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Sports Illustrated

February 9, 1987 Volume 66, No. 6

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Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

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FAST TAKEOFF

Marathoner Kim Alexis, clad for our swimsuit act *(page 98)* in a racy suit by Mistral ($44), did laps on a Dominican Republic runway. On the cover: Elle in a tank suit by H_2O ($72).

FROM THE PUBLISHER

HOW DO YOU SELECT YOUR MODELS? That's the question we're asked most often about our annual swimsuit issue. The answer is that, all year long, senior editor Jule Campbell keeps an eye on newspapers, magazines and trade papers, searching for promising swimsuit candidates. (Twelve years ago, for instance, she saw a picture no more than an inch square of twins Yvonne and Yvette Sylvander in *Women's Wear Daily* and flew to Miami to meet them. The twins graced our Jan. 19, 1976, cover.) Campbell then spends several hours interviewing each prospect, checking, among other things, how she moves, whether she is energetic or quiet, how she reacts before the camera. All this research pays off, as you will see when you get to the seven models who brighten 34 pages of this issue *(page 98)*.

"I'm not looking for undernourished fashion models," Campbell says. "We want healthy girls—they have to be, to keep up with all the things we try. They also have to be pretty good athletes, and I think that gives them a quality that shows in the pictures."

Most of this year's models will be familiar to SI readers: Elle Macpherson, Kim Alexis, Kathy Ireland, Renée Simonsen and Carol Alt have all been here before. And all have athletic backgrounds. Macpherson, our cover girl, was a backstroker who competed from a very early age at home in Australia; Alexis was a competitive swimmer in high school; Ireland is a fine skier; Simonsen plays tennis and swims; and Alt, who is also featured in this issue as the wife of New York Rangers star Ron Greschner *(page 88)*, was the top scorer on her high school basketball team.

This year's two swimsuit rookies also grew up in sports. Karen Alexander once held the high-jumping record (5′ 10″) at South Brunswick (N.J.) High School. "Karen also used to be a sprinter, but she had to quit when she tore up her knee playing basketball," Campbell says. And Monika Schnarre, who is a sophomore at her high school, Woburn Collegiate Institute in Toronto, throws the javelin for the school track team.

Alexis, as you will see, is equally at ease in or out of the water. While away from John Zimmerman's camera, she continued her training routine for the 1986 New York Marathon. Three days after returning from location in the Dominican Republic, Alexis finished the marathon in 4:27.

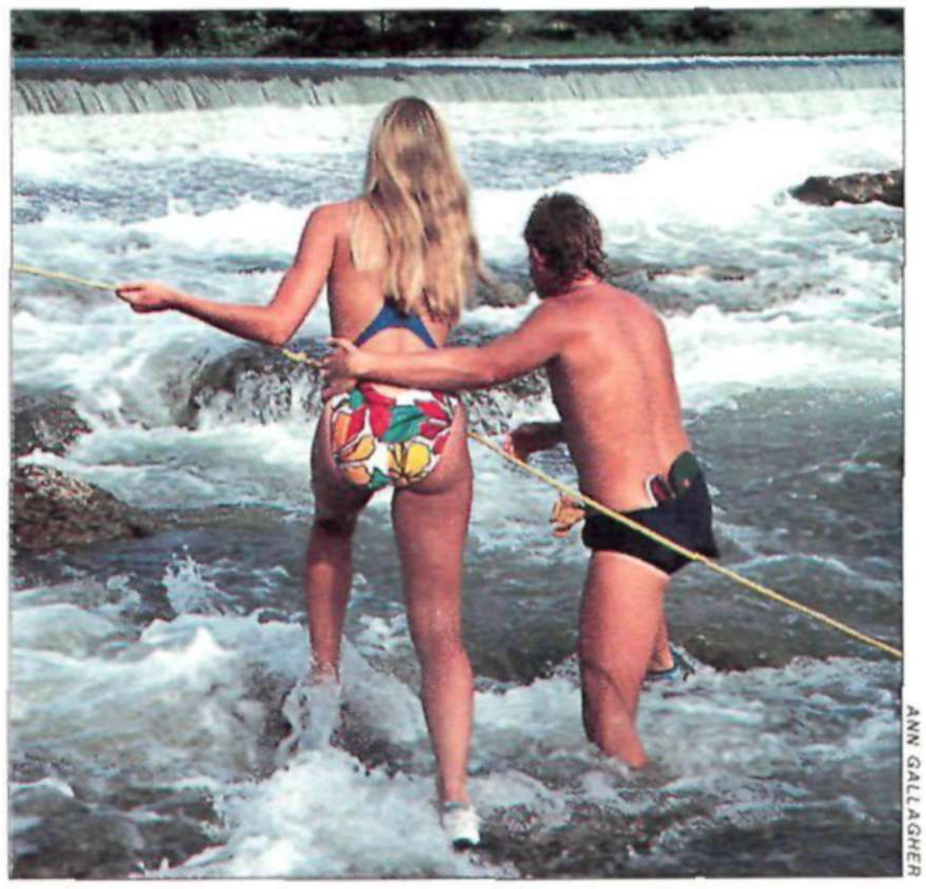
The hazards the models faced this year were varied. For instance Macpherson rode an Arabian stallion through sugarcane fields near a steep cliff, and the footing was often treacherous. Ireland's sporting blood was tested by a shot that required her to stand perfectly still on the sideline during a polo match. "We wanted it to look as if she were almost in the game," Campbell says. "The horses would come charging right at Kathy, then separate just as they reached her."

Ireland and Schnarre got a taste of the Dominican passion for baseball *(see Steve Wulf's article, page 132)* when the two models joined two bus loads of children one morning for a friendly game of hardball. They both took their cuts and turns on the mound. "The kids were all surprised at what a good pitcher Kathy turned out to be," Campbell says. "She knew all the moves."

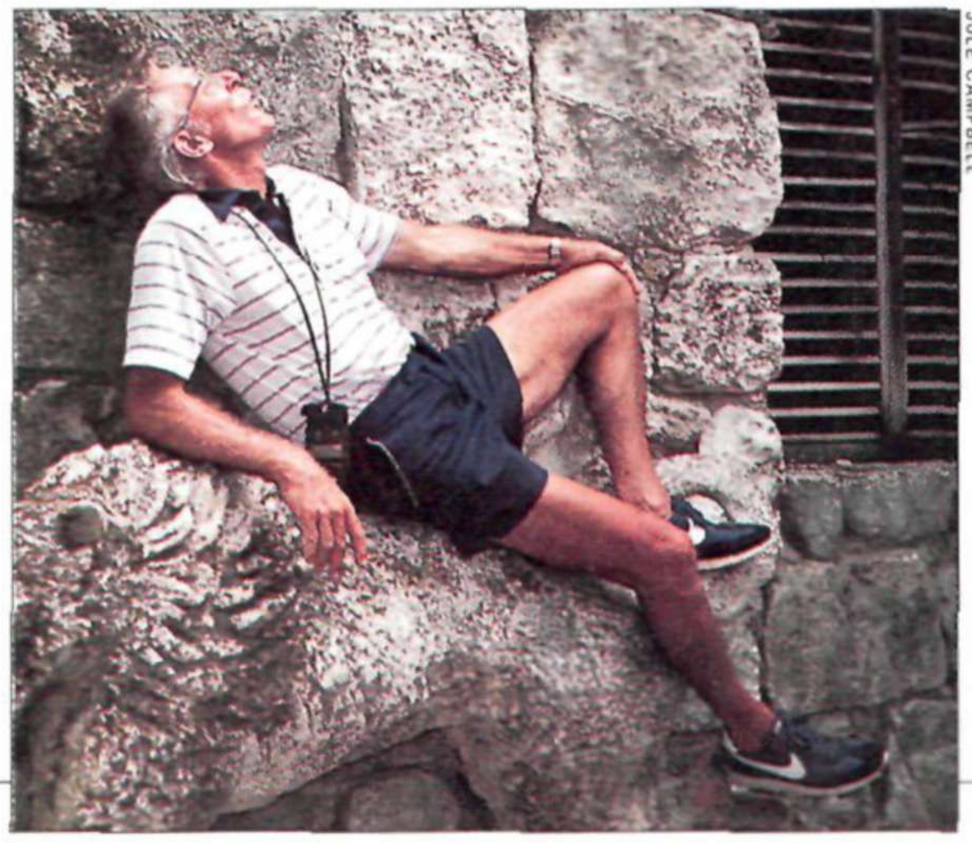
Donald J. Barr

Campbell (far left) gave Elle a hand; Kim was helped into white water; Zimmerman showed how to do it.

PHILIP JACHE



ANN GALLAGHER



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LETTERS

Edited by Gay Flood

THE THREE-POINTER

Don't you dare suggest tampering with college basketball's new three-point line (*The Three-Point Uproar*, Jan. 5)! If the shot is so easy, why don't teams come downcourt and shoot from that distance every time?

In the same issue you praise Kentucky's freshman sensation, Rex Chapman, who can do it all—including bomb away from the three-point distance (*A Wild New Cats' Meow*).

In the past a college recruiter only had to find a 7-footer to plant under the basket to make a run at the national title. Now that same recruiter will have to find both a big man for the paint and a kid who can launch a field goal from the three-point line with consistency.

The three-point play at its present distance of 19′ 9″ is college basketball's answer to the home run and the touchdown pass. Don't suggest spoiling it by moving the three-point line so far away from the basket that it becomes the come-from-behind desperation shot we see in the NBA.

MATT HAMILTON
Rohnert Park, Calif.

I think the main reason coaches around the country don't want the three-point rule is that they don't want to lose. A "rules committee and a man with a paintbrush" didn't beat Baylor, as Baylor coach Gene Iba claimed, Oklahoma State did. The Cowboys saw what it would take to win and went with it. Just as Maine did against Michigan State. Just as Western Michigan did against Michigan. Just as UNLV did against Western Kentucky. Coaches who don't like losing should adapt to the situation. Charles Darwin would have loved the three-point field goal.

CHARLIE FINKS
Chapel Hill, N.C.

One thought: If 19′ 9″ is too close and too easy for three points, what's a slam dunk worth? Half a point?

THOMAS J. SMITH
Trumansburg, N.Y.

Figure it this way: A good-shooting ball club can make 50% of its shots from the two-point range, so that 50 shots will result in 25 baskets or 50 points. Now, by stepping out to 19′ 9″, one need shoot only 34% (17 of 50) in order to get 51 points. Any guard who can't make one in three shots from the top of the key should be playing intramural basketball. Plus there is an added bonus in shooting from the three-point range, namely that the ball rebounds farther out and is more likely to end up in the hands of the offensive team for another opportunity.

If I were a college coach today, I would find myself five diminutive guards, place them in an arc around the three-point line and have them bomb away.

SCOTT OSUR, M.D.
Buffalo

I applaud Jack McCallum for his proposal to extend the three-point line from 19′ 9″ to 21 feet. While the 21-foot three-pointer would not be as long as the pros' 23′ 9″, it would be long enough to make the shot a challenge.

ERIC J. STOECKER
Windsor Locks, Conn.

McCallum has the right idea but the wrong solution. His proposal is a good one, but 21 feet is still too short. It's only 15 inches farther from the basket than the present line and only six inches farther out than the international three-point line (which McCallum admits is too close). I say increase the distance to the NBA's 23′ 9″ and make the players *earn* their three points.

DAVE PASQUALE
Verona, N.J.

The three-point shot is a crashing bore to watch and could be setting a dangerous precedent. Next season we may have a half-court shot worth four points and a full-court shot worth five points.

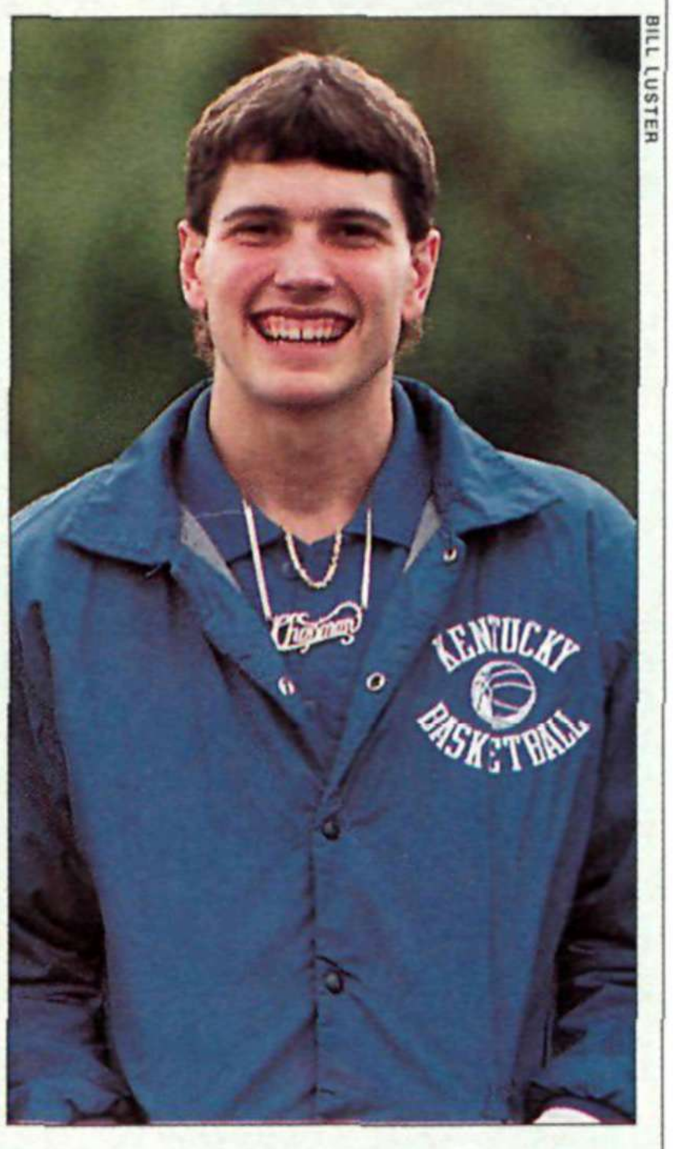
JUNE E. COOLEY
San Jose

CHAPMAN MAKES A POINT

My curiosity has the better of me! On the Jan. 5 cover, there is a small photograph of Kentucky's Rex Chapman. Please give me a clearer picture of what is on the gold chain around his neck.

JON STUCKEY
Brazil, Ind.

• It says CHAPMAN (*see below*).—ED.



BILL LUSTER

ON THE MOUNTS

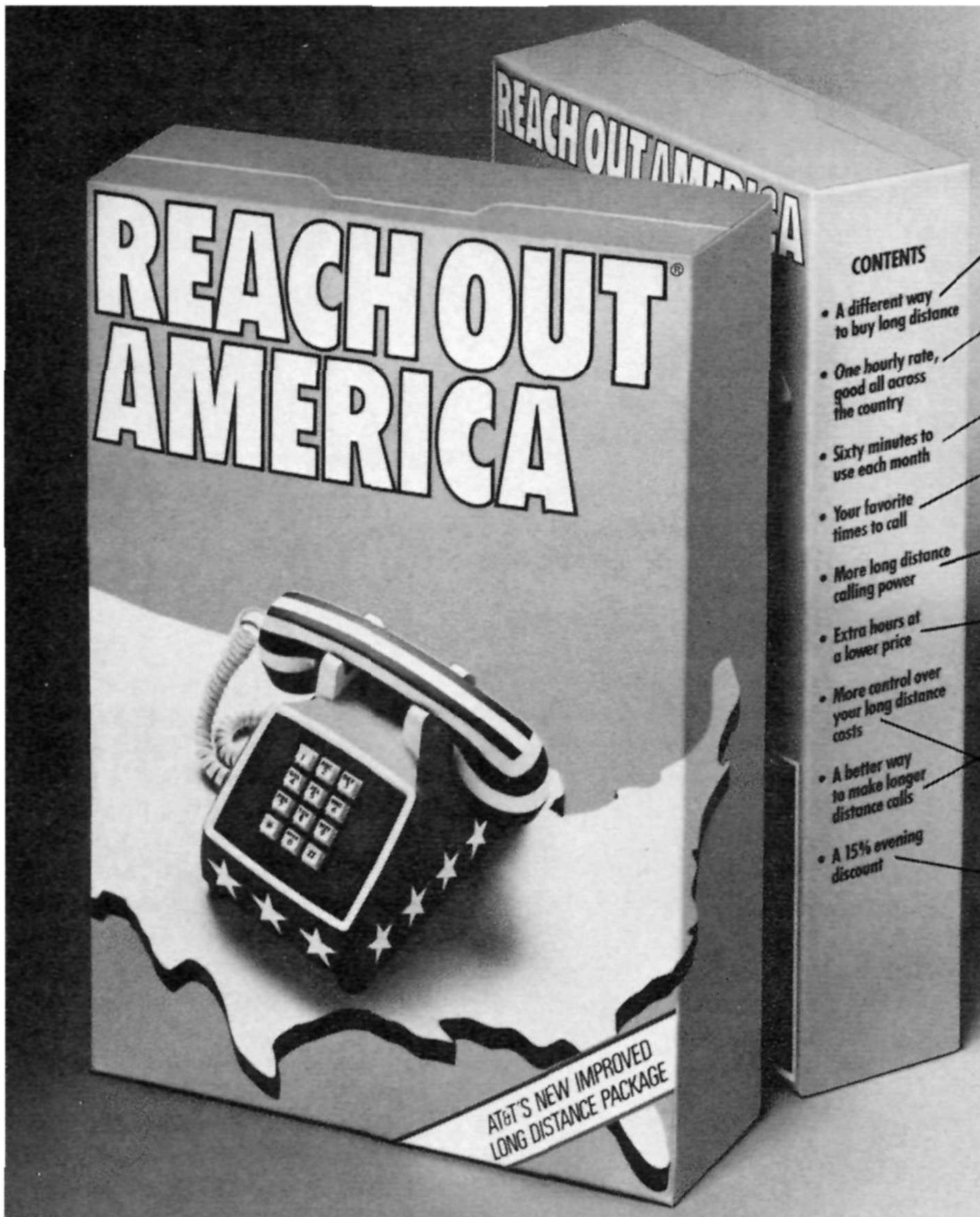
Thanks for the memories (*A Grand And Heavy Legacy*, Dec. 22–29). As an elementary school student growing up in Indiana, I idolized Rick Mount to the point of trying to perfect a jump shot like his. I worked long hours every day, and it paid off. I was one of the leading high school scorers in Indiana in 1973 and was a three-time small college All-America, shooting 51.4% in field goals and 90.3% in free throws at Grace College in Winona Lake, Ind.

There is no question that Rick Mount was the best pure jump shooter ever. I'm sure he doesn't realize that he made a lot of other Indiana ballplayers better also.

DOUG NOLL
Berne, Ind.

After reading your article on the Mount family, I resolved never to become a pushy parent. Ex-athletes should encourage their children but not attempt to relive long-lost dreams!

DAVID M. RUFF
Gaithersburg, Md.



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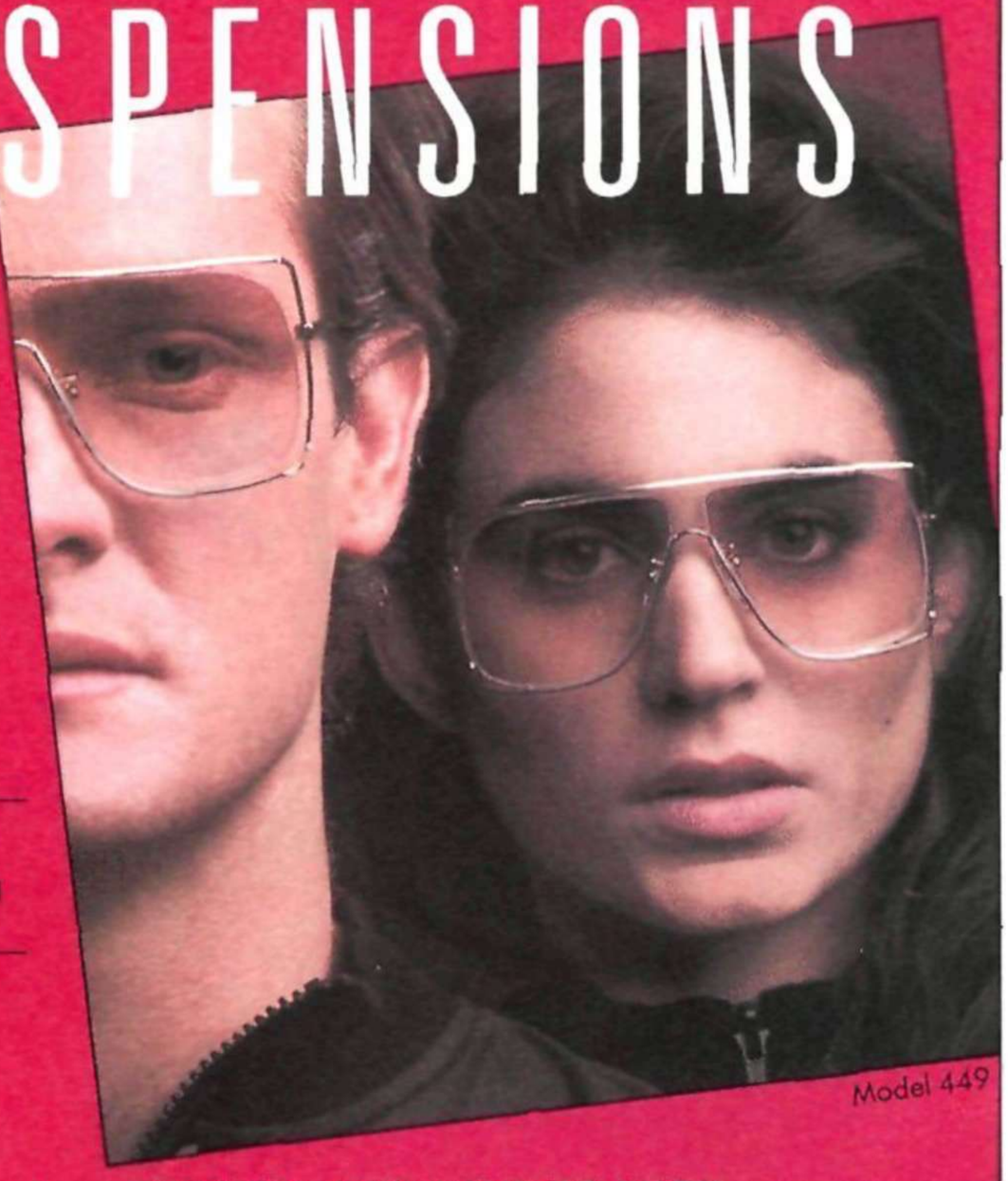

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LETTERS

SPORT AND CIVILIZATION

Many thanks to Gary Smith for *A Letter From South America* (Dec. 22–29), which so sensitively put sport into the larger context of human needs. I plan to make Smith's article required reading in a course on world hunger that I will teach this fall. One of the goals of the course is to make clear that the most valuable thing grinding poverty strips from human beings is their sense of hope, their vision of how they might escape poverty's clutch. Smith's article makes that point vividly and poignantly.

LEWIS FIKES
Associate Professor of Chemistry
Ohio Wesleyan University
Delaware, Ohio

I enjoyed reading about Smith's experiences while teaching English and pursuing sports and fitness in a poor culture. It is only when I am injured or, for whatever reason, find myself unable to exercise that I appreciate what a luxury a five-mile run or an hour of tennis is.

Nikos Kazantzakis wrote in *Report to Greco*: "When life has succeeded by dint of daily effort in conquering the enemies around it—natural forces, wild beasts, hunger, thirst, sickness—sometimes it is lucky enough to have abundant strength left over. This strength it seeks to squander in sport. Civilization begins at the moment sport begins."

JOHN FIXX
Worcester, Mass.

If each individual in one of the have countries were to make the same commitment that Gary Smith has made to provide education or some other resource for the development of a have-not country, the benefit to the progress of mankind would be incalculable.

MARK H. BRAKKE, M.D.
Coon Rapids, Minn.

Gary Smith's *Letter From South America* revived memories of a trip my wife and I took to my native Cuba in the summer of 1979. After a 19-year absence, I had gone back for a week to visit my family. At that time my wife and I were serious long-distance runners, and we ventured to take our daily runs through the streets of Havana.

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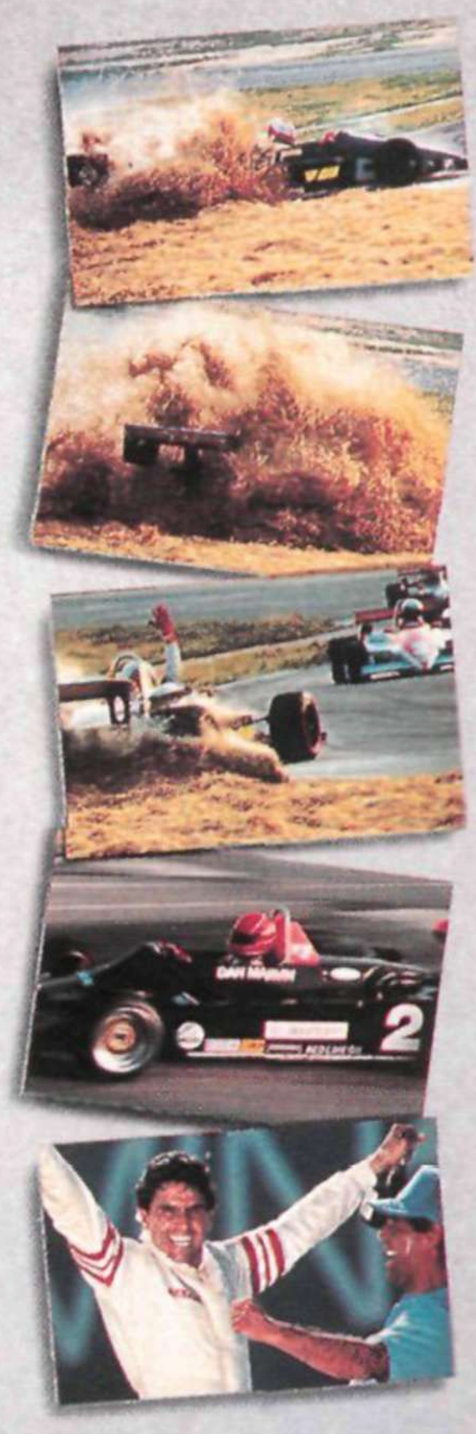

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THE NEW 535is. IT ISN'T THE FIRST CAR TO USE AN AIR DAM AND A SPOILER. JUST THE MOST QUALIFIED. It appears that what car makers can't achieve under the hood, they have no qualms about bolting below it. A curious phenomenon which has led to an ever-increasing number of lackluster, pseudo "sports sedans."

The BMW 535is, by contrast, is a victor to whom the spoilers legitimately belong. Bred on the racecourse, its 3.5-liter power plant is capable of speeds in excess of 130 mph*, and 0-60 acceleration times of less than 7.5 seconds.

But as is customary at the Bavarian Motor Works, such responsiveness is tempered with responsibility. Control of the BMW 535is rests securely in the hands of the driver, abetted by a level of technological excellence lesser automobile makers can merely envy.

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*BMW does not condone exceeding posted speed limit.

An advanced anti-lock braking system (ABS) helps prevent wheel seizure and resulting skids, even in panic stops. An onboard microcomputer informs the driver of conditions that could influence the car's demeanor. And BMW's much emulated four-wheel independent suspension is now further enhanced by progressive-rate springing and single-tube gas pressure shocks.

The 535is driver grasps an M-Technic, leather-wrapped steering wheel while comfortably ensconced in new leather-covered, eight-way, electrically controlled sports seats. A rarefied environment further refined by an eight-speaker, anti-theft stereo cassette sound system.

In summary, with the 535is, BMW once again recognizes that those of you who can afford to live life at a leisurely pace should also be afforded regular opportunities to exceed it.

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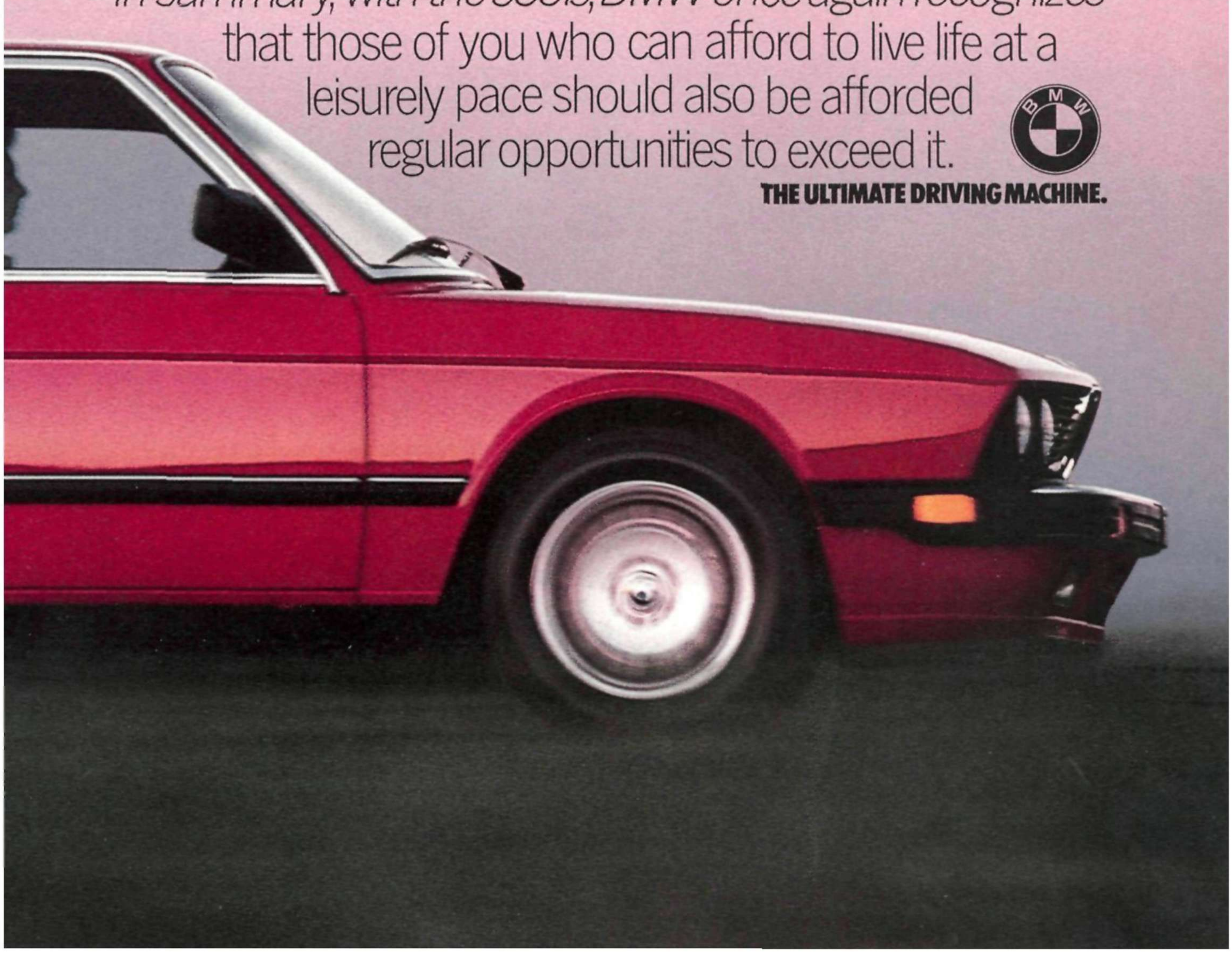


In spite of the Castro government's emphasis on sports for the people and Cuba's strong showing in international track and field competition, road running in Cuba seemed to be a novelty. My wife and I did not come across any other runners, and we attracted quite a few stares and comments. The most telling incident, however, occurred when a young boy, seeing us run by, turned to his father and said, "*¡Mira, Papi, los Rusos!*" ("Look, Daddy, the Russians!")

PEPE SANDOVAL
Columbia, Md.

LOSING STREAK (CONT.)

Concerning your story last fall about Columbia University football (*The Lions Go Out Like Lambs*, Dec. 1), that mother who wept over her athlete son's interest in Columbia has even greater reason to shed tears. She turned him away from a golden opportunity for a superb education at a first-rate university. He has also missed playing for a coach, Larry McElreavy, who understands that college football should be a sport in an academic setting rather than a product in a media market.

When McElreavy came to our home to interview our son, Jamie, a quarterback on the freshman team, we met a man who is an appealing mix of personal pride, professional skill and commitment to the athlete as a student.

The news from Wein Stadium is already good. This past season's freshman team, McElreavy's first recruitment effort, was 3–3 in Ivy League play, and the young Lions were competitive in two of the losses. The only tears shed in our home were tears of joy when our son was accepted as a Columbia student and invited to be a Columbia athlete.

THE REVEREND GORDON N. BUTCHER
Park Ridge, Ill.

I find it hard to believe that you would publish six pages plus 10 color photographs about the futility of the Columbia football program, while the University of Pennsylvania Quakers, who had an undefeated season while winning a record fifth consecutive Ivy League title, got only a passing mention in that week's COLLEGE FOOTBALL column.

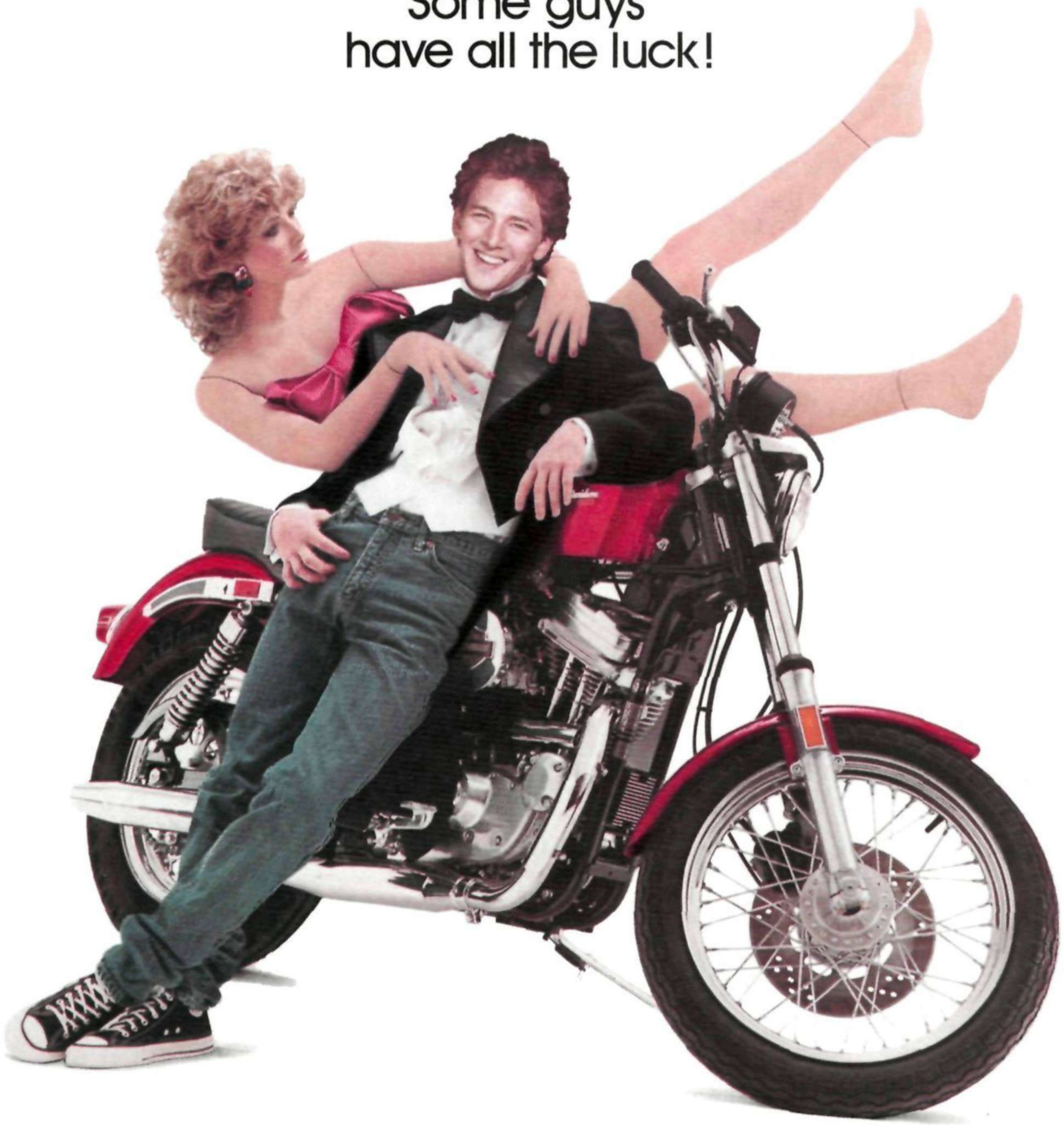
Columbia football is neither to be pitied nor scorned—only ignored.

Have we reached the point where gross incompetence is considered more newsworthy than excellence? I certainly hope not.

JAMES V. MCCONNELL JR.
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

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.

Some guys
have all the luck!



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EYEING WAYS TO IMPROVE PERFORMANCE

BY ARNOLD SCHECHTER

In most sports nothing affects performance more than the ability to see clearly and correctly. Whether an athlete is tracking a fly ball, returning a serve or throwing a pass, it is his eyes that lead his body.

Until recently most athletes took their eyesight for granted. But according to Dr. James Carlson, chairman of the American Optometric Association's Sports Vision Section, some 3,000 optometrists now work with athletes, from peewees to Olympians to pros.

The most obvious way that optometrists help is by prescribing aids for athletes to wear: corrective lenses, lenses tinted for various light conditions, goggles made of transparent polycarbonate for eye protection.

But beyond that, optometrists are also training athletes' visual systems to perform better. Dr. Alan Reichow, who works with at least 70 athletes each year at Pacific University in Forest Grove, Ore., says that although athletes generally see better than nonathletes, even they have room for improvement. "If an athlete is motivated and you challenge him with visual drills clearly relevant to his sport, his athletic performance will improve," says Reichow. "I have yet to see an exception."

Sports vision specialists still begin with the familiar eye-chart test, but this only gauges an athlete's static vision—the ability of a stationary person to see a stationary object. Going further, they also test the complementary skills in an athlete's visual system, from the ability to recognize a situation instantly and react to it swiftly, to the ability to shift focus quickly and accurately, or to track moving objects and judge their distance, speed and direction. In the new Vision Testing and Performance Laboratory at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, an athlete in a visually demanding sport like baseball may undergo as many as 45 different tests.

Next the optometrist supervises drills. His emphasis is twofold: to enhance the entire range of visual skills, and to correct any significant visual shortcomings.

Dr. William Harrison of Laguna Beach, Calif., one of the first optometrists to work with athletes, gives three examples of how their needs and training can differ:

• "At the Kansas City Royals' baseball academy back in 1971, I examined an 18-year-old kid named George Brett. He had hit pretty well in rookie ball, but he had a serious handicap.

"Every time George blinked, that slight visual disruption caused him to have blurred or double vision for a split second afterward. He compensated by staring, and he walked around with eyes as big as silver dollars. But it was impossible to do this all through a game.

"I had him wear polarized glasses and use a vectogram—a device with two polarized pictures that you view at arm's length. George had to separate the pictures manually in various directions, while making his eyes and brain fuse them into one perfect, three-dimensional picture. After only two weeks of daily half-hour drills, his eyes worked so well together that blinking no longer impaired his vision.

• "CART driver Roberto Guerrero was referred to me after a visual screening at the 1984 Indy 500. Roberto had miserable depth perception because his right eye was much weaker than his left, and he wasn't using it.

"I trained him on an Accommotrac, a biofeedback machine that teaches people how to control the ciliary muscles attached to the lenses of their eyes. Vision in Roberto's right eye improved from 20/30 to 20/15, and in his left from 20/15 to 20/10. After this reduction in the difference between his eyes a test placed his depth perception in the top 1% of the population.

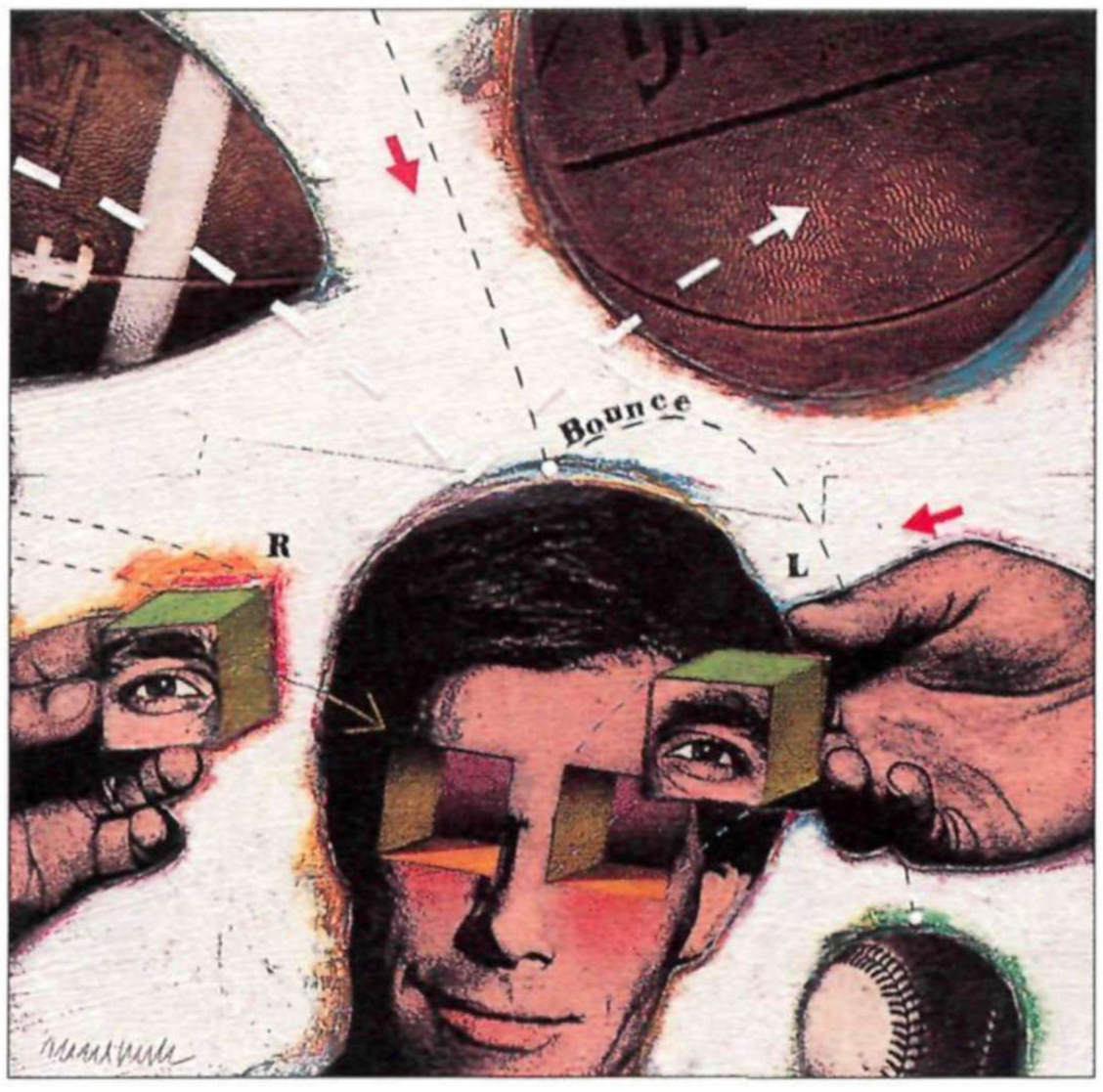
• "Jim Simons, the PGA golfer, came to me in 1977 with a concentration problem. His vision was fine when he was sitting in an exam chair, but it was disturbed when he was slightly off-balance—standing on a sidehill lie or even putting in a strong wind.

"My drills taught his visual system to function while he was off-balance. He read an eye chart while bouncing on a trampoline. He shifted focus among different targets while balancing side-to-side on a beam. He used the Vectogram while walking on a rail.

"Jim has needed follow-up work more than most athletes, but now he feels more stable over his shots."

For his part, Simons has become a believer in Harrison's methods. "I still do visual exercises using portable equipment like a mini-trampoline or a balance board," says Simons. "When I train regularly there is a real improvement in my golf game, especially in my concentration."

Dr. Harrison's examples may seem out of the ordi-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID LESH

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When he didn't make the varsity team in 10th grade, he didn't quit playing basketball. In fact, he played even harder. He kept trying. And he kept growing.

The next year he did make the team. And went on to set the school scoring record while he led the Buccaneers to their first conference title and best record ever.

His first Wilson ball was a hand-me-down Cazzie Russell. Today, it's his very own Michael Jordan.

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nary to a layman, but other optometrists, who are reluctant to divulge patients' names, offer similar cases of athletes hampered by correctable vision problems. Some of the examples they give are:

• An NFL receiver who wasn't able to track balls coming over his right shoulder until a doctor worked out a special training program to teach his eyes to function together more accurately.

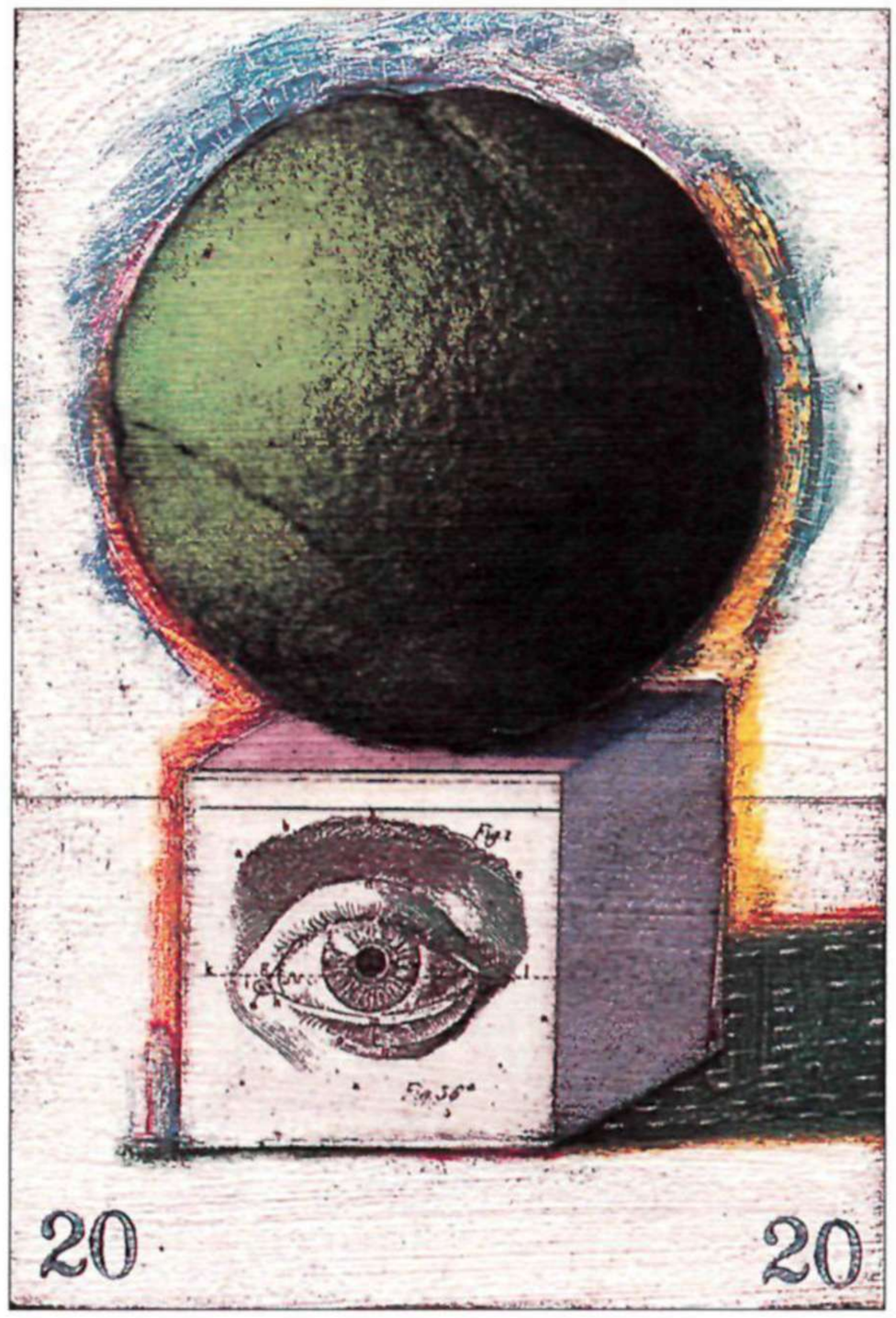
• An NBA player who missed two-thirds of his free throw attempts during his career because his eyes told his brain that the basket was a foot short and 10 inches to the left of its actual location.

• A volleyball player from the '84 Olympic team who mishit overhead shots under stress because he suppressed vision from one eye.

Obviously, vision problems are individual and complex. Thus responsible optometrists criticize colleagues who promote unsupervised training programs, whether taken from books or based on such devices as interactive videotapes or computerized boards of flashing lights. Dr. Donald Teig of Ridgefield, Conn., who has tested eight major league teams and dozens of pro tennis players, says, "You need a professional to test you and tell you what drills to do and how to do them. Otherwise, you can end up worse than you started."

Many optometrists, however, do supplement players' supervised training with advice on how they can prepare for competition on their own. They teach short pregame visual warmups that don't require props. They also give advice on exercises to relieve visual fatigue, such as shifting focus between near and far objects. And they pass along universally helpful practice techniques, some borrowed from coaches or players.

One drill, popular with Pete Rose, sharpens a hitter's recognition and reaction skill by having him take batting practice 10 to 12 feet in front of home plate. Another drill, developed by Vince Lombardi, improves the visual concentration of receivers. The quarterback throws footballs that are numbered on the front tip; the receiver has to call out the number as the ball approaches.



Some optometrists teach athletes how to improve their vision not just for an instant, but for a sequence of actions. For example Dr. Teig gives the following advice to hitters in baseball:

"Position your head so that your dominant eye—the one eye you naturally aim with—will have a clear line of sight to the pitch. Watch the pitcher with a relaxed focus until the ball is released, and then fine-tune on the ball. Minimize your head motion, refrain from thinking, and follow the ball with your eyes smoothly as long as possible before swinging."

Optometrists, as well as many psychologists and physiologists, suggest that an athlete ingrain correct visual habits with mental rehearsals. With eyes closed, he should picture himself successfully carrying out an action. This practice, called visualization, is most likely to improve actions that can be duplicated in competition, such as driving a golf ball or shooting a free throw. Indeed, an Australian study shows that basketball players who mentally rehearsed free throw shooting improved their accuracy by an average of 23% over players who didn't.

Athletes vary in their compliance with optometrists' advice, but those eager for a competitive edge usually pay attention. One of the most enthusiastic disciples is Kiki Vandeweghe, the sharpshooting forward of the Portland Trail Blazers.

During Vandeweghe's time with the Denver Nuggets, Dr. Craig Farnsworth, a team consultant, discovered that Vandeweghe's eyes tended not to work together when he was tired. Changing his focal target as the game progressed helped correct the problem. Farns worth also taught Vandeweghe a full range of visual drills that he still does faithfully.

"I incorporate my exercises into daily life," says Vandeweghe. "I heighten my peripheral awareness by noticing items in store windows while I walk along with my eyes aimed straight ahead. Or I sit and visualize shooting from different locations. Or I concentrate on one object while I'm talking on the phone. Or, outdoors, I switch focus up and down, left and right, near and far.

"These exercises help in too many ways to count—being aware of where to pass or help out on defense, shooting the same way each time, concentrating on the basket, switching focus from the basket to a teammate. In a sport where you have to react quickly and correctly, your eyes are just too important an asset to disregard."

Optometrists are confident that athletes will eventually accept visual training as standard procedure. They're probably right. As strength training has proved its worth, visual conditioning will gain more and more converts. For athletes, seeing better will be believing. ■

Arnold Schechter writes frequently about medicine for this magazine.

How fast it gets from one place to another has never been the most important measure of a Porsche.

The skid pad at the Porsche R & D Center, Weissach, West Germany.

It took us five years to get from here...

At Porsche, we're in the business of building high-performance sports cars.

It's what our customers expect.

It's what we expect of ourselves.

And, after 39 years, it's still one thing that very clearly sets Porsches apart from the majority of cars in this world.

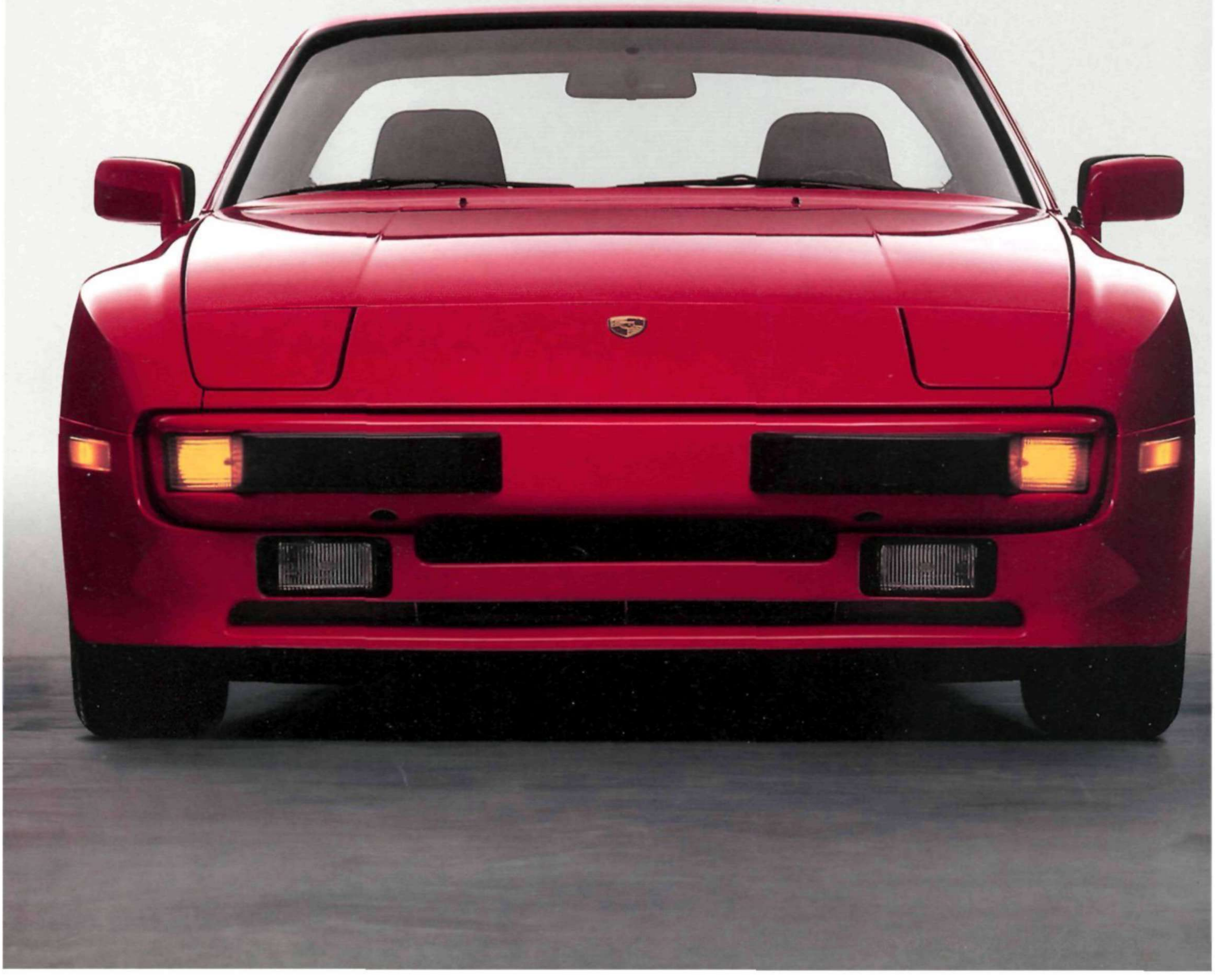
But not the only thing.

Just as 0-60 times and top-end speeds are important, so too is the slow and measured pace at which, year after year, we take every new Porsche another step closer to perfection.

Consider the Porsche 944. A car which, in its first year of existence, was declared one of the Ten Best in America by Car and Driver magazine.

The average engineer might well have viewed such praise as an invitation to kick back and relax for awhile. Our engineers saw it as a challenge. To make a great car even better.

1983 944 *4-cylinder, in-line, single overhead camshaft, liquid-cooled front engine, 2479cc, 143 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2778 lbs. Top speed: 130 mph.*



to here.

Which may serve to explain why the 944 has appeared on the Ten Best list every year since.

To the casual eye, the '83 944 and '87 944S pictured below could be two photographs of the same car.

But, beneath the familiar countenance, the new 16-valve 944S—like this year's standard 944—reflects five years of meticulous refinements that have improved everything from performance, handling and mileage to seating position and music appreciation.

Thanks to the new four-valve head design, horsepower is up considerably. As is top speed. And 0-60 time is a significant 6/10ths of a second faster.

All the natural result of a process that began when the very first Porsche emerged from a converted sawmill in Gmünd, Austria, in 1948.

A process that will end only when the very last Porsche is built.

1987 944S *4-cylinder, in-line, 16 valves, double overhead camshafts, liquid-cooled front engine, 2479cc, 188 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2866 lbs. Top speed: 142 mph.*

What it takes to turbocharge a Porsche, including the turbocharger.

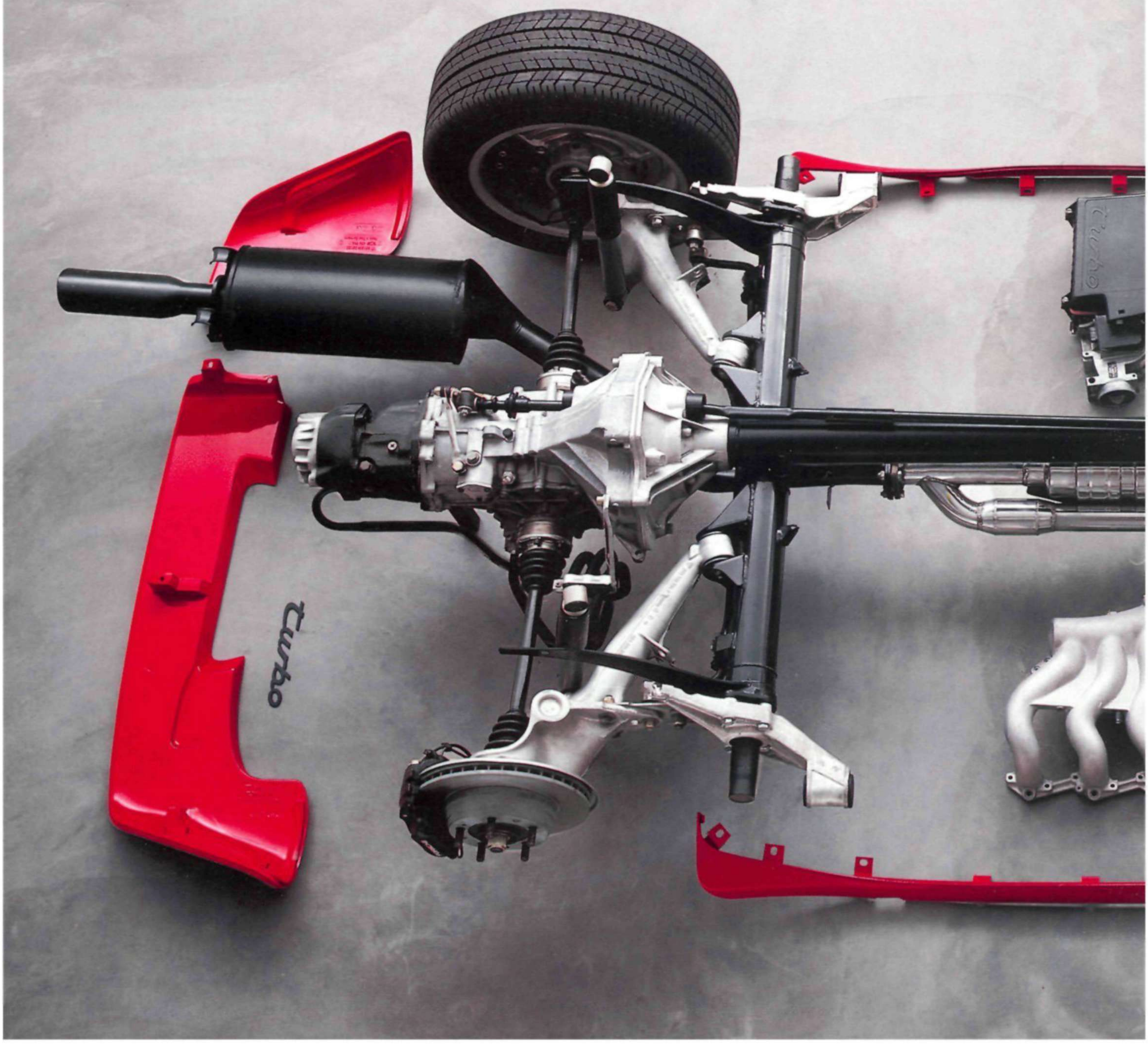
The theory that a whole is greater than the sum of its parts did not originate with Professor Porsche.

But he, for one, wholeheartedly subscribes to it.

Because if he's learned anything in four decades of building cars, it's that a change in one component can profoundly affect the performance of the others. And ultimately, the performance of the whole car.

Nowhere is this truth more evident than in the area of turbocharging.

Porsche pioneered this technology for production cars back in 1975. And realized right from the start that simply bolting on a turbocharger, tweaking the



engine a little and re-naming the car was the wrong way to go about it.

The right way is revealed below.

Every component shown here was deemed necessary to transform a normally aspirated 944 into a turbocharged 944.

Major engine components, more than 30 in all, to compensate for increased internal loads and heat.

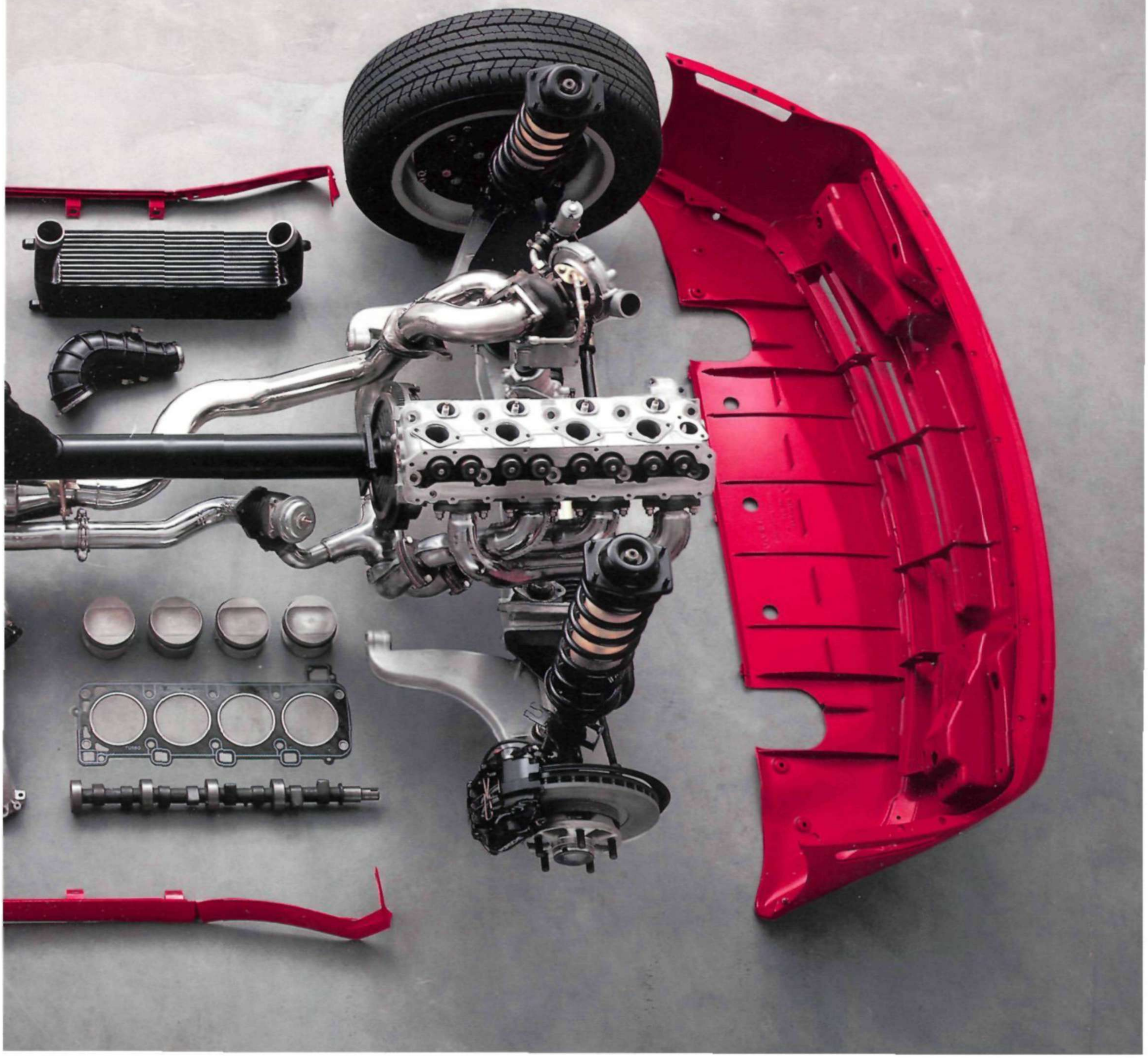
Chassis components, from shock absorbers and brakes to wheels and tires, to meet higher performance demands.

Front and rear body components, to improve wind resistance at higher speeds, while controlling lift and drag.

To say nothing of the turbocharger itself which, among other innovative bits of technology, includes two water cooling systems to protect turbine bearings, even after the engine is turned off.

Of course, if we hadn't gone to such lengths with the 944, we could still have built a turbo.

We just couldn't have built a Porsche.



How fast it gets from one place to another has always been an important measure of a Porsche.

If you were so inclined, you could go out right now and buy yourself a new Porsche 944 or 944 Turbo, roll it out of the showroom, gas it up, enter it in a certified Showroom Stock event and do with it exactly what nature intended.

Race it.

Of course, you'd have to go to racing school and get your license first.

You'd have to add the necessary safety equipment and number decals to the car.

And you'd have to have a certain amount of talent.

But you could race it.

Fresh off the showroom floor.

Depending on the event, you might be required to run your Porsche completely stock, including the equipment

normally sold with the car—things like air conditioning and a stereo. And you could win. As our 944's do.

Or you might opt for an event that allows minor wheel and suspension modifications. And you'd be out there holding your own against cars with engines more than twice as big as yours. As our 944 Turbos do.

The point being that Porsche's reputation for performance isn't built solely on the exotic, highly modified, one-of-a-kind cars we produce for the likes of Monte Carlo, Nürburgring, Daytona and LeMans.

It's built just as much on the cars we've been selling to people like you for almost 40 years.

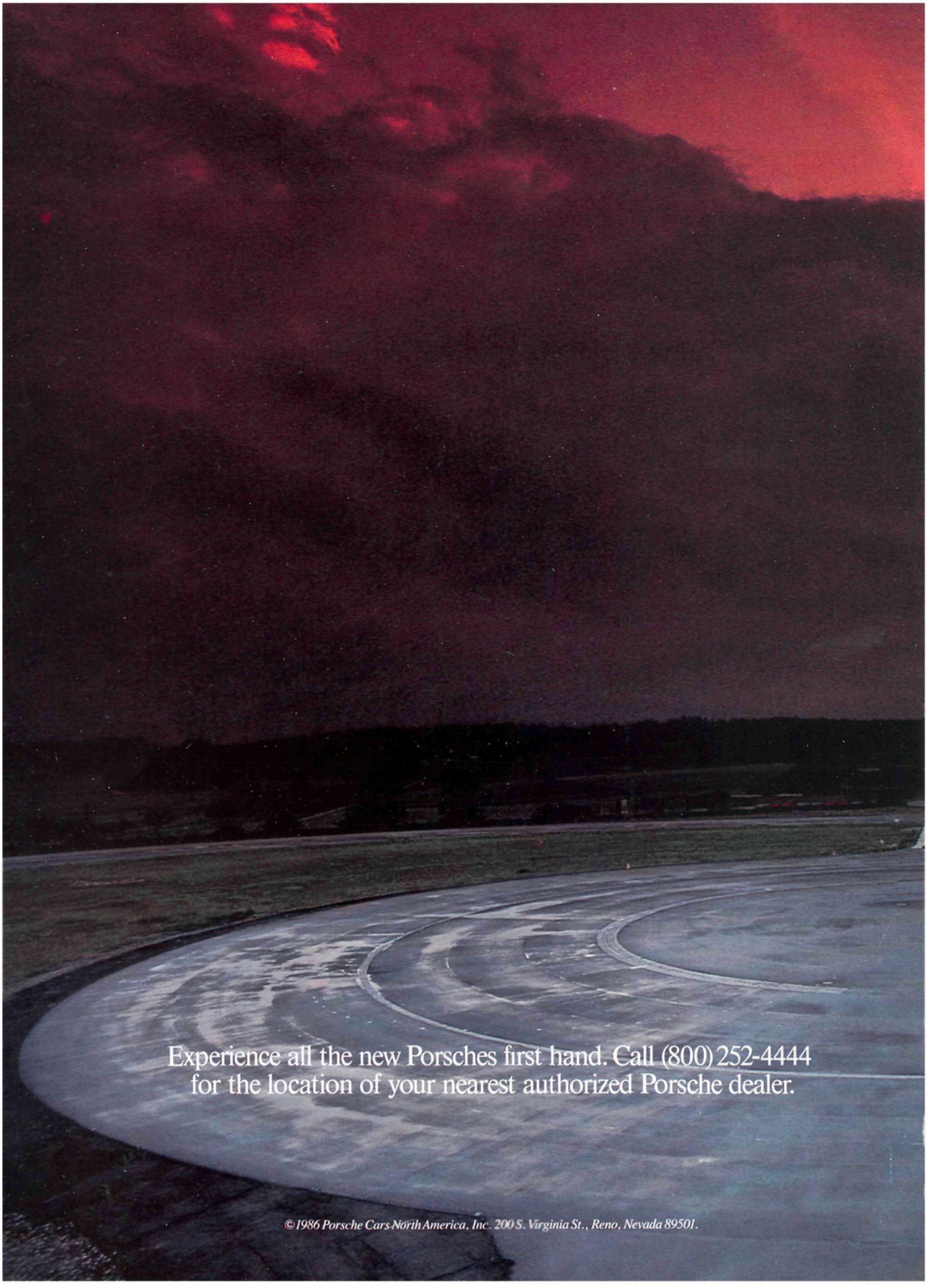
People for whom driving a car is much more than simply a means of getting to a destination.

People who may never take their Porsche to its limits.

But who take joy in the knowledge that they could.

PORSCHE

944 Turbo *4-cylinder, in-line, single overhead camshaft, liquid-cooled front engine with turbocharger and intercooler, 2479cc, 217 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2998 lbs. Top speed: 152 mph.*



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SIX LEGENDARY AMERICAN BUSINESS LEADERS WORKED ALL THEIR LIVES FOR THIS NIGHT.

On the evening of March 26, 1987, the newest members of the National Business Hall of Fame will be inducted.

They'll join American business giants like Thomas Watson, Jr., Simon Ramo, Olive Ann Beech, and other distinguished laureates in the world's first Hall of Fame honoring national business leaders, established by Junior Achievement at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.

And all it took was a lifetime of achievement to get there.

Each year, the editors of *Fortune* magazine select new honorees who have made outstanding contributions to American business.

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The true test of a fitness shoe is how well it stands up to the rigors of a complete conditioning workout—from weight training to sprints. The ProWorkout is one shoe that can pass any test.

Years in the making, the ProWorkout represents the pinnacle of fitness shoe technology—a shoe for serious fitness athletes which was engineered and designed in close association with some of the most respected strength and conditioning coaches in the country.

For stability, the ProWorkout features a polyurethane strap that stretches across the arch for maximum mid-foot support. Support that's critical for weightlifting and exercises that involve excessive lateral stress.

What's more, this shoe has a special heel support system specifically designed to lessen the effects of pronation and supination. And our unique collar design provides additional ankle support while still affording exceptional flexibility.

Cushioning is key, whether you're doing a few sets or a few miles. That's why we've given the ProWorkout a dual-density EVA midsole that resists compression while providing excellent stability and comfort.

The ProWorkout can also stand the test of time because it's reinforced in key stress areas with heavy 420 denier nylon. It also has an extended toe-cap for added durability.

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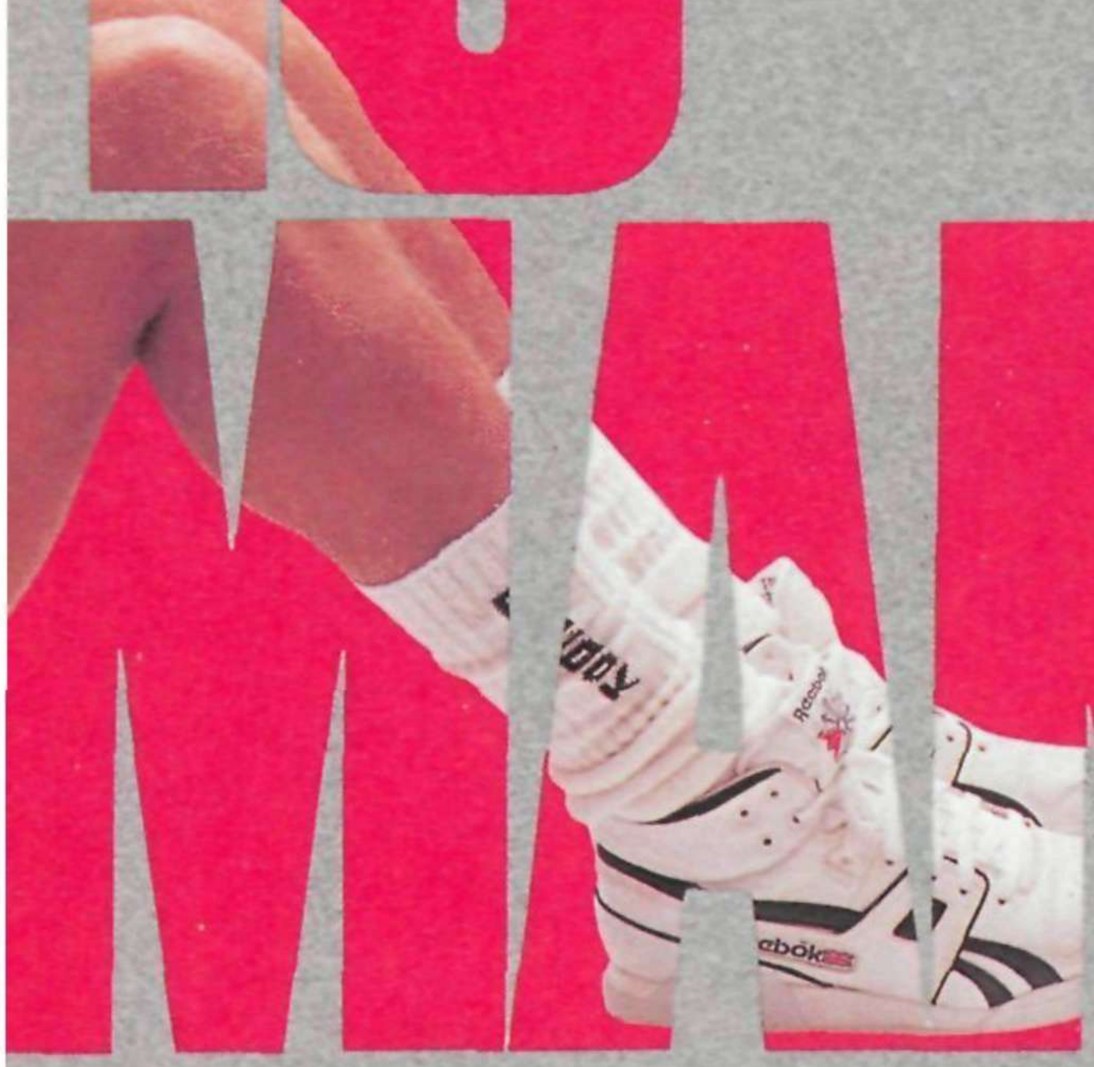
IS MAGIC!



And because of the diverse nature of your conditioning program, the sole of the ProWorkout is designed for superior traction on virtually any surface. It also features a rotation pad for easy pivoting.

The ProWorkout. The only conditioning shoe that gives you unconditional performance.

Reebok®

Because life is not a spectator sport.®

THE WAY IT WAS WHEN WOMEN WERE UNDER WRAPS

BY WENDY LEBING ■

The inconveniences didn't stop them. Though tortured by whalebone stays in their corsets and collars, they displayed their bodies and ruined their reputations. When the craze for women's athletics began about a century ago, their sportswear was comical, painfully uncomfortable, even dangerous. But women were determined to participate in sports, from swimming to mountain climbing, from hunting to golf.

Social conventions made access to some sports particularly difficult. Queen Victoria, for instance, went to extremes to preserve her modesty when she took her first plunge into the ocean, in 1847. Her husband, Prince Albert, had designed a bathing machine—a curtained wagon with five steps leading down into the sea—for their holidays on the Isle of Wight, but Victoria agreed to try the contraption only after Albert guaranteed she could not be seen while in the water. Once inside, the Queen changed into her bathing gear, a full-length swimming costume that was complete with mitts, booties and cap. When Her Majesty signaled she was ready, the house and its occupant were trundled into the sea while a band played *God Save the Queen*. Victoria even went so far as to immerse her head in the water. She noted in her diary: "I thought it delightful till I put my head under water, when I thought I should be stifled."

Considering the incredible outfits that women had to wear to swim, it is no wonder that bathing machines were popular in the mid-19th century. "Bathing dresses" were long, loose flannel gowns that fastened around the neck with string and were about as practical for swimming as modern hospital gowns. At best, they wrapped around and entangled the bather's legs, clinging to her silhoutte like a wet T-shirt. At worst, they escaped from the wearer altogether and naughtily floated to the water's surface.

High collars and long skirts made playing golf a rough proposition.

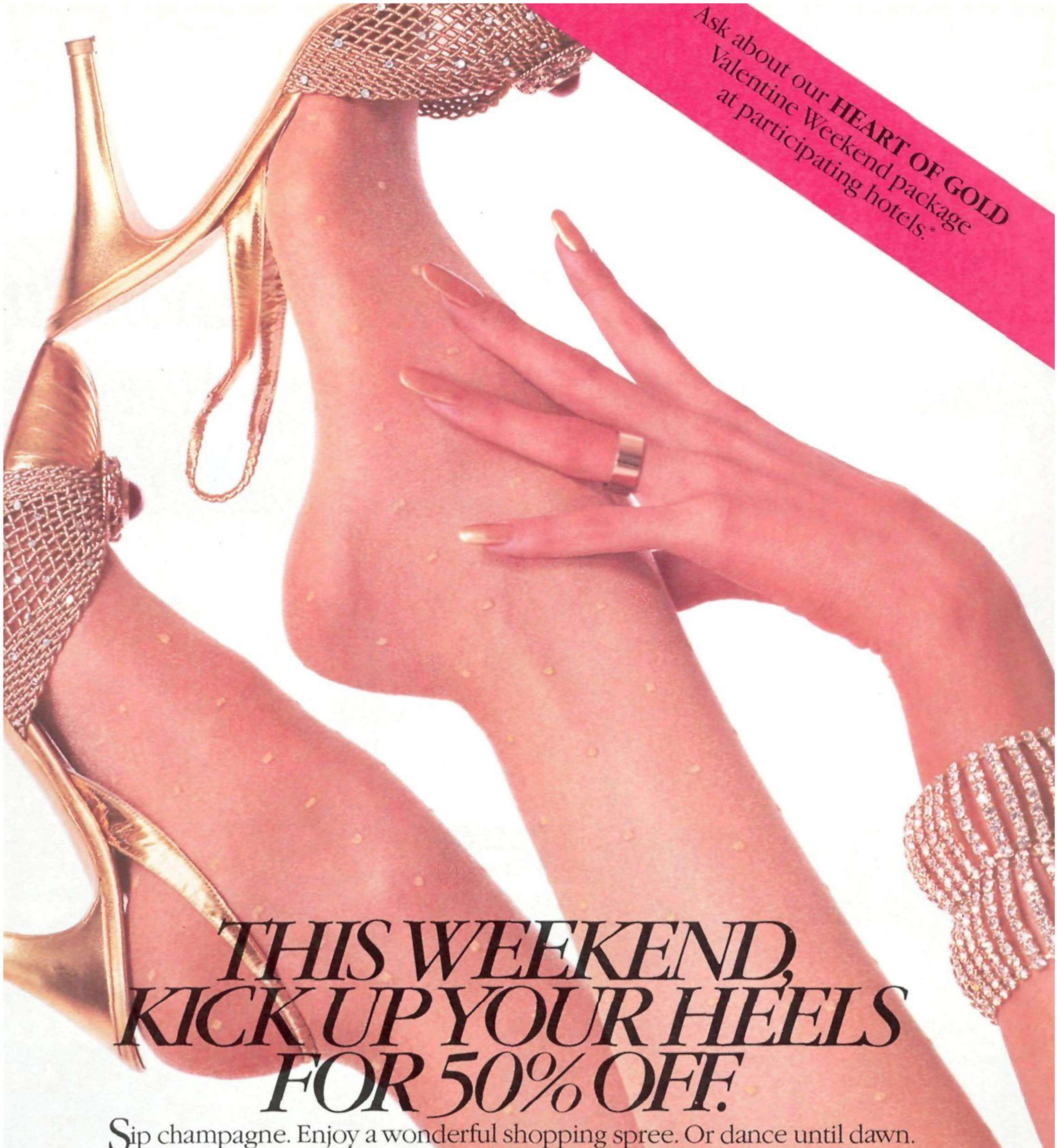
Some Victorian bathing machines were hauled to the water's edge by winches powered by donkeys. Ladders enabled the bathers to step into the sea. Other machines extended from the beach like piers and were equipped with "modesty hoods," large canopies that shielded bathers from curious eyes. Timid swimmers could hire "dippers," middle-aged women who soothingly coaxed their charges into the unfamiliar sea. Men and women were supposed to bathe in different areas; the dippers were also useful in shooing away the inevitable Peeping Toms.

While women hid in their bathing machines, men swam in the nude. The practice extended through the turn of the century at fashionable Newport, R.I., where, at exclusive Bailey's Beach, a $3,000 membership fee bought a cabana and the privilege of taking a plunge with the "swellest of the swells." At nearby Easton's Beach, which was a public beach, women were requested to leave by noon so that the men could swim in the buff. It is rumored that sales of binoculars and telescopes were brisk at seaside resorts. Women even had specially designed fans with hidden spyglasses attached.

In the latter part of the 19th century, women's bathing costumes were made of wool and had built-in corsets, sleeved tunics and full-length drawers covered by a short skirt. Swimmers also wore rubber-soled bathing boots that laced up the leg, similar in design to what professional wrestlers use today. Dips were carefully timed; in so much waterlogged gear, it was easier to sink than swim.

Women mountain climbers of the 1860s had to scale cliffs while wearing skirts measuring 15 feet or more in circumference, which were supported by petticoats made of steel hoops. Hidden tapes and secret buttons enabled the wearer to raise her skirts an inch or two, but if a man was seen in the distance, she instantly had to hide her sexy ankles and shoes. Women's feet were considered so alluring that photographers of the time often deleted them from prints.

