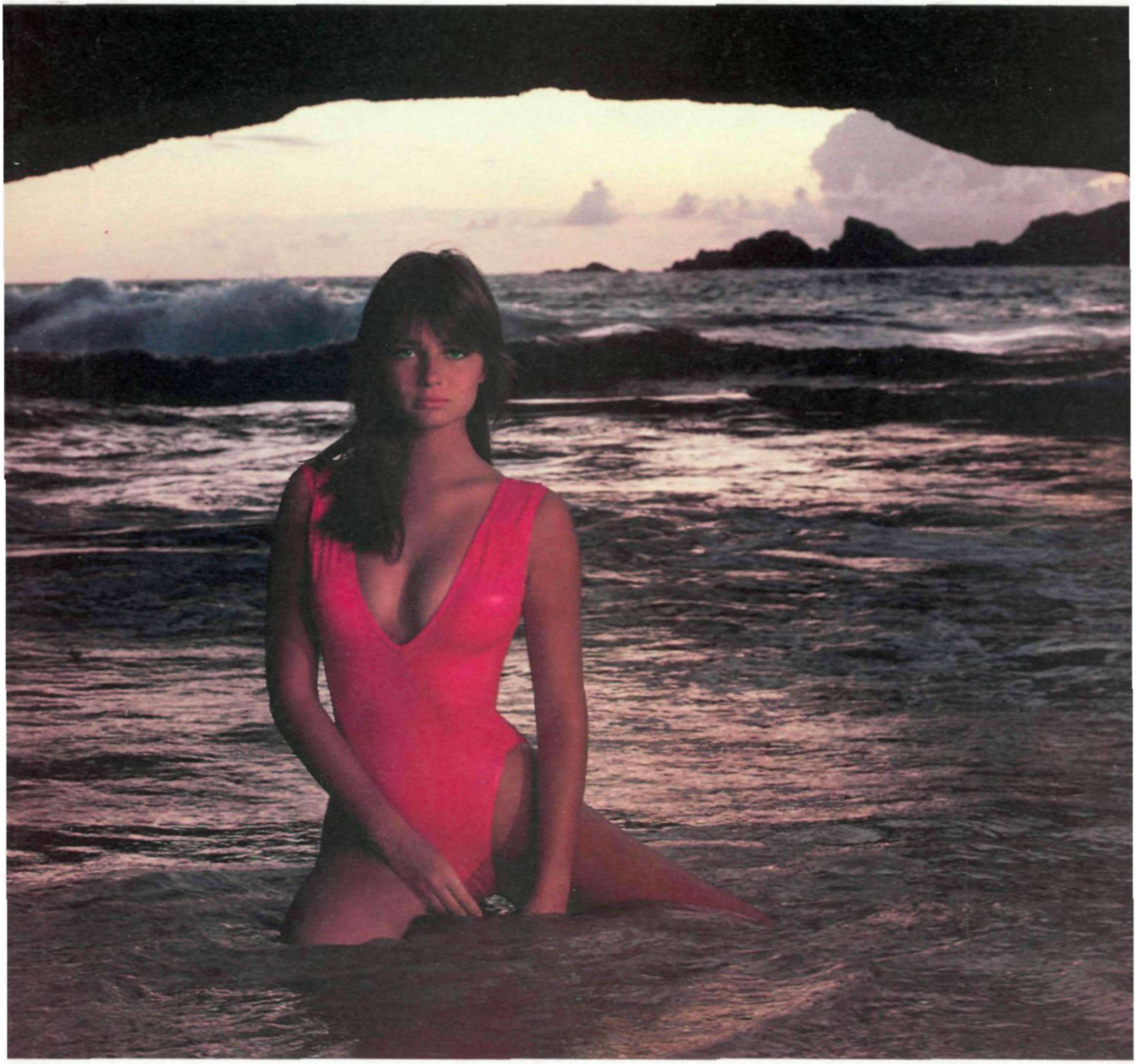


'B' YOU'RE...

CONTINUED

U.S.A.

ARUBA Natural Bridge, a coral arch carved by wind and sea, has waited an age for this moment. Paulina greets the dawn in her Monika Tilley suit for Elon ($40).



BONAIRE Golden girl Kim Alexis is suitable for framing from any angle on the thatch-roofed dock at the Flamingo Beach Hotel. Her cotton and Lycra suit is by Ralph Lauren ($48).

BONAIRE Overleaf: Kathy Ireland and Jean Pelton play footsie with the tide at Boca Cocolishi. Their sequined suits are made for sunning or swimming by Gottex ($100).

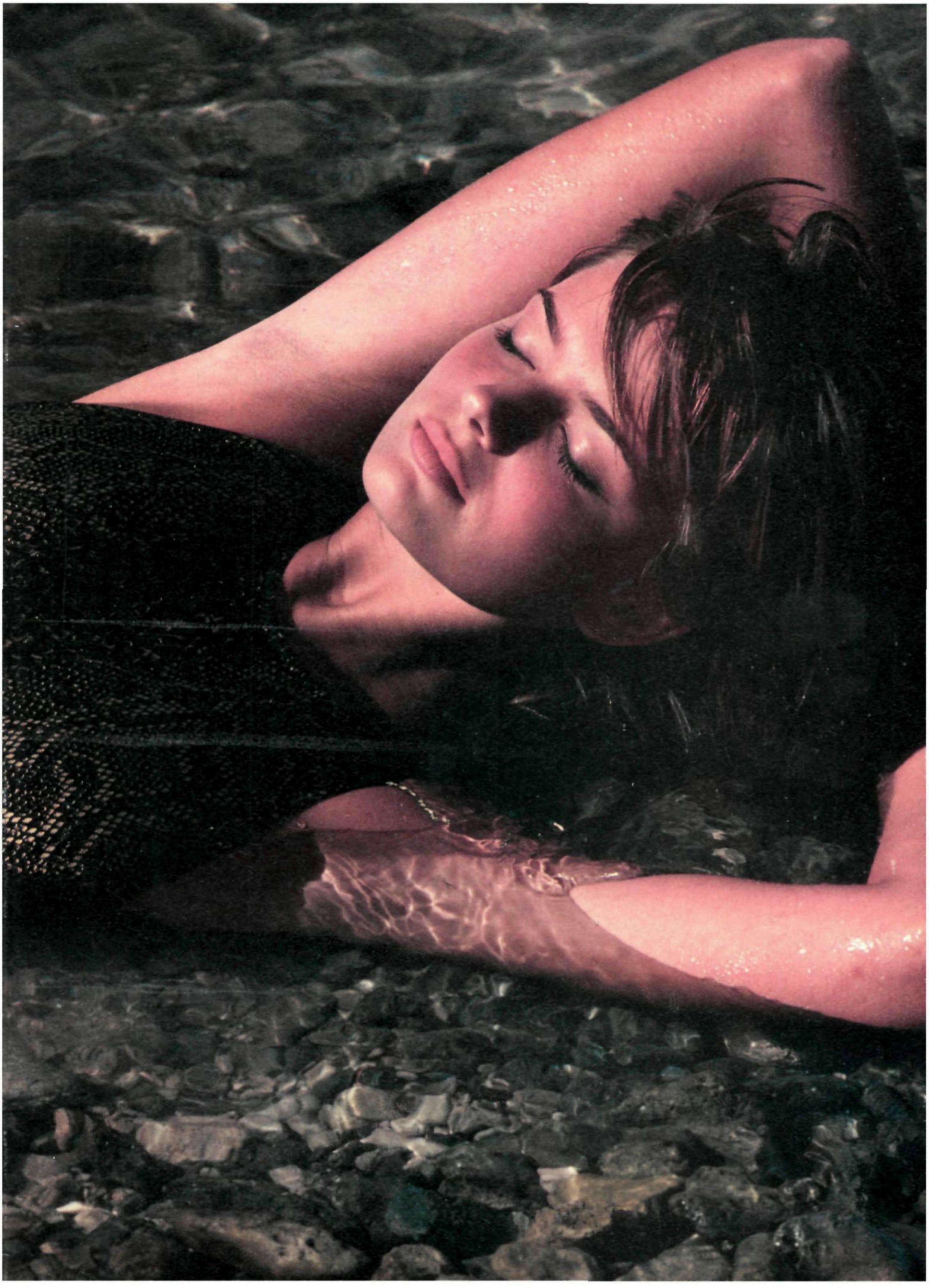
ARUBA Carol Alt strikes a pose evocative of the Twenties in a high-tech Speedo cap ($8) and glamorous Gottex suit ($200).

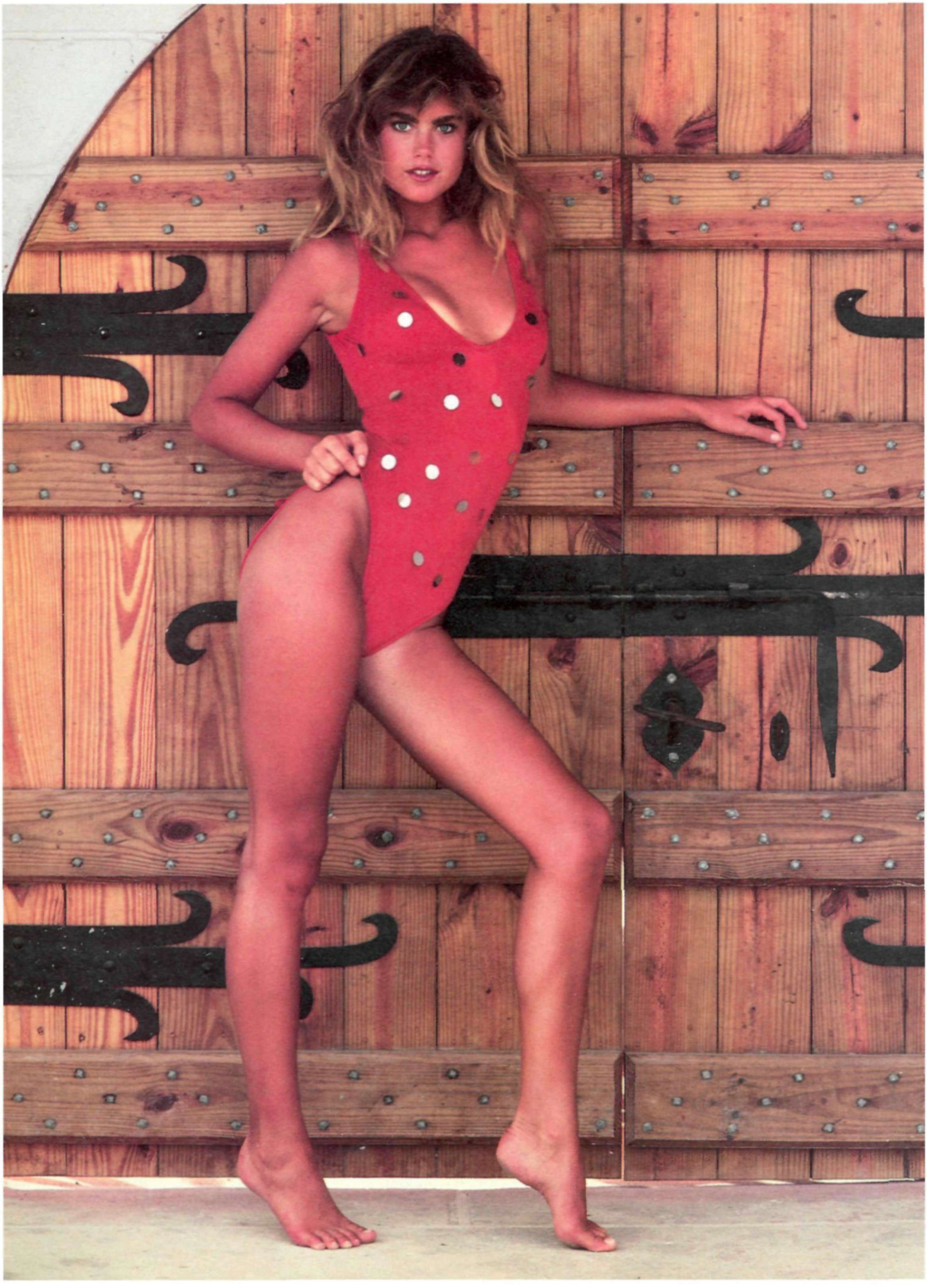
BONAIRE A laid-back Kelly fishes for compliments—and is sure to get them—in her Gottex maillot ($150).

CURACAO Paulina scores a knockout with the island featherweight champ, Chucu Zimmerman (right) and his pals. The Mouse is by Disney, the suit by Nelbarden ($32).

BONAIRE Kim and Kelly are armed for an assault on the crystal pyramids of the Antilles International Salt Company. Kim's sequined Lycra bikini ($150) and Kelly's rhinestone-studded one ($100) are from Gottex.

ARUBA Caressed by wavelets on the coral-strewn shore of Mangel Halto Beach, Paulina is a sea serpent worth seeing in her Lycra suit with python print from Diva by Rachel Pappo ($58).

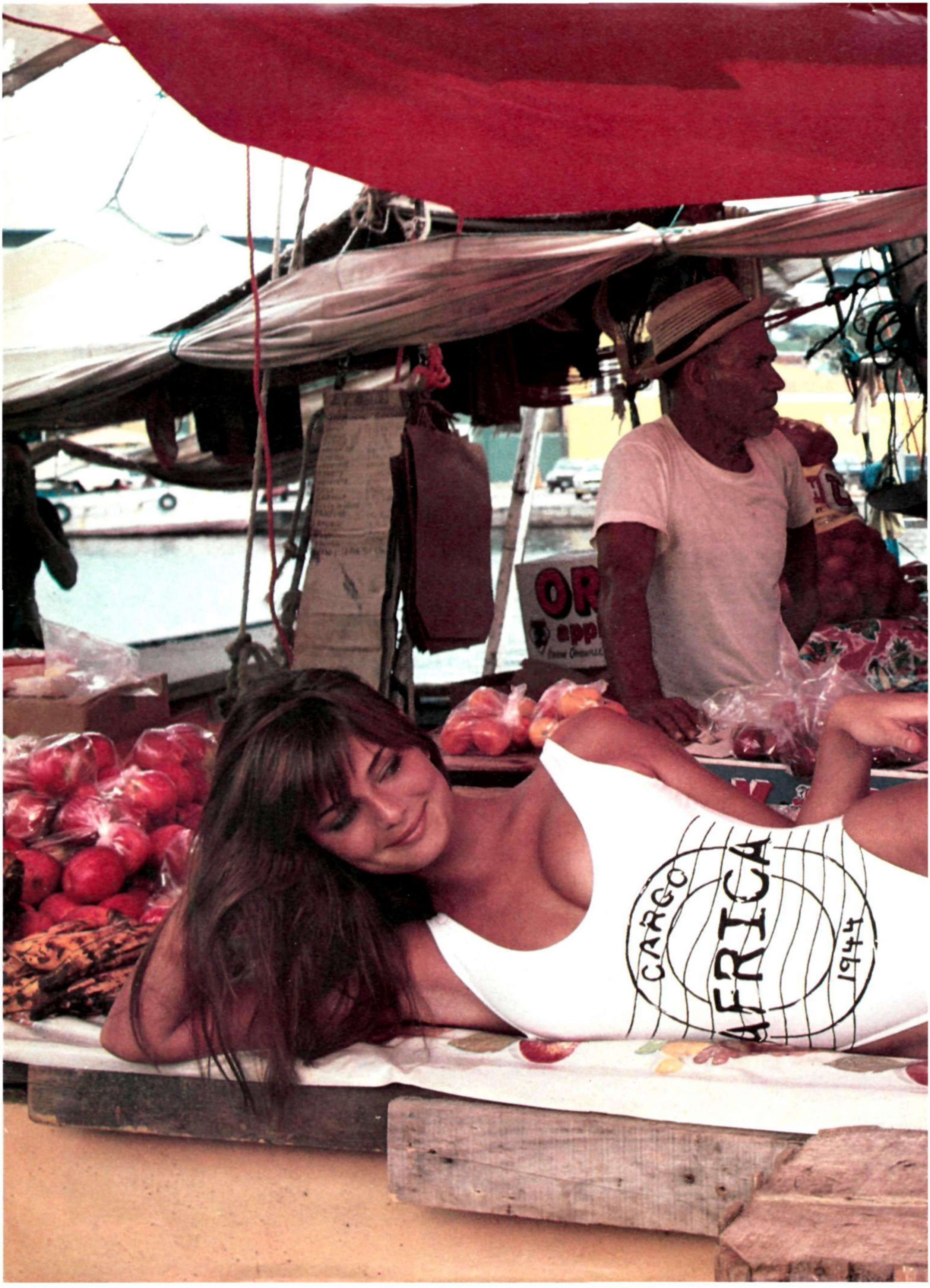




BONAIRE That's no way to keep the wolf from the door of Cap'n Don's Habitat, Kathy. Sequin discs highlight her Monika Tilley suit for Elon ($82).

ARUBA Carol has it made in the shade on a palmy day at the Holiday Inn Resort. Her silky Lycra suit is designed by Connie Banko ($46).

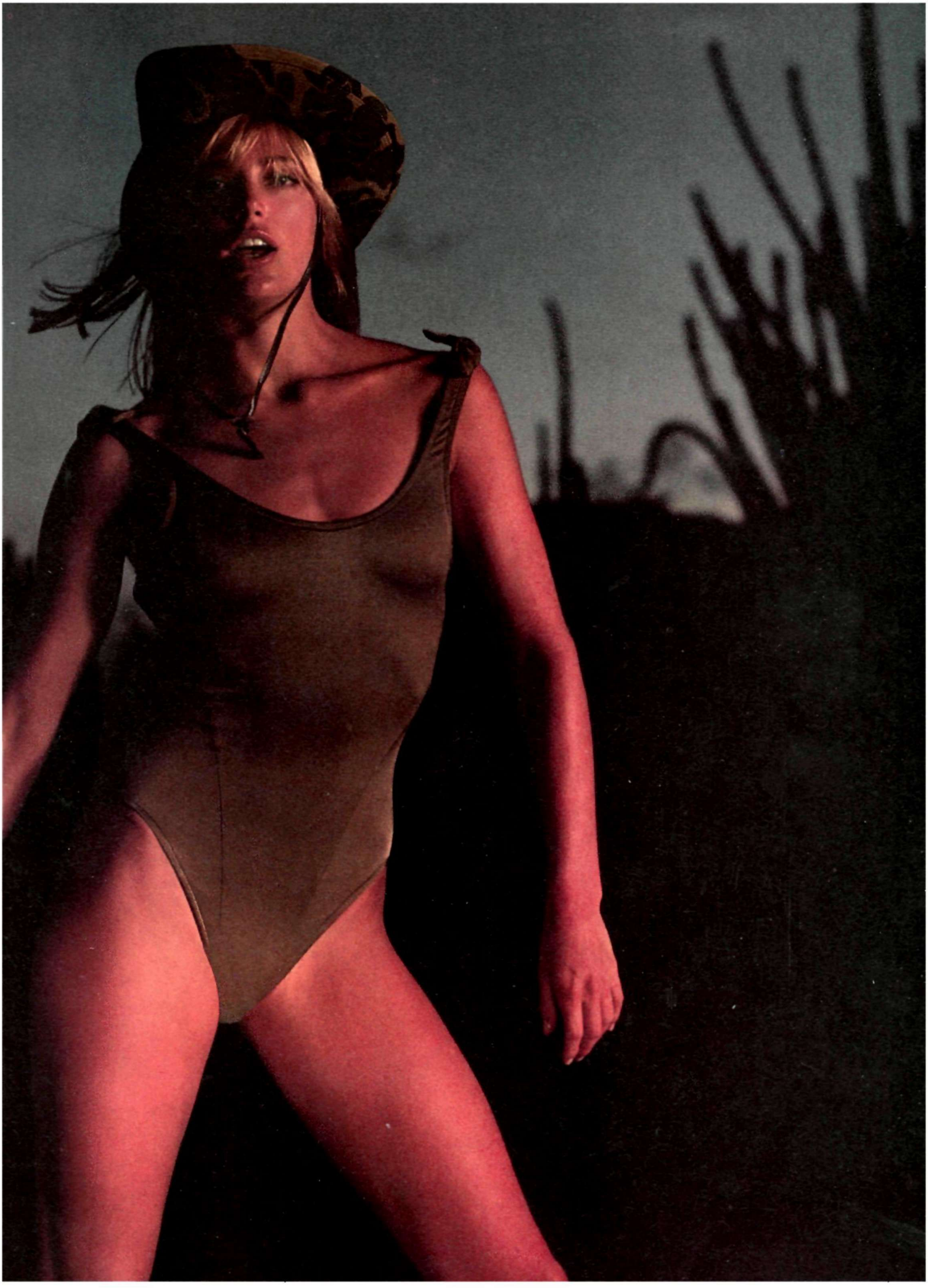
ARUBA Paulina dreams the day away on the beach of the Divi Divi Hotel. Her Lycra maillot with rhinestone rings is from Giorgio Sant'Angelo ($58).


CAT
FISH

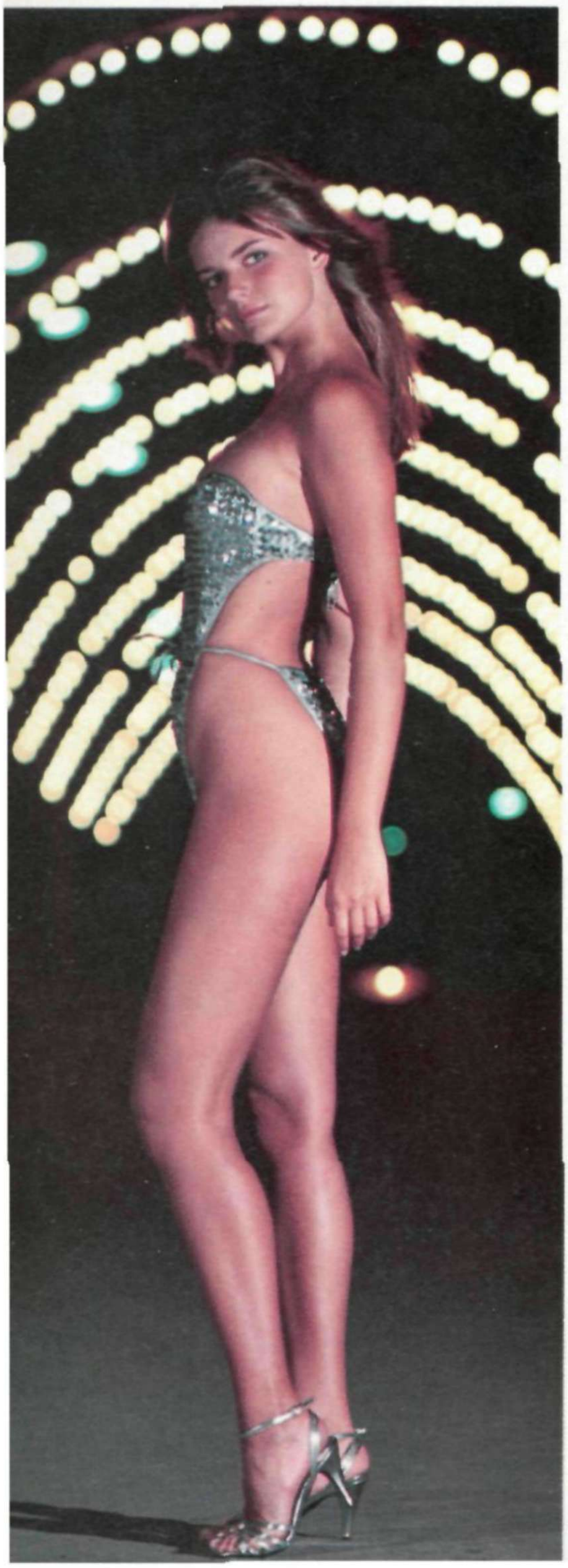
CURAÇAO A young shopper is sold on Paulina, who takes a stand at Willemstad's floating market. Her cotton and Lycra suit is from Ste. Jan-Marie ($44).

BONAIRE Discreetly camouflaged, Kelly goes bird-watching amid the towering cactus of the cunucu, the ancient Arawak name for countryside, in her Lycra suit by Christian Dior ($50).

BONAIRE Kathy is perfectly suited for the isolated east coast beach and turbulent water off Playa Chikitu, in Washington National Park, in a lacy bikini by Keiko ($50).



BONAIRE Kim comes up for a breather on the Flamingo hotel dock in an Everlast outfit ($73) that ought to keep the wimps away.



CURAÇAO Paulina lights up the night in a Gottex suit ($200) under the illuminated arches of the Queen Emma pontoon bridge.

ARUBA Carol enjoys the fringe benefits of her suede-trimmed Catalina Juniors suit ($40).

BONAIRE Jean tops off her tan in the coral-studded bay of Nukove in a maillot by Rachel Pappo for Diva ($64).

BONAIRE In her OMO suit by Norma Kamali ($90), Kim resembles a charmer from a James Bond flick. Divers at the Bonaire Beach Hotel stand by to show her the undersea sights.

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He feels a bit constricted

Tyke Peacock longs for the NBA even as he sets high-jump marks

by Craig Neff

Charles William (Tyke) Peacock, America's No. 1 high jumper, rattles the rims of a Fresno, Calif. high school gym with dunks. In his repertoire are reverses, tomahawks and whirlybirds. The twisting, spinning, gliding Peacock, who stands 6′ 1″, puts on a gleeful display. He springs up effortlessly, hovers at eye level to the rim and then *wham!* He comes down grinning.

This is merely the start of a typical Thursday night workout in the middle of the indoor track season. Having warmed up with his dunks, he now takes to the court for an hour or so of recreation-league ball with the Easy East Express, a powerhouse of a team sprinkled with former junior-college players. Peacock, himself a onetime star at nearby Modesto J.C., jumps center, then shifts to guard and shows off a deadly outside shot. If it's a truly typical Thursday, Peacock by himself will all but outscore the opposing team. When the game is over, he'll drive home, tune in to, say, a Warrior-Laker broadcast and imagine what it will be like when all this basketball—the three hours he plays each afternoon in Fresno city parks, the three years he played for Modesto J.C. and the University of Kansas, the evenings he has spent with the Express—pays off with a ticket to the pros.

Peacock's priorities are clear: If given a choice between an Olympic gold medal in the high jump at this summer's Games in Los Angeles and a spot on an NBA roster, he'd take the latter without hesitation. Yet the 22-year-old Peacock has such extraordinary gifts for high jumping—quick acceleration, good body control and a standing vertical leap of at least 40 inches—that almost without trying he has become a gold-medal contender. He has improved by an average of nearly two inches a year for each of the last six years, during which time his training has consisted mostly of playground basketball. In recent months he has started practicing the high jump once or twice a week, but before that Peacock's idea of training was to "do maybe 50 dunks, get into a pickup game and that would be it."

Still, he won the high jump at the 1981 World Cup in Rome, got the silver medal at last summer's World Championships in Helsinki—losing on fewer misses to the U.S.S.R.'s Gennadi Avdeyenko after they had both cleared 7′ 7¼″—and broke the U.S. record he'd tied at Helsinki with a 7′ 7¾″ jump four days later in Berlin. Moreover, in an event filled with skittish thoroughbreds, Peacock is now regarded as perhaps the world's best big-meet jumper. "You are never going to see him choke. He just doesn't," says former world-record holder Dwight Stones. "The European jumpers fear him," adds erstwhile U.S. indoor champion Benn Fields. The really bad news for the fearful is that Peacock finally seems truly well-disposed toward his event. "I think the American record has made me enjoy it a little more," he says. "Now I'm paying more attention to the technical aspects." He has even—though ever so reluctantly—put his NBA hopes on hold until after the L.A. Games.

Peacock is an upbeat, likable guy who shrugs off the superlatives heaped upon him for his dual talents. He has been high jumping since he was a seventh-grader at Urbana (Ill.) Junior High and playing basketball virtually since he became a Tyke. (His mom, LaCulia, gave him the nickname when he was a baby, because he was so tiny.) As a youngster, Tyke, the sixth of seven children, emulated an older brother, Turk (real name: Turhan), who straddle-jumped 6′ 6″ at Urbana High and costarred with Tyke as a small forward on the school's basketball team. "Turk and Tyke, we used to catch the blues for our nicknames," says Tyke. "People called us everything from Heckle and Jeckle to Frick and Frack." By the

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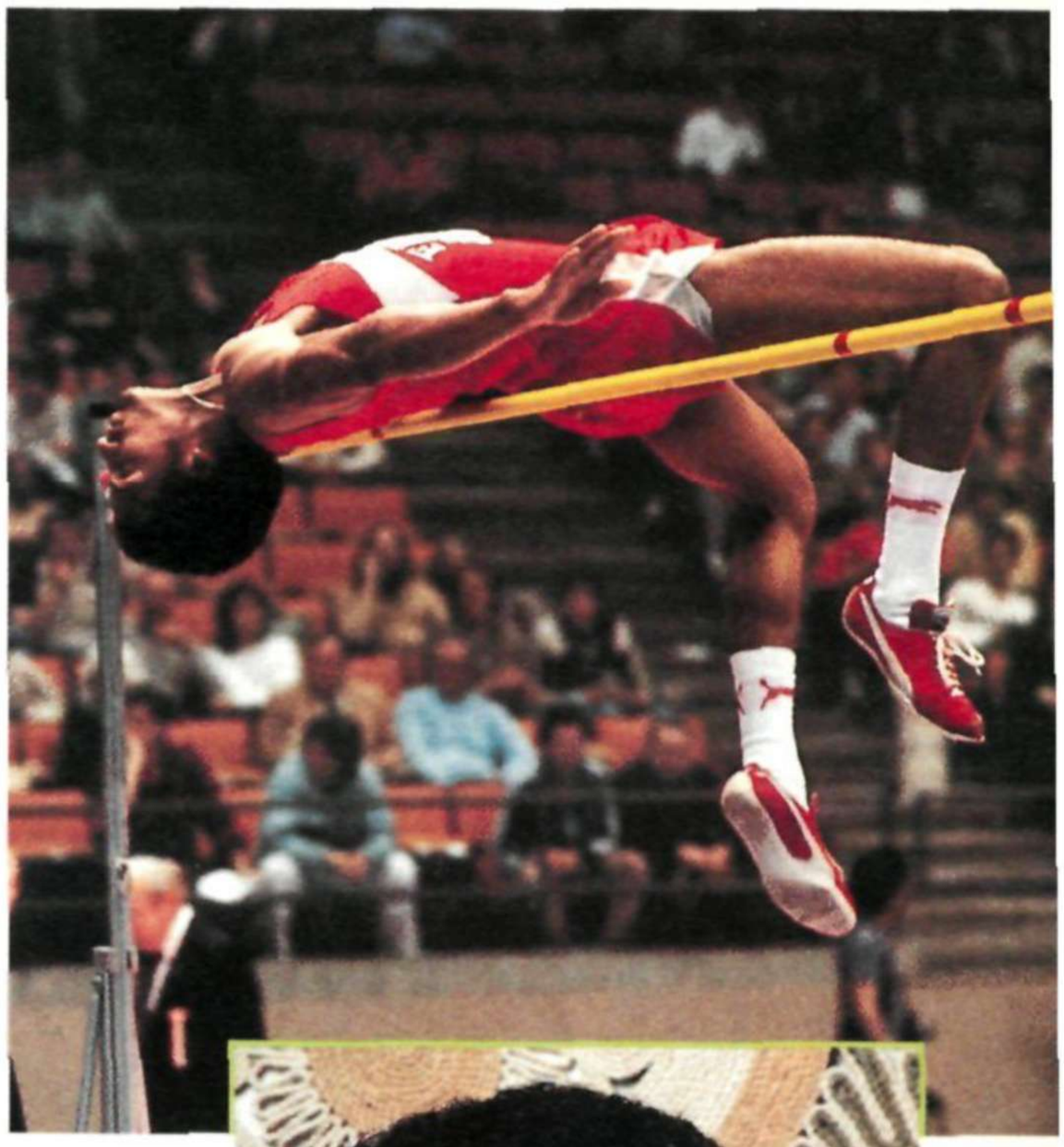

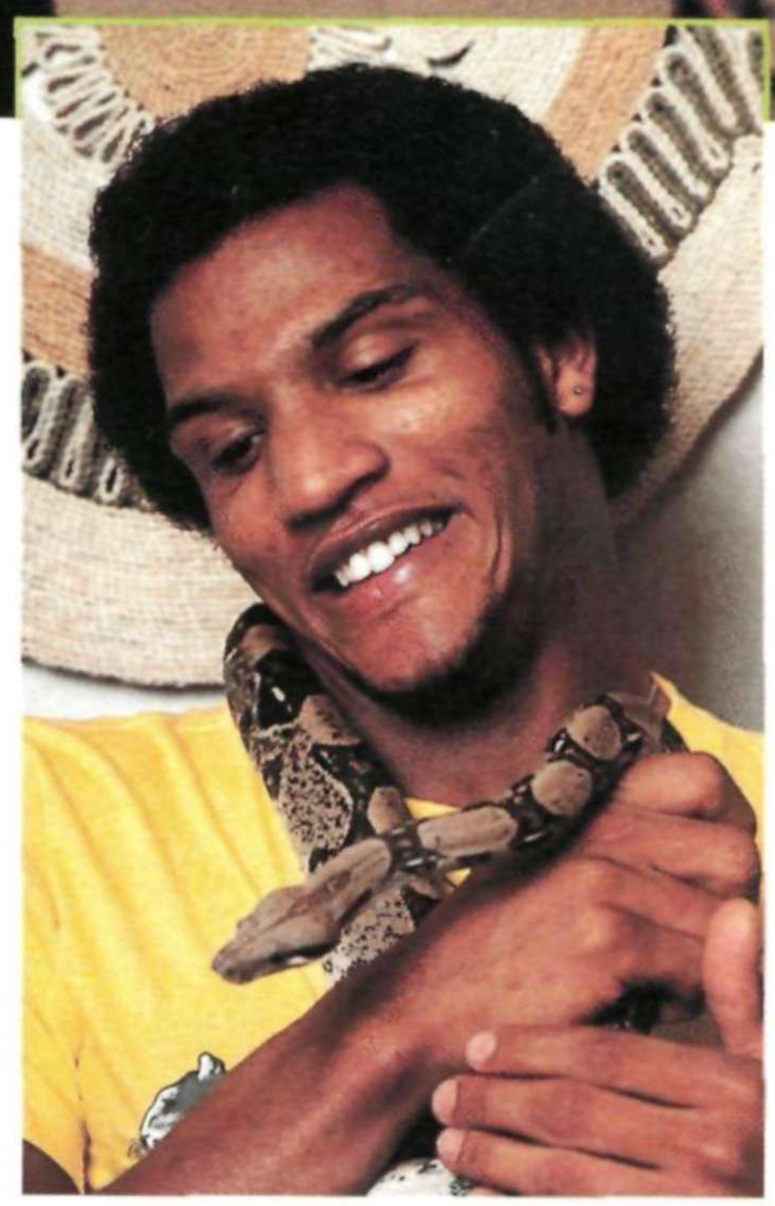

Smoothy is the name of Peacock's boa, but it's not what his technique is called.

