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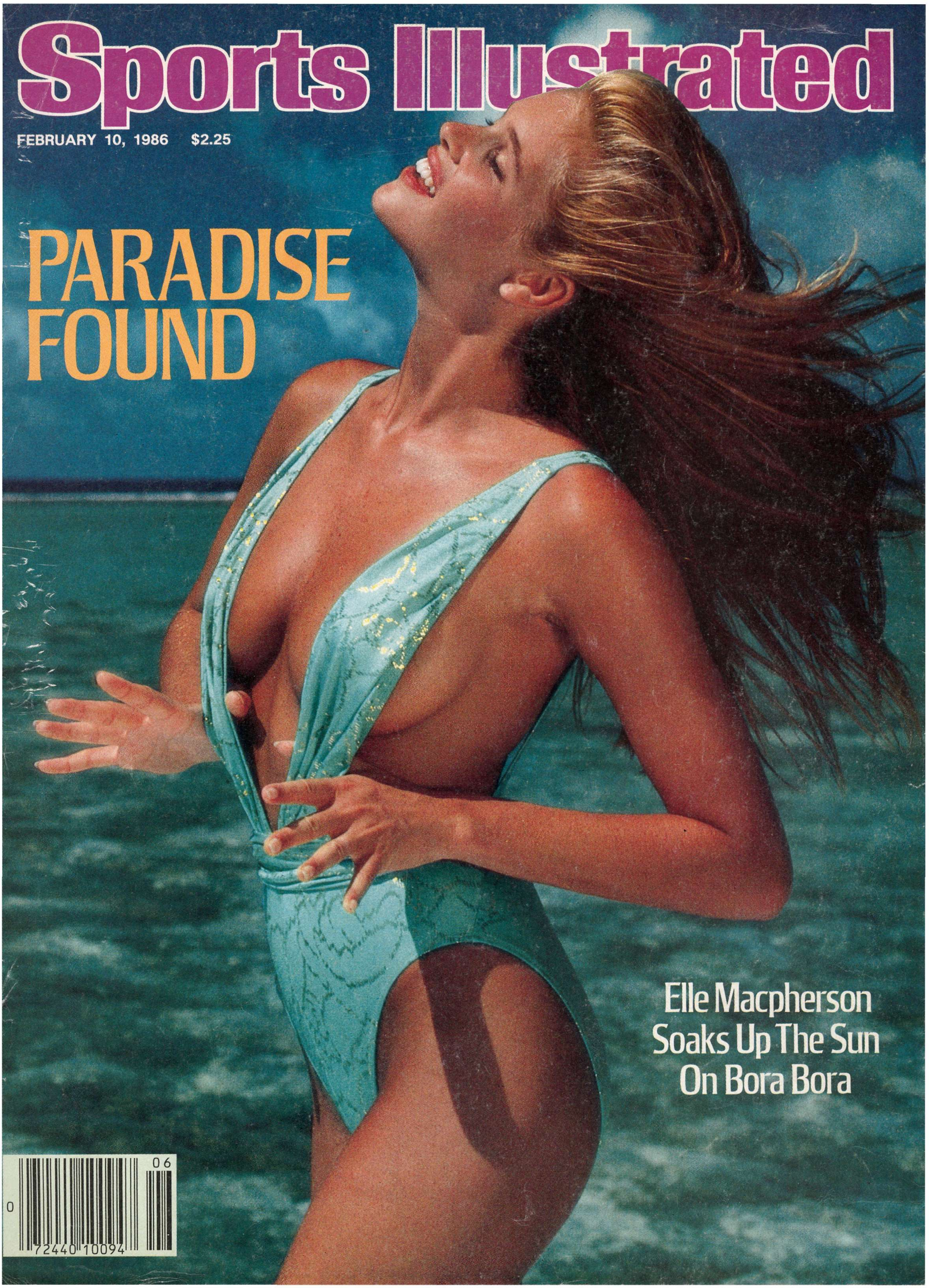

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Sports Illustrated

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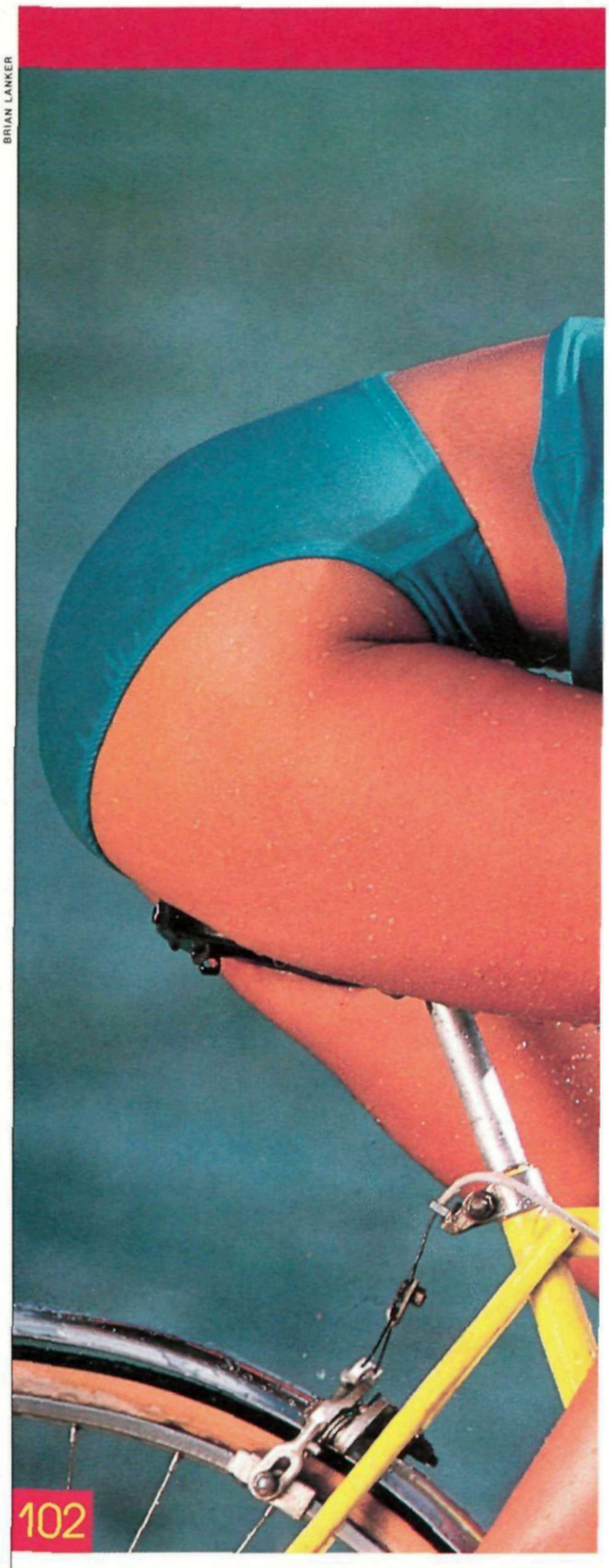

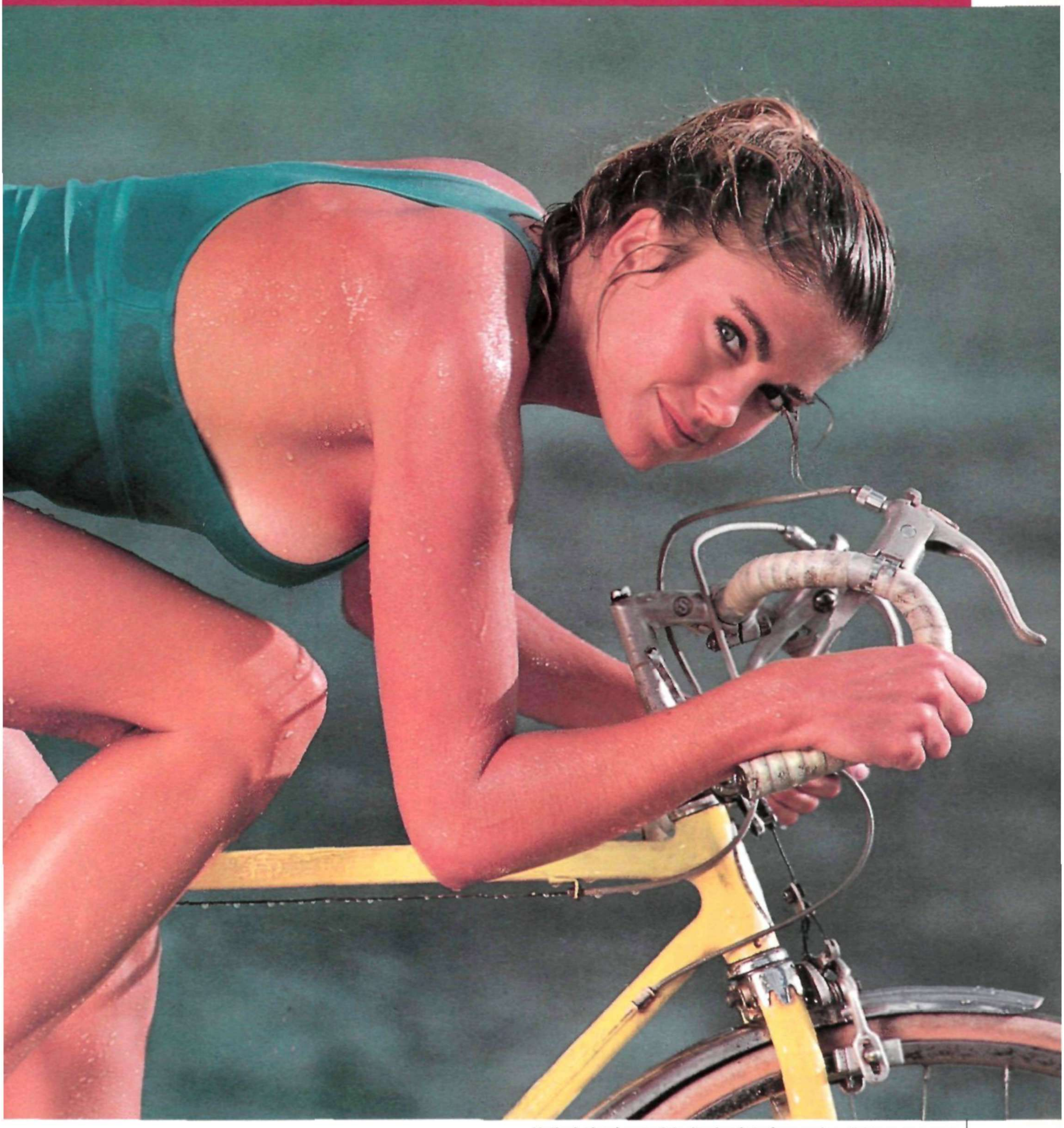

Kathy Ireland, one of the luminaries of our swimsuit issue, pursues her own seaside Tour de Moorea in a suit from Triple Sports System ($32). On the cover, Elle looks swell in a Gottex creation ($64).

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

FRANK ATURA

TAHITI LEFT A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION ON CAMPBELL (RIGHT, WITH MODEL KATHY IRELAND)

In the 24 years that we have had a swimsuit issue, only a few places, such as Puerto Rico, the Bahamas, Hawaii, Baja California and now Tahiti, have lured us back. For this year's issue we succumbed to the longing of senior editor Jule Campbell—who chooses everything from the suits to the models to the locations for our midwinter feature—to pay a return visit to the South Pacific.

In 1968, when we last turned our attention to Tahiti, Campbell's efforts resulted in a cover shot featuring Polynesian beauty Turia Mau and 15 pages of suits against sun, surf and sky in an issue that ran to 64 pages. Now, 18 years later, the issue has burgeoned to 230 pages, 36 of them graced with Brian Lanker's photographs from Moorea, Bora Bora, Tahiti and Huahine in the Society Islands (*see map*).

"There isn't a single harsh thing about the setting," says Campbell. "It's so soft, luxurious and feminine. We saw orchids and hibiscus and bougainvillea, and lagoons of every color imaginable—aqua, sapphire, turquoise. Even the language is soft.

"Gauguin was one of the people who brought us to Tahiti. We were hoping to capture a Gauguin flavor. We tried to incorporate flowers in as many pictures as possible."

We also have Campbell to thank for the idea for senior writer Bruce Newman's piece on Tahiti's Tiurai festival, which begins on page 136. When she arrived in Papeete to scout locations last June, Campbell got to talking to several of the contestants in the Tiurai, which was just getting under way. Intrigued, she phoned New York, and senior editor Julie Lamb dispatched Newman to paradise. "We didn't give him much time to pack his lavalava," says Lamb. Neither Newman nor photographer Craig Molenhouse was heard to complain about the assignment.

Campbell is expert at tending to details, but she also has benefited from a bit of luck. "Last year Brian had asked me if there was some ultimate picture we'd tried for year after year and never got," she says. "And there was one I had always wanted: a rain shot, with a suntanned girl's face turned to the sky."

And so it happened that one rainy day, as the SI crew sat huddled in a sheltered boat cursing the weather, Lanker suggested they go for it. Campbell pulled out the most colorful suit she could find, and just as model Coco Mitchell slipped into it and found a coral head to stand on, the sky over Bora Bora began to break.

"Behind her was the biggest rainbow I had ever seen, so bright it reflected in the water," Campbell says. "Coco was still wet from the rain, wearing a suit with every color in that rainbow."

You'll find Campbell's "ultimate" picture in the swimsuit portfolio, which begins on page 102. We suspect you'll enjoy searching for it.

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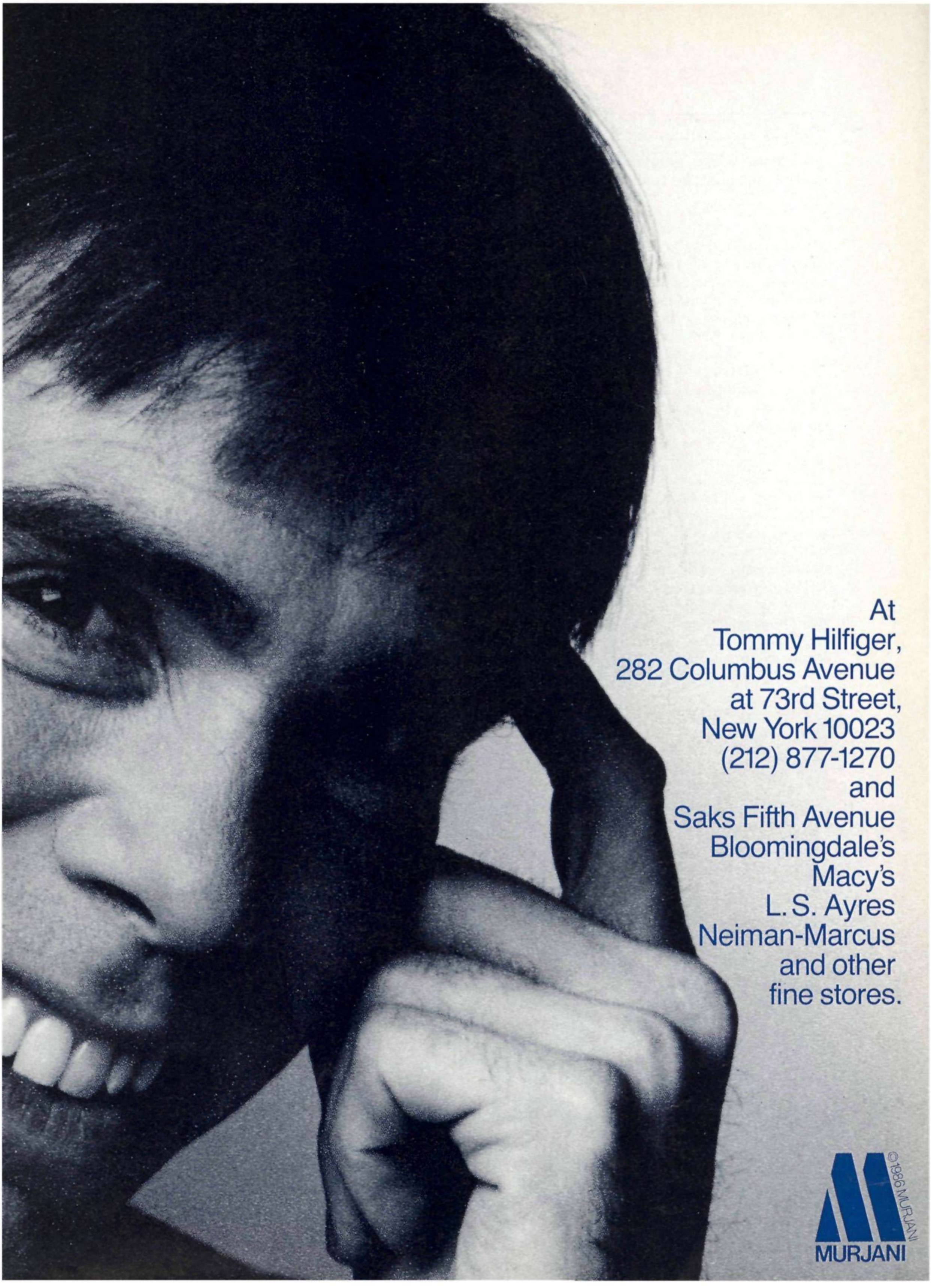

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VIEWPOINT

by STEVE RAYMOND

A FLY-FISHERMAN IS DAZZLED BY THE VARIETY, AND COST, OF TODAY'S REELS

There's no such thing as a reel bargain anymore. Back in 1903 you could order fly-fishing reels from the catalog of William Mills & Son for $15 *a dozen*. But those days are gone (so, unfortunately, is William Mills & Son, once a fine purveyor of fishing tackle), and now a top-of-the-line fly reel can set you back $300 or more—sometimes much more.

That says a lot about what has happened to reels in the past few decades. Around the turn of the century most anglers considered a reel nothing more than a handy gadget for keeping extra line out of the way, but as fishing for Atlantic salmon, steelhead and many powerful saltwater species grew in popularity, the reel became a sophisticated, essential component of an angler's tackle. It served its basic purpose of storing spare line, but it also had to be able to give up line quickly and smoothly when a strong fish was running—and then recover it rapidly yet neatly. In order to do all this, reels had to be made of rugged materials machined to fine tolerances and capable of withstanding high temperatures generated by the friction created by a running fish. Sensitive drag systems were also developed, and some fly reels were made with multiplying gears that made it possible for anglers to recover line faster than ever. All this added to the cost.

That reels could change so much in less than a century is remarkable, especially when one angling scholar has estimated that 3,600 years elapsed from the time men started fishing with a line attached to a pole until development of the first crude reels. The first apparent reference in angling literature to a reel (or something resembling a reel) was a verse in John Dennys's *Secrets of Angling*, published in 1613. Dennys wrote:

"A little board, the lightest you can finde,
But not so thin that it will breake or bend;
Of Cypress sweet, or of some other kinde
That like a Trenchor shall itself extend;
Made smooth and plaine, your lines thereon To winde."

RANDALL ENOS

In other words, not much more than a stick with line wrapped around it, the sort of thing a small boy might use together with a willow switch for a rod.

Half a century after Dennys's work was published, Barker's *Art of Angling* described a rod with a handle that had "a hole made for to put in a winch, to turne with a barrel, to gather up [the angler's] line"—a pretty fair description of a modern reel. Barker was a contemporary of Izaak Walton, who also knew about reels but apparently did not use one himself. In *The Compleat Angler* (1653), Walton said only that reels were "to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words."

From Walton's time until the late 19th century the British led in reel development, but then American manufacturers began to introduce models of innovative materials and designs. In 1873 Thomas Conroy produced a reel made of German silver and began experimenting with hard rubber as a substitute material. A year later Julius vom Hofe began manufacturing a reel made of chrome-plated brass, which later gave way to hard rubber. But the most successful new reel was patented by Charles F. Orvis in 1874. As described in an early catalog, "This reel is extra nickel-plated and finely finished. It is perforated to make it light and keep it free from sand; also that the line may dry without removing it from the reel after use. Has a very perfect click. . . . It is quite narrow, and takes up line rapidly."

The Orvis reel sold for $3.50, including a black walnut case. The least expensive reel in the 1985 Orvis catalog was $38.50, and the *average* price was $224.

Perhaps the most popular fly reels ever made were those produced by England's venerable House of Hardy. Hardy introduced the Model Perfect reel in 1891, and except for a brief hiatus, it has been manufactured ever since, along with many later models. Aside from their fine precision, the most endearing quality of Hardy reels is their sound, which never fails to start a fisherman's adrenaline flowing. As Izaak Walton might have said, the sound is something more easily appreciated by actually hearing it than by a large demonstration of words.

But you won't find reels for $15 a dozen anymore—those days, alas, are gone forever. **END**

Steve Raymond, a Seattle newspaperman, has written three books about fly-fishing.

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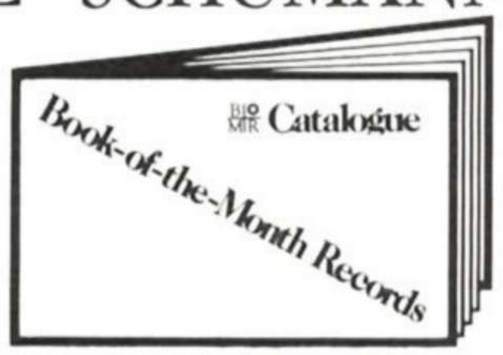

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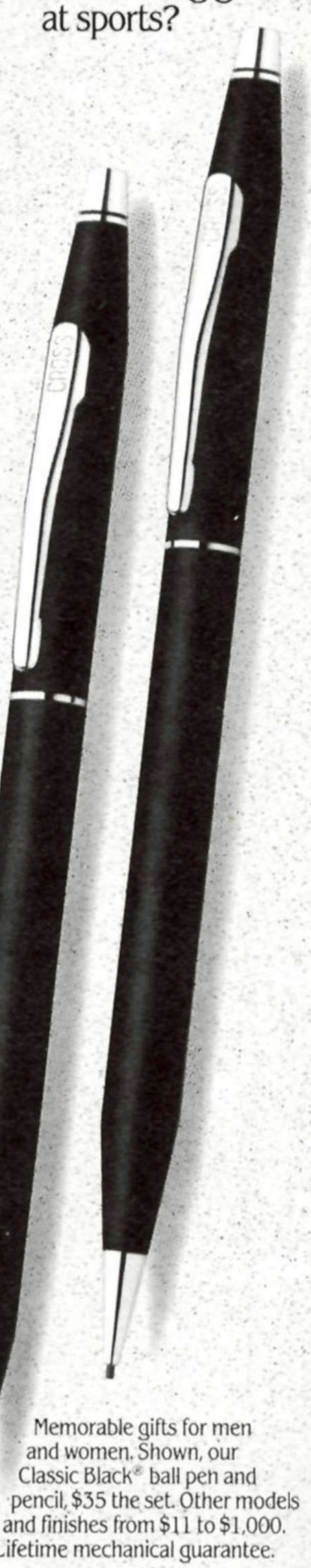

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On The Scene

by MICHAEL SEGELL

SUPER-SENIOR TENNIS COURTS OLDER PLAYERS WHO STILL ENJOY COMPETING

Mal Clarke thinks practicing tennis is as loathsome as jogging, something he has said he would do only at gunpoint. This is not to say that Clarke, 83, who three years ago became the first player in any age division to win all four U.S. national championships in both singles and doubles in one year, doesn't believe in routine. Every morning, for instance, after tending to his beans and potatoes, he refreshes himself with a wee martini and then reads a little medieval history.

While Clarke usually likes to leave his game in the hands of his muse, Ken Beer prefers to control his own destiny. He relishes practice. Five days a week, the 82-year-old former Pan Am pilot hits a thousand balls—500 volleys and 500 ground strokes—rocketed at him by a ball machine. "I have to practice," says Beer. "I haven't been around as long as Mal Clarke."

For the past three years, Clarke, a former prep school language teacher who lives in South Harpswell, Maine, and Beer, a short, powerful Californian who seems able to gauge his opponents' weaknesses as quickly and precisely as he might read the instrument panel of a 707, have faced each other in the finals of virtually every national tournament they have entered. Lately Beer has been overwhelming his rival. "He's just a machine," says Clarke. "The rest of us try to lead a normal life. I'm not sure he does."

MICHAEL SEGELL

Clarke (left) and Beer are companionable opponents.

The Clarke-Beer showdowns are not the only highlights of the "super" senior tennis circuit. Here "boys wearing loose skin," as Clarke describes his fellow competitors, prove that tennis is indeed the sport for a lifetime. In super-senior tennis speed and strength become secondary to strategy, finesse and pure skill. On this circuit you will not see power tennis. Instead, you get masterfully disguised trick serves, drop shots that kiss the net cord and half volleys that nick the lines. It's a joy to watch.

Until the late '60s the top age division in the United States Tennis Association was 55-and-over, meaning players 60 and older—many of them former instructors or college champions—had to compete against opponents five or even 15 years their junior if they wanted to play tournament tennis. Largely through the efforts of four men—Alphonso Smith, a former Davis Cup captain from Charlottesville, Va.; L. Roe Campbell, a retired Knoxville, Tenn. banker; Thomas Todd, a Seattle lawyer; and the late Eldon Roark, who had been a columnist for the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*—Super-Senior Tennis, Inc. was formed. The organization, which initially was only for amateurs 55 and older, later opened its ranks to the pros. The USTA sanctions super-senior events and ranks its members in each division.

Today there are dozens of regional and national tournaments for each of the super-seniors' divisions (the divisions cover every five-year increment from 55

continued

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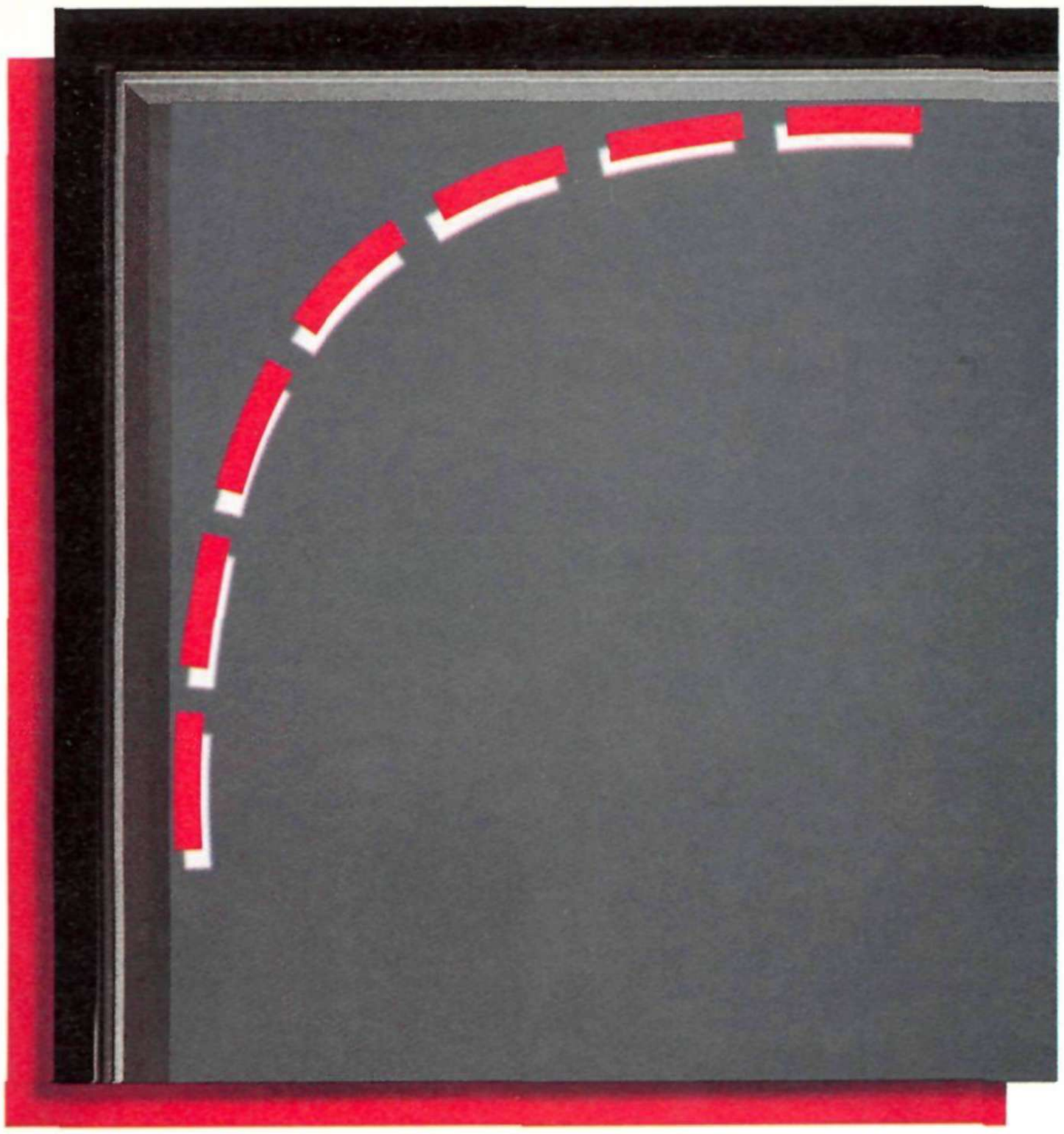

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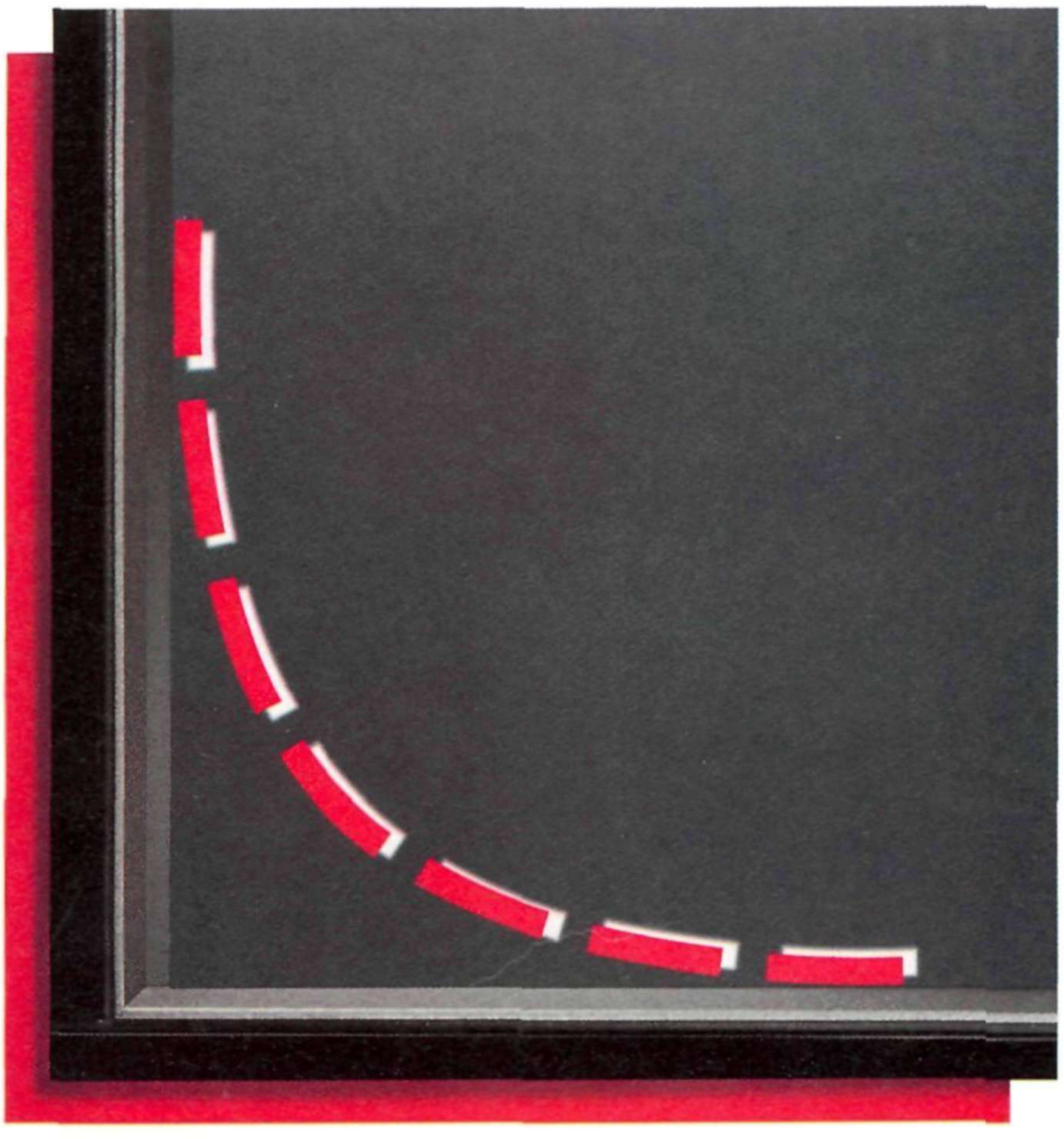

to 80-and-over). In late summer the USTA holds four tournaments—the national indoor and hard-court championships in California in August, and the grass courts and clay courts, in Rhode Island and Virginia, respectively, in September—that comprise the annual Grand Slam, or Grandfather Slam, of super-senior tennis.

Each year, the 70s-through-80s grass-court championships are held at Agawam Hunt, a club in East Providence, R.I. that was founded in 1897, the year a couple of the circuit's players were born. There you can look out from the wainscoted clubhouse to the manicured greensward and get a feeling for lawn tennis's genteel beginnings.

But in fact there's nothing leisurely about super-senior tennis. The 2½ million balls Beer has blasted back at a machine over the past 10 years are evidence of that. And if you think the inner game of tennis becomes any less turbulent with age, think again. "It's a boy's game," says Clarke, whose first and second U.S. national tournament appearances were separated by 60 years. "No matter how old you are, you're the same person you ever were. Which means if you lose, you lost just as well or as badly as you did when you were a kid."

"If I lose, don't talk to me for an hour or so," says Gardnar Mulloy, 72, who has won more U.S. national titles than any man in the history of the game, "because I turn into a monster."

Fortunately for Mulloy, a former touring pro and Davis Cup player, he rarely loses, even when he plays down a couple of divisions. Last summer he won a national tournament in the 55s, and he often plays in the 65s just to take on longtime rival Bobby Riggs. At stake are the little gold tennis balls the USTA awards to winners of national championships. Mulloy has 73, Riggs 56. But Riggs, the inveterate hustler, has bet half the people who play the game that he will overtake Mulloy.

Mulloy, a member of the Tennis Hall of Fame, can take considerable credit for investing senior and super-senior tennis with the exceptionally high caliber of play—and glamour—now found in all age divisions. "When I started, a lot of the better players thought it was demeaning to play senior tennis," he says. "Today you can find pros in every division." Mulloy, who's now tennis pro emeritus at Boca Grove in Boca Raton, Fla., has an

unbounded passion for the game. "I don't believe you can ever be overtennised," he says. "If you're too tired or don't feel like playing, then you'll lose and have to take the week off, anyway."

Mulloy's feeling for the game is shared by nearly everyone on the circuit. "The fact that you've survived this long and can still run around makes the game more important than it was when you were younger," Clarke says. "And you don't have other things intruding on you. There are no money worries. There's certainly no pressure from fans, because we don't have any. Except for our wives, and in some cases they're not fans because they'd rather see us at home."

Pressure-free or not, rivalries, some extending six decades, often retain the thrill and import of the initial adolescent encounter. Last year Alphonso Smith faced Bobby Seller, who once traveled the country with Bill Tilden playing exhibitions. "I'd say my desire to beat Seller has probably doubled each time since the first match we played," Smith says. "And that was in the National Junior Grass Courts at Forest Hills in 1927." At Agawam, Paul Peavey, a former manager for Ford Motor Co., faced Chauncey Steele, a Boston stockbroker, in the 70s' quarterfinals 55 years after their first match. Jack Staton, a former Wilson Sporting Goods rep who won the 75s' singles Grand Slam in 1984, faced Bryan (Bitsy) Grant, a top clay-court player from the '30s, at least once in tournament play every year from 1955 to 1983. "When you're No. 1," says Staton, who has won a national title in every senior division for which he has been eligible, "everybody is gunning for you."

Ailments are a source of locker room banter among this crowd. Information about obscure vitamins, elixirs and massage techniques are exchanged regularly and a little good-natured proselytizing is not uncommon among players who claim to have followed some special regimen for 40 years and never stepped inside a hospital. "My goal," says Irv Kamke, a vegetarian and 70s newcomer from Milwaukee, "is to be No. 1 in the 90s by outliving all these meat-eating Davis Cup stars." Says Harry Hoffmann, a retired tennis shop manager now living in Hollywood, Fla., "Get any three of these players together and it's like an organ recital. 'How're your kidneys, your prostate, your liver? Is that your heart or a machine I hear?' "

continued

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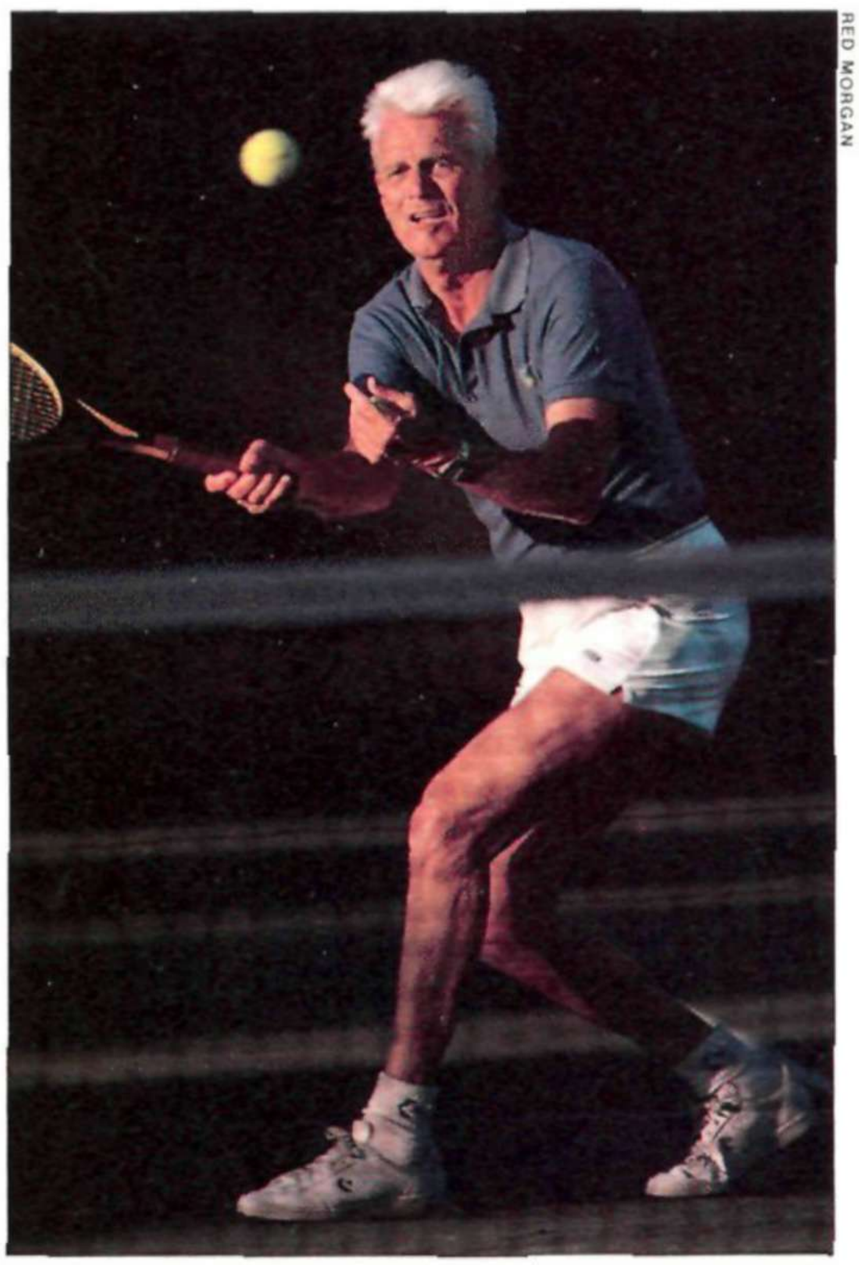
Sometimes it's a machine. Clarke likes to point out that until last year he was ranked No. 1 in doubles every year he had competed in the super-seniors, and of his four partners, three had pacemakers. "Doubles with me was pretty harrowing for them," he says.

As in all sports, some victories are less obvious than others. At Agawam one player, William Thompson of New York City, was suffering from throat cancer (he could communicate only with pad and pencil). Still, he was able to play a first-round match with Mulloy and in perhaps the most touching moment of the tournament, Thompson, reed-thin and wearing a black beret like some bohemian professor, ran up to the net to congratulate his opponent. Unable to speak, he patted Mulloy's hand with both of his.


RED MORGAN

These years Mulloy doesn't often meet his match.

The rivalry between Clarke and Beer was as hot as any at Agawam—it is certainly well documented. Clarke keeps four scrapbooks to chronicle his matches, including the scores from his 10 meetings with the crafty Californian. The one printed in red followed by several exclamation points is Clarke's most cherished victory, which came in late 1984. Beer had won three legs of the Grand Slam going into the clay-court finals in Charlottesville, Va. Clarke, "playing out of my head," volleyed him into submission.

Last September in Rhode Island, Clarke and Beer resumed their rivalry. "I'm going to psych myself up," Clarke confided the day before the finals. "I'm planning to go to bed tonight saying, 'Beat Beer, beat Beer.' " He paused a moment, then wagged a finger. "Mind you, though, that doesn't always work for me." Clarke must have feared that on this occasion it wouldn't, because late that afternoon he shucked off to the far end of the courts and hit a bucket of serves.

Next morning the competitors took the court. For 1½ hours they demonstrated the fine art of shotmaking. Clarke would cut a drop shot, and Beer would somehow get it, frequently converting his return into a winner. If Clarke's return of serve kicked up sideline chalk, Beer was there to bat the ball back. Every game in the first set went to deuce at least once, but before he knew it, Clarke had lost the set 6–0. At this point, the Down-Easter began looking skyward for guidance.

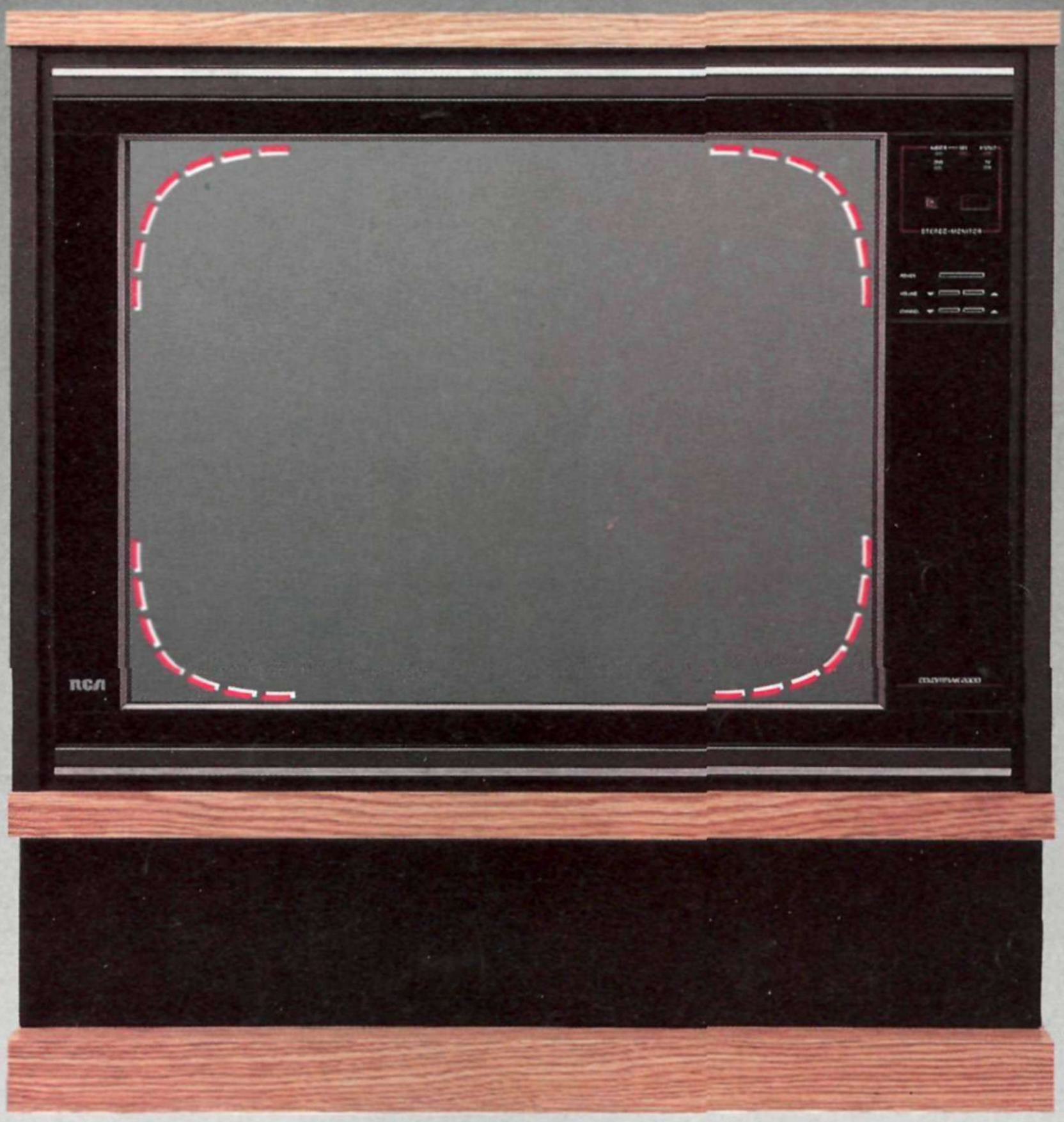
For a time, it appeared as though he had indeed received some. Clarke did break Beer's serve in the first game of the second set, but Beer broke back twice to win the set 6–4. The next week, at the national clay courts, Beer lost just seven games and completed the Slam.

After the match at Agawam, Clarke shrugged and then patted his opponent on the shoulder. "You're a machine out there, Ken," he said with admiration. "A thousand balls each morning, huh? What do you think about while you're doing that? Are you composing poetry, or what?"

The normally taciturn Beer just smiled and nodded toward the court. "That's right," he said, "and I just recited it to you." **END**

Michael Segell lives in New York City and writes periodically for SI.

V I S T A



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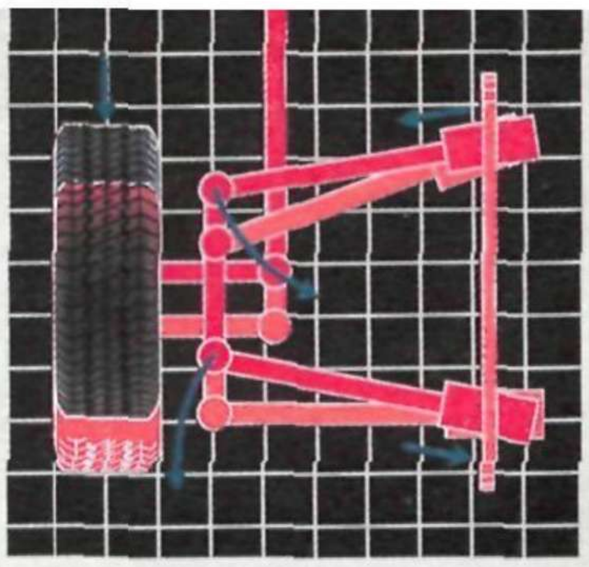

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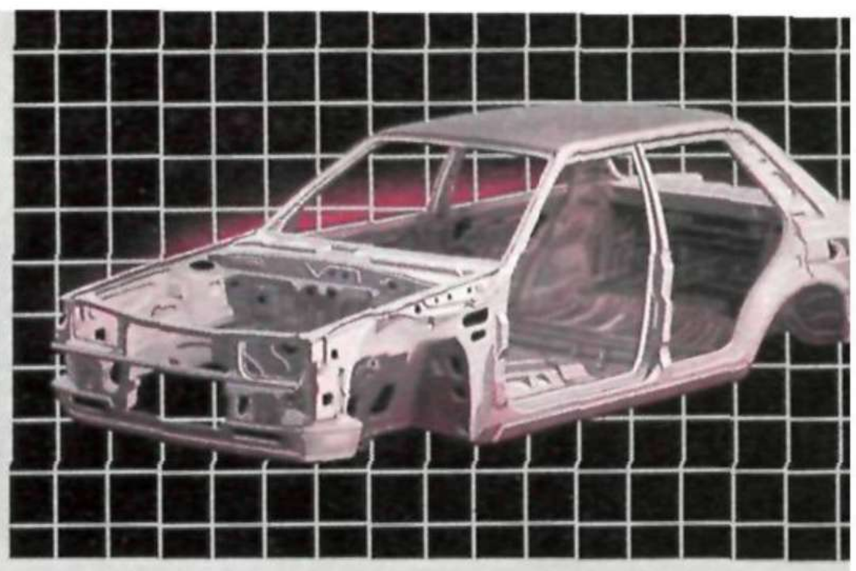

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PERSPECTIVE

by VEDA EDDY

PLAYING 'NAME THAT HORSE' CALLS FOR INGENUITY AND, AT TIMES, PERSISTENCE

Amid the Kentucky bluegrass splendor of Claiborne Farm, Mrs. A.B. Hancock Jr. sits with pad and pen and waits for inspiration. She has a hunch that one of this year's colts is destined for glory, and so he should have a suitable name. The colt's daddy is Seattle Slew, and Mrs. Hancock is hoping to find a short, snappy word—*five letters if possible because five-letter* names are a Claiborne tradition—that is synonymous with slew or, as it is more normally spelled, slough, which is a marsh. She thumbs through a dictionary. Swamp? No. Bog? Maybe. Aha! She has found it, another word for a water runoff. She dials the office and asks a secretary to check The Jockey Club's book of unavailable names to see if the one she wants has been taken. It hasn't. "Well, contact The Jockey Club right now and reserve S-W-A-L-E," she says.

Coming up with something original and suitable, whether the animal becomes a Derby winner like Swale or just an also-ran, is a responsibility horse owners take seriously.

"It's very difficult," says Mrs. Hancock. "There are so many horses now and there are so many names taken. It's difficult to find one that you like and that's appropriate and available." As her daughter Dell, who helps with the yearly task, puts it, "*These horses are sometimes* like your children; you want them to have good names."

Actually, it wasn't until the 1840s that breeders had to worry about such things. Compilers of early stud books grumbled that it was too confusing keeping track of private breeding records and sporting events when the majority of animals were nameless. Owners were advised to start identifying their horses. At first, the suggestion met with resistance. One owner's halfhearted compliance produced the following: He-Has-A-Name, Give-Him-A-Name and He-Isn't-Worth-A-Name. The last, obviously, for one of the stable's underachievers.

Each year about 50,000 thoroughbreds are registered by The Jockey Club. In addition, nearly 20,000 standardbreds are listed by the United States Trotting Association, and a whopping 156,000 quarter horses by the American Quarter Horse Association annually.

Regulations governing the naming of racehorses vary with each breed. Rules cover, among other things, word length, number of years before a name can be reused (like some uniform numbers, names of famous thoroughbreds and standardbreds are "retired" forever) and the use of names of living persons or those with commercial significance. Lewd or suggestive titles are off-limits.

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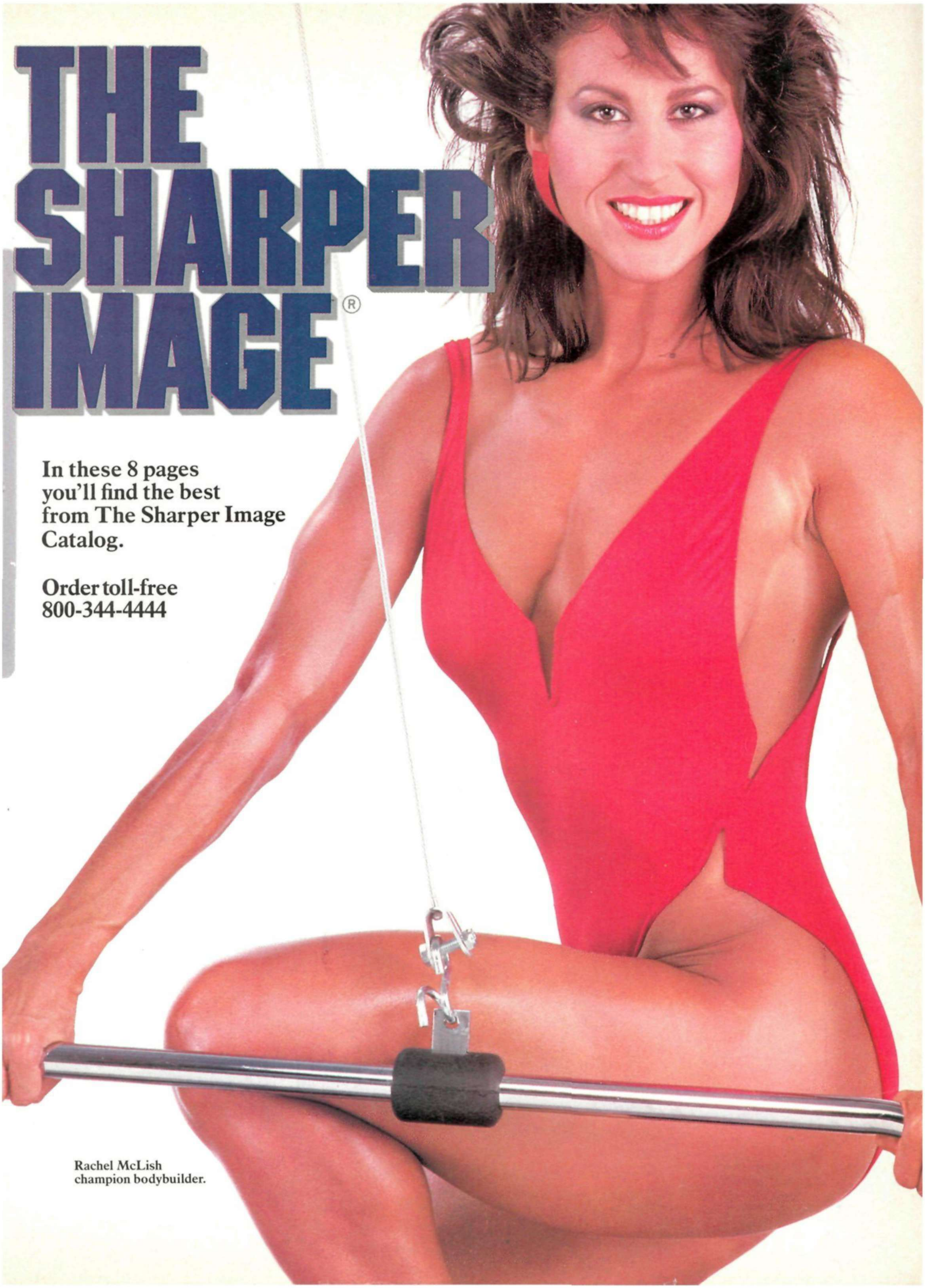

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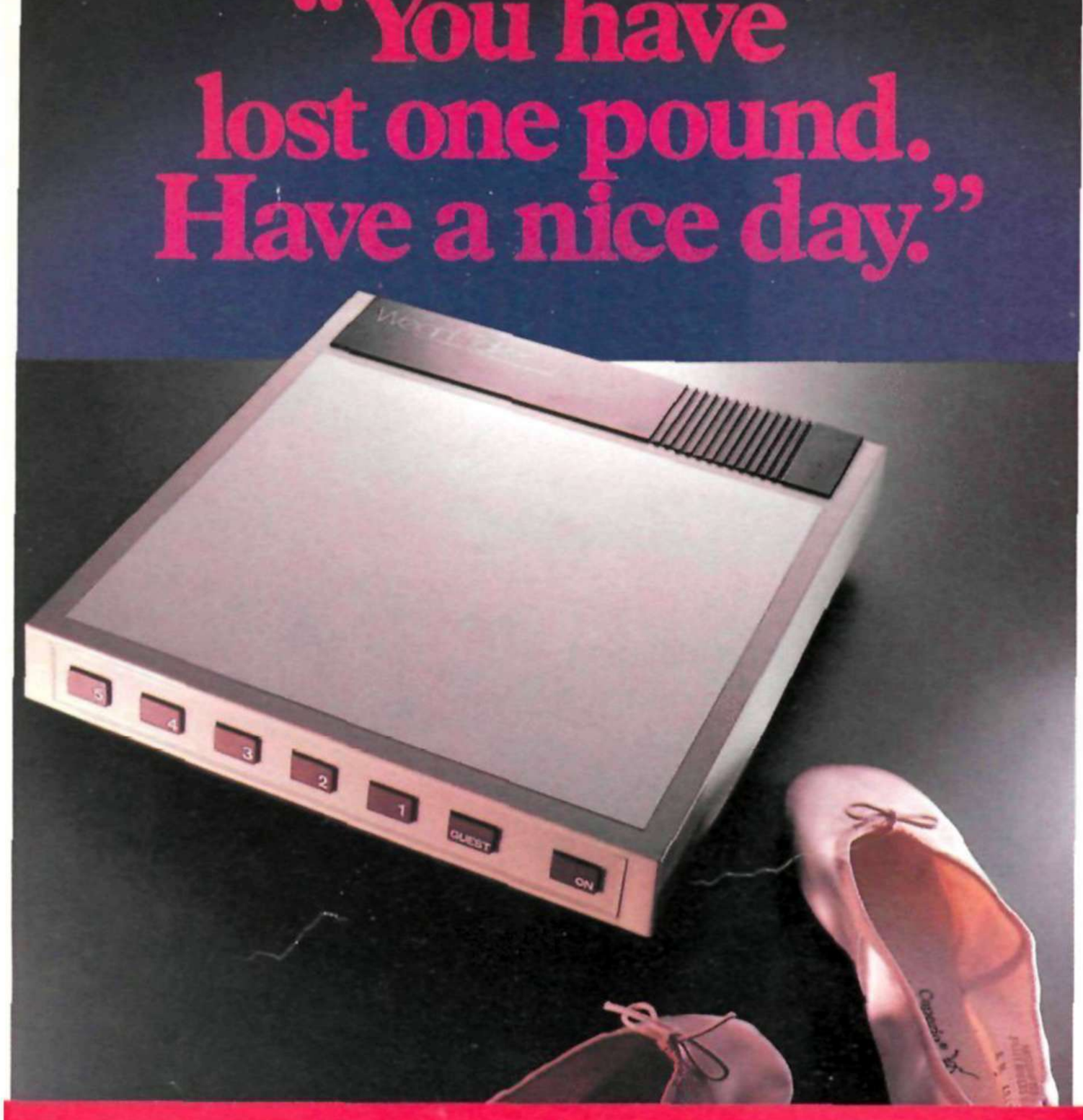

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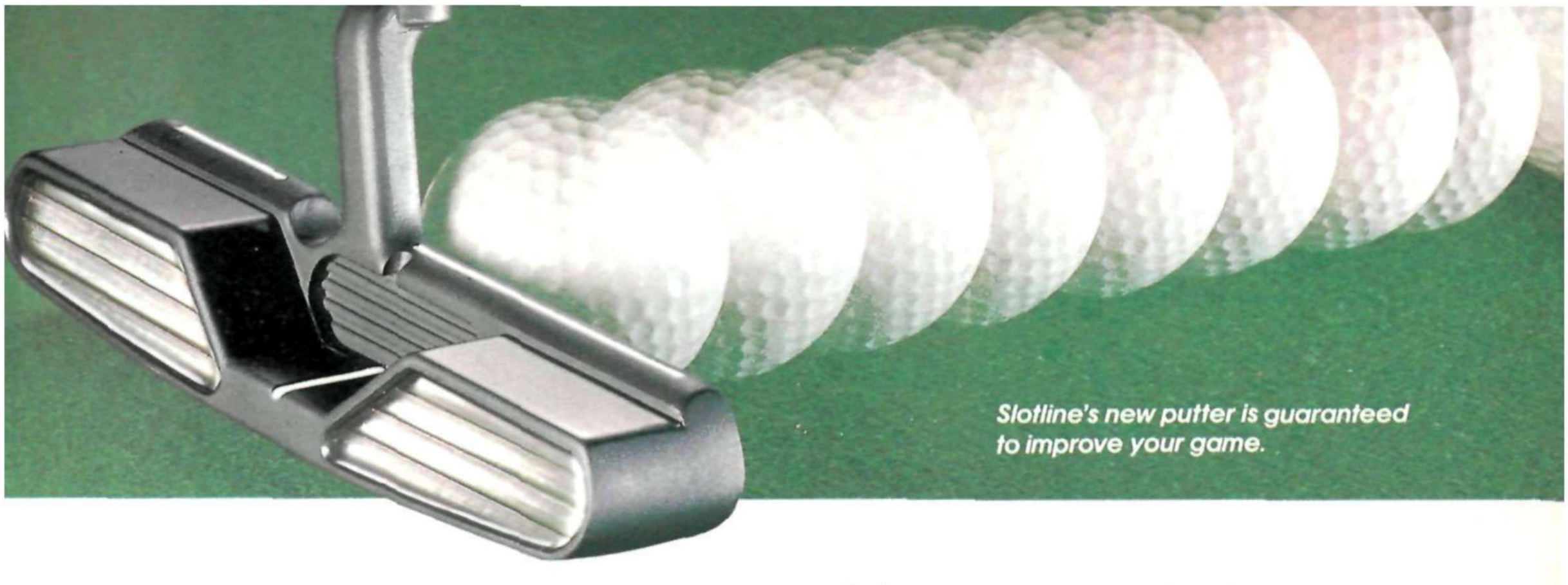

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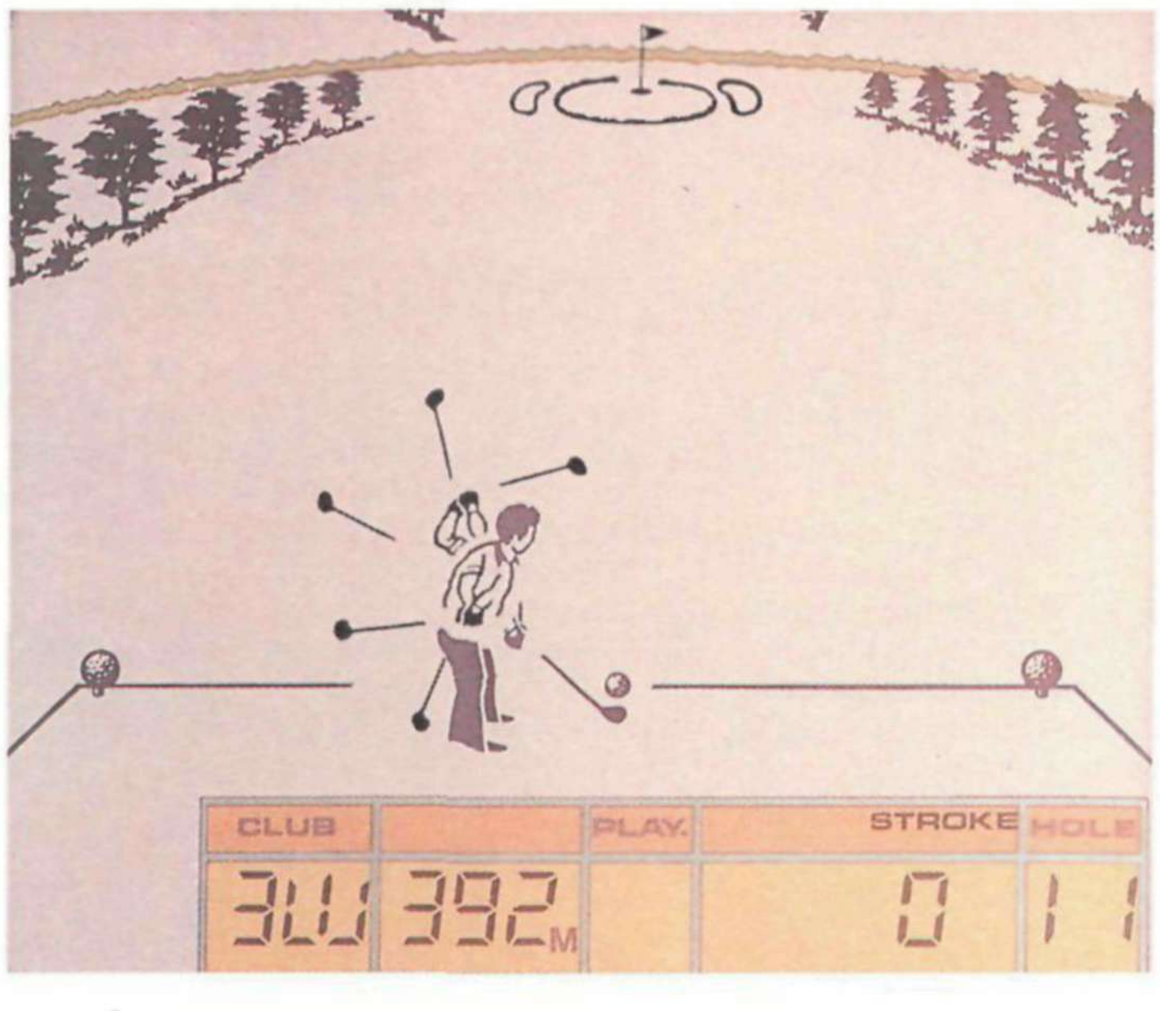

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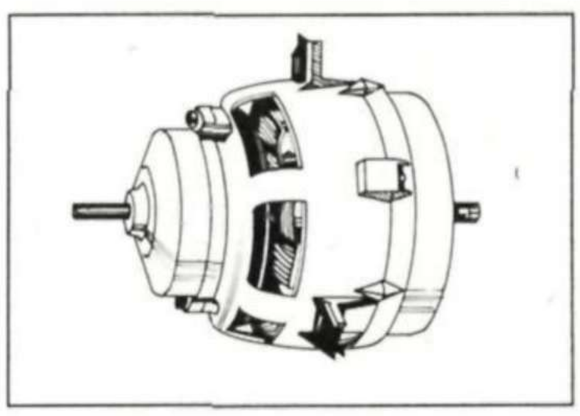

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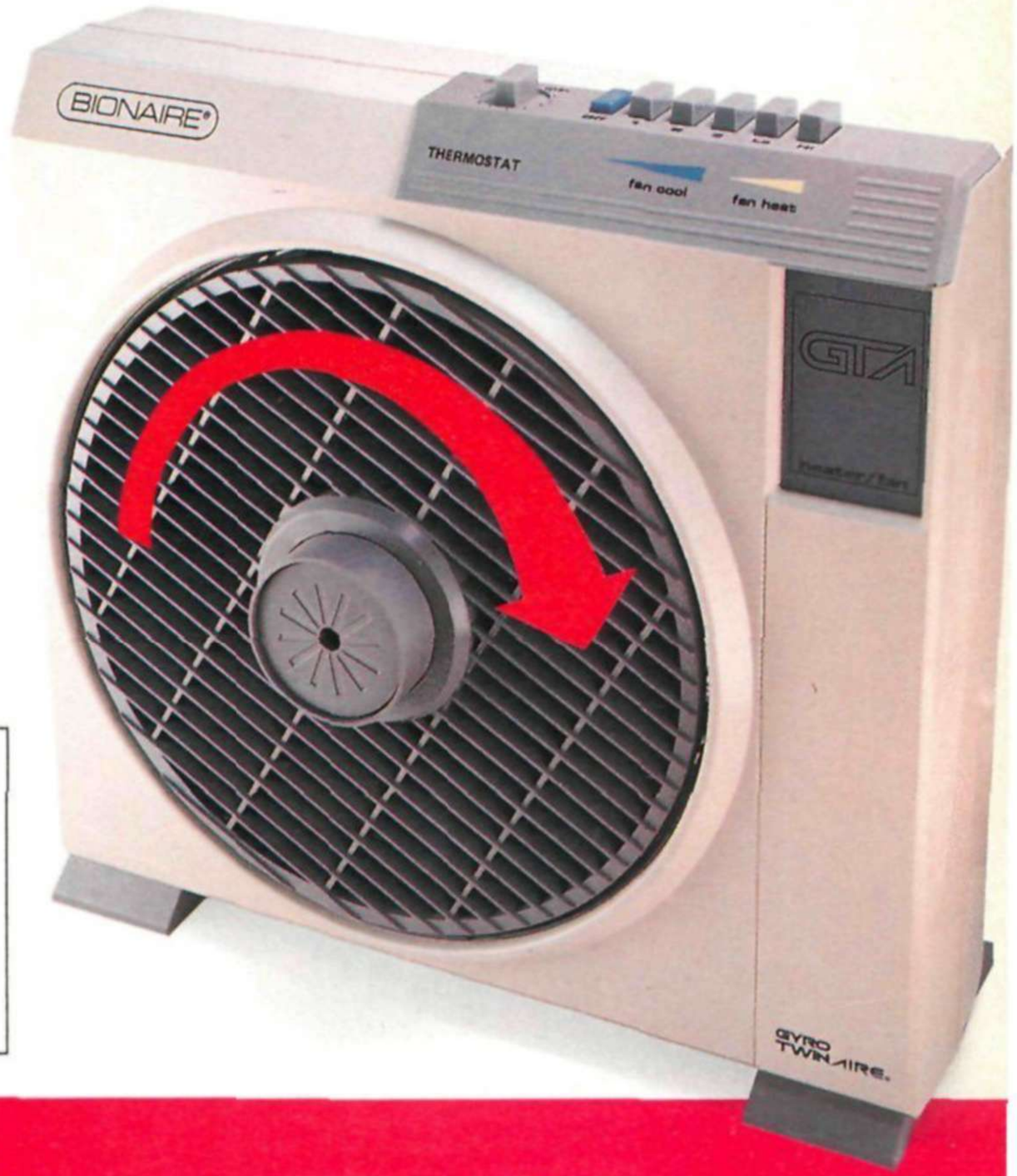

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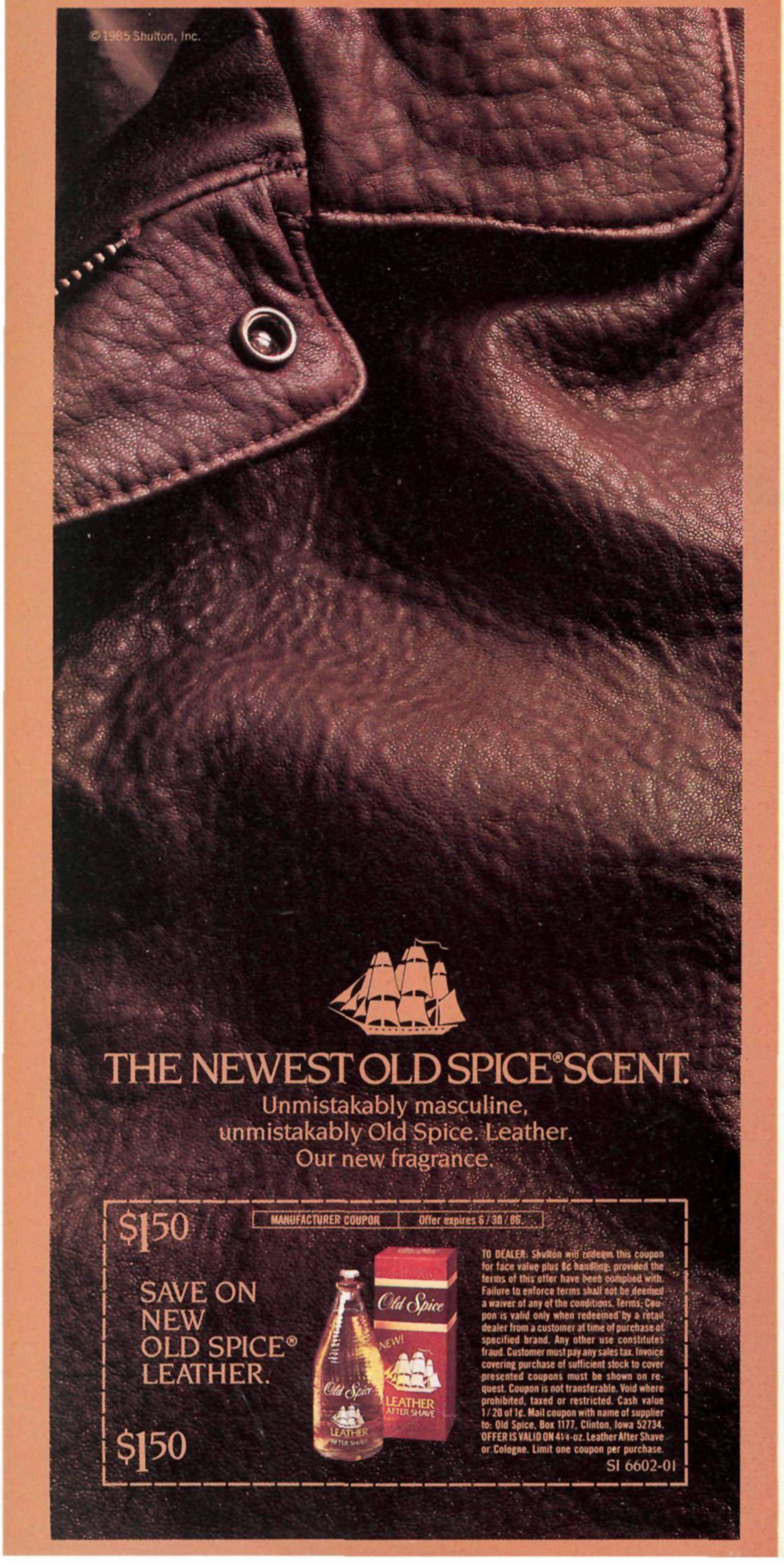

PERSPECTIVE *continued*

One method of arriving at a name is the "half and half." Borrow letters or a word from the name of the sire, add letters or a word from the name of the dam, and presto! a new name. That's what happened in the case of Niatross, the fastest standardbred of all time. His parents are *Nia*gara Dream and Alba*tross.*

Many owners prefer the "spinoff" technique, the one used for Swale. It requires a bit more imagination and some research. Simply give the new generation a variation on a parental theme. Northern Dancer begat Nureyev; Rich Cream, Creme Fraiche; Tom Fool, Dunce. You get the idea.

Master of the spinoff is standardbred breeder Norman Woolworth. Some of his classics include Fortune Teller out of Uncanny Ability, Snack Bar out of Dinette and Zoot Suit out of Glad Rags. Woolworth explains that trotters and pacers are generally named as foals, before they go through the sale ring. Bestowing a memorable name on a standardbred yearling can make a potential buyer stop, look and remember. Knowing this, Stoner Creek Stud, of which Woolworth is part owner, advertised its consignment a few years back by placing ads in trade magazines listing mares and their offspring, but in no particular order. Readers were asked to guess which name fit which breeding. "I had people calling me up at all hours wanting hints," Woolworth recalls. "But they sure knew the colts' names by sale time."

Of course, a spinoff isn't the only way to tag a nag. Some farms use the first letter of the mare's name to begin the names of each of her foals, and a lot of the larger standardbred farms include their name as a prefix or suffix in the name of every horse they raise as in Birmingham Hanover, Franz Hanover and Baxter Hanover.

Racehorses are named for family members, for friends, and even for foes. In 1952 Pennsylvania horseman Max Hempt decided he'd say goodby to a lame duck President Truman, of whom he was not particularly fond, and at the same time name a colt by Adios. Hempt was able to send Adios Harry through the sale ring on Election Day.

Racehorses are named for places, for personalities and for memorable experiences. Brownell Combs II and his family were having Thanksgiving dinner year before last. The kids were fussing like crazy, and just when things were getting tense, Combs's daughter Dorothy piped

continued

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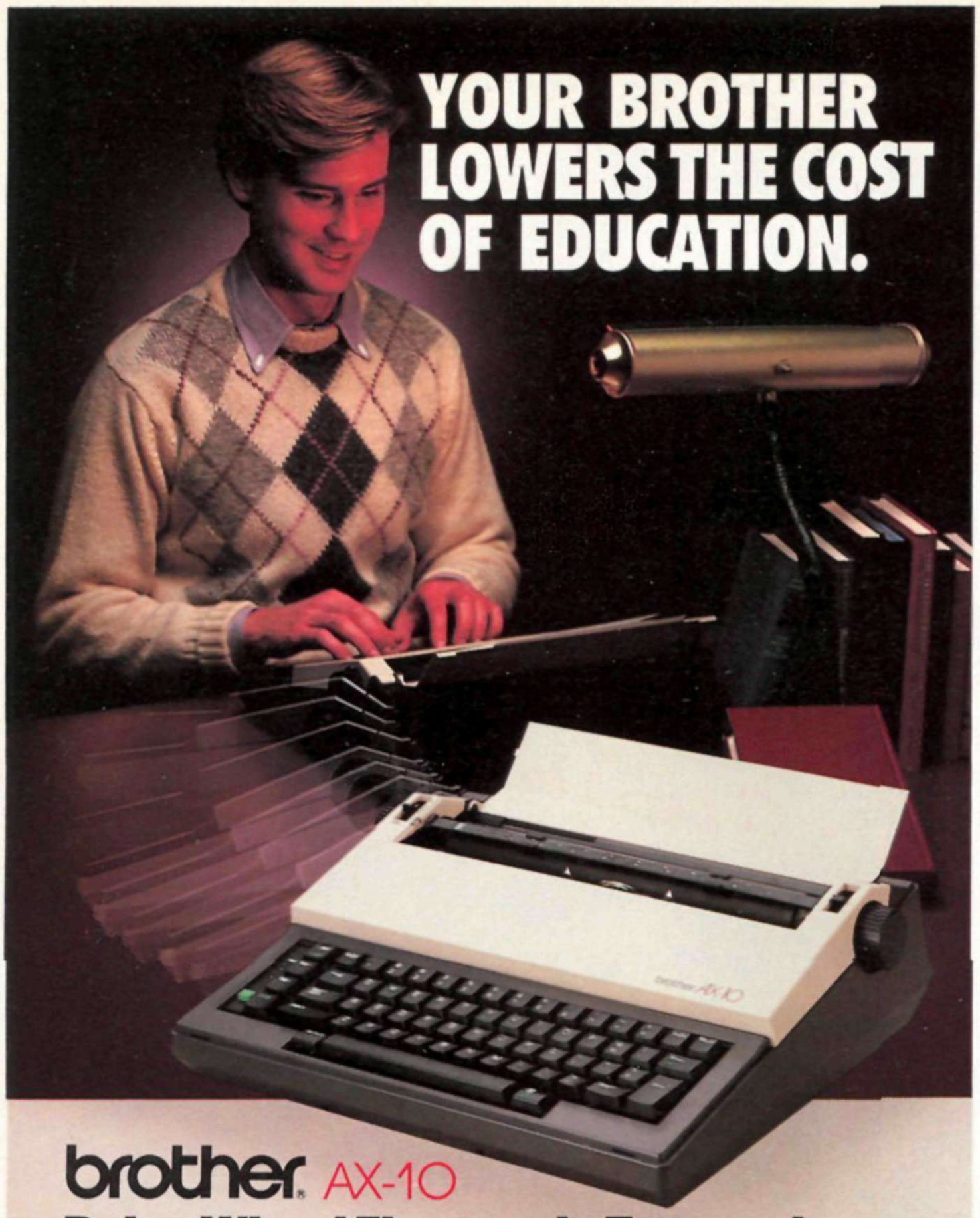


up with "Are we having fun yet?" Over turkey and pumpkin pie, the Spendthrift Farm owner decided the phrase might make a good name.

You would think that Arewehavingfunyet, now one of the top West Coast fillies, and other such gobbledygook names would give race announcers fits. But Roger Huston, a veteran of more than 50,000 track calls, says tongue twisters don't bother him. (Then again, he hasn't called Shesellseashells coming down the stretch.) However, he does cringe when the names of two or more horses in the same race sound alike or make for surprising combinations. Huston once managed to whiz through a call of Sandy Sam, Sassy Pam and Pams Ram, but completely lost his cool the night he declared a one-two finish of quarter horses Bull Sit and Scoop It Up.

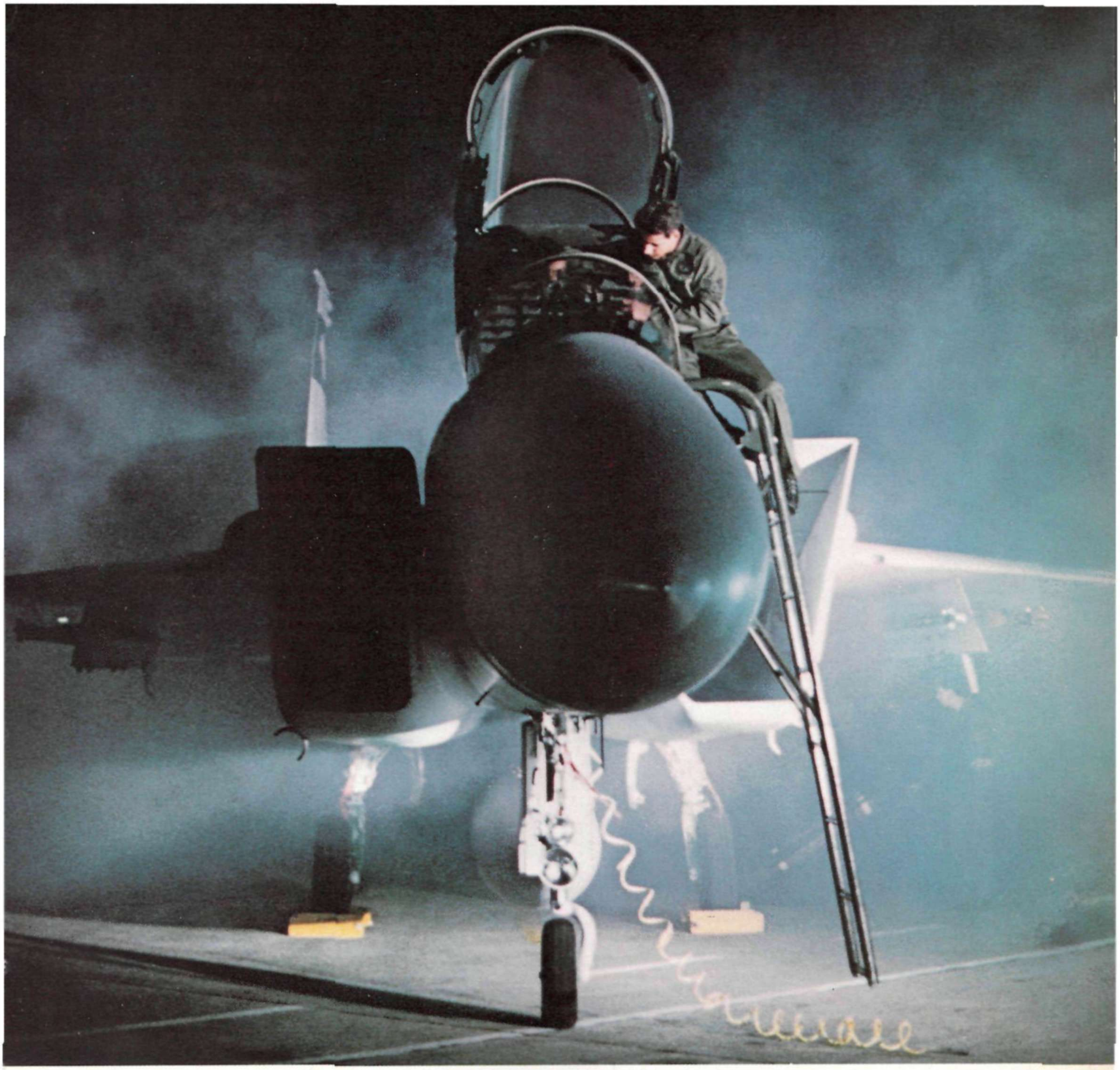
Racehorses are named by friends of owners at "foal-naming parties"—at which, it's reported, the names get funnier as the night wears on and the drinks take hold—and sometimes by total strangers. Earlier this year at The Meadows, a harness track near Pittsburgh, viewers of The Meadows Racing Network submitted suggestions for a foal sired by Sundance Skipper out of the mare Nanoo Nanoo. The winning name? Noo-Sance, a half-and-half classic.

Generally, though, owners don't like to hand over the name game reins to just anybody. At many of the larger farms, the naming of yearlings is a cherished tradition. "It's really a family effort around here," says Dell Hancock. "Something we take pride in."

Opinions differ as to what makes a good name. In fact, some claim that once a horse becomes famous, his name, no matter how awful, automatically becomes good. Still, when it comes time to name top-notch stock, a lot of decision-making goes on. "Sometimes if you think of a good name you don't want to waste it on a horse that you know isn't going to be a nice horse," Hancock admits.

"It is especially important for stallion prospects to have a name of stature," says John T.L. Jones Jr., owner of Walmac International in Lexington. "An ordinary racehorse can be funny or catchy, but an animal at the top should have a name that shows strength or grace. Something that can go down in history." **END**

Veda Eddy, who lives in Columbus, Ind., frequently writes on equine subjects.



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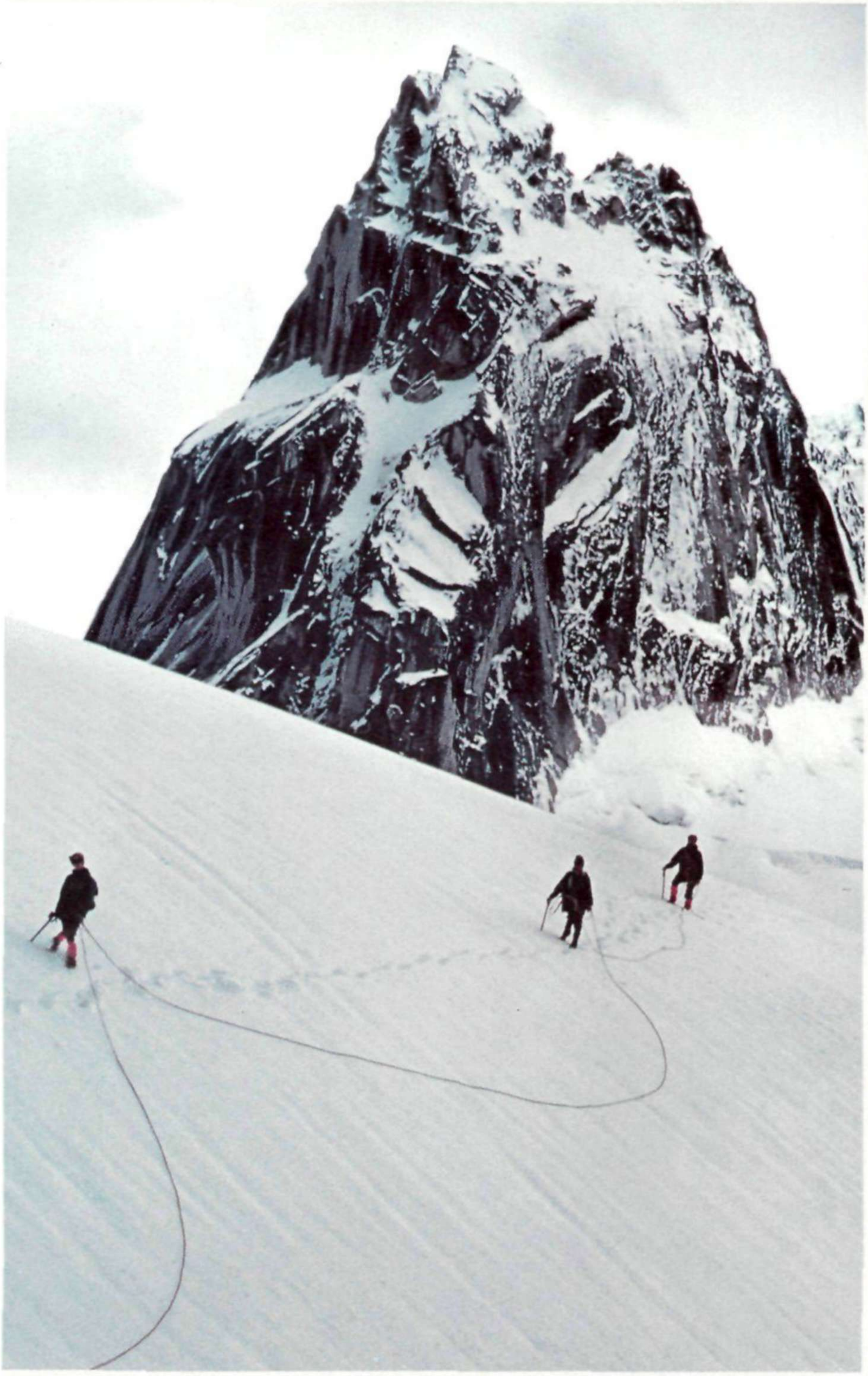

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spotlight

by JAMIE MALANOWSKI

HALL OF FAMER ART DONOVAN TACKLES A NEW FIELD, TELEVISION, AND SCORES

Fans who tune in to *Late Night With David Letterman* get a special treat from time to time, when Art Donovan, a 60-year-old, 340-pound man with a severe crew cut, tells stories about his life in the National Football League. Those who remember Donovan's career (1950-61), most of it as a defensive tackle with the Baltimore Colts, might expect the stories to be long on glory. After all, he played on two championship teams, was named All-Pro four times, played in five Pro Bowls and was elected to the Hall of Fame only six years after his retirement. But they would be wrong. Instead, Donovan tells tales of mayhem and mischief both on and off the field. And he is funny.

We had a quarterback named George Shaw. He wasn't a very big guy, but he was a talented fella, a lot like Francis Tarkenton. Well, we were playing the Bears in '55, and Dick Szymanski was the center. It was in the second quarter, and Shaw goes back to throw a pass, and just as he's about to throw, a lineman breaks through and hits him. At the same time, a linebacker, George Connor, comes blitzing in with a 20-yard head start, and he hits George a shot. Jeez, he leveled him. He put a shoulder right in his face, busted the face mask. They pulled George off the field. His nose was bleeding, he didn't know where he was. So he's on the bench, and he says to Szymanski, "Hey, Szyzzie, how do my teeth look?" And Szyzzie says, "I don't know, George, they aren't there."

Donovan had been a popular banquet speaker in Baltimore for years. In 1981 Steve Sabol of NFL Films caught his act and was fascinated. "We were doing a show on the NFL in the '50s," says Sabol, "and several people told me that Art Donovan was the man to see. Well, we went down to his country club in Baltimore, and he was great. When many people talk, it's like watching a train of boxcars go by. But Artie tells stories that have a beginning, a middle and an end. We shot 12 rolls of film that day, more than we've shot with anybody. There was enough material for us to use in 10 programs."

