Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1985 $1.95

SHAPING UP DOWN UNDER

Paulina Porizkova
At Australia's
Shark Bay

10094 06
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Time and...

time again.

In 1955, we introduced the first Thunderbird and what was to become the classic American sports car. It was also the beginning of a timeless romance.

This year, we're marking that relationship with the introduction of a classic American road car. The 1985 30th Anniversary Edition Thunderbird.

So whether you've known the Thunderbird mystique first hand or have been watching from afar all these years, it's time to experience this rare 30th Anniversary Thunderbird. And then you'll realize, it's time again.

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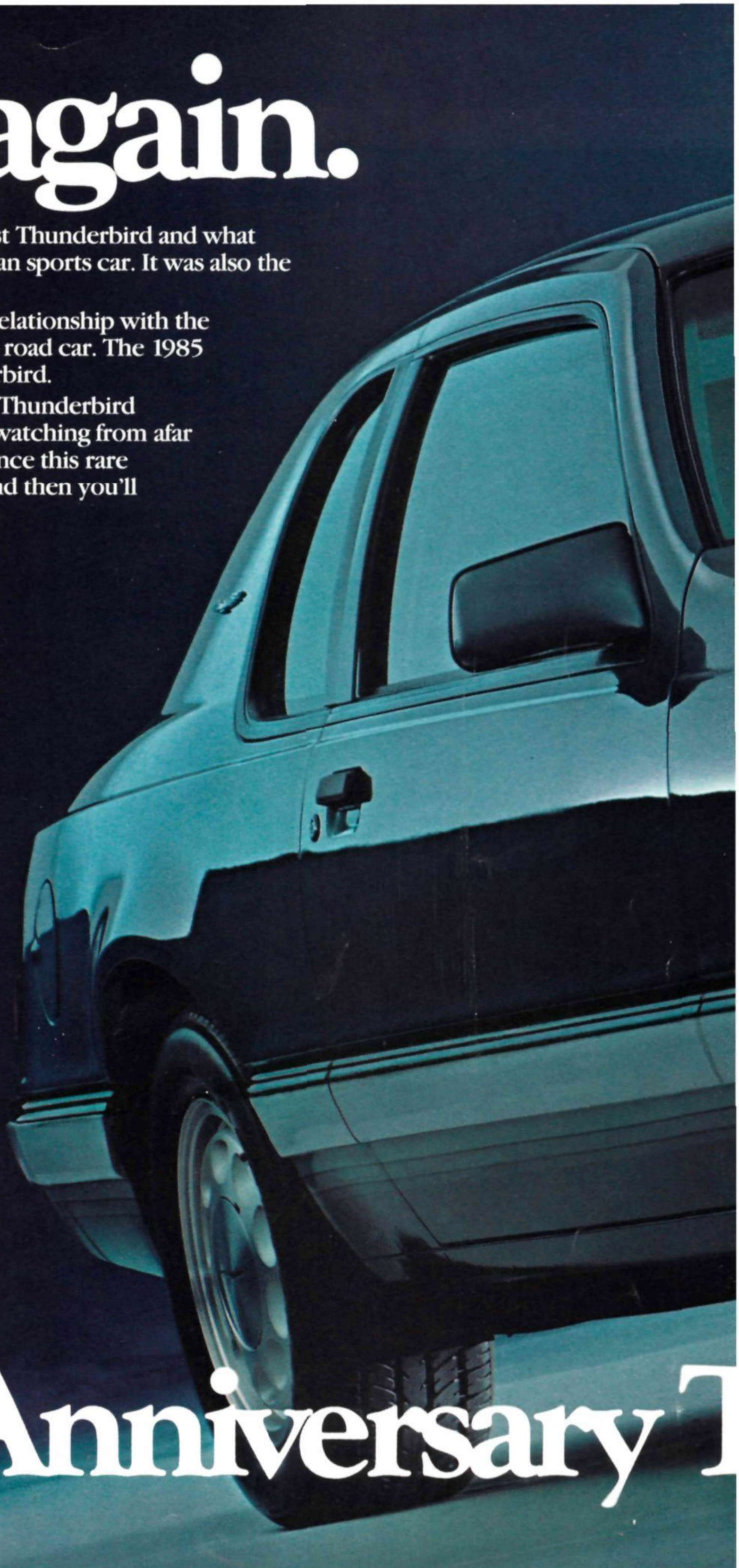
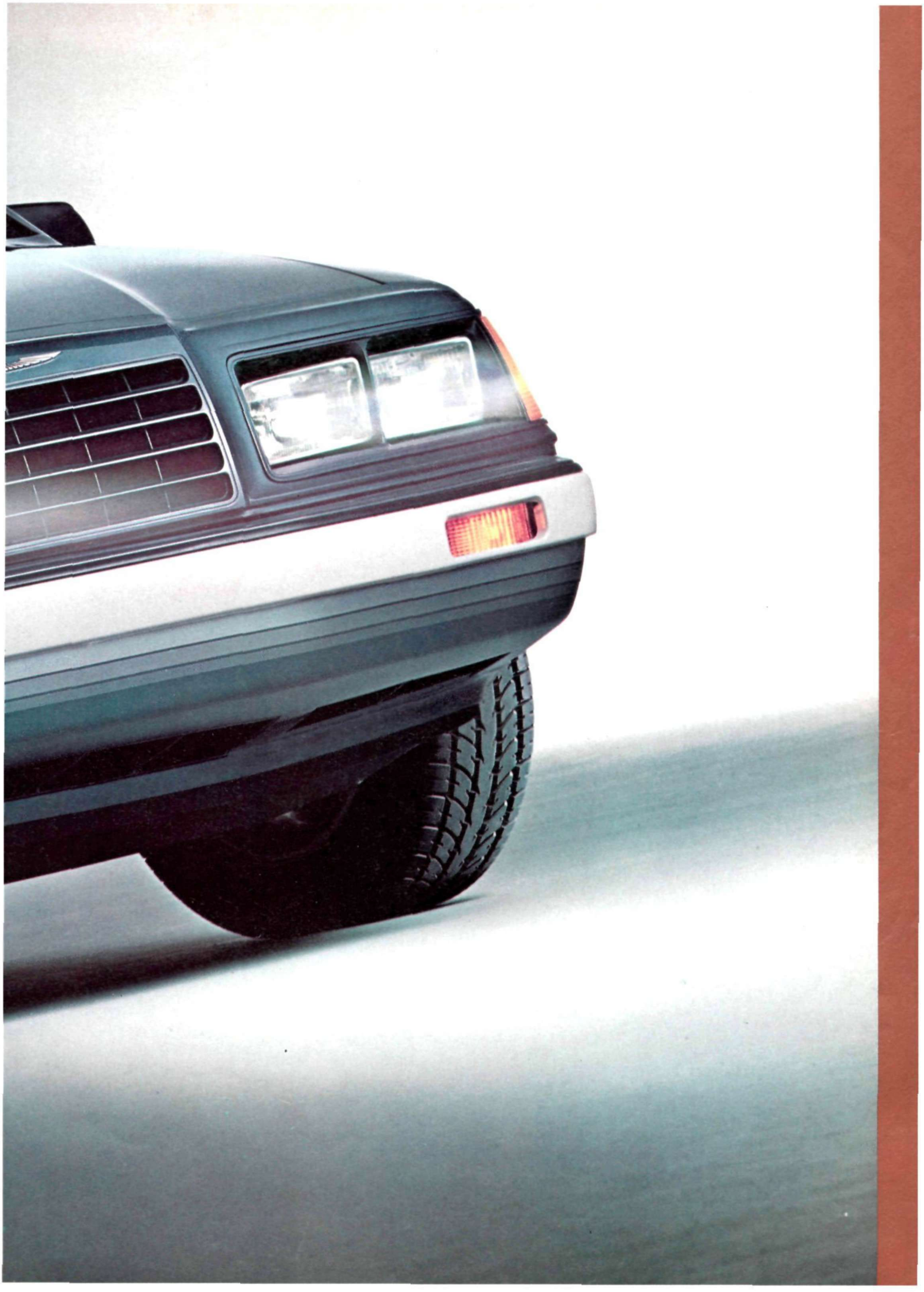
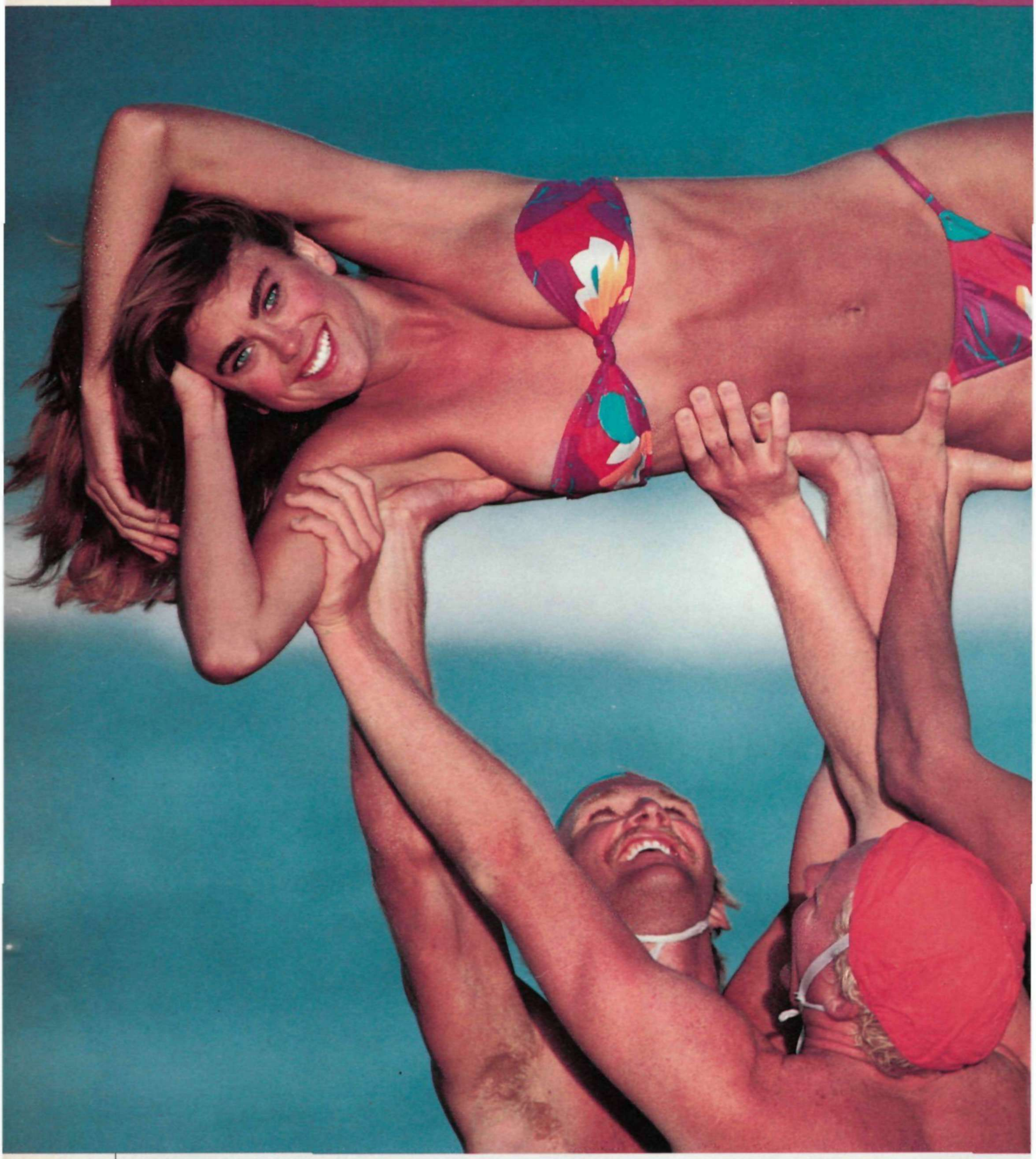


30th Anniversary T

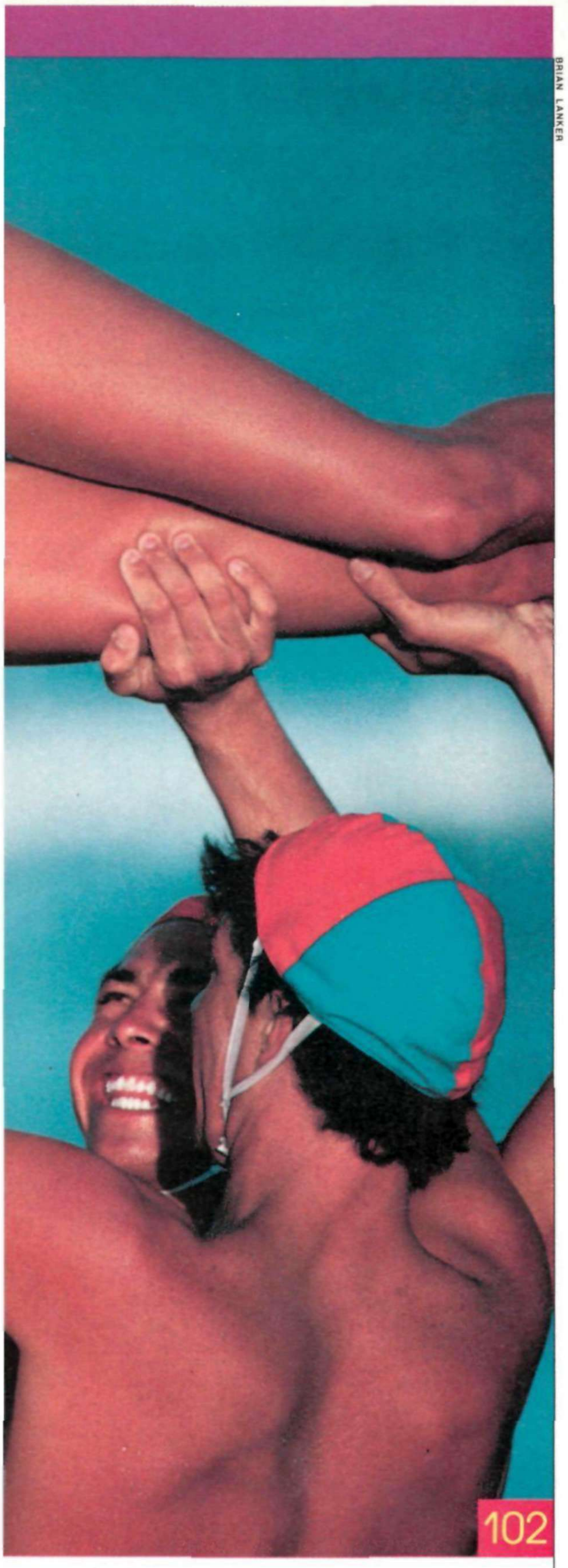
Get it together–Buckle up.

hunderbird
Have you driven a Ford... lately?
Ford





Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! It's off to Australia we go for a warming look at boats, beaches and the latest swimsuits. Here Kathy Ireland, in a bikini by Monika Tilley for Christie Brinkley swimwear ($32), gets a lift from surf lifesavers at Cronulla Beach.



Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Looking at the map below, you can almost hear the Qantas koala bear groan, "I *hate* SI." As a matter of fact, we probably did disturb the reclusive little fellow by dispatching staffers from one end of his island continent to the other to create this year's swimsuit spectacular and accompanying stories.

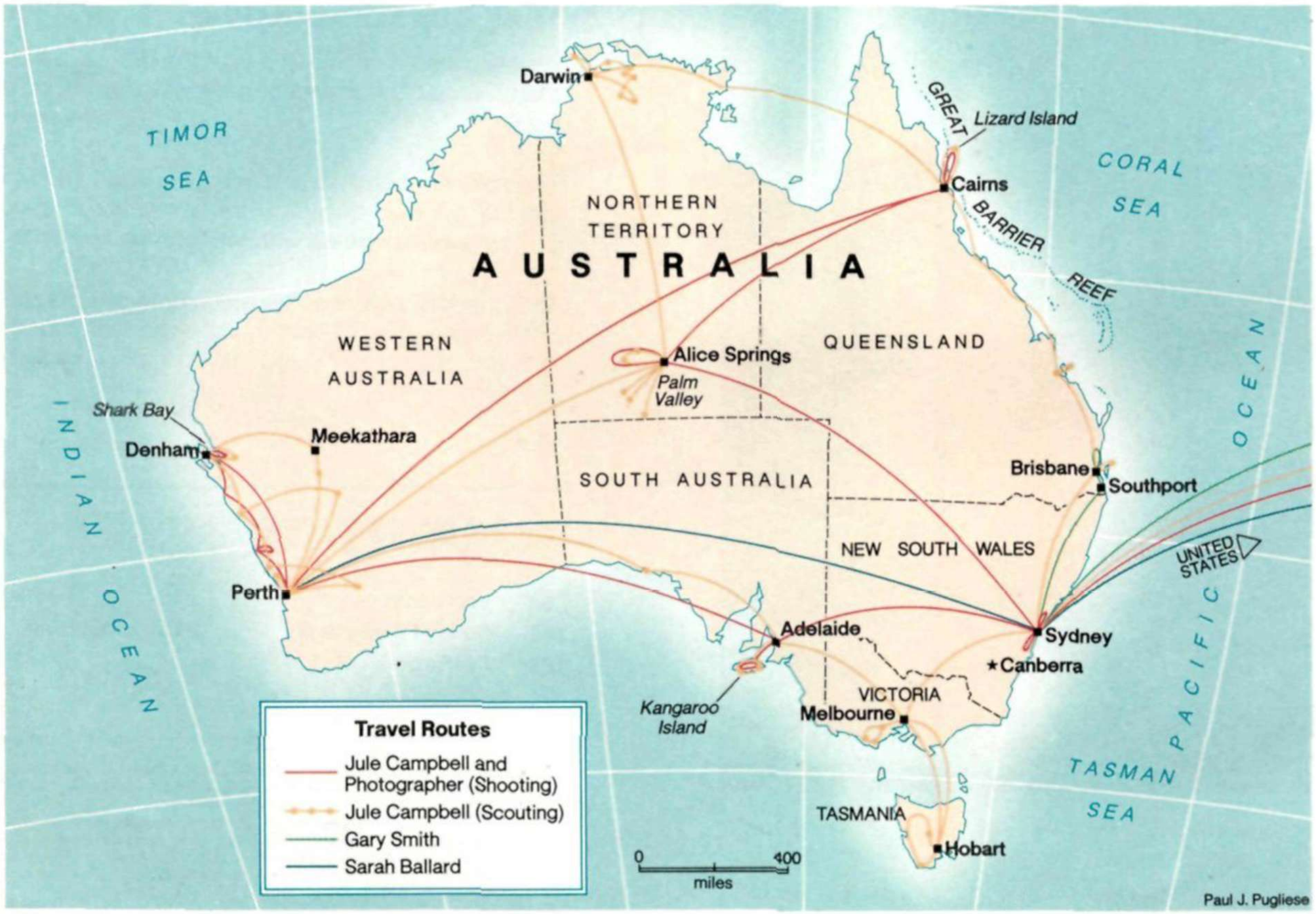
For associate editor Jule Campbell, this was by far the biggest logistical challenge in her 21 years of producing our annual swimsuit feature. On a trip to scout photo locations in Australia last April she flew on 40 planes in 24 days, sizing up such far-flung spots as Shark Bay, which is 50 miles from Useless Loop (pop. 100) and 90 miles from the nearest paved road. Counting both her scouting trip (in which she covered almost as many ground as air miles) and the seven-week journey on which the photos that appear on this week's cover and on pages 102-131 were shot, she logged 24,131 miles, plus her two New York–Sydney round trips.

To reach the shooting site at Palm Valley, Campbell, her assistant Ann Gallagher, photographer Brian Lanker, two of the six models who were photographed for the swimsuit feature and a crew of four, plus Bob Godfrey of the Australian Tourist Commission, drove eight hours across the outback in a four-wheel-drive all-terrain vehicle. At one point during their eight days at Palm Valley, Lanker and model Renée Simonsen were tossing a Frisbee when it sailed into a bush. Moments after Simonsen retrieved the Frisbee, she noticed a deadly king brown snake slithering out from under a similar bush. From then on she slept with her tent completely sealed with gaffer's tape. The incident perhaps justified Kim Alexis's decision to bring along her 2½-foot stuffed pig, Beastie, for security.

Australia appealed to senior writer Sarah Ballard, whose story on the Australia's . . . er, America's Cup begins on page 84. "There's room enough for everybody," she says. "One day in Perth I decided to inspect their beaches and drove north along the West Coastal Highway. All of a sudden I ran out of road amid miles and miles of white dunes and beaches. It was as if the Pacific Coast Highway ended at Malibu."

Starting on page 132, special contributor Gary Smith describes the competition among Australia's unique surf lifesavers. His trip began in Paris, where he and his wife, Sally, have been living for a year. He flew via New York to Sydney, made his seven stops at lifesaver carnivals along Australia's Gold Coast, and then returned directly to Paris. All told, we figure our staffers logged at least 450,000 miles preparing our Australia package. We hope you'll find it worth the trip.

Robert L. Miller



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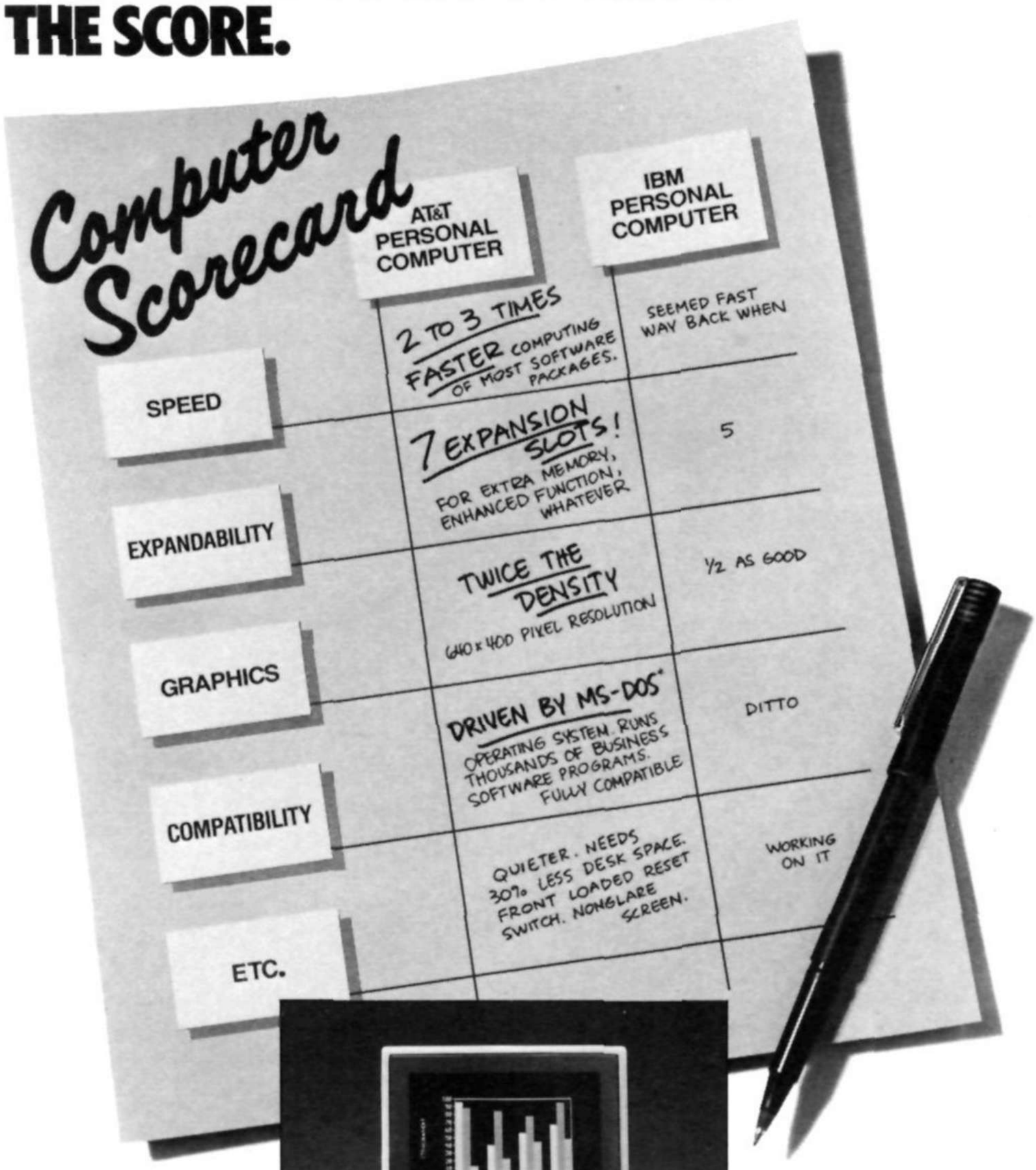

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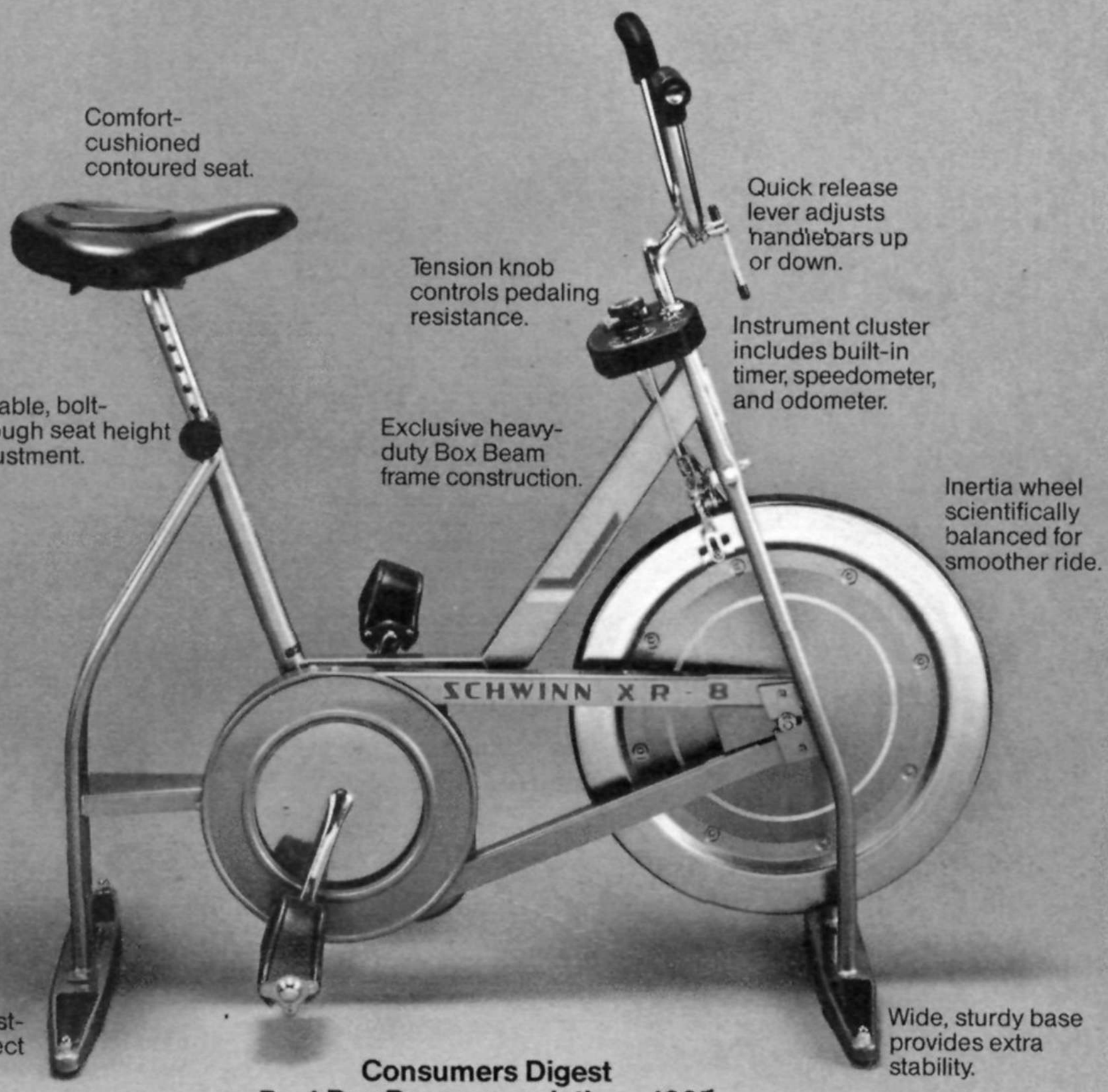

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(1) GTE (2) GRUMMAN (3) RCA (4) GE
(5) ITT (6) HUGHES (7) TRW (8) WESTINGHOUSE

Test your corporate I.Q. Look over the eight achievements pictured here and match each to the corporation responsible for it. Take your time; we'll wait.

Finished? O.K., let's review your answers. Who is building the first high-powered Direct Broadcast Satellite? Hughes? No, RCA.

Who supplied the video cameras, video equipment, and transmission services that sent back the stunning, live pictures from the Space Shuttle? Westinghouse? No, RCA.

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deo equipment for
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Who manufactured NASA's first communications satellite and now provides most of the satellite service for the Cable TV industry?

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Who developed and built AEGIS, the world's most sophisticated defense system, for the U.S. Navy?

Who conceived, developed and built all the operational polar-orbiting weather satellites in the free world?

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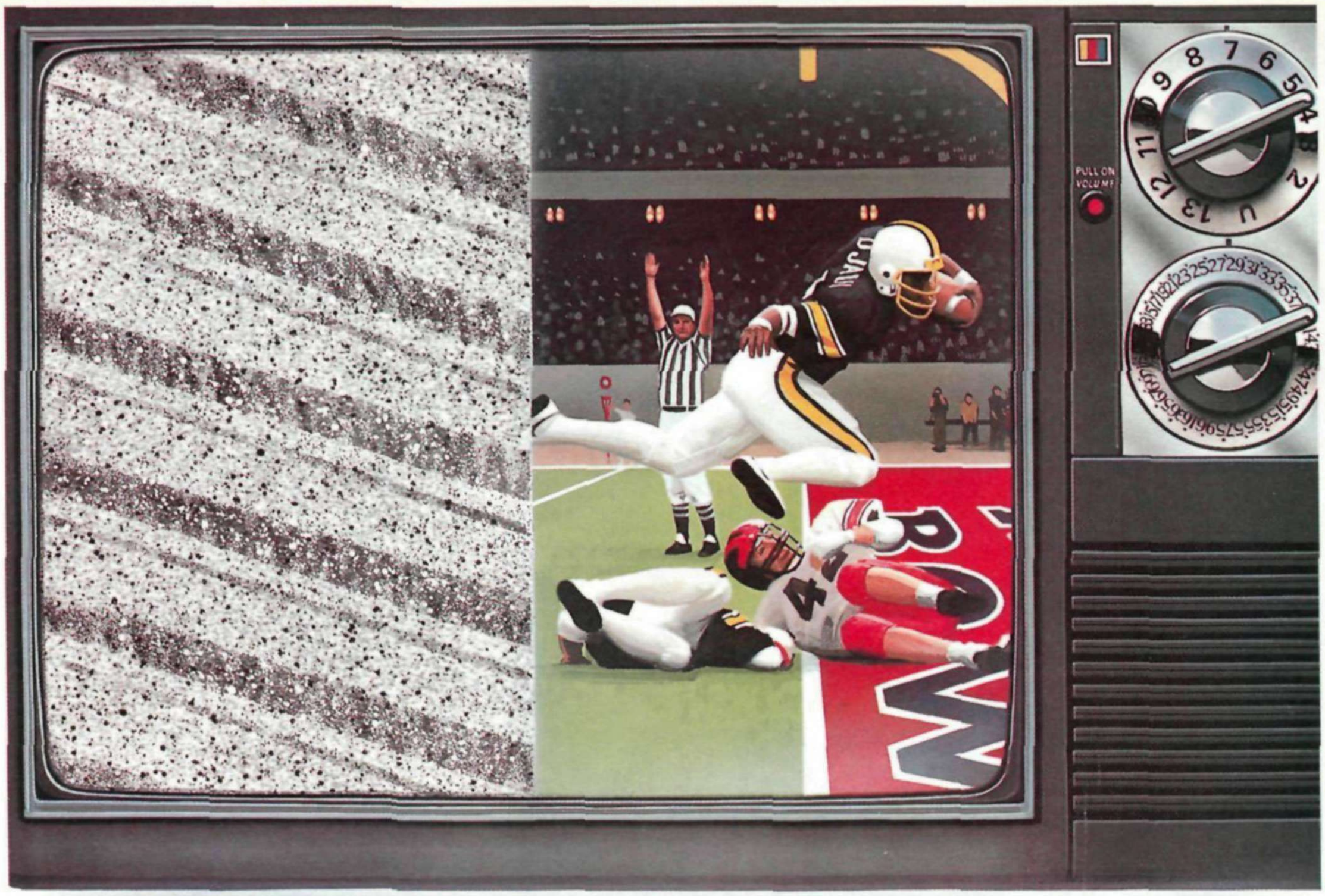
Saks Fifth Avenue



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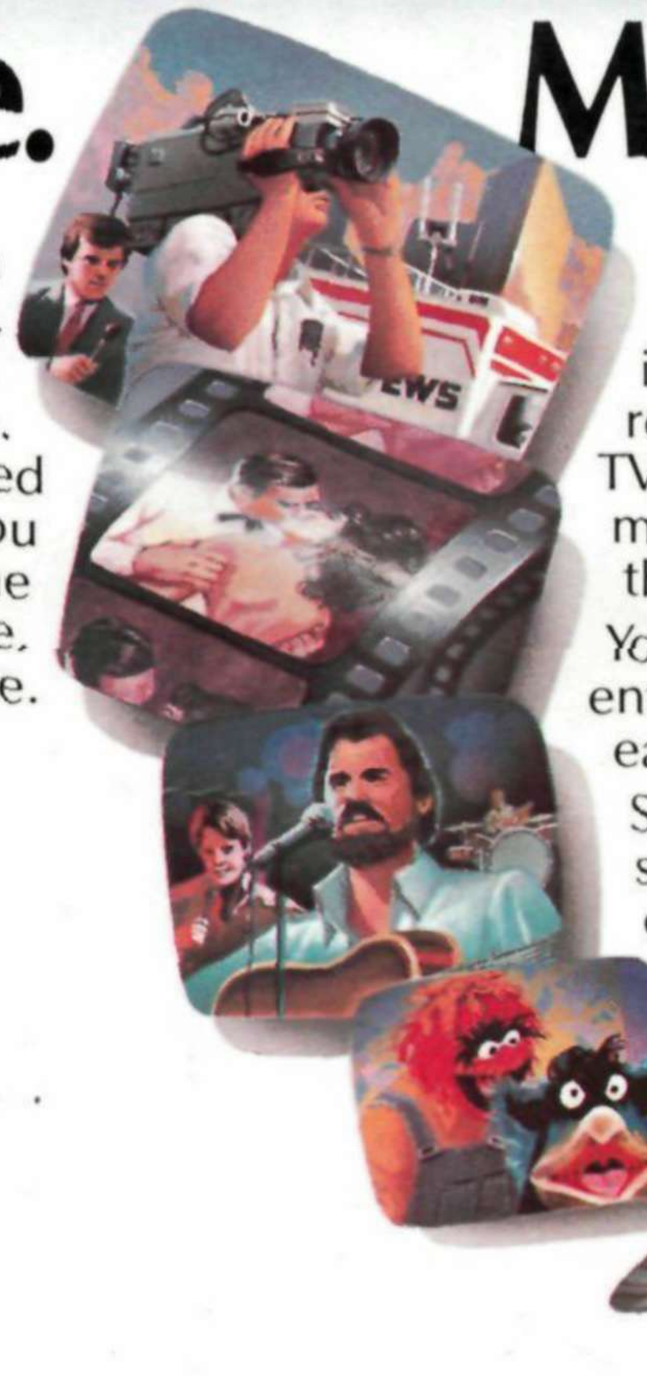

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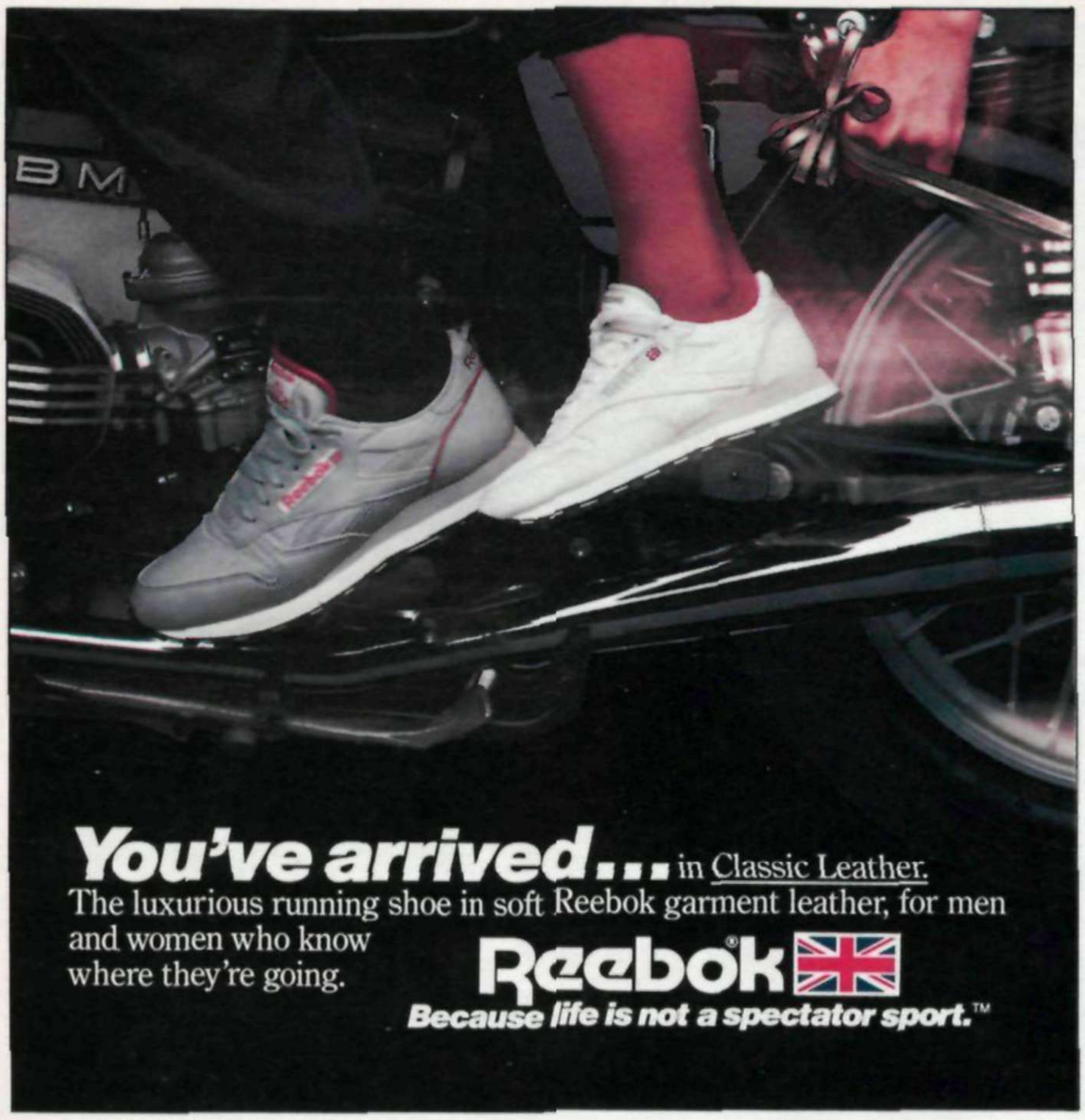

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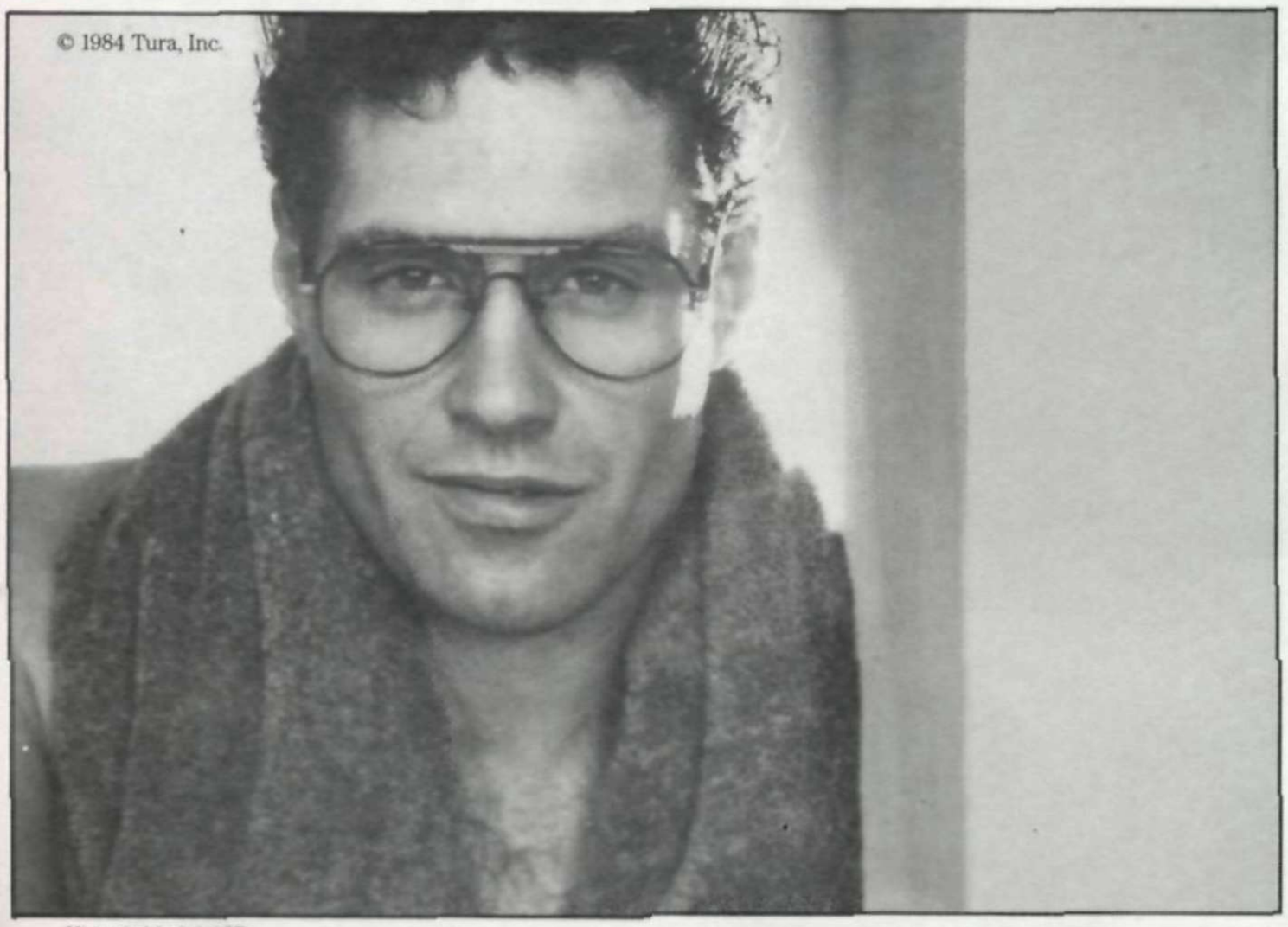

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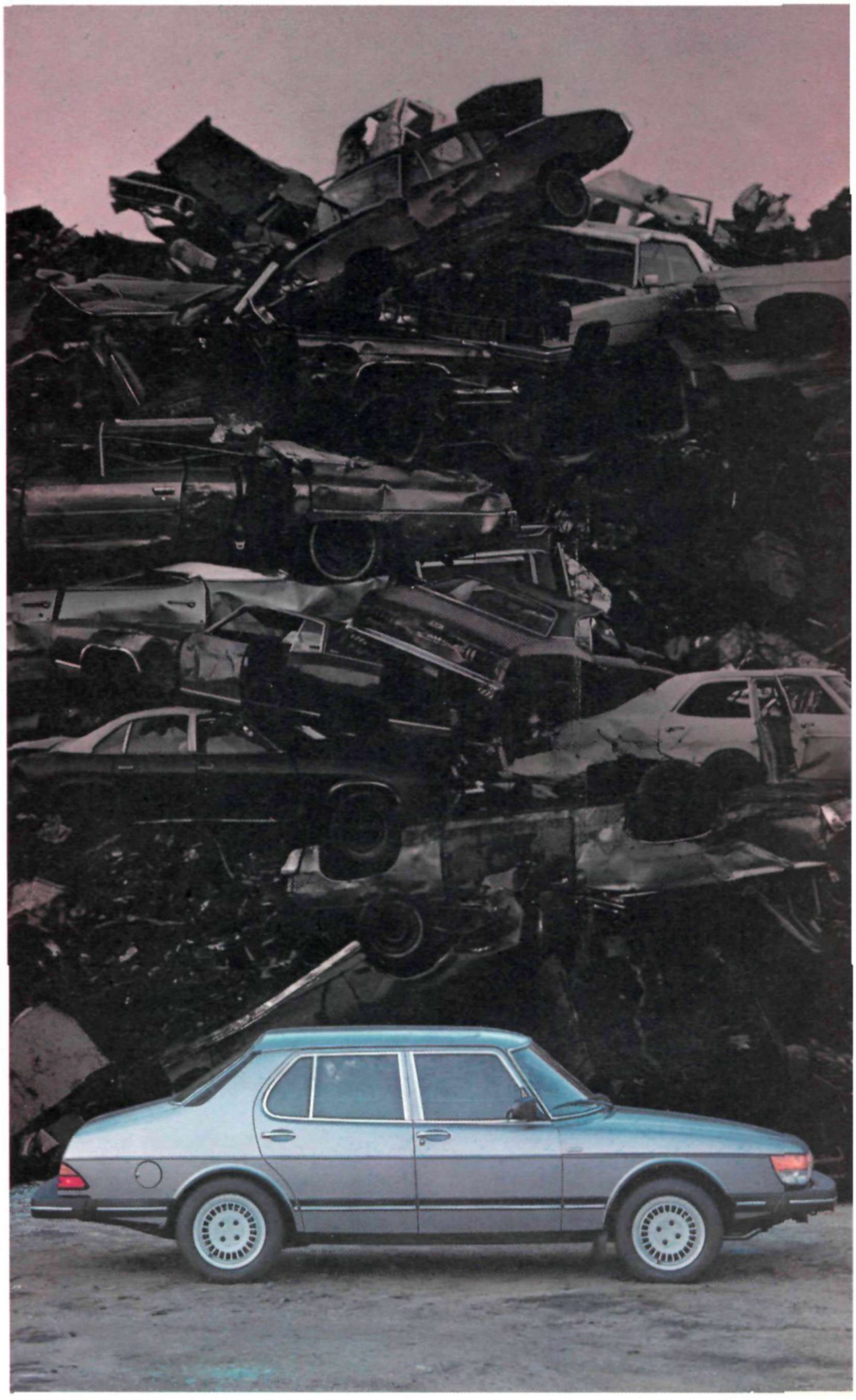

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spotlight

by FRANZ LIDZ

BONNIE GADUSEK CALLS HERSELF THE ANIMAL, BUT SHE IS A DREAMER, TOO

DAVID WALBERG

For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

"Alice and I," Bonnie Gadusek singsongs. "Alice and I are a lot alike. We're both really, really lucky; neither of us can tolerate lateness, and both of us survived our falls." Alice fell down the rabbit hole into Wonderland. Gadusek rebounded from an even more horrendous fall to become one of the top-ranked players in women's tennis.

Down, down, down. In 1976 Bonnie was a 12-year-old gymnast with Olympic hopes when she climbed onto the uneven bars one February afternoon at the Eva Gymnastics Club in Pittsburgh. While looping through a backseat circle, she missed the high bar. Gadusek fell eight feet, landing on her neck. She dislocated two vertebrae and spent two weeks in traction, her head immobilized by sandbags, her thin body strapped to a hospital bed. The unrelenting pressure on her jaw caused her to lose most of her back teeth.

For the next six months she had to wear a Milwaukee brace, a steel-reinforced corset as unyielding as a linesman at Wimbledon. "If Bonnie hadn't been a gymnast she would have been killed," says her mother, Sylvia, a nurse. "Most people with an injury like Bonnie's either die or become paraplegics."

Gadusek's Olympic dream was over. Her doctors said a second fall might be fatal. "It was almost as if I had lost a best friend," she says. Her parents and her older sisters, Annette and Darlene, visited her every day in the hospital. Three years earlier Darlene, then with the National Ballet of Canada, had broken several bones in one of her feet while dancing in *Sleeping Beauty*. Her ballet career was ended, but she came back to perform modern dance.

"Your arms and legs are free," Darlene told Bonnie. "Why can't you do something? You can't sit around and cry all day."

Darlene bought Bonnie a $5 tennis racket from K mart and took her out to hit balls against a backboard near their home. Bonnie would pretend she was beating Chris Evert, something she has yet to accomplish. "If I can't be the best gymnast," Bonnie said to her mother, "I'll be the best tennis player."

In the nine years since her accident, Gadusek has come remarkably close to her goal. Last year she was ranked eighth in the world before a virus forced her off the tour for more than three months. In 3½ years on the circuit, she has won $326,483. In 1982, only one year after turning pro, she reached the quarterfinals of the U.S. Open. And last February she won her first title of importance, beating Kathy Horvath in the final of the Avon Cup at Marco Island, Fla.

You wouldn't expect someone who calls herself The Animal to be a frail sparrow, and indeed she isn't. Now 21, Gadusek is assertive, with an odd kind of knowing naiveté. "I'm like Alice," she repeats. "We're both cute and have blonde hair."

And they're both easily awed. "The ocean is so large, it overwhelms you," she says. "If there's anything I'd rather be than a human, it's one of those little birds with the tiny feet that run in and out of the waves and soar up into the sky out of danger. What better kind of life could there be than walking on the beach every day and seeing every sunrise and sunset? That has to be the funnest thing there could be."

On court, Gadusek moves more like a sandblaster than a sandpiper. She attacks the ball with the vigor of a lumberjack. Most of her strokes are accompanied by a grunt that shatters the silence of center court.

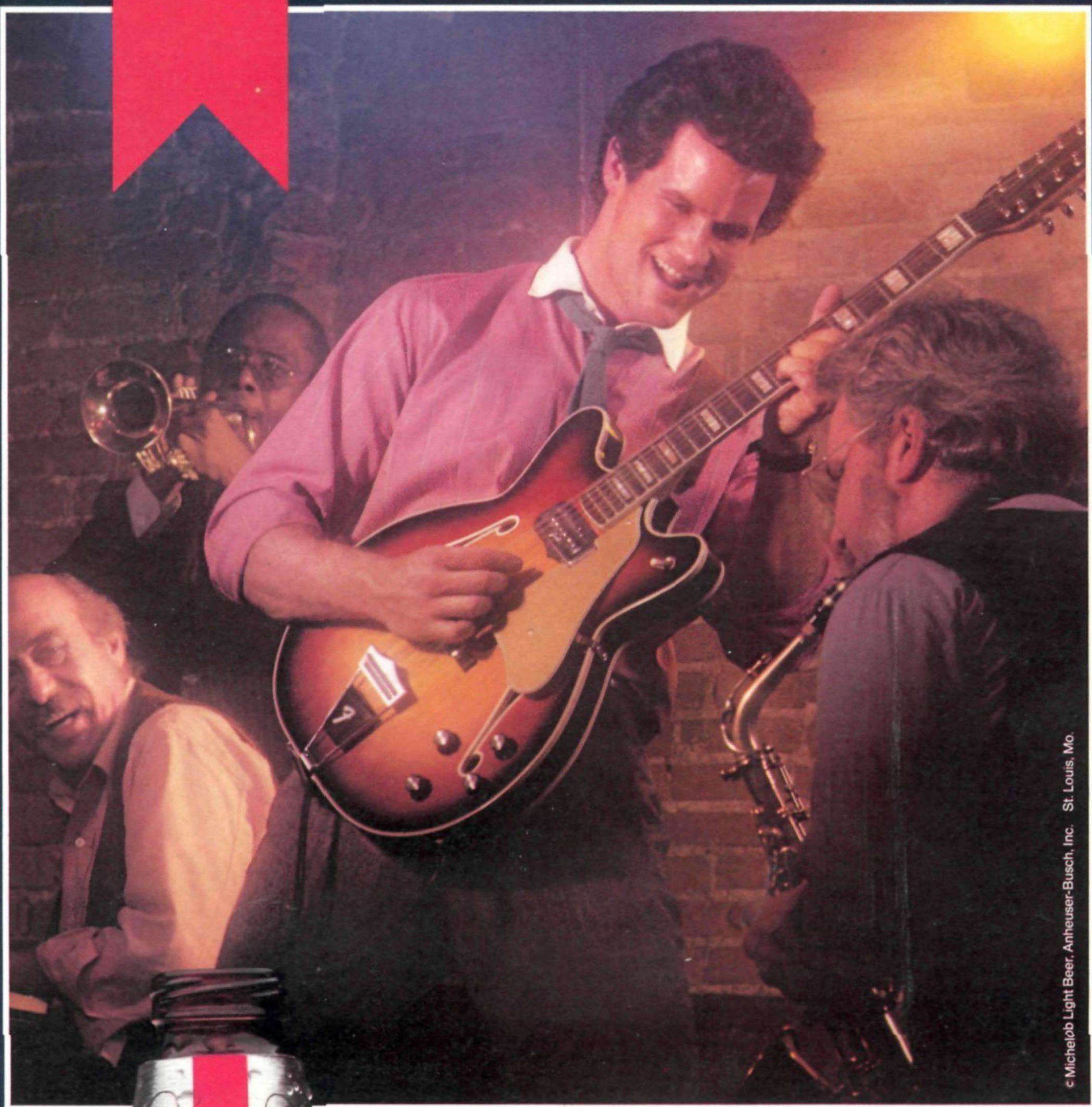
At home in Largo, Fla., Gadu-

continued

Gadusek's strong ground game is based on some through-the-looking-glass exercising.

MANNY RUBIO

Player/Manager



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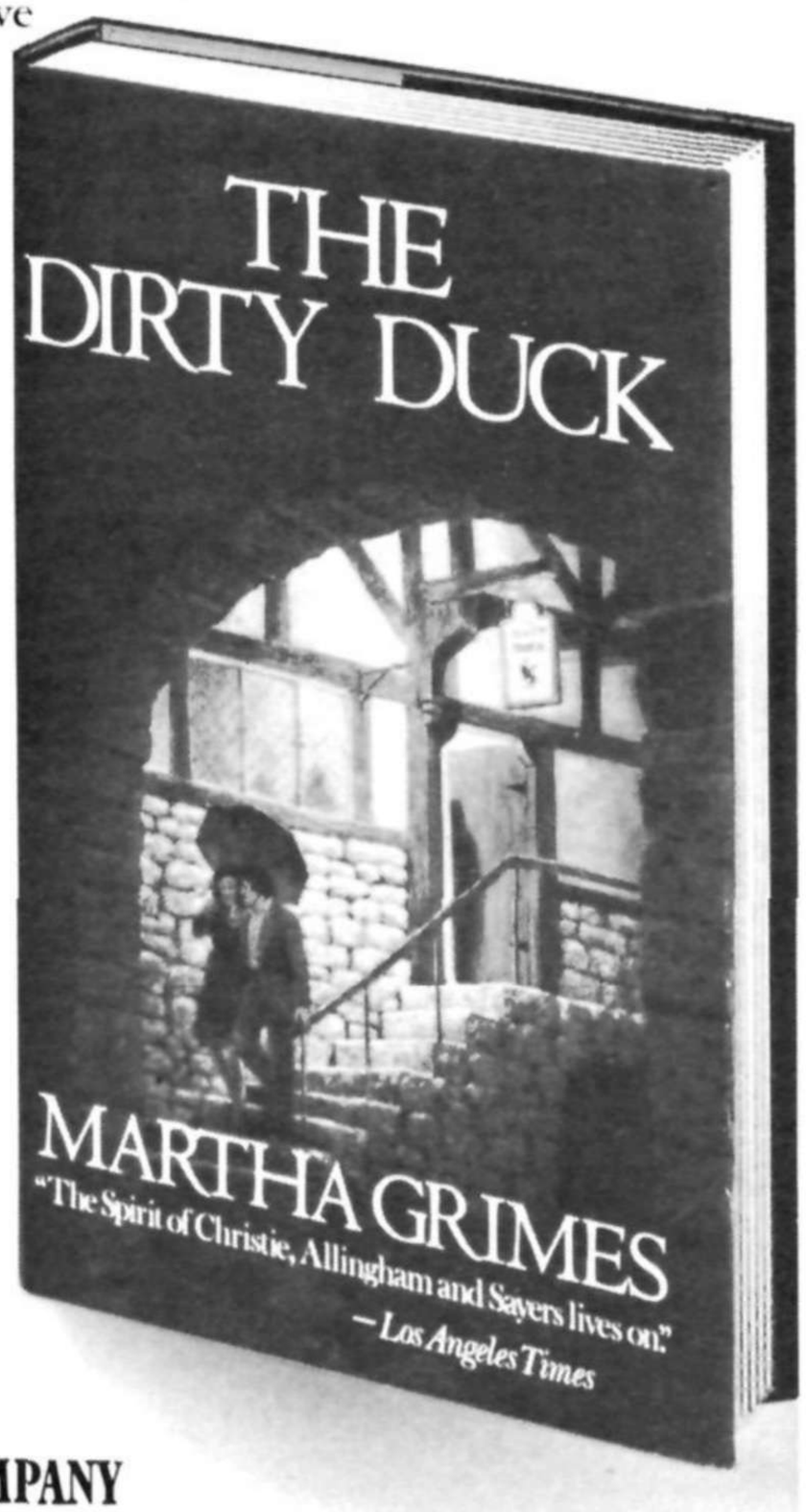

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sek is no less intense. Her three-bedroom house is decorated in looking-glass modern. The furniture is shiny chrome, and mirrors adorn the wall of the fern-filled room in which she works out every morning to *Eye of the Tiger* from *Rocky III*. "Sometimes I look in the mirror to see if I have the hungry look," she says. "That eye, that eagerness, that want."

Eye of the Tiger is Gadusek's theme song. The Animal doesn't go for modern art any more than she goes for classical music. "I don't like splotches," she says. "It has to be clear to me." She does understand a framed photograph of shrimp and a glass of champagne in her living room. "My favorite food and my favorite drink," she says. Over her bed is a print of two ominous-looking black panthers scowling at each other.

The tennis-playing Animal wears custom-made artificial leopard and tiger-skin belts and visors. Her shoelaces are emblazoned with little versions of panthers, tigers and lions. Slinking around the house is a cat named Scooter. "She's like me," Gadusek says, "sweet and mean."

Gadusek picked up the name The Animal on the practice court. She was running a demanding series of side-to-side drills. "God," a friend exclaimed. "She's an animal!" It stuck. "I'm not trying to be punk or anything," says Gadusek. "It's just that I want to be king of the jungle."

Women's Tennis Association consultant Ted Tinling doesn't like to think of the tour as a jungle, and he's not so sure he likes to think of Gadusek as The Animal. "The word has become associated with muggers," Tinling says. "I cannot believe it has a positive connotation. Certainly not in a sport where we're trying to reintroduce feminine grace and a certain amount of charm."

Tinling suggests Gadusek call herself Jaguar or Tigress. He rules out Leopard. "Nobody makes those coats anymore," says Tinling, the 74-year-old Briton with a polished pate and a diamond stud in his left lobe, who has outfitted so many female tennis stars.

Gadusek shrugs off Tinling's complaints. "I don't especially care for guys who wear earrings," she says.

She has become a formidable player through practice, practice, practice. She's not especially gifted. "Bonnie is a manufactured player," says Tinling. "She's a wonderful product of a problem."

continued

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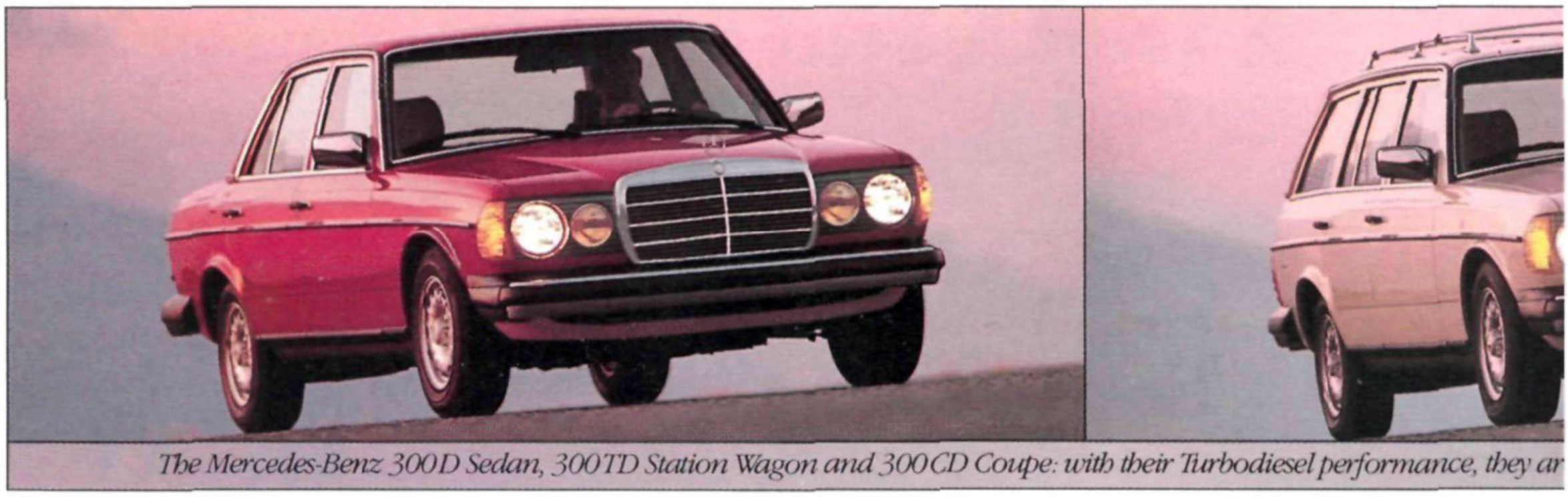

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SPOTLIGHT *continued*

Gadusek identifies with Alice, although she hasn't read the Alice stories. "I could never sit still long enough," she says. As a little girl, Gadusek lived her own fantasy life in her basement. Her father, Frank, was a packer at the Heinz plant in Pittsburgh, and her basement was lined with outsized bottles of ketchup, pickles and baby food. She remembers the room as being about as big as the Red Queen's chessboard. It had a hanging swing, a bumper-pool table and her brother Frank's barbells. "I was always curling," she says. "I loved to see my biceps grow." Today the 130-pound Gadusek bench-presses 100 pounds.

She started doing gymnastics in the basement on a balance beam her father made for her. At seven, she practiced five hours a day, every day. She made up a baseball game, bouncing a Super Ball off the cellar steps. Sweaty with fatigue, she'd pretend she was a superstar and interview herself in the mirror. If she didn't have enough sweat on her face, she'd throw water on it. "In tennis you have to go on and endure the bad days and the booing," she says. "That's why games and fantasy are so much better. You can stop the action and boo them back."

Tennis was a kind of therapy for her after the accident, perhaps mental as well as physical. "Gymnastics had been her whole life," says her mother. "If it hadn't been for tennis, I think we might have had a psycho on our hands."

Young Bonnie was still wearing a neck brace when she entered her first tournament. She couldn't even serve overhead or bend down to pick up balls. She didn't know how to score, so Darlene held up fingers after each point. But she reached the finals, losing only to the top seed.

Gadusek took lessons at a local YMCA and in 1977, despite the encumbrance of the brace, became the No. 11-ranked 14-and-under girl in the Middle States just months after she had taken up the game. "I didn't like people staring at me as if I was a freak," she says. "The first time I looked in a mirror with my brace on, I scared myself."

"The poor little thing would run and run," recalls Dutch Hoffman, her first coach. "She'd hold her brace away from her body with her hand so she could breathe better. You couldn't hold her back."

One day Sylvia Gadusek picked up her daughter at the courts and saw the brace

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hanging from a chain link fence. "I was shocked," says Sylvia.

"I took it off," Bonnie told her, "and I'm never putting it on again."

Although Gadusek was getting out of school early to work on tennis, she couldn't find enough good competition in Pittsburgh. So at 13, she wrote letters to 50 top coaches across the country: "My coach is Dutch Hoffman who works

RONALD C. MODRA

On the court Bonnie is fierce but not necessarily feline; she's not the most agile player.

with me every day at the YMCA. He teaches me for free because my daddy is retired and can't afford lessons. When it is cold here, Dutch goes to a faraway racket club, and I cannot go with him. So I need someone to coach me because I want to be a professional tennis player. Could one of your pro's [sic] teach me every day and find people to hit with me? I am sending you a story about me in the paper when I got hurt. My brace is off and I'm playing much better."

She got only a few answers and just one person offered to take her for free. But that one was a giant, Harry Hopman, who had coached the great Australian Davis Cup teams of the '50s and '60s. "I saw the picture," says Hopman, "and said, 'Hell's bells, what a gutty kid.' " So in May 1977, the Gaduseks sold their house, bought a mobile home and drove to Largo, where Hopman has a tennis camp.

Sylvia Gadusek has been a nurse at Hopman's since the move to Florida. "Bonnie is very determined," she says. "She didn't get it from me or my husband. We're very laid-back." Sylvia lives in a house half the size of Bonnie's, about a mile away. Bonnie's father died of cancer more than three years ago.

"I've gotten a million letters from kids who are dedicated," says Hopman. "They all say how willing they are to work, but when they arrive, they usually drift away from the hard part of it." But Bonnie had already learned the rigors of training as a gymnast. "When other youngsters would be eating lunch," says Hopman, "she'd be out serving shopping baskets full of balls."

Gadusek hit so many serves that she developed tendinitis and a bone chip in her right elbow. She had to wear a cast for eight weeks and play lefthanded. She says her stint as a southpaw helped her with her two-handed backhand. While her arm was in a cast, she ran cross-country for Pinellas Park (Fla.) High in 1978. She still holds the school's two-mile record for girls. She even had a contingency plan if her arm didn't return to tennis form. "I think I'll take up golf," she told Sylvia. "If I can't be the best tennis player, I'll be the best golfer."

Gadusek's life has continued to be plagued by injuries. Three and a half years ago she played the round of 16 of the national junior championships with a stress fracture in her left foot. Afterward, she was in a cast for six weeks. At another junior tournament, in Caracas, she tore ligaments in her right ankle. Another six weeks in a cast. She now plays with a knee brace. Her right knee is the only visible part of her that isn't suntanned.

Most top players have their private tennis gurus—Martina Navratilova's is Mike Estep, for instance—and two summers ago Jim Rosenthal joined Gadusek. Though Gadusek dropped Rosenthal as road coach last November, she still calls him for advice and follows the grueling exercise program he designed for her. "Jim pushed me to my limit and sometimes more," says Gadusek. Rosenthal, 41, used to sit at her matches, charting where each shot landed, like the choreographer of a difficult ballet. This function is now performed by Joe Brandi, a Hopman apostle. Hopman doesn't think much of charts, however; he says you can't beat an opponent with statistics.

She has a strong ground game, but as one insider says, "She plays like her mind's in a plaster cast." Her major drawbacks are lack of speed and her inconsistent serve.

Chris Evert Lloyd doesn't think Gadusek will progress much further. She says Gadusek is too injury-prone and loses too often to lower-ranked players. "To be in the top five you have to have something dangerous," says Evert Lloyd. "With Pam Shriver, it's her serve and size. With Martina, it's her strength and aggressiveness. With me, it's my mental makeup and my steadiness. With Bonnie, I don't see any weapon like that. If she did break in, it would be on desire, not talent."

And Gadusek, too, worries about how long she'll survive in the mad tea party of women's tennis. "I don't want to come through the looking glass," she says. "I want to stay in the fantasy world. You're always O.K. there; when you come back into the room, it's boring. There's nothing to dodge and overcome. When Alice came back, she wasn't the special person everyone had their eyes on anymore. She was Alice in her room, not Alice in Wonderland." **END**

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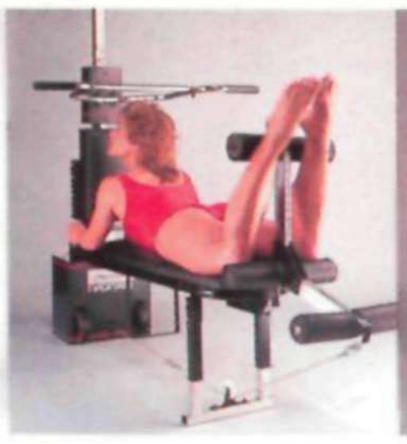

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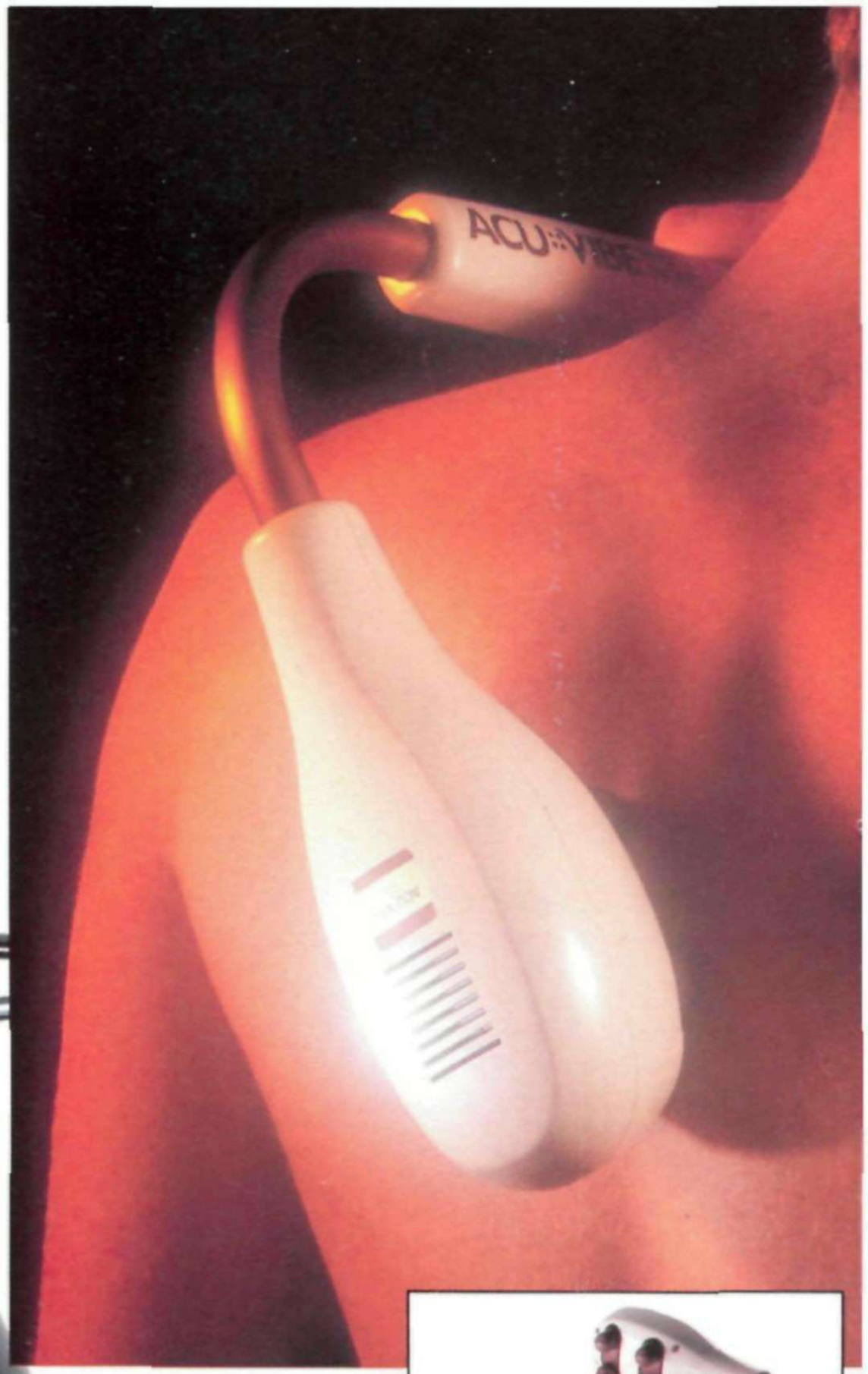
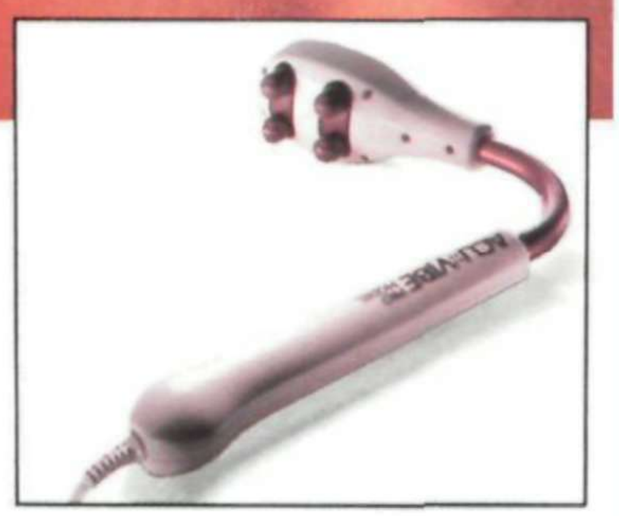
- Floor Stand #BVI750 $179 (17.50)
- 50 lbs. Additional Weights #BVI751 $59 (9.50)





Japan's newest angle on acupressure massage.

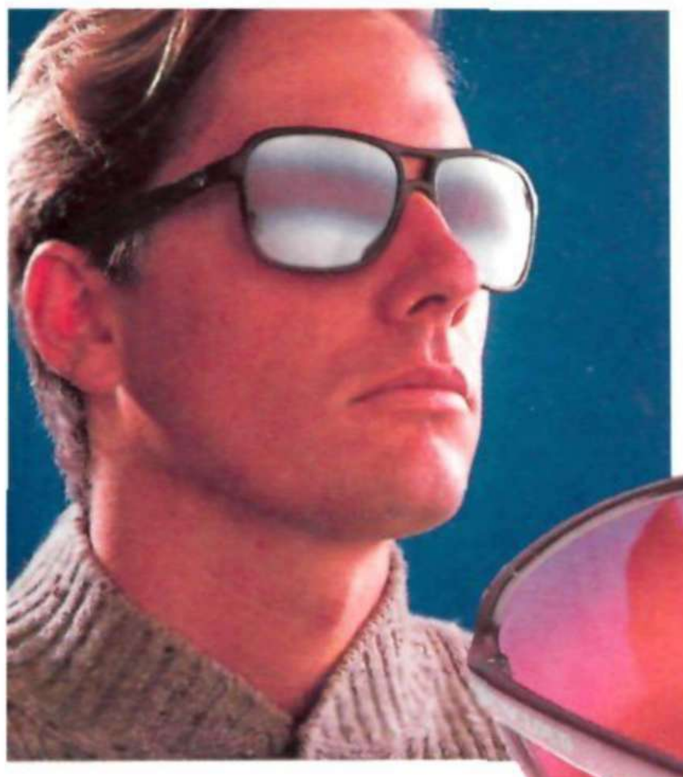
For centuries the Japanese have perfected the art of Shiatsu massage. Now there's a hand-held massager from Japan that works on all 44 Tsubo (pressure points) in your body, as it soothes sore muscles and relaxes you. Acu-Vibe's™ innovative angle is specially designed to ease stored tension in your lower back and shoulders, *where most massagers can't reach.*

As you glide Acu-Vibe over sore muscles, four acupressure nodes simulate actual finger pressure for exceptionally deep, penetrating relief. And Acu-Vibe's constant 3600 vibrations per minute will stimulate and revive other hard-to-reach areas—thighs, calf muscles, even feet.

Bio-engineered handle lets you vary intensity of vibrations. Choose low speed for a lighter, more sensual massage, or high speed to penetrate kinked and knotted muscles. Made of rugged ABS and aluminum. Measures 13½ × 12½ × 3¼", weighs 2½ lbs. 6½' cord. One year warranty.

Order Acu-Vibe today, and give yourself an invigorating massage in places only a masseur can reach.

- Acu-Vibe Massager #BHW582 $79 (3.50)



24K rose eye shields.

Suncloud SunFilters™ begin in a gas-fired furnace in Japan. Pure optical glass is heated to 1,100°C. Then technicians add finely powdered 24K gold, which imparts a subtle rose tint to the glass—

The lenses are ground and polished until they are optically perfect. In a vacuum, five metallic substances coat the back of the lenses, adding maximum protection from harmful ultra-violet and infrared rays. Then a special split-mirror coating is applied to the front of the lens—to protect the eyes from direct sunlight from above and reflected glare from below. The lenses are then mounted in handsome, durable nylon frames.

Each pair comes with a padded vinyl case and one year warranty.

For driving, skiing or racing, these strong, impact-resistant SunFilters offer unmatched clarity and comfort.

- SunFilters (Black Frames) #BIS401 $59 (3.50)
- SunFilters (Brown Frames) #BIS901 $52 (3.50)

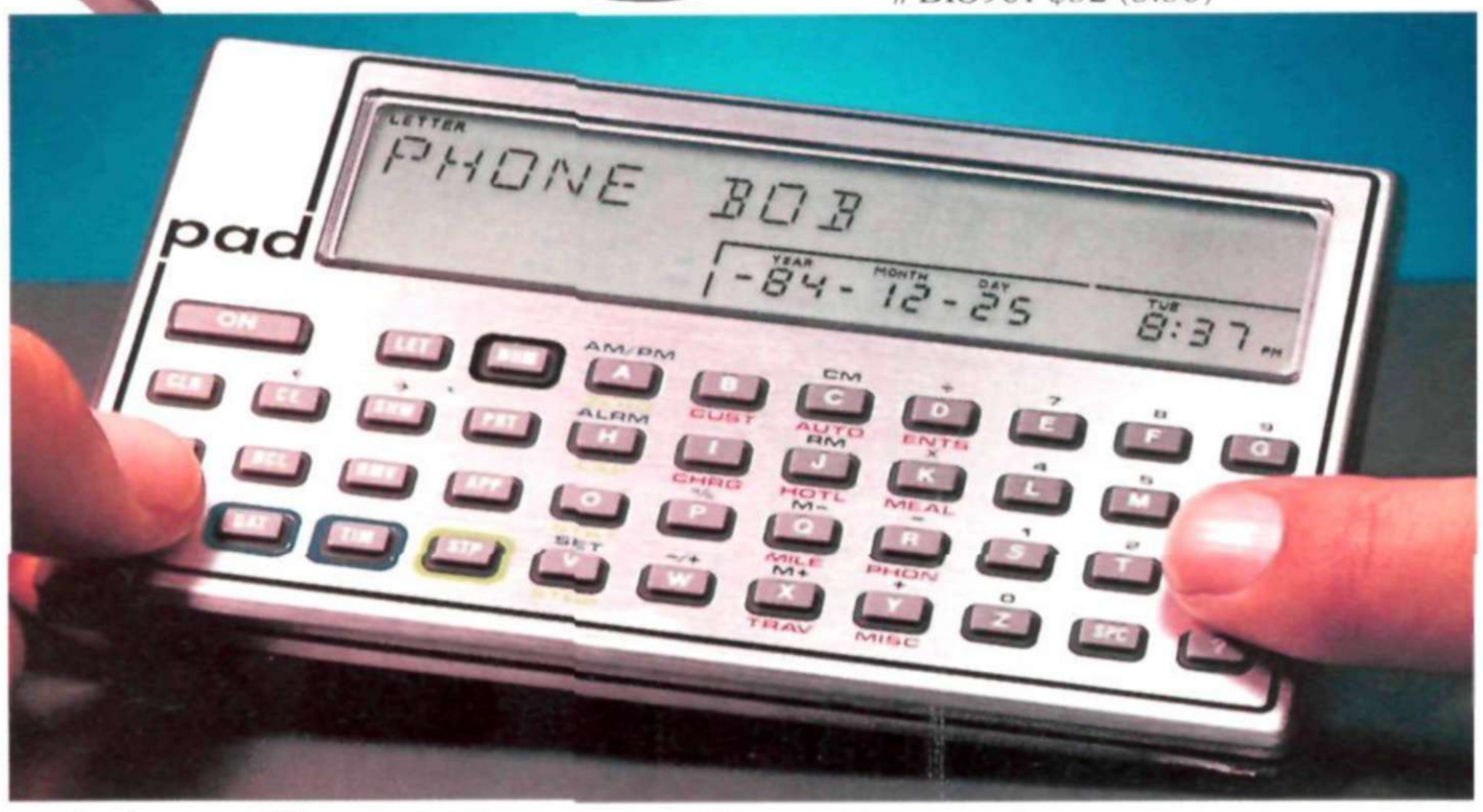
Pocket secretary with a 14-year memory.

The revolutionary Electronic Memo Pad stores more than 80 appointments, with reminder memos for birthdays, anniversaries, etc., in its prodigious memory. And alerts you with a gentle alarm and LCD message on its 16-character display when the time arrives. Store notes or messages up to a maximum of 4000 total characters.

The pocket-size Electronic Memo Pad also records expenses and stores them under 8 handy categories, keeps an alphabetical list of phone numbers at your fingertips, and files and retrieves shopping lists, travel schedules—any information you need to keep handy. And it's an 8-digit calculator with memory and subtotal capabilities. Day/date/time display adjusted for leap years to the year 1999.

This 4K RAM computer is available exclusively through The Sharper Image®. Comes with instructions, vinyl case (that also holds credit cards), and 3 silver oxide (8-month) batteries. Back-up memory protects stored information up to one year. Measures 3½ × 5¼ × ⅜"; weighs 5 oz. 90 day warranty. With an Electronic Memo Pad you'll never forget an important appointment. Even if you make it one year ahead.