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Peacock has already made this Olympic year a memorable one by getting hitched to Kim.

time Tyke graduated in 1979, he was also known as an honorable mention all-state guard (22 points per game as a senior) and the Illinois high school high jump champion (7′ 2¼″). Two years later he was a junior-college All-America guard (19.0) and, on the strength of his 7′ 5¾″ World Cup victory, the No. 1-ranked high jumper in the world.

Long before that, Peacock had established himself as tops when it came to high-jumping style. In high school he always competed wearing an old leather aviator's helmet and bright orange sweat pants cut off just above the knees. He also kept a toothpick in his mouth. "It made me feel good and helped psych other jumpers out," says Peacock. To gain a further mental edge—and keep his legs warm as long as possible—he began leaving his full sweat pants on in competition until he missed. Today that's as much his hallmark as the diamond stud he wears in his left ear.

In high school Peacock also developed the prejump ritual he still performs. First he squats with his back to the bar, ridding himself of any distracting thoughts. He then rises, turns and begins delicately massaging pressure points on his sternum and the inside of each knee. "If you rub those points with a clockwise motion, it gives you, I guess you'd call it, a burst of energy," he says. Next Peacock stares at the bar and runs through an assortment of expressions—fascination, anger, bewilderment—as if all that energy has caused an overload in his facial circuitry. "I'm mentally picturing myself clearing," he says. Finally he rocks back, takes four slow steps and runs his J-curve to the bar.

What follows is a jump that, to say the least, is rough around the edges. "Tyke could cut his run in half and jump about as well," says master technician Stones, still a world-class performer at 30. "All he does is get into position for a rebound in the last few steps." But when he plants his left foot, shoots up like a coil spring and comes down with an American record, who's to criticize him? Even Stones says, "He's created a technique and a run-up around his particular ability, and you have to admire that."

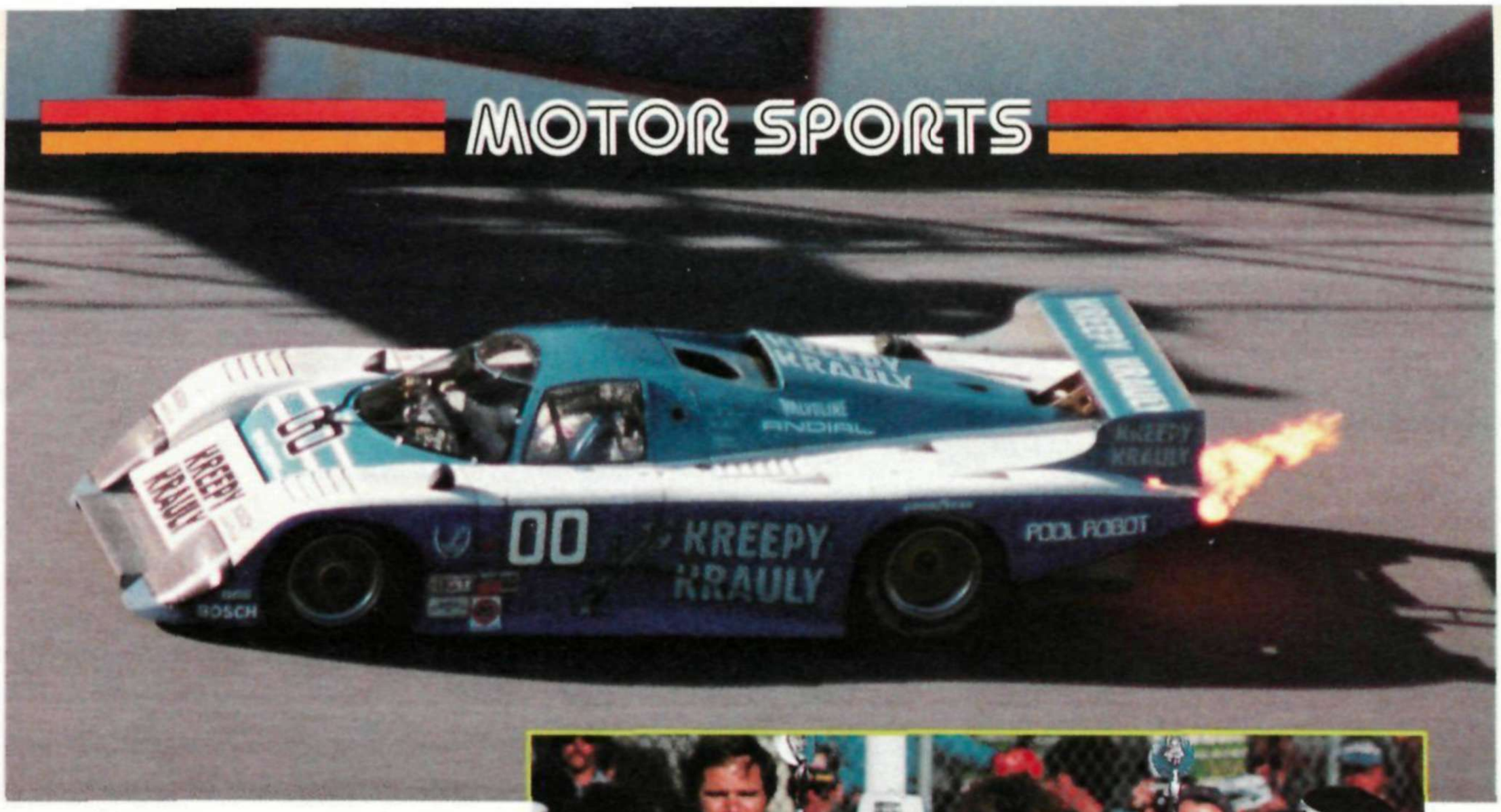
And you've got to expect Peacock to do things his own way. He rides a motorcycle, does terrific impersonations—sometimes during competition—of everyone from Teddy Pendergrass to Elvis to Archie Bunker, and generally tries to avoid taking the world or himself too seriously. He keeps a four-foot boa constrictor named Smoothy as a pet, "probably," he says, "because not too many other people would." Fortunately, Peacock's new wife, the former Kim Gary, whom he married last Saturday in Reno, is as unconventional as he is. After all, she gets along with that snake. She's also a former elementary school basketball coach and high school basketball player.

But Peacock's nonconformist ways don't always pay off. Kansas had offered him a full basketball scholarship in 1981, and his shooting eye and quickness made him valuable as a spot player. But there was too much playground in his style for him to become a regular. "The problem was, he was very unpredictable when he had the ball in the open court," says Jayhawk assistant coach Bob Hill. Seeking more playing time than the five minutes a game he was averaging, Peacock quit Kansas at the end of one season and enrolled at Fresno State, where after sitting out a year he hoped to make the team as a walk-on this season. But during preseason drills Peacock decided he "just wasn't fitting in" with the Bulldog program, hardly a surprising occurrence because Fresno State plays one of the most controlled offenses in the country. He left the team and dropped out of school.

Peacock's NBA dream is now a very long shot. "His market value in basketball isn't very high," says Hill. "He doesn't have much to sell. If he'd stuck it out in college, it might be a different story." The consensus is that Peacock will have to play in Europe for a few years before he'll get a serious look from the NBA. Peacock says he'll do whatever it takes.

And he does have at least one staunch backer. Says Stones, "I really wish the guy would play basketball." **END**

Former J.C. All-America Peacock trains for the high jump by doing spectacular dunks.



by Robert F. Jones

Kleaning up at Daytona

A trio of South Africans krauled mighty kwickly in the 24 Hours

Martin, Duxbury and Van der Merwe kept their turbo March blazing night and day.

Any South African national sports team goes by the name Springboks. Those small, sprightly antelopes are best known for their incredible vaulting ability. In a standing high jump, a springbok can leap clear over a marauding cheetah. At the Daytona International Speedway last weekend, a three-man team of bipedal Springboks demonstrated the automotive equivalent of that skill. Soaring clear over such lead-footed lions as A.J. Foyt and Mario Andretti to end up on the pinnacle of American endurance racing, they won the grueling, attrition-ridden, overcrowded SunBank 24—the current name for the 24 Hours of Daytona.

Whipping their impeccably prepared March-Porsche through the 12 sinuous, sometimes sinister corners and around the steep banking of the 3.87-mile course, Sarel Van der Merwe, Tony Martin and Graham Duxbury held off the combined challenge of three turbocharged Porsches and a pair of (how fitting) Jaguars to triumph in the premier race on the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA) calendar. They bobbled only twice, and then not seriously. On Saturday evening Martin ran out of fuel on the infield road section, and Duxbury had to lug a can of gas about a mile from the pits—only drivers can give such on-course assistance in endurance racing. Then, at about 9 a.m. Sunday, Martin mistakenly thought a black flag, used in racing to call in cars that look mechanically unsound, was meant for him, and pitted unnecessarily. But these errors didn't prevent the South Africans from winning by almost 20 minutes. Their March 83G, powered by a single-turbine Porsche engine of the same displacement as the perennially successful dual-turbo Porsche 935, was sponsored by Kreepy Krauly, a South Africa–based firm. A Kreepy Krauly, for those who don't know, is a robot cleaning machine that chugs its way around the insides of swimming pools. The four-wheel variety on evidence last week didn't chug a bit—it just plain hummed.

The prerace favorite of the record 60,000 spectators who jammed Daytona's infield (but only sparsely studded its grandstands) was Andretti, the 1978 Formula I world driving champion. Mario was teamed with his oldest son, Michael, 21, a speedy scion who bids fair to equal his dad in all sorts of racing. Another son, Jeff, 19, was entered in a slower Porsche 911. Mario and Michael first teamed up last year at Le Mans and finished third overall in a Porsche, and for this race they had an untried factory Porsche 962 prototype. Conceding from 60 to 80 horsepower to the older Porsches but blessed with aerodynamic advantages, the 962 won the pole position, besting the March-Porsche by nearly two seconds in qualifying.

Andretti *père*, who hadn't raced a Daytona enduro since 1972, when he ap-

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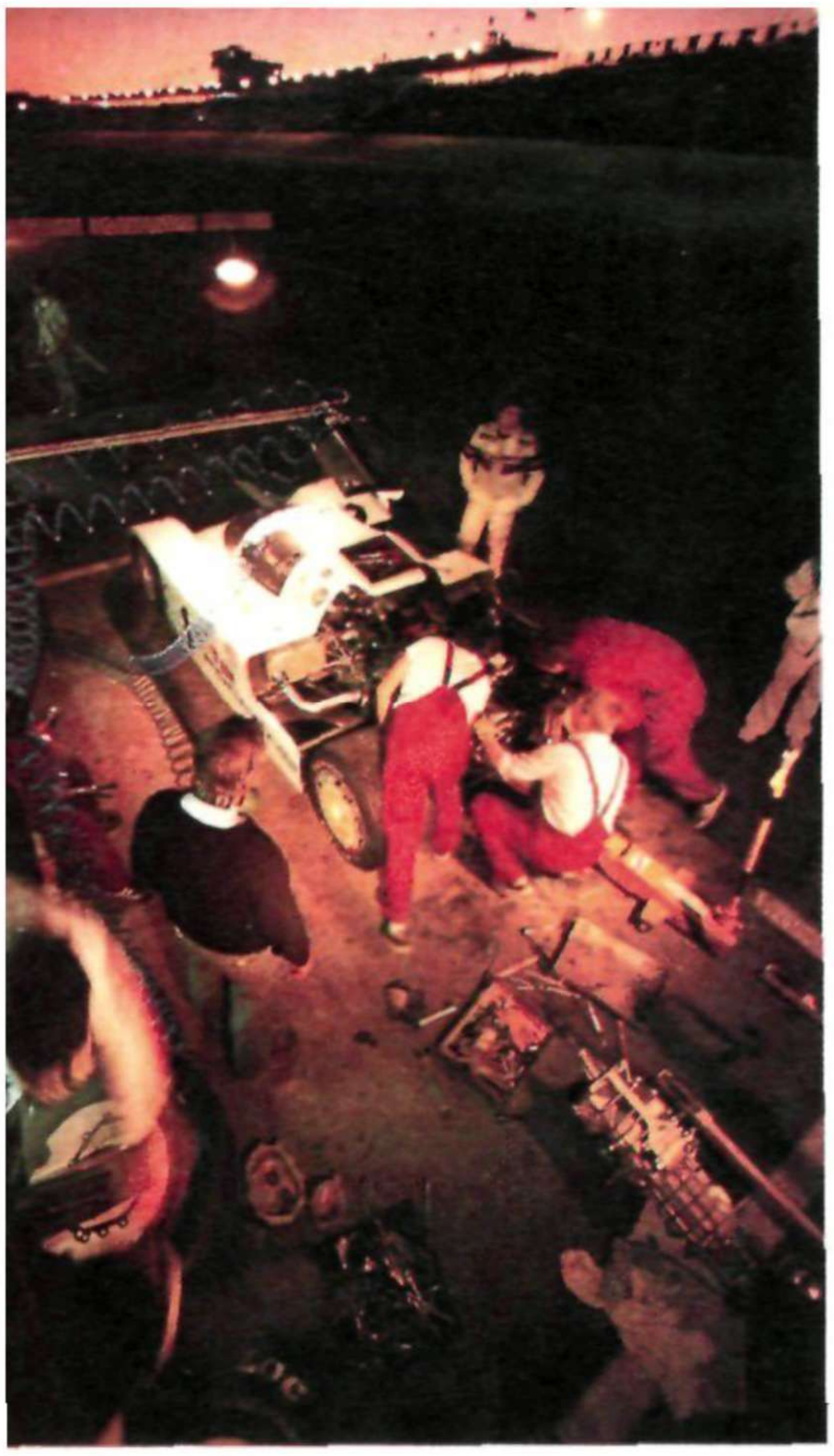

At twilight, Porsche mechanics struggled to replace the Andrettis' kaput transmission.

peared in a burly red Ferrari 312 (and, along with Jacky Ickx of Belgium, won), knew well that the pole means comparatively little in a round-the-clock race. He also knew that the car had undergone only about 500 miles of testing, none of it on the stressful banking that makes up about a third of Daytona's circuit.

When the green starting flag flapped at 3:30 Saturday, Mario was behind the wheel of the 962, with the Kreepy Krauly Springboks beside him on the grid. Next in line was the Jaguar driven by the veteran American road racers Bob Tullius and Doc Bundy, along with David Hobbs of England. Just outboard of them sat last year's winning Daytona car, a Porsche 935 owned by Preston Henn of the U.S., with Foyt, England's Derek Bell and five-time Porsche Challenge Cup winner Bob Wollek of France sharing the wheel. (Foyt had joined the Preston Henn squad last year at Daytona after his own car broke early on. With customary quick-study cool he brought the 935 into the lead and, ultimately, Victory Lane.) Behind the lead cars was a rush-hour crowd of 78 more cars, ranging from small-engine tiddlers with a top speed of 135 mph to other prototypes capable of 190.

Andretti opened up a 45-second lead in the first hour as Michael waited in the pit, his eagerness for action betrayed only by a tapping right foot. Just before Mario made his first pit stop, a crash on the main straightaway sent Plexiglas and bits of shattered fender soaring past Michael's head. He didn't even flinch. Mario came in, Michael took the wheel and the crew jacked up the car to change tires. As they did, a Porsche mechanic yelled, "Ist the car ouht of gear?" The rear wheels weren't turning freely. It was the first ominous symptom of what rapidly became a fatal flaw. Once out on the track, Michael found he had no fifth gear. He pitted for a minute and a half while a swarm of maroon-suited minions from Stuttgart fiddled with the gear linkage. Only a few laps later Michael was in again: Heat from the engine's turbo-header—probably pressed too close to the gearbox by downforces on the 31-degree banking—had literally welded fourth and fifth gears together. For nearly two hours the mechanics wrenched and wrestled, replacing the entire gearbox, but to little avail. At 11:18 p.m., hopelessly in arrears, the 962 retired with a broken camshaft.

Other cars were having their own problems. The two Jaguar XJR-5s kept throwing their alternator belts and one of them lost its nose cowling at speed—it was brought safely to the pits by its driver. The defending Porsche's intake manifold came unstuck. "We got the thing clamped together with vise grips and a two-by-four," Foyt explained later, "but we're not getting full boost out of the turbo." For all that, A.J. was jolly and laid-back between his stints at the wheel—a far cry from his crabby, obsessed Indy 500 persona. Before last year he hadn't driven an enduro since he and Dan Gurney teamed in a Ford Mark IV to win Le Mans in 1967. Clearly, long-distance racing agrees with him.

A succession of ills, ranging from brake troubles to a broken intake manifold, plagued another favorite, the 935 driven by the American team of Al Holbert, Bruce Leven and Hurley Haywood (the last a four-time Daytona winner motoring with a cast on a broken left ankle). Their only real chance was for the leaders to break, but they didn't.

The Kreepy Krauly took the lead at 1:30 a.m. Sunday on Lap 254 and held it the remaining 386 tours. "We knew we had the speed to do it right from the start," said team spokesman David Amette. "The car [driven to the IMSA championship last year by Holbert] has a new suspension, better brakes and much more downforce in its body design. It had won the pole here in last November's three-hour race, and in testing we had beaten that time by two seconds. But you don't even think of winning a race this long until the minute hand is right at 3:30."

Lead driver Van der Merwe, 37, and his co-pilots kept it all together. Van der Merwe, eight times the South Africa rally champion, is used to all kinds of road conditions. Known in his homeland as Supervan, he has much the bravura style of his compatriot, former world champion Jody Scheckter. By the time the checkered flag fell, the Kreepy had krauled 2,476.8 miles at an average speed of 103.119 mph and was more than nine laps ahead. Foyt finished second, with Tullius' Jaguar third.

When Van der Merwe's partner, Duxbury, was asked what his first impressions were of driving on the notorious banking, he gave a succinct answer. "Terrifying," he said. But in the end it was the three Springboks—and their lithe little mount—that had proved to be the terrors of Daytona. **END**

Michael Andretti and his famous father started on the pole, but got in a deep hole.

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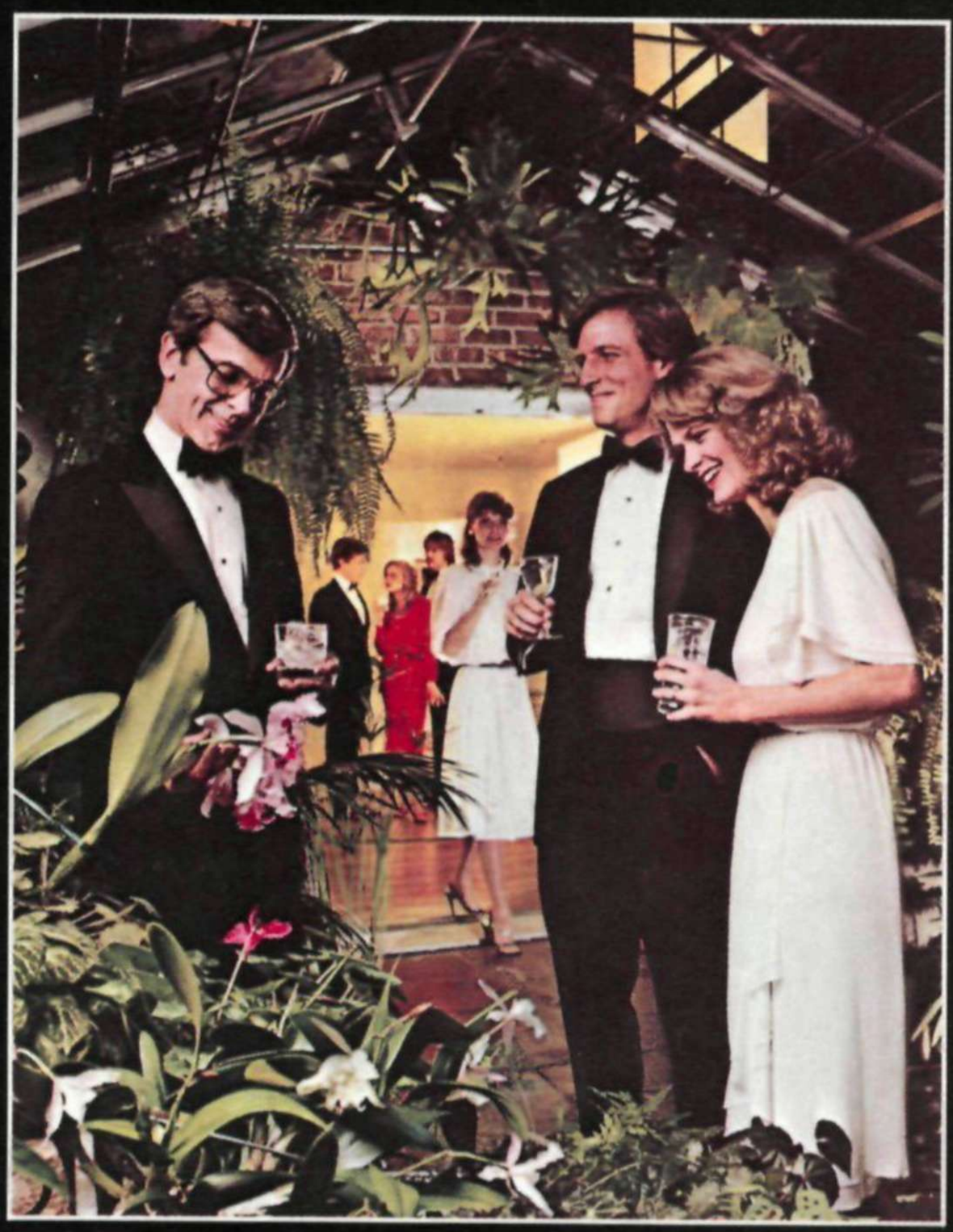

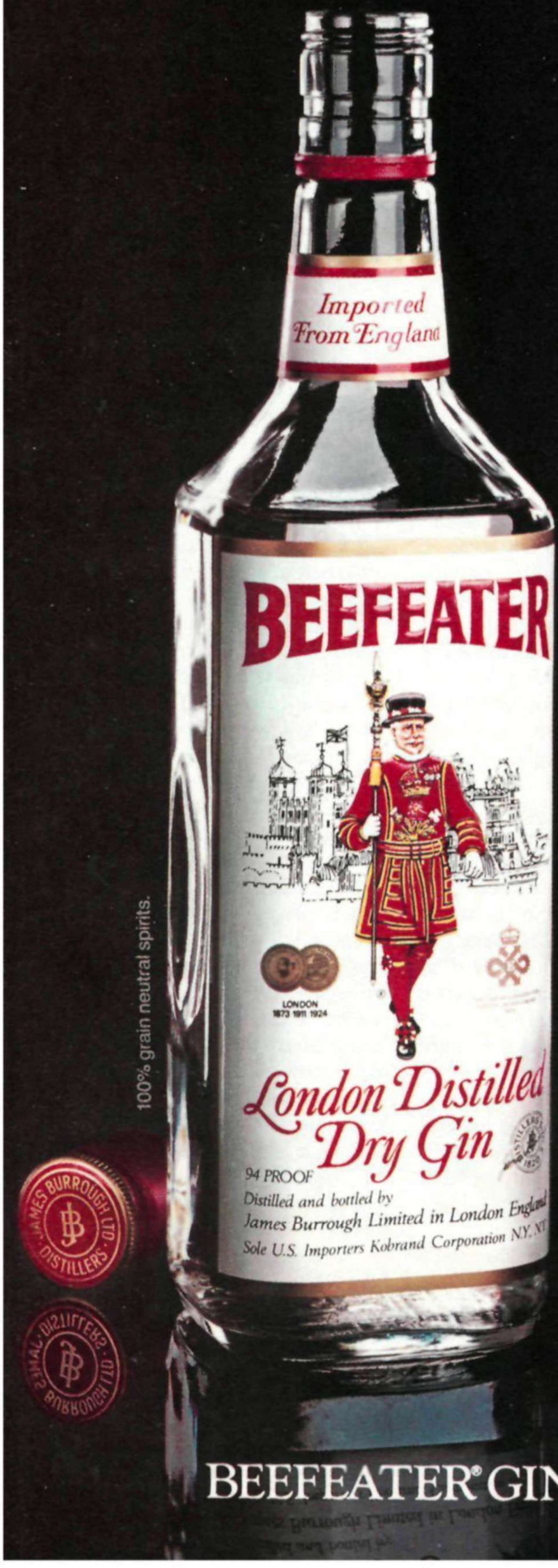

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This cookie's in the chips

A 52,000-mile shopping trip made Warren Moon the newest NFL millionaire

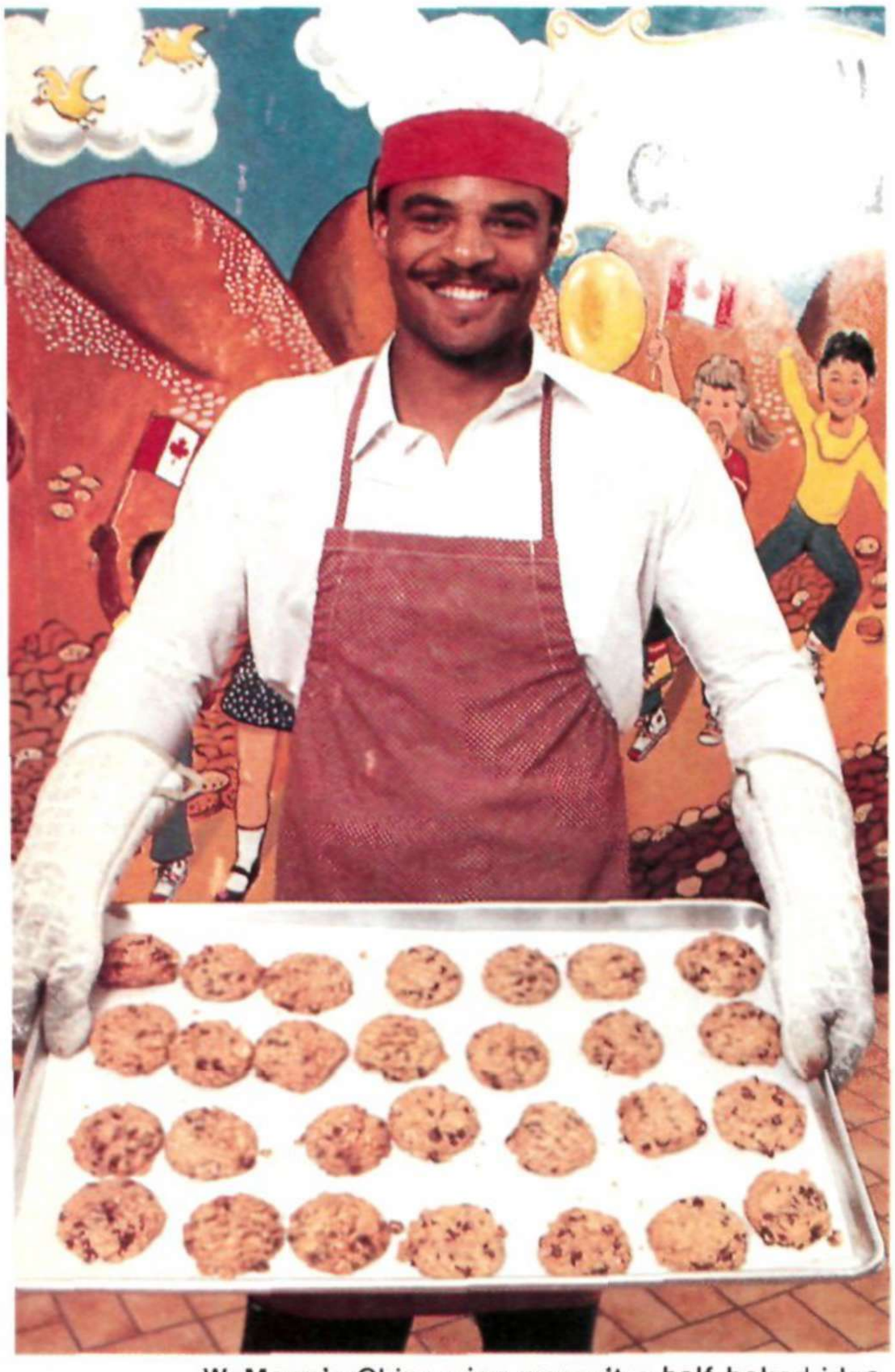
by Jill Lieber

Thursday, Dec. 29, New York City: The Checker cab rumbled through Lower Manhattan. It was a cold, blustery night, and every few blocks homeless men were huddled around garbage cans filled with burning trash. "What are those people doing?" asked Warren Moon, a veteran of six years and five straight Grey Cup wins as a quarterback with the Edmonton Eskimos of the Canadian Football League but a rookie visitor to New York City.