As it happened, *Late Night* producer Barry Sand saw one of those shows. "Art was outrageous, funny and definitely not normal," he says. "It seemed to me that if he could be as funny in a talk show setting, he'd make a wonderful guest." Did Sand realize what a great football player Donovan had been? "No, I had no idea," he says. "Frankly, when I saw the crew cut I wondered if he was still alive."

"In my first appearance," Donovan says, "I was telling stories, and people were laughing, and everything was great. When we cut to a commercial, the guy says, 'Can you do another eight minutes?' I said, 'Hell, I can do eight months.' "

Sure, football's a rough game. When I was with Dallas, a guy jumped up and down on my leg until he broke it. It hurt like hell. I sat out two games, but then they didn't have anybody else so they taped me up and put me in. I told them I couldn't run. They said, "That's O.K., if they run the play at you, just fall down and try to get in the way."

Bill Pellington, the Colts' middle linebacker, was a rough player. The Detroit Lions were out to get him, and a Lion fullback named Tracy broke Pellington's arm in the first game of the '57 season, forcing him out for the year. The next year, they let Pellington put a steel cast on his arm, wrapped in a quarter inch of foam rubber. Well, that's as good as nothing. He was going around, swinging that arm, hitting people. Billy Howton, the wide receiver for the Packers, went up to the ref and said, "Hell, why don't you give him a gun and let him do a clean job on us?"

Donovan's storytelling abilities may make people forget just how good a player he was. Seeing little snippets of film doesn't help. In the highlight film of the famous 1958 championship game, for example, the Giants' big plays were run away from Donovan's side, leaving the camera to record what appears to be a marshmallow wearing No. 70, shirt out, socks down, trotting after the play.

George Young, currently the general manager of the Giants, saw most of Donovan's professional career, first as a fellow tackle on the Dallas Texans and then as a fan of the Colts and close friend (Young was an usher at Donovan's wedding). "Donovan wasn't a very good player when he came into the league," Young says. "He was a 25-year-old rook-

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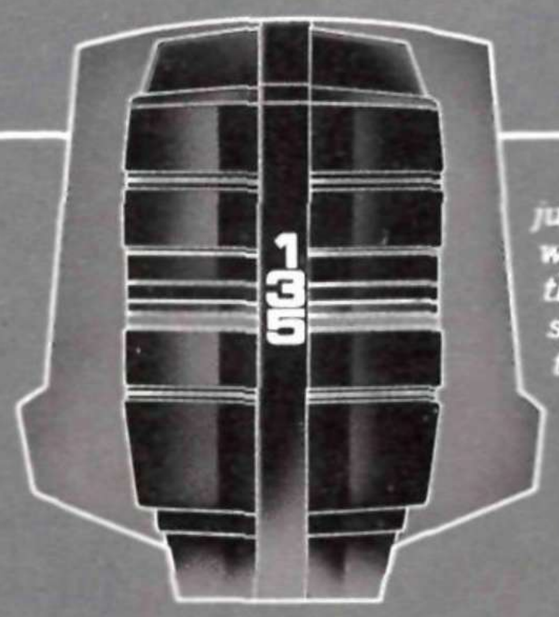

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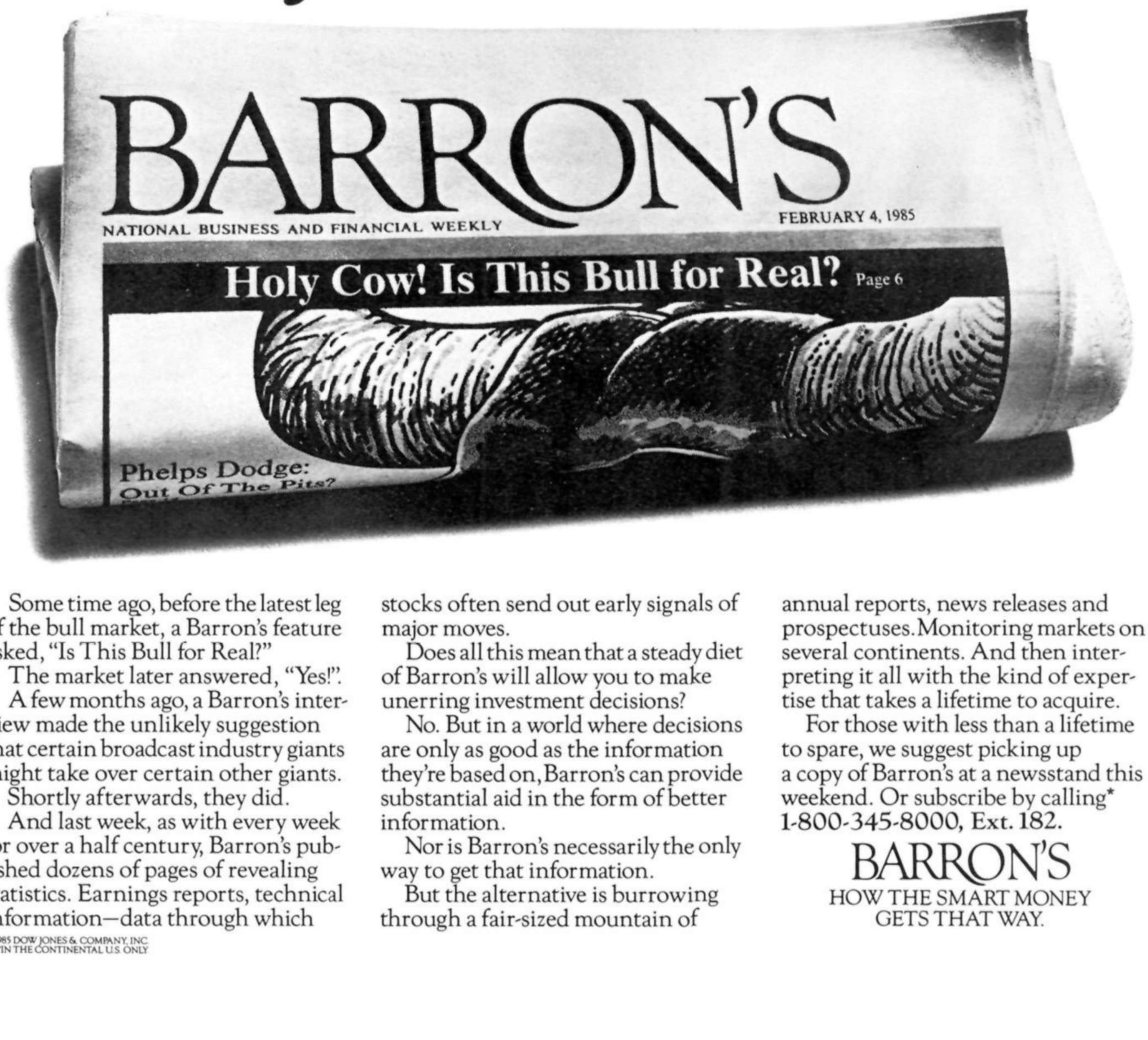

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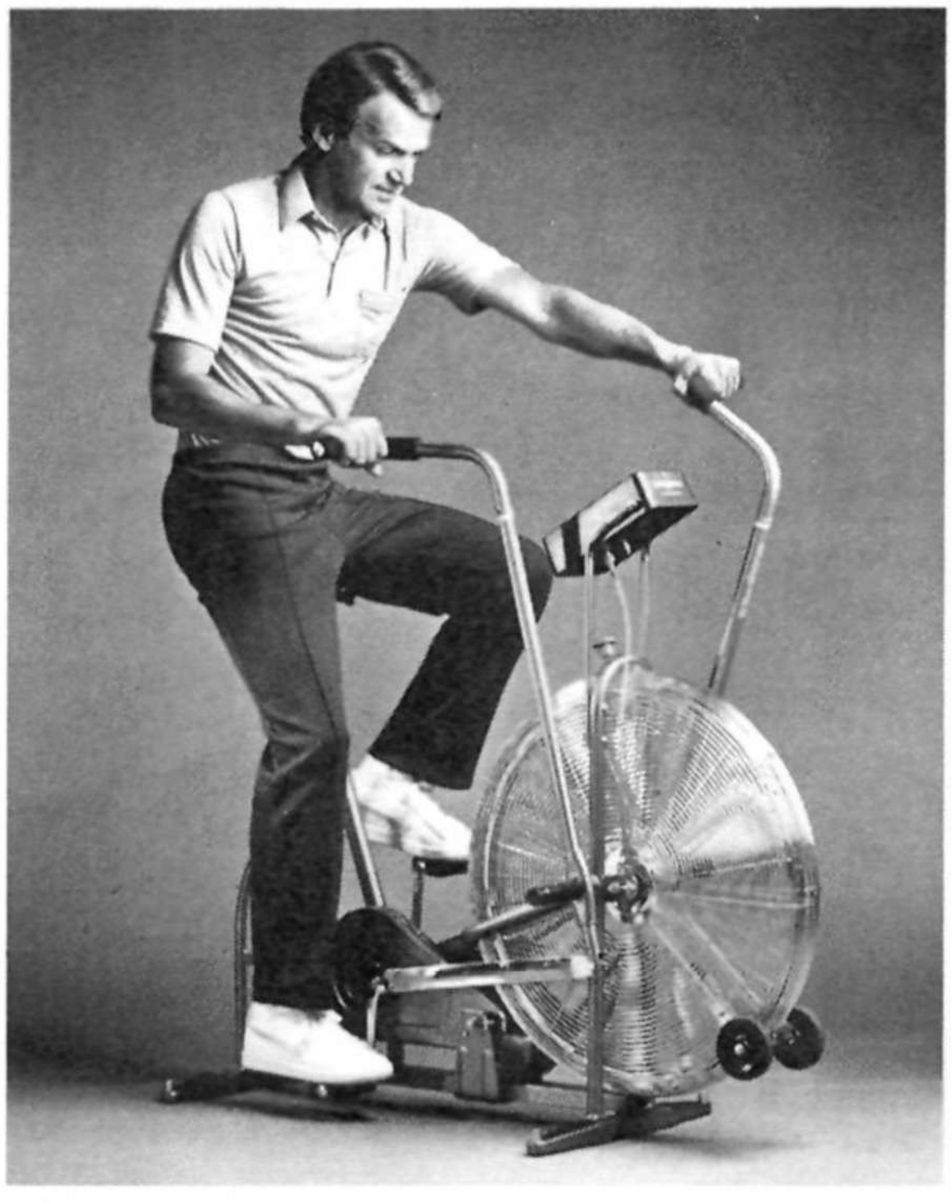

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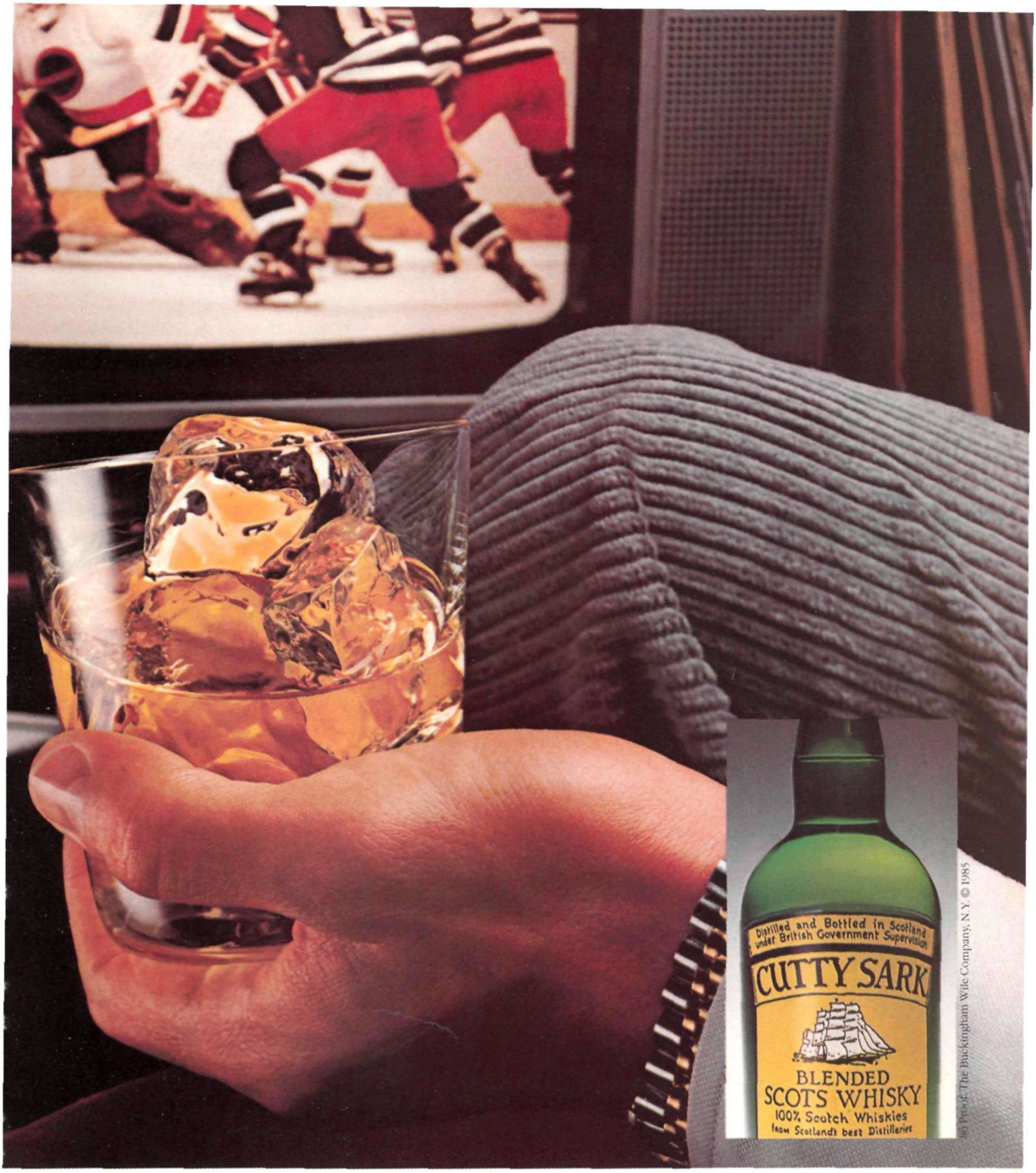

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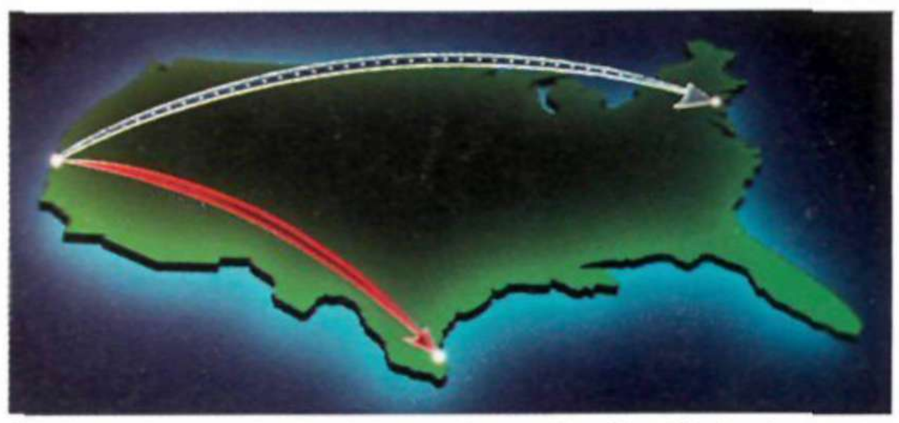

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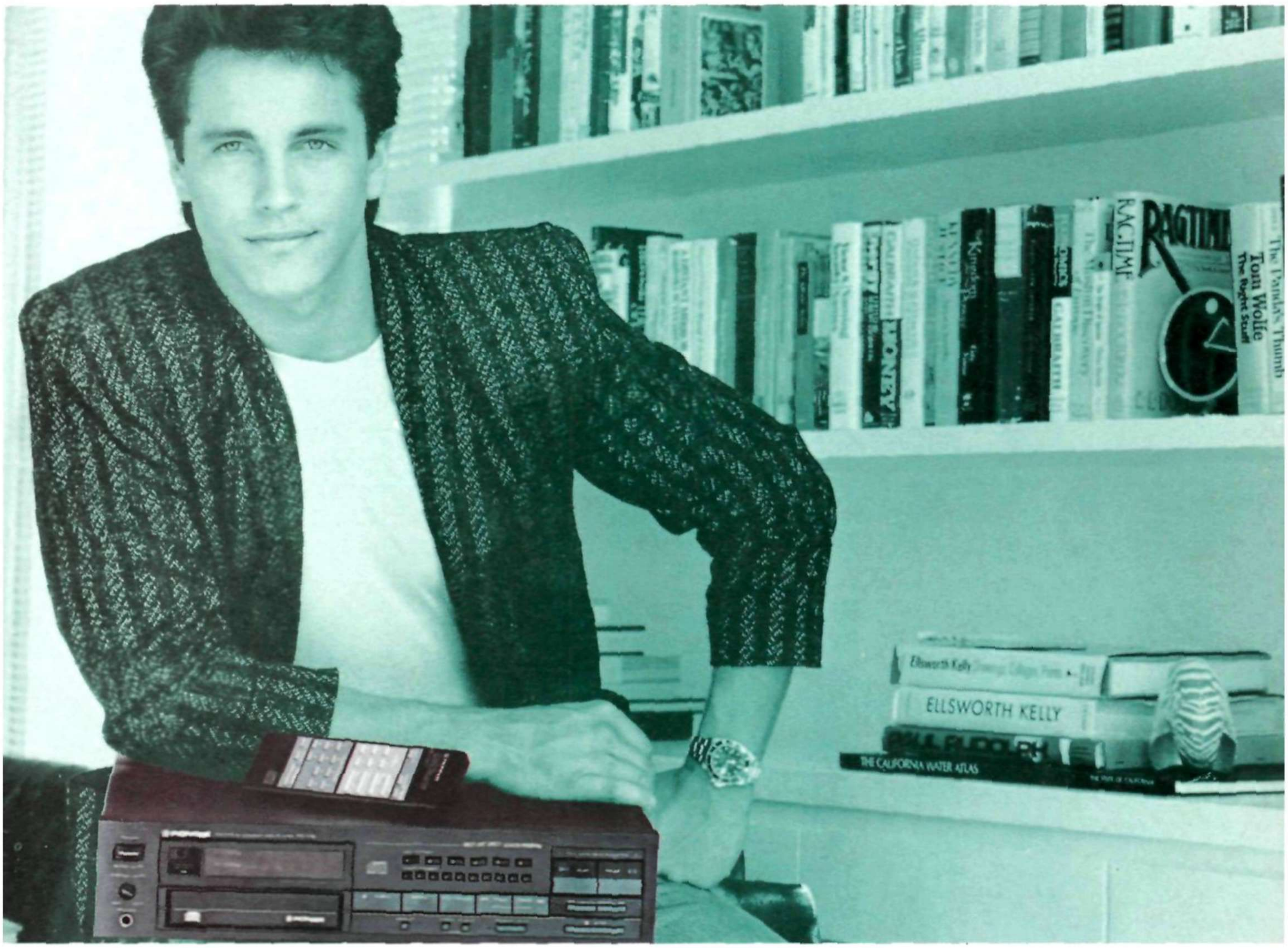

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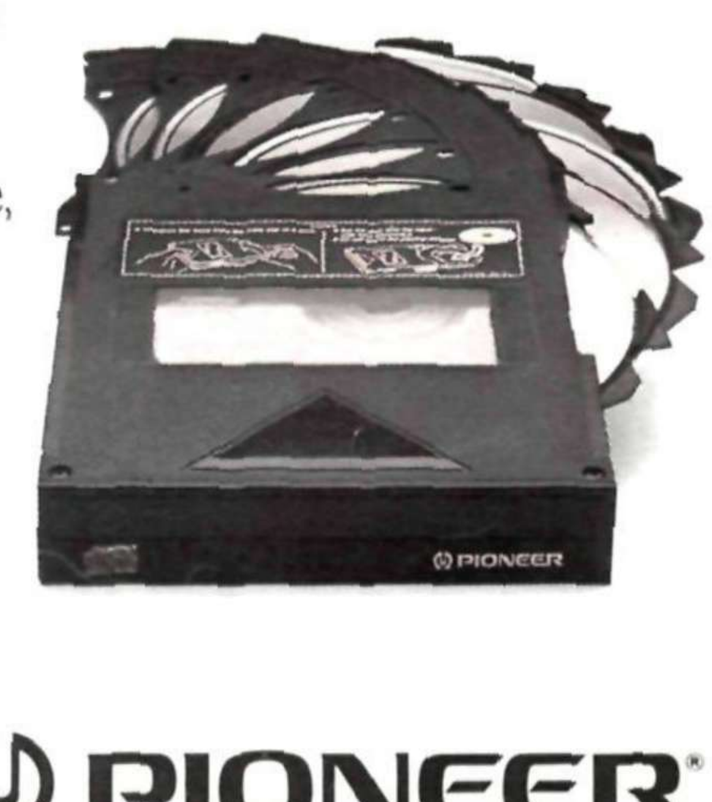

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Keeping up with a Porsche 944 has just gone from difficult to impossible.

Difficult.

When the first Porsche 944 arrived back in 1983, legions of enthusiasts naturally predicted one thing.

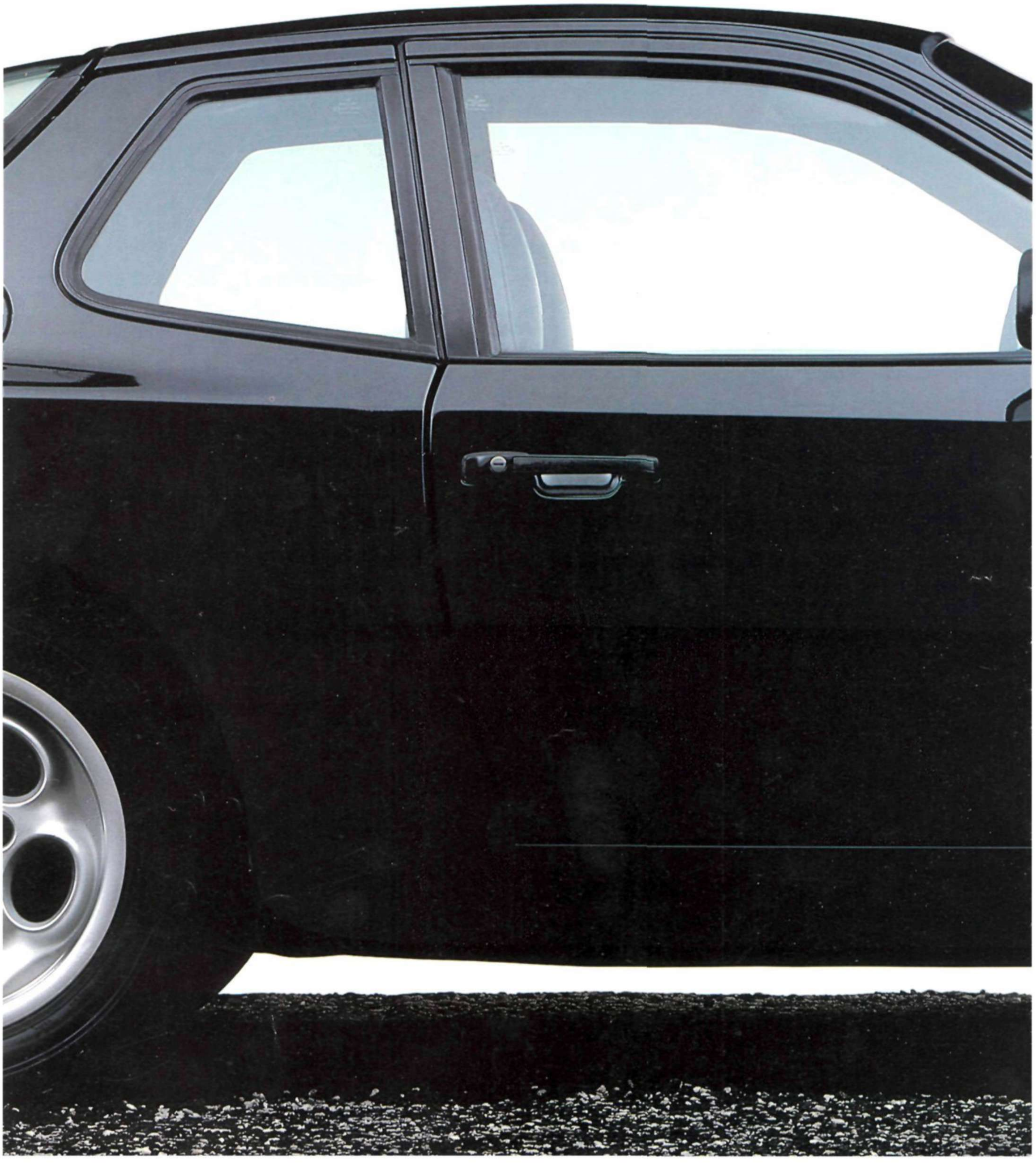
Exhilarating performance.

They were not disappointed.

Nor were the magazines they read. One of which placed the 944 among the ten best cars in America—for the next three years in a row.

During those same years our engineers, undeterred by such praise, remained hard at work on the 944. Rethinking. Refining. Remembering Professor Porsche's obsession with innovation and technological leadership.

Today, with a top speed of 131 mph and a 0 to 60 time of 8.3 seconds, the



944 is as difficult to keep up with as ever.

The 2.5 liter engine is one of the largest, most powerful fours made. Yet it's exceptionally economical to maintain. Thanks, in part, to details like matched alloy pistons and cylinders with only .03mm of tolerance, which allow the engine to go a remarkable 15,000 miles between service intervals.

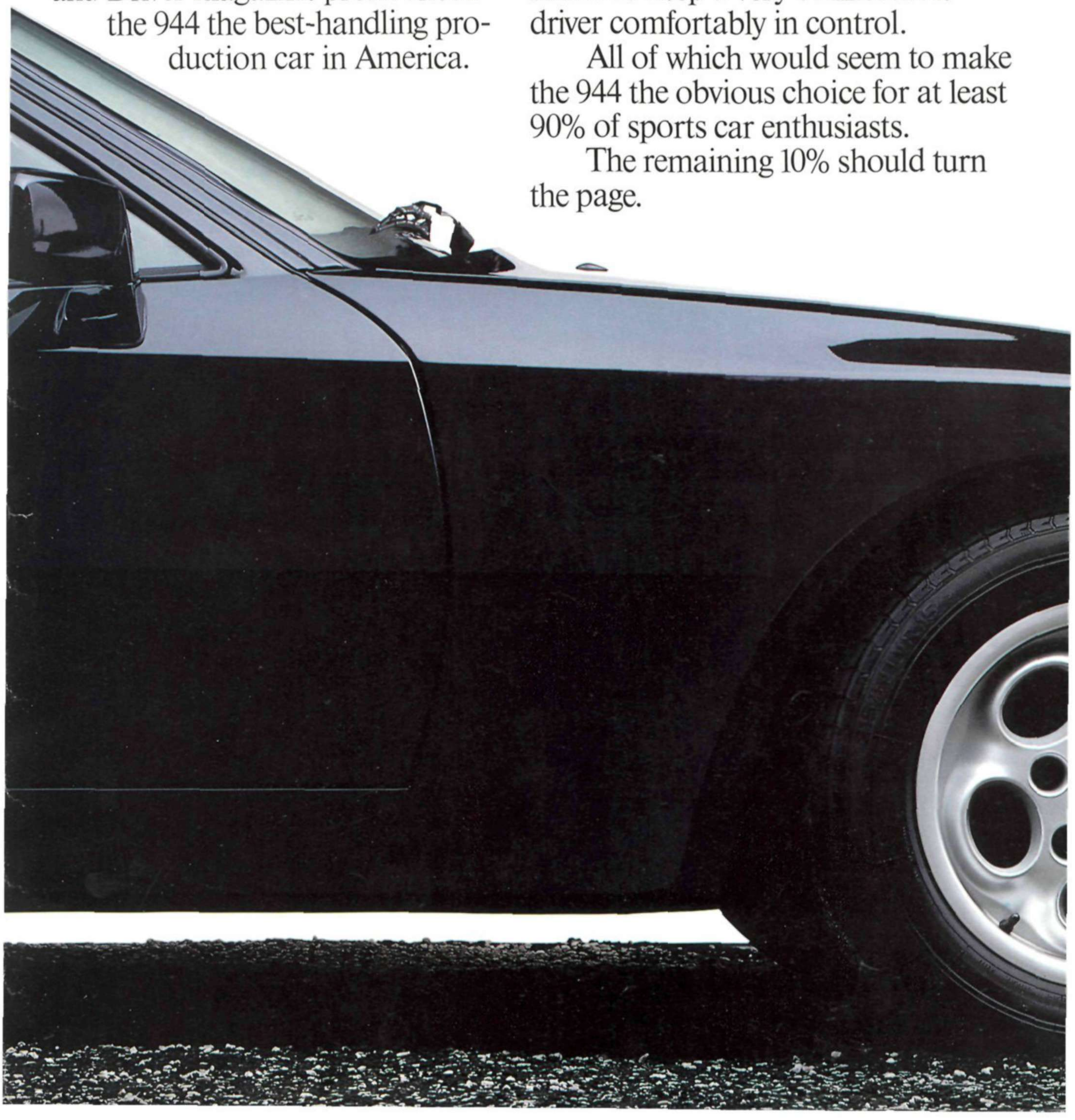
The near 50-50 weight distribution of our transaxle drive train design contributes to handling so neutral that Car and Driver magazine pronounced the 944 the best-handling production car in America.

And inside, there's a new 928S-inspired interior and redesigned instrument panel created with one goal in

mind. To keep a very comfortable driver comfortably in control.

All of which would seem to make the 944 the obvious choice for at least 90% of sports car enthusiasts.

The remaining 10% should turn the page.



Impossible.

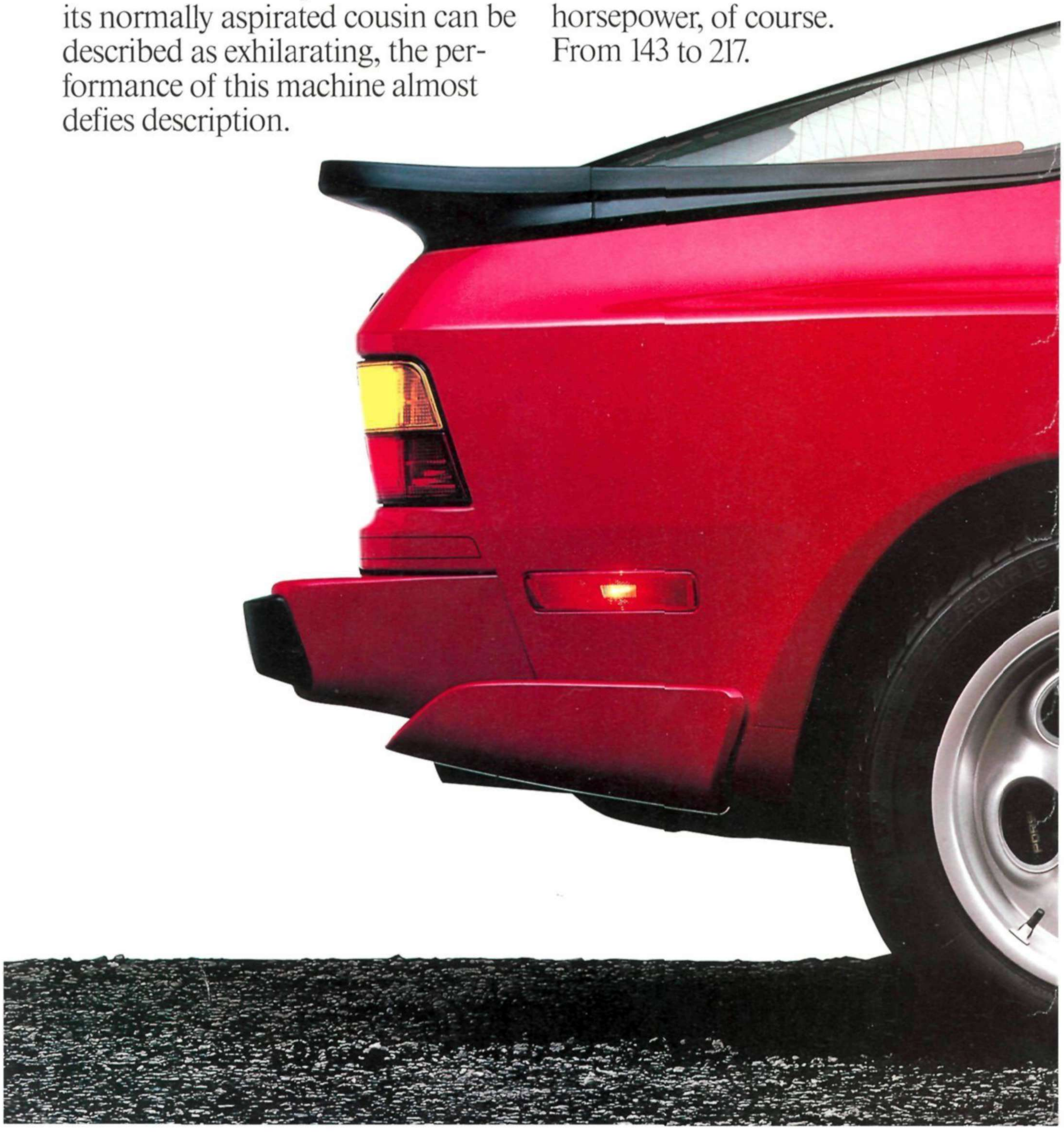
Those of you who appreciate the fact that a difference of 1.8 seconds in the quarter-mile is roughly akin to the difference between night and day, will appreciate the car you see here.

The new Porsche 944 Turbo.

Because if the performance of its normally aspirated cousin can be described as exhilarating, the performance of this machine almost defies description.

Early in its development our engineers, true to their philosophy that pursuit of the impossible is what makes life interesting, set themselves a goal: a 50% increase in horsepower from an already powerful 4-cylinder engine, without in any way compromising driveability, reliability or exhaust emissions.

The result? A 50% increase in horsepower, of course. From 143 to 217.



Putting it in the same class as our own 6-cylinder 911 Carrera.

Out on the test track this kind of power translates into such heady figures, versus the non-turbo, as these: Zero to 60 in 6.1 seconds, down from 8.3. A standing quarter-mile of 14.4 seconds, down from 16.2. And a top speed of 152 mph, up from 131.

And all of the above accomplished without sacrificing a single statistic to effective emissions control. In fact, the 944 Turbo is the first car ever made whose catalyst and non-catalyst models produce exactly the same power.

By this time it should be obvious to all of you that the 944 Turbo isn't simply a 944 with a turbine and its

associated plumbing bolted on.

It is, for all intents and purposes, a new car—rethought and reengineered to meet very different criteria for performance and handling. By a company which *Car and Driver magazine* confirms, "can legitimately lay claim to more turbocharging experience than any other manufacturer in the world."

And how did our engineers manage to extract such a prodigious amount of power from turbo technology that was already state-of-the-art? By thinking beyond the mechanics of the turbo unit itself.

Inside the engine, for example, new forged aluminum pistons and

hollow stemmed, sodium filled exhaust valves compensate for the increased internal loads brought about by turbocharging. And special ceramic liners in the exhaust ports allow considerably more exhaust energy to reach the turbine.

The destructive effects of heat have plagued turbocharged engines for years. Yet it took Porsche's engineers to see the simple logic of mounting the turbine on the cooler intake side of the engine rather than the hotter exhaust side. And to recognize the advantage of incorporating two separate water cooling systems to dissipate heat from the turbine bearings, even after the engine is turned off.

To maintain the crucial balance between performance and handling,

important changes were made in the rest of the car as well.

Aerodynamically, the 944 Turbo is significantly different from the 944. (If you look closely, you can see the difference.)

The sleek new nose design up front, plus a unique underbody spoiler in the rear, meet the Turbo's more pressing need to control lift and drag. The flush-mounted front bumper and windshield further reduce wind resistance, while contoured body panels

behind the front wheels and ahead of the rear wheels smooth the airflow dramatically.

Our new four-piston, aluminum alloy disc brakes—derived from our 917 endurance racers—are, of necessity, bigger and more powerful, prompting the following comment from Road and Track: "Rather than 'excellent,' we'll have to establish a brake rating category called 'exceptional.'"

Add to all that a long list of driver amenities—including the luxurious new 928S-like interior, totally redesigned instrument panel, infinitely adjustable electric driver's seat, electric windows and outside mirrors, automatic climate control—and you may find the temptation to go right over to your authorized Porsche dealer, get behind the wheel and drive the 944 Turbo difficult to resist.

If not impossible.

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ie who hadn't been taught anything. It wasn't until Weeb Ewbank became head coach in 1954 that Arthur developed."

"I was lucky," says Donovan. "If I had gone to any other team in the league when I broke in, in 1950, I wouldn't have made it. But the Colts were the lousiest team in football, so I made the squad. But when Weeb came, he taught us that by concentrating on the movements of the three linemen in front of you, you can tell where the ball is going."

Donovan prospered under that system. "He had great powers of concentration," says Young. "Playing the line has more to do with feeling and reacting than with seeing, and Donovan was able to concentrate, recognize and react faster than anybody. He played low in what was then a high league, and he stuffed the trap all the time. If he got trapped once in five games, that was a lot."

Young describes Donovan as an underrated pass rusher. "He was strong and agile, a good athlete for a fat guy. He was able to get that first step. For 10 yards he had good quickness. After that, he had calendar speed. Arthur wasn't an impact player, but he seldom made a mistake. I remember him as a player who played perfect games. His consistency was his greatness."

There were a lot of good offensive linemen in the league. I'd be very remiss if I pointed to one guy and said he was the toughest. But one who really had my number was Bruno Banducci, the right guard of the 49ers. About 6' 1", about 255, low center of gravity, the kind you have trouble with. I thought the guy was always holding, he was blocking me so well. Then I saw the movies, and he was just beating me. He played next to an All-America, a guy named Al Carapella, and that guy was just out-and-out holding me. I said, "Hey! Don't hold me!" Well, the next time he held me, I hit him in the mouth, and I knocked two teeth out. I split my knuckle! He was hollering at me, and Banducci said to me, "What did you do that for?" I said, "He was holding me!" Banducci turns to the guy and says, "Serves you right. You don't have to hold Donovan."

We played the Giants in an exhibition game in Louisville. It was a brand-new stadium, and the first thing they had in there was a circus. Every time you put your hand down, you put it in a pile of elephant manure. That was O.K. During the game, after the offense set and

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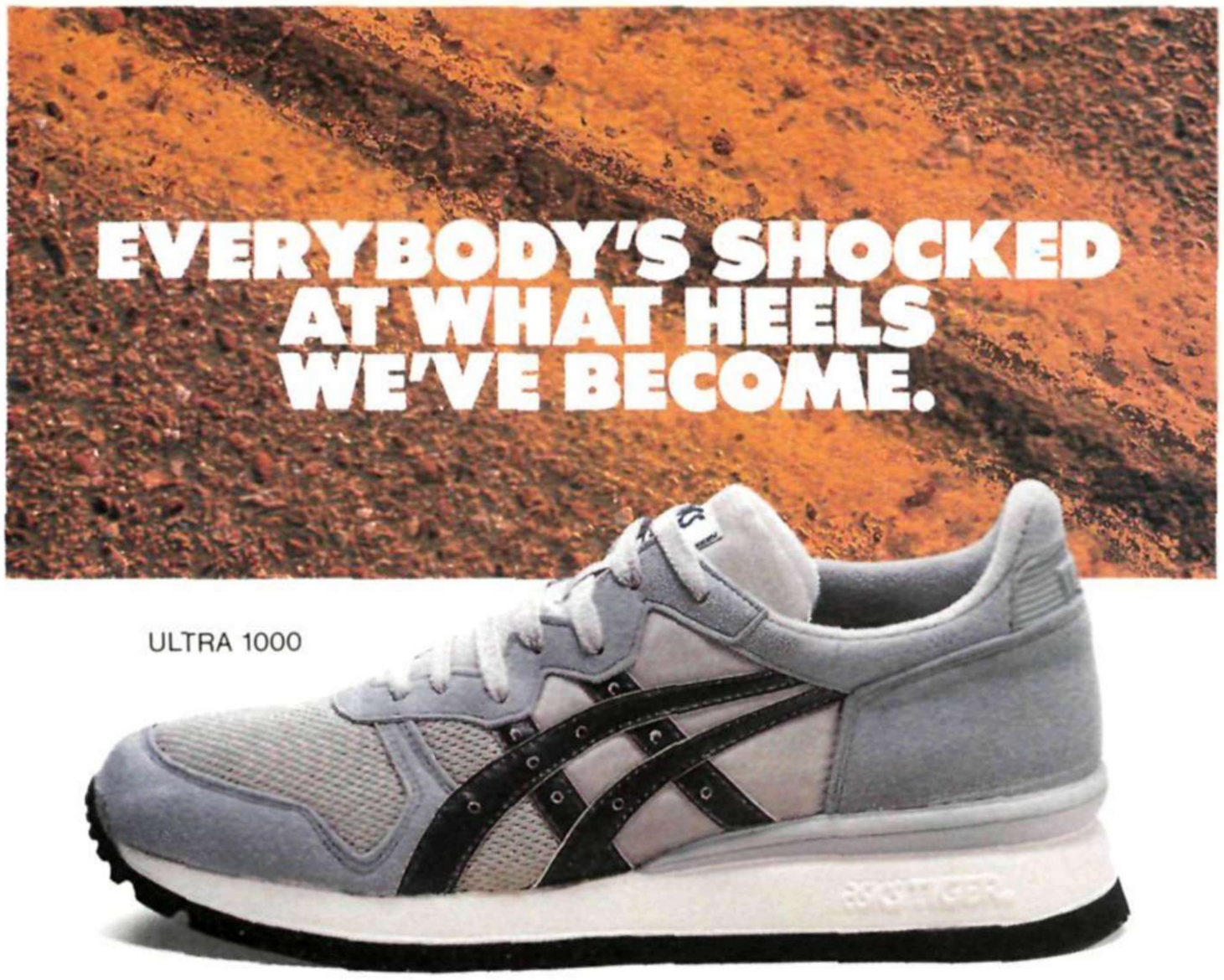

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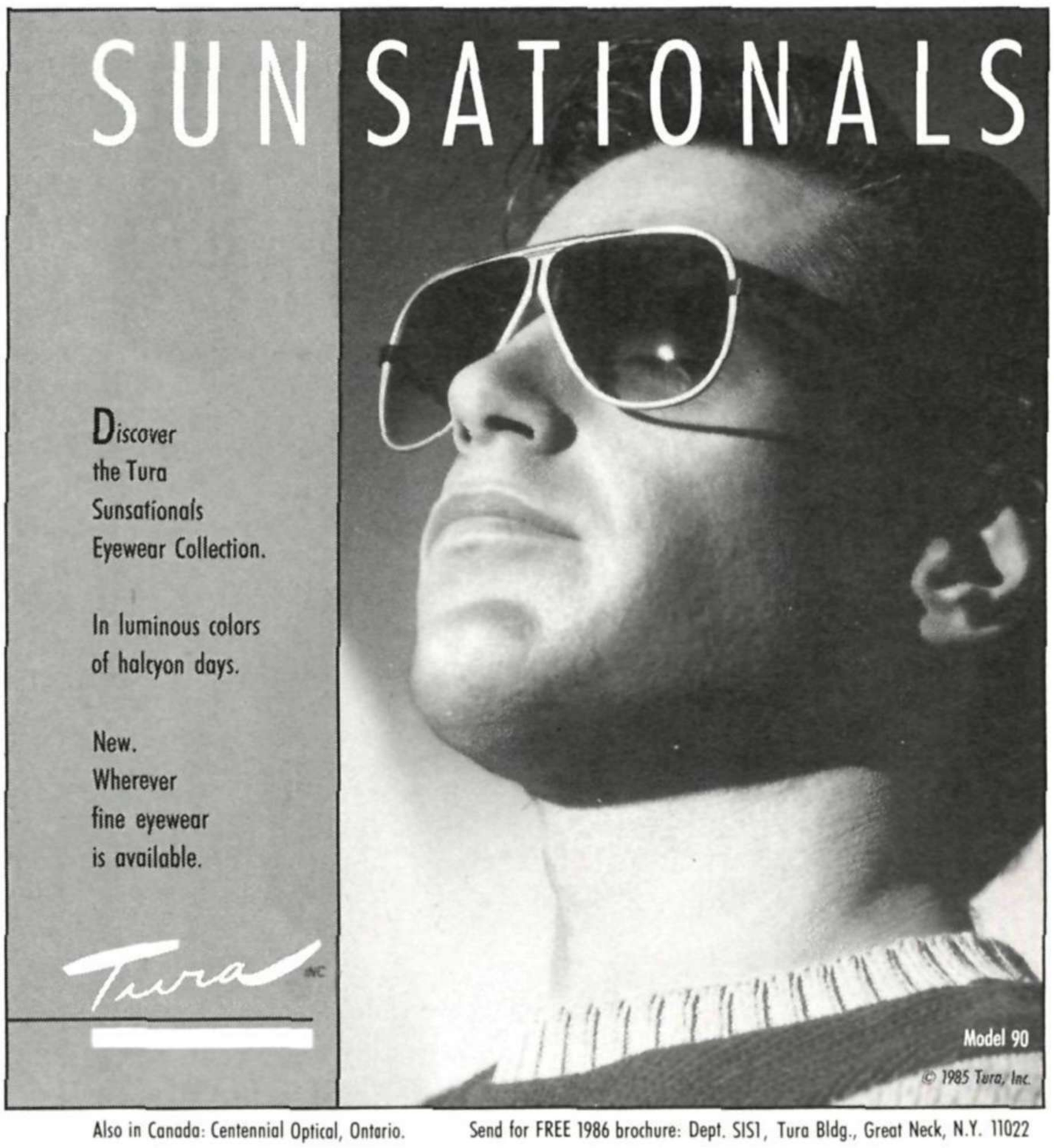

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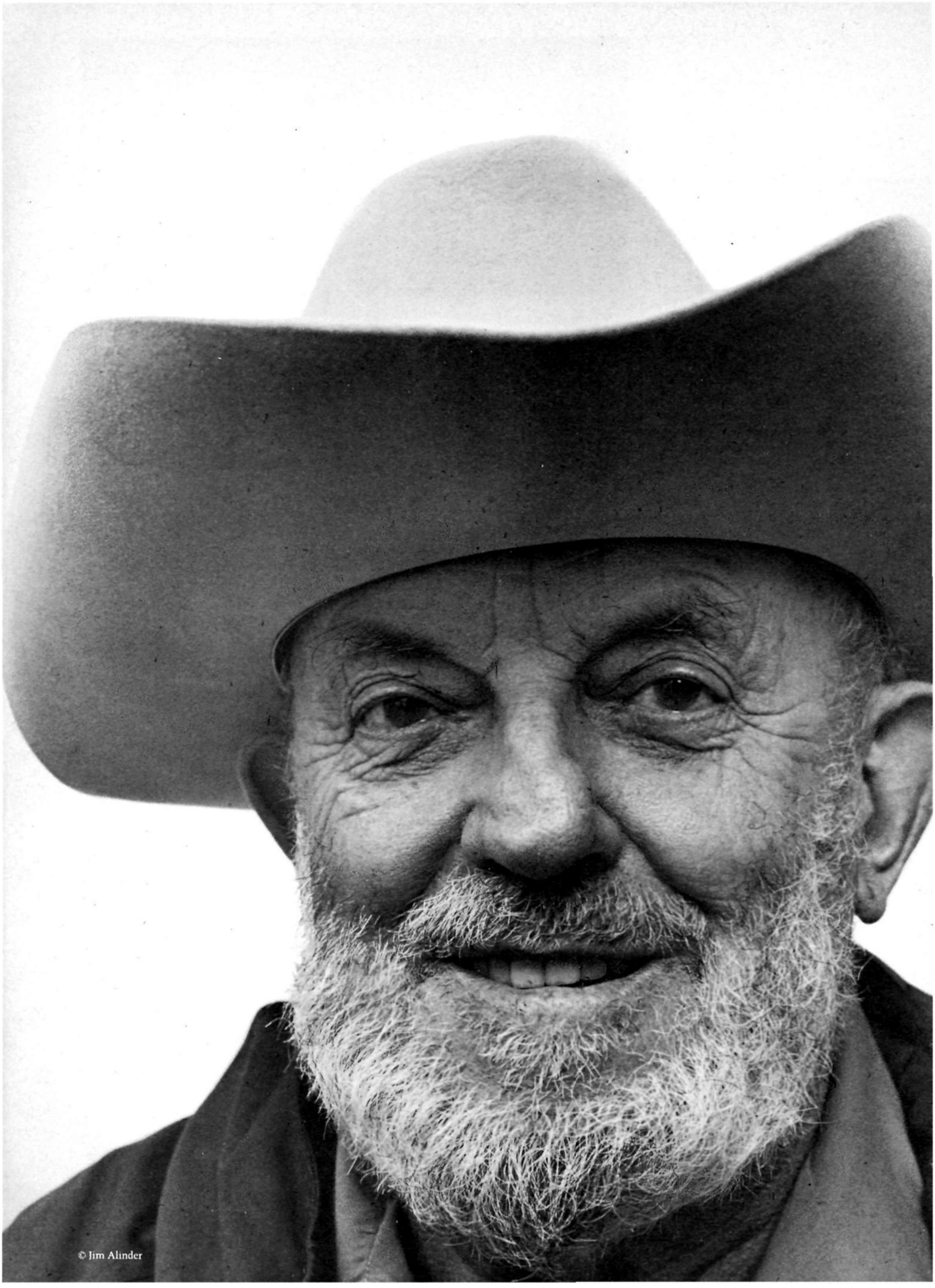
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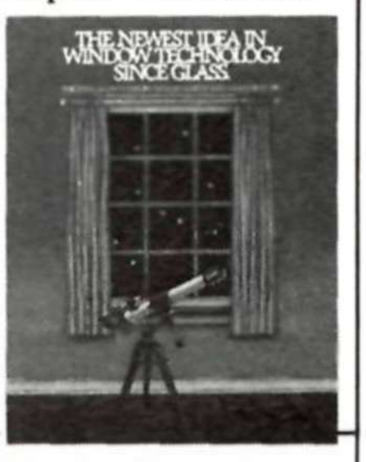

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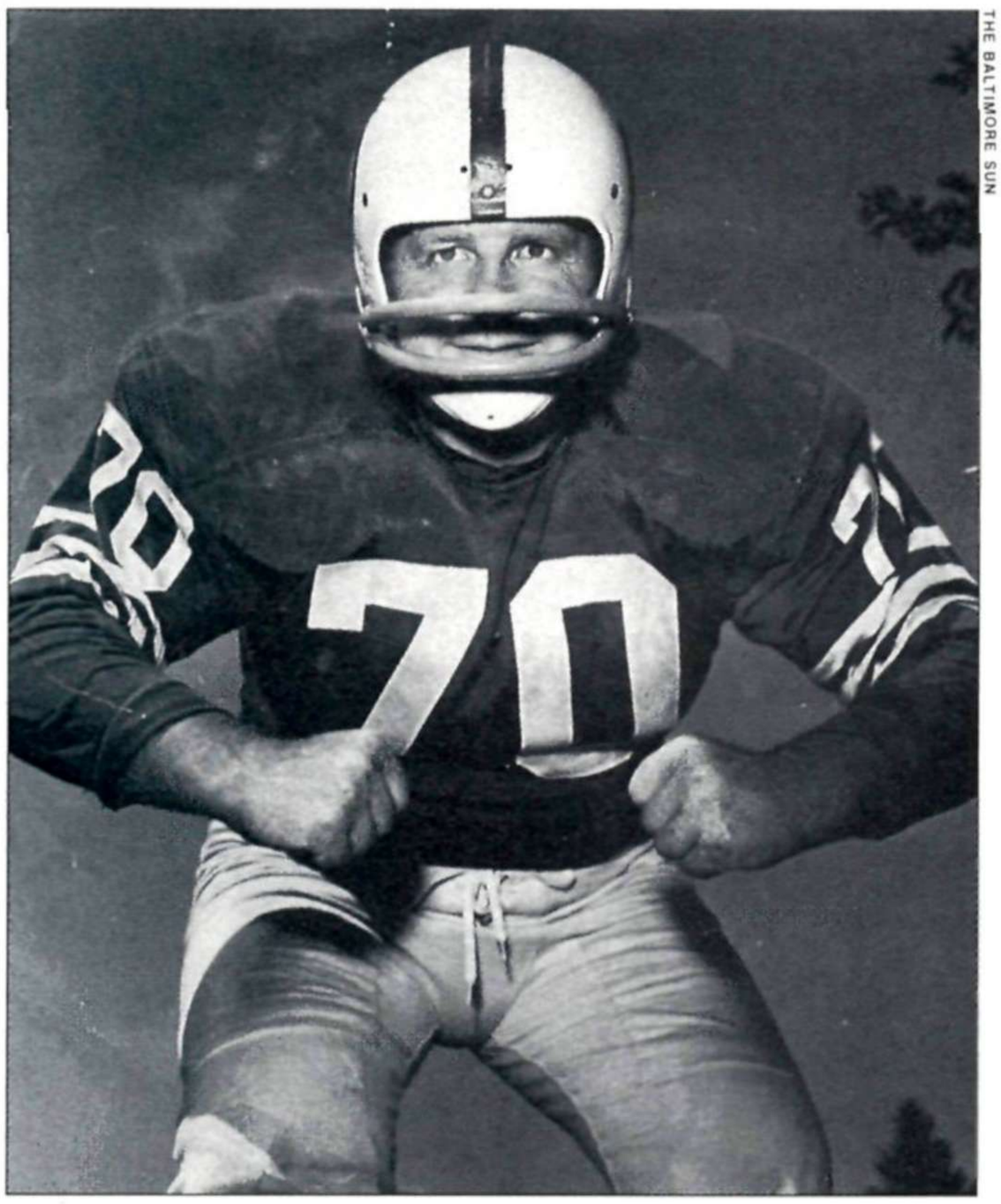
the linemen couldn't move, we'd throw globs of it at them.

Donovan was born in the Bronx. His grandfather, Mike O'Donovan, was a world middleweight boxing champion—and a frequent sparring partner of Theodore Roosevelt. His father, Arthur Donovan, a famous boxing referee, presided at 22 championship bouts, including 19 of Joe Louis's. He was also the boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club for 55 years. "My father was a big man in New York," says Donovan. "He taught boxing to every millionaire in town. I was always known as Young Arthur or Little Arthur." Donovan doesn't make any more of it than that, but after becoming a hero in Baltimore he stayed there, growing in wisdom, age, grace . . . and weight.

"I don't eat vegetables," he says, explaining how he keeps his figure. "I only eat food like cheeseburgers, Spam, hot dogs and pizza. And I drink a little beer. People tell me if I don't eat vegetables, I'm going to get scurvy. Well, what the hell. But I was never overweight as a player. There was a clause in my contract that said I had to weigh in at 270 every Friday morning. I always made it. I'd have dinner on Monday, and then I wouldn't eat until Friday. I'm not saying I didn't drink a little beer, but I wouldn't eat. By Saturday I'd weigh 280." Donovan says that Ordell Braase, a former teammate, recently cracked that if Richard Perry is called the Refrigerator, Donovan should have been called the Walk-in Freezer.



On the playing field Donovan was no joker; his number was retired.

We were at training camp at Western Maryland College, and some of us older guys started wondering who was the biggest eater on the team. Well, three guys thought it was Gino Marchetti, and three of us thought it was Don Joyce, the other defensive end. So we put up $100 apiece, and after the coaches left, the eight of us went over to the cafeteria to have this contest. So the guy there puts out this beautiful meal of fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy and peas. Well, the bet was how many pieces of chicken these guys could eat. Gino just ate the chicken, but Joyce started eating the whole meal. I said, "For God's sake, don't worry about the mashed potatoes,

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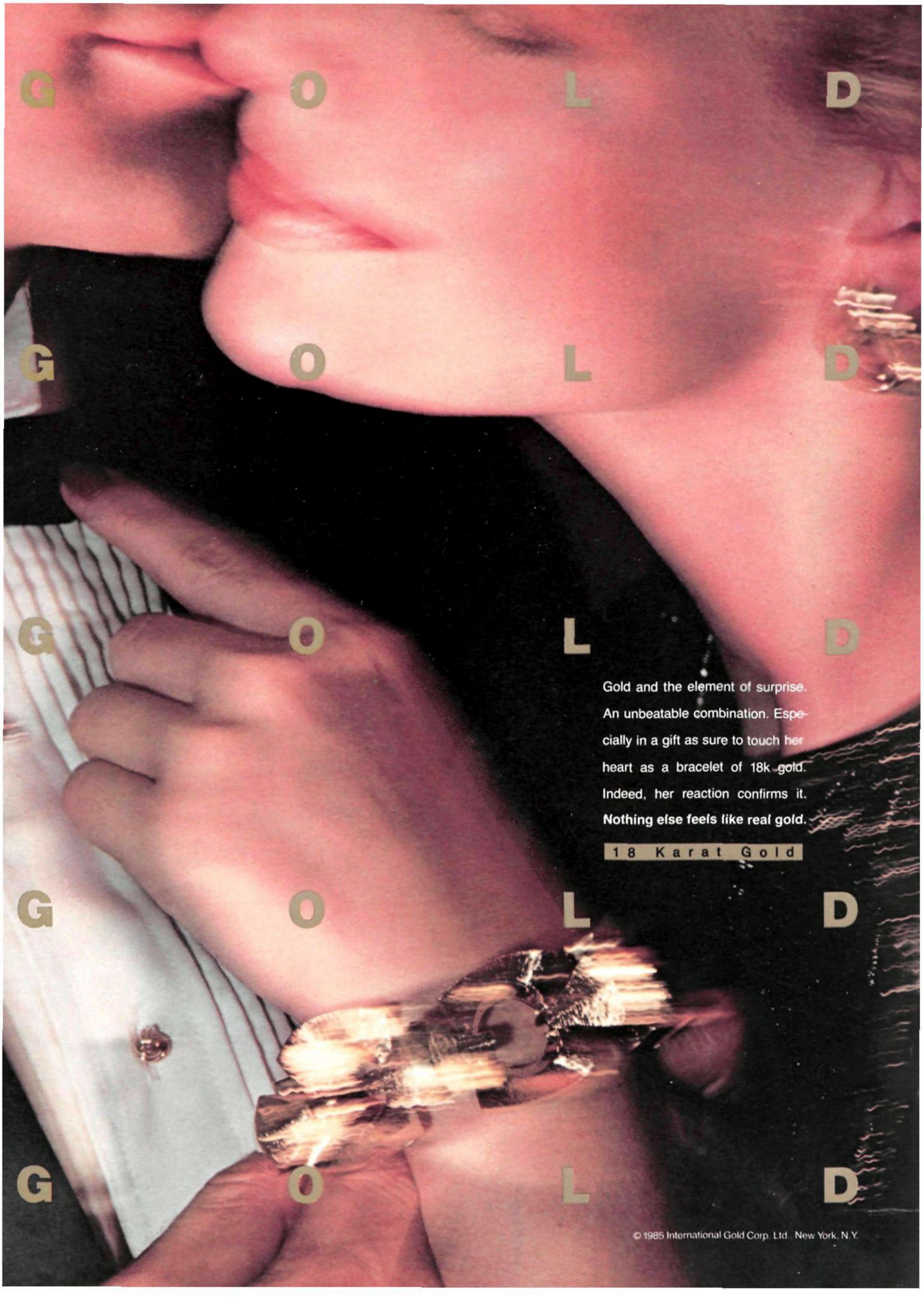
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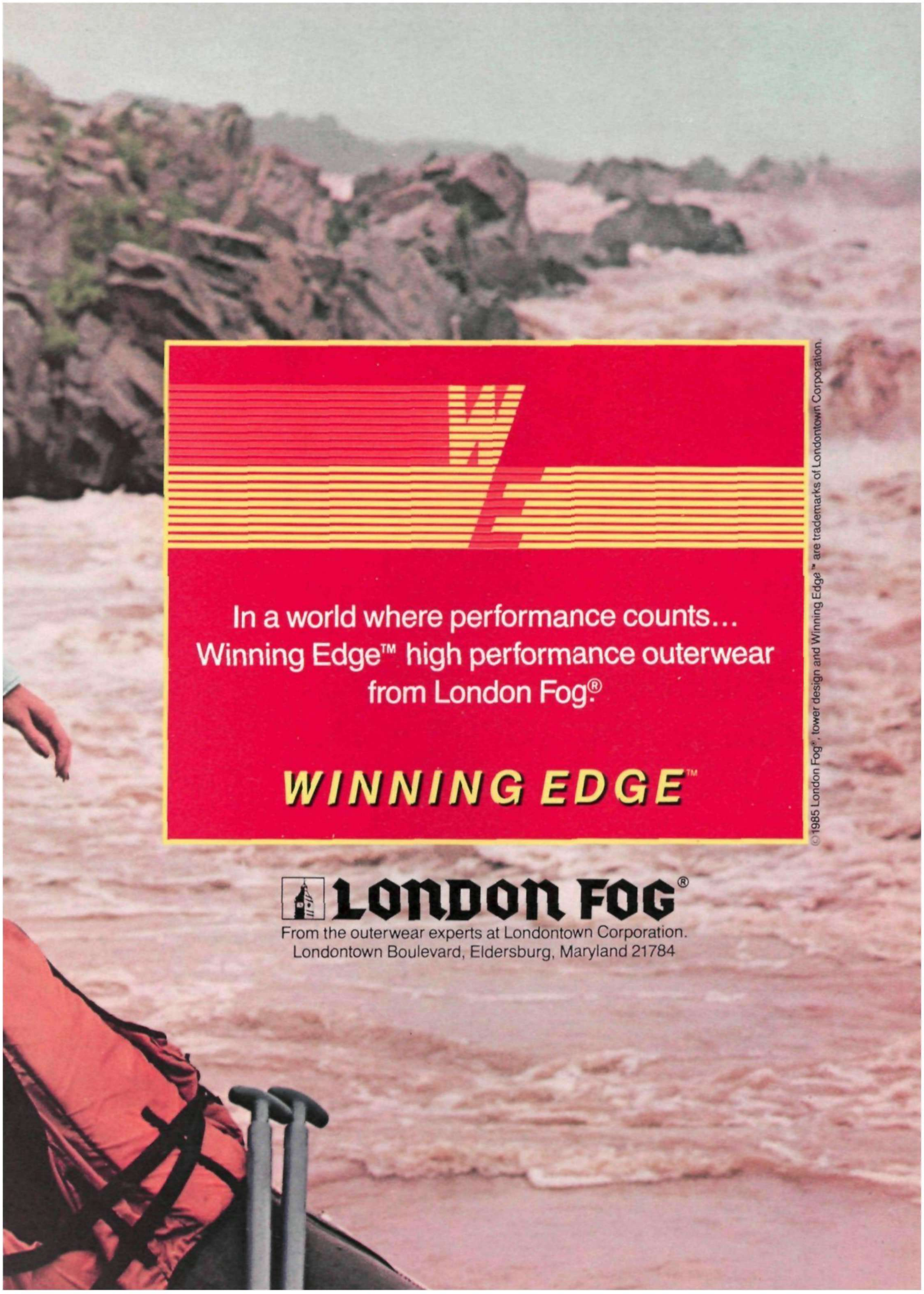
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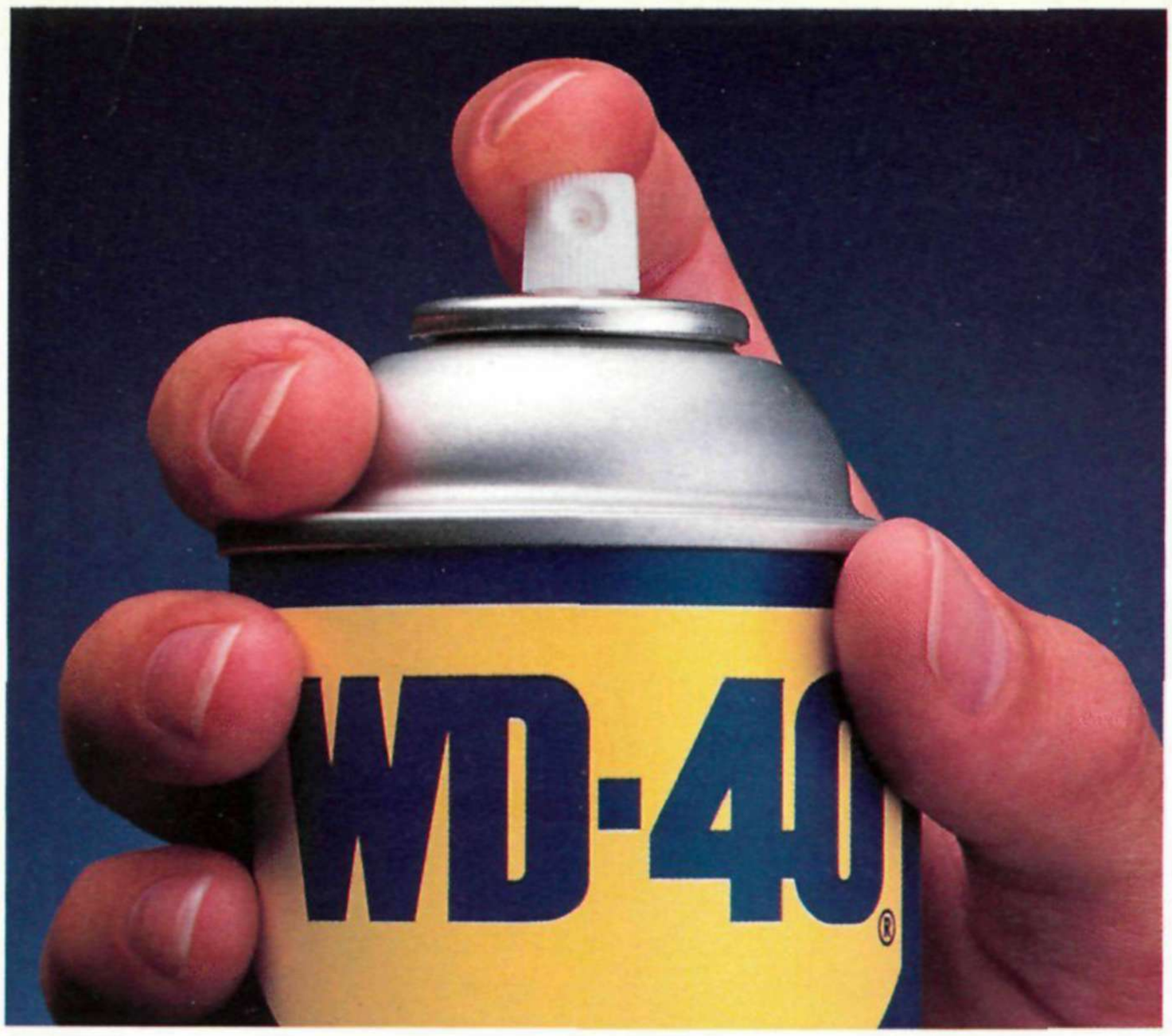
just eat the damn chicken!" So he stopped, after two helpings. Well, Marchetti ate 26 pieces of chicken. Joyce hit 25, and we said, "Great, two more and we win." But Joyce said, "Hold on, I'm still hungry." He ended up eating 38 pieces of chicken. But the thing is, we hadn't let him drink anything until he beat Gino, on account of we didn't want his stomach to fill up. So when Joyce had his 27th piece of chicken, he said, "Man, I gotta wash this down." There was a big pitcher of iced tea in front of him, so we said, "Here, have it." With that, he takes four pieces of saccharin out of his pocket and puts them in the tea. He says, "I'm watching my weight."

Donovan clearly relishes his current notoriety and enjoys trucking around the country, enlivening sports gatherings wherever he goes. "He likes people," says Young, "and it shows. Plus, he knows how to laugh at himself." People also like his honesty. "You hear announcers saying everybody's a great football player, and everybody's the most perfect guy in the world. They're not. Some guys are lucky to be playing. And we had guys on our team who were trying to run their wives over in the driveway. Cut the crap."

We were playing an exhibition game against Green Bay in Milwaukee, and a bunch of us were drinking in this bar. Most of us left, but Don Shula stayed there with Carl Taseff, a defensive back. We were back at the hotel for a little while, and the cops showed up. Uh-oh. They said, "We know one of you Colts stole a taxicab." What happened is that Shula and Taseff honked the horn, but nobody showed up. So Shula put Taseff, who was loaded, in the back of the cab, and put the cabbie's hat on, and drove back to the hotel. And you know, they never would have got caught, except Taseff was slow getting out of the cab. He wanted to pay Shula the fare.

Donovan hopes that the NFL will return to Baltimore. "Robert Irsay ruined my Sundays," he says. "I tell people Baltimore is lucky to be rid of the Colts, they're so lousy, but I don't mean it." Temporarily, at least, Baltimore's football fans have only stories to carry them. They're lucky to have a Hall of Fame storyteller to listen to. **END**

Jamie Malanowski is a free-lance writer living in New York City. His work has appeared in "Vanity Fair" and "The Atlantic."



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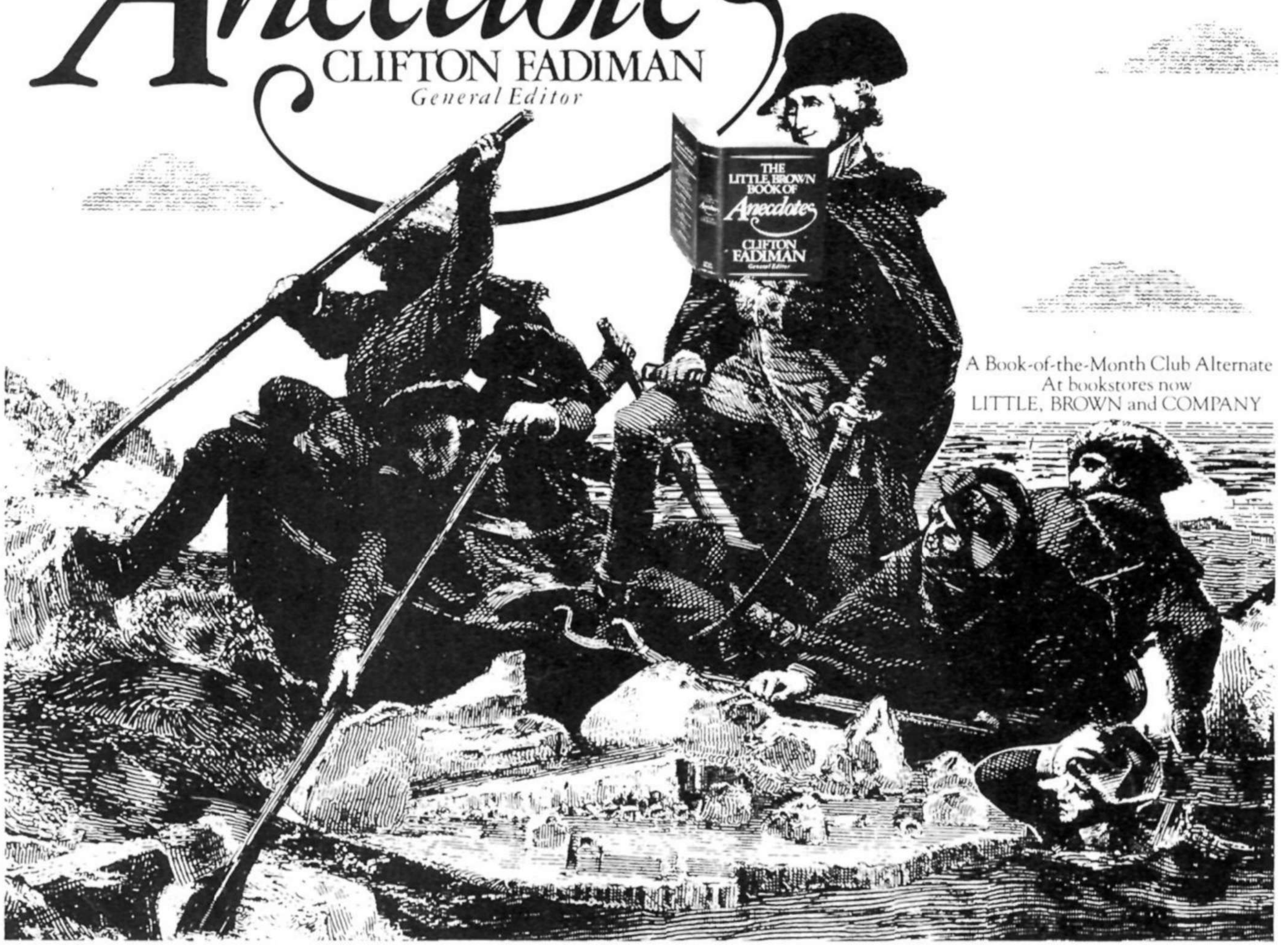

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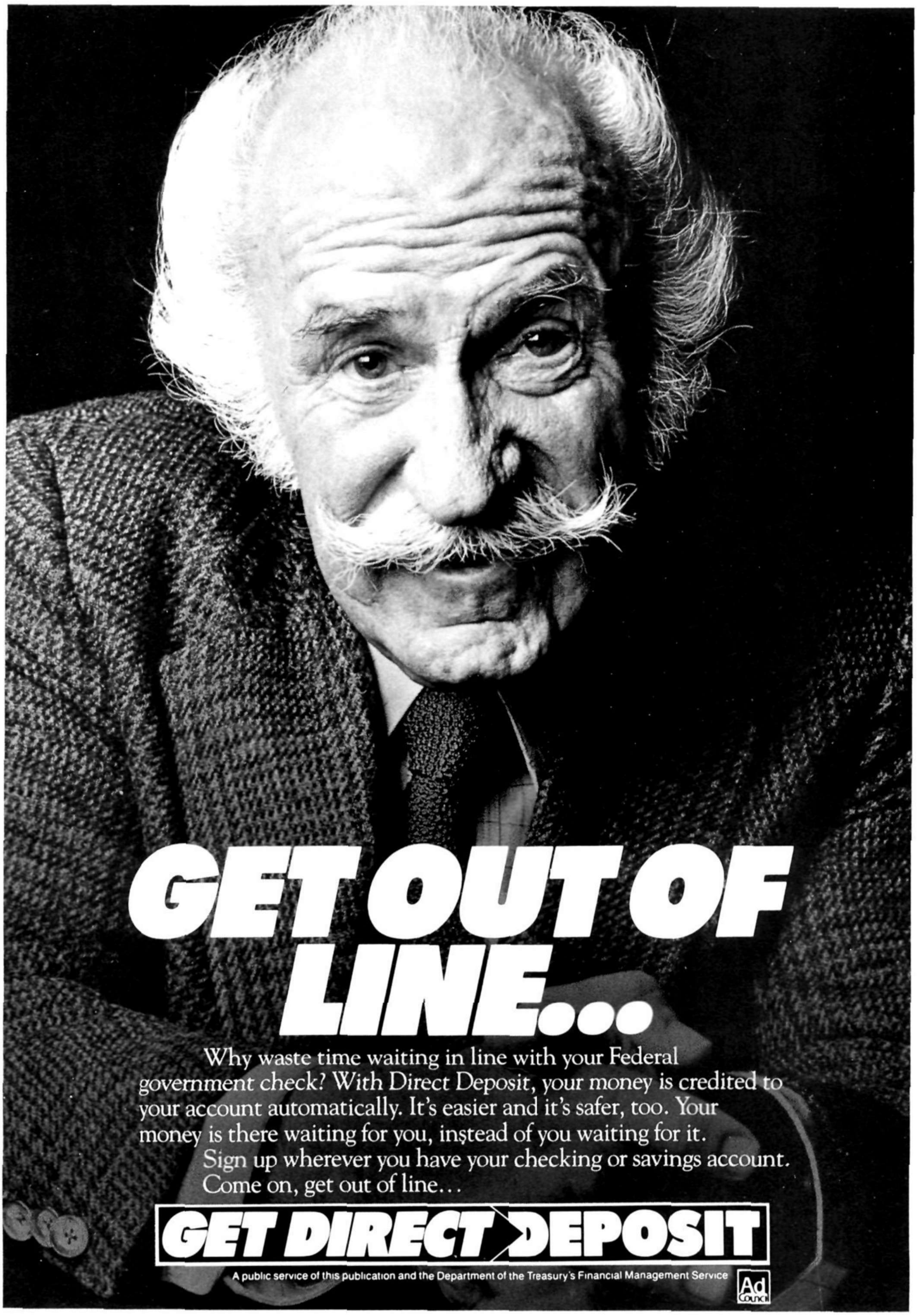
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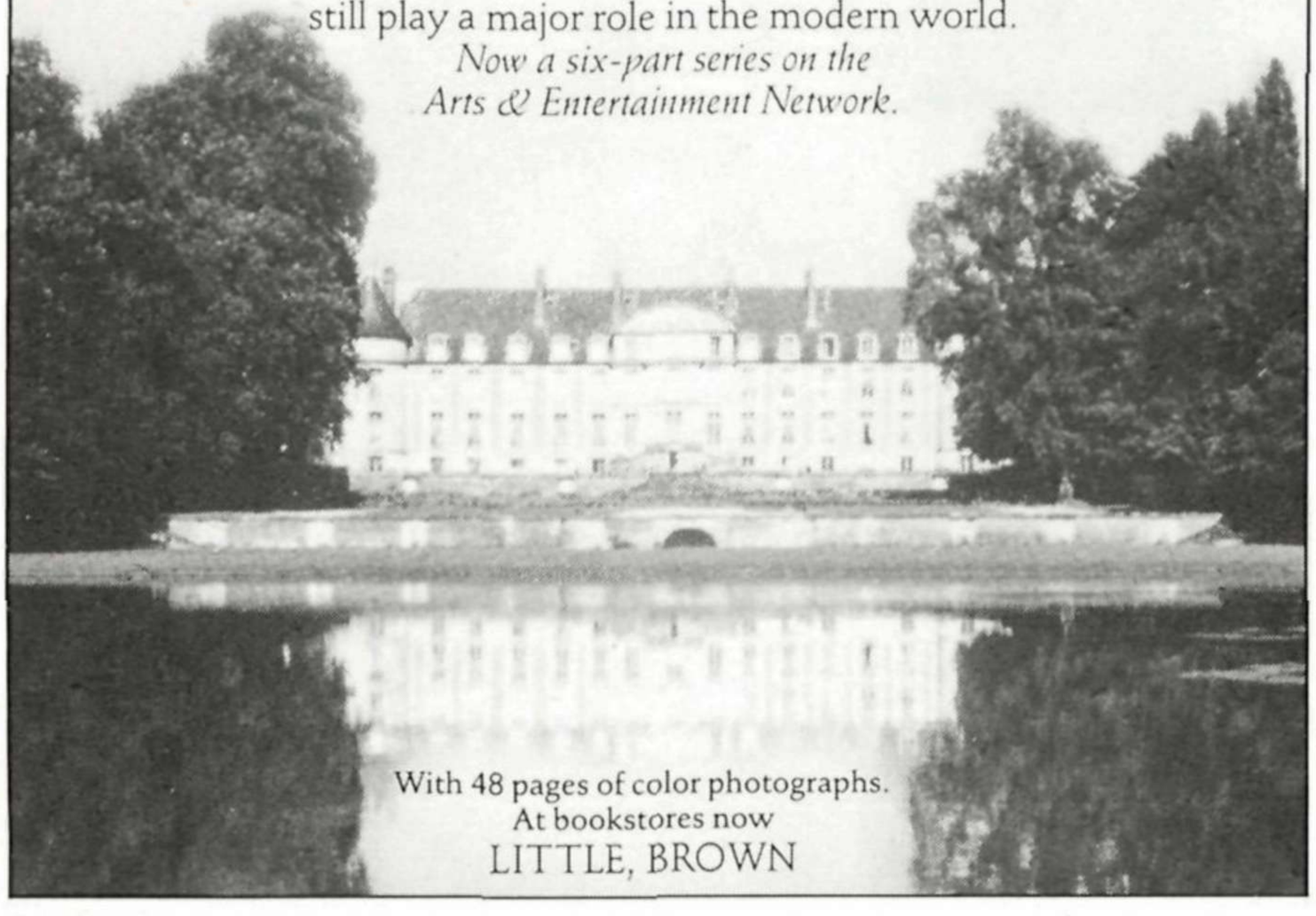

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A FINE SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHER'S BOOK IS A DELIGHT TO SEE BUT NOT TO READ

Neil Leifer's new book, *Sports Stars* (Doubleday/Dolphin, $35), is supposed to be a showcase for the best of the memorable sports pictures he has taken over a 27-year career, but the pictures are given a mighty rough time of it. Writers and photographers often disagree about the amount of space and attention each other's work deserves, but this time—of all times!—the photography has been ridiculously mishandled. The book's captions are either missing, inadequate or downright misleading; the "accompanying text" has ambitions of its own and rarely discusses the photographs; the arrangement has neither rhyme nor reason nor, even, chronology. Yet none of this is as puzzling or disconcerting as the presence of a five-page essay on Peter Ueberroth's role in the Los Angeles Olympics, by Peter Bonventre, that deifies Ueberroth but never mentions Leifer or his work at all. It appears to have come off the press at the same time as the book and been bound into it by mistake.

Perhaps all this foolishness is deliberate, intended to show by contrast what a superb photographer Leifer really is. If that's the plan, it works. The pictures triumph over all. Starting with the photograph of Muhammad Ali on the dust jacket—the best portrait of an athlete ever made—this collection is a priceless treasure for any sports fan. There is intelligence, ingenuity and the true empathy of an aficionado behind each shot, with a minimum of fancy effects. Here are views of Bear Bryant, Mary Lou Retton, Jack Nicklaus, Casey Stengel, Julius Erving and dozens of others that will tell people 100 years from now who they were, what they did and why a great photographer felt compelled to put himself and his skills at their service. It's an unlucky athlete, indeed, who missed being caught by Leifer's lens. On the last page is a picture of Fidel Castro lighting Leifer's cigar. The occasion was a visit by Leifer to Cuba to photograph Olympic boxer Teofilo Stevenson. After studying these pages, you'll want to join in Castro's tribute. Just skip the other stuff. **END**

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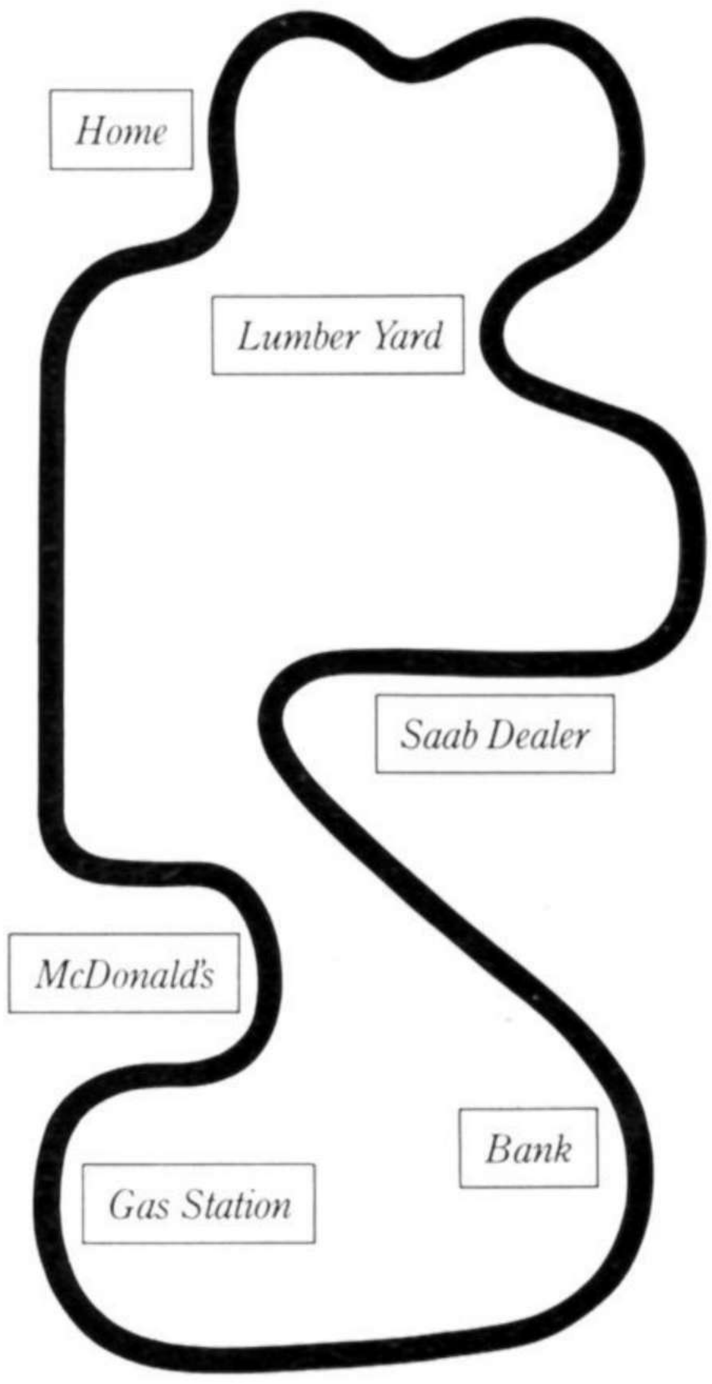
So it's 8:31 in the morning. Let's examine the unbridled joy of driving a Saab at 35 miles per hour and lower.

8:31. A world class turn in front of the delicatessen made even more treacherous by the morning's rain. Front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, wide radial tires, Saab's aerodynamics. They all work to make the curve gentle and benign.

8:33. A full stop. Disc brakes on all four wheels are, of course, an old story. But it's a good old story.

8:33:07. Another full stop. This one unexpected. But made rapidly and unerringly. The car ahead with the *"I brake for squirrels"* bumper sticker really does brake for squirrels.

8:36. Town road. The longest straightaway on the course. The 16-valve, intercooled, turbocharged engine, capable of doing 130 and more on a test



track, reaches its mandated maximum of 35 mph and purrs nicely along at that speed.

8:38. McDonald's. A black coffee and an Egg McMuffin®. The steam from the coffee goes out through the sunroof. Good option, that.

8:41. The gas station. No sweat. Not with the kind of fuel efficiency* Saab gets despite its performance kick.

8:42. The bank. Car loan payment's due. No sweat there either. It could be a lot more having to pay off a BMW or Mercedes.

8:44. The Saab dealer. Contentment in knowing you have lots of dealers who stock lots of parts and train mechanics in every nook and nuance of the car.

8:45. Red light. Time to contemplate the safety that Saab's vaunted performance creates. Sure it's clear to the eye that Saab's construction provides passive safety. But the active safety of the handling, acceleration and sports car attributes require a long light to appreciate fully.

8:49. Stop at the lumber yard. Put the back seat down and fill the 56.5 cubic feet of cargo space with lots of nice redwood. Who needs a station wagon when you can have a sports sedan and a lot of room to carry junk besides?

8:55. 24 minutes at Le Mans. Finis.

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Nostalgia

by JEROME D. LAMB

A BOY'S LOVE OF SPORTS SURVIVED A SEASON HE SPENT AS A HAPLESS LOSER

We, the 1945-46 St. James Academy basketball team, were consummate losers. We were clipped, trimmed, smashed, walloped, ripped, edged, nicked and just plain beaten week after week after week that winter, some weeks twice. We lost games by margins that sound like lopsided football scores—50–6, 43–7 somehow stick in my mind. We were indiscriminate losers; we lost to the North Dakota Class A champions, to the State Class B champions and to a wide variety of nonchampions. We lost to large but awkward teams, to small but speedy teams, to midsize nondescript teams. We lost on basketball courts that were stages, in armories, in oversize barns, in undersize hangars; we lost on maple strip floors, on oak block floors, on asphalt tile floors, on linoleum floors. We lost with a fine impartiality to large towns, small towns, parochial teams and public teams; to teams named Deacons, Demons, Saints and Spoilers; to maroon and white teams, to black and orange teams, to purple and gold teams. We lost without regard to race, religion, creed or color; we lost democratically, but invariably we lost.

Almost invariably. Twice that winter we failed to lose. One time was to the boys from the North Dakota School for the Deaf, who had driven 100 miles in a near blizzard to take a crack at us. Fatigue and overconfidence must have undone them. We also beat a mediocre team from 40 miles down the road on a floor still waxy from a school dance the night before.

It was a victory that said more about the principles of basic physics than athletic prowess, or the lack thereof. Because the players on the opposing team were both bigger and faster than we were, they were more affected by the laws of mass and motion—that is to say, they slipped more mightily and skidded out of bounds more frequently. Timing off, frustration mounting, they finally and simply blew it, blemishing our record for the second time.

Like all teams that lose, we were accomplished excusemakers. For one thing, St. James had no gym; we had to borrow gyms from other schools, so most of our practices were held at odd times—after dinner, for example. Consequently, during the 90 minutes allotted for us to master the subtleties of hard-court choreography, baked potatoes and meat loaf were apt to be roiling around our digestive tracts like the contents of so many cement trucks climbing a steep grade. We were regularly assured that the situation was temporary; the school authorities had dug a large hole into which a gymnasium and some science labs would be poured whenever the money was raised—which turned out to be about 10 years later. Also, we had no bus, so cars had to be commandeered for out-of-town games, and given our record, we did not attract the better class of automobile. What we got were mostly prewar models with leaky doors and inoperative heaters; our caravan crept over icy roads, past snow-filled fields, the team members and coach huddled inside with earflaps down and collars high. Sometimes the game was well into the second quarter before our feet thawed out into something resembling the standard five-toe model with moving parts.

But for all our excuses, elaborate or simple, reality remained, glaring and grim and unalterable: We were slow, small, inexperienced and not very good. There was nothing unique or charming about our ineptitude; we were monotonously, routinely, tiresomely not good. Few people came to our games, and those who did left quickly.

JOHN ALCORN

In an early, perhaps desperate, effort to compensate for his team's modest talents, our coach hit upon the notion of having us wear overshoes, not only in the street but also at home, in school, at practice—everywhere except to bed. It was a concept that seems to have been a variation on the ancient "hitting your head against the wall because it feels so good to stop" principle. If, over a two- or three-week period, our feet became accustomed to the extra weight of overshoes, it stood to reason that when we appeared in plain gym shoes for the opening game our newfound lightfootedness would enable us to leap prodigiously and streak about the court like so many gazelles.