Mountain climbing in voluminous skirts was not only demanding, it was also death defying. Strong gusts of wind could lift petticoats and bodies right off the mountainside. Wags suggested that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Day One of the 1987 Winston Cup

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NASCAR

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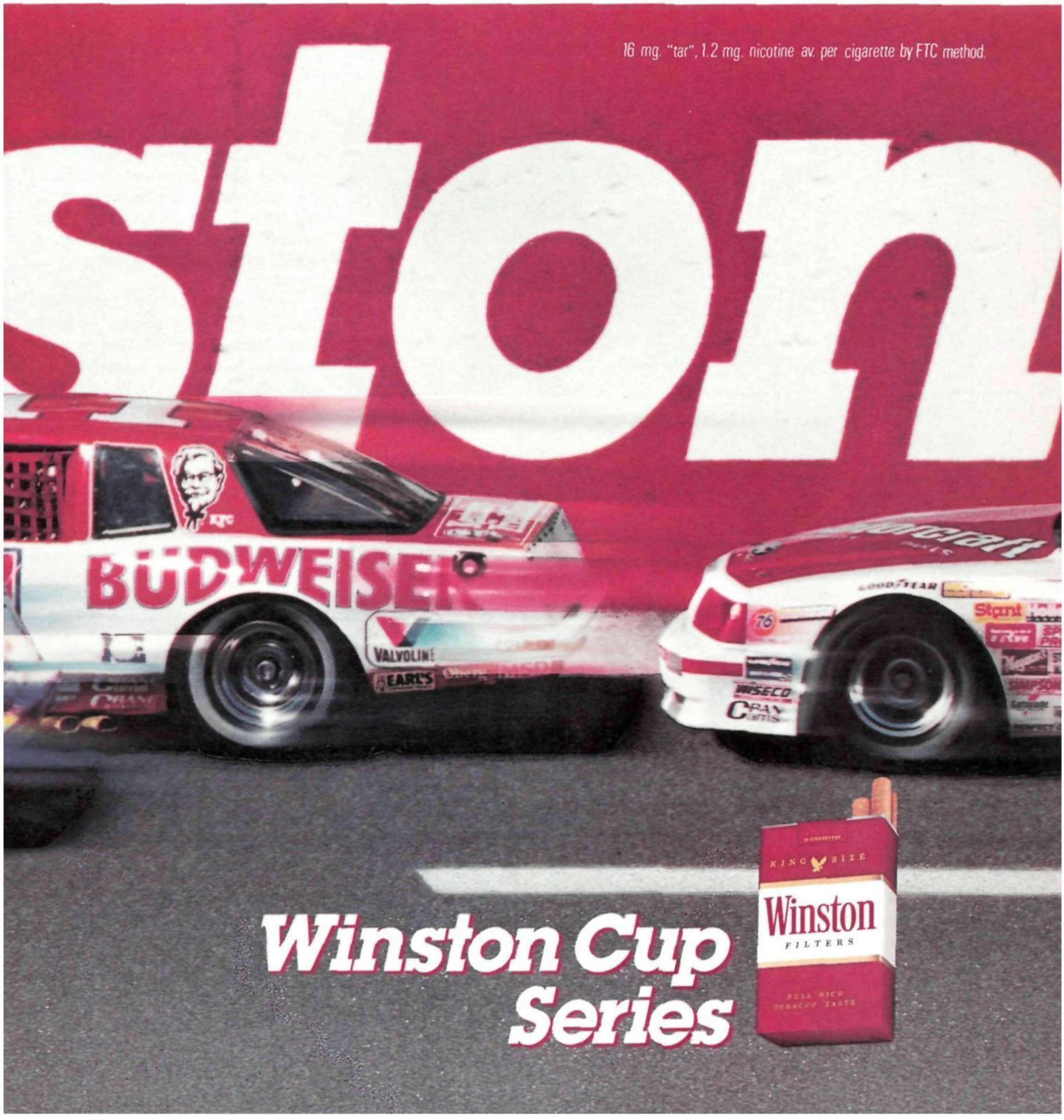
1987 WINSTON CUP SCHEDULE

Race Date	Event and Location
February 15	Daytona 500*, Daytona Beach, FL
February 22	Miller High Life 400, Richmond, VA
March 1	Goodwrench 500, Rockingham, NC
March 15	Motorcraft 500, Atlanta, GA
March 29	TranSouth 500, Darlington, SC
April 5	First Union 400, N. Wilkesboro, NC
April 12	Valleydale 500, Bristol, TN
April 26	Sovran Bank 500, Martinsville, VA
May 3	Winston 500*, Talladega, AL
May 17	"THE WINSTON", Charlotte, NC
May 24	Coca-Cola 600*, Charlotte, NC
May 31	Budweiser 500, Dover, DE
June 14	Miller 500, Pocono, PA
June 21	Budweiser 400, Riverside, CA
June 28	Miller 400, Brooklyn, MI
July 4	Firecracker 400, Daytona Beach, FL
July 19	Summer 500, Pocono, PA
July 26	Talladega 500, Talladega, AL
August 9	Budweiser at The Glen, Watkins Glen, NY
August 16	Champion Spark Plug 400, Brooklyn, MI
August 22	Busch 500, Bristol, TN
September 6	Southern 500*, Darlington, SC
September 13	Wrangler 400, Richmond, VA
September 20	Delaware 500, Dover, DE
September 27	Goody's 500, Martinsville, VA
October 4	Holly Farms 400, N. Wilkesboro, NC
October 11	Oakwood Homes 500, Charlotte, NC
October 25	Nationwise 500, Rockingham, NC
November 8	Winston Western 500, Riverside, CA
November 22	Atlanta Journal 500, Atlanta, GA

*The Winston Million.

Series.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



with a bit of luck the hoops would act as parachutes and gently float their wearers to safety.

Equestriennes of the 1870s squeezed into bodices so tight that they appeared to have been poured into their riding habits, a look achieved by tightly laced corsets believed necessary for back support. It wasn't unusual for a woman to button the top portion of her garment *after* she got on the horse. The fit was so snug that seams occasionally burst as the rider dismounted.

had stretched a chamois undergarment over her body and stitched it on as well. The dressing process took three hours. Despite her tight clothing, the empress astonished onlookers with dangerous feats and circus stunts as she rode, sidesaddle.

The restrictive bodices of the 1870s were no easier for tennis players. Not only did women have to drag bustles of horsehair or cotton padding around the court, but the whalebone inserts in their corsets often dug into their upper bodies,

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Because of the dictates of fashion, climbing could be a dangerous sport for the 19th-century woman.

No rider could rival the riding garb of Empress Elisabeth of Austria, who was proud of her slender figure. The empress's waistline was only 16 inches, the size of a man's neck. To keep it, she followed a starvation diet of violet sherbet, oranges and meat juice, weighed herself obsessively and worked out in a gym with rings and dumbbells, and on a balance beam. When it was time to go riding, Her Imperial Highness showed off her figure by having her habit sewed onto her—that was after her servants

leaving them bloody. Reaching shots presented a problem—the long sleeves of the tennis garments were confining, even in the less competitive game of that time.

Women golfers of the late 1880s and early 1890s coped with a different handicap—the rage for tight, stiff collars two to four inches high. There was one advantage to this fashion. The "absolutely unbendable aluminum-plated watchspring steel collar supports," as they were described in a German magazine advertisement, helped to keep the golfer's head motionless as she made her swing. After swinging, it was difficult for her to turn her head to follow the ball's trajectory. She was also left with the 19th-century version of that embarrassing ring-around-the-collar. When she donned a low-cut gown for the evening, no amount of rice powder could mask the bright-red chafing mark on the golfer's neck. The tight collars also impeded circulation.

By 1885 it had become socially acceptable for women to join in hunting expeditions. But as women trekked through forest, field or jungle, their skirts collected mud, dust and grass stains, even when hems were shortened several inches and trimmed with leather hem guards. Also, the heavy materials used for women's clothing and undergarments often weighed more than 20 pounds and were exhausting to walk around in.

"Fast" women such as Sarah Bernhardt, the French actress known as the Divine Sarah, dared to wear breeches when they went riding or shooting. The Divine Sarah couldn't resist making a grand entrance for her "crocodile hunt" at Charles Bell's plantation outside Lake Charles, La., in the 1890s. With her inimitable flair, she appeared in an enormous muff and a sealskin coat, a white suede jacket, a large hat embellished with pheasant feathers, and high-heeled boots. Knowing full well that a crocodile hunt was futile in Louisiana, Bell thoughtfully arranged for a baby alligator to be placed in one of his lakes. When the hunt proved unsuccessful, one of the gardeners presented Bernhardt with the alligator on a leash.

She promptly had it shipped back to France to join the rest of her menagerie, which over the years had included a monkey named Darwin, a cheetah, a chameleon and an alligator named Ali-Gaga (which allegedly died of an overdose of champagne). Unfortunately, upon its arrival, Bernhardt's newest pet gobbled up one of the actress's tiny Manchester terriers. This time there was a real hunt, by Sarah's secretary, who shot and killed the alligator. No costume required.

Special attire was necessary, however, when cycling became the rage in the

TOYOTA COROLLA FX16

NEW FX16 OPENS TO APPLAUSE.

The pros found a great deal to cheer about when they opened up the totally new FX16 GT-S. 1.6 liter, 16-valve, twin cam performance that doesn't redline until 7500 rpm. Ovations also went to its versatility, "hot styling licks,"† and "uncommonly comfortable"* 5-passenger room. With the split rear seatbacks down, they said it gives you "near mini-van carrying *space.*"* *30 cu. ft. They summed up: "The FX16 gets a* solid thumbs-up from us."* Take one out and open it up. To the sound of thunderous applause.

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"...snappy performance off the line rapidly becomes missile-like as the 16-valve engine gets its lungs...cornering power makes it all the more fun to drive."
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"*The engine pulls to the redline without fuss,* and it returns to a whisper-steady idle even after miles of hard driving."
AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

"Overall, the FX16 is a worthy achievement. If you're in the market for a moderately priced *sporty hatchback, this car deserves your* serious consideration."
CAR AND DRIVER

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ROAD & TRACK

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**MOTOR TREND*

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1890s. Ready or not, Victorian society finally had to come to terms with women wearing "rational" garments, a euphemism for items such as divided skirts. Prudes who were offended by the very thought of women astride any object were decidedly unready for these innovations. Women even played croquet with the mallet held at an awkward 45-degree angle from the body, since bringing a stick between the legs was considered immoral. (After all, women had no "legs" in polite society. Those two appendages were considered indiscretions of human anatomy.) Whipped up to an irrational frenzy, the anticyclists inveighed against women's newfound freedom on wheels. They argued that cycling was unladylike and harmful to beauty. Those female cyclists who did venture out on the roads were advised to carry menthol cones to stroke across their foreheads to soothe their frazzled nerves.

In the meantime, cyclists—both men and women—were having a wonderful time, and enthusiasm for the sport was infectious. On weekends tens of thousands poured into the fashionable cycling spots: New York's Central Park, London's Battersea Park and Paris's Bois de Boulogne. At first, women cyclists wore skirts that measured three yards around the hem. These tended to snag on the bikes, but that was of less concern than the grave risk of exposing the legs when lifting the knees while pedaling. Some cyclists weighted their skirts with small pieces of lead; others attached loops of elastic to their hems and fastened them around their legs. There was also a vogue for roomy, divided skirts and short capes. Once the rider dismounted, she could remove the cape from her shoulders and button it around her waist to hide her vulgar garb. Bloomers or knickerbockers, which were introduced about this time, became the reasonable solution. Critics, though, continued to resist the idea of women wearing anything other than a skirt.

Bloomers and knickerbockers should have provided women with a practical and comfortable sporting outfit. Unfortunately there was another trial to endure: Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System. Gustav Jaeger, a professor of zoology at Stuttgart University, somehow persuaded the public that only wool would keep the body at its natural temperature. It was felt that garments made with cotton or linen could induce colds, flu and worse. Even a manufacturer's small linen label in an all-wool garment might lead to a sore throat, claimed Jaeger, since the linen would sop up perspiration and cause a chill.

So women (and men) donned all-wool outergarments and Jaeger's sanitary woolen undergarments for tennis, walking and cycling. Summer weather found innumerable Jaegerites swooning from heat exhaustion. A victim was, naturally, covered with woolen blankets to prevent chills.

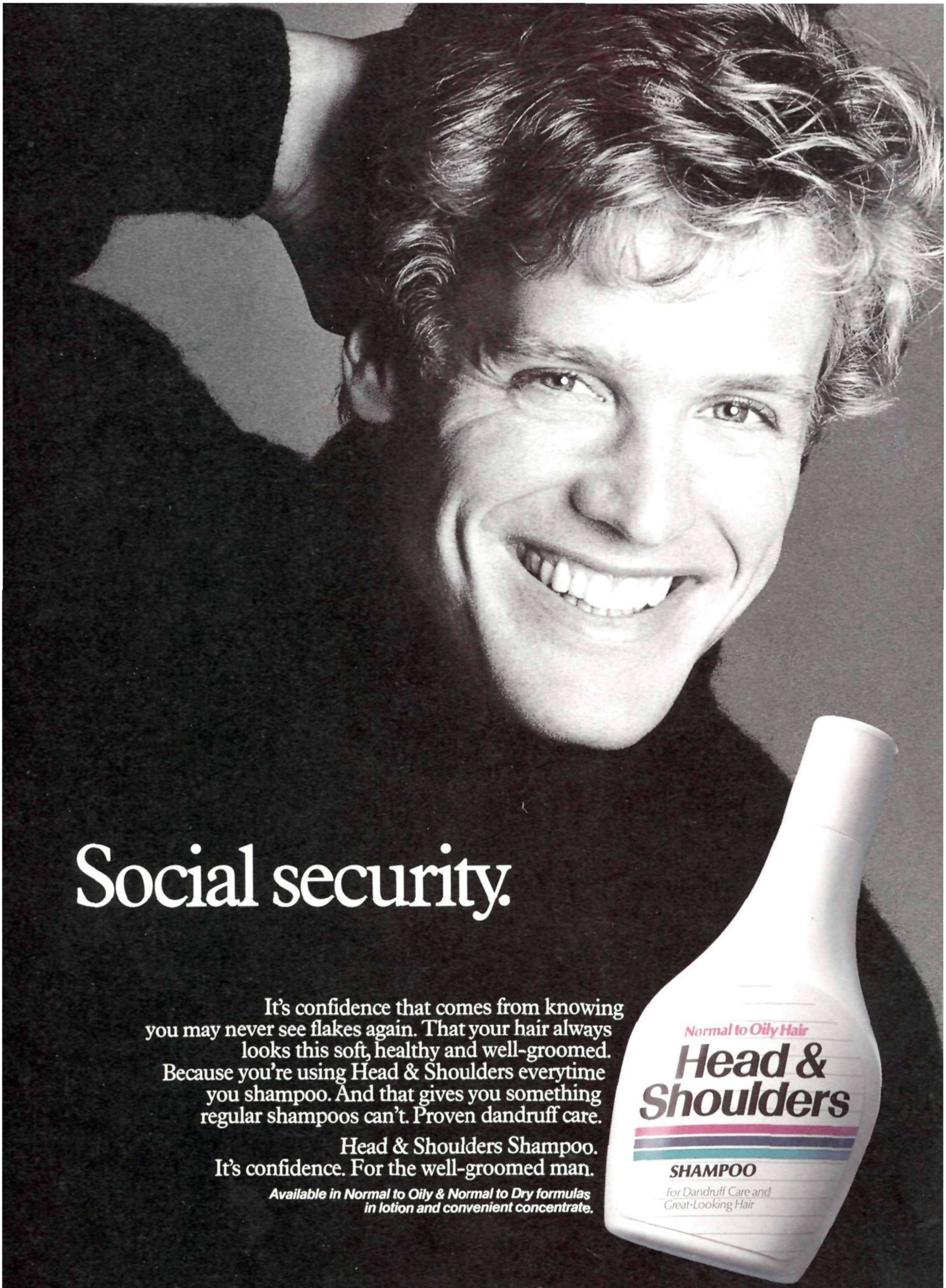
CULVER PICTURES

Russell's $1,900 gold-plated bicycle came complete with diamond chips.

Even Lillian Russell, the darling of American music halls, who was famed for her opulent hourglass figure, became caught up in cycling. She hid her "not very good legs" under the ample skirts of her stunning white cycling suit when she rode her $1,900 gold-plated bicycle, a gift from Diamond Jim Brady. Diamond chips and other jewels sparkled in the bicycle's spokes and hubs, and its handlebars were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The bike came equipped with its own plush-lined leather case. Diamond Jim often accompanied Russell on bicycle rides in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., on his own lavish model. He also owned a "triplet," which accommodated Brady on the front seat, a lady in the middle and a groom in the rear to do most of the pedaling.

As a result of the persistence and dedication of sportswomen during the 19th century, women today can slip into nylon running shorts or Lycra bathing suits without creating a scandal. The garments of the past may evoke laughter, even derision, but not for the women who wore them. They participated and competed in sports despite physical discomfort and social opposition. To them, the lure of athletic activity was irresistible. As the ranks of women athletes grew, so did an idea that is taken for granted today: What is worn at play is now as compatible with the sport as it is with the prevailing sense of style. Form and function are in balance at last. ■

Wendy Lebing teaches the history of fashion at Temple University's Ambler, Pa., campus.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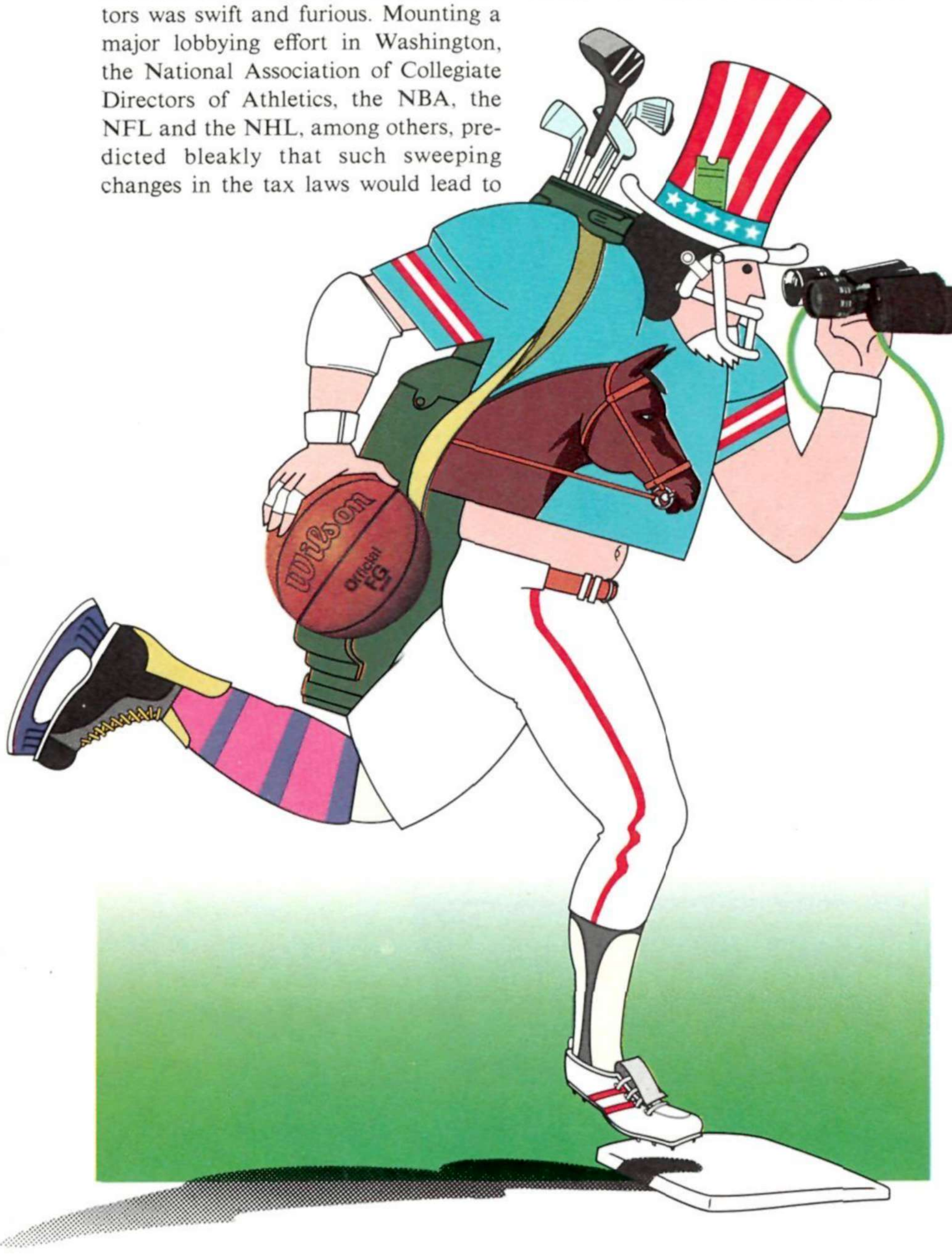
SKYBOXES, LONGHORN ALUMS AND OTHER TAXING MATTERS

BY JOHN F. BERRY ■

Sports is big business, and two years ago when the normally pro-business Reagan Administration proposed an end to tax deductions for all business entertainment expenses, including such things as sports tickets and skyboxes, the reaction from pro and college sports administrators was swift and furious. Mounting a major lobbying effort in Washington, the National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics, the NBA, the NFL and the NHL, among others, predicted bleakly that such sweeping changes in the tax laws would lead to empty stadiums, decaying inner cities, distressed universities—in short, the end of civilization as American sports lovers have known it. While the major spectator sports were in the forefront of the battle and had the biggest bucks at stake, the whole spectrum of sport—from auto, speedboat and bicycle racing to skiing, boxing, and golf—was supposedly on the ropes.



Congress, as it turned out, apparently agreed, and the Tax Reform Act of 1986 that went into effect on Jan. 1 is not nearly as onerous to sports organizations as had been feared. Indeed, most front-office executives and player agents seem delighted with the outcome. However, tax experts caution that the new law may simply be one battle in a long war, which inevitably will lead to dramatic changes in the big business of sports. Observes Joseph P. Hamper Jr., the Baltimore Orioles' vice-president in charge of finance, "I don't think anybody really knows how the new tax law will affect sports."

Like many political acts, the complex 1986 tax revision legislation, passed by Congress and signed by President Reagan, giveth some but also taketh a lot away. Among the new law's effects on sports:

• **The 80% rule.** The amount of entertainment expenses that can be deducted from a person's or a company's taxes is reduced from 100% to 80%. So, for example, 80% of the cost of tickets for a Chicago Bulls game is deductible—assuming, of course, that business is discussed before, during or after the game.

• **Skyboxes.** Those lush stadium redoubts far above the madding crowds, with bars, TVs, stereos and comfortable furniture, cost well-heeled fans as much as $20,000 a year at the Louisiana Superdome and $60,000 at Giants Stadium in New Jersey. Tenants see them as the perfect surroundings for entertaining 10 or 20 corporate clients. But under a provision of the new law, the cost of that entertainment will, after a three-year phaseout, no longer be tax deductible beginning in 1989.

• **Stadium construction.** A building boom in major sports facilities has been fueled by the sale of construction bonds that were tax exempt to investors. They won't be under the new tax law. But as

THE VIEW FROM WASHINGTON

As Uncle Sam's tax reformers saw it, sports-related deductions were too high.

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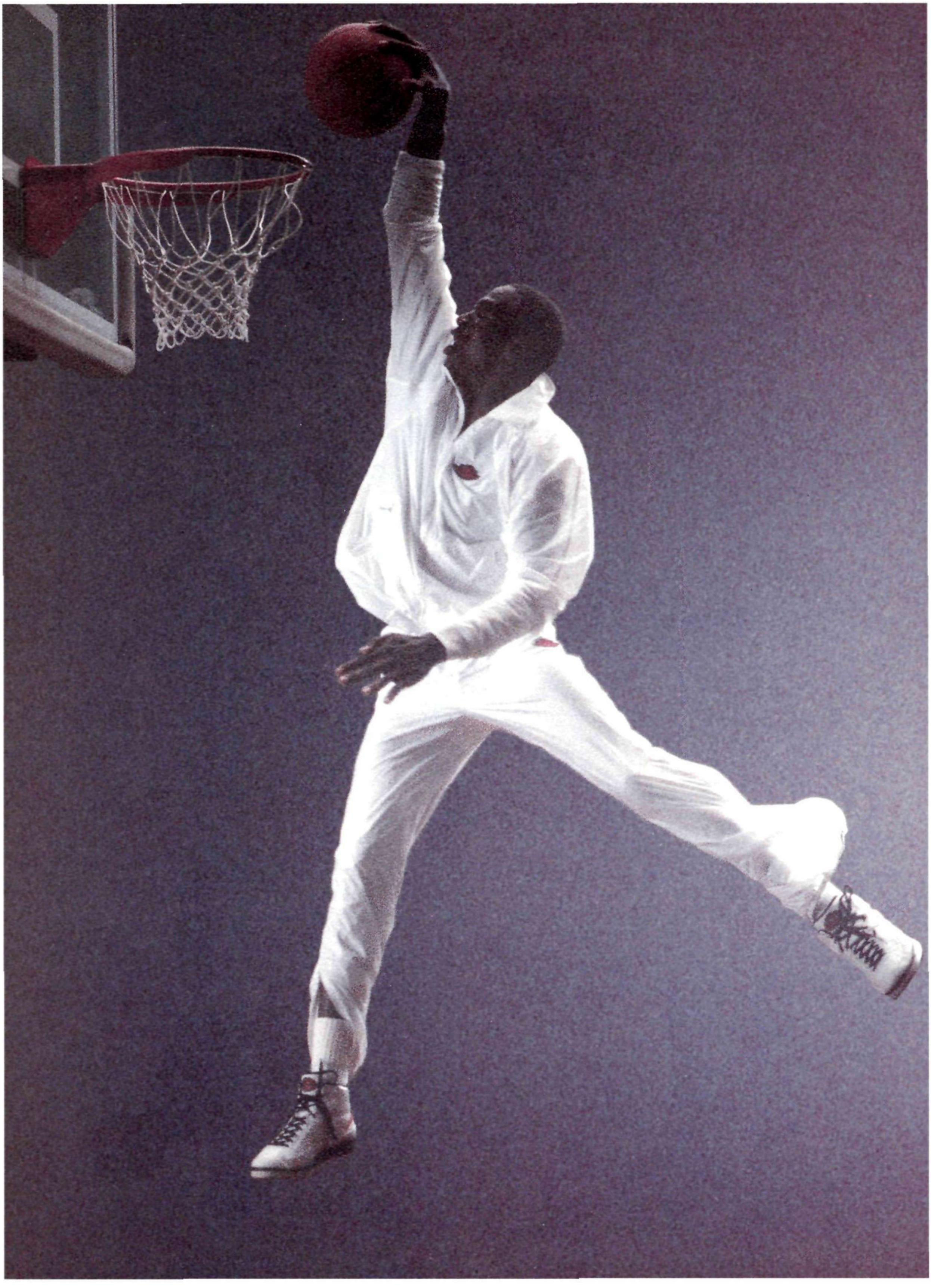

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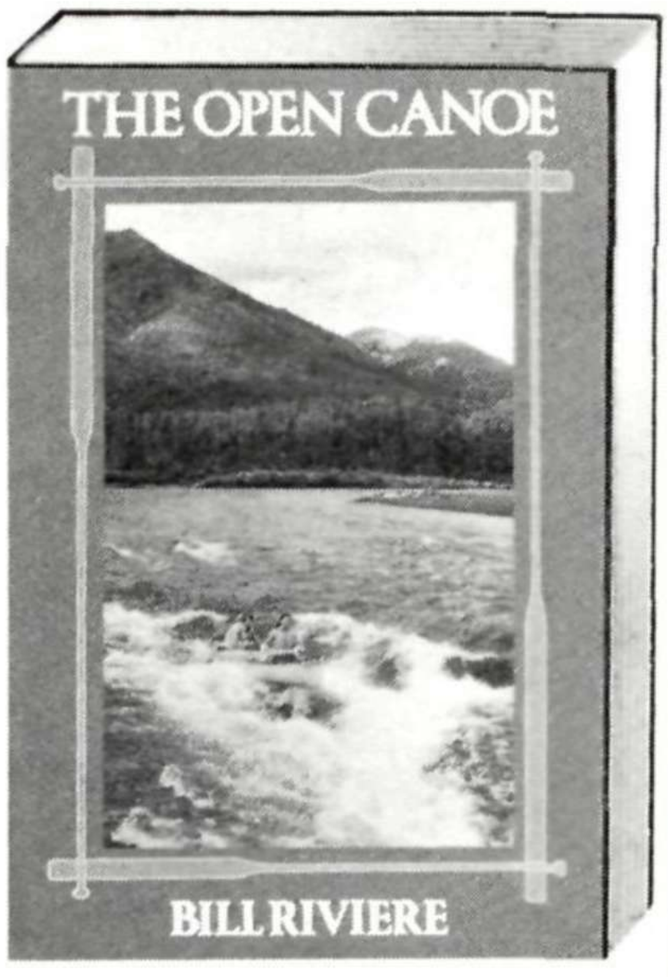

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we shall see, some members of Congress craftily slipped in exemptions for their pet projects.

• **Good seats for big givers.** In 1984 the Internal Revenue Service ruled that when a person contributed to a college booster club and got the right to buy prime seats at football or basketball games in return, that contribution was not deductible. Outraged college athletic directors argued that the ruling would discourage financial support from alumni and friends and undermine their athletic programs. Under pressure the ruling was withdrawn, then revised and reissued in '86. The IRS granted a limited deduction for a booster contribution—minus the hard-to-calculate amount that the "right" to buy prime seats would sell for. When a game is a sellout, the IRS ruled, the entire contribution would be nondeductible. The colleges felt that the IRS was still being too severe and tried to get Congress to amend the '86 ruling when it wrote the new tax law. That didn't happen, although two powerful members of Congress did manage to get their own alma maters exempted, and the matter has been introduced again in the new Congress.

• **Players' salaries.** By 1988 the maximum federal tax on personal income drops from 50% to 28%, which will mean that in most cases, the richest players can look forward to getting even richer.

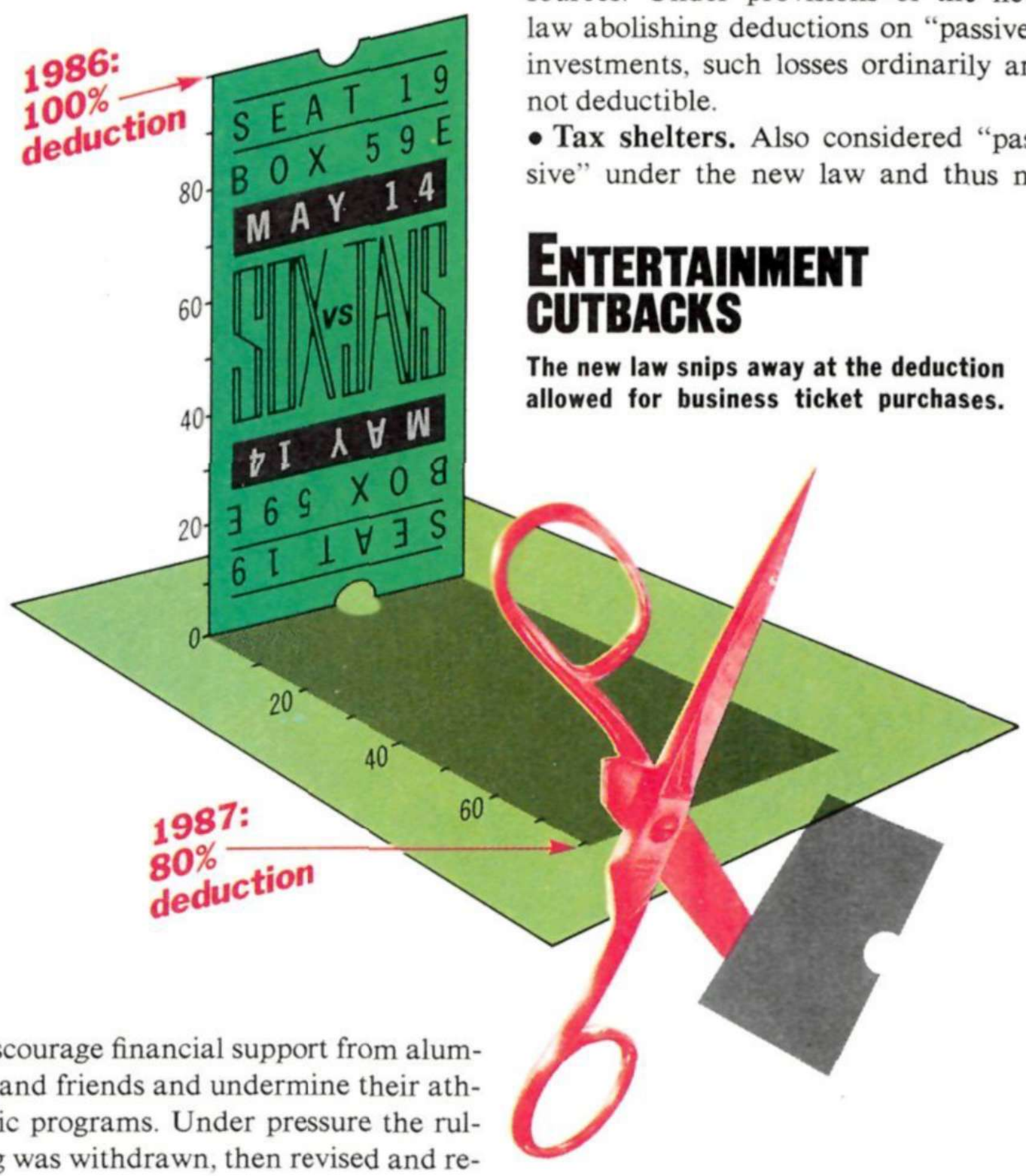
• **"Passive" investments.** Under the old law, nonmanaging partners in money-losing sports franchises could use their losses to offset income from other sources. Under provisions of the new law abolishing deductions on "passive" investments, such losses ordinarily are not deductible.

• **Tax shelters.** Also considered "passive" under the new law and thus no longer deductible are at least some of those losing investments in real estate, livestock, oil drilling leases and the like that have been used by many athletes as a way of avoiding taxes on their huge salaries.

All these changes, while dramatic enough, are a far cry from what might have been. Back in 1984 the Administration introduced its so-called Treasury I proposal, which called for elimination of the business entertainment deduction for all tickets to sports events.

ENTERTAINMENT CUTBACKS

The new law snips away at the deduction allowed for business ticket purchases.



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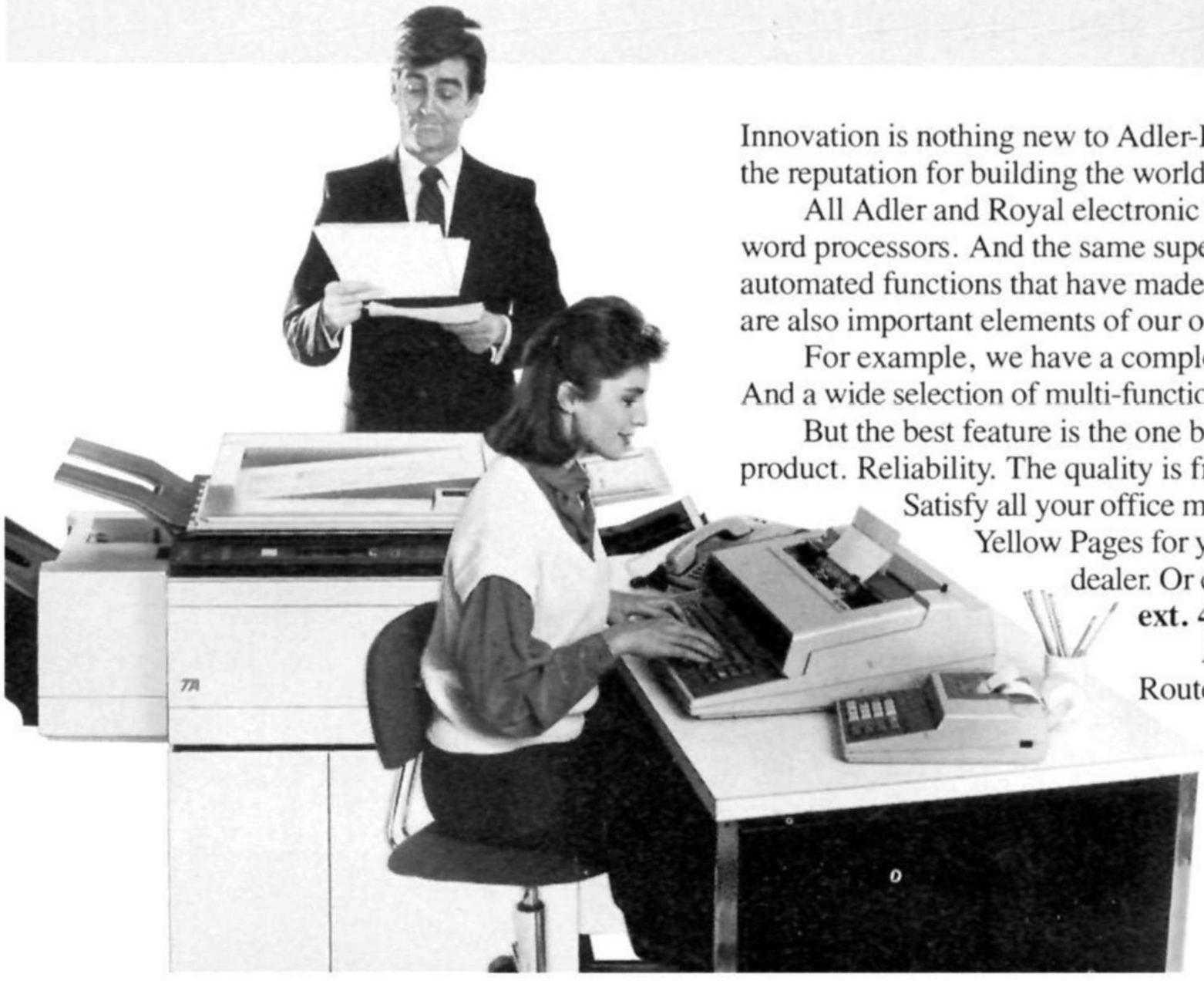

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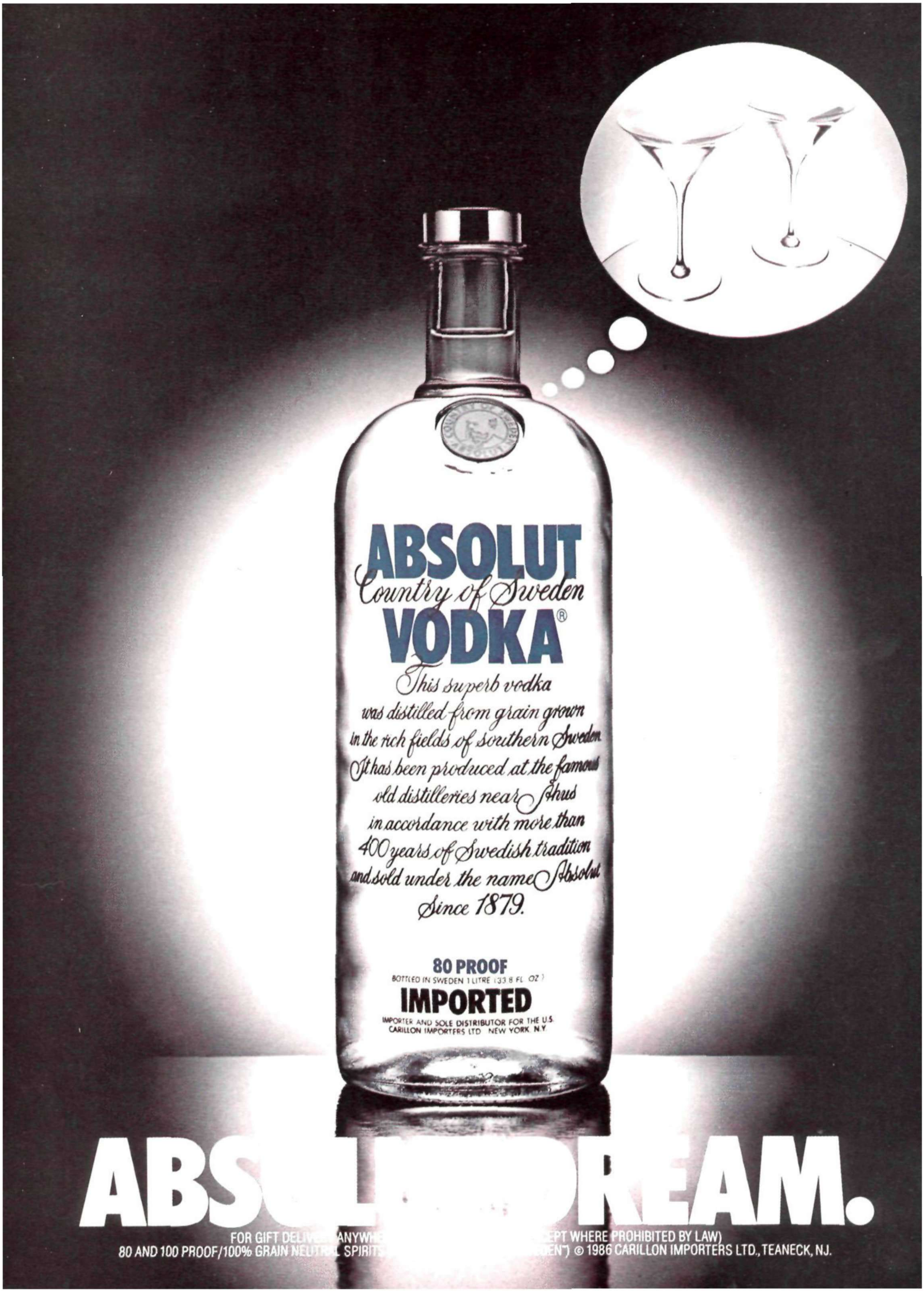
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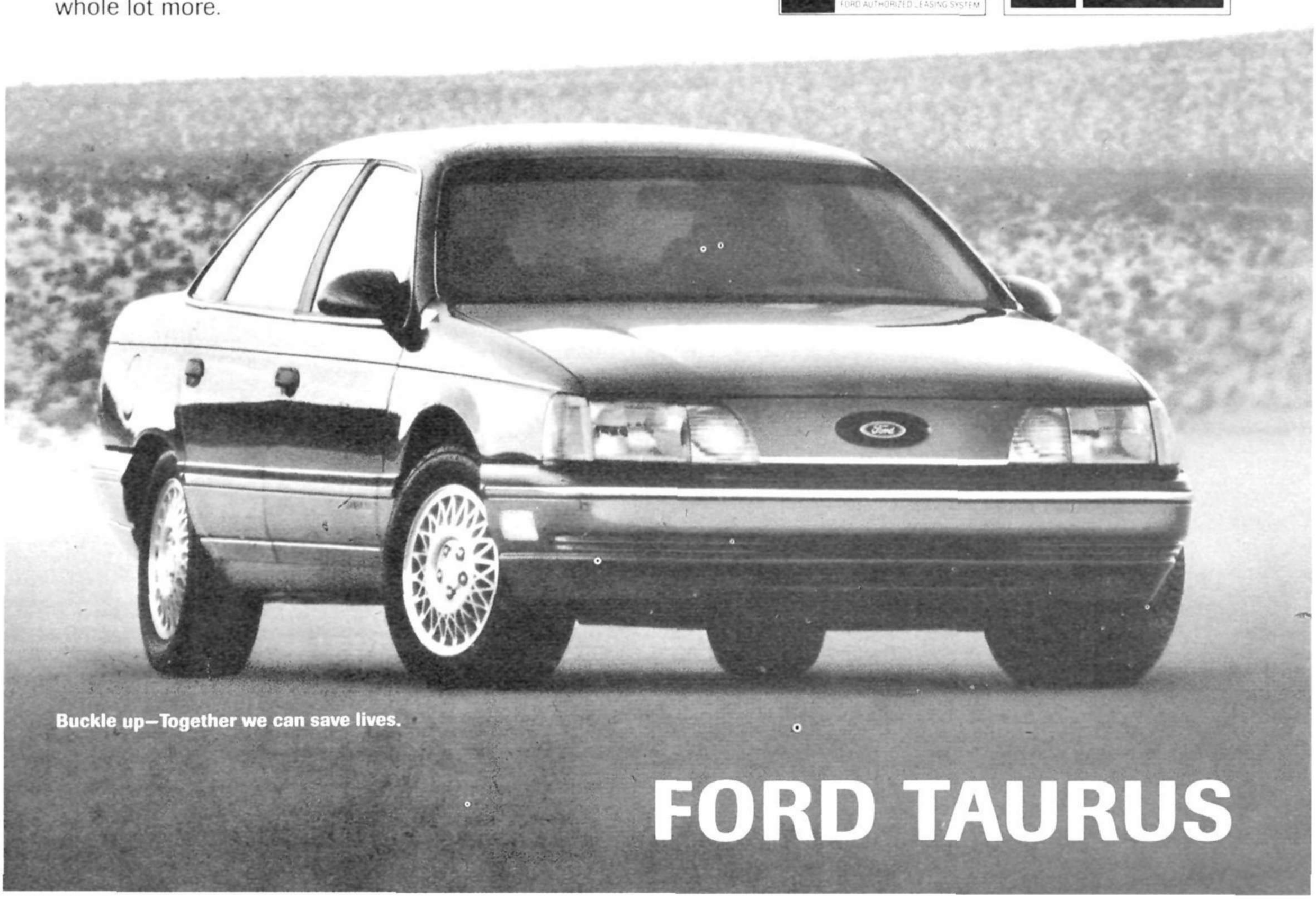

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The Treasury Department's position paper argued that such favored treatment of business simply encouraged overspending by businessmen, permitting them to entertain at the taxpayer's expense, and led to increased ticket prices for everyone.

Reagan was not the first president to attack corporate expense account deductions. Those deductions have troubled all modern-day presidents, most notably Jimmy Carter, who railed against the "three-martini lunch" to no avail. But in 1984 when Reagan weighed in, Congress had caught the reform fever, too.

Professional teams have come to rely on corporations, with their lavish expense accounts, to buy up the most expensive seats and boxes. Business ticket purchases account for more than 60% of the NHL's annual gate receipts, 51% of the NBA's and 46% of major league baseball's. And while the NFL says it doesn't keep such figures, it is safe to assume its situation is comparable to that of the other leagues.

What would happen, the franchise *owners worried, if corporations had to* pay for their tickets like normal customers? Not waiting to find out, pro sports executives went to the committees of the House and Senate. Sports franchises lined up with other businesses similarly threatened by the proposed cut in expense account tax deductions.

The NHL, *for example, joined a lob*by called the MainStreets Coalition, which included representatives from such expense-account-driven businesses as restaurants, motels, hotels and theaters. Its chairman, Moon Landrieu, a former mayor of New Orleans and ex-secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, crisscrossed the country warning of 600,000 lost jobs, devastated downtowns and cultural collapse if entertainment expense deductions were disallowed. "Entertainment *is to sales what fertilizer is to agricul*ture," Landrieu told audiences. In Washington, meanwhile, Congress was hearing dire predictions of the sort contained in an NBA press release that intoned, "The majority of NBA teams simply could not survive if they lost the ticket-buying support of the business community."

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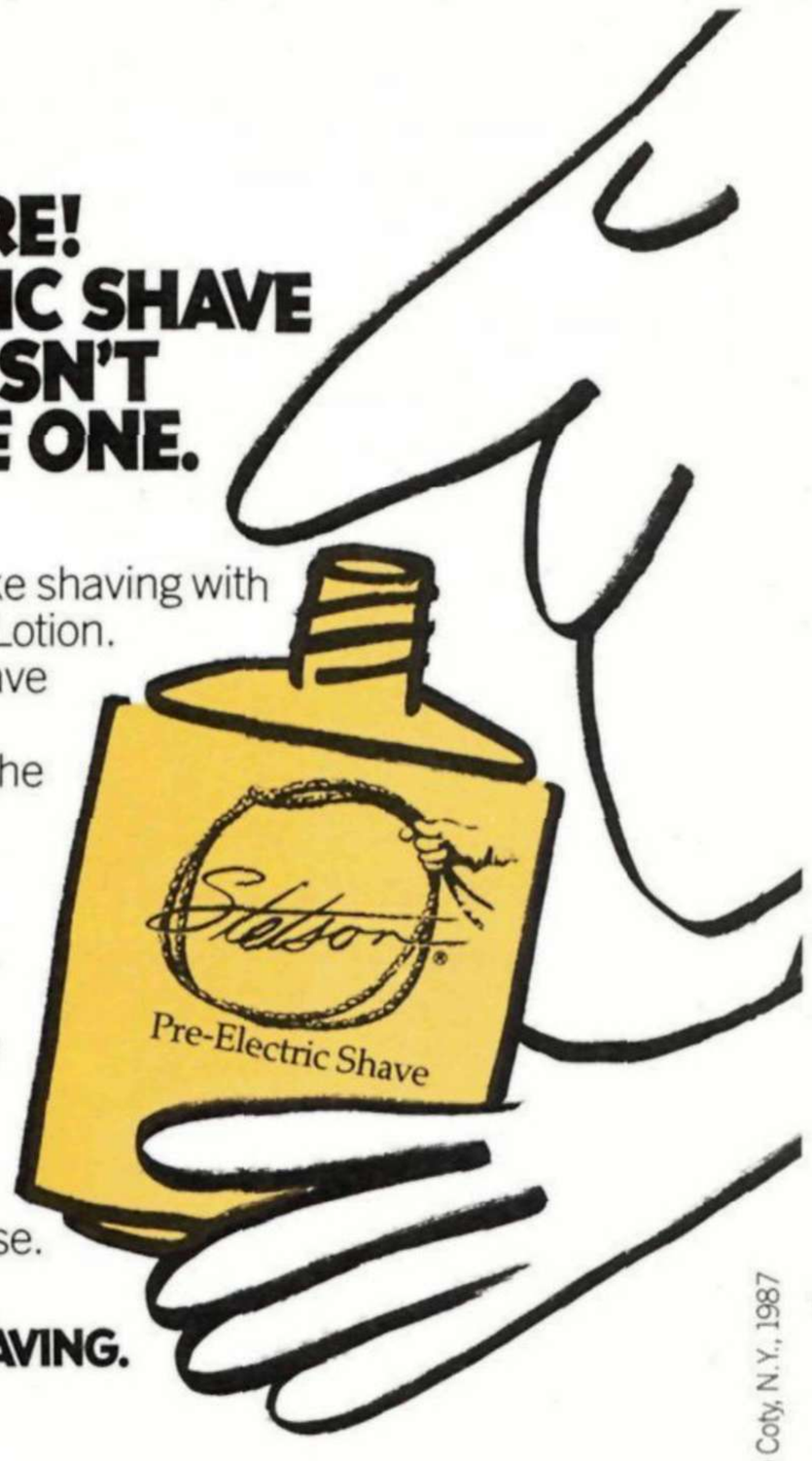

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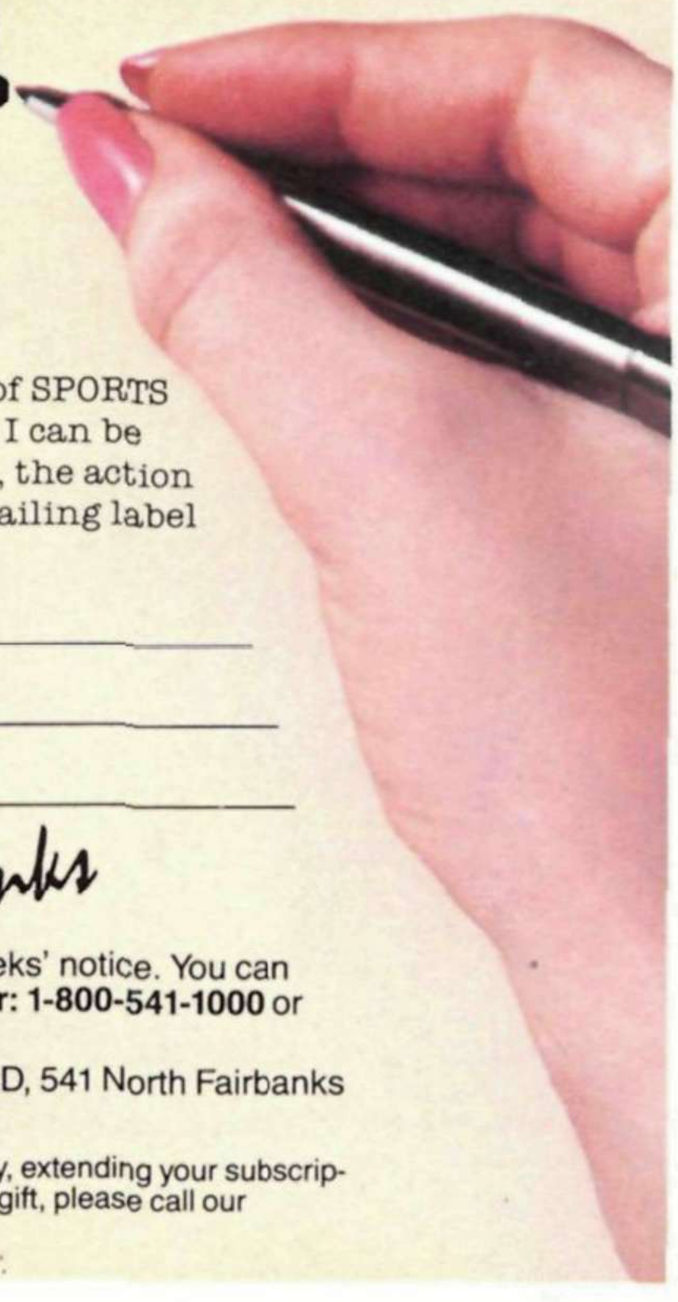

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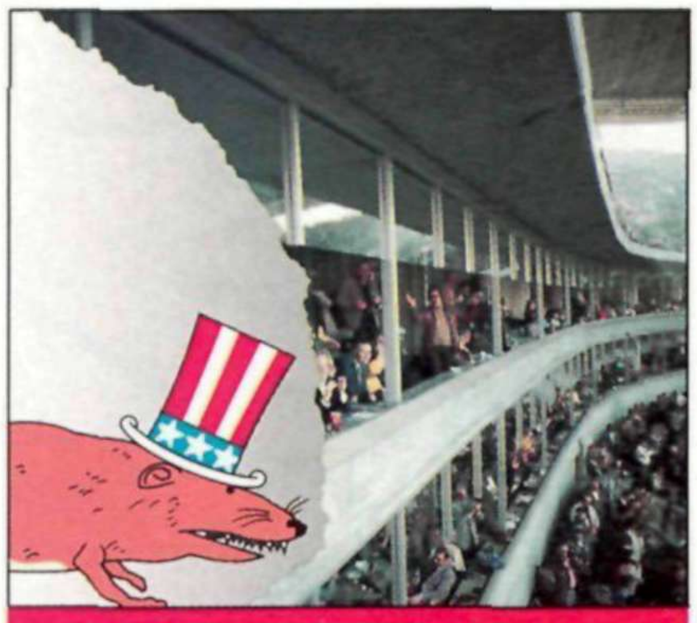
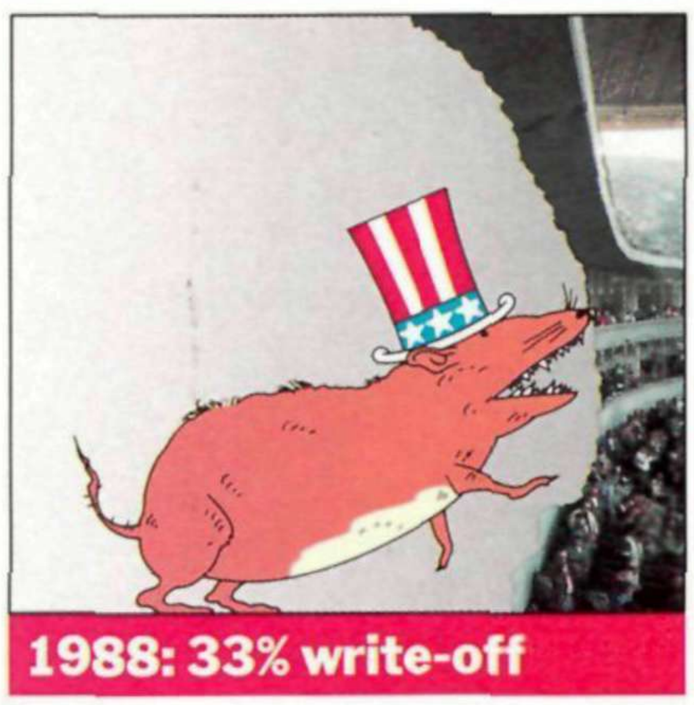
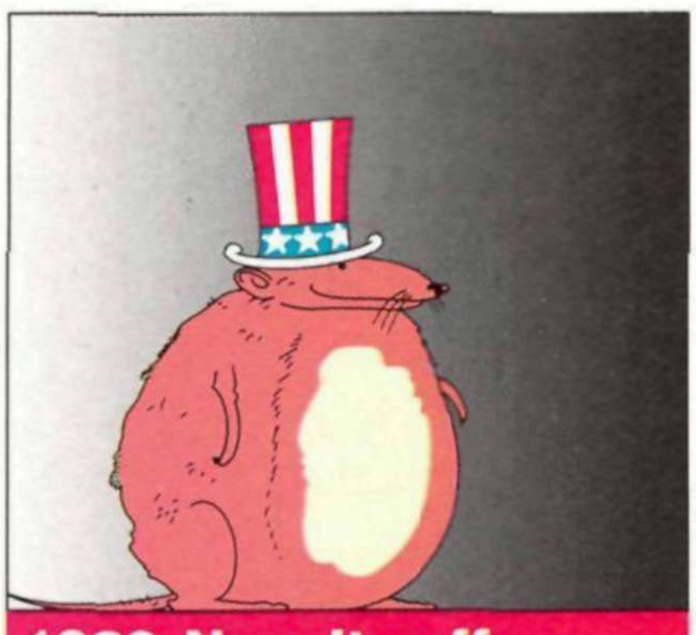
1986: 100% write-off



1987: 67% write-off



1988: 33% write-off



1989: No write-off

Responding to this enormous pressure, not only from sports but also from a host of other affected businesses, House and Senate conferees took the existing 100% deduction for business meals and entertainment expenses and reduced it to 80%—a far cry from the original Administration proposal two years earlier to abolish such deductions altogether. As one senior congressional aide observed, "Congressmen and senators *love* to go to football games and golf tournaments where they get free meals and entertainment. They weren't anxious to kill that."

Some congressmen also love to play golf. In November, for example, Rep. Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which helped fashion the new tax law, teamed with U.S. Open champion Ray Floyd to win the amateur part of the Skins Game. That helps explain why Congress gave professional golf special treatment in the new tax law. All PGA and LPGA tournaments raise money for charities. So Congress decided—after heavy lobbying from pro golf—that entertainment expenditures in connection with such tournaments would remain 100% deductible.

"We see that being very positive for tournament golf, and for us in particular," said David Kaplan, executive director of the Atlanta Golf Classic. "If the Coca-Cola Co. buys a pro-am spot for $2,500, it can deduct it all as a business entertainment expense. If it uses tickets to entertain clients, it can deduct the whole price."

The new act even takes into consideration foreign golfers, who are very important to the golf business these days. Foreign players have to limit their time in the U.S. to keep Uncle Sam from taking a tax bite from all their income, including that earned abroad. Under the new law, the number of days foreigners spend in the U.S. playing in charity events such as pretournament pro-ams is not counted against them.

High-priced skyboxes, often rented by businesses and deducted from their taxes as an entertainment expense, have helped underwrite many franchises and college athletic programs. Thirty-four publicly owned arenas and stadiums used by 47 pro teams have skyboxes; 26 colleges currently have skyboxes, ranging from Louisville with only 2 to Clemson with 100; at least a dozen more colleges plan to put in skyboxes.

It was not surprising, then, that lobbyists fought desperately to keep the cost of skyboxes deductible as a business entertainment expense. They even tried to persuade Congress that skybox owners were really making a big sacrifice because they were sitting in the worst seats in the house, way up in the rafters, in order to subsidize the masses in those great seats down below. (Of course, others argued that the reason that ticket prices have soared generally is that high-priced skyboxes, paid for with corporate expense accounts, have set an upward price trend.)

Congress said no to the skybox lobbyists—but it sugared the bitter pill a bit. Under a so-called transition rule, the deduction for skyboxes will be phased out over three years, with a two-thirds deduction in 1987, a one-third deduction in '88 and finally no deduction come 1989. People who sit in skyboxes must also purchase tickets to the event, and those, of course, will be 80% deductible if they are used for legitimate business entertainment.

The effect of ending the skybox deductions is one of the great imponderables in sports business these days. At the Los Angeles Coliseum, where Al Davis moved his Raiders from Oakland, in part to profit from a richer market for skyboxes, construction continues on the boxes that will rent for $50,000 a year. "[The new law] doesn't appear to have too great an effect," says Al LoCasale, executive assistant to Davis. "But it's too early to know."

In Kansas City, meanwhile, Chiefs president Jack Steadman worries about 42 suites on which leases come up for renewal this year. The Chiefs need that income to pay their rent on the stadium to the city. "To lose that suite revenue would be devastating for us," Steadman says. And at the Metrodome in Minneapolis, where the Vikings receive

GOING, GOING, GONE

Over the next three years, deductions for stadium skyboxes will be done away with.

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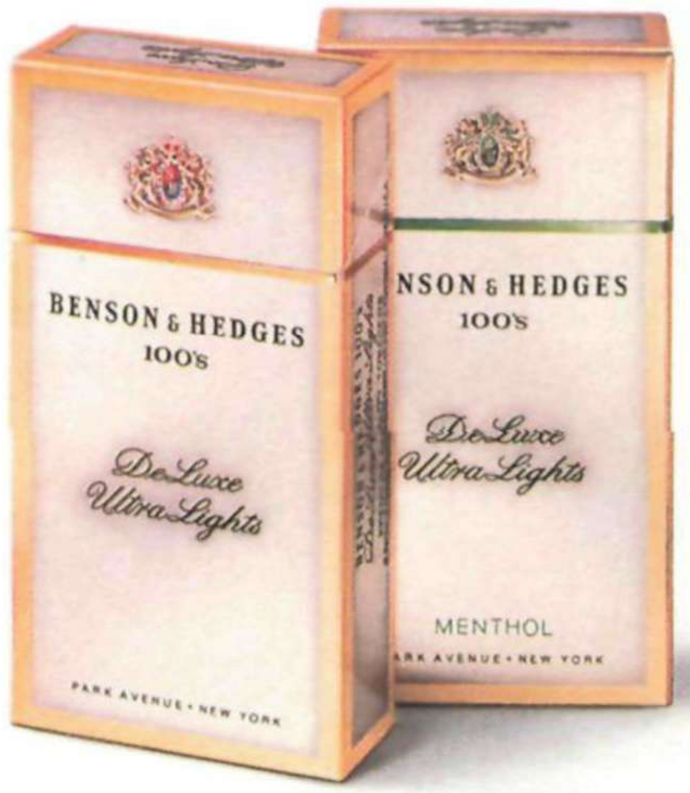

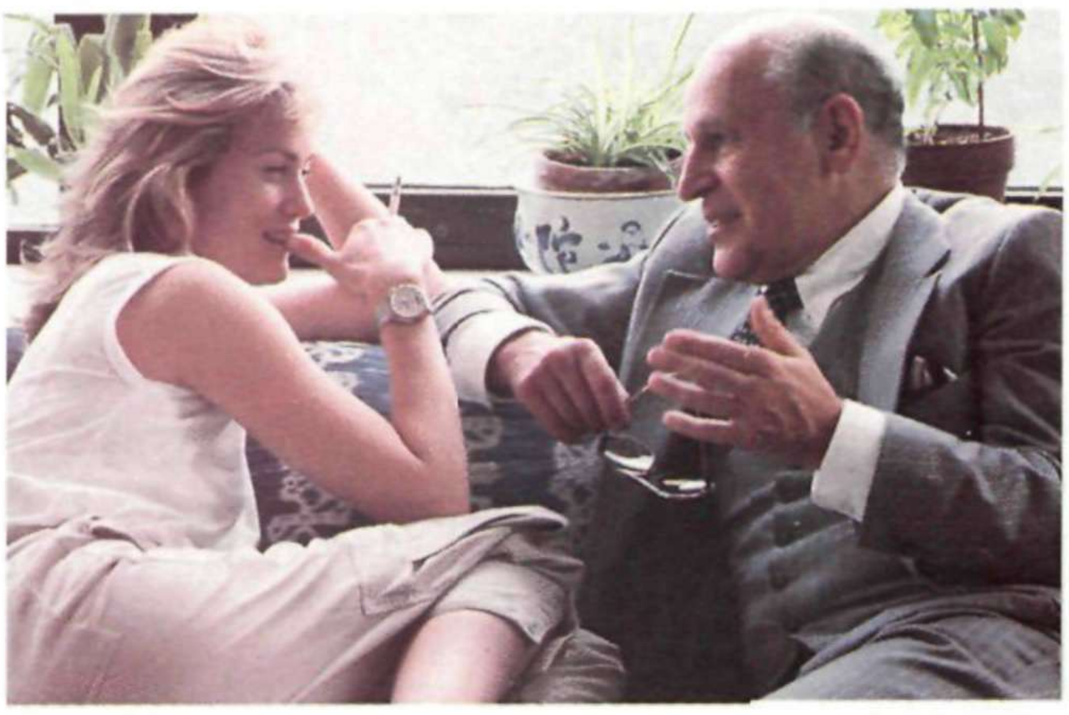

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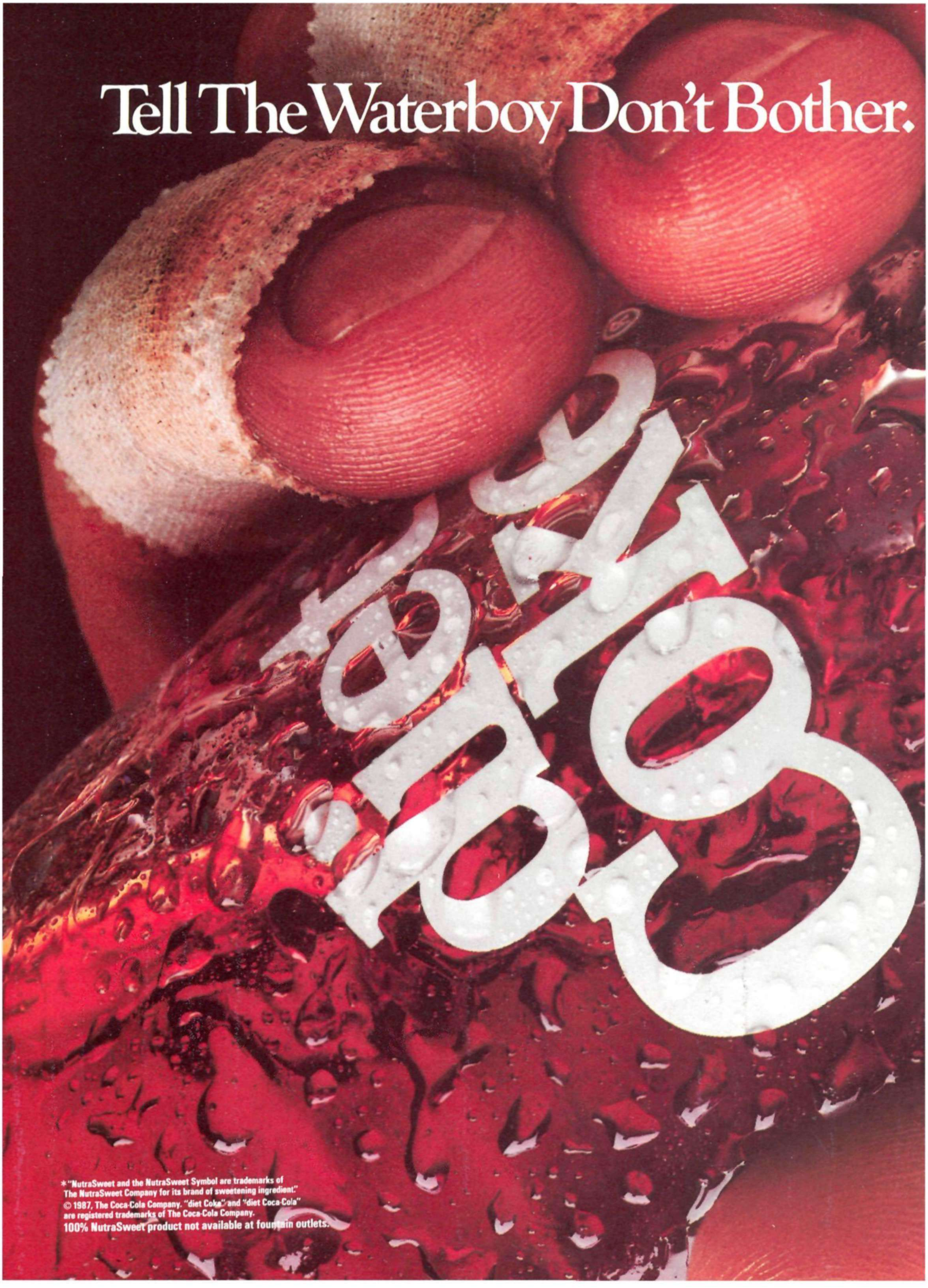
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income from 119 private suites (with rents from $28,000 to $32,000 apiece), general manager Mike Lynn echoes the cry of foul being heard throughout sportsdom, when he says, "I think it's unfair to change the rules in the middle of the game."

The Hartford Civic Center, where the Whalers play, recently spent $9 million on the construction of 45 skyboxes; 26 of them opened in '83 and 19 in '85. They rent for between $44,000 and $55,000 a year. David Andrews, the team's vice-president of finance and development, thinks the corporations that rent skyboxes will still do so. "In our case, the companies are favorably disposed to continue," Andrews says. "They may have to dig a little deeper, but we feel we have a good product, and that's what we're really talking about."

While lobbyists managed to burrow a three-year loophole into the skybox issue, they cut a veritable superhighway through the new law putting an end to tax breaks for financing the stadiums themselves.

The U.S. Treasury loses about $15 billion a year by permitting local governments to sell tax-exempt bonds to finance municipal projects such as airports, sewage-treatment facilities and mass transit, as well as sports stadiums and arenas. This federal tax exemption, which makes the bonds very appealing to investors, has amounted to a subsidy for sports, because franchises, colleges and developers stand to profit from use of the facilities. Under the new law, sports facilities would lose that exemption—though not immediately.

To ease the trauma of withdrawal from this federal subsidy, congressmen and senators managed to exempt from the new law certain pet projects in their districts and states, some of which were already under way, while others were only in the planning stages. The total number of exemptions was limited, and members of the House and Senate committees who actually wrote the new tax law were able to get more than their share of them. All told, this "transition rule" cost the Treasury (thus the taxpayers) $150 million in lost tax revenues from 22 sports exemptions, more than half of them claimed by House and Senate tax committee members.

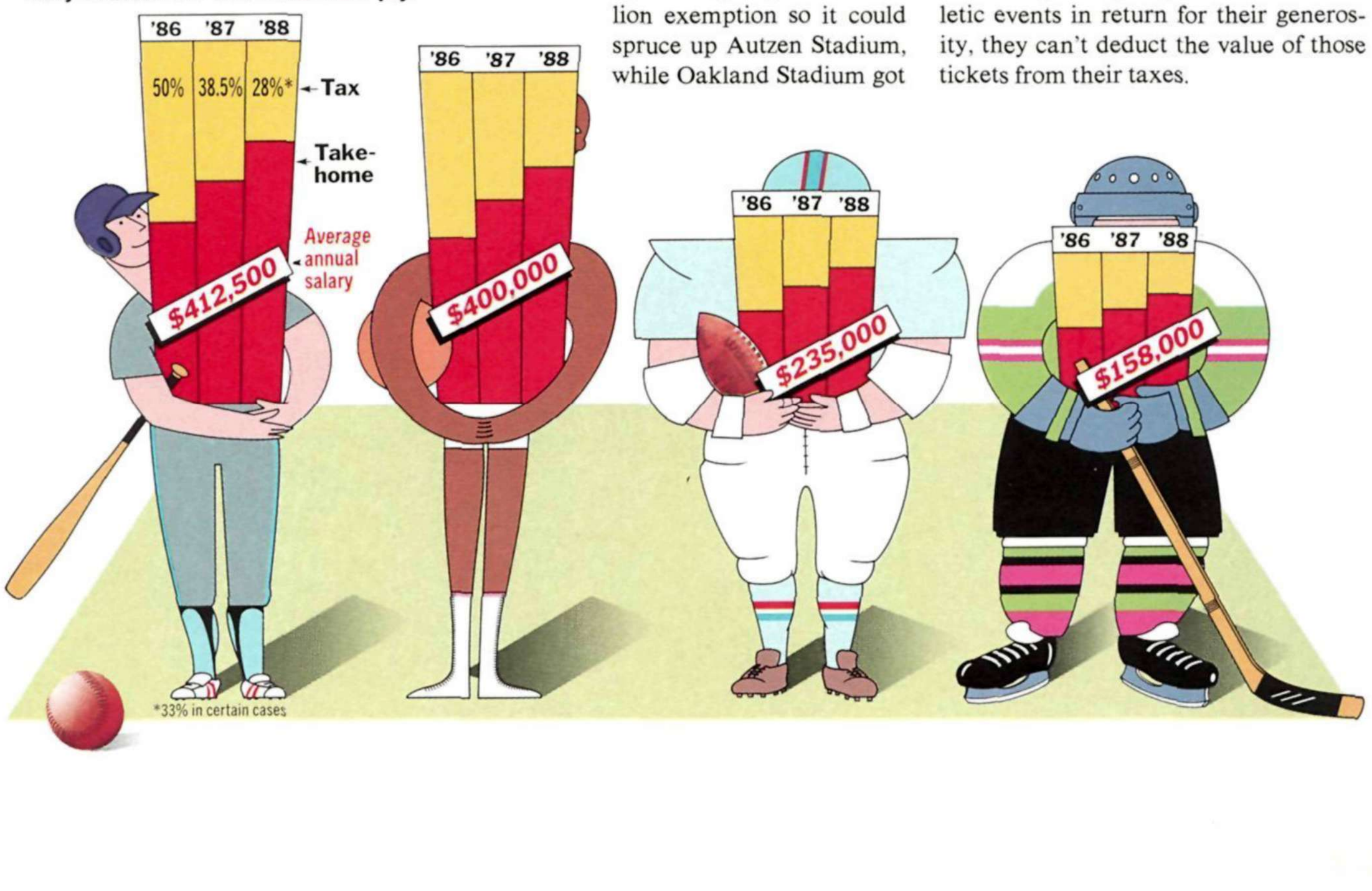
For example, Oregon Republican Robert Packwood, who steered the tax bill through the Senate, saw to it that the University of Oregon got a $4 million exemption so it could spruce up Autzen Stadium, while Oakland Stadium got an $8 million exemption, compliments of House Ways and Means member Fortney Stark (D.-Calif.).

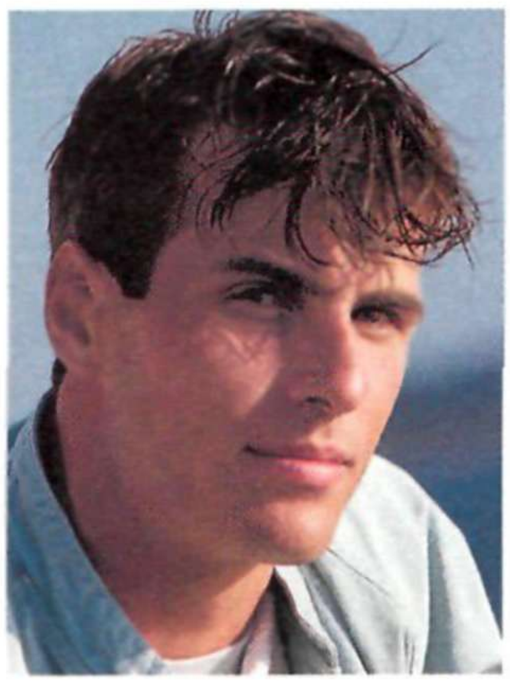
Because politicians don't like it widely known that they give away special tax breaks, the descriptions of these exemptions are sometimes carefully veiled, referred to vaguely by location and design. For example, Chicagoan Rostenkowski came through with an exemption of up to $250 million for what was described, in part, as "a stadium to be used by an American League baseball team currently using a stadium in a city having a population in excess of 2,500,000." The facility in question is a new ballpark for the White Sox.

Another case of a powerful exemption that is so obscurely phrased as to be meaningless to everyone—except to those who count—is a provision that reads: "Treatment of Certain Amounts Paid To or For the Benefit of Certain Institutions of Higher Education." That bit of opaque prose was cooked up by two powerful politicians, Texas Democratic Congressman J.J. Pickle and Louisiana Democratic Senator Russell Long, and masks two exemptions they wrote for their alma maters, the University of Texas and LSU, respectively. The exemptions free the universities from the IRS ruling that states that when big financial givers get special seats at athletic events in return for their generosity, they can't deduct the value of those tickets from their taxes.

LOWER RATE, HIGHER TAKE

Lower personal income tax rates mean many athletes will take home more pay.





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The IRS ruling caused an uproar among booster clubs, and with good reason. Clemson, for example, raises some 30% of its athletic budget from big contributors, who in turn get special seating, preferential parking and the like. At USC, "Cardinal and Gold" contributors cough up about $1.3 million a year—and get prime seats for their munificence. "Our goal is to endow 24 starting positions including punter and kicker," says associate athletic director Donald L. Winston.

In trying to get the 1984 ruling scuttled, lobbyists argued that alumni gifts underwrote not only big-time sports but also less visible women's and intramural programs, as well as such sports as skiing, soccer, swimming and lacrosse that don't normally earn money from TV and gate receipts.

When the news broke that LSU and Texas were exempted, rivals pelted their representatives with letters worrying that these two athletic powers would now corner all the talent by offering thicker steaks at the training tables, shinier weight machines and fancier statues outside the jock dorms. But nobody in Congress expects the exemptions to stand as is; most congressional observers accept Pickle and Long's explanation that their parliamentary maneuver was simply intended to open the door for further debate on the IRS ruling, which the two lawmakers found objectionable. As Pickle, reacting to the furor, said, "I just wanted to make the record plain that I think this should apply to all the schools involved anywhere in the country."

The new tax law, with its lowered rate for individuals, probably means even more take-home pay for most of the highest-paid professional athletes. The new maximum tax rate drops from 50% in 1986 to 38.5% in 1987 and, finally, 28% (or 33% in certain cases) in 1988. "In the past it was probably best for players to get as much money as soon as possible," says Larry Fleisher, a player agent who is also director of the NBA Players Association. "Now it's probably better to get a deferral until the rates go down." Mike Trainer, Sugar Ray Leonard's attorney, says that tax considerations didn't figure directly in the timing of his client's comeback fight against

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Marvin Hagler, but adds, "Obviously, '87 is a lot better year to have the event than '86."

Some money managers anticipate that the fact that the new law will likely allow many athletes to keep more of their gross income may be used by management in order to try to pay lower salaries. "It's a bargaining chip on the side of the payer," says Lester Marks of Ernst & Whinney, a big accounting firm retained by both players and teams.

The new law abolishes income averaging, which hits hardest at young rising stars. A baseball player, for example, may spend several years in the minors, earning as little as $3,500 in a season. Then when he makes it to the big leagues, his annual salary might jump to several hundred thousand or more. Under the old law he could average his highest and lowest income for a five-year period and pay taxes on that figure; now, however, each year's earnings will be taxed individually.

Many of the more questionable tax shelters, which were used by some highly paid athletes to create paper losses for tax reasons, are abolished under the new law. Good riddance, assert most legitimate money managers. "Ray never got involved because I never felt comfortable having him own cattle and apartment houses," says Trainer.

"The promoters tried to make these kids, who are mostly unsophisticated, think all they had to do was not pay taxes," says Fleisher. "Elimination of these is a boon to the average player."

Depreciation, a kind of tax shelter that benefits franchises by reducing their tax bite, has been sharply curtailed. Sports teams now have to depreciate equipment and facilities over a longer period, which means a smaller deduction than before.

Most sports franchises have limited partners with no say in management. Often they are wealthy people who dally in sports, knowing that any losses can be used to offset earnings from other sources. But the new law, which takes effect gradually over four years, says that such "passive" investors will no longer be able to deduct these losses from nonpassive earnings. So, for example, limited partners in a money-losing baseball franchise will only be able to use those losses to offset gains from other similar kinds of investments (another limited partnership, for instance) or when they sell their interest.

Corporations don't fall under this rule, and some experts think that will lead to more corporate ownership of sports franchises and facilities. (The NFL still doesn't permit corporate ownership of teams, although the matter is currently under serious consideration.)

SO LONG, LITTLE DOGIE

No longer can athletes avoid taxes through questionable tax shelters.

Indeed, a current case suggests this is already happening. The city of Pittsburgh lobbied on Capitol Hill for an exemption from the passive investment rule to help it sell the financially troubled Three Rivers Stadium to a limited partnership. "We needed the exemption to conclude a sale to some individuals," says Ronald Schmeiser, the city's finance director. Denied the exemption, the investors backed off. So, says Schmeiser, "We turned to a corporation [which he won't name] and we are negotiating the sale."

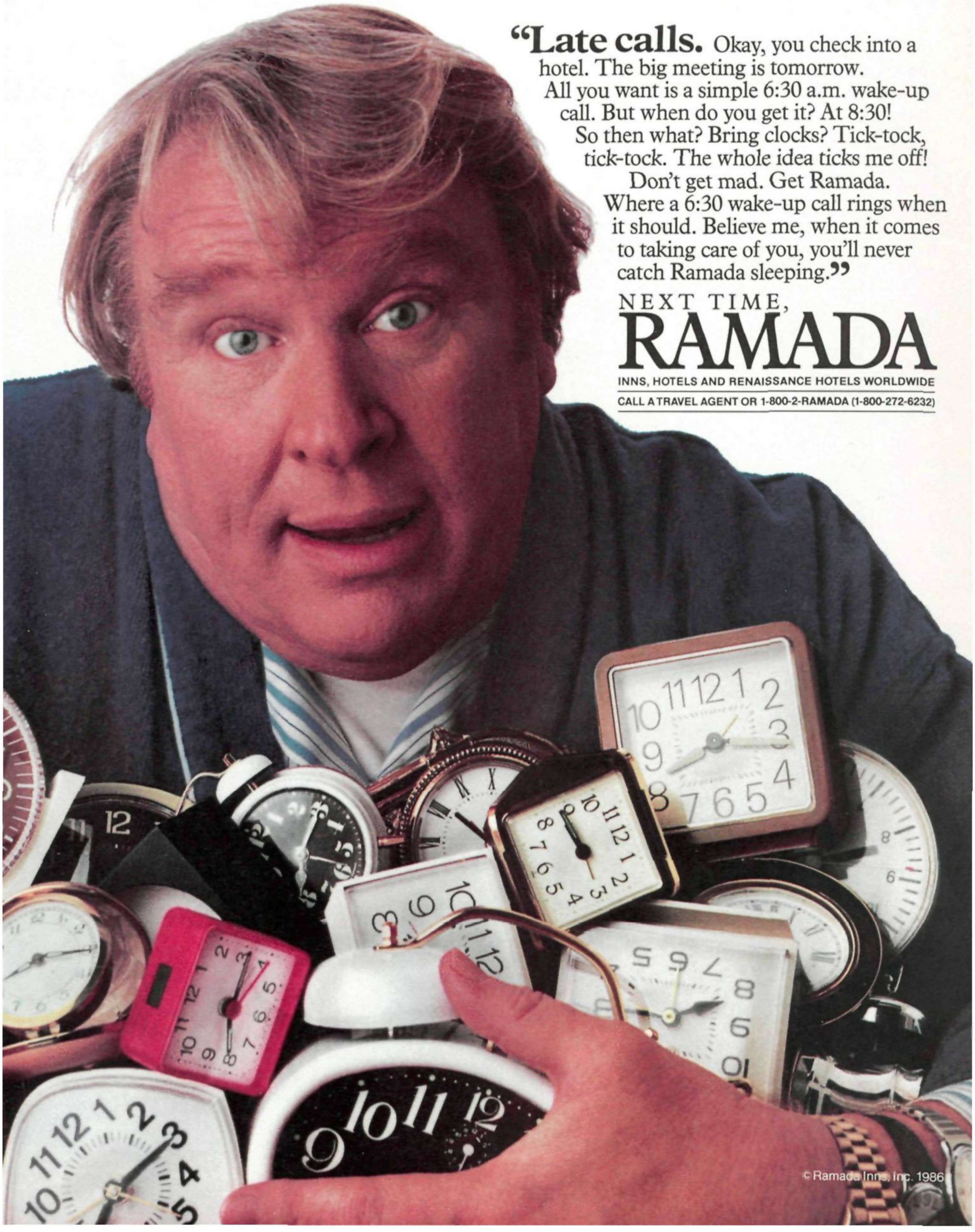
One very special exemption was gained by those in the show horse and racehorse business. Under the new law, occupations must produce a profit in at least three of five years or be labeled a "hobby" by the IRS. Hobbies do not qualify for business expense writeoffs. By contrast, those involved with horses will be allowed to show a profit in just two of seven years and still qualify as a business, with all the attendant tax benefits.

If the new tax law left sports executives generally relieved, it did produce one nagging concern: the future of expense-account ticket buying. The drop in the entertainment deduction from 100% to 80% may not be so bad, considering the alternative, but the precedent is worrisome to sports administrators. Sure, corporate spenders will still buy blocks of tickets even though they have lost 20% of their deductions. But what if such deductions are decreased on the next go-around to 70 or 60 or even 50%?

It is because of such concerns that in the aftermath of passage of the Tax Reform Act of 1986, Big Sports, like Big Steel, Big Autos and Big Electronics, has become even more of a fixture on the Washington scene than it was before, as its lobbyists remain poised, waiting for the next battle. Says Joan Cavanagh of the now-permanent Main-Streets Coalition, "This thing can be tinkered with." ■

John F. Berry is a Larchmont, N.Y.–based free-lance business writer.

What makes Madden mad #21:



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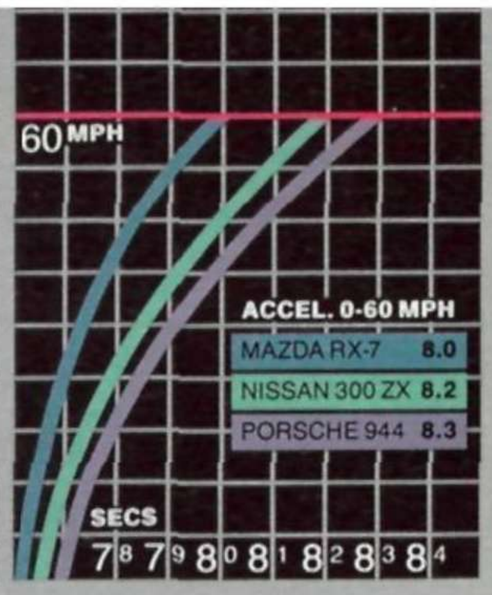

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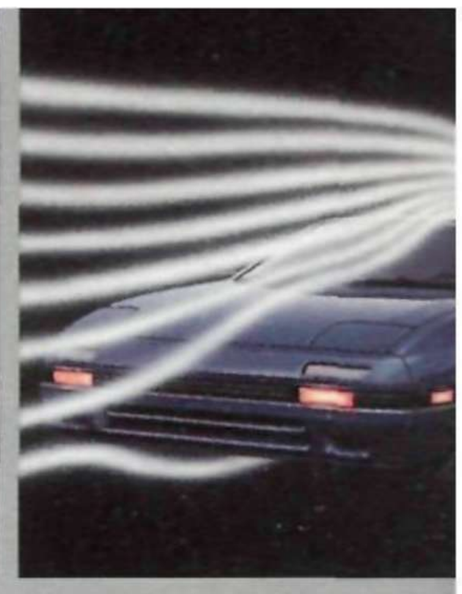

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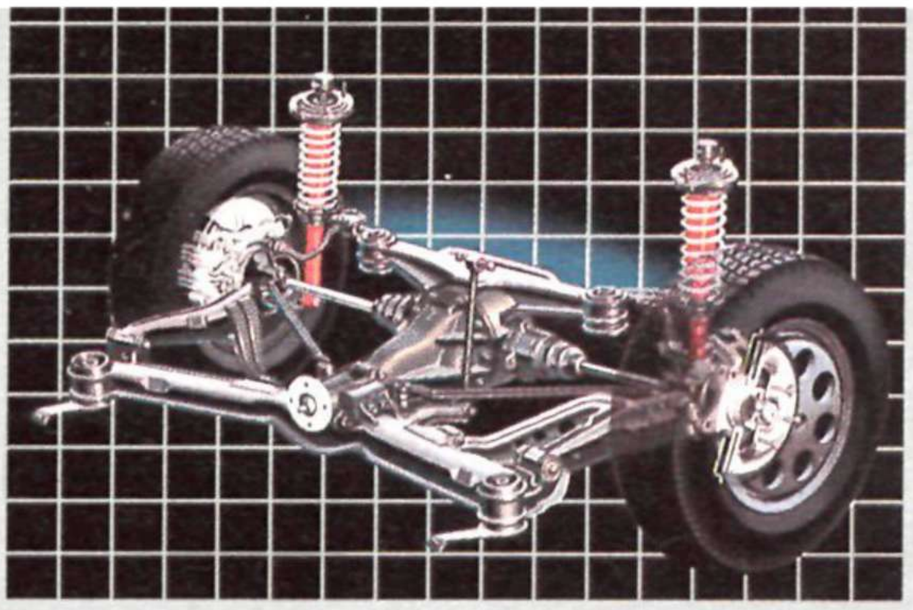

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mazda

THE USFL: A SAD SACK

BY MORIN BISHOP ■

KENT SMITH (2)

Reading Jim Byrne's chronicle of the United States Football League, *The $1 League: The Rise and Fall of the USFL* (Prentice Hall Press, $17.95), is a little like watching a rerun of an old USFL game. You find yourself wondering: Will this thing go on forever?