"Oh, those are street people," one of the New Yorkers in the cab replied casually. "They eat out of garbage cans and live out of shopping bags. They're just trying to keep warm."

Moon, who grew up in Los Angeles, had never seen anything like it. "They live on the *streets*?" he said in disbelief. "They actually *survive*?"

Moon was stunned. There he was, at 27, with everything a person could want: a beautiful wife, two healthy children, a thriving off-the-field business (W. Moon's Chocolate Chippery cookie shops) and homes in Edmonton, Seattle and Los Angeles. And, as a pro football rarity—a true free agent—with a rocket for an arm, out-of-this-world stats (in each of the last two seasons with Edmonton he had thrown for 5,000 yards and more than 30 touchdowns) and three leagues bidding for his services, Moon knew he was likely to sign a contract for $1 million a year or more.



W. Moon's Chipperies weren't a half-baked idea.

He shook his head. "It doesn't seem right," he said to Leigh Steinberg, his Berkeley-based lawyer and agent. "I'm asking for a million dollars a year, and they have nothing."

New York was the third stop on Moon's four-city "fact-finding" tour of interested NFL teams. At least six other NFL clubs—and, at one time, a total of 14 in the NFL, CFL and USFL—had made overtures.

"Look, Warren," Steinberg said, "if you weren't getting that million, it's not like it would be going to them. If you sign with the Giants, we can arrange to donate some money to the homeless."

"That would make me feel better," Moon said, "although I'm not so sure I'll ever feel comfortable making this much money."

The cab ride was but another episode in Moon's odyssey, an exhausting, eye-opening, seven-week, 52,000-mile journey that came to an end last Friday night when Moon agreed to a blockbuster $6 million, five-year deal with the Houston Oilers, with much of the money guaranteed. It was a trip marked by bright lights, sleepless nights, limos, discos, four-star restaurants, three-piece pinstripe suits, oil wells, Ralph Sampson, astronauts, barrages of phone calls (an average of 40 and as many as 250 a day) and strippers.

Actually, the journey began in March of 1978 when Moon, after being named Pac-8 Player of the Year and leading the University of Washington to a 27–20 upset win over Michigan in the Rose Bowl, signed with the Eskimos rather than wait for the May NFL draft. Moon felt that, as a black quarterback, he wouldn't get a fair shake in the NFL. No NFL team drafted him that year, which meant if he ever made a bid to play in the league, he would be a free agent.

When the '83 CFL season ended in November, Moon and Steinberg made a list of eight NFL teams they believed could best use his skills. They put down the advantages of each team: Seattle (site of his off-season home, proximity to his closest friends, indoor stadium perfect for a passer); Houston (indoor stadium, needed a quarterback); New Orleans (coach Bum Phillips); Los Angeles Raiders (owner Al Davis); Tampa Bay (city accustomed to a black quarterback); New York Giants (best business opportunities); Philadelphia (fervent fans); and Baltimore (an up-and-comer).

And then the cons: Seattle (Moon's wife, Felicia, feared the city would turn on him as it had when he was unsuccessful in his early years at Washington); Houston (losing team); New Orleans (he worried about moving to the Deep South); Raiders (he'd not be likely to start); Tampa Bay (losing team); Giants (overly critical press, overly demanding

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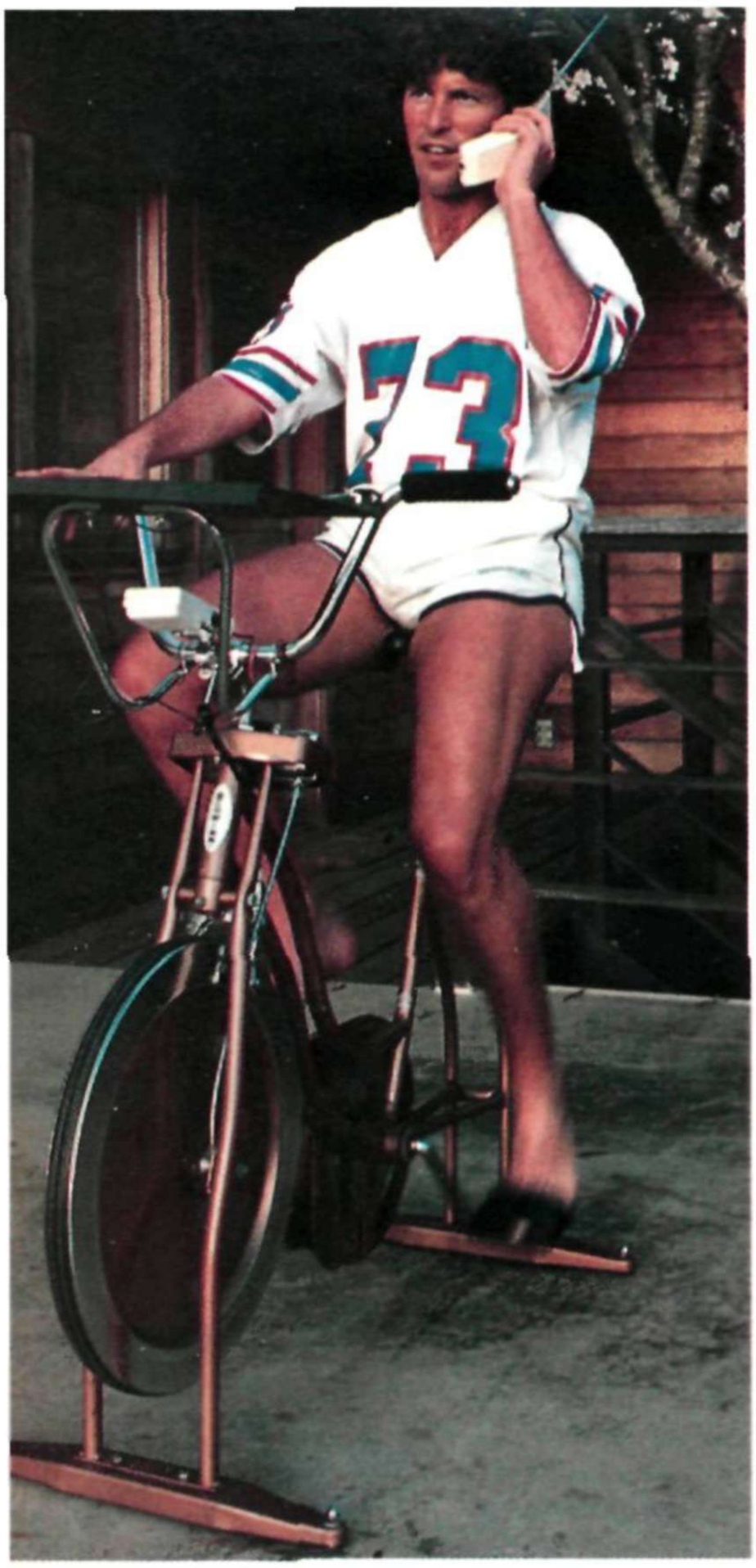

Steinberg ran up an enormous telephone bill, but he wasn't just spinning his wheels.

fans); Philadelphia and Baltimore (too far from family and friends).

And then the odyssey really began.

Dec. 19-20, Houston: Moon and Steinberg are met at the airport by throngs of reporters. They get into a limo sent by the Oilers and flick on its TV. The first thing they get is the news that coach Chuck Studley has resigned. "The reporter then said that [general manager] Ladd Herzeg would be the next to go if he didn't turn things around," Steinberg recalls. "I said to Warren, 'They're probably very sorry they gave us a TV in this limo.' He was disappointed. 'I came all this way to talk to a coach,' he said. 'Now, there isn't one.' "

Moon's spirits revive during a visit to the office of owner Bud Adams, whose walls are covered with huge autographed pictures of astronauts from most of America's flights.

Dec. 21-22, New Orleans: The Moons check out Bourbon Street. "*Very* bizarre," Warren says. "Strippers, naked ladies." Felicia is particulary fond of a woman who mooned Warren. "She was wiggling, shaking," Felicia says. "You should've seen his face."

They have breakfast with Bum Phillips. "He was very casual," Moon says, "but very straightforward." Moon would start; Kenny Stabler would relieve. Some Saints players tell Moon he'd love New Orleans, that owner John Mecom has thrown parties for players on his 103-foot yacht, that they drink together. Moon, who's a near-teetotaler, isn't impressed.

Dec. 28-29, New York: Giants general manager George Young is mired in the Lawrence Taylor–USFL contract fiasco. With the team's permission, Moon and Steinberg commandeer the Giants' limo and call on Donald Trump to talk about USFL opportunities. Later they go to Studio 54.

Jan. 10-11, Tampa: Moon talks with owner Hugh Culverhouse. "I was totally overwhelmed," Moon says. "I'd never met that kind of guy—somebody worth 300 or 400 million dollars—and had him explain how he made his money. I'm just a little guy from a lower middle-class background." Culverhouse tells Moon how hurt he was when the city's black community labeled him a racist after the Bucs lost quarterback Doug Williams to the USFL. "I started to wonder if that was part of the reason he had me in town," Moon says.

Jan. 24-25, Houston: The Oilers have now made an offer and have a new coach, Hugh Campbell, who was the Edmonton coach when Moon and the Eskimos won their five Grey Cups. Moon pays him a visit. An acquaintance of Bud Adams' says he'll give Moon "one of my oil wells" if he turns the Oilers into winners. Moon goes out on the town with Ralph Sampson. Sampson is late for practice the next morning and is fined.

Jan. 26-31, Honolulu: Moon and Steinberg are in town for the Jan. 29 Pro Bowl. On the beach at Waikiki they meet with general manager Mike McCormack and coach Chuck Knox. Knox indicates that Jim Zorn will be traded and Dave Krieg will have to battle for his starting job. McCormack tells Steinberg that Seattle's offer is $5.5 million for five years. Later, Moon bumps into Oiler running back Earl Campbell at the Hau Tree Bar. Campbell has asked to be traded. "Talk about a bitter guy," Moon says. "He doesn't think they approach things with class." Moon cools on Houston.

In three days Steinberg's hotel phone bill reaches $600. Seattle and Houston are very aggressive. Tampa Bay and New Orleans balk at Moon's price tag. The Giants refuse to talk money. Steinberg goes home to Berkeley, Moon to Seattle.

Feb. 1, Berkeley: Herzeg arrives at Steinberg's office, which is in his house, at about 7:30 p.m. Steinberg has had Houston's complicated package reviewed by five financial analysts. McCormack stays in touch by phone. The Oiler and Seahawk offers are both for five years and almost identical in dollars. But Seattle's is structured so that only about 20% of the money is guaranteed, in the form of a signing bonus. Moon fears that if he's a bust, the Seahawks might cut him just to get rid of his big salary. In the Oilers' offer, the guaranteed signing bonus accounts for 80% of the money with Moon's annual salary in the low six-figures. Negotiations go on until 11 p.m., with one major interruption. "Ladd had to watch *Dynasty*," Steinberg says.

Feb. 2, Berkeley: Negotiations resume early in the morning. The Seahawks won't budge. Houston ups its offer. Moon is now leaning toward Houston, but won't make a decision. Herzeg, growing impatient, watches *Dynasty*, which he had taped, a second time.

Feb. 3, Berkeley: Herzeg fails to show in the morning for negotiations. Steinberg, who does his best thinking on his exercise bike, hits it for 50 miles. Herzeg resurfaces shortly after noon in Houston. Wearied by flu, he had flown home. Negotiations resume by phone.

In Seattle, Moon spends the afternoon talking to McCormack, Knox and Seahawk owner John Nordstrom on the phone but the Seahawks won't increase the amount of the guaranteed money.

At 6:30 p.m., Moon calls Steinberg. "He's very torn," Steinberg says. He asks Moon to list his priorities in life. "Family first," Moon says, "then friends. And Leigh," he adds, "they're all right here in Seattle." But the question of guaranteed money weighs heavily on Moon.

At seven, Moon finally makes his decision. "Leigh," he says, "I'm going South." It's Houston. **END**

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Brown hopes to win a place alongside legends Naismith (top right) and Allen (top left).

Here today, here tomorrow?

Kansas coach Larry Brown is making his presence felt—at least for now

by Alexander Wolff

So far, only a few ill winds—a gale here, a squall there—have buffeted the Kansas basketball program. The full-blown tornado that some predicted when Larry Brown became the Jayhawks' coach last spring has yet to hit.

First, Brown fired his assistant, former Kansas All-America Jo Jo White, over "philosophical differences." No sooner had Brown named Ed Manning as White's replacement than Manning's 6′ 10″ high school All-America son Danny announced he'd be joining the Jayhawks next season. Oh, that stirred up a storm all right, but it was felt mostly outside the Sunflower State. Next, in early January, 6′ 8″ sophomore forward Kerry Boagni, who had once said Brown was the coach he most wanted to play for, decided to leave the team. The reason: the ever-popular "philosophical differences." Then last week the Kansas student daily published a professor's charge that Brown had tried to influence the professor to change the grade of the Jayhawks' starting point guard to keep him eligible.

None of these rumblings has developed into the big twister that would have Brown telling his black Labrador, Tatum, "We're not in Kansas anymore." After all, any newcomer in Jayhawk country by way of New York, various towns in North Carolina, Denver, Los Angeles and East Rutherford, N.J. might expect some storminess during a first season in venerable Allen Field House, hard by Naismith Drive. Hall of Famers Phog Allen and James Naismith, Kansas' first two basketball coaches, founded the eminent line to which Brown has fallen heir. In time he'll do the Jayhawks' hoary winning tradition proud—if he sticks around long enough.

Considering that Kansas' 79–69 win over Wichita State on Sunday gave the Jayhawks a 13–6 record, and that attendance has increased by 2,200 fans a game this season, who would want to leave?

If history is any guide, the answer might well be the 43-year-old Brown. In 11 seasons as a head coach, he has earned a reputation as the game's most brilliant—and mobile—malcontent. Since 1969 he has signed in—and signed out—as coach of Davidson, the ABA Carolina Cougars, the ABA and NBA Denver Nuggets, UCLA and, finally, the New Jersey Nets, whom he abandoned just before last season's NBA playoffs. He always won—except at Davidson, where he quit before coaching a game—but he always left, over reasons as various as ill health, too little money, too much pressure, differences with players or management and, his favorite: a feeling of being unappreciated. Still, he'll now fix his big, soft brown eyes on you and persuade you that Laurence is happy in Lawrence.

"Everybody says I'm a big-city guy," says Brown, who is sure of his four-year, $57,000 per annum commitment to Kansas. "I like being able to go to the same place every day for ice cream and have the people there know who I am."

Scuttlebutt has it that there's only one place Brown *really* wants to coach—the University of North Carolina, his alma mater. But he insists that isn't so. "Number One, Dean [Smith] has two loyal assistants there who deserve the job," he says. "And Number Two, I don't want to see Dean leave." Other rumormongers say Brown will forsake Kansas for the NBA if the money's right.

But Brown insists that it was his love for the student section, the teaching, the sense of family that lured him back to campus. Indeed, Brown would seem ideally suited to the rah-rah atmosphere of the college game. He cares, appreciates—Lord, he *emotes*. "People wonder how someone can be so sensitive and leave all the time," he says. "But when kids are my responsibility, I'll do anything for them."

Brown says it was that sense of responsibility that prompted him to join freshman guard Cedric Hunter in a Jan. 8 meeting with David Katzman, a history professor whose course, History of the

continued

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U.S. Since the Civil War, Hunter had failed. Hunter had started hitting the books in the course a month late because, he says, he thought he'd soon be dropping it and enrolling in a psychology class. But the psych course turned out to be full. Forced to stay in the history class to keep up the required load of eight hours, Hunter found himself far behind. He says he sought—and got—Katzman's assurance that he should be able to complete the work despite the late start.

But Hunter flunked his final. When Brown suggested that Katzman give Hunter a D-minus, Katzman refused. The next day Brown wrote a letter to Katzman questioning his "compassion." Katzman sent Brown's letter to several university officials and replied to Brown, calling Brown's missive "insulting, intemperate and ill-conceived." Katzman added that the only conclusion he could draw from Brown's letter was that "compassion has only one interpretation: Award the student a passing grade."

Brown doesn't dispute that. "The only way Cedric could stay eligible was to get a D-minus," he says. "He [Katzman] had to know that's why we were there." But Brown doesn't regret the visit—"I regret it was made public," he says—nor will he second-guess his judgment. After all, he says, he has yet to be reprimanded.

"There's nothing that prohibits [a coach meeting with a professor over a player's grade]," says Kansas vice-chancellor David Ambler, "though the university looks at the primary academic relationship as being between the student and professor. I *do* think it's inappropriate for a coach to contact a professor over eligibility."

Says Brown, "[Katzman] first told Cedric he thought he could pass. Then he said he didn't think he could do college work. Now everybody's looking at Cedric like he's a vegetable, and he's not."

Katzman shares Brown's regret that the Hunter case is now public. But he adds, "There are untenured faculty who might believe Larry Brown has the authority to influence them. He doesn't." Since the story broke, Katzman's family has received several abusive phone calls.

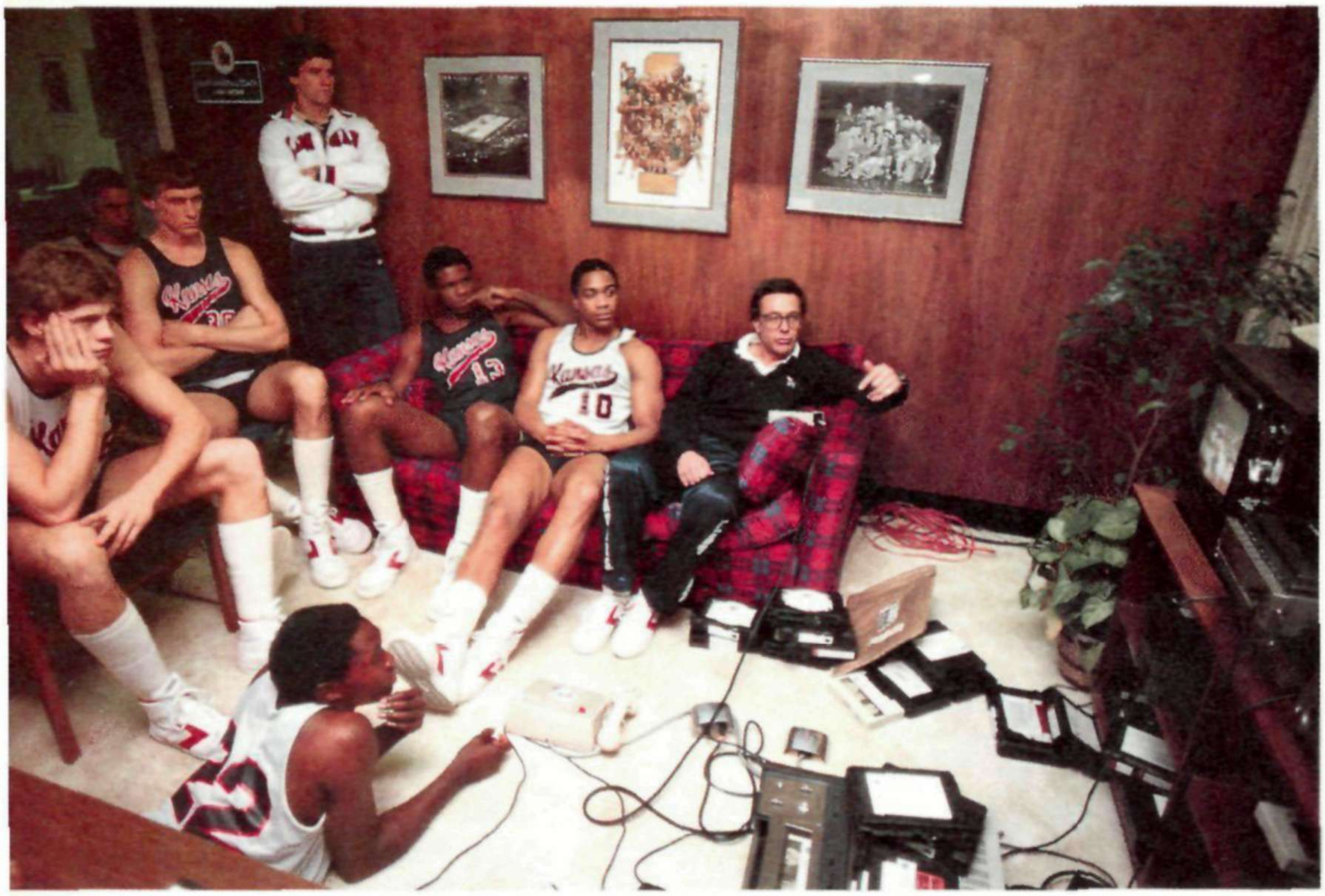
But last week's turmoil could not upstage the Wichita State game. The two schools hadn't met in regular-season play since 1955, and after their last postseason encounter—the locally storied Battle of New Orleans in the 1981 Midwest Regional semifinals, which Wichita State won 66–65—Shocker fans erected billboards all over Wichita with nothing on them but the score. Even after that loss, though, Kansas had remained the supercilious kings of the state's courts to Wichita State's *arriviste* pretender. But with new athletic directors at both schools, Monte Johnson at Wichita State and Lew Perkins at Kansas, all was ripe for a renewal of intrastate hostilities.

Perkins has revamped athletic department policy at Wichita State, which is in its third year of probation for financial abuses in basketball, and is in such frequent phone contact with NCAA gumshoes, just to make sure all is done by the book, that he jokes about having a hot line installed. This is no joke: The NCAA has taken seven separate actions against Wichita State's basketball and football programs since 1952, making it the most penalized school in the nation. Obviously, Perkins can't be too careful.

Nonetheless, 7′ 1″ center Greg Dreiling transferred from Wichita State to Kansas before last season largely because he felt there was a "lack of communication" about the ramifications of the NCAA sanctions. Says Zarko Durisic, the Shockers' 6′ 10″ Yugoslav center who had been Dreiling's backup, "He shouldn't leave when we have two years' probation. He lose some points in my mind there."

But after Wichita State knocked off No. 11 Tulsa 66–64 on Thursday night, Durisic seemed less concerned with Dreiling than with what he feels is the lack of ink accorded Xavier McDaniel, the 6′ 7″ Wichita cornerman who led the nation in rebounding last season and this season was second, with a 13.2 average, through last week. "You guys never bring anything on X," Durisic said. "He chairman of the boards, offensive and defensive. I guarantee. Maybe not whole article, but at least bring one paragraph. Just one paragraph!"

O.K., Z: X likes to take a shower *before* a game. Says it relaxes him. "For real big games," he says, "I get a haircut." He was a high school teammate of DePaul's Tyrone Corbin, at A.C. Flora High in Columbia, S.C., which should



Thursday, Hunter (22) viewed a tape with Dreiling (far left) & Co., but on Sunday he kept a lonely watch.

be called A.C. Fauna, because McDaniel, like Corbin, is an animal. X *plays* in Peoria. Last season against Bradley, after Braves coach Dick Versace had suggested McDaniel's rebounding totals had been inflated by Wichita's home stat crews, X hauled down 16—in the *first half*.

On Sunday, McDaniel went for 24 points, 11 rebounds and four blocks, but it was Hunter's replacement, 19-year-old birthday boy Mark (The Surgeon) Turgeon, who most dominated play. A 5′ 10″, 140-pound freshman with braces on his teeth, Turgeon had to talk Brown into giving him a scholarship—and ask his grandmother to stitch up his jersey straps so his numeral wouldn't disappear in his trunks. With the Jayhawk offense in the capable hands of The Surgeon, who had eight points and four assists, Kansas bounced back from its Jan. 31 103–84 drubbing at the hands of Big Eight front-runner Oklahoma.

The victory notwithstanding, Brown isn't pretending Kansas is ideal—yet. "I've always looked for the best, something special that's not the real world," he says. "And I've always argued, why can't the world be perfect?"

It isn't, nor is Brown's new team. But, says Jayhawks guard Mike Marshall, "You either do it Coach Brown's way or it's Trailways." The real news is that those two ways may not be one and the same anymore.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 30-Feb. 5)

by ROGER JACKSON

EAST Maryland coach Lefty Driesell was in no mood to talk with reporters following the Terrapins' 71–70 double-overtime loss at Georgia Tech. "I don't want to answer any questions right now," Driesell said moments after Tech's John Salley had converted a three-point play with eight seconds left in the second OT to give the Yellow Jackets their third consecutive victory over the Terps. Driesell undoubtedly knew that most of the queries would concern the status of Maryland guards Adrian Branch, the Terps' third-leading scorer, and Steve Rivers, a senior reserve. Driesell had suspended them indefinitely the day before the Terps' 67–66 win at Virginia. Branch, Rivers and a female companion were arrested by Prince George's County (Md.) police and charged with possession of $10 worth of marijuana, a

continued

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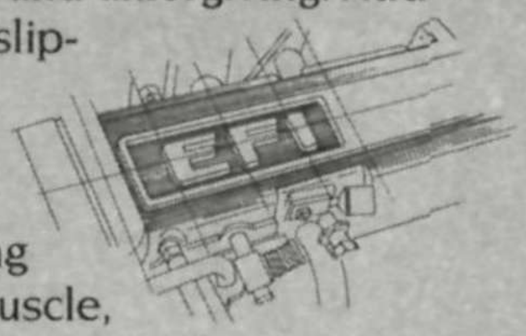

For '84, Celica has even more inspired performance and obedient handling than ever before. Refinements to the front end, like fully retractable headlights and an enlarged front air dam, give Celica a drag coefficient of a mere .34 and sharp looks as it cuts through the wind. But that's not all. There are MacPherson struts, variable assist power rack-and-pinion steering, independent rear suspension, and 4-wheel disc brakes. Plus extra wide steel belted radials on 14" x 7" aluminum alloy wheels. All this powered by an Electronically Fuel Injected 2.4 liter single overhead cam engine. It all adds up to a car that grabs attention as easily as it grabs the road.

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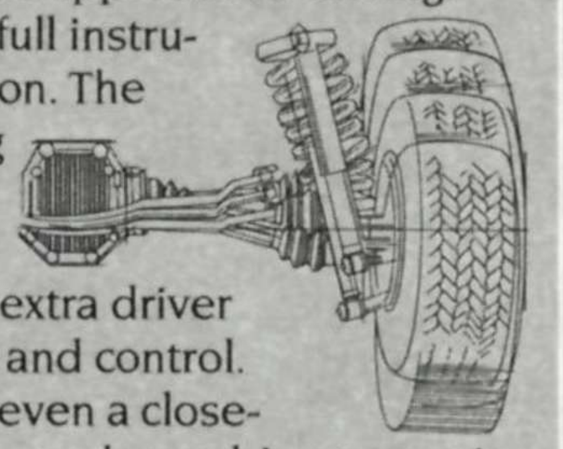

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* *Car and Driver*, January 1983.

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misdemeanor. It marked the second time in two seasons that Driesell had suspended a key player. Last year he set down forward Herman Veal after a female student had charged Veal with sexual misconduct and he'd been disciplined by a student judicial board.

North Carolina's Buzz Peterson and Steve Hale, who are sharing point-guard duties in place of injured freshman Kenny Smith, led the Tar Heels to a 97–75 rout of Clemson. Peterson scored a career-high 19 points on nine of 12 shooting, and Hale dished off a team-high six assists. The Tar Heels then swept through the 26th annual North-South Doubleheaders in Charlotte, whipping Furman 83–48 and The Citadel 76–60. Also in the North-South, North Carolina State nipped The Citadel 50–49 and pounded Furman 95–72 to extend its victory streak to six games. Wake Forest was a double winner, too. Led by center Anthony Teachey, who had had a total of 43 points and 23 rebounds, the Deacons defeated Georgia Tech 78–74 and Clemson 76–72 in overtime.

"We're still in first place [in the Big East]," said Syracuse center Andre Hawkins after surging Georgetown beat the Orange 80–67 in the Carrier Dome, "but you have to put an asterisk next to it. This means the conference will belong to Georgetown for a while." The Hoyas got a game-high 22 points from freshman Reggie Williams in their victory over the Orange and 23 points, 15 rebounds and six blocked shots from Patrick Ewing in an 87–62 defeat of Connecticut. On Sunday, Syracuse fell one-half game behind Georgetown by losing 77–75 at Villanova.

SI Top 20

1.	N. CAROLINA (20–0)	1*
2.	DEPAUL (17–0)	2
3.	GEORGETOWN (19–2)	4
4.	KENTUCKY (16–3)	3
5.	HOUSTON (19–3)	5
6.	UTEP (20–1)	6
7.	MEMPHIS STATE (16–3)	7
8.	UNLV (20–1)	8
9.	ILLINOIS (17–2)	10
10.	MARYLAND (14–4)	9
11.	OKLAHOMA (18–3)	15
12.	ARKANSAS (16–4)	14
13.	TULSA (18–2)	11
14.	SYRACUSE (14–5)	12
15.	LOUISVILLE (15–5)	18
16.	WAKE FOREST (15–4)	17
17.	WASHINGTON (14–4)	19
18.	BOSTON COLL. (15–4)	20
19.	UCLA (13–5)	16
20.	PURDUE (15–4)	—

*Last week

MIDEAST The key to Kentucky's 69–62 loss to Alabama was no mystery to Wildcat guard Jim Master. "We just turned the ball over too much," he said after the Crimson Tide knocked Kentucky out of a first-place tie with Auburn in the SEC. The Cats shot 54.9% from the field and outrebounded the smaller Tide 36–27, but Alabama's full-court pressure helped force a whopping 23 Kentucky turnovers, 14 by the backcourt trio of Master, Roger Hardan and Leroy Byrd.

Illinois guard Bruce Douglas said that compared with the Fighting Illini's quadruple overtime defeat of Michigan two weeks ago, their 54–52 double-OT triumph at Iowa was a breeze. "After all," said Douglas, who led the Illini with 17 points, including a crucial basket and a free throw in the final 56 seconds of the second overtime, "we've been practicing winning in overtime." Purdue, tied with Illinois for the Big Ten lead, eased by Northwestern 52–44, then edged Iowa 48–46 for its first win in Iowa City since 1977.

Before DePaul's 59–57 overtime defeat of St. John's, Redmen coach Lou Carnesecca gave Blue Demon coach Ray Meyer a retirement gift, a wall clock. Little did Looie know that the Redmen also would give away a 49–43 lead with 4:12 remaining in regulation play and a 55–51 edge with 2:41 left in OT. The winning shot, a 10-foot jumper from the left side by Kenny Patterson after a length-of-the-court drive, was called, oddly enough, the Indian Play. "That's like a one-on-one play," said Patterson. "I just ran down the floor, got into the flow and got the shot."

MIDWEST Former Memphis State and current Alabama-Birmingham coach Gene Bartow returned to Memphis with a starting lineup composed entirely of Memphis natives. The prodigal sons scored eight unanswered points in the final 5:53 of regulation time to knot the score at 51–51, but then Memphis State's Keith Lee spoiled Bartow's homecoming. Lee made a pair of free throws with six seconds left in OT and then pulled down a game-saving rebound with one second to go, to give the Tigers a 53–51 victory.

Earlier, in a 63–62 Metro Conference win over Virginia Tech, Lee capped a 29-point, 11-rebound performance with a last-second block of a 26-foot jumper by Tech's Dell Curry. "It was a great block, I thought," said Lee, not immodestly. Not so great for the Tigers was the loss of center Derrick Phillips, who suffered a stress fracture in the arch of his left foot and will be out for at least three weeks. Metro leader Louisville got 18 points from Billy Thompson in a 63–56 triumph at Southern Mississippi and had four players in double figures in a 62–56 defeat of Tulane.