The notion was received with varying degrees of enthusiasm; our mothers generally showed little interest in having their teenage sons slop

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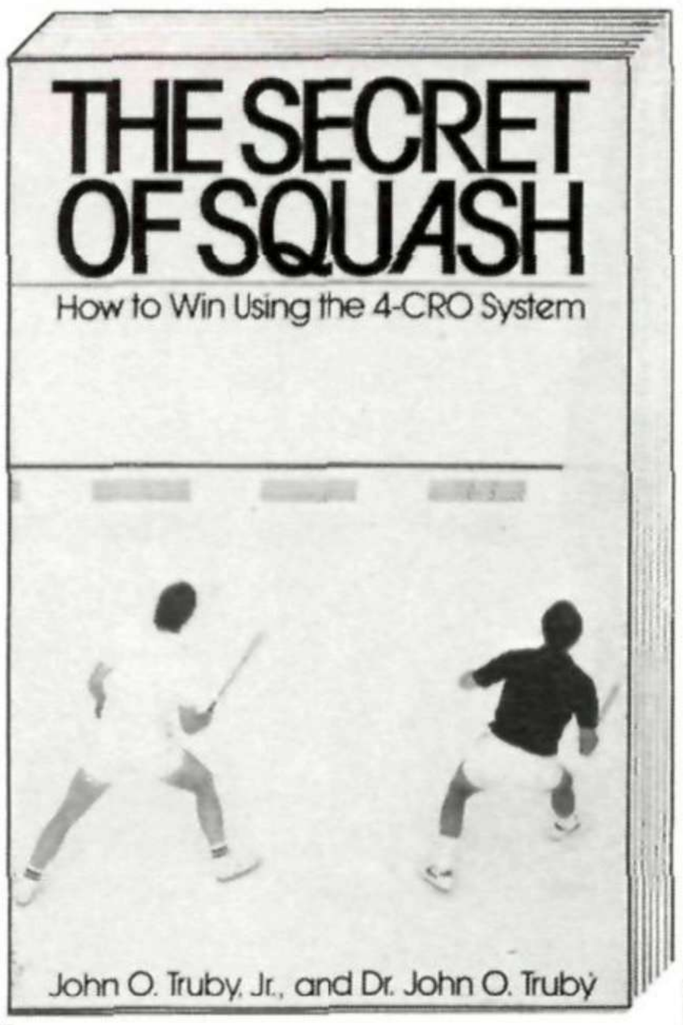

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around the house in galoshes, and in those blessed days mothers were more of a force to be reckoned with than coaches. Janitors and athletic directors were appalled at the prospect of having their gym floors marked up with end-of-the-war rubber, which was, you may recall, a material about one stage removed from raw tar. Teachers considered the jangling buckles a nuisance and distraction, though I think some of the less sensible girls felt that classroom overshoes were kind of cute. The consensus was that it was essentially a dumb idea, and it was useless to point out that it had originated in the uppermost echelons of Big Ten coachdom. It did not seem to matter to the scoffers that the weighted-foot stratagem had reportedly been devised by the legendary Bob Zuppke of the Fighting Illini, and had been confided to Michigan's equally legendary Fritz Crisler, who had a summer place at nearby Bemidji, Minn., from which pine-scented, birch-bound, clear-watered haven it had trickled down to our coach. It was an idea with an impeccable provenance, approved by established authorities; perhaps not a great idea, but certainly good. Though not good enough. We took the overshoes off for the first game of the season—the 50–6 one—and kept them off. Except outdoors.

And yet—losses, overshoes and the seeds of humiliation notwithstanding—that season was not a particularly dismal experience. On the contrary, of the six or eight seasons of my life spent in pursuit of one athletic will-o'-the-wisp or another, the 1945-46 basketball campaign was easily the most fun. I understood that even then, less clearly perhaps than I do now, but still I knew. It was a game, after all, and we were playing. Someone had to lose, and there was always next year. And there was always—well, sometimes—the grace of the ball floating out from the fingertips, arching through the stale air, as clean a parabola as any mathematician could ever contrive, and popping the tight cords at the bottom of the net. There was, sometimes, the exhilaration of the great stretch upward under the boards, of the ball in your hands, coming down, of pushing off the floor again and twisting through that sea of arms and soaring above the last menacing hand, your wrist rotating, fingers flicking the ball off and in. There was the sheer joy of finding the one open man in that mob of elbows and armpits and grasping palms, of leading him three steps into the break he had hardly known he was about to make, of seeing him there, open, ball in hand and body poised to drive downcourt and lay it in—oh, that was sweet! Losers have their ecstasies the same as winners—less often, maybe, but no less intense.

It was all fun. Practice was fun, even on, and perhaps partly because of, full stomachs. We went about our bumbling business not only loyally but cheerfully; the possibility of despair never occurred to us. Even faced with the prospect of containing the six feet, five inches and 240 pounds of Chunk Haldorson, plus the eagle eyes and swift hands of his cohorts, we had hope. Maybe, we would tell ourselves, just maybe Chunk would get the flu or sprain an ankle in the first quarter, and maybe Ray (The Hawk) Stensvedt, he of the broad shoulders and long sideburns and whirlwind drives up the middle, would be stalled in a snowdrift or stricken with food poisoning, and maybe then we would win. They didn't, we didn't and life went on. In the morning the sun rose, and

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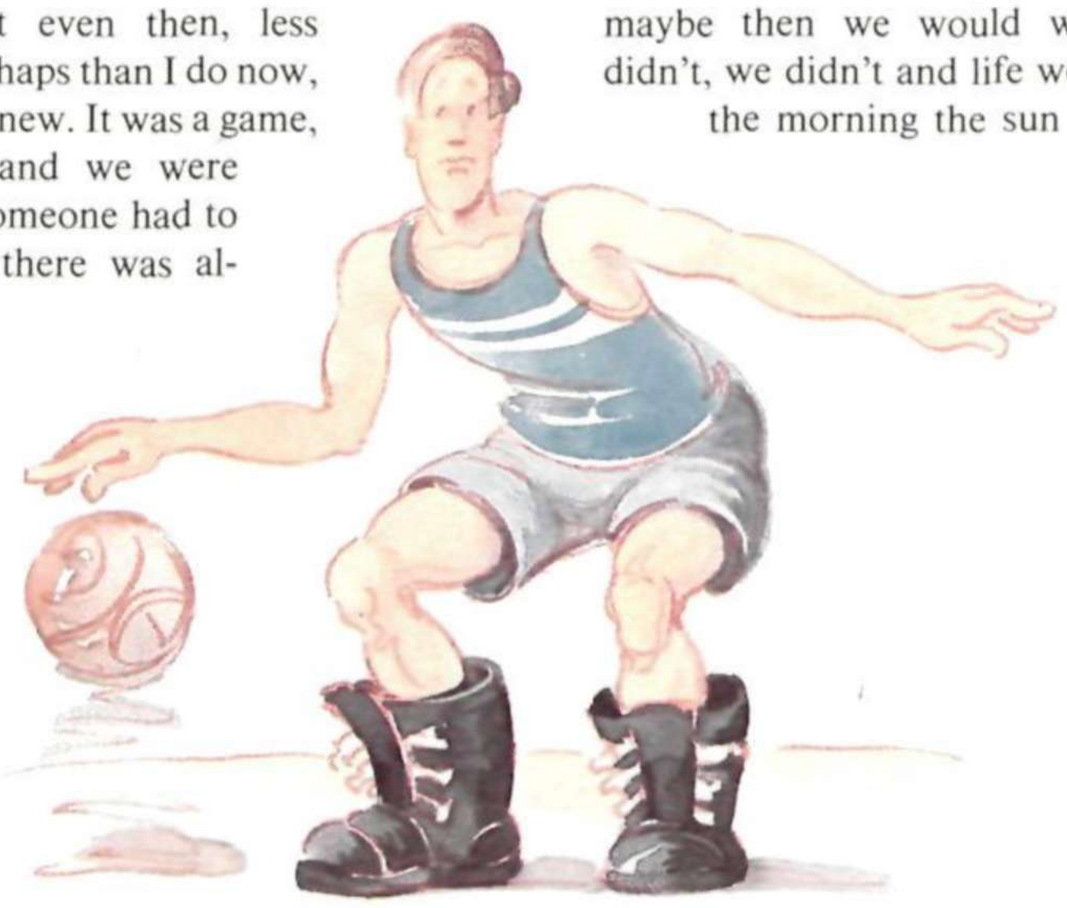

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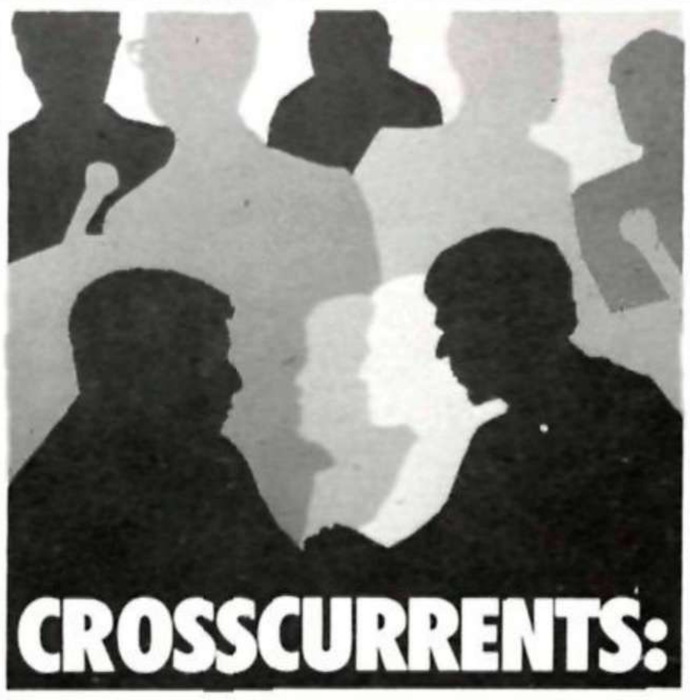

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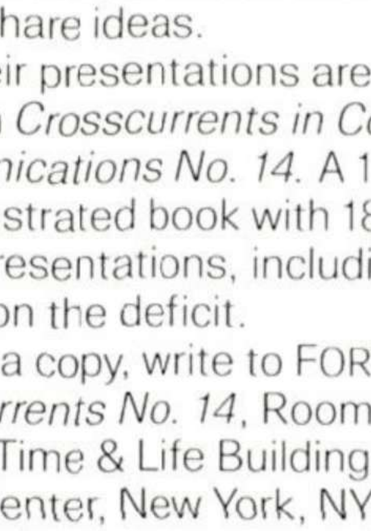
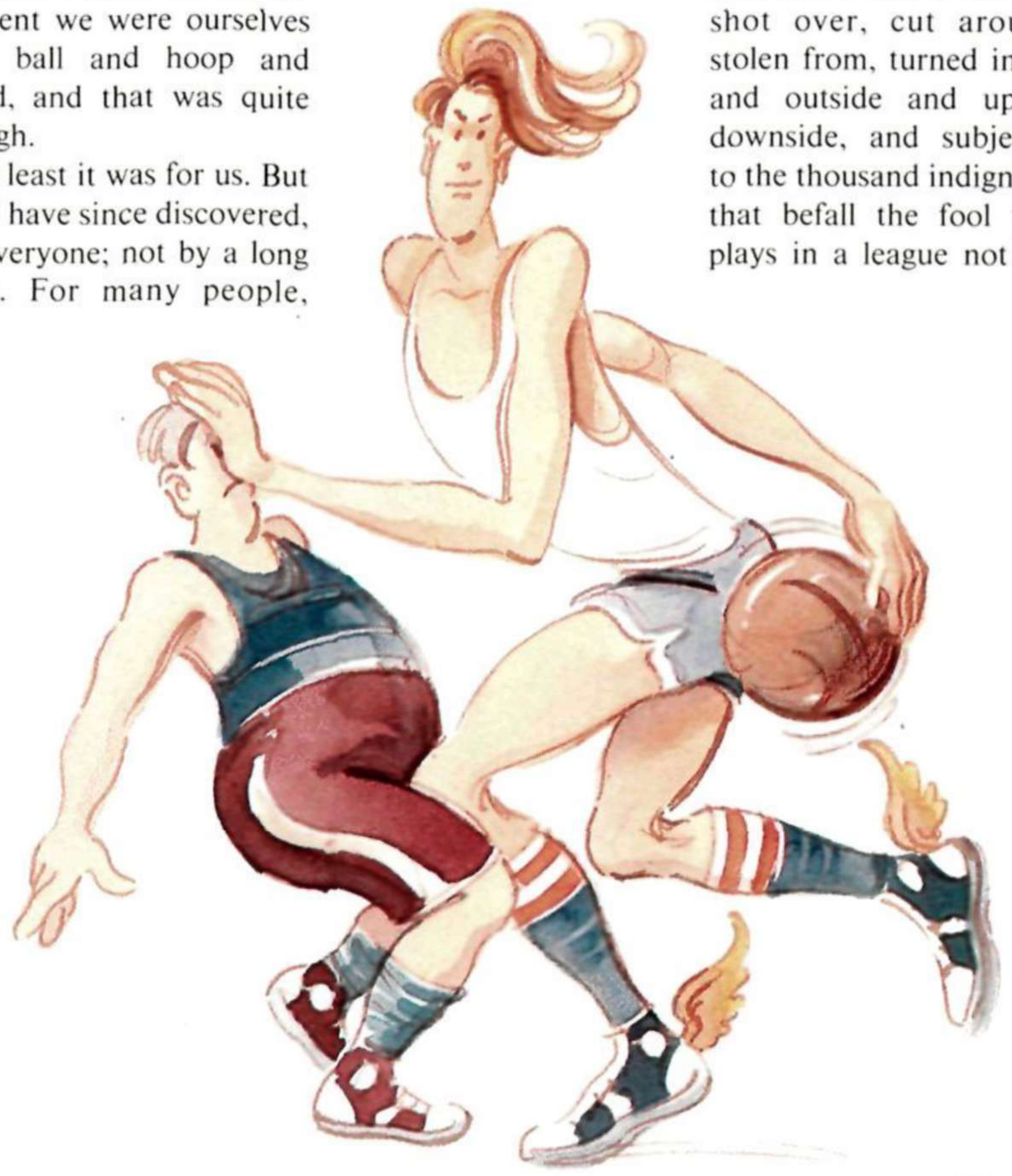


FORTUNE

oatmeal bubbled on the stove and we were still alive. And in the evening, on a borrowed court again, we were whatever it was we were; we may have longed to be much better, but for the moment we were ourselves with ball and hoop and board, and that was quite enough.

At least it was for us. But not, I have since discovered, for everyone; not by a long ways. For many people, games were never games at all but holy wars, mortal combat with no quarter given, no prisoners taken and no time off for good behavior. Games were rites of exorcism in which all sorts of personal spooks got chased.



JOHN ALCORN

A few years after the losing season, I was whiling away a few idle semesters at an Eastern college where life was real, life was earnest and an NCAA championship was its goal. One fall afternoon I blundered into a pickup game, three-on-three, three of whom happened to be varsity players and one of whom was on his way to Basketball Immortality. Perhaps I would have been more discreet had I known I was up against someone destined for a place in the pantheon, but at the time he looked mortal enough to me. So early on I did something foolish, though I can no longer remember exactly what—blocked a shot, stole a pass, something; a single fleeting moment of competence for which I would pay dearly. Somehow I had riled up the Immortal's competitive juices, in which I was obliged to simmer for the next 15 minutes; I was faked out, shot over, cut around, stolen from, turned inside and outside and upside downside, and subjected to the thousand indignities that befall the fool who plays in a league not his. And to make sure I did not miss the point, basketballs were bounced off my teeth regularly, and knees and elbows were sent at me from places I didn't know people were. It was, I suppose, an educational experience, though I, being young and naive, didn't realize that; what I realized was that I had taken a lucky swat at a ball and a game had suddenly turned into no damn fun. "Why all of this?" I wondered as my ribs got raked for the umpteenth time. "What's this all about?"

I was asking myself, of course, but I was the wrong person to answer. I had not yet heard that winning was the only thing, and if I had, I wouldn't have believed it. I had been on the 1945-46 St. James basketball team, and I knew better. **END**

The author edits "the small voice," a bimonthly newsletter published in Fargo, N.D.

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SCORECARD

EDITED BY ROBERT W. CREAMER

FINES, ANYONE?

It used to be that young athletes were urged to emulate sports heroes. At Arizona State, men's tennis coach Lou Belken is suggesting just the opposite. He's trying to curb the obstreperous on-court behavior that's becoming increasingly fashionable among impressionable young players, a symptom that could be medically described as McEnroe's Complaint.

He proposes a system of fines that would be deducted from scholarship allotments for the following year (he still needs authorization from the university, the Pac-10 and the NCAA). There would be penalties for obscenities, off-color gestures and what is euphemistically described as equipment abuse (flinging rackets, whacking nets, gouging court surfaces). For example, using a particularly choice expletive during a practice session would cost an offender $10. Blurting it out during a tournament would boost the ante to $100.

Belken concedes that such behavior is not yet a major issue at Arizona State but, as he told *Phoenix Gazette* columnist Tim Tyers, "It's a problem the sport has from juniors through professionals. We want to put people in the stands, and we want to present a product that doesn't offend anyone."

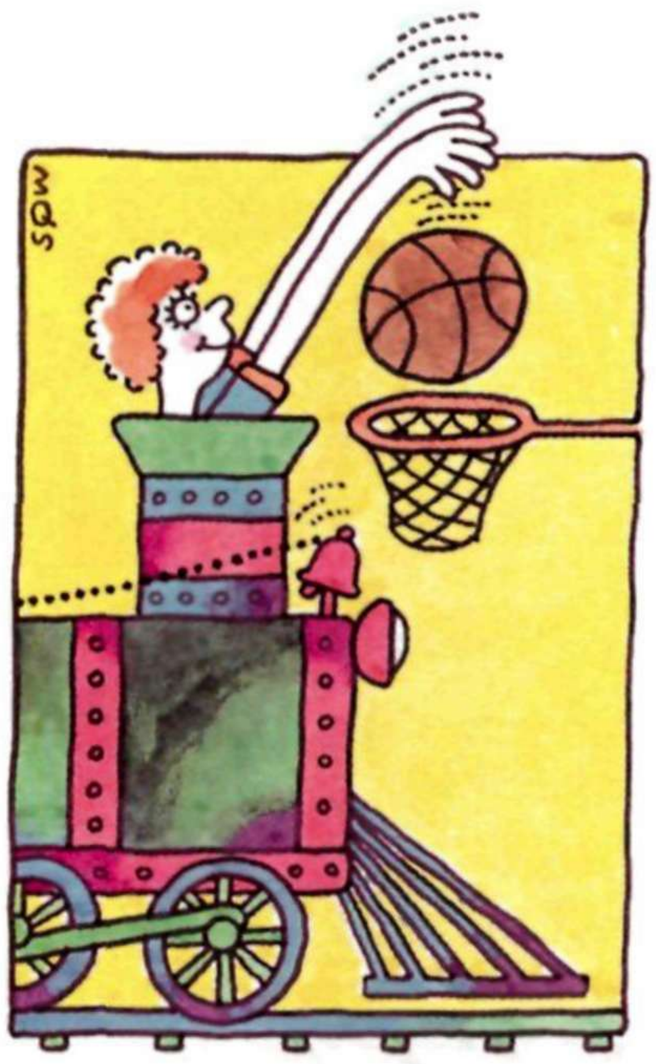
SPORTS GAP

We've written in the past (SCORECARD, Feb. 25, 1985) about the shabby way that Pulitzer Prize selections for outstanding newspaper journalism treat the working stiffs on the sports pages. Despite the important and popular role that sports sections play in newspapers in every part of this country, sportswriters are seldom cited for the Pulitzer awards.

Columbia University, which administers the Pulitzers, has just announced the journalism jury that will present its candidates for this year's awards to the Pulitzer Prize board. The jury of 65 men and women includes editors and publishers, managing editors, executive editors, editorial page editors, photographers, correspondents, a curator, a fellowship director and a journalism professor. The 18-person Pulitzer board also includes an eclectic mix of journalists. But neither jury nor board has anyone from sports. Why? Why do the Pulitzers treat newspaper sports journalists as second-class citizens and continue to pretend that the sports pages are not a vital part of the daily press?

RUNAWAY TRAIN

In Holland, Mich., early in the second half of a women's basketball game between Albion College and Hope College,



SAM O. WEISSMAN

everyone and everything in Hope's Dow Center gymnasium began to quaver as the nightly Chicago-to-Grand Rapids freight train rumbled past. "It comes through every night right at 6:45," said Hope sports information director Tom Renner. "The tracks are only 25 yards from the gym. You can feel the whole place shake."

A moment later, with Albion leading 40–28, the gym suddenly blacked out. The 84-car train had derailed two blocks from the Dow Center, slamming down telephone poles and power lines. The game was suspended.

When play resumed two nights later, Hope's women went on a scoring surge that trimmed Albion's lead. Eerily, at precisely 6:45 p.m., with the train once again rattling past, Hope sank the game-tying basket. The Flying Dutch went on to derail Albion 83–78 in overtime, ending a game that had taken some 49 hours to complete. Noted Renner, "There's no truth to the rumor that we put timbers across the tracks on Tuesday so we could get an extra day of practice. But there is talk of changing the school athletic symbol from a wooden shoe to a caboose."

RESTRAINT OF RAGE

A "seat belt" rule, which requires high school basketball coaches to remain seated during play (except in special instances), has been adopted by the National Federation of State High School Associations, and it has caused some coaches mental, even physical, distress. C.J. Howard of Santa Teresa (Calif.) High is an emotional sort who, like many coaches, tends to jump up, shout, point and emote. "I've been coaching for 12 years," he told Dave Payne of the *San Jose Mercury-News*, "and it's very difficult to suddenly not be able to jump from my seat." Therefore, Howard now ties himself down with a rope. "It's saved me a few times," he says.

A neighboring coach, Ray Snyder of Monta Vista High, is also an emoter who needs restraint, but instead of a rope, Snyder has two human seat belts. They are Monta Vista High students Stacey Fernandez and Denese Cheatham, who keep statistics for the team and have taken on an added duty. During games, they sit behind Snyder, and when he starts to rise, they push him back down. "Thanks to them," Snyder says, "I've been pretty good about obeying the rule."

ANOTHER CRISIS FOR THE FERRET

Several years ago (SI, Oct. 13, 1980), Bil Gilbert reported that the endangered black-footed ferret was "missing and presumed dead." Happily, a small colony of ferrets was discovered the next year in northeast Wyoming. But that colony, which had grown to an estimated 130 ferrets by 1984, is now threatened with extinction.

It was learned last fall that the colony had been infected by canine distemper, a disease routinely fatal to ferrets. "We predicted distemper would kill most of

continued

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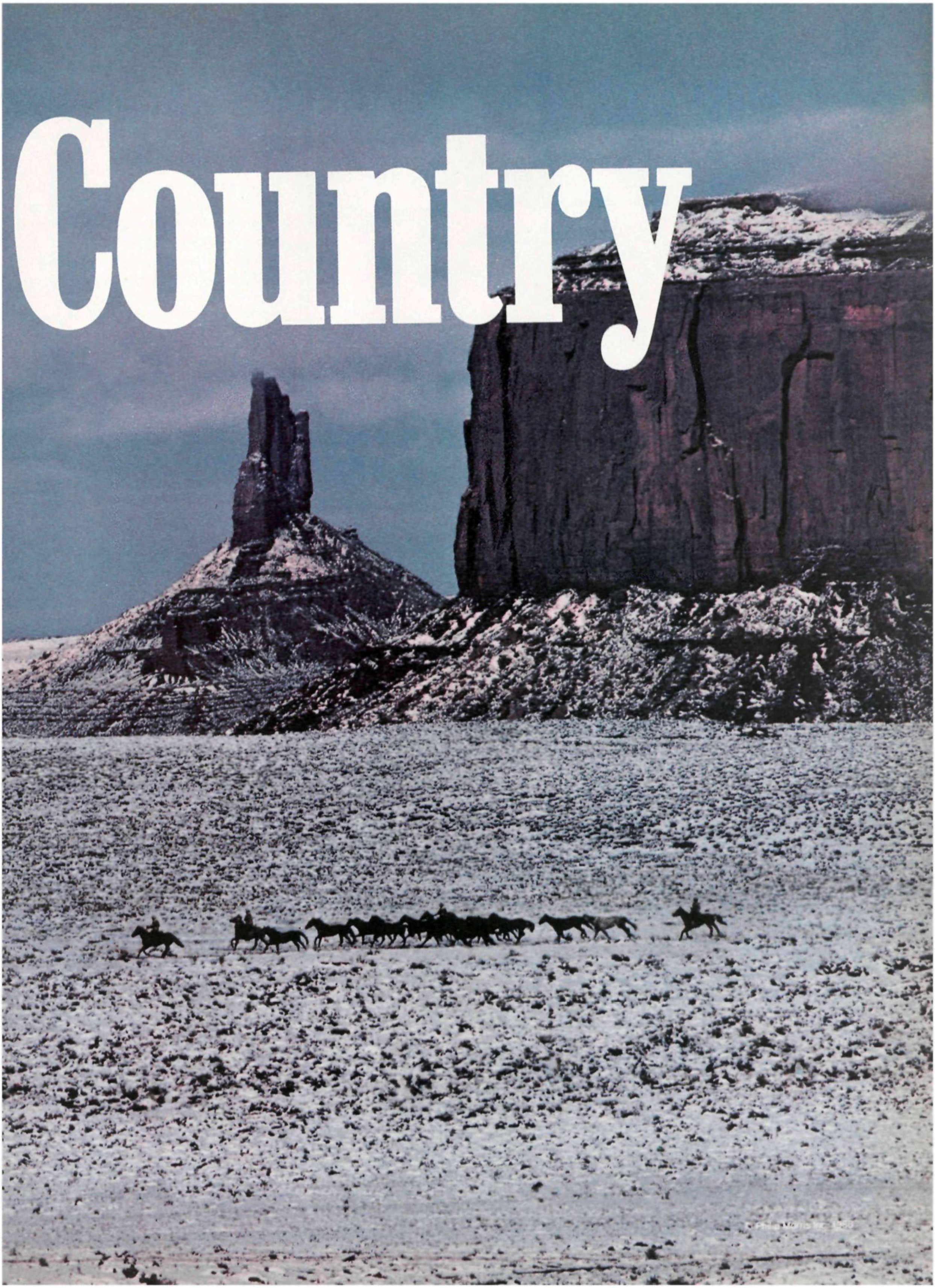


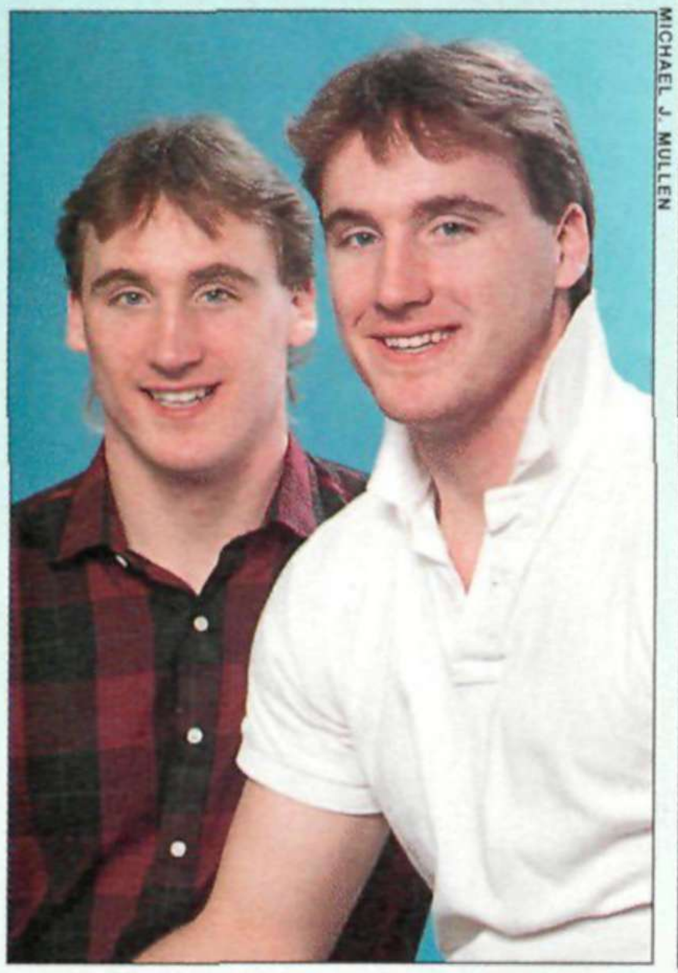
BILL AND BOB RUDDY

Last week in FACES IN THE CROWD we saluted Bill and Bob Ruddy, football playing twins from Dunmore, Pa., who played both defense and offense and who between them gained 2,815 yards rushing and scored 37 touchdowns as they led Dunmore High School to 13 consecutive victories and the Pennsylvania state Class A Eastern Conference championship.

This week we have the sad duty of reporting that on Jan. 29 Bill Ruddy was killed and Bob Ruddy badly injured when the car in which they were riding skidded on an icy highway in Sullivan Township, Pa. and crashed into a coal-carrying tractor-trailer truck. Also, the driver of the car, Frank Butsko, 25—a family friend and onetime teammate of the twins' older brother, Pat, at Drake University in Iowa—was killed. Butsko was an assistant football coach at Mansfield University of Pennsylvania, which is about 100 miles northwest of Dunmore, and he was driving the twins from their home to the Mansfield campus for a recruiting visit.

Tragedy had visited the Ruddy family last May when Jim Ruddy, father of 12, died unexpectedly several days after he had accompanied his twin sons on an inspection tour of Penn State University. Bill and Bob later planted a tree in their father's honor at the edge of the Dunmore football field and dedicated their senior season to his memory.

Last week's accident left Dunmore and much of northeastern Pennsylvania in a state of shock. We share that grief.



MICHAEL J. MULLEN

Bob (left) was badly hurt, Bill fatally injured.

those left in the wild," says Dr. Tom Thorne, the Wyoming Game and Fish Department's staff wildlife veterinarian. "We didn't even know how many were left at that point. We determined to get some out before they were exposed."

Six uncontaminated ferrets, including four females, were captured and are now being kept in quarantine near Laramie. Because the group is not of optimum age (the males are still too young) or sex ratio (there should be at least as many males as females) for breeding this winter, Thorne is "not optimistic" that they will mate during their season in February and March. He does, however, hope to catch additional healthy ferrets after the deep snow melts in the spring. "With only the six animals we have, it's a fairly long shot" at reestablishing the population, Thorne says. "But if we add a few more animals to the captive population, and if we are successful either this year or next in breeding, then in the long run the chances would be pretty good. We hope we can build a captive population, then feed the wild populations from it."

He says the animals contracted distemper in the wild, possibly from raccoons, coyotes, dogs or skunks. He adds that other ferret colonies—if there *are* any—could also be threatened by the disease. "And we don't have enough ferrets to do distemper research on them," Thorne says. "If we're successful with captive breeding, that will be one of our highest-priority research programs."

LIKE, WOW, I CAN'T MISS

USC's basketball team is attributing its improved free-throw shooting this season to an oh-so-Southern-Californian self-help technique called "psychofeedback." The players stand in a dark room and listen to a tape recording that asks them to imagine a ball, envision the basket and then sink perfect make-believe foul shots. As the ball goes swish, the voice on the tape cheers "Beautiful!"

"I really believe it helps," says USC coach Stan Morrison. The stats back him up: Last year the team shot .679 from the line, and this year it is .707 overall and .771 in Pac-10 games, second in the league. Morrison was sold on the idea last summer by psychologist Paul G. Thomas, author of *Advanced Psycho Cybernetics and Psychofeedback*, and he preaches with the fervor of the converted. "For everything you do in life you have a neuron chain in your brain, whether it's brushing your teeth or shooting a foul shot," says Morrison. "We want the kids in tune with what's being said on the tape because that's refortifying a positive neuron chain." The boys from La La Land had better keep at those neurons because Thomas's book warns of "the great and irrefutable truth that it is *impossible* to achieve *any* goal without psychofeedback. . . . Psychofeedback is not only the breakfast of champions, it is the lunch and dinner as well!"

BUT THEN AGAIN...

USC is shooting better from the line, but it's still not the best. As of last weekend, the Michigan State men's team was tops in the country with an .812 percentage, and the women's team was shooting .744. Has psychofeedback reached East Lansing? "Nah, we don't do any of that ——," says men's assistant coach Mike Deane. "We just have good shooters." And women's coach Karen Langeland might be on to the next great movement in performance enhancement when she adds: "We shoot a lot of free throws in practice."

THEY SAID IT

• Alex English, Denver Nuggets forward, on the standing ovation he received after scoring 54 points against the Houston Rockets at McNichols Arena: "Hearing the crowd was great. It made what little hair I have stand on end."

• Ed Bilik, Springfield College basketball coach, after forward Ivan Olivares scored 24 points on his 24th birthday in a 55–45 win over Union: "Too bad he wasn't 40 today."

• Ron Wooten, New England guard, reflecting on the Patriots' 46–10 loss to the Chicago Bears in the Super Bowl: "Before the end, it kind of felt like we were the team that the Globetrotters play all the time."

END

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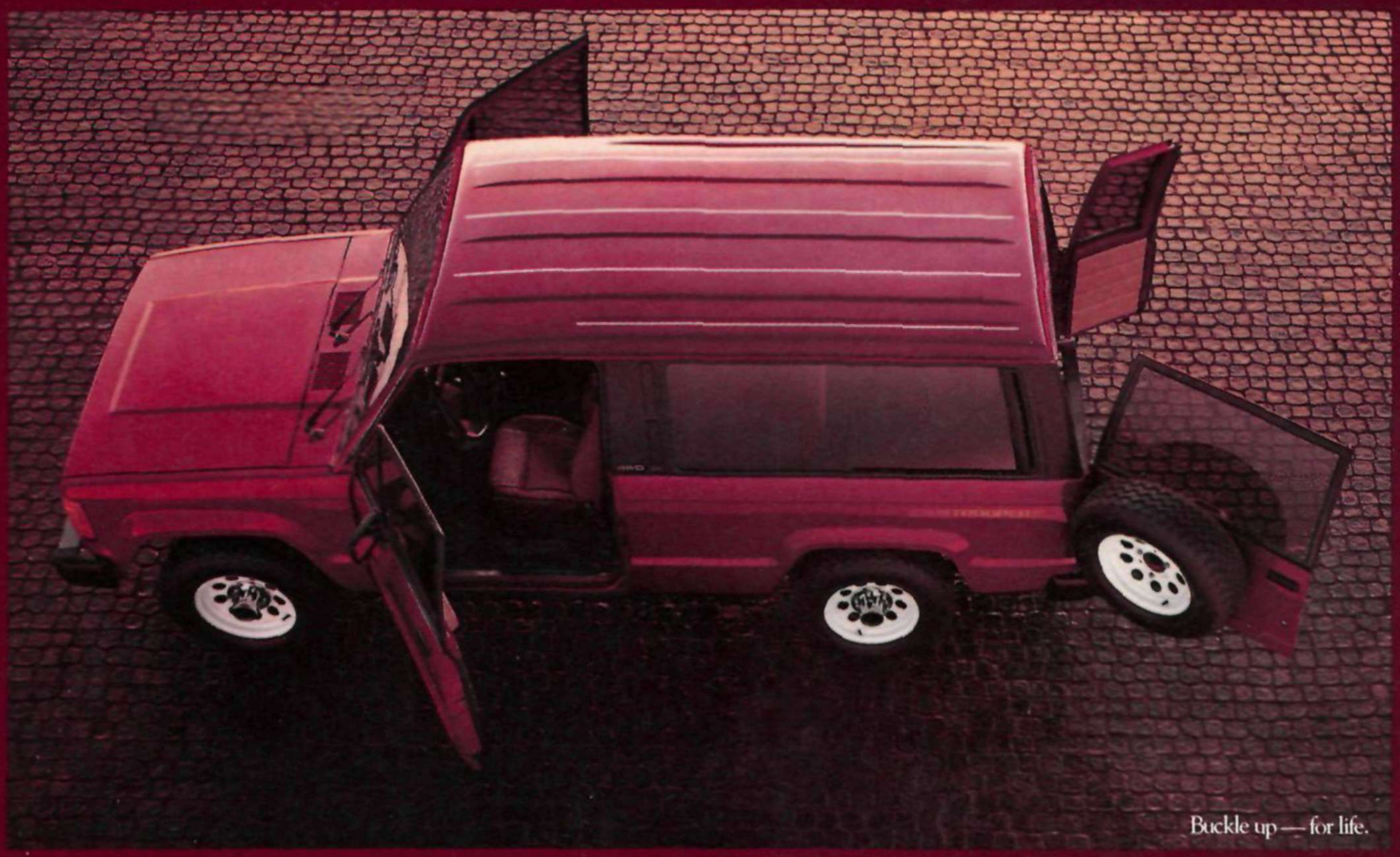

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 10, 1986

Juicy Days For The Orange

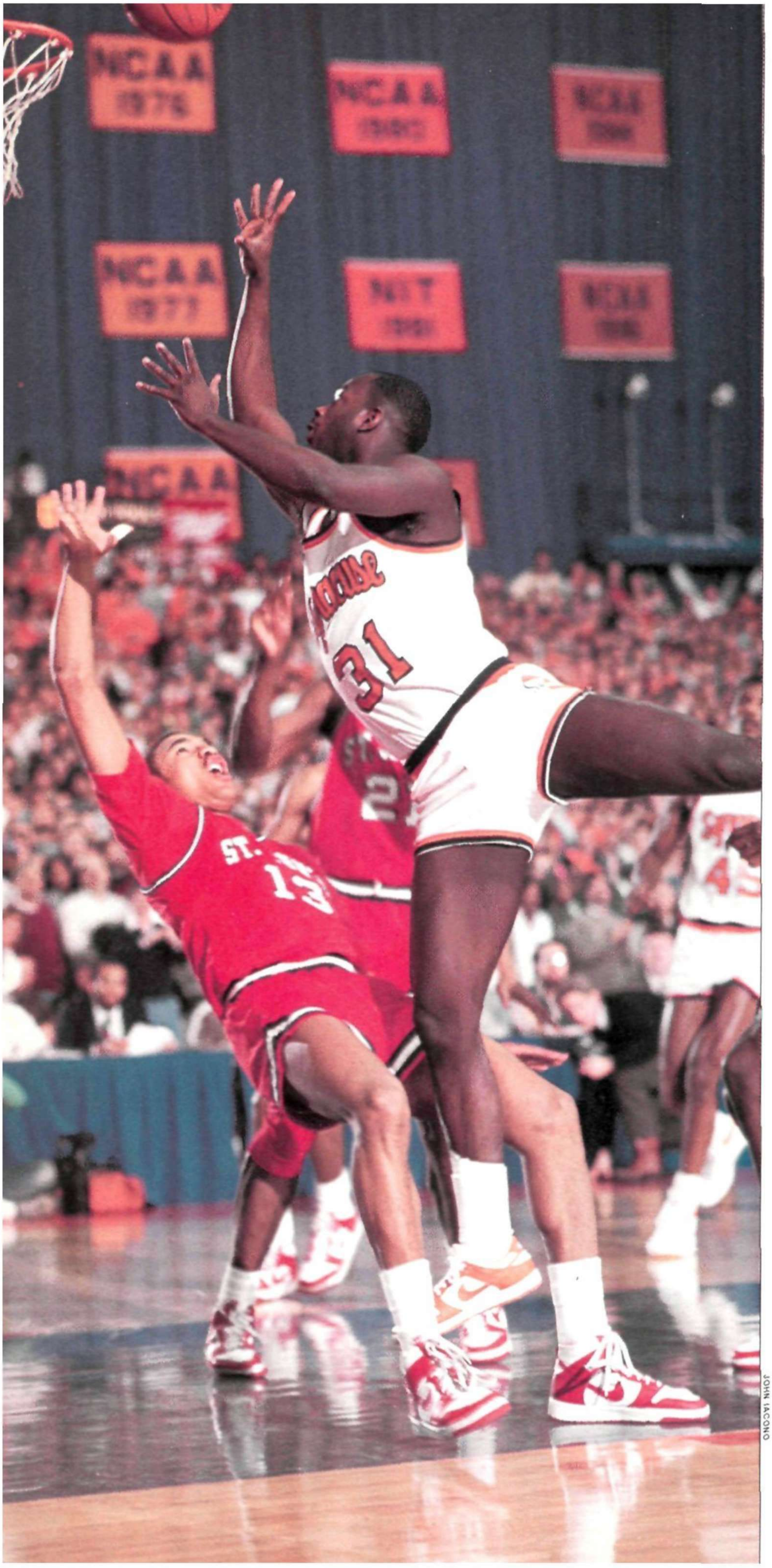
Led by a real pearl, Syracuse has squirted to the top in the Big East

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

Success, fame and legend usually come to the celebrated in that rigorous order. Unfortunately, it has been Pearl (Dwayne) Washington's peculiar burden to meet up with that trinity backward. In the fall of 1983, Washington took his legendary Brooklyn schoolyard and schoolboy reputations to Syracuse. Soon he became famous for conjuring up a game-winning half-court heave, and for playing a splendid Big East tournament in New York's Madison Square Garden. His freshman feats hardly lent themselves to encore, yet word of them spread.

Word, as teammate Rony Seikaly says, of how "it's like the ball's glued to him, or he has a magnet attached."

Word, as Pearl's coach, Jim Boeheim, says, of how "we're willing to suffer the extra turnovers to get the great plays."



JOHN IACONO

The acrobatic Washington and his enterprising mates had St. John's off-balance.

And word—this from running mate Rafael Addison—of how "if Pearl was in a police lineup and you had to pick out the basketball player, no one in the country would choose him."

So when he was merely successful during his sophomore season, the maledictions began to fly. The Pearl was flat-footed. Overweight. Distracted. Encouraged by the cablecast scoldings of Dick Vitale, many wondered whether Washington ever was quite what he had been cracked up to be.

Well, the Pearl, a junior now, is back, and let it be said that 17–2, ninth-ranked Syracuse is doing fine. To be sure, praise for this edition of the Orangemen comes with the usual strings attached: They stumble on the road (their losses came back-to-back, at Georgetown and Louisville), and their coach is not sufficiently glib, or accommodating, or ready with a smile. But with victories last week over Boston College and St. John's, the Orange stood alone atop the Big East, and there's no glaring reason why Syracuse couldn't be atop everything else when all is said and done.

So let us introduce the Oyster. With a little help from the Pearl, Syracuse shaded the Redmen 68–64 on Saturday in that Big East rarity, a 15-rounder in which not a punch was thrown. And with a lot of help from the Pearl, Syracuse outran the Eagles 80–55 earlier last week.

There's Seikaly, Seik to his mates, Psych, no doubt, to the many rivals, like St. John's Walter (The Truth) Berry, who have become victims of his emergence as a shot-blocker and intimidator. The 6′ 10″ sophomore helped pressure Berry into 5-for-17 shooting Saturday.

There's junior Howard Triche, who spent last season picking splinters out of his uniform trunks while wags tossed off lines like, "Real men don't play Triche." He mulled a transfer to George Washington, but excelled during the team's summer tour of West Germany and Greece. Triche finally displaced sophomore forward Michael Brown, who himself chose last month to leave, for Clemson.

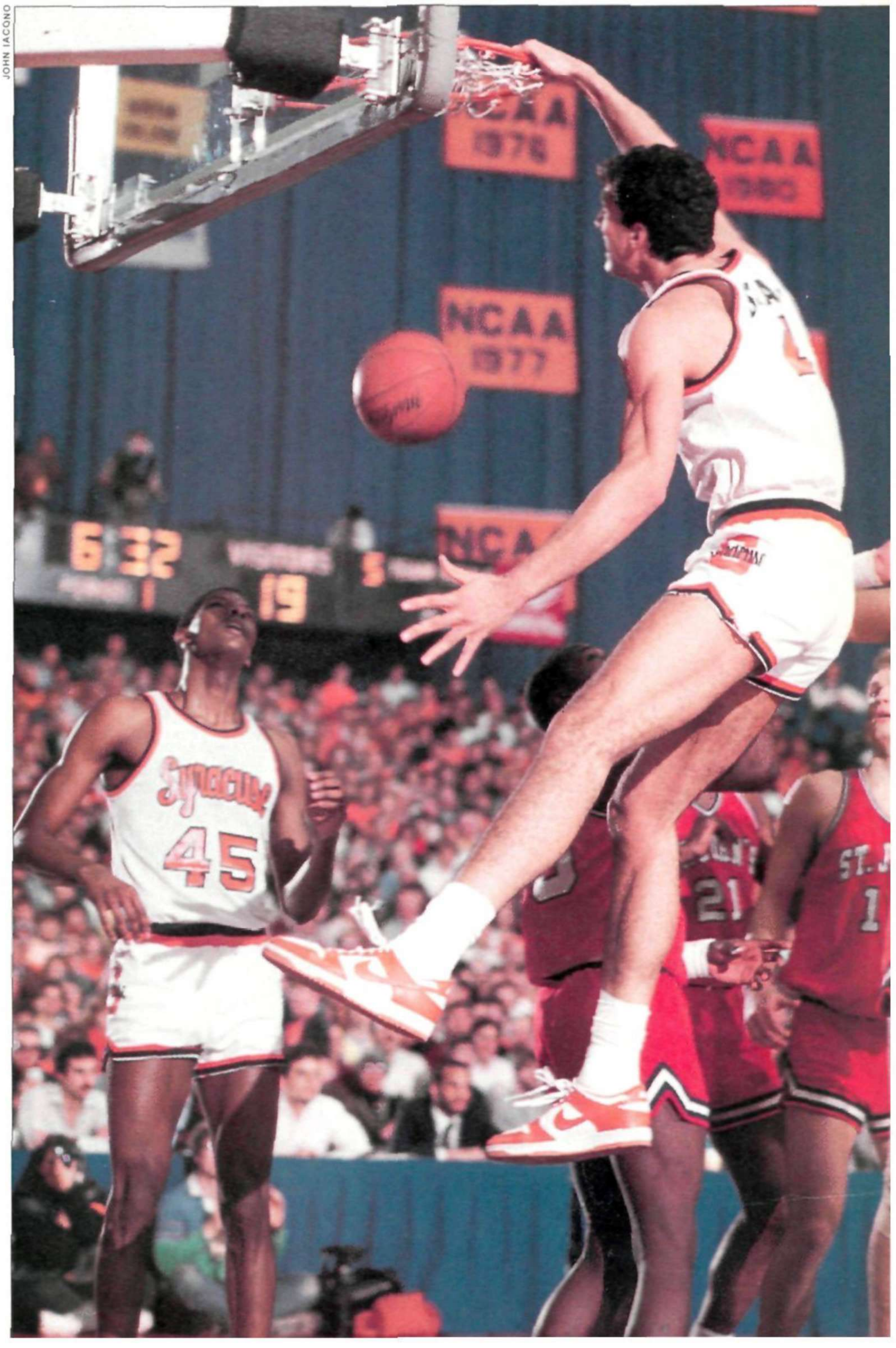
There's forward Wendell Alexis, who has a bulkier build and a more savage temperament than last season. "I'm laying myself out on the court, every game," the 6′ 9″ senior says. "This is my last year. It's not a matter of 'What's behind Door No. 3?' anymore."

There's junior Greg (Money) Monroe, the steady third guard. Of the six shots he took in Saturday's first half, only one missed. And that one—from the far side of midcourt with :01 left—hit the rim.

And there's Addison, whose jumper and offensive rebounding and knack for

continued

JOHN IACONO



Although he has played for only four years, Seikaly is entirely at home in the Dome.

sticking to his man like Spackle earned him, not the Pearl, the coaches' preseason vote as the Big East's Player of the Year.

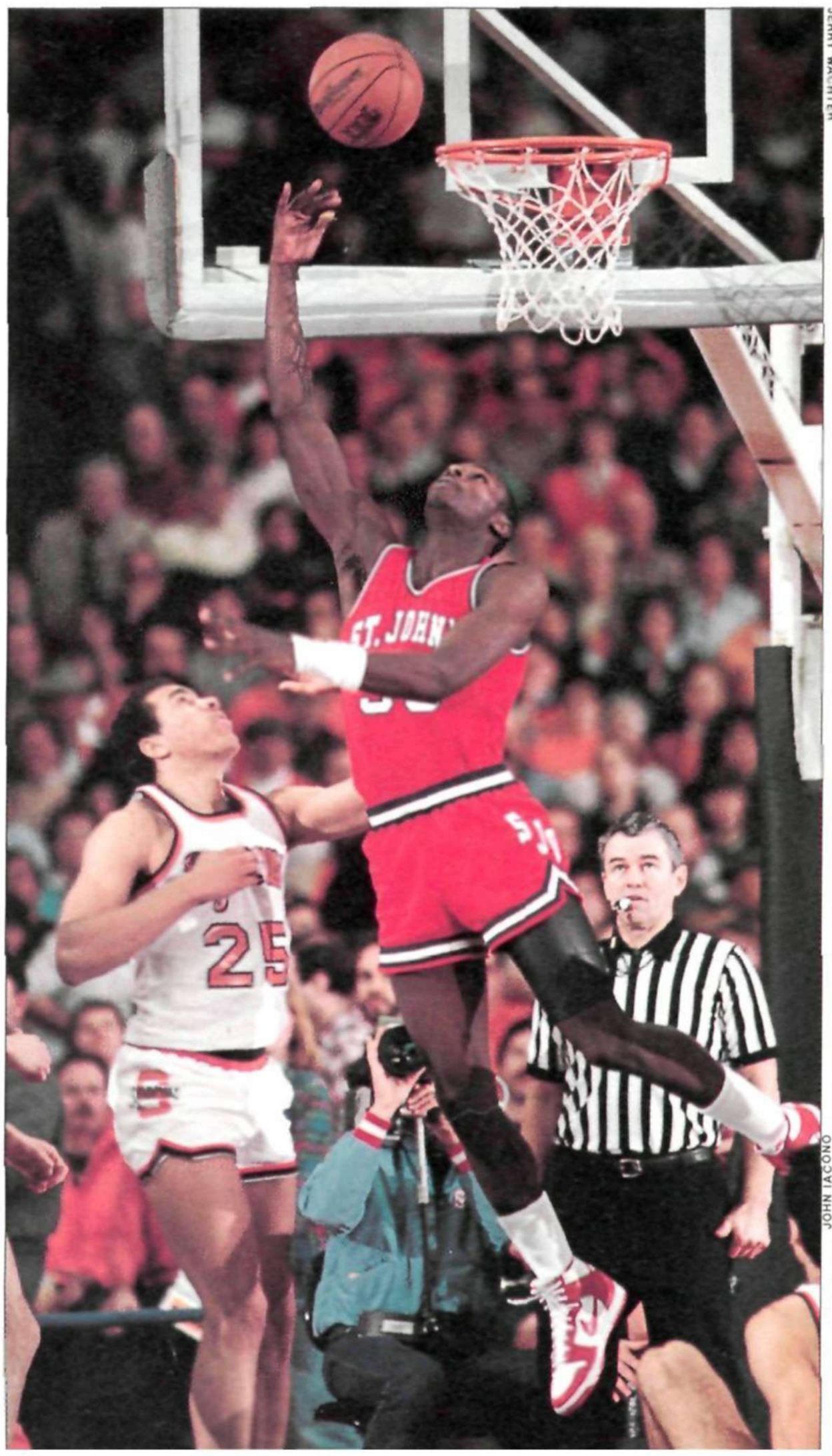
As for the Pearl, his turnovers are down, his assists up. The erstwhile Fat Butt/Olive Head/Body Shot busied himself over the summer, discarding 10 pounds of lard and giving his hocus-pocus some focus. And he tended to his 2-year-old, Dwayne Alonzo Washington Jr. The initials D.A. raise all sorts of intriguing possibilities.

As if to acknowledge that his game is more gray flannel than bold orange, Washington practices in slate sweats. "This team needs more of a leader," he says. "Someone in control, who can get the ball to the right people at the right time. It's something I've worked on."

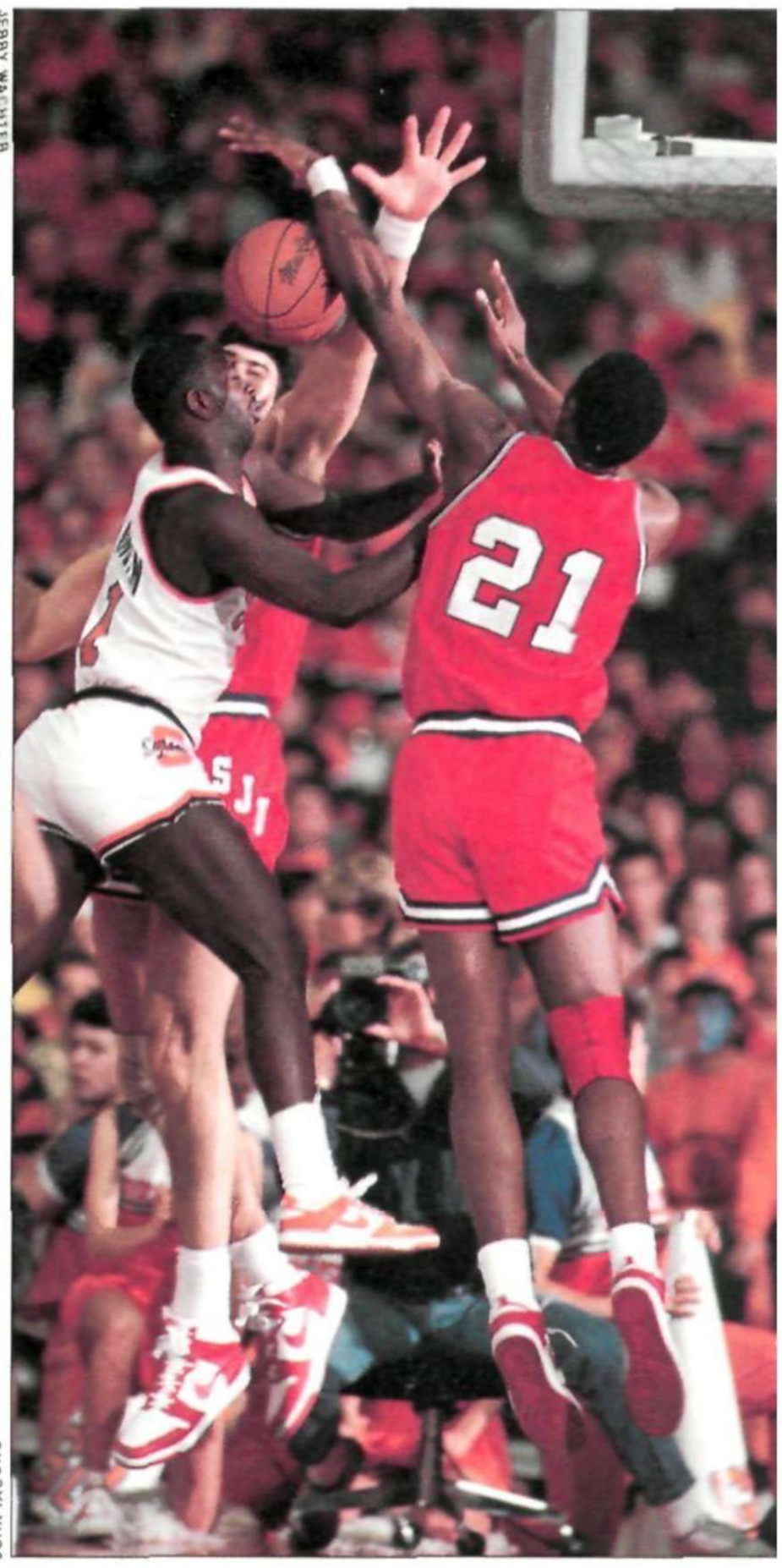
He's still capable of dazzling; his seven assists, five steals and 16 points at BC last week constituted, Boeheim says, "the first perfect game since he's been here." In that game he spin-dribbled out of a double team. If you think that's easy, set up a couple of garbage cans in your driveway and try it sometime.

The only ominous thing about Syracuse's romp past BC was Boeheim's compulsion to reinsert Alexis and Washington when the Eagles edged to within 23 points with 5:25 left. The move suggested a team not entirely at ease away from home. The Orange have long been notorious for being lemons on the road, largely because they rarely leave the Carrier Dome. "I won't apologize," says Boeheim, who argues that he would be a fool to play fewer games in the Dome, where Syracuse draws roughly 25,000 a game at $9 a head. "I don't believe you have to play at Louisville in December to be a good team. If you're going to be good, 16 games in the Big East, plus the conference tournament, will get you there."

Twenty-win seasons year after year and record-setting attendance figures have earned Boeheim sparse appreciation. Someone always seems ready to point out that, since he took over in 1976, the Orange have never won more than one game in any NCAA tournament. "I've learned to live with [the criticism], but I don't like it and I don't think it's



JERRY WACHTER



JOHN IACONO

Buoyed by the play of Glass (left) and Berry (21), the Redmen had been the surprising conference co-leaders.

fair," Boeheim says. "Look at all the good coaches who've never made the Final Four. Tom Davis. Pete Carril. Jack Hartman. Was John Wooden a bad coach for the first 15 years of his career?"

"Just because he doesn't go around like P.T. Barnum and tell jokes doesn't mean he's not a good coach," says Providence coach Rick Pitino, who spent two seasons in the late '70s as an assistant to Boeheim. "The cold air has got to get to people there. They should slap it on their faces and wake up. The guy has a brilliant mind for the game."

Saturday's was a pretty fair game for the mind. With Chris Mullin gone to the NBA and that charmed sweater attracting moths in coach Lou Carnesecca's cellar, St. John's was the surprising Big East co-leader midway through the season. Meanwhile, the Syracuse players repeated the standard pregame rap about not wanting to be too concerned with the Truth, inasmuch as the other Johnnies would end up inflicting the consequences from the outside. Of course, the Orangemen proceeded to spend the afternoon in a collapsing zone, giving each other perpetual help, which also happens to be the name of the grade school where Carnesecca matriculated. "As the game went on, I noticed Walter making more eye contact with his teammates, as if to say, 'Get me the ball,' " Alexis said.

Though Seikaly fouled out as a result of his defensive efforts on Saturday, he showed why he has become a fine center in only four years of playing the game. Born in Lebanon and schooled in Greece, he's an American citizen. He's a splendid athlete, a sort of Levantine Chip Hilton, who has played soccer, tennis, volleyball and ice hockey, run track, windsurfed, snow- and waterskied—"did every sport under the sun, except golf," he says—before finally settling on hoops. Seikaly sank five of six free throws in the final six minutes, something he would never have done last season.

He still has a tendency to get in foul trouble. "We played against Akeem Olajuwon when Akeem was a sophomore, and *he* had four fouls in 13 minutes," Boeheim says. "Rony's at the same stage. He has to learn how to play position defense in foul trouble."

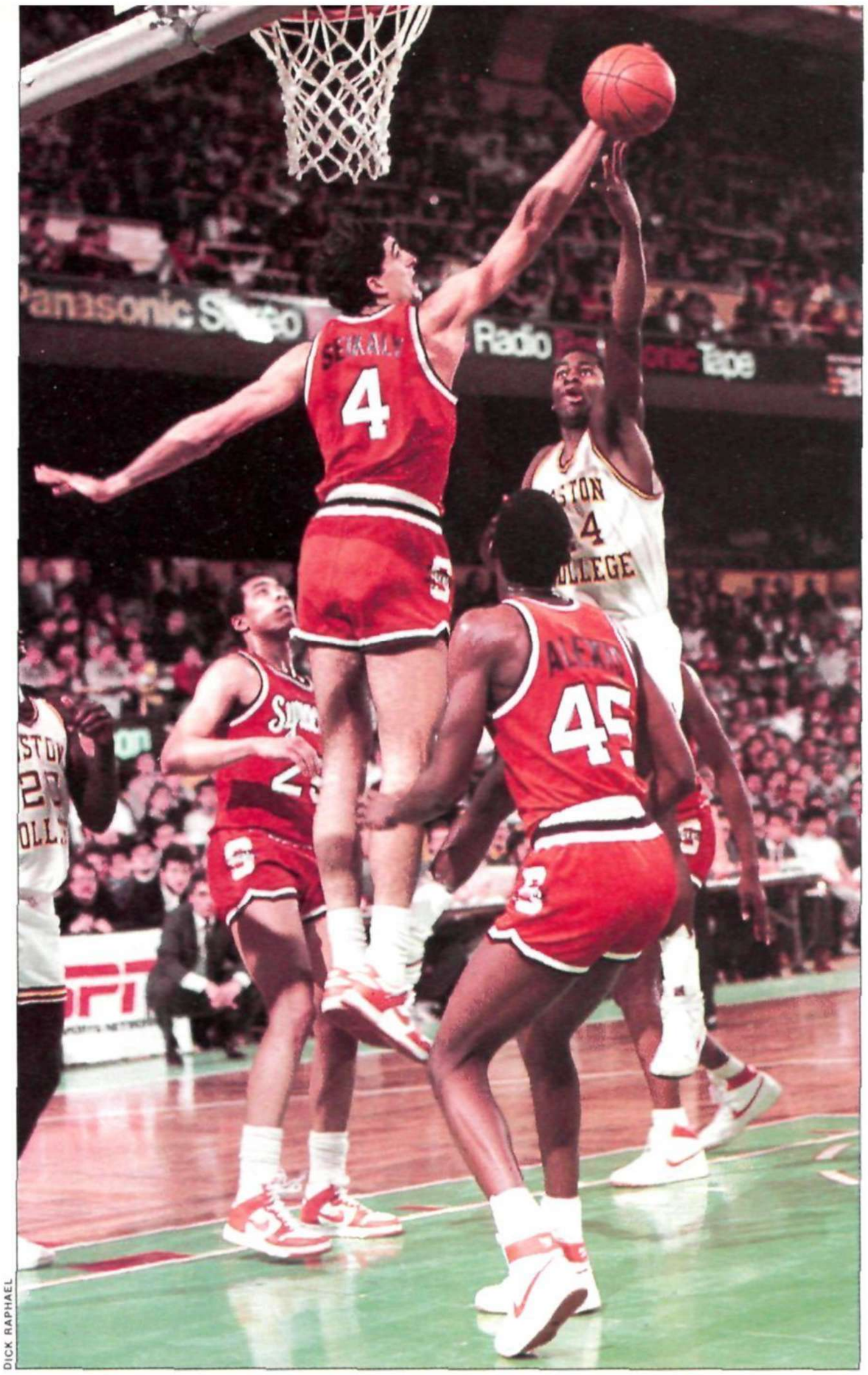
With Triche proving he can hold down the small-forward position at 6′ 5″, Addison has been able to take his 6′ 7″ to the backcourt, which is where NBA scouts envision him. His size and his shot force defenses to extend themselves; when they do, he'll zip the ball inside, where his passes have led to an average of 6.75 assists in the last four games. "Play a zone, and you have to mess with Raf," says Seikaly. "Play a man, and you have to mess with Pearl."

On Saturday, with the shot clock at :05 and barely a minute left, Addison threw in a 25-footer that gave Syracuse a five-point lead. St. John's had a chance to tie after the Pearl missed the back end of a one-and-one with :15 left. But the Redmen's Willie Glass sent an awkward three-footer skidding off his surname, and Addison came sailing in to cradle the clinching rebound.

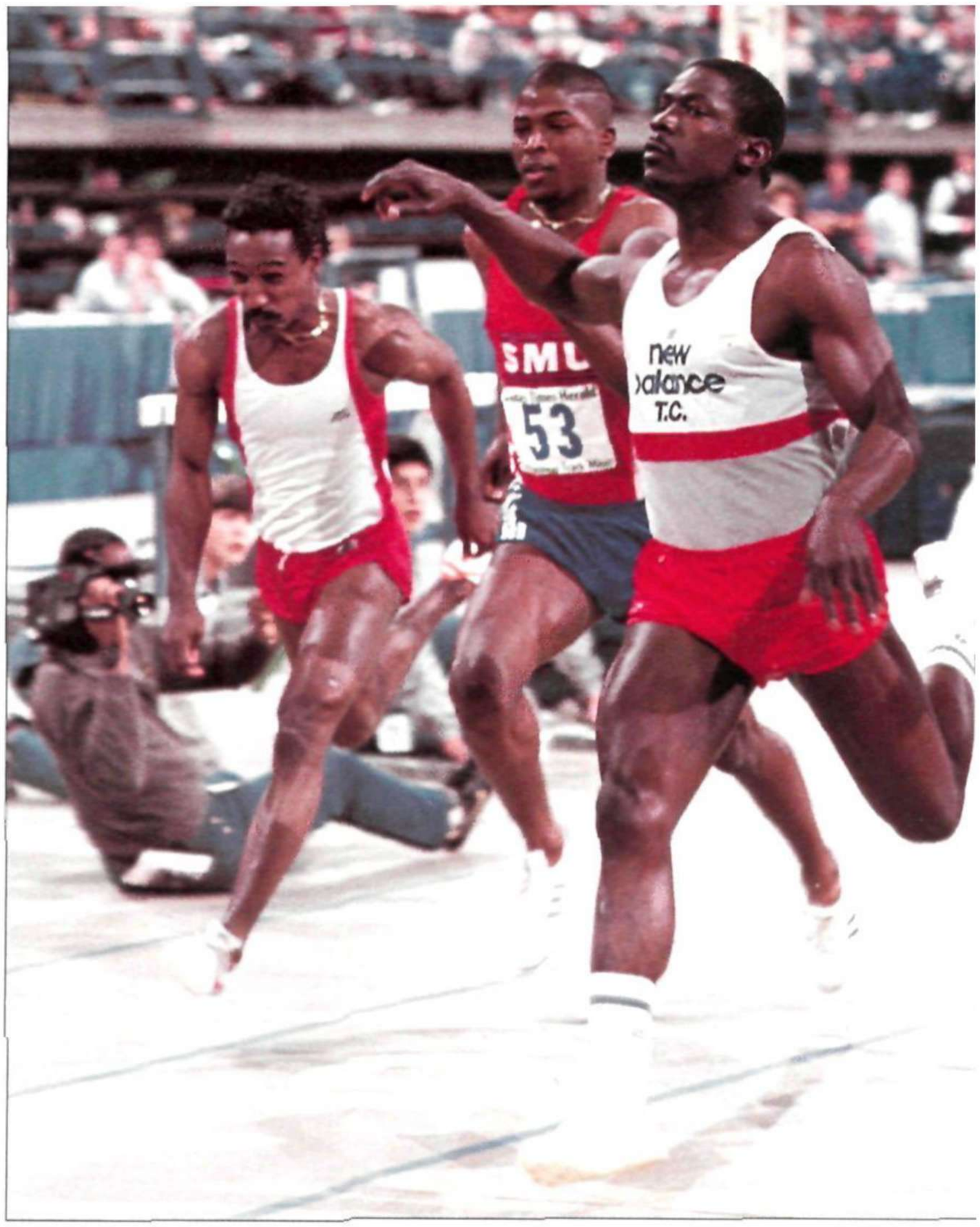
And so it was that Syracuse moved into first place in the Big East on the strength of its guards—Monroe (12 points) in the first half; Addison (15) in the second. Other than nine fairly ho-hum assists, the Pearl—or was that Dwayne?—stood in the background.

"He's Pearl when he gets us the ball," says Seikaly. "He's Dwayne when he doesn't."

That sums up Syracuse. In an oyster shell. **END**



Earlier in the week, Seikaly gave Boston College players a keen sense of rejection.



Watch Out, Carl, They're Gaining On You

In Dallas, Carl Lewis beat the wave of the future but lost to an old foe in the 60-yard dash **by BRUCE ANDERSON**

Carl Lewis took time out from his busy motion-picture and recording schedule last week to begin his two-meet indoor track season. He appeared on Saturday night at the Dallas Times Herald Invitational to start his indoor campaign with a 60-yard dash. He planned to end it a week later in the long jump at the Olympic Invitational meet. Lewis came to Dallas from Los Angeles, where he had spent two days filming a feature-length movie and a third working on his next album, in which he sings.

After such a hectic week, Lewis should have found refuge on the track in Dallas. Instead, just to his right in Lane 4, he found a guy ready to meet him in the, ah, Haircut 60, with an even stranger coiffure than Lewis's modified Grace Jones. Roy Martin, who is 6′ 1″, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and fueled by Ronald McDonald, had his black bristle cut scalp-close with a V on the back of his head. Martin is part of the best trio of sprinters ever to come out of one high school class. The other two, Henry Thomas and Joe DeLoach, were backing into the blocks in lanes 2 and 5, respectively.

Track & Field News recently asked an expert panel to predict the results of the 1987 World Championships, and the fearless forecasters tabbed Martin to win the 200, Thomas the 400 and DeLoach to finish second to Lewis in the 100. "All three could be [Olympic] gold medal winners," says Ralph White, Martin's sprint coach at SMU.

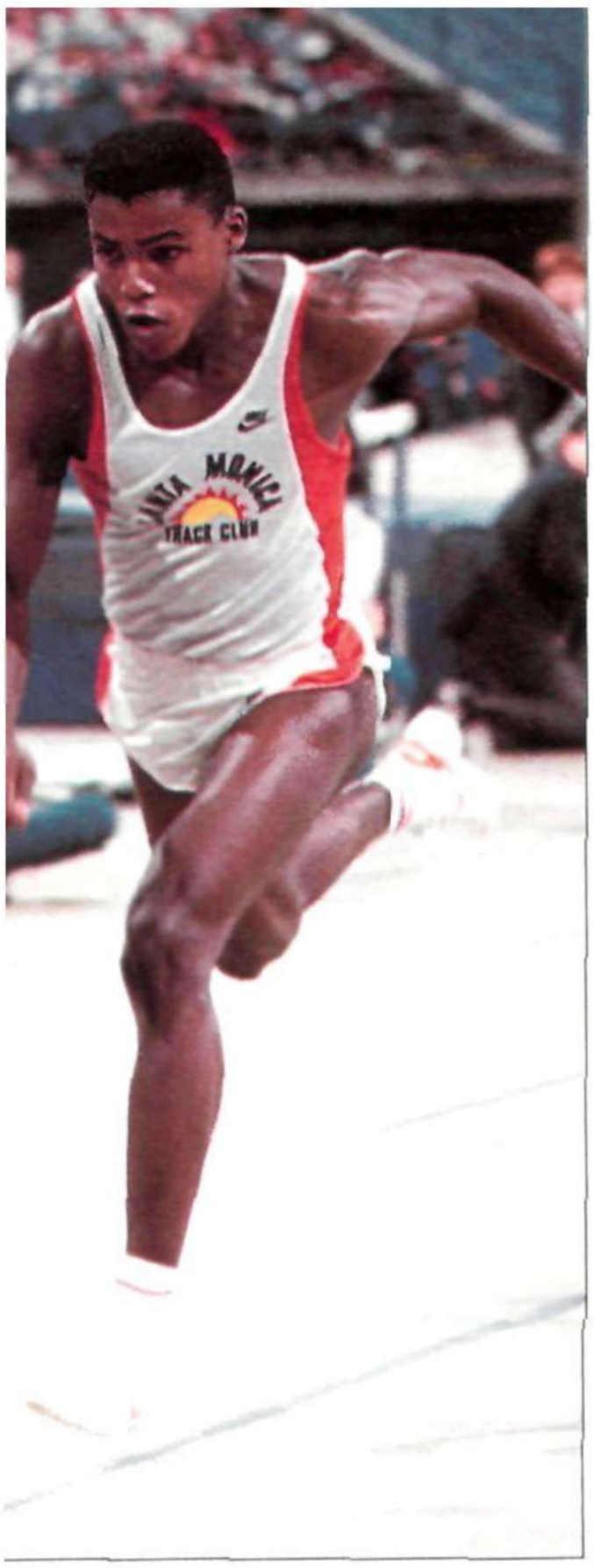
The crowd had come to Reunion Arena to see Martin. A cousin of former Cowboy defensive lineman Harvey Martin, he had attended Roosevelt High in Dallas, where he was the *Track & Field News* High School Athlete of the Year in 1984 and '85. Martin was also the fourth-place finisher in the 200 at the 1984 Olympic trials, missing out on a berth by .06 of a second.

SMU is not only close to Martin's home, it is close to a McDonald's. Apparently, Martin figures that to be fast you have to eat fast food. "I was a McDonald's boy," Martin says. "I still am . . . on the side. I used to have four or five a night. Me and Big Mac, we get along real good. I still see him, still talk to him a lot. I'll never leave him."

Part of White's job is to keep Martin from beefing up. Last summer, after eight straight days of burger binging, Martin carried 15 excess pounds to the National Sports Festival, where he finished third in the 200. White is also busy polishing Martin's technique. Despite best times of 10.18 in the 100 and 20.13 in the 200, Martin is not a pretty runner, as are DeLoach and Thomas, and his start is particularly poor. Still, Martin runs more fluidly these days than he did in junior high, when "a bunch of girls" nicknamed him Robot for his herky-jerky motion. And now, before every big meet, Lewis's hair apparent gets his head trimmed, each time with a different look.

Thomas and DeLoach aren't as coiffure conscious, but they're every bit as fast. Thomas played football his freshman year at Hawthorne High near Los Angeles. "To dodge PE class, I went to the track," he says. Last summer, he ran a 45.09 400, the second-fastest ever by a high school runner.

"This man's a sprinter who can run the quarter," says John Smith, Thomas's coach at UCLA and the former world-record holder in the quarter mile. "Whatever [world] standards exist in the 100,



Though Lewis (right) had edged Martin (53) in a heat, he couldn't catch King in the final.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL HUBER

200 and 400, he has the potential to approach or surpass all those marks."

As for DeLoach, White says, "He may be the greatest talent in the country." DeLoach, now a freshman at Houston, frequently works out with Lewis. The pair first met three years ago at a meet when the young sprinter asked Lewis to autograph his heat sheet. Last year, Lewis visited DeLoach and his parents at their home in Bay City, Texas, and talked to them about Houston, his alma mater. The NCAA found out about the visit and termed it improper—no one but a coach can make an off-campus visit to a recruit. Initially, the NCAA said DeLoach couldn't compete for Houston; it recently relented after DeLoach appealed, and next year he will be eligible to run for the Cougars.

Lewis won his heat easily, in 6.21, a time much slower than the world-record 6.02 he ran in Dallas three years ago. Martin, showing an improved start, was next in 6.24. DeLoach was clocked in 6.25, while Thomas finished sixth and last in 6.39.

In the final, veteran sprinter Emmit King, 26, surprised the crowd, if not Lewis, running 6.12 to Lewis's 6.15. Martin finished third in 6.21, DeLoach fourth in 6.25, ahead of Harvey Glance and Darwin Cook.

About two hours before the start of the meet, word reached Dallas from Columbia, Mo. that Joe Dial, the U.S. record holder outdoors in the pole vault, had jumped 19′ 4¾″, a world indoor best, breaking by an inch the mark that Billy Olson had set a week earlier in Albuquerque. But wait a minute. Hadn't Dial withdrawn from the Dallas meet on Monday, his agent saying Dial's hamstring injury needed more time to heal? Olson was caught short. "I thought he was injured, or he'd have come here," he said. Dial apparently wanted a record more than a face-off, so he had slipped off to a collegiate meet at the University of Missouri's Hearnes Center because he was familiar with the runway there. He cleared the record height on his second attempt, before a sparse crowd of 800.

"Man, how about that, a world record," Dial exulted. "All my life I've wanted to break a world record. I'm up there with all of them now. I knew I had it in me. I just kept thinking that those were my records they were breaking. I was in Japan when [Sergei] Bubka set his record. I was thinking I should be doing that, setting a record."

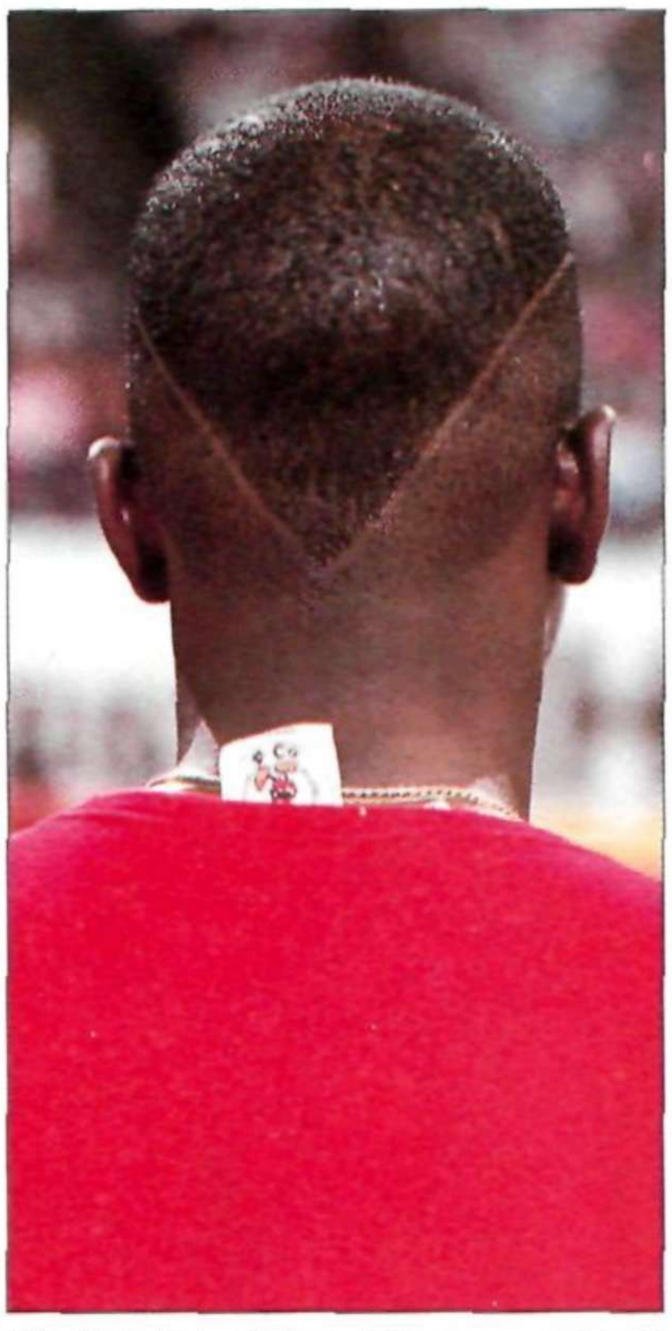
Olson was clearly shaken. "Why doesn't [Dial] come out and do these things where we can see him?" he asked. At Toronto the night before, Olson had passed until the bar reached 18′ 8¼″, then no-heighted. He said that the runway felt slow to him, but he wasn't looking for an excuse. "My legs just weren't working," he said. "I didn't have anything. No-heighting is about as far down as you can go from a world record."

Not quite. On Saturday, after learning of Dial's feat, Olson no-heighted again, failing to clear 18′ ½″. "I'm totally frustrated, puzzled and embarrassed," he said. "It's been a bad weekend."

As for Lewis, he didn't seem as frustrated by his performance. His life seems to have had several such bumps in it lately. He injured his hamstring last year and missed half of the European season. Then, after choosing not to practice with the U.S. 4 × 100 meter relay team, he was voted off the squad for the World Cup in October. Only two weeks ago his father, William, had surgery for cancer of the colon.

Last Friday, Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, the winner of the 50-yard dash at the Toronto Star meet, accused Lewis of hiding from him. "I don't hide from anybody in the world," Lewis responded. "For five years in a row I've been No. 1 in the world [at 100 meters]." He has no intention of giving up the 100, but in order to compete in more long jumps this year he'll run fewer 200s. All the more reason to study his young challengers closely.

"It seemed like the whole pack blew by me," Lewis said after the race. "Their potential is unlimited. It's difficult to grasp. They all have the talent to be among the greats." To be accurate, no one *blew* by you, Carl, but there are some new kids fanning your tail. Don't look back (and you know why), but they're awfully good. **END**



Martin's V isn't for victory . . . not yet.

Towering Dream In Rocket Country

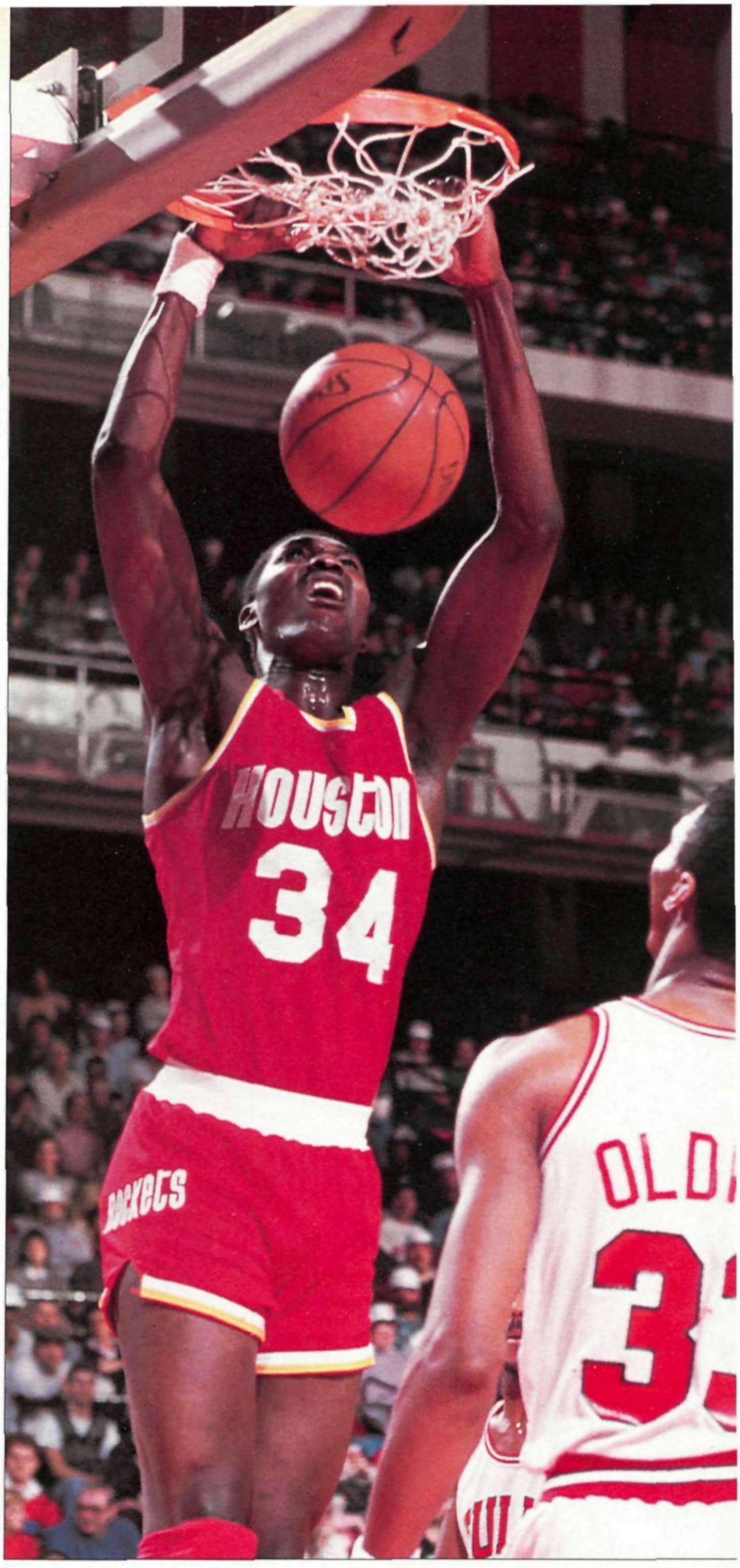
With a skyscraping duo, Houston hopes to crack the Big Three

by JACK McCALLUM

For the last four seasons, no NBA team has been able to mount much more than a laughable threat to the terrible troika of Los Angeles-Boston-Philadelphia. Now come the Houston Rockets and their Twin Towers, gently nudging the collective backside of the Big Three. At week's end the Rockets had the third-best record in the league (32–15) behind Boston and L.A., with a tops-in-the-NBA home mark of 24–1 in the Summit. Houston has the height, in 7′ 4″ Ralph Sampson and 6′ 11″ Akeem Olajuwon, to match Boston's frontcourt, the speed (well, almost) to match the Lakers on the break and the power and panache to match the Moses Malone/Julius Erving/Charles Barkley trifecta at Philadelphia.

But whether that means the Rockets are a contender or just another pretender remains to be seen. "There's no way in the world we can beat a good team without Ralph or Akeem having a good game," says Rockets coach Bill Fitch. "That's the big difference between us and a Boston or L.A." Indeed, the Rockets can't be counted on to beat even bad teams when one of the towers is shrouded in fog. That was the case last Saturday in Chicago, where the lowly Bulls, playing without Michael Jordan and Orlando Woolridge, found Olajuwon unstoppable (33 points, 11 rebounds) but turned Sampson into Delilah in the second half (only one point, 15 for the game) in a 132–122 victory.

In Houston's first meeting with the



Some say Olajuwon, in only his second year, is already the No. 2 center in the league.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL SMITH

Lakers in L.A. on Dec. 6, the Rockets zoomed to a 17-point first-quarter lead only to fall by 120–112. The bench remains a question mark. So does outside shooting. So does defense: 13 teams have allowed fewer points per game than Houston. But this is a team with many strengths. John Lucas, he of the ebullient personality and drug-plagued past, leads a running attack that's second only to the Lakers'. The lane-fillers are Olajuwon—"I do not think much about lanes. I just go," he says—Rodney McCray, only a notch behind L.A.'s James Worthy among running small forwards, and off-guard Lewis Lloyd, one of the best finishers in the game because of his high-rise dunking ability.

And then there's Sampson, who will join Abdul-Jabbar and Worthy this week in Dallas on the first all-goggle All-Star frontcourt for the Western Division team. (Sampson donned goggles after suffering a cut over his left eye in a Jan. 2 game against Golden State.) Olajuwon placed second behind Abdul-Jabbar among centers in the balloting but was added to the All-Star roster by the Western coaches, a sagacious choice if there ever was one. Because, as far as the Houston offense goes, Olajuwon is the main Rocket launching pad, erected down low, where he is spinning, jump-hooking and power-dunking his way to greatness in only his second season.

"He's the second-best center in the league, after Kareem," says Chicago coach Stan Albeck. Fitch, hardly one to gush about his players, says, "There's a long way to go, but if the MVP votes were taken now, yes, Akeem would have to get a lot of consideration." Says Doug Moe, coach of the Denver Nuggets, "How the hell can he improve when he already does everything a big man is supposed to do?" That includes scoring (23.4 points per game), shooting with accuracy (.513 from the floor), rebounding with impunity (11.3 per game, same as Sampson), defending with tenacity (164 blocked shots, third in the league) and running the floor with abandon. O.K., Akeem is not yet a good passer, but he's working on it. Says the Dream, "I want someday to see the whole floor like Ralph does."

It should be noted, however, that the way Ralph Sampson sees the floor is not always the way Bill Fitch sees it. Though superstar and coach do not exchange harsh words often—"Ralph has never raised his voice to me," says Fitch, "because if he did, he knows I'd knock him on his butt"—neither do they share a mutual love. Early in the season there were some heated moments, but there exists an uneasy truce between them these days, one that should hold so long as the Rockets stay hot. "Winning clears up a lot of things," says Sampson.

Fitch respects Sampson's intelligence and a versatility that no other 7-footer has ever shown. "Ralph knows all five spots completely," says Fitch. The coach is well aware that it is Sampson who has adjusted his game to fit Olajuwon's, not vice versa. But Fitch says, "Ralph is the kind of guy you have to motivate once in a while." Translation: He's got to go inside and rough it up a little more, knock a few people over and stop toying with the outside game he loves so well.

"Sometimes when Ralph's on the bench, I can hear him coaching, telling both teams to do this, do that, move here, move there," says Fitch. "But when it comes to making decisions about his own game, he's sometimes, well, incomplete. I'd just as soon have him come with reckless abandon."

To Fitch's dismay, Sampson insists he can be a 7′ 4″ guard.

Sampson has been hearing these things since college. He knows that Fitch feels he doesn't work hard enough in the off-season and he doesn't particularly care. "My time in the off-season is my own," he says. And he is not about to retool his style. "Fitch says he wants me to have one shot I can depend on nine times out of 10," Sampson says. "Well, I want to do them all. I don't want just one shot. I want to shoot outside. I want to dribble the ball up and down the floor. Some of my teammates don't think I can do it. I know Fitch hollers to them to run and get it from me. But I *can* do it."

Perhaps there's only so much boyish enthusiasm available to one team, and the Rockets get their quota from Olajuwon. He's charming, affable and unpredictable. When the Dream wants the ball in the pivot he'll plead, with arms outstretched, "Talk to me, mon, talk to me!" When he gets it, he's a joy to watch. Maybe he'll take one dribble to set himself, then do the drop step he learned from Moses Malone and power-dunk. Or, back to the basket, he'll dip a shoulder, whirl one way then quickly back the other, and shoot a short jumper.

Olajuwon is putting a higher arc on his J this season. He spends a lot of time at practice tossing up sky-high bombs because he "likes the sound of it coming right down in the net." Olajuwon calls this technique "putting it to the moon."

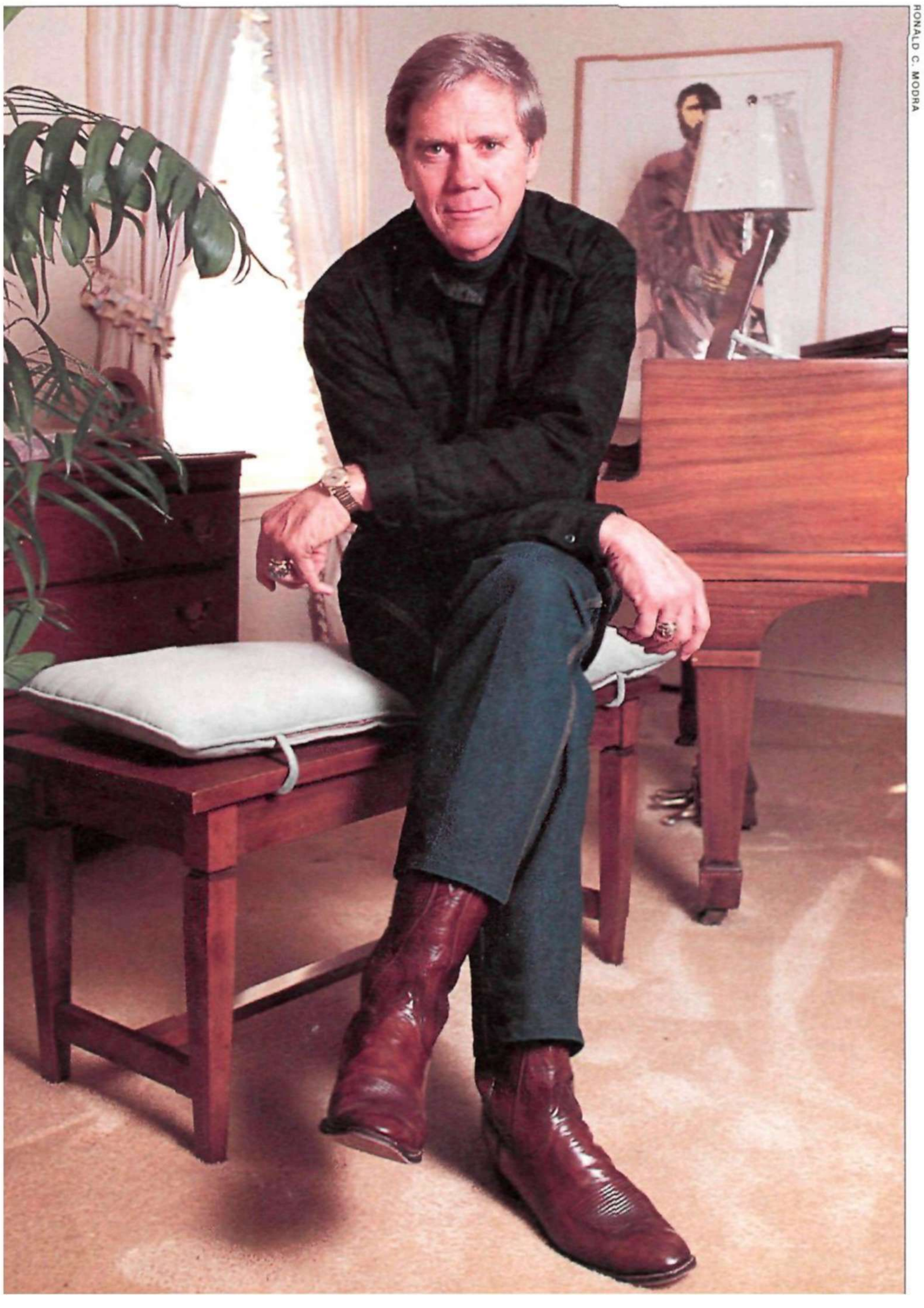
But don't get the idea that Olajuwon, who turned 23 last month, has totally taken over the Rockets. "This is a Twin Towers team," says sixth man Robert Reid. "Can't say Ralph without Dream, can't say Dream without Ralph."