Byrne, a former USFL communications director, apparently thought it necessary to regale the reader with every step—every meeting, every ownership change, every memo—in the league's history. That sort of minutiae might be palatable if the writing were less ponderous, but alas, Byrne's descriptions quickly become numbingly repetitive.

Byrne's other problem is one of perspective—or more precisely the lack of it. We know that much of what he recounts must have come from firsthand experience. But Byrne never specifically acknowledges his own presence anywhere in the narrative, which would have lent it some authenticity because of its paucity of sources. Nor is there evidence that Byrne tried to interview any of the principal figures *after* the fact to get their recollections. He just plows through the USFL's four years, telling it seemingly from his own memory and from league documents.

These failings aside, Byrne's observations on the league's extraordinary capacity for self-destruction are right on target. He painstakingly details the myriad problems: the overly restrictive TV contract with ABC in which the USFL was left powerless; the egregious overspending on salaries for "name" players like Herschel Walker, Steve Young and Doug Flutie; and Donald Trump's obsession with forcing the league to play in the fall and thus bring about a possible merger with the NFL.

Byrne's insider status affords the reader some colorful anecdotes. We learn about the owners' dinner in New Orleans, for example, at which J. William Oldenburg, the flamboyant owner of the L.A. Express, introduced himself to his colleagues by tearing his shirt open and proclaiming that his team would "beat the ——" out of anyone in the room. (His team's performance that season was as bare as his chest.)

The problem with the attendance figures for the 1984 championship game in Tampa between the Philadelphia Stars and the Arizona Wranglers also provides a telling tale. League officials considered the estimate of 40,000 by the stadium's executive director to be far too low for the league's image, particularly because the previous year's figure was 50,906. So, after some heated debate in a private suite in the press box, the number was publicly announced as 52,662, an elegantly precise figure that apparently bore no relation to reality.

The picture that emerges from all this is of an exceptionally shortsighted and inept group of owners, grasping at any harebrained scheme to extricate themselves from the quagmire they created. The antitrust suit against the NFL is seen as the last of these attempts, and one which seemed doomed from the outset. The book's title—a reference to the USFL's award in the case—echoes the accuracy of Byrne's assessment.

IT'S THE REAL DECOY

BY ROBERT F. JONES ■

In 1970, before inflation made "collectible" a household word, an antique duck decoy might have sold for $1,000. Last July a preening pintail shaped by Cape Cod's A. Elmer Crowell (1862–1952) from hunks of split swamp cedar and white pine, then daubed with layers of house paint, brought $319,000 at auction. Decoy prices, like a flock of wary black ducks flushed from a beaver pond, are still climbing hard and fast.

Floaters and Stick-Ups: A Personal Survey of Wildfowl Decoys by George Reiger with photographs by Kenneth Garrett (David R. Godine, $45) takes a shrewd, thoughtful and stunningly beautiful look at this phenomenon. Reiger, a tough-minded conservation editor at *Field & Stream*, traces the history of American decoys from a 1,200-year-old canvasback found in a Nevada cave on the long-vanished shores of ancient Lake Lahontan through the golden days of the market gunners—hunters who supplied waterfowl to restaurants from Boston to Savannah in the days of plenty—to the present. He sides sensibly with collectors who prefer functional "working" decoys over "ornamentals" carved solely for detail and higher prices. He points out that, in fact, ornamentals took less time to create because the carver used fewer coats of paint. Old masters like Crowell, Joe Lincoln and Shang Wheeler were able, in some intuitive way, to suggest the movement and vitality of live birds with a minimum of knife strokes. They were not artists, Reiger argues, but consummate craftsmen whose years of shooting over their own work—before the Migratory Bird Treaty of 1918 put an end to market hunting—gave them insights into behavior unknown to the academicians.

Reiger explains the sly psychology of today's decoy trade and tells what to look for in distinguishing antiques from forgeries. "The paint will be scuffed and there may be a scar or two," one carver tells him, "but the bill will always be perfect. Few of us can abide a broken bill." It's clear that collecting can be as treacherous a ground as the swamps where the old "stools" (which comes from the expression "stool pigeon") first saw service.

The color photographs by Kenneth Garrett of costly decoys in actual marsh and shore settings evoke the feel of the duckblind with such telling autumnal effect that the book's substantial price seems reasonable. ■

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ABC'S KEITH JACKSON: A HOSS OF A BROADCASTER

BY WILLIAM TAAFFE ■

During the telecast of the 1981 Gator Bowl between North Carolina and Arkansas something strange and wonderful happened. Play-by-play announcer Al Michaels pointedly referred to one player as "a hoss and a half." With those words, the School of KJ-ology was born. KJ-ologists devote themselves to the study and practice of speech patterns originated by Keith Jackson, and as anyone who has listened to the ABC announcer call a college football game or two surely knows, "hoss" is one of KJ's favorite expressions.

To be considered an official KJ-ologist, says ABC's Michaels, all one needs to do is drop a Keith Jacksonism into a broadcast. It doesn't have to be "hoss" or "hoss and a half." An announcer can use expressions such as "*Merciful goodness, six points just* went a-wastin'," or "They're rockin' and a-sockin' and a-whackin' and a-crackin'," or even the alltime Jackson favorite, "*Fum-buuuullll!!!*"

The School of KJ-ology has become one of the biggest inside jokes in sports TV. If imitation is the highest form of flattery, Jackson has some distinguished admirers, and they cut across network lines. Members of the tribe, active and inactive, include Michaels, Lee Grosscup, Jim Lampley, Howard Cosell, Don Meredith, Bob Costas, Brent Musburger and dean of admissions Roy Firestone, who hosts *Sports Look* on ESPN.

It's no coincidence that so many have caught KJ fever. As an original in a business overrun with carbon copies, Jackson begs to be imitated. Mr. College Football at ABC for 13 years and on his way to becoming the network's No. 1 college basketball announcer, he sounds almost as down-home and corn pone as he did when he first arrived at the network in 1964. Who else would open a prime-time telecast by saying, "There's a possum-huntin' moon in the sky"? Besides, Jackson's just a tad too serious, which makes imitating him fun.

If the School of KJ-ology says a lot about Jackson as a broadcaster, KJ's stoic reaction to his kidders, who must get under his skin at times, says a lot about him as a person. Asked what he thought about KJ-ology one August afternoon at his Sherman Oaks, Calif., home, the 58-year-old Jackson said, almost unbelievably, that he'd never heard of it. He may be freewheeling and gregarious at college football socials, but he's a solemn man at heart, and a loner in the world of TV. Bear Bryant was Jackson's kind of guy, not some network bigwig. Perhaps a tad too sensitive, Jackson left the TV business for three months in 1986, possibly because he felt ignored by ABC and bypassed by such younger stars as Michaels and Lampley, two of the ranking KJ-ologists.

Jackson could have publicly lashed out at the network and his rivals the way Cosell had—heaven knows, KJ has been kicked around enough in the past—but friends say he's too private and too loyal for that. Of his many imitators, Jackson says, "It seems to me a waste of time because, one, I don't think I'm very funny; two, I don't think I'm worth imitating; and three, if I were some of 'em, I'd be worried about trying to sound like myself, not somebody else." Says Turi, his wife of 34 years, "They can't sound like you, dear. They don't have the lung capacity."

The word that describes Jackson is roots. He came up out of the red clay of west Georgia and hasn't yet gotten it from under his fingernails. An only child (after the death of a baby sister) of a broken marriage, he was raised by a grandmother on a small farm outside Carrollton, 40 miles southwest of Atlanta. The family was dirt poor, and young

Clockwise, from top left: Jackson was on the air in college, smoked with Castro during a bout, teamed with Russell, admired Bryant.

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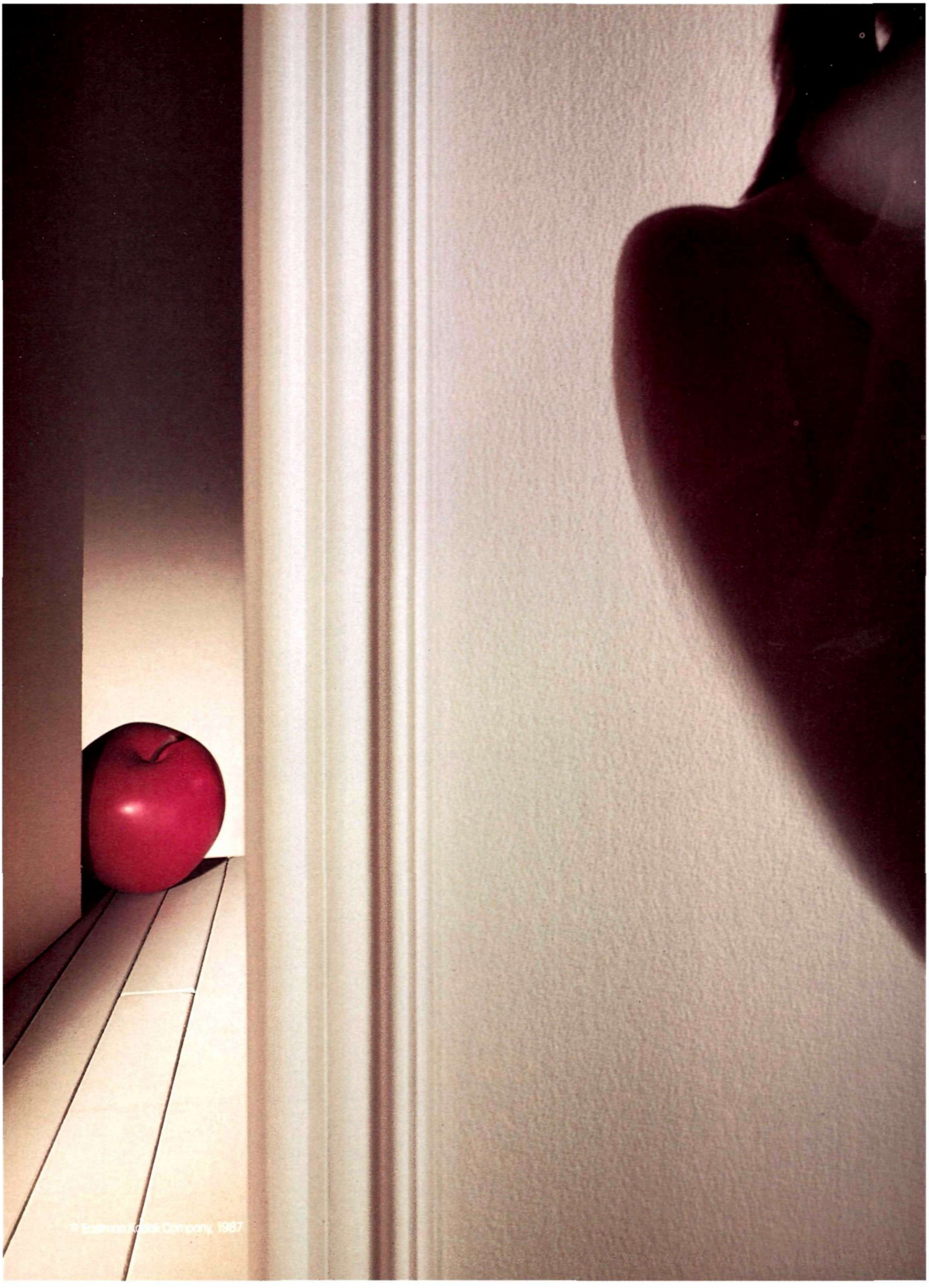
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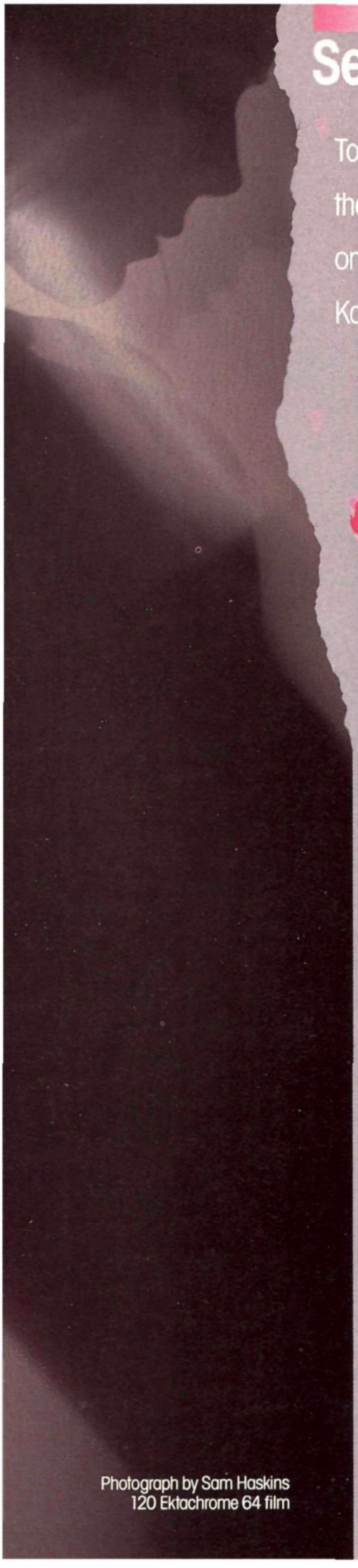

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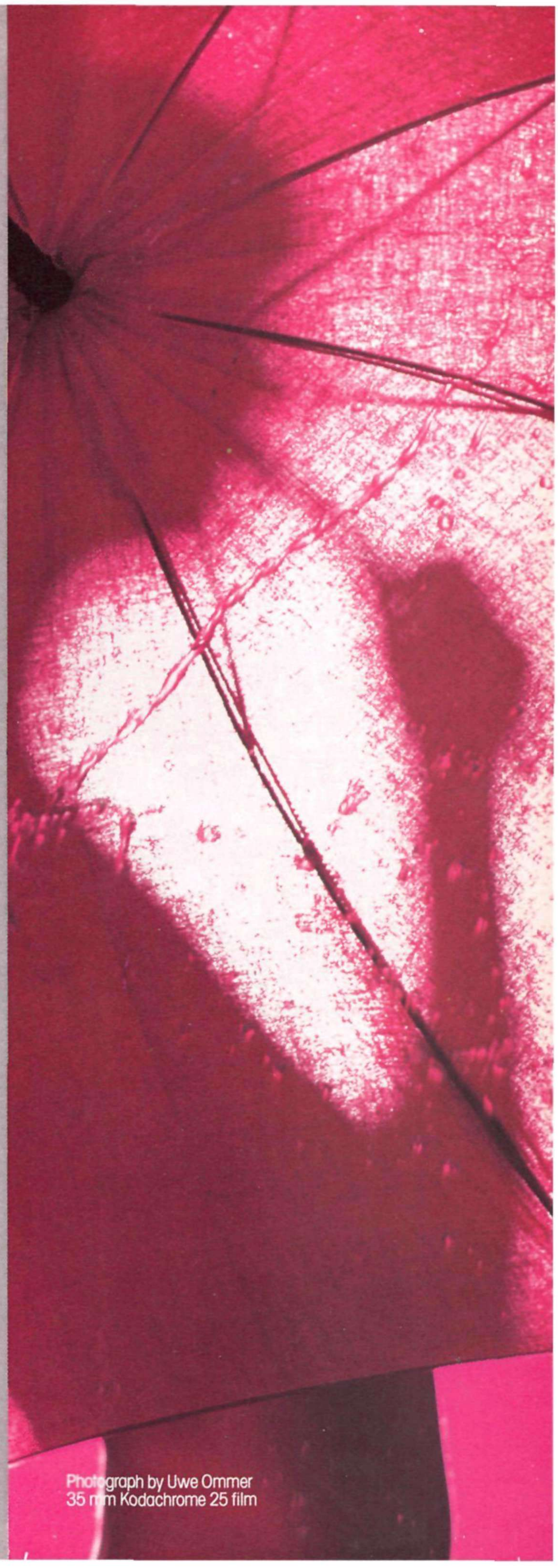
120 Ektachrome 64 film



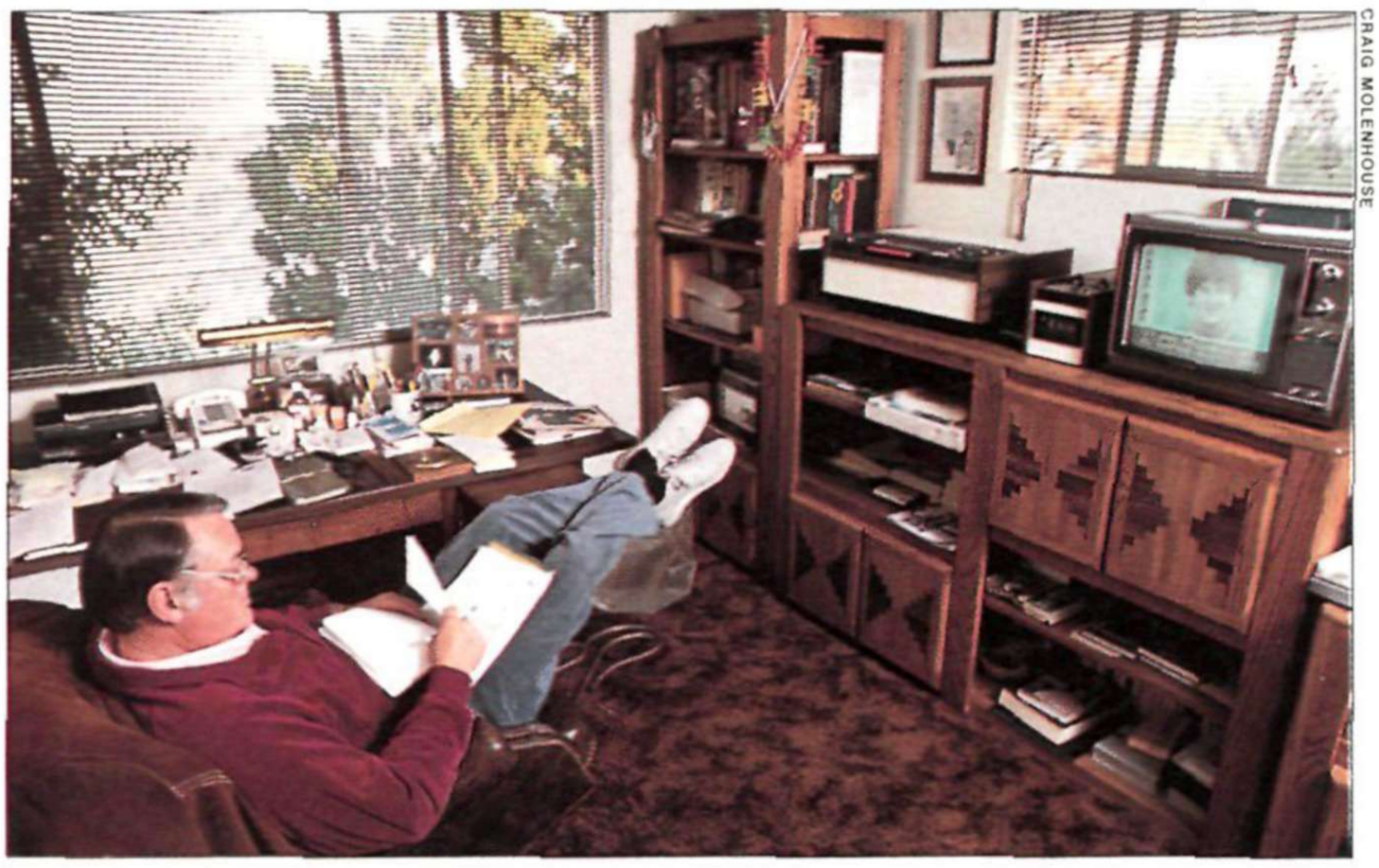
Photograph by Uwe Ommer
35 mm Kodachrome 25 film

Keith picked cotton, plowed fields, even studied by kerosene lamp through junior high school. Jackson got into broadcasting after enrolling, courtesy of the GI Bill, at Washington State in the police science and political science program. After graduation he hooked on with KOMO-TV in Seattle, where he broadcast the evening news and doubled as a sportscaster. It's hard to believe, considering how much he is identified with college football, but Jackson originally joined the ABC network as a newsman, working across a desk from Ted Koppel at ABC Radio in Los Angeles.

Jackson free-lanced for ABC Sports for several years, covering everything from AFL games to stock car races and log-rolling contests. He initially tried to remove that Georgia drawl from his voice, but fortunately for the future of KJ-ology, decided against it. "I came to the conclusion along the way that, hey, that's me. Take it or leave it, that's what I am, and I'm not going to run my backside all over the world trying to be somebody I'm not."

He was a hoss of a worker, and almost every week in the late '60s Jackson would greet TV viewers from someplace different. He was also big—6′ 3″—and his voice, as he would say, was "always turned up to holler." In fact, Jackson has always carefully varied his pitch. "The best way to get somebody's attention," he says, "is with a little quiet and *then* yell at 'em."

One of Jackson's often overlooked attributes is his consummate craftsmanship. He's knowledgeable and articulate on TV. "You're there to amplify, clarify, punctuate and then get out of the way," says Jackson, and he fills that bill a lot better than most of his colleagues. As Michaels says, "He puts words together like nobody in this business ever has." The one sport he is weak in is baseball, probably because he never broadcast regular-season major league games on a regular basis and thus lacked the stockpile of anecdotes and expertise necessary to carry him through the yawning innings of a slow game. And because his new contract calls for him to make fewer TV appearances, last October's National League playoffs were probably the last baseball games he will work.



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Mr. College Football catches up on some homework at his house in Sherman Oaks.

It's difficult to believe that Jackson has been a fixture at ABC for 22 years, considering how many bumps have disrupted his ride. Take, for example, the rude and circuitous route he followed in becoming the voice of college sports.

Almost everyone except Jackson forgets that he was the first play-by-play man on *Monday Night Football*, sitting beside Cosell and Meredith when the show made its debut in 1970. He thought his career was riding high when in February '71, just after the end of the first *MNF* season, he checked into a hotel in Milwaukee and found a stack of 38 phone messages waiting at the desk. The calls were from sportswriters who had heard from ABC that Jackson had been sacked from the show and replaced by Frank Gifford. Roone Arledge, then president of ABC Sports, wanted Gifford's marquee value and grabbed him from CBS as soon as his contract expired.

The firing stung Jackson, but even worse was the atrocious way in which it was handled. "In those 38 messages," Jackson says, "there was not one call from Roone. He says he called, and who knows, maybe he did, but it hurt my feelings for a time."

The Monday Night Massacre turned out to be a blessing for Jackson. He went on to team with Bill Russell on ABC's critically acclaimed NBA telecasts for four years. And in 1974 he became Mr. College Football. For five years running, 1972-76, members of the print and broadcast media voted him National Sportscaster of the Year. The sound of Jackson's voice—energetic and crackling, always up and always on—was perfect for the rah-rah college game, and in a very short time, that sound became the sound of ABC Sports. During that time, of course, Jackson polished his KJ-isms.

Veteran KJ-ologists know that Jackson uses a superabundance of animal and landscape imagery. Punts are "tail draggers," interior linemen are "big uglies down in the trenches," and any rainstorm of consequence is a "gully washer." Running backs "canter" into the end zone. High scoring teams don't just "burn down the barn," they "take a couple of rows of the cornfield" with them. The star linebacker just "pinned his ears back" and "laid a few licks on folks." And as long as a team continues to "dodge the bullet," it figures to be "in the hunt." Some KJ-ologists insist that Jackson invented "in the hunt." The phrase is currently popular with political-campaign managers.

Says Lampley, "He communicates to Middle America in a way that can only be envied."

Over the years, KJ has become something of an evangelist for college football; the game has become part of his roots. Critics accuse him of sugarcoating the sport, but to Jackson, college football is family, tradition, everything that is

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Americans At Their Best.

safe and sacred. He speaks at school after school, telling how the mommies and the daddies and the grandpappies are brought closer together at the stadium. "He's a true believer," says Donn Bernstein, director of college sports for ABC. "He sees it in terms of growth, competitiveness, fair play and all that. He knows there are problems—he's not a naive man. But he prefers to believe in the good things."

With football so precious to Jackson, it's all the more remarkable that when his previous contract expired after the 1986 Sugar Bowl he said to ABC, "I'm a-goin'," and walked into the night. He says he had no idea what he would do, a prospect that rather pleased him, and was prepared to sit out the year, then figure out something. So final seemed his decision that Frank Broyles, his Sugar Bowl TV partner, says there were a few tears when Jackson and Turi bid adieu to Broyles and his wife, Barbara.

Jackson says now that he was fed up with the travel, but the truth is, he had been falling out of favor at ABC. In 1982 he was taken off baseball and put on the pitiful USFL, an assignment he says he wanted. He was relegated to near obscurity at the '84 Olympics in Los Angeles, covering only the snippets of basketball that ABC presented. Meanwhile, Michaels and Lampley were thriving. And finally, Arledge and other members of the ABC brass may have been too busy trying to save their own necks from the chopping block of ABC's new owners, Cap Cities Inc., to tell Jackson whether he was still on the hayride.

"When the money gets bigger and the stakes get higher, the sea gets wider and the sharks in the water grow sharper teeth," says Jackson of the corporate echelons of his chosen industry. His "retirement" ended in April when Dennis Swanson, Arledge's successor as president of ABC sports division, personally signed Jackson to a new three-year deal.

Jackson's career has been not only salvaged but also enhanced; last month he started covering college basketball. During ABC's series of Sunday afternoon games KJ will team with DV, Dick Vitale, who has made his name as a wild and crazy commentator on ESPN. What a quinella that should be. The prospect of working with Vitale, who calls basketball games the way Mario Andretti drives Indy, always on the edge of losing control, makes Jackson a little nervous. He has already cautioned Vitale to cool it. "It'll take two or three broadcasts for us to hit stride," Jackson says. "I think you'll see a more subdued Vitale."

If Jackson can come up with a few expressions from his great-granddaddy about hoops, KJ-ologists will be able to endow a few chairs for basketball announcers. But it is not likely he'll be able to top his country-boy style on football.

Listen carefully next time you watch a game—any kind of game—for an announcer sneaking the word "hoss" onto the air. Sometimes, though, only KJ-ologists are aware when it happens. Once, for example, ABC's *Monday Night Baseball* statistician, Steve Hirdt, gained a lifetime pass to the KJ-ology conventions when he came up with a graphic about "Sports' Famous Mooses." The graphic would never have made it onto the screen except for the last name on the list: Brewers pitcher Moose Haas—pronounced, of course, *Hoss*. Michaels, the announcer that night, almost died laughing.

Firestone, the ESPN talk-show host, who does the best KJ this side of Jackson himself, helps keep the KJ-ology flame alive. Last year, a guest along with Jon Miller on an Orioles radio broadcast, Firestone called an entire inning as Jackson might have.

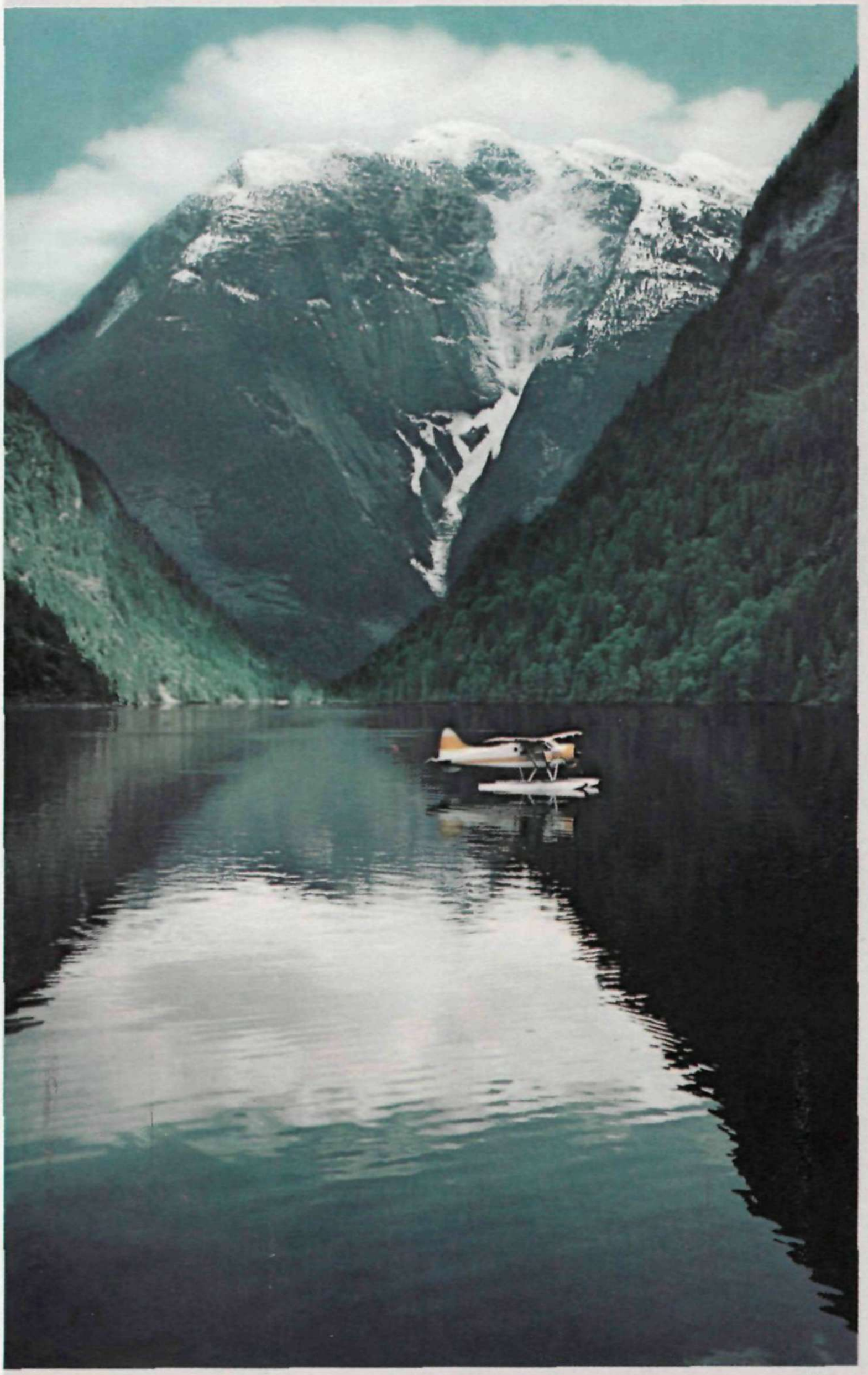
Jackson keeps strict count of his friends and enemies. He still hasn't forgotten the banker in Pullman, Wash., who loaned him $100 interest free when he was broke in the '50s. He has donated $50,000 to the Washington State alumni center. But he has never returned to the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters dinner after a number of writers accused him, fairly or not, of covering up for Ohio State coach Woody Hayes when Hayes punched a Clemson player at the Dec. 29, 1978, Gator Bowl.

Now that Jackson feels wanted again he's most at home—when he's not with Turi at their house in California, that is—in college towns like Tuscaloosa or Norman or Lincoln, places where he could probably be elected mayor. Even players come over to him at the end of practice to try out their best KJ-isms. You can just hear one of them saying: *Whoa, Nellie, I'm gonna tell ya'. When the feathers git to flyin' and they start a-knockin' heads and rubbin' the paint off their helmets, there ain't nobody more colorful in that big ol' TV booth.* ■

After 22 years with ABC, the onetime Georgia country boy is still "a true believer."

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Queens Reach.
A rugged place for a smooth taste to start.



WESTERN CANADA— We found an opening between two peaks, then dropped down fast to the lake. It was the bluest water we'd ever seen, the smoothest too. So smooth, a ripple would have seemed like a wave.

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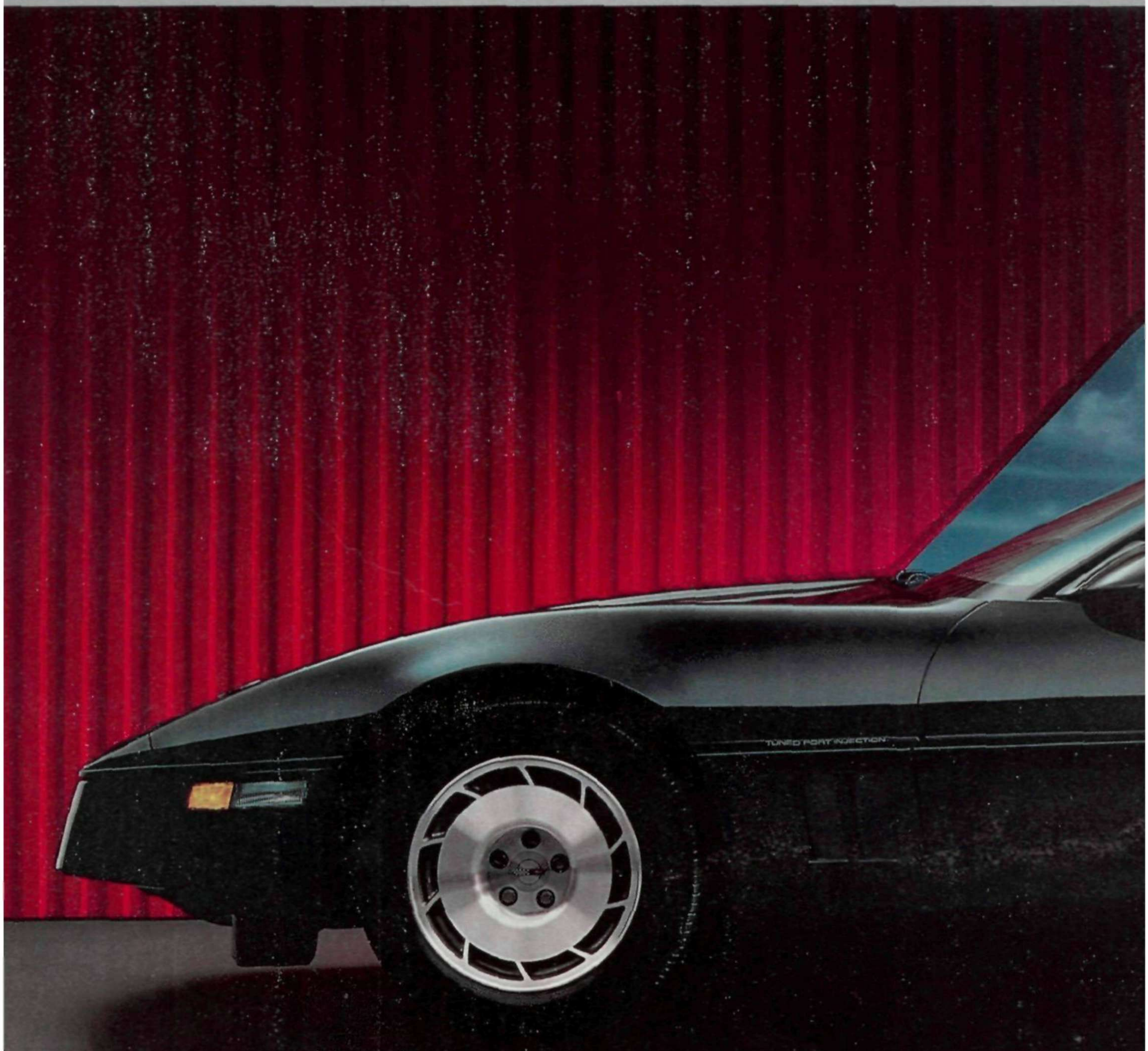

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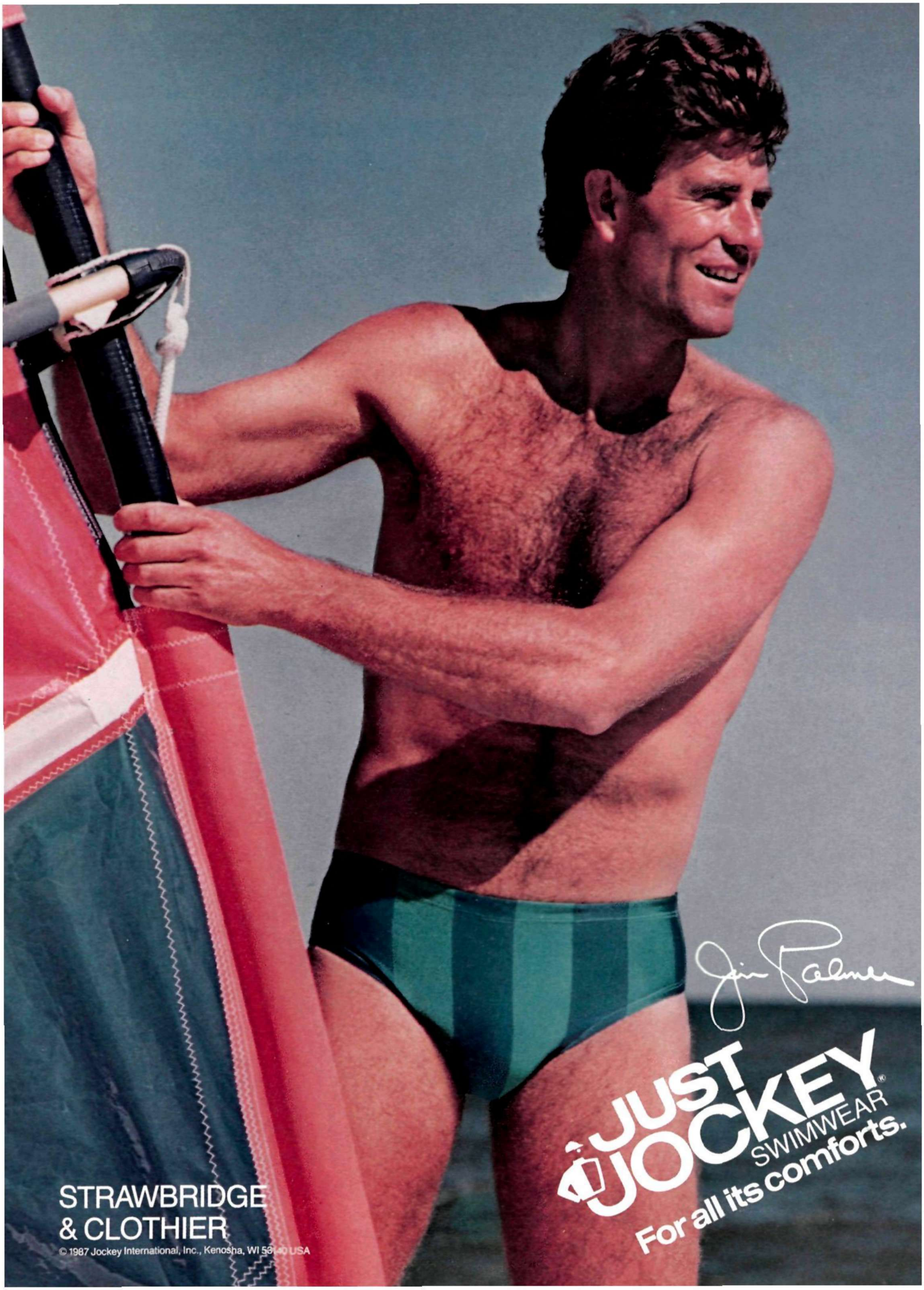
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SCORECARD

Edited by Robert Sullivan

CHEERS, MATE

Raise a cup to ESPN! Its coverage of the America's Cup through Monday's race *(page 66)* was smashing. With 11 cameras sending stunning pictures from Down Under, the live Cup telecasts lent boat racing a never-before-seen excitement. The camera-microphone rig on the mast of *Stars & Stripes* brought the salt spray—and the salty talk of the sailors—right into your living room.

The telecasts sold out their advertising space and earned good ratings. Even on the East Coast, where the starter's gun sounded after midnight, America's Cup parties were *the* occasions on some people's winter social calendars. ESPN was clearly riding a big wave, and looking good doing it.

NEW ATTITUDE AT AUBURN

Last month we told of Auburn coach Pat Dye's decision to play All-America tailback Brent Fullwood in the Citrus Bowl despite the fact that Fullwood hadn't attended a single class since October (SCORECARD, Jan. 5). Since the game, in which Auburn beat USC 16–7, there have been several developments. Wilford S. Bailey, former Auburn president and new president of the NCAA, called Dye's decision "embarrassing to the university." Then Auburn professor Ian Hardin introduced a resolution in the university senate demanding "responsible policies for maintaining the academic integrity of Auburn." The next day the school announced adoption of a rule that required "all student-athletes to have normal class attendance to maintain their eligibility." The announcement didn't mention the tailback, but on campus the new law was immediately dubbed the Fullwood Rule.

GOLDEN MEMORIES

With the big game over, many of the 101,063 who were at the Super Bowl found safe places for their ticket stubs. Several dozen others sought *very* safe spots for their souvenirs: 18-karat-gold key rings that looked like Super Bowl tickets.

"We just create unusual things," says Sidney Mobell, a San Franciscan who bills himself as a "jeweler extraordinaire." Mobell has previously created such sporting extravagances as a diamond-studded tennis racket worth $8,500, an $18,000 Frisbee with a one-carat diamond in the center and a million-dollar chess set containing 1,171 diamonds, 1,033 rubies, 459 sapphires and 59 emeralds. He hasn't been able to unload that chess set. Mobell has also manufactured solid-gold fishhooks. How would you like to see a trout snap your line after striking one of those?

The Super Bowl key ring is a relative bargain at $3,500 for one of the limited edition of 100. Mobell is certain that football fans who had real tickets will want them just as much as those who looked at the game on television.

Why does he manufacture such fancy, frivolous jewelry? Says the modest Mobell, "I want to go down in history."

SAM O. WEISSMAN

PUCKISH PRODIGY

Pat Turner of Severna Park, Md., lives and breathes hockey. When he's not skating, he's leafing through an instructional book on the sport. When he can't get hold of a puck to practice with, he'll take the pacifier from his mouth and push it around on the ice with his hockey stick.

Pat is just barely two. "He was probably five days old when he first went to a rink," says his mother, Ellen. "He always wanted to skate." That wish was answered last September when his dad, Leigh, laced up Pat's size-6 single-runner skates—the tiniest available, but still much too large—and took him out on the ice.

These days, wearing a helmet and lugging a stick taller than he is, Pat moves down the ice with steely determination. After practice he can be found with one of his Peter Puck hockey books, or on his tricycle. He rides it around the living room, pretending he's the Zamboni driver resurfacing the ice. Although Pat badly wants to be a rough-and-tumble hockey player like the big boys, he does have one handicap to overcome. "He's not even potty-trained," says Leigh.

REPLAY REDUX

The NFL's experimental use of TV replays as an officiating tool came under renewed fire in the Super Bowl. In the second quarter CBS took 8 minutes and 52 seconds to air a reverse-angle replay of a key pass to Bronco Clarence Kay that had been ruled incomplete, probably incorrectly. Says CBS producer Bob Stenner, "I can't give you a good reason, so help me God, why we didn't see that thing." By the time the replay was found, play had long since resumed, the Broncos' three-point lead had shrunk to one, and the momentum had shifted. Denver fans are calling it the Rosemary

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"The Super Bowl may have dealt a death blow to the chances of replay being voted back in," says NBC Sports executive producer Mike Weisman. When the NFL approved the replay experiment a year ago, four clubs were against it. Only four more votes are needed to scrap it when the league owners convene next month.

Such a move would be misguided. For all its problems—the most serious of which is the length of the review process—the replay makes for a fairer game. NFL officials should sit down and discuss ways of improving the replay system before terminating it.

Weisman wants to be part of such a discussion. He suggests a summit conference between the NFL and the networks. "If we all put our heads together, we could come up with a system that everybody could live with," Weisman told SI staff writer William Taaffe. Weisman pointed out that the league adopted instant replays without soliciting advice from the very people who would be providing them.

One idea that deserved consideration, said Weisman, is taking a TV commercial timeout during each appeal. Commercials scheduled to run later would simply be aired earlier, thus shortening the length of the game. And during the breaks the networks would routinely furnish the replay ref with all replays, making it less likely that the conclusive angle might be discovered too late.

Clearly all angles on the replay haven't been examined. It's too soon to give up on the experiment.

MATCHLESS MATSMAN

He's more dominant, he makes much bigger moves and technically he is far beyond anything I could do at his age."

—DAN GABLE
WRESTLING COACH AT IOWA

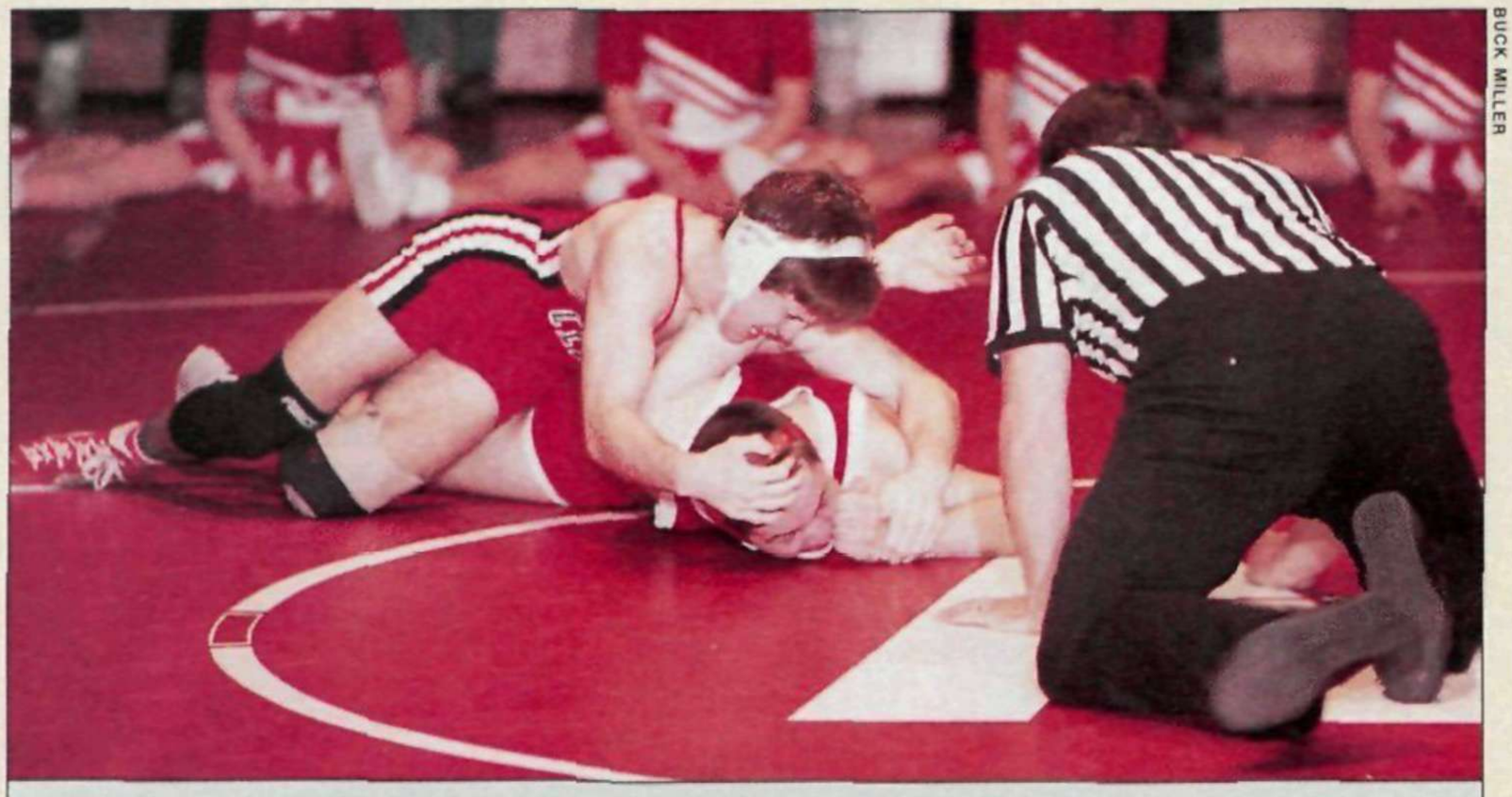
Gable won 181 of 182 matches through high school and college and an Olympic gold medal in 1972. He's the standard against which other wrestlers are measured, and he rarely indulges in such encomiums. So who's he talking about here?

Gable sings the praises of Danny Knight, a 126-pound senior at Clinton (Iowa) High and the best schoolboy wrestler in America. Knight possesses an array of vicious takedowns, a 116–0 four-year record and a cheerful, unassuming demeanor—he calls his sport "rasslin'."

Knight's moves were honed when his three older brothers returned from practice each evening, "bringing back new stuff and beating on me a little." The living-room roughhousing built toughness. This past December Knight stepped onto the mat just three days after undergoing knee surgery. He accepted a forfeit that night and has pinned 19 of 22 other opponents this season.

One might expect Knight, as a gifted Iowa wrestler, to join Gable's Hawkeyes in the fall. But one of Danny's brothers, Steve, left the Iowa team in a huff last month and is attending Iowa State. Gable, who says Danny was "one of our main recruits," thinks there's now only "a very slim chance" of landing him. Knight says he's not sure where he'll wind up, but doubts it will be Iowa.

—T. NICHOLAS DAWIDOFF



BUCK MILLER

Last week, Knight (on top) had no trouble with Davenport West's Joel Purcell, his 114th straight victim.

IN YOUR FACE, OLD PAL

New Jersey Nets center Chris Engler was reminiscing recently about his first game against the Celtics in 1983, when he was a rookie with Golden State. Boston's front line featured Engler's former University of Minnesota roommate and close friend, Kevin McHale. "Kevin and I were coming upcourt," says Engler, "and he whispered to me, 'When you get the ball, just move in close and shoot a jumper. I won't block it, I want to make you look good.' I thought that was nice of him.

"First time I got the ball I went right up for my shot. Next thing I knew Kevin was slapping the ball off my forehead. He smiled and said, 'Sorry. I lied.' "

THEY SAID IT

• Tom Grieve, Texas Rangers general manager, on why he didn't offer a contract to free agent Bob Horner: "I read where he was embarrassed by the $4.5 million Atlanta offered. I didn't want to add to his embarrassment."

• Don Mattingly, Yankees first baseman, on his new teammate, 13-year veteran Rick Rhoden: "He's spent several years in the majors plus several more with the Pirates." ■

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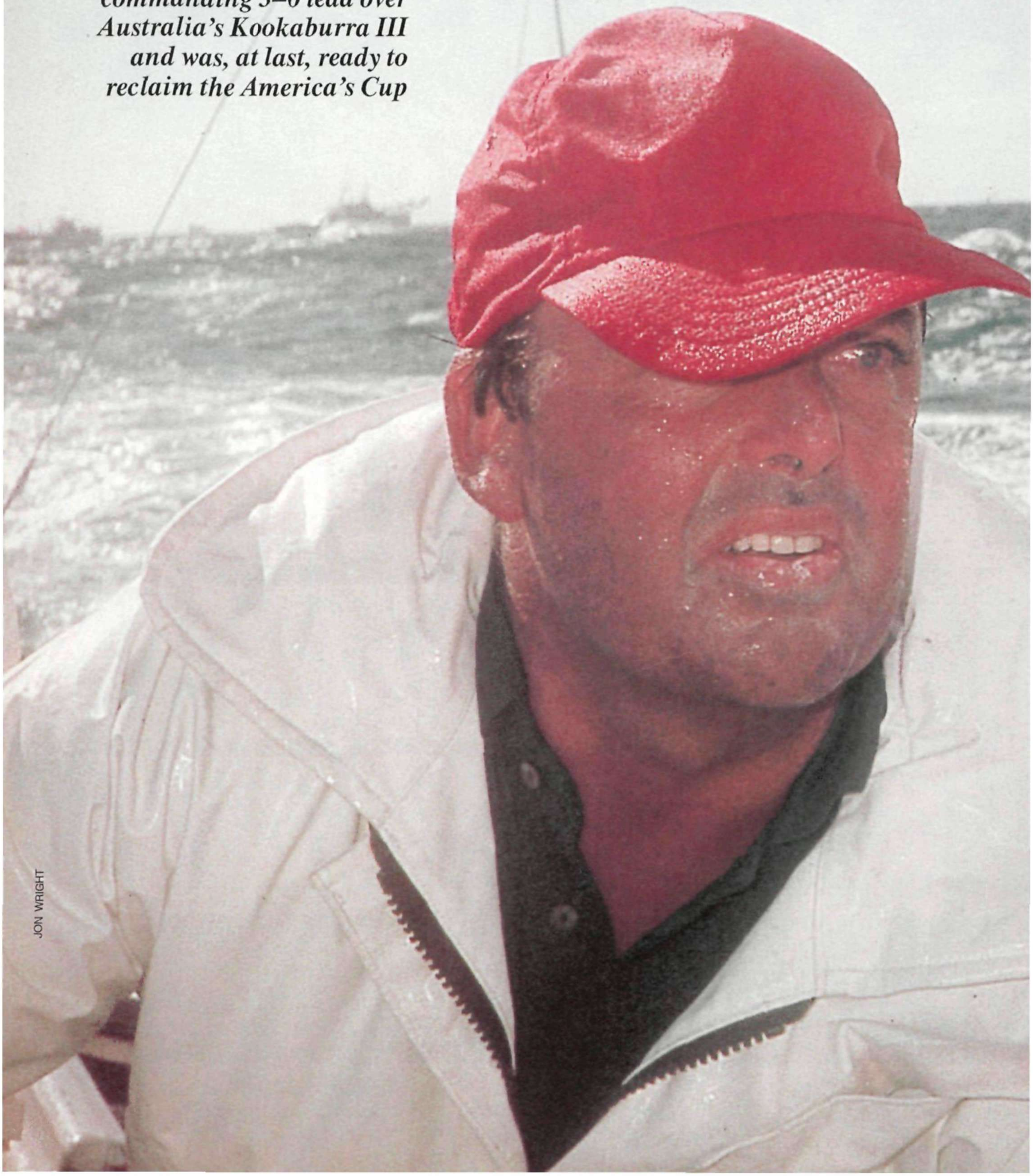
MASTER ON A

Dennis Conner brilliantly sailed Stars & Stripes to a commanding 3–0 lead over Australia's Kookaburra III and was, at last, ready to reclaim the America's Cup



JON WRIGHT

MISSION

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 9, 1987

"Our design group gave us a boat that was up to the task. And the crew has done a great job."

BY SARAH BALLARD

All great sporting events have in common one unbearably exciting moment just before the gun or the whistle or the bell, when odds and records and pedigrees no longer matter and any outcome seems possible. On Saturday the 1987 America's Cup reached that moment. Day after day for almost four months, potential challengers and defenders had raced on separate courses until, finally, through the winnowing process of the trials, only two boats remained. Now the challenger, *Stars & Stripes*, and the defender, *Kookaburra III*, were face-to-face for the first time, like mountain climbers who have ascended the same peak by different routes.

"Today is a reality check," said Britton Chance, a member of the three-man team of naval architects who designed *Stars & Stripes*, as he paced the syndicate dock before the first race.

Eight hours later, much of the suspense was gone. The American boat had trounced the Aussies by 1:41 in the light winds that were supposed to favor *Kookaburra III*. The next day, *Stars & Stripes* did it again, winning by a comfortable 1:10, this time in heavy weather.

And on Monday, when Dennis Conner and crew made it 3–0 with a 1:46 victory in 12-to-18-knot winds, all Australia was filled with gloom. The Land Down Under was only a race away from losing the best-of-seven series and the America's Cup. The bright possibilities of early Saturday were only a memory.

At seven that morning rivulets of spectators were already flowing toward the waterfront through the streets of Fremantle, the once-quiet port town in Western Australia where the Swan River meets the Indian Ocean. By 10 o'clock, when *Stars & Stripes* slid out of her pen in Fishing Boat Harbour, to be followed a few minutes later by *Kookaburra III*, the limestone jetties that shelter the harbor from the open sea were hidden under 20,000 flag-waving bodies. Not since the New York Yacht Club's *Resolute* met Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV* in 1920 (the last time the Cup was sailed off Sandy Hook in New York Harbor) had so many people turned out to see the boats off.

ROBERT GARVEY/BLACK STAR

In the good old days when the Cup was U.S. property, it was said that the first leg of the first race always told the story. If the defender was faster than the challenger, which she almost always was, that was apparent by the first-mark rounding. The rest of the series was only a formality.

This year the pundits were more cautious. Watching Conner and *Liberty* fall to *Australia II* 4–3 in 1983, after *Liberty* had been leading 3–1, was a sobering experience. This time, the experts said, the leader at the end of the *second* leg will win the race, and the series could go the distance. Conner said it. Iain Murray, skipper of *Kookaburra III*, said it. How could anyone disagree? Still, the bookmakers made *Stars & Stripes* the favorite at 5-to-4 odds. Conner's by-now-legendary knack for being on the right side of wind shifts, for controlling starting maneuvers, for being wilier and smarter and, when necessary, meaner than any other 12-meter skipper alive, overcame the oddsmakers' caution. Even the Aus-

BILL EPPRIDGE

Day 1: Thousands lined the harbor as the boats headed for the showdown Down Under.

At the sixth mark of Race 2, Stars & Stripes knifed through the Indian Ocean in the lead.

sies who watched their beloved *Australia II*, "the little white pointer" (pointer is Aussie for "shark"), reduce Conner's *Liberty* to ignominy found it hard to believe an Australian boat could win again.

Murray, the 28-year-old skipper who masterminded the *Kookaburra* campaign that derailed Alan Bond's well-oiled and much more experienced *Australia IV* machine, was accustomed to playing the underdog. "The first race is like the end of the financial year," he said on Saturday, standing straight-backed in the cockpit of *Kooka III*, his fingers grasping the wheel lightly, the way a good putter holds his club. "It's when you find out how profitable your business has been. It's just another day at the office, but an important one."

Day 1 looked more like Newport in July than Fremantle in January. The sky was gray and the wind was light and so shifty that the race committee postponed the 1:10 p.m. start 20 minutes, waiting for the afternoon sea breeze to settle into its customary southwesterly direction. A minute and a half into the race, however, the wind shifted 25 degrees to the south, and *Stars & Stripes* was the beneficiary. Conner had picked the left end of the starting line, so when the big shift came, he was on its inside and instantly several boat lengths closer to the mark than *Kooka III*.

Stars & Stripes rounded the first mark 1:15 ahead of *Kooka III* and held the lead to the finish, but it was the way she did it that was a pleasant surprise for her designers—and a puzzle for Murray. "We really expected that in 13 knots of true wind we would not be the faster boat," said Dave Pedrick, another of *S & S*'s designers. "We were prepared to concede that."

Downwind legs were supposed to be *Kooka*'s racetrack; however, her only gains on *Stars & Stripes* were on upwind legs. "We all expected that *Kooka* would have a downwind advantage," said Murray on Saturday evening, "but today she seemed to have an upwind advantage. I don't know. It wasn't a very fair day and we were often in very much different breeze strengths and directions, so to make any judgment we better wait for a reasonable sea breeze."

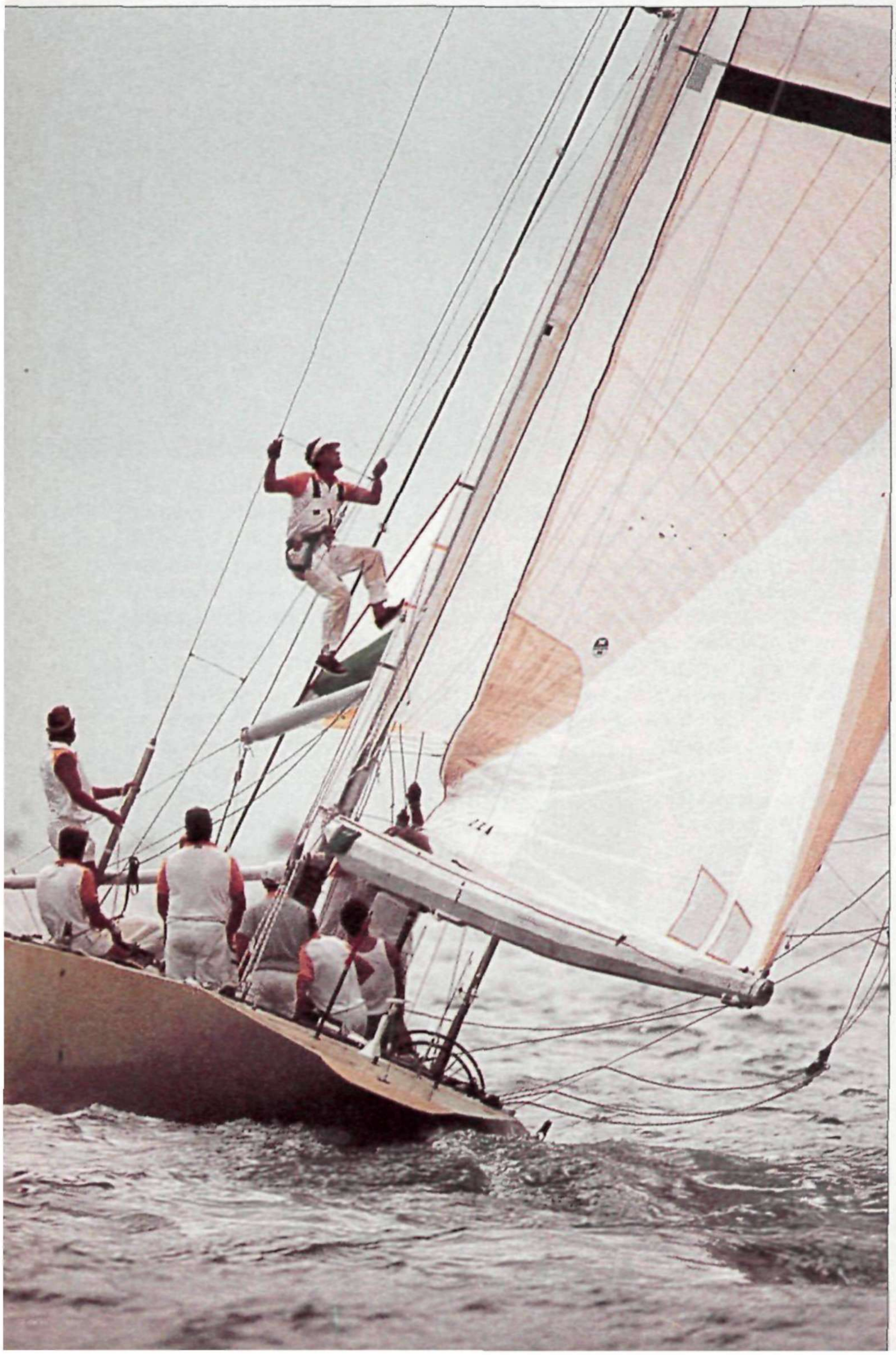
The next day Murray got an unreasonable sea breeze, one that started at 22 knots and gusted at times as high as 30, the kind of weather for which *Stars & Stripes* was made. Peter Gilmour, the aggressive 27-year-old mainsail trimmer who takes the wheel for *Kookaburra*'s prestart maneuvers, got the better start when, with 50 seconds remaining until the gun, and being squeezed across early by Conner, he wheeled around the committee

ENRICO FERORELLI/DOT

At the America's Cup ball, this belle's cup overfloweth.

boat at the right end of the line. At that point Conner bore away and ran down the line to the left end. When the gun went off both boats were already up to speed, but Gilmour was three seconds ahead and had the preferred windward position.

Then Murray took the wheel. If he could prevent Conner from crossing in front of *Kooka III*, he would then be able to approach the first mark on a starboard tack with the right-of-way. For 14 minutes both boats plunged through lumpy seas toward the left side of the course, but gradually through that long tack Conner inched *Stars & Stripes* up on the Aussies, first bearing off for speed, then hardening up into the wind for distance toward Murray. Finally, Conner was close enough that Murray, experiencing the distorted air falling off *Stars & Stripes*'s sails, had to tack away onto port, thereby losing two boat lengths that he never retrieved.



ROBERT GARVEY/BLACK STAR

Stars & Stripes led by 12 seconds at the first mark. By the second mark the margin was 29 seconds, and by the end of the second beat it was 1:14. The only thing that could have stopped *Stars & Stripes* after that would have been an exploded main or some other major mishap, a real possibility in such wind. But with a comfortable lead Conner could ease the pressure on his rig by sailing conservatively. *Kooka III*, which was never again in striking distance, trailed the San Diego boat to the finish line.

Normally a skipper who has lost the first two races of a best-of-seven series would request a lay day. But with lighter winds predicted for Monday, Murray decided to keep sailing. "We're down two and we're going to go for it," he said.

"I think if the wind changes, our fortunes might change with it," added a hopeful Gilmour.

"We've been ahead in the America's Cup 2–0 before, and we didn't like the way that ended up," said a cautious Conner, referring to 1983. "We have two more races to win, and until then we'll stay reserved."

Murray's decision to race on Monday had to be made by 8 p.m. Sunday, when the next day's forecast called for winds from 10 to 15 knots, supposedly *Kooka III*'s kind of weather. Instead, Monday turned up a typical Fremantle summer day with the southwest sea breeze, the Fremantle Doctor (originally called the Fremantle Docker because square riggers waited for it to run them in to the docks), blowing 12 to 18 knots. Gilmour made a contest out of the start, engaging Conner for several minutes of close maneuvering before the boats split tacks and crossed the line dead even. Then Murray took over and, making use of the winds at the lower end of the day's range, held the lead at the first crossing.

After that, however, *Stars & Stripes*'s boat speed began to take its toll. Two-thirds of the way up the first leg, Conner was in front. From a 15-second lead at the first mark, *S & S* gained time on all legs except the second reach and the last run. "The boat is a friggin' rocket," said Buddy Melges, skipper of *Heart of America*, the Chicago challenger.

The third race was memorable for two America's Cup firsts: a shark alert

Kooka had mainsail zipper trouble here in Race 1 and came unzipped again in Race 3.

ROBERT GARVEY/BLACK STAR

S & S, crossing ahead of Kooka on Monday, led at every mark in the first three races.

before the start (hammerheads had been sighted on Sunday) and a crank who said he had placed a bomb on *Kookaburra III*. The race committee authorized a chase boat to approach *Kooka III* during the last leg to offer her crew the option of abandoning yacht. "Our initial response," said Murray, "was to ask what was the *bad* news." It was the Aussies' only chuckle all day.

If Conner had seen the tired, haunted look on Gilmour's young face immediately after the second race, he might have shuddered. It was the look of someone whose world is crashing around his ears but who is powerless to do anything about it. Conner, as the Aussies say, has "been there, done that." This time around the situation was different. "Our design group gave us a boat to work with that was up to the task," said Conner before the races. "And the crew has done a great job in taking that boat and sailing it around the course somewhere near its potential. That's why we're here."

Determining *Stars & Stripes*'s potential occupied Conner's brain trust through much of the agonizingly long break between the final trials that ended on Jan. 19 and the first Cup race. While in public the Americans were saying, "It's probably going to be very close," and "We are guardedly optimistic," in private they were very, very confident.

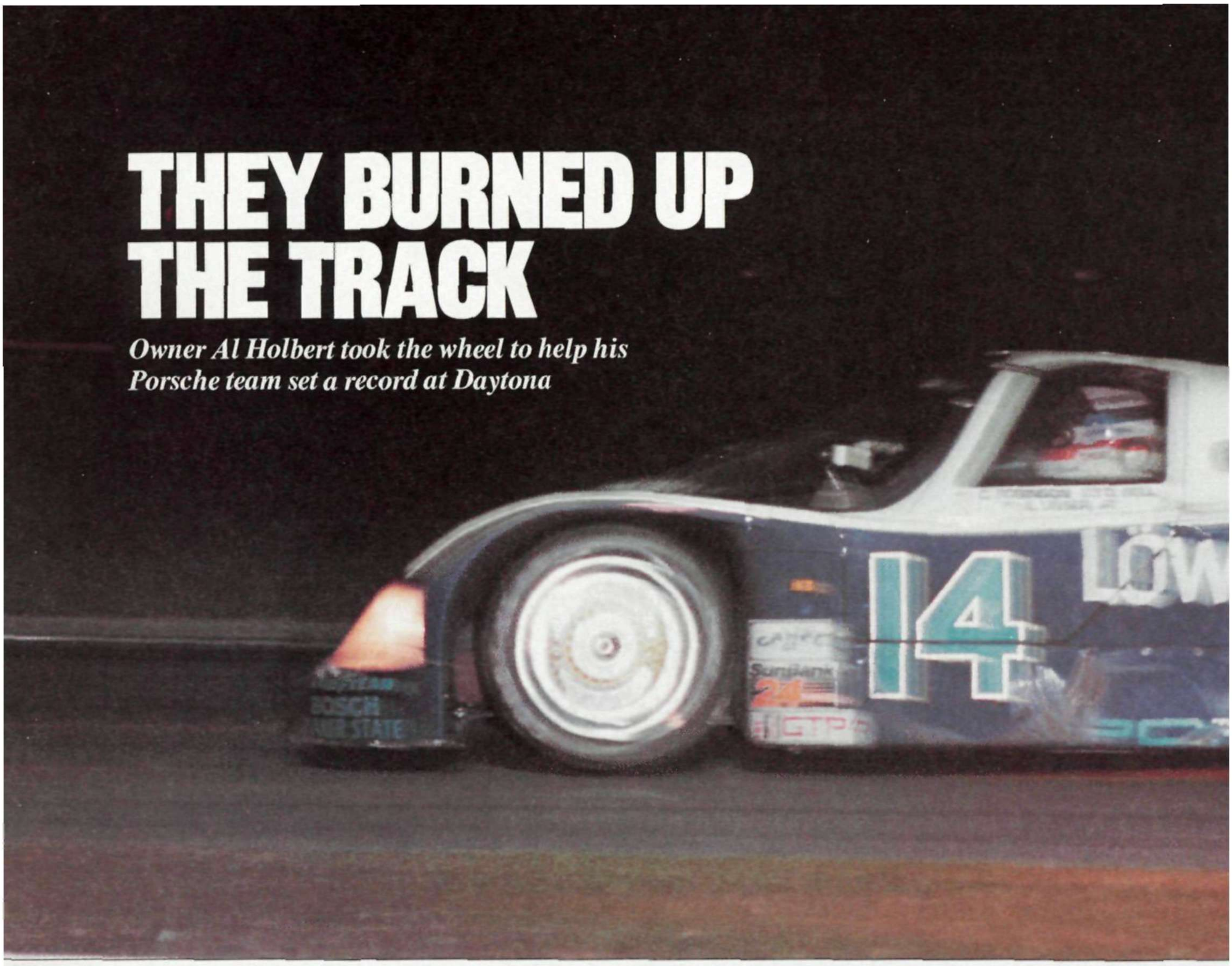
The America's Cup, one must remember, is a little like an iceberg. What one sees—and hears—is not necessarily all there is. One reason for the general euphoria in the Conner camp was that Bruce Nelson, the third member of the boat's design team and *S & S* official observer at the pre-Cup measurement of *Kooka III*, took one look at the defender's bared underbody and recognized a variation on the winged-keel theme similar to a design the *Stars & Stripes* group had tested and rejected. Armed with this knowledge, John Marshall, who coordinated the design project, began to play computer games. "We made up a computer run based on what we think *Kookaburra* is, based on the data we've already explored," said Pedrick.

A mathematical model of *Kooka III was put through her paces 120 times* against data from *Stars & Stripes*'s actual race performances. Factored in were permutations of wind and points of sail and sea conditions. The results were gratifying, and since then Marshall & Co. have been hard pressed at times not to break into song. "We feel comfortable as long as it doesn't blow 12," said Marshall before the races began.

But it blew 12—and less—on Saturday, and *Stars & Stripes* came through. A boat that is built to handle the Fremantle Doctor but can win in light air, too, deserves the America's Cup. And the skipper who lost the Cup in '83 because his boat was slow deserves a *Stars & Stripes*. ■

THEY BURNED UP THE TRACK

Owner Al Holbert took the wheel to help his Porsche team set a record at Daytona



BY SAM MOSES

BOY, DID WEST GERMANY'S Jochen Mass, the fastest qualifier for the 24 Hours of Daytona, have it wrong when he said the race would be "boring." He based his opinion on the prevailing strategy for endurance races, which is to conserve and survive. But Al Holbert's winning team had a better idea: Run flat damn out, day and night, every inch of the way. Holbert's strategy produced a record pace and a repeat victory in the hardest-fought 24 Hours in history. But the victory wasn't assured until Holbert's team had survived a grueling duel with a team owned and led by A.J. Foyt.

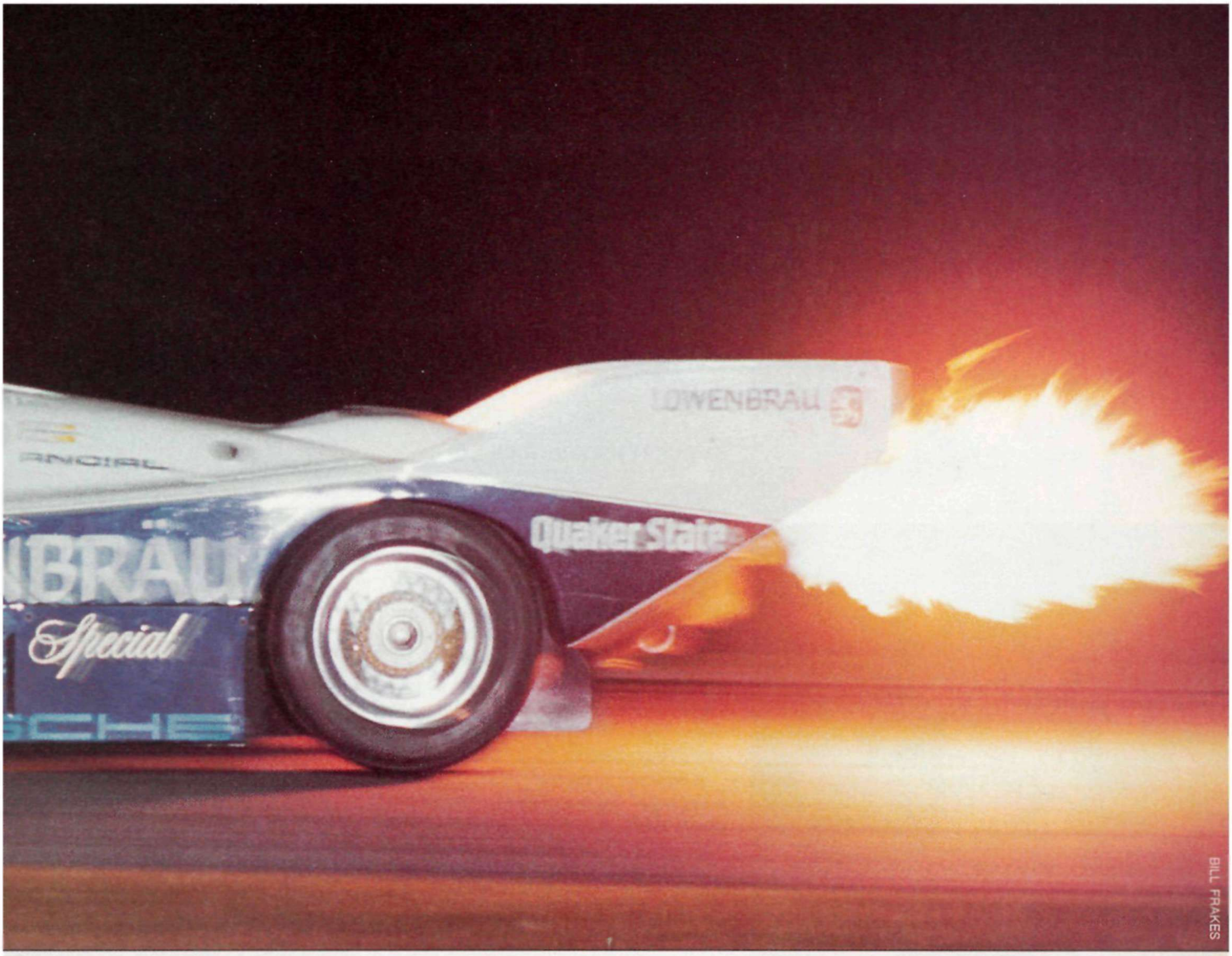
The showdown actually began in Foyt's and Holbert's race shops in Texas and Pennsylvania. A.J. had set his own record of sorts when he paid $385,000 for a Porsche 962—to Holbert, who is the factory's U.S. distributor. It was probably the most expensive race car in history. A.J., no piker he, sprang for the optional 3.0-liter engine. Holbert equipped his own 962 with the less powerful 2.8-liter engine, because the new 3.0-liter was unproven in a 24-hour race.

After picking the top-of-the-line car, Foyt created a Super Team by hiring Al Unser Sr. and Danny Sullivan as his codrivers; the three have eight Indy 500 wins between them. Meanwhile, Holbert, the current and five-time International Motor Sports Association GT champion, had decided to drive less and manage more in '87. So he had signed up three drivers: his veteran codriver Derek Bell, Unser's son Al Jr. and Chip Robinson, fresh off the rival Jaguar team. But Holbert brought his own helmet to Daytona—to be used only in case of necessity, he said.

The expected Porsche parade began with the green flag at 3:34 p.m. Saturday. The pole-sitting 962, shared by Mass, Klaus Ludwig and car owner Bruce Leven, played rabbit for the first four hours, until it collided with a car from another class. This only confirmed what many of the prototype-class drivers had feared: that inexperienced drivers in the jam-packed field of 69 cars with widely varying speeds would create the worst conditions they had ever experienced. When Unser Sr. was also clobbered, Foyt's No. 1 Porsche had to pit for bodywork. Said Sullivan, who would drive the No. 1 for a heroic 5 hours and 35 minutes during the night, "I must have been run into 10 times. You can *not* take a chance out there."

It's a good thing Sullivan wasn't driving Holbert's No. 14, because taking chances was precisely what that team *had* to do. "What the No. 1 car gains on us down the straights," said Unser Jr., "we have to make up in the curves and in traffic. It's our only hope."

In the 18 hours the two cars held the top two spots, they were almost never more than a minute or two apart. Sometimes the action was feet apart, or liter-



ally at a standstill. Because they had been assigned adjacent pits, the rival crews changed tires and added fuel in tense side-by-side face-offs.

The long night wore on. Turbocharger afterburn lit up the sky. The collective thunder of Corvettes, Camaros, Toyotas, Fieros, Mustangs and Mazdas spilled out of the Speedway and carried for miles. Just past 7 a.m. the sun rose and revealed the two Unsers locked in battle at the head of the field. They were turning laps at average speeds of 118 mph in the Holbert and Foyt 962s. "I've never seen a 24-hour race driven at such a pace," said Bell, a veteran of 14 Le Manses and seven Daytonas. "It is definitely the hardest, closest 24-hour race I've ever run. I really believe we've driven bloody hard, and well."

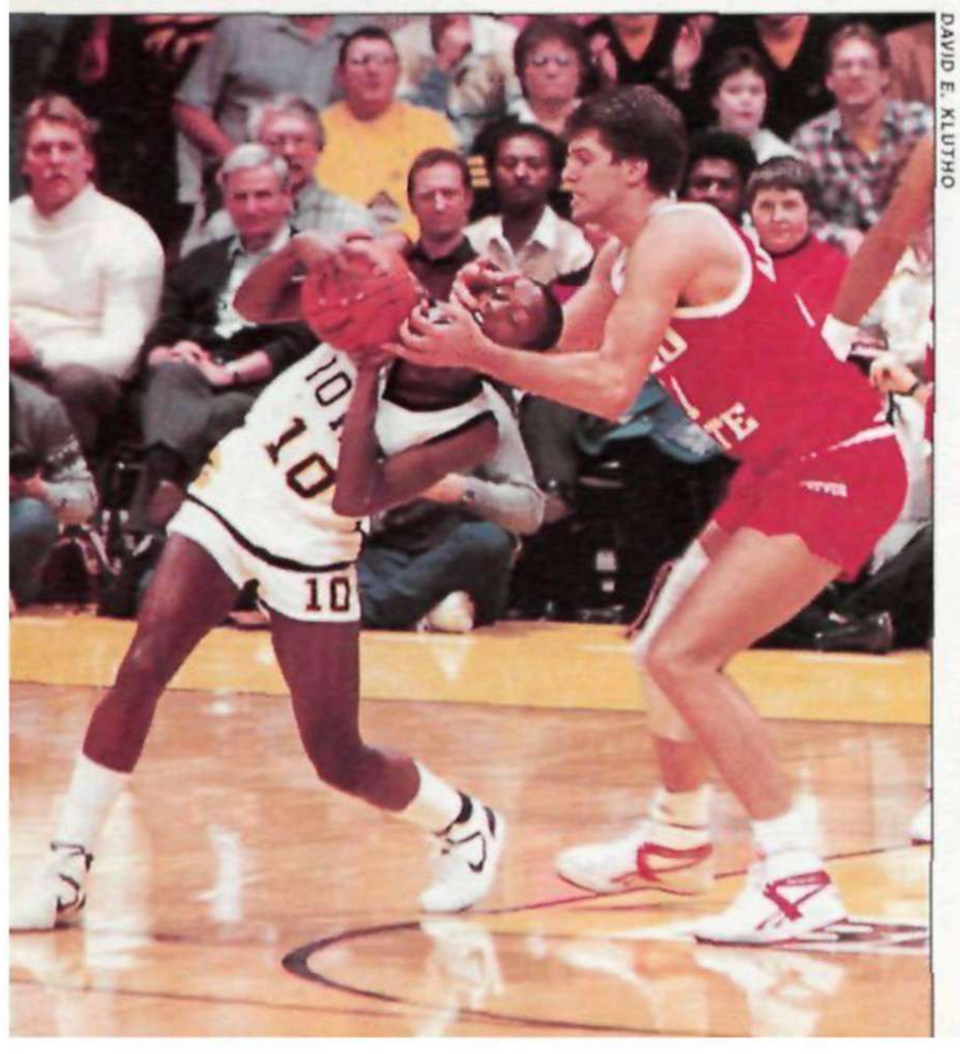
Holbert's No. 14 was holding the lead with three hours to go when the owner began pushing his drivers for more. "If it gets down to a race at the end, it's obvious what the outcome will be," he said, endorsing Foyt's theory that nothing beats having more cubic inches.

Holbert knew, however, that his drivers had given about all they had. Shortly after noon, with Unser Jr. back on the track, Bell and Robinson were in the team's motor home, slumped in pain and exhaustion. "These guys have just been driving their hearts out," said Holbert. This, then, was the "necessity" he had prepared for.

Just after 1 p.m. Holbert strapped on his helmet and climbed into the car. Forty minutes later, A.J. took the wheel of his Porsche. With less than two hours to the finish, the rival owners would go at it themselves. Holbert's lead was 88 seconds, just 8 seconds more than the margin he reckoned he would need to hold off Foyt in the final hour. Sure enough, A.J. began closing the gap, but then, surprisingly, the distance opened up again. Foyt's 3.0-liter was beginning to falter. Now he faced a choice: nurse the sick engine and settle for a sure second, or push it and hope for the best. Guess what A.J. chose.

Foot to the floor, he charged ahead until the engine died 55 minutes from the finish, and Holbert the owner had won again. With Foyt's car out, Holbert the driver had returned to the pit, and it was Bell who brought No. 14 over the finish line after 753 laps (2,680.68 miles) of racing. The team's average speed of 111.599 mph was more than 6 mph over the record for the 3.56-mile circuit. Foyt's car, which had completed 723 laps, was fourth.

Although Holbert had expressed reservations—even regret—over his choice of engines before the race, the outcome had been vindication. "Mr. Holbert is invariably right," said Bell. The thoroughly exhausted driver then managed a smile and added, "It's unfortunate that it had to come at the expense of his drivers' bodies. I just hope that he doesn't choose us for his next 24-hour test session." ■



DAVID E. KLUTHO

A FEROCIOUS GAME OF FAMILY FEUD

Midway through the Big Ten battle royal, Indiana reigned, but Purdue, Iowa and Illinois were close behind

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

CONFUSED OVER YOUR W-4 FORM or finding the cheapest airfare to Disney World? Those are mere bagatelles compared with the challenge of keeping the Big Ten basketball race straight. While our favorite relatives, Uncle Mo and Auntie Mentum, shift sides every 17 seconds, a handful of star teams are pounding each other twice weekly along the snowy trail to what could be history's first one-conference Final Four.

Check out last week's chaos:

• On Wednesday the most familiar Indiana and Illinois players practically disappeared, only to be replaced by a thoroughly unfamiliar Hoosier juco transfer named Dean Garrett from, of all places, San Clemente, Calif.

• On Thursday an Ohio State player threw a last-minute pass into the delirious Buckeye cheering section rather than to the marvelous Dennis Hopson *(see box, page 81)*, granting Purdue a reprieve and a treasured road victory.

• On Saturday a dangerous double G-force, Michigan's Gary Grant and Glen Rice, teamed up for an air strike into the heart of an Iowa team that a week earlier had been an undefeated wire-service No. 1 but now resembles just another Platoon trying to survive.