Houston, the leader in the Southwest Conference, beat Texas A&M 87–65 behind Michael Young's 30 points, eight rebounds and four steals. The Cougars then bounced SMU 76–57 as Young hit for 26 points on 13-for-17 shooting from the field. Arkansas remained a game behind Houston by defeating Baylor 63–44.

In the Missouri Valley, Karl Papke made a driving hook shot with 10 seconds remaining to enable Wichita State to nip Tulsa, 66–64. "It was the kind of shot we'd like to see him take four or five times a game," said Golden Hurricane coach Nolan Richardson, "but it went in." Tulsa made only 38% of its shots against the Wheatshockers. In a 93–74 rout of Drake, however, the Golden Hurricane had five players in double figures and hit a sizzling 61.9% from the floor. Oklahoma took over first place in the Big Eight with a 103–84 defeat of Kansas. The Sooners then beat Missouri 76–65 as senior guard Jan Pannell scored a career-high 21 points.

WEST After holding Southern Cal to 32.2% shooting in a 79–47 rout, Washington beat visiting UCLA 89–81 in triple overtime. "I told the players that I consider this win second only in my career to the time we beat [John] Wooden the last time he coached here [in 1975]," said Husky coach Marv Harshman. The lead changed hands 20 times through the first two OTs, but Washington quickly took command at the start of the third extra period when reserve guard Clay Damon hit an 18-foot jumper from the left corner and Paul Fortier added a layup and a free throw. West German import Detlef Schrempf, who led all scorers with 27 points, then sank a foul shot to give the Huskies an insurmountable 79–73 lead with 3:15 to go.

WAC leader UTEP got a season-high 22 points from Luster Goodwin in a 79–61 victory over Utah and then defeated Brigham Young 85–77. BYU's Devin Durrant, the nation's leading scorer with a 30.4-point average, poured in a game-high 36 points. Twenty of them came in the first half, but UTEP held Durrant scoreless for the first 12 minutes of the second half as it turned a 37–36 halftime deficit into a 53–41 lead.

UNLV shot 81.8% in the second half and 72% overall in an 89–81 PCAA victory at New Mexico State. "When UC-Irvine shot 77 percent on us in the second half earlier this year, I thought it was the most fantastic performance I'd ever seen—until tonight," said Aggie coach Weldon Drew. Frank (Spoon) James led the Rebel charge, sinking 12 of 13 field-goal attempts and scoring 29 points. James added 15 points and Richie Adams had a team-high 19 in UNLV's 79–65 defeat of Long Beach State. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

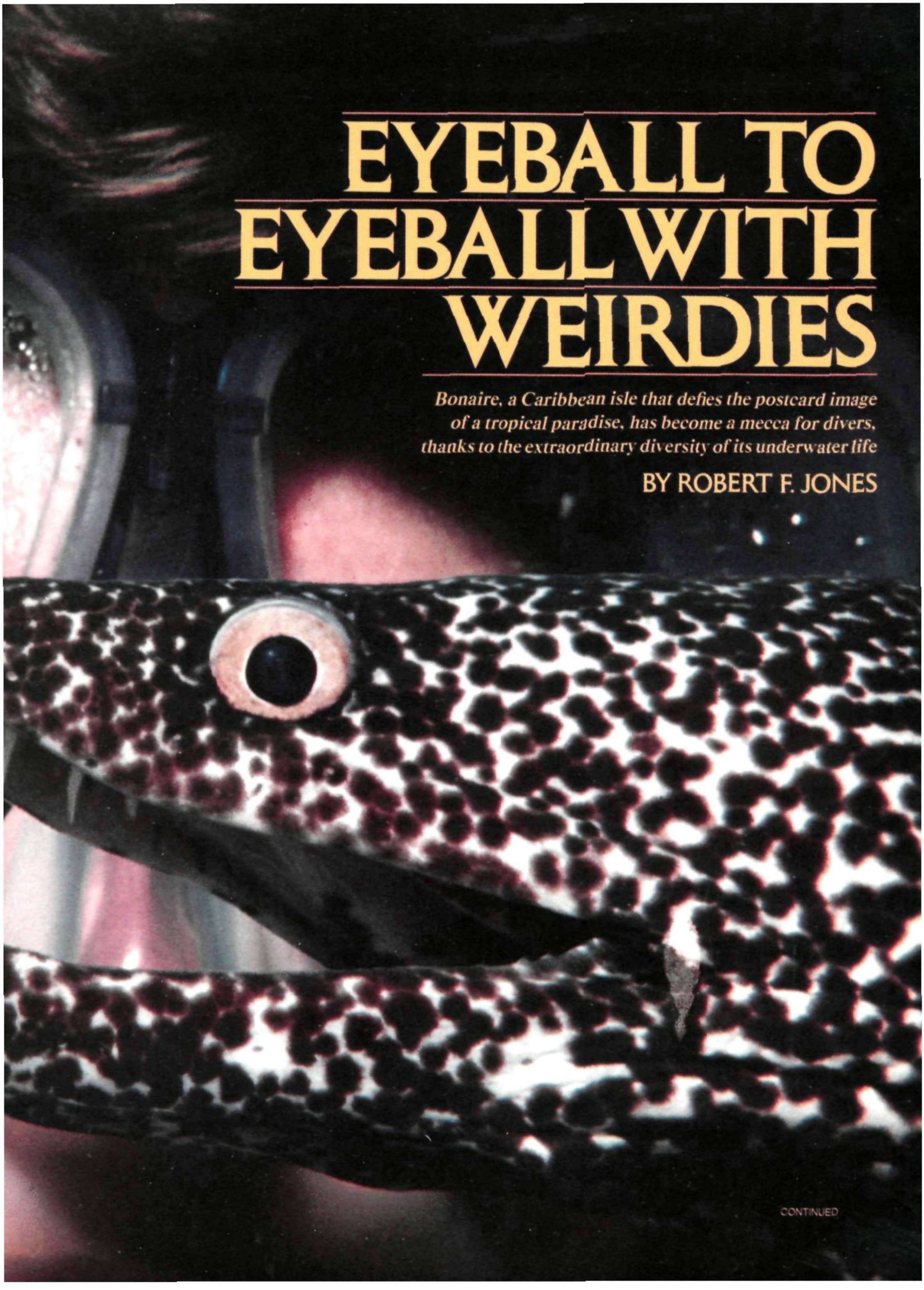
NAPOLEON JOHNSON: Grambling's 6′ 9″ senior center scored 71 points, making 22 of 35 field goals and 27 of 31 from the line, and had 21 rebounds as the Tigers split a pair of Southwestern A.C. games.

Getting closer than most people would care to, or even dare to, diver Linda Cober confronts a toothsome spotted moray eel in the waters off Bonaire.

EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH WEIRDIES

Bonaire, a Caribbean isle that defies the postcard image of a tropical paradise, has become a mecca for divers, thanks to the extraordinary diversity of its underwater life

BY ROBERT F. JONES



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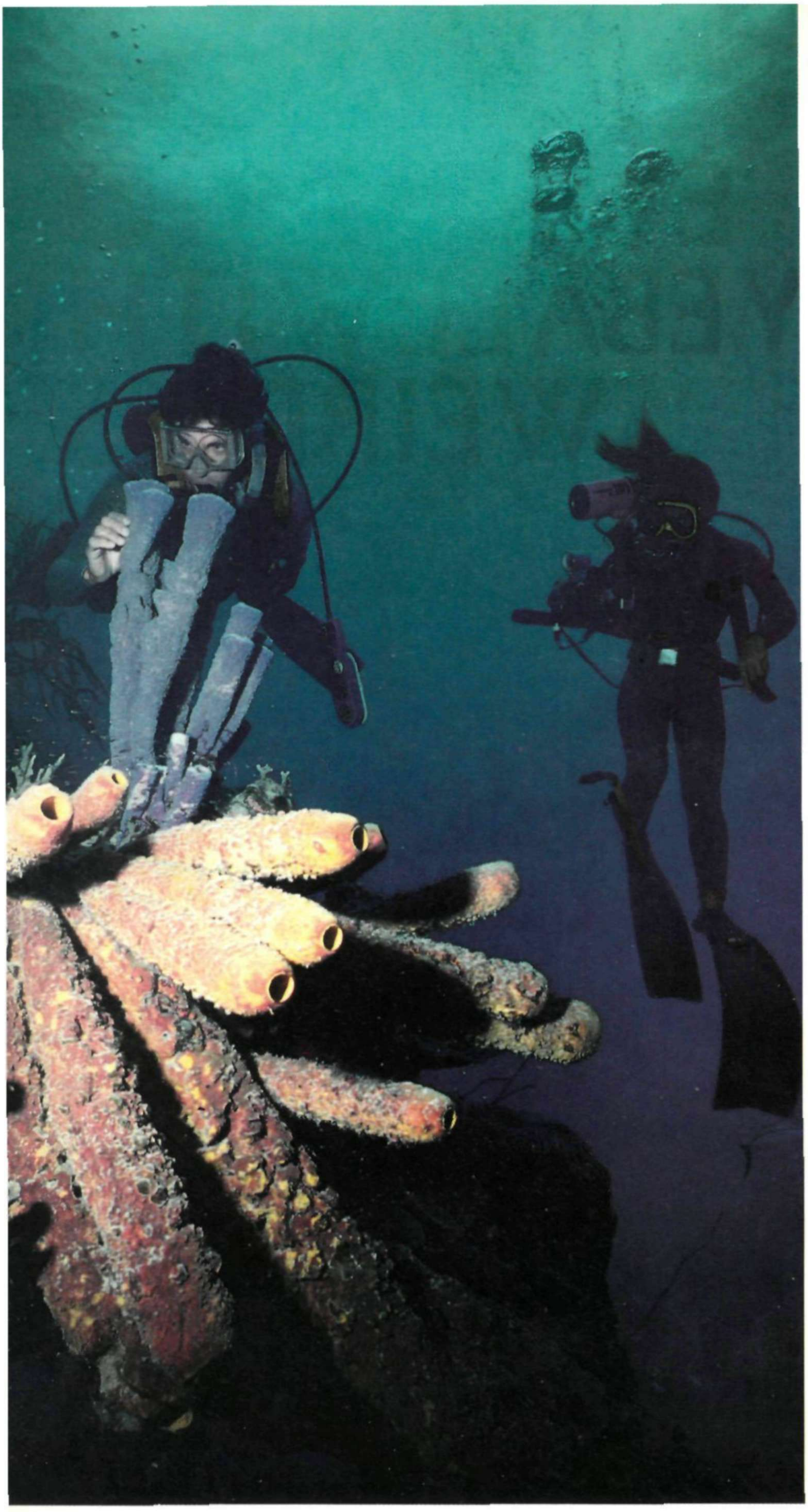


Scuba divers, one carrying a strobe, glide in for a close look at vividly colored tube sponges.

BONAIRE

continued

Do we return to the place, or does the place return to us? Perhaps the interplay works both ways. It's appropriate, then, that this particular place is, when viewed from above, shaped like a boomerang—a fat, roughhewn boomerang frozen in midwhirl as it whips across the Spanish Main, seemingly on course for Venezuela some 50 miles to the south. A more immediate target, though, would appear to be a smaller island, uninhabited and shaped like a turtle's skull, that hangs suspended in the crook of the boomerang not half a mile distant.

Both islands are bleak, cactus- and coral-studded and stained at both ends by salt lagoons—stagnant or at best shallow tidal waters that spread like fever blisters across the arid landscape: sickly whites, liver-spot browns, inflammation pinks. There's none of the Caribbean travel-brochure lushness here; none of the piña colada, limbo-limbo, bareboat-to-paradise foofaraw that has turned most of the islands south of Miami and north of Caracas into bad imitations of a picture postcard.

Bonaire, which would seem to mean "good air" in some gentle Romance language, is even etymologically deceptive; the name of the boomerang-shaped island actually is a corruption of the Arawak Indian word for flat. (The air, however, *is* superb—the easterly trades blow year-round at a steady 10-15 knots, bringing in clear, warm air tinged with the healthy sting of sea salt. It's a far more salubrious atmosphere than that of neighboring Curacao, which along with

Bonaire and Aruba comprise the leeward Netherlands Antilles, where the oil refineries deliver the homey reek of Bayway, N.J. and the Houston Ship Channel right into your cabana.) No, the real attraction of Bonaire and its skull-shaped satellite, Klein (little, in Dutch) Bonaire, lies beneath the surface. You can spot it right away from the airplane window as you sweep in to tiny Flamingo Airport. The water surrounding both islands is filled with the vibrant, variegated hues of immense coral reefs. There are all the colors of a Winslow Homer palette and then some—jades and apple greens, absinthe, chartreuse and viridian; blues new and old, dahlia and hyacinth, midnight and turquoise; purples that run the reef drop-offs through a shifting spectrum that ranges from amethystine through damson. A painter of seascapes could place his easel on top of Mount Brandaris—at 784 feet Bonaire's highest point—and paint the same scene for 20 years running without once repeating a color.

But it's what lies down there among those dazzling hues that brings upwards of 8,500 skin divers a year to Bonaire. The island, in effect, is a permanently anchored dive shop, 24 miles long by three to seven miles wide—a literal jumping-off point for the most easily accessible and varied diving vacation in the Caribbean, if not the world. Most of the tourists you see wandering the Dutch-flavored streets of the principal town of Kralendijk (Coral Dike), have the salt-leached, limber, frizzy-haired look of underwater types. They have permanent face-mask imprints around their eyes and noses, and the mustaches of the men are shaved away for half an inch below the nostrils to permit a good seal. Coral cuts, bristle-worm rashes and limps courtesy of the odd sea urchin spine mark the clumsy or overeager, but for the most part divers are a healthy, hearty lot, as witnessed by the din that emanates nightly from the Flamingo's Nest, an outdoor bar at the island's busiest hotel, the Flamingo Beach.

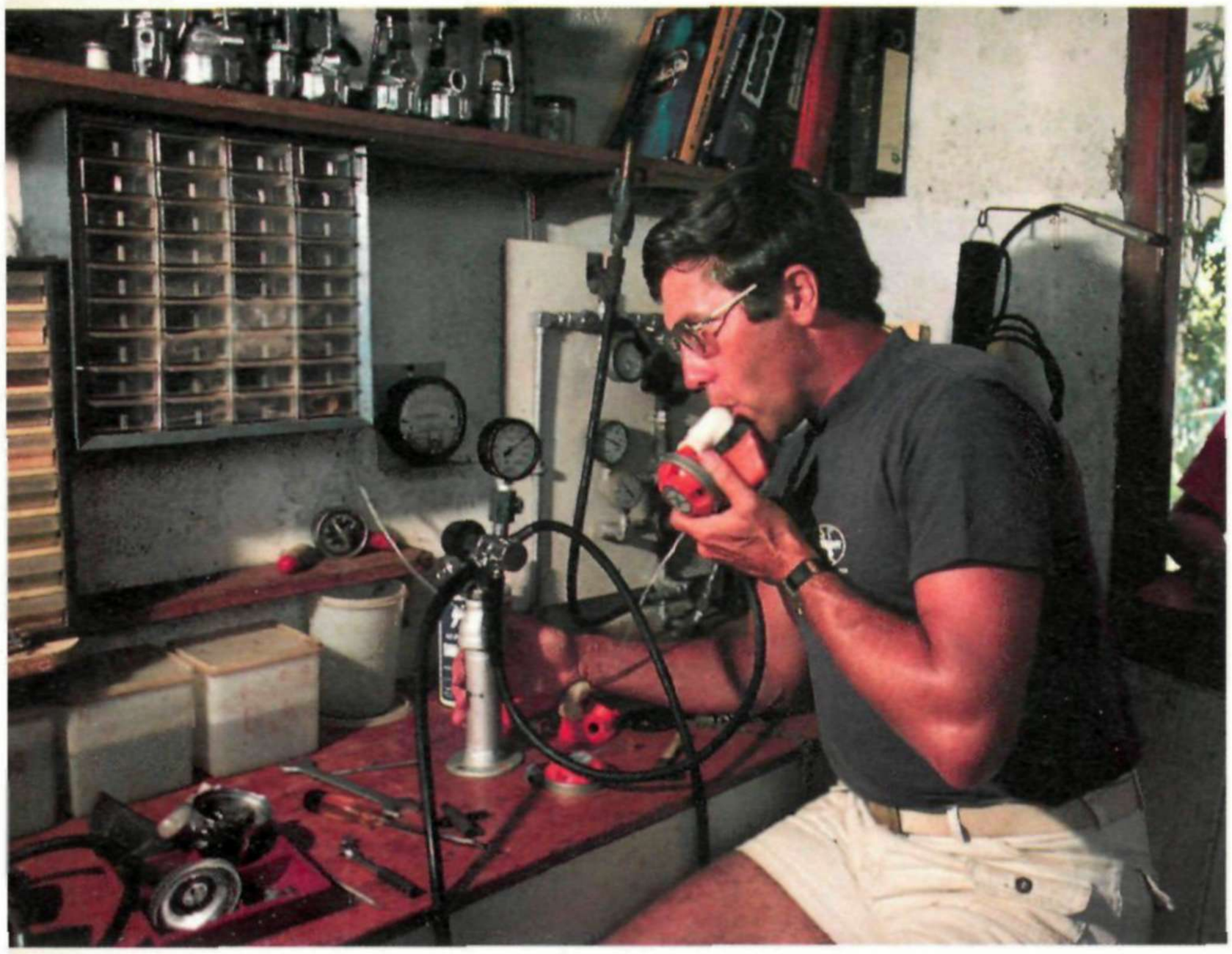
Looking seaward from the Flamingo's Nest of an evening, you notice that the dark, inshore waters are illuminated from time to time with eerie subaquatic flashes and wandering beams of light. These aren't Unidentified Swimming Objects but rather the strobes and waterproof torches of night divers. Though the daylit waters off Bonaire teem with life, at night the reefs really begin to boogie: Sea urchins waltz across the coral; morays ooze from their hidey-holes; spiny lobsters stalk mechanically under the elkhorn and mountainous star corals. Now and then a great gleaming tarpon turns in a flashlight beam, its out-of-proportion scales shining like lost doubloons as it glides away.

Bonaire (pop. 9,300) is indeed a diver's Treasure Island. Its entire west coast, indented and notched with inlets, lies in the lee of the trade winds, as does most of Klein Bonaire, so it's rarely too rough to dive. The annual average air and water temperatures are 82° and 80°, respectively, making cumbersome full wet-suit diving unnecessary. Most of the 44 marked and named dive sites are within 15 or 20 minutes' run in a flattop—the outboard-powered, canopied catamarans that serve as dive boats—from Bonaire's five hotel-based dive shops. And each dive site is visually or ichthyologically different from the next. The fish here may not be as big and spooky as those of the Turks and Caicos reefs off Haiti, the coralline cliffs may be more modest

continued

Having crushed his right leg on a salvage dive, Stewart keeps aqua-mobile with "superfin."

continued



Though he's laid-back on land, diving master Serlin, here checking a regulator, is ever alert at sea.

than Grand Cayman's, the wrecks may be fewer than on Anegada in the British Virgins, but the variety of all these things is wider and wilder than anything east of the Tuamotus in Polynesia.

Since 1979, Bonaire—and Klein Bonaire—from the high tidemark to an offshore depth of 60 meters has been designated a marine park, one of the biggest in the world. The park project, bankrolled by the World Wildlife Fund and managed by the Netherlands Antilles National Parks Foundation (known locally by its Dutch acronym STINAPA), is dedicated to conserving and enhancing the fragile submarine ecosystem. Spearfishing was outlawed more than a decade ago. The removal from the reefs of shells, corals and sea fans, dead or alive, now is also forbidden. Divers are roundly chewed out for bumping, standing or even resting a weary fin on coral heads. Even anchoring a boat outside Kralendijk harbor is a sin: Anchors smash living coral, so 32 of Bonaire's dive sites are rigged with carefully placed mooring buoys.

As a result of these measures, Bonaire's fish are remarkably tame—almost dangerously so when divers are carrying food underwater for handouts. Yellowtail snappers live up to their surnames at the merest whiff of tasty fish morsels; they swarm around in a feeding frenzy, and an ungloved diver must keep his fingers to himself or risk a raking chomp from sharp teeth. But even the most stringently enforced rules cannot prevent cyclical die-offs, especially among the corals. A few years ago, a plague of some sort hit Bonaire's staghorn coral, felling whole forests like a subaquatic Paul Bunyan gone berserk. But new life is already branching upward from the detritus of the old in a staghorn revival—good name for an underwater rock group?

Now Bonaire's long-spined sea urchins are suffering a similar devastation. The urchin plague has been moving from north to south through the Caribbean, defying the natural currents, and Eric Newton, a biologist who is director of the Bonaire Marine Park, wonders if the blight isn't being vectored in on the hulls of ships—a kind of hydrophilic herpes transmitted by the "love boats" that call regularly at the island or by the 500,000-ton supertankers that unload at the Bonaire Petroleum Corporation's superport and storage facility at the island's north end.

"The urchins will return," intones Captain Don Stewart. "I've seen many a die-off since I came to this island, and whatever is dying, it has always come back." That pronouncement, uttered in tones as stentorian as those from a well-blown conch shell, comes as close to the Gospel according to St. Neptune as you'll find in Caribbean diving circles. Cap'n Don of Bonaire and his compeer in the hagiography of the depths, Bert Kilbride of the British Virgins (SI, Feb. 4, 1980), are to Caribbean scuba diving as the Wright brothers were to aviation or, some might say, as Harley and Davidson were to Hell's Angels.

Stewart, now 58, arrived on Bonaire 22 years ago—with a whimper. His aging schooner, the *Valerie Queen*, damaged in a hurricane, simply sank one night while he was ashore carousing. Fortunately for a generation of divers, Stewart, a former U.S. Navy pharmacist's mate from Oakland, decided to stick around. He opened the first dive operation on the island, at the Flamingo Beach Hotel—then just a cluster of cottages that had housed Italian and German prisoners during World War II—explored most of the reefs and named most of the dive sites. He subsequently worked out of the Hotel Bonaire and now runs his own hotel cum dive shop, Cap'n Don's Habitat, just up the coast from Kralendijk. "This isn't a hotel," Stewart loudly objects. "It's a dive shop where we let you sleep, eat, drink or fornicate between dives. It's a concept. Hell, it's a way of life!"

Stewart was the driving force behind the creation of the marine park. His is the loudest, most persistent voice for conservation of Bonaire's underwater utopia. He was responsible for the outlawing of spearfishing, the buoying of the dive sites, the pervasive save-the-reefs attitude. The walls in the Habitat's office and bar are papered with stories and photographs of Cap'n Don in his early years on Bonaire, when he was a slim, dark, wryly grinning seawolf with an Errol Flynn mustache and a Captain Blood leer. "Look at me now," he moans to anyone who will listen. "You'll see what

continued

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a life underwater can do to a man."

Indeed, the sea has taken its toll—*The Fifty Scars of Captain Don* was the title of a series he wrote for the *Scuba Times.* Knife scars, coral rips, the white vestiges of ancient compound fractures, fingers knobbed by old cuts inflicted by morays. The once broad shoulders are mottled with what look like sun-cancer weals, the once dark hair has gone stiff—and is now more salt than pepper—from a combination of sun, saltwater and that ultimate hair bleach, age. The eyes, though, still glint sea-bright under their grizzled brows.

Stewart's worst scar was inflicted in 1980 during the last stages of a salvage operation on Bonaire's east coast, where the trades pile huge combers onto the craggy cliffs. He was diving on the wreck of a strange raftlike sailing vessel from The Netherlands called the *Sterke Yerke* (*Lame Duck*)—a craft built of sealed-off drain pipes that was trying, on a lark, to make it from Holland to Curacao. The voyage fell short by 30 miles on the lee shore of Bonaire. "I vowed publicly to Queen Juliana that I'd refloat that silly-ass *Steddika Yeddika* and complete the journey," Cap'n Don says. "We just about had her ready to go when this happened." He slaps his right leg below the knee. It's encased in a plastic sheath. "I was sitting on the deck, waiting to go down again, when a seventh wave caught me." As any beach bum knows, waves run in cycles, with the seventh in a series usually being the biggest by far. The monster comber swept Stewart across the deck, but at the same time it rolled an oil drum onto his right swim fin, pinning his foot in place. The wave carried the rest of Stewart backwards, crushing his tibia, fibula and tarsus like so much punky driftwood. "It smarted some," he says.

For a while the injury somewhat curtailed Stewart's underwater adventuring, because he couldn't flex the smashed ankle and was limited to only one fin-power. But the Habitat's can-do diving master, David Serlin, built a spring-powered "superfin" that Stewart could lash to his plastic-cased lower leg, returning the good Captain to aquatic mobility. "You don't want to get in the backwash of that fin," Serlin warns sotto voce. "He'll blow your mask off and the regulator right out of your mouth."

As the Habitat's manager of diving operations (or "diving master" as he prefers to be called), the 37-year-old Serlin runs one of the most efficient shops in the Caribbean. His three compressors seem to be chugging constantly, driving a 7,180 cubic foot cascade system that can fill six of the shop's 100 standard 2,250 cubic foot scuba tanks simultaneously.

Craig Burns, the manager of Dive Bonaire at the Flamingo Beach, must cope with as many as 170 divers—and their tanks—at a time, and his operation is even better organized, but there's a by-the-numbers impersonality to it that you don't feel at the Habitat. Indeed, Serlin's dive operation can seem laid back to the point of somnambulism. Each diver-guest is responsible for his own gear: You gauge your own air bottle before every dive; you rig your own regulator; you hook up the hoses to both your buoyancy-control vest (BC) and your backup mouthpiece; you check to make sure your weight belt carries enough lead to provide neutral buoyancy; and you tote your own equipment to either of the two flat-

continued

The arid, cactus-studded terrain gives no hint of Bonaire's offshore—and underground—marvels.

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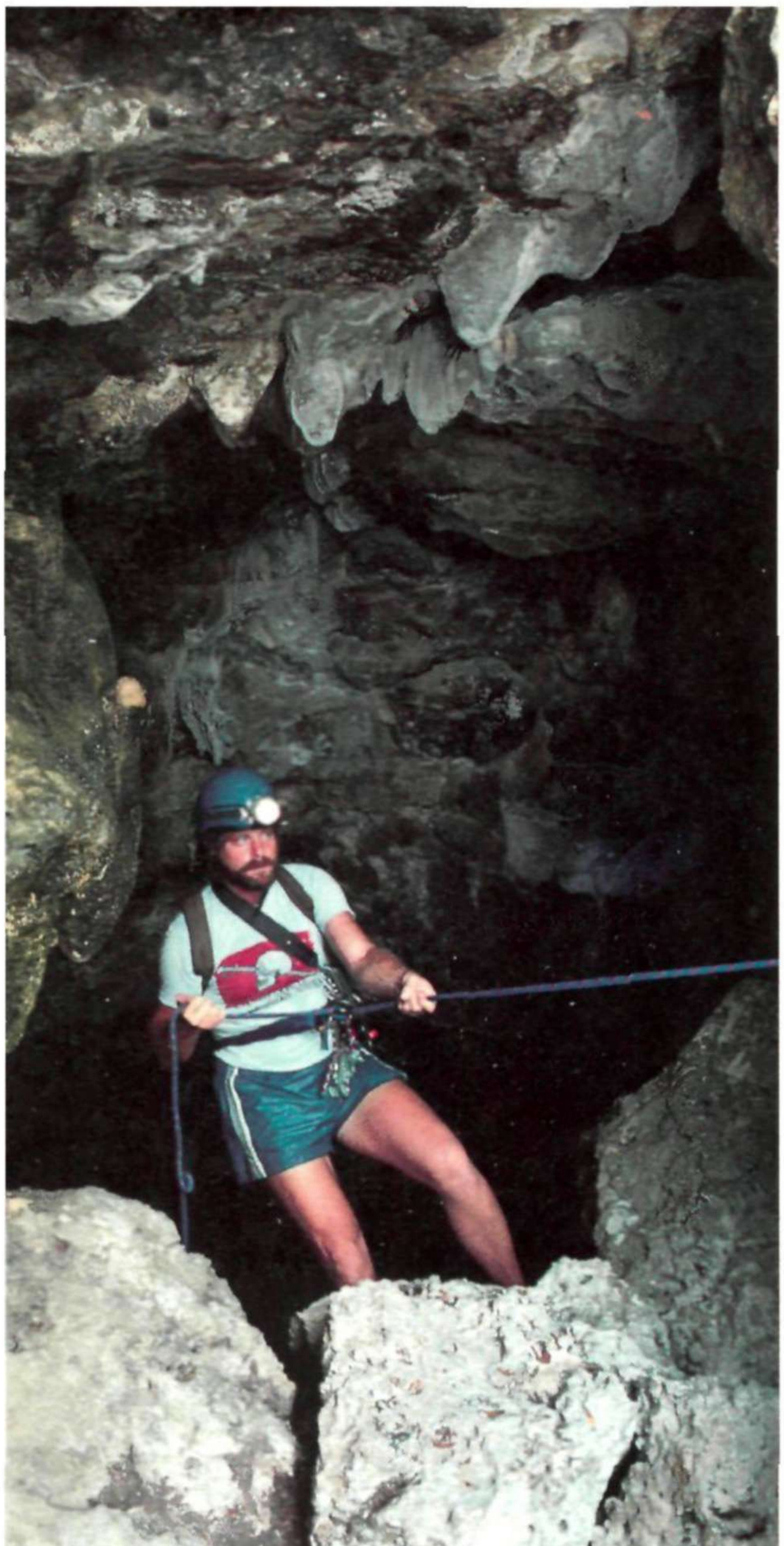

Computer-bound at work, Ruza relaxes by climbing rocks and exploring caves.

BONAIRE

continued

tops that leave the Habitat dock twice a day—at 9 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., give or take a cup of coffee—to visit dive sites. At Dive Bonaire, by contrast, all your gear from bottle to belt is waiting for you when you march, almost in lockstep, aboard the flattop.

Never are there more than 12 divers per boat at the Habitat, and once in the water you're pretty much your own boss, free to follow the dive guide—usually one or another of four Bonaireans, named Cedric, Wicho, Junior and Genaro—or take off on your own. This attitude is based on what Stewart calls "the Armstrong Opinion." Ten years ago, when one of his divers died after becoming separated from the rest of the party in heavy surf on the windward side of the island, Stewart was so depressed he contemplated quitting the underwater life. A visiting teacher from Rochester, N.Y. named Mike Armstrong, a diver himself, later wrote Stewart a letter, including the following: "Once a person gets certified and has some experience, there becomes a guide diver relationship rather than a teacher student relationship. The guide is acting in an advisory capacity, and should warn of known, unobvious hazards, inform of local laws, customs etc. The guide is then felt to have a minimum responsibility for the diver's actions and should not be expected to make basic go no-go decisions where the diver has all the facts before him her. The ultimate decision is left up to the diver's own good judgment."

A hand-lettered copy of the Armstrong Opinion is posted prominently near the dive shop.

Opinion or no, when underwater Serlin is constantly on the alert for incipient trouble, his eyes wide behind his mask, steadily scanning his co-divers to be sure they're breathing continuously—holding your breath while ascending can quickly induce a fatal air embolism—and not succumbing to nitrogen narcosis, the potentially fatal "rapture of the depths" in which heightened blood-nitrogen levels can cause a diver to "narc out," *i.e.*, get stoned through the anesthetic effect of concentrated nitrogen on the brain. "It's a marvelous high, but like the best of them from whatever means, it can kill you damned quick," says Serlin, who majored in biology at Bucknell, took a master's in pharmacology at St. John's in New York and worked as a pharmacological research and development consultant in the Big Apple before dropping out four years ago to become a professional dive instructor.