Says the veteran Lucas, "I'm on a mission to lead this team past the Lakers. We can do it." That would really be putting it to the moon. **END**

The NFL And Drugs: Fumbling For A Game Plan

New England coach Raymond Berry, upset by inaction, tried to combat drugs and touched off a post–Super Bowl uproar

by CRAIG NEFF with ROBERT SULLIVAN



RONALD C. MODRA

Berry felt it was his players' Patriotic duty to accept a teamwide drug-testing program.

The overriding question raised by last week's post-Super Bowl drug controversy is this: Is either the NFL or the NFL Players Association really serious about confronting pro football's continuing drug problems? As stories implicating as many as 12 New England Patriots in the use of cocaine and marijuana hit the nation's sports pages, there was NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle at the Pro Bowl in Hawaii saying, "I wish everybody were still talking about the Bears and the 43 ratings [actually the TV rating was 48.3]." But Rozelle acknowledged, referring to the NFL's ongoing drug-testing debate, "The ball is in my court." That only served to raise another question: Just where has the ball been all along, Pete?

The New England situation was labeled "a mess" and a "sad affair" by Raiders managing general partner Al Davis, who lit into his nemesis Rozelle for failing to deal effectively with drug use by NFL players. "The league needs a strong program and someone with the guts to enforce it," said Davis, adding that "if we don't administer severe penalties—tough, major penalties, as well as rehabilitation—we will lose the fight." Nearly four years have passed since former NFL defensive lineman Don Reese gave details of widespread NFL drug involvement (SI, June 14, 1982), and in that time the league and the NFLPA have done little about the situation.

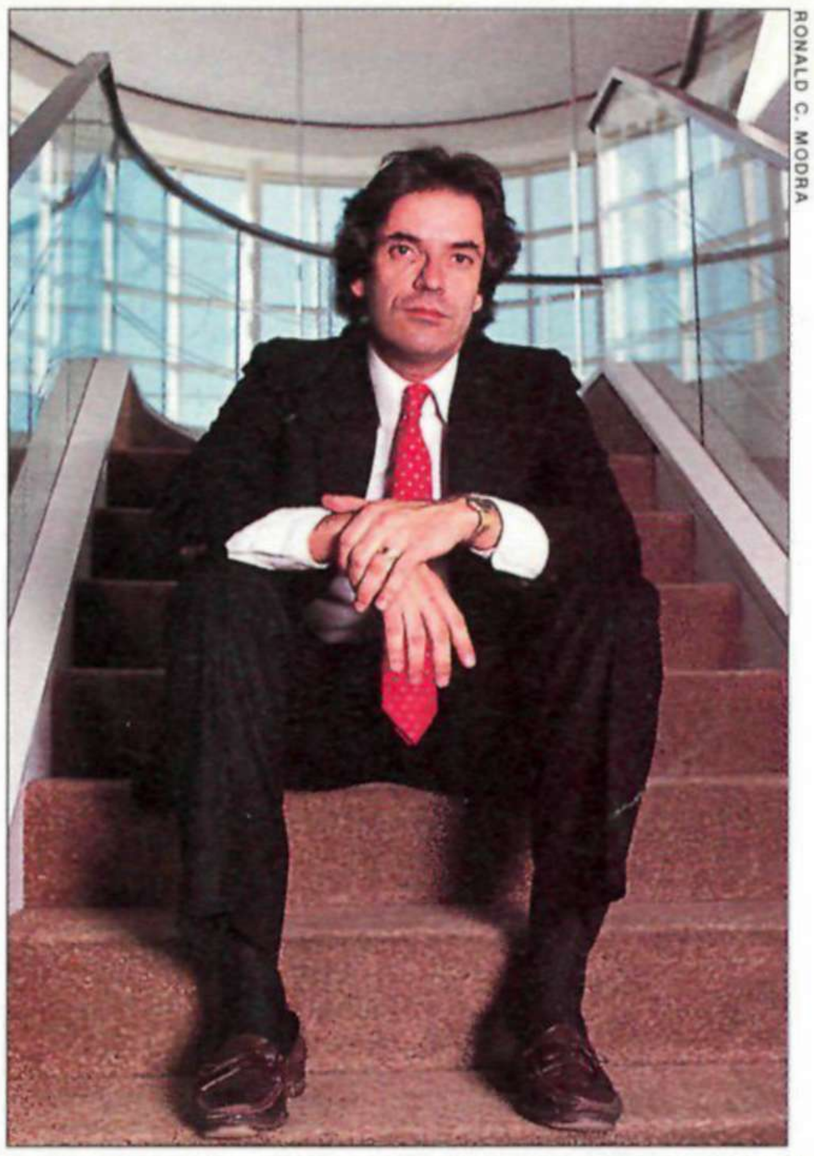
The NFL's existing drug policy was adopted as part of the league's collective-bargaining agreement in the aftermath of the Reese revelations. It provides for preseason drug testing of all players and subsequent confidential testing when management has "reasonable cause" to believe an athlete is using drugs. It rules out spot testing for drugs.

But the NFL policy lacks both the carrot (there is *no provision for players with* drug problems to voluntarily come forward for treatment) and the stick (successively firmer punishment for relapses) contained in the plan adopted by the NBA. Accordingly, coaches and other

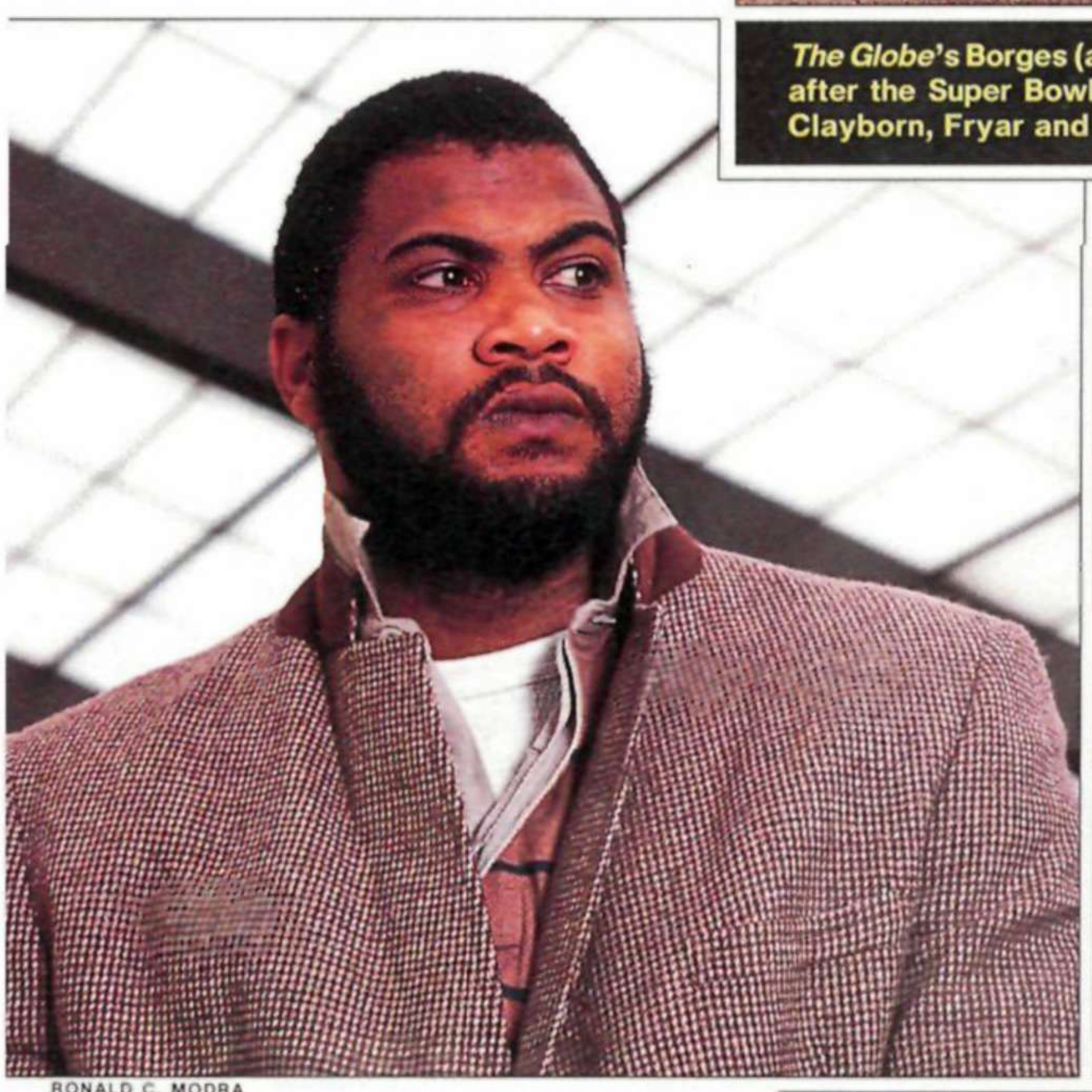
continued

team officials often find it convenient to ignore drug use among players, a course of inaction that NFLPA executive director Gene Upshaw referred to last week when he said, "There are stars and superstars on every team who are doing drugs, and the team and the coaches protect them because they are who they are."

Unfortunately, Upshaw also seems disinclined to do much about the situation—a lack of interest that appears to extend to anabolic steroids. The use of steroids is rampant in the NFL, posing health hazards

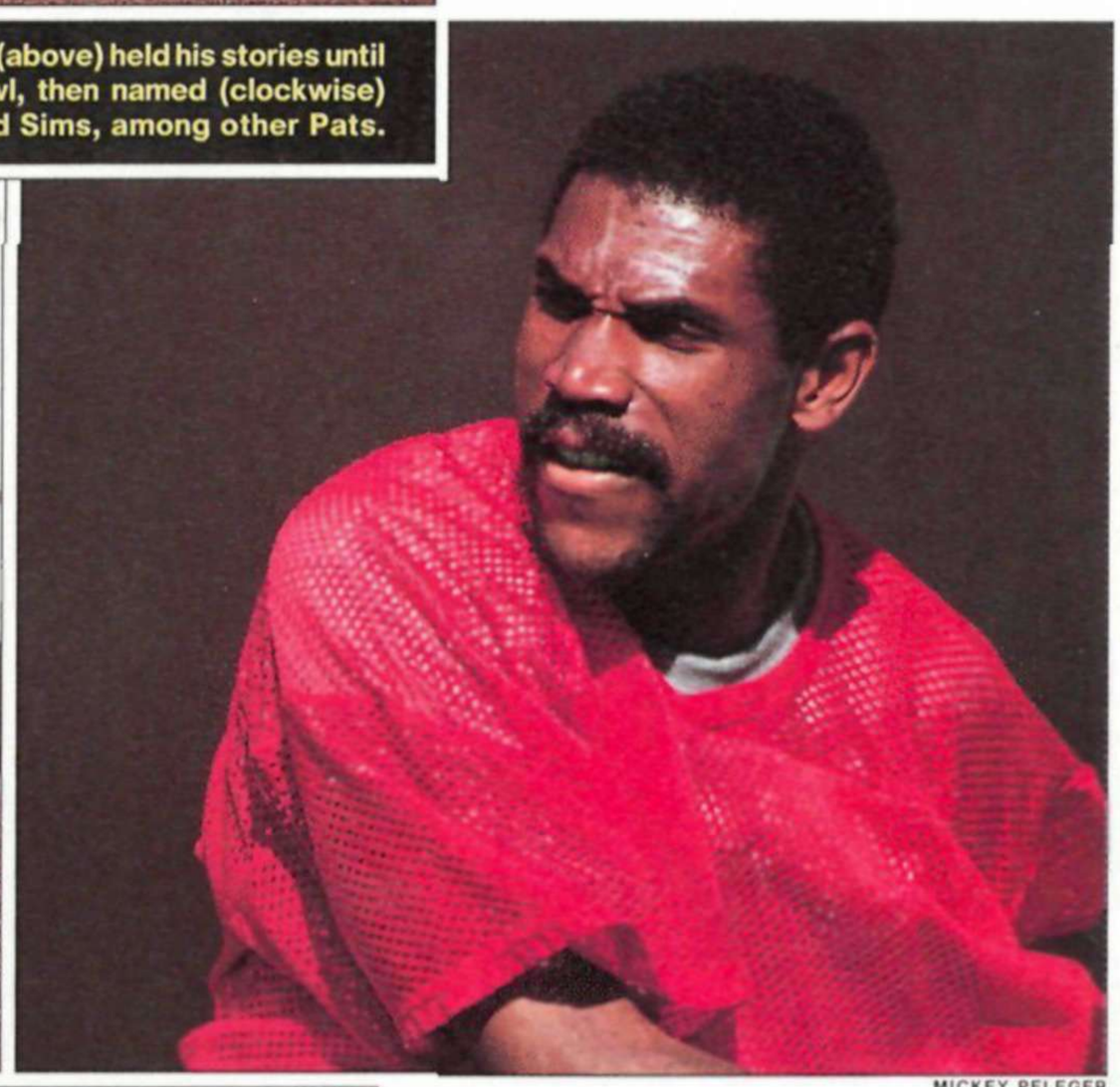


RONALD C. MODRA



RONALD C. MODRA

The Globe's Borges (above) held his stories until after the Super Bowl, then named (clockwise) Clayborn, Fryar and Sims, among other Pats.



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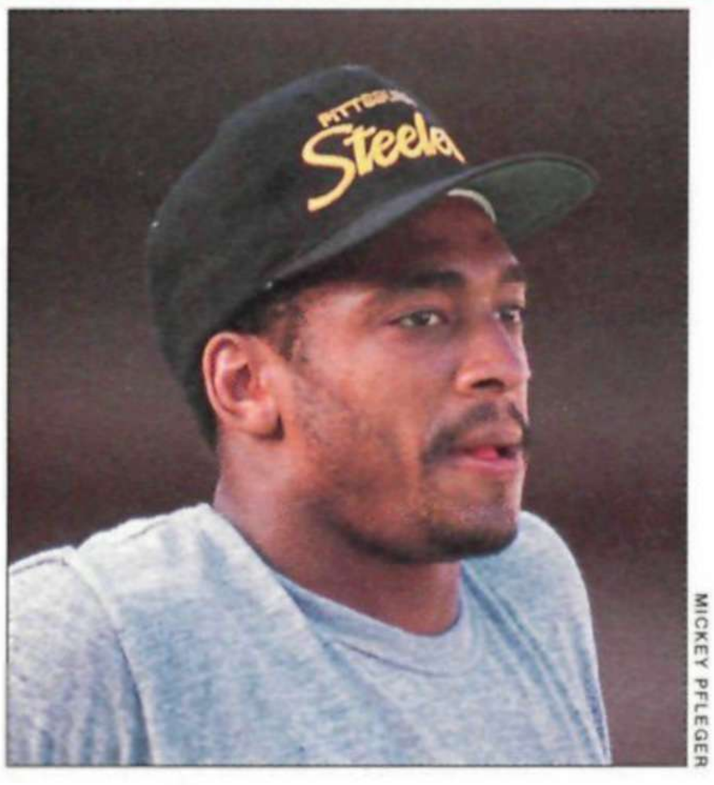


MICKEY PFLEGER

for players and raising ethical questions (SI, May 13, 1985), yet the league has never flatly outlawed them, much less tested for them. Until recently, Upshaw had denied any knowledge of use of anabolic steroids in the league, and last week he said that testing for them would never be part of the NFL drug program because testing for steroids costs "$5,000 to $10,000 per test." In fact, the cost of a steroid test ranges from $150 to $250. Last month the NCAA adopted routine testing for anabolic steroids at all championship events and bowl games. The Olympics already have such tests.

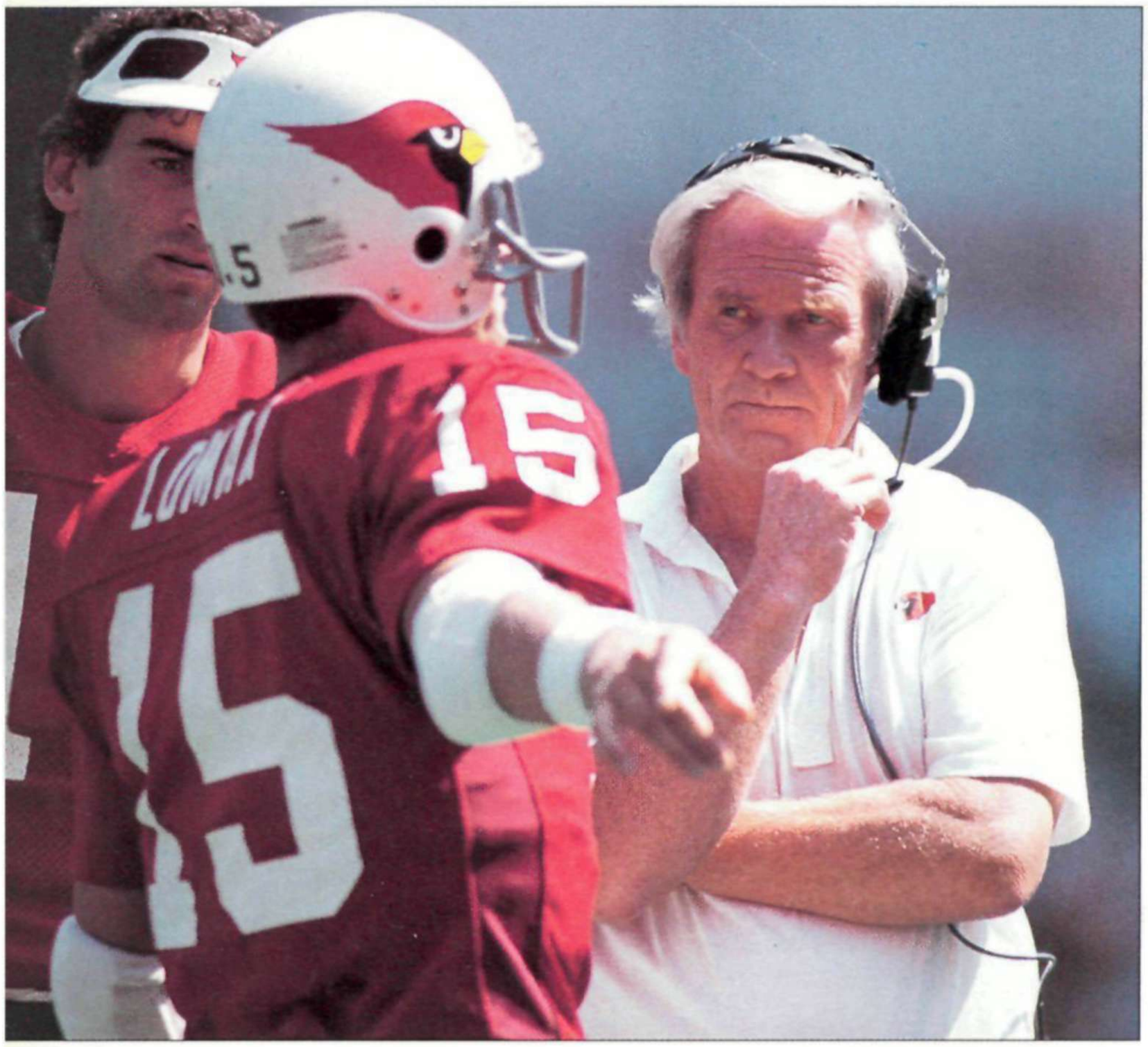
Rozelle and Upshaw appear to be playing similar games on the subject of testing for cocaine and other street drugs. In recent weeks several NFL teams have tried to impose blanket postseason drug testing on their players, efforts that the union has resisted by arguing, among other things, that such testing would be an invasion of privacy. For its part the league has insisted, just as righteously, that more extensive testing is an essential deterrent to drug use. But last week Upshaw said that the NFLPA had offered to drop its opposition to mandatory postseason testing if management would agree to restore team rosters from 45 players to the 49-man limit that existed until last season. No way, said management, which had reduced the rosters to save money. Protection of privacy? The union was willing to use that principle as a bargaining chip. Essential deterrent? Management takes the position that it already has the right to conduct postseason tests. Why pay for something if you can get it for free?

The only one who seemed to be doing anything at the moment to combat drugs

continued

in the NFL was Patriots coach Raymond Berry, and he was paying the price.

"Things need to be clarified," said Berry on Friday as he sat at his home in Medfield, Mass. An honest and amiable man, he had seen his AFC championship team torn emotionally asunder, his integrity challenged and his efforts to improvise an effective drug-testing program ruined following revelations about drug use on his team in a series of articles by *Boston Globe* sportswriter Ron Borges.



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Hanifan believes that drugs played a role in the Cardinals' disappointing '85 season.

Borges's first story appeared on Tuesday, less than 36 hours after the Patriots' 46–10 Super Bowl drubbing by the Bears and just a day after the New England players had voted overwhelmingly at a team meeting in New Orleans to accept a one-year mandatory drug-testing program proposed to them by Berry. Calling this meeting proved to be a mistake by Berry. The NFLPA saw it as an effort to defy the collective-bargaining pact, and the union filed a grievance with the National Labor Relations Board. Upshaw also criticized the timing of the gathering: "It was the morning after the game. These guys were up all night. They were upset. They would have agreed to have someone shot in the city square."

It was during this meeting that Berry first told his players that an unnamed reporter—Borges—had "names and facts" about drug use on the team, and that the story could break anytime. When Borges's stories broke, they described a "major drug abuse problem" among the Pats.

Borges's first story did not use players' names, but his second-day story did. It said that six New England players—wide receivers Irving Fryar and Stephen Starring, running back Tony Collins, defensive end Kenneth Sims, cornerback Raymond Clayborn and safety Roland James—had admitted to Berry, when he confronted them about his suspicions, that they had used illegal drugs. Berry, perhaps the sport's straightest moral arrow, told Borges that as many as 12 Patriots either had "serious" drug problems—Berry's definition of serious seemingly goes right down to onetime use of marijuana—or were under suspicion.

In confronting players he had reason to believe were using drugs, Berry was acting in accordance with the collective-bargaining drug plan. But he also circumvented that plan. For one thing, he lobbied players to try to get them to consent to teamwide mandatory drug testing, an obvious end run around the agreement. The end run culminated in the post–Super Bowl meeting, at which the players voted to accept voluntary drug testing. "There was nothing existing that really had done anything," Berry says. "I decided something had to be done."

It is hard to disagree with Berry on that. Less defensible is the fact that the Patriots—Berry, maybe, general manager Patrick Sullivan for sure—saw fit to breach the agreement by confirming the identities of the six alleged drug users. According to club officials, all six (and an unidentified seventh New England player) had admitted drug use and agreed to counseling sessions and regular urine tests. When their names appeared in the *Globe*, the six felt betrayed, and Clayborn, for one, denied having used drugs. According to Borges, Berry had confirmed some of the players' identities weeks earlier by nodding his head when read their uniform numbers. At any rate, Sullivan had provided direct confirmation of the six names.

"All the trust is broken," said Fryar angrily in reaction. "I don't trust coach Berry and I surely don't trust Pat Sullivan." New England player representative Brian Holloway declared the team's Monday approval of drug testing invalid. Upshaw added, "I can't think of anything the Sullivans haven't screwed up yet, from the Michael Jackson concert [the tour promoted by Patriot executive vice-president Chuck Sullivan, Patrick's brother] on down. If anyone in their organization should know what's in the collective-bargaining agreement it's Chuck Sullivan. As a management council member and executive committee president, he [helped] draw it up."

The Patriot players were further incensed by the slowness of New England management to put the extent of their drug involvement in perspective. Only on Thursday did team psychiatrist Dr. Armand Nicholi issue a statement explaining that all seven Patriots involved in the drug-testing program had tested

continued

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DEBORAH MOLBURG

HOME: Juneau, Alaska.

AGE: 39. "Really."

PROFESSION: Sled dog racer and trainer.

HOBBY: Salmon fishing. "Up here my only competition is the occasional 400-lb. grizzly. But we all have to share sometime."

LAST BOOK READ: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, T. S. Eliot.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Putting together a team of dogs to run in the 1986 World Championship. "If you want to win, start early."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When I entered my first race in 1957, I lost."

QUOTE: "To understand true appreciation, try feeding 80 dogs at once."

PROFILE: Tenacious, not easily impressed. "When your birthday is April Fool's day you learn very quickly to be ready for anything."

HER SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label®" "After 3 days and 60 miles of yelling 'mush', nothing tastes better."

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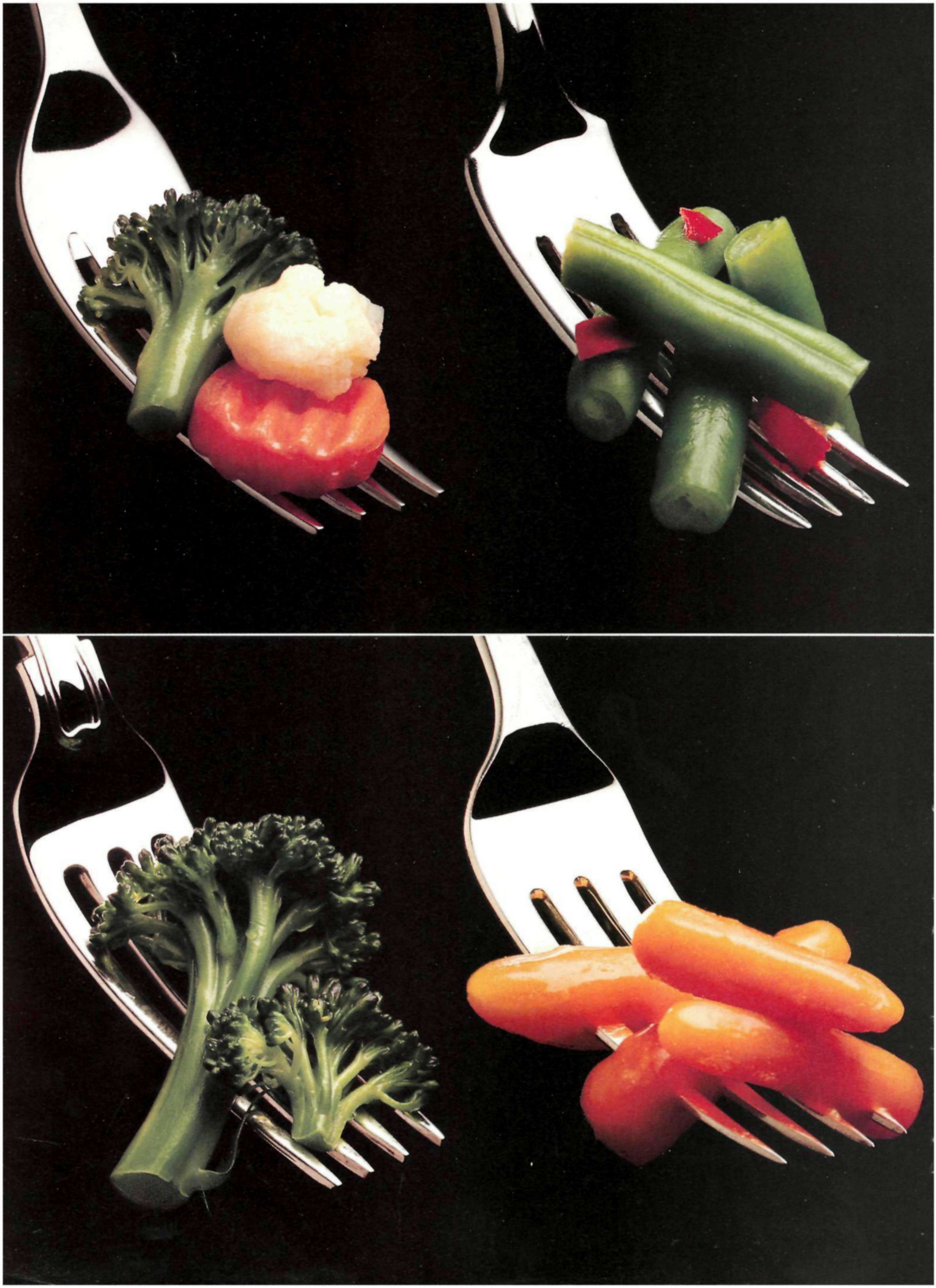

TO MAKE VEGETABLES TRULY EXCITING, LE MENU DINNERS BELIEVE YOU HAVE TO LOSE A LITTLE SLEEP.

It's 4:30 a.m. and darkness lies over the countryside like a blanket. At this hour, even the roosters are fast asleep. A silent figure stands at the edge of the field. Rubbing his hands together to ward off the chill, he inspects a long, shadowed row of crops.

It's a familiar scene for Bob Jones, one of the vegetable buyers for Le Menu™ dinners. He grew up on a farm. Now he visits farms to determine if the crops are good enough for Le Menu.

He knows vegetables the way someone who has felt the dirt between his fingers knows them. Things you or I wouldn't dream of: like when the frost is on the pumpkin and there's a nip in the air, that's the time to buy cauliflower. Cauliflower actually looks different in the fall and winter, extraordinarily white, with a texture that's firm, yet tender to the touch.

Since Le Menu buyers know so much, it's not surprising their standards are tough, tougher in fact than government Grade A vegetable standards.

The government allows an occasional brown speck on a Grade A carrot. Le Menu thinks that's too permissive.

The government says a green bean can be a few hours past its prime. Le Menu will send an old bean like that packing.

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clean by Jan. 8, and that some had been clean the entire season.

Sims, who says he tested clean from training camp on after being involved with marijuana, was so furious at New England management that he said he wasn't sure he could ever play for the team again. Clayborn asked to be traded or released outright. Sims said all six had been "given up as sacrificial lambs" by Berry and Sullivan "to avoid a speculative story that would have implicated the whole team."

In fact, the Patriots' drug problems may have been no worse than those of some other NFL teams. A source close to the St. Louis Cardinals, for example, has told SI that five Cardinals entered drug rehabilitation programs after the 1984 season. Coach Jim Hanifan, who was fired at the end of the '85 season, says that drug use by St. Louis players was one of the contributing factors in the demise of his team after high preseason hopes.

Borges, 36, the *Globe*'s Patriot-beat writer, says he had the first threads of his drug story as early as mid-December. "I'd received information from various sources—people on the streets, players—that things were going down in bars and restaurants around town," he says.

Borges learned from his informants that some of the Patriots had attended a drug party in Miami following New England's 30–27 loss to the Dolphins on Dec. 16, and that Berry had confronted them about it afterward. Borges says he tried to pin down more details but couldn't. On Jan. 6 he approached Berry with his drug allegations.

Berry says he sensed at this meeting that Borges already had the whole story. No names were mentioned, according to Berry, although Borges, as noted earlier, claims the coach tacitly confirmed the uniform numbers of some of those allegedly involved with drugs. Borges says Berry agreed to cooperate only if the story were held until the end of the Patriots' season, and Borges says he agreed to hold off. Berry remembers differently. He asserts that there was no deal, that Borges "said he would like to talk off the record" and "told me . . . he would try not to print the story before the [AFC Championship] game." In either case, the *Globe*'s failure to print the drug story following the Jan. 6 meeting—or earlier—brought charges from the rival *Boston Herald* that the *Globe* had sat on the story for fear of hurting the Pats in the playoffs. The *Globe* denied this. Borges said he at first had no solid story and later felt honor-bound by his pledge to Berry to wait until the end of the season.

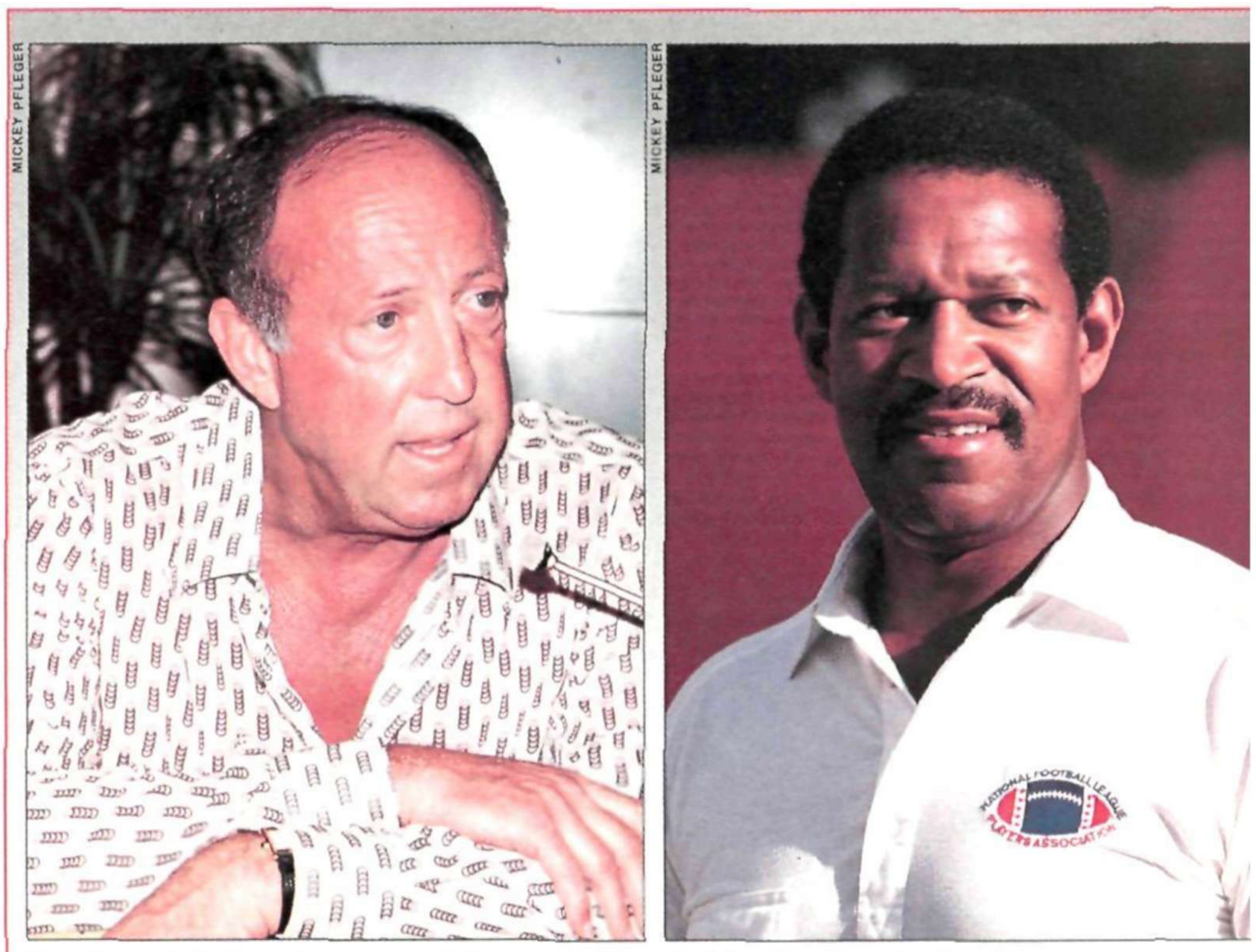
Berry has made the elimination of drugs a personal crusade since replacing Ron Meyer as Patriot coach in October of 1984. He is sensitive to the issue, partly as a result of the 1963 death by heroin overdose of his former Baltimore Colt teammate Big Daddy Lipscomb. When Berry began to push for drug testing following the 1984 season, he made a point of visiting virtually every Patriot player to talk about the evils of drug use.

But in the end the long-suffering Patriots finally reached the Super Bowl, only to lose the game and be further embarrassed by the drug revelations. A parade in the Pats' honor had been scheduled for this week but the club canceled it, insisting, unconvincingly, that the drug situation had nothing to do with it.

"Everything we did for this organization this year is shot," said Fryar. "This is our one time to the Super Bowl, and now we're right back down in the basement. We might never get out."

It was ironic that all this was happening at a time when athletes in other pro sports have begun to accept the need to implement more effective drug programs. Late last year, for example, the world's leading men's tennis players voted to accept testing for cocaine, amphetamines and heroin starting this year. And just last week the Baltimore Orioles announced major league baseball's first team-wide testing program, which won the endorsement of commissioner Peter Ueberroth and guarded acceptance by Major League Players Association director Donald Fehr. Baltimore's plan sprouted from the players' side: It was drawn up by Ron Shapiro, agent for 16 Orioles, and calls for three to six mandatory random urinalyses, with results to be held in confidence, and if drug usage is detected, treatment at Johns Hopkins Hospital. Player rep Scott McGregor spoke with teammates on behalf of the plan and said he was "trying to do what is in my heart. Baseball has been tarnished and stained and it grieves my heart to see it go on any longer."

If last week's events are any lesson, the NFL players themselves also may have to take on the burden of ridding their sport of drugs. Pro football's leadership would rather think about the TV ratings. **END**



Rozelle and Upshaw have wasted too much time dodging the drug-testing issue.

Fiery Return Of A Leadfoot Lady

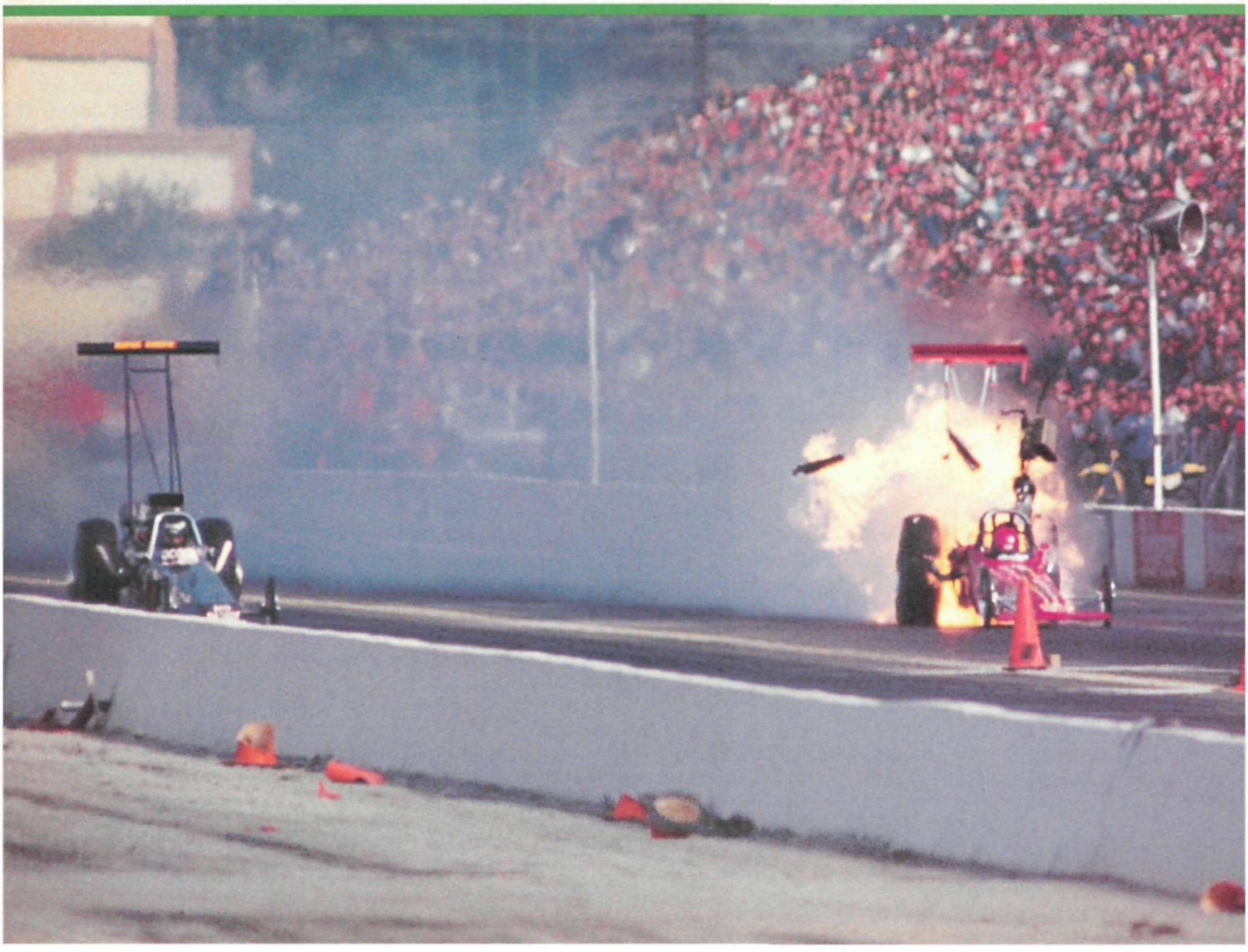
Fit again after a horrifying crash, Shirley Muldowney had another brush with disaster in a comeback drag race **by SAM MOSES**

Shirley Muldowney, the first lady of the drag strips, the National Hot Rod Association's only three-time World Champion in Top Fuel, is back—and what a journey it has been.

At a race at Sanair Speedway outside Montreal on June 29, 1984, as Muldowney, then 44 years old, sped through the timing lights at about 250 mph, she saw the inner tube of her left front tire squirm out of the casing and, like a deadly black snake, coil around the axle. The motorcycle-sized wheel locked up and threw her spindly 26-foot-long car sideways into a ditch beside the strip, which in turn triggered a horrifying high-velocity tumble. The dragster disintegrated as it rolled 600 feet, with Muldowney strapped in her seat inside the roll cage. Her legs were shattered, and her pelvis, hands and three fingers were broken. Her right thumb was nearly severed. Her wounds were full of dirt, debris and grease. "It took them six hours to clean me with wire brushes before they could operate that night," she says. "I was not awake, of course."

The next morning a friend came into the hospital room. Muldowney looked up with crimson eyeballs through the tubes and slings attached to her and said, "Not doin' too bad for a little s---, huh?"

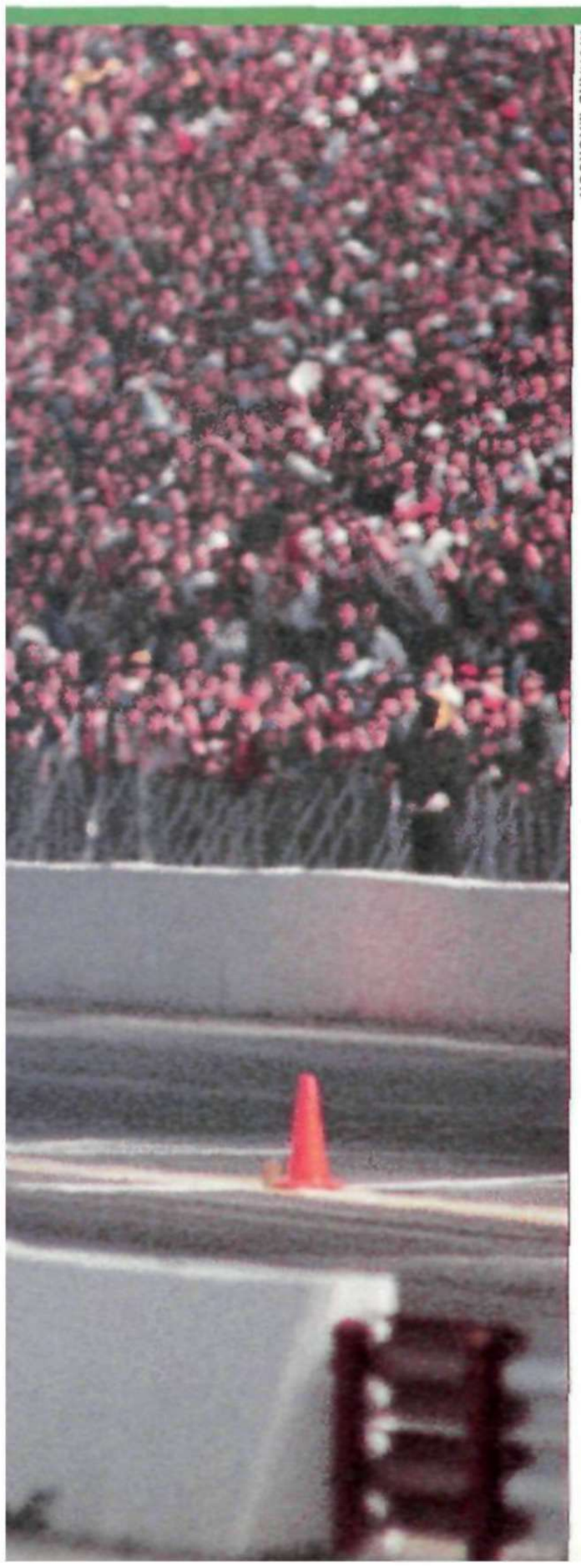
For the next 7½ weeks, doctors at Montreal General Hospital did their best to put Muldowney back together. "I owe the paramedics at the track and the doctors in Montreal my life, I owe them everything," she says. The specter of infection and amputation hung like an evil spirit over her bed, and to compound her



agony, morphine had little effect—it would be months before doctors found an effective painkiller she could take. In August she returned to her home in Mt. Clemens, Mich., with Rahn Tobler, her crew chief, fiancé and nurse-to-be. There were 17 pins in her legs—structural supports and anchors for the stainless steel braces that held the limbs together.

That's when the real pain began—the misery and frustration of therapy and rehabilitation—and the depression of facing the future. "When I looked down at my ankle and could see out the other side, I went, 'Blah, it is over,' " she says. "The whole world had fallen apart in a matter of seconds." Over the next year there would be five more operations, including a bone graft and skin graft. "They took a huge slab off my thigh. Looked like hamburger. Oh, let me tell you I cried." While her legs were in casts, a four-inch section of her right tibia shifted

RICHARD MACKSON



RICHARD MACKSON

Muldowney's engine exploded in smoke and flame Sunday at the Winternationals and Garlits (left) won their duel. Though shrapnel flew, this time Muldowney was unhurt.

and healed crooked. When that was discovered, Tobler called Indy Car owner Roger Penske to inquire about the treatment his driver, Rick Mears, had gotten for his crushed feet after a crash the same year on the oval track at the same Sanair Speedway. Penske referred Tobler to Dr. Terry Trammell of Indianapolis. Tobler loaded Muldowney and her wheelchair into their van one frigid January day and drove her to Indy.

"When I saw him I fell in love," says Muldowney. "I knew I was in good hands. The first thing he said to me was he was amazed at my tiny, fragile bones."

By then, Muldowney and Tobler had come to grips with the question of whether she would return to racing. "For the longest time after the crash I was totally negative," Tobler says. "I didn't want to look at a race car ever again." But one day in December '84 he had wheeled Shirley to a shopping mall to get her hair done. "I'd already been pushing him about coming back," Muldowney recalls, "and on this day I was kind of cranky. I was hurting. We were having lunch and I wouldn't let it go. Suddenly he said, 'Well all right goddammit, if that's what you want, we'll do it.' "

"That's what made her well," Tobler says. "She was motivated from that moment on."

When Muldowney ran out of painkillers, she quit cold turkey. She clung to sleeping pills a while longer, however. "But Rahn kind of ragged me about them," she says, so she's taken the last one of those, too.

She answered 4,700 get-well letters during her rehabilitation, handwriting each reply with the pen gripped in her fist, since three fingers in her right hand had been broken by the steering yoke when it was yanked out of her hands.

"It seems like a long, long time ago, when I think about it now," she says.

Now it is Jan. 16, 1986. Walking with a cane, Muldowney presents herself to the press at Firebird International Raceway near Phoenix. In 24 hours she would be driving a 3,000-hp race car again. Her left ankle is fused, and her right leg is five-eighths of an inch shorter than the left because of the misaligned tibia. She is wearing special Reeboks with built-up heels. She hobbles to a mike, and the first question they ask is "Why?"

continued

MIKE SPELLMAN

Muldowney's 1984 crash occurred when a front tire failed and her dragster skidded into a ditch, then vaulted skyward, shedding parts.

When she answers, there isn't much doubt that it is the same old Muldowney.

"A lot of reasons," she replies. "I missed my friends, I missed my job, I missed the life-style, I needed the money, it was what I did best." The questions come fast, and her answers shoot back straight and pointed as arrows. She seems to exude a fresh excitement, a new, gentler confidence and warmth. She acknowledges that the scrape with death has made her more appreciative of life—even the way she felt at having to empty her closet of 60 pairs of high heels, which she loved but could never wear again. She considers herself lucky to have the friends to give them to.

But she never would have come back if the wheels and tires made for drag racing had not been improved. Dragsters throwing tires had been a chronic problem, but little had been done about it until Muldowney's crash. She estimates she had lost a tire and/or tube as many as 20 times in her 22-year career—once, after she beat the redoubtable Don Garlits, her car shed both front tires at 240 mph and came to a stop on bare rims. "That was a stout deal," she says. "The front-tire thing was definitely staring us in the face for some time. The big boys said, 'Yeah, well, I can hold [steer] it.' But *no* one could have held that car."

Since Muldowney's crash, a tire-retaining groove is required on dragster front wheels, and Goodyear has designed a special tubeless front tire for these cars, which can cover a quarter-mile in just over five seconds. "Goodyear has spent mega-megabucks to develop this tire. What happened to me won't happen again," says Muldowney.

It was a glittering new car that her crew unveiled at Firebird the next day. They had finished it the previous midnight, and had driven all night from Los Angeles, where Muldowney has a house in Northridge that also serves as a race shop. The car's creators were the 31-year-old Tobler and Shirley's son, John. Twenty-eight-year-old John has been her mechanic since he was 14. He was present at Sanair on that terrible June day, and he had witnessed other narrow escapes; for example, when her car caught fire in 1973 and her scorched goggles left burns around her eyes. They are barely visible scars now, but she always wears sunglasses to hide them nonetheless.

The new car was even longer than its predecessor—12 inches longer—and its supercharged 500-cubic-inch engine bulged with innovations and Tobler tricks. The gunmetal gray chassis had been reinforced with thicker-than-usual roll-cage tubes, and there were more of them. Most radical were the front and rear wings, resembling those of an Indy car—Rick Mears's Indy car, to be exact. Tobler had hung out with the Penske crew at the '85 Indy 500 and had picked brains for aerodynamics hints. The rear wing was relatively tiny and mounted way up and way back, out in the clean air. Muldowney called it the Kareem Wing because it would take an Abdul-Jabbar to dust it off. (She's a Lakers fan, and the autographed photo Abdul-Jabbar sent her when she was recovering from the Sanair accident made her day.)

She had worried that the skimpy wings would not provide enough down force. "It won't fly, will it?" she asked. "No, it won't fly," Tobler reassured her.

The car had an oversized clutch pedal to accommodate an ankle that no longer bends. The paint scheme was new, too—a deep pearlescent violet, a subtle departure from Muldowney's trademark hot pink, a symbolic fresh start. All her equipment was new, in fact: new trailer, new sponsor (Performance Automotive Wholesale, a mail-order parts outfit), even new tools. The new toolbox is big and black and weighs more than 300 pounds; they call it The Fridge.

Other drivers came to Muldowney's pit area to welcome her back and admire, compliment and envy the car. They included Gary Beck, the Top Fuel champion for '83, and Connie Kalitta, a character with a roguish past and stormy history as Muldowney's live-in crew chief who was played by Beau Bridges in *Heart Like a Wheel*, the movie of Shirley's life through 1977. Bonnie Bedelia had received an Academy Award nomination for her portrayal of Shirley.

It was time to fire up the engine—for the first time, ever. The car was on jack stands, about two feet off the ground. Muldowney stepped up on a kitchen stool and carefully climbed in. She had rehearsed this part many times. "I've been in that car for eight hours already," she said. "Just sitting."

The engine started, and bystanders put their fingers to their ears. With the roar, a wave of bliss flowed over Muldowney's face. Tobler leaned over the engine and blipped the throttle, and the torque from

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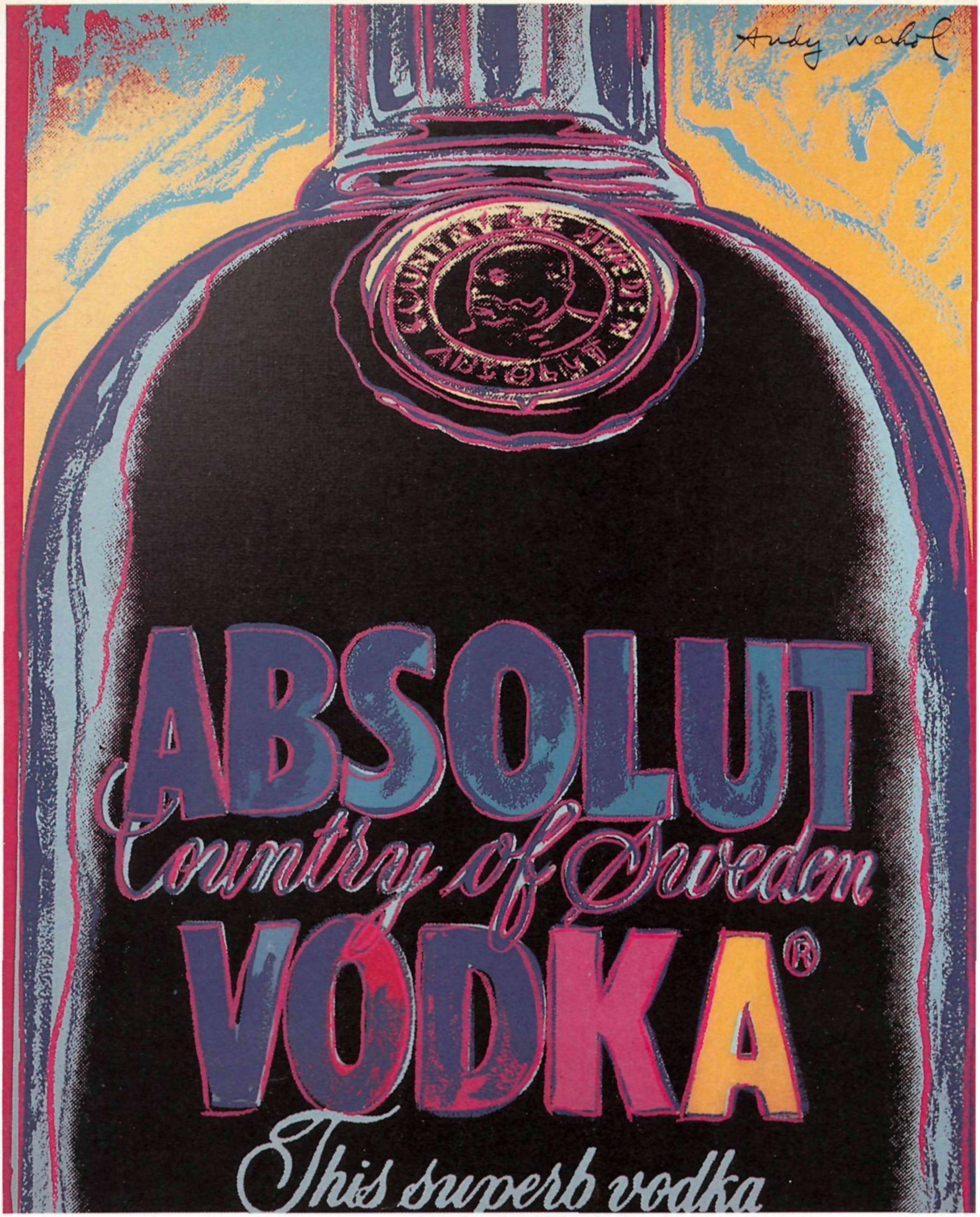

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BILL DOBBINS

Under the guidance of therapist Diane Perrine, Muldowney strained to regain strength.

each blip sent a jolt through the car and Shirley's eyes lit up.

"I needed it," Muldowney said afterward. "That thing is *stout.*"

When it was time for the run, she retired to the trailer and came back out in her quilted fire-retardant suit, her left foot encased by a specially made boot that splits open for her unbending foot. She gathered her dark hair into a ponytail and yanked off both earrings at once—no messing around now. Her fire-retardant fabric hood and full-face helmet were drawn on, and Tobler strapped *her in. "All set, Babe?" he asked.* "Yeah," she said.

Without further ado Muldowney did her burnout—a false start on a hosed-down patch of pavement. The wheels are spun to heat the rear tires and thus give them more traction. It's also a spectacular maneuver that's literally ground-shaking and hair-raising, and it gets the grandstands screaming. "Woo! Burly!" came shouts from Muldowney's own crew, on the edge of their seats in the van behind the starting line, ready to chase down the strip after the run. "As soon as *she did the burnout I knew she hadn't* lost a thing," said Tobler. "It was perfect. Like she'd never been gone."

As Tobler had ordered, Muldowney shut off the engine after half the run; it was merely a shakedown. "Let me tell you, I was tempted to keep going," she said, beaming, when the van caught up to her. "And it felt pretty wonderful to make the turn at the end. I thought about the last time.

"Look how perfect I'm walking with no lifts!" she said suddenly. "No stupid heels." Indeed, there was a spring in her step—without the cane, which would be forgotten for the rest of the weekend. I don't know how to tell you how *nice* that car is to drive. Let me tell you, I can punch the clutch with the best of 'em. That pedal is perfect.

"It was a cakewalk. I *knew* that's what it would be."

Saturday's qualifying run, however, was not so successful. After the car passed through the timing lights at 236.22 mph, the braking parachutes became tangled. They streamed and twirled behind the hurtling vehicle as Muldowney stood on the meager brakes. "Open," *John was saying urgently, watching from* the van at the start. "*Open . . . open . . . open!*" But the chutes refused to blossom, and then the long violet car was swallowed by a cloud of dust on the desert horizon. Hearts pounded in the van as it raced toward the end of the strip.

When they got to the scene, Muldowney was pacing next to the car, which was stopped about 50 yards beyond the end of the pavement. She was bursting with adrenaline. "I'm sorry," she said to Tobler. "I couldn't get it stopped. What *was my time?*"

"Five ninety-seven," he replied.

"Oh," she said, disappointed. "I was looking for a .40." She meant 5.40 seconds, which would have been .01 away from the world record. She had lost neither her timing nor her cockiness.

The crowd of 20,000 on Sunday, Jan. 20, was Firebird's largest ever for a drag race, and it was evident that most of the people had come to see Muldowney. WELCOME BACK SHIRLEY signs were

continued

RICHARD MACKSON

At Phoenix, a tiny admirer presented the three-time world champion with a bouquet.

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everywhere. The promoter posted four security men at the corners of her roped-off pit area so that the crew could work. A singing welcome-back telegram from a fan was delivered, as were a dozen red roses. "I feel like a bride," said Muldowney. But it was the children who were especially drawn to her. They streamed up and shyly waited for a hug.

Muldowney rode in the van as it towed her dragster up for its first run. What does a three-time champion lead-foot driver talk about moments before the start in this ultramacho game? "I love the smell of roses," Muldowney said to her friend Cheryl Juhlin. "Rahn got me these nice bath salts for Christmas that smell like roses. If there's one thing I like it's nice-smelling bath salts."

After the driver introductions and a standing ovation for Shirley, Tobler strapped her in once more. In the lane next to her was veteran driver Larry Minor. Commonly known as the world's biggest potato farmer, he farms something like 92,000 acres and has the girth to show for it.

Muldowney burst away first with her front wheels raised, carrying them a foot or more off the ground for half the length of the strip. The giant digital timer at the finish line flashed 5.59, 235.60 mph. She had blown Minor away.

But then, the boom. An engine explosion, inches behind Muldowney's head, scattered chunks of metal into the air. Once again John Muldowney's heart stopped.

"When it went boom, I thought, 'I know I'm past the crowd,' said Shirley. "I've never, ever, put parts in the stands. I'm proud of that. But boy, that's some concussion behind your head."

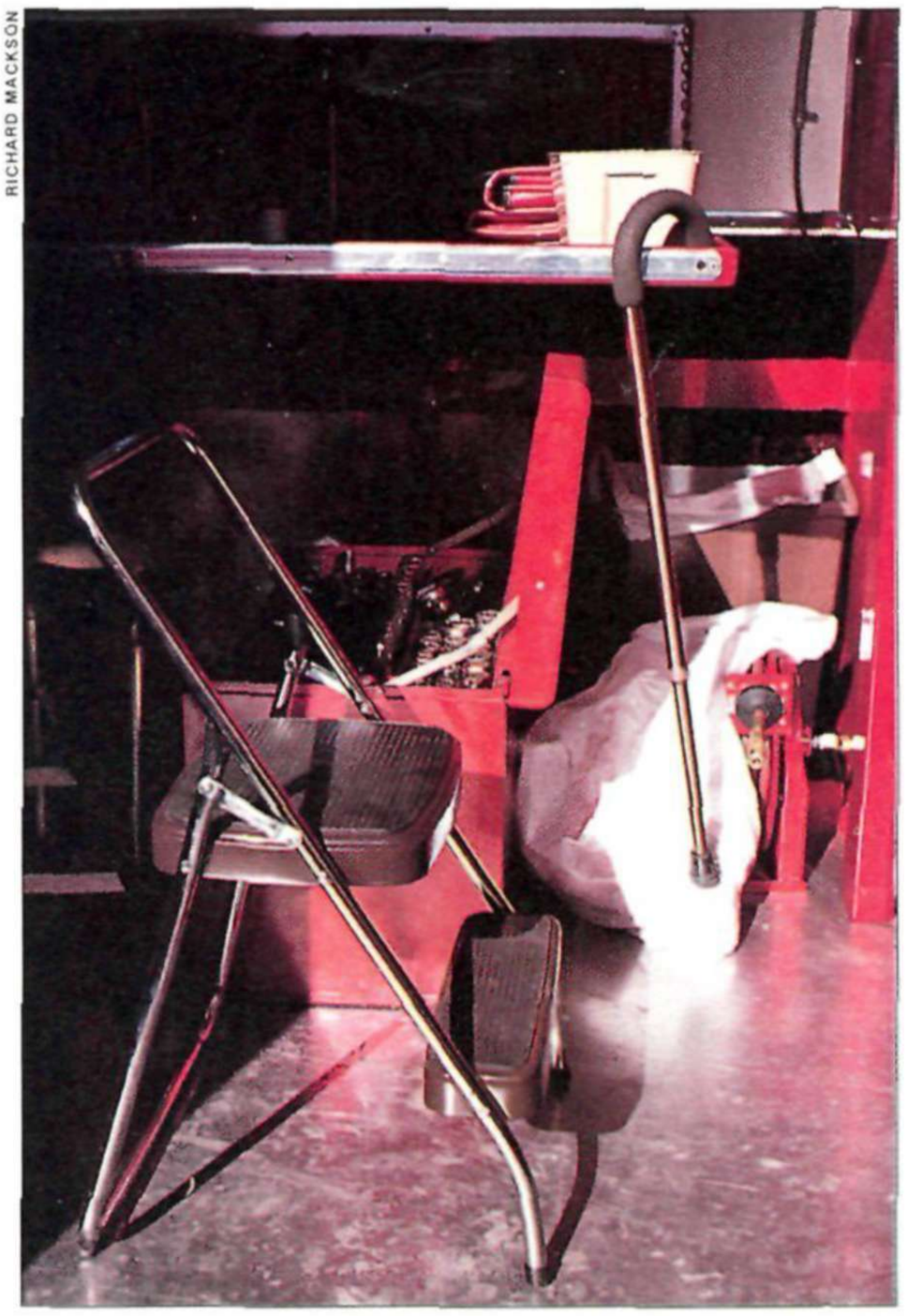
A valve keeper had broken, allowing a valve to hang open and nitromethane fuel to gush into the engine. "It's just like a big bomb," said Tobler. The supercharger was blown off the engine.

But a 5.59! That was a mere .03 slower than Muldowney's alltime best.

Minor advanced in Shirley's place and lost to Bill Mullins in the final, but her crew was hardly disappointed. Her 5.59 held up as the lowest elapsed time of the day. The new season was just beginning.

The race at Phoenix was a shakedown for last weekend's NHRA Winternationals, the first major event of the new season. It was held at the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds in Pomona, east of L.A., the heartland of hot-rodding. It drew 48,000, and the warm focus on Shirley was more

RICHARD MACKSON



Once back on the track, Muldowney hung up her cane.

of the Firebird treatment, only this time her admirers brought her single pink roses. Among the competitors was Garlits, Big Daddy himself, now 53 and the reigning Top Fuel champ.

In her qualifying run on Saturday, Muldowney might have overdone it as she stormed to a 5.470—the quickest run of her life. Her speed through the timing lights at the end of the quarter was 252.8 mph—"It was singin'," Muldowney said. Screaming might have been more accurate. The needle on the tach had spun to 10,000 rpm, which was 1,500 above the limit Tobler had set. As a consequence the big V-8's crankshaft bearings had burned and the driveline had been damaged. But that stuff could be fixed, and Muldowney's time stood as the second fastest of 35 Top Fuelers, with the top 16 moving into the first round of Sunday's single elimination.

Garlits was 10th fastest at 5.615 and, according to the system, he would face Muldowney in the opening round the next day. It was a promoter's dream. "If we're gonna face Garlits, I'm glad we're doing it in the first round," said Muldowney. "He gets better with age."

After early morning haze, the sun broke out as Muldowney wheeled her dragster to the line with Garlits. Her gleaming violet car was in sparkling contrast to his black machine—Big Daddy is known for his shabby-looking but sleek-performing equipment. She blasted immediately into her burnout. Garlits, no slouch as a showman, planted his foot at the same time. The two burned out side-by-side, burying themselves in noise and smoke, and the fans loved it.

When the starting lights flashed green, they exploded toward the end of the strip together. After the first 60 feet, Muldowney had him—a readout from the clocks would reveal what the human eye could miss. But then an oil line on her engine burst. The rear tires broke traction and smoked, and the engine revved to 10,000 rpm again. This time it exploded, sending chunks of shrapnel cartwheeling into the sky. And she *still* turned 5.718 in losing to Big Daddy's 5.59. (Darrell Gwynn beat Garlits in the semifinals and Kalitta in the finals to win the Top Fuel crown.)

"Babe, it was blazing so much you couldn't see the car," said Tobler softly to her at the end of the strip. "From where I sat it was still chewin'," Shirley said, meaning the traction had felt fine. Not to mention how wonderful it had felt to have her foot planted in every bit of the 3,000 hp, where it belongs.

"Well, let's load it up and go home," Tobler said with a sigh.

Shirley was already home. **END**

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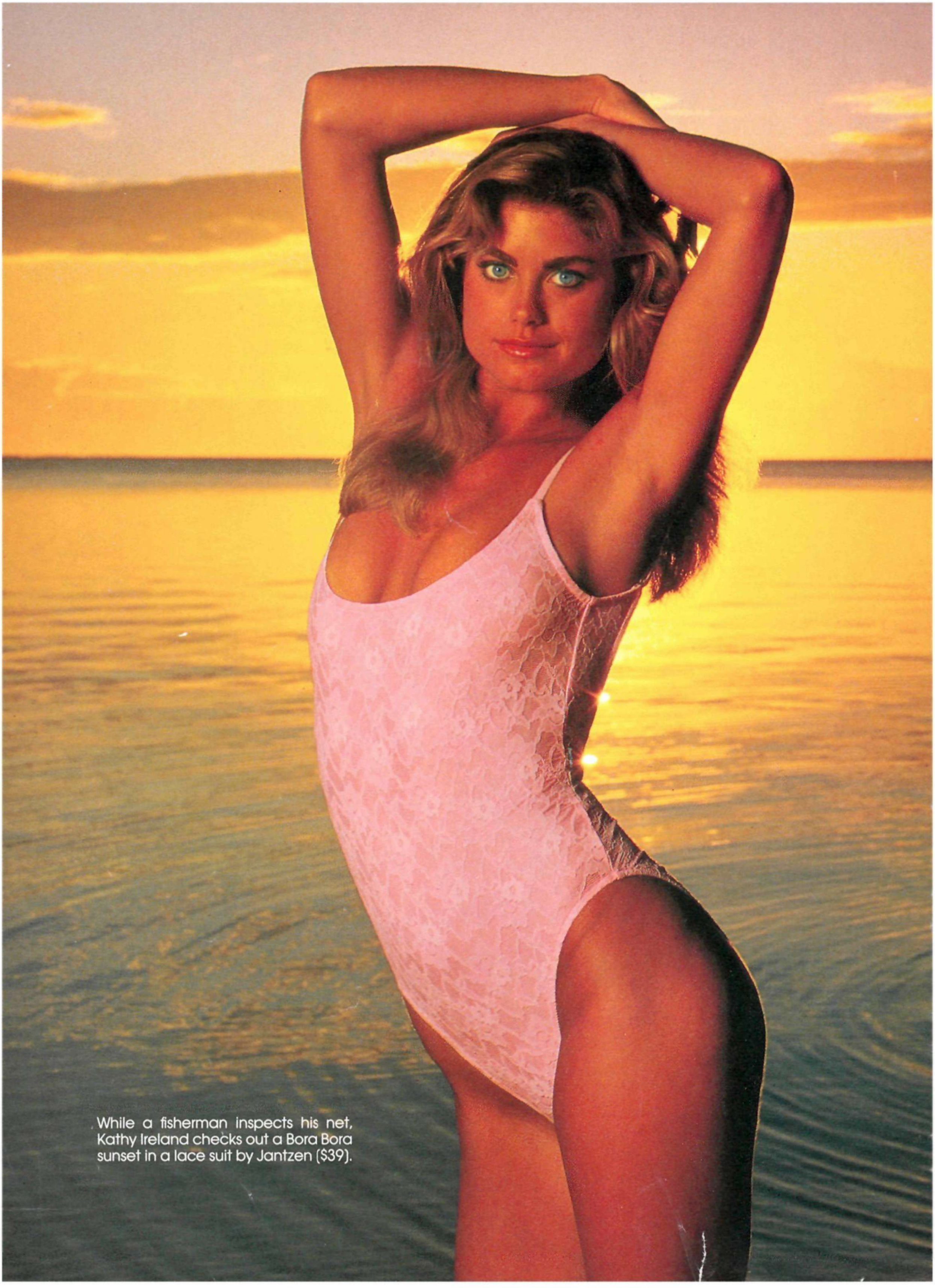
Division of Chrysler Corporation

THE COMPETITION IS GOOD. WE HAD TO BE BETTER.



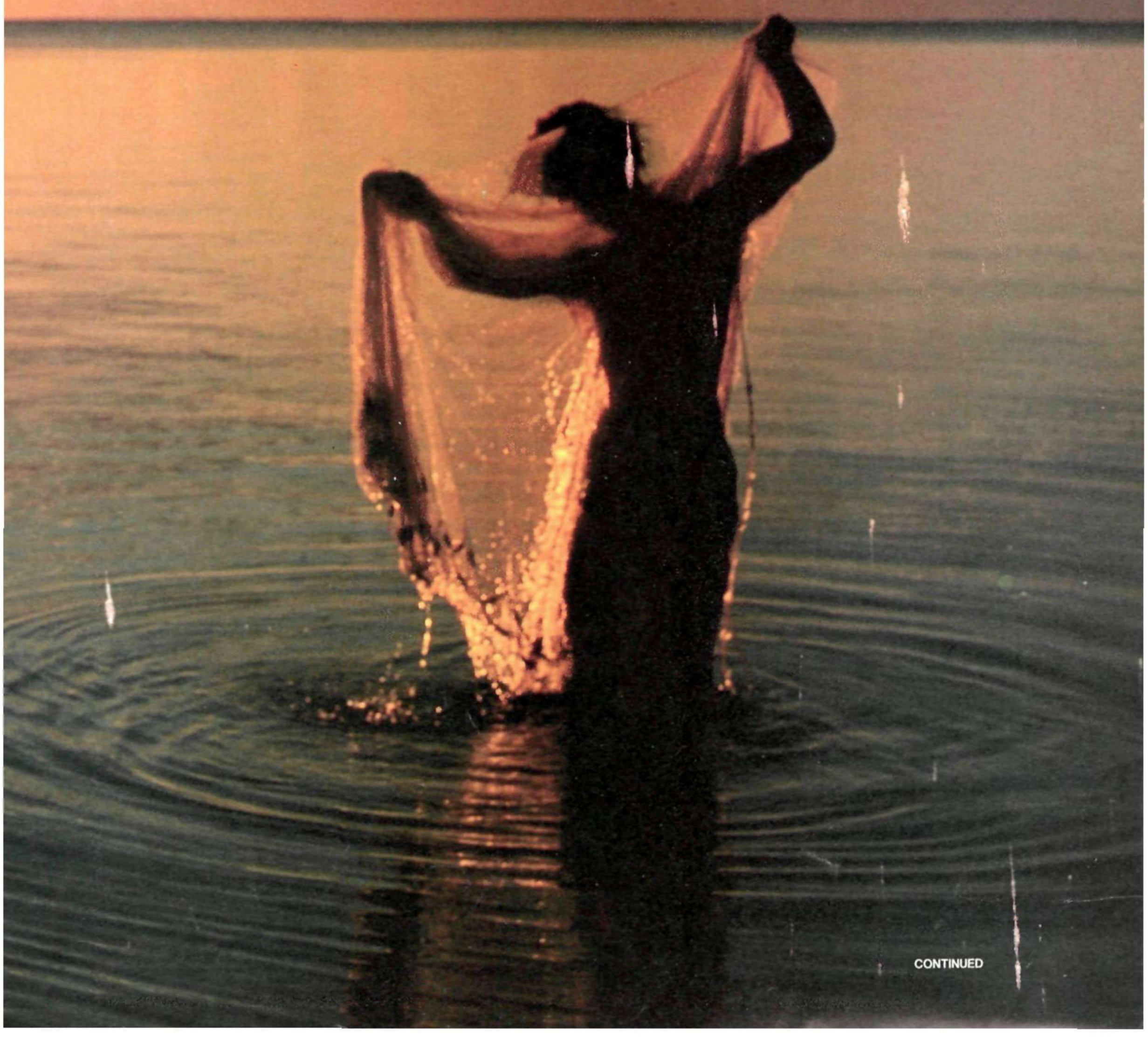
While a fisherman inspects his net, Kathy Ireland checks out a Bora Bora sunset in a lace suit by Jantzen ($39).

Ornaments Of Society

Tahiti, Moorea, Bora Bora: The very names evoke visions of a South Pacific paradise where palm trees sway beside endless beaches and the fragrance of frangipani fills the air. So what better locale for our annual salute to swimsuits than these pillars of the Society Islands?

by JULE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER



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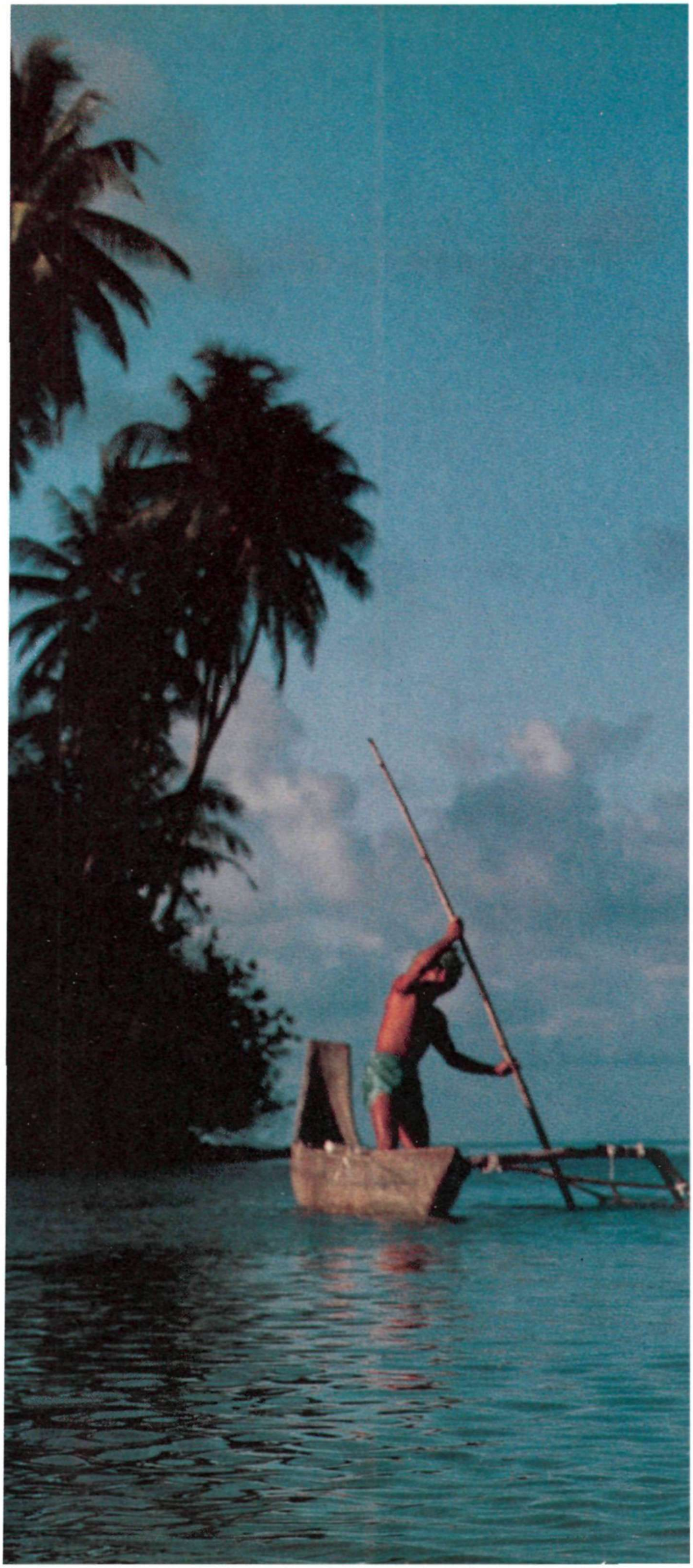
Though much has changed in the Society Islands since the British frigate H.M.S. *Dolphin* first sighted Tahiti on June 18, 1767, the English sailors' reaction to what they saw is echoed by visitors today. " 'Tis impossible to describe," wrote one of the discoverers, "the beautiful Prospects we beheld in this charming spot . . . it abounds with all the choicest Productions of the Earth."

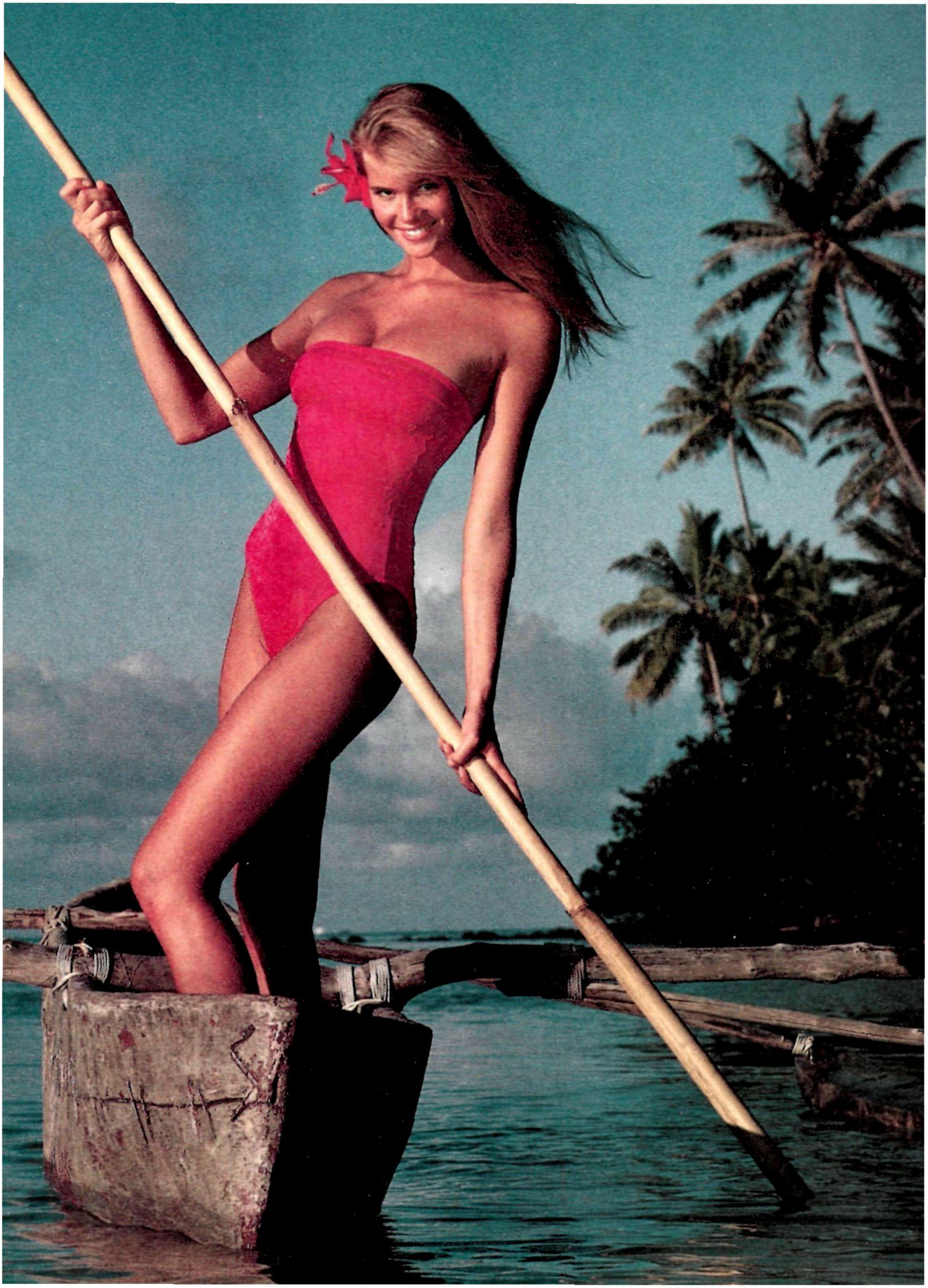
What the *Dolphin*'s crew had stumbled upon was an island group of astonishing beauty and tranquillity, a volcanic archipelago of 10 mountainous islands whose craggy emerald peaks emerged abruptly from the turquoise sea and five atolls ringed by white beaches and coral reefs that contained an abundance of marine life. Flowers grew in profusion: gardenia, frangipani, bougainvillea, hibiscus. And the island people were both handsome and hospitable.

Two centuries after the *Dolphin*'s voyage, the Society Islands have been transformed by the modern world. A six-lane highway approaches Papeete, Tahiti's largest city and the capital of French Polynesia; there are 50,000 cars and trucks for the island's 100,000 inhabitants; a modern airport serves international travelers. (It takes only eight hours to fly from Los Angeles to Tahiti. The *Dolphin* sailed for many months to get there from England.)

But much remains the same. The trade winds still blow, the scenery is still stunning, the sea is still teeming with multihued fish, the people are still remarkably friendly. In many ways, Tahiti and the other Society Islands remain the paradise the *Dolphin* discovered so many years ago.

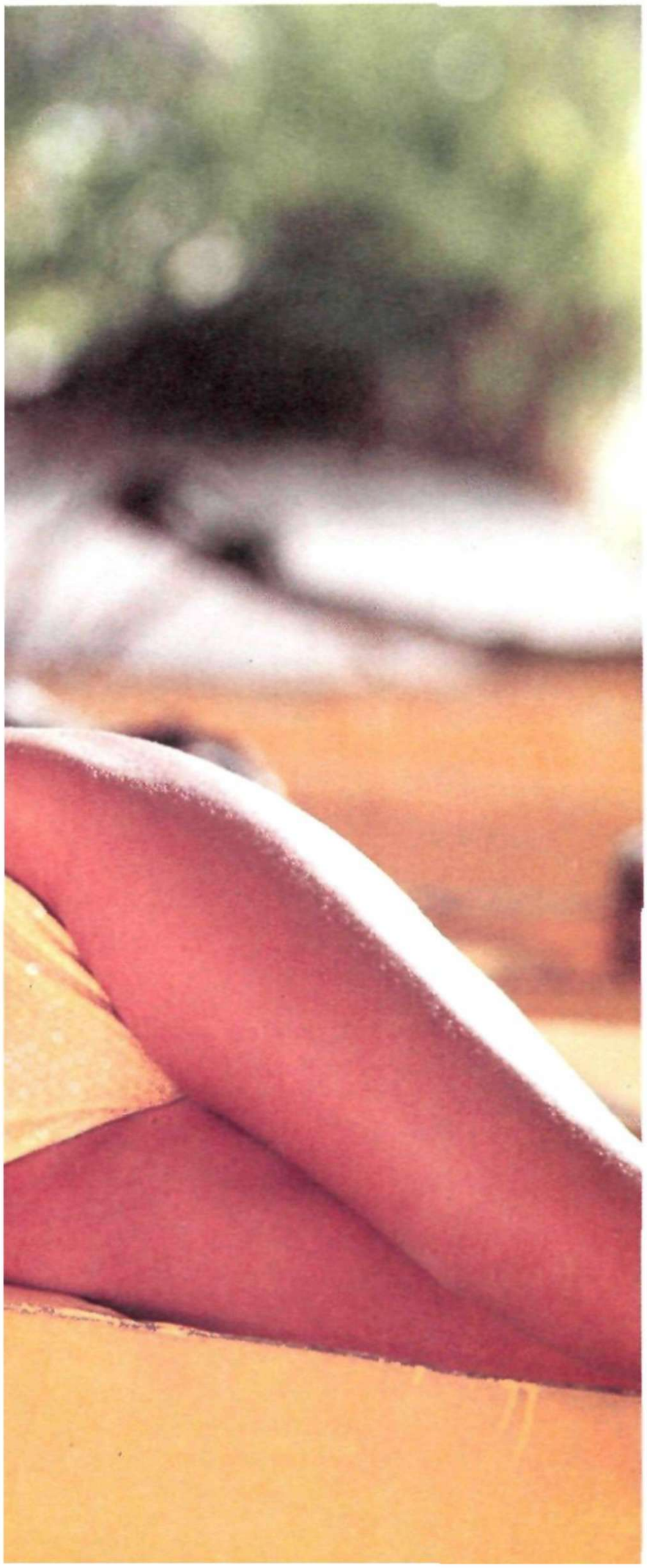
Elle Macpherson wends her way through the water on Bora Bora in an outrigger canoe. Elle is rigged out in embroidered nylon and spandex by Connie Banko ($54).