- Electronic Memo Pad #BBX139 $99 (3.50)



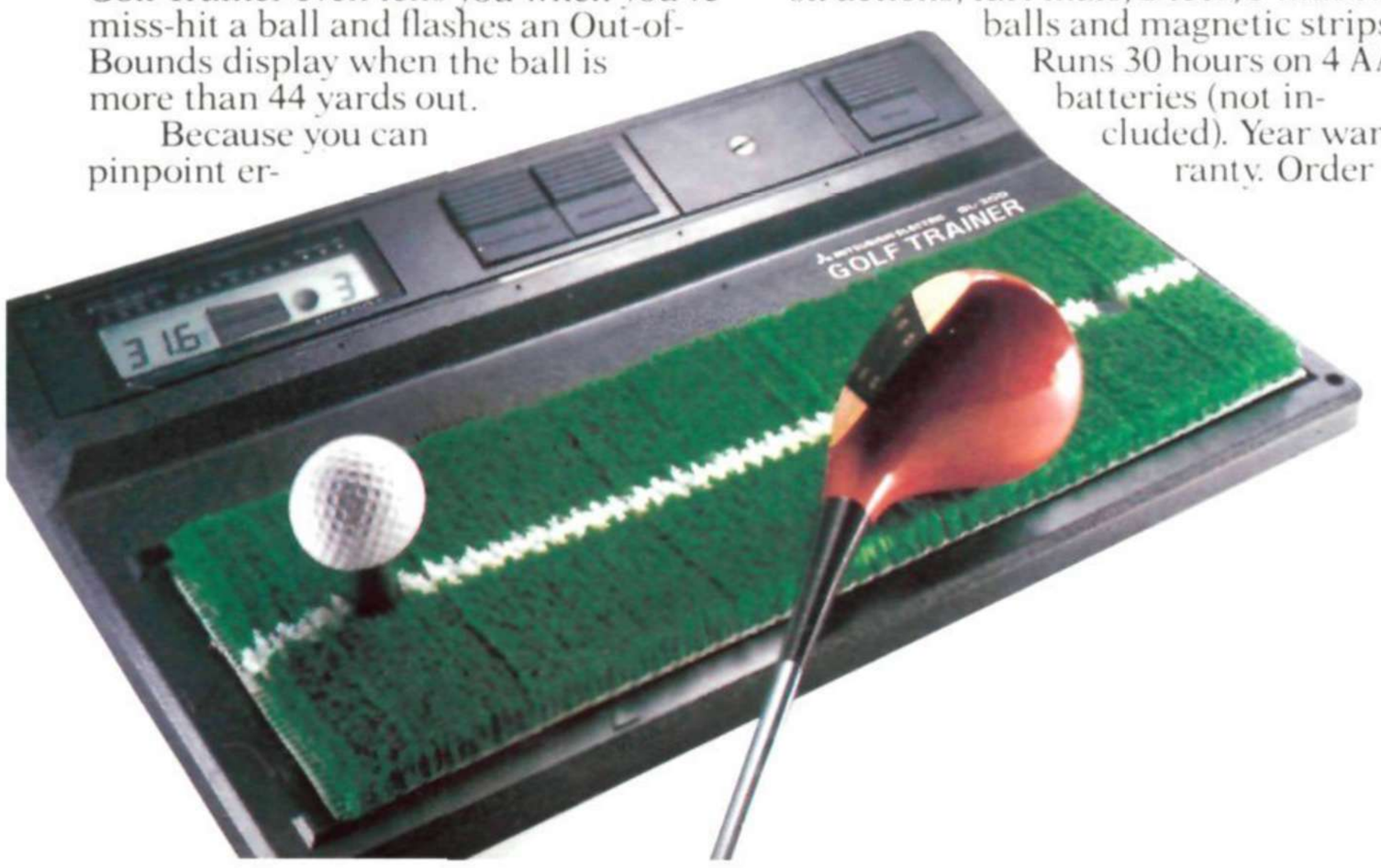
Computer trainer analyzes your swing, and trims strokes off your game.

At the moment of ball impact, magnetic sensors scan your club head. Instantly, Golf Trainer's microcomputer translates your swing performance into digital readouts—on the large LCD display. You get critical feedback on the angle of the hit in degrees, the speed of the club in mph and the direction and carry distance of your shot. Mitsubishi's Golf Trainer even tells you when you've miss-hit a ball and flashes an Out-of-Bounds display when the ball is more than 44 yards out.

Because you can pinpoint errors with remarkable accuracy, Golf Trainer helps you gain longer distance, greater accuracy and more ball control. And it's portable (only 5½ lbs.) so you can train anywhere—even indoors, with featherlight practice balls.

Analyzes 14 clubs including 4 woods, 7 irons, 2 wedges and putter. Measures 2 × 18 × 12". Comes with instructions, turf mats, 2 tees, 3 indoor balls and magnetic strips. Runs 30 hours on 4 AA batteries (not included). Year warranty. Order today, and let Golf Trainer trim strokes off your game.

- Golf Trainer #BMS508 $199 (5.50)



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Each 10–20 minute tanning session on the spa-quality Wolff Sunbed leaves you relaxed and refreshed. Many people will notice a skin tone change immediately.

The luxury of a deep tropical tan all year round.

Your skin glows with a deep, rich tan. You feel fit and healthy, confident of your appearance. And you've achieved this youthful, athletic appearance in the privacy of your home—relaxing on the revolutionary Wolff System Sunbed. The first spa-quality, home-tanning salon that tans you comfortably and conveniently. So you can enjoy a luxurious tan all year round.

This newest Sunbed is a pleasure you can enjoy in your home anytime. As you recline on the contoured, UV-transparent acrylic surface, comfortable pillows cushion your head and feet. New, 4th generation Bellarium "S" Superlamps bathe your body in a soothing, rose-colored light. Patented parabolic reflectors focus the gently warming light on all parts of your body, assuring a safe, even tan (lamps meet stringent FDA requirements). Four internal fans maintain a pleasant warmth without overheating. Go to sleep if you wish—the built-in timer automatically controls your exposure time.

Your Sunbed tan gives a head start on your vacations. You arrive at the beach already bronzed. With no need to work on your tan, you have more time for play.

Precision built in West Germany of steel and aluminum, Sunbed measures 80 × 31 × 51" and weighs 240 lbs. Assembles easily with screwdriver and adjustable wrench. 20 long-life lamps give approximately 3,000 tanning sessions (approximately 1000 hours) and are quickly replaced. Easily installed by an electrician (can run on 110V or 220V). Costs about 8¢ per session. One year warranty on parts. 90 days labor.

Invest in the Wolff System Sunbed and you'll bask in its golden warmth for years—long after your expensive Mediterranean tan has faded from sight and memory. Try this remarkable tanning system yourself risk-free for 30 days. And discover the wonderful difference it can make in your appearance and your life.

• Wolff System Sunbed #BSC202 $3995 (145.00)

Much more than a rowing machine. For much less.

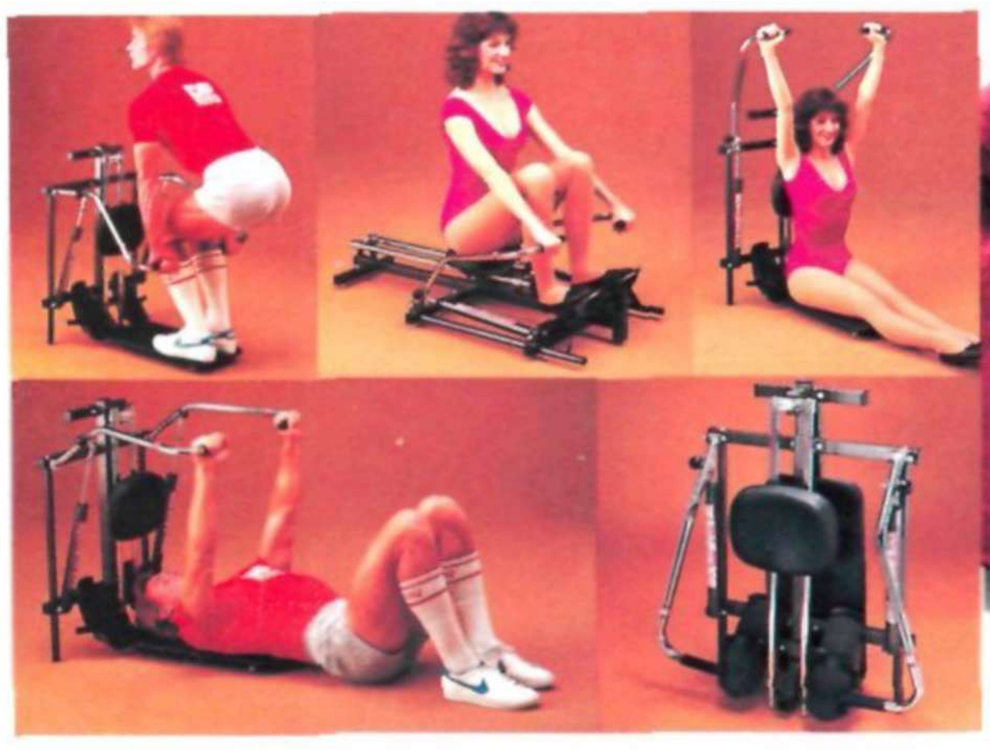
The DP® MultiGym is a professional quality rower *and* a multi-purpose gym—at half the cost of many conventional rowers. Use it to develop all your major muscle groups and get a vigorous aerobic workout at the same time. This compact body toner telescopes out for rowers up to 6'2" and converts instantly from a horizontal rower to an upright multigym. Just turn it over—it's that simple.

Use the rowing oars to develop your triceps and deltoids. You control the amount of weight resistance with 6 pull-pin adjustments on the hydraulic oars. Or do slantboard situps—the hard rubber footrests and Velcro straps keep you firmly anchored. Flip MultiGym over and the padded bench lets you do bench presses, military presses, squats and curls.

MultiGym comes with its own complete exercise course. Measures only 6 × 23 × 35" folded. Stores in a closet. Weighs 54 lbs. Assembles in minutes. Year warranty.

Order this rugged two-way exerciser now—for strength, stamina and fitness in the comfort of your own home.

• DP MultiGym #BDP300 Was $199. Now just $149 (24.50)



Enjoy aerobic rowing in comfort, or turn the MultiGym over and do bench presses, military presses and curls. Then place your feet in the Velcro straps for slant board situps.

RunAlert. The $29 miracle that lightens your stride.

Every time you run, the pavement retaliates with punishing stress to your body—brutal G-forces up to 5 *times* your body weight. Now the RunAlert™ Impact Stress Meter helps you become a smoother, healthier, more energy-efficient runner. Clip RunAlert to your waistband and select one of 10 impact settings (from 2.3 to 5 times your body weight). Every time your footstrike exceeds the desired impact level, RunAlert warns you with a quiet but firm beep. Helping you avoid injury. And training you to expend your energy in *forward* motion—not bouncing up and down—so you run faster, longer, and with less fatigue.

RunAlert comes with 87 page *Easy Steps to Safer Running*. 3 × 1¾ × 1". Weighs just 2 oz., year warranty. Built-in lithium battery (nonreplaceable) lasts up to 5 *years*.

Order RunAlert today—for less than it costs to buy a pair of running shoes.

• RunAlert Impact Stress Meter #BRU032 $29 (3.50)

Marine masterpieces from Heuer.

For men and women, Heuer creates the ultimate in luxurious marine timepieces. The rugged cases and bands are machined of solid stainless steel. A special gasket seals the crystals for water resistance to 660 feet. Precision Heuer quartz movements with ± 10 seconds per month accuracy. Luminescent hands, sweep second hand, and calendar window. Each comes with 2 year battery and gift case. Year limited warranty.

A. The world's first Swiss analog quartz chronograph. Three inset faces, coated with 15 microns of 18K gold, indicate stopwatch seconds, minutes and hours. Black anodized finish. Mineral glass crystal.

B. This Golden Diver is coated with 15 microns of 18K gold on the case, dial and bracelet and set off by black anodized timing bezel. Sapphire crystal.

• A. Heuer Black & Gold Man's Chronograph #BHU253 $670 (6.50)
• B. Heuer Man's Golden Diver #BHU474 $595 (6.50)
• Heuer Woman's Golden Diver #BHU476 $595 (6.50) (not shown)

Now let ultrasound humidify the air you breathe.

Bionaire's revolutionary Humidifier uses high frequency sound waves to disperse water in an ultra-fine mist. In minutes any room is filled with healthy, moisture-balanced air. And the vapor is cool, so its completely safe.

Bionaire's exclusive Demineralization Cartridge traps up to 99% of the "white dust" (lime and minerals) which other Ultrasonics can leave on your furniture. Removable 1.1 gallon reservoir supplies water for 8–12 hours. Completely silent, with adjustable humidistat and output speed. Auto shut-off when reservoir is empty or if tipped over. Plugs into AC outlet. 14 × 9 × 6", 10 lbs. year warranty.

The Ultrasonic is great for winter comfort—especially if you use dry heat. Do your skin and lungs a favor, and make sure the air in your home and office is fresh and moisture-balanced.

• Bionaire Ultrasonic Humidifier #BBB250 $129 (6.50)
• Demineralization Cartridge Replacement #BBB249 $7.95 (1.50)

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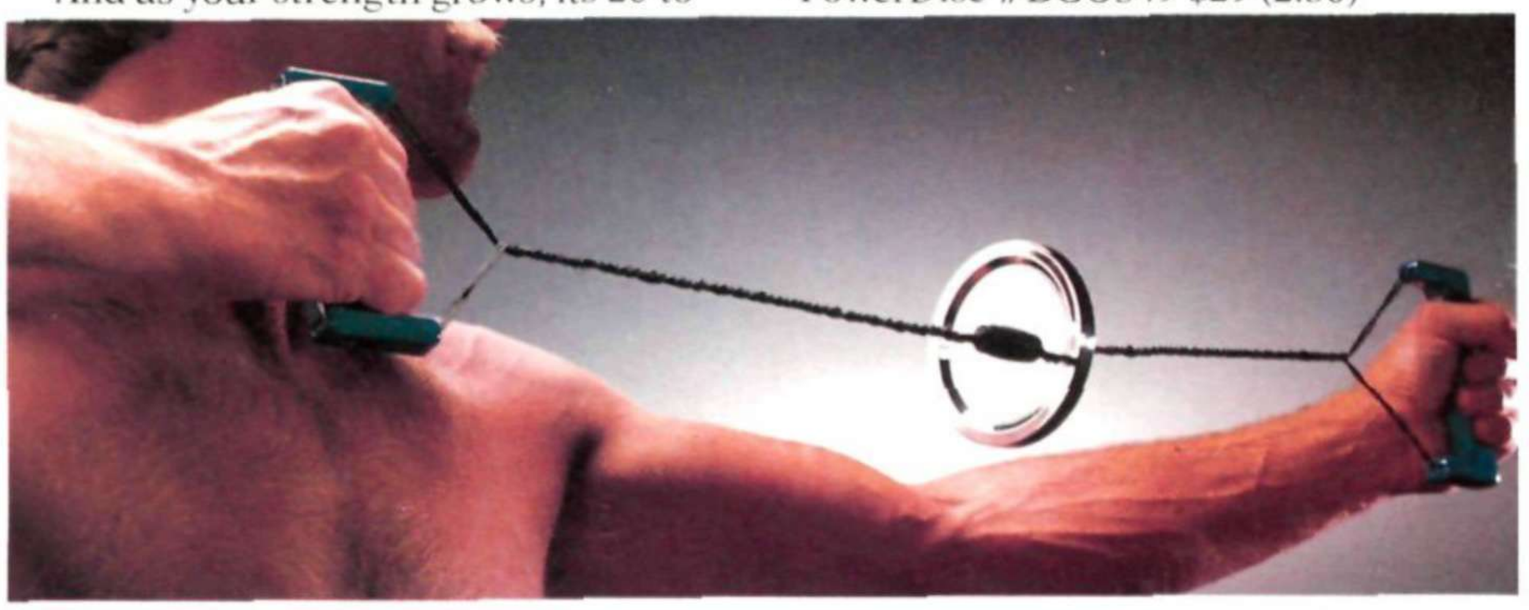
PowerDisc™. The $29 portable workout.

With this ingenious 1¼ lb. PowerDisc you can tone and condition arms, chest, back and shoulders—anywhere.

As you pull on the hand stirrups, the disc begins to spin and alternately winds and unwinds the cords, creating resistance. The more force you apply, the greater the resistance you work against. PowerDisc's *full-range resistance* builds your muscles with maximum efficiency—isometrically. And as your strength grows, its 20 to 250 lb. resistance range will continue to challenge you.

Rugged handles provide a sturdy and comfortable grip. High tensile nylon cords are tested to 350 lbs. Nickel-plated disc resists chips and scratches. Comes with carrying case, instructions and year warranty. Slip PowerDisc into your attache and enjoy an invigorating workout anytime, anyplace.

• PowerDisc #BGO549 $29 (2.50)



Nothing comes between you and the music.

You're surrounded by rich stereo sound the moment you slip on Aiwa's AM/FM headset. Everything is built right into the headset, so there are no cords to connect and nothing to carry with you. Total weight is an ultra-light 4 oz. And it doubles as headphones for your home stereo (with connector cable available at electronics stores). You can even record from the miniature tuner.

AM/FM reception is spectacular with a distinct 40dB of full stereo separation. High performance samarium cobalt drivers produce resonant bass and crisp highs. Hinged, adjustable headband for easy carrying. Padded foam earpieces are super comfortable. Telescoping antenna gives you great reception anywhere. Runs on 2 AAA batteries (not included). Sturdy ABS and aluminum construction. Year warranty.

With no wires or beltpack to get in the way, you enjoy Aiwa's state-of-the-art stereo in total freedom.

• Aiwa AM/FM Stereo Headset #BAI210 $79 (3.50)

Turn your car and office into a soothing masseur.

New BackMate™ is the latest marriage of Japanese massage techniques and advanced technology. As you drive, ten magnetic buttons hidden inside its padded backrest melt away tension and stress with invigorating vibrations. And the adjustable lumbar support reduces strain on your lower back. So you ride mile after mile in blissful comfort.

BackMate™ also turns ordinary home and office chairs into relaxing seats of pleasure. Plugs into AC outlet or car cigarette lighter. Comes with adapters. Adjustable intensity from 1700 to 3800 vibrations/second. Measures 20 × 17″ (seat), 19 × 20″ (backrest), weighs 8 lbs. Covered in strong breathable nylon. 90 day warranty.

Try this newest oriental magic for your back, risk-free for 30 days.

• BackMate™ Massager #BHW581 $229 (8.50)

New BackMate massager turns an irritating commute into a soothing, pleasant experience. In Japan, 25,000 taxi drivers depend on them. And when you arrive at your destination, BackMate comes inside with you. Makes any chair a comfortable, vibrating seat.

Camera not included.

Latest optical wizardry from Japan: zoom telescope that fits your camera.

This optical breakthrough from Tasco is more than a precision 800mm (f/16) to 1600mm (f/32) zoom telephoto lens. Detach it from your 35mm SLR camera, screw on the rubber-cushioned 1.5x eyepiece lens, and you're holding a powerful 12 × 24 zoom telescope.

Most amazing, Tasco is shorter (8½" to 9¾" barrel) and lighter (27 oz.) than many weaker, fixed focal-length lenses. With pinpoint control over magnification and focus (as close as 6 ft. at 8x, with a field of view of 280' at 1000 yards.) Five multi-coated ocular and objective lenses produce razor-sharp images. Aircraft aluminum barrel comes with eyepiece lens, photo adapter tube, metal sunshade, and hard case with strap. Attaches to camera with inexpensive T-mount from camera stores. Year warranty. Order this optical revolution today.

• Tasco Zoom Telescope/Telephoto Lens #BTA861 $199 (6.50)

The shape of phones to come.

A sensation at the 1984 Consumer Electronics Show, Comdial 2001 is the most startling new design in telephones in a generation. On your desk, it's a full-duplex speakerphone for convenient, hands-free conversations. Pick it up, and it's a comfortable handset with exceptional sound fidelity.

Inside the slim, sculptured shell, a powerful electronic memory stores 30 numbers (up to 16 digits each) and dials them instantly at your command. The digital panel displays each number as you dial. When you hang up, the display becomes a quartz accurate clock with 60 minute timer (great for timing long distance calls).

And there's more. Comdial has a Hold button with LED indicator, last number redial, and programmable pause for memory dialing to MCI® or Sprint®. True Tone® dialing and keys for phone company services such as Call Waiting and Call Forwarding services. Measures 3 × 4½ × 7½", weighs 11 ozs. Modular cord plugs into phone jack. Comes with instructions, batteries for memory backup, and one year warranty.

Someday, all new phones may look and operate like the Comdial 2001. Right now, it stands alone. Call today, and be among the first to enjoy this revolution in telephone design.

• Comdial 2001 #BAB097 $99 (4.50)

The shower massager with steam bath.

Now there's a water massager that also gives you a relaxing steam bath in your shower. The new Steamer from Water Pik® instantly converts hot water into a super-fine mist. As the mist mixes with the air, the shower fills with cleansing steam, opening your pores and relaxing tired muscles. Luxuriate as long as you like; The Steamer draws less than a gallon of water per minute.

For an invigorating water massage, just turn the fingertip dial. Eight shower settings range from rain-gentle to hard fast pulse. Held in your hand, the 3½" shower head with 5' vinyl cord lets you concentrate your soothing water massage anywhere on your body. Or slide it into the stationary swivel bracket to shower with both hands free. Precision engineered of chrome-plated ABS. Weighs 10 oz. Installs in minutes, replacing your existing shower head (requires wrench). 1 year warranty.

Order The Steamer today. The next time you want to really relax, your private steam room will be waiting.

• Steamer Shower Massage #BWQ700 $69 (3.50)

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Heuer's newest wrist racer.

A bold new timepiece from Heuer, Swiss watchmaker for kings and sportsmen for over 123 years. Fifteen microns of 18K gold coat the bezel, setting stem, hands and dial markings. Eight gold plated screws fasten the classic bezel. Luminescent hands, sweep second hand. Rugged black anodized case and band are machined of solid stainless steel. The mineral glass crystal is specially sealed for water resistance to 660 feet. Precision quartz movement with ± 10 seconds per month accuracy. Comes with a 2-year battery in place and gift case. One year limited warranty. Also available in an attractive woman's model (not shown).

- Heuer Man's Black & Gold Watch #BHU956 $450 (6.50)
- Heuer Woman's Black & Gold Watch #BHU958 $450 (6.50)

Brainy robot that doesn't cost a bundle.

Omnibot is the brilliant new robot from Japan designed for fun, experimentation and entertainment. With his built-in microprocessor and cassette recorder memory, you can teach him to follow a path through your home, delivering wake-up messages or serving hors d'oeuvres to surprised guests (serving tray included).

Omnibot remembers seven different programs, or you can control his movements with the master remote control unit. Built-in clock/timer brings him to life at any pre-programmed time. He can recite taped messages or use the built-in microphone to give him a "voice." With his manual grasping hand, Omnibot can carry objects.

He rolls quietly on 7 rubber wheels, powered by built-in rechargeable batteries and recharging unit. Remote control and clock require a total of 6 AA batteries (not included). Sturdy polystyrene robot measures 12 × 12 × 15". Comes fully assembled with instructions and 90 day warranty.

With his bright flashing eyes and quick-learning brain, Omnibot will win your heart. And provide countless hours of entertainment and learning experiences.

- Omnibot Robot #BTM540 $299 (8.50)

Finland's fast road to fitness.

Spend just 20 minutes every other day riding this new Amerec® Tunturi® Home Cycle, and you'll quickly see dramatic changes in your appearance. And you'll enjoy the smooth, silent performance of this intelligently designed Finnish machine—top-rated by the leading consumer magazine.

The heavy, 28 lb. flywheel turns on precision ball bearings for silky smooth pedaling. Resistance is provided by a nylon strap tightened against the flywheel—eliminating rubber pads which quickly wear out. Instrument panel has speedometer, odometer, and 60 minute timer. Adjustable padded seat and handlebars fits all riders. Welded steel frame and padded base for strength and stability. Measures 30 × 20 × 27½", weighs 53 lbs. Assembles easily with wrench provided. One year limited warranty. Call today and put this machine to work for a healthier heart and a stronger body.

- Amerec Tunturi Cycle #BAM300 $279 (24.50)

How to order.

For quickest delivery, simply call toll free with your MasterCard, Visa, Amex or Diner's Club card. Or mail a check. Most orders are shipped within 48 hours. In the unlikely event that your order cannot be fulfilled within 30 days, we will notify you and give you the option to cancel.

Be sure to include the delivery charge, listed in parentheses ( ) directly after the price. For delivery outside the continental U.S., Alaska or Hawaii, please call for a quotation. For questions about orders, call our toll free customer service line, 800-344-5555.

DATE _____

SHIPPING ADDRESS

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA
☐ Master Card ☐ Am. Exp. ☐ Diners Club / Carte Blanche

Account Number

Expiration Date _____ Authorized Signature _____

ITEMS ORDERED

ITEM NO	QTY	ITEM PRICE	ITEM DESCRIPTION SIZE & COLOR WHERE APP	SALES TAX*	DEL ( )	TOTAL CHARGE

( ) _____ Daytime Phone

GRAND TOTAL _____

Items ordered together are not necessarily shipped the same day. Your credit card will be billed only for items that have been shipped.

Prices guaranteed through the end of the cover month.

*Please add the appropriate local tax in these states: Texas, Colorado and California. Add tax to merchandise only. Do not add tax to delivery charge.

Return Policy: We want you to be pleased. If for any reason you are not delighted with the order you receive, just return it (via insured parcel post or UPS) within 30 days of receipt for a prompt and courteous refund or credit. Sorry, only returns in new condition can be accepted. Cassette tapes, video tapes, and software cannot be returned after being opened.

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For every generation there is a novel

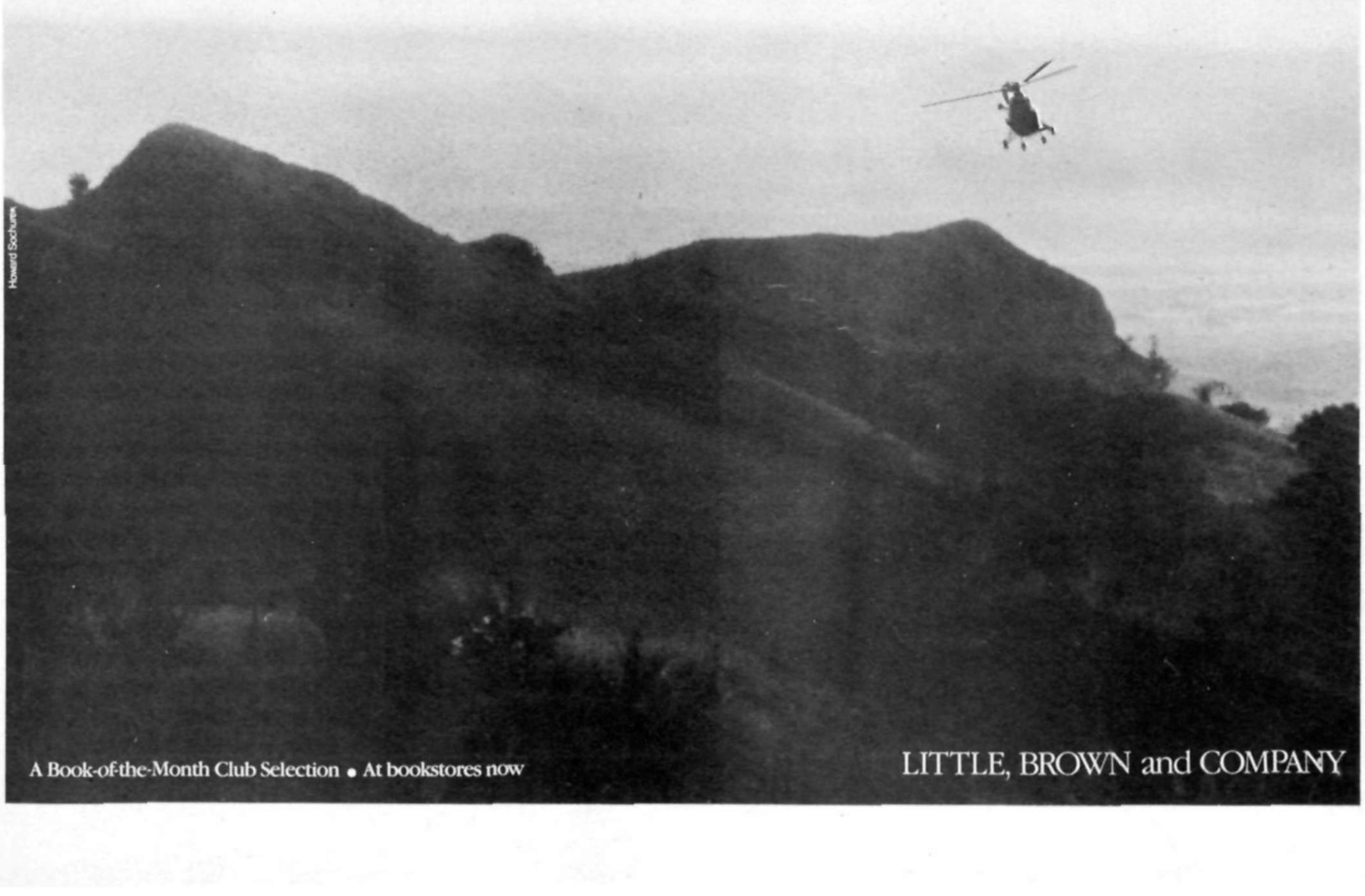
Thomas Victor

—a novel which, in its passion, its commitment, its understanding, has the power to recall a time that still troubles or inspires us, that touches us so deeply we cannot let it go. And no time in this century—not even the years of our two world wars—has so rent our lives between devotion and defiance, between bravery and sorrow, as that era of protest and sacrifice, the tragedy of Vietnam.

Only a novel of such uncompromising truth, such unsparing avowal as *Prince of Peace* could be the novel of that generation. It is the story of a man torn by his need to serve his God, to uphold his honor and his principles, and to keep faith with his best friend and the woman they both love.

Prince OF *Peace*

JAMES CARROLL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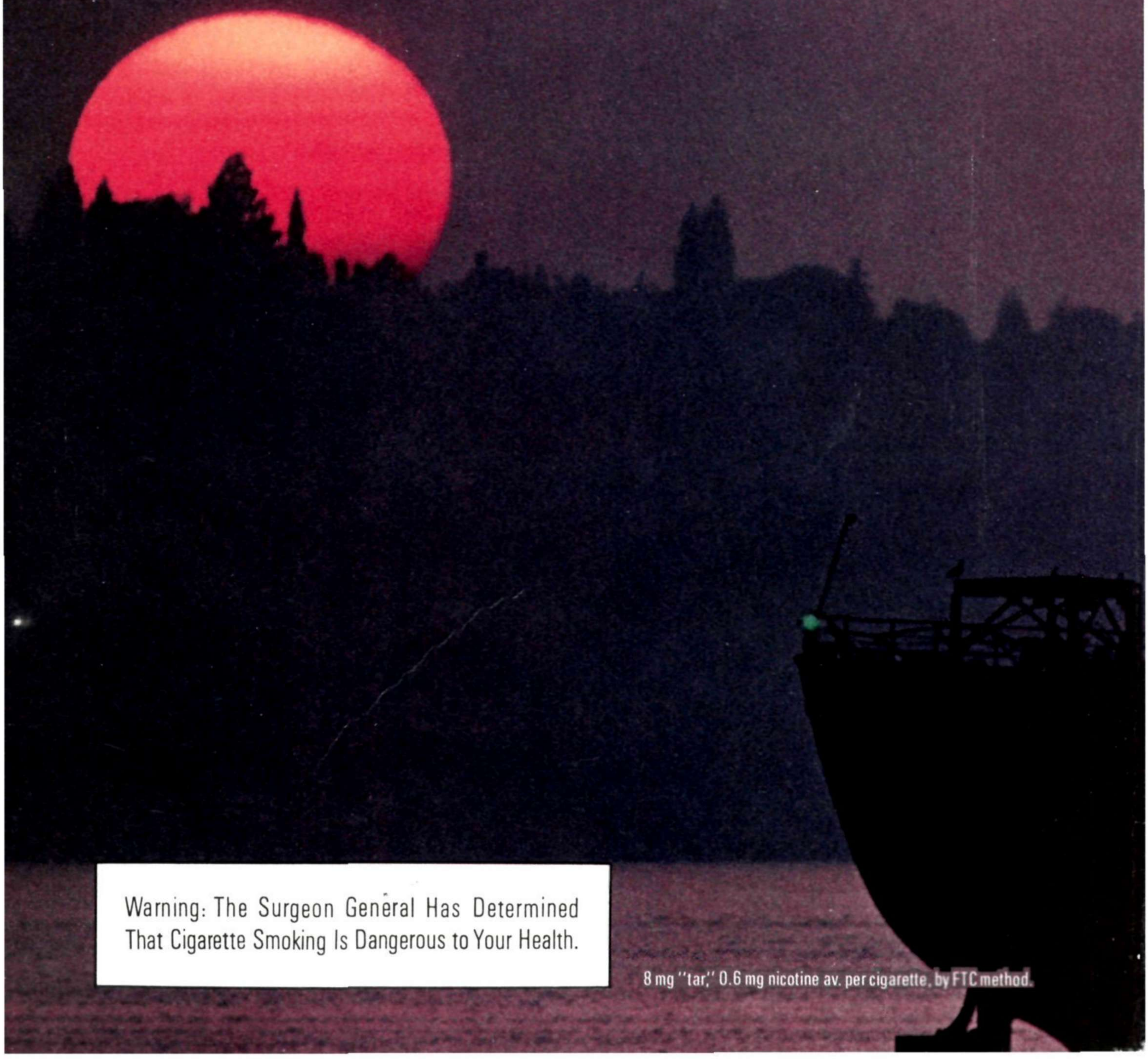

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8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

T

in a low tar.

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Shopwalk

by JOAN O'BRIEN

SKIERS WHO FIND GETTING WET IS NO PICNIC MAY WARM TO THE TAILGAITER

There's something less than elegant about a ski instructor wearing a plastic garbage bag around her hips while riding the chair lifts, but Donna Lawlor Barnes of Utah's Deer Valley Resort isn't concerned with fashion. She's outspokenly practical: "Anybody who skis all day," she says, "will find that their buns get wet and cold."

Thus was born the Tailgaiter, an invention that may be the greatest boon to skiing since the step-in binding. It's now patented, the name is trademarked and the only problem left for Barnes is figuring out how to market the gadget.

The Tailgaiter is fiendishly simple: It looks a bit like the fanny-pack already familiar to skiers, who use them to carry cameras, waxes and whatnot on the slopes. But this new pack, also belted around the waist, is a slightly larger, more oval version that is zippered across the top. Before boarding the chair lift, the skier unzips it and—presto—the pack opens and falls down in back like an apron or, say, the drop seat on a pair of Dr. Denton kiddie pajamas. One sits on the flap, arrives at the top in comfort and ready to ski with a dry bottom—assuredly a great creature comfort to anybody who has ever skied in wet weather.

"Before starting down," says Barnes, "you can zip up the flap. But most people who use it just bomb along with it flapping away. It's a neat effect, and it keeps your tail end warm when you stop along the trail. You can also sit on it in snowbanks while picnicking."

Barnes hired a company in San Diego to produce 100 Tailgaiters in waterproofed nylon and then gave them to fellow instructors for testing. The packs are getting rave reviews and the next step, she says, is to find someone who will manufacture and distribute them nationally. "They shouldn't retail for more than, say, $15," she says.

And just in case the name doesn't sit well, so to speak, with a potential manufacturer, she's also registered it under the name Moonshields. **END**

How To Tell A Tennis Shoe From A Sneaker.

Tennis shoes are built to help you deal decisively with fuzzy orbs flying towards your head at 100 miles an hour.

Sneakers are not.

Problem is, a lot of sneakers are disguised as tennis shoes.

With the introduction of the Prince for men and the Princess for women, Autry makes the difference crystal clear.

Be not deceived.

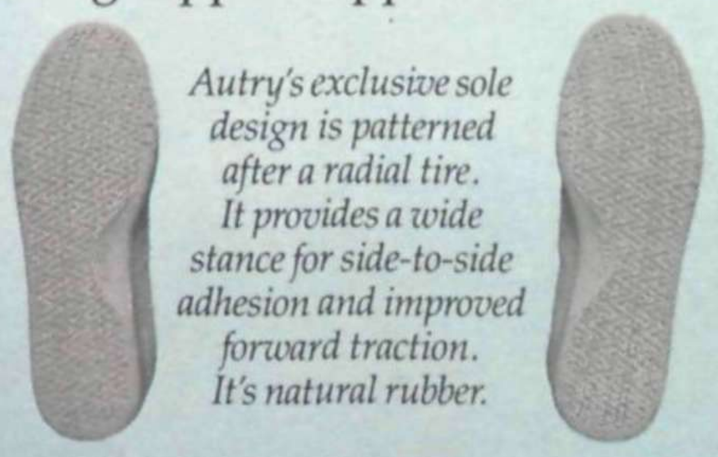
Compare soles. Autry's are natural rubber. Anything less is sneaker material. Compare tread patterns. Autry's is like a radial tire. It grips side-to-side, and improves forward traction.

Tough on top.

Leather toe reinforcements protect against foot drag. Multiple stitching makes the shoe stable; cool-perf ventilation keeps it cool.

Autry's ActionSorb insole stays resilient far longer than other brands.

Break-in is eliminated by using supple Nappa leather. It's



Autry's exclusive sole design is patterned after a radial tire. It provides a wide stance for side-to-side adhesion and improved forward traction. It's natural rubber.

durable, yet soft from the start. It's the most expensive kind.

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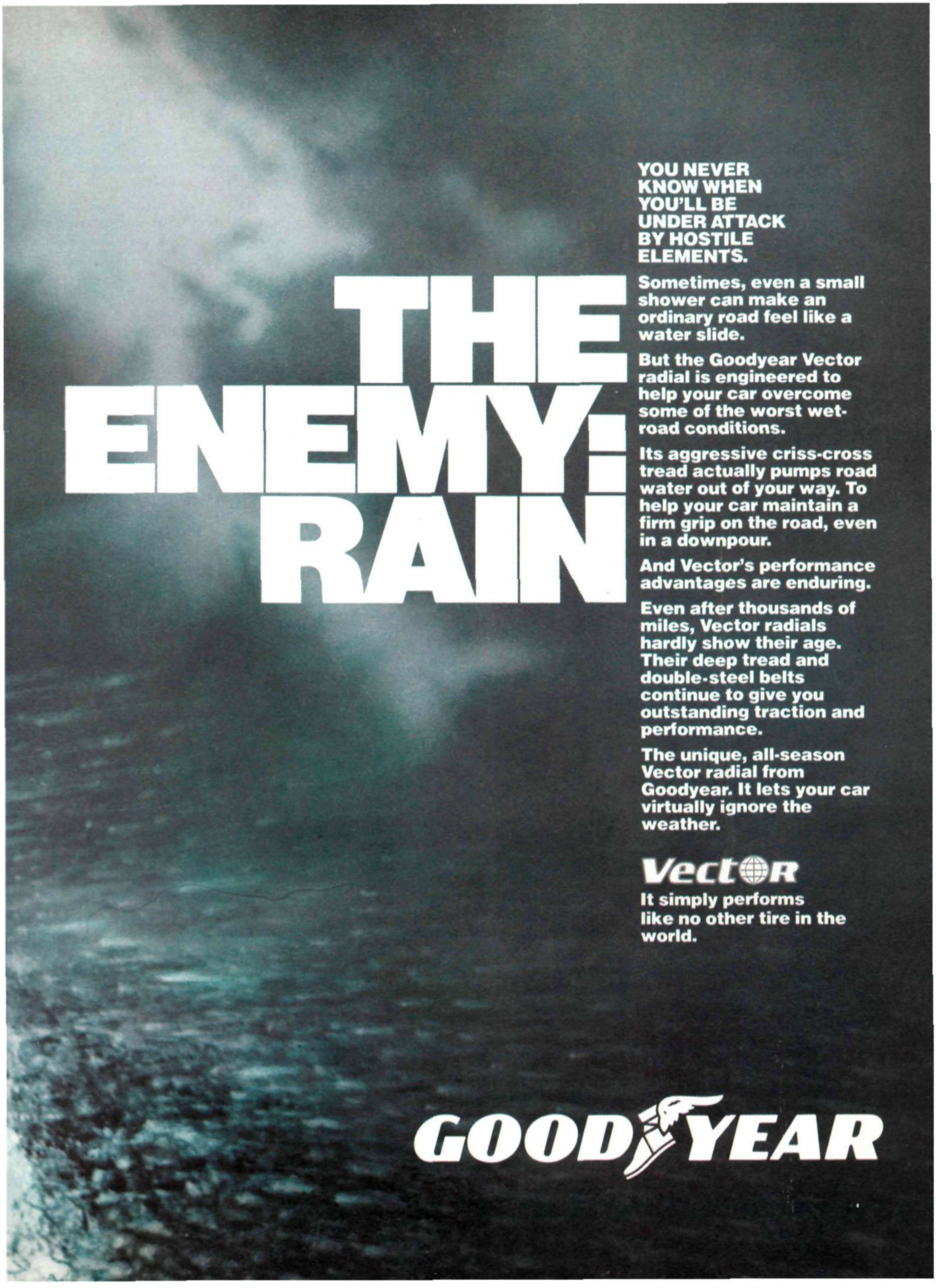
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GOODYEAR

ON DECK

by MICHAEL SHAPIRO

A FOREIGNER THREATENS THE INSULAR WORLD OF JAPANESE SUMO WRESTLING

Who goes by the nicknames Meat Bomb and Earthquake, weighs 491 pounds and has chauvinistic Japanese quaking in their *geta*? A 21-year-old Hawaiian named Salevaa Atisnoe, that's who. Never before has a foreigner advanced so far so fast in Japan's national sport, sumo wrestling, and patriots are panicking.

YASUO MITO

At 491 pounds, Atisnoe is the largest sumo wrestler ever.

He is believed to be the biggest wrestler in the 1,500-year history of this sport of gargantuan men. Even Raiden, the "Superman" of the Edo Period, in the 18th century, was 100 pounds lighter. Atisnoe has already defeated some of Japan's finest wrestlers, and while no foreigner has ever ascended to sumo's summit, *yokozuna*, grand champion—there have been only 57 grand champions in the past 300 years—Atisnoe is expected to join them one day.

At home in Hawaii Atisnoe is usually called Sally, and no one makes a fuss about him when he visits. In Japan, where he is on magazine covers, where mothers hold up their children to be photographed next to him, and where he has replaced Goliath as a metaphor, he is called Konishiki, after a great champion of the Meiji Period (1868-1912), a rare honor for a young wrestler.

For months, he says, "I thought I was dreaming. I finally found out what I was doing was real." He speaks in a lilting voice deceptive in its suggestion of innocence. Japan, he says, is a good place, a peaceful place. But it is not always forgiving of outsiders who intrude upon the existing order.

Atisnoe first heard of sumo one afternoon on Waikiki Beach. It was during his final week of high school, a time to cut class. A man who had noticed his considerable heft—he then weighed 375—approached and inquired whether he might be interested in sumo. Atisnoe told him, "Not really. I don't know anything about sumo."

The stranger persisted. He was, Atisnoe was to learn, a friend of Jesse Kuhaulua's, a man who had left Hawaii 20 years before and had become a reasonably successful sumo wrestler. Atisnoe, the man had suggested, should talk to Kuhaulua. Atisnoe agreed. When the two met, Kuhaulua asked the youth to return to Japan with him. Atisnoe had college aspirations at the time but not the means. He was the seventh of eight children of a Navy maintenance worker and his wife, both Samoan by birth.

With little to hold him, and with little that otherwise compelled him—"I was just a big old bum," he says—Atisnoe accompanied Kuhaulua to Japan, where he joined the sumo stable of the former grand champion Tagasako. He began to study Japanese while Kuhaulua helped him learn sumo moves and tactics, as well as the rules for proper behavior in this gesture-absorbed society.

With the other apprentice wrestlers, Atisnoe woke at five in the morning and practiced, sometimes outside in the rain. When the older wrestlers arrived, the young men would stand aside and wipe the dirt from their elders' shoulders and the sweat from the backs of their necks, or wash the older men's feet and make their lunches. The fledgling wrestlers would show their eagerness by rushing to the winner of each training bout and pleading to be chosen as his next opponent. Atisnoe readily accepted the discipline and the dictates of status. He found in the wrestling stable a kinship that approached family. During their schooling, the wrestlers live in a cloistered state. The younger ones are dissuaded from marriage until they are well along in their careers. They dine together on heavy wrestler's stew. And when they go out together for an evening, they stand apart, not only because they are so big, but also because their appearance suggests a different time: They dress in robes, and their hair is waxed, combed and tied in the long knots that are the wrestler's mark. (Atisnoe's hair is kinky, and he had to wait until it grew long before the attendant could fashion it into the appropriate knot.)

By last September Atisnoe started winning. He rose to the third-highest rank, Sekiwake, after only 15 tournaments. Even some of the best wrestlers in sumo seemed no match for him. He was runner-up in the first fall tournament in Tokyo and came close to winning, finishing with a 12–3 record. Defenders of the sport decried his size and strength, accusing him of winning without skill and with brutishness alone.

As an important November tournament approached, there was talk of an ad hoc "Stop Konishiki" campaign. Newspapers even speculated about strategies that might be devised to beat him—whether a practice injury might be inflicted intentionally, or whether foes might go so far as to lace his stew with sugar so that he might develop the overfed wrestler's curse, diabetes. Meanwhile, others speculated as to how soon he might become a grand champion.

"It doesn't show very much," he said

continued

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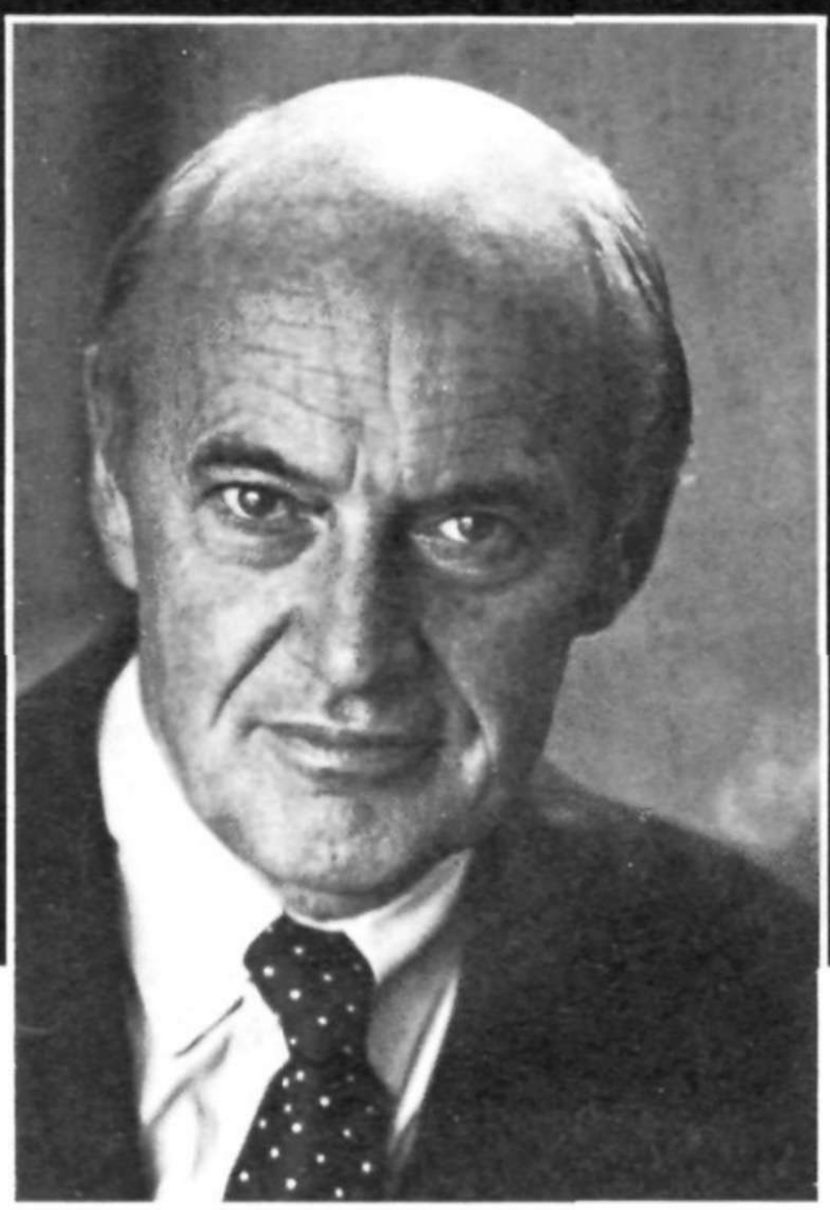

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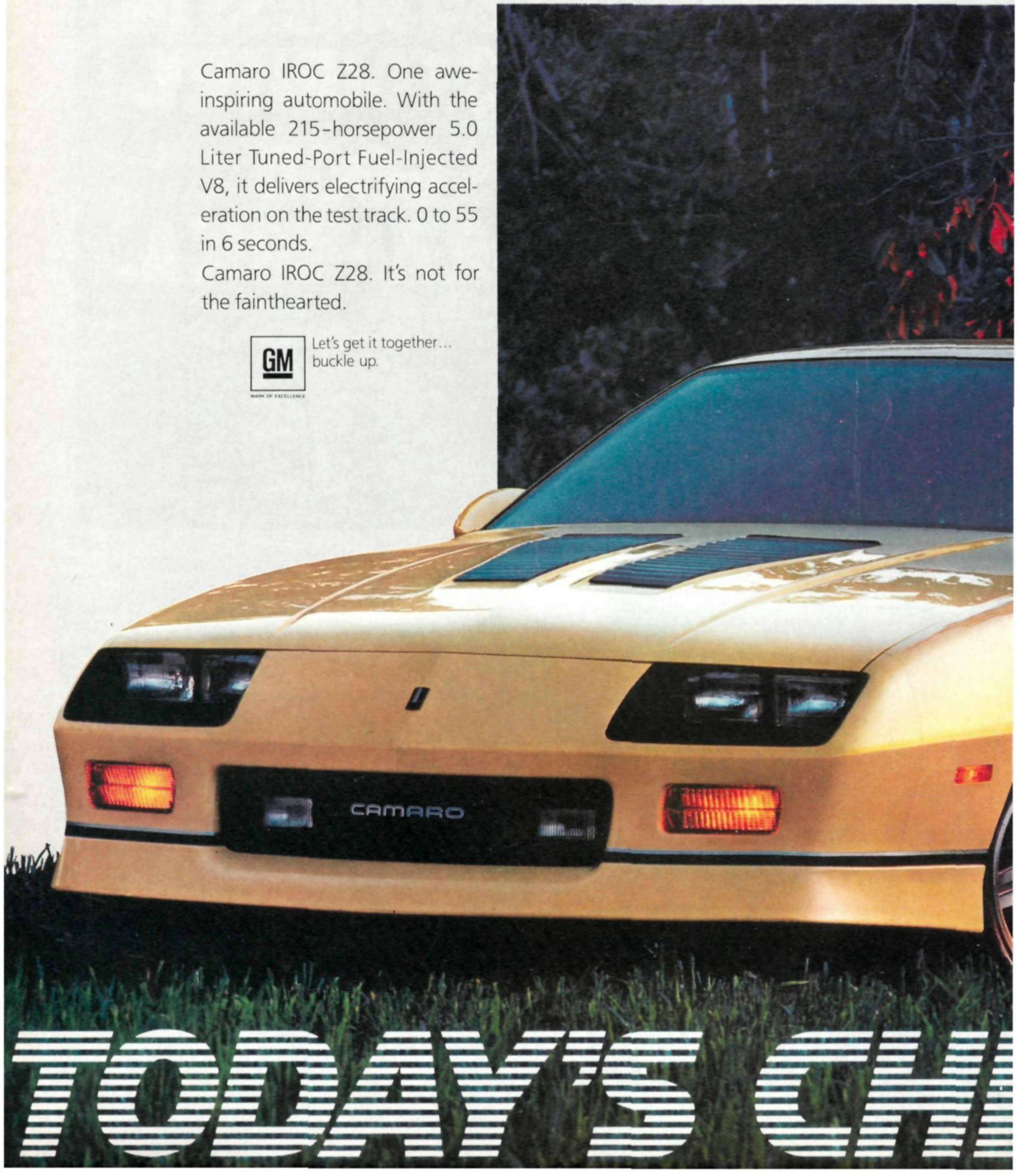

TODAY IS ON

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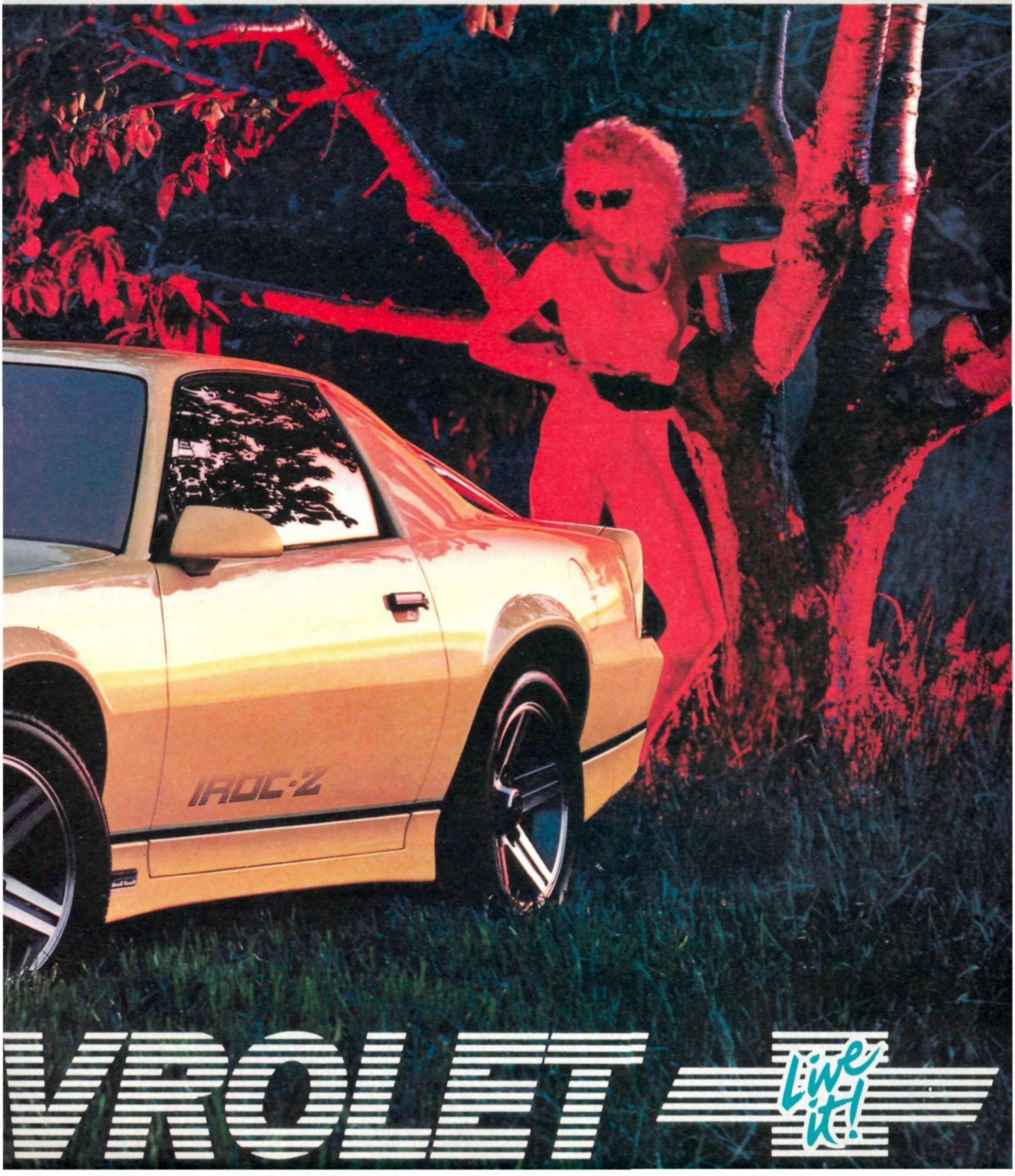


VROLET

live it!

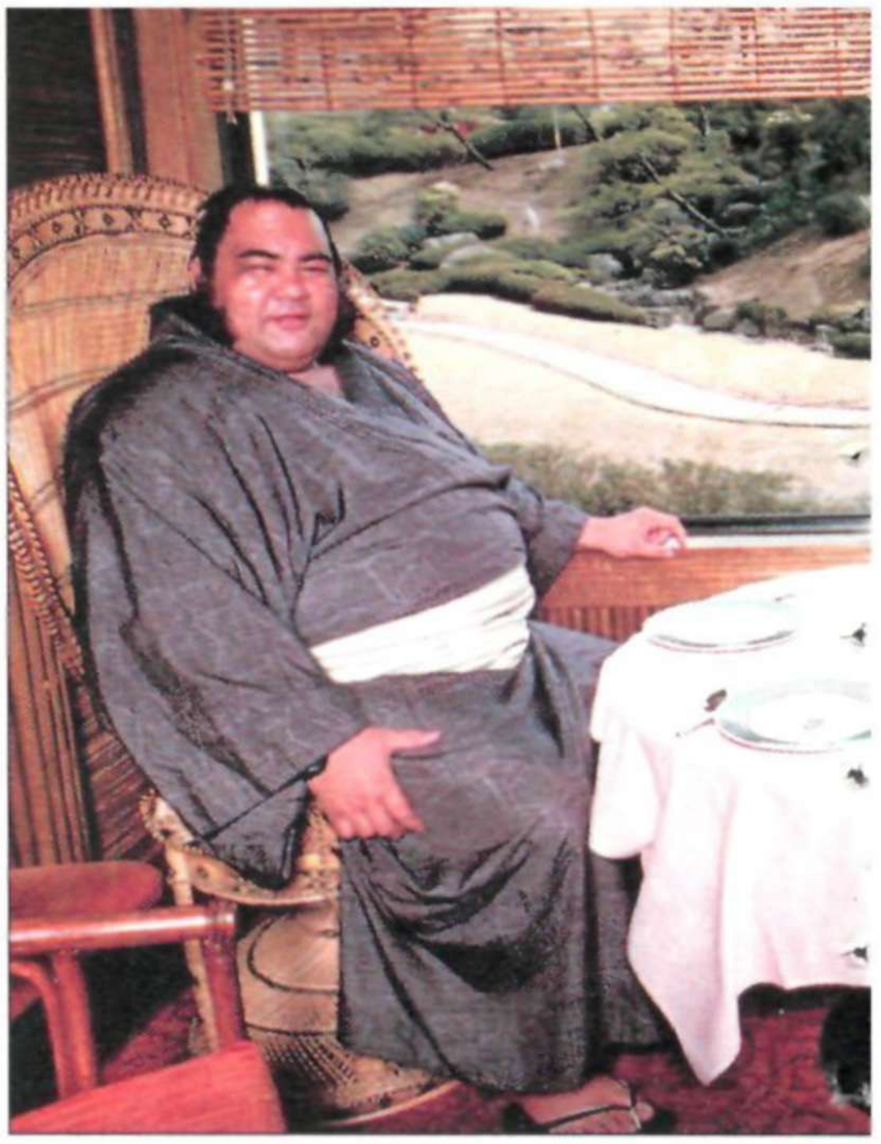
one morning as the tournament neared, "but sometimes it hurts." A few nights before, he and some of the other wrestlers had gone to a disco, where a Japanese man approached and wished him well. This had heartened him, but he had grown irritable with the incessant questions about the most mundane aspects of his life and the resentment he caused in ways that, to him, seemed innocent.

He had, for instance, learned enough Japanese to answer for himself in interviews but not enough to learn that the language is filled with shaded meanings. So he told an interviewer that he regarded sumo as a fight, which, in appearance, it is. But aficionados lashed out at him, wondering how someone could regard their sport as mere combat. His answers became terse, and there were fewer attempts at pleasantries.

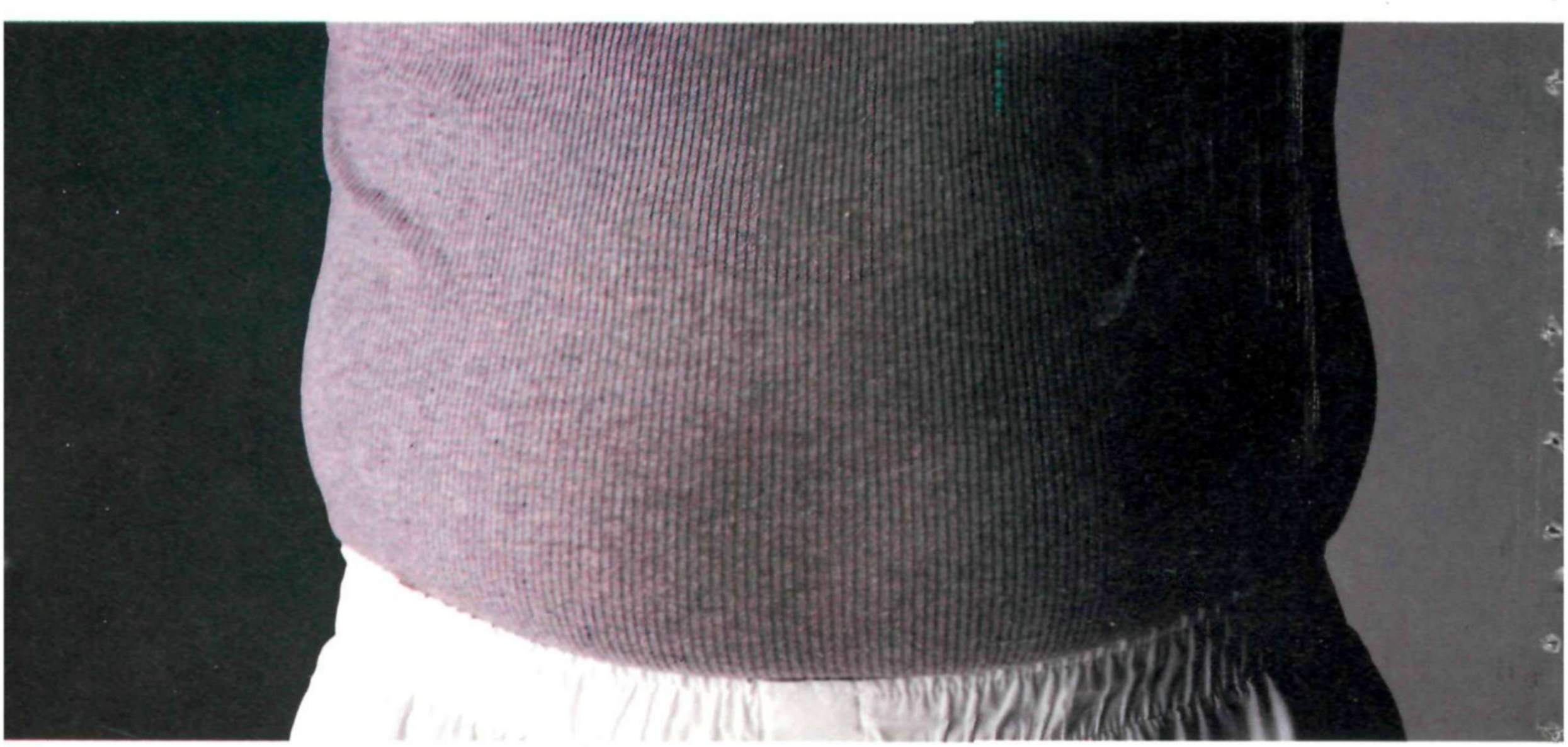
His first opponent in November was the aging grand champion Kitanoumi. No one had won more titles, but at 31 he was said to be fading. Still, the crowd adored Kitanoumi. The first bouts of the tournament had begun at 10 in the morning. Tournaments last for 15 days, and each wrestler must compete once a day—the better wrestlers going on last. Atisnoe appeared at the entrance to the packed arena just before six o'clock. He was naked but for his thick wrestler's strap. His shoulders were thrust back to support his great belly. His walk was a labored waddle. His fleshy, dimpled thighs kept his knees two feet apart.

Then Atisnoe and Kitanoumi stepped onto the raised clay ring, under the vaulted wooden roof that hung high above to create the atmosphere of a Shinto shrine. They went to their corners and began the preparation that precedes the quick bouts. First they stood on one leg and brought the raised leg down hard to stamp evil into the ground. They smacked their haunches and flanks and then squatted, facing each other, as they began the ceremonial clapping of hands to signal the gods. They leaned down and forward, balancing themselves on their fists, looking into each other's eyes. Kitanoumi rose, then Atisnoe.

They returned to their corners, took



Atisnoe (right) and his former sumo teacher, Jesse



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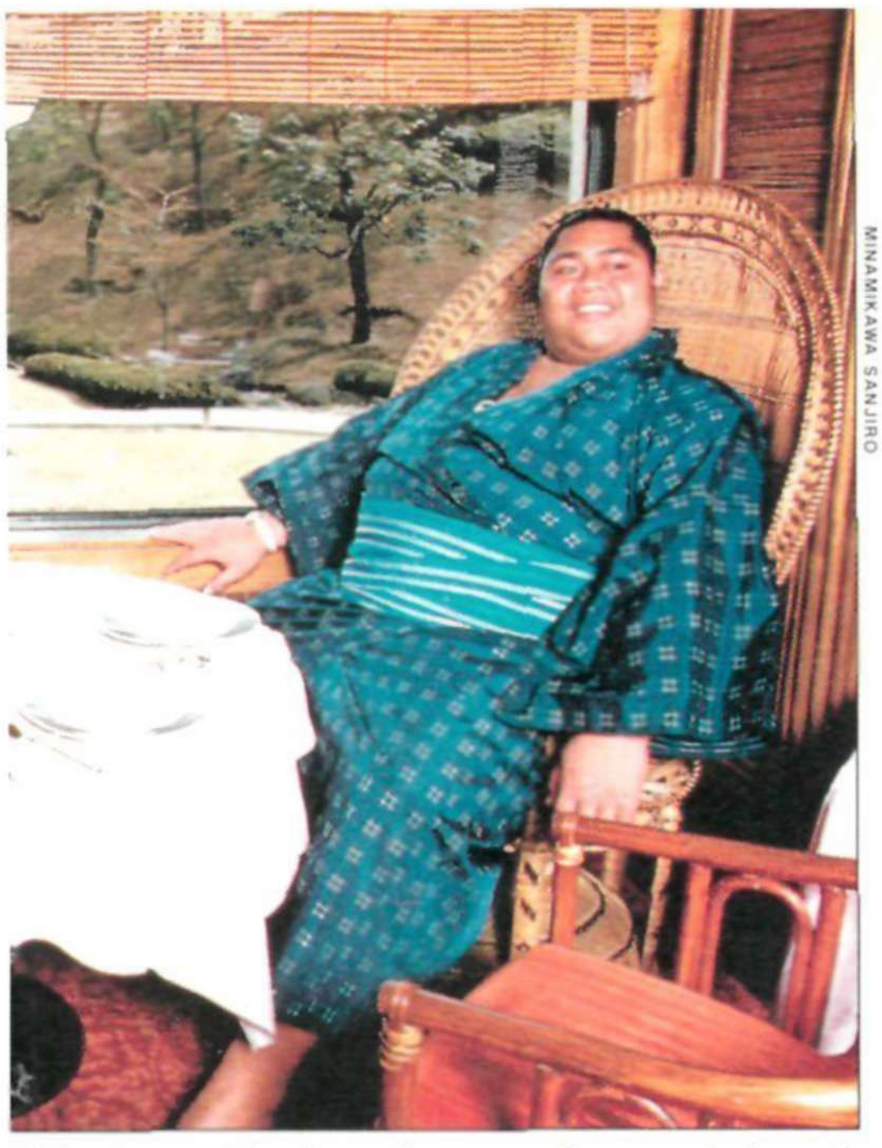

MINAMIKAWA SANJIRO

Kuhaulua, settle down for a much-unneeded meal.

big handfuls of salt, the agent of purification, and cast them down. They purified themselves further by rinsing out their mouths and by wiping all sweat from their armpits. They repeated the posing and then did the ritual again. Each time Kitanoumi rose, Atisnoe glared, and the crowd roared as the anticipation built.

Atisnoe's glare was so purposely penetrating, so obvious, that it set him that much more apart from the Japanese wrestlers, who tend to regard each other with empty eyes.

The preparation period is limited to four minutes; when it ended, the wrestlers were poised, facing off a yard apart inside the 15′ 2″ clay circle. Kitanoumi was first off the mark and hit the rising Atisnoe squarely. And though Kitanoumi weighs 375 pounds, it was as if he had run into a massive tree.

Atisnoe did not budge. Years ago Kitanoumi might have barreled over him, but now his charge was blunted, and Atisnoe countered. He could have tried to grab his opponent's strap and force him down with any number of techniques—but all he did was push. He extended his arms and shoved the older man back, his hands grabbing at Kitanoumi's neck and shoulders. Within five seconds the grand champion stood outside the straw boundary, defeated.

Under the stands, young girls waited with cameras. When Atisnoe appeared a thick crowd pressed around him, and he began his awkward trot to escape them. He could barely pass. Mostly it was younger people who reached out and patted him on the back.

In succeeding matches he faced only the best wrestlers, and some of them—using Atisnoe's own size and strength against him—beat him. Then, on the 11th day, with his record at 5 and 5, he was thrown. He landed so hard on his right shoulder that he had to be hospitalized. But though he had to withdraw from the tournament, attention remained on him. He was still a force to be reckoned with, an outlander threatening to become king of Japan's national sport. Atisnoe will soon be ready to fight again. No one is suggesting that the Meat Bomb has been defused. **END**

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Sideline

by J. AUSTIN MURPHY

THE ARCEL MEDICAL CENTER IS A START TOWARD THE CARE OF RETIRED BOXERS

Back in the Dark Ages of boxing, before $1 million purses and closed-circuit television, trainer Ray Arcel had a homespun medicament for fighters who were cut during a bout. He'd detach a pinch of chaw from the wad of tobacco in his mouth, smooth it between thumb and forefinger, mash it against the gash and send his man back out. Afterward, of course, he'd make certain the lad was properly darned by a doctor.

During his 65 years in boxing Arcel earned a reputation for selflessness. He admits to having occasionally fed his fighters first, *then* his own family. Now that Arcel, 85, is retired it's only fitting that a sorely needed facility for old fighters be named in his honor.

The Ray Arcel Medical Center is located on Broadway in Manhattan, a block south of Times Square, sandwiched between a travel agency and a hosiery outlet and up one flight of steps. On a wall in the waiting room is a bronze plaque bearing Arcel's countenance.

The medical center is diagnostic only; no prescriptions are written, no therapy administered. Members of Ring No. 8, the New York–New Jersey chapter of the Veteran Boxers Association, are entitled to a free annual checkup. That's all. If something ails them they are notified by the attending physician. Treatment is another matter and, for most ex-fighters, another problem.

There are so many medical troubles hounding today's physically and financially afflicted old boxers that the center amounts to little more than a gesture, really, a plug of tobacco in a wound. Still, it's better than nothing, which is what so many retired fighters once had.

The Veteran Boxers Association was founded to provide a forum by means of which old "fight guys" could recall the glorious past. It consists of loosely organized "rings" nationwide. A gala dinner of the Queensboro (N.Y.) Elks Lodge in December 1984 marked Ring 8's first serious attempt to raise funds for the diagnostic center.

Inside the lodge that night a gnarled assortment of old boxers, cornermen, trainers—even Arcel himself, spry as you please—exchanged firm handshakes, pounded backs and crowded around the bar. Among the names on the guest register were La Motta, Graziano, Antuofermo, Ambers, Saddler and a host of lesser recognizables. Cauliflower ears narrowly outnumbered splayed noses.

There was no delicate tinkling of silver on crystal when Danny Kapilow, Ring 8's granite-jawed secretary, stood to speak. He merely scowled and began, "I'm not gonna ask for your attention, I'm gonna demand it." Kapilow expressed pleasure at the turnout and thanked the host Elks. Then the lines on his face became more apparent. "As many of us know," he said, "when the years in the ring are over and you're out of the limelight, it can be a lonely, painful time. That's why we're here tonight." There was poignant silence.

What is it about boxers, about boxing, that creates the need for such comment? One glaring reason: It's the only major sport with no centralized, self-help organ. Boxing has nothing analogous to a player's union, no pension system, no medical benefits, no established means of distributing a fighter's purse.

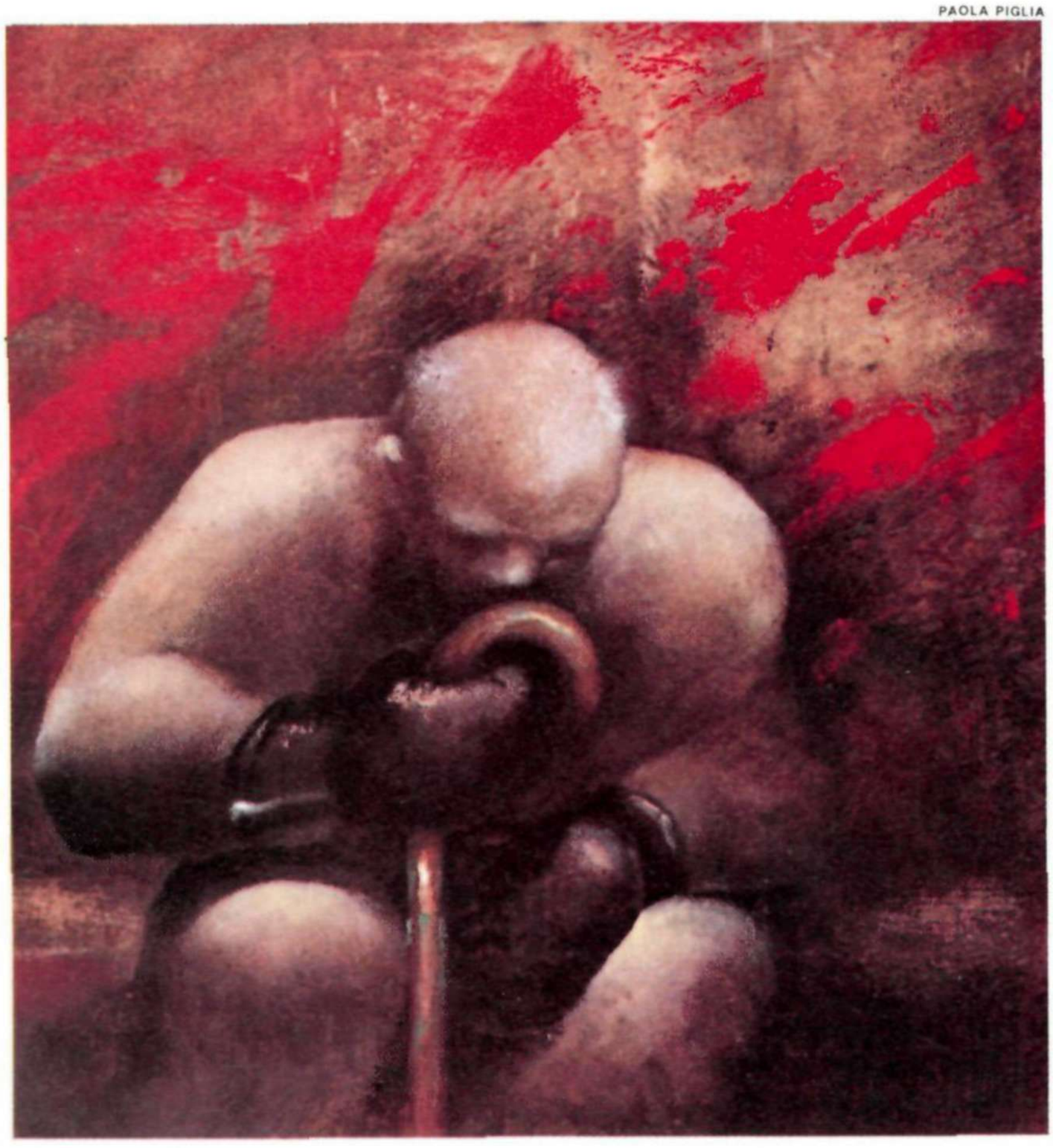
"Hey, I got news for you," says Irving Rudd, chief publicist for Top Rank promoters. "There is the entire world of sport—and then there's boxing."

A boxer is, by nature, self-reliant. His fists and guts got him where he is, gave him money and glory. What need does he have for a union? And a union with whom? Somebody he's about to knock silly? *This chump ain't nothin'! He goin' down in three!* Such sentiments make later relationships strained. Secondly, blind obedience to a manager is ingrained from a fighter's earliest days in the gym and few managers would want to relinquish control over their fighters. Rudd says, "The most telling tribute to Ray Arcel I've ever heard was from a guy who said, 'Why, he taught me how to *eat!*' "

Traditionally, boxers rise from society's less-educated strata. "That hurts them when they go out looking for the good jobs," says Kapilow. "Plus a lot of them are banged around facially, so people don't take them seriously." And, as

continued

PAOLA PIGLIA



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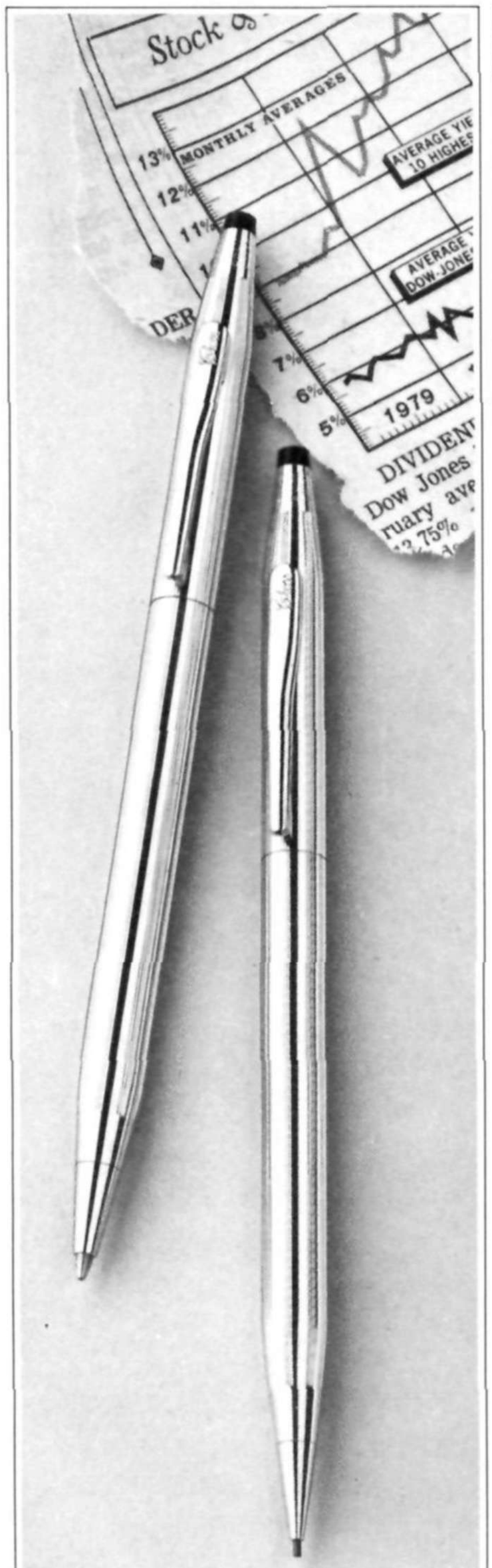

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the overwhelming body of medical evidence has determined, many are brain-damaged from repeated blows.

Kapilow is in his 60s now and, though hale, is no longer the menacing figure he was in 1944, when he was the world's eighth-ranked welterweight. But as president of Teamsters Local 966 in New York, he doesn't need to be. Until two years ago the medical center now named for Arcel serviced only Teamsters and their families. It was Kapilow who decided a few old fighters could be squeezed in, and he persuaded the other officers in his local to agree.

As he describes Kapilow the pugilist, Arcel's soft voice quavers ever so slightly, like that of an Indian elder reciting an oral history. "Danny used to spend 12, 14 hours a day in the gym. He learned his trade. He used his head in the ring—he moved *away* from punches. Fighters today, they don't learn their trade."

In 1947, Kapilow really used his head. He quit after eight years as a pro, before boxing had a chance to cough him up, dazed and battered. Now he spends hours assisting those who failed to retire in time. "The public would be astounded and shocked at the great fighters of the past who lived and died in poverty and misery," he says. Kapilow sadly recounts the deaths last year of Fritzie Zivic, Lou Brouillard and Steve Belloise, "all real good fighters." Each died of Alzheimer's disease, a brain dysfunction. Hoeing perhaps the meanest row are yesterday's second- and third-rate fighters, who were often cannon fodder for the champions, brawlers who soaked up beatings to earn a day's pay.

But Kapilow can also point to boxers who have prospered, like Charley (The Fighting Milkman) Fusari, now a goodwill ambassador for the liquor industry.

"Sure, some of them are doing O.K.," says Charley Gellman, Ring 8's vice-president. "A lot of them are walking on their heels, too."

Gellman knows. He's another of the unlikely ministering angels responsible for founding the Ray Arcel Medical Center. Patrons of smokers at which Gellman fought illegal bouts in the '30s, in Jersey City, Newark and Scranton, might remember him as Chuck Halper—the boxing alias he assumed to avoid disgracing the family name. "Back then it was either fight or steal," he says. "And who gave a damn whether or not they put them in the record books? People bet a lot of money on those fights."

With money from bootleg bouts Gellman carved a few extra options for himself. He graduated from Columbia University in 1939 with a degree in public health and went on to become a prominent New York hospital administrator. He was in charge of Jewish Memorial in upper Manhattan from 1962 to '83.