Dives with Serlin at Knife (an 80-foot descent so named for a blade lost there years ago by Stewart's first dive master, Ebo Domacasse); Jerry's Jam (so named for underwater photographer Jerry Greenberg who got into an argument with Domacasse there once); Karpata (named for an old aloe plantation adjoining the site on Bonaire proper); and the Cliff (a 75-foot drop-off just in front of the Habitat itself) were instructional, but the most interesting dive of the week with Serlin involved no fish (visible ones, at least), indeed none of the brilliant aquatic life of the vibrant offshore reefs. It took place deep in the bowels of Bonaire's interior, in brackish, cool water, amid stalactites and stalagmites, 35 feet underground.

Morey's Cave, as it's known, was discovered by the Habitat's business manager, Morey Ruza, 33, formerly of New York City, an inveterate and indefatigable explorer with a penchant for speleology. When his wife, Linda, and daughters, Stephanie, 9, and Naomi, 4, are off-island, Ruza likes nothing better than to pack a sleeping bag, water bottle and his vast curiosity through Bonaire's bush, or *mundi*, in the local *lingua franca*, Papiamento. This tongue is made up principally of Portuguese and Spanish, with admixtures of Dutch, English and some African dialects brought in when Bonaire's was a slave economy. It's spoken throughout the ABC Islands—Aruba, Bonaire and Curaçao. In the course of his peregrinations, Ruza figures he has discovered some 40 caves. Arawak legend has it that there's a huge central cave, full of fresh water, somewhere on Bonaire, and from it a network of tunnels spans the island from east to west. The local people have told Ruza of an Arawak ruler named King Muri and suggest in their kindly way that Morey, a Jewish kid from Brooklyn with a garment-industry family background, may be the Great One's reincarnation. The bearded, blue-eyed Ruza would almost like to believe them.

Unfortunately, on the day our intrepid party was to head to Morey's Cave, Ruza was tied to his bookkeeping computer in the back office at the Habitat, where Cap'n Don was howling his customary imprecations at one and all—Stewart is a

continued

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THE ONE TO WATCH

master, and vocal, worrywart, especially about matters administrative—so Serlin guided us.

It was a hot hike, what with our load of scuba gear, cameras and drinking water. Goats skipped out of our way, rolling their eyes backward as they leapt. They are a legacy of early Spanish explorers who seeded every island they stopped at with goats, to assure a supply of meat for future voyagers. Bonaire's half-wild herd

While working Bonaire's immense salt pans in the 1700s, slaves stayed in these kennel-sized huts.

of *cabritos* is said to now number at least 10,000.

The interior of the island is hard, dead coral, razor-sharp and often loose underfoot. Prickly pear and ball cactus, terrestrial equivalents of the underwater world's sea urchins, grow everywhere. The cave entrance is an echoing hole in the rock that exhales a dank, musty breath tinged with the sharp tang of bat droppings. We descended a fixed rope some 35 feet over sea-smoothed boulders, some bearing the faint vermiculations of long-dead brain corals, until we came to the first pool. The water, cool and almost greasy with eons of sifted limestone dust, felt as refreshing as a Vermont spring breeze. We entered it with delight. Tiny freshwater shrimp nipped at our toes, but no matter: At least we were out of the blast furnace heat of the surface. Underwater, our flashlights illuminated a sharply defined tunnel of visibility that took on a chalky glow whenever one of us disturbed the powdery sediment accumulated on the floor of the cave. Through it we viewed the thrust and swoop of bone-white stalagmites and stalactites, a disembodied arm of one of the other divers poking out of the surrounding darkness, strings of bubbles from Serlin's regulator roaring upward like silver balloons, the lightning bolt of a strobe. We dived through a narrow gut and into another chamber. Surfacing to talk, we heard our voices echoing hollowly into the distance. "How far does this thing go?" a voice chirped. "Damned if I know," boomed Serlin. "I'll leave it to Morey to find out."

Probing the innards of the island had piqued my curiosity about its outards—its geology, flora, fauna, birdlife and human history. Ruza was free the next day, and we headed north in his new red Mitsubishi 4WD Pajero to explore what's left of the old Bonaire—an area called Washington-Slagbaai National Park, which takes up nearly a quarter of the island's 112 square miles. Established by STINAPA in 1969 and enlarged with the purchase of additional plantation land 10 years later, the park occupies the northern tip of the Bonairean boomerang. It's 15,000 acres of arid hills, coral ridges, cactus-grown goat pastures and aloe fields. It's surrounded on three sides by a rugged coast cut with steep, sudden inlets and tiny white half-moon beaches of flour sand.

We stopped at a ridge called Ceru Grandi, and after we'd picked our way carefully through a minefield of ball cactus, Ruza clambered up the ridge wall and then worked his way out along an undercut, poking and slamming with his rock hammer at interesting formations. This is lizard country, make no mistake about that: Dozens of them skittered away as our shadows fell on their basking rocks. There are eight species of lizard peculiar to the leeward Netherlands Antilles; seven of those varieties can be found on Bonaire, two of them nowhere else. They range in size from the tiny (3 cm long) *Gonatodes antillensis*—called *totekki* in Papiamento—to the bright-green *Iguana iguana* (*yuwana*) that can reach four feet in length. It rarely does, since its meat is so tasty. Though protected by law, the iguana is still a frequent victim of hungry natives.

The only amphibian present on the island is a frog, *Pleurodema brachyops*, and it isn't even a native: A nature-minded schoolboy smuggled a gravid female onto the island from Curaçao some 50 years ago, and now the nights after the year's first rains, which begin in October and relent in January, are made mournfully mellifluous by the omnipresent croaking of the critters the islanders call *dori*.

Of mammalian life there is little beyond the goats and burros brought in by the Spaniards. But Bonaire is sheer heaven for land snails—some 30 species, three of them found only there, call the

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The southern Caribbean's largest flamingo colony (10,000 birds) is one of Bonaire's attractions.

BONAIRE

continued

island home. Their shells are everywhere and some of them are as pretty as those of cowries.

From Ceru Grandi we headed up to Boca Cocolishi, an inlet named for a fist-sized pink and green snail that when cooked up in garlic butter tastes as good as the finest French *escargots*. The sea was crashing into the inlet with green-eyed vengeance, but behind a tiny shelf of barrier reef a miniature lagoon offered calm swimming—"A good place for kids," said Ruza, "or to teach scuba beginners." Farther around the curving north shore we came to Malmok, a bleak headland where two lighthouses, one old and one new, towered over dark, dead coral sharp as daggers and a sheer drop-off at the foot of which thundered the devouring sea. Ruza was particularly taken with a huge cavemouth that gulped awesomely under the brow where some brown boobies had been resting. "It would be a tricky rappel," he yelled over the surf roar, "but I've got to get into that cave. It may be the entrance to the big one that the Arawaks talked about." More power to him. I'd rather tackle El Capitan than dangle backward over that sea with the rope rubbing on coral.

Next stop was Pos'i Mangel—*pos* means the noun "well" in Papiamento—to admire the inland birds. Bonaire counts 170 avian species, but many are wintertime migrants and only 126 can be classed as year-round residents. The island's most abundant bird is the brazen, obstreperous banana quit (*Coereba flaveola*), a black-backed, yellow-breasted breakfast bandit about the size of a house wren, with a continuously yapping decurved beak. It throngs around the hotels, snatching at toast crusts and invading cottages in search of handouts. *Chibi-chibi* is its local name and also the name of the Flamingo Beach Hotel's seaside restaurant, where live chibi-chibis are part of the decor—marauding their way from appetizer to desert. The birds at Pos were better behaved.

After lunch in the shady ruins of Slagbaai (Dutch for slaughterhouse bay) plantation—so called because goats were slaughtered here in the old days—Ruza took us to Playa Bengé for a snorkeling expedition. In the elkhorn-forested channels, huge midnight parrot fish—some weighing as much as 20 pounds—nibbled at the coral with an audible crunching. They're a splendid sight; their ink-blue flanks lighten to a mottled robin's-egg hue around the cheeks and eyes. A medium-sized barracuda gave us the eye. Water is, of course, a magnifier, but for most divers it magnifies barracudas much more than it does fish of gentler repute. All the early scuba books warned against wearing jewelry when diving in 'cuda waters, the implication being that the fish would mistake a gleaming ring, bracelet or necklace for a small fish and take a nip at it with those switchblade choppers. But as Serlin is fond of pointing out, a regulator is chrome-plated and it rests at neck level on a diver, so how come no barracudas have gone for the throat?

Farther out, we explored narrow, elkhorn-walled canyons and living-room-sized underwater valleys with sandy, brain-coral bedecked floors. There, pale purple sea fans and reddish-green tube sponges swayed in the surge; deepwater gorgonians and greenish piles of star coral carpeted the upper reef slope. A pallid peacock flounder, visible at first only because of its upward-staring eye, shook off its protective coating of sand and fluttered away to a safer rest. As we worked back in to the beach, six reef squid moved ahead of us, two swimming backward to keep their huge magenta eyes on us, the others forward, shimmering at the edges like underwater hummingbirds. Then as we closed in on them, they opted for discretion, activated their escape pumps and squirted out of sight in a cloud of pale, almost pink ink.

The entire southern tip of Bonaire is a gigantic tidal flat. Some time in the 17th century an enterprising Dutchman—although discovered and claimed for Spain by Alonso de Ojeda in 1499, the ABC Islands were seized by the Dutch in 1634—looked at all that shallow seawater sloshing back and forth twice a day and decided to make use of it. The ABCs were slaving depots, and Bonaire's blacks were put to work on the marly, coral-studded flats, building dikes to hold the tidewater by means of dammed sluices. The tropical sun quickly evaporated the water, and the slaves then raked up the remaining salt. A "bedroom community" for the slaves was established at Rincon, in the northern interior to protect it from raiding pirates, but on the job the salt workers stayed hard by the salt flats in tiny stucco huts not much bigger than kennels. The huts still stand, grim reminders

continued

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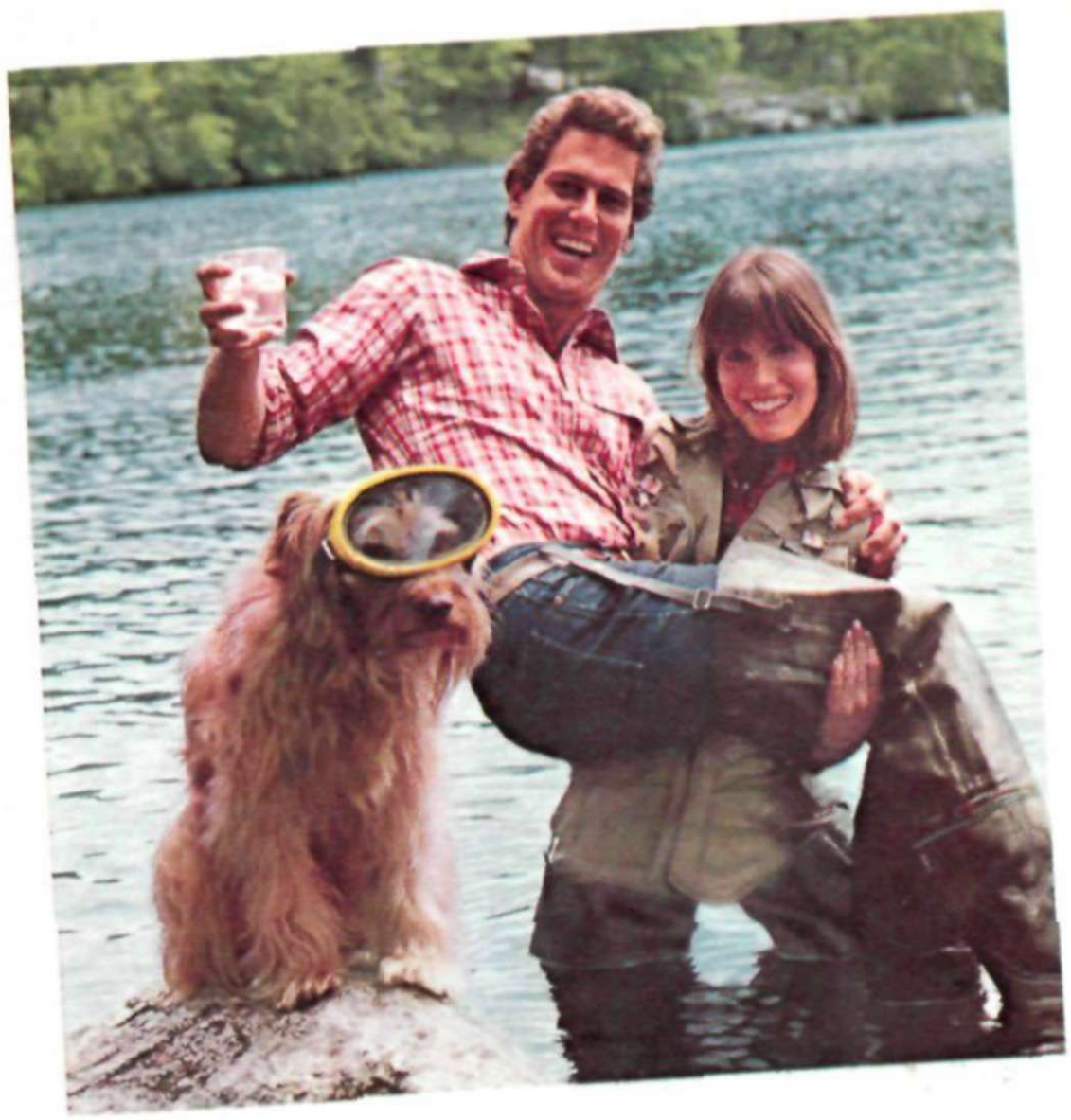

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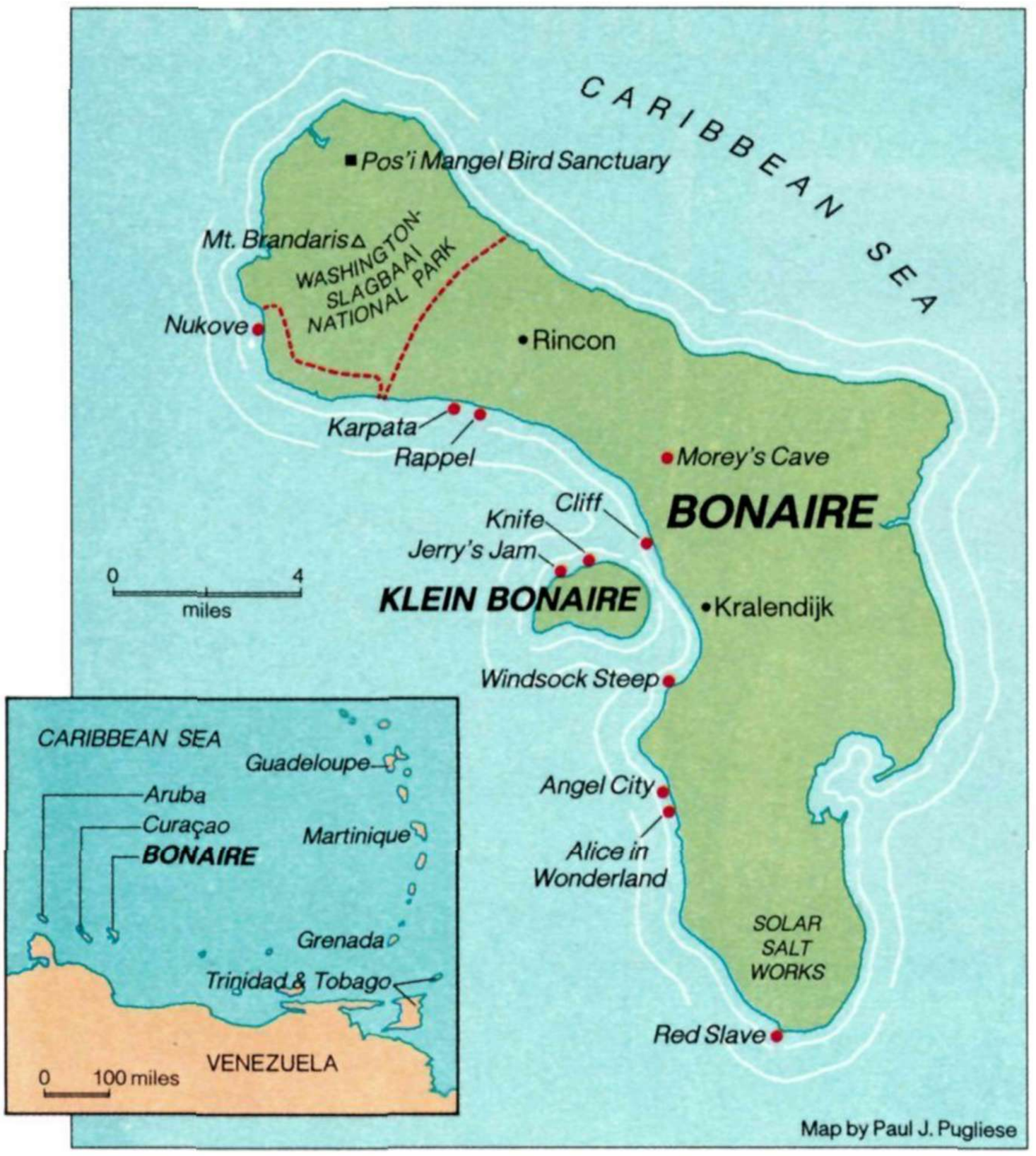
BONAIRE

continued



The principal dive sites (indicated by the red dots) are off the island's leeward coastline.

of an ugly past. When the slave trade died in 1863, the Bonairean salt industry died with it. It came to life again recently when the Antilles International Salt Co., a wholly owned subsidiary of International Salt, opened a solar saltworks on the old pans. Clanking, mechanical dredges now do the work of the slaves, piling the salt in blindingly white mountains where it cures for three months before being washed and then loaded by great conveyor belts onto freighters that stop at the company's deepwater pier. It's used as road salt in the wintertime north.

The salt pans are also the prime breeding ground of Bonaire's 10,000 flamingos—the largest colony in the southern Caribbean. The gawky, shocking-pink birds wade the flats, eating small snails, and in season build distinctive conical nests indented at the top to accept a single egg. The flamingo is Bonaire's trademark—the airport, the island's best hotel, even a bakery is named for it—so when the saltworks were reactivated, the government was understandably concerned. But the company agreed to spend an extra $100,000 to bypass the breeding sanctuary. Though flustered at first by all the new activity, the birds eventually accepted the human presence, and today you can see both flamingos and dredges going about their disparate business with total unconcern.

We tend to view the sea as a savage world in which big fish eat little fish with slashing indiscrimination and even the most innocuous of invertebrates can cause pain to the unsuspecting human who ventures beneath the surface. No scuba certification course is complete without its spine-chilling lecture on the hostile marine environment—tales of sharks and barracudas and poison-spined scorpion fish lying camouflaged on the sand just waiting for an innocent swimmer's foot to happen by; foot-long bristle-worms and sea anemones that sting like submarine hornets. And then there's the moray: a slimy creature that lies coiled in a coral hole just waiting for a diver's hand to flutter past. Zap! The moray strikes like a sidewinder, gloms on to the hand with extra-long vomerine teeth and yanks it into its den. The moray, its tail wrapped around a convenient belaying point, has the grip of a pit bull. The diver is doomed to drown.

"Nonsense," says Dee Scarr, 35, a dive guide on Bonaire who has dedicated her life to taking the wince out of "wimp diving." Scarr, a former high school English teacher from Miami who chucked the classroom for a career underwater, came to Bonaire three years ago after two years of guiding on San Salvador in the Bahamas. Now under Stewart's aegis, she lectures at Habitat, showing slides of divers carrying sea urchins in their bare hands, chucking scorpion fish under the chin, picking up fire coral and wearing live necklaces of moray eel. Night dives are her specialty, and the evening after our Washington Park excursion I found myself shrugging into my BC and tank on the Habitat dock and staring apprehensively at the dark water.

"It's great down there at night," Scarr said. "During the day, with natural light, you're working in a kind of twilight at best, blue-tinged because of the filtering quality of seawater. At night your flash gives you pure, intense white light and you see the true color of everything." Armed only with flashlights and Scarr's expertise, we hit the water. The bottom sloped gradually seaward, forming a shallow terrace of sand studded with coral rubble, some of it stained dark yellow with live growths of fire coral. We followed Scarr's light to the upper reef slope, which falls away nearly vertically to a depth of 20 fathoms. You can spot good divers by the ease with which they move, and Scarr used the minimum of motion: just the smooth, steady drive of her fins. She kept one arm across her chest; the other was extended before her,

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continued

holding her flashlight. Her air bubbles were just a gentle silver trickle disappearing into the blackness overhead. "She uses hardly any air at all," Serlin had said with admiration. "When the rest of us are sucking rust from empty tanks, she still has 500 pounds left in her bottle."

Stewart sank a small trawler on the upper reef a few years ago to serve as a hideout for marine life and a rally point for returning divers—its bow aims directly at the Habitat dock. Red squirrelfish, brilliant as poppies in the white light, mooned big-eyed around the wreck. The live coral was haloed by a pale, fuzzy aura that at first made me wonder if I'd cleaned my faceplate properly. Then I remembered what Scarr had said: During daylight, coral keeps its polyps retracted, but at night it extends the polyps to stun and capture the microscopic critters the coral eats. The halo consisted of these polyps at work.

Beyond the wreck, working along the slope in search of morays, Scarr spotted a small trunkfish, a hard, boxlike little guy whose body is protected by polygonal plates decorated with bright brown markings on a light brown and white background. She slipped a hand under it and passed it to me: The trunkfish sat goggling on my palm, its tiny pectoral and caudal fins spinning in a blur like some child's windup toy. Scarr then pointed out some plate fire coral, and after gesturing that touching it was a no-no, she calmly placed the palm of her bare hand against it. Fire coral, which isn't a true coral but a hydroid, takes its name not from its color—a kind of mustard yellow—but from its defense mechanism. It has millions of tiny harpoons, called nematocysts, that it can shoot at intruders. The nematocysts contain venom that stings like fire and can leave wicked welts that smart for hours. But the nematocysts can't penetrate the thick, calloused skin of human palms and fingertips, so if you take care, you can handle fire coral with impunity. Once the coral has been touched the polyps retract. During that brief interval, it's totally harmless.

Scarr picked up one of the few living long-spined sea urchins left on the reef and had me carefully stroke one of the black, tapered spines. Interestingly, it was barbed in reverse—the barbs angling upward toward the sharply pointed ends of the spines. Thus, stepping on an urchin hurts more as the spine enters the flesh than on withdrawal. You have to be watchful in lifting urchins off the bottom, not for your own safety so much as that of the creature itself. *Diadema antillarum* (crown of the Antilles), as this sea urchin is formally known, is eaten by many reef fish. Spanish hogfish will grab them right out of your hand once the unprotected underbelly is exposed. Scarr has seen triggerfish blow jets of water at urchins to turn them belly side up and thus get at them.

All smiles out of water, Scarr is all business beneath it.

We could find no morays that were willing to play that night, but on our reef prowl we did see one of the more unusual sights of the nighttime underwater world, sleeping parrot fish. The gaudy parrots, busy everywhere during the day munching coral, hide away at night in crevices and caves, wrapping themselves in a blanket of mucus that they secrete, apparently in an effort to disguise their odor, which might attract predators—a kind of aquatic antiperspirant.

The next afternoon, diving again with Scarr, we caught up with a moray—or rather, he caught up with us. Cap'n Don was with us, whooshing powerfully along with his mechanical fin and wearing, instead of a depth gauge, a strip of red ribbon tied to his mask strap. "You don't need a damn gauge," he'd explained gently. "That's for sissies. Color wanes with depth, and when the ribbon turns from red to black you know you're too deep, so you come up." Scarr was carrying a peanut can full of raw, ripe fish, and the moray must have scented it. It came snaking up from its cave in the coral cliff, eyes aglitter and jaws working rapidly. It was probably no more than three or four feet long, but it looked twice that. I thought of the moray entry in A.J. McClane's *New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, which recounts the attack some years ago off Johnston Island on Vernon Brock, then director of the Hawaiian Division of Fish and Game, by a 10-foot-long brown moray. He'd shot the eel through the head, and still it chased him to the surface, where it reared out of the water and struck at Brock's head. He warded it off with his elbow, but it crushed his arm with one powerful bite and then retreated.

But this spotted moray was obviously used to being fed by humans. It greeted Scarr by twining itself up through her outstretched arms and around her neck and bumping its nose against her faceplate. When she opened the peanut can, the moray was ecstatic: It gulped down each morsel as if it hadn't eaten in a month. Scarr was wearing bright orange gloves to show the moray that her hands, which ungloved would have been the same color as the fish meat, weren't part of the largess. She has been bitten twice, both times by accident, once on an arm that she put in the way of a moray striking at a small grouper—"I tried to wave away the fish, and the eel went for the motion," she says in apology for the attacker—and another time when a hungry moray was snapping at the bright bubbles from her regulator, mistaking them for

continued

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something edible, and nipped her on the neck by mistake. The moray that bit Scarr's neck earned the name Vladimir, Count Dracula. The other bite came from a green moray, ominously and officially named *Gymnothorax funebris*, as in the word funebrial.

"I don't work much with green morays," she says. "They're too hard to find on Bonaire. The spotted moray [*G. moringa*] is just as gluttonous, but it's only half the size of the green guys, which can grow to six feet or more." She suspects that the moray near Stewart's wreck is the one known as Capone, which used to hang out at a dive site called Sampler. Though spotted morays aren't exactly territorial, they can usually be found in the same vicinity—many live in the jettisoned truck tires that litter the floor of Kralendijk Harbor, peeking out to watch the tasty world go by. Scarr has worked best with two spotteds she called Adelle Davis and Popcorn. Adelle was named for the late nutritionist because all its long life it refused offerings of hot dogs. Popcorn got its name from a white, popcorn-shaped tumor growing between its nostrils and eye. Scarr's submarine family also includes King Midas, a two-foot-long golden trumpet fish, and a large peacock flounder she calls Oliver Twist. "He can't get enough of whatever I'm feeding that day," she laughs. "Keeps coming back to me like the Dickens character, saying, 'Please, sir, I want some more.' "

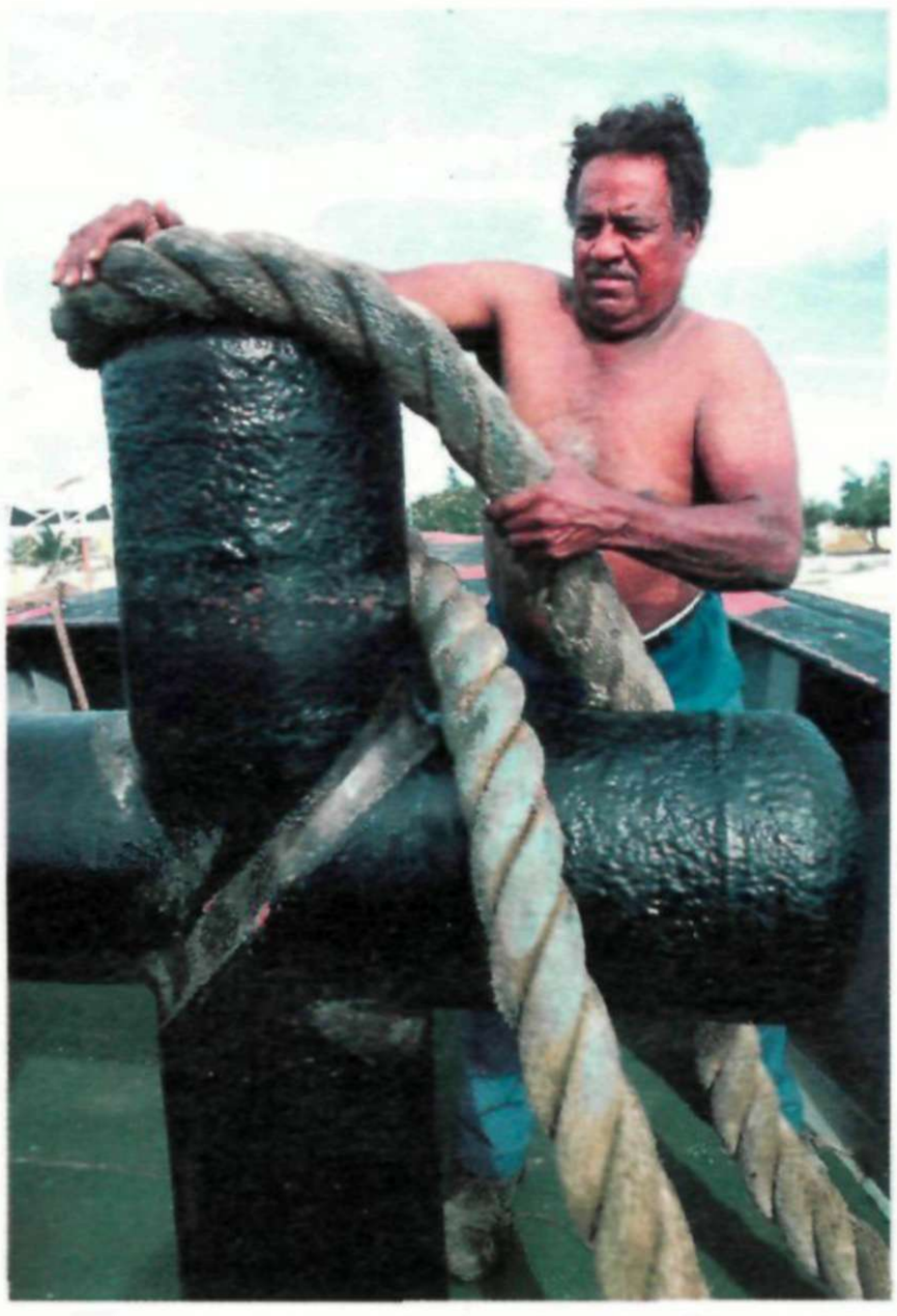
My only previous visit to Bonaire had been in 1967, for a brief fishing and snorkeling vacation during which I'd met Basilio Marin, a big, laconic, native waterman. Trolling off Klein Bonaire with him, I'd caught my first wahoo, and I'd had my first shark scare when we were spearfishing near the Willemstoren Lighthouse at the south end of the bigger island. It was a rough day, with reduced visibility, and we'd killed about half a dozen groupers when I looked back toward shore and noticed three distinctive shapes ghosting through the cloudy water. This was long before Peter Benchley scared people out of the water with *Jaws*, but I felt a definite tingle at the sight of the three sharks. I tapped Marin on the shoulder and pointed. He grinned around his snorkel mouthpiece and gestured at my spear gun, then at the sharks.

"What?" I asked him.

"Go shoot 'em," he said, deadpan. "Damn good eatin'."

I wasn't that hungry.

Bass, as Marin is known, is now 56 and still as husky as ever—the man looks as wide across the shoulders as a fishing smack—but he's now working as a crew member on one of the island's two tugboats that help manuever supertankers into and out of their moorings at the oil depot pier. He had the afternoon off, so with Cap'n Don and his girl friend, Janet Thibault, Bass and I drove up-island to Nukove, a splendid snorkeling beach that Stewart and Bass had discovered 10 years earlier. With Bass doing most of the heavy work, they'd built a small concrete pier and with crowbars had excavated a channel through the thick elkhorn coral to gain access to the deeper water for scuba expeditions.



A friendship was renewed when the author found Bass on a tug.