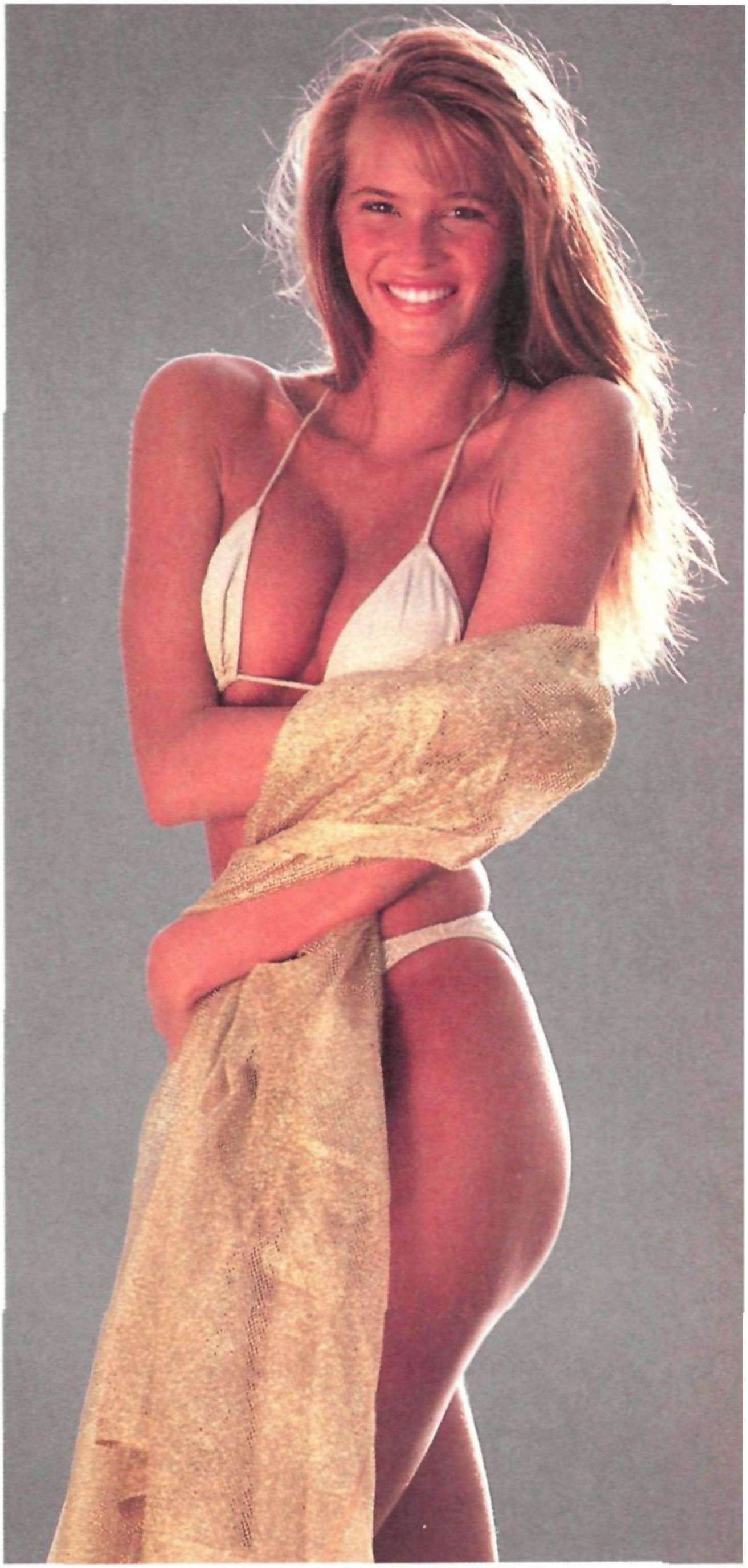




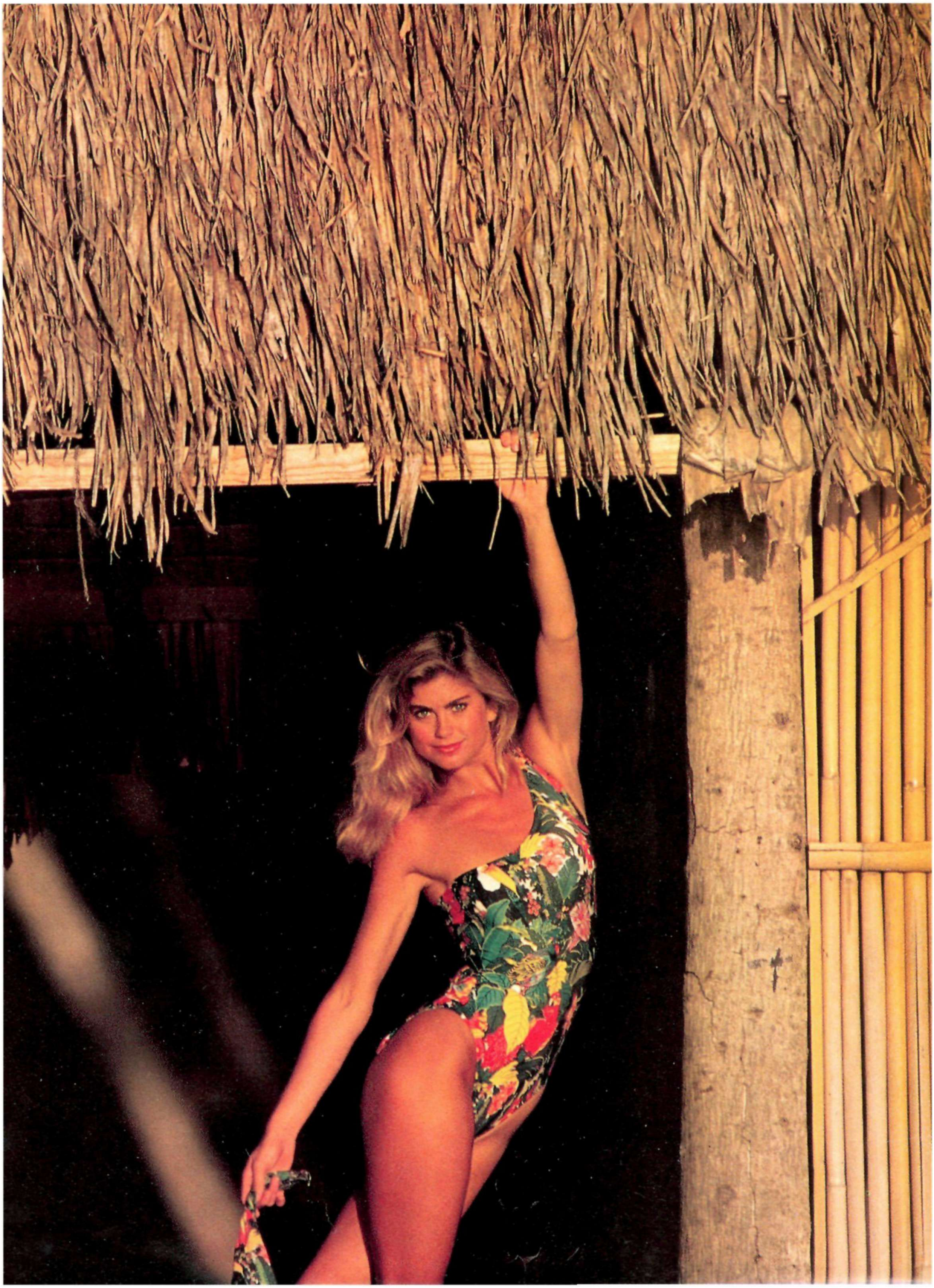
Against a dawn sky in Bora Bora, Elle (right) is a ray of golden sunshine in her Lurex bikini ($50) and robe ($100), both by Gottex.

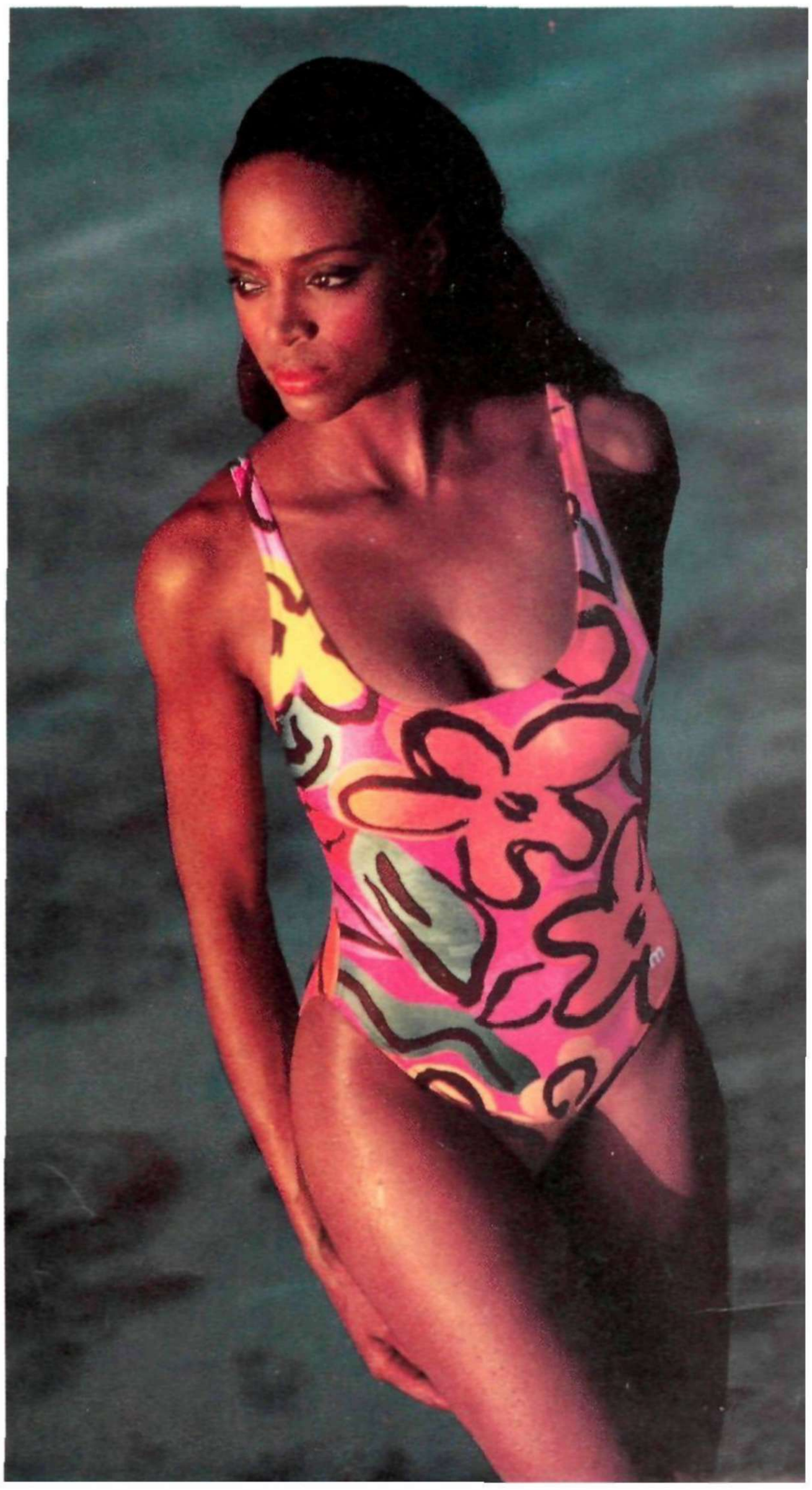
Paulina Porizkova, in glittery sequins by Gottex ($100), drifts into a daydream while ornamenting the prow of a canoe in Moorea.





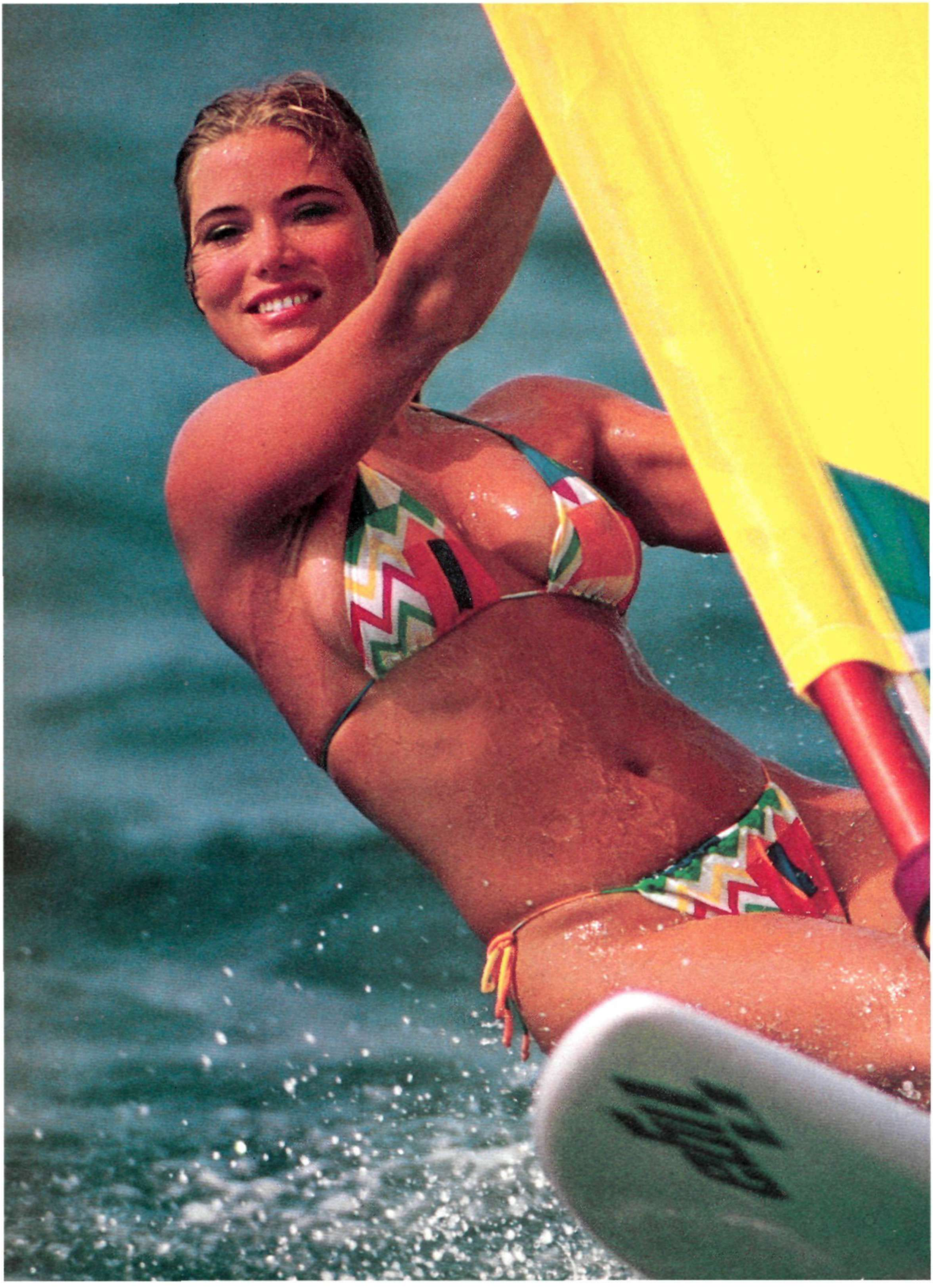
Just down the beach from Moorea's Club Med, Kathy takes shelter in a hut called a *fare*. Her suit ($53) and pareu ($78) are from Ralph Lauren.





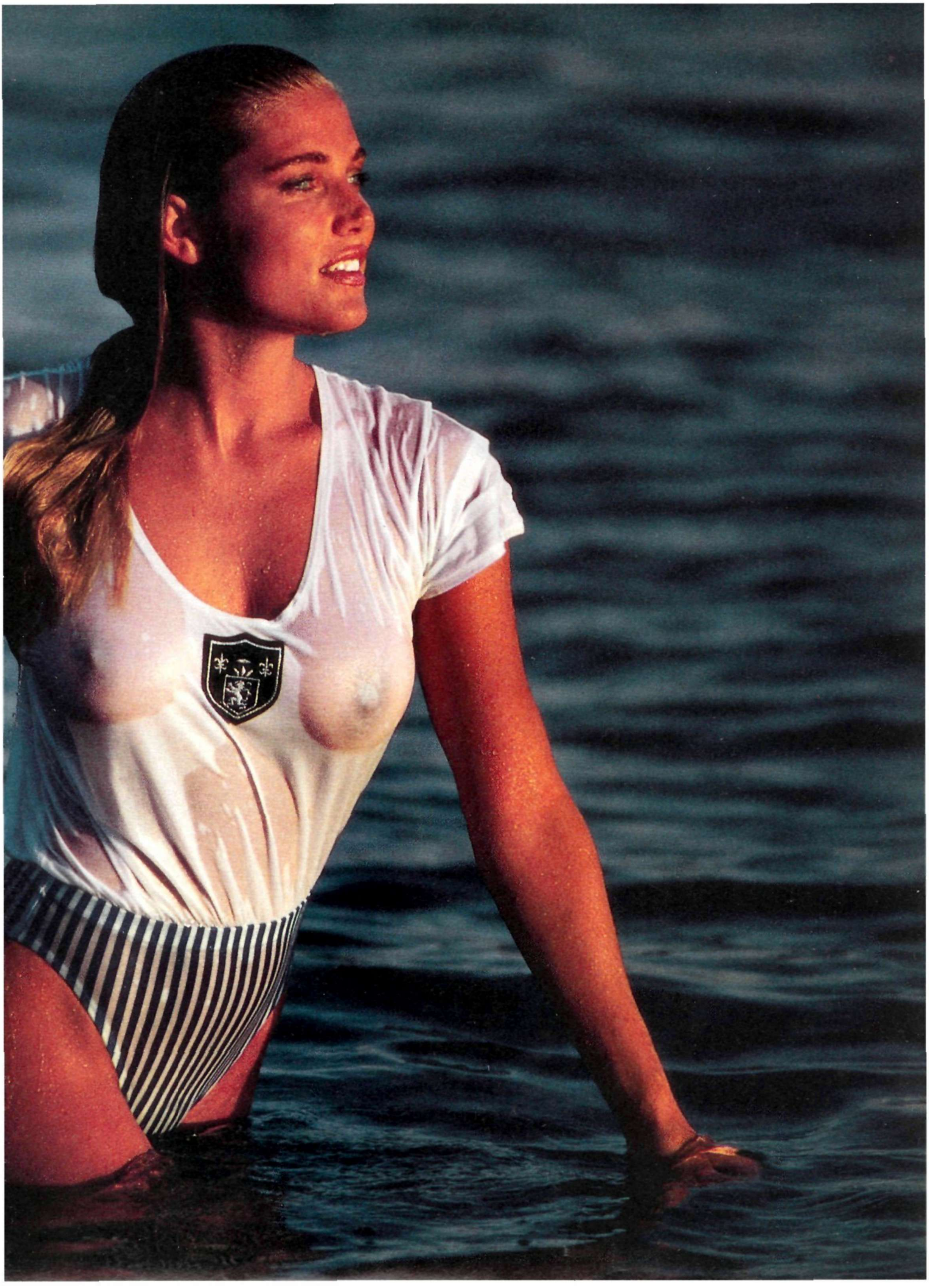
Kelly Emberg (above) adorns one of Tahiti's black-sand beaches in a cotton-Lycra bikini by Ellen Ann Dobrovir ($68).

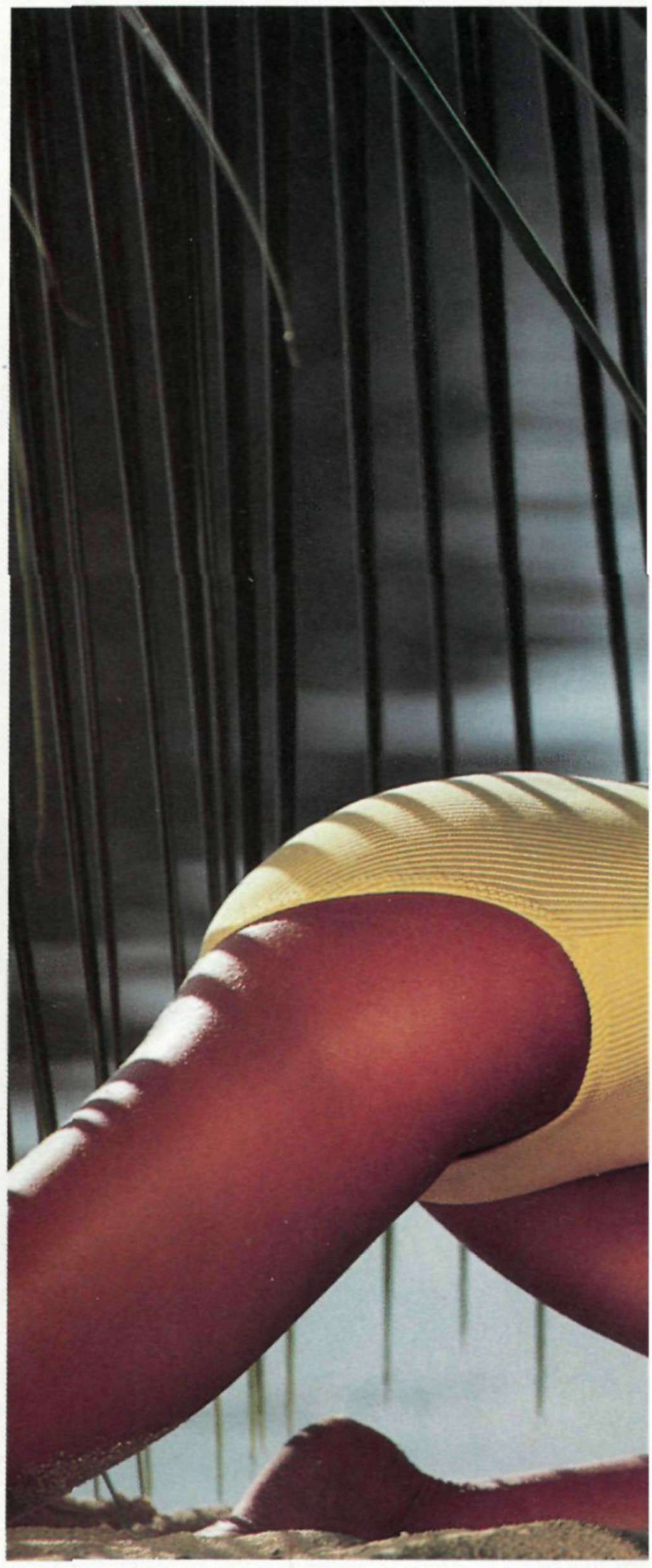
A late Bora Bora sun warms Coco Mitchell, whose nylon-and-Lycra maillot by Mistral ($38)—designed to suggest tropical flowers—generates a few degrees of its own.



Jenna de Rosnay, the women's world speed-record holder in windsurfing, wins further accolades for her bikini made in Brazil by Darling Rio ($24).

As the wind and light diminish, Jenna drops sail and heads for shore in a suit from Viewpoint by Gottex ($44).

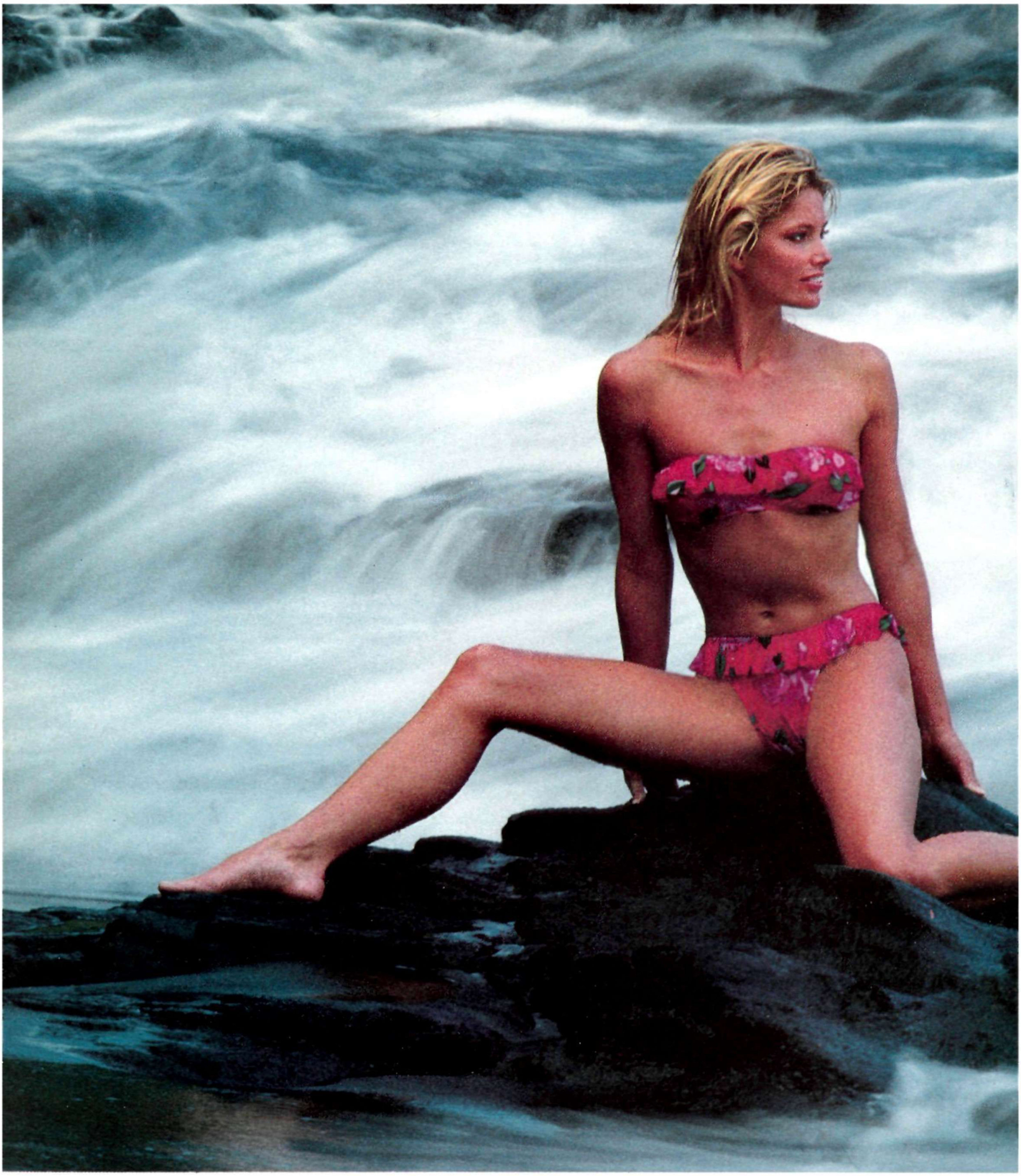




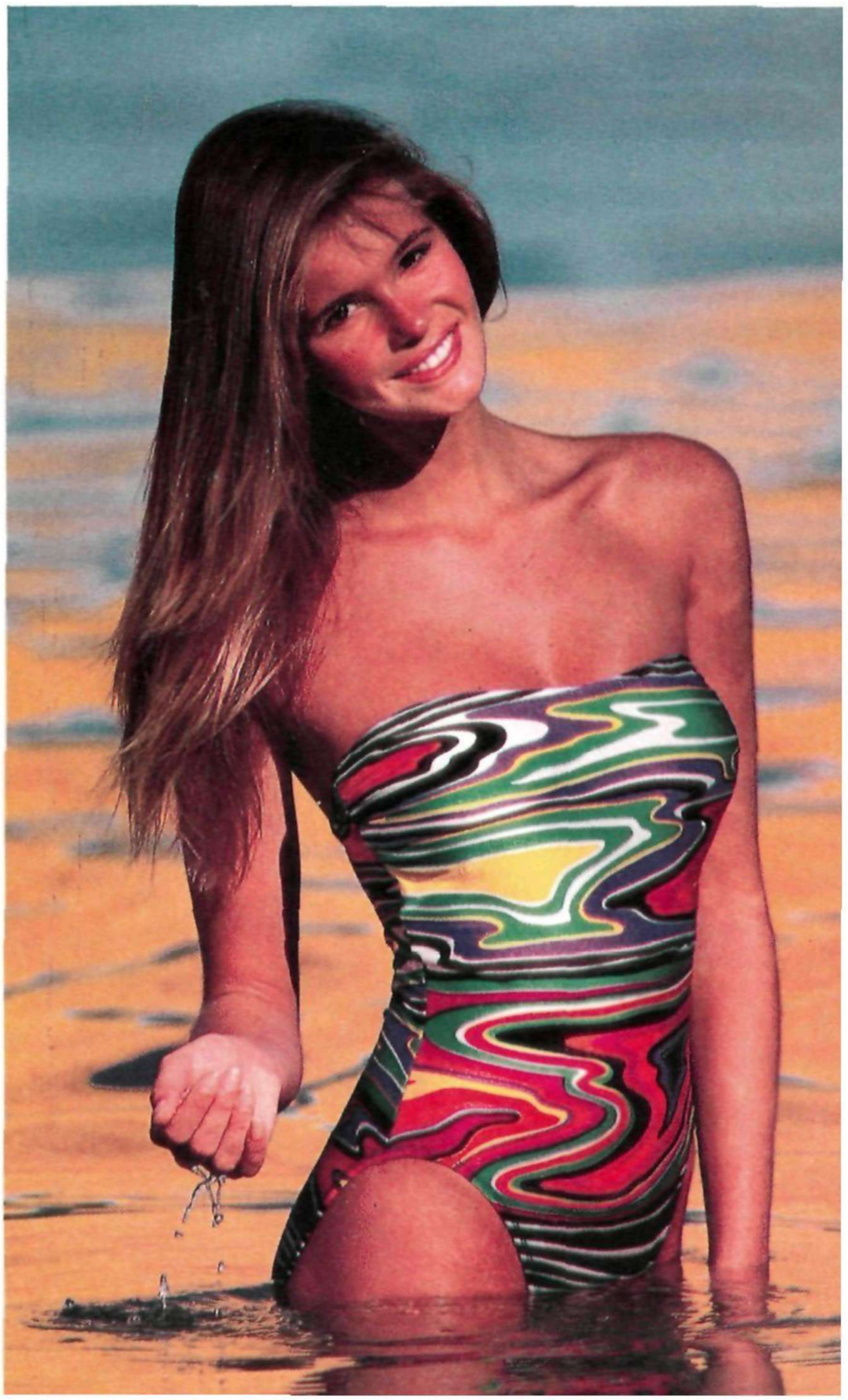
Elle (above) high-steps it past a traveler's-tree at the Hotel Marara on Bora Bora. Her lacy nylon suit is from Keiko ($50).

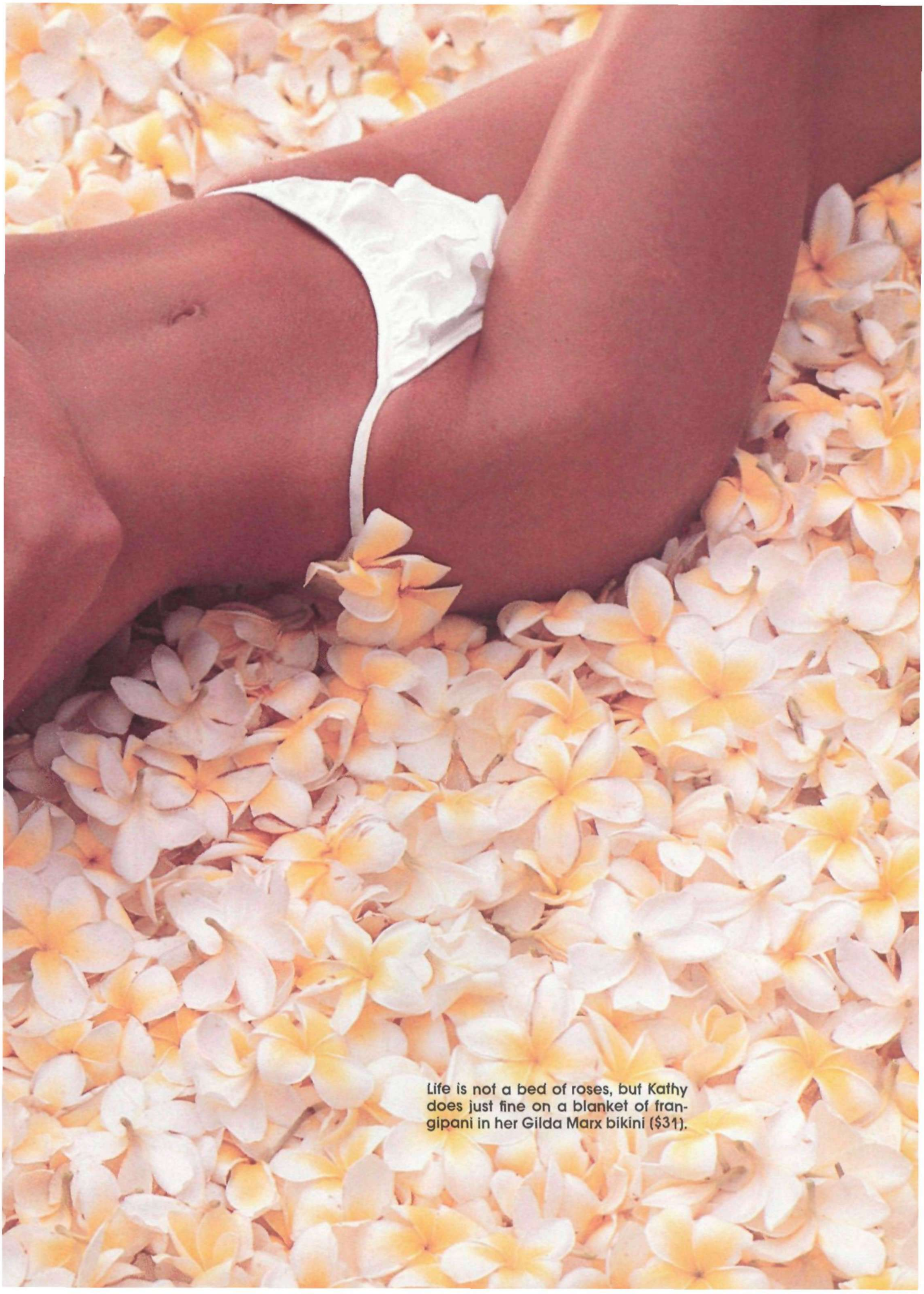
Kathy, in a silky, ribbed suit by Connie Banko ($46), seeks shelter from the sun under some friendly fronds on Bora Bora.

Napping on a catamaran's netting, Paulina is the catch of the day in an aqueous suit made by Gottex ($59).



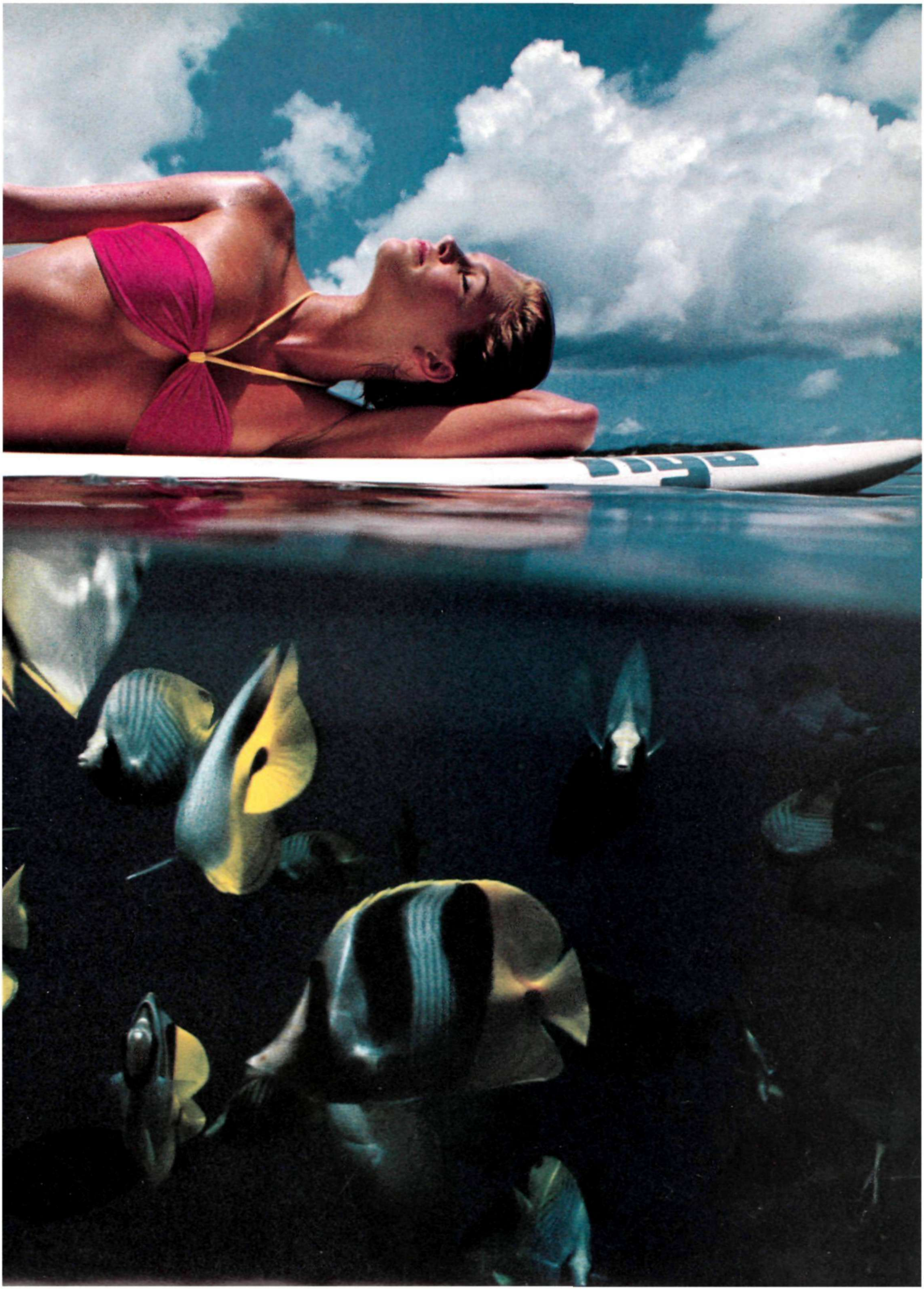
Wearing a ruffled Gottex suit ($44), Kelly *(left) takes refuge from the frothy surf on* a black lava ledge on Tahiti, an island that was formed by volcanic activity. Elle wades through golden ripples that repeat the pattern on her multicolored maillot from Viewpoint by Gottex ($46).

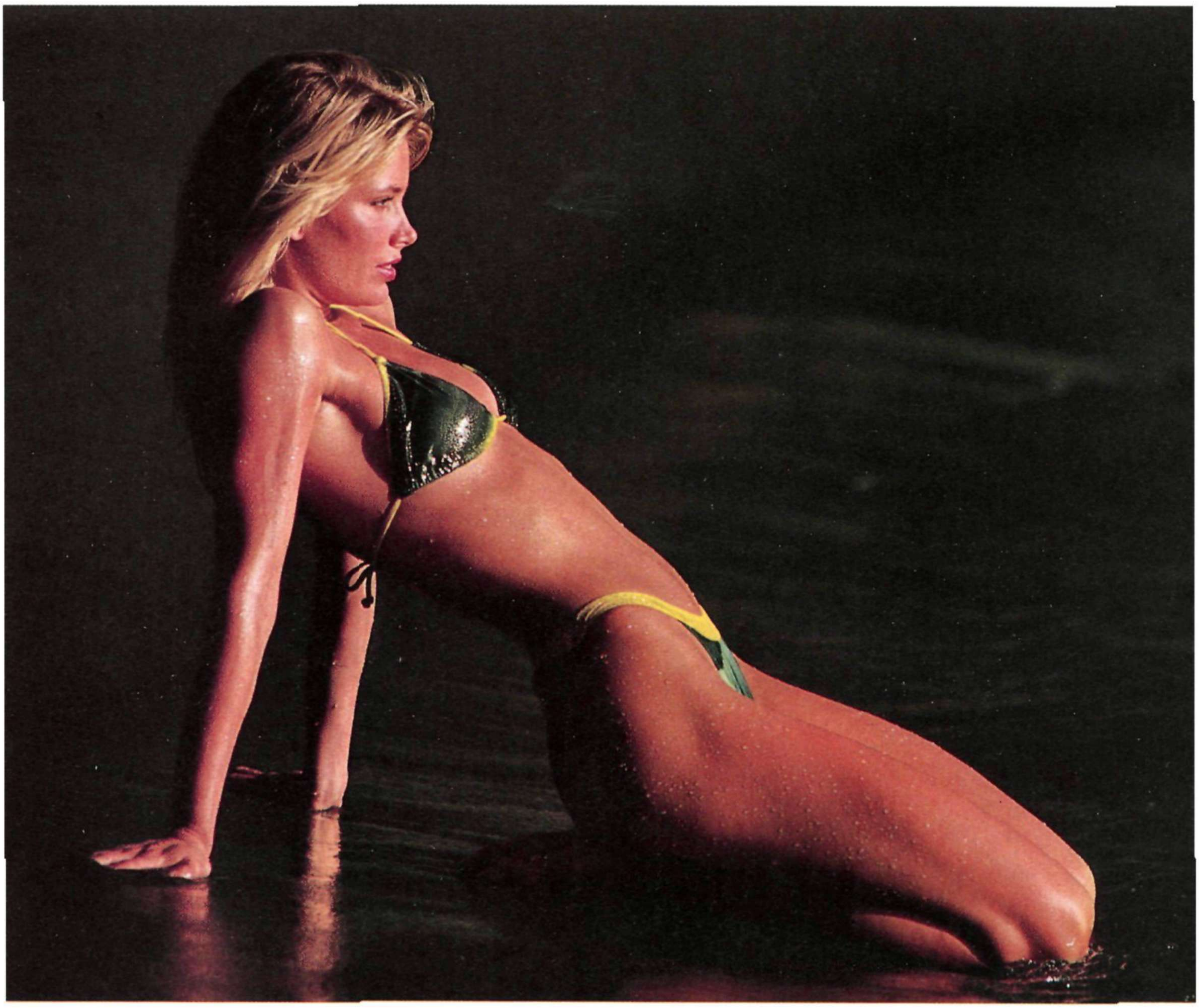




Life is not a bed of roses, but Kathy does just fine on a blanket of frangipani in her Gilda Marx bikini ($31).

In her Käti bikini ($46), Elle is oblivious to the attention she attracts from butterfly fish and other fawning fauna.

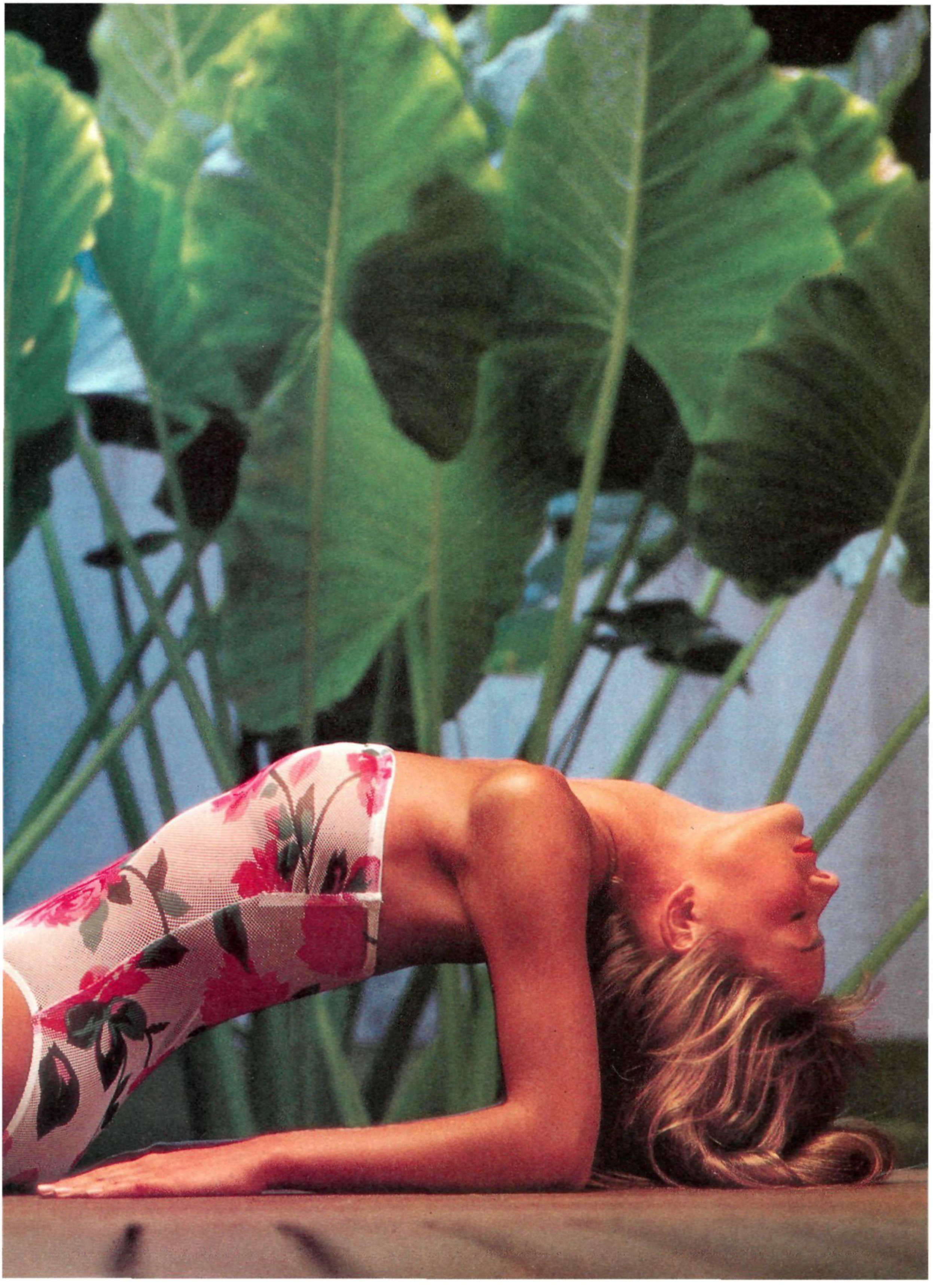


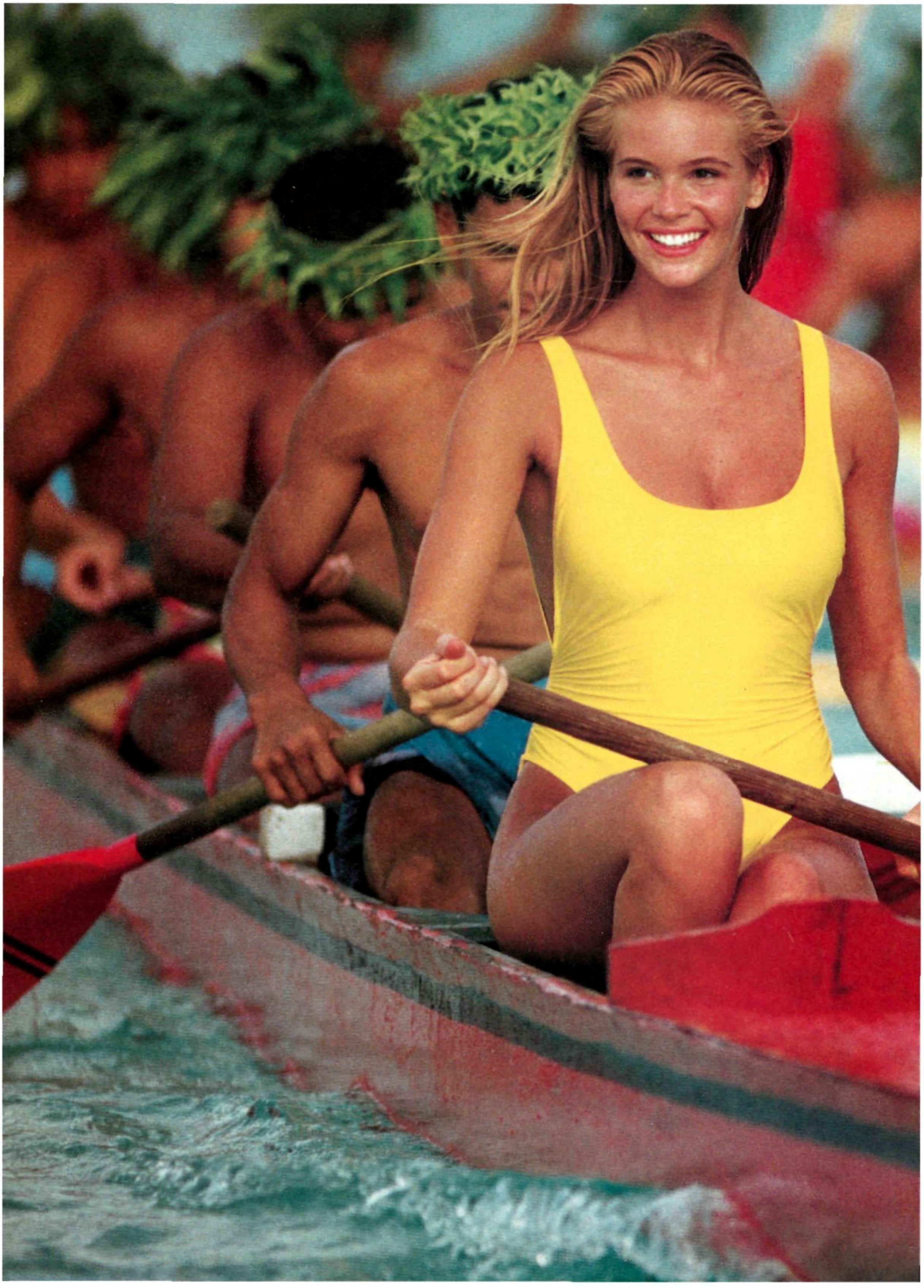


All that glitters is surely Kelly (above), who cools off at Tahiti's Hotel Tahara'a in a gold-embossed bikini from Diva ($50).

Paulina (right) lights up the dawn on Moorea in an allamanda flower lei and nylon lace. The thong and pareu (no bra is included) are both from Keiko ($45).

Paulina takes leave of all her cares as she basks in a beachside atrium. Her fishnet suit is from Gottex ($68).

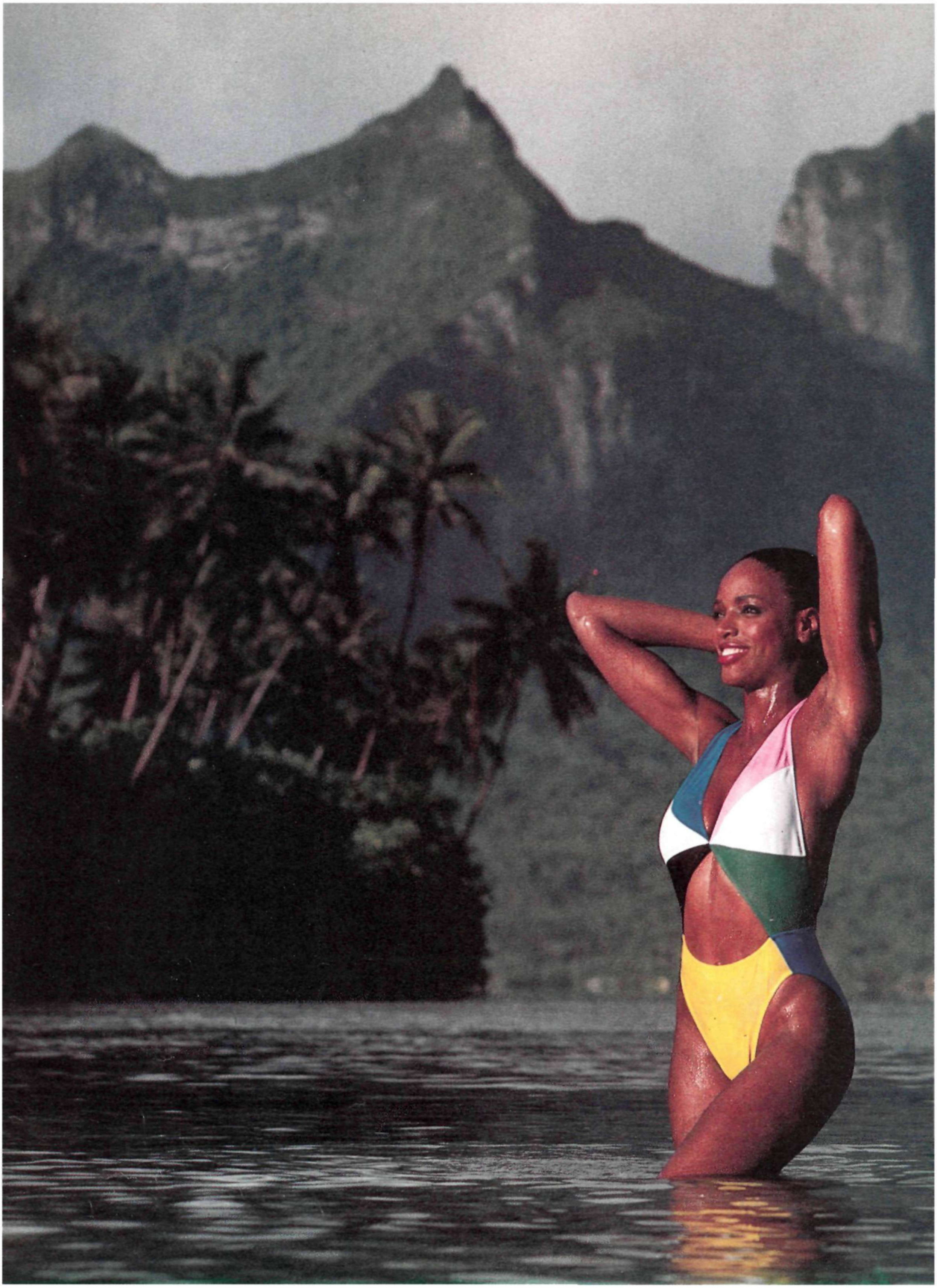


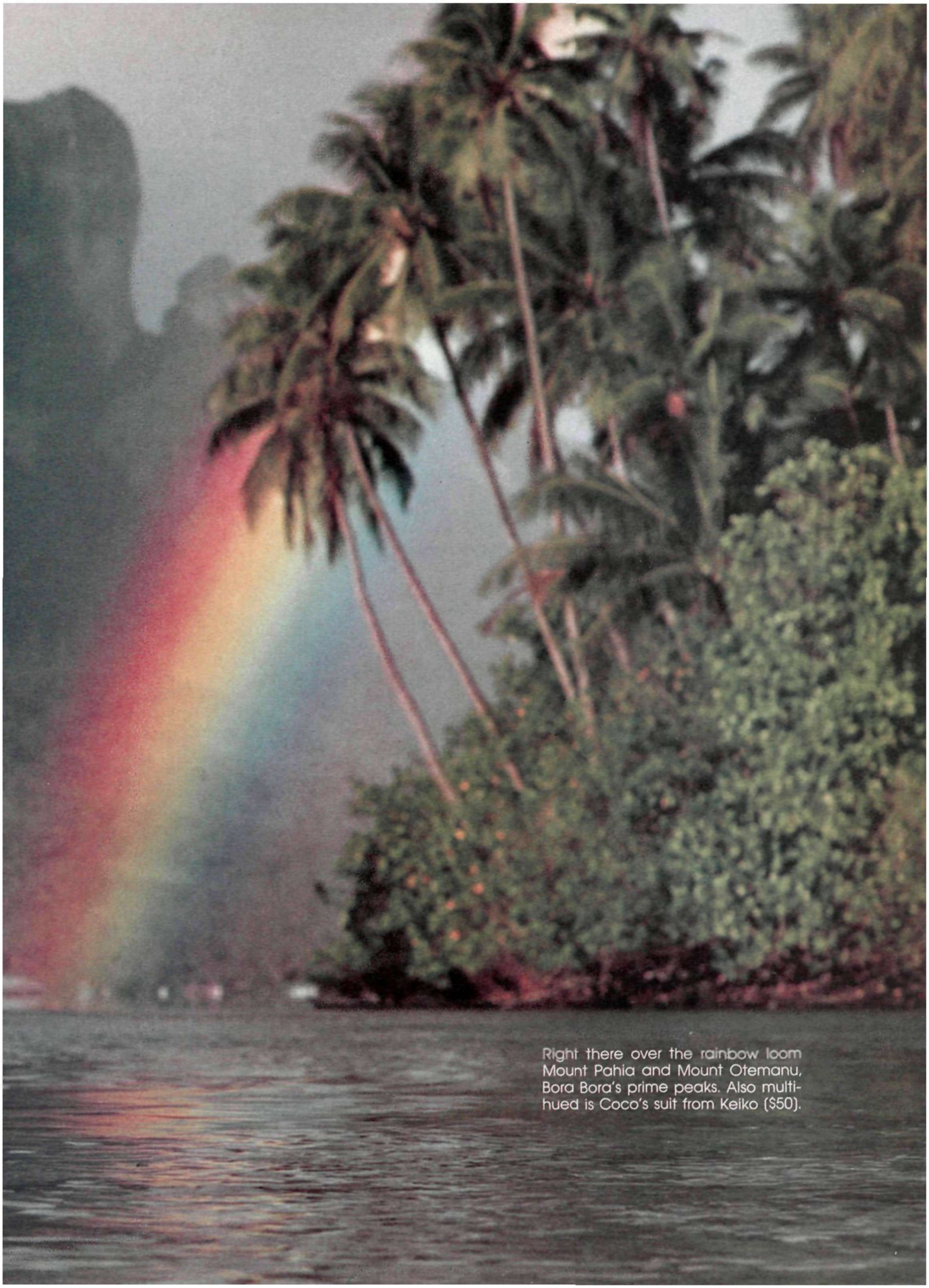


Elle can paddle her own canoe, but it's nice to get help from the green-garlanded guys at the Tiipoto Rowing Club. Her suit is by Gabar ($36).

Under the shower go Mataihau Taraufau and spraymate Paulina, in a suit by Gottex ($42), at the Hotel Kia Ora in Moorea.

While watching a dance group do its stuff at the Hotel Bora Bora, Elle, whose swimsuit is by Gideon Oberson ($54), discovers that even the littlest natives are friendly.





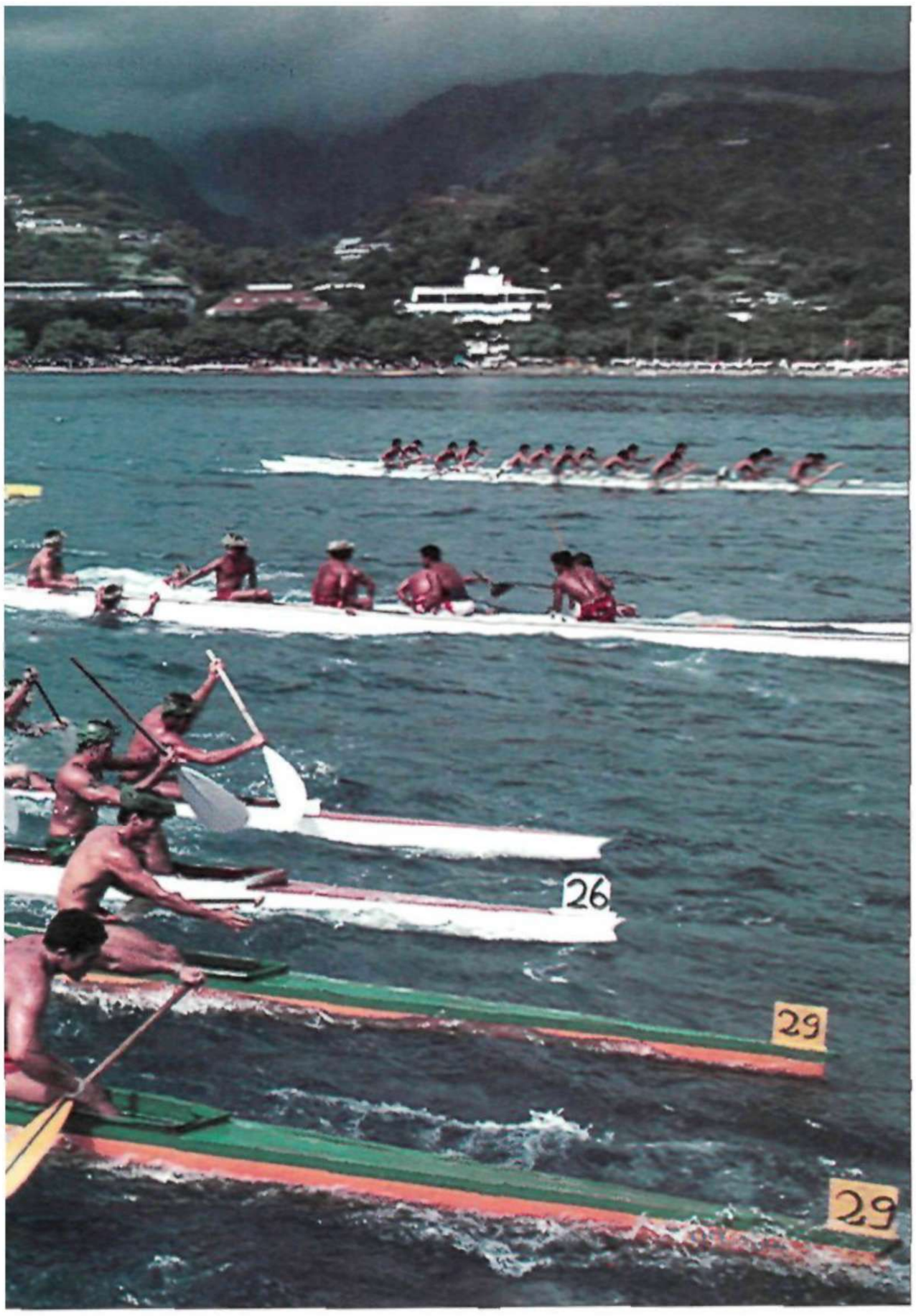
Right there over the rainbow loom Mount Pahia and Mount Otemanu, Bora Bora's prime peaks. Also multi-hued is Coco's suit from Keiko ($50).

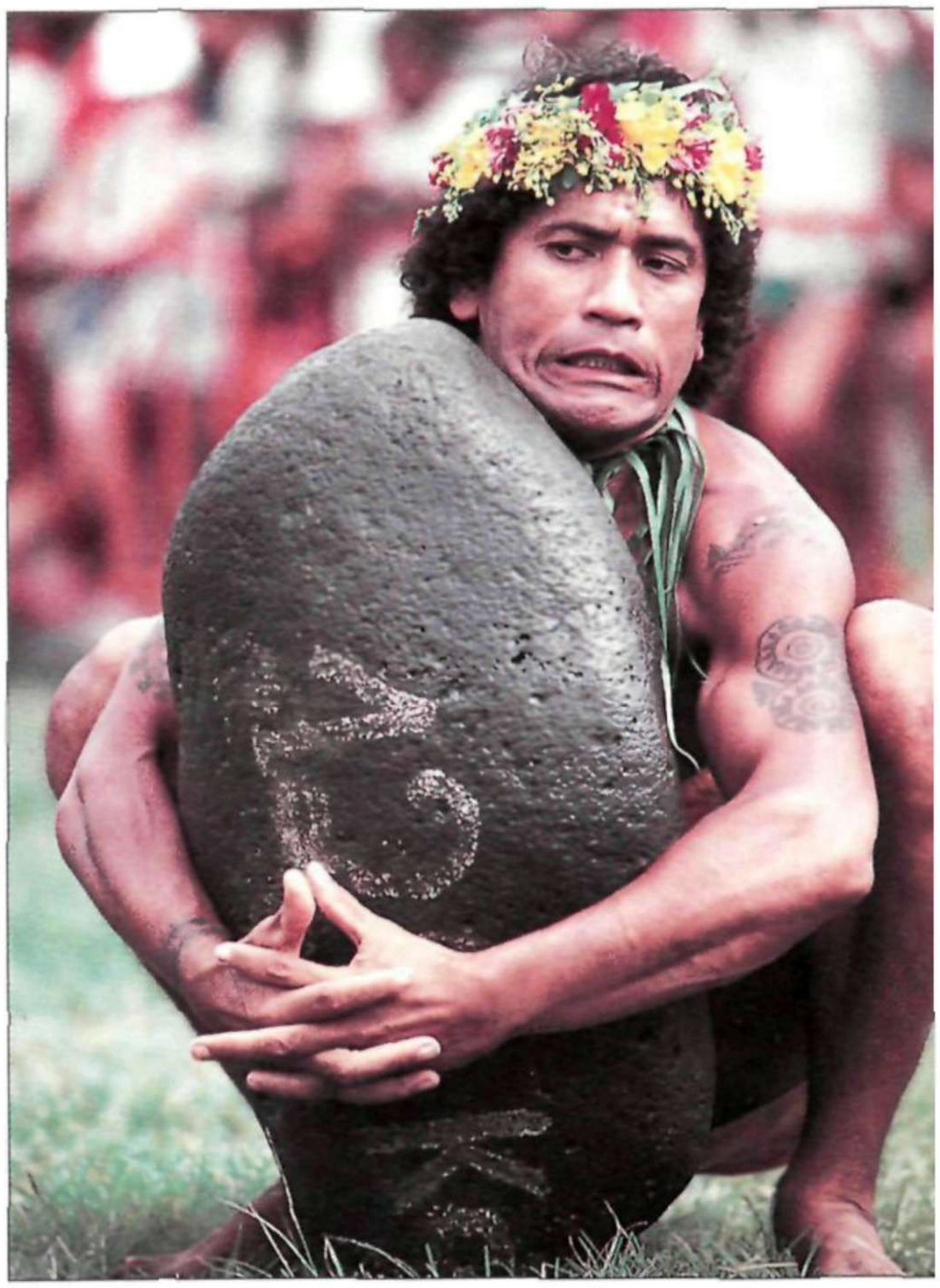
THE GAMES
THEY PLAY IN PARADISE

Once a year languid Tahiti rouses itself for the Tiurai, a celebration featuring canoe racing, rock lifting, fruit-carrying runs and tattooing

by BRUCE NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRAIG MOLENHOUSE





Before the Tiurai finally concluded with ceremonies (left) and canoe races, competitors had to deal with rocks and bananas.

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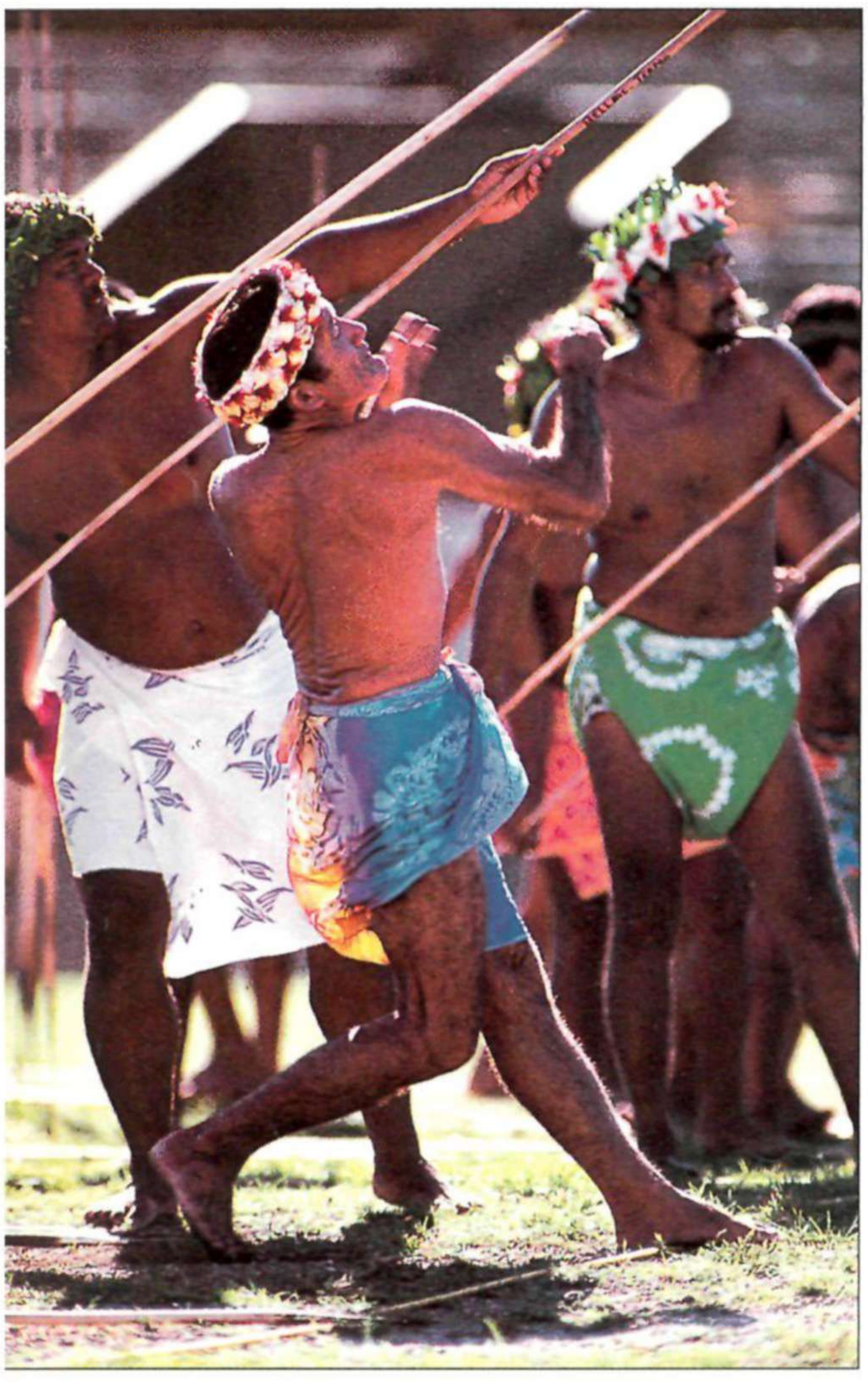
There are few places on earth that come closer to one's idea of paradise than Tahiti. Its position is fixed in the mind's eye, an expanse of sand and palm trees floating in bright waters. Peering out from the dream are the faces of paradise: women with mysterious, downcast eyes and long black hair cascading down their backs. This was the dream I had been having over and over during the eight-hour flight from Los Angeles to Tahiti, but every time I awakened, it slipped quickly from memory. Now as I looked out the window, Tahiti lay in the dim evening light beneath the belly of the airplane, the island's great humpback rising from the sea like a dorsal fin. But that menacing shape had no part in my dream, and, as I was soon to discover, it was the only thing even remotely ominous about the place these days.

Tahiti, the largest of the Society Islands, seems to be slumbering peacefully most of the time, the major visible sign that it is breathing out and breathing in being the tourists who come and go in the night. But for two weeks of every year, Tahiti awakens for its Tiurai celebration, and nothing can lull the island back to sleep until the feast is over. At night, the wooden stalls in the markets of downtown Papeete, the island's principal city, are filled with people who appear to be sleeping but are really just resting on their laurels, although not the laurels they frequently wear in wreaths on their heads.



The wreath, which is called a *hei*, is part of the headgear for Tahitian athletes competing in the traditional native games that have become part of the annual Tiurai celebration. The games, many of them dating back long before the arrival on the island of Captain William Bligh and H.M.S. *Bounty*, constitute a kind of folkloric Olympiad. Events range from the colorful and nutritionally correct fruit-carrying races to a greased stone-lifting contest, to say nothing of the always vicious weaving competition. Last year, tattooing was allowed as an exhibition event.

Last year's Tiurai was particularly fascinating because it was part of an even larger sporting and cultural event, the IV Pacific Festival of Arts. The two-week-long festival was preceded by a series of unforeseen but interrelated occurrences that included a revolutionary uprising 2,760 miles away in New Caledonia—which, like Tahiti, is an overseas French territory—and sufficient political intrigue to have the whole event moved from its original New Caledonian site to Tahiti.

The organizers of the event issued a statement before the opening ceremonies describing the Festival of Arts as "the privileged place and moment, the feast where Polynesians, Melanesians and Micronesians meet in a great impulse of brotherhood. . . ." Notwithstanding that impulse, the representatives of Vanuatu, an island that had declared itself unwilling to lend support to France's presence in the South Pacific, refused to come.

Still, the IV Pacific Festival of Arts eventually attracted delegations to Tahiti from as far away as Papua New Guinea, Fiji and Tonga, and all of them intermingled with the Tahitians, whose Tiurai is a traditional fortnight of revelry culminating in the celebration of Bastille Day on July 14. It all seemed a bit surreal the way it had worked out: It was an armed insurrection against France's colonial rule in New Caledonia in November 1984 that had caused the festival to be moved to Tahiti, where pilgrims found themselves at an event commemorating France's *own* struggle for liberty two centuries earlier.

To make matters worse, President Gaston Flosse of the overseas territorial government scheduled the festival's opening ceremonies for June 29. It was on that date in 1880, by the way, that one of Tahiti's 22 tribal chieftains—a young sot named Pomare V, who was looking for a steady income to pay his bar bills—turned over the entire archipelago of the Society Islands to France. The deal was fairly typical of colonial bargains: Pomare agreed not to ask for any authority in the new government, and in return the French agreed to overlook the fact that Pomare didn't really own the islands in the first place.

One hundred years later, President

Spear throwers, dressed in the traditional cotton pareu, took dead aim at a 10-meter-high coconut marked with scoring lines.

Flosse's willingness to serve France did not sit well with many Tahitians, some of whom had begun referring to him—not altogether affectionately—as the Sun King. The mayor of Papeete (pronounced papa-YET-ay) was so infuriated by some of the behind-the-scenes politics that he tried to keep all of the festival's events out of his city. Some of the president's political rivals showed their contempt by boycotting the opening ceremonies. It was a neat trick, and one that a lot of people later wished they had thought of, because the ceremony took place in an open stadium under the hot afternoon sun. The visiting delegations, arrayed like hothouse flowers in long, colorful rows on the infield grass of Pater Stadium in the village of Pirae, wilted quietly while a cadre of French politicians in dark suits droned on over the public-address system for three hours. There wasn't supposed to be any singing or dancing during the speeches, but the boys from Wallis and Futuna were periodically overcome by boogie fever and could be seen bounding about the infield like pinballs. Otherwise, there was very little

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movement at all, as one by one the delegates fell asleep in the broiling sun.

The first athletic event of any real folkloric significance took place three days later on the streets of Pirae, not far from where several swaybacked horses were grazing on a dirt field. The final preparations were under way before the start of the fruit carriers' race, an event modeled after the ancient Tahitian practice of hauling fruit and game out of the island's valleys to feed its coastal villages. (This custom is still observed today in the tiny district of Punaruu, where villagers sell oranges by the roadside that they have carried through the mountain passes—a day's walk.)

A good color sense is a necessity for the competitors in the fruit-carrying races. They pay careful attention to how the fruit is arranged, making sure that the red passion fruit doesn't clash with the papaya. The runners use palm fronds to lash large bunches of green bananas to

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both ends of a piece of bamboo, then adorn that with brilliant sprays of bougainvillea, bird-of-paradise, aupuhi and croton. The fruit makes the fashion statement, not the man, so the runner wears only a cotton pareu around his waist and a wreath of maire leaves. No shoes.

There's no question that the proliferation of modern convenience stores in Tahiti has hurt training for the race. You hardly ever see anybody running through town with dinner slung over his shoulder anymore. Some competitors, however, try to stay in shape by going on hunting trips into the interior. "Carrying the dead savage pigs out of the mountains is good training for this race," says a manager for one of the runners.

More and more of the top fruit carriers over the past several years have been firemen. That was true again last summer, when 31-year-old Dominique Paie won both of the Tiurai fruit races going away. Paie started competing in 1980 to overcome a lack of self-confidence, and he has won both races every year except 1984, when he won only one. "When I was a child I always felt inferior in everything, put down," Paie says. "I felt like I was in a shell, and I wanted to prove to myself I was able to do something. When I was in school, and even after I became an adult, I was very timid. The only way for me to get over my inferiority complex was to win at something." In 1974 Paie was working as a guard at the French nuclear testing facility on the island of Mururoa and saw a newspaper photograph of a man winning a fruit-carrying race. "When you are guarding a nuclear facility," the champion says, "you have a lot of time to read the newspaper."

A young roadside entrepreneur waited patiently for festivalgoers to buy his wares—bags of oranges borne from the island's interior.

Bright flowers can be seen everywhere in Tahiti, even on the gaily bedecked raiment of this seemingly camouflaged Papeete woman.

There were two fruit-carrying races: the first, a 1,500-meter haul with a 110-pound load; the second, a night run, illuminated only by torches strapped to the runners' loads, 66 pounds of fruit and fire over 2,500 meters. In the darkness that preceded the start of the race, a voice on the public-address system cried out, "*Allumez les flambeaux!*"—which is roughly the fruit-carrying equivalent of "Gentlemen, start your engines." The runners rushed forward and picked up their flaming loads, and then went blazing off into the night, with fruit falling behind them as if someone had shaken a tree. As soon as they had passed, spectators scrambled from behind the barricades and retrieved the lost fruit, although it was not clear whether they were doing this for the safety of the runners, who would be returning the same way, or because they were hungry.

When Paie returned, he was 30 meters ahead of the next man. The fire had gone out in his fruit but not in his eyes. His dominance in the running events did not end there. Two days later at Pater Stadium, he ran an overpowering anchor leg for his team in the sand-carrying race. Sand carrying is a lot like fruit carrying, unless, of course, you happen to get hungry during the race. Another difference is that the 5,000-meter sand race involves a running exchange at the end of every 330-meter lap with a baton that weighs 66 pounds. Muff an exchange and you could end up in another time zone. The presence of five drummers thundering away right next to the exchange lanes, just waiting for a chance to deliver that one big rim shot, added a certain electricity to the race.

Paie, his cousin Freddy and Sandro Oopa earned 36,000 Pacific francs (the equivalent of about $275) for their sand-carrying victory, and the money was doled out to them right on the victory stand, Tahiti's refreshing answer to the shamateurism that plagues so many international sporting events. The second-place team jumped down off the trophy platform after receiving its money, threw the loot down on the track and divided it up right there on the finish line. It was a charming ceremony. During the presentation of awards, one member of the third-place team got a little carried away and started to knee-dance with the woman who was presenting him his trophy. She knee-danced right back.

Not all of the games ended on quite such a harmonious note. After the top 20 finishers in the javelin-throwing competition had received their awards, a scoring error was discovered and brought to the attention of officials by a group of angry men carrying spears. One contrite—and possibly nervous—scorekeeper ended the confrontation by making up the

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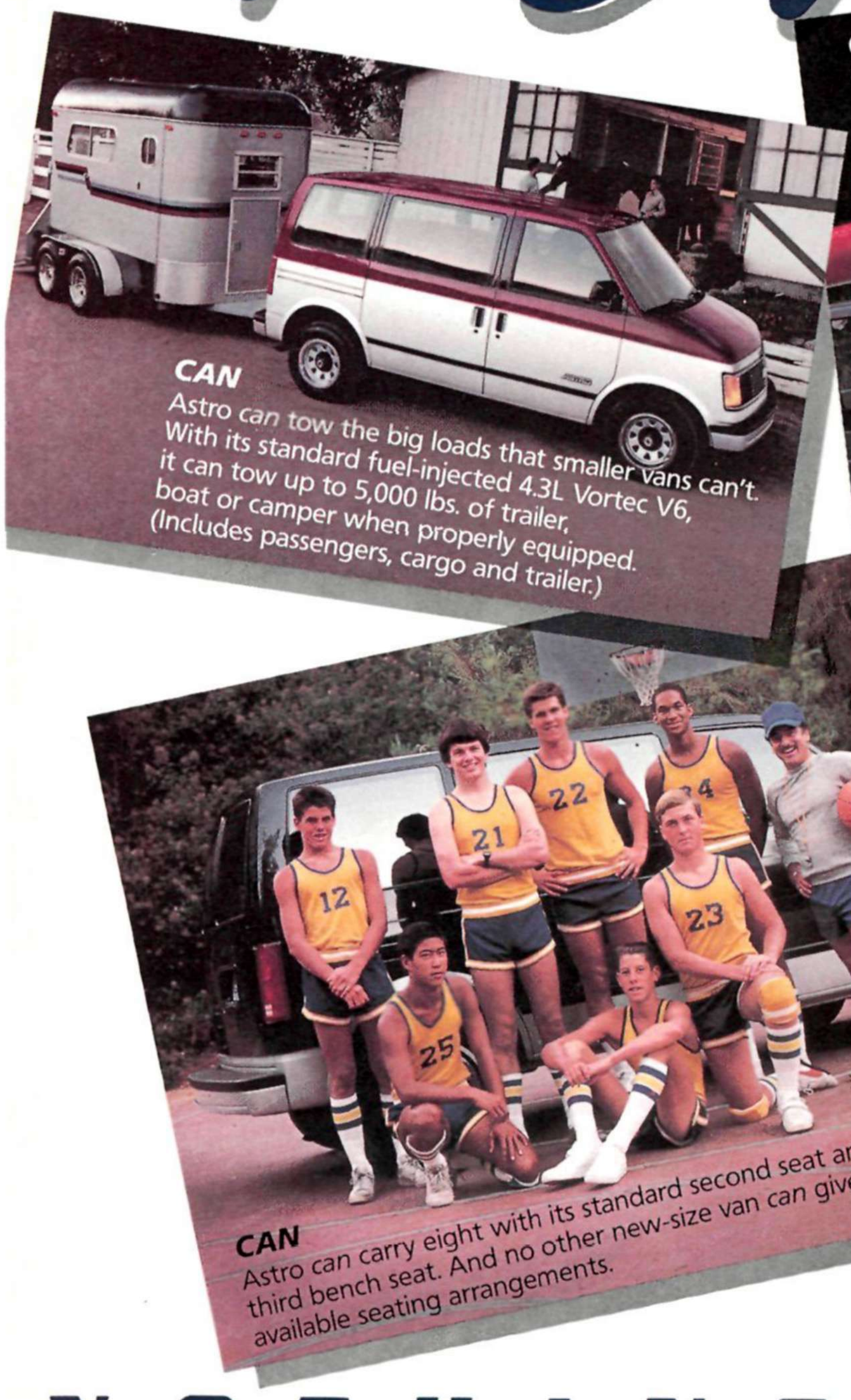
The Van I



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prize money to aggrieved finishers out of his own pocket.

The javelin throw was held in Fautaua Stadium in Pirae, not far from the cloud-mantled shoulders of Orohena, the 7,396-foot peak that looms over Tahiti. Unlike Olympic-style javelin throwing, in which the emphasis is on distance, in the South Pacific the feeling is that if you're going to throw a spear a long way, you might as well try to hit something with it. A coconut was fixed to a pole 10

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meters high and 30 meters away from where the competitors stood. Lines were drawn on the coconut, dividing it into five equal sections—the top worth 10 points, the next eight and on down—and each man was allowed as many as 10 throws per round.

Lawn bowling wasn't part of the Tiurai, but the hei-headed players had a ball anyway.

During the team javelin competition, spectators were invited to try their hand, and 15 of them did, taking a total of 150 shots without once coming near the coconut. Yet, at the end of each round of competition, the coconut husk was so thick with metal-tipped quills it looked like a Polynesian porcupine. Each competitor clutched the six-foot-long, 13-oz. javelin with a single finger resting on the back tip and then lofted it underhanded in a great arc—half an arc if his hand was steady and his aim good. The soft quivering purau-wood shafts often crossed each other in midair as they flew toward the target before striking the coconut with satisfying *thhhuunks*. The competition for top individual honors stayed close for six rounds, and then a former spearfisher named Michel Maro practically lobotomized the coconut with three blades that sliced cleanly through the top, which gave him three 10s for the round. Maro finished with 68 points, 22 points better than the runner-up.

With the conclusion of the javelin throw, the festival had reached its midway point, and I was getting restless to see some of the other Society Islands. The next day I left for a short visit to the island of Moorea, only an hour's boat ride from the Papeete harbor, and the place where many Tahitians go on weekends, perhaps to escape the congestion of downtown Papeete, where there seems to be more cars than streets. The traffic comes as a rude shock to most visitors to Tahiti, especially since the island is basically so easygoing. The government is trying to regulate auto imports more stringently, but a lot of old hands in Tahiti feel paradise may already be lost.

The change started back in 1960, around the time that M-G-M filmed its remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* in Tahiti. On his first trip to the island, the *Mutiny*'s location scout had to fly from Los Angeles to Hawaii, hop a prop plane to Bora Bora and catch a seaplane for Tahiti. But even then, a large airport capable of handling overseas flights was under construction near Papeete. "Before we left Tahiti, months later, a jet strip was open," says Jimmy Taylor, 66, who married a local woman and retired to Tahiti after serving as *Bounty*'s wardrobe master. "That was the beginning of the end. Now it's gotten so commercialized it

continued

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looks like Long Beach. The island paradise that you associate with Tahiti just doesn't exist here anymore."

I knew from reading his diaries that even Paul Gauguin, the French painter whose languid Tahitian women inhabit most of my dreams about the island, never found the paradise he expected there. "Mad, bad, sad is my adventure in Tahiti," Gauguin wrote in 1897. "I see nothing but death to end it." This from a man who had spent the better part of a decade on the island painting half-naked 14-

continued

ing 250 pounds these days—primarily because Tahitians have no real concept of celebrity. "You'll never get a lot of respect in Tahiti, because the people just don't give a damn," says Tavana Salmon, 57, a descendant of tribal high priests, who recently returned to Tahiti after spending 40 years in Hawaii. "Everybody here is the same. When they see Marlon Brando walking down the street, they tell him, 'Ooh, you ugly, you too fat.' " In the South Pacific, no man is an island, but Brando is beginning to show up on navigational charts.

Many tourists, and some Tahitians, travel to Moorea expressly for the white sand. Tahiti has black-sand beaches that swaddle the island like a sable stole, and a lot of people suddenly realize after they have seen it for the first time that the sand is really nothing but dirt with good public relations. The beaches in Moorea looked fine to me, but as we docked in Cook Bay I was concerned about the weather. A thick cover of lurid-looking clouds had settled over the sharp upthrust of the interior mountains, and it had begun to rain hard as my rental car swept along the shore road, past colonnades of palm trees and the wonderfully fragrant frangipani.

Before leaving New York, I had told a friend that I was determined to learn to scuba dive on this trip. I had always associated scuba diving with frogmen jumping into the East River on the coldest day of the year to fish out the body of some mobster. My friend warned me about rapture of the deep, a mental euphoria or stupor caused by underwater pressure, but I dismissed the idea with an airy wave of the hand and told him that I would take my rapture where I found it.

continued

Graffiti and rock sounds have become part of the life of Tahiti, as has, increasingly, that ever-popular pastime, just hanging out.

continued

Now as I approached the sign saying PLONGÉE at the Linareva resort on Moorea, a cluster of five bungalows on the west coast of the eight-mile-long island, all I could think about were the underwater armies of doom that constantly used to afflict Lloyd Bridges on the TV show *Sea Hunt*. What if some gold smuggler tried to cut my air hose while I wasn't looking?

My guides were Jean Luc Untz, 26, and his girlfriend, Catherine Arnou, 27, both from France, and after five minutes of instruction on the beach, we were out on the lagoon and in the water. The reef diving in French Polynesia is said to be among the finest in the world, and though I seldom had any idea what I was looking at, it was all wonderfully vivid. At one point, Jean Luc began tapping at the mouth of a small hole in the coral, dangling some bait in front of it. I naturally assumed he had lost his mind, and tried to remember whether it was getting beaten to the surface by my air bubbles that would give me the bends, or the other way around. Just then, the most malevolent-looking creature I had ever seen (later identified for me as a moray eel, more feared in those waters than the shark) lurched violently out of the hole, snapped at the bait and withdrew again in the same instant. Later, when we reached the surface, Jean Luc told me I was "easy in ze water," and I believe it was the nicest thing he could have said. I decided not to tell him that I had stopped exhaling during the eel interlude, figuring that would solve all my problems with air bubbles—presuming I didn't explode first, of course.

Salmon (above) pounded a tattoo needle into a client seeking exterior decoration.

The gods have always smiled on the Society Islands. The average annual temperature in Tahiti is nearly 80°, and the rainy season that runs from November to April provides an abundant food supply for anyone with a small yard. It wasn't until the recent urbanization of the island that many of Tahiti's 100,000 citizens even held jobs. And though Tahitians are well on their way to becoming working stiffs like the rest of us, they still place great emphasis on knowing how to have a good time. The rather shabby appearance of many of their houses, for instance, usually leads tourists to the incorrect assumption that much of the population lives in poverty. The truth is that most Polynesians place little emphasis on the external trappings. It is the entertaining they do inside their homes that is important to them, which is why so many huts made of corrugated tin have color televisions, video recorders and stereos inside.

Overindulgence is tolerated in Tahiti, where the islanders have a considerable reputation for their rate of beer consumption. Tahitians are not exactly noted for their ability to hold their *Hinano*, the local blast. Not surprisingly, when it comes time for them to give up these indulgences to go into training for the Tiurai's sporting events, many find it very nearly impossible. Some go to their churches and sign a religious oath, called the Blue Cross, in which they swear to give up smoking and drinking for periods lasting as long as six months.

Horse races were once held every weekend at the hippodrome in Pirae, but when the railbirds began brawling with each other on a regular basis, the races were cut back to one Sunday a month. One of those happened to fall on the second Sunday of last July, and it became one of the merrier venues of the festival. Tahitian horse racing is done very much by the seat of the pants, particularly in the bareback races that are the most popular event at the track. Most of the horses are not thoroughbreds, and it's probably just as well because thoroughbreds are often too high-strung to race without a starting gate. As it is, the Tahitian horses frequently turn and run the wrong way. "They're not really racehorses, so you can never be sure what they'll do," says Wendy Pratt, a 21-year-old American who has been race riding in Tahiti for the past eight years. "The people here really come out to see the races because they like to see the horses riding off the track,

continued

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running into the bushes, and the jockeys falling off. We lose about two horses every race."

Pratt won the first bareback race aboard a 9-year-old named Bob. That was followed by a trotting race, a second bareback race, a horse-and-sulky race called an "amble" and finally a long-distance gallop. At a proper French track, these races would most likely have been run in a clockwise direction. In Tahiti, however, they race counterclockwise, just as they do in the U.S.

Things often went in unexpected directions during the festival. An event the official calendar described as an "ecumenical cult" was scheduled for the first Sunday, but there were so many dis-

continued

agreements among the various religious sects that the cult had to be canceled. So everybody retired to his own church to caucus in a state of high ecumenical dudgeon.

For centuries, the Polynesian people of the South Pacific worshiped, among others, the god 'Oro. Then the missionaries arrived and began instructing them on the true path to enlightenment. Now the islands are teeming with religion, *seething* with it—Seventh-Day Adventists, Mormons, Buddhists, Catholics, even the Anabaptists—all teaching the one true holy word. In the Protestant churches, women in the congregation wear splendid white hats and the traditional missionary dresses. Most of the first hour of every Sunday service is devoted to singing the haunting Polynesian *himenes*. Tahitians do not hold anything in. They throw their heads back and raise their voices high when they are hymning, as if they were trying to get God's undivided attention.

"On Sundays after they come back from church, they play volleyball or soccer or go paddling," says Cincy Efird, a painter from New Bern, N.C. who was living in Tahiti last summer. "After that, everybody sits and sings. It's their big day of the entire week, and it's all centered around sports and singing."

The Polynesians used to spend their day of worship much differently. Before the Europeans arrived, services were conducted in an open temple called a *marae*. The largest and most holy temple in the islands was Taputapuatea on Raiatea, where ritual human sacrifices were sometimes performed. "Maybe 100,000 to 200,000 people were sacrificed in that temple," says Salmon, exaggerating the fact some thousandfold, perhaps to entertain his visitor. "The *marae* was a terrible place, with dead bodies strewn about and flies everywhere. They used to put coconut rope through the ears of defilers of the temple and hang them in the trees. Tahitians are very superstitious about the temple. Taputapuatea is still a very sacred place, and Tahitians don't like to see it desecrated. Last year a boy urinated on one of the rocks in that temple and all of his hair fell out. They don't like to talk about that."

Women were never sacrificed at the *marae*, and the men who were chosen for the honor had to be magnificent physical specimens who were "unblemished by women," according to Salmon. At an elaborate reenactment of the *marae* ceremony produced for last summer's Tiurai, a solemn procession of warriors from the Marquesas Islands bore their human sacrifice into the temple on a litter of coconut palms. The Tahitians then entered

continued

In bygone years, the marae ritual sometimes ended unhappily for a few participants.