• And later that day, normally steady Purdue missed 12 of 30 free throws and surrendered in its bitter showdown at Indiana, where IU's prototype one-dimensional shooter, Steve Alford, reappeared to get five *assists*, six *rebounds* and a flock of loose ball recoveries as the Hoosiers emerged alone in first place.

Enough conference teams have been rattling around in the polls that the Big Ten might as well be the Top Ten. Moreover, with those teams overcoming huge leads and playing the undergarments off one another, it has become nearly impossible to tell them apart. Is it Purdue (16–3, 7–2 in the Big Ten) that has the T 'n' T boys, Troy Lewis and Todd Mitchell, and Iowa (19–2, 7–2) the M 'n' Mers, Roy Marble and Jeff Moe? And which of those teams came from 22 points behind to whip Illinois on the road? Does the latest, greatest, slow, white, can't-jump jump shooter Whazzisname Alfordberger, spray his picture-book rainbows for Indiana (17–2, 8–1) or the Illini (15–5, 5–3)? Is Iowa's Sir Jamalot a real knight? Or should Indiana's Knight, now that he is No. 1 on the best-seller list, be addressed as Sir? And now who's due, Purdue?

Measuring the strength of a conference is risky business, and the fact that North Carolina knocked off both Illinois and Purdue early on may mean something or it may not. But new Ohio State coach Gary Williams, who played at Maryland in the ACC and coached Boston College in the Big East, says, "This reminds me of three years ago in the Big East. Our league had three teams in the Final Four, and BC, which finished sixth in the conference, missed the final eight by a basket. At midseason we didn't really know how good our league was. At the end we knew."

With last Saturday off, Williams may have been pondering how good his one-man, one-Hop crew (13–7, 4–4) might be, now that it has upset Iowa on the road, nearly upset Purdue at home and defeated three teams that have occupied first place in other conferences—Kansas, Florida and Jacksonville.

"I don't know whether we're any better than Ohio State," says Illinois coach Lou Henson, who was to find out Monday night in Columbus.

And then there's Indiana's Bob

Playing for keeps, Iowa's Gamble stepped over teammate Moe (top); Horton planted an elbow in Garrett's face (center); OSU's John Anderson played heads-up D on Armstrong.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK

With first place on the line, Alford rose up and shot down Purdue with 31 points.

Knight, who said, "Nobody in our conference is better than Illinois," after his new center, Garrett, scored 20 points and blocked six shots, including a potential game-tier by Illini muscle man Ken Norman in the Hoosiers' pulsating 69–66 home victory Wednesday. "We had no illusions that this would be anything but possession-by-possession and down-to-the-wire," said Knight. "I just don't know how good *we* are."

Plenty good, considering that the Illini's Doug Altenberger hounded Alford into 3-for-11 shooting and shut him out from three-point range for the first time this season. Alford, Altenberger and Norman combined to miss 30 shots in a fierce defensive struggle. But on Saturday, Indiana's senior All-America nailed a more routine 31 while the 6′ 10″ Garrett soared for 14 points, 10 rebounds and 5 more blocks as the Hoosiers whipped visiting Purdue 88–77.

Indiana and Illinois were never separated by more than four points, making their encounter atypical of the other Big conTender clashes. The Hoosiers had a 13-point lead on Purdue but gave it all away before rallying at the end. Purdue scored 16 in a row at Ohio State but needed the Bucks' Kip Lomax to hurl a late pass out of bounds to win. Iowa made that 22-point comeback to win at Illinois on Jan. 14. Michigan went ahead of Iowa by 15, but the Hawks weren't dead until Rice scored the last of his 33 points in a 100–92 victory.

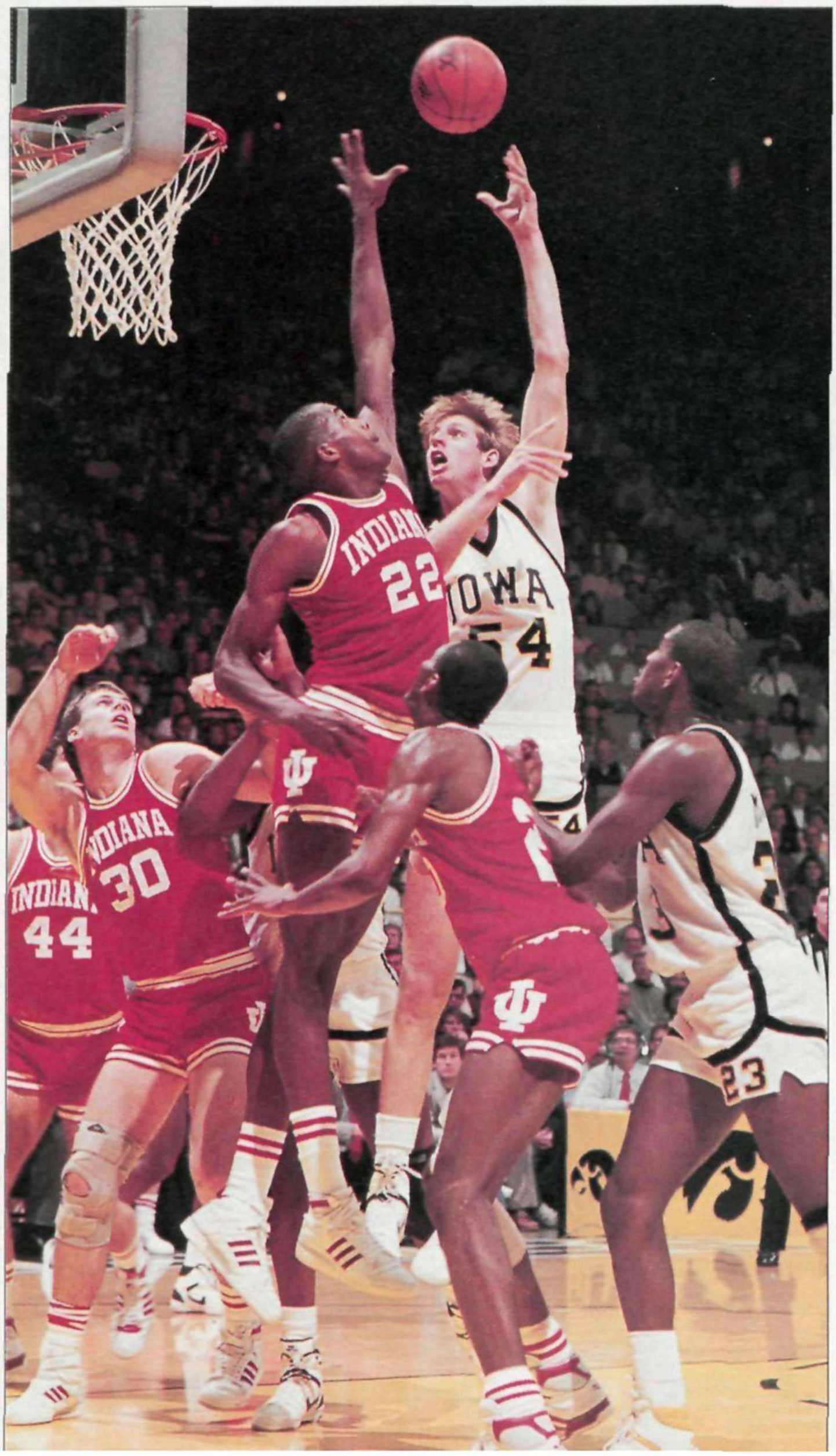
"The game is never over in this league," said Alford, who had to be rushed back in against Purdue with 42 seconds left to help save the win. This, nine days after Indiana's defense had held Iowa to 101 points. It was the first time a team had *ever* ripped a Knight-coached Hoosier squad for triple figures.

The stunningly deep and explosive Hawkeyes crash the glass relentlessly. They outrebounded Purdue 43–24, Illinois 49–31 and proud Indiana 46–19 (27–2 at the offensive end). Think maybe a few flies on the wall of the Hoosier dressing room got squooshed by a flying chair? "In practice, you can't quite duplicate the quickness and aggressiveness they have," said Knight. "They keep coming at you."

The Hawks are so tough they took on their school's national champion wrestling team, fighting it to a draw outside an Iowa City bar behind the fists of 6′ 8″, 225-pound center Ed Horton.

"The best rebounding team I've ever seen," says Illinois' Henson of the young (only three seniors in the 10-deep revolving lineup) and relentless Iowans, who lead the nation with a board differential of 13 per game. And they're still learning, while at the same time giving lessons to their opponents. Purdue forward Doug Lee: "We had been concentrating on blocking out. They just send everybody and splatter you. Forget technique. We're just going after it now."

Iowa's new coach, Tom Davis, is a Phil Donahue look-alike, with a Ph.D. in history, who put a hockey school (Boston College) on the basketball map and then took a sabbatical to a school school (Stanford) where his progressive scheme of multiple substitution and *bounce-passing* might have worked if he could have bounced any passers past the admissions department. For all his buttoned-down style and polished imagery, though, Davis left few friends in New England, where he presided—unknowingly—over the BC point-shaving scandal and was known as Dr. Snake. When Davis's former assistant and successor at BC, the more popular Williams, and OSU handed the good doctor his first defeat at Iowa, a lot of Bostonians could not have been more pleased.



At Iowa, Davis is winning with the same players former coach George Raveling went 20–12 with last season. So what gives? This: The doctor can adapt, adjust, fit personnel to positions and situations, teach whole-grain, 94-foot pressure and coach the daylights out of the game. "You can give the doctor all the credit for this team," says Kevin Mackey, another Davis protégé, who coached the last outfit, Cleveland State, to press Indiana into oblivion—in last year's NCAA tournament. "He's the best. The Doc and Gary will change the Big Ten forever."

Four of Raveling's starters returned to Iowa, but Davis starts only one, Marble. The changes Davis wrought in Iowa City include the conversion of 6′ 6″ Kevin Gamble and the resourceful 7-foot Brad Lohaus from non-contributing pine-timers to, respectively, the off-guard who saved the Purdue game and the mobile forward who is second on the team in three-point goals and mans the point on the press. Moreover, when point guard–designate Michael Reaves and center Gerry Wright—Sir Jamalot of cartwheel-dunk fame—went down with injuries, Davis gave their positions to B.J. Armstrong and the combative Horton, with heroic results. Sophomore Marble is a scorer of Jordanian potential

Lohaus (54) and his high-flying Hawkeyes humiliated the Hoosiers 101–88 at home.

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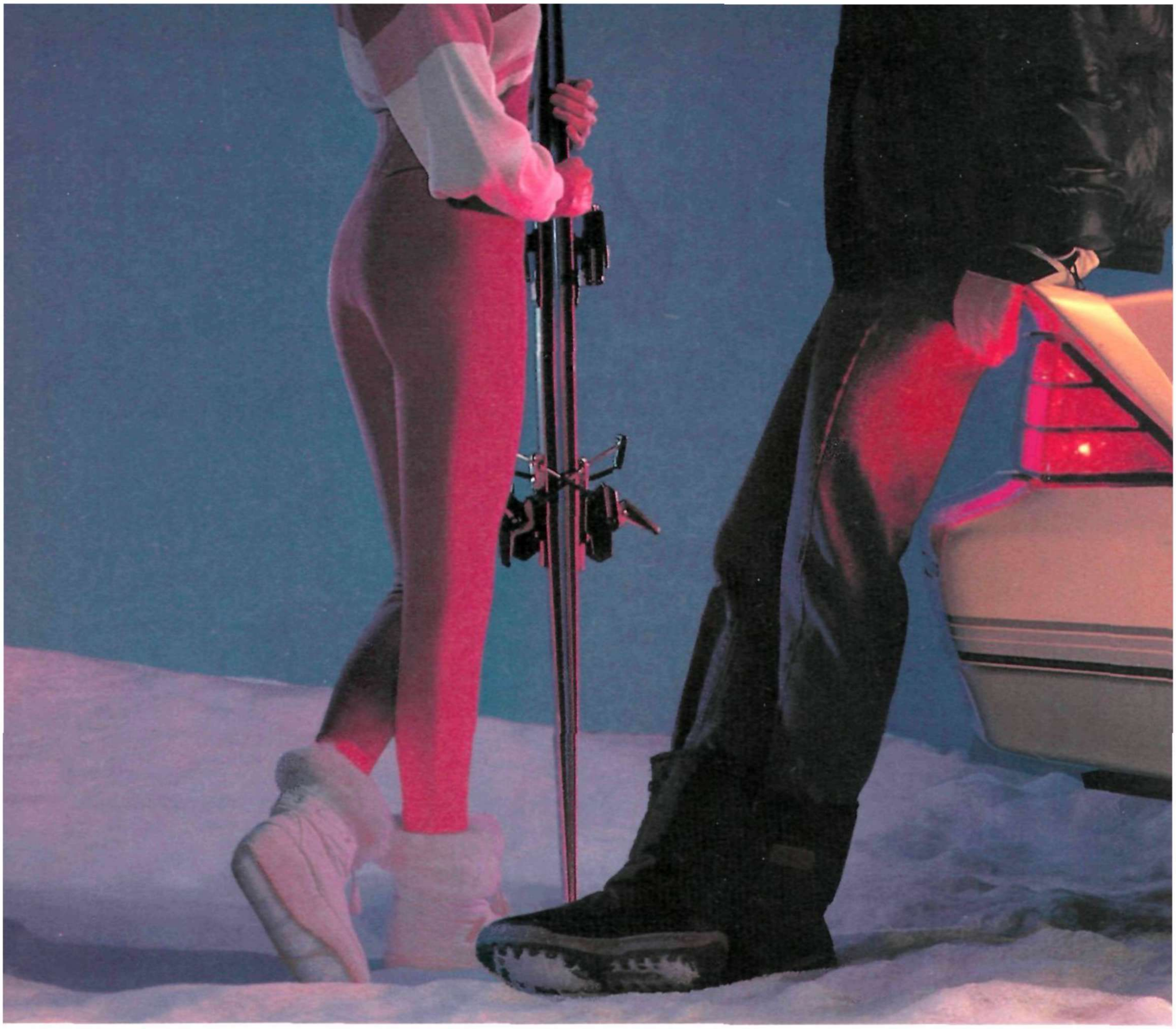

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up front, and the fist-brandishing guard, Jeff Moe, is probably the best—he is unrivaled as the most obnoxious—sixth man in the land.

It was following the extravagant 22-point comeback against Illinois—Lohaus sizzled with 23 points and 12 boards—that the grumbling about the platooning stopped. "Guys would mutter, 'Whoa, I'm coming out already?' " says Moe. "After we won, it was, 'Hey, the guy knows what he's doing.' "

Did Dr. Tom foresee such success? "I didn't *not* foresee it," he says.

O.K. Did anybody foresee the problem Purdue coach Gene Keady created for himself when he scheduled a Sunday TV game with Louisville 29 hours before hosting Iowa on Jan. 19? Michigan coach Bill Frieder did, telling Keady last summer, "That will cost you the Big Ten title, you dumbass." And sure enough, it might. The Boilers' legs died at the end, and Iowa prevailed, 70–67.

But Keady, desperate as he is for the exposure, would do it again. "I never said we were smart," he laughs. Just

DENNIS, THE BUCKEYE MENACE

DENNIS HOPSON'S HEAD IS AT ODDS WITH HIS BODY. His gracefully curving limbs give way to a Grace Jones noggin adorned with an aircraft-carrier flattop that is all stark geometry and right angles. It is the sort of haircut that in the middle of Ohio attracts attention. "I'm crazy," Hopson says.

He certainly is *playing* out of his gourd. In this, a rebuilding year at Ohio State, Hopson, a 6′ 5″ senior swingman, has been the Buckeyes' answer to Steve Alford, Ken Norman and Troy Lewis (not to mention *Carl* Lewis). With such distinctive calling cards as his one-handed rebounds, ambidextrous shooting and otherworldly hang time, the man they call the Menace is keeping Ohio State alive in the Big Ten all by himself.

"I've never coached anyone as talented as Dennis," says Gary Williams, the first-year Buckeye coach. "He is a beautiful player to watch." Having taken warmly to Williams's running, pressing style, Hopson has made the remarkable look routine. He has delivered a dozen 30-points-plus games this season, and by March he will probably pass Herb Williams to become the school's all-time leading scorer.

After Purdue's 75–73 victory in Columbus last Thursday, Boilermakers coach Gene Keady took note of Hopson's 35 points and smiled. "I guess we held him pretty good," he said. "That's under his average, right?"

Not quite. Hopson's 29.9 points-per-game mark is tops in the Big Ten. He is also fourth among the league's rebounders, fifth in steals and first in the hearts of the league's coaches, most of whom agree he is the best in the nation's toughest circuit.

Some vignettes from the '86–87 Hopsonian statistical orgy: Dec. 6, versus Ohio U.—Hopson achieves the first triple-double in Ohio State history . . . Dec. 28–30—Hopson scores 100 points in three games at the Rainbow Classic . . . Jan. 4, versus Indiana—Hopson eats a bad burrito, plays 10 minutes and retires, violently ill. He fails to score in double figures for the first time in 51 outings . . . Jan. 8, at Michigan—Hopson gets a cool 39 points . . . Jan. 15, against Northwestern—He has 31 points, 14 boards, 8 assists and 4 steals. "A one-man show," says Wildcats coach Bill Foster . . . Jan. 24, at Iowa—Late in the first half, Hopson spins out of a double-team to sink a lefthanded scoop shot. Even the Iowans cheer. Briefly. The Buckeyes upset the previously unbeaten Hawkeyes as the Menace finishes with 36 points.

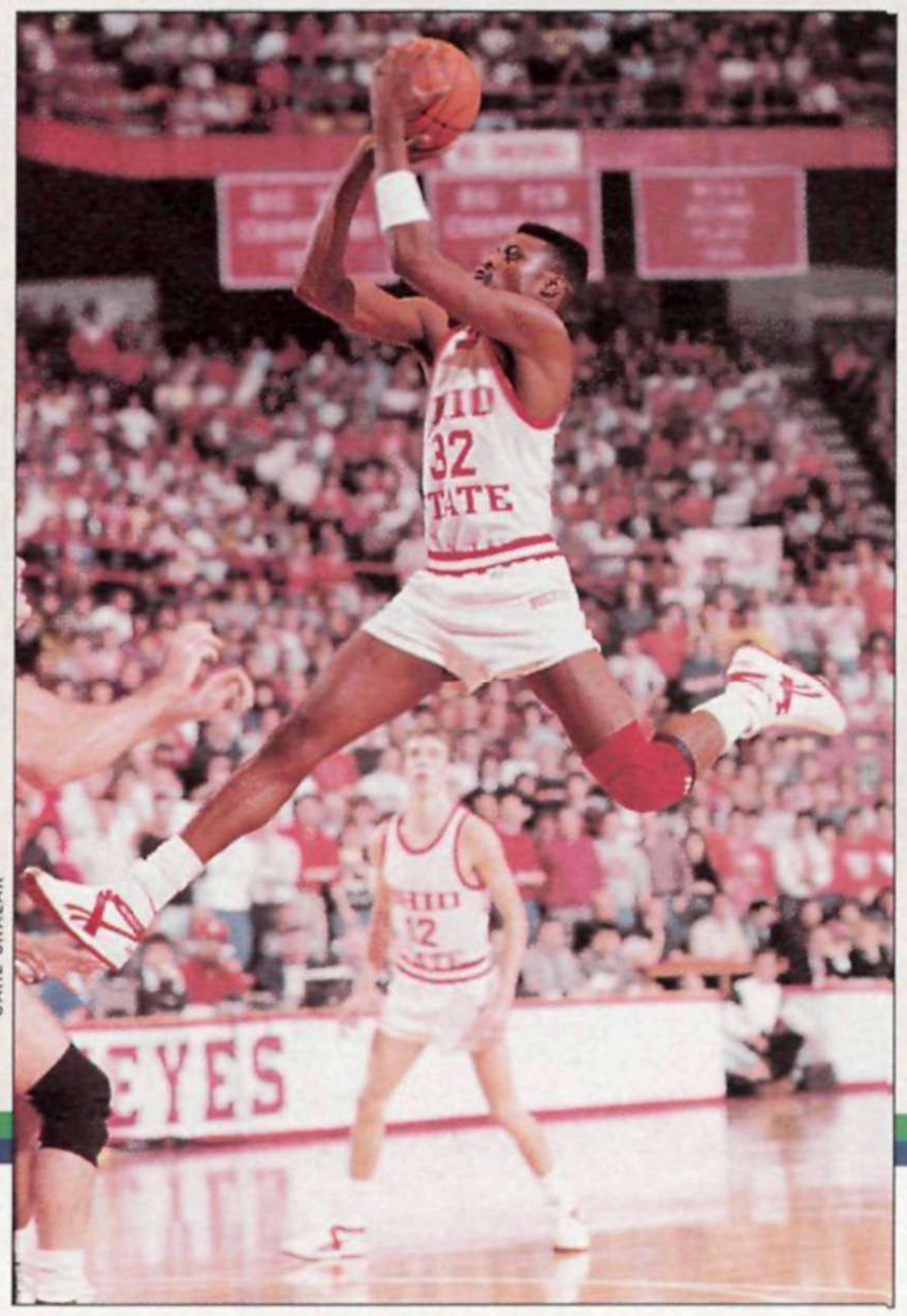
OSU has appeared on national TV only once this season, but Hopson says the lack of exposure "really doesn't bother me." At least part of his family—Dennis is the baby among five siblings—makes the trip downstate from Toledo for every home game. "The people that are important have heard of me," says Hopson. Like pro scouts who rate him as the best big guard in the upcoming draft.

Purdue's Doug Lee was shaking his head after Thursday's game. "I was up in his face on most of those shots," said Lee. "I *thought* I did a pretty good job."

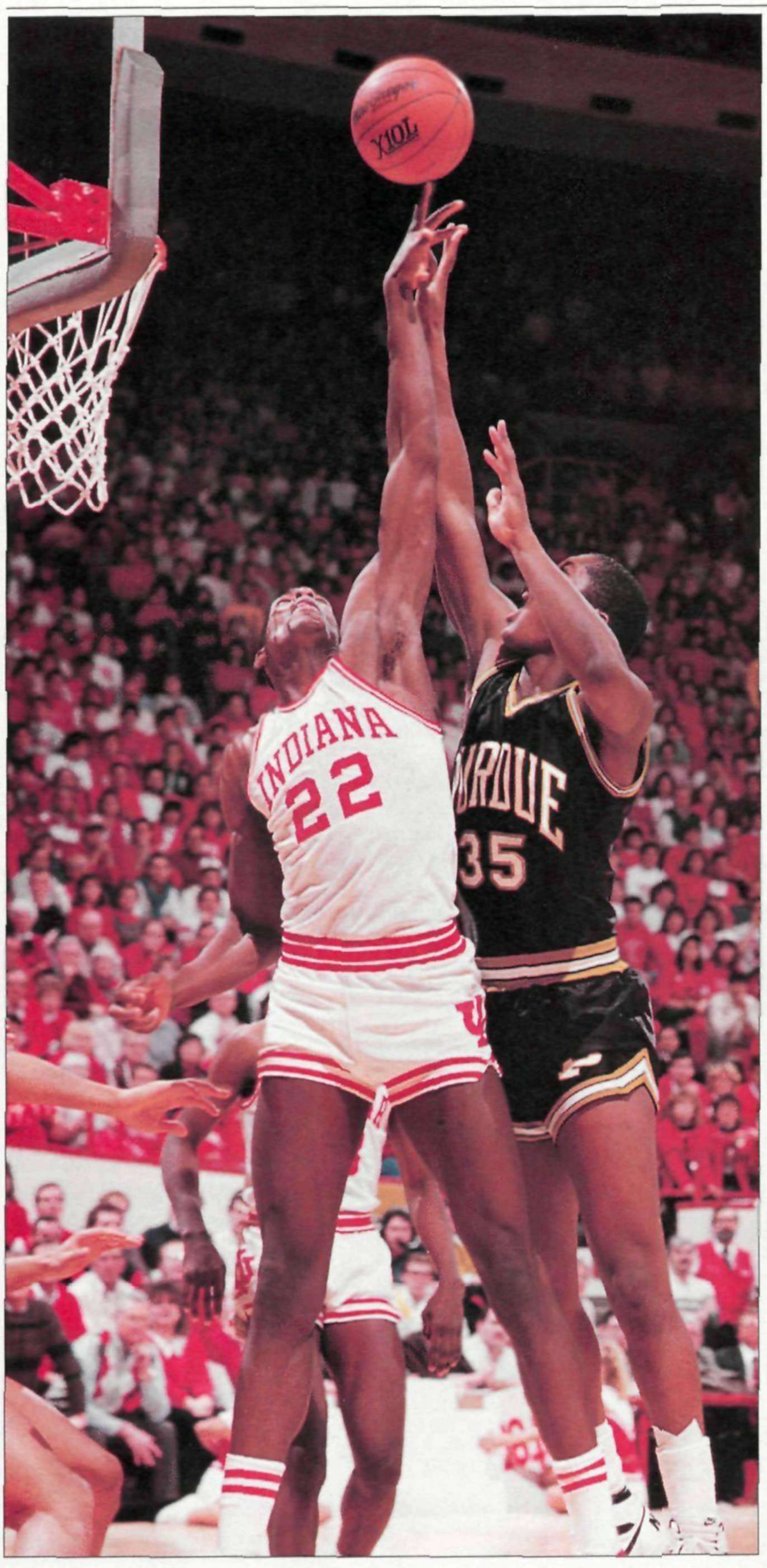
Hopson nodded earnestly. "He did, he did. That was as hard as I've had to work for 35 points in a long time," said the Menace, barely smiling.

—AUSTIN MURPHY

Hurtling to a level all his own, Hopson is a singular showstopper.



CARL SKALAK



damn solid: Over the last six seasons, Purdue and Indiana have the best records in the Big Ten, and Keady has brought parity to that storied rivalry. He was 6–6 against Knight before last week's rubber match. Despite that, Purdue is not only third in the league in total wins but also third in Indiana (Notre Dame won't play the Boilers home-and-home). Who knows where it ranks with the NCAA tournament committee. For the last two years Purdue has had to begin the tournament on its opponent's home court—and has lost both times.

This Dangerfieldian complex stays with Purdue like the cloud over Joe Btfsplk. Getting a victory in Bloomington last week was especially crucial for the Boilers, who needed to match the big twin road wins already scored by Indiana (at Ohio State and Michigan) and Iowa (at Illinois and Purdue).

Indiana didn't let them have it, and here's why: After 10 lead changes through the first 23 minutes, after the Purdue star, Mitchell, got his fourth foul and sat out most of the next eight minutes, after Indiana had forged a 65–59 lead that the T 'n' T boys should easily have been able to deflate but didn't, the wondrous Alford called for the ball and *simply took over the contest.*

Not only with the singular long-range missile, mind you. But with rebounds, loose-ball pickups, passing, playmaking and propelling himself into traffic where he could be fouled and convert the automatic two free throws. Alford's 13 of 15 from the line on Saturday made him 84 for 93 on the season (90%). In a 13–2 Indiana run, Alford made seven foul shots, one field goal, passed off for another *and, maybe just for fun, missed still another* so that underrated junior Steve Eyl could get fouled on the rebound and convert two freebies himself.

All this from a supposedly sick Alford, who had sat out practice the previous two days and who played, he said, "with chills from beginning to end."

A big chill cools the competition in the Big Ten? When you think of it—and you will as championship time approaches—remember that the most reliable constant in the granddaddy of all conferences is the grandest of guards at Indiana. ■

For Garrett and the Hoosiers, staying ahead in the race will require a tough balancing act.

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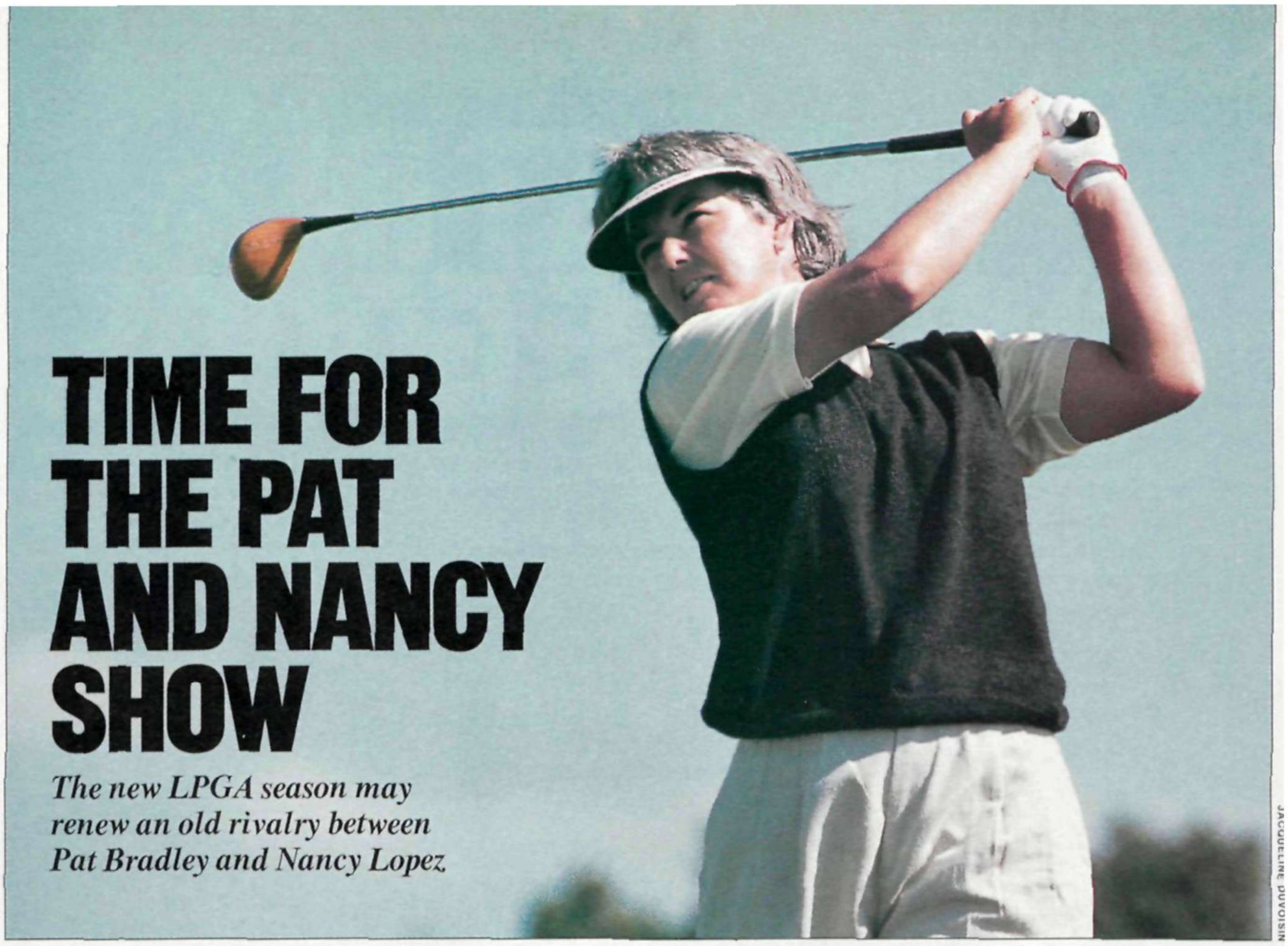

TIME FOR THE PAT AND NANCY SHOW

The new LPGA season may renew an old rivalry between Pat Bradley and Nancy Lopez

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Bradley (above) is still No. 1, but Lopez, with Knight, has her eye on the top spot.

BY JAIME DIAZ

YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE THE LPGA for some things. This year it has come up with a clunky new theme song—"We have glitter, we have glamour, we have razzmatazz"—and a marketing strategy that would reach its apogee if, say, Muffin Spencer-Devlin made the cover of *Reincarnation Today*. And, of course, it still clings to that worn company line about throngs of talented players just hanging on the lip of greatness. Fortunately, the best thing women's golf has to sell in 1987 is battle-tested and industrial strength: Pat Bradley versus Nancy Lopez.

Round 1 was played last week at the Mazda Classic in Boca Raton, Fla., and though Kathy Postlewait beat Betsy King in a playoff, it was Bradley and Lopez who drew the most attention. Bradley almost picked up where she left off in 1986, finishing tied for third, just one stroke shy of the playoff. Lopez, working herself back into shape, opened with a sluggish 77 but steadily improved to finish tied for ninth, seven strokes behind Bradley.

Lopez, 30, and Bradley, 35, have been going head-to-head since 1978, when Lopez burst on the scene with a record five wins in a row and as much charisma as anyone since Babe Didrikson Zaharias. In 1985, Lopez had her best year, winning five tournaments, topping the money list with $416,472 and putting together an LPGA-record scoring average of 70.73. Then last year, Bradley broke a 12-year string of production-line consistency with an even better performance than Lopez's in '85. She won five events, including three of the four LPGA majors (the Dinah Shore, the LPGA Championship and the du Maurier Classic; she finished fifth in the U.S. Women's Open), took home $492,021 and became the first LPGA player to pass $2 million in career earnings.

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

While Bradley was tearing up the tour, Lopez had her second child, Erinn Shea, in May, and played only four tournaments, all of them late in the year. Now she's back with plans to play 19 tournaments; her sights are set squarely on being No. 1 again. As she did in 1985, Lopez is drawing strength from her life away from competitive golf. "I'm so happy with my life, that now when I play, there is no pressure," Lopez said as she worked out the kinks last week. "It's just all fun, and when it's fun, you perform better."

Her husband and biggest supporter, Ray Knight, gave a brasher assessment. Knight may not be a New York Met anymore, but he still talks like one. "Obviously, if Nancy had been out there, Pat wouldn't have had as great a year as she had," Knight said as he followed his wife during

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all four rounds last week. "I'm sure that some of those tournaments that Pat won, Nancy would have won or been right in there. I think everybody knows that."

Not exactly everyone, Ray. "I don't think I would have been denied," said Bradley. She retained her customary cool even as Lopez's return to the tour got more hoopla than Bradley's prodigious 1986 feats. "It doesn't bother me," she said. "The LPGA always has based a lot of its image with Lopez. Nancy has been marketed very well. Worrying about Lopez is wasted energy."

That's about as close to a war of words as Bradley and Lopez will ever get. They have nothing but respect for each other. That's fine with the LPGA, which would like its tour known for more than just two players. After Patty Sheehan criticized LPGA administrators last year for lacking "pizzazz," they decided they needed to work on getting more of their players recognized. "We want to build the players into the nonsports media," says Pat Norton Burns, LPGA director of communications. "For example, Lauri Peterson does needlepoint, so we'd like to get her on the cover of a needlecraft magazine. It gives us a more solid fan base."

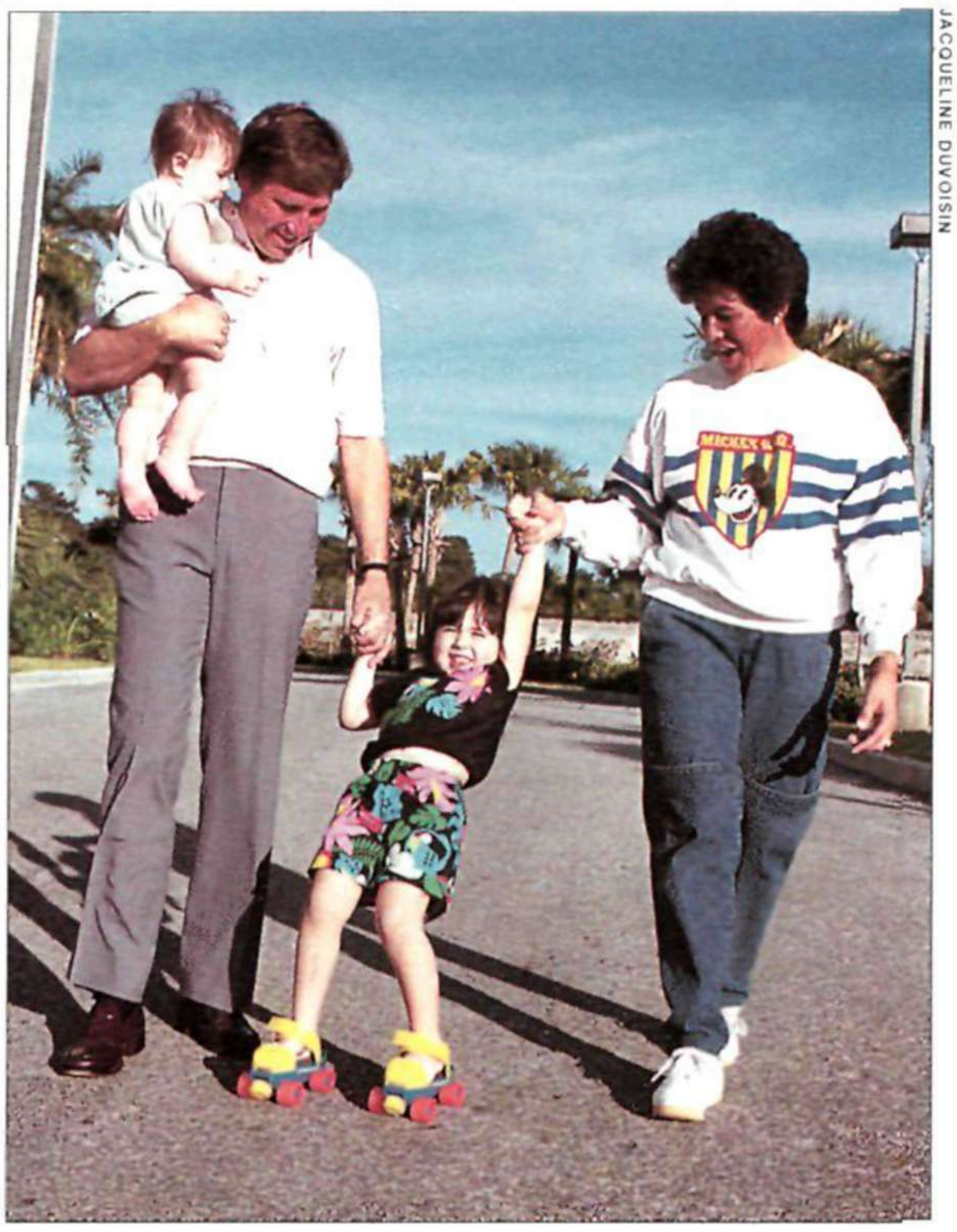
In other words, a more homespun version of the approach that launched Jan Stephenson, whose latest cheesecake calendar probably won't be available at your local 7-Eleven. But does the LPGA really need more characters? Spencer-Devlin, whose season officially began when she was introduced on the 1st tee last week as the winner of the "United Virgin Classic" (she won the United Virginia Bank Classic), is threatening to play in a figure-clinging bodysuit sometime this year. "Think Spandex," she says. And has women's golf ever had a more unabashed, tongue-in-cheek self-promoter than Amy Alcott? After her second round last week, she stopped in the middle of a press conference to ask the media: "You guys are crazy about me, aren't you?" The answer is yes, but the reason is mostly that Alcott is such a good player.

Businesslike golf has paved Bradley's road to respect. "You can hit it in the hole on a fly and Pat won't say 'Good shot,' " says JoAnne Carner. "She's a nice person; it's just that she concentrates harder than anybody." Still, until last year Bradley was better known as a golfer who finished second twice as often as she had finished first. Bradley now admits that she sometimes had problems handling the pressure down the stretch. "I didn't have the gift of mental toughness," she said. "It's the nervous Irish in me."

Before last season she started seeing sports psychologist Bob Rotella. Once he got her to start giving herself credit for being good enough to finish second, she discovered she was freed psychologically to finish first. "Those seconds are as important as wins when you come down to consistency," says Bradley. "Bob has helped me to lighten up on myself, to give Pat Bradley a break. He's helped me to understand that I'm a good guy."

If Bradley needed any further convincing, she received it last week at a players' meeting, during which video highlights of her big year were shown. Afterward, the 140-plus players gave her a standing ovation. "It was wonderful," said Bradley, who admits that her iron exterior was on the verge of cracking from emotion. "They've watched it for 13 years—the close calls and the great years that just weren't good enough. They all knew a year like last year was a dream of mine."

Lopez applauded as loudly as anyone. "Pat really deserved it," she said. "If you've ever lived that kind of year, remembering it can bring tears to your eyes." For Lopez, another such year would include winning her first U.S. Open and another Vare Trophy (for lowest scoring average) and being named Player of the Year for the fourth time. The next tournament she wins will automatically place her in the LPGA Hall of Fame.



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Nancy's devoted to golf—and Ray, Erinn (in his arms) and Ashley.

Attaining those goals is not going to be easy. Lopez is still about 20 pounds overweight from her pregnancy, although she is on a strict diet and is dropping weight quickly. She also must battle chronic tendinitis in her toes. At the Mazda, Lopez eased the pain by wrapping her feet before play. She is also determined to have Erinn and Ashley, her three-year-old daughter, and a nanny accompany her on the tour.

Even after her disappointing opening round of 77 and some spotty play the rest of the tournament, which left her tired, Lopez was still encouraged. "My game is not that far away," she said. "It's pretty close."

Bradley was almost all the way there. She demonstrated her relentless consistency with rounds of 72-72-72. On Sunday, she challenged the leaders but couldn't get a birdie putt to fall on the back nine and had to settle for 71.

What's in store the rest of the year? Carner, who has been No. 1 three times since she joined the tour in 1970, thinks the Bradley-Lopez rivalry will be good for the tour. "Pat is more aggressive, more confident than she's ever been," said Big Mama, "so you'd have to give her an edge right now. But Nancy is one of those rare ones. This is what she plays for. She loves this stuff. It's gonna be something." ■

Carol and Her Big Lug

How's the union of a pro hockey player and one of the world's busiest models? Rock solid, say Ron Greschner of the Rangers and his wife, Carol Alt

BY E.M. SWIFT

This temptress of swimsuits and posters is gliding sleekly around the aisles at Madison Square Garden, a few minutes late by design, blissfully aware of the stares and salutations—"How ya' doin', Carol?"; "Lookin' good, sweetheart,"—while her big Saskatchewan lug of a husband starts inelegantly up ice. She greets the ushers by name as she passes, flashing each a dazzling smile, searching out some unseen destination at a gracefully determined pace. Carol Alt needs a seat.

One of the few things in New York that money, contacts and fame cannot buy is a Rangers season ticket at center ice, loge level, among the plush corporately owned red-cushioned seats. Alt has tried. Her husband, Ron Greschner, the captain of the team, has tried. So at each game one of the most recognizable faces in the Big Apple scours the Garden for a vacant "red" after the opening faceoff, occasionally finding one and then being unceremoniously booted out by a tardy ticket-holder.

"Two right here that aren't going to be used," an usher tells her, and she thanks him, shaking her luxuriant dark hair as she sits, waving to yet another admirer two rows back, seemingly unaware of the game. Meanwhile, Greschner, the puck-scarred, corseted veteran, has just completed his glacial progress into enemy territory, pulling up at the blue line and threading a pass to an open winger, who feeds a Ranger in the slot, who finishes the ticktacktoe play with a shot. And a goal. With a roar, the fans rise as one. It is impossible that she has seen it, you are thinking, but this blue-eyed, fresh-faced fantasy cuts her sentence short and is suddenly on her feet, right fist in the air, transformed into one of the most beastly creatures in all of sport—a Rangers fan. She is screaming. In a moment Alt composes herself and sits down, her dewy complexion slightly flushed. "Excuse me," she says.

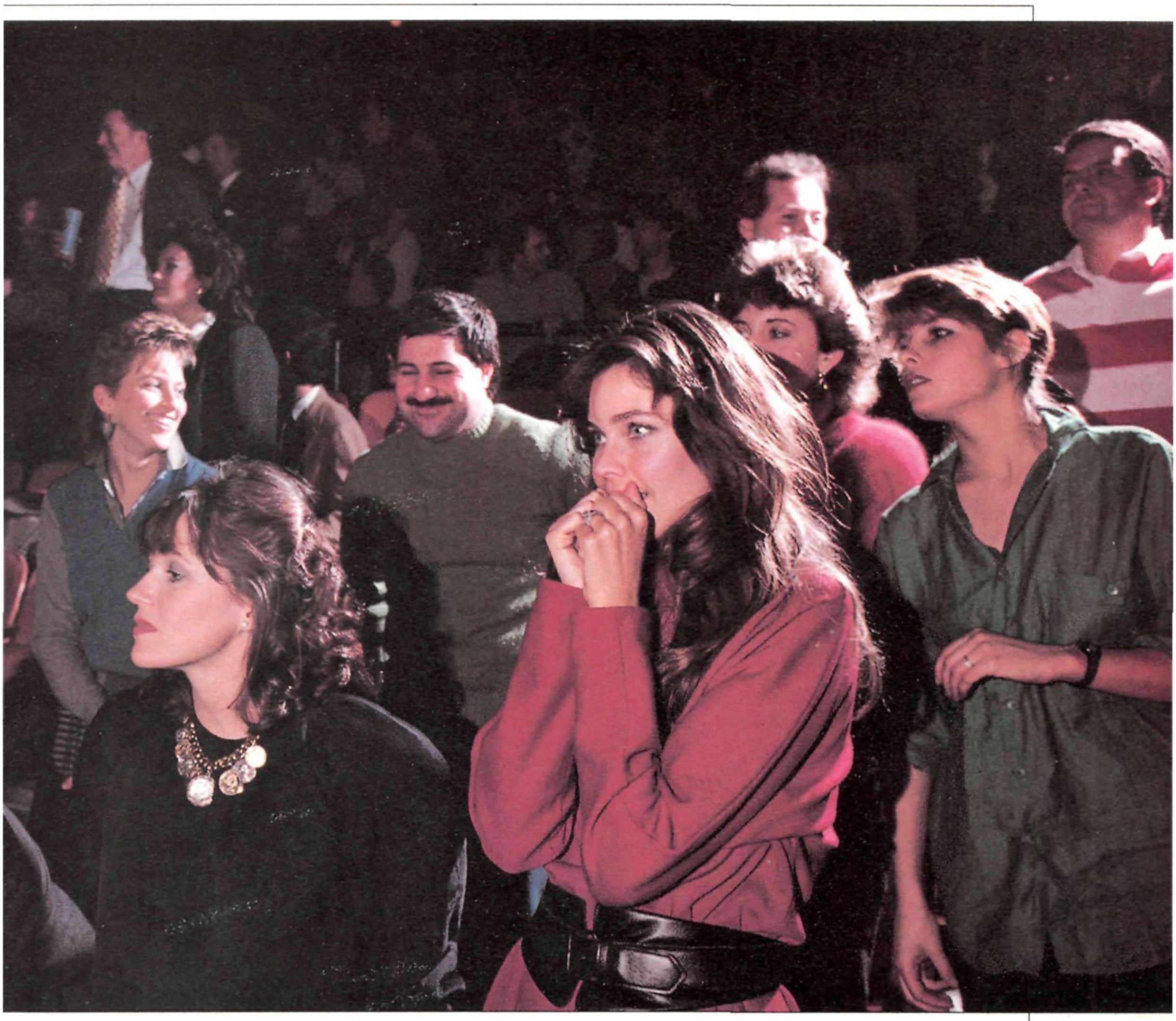
The crowd settles to a buzz, the play resumes, the game now tied 2–2, and the public-address announcer gives the account of the goal. The second assist goes to Greschner.

"I thought so," Alt says with an absolutely genuine smile, no dazzle at all this time, pure sunshine. A smile that wrinkles her nose.

It is obvious. She adores him. Alt actually remembers the day they first met: March 6, 1982. She was on a roll at the time. A month earlier she had been on the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S annual swimsuit issue, which, in turn, had led to her first appearance on *Good Morning America*. As a model she was known more for her face than for her figure, for her complexion and her azure eyes, features that were be-

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Greschner, the Rangers' captain, is happy to be back on ice decking the opposition.



Alt is a Ranger games regular; now if she could get a season ticket for a "red"....

ginning to appear on magazine covers with regularity (she estimates she has been on more than 500 covers in eight years of modeling). Alt was 21, a small-town Long Island girl whose feet were on the ground even as her career was soaring.

Things were not quite so rosy for Greschner in March '82. He was 27 and had just spent 5½ weeks in traction for a back ailment that had kept him out of the Rangers' lineup since November. His future as a hockey player was in doubt. Doctors were recommending surgery to remove two damaged disks, an injury suffered when he crashed into the boards in Toronto while throwing an errant hip check. The surgery might well have ended Greschner's playing career. And while it was not a career that would one day put him into the Hall of Fame—he has been selected to but one NHL All-Star squad in his 13 years with the Rangers—it was a career worth salvaging. In 1982 Greschner was already the highest-scoring Ranger defenseman of all time, and while today he stands seventh on the club's career scoring list with 174 goals and 397 assists in 791 games, he will almost certainly move up to fifth before the season is through.

Alt was having a drink—if that's what you call a cup of hot water and lemon—at Oren & Aretsky's, a trendy watering hole on Manhattan's Third Avenue, when Ken Aretsky, one of the co-owners, pointed out Greschner. The big defenseman had given Rangers tickets to Aretsky several times in the past few months. Aretsky had, in

turn, passed some of them on to Alt. "That's the guy whose tickets you've been using," Aretsky said.

Alt wanted to thank Greschner. That really is all she wanted to do. She is the type of person who sends thank-you notes for favors—a thoughtful, organized person. She was going out with actor and rock singer Rex Smith at the time, and their relationship was stormy enough without some gossip columnist writing about the SI cover girl being seen with the injured jock. So she asked Aretsky to invite Greschner over for a drink on the condition that Aretsky sit with them. Greschner, who was having a beer and talking to a couple of girls at the time, said he would be by in a minute.

Time passed. But Greschner didn't budge. Alt grew irritated. It is a well-known fact that the way to a beautiful woman's heart is to ignore her, but the truth was Greschner wasn't really interested in gaining access to Alt's heart. He didn't like models. He had

That Alt has appeared on magazine covers some 500 times gives an idea of her strong, enduring appeal.

met several in his years with the Rangers—the Blueshirts had quite a reputation in the late 1970s—and they had mostly been on the wild side of pretty. "My career was going bad enough without getting involved in all that," Greschner says now.

Alt, though, wasn't much of a party-er. But she was something of a health nut, in fact, a nondairy vegetarian whose chief vice was an occasional cup of scotch coffee. And she liked to get her rest. So at 10:30, after waiting nearly an hour, she walked over and confronted Greschner directly. "I offered you a drink," Alt said. "At least have the courtesy to tell me you don't want it so I can go home."

Greschner apologized. He came over to her table and, still skeptical, sat down. He asked what she was drinking. "Hot water and lemon," Alt replied.

Greschner understood that models could be kind of flaky, but this was a new one to him. "Hot water and lemon?"

"It's very refreshing."

Greschner took her word for it and ordered a beer. Then, by way of making small talk, he said, "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Do you smoke?" Greschner asked.

"No."

"Do you do drugs?"

"No."

He took a sip of his beer. "What do you do to get high?"

Alt, in recounting the story, pauses here to smile, for you cannot deliver this next line with a straight face. "I told him, 'I get high on life,' " she recalls. "And he said, 'That's nice. That really is.' "

Any relationship that can survive that opening scene must be magic. Greschner, for his part, remembers, "I sort of fell in love with her in the first 10 minutes."

"She was just coming out of a relationship with Rex Smith," a friend explains. "He was making a movie in England at the time. Suddenly here's Ron, who's big and affectionate—everything that Rex wasn't—with a certain amount of charisma of his own. He was just what Carol needed."

Both had small-town roots and values, though Greschner's were considerably smaller-town than Alt's, who grew up in East Williston, Long Island, the daughter of a career military man. Greschner hailed from Goodsoil, Saskatchewan (pop: 225), where his father, John, owned a hotel, a car dealership and a construction business. Goodsoil is as close to nowhere as you can get and still get back. It is about 230 miles northwest of Saskatoon and 230 miles northeast of Edmonton, and the closest town, Dorintosh, is 25 miles due east by canoe. Land around there is so flat you can "roll a bowling ball 400 miles," says Greschner.

Rangers general manager Phil Esposito visited Greschner in Goodsoil in 1980, when they were still playing teammates. "I went over the town line, and about ten seconds later I saw a sign reading THANK YOU, COME AGAIN," Esposito recalls. "I said to Ronnie, 'How the hell did you ever get out of here?' "

By playing hockey. Even the smallest towns in Canada have organized teams, and Greschner was lucky enough to have reached his full height—he is 6′ 2″, and now weighs 215 pounds—by his early teens. Coaches noticed him, particularly because there were only seven bantam-aged kids playing for Goodsoil and Greschner was seldom off the ice.

He was drafted by the New Westminster (British Columbia) Bruins junior team, and at 15 he began playing Tier II hockey 1,200 miles from home. Big and rangy, smart with the puck, Greschner became a second-round draft pick of the Rangers in 1974, the 32nd overall.

He played only seven games in the minors before he moved up to the Blueshirts to stay, at 19. Says Dave Maloney, who turned pro with the Rangers at the same time Greschner did and is now a Wall Street stockbroker, "In all his years in New York, Ronnie has never really changed. Sometimes he's a little in awe of the whole thing, but he keeps his own personality. The amazing part to me is that Carol went up to Goodsoil early in their courtship and actually liked the place."

It's true. The big-bucks, high-fashion model from New York felt right at home among the mosquitoes and walleye and farmers. "I love Canadians," she says. "They are the *best. They're farm boys, most* of them. Very family-oriented. Ronnie's mother told me before we were married that you could tell the way a man would treat his wife by the way he treated his mother. Ronnie was always respectful and gentlemanly. And the entire time he was courting me he was hurting. He was virtually paralyzed the first two years, but he'd still hobble around to open the car door for me."

Greschner's back continued to keep him on the sidelines for all but 10 games in the '82–83 season. He tried traction, chiropractors, acupuncture, the Mayo Clinic, papaya enzyme injections—you name it—but nothing helped. He moved into Alt's apartment in July '82, and before going to work in the morning she would fix him a breakfast and lunch, pile a bunch of magazines beside his bed, hand him the remote control for the television and bid him good day. He was usually lying in the same spot when she got back from her modeling session.

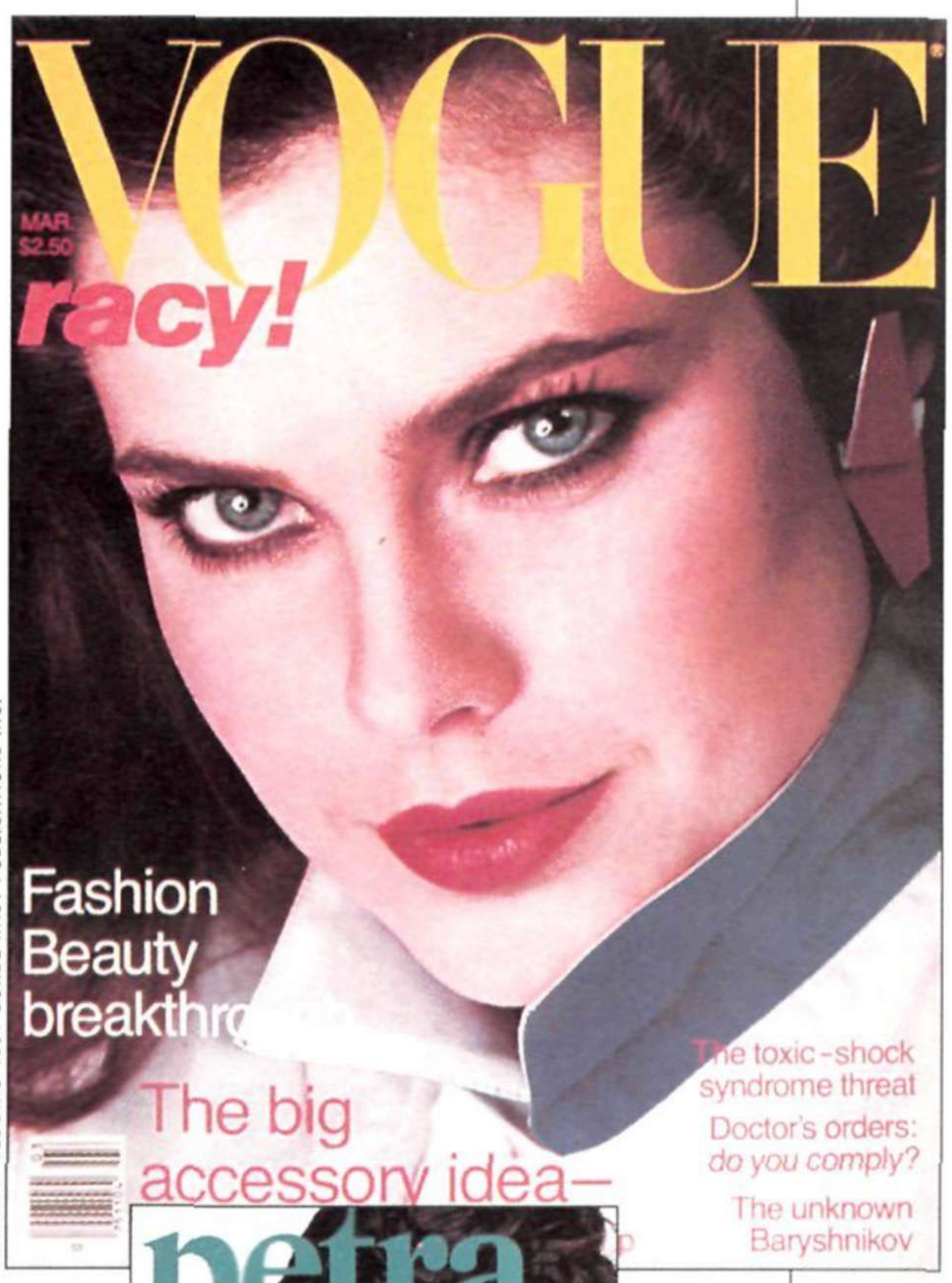
There were days when he couldn't lift his legs to get out of bed, and other days, when he felt really swell, that he could actually make the big trek to the elevator and maybe shuffle down to the corner and back. "It's a bad memory, and I've blocked a lot of stuff out. But Carol more or less talked me into believing I could still play."

Finally, on Alt's advice, Greschner tried a therapy called "reflexology," a sort of manual acupuncture primarily geared toward massaging the nerve endings in the feet and hands. "The first time I did it to him," she recalls, "I had him screaming, just by rubbing his feet. He almost fainted. And I wasn't strong enough to really do it right."

Greschner began seeing a reflexology therapist, and the back slowly mended. "I don't even know what happened medically," he says now. "I haven't had a back X-ray since 1983. All I know is that I've been hit hard, and I can lift rocks on our farm in upstate New York, and it doesn't bother me. Knock wood."

Greschner continues to wear a fiberglass corset support, but makes no other concessions to his back. In fact, in the season he returned to the lineup, 1983–84, he fought more than he had at any time in his career, chalking up 117 penalty minutes in 77 games.

"He fought just to prove he could still play," says Alt, whom Greschner married in November '83. "He becomes another person on the ice. At



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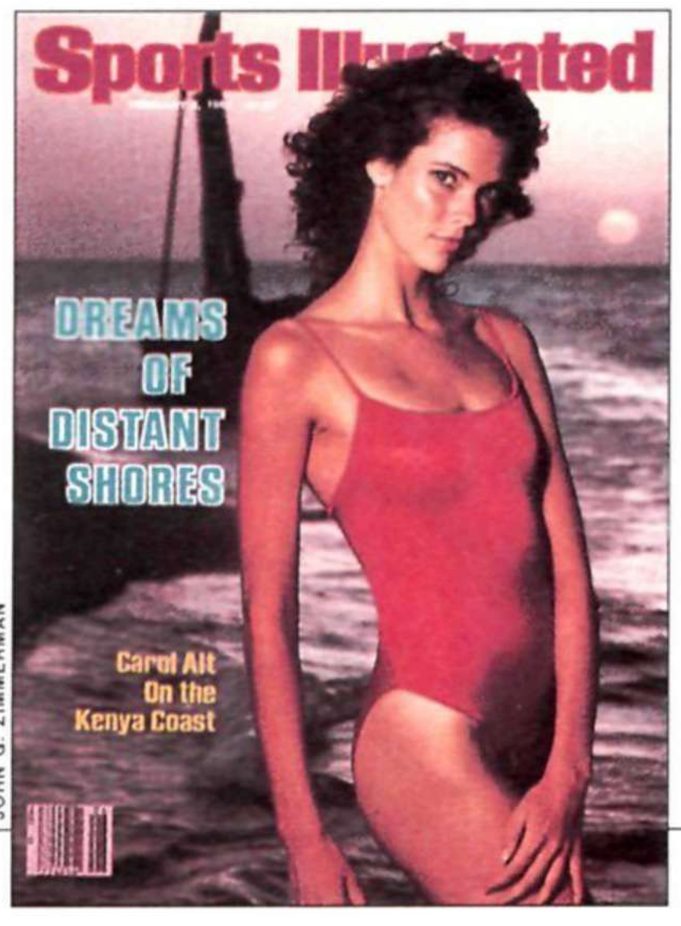

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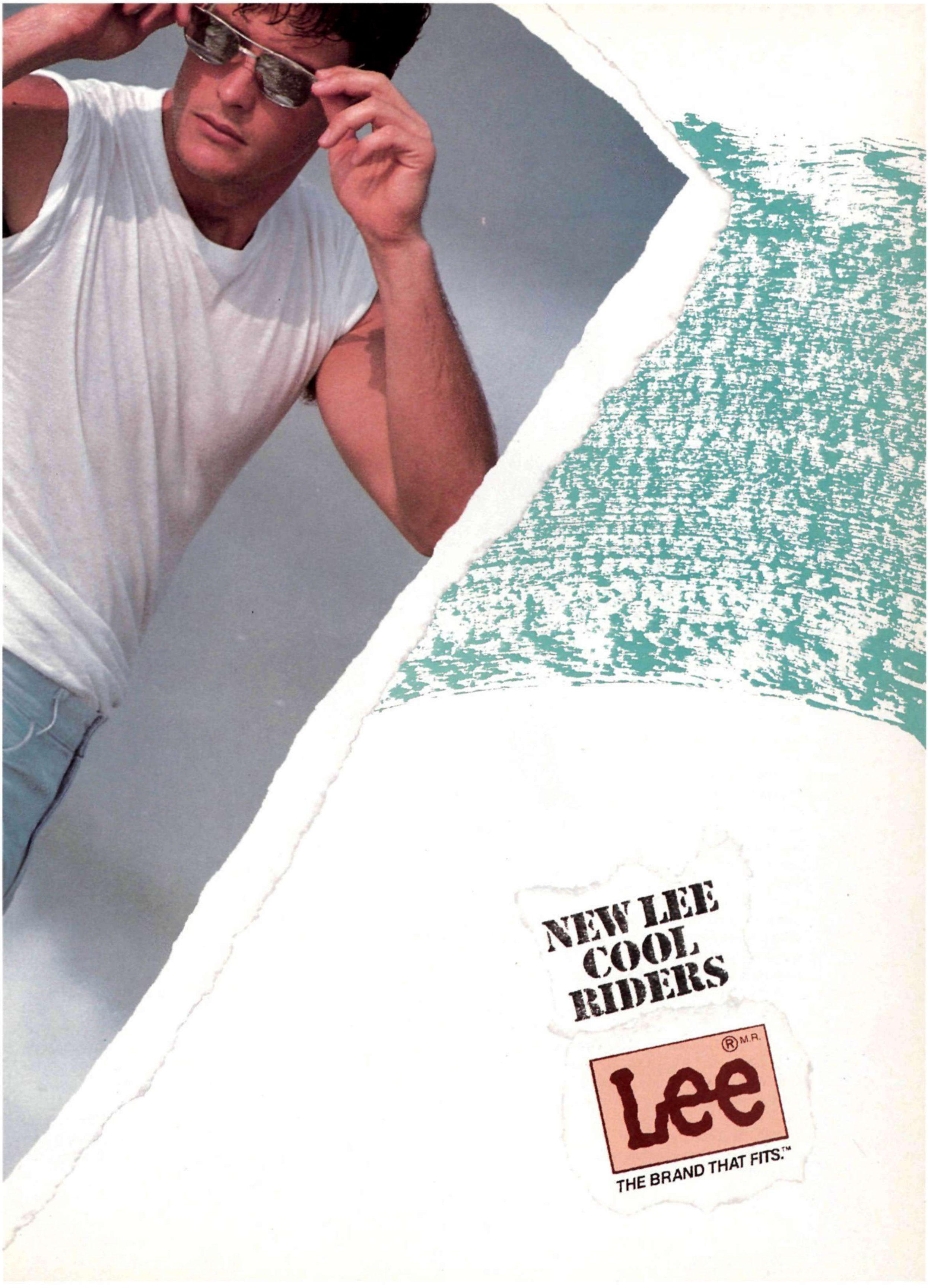

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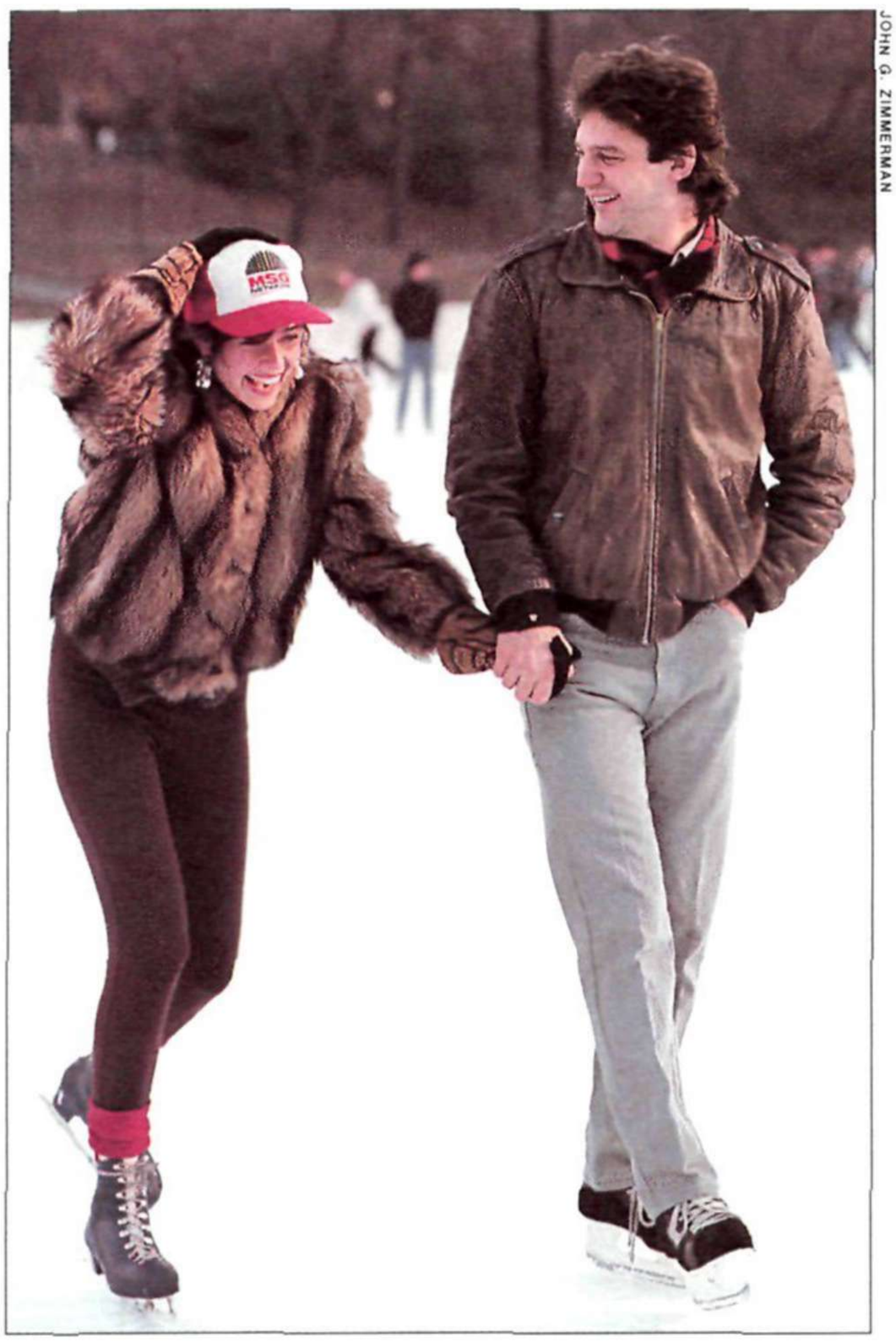
home, even when I provoke him he doesn't get mad. He really has a calming effect on me. I work at a job where you have to keep everything in, you're not allowed to get mad or upset, and he works at a job where he lets off steam all the time. At home we switch roles."

Home is a terrace apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, though during the hockey season they spend more time apart than together. "There are weeks at a time when all we do is pass each other in the air," says Alt, who estimates she spends eight months a year on the road. This fall she was in the Dominican Republic for 10 days to shoot the SI swimsuit issue, then flew directly to Italy for a month to film her first motion picture, *Via Montenapoleone,* which is to be released in Europe next month. Greschner, as he always does, called her daily. They chat about this and that. Occasionally they chat about Alt's wardrobe or lack of same.

Alt promised her father, Anthony, who passed away Christmas Day, 1983, that she would never model in the nude; so when Jule Campbell, SI's swimsuit feature editor, asked Alt to pose in a particularly skimpy outfit this year, Alt surreptitiously checked first with her husband. Greschner gave her the go-ahead. But Alt draws the line at swimsuits that turn peekaboo when wet. "She said she didn't want her picture in a see-through bathing suit hanging in some hockey locker room," recalls Campbell.

Alt also checked with Greschner before doing a love scene—clothed—in *Via Montenapoleone.* "I don't have to ask him, but I want to," she says. "He does care. He just likes to be warned ahead of time so he's prepared for it."

Alt's best-selling poster in 1985, which showed her sweating sexily in a disheveled cotton teddy, was from a slide Greschner had picked. "I chose the one that I would have bought," he says. "A poster has to be sexy, but it doesn't have to be filthy. She doesn't have to take off her clothes to be successful. Players joke around about how I sit around and count her money, but the truth is her work makes me feel good. The Rangers had a swimsuit calender hanging in our locker room last year. Guys come in and ask her to sign her poster. I suppose if I really thought about her doing a love scene in a movie it might bother me, but it's work. You have to trust somebody, and you might as well trust your wife. I plan on being married to her for a long time, and 10 years down the road I don't want her to tell me, 'You didn't let me act.' She's only 26. We'll give her four years to work on her acting, and when she's 30 maybe we'll start working on a family."



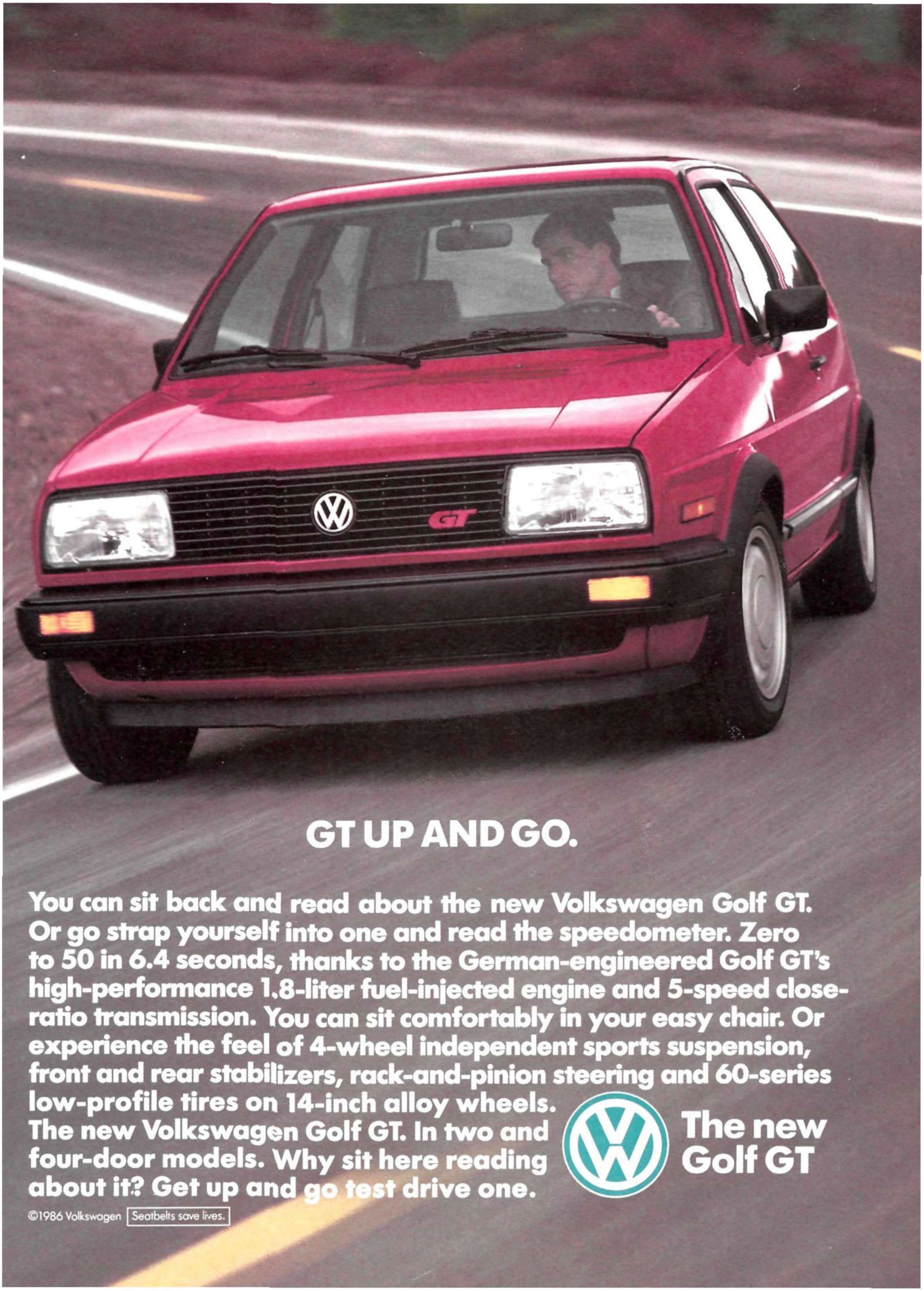
JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Busman's holiday: Ron takes a turn on the Central Park ice with Carol.

"The greatest gift you can give your partner is to show you're interested in what he or she is doing," says Alt, who kept up her end of the bargain at the beginning of last season when she helped talk Greschner out of retiring. The rookie coach, Ted Sator—one of 10 Ranger coaches Greschner has played for—told Ron that he didn't fit into the Rangers' plans, and that, at best, he would be a part-time player. "I thought about quitting," says Greschner, who is part owner of a water-softening business based in Regina, Saskatchewan, and is financially secure. "But I talked it over with Carol and she convinced me to stick it out another month. She told me, 'You can't let a coach beat you.' " Sator is now gone, coaching the Buffalo Sabres, and Greschner is back anchoring the Rangers' defense after spending most of last year at center.

"He might play five more years for us," says Esposito, "because he still wants to. The guys that have brains last longer than the guys that have legs. Ronnie was never a great skater, but he can move with the puck. I just wish he carried it more."

As for Greschner, he has just one wish: to still be playing when the Rangers get around to winning their first Stanley Cup since 1940. "There's nothing else I really want," he says. Somehow that's easy to believe. He has come a long way from Goodsoil. Alt, however, is another matter. Her goals are less lofty than a Stanley Cup. What she wants is a couple of seats, red section, above the glass if they are between the blue lines, or below the glass if they are behind the nets. You can see the headline now: COVER GIRL'S CAREER SHATTERED BY PUCK IN TEETH! If you know where she can find them, go to the Garden some time and keep your eyes open after the face-off. She's pretty easy to spot. ■



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The new Golf GT

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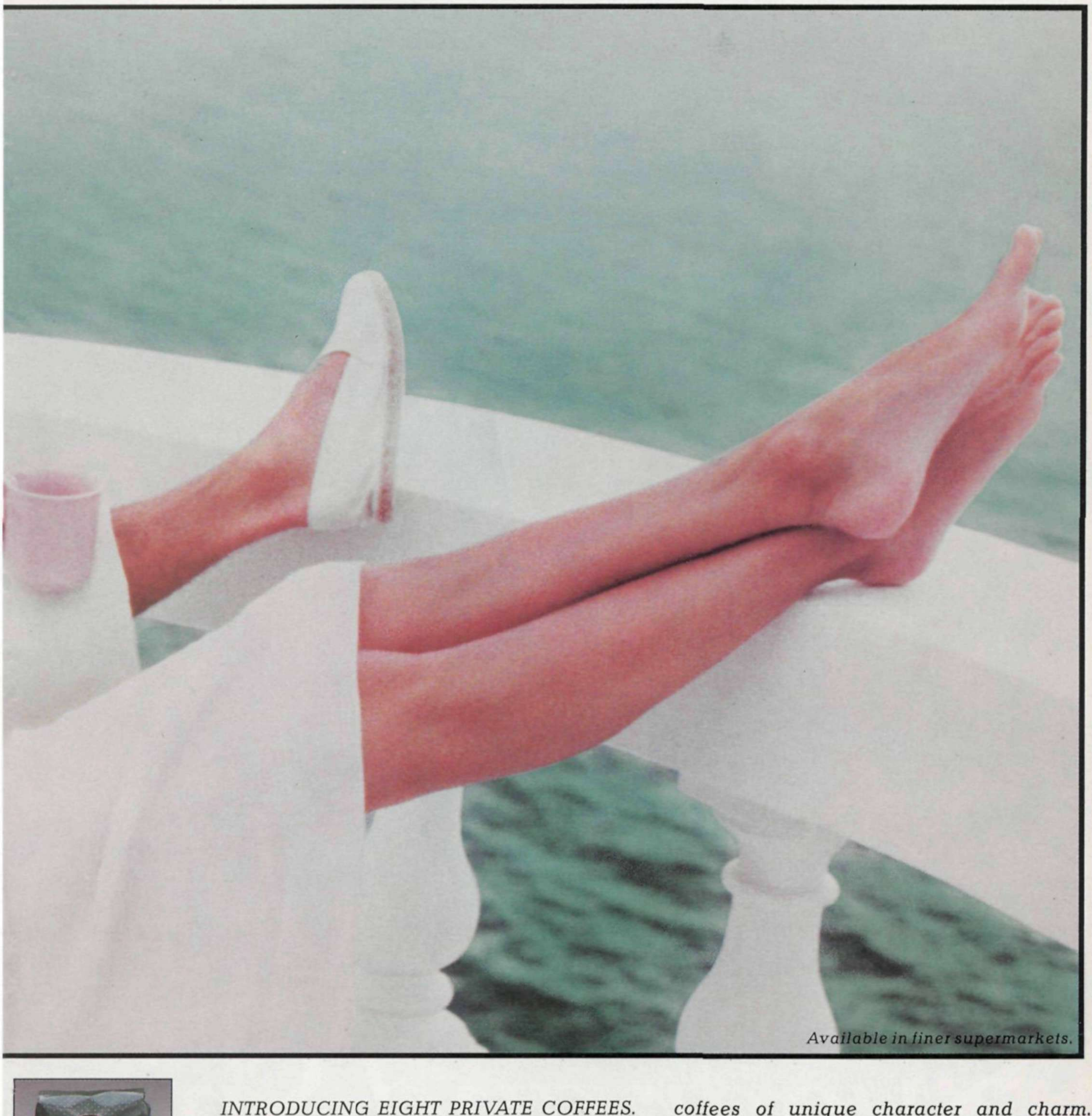

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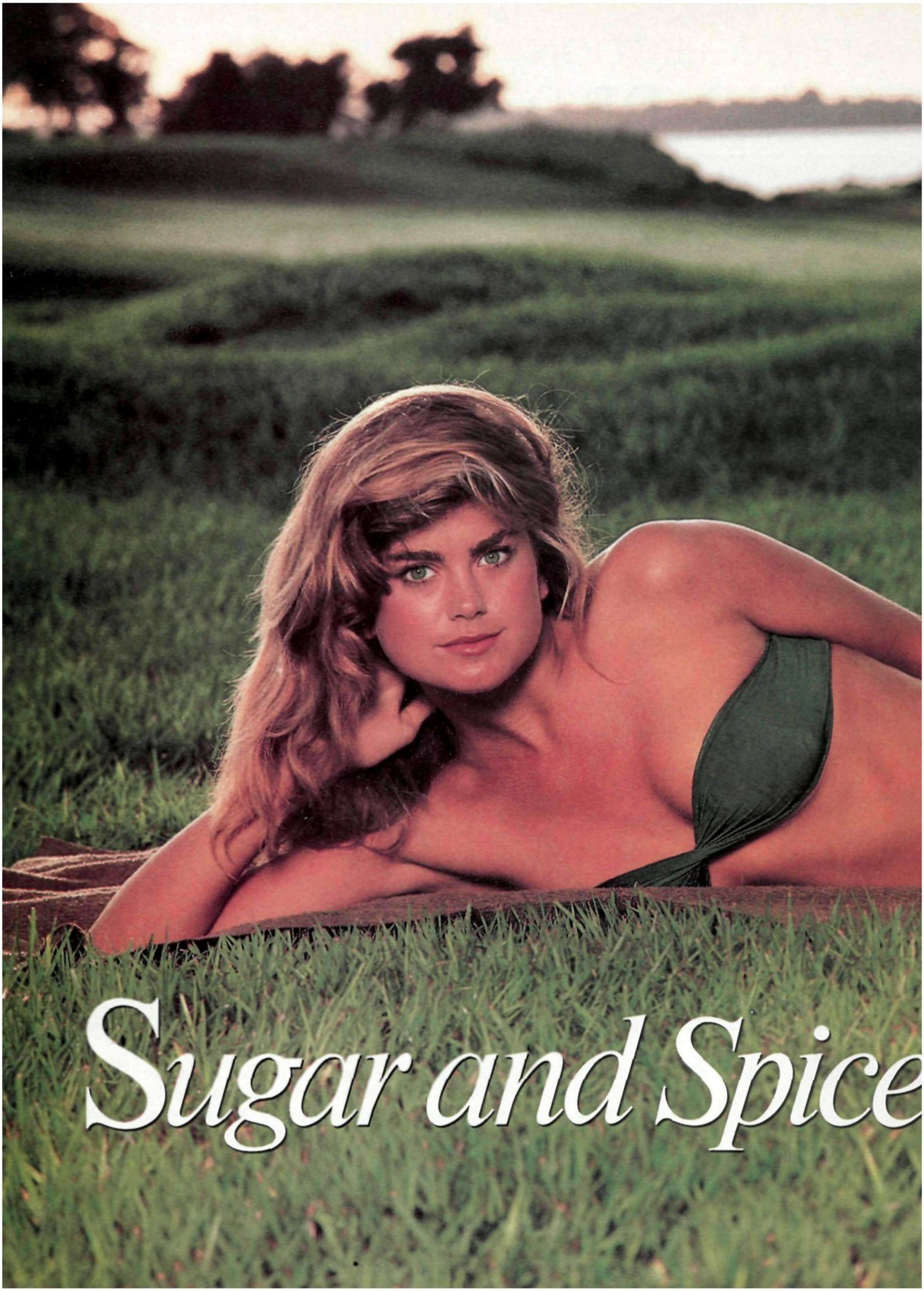

Sugar and Spice

The Dominican Republic produces sugar, baseball players and 300 varieties of orchids. It also provides a lush setting for our 1987 swimsuit spectacular. Kathy Ireland, in a Giorgio di Sant'Angelo bikini ($75), makes the rough on the Teeth of the Dog course at Casa de Campo, a 7,000-acre resort, look very inviting.