We swam on the surface through the channel, and then I watched Bass fill his lungs and plummet straight down 40 feet in the strong, square-shouldered, easy-finning style I remembered. The bottom was littered with dead urchins. "Dead," lamented Cap'n Don. "This is a place of death now. I can remember when this whole bottom was black with sea urchins. If you dove here, the price was destroying at least 10 urchins before you came out of the water." He watched Marin resurface after another 40-foot free dive. "Hey, Bass," he yelled. "You're getting old. I can remember when you could go to 80 feet and stay down three minutes." Marin promptly went out deeper and stayed down the requisite time. He didn't say anything when he came back up.

We drove over to Rincon and cut the salt from our palates with multiple servings of peanut and pistachio ice cream at the Rincon Ice Cream Parlor, on a back street in the old slave town. Stewart, who quit drinking and smoking years ago, couldn't get enough of it. "God, it's good to get away for an afternoon," he said, gone sentimental on his ice cream overdose. He put an arm around Marin's huge shoulders. "Seeing this guy has called back a lot of memories. I've got to do this more often."

I don't know if his frenetic nature will ever allow Cap'n Don such a luxury. But I share his sentiment. As my plane flashed over the red tile rooftops of Habitat the following morning, I could almost hear his self-pitying whine echoing skyward above the chatter of chibi-chibis and the thump of Serlin's compressors and the hum of Ruza's computer. Maybe it was just Bonaire's "boomerang effect" getting an early start on my sensibilities. The place would return to me many times over the months ahead, I was sure. And somehow or other I would return to it, but this time there wouldn't be 17 years between visits. **END**

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spotlight

by GILES TIPPETTE

RODEO CLOWN LEON COFFEE HAS TO PUT UP WITH A LOT OF BULL ON THE JOB

On the platform above the bucking chutes, the rodeo announcer, Don Endsley, is saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to that premier event in rodeo, the one you've all been waiting for—cowboy bull riding."

In the outdoor arena in Weatherford, Texas, the crowd of some 8,000 stirs expectantly, because this *is* mainly what they've come for. They want to see a 150-pound cowboy set himself down on a one-ton beast made out of muscle and

gristle and bone and horns. And win.

Endsley says, "But now let me direct your attention to a very important gentleman who is stepping into the arena, Leon Coffee. Through the evening you've heard Leon and me joshing with one another. Now is the time when he's fixing to earn his paycheck. We've kidded around earlier, but now they've run the bulls into the chutes. And this is the most important part of this intrepid gentleman's job, protecting the cowboys who will be attempting to ride these bulls, and, in some cases, saving their lives.

"Leon, take a bow.

"I didn't mean that low a bow. Leon, get up out of the dirt. The bulls will have you there soon enough, and get up here by the chutes and watch over these cowboy bull riders.

"You said what?"

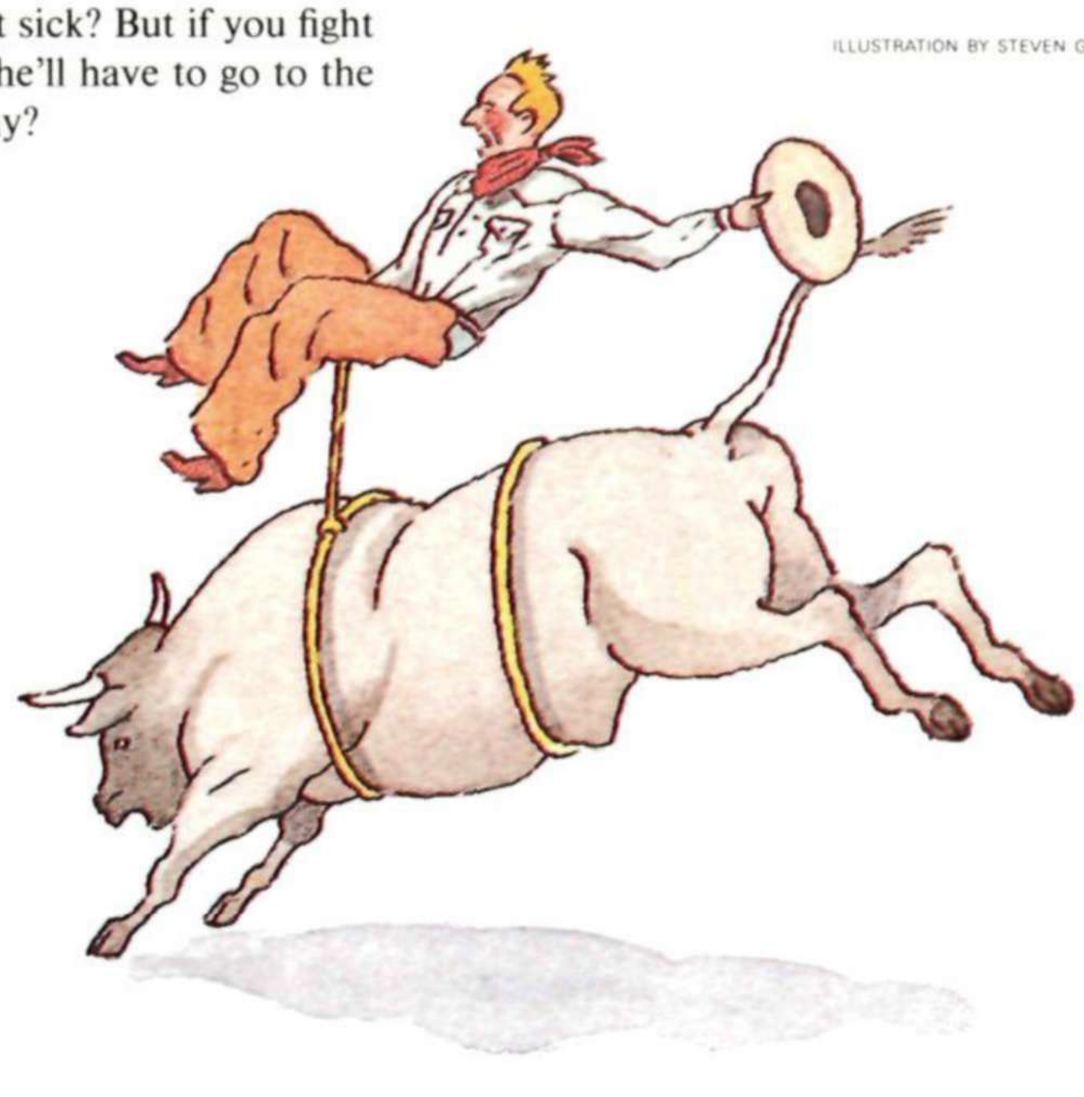
In rodeo, during the repartee between the announcer and the clown, the clown cannot be heard by the crowd, so the rodeo announcer speaks for him.

Endsley recaps: "You say you're going to quit? That you're leaving town? Why, Leon?

"Because of your mother? Oh, you want to save her a trip to the hospital. Is she sick?

"She's not sick? But if you fight these bulls she'll have to go to the hospital. Why?

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA



"To see you."

The crowd laughs politely.

There are two kinds of rodeo clowns: One performs a routine, often with animals; the other makes sure that the bull riders don't get themselves killed. He is called a bullfighter, and rodeo cowboys believe these superbly conditioned athletes are the greatest bullfighters in the world. But the public and the media continue to refer to them as rodeo clowns.

Leon Coffee is of the second category. He's 6 feet even and weighs 170 pounds, and in 1983, *American Cowboy* magazine named him Pro Rodeo Clown of the Year. Coffee is the only black rodeo clown on the circuit. He's already 29, and in this demanding profession, he's got only six or seven years left at most.

I know, because I used to be a bull rider myself for more years than I care to remember. Earlier, I'd been with Coffee in his motel room when he was putting on his work clothes. Surrounding him, even at that late moment, were bull riders who were still seeking his advice about the bulls they'd drawn that night.

The best experts in the game have said that Coffee has a "headful of bull sense." In other words, he knows what that bull is going to do before the bull knows. And that's why he's alive today.

"Leon, I've drawed 747 tonight. Brindle bull. What do you think?"

Coffee is sitting in front of a mirror putting on his greasepaint. He says: "Bull is going to come out, make one jump to the right, then cut back to the left and begin to spin. Depends on what chute they run him into. I'll speak to the arena manager and try to get him into a middle chute."

"Leon, I got old 44 tonight."

This is from Bobby Del Vecchio, a cowboy from Bronx, N.Y.

Coffee turns around to him and laughs and says, "Man, you in a lot of trouble."

"C'mon, c'mon."

"First place, bull ain't going to give you no show for the money. Second, he going to try and kill you when you come off him."

What Coffee is talking about is the paradox of the bucking events in rodeo. In those three events—saddle bronc riding, bareback riding and bull riding—you are judged 50% on how well you ride the animal, but also 50% on how well the animal bucks. It's a factor you have no control over. You can put the best ride in the

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world on a bull, but if he doesn't buck you are not going to the pay window.

We arrive at the arena where, just like a matador getting out of his car at the *corrida de toros*, Coffee is immediately surrounded by children and fans who want his autograph. Even though we are running late, he patiently signs for everybody, including a rodeo groupie (in my day called a Shiny Bright, but now known as a Buckle Bunny) who opens her shirt and asks him to sign on her bra.

All Coffee says, as we walk toward the chutes is, "Man, I'm glad she had something on underneath her blouse."

Coffee came to rodeo the way most cowboys do: He was born into it. His grandfather owned a 1,500-acre ranch, and his father broke and shod horses in Blanco, Texas, about 50 miles west of Austin. As a kid, Coffee liked to ride bareback, the wilder the horse the better. At age nine he began competing in rodeos. But after 14 years, he says, "It wasn't a challenge to me anymore." So instead of dancing on a bull's back for a living, this cowboy started disco dancing in front of the bull's face—to the tune of *I'm Your Boogie Man* by KC and the Sunshine Band. "That's my trademark," he says.

But the job isn't all Saturday-night fever. He goes to the stock manager and questions him about the bulls. He already knows the stock, but he leaves as little as possible to chance. That's one reason he's among the best.

The program begins with either bareback riding, steer wrestling, calf roping or one of the other events that keep a crowd in the stands while they wait for the bull riding.

During that time Coffee is out in the arena clowning around with a calf rope. He's lassoing women barrel racers after they've finished their ride, bucking-event cowboys who lean up against the chutes and J.G. Crouch, his partner at this rodeo.

Crouch is not a bullfighter in the sense that Coffee is. He does a dog and donkey act, but he has fought bulls, and tonight he'll use a barrel to distract the bull and to protect Coffee.

Weatherford is an old, classic rodeo, featuring the best cowboys and stock. When it's finally time for the bull riding, Coffee walks up to the chute gate where the first cowboy will be bursting out. Coffee asks him if he knows what the bull is going to do and inquires whether he wants the animal to be taken in a certain direction.

But as Coffee looks over the bull rider, his attention is drawn to the way the cowboy has wrapped the rope over his hands. A bull rope is a flat, braided piece of line that a cowboy runs through a loop and then wraps tightly around his hand. The bull rider, with the help of partners standing on a little platform behind the chutes, tries to pull the bull rope just tight enough for the particular bull he's riding. Put too much of a strain on the wrong bull, and by the swell of his muscles, it'll take that rope out of your hands faster than a heartbeat. If the rope is too loose, you'll be trying to ride off the bull's side one jump out of the chute.

Some cowboys take death grips, trying to glue themselves to the bull by making two wraps around their hand or running the tail of the rope between their ring and little fingers. "And that just naturally scares the daylights out of me," says Coffee.

It should, because if the cowboy bucks off "over his hand," it is going to make Coffee's job of freeing the cowboy that much more dangerous. A rider who gets "over his hand" is thrown forward by the bull in such a manner that his hand twists in the rope and he's hung up beside this giant bucking animal, jerked around like a rag doll and unable to help himself. That's when Coffee has to grab the tail of the bull rope, unwrap the cowboy's hand so that he's freed and then present himself to the bull as a target to distract it from the fallen cowboy. Unfortunately, this most often happens when the rider has gone into "the well," which is what the cowboys call the inside circle of a spinning bull. These days, most professional rodeo bulls are spinning bulls because those are the only ones you can win money on.

Nothing very spectacular happens on the first three bulls out of the chute. Coffee is right in front of them as they explode, slapping them this way and that, controlling them as the riders have requested. But he's worried about the next contestant out, a young rider from Weatherford named Nicky Hite, who hasn't had much experience. Hite has drawn A-16, a bad bull to buck and a bad bull to fight.

This time it goes all right. Nicky is putting a good ride on A-16 until the tie-

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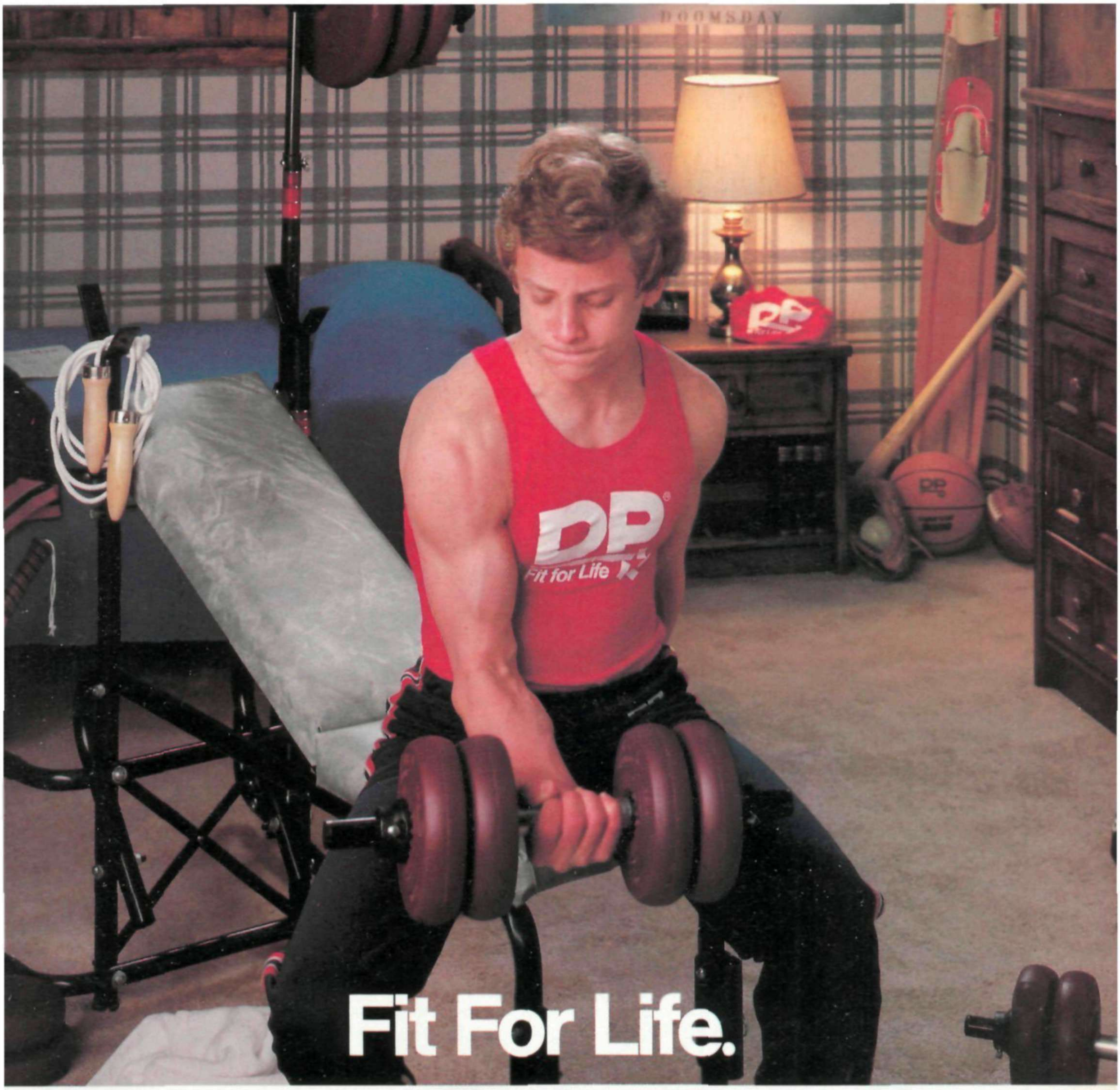

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down on his left spur breaks and he slips off the side, landing on the ground like a heap of laundry. Coffee comes swooping in to take the bull away, and Nicky makes it to the fence.

Now back down in the arena, Coffee and I are talking during a brief break. Sweat is streaking the clown-white makeup on his face. He says, "Man, I don't need any more like that. Maybe the rest of the bulls will be rocking chairs."

But it's not to be. On the sixth bull is Mike Collier, who earlier had asked Coffee about 747. Perhaps because of mixed communications between Coffee and the rodeo stock manager, the bull has been put in the wrong chute.

As Coffee had predicted, it comes exploding out of the gate, makes one jump, then heads for the left-hand corner of the arena and goes into a spin. Coffee tries to slap it back to the right, but the bull has its mind made up and a rodeo bull isn't easy to distract when it's going about its business.

Then, the worst thing that could happen in that tight corner happens. Collier bucks off over his hand and is hung up. Suspended by his hand, he is being jerked up and down with such tremendous force you wonder that his arm doesn't come loose at the shoulder. Somehow Coffee skirts the bull's horns and throws himself across its back. He grabs Collier's wrist with his left hand and, with his other hand, grabs the tail of Collier's bull rope. Somehow, faster than you can see, he unwraps the cowboy's hand. The cowboy falls free. But Coffee, who must now lead the bull away from Collier, falls from its back slightly off balance and the bull, coming around in his spin, gives Coffee a terrific thump in the ribs with the flat of its horn. Coffee keeps his balance and, with the help of J.G., they lure the bull back into the middle of the arena where the pickup men, on horseback, can run it out the gate.

But Coffee is hurt, and he needs a second to collect himself. Endsley sees this and goes into a spiel about what a terrific performance they've just seen by the premier bullfighter in rodeo. He ends by saying: "Leon, take a bow." Coffee is hurting too much to take a bow, though. Instead, he doffs his hat to the applauding crowd and turns a painful grimace into a smile.

For the grand finale, they turn out a riderless bull for Coffee to play with. Coffee cuts a few didoes with it, but the bull won't cooperate. It wants out of the arena, and it's staying along the fence. Coffee wants to jump over the bull's horns, but the bull won't be maneuvered into a position that gives him a clear shot.

"What the hell," he says, and signals to Crouch, who nods and leans over slightly, the top of his hat six feet from the ground. Coffee makes a few half circles and then runs at his clown colleague—and jumps straight over him, kicking off J.G.'s derby with his left foot as he flies by. Not bad, considering all that loose dirt and a possible broken rib.

What with the well-wishers and the autograph seekers, it takes us an hour to get out of the arena. Finally we are back in Coffee's motel room, and he sinks down on the side of his bed. He is so weary that it takes him a minute to kick off his baseball spikes and another minute just to remove his socks. When he gets his shirt and jersey off I see the huge welt on his ribs that the bull has given him as a going-away present. But Coffee's felt worse than this. He has broken his neck, his back, both collarbones, both wrists, one leg, one foot and half of his ribs. He has also suffered several penetrating horn wounds. And then there's his crooked grin, compliments of a bull at the Dallas rodeo that tried to drive his face from the right side to the left side with its horn. As a result, the right side of his face is mostly plastic and wire. They carried Coffee out of the arena unconscious that time, but within minutes he was back on the job.

Taking his makeup off, he says, "Bad bull tonight. Bad bulls." Then he shows me that lopsided grin and says, "But, hey, man, they all bad."

So I finally have to ask him the question that I already know the answer to, but you don't.

"Why, Leon?"

He laughs slightly. "Because the money's good."

It's a reasonable answer, because Coffee is making about $80,000 a year. But it's not the truth.

So I say, "No."

He looks around at me from the mirror. "Because I like the applause?"

"No."

Then his eyes sort of flash and he says, "Because I like people, and bull riders are damn good people, and I don't want to see them get hurt any more than they have to."

And there you have it. **END**

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On The Scene

by MITCH ALBOM

THIS SPORT MAY SEEM A MITE TAME AT FIRST, BUT THAT'S JUST AN IL-LUGE-ON

In November 1982, I went to tiny Igls, Austria to spend some time with the U.S. National Luge Team, which was training there.

On the morning of my first day, I was standing on the lip of the luge track while a bearded man called "Bullet Bob" Hughes, the U.S. team manager, ran through the basics for me: A luge track is about three-quarters of a mile long; there are around 14 curves per track—some wide, some tight. Lugers steer their sleds with their feet and shoulders, and they wear only crash helmets for protection. They call themselves "sliders," not lugers.

My lesson was interrupted by a rumbling sound that rapidly grew nearer. "Here comes somebody," said Hughes. I stared at the 20-foot wall of ice in front of me. Suddenly a blue-and-white blur shot across it with a *whoosh* and disappeared down the track.

I blinked in disbelief. "That was Frank," said Hughes as he scribbled in a red notebook. "His left shoulder was a little high. He's losing lots of speed."

For the rest of the day, we observed sliders from every possible angle: standing along the straightaways, crouching low in the massive semicircular Kreisel curves, looking down from the wooden bridge above the S-shaped labyrinth turns. Sliders from 15 countries came streaking above us, below us, in front of us. Each time an athlete whizzed by, sometimes at speeds approaching 70 mph, I noticed how stiff—how *passive*—he or she appeared to be. In fact, the fastest times were produced by the racers who exhibited the least exertion.

I asked Hughes about this the next day and he nodded as if I'd just answered the 25-point bonus question. "Right. That's the trick," he said. "You've got to lie back. Minimal movement. Total relaxation. Sort of become one with the sled."

I returned to the track and watched some more. Sure enough, it seemed that most sliders were pretty much just along for the ride. It seemed at times that more effort might be expended in a single swing of a baseball bat than in an entire luge run. And for this they award medals at the Olympic Games?

By the fifth day of my trip, I found myself mumbling that most foolish of clichés: "Geez, even *I* could do this." When I proposed the idea to Hughes at breakfast, he looked me over to make sure I was serious. And then he said O.K., that I could take one run, starting from about two-thirds down the track.

Word spread quickly of my intention, and each team member came up to me during the week to offer advice. It was almost always the same: Keep your shoulders back, keep your movement minimal and stay relaxed. I wondered why they made such a fuss about doing next to nothing.

The night before my scheduled run, I went to see Svein Romstad, the U.S. coach, at his hotel to pick up some more specific guidance.

"Well," he said, "when you go into the curves, look away from the walls. If you collide against the straightaways, don't panic. Always keep your head and shoulders back. And most of all—"

"I know," I interrupted, "just relax. In other words, just do nothing."

Svein looked me in the eyes, detecting the sarcasm in my voice. "Well," he said slowly as he led me to the door, "it won't exactly be nothing."

The following morning was bright and cold. I arrived at the track early. Because all the teams were training that day, Hughes wasn't sure when I could be squeezed in. "Be prepared to go anytime," he had told me. I was. That is, until about 10:15 a.m. when, during a training run, the normal rumbling sound of sled against ice ceased abruptly, and I looked up in time to glimpse a Norwegian slider and his sled sailing through the air toward the wooded area that bordered the course.

"He's out of the track!" someone screamed. There was a sickening thud. Coaches sprinted toward the scene. The track announcer asked for an ambulance. Nearby spectators stood motionless, still dumbstruck—as I was—at what they had just witnessed.

Within minutes the slider was being rushed to the hospital. The track doctor had speculated that the injuries might include a smashed kneecap and some dislocated vertebrae. I wandered over to the remains of his sled. The pod—the fiberglass seat—was crushed, and the left runner was split in two. It was the first accident I had seen in the sport. A shiver went through my body. Until that point, I had thought of luge the same way I thought of a roller-coaster ride: fast, even scary, but nothing to worry about. I looked back over the icy, twisting track. Then, very quietly, I panicked.

Before long, training resumed. Each time there was a slight lull in the action I would get the chills. I was staring at the spot where the Norwegian sled had left the track when I heard Svein's voice behind me.

"Let's go," he said. "You're up next."

I spun around. "What? Just like that?" I squeaked. "From here? Where's the sled? Why from here?"

Svein smiled, amused at the change in my tone from that of the day before. "Relax," he said. "We're not that far up."

Just then two luge team members appeared, one carrying a crash helmet and the other, a sled. "Try this on," Svein

continued

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said, tossing me the helmet. I put it on. It felt like a vise. I was thankful that no one offered to lend me his skintight racing suit. Each, I had learned, costs roughly $150 and affords the novice little protection from inevitable scrapes and bruises.

"I think he ought to go from farther up," suggested one of the sliders, "just to get some decent speed."

Svein thought it over for a minute. "He's right. Your track lines will be better with more speed."

Within minutes, I was lying flat in Curve 7—the halfway point—staring up into Svein's eyes, seeking reassurance.

"Just remember what I told you," he said. "Relax." He lowered the plastic visor over my face, then gave the sled a hearty push. As the world turned into a whitish blur of ice, I sensed my mind going blank.

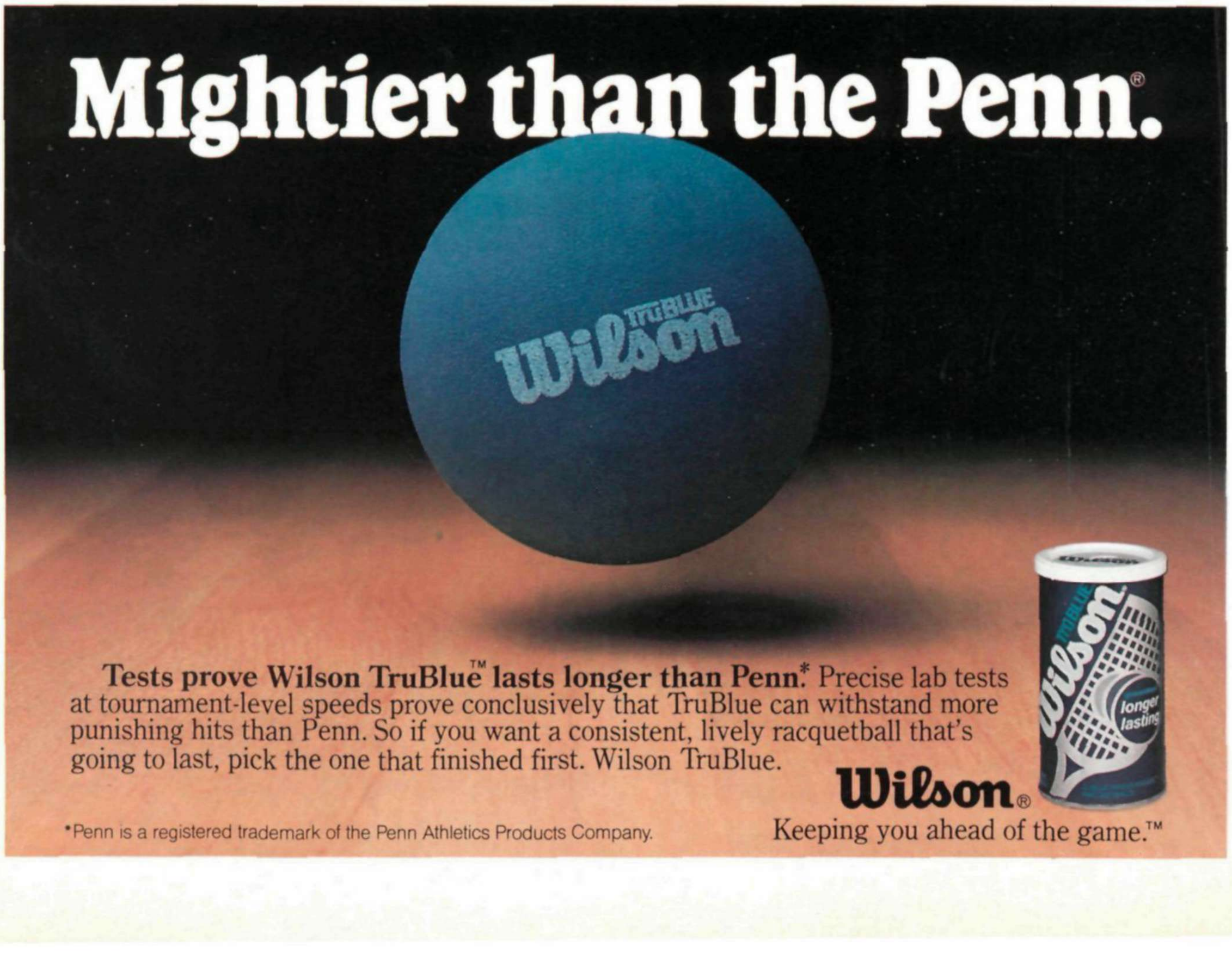
For the first 60 meters of straightaway, I was too petrified to move, and my speed increased dramatically. The sled jerked into the first high, curved wall, and suddenly I was traveling perpendicular to the ground. My head was vibrating so fiercely that I couldn't get my bearings. "Shoulders back like hell," I screamed to myself. "I wanna see where I'm going!" I raised my upper body just as the sled was exiting the curve, causing it to veer sharply upwards.

The next thing I could make out was the rapidly approaching wooden safety wall that lined the top of the track. *Instead of looking away, as Svein had* recommended, I stared straight at it, even as a runner smacked it with an awful noise. The sled nose-dived toward the narrow exit. I completely forgot how to steer and ended up pressing both feet on the runners simultaneously, causing the sled to zigzag into the straightaway where it promptly flipped on its side, one runner on the wall, the other on the track.

Ignoring the minimal-movement cautions, I jerked my body inward, causing the sled to bounce back onto the track as it spun into yet another semicircular curve. My panicked breathing began to fog the visor, and I had no sense of where I was. There were chilling, scraping sounds as I felt myself triple-ricochet off the straightaway walls. I was considering jumping off the sled when I felt it turn uphill and quickly lose speed. In a few seconds, a hand reached in and grabbed my arm. Another grabbed the sled. Without waiting, I threw one wobbly leg over the ice wall and, fittingly, fell awkwardly out of the track into a pile of snow.

I was exhausted, out of breath, sweating. But as I sat there in the snow, the mystery of luge became embarrassingly clear: The hardest thing to do is to do *nothing* while on a sled. Boxers fight opponents. Runners fight the clock. But sliders must battle their own human instincts. It's an athletic challenge as worthy as any other.