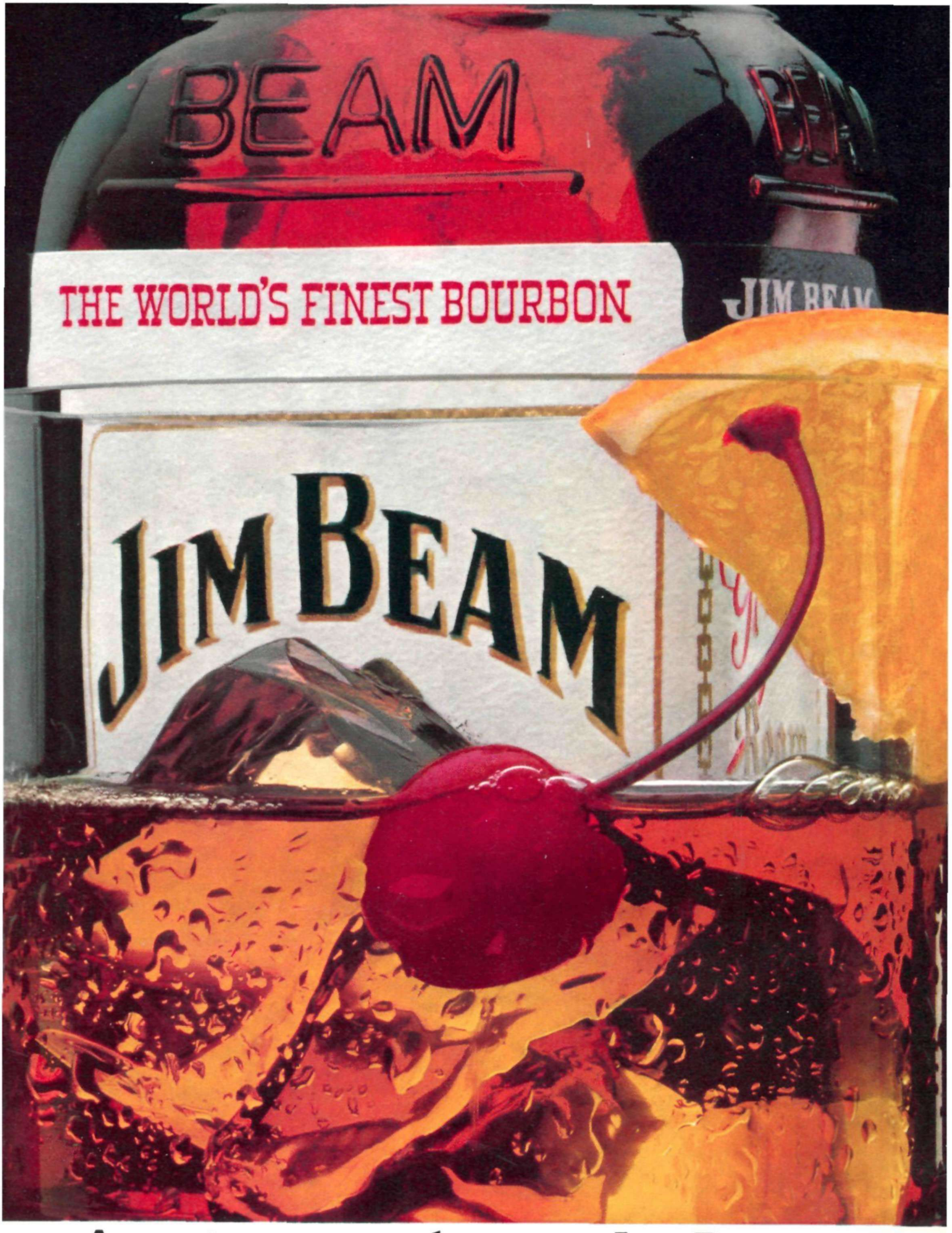
A rumpled note bearing Gellman's name was found in Mickey Walker's trousers pocket in 1981 the day the former middleweight champion of the world was found destitute and near death on a Brooklyn curbside. Gellman, who had sparred some with Walker five decades earlier and had become friendly with him, set him up in a private room at a New Jersey nursing home. Afflicted with Parkinson's disease, Walker lived only five more months, but he died, as Gellman says, with dignity. Gellman paid the bills.

"A lot of guys used to come up, and I'd have the doctors check 'em out," he says. Often, when a "fight guy" required an extended hospital stay but wasn't covered, Gellman applied discreet pressure. "I'd tell the doctors, 'I give you four, five beds a day—for crissakes take care of one of my fighters!' Otherwise they'd send 'em down to one of the city hospitals and let the interns work on 'em."

Though Jewish Memorial is closed and Gellman is retired, he is on the telephone instantly when a Ring 8 member without wherewithal or coverage needs a doctor. He bullyrags, wheedles, cajoles, whatever it takes. "I am not without influence," he says.

Impassioned voices have risen lately, some for boxing's abolition, some against it. Ironically, many of the sport's living, breathing legacies venture no strong opinions. They're too busy scratching a living from the hard edges of a society with which they don't seem quite compatible. Kapilow and others have called for financial assistance from fight fans and those who profit most from boxing—promoters and television networks—but it's a mismatch.

Radiating meager hope, meanwhile, the Ray Arcel Medical Center sits in midtown Manhattan, doing what little it can. His tobacco chewin' days are history, but Arcel will still tell you that before a wound can heal, you must first stop the bleeding. **END**



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Footloose

by ROBERT F. JONES

ONCE HUNTED IN VAST NUMBERS, THE OL' BLACK DUCK IS NOW IN JEOPARDY

From a tower overlooking three pairs of small artificial ponds in Laurel, Md., biologists study the feeding behavior of six duck broods, meticulously noting the birds' every move. Farther north, in Nova Scotia, a Canadian biologist keeps watch on the growth rate of ducklings on remote, nutrient-poor ponds and compares it with that of similar birds feeding in richer farm ponds and sewage treatment outlets. Elsewhere, a licensed trapper in the Maritimes lifts a huge, dark adult duck from a trap and removes the timeworn band from its leg, replacing it with a new one and mailing the old band to Washington, D.C. On a tidal marsh in New Jersey, a hunter picks up a duck he's just shot over his decoy rig, examines its feet and bill, clips a wing and stuffs it in an envelope. Then with a sigh he pulls in his decoys. Although the sky is full of ducks just waiting to toll into his blind, for him it must be another one-duck day.

All this activity—even the duck hunter's act of reluctant restraint—is in behalf of the black duck. Until recently, this big, shy, dark-feathered waterfowl with its coral-red legs and olive-green bill was the Crown Prince of the Atlantic Flyway, ranking second only to the Canada goose in the esteem of hunters along the East Coast from Cape Breton Island to the Carolinas. There has always been something mysterious, almost magical, about "blackie." It is a bird of the dim hours, conducting much of its business in the gray half-light of dawn and dusk, often announcing its arrival over a blind with nothing more than the rip of powerful wings through the cold, dark air. To those who love it (and love to kill it), the black duck is at one with the boom of Atlantic surf on the nearby barrier islands, with the first pink touch of sunrise igniting the tips of the spartina grass, with the tang of salt and the dark iodine reek of marsh muck on patched but leaky waders.

From the sandy barrier beaches of Assawaman Island, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, one can look north at sunset to the gantries and blockhouses of NASA's rocket-launch range at Wallops

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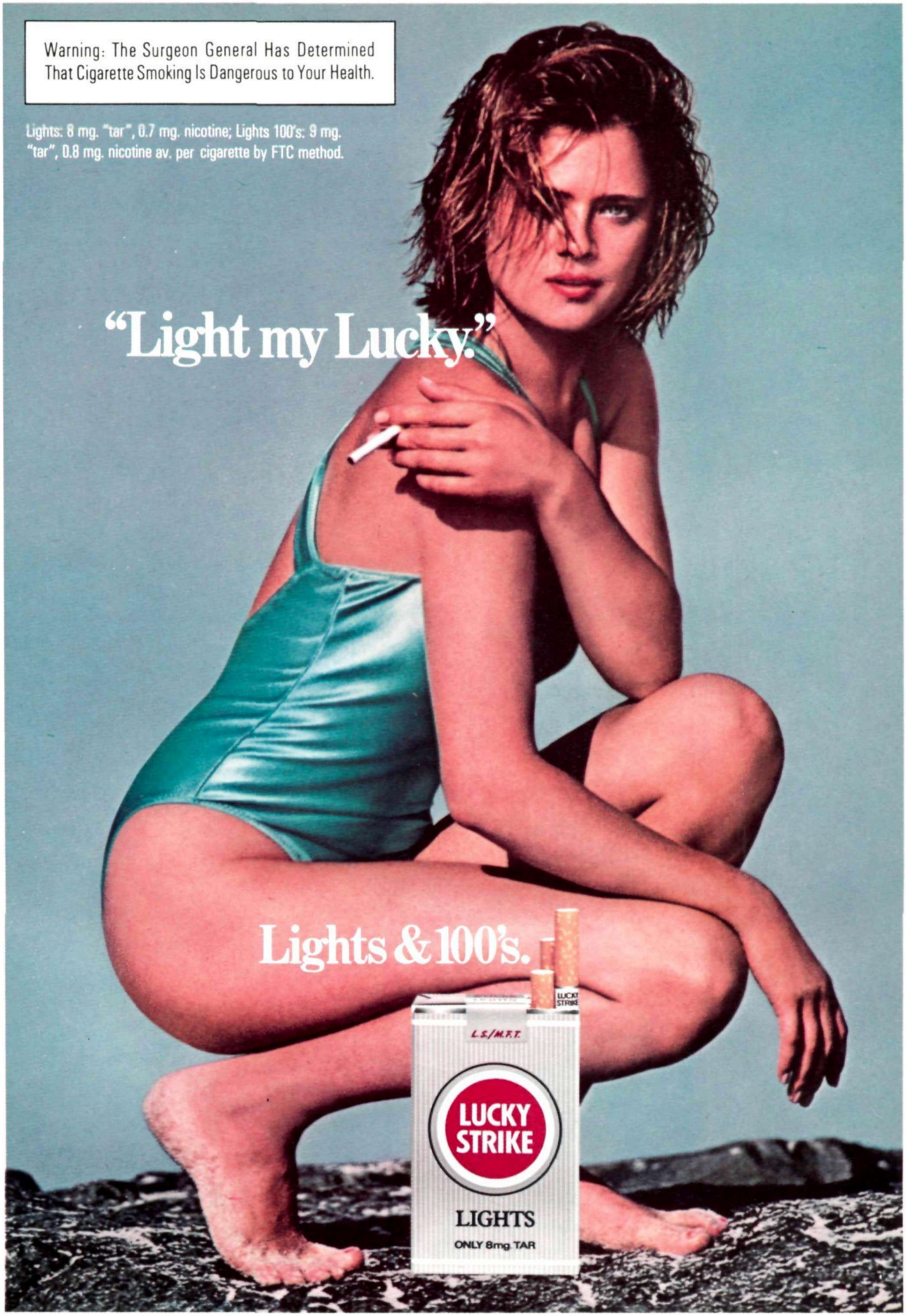

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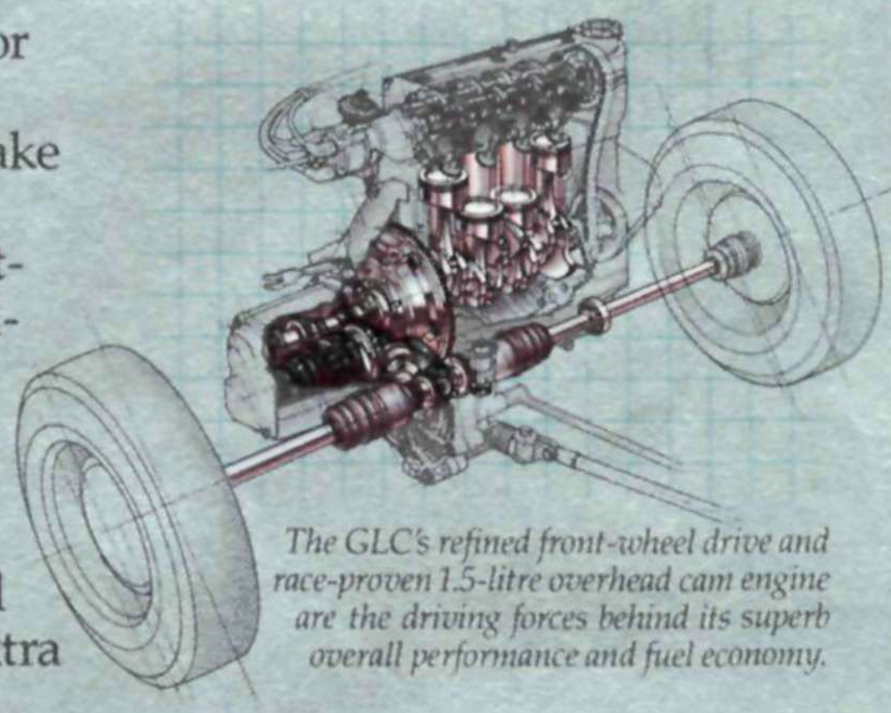

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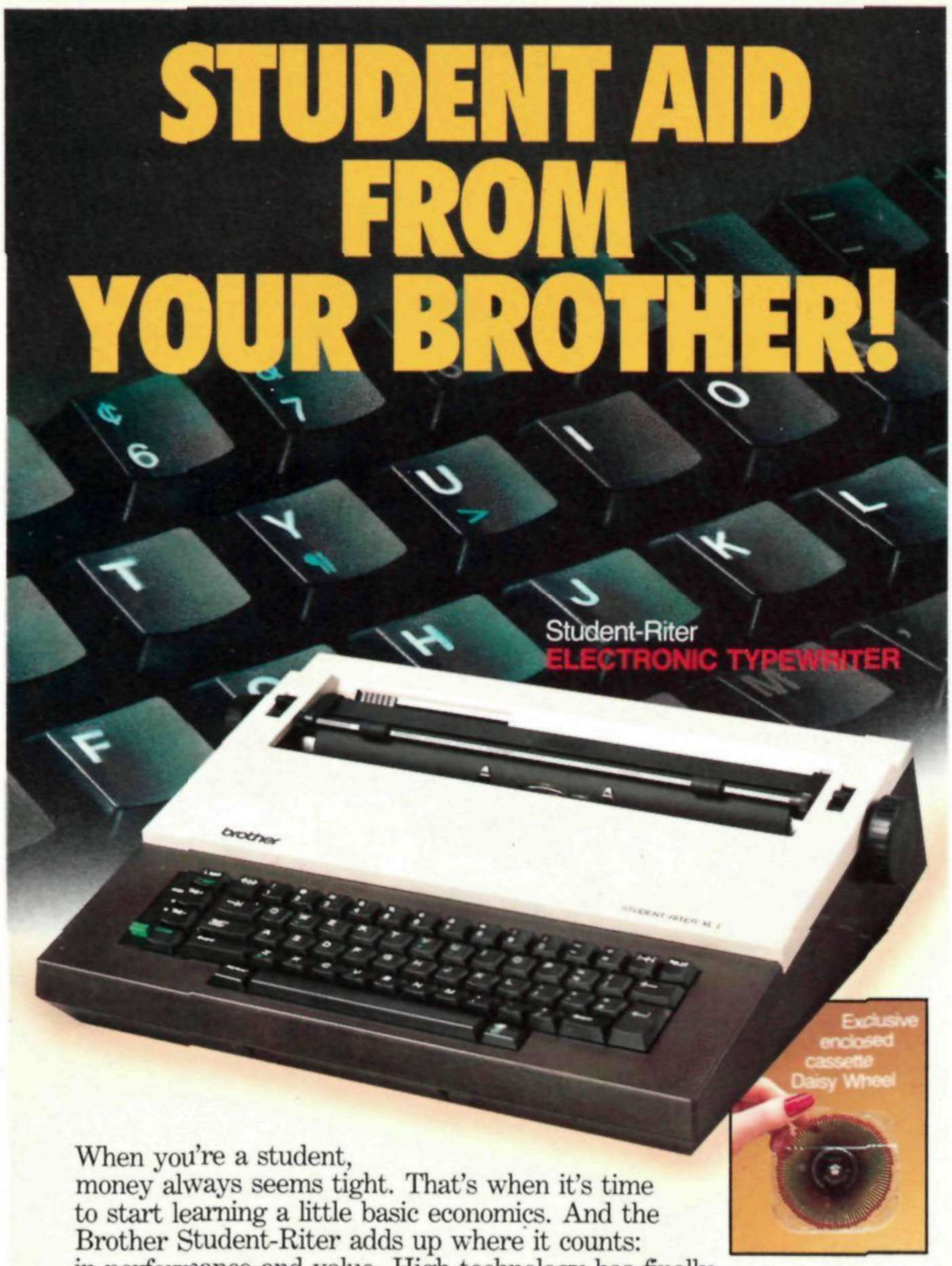

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Island, looming pale and misshapen in the pink light, an eerie echo of a turn-of-the-century Thomas Eakins painting. It is here that the black duck is making its last stand.

Cautious as a banker, a flock circles the decoys endlessly, remaining just out of range, checking the "blocks" from every angle. The slightest tag of weed fluttering underwater on a tide-swept anchor line will send it banking and whirling away, not to return that day, if ever. When the birds do pitch in, it's always at the edge of the decoy rig, and if a gunner rises to shoot before they have all committed themselves, they will be up and off again as if powered by retro-rockets. The black duck takes a lot of killing, but to thousands of waterfowlers since the days of the Pilgrims, it has been well worth it, especially when served up quick-roasted and blood-rare, with a pinch or two of sage and rosemary.

But now the black duck is in deep, perhaps irreversible, trouble. A generation ago hunters killed a million blackies a year along the Atlantic and Mississippi flyways (the birds occur only rarely farther west). Today it is estimated that there may be no more than a million and a half left in the world. Both the mallard and the wood duck now rank above the black in numbers taken by hunters each year along the Atlantic Flyway. Ironically, early in this century the wood duck was itself on the verge of extinction, and only a monumental effort by wildlife experts and duck hunters, aided by the return of farmland to a more natural state, brought it back to huntable levels. But skeptics fear that no such turnaround is likely for the beleaguered black. The species *Anas rubripes*, they say, is being hybridized out of existence.

The villain in this tale is the mallard, *Anas platyrhynchos*, that familiar green-headed paddler of every wet habitat from prairie potholes to city park ponds and suburban swimming pools. Some ornithologists theorize that the black duck species began breaking away genetically from the ancestral mallard some four million years ago. What evolved was a bird that resembled the hen mallard, but with a much darker color and a pronounced predilection for forest-country beaver ponds and East Coast salt marshes as its breeding and wintering zones. The mallard, in those days at least, preferred more open country—the pothole ponds of the Midwestern prairies. Some biolo-

continued

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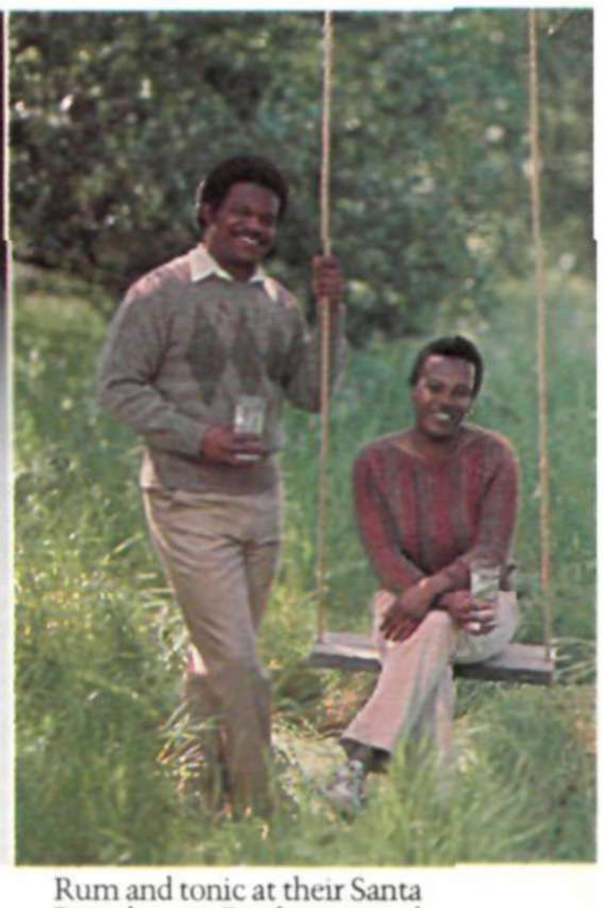

Rum and tonic at their Santa Rosa home. Freelance word processor Barbara Ellis and husband Michael, an engineer.

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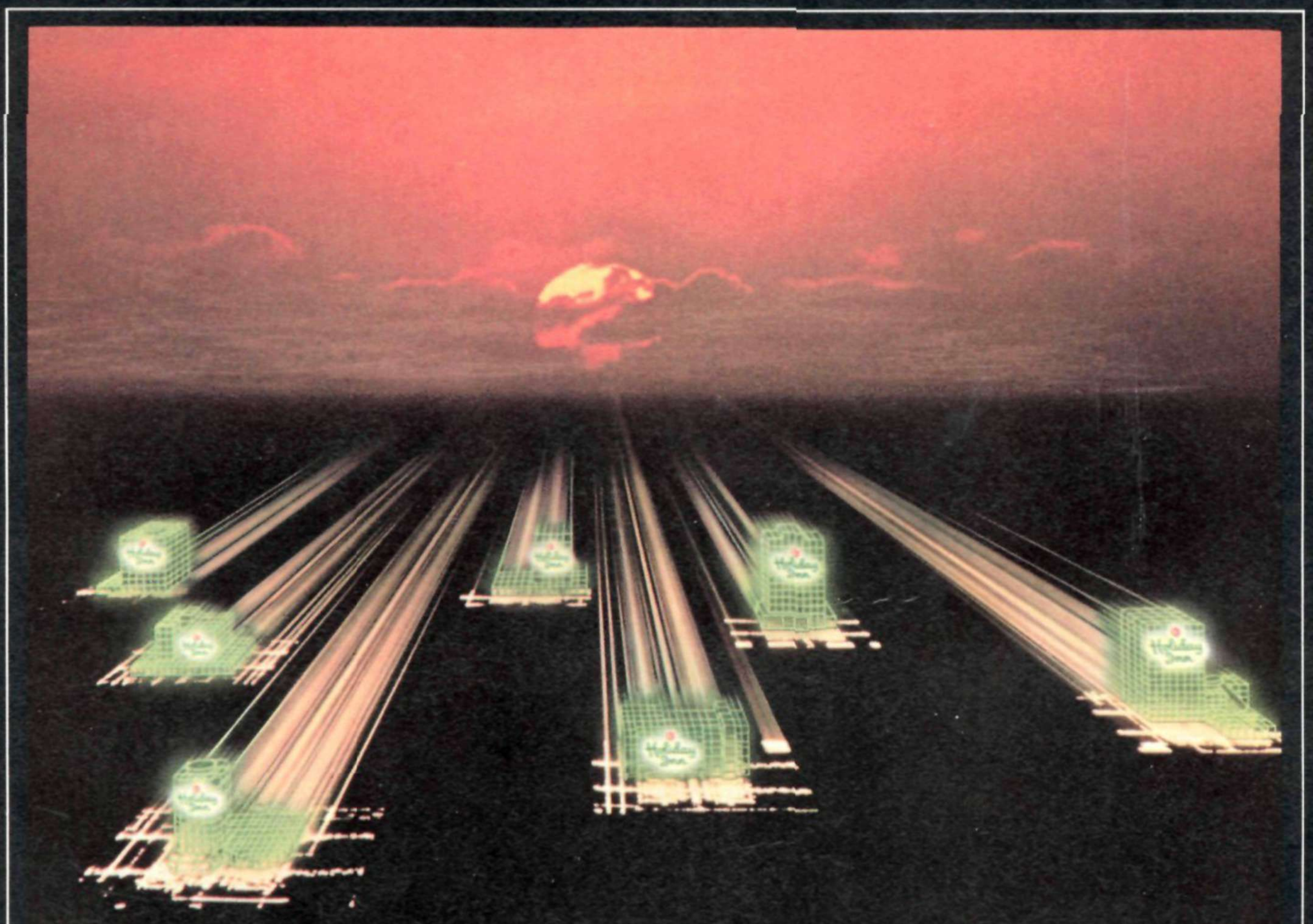

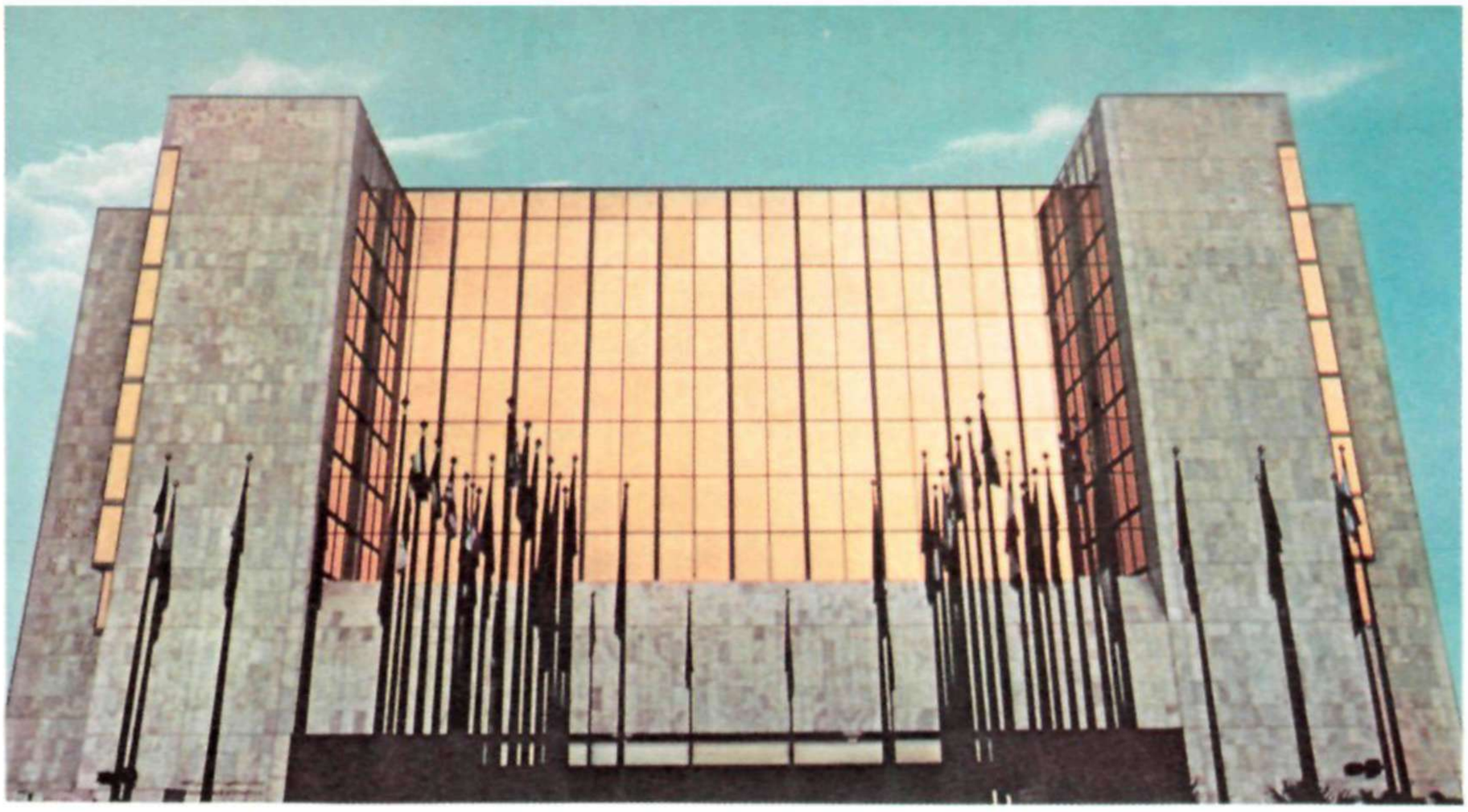

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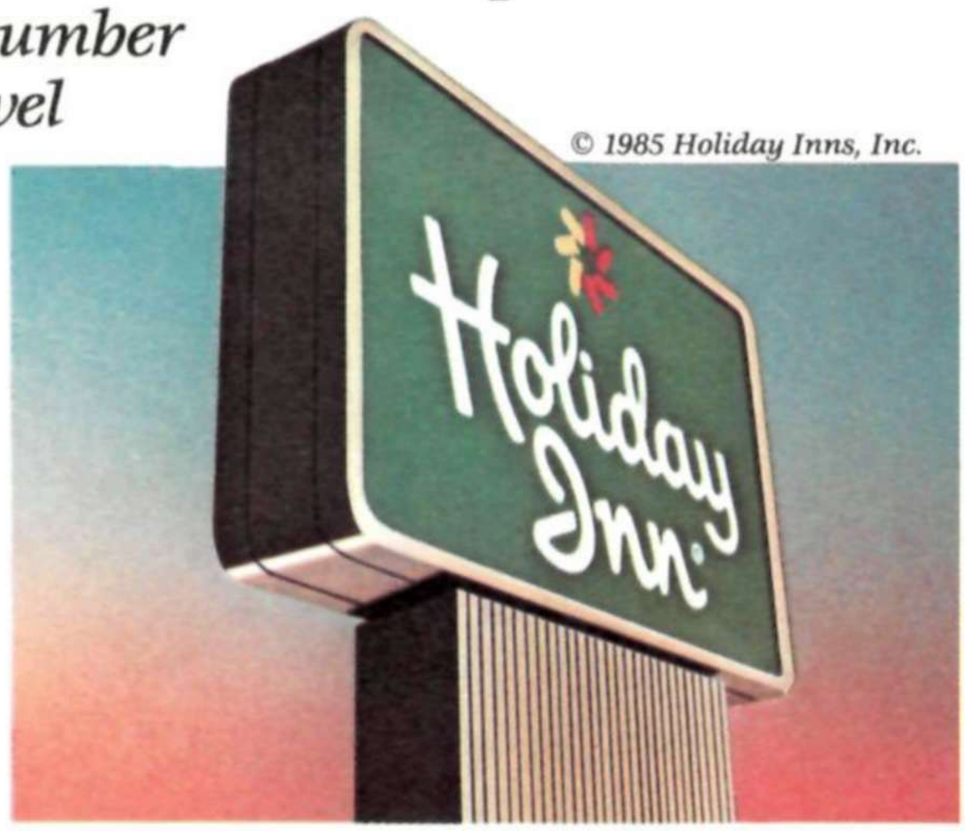

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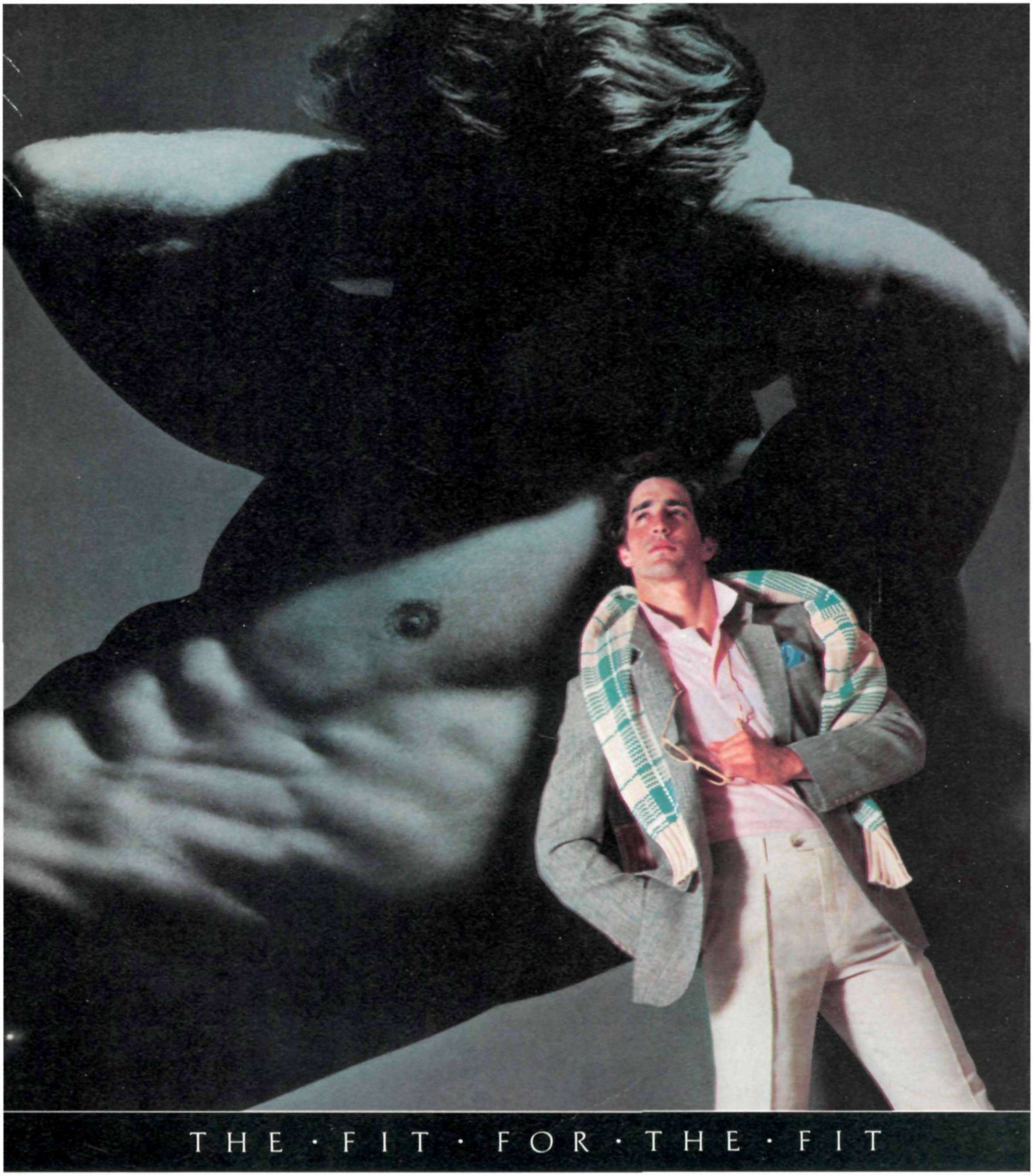

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GALLERY

BY · HAGGAR

gists believe that along the way the emerging black duck developed an immunity to a blood parasite called a leucocytozoan, which is transmitted by the blackflies that make the summer woodlands of New England and eastern Canada—the blackie's prime grounds—a living, biting, scratching, swatting hell for *Homo sapiens.*

All was well and good between the two species as long as they remained separate. But then, shortly after World War II, the population dynamics of the birds began to change. Black duck numbers began a sharp decline even as mallards thrived and spread. One of the major indicators the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service employs to keep track of the shifts in duck population is the "mid-winter survey." which tots up the number of ducks found on the species' wintering grounds. The 1955 winter survey showed 760,900 blacks on the water between Canada and the Carolinas, and inland to the lower Midwest. By 1960 the winter count had dropped to roughly half a million, and in January '83 researchers could spot only 293,800.

Some 60% of this decline took place during the 1950s and early '60s. The sharp drop, amounting to more than 5% of the total black duck mid-winter survey figures in some years, coincided with the infamous postwar era of swamp-filling, when every bog, mire, swale, slough, marsh and fen within reach of a bulldozer was considered worthless if not downright evil. The swamps were filled to make room for housing developments, industrial parks, shopping centers and increased agricultural acreage.

At the same time, the swamps that weren't filled were slathered with DDT to eliminate nasty bugs, mainly mosquitoes. The pesticides, working their way through the food chain, caused eggshell thinning among many birds, most notably the big raptors at the top of the chain—bald eagles, peregrine falcons and ospreys. "In retrospect," says Dr. Robert Smith of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Office of Migratory Bird Management, "an eggshell-thinning problem may have occurred among black ducks, too, but we weren't looking for it so we didn't see it. Eagles and peregrines have come back strongly since the DDT ban in the early 1970s, so there's no reason to think it's still a problem with blacks. Still, we're continuing to lose 1.5 to 2 percent of the population each year."

continued

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Nonetheless, the double-barreled blast—swamp destruction and pesticides—sent the black duck reeling into a downward population spiral. Simultaneously, its cousin the mallard was expanding its range and, more important, adjusting to the proximity of people. Mallards will eat nearly anything, and they are as much at home in New York City's Central Park as on a wild marsh, scarfing hot-dog buns or sludge worms with equal rapacity.

As the mallards invaded what was once black duck territory, the two closely related species began mating—and producing fertile offspring, an indication that the species difference was not all that great. This "swamping" of the black duck gene pool was abetted, with all the goodwill in the world, by many conservation groups and some states, which released pen-raised mallards into the wild along the flyways. During the past decade, Maryland alone released about 15,000 mallards a year, a program mandated by law. This despite the fact that the state's winter survey of blacks had plummeted from 149,000 in 1956 to a scant 16,900 this year.

Collections of wings from birds killed by hunters have shown that as many as 15% of the so-called mallards and blacks being shot were actually hybrids. Experienced waterfowlers can tell the hybrids at a glance: There is a mallard-like green *sheen to the drake's head feathers, and* the bright red feet from which the blackie derives it specific epithet (*rubripes* is Latin for "red foot") are often a rather sickly orangish yellow. But the 15% figure may be a low estimate, at least on some stretches of the Atlantic Flyway. Though mallards have declined by 28% since the 1960s at the southern end of that flyway, they are up 94% in New England, 29% in Maryland and Virginia and a whopping 115% along the New York–New Jersey shore and in Pennsylvania.

"The mallards are thriving in areas that were classic black duck wintering grounds," says Smith. "These mallards are prairie ducks bred up in Ontario and Quebec, coming down the Atlantic Flyway to winter over where they rarely were seen before. It's not surprising that the biggest increase has been in New Jersey. The Jersey marshes have held their quality much better than the Chesapeake, which collects detritus flowing down the Delaware River system."

Kill figures underscore the population change. In the 1970s, New England hunters killed twice as many blacks as mallards. Now, the kill figures are about even in what is one of blackie's last strongholds south of the Canadian border. In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, hunters in 1983 killed 200,000 mallards to 63,000 blacks. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, 114,000 mallards were shot versus 32,000 blacks, while in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, the numbers were 90,000 mallards, 18,000 blacks. Biologists say kill figures may approximate a quarter of the total population of any duck species. Thus, there may be about 1.6 million mallards currently using the former black duck range for various purposes, including mating. Last spring conservation writer George Reiger observed a mallard drake courting lustily at least two black duck hens on his pond near Locustville, Va. As Reiger explains, pair-bonds among ducks are established during the winter, long before the birds move north to their breeding grounds. If a mallard drake pairs with a black duck hen somewhere down in Virginia, he will follow her to the Northeast. There he will be exposed to a wealth of mating opportunities with other black hens. The danger here, as many biologists see it, is that the resultant offspring of a black duck–mallard cross could lose the genetic immunity to *leucocytozoan infestation peculiar to the* black. If so, many of the young would not survive the blackfly country to wing south as juveniles in the fall. This loss could account for some of the slow, steady 1.5% to 2% decline in black duck numbers cited by Smith.

"But I know of no study that shows the crosses losing immunity," Smith says. "Indeed, perhaps we're seeing the creation of a superhybrid. A kind of 'hymallard' that's as likely to be found on a lonely backcountry beaver pond as on the Reflecting Pool of the Washington Monument."

Watermen on the Eastern Shore speak with awe of a "giant" race of black ducks they sometimes see—huge, bright-footed birds nearly the size of geese—and it has long been believed that there is indeed a "maritime" race of the birds that rarely ventures far south of its home range in Labrador. Yet Smith feels that size is merely an indicator of age among black ducks. A licensed Canadian duck trapper for years has been sending Smith bands

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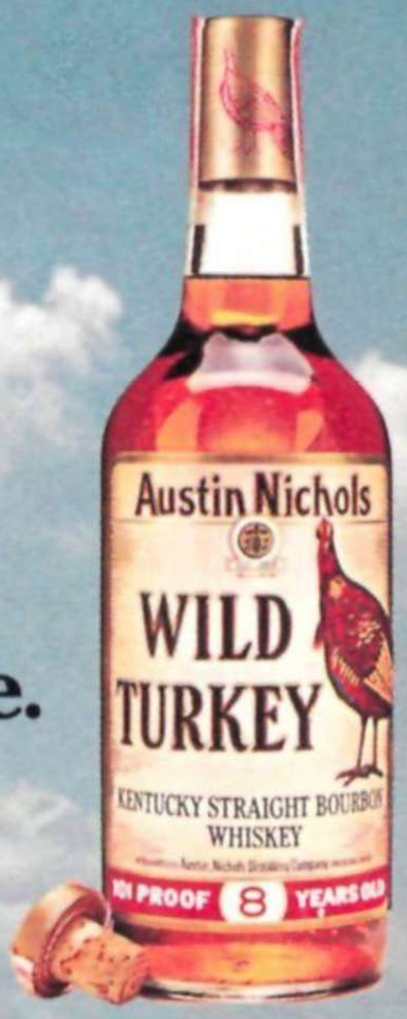

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taken from outsized black ducks he's caught and released. The bands are time-worn to near illegibility, proving that the big birds are also old birds. "The biggest black duck I ever shot," Smith says, "was on a river in Tennessee. It's unlikely he flew there from Labrador."

Another possible cause of the ongoing black duck decline might well be acid rain. The bird's Northeast breeding grounds are directly in the path of weather systems carrying sulphur dioxide from the smokestacks of the industrial Midwest. Just as hundreds of high-country lakes in the Adirondacks and Vermont's Green Mountains have found their pH levels plummeting to the acid end of the scale, and consequent lifelessness, so too have many ponds and lakes in Maine and the Maritimes. Though acid rain by itself would not kill the black ducks, it could kill off enough of the food in the ponds where their broods mature to slow growth and cause weakness, even starvation.

At the same time, down in Laurel, Mike Haramis, a waterfowl biologist at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, is conducting an experiment that shows the effect of acid rain on 10-to-20-day-old black ducks. Last spring Haramis and some colleagues raised six separate broods of black ducks on three pairs of different man-made ponds. The ponds, which are 40 feet in diameter and a maximum of 2½ feet deep, are bottomed in 10 inches of topsoil over plastic, and have antipredator nets rigged overhead "to keep out the owls." One pond in each pair is maintained at a highly acid pH of 5, the other at an essentially neutral pH of 7. The young ducklings eat animal matter during their first few weeks of life, snapping up nymphs and other larvae that swim in their natal waters. Of a dozen young birds raised on a nonacid pond, 10 gained weight and two maintained their weight. Of the birds raised on an acid pond, three maintained their weight, six lost weight and three died.

What's more, as Haramis points out, the ducklings in the "stressed" environment, i.e., the acid pond, were more likely than their better-fed relatives to go off on their own in search of food, thus abandoning the security against predators that comes with flock behavior, or what biologists call "brood integrity." "They're also much less selective in what they'll eat," he says. "I've seen them ingest mud and other nonorganic material that does them no nutritional good. You'll see them truckin' through the uplands, eating grass, or off alone by themselves in the deep woods." In short, translated to a natural scene, easy pickin's for a sharp-eyed hawk, fox, coyote or owl.

It may well be that the black duck's drift toward extinction is the result of what biologists call a synergistic process—a combination of adverse factors working together to achieve an end that no single one could accomplish. Loss of habitat and the widespread use of pesticides 30 years ago may have triggered the decline, and while subsequent legislation to protect the wetlands and the ban on DDT in 1972 were attempts to halt those processes, the worst damage had already been done.

In 1981, the Black Duck Subcommittee of the Atlantic Flyway Council issued "A Management Plan for the Black Duck," which called for a 25% reduction in bag limits for the species, beginning in the 1982-83 season. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which sets regulations for migratory birds, was reluctant to do so. Fully 85% of the blackies that use American waters originate from Canadian breeding grounds, and the Feds knew that Canada was not yet ready to reduce its own black duck harvest. Then in September 1982 the Maine Audubon Society and the Humane Society of the United States brought suit against the Fish and Wildlife Service, seeking an injunction to close the black duck season entirely that fall and winter. Ironically, the plaintiffs used the Service's own data to demonstrate the seriousness of the black duck problem. But the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. ruled that the Service was living up to the terms of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918 and was acting in the best interests of what it termed "the resources." Not until the 1983-84 season did the Service reduce black duck limits, promulgating "split seasons" in much of the Atlantic Flyway, timing them so that hunters could not shoot blackies during their greatest abundance on the flyway, and then could take only two birds a day. In other parts of the black duck's range, the limit was one a day through a 50-day season. The same regulations applied this past season.

For 1983-84, the Canadian Wildlife Service retained its bag limit of six birds a day; this past season it went along with the American reduction plan. But the Canadian plan is structured differently.

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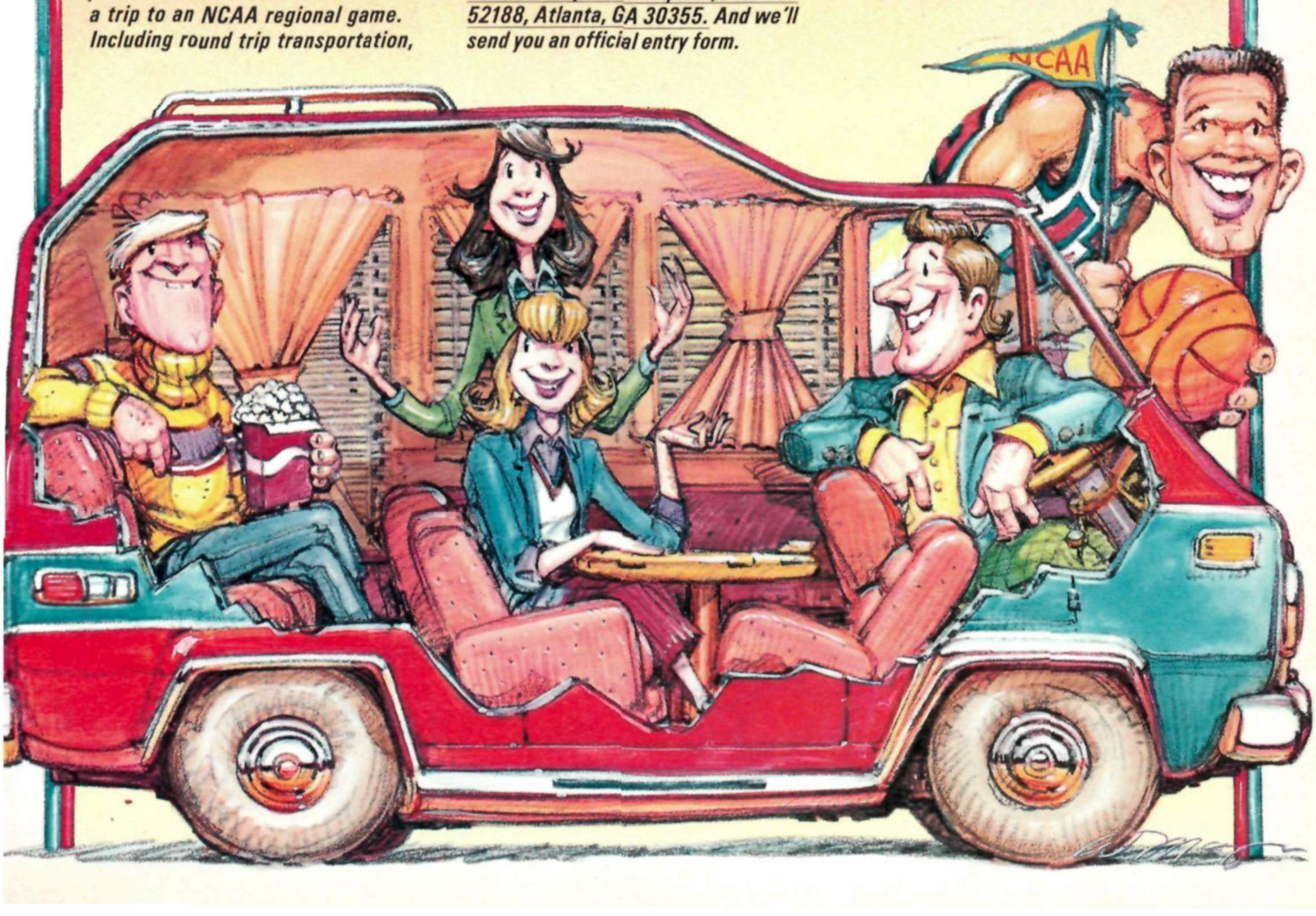


In the eastern provinces, hunters can take four blackies a day, but farther west in parts of Quebec, where the birds are rarer, two is the limit, and in southern Ontario the limit is one.

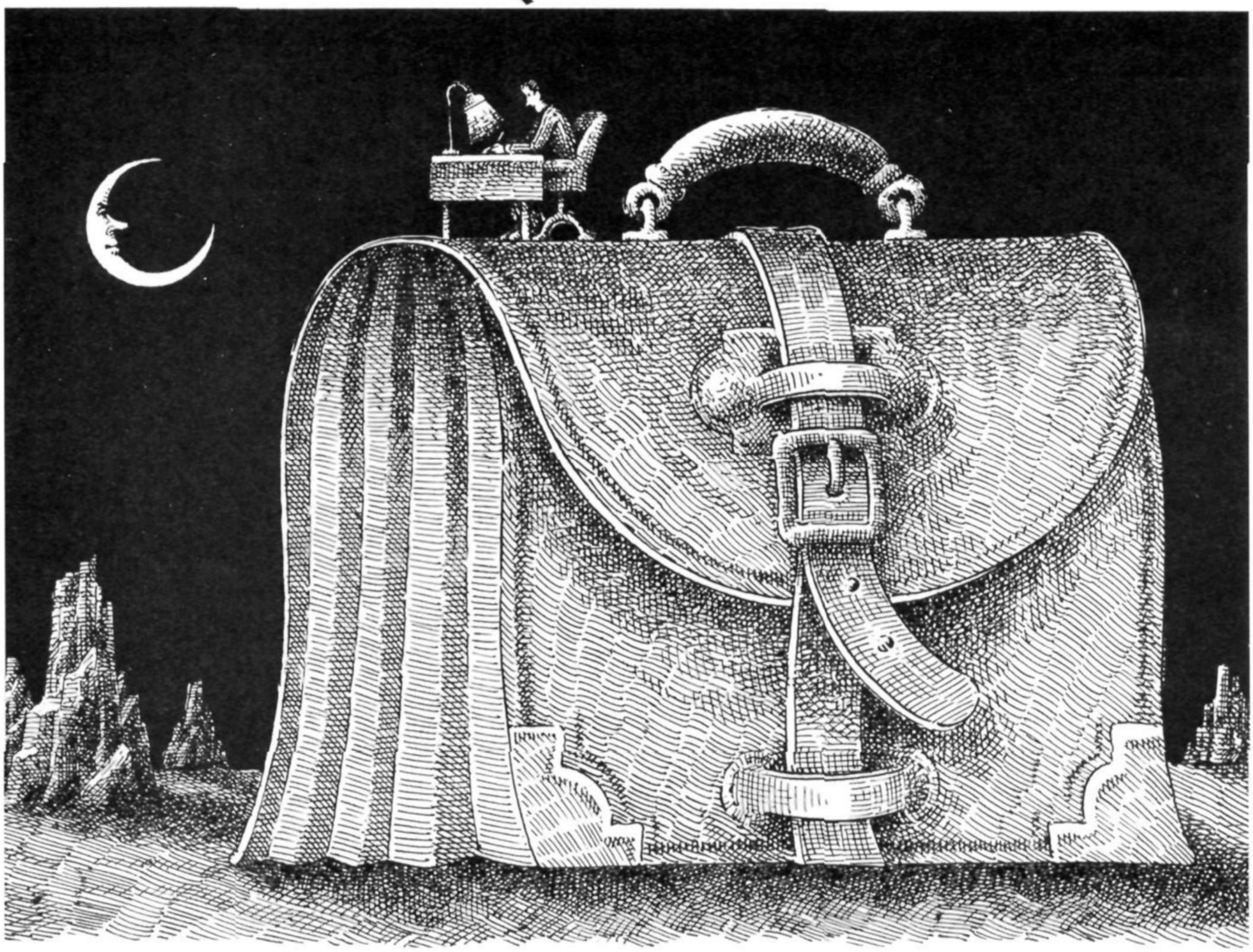
Though at best it's a stopgap, the reduction of hunting pressure is particularly important in the black duck equation because of the bird's peculiar vulnerability to the gun. Kill figures from 1982 show that about 36% of the total hunting deaths among blackies are of immature hens. By contrast, only 24% of the mallards killed each year are juvenile hens. Since the mallard drake is so conspicuous with his green head, auburn breast and white flanks, he is the preferred target of mallard hunters. Male and female blacks look alike on the wing, but the females are more trusting and fall easier victims to a good decoy layout. Juvenile black ducks of both sexes, naive in the ways of the duck blind, are 1½ times more apt to be shot than adults.

Adult or juvenile, the black duck is by its very nature especially prone to illegal hunting. Every outlaw gunner knows that Ol' Blackie does most of his traveling in the dim hours of dusk, and shooting is legal only between sunup and sundown. A clever rig of decoys, spiced by the judicious but illegal addition of a handful of corn kernels (which ducks can see on the mucky marsh bottom from incredible altitudes), can toll in dozens of birds to the shotgun. But until recent years most illegally taken black ducks were captured in traps rather than shot.

One of the best spots for a trap is a pond in the middle of a marsh. Stakes are driven into the hard sand at the pond's edge, and a strong net rigged over them. Each trapper has his own special trapdoor setup, and the pond is baited with corn, sometimes for weeks, before the ducks are captured. The ducks get addicted to the high-energy corn diet and the pond becomes a way station on the daily feeding tour. At high tide, on a good night a trapper can take 30 or 40 ducks, and one outlaw claimed to have caught 499 in a single midnight round of his traps. Jim Williams, a legendary warden of the last generation, destroyed more than 15,000 duck traps during the course of his career, with a high of 496 in one week and, working alone, 78 in a single night's outing. His efforts saved more than 500,000 ducks, many of them blacks.

But that was in the old days, the likes of which may never be seen again. Over the past decade, federal and state efforts to enforce waterfowl regulations have been focused on the goose fields of the Atlantic Flyway. But the Canada goose is thriving as never before—indeed, it's a "pest" in some areas, especially on golf courses, where nesting geese chase golfers who stray into the rough. Perhaps it's time for the regulators to shift their attention back to ducks—especially the beleaguered blackie. Combined with the laudable reduction in hunters' bag limits and the inspired research of so many wildlife scientists, increased enforcement might be part of a new synergism that could bring the bird back from the brink of disaster. An Atlantic Flyway without the wily black would be a disaster area for sure. **END**

THINGS WE CAN'T KEEP QUIET ABOUT.



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SCORECARD

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A COMFORTING MESSAGE

During his confirmation hearing last week before the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, Donald Hodel, the current Energy Secretary who has been asked by President Reagan to succeed William Clark as Secretary of the Interior, was subjected to a revealing line of inquiry. Although each senator phrased it in his own way, the question that all of them, liberals and conservatives alike, in essence kept asking was "You're not Jim Watt, are you?" And Hodel kept replying, in effect, "No sir, I'm not Jim Watt."

By allaying fears that he was the second coming of former Interior Secretary James Watt, Hodel, who had been Watt's undersecretary at Interior and a Watt loyalist before taking over the Energy Department in 1982, ensured that he would be easily confirmed, probably early this week, as the boss at Interior. Whether Hodel's deeds in his new job will match his words remains to be seen, but here's his comforting message to the senators: He supports the Endangered Species Act (which had been on Watt's legislative hit list); he favors, budget permitting, acquiring more parkland (Watt thought this sort of thing was socialistic); he has no elaborate plans for "privatizing" federal lands (a favorite Watt project)—in part because there isn't much of a market for them. In general, he spoke favorably of preserving natural resources. He also said he hopes to bring together Interior's often quarrelsome constituencies, the preservationists and the developers. Environmental consensus was anathema to Watt.

The thrust of Hodel's confirmation hearing was that nobody on either side of the political fence wants to see Interior go through the sort of trauma it did when Watt was running things. Watt was uncompromisingly partisan, and his chief legacy has been to underscore the desirability of a nonpartisan approach to environmental issues.

YOU DON'T SAY

Philadelphia Phillie pitcher Steve Carlton has started a sports management company that offers pro athletes help in contract negotiations, career planning, marketing and public relations. And how does SNC (for Steve Norman Carlton) Enterprises Inc. of Clearwater, Fla. presume to instruct clients in public relations when the boss is famous for not speaking to the press? Naturally, Carlton won't comment, but his associates at SNC Enterprises, whose customers so far include Phillie pitcher John Denny and golfer Craig Stadler, hasten to explain that Carlton doesn't necessarily expect others to subscribe to his mum's-the-word policy.

"Each athlete's program is tailored to the individual," says managing director Carl Fuhrmann. "If he wants to talk to the press, he can. It's strictly up to the individual." Ray Schulte, a New York marketing man who is handling that aspect of SNC Enterprises' business, says, "Steve, for personal reasons, decided to eliminate talking to the press. But he realizes it's his own decision. He would never advise another ballplayer not to talk. To be frank, a lot of athletes need the press."

FREEBIE TIME

Following an all-too-familiar pattern, International Olympic Committee members are being wined, dined and lavished with freebies by cities hoping to host the 1992 Winter Games. For example, organizers in one of the aspiring cities, Falun, Sweden, have offered to take IOC members on an expenses-paid trip to Falun after their scheduled session next June in East Berlin. At a recent gathering of national Olympic committees in Mexico City, SI's Anita Verschoth was standing with Wolfgang Gitter, secretary general of East Germany's Olympic Committee, when Wolf Lyberg, a Falun representative, told Gitter, "We'll have a special charter plane at your airport to take IOC members to Falun. I cleared it with [IOC president Juan Antonio] Samaranch. It's O.K. Anybody who wants to can come."

Verschoth later asked Lyberg about the trip. "Oh, no," he said. "Please don't write about it."

"I was there when you discussed it with Gitter."

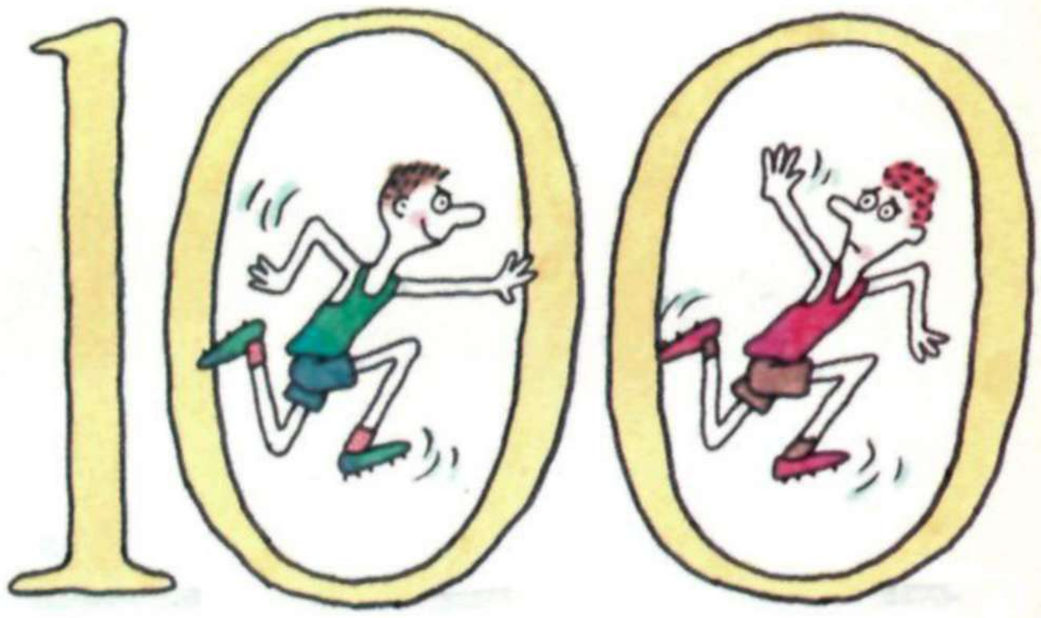
"Oh, I remember now. Just an SAS plane."

Lyberg had every reason to be embarrassed. To avoid the appearance of impropriety—and to help make certain that the worthiest cities get chosen as hosts—isn't it time that the IOC adopt rules prohibiting its members from being on the take? The IOC could start by insisting on paying its members' way on inspection trips instead of letting would-be host cities pick up the tabs.

TOWARD THE CENTURY MARK

Sometime this month, most likely on the 17th, at an outdoor meet in his native Auckland, New Zealand, 33-year-old John Walker, a former world-record holder in the mile and the 1976 Olympic 1,500-meter champion, will run the 100th sub-four-minute mile of his career. "It's like Beamon jumping 29 feet or Hillary climbing Everest. No one has ever done it," says a slightly overexcited Walker, anticipating the milestone.

No one thought to add up the number of sub-fours until two years ago, when it dawned on track people that both Walker and U.S. mile record-holder Steve Scott were closing in on 100. "After all these years, I thought I'd had several hundred of them," says Walker, who first broke 4:00 in 1973 and in '75 became the first runner to crack the 3:50 barrier. By the end of last summer, Scott had 89 sub-fours and Walker 88, but Walker forged ahead this winter by running five specially arranged outdoor miles in New Zealand before joining Scott on the North American indoor circuit. "I think John is

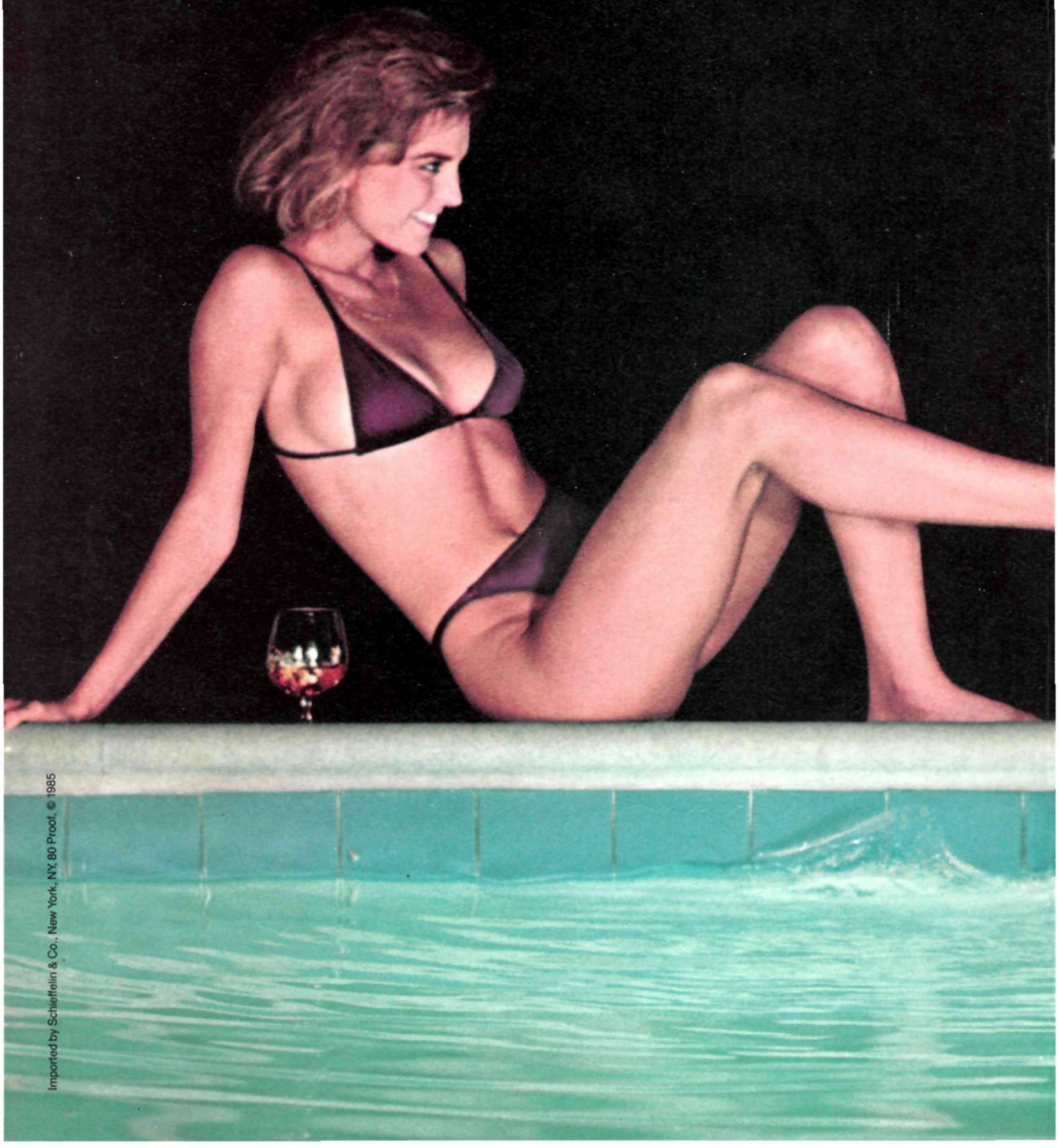


SAM Q. WEISSMAN

continued

Hennessy

The civilized way



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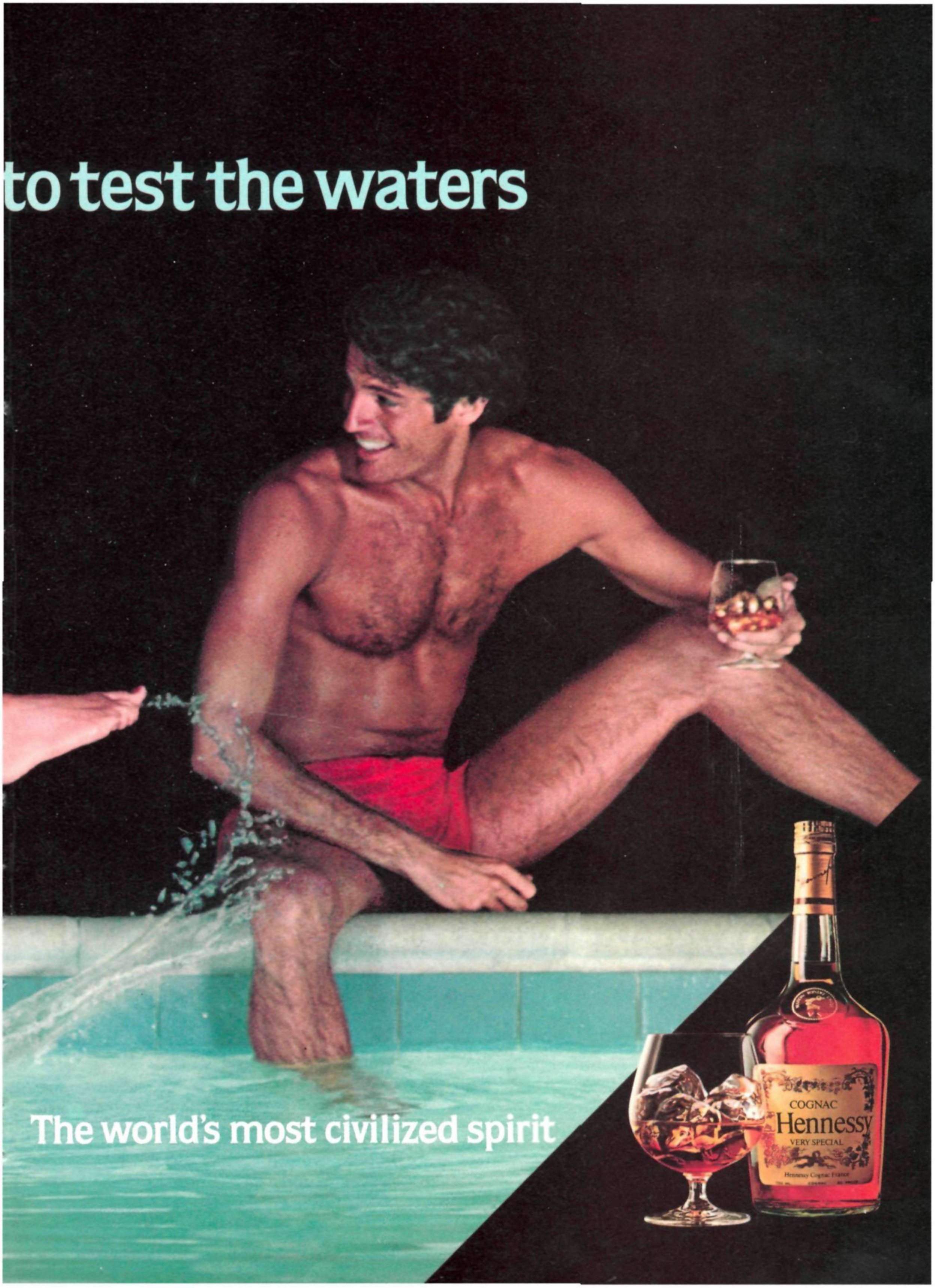
to test the waters



The world's most civilized spirit

THE NEWS ABOUT HUEY LEWIS: HE HAD A BALL

Huey Lewis, a 6-foot, 170-pound soft-throwing veteran righthander, was in trouble. After intentionally walking Tommy Davis, he was looking at a bases-loaded, one-out situation when up to the plate stepped the always dangerous Gus Triandos. Lewis toed the rubber, reached deep down and came up with something that made Triandos pop up. Then he got Maury Wills to fly to deep center. Huey Lewis and the News were out of the inning.

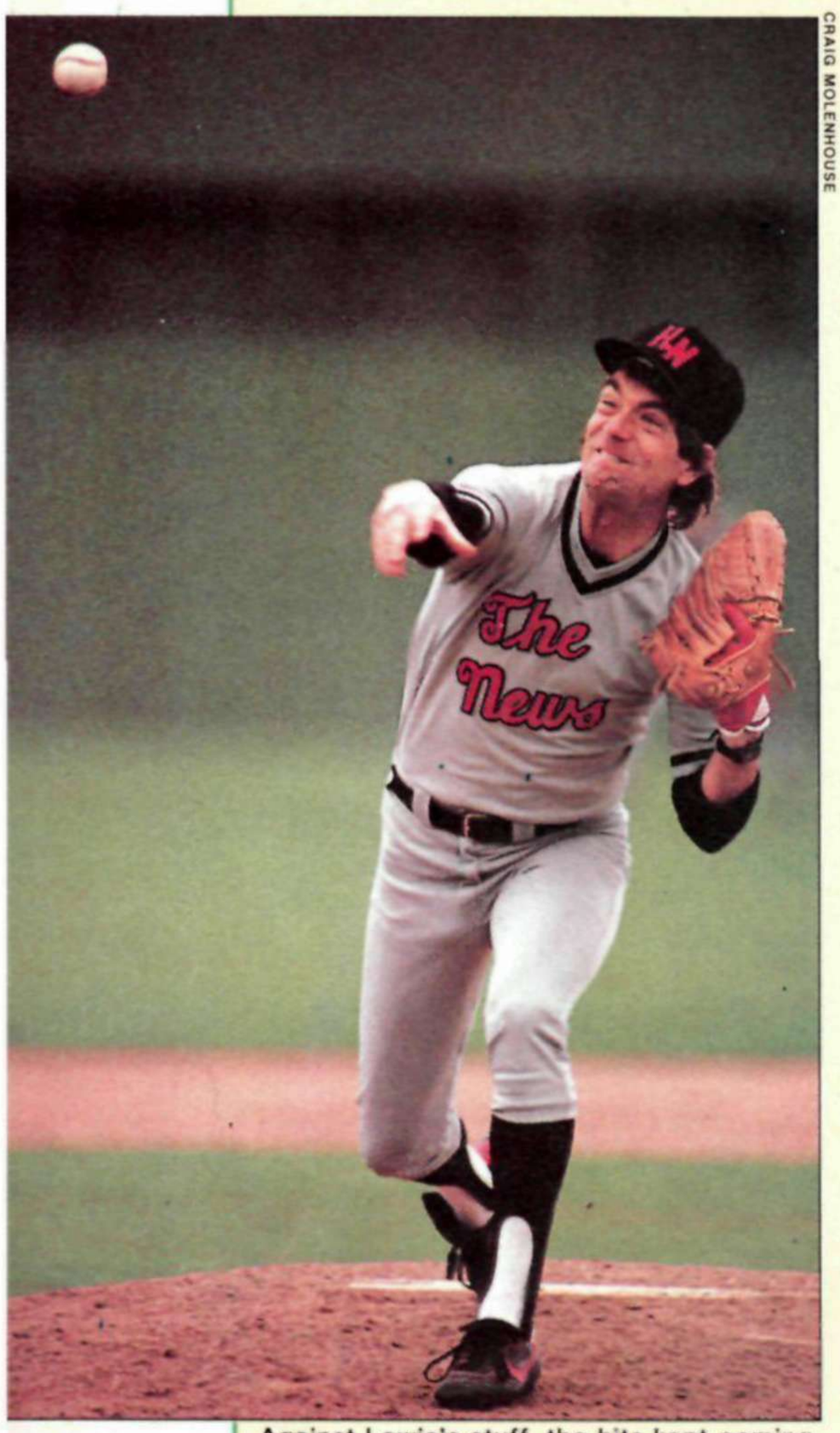
This happened last Saturday in Tempe, Ariz. in a game played for the benefit of the Arizona Special Olympics and arranged by Baseball Fantasies Fulfilled, an outfit that runs baseball camps staffed by over-the-hill major-leaguers. A collection of former big-leaguers played one of the hottest groups in the country—talk about hits—in a happy marriage of baseball and rock 'n' roll.

The festivities began at home plate with the pregame wedding of George Monforte, one of the fantasy campers, and Barbara Praino, during which Huey Lewis and his group sang *So In Love* a cappella. In the three-inning game, the former big-leaguers beat the News, who were bolstered by a couple of San Francisco 49ers, 5–4. The losing pitcher threw no chin music. "I just didn't have my good stuff today," said Lewis, 34. At the plate he managed to fly to deep right off ex-Giant Mike McCormick, and he grounded to short off erstwhile Oriole Milt Pappas. One of the game's highlights came when Guido Colla, father of News saxophonist Johnny Colla, lined a double past the outstretched glove of Brooks Robinson.

The News have had four Top 10 singles in the past year, all off their platinum album, *Sports*, and they number among their biggest fans Joe Montana and Chris Evert. The San Francisco–based group sang the national anthem at last year's baseball All-Star Game in Candlestick Park. Lewis, who used to pitch at The Lawrenceville (N.J.) School, is an avid baseball fan who once wrote a song, *Say It Isn't So*, lamenting the retirement of Willie McCovey. His scouting report on himself: "Can't go to my right. Can't hit the curve. Can't throw the curve, for that matter."

Despite losing the game Saturday, Lewis was a happy man. "What a gas," he said, "to play against Tito Fuentes."

—STEVE WULF



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Against Lewis's stuff, the hits kept coming.

a little more interested in this than I am," says Scott, 28, who ran his first sub-four mile in 1977. "It's a big deal in New Zealand."

Indeed, Walker's quest has been front-page news in New Zealand for weeks. But don't let Scott fool you: He has been asking Walker to let him catch up so that the two can reach 99 together and then race head-to-head; assuming both men broke 4:00, the winner would be the first, by seconds or less, to have 100 such clockings. Of Scott's suggestion, Walker says, simply, "He's dreaming."

As of Sunday, the totals were 97 for Walker and 95 for Scott. Walker will now run three more staged races in New Zealand and, barring mishap, beat Scott to 100 by at least five days. "I'd like to think this shows that John and I are the Lou Gehrigs of track and field, at least in the mile," says Scott. Recalling Roger Bannister's breaking of the four-minute barrier in 1954, Walker adds, "If someone had told Bannister about this as he staggered across the line—that someone would break four minutes 100 times—I think he would have been very dismayed." For the record, Bannister ran a grand total of two sub-4:00 races.

PROBATIONARY DEFLATION

CBS has agreed to pay the Pac-10 and Big Ten $8.5 million to telecast football games involving the two conferences' 16 members in 1985. Wait, did we say 16 members? Afraid so. Arizona, Southern Cal and Illinois are on NCAA probation and barred from appearing on the tube next season, and Wisconsin, although it has recently gone off probation, is still barred from TV under a deferred-penalty arrangement. All of which probably helps explain why CBS is paying less than the $9 million it did to cover all 20 Pac-10 and Big Ten teams in '84.

TRAINING TIP

As a lad in the West Indies island of St. Kitts, Livingstone Bramble (SI, Feb. 4) liked to pit iguanas against centipedes in battles to the death. The centipedes always won, mostly because of their poisonous pincers. Bramble, now the WBA lightweight champ, is preparing for his Feb. 16 title defense in Reno against Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini, and his trainer, Ruppert Nel Brown, has concocted a poultice made of coconut oil, Ben-Gay, leaves from a "cough bush" and whole centipedes. At some point before he enters the ring against Mancini, Bramble will get a rubdown with this elixir. "The centipedes make your joints loose," Brown explains.

THEY SAID IT

• Yogi Berra, New York Yankee manager, after accepting an invitation to dine at the White House this week: "I thought they said steak dinner, but then I found it was a state dinner."

• Phil Johnson, Kansas City Kings coach, after guard Larry Drew stepped on the out-of-bounds line, nullifying a last-second shot that would have beaten the Houston Rockets: "I designed the play without realizing what big feet Larry has. I should have moved him over six inches in my diagram." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1985

Mark O'Meara, who had been big in winnings but never a big winner, hung tough over the closing holes of the Crosby to finally earn a big title

by BARRY McDERMOTT

O'Meara Makes His Mark

PETER READ MILLER

CONTINUED

The pro golf tour took leave of the marshmallow circuit last week, sailed up the California coast, docked at Pebble Beach and got down to some serious golf in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. After humbling the desert and embarrassing Hollywood and Vine with a stream of almost unconscious subpar numbers, the big fellows faced all the adversity the Monterey Peninsula can, and usually does, muster. This year that meant gale force winds, saltwater spray, linoleum greens, a little chilling mist and, ultimately, Mark O'Meara, who's neither blond nor clone, but proved himself one tough golfer. Suddenly the palms were sweating instead of swaying.

As usual, the Crosby produced an assortment of strange occurrences. Cypress Point, Spyglass Hill and Pebble Beach can be so challenging, even downright terrifying, that more often than not the tournament is the highlight of the winter tour. Thus the '85 edition had Johnny Miller's magic crutch, a super-elongated putter that supported him for two rounds and then failed; Hal Sutton's very own 87; the derailing of Lanny Wadkins; Marvin (The Refrigerator) Davis, one of the new breed of balance-sheet celebs; a victory bid from a vacationing Japanese pro who owns an indoor driving range; and, of course, O'Meara.

Late Saturday afternoon, on the eve of the final round, O'Meara, the tournament leader by two strokes, was in his car ready to head for a half hour on the practice tee, which he considers a good day's just dessert, when there was a tap on the window.

"That's wonderful playing, Mark," said a smiling Nathaniel Crosby, who is Bing's 23-year-old son and the tournament host. "Go out and win tomorrow. That'd be great."

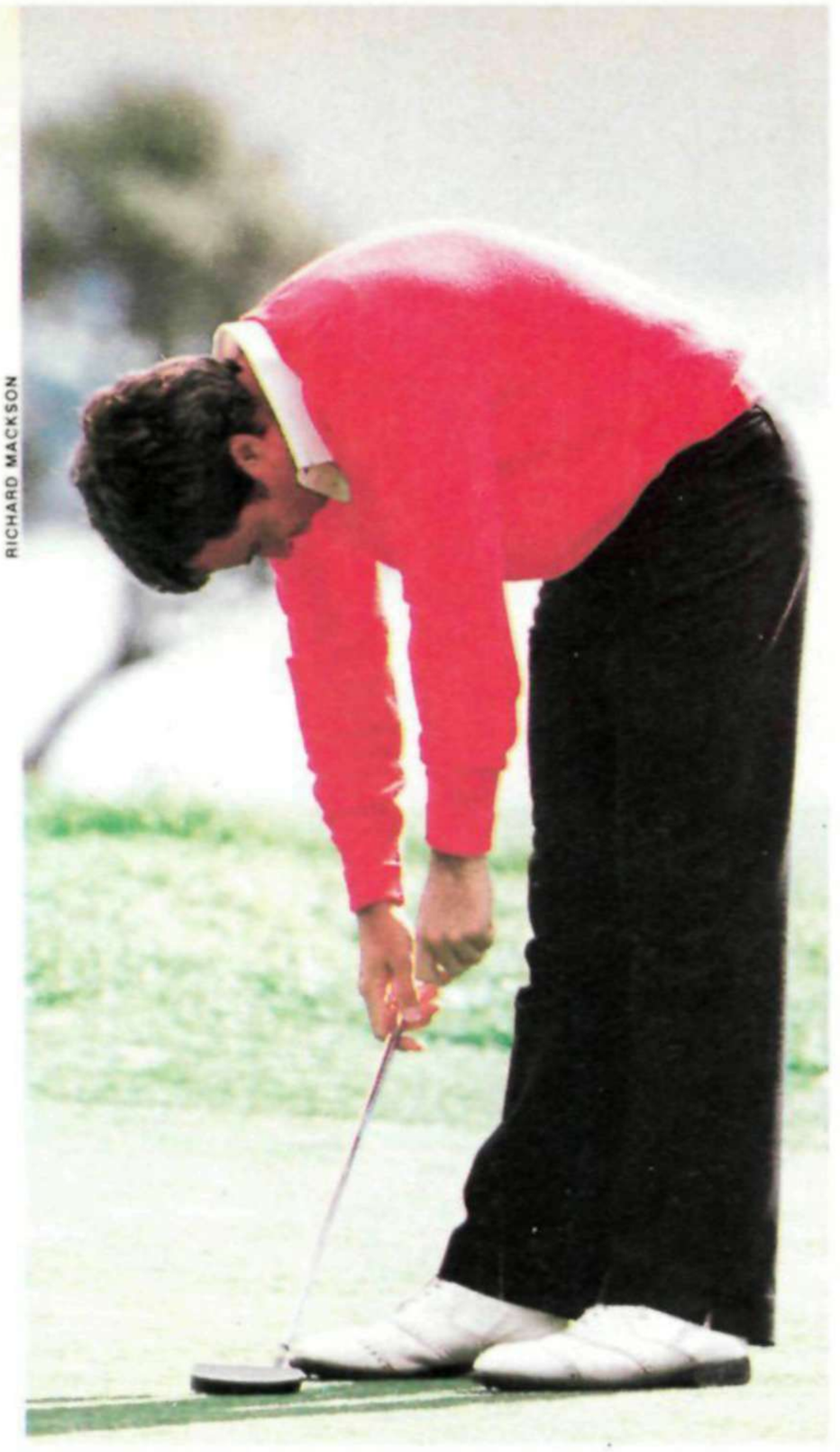
It was great, because what the 28-year-old O'Meara did with his victory in one of the world's most enduring and endearing tournaments was redo his identity. His changing room was the Pebble Beach Golf Links, where on Sunday he nursed his lead with dexterity and prudence through troubled waters, finally to nail par putts on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes to complete his makeover and earn the $90,000 first-place check.