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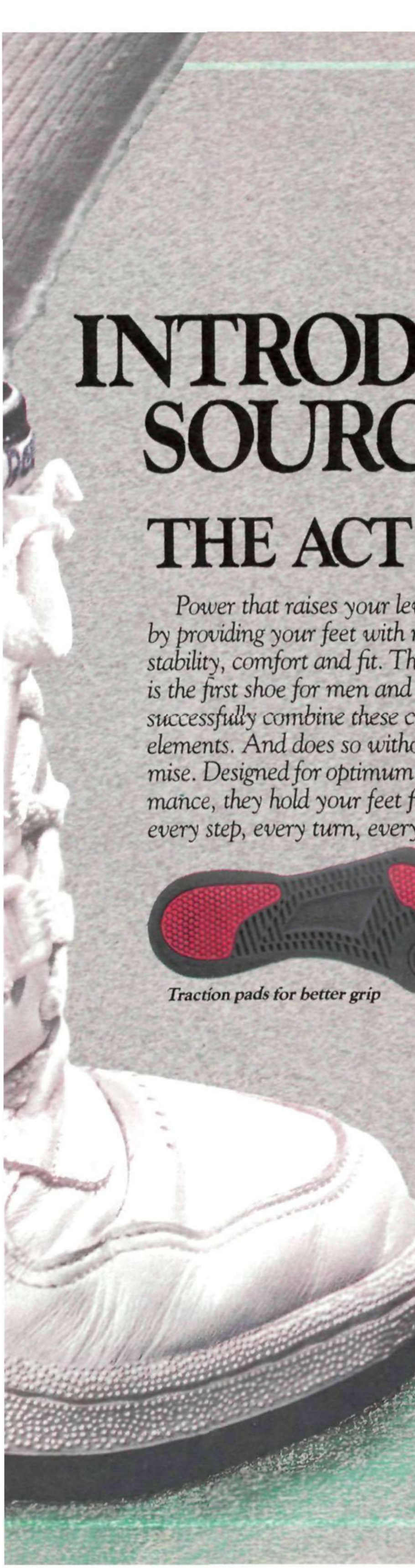

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carrying several large bunches of fruit, which was what they had chosen to sacrifice. If you were a Marquesan, you had to be reexamining the priorities that had led you to this exalted moment. A lifetime of building your body and girding your loins, only to be offered up for ritual slaughter alongside a cantaloupe.

The man who served as high priest at the festival's *marae* was that iron-eyed impresario, Salmon. Once the producer of the most lavish Polynesian floor shows on Waikiki Beach, his talents were eagerly put to use by the festival's organizers. That, of course, didn't prevent the outspoken Salmon from showing his soaring contempt for them at every opportunity. One day shortly after the *marae* ceremony, he was hustled off to one of the out islands to meet a delegation of visiting dignitaries. "They sent me on this trip because they respect me," Salmon says. "They have no choice, I'm the shaman of the country."

The entertainment for the visiting dignitaries was supposed to be provided by a troupe of authentic Tahitian dancers, but the show didn't really hit its stride until Salmon began loudly denouncing the performers for wearing "grass skirts" that were, in fact, made of shredded plastic trash bags. "I told them, 'I'm not performing with plastic skirts. I'm famous,' " says Salmon. "I started walking down the beach, and they came after me. They said they were going to arrest me if I didn't come back, so I came back. But I wasn't pleased. Plastic skirts in Tahiti. Ooh, what an insult."

After Salmon returned to Tahiti in 1980, he set about trying to revive the island's ancient traditions, many of which had already begun to disappear. The custom that had probably fallen on hardest times was tattooing, once a vibrant art form in the Tahitian culture. Although not held in particularly high esteem in many parts of the world, tattoos were a sign of status and power in Tahiti. "The tattooed people didn't eat with the untattooed," says Salmon. "And a woman wouldn't stay with a man if he didn't have his tattoos." The district chiefs were the only ones allowed to wear intricate designs on their bodies.

Sunday church services are the occasion for millinery flourishes.

You could get just about any kind of tattoo you wanted at the Tiurai's tattooing exhibition, which was conducted by Salmon and a Maori tribesman from New Zealand in a grass hut behind the Museum of Tahiti and Her Islands. A bowl of warm water and a dirty rag were used to wipe away the excess blood, so that it wouldn't cover up the design as the artist went about his work. The ink had been made by mixing water with charcoal or carbon, and spectators were invited to lie down on a straw mat and have the ink pounded into their flesh with a whalebone needle and a wooden mallet. The action stopped only when the people getting tattooed passed out from the pain and had to be carried away.

Nothing that was produced at that exhibition could compare with the stunning tattoo that belongs to Teve Tuhipua, a bellman at the Beachcomber Hotel in Faaa. Three years ago Tuhipua went to Samoa for a simple tattoo, but the beauty of the Samoan designs made his skin frieze. "I say to myself, why not? I will try it," recalls Tuhipua, who chose his design because it "blinds the eyes." After a six-week ordeal, the job was finally done. The dark filigree of the tattoos covered almost every part of his body, the only exceptions being his face, the soles of his feet and one other isthmus of his anatomy that might delicately be described as No-Tattoo Atoll. "That gonna be too painful," he says.

As important as the games were to the daylight hours of the Festival of Arts, it was dancing that bound together the nights, just as it has always bound life together in Tahiti. When the first English sailing ships arrived in Tahiti, they were surprised by what one of their officers later described as the "wantonness" of the dance. "Even if they begin in decency," wrote a visitor in 1849, "they invariably end with gestures of an abusive sensuality." During the festival you could usually tell what kind of night it had been by looking in the sand on the dance floor at the Place Vaiete, a square in downtown Papeete. The more fevered the dancers' exertions, the more strange the vegetation you were likely to find strewn about the premises. This curious molting process gradually diminished the costumes of all the dancers ex-

continued

cept of the men of Papua New Guinea.

Although they were among the most primitive-looking delegations at the festival, the New Guineans had a good fashion sense and they knew what they liked. They became regulars in the shops of Papeete, where they quickly developed a fondness for the gaudy pink and yellow plastic shopping bags that came with their purchases. Soon they were accessorizing their costumes with the bags. The look was very smart, yet elegant in a way that didn't call attention to itself.

Almost everybody at the festival spoke one of the Polynesian dialects, or French, and in many cases both. There was a slight communication problem between the delegation from Tuvalu and their Tahitian hostess. Tuvaluan men are unaccustomed to being addressed by women not of their lifelong acquaintance, and so they refused to talk with the young woman at all, preferring instead to follow the marching orders of their bus driver.

Communication was what the festival was supposed to be all about, and no one was working harder at keeping the lines of communication open than a small but

continued

determined delegation of folkloric dance groupies who had traveled all the way from Australia, their wonders to perform. These ambassadresses of goodwill diligently attended nearly every function planned for the dance groups, eventually developing a preference for the delicately built but fierce-looking men of Easter Island. And despite the language barrier, these young women were able to divine through pantomime, and God knows what other kinds of semaphore, that the Easter Islanders found Papeete so choked with exhaust fumes that they could hardly wait to return home to their own remote island.

Much of the traffic during the final days of the festival was near the Papeete harbor, where thousands of spectators lined the shore for the outrigger canoe races, the most important event of the entire Tiurai. Some of these were the same kind of craft that Tahitians had paddled across Matavai Bay in 1769 to greet Captain James Cook and the *Endeavour*, and later Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*. The double-hulled 16-man canoes were about 50 feet in length, and for a week they created beautiful silhouettes on the water as their crews practiced at sunset.

At the start of each of the 16 races, the canoes formed a great picket line across the harbor, their hulls the color of breadfruit and mangoes. The paddlers from each club wore distinctively colored pareus like jockeys' silks, so they could be identified from the shore. It usually took about 20 minutes for all the boats to

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The bareback riders at the Pirae track work mightily to win races, but their capricious nags can make betting a tough business.

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move to the starting area, and everyone waited patiently for the stragglers. There was something particularly lovely in the way the boats floated there together, like the petals of a flower, happy just to be drifting in such a beautiful bouquet.

"As great as this event is, it could never be on American TV," says Andy Toro of El Cerrito, Calif., who was representing the International Canoe Federation at the race. "Could you imagine what would happen if the outrigger race was supposed to begin at 9 a.m., and they didn't get all the boats out until 9:35? In the States, money controls everything, and money is TV. But these people don't give a damn about that."

A carbine was fired across their bows to signal the start of the race, whereupon the crews began paddling in crisp, rhythmic strokes toward a reef at the mouth of the harbor. There the canoes had about 100 meters in which to turn for home, a

continued

feat that was accomplished with much bumping, to the hooting delight of the bettors on the shoreline. That was the point at which Carlos Perez of the village of Tautira, the favorite in the one-man race, was whacked so hard on the gunwales by the eventual winner's brother that his canoe spun around in a complete circle. The race ended in a three-boat sprint over the final quarter-mile of the course, with the canoes virtually dead even the entire way. Even the grim-faced officials on their barge—men who had to keep themselves propped on their elbows at all times to prevent their papers from blowing into the sea—raised up in shouts of encouragement to the three. After he had crossed the finish line, winner Filippe Bernadino sat slumped under the prow of a Chinese junk, his chest heaving violently.

Someone threw a flowered lei into the harbor to mark the end of the outrigger races, the final event of the festival. It seemed a fitting signal. During the era of the great ocean liners, visitors to Tahiti would throw their leis into the harbor waters, and if the current brought them toward the shore, it meant the visitor would return one day. A Tahitian friend told me of the custom at the airport as I was about to leave. "The trick was that the tide *always* brought the flowers back to shore," she said. "Tahiti is a jealous island, and it's not going to give you up so easily. If you come back next month, it's going to be a completely different place than when you left. Tahiti is a dream island, but the dream is only real while you're in it. When it's over, you can never be sure if it was all real." **END**

And, as the sun slowly sets over Tahiti, we bid a fond farewell to the romantic island and to the fruit carriers struggling on toward day's end.

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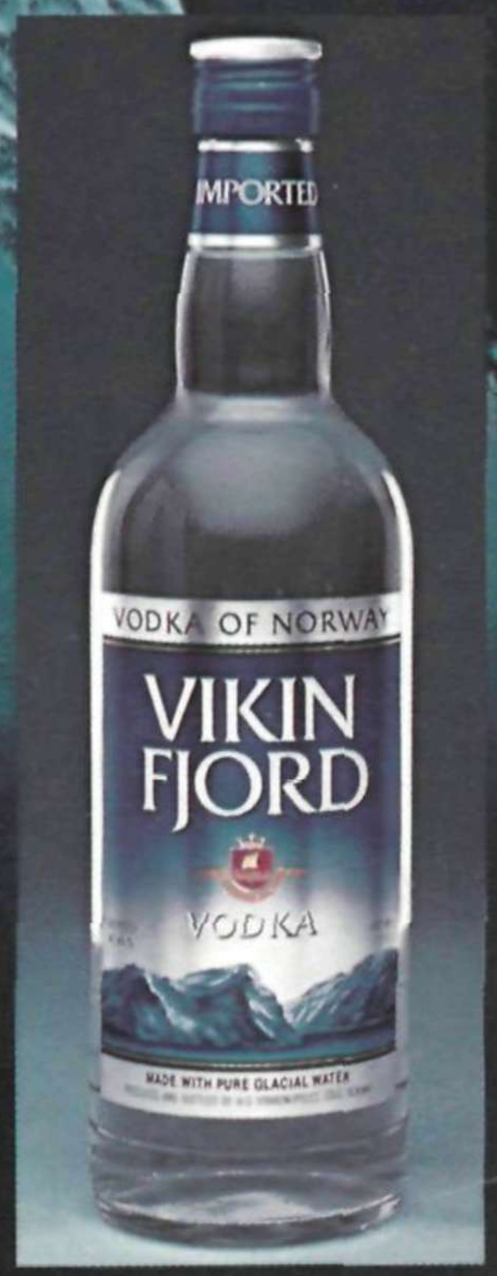

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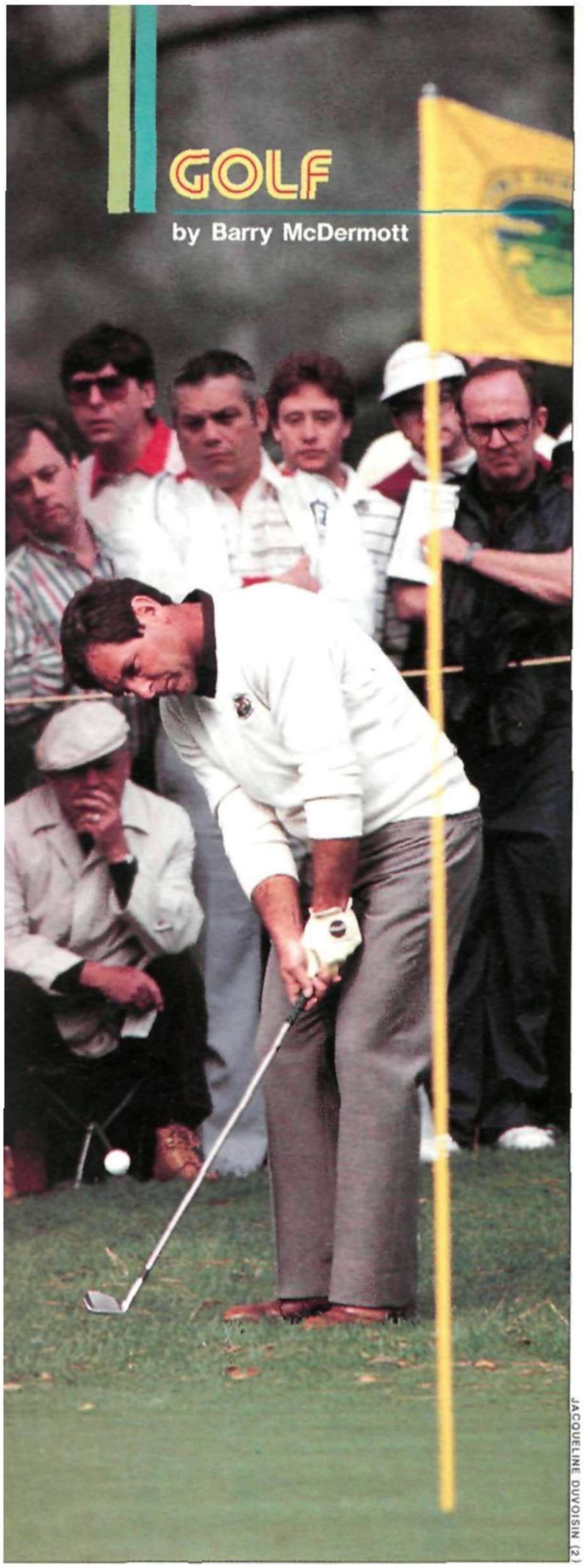

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN (2)

New name, same old tournament

Fuzzy Zoeller won the AT & T pro-am in wet weather that was pure Crosby

It felt like the Crosby, and it rained and blew like the Crosby last week on the Monterey Peninsula. The script was familiar, too. Almost all the golfers—the good, the bad and the downright horrible—wound up red-faced, frustrated and a little in love with the place and the Alaskan rain-forest conditions. "All you can do is bring an extra pair of golf shoes and throw them away when you're finished," said Tom Watson with a shrug.

But the weather-shortened tournament that Fuzzy Zoeller won by five shots, at an 11-under-par 205, after the final round was washed out on Monday, was not the Bing Crosby, the tournament begun by der Bingle in 1937. That was the Clambake, an annual pro-am get-together for Bing's buddies. Over the years it turned into the hottest ticket in golf.

What took place last week at Pebble Beach, Spyglass Hill and Cypress Point—the same courses that hosted the Crosby—was the AT & T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am, an unwieldy name and the source of a lot of controversy. Kathryn Crosby, who had stood behind the tournament since her husband's death in 1977, withdrew the family name last spring after the Monterey Peninsula Golf Foundation, the nonprofit, volunteer group that runs the tournament, chose AT & T, which had promised support to the tune of $750,000, as a sponsor. Kathryn, not wanting to be part of what she called "a corporate sideshow," declared, "The telephone peddlers' convention will not be held at Bing's memorial."

For most people the tournament without the name Bing Crosby was like Rolls without Royce. Tournament officials were barred from using the name Crosby in press conferences. Sportswriters began calling it "the C-word."

The C-word has a way of frustrating golfers in an endearing sort of way. The tournament began with so much wind that Jack Nicklaus almost whiffed a putt on the 17th hole at Cypress Point. He laughed about it on Friday, a day of war stories after overnight rains had soaked the three courses and canceled play.

But by Saturday afternoon, following a fat 80, the smile was off Nicklaus's face. He left Spyglass Hill in shock. "These

Heavy rains made mush of the golf courses, but Zoeller still made a strong pitch against the decision to allow hands-on play.

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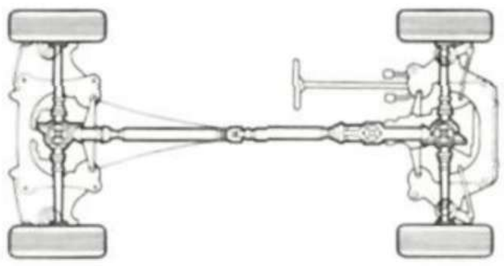

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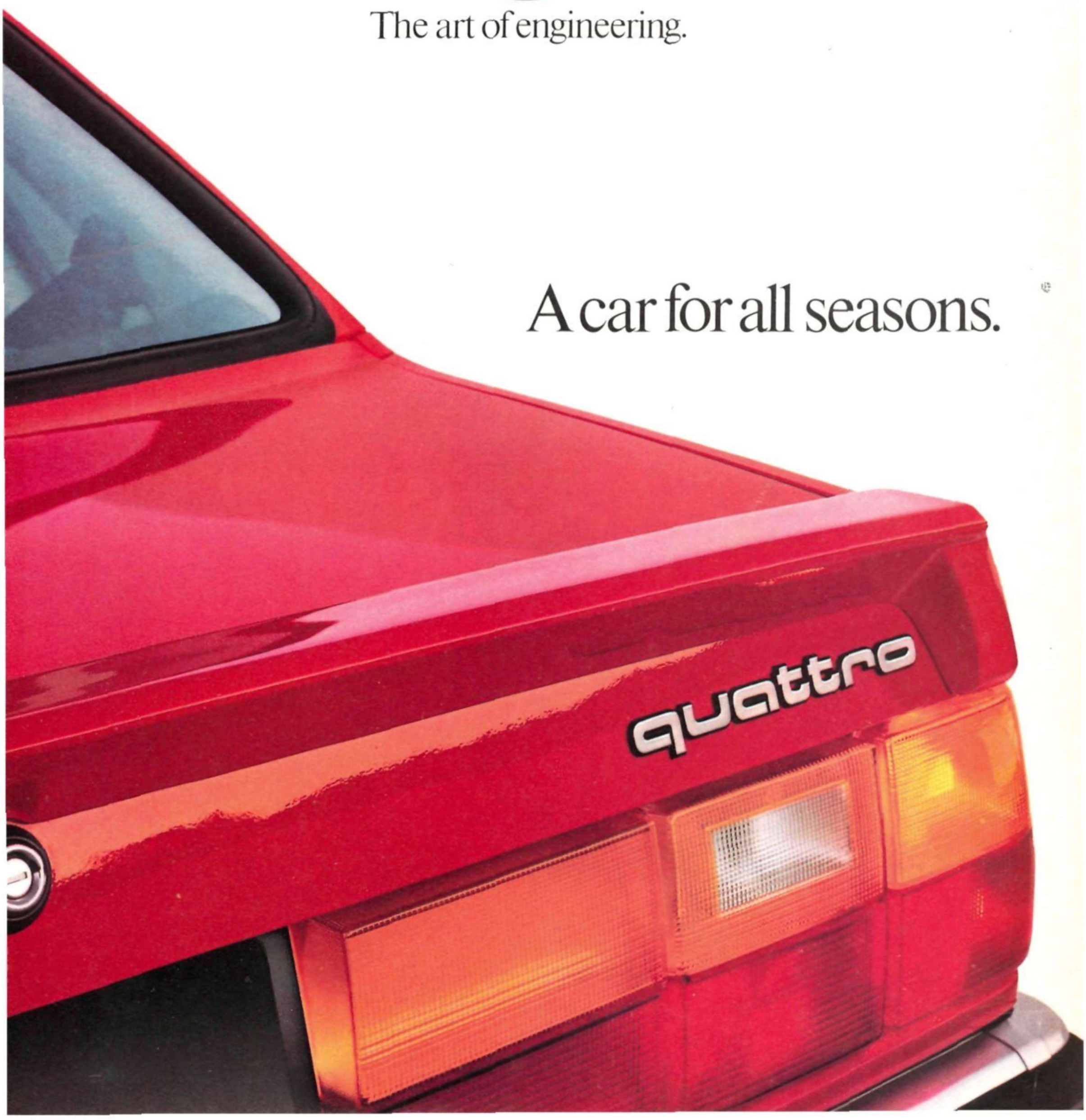


greens," he muttered. "I never seem to read them. Maybe I need a new putter."

"A new putter?" asked his wife, Barbara.

"I know it's not the putter, it's the puttee," said Nicklaus. "But with a new putter, maybe I'll aim wrong, get lucky and pull it into the hole."

"Oh," said Barbara.

Illogical stuff like that somehow makes sense at the Crosby, or whatever you call it. It's one of the tour's best-liked events. "Every time I play here I get sick, and yet I keep coming back," said Greg Norman between coughs.

Conditions were so wet and mushy from Friday's downpour that the courses—in particular Spyglass Hill, which even in the best of times can be a sponge farm—became almost impossible to play. Ben Crenshaw was talking to some hapless amateur about it. "He said Spyglass made him feel like he was in an Outward Bound program," Crenshaw reported.

On Saturday, tour officials decided to allow the players to lift, clean and place their balls when on the fairway for the rest of the tournament. This caused another outbreak of dissatisfaction, because it affected players in different ways. Although Zoeller was posting great numbers on the leader board, he was also one of the complainers, primarily because he had played Spyglass on hands-off Thursday. "We slopped through the crap," he said. "Now the other guys get to put the ball in their hands, and that's a two-, three-, maybe a four-shot advantage at Spyglass."

His mother was absent, but Nathaniel, a pro, felt his father was present all week.

Zoeller attracted some sympathizers—"It stinks," said Craig Stadler—but he lost most of them once they saw his runaway lead.

Meanwhile, Kathryn Crosby's exit from the tournament had little impact last week, other than to force her sons, Nathaniel and Harry, who remain as cohosts, to answer countless questions about the rift in the family.

The touring pros did not feel any sweet sorrow at the parting. It had bugged them that Kathryn had the final say on the pro-am pairings. Said one pro, "Look at what happened to Fuzzy. He wanted to bring a friend one year and Kathryn said no. He wound up playing with her hairdresser." Zoeller set the record straight. "It was a Crosby family friend who owned half of Mexico," he said. "I don't think he made less than six on a hole. Nice guy, but I think Mexico needs a new handicapping system. He was no 17."

The Crosby boys put the best face on things. The pros were insisting the tournament was the same—"It's still the Crosby to me," said Lee Trevino—and Nathaniel maintained, "I think my dad is here this week."

In four years, the tournament's purse has grown from $330,000 to $660,000. "We were forced to seek a corporate sponsor to stay competitive," said Harry Crosby. Most PGA Tour events have corporate names in their titles. Arnold Palmer's tournament, for instance, is the Hertz Bay Hill Classic. This year the Bob Hope Classic added Chrysler to its name. When asked why, Hope said, "Two million five," referring to Chrysler's financial contribution.

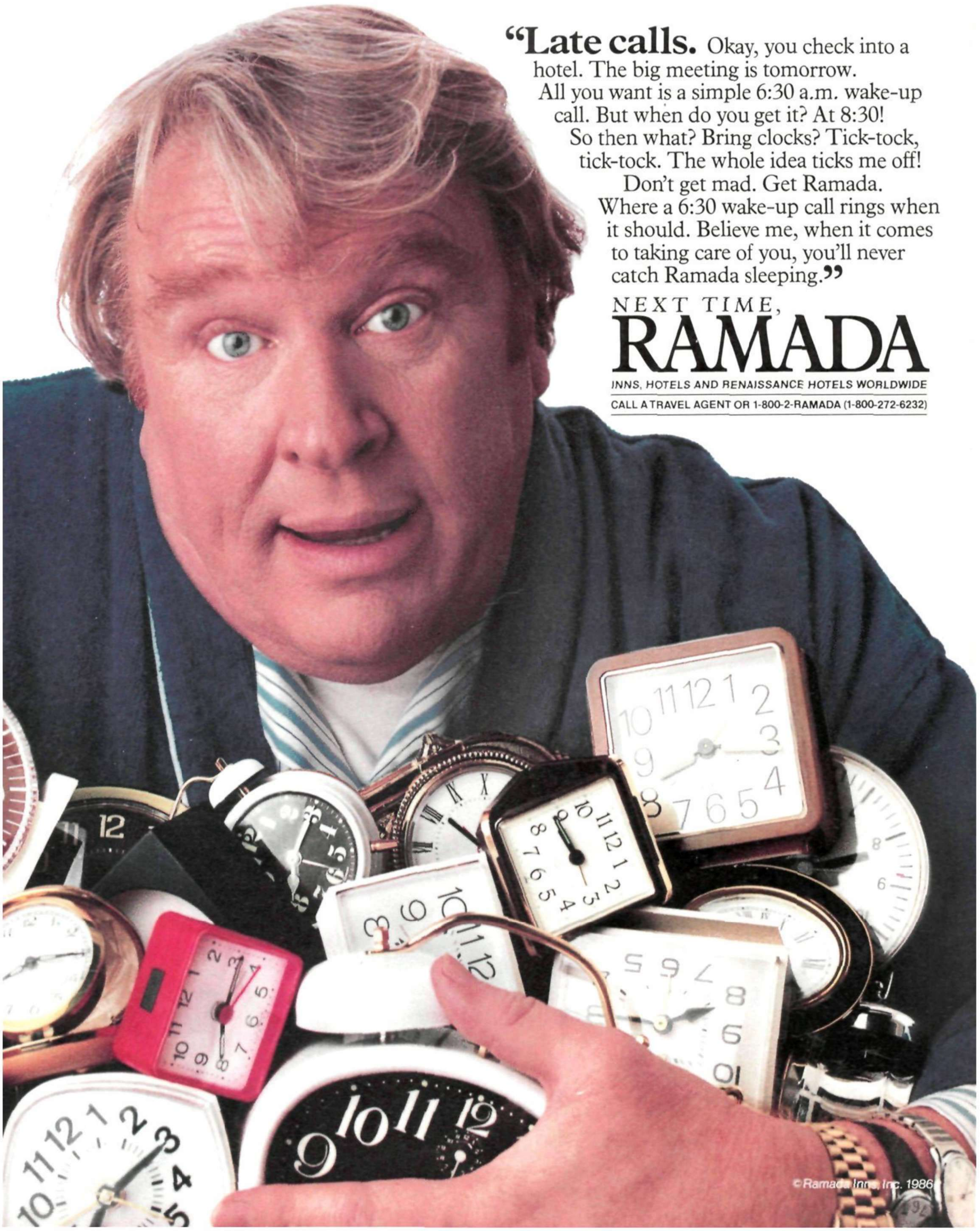
Summing up, if the C-word was a fight, it was getting one-sided. While Kathryn Crosby boycotted the tournament, hardly anyone else did. Even a longtime family friend, entertainer Phil Harris, was on hand. In fact, George C. Scott, Clint Eastwood—who also announced his candidacy for mayor of Carmel, Calif. last week—and James Garner, three high-powered celebrities who have occasionally skipped past Crosbys, all showed this time. Garner limped around. He has had six knee operations and needs another. "I've had mononucleosis for nine months, so I'm not in very good shape," Garner said. "But I wanted to be here."

Bing Crosby probably would have said the same thing. After all, Bing shared marquees with a lot of people. Everyone is keeping the door open. Said Nathaniel Crosby, "I'm hopeful my father's name can be restored." **END**

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN (2)

Harry, a cohost with his brother, hopes to put Pop and Pebble back together again.

What makes Madden mad #21:



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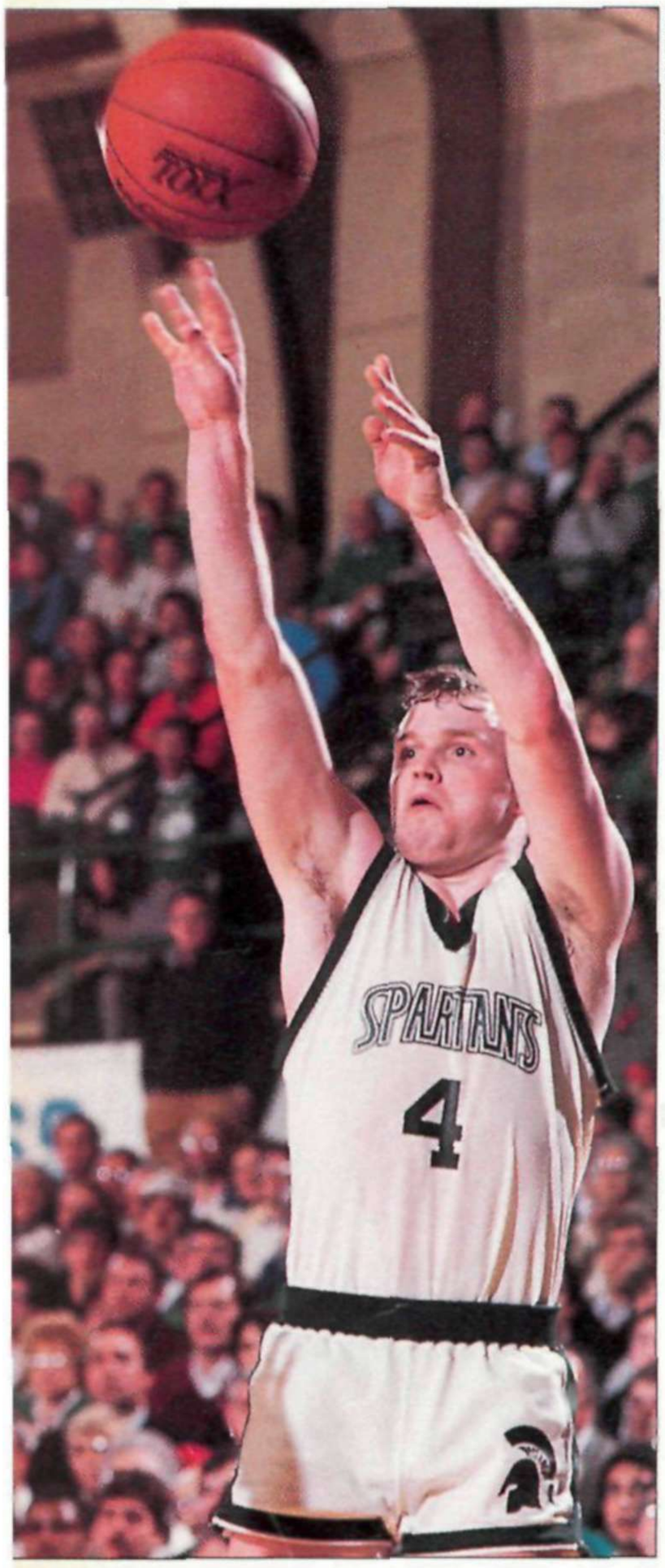
by Ivan Maisel

Shooting to even up the score

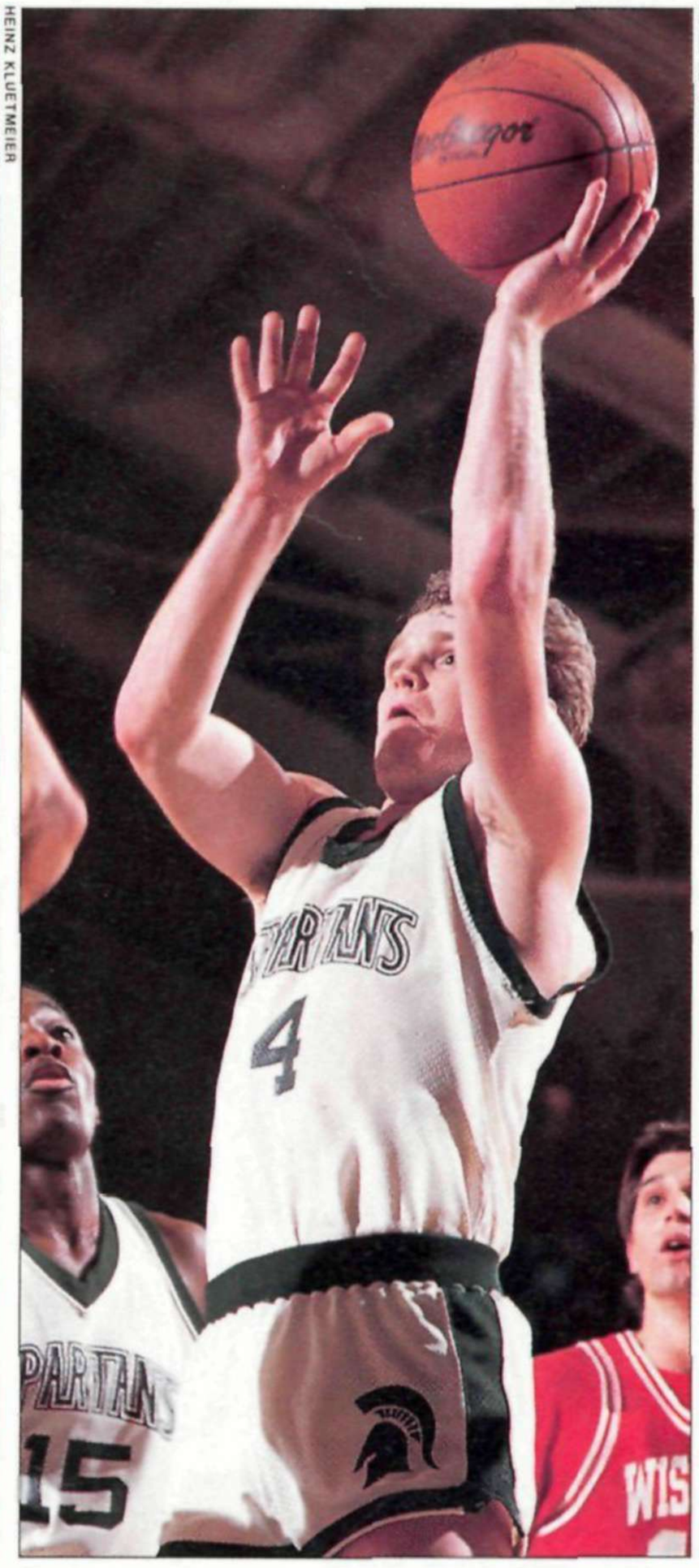
Michigan State's Scott Skiles answers critics with points of his own

Michigan State senior guard Scott Skiles was shooting around at Iowa's Carver-Hawkeye Arena an hour or so before a recent tipoff. Only a few of the 15,450 seats were filled, and the pregame buzz was at a low volume. Suddenly a piercing voice sounded: "Hey, Skiles, where are your handcuffs?" Skiles took a rebound, walked the ball to a spot three feet beyond the top of the key, turned and drilled it through the net.

This has been happening a lot lately. Skiles hears the boos and answers them with phenomenal scoring explosions. In his last four games he has scored 45 points at Minnesota, 40 in an upset over Michigan, 36 against Wisconsin and 29 in Saturday's 97–69 victory over Northwestern. Skiles is the second-leading scorer in Division I, averaging 27.0 points per game despite being short (6′ 1″) and slow. Yet this success has gone largely unheralded because of the other side of his life. In the last 17 months Skiles has been arrested three times, once for marijuana and cocaine possession and twice for driving while intoxicated. As he continues to set Michigan State career records, the question of whether Skiles deserves to play in the Big Ten has shifted from his talent to his character.



HEINZ KLUETMEIER



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Skiles is as deadly from afar with his right hand as he is in close with his left.

"One dollar and fifty cents and you get a list of every offense by Scott Skiles," yelled a wise guy hawking game programs at Iowa. "Cocaine! Marijuana! Drunk driving! It took 12 pages, but we did it!"

During his four years Skiles has made bigger, faster players look foolish, not with Shake 'N Bake moves but with all-day-sucker head fakes and shot pumps that mask a jumper accurate to 25 feet. He hit 20 of 28 against Minnesota, 15 of 20 against then No. 3–ranked Michigan and 18 of 21 against Wisconsin. Many of his passes (he averages 6.6 assists per game) slice through traffic as though a police siren were attached. He also grabs 5.1 rebounds per game.

Skiles has had box-and-one defenses thrown at him, not to mention epithets and pennies from the crowds, all with little negative effect. It's not just his arrest record; opposing fans go after him because of his penchant for fist-waving, woofing and griping to referees. "At the Lobo Classic at New Mexico last December, nobody there knew about any of the trouble Scott has been in," says Spartan coach Jud Heathcote. "By the second night they were booing him."

Four years ago Skiles was the darling of Plymouth, Ind. after leading Plymouth High to the 1982 Indiana state championship. The Pilgrims represented the smallest school (894 students) to win the title since fabled Milan High in 1954. In the championship game against powerful Roosevelt High from Gary, Skiles hit a 22-foot jumper at the buzzer to force an overtime, then completed a 39-point performance in Plymouth's 75–74 win.

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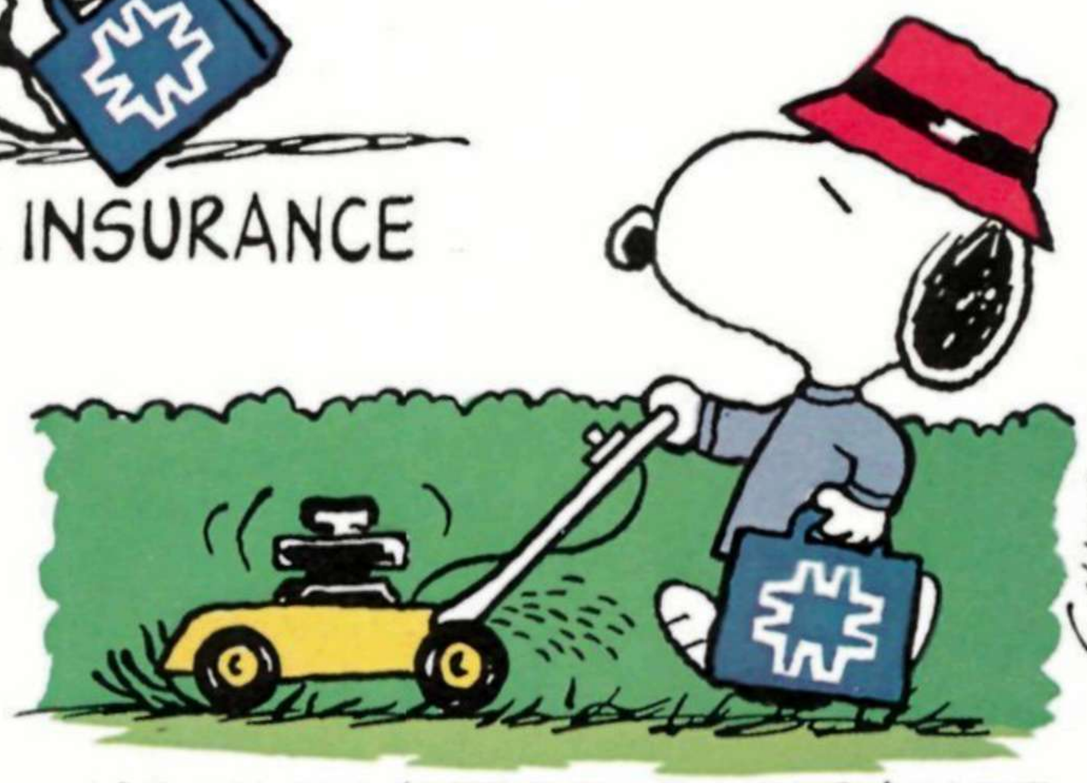

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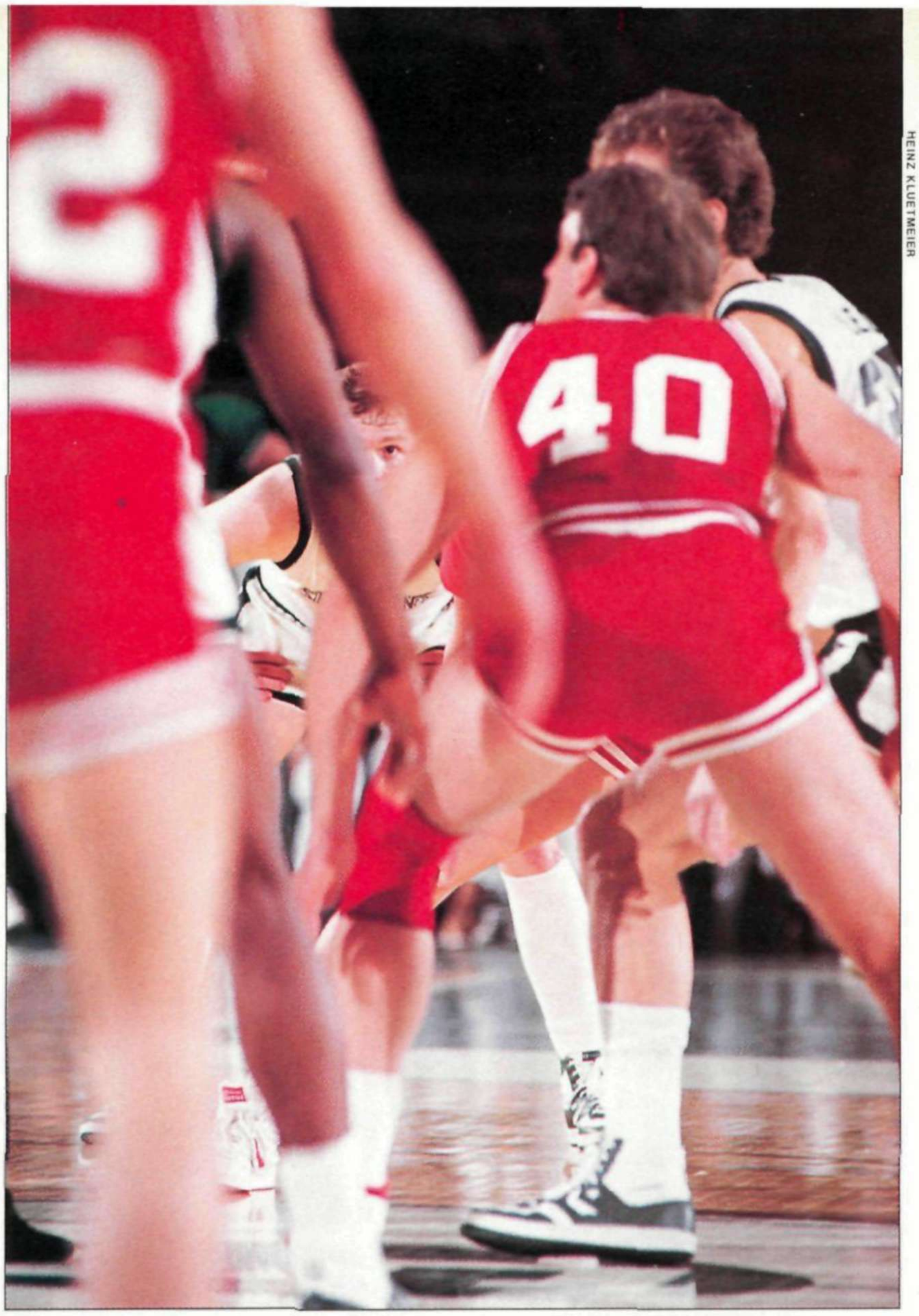

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

His friends hope that Skiles keeps as close an eye on his life as he does on his game.

The victory parade featured several fire trucks and ended at the school, where 5,500 people crammed into a 4,500-seat gym to cheer their heroes.

Now things have changed. No longer do six busloads of Plymouth residents ride three hours to East Lansing to watch Skiles play. "People who had kids who looked up to him and those who looked up to him themselves felt betrayed," says Jan Garrison, news editor of *The Plymouth Pilot-News*. "You put a lot of hopes and aspirations on one person in a small town."

On Aug. 29, 1984, shortly before his junior year at Michigan State, Skiles was driving his car near Plymouth when a policeman pulled him over. The policeman said that he found at least one small vial containing a small quantity of cocaine *and a plastic bag containing marijuana in* a gym bag in the front seat. Skiles's initial explanation was that his roommate had hidden the drugs in his bag. Then he said he didn't know how they got there. He was arrested and released pending trial. Three weeks later, near East Lansing, Skiles was arrested and charged with driving while intoxicated.

In April 1985, Skiles pleaded guilty in Plymouth to a misdemeanor charge of *marijuana possession. The felony co*caine charge was dropped. He received one year's probation, one of the conditions of which was that he not drink or set foot in a bar. He also paid a fine of approximately $100 and worked 120 hours in a home for the aged. In Michigan he pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of impaired driving. There he paid about $300 in fines and spent nearly three days in jail.

Then, in the early hours of Nov. 7, 1985, 2½ weeks before the start of this basketball season, Skiles was arrested again, this time in East Lansing, and charged with driving while intoxicated. There was a public outcry. *Detroit News* columnist Corky Meinecke wrote, "[Skiles] has worn out his welcome. He is an embarrassment to his university, his coach, his teammates and himself."

Heathcote immediately suspended Skiles from the team, then reinstated him four days later. His justification for keeping Skiles on the team: "Five- or 10-game suspensions punish everyone connected with the player. We were either going to reinstate him or suspend him for the year. I did not keep him to win more games. I did it based on the facts. How do I know it was right? I don't. But my decision was, it did not warrant a suspension.

"People assumed that we have an alcoholic or a drug addict in our midst. . . . Scott's a mature young man. He feels guilty for the negative publicity toward the school and the program. He feels a little bit defiant, but he's humble and penitent, too."

"If I had been coach," Skiles says, "I would have kicked the guy off the team. No questions asked." Skiles speaks softly, but his words are clipped, as if his brain is watching his tongue to make sure it runs the play correctly. Sometimes during a game he will put the ball on his hip and point his wayward teammates to the areas of the court where they are supposed to be. Only when they get it right will he resume play. "I put a lot of pressure on *myself," Skiles says. "I tend to wonder* about how good I am." He is talking about his basketball. His brown eyes shine fiercely. "If you don't think you're any good, you're not any good. I've always had deficiencies. Let's face it. Those guys dwarf me. I look at it like a game. How do I trick the guy guarding me?"

On the court, Skiles has excelled since his freshman year, when he averaged *12.5 points and 4.9 assists per game.* He scored 14.5 points per game as a sophomore and then, as a junior, with the two arrests hanging over his head, he was good for 17.7 points and 5.8 assists per game and ranked among the top six players in the conference in four offensive

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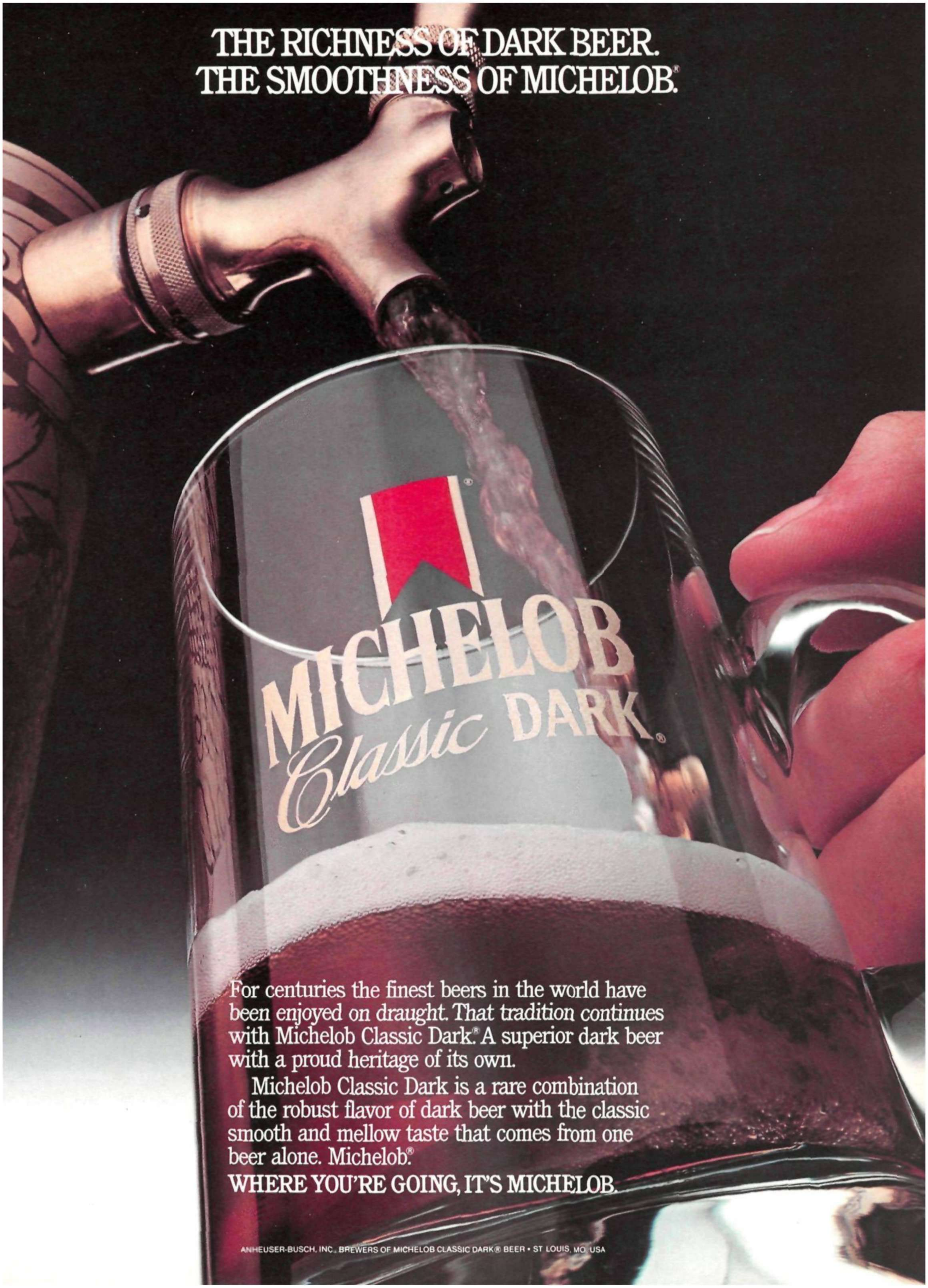
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categories. But in balloting for All–Big Ten, the nine opposing coaches, collectively, couldn't find a spot for him on either the first, second or third teams.

At least one coach has changed his mind this season. "Scott Skiles is one of the most amazing athletes I've ever been around," says Iowa coach George Raveling. "The real test of a person is how he handles adversity. I'm amazed that he can go out night after night and not be distracted. I would have no problem voting him All–Big Ten."

NBA scouting director Marty Blake thinks Skiles could be a role player in the NBA. "My people tell me what he did wasn't so bad," says Blake. "In this league, if Hitler was a center, they'd just say he had a couple of bad years."

Skiles is pragmatic. "The way I look at things, you get what you deserve," he says. That has been the debate all along. An Indiana judge will soon decide whether Skiles's November DWI arrest in Michigan was a violation of his Indiana probation.

"When I get done with my college career," Skiles says, "I'll have more regrets than anyone who ever played. I'd love to have all three of them back to do over. A lot of people make mistakes. Some more than others."

TOP 20

1.	N. CAROLINA (22–1)	1*
2.	MEMPHIS STATE (20–1)	2
3.	GEORGIA TECH (17–2)	3
4.	DUKE (20–2)	4
5.	MICHIGAN (19–2)	6
6.	OKLAHOMA (20–1)	7
7.	KANSAS (20–3)	5
8.	GEORGETOWN (17–3)	10
9.	SYRACUSE (17–2)	11
10.	ST. JOHN'S (20–3)	8
11.	UNLV (21–2)	12
12.	KENTUCKY (18–3)	9
13.	VIRGINIA TECH (18–4)	15
14.	LOUISVILLE (13–6)	14
15.	BRADLEY (22–1)	16
16.	NOTRE DAME (14–3)	18
17.	INDIANA (14–5)	17
18.	VIRGINIA (14–5)	—
19.	LSU (16–6)	13
20.	N.C. STATE (14–6)	—

*Last week

THE WEEK

(Jan. 27-Feb. 2)

by AUSTIN MURPHY

WEST Visiting the Southwest Conference to watch basketball is like going to France's Bordeaux region for beers. This year's SWC hoop action has everyone looking forward to spring football. "Our conference simply isn't very strong," says SWC spokesman Charlie Fisk. "We're having an off year."

When Houston's head coach for the last 30 years, Guy Lewis, announced on Jan. 21 that he would retire following this season, the Cougars, winless in the SWC and 8–7 overall at that point, finally woke up. They won three of their next four games, starting with a 76–69 win over conference-leading Texas A & M.

Arkansas needs just such a turnabout. Picked in the preseason to dominate the SWC, the Razorbacks are 2–7 in league play, 10–10 overall. Under coach Nolan Richardson, who arrived fresh from Tulsa this season with new ideas about uptempo offense, the Hogs have looked dazed and confused. Richardson, who has substituted madly in search of a guard combination, lost starting center Andrew Lang for two weeks to a freak injury. Following a two-point loss on Jan. 11 to Texas Tech, Lang's mother had burst into the Razorbacks' dressing room *to give her 6′ 11″ son a tongue-lashing.* Flustered, the sophomore punched a locker, fracturing a bone in his right hand.

After Arkansas was routed 81–67 Wednesday at Texas A & M, much was made of the maroon blazer Richardson had worn, maroon being one of A & M's team colors. As the Aggies built 23–5, then 35–12 first-half leads, Reveille, A & M's excitable mascot collie, yapped incessantly. The Aggie pep band, 100 pieces strong, made the floorboards vibrate. Just before the second half Richardson took a Frisbee to the back of the head. A & M coach Shelby Metcalf took the mike and implored fans to desist, then added, "But yell like hell for us."

On Saturday, Arkansas lost to SMU 90–80. Richardson, at wit's end, was ejected for the first time in his 22-year coaching career.

After a team meeting during which the players vowed to work harder and not let opposing crowds faze them, Arizona traveled to Washington and upended the Huskies, 70–57. Arizona pressured Washington into 37% shooting from the floor. "We forced almost every shot we took," said Husky coach Andy Russo after the upset. "I could hear groans from the crowd when we were getting ready to shoot, that's how bad it was."

SOUTHEAST The Undefeated Team, always an endangered species come late January, was extinct by week's end as two upstarts from Virginia knocked off previously perfect North Carolina and Memphis State. "Obviously, we're deliriously happy," said Virginia coach Terry Holland after the Cavaliers' 86–73 home win over the Tar Heels on Thursday. The victory was Holland's first at Dean Smith's expense since 1982, when Ralph Sampson was a Virginia junior.

Upset had been in the air in Charlottesville, according to Cavalier center Olden Polynice. "In [communications] class," said Polynice, "I told [guard] Johnny Johnson I was nervous. He said, 'So am I, but I have this *feeling.*' I said, 'Yeah, I know what you mean.' " Polynice must have. Though he's listed at 6′ 11″—"I'm really 6′ 10″, maybe 6′ 9½″," he says—Polynice had 19 points and 10 rebounds against a Tar Heel front line stocked with two 7-footers, Brad Daugherty and Warren Martin.

The box score spoke eloquently: *North Carolina had 31 rebounds, Virginia 44, 21 of them at the offensive end.* "The fast break doesn't work as well when you take the ball out under the basket," cracked UNC's Smith. "It's unreal to be this far along before we lost. I don't see how Memphis State does it."

Cruising at 20–0 as Smith spoke, Memphis State visited Virginia Tech on Saturday with a No. 1 ranking for the Tigers riding on the outcome. Earlier that week, Memphis State had handed the Hokies their worst defeat in almost 10 years, 83–61. In revenge, Tech guard Dell Curry got 28 points and nine rebounds as the Hokies broke in the Tigers' "L" column with a 76–72 upset.

"Before the year, I said nobody would go undefeated," said Memphis State coach Dana Kirk. "After we were 20–0, I was wishing I hadn't said that." Tech had played the spoiler before. Memphis State was last ranked No. 1 in the wire-service polls that were released on Jan. 10, 1983. That very night, Virginia Tech upset the Tigers 69–56.

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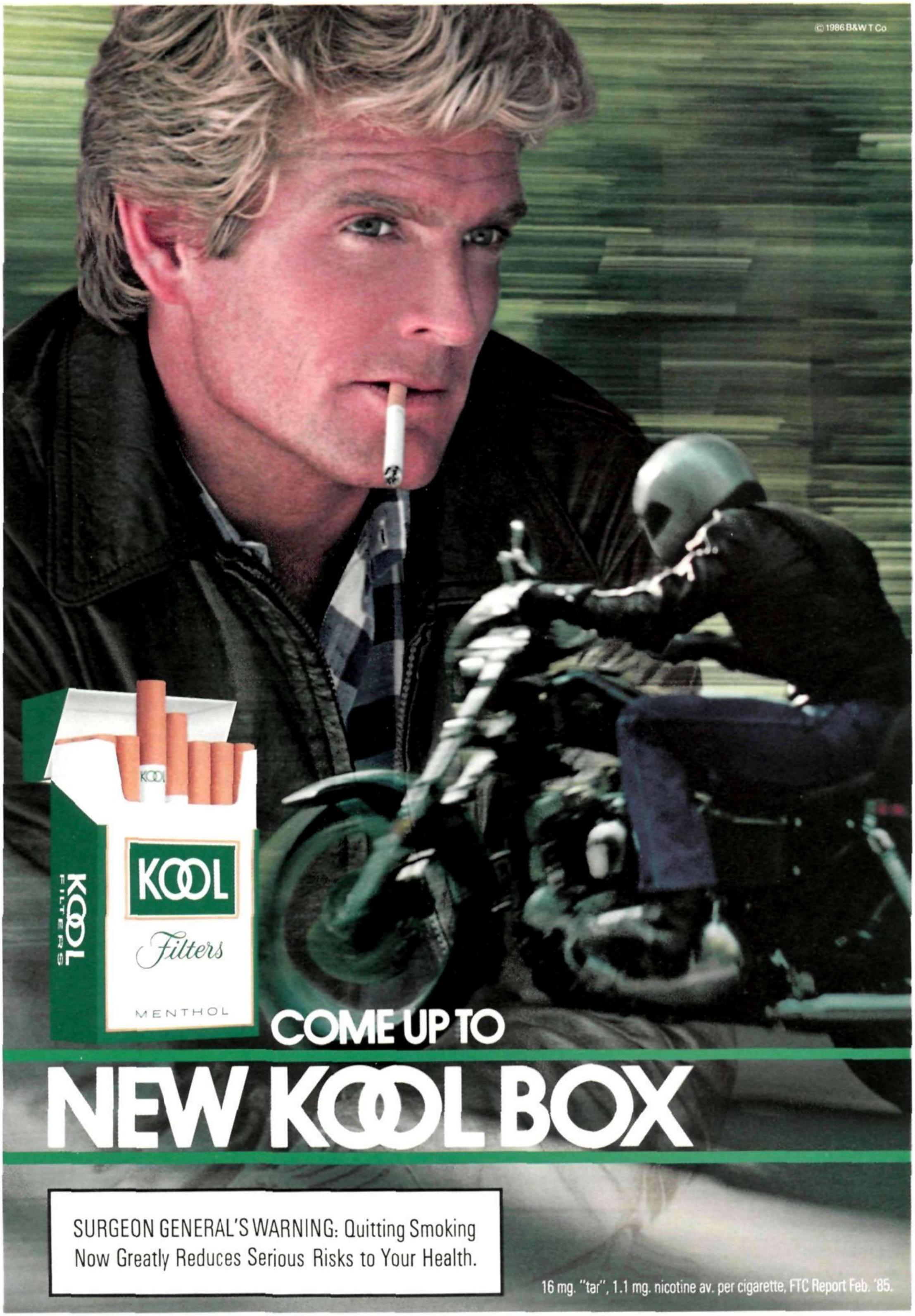
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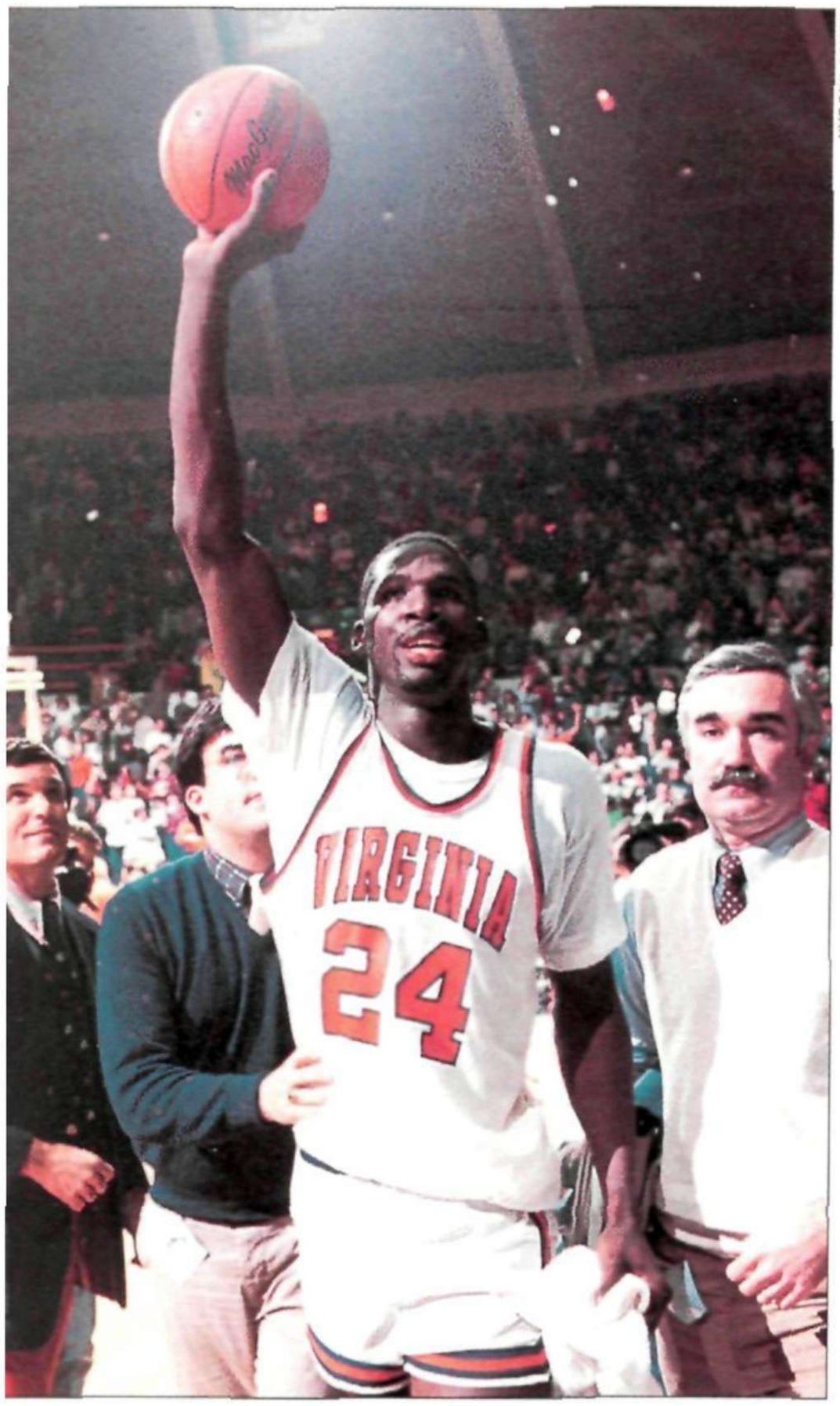

DANIEL GROGAN

Polynice helped hand the No. 1 Heels loss No. 1.

The week saw more interaction than usual between fans and participants. After Maryland jogged past Wake Forest 77–55, 54-year-old Charles G. Driesell vaulted the railing at Cole Field House to confront a heckler who was reminding the Terps that they still occupied seventh place in the ACC. "I ain't ascared of anybody," said Driesell. "I said, 'Go on and push me, and we'll get after it. You start it and I'll finish it.' "

Alabama-Birmingham players and coaches mixed it up briefy with Old Dominion partisans behind the UAB bench during Thursday's 71–58 Blazers win. On Saturday, during an 81–75 loss at Western Kentucky, UAB assistant coach Oscar Catlin was struck in the head by a thrown Mars bar. Sun Belt conference officials are taking steps to try to ensure better fan control.

EAST Seton Hall won a Big East game on the road, an event that occurs almost as frequently as a presidential election. In an 85–73 victory over Pitt—which improved the Hall's alltime league road record to 2–43—the Pirates hit eight of their first nine shots, took a 21–7 lead and never had to worry. "It was a 12-point game on the scoreboard but about a 30-point game on the court," said Panther coach Roy Chipman, whose slumping squad dropped to 4–5 in league play. "We came so far tonight it's not even funny," said Seton Hall's coach, P.J. Carlesimo. Chipman agreed. "I've not been this embarrassed in the six years I've been at Pitt," he said.

Likewise, Northeastern coach Jim Calhoun had powerful emotions after Canisius broke his Huskies' 13-game winning streak, 58–47. "It was a disgusting performance, the most disgusting from a Northeastern team in the last five or six years," fumed Calhoun. The Griffins, on a nine-game streak of their own, jelled in the Siena game on Jan. 8, when coach Nick Macarchuk started his son at point guard. Nick III isn't much of a scorer, but he does know how to run the old man's offense. The Macarchuks go out of their way to preserve a player-coach relationship—even at home. Says Nick II, "He's strictly a boarder in our house. I treat him like anybody else on my team who comes to my house for dinner."

Wagner's Terrance Bailey, the scourge of the ECAC-Metro—and, incidentally, Division I's leading scorer, with a 30-point average—had an extraordinarily productive week even by his prolific standards. On Wednesday, the junior guard scored 49 points in the Seahawks' triple-overtime 105–103 win over Brooklyn College. He cooled slightly in Saturday's 85–81 defeat of defending regular-season champion Marist, contributing 46 points, eight on slam dunks, including one over 7′ 3″ Marist center Rik Smits. To offset the dip in offense, Bailey grabbed 12 rebounds, a career high. Bailey, 6′ 2″, has dunked 47 times this season.

MIDWEST Ohio State went 0–2 but made its opponents feel terrific. On Saturday the Buckeyes allowed Iowa, midweek winners over Indiana, to complete what coach George Raveling called his team's best back-to-back performances of the season. "I'm pleasantly surprised with our record at this point," said Raveling, his Hawkeyes now 16–6 after beating OSU 86–75. "I thought we'd be lucky to win nine or 10 games."

Two nights earlier, 13,344 fans gave the home team a roaring ovation as Minnesota beat the Buckeyes 70–65 with one hand figuratively tied behind its back. Three Gopher players had been suspended after being charged with sexual assault in Madison, Wis. on Jan. 27; interim coach Jimmy Williams suspended two others for disciplinary reasons, leaving only six scholarship players on his roster. One of those, Dave Holmgren, had missed most of the season with sore knees, and played less than two minutes against Ohio State, while three walk-ons never left the bench.

Larry Brown, flying along at a 68–21 clip since taking over at Kansas, is a pedestrian 0–3 in games at Ames. Johnny Orr's Iowa State Cyclones did it to Brown's team again with a 77–74 upset of the fifth-ranked Jayhawks. Cyclones Jeff Grayer and (What The) Sam Hill combined for 36 points. Point guard Jeff Hornacek dealt 12 assists and hit six key free throws to seal what Orr called his biggest victory in six years.

Any remote Big Eight regular-season title hopes harbored by Nebraska dissolved during Saturday's easy win over Colorado. Dave Hoppen, the Huskers' 6′ 11″ center and, going into the game, the conference's leading scorer and rebounder, collided with Buff center Randy Downs in the first half, injuring his left knee. He crumpled to the floor. Hoppen returned in the second half with the knee taped, played a minute, but collapsed again. He is to undergo arthroscopic surgery this week. Doctors suspect ligament damage. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TERRANCE BAILEY: Wagner's 6′ 2″ junior guard, Division I's leading scorer, had 95 points, 19 rebounds and three steals as the Seahawks beat Brooklyn College 105–103 in triple OT and Marist 85–81.

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First Person

by ERIC PERLMAN

EUROPE'S CLASSIC NORTH FACES GAVE THE AUTHOR SIX GRAND CHALLENGES

Eric Perlman, 35, of Truckee, Calif., who has been scaling mountains since he was 16, set out in June 1985 to do something no American had done: to climb in a single season the six classic north faces of Europe—Cima Grande di Lavaredo, Matterhorn, Dru, Piz Badile, Walker Spur of the Grandes Jorasses and the Eiger. Perlman said early on that success was "a tremendous long shot, and almost everyone I know is betting against it." Yet he tried. Here is Perlman's chronicle of what happened — and what didn't happen.

Battleship clouds attack our wall, black and bristling, but we climb farther up the cold face and move deeper into a place with no retreat. Ice blocks as big as boulders crash down the wall and rake our route of ascent. Today is June 19, and we are halfway up the Cima Grande di Lavaredo in the Dolomite Mountains of northern Italy, the first of the six faces I plan to climb between now and September. My partner, Bill Anderson, 30, is retching from time to time, penance for last night's drinking with four iron-bellied Germans. Occasionally he is hit by abdominal seizures. We probably shouldn't have climbed today, but all we've done all week is watch raindrops spatter the grimy windows of mountain rest stops. When the sky cleared this morning—our first good day since coming to Europe seven days ago—we grabbed the chance and flung ourselves at the mountain.

But this morning's good weather is now long gone. On every rope length I face at least a 100-foot fall—there are so few spots to place protective hardware on this blank, rotten limestone. Aiming for speed, we don't even stop for food and water. Somewhere above us, swallowed in clouds, is the finish.

The dim light of day begins to fade. Now the race is really on. We can't spend the night here, dangling in harnesses. We scramble up, hungry for the summit. At last, in a swirling fog, we make it. Our exhilaration is greatly tempered, though, because we're too late even to think about getting down tonight.

We sip water and nibble raisins, our first and only food of the day. We congratulate each other for our first climbing success in Europe. Now all we need to do is survive. We stack stones into a 1½-foot-high wind wall—a bivouac circle with a floor of dirt, stone and snow. The hours flow like cold syrup. Sleep comes in two-minute segments between shivering fits. We have nothing but time to ask ourselves, What the hell are we doing here?

We're the only climbers for miles around. All the Europeans have the good sense to stay home—it's June, but still winter here. We've come a little early to get a jump on the climbing season. With first light we shake off the snow, sip water and begin to search for what is usually a well-marked route down. Today, markings are buried in snow. We have no clues, but we also have no choice. We can stay here and freeze, or march into the murk. We march, and we are lucky. After eight hours we're down. The gravestones of less fortunate climbers lie scattered at the base of the peak. Picking our way through them, we head for food and bed at the local alpine hut.

The hutkeeper's wife cries out when she sees us. In machine-gun Italian she asks, "Are you hurt? Where'd you sleep? I called for the rescue team." The team leader had told her conditions were too ugly to mount a rescue. "If the Americans are still out there when the storm

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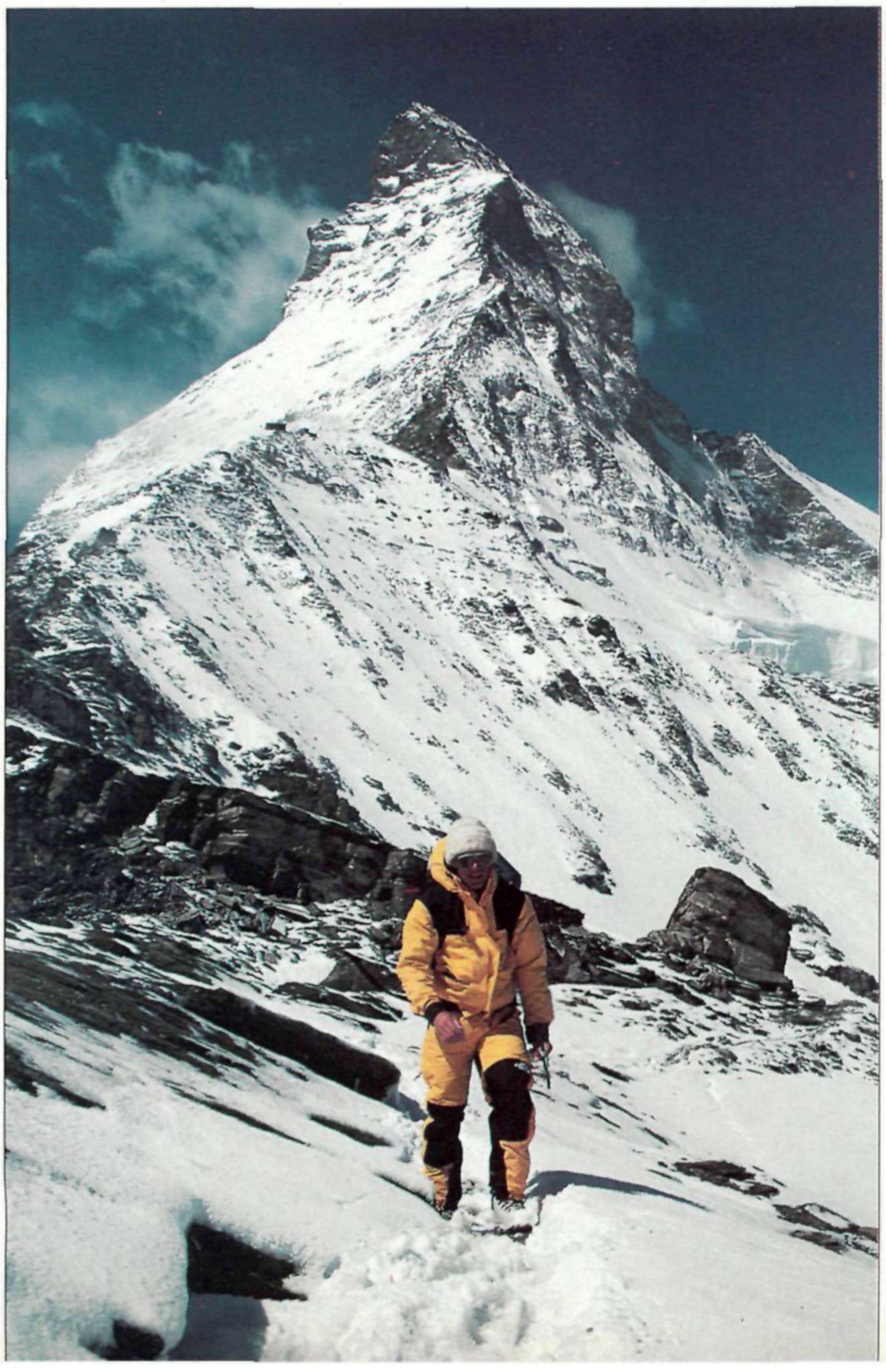

ERIC PERLMAN

Delays like the one at the Matterhorn would eventually cause Anderson to pack it in.

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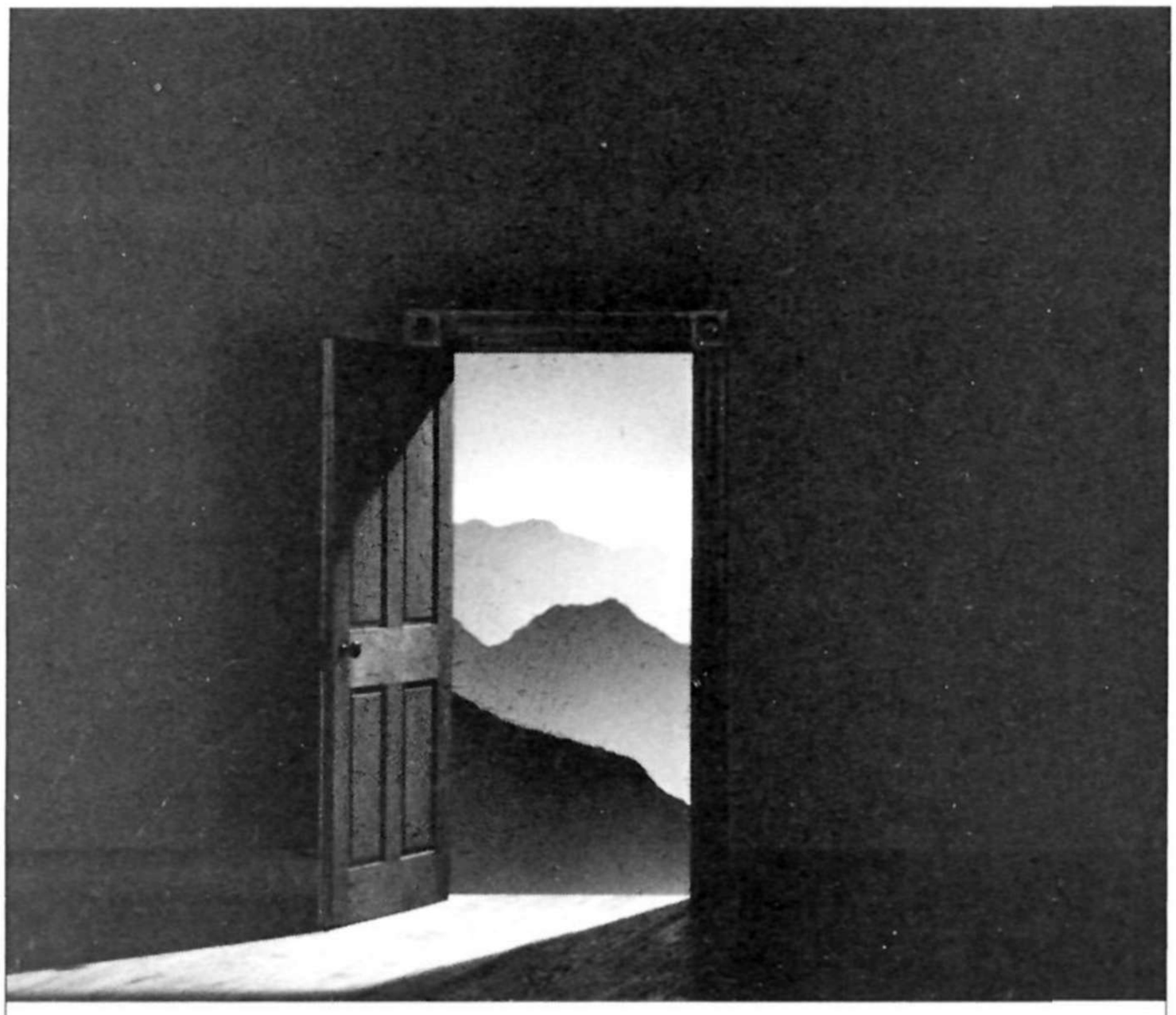

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Ad Council

clears, we'll come look for them," he had said. Retrieve the bodies is what he meant. The storm won't clear for days.

We take a train for Switzerland and head for our next objective—the Matterhorn. The next thing we know we're in the village of Zermatt, elbow-jabbed by 30 kinds of tourists. Zermatt is a lot like Disneyland, except the mountains aren't concrete and paint.

We steam up the trail toward the perfect pyramid tower of the Matterhorn, barely believing that European weather could be so windless and clear. Bill and I check into a funky hut at about 10,000 feet. We eat, drink and try to sleep in the huge community bed (20 mattresses laid side by side), then roust ourselves at 2 a.m. We stomp toward the big front door when—*crash* . . . two Italian climbers burst in. They say they left at midnight to beat us up the north face, but the snow up there is thigh deep and rotten. They tell us the route is impossible and get back into bed.

Hoisting our packs, we head out the door. Thirty seconds up the trail, snow begins falling from a thick, gray sky. Maybe it's just a passing flurry. The flurry turns into a furious whiteout. Our headlamps cut barely four feet into the swirling gloom, and after 20 minutes of wallowing up to our knees, we decide to join the Italians in the community bed.

Two feet of powder falls in six hours. The next morning the hutkeeper says that this freak storm has made the north face unclimbable for the next three weeks. We wade down to Zermatt and check out our other climbing objectives. All are in worse shape than the Matterhorn. We go swimming on the Riviera and hit some French rock-climbing spots to stay in shape.

Finally, a good long-range forecast sends us back to the Matterhorn. It is now late July, and at the hut would-be climbers are packed 30 to the bed. But we have come prepared with sleeping bags, stove and tent, and pitch camp a few hundred yards away. While the rest of the climbers snore and squirm, we watch the stars and then snooze. At 2 a.m. we brew tea and shove in calories; by 3:15 we're on the glacier. We pass four Swiss climbers on the initial ice fields.

As daylight colors the east, we come onto the massive Matterhorn couloir and discover two horrible truths: 1) For all its beauty, the Matterhorn is a decomposing rubble heap of steep, rotten rock; and 2)

continued

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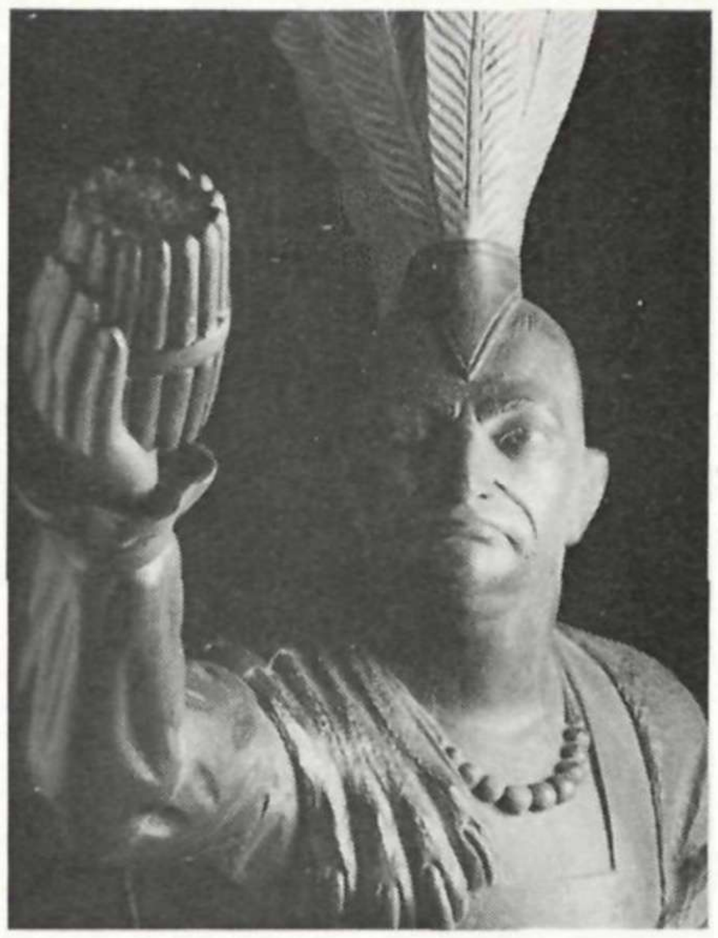

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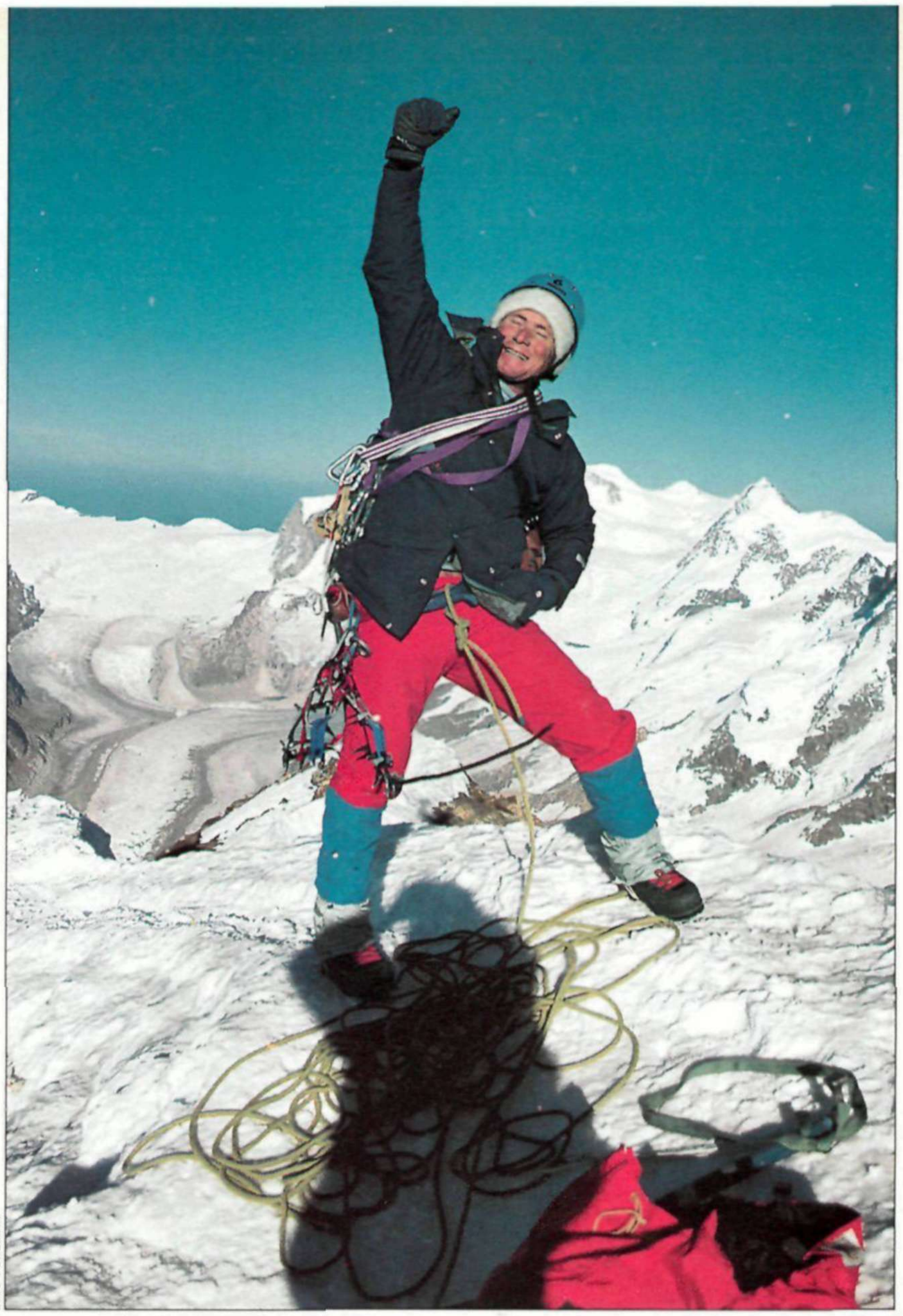

ERIC PERLMAN

The author atop the Dru: He and his partner were soon caught in a lightning storm.

FIRST PERSON *continued*

there's no way to prevent loose rocks from peeling off underfoot and crashing down on the helpless climbers below. Fortunately, the Swiss move slowly, and a margin opens between us. Still, every time some 50-pound chunk of death plunges down toward the Swiss, we cringe. The ice is only a couple of inches thick, so our ice screws catch only a few threads before hitting underlying stone. That'll hold about 40 pounds. Worse, the rock is so shattered and rotten that pounding in a piton is like jamming a stick into gravel—it doesn't take much to pull it out.

The climbing terrain goes from rock to ice, then back to rock. We pull out ice axes, strap steel-toothed crampons onto our boots and climb with these for 100 feet, then take off the ice gear and scale the rock. Then we put it all on again for another few hundred feet. On, off, on, off. After more than 16 hours of climbing, we scramble onto the summit. We allow ourselves five minutes to shout at the westering sun, then we hightail it, full speed, toward a tiny wooden shelter halfway down the easy side of the mountain.

Two down and four more peaks to go—not much of an accomplishment after six weeks in Europe. We had better get good weather from now on, or we'll never make it.

Next stop is Chamonix in eastern France, the mountaineering capital of Europe and base camp for two more objectives—the north face of the Dru and the monstrous Walker Spur of the

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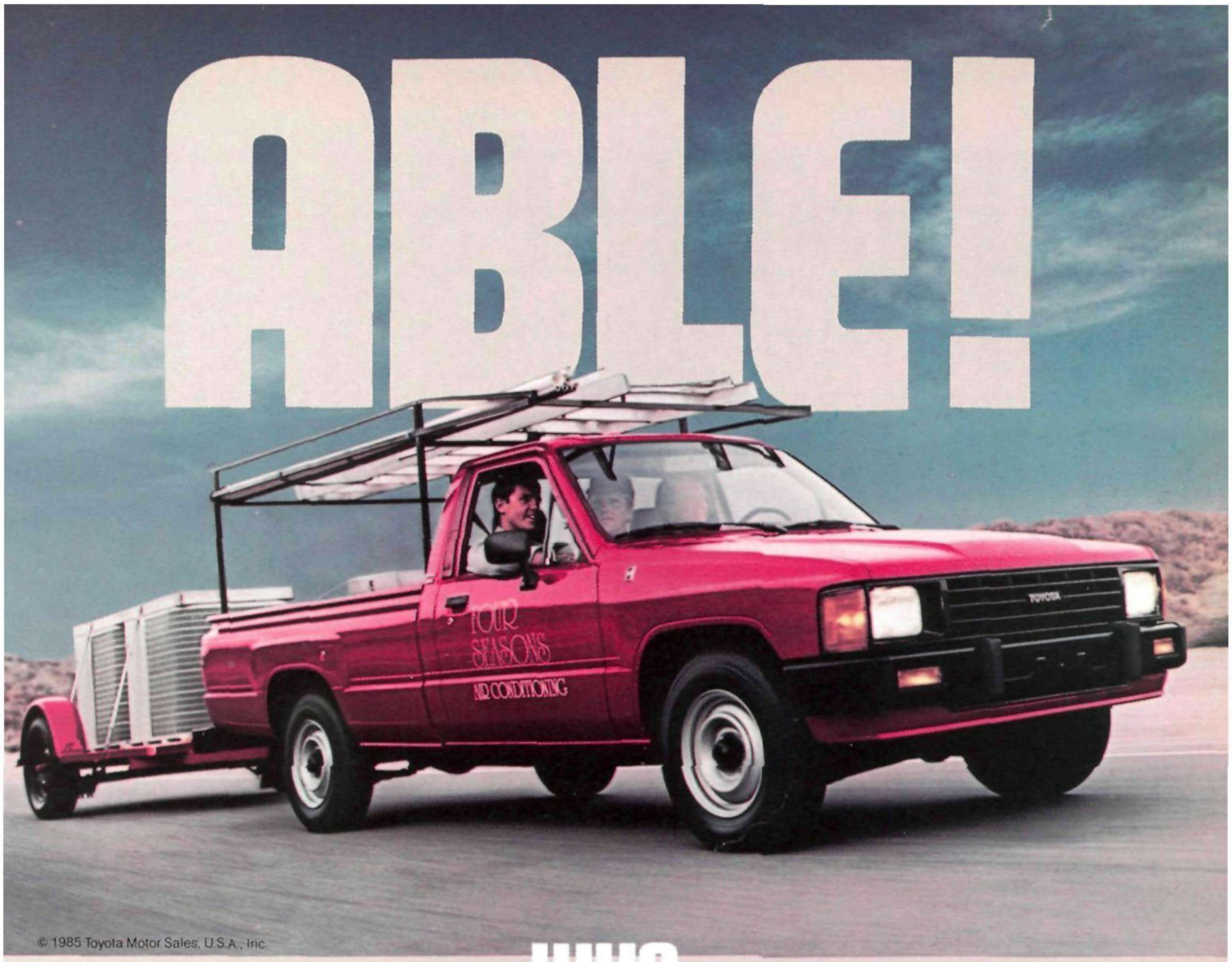

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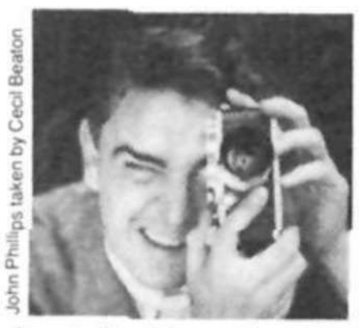

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LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Grandes Jorasses. We head for the Brasserie Nationale, a bar that is the unofficial headquarters for English-speaking climbers in Chamonix. There we learn that our recommended local guide/adviser has been killed the previous week by falling ice and that conditions have been as miserable here all summer as everywhere else in Europe. Dean Hobbs, 33, a lanky climber from Bishop, Calif., tells me he's looking for a partner.