I took off my helmet and was surprised to hear the sound of applause. I turned to see the entire U.S. luge team a few feet away, giving me a standing ovation. They were clapping, I believe, not for my performance, but rather my education. For there, sprawled in the snow, I had just graduated from luge's own unique school of hard knocks. **END**



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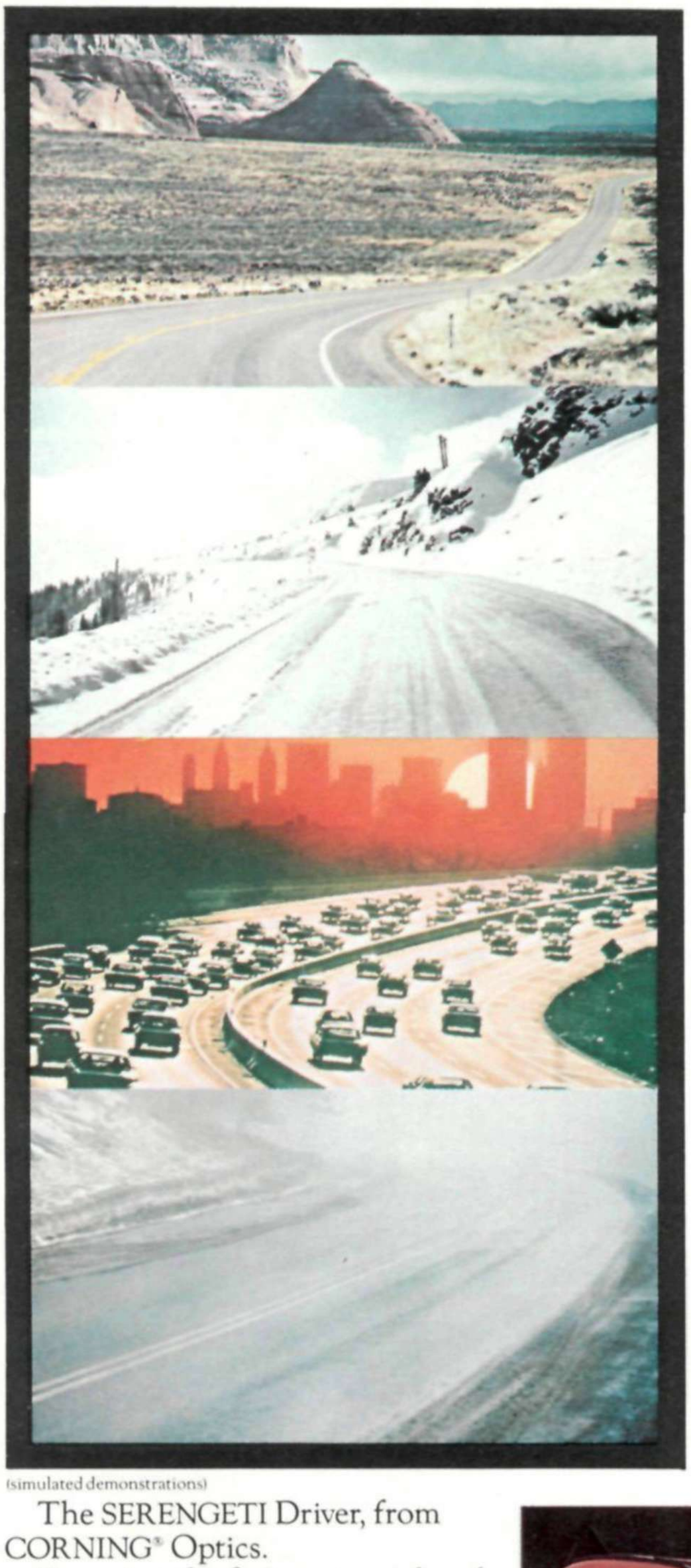

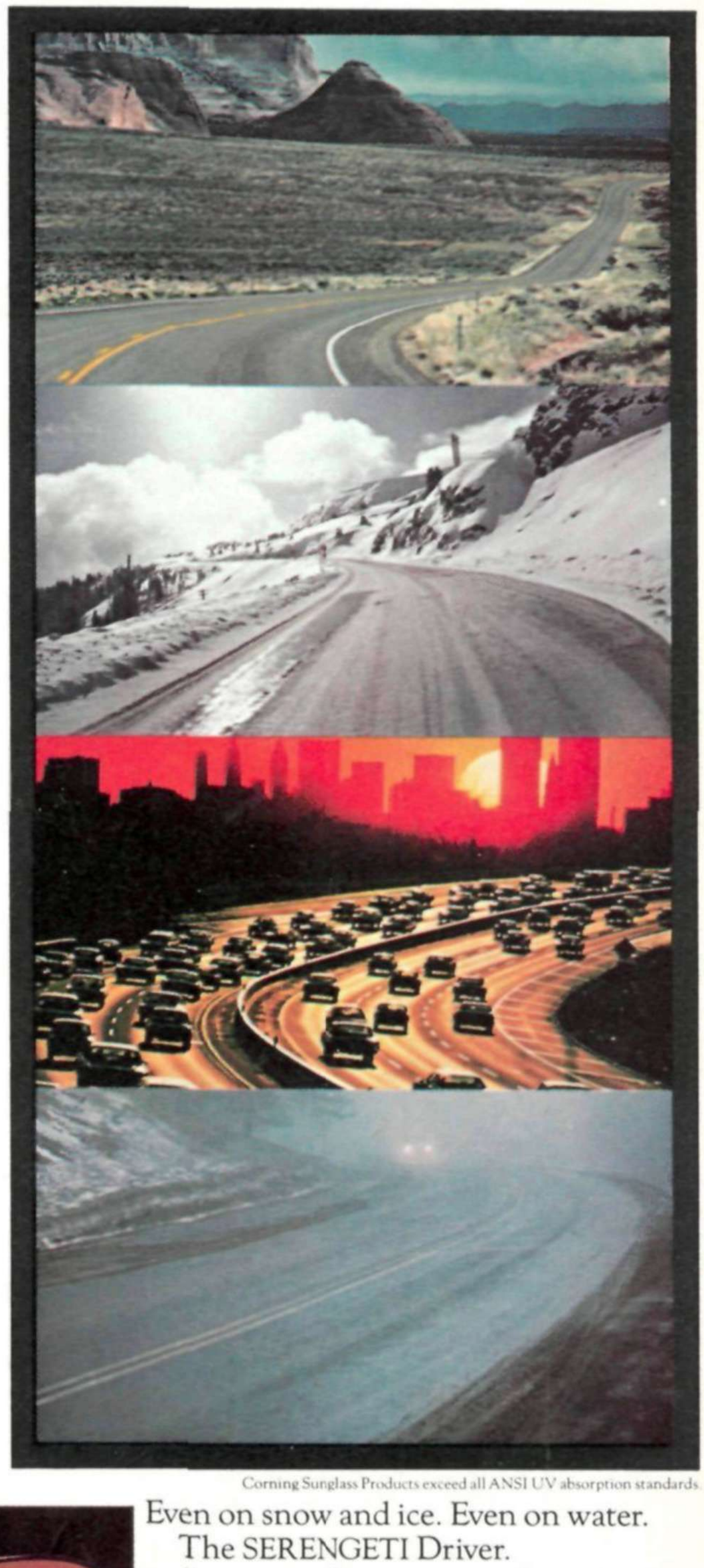

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PERSPECTIVE

by FRANZ LIDZ

THE VOLLEYS OF THE IRISH PRESS LEFT JOHN McENROE SPEECHLESS FOR ONCE

When Aer Lingus flight 159 landed at Dublin Airport last Sept. 27, one of those on board was John McEnroe, who was about to set foot on the Auld Sod for the first time. Five years ago, when Pope John Paul II arrived in Dublin he consecrated the ground with a kiss. But the newest Johnny-come-lately didn't even kiss the Blarney stone. All he wanted to do was play tennis.

McEnroe had come to Ireland to take part in a Davis Cup tie. Both Ireland and the U.S. had lost first-round matches in 1983, and the loser of this one would be banished to zonal play in 1984. McEnroe intended to be on his best behavior, for he regarded his appearance in Ireland as a sort of homecoming. He has bragged he had a purer pedigree than Ireland's No. 1 player, Matt Doyle, a Yalie from Menlo Park, Calif. who has one Irish-born grandparent fewer than McEnroe. Ireland lets anyone with at least one native grandparent play on its team, and Doyle, then ranked No. 103 in the world, had one—his paternal grandfather. The No. 2 Irish player, Sean Sorenson, comes from Waterville, Maine and lives in West Germany. His parents are Irish.

But McEnroe's best intentions were dashed by the inventive invective of the Irish press. At the airport press conference, the ever-wary McEnroe lacked the gift of gab. The 12-hour trip from San Francisco had him beat. He carefully chewed off his words in a monosyllabic drone.

Dublin's five daily papers compensated by building a character out of the minutest clues. They concocted vignettes out of his anatomy: his sleepy eyes; the way he scratched his shoulders as he spoke and reflectively licked the tip of his nose. "He had little pink eyes, which he kept scrubbing with his knuckles," reported *The Irish Times*. "And he had deep purple gouges rather than bags under them. He looked about eight, as if he should have been put to bed hours ago."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILLY STICKLAND

Great Aunt Mollie made clear who's No. 1 while the press did a different number.

The *Irish Independent* and *The Irish Press* were more preoccupied with the elusive McEnroe smile. "Smile please," implored one of the photographers.

"But I did already," McEnroe pleaded.

"You call that a smile?" asked the photographer, and McEnroe tried to oblige.

Under the front page banner headline TIRED 'SUPERBRAT' SAGS AS HE ARRIVES IN DUBLIN, the *Independent* observed, "With some effort he raised the side of his mouth for a fleeting second, then resumed his original tired grimace."

"It was hardly the most expansive of smiles," allowed *The Press*, "but from the taciturn McEnroe it was a major concession." McEnroe summed up his plans to tour the countryside in what *The Times* called a "major speech": "Well, uh . . . if I get a chance, I will . . . and if I don't I won't. . . . I don't think it's maybe the ideal time right now, but I would . . . at some point."

The Times followed him around the practice court later that afternoon like a hyena stalking a pea hen, and came away with this intriguing shred of conversation between McEnroe and the American captain, Arthur Ashe:

MCENROE: This court is a bit slow.

ASHE: Yeah.

Rather than play catch-up with the morning papers, the *Evening Herald* dispatched its outrageous and immensely readable scandalmonger, John Feeney, to the scene. Feeney improvises his stories out of the most gossamer information, which may be why his column is called "adlib." The respected Irish current affairs monthly *Magill* regularly refers to him as "the worst journalist in the world," an epithet he revels in.

Feeney's thrilling narrative had Young Mac arriving at his hotel, spending thousands of dollars on clothes, ordering room service to send him a guitar since his own was lost in transit and being guarded round the clock by armed detectives, a precaution against terrorists.

"This is lies from start to finish," McEnroe, brandishing a rolled-up *Evening Herald*, screamed during the tournament draw that evening. "This happens to me all over the world, and naturally it annoys me. Who wouldn't it annoy?"

Asked if he had done any sightseeing, McEnroe said testily, "I haven't been able to go in the streets and meet the real people. I don't consider the press real people."

After the draw, McEnroe finally met a real person, Sean Kinsella, who happens to be a real Irish chef in a real expensive restaurant, Mirabeau. But McEnroe didn't know that his tormentor, Feeney, was in the kitchen, whipping up a batch of new fictions. Feeney attained new heights of calumny in the next day's *Evening Herald* with the news that McEnroe had sneered at Kinsella's famous brown bread and demanded sliced white bread, and that McEnroe had commanded Ashe to take McEnroe's meal into the kitchen to be recooked. Feeney imagined Kinsella saying, "As he [McEnroe] left, he said it was the best meal he had ever had outside the U.S. If he behaved like that for the best, God help us for the worst."

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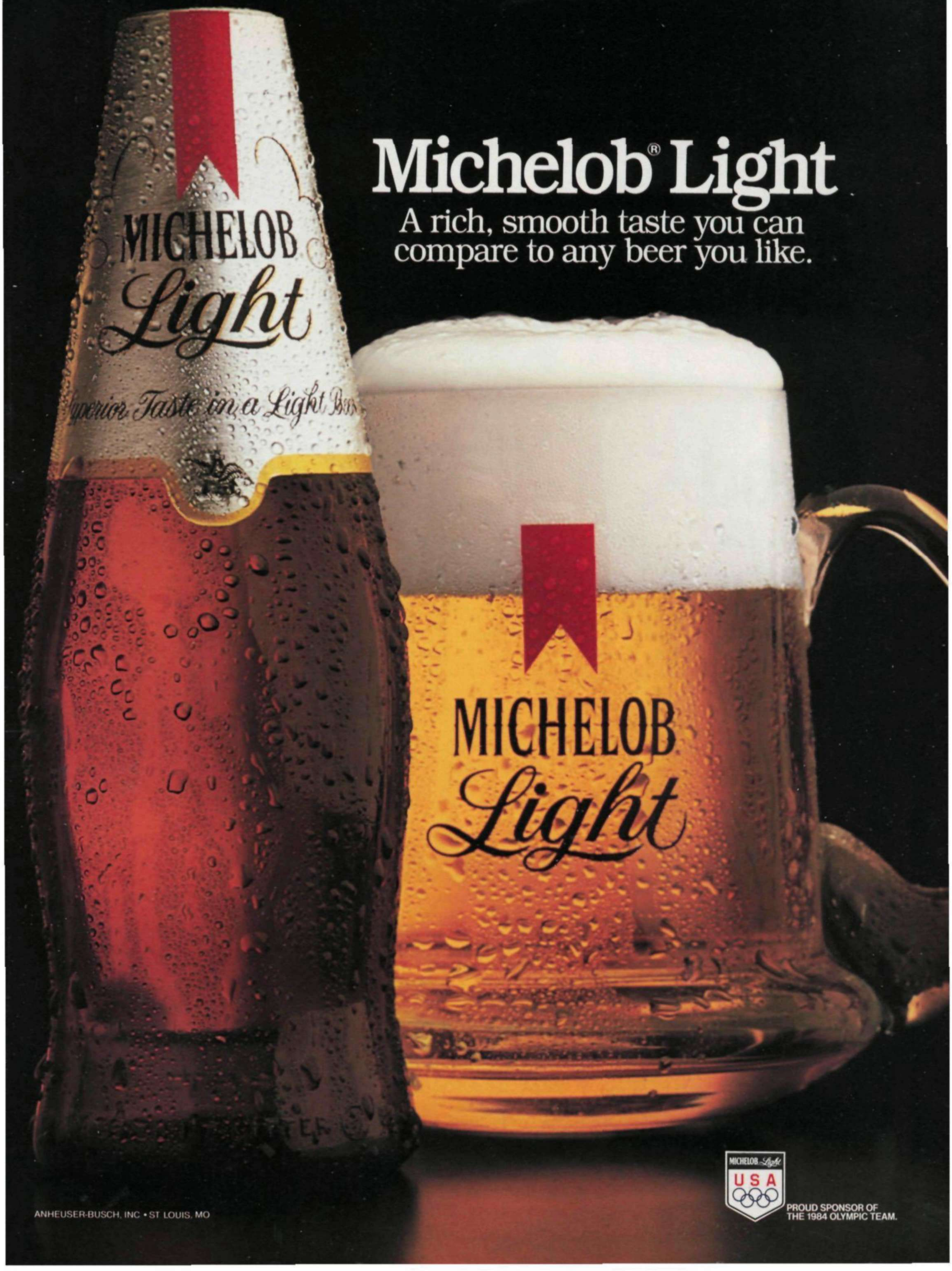

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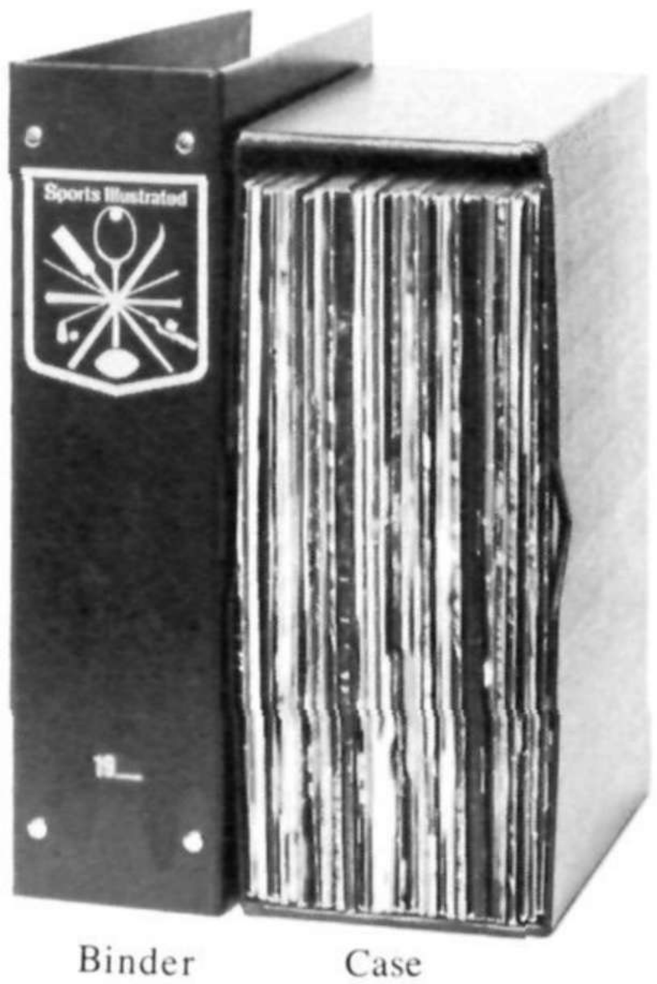

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Continuing to give free rein to his vagaries, Feeney next related that McEnroe had "proposed a toast to the end of the lying press, which was loudly hailed by friends of the night. He then launched into a diatribe about the journalists who dogged him and his guitar around the world."

It was a strong day for the *Evening Herald*. A piece on the front page described how a pair of shorts that McEnroe had donated to a local charity had fetched 550 pounds. The headline read: MCENROE SELLS 'SWEATY' SHORTS. Even when Johnny be good, Johnny look bad.

"The newspapers treat him grotty," said Louise Corcoran, a 20-year-old Montessori schoolteacher from Dublin. "McEnroe gets knarked about things when he's treated unfairly. The Irish people are like that, too. The more he knarks, the more we love it."

McEnroe confined his knarking pretty much to his room at the Berkeley Court Hotel and to Simmonscourt pavilion, where the matches were played. He had brought his entire family and girl friend Stella Hall with him to Dublin. John McEnroe Sr. feared a mob scene if John Jr. ventured out, though it didn't seem likely. Indeed, only five admirers showed up to meet McEnroe at the airport, and they were tipped off by the national tourist board. Just a handful of teen-age girls kept vigil outside his hotel. The Finnish embassy's peat symposium in the Grosvenor Suite drew a larger crowd of curiosity seekers.

Corcoran was among the two dozen fans who attended McEnroe's first practice. She preferred to keep her distance and cringed at the thought of asking for his autograph. "I'd swallow into the ground," she said. "I'm quite happy just to be looking at him."

"He looks like such a rough fellow," offered David Murphy, 14, of Dublin. Murphy owns three copies of the hit record *The Umpire Strikes Back*, a popular British send-up of McEnroe. A McEnroe sound-alike argues heatedly over a line call with a very proper English referee. The record ends with the would-be McEnroe getting zapped by laser fire amid a stream of blasphemies.

"John is very shy, but perhaps that's just the way younger people are around their elders these days," said McEnroe's great aunt, Mollie Proctor, at a bash in the family's honor at the Berkeley Court on the eve of the tournament. Auntie Moll, 85, lives with her 11 cats and a 14-year-old male Yorkshire terrier named Bonnie in a small cottage in the block-long central Ireland village of Rathwire. She had been a great Irish beauty and remains a handsome and charming woman with a lively laugh. "I used to like Bjorn Borg," she said. "He was so cool and placid. But at the present time I think John is the greatest. Write that down. He'll shoot me if I don't say it."

Mollie had a glorious time partying with the press; her nephew, John McEnroe Sr.; his wife, Kay, whose ancestry two generations back was half Irish, half English; and their sons, Mark, 21, a senior at Stanford who spent his junior year at Dublin's Trinity College, and Patrick, 17, the Irish junior champion in 1982 and a nonplaying member of the visiting U.S. Davis Cup squad. The clan was presented calfskin scrolls that traced its Irish roots back to the village of Ballyjamesduff in 1821.

McEnroe gave the affair the cold shoulder, claiming he had to ice an injury. An hour later McEnroe was spotted in the hotel lobby waiting for an elevator. Reluctantly, he agreed to pose with the family coat of arms—a wolfhound scaling a tree. When a British photographer asked McEnroe to stand next to his girl friend, McEnroe barked cryptically, "Don't ask and you won't get."

But the shutterbug asked on. "Go brush your teeth," McEnroe snapped.

The photographer was devastated. "I am an Irish person who came here hoping to love and respect this son of Ireland," the papers had him saying the following day. "Not any more—I'll never forgive him."

Meanwhile, McEnroe's father held forth on how his late parents, Kathleen and John, left Erin's green shores. They had departed Dublin independently for New York City around 1915. She worked the switchboard at a brokerage house; he drove a truck for what is now the Sunshine Biscuit Company and helped guard the Chase Manhattan Bank. They married in 1933. He later played a mean trombone as leader of a quasi-ceilidh band billed as Sean McEnroe and His Orchestra. Nobody knows where the name Sean came from.

During the party Donal Begley, the genealogist who had personally signed the sacred McEnroe scrolls, gave SPORTS ILLUSTRATED an exclusive: McEnroe's paternal grandmother, he confided, hailed

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from County Westmeath, where in 845 the Norse plunderer Turgesius was drowned in Lough Owen by King Malachi. And that's not all! McEnroe's grandpa grew up in County Cavan, the birthplace of Miles (Slasher) O'Reilly, an 18th century mercenary who earned his moniker slicing up lads in the New World. It was the kind of stuff that might have tempted Feeney to go back to honest reporting, if he hadn't been off mongering scandal in Paris. But the vacuum was quickly filled by the *Independent*: NOW MCENROE HAS THE RIGHT TO CALL HIMSELF JOHN O'SUPERBRAT.

The Irish press having done the preliminary goring, the British tabloids moved in for the kill. A venomous story in the *Daily Mail* was headed: SUPERBRAT SNUBS HIS IRISH HERITAGE. The *Daily Star* branded McEnroe a "spoilt child," "paranoid" and a "graceless ace," and wrote, straight-faced, "We gathered here on the naive assumption that McEnroe would permit us a harmless reunion with his distant cousins. Some hope!"

That was the same day McEnroe finally played ball. A packed house of 6,000, which included Republic of Ireland President Patrick Hillery but not Auntie Moll—"If I didn't go straight home to Bonnie, he'd fret too much"—greeted McEnroe with more or less thunderous applause. When he lifted his racket to serve, the Irish and British press corps collectively flinched. He disposed of Sorenson 6–3, 6–2, 6–2.

"I came wishing McEnroe would say something wicked," said young Murphy. He probably went home disappointed. McEnroe muttered one "disgusting" after a poor serve, but the only dispute he had with the umpire was about the artificial carpet that kept bunching up and splitting at the seams. The predictable headline gracing the front page of the next day's *Independent* went: MCENROE MEETS THE PRESIDENT—THEN SLAMS THE COURT: 'IT'S GOT BUBBLES.'

A line of pickets was lying in wait for McEnroe when he returned the following evening for his doubles match. The Dunlop tire factory in Cork had laid off 650 workers the previous day, and a senior union official had proposed that McEnroe fork over to the idle employees the millions he was getting in a five-year deal with Dunlop's tennis racket division. McEnroe expressed his sympathy for the workers' plight, but declined to make a contribution. McEnroe and partner Peter Fleming beat Doyle and Sorenson 6–2, 6–3, 6–4.

The next night it was Doyle's turn to fall. The 6′ 4″ Doyle had learned to speak with a jaunty brogue after only three years' intermittent residence in Ireland. "John's bloodline may make him more Irish than mine, but I bleed Guinness and he doesn't," boasted Doyle before the match. He could have used a transfusion. Doyle couldn't break McEnroe's serve or his spirit, and lost in straight sets. McEnroe's win clinched an American victory.

Afterward, McEnroe accepted a Waterford crystal trophy for his efforts and told the crowd he'd like to return someday to see the rest of the country. Then, for perhaps the first time all week, he smiled. It wasn't the most expansive of smiles, but it would do. **END**

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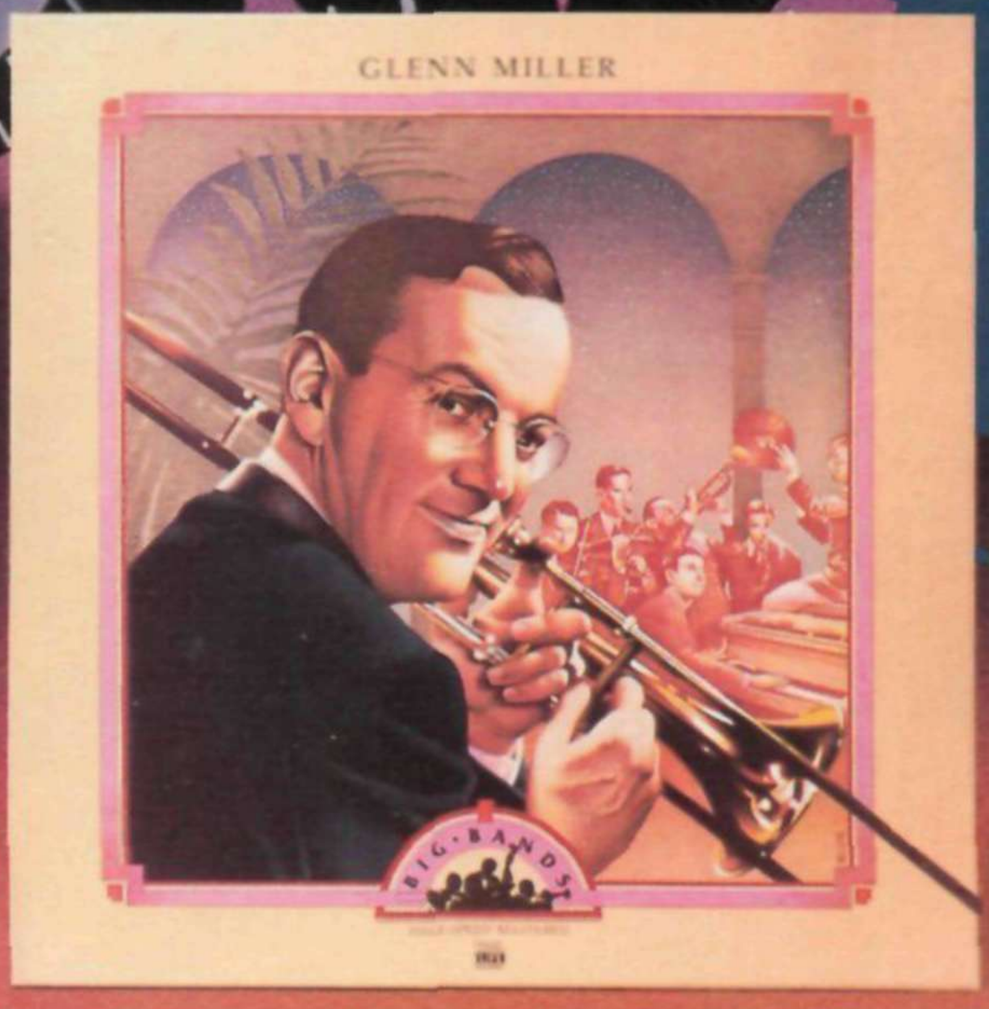

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...said Mark Johnson, who had scored two of the U.S. goals. "I couldn't believe it. I still can't believe it. We beat the Russians." *–E.M. Swift, SI–March 3, 1980*

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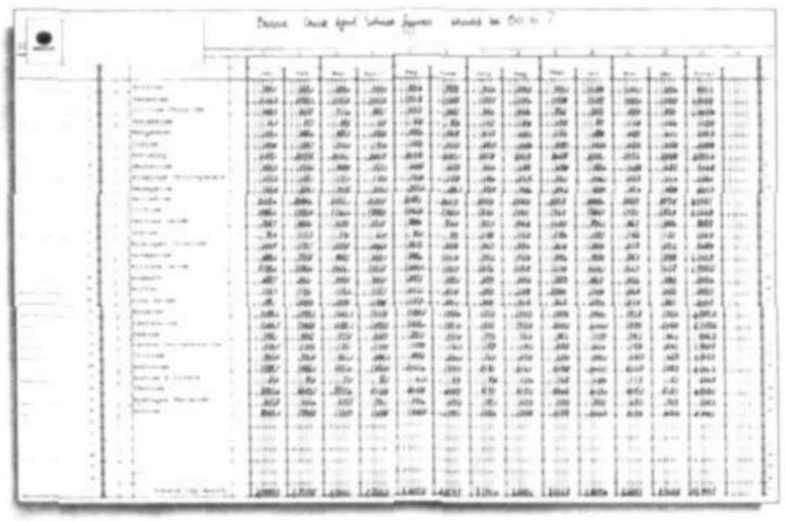

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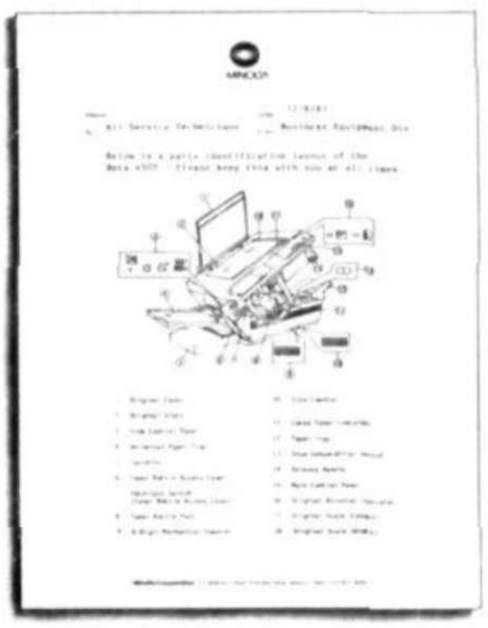
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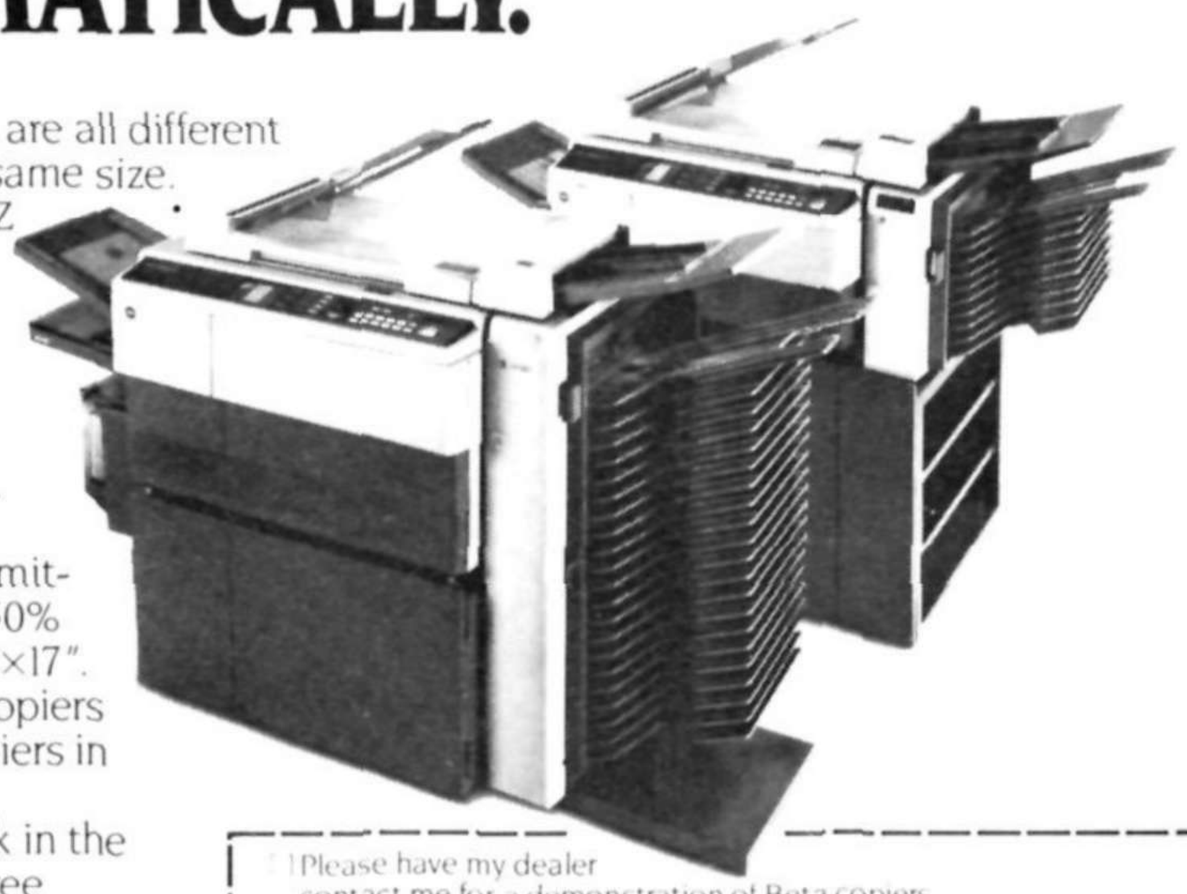

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 30-Feb. 5

Compiled by IVAN MAISEL

PRO BASKETBALL—First-place Boston pulled to a startling 7½-game lead over Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division, and there was one clear reason for this unlikely turn of events: injuries. The 76ers, already without the services of Moses Malone, who had a sprained ankle, lost starters Andrew Toney (flu) and Marc Iavaroni (ankle) and reserve center Clemon Johnson (ankle). They also lost twice to the Hawks 99–88 and 102–97; the latter defeat came before 16,021 fans, the biggest regular-season crowd ever in Atlanta. Larry Bird burst out of a shooting slump with 105 points in four games to lead the Celtics, who have won nine straight. Los Angeles established a beachhead in the Pacific Division's top spot, winning four times to move three games ahead of Portland. In the Lakers' most notable win of the week, L.A. beat the Trail Blazers 129–124, with five players scoring 20 points or more. One of them was Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who hit double digits for the 500th consecutive game. The Lakers also beat Denver 116–108 behind rookie guard Byron Scott's 32 points and then edged Midwest Division leader Utah 109–105. That was the only loss for the Jazz, who moved 5½ games ahead of faltering Dallas. Utah ran its record in "home" games in Las Vegas to 3–3 with a 98–94 win over Seattle. The Jazz's next victim, by a 116–102 count, was Milwaukee. League scoring leader Adrian Dantley of Utah scored 36 points as the Bucks fell to their sixth loss in seven games. Milwaukee's slump enabled Atlanta to move into the Central Division lead, a game ahead of Detroit, which won two of four. Three other NBA milestones were reached: Phoenix guard Walter Davis scored his 10,000th point; David Stern took over the commissioner's office from Larry O'Brien; and New York forward Bernard King had 50 points on consecutive nights (*page 48*).