On any other course, O'Meara's last round might have been called tepid; he made only one birdie against two bogeys. But at Pebble Beach on a day that began with rain and ended in sunshine, 36–37–73, for a five-under-par 283 total, was more than respectable. Tied for second, one stroke back, were Larry Rinker, with birdies on four of the last five holes, Kikuo Arai and Curtis Strange, who had birdies at 10 and 14 and pars the rest of the way in.

On the 18th hole, the classic 548-yard par-5 that runs along some of the more scenic and treacherous beach front to be found anywhere, Strange had a chance to force a playoff, but his 13-foot birdie putt just missed the right edge of the cup. "I really thought Curtis was going to make it," O'Meara would say.

The other player with a good chance at victory was Arai (pronounced awry, which he wasn't all week). Nicknamed The Hat because of his driving range headgear, Arai hung a stroke back of O'Meara over the last nine holes. He was in the tournament for the third time, through a PGA Tour foreign exemption

RICHARD MACKSON



Strange nearly dropped along with his putt on 16.

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Only at the trophy ceremony did Mark, with wife Alicia (left) and Mrs. Bing, dog it.

that he got by finishing fourth on the Japanese tour for the last four years. It was sort of a holiday for him. Every winter he brings his son, Kiichiro, 11, to the Western U.S. for asthma therapy.

Arai is the proprietor of an indoor-driving range in Hanno, 20 miles northwest of Tokyo, and the boys back on the mats must have been thrilled because, in 14 appearances on the U.S. tour since 1983, Arai had made the cut only four times. "Is O.K.," he replied to any question the English-speaking press asked him. His 18-foot birdie attempt from just off the green on the 18th rolled harmlessly by the cup. Still, was O.K.

Was O.K., too, for O'Meara, who last year, with a revamped golf swing, had 15 top 10 finishes and pocketed $465,873 on the circuit. That's the third-highest total in tour history, and though O'Meara finished second on the money list to Tom Watson, he remained a member of the chorus largely because his only victory came in the Greater Milwaukee Open. "My goal now is to show people I can play," he said last week.

O'Meara is a former U.S. Amateur champion and was PGA Rookie of the Year in 1981, but he was slipping into golf's shadows before he flattened his swing and found Nirvana. His guru is Hank Haney, a 29-year-old club pro from Sugar Land, Texas who dogged O'Meara through all four rounds of the Crosby. Because of O'Meara's clear blue eyes, rosy cheeks, enthusiasm for spreading the gospel according to Haney and penchant for hard work, some cynics refer to him as Moonie. Golfie would be more accurate. He owns two video cameras and two tape machines that he and Haney use to analyze his game—endlessly. The two men spent their evenings last week with their feet up, talking about golf swings: O'Meara's and everyone else's. "Hank knows how each of these guys plays," says O'Meara. "I believe in him. The guys on tour look at me, and see the way I've improved, and think: 'Maybe I should try it.' "

The amateur part of the Crosby has always had a heavy show biz aspect, but now, without new blood from the entertainment ranks—aw, Prince and Boy George were no-shows again—the field fills up with biggies of business. One very biggie was Marvin Davis, a real corporate heavyweight judging by his 300 pounds. Davis, who is one of the richest men in America, is a Denver oilman who also owns Twentieth Century-Fox and, coincidentally, the Pebble Beach Corporation. "He looks as if he follows the Eat to Rule diet," snickered one pro after checking out Davis's girth. Davis was the only player in the field who was allowed to use an electric cart, presumably one with beefed-up suspension and a built-in

continued

RICHARD MACKSON

The Hat found his way in and out of Pebble Beach's hazards so well that he tied for second, which most certainly was O.K. with him.

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Dad had to help Jack II find his ball, but ultimately Nicklaus & Son came out of the weeds to tie for second in the pro-am.

lunch box. Despite his connection with Pebble Beach, Davis and his partner Andy Bean didn't make the pro-am cut. The team of Jack Nicklaus, father and son, fared considerably better, finishing tied for second, nine shots behind Hubert Green and Dean Spanos.

One celebrity amateur of past years was a celebrity pro of sorts this time. Young Crosby, the 1981 U.S. Amateur champion, turned professional before graduating from the University of Miami in December. Although he failed to earn his PGA Tour playing credentials in the qualifying school, he did gain entrée to the European circuit, which is to golf what Grenada is to the medical profession. Crosby missed the cut at his own tournament by two strokes.

This Crosby was also notable as the place where the Wadkins Express became a local just as it was threatening to barrel through every tour stop. Wadkins had won two of the first three tournaments and $172,350, shooting subpar scores that sounded like windchill figures. He won the Bob Hope Desert Classic with a −27, and his −20 in the Los Angeles Open was a tournament record.

Crosby courses are a different matter, however. On Thursday, a clear, cold day with 40-mile-per-hour gusts rocking everyone, but especially those who played Cypress Point, Wadkins suffered his first double bogey of the year. And it was preceded by his first triple bogey. Ah, the Crosby. Wadkins finished with a 73, his first over-par effort in 14 rounds, but still one of the best Cypress scores of the first day. Eventually he wound up tied for 10th at one-under.

The Crosby field is divided into three groups, which rotate each day to one of the three courses before the cut and final round at Pebble. To accommodate television coverage, which concentrates on Pebble Beach, the big-name players and celebrities are loaded into one group that first plays Cypress, then Spyglass Hill and then, for the folks watching at home, Pebble Beach on Saturday. So, it was the misfortune of Wadkins, and many of the top players, including Watson, Nicklaus, Tom Kite and Greg Norman, to have to play Cypress Point in the fierce winds Thursday, while O'Meara the anonymous was off with the "B" group at Spyglass Hill, which meanders inland a bit and is protected by tall trees. Cypress is more exposed and always catches the brunt of the wind.

Sutton, the tour's leading money-winner two years ago, eked out an 87. He was stunned on one hole to see the wind push his ball six inches as he was about to address it on the green. On the 17th tee, he almost whiffed.

Over at Spyglass, Miller, who's becoming quite inventive, sat in his car with the heater going full blast until he

was ready to tee off. "I was almost sweating, and I never did get cold," said Miller, whose 68 gave him a one-stroke lead.

Miller was using a new putter, if that is what you can call a 46-inch club with two grips on it. The shaft reaches up the inside of Miller's left arm, nearly to his armpit, and he chokes down on the lower grip to keep his wrists from breaking as he strokes the ball. He made five birdies with his new stick and afterward said, "I hope it's not a WOO Week club." That, explained Miller, was a club that "works only one week." Actually, it turned out to be more whoops than woo. Miller held together Friday with a 71 at Pebble Beach, a round he called "a whole bunch of mediocrity," but after nine holes Saturday, he was no longer leading and had endured the hazing of fans, as well as his playing companion, Jerry Pate, who booed him for laying up on the par-3 16th rather than going for the green on the 233-yard hole that sits out in the Pacific Ocean.

Another leader board habitué, George Archer, who had opened with 69-70, figured he would have a bad day Saturday at Spyglass when that morning his Maltese dog, Buck, relieved himself in Archer's eye as the golfer was doing exercises on his living room floor. Archer, who's 6′ 5″, said in all seriousness that he never before had a dog do that, "as tall as I am." Archer, squinting, shot a 76.

Meanwhile, O'Meara was working his way to a 68 at Cypress Point, having caught it on a moderately calm day, which means the life lines were stowed. Coming down the stretch, he made four birdies, once just missing a hole-in-one when his six-iron tee shot stopped two inches from the cup.

On Sunday, O'Meara went after his first important pro win. "I was playing conservatively, but no one was making a move, and on a course like Pebble Beach, you just try to hang on," he said later. His only birdie came at the par-5 6th hole, where he made a 20-footer, after he'd bogeyed the previous hole.

He also bogeyed the par-3 12th, hitting a three-iron left and leaving an 18-foot putt short. With Arai up ahead and Strange, O'Meara's playing partner, now tied at four-under, a stroke behind, O'Meara steadied himself with a six-foot par putt on the 15th, a six-footer for par on the next hole and a par at the 17th that will be remembered for some time.

Such is the difficulty of Pebble Beach that many of its success stories—Watson's chip-in on the 17th at the '82 U.S. Open is a notable example—involve the adroit way a golfer has escaped from the course's hazards. A five-iron by O'Meara at the 209-yard 17th Sunday left him with a buried lie in a bunker. "I was just hoping to get on the green," he said later. O'Meara blasted out, his ball rolling to a stop 12 feet past the pin, and then holed the putt for a heroic par that sent him to the final hole with his one-stroke lead.

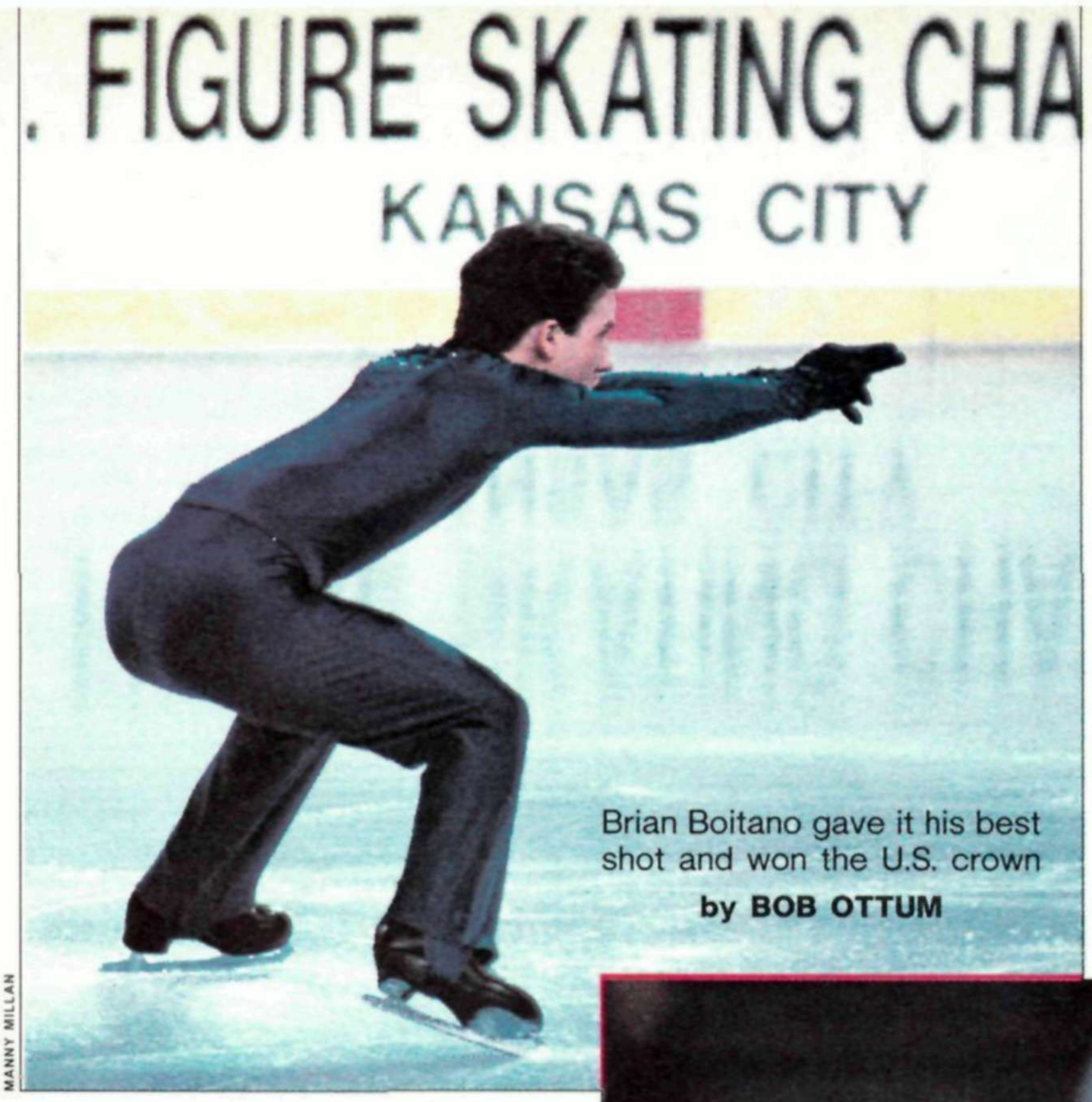
After two one-irons, an eight-iron approach and two putts from 14 feet on the last hole for a safe par and Strange's missed birdie putt, O'Meara visited the press room. He sounded more relieved than victorious, more a survivor than a winner, but that's life for a golfer on the Monterey Peninsula. "Straight down the middle," Bing used to sing. "Straight down the middle." At the Crosby, unlike some places, that is easier said than done. **END**

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Miller's long putter gave him a short lead.

RICHARD MACKSON

The Refrigerator was very well stocked.



MANNY MILLAN

Brian Boitano gave it his best shot and won the U.S. crown

by BOB OTTUM

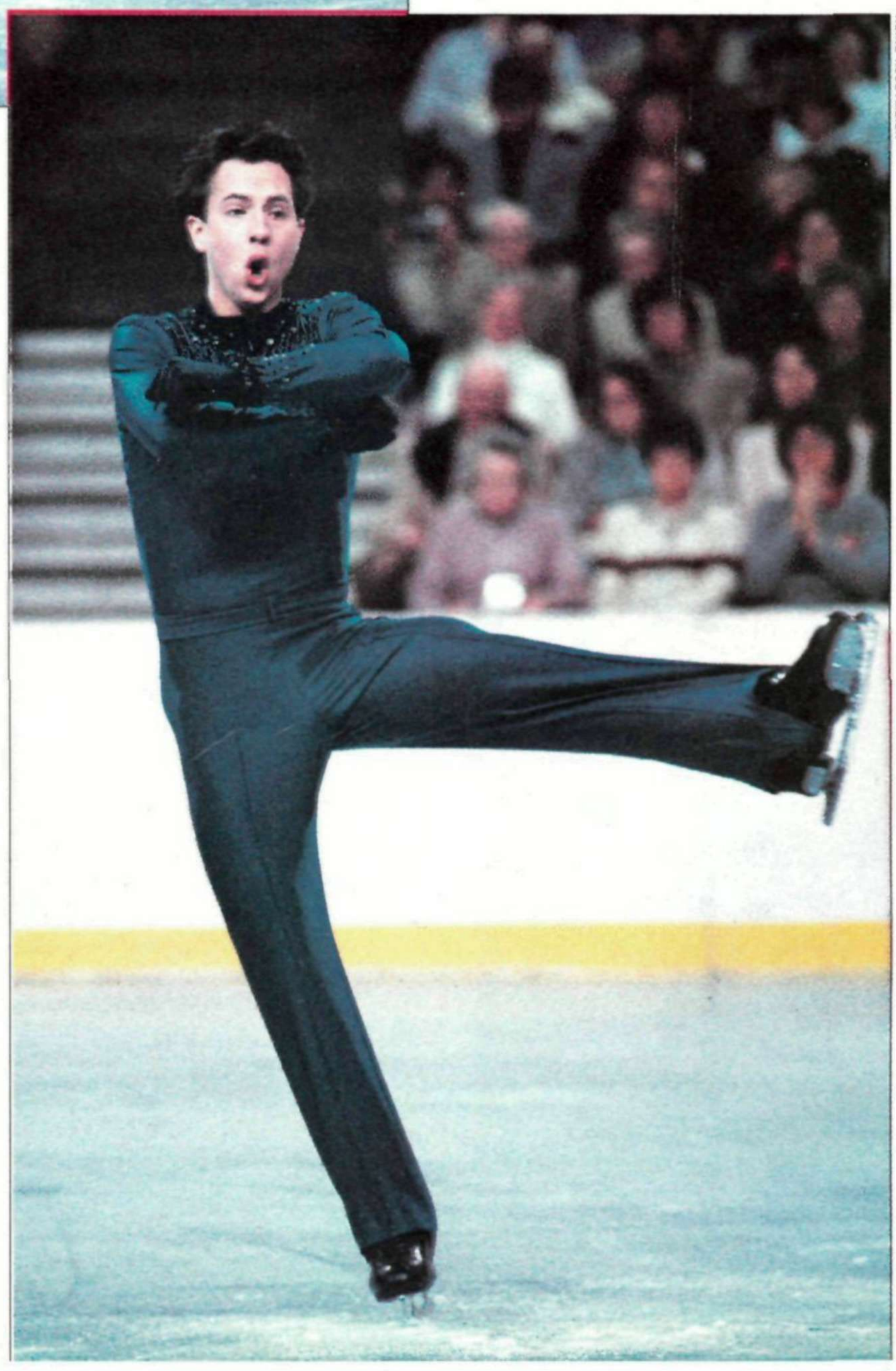
He Did A Bang-Up Job

This is what figure skating has come to. At the end of his two-minute short program—with the *William Tell* Overture (a.k.a. the Lone Ranger's theme) swelling throughout the arena—curly-haired Mark Cockerell whipped both hands up and out, pointing his index fingers like imaginary six-shooters. He aimed them at the panel of judges. *Bang! Bang!* Yer dead. This is his patented socko finish to a number full of high good spirit. Just kidding, judges.

Cockerell's routine never fails to leave the crowd whooping. Even some of the judges at last week's 1985 United States Figure Skating Championships in Kansas City permitted themselves a weary smile as they punched in his scores on their computers. O.K., Mark. *Bang! Bang!* Yer second.

But wait. There was even more such gunplay in K.C. In his short program, Brian Boitano skated a James Bond number to those familiar old themes *From Russia with Love* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*. In a skintight dark blue costume and wearing black gloves, Boitano ended his routine by dropping into a 007 crouch and also shooting an imaginary gun, no doubt a Beretta. Ah, but he didn't point at the judges; he aimed at the far end of the arena. *Bang!* Oh my God! He just shot Dick Button.

When the pretend-gunsmoke cleared,



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Boitano's high-risk program includes seven triple jumps and, in a pinch, a quadruple.

the new men's champ—and successor to 1984 Olympic and four-time world champion Scott Hamilton, now a pro skater—was Bond, er, Boitano, 21, of Sunnyvale, Calif., who skates the most dangerous program in the sport, taking more risks than even Hamilton did. Boitano throws seven triple jumps and three double jumps into his four-minute final program, during which he seemingly spends more time in the air than on the ice. Runner-up Cockerell, now the new old man of skating at 22, attacks with the same in-your-face style. Both are veterans of the U.S. team, having been No. 2 and No. 3 behind Hamilton for the last two years. Boitano had finished fifth in the Sarajevo Games and sixth in the world meet that followed, while Cockerell had come in 13th in both. Fittingly, neither coasted to what looked like an automatic inheritance of the first and second spots. In the 15-man final field, "Everybody was scrambling," said Cockerell, "and you had to dig down deep to stay ahead of those guys. Man, they were all *hungry*."

But then, Cockerell has been starved for years: This was his ninth appearance at the nationals, dating back to when he was 12, a junior skater and a cheeky Irish-American kid out of Burbank. And although he won the junior world title in 1976, the top U.S. spot has always been slightly out of reach. "The kids in this sport are starting to call me Cycle 4—as in the canned food for older dogs," he said. "You know, the stuff that starts at Cycle 1 for puppies."

He patted the top of his head and an obviously receding hairline. "Look, all this competition is making me go bald," he said. "When I finally turn pro—who knows when that'll be—and I can afford it, the first thing I'm going to do is get me a transplant."

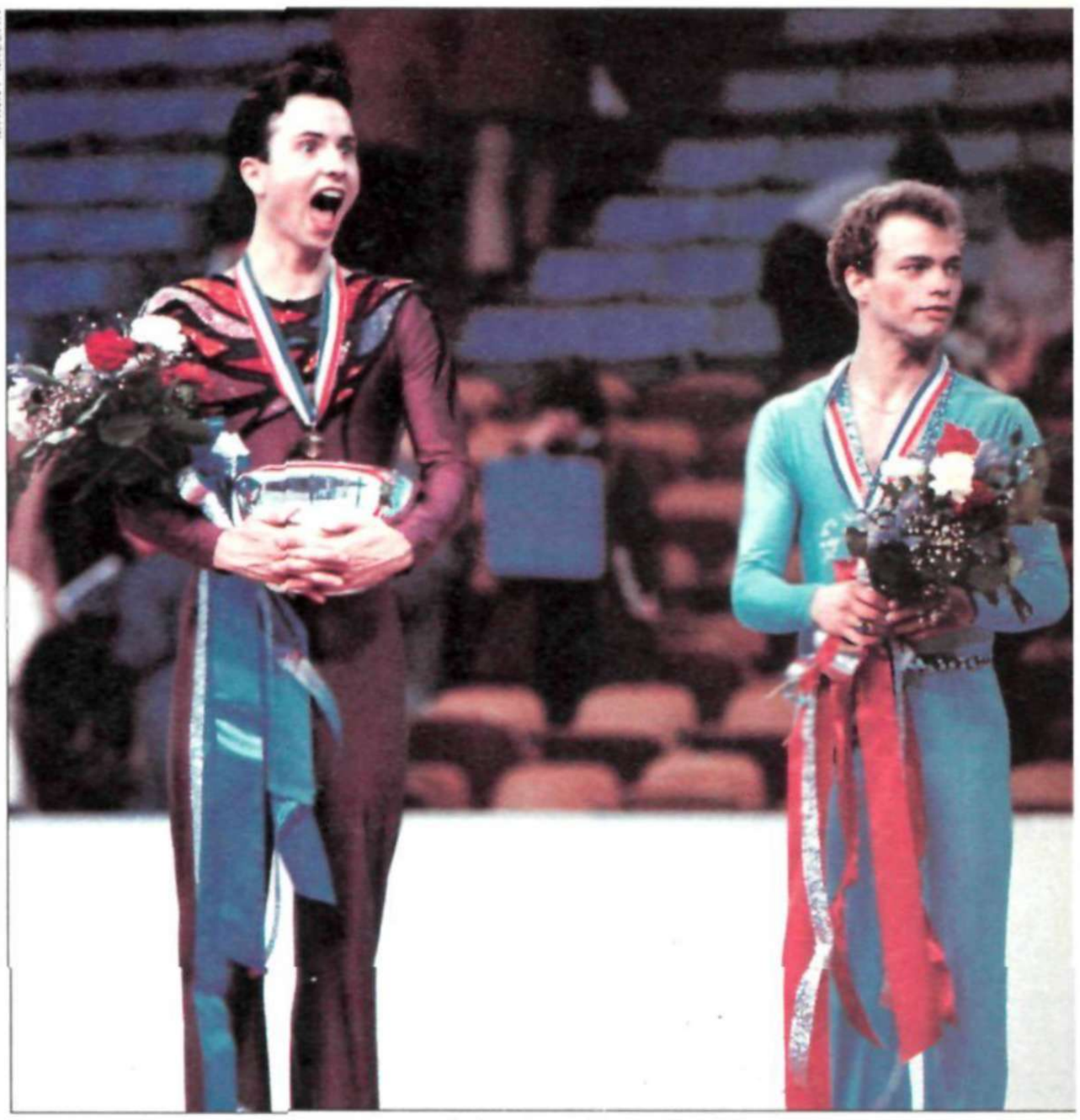
The first thing Boitano is going to do, he said, is win the world championship. "Getting to this spot was like going over a tall mountain," he said. "But right now I'm doing things out there that have never been done on ice before. Sometimes it seems like I don't do anything but skate; I'm training six hours a day, six days a week."

Even school has been put aside for now. A former student at De Anza junior college in Cupertino and the youngest of four children, Boitano still lives at home with the folks. Though he participates in the U.S. Figure Skating Association's funding grant program, it helps that his dad, Lou, is regional vice-president of a California savings and loan association.

If the men's competition was heady, the battle among the women was downright shaky in spots—punctuated, as it was, by the steady crash of falling bodies. But there was no stopping Tiffany Chin, 17, of Toluca Lake, Calif., who as expected blew everybody away with a flawless program in the finals. What had not been expected was the ascent of Debi Thomas, also 17, of San Jose, Calif., who had been sixth-ranked nationally but came on like a whirlwind.

When the scrambling was over, there was Thomas in the No. 2 spot, and now the U.S. women have a Chinese-American and a black playing the leading roles. "I mean, it's definitely *America*," said Thomas with a wide grin. "You know, America is a mixture—and now we're finally getting to see that mixture in figure skating."

And thus did a new national team rise from the ashes of post-Olympic retirement. Gone with Hamilton are the 1984 U.S. women's champion Rosalynn Sumners and Elaine Zayak and the U.S. champion pair of Peter and Kitty Carruthers, who were succeeded last week by Jill Watson, 21, and Peter Oppegard, 25. And it was clear by the end of the proceedings in Kansas City that, instead of having to undergo a traditional rebuilding period, America will now skate forward in stronger shape than anybody had expected.



MANNY MILLAN

With Hamilton gone, Boitano and Cockerell are the big guns.

"It's going to be shakeup time in Tokyo in a few weeks," said Cockerell, referring to next month's world championships. And he has a chance to be one of the shakers; he, too, has seven triple jumps in his freestyle routine, two of them coming in tricky combinations. "It leaves me weak, with badly cramped muscles. But, man, I love it, going after them with stuff like that."

For Boitano, there's even more flying in his future. As if all those triples aren't enough, he has already mastered a quadruple jump, four full aerial revolutions, a stunt no one has done in competition. Boitano does the quad perfectly in practice—well, most of the time. For now, he's saving it for the most dire competitive emergencies, because if one misses a quad, one figures to bust up the whole arena with the ensuing crash. "Still," Boitano says, "it could be a big boost when I need it."

And at that the new champ gets that James Bond look on his face, as he sizes up his imaginary competition: *Bang!* Yer all dead. **END**

Mighty Sweet Music In Memphis

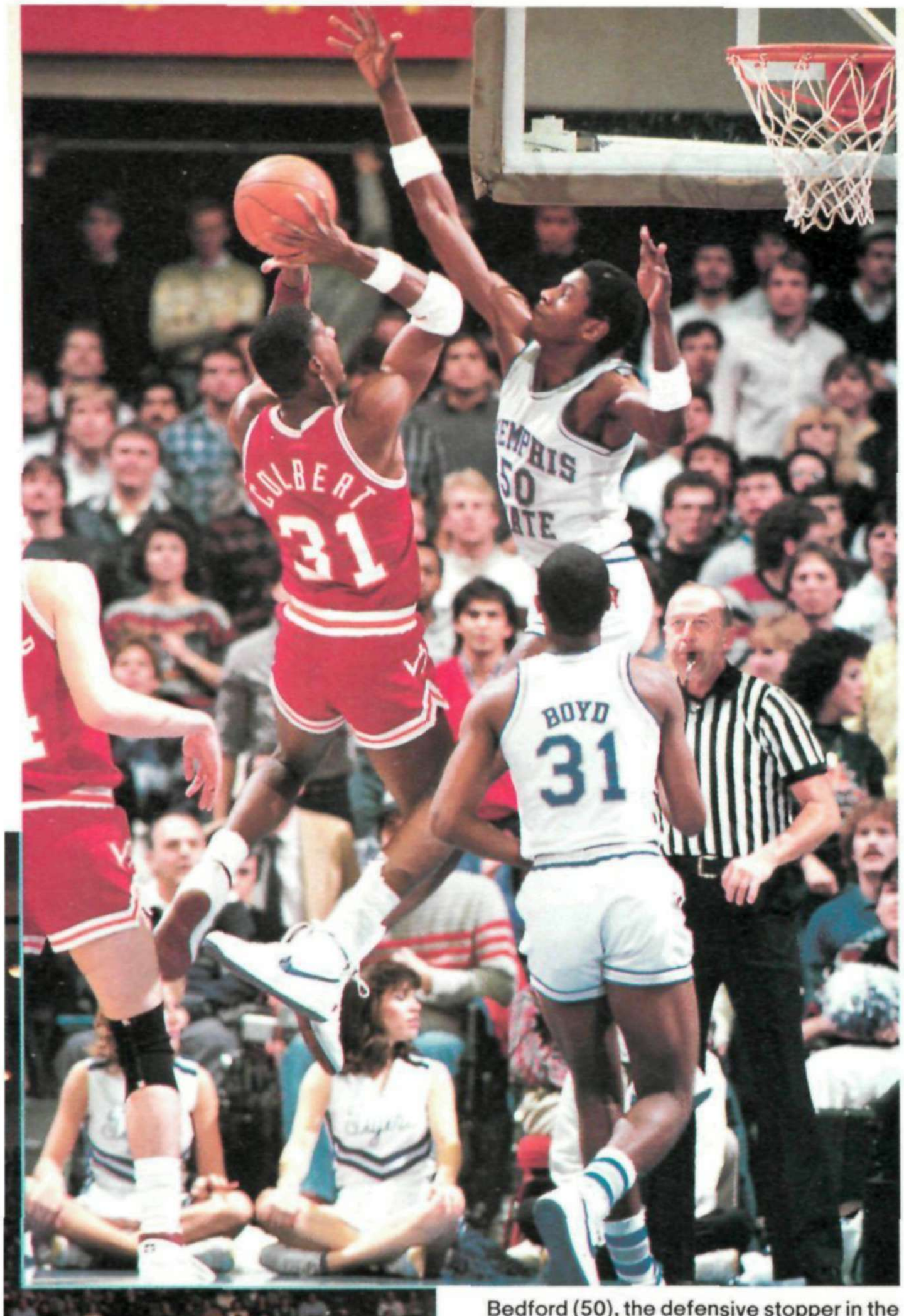
Keith Lee and his hometown Tiger band have Memphis State making its way to the top of the charts

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

It wasn't exactly the same as Elvis's 50th birthday celebration on Jan. 8, but just a few miles away from the Music Gate at Graceland, Keith Lee got a haircut, Dana Kirk fixed the hole in his pants and Baskerville Holmes finally found out where his name came from. At Memphis State, the beat goes on.

As a matter of fact, were it not for one sad footnote appended to another terrific season—a shocking 60–58 loss to South Carolina back in early January—the Lee-led, Kirk-coached and Baskerville-hounded Tigers would be undefeated and riding an 18-game winning streak. Memphis State would be No. 1 on everybody's lips, and the celebrations around the commuter campus might be rivaling those all-night vigils on Elvis Presley Boulevard.

"Yeah, but if the dog didn't stop, he'd have caught the rabbit, too," says Kirk in



Bedford (50), the defensive stopper in the Tigers' front line, knows no bounds when it comes to retrieving or rejecting the ball.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK

his quaint Southernmentorspeak. What he means is that if his team had beaten the Gamecocks, it might have lost to someone else. But then again, as the late King of Rock 'n' Roll might have put it, *Anyplace Is Paradise* when you're 17–1. Of course, Elvis also said, ". . . you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine."

It is faintly ironic that while Memphis State and its prolific mean Lee scoring machine have caught enough rabbits through the years, the Tigers still labor in a hazy obscurity, outglamoured by Big East bigwigs, besieged on the north, south, east and west by the ACCs and Big Tens and Big Eights. In its own conference, the decade-old Metro, Memphis State must scrap for the kind of attention automatically accorded to tradition-rich Louisville. Having finished in the NCAA final 16 three straight years—one of only five schools to have done that—and as defending Metro tournament champs in possession of four returning starters, the Tigers had reason to believe they deserved a little respect this season.

But alas, even in its own community, Memphis State still has a plebeian image in some quarters. It has, for instance, been called Tiger High. It has endured the snubs of Old Memphis society, which can get down and snub when it wants to. Legend has it that the bluebloods once refused membership in the Memphis Country Club to Kemmons Wilson, the local kid who founded Holiday Inns. Wilson supposedly got inn—but only after threatening to buy the country club and burn it down.

Apocryphal or not, that tale mirrors the experience of the Tiger five, which last week torched the tough Hokies of Virginia Tech for the second time in eight days, virtually sewing up the regular-season Metro race. At last Memphis State seemed to have gained acceptance as the focal point of the city. "A hometown team," *Holmes calls the Tigers, and* they are that by any measure. Eleven of the 12 players are from the Memphis area. (The furriner, David Jensen of Greenville, S.C., is hardly a stranger: He was born in Memphis, and his mother and grandmother are Memphis State alumnae.) Home games are packed to the rafters of the 11,200-seat, city-and-county-owned Mid-South Coliseum, which is soon to undergo a $20 million expansion. Airport crowds have turned out 1,000 strong to meet the Tigers on their return from road trips. "Everywhere I go, all anyone wants to talk about is Memphis State basketball," says Van Weinberg, co-owner of James Davis, the clothing store that provides Kirk's wardrobe, including those lucky suit pants with the infamous hole. First it was Lou Carnesecca's pandemonium sweater, now it's Dana Kirk's pinstripe suit—a coach needs a haberdashery gimmick to get to the top these days.

Flashback: Kirk was coaching the daylights out of the Tigers in their 89–79

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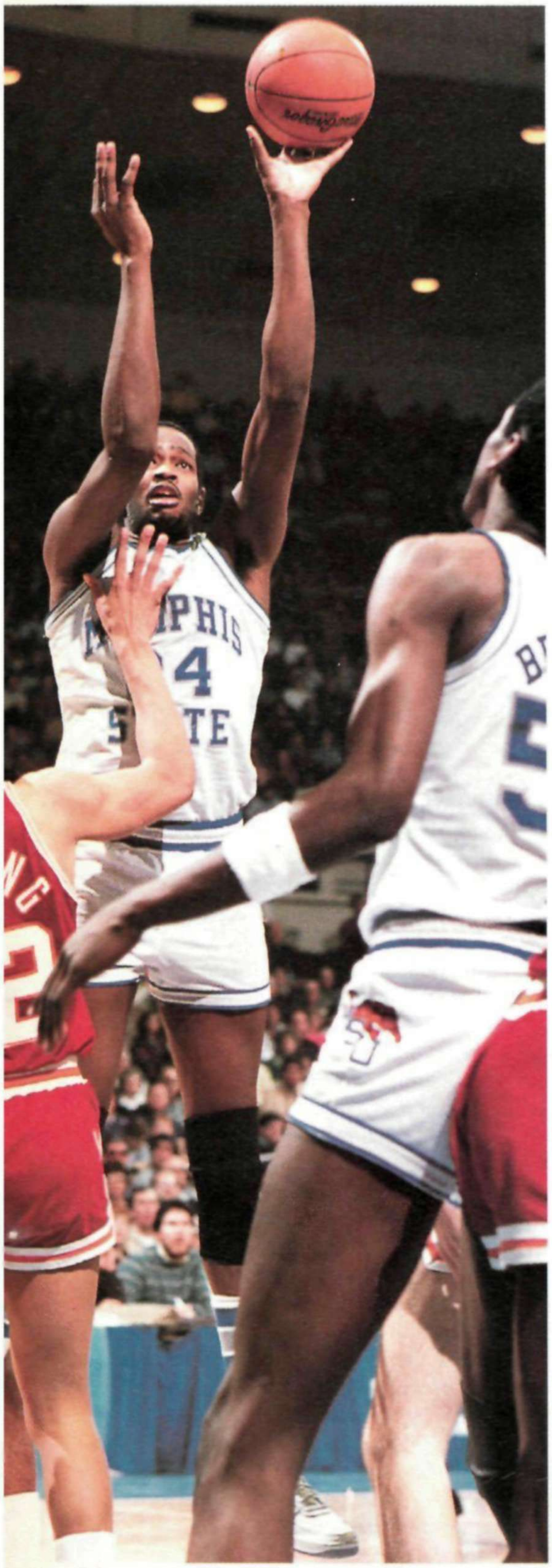

When Lee is right, as he usually is, scoring with his left hand is as simple as 1-2-3.

win over Virginia Tech on the Hokies' court on Jan. 26 when he suddenly *felt* daylight infiltrating his britches from behind. He'd ripped them clear through. Even Lee, who was in the process of scoring 37 points in the victory, noticed. "Coach looked like he had a tail, like a cat or something," Lee said. After an emergency patchwork job, Kirk wore his lucky pants through a home victory over Cincinnati on Jan. 28. Weinberg then made permanent repairs, and Kirk appeared as resplendent as his team in last Saturday's 91–82 repeat win over the Hokies at home. "Dana tears up the good stuff again, and I'm putting him back in leisure suits, where he came from," said Weinberg.

Actually, Kirk, 49, came from West Virginia. "I grew up one of seven kids with no dad," he says. "My mama always told me to start fast in life and get faster." And that he did, by way of head coaching positions at the University of Tampa and Virginia Commonwealth, with an assistantship under Denny Crum at Louisville in between. A hard-edged maverick sort, Kirk is the kind of guy who might pull his team off the court and take the forfeit at Florida State because he didn't like the officiating, or show up at a black-tie Memphis affair wearing corduroy. Not only might, but did. And the Tigers were leading that game with the Seminoles; Weinberg, the threads adviser, must have been on vacation for that black-tie soirée.

Still, it has taken Kirk only five years to bring Memphis State back from what he terms a "destitute" situation. The slide began after 1973 when Larry (Dr. K) Kenon and Larry (Little Tubby) Finch led the Tigers to an 87–66 slaughter by UCLA in the NCAA final. Finch, now grown up to be Very Tubby, sits beside Kirk as his assistant. During the past 3½ seasons, the Tigers are 90–21, and Kirk has become something of a local hero. In 1982 he was voted the city's "number one celebrity" in a poll conducted by the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. Ah, but one paper's passion is another's poison. Because of a personal feud between Kirk and the city's other daily, the *Press-Scimitar*, that journal refused even to mention Kirk's name in its pages for almost a full season. Subsequently the *Press-Scimitar* folded, and Kirk went on to appear as a basketball coach in an honest-to-goodness feature film, *New Girl*, which may or may not make it to your neighborhood theater before Oscar time. Don't mess with celebrity.

Lee, the 6′ 10″ forward whose jeri curls used to give him the appearance of a Chuck Berry sideman, was Kirk's initial trump card—a towering presence whose massive yet delicate hands enable him to catch and pass and especially shoot more skillfully than any college big man has a right to. Lee, who came from across the river—West Memphis, Ark.—then attracted Memphis schoolboy stars from the home side of the mighty Mississippi: 7-foot center William (Don't Call Me Bill) Bedford, point guard Andre Turner, freshman star-in-waiting Vincent Askew and Holmes. Actually, it's not so easy to tell Holmes, the 6′ 7″ leaper who set a Tennessee high school high jump record (7′ 0″), Bedford and Lee apart anymore, now that they have matching scalp-cuts. "It [the jeri-curled do] was getting scraggly. I needed a change," Lee says of Memphis's most famous clip job since Elvis became a GI in 1958. The new look positively stunned the city, not to mention 11-month-old Keith Dewayne Lee Jr., who wouldn't smile at his daddy for the longest time. "Someone's going to kidnap you," Lee's wife, Diane, told him, indicating the haircut was all right with her. "You look even more handsome than with the curls."

As a senior playing in the Olympian shadows of Georgetown's Patrick Ewing and Oklahoma's Wayman Tisdale, Lee has had his most productive year, averaging 21.7 points and 10.4 rebounds and shooting .519 from the field through last week. Lee didn't try out for the Olympic team because he wanted to be with his mother, Rebecca, who died of cancer in October. As a sophomore Lee outplayed Ewing in an NCAA tournament game, 28 points and 15 rebounds to 24 and nine, and Memphis State beat the Hoyas 66–57. And as a junior he outplayed Tisdale in a regular-season set-to, 22 and 18 to 12 and 14, and the Tigers beat the Sooners 69–65. So far this season he has led Memphis State to a better record than that of either of his more illustrious peers, and some of his talents—high-handing the ball above the traffic, his post-up strength, his outside-shooting range—clearly surpass theirs. Moreover, Lee's ability to rise to the grand occasion is evident in his stats. For his career, he

continued

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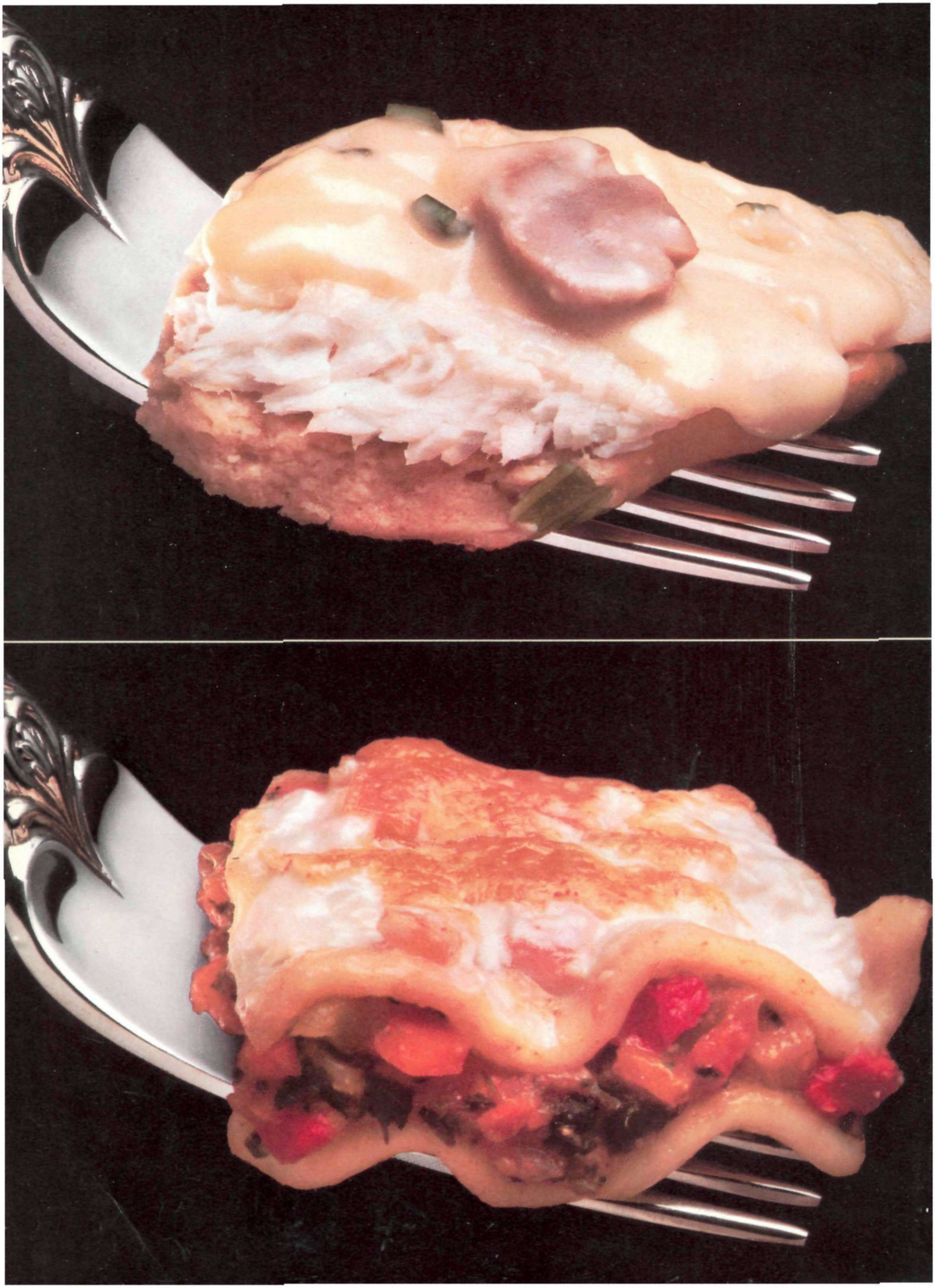
"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless



LE MENU BELIEVES MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY MEAT ALONE.

More than a million years ago, man's club-wielding ancestors set forth in the first morning light to conquer a meal. They ran willy-nilly after big game until dusk, when they skulked homeward. To a meatless dinner.

Despite popular folklore, even early man did not live by meat alone.

Prehistoric man actually ate plenty of vegetables. Perhaps because he was more adept at plucking plants than bagging woolly mammoth. Or perhaps our ancestors were just smarter than we imagine. After all, we're still here to talk about it.

Today, thankfully, the man or woman who seeks an exciting meatless meal needn't resort to berries and roots. And, unlike our prehistoric forebears, you needn't forage very far to find it.

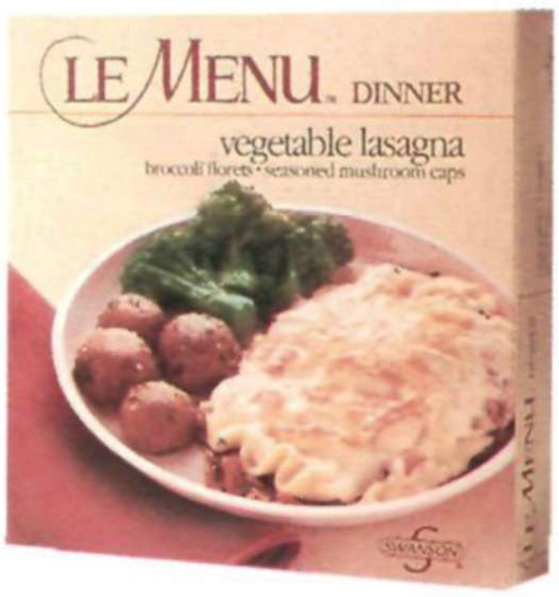
You need only discover our Le Menu™ Dinners. For Le Menu has already traversed the earth to come up with the components of two tantalizing meals without meat.

Our Le Menu Vegetable Lasagna is a thoroughly inventive pasta dish, with roots both French and Italian. Our own tender noodles have been laced with a ratatouille-inspired filling: chunks of baby zucchini, tomato, onion, carrot, spinach, and herbs, blended with three cheeses, then drizzled with an incredibly delicious sauce of still more grated parmesan, heavy cream, grated carrot and paprika.

From fishing nets in the North Atlantic comes the exquisite flounder in Flounder Fillet with Salmon Mousse. The flaky, full fillets in our Le Menu Dinners are something you would be hard-pressed to find in other fish entrees. Delve beneath, to unveil a sumptuous mousse of Pacific salmon whipped with heavy cream, egg white, celery, sherry and onion. Very tasty. Some Sauterne, mushrooms, and chives color and season the delicate sauce which caps it all.

A first morsel of either dish should convert even the most ardent carnivore. And for the man or woman who already knows the joys of not living by meat alone, there is sheer delight.

Unfortuately for ancient man, Le Menu came along a bit too late.



THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SPECIAL ON LE MENU™

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Cut across rock-strewn gorges. Kick through sand that used to hold you back. Pound your way through places you always thought were impossible.

The new 1985 Toyota 4x4 has a 2.4 liter engine, the most powerful engine ever built for a truck of its class. Its 116 snorting horses will take you where you want to go without working up a sweat. How? Its all-new computer-controlled Electronic Fuel Injection always feeds 'em when they're hungry. Exactly what they need.

Built like a tank, this feisty 4x4 boasts wide, rugged P225/75R15 tires, and pounds along because it can take a pounding. For the lofty spirit in you that wants to get above it all, you get the highest running ground clearance in its class. So you'll ride high over the obstacles—not into them.

Its double-wall bed construction is matched with solid steel skid plates under the transfer case and fuel tank. Its suspension system with solid front-and-rear axles has been proven off-road for reliability and durability.

Ask around. Toyota owners reported the lowest incidence of repairs for any small truck—imported or domestic.*

For the creature comfort needs in you, there is full, rich carpeting and an AM/FM/MPX sound system that'll floor you. With this 4x4 SR5 XTRACAB you get extra space behind the seats and automatic locking front hubs, so you can change from 2WD to 4WD *on command* from the comfort of the cab. Get one. 'Cause there are mountains waiting.

OH WHAT A FEELING!
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AGGRESSIVE!

has averaged 19.0 points per game on 52.5% shooting. On network television, he has averaged 19.7 on 55.5%. In the NCAA tournament, he has averaged 20.4 on 61%.

Still, his painfully shy nature and lumbering gait—he had a knee operation in the ninth grade but hasn't missed a game in college—make him a question mark to pro scouts. He runs the floor as if his next step might be his last. "A thoroughbred who may not be able to pass four furlongs," Indiana Pacer player personnel director Tom Newell says. Speaking of ?????, at last look had the Pacers made it out of the paddock?

What makes Lee and Memphis State so much more effective this year, surely legitimate contenders for the NCAA championship, is that sophomore Bedford is a rapidly developing monster, and junior Holmes has matured into an equally dangerous customer. Together with Lee they form a terrorizing volleyball team on the offensive boards. They registered an unholy triple double double in the first Virginia Tech game, each scoring and rebounding in double figures—70 points and 34 boards in all. In the second game against the Hokies, only Holmes fell short, by a measly two rebounds, as the trio got 55 points and 33 rebounds. At the defensive end, Memphis State had held all comers to a 40.9% field-goal average through last weekend. That was the fifth-best shooting defense in the land. On Saturday, with Dell Curry and Perry Young hitting from out in the snowbanks, Virginia Tech became the first team to shoot 50% against Memphis this season. The combustible Bedford—"Don't bring that junk in here," he says—has had 51 blocked shots.

"The final piece to the puzzle is Skew," says Turner of his rookie backcourt mate, Askew, a fluid, 6′ 5″ athletic wonder to whom Kirk is delegating increased shooting and ball-handling responsibility. This has taken pressure off Turner, formerly maligned as Andre Turnover, who has cut his giveaways by nearly one a game as compared with last season. Nowadays Turner will sometimes move to the wing; he made two key jumpers from there Saturday while a full complement of Hokies were doing the hokey-pokey around Lee. Askew, meanwhile, responded with 18 points and eight assists—a neat followup to his performances at Florida State (16 points) and at archrival Louisville, where he absolutely saved the Tigers in a 69–66 victory. That was Memphis State's first win at the 'Ville in nine years. While Lee and Bedford, beset with fouls, could manage only 17 points between them in that victory, and Turner was shut out, Askew iron-manned the full 40 minutes, scored 11 points and passed off for 11 other baskets.

The sartorially superstitious Kirk is double-covered by Very Tubby Finch (left) and Lee.

The Tiger reserves, often lifeless in the past, have come alive. Could be that's from watching the spectacular Memphis State pompon girls, who, shimmying through their X-rated routines, not only have blown the UCLA song girls out of the water but also have become the closest thing in the civilized world to the Solid Gold Dancers.

The killer Bs off the bench are swingman Willie Becton, who had 10 points and 10 rebounds at Florida State; freshman guard Dwight Boyd, who scored 16 at Louisville; and Dewayne Bailey, Lee's rookie caddie, who calls himself RU (Real Ugly). With Non-B sophomore John Wilfong, nephew of old Tiger hero Win, all have come through in clutch situations time and again.

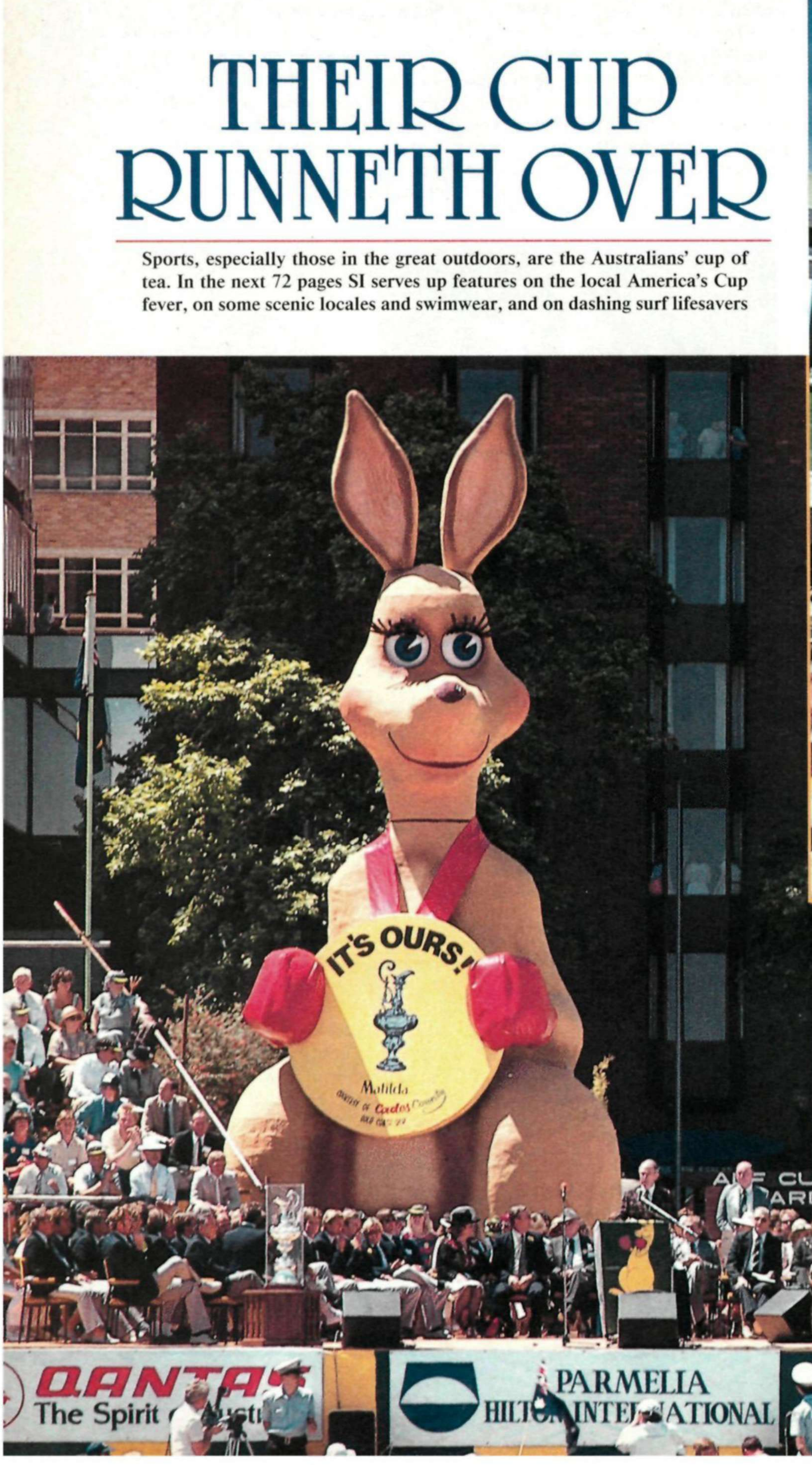
As did the irrepressible Holmes on Saturday, when he hit a 15-footer with 3:18 left after Virginia Tech had cut Memphis State's lead to two points. It was the most important basket of the afternoon, but no more significant than the moment later on, when Holmes learned of the origins of his name. Yes, Holmes confirmed that his mother was watching the movie version of Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* when she went into labor with him. But no, he didn't know that Baskerville was the name of the family Sherlock Holmes (no relation) discovered at Baskerville Hall on Dartmoor near the hamlet of Grimpen in Devonshire.

"I think I saw the movie on a road trip once," Holmes said. "But I always thought I was named after a dog."

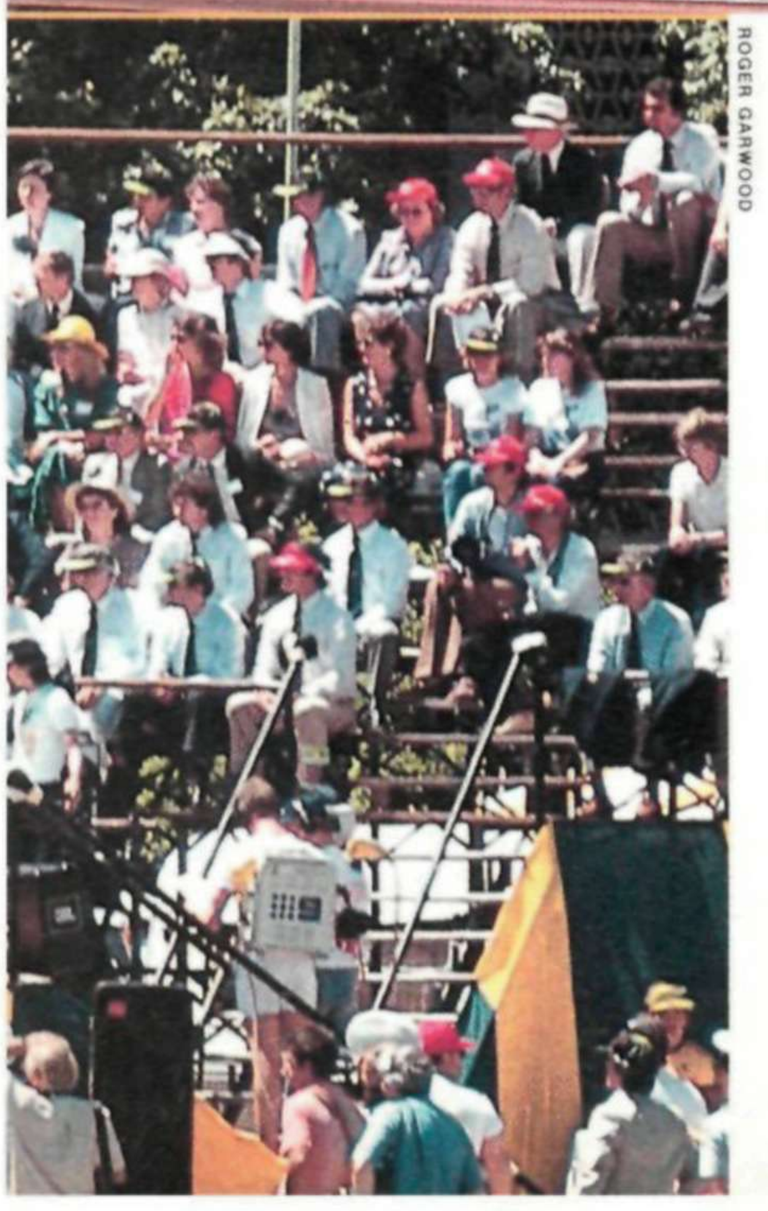
More's the pity. But praise the day. At least now if somebody in Memphis has the nerve to tell Holmes "you ain't nothin' but a Baskerville," he can be sure it's nothing personal. **END**

THEIR CUP RUNNETH OVER

Sports, especially those in the great outdoors, are the Australians' cup of tea. In the next 72 pages SI serves up features on the local America's Cup fever, on some scenic locales and swimwear, and on dashing surf lifesavers



ROGER GARWOOD



ROGER GARWOOD

Wresting the Cup from the U.S. has given the Aussies a new sense of national pride—and a major challenge in preparing for their defense

by SARAH BALLARD

In the dark of the night of Sept. 26, 1983, the America's Cup was removed from its home of 132 years with the New York Yacht Club, since the turn of the century on Manhattan's West 44th Street, and was transported by armored van to Newport. The next day, in a brief, sunstruck ceremony on the terrace of Marble House, a mansion formerly owned

continued

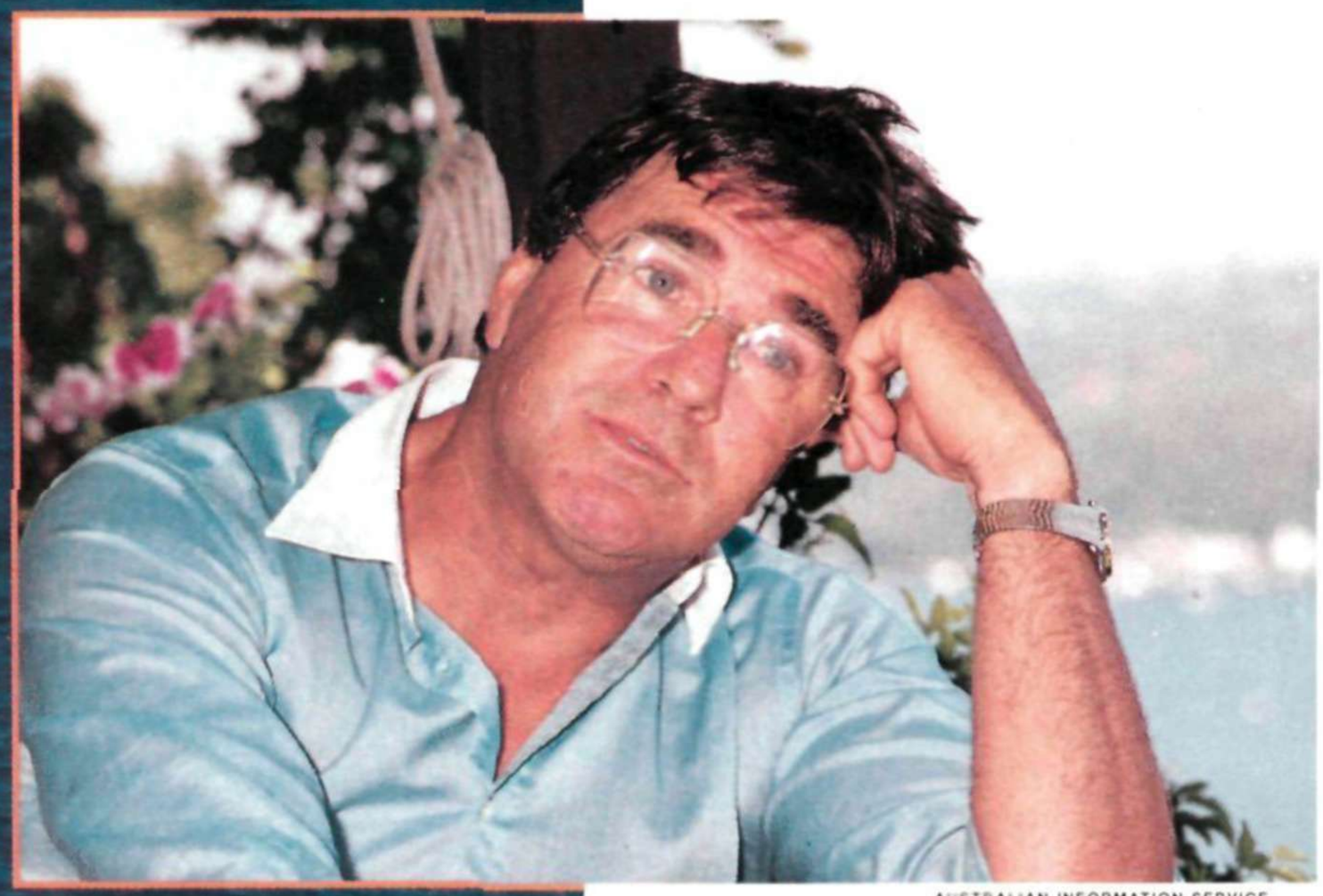
The Cup victory parade began in Fremantle's central square (above) and ended up at Perth's Esplanade (left).

by the Vanderbilts, it was turned over to its new caretakers.

Today the address of the America's Cup is the Royal Perth Yacht Club, Pelican Point, Perth, Western Australia. It's a new home in a fresh new world where winter is summer and *Australia II* is more than just a boat with a funny keel. But Americans who were sad to see the Auld Mug go can rest assured that it has found a safe, if perhaps temporary, home in Perth. It resides in solitary splendor in a glass-fronted, red-upholstered case set into the east wall of the second-floor observation lounge of the club, where it's watched over by a security company, a set of alarms and Brian Gunn, the club manager. Gunn, a pleasant, soft-spoken man whose crisp white uniform alone would give a vandal pause, is proud to point out that more people have seen the Cup in the 16 months it has been in Australia than in its 132 years at the New York Yacht Club.

"Winning the Cup was a wonderful thing for the Cup itself," says Ben Lexcen, the designer of *Australia II*, laughing and letting his imagination run free. "It has been liberated. It feels like it's its own person, doesn't belong to a bunch of turkeys anymore. So the Cup is there, all shiny, saying, 'Come and get me, anybody who wants me.' Even though it's still the America's Cup, it no longer belongs to the Americans, it belongs to the world. It was a prisoner for 132 years and now it's out. Out and away."

DAN NERNEY



AUSTRALIAN INFORMATION SERVICE

As he speaks, Lexcen, Australia's home-grown hero-genius, sits on the veranda of his house high on a hill in the Sydney suburb of Seaforth, looking down on the clear blue water of Middle Harbour. The sun of the southern hemisphere summer shines on the flowers in his lush garden. Now and then a kookaburra cackles in a gum tree nearby.

"I didn't think anything could be so powerful as winning the Cup," he says. "People every day still come up to me in the street and shake my hand. That sort

Lexcen's designs on the Cup include the magic keel of Australia II, and others are on the ways.

of thing doesn't happen with champion tennis players or cricket players. Those things are over in a week and forgotten. This had a profound effect on people."

"We're not a very nationalistic country like the U.S.," says Gail Stewart, a public relations woman in Sydney. "This did more for national pride than any other thing in our lifetime. Those guys are heroes."

"For a long time Australians had an image of themselves as good at sport, swimming and tennis particularly," says Andrew Green, a scientist from a suburb of Sydney. "But most of that had gone by the board. This was an opportunity to play again on the world stage."

There's universal agreement in Australia that nothing except the end of World War II has created a state of patriotic euphoria to equal *Australia II's* winning of the Cup. People still like to talk about where they were and what they were doing when it happened. "The most unusual story I heard," says Lexcen, "was about a group of people up in the mountains in Tibet, climbing around Mount Everest. They'd been there trekking for four weeks, and they came to a Sherpa village that was 20,000 feet up or something. They got there an hour or two after the final Cup race was finished, and the people there said, 'Oh, you're Australian. Congratulations! You won the America's Cup.' "

"A nation of zombies" was how Prime Minister Robert Hawke described his countrymen, who had sat in front of their television sets well into the night in a ritual of agony and elation as Lexcen's revolutionary 12-meter fought her way back from seemingly certain defeat at the hands of America's Dennis Conner and his red-hulled *Liberty*.

For the residents of Sydney, the Cup was won at 7:20 on the morning of Sept. 27. An hour later, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, usually choked with city-bound traffic at that time, was empty, as Sydneysiders stayed home by the thousands to watch the celebrations 12,000 miles and 14 hours away in Newport. Earlier, at Sydney International Airport, passengers arriving on Pan Am's Flight 811 from Honolulu had refused to leave their seats until they were assured that the radio broadcast of the race they'd been listening to on the plane could be heard in the transit lounge.

As the morning wore on, Sydneysiders stood on street corners singing *Waltzing Matilda*. The biggest Australian flag anybody had ever seen appeared on the Harbour Bridge as if by magic. By noon the city's hotels and restaurants were running out of champagne. A woman reported receiving a call from a Pennsylvanian who was telephoning Australians at random to congratulate them. A newspaper dealer delivered the morning paper to the American consulate with a sympathy card enclosed. And *The Sydney Morning Herald* reported that the city's power demand had been 200 megawatts higher than usual during the night.

When dawn lit the skyscrapers of

continued

DAN NERNEY

The NYYC is the first challenger to have a boat in Fremantle's waters and a headquarters ashore.

DAN NERNEY

Bond, the head of the Royal Perth Yacht Club's syndicate, graduated from painting signs on a flour mill to making a ton of dough of his own.

BILL EPPRIDGE

AMERICA'S CUP

continued

Perth, 2,400 miles away across the vast emptiness of the island continent, the vigil had ended and the celebration was beginning at the Royal Perth. The modern white clubhouse on the banks of the Swan River was jammed, and more people were arriving. They danced and sang, shouted and cried, the same as everywhere else Down Under, but in Perth, the isolated western outpost, the victory was especially sweet.

The party was still in full swing a few hours later when Hawke, a Western Australian himself, came to join the fun. The celebrants sprayed him with champagne, and a big hand reached out of the crowd to tousle his silver hair. "Any boss who sacks anybody for not turning up today is a bum," said Hawke, a Labor man.

American visitors of a certain age find Perth reminiscent of the Los Angeles of 40 or 50 years ago. It's a clean, new, prosperous, growing city and the capital of Western Australia, which is three times the size of Texas, with a population density of 1.4 persons per square mile (as compared with Texas's density of 47.6). Its climate is spectacular; the dry, desert air is crystalline. The waters are clean—even the Swan River is swimmable—and the hundreds of miles of white sand beaches are virtually empty.

Until 20 years ago Perth was a sleepy backwater, a hick town to residents of Sydney and Melbourne. But in the 1960s major iron ore deposits were discovered in the northwest part of the state, and the Western Australian mineral boom was on. Since then, gold, diamonds, natural gas and a host of less glamorous resources have been added to the list, and as a result Perth has become one of Australia's richest cities.

If Perth was sleepy during the first half of the 20th century, its port, Fremantle, a town of 24,000 situated 10 miles downriver, where the Swan meets the sea, was dead to the world. Aptly described as Abilene on the Ocean because of the frontier Victorian style of its architecture—Fremantle's warehouses with their ornate facades and turreted roofs were built in the boom years of the Kalgoorlie gold rush at the turn of the century—it will be the center of activity two years from now during Australia's first defense of the Cup.

Fremantle has a lively ethnic mix, including Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, Yugoslavs and Anglo-Aussies, and has sprouted sidewalk cafes and open-air markets that give it the air of a Mediterranean fishing village. Cappuccino sells almost as fast as Swan Lager these days.

Summers (October through March) are hot in Perth and Fremantle. Temperatures frequently lurk around the 100° mark, and a fierce sun bakes the landscape. Almost daily, however, relief arrives in the form of a strong sea breeze from the southwest, known as the Fremantle Doctor. It is the Doctor that makes the sailing off Fremantle among the best anywhere. Seventeen knots of wind is about average, 25 knots is not unusual, and the seas are steep and sharp. The America's Cup races, both trials and finals, will be sailed about five miles offshore, between the beach town of Scarborough and Rottnest Island. On a clear day, which is the rule rather than the exception, with a good pair of binoculars it will be possible to watch at least part of the action from the shore.

Don Wieringa, the 42-year-old owner of Fremantle Boat Lifters, the largest, busiest and tidiest boatyard at Fishing Boat Harbour, is one of several citizens of Fremantle who stand to profit from the invasion of people, money and boats that has already begun in preparation for the Cup races. At present Wieringa is landlord to the *America II* syndicate of the New York Yacht Club because he was the first Fremantle businessman to see the potential for profit in the 12-meter onslaught. Before *Australia II* had even crossed the finish line in the seventh race in 1983, Wieringa had sent an associate to Newport to report back on how

continued on page 97

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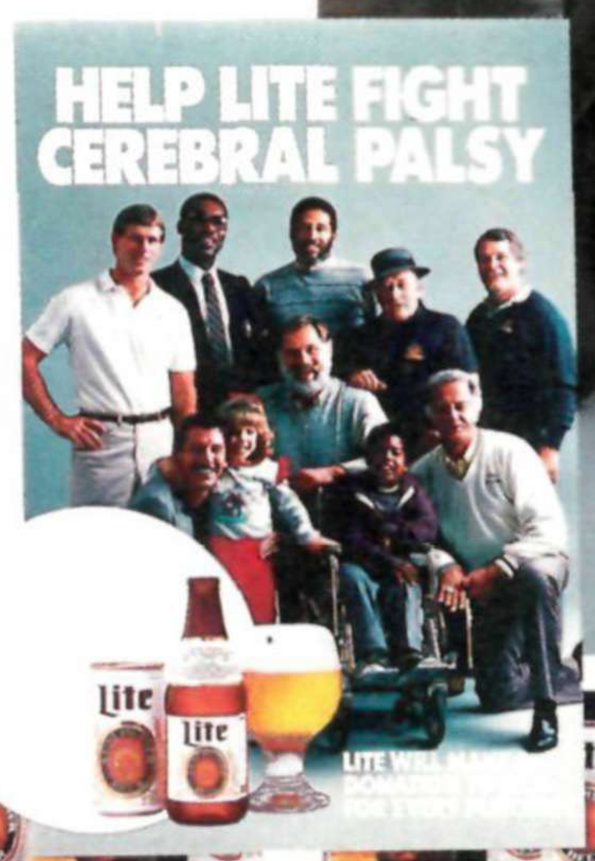

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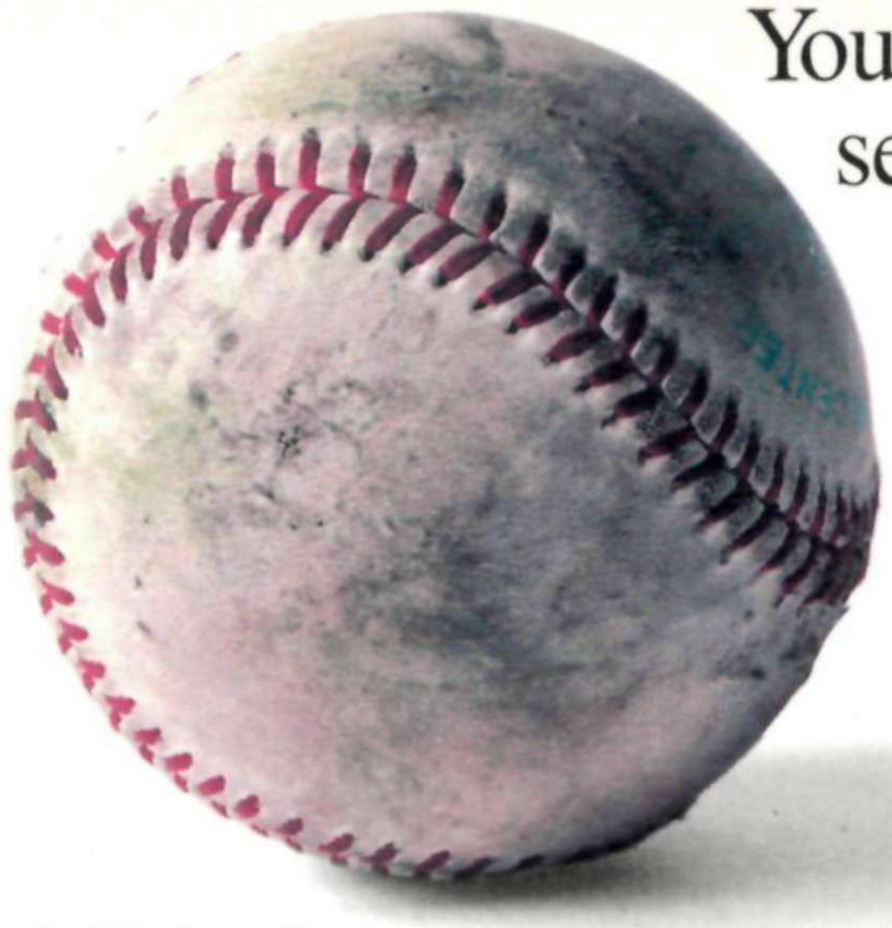

You may cheer the sports of the grey season but you fall in love with...

THE

At this time of year, as the sun edges northward from the tropics on its trek to the vernal equinox, it emits strange signals that awaken dormant cells in the rear quadrant of the brain. Imperceptibly, the games of winter, with their claustrophobic arenas and excessive frenzies, begin to pall. Suddenly you crave what rink and court can never provide. Hot sun. Fresh air. Green grass. Red dirt.

And that's when you know it for certain. The sports of the grey season are waning. It is time to contemplate . . . the game.

At 2:05 on April 8th in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, the umpire will yell, "Play ball!" And the 1985 baseball season will be underway.

By mid-October, 180 days, 2,100 games and 110,000 outs later, 37,000 balls will have rocketed into the seats, ricocheted off the walls or skipped past the outstretched arms of sprawled fielders, 17,000 runners will have crossed the plate and the last batter in the World Series will be put out. Or deliver the Series-winning hit. Either way, the 1985 baseball season will be history.

Old records will fall. New ones will be set. Reggie Jackson will add to his record for strikeouts and Rollie Fingers to his record for saves. Nolan Ryan and Steve Carlton will be locked in battle for the all-time strikeout lead. Rickey Henderson may surpass his record of 130 steals; or stand immobile at first waiting for Mattingly and Winfield to drive him in. And Pete Rose should go into September a dozen hits from Ty Cobb's elusive record.

And if none of these events take place — or only some of them — there are sure to be other memorable doings.

Dwight Gooden may fan all 27 batters he faces in his first start or get knocked out, the start of the traditional Sophomore Jinx. Alan Trammell could turn in the ninth unassisted triple play in major league history; or go nine innings without handling a single chance. Dave Kingman could hit one 500 feet out, 1,500 feet up, or miss the first three pitches he sees by a mile.

The 1985 season — like every other season since major league baseball began — promises to be wildly unpredictable. Despite all the statistics — and baseball is the most statistical of sports — the only safe prediction is the one made by that great dugout philosopher, Lawrence P. Berra: "It's never over 'til it's over."

"Play ball!"

Come April 8th, millions of baseball fans will begin flocking to the bleachers and box seats, flicking on TV sets and radios. Among them will be 700,000 real fans — regular readers of The Sporting News — who depend on each weekly issue for that extra edge the way businessmen depend on The Wall Street Journal and Business Week. Sporting News readers want to know not just what happened but why . . . and what's likely to happen next.

Ever since the start of the 1886 season — when the Chicago Nationals, managed by Cap Anson and paced by league-leading hitter Mike (King) Kelly, captured the pennant — The Sporting News has been delivering unequaled coverage of the game. Not just the facts but the feel of it.

For 99 years, The Sporting News has been on hand to report — in detail, and with color and authority — every one of baseball's most exciting and historic events.

- The Sporting News was there at the Polo Grounds on September 23, 1908, when the Giants' Fred Merkle ran for the clubhouse instead of second base on what appeared to be the game-winning hit. The Cubs retrieved the ball, forced Merkle at second and, in a replay, beat the Giants for the pennant.
- The Sporting News was there, lighting matches in the press box, on May 1, 1920, when the game between Brooklyn and Boston was called because of darkness after 26 innings with the score tied, 1-1. And with both starting pitchers — Leon Cadore for Brooklyn and Joe Oeschger for Boston — still in the game.
- The Sporting News was there at the Polo Grounds on July 10, 1934, for the second All-Star game when Carl Hubbell fanned five future Hall-of-Famers in succession: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx, Al Simmons and Joe Cronin.
- The Sporting News was there in Cleveland on July 17, 1941, when the Indians' Al Smith and Jim Bagby, Jr. stopped Joe DiMaggio's record-breaking consecutive game hitting streak at 56.
- The Sporting News was there at the Polo Grounds on October 3, 1951, when Bobby Thomson hit the incredible "shot heard 'round the world"

GAME.

to win the third and final playoff game for the Giants.

• The Sporting News was there at Yankee Stadium on October 8, 1956, when Don Larsen struck out Brooklyn's Dale Mitchell to nail down the only perfect game in World Series history.

• The Sporting News was there at Forbes Field on October 13, 1960, when Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski hit a solo shot in the bottom of the ninth that beat the Yankees, took the Series and won the grudging acknowledgement from Yogi, "It's over."

• The Sporting News was there in Fenway Park on October 21, 1975, for the memorable sixth game between Cincinnati and Boston when Carlton Fisk won it for the Red Sox 7-6, with a homer off the foul pole in the 12th.

• The Sporting News was there in San Diego last October as the Padres beat the Cubs three straight in a surprising playoff turnaround, then in Detroit where the Padres' starters couldn't hold that Tiger and dropped all three games — and with them, the Series.

Here comes the sun.

Now, four months later, the sun is once again edging northward. To shed heat and light on the wind sprints and pepper games of spring training. On the preseason exhibitions. And, in April, on the crowds and players at Riverfront Stadium.

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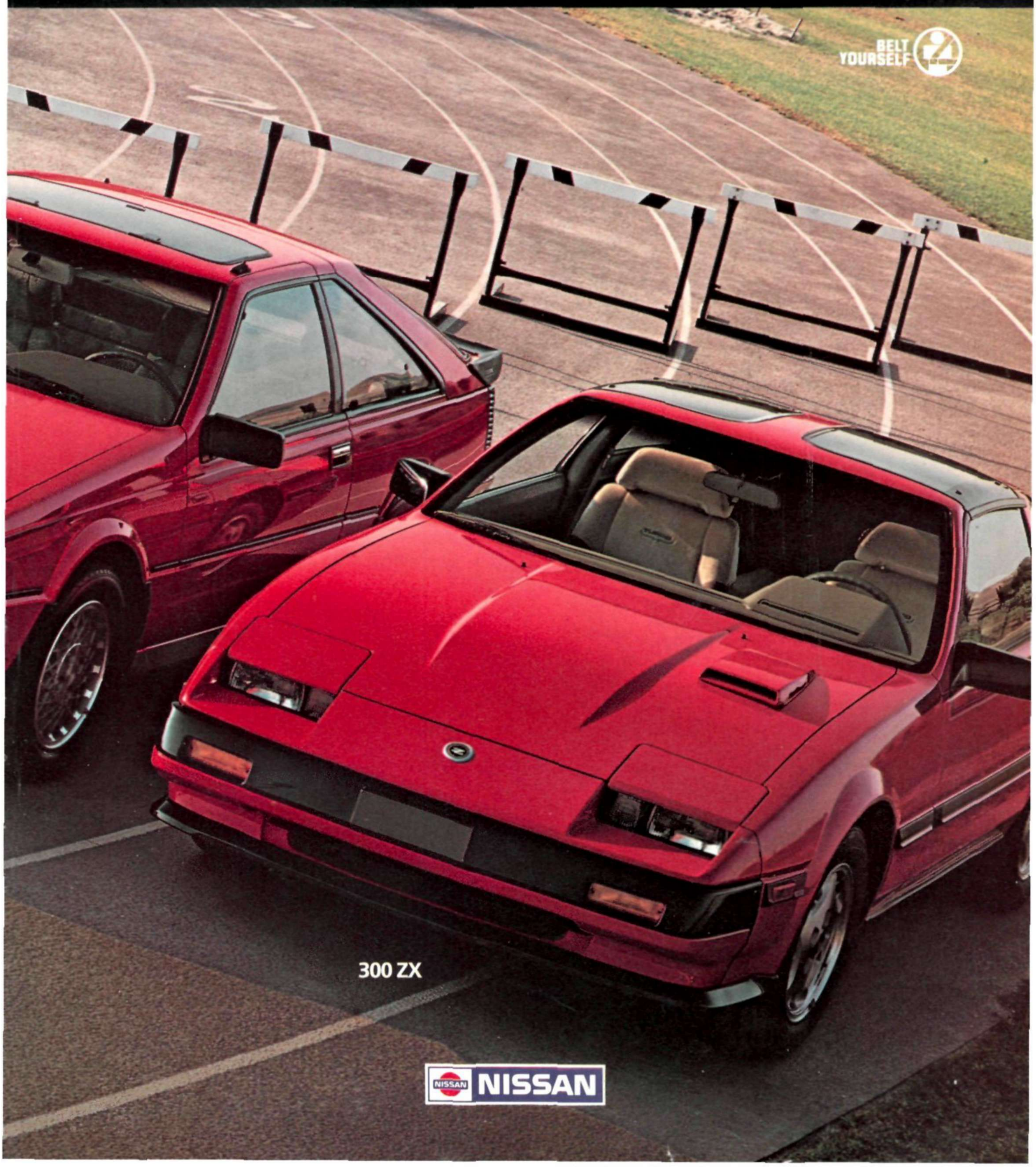

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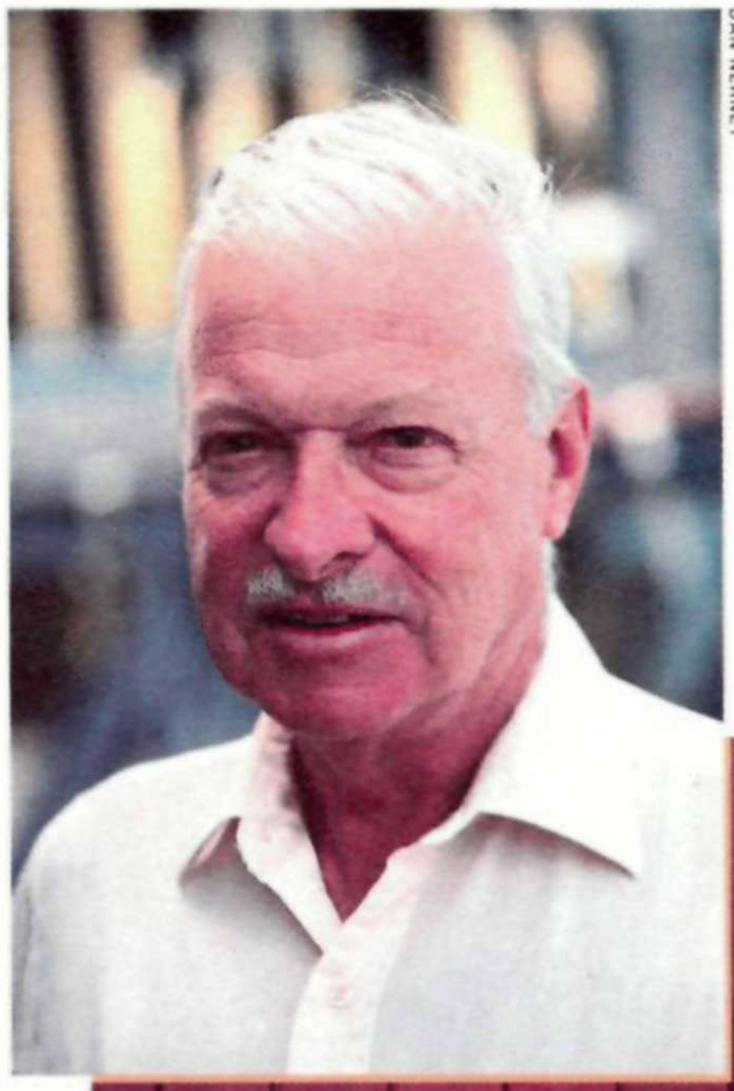
continued

his facility, which services 700 lobster boats a year, could best be fitted out for yachts. When the Americans arrived in Fremantle in March 1984 looking for waterfront space, Wieringa was ready for them. He says he offered his facility to the local syndicate that owns *Australia II* first but was turned down. "Maybe they wanted it for nothing," he says. "But I didn't build a $5 million facility to give it away." (The local syndicate says Wieringa's place didn't meet its needs.) Other American syndicates, including Dennis Conner's group from the San Diego Yacht Club, tried to entice Wieringa away from the NYYC with offers to better what the club was paying, but by then Wieringa had become friends with the NYYC advance party, and the deal was done.