Rain falls on Chamonix for a week and a half. Wind, fog and snow also take their turns. We make frequent trips to the Chamonix weather board, where maps, upper-air charts and three-day forecasts are updated every four hours. It's stupid. Yesterday's forecasts called for sun, yet *today we are sloshing around in rain suits* to read tomorrow's predictions. They are always wrong. Day after day we return to study the forecasts.

Finally it looks like a good weather window is opening. Clear tonight, clear tomorrow, with thundershowers to follow. If we move fast, maybe we can zip up the Dru's north face and get down before that storm hits.

We rush back to camp, pack and catch the last aerial tram of the day to a point from which we can walk to the start of the Dru the next day. The tram hauls us up into a cloud so thick we can't even find the start of the trail. We wait at the tram station for the cloud to lift. It hangs close until just before dark, then explodes into a snowstorm. Climbers come fleeing out of the backcountry. Snow bullets pepper the metal roof and blow through the walls and cracked windows.

The next morning dawns cold and clear, but our climbing route is covered with snow, brittle and white—too hazardous to try. Bill and I ride the tram back down to the valley in silence. He has had enough. He's finished. Once down, I take him to the train station. Four peaks left, only six weeks to go, and now no partner. I glance across the valley at the Dru and curse its snowy face.

But suddenly it's melting! All that *fresh snow is dripping off the north face* in wet, black streaks, and even though it looks sloppy, it may be climbable within a day! I race back to town and into the Brasserie, where I find long Dean Hobbs, all 6′ 2″ of him, with his legs draped over a chair. "Dean, old buddy," I cry, "let's go climb something big."

"Sure," he replies.

Our plan of attack is risky. We know a

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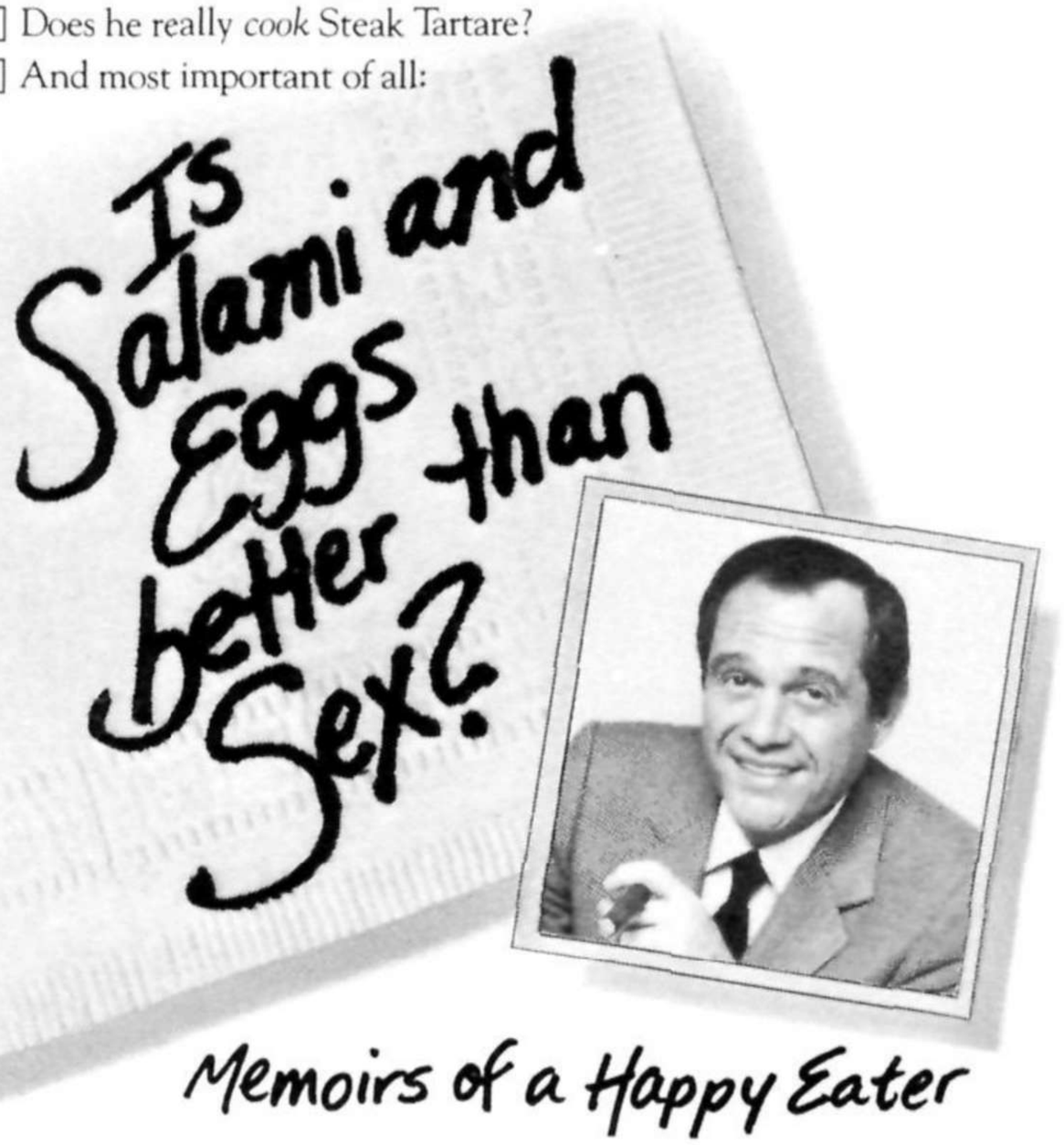

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ALAN KING *and* MIMI SHERATON

*See page 27 At bookstores now **LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY**

FIRST PERSON *continued*

storm is predicted for the following night, but the forecasts have been consistently wrong and we figure we'll punch it—get as far as we can and hole up if the weather does happen to turn nasty. We hop the tram in the morning and cross the glacier to the foot of the Dru. Big Dean and I are an unlikely pair. We're both red-haired and strongly built, but my chest barely reaches his belt. I take two steps to each one of his, but we move at the same speed.

Dean leads up the Dru. He grovels and flails like a gaffed fish up a soggy chimney, and I can tell already that it's going to be a long day. A hundred feet of unroped snow climbing puts us on a snow-covered terrace. A pair of Frenchmen in colorful headbands and soggy shoes string ropes to retreat. "Too much snow and ice," they say, shrugging.

A hundred feet more of snow climbing leads to ice-plastered granite. I grab a 70-pound block set in snow and heave myself upward on it. The block pulls loose in my hands! I teeter with it, unroped. "Run," I yell at Dean below. He dives out of the way and I let go of the block and leap aside. It careers down the route, striking sparks as it falls.

Obviously, this mountain is not as solid as it looks. Eventually we reach a stretch of dry granite. I break out a secret weapon. Tucked inside my heavy plastic mountaineering boots are a pair of high-friction, precision rock shoes. Dean is glad to let me lead. It's faster, and with the rock so badly plastered in ice and snow, we'll need every minute of daylight we can get.

Dean and I race upward. All day we hug the ice-encrusted stone. We chop fingerholds in the ice with a hammer. We kick at the snow for footholds. Hope flares as we see the top, three rope lengths—just 150 yards—above us. But then it starts to snow.

The rock grows instantly slick. My smooth-soled climbing shoes will soon be like roller skates. It's time for one last burst of speed, and just as the face turns into a sheet of wet glass, we hit the top. We are able for a moment to get to the lightning-scarred metal Madonna marking the summit, then the falling snowflakes thicken and we can't see 20 feet in any directon. But Dean stays cool. As last daylight fades, he rappels 70 feet down through the gloom and finds a perfect ledge—dead flat and wide enough for two. It's tucked under a steep sloping

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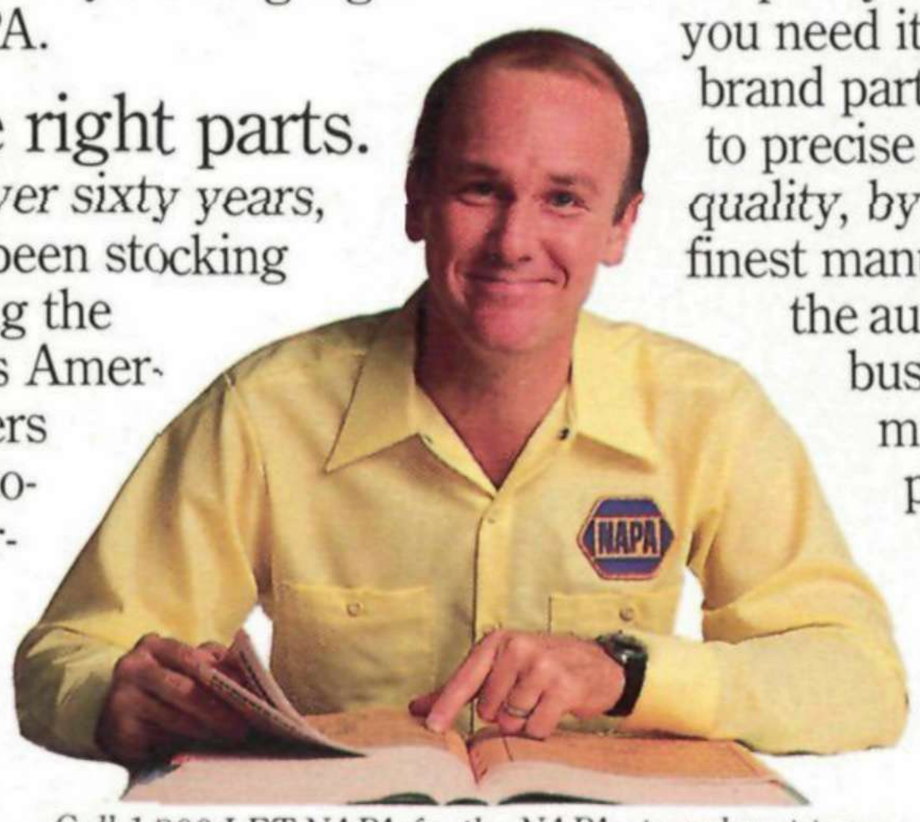

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wall, and some earlier climbing team has already built a wind wall of rocks.

We've brought the works in our climbing packs—sleeping bags, extra clothes, food. This should be fun—a camping trip on top of the Dru. We munch some crackers and settle in for the night. Snowflakes drift down on us, but we stay warm and dry and peaceful. . . .

Then at 1:20 a.m. a crack of thunder explodes just above our heads, rolling and roaring with deafening force. Lightning stabs all around, so hard and bright I can see the burst through my pulled-down hat, sleeping bag and bivouac sac.

A howling, snarling lightning cloud is surging at us out of the west. It swallows us in its sizzling mass. Climbers die from lightning strikes every year in the Alps.

Ka-whomp! Oh, my God, I'm hit! I've been kicked in the head by cruel light. There's no escape. Lightning engulfs the summit spire. Electricity fires up the bitter-cold air. We cling to our tiny ledge as if it's a life raft. Hunched small as mice, we wait.

Ka-whomp! I'm hit again. This time a slap in the knee where it touches the wet granite wall. Thunder bellows. The lightning reels across the summit. Another flash burns our eyes, but not our flesh. The air pressure is changing. The storm is moving on.

Dean and I lie terrified, breathing in staccato bursts. Sometime before morning the adrenaline subsides, and we slip into restless sleep.

The next day dawns nasty and gray. Snow buries the descent route. It takes the entire day to climb down the Dru.

Dean and I get back to Chamonix and say goodby. He leaves, I go into the Brasserie Nationale, which is jammed with loud-talking Brits. They suck their cigarettes and talk up their latest climbs. A message board in the back corner is crammed with climbers' messages in 10 languages: "Used rope for sale. . . ." "Beginning climbing partner wanted. . . ." "Whoever stole our tent, we're going to use your face for crampon practice. . . ." Tacked to a corner I see: "Eric Perlman, let's climb—Marc T."

Marc Twight, 24, a hot young climber from Seattle, has been building a reputation for bold solos on big, dangerous peaks. Back home he and I had talked by phone about climbing together in Europe this summer. We had never met, but I liked his phone style—cocky, aggressive and bright. I wade through the rain to the appointed meeting spot and find a man with a spiky black beard and a white streak dyed down the part line of his black hair. This is Marc Twight. This should be interesting.

A new storm dumps 3½feet at the upper elevations. Every helicopter rescue service in the Alps is swamped with business, plucking the snowbound and injured off the peaks. When the snow finally stops, every Alpine route we want is an avalanche trap. My patience wears out. "I don't care if we have to dig, swim or tunnel, let's go get something done," I say. Marc agrees with a grisly cackle. We load up a rented clunker and motor across 200 miles of sweltering Italian cornfields, arriving at the base of the Piz Badile in twilight. The entire top half is blanketed in snow. It gleams and shines and makes me sick. The Piz Badile is a rock climb. The first ascent, in 1937, was a three-day epic of storm and exhaustion that took the lives of two Italians. For us, wet snow on the granite slabs could triple the climbing time. Or maybe this time the route really is "impossible."

The next day we drive toward St. Moritz to examine the Piz Badile from another angle. The face looks just as snowy and grim . . . but wait! A thin ribbon of black rock threads through the wall of white. It looks close to the line of the climbing route. But when we arrive at the alpine hut at the foot of the Piz Badile, European climbers laugh at us. They say that this route won't be climbable for at least a week, and maybe not until next year. I look at Marc. He turns down his Sony Walkman, which he wears permanently plugged into his ears, and says with a sneer, "I'd rather be forced back by bad conditions than wimp out and never try." He turns the volume back up.

We rise at 3 a.m., peer out and immediately go back to sleep. Dense, wet fog obliterates all visibility. We wait a day. The next morning at 3 a.m. the sky is clear. We hurry up the trail, cross snowfields, top a granite ridge and see the face up close. We can't believe it. The gleaming slabs of white have disappeared, just in the last two days. The wall is wet, but it's rock, not ice. We stuff our ice tools deep in the pack and hit the climbing surface hard and fast. Running water splashes down almost every crack. Snow and ice fill the gullies. But morning sunshine sweeps the face and dries the rock before our eyes. Strange as he looks, Marc is a swift, skilled climber. Even loaded with

continued

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bivouac gear and extra food, we devour the altitude so fast we howl with laughter as we race up the rock. Seven hours later we finish the route. How could we climb this monumental face so fast? With a mystical grin, Marc reveals the voodoo totem he has been carrying—a beige teddy bear dressed in climbing harness. "This is Hermes," he says. "He brings good luck."

Back to Chamonix we go (Hermes, too, of course), and back to the Walker Spur of the Grandes Jorasses. As usual, preliminary inquiries tell us we're nuts—*the route is "impossible." We'll go for it* the next day.

A two-hour hike across the Mer de Glace glacier puts us at the Leschaux hut, an oversized aluminum Kleenex box perched on a hillside in full view of the Walker Spur. We arrive early and study the face with binoculars. It's huge, the *biggest one yet—1,000 feet higher than* Yosemite's El Capitan. And it is heavily laced with snow and ice.

Climbers arrive in pairs and threesomes throughout the afternoon. By nightfall the hut overflows with bodies. The ruckus begins at about 12:45 a.m. as eager early climbers, rushing to dress and *pack, step on each other and clatter* across the hut. There is no point trying to sleep. We rise, guzzle tea and head onto the glacier by headlamp. It's tricky picking through crevasses when everything is gray.

A pair of Swiss climbers reaches the bottom of the wall two minutes before us. *We pause and watch while they set to* work. There's no sense crowding on a wall as big as this, not with the constant risk of being hit by rockfall from climbers close above. But as we wait, streams of other climbers arrive from the glacier—all hot to jump on the Walker Spur. There must be a dozen of them, with *more on the way. Their headlamp beams* spear the darkness, crisscrossing in confusion. Some climbers try to elbow us aside and take our place at the head of the line. This is typical European Alpine courtesy. We elbow them back and attack the short ice wall with axes and crampons. We cross the ice, gain the rock *slabs above, slip off our crampons and* commence the marathon to the top.

The Walker Spur is more like a race than a climb. A continuous stream of multicolored ropes and laboring bodies stretches a thousand feet down the face. Faster teams overtake and pass the slow-

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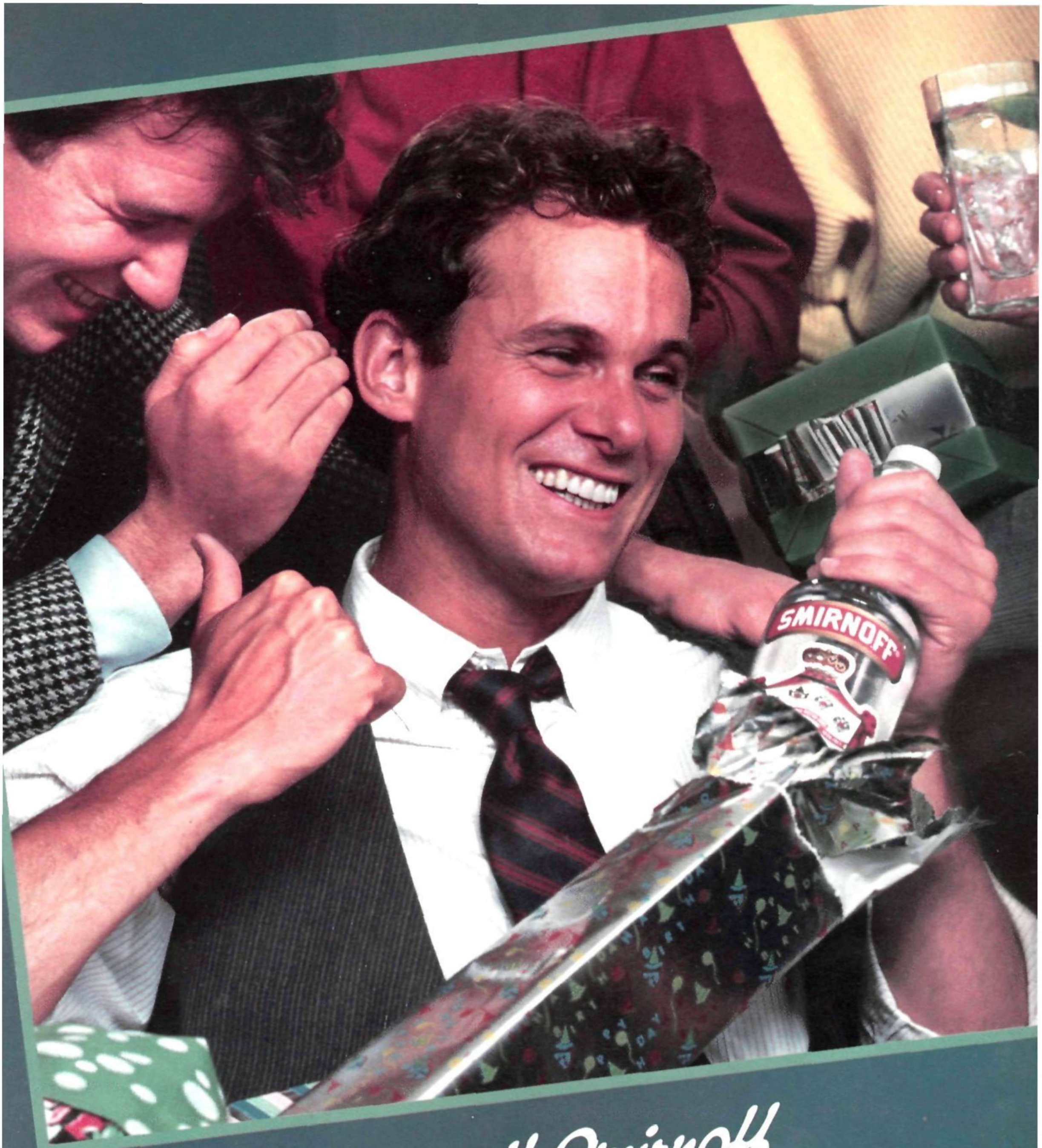

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er, then tire, pause to rest and are passed themselves. We are able to keep the No. 2 position, just behind the front group of Swiss. They are quick, skilled climbers and drop no rocks down on us, bless their hearts.

Marc and I are 1,200 feet up the wall when daylight comes. A cold morning wind rakes over us and numbs our fingers. We keep on with the steady routine of the climb. Reach, pull, step, reach. The hours roll on as we make our moves in this game of gymnastic chess. We climb as hard and as fast as we can, but the summit never really seems to get

ERIC PERLMAN

Twight and his teddy bear joined Perlman for the ascent of the Piz Badile, which turned out to be the easiest of the climbs.

ERIC PERLMAN

any closer to us. This baby is *huge*!

Climbers now stretch continuously 2,000 feet down the face below us. This isn't a raceway anymore, it's a superhighway. This is the end of the traditional European August vacation. Every Alpine hot rod in Chamonix wants to lay some rubber on this rock as a crowning finish to the climbing season. Never mind the snow and dicey weather, the gang's all here. At least we aren't lonely, but that isn't necessarily a good thing.

Dangers multiply as we begin to catch and pass teams which had slept on the wall the night before. Many of them have now been climbing two days and tired climbers tend to be sloppy. Above us, two Welshmen bellow and thrash like cattle in quicksand. They kick a continuous rain of snow and rocks down the route. They are the most hazardous pair on the mountain this morning.

Marc and I move up toward them like commandos. We hide behind outcrops and slip into corners, creeping ever closer. At last we strike—but only with soft words: "Excuse us, gentlemen, may we pass? No, please don't move aside; stay just as you are. Well, perhaps you could take your boot off my hand. . . ." Mission accomplished, Marc and I flee upward.

Amazingly, we see that the sun is sinking in the west. Can it be? We have been climbing nonstop for *17 hours*. Our punctured hands are dripping blood on the rock. The last light is almost gone. But there's the summit just ahead! We turn on the speed in a last desperate burst.

Daylight disappears. The stars return. We strap on our headlamps and finish the climb as we started—our puny little beams cutting through the threatening gray. We pull ourselves up onto the final snow cornice, we shake hands and check off another win.

We see now that the back side of the Walker Spur is solid snowfields. A hundred yards below us we see more than a dozen headlamps. A crowd of climbers is digging snow trenches for shelter from the wind. We join a group of six, pulling off our helmets to use as snow scoops. Soon we have a big enough pit for all. Four more exhausted climbers stumble down to join us, 12 for the night. We stuff ourselves into the trench like zucchinis in a crate. Two Americans (us), two Swiss, the two Welshmen, five

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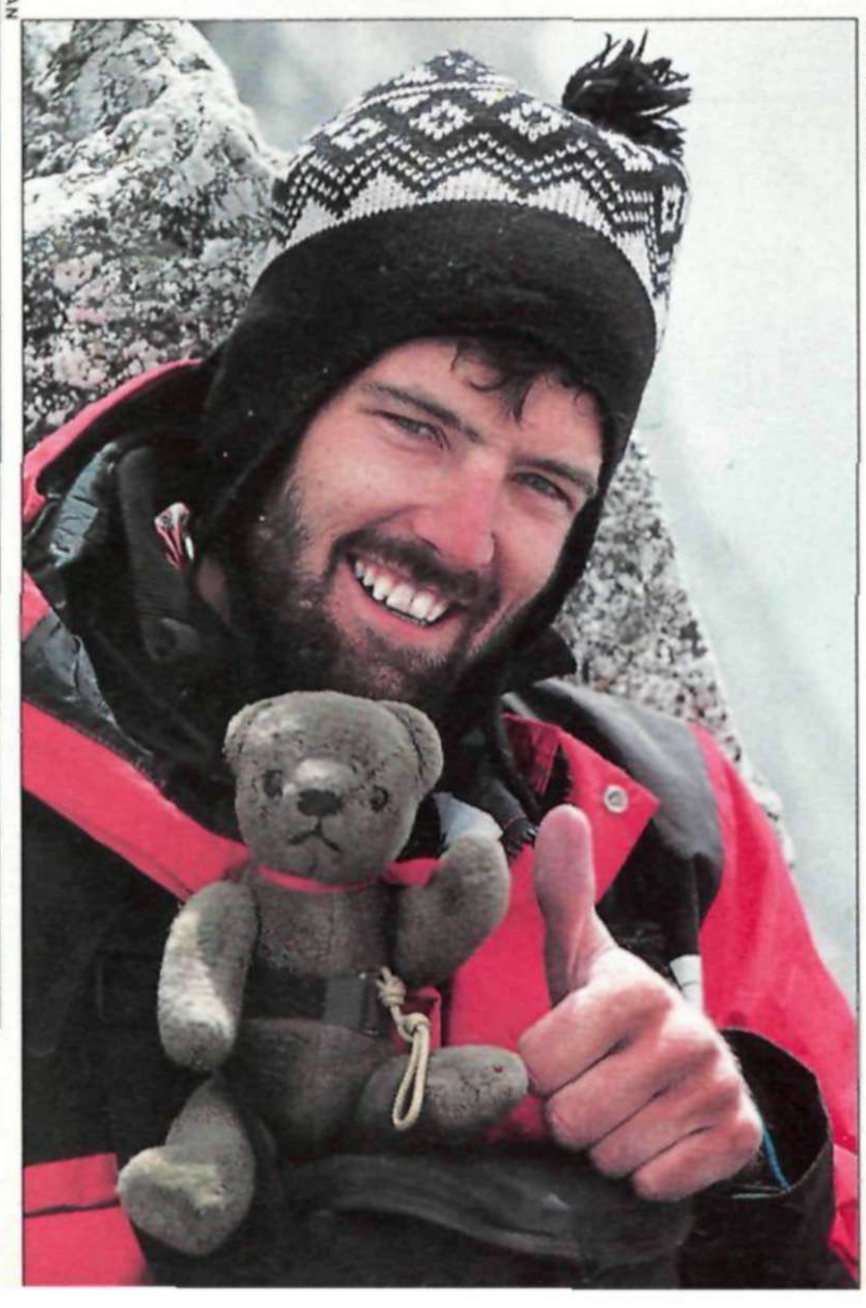
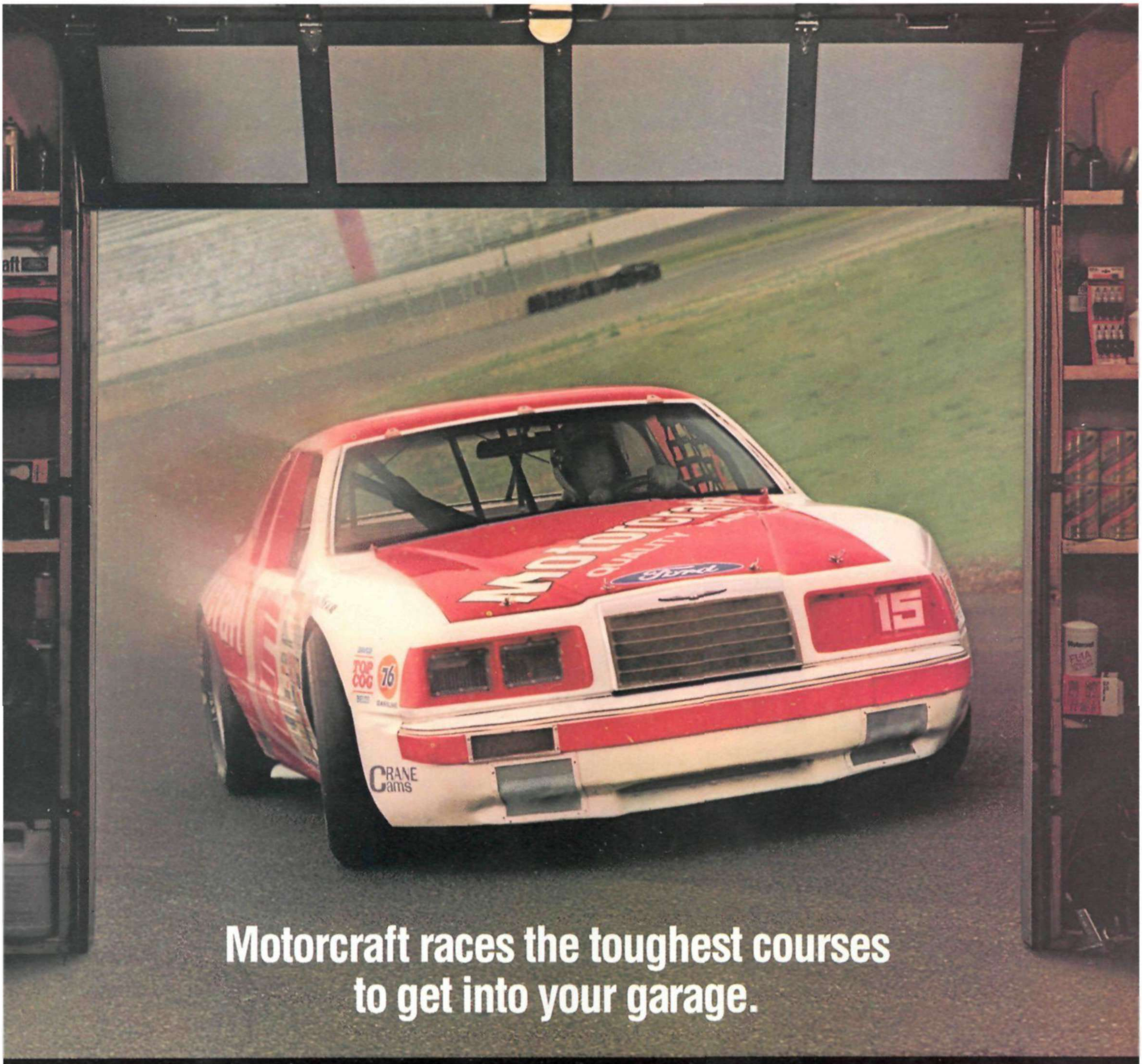


ERIC PERLMAN



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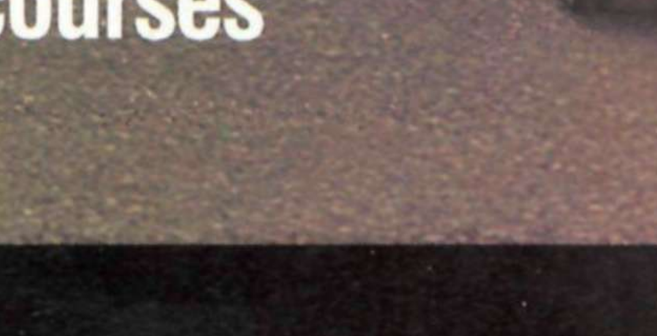

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But just for the record, in the last 8 months we've introduced 30 new office systems and business solutions. **From Xerography To Lasography.** All of these new systems and solutions are designed to help you create, preserve and share documents of unsurpassed quality. And all are backed by Team Xerox. The people who provide a service and support organization second to none.

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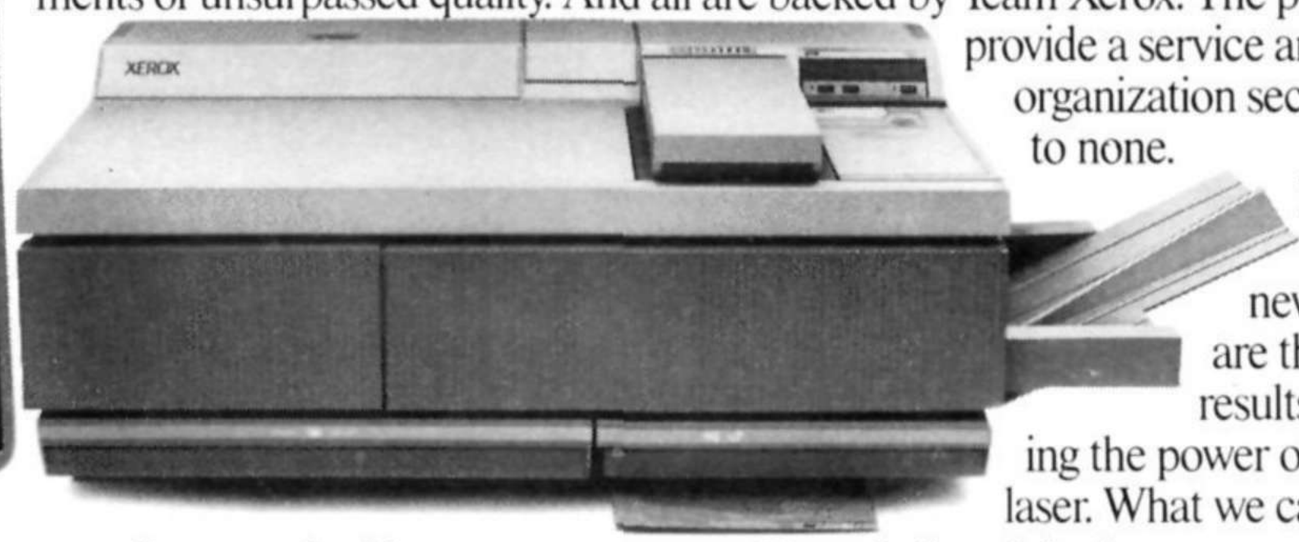

Most of these new systems are the direct results of harnessing the power of the laser. What we call Lasography. You see, ten years ago Xerox believed the best way to print text and graphics from simple memos to complex reports would be through lasography. So, we began work on a new generation of office systems.

For instance, the Documenter System you see here gives office professionals a personal lasographic system right at their fingertips. A desktop system that lets them create and print documents of incredible clarity.

The Documenter consists of the Xerox 6085 Professional Computer System and the Xerox 4045 Laser CP. The 6085 offers a unique 19 inch bit map screen with multiple windows that allow you to spread out all of your work right in front of you.

In fact, its windows allow you to work on many things at once. Using either our ViewPoint® or MS-DOS® software.

And when you're ready to print documents, you can use the Xerox 4045 Laser CP shown here or one of the latest Xerox Diablo printers.

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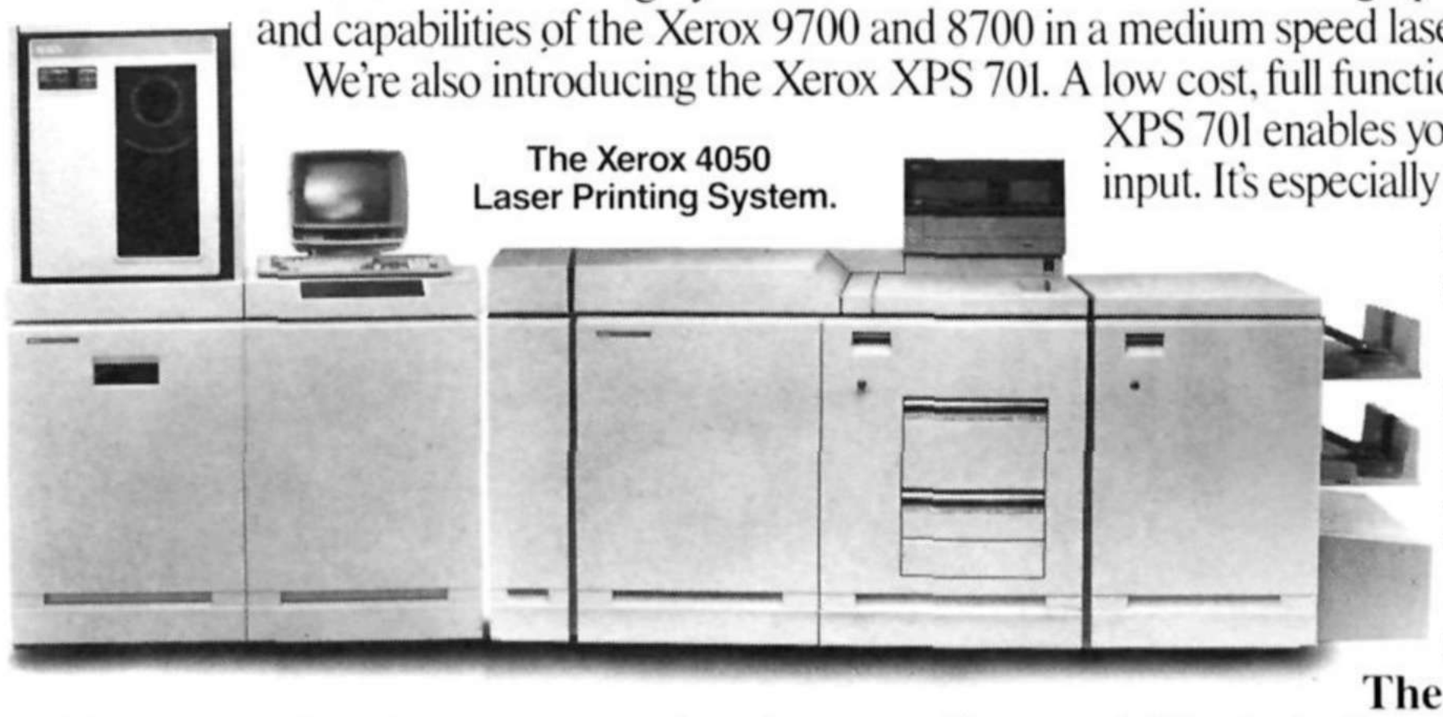
XEROX

The Xerox 4050 Laser Printing System featured here is the newest lasographic printer from Xerox. It offers the power and capabilities of the Xerox 9700 and 8700 in a medium speed laser printer.

We're also introducing the Xerox XPS 701. A low cost, full function, turnkey publishing system. The entry level XPS 701 enables you to create and manage text and graphic input. It's especially designed for large illustrated documents that require frequent revision, fast production turn-around and relatively small print runs.



The Xerox 4050 Laser Printing System.

And for those who want more than a line printer but less than a laser printer, there's the Xerox 4060 Computer Printing System. Using Ion Deposition Technology, the advanced 4060 is ideal for the IBM data center.

Yet another exciting capabilities story revolves around networks and software.

The Most Complete Family Of Networks.

Xerox now offers the most comprehensive networking capabilities in the industry.

The new XC22 twisted pair network, is low cost and simple to install and takes advantage of existing telephone wires. The XC22 allows work groups to share information and resources such as laser printers and rigid disks.

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Finally there's the XC80 network family using Ethernet. Fully configured networks, with virtually unlimited work stations, printers, storage, main frame communications and internetworking applications. The key to all of these networking capabilities is that we can design business solutions that enable small work groups or full departments to easily share information. Two examples are the new Xerox Integrated Financial Management and Purchasing Management Solutions. Both contain powerful departmental processing options such as sophisticated relational data-base management, host program access, electronic mail and high capacity file, disk and print services which enable each application to fulfill complete purchasing or financial needs. Xerox is also introducing the 4020 Color Ink Jet Printer, which is also network compatible. The 4020 can produce up to 4000 shades of seven primary colors. And finally Xerox is introducing the Telecopier 7010. A portable digital facsimile transceiver that can transmit a hand written or typed page in just 25 seconds. Before we leave we'd like to remind you of Team Xerox. A unified support structure that includes people, products and services. All here to help you every step of the way.

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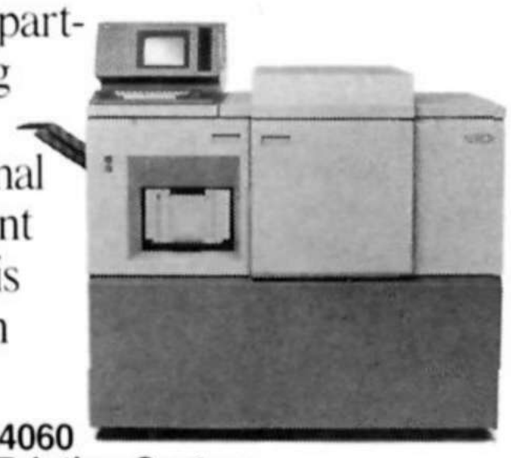

The Xerox 4060 Computer Printing System.

So the next time you hear the name Xerox, we hope you'll think of more than just the world's most dependable copiers.

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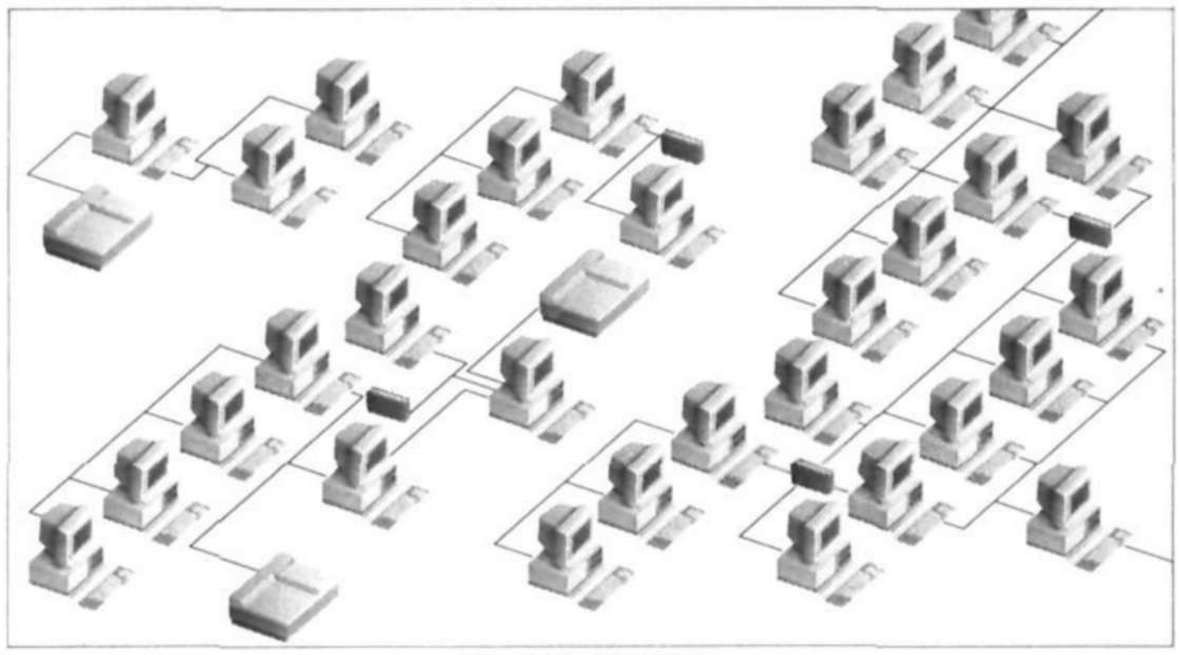

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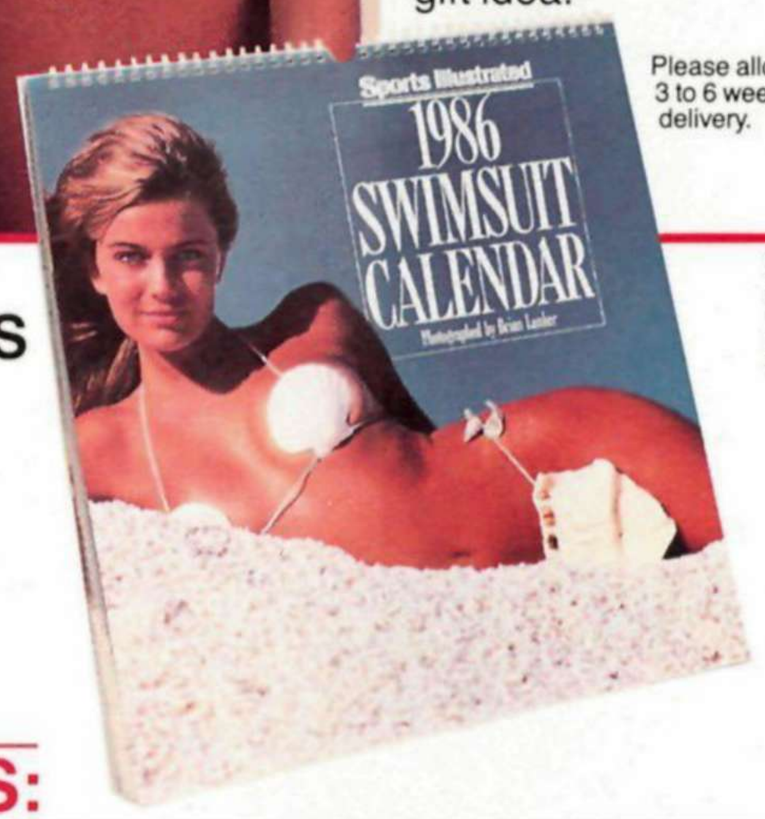

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SI 2/10

Spaniards and a Mexican all lie down together in the snow pit, shivering and snoring while the winds scream across the trench rim inches overhead.

"Hermes didn't help much this time," I say to Marc before we sleep.

"I didn't bring him."

I shiver awhile, mulling that one over. "Well, bring Hermes next time. We need all the luck we can get."

"I will, I *will*."

We have saved the worst for last. From bottom to top the north wall of the Eiger is 5,250 feet of towering nightmare. The ascent route snakes 10,000 twisted feet back and forth through loose rock, boilerplate ice, rotten snow and falling debris. Throughout the 1930s, European climbers marched boldly onto the Eiger and died one after another. Outraged citizens called for a ban on Eiger attempts. Foolish young men must be protected from themselves, they said. Then, in 1938, the Eiger's north face was at last climbed by two Germans and two Austrians in four brutal days. Hitler gave them a parade and claimed the triumph for the German Reich. The climbers replied calmly that they did it for themselves.

Today, at the same time we are riding up the mountain on the cogwheel Jungfrau railway, a helicopter is plucking a team of stranded climbers off the face. A storm has trapped them for three days. Taking their cue, we purchase a sort of helicopter rescue insurance policy. For $10 each we become members of the Swiss Air Rescue Club. The logic is inescapable: Nonmembers pay up to $1,000 for a bailout by chopper; members pay nothing.

Marc brings Hermes the teddy bear, and we believe that his presence has increased our team strength incalculably. We also have a grizzly bear with us now, one Allen Bradley, 25, a strapping climber from Boulder, Colo. Allen showed up in Chamonix with such an intense desire to do in the Eiger that we decided to expand our team.

We pitch camp at the foot of the wall, sleep a few hours, then get up at 2 a.m. for takeoff. The night is so bright that I turn off my headlamp and move by starlight. For all its beauty the snow is disgusting to climb. We had hoped for firm ice, the quickest terrain. Instead we have fluff and wet slop, which is the slowest. The initial Eiger rock slabs are supposed to be easy, but they aren't today. Our feet

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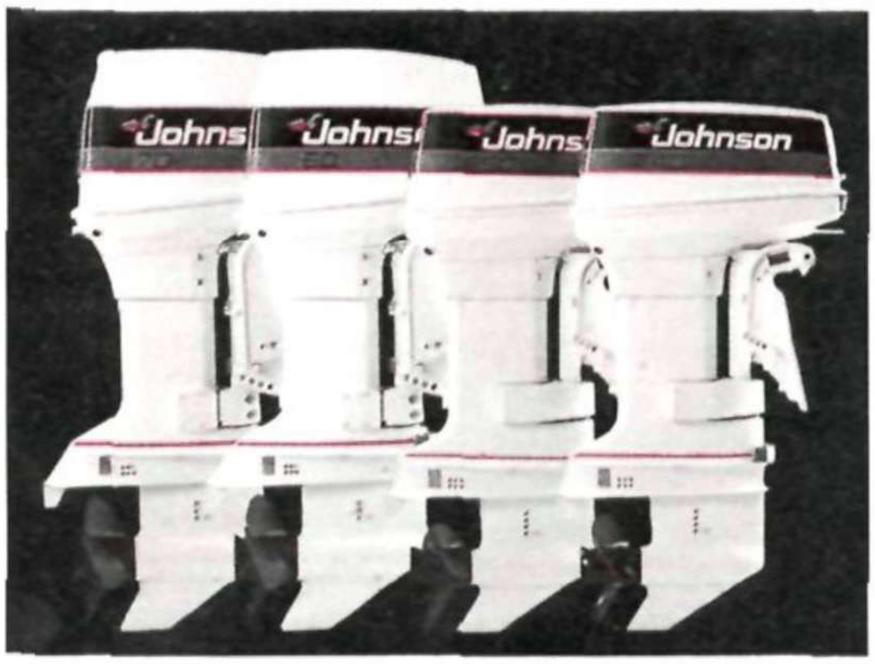

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skitter and our fingers slip on the icy ooze. We don't break out the ropes because there's no place to put in protective hardware. Tied on to ropes, if one of us falls, we will all die. Unroped, if one blows it, he blows it alone.

We do have one slim advantage: Marc had tried to climb the Eiger last year. Bad weather and snow conditions turned him back then, but he is vaguely familiar with the first half of the route, and he is packing a grudge.

MARC FRANCIS TWIGHT

On the Walker Spur, Perlman nears a climber from one of the many teams in his lane.

With Marc's half-remembered sense of direction and a half-franc postcard for a map, we alternate leads up the face. We grab anything, kick everything, fighting and scrambling our way up the wall. Armed with sharpened ice axes, one in each hand, and wearing razor-point crampons on his boots, Allen hacks brutally at the ice and shouts with laughter. By contrast, Marc leads with cool precision. By further contrast, I lead like a pit bull—sink in teeth, lock jaw and don't let go, *ever.*

The climbing is slow, but we make steady gains. Then the rising sun hits the frozen face, and it suddenly becomes a melting hell. Rocks, snow blocks and ice-pellet shrapnel begin exploding around our heads in the tepid warmth of the sun. We are getting close to the Death Bivouac, where two Eiger pioneers froze to death in their sleep, but pinned down in this withering hail of debris, we may never make it that far.

Marc and Allen want to wait until night falls and refreezes the face. If we do that, we won't sleep before midnight. I want to risk it, to hurry from protected alcove to alcove, then make one mad dash through the worst of the falling projectiles—and pray. We try this foolhardy plan. It works without injury. Risk is as much a climber's tool as a rope.

We reach the Death Bivouac by nightfall. We stomp the snow into semiflatness and zip into our sleeping bags. Marc fires up the stove for fresh water from snowmelt. Even with our bodies crammed into crannies and our legs dangling free in the air, we're glad to be here. We're proud of what we did today. We face tomorrow with hope—and with a certain horror.

The next day we move slowly. Every pitch (rope length) of rock is coated with ice. And every pitch of ice is vertical, bulging, fluted and fragile. It takes hours to climb a distance that might take minutes in better conditions. We push as hard and as fast as we can, nursing a hope that we'll make it to the top today. Marc and Allen are particularly eager to push on because they ran out of food this morning. But then the afternoon sun strikes the face, and the bombing begins again.

I lead across the long Traverse of the Gods to the edge of the dreaded ice field called the White Spider. I turn the corner of a rock wall, take one look and fall back, trying to disappear into the wall. It's a bowling alley out there! Hurtling masses of ice blocks and big stones are rocketing down the face.

I shout back to the guys to take in the rope. "Hey, reel me in! Get me out of here!"

No! Stay there! We're going for it!" Allen yells back.

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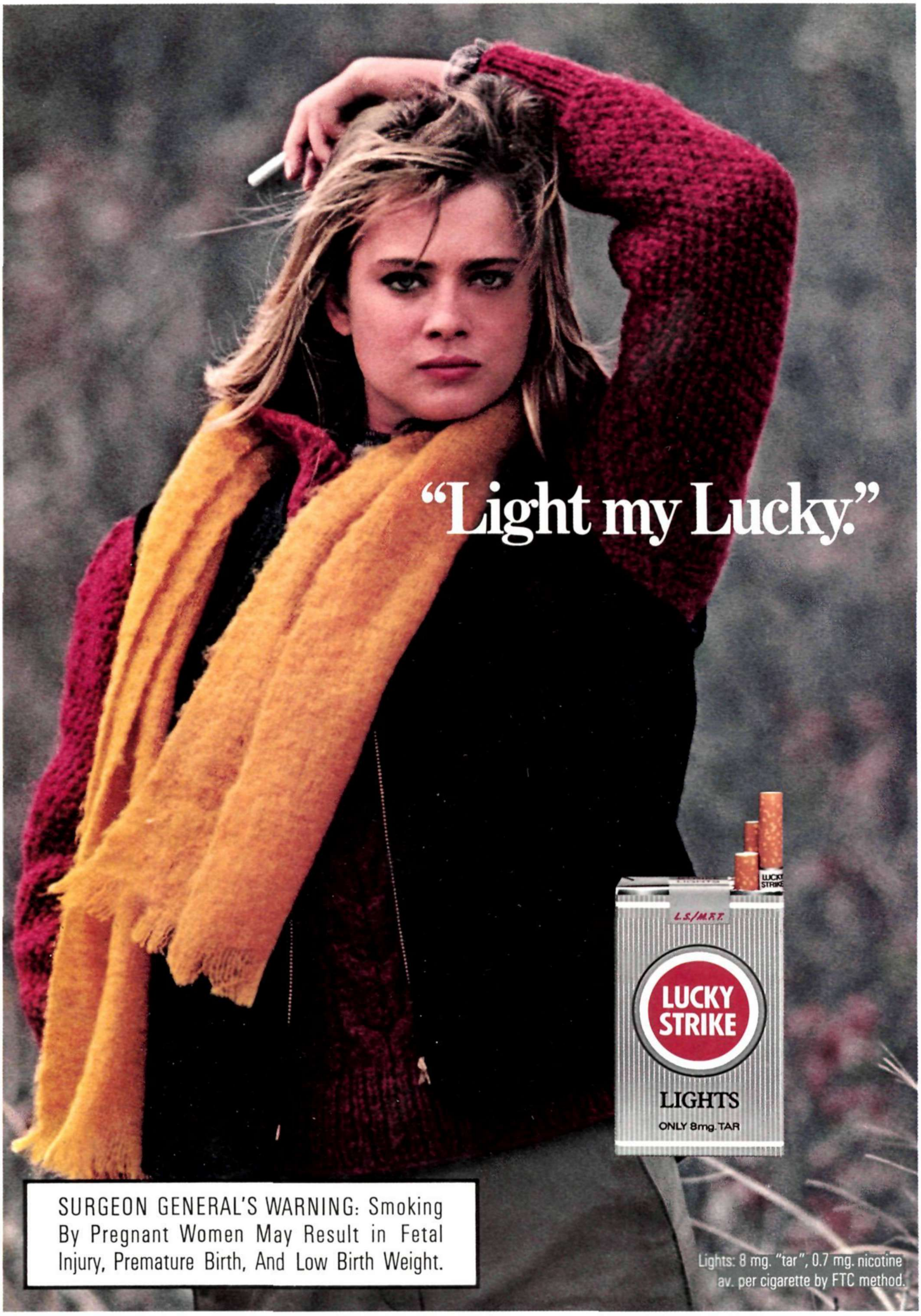
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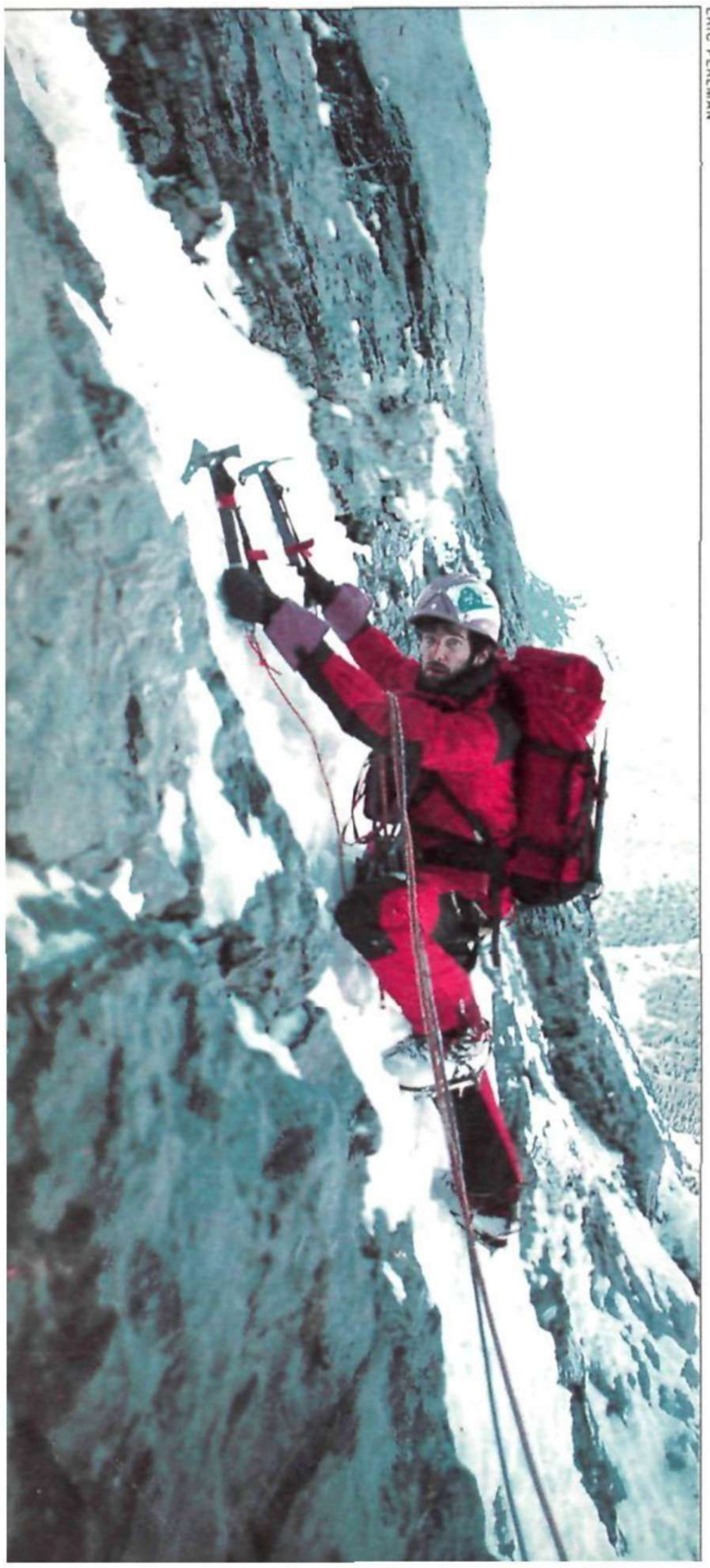
ERIC PERLMAN

The Eiger: Twight's earlier attempt at the peak had failed, but this time, though the ascent was a slow one, he got revenge.



ERIC PERLMAN

"Oh yeah? Come look!"

Marc moves to my hiding spot, peeks out and sees the death zone ahead. "You want to go out there? Go ahead," I say.

He changes his mind instantly. We reverse three rope lengths to the last flat spot—a ledge where the team before ours got plucked off by rescue chopper. We lay out our sleeping pads for an afternoon of sunbathing and rock-dodging. Marc plugs into his Walkman and dandles Hermes on his knee. Allen watches a moment, perplexed by the sight of a grown man fondling a teddy bear. Then, he ventures a guess. "I'll bet that teddy bear reels in women like a fly rod."

Marc flushes. His secret has been found out at last.

Allen laughs. "I'll bet they go, 'Oohhh, how cute,' and think you're the sensitive type."

"It works," says Marc, embarrassed. He turns up the tunes on the Walkman.

We split my remaining few rations and stare at the thousands of feet we've just climbed and the thousands of feet still to go. Retreat is impossible. We're trapped in this deadly place with less than half a meal left. Every hour we wait the inevitable weather change creeps closer.

Smack in the riptide of all this danger and uncertainty I suddenly find myself enjoying the deepest peace of the whole expedition. This is what I came for: this keen edge of life, this time when we are tempered in battle and honed by hard choices. Each of us has his own limit, but sometimes it takes a struggle and the threat of death to discover it.

We rise before daybreak and hit the route hard. The White Spider's bowling alley is frozen and silent. A thousand more feet of ice-coated gullies snake through rotten rock, then end at an ice wall. Our ice tools punch through this, and we rise step by splintering step. We pull onto the summit ridge and . . . there it is! The sixth and last journey's end! We rush upward, grinning. Then a few yards from the top, I pause. I stop, realizing that I don't really want it to end.

But the rock and snow have finally run out. There's only the sky to climb. I run onto the summit and I shake my ice axes at the sun. What's next? Endings are only the flip side of new beginnings. **END**

Eric Perlman is a free-lance writer who lives in Truckee, Calif. when he is not climbing mountains in Europe and Asia.

ERIC PERLMAN

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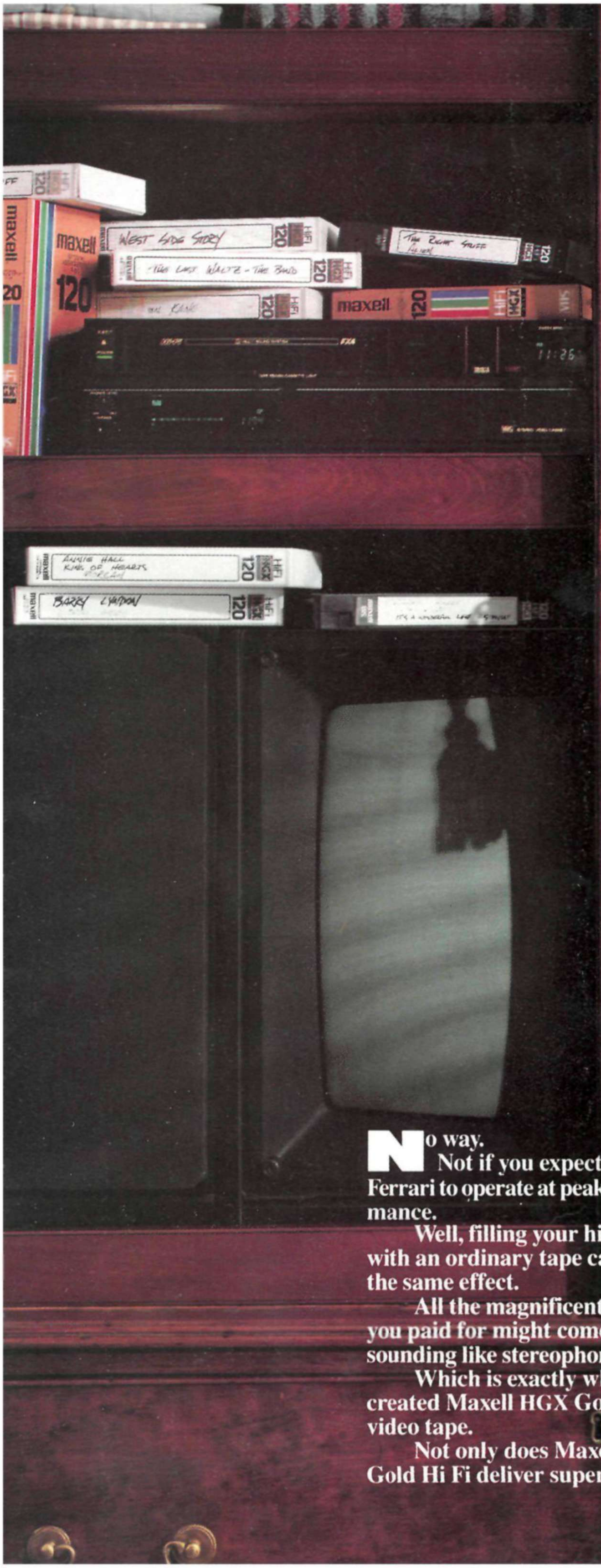

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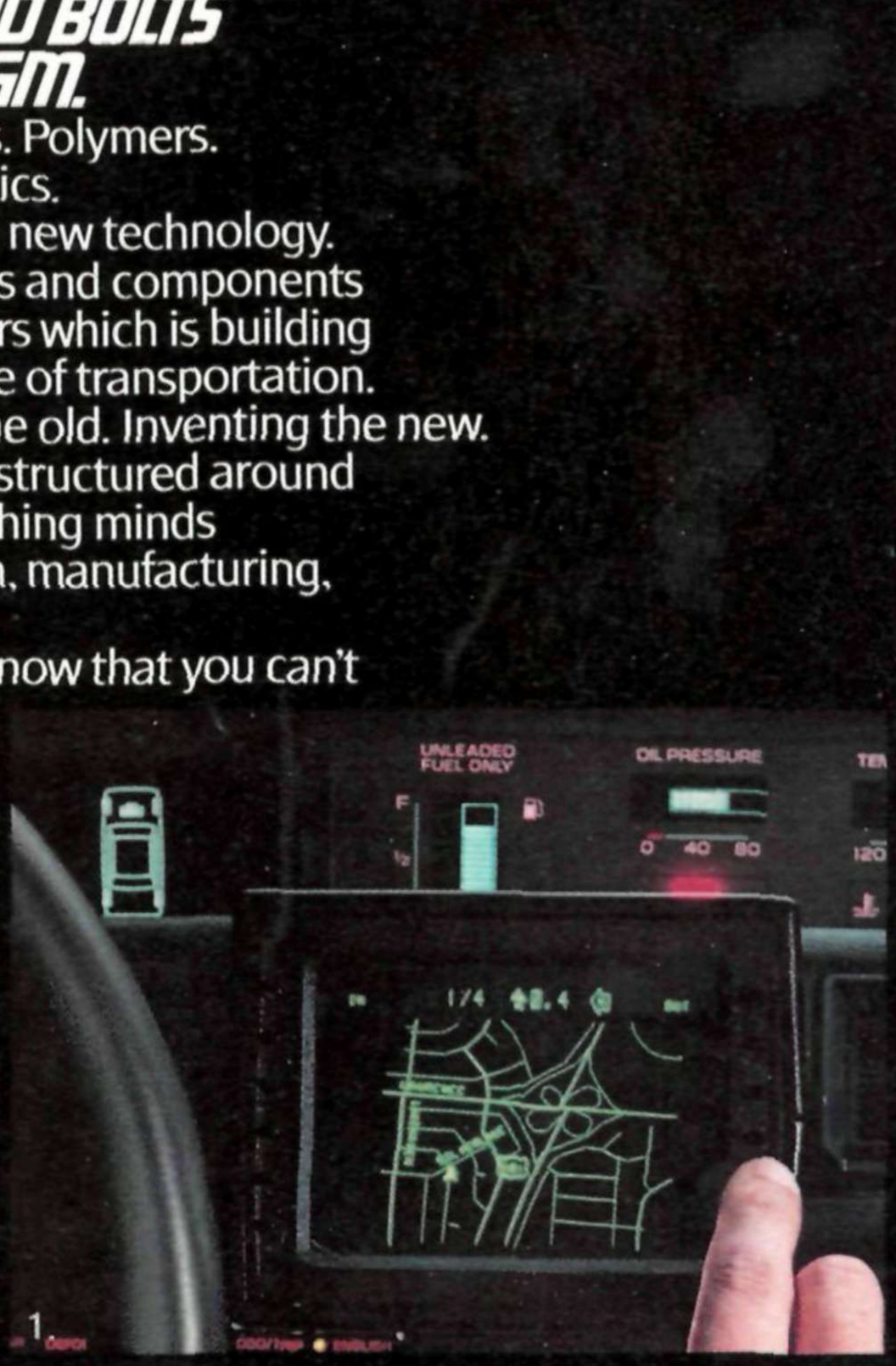

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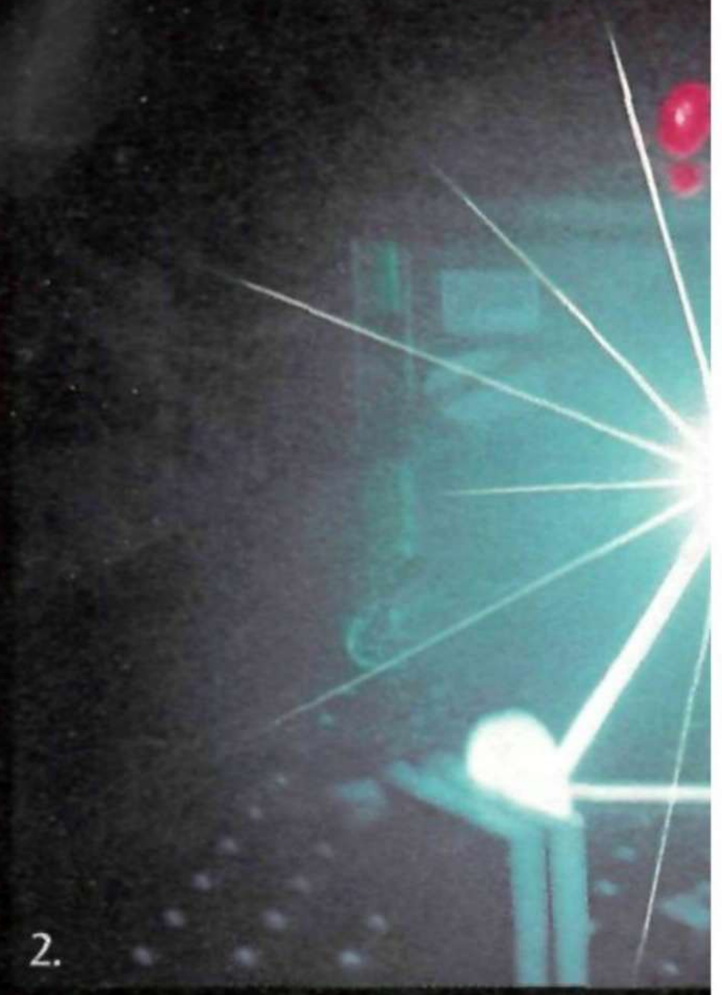

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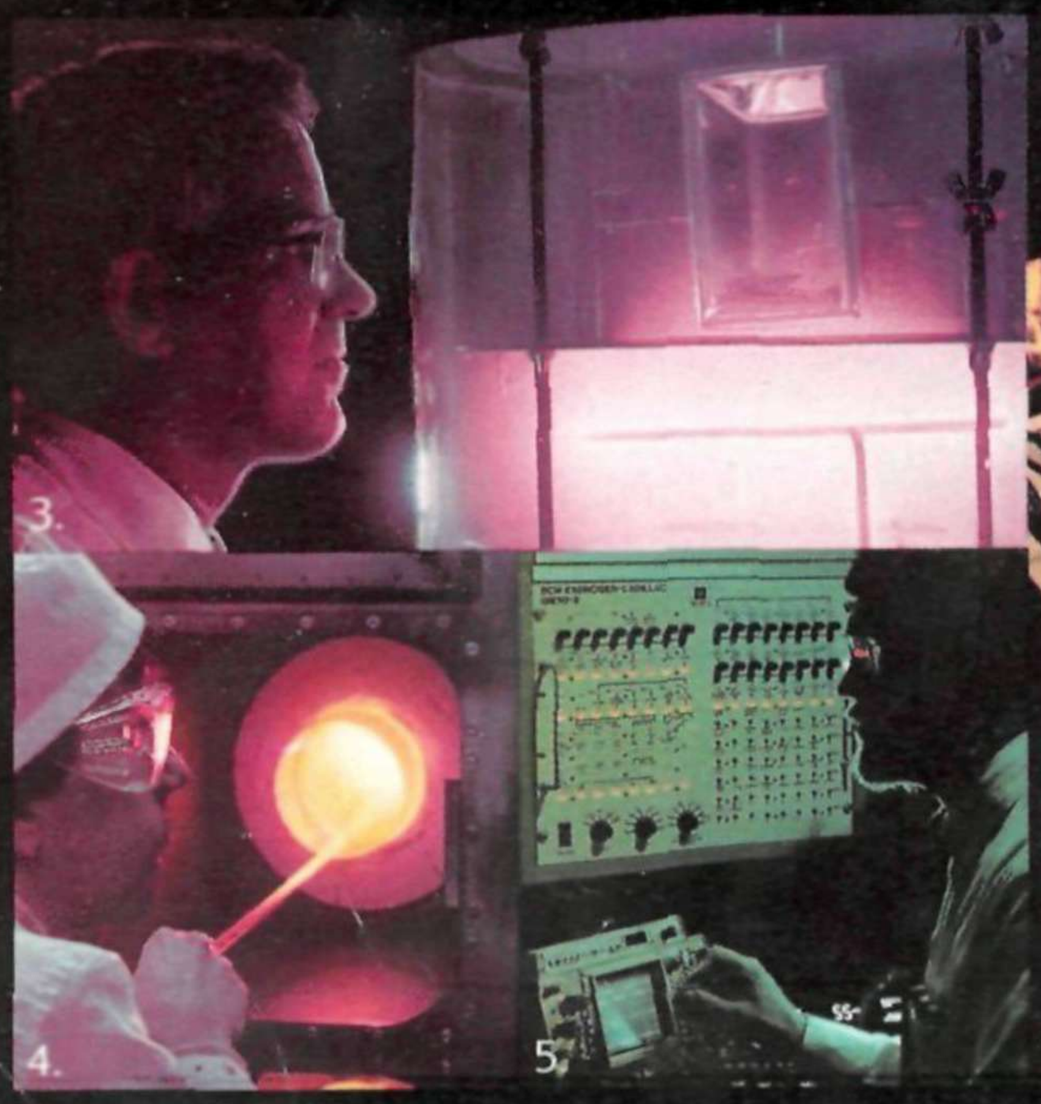

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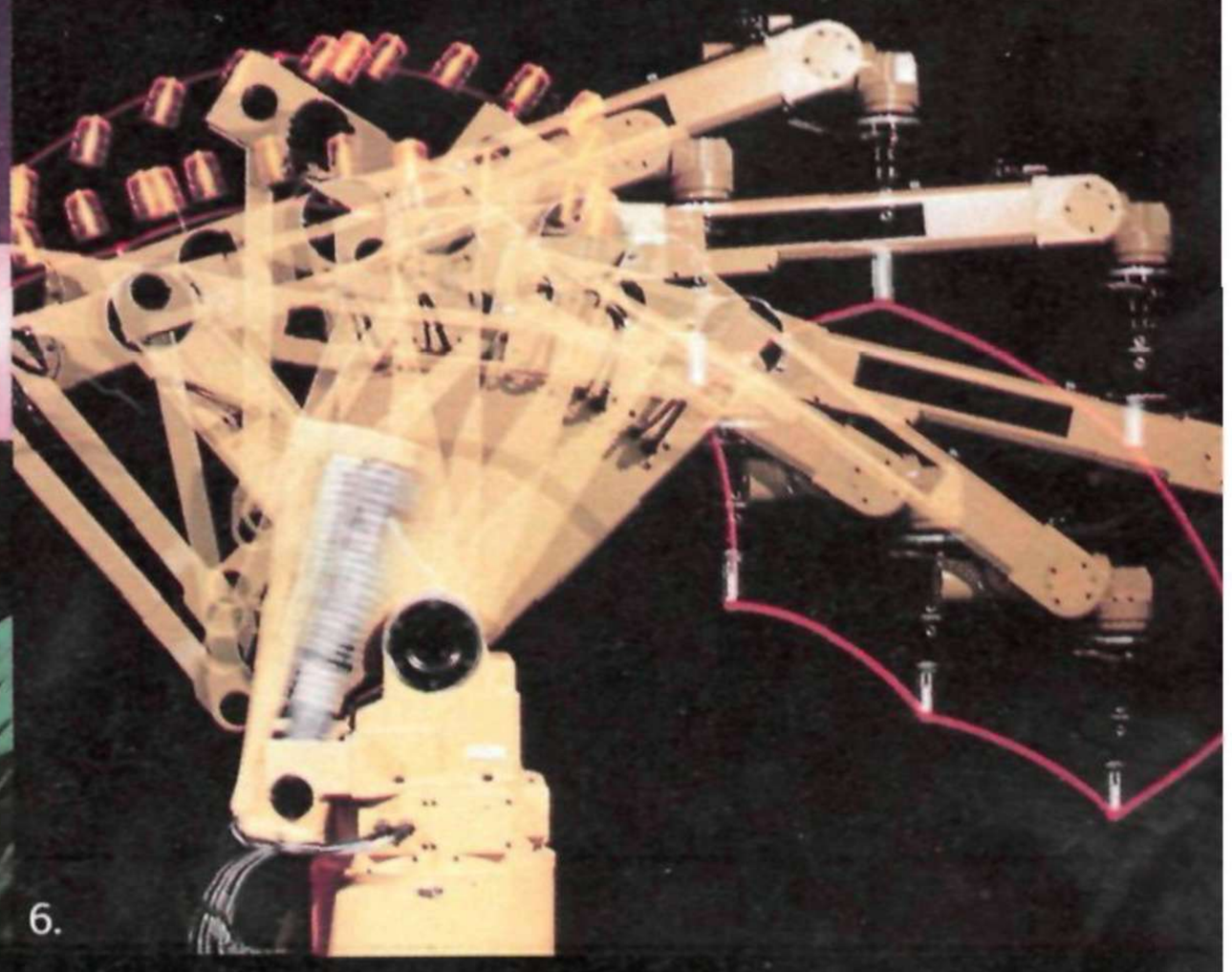

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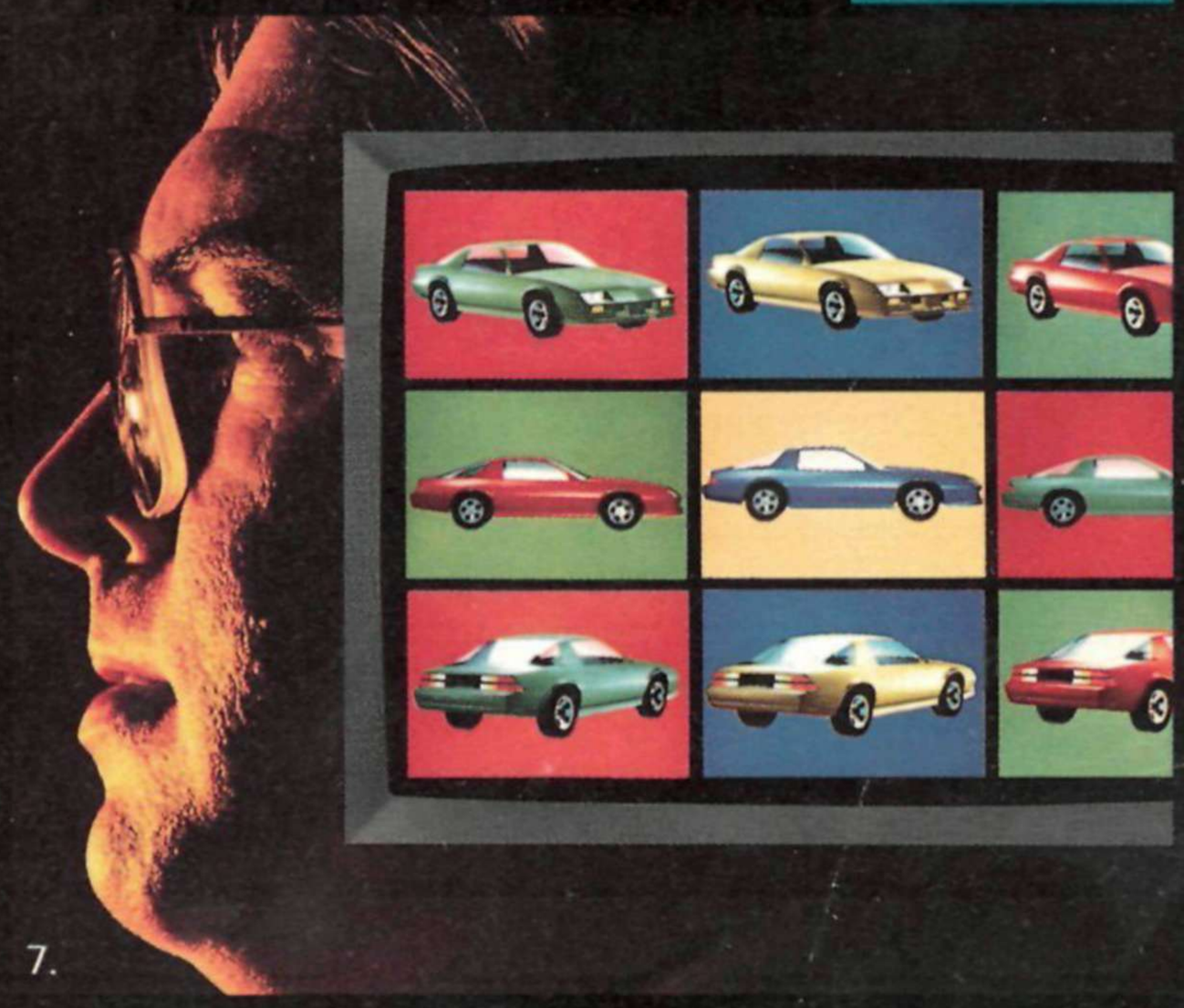

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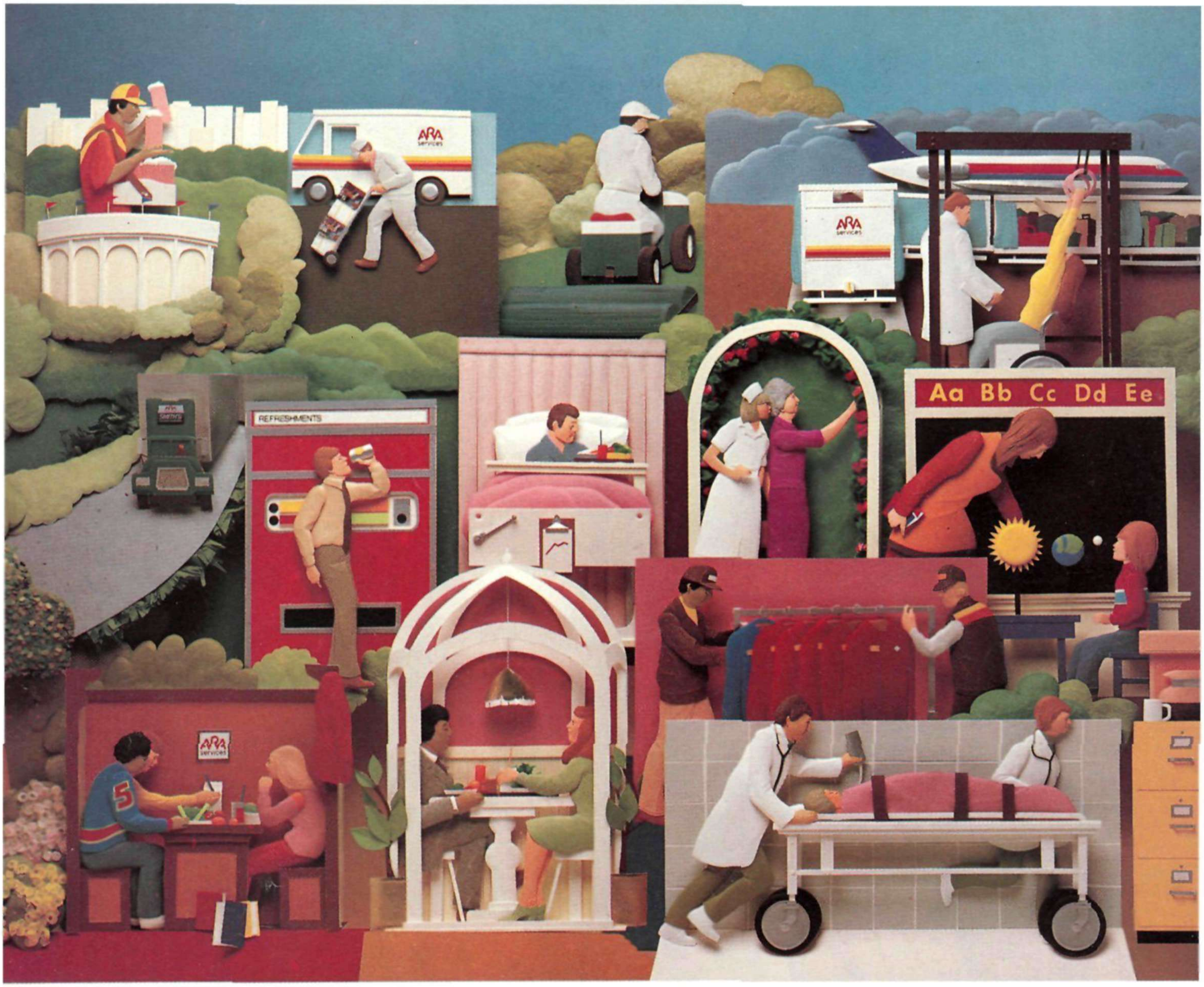

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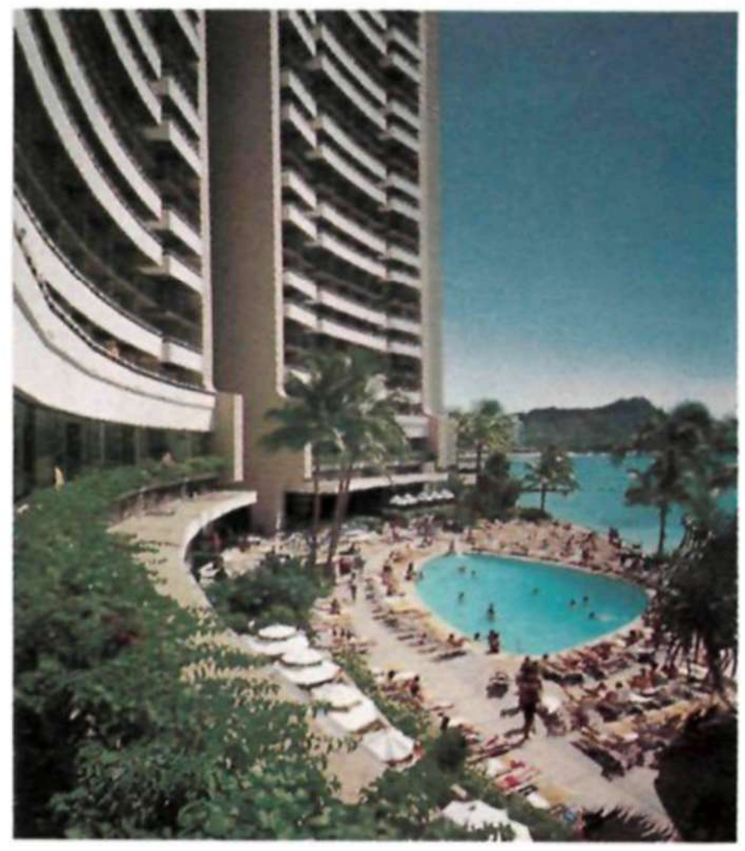

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Sideline

by PAT JORDAN

A BEACH BIKE PROVED JUST THE TICKET FOR SEXY LEGS AND A SUNNY MARRIAGE

My wife insisted that I buy a bicycle. She wanted me to have one just like hers—a used $50 beach cruiser that had been spray-painted electric blue by someone who must have spent the better part of a 90° day drinking rumrunners on the beach. Her bike had a thick metal frame and fat ribbed tires that looked invulnerable to the shards of glass common on Fort Lauderdale Beach, where we live. It had no gears and no hand brakes, but it did have a wire basket and a tinkling bell on the handlebars. On the day she brought her bike home, I was lying by the swimming pool. "Well!" she said breathlessly, hopping off. "What do you think?" She was beaming.

"It's . . . uh . . . nice," I lied.

"Oh, I love it! You ought to get one."

I smiled.

"Really," she went on. "We could bike everywhere together."

I gave my head a little shake no.

"It will open up broad new avenues of life for you," she said.

"I don't want to open up broad new avenues of life," I said. What I didn't say was that I felt self-conscious riding a bike. At 44, I was too old to join the legion of bikini-clad beach bunnies and their stringy-haired boyfriends who pedaled up and down the center of the Strip at the beach. And I wasn't fanatic enough to join the helmeted crew of yuppies who, in their shimmering knee-length biker's tights, crouched low over their downcurving handlebars and hurtled past our apartment complex on their 12-speed Fuji racers. And, finally, I was afraid that if I bought a bike it would not be long before I resembled that loose-and-leathery-skinned old man who pedaled his battered beach cruiser past our gym each morning. He had a white beard and a tattered straw hat. A Scottish terrier sat in his handlebar basket. I already had a beard that was turning white, and I did not need a beach cruiser with a Scottish terrier in the basket, pointing up the fact that aging is inevitable.

Perhaps if I had told my wife all of this she would have been more merciful. As it was, she made a point of pedaling everywhere, even refusing to ride with me in the car. The first time that happened, I drove 10 miles per hour and leaned across the passenger seat. "Please, get in!" I urged. She shook her head no and pedaled on. I hissed at her, "You're making a fool of yourself!" She pedaled faster. A cop stopped me. He called her back.

"Is this guy pestering you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "He's my husband."

"I'm sorry," he said, and drove off.

"What the hell did he mean by that?" I shouted. But she had ridden away.

She left her bike outside our front door at night. We live on the first floor of a two-story apartment complex off Bayview Drive. I assured her it was safe.

"Maybe I should bring it inside."

I thought she was kidding. "Where inside?" I said, grinning. We have a two-room apartment.

"The living room," she said.

"No way!" I said. "The bike stays out. Who would want it, anyway?" She didn't speak to me for two days.

One night one of the cars in our complex was burglarized. My heart leapt! There was hope! But that afternoon she came home with a lock and chain. She chained her bike to the gazebo by the swimming pool every night. One night I waited until she was asleep. I went outside, unlocked the bike and left it in the parking lot, certain it would be stolen.

At daybreak, I went outside to make sure it was gone. It was still there.

That bike was ruining our marriage! My wife and I were like ships that pass in the night. She pedaled. I drove. One day I stopped at a light. She pedaled through and waved. I watched her, far up ahead, chain her bike to a palm tree on the beach. She disappeared over the sand. The light turned green. I circled the block looking for a parking space. I passed her bike again, and circled. And again. And again. Each time I passed that bike it seemed to get bigger and bigger, and everything else around it seemed to get smaller and smaller until, finally, my patience ran out. I parked in a no-parking zone.

When I returned to my car at twilight, I found a parking ticket stuck under the windshield wiper. I crumpled the ticket just as she pedaled by. She waved.