BOWLING—MARK BAKER defeated Bob Handley 221–183 in winning a $150,000 PBA tournament in Miami.

BOXING—DON CURRY successfully defended his WBA welterweight title with a 15-round unanimous decision over Marlon Starling in Atlantic City (*page 40*).

GOLF—HALE IRWIN birdied the second hole of a sudden-death playoff to beat Jim Nelford and win the $400,000 Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. They finished regulation play at 10-under-par 278 (*page 34*).

PATTY SHEEHAN, with an eight-under-par 280, beat Sherri Turner by two strokes in winning a $175,000 LPGA tournament in Miami.

HOCKEY—In battling for the Patrick Division lead, the two New York teams found themselves in an unfamiliar situation. The Islanders were tied for first place with the Rangers, who hadn't been in the lead this late in the season in 14 years. The Rangers suffered an 8–1 thrashing at the hands of Calgary, but they bounced back with a 5–4 win at Vancouver, thanks to Anders Hedberg's two goals and one assist, and a 3–3 tie at Los Angeles. The Islanders fell 5–2 to St. Louis for their fifth loss in a row. They hadn't gone into that steep a nose dive since November 1974. The Stanley Cup champs then righted themselves with two victories over Pittsburgh, 6–5 and 5–4. Closing in on the Rangers and Islanders was Washington, unbeaten in nine games behind the stingy net-minding of Pat Riggin, who had allowed three goals in his last four outings. In the Adams Division, Buffalo's balloon burst as the Sabres' 13-game unbeaten streak and record 10-game road-winning string went by the boards with losses to Boston, the Adams leader, and Minnesota. Bruin right wing Dave Silk scored twice to pace a 5–3 streak-breaking defeat of Buffalo, while Minnesota, behind goalie Don Beaupre's 36 saves, beat the Sabres 4–1. That win somewhat made up for the Norris Division-leading North Stars' 4–0 loss to lowly Pittsburgh. Edmonton, the Smythe Division leader, embarked on a five-game Eastern road swing without Wayne Gretzky, who was out with a sore right shoulder. Gretzky did get one goal on the week—for the Campbell Conference in its 7–6 loss to the Wales in the All-Star Game. The MVP was Ranger left wing Don Maloney, who had a goal and three assists.

MOTOR SPORTS—The South African team of SAREL VAN DER MERWE, GRAHAM DUXBURY and TONY MARTIN drove its March 83G to a nine-lap victory in the 24-hour endurance race at Daytona International Speedway. It averaged 103.119 mph during its 640 laps (2,476.8 miles) around the 3.87-mile circuit (*page 92*).

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: East-leading Cleveland was shocked 10–7 at fifth-place Memphis. The Force was victimized by three power-play goals and a hat trick by defender Helmut Dudek. Cleveland then lost 6–5 to Baltimore and the Force's lead withered to two games over second-place Pittsburgh. In the West, St. Louis moved to within percentage points of first-place Kansas City by sweeping a home-and-home series. The Steamers, before 18,208 at the St. Louis Arena, beat the Comets 6–4 on a late penalty goal by Carl Rose and then won 4–3 before a record crowd of 16,340 in K.C.

NASL: Golden Bay ran its home record to 7–2 and its league lead to 1½ games by beating the Cosmos 6–3 and Chicago 7–6. League-leading scorer Steve Zungul had one goal and three assists in the wins.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE beat Steve Denton 6–3, 7–6 to win a $100,000 WCT tournament in Richmond.

HANA MANDLIKOVA defeated Manuela Maleeva 6–4, 6–2 to win a $150,000 women's tournament in Houston.

TRACK & FIELD—In Milan, SERGEY BUBKA of the Soviet Union pole vaulted 19′ 1″, surpassing his month-old world indoor record by a quarter-inch; IGOR PAKLIN, also of the U.S.S.R., cleared 7′ 8¾″ in the high jump to break by a quarter-inch the world indoor mark set by countryman Vladimir Yashchenko in 1978; and GIULIANA SALCE of Italy established a women's world record in the 3-km walk with a time of 13:08.09, breaking by 16.91 the mark set by Mia Kjolberg of Norway in 1981.

In Genoa, Salce set a women's world record for the mile walk with a time of 6:43.59, 14.91 faster than the 1980 mark of Sue Broddock of the U.S.

RAY SHARP established a U.S. indoor record of 11:16.3 in the 3,000-meter walk in Louisville, lowering Jim Heiring's by nearly 16 seconds.

With a leap of 22′ 2¼″ in Dallas, CAROL LEWIS surpassed by 3½″ the American indoor women's long-jump record she set in January.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As coach of the Los Angeles Kings, ROGER NEILSON, 49, who was fired by the Vancouver Canucks on Jan. 18. Neilson has a 179–149–71 record in six years as coach of three NHL clubs. ROGIE VACHON, 38, who had coached the 14–27–9 Kings for two games after the Jan. 27 firing of Don Perry, was promoted to acting general manager in place of George Maguire, who will remain as the team's president.

NAMED: As winner of the Eclipse Award as American Horse of the Year for 1983, ALL ALONG, a 4-year-old French filly who won four races and more than $2 million (*page 32*).

TRADED: By the Cleveland Indians, third baseman TOBY HARRAH, 35, and a minor-leaguer to the New York Yankees for righty reliever GEORGE FRAZIER, 29, and two minor-leaguers.

DIED: CHUCK COOPER, 57, the first black to play in the NBA; of cancer; in Pittsburgh. Cooper averaged 6.7 points per game during a six-year career with Boston (1950-54), Milwaukee (1954-55), Fort Wayne and St. Louis (1955-56).

CREDITS • • • •

4-6—Paolo Curto; **31**—Bill Eppridge; **32**—Thomas S. England; **34,35**—Peter Read Miller; **36,37**—Peter Read Miller (top left), Carl Iwasaki (top right), Richard Mackson (2); **38,39**—Peter Read Miller (top left), Richard Mackson; **40,41**—Joe DiMaggio (top left), Jerry Wachter; **48,49**—Andy Hayt; **50**—William Snyder/Dallas Morning News; **53**—Lane Stewart; **55**—Manny Millan; **56**—Nancy Moran/Sygma, Courtesy Foundation for Christian Living (bottom); **58**—Nancy Moran/Sygma; **60**—John McDonough; **63**—Michael O'Bryon; **89**—Paul Bereswill (top), Andy Hayt; **91**—Andy Hayt; **92,94,96**—George Tiedemann; **98**—Mickey Pfleger; **100,102**—Doug Hoke; **106,107**—Chris McLaughlin; **108**—Paolo Curto; **109,110,112,114,116**—Carl Iwasaki; **118,122**—Paolo Curto; **124**—Carl Iwasaki; **145**—(top to bottom) Julia Gaines, Brent Batten, Glenn Osmundson, Gary S. Wolfson, Hal Brown, Mike Spinelli.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JESSE JACKSON JR.
CHICAGO

Jesse, a 180-pound senior back at St. Albans School in Washington, D.C., ran for 889 yards and scored 15 touchdowns for the 6–3 Bulldogs, despite losing three games because of injury and illness. He averaged 7.2 yards per carry.

JAY BURSON
NEW CONCORD, OHIO

Jay, a 6-foot junior basketball point guard at John Glenn High, was averaging 39.2 points and six assists through Sunday for the 14–2 Little Muskies. He had averaged 40.1 points per game as a sophomore and has had seven 50-plus games.

DEMER HOLLERAN
GREENWICH, CONN.

Demer, a junior at Exeter Academy, won the national girls' 18-and-under squash title by beating Diana Edge 15–10, 15–8, 15–10. Demer, who won every game in her five tournament matches, was a 14- and 16-and-under girls' national champ.

ED AGRANOWITZ
GAINESVILLE, FLA.

Agranowitz, 35, a math teacher, won the 1983 state singles and doubles hard-court tennis titles in the 35-and-over age group. The No. 9–ranked 30-and-over amateur in the state, he reached the finals of 41 tournaments, winning 27.

JANET SMITH
EDISON, N.J.

MATT GIUSTO
FOSTER CITY, CALIF.

Janet, a senior at John P. Stevens High, won the girls' division of a national high school cross-country meet in San Diego with a time of 16:43.7 over the 5-km course. She's a three-time state champion and won all 16 of her races in 1983. Matt, a senior at San Mateo High, won the boys' division in a time of 14:54.1 over the same course. An All–Northern California selection who won eight of his 15 races in '83, he was the upset winner in a field that included 18 state champions.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

Cast: the Pro All-Stars...colors by Jantzen

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FROM SWEATERS TO SHOES

Sir:

I wouldn't be surprised if today's sneaker fees (*Foot Soldiers of Fortune*, Jan. 23) make Y.A. Tittle try to tear his hair. He played 20 years or so too soon. So did his colleagues who received $50 each to be in a Jantzen sweater ad that ran in the Aug. 15, 1955 issue of SI (*above*). After the shoot—Tom Kelley took the photograph in L.A.'s Wrigley Field the day before the Pro Bowl Game—each player was allowed to keep the sweater he wore. In some cases, that didn't mean much. Len Ford, Les Richter, Chuck Bednarik, Art Donovan and perhaps others couldn't get into theirs, so the garments were sliced up the back and secured either with elbows tight against the body or with wire hooks fashioned from coat hangers.

This was the beginning of the Jantzen International Sports Club, which lasted as such for about 15 years. The idea has since exploded to TV programs featuring vacationing pro athletes frolicking on the beach at Waikiki, beer commercials with Rodney Dangerfield (*Rodney?*) pitching softballs to ex-jocks and suitcases of cash being given to athletes for wearing *tennis shoes*. Things have certainly changed—a jeans company bought out Jantzen, and the $50 athletes wised up.

HOMER GROENING
Portland, Ore.

• For those readers who don't have a magnifying glass handy, the 1955 NFL All-Stars shown are, starting from the bottom row, and reading left to right: Richter (Rams), Kyle Rote (Giants), Doak Walker (Lions), Johnny Lattner (Steelers) and Bednarik (Eagles); Bob Boyd (Rams), Tittle (49ers), Ford (Browns), Bill Stits (Lions), Pete Pihos (Eagles) and Jerry Groom (Chicago Cardinals); Dante Lavelli (Browns), Eddie Price (Giants), Skeet Quinlan (Rams), Roger Zatkoff (Packers) and Adrian Burk (Eagles); and Leon McLaughlin (Rams), Ollie Matson (Chicago Cardinals), Donovan (Colts), Harlon Hill (Bears), Bruno Banducci (49ers) and Ed Sprinkle (Bears).—ED.

SUPER VIEWS

Sir:

I have a six-year collection of SIs in my attic, and occasionally I wonder why I keep all those issues. After reading the article on Super Bowl XVIII (*A Runaway for the Raiders*, Jan. 30), I know.

The pictures gave me an angle on the game that television couldn't give, and the stories and quotes that I hadn't read elsewhere were interesting, as always.

Years from now I'll be able to look back at this issue and relive what for me was an excellent game, even if it was one-sided. Thanks for the memories.

CHUCK FARIS
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir:

Your outstanding Super Bowl photographs prompt me to vote Andy Hayt, Jacqueline Duvoisin, Walter Iooss Jr., Jerry Wachter, Heinz Kluetmeier, Richard Mackson, Tony Tomsic, Manny Millan and John Iacono co-MVPs (Most Valuable Photographers).

RALPH J. TURNER, M.D.
Killeen, Texas

Sir:

Hats off to Paul Zimmerman for his coverage of Super Bowl XVIII. It *was* old-fashioned football by the Raiders that defeated the Redskins. I hope NFL coaching staffs learned a lesson from the game. The wide-open football of the '80s doesn't make for the best competition. As far as I'm concerned, the Raiders' bump-and-run attack on defense was a thing of beauty, and that, along with a strong pass rush, made a mockery of the Redskins' aerial game.

Forget the air circus. Bring back Doomsday, the Purple People Eaters and the Steel Curtain. As Zimmerman has said, that's the way football was meant to be played.

ROB HEGNER
Trenton, N.J.

BIG DODGER

Sir:

Just about the time I decide SI has gone bananas—I refer to stories on the parrots of Chicago, sneakers and air-racing grandmothers—you restore my faith (and subscription!) with something like Ron Fimrite's classic on Tommy Lasorda (*He Goes Where the In Crowd Goes*, Jan. 30). Personally, I don't care for the Dodgers, but Lasorda is something special and Fimrite has captured him perfectly.

CHARLES E. MORELAND
Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's profile of Dodger manager Tommy Lasorda was "outstanding." As one who attended the Dodgers' adult baseball camp last October, I learned firsthand that Lasorda's love for people and for the game comes from the heart. It's not just for show.

At Dodgertown, he didn't merely make an appearance, he took four days from his busy schedule and spent them with a bunch of overgrown kids. He screamed and shouted on the field as if we were his future stars. He gave one camper a major league dressing down in the locker room for failing to put down a squeeze bunt. He stayed up till the wee hours telling stories and sharing "inside" information with us. He even took time to *listen* to our suggestions. Outstanding!

JEFF FRITZEN
Normal, Ill.

Sir:

Speaking as someone who bleeds Cincinnati Red, I read Ron Fimrite's fine article on Dodger manager Tommy Lasorda with great curiosity. Lasorda's key to success has obviously been his love for the game and his love of life. His love for pasta probably doesn't hurt either. Continued good fortune, Tommy.

VINCENT D. MULLINS JR.
Davy, W. Va.

Sir:

I found it fascinating to note that while the rest of the world apparently considers Tommy Lasorda a dynamic, All-American-Sweet-heart-of-a-Guy, his wife seems to indicate that life with Tom isn't all a bowl of Wheaties. Jo Lasorda says he hasn't any hobbies, isn't a handyman and is "spoiled rotten." She explains that his work is his life, but "If you can get used to being Number Two in a marriage, it's fine." This is Mr. Wonderful?

DANA HARWOOD MIHOK
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

Being an avid environmentalist I was thrilled to see your article on Tommy Lasorda. Just think, only a couple of weeks after

continued

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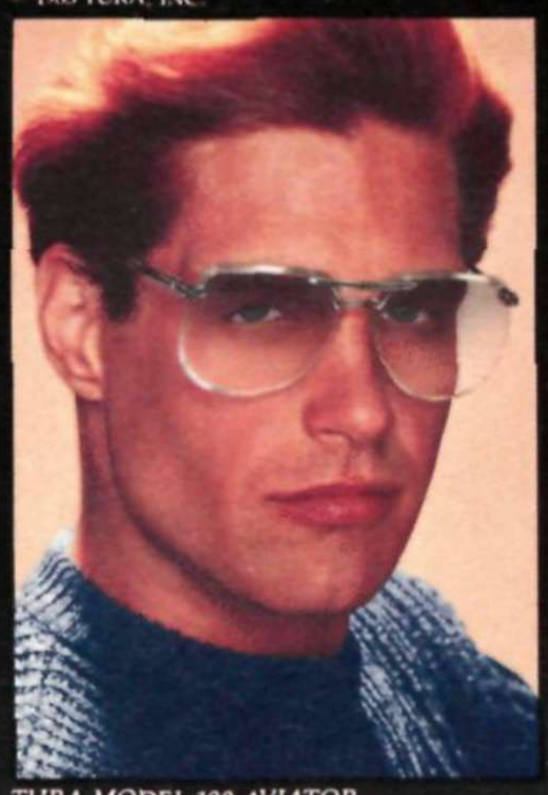

TURA MODEL 198 AVIATOR

TURA INTRODUCES
FACETED FOR MEN

For every man who wears glasses. Hand-beveled lenses suspended in a rimless frame, accented with enamel. From the Tura collection. Wherever fine eyewear is available.

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The bonus is the guarantee.

The Pro-Specs Silver Ghost is the *professional* basketball shoe *guaranteed for 4 months or 100 court hours,* whichever comes first. No one offers this guarantee.

Of course, no one else offers hi- and low-tops with such unsurpassed support, comfort and durability for under $50, either. The Silver Ghost — with so many points, plus the bonus, you can't lose.

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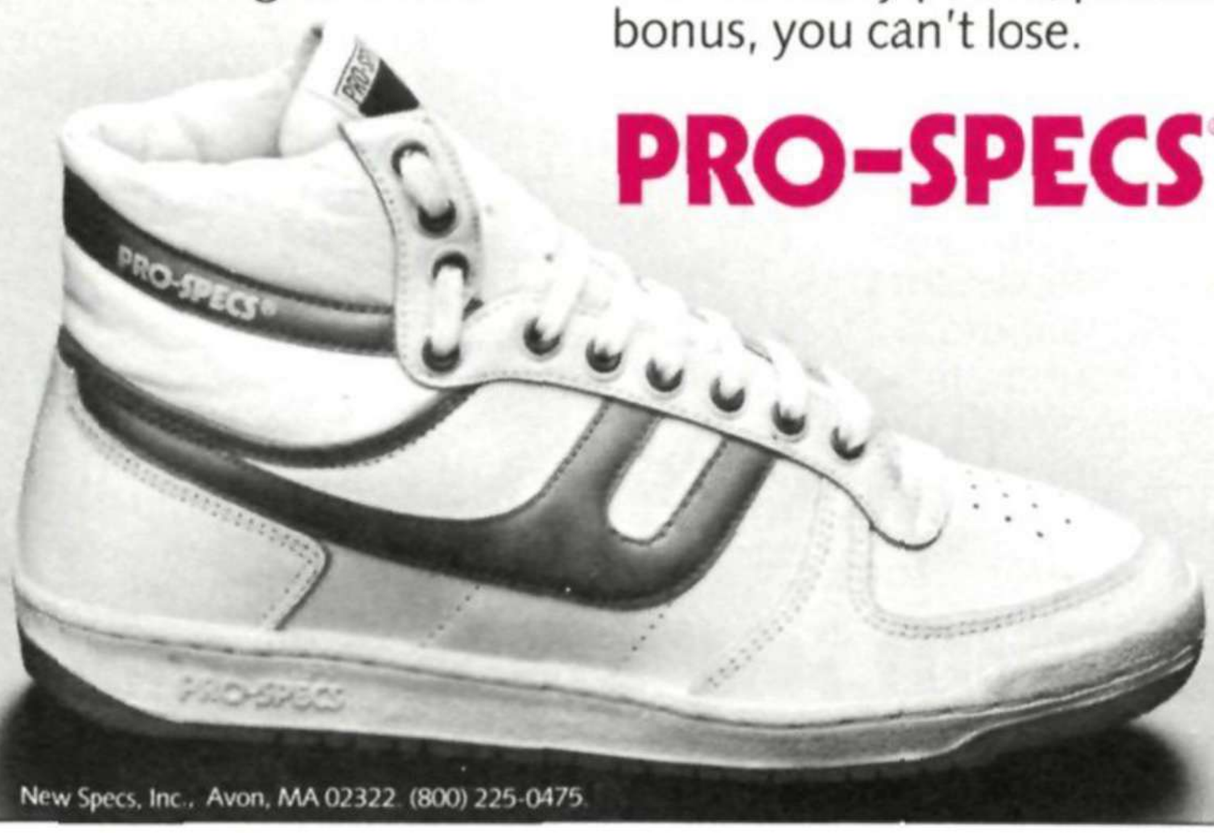


New Specs, Inc., Avon, MA 02322 (800) 225-0475

reading about the parrots in Chicago we got to visit the jackass in Los Angeles.

ED KEENEY
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

SI seems to take off on the favorite expressions of featured subjects. First, Jim Valvano's "No question" and now Tommy Lasorda's "Outstanding." After suffering through a rather verbose article on the overbearing Lasorda, I thought SI might be interested in a favorite expression of mine: Blyecch!

MIKE MISSANELLI
Horsham, Pa.

FOOT SOLDIERS (CONT.)

Sir:

The article by Jack McCallum with Armen Keteyian on "the Sneaker War" (*Foot Soldiers of Fortune*, Jan. 23) was an insightful and very funny piece of journalism. I think Puma executives got the last laugh, though. Marcus Allen, Super Bowl MVP, told millions during his postgame interview where his cleats came from. Now that's what I call a timely article, SI. Good job!

GREGORY TENDRICH
Jefferson, La.

Sir:

Your article examining the intense competition among athletic footwear manufacturers stated, "If *Playboy* suddenly started putting sneakers on its Playmates, the execs would look at the feet first." Please be assured that any Nike executives examining such footwear would undoubtedly be female. We haven't yet lost all sense of perspective.

JACK WELCH
Director of Public Relations
Nike, Inc.
Beaverton, Ore.

GRETZKY AND DIMAGGIO

Sir:

While not truly a hockey fan, I very much enjoyed Jack Falla's article on Wayne Gretzky (*Man with a Streak of Sheer Genius*, Jan. 23). As a baseball fan thinking over the comparison of Gretzky's scoring streak with Joe DiMaggio's hitting streak, I came up with this: At Gretzky's career scoring rate, noted as 2.315 points per game, an equal performance in baseball, assuming one point equals one hit, would result in a 375-hit season! Are we witnessing the greatest athlete in history?

MIKE AUKERMAN
Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

True, Wayne Gretzky's scoring streak is amazing. But to compare Gretzky's streak with Joe DiMaggio's 56-game gem is ludicrous—it's no contest. Gretzky kept his streak alive by scoring into an empty net in the closing seconds of a game against Chicago. Tell me, how many times did Joe D. come to bat in the bottom of the ninth with no one playing the outfield? Case closed!

DENNIS CHASSE
Newark, N.Y.

continued

FIREBIRD TRANS AM

THE MOST AERODYNAMIC PRODUCTION CAR GM HAS EVER TESTED

In recent years, car companies all over the world have "discovered" aerodynamics. But while many others wrestle nervously with its mysteries, Pontiac brings advanced aero design out of the wind tunnel and onto the road. Introducing the ultra aerodynamic 1984 Trans Am with "ground effects" option package.

This slick combination of body fascias, side skirts, spoiler and air dam does more than make Trans Am exciting to look at. By controlling the pressure zones that form around Trans Am's aero shape, the "ground effects" package helps enhance stability. And cut wind resistance to the bare minimum. In fact, the Trans Am shown here, with available hi-tech turbo aluminum wheels boasts an incredibly low .32 coefficient of drag (Cd). With standard aero wheels (not shown) the Cd drops to just .299 – the lowest of any production car GM has ever tested.

And when Pontiac engineers pitted this sleek machine against the stopwatch, the results were equally impressive. Zero to 60 in just 7.2 seconds on the test track, thanks to Trans Am's newly-available 5.0 liter High Output V-8.

The 1984 Pontiac Trans Am. Red hot performance, remarkable aerodynamics – clearly a breathtaking example of Pontiac innovation in action.

Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.

GM

Cd .32

PONTIAC WE BUILD EXCITEMENT

This ad is for all those who ever wonder if your United Way gift is really appreciated.

United Way

Thanks to you, it works, for ALL OF US.

Ad Council

THINKING BASEBALL

Sir:

I read with interest Herm Weiskopf's evaluation of which six cities are the most likely to get baseball expansion franchises (INSIDE PITCH, Dec. 19). Although Buffalo was not included on Weiskopf's list, perhaps it should have been.

Buffalo hopes to be in the major leagues by 1990. At the baseball winter meeting we introduced detailed plans for a 40,000-seat domed stadium. We also introduced a wealthy industrialist who wants to own the team, and a political and civic group united in support of a team.

The proposed stadium would be one of the final phases of a $1 billion construction boom in metropolitan Buffalo. The plans call for the stadium to be adjacent to a new Light Rail Rapid Transit system and within walking distance of one of the most exciting waterfront developments in the U.S.

WILLIAM A. HANBURY
Vice-President
Buffalo Area Chamber of Commerce
Buffalo

Sir:

Your INSIDE PITCH was wild. Indianapolis is far ahead of nearly all the cities listed in your projection of baseball expansion towns. The Hoosier Dome, expected to be completed by next fall, will compare favorably with other such facilities, and Indianapolis baseball has the support of both fans—as attendance for the Triple A Indians proves—and community leaders, who are pushing hard for an expansion team. I have no doubt that Indianapolis will be included in the next baseball expansion.

BRIAN WILLIAMSON
Richmond, Ind.

Sir:

I'm sure you will be interested to learn of the recently formed Phoenix Metropolitan Sports Foundation (PMSF). Its goal is to attract 400 to 500 members dedicated to bringing more professional sports to our area and to supporting them once they are here.

Three PMSF members attended the baseball meetings in Nashville to present our city's case. The reaction of owners and league officials was very positive when they learned of a site-and-feasibility study, to be completed by late March, for a domed stadium and other recreational facilities. It appears reasonable that all or at least a portion of these plans will be realized by 1988.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR
Chairman
Phoenix Metropolitan Sports Foundation
Phoenix

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.

SELECTAVISION

A VCR WITH A SPLIT PERSONALITY. IT'S A TABLE MODEL THAT'S INSTANTLY PORTABLE.

Take a moment to study the photograph above. What it reveals is an unparalleled achievement in video cassette recorder engineering.

The RCA 900 Convertible.

On the one hand, it's the first instantly portable VCR. The first without cables joining the recording deck to the tuner-timer. Just push to connect, pull to disconnect.

It immediately converts to a lightweight, compact, complete movie outfit, when you add a camera like RCA's astonishing CC030 (battery not included).

On the other hand, it's the first table model to offer a recording/playback system with five heads instead of four. You get amazingly clear, jitter-free special effects at both SP and SLP speeds.

There's more. More than a dozen other outstanding features. Up to 21-day programming, eight-hour recording capability, 133-channel capability, stereo playback, frequency-synthesized tuning that locates and locks incoming signals precisely on track, and full-function, infrared remote control.

All of which can only lead to one conclusion: The RCA 900 Convertible.

There is no equal.

WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES.

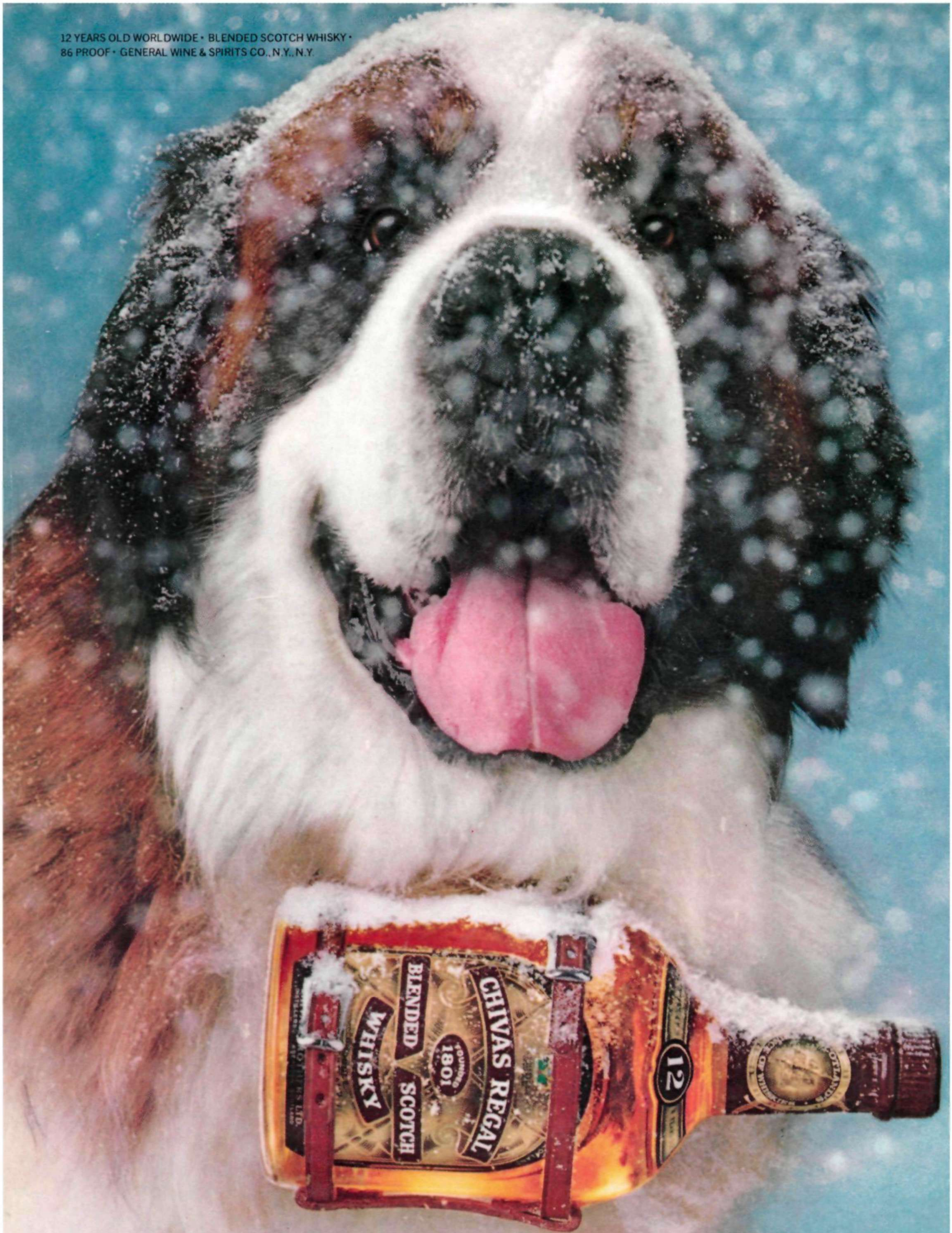
RCA

For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models and a free copy of the "Living with Video" book ($2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-312S, P.O. Box 1976, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

One federal court has ruled that in-home recording of copyrighted television programs is copyright infringement. Such recordings should not be made.

900 CONVERTIBLE

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY ·
86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



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