In Fremantle there are those who say that Wieringa doesn't sleep at night, that he puts his head on a pillow merely long enough to think up new ways of making money. In fact, Wieringa *does* lie awake—worrying. He worries about the $10 million marina the government is building to house eight challenging and defending syndicates. "They haven't got the expertise to do it. I've seen their plan. It's not going to work," he says. He worries about the Fremantle economy. "It's a sleepy hollow, never mind the historic buildings. Some people spending a lot of money now will make some, but what about after? There are not many people here. In a 200-mile radius of Newport there are 30 million people." And he worries about a man he calls the Grouch. The Grouch, known in Newport as Tuna, is Arthur Wullschleger, a 67-year-old textile manufacturer from Fort Lauderdale who's the advance man–operations manager for the *America II* syndicate. Wullschleger is a gruff but kind person who has been an NYYC member for 32 years. Wieringa, like all card-carrying Aussies, professes to hate the NYYC, but he is very fond of the Grouch. To accommodate his ambivalence, he places Wullschleger and the NYYC in separate mental compartments. "The Grouch reminds me so much of my father it bloody kills me," Wieringa says. "I'm afraid the old fellow won't be able to stand the pressure."

Wullschleger spent World War II setting up advance bases in the Aleutians and in the South Pacific for the U.S. Navy, and he has brought that experience to bear in Fremantle. His responsibility is the establishment and operation at Fremantle Boat Lifters of the shore facility for *America II*, the 12-meter designed by Sparkman & Stephens that John Kolius will steer.

"Ever see three years' worth of sandpaper?" asks Wullschleger, throwing open the door of a cabinet in one of the four shipping containers that now serve as machine shop, rigging shop and storage space. "We travel like a turtle. We take our own shells with us."



DAN NERNEY

With half an acre of work space, a shed as big as an airplane hangar, plans to build a separate sail loft, one experimental 12-meter already in Australian waters, another in the works and a third budgeted if the knowledge gained from the first two indicates it's necessary, the NYYC challenge is, at this point, well ahead of the field.

"We've found out what the Australians have been up against all these years," says Tom Ehman, the young executive director of the *America II* syndicate, of the complexities of racing far from home. "The other syndicates have no idea. But this facility is better than anybody's ever had in Newport, and the people have been terrific. If you ask somebody for directions they'll say, 'Follow me, I'm going that way.' Of course, you know they're not."

Captain Beresford Noble is the executive director of the Western Australian government's America's Cup committee and previously was general manager of the Fremantle Port Authority. He's in charge of nudging 25 government depart-

continued

NYYC advance man Wullschleger (left), known as the Grouch, set up his base just a few hundred feet from Lissiman and the Royal Perth crew.

DAN NERNEY

ments and agencies involved in the staging of the Cup defense from planning into action. One of his first acts was to recommend that every department begin a day-by-day countdown to the beginning of the trials in October 1986. "What caught us unaware," says Noble, "was that people would start so early. We didn't realize they would need completed facilities in less than a year from the end of the last Cup."

More startling to the Australians than the speed with which the challengers began to arrive was their number. The congregation at Newport in 1983 of seven challengers, three prospective defenders, various trial horses and even several Twelves used as spectator boats constituted the largest 12-meter fleet ever assembled—21. By April of last year, 24 potential challengers from nine countries had each deposited a non-refundable $12,000 entry fee with the Royal Perth. Several have since dropped out of the running, but current guesses as to how many will actually show up in Perth range from eight to 18 syndicates and many more boats than that. "The harbor will be overloaded, that's all there is to it," says Noble. "But we will try to minimize the inconvenience."

On the federal level the man in charge is John Brown, Australia's minister for sport, recreation and tourism. "The government has allotted 30 million Australian dollars over two years to smooth the way and create permanent facilities," says Brown. "There are also funds to upgrade the Perth airport, to improve the marina, etcetera, but not to sponsor any yacht. I don't think there would be a great deal of public support for that."

In Australia, as elsewhere, yachting is largely a rich man's sport. The average Australian will give the boys on *Australia II* a heartfelt cheer, but he does not care to pay for the boat. That's the rich man's burden. Localism is also a factor in the government's reluctance to commit money to individual syndicates. The six states and two territories that make up Australia are ferociously chauvinistic. Money spent on one state's effort would be vigorously opposed by the others. Therefore, the Australian syndicates, of which there are five active, are scrambling for corporate benefactors. Considerable resentment exists over the fact that the Royal Perth has already picked off six of the choicest companies in the country to help defray the cost of staging the Cup events, instead of helping pay for the actual defense.

The government hopes that a smooth Cup season will increase tourism significantly, especially from the States. Its recent TV ad campaign in 12 U.S. cities to promote the Wonder Down Under—the ad features one of Australia's favorite entertainers, Paul ("We'll slip another shrimp on the barbie for ya") Hogan—is intended to aid that cause.

Studies indicate that a million people will visit Perth in the 12 months beginning February 1986. "The America's Cup has created an awareness that never existed," says Dion Bromilow, an officer with the Western Australia Tourism Commission. "No amount of money could have bought that advertising. Now people say, 'Oh, yes. Perth. The America's Cup.' It was a tremendous shot in the

continued

DAN NERNEY

The warehouses in Fremantle have a frontier look, but the rest of town seems Mediterranean.

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arm that Western Australians never foresaw—except Alan Bond."

Bond, the feisty little head of the *Australia II* syndicate who finally put Perth on the world map after three unsuccessful previous challenges, is known in the Australian press as a "takeover merchant." Hardly a day passes without reports that he is acquiring, or threatening to acquire, yet another major Australian company. His interests range widely, from the Swan Brewery in Perth to diamond mines in the Kimberly region in the north of the state. "Bondy's hobby is business," says Lexcen. "He's good at it. He plays at it like a riverboat gambler playing poker. He's not boring. He risks."

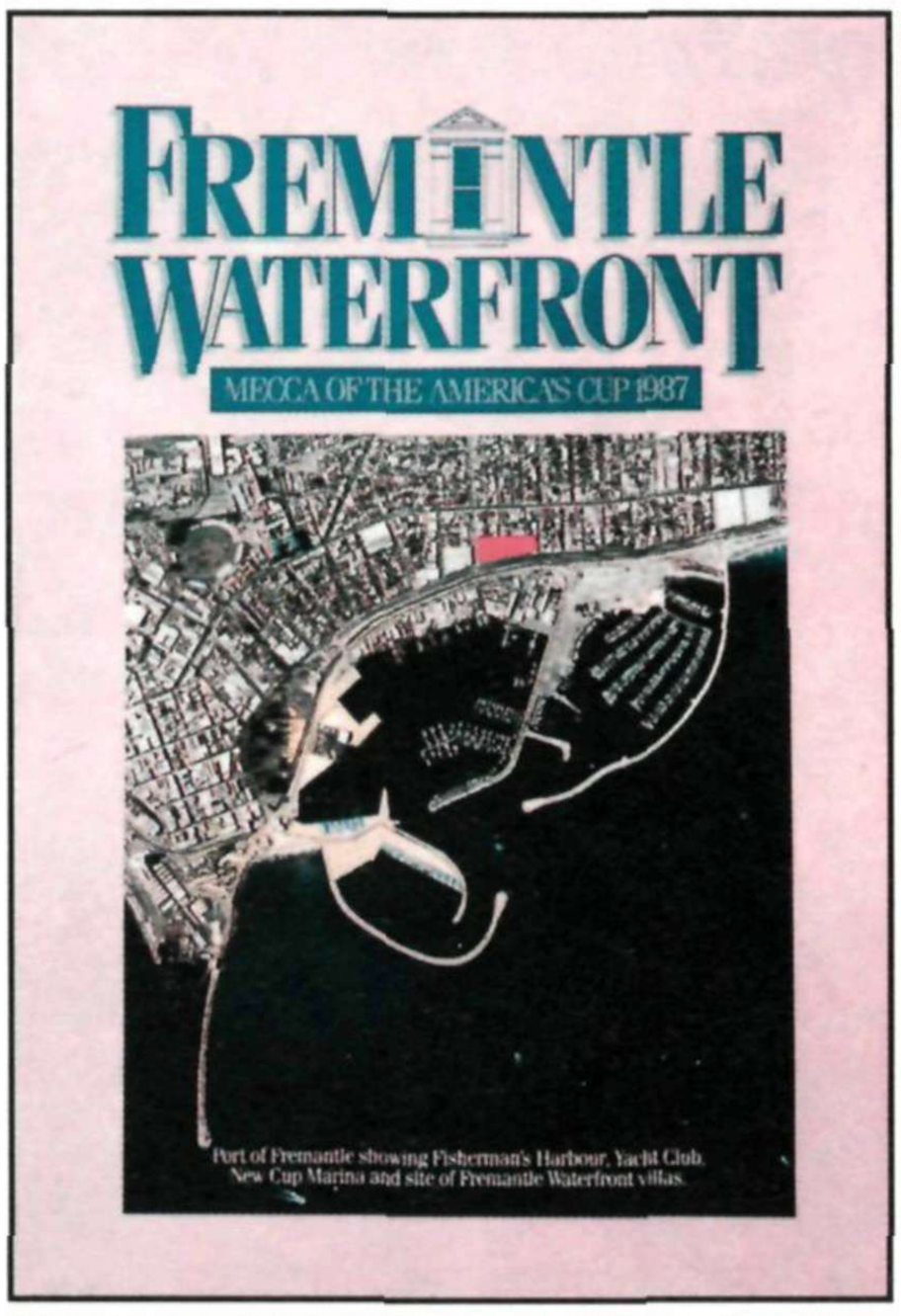
Bond lives in a palatial establishment overlooking the Swan River in the Perth suburb of Dalkeith. He's said to own a great collection of French Impressionist paintings. Yet only 30 years ago Bond was a sign painter in Fremantle. An example of his early work can still be seen there—a large red dog on a white wall of the Great Southern Roller Flour Mills. It's an ad for the mills' Dingo brand flour.

Bond is involved in the Cup defense every day by phone and he drops in at the Fremantle headquarters of the syndicate (now called America's Cup Defence 1987 Limited) once a month or so. Supervision of the operation is left to John Longley, a former schoolteacher known as Chink, and Skip Lissiman. Longley was a grinder and Lissiman a sail trimmer on *Australia II* in '83. Both are sandgropers, native Western Australians. "It's not a good nickname, sandgroper," Longley says. "It's not derogatory enough. South Australians are crow eaters. Crow eater is nice and derogatory." Longley's and Lissiman's domain is only a few hundred feet down Mews Road from the Americans at Fremantle Boat Lifters, and it's comparable in size and self-sufficiency.

"It's too good, really," says Newton Roberts, first mate on *Black Swan*, the tender that tows *Australia II* to practice races each morning. "We've got everything under one roof for once. In Newport, if you needed a crane it was always 'out in Middletown.' "

The Bond group has an arrangement with the South Australian syndicate headed by Sir James Hardy, the affable Adelaide winegrower who skippered three Australian challengers in Newport and was backup helmsman to John Bertrand in 1983. Gentleman Jim and his organization paid Bond $600,000 for Ben Lexcen's next 12-meter design (Lexcen has a contract with Bond's syndicate), for the temporary use of *Australia II* as training vessel and trial horse against the new Lexcen and for a full suit of sails designed by New Zealand's Tom Schnackenberg, who designed the sails for *Australia II* and is considered by many the best at his craft in the world. In addition to money, Bond gets use of the new boat for the first eight weeks after launching, which will be in March.

The arrangement is an ingenious one. South Australia gets the benefit of the talent that Bond has tied up, and Bond's syndicate gets a Lexcen boat to experiment with without having to pay for it.



DAN NERNEY

The harbor lowest in this picture was built for the Cup defense.

Still another Lexcen 12-meter, *Australia III*, is scheduled to be delivered to Bond's syndicate in September 1985. It's the odds-on favorite to defend, even before it comes off the drawing board, but that's all right with Hardy. "If at the end of the day South Australia can be the defender, that's terrific, but I really think that Australia's only chance to keep the Cup is to engender the best competition we can," he says. "So in that way I want to stay as close as I can to [Bond's group] and push them and push them and push them over the top if I can."

Happy as they are to be home, some of the Australians miss Newport a little. "Yeah, I loved the place," says Roberts. "I have dear friends there." Damian Fewster, the bowman on *Australia II*, still wears an old green cap he bought at R.C. Hart, a Newport clothing store. He secures it with strings, tied under his chin, and he has added small white paper ears—"lamb's ears," he calls them—for effect.

Longley sees similarities between Newport and Fremantle. Each, he says, has seen hard economic times and come through them. Each has an architectural heritage that has been preserved. And each is a small town. "I think it would have been tragic," he says, "if the Cup had been won by a Sydney or Melbourne yacht, where it would have been swallowed up by the town and would be just another sporting event. Here in Fremantle it can relate to a town again."

Right now, the odds favor Fremantle to repeat as host in 1991. If Alan Bond's crew of merry bandits could win off in Newport, logic says they are an even better bet to do so at home. However, the America's Cup, an improbable, even slightly fantastic, sporting event, doesn't always lend itself to logical conclusions. Genius and frailty, ego and error invariably get into the act. *Australia II's* triumph was Act II, Scene 1 of the longest drama in the history of sport. Now the pace has quickened. New characters wait in the wings. And, as Lexcen says, "The Cup is there, all shiny, saying, 'Come and get me.' "

END

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She'll Go A-Waltzing Australia With You

Photographs by BRIAN LANKER

The island continent is endowed not only with splendid beaches but also with an intriguing interior, providing a rich and varied backdrop for our annual swimsuit spectacular. Here at Shark Bay on the west coast, Paulina Porizkova stretches out on a cushion of cockleshells in a bikini from Connie Banko ($38). Paulina leaves her imprint on the cover as well, in a lace-and-Lycra suit made in Israel by Gottex ($50).

by JULE CAMPBELL

CONTINUED

The stereotype of Australia as little more than the land of the kangaroo and the koala bear is fading fast. A country the size of the continental U.S., with but 15 million inhabitants, 85% of whom live along the coast, Australia is blessed with a growing economy, immense mineral resources—and splendors of nature on an epic scale. That the population of the arid interior is sparse is to Australia's advantage. It's the driest continent on earth, and its fragile ecology, its unique vegetation and wildlife, can survive intact only if it remains relatively undisturbed.

The Outback, as much of the interior is called, comes as a surprise to those who expect only a desert wasteland. The terrain is majestically landscaped with sculptured rocks, gorges, pinnacles, mesas and mountains, and colored in astonishing shades of red, rusty browns and golden ochers. In the heart of the Outback, near Alice Springs, the earth and rocks are pink in the morning light, orange by midday and turn a rich ruby red in the glow of the late afternoon sun. The steep red sandstone cliffs of Uluru at

At the Pinnacles, Paulina, in a chamois bikini from Sunset Beach by Catalina ($96), lends an ear to Richard Wally on the didgeridoo, an aboriginal flute.

Maggie Springs still guard a sacred aboriginal water hole of surpassing clarity. The sunlit reds turn to gold at the Pinnacles Desert in Nambung National Park (below), surrealistic phenomena so isolated that their very existence wasn't formally recorded until the 1950s.

The diversity and vastness of the island continent led D.H. Lawrence, in his 1923 novel *Kangaroo*, to describe Australia's "sense of subtle, remote, *formless* beauty, more poignant than anything ever experienced before."

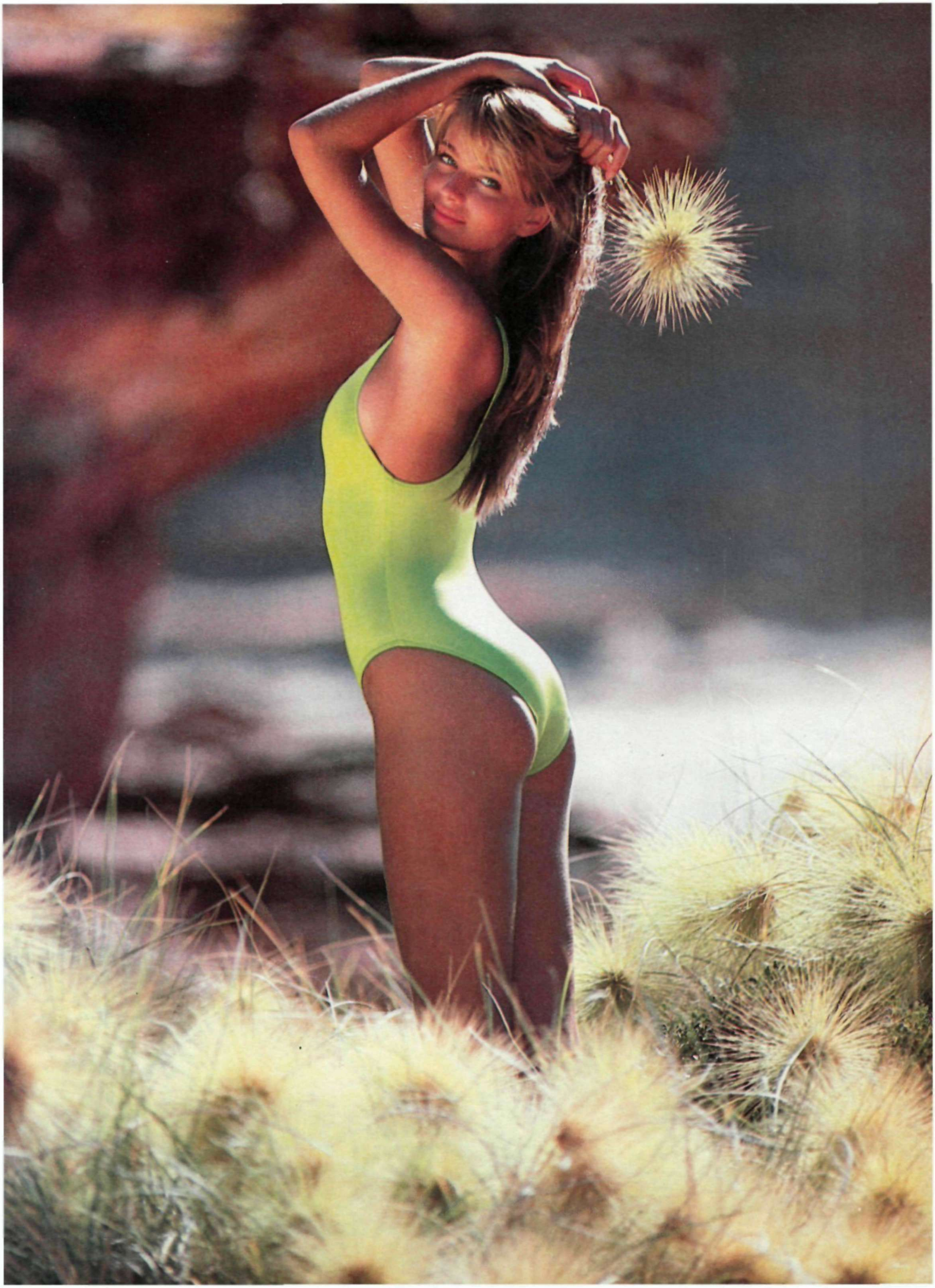
The oceans offer more wonders. The 1,200-mile Great Barrier Reef is rightly called "the showcase of the sea." Its coral gardens are said to support more life per square mile than any other place on earth. The coastline of Australia stretches for 12,000 miles, with beaches comprising more than half of that distance, so it shouldn't surprise anyone that the folks Down Under have a special relationship with the sea.

Turn the pages for a peek at more swimwear, and for an introduction to Australia's stalwart—and fun-loving—surf lifesavers, see page 132.

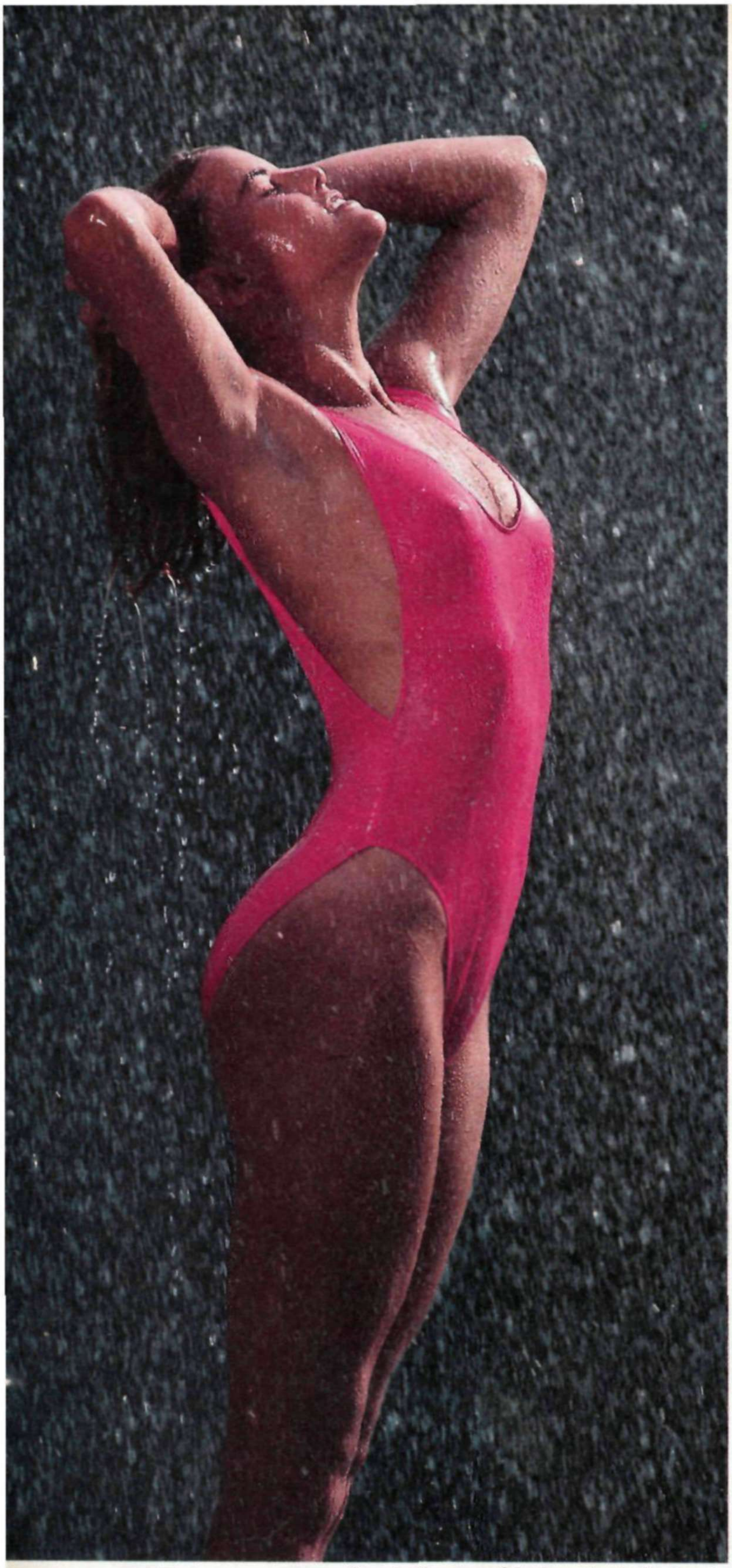
Beneath a sheltering palm, Kim Alexis keeps cool in a plastic-mail bandeau and silky Lycra-Antron bikini bottom from Oleg Cassini Linea Mare ($100).

Paulina (right) sprouts amid the Spinifex longifolius grass on the beach at Kalbarri on Australia's west coast. Her tank suit is by OMO Norma Kamali ($52).

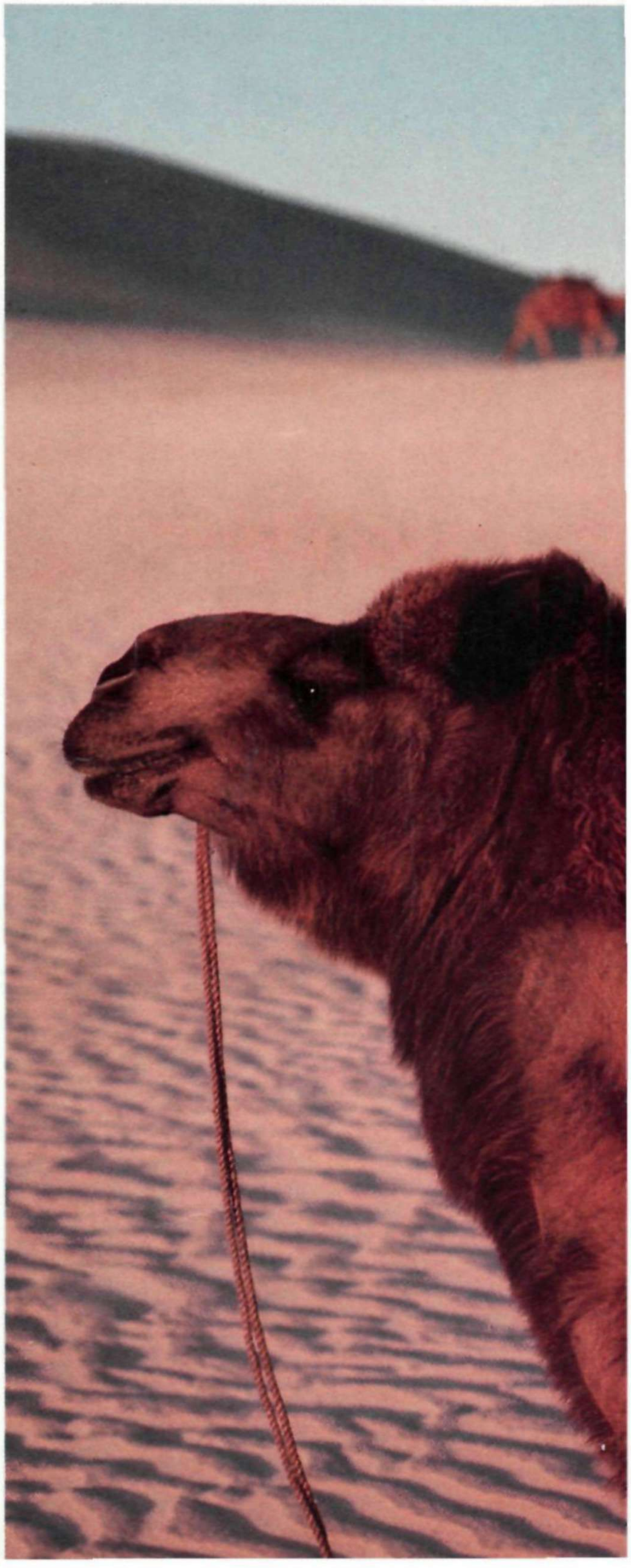
At Palm Valley in the Outback, Renée Simonsen finds herself in a reflective mood. Her Lycra suit splashed with sequins is from Gideon Oberson ($145).



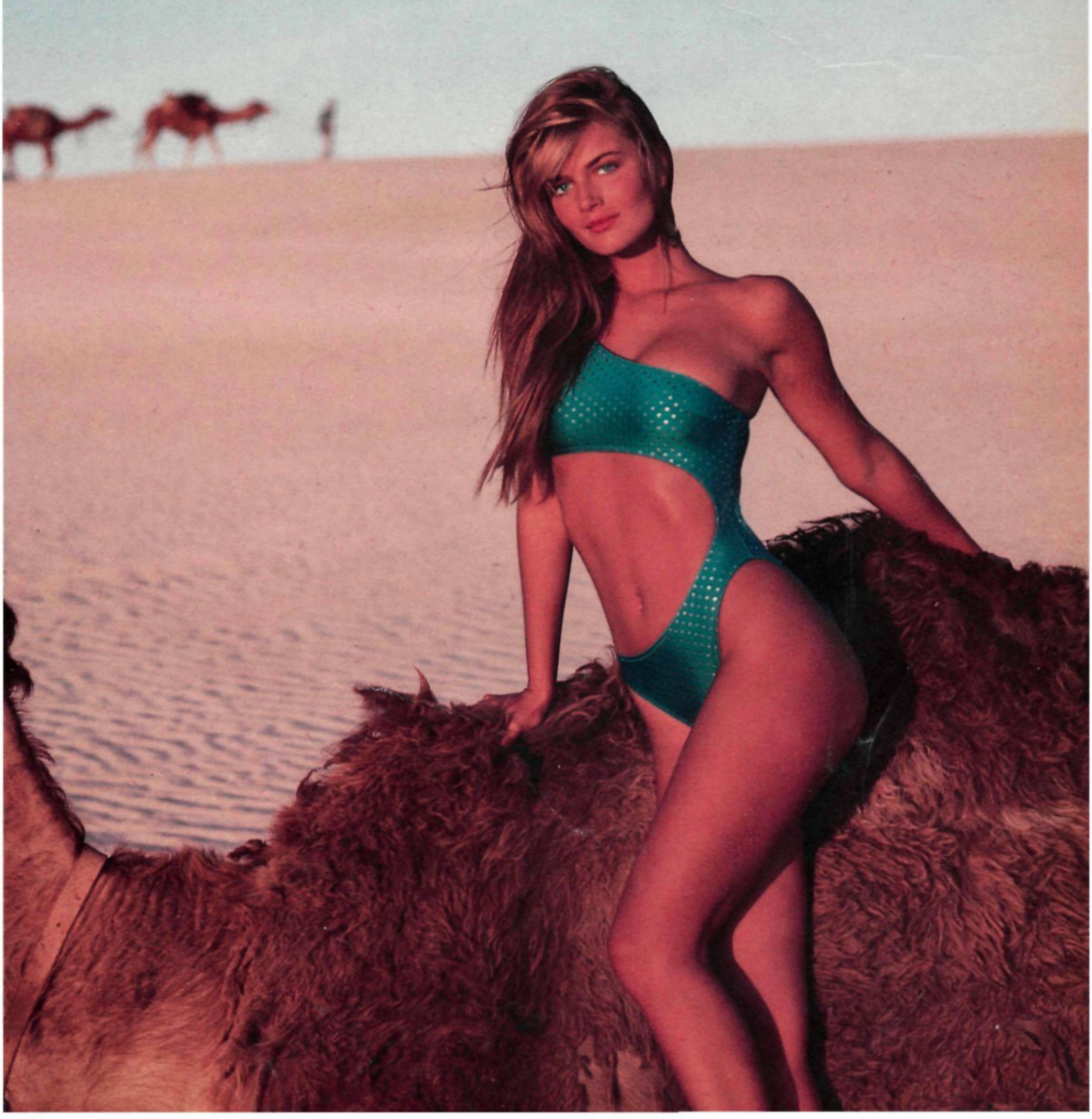
Aussie Elle Macpherson rolls up her "cossie" (short for swim costume) Australian style, at Kalbarri. It's a Giorgio Sant'Angelo design for Capriccio ($47).



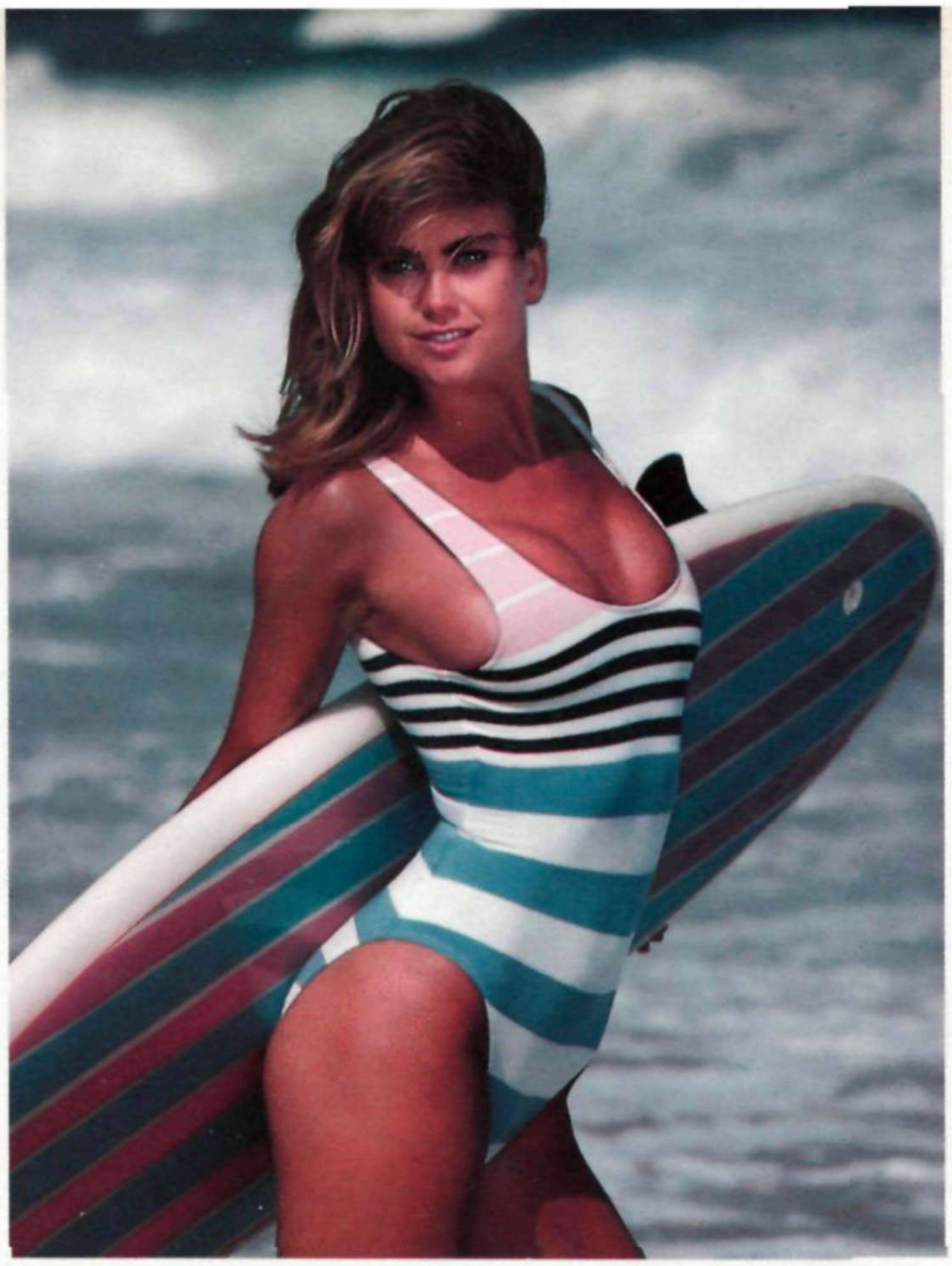
Sarah Nursey of Sydney isn't singing in the rain, she's splashing in the spray of that city's Archibald Memorial Fountain in a tank suit by Cole Jrs ($34).



This is not a mirage. Those are camels and that is Paulina, in a silver-dotted suit by Ste. Jan-Marie ($56). The camels are for trekking on Kangaroo Island.



Kim, her head resting on a pillow of stone,
beats the heat and catches some z's
in nature's own water bed at Palm Valley.
Her suit is by Ariel for Haye ($50).

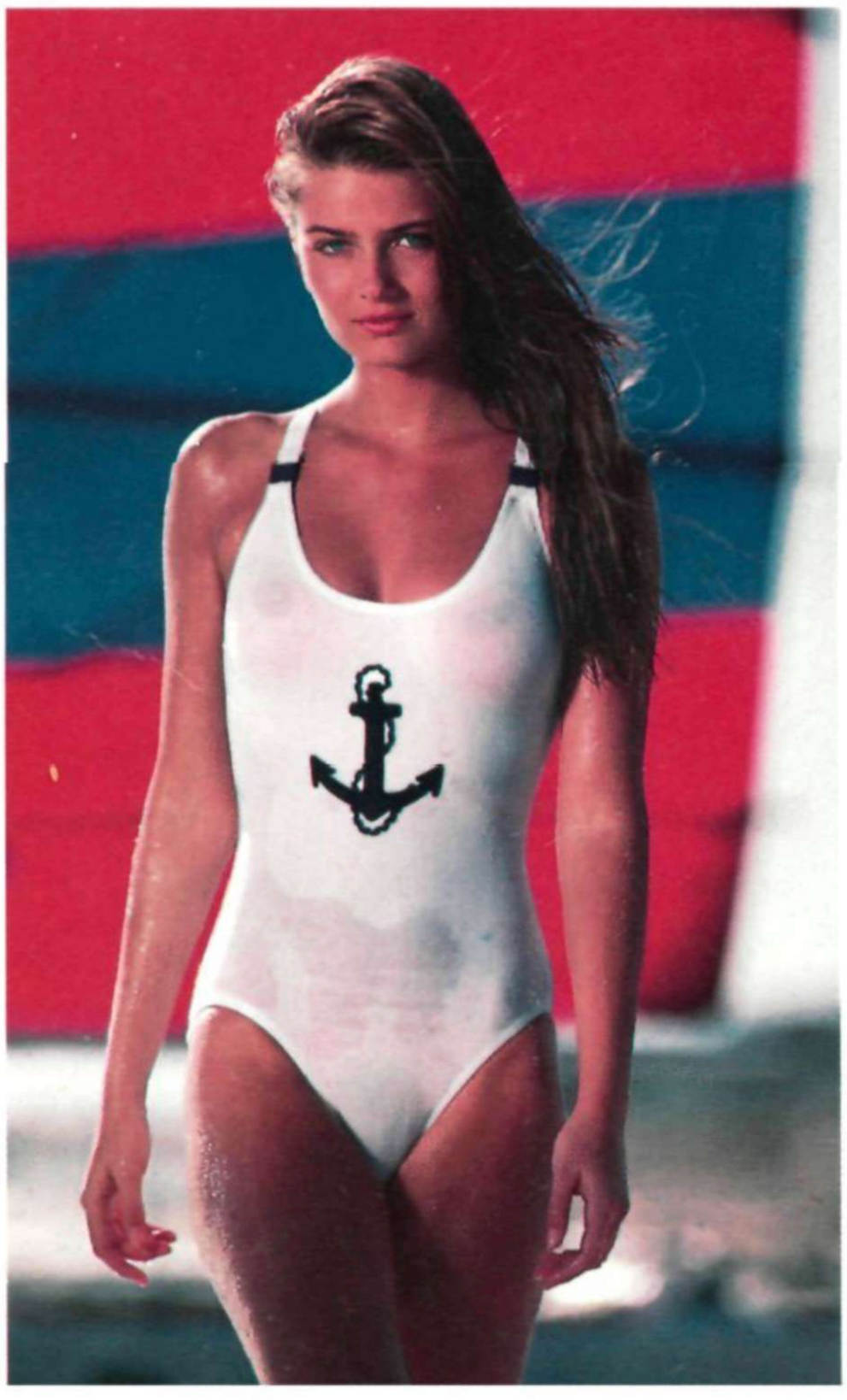


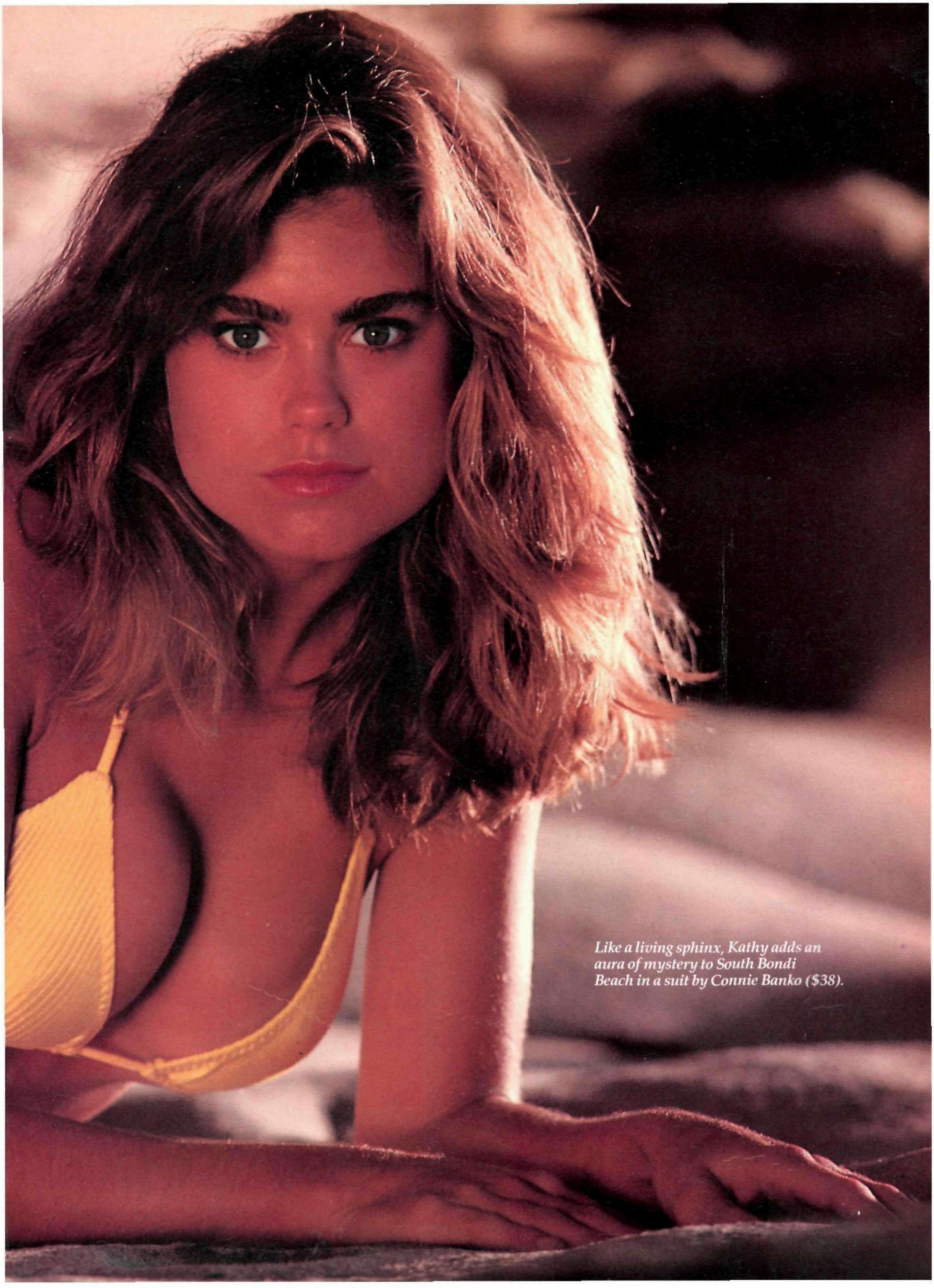
Kathy Ireland (left), a California surfer, is striped for action in cotton Lycra by Ralph Lauren ($52) as she awaits that perfect wave at Cronulla Beach.

Bounding along the beach at Maroubra, near Sydney, Kathy keeps in fighting trim in cotton top ($30) and parachute-cloth boxing shorts from Keiko ($36).

Kim takes 10 on a sailboard at the Barrier Reef, with the Low Isles lighthouse in the distance. Her suit ($39) and matching sail ($295) are both from Mistral.

Anchors aweigh! Paulina looks shipshape as she gets set to sail Shark Bay in a ribbed suit designed by Monika Tilley for Christie Brinkley swimwear ($44).



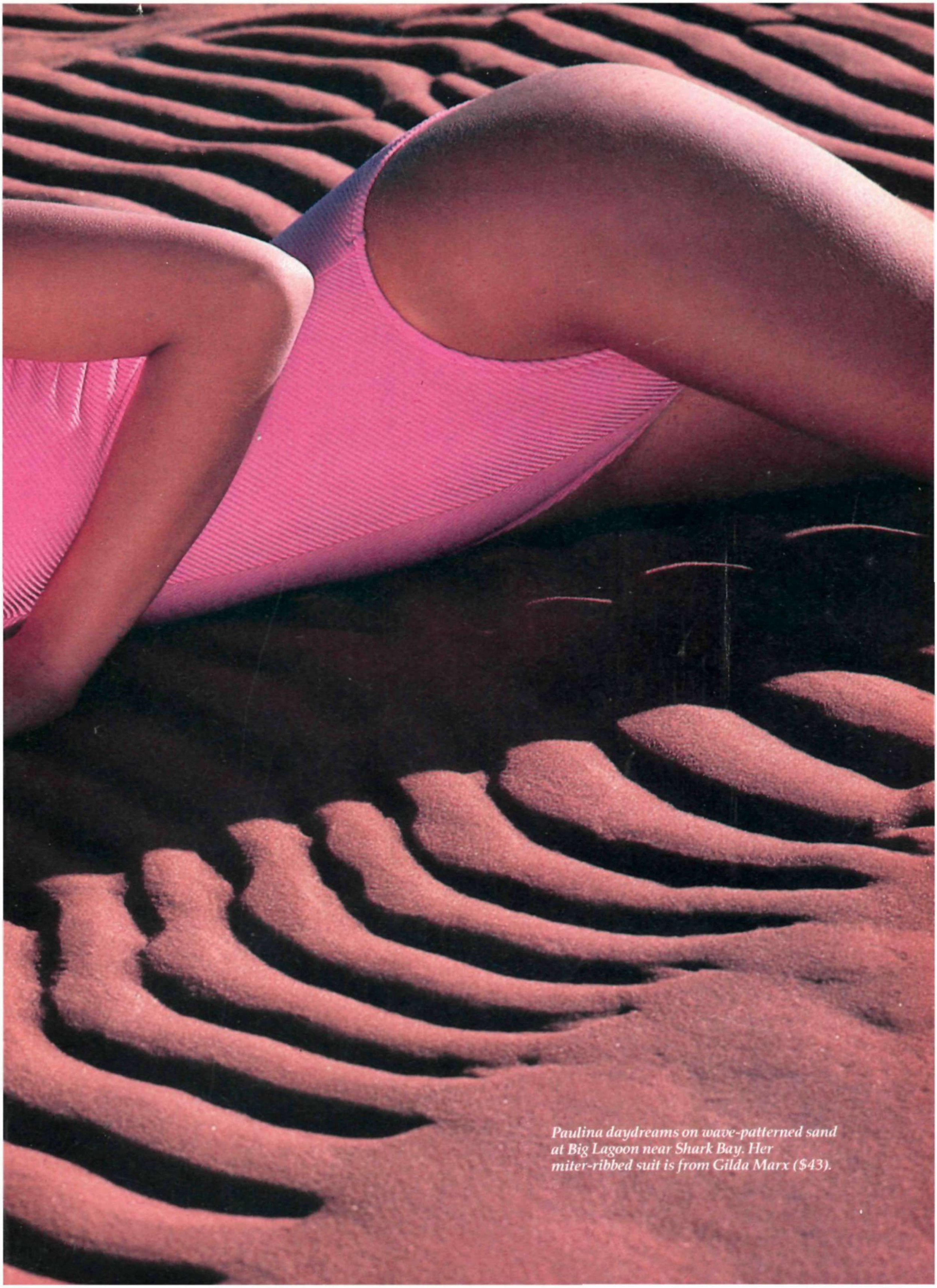


Like a living sphinx, Kathy adds an aura of mystery to South Bondi Beach in a suit by Connie Banko ($38).

Splendor in the grass: Kim gazes up a lazy river–a tributary of the Finke–in Palm Valley. Her salmon-suit was designed by Ellen Ann Dobrovir ($65).

Early riser Elle (above) has the sand dunes and morning mist of Little Sahara on Kangaroo Island all to herself. Her cotton chambray bikini, by Ralph Lauren, comes with matching shorts ($75).

Paulina (right) goes for all the rays the law allows in a bow mono-kini from French designer Daniel Hechter ($36). Sometimes a towel comes in handy.



Paulina daydreams on wave-patterned sand at Big Lagoon near Shark Bay. Her miter-ribbed suit is from Gilda Marx ($43).

Renée, in a dalmatian print by Liza Bruce for the Factory Team ($68), hops a ride on a dinghy at the Barrier Reef.

Kim (right), who's a former competitive swimmer, comes up for air at Lizard Island's Blue Lagoon. Her shining, semi-opaque suit is from Zeta Zukki ($48).

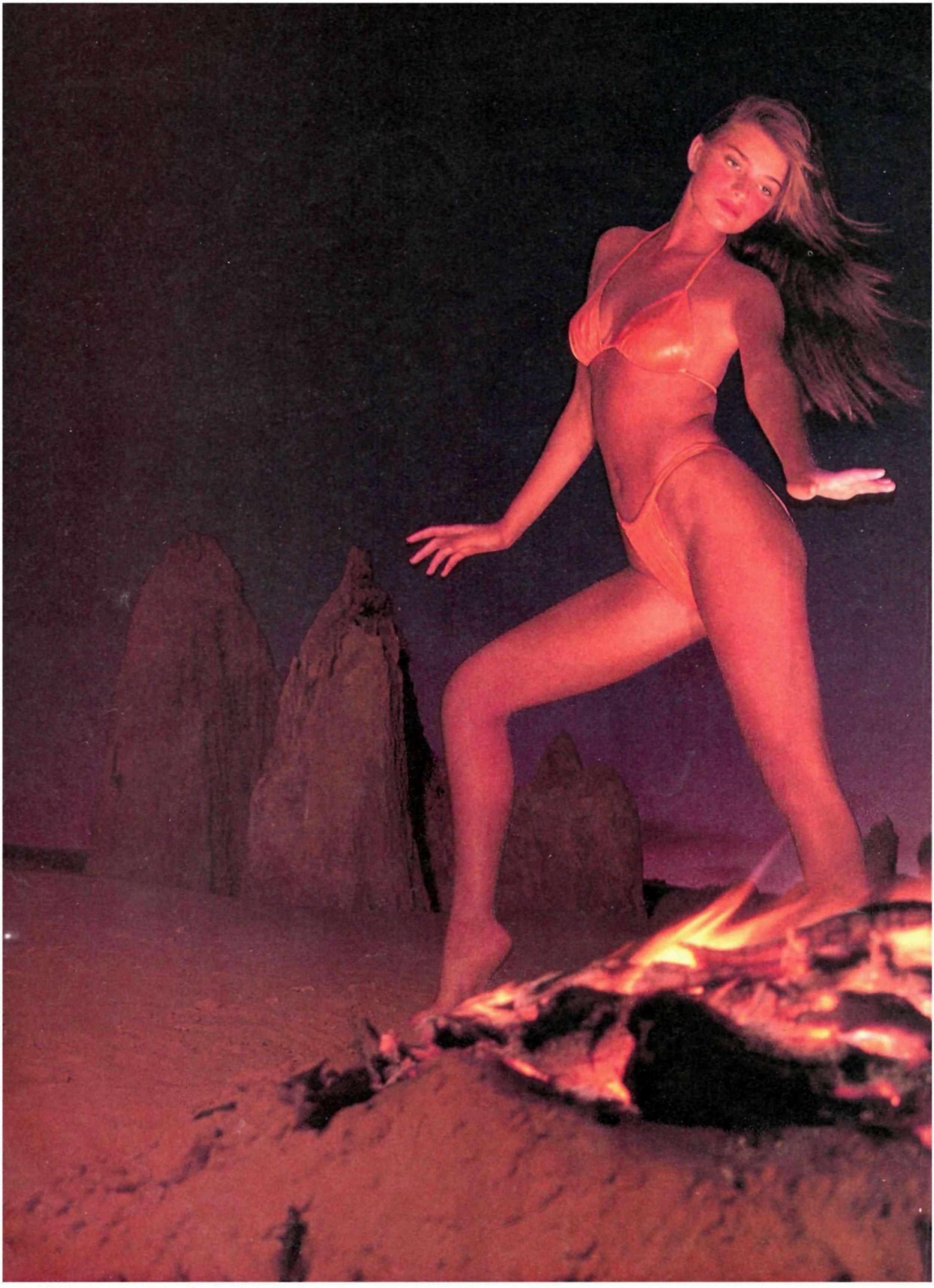
At Seal Bay on Kangaroo Island, a pair of pups lionize Elle, who's wearing a bikini made in Italy by La Perla ($85).

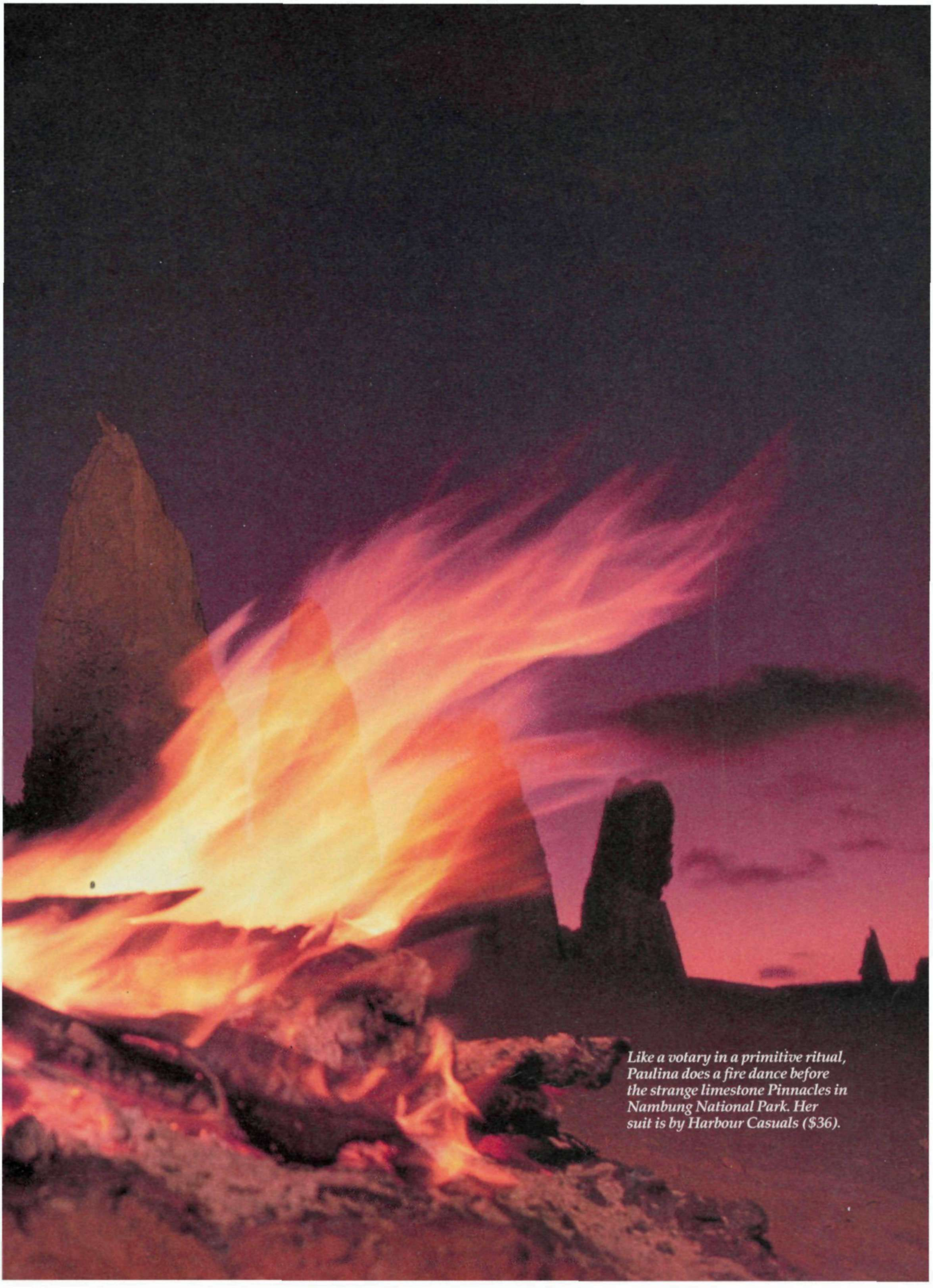
Taking a breather before diving off the Great Barrier Reef, Kim is suited for the occasion in a shiny Jantzen ($44).

Kim (above) gets set to row across Ormiston Gorge, where the reflection of red sandstone cliffs turns the water to copper. Her suit is from Julio ($60).

On Initiation Rock in the Outback, Kim cools in a pool in a shell-and-chamois Sunset Beach suit from Catalina ($90).

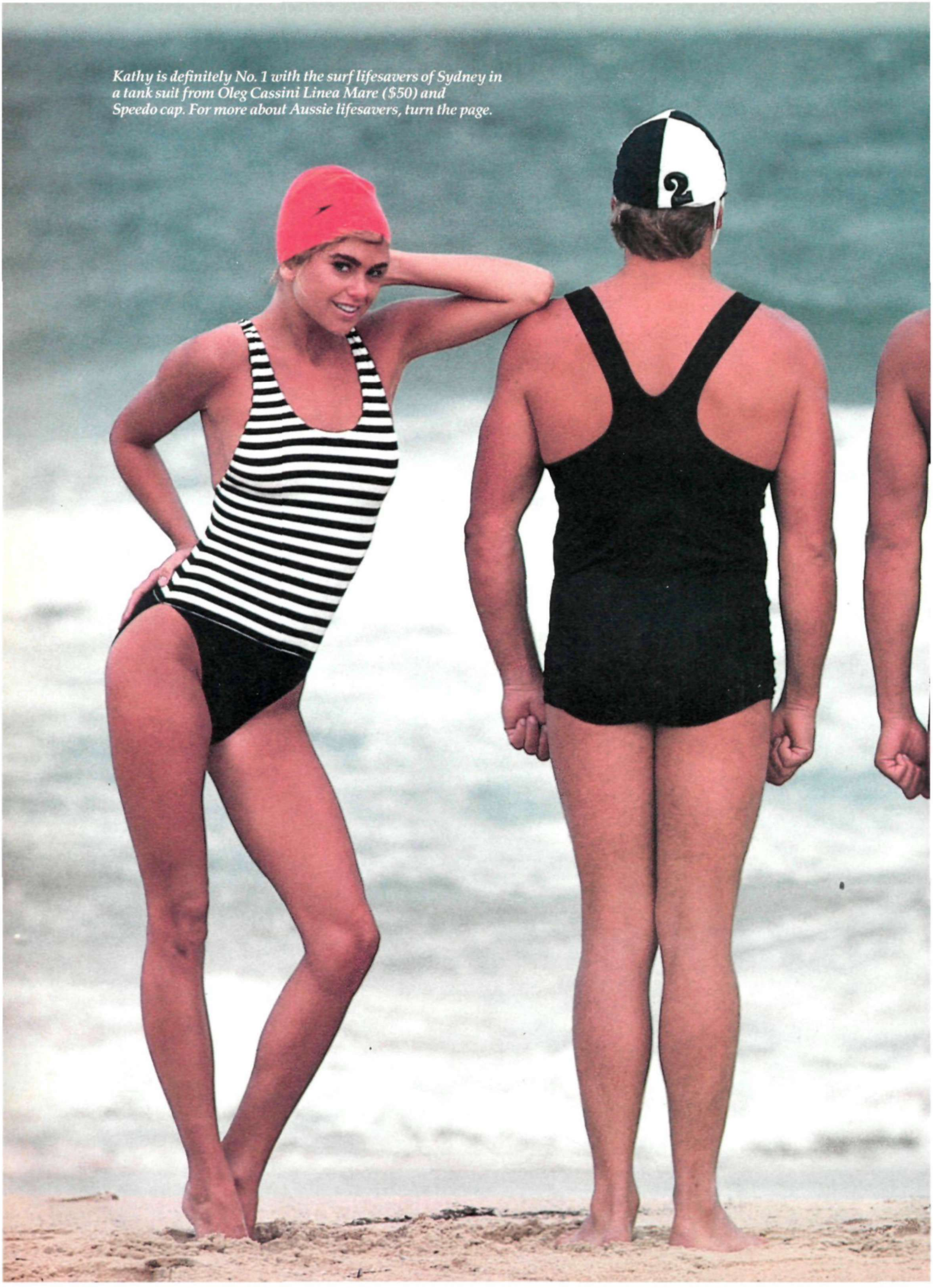
At a Sydney beach, Kathy's suit (right) echoes the colors of a South Pacific sunrise. Her bikini is from Monika Tilley for Christie Brinkley swimwear ($38).

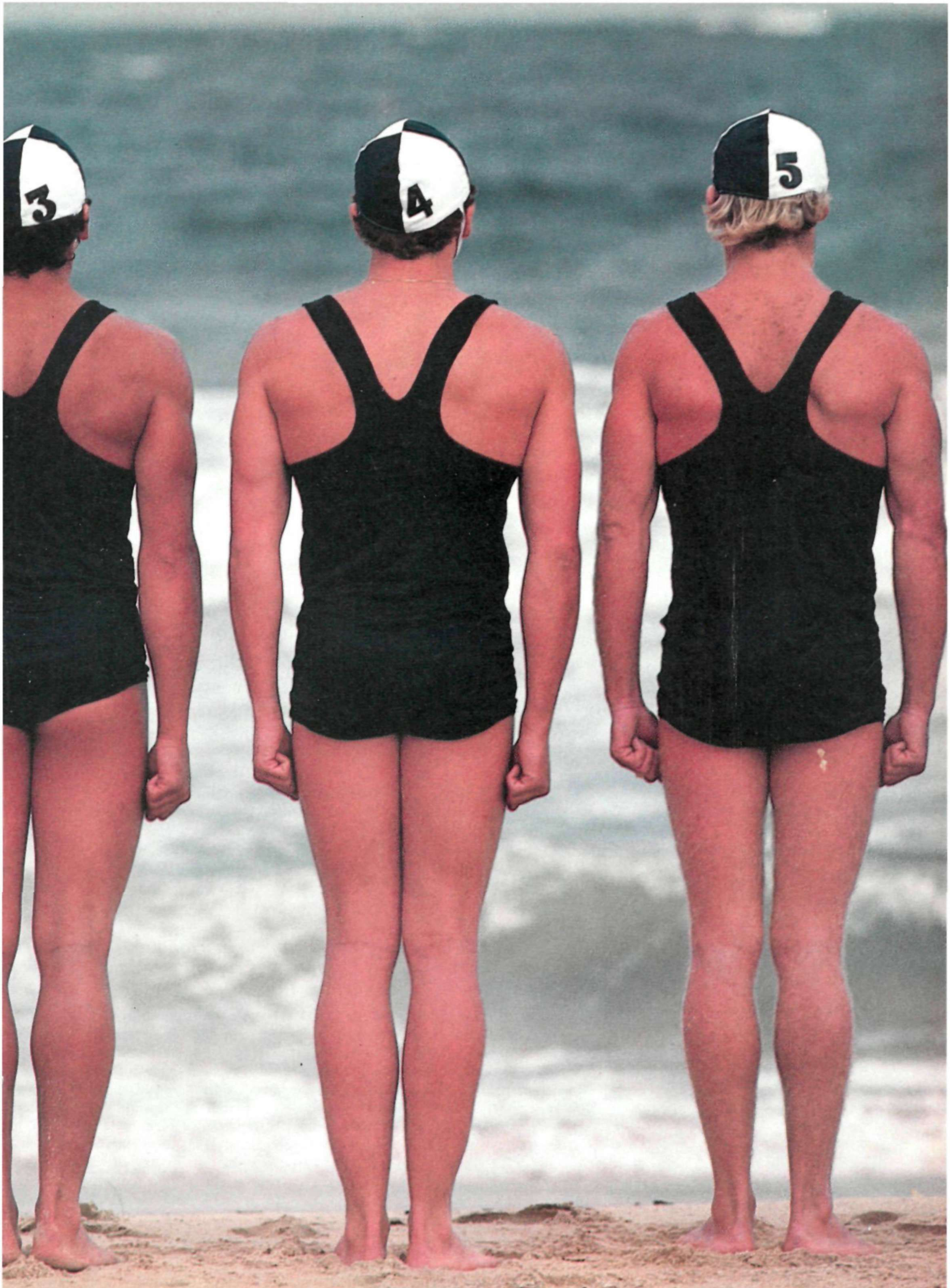




Like a votary in a primitive ritual, Paulina does a fire dance before the strange limestone Pinnacles in Nambung National Park. Her suit is by Harbour Casuals ($36).

Kathy is definitely No. 1 with the surf lifesavers of Sydney in a tank suit from Oleg Cassini Linea Mare ($50) and Speedo cap. For more about Aussie lifesavers, turn the page.

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'I WANT GUTS, MEBOYS!'

So cries a boat sweep, one of thousands of lifesavers who compete in a macho Aussie sport

by GARY SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID AUSTEN
AND MICHAEL BRENNAN

A mongrel sprints insanely across the sand. A man wearing a small skullcap sticks out his hairy leg and trips the dog. His teammates giggle nervously as they windmill their arms to loosen their muscles. Then they reach back to roll up their swim trunks into G-strings, exposing their buttocks to the crowd. All is silent now, except for the 30-knot wind blowing from the sea.

A whistle is blown. Four wooden boats, each attended by a crew of five, are pushed across the sand and into shallow water. A man in white shorts, his face smeared with protective cream, stands a few yards offshore and raises a rifle to the sky. The world's most spectacular spectator sport is about to begin.

Bang! Each team leaps into a boat. Four men strain mightily at the oars, rowing blindly into the heaving sea at their backs, while the fifth, the sweep,

continued

A sweep leaps to his tiller (left) and brave boaties man their oars. Above: A proud flag-bearer. Below: Another lifesaving vessel ventures into treacherous surf.

screams, "I want guts now, meboys! *Pull!*" The first wave pitches one boat's bow to two o'clock high, then smacks it down into the trough. The next wave spins the boat sideways and fills it with water. The third wave, smelling rout, sends this boat crashing into another one. Spray flies, oars fly, bodies fly. The crowd yells, "Whoooooah!"

The fourth wave chucks one of the 26-foot, 400-pound boats like a spear. A crewman staggers to his feet in the foaming chaos, and his sweep hollers, "You all right?" The boatie's head rolls sideways, and he crumples into the water.

The proceedings are taking on the look

At the Kawana Waters carnival, a Currumbin team (right) started the race smartly, but the wild surf capsized the boat and injured a boatie.

of a bungled beach invasion. The injured man's teammates pick him up and rush him to the sand. He's semiconscious; his eyes and tongue flutter wildly. An ambulance rolls onto the beach, a stretcher is unfolded, a doctor presses an oxygen mask to the boatie's face. A fat red ball has risen on his forehead, and blood seeps from the back of his skull. "Fractured skull," says someone. A teammate kneels next to him and sobs. Beyond this alarming scene, the two boats left in the race clear the breakers and tear their oars into the royal blue of the Pacific Ocean.

One more competitor will be carted off to the hospital during this day's surf carnival at Kawana Waters, on the eastern coast of Australia, 60 miles north of Brisbane. At the end of one race, a gasping boatie says to a visitor, "We come to row on the surf—not on a river, mate. You blokes don't do this in America?"

No, mate, we don't. Somehow, in our quest for new Saturday afternoon landfill for television, we've missed the boat.

But the Australians sure haven't. From October through Easter each year, on the beaches that necklace their continent, thousands of lifesavers lash on funny club caps and go to war. They compete in events that are rough, tough—and wonderfully imaginative. In one, a guy swims out to sea and pretends to drown, and his five teammates are graded on how skillfully they save him. In another, competitors lie flat on their stomachs on the sand and, at the blast of a whistle, jump to their feet, spin 180 degrees, race 20 me-

ters and dive for plastic batons protruding from the beach. There is always one fewer baton than there are participants, and so the field is whittled down until, in the final skirmish, two sand-covered creatures battle for the last baton.

The surf-ski competitors paddle long, narrow, colorful craft, using foot pedals attached to a rudder to steer. Swimmers bolt from a starting line on the beach, high-step through the breakers and then swim freestyle toward the open sea. Surfboard paddlers kneel on a board and scoop both hands in unison to propel themselves through the water. The Ironmen, the glamour boys of the sport, combine variations of those three events—surf-ski, swimming and surfboard paddling—with a dash along the shore. The beach sprinters, the sport's pretty boys, race barefoot across the sand, and the boaties, its madmen, plow 400 to 500 meters out to sea and back. The belt racers reenact the old style of rescue: Four men play out line from a reel on the beach that is attached by a thick belt to a swimming lifesaver.

This is no sport for dabblers. No one may compete unless he or she belongs to a surf club, is a certified lifesaver and patrols the beaches for a required number of hours each year—without pay. The best competitors train as many as 6½ hours a day to prepare for the weekend surf carnivals that culminate in the national championships, this year from Feb. 28 to March 3, in which about 4,500 take part. They compete on seas that might be lullabies one day, man-eaters the next. While in some events they may finish without their equipment intact, if they finish without their caps tied beneath their chins, they are disqualified.

Ever since it was organized, in 1907, the Surf Life Saving Association has prospered, its sport insulated from most of the world, on beaches with aboriginal names that ignite the imagination—Coolangatta, Mollymook, Mooloolaba, Maroubra and Maroochydore, Dee Why and Wollongong. The image of its practitioners is of barrel-chested, beer-drinking, shark-sneering men with nicknames like Bunger and Horrorful, Gimme and God, Sniffer and Itchy, Schizo and Senile, The Ant and Wonald the Wooster.

It's not rare for lifesavers to train out beyond the protective nets, where the sharks and manta rays play. But Bill Hutchinson remembers a 1959 swimming race at Northcliffe Beach, on the east coast, when the water turned red and someone yelled, "Shark!" Thirty yards behind him a swimmer flailed in the water, bleeding profusely from deep gashes in one leg. Even more terrifying, Hutchinson and the eight other swimmers could not locate the fin. They banded into a group and gingerly approached the victim, saving him from drowning. "Bloody hell," Hutchinson says. "For a moment, I was almost a Catholic."

What men! you say, what machismo! Wait. At midday of the surf carnival at Kawana Waters, the swimmers, the sprinters, the surfboard paddlers, the surf-skiers and the boaties all pause. The beach becomes quiet. Suddenly, Scottish bandsmen in black shoes, knee-high socks and kilts stride onto the sand, bagpipes wailing. The athletes, dressed in old-fashioned bathing suits, pop out of their club tents and march in units of 12, with gray-haired, potbellied men clutching flags in the lead. Officials scurry about jotting scores on their clipboards, judging the marchers for posture, pace and unity as they step across the sand in rhythm to the Scottish tune.

The March Past is one of the sweet tra-

continued

Concerned Currumbins crowd around their fallen teammate and prepare to lift him to a stretcher.

ditions of the sport, a time for the older, more advanced beer drinkers of each surf club to pull on matching tank tops and participate with the young. At a "Nippers" carnival for children at Southport not long ago, a man with anchor and eagle tattoos on his arms barked at a group of 11- and 12-year-old girls trying to master the marching tradition. "Concentrate, concentrate!" growled Barry Thomas, a member of the Kurrawa Surf Life Saving Club. "Keep yer heads up! Shoulders back! Blue, stay in step!"

"This is important," said Thomas. "These kids have to learn discipline. When you're conducting a beach rescue, you can't have everybody running willy-nilly. I love the March Past. When you wear these old togs and carry these flags and suck yer gut in . . . you *own* that beach, mate!"

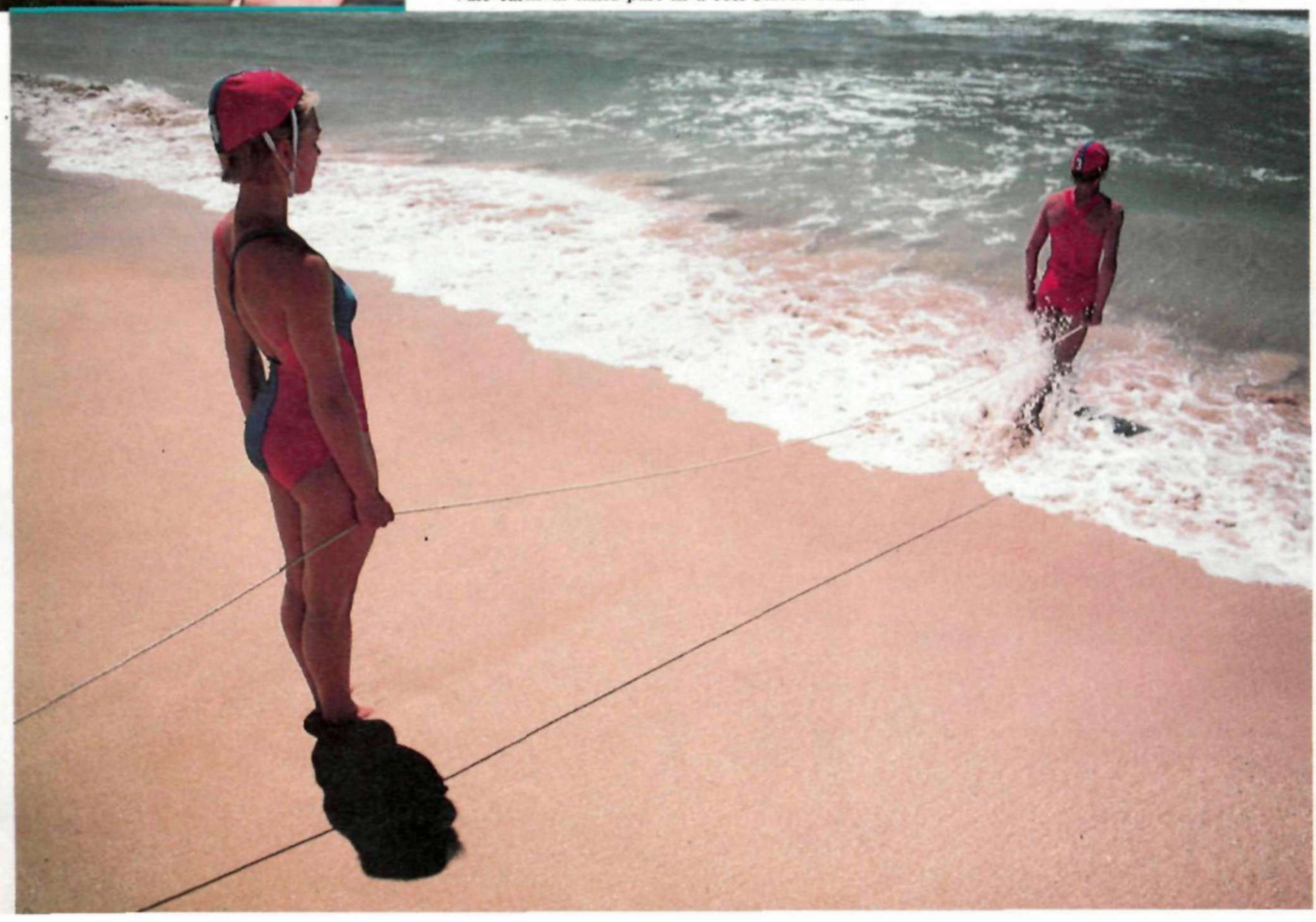
As Thomas spoke, a school of fish went thrashing into the surf, surrounded by nine men in orange caps. The fish were actually a flotilla of 6-year-olds, accompanied by club members, practicing for the day they grow up to become 7-year-old Nippers and can begin competing in carnivals. The elements of community, of belonging, are inseparable from the lifesaving movement.

On the day of a carnival, a beach becomes a roped-off, five-ring circus, each group of competitors in a colorful world of its own. At one end are the 25-man groups of boaties—thick, bearded, tattooed—cursing and grunting as they hoist the boats onto their shoulders, each vessel looking like an amphibious semi-centipede as it's transported from the club truck to the beach. The boaties lovingly massage their craft with beeswax and grease to make it ready for the lunacy of the sea, and then roll their bathing suits into G-strings so their bare buttocks will slide more easily across the seats as they row.

At the other end of the beach, ski paddlers bend over their hollow surf-skis and blow furiously into a hole at one end—the more air pressure inside, the better the flotation and the less water will seep in. In the middle area, the beach sprinters strip off their multicolored designer track suits, jangle the kinks from their legs and comb their hair so the wind won't crimp their possibilities with the bronze sheila

continued

Reel life: Even girls compete in the lifesaving movement now; here a coed team at the Mona Vale carnival takes part in a reel rescue event.



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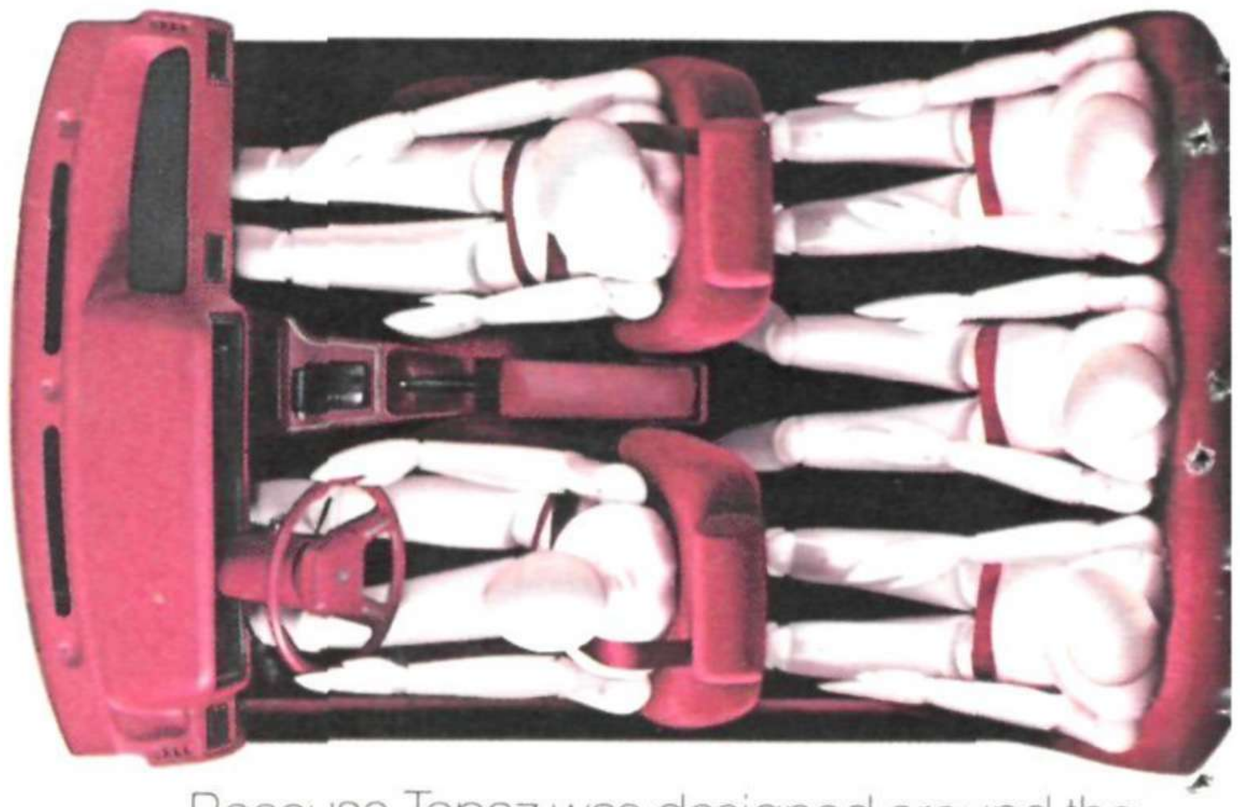

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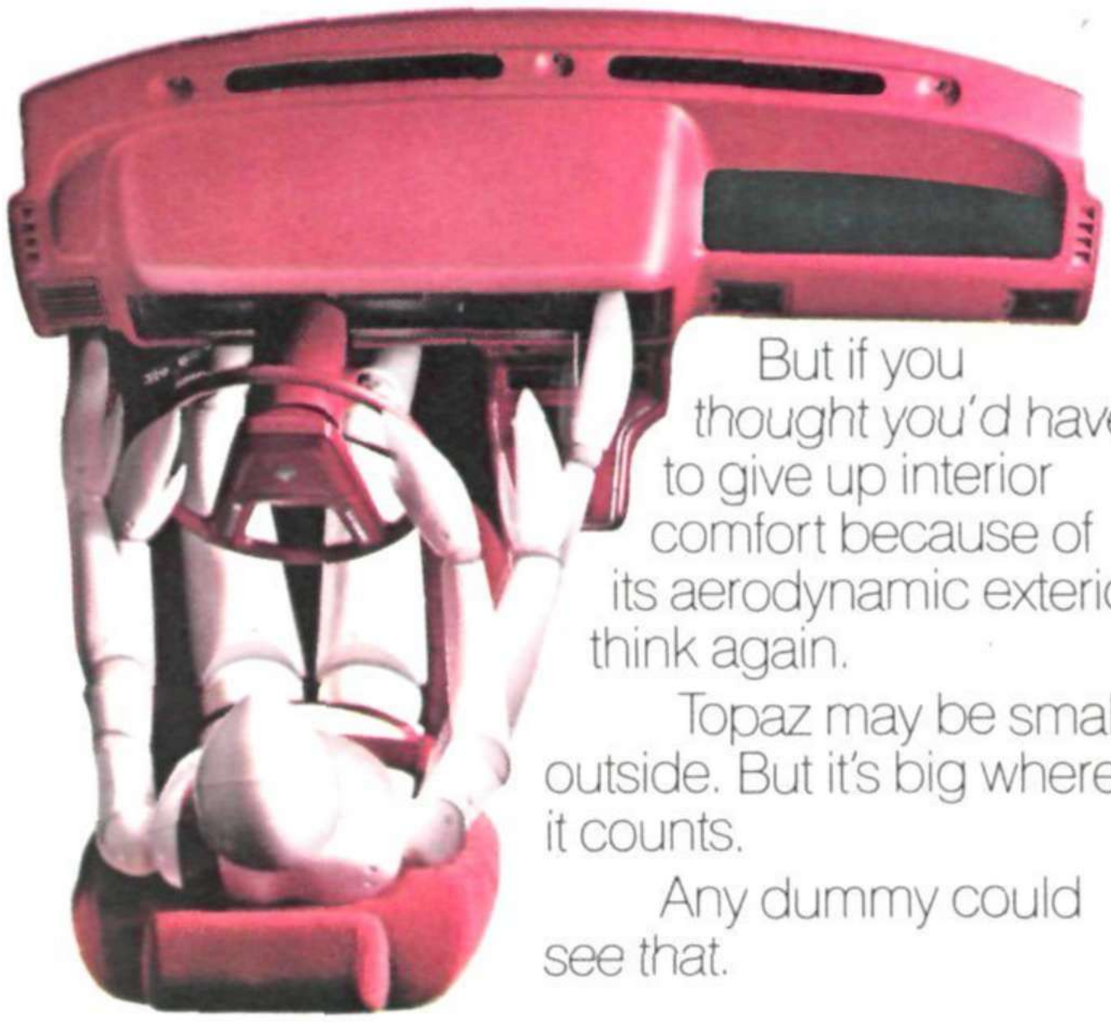

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LIFESAVERS

continued

baking on a blanket a few yards away. (Boaties loathe beach sprinters.)