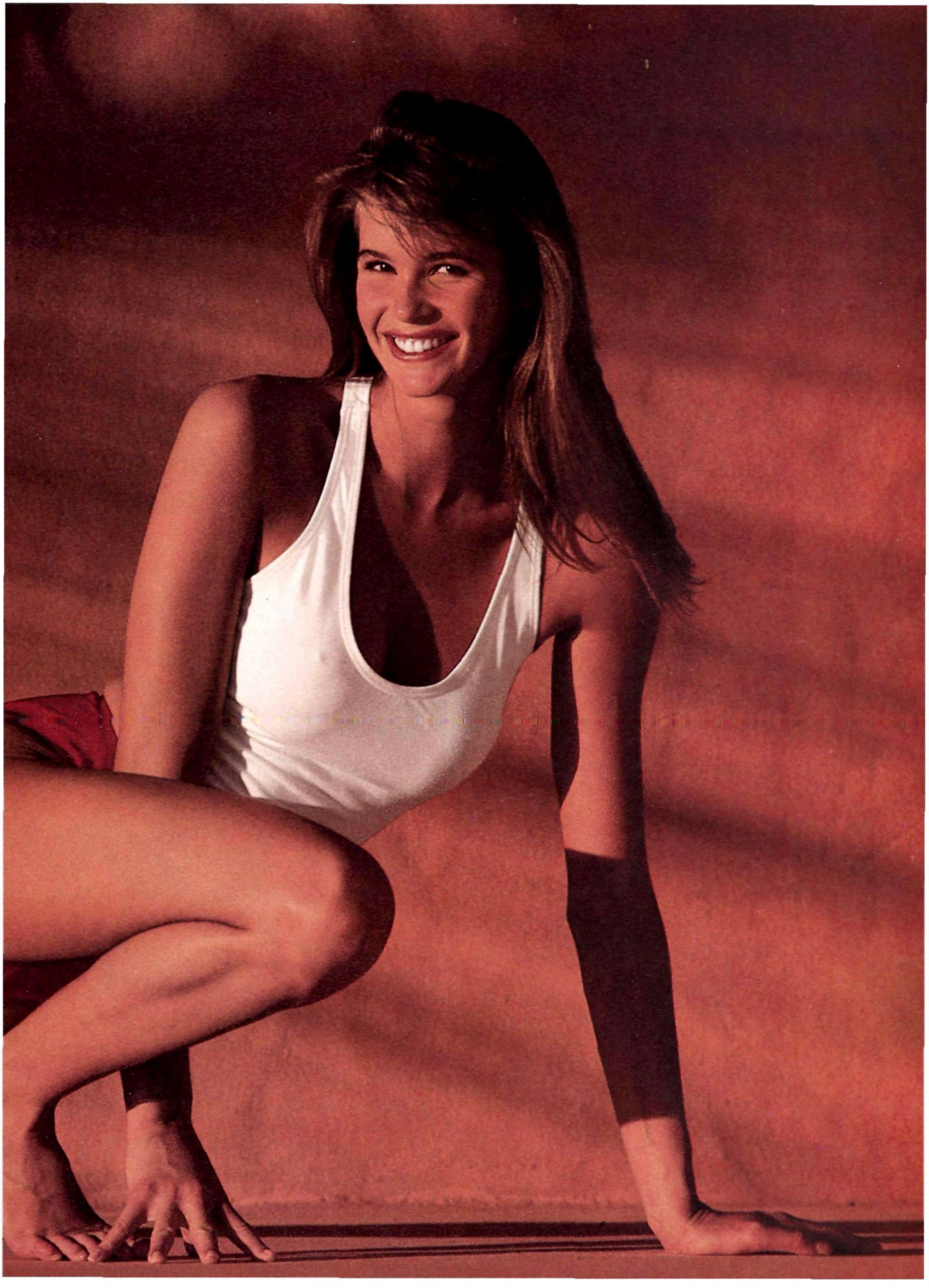
BY JULE CAMPBELL

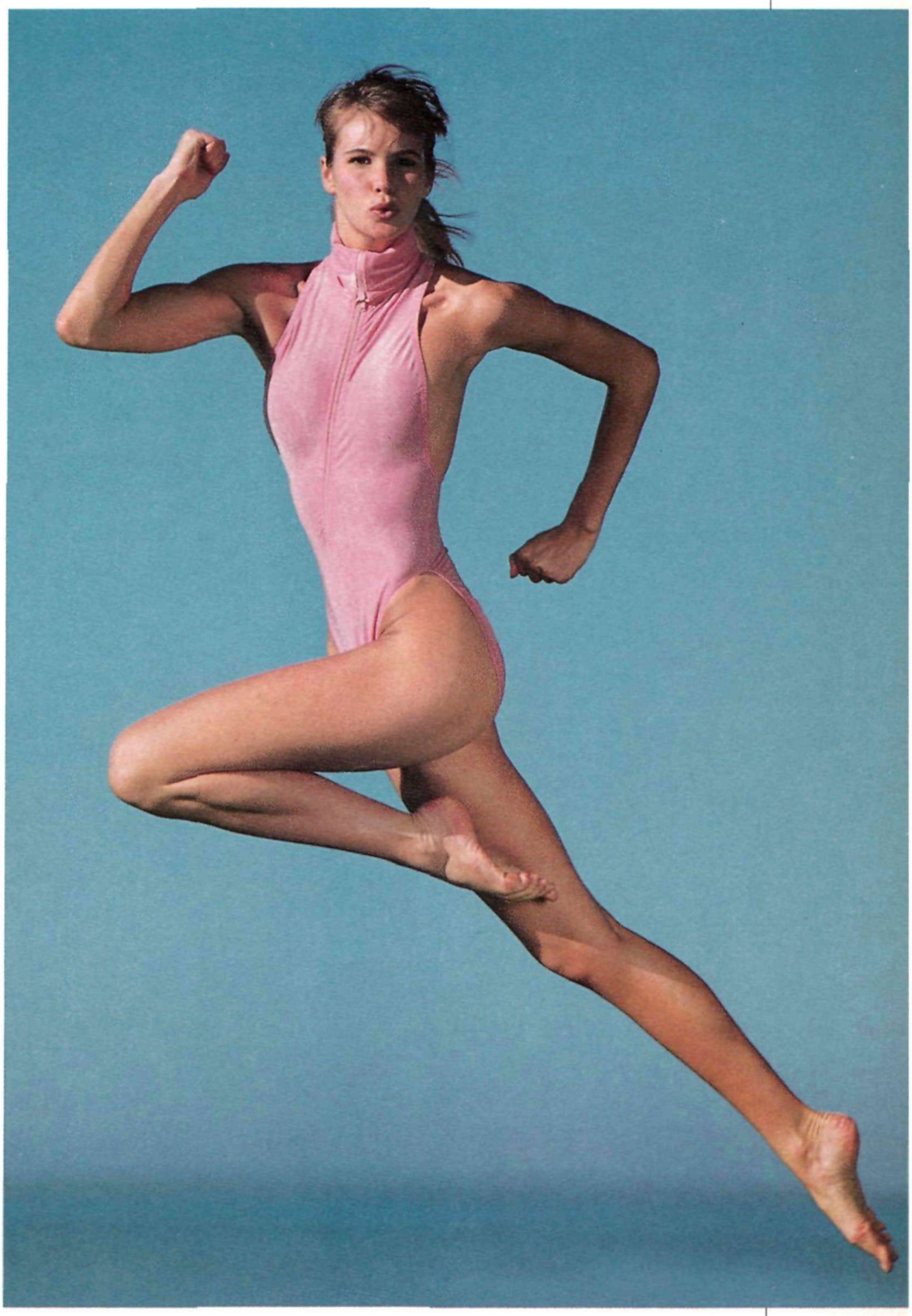
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

and, Oh, So Nice

Sun, sand and surf: The southeastern tip of the Dominican Republic has them all for the winter-weary vacationer. As befits an area that once was home to Juan Ponce de León, the fellow who went searching for the Fountain of Youth, it also boasts a couple of resorts offering an impressive array of sports for those who seek rejuvenation from the cold-weather blahs. At Casa de Campo, guests can golf on two Pete Dye–designed courses; ride along the banks of the Chavón River on any of 1,600 quarter horses; take up windsurfing, tennis, skeet shooting, scuba diving and deep-sea fishing; and even learn to play polo. (The less active can just stroll among the royal palms, hibiscus and bougainvillea or take a trip to beautiful Altos de Chavón, an artists' community built in the style of a 16th-century village.) At the 300-room Club Med, where life is a little simpler, visitors can swim and play tennis and watch the day break on a mile-long stretch of white sand that many consider to be the finest beach in the country. While the Dominican Republic may not boast the Fountain of Youth, its alluring blue waters and warm sea breezes can put a crimp in Old Man Winter.

Ready, set ... Elle Macpherson, a girl on the go, does early-morning warmups in a T-back top and bikini from Speedo America ($37).





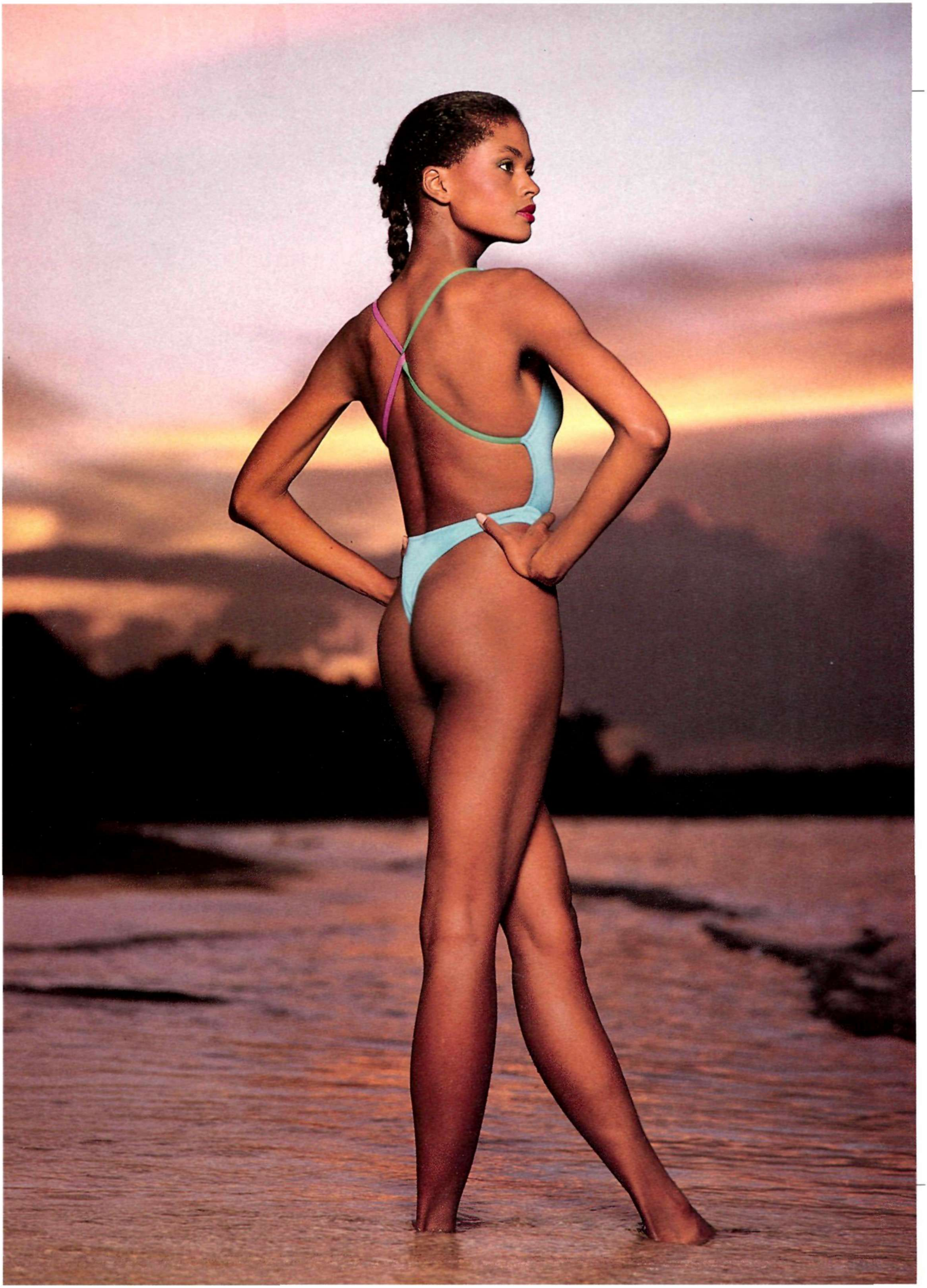
Snakes alive! Kim Alexis, in a slithery python print from Gottex ($60), splashes while she dashes through the water at Club Med.

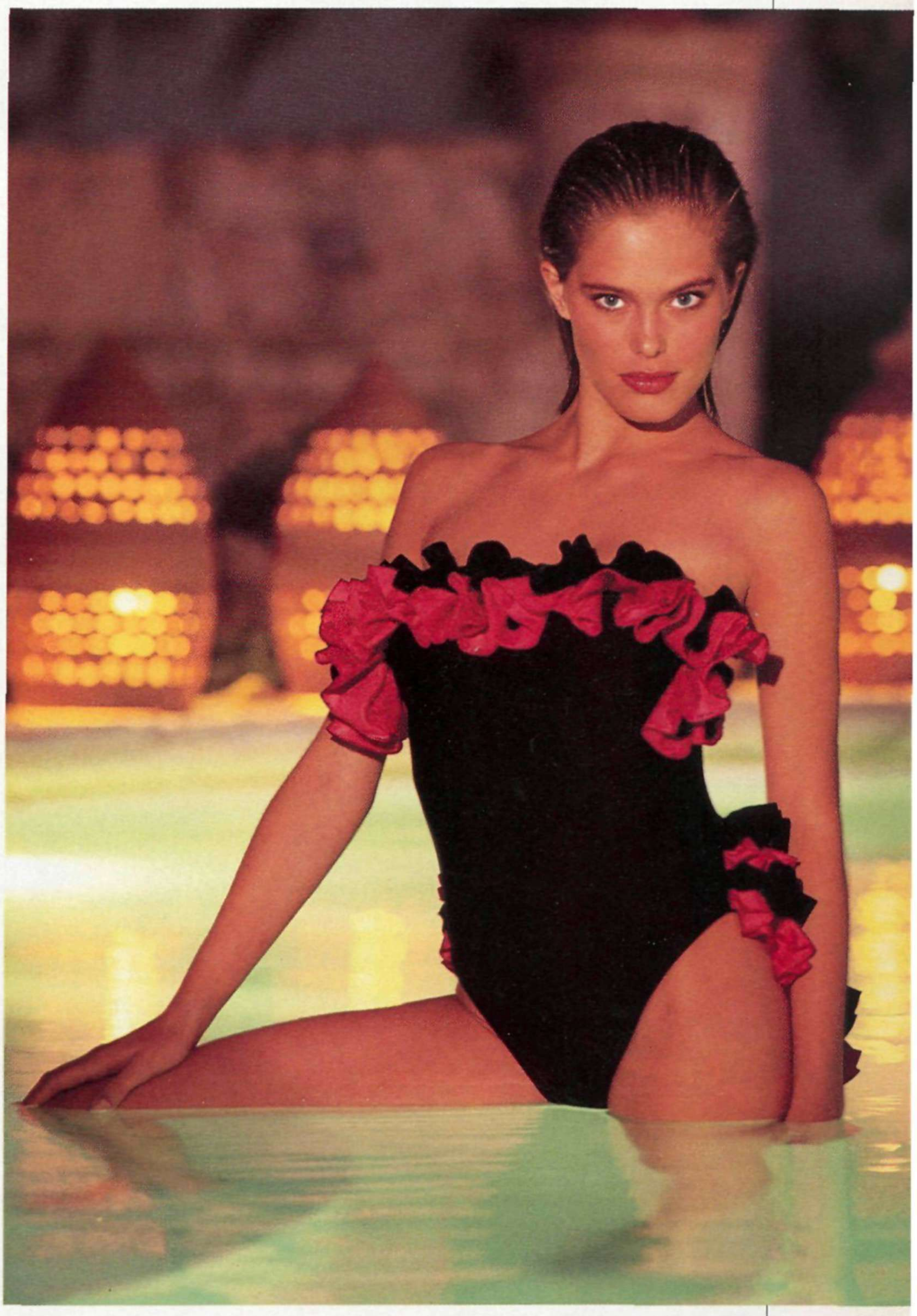
Sprinting along the crest of a cliff at Casa de Campo in her stretch suit from Speedo America ($45), an airborne Elle shows fine form.

early backless lace-up suit
ko ($60) keeps Kathy cool
l at the Casa de Campo.

Kim, a veteran scuba diver, checks out her gear before exploring the depths off Catalina Island in a latex suit by Liza Bruce ($120).

At Altos de Chavón, a replica of a 16th-century town, Carol Alt takes a breather in a suit with advanced engineering by Darling Rio ($45).



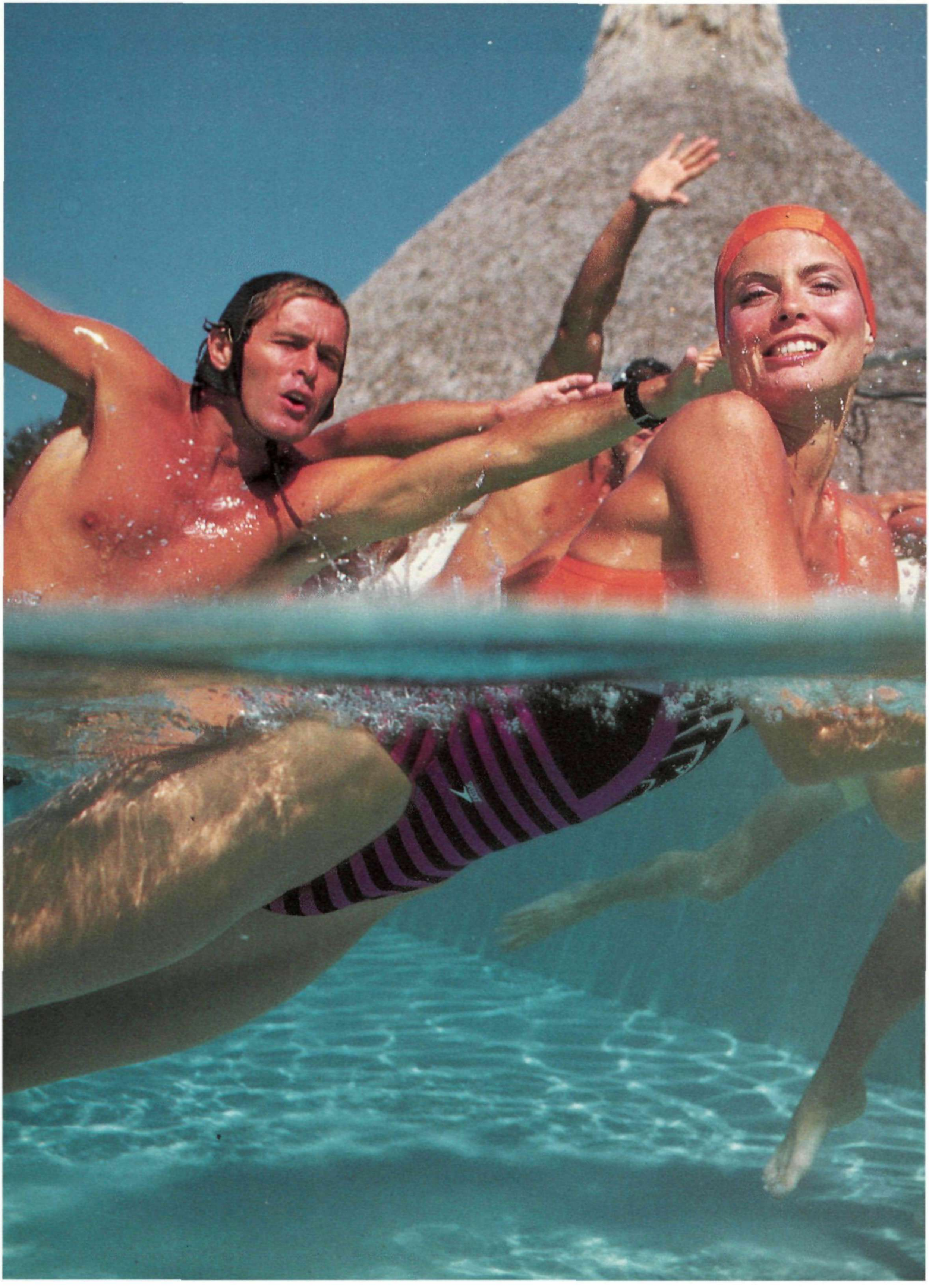


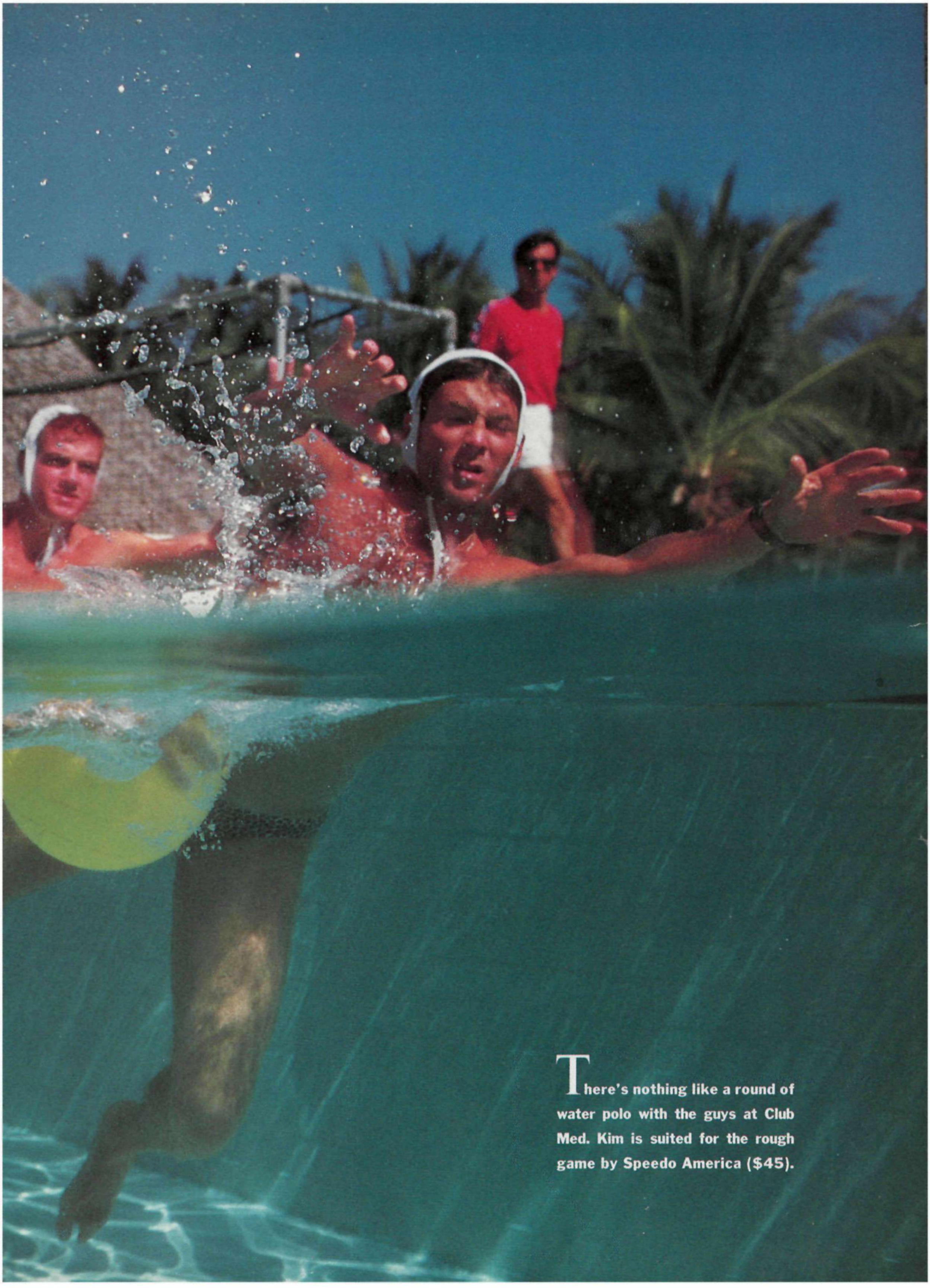
It's not quite time for the stars to come out, but Karen Alexander makes an early beach appearance. Her evening wear is by Keiko ($54).

Oscar de la Renta, a Dominican native, calls this his cha-cha-cha suit ($100), and Renée Simonsen certainly looks set to shake a ruffle.

The tide tiptoed in on Kim as she was sundreaming at Club Med. Her tank suit with racing-car emblems is from Adrienne Vittadini ($56).

GRAND PRIX
87
123
RACING TEAM



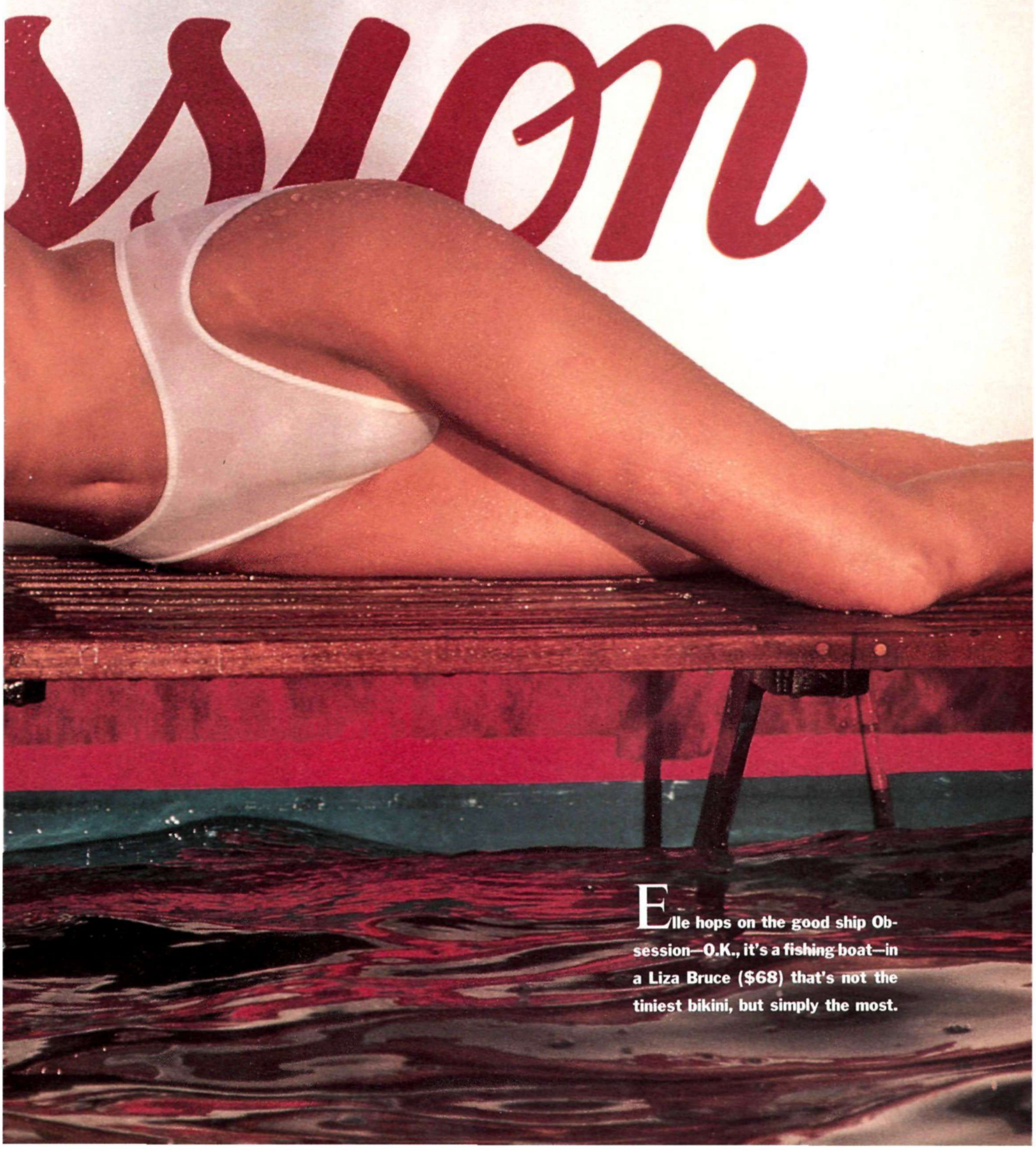


There's nothing like a round of water polo with the guys at Club Med. Kim is suited for the rough game by Speedo America ($45).

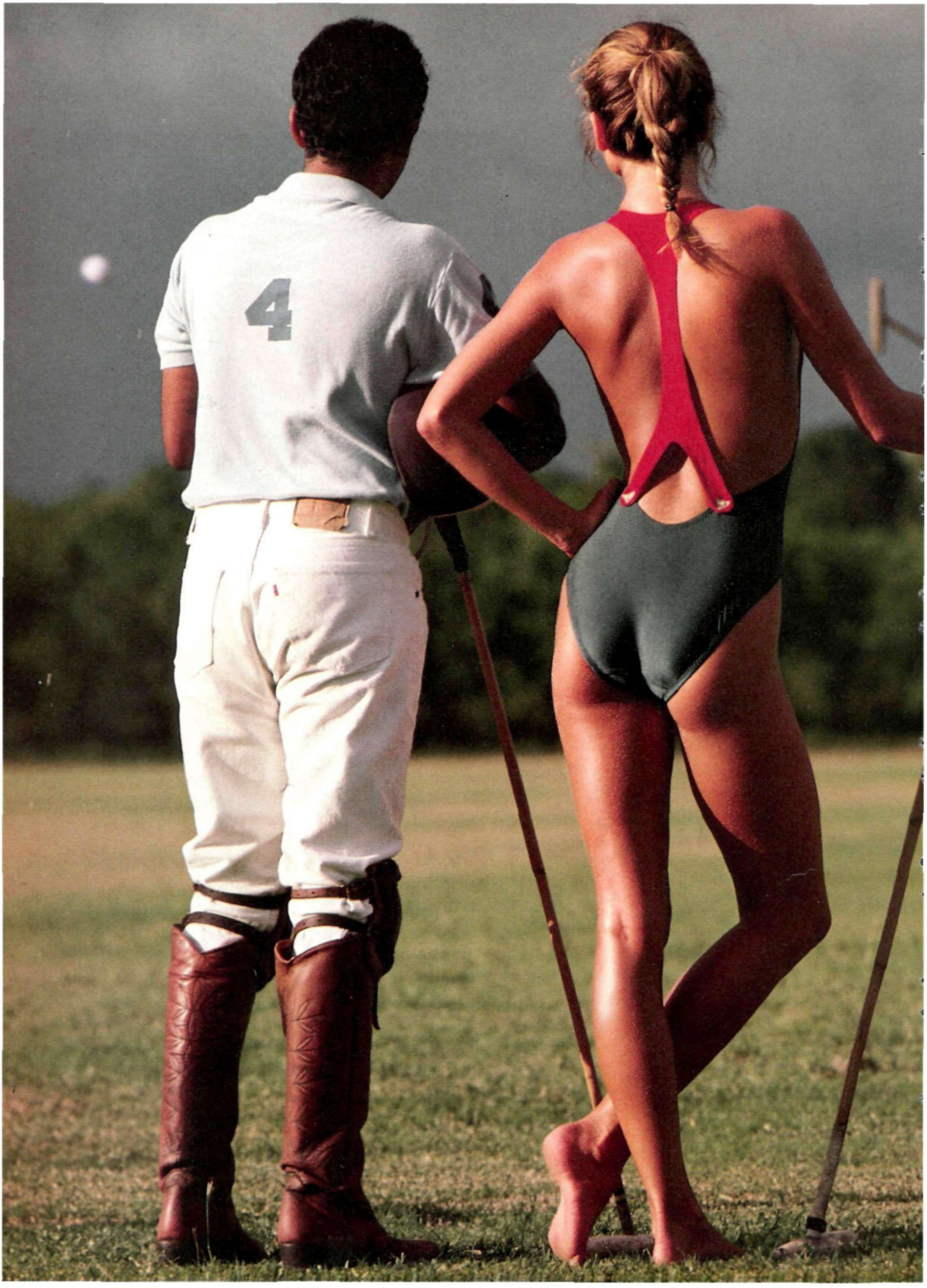
Could Monika Schnarre be hiding in the pampas grass from her many admirers? Monika's camouflage is by Little K of Spain ($70).

Carol, in a crewneck tank suit by Monika Tilley for Elon ($36), takes to the trees in a cove at Oscar's Beach to escape the searing rays.

Vim



Elle hops on the good ship Obsession—O.K., it's a fishing boat—in a Liza Bruce ($68) that's not the tiniest bikini, but simply the most.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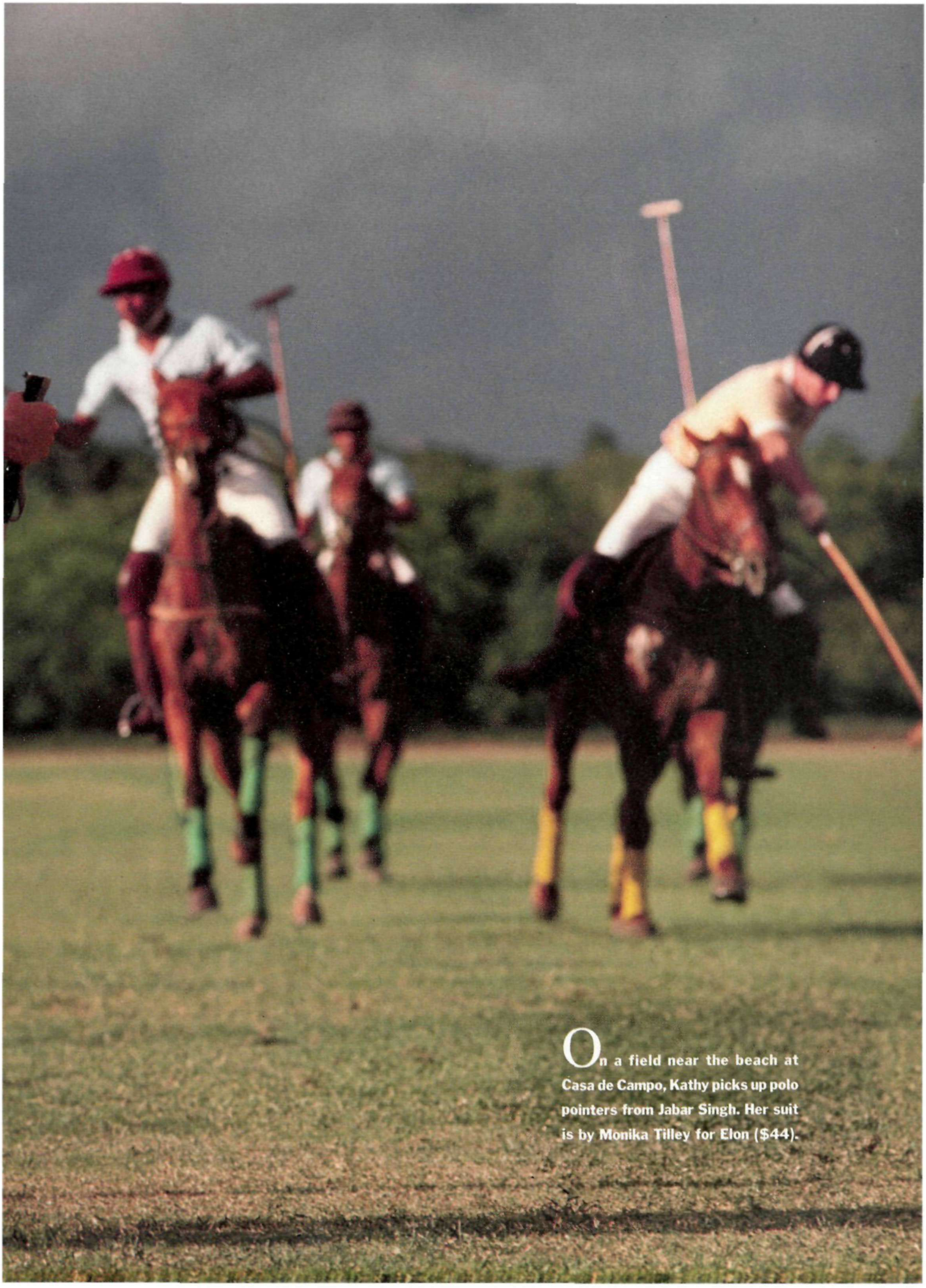
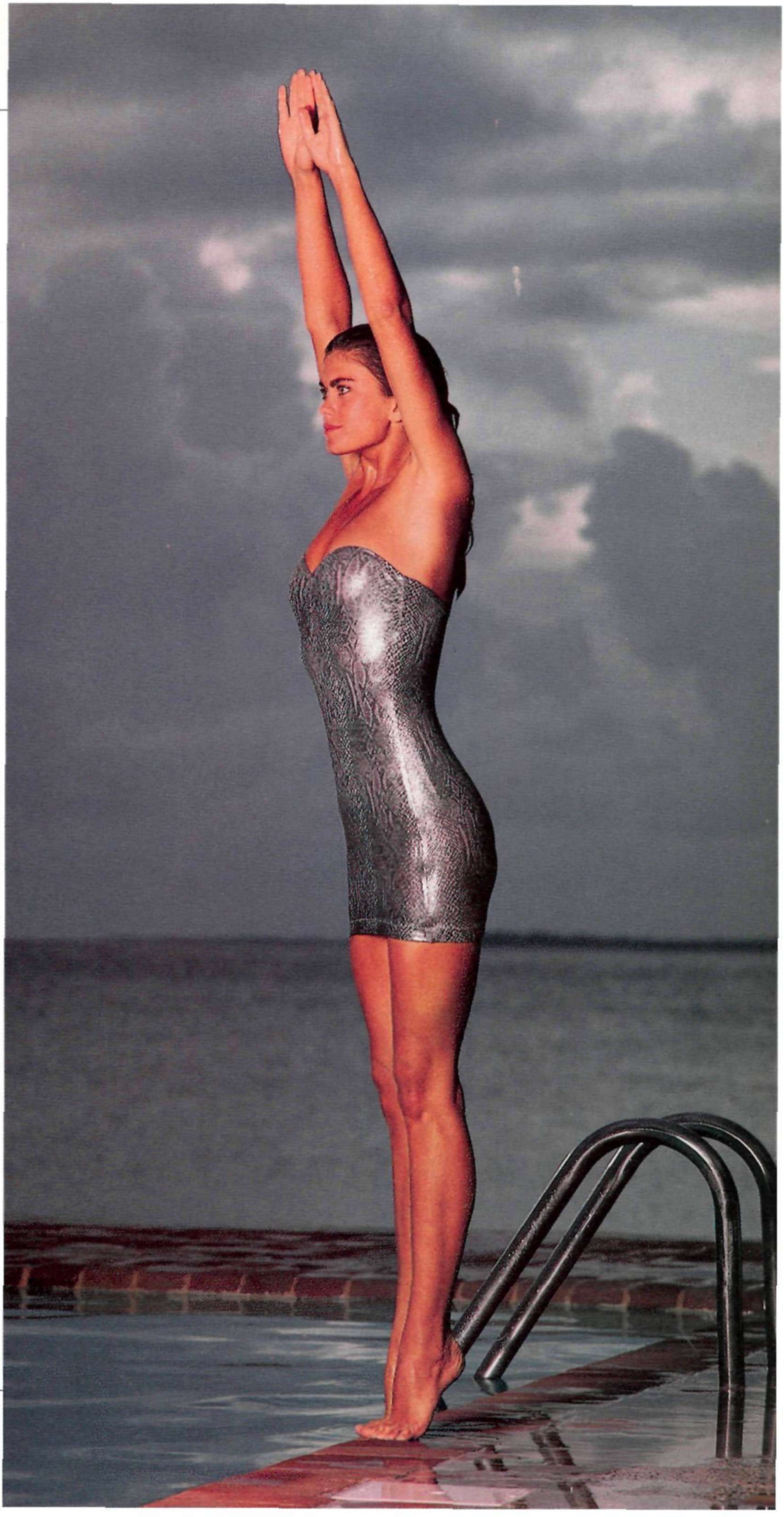


On a field near the beach at Casa de Campo, Kathy picks up polo pointers from Jabar Singh. Her suit is by Monika Tilley for Elon ($44).



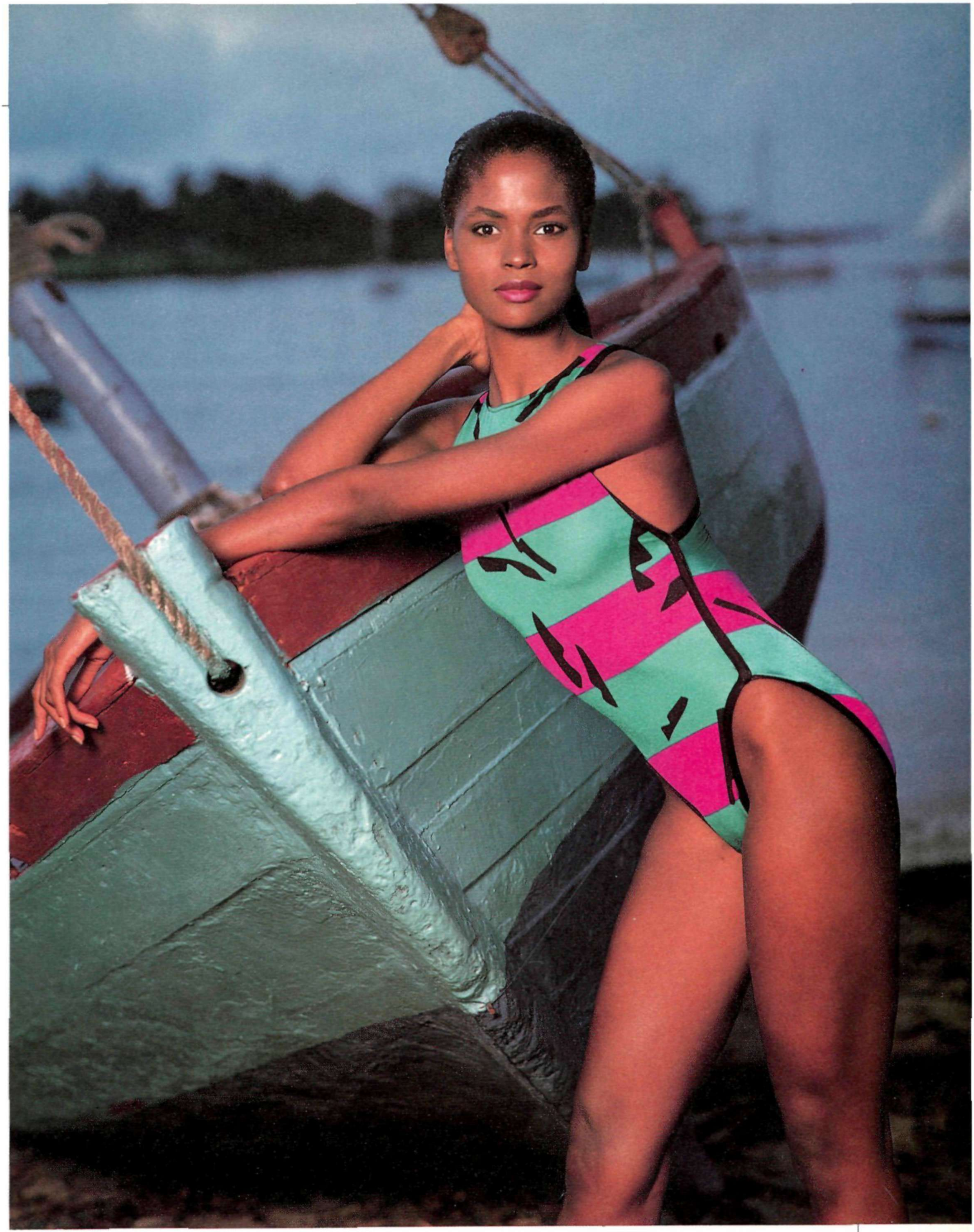
Kathy gets a grip on "Thunbergia grandiflora," otherwise known as trumpet vine, in an open-midriff suit by **OMO Norma Kamali ($66).**

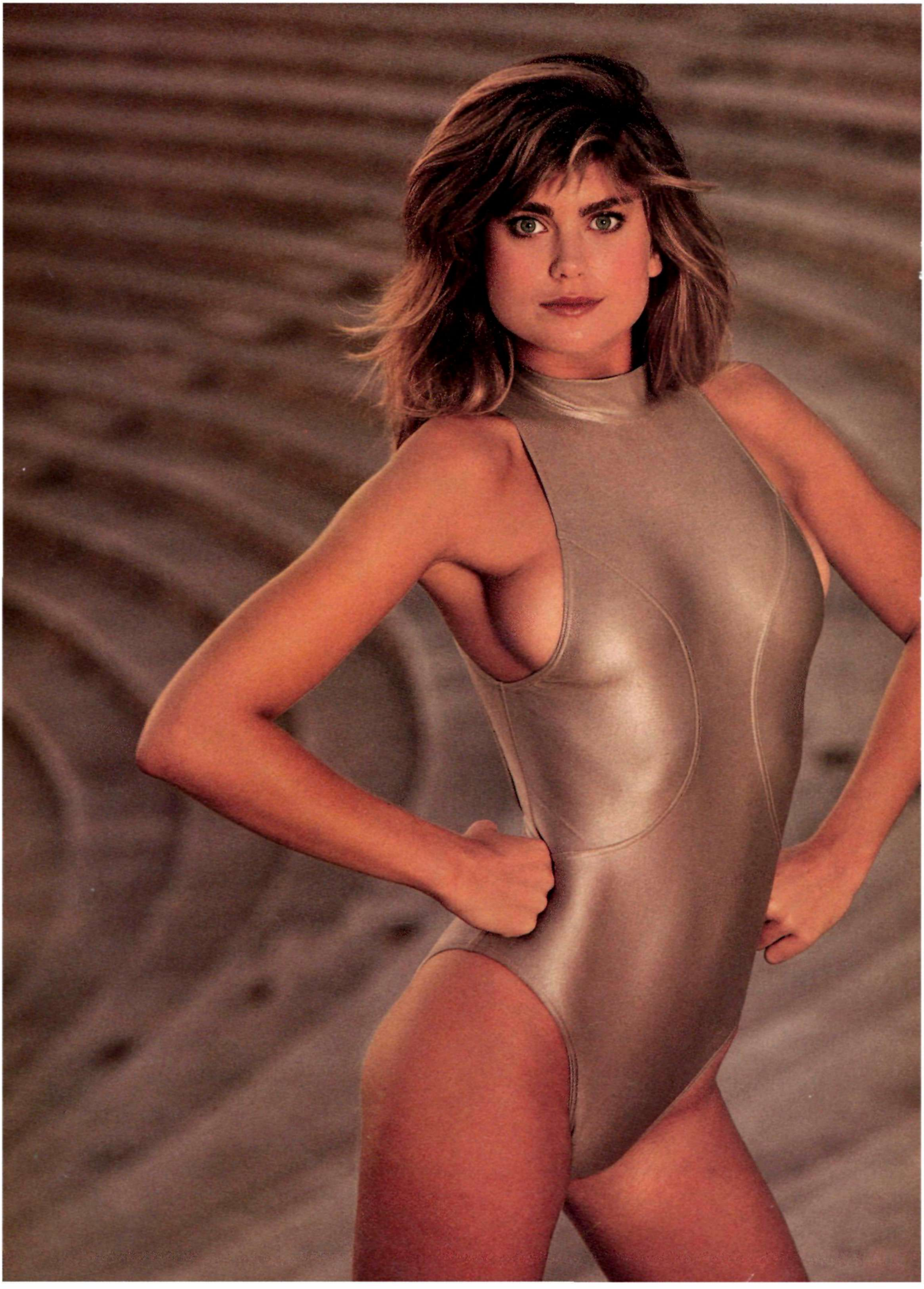
Could anyone brighten a dark day faster than our Kathy? She's poised to take the plunge in a sleek and silvery maillot from Gottex ($78).

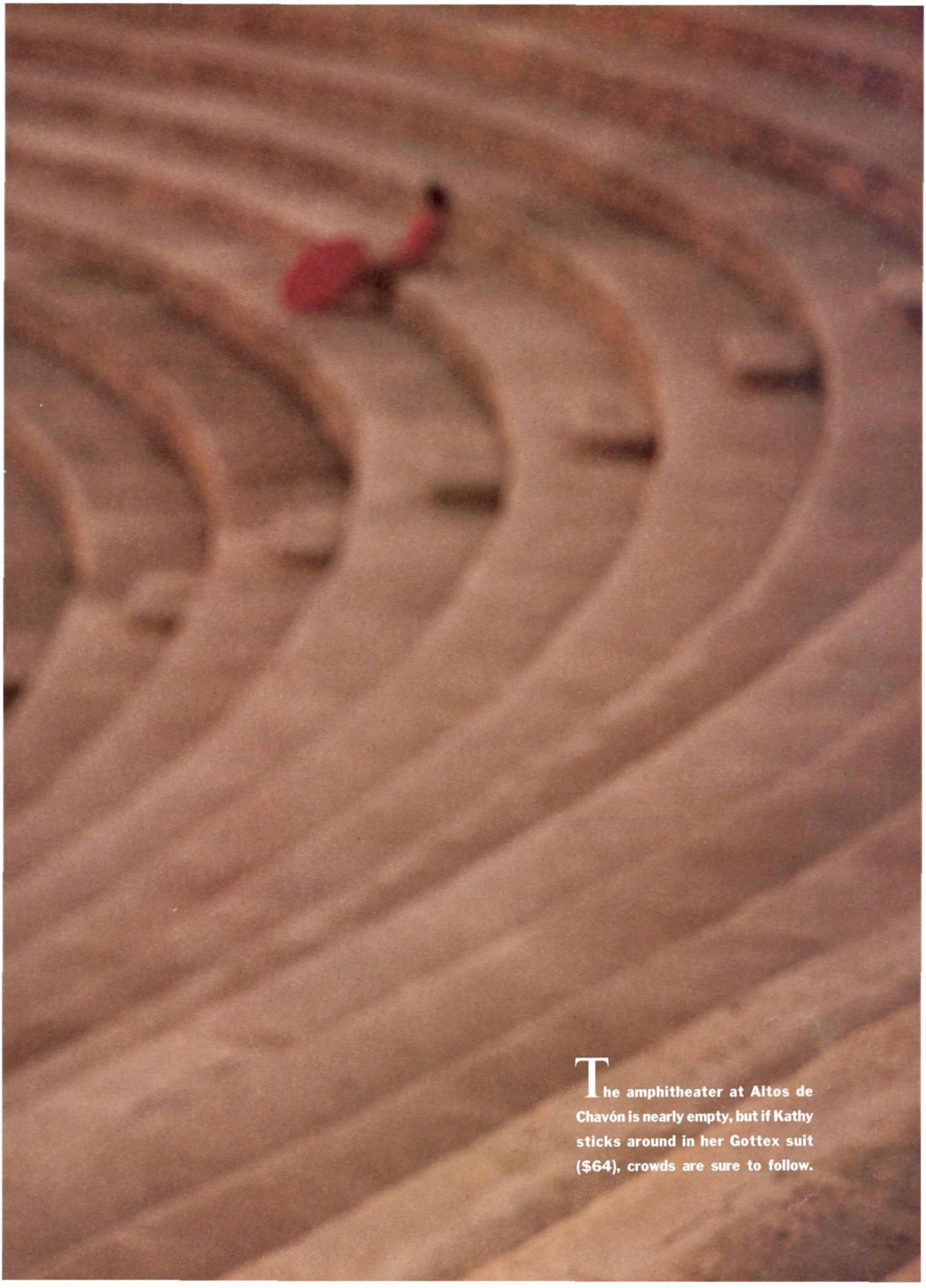
A stiff easterly may rattle the sails of the Hobies on the Club Med beach, but Kim keeps on an even keel in a Speedo America ($45).

The well-balanced Kathy follows an expert along Minitas Beach, in a one-size-fits-all—er, some—suit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo ($150).

It's daybreak in Bayahibe, a fishing village, and Karen waits patiently for the boats to cast off. She's set to sail in a Petticord print ($44).



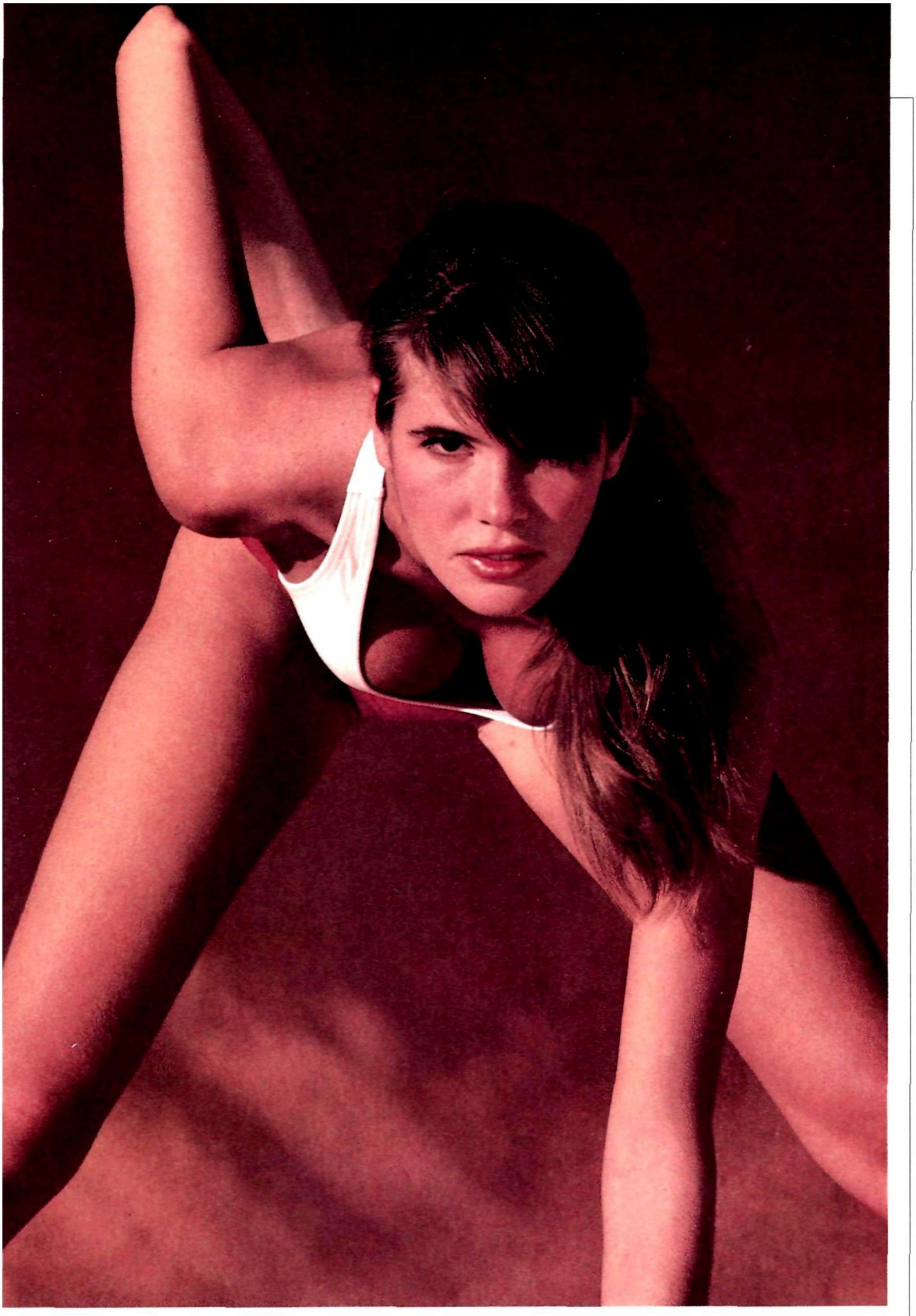




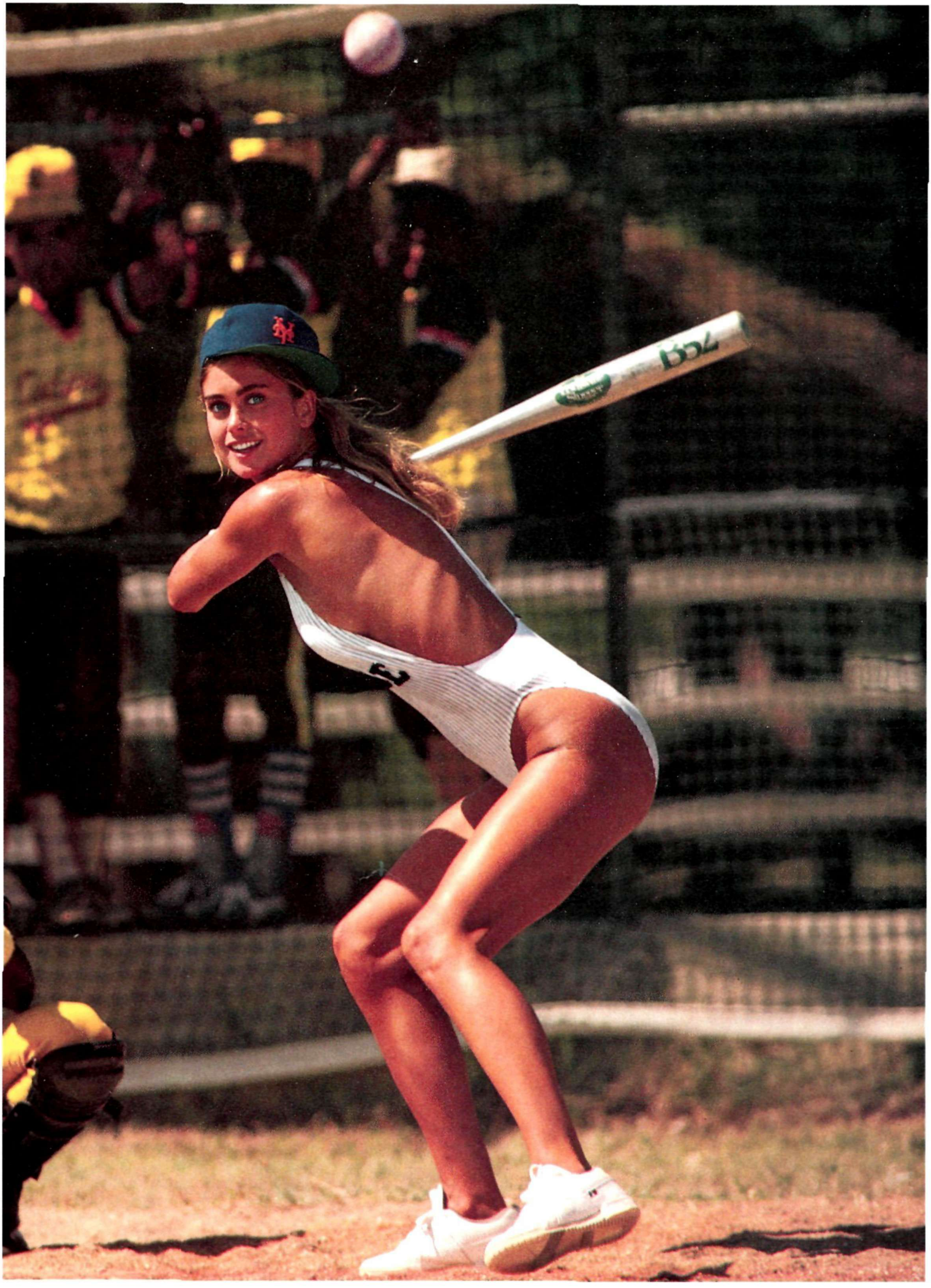
The amphitheater at Altos de Chavón is nearly empty, but if Kathy sticks around in her Gottex suit ($64), crowds are sure to follow.

In a private villa at Casa de Campo, Elle is belle in a tanga ($75) and two net coverups—well, sort of—by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo ($500).

But Elle isn't just another pretty face. She's an athlete who likes to run every day—and stands six feet tall in her Speedo America ($37).



Kathy and Monika, who waits to bat, are a hit with the Cedeño team, in uniforms by H_2O ($72). Turn the page for more on the Dominican Republic's favorite sport.



Standing Tall at Short

With more than 70 shortstops in organized baseball, the tiny, impoverished Dominican Republic has emerged as the world's leading exporter of mediocampistas

BY STEVE WULF

The smells from the sugarcane factory and the garbage dump are playing one another in the Barrio Blanco of San Pedro de Macoris, and for now, at least, the sugar is winning. So is the pickup team that has Carlos Ramirez at shortstop. Kids, both children and goats, look on as Carlos takes his position to start the fourth inning. He carries himself like the great Cabeza—the way he stands, daring the batter to hit the ball to him, the way he wears his hat, tilted down over his head. The batter sends a grounder deep into the hole between short and third, and Carlos ranges far to his right to get his glove on it. His throw to first arrives on a bounce, too late to get the runner, and he kicks the dirt in frustration. But there is plenty of time for him to get other runners, for he is only 12 years old.

On farmland north of Santo Domingo, Epy Guerrero, the scout who signed Cabeza and so many others, runs a baseball farm, Complejo Deportivo Epy, for the Toronto Blue Jays. On this winter day, Guerrero is hitting grounders to infielders he will soon be sending to Toronto's minor league teams. Each ball stretches them to the limits of their range. "*Tu eres el hombre de La Mancha,*" Guerrero shouts as he hits one just past the glove of a shortstop named Batista del Rosario, "*¡Cazaro el sueño!*" You are Don Quixote, chasing the dream.

It's the next-to-last Saturday of the '86 regular season, and the Blue Jays are playing the Red Sox in Fenway Park.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Toronto pitcher Jim Clancy is working on a perfect game in the fifth inning, when, with one out, Don Baylor hits a sharp ground ball between short and third, an almost certain single. But gliding improbably far to his right is shortstop Tony Fernandez. He plucks the ball off the grass and, falling away, releases a perfect rainbow that gets Baylor by a step. Had Clancy kept his no-hitter, Fernandez's play might have left a more permanent imprint on baseball. Unfortunately, Clancy lost the game, and the moment was lost with it. Still, the 24-year-old Fernandez has made similar plays before and will make them for years to come. Nobody except Cabeza, not even Ozzie Smith, can go that deep into the hole and come out again.

The nickname Cabeza, which means "Head", had a cruel connotation when it was first given to Fernandez as a child. The size of his head is now in much better proportion to the rest of his body, but when he was one of the youngsters hanging around Estadio Tetelo Vargas in San Pedro de Macoris, his head was so big it appeared that he might topple over. Cabeza stuck, though today it has developed an entirely different meaning.

Fernandez is the head of an extraordinary class of shortstops from the Dominican Republic. April 27, 1986, wasn't a particularly notable date in major league history, except that nine Dominicanos played shortstop that day: Fernandez for the Jays, Rafael Santana for the Mets, Alfredo Griffin for the A's, Julio Franco for the Indians, Mariano Duncan for the Dodgers, Rafael Belliard for the Pirates, Jose Uribe for the Giants and Rafael Ramirez and Andres Thomas for the Braves. All of them appeared in at least 86 games at shortstop last year. Three others, Manny Lee of Toronto, Juan Castillo of Milwaukee and Domingo Ramos of Seattle, started games at shortstop during the year.

Exact figures aren't available, but at least 71 shortstops from the Dominican Republic were under contract to major league teams last season. Every team had at least one in its system; the Blue Jays had no fewer than eight, including Santiago Garcia, from the Barrio Blanco. And even as you read these words, more shortstops are being signed. "*Nosotros somos la Tierra de Mediocampistas*," says Felix Acosta Nuñez, the sports editor of Santo Domingo's *Listin Diario*. "We are the Land of Shortstops."

The Land of Shorlys might be a more appropriate motto; the word shortstop comes out "shorly" when Dominican children gather for a pick-up game. "Shorly! Shorly!" they'll shout to claim the position. Hundreds of games are under way at any one time in San Pedro de Macoris, the heart of Dominican baseball. San Pedro is a port city of 78,562 people, but it is also a region encompassing 150,000, with several small sugarcane communities. Thirteen Macoristas played in the majors last year, seven of them shortstops.

The players who have made it in the big leagues generously buy gear for the kids, but there is never enough to go around. Too often the youngsters must make do with a glove fashioned from a milk carton, a ball that is a sewed-up sock and a bat made from a guava tree limb. (Ironically, a baseball made in Haiti, the western tenant of the island of Hispaniola, costs $7 in the Dominican Republic and $5 in New York City.)

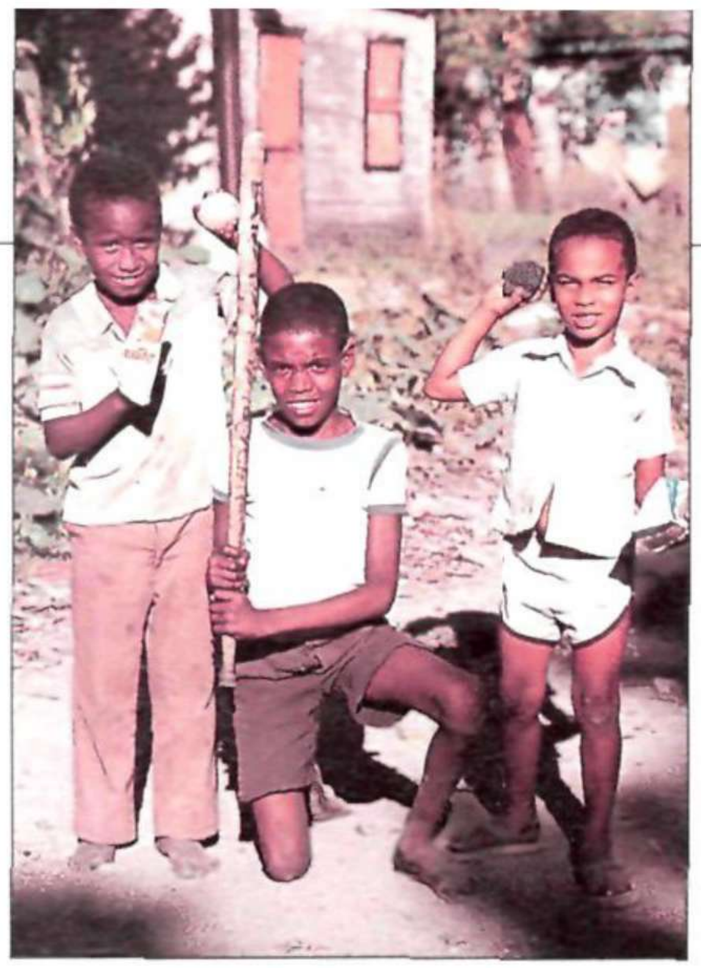
In the Dominican Republic, where the average family income is $1,200 a year, poverty is not an isolated problem; it's the way of life. Also, the quality of education is very low, lower than in the Caribbean's other pools of baseball talent, Puerto Rico and Venezuela. So the kids don't stay in school, not when they can be out on the streets or in the fields playing baseball. "It's very much like the United States in the '30s,

Like most Dominican players, Fernandez gives prospects a hand when he's home.

during the Depression," says Art Stewart, director of scouting for the Kansas City Royals. "Those were sad times, but they produced great ballplayers because baseball was one of the only avenues of escape."

Hungry players are in endless supply in the Dominican Republic, but there's more to it than that. Rivaling the hunger is the passion for baseball. When Gollo Olivarez, the *viejo* who oversees games in the Barrio Blanco garbage dump, was asked why his country produces so many ballplayers, he simply pointed to his heart. Cervantes put the words, "Sing away sorrow, cast away care," in the mouth of Don Quixote, and Dominicans seem to live by that creed. There seems no better place to cast away care than on the baseball diamond.

There are other reasons for the abundance of talent. People can play ball the year-round, of course. If they're the *cocolos* who work in the fields, their bodies are lean and muscled and their arms are strong from cutting the cane. And they're accustomed to hard work. Epy Guerrero, for instance, subjects his players to much more demanding workouts than they would have in the States, and they never stop hustling and never start complaining. According to Paul Snyder, the director of scouting for the Atlanta Braves, another factor is the willingness of the major leaguers to come home after the season to share their knowledge with youngsters. "In the States, a player keeps to himself or goes hunting during the off-season," says Snyder. "But down in the Dominican, the players all seem to want to help out the youngsters. A word from somebody like Tony Fernandez or Alfredo Griffin has to make a big impression on a kid."

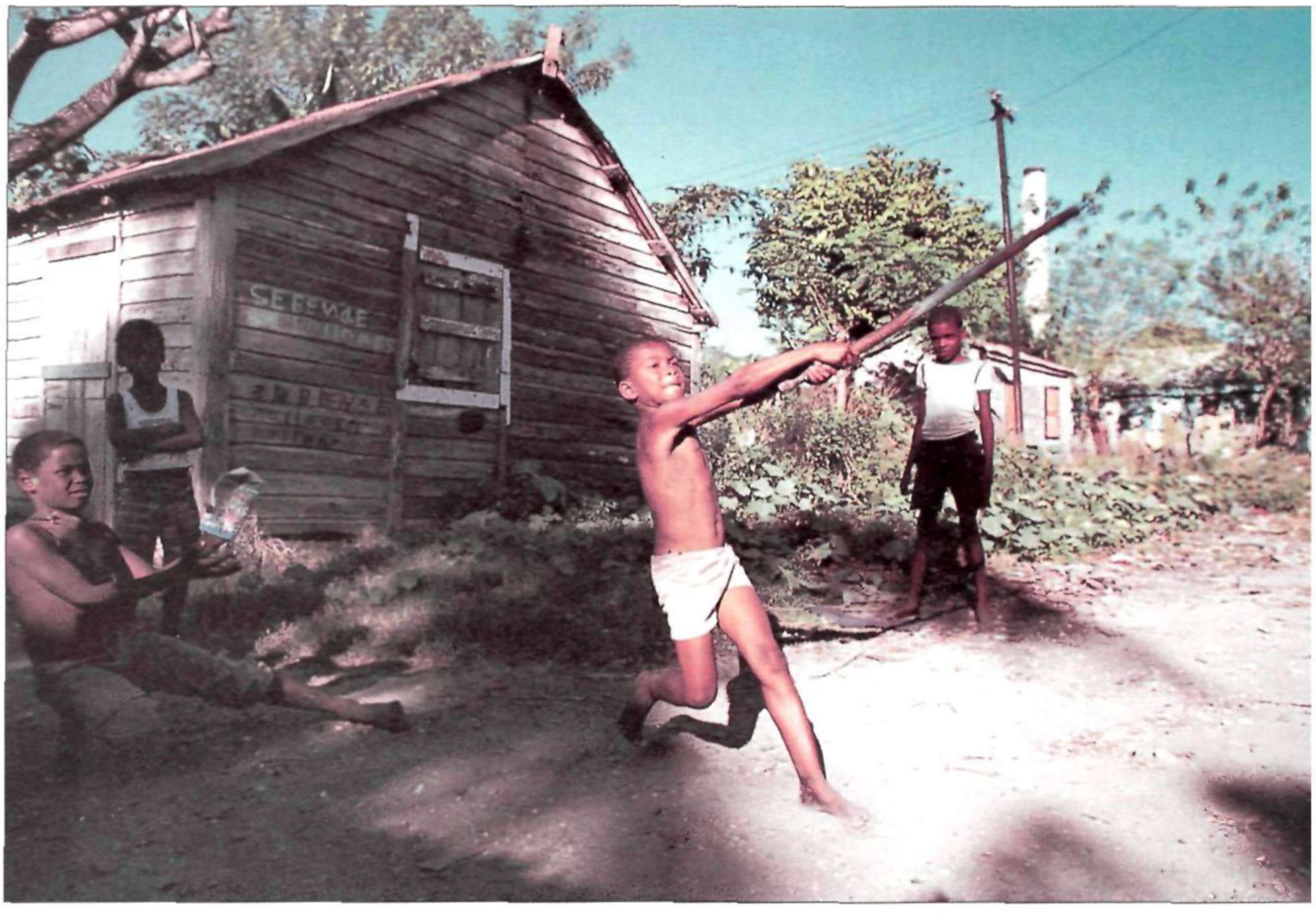


Because of the grinding poverty, the kids in Angelina use homemade equipment.

The flip side of this land of baseball opportunity is that for every player driving a Mercedes, there are countless others who never make it. They're Don Quixotes chasing a dream, and most of them are tilting at windmills. Fernandez, for instance, has a twin brother, named Jose, who signed with the Blue Jays as an outfielder and first baseman. But Jose couldn't make the grade, and now he is back in school, studying English in San Pedro.

Why so many shortstops from the Dominican Republic? One reason might be the physique of the young ballplayer. He doesn't exactly get big;

After the sugar factory closed, there was more time to play baseball in Angelina.



the nine Dominicans who played last April 27 averaged 5′ 9″, 169.1 pounds. If a youngster can move and has a good arm, the scouts immediately peg him as a shortstop. And the scouts are everywhere. Eighteen major league clubs have some kind of camp in the country, and 16 teams are interested in sponsoring teams in the Dominican summer leagues.

In the early part of this century, U.S. Marines were sent to the island by President Woodrow Wilson to help stabilize the Dominican government, which had been violently splintered by feuding political factions. The occupying troops brought baseball to the island, and the sport grew like the cane. In fact, the sugarcane factories sponsored the best teams and leagues. By the late 1950s, the first crop of Dominicans began playing for the Giants: Ozzie Virgil, Juan Marichal, Felipe Alou and then his brothers, Matty and Jesus. While many Macoristas believe that Rico Carty of the Braves was the first major leaguer out of San Pedro de Macoris, he was actually preceded by San Pedro native Amado Ruperto Samuel, who made the Milwaukee Braves in 1962. Samuel holds an even more important distinction: He was the very first Dominican shortstop to reach the big leagues.

It's not hard to overlook Amado Samuel. He played in only 144 major league games over three seasons for the Braves and New York Mets, batting .215 with three home runs and not one stolen base. About the only time his name comes up is when some publication lists the 78 men who have played third base for the Mets. Even the Dominican aficionados have lost track of him; some say he is living in New York City, others say he is in Santo Domingo, still others think he has passed away. They do, however, remember that he was discovered playing softball.

As it turns out, Samuel has been living in Louisville all these years, and he was discovered playing baseball at a clinic. While playing in the minors with Louisville in 1961, he met and married a Louisville girl, Aldetha Stockton. Samuel is now 48, a refrigerator repairman at the General Electric plant in Louisville, and he speaks with a distinctly Southern accent. "It seems like such a long time ago," he says. "Ted McGraw—he's dead now—signed me out of Santa Fe. I remember hitting a home run in my first professional at bat with Eau Claire. Didn't hit too many after that. I didn't play too long after the Mets 'cause I tore up my knee in Buffalo. Missed out on the big bucks, I guess, but I'm healthy, doing fine, no complaints. My son doesn't play, but my brother Manuel, who also signed with the Braves, has a son who plays football for the Kansas Jayhawks. Isn't that something, a Dominican football player? Me, I haven't played in years. I'll go to a game in Cincinnati once in a while—I said hello to Cesar Cedeno when he was with the Reds—but the Mets are still my team. I like the shortstop with the Mets, Santana. He's pretty good.

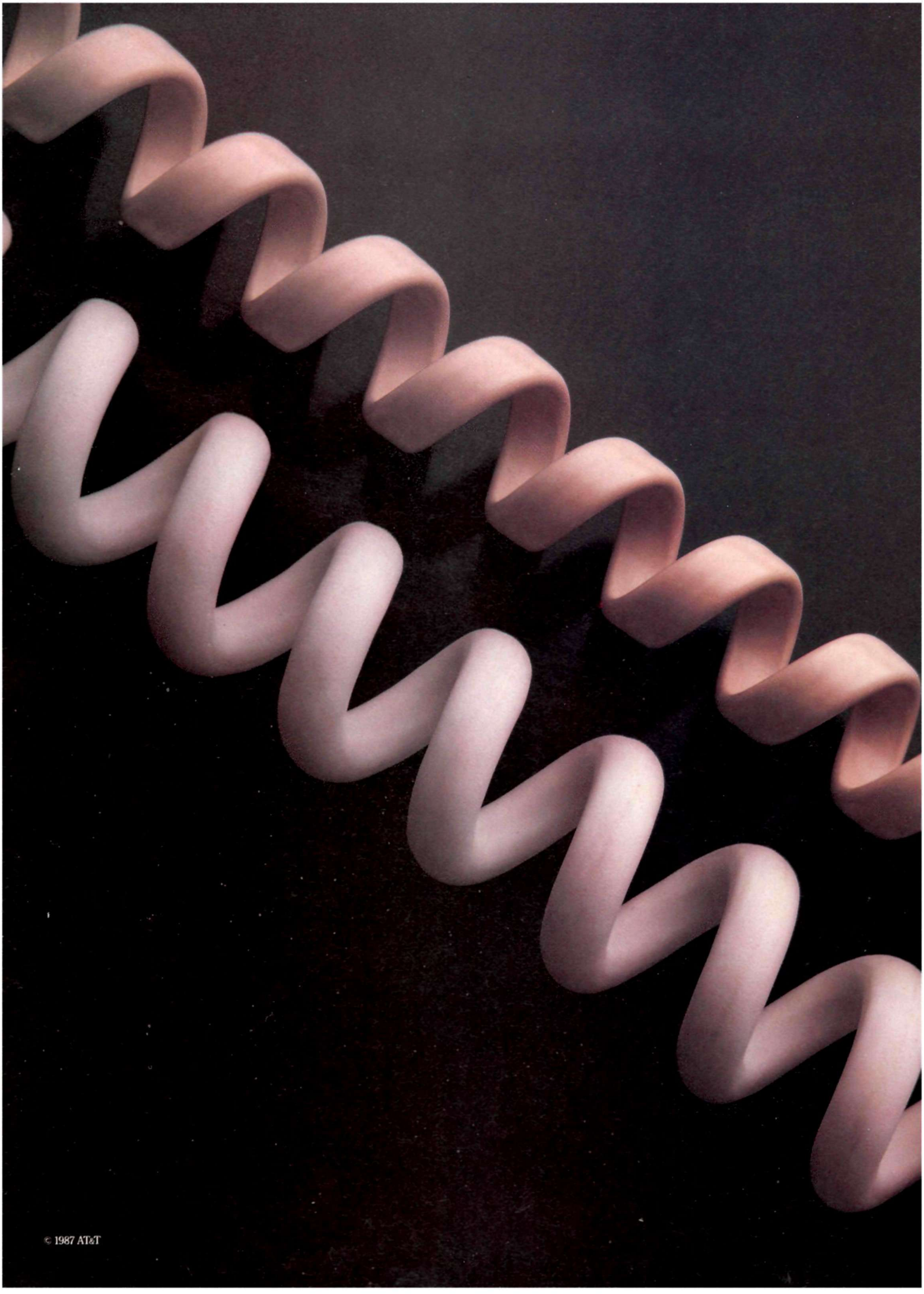
"Now that you ask, I am proud of being the majors' first Dominican shortstop. I guess there are a lot of them now. You know, one reason there might be so many is the ground they play on. You've got to have very good hands to play on those fields."

Nevertheless, it was many years after Samuel broke in that a Dominican shortstop made an impact in the majors. In 1979 three Dominicans were starting shortstops in the majors: Pepe Frias for the Braves, Nelson Norman for the Rangers and Griffin for the Blue Jays. Frias, whom many considered the finest *campocortista* before Griffin came into his own, proved to be too erratic in the field for the Braves, and in 1979 he was traded to the Rangers, who felt they could not carry the slick-fielding Norman's bat—he hit .222 with no power. Frias did not last the season in Texas. Griffin, though, was an immediate success with Toronto, and seven years later he is still considered one of the better all-around shortstops in the game.

RONALD C. MODRA

Franco's .306 mark makes him one of the best hitters among Dominican shortstops.

If you want baseball opinion in the Dominican Republic, you go to the Lucky Seven restaurant on the Avenida Pasteur, a quiet, tree-lined street in Santo Domingo, a few blocks from the beach. The restaurant is so baseball mad that the rest rooms are labeled PELOTEROS and PELOTERAS. And a baseball radio show originates from one of the restaurant's back rooms at what seems like all hours of the day and night. Journalists and players go



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Guerrero (above) scouts for Toronto, but his son Mike (below) is with the Brewers.

there after a game for good food and a cold Presidente. The proprietor of the Lucky Seven is Evelio Oliva, a transplanted Cuban, and his judgment counts. "I never thought that I would ever see a better shortstop than my old countryman Willie Miranda," says Oliva. "I was wrong. I can now say that Cabeza is better. I have a story for you. Years ago, I arranged a tryout with my friend Orlando Pena, who was scouting for the Tigers. One of the players I brought to the tryout was a skinny little kid with knock-knees—Tony Fernandez. I knew he could play, but Orlando didn't like the way he looked, and Epy Guerrero ended up taking him. I told that story to [Tigers general manager] Bill Lajoie when he was here with Orlando, and Bill said, 'Orlando, why don't you stay here and run the restaurant, and I'll hire Evelio to do my scouting.' "

Some might cling to the notion that Ozzie Smith, with his back flips and $2 million contract, or Cal Ripken Jr., with his power and consecutive-inning streak, is the best shortstop in baseball, but one can also make a very strong argument for Tony Fernandez. He has led American League shortstops in total chances in his only two full seasons, meaning he gets to more balls than any other player at his position. In '86 he made only 13 errors, to lead AL shortstops in fielding percentage (.983) and earn *The Sporting News* Gold Glove. But beyond statistics, you need only see him over the course of a few games to know how graceful and quick and imaginative he is. "He makes the spectacular commonplace," says Toronto infielder Garth Iorg. As for hitting, Cabeza batted .310 (.317 righthanded, .307 lefthanded) with 25 stolen bases, 10 homers and 65 RBIs—most of them from the leadoff spot in the Toronto order. His 213 hits were the most *ever* by a shortstop. He has played in 327 straight games. Not bad for a skinny little kid with a funny knee.

The best shortstop in baseball was born and raised behind the Bermudez scoreboard in right centerfield of Vargas Stadium. Casa de Cabeza, as it has come to be known, is a simple cement house that until recently was painted Blue Jay blue. It sits on the corner of F and N streets and is so close to the ballpark that Pirates catcher Tony Pena once hit a home run against one of the walls. In the sitting room, underneath an action picture of her brother, sits one of Cabeza's four sisters (he also has six brothers, including his twin). "Tony was a little child with a big head," says his sister Gloria. "He never said anything about the baseball, but *he was always practicing it.*"

Fernandez lives in Santo Domingo now with his wife, Clara, and 19-month-old son, Joel. Both his parents have died, his mother only last winter. When Tony says, "My father was English and my mother was French," he is tracing their descent back to the days of slavery on the island. "My father was a chief in the sugarcane fields, a wonderful man, the kind of man I would like to be. I think he gave me his heart. He was very strong, but he never beat me. My mother, whom I also loved, worked as a vendor. She would hit me, especially if I missed Sunday school to play baseball."

Vargas Stadium is named for Tetelo Vargas, a great ballplayer who led the Dominican League in hitting when he was 50 years old. As a small boy, Tony worked on the grounds crew and in the clubhouse there. He would climb over the fence in the morning and help fix the field or shine shoes, but when somebody brought out a bat and ball, he was right there with the bigger players, trying to steal time at shortstop. He would also be stealing the moves of shortstops like Griffin, Frias and Norman.

Griffin, who is five years older than

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Duncan (right) bought Andujar's house and gave his family the better life he promised.

Fernandez, recalls, "He was always around, with the bad knee, taking infield. Then one day he was better than the rest. I remember Ray Knight, who played winter ball here, came up to me after Tony had grown up and said, 'Is that really Cabeza?' "

Yes it was. When Fernandez was 15, Epy Guerrero had helped the family to arrange and pay for an operation on the youngster's right knee—a chipped bone had made it painful for him to run. Actually, Guerrero had been watching Fernandez for years, trying to entice him to Santo Domingo, but Tony did not want to leave home. "Before the operation he could run 60 yards in only 7.3 seconds," says Epy. "Now he runs it in 6.5 seconds." Soon after the surgery, Guerrero signed Fernandez to a Blue Jays contract, and to this day the two remain very close.

Fernandez rose quickly through the Toronto farm system. His ascent was so swift that he presented the Jays with a major problem: What do they do with Griffin *and* Fernandez? They solved that by trading Griffin to the A's after the '84 season.

If there is anyone out there who thinks Joaquin Andujar is the typical Dominican ballplayer, consider that Fernandez is a Pentecostal Christian who spends much of the off-season doing missionary work. He is quiet and thoughtful, and he is sheepish about his new status. He reads the Bible, of course, but also Shakespeare and Cervantes. "Baseball was fun for me when I was growing up, and even in Class A ball, I felt the joy. But as I got closer to the majors, I felt more materialistic, more concerned with things like money and Porsches. I almost quit in Syracuse. But that's when I found Christ. Now I'm playing with joy again. Still, I would quit tomorrow if that is what I thought the Lord wanted me to do."

Once he was a skinny little kid who climbed over the wall to go to work and learn to play. Later, when his winter league team, Licey, came to San Pedro to play the Estrellas, Cabeza jumped back over the wall in his uniform to visit his family.

Griffin, too, remembers going over the top, but he would do that to get in to see the games. "We would wait for the national anthem to start playing, so the policemen would have to stand at attention, and then we would climb up and down the light tower." He was from the sugar town of Consuelo, about two miles up the road from the stadium. "I used to skip school to play ball, and my mother, Mary, would beat me with a stick if she found out. Rico Carty was my hero. He came from Consuelo, and I'll never forget what a thrill it was to play with him, first in Cleveland and then in Toronto."

As befits the dean of Dominican shortstops, Griffin lives in a magnificent house near the university in San Pedro, right next door to Andujar's big house. Griffin's house was recently featured in a Dominican magazine, and it has everything. The floor of the hallway leading from the master bedroom to the living room is tiled in clay blocks forming the letter *G*. Griffin lives here with his wife, Noris, daughter, Rosemary, and occasionally, his mother, who thinks the house is too big. To

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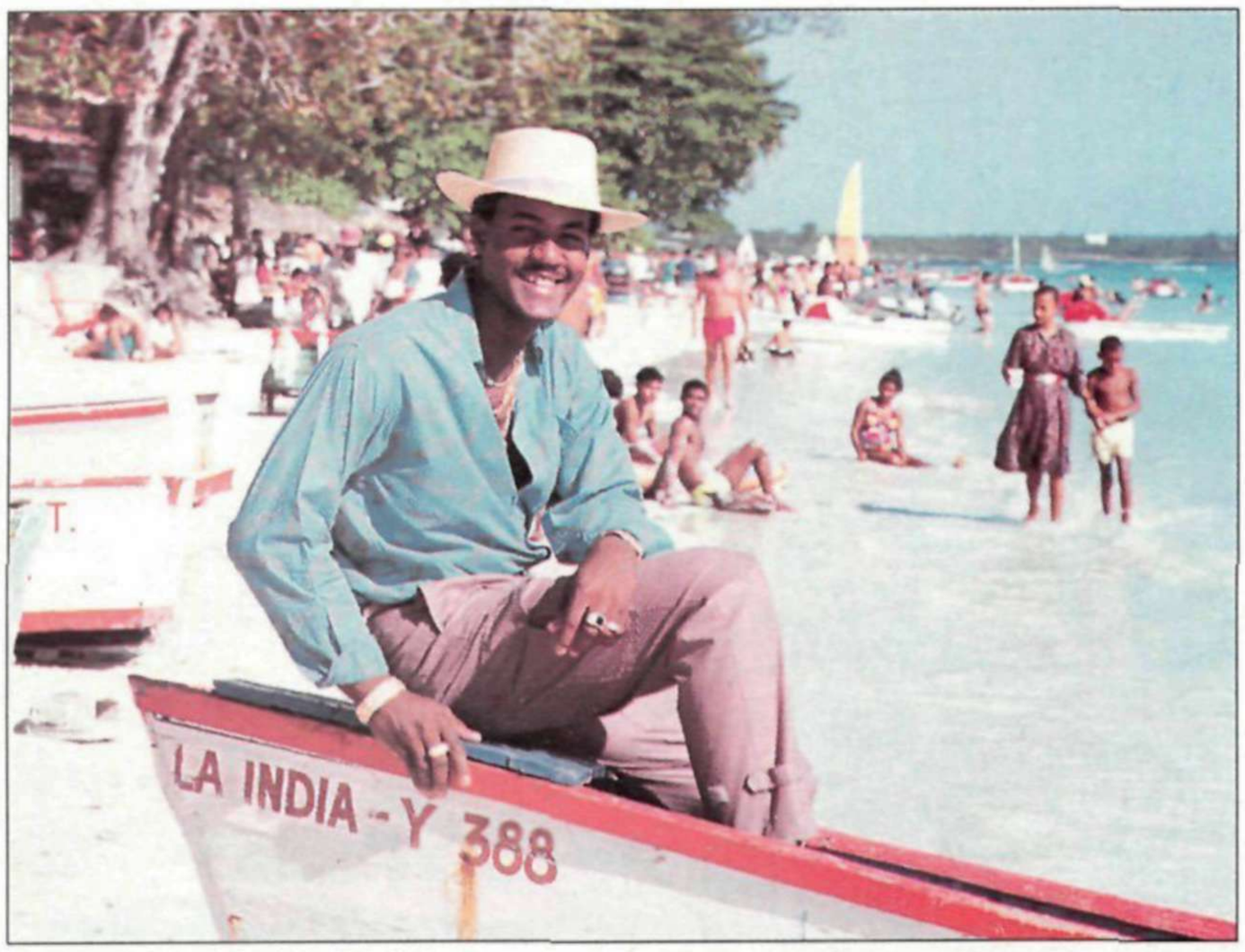


Atlanta's Thomas is from Boca Chica, famous for its lovely beach and deadly cliffs.

look at Mary Griffin, a wisp of a woman, one cannot imagine her whaling away at a future major leaguer.