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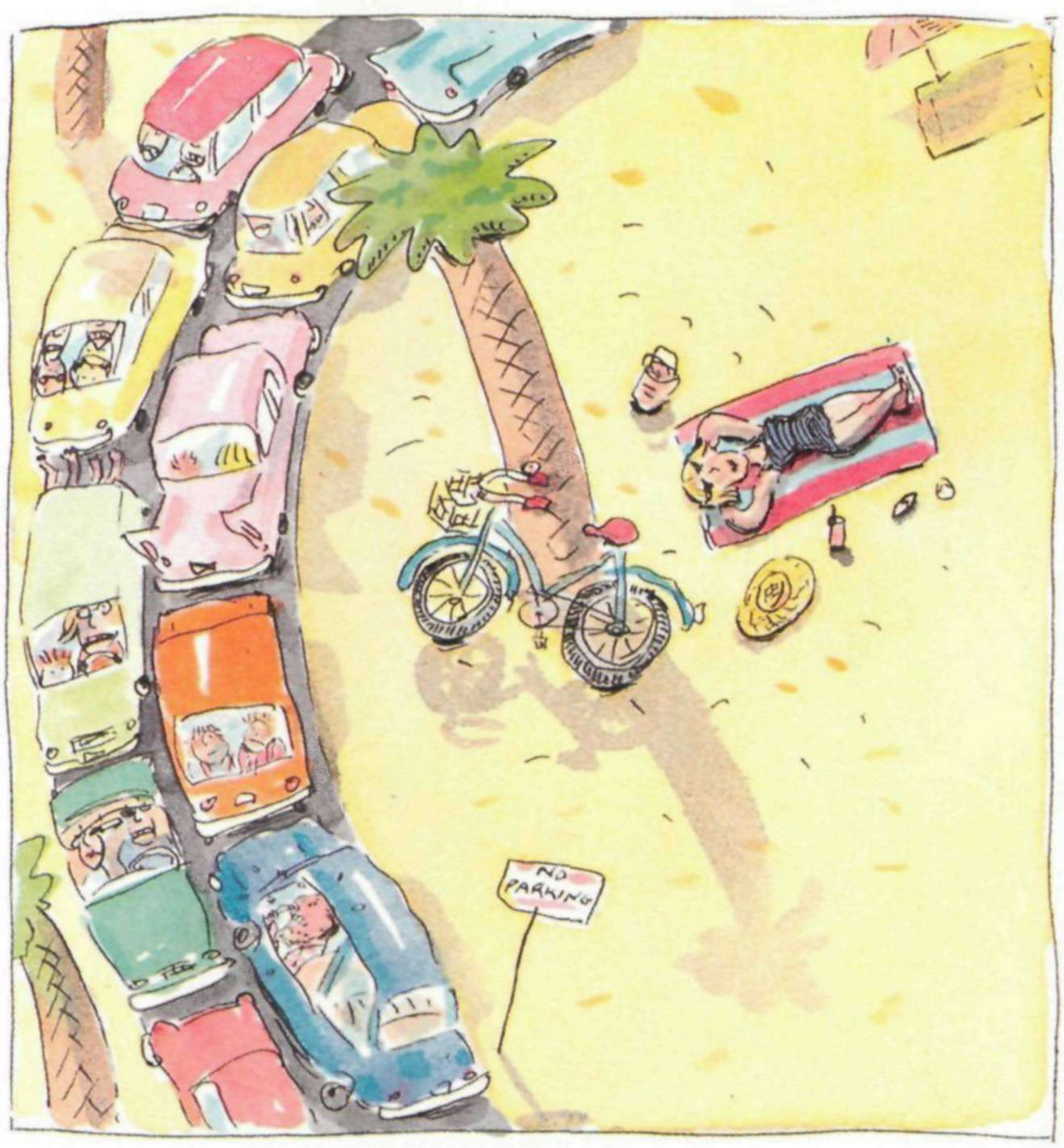

LAURA CORNELL

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SIDELINE *continued*

I got home an hour after she did because of beach traffic. She had already showered and fixed herself a drink.

"What took you so long?" she said.

"All right! All right! You win. But no bell and no basket." The next day she bought me a beach cruiser like hers.

We rode everywhere together. In the morning we went to our gym while the sun rose pinkish-orange over the water. The cool air in our faces was invigorating, and the three- or four-mile ride warmed us up for our morning bout of weightlifting. In the afternoon we rode to the beach and chained our bikes to the palm tree, while on the street car after car circled the block looking for that elusive parking space. At twilight we pedaled along the beach to a bar on the water. We had a drink under a thatched roof and watched the sun set pinkish-purple. We went home before dark, pleasantly tired.

She was right. The joys of owning a beach cruiser in Fort Lauderdale far outweighed the disadvantages. It is an almost perfect city for a bike. I have yet to discover a rise in the road, much less a hill. Pedaling even our one-speed beach cruisers is almost effortless. There is always a cool breeze in our faces, and if I take my shirt off I can get a tan.

It was great exercise, too. We discovered that our legs were in such great shape we could afford to cut down on our workouts. We no longer pedaled in that leisurely, meandering sort of way, but began to go at it with enthusiasm. Every time we approached our apartment complex, we raced the last 100 yards.

Women began to whistle at me as they drove by in their cars. "Nice legs, honey!" they called out. We rarely drove our car anymore, except when it rained. We saved money on gas and on parking tickets, but most of all we saved time. We enjoyed being the envy of tourists as they stared at us from rented Chevettes.

I have owned my beach cruiser for three months now, and I wouldn't part with it for all the mink oil on the beach. I used to chain it to the gazebo next to my wife's bike, until a week ago when we had another burglary in the complex. My wife tried to reassure me.

"Don't worry, dear. It's safe," she said.

"No way," I said.

So every night now, without fail, I bring my beach cruiser into the living room and chain it to the sofa. **END**

Pat Jordan is a novelist and free-lance writer.

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Update

by MORIN BISHOP

WHEN HIS HOOPS CAREER DIDN'T FLY, BILL GREEN MADE EDUCATION HIS GAME

TONY TRIOLO

Green stands tall on the streets of the South Bronx.

A novel sort of wishful thinking has taken hold in New York City's savage South Bronx. When an abandoned building has been boarded up, it has become popular to place facsimiles of quaint shuttered windows on the planks that cover the places where real windows once existed, as if bright pictures on the outside could hide the desolation within. Located in the same neighborhood, amid the gangs and the drugs, looking much like a fortress, stands Jordan L. Mott Junior High. Here there is no bright, artificial exterior, nor is there any need for it. In contrast to the deserted buildings only blocks away, something important is going on inside. It's called education. The man responsible was the first-round draft pick of the Boston Celtics in 1963, Bill Green.

An All-America with career per-game averages of 22.1 points and 9.6 rebounds, Green graduated from Colorado State after leading the Rams to the NCAAs once and the NIT twice. He was arguably the best all-around collegiate athlete in the history of the Rocky Mountain region, and his future in some professional sport seemed assured—he had been drafted by the Boston Red Sox and the Dallas Cowboys, as well as the Celtics. But his athletic career came to an abrupt end when he suddenly developed a fear of flying. Naturally, Green had traveled by plane many times while at Colorado State, but in his senior year he found that each flight was making him more anxious and more afraid. Finally, after a couple of terrifying trips, he decided that that was it—no more.

"One time we were on our way back from Utah," Green remembers, "and the plane was definitely out of control. Baggage was falling out at the back of the plane. *People had started praying*, everyone was panicked. I decided it was time to be concerned. Then I got stuck in a rainstorm over Mississippi. After that, I just couldn't deal with it."

During the preseason, many Celtics tried to persuade Green that in order to have a pro career he would have to conquer his fear of flying. Intellectually Green knew this, of course, but although he sought professional help, nothing worked. Green simply couldn't fly.

After talking to him about the problem, coach Red Auerbach agreed to let Green travel by train to a preseason game in St. Louis but insisted that he fly back to Boston afterward. Green couldn't board the plane. "The fear just built to the point where I couldn't take it anymore," Green says now. "I made up my mind: I wouldn't do it." He quit the Celtics just before the NBA season began. "Auerbach told me to go work on it [the fear] and come back later," Green recalls. But he never did. To this day, however, Green is convinced that he could have been a successful pro. And to this day, he does not fly.

Green earned a master's degree in health and physical education at Brooklyn College, and in 1971, after several years of teaching in New York City public schools, he went to Jordan L. Mott to interview for an assistant principal's job. "When I got there," he says, "the school was in total chaos. The principal had left, simply walked off the job and never came back. They asked me if I wanted the job. I said yes." Green doesn't like to talk about those days, preferring to stress the more positive situation that exists today, but he does admit that in the school's corridors roamed gangs with colorful but ominous names like the Savage Skulls, the Ghetto Brothers and the Young Saigons. Each gang forcibly controlled its fiefdom. Green remembers breaking up a knife fight in the gym and trying to convince the teenager with the knife that his future should include more than what was out on the street. "The conditions frightened me, too," says Green.

But Green persevered in his efforts to make the school safe and productive, and he succeeded by applying competitive principles from his athletic experience to motivate students in the classroom. Says Green, "Kids have to have a reason to attend. *You have to have a magnet. You* have to make the kid want to be good." In the world according to Green, the student/player is given rewards based on the performance of the class/team; his rules make Texas's no pass–no play law look tame. Each of Green's classes must earn a certain number of points academically before *any* of its members are allowed to even *attend* a basketball game, much less compete in one. Class trips and parties are similarly earned on the basis of academic performance and good attendance. Finally, there's the most obvious vestige of Green's sports background: a complex master schedule, drawn up at the beginning of each term, pitting all the classes in each grade against one another in good old head-to-

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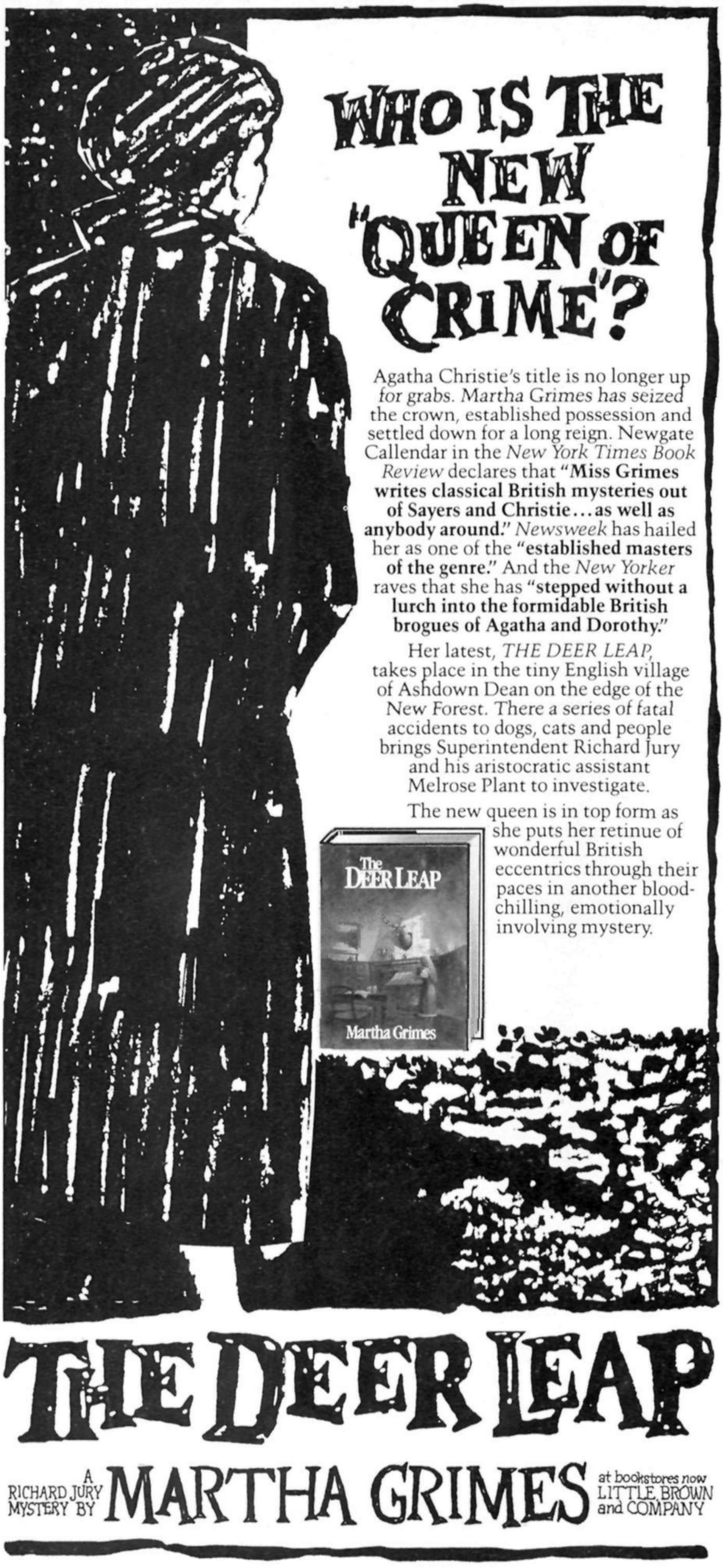

head, in-your-face competition. Reading and math are the games, and the desk-to-desk combat is fierce. The won-lost results and the standings are posted and followed keenly. It's a system of which Red Auerbach could be proud. "In some schools, it's not popular to be bright. We make it popular," Green says. He also made music popular. After he discovered a few discarded instruments in the school vault, Green decided to organize a band. By augmenting his powers of persuasion with fund-raising activities, he put together a fine band, which competes regularly with other city schools.

His approach might have gotten Green into difficulty with his superiors were it not for his astounding results. His students are drawn from two primary schools that are ranked near the bottom of the barrel (Nos. 574 and 614 out of 623 public schools) in reading skills. By the time his students leave (after eighth grade) they are reading a full grade *above* their own level, a reflection of Jordan Mott's impressive ranking—in the top 11% of all city public schools. That kind of performance helps explain the awards in Green's office: school-district trophies for outstanding academic achievement year after year, a certificate of appreciation from the parents' association, several plaques in recognition of the school's remarkable 90% attendance rate. There's not a piece of athletic memorabilia to be found anywhere.

Green is intensely private, almost shy, yet a poster on his desk, given to him by a student, reveals a less serious aspect of his personality. It shows a stuffed teddy bear in tennis whites, a testament to Green's passion for tennis, as well as to the affection his students feel for him. He's sort of like Mean Joe Greene in that Coke commercial. Yeah, I'm tough, but I care, too. When he walks the halls, the 6′ 6″ Green is an imposing figure—there's no question who's boss—but he moves with an easygoing grace that puts his students at ease. "You couldn't have a better principal," says Miriam Suazo, 14, a member of the student council. "We have fun. Well, not only fun—it's work, but it's work and fun!" Says Yesenia Hernandez, 14, president of the student body, "One of my teachers said she used to be at the school before Mr. Green came. She said it was real bad. The principal didn't do anything. Mr. Green really changed things." **END**

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Reminiscence

by MATT BOWEN

THE AUTHOR SAVORS THE MEMORY OF A RUN WITH HIS IDOL, MUHAMMAD ALI

I turned north onto Highway 61 for the last leg of my trip. Deer Lake, Pa. was less than half an hour away now, so I would be there by 4:30. Ali would be finished in the gym by then, if he was at the camp at all. The Frazier fight was only a month away. He was calling this one the Thrilla in Manila.

It was late August 1975. I was 19 and would start college in two weeks. Ali had won the title back from George Foreman in Zaïre almost a year before. He was 33 now. If I was ever going to see him in person, now was the time. My feeling for boxing was strong. The year before, I had fought at the Felt Forum as a novice light heavyweight in the New York City Golden Gloves. I got decisioned, lasting the whole fight only because I imitated the clinching tactics Ali had used in his first fight with Frazier.

I was seven when Ali beat Sonny Liston in Miami to win the heavyweight title. By my late teens I had spent a lot of time keeping track of him and emulating him as best I could—eating pancakes with whipped cream on Sundays because I had heard he did, listening to Aretha Franklin records, etc.

There was no sign announcing Deer Lake as Ali's training camp and no locked gate or guard to turn back the uninvited. I parked and headed toward the center of the compound, carrying my gym bag. I thought that if I strolled around with it, I might look inconspicuous. I paused at the boulders on which Ali's father had painted the names of fighters like Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Sonny Liston, Rocky Marciano, Joe Frazier. Two 50-ish looking men in leisure suits distracted me from the display. One of them was Kid Gavilan, welterweight champion of the early '50s. I recalled reading that he worked at Ali's camp.

Nearby was the big cabin that served Ali as a gym. Inside were a ring and several dozen folding chairs. A heavy and a speed bag hung in a far corner. I inspected the heavy bag, hoping that the depressions in it had been made by Ali himself.

Exiting, I saw the heavy brass bell the champion was known to ring before road work. It hung next to his personal cabin. The kitchen and dining cabin stood within pancake-flipping distance. They were built in 1973 following the defeat and broken jaw Ali suffered at the hands of Ken Norton. Ali called the camp Fighter's Heaven. A fighter in training needs good food, sleep, a gym he can get to and freedom from distractions. These three cabins, on a bluff overlooking the Poconos, had everything. Nobody seemed to mind that I was walking around camp. I sat on the Jersey Joe Walcott boulder, and a relaxed looking middle-aged man came strolling my way. I asked if he knew if Ali was in camp.

"Yeah, he's here, he's takin' a nap now," he said.

"What will he do between the nap and dinner?" I asked.

"Oh, he'll just be walkin' . . . talkin'. Hey fella, there he is now."

Farther up the hillside, obscured by foliage, a cluster of figures in light-colored clothes surrounded a patch of black shirt. I moved to get a better look, and the cluster began coming down the path.

When the group paused, I moved up to the fringe and picked up the conversation with Ali's query to a man and woman holding motorcycle helmets: "What are y'all doin' all the way down from there?"

"We came down to see you!" the man exclaimed.

Ali's face remained passive; he seemed preoccupied. "The wind don't bother y'all?" he asked.

"Naw, you get used to it."

I had a Golden Gloves photograph of myself in the gym bag, which was still sitting on the Joe Walcott rock. I wanted Ali to autograph the picture, but determined to stick to my strategy of hanging in the background, I held off. Ali motioned toward a nearby cabin, and we all moved in that direction.

The cabin had heavy wooden furnishings. A projector was being set up. Ali placed a chair in the center of the floor and slouched into it. I was startled when a squat, white-haired black man in denim overalls came in. It was Dick Sadler. He had been across the ring in Foreman's corner in Zaïre. He sat down heavily on the floor next to me. "Aren't you Dick Sadler?" I asked. His head snapped around in surprise. "Yeah, yeah, that's right." He reached up to shake.

We watched an entertainment program that Ali had recently emceed, introducing and joking with a procession of celebrities: singer Barry White was thanked for not taking up boxing; Billy Conn was told he was lucky he came

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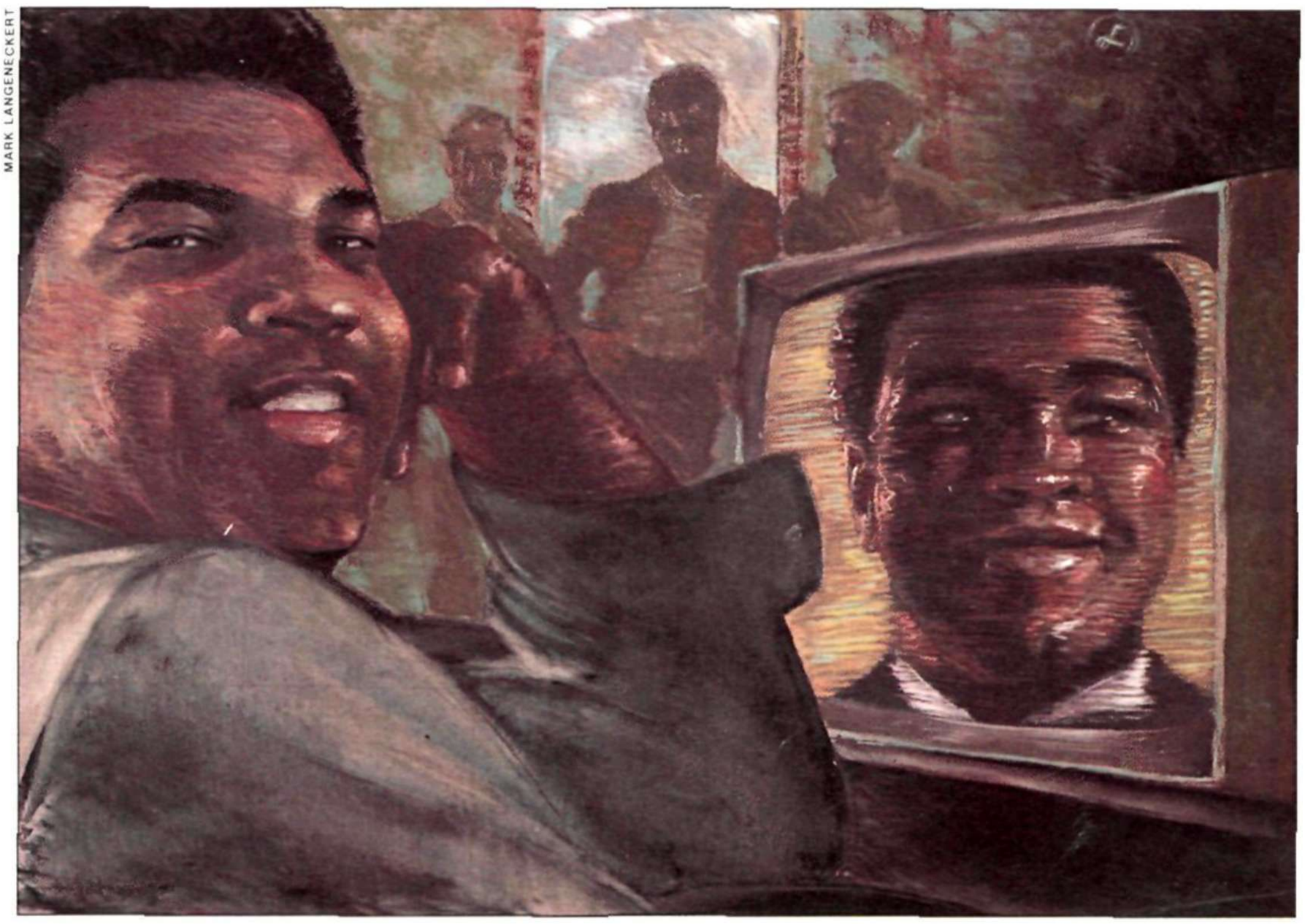
MARK LANGENECKERT



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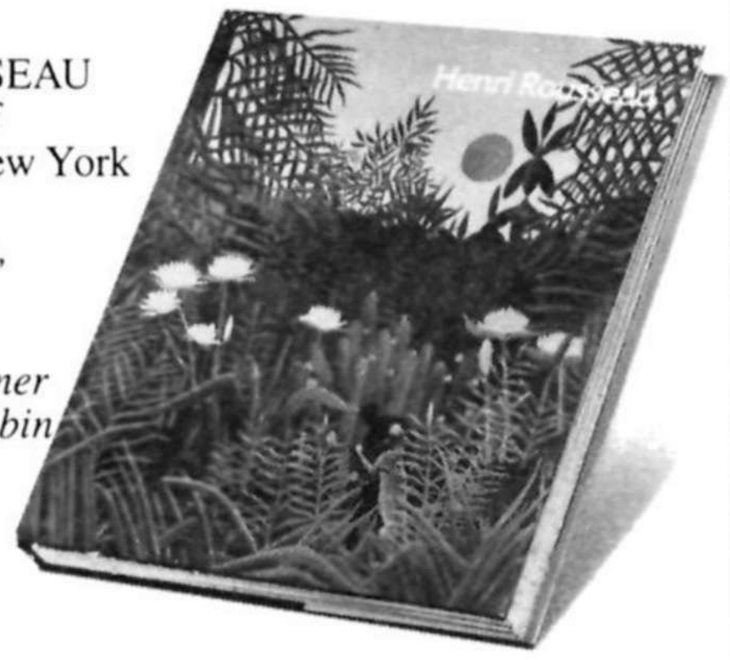

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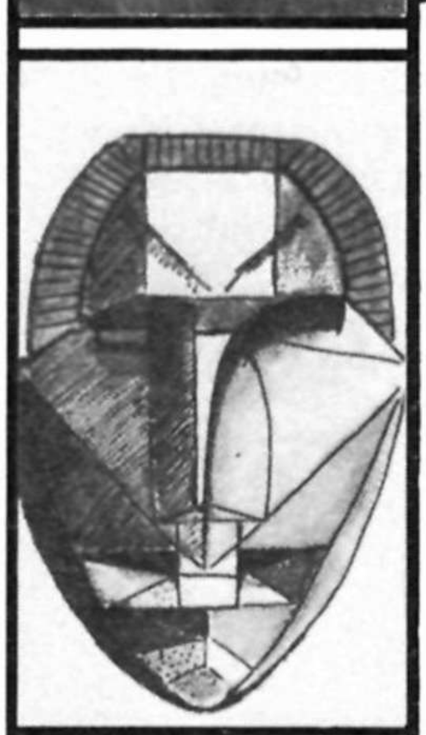

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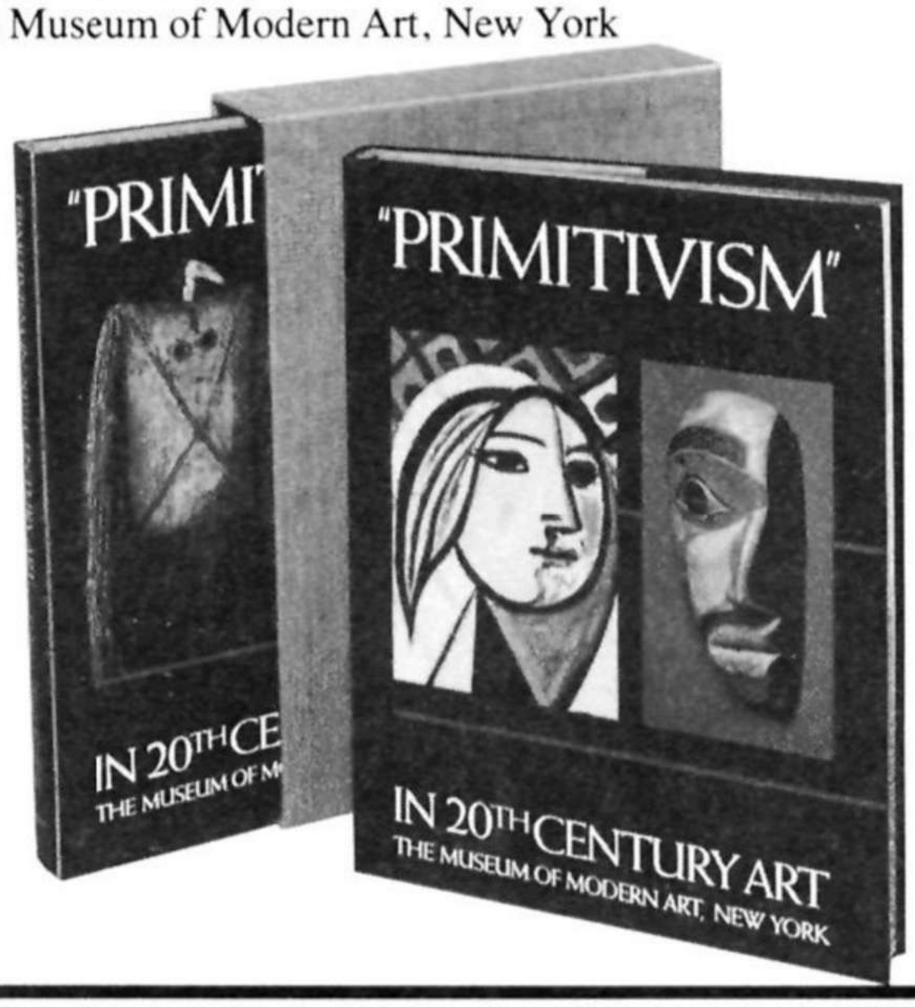

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along as early as he did; former Cleveland Brown fullback Jim Brown traded some lighthearted machismo; Aretha Franklin got her hands kissed and was blessed as the true Queen of Soul. After about 20 minutes, one of the several young men I had noticed hustling around camp leaned in from outside and gestured. Ali, Sadler and several others left the cabin.

The program ended, and the rest of us left, too. Outside, I waited, leaning on the Jack Johnson rock. Soon Ali came by, and the cluster formed again. Holding my gym bag, I stepped up and asked if he would sign the picture of me fighting in the Golden Gloves. He flipped it over and inscribed in large letters: TO MATT BOWEN FROM MUHAMMAD ALI 1975.

I had read that Ali welcomed anyone who wanted to work out to come to his camp and use the facilities. When he handed back the signed picture, I blurted out, "Could I shadow box and hit the bags?" I felt absurd. "Yeah, go on in, I'll have someone cut the lights on for ya'," he said without blinking.

Within a minute one of the gofers appeared and the overhead fluorescent lights flicked on. I slipped into one of the adjacent small rooms to change. Over a couch, various items of boxing paraphernalia hung from wooden pegs, including a pair of dirty handwraps with a name written faintly on them. I looked closer—it was HOLMES. Larry Holmes, then a sparring partner and promising heavyweight from nearby Easton, Pa.

I climbed into the ring and began to shadow box slowly, glad that the big room was empty. A man of about 60, wearing a John Deere cap and holding a little girl's hand, came in. He held the child in his lap and watched with keen interest, no doubt assuming that I was a young hopeful training for a fight. Being the subject of this illusion inhibited me for only a moment, and I began to play the part, quickening my punches and snorting air. The heavy bag barely twitched when I hit it. My left hook always made the canvas ones back at the Westport YMCA and Bridgeport Boys Club swing convincingly. This leather monolith had jerked to an almost horizontal position when Ali worked on it during a TV spot the previous year.

I showered in the sparring partners' quarters and was slouched on the sofa wondering where I could get some food, when a dapper black man of about 30 peered in. He said he was down from

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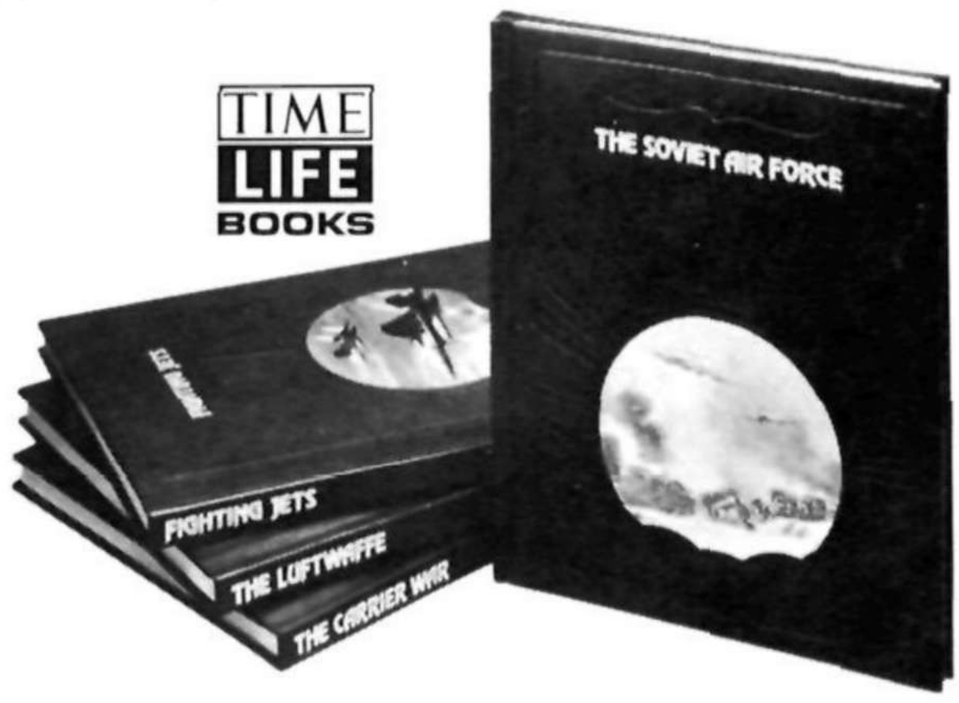

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Connecticut to film a documentary. The two of us went into Deer Lake to eat at a roadside café. We returned at nightfall and the filmmaker suggested that we go to the recreation cabin where Ali's entourage would be gathered.

Cornerman Bundini Brown lined up his pool cue to break the rack against chief trainer Angelo Dundee. Photographer Howard Bingham and somebody else played Ping-Pong. A few other men milled about the room. Off to the side, in a huge leather chair, Ali surveyed the scene. My filmmaker friend introduced me to Dundee and Brown, but he didn't follow up on his earlier offer to escort me over to Ali, instead suggesting that I say hello by myself. I did, thanking Ali for the use of the gym. He nodded, then spoke. "You ain't a fighter are ya'?"

"No," I replied, "I just do a little amateur boxing." The pause that followed seemed an eternity.

"You got any brothers?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "one older in college." Then I continued hesitantly.

"I don't want to stay—I mean, I have a sleeping bag, and I'm wondering if I can sleep in your woods."

Ali didn't flinch. "No. I'll put you in the camper. Come on."

We walked down the dark path without talking. Light shone from a cabin down below where a couple of men were wrestling a mattress through the door. Ali headed that way.

"Ralph!" he suddenly bellowed into the night. "Otis!"

Ralph or Otis materialized from the darkness.

"Get me some fresh linen in here." Ali gestured at the room where I had dressed and showered earlier. I followed him through the door of the training cabin into a small room with a rubdown table and a few chairs surrounding it. A light was already on, and he led me to the room I had been in earlier. He moved a stack of linen off the sofa bed and began to pull it out.

"You want to get up at five?" he asked. Ali was asking if I wanted to do road work with him.

"Yes."

It was close to 10 p.m. I stripped down quickly and got into bed. The floodlights went out and the camp was quiet. Larry Holmes's handwraps hung a few inches from my face. I lay there for several hours, too keyed up to sleep. I had never run more than three miles at a time in my

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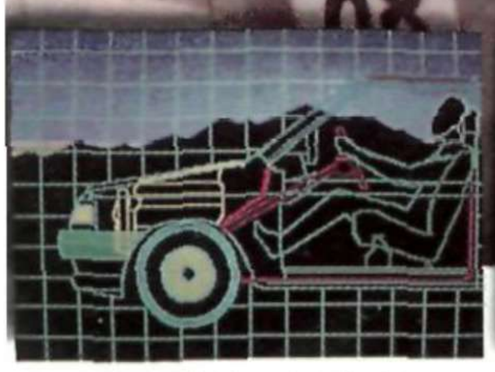

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life. If Ali ran hard for five miles I was either going to discover a new physical horizon or flop facedown in a ditch.

The brass bell was loud. I jumped up, dressed, folded the sofa bed and splashed cold water on my face. The screen door to Ali's dressing room slammed.

"We're ready to roll, boy!" he called out to me.

"O.K.," I called back.

Headlights bathed the compound and a 10-passenger van eased up alongside the cabin. Ali emerged in a gray sweatsuit and boots. He got in the front seat, and Sadler opened the rear door from inside, saying, "C'mon in, you gonna come with us this mornin'." Sadler was cheerful. I sat with him two seats back. Dundee was in the second seat with Luis Sarria, the Cuban masseur. Gene Kilroy, an all-around aide, drove.

Ali wrestled into a rubber jacket. We cruised for a few miles, and Kilroy made a left. A sign glimmered in the headlights: PLEASANT RUN RD. I had read about this stretch of road and had seen shots of the sun rising on Ali as he made this run. Kilroy went along more slowly over the gentle rises until Ali, speaking for the first time, told him to stop. Sadler slid the back door open and I crawled out. Ali had begun to walk down the road, limbering up with slow, sweeping uppercuts that he started behind the hips. I jogged up alongside him.

"Run behind me," he said. I fell back a couple of yards. He began to jog, and the van, a stone's throw behind us now, crept forward.

Ali kept an easy pace for the first quarter mile or so. I focused on the bottoms of his boots and ran up on him once or twice. Catching myself and glancing up, I realized for the first time how big he was.

Ali's boots began to thump the asphalt faster. The pastureland on either side was still only a nighttime silhouette. The road was flatter now, with gradual bends. On instinct my pace quickened with his and I ran up on him again.

I was certain I could keep going for five miles if he didn't push any harder. Surely we had done the first mile. I wondered if he would pick it up again about halfway through. We were running east, and the sky ahead had become faint blue. He broke into a near sprint. I took off after him, sure that, for me, the end had come all too soon. A hundred yards or so later, though, he broke stride and cut back to the slow pace we had started

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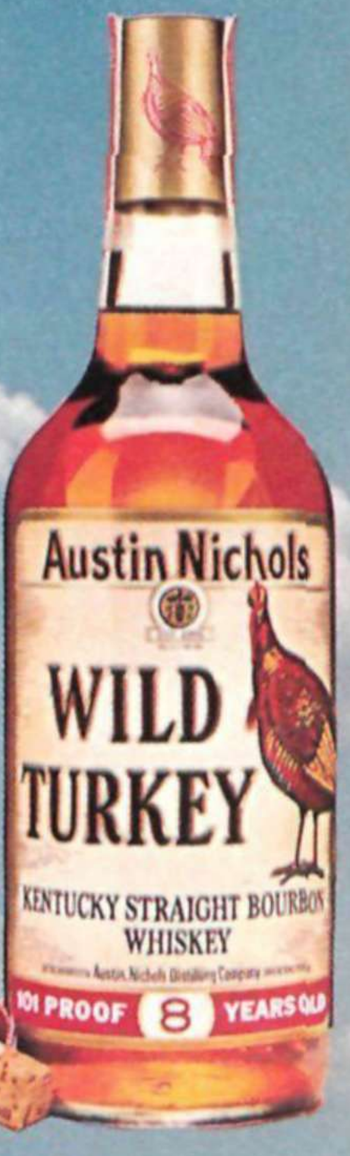

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with. Another sprint, not as far, and then he pulled up and began walking in a fast, measured rhythm. I came up on his left only a couple of feet behind. His left arm jerked back to wing one of the sweeping uppercuts. The fist snapped forward just as fast, and in the instant after his knuckle grazed my eyelid, sweat from inside the cuff of his rubber jacket splattered my cheek.

"Sorry," I said, and moved over. He didn't seem to notice.

It grew lighter gradually. I watched his profile as he strode along throwing the uppercuts. He expelled bursts of air through gritted teeth and flared nostrils, grunting with the start of each new

punch, "Sheeh-unh! Sheeh-unh!" Then he dropped his arms and just walked. We crested a rise in the road. "Listen," he said. Without punching, he sounded two quick huffs. A farm dog barked from across the pasture. He stopped. Street shoes slapped the asphalt rapidly and I turned to see a white T shirt bouncing toward us. Luis Sarria carried a white towel. Ali dabbed his face. At most we had run two miles. We got back into the van.

Halfway back to camp, Kilroy started to talk with enthusiasm about a diet he had read about. Ali grunted with a slight head shake and went on dabbing his face. "Yeeah, Champ!" Kilroy's voice went up an octave as he pleaded his case. Ali kept dabbing. Kilroy dropped the subject.

In camp Ali slipped into a shower cubicle and reemerged with only a towel around his waist. He eased onto the rubbing table. Clearly, he still weighed more than 230 pounds. I sat on a metal chair, Dundee opposite me on a wooden bench. Kilroy stood leaning with his back to the wall. The room was tiny. Sarria went to work, anointing the torso, shoulders and upper arms with oil and working his strong fingers into Ali's flesh. After a few minutes Ali, lying on his stomach, lifted his head from the table an inch and spoke to me in a deliberate, husky voice: "You can tell your grandchildren . . . that you were with Muhammad Ali . . . in preparation . . . for the greatest fight . . . in history." He paused for effect, staring at me. I smiled and nodded. Satisfied, he turned his face the other way and lay his head back down.

Dundee left to make some phone calls. The rubdown was over, and Kilroy left, too. I asked if I could use the sparring partners' shower, and Ali nodded.

As I dressed, I wondered about hanging around camp for the early afternoon workout. I hoped I would be offered some breakfast. I wanted to watch Ali eat. The door on his dressing room slammed, and I looked out to see others approach him. He passed them and then, still walking, called back over his shoulder, "We're leavin' at quarter to eight, and we ain't waitin' for nobody!" I learned they were headed for New York City.

I packed my gym bag and went out to linger in front of the kitchen. Chattering voices and the smell of onions came from inside. I stood for a long minute in the empty yard, slightly uncomfortable now with the notion of hanging around for a free breakfast. Ali stepped from his cabin, dressed in a black outfit. He smiled in a warm, matter-of-fact way.

"Thanks a lot," I said. "Uh, is there a good place to eat around here . . . some café down the road or something?" I asked. His head made a slight nod.

"How do you travel?" he asked.

"I came in a car," I said, pointing to a borrowed sedan. He glanced over at it.

"How much money you got?"

"I'm fine," I said, patting my back pocket.

"Let's see what you got," he said with a tilt of his head.

I pulled out the wallet and opened it to show him the twenty. He stretched his neck slightly as he peered down. I thumbed the bill up from the fold to make the inspection easier.

"This was a great thing for me," I said, thrusting out my hand. He brought his up slowly and simply laid it in mine. **END**

Matt Bowen is studying for his Ph.D. at the California School of Professional Psychology in Berkeley.

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ON DECK

by SANDY KEENAN

MARTIAL ARTS CHAMP BRENDA MAXEY IS GRAPPLING WITH MEN'S WRESTLING

The loudspeaker at the Illini Open wrestling tournament blared: "Breitbarth of North Central College and Maxey of Northern Illinois, report to Mat 3 for the 118-pound wrestle-backs."

Referee Bill Shreve had been working Mat 3 like a revolving door all morning, so when Maxey arrived on the mat wearing a T shirt—a rules violation—he had little patience. "You've got to take off that white T shirt," he said.

"I can't," said Maxey.

Shreve turned to the Northern Illinois trainer. "Is there any medical reason why he can't take his T shirt off?" No medical reason, but uh. . . .

The referee turned back to Maxey: "Take it off."

"I can't," said Maxey. "I'm a girl."

The only female college wrestler in America—Brenda Day Maxey—has learned to live with the bizarre and ridiculous. The day she went out for the Northern Illinois men's team, the assistant coach, passing out forms to the new wrestlers, was so startled when he got to her, he blurted out, "It's got bumps."

Yes, it has bumps, plus a husband, three cats and a world title in a sport you've probably never heard of. What's more, this 5′ 1″, 118-pound junior is competing in NCAA Division I wrestling right there in the heartland, where the really good wrestlers have at one another.

Brenda played Little League and Babe Ruth baseball in her hometown of Fredonia, N.Y. and has competed in road races, ski marathons and triathlons. She made the Olympic cycling development team and trained for a couple of months as the only female rider at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs. She holds a black belt and has won three national titles in judo.

But the sport she really excels in is too obscure for Trivial Pursuit. *Name the Balkan sport that combines the finesse of judo and the strength requirements of wrestling.*

If you came up with the answer *samoborona Bes Orusyia*, roll again. That's the official name for what is known in the U.S. as sambo wrestling. The full name translates roughly as self-defense without weapons. It's not unusual for top-line people in this sport to end up breaking their opponents' bones to get them to submit. Maxey won her third world women's sambo title in Balboa, Spain last May. Now she has two immediate goals: making the U.S. Olympic Judo team in 1988 and the U.S. Olympic Sambo team in 1992, if it has become an Olympic sport by then.

Maxey decided wrestling would improve her sambo technique. As a freshman at Northern Illinois, the hyper special-education major bounded into coach Don Flavin's office, told him all about sambo and asked to join his team.

"I'll do anything I can to help out a world-class athlete," says Flavin, the Mid-America Conference Coach of the

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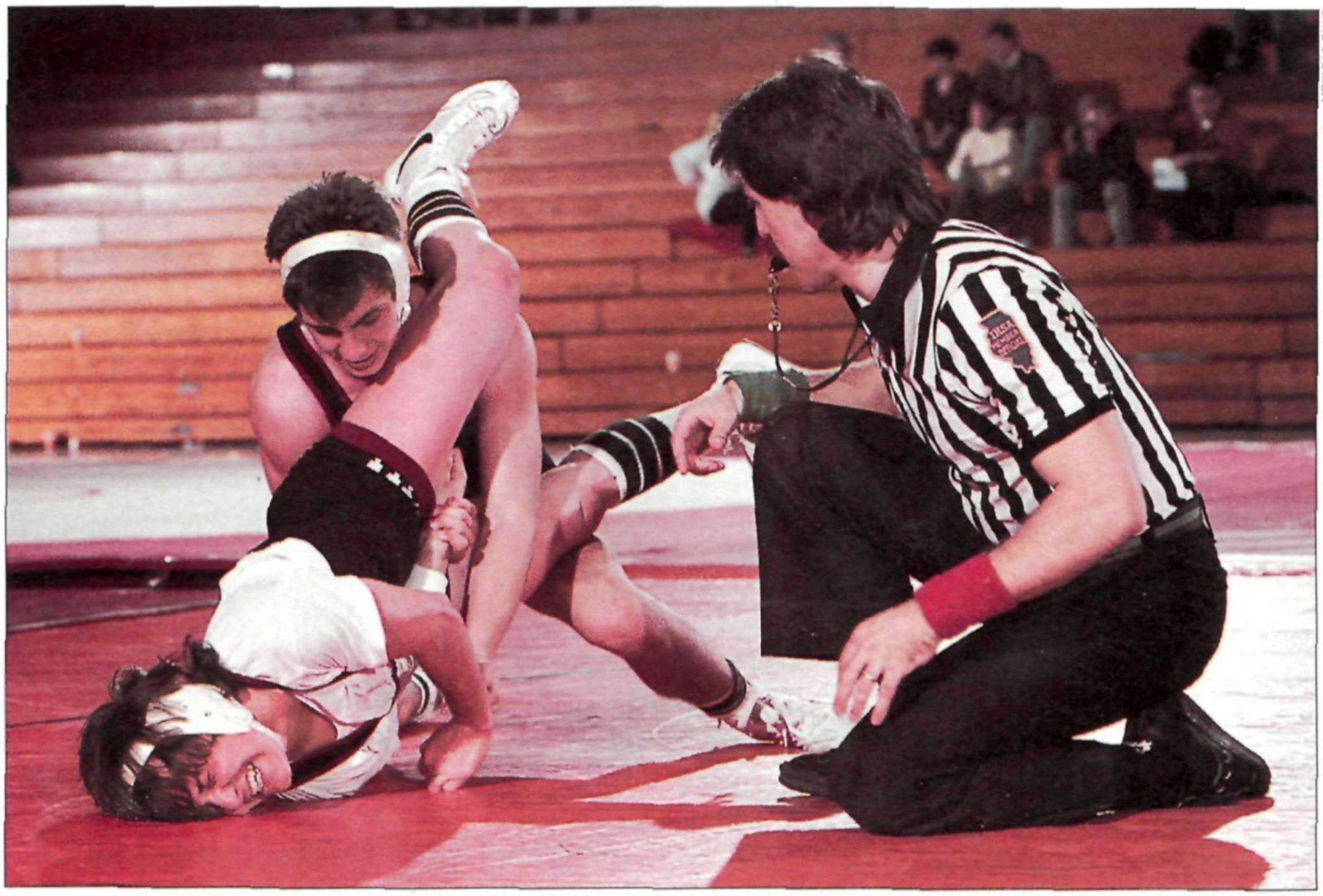

LANE STEWART

As evidenced by this match at a Northern Illinois open, when teammate Jim Lancaster wrestles with Maxey, no holds are barred.

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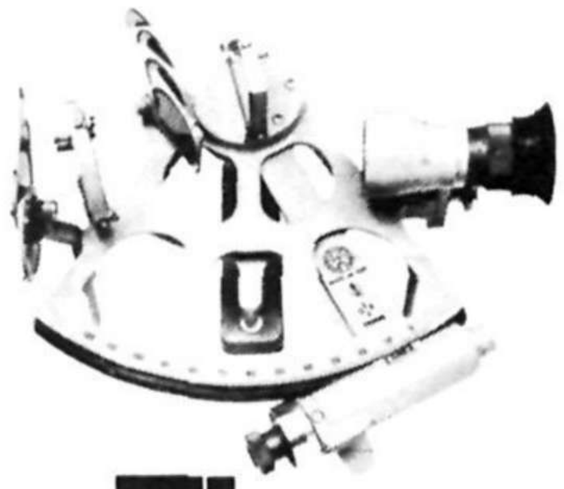

The Sailor's Handbook

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HALSEY C. HERRESHOFF, Consulting Editor

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Year in 1985. "But there was no way I felt Brenda would survive the grueling preseason in wrestling." At first her teammates reacted the way young boys often react to girls—they ignored her. But she just kept doing what everyone else did in practice. She carried other wrestlers horseback up the stadium ramps, lifted weights and on the final day of preseason training finished seventh of 30 in a 13-mile run. The young men started talking to the young woman.

Then it was time to get down to wrestling. "There was some reluctance at first," says Flavin, "mainly because there are some positions in wrestling that are, shall we say, compromising." In time the male wrestlers utilized all the usual holds, compromising or not, as did Maxey. "I'm more worried about hurting the guys than that they'll hurt me," she says.

As for the NCAA rules, they allow women to compete with men in wrestling. "We've had a little trouble weighing in, though," says Flavin. The rules say a competitor must be weighed naked. One Northern Illinois assistant coach was particularly enthusiastic about the possibility of weighing Maxey in, but Flavin makes sure women are available for the task.

Last season, as a sophomore, Maxey never made the first team for varsity matches but wrestled to a 3–8 record in open tournaments in which Northern Illinois competed. One of her three wins came because her opponent refused to wrestle a woman and another came because an opponent gave a medical excuse—but the third was just a plain old-fashioned victory, by a score of 3–3 (in wrestling one can tie on points but win on "criteria"), at the Stevens Point Open. When it was clear that Maxey's takedown, a double leg, had given her the match over Keith Henslin of Wisconsin–Stevens Point, the crowd started chanting, "Brenda, Brenda, Brenda." In 32 years of coaching, Flavin had never seen anything like it. "What the heck am I getting into," he thought. Henslin's reaction was a bit different. He was so ashamed of losing to a girl that he pounded his head against the stands. Later he admitted, "She beat me fair and square."

With its 13–3 record, the Northern Illinois team was the class of the MAC last year, but Maxey got most of the attention. THE GUYS FALL FOR BRENDA read one front-page headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. The David Letterman show made inquiries. "I'd like to go on and throw him around a little," says Maxey.

WIND radio did a series of people-on-the-street interviews in Chicago. "What do you think about a woman wrestling men?" the radio reporter asked one man.

"I think it's great," the man said. "My wife and I wrestle all the time."

Flavin has tried to keep interviews dignified. "This is not a circus. We don't intend to be a freak show," he says. "Brenda is a serious athlete."

Maxey has a history of taking on a sport, squeezing all she can out of her body and her instructors, and then going on to another challenge while still competing in the previous ones. In high school she played varsity volleyball, basketball and softball before going off to the Olympic Training Center for what would have been her senior year (she graduated as a junior). There she made herself ride the same workout as Roy Knickman, a member of the '84 Olympic team. "I overtrained and burned out," admits Maxey.

For as long as she can remember, Maxey has been interested in contact sports. There have always been outlets for boys, but not for teenage tomboys. It was in Colorado Springs that Maxey, then 16 and single, discovered and fell for martial arts. Judo became her passion.

She moved to Rochelle, Ill. to train with judo instructor Bill Maxey, 35, chief scout of U.S. Judo, Inc. To support herself, she mowed lawns in a cemetery and slung pies at the local Pizza Hut, all for the privilege of working out four or five times a week with Maxey. She married him 1½ years after arriving in town.

Bill approves of his wife's wrestling—as long as it doesn't interfere with her judo and sambo competitions. He doesn't like the fact that because she is not on the Northern Illinois first team, she had to pay for her own hotel room at an away meet. "Northern Illinois eats up the publicity but won't give her a scholarship," he says.

Last fall Brenda went to see the women's athletic director, Susie Pembroke-Jones, about a scholarship. "She told me, 'We have to take care of our own first,' " says Brenda. "I got upset. I mean, what am I?"

Jerry Breitbarth didn't know who his opponent would be in the consolation round of the Illini Open last month. He kept listening for the announcements.

continued

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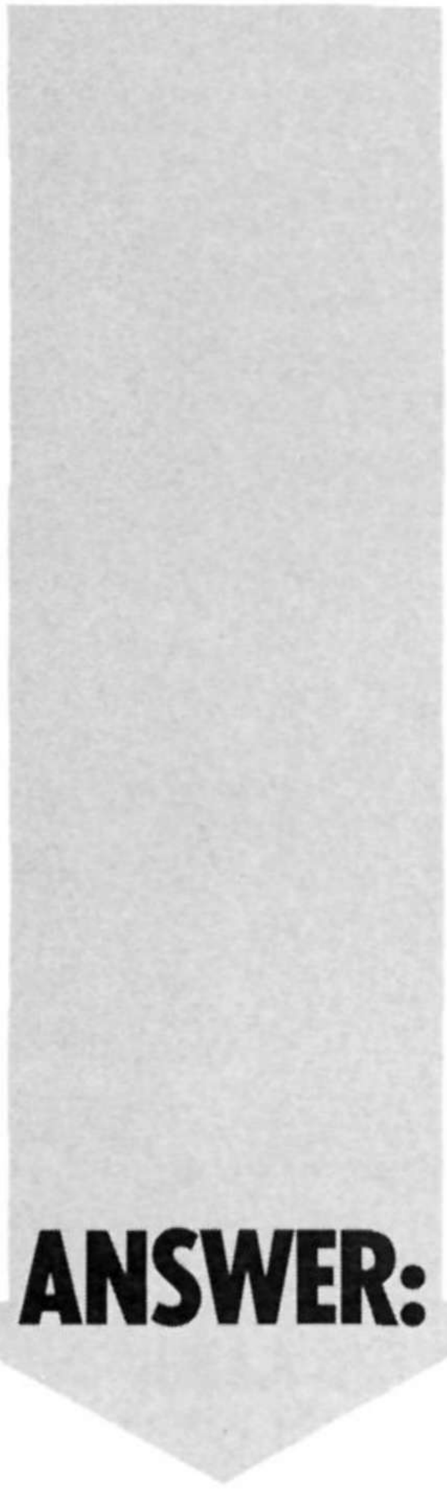

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"When they said Brenda, I said uh-oh," he recalls. "I thought, Oh man, this is it, the most important match of my life." He could see the headlines: GIRL BEATS BREITBARTH. The match went the distance, with Breitbarth winning 6–0 on points. "She's really strong," he said, gasping for breath a few seconds after it was over. "I'll tell you, she wrestles better than a lot of guys."

Maxey had a solid shot at being Northern Illinois's No. 1 wrestler in the 118-pound category this season, until Flavin recruited a top Illinois high school wrestler, Tony Calderone. The differences between the two are typical of the gap that still exists between top men and women athletes in many sports: He is stronger. Though virtually the same height and weight as Maxey, Calderone, who wrestled at 112 pounds in high school, can bench-press 235 pounds to Maxey's 170. And he has been competing longer. At seven, Calderone was the 50-pound Chicago City champ. Maxey started wrestling just two years ago. Perhaps the greatest difference is that Calderone was encouraged. "The wrestling coach in my high school wouldn't give me the time of day," says Maxey. "Imagine how good I would be now. Some days I get abused and I wonder why I'm doing this. But then I'll do something I haven't done before, and I'm so happy, I'm flying. I'm building a foundation."

Maxey is pleased with how well she now fits in on the team. Every time she takes someone down in practice, the entire team says, "Oooooooo." "She's great at underhooks," says Calderone.

For most men the prospect of losing to a woman is petrifying. Last year, a highly ranked wrestler from Louisiana State confided in Flavin that he was scared to death to face Maxey. This year, eight wrestlers came out for the 118-pound class at Northern Illinois. Only Calderone, Maxey and Jim Lancaster remain. "Everyone I could beat quit," says Maxey. "No one is going to stick around and get his butt kicked by a girl."

That's exactly what Joe Arminis of Triton College was thinking when he drew Maxey in the first round of the Illini Open. "If I had lost, I would have retired," says Arminis; he won the match easily.

Crowds always gather at Maxey's matches. While Arminis had her in a tight cradle, a heavyweight wrestler on the sidelines said, "I wish she was in my

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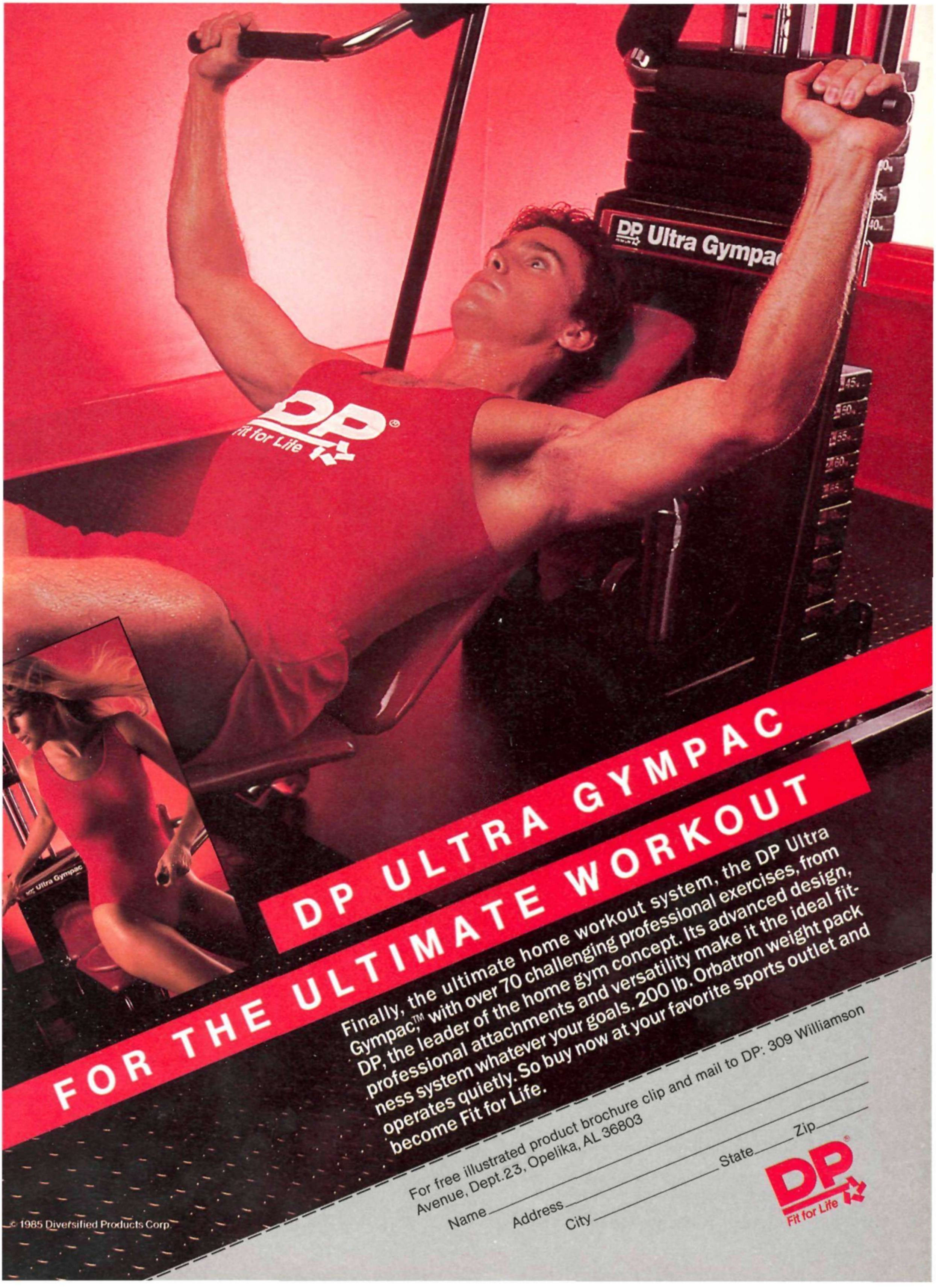

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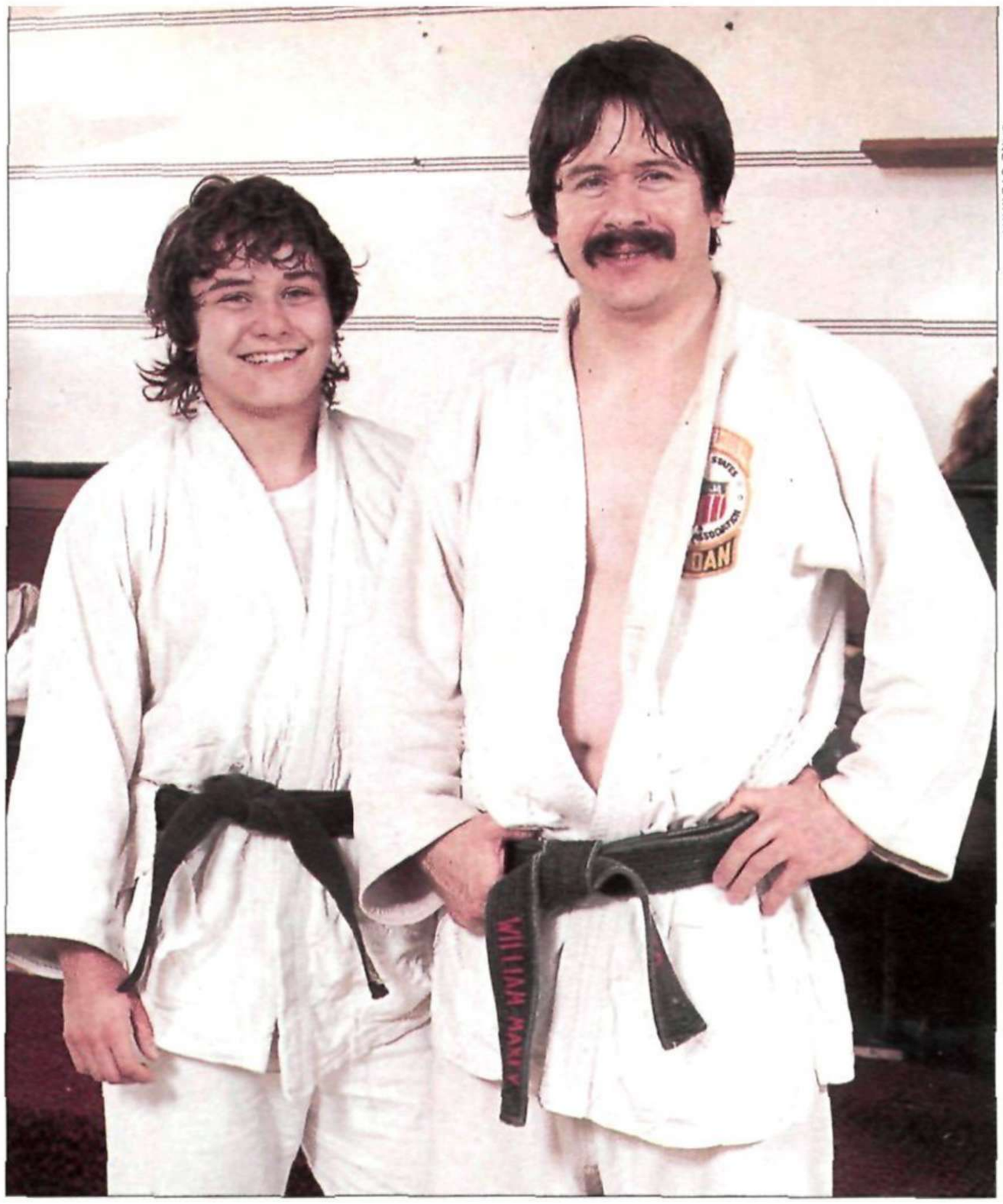

LANE STEWART

Bill coaxed Brenda into a black belt in judo, three national titles and marriage.

ON DECK *continued*

class, I'd teach her a lesson or two." But another wrestler said, "Man, you've got to give her credit."

With a freshman as talented as Calder-*one on the scene, Maxey's chances for* wrestling at the varsity level look bleak. Still, she never misses practice.

The NCAA doesn't keep track of the number of women who participate in men's sports, but Bob Dellinger, the director of the National Wrestling Hall of Fame in Stillwater, Okla., believes Maxey is the only woman to have won a match on the mat. About a dozen elementary and junior high school girls *compete in amateur wrestling events* around the country each year. "But once they reach puberty," says Dellinger, "they usually get out of it."

Even though Maxey may be an oddity now, there are signs things could be changing. Girls and women seek her out for advice. Between matches recently, 16-year-old Ann'Marie Paulaskas, a 112-pounder from Posen, Ill., came to see Maxey. Paulaskas hopes to try out for the University of Illinois team as a freshman this fall. She has not been allowed to wrestle at her high school. She was giddy at the opportunity to talk to Maxey.

"What is it really like?" asked Paulaskas.

"*Well, no one's going to talk to you for* a while," said Maxey, "but then it'll be all right."

"Do you get beat up a lot?" asked the younger woman. Maxey said she averages between five and seven black eyes a year.

"Do you ever get to stack 'em up real nasty in a chicken wing or use a cross-bar?" asked Paulaskas.

"Only in practice," said Maxey.

"Ever have trouble with cramps?" *asked Paulaskas.*

"My period is only a hassle when I have to make weight," said Maxey.

Paulaskas told Maxey she wrestles "in secret" because her mother doesn't approve. "Wrestling is a four-letter word to my parents, too," said Maxey.

Before the younger woman left, she thanked Maxey very much, and then the 16-year-old hopeful shook the 20-year-old veteran's hand really hard. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 27-Feb. 2

Compiled by JAMES E. REYNOLDS

PRO BASKETBALL—The Pacific Division–leading Los Angeles Lakers snapped their three-game losing streak and won three of four games. Seven Lakers scored in double figures in a 134–100 rout of Philadelphia. Portland dropped to 8½ games behind the Lakers after losing two of three games. The Trail Blazers, led by Kiki Vandeweghe's 36 points, scored the most points by a team this season in a 156–121 thrashing of the L.A. Clippers. Third-place Phoenix won three of four games. Guard Walter Davis scored the Suns' final six points to help down San Antonio 112–111. Houston stayed on top of the Midwest Division after winning two of three. Akeem Olajuwon preserved a 111–109 victory over Sacramento by blocking LaSalle Thompson's 18-foot jumper with six seconds left in the game. After a 3-1 week, Denver trailed the Rockets by 4½ games. Dallas won four games and moved past San Antonio into third place. In a 126–114 victory over the Spurs, the Mavericks made a club-record 37 consecutive free throws. Milwaukee, 2–2, stayed 4½ games ahead of Atlanta in the Central Division. Sidney Moncrief scored 32 points to lead the Bucks over Utah 127–103. The 2–2 Hawks beat Indiana and Detroit. Boston increased its lead in the Atlantic Division with three wins. The Celtics' 114–101 defeat of Seattle extended their winning streak to 11, the longest in the NBA this season. Philadelphia struggled on the West Coast, winning only one of four. In that victory, 106–99 over Seattle, Charles Barkley grabbed 21 rebounds and Moses Malone scored a game-high 22 points. Third-place New Jersey, 2–2, beat Golden State and Atlanta.

BOWLING—*JON O'DROBINAK defeated Mark* Roth 202–190 to win $27,000 and a PBA tournament in Grand Prairie, Texas.

FIGURE SKATING—Defending champions JOZEF SABOVCIK of Czechoslovakia and KATARINA WITT of East Germany retained the men's and women's titles, respectively, at the European Championships in Copenhagen, Denmark. The Soviet Union's NATALIA BESTEMYANOVA and ANDREI BUKIN repeated as champions in the ice-dancing competition.

GOLF—FUZZY ZOELLER won $108,000 and the Pebble Beach National Pro-Am with an 11-under-par 205 for 54 holes (*page 164*).

AYAKO OKAMOTO beat Muffin Spencer-Devlin by one stroke to win $30,000 and an LPGA tournament in Miami. Her total of eight under par tied a tournament record.

HOCKEY—Chicago kept its six-point Norris Division lead over St. Louis. The Black Hawks won two of four games, including a 5–4 thriller over the New York Rangers in which right wing Steve Larmer scored the game-winner with just 23 seconds left to play. The Blues, 2-0-1, tied Edmonton 5–5 and had back-to-back victories over Detroit. Third-place Minnesota won only one of three games and fell 11 points behind Chicago. In the Adams Division, Montreal beat Buffalo, Quebec and Boston and opened a five-point lead over the second-place Nordiques, 1-1-2 for the week. The Bruins, meanwhile, won their other three games to take sole possession of third place, one point behind Quebec. Bruin defenseman Ray Bourque scored the game-winner in overtime in a 5–4 defeat of Hartford. The Whalers, who had been tied with Boston, dropped four games. After playing 77 games without a tie, Patrick Division–leading Philadelphia had two of them and lost its other game. Second-place Washington won two of four games but was still six points back of the Flyers. Capital left wing Greg Adams scored the winning goal at 18:37 of the third period in a 5–4 game with New Jersey. The New York Islanders won four games to move within six points of Washington. In a 9–2 rout of Toronto, Islander Denis Potvin scored his 271st career goal, breaking Bobby Orr's record for defensemen. In the Smythe Division, Edmonton won two games and tied two. Wayne Gretzky had his consecutive game-scoring streak stopped at 39, but the Oilers nonetheless beat Chicago 4–3.

HORSE RACING—LOVE SMITTEN ($8.60), Chris McCarron up, beat Johnica by 2¼ lengths to win $65,600 and the Santa Maria Handicap. The 5-year-old mare ran the 1 1/16–mile race in 1:44⅗. In another race at Santa Anita, NOSTALGIA'S STAR ($13.20), ridden by Fernando Toro, finished 3½ lengths in front of Roo Art to win $314,250 and the Charles H. Strub Stakes. The 4-year-old covered the muddy 1¼-mile track in 2:03⅗.

VIDEOGENIC ($10.40), Robbie Davis up, defeated Powder Break by 1¼ lengths to win $118,440 and the Orchid Handicap at Gulfstream Park. The 4-year-old filly ran the 1½-mile turf race in 2:27⅕.

INDOOR SOCCER—Baltimore won twice and increased its MISL Eastern Division lead to 1½ games over Minnesota. Forward Stan Stamenkovic had three goals and two assists in leading the Blast past Chicago 5–4. The Strikers, meanwhile, lost to Dallas 11–8 but beat Los Angeles 6–5. In the Western Division, San Diego won its three games. Wichita, 1–1 for the week, dropped six games behind the Sockers. In the Wings' 6–5 win over Tacoma, forward Frank Rasmussen scored the game-winner at 8:14 of the second overtime.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of AL HOLBERT, DEREK BELL and AL UNSER JR., driving a Porsche 962, won the 24-hour Daytona endurance race. They set records on the 3.56-mile oval at the Daytona International Speedway for most laps (712), miles covered (2,534.72) and average speed (105.484 mph). The second-place team of A.J. Foyt, Danny Sullivan and Arie Luyendyk finished less than a lap behind the winners.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL won $67,500 and the U.S. Pro Indoor Tournament when Tim Mayotte defaulted because of an injury sustained in his semifinal match against Yannick Noah, in Philadelphia.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Steffi Graf 6–3, 6–1 to win $40,000 and a WTA tournament in Key Biscayne, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—JOE DIAL surpassed Billy Olson's week-old world indoor best in the pole vault by one inch, clearing 19′ 4¾″ at a meet at the University of Missouri.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, PAUL HORNUNG, 50, running back and kicker for Green Bay (1957-62, '64-66), who set the NFL record for the most points scored in a single season with 176 in 1960; WILLIE LANIER, 40, middle linebacker for Kansas City ('67-77), who had 27 career interceptions; KEN HOUSTON, 41, defensive back for Houston ('67-72) and Washington ('73-80), who intercepted 49 passes, returning an NFL-record nine for touchdowns; FRAN TARKENTON, 46, quarterback for the New York Giants ('67-71) and Minnesota ('61-66, '72-78), who holds the NFL career passing records for attempts (6,467), completions (3,686), yards (47,003) and touchdowns (342); and DOAK WALKER, 59, running back, defensive back, kicker and kick-return man for Detroit ('50-55), who scored 534 career points.

NAMED: As head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, BUDDY RYAN, 51, who was the defensive coordinator of the Chicago Bears. Ryan had been an assistant coach in the NFL for 18 years with the New York Jets, Minnesota and Chicago. He succeeds Marion Campbell, who was dismissed in December. And as head coach of the New Orleans Saints, JIM MORA, 50, who coached the Philadelphia Stars and then Baltimore Stars of the USFL to the championship game three years in a row, winning it twice (1984, '85). His three-year record with the Stars was 48-13-1. Mora replaces Wade Phillips, who served as interim coach after his father, Bum, resigned in November.

SIGNED: By the Philadelphia 76ers, BOB McADOO, 34, for the rest of the season, after the Los Angeles Lakers failed to match the Sixers' offer sheet. McAdoo has been in the NBA for 13 years with Buffalo, New York, Boston, Detroit, New Jersey and Los Angeles.

TRADED: By the St. Louis Blues, right wing JOE MULLEN, 29, and defensemen RIK WILSON, 23, and TERRY JOHNSON, 27, to the Calgary Flames for left wings EDDY BEERS, 26, and GINO CAVALLINI, 23, and defenseman CHARLIE BOURGEOIS, 26; by the Boston Bruins, center BILL DERLAGO, 27, to the Winnipeg Jets for defenseman WADE CAMPBELL, 25; by the Los Angeles Kings, defenseman BRIAN ENGBLOM, 31, and center DOUG SMITH, 22, to the Buffalo Sabres for defenseman LARRY PLAYFAIR, 27, and right wing SEAN McKENNA, 23.

DIED: RICK CARTER, 42, football coach at Holy Cross since 1981 (five-year record: 35-19-2); of suicide by hanging; in West Boylston, Mass.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JOE E. KENNEDY

MIKE DONNELLY
LIVONIA, MICH.

Donnelly, a senior left wing on the Michigan State hockey team, set a school scoring record with eight goals in two games. He had five in a 6–5 OT win over Ohio State and three more in an 8–0 romp over the Buckeyes the next day.

FRANK ATURA

LESLIE LOUGHRAN
STORMVILLE, N.Y.

Loughran, 20, a junior at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J., had an 11–0 record for the Ducks' tennis team. In three years of varsity competition, she is undefeated in 25 matches, winning 23 of them in straight sets.

JOE McTYRE

BRIAN OLIVER
SMYRNA, GA.

Brian, a forward/guard on the Wills High basketball team, scored 51 and 52 points (a school record) in victories over Lassiter High. The 6′ 4″ senior is averaging 31 points and 14 rebounds for the Tigers, who have a 19–2 record.

PIERCE STUDIO

JANE WOODHEAD
LEWISTON, MAINE

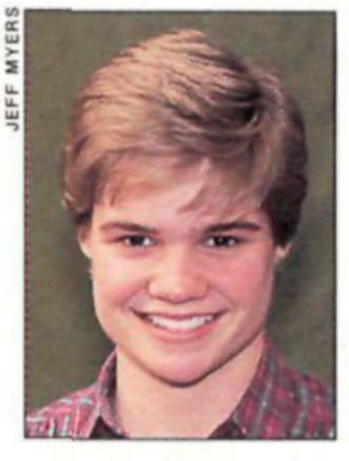
Jane, a Lewiston High senior, won the girls' shotput at the Dartmouth Relays with a meet-record toss of 45′ 9″, breaking the previous mark by three feet. Jane is the state record holder for the shotput, discus and Class A javelin.

KEVIN HIGLEY

FRED ROCKOW
PITTSFORD, N.Y.

Rockow, 49, won his 300th swim meet (against 51 losses) as a coach when his Pittsford Sutherland High team beat Hilton High. In 26 years of coaching, 23 of them at Pittsford, Rockow has won 14 county and 15 sectional championships.

JEFF MYERS



ANN COLLOTON
IOWA CITY, IOWA

Ann, a senior at West High, earned her fourth state high school championship in a row, swimming the 100-yard breaststroke, with a state record 1:07.45. She is only the fourth Iowa swimmer or diver to win four straight titles in the same event.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GLORIOUS PACK

Sir:

Three cheers for Ronald C. Modra and Ron Fimrite. Modra's superb pictures and Fimrite's article on the 1966 Packers (*A Team For All Time*, Jan. 27), winners of Super Bowl I, got my adrenaline flowing. What the NFL sorely needs today is another Vince Lombardi. You can bet that he wouldn't talk with agents or accede to preposterous salary demands; instead, he would take low draft choices and heretofore mediocre players (remember the 1959 Packers?) and trounce those of lesser mettle.

EDWARD J. KRYSHAK
Kentwood, Mich.

MORE OF THE PACK

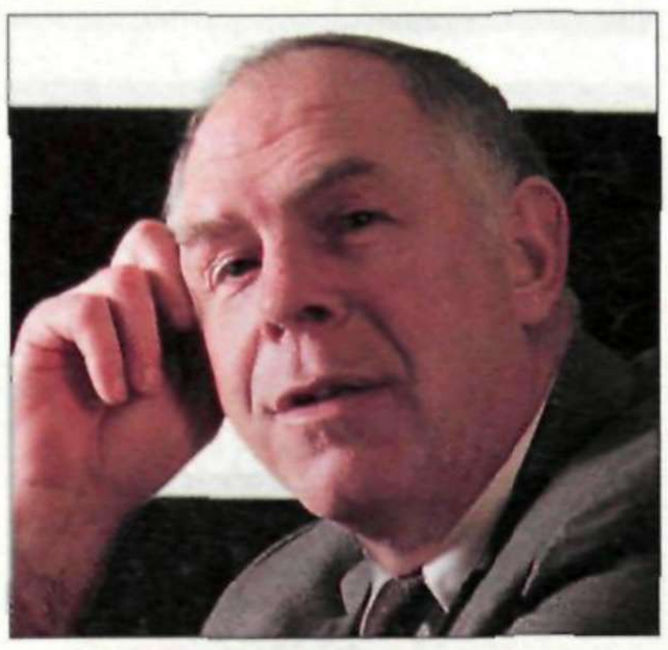
Sir:

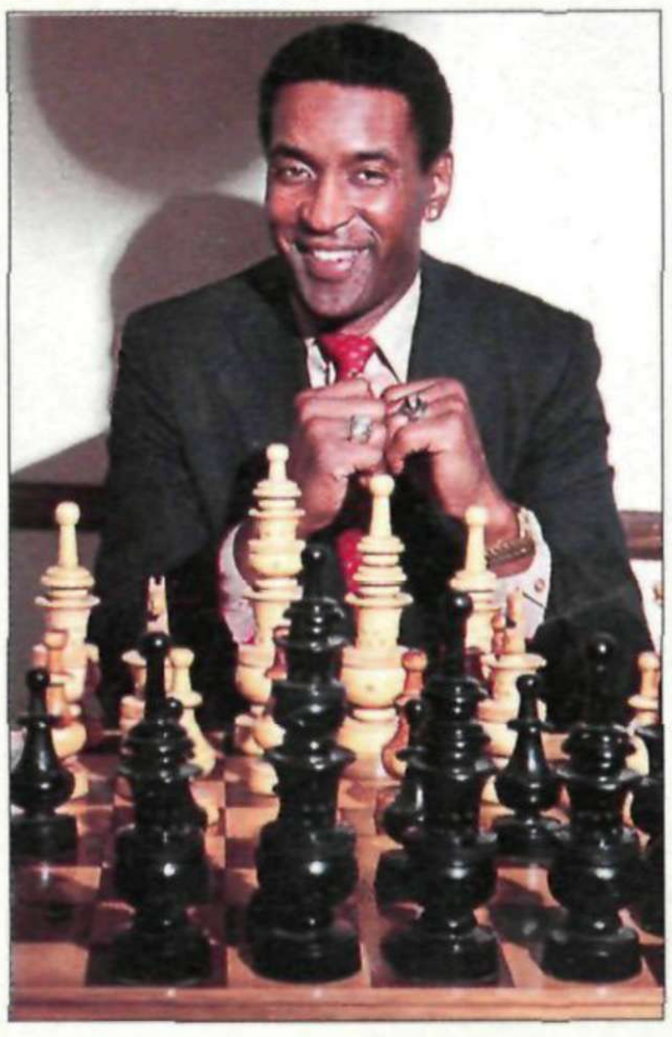
Your photo essay on the '66 Green Bay Packers was excellent. I was disappointed, nevertheless, by the absence of some of the other prominent players. For example, Bob Skoronski, who was briefly mentioned but not pictured, may in fact be one of the more successful alumni. Although he keeps a low profile, he now runs his own business (he sells electrical fixtures and supplies) in Appleton, Wis.

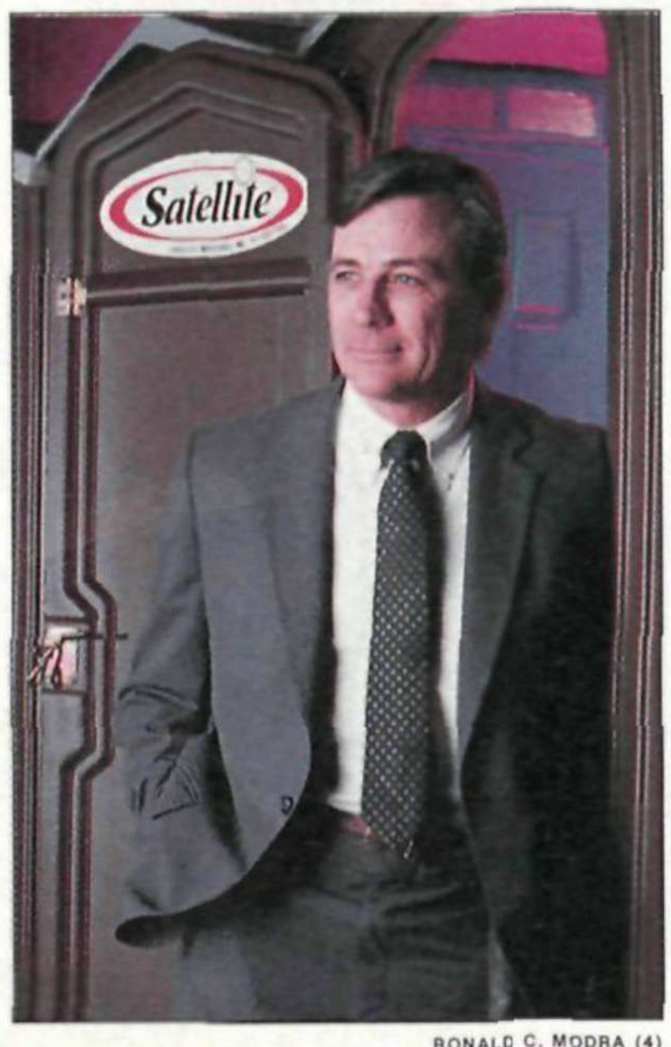
Were there any more photos?

Hank Anderson
New York City

• For Modra's portraits of, clockwise from top left, Boyd Dowler, Skoronski, Doug Hart and Marv Fleming, see below.—ED.







RONALD C. MODRA (4)

TROUBLED MAC

Sir:

My, how the mighty have fallen! One year John McEnroe dominates men's tennis and the next he is making frequent, unexpected and hasty early-round departures (*Will The Mac Attack Be Back?* Jan. 27). The only question nowadays is, what unranked, unknown player is going to upset him—and it certainly doesn't take much to upset him.

BILL SPOTTS
Mesa, Ariz.

Sir:

It's ironic that the sad tale of Mac the Brat followed the uplifting story on the Pack. John McEnroe needs someone like Vince Lombardi to kick his fanny and teach him some humility.

THOMAS A. FORMAN
Cedar Glen, Calif.

Sir:

It's bad enough that Mac has to put up with the trash that is printed in gossip publications, but to have SI enlarge upon it is too much. The Capulets and Montagues? Be serious. And who is Bob Kain anyway? I suppose that as Bjorn Borg's manager he knows exactly how Mac feels.

Mac needs to relax and get out of the limelight for a while. I'd be more than happy to put him up at my house and show him how restful small town life can be. Keep hanging in there, John. You're still the best!

MIKE WILLIAMS
Kingsport, Tenn.

JINXED JINX

Sir:

What has become of the famous SPORTS ILLUSTRATED "cover jinx"? The Patriots beat the Dolphins after appearing on your Jan. 13 cover. Now the Bears have won the Super Bowl in spite of being double jinxed—they graced your cover for two consecutive weeks (Jan. 20 and 27) before the championship game. Either the jinx has ended, or it has gone into a midwinter slump.

ERIK HEIM
Newark, Del.

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.

He likes
the bottoms.

She likes
the tops.

But there's
one taste they
agree on.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg
nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Feb.'85.

Two tough trail bosses!

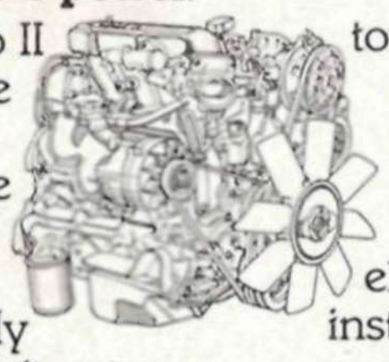
Ford Bronco and Bronco II.

Bronco already leads its class in power. Now there's a powerful new V-6 in trim-size Bronco II. Plus new "Touch-Drive" option to shift to 4WD high at any speed. And Eddie Bauer luxury is offered in both!

You're not seeing double. You're looking at two different size Ford 4-wheelers: big Bronco and the trim Bronco II.

Both have what it takes to make waves—in the wild and around town. And both are offered with the looks and luxury of special Eddie Bauer editions.

New 2.9L V-6 power.



Bronco II breaks loose with a new bigger, more powerful 2.9L V-6. Electronically fuel injected, it puts the fun of 140 horses under your hood.* Nothing in its class can match that!

Big Bronco power.

The standard Bronco engine is Ford's high-torque 4.9L Six. And for the V-8 options, the operative word is "go."

You can go with a 185-HP 5.0L fuel-injected V-8. Or go all the way with a big 5.8L High Output V-8 with 4V carb and 210 horsepower—considerably more than Blazer's biggest engine!*

New pushbutton 4WD shifts at any speed.

Just touch a button in Bronco II's overhead electric "Touch-Drive" console to go from 2WD to 4WD high. The electric shift takes place instantly, clash free, at any speed. Shift back to 2WD the same way. It's no work, all play!

Ford's exclusive new "Touch-Drive" system is optional on Bronco II. Manual locking hubs are standard on both Broncos, with automatic front locking hubs optional on the big one.

Strong suspensions.

Both Broncos are tough, maneuverable, fun to drive. Both have Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension to absorb jolts, not pass them along. And to help keep wheels glued to the ground for solid traction off the road.

Both offer the class and comfort of the Eddie Bauer models shown here.

Eddie Bauer Broncos.

The luxurious Eddie Bauer editions feature unique two-tone paint and special trim. High-styled interiors with dual Captain's Chairs, tilt wheel, cruise control and more. Plus Eddie Bauer tote and garment bags. And Ford's Extended Maintenance and Limited Warranty coverage. Ask to see this warranty when you visit your dealer.

Best-Built American Trucks.

At Ford, Quality is Job 1. A 1985 survey established that Ford makes the best-built American trucks. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on 1981-1984 models designed and built in the U.S.

Lifetime Service Guarantee.

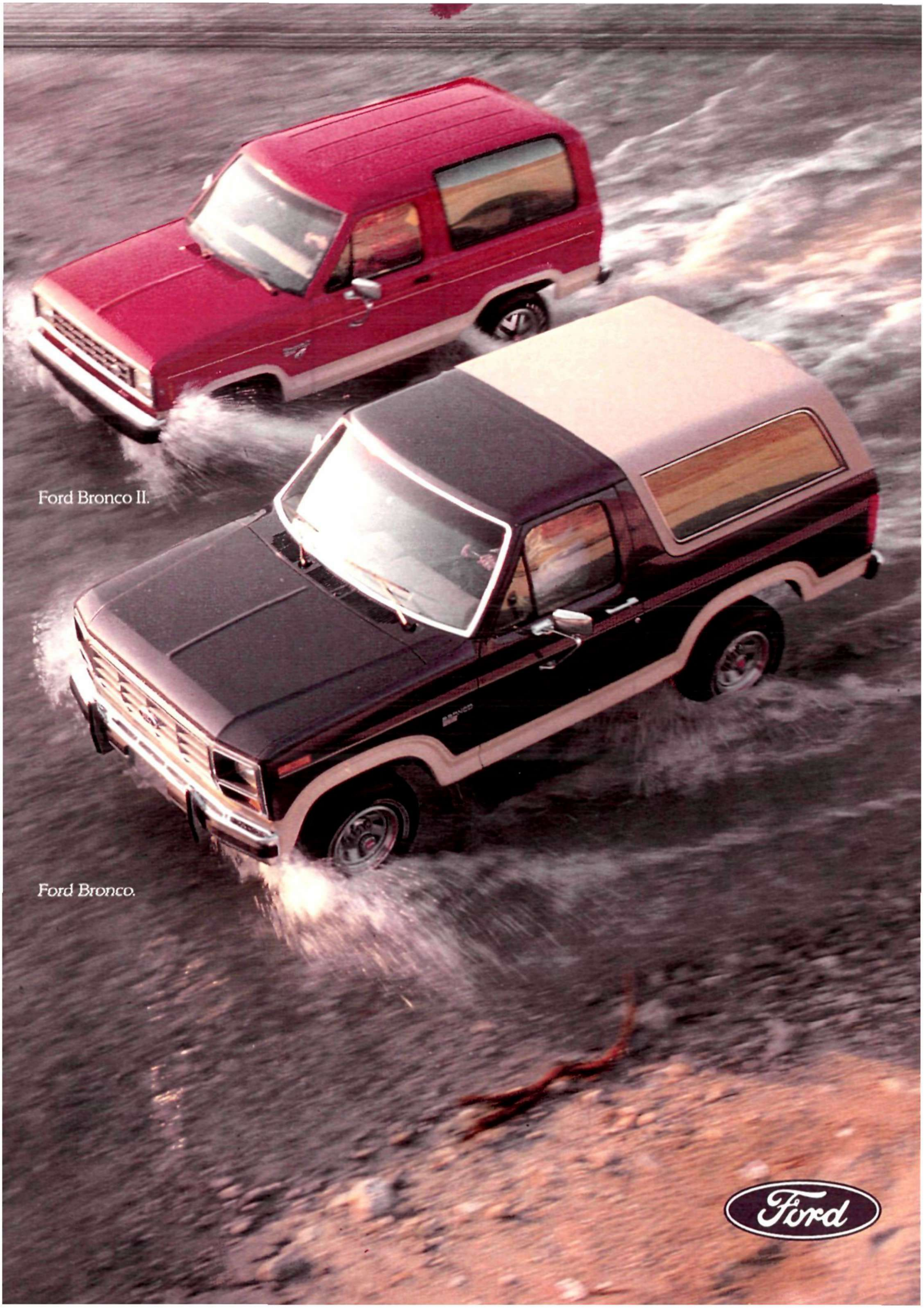
Participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee for as long as you own your Ford car or light truck. Ask to see this guarantee when you visit your participating Ford Dealer.

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

*Horsepower based on SAE Standard J1349.

BEST-BUILT AMERICAN TRUCKS

Built Ford Tough


Ford Bronco II.
Ford Bronco.
Ford

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