Nearby, the surfboard paddlers and the swimmers cup their hands over their eyes and study the sea for alleys where the surf looks less cruel. Meanwhile, the Ironmen sit in the shade of their club tents, conserving energy and discussing strategy. The spectators, numbering anywhere from 100 to 40,000, stab umbrellas into the sand, butter themselves with protection against the subtropical sun and file off to the beer tent to stave off dehydration. Some of the crowd are weather-wrinkled former competitors, rooting for the lifesavers from their surf clubs, and some are honey-skinned women in truly inspiring bikinis, who simply wish to bask in all this virility.

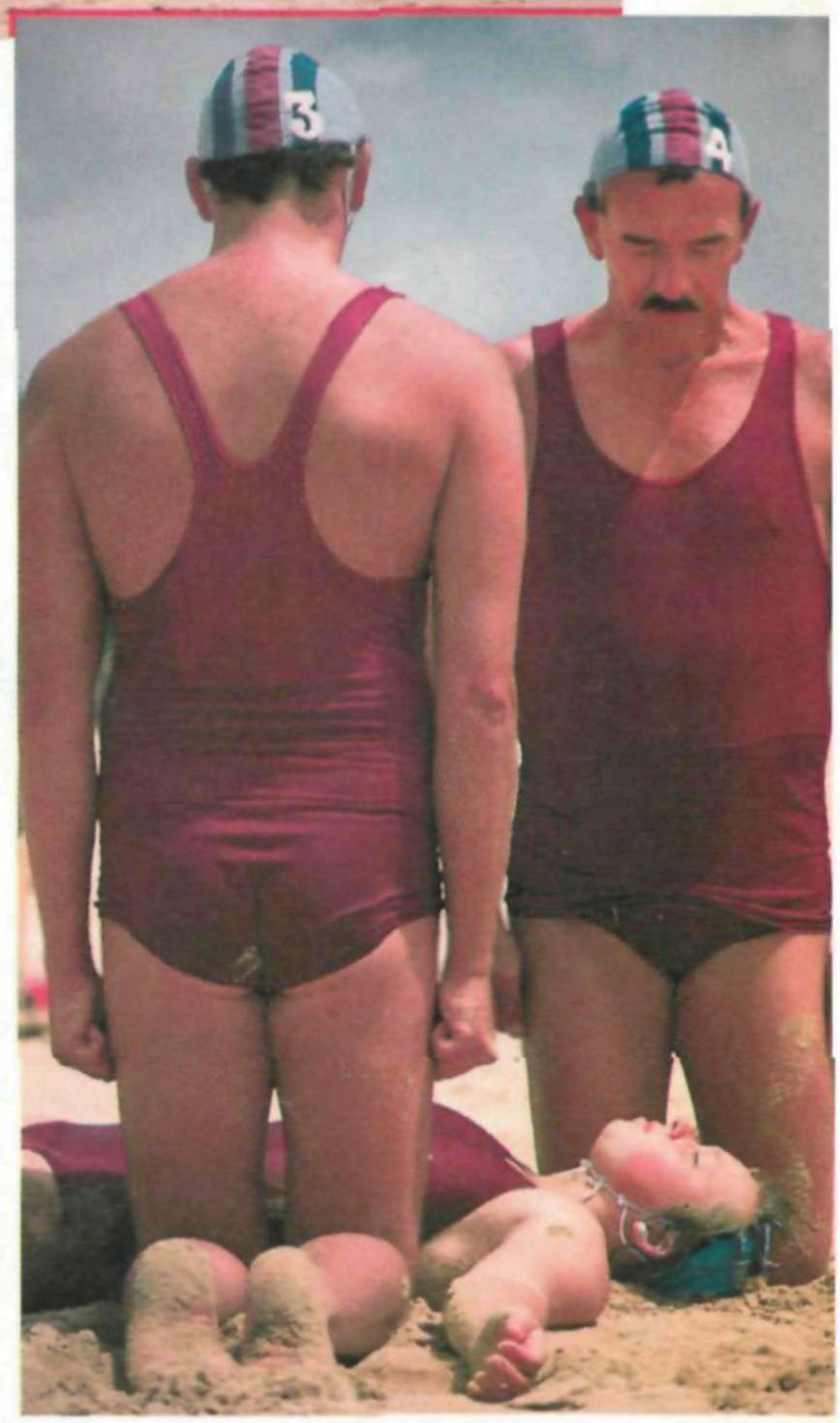
"I hate it," says boatie Paul Auer, otherwise known as Schizo, "when we're out their getting knocked silly by the bloody waves, and all you can hear over the surf are all the sheilas squealing every time we get clobbered."

The competitors' love of the sport runs deep and clean, unmuddied by money. Many have written wills requesting that their ashes be scattered on the open sea by fellow club members.

Dennis Green, a 53-year-old who trains two hours a day for masters kayak competitions, bangs his fist on a table. "The surf lifesaving clubs are the only place left in our society where there's still discipline," he says. "There's no corporal punishment for criminals here anymore, no caning allowed in the schools anymore. But at a surf club, if someone younger than me raises his voice to me, I'd kick his bum or put his head through the bloody wall. In a surf club, prima donnas don't last long. The Prime Minister or a garbage man can join, and in their shorts and sandals, they're all just club blokes."

America has no equivalent of the Aus-

continued



The March Past gives competitors at the Mona Vale meet a chance to strut their stuff; the competition lets them show off lifesaving technique.

tralian surf club—a frat house with a truckload of sand thrown in and no graduation ceremonies to cut off the good times and cold beer. The clubhouses often include weightlifting facilities, a bar, a pool table, an administration office, a locker room and a bunk room for those who don't live within staggering distance. The smell of stale beer is strong enough to reignite a hangover. The sign on the wall at one club, advertising an upcoming dance there, reads LIVE BAND. FOOD. WOMEN. AND HEAPS OF PISS [beer]. BARGIN [sic]—$3.

There are 245 lifesaver clubs in Australia, with 59,000 members, including 15,000 on active beach patrol. On the club walls are pictures and the roll of past heroes, among them those who died on duty. Some of the Animal House appeal of the clubs has been muted by a 1981 rule change that enabled women to become full-fledged members, but the social factor remains one of the clubs' most powerful lures. Young and old gather for a schooner or four of beer in the evenings and talk of such legends from the past as Bill Clarke, who is said to have trained during World War II by swimming alongside his Navy ship while his deckmates protected him from sharks by spraying the ocean with tommy-gun bullets. Or of the wild train rides to distant carnivals, with one-hour stopovers in remote western Australian towns where athletes would spew from the cars like locusts and literally devour every available drop of alcohol, every crumb of food.

A reverence comes into their voices when they talk of Black Sunday. On Feb. 6,1938, as a day of intraclub events was about to begin at Bondi Beach near Sydney, the water became strangely calm. Suddenly, a series of monster waves struck, sucking about 200 people, most of them not lifesavers, out to sea. The athletes jumped into action; the beach became a frantic place of whirring rescue reels and barked instructions. Forty people were pounded unconscious, but only five died. The day stands as a stark testimony to what officials of the Surf Life Saving Association keep reminding everyone—that 281,273 people have been saved since the movement began and that the competitive part of their operation exists mainly to propagate fitness and enthusiasm for the lifesavers' *real* task.

The public Down Under is convinced: Last year more than 400,000 Australian dollars—an Aussie dollar is worth about 80 U.S. cents—was raised in donations. "It's easier to raise money in Australia

Surfboard paddlers propel themselves through the water by stroking powerfully with their arms.

continued

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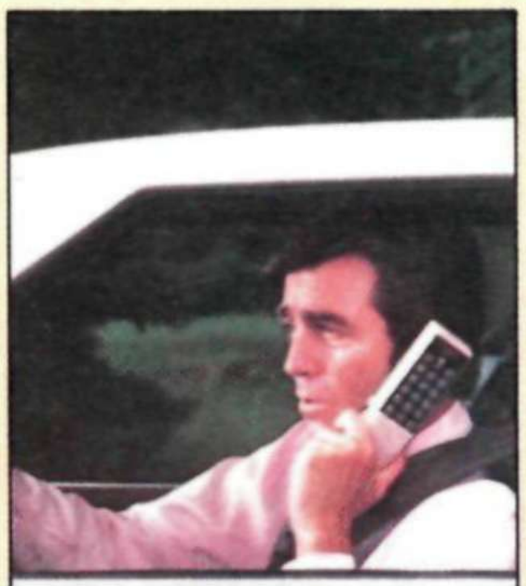

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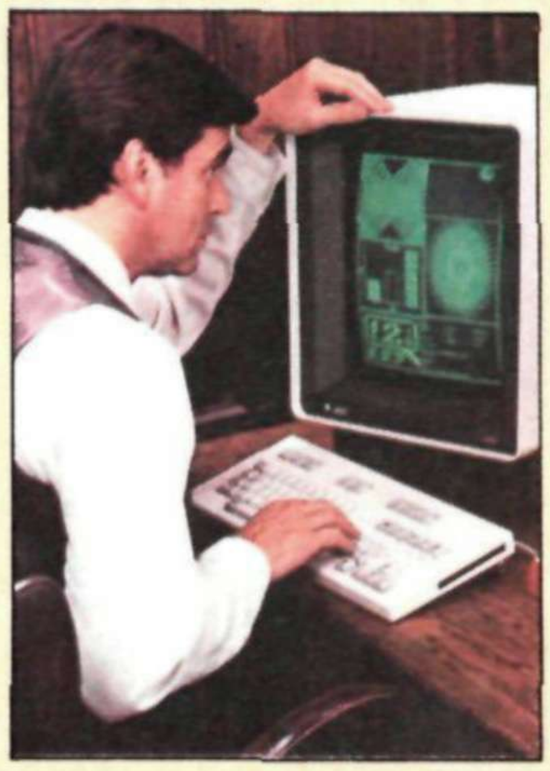

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AT&T

continued

for surf lifesaving than it is for the blind or paraplegics," says Green. "Your lifeguards in America don't get that kind of respect. They're *paid*."

Sidney Richard Goodfellow, a 66-year-old resident of Adelaide better known as Super Sid, has raised more than $A55,000 by himself. "Fifty-five thousand, four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sixty-five cents, as of now," said Sid last November, "from a total of 67,490 people. I started on the 25th of November, 1975, at 6 p.m., and have collected for 5,067¾ hours, covering 2,627¼ miles. I've worn out 14 pairs of shoes. I wear a crash helmet with SUPER SID on the front and an eye on the back to watch if anyone tries to rob me. I collect three hours a day, Monday through Friday, 10 hours every Saturday and 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. every Sunday."

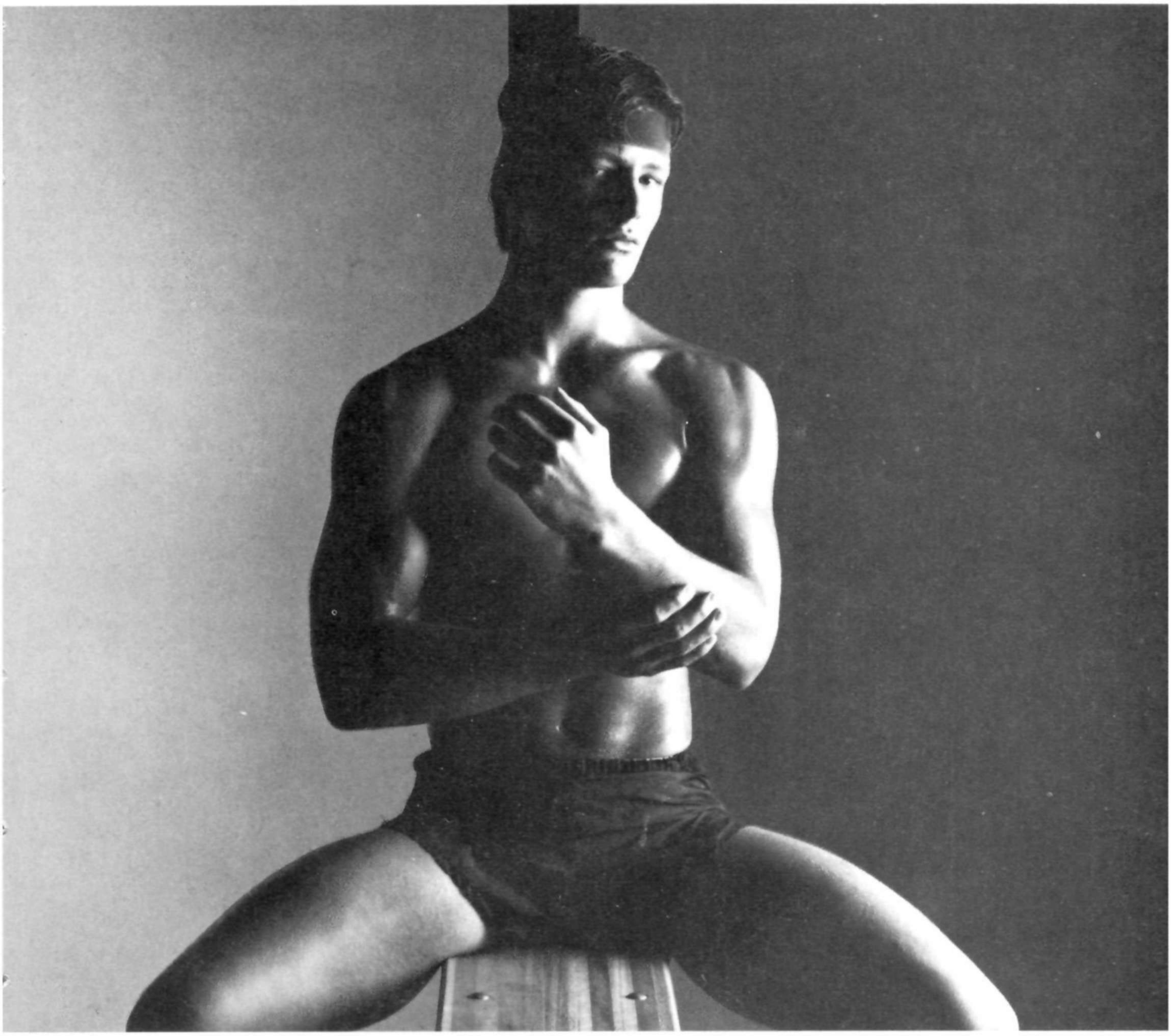
Jeepers, Sid, you must love the beach.

"You kiddin', mate? Bloody water goes up and down and spoils me stomach. I lose me breath. I nearly drowned three times as a prisoner of war when the Japs made us go in the river for a wash.

continued

One by one, as they fail to grab a baton, the beach flag competitors are narrowed down until only two lifesavers are left to fight for the last baton.

"No pain, no gain."



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continued

Then I was in three cave-ins working the mines as a prisoner, and when they stuck me under a shower to clean all the muck off me, I was so scared I almost cleaned all the Japs up meself.

"But if those blokes hadn't pulled me out of the river back in Burma, I wouldn't be around, so I decided I ought to do something to help lifesavers. This is special, mate. There's no love in other sports."

Sir Adrian Curlewis, 84, a district court judge for 22 years, knighted for community service, spent part of his early life riding surfboards while standing on his head. He was president of the Surf Life Saving Association from 1933 to '75, except for the war years. And even the 3½ years he spent as a prisoner of war didn't diminish his passion. One night, after another day of slave labor in Changi, Malaya, he slipped through the darkness to the Japanese guardhouse, stole a rope and a pair of khaki shorts, and then had another POW convert the shorts into a thick stomach belt. The next day, while some sunken-chested Australian prisoners were collecting salt water from the sea for boiling rice, Curlewis gathered a group around him. He didn't show them how they might escape. He showed them how to perform a reel rescue.

Nothing has changed—and everything has. On a warm evening last November, thousands of people line the streets of Coolangatta, gawking at the Cadillac and Rolls-Royce motorcade of celebrities that purrs toward the town's swankest movie theater. From one car steps a bronze-skinned, blond, blue-eyed, tuxedoed Adonis with a beautiful blonde affixed to his arm. He strides through an aisle of women wearing stunning gold bathing suits and strained sequined dresses, while a band blares and a young girl wearing a long white gown strews a carpet of flower petals at his feet. Representatives of the press, resembling 1940s movie caricatures of themselves, leap in his path and encircle him, snapping pictures and questions.

"How 'bout a little peck on the cheek, mate?" requests a photographer. Grant Kenny, 21, the Ironman of all Australia, plants a kiss on 1984 Olympic swimmer Lisa Curry, just for the boys, and then walks inside to watch himself in the world première of the movie *The Coolangatta Gold.*

"Grant Kenny," says Mick Porra, four-time national surfboard paddling champion, "is what every father in Aus-

continued

Ironman Grant Kenny, surrounded by little would-be ironpeople, is the lifesaver ideal, a handsome he-man and, most important, a humble one.

How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.

First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

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

Youngsters get set for a beach sprint at Southport (above); but lifesaving isn't just beer and skittles for the Nipper.

LIFESAVERS

continued

tralia wants his son to be, the one any girl in Australia would do anything to jump into bed with. He's fitness and toughness personified, the number one sporting personality in Australia."

In 1966, Hayden Kenny won the first national Ironman championship held in Australia. Fourteen years later, his 16-year-old son Grant did an extraordinary thing. He won the Junior Ironman title, establishing himself as the best combination ski paddler-swimmer-runner-surfboard-paddler in Australia under the age of 18. Then, with 15 minutes' rest, he dashed back into the sea and won the national Senior Ironman championship. No one had ever achieved that double—or even considered it—and the news caused furor across Australia.

Grant went on to win the Senior Ironman title an unprecedented four straight years, missing a chance at a fifth in 1984 when he pulled out with an infected foot. The Kellogg people splashed him on TV commercials and on their Australian Nutri-Grain boxes. A national TV network signed him to host a sports program and a game show. The makers of *The Coolangatta Gold*, a clichéd but visually riveting movie about two sons trying to win their father's affection by defeating Kenny in a 43-kilometer Ironman event, signed Grant to play himself. An insurance company hired him to promote its new Lifesaver policy. A clothing company signed him to promote his own line of casual wear. He also won an Olympic bronze medal in the 1,000-meter double kayak in Los Angeles. Kenny had become the all-Australian boy. He had fallen in love with Curry, and every little rumor about the couple, every little peck, became a hot flash for the tabloids.

Suddenly, the surf lifesaving movement had a personality around which to coalesce. Sponsors lined up; revenues from the government leaped to this year's record $A905,000. The image of the surf lifesaver had become that of the model modern man. Kenny didn't smoke; he didn't drink. He was kind, honest and articulate, piloted airplanes and knew karate. And, most important in a society that harbors utter disdain for self-centered celebrities, he was humble. "I try to tell people that Ironman is the name of a 10-minute event, not of me," says Grant, who still lives with his parents. "I'm not obsessed by it all. I'll be competing in the surf well after my peak, because it's fun. Why give up something I like to preserve a reputation?"

The night before Hayden Kenny won the first Ironman, he slept in the back of his station wagon. The Aussies had known no such event before that year, plagiarizing the idea, ironically, from American competitive lifeguards during a U.S. tour in which Hayden had participated the year before. "It didn't have the macho connotation then that it has now," he says.

continued

In 1963 Hayden established his family in a resort town called Alexandra Headland, so close to the beach that Grant once gazed from the front porch, saw a man drowning and raced to save him. There Hayden began what became a thriving surf-craft business, and started training Grant and a younger son, Martin, 16, who has won some local Cadet (13- to 15-year-old) Ironman events. Talk of a family dynasty is spreading. "I'll try to win a national Ironman," Martin says, "but I won't go for the double. It'll never be done again. Grant's a freak."

The freak is the first man to make money from surf lifesaving, a sport that has historically drained thousands of dollars a year in traveling, training and equipment expenses from its faithful. In Grant's wake, the entire approach to his sport has undergone a revolution. Ironmen around Australia began going to bed at 8 p.m., arising at 5 a.m., training for two hours, gulping breakfast in the car on the way to work, falling asleep on their desks at midday and then returning home at five to train for another 2½ hours. They added coaches, lost lovers and ingested protein drinks and megavitamins.

Grant isn't finished overhauling his sport. He and Porra, the surfboard paddling star, plan to start an Australian circuit of six or seven professional carnivals and professional marathon Ironman events a year. Most lifesavers agree it is an evolution long past due, but a few worry that so much seriousness may leech the sport's lifeblood.

"Hey, I remember us winning the New South Wales team race when I was a 12-year-old, and our club captain taking the four of us into Sydney to pick out whatever pro [prostitute] on the street we wanted," says 30-year-old Robbie Nay with a laugh. "Those were the good old days. My type of guy, who wants to have fun, will soon be phased out. I realized it when I walked down the beach at the '82 nationals. One Ironman was in his tent with a Walkman, listening to the *Rocky* theme to get psyched up. Another was getting a massage. Another was drinking his high-protein drink. None of them could come out into the sun; they had to conserve their energy. I wanted to have a beer with them after we competed—but the bastards don't drink!"

The boaties, God bless 'em, are doing their damnedest to keep the old torch ablaze. The Currumbin surf club's boat crews—one of them won the aforementioned madcap whitecap war at Kawana Waters, while another had the injured boatie—are a splendid example.

A few nights before the race, five club boaties—Senile, Schizo, Shark, Butterfly and Donuts—decided to polish off a two-hour workout with a visit to their local pub. The Currumbin boys stomped in single file, a hand on the shoulder of the man in front, chanting "Boom-chug-a-lug-a-lug-a, boom-chug-a-lug-a-lug-a"—and chug-a-lug-a'd for two hours. Returning to their club to find they had missed the 6 p.m. dinner, they looted the kitchen, then went up to the bunk room and heaved junior club members out of their beds.

"Anyone thirsty?" someone asked.

continued

Nippers compete in the same sorts of events as older lifesavers, with the same enthusiasm, and they must learn to be good winners—or losers.

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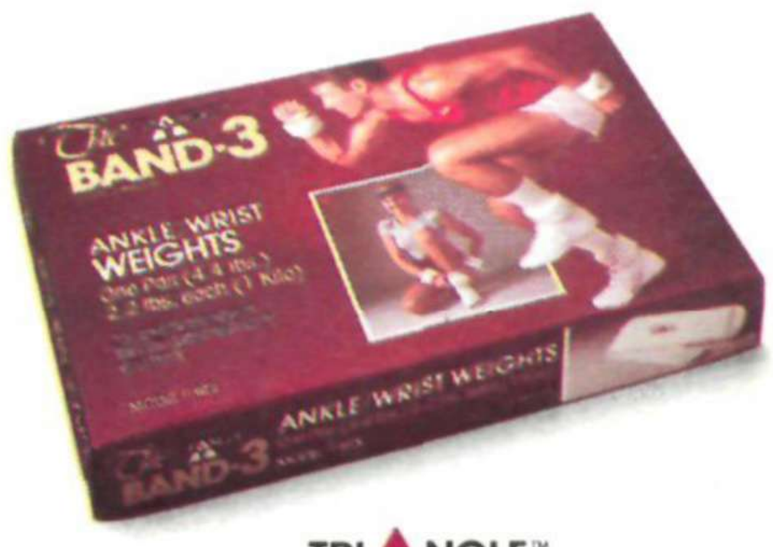

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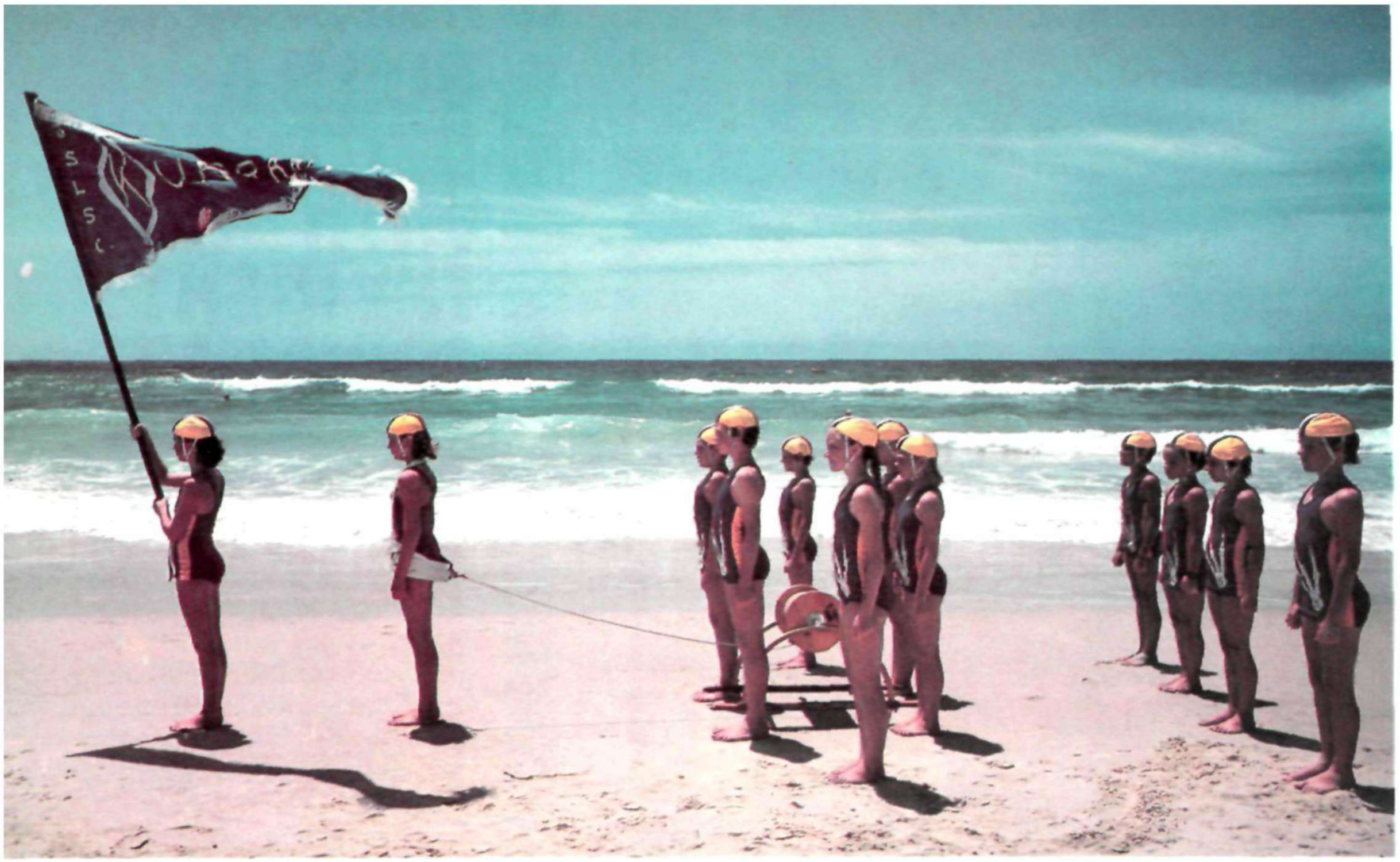

The discipline a Nipper learns in the March Past will come in handy in the chaos of a real rescue.

LIFESAVERS

continued

"Man is not a camel," replied Schizo, a 24-year-old Brisbane magistrate's clerk in his other life.

So it was back to the pub, where the Currumbin boaties broke into their club drinking song:

And now that we're gathered
around the bar,
And the captain's declared a
quorum,
And we're drinking our way
through the night,
And we're having the time of our
lives,
Throw the empties away, start
again,
And may the sessions of
Currumbin last forever.
Up Currumbin!

Half an hour before the pub closed, the boaties responded to that imminent peril by slamming down eight beers each. At six the next morning they were rolling across the sea, their heads and muscles clogged, but their heritage affirmed.

Well, almost. "If it was 20 years ago," Schizo admitted, "we would have probably beat up a few bloody surfers."

Eight years ago, when Schizo was just plain Paul Auer, he witnessed a boat race in which a wave pitched a boat so sharply that the metal clip at the end of its torpedo rescue tube—an item all lifesaving boats carry—embedded itself in the nose of one of the boaties and jerked him into the sea. His teammates, their priorities intact, left the man overboard behind and qualified for the final. They then returned to fetch him, only to discover a new problem: The clip was so deeply entrenched in his nose that it would not come out. So the boaties simply snipped the buoy off, leaving the man in incredible pain, but with no excuse not to participate in the final. "Bloody hell," Schizo remembers telling himself that day, "I'll never be a boatie."

But his thickening frame soon left him with little other choice if he wanted to compete for his club, and he found that the camaraderie of five men fighting the sea surpassed that of any other team sport in which he'd ever participated. Now Schizo is one of hundreds of boaties who will gather later this month for the four-day national championship. Some boaties drive 2,500 miles, snap an oar in their first heat and spend the next few days in the beer tent. There's something about the sheer capriciousness of their sport—the way a wave will let them ride in like homecoming queens one day, then shipwreck them at the starting line the next—that inspires capriciousness in them.

They conduct races to see who can climb the beer-tent pole fastest and then run outside, climb to the tent's top and do somersaults and backflips onto the sand. Funny how the tent collapsed in Tasmania in '83.

They gather the Monday after the nationals for the annual boaties' convention and stage contests to see who can drink two liters of beer the quickest or butt heads the hardest.

"You think we could have half as much fun if we were paid for this?" asked a boatie named Bonzo in the beer tent after the surf carnival at Kawana Waters.

"Our reward? Our reward is this." He gulped some beer.

"And this." He wrapped an arm around a teammate.

"And this." He pounded his hairy chest, near his heart.

Bonzo took another long pull and shook his damp head. "You know, I'll never understand why you blokes don't have this in America," he said. **END**

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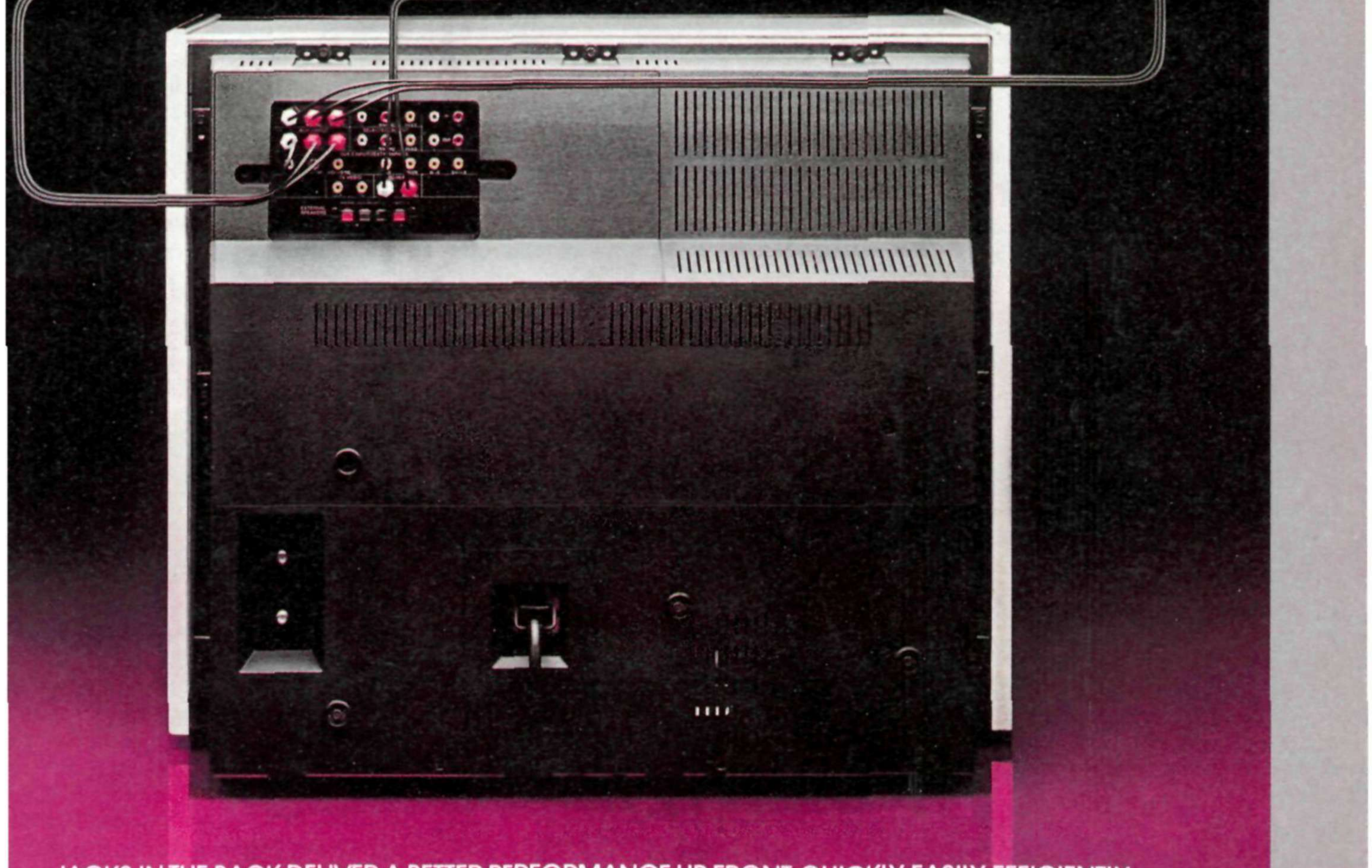

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O N I T O R

In the heat of the Knight

Bob Knight made some odd moves, drawing boos from Indiana's fans

by Bruce Newman

When Hoosier coach Bob Knight finally started to pull his regulars from what would be a 23-point rout of Minnesota last Saturday, people all over Indiana heaved a sigh of relief. For one thing, it was the first time in nearly two weeks that anybody besides Knight had any idea who the Hoosier regulars were. The players were relieved to finally know where they stood with the volatile Knight, instead of where they sat with him. Forward Mike Giomi was relieved to know he wouldn't be traveling to Indiana's next road game by Federal Express, and in the bargain Giomi had learned something about the importance of being earnest (about going to class). Steve Alford may have finally learned the importance of just being Steve Alford. But the most important thing that may have happened in Bloomington, Ind. last week was that after 13 seasons of nearly unwavering support, some Hoosier fans began questioning Knight's approach to the game.

Oddly, after all the things Knight has done to get himself into trouble at Indiana—knocking fans into trash cans, slapping Kentucky coach Joe B. Hall, setting off an international incident in Puerto Rico, to list a few—it was a purely basketball decision that had Knight in his worst predicament. While trying to build character, Knight tossed away an important game by benching all but one of his upperclassmen. High-handedness that had seemed the epitome of good old-fashioned discipline in the past suddenly looked plain silly in the middle of a four-game losing streak.

Busy as Knight was molding boys into men last week, he did take time out from his motivational ministry to answer some questions on his weekly radio show. The program had been a live call-in show until this year, and as host Don Fischer pointed out, the change came none too soon. "With the kind of questions people would have been asking this week, he wouldn't have lasted more than three minutes before he walked out," Fischer said. Knight didn't do much better with the press; he refused most requests for interviews and spoke only briefly after games.

The trouble began on Jan. 19 when the Hoosiers played listlessly in an 86–84 loss at Ohio State. Knight was so enraged with the lack of effort by Giomi and by swingman Winston Morgan that he made them fly home on a different plane from the one carrying their teammates. "I didn't want them in a situation where I'd keep pounding on them," Knight explained.

After that, Giomi was not allowed to practice with the Hoosiers, and when Indiana played at Purdue on Jan. 24, he was barred from the team bus. Instead he rode to the game with Brad Bomba, the team doctor. Neither Giomi nor Morgan played as the Hoosiers lost to the Boilermakers 62–52, yet both were allowed to board the team bus for the trip home. Had they somehow redeemed themselves, or was this a slap at Bomba's driving—a calculated move by Knight to get the physician to work on his shaky parallel-parking game?

While Indiana fans were still mulling that one over, the next crisis hit. When the Hoosiers left for an important game at Illinois three days later, both Giomi and Morgan were told to stay home.

continued

CARL SKALAK

Knight saw red when his players failed to perform in the manner he has demanded.

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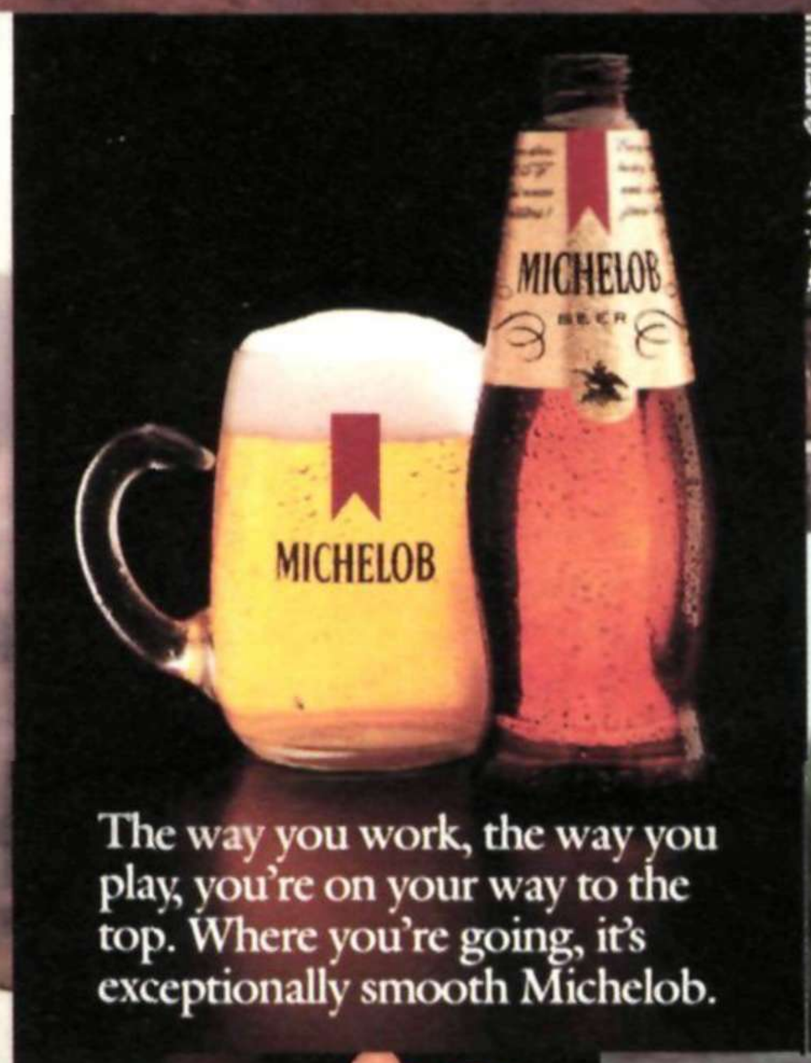

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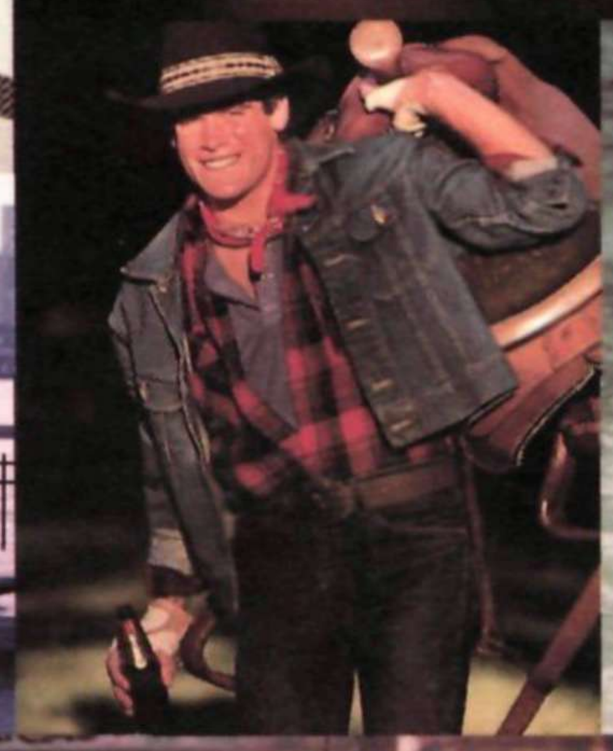

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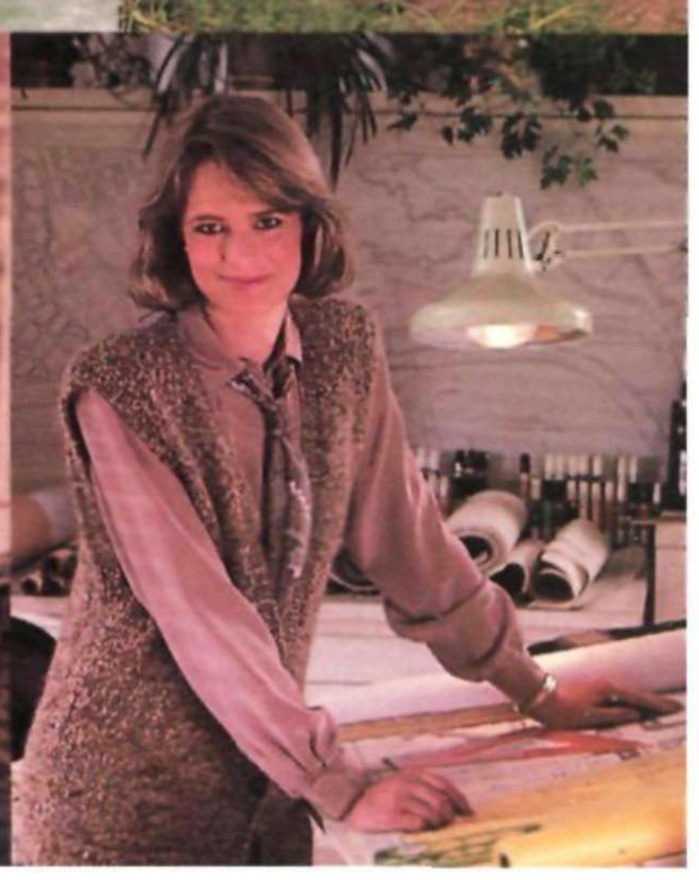


BILL LUSTER

Giomi watched the Minnesota game on TV after Knight gave him the heave for skipping classes . . .

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

Morgan says now that he "wasn't playing hard, and I wasn't doing the things Coach wanted done," but at the time he was confused and troubled to suddenly find himself being left behind like a piece of forgotten baggage.

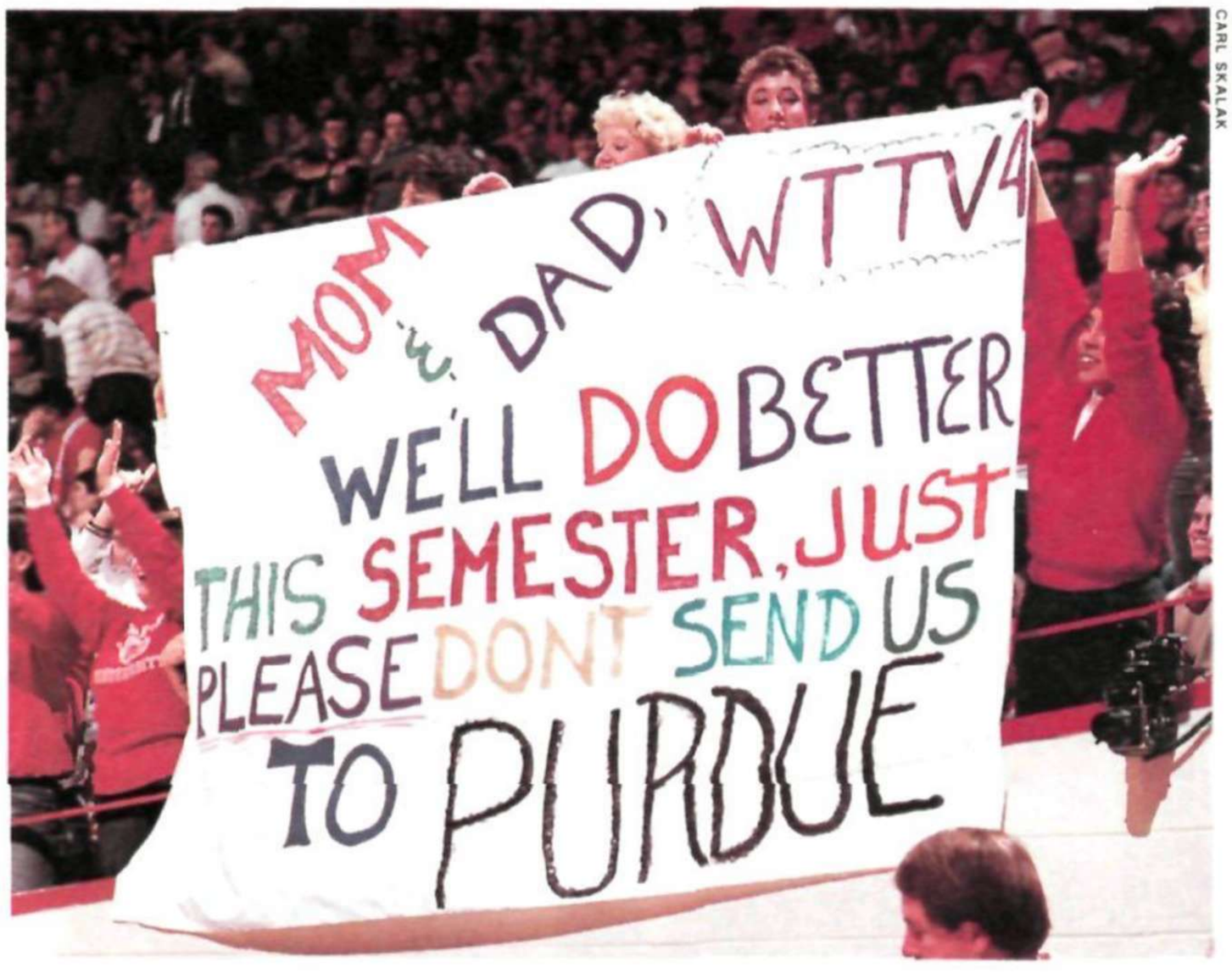
The Hoosiers were in such an emotional tailspin by the time they played Illinois that center Uwe Blab had begun to notice a transformation in Knight's personality. "During all the turmoil, he hasn't been screaming and yelling," Blab said. "And the moment Coach Knight doesn't scream and yell, you know there's a problem. It was like he had given up. He was trying to make everybody play hard, but there's only so much one person can do."

During the past year, Knight has become depressingly aware of just how little one person can do. In January he charged that recruiting abuses had become widespread across the country. He claimed that some athletes were receiving illegal inducements and cited figures from $50,000 to $100,000, but he refused specifics. Knight was also considerably drained following his summer-long pursuit of the gold medal as the U.S. Olympic coach. Last week he told Jerry Colangelo, the general manager of the Phoenix Suns, that there was a similarity between the current season and 1976-77, the dismal campaign that followed Knight's first NCAA championship, a season in which four of his players quit the team. "I think he knows he's physically and mentally exhausted," says one of Knight's close friends, "and for that reason I don't think he's going to make any career decisions right now. But the game holds few challenges for him anymore, so the only reason for him to hang around would be to pile up numbers, and that's not what he's about. I think anybody who knows him realizes he could walk away from coaching at any time. The end could come very suddenly."

If Knight has become disillusioned or even bored with the college game, it would certainly help explain the obstacles he has seemingly strewn in his own path all season. Through the end of last week he had experimented with 13 different starting lineups in 19 games, none of them as exotic or perverse as the lineup he put on the floor two weeks ago at Illinois. It was then that Knight's frustration finally bubbled over in a display of petulance that was bizarre even by his rather imposing standards. With the eventual outcome of the Big Ten race very much in the balance and a national TV audience looking on, Knight started Blab along with Delray Brooks, Steve Eyl, Joe Hillman and Brian Sloan—yes, the four freshmen. But unlike the original Four Freshmen, who were also formed on a college campus in Indiana, this combo hit some very peculiar notes. And that was about all these Hoosiers hit; they shot 28% in the first half and scored only six points in the first 10 minutes against the Illini. Indiana lost 52–41.

Even that might have been tolerable to Hoosier fans had Knight not benched guard Steve Alford for the entire 40 minutes. Alford may be the most beloved human being in the state of Indiana, so per-

continued



CARL SKALAK

. . . but some Indiana students certainly didn't miss Knight's educational message.

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fectly does he embody the typical Hoosier's image of himself. Knight said he benched Alford to help him concentrate on seeing the whole floor better and on improving his defense, but that explanation didn't satisfy a lot of people. "When I called my mom last night to see how she was doing," Knight told his radio audience, "the first thing she said was, 'How come you didn't play Alford?' She wasn't particularly happy that Alford didn't play." The situation upset Alford so badly that he lost confidence in his shot. "That had never happened before," said Alford's mother, Sharan. When he did return to the lineup last Thursday against Iowa, Alford went 6 for 18 in a 72–59 loss. "It's definitely been stressful," Alford said. "Why wouldn't it be?"

For Giomi, the nightmare intensified on Jan. 28 when Knight formally dismissed him from the team for what he described as "strictly a matter of academics." Giomi, who had had his scholarship taken away last summer when he got an F in an algebra-calculus class, doesn't deny that he fell short of Knight's demanding academic standards. "I made the mistake, and he made the decision," says Giomi, who was a junior. After remaking the Hoosiers as a walk-on in the fall, he boosted his academic average to 2.4. But when he started cutting classes last month, Knight found out and sent him packing, even though he led the team in rebounding with a 5.3 average. Knight, who has kept players on his roster after they were caught or arrested for drunk driving, shoplifting or possessing marijuana, says that Giomi had to be "separated" from the Hoosiers for missing three classes.

"To Coach Knight, grades are the ultimate thing," says Blab. Taken by itself, that would be commendable enough. But in Giomi's case the timing of his dismissal did seem peculiar at best, because he hadn't taken a test yet this semester. Certainly his ouster diverted attention from the Hoosiers' longest Big Ten losing streak in more than a decade. Was this merely coincidence? "No," says Blab, "Coach Knight tends to check on you more when you're not playing well."

Giomi's mother, Karen, was incensed by what happened to her son. "There's a lot of things that go on there that people don't know about," she told the Indianapolis *Star*. "You've seen the way he [Knight] treats those kids during games. He yells and screams and gets right up in their faces. If he does that in public, what do you think he does in private?"

When her son is asked whether it's true that Knight sometimes storms up to players in the locker room at halftime, grabs them by the crotch and says he's checking to see if they have a full complement of testicles, Giomi replies, "I haven't seen that one since I was a freshman. I couldn't go into that now. I'm really not at liberty to say. Maybe in a couple of years I could tell you a few things. Do I sound brainwashed?" **END**

THE WEEK

Jan. 28-Feb. 3

by ROGER JACKSON

EAST Bridgeport's Sudanese Sensation, 7′ 6″ freshman Manute Bol (SI Dec. 10), who has averaged 21.6 points, 15.0 rebounds and an astounding 8.0 blocked shots per game while leading the Division II Purple Knights to a 16–4 record, can now chew up the opposition with even greater ease. Bol, who arrived in the United States with 15 of his teeth missing, was finally fitted with a set of false choppers, at a local free clinic.

In the first half of Bridgeport's 88–54 romp past Southern Connecticut last week, seven of Bol's 12 blocks came on seven- to 18-foot jumpers by the Owls' 5′ 10″ guard, Jeff Buckson. Not surprisingly, Buckson, a 20.2-points-a-game scorer, eventually tried another strategy. "I forgot the jumper and went straight at him," he said. "I bellied up against him once, but when I looked up, I couldn't tell if he was smiling at me."

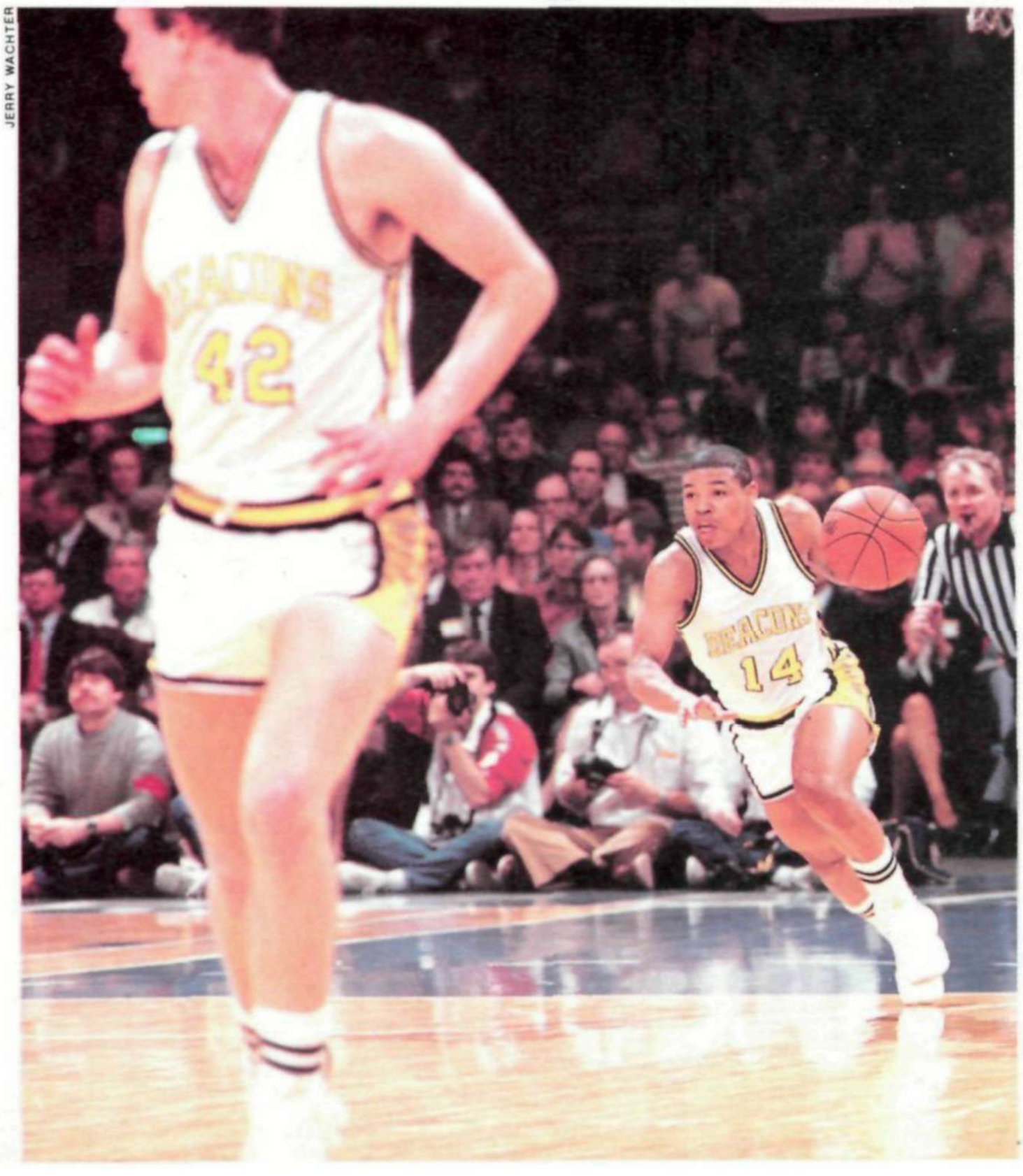
Southern Connecticut has the distinction of being the only team to have squared off against both the biggest and the best college centers. The Owls were routed 80–46 by Georgetown on Dec. 1. Asked to compare Bol and the Hoyas' Patrick Ewing, Buxton says, "I didn't see much of Ewing [who played a mere 20 minutes], but Georgetown's whole team intimidated me."

Before a 56–39 victory over Arkansas last Sunday snapped a two-game Hoya losing streak, Georgetown had hardly intimidated anyone of late. "Until [now] I thought maybe we were still last year's

continued

Bogues (14), the littlest Deacon, had the biggest numbers in a win over N.C. State.

JERRY WACHTER



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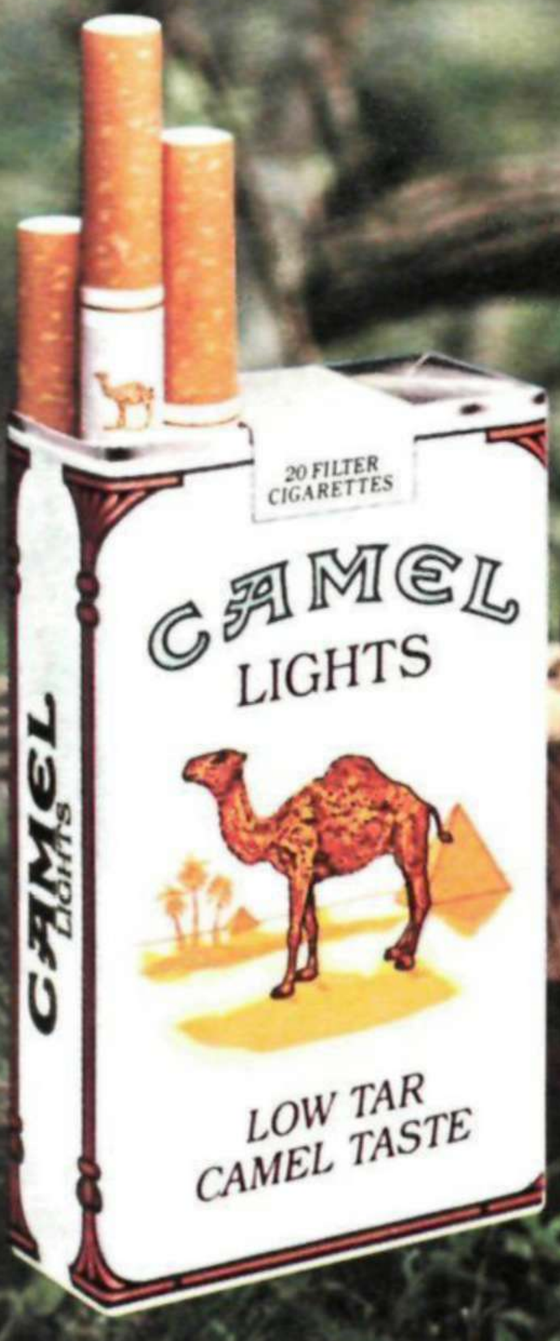

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team," Georgetown coach John Thompson told *Philadelphia Daily News* columnist Mark Whicker after the Hoyas had lost their second straight Big East game, 65–63 at Syracuse. "But now [I know] we're not. Now we're this year's team, a different team." These Hoyas, who rely a little more on finesse and perimeter shooting and a little less on intimidation than last year's team, sputtered on offense in their losses to St. John's and Syracuse, shooting a combined 39.8%. But against the Razorbacks, Georgetown shot 42.0%, and Ewing held Joe Kleine, a teammate on the 1984 U.S. Olympic team, and the Hogs' top scorer, to a scant three points.

In Wake Forest's 91–64 ACC defeat of N.C. State, the Demon Deacons' Tyrone (Muggsy) Bogues showed that the littlest guy on the floor—he's 5′ 3″—can do some very big things. In his best performance as a Deacon, Bogues scored a career-high 20 points and had 10 assists and four steals. Wolfpack coach Jim Valvano was not punning when he said of Bogues, "He was nothing short of spectacular."

SOUTHEAST

Before Georgia's game at LSU, Cedric Henderson, the freshman forward who has become the focal point of an NCAA investigation, warmed up in teammate Dwayne (Bam-Bam) Rainey's sweat suit to shield himself from possible taunts from the 12,790 Tiger fans. Ultimately, Henderson silenced the crowd. His five-foot turnaround jumper at the buzzer gave the Dawgs a 59–58 win, snapping the Bengals' 18-game home winning streak. LSU's own heralded freshman, forward John Williams, made Henderson's heroics possible. Inbounding the ball under Georgia's basket with one second left, Williams heaved a pass that traveled the length of the court untouched. That gave the Bulldogs the ball and Henderson the chance to get that basket.

The results of the Southwestern Athletic Conference audit of Southern University's statistics (SI, Feb. 4) are in. Doniven Hoskins, who had been listed two weeks ago as the nation's top field-goal shooter, was incorrectly credited with 17 more field goals and 24 fewer attempts than he'd actually had. Thus, Hoskins's percentage fell from an astounding 78.9% to a merely decent 49.6%.

The audit was kinder to Hoskins's teammates Glenn Dedmon and John Staves, whose corrected percentages fell from 72.5% and 69.2%, respectively, to 60.0% and 65.9%. NCAA statistical coordinator Jim Wright's explanation for Southern's inaccuracies: lousy math.

SI TOP 20

1.	ST. JOHN'S (17–1)	1*
2.	MEMPHIS STATE (17–1)	3
3.	GEORGETOWN (19–2)	2
4.	OKLAHOMA (17–4)	4
5.	SMU (18–2)	6
6.	DUKE (15–3)	7
7.	GEORGIA TECH (16–4)	5
8.	MICHIGAN (16–3)	12
9.	SYRACUSE (15–3)	14
10.	LA. TECH (17–2)	10
11.	DEPAUL (14–5)	8
12.	ILLINOIS (18–5)	9
13.	IOWA (18–4)	—
14.	TULSA (17–3)	11
15.	KANSAS (17–4)	17
16.	UNLV (17–2)	18
17.	N. CAROLINA (16–5)	15
18.	OREGON STATE (16–3)	13
19.	UAB (19–5)	19
20.	VCU (16–3)	—

*Last week

MIDWEST

Tulsa, which had lost its last three games with Drake in Des Moines' Veterans Memorial Auditorium, escaped with a 67–66 win. "It's downright cold in this place," said Golden Hurricane coach Nolan Richardson. "Put us in a hot gym and let us start running, and that's when we're at our best." Tulsa found plenty of heat in Indiana State's Hulman Center. Unfortunately for the Hurricane, it was Sycamore forward John Sherman Williams who was on fire. Williams scored 31 points in Indiana State's 100–94 victory, which ended Tulsa's 14-game winning streak.

While Iowa moved into a tie with Michigan for first place in the Big Ten with a 67–58 win at Ohio State, the Hawkeye women, second in the conference, packed them in at home. Really packed them in. Indeed, the crowd for the Lady Hawks' showdown with the first-place Buckeye women in Iowa City was so large that some fans stood seven-deep around the balcony of Carver Hawkeye Arena, while others sat in the aisles for a time. That's what happens when 22,157 fans, an NCAA women's attendance record, are shoehorned into a 15,450-seat arena. Alas, Ohio State prevailed 56–47. "Hey, only one miracle can be accomplished in one day," said Rick Klatt, Iowa's women's sports information director.

Kansas coach Larry Brown is singing a favorite song again. Brown told the *Lawrence Journal-World* that his players don't care for one another, either on the court or away from it. He says he came to this conclusion after observing, among other things, their lack of etiquette. "We'll have Cokes for the guys," says Brown, "and one guy'll take three and there's never a thank-you. This team has been the most uncomfortable experience for me. Every day is a struggle; you have to be negative and spend halftime telling them to play together."

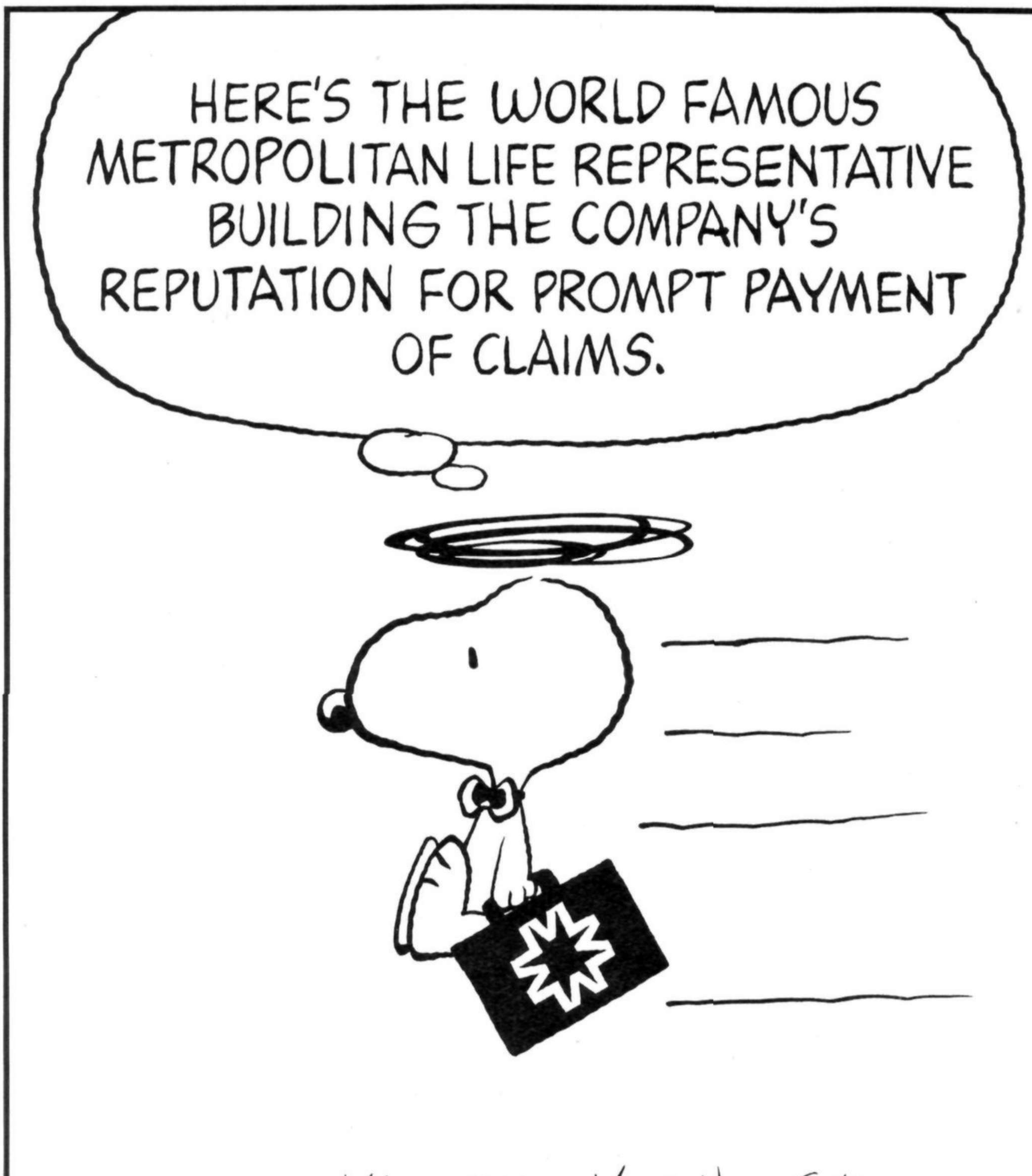
WEST

Notre Dame coach Digger Phelps has had more victories over UCLA in Pauley Pavilion than any other visiting coach, and he'd like some recognition for them. "With those [10 NCAA championship] pennants they've got in Pauley Pavilion, how about a big shamrock for our four wins?" Phelps asked Sam Gilbert, the longtime No. 1 booster of Bruin basketball, last week. After the Fighting Irish hung on Sunday to beat the Bruins 53–52 for a fifth Phelps victory, Digger, mixing his metaphors, quipped, "There's another notch on the shamrock." It was UCLA's second one-point loss to a big rival in three nights. The first, a 78–77 double-overtime defeat by USC, allowed the Trojans to share (with Oregon State) the Pac-10 lead.

Nobody enjoyed Southern Methodist's 85–78 victory over Houston more than 7-foot center Jon Koncak. The Mustangs hadn't beaten the Cougars since 1982, and Koncak had been frustrated by Houston's Akeem Abdul Olajuwan. With the Dream now in the NBA, Koncak ripped the Cougars for 27 points and 21 rebounds. "It was kind of fun, not having Olajuwon out there," said Koncak. "I don't mind at all when those guys move on and make millions." **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM McCAFFREY: The 6′ 1″ Holy Cross junior guard scored 77 points on 28 of 39 shooting, hit 21 of 26 free throws and had 21 assists in the Crusaders' wins over Iona (102–85) and Fairfield (79–71).



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TV/RADIO

by William Taaffe

He spent a lot to save a lot more

Ted Turner's costly superstation pact with baseball could be a coup

Ted Turner may have just pulled off another one. Contrary to appearances, Turner might not have been taken to the cleaners by baseball's recent superstation agreement. True, Turner will have to pay $30 million over the next five years for the right to carry Braves games into other owners' territories via a satellite hookup with his Atlanta-based TV station, WTBS. But Terrible Ted, one of the shrewdest operators on either side of the Mason-Dixon line, may yet have the last laugh.

Just what was at issue in the baseball deal? Nothing less than the stability of the game, according to new commissioner Peter Ueberroth. Ueberroth had said that superstation invasion of other teams' markets was "tearing baseball apart." The owners blamed WTBS as well as three smaller superstations (which carry Cub, Met and Yankee games) for starting an attendance decline and eating away at local TV revenue.

Certainly Turner isn't ecstatic about the financial terms of the deal. A series of five one-year accords obliges him to pay $6 million per annum in compensation fees, or $230,000 for each of the 25 other teams. Ueberroth also worked out a smaller compensation deal with owner George Steinbrenner of the Yankees, 100 of whose games are televised to a smaller national audience via the WPIX superstation. The Steinbrenner total payment is expected to be less than $200,000 a year. Talks with the Cubs, whose games are aired nationally on WGN, and the Mets, who are on WOR, are continuing.

To put Turner's $30 million bill in perspective, keep in mind that his Turner Broadcasting System, which includes the Braves, the Hawks, WTBS, the Cable News Network and CNN Headline News, made a profit of little more than $7 million last year. Why, then, has Turner reached an accord with Ueberroth?

For one thing, Turner knew that if he didn't pay up, the other club owners would reduce the number of games he could televise. Each Braves game brings Turner $225,000 in ad revenue. A cutback to, say, 100 games from the 143 he now airs would cost him $9.7 million a year—considerably more than he will pay in fees.

Second, Turner effectively gained baseball sanction for WTBS. The owners agreed not to seek restrictions in Congress or the courts. WTBS appears to be here to stay.

In the Turner empire, WTBS is the locomotive that pulls the train. The station's sports and entertainment programs bring in so much money—a profit of $43.3 million in '83—that Turner has been able to spend freely on other projects, like his money-losing cable news enterprises. As for sports, the call letters for WTBS are said to stand for Where The Bidding Starts.

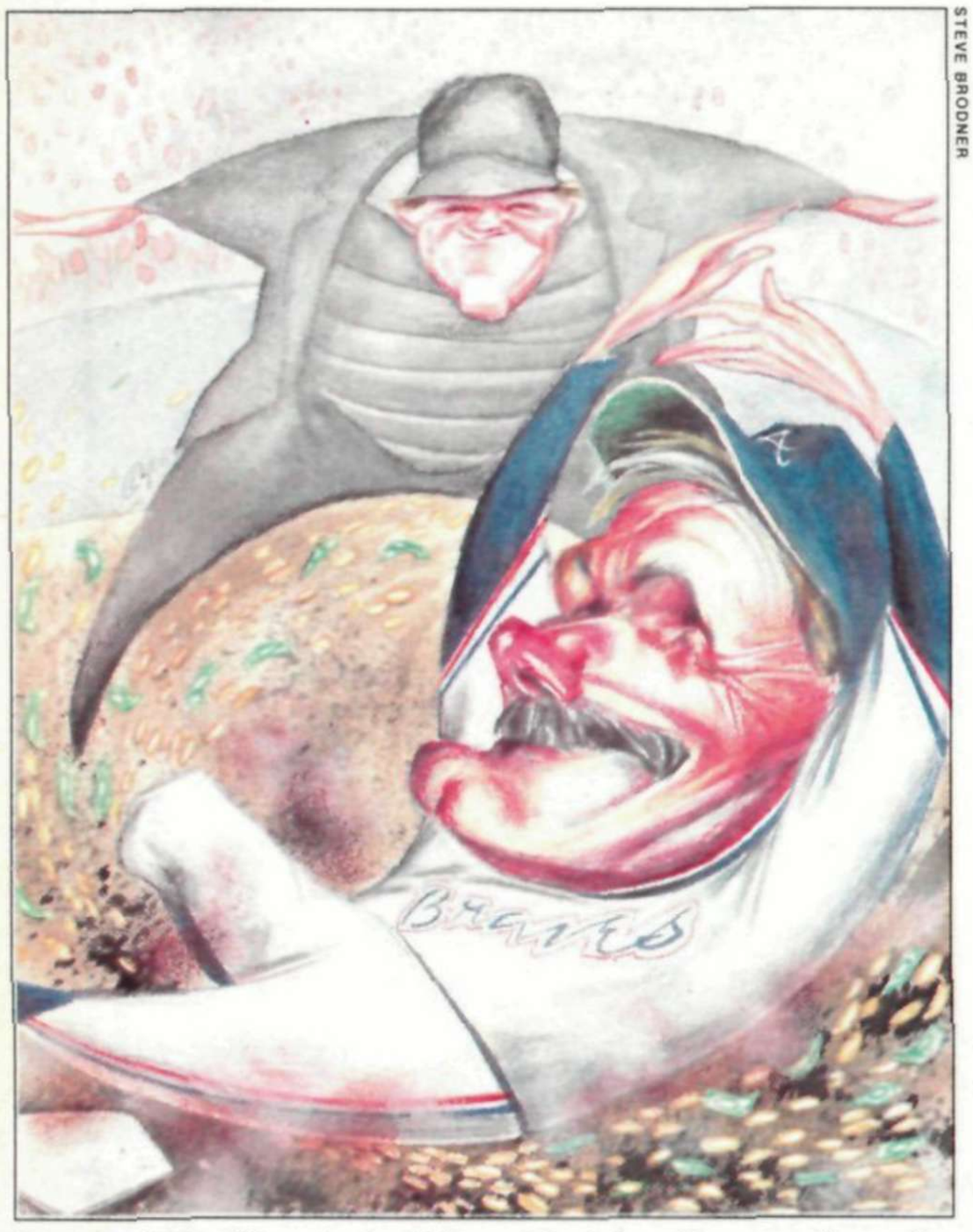
Next month the College Football Association (CFA) will award its Saturday night cable TV rights for '85. "We're going to take a serious swing at it," says Turner. Last year ESPN paid $9.3 million for the CFA. This year, only Turner may know where the bidding will stop. ESPN has to be uneasy. Says its president, Bill Grimes, "Turner was our competitor last time, on the USFL. Since we edged him out for it, I'm sure he'll be more motivated than last time."

That famous "last time," the June '84 bidding on the USFL's three-year cable package, is already the stuff of TV legend. Figuring that ESPN needed pro football for its programming and thus would top virtually any bid, Turner kept raising the ante. When the auction was over, there was blood on the floor—all ESPN's. It paid $70 million for a product probably worth no more than $50 million.

Turner, of course, also pays inflated prices for programming. But he eventually makes the money back. In 1982-83 he forked over the ludicrous sum of $17.6 million for NCAA prime-time football, and promptly lost $11 million. His current $20 million, two-year deal with the NBA will be about a $1.5 million loser this year. Turner buys these "loss leaders" for WTBS to make his station more appealing overall.

"Sometimes you've got very close to a championship schedule," Turner says, "so you pay more for programming that you feel is very important to you from a visibility or promotional standpoint." Here's how the circle works. Let's say Turner pays $15 million for the CFA. This brings more people to the set, which enables him to rake in more ad dollars. That means a bigger profit on all those inexpensive reruns. And *that* allows Turner to pay off the owners and secure his future. . . .

So who said Ted got taken? **END**



STEVE BRODNER

Turner's $30 million deal will keep his rich cable operation safe.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

GARY JOBSON

HOME: Annapolis, MD.

AGE: 34

OCCUPATION: Yacht-racing tactician; author; lecturer; editor-at-large, *The Yacht.*

HOBBY: Trying to stay home for more than a week at a time.

LAST BOOK WRITTEN: *Storm Sailing.*

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Tactician of a 1983 America's Cup contender; created the Liberty Cup, a new world-class yacht-racing event in New York Harbor.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you can make a living doing what you like most, you don't really have a choice."

QUOTE: "If you can't tie good knots, tie plenty of them."

PROFILE: Has a talent for being at the right place at the right time. Namely, the finish line.

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PERSPECTIVE

by WILLIAM TAAFFE

A DECLINE IN TV RATINGS HAS MAJOR IMPLICATIONS FOR THE SPORTS WORLD

It was a spectacular early morning in the desert when CBS executive Neal Pilson first expounded the Gospel According To Pilson. He spoke at a press conference at the Arizona Biltmore in Phoenix. Across from him was a wall of windows that looked out onto sun-dappled lawns. But his speech that morning, June 8, 1984, was anything but serene. What he told the assembled group of TV journalists was that the industry is in some difficulty and that he was about to propose a brave—and seemingly gloomy—new world.

And exactly what was the problem? Well, low ratings, for one. Take pro football. Down in 1983 and down again in 1984. During the regular '84 season, ABC was off 6%, CBS 16% and NBC 4% from 1983, which wasn't considered a good year. But pro football is only the tip of the iceberg. Over the past three years, since the banner season of '81, a kind of dry rot has set in for all major sports except pro basketball.

The trends over five years are unmistakable. Boxing is down 49% on the networks. College hoops are off 21%, bowling 27%, tennis 26%, and college football 17%. Baseball is off 20%, but that decrease could easily have been larger. The summer game actually went up 10% last year, but the rise was attributable to NBC's Game of the Week, which, for the first time, was without TV baseball competition on the local level.

The great march downward in the ratings has also affected the blue-chip events. From 1979 to '84, only the Super Bowl remained stable. The World Series, the NCAA basketball final, the four major New Year's Day bowls, the Indy 500, the Masters, the Derby, Wimbledon—every last one of them was down.

As a result, Pilson told major league sports last spring, the party will soon be over. No longer, he said, will the networks keep paying ever-increasing fees for sporting events. Oh, there may be *moderate* increases in the future. And the networks surely won't desert sports entirely. But teams should not sign blockbuster labor deals, stadium contracts or player salaries and expect the networks to keep paying the freight.

Pilson, executive vice-president of the CBS Broadcast Group and until last December the man in charge of CBS Sports, has been harping on this theme of late. For the leagues, players, owners, agents, conferences and universities, it's bad news ahead. For the fans, it's a mixed blessing. If the money spiral levels off, we'll read less about multimillion-dollar contracts, player strikes and lawsuits. But with less revenue, some of our leagues and teams may well go bottom up.

Before handing over sports to Peter Lund on Dec. 11, Pilson, 44, was the least senior of the

continued

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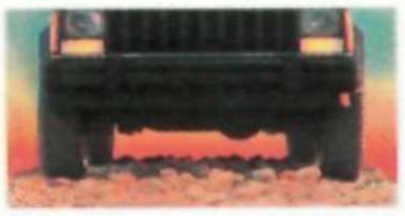

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three network sports chiefs and the one least wedded to the past. It's interesting that Pilson was the first to spell out how the double-edged problem of depressed ratings and ad revenues will inevitably be passed along to the leagues. NBC Sports president Arthur Watson was the first exec to complain about the overexposure of sports. "What has happened is really quite simple," he said. "Supply has quickly outstripped demand." Even Fred Pierce, president of ABC, chimed in, saying Olympic rights fees for Seoul in 1988 could go lower than once expected.

But it was Pilson who rang the fire bell. Why? "Oh, he's trying to get a cheap deal during the next NFL negotiations. He wants to keep the NFL for as little as he can," says Gene Upshaw, executive director of the NFL Players Association. "If I were in his position, I'd be saying the same things." In all candor, though, Pilson's pronouncements are not entirely crass. At stake here is the very heart of the sports-TV marriage.