Griffin, like Fernandez, has a nickname: el Brujo ("the Magician"), which is derived from his fielding wizardry. Regie Otero, a Cleveland scout, signed him out of San Esteban High School when he was 16, and within three years he was playing in the majors. The Indians traded him to Toronto for reliever Victor Cruz, a disastrous deal for Cleveland, although the Indians would soon have another shortstop from Consuelo. Griffin was the AL co–Rookie of the Year in '79, hitting .287, and though he has never matched that, he is still prized for his leadership, fielding and fearless baserunning. Last year, against the Mariners, on a bases-loaded walk with two outs, Griffin trotted over to third, and when he saw that the pitcher and catcher weren't paying attention to him, he started running for home and scored the winning run.

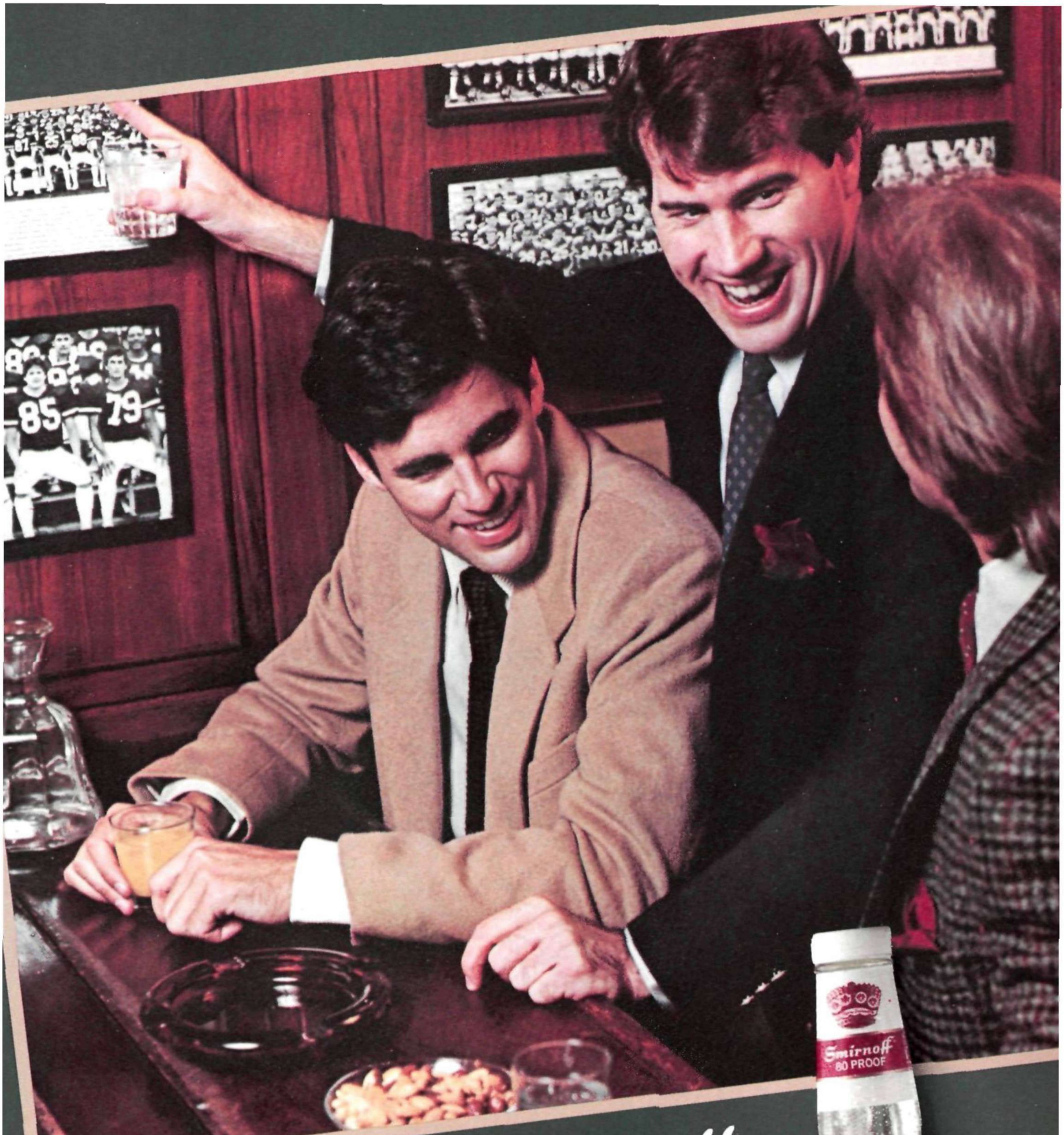
Griffin is particularly mindful of his responsibility to help the youngsters of San Pedro. "I see myself in them all the time," he says. He sponsors not one, but two Little League teams in Consuelo. The town is not hard to find, because guarding its entrance is an old steam locomotive, Ing. Consuelo 4, a reminder of the glory days when the train used to run through the sugar mill. Right behind the locomotive is an expanse of baseball and softball fields, which are all you need to see to understand why baseball is Consuelo's second-biggest industry.

"That's what there is in Consuelo," says shortstop Julio Franco of Consuelo and Cleveland. "Sugar and baseball. My father worked in the factory there, and so did I. I dusted the floors, worked the machines, moved the sugar from one place to the other, but I also played baseball for the factory. That's one reason to play amateur baseball, so you can get a job with the factory."

The Phillies signed Franco when he was 16, and in five minor league seasons he never hit below .300. He came to Cleveland in the big five-for-one trade for Von Hayes before the '83 season, and he has hit .273, .286, .288 and .306 since then, with 80, 79, 90 and 74 RBIs. He is clearly the most dangerous hitter among Dominican shortstops, his fielding has suffered from a lack of concentration. He can make the spectacular play but muff the routine one. In '85 the Indians tried to move him to second, but they abandoned that experiment and since then he has been much more consistent defensively. Last year he reduced his errors to 18 from 35 the season before.

The word quixotic could have been coined for Franco, who can be alternately charming and infuriating. He has been known to berate official scorers, then apologize profusely to them the next day. He spent three days in a Dominican jail in '84 after officials confiscated an unregistered gun, but

Pawnbroker Uribe (né Gonzalez) is giving the Giants their money's worth on the field.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then Cervantes himself spent some time in the slammer. He jumps on teammates he deems lazy, and he is very solicitous of children. In April '85 he went AWOL for a day in New York, later explaining he was ill at an old friend's house in the Bronx and overslept. He went all of last season without an incident, though, so he may be growing up. "I know I get in trouble," Franco says, "but part of it is because I don't want to be just good, I want to be the best."

Angelina is a town much like Consuelo, only not so lucky. The sugar mill in Angelina has closed down, so most everybody is out of work. Angelina is where Mariano Duncan grew up, in a tin shack of a house that wasn't more than six feet high. The shack was recently torn down and, as a result, the kids in Angelina now have a little more room to play.

Mariano lived in that shack with his mother and father and 10 brothers and sisters until last year. His father, who lost his left leg while working in the cane fields many years ago, was a shoemaker, and his mother sold fruit and vegetables and poultry from a cart. Nilda, his mother, says, "Sometimes Mariano helped me sell, but most of the time, it was *pelota, pelota, pelota*. I said, 'Mariano, you have to work. We have to eat.' And he would say, 'Don't worry, Mother, when I become a ballplayer, we will be living well.' We didn't believe him, but here we are."

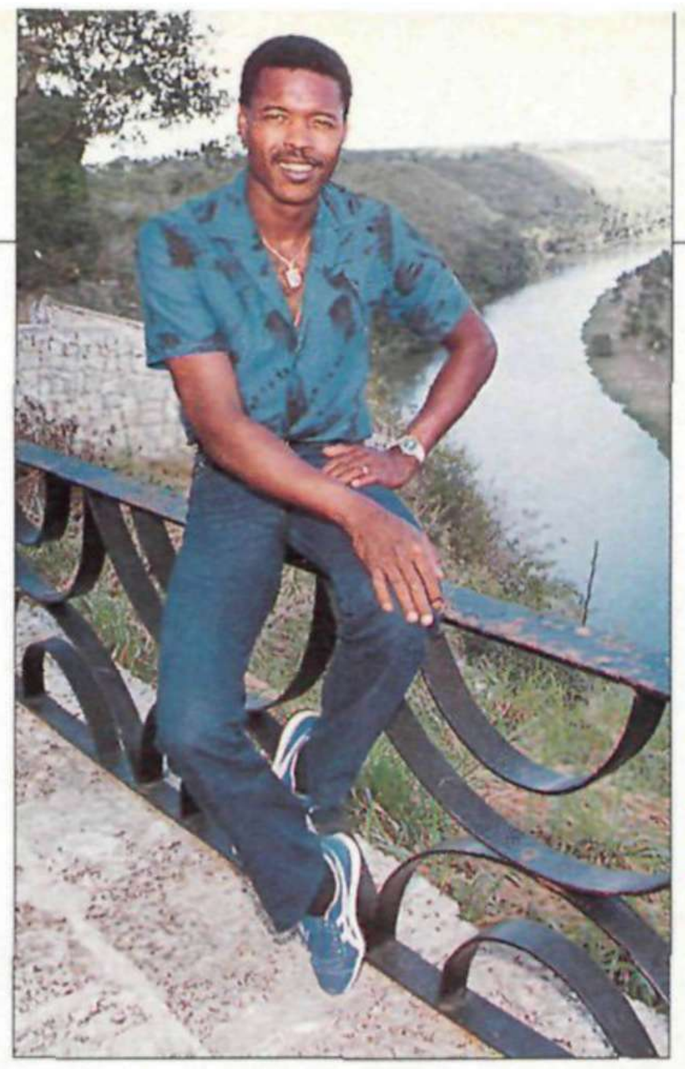
Nilda is sitting on the porch of a red two-story house in the center of San Pedro. In fact, the house belonged to Joaquin Andujar before he moved into his bigger home, and it comes complete with the tin roof cutouts Joaquin put in years ago to remind him of his own humble childhood (SI, Jan. 24, 1983). The Duncans, who moved in last winter, probably don't need reminders of their former poverty.

"I didn't play shortstop much when I was growing up," says Mariano, who's fond of the jeweled trappings of success. "Mostly centerfield. When I was 17, I had a tryout with the Dodgers, but they said I was too skinny and not fast enough. But after that, I seemed to get stronger every day, and in a few months Rafael Avila and Elvio Jimenez of the Dodgers saw me again and signed me for $5,000."

Duncan spent only two years in the minors, mostly at second base, before he made the Dodgers in spring training of '85. He played second when Steve Sax was hurt the first month of the season, and then he switched to short when Dave Anderson was injured. He turned out to be a godsend at a position he had never regularly played, showing extraordinary range. He was also new to switch-hitting, but he batted .244 with 38 stolen bases. Perhaps the surest sign that he had reached the big time was when he began dating a Los Angeles Raider cheerleader.

Last year Duncan suffered nagging injuries, and his fielding wasn't quite as sharp, but he still stole 48 bases. And his parents got to see him play for the first time in Los Angeles. "He loved baseball so much," says his mother, "that I knew I couldn't stop him anymore."

All of the shortstops have paid their dues, one way or another, but the one who paid them the longest is Santana. He is also the only one with a World Series ring. Epy Guerrero signed him out of La Romana, the city east of San Pedro de Macoris, back in 1976 when



It took Santana years to reach the top, and then he helped the Mets get there, too.

Guerrero was scouting for the Yankees. Santana languished in the Yankee farm system for a few years, and then was traded for pitcher George Frazier to the Cardinals, who kept him in the minors another three seasons. In fact, St. Louis had two Dominican shortstops who later became starters, Santana and Uribe (then Jose Gonzalez), stacked up behind Ozzie Smith. "Playing in the minors for so long taught me patience," says Santana, who eventually signed with the Mets' Tidewater team as a minor league free agent in January '84.

Griffin's house has everything, including a museum and a custom-initialed tile floor.

San Pedro de Macoris kids are blinded by the light of the town's 13 major leaguers.

You can see the patience in the way he plays shortstop, the way he makes every play close. The Mets finally turned to him in the middle of the '84 season, and he has been their starter ever since.

"I am proud of my country," Santana says as he walks through the Altos de Chavon development high above the Chavon river outside of La Romana. "Look at this magnificent place. Dominican hands, people from La Romana, built this. I am proud of my town, and when people make the mistake of saying I'm from San Pedro de Macoris, I get mad, even though the cities are close. I am a proud man, proud of myself, too, because nobody ever taught me how to play baseball, and I had to work hard and wait to get to where I am."

Uribe became forever known as "the player to be named later" when he changed his name from Jose Gonzalez two years ago because he thought there were already enough Jose Gonzalezes. Actually, in the Dominican he is known as Uvita ("the Black Grape"). He's on the small side, definitely black, and he's sweet, as in friendly. He lives in the Juan Baron section of Sabana Grande de Palenque, some 30 miles west of Santo Domingo. There he has his own pawnshop, and the Jose Uribe youth league and also has plans for a restaurant. On this day at Jose Uribe Field, as a mule sprints down the first base line, Uribe watches players practice on an infield strewn with rocks. "Whoever makes a stop here could stop anything in the world," he says.

The Yankees signed Uribe when he was 18 and released him at 20, and the Cardinals picked him up. He went to the Giants in the Jack Clark trade before the '85 season. In two seasons with San Francisco he has endeared himself to the fans and manager Roger Craig, who appreciate his work around the bag. Last year he hit .223, but with 22 stolen bases and 43 RBIs.

The other diminutive Dominican shortstop is the Pirates' Rafael Belliard, 5′ 6″, 152 pounds. Unlike the others, Belliard grew up in the northern part of the island, near Santiago. He took a bus to Santo Domingo when he was 17 to try out for the Navy team, and he made it, although 90 pesos ($82) a month is hardly making it. When the Pirates found him in 1980, he was making 150 pesos a month. A very quiet and happy guy, Belliard bounced around the Pittsburgh system for five years until manager Jim Leyland fell in like with him last spring training. He beat out Sam Khalifa for the job, and batted .233. Though he will probably be the starting shortstop again, the Pirates do worry about the beating he takes on double plays.

The Braves, like the Blue Jays three years ago, have two quality shortstops in Rafael Ramirez and Andres Thomas, so they may do something about that before the season starts. Thomas has the edge, but a shoulder injury suffered late in the '86 season has the club concerned. Some people in the Braves organization believe that Thomas won last year's competition simply because he's hungrier than Ramirez. Once an All-Star, Ramirez comes from a relatively well-to-do family in San Pedro de Macoris, while Thomas had a much poorer background in the seaside town of Boca Chica. Until last year, when he lost his stroke (.240), Ramirez was one of the better-hitting shortstops. A lack

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of concentration is the main reason he has committed 160 errors in the last five years, so he is not immensely popular in Atlanta. But he reacts to the booing by saying, "If I go to a movie, and it's no good, I boo. I understand." The talent is there, though: He led or tied the NL in double plays four years in a row (1982–85).

Boca Chica, where Thomas grew up, is a resort between the Santo Domingo airport and San Pedro, with soft white sand and more vendors and merengue musicians than anyone could ever imagine. Boca Chica has a dark past, however, for it was from the town's nearby cliffs that dictator Rafael Trujillo reportedly had his enemies thrown to the sharks. But Thomas grew up in the years after Trujillo, playing basketball and then baseball. His father was a foreman in the local sugar mill's machine shop, and Thomas says that if he hadn't become a baseball player, he probably would have become a mechanical engineer. Like Ramirez, he was signed by Braves scout Pedro Gonzales, and like Ramirez, Thomas seldom walks—last year he had one unintentional walk for every 53.8 at bats. Dominican players have long held reputations as free swingers, but it wasn't until last year that an adequate reason was given, and that explanation was put forth by Ramirez. "You cannot walk off the island," he said.

Six of the shortstops have gathered by invitation in the town square of San Pedro de Macoris. When asked who they think is the best among them, almost to a man they say, "Cabeza." The only two dissenting votes come from Fernandez himself, who still bows to Griffin, and Griffin, who insists that Norman is a better fielder. Griffin and Norman, though, are very good friends, so that might have something to do with it.

Never before have there been so many of them together. Santana and Griffin, the elder statesmen, lead the banter. Uribe, the least sophisticated and the most excited, can't stop smiling. Franco gets in some jokes, but he remains just off to the side. Fernandez, who is with his wife and a friend, says very little, but all eyes seem drawn to him. Duncan arrives a little late, but nobody would ever get mad at him.

A table is waiting for them at El Piano, a restaurant on the square, and when they take their seats, who should find himself at the head of the table but Cabeza. During lunch, baseballs are passed around the table for each shortstop to autograph and save for himself. They're expert jugglers, tossing the balls back and forth and signing them. At one point, Duncan, sitting at one end, wings a ball the length of the table toward Fernandez. If someone had leaned over at that moment for the salt, there might have been a serious injury. Fernandez, his head down over the plate, his fork in his right hand, suddenly brings up his glove hand and catches the ball cleanly at his left ear. It's an almost magical play, and everyone's eyes widen.

Hanging around the fringes of the table are two of the more or less regular beggars in San Pedro, an older man and a boy everyone calls Cumpleaño ("Birthday") because it seems every day is his birthday. Nobody shoos them away; in fact, the two pull up chairs and join in the conversation. When the lunch is over, Griffin says a few words to the old man and slips him some money. "He was a fine ballplayer once," says Griffin. Then the shortstops leave the restaurant and slide into their new cars, which are zealously guarded by young boys.

The next time you see Cabeza or any of the other Dominican shortstops go into the hole, and you hear the announcer say something like, "Boy, he had to go a long way for that one," just think how far he really did go. ■

Sitting pretty: (from left) Griffin, Franco, Santana, Fernandez, Duncan and Uribe.

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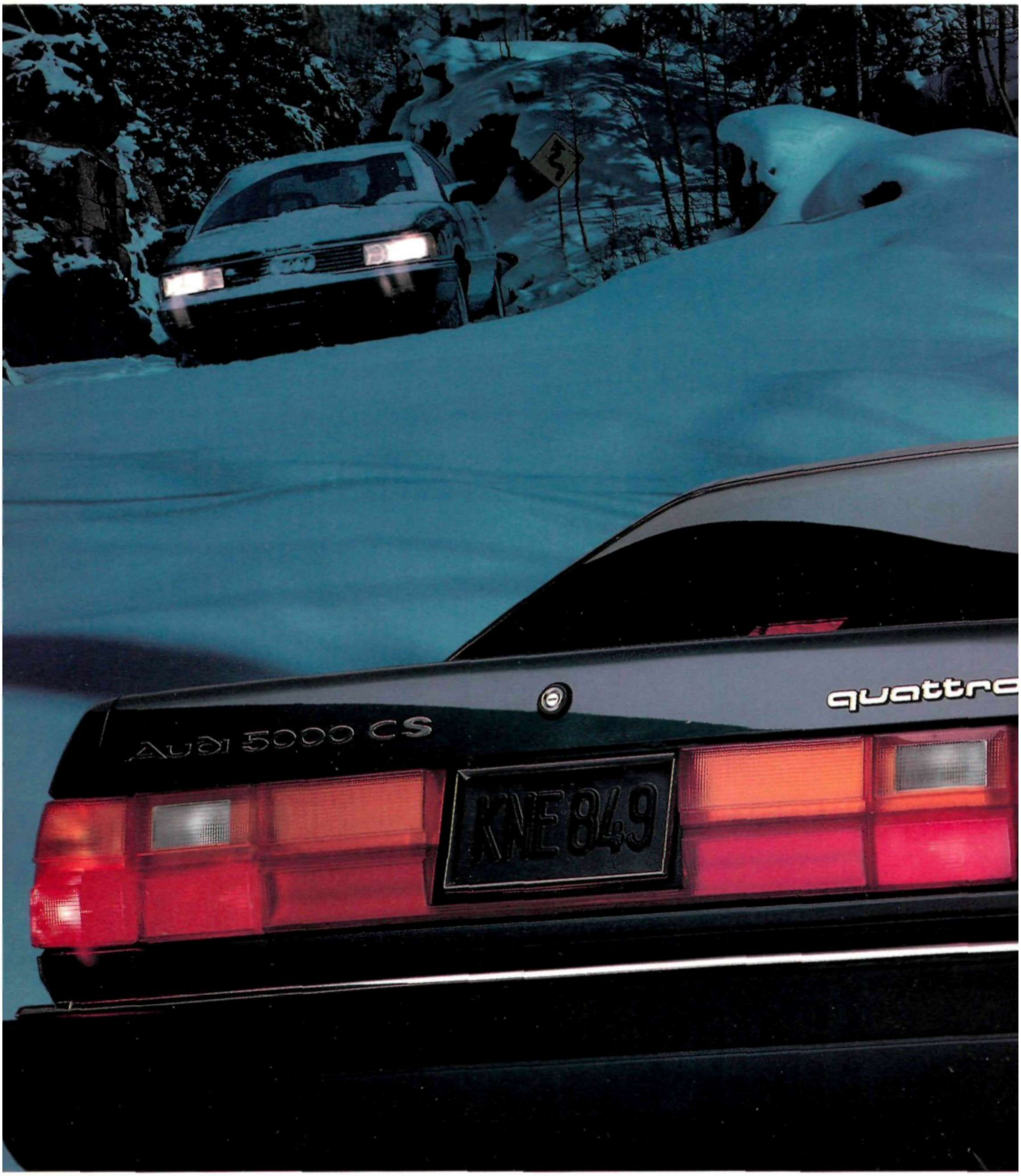

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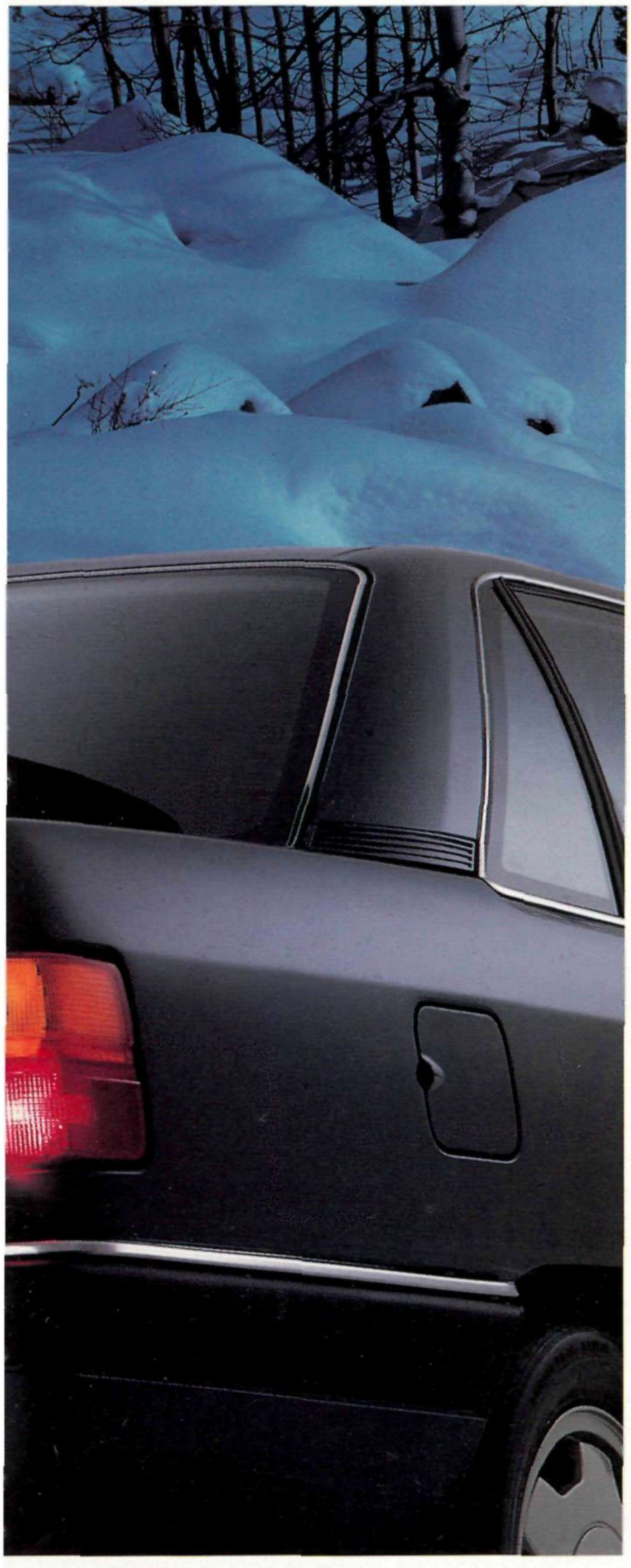

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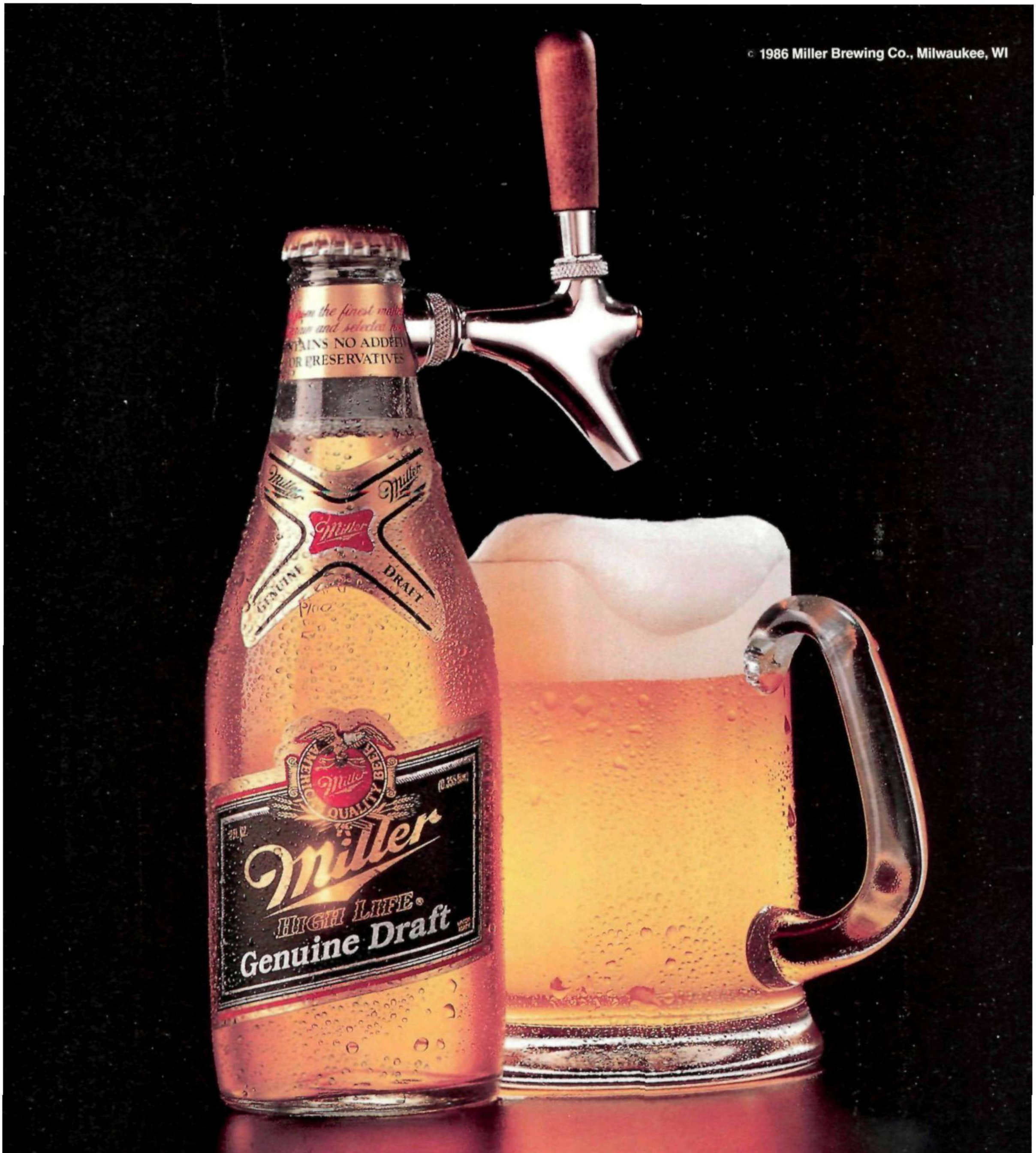

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A COUPLE OF GRANTS-IN-AID

The Grant twins get wins for Clemson and Oklahoma

BY KENT HANNON

Oklahoma's Harvey Grant was still charged up from the Sooners' 89–88 upset of top-ranked Nevada–Las Vegas a couple of weeks ago when his identical twin brother, Horace, called. The Grants had been lifelong teammates and had gone to Clemson together as freshmen. Things hadn't worked out there for Harvey, who left in 1985 while Horace stayed on. Now Harvey was crowing about his 23 points and 16 rebounds against the Runnin' Rebels.

"Who out there in the ACC can stop me?" Harvey asked Horace.

"We got lots of players who can stop you in this league," Horace shot back. "But who can stop me in the Big Eight?"

"Lots of people," said Harvey.

Of course, each twin knew that the other was kidding.

Harvey, a 6′ 9″ junior forward, leads the Big Eight in rebounding (9.5) and is averaging 15.4 points per game. Horace, a 6′ 10″ senior center, is the ACC's leading scorer (19.8 points per game) and field-goal shooter (.667), and second-best rebounder (9.3). If Horace ends up leading the ACC in all three categories, he will become the first player in conference history to do so in the same season.

"Me better than people like James Worthy? Nawww. . . ." says Horace, who is the older—by nine minutes—and more mature of the twins.

It is because of its Grant—and an easy early-season schedule—that Clemson is off to its best start ever. The Tigers' 89–83 victory over Virginia (Horace had 24 points) on Saturday pushed their record to 19–2. Meanwhile, the fans in Norman are wild about Harvey, who is finally living up to what was expected of him before he left Clemson and enrolled at Independence (Kans.) J.C. "It seemed like I was playing in the shadow of Horace," says Harvey, who was redshirted in his first year at Clemson while Horace was playing and earning his stripes. "If I had stayed, everyone would have expected me to do the same things Horace did. I wanted my own identity, and I wasn't getting that much playing time. So I left."

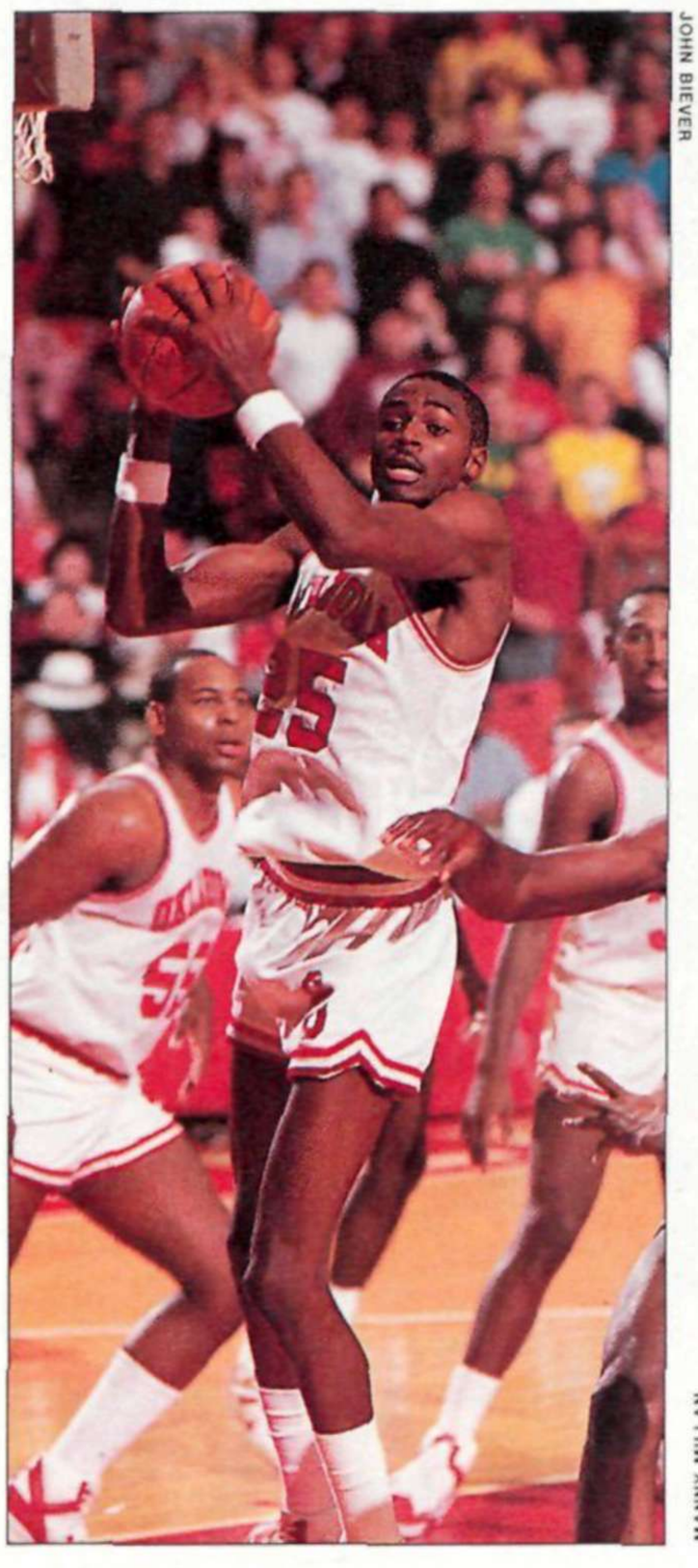
Also, neither twin was paying much attention to classes, and Harvey was the worse offender. Says Tiger coach Cliff Ellis: "Either we had an academic policy or we didn't. Harvey Grant is a great basketball player, but he simply would not go to class. So I had to let him go."

Horace hated being separated from Harvey for the first time in their lives, but both agree that it was for the best. "I may be nine minutes older, but with me and Harvey, nine minutes is like nine years," says Horace. Back in Sparta, Ga., the twins dressed alike until they were 12—and going on 6′ 5″. They made a pact to play for the same team in the ACC, preferably North Carolina. Instead they ended up at Clemson.

Horace should be an NBA first-round draft pick this year and Harvey should be one as well next year, assuming he can remain problem-free. While at Independence he received a suspended sentence for his involvement in the theft of stereo equipment. Horace hasn't exactly been an angel, either. Ellis has benched him twice this season, once for violating curfew and once for showing up late for practice.

"Harvey is a little impulsive," says Oklahoma coach Billy Tubbs. "But he's developed a lot personally, and he's an extremely hard worker on the court. He's a silent player, but the best ones always make it look easy."

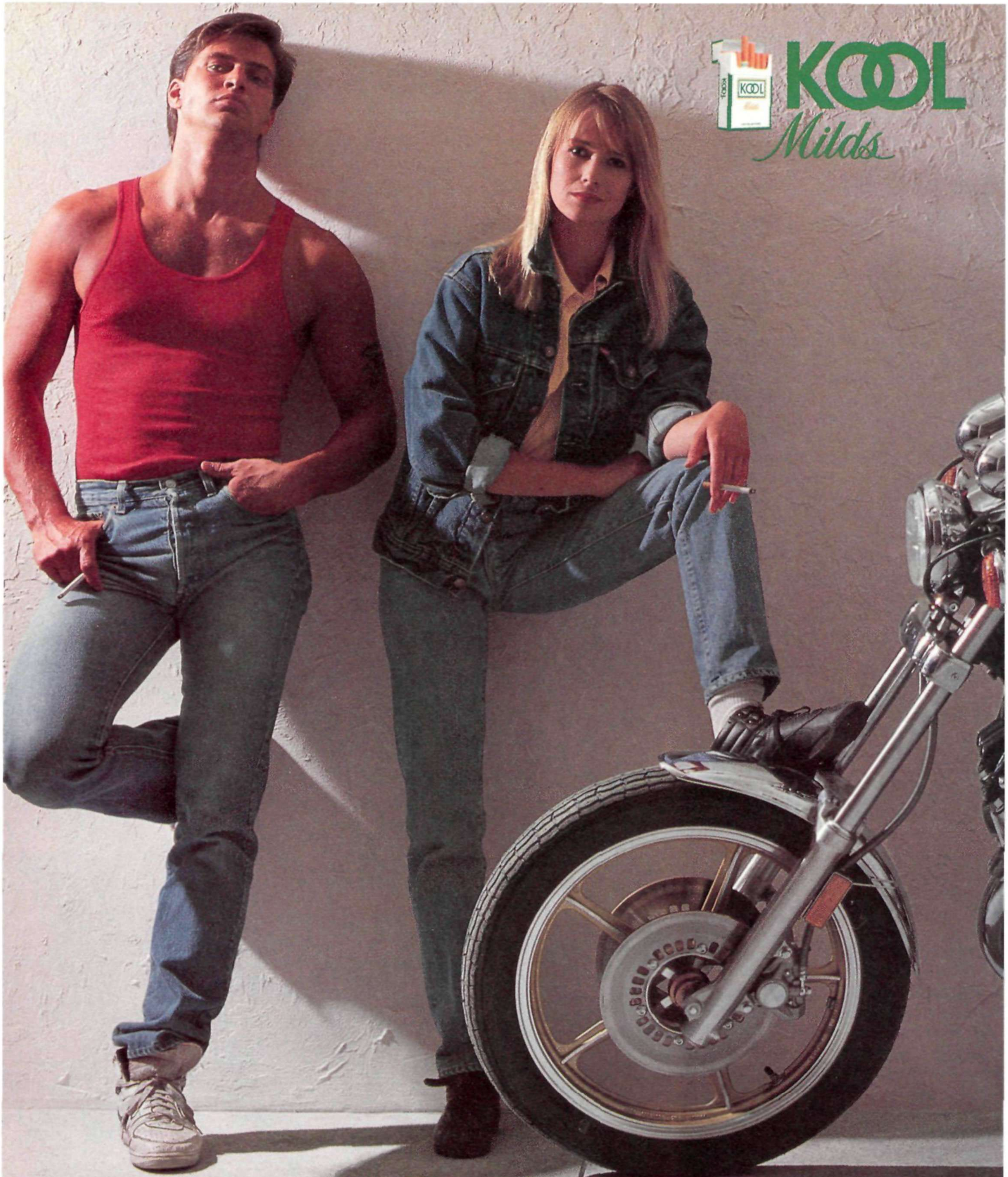
That goes double for the Grants.



JOHN BIEVER

MANNY MILLAN

Harvey (left) came up a winner in the Vegas game; Horace took a rare loss to Carolina.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BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

SI TOP 20

Prosperity was too much for teams at the top and just below the Top 20. As North Carolina looked to be distancing itself from the hoi polloi, Notre Dame knocked off the Tar Heels. And three upstarts—New Orleans, Cleveland State and Middle Tennessee State, each with only two losses entering the week—stumbled against Memphis State, Illinois-Chicago and Akron, respectively.

	LAST WEEK
1. UNLV (21–1)	2
2. N. CAROLINA (18–2)	1
3. TEMPLE (20–2)	4
4. OKLAHOMA (17–3)	6
5. INDIANA (17–2)	7
6. IOWA (19–2)	3
7. PURDUE (16–3)	5
8. TCU (18–3)	13
9. G'TOWN (15–3)	10
10. DEPAUL (18–1)	11
11. ALABAMA (16–3)	12
12. KANSAS (15–5)	17
13. SYRACUSE (17–3)	8
14. ILLINOIS (15–5)	15
15. DUKE (16–4)	9
16. CLEMSON (19–2)	14
17. PITTSBURGH (17–4)	–
18. PROVIDENCE (16–3)	–
19. FLORIDA (16–5)	16
19.9 SDSU* (2–18)	–

*The Aztecs of San Diego State set a school record with their 12th straight defeat, to Miami. Before the 11th, an 87–81 loss to U.S. International, coach Smokey Gaines had the right idea. He called in sick.

TAKING TURNS

Georgetown coach John Thompson didn't take too kindly to the manner in which Providence center Jacek (Zip-A-Dee) Duda fouled Mark Tillmon on a layup attempt by Tillmon during the Friars' 82–79 victory last week. In fact, when Thompson strolled out of the coaching box to approach Providence coach Rick Pitino, he was heard to say, "Is that the way you teach your players to play?" The 6′ 10″ Thompson went on to call the 6-foot Pitino a "punk." Pitino also *strolled outside of his box to* tell Thompson to "grow up."

Though the dispute looked ugly, fingers rather than fists were jabbed, and both coaches were assessed technicals for their meanderings. Later, boxing promoter Dan Duva sent Pitino a letter that said, "Next time, feint the left, cross the right, come back with a quick left hook, walk away and let the ref do the counting." *Next time?* "If there had been any punches thrown," Pitino said, "there would have been one dead Friar."

HOW MANY?

With 48 seconds to go in the second overtime, Cal trailed Arizona by two points and had the ball. From the bench, Golden Bears coach Lou *Campanelli yelled*, "Three!" Moments later, Cal's Chris Washington sank a three-pointer to give the Bears an 82–81 victory.

Campanelli later admitted he was calling for *play* No. 3.

YES, THREE

A total of three people, including a reporter from the campus newspaper, showed up for the opening speech in Kentucky's Student Alumni Council lecture series. The speaker: former Cats coach Joe B. Hall.

DRIBBLES

To replace the game it never played with Arizona State (canceled in December after a dispute over who would officiate), Georgetown will take on local terror Bowie State on Feb. 14. It's already being called the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Inch for inch, Western Michigan's Booker James is *the nation's most productive* player. He's averaging 20.8 points and 10.3 rebounds per game. James is 6′ 1½″.

During coach Jud Heathcote's press conference after Michigan State's 67–65 loss to Northwestern last week, the lights went out. Heathcote, whose team had just shot a measly 43%, cracked, "It wasn't us."

In its 108–99 defeat of Clemson last week, North Carolina had 70 points in the second half and scored on every one of its final 18 possessions. Three days later, the Heels' Kenny Smith, who hit a career-high 41 points against the Tigers, underwent arthroscopic knee surgery. He is expected to return within two weeks. Without him on Sunday, the Heels suffered their second loss of *the season, 60–58 at Notre* Dame.

With SMU a sorry 1–7 in Southwest Conference play, a Mustang assistant picked up a ringing phone in the basketball office and answered, "Morgue."

The Antelopes of Kearney (Neb.) State recently won three NAIA games in a row—in double, double and triple overtime.

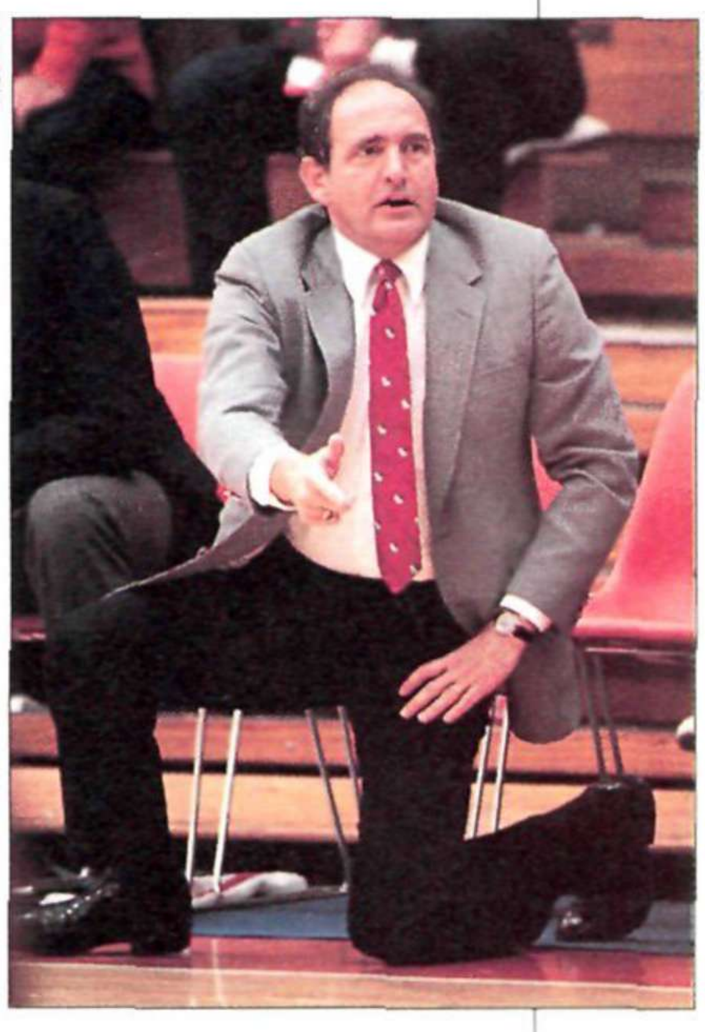
UC Santa Barbara coach Jerry Pimm has moved into a 47-foot boat that has three staterooms, a huge galley and a satellite dish. Says Pimm, "I wanted a change of scenery, and I don't like yard work."

MIDTERM HONORS

For every gross underachiever like Louisville or Georgia Tech, there have been several gratifying surprises:

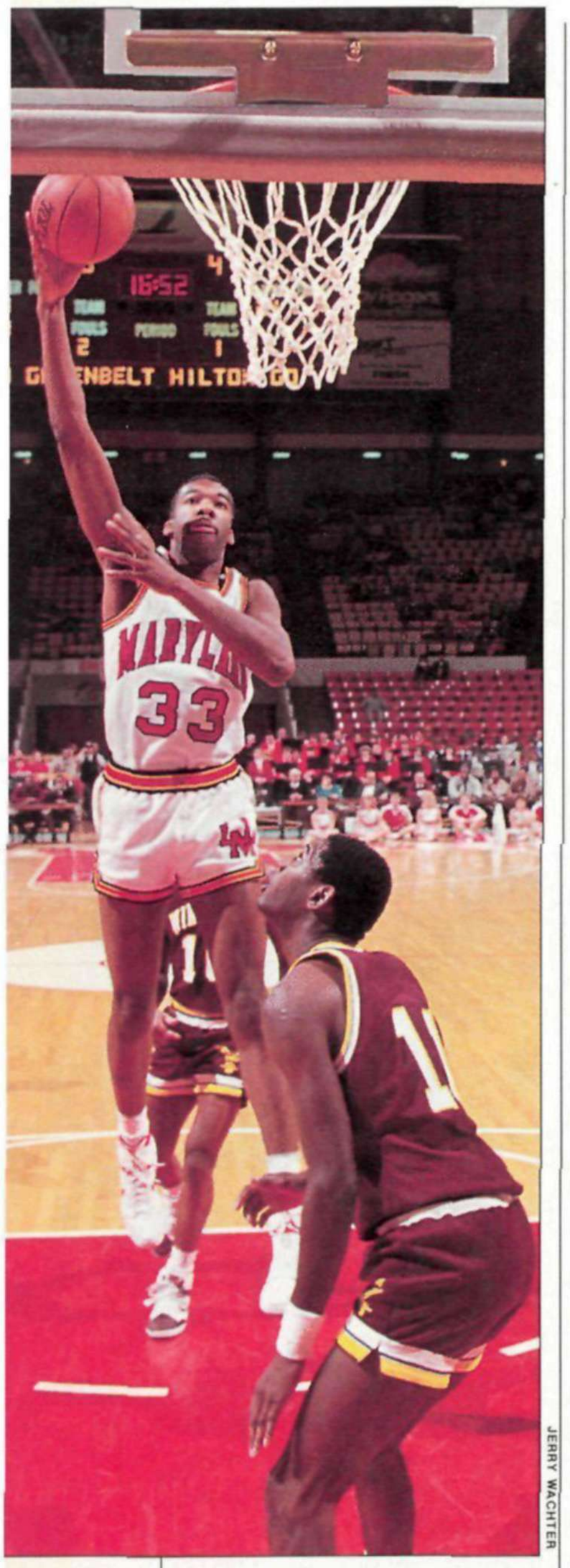
• Georgia's Hugh Durham is Coach of the Half-Year.

BILL WAX



Durham's Dogs learned new tricks.

Within days of beating Kentucky in Louisville on Dec. 30, the Dawgs lost their leading scorer (Toney Mack, bad grades), rebounder (David *Dunn, broken foot)* and defender (Patrick Hamilton, grades also). Down to seven scholarship players, Durham installed a doctrinaire 2–3 zone and walk-it-up offense over his players' misgivings. "They think only wimps and nerds, whatever they are, play slow," Durham says. But after beating LSU, Vanderbilt, Mississippi State and Tennessee, and losing to Au-



JERRY WACHTER

Lewis is giving the Terps a lift.

burn and Alabama in overtime, the 12–7 Dawgs believe.

• Despite the loss of point guard Carl Lott at least until tournament time with a broken finger on his right hand, TCU has continued to clamp down on defense. On Jan. 19 Texas missed 17 straight shots in a 52–37 loss to the Horned Frogs. Last week Rice scored only nine points in the first half of the Frogs' 64–38 win; two days later Owls coach Tommy Suitts announced his resignation. TCU's 14-game winning streak is now the longest in the nation.

• Picked for the Big Eight second division in most preseason polls, Kansas State is 14–5, thanks largely to the return to eligibility of U.S. Army and NCAA-wars veteran *Norris Coleman. Juco* transfers Mitch Richmond and William Scott have also infused Lon Kruger's Wildcats with life. Says Wichita State center Henry Carr, whose team is 1–1 against the Wildcats but 1–0 against Big Eight power Kansas: "[Kansas State has] six or seven good players. Kansas has one."

NOT BAD, THANKS

After losing two starters and coach Lefty Driesell in the wake of the Len Bias tragedy, Maryland was expected to finish somewhere south of Wake Forest in the ACC, and, indeed, the Terps are 0–6 in league play. But Maryland has won three of its last four nonconference games, with 6′ 7″ center Derrick Lewis averaging 25 points, 15 rebounds and 7 blocks over *that stretch. One secret:* "I make sure to make friends with the referees before the games," says Lewis. "Lenny taught me to do that. The ref might say, 'How's the ankle?' and I'll say, 'How's the wife and kids?' "

EYES ON TEXAS

Four years ago, Jay Parker, an expatriate New Yorker, decided to do something about the sorry state of amateur basketball in Texas. So Parker staged a tournament to showcase high school talent and started a scouting service in his Houston home, trying to drum into the heads of college coaches around the land that "Lone Star" is a misnomer when it comes to Texas hoops. When the rulers of interscholastic sports in the state finally agreed to permit summer leagues for schoolboys (competition camps are still verboten), *Parker put together his Texas* Basketball Congress International, a highfalutin name for a series of summer leagues and glamour games that showcase prospects for recruiters. Texas players "didn't get better," Parker says. "They got known."

Parker has been instrumental in developing and promoting three Texans—LaBradford Smith, Johnny Pittman and Larry Johnson—who are among the top 25 high school seniors in the nation. Yet Parker is something of a pariah in his adopted state, where some folks even criticize his efforts to tutor players in how to take the college boards.

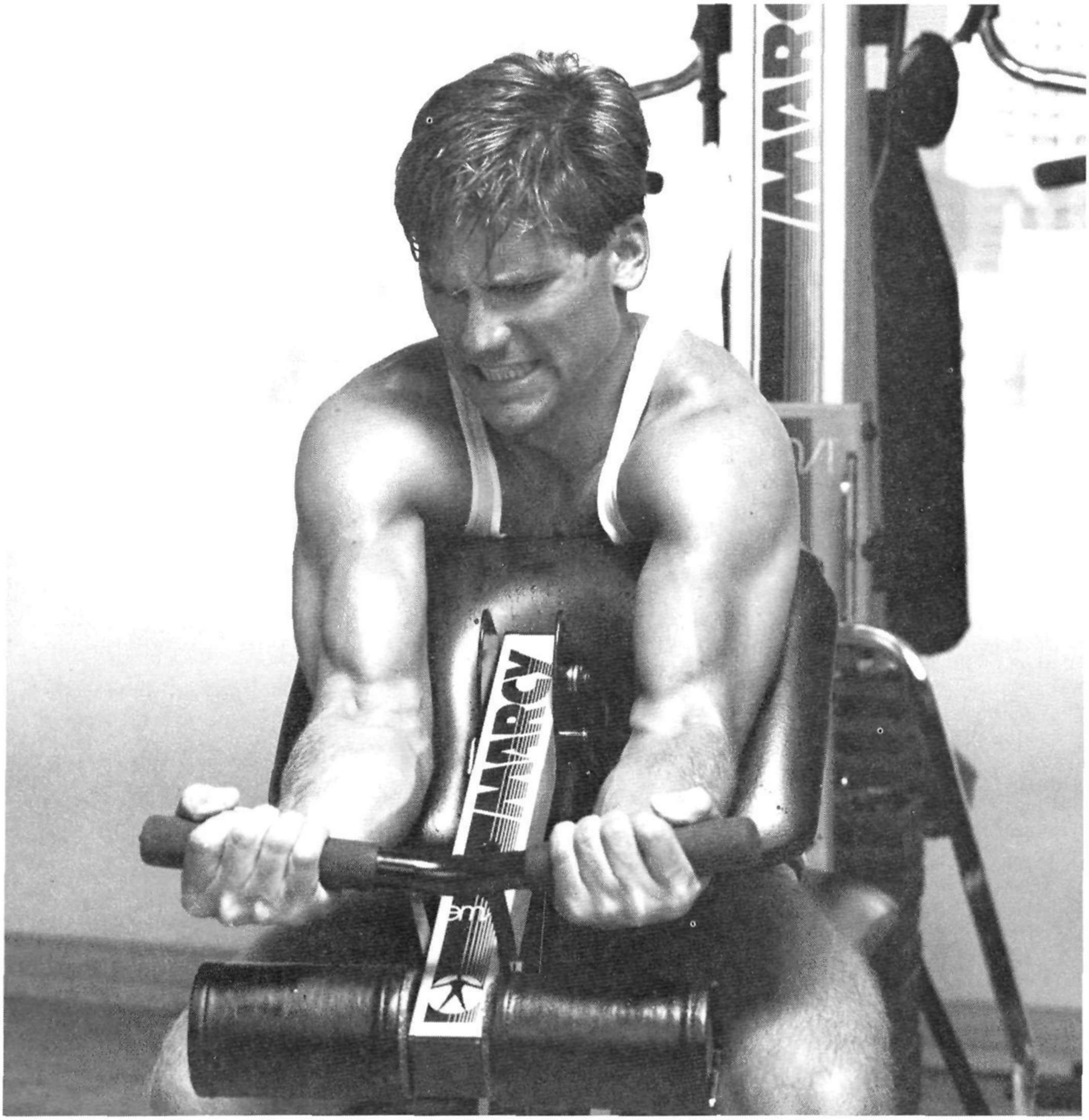
Some of the opposition stems from the fact that Johnson, who's ticketed for hometown SMU, is the only one of the superb three who is staying in state (Smith is *headed for Louisville,* Pittman for Kentucky). But Parker rightly blames the sorry attitude that prevails in the Southwest Conference. Houston made no recruiting hay out of its three straight Final Four appearances. Not a single SWC team made a fall visit to San Antonio's Fennis Dembo, who led Wyoming to the NIT final last spring. Tulsa's David Moss, Stanford's Deshon Wingate and Minnesota's Kelvin *Smith also left the state.* Texans will have to start showing some interest in their own if they expect to get a team in the Final Four again.

NO NEED TO DISCUSS GUS

Providence's Ernie (Pop) Lewis, whose three-pointer with one second left gave the Friars their win over Georgetown and whose two treys in overtime helped beat St. John's, has a brother called Snap and a sister who used to be called Crackle. . . . Portland's Greg Anthony (15.5 points per game) and Greg Attaway (14.1) are billed as the Gaga Twins. . . . And in the grand tradition of erstwhile UNLV stalwart Frank (Spoon) James, North Carolina's injured point guard, Kenny Smith, refuses to divulge the derivation of his *cryptic moniker, Gus.* ■

SNEAKERS

SCOTT BROOKS, *a 5′ 11″ senior guard for UC Irvine, scored all 27 of his points on three-pointers in a 114–103 loss to UNLV. Morehead State's* **BOB McCANN**, *a 6′ 9″ senior center, had 24 points, 14 rebounds, 4 blocks and 3 dunks before six NBA scouts as the Eagles beat Eastern Kentucky 87–82.*



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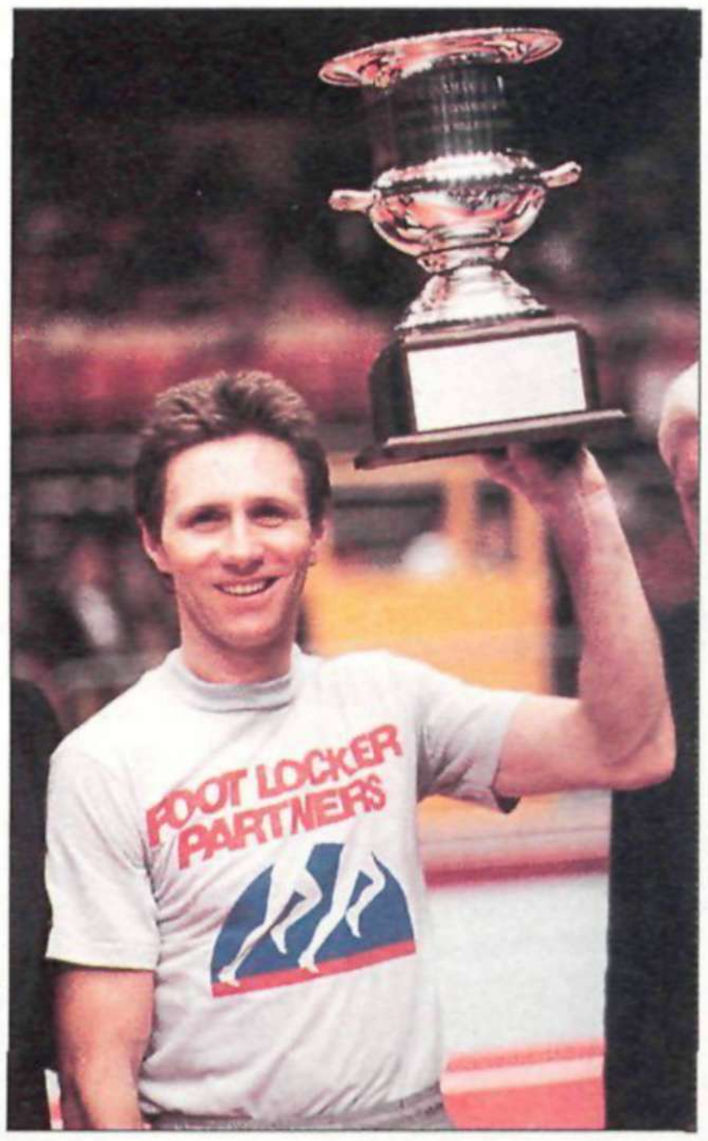
PLUCK OF THE IRISH

Eamonn Coghlan, 34, won his seventh Wanamaker Mile



JOHN IACONO

Coghlan hefted his record-breaking trophy.

BY CRAIG NEFF

An indoor track meet is a remarkable contraption, rattling with a thousand parts and whirring with energy. Yet sometimes it is propelled by a single event. So it was on Friday night in New York, where the 80th Wanamaker Millrose Games fairly crackled with the sparks from a feisty group of milers.

Here was Britain's Steve Ovett, the former outdoor mile and 1,500-meter world-record holder and historic rival of countryman Sebastian Coe, making his first-ever U.S. indoor appearance. Ovett, 31, hadn't run an indoor race in 11 years and didn't know what to make of the 160-yard, steeply banked plywood track sitting on the floor of Madison Square Garden. "I imagine it must be very similar to running around a bath [tub]," Ovett said, "except you don't have to worry about the faucets."

Far more sober-minded about the task at hand—or foot—was Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan, the indoor mile world-record holder (3:49.78) and overwhelming crowd favorite among the 18,122 in attendance. Coghlan, 34, who lives and trains in suburban Rye, N.Y., was intent on winning his seventh Wanamaker Mile and surpassing Glenn Cunningham's record of six. To do so, however, he would have to defeat Ovett for the first time in their seven lifetime meetings and overcome three of his own countrymen, among them his heir apparent and fellow Villanova graduate, Marcus O'Sullivan. O'Sullivan had snapped Coghlan's five-year, 15-race victory streak in the indoor mile last winter while building a seven-race winning streak of his own in the event. "Marcus is nine years younger than me," Coghlan said on Thursday. "I'm realistic—I know I'm not going to be around forever."

Coghlan's immediate future had come into question during the last year. He is no stranger to ill fortune in his career—he finished fourth in the 1976 Olympic 1,500, fourth in the '80 Olympic 5,000, and was injured and didn't compete in '84. Recently, he has been plagued by stress fractures in both legs, and he failed to win a single indoor race in 1986. He blamed his troubles on a combination of the Eat To Win diet and an extended spell of diarrhea, which he said left him underweight and lacking strength. "I went on the Eat To Win diet," Coghlan sighed, "and lost."

Not until last fall was he able to resume high-level training. And no sooner did he go on a Christmas vacation to his native Dublin than accident struck—or rather, came up and bit him.

While out for a run one day, Coghlan confronted a couple of young louts—"In Ireland we call them guttersnipe," he says—who were crossing against the light on their bicycles and loudly cursing at a driver. An old woman was walking nearby, and Coghlan told the boys to stop using foul language around her. He ran at the boys to scare them, but instead alarmed their sheepdog, which attacked him and left him with gouges on both legs and a broken left hand.

JOHN IACONO

After passing O'Sullivan on the backstretch, Coghlan charged to the finish in 3:55.91.

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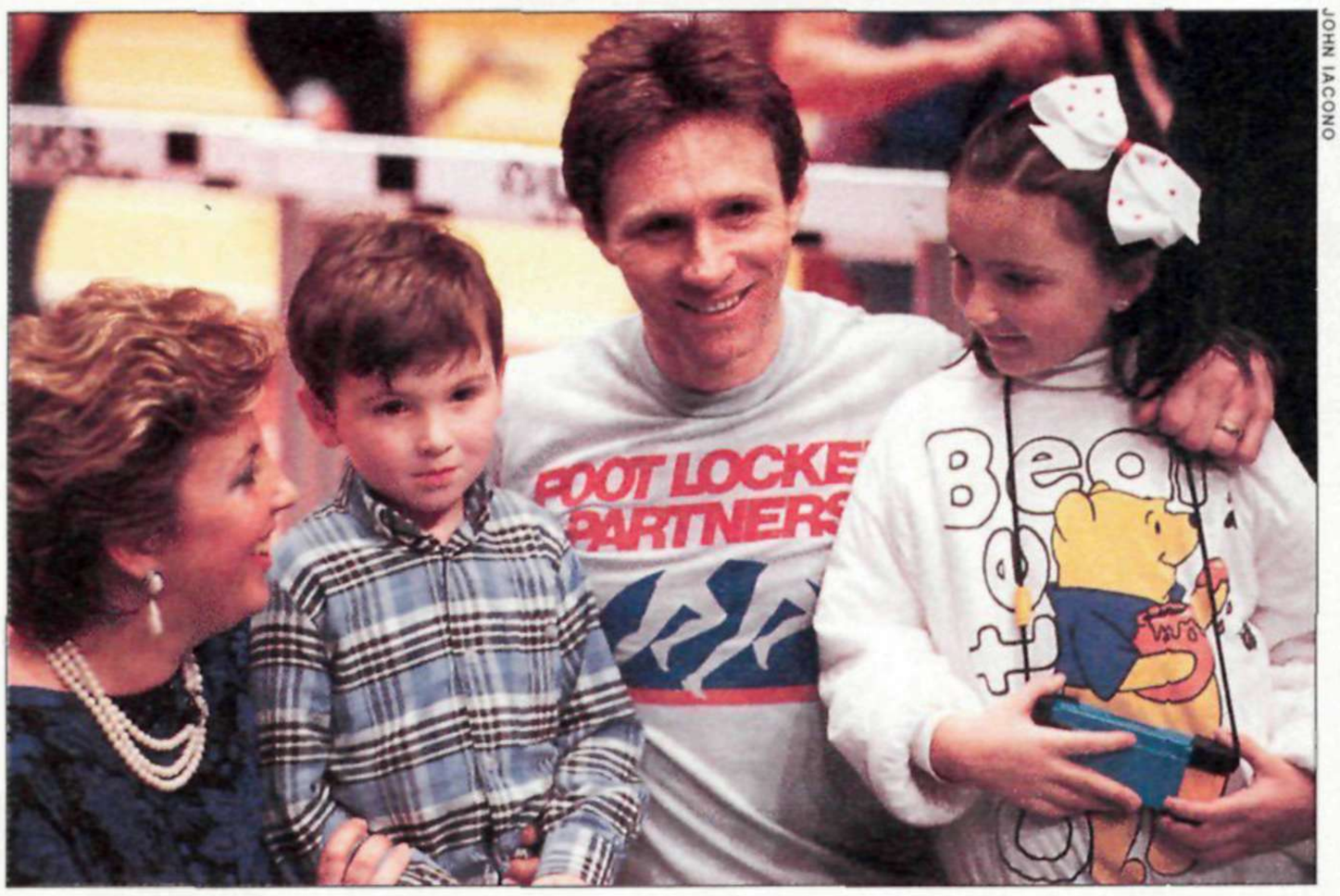
Coghlan had to have two screws implanted in the hand and missed a week of hard training.

His countrymen were aghast. "The question of controlling dogs became a national issue," said former Irish running star Noel Carroll, in New York on Friday to compete in a special 40-or-over masters' mile. "There was even special legislation passed. It was incredible. Because of him, the whole nation got preoccupied with dogs."

Such is Coghlan's popularity. As he stepped onto the track on Friday night, he was greeted with a tremendous ovation. "Even before [the PA announcer] started my introduction the crowd began picking up the cheering," Coghlan said later with some astonishment. "That really gave me a great feeling."



JOHN IACONO

A family affair: Yvonne, Eamonn Jr. and Suzanne celebrated Eamonn Sr.'s big victory.

Millrose had already had several exciting races during the evening—e.g., Pitt junior Lee McRae knocked off Carl Lewis in the 60-yard dash, and Greg Foster held off a late-charging Renaldo Nehemiah in the 60-yard hurdles—but the mile really brought the Garden alive. The gun sent off a field of eight runners into the first of 11 laps.

Pacesetter Mark Fricker—America's lone, lonely, Year of the Rabbit entry—jumped out to a three-yard lead over Ireland's Ray Flynn, with Coghlan hanging back in fourth. Coghlan had decided to play it "cool, calm and collected" and save himself for one mighty burst near the end. "Don't think about it," Coghlan's wife, Yvonne, had advised him while they drove into New York City on Friday afternoon. "You have more experience than anyone else in there."

To be sure, Ovett, the indoor novice, was struggling. He had brought the wrong spikes. His lungs were congested from a cold. He was even surprised to find a staggered start for the race. He later felt others in the race may have moved out of their lanes too soon, thus allowing them to run several yards less than a mile. Running last, he fought to look at least respectable.

The race passed the quarter mile in 58.7 seconds and the half in 1:58.7. Fricker continued to lead, followed in tight Indian file by Flynn, Jose Abascal of Spain, Kip Cheruiyot of Kenya, O'Sullivan and Coghlan. "They're gonna *book*," predicted ex-Villanova middle-distance man Don Paige, watching from trackside.

Paige had coached O'Sullivan for a year with the Wildcats. "Marcus has the talent to become the next great miler," said Paige. "He has the good, small build [5′ 9″ and 134 pounds, compared with 5′ 10″, 137 for Coghlan] that helps him run indoors. The day he finally convinces himself that he's really one of the big boys in the event, the others better watch out, because I think he'll destroy them all.

"But Eamonn," added Paige, "wants this race *so bad*. . . ."

With three laps to go, Fricker dropped back, setting off a chain reaction. Within a lap O'Sullivan and Coghlan moved into third and fourth, closing on Abascal and Flynn. With a lap and a half remaining, O'Sullivan shot wide and went for the lead. Coghlan pursued. The crowd was up.

They caught the final-lap gun one-two, O'Sullivan first, then Coghlan. O'Sullivan wasn't sure he liked being the one in front. "I had no idea where Eamonn was," he said later. "When we got to the last backstretch, I heard the crowd get louder. I knew what was coming. It could only be one man."

It was Coghlan, charging. "I felt it in training the last couple of weeks," the Chairman of the Boards said later. "That quick acceleration"—Coghlan snapped his fingers—"was there. I had no doubts whatsoever that I could go past anybody."

And so he did, blasting by O'Sullivan with 80 yards to go and never looking back. With both fists raised, he broke the tape in 3:55.91, well ahead of O'Sullivan (3:56.49) and Abascal (3:56.90). Ovett came through eighth, in 4:14.52, and called it "my worst performance ever in the mile.

"Eamonn has found his own little niche," said Ovett with what seemed like more than a hint of belittlement. "He trains all year for the American indoor season and he's very good at it."

"Before this, Steve Ovett probably looked upon the indoor season as kind of a joke," replied Coghlan with a grin. "But tonight the joke was on him."

Coghlan soaked up the joy of a victory lap, then picked up his trophy and tried to slip away. "My wife and kids are waiting. . . ." An hour later he was still politely signing autographs. "Really, I've *got* to go. My wife and kids. . . ."

Nearby, O'Sullivan was talking of how Coghlan had taken him under his wing in his first years of big-time running and been a friend ever since. "You can't help but aspire to be like him," said O'Sullivan. "I couldn't help but smile as I crossed the line. I had given everything I had, and I was just so happy for him. It's good to see the old fella back again." ■

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MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

Kiki Vandeweghe is the key key to Portland's resurgence

BY JACK McCALLUM

Although the NBA doesn't permit zones, Portland's Kiki Vandeweghe seems to live in one just the same. He appears so unemotional and distracted that, even as he sinks a three-point jump shot, one is tempted to wave a hand in front of his eyes and yell, "Yoo-hoo! Anyone home?"

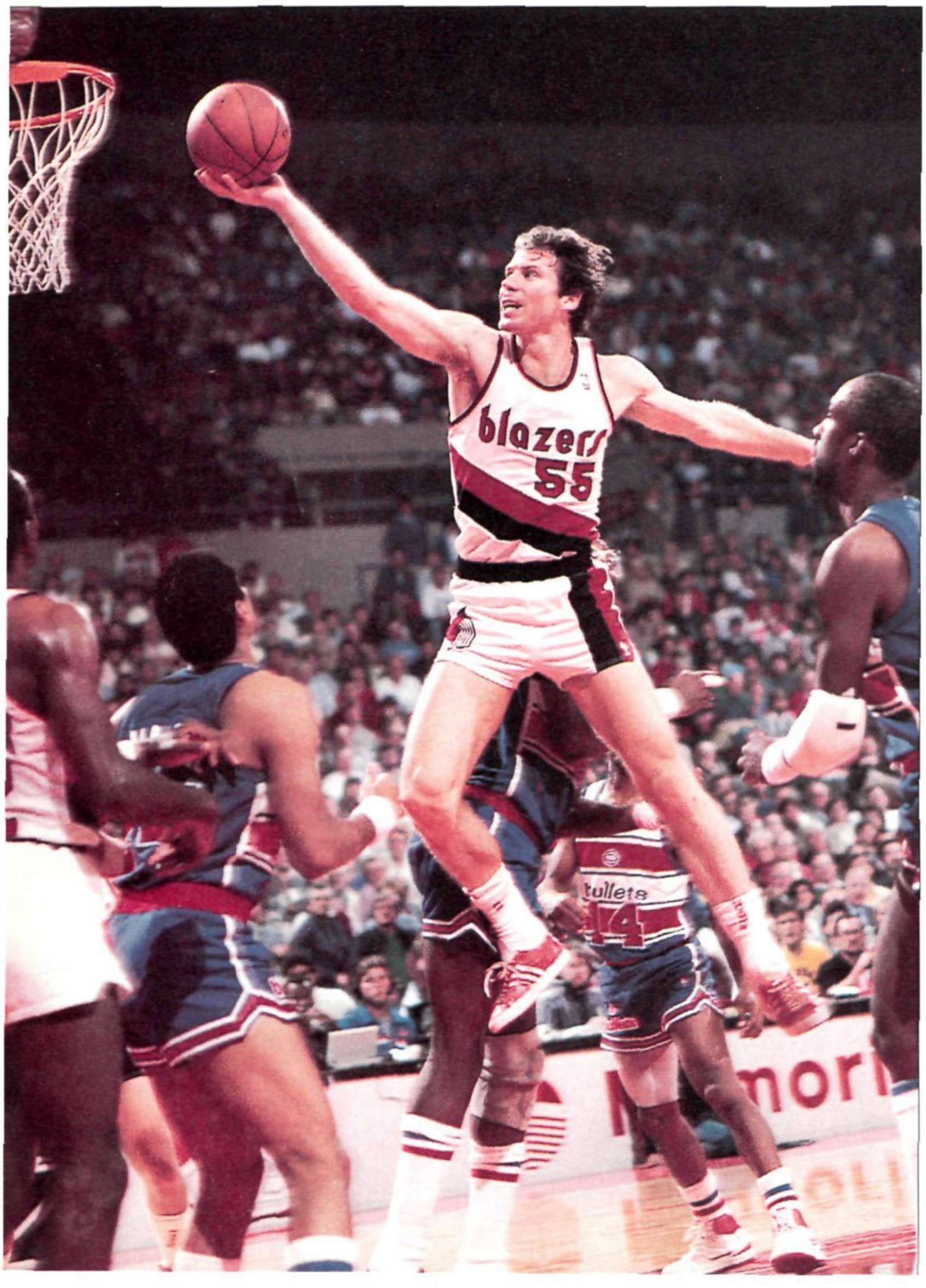
Then again, Kiki—whose given name, Ernest, was last uttered by his junior high school French teacher—has plenty to be distracted about. These days he might be pondering why, with a 26.5 scoring average through Sunday, fifth in the league and second in the Western Conference, he didn't make the All-Star team. Or he might be thinking about the 50 racehorses he owns a piece of or the latest science fiction he has been reading. Or his mind may be on the rare ancient coins he collects and trades, or, perhaps, on the beloved sports cars he buys and sells.

"I'm just not the emotional, cheerleader type," Vandeweghe said last week. "A lot of UCLA guys—Bill Walton being an exception, of course—are like that. When I play basketball, my mind's on basketball."

It is certainly on the basket, anyway. Kiki has scored fewer than 20 points in only 7 of Portland's 47 games and more than 30 in 17 of them. He's shooting .520 from the floor, .896 from the free throw line (fourth-best in the NBA) and .525 from three-point range (behind only Detlef Schrempf of Dallas). "There is simply no way to stop him," says his teammate and close friend Clyde Drexler. If the defender crowds him, Vandeweghe will drive to the basket with a quick first step in either direction that belies his reputation for being superglued to the floor on defense. Give him room and he'll shoot you dead with his outside shot, an amalgam of modern-day jumper and old-fashioned one-hander. He's effective on the break (where he's one of the most underrated dunkers in the league), and he moves intelligently without the ball in the half-court offense.

"You use him like you use a home run hitter in baseball," said Utah coach Frank Layden after Vandeweghe scored 33 points (including four of four three-pointers) in a 120–114 Jazz win last Thursday. "The rest of his game is only adequate, but so what?" That's not just idle talk, either. Layden tried to trade Adrian Dantley for Vandeweghe last year, but Portland turned him down.

"Vandeweghe has replaced Jamaal Wilkes as the game's Silent Assassin," says Portland player-turned-TV-man Steve Jones. And his relentless offensive consistency is a primary reason the Trail Blazers are back among the Western Conference elite after last season's mys-



BRIAN DRAKE

Best known for his outside sharpshooting, Vandeweghe can also take it to the hole.

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tifying mediocrity (40–42) led to the dismissal of veteran coach Jack Ramsay. The 28–19 Blazers are still several levels below the Lakers, who have beaten them 10 straight, but as long as they maintain their defensive intensity, they have a chance to finish the regular season with the second-best record in the West.

That's a surprising showing by a team that started the season with a new coach (former Milwaukee assistant Mike Schuler), a new defense (the Bucks' help-oriented switching system), a new low-post player (Steve Johnson, for whom the Blazers traded Mychal Thompson) and no help from one of the most eclectic collections of draft picks in recent years. The Trail Blazers got absolutely nothing from a draft that included St. John's Walter Berry, the Soviet Union's Arvidas Sabonis and North Carolina State's Panagiotis Fasoulas. Berry is in San Antonio (he was traded on Dec. 18 for 7-foot, 280-pound center Kevin Duckworth), Sabonis is still in the U.S.S.R., and Fasoulas is back in his native Greece. Tack on the annual injury to center Sam Bowie, who broke his right tibia in Portland's fifth game, and the Blazers seemed certain to repeat last season's struggles.

"Last year we played tentatively," said Jim Paxson, an eight-year Blazer now splitting time at both guard positions. "We were playing not to lose rather than to win." This is frequently true of "soft" teams, which is what the Trail Blazers were often called before Schuler took over in May. A proponent of Milwaukee coach Don Nelson's defensive philosophy, he set out to change the team's image. "We needed to do the tough things" is the way Schuler put it.

Vandeweghe isn't exactly known for his toughness, as his anemic 3.0 rebounding average would suggest. "We call him the Animal," Drexler says slyly. And Vandeweghe allows that he may not be the world's most aggressive 6′ 8″ small forward. But he also feels that his defensive liabilities have been vastly overplayed. "At UCLA I won my job with defense," says Vandeweghe, who led the Bruins to the NCAA championship game as a senior in 1980. "There weren't enough basketballs for all the scorers we already had there. In the NBA I got the no-defense rap early in my career, in Denver, when I was scoring a lot and we were giving up a lot. [He was the NBA's second-leading scorer with 26.7 in 1982–83 and was third with 29.4 the next season.] That was Doug Moe's system. And Doug used to kid me about my defense all the time. I think some of that stuck." But his teammates now say that since he's switching more and having to fight through fewer picks, his defense has improved.

RICHARD MACKSON

Kiki's pal Drexler is Portland's other big gun, with a 20.2 average.

His infamous wardrobe, regrettably, has not. It is nonpareil in its bland consistency (his gold corduroys are ready to post up by themselves), and there is no question that he deserved his inclusion in *GQ*'s "Five Worst-Dressed Athletes" last year.

But there obviously is more to Vandeweghe than meets the eye. His stoic demeanor—he has received only one technical foul in his seven seasons—hides an active, restless nature. One of the horses in which he has an interest, Dahar, was a top-class turf performer in California. His knowledge of sports cars is far-ranging; he once prevented his brother, Brük, from being swindled on a deal when he recognized that the car Brük was about to buy lacked a set of rivets that would certify its authenticity. He says he likes collecting coins because they give him "a piece of history."

The Vandeweghe family has a proud history of its own. His father, Ernie, a pediatrician, played in the NBA with the Knicks while attending medical school. An uncle, Mel Hutchins, was a BYU basketball star whose promising NBA career was cut short by a knee injury. Kiki's mother, Colleen, was Miss America in 1952. His younger sister Tauna was an Olympic swimmer in 1976. And Kiki himself was a national age-group swimming champion at 8 and continued to set records until he was 13.

Though he says basketball came hard for him, it certainly doesn't anymore. During last Friday's 125–107 win over New Jersey, Vandeweghe drove the lane with two Nets in tow. Turning his back to the basket, he drew the foul while spinning a shot off the backboard. It went in. The crowd went crazy and his teammates high-fived him, but as he walked to the line, Vandeweghe looked to be in a zone of his own. Then, as usual, he made the free throw. ■

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALESSANDRA FERRI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 23.

OCCUPATION: Principal dancer, American Ballet Theatre.

HOBBY: "Trying to find the time to have one."

LAST BOOK READ: *Hopscotch*, Julio Cortazar.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dancing the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* during the ABT's latest season. No mean feat.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "All little girls want to be ballerinas; I just never changed my idea."

QUOTE: "I'm Italian, and we're never neutral. About anything."

PROFILE: Focused, passionate and strong-minded. At ninety-seven pounds, she's nobody's weakling.

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SPEED SKATING

SPRINTING TO CALGARY

U.S. Olympic hopes blossomed at the world sprints

RONALD C. MODRA

Blair's fast start and low-to-the-ice style compensate for her small (127 pounds) size.

BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Bonnie Blair, the rising star of the U.S. speed skating team, was relaxing in Ste. Foy, Quebec, and reflecting on her career. "I have good days and bad days," she said, "but thank God the bad days are getting few and far between."

Last weekend at the World Sprint Speed Skating Championships at Ste. Foy, Blair, 22, had two very good, if not quite terrific, days. Blair whipped the sport's reigning grande dame, East Germany's Karin Enke-Kania, twice in the 500-meter sprint. Kania—who holds six of the eight women's speed skating marks, including the 500, and who won four medals at the 1984 Olympics in Sarajevo—captured both 1,000-meter races and claimed her sixth world sprint title. But Blair, who finished a close second overall, was thoroughly satisfied. "Kania's aware I'm coming on," she said.

The nipping-at-their-skates Americans also included the top U.S. male, Nick Thometz, 23, who finished second at the sprints, behind Japan's Akira Kuroiwa. Thometz, who won Saturday's 1,000-meter race, finally shed an unwanted rep for consistently skating out of the money—he had four straight fourth-place finishes in this competition dating to 1983, and came in fourth in the 1,000 at the 1984 Olympics in Sarajevo. "I look at fourth as not a bad finish," he sniffs. "It's just I'm a lot better than that." Which he proved dramatically over the weekend.

But the real message that Blair and Thometz sent to the other 16 nations competing at Ste. Foy is that U.S. speed skating is returning from the dead. At Sarajevo not a single medal was won by an American speed skater. Worse, this debacle came on the heels of the 1980 Heiden Olympics in Lake Placid, where Eric won five golds and his teammates claimed three more medals. Now, thanks to Blair and Thometz, the Americans are cocky about Calgary. Experts are measuring Blair for gold in the 500 and 1,000, and perhaps the 1,500, and Thometz is expected to collect three medals of varying hue.

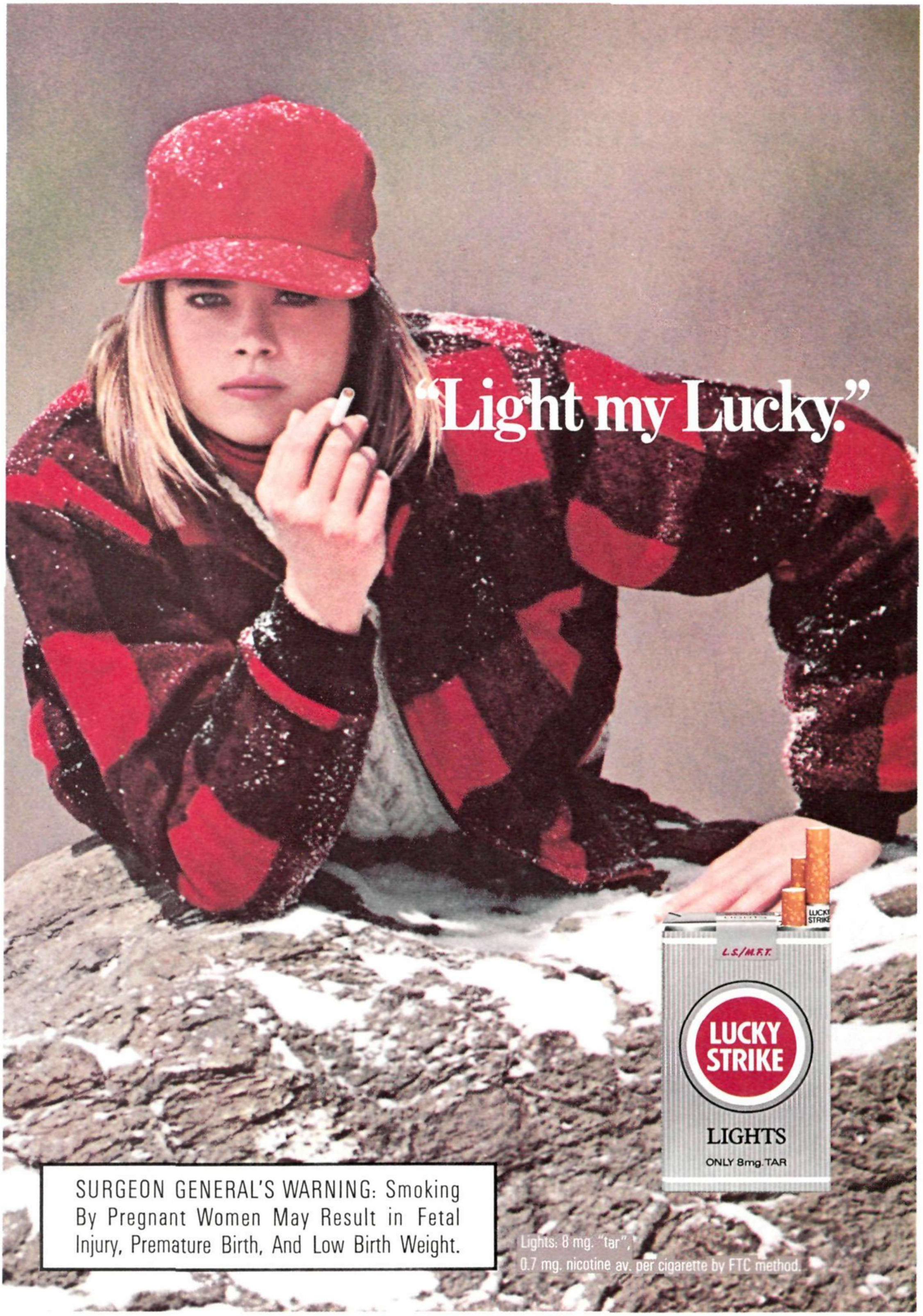
America's top male skater, Thometz hopes to revive the spirit of Heiden at Calgary.

RONALD C. MODRA

Blair was, quite literally, born to the sport. In 1964, when Eleanor Blair was about to give birth to Bonnie, husband Charlie drove her to the hospital in Cornwall, N.Y. He kept the engine running, though, since he was expected shortly in nearby Yonkers to time a speed skating meet. When Charlie heard over the P.A. at the meet that Eleanor had given birth to "another skater"—five of the six Blair children have held national titles—the old man looked pleased. Then it was back to his stopwatch.

When she began skating, Bonnie was so small her siblings put her skates on over her shoes. Soon after, she was competing in a different city nearly every weekend from November to April. Did all this risk Bonnie burnout? "Skating has always been a pleasure and a joy," she says. "I love to go fast and create the wind. It's fun to set goals, reach goals, reset goals. I don't see any torture in this at all."

For Thometz, too, skating is a family affair. Brother Kent, 28, was twice an Olympic alternate, and Nick has been competing since the age of seven. And while no world-class athlete enjoys being second best, the signs were clear when Blair and Thometz received their medals at Ste. Foy that the top rung may be only a step away. ■



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GOODBYE, OLIVE WREATHS; HELLO, RICHES AND REALITY

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

After decades of moralistic breast-beating over the corruption that money supposedly imparts to the essence of sport, the Olympic movement has at last openly—even *proudly*—capitulated to the formerly unthinkable. It has embraced the ways of professional sport and accepted the means of the marketplace as being the only logical vehicles by which the Olympic Ideal can be transported, alive and thriving, through the rest of the 20th century and on into the 21st.

The change has been going on for a number of years, but it has occurred in such a gradual and subtle fashion that until recently, only International Olympic Committee insiders and the most attentive outsiders were aware of the extremity of the upheaval taking place. The Olympics are not only *in* business these days, they *are* business. And in certain areas, they are the *ultimate* in business. For example:

1) *The ultimate in merchandising and commercialization.* Since June 1985 the Olympic rings have been up for sale to any international corporation interested in using an Olympic connection in its worldwide marketing programs. So far $104 million has been received for the privilege of using the rings to sell the products and services of Eastman Kodak, Coca-Cola, Visa, Time Inc., Federal Express and 3M. The IOC expects eventually to put the Olympic imprimatur on enough other products to bring in as much as half a billion dollars by 1988.

2) *The ultimate in creating new markets and sales opportunities for commercial television.* Four months ago, the IOC voted overwhelmingly (78–2) to split the Winter and Summer Olympics into alternating two-year cycles beginning with the Winter Games of 1994. This was done for a variety of financial reasons, but mainly to ease the troubles that American TV networks have had in getting advertisers to buy time on their sports programs—not just the Olympics, but *all* sports programs.

3) *The ultimate in sports professionalism.* The Winter and Summer Olympics of 1992 will be remembered as the last two ever held in the same year, but they may loom even bigger in history because of the extent to which recognized professional athletes will, at least in some sports, be welcomed. There won't be nearly as much of a fuss as before over whether would-be Olympic athletes are or are not amateurs.

What does it all mean? It means a revolutionary new entry into reality and it is very exciting. But if you ask the man most responsible what he thinks, you

In the new Olympic scheme of things, chasing after big bucks is no longer forbidden.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NEIL SHIGLEY

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will get a vapid line of platitudes. IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain is a former diplomat, a consummate politician and a wily executive. Yet when you ask the master designer of this upheaval in the Olympic movement about what he has wrought, he tends to say things that no one takes note of: "We must live with the times. . . . We have to go ahead, we can't go backward. . . ."

So it is best to find someone else to talk about the new Olympics. The man who does it better than anyone—and acts as a sort of informal spokesman for the IOC and for the cautious Mr. Samaranch—is Richard W. Pound, 44, a large, vigorous lawyer from Montreal, for nine years a member of the IOC and for four a member of the organization's executive board. Pound is smart, articulate and candid, and is seen by many as a possible candidate to take over the IOC presidency when Samaranch retires, which could be in 1992.

Pound is an unabashed admirer of Samaranch—and of the change he has brought about. "Juan Antonio Samaranch is a pragmatist," says Pound. "He is also a man who understands symbolism as well as diplomacy. He is, in my opinion, already one of the three great IOC presidents—the other two being de Coubertin and Brundage. It is because of Samaranch that the Olympics have come to grips with the realities of the world. The global marketing of the Games was originated by him and it had to be done for the Olympics to survive. In terms of opening the Games to professionals, he has favored it for a long time. This is a move that simply legalizes what's already gone on for quite a while in many sports. No more will athletes or officials have to close their eyes, hold their noses and sign a form that requires them to lie about the truth of their lives and careers."

The new Olympic pragmatism is a powerfully positive force. It injects a stream of cash and commercial energy into the Games, and it pretty much eliminates the smog of shamateurism. And to all this, as Pound says, Samaranch is the key. He was elected president of the IOC in July 1980, when Lord Killanin of Ireland stepped down after eight exhausting years. Samaranch won easily, and the most important thing

Samaranch promoted sweeping changes in how the Olympics are financed and staged.

about his victory was that he planned to spend 100% of his time on the job. This was a first for IOC presidents—and it was essential. Pound says, "The Olympics were in a period of crisis then with the boycotts and the other problems. Los Angeles's great success was still four years away. It seemed that great losses were possible at the time. Killanin was a nice man, a fine man, but he was not a full-time president and he had not been physically strong enough to deal with the problems."

John Rodda of the British newspaper the *Guardian* is one of Europe's leading Olympic journalists, and he says of Samaranch: "The man treats it as a business. With Brundage and Killanin it was rather a polite club, and they just oversaw things. Samaranch never really stops. He got all those cities to bid for the 1992 Games and he has added new sports—*baseball* in '92, can you believe that? He is promoting Olympic philately and Olympic films. When he travels, he acts like a head of state. It's all a bit pompous, but whenever he sees a problem in a country, he can ring up the head of state and speak like an equal."

In 1985, Samaranch brought about the resignation of Monique Berlioux, the imperious executive director who, during the years of absentee presidencies, had come to run the IOC pretty much as her own fiefdom. With Berlioux gone, Samaranch reigned alone. He has gathered a variegated group of IOC-member confidants into his inner circle. They include Pound, Marc Hodler of Switzerland and Alexandru Siperco of Romania. These men are closer to the president than anyone else in the IOC—but not one of them is Samaranch's closest confidant and adviser.

No, that place is reserved for one very powerful businessman: Horst Dassler, 50, the brilliant billionaire head of the Adidas empire. European journalists routinely refer to Dassler, who is from West Germany, as "the most powerful man in sports"—and this has much less to do with his proximity to Samaranch's ear than with the vast influence he has wielded as chief of Adidas. The company was founded in 1920 by Horst's father, Adi Dassler, a master shoemaker who gave a truncated version of his name—Adi-Das—to the firm that has grown to be a $1.9 billion-a-year business operating in 48 countries. Adi died in 1978 and Horst inherited the enterprise. Through contracts for shoes, clothes and equipment, plus a hardheaded understanding of the politics and personalities that control world sports, Dassler has direct lines of power that run through countless national teams, national Olympic committees, and national and world sports federations, to say nothing of the IOC itself. "The man has simply embraced the whole Olympic movement," says Rodda. Dassler and his products are as ubiquitous as air in the world of sport. Athletes of the Eastern bloc all wear Adidas products, as do the great majority of Third World competitors and some very wealthy Westerners like Edwin Moses.

Samaranch and Dassler are rarely seen together in public, and Rodda says, "Theirs is not an overt relationship." But the two men stay in close touch, and there are some insiders at IOC headquarters in Lausanne, Switzerland, who believe that Dassler delivered the votes

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to elect Samaranch in 1980 and that he also produced the votes this past October that made Barcelona, Samaranch's home town, the host city for the 1992 Summer Games.

Samaranch has no use for these rumors. Pound declares flatly, "The influence of Horst Dassler has been grossly exaggerated." Dassler himself speaks of it all with quiet derision. He told SI's Anita Verschoth: "That is nonsense about my delivering the votes for Barcelona. I have no influence over IOC votes. Our products do put me in frequent contact with numerous national Olympic committees as well as sports federations, but not with members of the IOC. Certainly, I have a friendly relationship with Samaranch, but I had the same with Brundage and Killanin. And, whoever said I influenced Samaranch's election as president is utterly wrong. He won by a landslide. If I had influenced his victory by such a margin, it certainly would not have remained a secret. In general, Samaranch does not ask for my advice when he makes a decision. All I want is to remain neutral in my relations with Samaranch and the IOC. And that is what I am."

Perhaps that is true—in general. Yet the fact is, Dassler has been far from neutral in the Olympic movement's great new venture into global merchandising. He has been not only prominent, but dominant.

In May 1985, a Swiss-based firm called International Sports & Leisure (ISL) signed a contract to become the world's exclusive agent for selling the Olympic emblem to international corporations that wish to use it for merchandising their products. ISL is a company with two divisions: One is called ISL Licensing and is owned 100% by Dassler and his family. The other is called ISL Marketing and is owned 51% by the Dasslers and 49% by Dentsu, a Japanese public relations firm.

Dassler restructured ISL in September 1982—it had been a small-scale operation since '78—to help market Adidas products and to merchandise major sporting events such as soccer's World Cup and the world volleyball championships. ISL was asked by the IOC to come up with a presentation for marketing the Olympic emblem, and in the spring of 1983, ISL salesmen attended a meeting of the full IOC in New Delhi. At a session of an 11-member group called the Commission of New Sources of Financing, ISL made a video presentation to explain its concept and programs for becoming the IOC's sole worldwide marketing agent. When the ISL sales pitch was finished, Reggie Alexander, an IOC member from Kenya and a notorious gadfly, said, "Who's next?" The chairman of the commission, IOC member Louis Guirandou-N'Diaye of the Ivory Coast, said soothingly, "Oh, I don't think we need to hear from anyone else about this idea." All other members of the commission sat silent.

There was no protest, inside or outside the IOC, over a possible Samaranch-Dassler connection or the fact that no other firms were asked to bid. "I think it was only after the IOC was actually signed on a piece of paper that it was apparent to all IOC members that Dassler controlled ISL," said Rodda.

Dassler himself explains the ISL contract this way: "What people don't realize is that the IOC is not our main partner in the contract. Our main partners are the Calgary and Seoul Olympic organizing committees for the '88 Games and the national Olympic committees. The rights to the Olympic rings belong, in fact, to every NOC. So if you do not have a contract with the most important NOCs, then a contract with the IOC would mean nothing. What ISL did after the presentation in New Delhi was to go out and sign more than 80 contracts with individual NOCs, as well as with Calgary and Seoul. Because we signed them all, the IOC was able to give its nod to us in the spring of 1985. This was not really a bidding situation because ISL had to sign individual contracts with each of those many separate NOC partners to get a contract with the IOC. We have now signed 134 NOCs."

Dassler has patterned the ISL operation directly after Peter Ueberroth's successful dollar-making approach to the selling of the 1984 Los Angeles Games. "What you must do," says Dassler, "is offer the biggest companies all-inclusive rights as sponsors of the Olympics or you won't get the biggest contracts. Ueberroth began the idea of selling sponsorships. It was a terrific idea and it is an example we are pleased to follow. But we are able to offer more continuity for longer periods of time because organizing committees such as the one in Los Angeles are only in business for a few years. We are also able to guarantee worldwide exclusive use of the Olympic emblems to our clients because we are representing the IOC and all of those 134 [out of 164] NOCs, not just one organizing committee."

It is the centralized selling concept and the exclusivity that make ISL's operation work so well. As George Miller, secretary general of the U.S. Olympic Committee, puts it: "ISL offers one-stop shopping for any major international company that wants to merchandise products with the Olympic emblem." Jürgen Lenz, executive vice-president of ISL, says that in addition to the six corporations that have bought in as major sponsors so far, there will be no more than nine other such sponsors for this quadrennium. The sponsors' money is split this way: 6% to the IOC, 10% commission to ISL (low for the average agent firm), and the other 84% among

In Pound's view, de Coubertin would have approved of the abandonment of amateurism.

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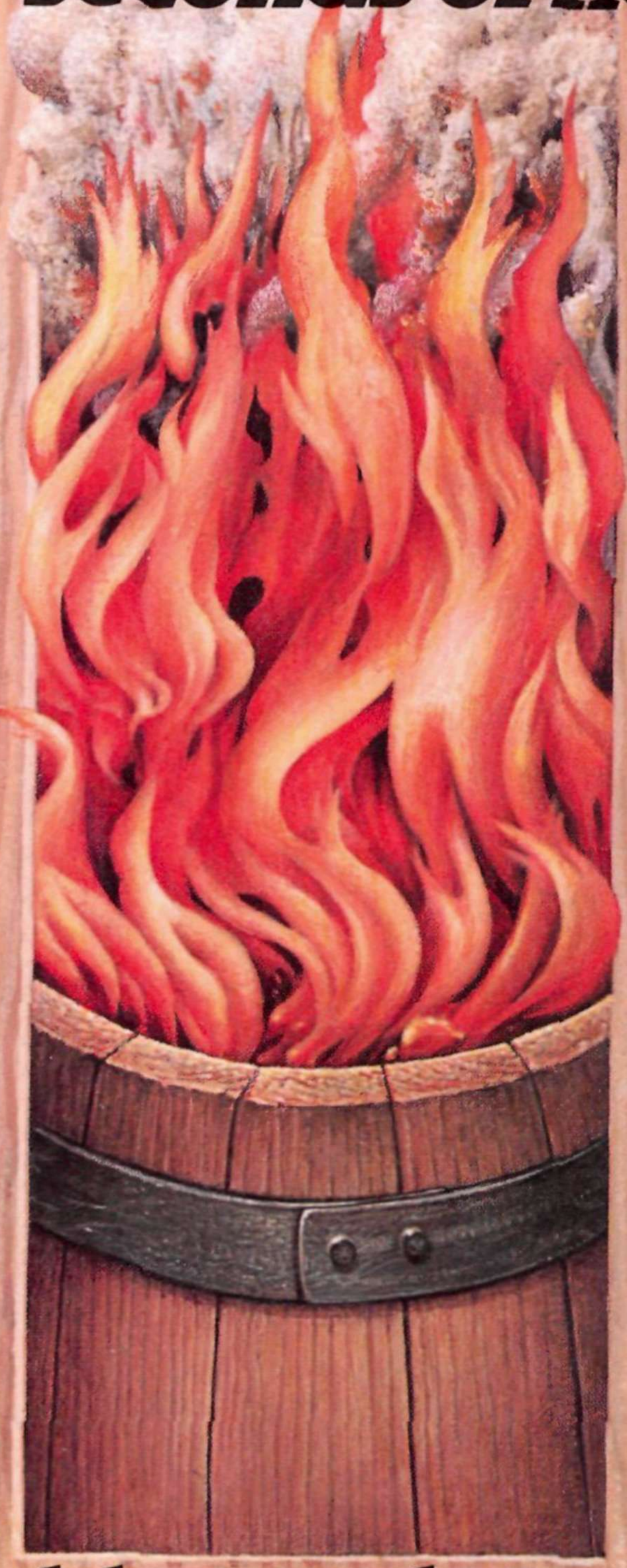

If you've ever watched pure white sugar melt until it becomes delicious brown caramel, you'll appreciate why we're so all-fired particular about the way the white oak *barrels we age Old* Grand-Dad in are charred.

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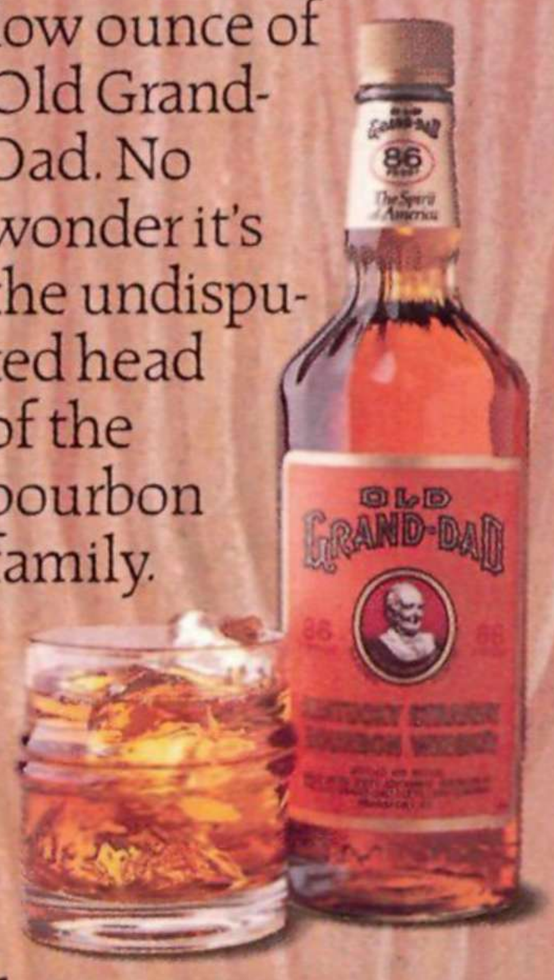

Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601 © 1986 National Distillers

the Seoul and Calgary committees and the NOCs, which dish out large chunks to the various sports federations.

So far, not even ISL's would-be competitors are criticizing what the company has done. Barry Frank, senior group vice-president of Trans World International (the TV branch of Mark McCormack's International Management Group), which was brought in by the Seoul and Calgary committees to negotiate Olympic TV rights for 1988, said recently, "No, I wouldn't say ISL is doing a bad job. Conceptually the idea is good, and they've sold it well—although, I must say, it's a little like selling ice-cold Cokes in the desert." And Rodda says, "They're doing fine. I think that if McCormack or West Nally [a London marketing firm] tried to move in, ISL would still get the contract on the strength of how well they're doing."

With the merchandising machinery in place, the new pragmatists of the IOC took another giant step into commercial reality last October 15 by voting overwhelmingly to split up the Summer and Winter Games. The 1992 Olympics—Winter in Albertville, France; Summer in Barcelona—will remain twinned, but starting in 1994 the Winter Games will operate as a separate—and, everyone dearly hopes, equal—entity.

This is a change that affects the aesthetics, the politics, the financing, the very chemistry of the Games. It is every bit as major an alteration as the one that occurred in 1924, when the Winter Olympics were first spliced onto a Summer Olympics that had been doing very nicely as an only child since 1896. That change had been preceded by four years of divisive debate within the Olympic movement.

This time, by contrast, the mighty upheaval occurred with almost no debate at all. From first glimmer of the concept until the resounding final vote was a matter of perhaps eight weeks. George Miller of the USOC recalled, "We had heard about it in August, and there wasn't even time to call a meeting of the USOC's executive board. Our response was, 'It sounds like a good idea, but could we maybe study it a little?' "

No one studied it much. And, as it turned out, there isn't anything seriously wrong with it—and there is a lot that is right. A split Olympics will keep the Games ever more visible and prevalent in a world of people whose attention span grows more gnatlike every day. It will avoid the previously unavoidable dip in Olympic fund-raising that has occurred in the first two years of every quadrennium. It will allow ISL's hustlers to sell sponsorships over *two* quadrenniums instead of one. It should bring the price of TV rights for the Winter Games much closer to the Summer instead of being substantially less, as it has always been. It would, for the first time ever, open the possibility of having a Winter Games in the Southern Hemisphere—say in July—without conflicting with a Summer Games.

The fact that he has Samaranch's ear helps make Dassler one very powerful shoemaker.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that the split would offer a tremendous boon to beleaguered U.S. TV network sports departments. They have wallowed in an ever-softening market, caused by a stagnant economy, so-so ratings and cutbacks in TV sports advertising by many former standbys. ABC's whopping $309 million bid for the Calgary Olympics could leave the network with a $50- to $75-million loss. NBC's more conservative $300-plus million for rights to Seoul, with the deal's many elastic clauses, will probably not result in heavy losses, but no one is counting on massive profits, either.

The TV arithmetic in the double Olympic year of 1988 is scary. Using rough figures, the estimate is that there will be about $8.5 billion available in 1988 for *all* U.S. TV advertising, and roughly $1.25 billion of that will go for sports programming. To break even on rights and production costs in Seoul and Calgary, NBC and ABC will have to generate about $1 billion in advertising in 1988, which leaves a mere $250 million for all other TV sports programming—such as all of the NFL season, all college sports, all baseball, all *Wide World of Sports*, etc.

Someone must take a terrible beating. And, as a matter of fact, after the '84 Games in Sarajevo and Los Angeles were over, so much TV advertising money had been spent on Olympic programming that the cupboard was bare and the networks were forced to drop their autumn prices—for *all* sports programming, including the previously platinum-solid NFL—to such bargain-basement levels that they had to operate at a loss.

This commercialization of the Olympics is radical, but not nearly as radical as the effect that professionalization will have on the Games. For the sake of contrast, it is interesting to recall how fierce and exhausting the struggle was to keep the Olympics "amateur." It began with Pierre de Coubertin himself, the French baron who founded the modern Olympic movement; he thought full-time pros should be kept out of the Games because it wasn't fair for them to compete against part-time amateurs. Of course, there were few professional athletes then—boxers, jockeys, baseball players were about it—and the problem was more or less academic. But it didn't stay that way. When Avery Brundage of the U.S. reigned as IOC president from 1952 to 1972, his attempts to keep the Games pure were both pathetic and infuriating. But he never stopped blowing the smoke of his pipe-dream definitions of Olympic amateurism: "An amateur does not rely on sports for his livelihood. The devotion of the true amateur athlete is the

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EXCEEDS THE NEED

same devotion that makes an artist starve in his garret rather than commercialize his work."

It was sweet, idealistic stuff, but it was essentially shortsighted. For what those efforts did was to leave Olympic competition in a permanently crooked condition whereby the full-time pros from Iron Curtain countries developed tremendous advantages over the "amateurs" from the rest of the planet.

Brundage could never get this anomaly through his skull, but the new Olympic pragmatists understand it clearly and have acted to correct it. Pound says, "For several years now there has been a generalized recognition that there is discrimination among Olympic competitors as a result of disagreement over what a professional athlete really is. State athletes have been skewing Olympics results to a point that is absurd. If you check the 1972 and 1976 Olympic medal-winning statistics—the last time East and West athletes competed directly in the Summer Games—you will find that a disproportionately large percentage of all medals was won by state athletes. That's not right; it simply doesn't reflect the true potential of the human condition.

"There was no question in our minds that state athletes were pros. Samaranch has called them that many times in public. Professionalism has been anathema to the spirit of the Olympics for many decades, but we realized that we had reached a point where it was less a problem of professionals than it was a question of *fair play*.

"That, you will recall, was de Coubertin's reason for opposing pros—they were simply too good to compete against amateurs, and it would be unfair. You can actually tie in our acceptance of Olympic professionals now with the principles of the Baron in the 19th century. It wasn't fair play then, and it isn't fair play now. De Coubertin was a pragmatic man."

Fair play was a fine precept, agreeable to all, but there was still the problem of how the IOC would now define a pro—or an amateur. The IOC's Eligibility Commission, headed by West Germany's Willi Daume, has been laboring since 1981 to write an Olympic athlete's code that would lay down clear new lines and limits of eligibility vis-à-vis money. While nothing seems to be forthcoming, the new pragmatists knew that the semantic definition of Olympic professionalism was a problem that could never be solved by a frontal attack. They understood that it could only be solved by outright surrender. And that is what they did.

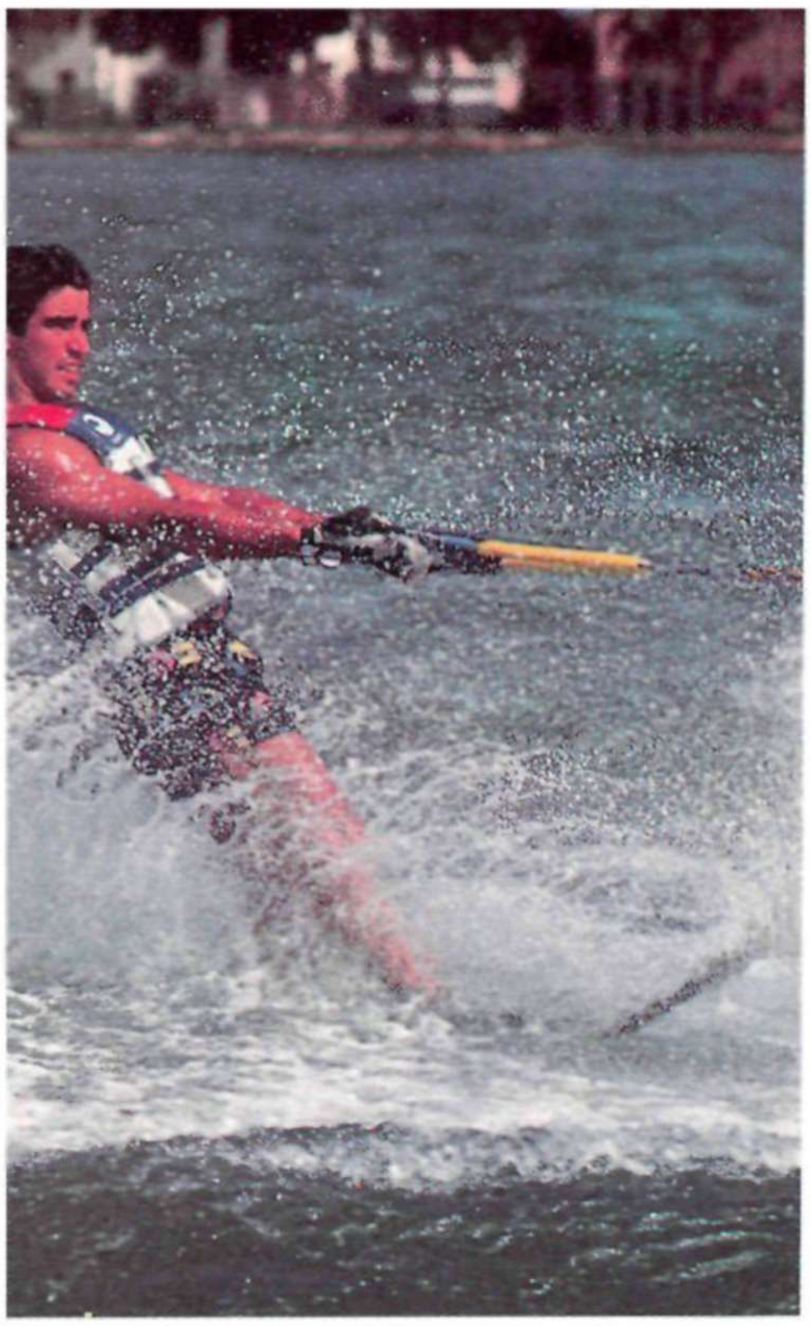
In short, the IOC has virtually turned its back on the responsibility of having to define precisely what kind of athletes—pro or amateur—can compete in the Olympic Games. It has turned the matter over to the international sports federations, letting *them* define it, with the IOC having the final say. It is unlikely, however, that they would rule an athlete ineligible who had already been approved by his or her federation. The wisdom of such strategy boggles the mind. Pound explained it like this: "We started with the proposition that all sport is under the control of the 30 or so world federations for three years and 11 months of every four years. Then, for one month, different rules—Olympic rules—are applied. This, we reasoned, is wrong. We decided it was time to apply exactly the same rules to the Olympics as are applied to other major sporting competitions around the world—the rules of the federations."

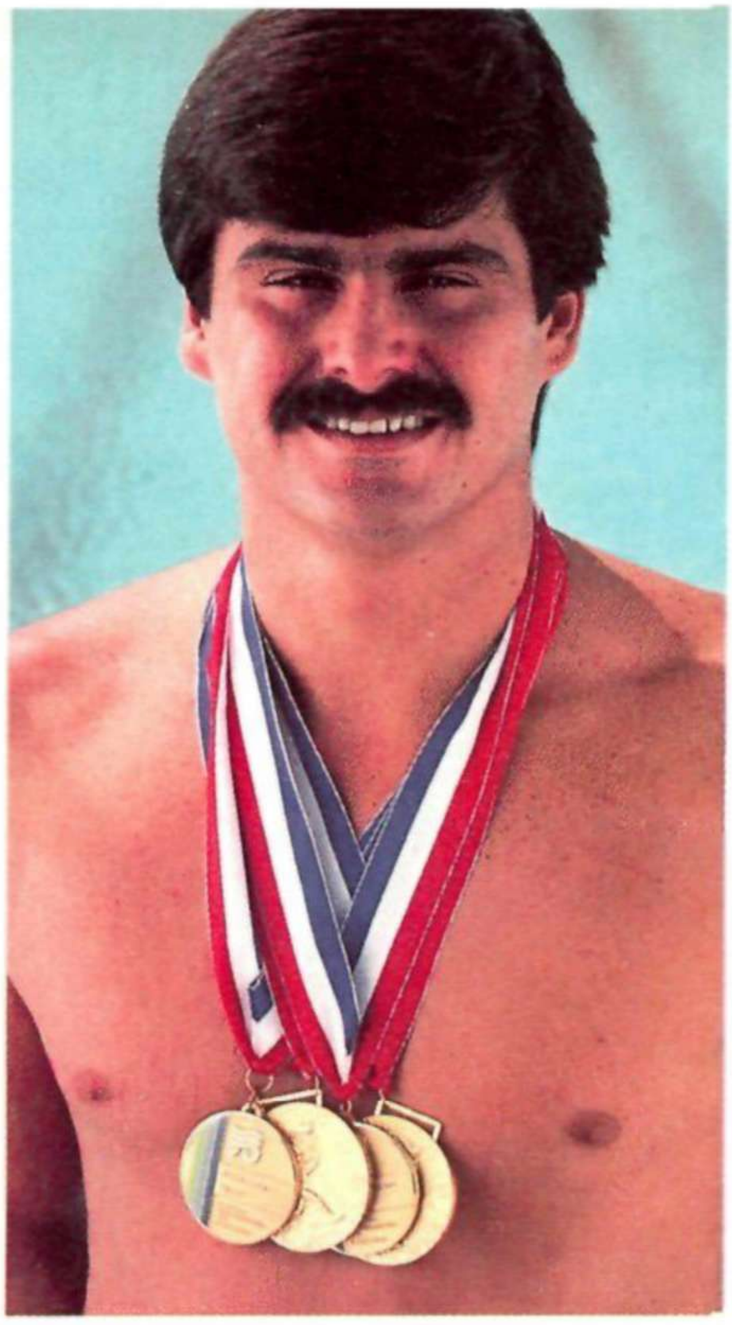
This was the needle's eye through

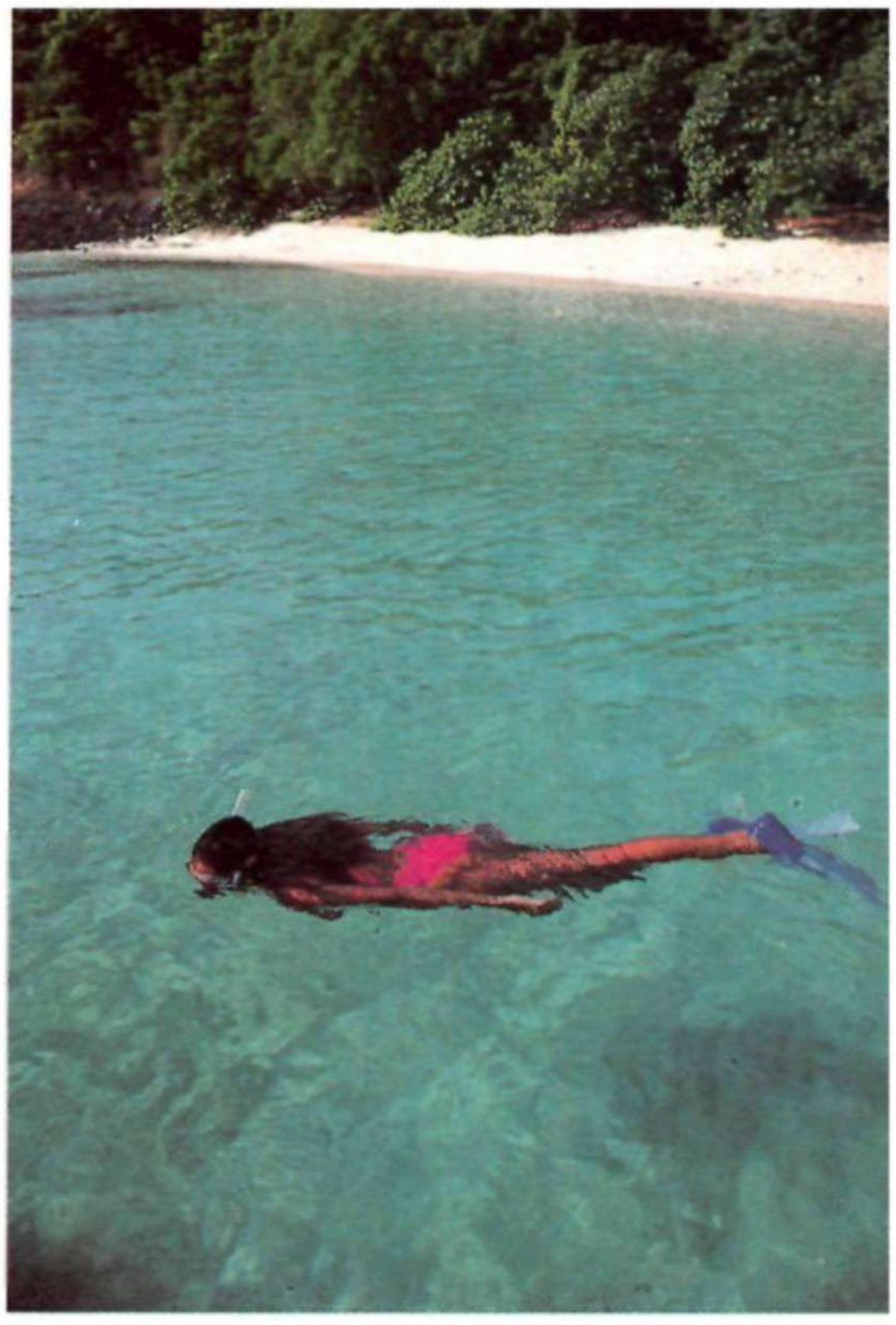
Splitting up the Summer and Winter Games should be a boon to TV sports departments.

which the Olympics' professional camel has now passed. The IOC's new philosophy of professionalism was defined succinctly last fall by Daume in Monaco at the General Association of International Sports Federations Congress. At a press conference he stated: "Eligibility rules have been outlived. In 1981 the notion 'amateur' was deleted from the Olympic Charter. In 1983 we accepted the regulations of the international federation. On the basis of careful examination, the Eligibility Commission is of the opinion that admission should be the same for both the Olympic Games and the world championship as sanctioned by the federations."

Pound puts it this way: "What we want is the world's best athletes compet-







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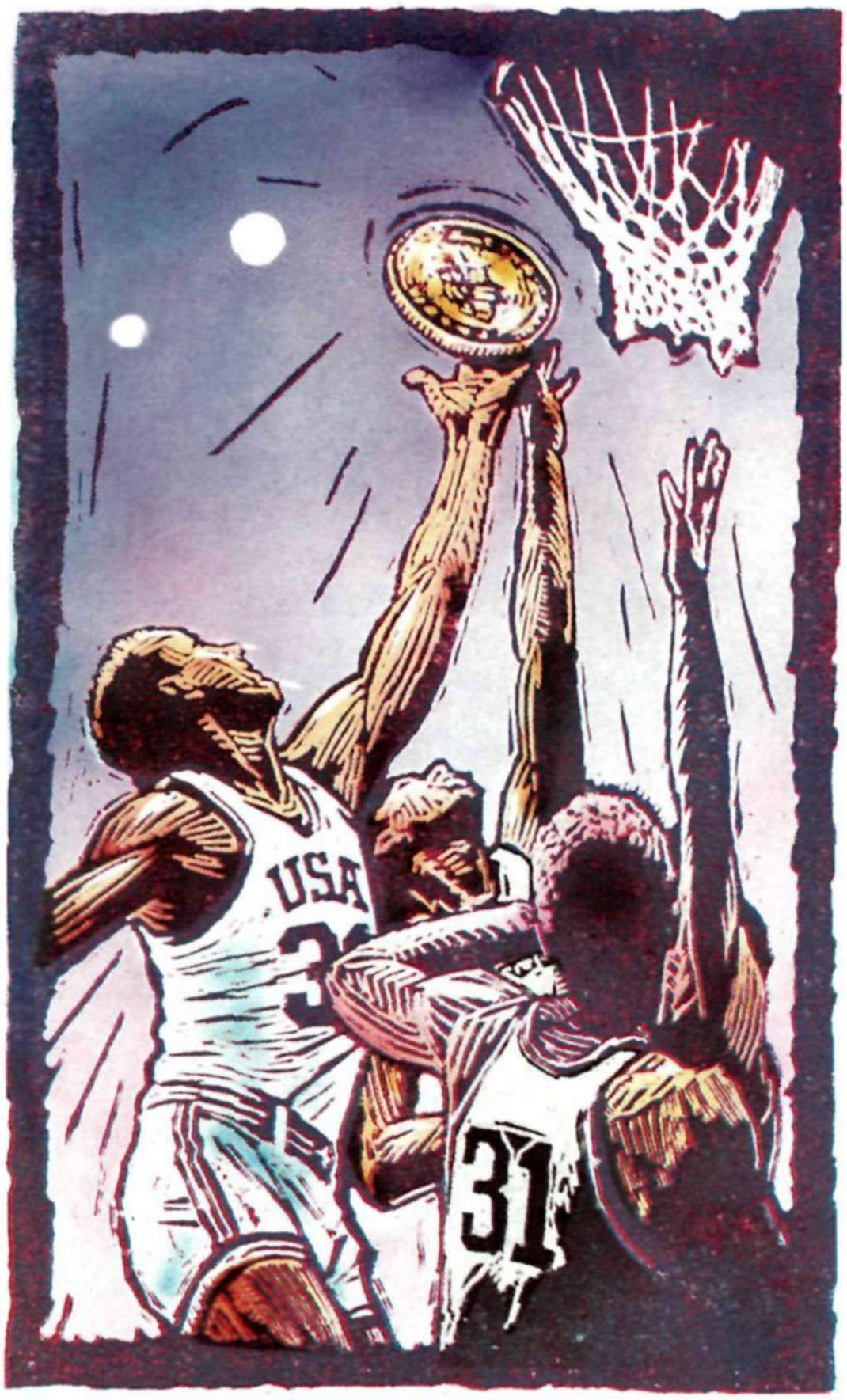
ing in the Olympic Games. We do not want a better quality of athletes competing in a world championship than those competing in the Olympics. Professional or amateur—we want the best."

Dassler agrees with the new approach: "Pure amateur status hasn't existed for many Olympics, no matter what sport you're looking at.

From the time they are children, big talents are prepared systematically, most of them fully supported whether they live in the East or the West. In principle, these are 'open professional Games,' even though there are still restrictions imposed by some federations. In my opinion the development from amateur to professional has already come to its conclusion."

Predictably, the Eastern bloc is dead against the inclusion of professionals from the West. As Wolfgang Gitter, general secretary of the Olympic Committee of East Germany, told Verschoth: "We always speak up against the admissions of professionals in the Olympic Games because we are convinced that by admitting pros, we allow all the negative influences that come with professional sports to affect the Olympic Games. No one can doubt our position."

Critics like Gitter will no doubt be at least partly appeased by the selective way in which the new professionalism is evolving. This is because it does *not* mean that a truly "open" Olympics lies in the immediate future. Not every professional in every sport is going to be eligible to participate.



NBA stars won't take part in the '88 Games, but that may change by '92.

• Take boxing: Will Larry Holmes appear? Mike Tyson? Certainly not—because the rules of the AIBA, boxing's international governing body, are specific: No fighter who has boxed in more than six rounds in a fight is eligible for federation events. That might change, of course, but Colonel Don Hull of the U.S., president of the AIBA, says: "As for other sports, the Olympic Games are being made available to the best athletes in the world. But amateur boxing is so different from professional that it probably won't work for us. Pros fight to see who can take the most punishment. Amateurs are playing a game, a sport, and they want to avoid punishment. There is no way, even if we said to Holmes, we want you to participate, he would go through the qualifying requirements. A pro gets a million dollars to do this. He doesn't do it for nothing."

• Take basketball: Larry Bird? Kareem? Probably not in 1988, but perhaps there will be a yes to NBA stars for '92. Borislav Stankovic of Yugoslavia, secretary general of FIBA, the basketball federation, says, "Our executive board suggested to our full congress in July that all basketball players—NBA, CBA, all of them—should be allowed into our world championship and the Olympics. It went to a vote: 31 opposed, 27 in favor, 14 abstentions. So it is shelved until after 1988, but we will introduce it again, and by 1992 the new rule will exist, I think. All pros will be welcome."

Surprisingly, some of the top American officials are among those least enthusiastic about the prospect of NBA players participating in the Olympics. Robert Helmick, an IOC member and president of the USOC, says, "Open Olympics would be something very different. The requirements are based on fairness and eligibility. Some people feel it's an unfair advantage if you are an NBA player with a seven-figure income. Basketball would be so monopolized by these people that there would not be an opportunity for collegiate-age players to make the Olympic team. . . . I would be very sorry to see a system like that established." Bill Wall, executive director of the U.S. Amateur Basketball Association, sees the unequal competition of NBA stars versus other national teams as an overwhelming negative: "An NBA team representing the U.S. might have mildly interesting games against Yugoslavia or the Soviet Union, but everybody else would be beaten by anywhere from 50 to 90 points. The rest of the world might want to see NBA players in the Olympics just as a curiosity, even if they destroy every other team. But I don't think that would be in the best interest of the game because you lose spectator interest—and certainly TV coverage—with so many one-sided contests."

• Take tennis: It will be a full Olympic sport in Seoul for the first time. When it was an exhibition sport in '84, only ten-

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nis pros under the age of 21 were permitted to compete. Now the International Tennis Federation is wildly in favor of all pros competing. The IOC and some NOCs are a little skeptical, and the final decision for '88 will be made in May. The odds are good that every Ivan, Boris, Martina and Chris in the world will be playing for Olympic gold. And if not in '88, then in '92 for sure.

• Take soccer: In '84 the rules were changed to make all pro soccer players from North America, Australia and Asia eligible, as well as pros from Western Europe and Latin America who hadn't competed in the World Cup. This will change somewhat in '92, when all soccer pros 23 years old and younger will be eligible.

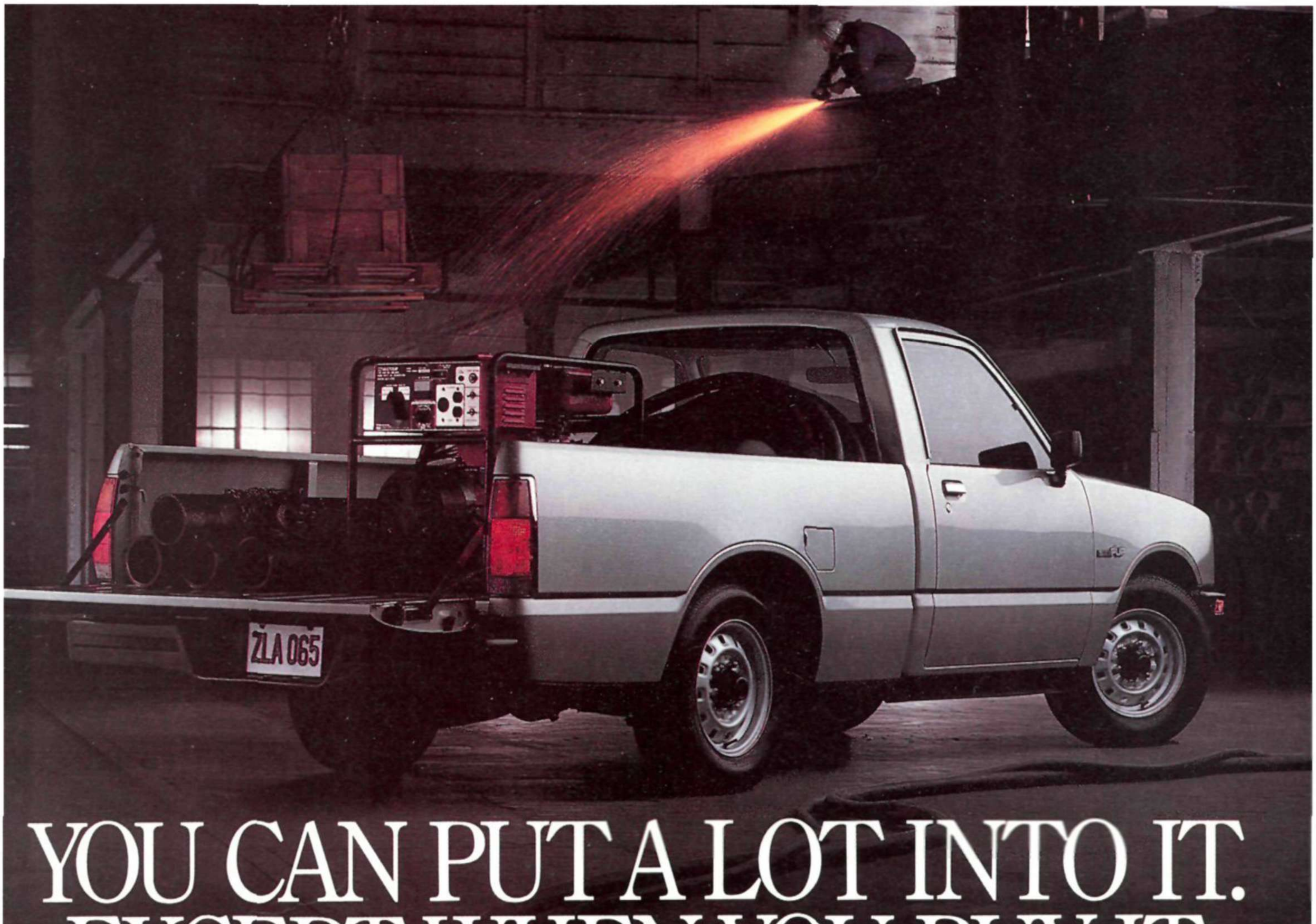
• Take track and field: The IAAF, the sport's governing body, has approved federation-laundered income for five years, and no one blinks at direct payments, though they are, strictly speaking, illegal. The IAAF doesn't recognize the term "professional," but it might as well, considering the number of athletes who are defined as amateurs who make their livings from the sport. Athletes who have taken money openly by competing professionally in another sport can apply for reinstatement on an individual basis. The IAAF recently approved Renaldo Nehemiah's return to eligibility for the Olympics as well as for federation events despite the four seasons that he played pro football for the San Francisco 49ers. Next month in Rome the IAAF Council will vote on whether to restore the track eligibility—reinstatement for Olympic purposes would follow—of three current NFL players: Herschel Walker, Willie Gault and Michael Carter. John Holt, the IAAF general secretary, doesn't have a vote on such matters, but he says unequivocally, "I'm in favor of letting them compete. I think it's completely arrogant to say that an athlete like Edwin Moses can compete and then to say that a pro footballer can't compete in amateur athletics. There's no way football can be helping these athletes in track and field. If anything, football hinders them."

It is a welcome departure that the money—at least some of it—is now out in the open.

• Take baseball: When it becomes a full Olympic sport in '92, it may include some pros. Dr. Robert E. Smith, president of the International Baseball Association, says: "We still say, 'Once a pro, always a pro,' and we have no way of reinstatement yet. After 1988, we could come up with a change that allows in young men who played pro briefly and are now out of the game." He went on to say, "The Summer Olympics come at a time when pro baseball is in session. We don't think there is any way major league baseball would release their players." Of course, there's always the possibility that, with the split Games, Olympic baseball could be played in the Southern Hemisphere during baseball's off-season, but it doesn't seem likely that the association will move toward making baseball open any time soon.

• Take ice hockey: This was the sport that caused all the controversy in '84 over what the definition of a pro was, with the U.S. and Canadian teams using different criteria. Since then the world hockey federation, the IIHF, has put out the welcome mat for all pros, making hockey the most open of all Olympic sports, but IIHF president Günther Sabetzki of West Germany is not expecting the NHL to empty its roster into the Olympic Games. "The NHL won't free its players for the three, four weeks it takes to get ready for and play in the Olympics," says Sabetzki. "Certainly not in the middle of the season. It's a nice move by the IOC, trying to equalize things, but in hockey I don't think it will change much in reality." That is, again, unless the Winter Games are ever held in the Southern Hemisphere in hockey's off-season.

So, some federations go all pro, others come up with mutants. But whatever the various federations decide to do, the Olympic die is cast. The great dive into something like reality has begun, and the Games will never be the same. ■



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Welp has charmed scouts as well as snakes while playing the pivot for the Huskies.

THE GERMAN WHO SHEPHERDS WASHINGTON'S ATTACK

BY DEMMIE STATHOPLOS

Christian Ansgar Welp, the 7-foot senior star of the University of Washington basketball team, sat in his small apartment just off campus recently, playing with his pet boa constrictor and reflecting on life in America. "Even without basketball," said the Osnabrück, West Germany, native, "I feel my future would be here rather than in Germany."

As the four-foot reptile slid over and around Welp's arm, its tongue rapidly flicking in and out and its beady little eyes trained on the tiger oscars serenely swimming in the aquarium across the room, Welp (pronounced Velp) spoke of his immediate future. "My first goal is winning the Pac-10 championship," he said. "Then it would help if we made it to the Final Four." Well, so far, *sehr gut*. In Washington's conference opener on Dec. 21, Welp played *eine kleine Nachtmusik* on UCLA, scoring a career-high 40 points, with 9 rebounds, as the Huskies savaged the Bruins 90–80.

Welp contemplated the boa for a moment. He doesn't know if it's a he or a she, but he does know it could grow to be as tall as its master, or taller, if its current ration of one live rat per fortnight was upped to, say, a rodent a week. Welp says this will not happen, because one 7-footer in the apartment is enough.

Welp is a little sensitive on the subject of size. And it's not just the rude remarks from some Seattle-area wits that make him come across as a bit reserved and aloof. After all, it was his size that brought Welp here in the first place. "Basketball was the instrument that got me here," says Welp, who first came to the U.S. as a high school exchange student. "I only wanted to come here for one year to learn English."

That was four years ago. Welp's English is now *wunderbar*, and his game is getting hotter by the day. He has helped lead the Huskies to three straight NCAA tournaments and two Pac-10 titles. But that's Husky history. This season, in Washington's first 17 games, Welp averaged 21.4 points and 9.1 rebounds per game while leading the Huskies to a 10–7 record. He should become the school's No. 1 alltime scorer by the end of the season.

After the UCLA game, Bruin coach Walt Hazzard said, "He's head and shoulders above every other center in the country. He's the best center in col-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH FRISHMAN

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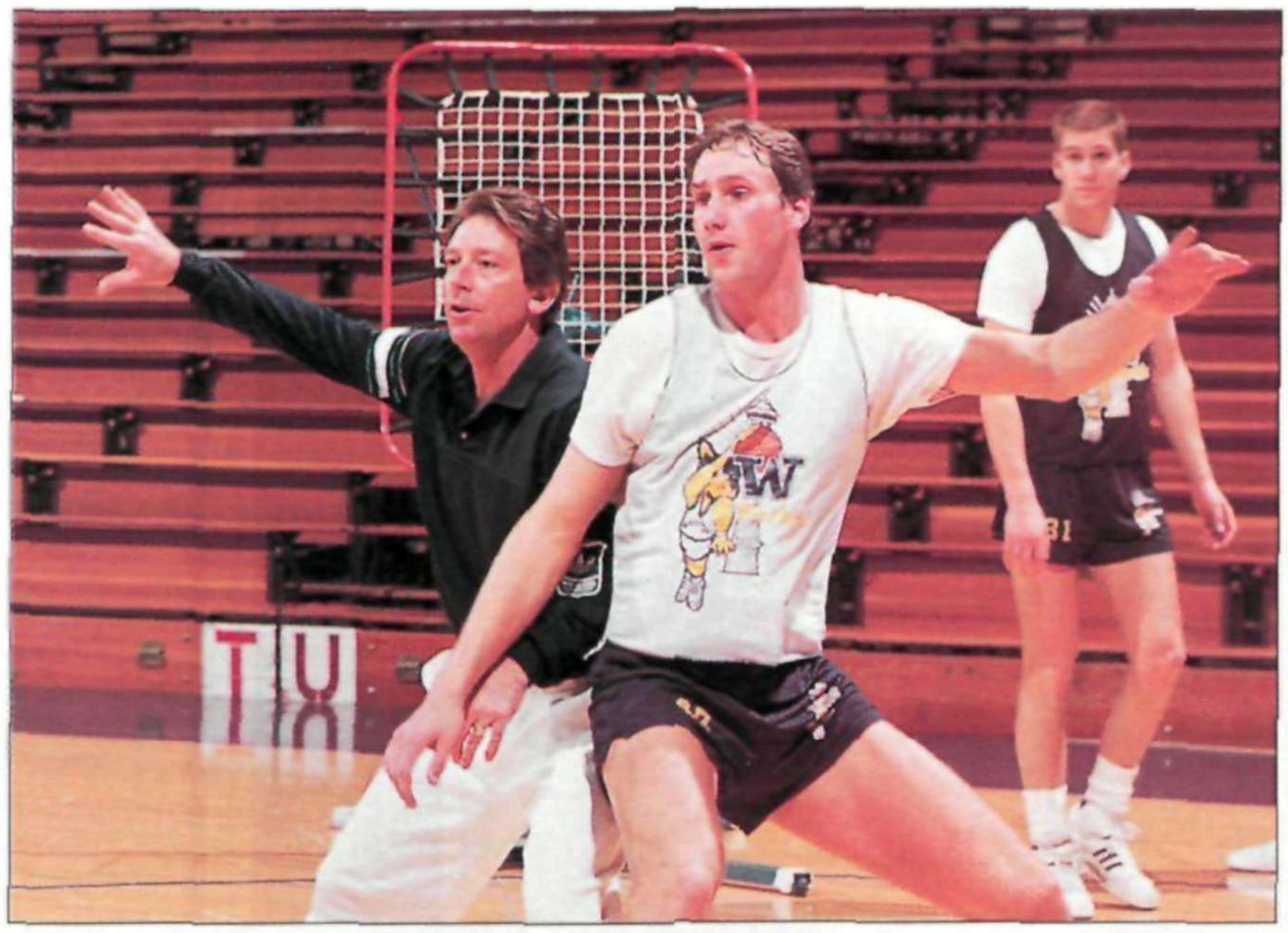
lege basketball right now. He's tough to deal with inside."

Second-year Husky coach Andy Russo, whose opinion is informed but understandably biased, says, "I think David Robinson [who appears to owe two years of service to the U.S. Navy] is a great player, but since his pro career is still questionable at this time, Chris undoubtedly would have to be considered the top center in the country. I worked with all the good American players at the trials for the world championships last summer," he says, "and there are a lot of big players that play center that would be better suited as forwards. But as far as true centers go, Chris is the best." Of course, Welp wasn't at those trials; he showed up at the worlds in Spain as a member of the West German national team.

Which is another one of the things that make Welp different from most U.S. college players. He has been playing international ball since he was 17. At the 1984 Olympics he twice wheeled past a surprised Patrick Ewing, only to miss a pair of layups (West Germany finished eighth; the U.S. first). The next year Welp went up against the Soviet Union's 7′ 2″ Arvidas Sabonis at the European championships. This past summer he faced Navy's Robinson at the worlds, where the West German team failed to advance beyond the opening round-robin.

Every spring Welp flies home to *Deutschland*, although as far as he's concerned it's Seattle that ranks *über alles*. "I really like this country, but playing for the [West German] national team gives me practice and keeps me in shape," he says. "Last summer we played eight games in the world championships and 10 or 12 games to get ready for that. People say I'm so lucky—I've got a scholarship to play at Washington and every summer go back to Europe. But it's hard work."

Welp took up basketball at age 12, when he was already six feet tall, joining a club in Osnabrück to learn the game. He paid three marks (about $1.50) a month to play with the club team, which practiced only once a week, for 90 minutes. The surface of the court on which the team worked out was linoleum, and the coaching, by volunteers, was at best

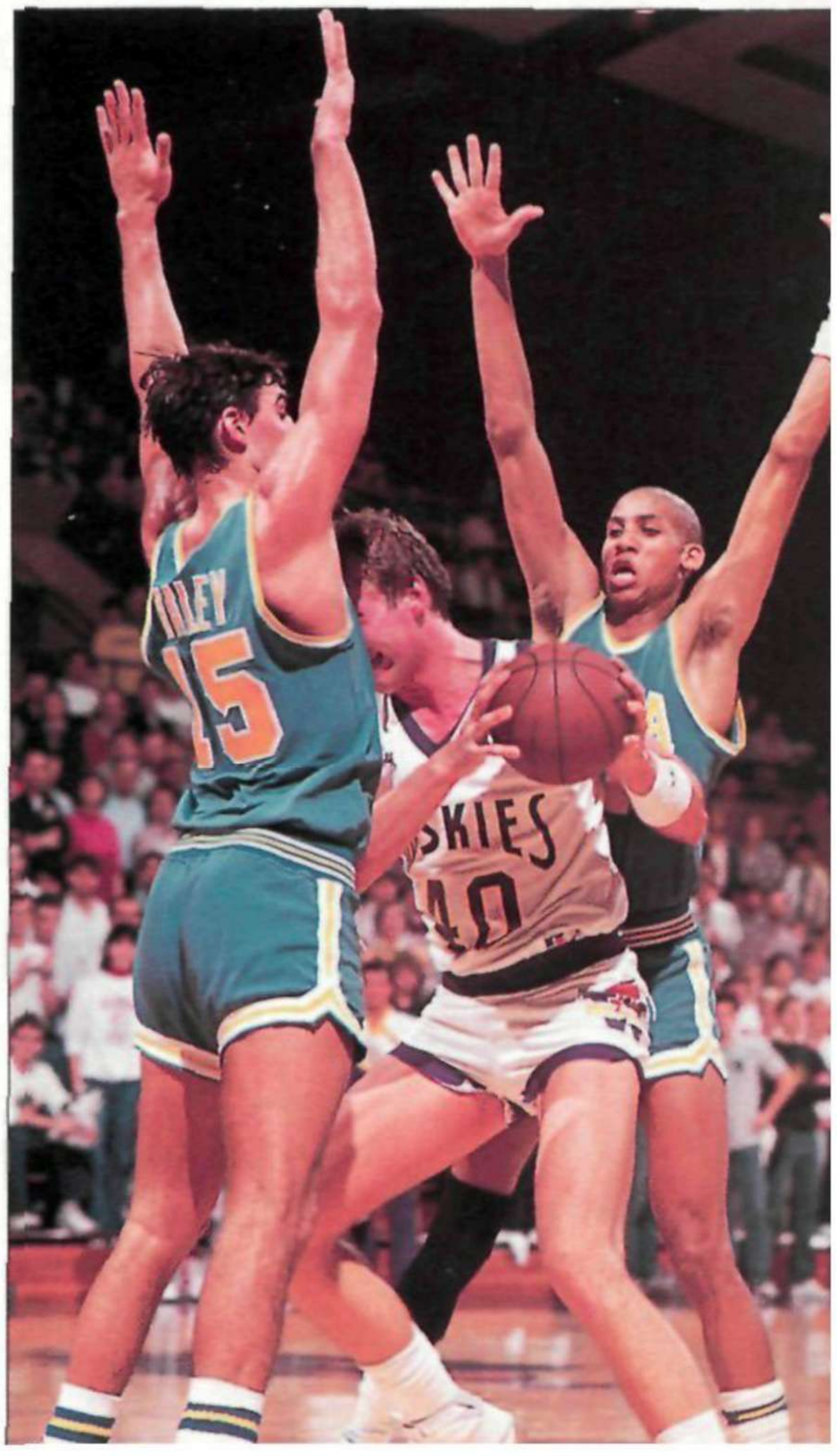


Russo (left) wanted Welp to be the team captain, but the center respectfully declined.

hit-and-miss. Welp had to supply his own jersey, shorts, socks and shoes. But he proved adept at the game and three years later moved up in class, joining the B.C. Giants, a club that practiced *twice* a week. That was a big step. The Giants actually got to play on a hardwood court occasionally. "We even had a sponsor who paid for the shorts and jerseys," says Welp. "But not the socks."

When Welp turned 16, two important things happened. The Giants won the league championship, and he grew five inches. By then, the 6′ 11″ Welp was stuck with basketball; he was far too tall for Germany's No. 1 sport, soccer. "Basketball in Germany is about as popular as soccer is here," he says. When a junior national team assistant coach asked the players if any of them would like to spend a year in America as exchange students, Welp did not leap at the idea. He waited a year and then thought, Why not?

So in 1982 Chris said *auf Wiedersehen* to his mother, Ingrid; father, Conrad; brother, Joachim; and his sister, Barbara, and traveled some 6,600 miles to enroll as a senior at Olympic High and live in Jim and Jean Hansel's log house in Central Kitsap, Wash., an hour's ferry ride from Seattle. The Hansels had hosted several exchange students before, but they were surprised at young Welp's maturity. "Chris had had more life experiences than the average 18-year-old," says Jim. "He'd traveled all over Eu-



UCLA tried to make a Husky sandwich out of Welp, but he ate them alive with 40 points.

rope, so he wasn't overwhelmed by coming to another country like I or my son [Ken, 21] would have been."

"Chris fit right into this family," says Jean. "I mean, it was like he'd been here all his life."

Welp adores his adopted family, and refers to them as "my stepfather, stepmother, stepsister [Barbara, 23] and stepbrother," and it's not hard to see why. Jim is an orthodontist who describes himself as a "solar baby." To keep from going crazy on rainy days, he carves prizewinning duck decoys, loons and other birds. Jean helps keep his appointments straight, does the billing on their home computer, and gardens. And they are rabid basketball fans.

Marni, a German language major, is taking a special tutorial with her own grand Teuton.

"I get really up at a game," says Jean. "Jim doesn't like to sit next to me."

"It hurts my ears," he says. "Jean can get meaner than a junkyard dog if she thinks somebody's doing her kids wrong. We feel Chris gets homered a lot."

"I'd like to kill some of those referees," she says.

With support like that, how could Welp lose? But there were, naturally, a few moments of culture shock as Chris adjusted to the American way of life.

For instance:

• Peanut butter. Says Jean, "In Europe they don't eat peanut butter much, and Chris was convinced it would taste awful." But he tried it and liked it. With one slightly un-American difference: Welp eats it with bologna and cheese.

• The language. Having studied formal Oxford English for four years in Osnabrück, Welp had a spot of trouble with the American version spoken by some of his acquaintances. After a coach at Washington chewed out the players one day for not talking to each other on defense, one teammate shouted, "I don't hear nobody saying nothing!" Welp pondered the triple negative for a moment, then offered, "Well, that's one way of saying it."

• Cruising. "I asked somebody what was going on, I thought a movie had let out or something," says Welp. "The first couple of times I went cruising I felt kind of uncomfortable. But I enjoyed it. There's nothing like it in all of Europe because you don't have the same kind of street structure. There are no blocks. You could drive for miles in Germany and not come back to the same spot."

• American beer. "You can get used to it."

Has he adjusted? Well, how German can a guy be who drives a 1979 Ford Bronco, likes Gary Larson cartoons and enjoys hitting fungoes to the Hansel dogs in the backyard?

In his very first game at Olympic he scored 28 points and grabbed 28 rebounds in a 75–56 walloping of Bremerton. Olympic lost just one game that season, and Welp led the Trojans to the state AA title, their first ever.

Even before Welp's American high school debut, Marv Harshman, then the coach at Washington, knew about him from Husky forward Detlef Schrempf. Schrempf had met Welp two years earlier at a German national junior team competition in Bulgaria. (See how these Germans get around?) And though Harshman had not yet seen Welp play, he invited him to a Washington football game soon after the young German arrived. "I was only here about a week and a half," says Welp, "when I got my recruiting trip to the University of Washington." Two months later, before Chris had played a game at Olympic—and before any other college had heard of him—he signed a letter of intent with Washington. "They got me for the price of the ferry ticket from Bremerton," he says. That would be $3.20.

Welp joined the 6′ 9″ Schrempf in the fall of '83 and together they formed the so-called Berlin Wall that led the Huskies to the Pac-10 title in both '83–84 and '84–85. Welp won the conference's Rookie of the Year award but languished in the shadow of Schrempf, a fierce competitor who would play an intramural game in the morning, a Pac-10 game in the afternoon and more pickup ball at night. That wasn't Welp's idea of fun.

He is a much more cosmopolitan guy, interested in wildlife photography, hunting, camping, scuba diving, auto racing, studying for his major in graphic design or just spending time with his live-in girlfriend, Marni Getchell, a Washington junior. What would seem to be perfectly normal behavior for an undergraduate is quite out of the ordinary for a 7-foot basketball player with hopes of an NBA career. His diverse interests and reserved ways earned Welp a bad rep. "He's talented," said Ralph Klein, the coach of the West German team, in 1984, "but lazy."

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TDK THE ART OF PERFORMANCE.

Welp's reputation for being uninvolved, unemotional and uncommitted has followed him across the basketball courts of America. Two years ago, when both Harshman and Schrempf left the Huskies—Harshman for retirement, Schrempf for the Dallas Mavericks—Russo, the new coach, was forced to restructure the team around Welp. Russo came on like a Prussian general; he put the team through a punishing conditioning program and established strict rules, for example, requiring jackets and ties on planes. Even today, Russo will walk by the training table and knock the hat off any player wearing one, with the admonition: "Now, your mom wouldn't let you wear a hat at the table, would she?"

He was equally brusque and sometimes sarcastic in practice. "I don't have time to sit down and hug 'em up and explain things to them," Russo says. "I'm sure they all walk around wondering why I'm doing this, but years from now they'll be doing the same thing to someone else. If you can make them understand that you're doing it to make them better and not because you're picking on them, well, that's a very hard thing for kids to understand." It was something of a shock to Welp and the other veteran Huskies, after the low-key Harshman. "He was like a father to us," says Clay Damon, a senior guard and Welp's good friend. "He was one of the main reasons Chris came to Washington."

Harshman still keeps an eye on Welp. He was there when Welp scored his 40 points against UCLA. "I think he's capable of quite a few nights like that," says Harshman. "He's become a little more aggressive, though probably most people can't tell. He's more of a finesse player, which is rare these days. He's the best-equipped center I've ever had."

Welp has worked hard on his conditioning this season and, with an eye on the NBA, will be lifting weights through the spring and summer. "I'm going to be his weight coach and get him up in the morning," says Damon. "He realizes that this is his last year in college, and if he's going to be a force in the pros he's got to hit the weight room, put on 25, 30 pounds of upper-body muscle, and come out and knock some guys around. In college he hasn't needed to get physical. He's been able to rebound over a guy and take the shortcuts."

But Welp has a history of foul trouble. In his 3½ seasons at Washington he has committed 402 fouls and fouled out 25 times; the former is a Husky record and the latter is close. Despite his uneven playing, Russo sees improvement. "He's a much better defensive player than when I first got here," says Russo. "He didn't understand defensive positioning when his man didn't have the ball. He played behind, let his man catch the ball and then tried to block it. His foul trouble is magnified because when he fouls out, we lose a lot. So we have to take him out with two fouls."

Even when Welp is in the game, Russo would like to get more out of him. The coach was upset this fall when Welp let it be known he didn't want to be team captain. "I couldn't believe that a guy who was going to get so much out of playing basketball didn't have the courage to give something back," Russo said.

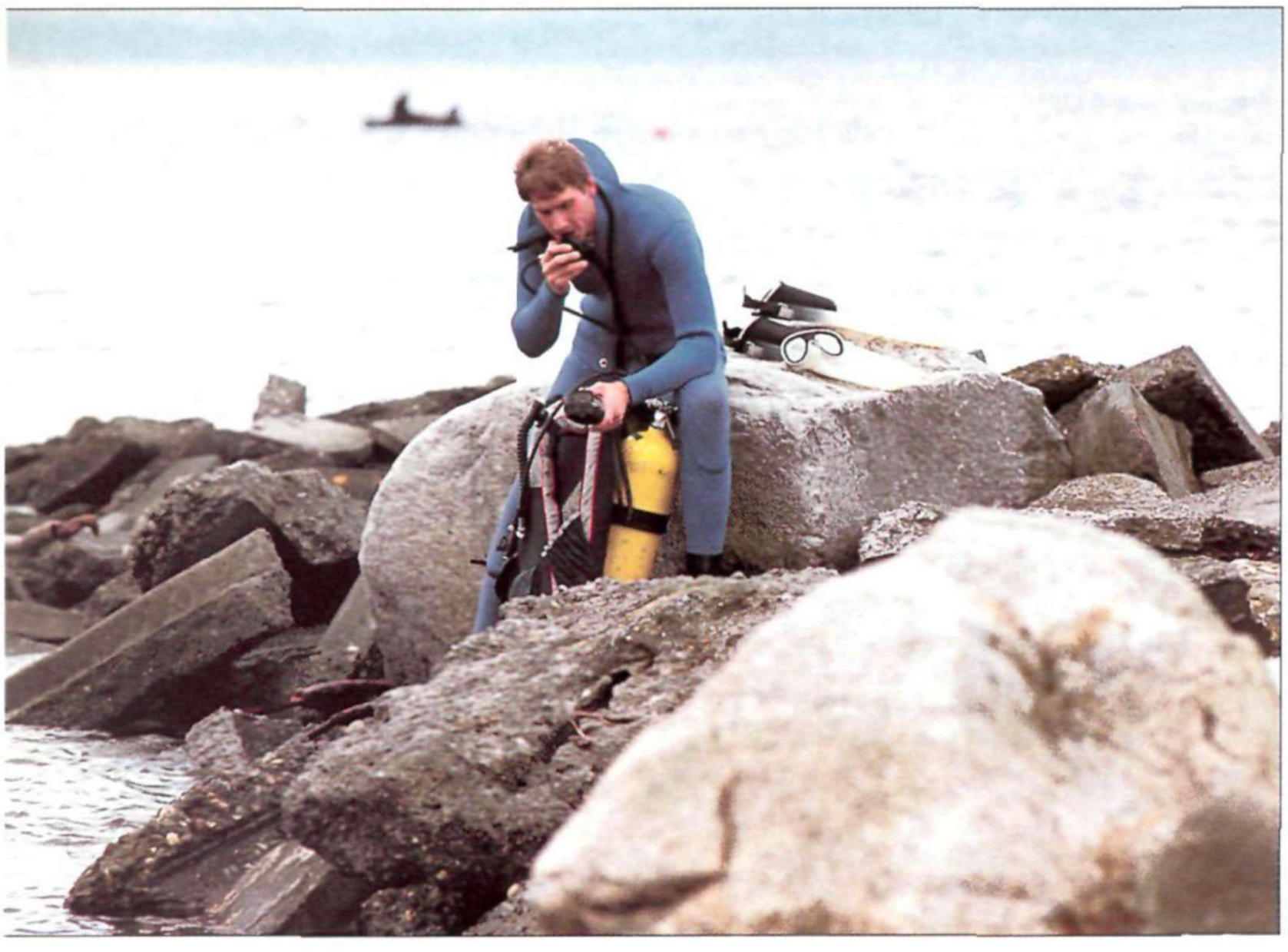
"When things aren't going right," Welp says, "the captain is supposed to really get on the players. I felt I couldn't do a good job of that. I feel I can lead by example."

One of Welp's examples was set last season when he strolled back to the bench during an on-court brawl in a game against Montana. Welp saw the fight as a chance for him to rest while the players duked it out on the floor. Says the loyal Damon, "I think if I had been Chris, I would have played it safe, too. I mean, he might have broken a hand or a leg or something. He's got a lot more on the line than most of the other guys out there on the floor."

When the NBA lays it on the line, Welp hopes to play for a West Coast team. As Welp talked in his apartment about the future, the door opened and in walked Marni. She is wearing the diamond ring Chris gave her last June, although he says they're not engaged. "It's unofficially official," says Marni. Still, she is planning to leave school (she's a German major, of course) a year early, when Welp does, and follow him to whichever NBA city he ends up in. "We're both still young, and we don't want to jump into anything. But we're a step closer than most people."

All told, it hasn't been a bad sojourn in the U.S. for a guy who had planned to stay just one year. Which is only as it should be in the land of the free and the home of the NBA. ■

Life isn't all basketball for Welp, who has to be the biggest scuba diver in Puget Sound.



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NORTHWARD, ON THE SCENT OF AN ODDLY NAMED PLACE

BY BIL GILBERT

As others are drawn in imagination and body toward coral reefs and rain forests, I am attracted to permafrost and tundra. My sun shines brightest from the north, and it is toward these regions I generally head when the opportunity for foreign travel presents itself.

I first went north on a canoe trip toward James Bay in Canada when I was 17. In the succeeding 40 years there have been a dozen or so reasons or excuses for wandering about in the lands and waters between Siberia and Greenland. I think I keep returning for the stimulation. I have been more miserable, tired and frightened by this environment than any other, but also more elated and engaged.

For me the best of the boreal realms lies within the Northwest Territories of Canada, which extend from the woodland and prairie provinces to the Pole. The Territories are about half the size of the United States but are inhabited by fewer than 50,000 people, by far the most extensive wilderness tract on our continent.

About 20 years ago, in a warm southern place, I was mooning over maps of this region and came across an odd section. The two most northwesterly reaches of Great Bear Lake, Smith Arm and, 20 miles to the south, Deer Pass Bay, pinch together at their western ends to form a 60-mile-long peninsula. It is shaped somewhat like the head of Snoopy, with ears laid back and nose pointed northeast, resting approximately on the Arctic Circle.

On the map the entire promontory is labeled the Scented Grass Hills. While within this 1,200-square-mile area the charts show perhaps 500 lakes, a good many streams, rivers and prominent knobs, none of the features in the dog's head are named. Within areas as extensive as the Scented Grass Hills there are generally a few names spotted about to indicate that a hunter, trapper, explorer, prospector, naturalist or bush pilot has had a special interest in a given place. That this section is nameless suggests that visitors to it have been few and far between. When I first found the Scented Grass Hills, I thought: What the hell is something with such a tranquil name doing on the Arctic Circle? Someday I have to go there. I don't want to know the reason for the name before I see the place.

As noted, a lot of years have passed since then, so many that I have come to the time when it seems unwise to leave important business unfinished or serious promises unfulfilled. Going to the Scented Grass Hills fell into both these categories. Since taking care of this alone would be unpleasant to impossible, I got in touch with Bob, Bruce and John, congenial people I thought might appreciate such an outing enough to endure it.

Bob is a birthright New Englander of the hiking and skiing persuasion. Bruce has lived in Alaska for the past five years, in part because of the opportunities it offers for fishing, dogsledding and general bushwhacking. John is a Californian. Nevertheless, for nearly two decades we have been good companions in odd places—deserts, caves, the Sierra and the Arctic.

So one July day we flew to Yellowknife, from where it was no more than five hours by bush plane to the Scented

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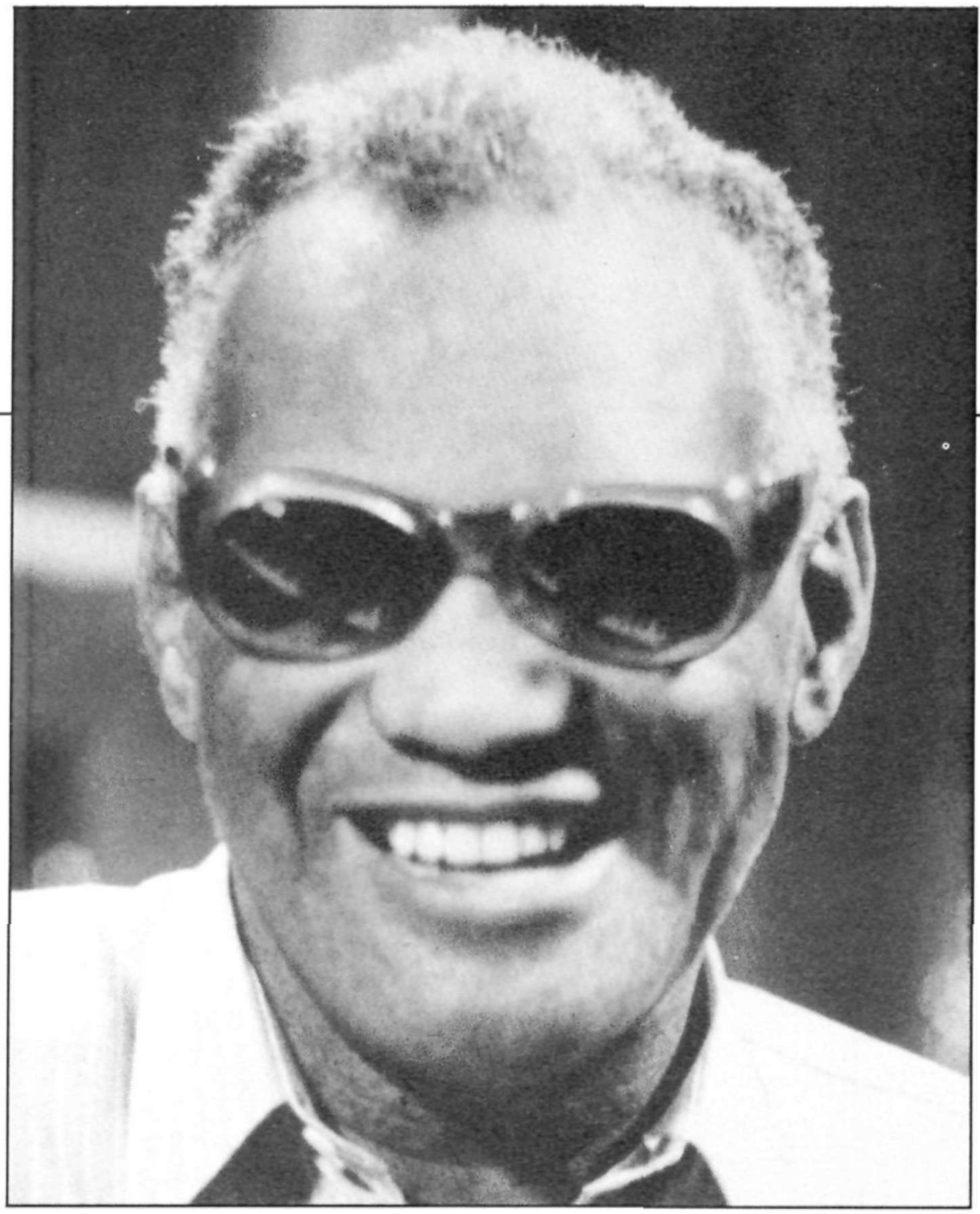

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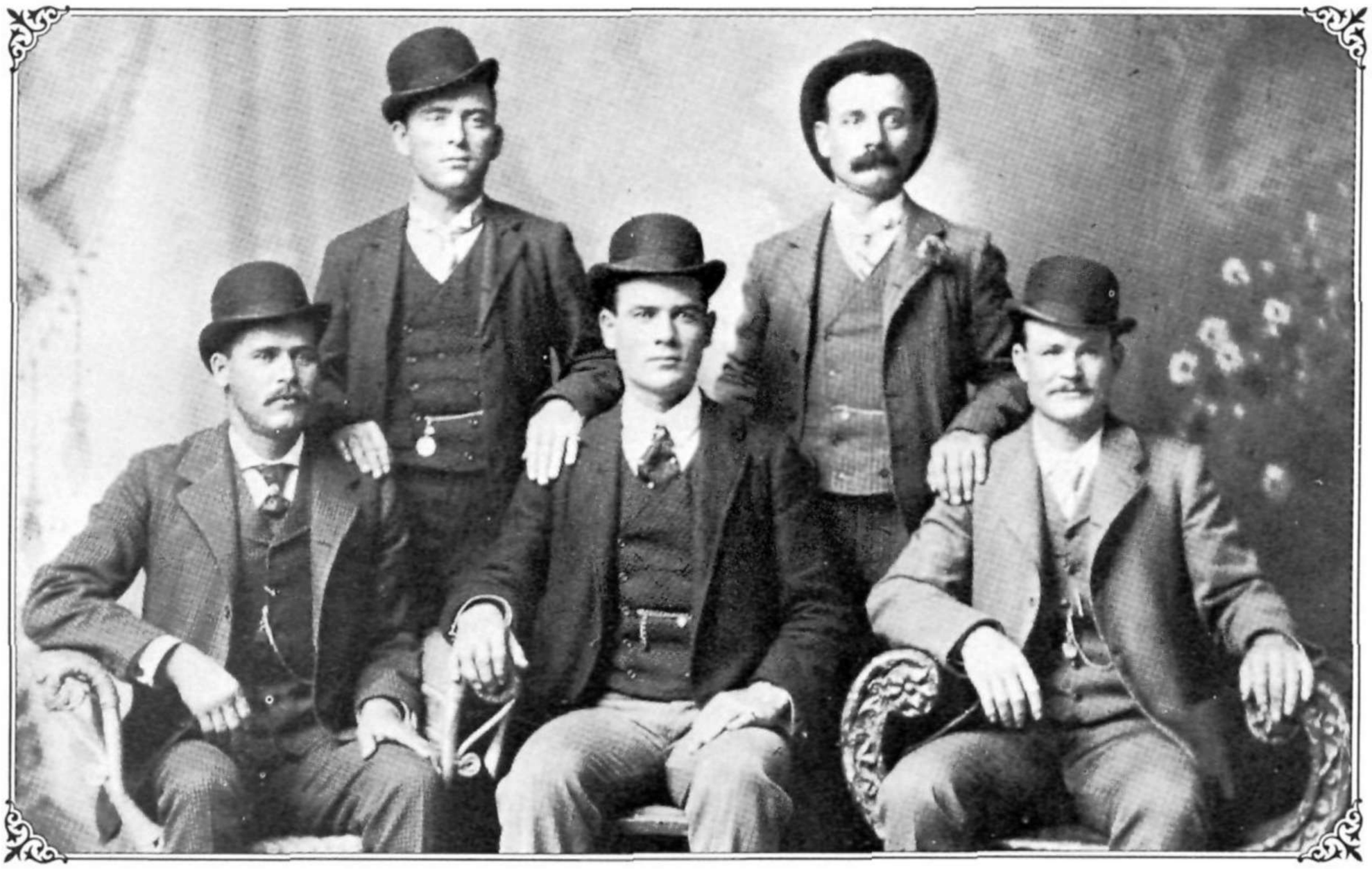

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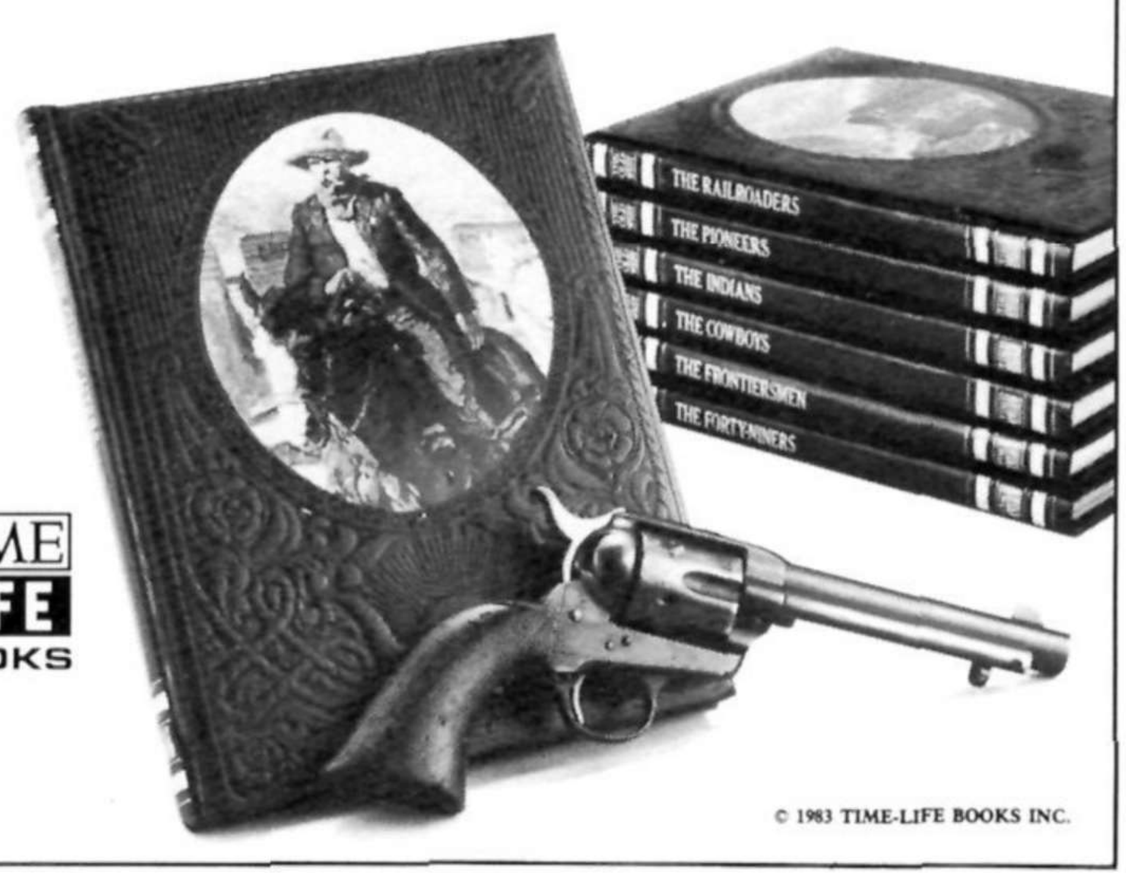

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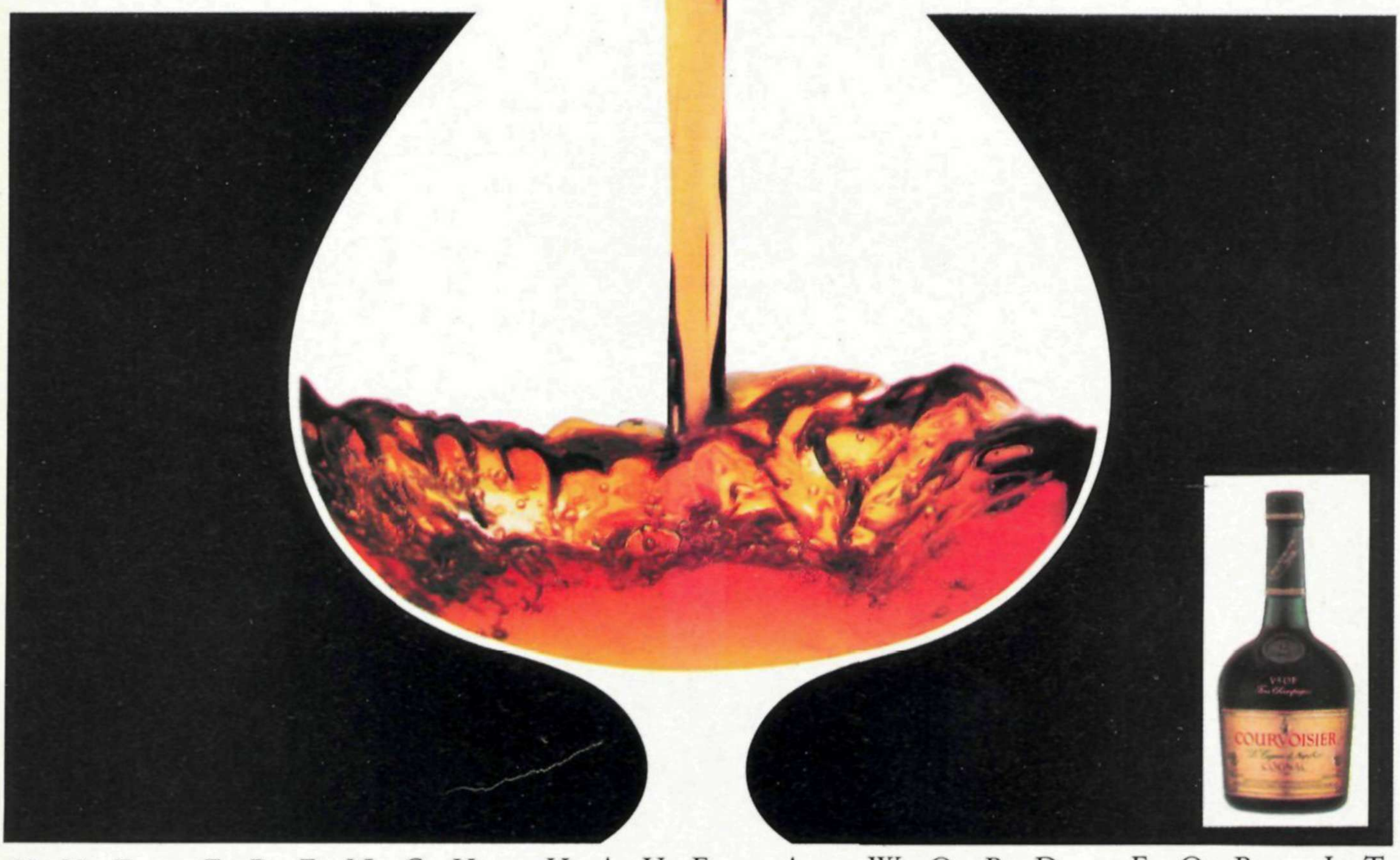


THE FRENCH HAVE A WORD FOR IT

COURVOISIER

Le Cognac de Napoleon

John (right), who did the cooking, sips coffee as the author sits resting his gimpy legs.