Pilson's concern over rights fees probably began in the spring of '82. It was then that the three networks signed a five-year, $2 billion contract with the NFL—a 245% annual increase over the previous four-year deal. Subsequently, NBC and ABC anted up $1.1 billion over six years for major league baseball (an $810 million increase over the previous four-year contract). ABC bought the 1988 Winter Olympics for $309 million. Meanwhile, the so-called TV "beer wars" between Miller and Budweiser ended, and the ratings began their tumble.

To Pilson, the baseball and Olympic deals didn't make sense. Why pay so much more, Pilson asks, when there's no guarantee the audience will be greater? Higher fees mean higher rate cards, and sponsors already have been resisting. In 1984, for example, they were able to buy NFL ads at roughly two-thirds the price the network originally wanted.

There are other considerations. The networks feel they have reached their limit on the number of hours of sports they can air and the number of commercials they can plug in. Wall Street investment houses, whose friendship the networks covet, are growing wary of broadcast companies whose costs have been rising at more than 10% annually.

So, welcome to the Big Squeeze. "The spiral is going to come to an end, and if the players don't realize it, they're going to find out the hard way," Pilson says.

continued

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"We have a very real concern that major sports packages will build their economic model for the future on ever-increasing rights fees. We don't want anyone in the sports business to wake up one morning and find out that's not the case."

Thus far, there's been one major test of Pilson's credo: college football. When the Supreme Court removed the NCAA's TV controls for this past season, the number of college games on the tube proliferated like soap operas. More viewers flipped on the set, but individual ratings plummeted. Naturally, rights payments did, too. Down, down they went, until they reached half of what they were the year before. CBS and ABC were delighted. They had lost $3.5 million each on college football in '83, but now were turning a profit because of the lowered rights fees, and they were no longer required by NCAA contract to provide regional telecasts. Advertisers loved the discounted rates. Only the colleges suffered.

The networks are like your mother. She found a dinner you liked to eat and fixed so much of it you got sick.

—CHUCK NOLL
head coach, Pittsburgh Steelers

I used to watch every game on the networks. Then I got cable last September and began watching football on ESPN and some of the other cable outlets. After a few weeks of solid football weekends, I began to feel like I'd swallowed a football. One game was right into another until I couldn't even tell which game I was watching. My wife would ask me who's playing and I couldn't tell her sometimes.

—BOB BLUMER
advertiser, Orange, Ohio

Just what are we seeing in the ratings decline? For one thing, we're seeing the proof of what should be called the Nielsen Law of TV Dynamics: the more hours, the lower the ratings.

To a certain extent, the networks themselves brought about the decline. According to Paul Kagan Associates, a cable- and network-TV research firm, the networks increased their sports programming from 979 hours in '73 to 1,596 hours in '83. Curiously, it was Pilson's own company, CBS, which led the charge, jacking up its hours from 270 to 585. (NBC's hours went from 358 to 526, ABC's from 352 to 485.) The increases have been especially large the last two years, rising 11% in '83 and another 20% in '84. These hours, remember, are only *network* hours. Never mind about the eye-popping increases racked up by each of the following: independent stations; superstations such as WTBS in Atlanta and WGN in Chicago; cable networks such as ESPN and USA; and scores of pay-TV services, from giants such as HBO to the fledgling Sports Time system in the Midwest.

Because of last season's college football explosion, there were as many as 15 college or pro games available in the San Francisco Bay area each weekend. Was it any wonder that Ed Phelan, a retired Bay Area delicatessen man, got tired? "I started the season watching them all," he says. "After a while there was a sameness, a sense of shapes and figures swimming before my eyes."

Despite the ailing ratings numbers, the slide didn't become alarming until the '83-84 college basketball season. A number of TV syndicators, those independent businessmen who buy up TV rights to leagues and then patch together their own networks, struck multimillion-dollar deals with college conferences. The result was a smorgasbord for the viewer. But something was wrong. Because of the glut, ads were going begging. Some syndicators were forced to return to the colleges and admit that they'd made a terrible mistake, that the money wasn't there, that the contracts had to be rewritten.

Of course, it's not all doomsday. A wise man once said that if most of heaven is covered with cloud, save a few small chinks of blue, make much of the blue. Here goes:

The '84 Super Bowl was the 11th-highest-rated telecast and the fifth-highest-rated Super Bowl. The Summer Olympics averaged a big 23.5 in prime time for two weeks. The Winter Olympics, however, averaged 18.2. If they had been a sitcom, they would have been canceled after the second night. The seventh game of the NBA finals pulled a 19.3—the highest NBA number ever.

Buried under all these stats is a message for the ad men, for the networks, and for you and me in our family rooms. You say you've been overdosing on trash sports such as *Battle of the Network Giants* or mixed-pairs bodybuilding?

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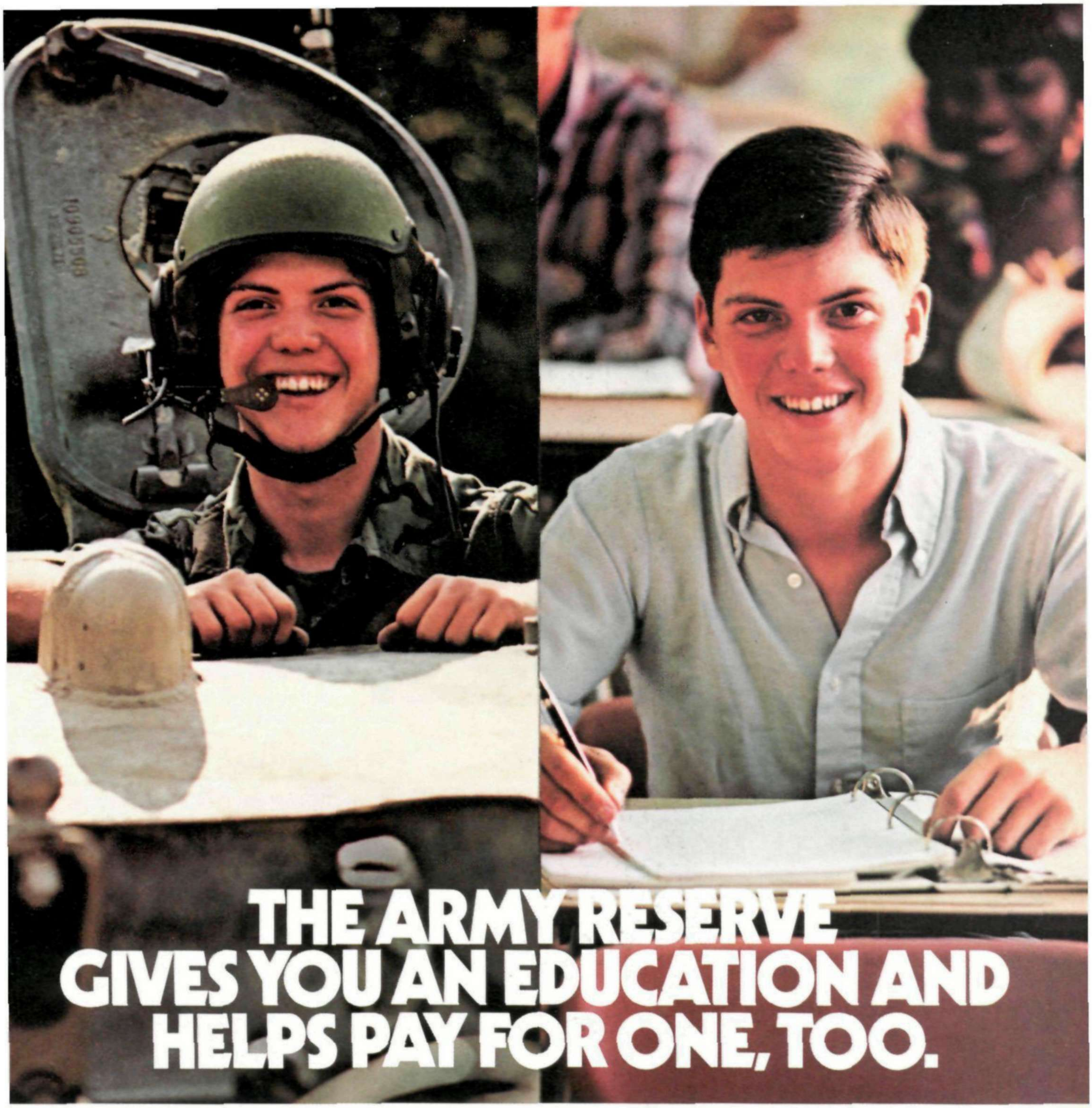

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Ad Council

PERSPECTIVE *continued*

You've been mainlining bowling and anthology shows? The word from the advertisers is "watch 'em while you can." BBDO, the giant New York ad firm, has called for an elimination of gimmicky sports, an end to NFL preseason telecasts, and a one-network policy for college football and basketball.

Network execs seem to be getting the message. "What Pilson said about rights payments is really becoming a mind-set with other sports programmers," says Bill Grimes, president of ESPN, which like the USA Network, is off about 10% in the ratings. "The thinking is, if there is a reasonable limit here beyond which the advertisers are not going to go, then we'd better not make a real bad buy because we're liable to lose our jobs."

But that is just talk. What have the networks done so far that will change our viewing habits?

Well, ABC recently jettisoned *Superstars*, one of those gimmicky TV soufflés that had been around since 1975. Trouble is, NBC picked it up. ABC also lopped off its spring *Pro Bowlers' Tour*, shelved the venerable *American Sportsman* series and let go a number of production people (among them, one of its two main baseball directors and the producer of its Olympic "up-close-and-personal" shorts). The formerly sacrosanct *Wide World Of Sports* will be cut back from 90 minutes to an hour in May. Pilson said CBS Sports will reduce its programming by 3% in '85, dropping whole events in some cases and cutting back hours in others.

Then there's hard evidence that TV rights payments already are leveling off. Since last June a number of bowl committees and golf tournaments have renewed their contracts with the networks or ESPN with clauses that protect the networks from lower than expected ratings. There have been reports that the Cotton Bowl took its first pay cut since Texas joined the Union. If this trend continues, something dire may happen. Everybody may start holding the line—leagues, teams, players and agents—and viewers may get their minds off the frivolous news and onto the sports news. Think of it: a sports page without a line about money.

Basically, somewhere out there, there is a societal change toward spectator sports. You can't single any one factor out, but you can state

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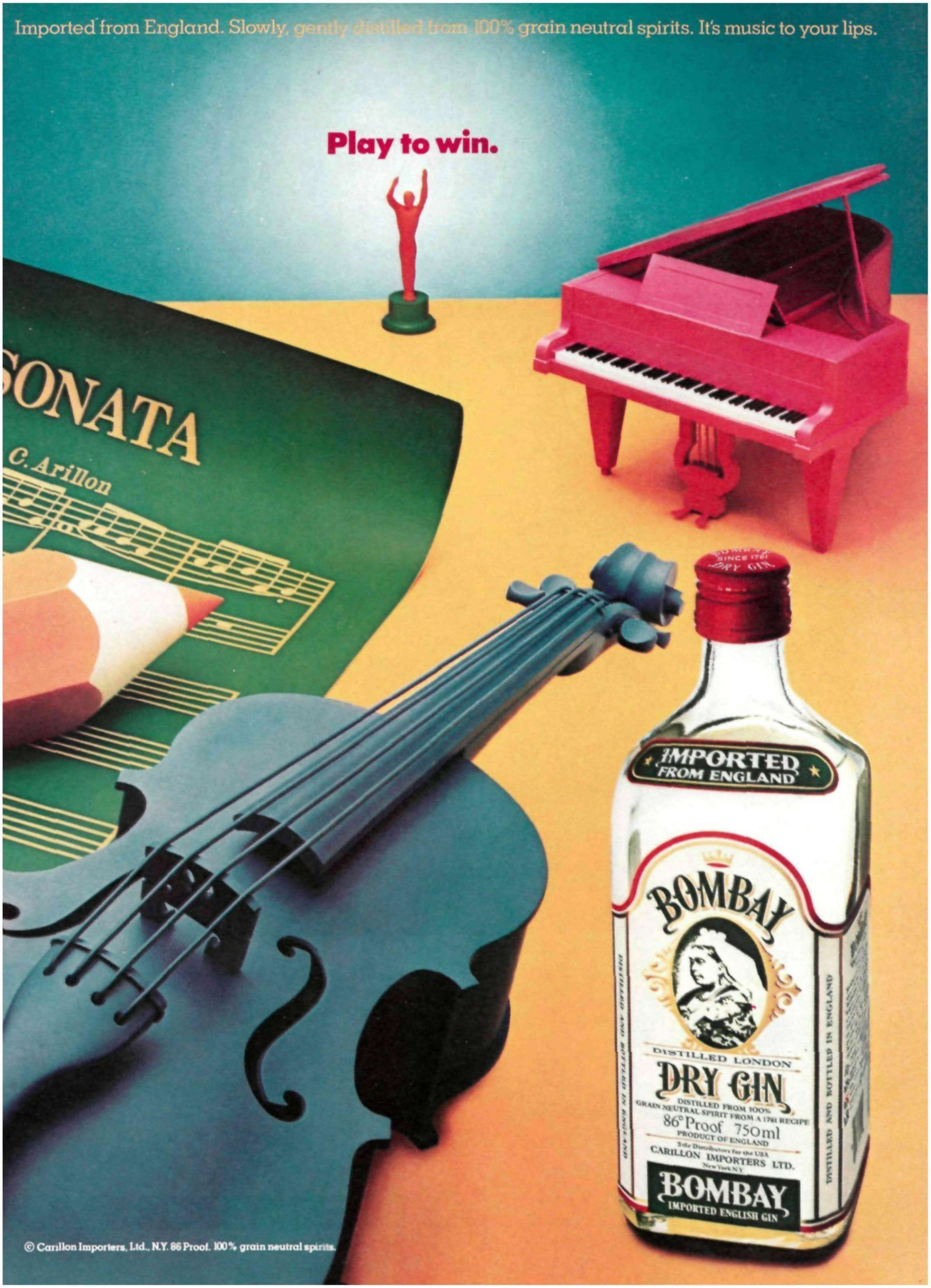

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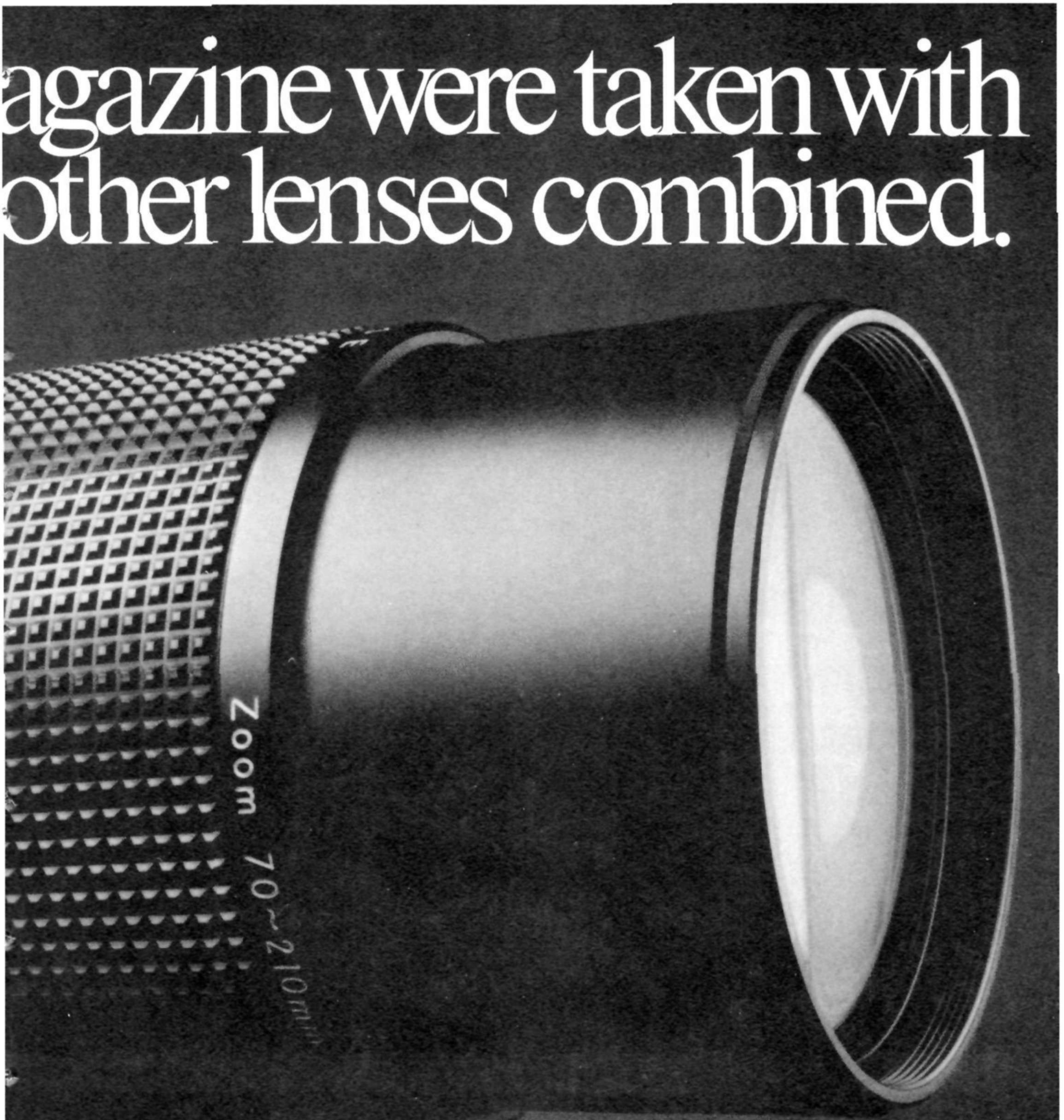

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—HOWARD COSELL

I got with a group of friends who would gather around the television on Sunday afternoons and Monday nights. When we sort of drifted apart, I found the games didn't mean to me as much as the people. It's strange. I'm more interested in what happens in sports than before, but I'm not interested in seeing it happen.

—MIKE ELLIS
computer salesman, San Diego

Three principal theories as to why network sports ratings are suffering are making the rounds. Surely you sympathized with that fellow with the shapes and forms swimming before his eyes? All right, that's glut. You have one of those cable systems with 38 channels, half of which seem to carry sports? Fine. That's viewing alternatives. You say you're the father of an 11-year-old who can't understand why Brian Sipe upped and left the Browns? Join the crowd. That's the mystique factor.

THE GLUT

Cosell on football: "People who work for me, who've been in the sports business all their lives, say they can't watch it anymore, that the game is a bore, that it's a stereotype. The plethora of football games on the air has deleteriously affected the professional sport." (For us common folk, this means "overexposure has hurt the NFL.")

Football glut is one of those things that's self-evident; it's like eating too much over the holidays. "I'm sure the USFL [whose presence has meant that we've had football without a break now since August 1982] has affected our ratings some," says Houston Oiler quarterback Warren Moon. "I think people are just kind of footballed out by the time we come along." And it's not just football, of course. According to BBDO, the program category with the largest number of network telecasts in the last five years was weekend anthology shows. Anthologies ranked second to football in the number of network hours, ahead of both baseball and college basketball.

Ken Schanzer, executive vice-president of NBC Sports, is perhaps the leading advocate of the glut theory. The greater the number of games, he says, the

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less likely it is a fringe viewer will tune in to any one of them. "You may have greater interest on the part of those who watch, but what you're stepping on is the last pieces of your rating—somebody who will turn it on if it's not available elsewhere but may not turn it on if it's ever-present."

Here's some hard evidence in favor of the glut theory: The only major sport with reduced exposure on the networks in the last five years, the NBA, suddenly went up in the ratings (from an average of 6.2 in '80 to 7.6 in '83; it declined to 7.2 last year).

VIEWING ALTERNATIVES

As far as Steve Leff is concerned, the vast number of options available to cable viewers is the culprit. Leff is executive vice-president and media director for Backer & Spielvogel, which has the Miller Beer account. "You'd have to be a piece of wood not to realize that if there are more choices, to some degree people are going to exercise that freedom of choice," he says. "The viewer now has 30 choices as opposed to three."

It used to be that the networks paid the freight but had all the viewers. Now a lot of the viewers are tuning in elsewhere. The trend showed up clearly in a Nielsen survey last November. The network affiliates' *share* (the percentage of TV sets actually in use) went down 4% for all TV viewing in 1984. The big gainers were cable-originated services, such as ESPN and USA, and the superstations.

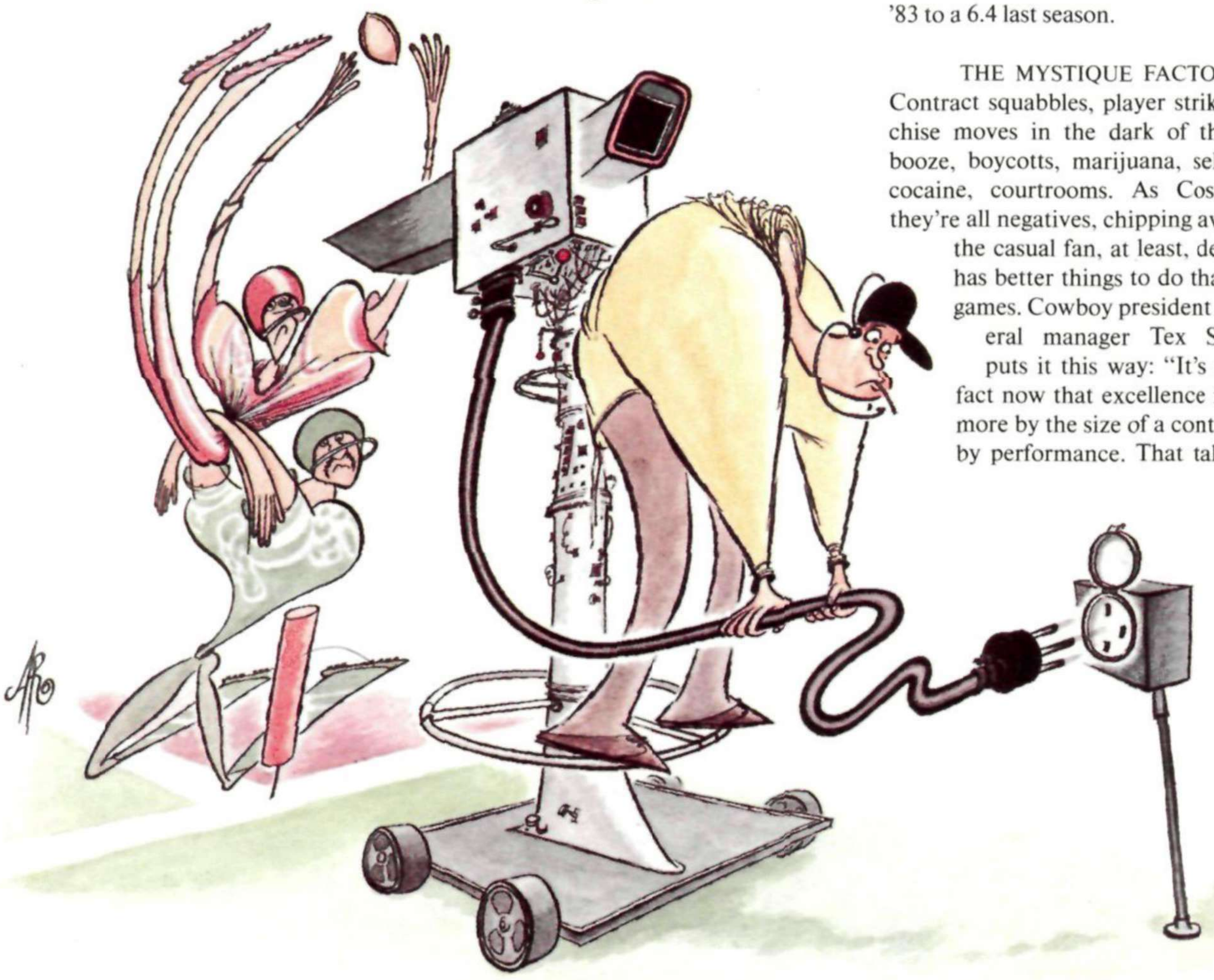
Viewing alternatives include the video recorder. No one knows how many *Monday Night Football* fans, say, have been lost to the VCR, but rest assured this gadget eats away at sports ratings. Why watch just another game when you can pop in, say, *Animal House*? Dr. Raymond Kitziger, an orthopedic surgeon in New Orleans, says, "I consider myself a big football fan. However, I'd rather see *Casablanca* for the 32nd time than watch Cincinnati play Houston. I'd rather hear Bogart tell Bergman, 'The problems of three little people don't amount to a hill o' beans in this crazy world' than listen to a play-by-play man say it's third-and-long."

Evidence in favor of the viewing alternatives theory? Major league baseball, which prohibited its teams from putting games on independent stations, superstations or pay-TV outlets on Saturday afternoons last season, thereby giving NBC's *Game of the Week* exclusivity in its time frame, came back from a 5.8 in '83 to a 6.4 last season.

THE MYSTIQUE FACTOR

Contract squabbles, player strikes, franchise moves in the dark of the night, booze, boycotts, marijuana, selfishness, cocaine, courtrooms. As Cosell said, they're all negatives, chipping away until the casual fan, at least, decides he has better things to do than watch games. Cowboy president and general manager Tex Schramm puts it this way: "It's almost a fact now that excellence is judged more by the size of a contract than by performance. That takes some of the glamour and mystique out."

Don Ohlmeyer, formerly executive producer of NBC Sports and now the head of his own production company, says the ratings are down because the fans are also down. "The players don't give the fans any reason to root for them anymore," he says. "It used to be that if the team won, terrific. In baseball now



Pulling the plug on regional telecasts.

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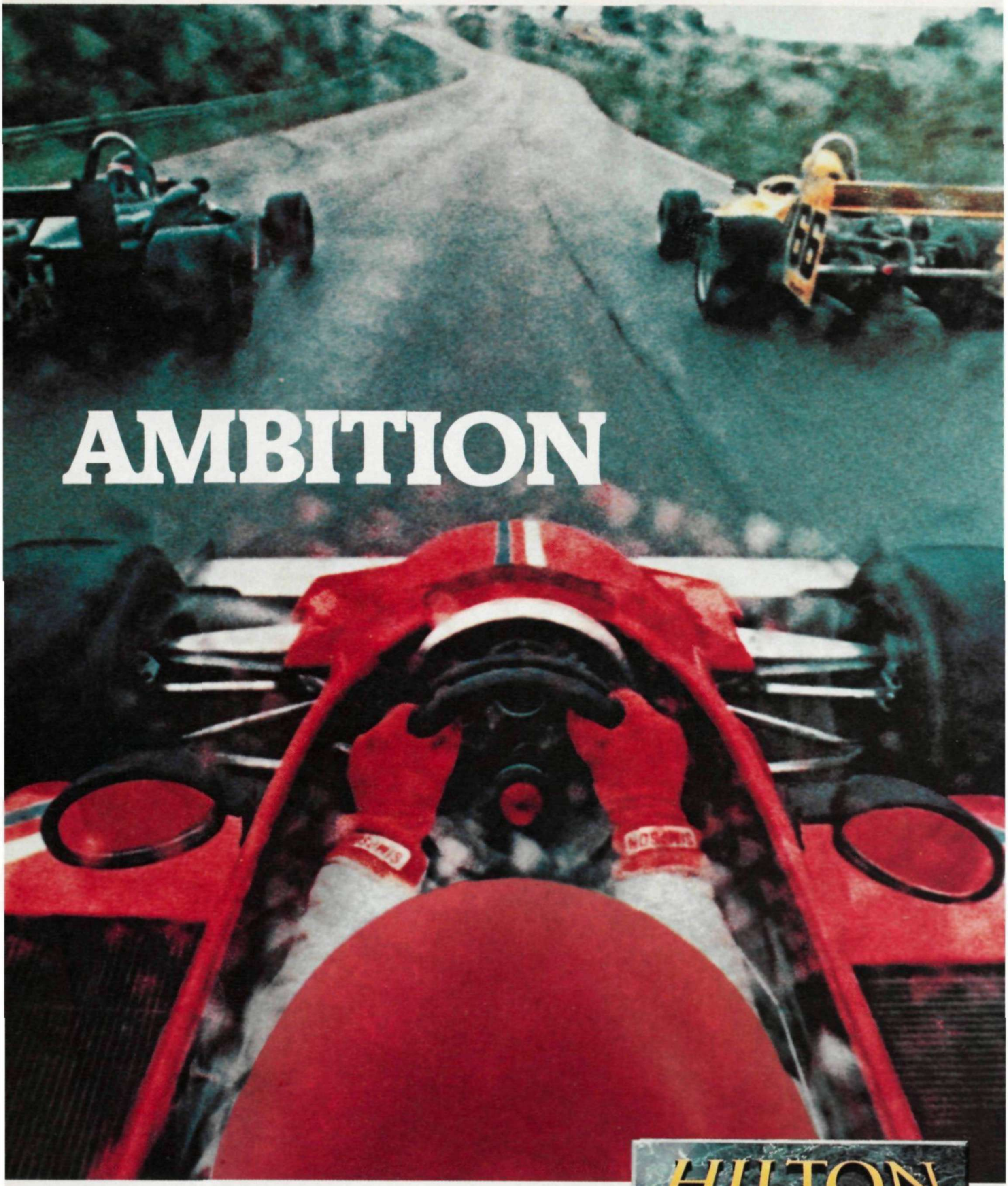

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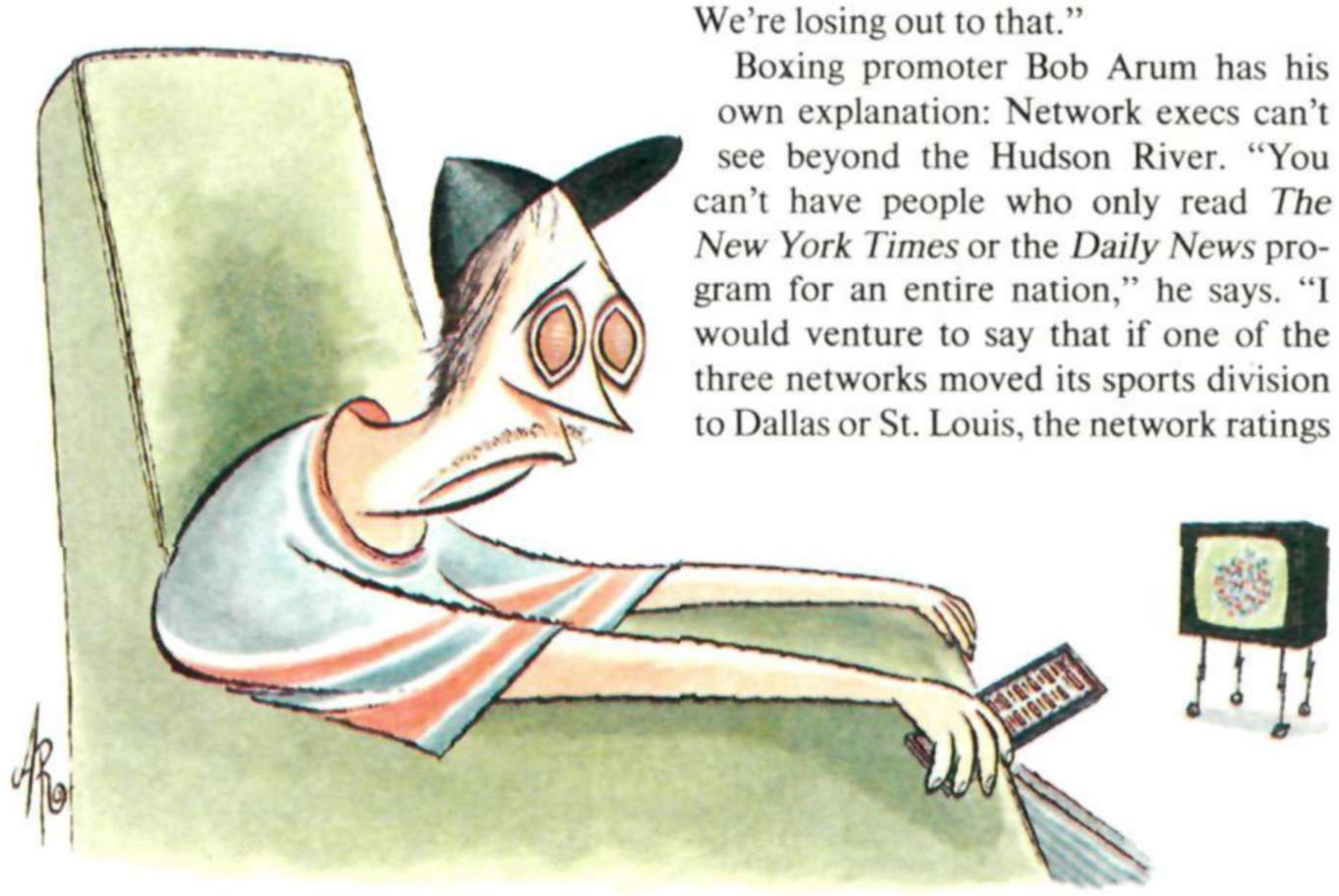
it's, 'If they don't pay me enough money, I'm leaving. I have no loyalty to you, little kid, even though it's you who comes and pays the three bucks that allows the club to pay my salary.' I think the fans are asking themselves, 'If they don't care about me, why should I care about them?' "

Mystique is my pet theory. I think expansion and what I call "quality inflation" also have turned viewers off. There are too many leagues, too many teams, too many players. How can you possibly remember it all. The record book has been watered down by longer seasons. Boxing has become a farce with "junior" this, "super" that and three "crowns" per weight level. Everything seems prepackaged nowadays, like mustard in little plastic pouches. Sure, glut and viewing alternatives hurt. But expansion and quality inflation and all the other bad vibes have affected my interest more.



The OD'd viewer.

Now mix in the drug headlines. "If I were Rozelle," says Leff, who places spots for one of the NFL's major advertisers, "I'd make every player in the league take a saliva test every hour of the day until I cleaned the drugs out of there." Says Rozelle, referring to drugs and all the other negatives: "People are used to reading this kind of bad news in other sections of the newspaper. When you see the same thing attributed to your favorite diversion, it's a turnoff."

There are still other theories for the downtrend. Kids watching MTV. Networks counter-programming big games with the likes of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf Before I Left My Burning Bed And Found God.* And not least, the fitness boom. "Heck, when I was a kid," John Madden told S.I.'s Lisa Twyman, "there were jocks, but there were also people interested in music, books and art—intellectuals, sophisticates. Some of them never worked up a sweat in their lives. Now everyone's active. People do more things. The alternatives are to watch a game, go play a game or just go outside. Watching is not in first place anymore. There are other things to do. There are these Jane Fonda exercise books and videos, people who eat quiche and sushi. We're losing out to that."

Boxing promoter Bob Arum has his own explanation: Network execs can't see beyond the Hudson River. "You can't have people who only read *The New York Times* or the *Daily News* program for an entire nation," he says. "I would venture to say that if one of the three networks moved its sports division to Dallas or St. Louis, the network ratings would go up because then they would have their finger on the pulse of the nation."

The next negotiation is going to be murder. For the first time I can remember the NFL is not going to be able to dictate terms.

—STEVE LEFF

I'm not convinced that everything is black and getting blacker. It's been my experience that few things happen to the extent that most people believe and fear.

—TOM WINNER
advertiser, New York City

Let's dream for a moment. Say it's the year 2000. What will we see? A saner world, I think. We'll see enormous, thin, high-resolution TV screens. We'll see viewers sitting before computers or cod-

continued

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ing boxes, ordering up the particular games they want to watch. There will be a profusion of sporting events still flickering across the screen. But a degree of sanity will have been restored. The networks, which because of their reach will still carry the prestige events, will not be quite as powerful. The players will have adjusted. We will see neither rainbow nor pot o' gold, but pay-TV providing a steady income. The question, of course, is how to get to the year 2000 from 1985. That's where the sky gets gloomy. If Pilson and his network counterparts do start paying less, a lean period that could last a decade or more will be in the offing for leagues, conferences and players alike.

Upshaw says that if the networks ever started offering less, the players would "have to look to expand it. We'll go to pay-per-view and cable." But that view is woefully misinformed. The technology isn't here for pay-TV to come to the rescue. Pay-TV needs millions of complicated gadgets that will let viewers receive individual games for a price, but the electronics will take years to perfect. Sure, the NFL may dabble with basic cable networks, such as ESPN. But it won't find much money there.

How will the changes affect viewers?

In the short run, before financial problems start killing a team here and a team there, not very much. Say the networks and a few syndicators lop off more hours than expected. Independents, superstations and the cable services will still carry a ton of games.

"The viewer will always have a great variety of programming," says NBA commissioner David Stern. "You've got college football and college basketball and the Major Indoor Soccer League and the NASL and the USFL. The North American Baseball League is expected to get started. There's road racing and Superstars and special events and marathons. All you're gonna have to do is learn how to find out where everything is—how to use your channel guide and addressable box."

How about the networks? How will they fare?

They're not exactly going to roll over and play dead. They are, and apparently always will be, the only TV outlets that reach all of the country. At its best, cable TV will reach 60% of the country's homes by 1991. "If we can manage our business properly, we can survive and be very healthy," Pilson says.

continued

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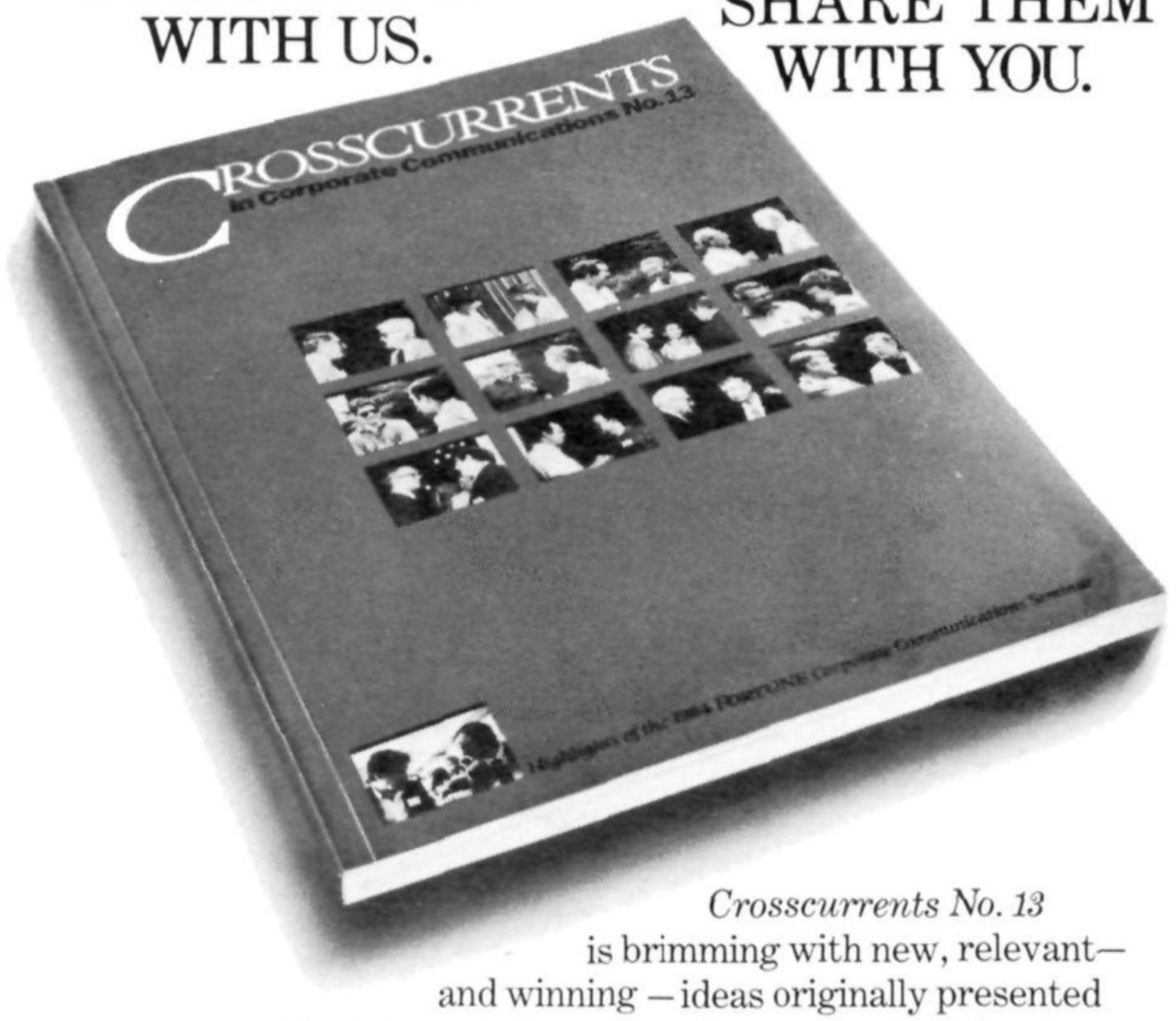

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE BUSINESS CLASS.

PERSPECTIVE *continued*

The networks of the future will focus on high-profile games of national interest. There will be a nice, pat division of responsibility, the networks taking the high road, the other TV outlets filling in on a regional basis. Although cable sports services have been chipping away at the networks' ratings of late, the networks don't believe they're working at cross purposes. Otherwise, ABC would not have purchased 80% of ESPN, and CBS would not have bought 50% of Sports Channel, a regional pay-TV outlet in New York and Boston.

One nightmare that won't come true, at least for a number of years, is the Super Bowl and World Series going to pay-TV. To keep promoting themselves among the fans, the NFL and major league baseball still want the masses to see the crown jewels, so they'll stay with the networks.

How will the syndicators and the advertisers adjust? Some syndicators already are sucking air. "I don't think they'll be able to survive," says Katz president Fred Botwinik, adding that his own company will be an exception. "It doesn't make sense for them to be paying the high rights fees and not getting the return." Conferences with huge syndication deals, take note. The ad men? They'll return to the networks like swallows to Capistrano, but only if the price is right. Network sports advertising was a $1.37 billion business in '83, according to CBS. This year, Chevrolet opted out of the Super Bowl rather than pay ABC's ad rate of $525,000 per half-minute. Chevrolet and Anheuser-Busch moved some ads away from the NFL toward prime-time programs such as *Hill Street Blues*. The networks remain the place where most of the guys who drink beer and drive pickup trucks happen to be. But the ad firm of Needham, Harper & Steers warns, "As male audiences continue to decline, advertisers and their agencies will look harder for alternative media sources."

In '84 an unprecedented number of NFL and major league baseball teams changed hands or were put on the market. Three NFL teams, San Diego, Denver and Dallas, were sold. Another, New Orleans, still has the For Sale sign up. All this in a league in which only one franchise, San Francisco, had been sold in the previous seven years. As for baseball, commissioner Peter Ueberroth says eight of the 26 teams are for sale. Have the owners read Pilson's gospel?

continued

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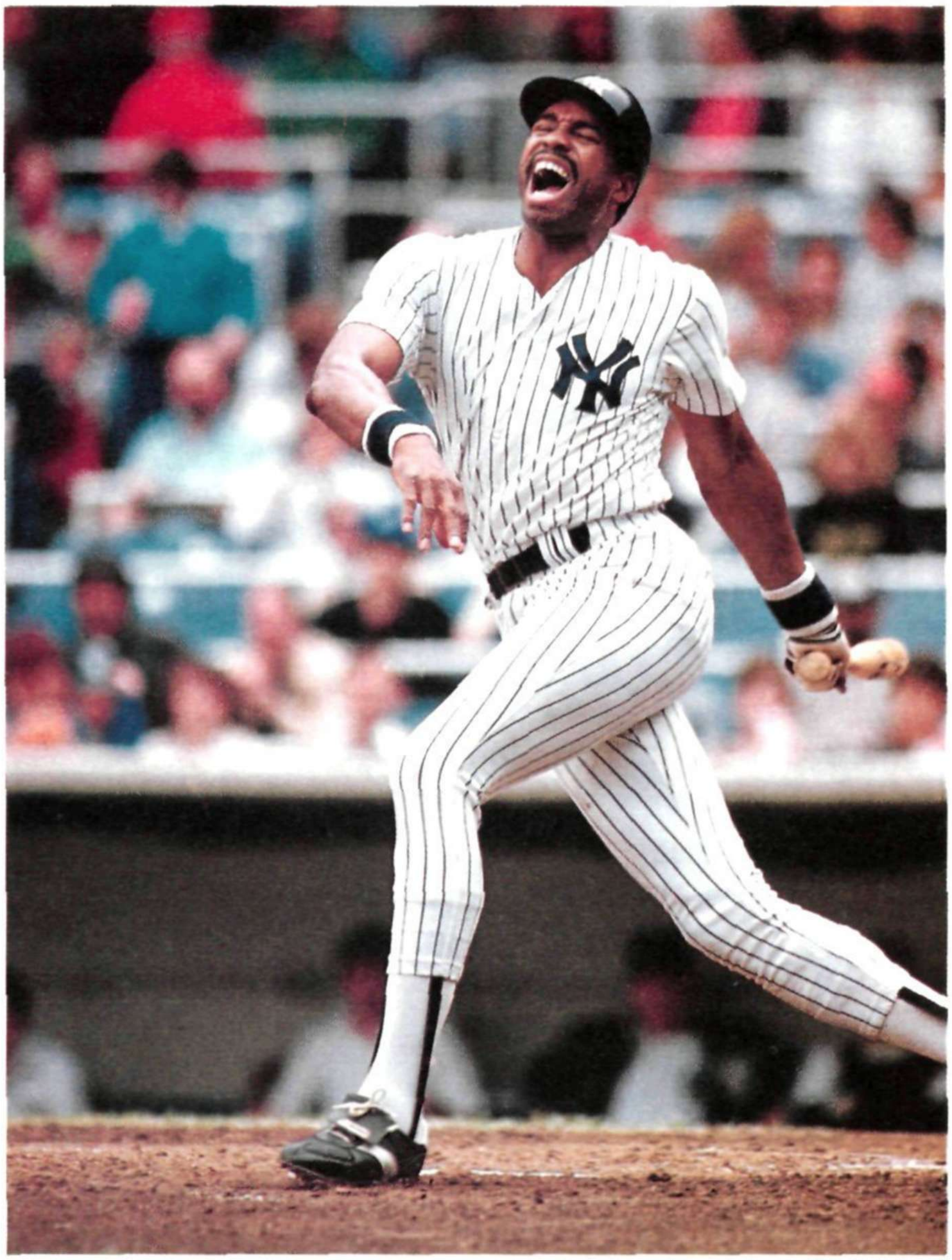

Photograph by John Iacono / Sports Illustrated

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Sports Illustrated
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PERSPECTIVE *continued*

The players may grouse and grumble, but they will have no choice except to live with less. "It's the way the country is headed," Ohlmeyer says. "Chrysler and Ford and most major corporations in America have faced this issue. Sports has always been five or six years behind the country. Race, drugs and the union movement were issues in sports long after they were issues in the country. You'll see, the players will adjust. The only difference is that players are more concerned about the here and now. At Chrysler or Ford, the guy on the production line is planning to be there until he's 65."

The first test case since Pilson sounded his warning may well be the current baseball labor talks. The players are drooling over that $1.1 billion the owners got from NBC and ABC. But the owners now realize that network giveaways might not last forever. "I saw where [Marvin] Miller and [Donald] Fehr [the players' leaders] said major league teams made X number of dollars more in '84 than in '83," Ohlmeyer says. "They're missing the point. The point is that there may not be enough TV money out there in the future to cover the long-term contracts the teams are obligated to pay in the year 2005."

The NFL's next network contract will not begin until 1987, although its dollar value probably will be negotiated after the '85 season. Does Rozelle believe the golden era of increasing payments is over? "It could be true and it could not be," he says. "It all depends on what happens in the ratings. We'll have to improve."

Pilson, who says CBS is still making a profit with the NFL, allows that one of those "moderate" increases may yet be in store. Rozelle seems unusually willing to accept a modest boost. "Regardless of the circumstances, we can't take money that forces the networks automatically into the red," he says. "I don't think we've ever done that. This may be the closest. But we wouldn't try to hold them up for a deal if the ratings don't justify it."

As troubling as it seems, the ratings' slide may point toward a more hopeful future. Nobody enjoys a diet, but belt tightening is healthy after lots of years on the banquet circuit.

Who knows? Less may be more. With less money, leagues may junk their expansion plans and allow us to catch up with the players' names. **END**

Photographed for Sports Illustrated by Jacqueline Duvo

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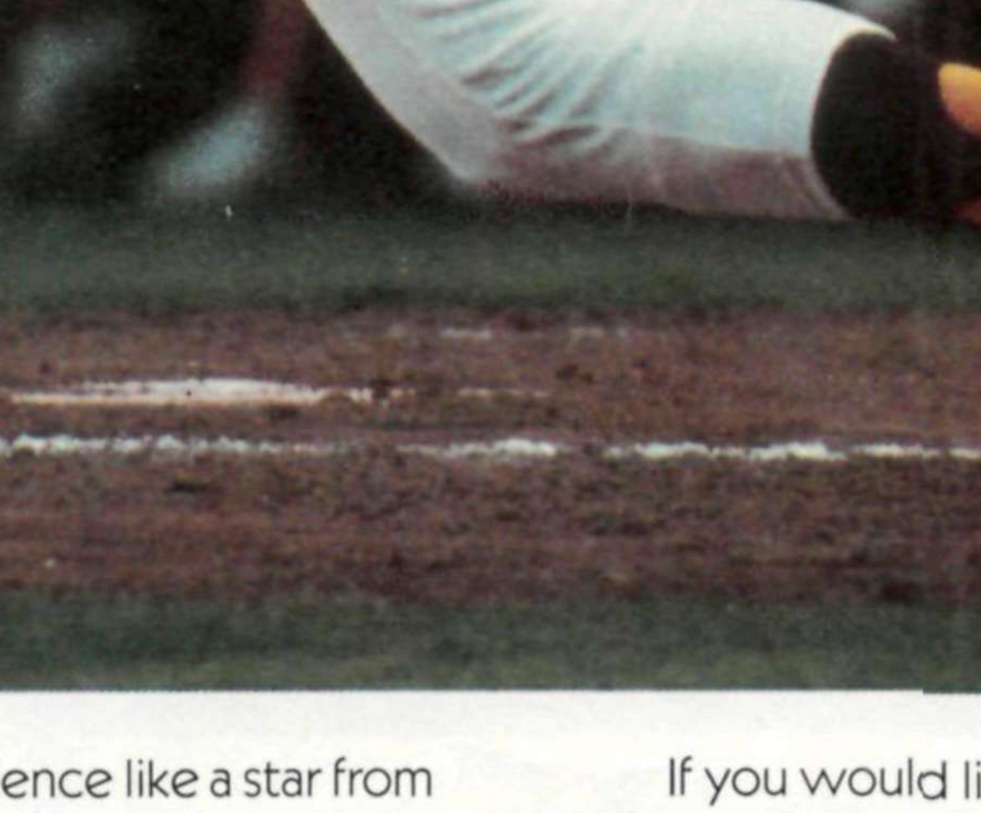

Sports Illustrated
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Yesterday

by DAVID CHAUNER

BACK IN THE EARLY 1900s, BICYCLING WAS BIG AND FRANK KRAMER WAS KING

"July 26, 1922. . . . I can remember that night as if it was yesterday. The velodrome was on South Orange Avenue, right on the trolley line. My father bought box-seat tickets six weeks in advance for a buck-and-a-quarter *each*. That's when you could go to the movies for a nickel, *you know. Every seat in the place was* sold. They packed 16,000 people into the stands and another 4,000 in the infield. Everywhere you looked there were men in shirt sleeves and straw hats. And, let me tell you, a lot more people wanted to get in that night, but the fire marshal wouldn't let 'em sell any more tickets. Oh, it was somethin'. . . ."

Jackie Simes II is recalling a warm *July night in 1922 in Newark, N.J., a* night more than six decades ago that made a lifelong impression on him, though he was then only eight. It was the night the incomparable Frank L. Kramer rode his last bicycle race.

Simes, now 71, was America's amateur road cycling champion in 1936. A year later his career ended when, as a rookie pro, he crashed through the guardrail of a San Francisco velodrome and suffered serious intestinal injuries.

Simes's voice has a raspy quality, the kind you'd expect a fight trainer to have. His accent has a strong tinge of the Bronx. His blue eyes, surrounded by deep creases, are crystal clear and they narrow as he reminisces. For a few min*utes he's back at trackside, a youngster* peering over the wooden barrier that separated him from his hero.

"I could've almost reached out and touched him," Simes continues, "he was so close to the rail. He wore a white silk jersey with an American flag sewn over his heart. And he rode a silver bike. Nobody else rode a silver bike like his. When it caught the stadium lights just *right, it almost blinded you.*

"His trainer held him up while he got his feet strapped into the pedals. He was a big, handsome man with a beautiful pair of legs and a powerful, well-proportioned body. When he was ready he sat up straight, one arm around his trainer. And he held his head up high, like he was lookin' past the crowd.

"Then the announcer strides up to the starting line and waits till the crowd quiets down. I'll never forget that big booming voice—he didn't use no PA or nothin'—and he bellows out, real slow, 'La-dies annnd Gen-tle-men. . . . Frank L. Kramer . . . will make . . . his last appearance . . . and he will attempt . . . to break the world's record!'

"Well, like one person that whole stadium rose to its feet, and when Kramer rode around the top of the track slowly, building up speed, the cheers followed him like a tidal wave. I had goose bumps on my arms.

"You know, at age 42 he broke his own record and tied the *world* record for one-sixth of a mile that night. After 27 years of racing! I don't care what anybody says, there's never been an athlete, before or since, that could hold a candle to Frank Kramer."

Perhaps Simes is right. It's possible that had Kramer's sport not faded from public attention in the U.S., his name would be as recognized today as those of Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey or Ty Cobb. But the sport of bicycle *racing on the dozens of steeply* banked wooden velodromes that once dotted the Atlantic seaboard in places like Boston, Providence, Coney Island, Newark and Philadelphia just disappeared. Completely.

Why that happened is a matter of conjecture. The dwindling number of oldtimers who were *involved with the game offer opinions* based on incidents recalled from flickering memories. But all of them, and hundreds of articles in the most prominent big-city newspapers and magazines of the day, agree on one thing: There has never been a professional athlete who dominated a highly competitive sport so completely and for so long as Frank L. Kramer. The man they called Big Steve, possibly after a popular cartoon character of the day or maybe because of his

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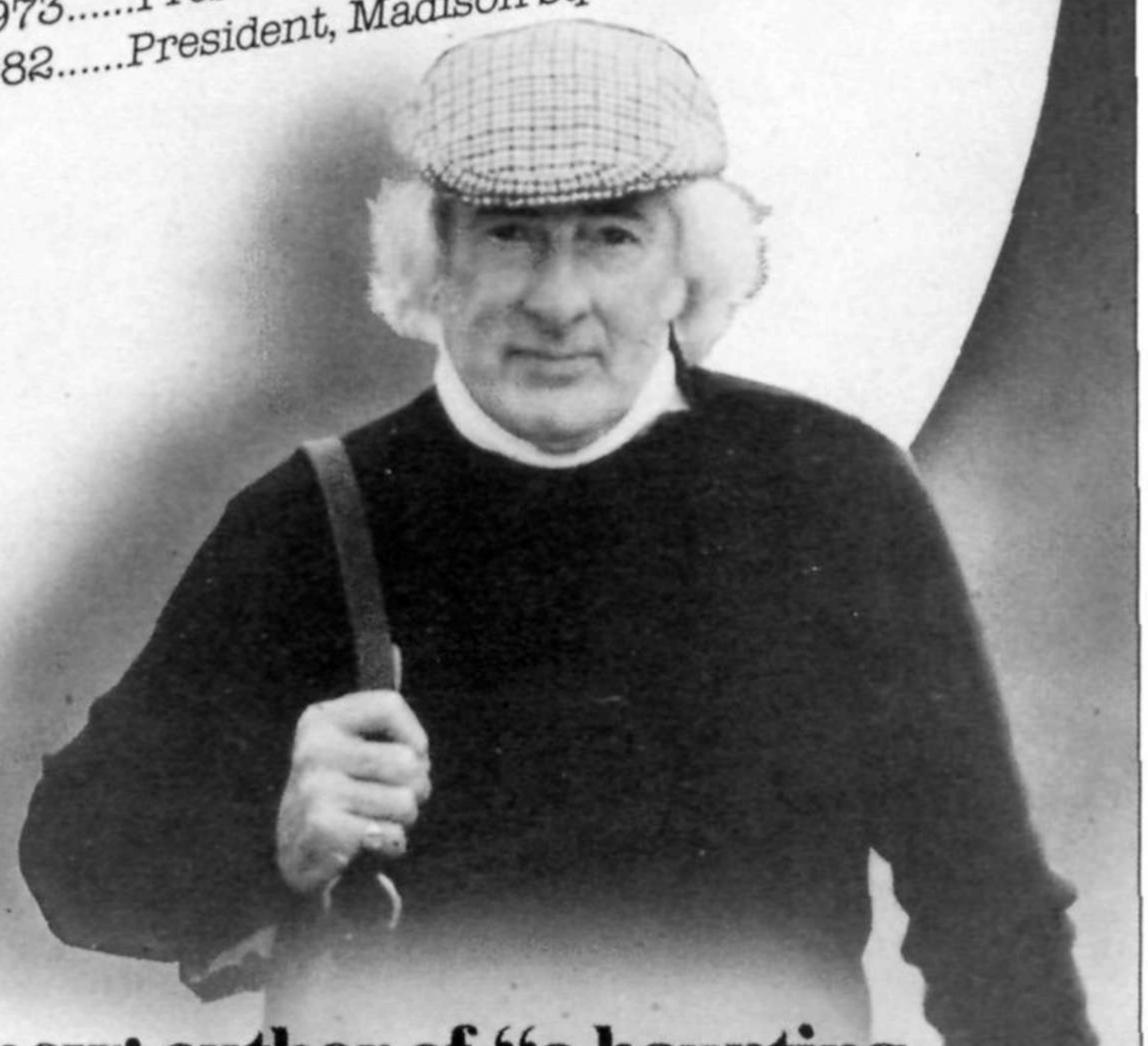

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Michael Grenham

rugged looks or because he reminded the fans of a stevedore.

For 16 consecutive years, from 1901 to 1916, Kramer was the U.S. professional champion. He came back twice more to take the title, in 1918 and in 1921, when he was 41 years old. He probably could have won the annual world championship a dozen times, but that isn't important. The one year he bothered was 1912, when the event was held on his home track in Newark. In those days, the U.S. dominated the sport, so if you could beat your fellow Americans, you could beat the world, a point Kramer proved repeatedly in four well-publicized trips to Europe during the course of his career. In 62 starts abroad he won 50 races, many of them against world and foreign national champions.

Not entirely coincidentally, Kramer's golden years coincided with the rise of "Colonel" John M. Chapman, the promoter who became the czar of bike racing. He controlled the talent. He managed the tracks. He determined the events that mattered. In 1911 he signed Kramer to a contract that reputedly bound him to Chapman's organization for 10 years. The deal guaranteed Kramer an annual five-figure income, for which he agreed to appear in a set number of Chapman's promotions each season. The contract also helped make Chapman the richest man in the sport.

In 1911 Chapman and his financial partner, Frank Mihlon, built a velodrome on South Orange Avenue in the Vailsburg section of Newark, then a pleasant suburb of wide-lawned homes and prosperous businesses. The track was a one-sixth-mile, steeply banked bowl constructed of pine slats curved over heavy wooden framing. There were bleachers and reserved seats for some 12,000 paying fans; the infield could accommodate 3,000 more. The new velodrome was less than a mile from where Big Steve had grown up.

Season after season, Chapman used to bring talent from around the world to race against Kramer at Newark and at the growing number of eastern tracks Chapman controlled.

Dozens of Australian, Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, British, French, Italian and Canadian competitors, as well as hundreds of Americans, signed up for Chapman's races. But Kramer was always the biggest drawing card. As Joe Neville, nephew of one of Kramer's trainers, Jack Neville,

continued

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put it, "As soon as these guys would get off the boat, Big Steve would knock 'em off. The fans loved seeing him battle to stay on top. Now, don't get me wrong, he was beaten by a lot of these guys, good riders. But he always came through when it counted. He was a real American hero."

Kramer's talents on a bike were best displayed in short-distance sprints. He was virtually unbeatable when matched against one or two other riders in half-mile to two-mile races.

Not surprisingly, the annual, season-long American professional championship that Kramer dominated for so many years included a lot of races of two miles or less. In spite of frequent accusations of favoritism, Chapman did all he could to ensure that the mix of title events emphasized Kramer's specialty.

"Sure, Chapman set up races to favor Big Steve," says Neville. "But that made it tough on Kramer. The riders were always looking for a chance to knock him off. The guy lived under a helluva lot of pressure."

The matches were not unlike the dicey Olympic sprint cycling competitions of today. Two, three or four riders would make up a half-mile final—three laps on a steeply banked velodrome. With feet tightly strapped to the pedals of their single-geared, brakeless sprint bikes, they could swoop down the 45-degree banks to catch an opponent off guard, run him into the infield or box him in at the rail. The final dash to the line was always a hair-raiser, with victory often measured in inches. Frequently riders would lock handlebars at 40 mph, resulting in broken collarbones and nasty splinters.

"In those days, every kid grew up watching the bike races," says 69-year-old Jack Brennan of Irvington, N.J. "Where we lived, you only went to the ball game when velodrome tickets were sold out. And when you went to see Kramer, it was like going to see God."

But Kramer was not carried away by such adulation; his personal habits were beyond reproach. "Regularity and knowing what my system could stand gave me the vitality to ride the way I did," Kramer said long after he retired. "I was always in bed at nine."

In the matter of sex, Kramer was said to exercise great restraint. "In those days," Simes says, "they believed that foolin' around made you weak—took the edge off your sprint. They'd put in your contract that you couldn't get *married!* Imagine that! Why, Jimmy Walthour signed a contract where he'd get paid 10 grand a year for 10 years so long as he didn't get married. So the next year he ups and ties the knot, at 17. Blew his contract.

"Now Jimmy, of course, he was awful headstrong. But Kramer, he lived by the book. He was the *example.* Didn't get married till he was 44, two years after he retired."

But above all, Kramer is remembered for bringing class to the bike game. Though he came from a modest family in rural Indiana, he wore the mantle of champion with the dignity of an aristocrat. He associated himself with people and products of quality. For most of his career he rode shiny nickel-plated Pierce-Arrow bicycles, custom-made for him each season at the famous bicycle and automaker's Buffalo plant. He had an affinity for sports cars and enjoyed playing golf.

Sent East from Evansville, Ind. by his mother and father in the 1890s for health reasons (New Jersey's clean air was supposed to be good for the respiratory problems he suffered from as a child), Kramer grew up with foster parents in East Orange, N.J. His bike-racing debut was hardly auspicious. In his first event, May 30, 1896 in Weequahic Park, Newark, Kramer finished dead last.

That was at the tail end of an era of transition from the high-wheeled "ordinaries" to "safeties," those revolutionary machines with wheels of equal size and pneumatic tires. Astride a safety, a sprint rider could approach the astonishing speed of 40 mph.

Despite early physical problems, attributed to unusually rapid growth, Kramer liked reaching that kind of speed. He quickly learned how to handle the safety and by 1898 had won his first national amateur title.

In 1899, when Kramer won his second U.S. amateur championship, there were some 100 velodromes scattered across the country and a class of wealthy professionals who matched wheels in spectacular sprint races on a circuit that included most major American cities, as well as Montreal, Paris, Berlin and Copenhagen.

Joe Neville recalls stories his uncle used to tell about the rivalries that sometimes developed between Kramer and men like Alf Goullet, the Australian who finished second to Kramer in the American Championships some 15 times. "Goullie was a tough, gutsy little rider," says Neville, "and he could beat Kramer probably more than anyone else."

According to one newspaper's account, on a night late in his career, Kra-

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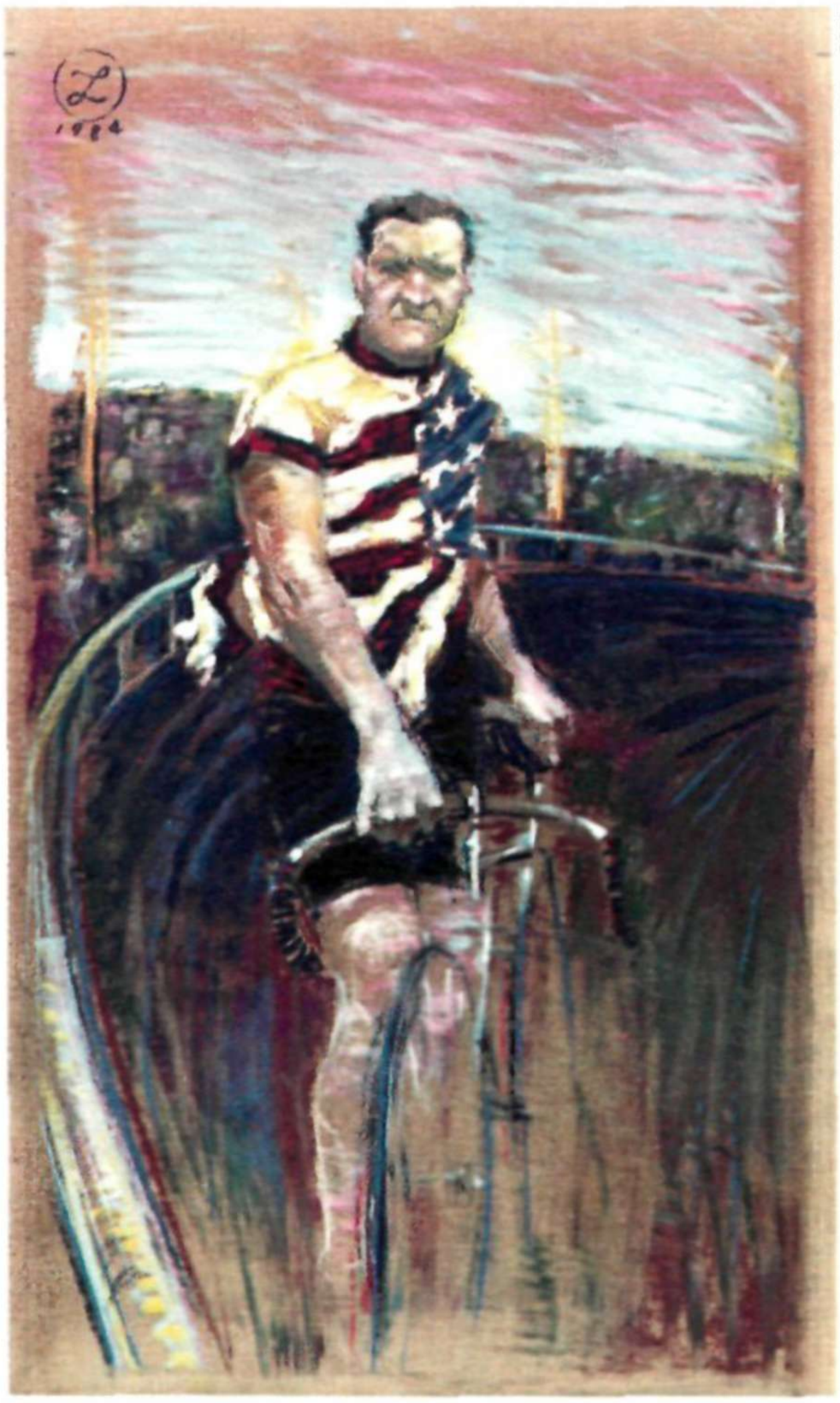

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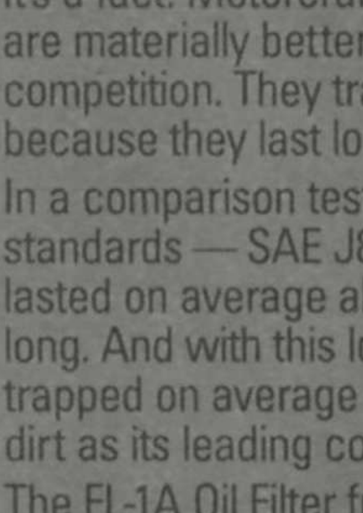

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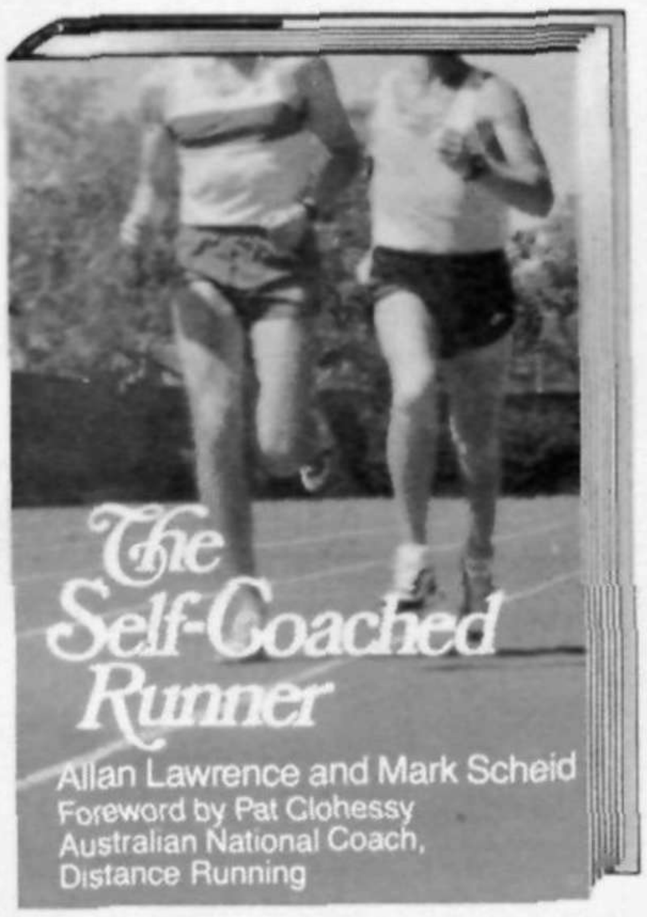

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mer had finally had enough: "Old Champ Kramer can stand for riders teaming against him, but when it is upheld by the race officials, it is a little more than the venerable citizen of East Orange can stand and still exert perfect control over his well-known dignity. Last night it appeared as though everybody was against Kramer, and the old boy resented it in an astonishing manner. Dignity or no dignity, Kramer stepped up to Goullet and parked a right smart left hook on Alf's jaw, and other blows followed . . . [Finally] the belligerents were separated."

Goullet, now 93, plays down such incidents. "Oh sure, we all sometimes got in mix-ups of some kind or another," he says. "Of course, the press would always blow it up. But they liked Frank Kramer. He got most of the good press, and he deserved it."

The best-known rider at the turn of the century was little Major Taylor, one of the first black athletes to break the color barrier in professional sports—nearly 50 years before Jackie Robinson. It was the Major who, flashing a big roll of bills he had just won at a Philadelphia race in 1899, influenced Kramer to turn professional. Judging from the fierce rivalry that quickly developed between the two, Taylor's bankroll had goaded Kramer, who subsequently never missed the opportunity to compete against the "colored champion."

If Kramer's wholesome image was tarnished in any way, it was by his reputed prejudice against the Major—which, however, given the times, may have made him more, rather than less, popular with the fans.

Kramer was defeated by Taylor only once in the U.S. professional championship—in 1900, the first year Big Steve rode as a pro. According to one newspaper account, "Major Taylor was then at the zenith of his power, and it was the colored star, with his French sprint and cunning tactics, who took the mantle, not the East Orange speed merchant."

But Kramer would hold the title for the next 16 years. His durability was attributed not only to his Spartan life-style, but also to his meticulous study of the sport. He employed a trainer to help condition him and to administer daily massages. He made a study of sprint-racing tactics. And he went into the factories to learn every detail of bicycle construction and mechanics.

"I would say," observes Neville, "that Kramer was an intelligent, single-minded individual. He didn't enjoy defeat. He made himself a star. He set very high standards for himself, so high that my uncle said he was starting to crack a little toward the end—his nerves, you know.

"But Big Steve always had a grandeur, a star quality about him, that gave the sport some class. He lived for the bike the way Caruso lived to sing. The same kind of people that went to the opera came to see Frank. In my opinion, when Kramer quit the bike game, it folded up."

And in truth, in the eight years after Kramer's farewell, Chapman was never able to find another star of his stature. Kramer remained in Chapman's organization as a chief judge. After his retirement, his presence at the major velodromes contributed to the continued success of those facilities until they abruptly went out of business in the early 1930s.

The 30,000-seat New York Velodrome at 225th and Broadway in the Bronx burned to the ground on Aug. 4, 1930. At the end of that season the lease ran out on the Newark Velodrome. With Chapman more interested in his Georgia plantation and the Depression worsening, there was little incentive to rebuild, and the sport went into a nose dive from which it couldn't recover.

Kramer died in 1966 at 86, the retired police chief of East Orange, N.J. He had never been inducted into a hall of fame. He had never served as the commissioner of a multimillion-dollar sports league. But he did hold the unique distinction of having dominated one of America's most popular professional sports for 27 years. And he was one of the first Americans to live the life of a totally dedicated professional athlete.

Perhaps that's why the *The New York Times* of July 31, 1922 proclaimed Kramer's record as "one of amazing endurance and stamina, not to mention success . . . one of the most marvelous in athletic history."

And perhaps that's why the tears flowed freely on Kramer's farewell night at the Newark Velodrome and why the band repeatedly struck up *Auld Lang Syne* and *The Star-Spangled Banner* after Kramer climbed off his bike for good.

"I'm only sorry," said the graying champion in a typically brief statement, "that I'm not 15 years younger so that I might continue to entertain you. However, I have no alternative and must bow to Father Time." **END**

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First Person

by CLIVE GAMMON

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE THE AUTHOR LANDS ONE STRIPER OF LASTING IMPORTANCE

On the last day of 1984, in the little harbor of Oxford, Md., the rainsqualls whipped at your face. Canada geese, beating south, were only a shade blacker than the sky. The channel markers were hardly visible. Two of us were alone on the dock, possibly the only people on *any* dock along the entire Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake. "Crazy, crazy, crazy," said Jim Price. An understatement.

Somehow Jim had managed to wrap himself in two parkas, but no parka ever stitched together could cut the kind of wind chill that we would hit once we had cleared the harbor and started running fast up the Choptank River. But we had to go on.

Under most circumstances, a phone call would have aborted the trip, but not this one. Dec. 31, 1984 was a day destined to go down in angling history, the last on which you could legally take out a fishing rod and try to catch one of America's best-loved sport fish, the striped bass, in its undisputed home, which is Chesapeake Bay.

The frighteningly acute threat to the striper as a species is well documented (SI, April 23, 1984), as is the deterioration of its spawning streams in the Chesapeake. Some of the gloomier commercial fishermen expected a quota system for 1985 so tough as to restrict the catch to 55% of 1984's level. What they got from Dr. Torrey C. Brown, secretary of the Maryland Department of Natural Resources, however, was worse: a total and crushing moratorium, for an undefined period, on all fishing for striped bass from Jan. 1, 1985 on.

Of course, that ban included sport fishing. And though the whole subject was a serious one for a great many people, into this angler's mind had sprung, unbidden, the thought of a unique record in reverse, a kind of sporting last. Might there not be some sad satisfaction in catching the last-ever striper before the ban came in—as late as possible, that is to say, on New Year's Eve?

However, this was not likely to prove easy. To start with, there aren't that many stripers (called rockfish in the Chesapeake area) around, except for mostly small fish up to a couple of pounds, the progeny of 1978 and 1982 spawnings, which were practically the only even moderately successful ones of the last decade. Also, in the depths of winter, stripers are not very accessible to rod fishing. Their metabolism slows down in the cold water, which curtails their need for food. Instead, winter becomes a picnic for commercial fishermen because the bass, shoaled up tight together, not moving much, are easy prey for the nets. Thus, most recreational anglers along the Eastern Shore have put their rods away by October's end.

But not Jim Price, who (and that was about all I knew of him at this point) fished stripers year-round, mostly in the Choptank River. Jim was for the last-fish idea, he said when I got in touch with him, but he felt we should head out once or twice earlier in December to locate the best fishing spots.

When we made our first trip, though, what we hit was that remarkable shirtsleeves weather, up in the 70s, which marks early winter on the Eastern Seaboard. The stripers didn't know how to react, and neither did we. During that first trip in Jim's 20-foot center-console boat, we worked the arches and pilings of the bridge at Cambridge and every oyster bar along the shores of the Choptank River.

On our first day together I found Price a somewhat dour man who talked little, concentrating hard instead on the fish finder. When a few blips showed up on it, we worked over the fish with jigs and covered them, but, winter somnolent or sunstruck, they wouldn't move, though we kept trying until dark. "It would be something just to see one," I said.

"You want to see some," Jim said, "just head up to Choptank

continued

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village on Monday. My brother Bill should have some in the stake nets then. We're starting to tag the fish now. Should have maybe 2,000 tagged by the New Year."

An Eastern Shore waterman tagging? I had yet to learn that this heavyset, bespectacled man of 42 was perhaps the most formidable ally the striped bass has in the U.S. Later I would discover that it was he who effectively brought in the 14-inch-minimum-size law in Maryland in 1983, and in 1984 formulated the petition and created the pressure that led to the present moratorium. This has made him something of a villain along parts of the Eastern Shore.

His latest fight for the striper, I would also learn, had centered on the formation of his Chesapeake Bay Acid Rain Foundation, devoted to the study of the effect of acid precipitation on the stripers' spawning streams, and that of dissolved metals—aluminum, lead, cadmium, zinc and copper—as well. At this stage Price was raising funds to buy live stripers for about a dollar apiece from watermen at boatside so that they could be tagged and returned to the water. Among those watermen was Bill, who had stake nets out in the Choptank.

Fish, though, have not always dominated Jim Price's life. For 16 years he worked for Maryland in the highway department, concerned with the measurement of materials that go into making roads. A humdrum existence, you might think, and Price tends to agree.

"I never liked it," he says. "For years I'd collected coins as a hobby, and I began to get interested in precious metals. I was familiar with weights and measures from my job, so I began advertising locally in the paper to buy gold and silver. I didn't have money myself, but I borrowed from my family and a friend. I started traveling to Baltimore and other cities, and it got to the point that I could sometimes make $1,000 a day in profit. It was hard to work for $300 a week after that. I quit, and I don't regret losing my pension. Then I started on diamonds, went up to New York City to trade stones."

It's hard to picture Jim Price of Choptank, Md. (pop. circa 100) going from stall to stall on 47th Street, New York City's diamond center, looking for a bargain. Nevertheless, Price, who also operates a charter boat business, not only survived but flourished—now he has two

continued

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jewelry stores on the Eastern Shore, and is thinking about opening a third. He has even talked some of those no-nonsense 47th Street diamond traders into heading down to the Choptank for a day's fishing. That is what he *really* likes doing.

It was my good fortune that Price's sharp mind had been intrigued by the thought of taking the last legally rod-caught striper from the bay, and indeed, that he began to regard it as a personal insult when a second day's dress rehearsal produced another shutout. "I promise you," he said, "that we'll get our rock on New Year's Eve, and that evening we'll sit down and eat him panfried at the Robert Morris Inn, which is the best restaurant in Oxford."

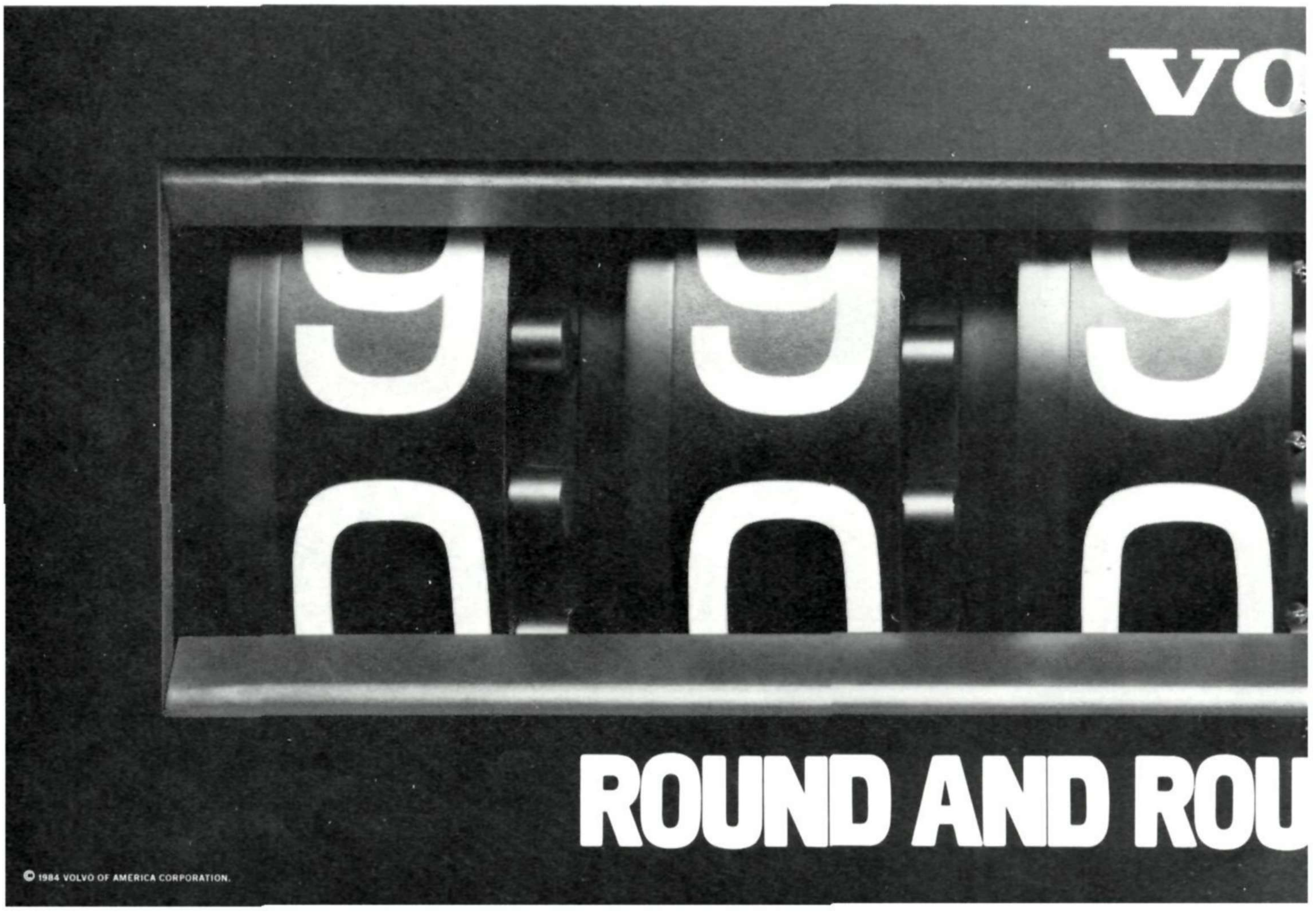
There are times, it must be confessed, when insurance is necessary—before we started out on New Year's Eve we had made plans with the restaurant to drop off some stripers from Bill's nets—but we still hoped to dine on our own rod-caught fish.

The pure vileness of the morning of Dec. 31 made it seem as if our backup stripers would be necessary, even though Jim, late the previous night, had scraped from the piles around the harbor in Oxford, on his knees with a child's net, enough grass shrimp to fill a plastic candy bag.

With cold in our very marrow, we chugged along with the fish finder going. Good-looking ground started showing—an oyster bank. Down went the anchor, out went the lines and straightaway came hits.

No stripers, though, just white perch—fat white perch. There were many of them, as many of them, they seemed to be saying, as we had grass shrimp. Noontime came and went, and then, just as we were telling each other that there was bound to be at least one striper among those perch, all the action ceased.

For three hours there was nothing. Then, as the tide began moving once more, the perch started biting again. The light was fading fast and we were actually stowing some tackle away when my rod arched over and the drag of my reel be-



gan yielding line. Minutes later, flashing at the boatside and looking as magnificently medieval as the checkered gold, black and red of Maryland's flag was my New Year's Eve striper. It was of legal size and was boated at precisely 5:08 p.m. I'll swear no other boat was out on the bay. Thus, I hereby lay claim to the capture of the last legal Chesapeake rock. Whether or not *I* ate him, though, is a matter of conjecture, because somehow the kitchen staff at the Robert Morris Inn made no distinction between him and our iced-down fillets.

In any case, I may have to repeat the feat. Last month, William Gordon, an administrator for the National Marine Fisheries Service, received a petition signed by a concerned citizen, Mr. James E. Price, asking him to declare the striped bass a threatened species from Maine to North Carolina. Mr. Gordon has 90 days to accept or reject the petition, and Maryland's ban sets a precedent that may be hard to ignore.

We'd better make sure of a good supply of grass shrimp for Dec. 31, 1985. **END**

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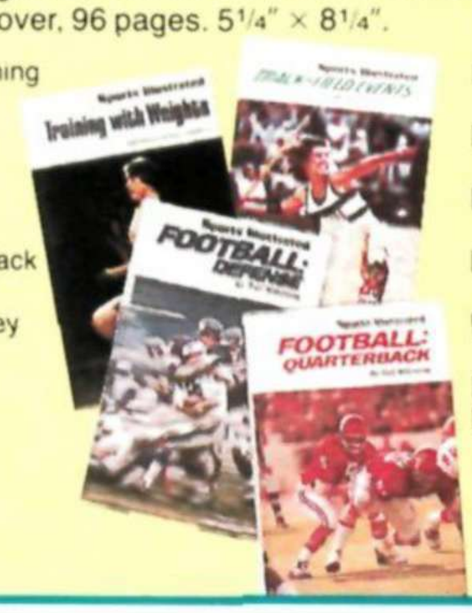

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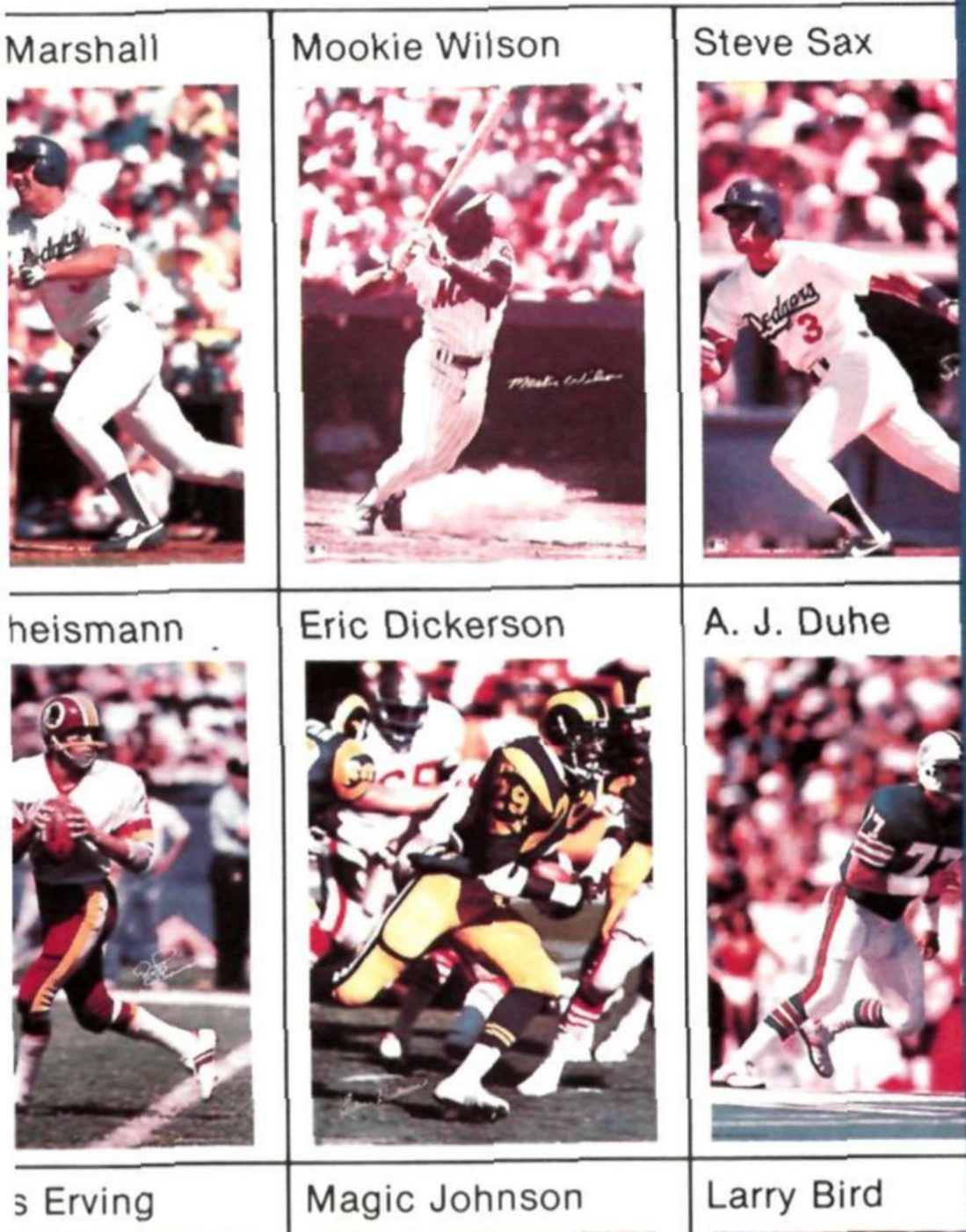

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On The Scene

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

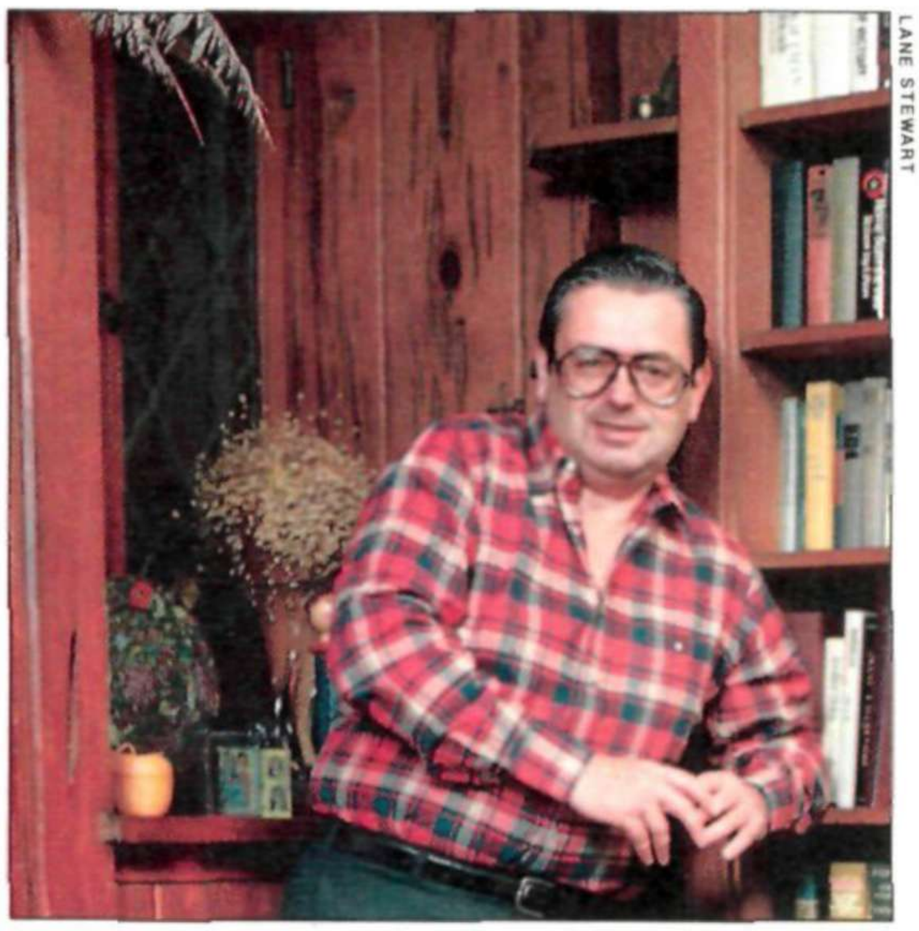
NBA PLAYERS COUNSEL LARRY FLEISHER WEARS A SECOND HAT AS AN AGENT

LANE STEWART

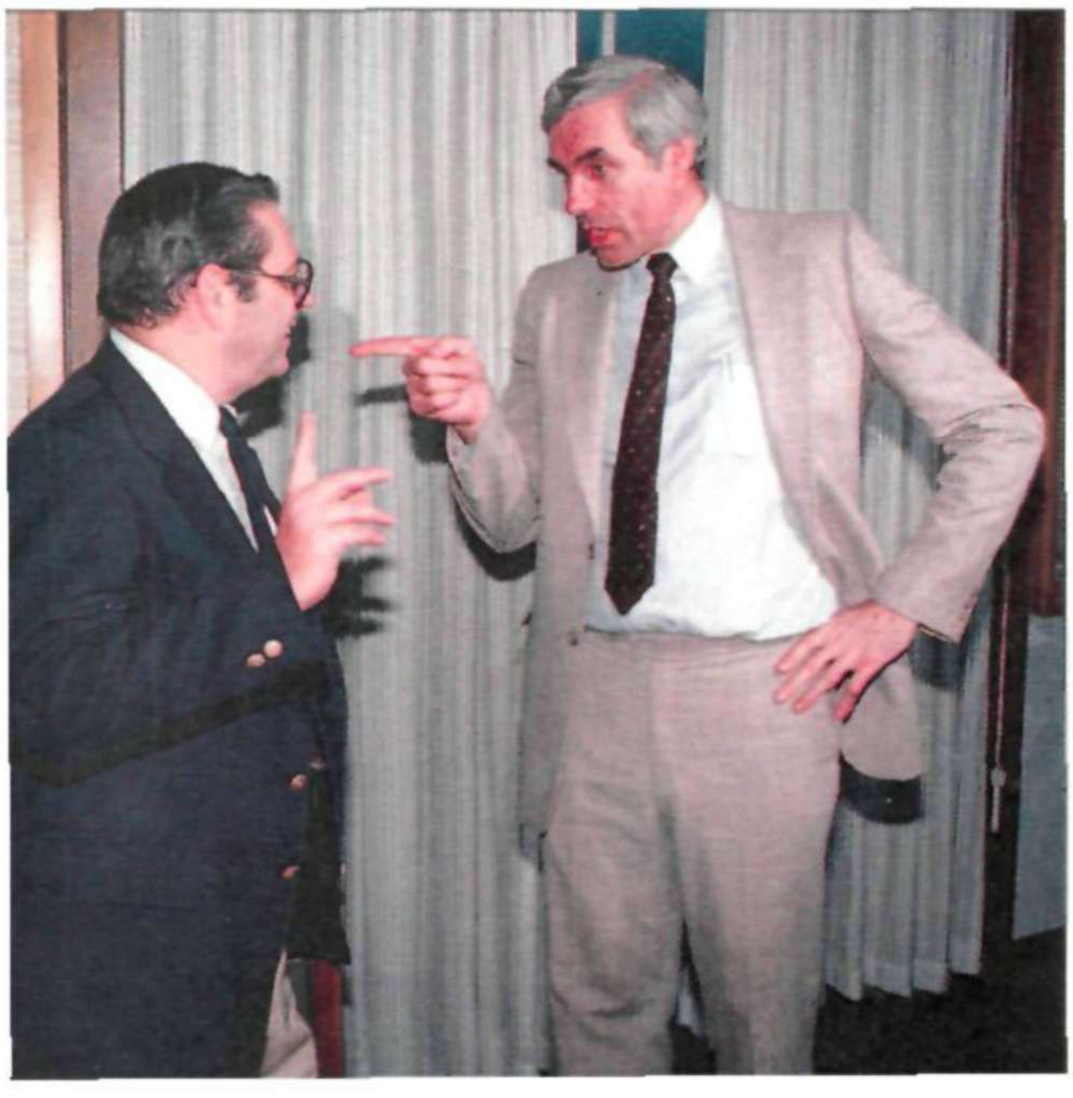
It looked more like the inside of a pro basketball wax museum than the foyer of a posh suburban New York home. Oscar Robertson waited, motionless in the dim light, while in a corner just across from him were Willis Reed and John Havlicek. And standing quietly in the entrance to the den was Dave DeBusschere. These pro greats, along with some 50 other people, were waiting to give Larry and Vicky Fleisher a surprise silver wedding anniversary party.

But there was one slight problem. It was pouring rain, and Fleisher, 54, general counsel for and head of the NBA Players Association, refused to leave his car and come inside until it let up. Absolutely not. It looked as if he was going to spoil his own party, but finally he was persuaded to cooperate and join the crowd. His reluctance to do what others wanted of him is exactly the same quality that has made him pro basketball's immovable mover and unshakable shaker for more than 20 years, and, since 1967, one of the game's most prominent player agents. "It's not stubbornness exactly," says Vicky Fleisher. "It's more like integrity and perseverance and doing what he believes is right."

In 1964, two years after he took over as general counsel, Fleisher decided that athletes whose average careers spanned four years should have a pension plan. So he helped organize a wildcat strike of the All-Star Game that year. The walkout was averted, but its threat snapped the league out of its three-year lethargy and won for the players the most rudimentary of retirement benefits.



LANE STEWART



LANE STEWART

Fleisher has always been the No. 1 player representative for Bradley (top) and DeBusschere.

Nor could Fleisher think of a good reason why a laborer should be limited in his choice of employer simply because his vineyard happened to have hoops atop its trellises. So in 1970, on behalf of the players, he filed a class-action suit attacking the NBA's reserve clause, which was a standard part of every contract that bound a player to a particular team in perpetuity unless that team chose to trade him. The 1976 Oscar Robertson Settlement Agreement grew out of that suit, establishing free agency for players and compensation for management. It was the first successful challenge to a professional-sports reserve clause, and four years later it led to unrestricted player movement, with no compensation.

Two years ago, as NBA owners considered methods of cutting costs, Fleisher saw no reason why players should return to management any of the benefits they'd won over the years. He threatened the league with a potentially debilitating midseason strike. Eventually, working behind the scenes with David Stern, then the league executive vice-president and now commissioner, the two hammered out a collective-bargaining agreement just days before the deadline. A.H. Raskin, the venerable labor correspondent for *The New York Times*, called the pact "statesmanlike ... one of the most innovative in any area of labor-management relations."

Fleisher had taken the league to the brink, but he was now prepared to help bring it back. While the owners received the cap on salaries they had sought, the players got guarantees that no team would spend less than $3.4 million annually on its payroll.

In this era of six-figure player contracts and nine-figure television contracts, it's hard to believe that there was once a time when there was no union and NBA teams weren't even required to send trainers on road trips and could play an unlimited number of exhibition games. Average salaries, now the highest among the major pro teams, were once bottom scale. After the old Baltimore Bullets folded in 1955, it wasn't clear whether players would receive back pay. As a consequence, Bob Cousy helped

continued

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form the Players Association. But initially it was a reckless organization. When Tom Heinsohn succeeded Cousy as union president, a friend recommended Fleisher, then a lawyer and tax accountant, as counsel. Fleisher signed on in 1962.

Today the Players Association has a staff of four with offices in Manhattan. For years Fleisher made the hour-long commute to the city by car from his rambling Tudor house in Chappaqua, N.Y., where he and Vicky raised their children, Marc, 30, now an entertainment lawyer in San Francisco; Eric, 28, a merchandise licenser in New York; David, 21, a senior at Washington University; and Nancy, 19, who is a sophomore at Vanderbilt University.

As a child Larry was a survivor, doted on by his mother, Claire, whose three other sons died shortly after birth as a result of a blood disorder. Morris Fleisher, his father, worked from 6 a.m. till two in the afternoon in the small printing shop he owned in Manhattan, returning by subway to their home in the Bronx soon after Larry was out of school. Like many of the Russian-Jewish immigrants of the era, Morris leaned to the left politically, and made sure his ten employees carried union cards. "He believed there was no employer in the world as good as a union," says his son. "No matter how reasonable or fair an employer is, if he gives his employees something, it's coming out of their pockets."

Life in the Fleishers' neighborhood, a middle-class section of the North Bronx, revolved around the park called The Reservoir Oval, where Larry discovered sports. But his parents made sure he developed his aptitude for numbers. He graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School at 16 and enrolled at New York University, studying accounting.

Three years later, in 1950, Fleisher entered Harvard Law School, where he quickly acquired a reputation as an organizer. He put together an intramural basketball team that included Derek Bok, current president of Harvard; Quentin Kopp, now a successful attorney and, in 1979, an unsuccessful San Francisco mayoral candidate; and H. Lee Sarokin, a federal district court judge in Newark. The law school all-stars once played on the undercard of a Celtics game. As a student Fleisher was solid but undisciplined. "Larry was a crammer," remembers Sarokin. "And cramming in law school is a lot different from cramming in college."

Fleisher's first client was Bill Bradley, who in 1967, two years out of Princeton and fresh from a Rhodes scholarship, retained him to negotiate his contract with the New York Knicks. Fleisher was then doubling as vice-president of Restaurant Associates, a management firm that runs such New York restaurants as The Four Seasons, Charley O's and Mamma Leone's.

The Bradley pact was by far the largest NBA player contract signed to that point, estimated at $750,000 over four years, and it started the trend toward astronomical player salaries. For Fleisher it led to contacts with other Knicks and, eventually, connections with college stars about to turn pro. Fleisher represents, or has represented, David Thompson, Bob Lanier, Paul Silas and Jim Paxson. He has remained close to most of his players, and it's said that he and writer John McPhee are among the most intimate advisers to Bradley, now a U.S. Senator from New Jersey. Fleisher has invested with several of his clients in a hotel on the Ivory Coast, and Havlicek has gone in with him on three Wendy's restaurants.

Like a Wendy's double, Fleisher is thickly put together and comes off as a square. But his midsection is solid from a regular regimen of squash, and his mind is a lode of labor law, accounting and basketball knowledge. "He's a very able negotiator," says Portland Trail Blazers owner Larry Weinberg, a member of the labor relations committee that helped work out the latest settlement. "In fact, one reason the league has gotten into difficulties is that Larry did *too* good a job of negotiating over the years."

Weinberg does not intend this as a compliment. "You have to leave enough on the other guy's table to keep him in business," he says.

Fleisher can be just as opinionated about the men who own the NBA franchises, many of whom are self-styled liberals. "Your only real costs are your players," he says. "There's something sick with a system in which someone can say 'I own Moses Malone.' Even if he paid $13.2 million for his services, he doesn't own him. What seems at first to be just semantics eventually pervades people's thinking."

But for their part, many owners feel that, as player agent and union head,

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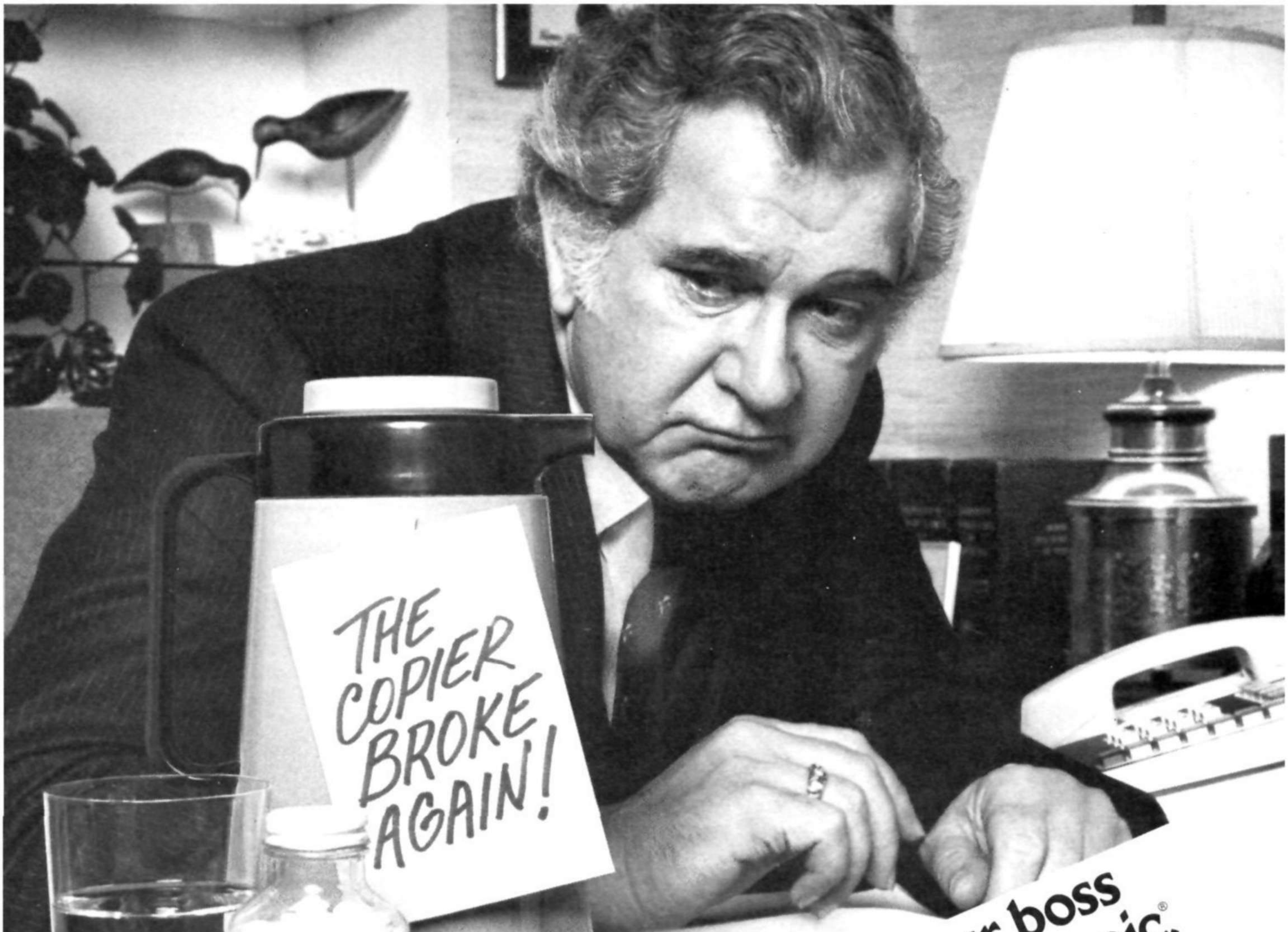

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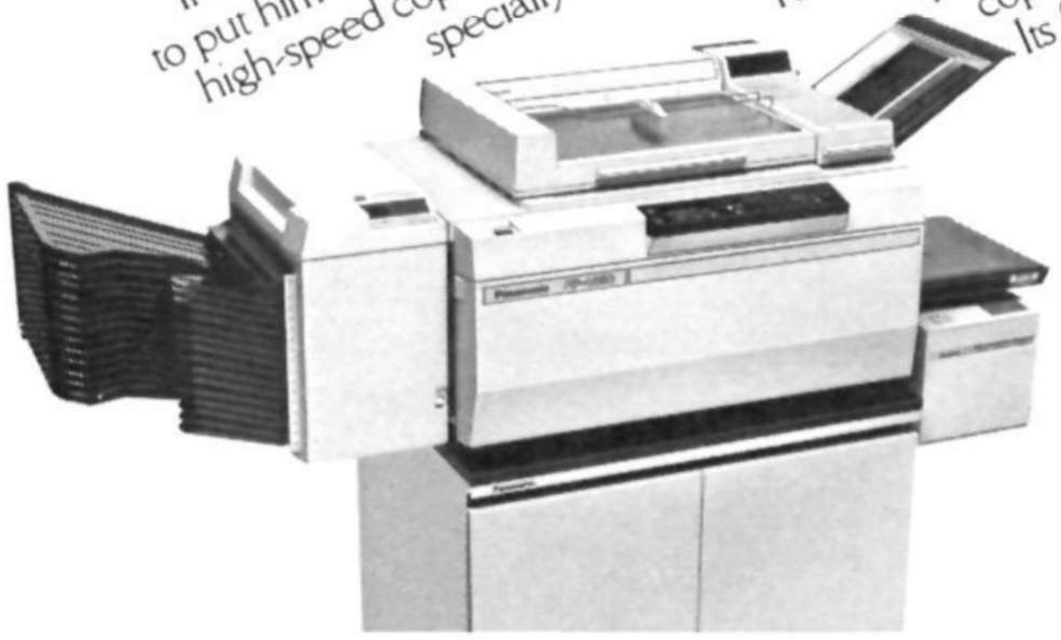

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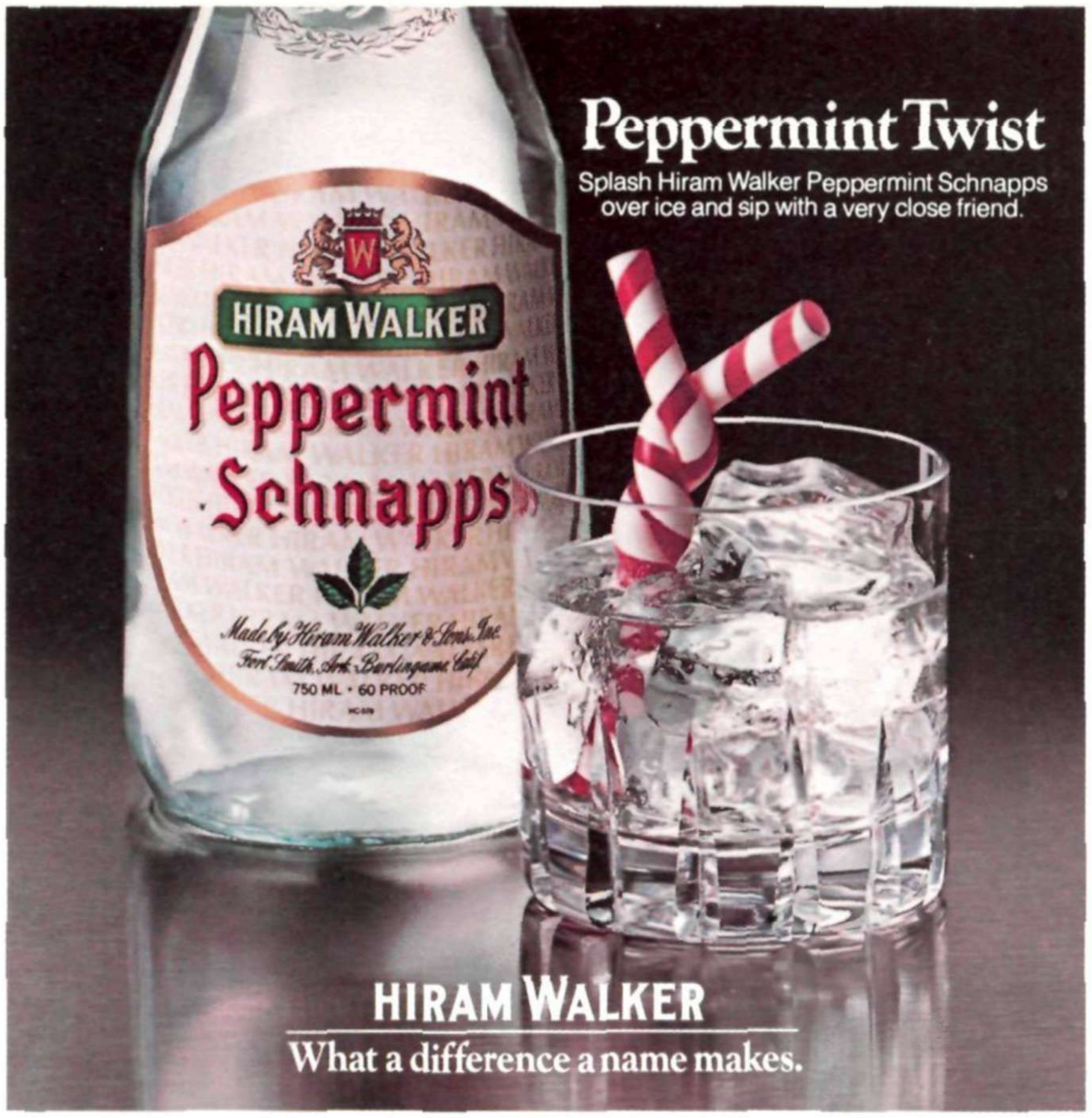

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Fleisher has conflicting interests. It's a charge that has dogged him for 15 years. One concern is that requests for player appearances and endorsements that routinely come into the Players Association office could be funneled to Fleisher's clients. More significant, it's been questioned whether a lawyer can represent the so-called superstars at the same time he's presumably bargaining for the interests of less talented players. Says Fred Slaughter, an agent, "Look at the players he represents. They're all at the top. He tends to negotiate collective bargaining settlements that are top-heavy elitist, if you will."

Sometimes Fleisher does find himself in paradoxical positions. Soon after negotiating boxcar figures with the Knicks for the services of free agent Marvin Webster in 1978, he criticized the huge compensation award the Seattle SuperSonics received in return because he feared its size would inhibit teams from bidding for free agents. Said Boston Celtics president Red Auerbach, "Fleisher first extols the virtues of Webster, and Webster gets a fantastic contract, and then, as head of the Players Association, he turns around and says, 'Hey, he's not that good.' "

"The whole world knows about my situation, and I only represent *players*," Fleisher says. "There are people who represent both sides, labor and management, and I'd never do that. I *know* more than other agents know, which helps me do a better job." During informal sessions, initiated by Fleisher, the New York State Bar Association's ethics committee cleared him of any conflict of interest.

"It may appear that players have quite a lot of say in union affairs," says Rich Kelley, Utah's backup center. "But Larry Fleisher *is the union.*"

"Even back in law school he wanted to do what he's doing today," says Kopp, the intramural teammate, who remembers how he and Fleisher cornered Syracuse's Dolph Schayes outside the locker room after a Nats-Celtics game at Boston Garden and sidled him up to a concession stand for a round of beers, for which Fleisher picked up the tab. After Schayes had quaffed his, he began tapping his *empty cup expectantly*. "*And Larry* coughed up again," Kopp recalls.

More than 30 years later, that impecunious law student has helped set up NBA players like Schayes's son Danny with a lot more than beer money. **END**

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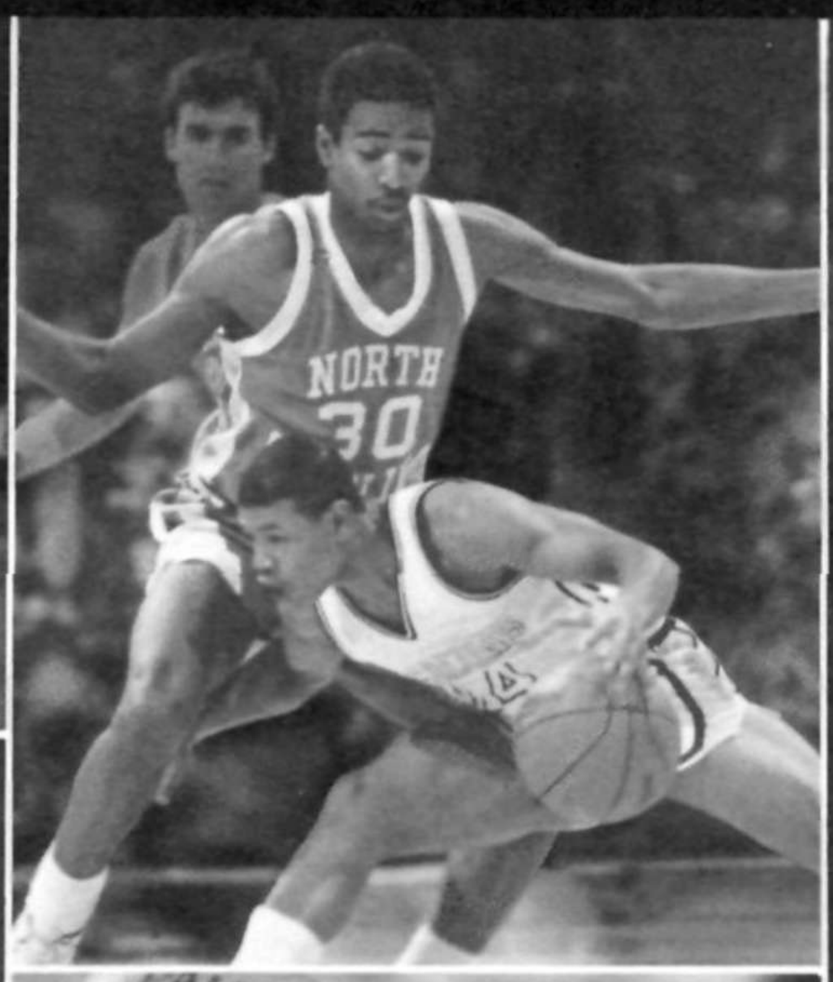

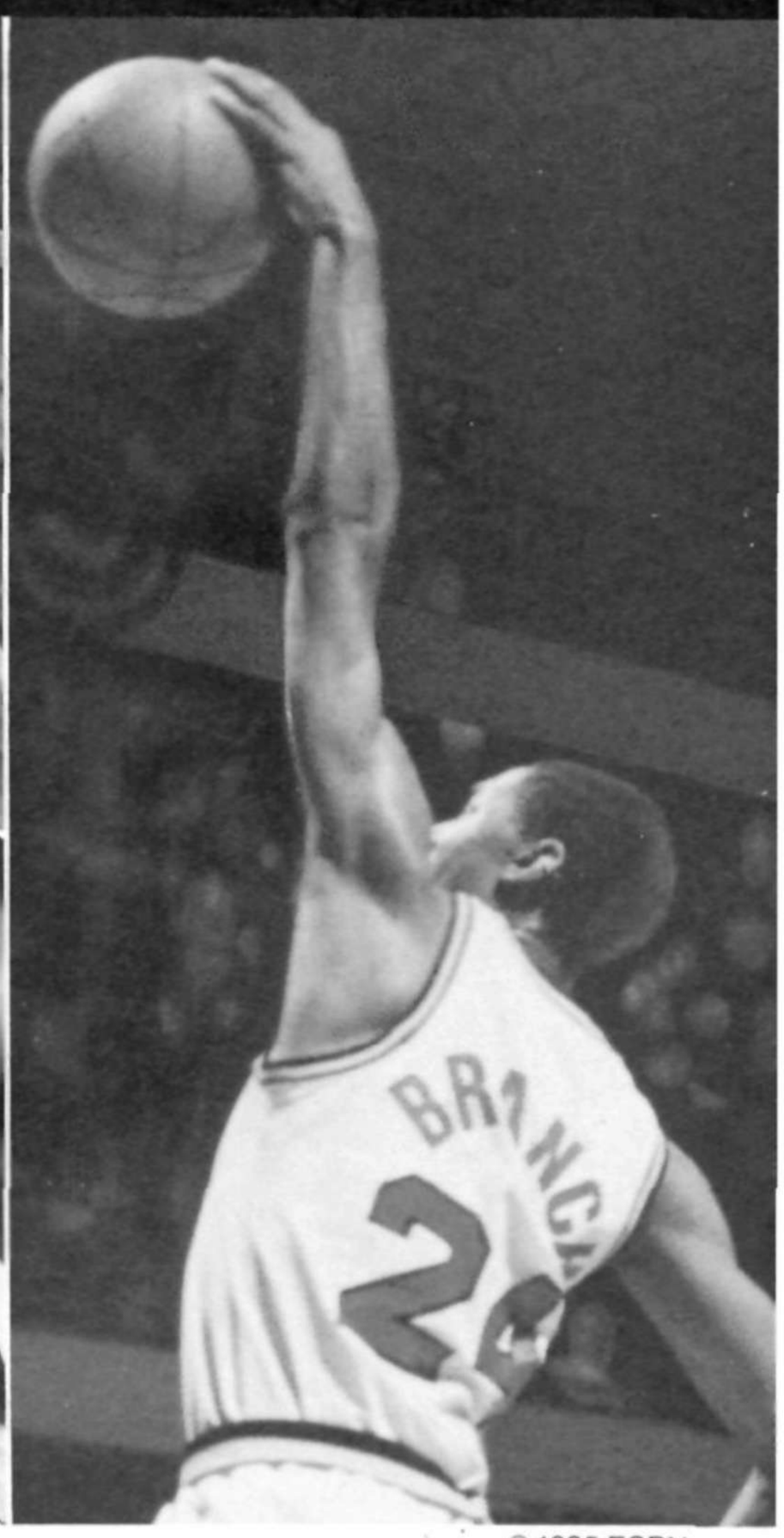

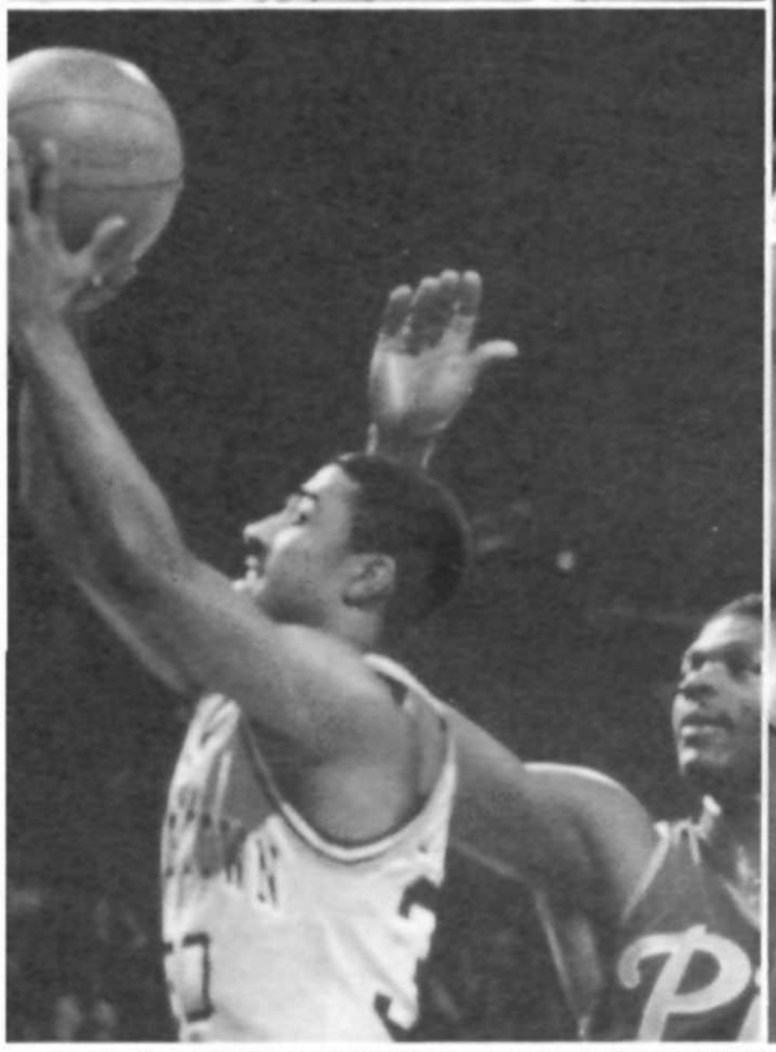

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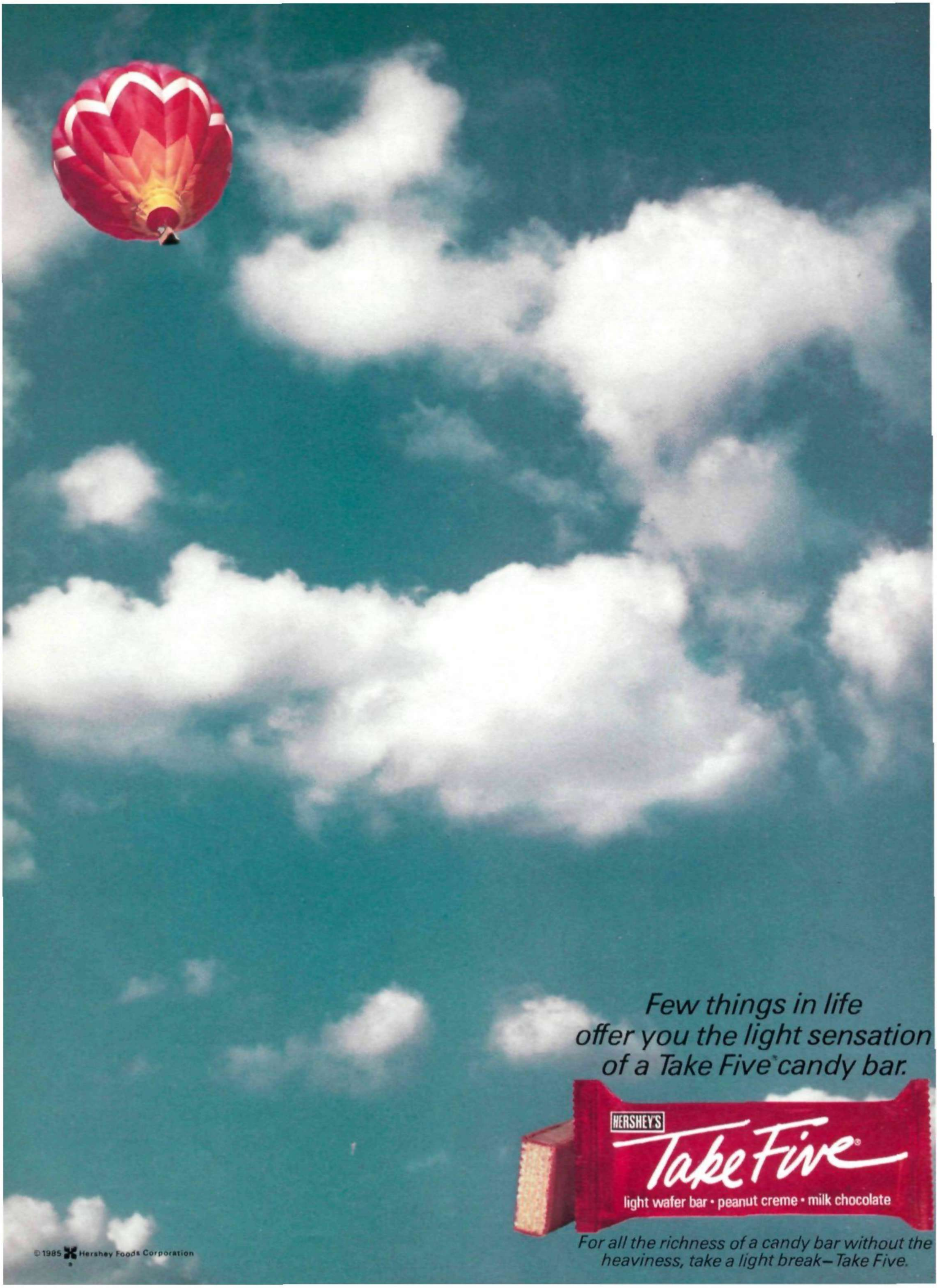
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Some people worry that good advertising sometimes covers up for bad products.

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In other words, the only thing advertising can do for a bad product is help you find out it's a bad product. And you take it from there.

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CHAMPION CALLER BILL PRIVOTT IS A MAN WHO USUALLY GETS HIS GOOSE

Whoo-uck, whoo-uck, whoo-uck, uck, uck, uck!

That sound you hear behind the shower curtain is Bill Privott of Bell's Island, Currituck County, N.C., practicing what he does best. Lots of folks sing in the shower and never make money singing. But Privott has earned a tidy sum by "crying" there and from the seat of a tractor mower.

He imitates the cry of the goose and there's no one in the world who does it better. Last November the 36-year-old hunting guide won the World Championship Goose Calling Contest at Easton, Md. for the second straight year. Furthermore, until he stepped onto the stage at the 1983 competition, leaned back on his heels and released a strange assortment of whoops and honks from deep in his throat, no one had won the contest without an artificial caller. Privott, who frowns at such mechanical help, has been listening to geese and imitating their calls with his mouth and throat since he was three.

"Hunters in this section have called geese by voice for as long as anyone can remember," Privott says. "When I was a boy, we had a pen stocked with wild geese next to our house. I loved to mock the sounds they made. It was a little like people talking."

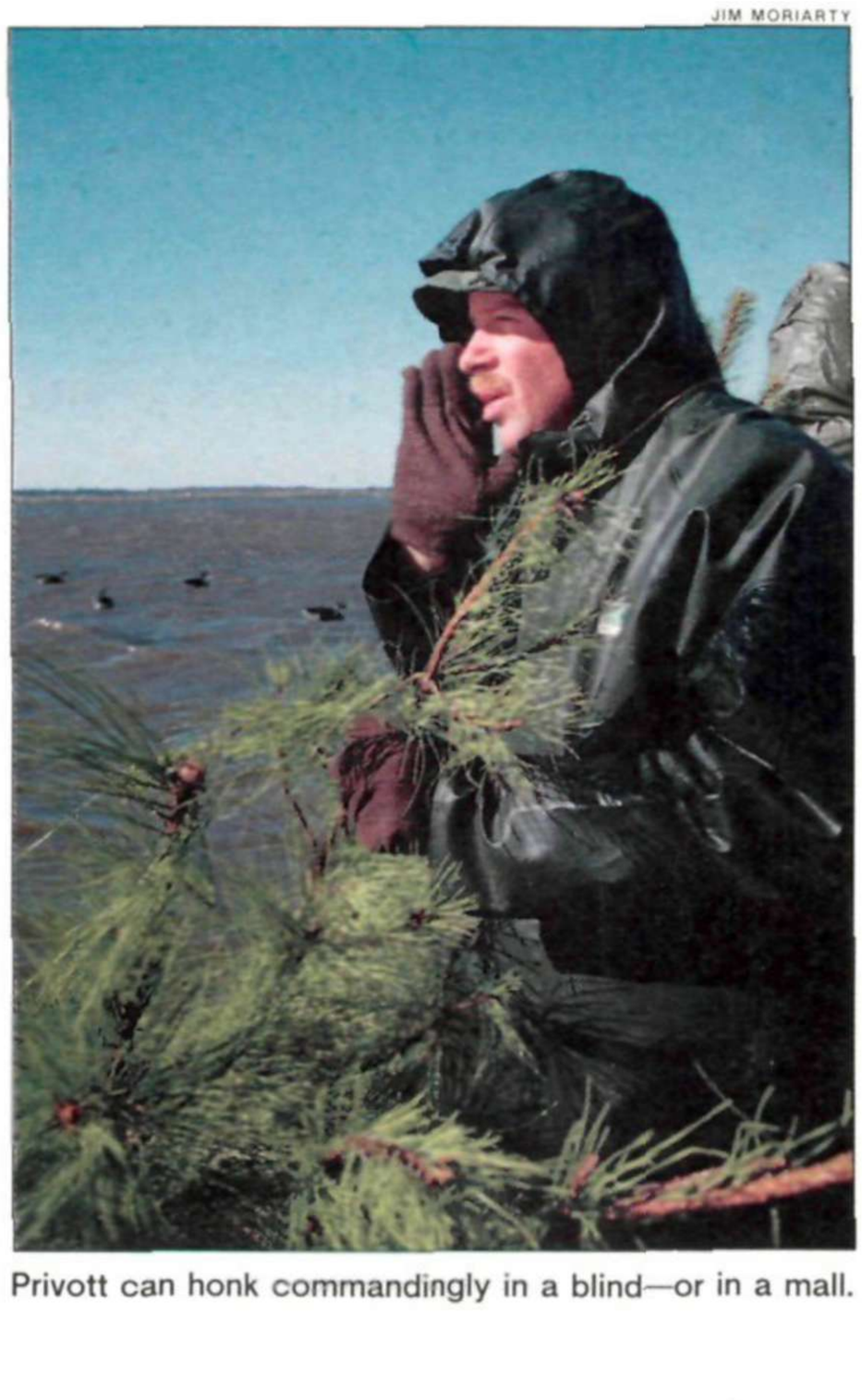
Privott won his second title by edging out another Currituck County entry, 65-year-old Erleen Snow. For his victory Privott was awarded an engraved shotgun valued at $2,000 and a $500 check.

The secret to his success, says Privott, is practice. "At the competition, you have to give a variety of calls. For one of the calls you have to imagine a flock of geese about a half-mile away and hail them," he says. "I practice my calls in the shower. But my favorite place is on a lawnmower. Trying to compete with the sound of the mower gives your voice strength and clarity."

Privott earns a living by using his extraordinary talent to lure some of the hundreds of thousands of Canada and snow geese that migrate over his section of coastal marshland along the Atlantic Flyway into shooting range. The walls of his home on the shore of Currituck Sound are decorated with wildfowl prints, while on a desk in the living room sit a shotgun reloader and a canister of powder. The fragrance of spiced apple pies wafts from the kitchen as his wife, Judy, cooks for the hunters who employ her husband and use his boat, decoys and blinds.

During the recent calling contest at Easton, five judges sat on a stage in the local schoolhouse with their backs to the contestants. The judges faced an audience of well-heeled hunters and wildfowl enthusiasts, many of whom looked as if they had walked out of the pages of the L.L. Bean catalog.

JIM MORIARTY



Privott can honk commandingly in a blind—or in a mall.

Contestants were given 90 seconds in which to deliver four required goose calls: a hail call, a greeting call, a comeback call and a confidence call. A light on the stage switched on when 80 seconds had elapsed. Any contestant who did not finish a call within the final 10 seconds was disqualified.

"The hail call is given when the geese are about a half-mile away," Privott says. "It has to be loud because the voice has to travel a great distance. And the calls are a long distance apart." Privott clears his throat and cries:

Whoooouck. . . ! Whooouccckkk. . . ! Whooouccckkk!

The greeting, or come-on, call is given when the geese are a quarter of a mile to 250 yards away. "That call has to sound like a group of birds," says Privott. "The sounds all kind of blend together." It goes like this:

Whuuck—whuuck—whuuck!

The come-back call is used to bring the geese back if they start to turn away. "For that one you make a louder sound," Privott says. "It's like the greeting call, only a bit louder and more rapid":

Aaaaaawwwk . . . awk . . . awk . . . awk . . . aaaaaawwwk!

As for the confidence call, its purpose, says Privott, "is to get the geese to come those extra few yards closer. The call varies according to the individual's preference. It's the sound he hears listening to geese." Privott's has a high pitch in the middle and sounds like this:

Whooock . . . whoooockk. Quooock, quooock, quooock!

Privott says that no matter how good the caller, it is of little importance if the birds aren't overhead.

"There is a big difference between competition calling and the real thing. In hunting, you have to know where the birds are. And you have to have good decoys and blinds. If you've got the voice, it helps. But it's just part of the package."

Privott says his calls have always worked better with his daughter, Janice, 16, than they ever have with a goose.

"When we go shopping in Norfolk at one of those big malls and we get separated, or it's time to go," he says, "I just lean back and let out a series of honks. You know how teenagers are. It just embarrasses her so bad." He smiles sheepishly. "But it does work like a charm." **END**

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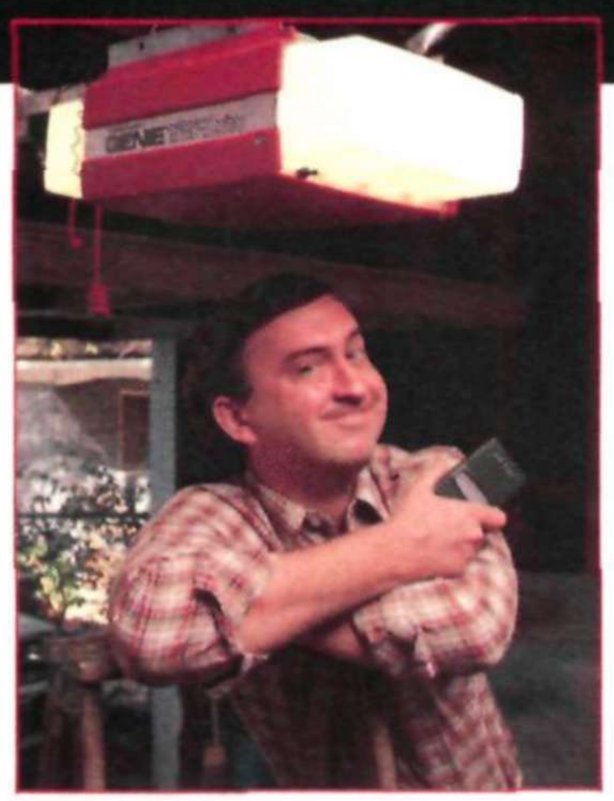

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SERENGETI DRIVERS. Uniquely designed for the demands of driving. For enhanced vision and superb eye comfort in changing daylight and weather conditions.

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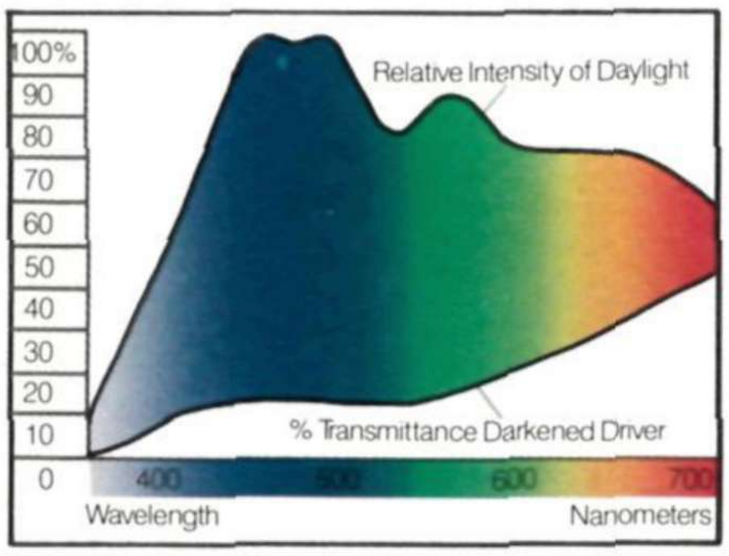
(simulated demonstrations)



Dominating the daylight spectrum is blue light, which scatters in haze, fog, smog or rain to impair vision. The photochromic copper lens selectively filters out blue light.

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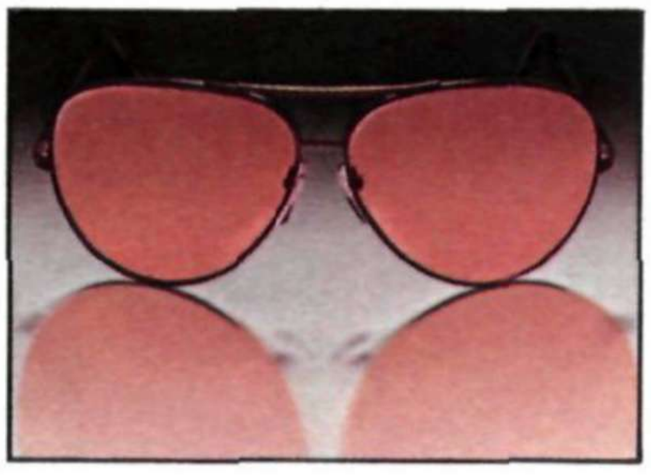
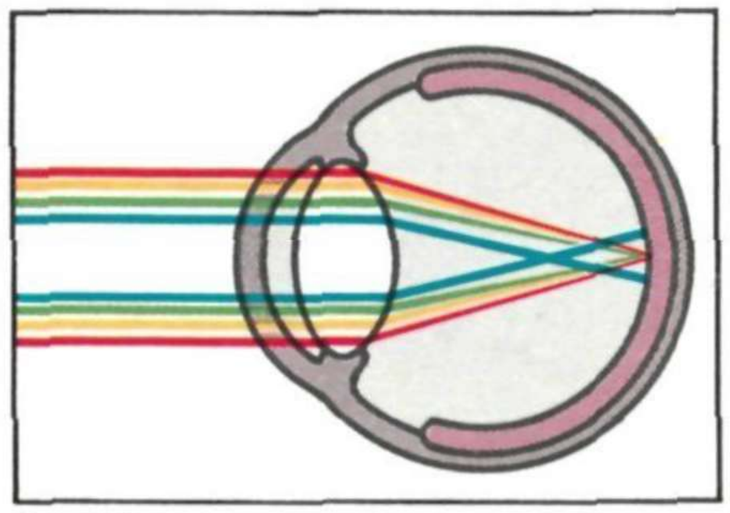


Serengeti® FROM CORNING OPTICS **DRIVERS**



Blue light focusing in front of the eye's retina causes the phenomenon we call "blue blur." SERENGETI DRIVERS reduce this blurred, out-of-focus image for sharper vision.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 28-Feb. 3

Compiled by SANDY KEENAN

PRO BASKETBALL—It took double overtime to do it, but second-place Houston ended Central Division leader Denver's eight-game winning streak with a 131–128 win behind Ralph Sampson's 37 points and Akeem Olajuwon's 26. The Rockets, who also beat New Jersey 97–93 and the Pacific Division–leading Lakers 116–113, moved to within two games of the Nuggets. For third-place Dallas, Mark Aguirre scored a career-high 49 points in a 111–109 win over Philadelphia just hours after learning he hadn't made the NBA All-Star squad. "He wanted to show he belonged," said Sixer Julius Erving. After watching Aguirre get eight points in the final three minutes, Maverick coach Dick Motta said, "If missing out on the All-Star game is the reason why he played the way he did tonight, I hope he never makes it." Aside from their loss to Houston, the Lakers were unbeatable; they defeated Portland 122–106 and New York 105–104 and handed the Clippers their seventh straight loss, 105–96. Central Division leader Milwaukee went 3–0 for the week and ran its winning streak to 11 games. In one victory, the Bucks came back from a 75–68 deficit in the fourth quarter to beat the Trail Blazers 105–95. Dominique Wilkins averaged 37 points a game in a 2–1 week for Atlanta, scoring 40 in a 115–106 defeat of Indiana and 37 more in a 110–102 overtime loss at Detroit. Atlantic Division leader Boston increased its lead over second-place Philadelphia to 1½ games, despite being trounced by the Sixers 122–104. Moses Malone had 38 points and 24 rebounds in that game for the 76ers. The Celtics stopped Detroit's eight-game winning streak 131–130 when Larry Bird made the winning shot, a running jumper from the left side, at the buzzer. Bird also scored 38 points in a 142–123 thrashing of Kansas City, which was Boston coach K.C. Jones's 100th Celtic victory.

BOWLING—PETE WEBER beat Wayne Webb 216–187 to win a $150,000 PBA event in Miami.

BOXING—VICTOR CALLEJAS retained his WBA junior featherweight championship with a 15-round unanimous decision over Seung-Hoon Lee in San Juan, P.R.

EUSEBIO PEDROZA successfully defended his WBA featherweight title for the 19th time with a unanimous 15-round decision over Jorge Lujan in Panama City, Panama.

FIGURE SKATING—At the U.S. championships in Kansas City, Mo., BRIAN BOITANO won the men's title, and TIFFANY CHIN skated to the women's crown. JILL WATSON and PETER OPPEGARD were the pairs champions, and JUDY BLUMBERG and MICHAEL SEIBERT won the dance for the fifth straight time (*page 74*).

GOLF—MARK O'MEARA shot a final-round 73 to finish with a five-under-par 283 and win the $500,000 Bing Crosby Pro-Am by one stroke over Larry Rinker, Curtis Strange and Kikuo Arai, in Pebble Beach, Calif. (*page 68*).

With a closing-round 70, JoANNE CARNER won a $200,000 LPGA event in Miami by six strokes over Patty Sheehan and Jane Blalock. Carner had an 8-under-par total of 280.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—ECAC leader RPI ran its winning streak to 18 straight with 7–4 victories over Clarkson and St. Lawrence. Michigan State, CCHA winner and No. 1–ranked nationally, whipped nonconference opponent Northern Arizona 5–2 and 10–2, and Minnesota-Duluth increased its WCHA lead over Minnesota to three points by sweeping Denver 7–2 and 5–0.

PRO HOCKEY—Forty-five points separate the first- and last-place teams in the Smythe Division, but for this week at least, basement-dwelling Vancouver was the equal of No. 1 Edmonton. Both went untied and undefeated. They and Buffalo, Adams Division co-leader, were the only NHL teams to do so. The Oilers beat Calgary 4–3 in Edmonton on Mike Krushelnyski's goal with two seconds left and then put the Flames out 4–2 on their own ice. The Oilers also beat the Rangers 5–1 and Hartford 6–3. The Canucks defeated other Adams co-leader Montreal 5–4 in overtime on Tony Tanti's third goal of the game with only 17 seconds left and knocked off Hartford 4–3, also in OT. Last-place Toronto of the Norris Division pulled off a first-class "upset," too. The Maple Leafs tied Patrick Division leader Washington 3–3 at the Capital Centre. "They're not as lowly as we heard," said the Caps' Mike Gartner. First-place St. Louis increased its Norris Division lead over Chicago to eight points by beating the Black Hawks 5–1 and 6–4. Earlier in the week the Blues had tied Winnipeg 6–6 and defeated Detroit 3–2. The Red Wings also lost 6–3 to Quebec in a bruising game that featured a bench-clearing brawl and more penalty minutes (171) than game time. The Nordiques salvaged second place in the Adams despite losing to the Bruins 6–5 and Detroit 6–3. Finally, Quebec beat Minnesota 5–1. After a 3–2 loss to New Jersey, which is last in the Patrick Division, Islander coach Al Arbour said, "We've got no team effort and no teamwork." Then, next time out, the Isles shut out Pittsburgh 4–0 as goalie Kelly Hrudey got his second shutout of the season.

HORSE RACING—PRECISIONIST ($4.20), Chris McCarron up, beat Greinton by a nose to win the third race of the Strub Series, the $300,000-added Charles H. Strub Stakes, to become the fourth horse to sweep the series, at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old horse covered the 1¼-mile race in 2:00⅕.

INDOOR SOCCER—Baltimore had a two-game Eastern Division lead after defeating Los Angeles 7–2 behind two goals each from Dave MacWilliams and Richard Chinapoo. The Blast then knocked off Western Division–leading San Diego 5–4 and beat Wichita 8–1. Second-place Chicago lost 4–3 to St. Louis and beat Los Angeles by the same score. The Sockers' Jean Willrich scored four goals in a 6–1 defeat of the Cosmos. San Diego also beat Pittsburgh 7–3 to establish a 4½-game divisional lead.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of THIERRY BOUTSEN, A.J. FOYT, AL UNSER and BOBBY WOLLECK, driving a Porsche 962, won the 24-hour Daytona endurance race, completing 703 laps around the 3.56-mile Daytona Motor Speedway road circuit at an average of 104.162 mph. The team of Al Unser Jr., Al Holbert and Derek Bell, also in a Porsche 962, finished second, 17 laps behind.

SKIING—PIRMIN ZURBRIGGEN of Switzerland won the men's downhill at the Alpine World Ski Championships in Bormio, Italy. MICHELA FIGINI, also of Switzerland, was the women's downhill champion in Santa Caterina, Italy.

TENNIS—Ninth-seeded STEFAN EDBERG upset No. 3–seed Yannick Noah 6–1, 6–0 to win the $250,000 U.S. Indoor Tennis Championship in Memphis, Tenn.

BONNIE GADUSEK beat Pam Casale 6–3, 6–4 to win a $100,000 hard-court tournament in Marco Island, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—VALERIE BRISCO-HOOKS set a world indoor record of 52.99 seconds in the 440-yard run in Dallas, surpassing the old mark of 53.29 established by Lori McCauley in 1983.

MILEPOSTS—DENIED: By the Baseball Hall of Fame's board of directors, a bid to admit the late NELLIE FOX, second baseman for the Chicago White Sox from 1950 to '63, to the Hall, despite the fact that he had finished .3 of a percentage point—or two votes—shy of the total needed for election in the 1984 balloting for the Hall. Eighty-four was Fox's 15th and final year of eligibility for election by the panel of baseball writers. In three years he will be eligible for selection by the veterans' committee.

NAMED: As coach of the Indianapolis Colts, ROD DOWHOWER, 41, who had been the offensive coordinator for the St. Louis Cardinals.

SIGNED: By the Jacksonville Bulls of the USFL, 1983 Heisman Trophy winner running back MIKE ROZIER, 23, to a multiyear contract for an undisclosed amount. Rozier played for the now defunct Pittsburgh Maulers last season.

SUSPENDED: For six games by the NHL, New York Islander goalie BILLY SMITH, 34, for fracturing the cheekbone and causing damage to the right eye socket of Chicago Black Hawk Curt Fraser during a high-sticking episode in a Jan. 13 game.

TRADED: By the San Francisco Giants, rightfielder JACK CLARK, 29, to the St. Louis Cardinals for pitcher DAVE LaPOINT, 25, shortshop JOSE GONZALES, 26, and first basemen–outfielders DAVID GREEN, 24, and GARY RAJSICH, 30.

By the Winnipeg Jets, MORRIS LUKOWICH, 28, a left wing, to the Boston Bruins for right wing JIM NILL, 26.

FACES IN THE CROWD

RON TARVER

WILLIAM REED
PHILADELPHIA

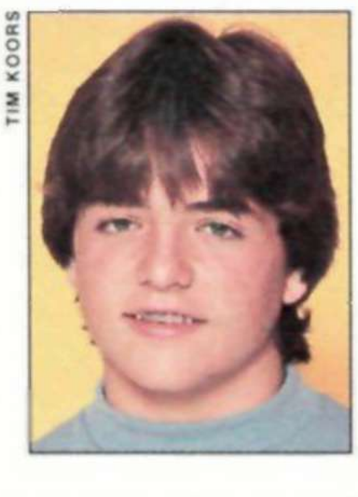
William, a Central High freshman, broke the U.S. high school freshman indoor 600-yard-run record with a time of 1:13.04, finishing second at a meet in Princeton, N.J. The old mark of 1:15.39 was set by Steve Edden of New York in 1984.

JACKIE LORENTZ

DURENE HEISLER
DEVILS LAKE, N.D.

Durene, a junior guard, led Central High with a girls' state-record 33 points in the North Dakota girls' basketball final. The 22–0 Satans won the title 64–50 over Wahpeton High. Durene averaged 24 points a game at the state tournament.

TIM KOORS



CHARLIE GUIDO
GLENDALE, ARIZ.

Charlie, 13, a forward on the Phoenix Roadrunner Bantam hockey team, scored five goals in a 78-second span during an 11–6 win over the Albuquerque Canucks. For the game he had six goals, and in 30 games this season he had 39.

F. CARTER SMITH

WILLIAM McCLAY
HOUSTON

William, a senior quarterback and sprinter at Marian Christian, rushed for 1,008 yards and completed 60 passes for 1,013 yards to lead the Fighting Colts to the state title. In track, he has run the 100 meters in 10.9, the 200 in 22.2 and the 400 in 50.0.

BARRY WONG

BILL BUCHAN
BELLEVUE, WASH.

Buchan, 49, was named Yachtsman of the Year by the U.S. Yacht Racing Union. Buchan and his crew, Steve Erickson, won the 1984 Olympic gold medal in the Star class and the European Spring Championship in the same class.

BILL SMITH

JODY ANDERSON
ST. CHARLES, ILL.

Anderson, 27, set four U.S. women's records in the 155-pound class at the Mid-American Weightlifting Championships: in the snatch (160.5 pounds), clean and jerk (221 and 225.75) and total (386.25). In 1984, she broke 11 U.S. marks.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SUPER BOWL XIX

Sir:

The Niners are the true champions of the NFL (*The Niners Were Never Finer*, Jan. 28). I was among the doubters as they plowed their way through a marshmallow schedule and two underwhelming opponents in the NFC playoffs. But their mastery of a good Dolphin team ranks as one of the best performances in Super Bowl history.

I do, however, think that talk of a San Francisco dynasty is a bit premature. After all, this is essentially the same team that folded following its 1981 championship. The 49ers' running game is considerably better, but their defense is pretty much the same. Everyone can agree that it takes a very special team to repeat as champion. So far, only Vince Lombardi's Packers, Don Shula's Dolphins and Chuck Noll's Steelers have been able to do it. Bill Walsh can join their ranks by keeping soreheads like Ronnie Lott in line in 1985.

KEN LYON
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

No wonder San Francisco won the Super Bowl. In EXTRA POINTS (Oct. 15) you took note of 49er owner Eddie DeBartolo Jr.'s audience with the Pope, who blessed a copy of the San Francisco schedule. It seems the Niners had some outside help.

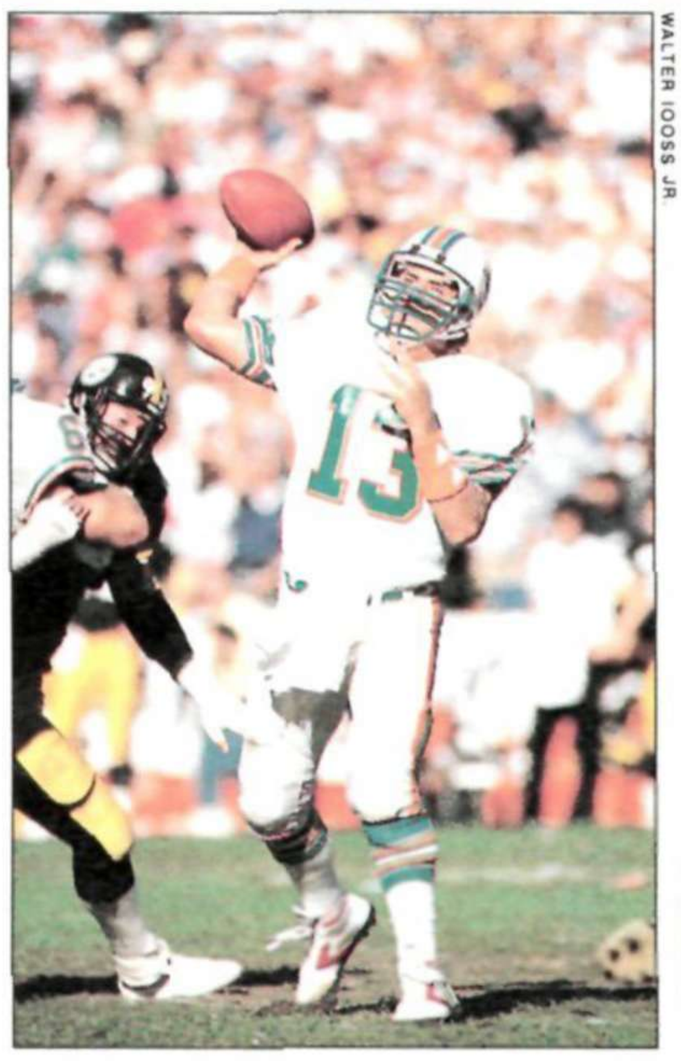
STEVE GREENLEE
Mason City, Pa.

Sir:

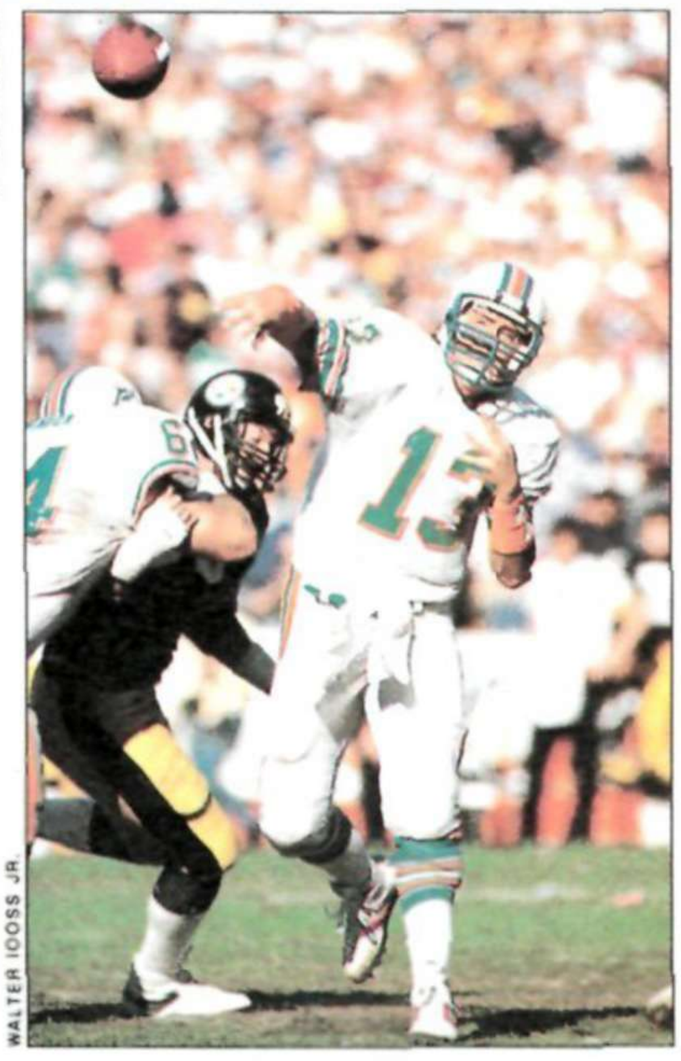
In reading your article *The Niners Were Never Finer*, I noticed the No. 20 on the back of Dan Marino's helmet. The other Dolphins also had that number on their helmets. Why?

GREG WIECZOREK
New Berlin, Wis.

• The Dolphins dedicated last season to the memory of David Overstreet, the running back who died in an automobile accident on June 24, 1984. His number was 20.—ED.



WALTER IOOSS JR.



WALTER IOOSS JR.

MARINO COVERS

Sir:

I noticed that the covers of your Jan. 14 (right) and Jan. 21 (left) issues had Dan Marino on them. I also noticed that both photographs were taken by Walter Iooss Jr. and that in them Marino's left hand was in the same position and his right thigh pad had a grass stain on it.

I bet my brother that the photos were taken during the same play of the same game. Would you please settle this for us?

MATTHEW BURKE
North Andover, Mass.

• It is the same play. Iooss shot the two pictures less than a second apart—perhaps as little as one-fourteenth of a second apart—on Jan. 6 in Miami during the AFC championship game between the Dolphins and Steelers.—ED.

BLY11

Sir:

Thank you for the terrific article on Bert Blyleven. Despite his injuries he has been one of the most consistent pitchers in baseball. I sure hope the Cleveland management doesn't let him go as it did other guys who "weren't good enough to pitch for the Indians": John Denny (National League Cy Young Award winner in 1983) and Rick Sutcliffe (same honor in '84).

MARK OELSCHLAGER
Akron

DUKE

Sir:

I commend Curry Kirkpatrick for his insightful article *A Dukeout That Left Carolina Blue* (Jan. 28), but I take exception to one point he made. The story makes it seem as if Duke was consistently mediocre between the Vic Bubas–era of the mid-1960s and the present team. How can one forget the Blue Devils' powerhouses of the late 1970s, most of all the squad that was the runner-up in the 1978 NCAA tournament and had three players who ended up in the NBA. I was there the evening North Carolina stalled against Duke for the entire first half and trailed 7–0 at the midway point of a 47–40 loss. That's one way to admit an opponent's overwhelming power, isn't it?

DEAN BOUCOURAS
N. Miami, Fla.

Sir:

Perhaps Duke fans need to be thankful Coach didn't follow Vic Bubas's advice and "worry about anybody else or their program."

The North Carolina basketball program will always be a standard by which others can only hope to be measured. The proof: In the last 18 years the Tar Heels have won the ACC championship nine times and finished second the other seven years. In the past 10 years North Carolina has been the only school in the nation to field a team in every NCAA tourney.

Now you can see why some say, "It's hard to find a humble Tar Heel."

DAN SLOAN
Greensboro, N.C.

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.

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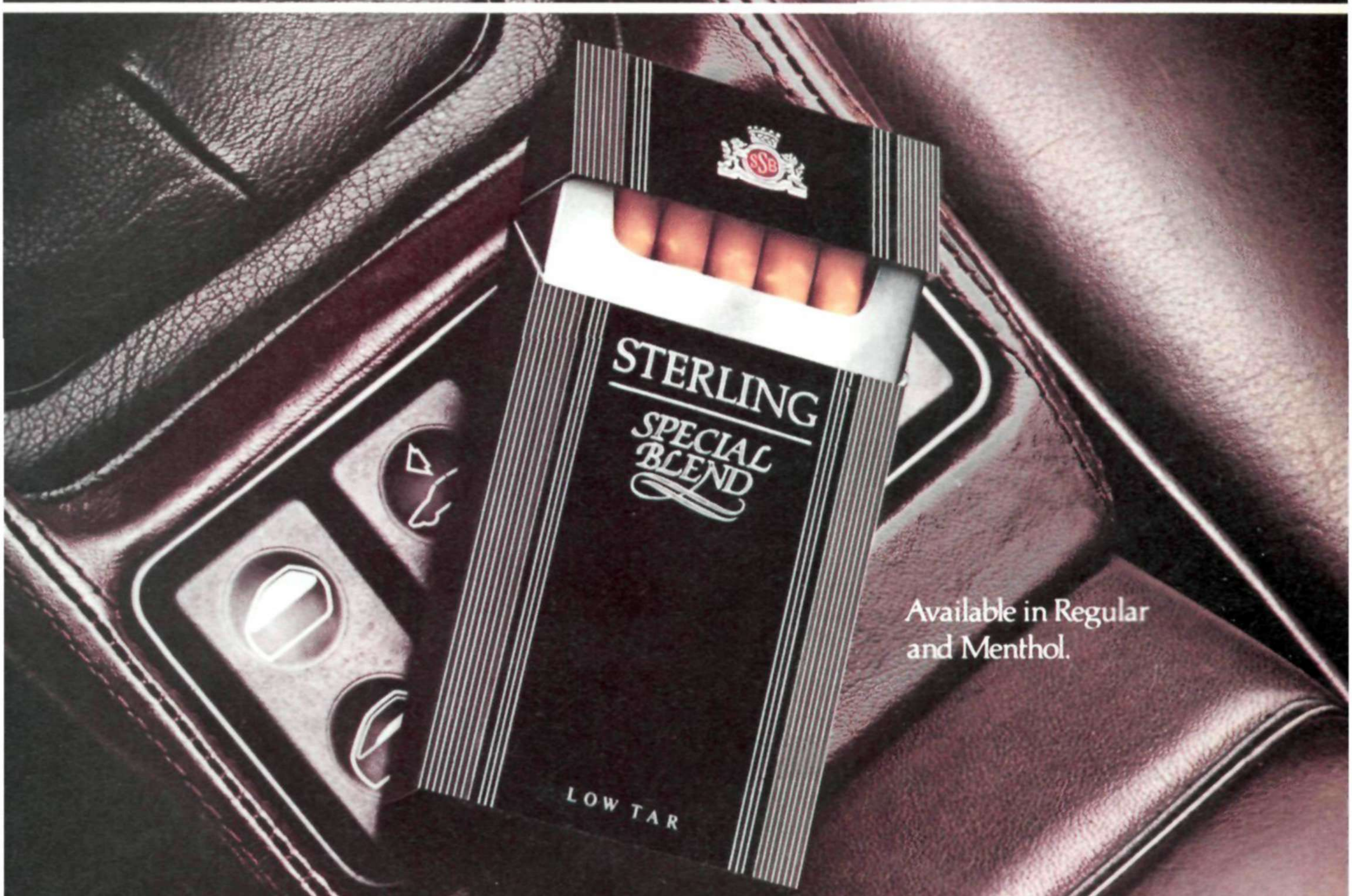

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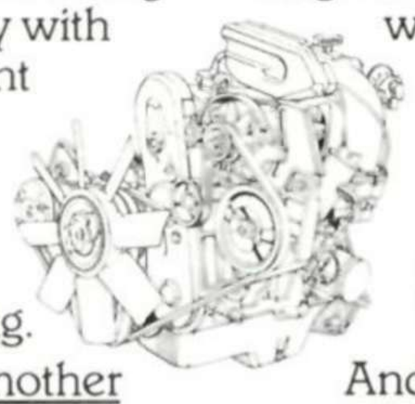

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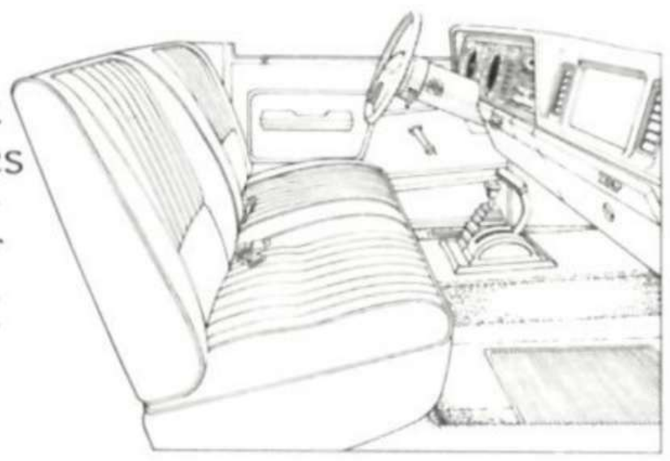

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