Grass Hills—to a body of water that had seemed promising on a topographical map, being centrally located for getting about the Hills and apparently big enough to accommodate a de Havilland Otter. Because nobody had previously called it anything, call it Fortunate Lake, because from only a small-scale topo there had been no way of knowing what a fine spot it was.

The Otter left us in a shallow bay at the south end of this lake. There the shoreline dribbled off into a half-mile-wide belt of muskeg that was obviously very wet and probably had a biomass of bugs running a ton or so to the acre. The bugs—mosquitoes, gnats, moose flies and deerflies—are the most numerous and aggravating creatures of these regions: Beekeeper head nets are a necessity in the swampy northern jungles. They are worn less to escape being bitten—which can't be entirely avoided—but so that eyes, nostrils, ears and windpipes will not become clogged with bugs.

As it turned out, all the country adjacent to the lake was similarly proscribed except for a single spit of land which jutted out 300 yards into the water from the north shore—an esker, a formation that appeals to Northern travelers the way a decent motel in, say, the wastes of West Texas does to gummy-eyed midnight drivers.

Eskers are mounds of sand and gravel deposited by ancient streams that ran in and under the ice sheets once covering this country. Sometimes they extend for miles as raised beaches or dunes standing above the taiga, the subarctic forest, but more often they are disconnected hummocks or hills, the original ridge having been breached or eroded by weather and water. Eskers are well drained and in consequence dry and thinly covered with vegetation. They make for easy walking, sitting and sleeping. Most critically, they provide relatively poor bug habitat.

The esker shard in Fortunate Lake had a good many other desirable-to-necessary features. There were flat, sandy beaches on each side, good for landing canoes, washing and drawing water. This tiny peninsula was shaped somewhat like a humpback whale, its flanks rising steeply to a sharp backbone 50 feet above the lake. The ridge top was windy—which was good, because wind drives off bugs—and so narrow that it was easy to move fires, tents and bodies a few feet to get leeside protection. Being high and open, the whaleback made a fine place for watching the taiga-covered hills beyond the lake, and the ducks, geese and swans that were gathering in premigration rafts on it. Above, for instruction and pleasure, were ravens, falcons, eagles, very high quality clouds, stars and northern lights.

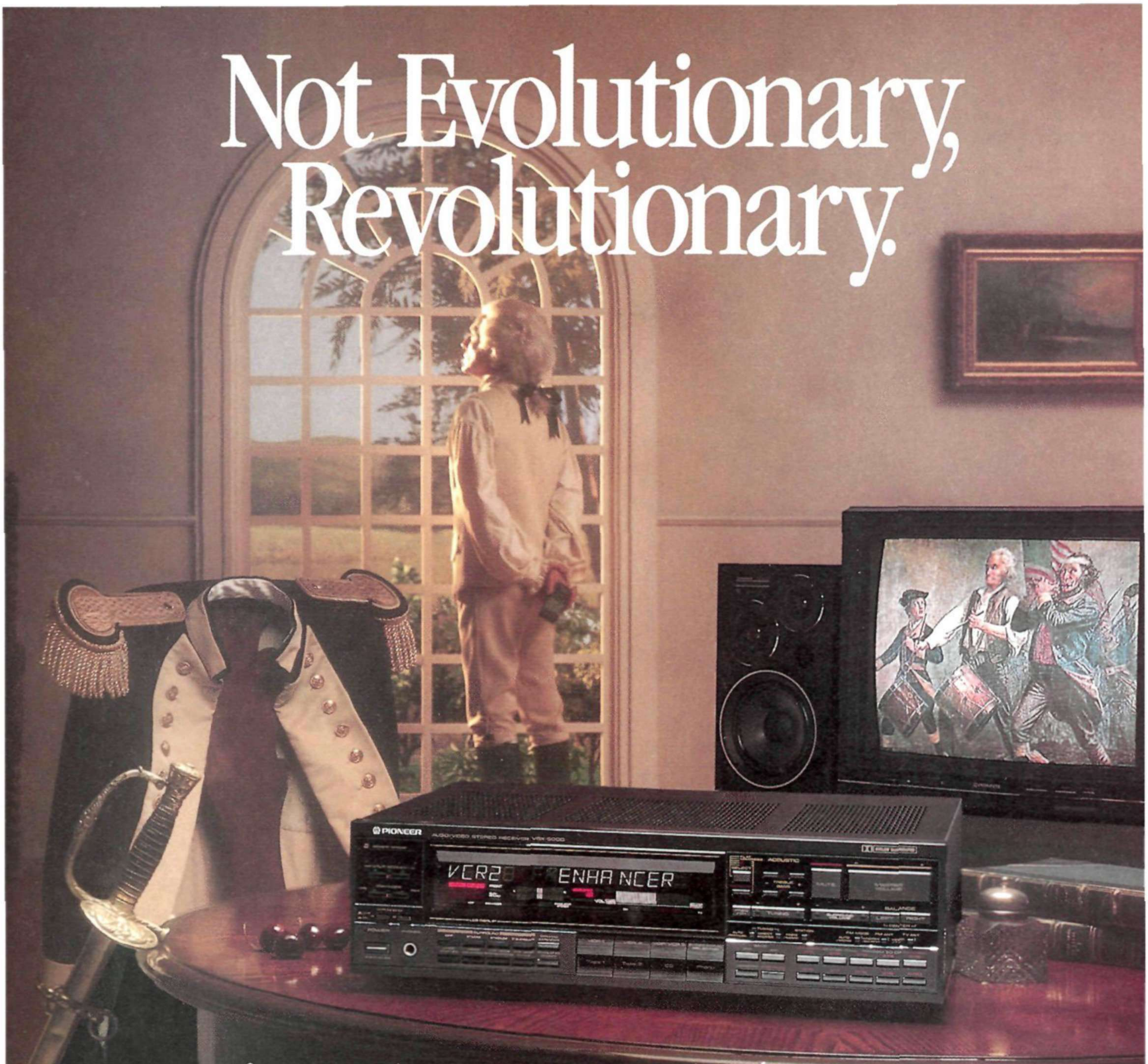
In the main the esker was thinly covered with mats of low, creeping tundra plants, most notably reindeer moss, a lichen which has somewhat the look of coral and makes a dependable fire starter. Next to the water on the south facing, more protected side of the ridge, there were also half a dozen scraggly but 20-foot-tall black spruce, fairly large specimens in this country and big enough to make a high cache for food bags. This was essential. According to the scats and tracks, the esker had been visited by many major northern mammals, including bears. This country lies within the range of both blacks and grizzlies. We met neither, but found bear-of-some-sort sign.

Deservedly, the far North enjoys a worldwide reputation for the variety, quantity and quality of its fish, but they are not necessarily in all bodies of water, some of which are frozen solid most of the year. Therefore in planning you figure you will eat a lot of fish but cannot absolutely count on it, and have to be braced for a steady diet of rice and noo-

Bil and Bruce watch Bob cast into a school of grayling in a small stream that they found.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN THOMSON

Not Evolutionary, Revolutionary.



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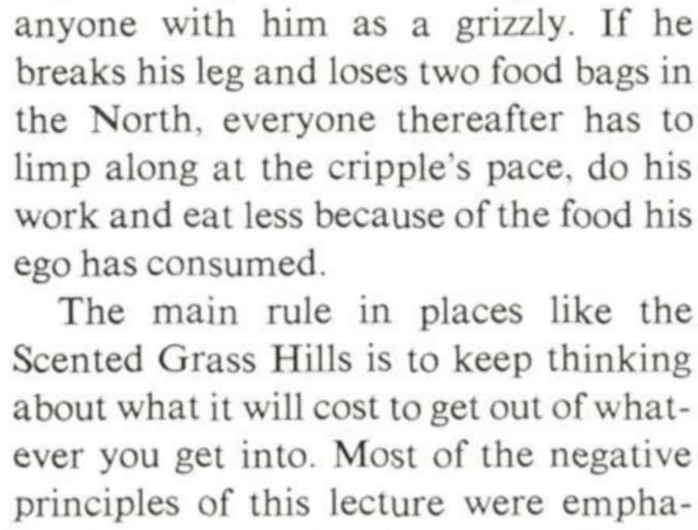
dles. Bruce, the skillful and obsessed angler in the party, set off looking for fish. He shortly reported that there were whitefish, grayling and pike. The latter proved to be so abundant that on a day when the wind was right, it was possible to drift along in sedgy coves and hook one every 20 yards or so.

Occasionally in the North somebody gets lost, starves, freezes or, much more rarely, is rubbed out by a bear or the many bugs. The only exceptionally risky thing about this wilderness is that, because of its isolation and environmental harshness, small acts of ordinary dumbness can be magnified into catastrophes. If a canoe tips in Appalachian waters the dunking and loss of gear is unpleasant, but 40° Arctic waters begin immediately to numb and paralyze. There is no place to go to get replacements for things lost, and there are limited means for improvising or foraging substitutes.

The worst dumbness is hubris—refusing to admit limitations, trying to show off strength, nerve—pushing your luck. The jackass who enters a rapids braying, "Hell, I've run lots worse in Tennessee," is potentially at least as dangerous for anyone with him as a grizzly. If he breaks his leg and loses two food bags in the North, everyone thereafter has to limp along at the cripple's pace, do his work and eat less because of the food his ego has consumed.

The main rule in places like the Scented Grass Hills is to keep thinking about what it will cost to get out of whatever you get into. Most of the negative principles of this lecture were emphasized on one occasion by my own display of dumbness and mindless bravado.

The Scented Grass Hills plan was based on John's and my past experiences and on my current infirmities. This trip was conceived as one on which less energy would be spent on ferocious traveling and more attention paid to the details of, say, cloudberries, wolf dens and eskers.



In a land populated with caribou by the hundreds of thousands, this stood out alone.

As to my condition, I had recently had some fancy patchwork done on my knees. By July my wheels were working better, but not well enough for a lot of bushwhacking, particularly not for carrying a canoe across long portages. However, it did seem I was up for straight paddling, ordinary domestic chores and smelling plants.

In addition to its other attractions, Fortunate Lake was selected from a map because it seemed nicely suited to what we wanted to do and what I could do. It was shown to be at the center of a complex of streams with chains of small lakes wriggling off in half a dozen different directions. The scheme was to canoe one of these waterways for a few days, come back to Fortunate Lake, rest up, restock and head someplace else.

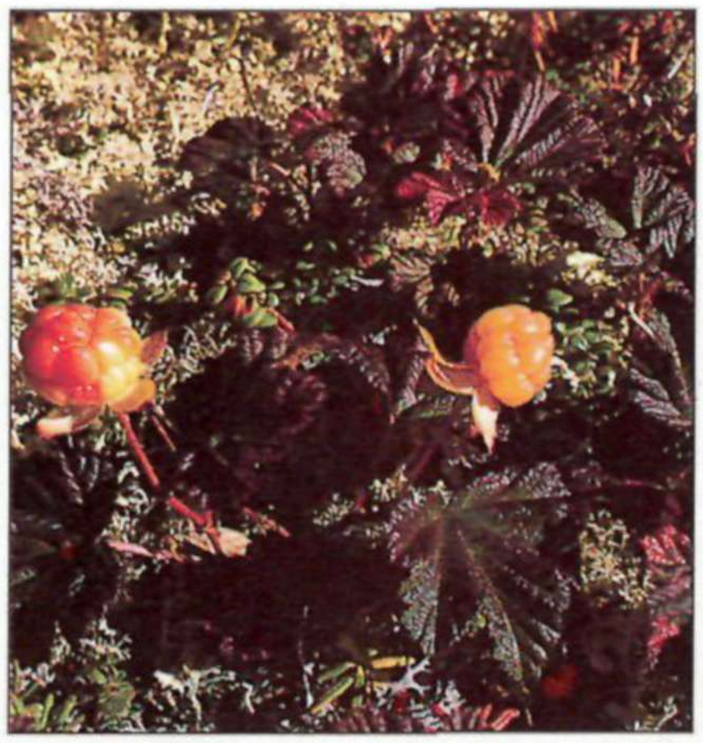
In fact, the cartographers, to show wetness, had symbolically drawn open streams and ponds in the drainage systems. There was indeed water, but it lay mostly under muskeg and was thus so little or intermittently navigable as to make canoes useless except in Fortunate Lake and the few smaller ones just to the west. It took a few days of thrashing about to make us fully appreciate this.

One of the things we had intended to do was make a short portage over the escarpment that made up the northern flank of the hills and paddle down to Great Bear on one of several indicated streams. But because of the growing suspicion that map and ground waters might be quite different, it seemed like a good idea to first walk down to the big lake before trying to lug canoes to it. We set off on the second day we were in the hills. What followed was nobody's fault but mine. Particularly it was not the fault of John, who, as we were getting ready, stared thoughtfully at my legs and said that it wouldn't be all that much trouble to pack along one tent and the sleeping bags. I brayed, "Hell, it's only six miles at the most. We'll get back hours before dark." (At this time of year there are 20 hours of useful light.) John shrugged, having done what he could short of open confrontation, another sort of dumbness that Arctic parties must avoid. We set off in midmorning, taking along a small bag of nuts, dried fruit and chocolate bits. Seven hours later we came out of the muskeg-taiga, which had been more difficult than any I had previously seen, onto the shore of Great Bear. I was stumbling frequently and

falling occasionally, while the others were more than ordinarily tired.

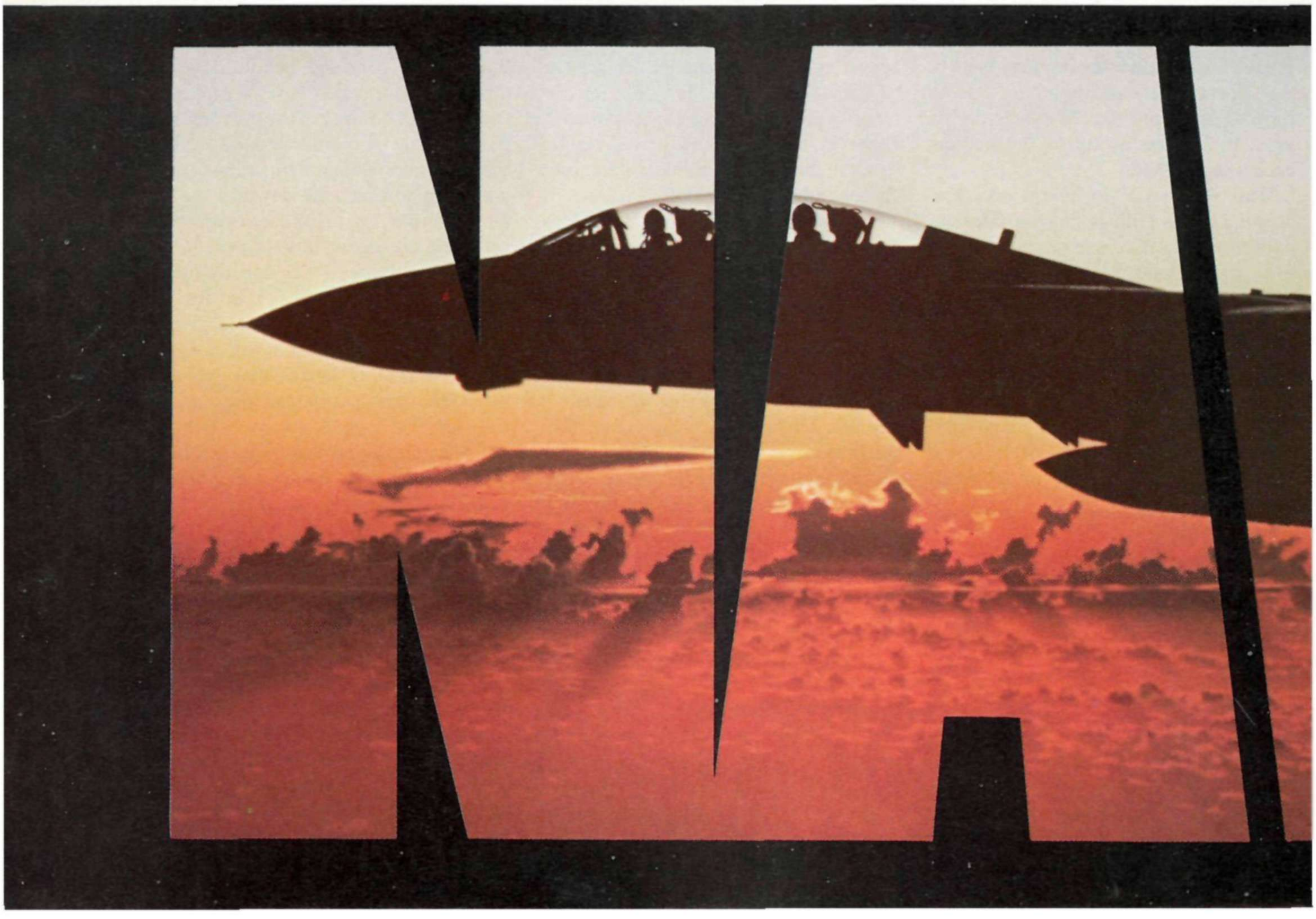
I could not get back to Fortunate Lake that day. The others might have, but there was about an equal chance that they might not. The return trip would be harder and slower because of fatigue, because the hills had to be climbed rather than descended, because it is trickier to find a small lake in a muskeg jungle than it is to find an inland sea. Running out of light and spending an unprotected night in the thickets and bugs would be bad. Getting lost and being there a few days more without food would be edging toward disaster. It was obvious that we had no choice except to obey natural laws and stay the night where and as we were.

There are many worse things than spending a night in the open in your shirtsleeves and missing supper. In fact this turned out to be unusually fine. Great Bear is spectacular. Its waters are as clear as those of a spring—faintly amber when we first saw them in the western sun—and very nearly as cold as ice. In a spirit of celebration, or resignation, we stripped and jumped in to wash off the muskeg muck and mosquito parts. The lake makes an impressively invigorating bath for about 30 seconds, after which it is torture.



White sand dunes and flats stretched from horizon to horizon. We were the only tourists to visit here recently, or perhaps ever, but this section of beach was obviously popular with local residents. Moose, caribou, bears, wolves, lynx, otters, ravens, owls, geese, swans and innumerable other water birds had paced, waded, scavenged and picnicked on these shores. There were also some attractive communities of saxifrage, potentilla, smartweeds, buttercups and asters. But no scented grasses.

Since it makes him uneasy to be without one anywhere, Bruce had carried a folding fishing rod through the muskeg. The immensity of Great Bear raised doubts about doing any good in it from the shore, so Bruce worked his way eastward along the beach to a small headland. He cast 75 feet and, to the general amazement, caught one, then a second, lake trout. Chunks of their tomato-red meat were strung on willow spits and roasted over a driftwood fire. While we ate, a pair of peregrines, the loveliest of



all the falcons, entertained with diving, spiraling aerial acrobatics.

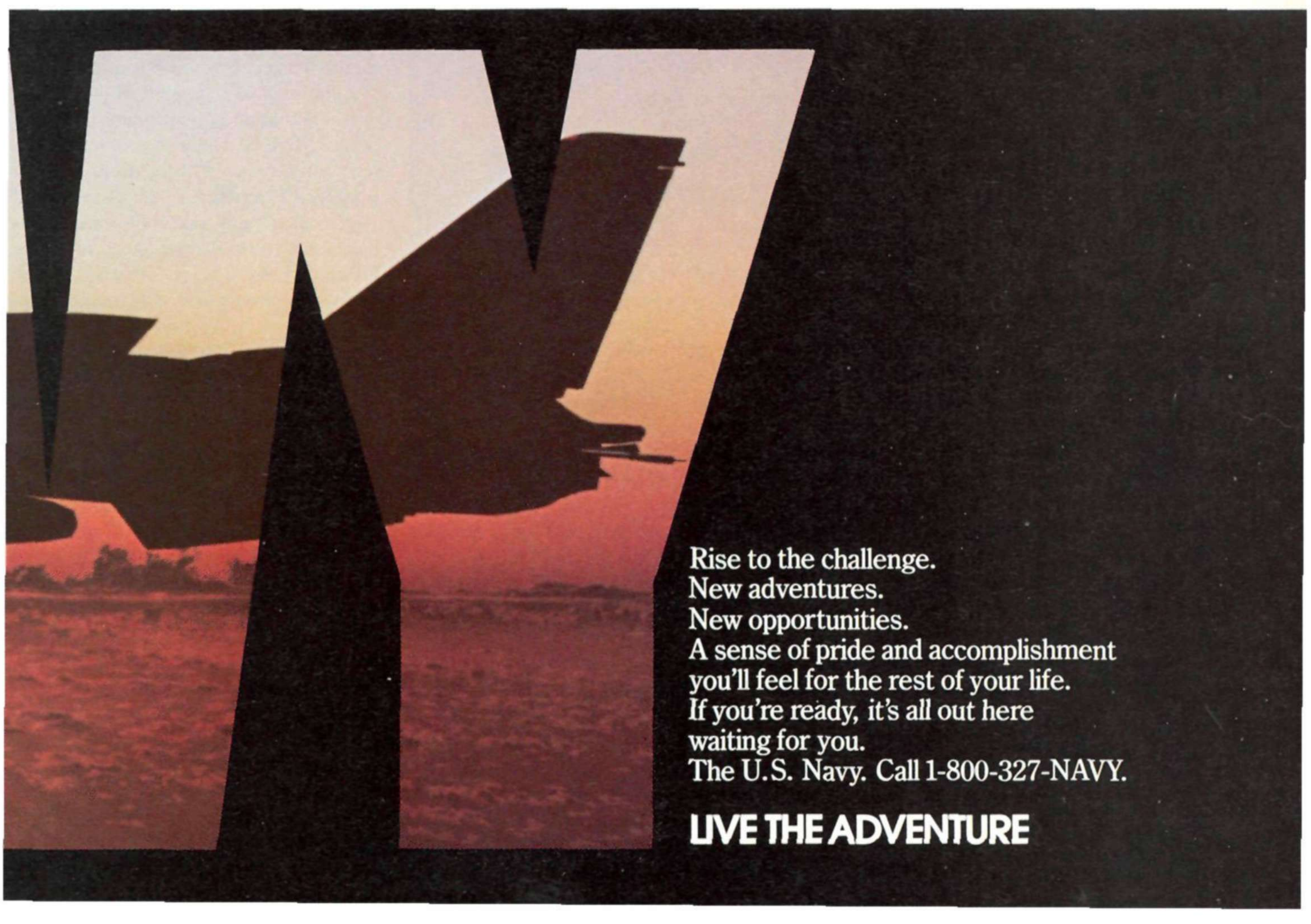
No doubt the four of us, for the rest of our lives, will not simply recall but will feel again those hours on the most northerly of all the great lakes: the sound of its surf, the chill of its waters, the taste of toasted trout and the grace of peregrines. It will exist only for us. Each of us will be there as we were that night for so long as one of us lives.

That it turned out to be a fine, memorable time did not alter the fact that it was very dumb to be there. We had gotten into a spot where there was nothing to be done except take what the Arctic weather had to offer—and the Arctic weather can become fierce on very short notice. The bottom line occurred to me often that night as I watched for clouds. By acting out my mind-over-knees fantasy I had delivered all of us directly into the hands of meteorological fate. If a storm had come up we probably would have endured as we were, but the experience would have been terrible, the more so for being unnecessary. After we got back to Fortunate Lake and were warm and well fed, I apologized for being so stupid and said I would try to be less so.

Among other things, it was agreed that henceforth we would travel no more than eight hours, preferably less, in a day. This less ambitious schedule fit in with what we all wanted to do, and if I did more I might become a liability again. I said that if I got too optimistic about trekking they should break my paddle, tie my bootlaces in granny knots and hide my morphine. Thus better attuned to what and where we were, we found our trips about the Scented Grass Hills less eventful but nonetheless satisfying.

We appreciated the eskers. Eskers are beautiful in the abstract way of a simple but elegant mathematical equation or line of prose like "Call me Ishmael." Generally in the Arctic what might be called the workings of nature—the reasons for things being where and as they are, the relationships between them—seem much more visible and comprehensible than they are elsewhere. This is not an illusion—they are.

The North thins out, and therefore tends to clarify, natural phenomena. Because of their elevations and relatively sterile soils, this is especially true of es-



kers. One's second impression is that eskers are marvelous museums, created purposely, with supernatural artistry and intelligence, to display and explain certain ecological principles.

Walking a quarter of a mile across an esker one passes through microenvironments that duplicate virtually all of the macroenvironments that would be met on a 500-mile north-south journey. Each of these tiny life zones is as discrete, distinctly separated from others, as the dioramas of a museum. And like, say, a small room or alcove of the Smithsonian, hours can be happily and profitably spent in each one of them.

Bruce surveys the area's display of scrub birch and willow, already colored in July.

About halfway up the north side of an esker, between the wet muskeg at the foot and the windswept, often bare, sandy ridge top, there is an interesting exhibit of tough little plants, none of which can be, because of the weather they must endure, more than a few inches high. Among them are crocuses and legumes that make up for what they lack in stoutness by being in a sense botanical sprinters. In the 10 or 12 weeks between the last of the snow and the first killing frosts, they rush along at a great rate, putting up leaves, flowering and setting fruit. Individual plants that have not done so by mid-August are goners. Below them are the endurance specialists, flat little heathlike evergreens, crowand cranberries that hang on to their leaves and fruits until they hit the wall of dead winter.

Quaking aspens are normally a southslope tree: However, we found a grove of them in a 20-foot-deep hollow on the north side. This appeared to be a particularly warm and fertile spot because the aspen were exceptionally stout there, but they were of peculiar shape, the tops of the trees being flat. They were so because they can grow only up to the rim of the hollow. If they get above it the north wind shears off the tender shoots.

In the transition zone, where esker and muskeg meet, a frail-appearing perennial is common. It bears clusters of lovely, white, bell-shaped flowers and a lovely name—Grass of Parnassus. But it belongs to the saxifrage, not the grass, family and is not at all scented.

For travelers the little esker penisula that we used as a camp in Fortunate Lake was a dead end. But according to the signs it had often been used by wolves. The first night, and several times thereafter, we heard a wolf singing in the hills beyond the shoreline. ("Howling" does not do justice to the rising, falling music of the wolf call.) It is a good guess that he was singing about us, wolves being insatiably curious and communicative animals, given to calling out the news to one another. One day we worked across a plateau in the central hills. On the opposite side of a ravine a white wolf separated himself from the camouflage of a spruce windfall and trotted off, disappearing into the scrub. There is no way of knowing, but the chances are he had made us much earlier and had sat down to study our party, because knowing what is going on in the neighborhood is the regular business of wolves and, I think, one of their principal pleasures.

Certainly in numbers, probably in terms of total biomass, the major mammal of the Scented Grass Hills and many other northern regions is the lemming. Except on bare esker ridges and rocky islands it is likely that we were never more than 25 feet away from at least one of these little rodents. They were constantly scurrying and squeaking in their tunnels: If a boot came down too heavily or too close, one often would pop up like a spring toy and, lemmings being pugnacious creatures, would chatter challenges and curses at us.

Lemmings are the staff of life for everything that takes its protein straight, a regular item of diet, and sometimes the main one, for everything from gulls to grizzlies. Nevertheless they are one of the most, if not the most, successful mammals in the Arctic. They are little affected by the ferocious weather, and in fact winter seems to be a particularly secure and comfortable time for them.

They remain active during the coldest months. It is the good times, paradoxically, that get lemmings. In unusually benign years their population may explode so that by summer's end there are many more lemmings than any combination of predators can consume. It is then that their famous "death marches" occur, thousands of the animals wandering aimlessly across the country. (The notion that they are suicidally heading toward the sea is inaccurate. The lemming armies generally march downhill, perhaps because that is easier, and therefore by and by come to water. Apparently by accident rather than design, many enter the water and die in it.)

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Because of their nature and numbers we did not work up any particular affection for any individual lemming. But with a loon family (hen, drake and single chick), it was different. We met them on the first day we were on the lake, subsequently saw them often and found them entertaining and instructive. In the first week of August the chick was fairly feeble and clumsy. In canoes, we met the family on the water, and the parents would hoot, holler and splash noisily off to decoy us away from the vulnerable offspring. Thereafter the loons became more tolerant of us, and the chick grew stronger and more learned. We watched it taking what appeared to be diving lessons from its mother. She would duck under the water briefly, then surface by the young bird, swim around it, sticking her head encouragingly into the lake. A few days later it was diving regularly, if not expertly. However, as the summer ended, the young bird still did not seem able to fly. We began to worry about this, since these fish eaters must migrate to the south before the lakes freeze.

The loons were the last living things we saw as we were leaving Fortunate Lake in the Otter.

Make no mistake about all of this. We were tourists, protected from the true North, like a diver in a bell from the true sea, by all the dehydrated, metal, nylon and plastic things brought with us. But so many and strong are the laws here that even as protected foreigners we had to abide enough by some of them to get a certain appreciation of what it is like to be a permanent resident.

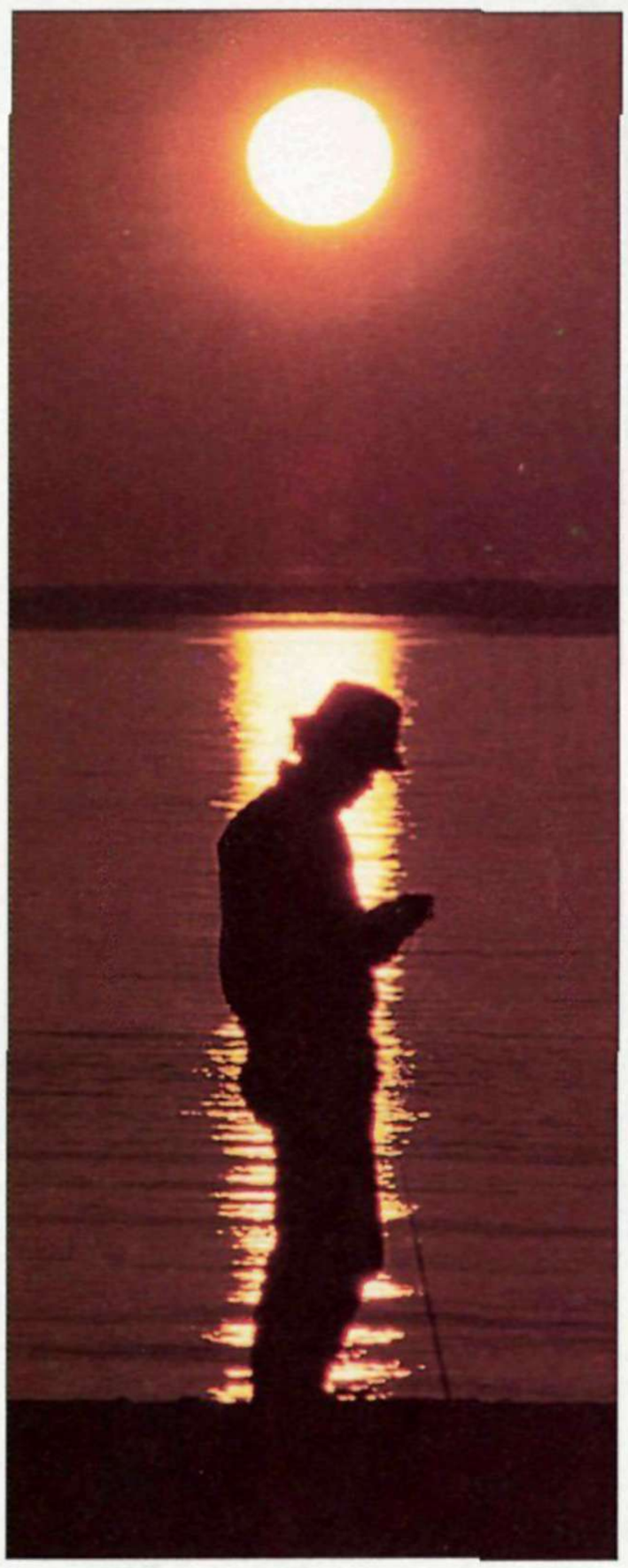
In this environment interest is quickly lost in things outside the immediate sensory range. The rest of the world comes to seem greatly distant, very abstract and dreamlike. But there is a much heightened awareness of the nature of things close at hand, including oneself. You walk on an esker as wolves do, not simply as a matter of intellectual curiosity. In doing so you come better not just to understand but to feel the faculties, needs and pleasures that are common to men and wolves. Reflexively you look for communities of spruce clumps, reindeer moss and cloudberries, because places where these grow well are good spots for people. There is a very apparent connection between certain arrangements of sedges, gravel bars, snails and pike and your stomach.

Given the obvious restrictions and aggravation of the North it is not easy to explain its appeal. Perhaps as a last, weak stab it might be said that despite the support systems, one has there a strong, invigorating sense of temporarily going native.

Epilogue

We did not, as we first imagined we might, come across great waving meadows of scented grass, not even a single clump of it. Since field work had not solved the mystery, I tried other methods after returning.

Bob is framed in the moonlight on Great Bear.



Our more or less constant companion in the hills was a splendid botanical text, *Vascular Plants of Continental Northwest Territories, Canada*, written by the late Erling Porsild and William J. Cody. Learning that Cody is at present employed by the Canadian agriculture department, I called him. He said that so far as he knew there was only one genus of grasses which might grow in the Scented Grass Hills that had species which were scented.

"The Holy grasses—Hierochloe?"

"You did indeed read our book."

"I'm rusty on keying out plants, but we didn't find anything that remotely resembled one of the Holy grasses. If they are there they are so insignificant that it seems strange if the whole peninsula is named for them."

Cody agreed and said he was sorry he could be of so little help. He suggested I call another federal agency, the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names. I did and spoke to Kathleen O'Brien, a toponymist, i.e., a student of topographical names. O'Brien obtained the file card.

There were only two main entries. In the 1820s John Richardson, a surgeon-naturalist serving under John Franklin, the first white explorer of many Arctic regions, had traveled in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake and thereafter made a map of the territory. Richardson designated the peninsula in question as Gai-et-Thella Hill.

(Franklin and Richardson are old, if noncorporeal acquaintances. In a previous outing, John and I and some others had become semideranged from fatigue, hunger and anxiety while trying to follow the route used by these two in 1821 (SI, July 8, 1974).

The only other seemingly relevant note in the file indicated that on Jan. 15, 1945, the peninsula was officially named the Scented Grass Hills and has been so called on maps ever since. O'Brien said there was no translation of Richardson's Gai-et-Thella, nothing to show that name was connected with the present one.

So that is that, and fine with me. After all, the mystery of the name was an excuse for going to the place, and having been there I am as well pleased to let the mystery remain. ■

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BITTERSWEET MEMORIES OF MY FATHER, THE GAMBLER

BY PAT JORDAN ■

I am a gambler's son. For as long as I can remember, the life of our house has been touched by my father's gambling. No aspect of that life, not even its daily minutiae, escaped that touch. I can remember one morning when I was seven years old, how my mother's simple request to throw out the garbage produced in my father a terrible anger. He had just walked through the door, red-eyed and stiff-limbed, having spent the night sitting in a parked car alongside a deserted stretch of railroad track in New Canaan, Conn. He had been hunched forward all night, his ear pressed to the car radio, listening to the fading, crackling play-by-play of a Pacific Coast League baseball game on a Salt Lake City station that could only be tuned in after midnight at precisely that spot.

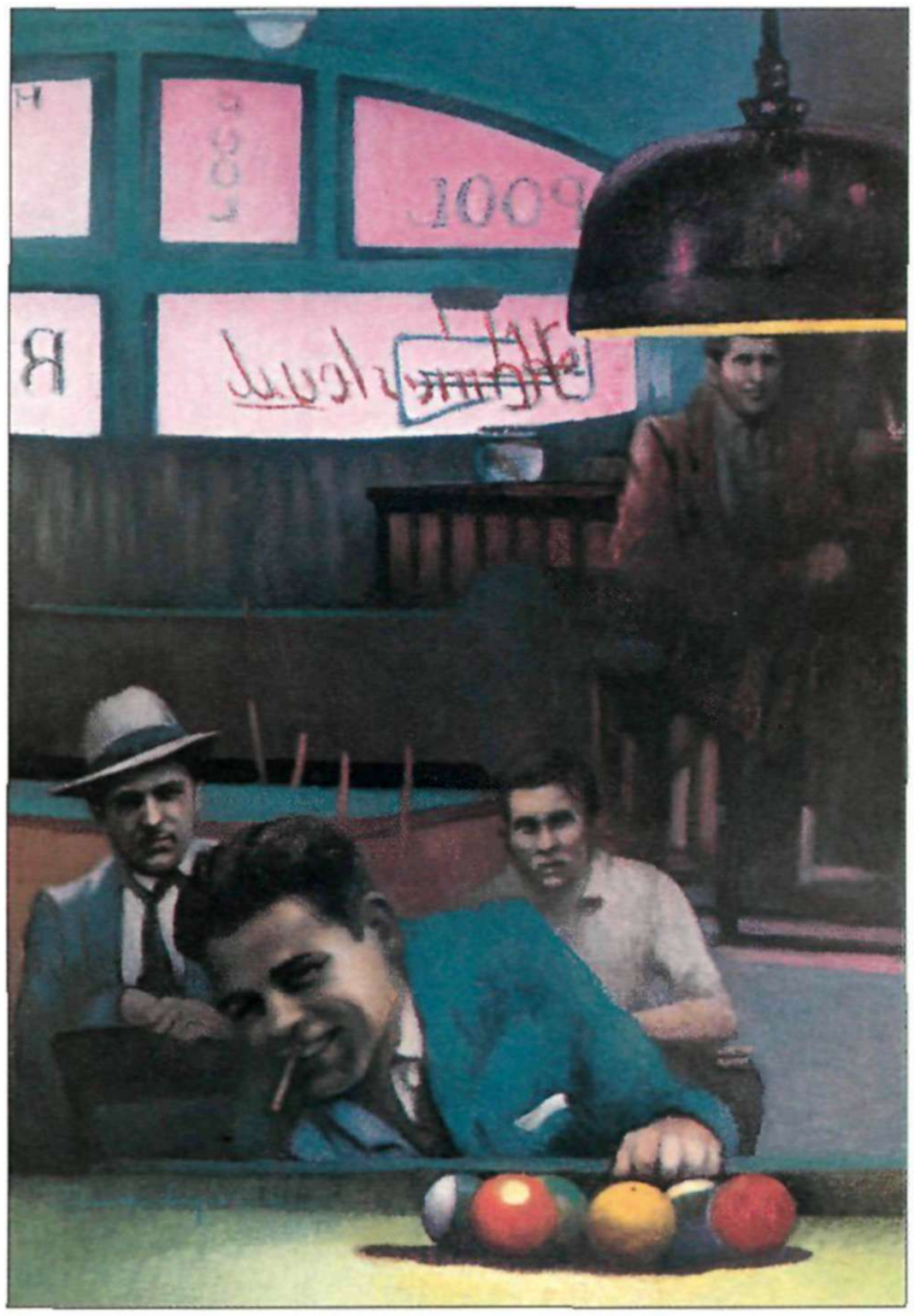
My father was an orphan. He lived in foster homes in the Italian ghetto around Bridgeport, Conn., until he turned 16 and struck out on his own. He supported himself from the very first by gambling. He loved the order of it. The finality. Win or lose, it was the only order in his life at the time. He had no relatives, no one but himself and his gambling, his sole satisfaction.

What he loved about it was that it forced him to live by his wits. It made him feel truly alive to live on the fine edge. He always told me that gambling was no fun if you had enough money to cover your losses. It was the possibility not of victory but of loss that really excited him.

Gambling gave my father an almost sexual pleasure. I say "almost" because like many gamblers my father never could countenance the other vices. He was almost puritanical in his disdain for boozers and womanizers, and, as far as I know, he has been faithful to his wife, my mother, for all of the 50 years of their marriage.

Nor did my father take any real pleasure in the money he won. He treated it, also, with disdain. The one overwhelming image I have of my father and money is his refusal to let anyone pay a tab in his presence. My father, peeling off bills from a thick wad, would insist. It might have seemed like generosity, but it was too obsessive for that.

In his 20's and early 30's, my father supported his young family, my mother and my older brother, by shooting pool. Eight ball, nine ball, straight, Chicago, anything. He had short, fat fingers (like the link sausages she threw in the spaghetti sauce, my mother used to say) that should have been a liability for a pool shooter. But he more than made up for them with his firm bridge and a maddeningly smooth stroke. For years, when I was growing up, my older brother would tell me stories about my father's pool-hustling trips throughout New England and Canada. How my brother, then in his teens, used to go with Dad when he hustled farmers and hardware salesmen and the local hotshots. My brother watched from the shadows, and when the losers tossed their crumpled bills on the table, he would emerge and scoop them off the green felt. How I envied my brother! How I wished I could have gone with my father on those trips! But that was before I was born, and by the time I was old enough to go, my father had given up pool as a means of making a living.



When I was 18 years old I went away to pitch in the Milwaukee Braves farm system, and I picked up pool, too. It was one of the few recreations open to young baseball players in small Midwestern towns. I got pretty good at it, and when I came home I used to challenge my father regularly. But he always beat me. We would play for hours. I would get sweaty and hot-tempered while my father, with that cool-eyed, methodical stroke, would pocket ball after ball to victory. He never let up on me. I was both proud of my father's talent and furious that I could not beat him.

In his late 30's, my father abandoned pool and turned to cards and dice. His smooth pink little hands flashed when dealing cards in his one-handed style, with his thumb on top of the deck. He used to show us how, with a mere flick of the wrist, he could deal from the bottom,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SUSI KILGORE

the middle or the top of the deck.

I remember when I was 12 how my badgering my father to have a catch with me turned into a financial disaster for us. He was supposed to deal cards that night at one of the Italian athletic clubs in the city, and he would be paid handsomely. He always worried about his hands—his livelihood, he called them. But I insisted on having a catch and he reluctantly gave in. I cut loose with a fastball that split open a finger on his left hand. Blood gushed out and he ran screaming into the house. When I finally got up the courage to go inside, I found him at the kitchen table, his hand wrapped in a blood-soaked handkerchief. He was trying to deal a poker hand to my mother, who sat across from him. The cards slipped in his bleeding hand, scattered on the floor. He glared at them and cursed their ancestry as I turned and ran back outside.

Eventually, in his late 40's, my father gave up his cards and dice and settled, in what was the beginning of his old age, on a more sedentary form of gambling. He bet basketball, baseball, football and, occasionally, hockey games. He seldom bet the ponies, because handicapping was too much like work, and he never gambled in Vegas. There was no percentage in it, he would say. Besides, it was too organized. Nor was my father ever a bookie. Bookies were businessmen, not gamblers. And my father was only a gambler. A free lance, he liked to say.

I remember the day I first became aware of the pervasiveness of my father's gambling in our lives. I was eight years old and just beginning my love affair with baseball, which was encouraged by my parents. We were Italian-Americans and my mother loved the Yankees—DiMaggio, Rizzuto, Crosetti, Lazzeri, Berra, Raschi. She hated only Eddie Lopat and, later, Whitey Ford (my secret idol) with their pink, freckled Irish faces. (Today, approaching 80, my mother has a photograph of Dave Righetti taped to the mirror in her kitchen.)

My father was a Yankee fan, too. Only for him they were less a team he could point to with ethnic pride than one he could confidently lay 9 to 5 on.

One Sunday afternoon in July, my father invited three of my "aunts" and

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"uncles" to the backyard of our suburban house for a cookout. None of them was, in fact, my real aunt or uncle—they were my father's gambling cronies—and, even more significantly, my father was not a cookout kind of guy. He took no pleasure in neatly mowed suburban lawns, especially if *he* had to mow them.

Nor was he the kind of father who took his son to the Maine woods to catch trout by a rushing stream and cook them over an open fire underneath a perfect moon. He always refused my request for such a trip with the same cryptic comment: "There are no telephones in the woods." It was years before I deciphered his refusal, before I learned that a gambler can live without women, without liquor, without food even, but never without access to a telephone.

The afternoon of my father's cookout was hot and sunny. My "uncles" stood around the barbecue fireplace under the shade of a maple tree and sipped Scotch. They made nervous small talk while simultaneously listening to a Yankee–Red Sox game coming from a radio propped on the kitchen windowsill. My father was bent over the barbecue, lighting match after match and cursing the briquettes he was unable to ignite. He was a dapper little man who dressed conservatively—gray flannel slacks, navy blazer—and he always wore a tie, even around the house. He was very handsome, too, in spite of his baldness. He had pinkish skin, youthful eyes and a neatly trimmed silver mustache. He truly fit the part, at least in his dress, of a suburbanite entertaining guests. Even if those guests did look as if they had just stepped out of the cast of *Guys and Dolls*.

My "uncles" began to laugh at his discomfort and then fell uniformly silent as a crucial play was broadcast over the radio. They resumed their small talk. My "uncles" still lived in the Italian ghetto in Bridgeport and hung out at the Venice Athletic Club. They called my father Patsy, much to his annoyance. One was a bookie. Another a card shark.

My "uncles" had no interest in me, their "nephew," except on rare occasions when they showed me how to palm the ace of spades or how to spot shaved dice. They were somber, dark, manicured little men with nicknames like Chickie, Freddie the Welch, and Tommy the Blond, who was not really blond but was just not so dark as the others. On this quiet Sunday afternoon in July, they stood beneath the maple tree in our little suburban backyard looking ill at ease in their sharkskin suits.

My mother, a dark, fierce little bird-like woman, and my "aunts" sat around a circular lawn table that was shaded by a fringed umbrella. They were sipping Scotch, as well, while playing penny-ante poker—deuces and one-eyed jacks wild—and chatting. I stood behind

them and followed their play of cards.

Soon I got bored with the adults and I lost myself in the baseball game. When DiMaggio hit a home run for the Yankees, I shouted, "Yaa!" and clapped my hands. Suddenly, I was aware that everyone was looking at me. My father's face was flushed. I caught my mother's eye. Her lips were pursed in a threatening smile. She called out sweetly, "We musn't root for the Yankees today, Sweetheart! Uncle Freddie is down 50 times on the Red Sox."

I was too young then to be embarrassed by the garishness of my "aunts" and "uncles," so out of place in our suburban, WASP neighborhood. Nor was I embarrassed by my father's gambling. To me it was just what he did for a living. But what did bother me about my father's gambling were his strange hours, his constant preoccupation with odds, his anxiety over a game in progress and his bad humor when he lost. It prevented him from being the kind of father my friends had. His mind seemed always to be involved with gambling, with his wins and losses, and he had little time for me. Davey Perkins's father, for instance, was a plumber who came home from work each day and immediately took his sons to the park to play ball. How I wished my father would take me to the park to hit grounders to me. When my father rebuffed my umpteenth request to go to the park with me one day, I said, without thinking, "I wish you were like Davey Perkins's father." I knew I had said something hurtful when I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

Later that year, after my father's cookout, I began to appreciate the seriousness of gambling and along with it the seriousness of baseball. I equated baseball with something important that grown men did, and so I quickly gravitated to the sport. By the time I was 12 I was a star pitcher in Little League. My name was in headlines each week in the local newspaper. More strikeouts. Another no-hitter. A perfect game. I loved baseball from the first moment I played it. It was my distinction. When I got good at it, I loved it because it put me somehow above my suburban friends. People pointed me out. "There he is! Number 16. Jordan!" They followed me with their eyes, old men of distant semipro repute and parents with their young sons, pointing me out as an example. And sometimes their daughters, too. It excited me, all this attention.

I loved the game itself. The order and discipline of it. The finality. Win or lose. I lost myself in that orderliness for a number of reasons, not the least of which was that my life at home had grown increasingly chaotic. We seemed always to be on the brink of financial disaster. It was not until I was graduated from high school in 1959 and signed a $45,000 bonus contract with the Braves that I was able to ease my parents' financial burden by paying off the heavy

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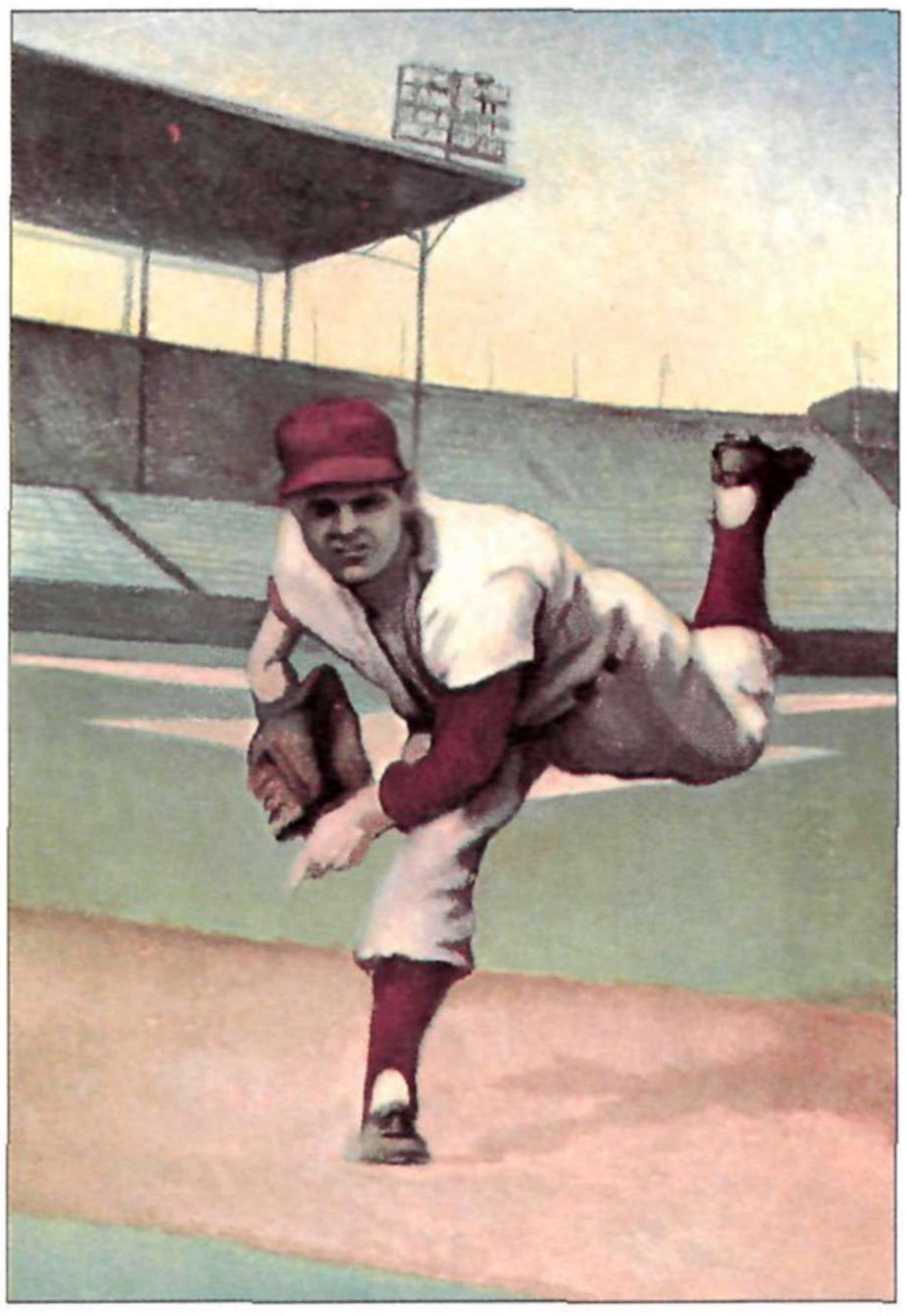
mortgage on their house. Sometimes I think that is why I was so driven in my baseball career—to rid my parents of the financial worries that had filled my childhood with fear.

A couple of years ago, I sat at the kitchen table in my parents' tiny apartment in Bridgeport, where they had moved after selling me their house in the suburbs. They were in their late 60's then, modestly settled on a fixed income. My father's once debilitating vice had become little idiosyncrasies that we could all laugh at: stopping at the pay telephone by the side of the road, the pocketful of change, the numbers scribbled on odd bits of paper.

As we sat in the kitchen, I recalled the time I started the fire. Like most children, I had experimented with matches. On this occasion I lit an entire matchbook, and, frightened, tossed it into the trash. The garbage can, which was made of plastic, went up in flames. I panicked, but remembering something about using flour to put out a fire, I ran to my mother's spice jars and tossed a jar of flour on the flames. Too late. The can melted into a puddle of plastic, and my parents came home to a kitchen strewn with white flour. I was doubly punished, once for playing with matches and a second time for having incinerated my father's evening betting line, which he had written down on the inside cover of the matchbook.

The kitchen table in their apartment was set for my father's supper. Cheese, Italian bread, a steaming bowl of pasta e fagioli. My mother, washing dishes at the sink, told my father his supper was getting cold. He was standing by the wall telephone, nodding into the receiver at the voice of his bookie, who was quoting him the evening's baseball line. Again, my mother nagged at my father to eat his supper. He glared at her, cursed under his breath, but still she kept it up. He hissed, "Goddam it, shut up!" Suddenly his anger vanished. He signaled her frantically for a pen. She rummaged through a drawer and handed him one. Cradling the receiver between his ear and his shoulder he tried to write on a paper napkin—New York 4, Boston 3½. The napkin began to bunch up and tear. My mother rushed over and stretched the napkin taut with her fingers so my father could continue to write out the evening line.

For as long as I can remember, my mother has been trying to get my father to give up his gambling. She nagged him



daily, not so much because gambling forced us to live precariously, which it did, but because, more than anything, she wanted respectability in the suburbs. But now, in her late 60's, her nagging was merely a reflex action. She knew he would never quit, and at times she seemed to be in consort with him. There was the night when I went to their apartment to find my father in bed with the flu, a thermometer stuck in his mouth. My mother was on the telephone in the kitchen. She signaled me to silence with a finger to her lips. Spread out on the kitchen counter was a napkin on which she was writing out the evening line. My father, moaning in bed, calling out to my mother, "Get the line on Frisco!" My mother, scribbling as fast as she could, taking her responsibility so seriously.

My parents and I laughed at such recollections. As they got older they liked to amuse me with such stories. "Patty, you won't remember this, you were only a child. . . ." But I did remember. I remembered a Monday morning after one of my father's disastrous weekends betting football, when I sat wedged between the stove and the kitchen wall, huddled in fear, while a strange couple wandered about our house, peeking behind curtains and questioning my poor mother about heating costs. I remember the terror I felt in bed that night thinking we would be thrown out of the house if my father did not recoup his losses on that evening's basketball game. I prayed to St. Jude that the Knicks would beat the Celtics at least by a point-and-a-half. They did, and that crisis was averted.

There were many such stories, all of which seemed so funny when we retold them years later in my parents' apartment. There were some stories, however, which even in retrospect did not seem so funny. Like the time my father threw the radio down the cellar stairs, smashing it to bits because I wanted to listen to *The Shadow* and he wanted to listen to *Pack at the Track*. I was 10 years old.

Whenever I mentioned these moments, my parents would glance at each other in silent recognition and then, half kiddingly, they would chide me for my faulty memory. When I persisted, their faces would get red. "You exaggerate!" my mother would say, with a backward toss of her hand. "That's not the way it was." But it was. I did live in daily fear of financial disaster.

My father's angers were brought on not only by his gambling and its losses but also by my mother's constant quest for respectability. She nagged him day and night to stop his betting. And when he didn't, she demanded at least that he take a respectable job for "appearances'

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sake." To mollify her for a few months, he would take some menial but legitimate job which still allowed him all the free time he needed to pursue his real vocation.

Of the many jobs my father held when I was growing up—liquor salesman, used car salesman, vacuum cleaner salesman—the one I remember most vividly was the one which required him to wear a uniform. It was a bluish-gray, military-style uniform made of rough flannel, with a peaked military cap, like an admiral's. I was so impressed with that uniform as a boy that I told all my friends about it. I told them also about the white truck my father drove, a panel truck with the larger-than-life painting of a golden-curled young girl with huge blue eyes—the Bambi Bread Girl—painted on each side.

What I did not tell my friends was how much my father hated that garish truck, and the uniform, and the fact that he had to get up every morning at four o'clock to drive down to the bakery to pick up his load. He was always bleary-eyed and miserable after having spent the night listening to the late sports results on the radio and he never left the house without first arguing with my mother for making him hold such a job.

That job and others like it were the cause of many arguments between my parents. Which was another reason that, when I was 12 years old, I began to lose myself in baseball.

I needed that game. Not only did it offer escape from my parents' arguments, but on days I was to pitch, it actually seemed to bring them together. My mother pampered me, something she rarely did otherwise. She never made me do chores around the house on those days, and she always prepared a special supper for me, at three o'clock in the afternoon: eggs and peppers scrambled in olive oil and a dessert of sliced oranges in olive oil. My father would give me money to go to the movies in the afternoon to take my mind off the evening game. He supported my baseball ambitions with money he usually didn't have. He would borrow $50 from one of his cronies just to buy me the latest kangaroo-leather spikes.

My parents went to all my Little League games. They sat high up in the bleachers along the third base line. People deferred to them because of my talent. They were pointed out by other parents, acknowledged by a "Hello" accompanied with a compliment about my latest performance. "A fine boy," those parents would say. "You should be proud." My mother beamed at these compliments, at the respectability my pitching had brought her. Whenever I would get two strikes on a batter, her shrill voice would split the air. "Strike him out, Patty!" From the mound, I glanced over at her and my father. I winked, turned back to the batter, began my windup and delivered. Strike three! As I walked off the mound toward my third base dugout, I could see my mother clapping her hands with glee, nodding gratefully to the other fans' approval, while my father jumped down behind the stands and then—half-walking, half-trotting—headed toward the pay telephone beyond leftfield.

I am in my 40's now, and I never gamble. I never have. And yet I am like my father in many ways. For almost 20 years I have not held a real job. I am a free-lance writer. Every story I write is a gamble. Will it be accepted or rejected? Like Dad, the possibility of loss excites me. Recently he came down to Fort Lauderdale, where I now live, to visit me. He looks the same, except older, but still dapper at 76. He told me he no longer gambles. I laughed, but he said he was serious. I asked him if he ever shot pool anymore. He said he hadn't shot in years. I smiled. "Wanna shoot some stick?" I asked.

We went to a redneck pool hall out on Dixie Highway, pickup trucks in the parking lot, Waylon Jennings on the jukebox and a barmaid with teased hair and no front teeth. We got a rack of balls and took a corner table. "A game of straight, Pop?" I said. He nodded. I broke and left him long. He had told me years ago, "The eyes always go before the stroke. When you play an old man, always leave him long." He bent over the table, shot and missed, scattering the balls. After only a few racks, I had a big lead, playing hard and ruthlessly, as he had always played me. But I couldn't sustain it. I began to take almost impossible shots, and pretty soon he had beaten me.

I threw my arm over his shoulder and said, "You're still the best, Dad."

"You shoulda beat me," he said. "You got careless."

I learned a lot as a gambler's son. I learned about risk and loss and what it means to live on the edge. I learned also that it comes down to a choice between freedom and security, and you can never have both. ■

Pat Jordan, author of "A False Spring" and eight other books, lives in Fort Lauderdale.

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COMBING BAJA FOR ROOSTERFISH

BY CLIVE GAMMON ■

In Baja, Mexico's Lower California, the sun-broiled, mountain-spined peninsula that stretches 800 miles from Tijuana to Cabo San Lucas, there are two worlds. This long morning Nick, Olto and I had spent in the first of them, riding the swells of a sea so mysteriously deserted that it might have figured in the log of the Ancient Mariner. For mile on mile inshore of us ran white, surf-battered beaches with, very rarely, lonely white ranchos behind them, half-hidden in the mesquite and the high cactus. And always, behind the surf, hung a backdrop of brown, baked mountains shimmering in 110° heat. Sometimes a reel would screech when a bonito or a sierra mackerel hit one of the trolled lures. But nobody walked on the beaches or came out of a ranch house door to stare at us.

Then, at noon, the long beaches dwindled suddenly, and the dark mass to the south resolved itself into monstrous fangs of rock that broke down the power of the huge Pacific swells we had been riding. *Los Frailes*, the Friars, Hernando Cortés had called them when he first passed this way in 1535, and there was surely the look of cowled religious heads about them. But a less pious man might have found a harsher name: These were the carious teeth of giants, the spiked hats of witches, rocks that, if they hadn't existed, Hieronymus Bosch would have had to invent.

It was at this point that, with a yell, Olto Scholnik, probably the only fishing guide of Polish blood in the whole of Mexico, hit high revs as his *panga*, a slim-beamed, open Mexican fishing boat, dipped suddenly and drunkenly into a trough, then shot through a tunnel in the rock that took us out of the Pacific Ocean and into the Sea of Cortés.

In seconds we had passed into Baja's second water world, one utterly different from the first, into a deep, natural harbor filled with such hysterical noise and color, with so many chaotically handled watercraft, that it made Long Island Sound on Labor Day seem a haven of peace and silence.

With the ease of long practice, Olto dodged the *lanchas* that screamed up and down, ferrying passengers from the cruise ship anchored off the beach and putting up wakes that threatened any second to swamp the glass-bottomed sight-seeing boats that rolled up to their gunwales in tourists. Windsurfers howled happily alongside us as their boards collapsed under them, and hard rock drifted out of the big white motor yacht registered in Newport Beach, Calif., now riding just off the tuna canning factory.

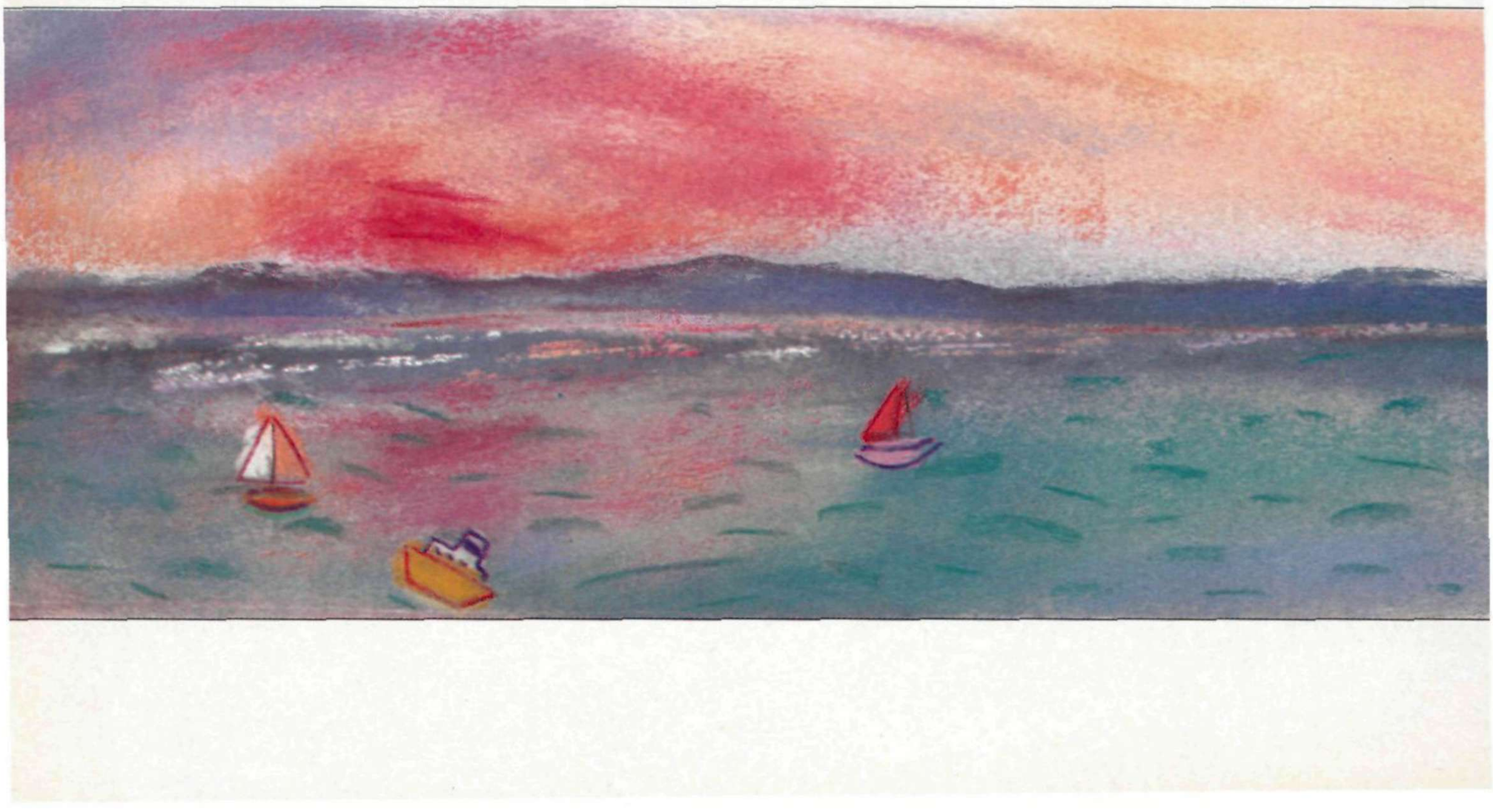
And, as Olto ran our *panga* up to the slip, one could pick up, from the brashest of the shoreside bars, the one that called itself The Giggling Marlin, the merry sound of margarita glasses shattering on hot concrete, mingled with a Mötley Crüe number being squirted out at high decibels through the four *1984*-sized TV screens fed by the oversize satellite dish in the bar's dusty backyard.

BIENVENIDOS A CABO SAN LUCAS, BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR!

So what did we expect? The Nature Conservancy?

Well, yes, we had, Nick and I, having somewhat naively based our general research concerning Baja on John Steinbeck's *Sea of Cortez,* which came out in 1941.

Nevertheless, we were not daunted. By now we had learned to live with the two faces of Baja and, with Olto on our side, after a week of false starts, we felt we were closing in on the quarry that had brought us there—*Nematistius pectoralis*, in Spanish *papagallo*, in English the roosterfish. A magical fish, I thought it, one with all the élan of a light cavalryman of Napoleon's guard, one that wears, like a badge of courage, a spectacular dorsal fin, seven long rays in black, green and silver that stand erect

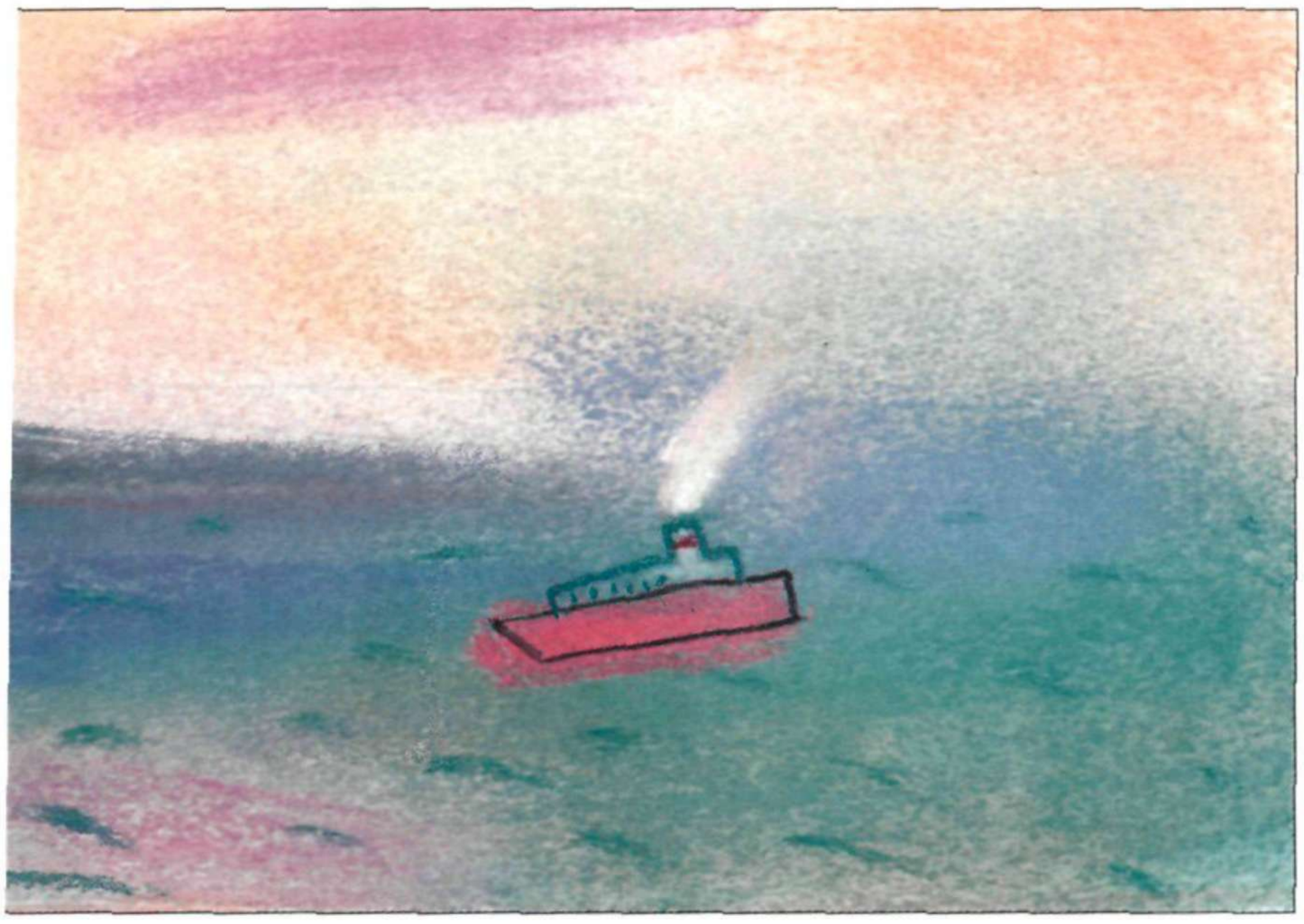


when it attacks—the comb, in fact, that gives it its name. It's a fish with the tough-it-out quality of an amberjack and the speed of a sailfish. A fish of the surf zone and the shallows, moreover, one that we could go after from the beach or from small boats.

For years I had had a roosterfish trip on hold, and when it seemed possible, Baja seemed clearly the place to go. How was I to know that in the 13 years since they had pushed a hard-top road all the way down the peninsula, the U.S. Social Security check would prove the biggest invader in these parts since the conquistadores?

We had started on our roosterfish trail not here at Cabo but a week earlier at Buena Vista, higher up the coast, on the Sea of Cortés side, where we had made reservations at a fishing camp. "Hey, listen," said Señor Jessie Maldonnado, in whose cab we rode there from the La Paz airport, "this country is so nice an' beautiful, American people really love it! They love it so much they all want to come and die here!"

Well, sure, you could see that. When we reached camp, we found that clustered around it was a heterogeneous mix of bungalows and peeling mobile homes. HOT A LOT ? a billboard inquired, a downbeat way to start. Undoubtedly, much of Baja—the interior, a great deal of the open Pacific coast—is still puma-and-eagle territory, where the lack of small precautions can bring death half a mile from the main road. But here in Buena Vista they were sticking the new American Riviera together with ticky-tack, and, as we checked in, the lead singer in the mariachi band in the bar, guaranteed straight from Guadalajara, was belting out "Twiss' an' shou'. . . ."



That had nothing to do with the fishing, of course, we told ourselves resolutely, and it seemed a good omen when we met our neighbors in the next cabin, Robert Allison from Seal Beach, Calif., and his pal Cecil, who told us they had had four blue marlin hookups that day. But as their story unfolded, I began to have reservations.

They had hit the first fish as soon as they started, Allison said, and he had brought it to the boat. "The captain had the gaff in the fish, and the mate had hold of the bill in one hand and his billy club in the other," he said, "and the mate was trying to hit it over the head. But he drops the billy club in the water, and the skipper is so astonished that he lets go of the gaff and that disappears also. Just like the marlin, which takes a turn around the prop and swims off with a $30 lure in its mouth.

"The skipper climbed up top and looked into the water for a while, then he said, *'No más pescado.'* Well, you can guess what that meant, and I am very pleased that Cecil here did not have his 12-gauge shotgun aboard, because he'd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VIVIENNE FLESHER

have blown that man right out of the flying bridge.

"Then we found ourselves a second marlin. This time—they had no ladder in this boat—the mate leapt down from the bridge, grabbed the rod before I could get to it and tried to set the hook with a couple of big yanks. Only he had neglected to set the drag, so that was the second fish gone.

"The third fish, well, that one just threw the lure, and it was nobody's fault. We thought, That's the end, but we actually meet a fourth marlin, which eventually I bring to the boat. Of course, we now have neither billy club nor gaff, so the mate is trying to hit it with a monkey wrench. But he drops this, too, and down it goes into the blue water. So I just keep the pressure on the fish while he goes off and finally comes back with a crescent wrench, a great big 14-inch wrench, and he beats the fish to death with that.

"I'm 60 years old," said Allison, "and that was my first marlin. And, 'I did it my way,' " he caroled.

He thought again. "No," he said,"let's be honest. I did it their way."

"Hmmm," I said as he finished his tale. But Nick was strangely silent and thoughtful. I should explain that Nick is my son. He's 27, a painter who lives in Europe. He has fished all his life, but always in the cold North Atlantic. When the roosterfish trip turned out to coincide with his annual U.S. visit he was delighted. But now, I saw, he was going to be sidetracked. "Blue marlin," he said, a dreamy look in his eye.

"Listen," I said, "those guys were lucky. Somebody worked out once that it takes 11 days on average to catch a marlin, and you spend those 11 days in mind-congealing boredom, contemplating a chunk of plastic called a Tuna Clone bouncing in the wake. Also, even with the peso on the floor, this is costing you $250 a day, plus tips."

"O.K.," he said. But then I thought maybe this is the only shot at a marlin he will ever have. So next morning, there we were, lined up with the marlin anglers. Half an hour later we were dragging plastic. I was saying to Nick, "Only another 10 days, seven hours and 30 minutes to go . . ." when the starboard rod doubled and, within seconds, 500 yards away the water erupted.

Well, you'll have read this kind of thing before. It's sufficient now to say that less than two hours after starting out Nick had his first marlin nicely damped down at the side of the boat.

A blue, 300 pounds, approximately. "Hokay, my fren'," I said in the local patois, "that will do. From now on the roosterfish, yes?"

But that evening there were intimations that the way of the Baja roosterfisherperson would not be easy, as I discovered when I went to the manager of the camp to explain that next day we planned to fish roosters inshore.

But of course, he said, there were people who went after roosterfish here sometimes. But not now. Not when the blue marlin were here. Pressed, though, he conceded that roosterfishing might be a possibility. However, we would have to take a big boat, a marlin boat, and a couple of men. So be it, we said. And in the morning, as all of the others sailed out for the macho glory, Nick and I found ourselves creeping along the coast in the disgruntled company of Arturo and Loco, who made it fairly clear that they felt more than a little demeaned by being selected to serve us.

We could live with that, we told one another as we picked up, at a dollar apiece, live mackerel for bait from one of the local *panga* men and headed out to what Arturo considered the local hot spot for roosterfish.

As indeed it proved to be. As soon as we started fishing, roosterfish began hurling themselves on the bait. We could see them in the water, combs raised angrily high. Unfortunately they were very small, maybe three pounds on average. And they just couldn't get their jaws around the bait.

"Lil' fish," said Loco superfluously.

"This bait, it is too big," Arturo announced, with a simper well-calculated to enrage.

"So why did we buy it?" Nick asked.

Arturo added a shrug to his simper. The baitman, I suspected, was probably his cousin. We fished the rest of the morning out in an unsocial silence. Grimly, all the mackerel now having died in the live well, we trolled lures, picking up an occasional sierra, streamlined and beautiful—silver, with speckles the color of fine Dijon mustard.

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"Mucho ceviche," Arturo said sardonically, implying the fish was eatable only if it were marinated for days in lime juice. "What's Spanish for 'Your tip is in considerable jeopardy' ?" I asked Nick.

It was that sort of morning until, as we were heading home, something hit the red and orange Rapala I was dragging, came in without too much bother at first, then went mad when it sighted the boat, crash-diving, running fast just under the surface, the whole bag of tricks. "Don't know what I've got here," I said to Nick, but just then it leapt a clear four feet out of the water, a roosterfish as handsome and bold as advertised, but not more than three pounds.

It was a start, though, and it just about saved Arturo's tip. All the same, Nick and I decided that evening that from here out we would go free-lance, a conclusion reinforced by the reply we had from Señor Chuy Valdez, the manager, when we asked him about the possibility of getting hold of some smaller bait, some *sardinas*. In his office, its walls covered with a small fortune in marlin lures, he told us coldly, "*Sardinas* is a service that we do not provide."

So next morning we forewent our fishing and took Señor Jessie's cab the 40 kilometers to San Juan where, in a suspiciously short time, we found ourselves legal lessees of, by heaven, a Mexican-built Jeep Renegado. The windshield was starred by some stone, or maybe a sniper's bullet, the tires were bald, somebody had removed the transfer case and the speedometer registered a permanent 120 kph. But the thing was ours, and we loved it. For the moment, anyhow.

Now, on the morning we had gone roostering with Arturo and Loco, we had noticed that on the beach off which we fished there were *pangas* drawn up and villagers throwing cast nets from the shore. Put that all together and what did you have? Why, *sardinas*, of course, and a *panga* to fish from.

So, somehow, from the main road we found our way down dirt tracks to the village of the genuine *pescadores*, found one who spoke English and struck a bargain. Would the señors find $20 a session for a *panga*, a man and live bait excessive? Expect us at four o'clock this afternoon, we exultantly told our negotiator.

Later, we would discover that there is a guide called *The Baja Book*, which meticulously maps every dirt road on the peninsula. That evening, without it, we got lost with some rapidity as we tried a surefire shortcut from camp and found that crossroad followed crossroad, like multiple-choice questions that we almost always got wrong.

All the same, we had allowed plenty of time, and we would have made it had we not found, in all of the sun-baked, desiccated, dehydrated, dry-season Baja the only deep, wet mudhole lying in wait. It was then we remembered the transfer case was gone, so the Jeep wouldn't go in four-wheel drive.

We were still there an hour later, contemplating walking out, when a couple of villagers came by and gave us the extra manpower to get clear. After that we took only two more wrong turns, which put us into the roosterfish village almost precisely as the sun went down, just about two hours late.

They were still waiting for us, the whole population, it seemed, right down to little girls in their best dresses. Everybody just looked at us sadly. There was the correct amount of polite refusal before our man took the 20 bucks, but the money didn't seem to matter. It was clear we had cheated them of an event.

We backed off, feeling as bad as they did. But at sunup the next morning the shame had dissipated. We checked out of the fishing camp and, on instinct, headed as far south as you can go in Baja, all the way to Cabo San Lucas.

Back in 1941, Steinbeck had called the town a "miserable, flea-ridden little place, poor and smelly," but things had changed. Crowning the cliffs were condominiums and five-star hotels. Construction work was frenetic. There were also, we would learn later, men with rare professions, like the jaded-looking guy in The Giggling Marlin who seemed to earn his living by having a parrot chew on his sombrero so that tourists could photograph the happening.

It was steamy noon when Nick and I hit town, and we drove on until we found what looked like an honest-to-God local restaurant, El Coral. At the bar, serving up the cold Dos Equis, was José Luis, and before we were a third of the way through the first beer we were talking to him of roosterfish. He spoke good Eng-

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lish, but he was most eloquent when he silently spread out the palms of his hands to us. They were scarred white in crisscross patterns, cut, he said, when he had tried to hold big roosterfish on his handline. We asked him, as if unconcerned, where he had hooked them. He pointed to where the gleaming motor yachts lay at anchor in the harbor. "Right in there," he said.

Across the road was a little fishing tackle shop and outside it a boat called *Ursula*. Inside, after lunch, we met its owner, Olto Scholnick, 23. We had discovered our newest roosterfish pro, with snapshots on the wall to prove it! And, yes, he would take us fishing—but not until Monday, since he had to take his family to La Paz for the weekend. Today was Friday, so until then we could fish the surf. Why not? At dawn and dusk, big roosters would sometimes hit a spoon in the surf. . . . He gave us elaborate instructions for reaching a good roosterfish beach close to the town.

Which we would have found, I dare say, with the help of *The Baja Book*. As it was, we missed the track that turned off the main road and drove on for another 12 miles along the open Pacific coast. We finally made our turn where a sign said PUENTE EL PASTOR, the Bridge of the Shepherd, and saw, at the edge of the sea, a white band at its margin. Just a shore break, it seemed. Now the dirt road wound upward to a low, thatched, circular building, a half-finished bar in the middle of nowhere. We parked in its shade, then walked out to the edge of the promontory on which it was built.

And from here, at last, we could see the full majesty of the Pacific swell, with 4,000 miles of fetch behind it, crashing a single huge 10-foot-tall wave onto the steep wall of sand it had sculpted, then withdrawing with a grating, animal roar. As we watched, a new and bigger set of swells began to build.

It seemed crazy even to think of fishing. It would have been folly just to run down with the receding wave to cast. (Later, we would hear of people who had been knocked down and sucked into the undertow by a rogue wave even while they had been walking along the high ridge in seeming safety.) Nevertheless, the imperatives of fishing being what they are, this is what I now did, and I was running back up the sandbank when I was hit simultaneously by a wave and a fish.

I dug in my feet, turned sideways and hung in. The drag of my reel screeched. I worked my way up to the top of the bank and felt the hard kick of the fish. And then its weight was gone, and white water was swirling around me again. "Lost him!" I yelled to Nick, digging in against the undertow once more.

"No, you haven't," he yelled back. "Look behind you!" And there, unbelievably, leaping on the sand at the high water mark, was the biggest sierra that I had ever seen, my spoon flashing in its jaws. Nick said he had seen it just picked up by a wall of water and flung ashore.

That seemed enough for the moment. We moved back well out of danger and, hypnotized, watched the immense power of the sea. And then, from behind us, I heard a voice that could only have come from Texas. "Man," it said, "this is the meanest surf I ever see. You could get *inundated* here. I have *nightmares* about this surf."

The voice, we soon learned, was that of Brad Harelson, 23, of Abilene, Texas. Like his buddy, Corey Howard of Corpus Christi, who now materialized alongside him, he was a recent graduate of Texas Lutheran. For six weeks they had been living out of the back of a Subaru BRAT, fishing their way down the length of Baja, sleeping under a tent awning except for once every couple of weeks, Brad said, "when we can't stand ourselves any longer and we check into a hotel for a shower. You can wash yourself in the sea if you use dishwasher powder, but not in a surf like this."

As the sun moved down into roosterfish time, the surf didn't ease. "We've caught 28 species," Brad said, "but we ain't seen a roosterfish yet."

"Biggest fish we got," Corey said, "was a 58-pound bull dolphin."

"Unless it was that eel," said Brad. "We didn't weigh that moray eel. Got to tell you about that. We came on some people who told us about a place called Punta Trevado and said the sailfish there swam like 20 feet from the shore. But when we went there we cast for hours and all we caught was a couple of yellowtail.

"That night, though, we took them

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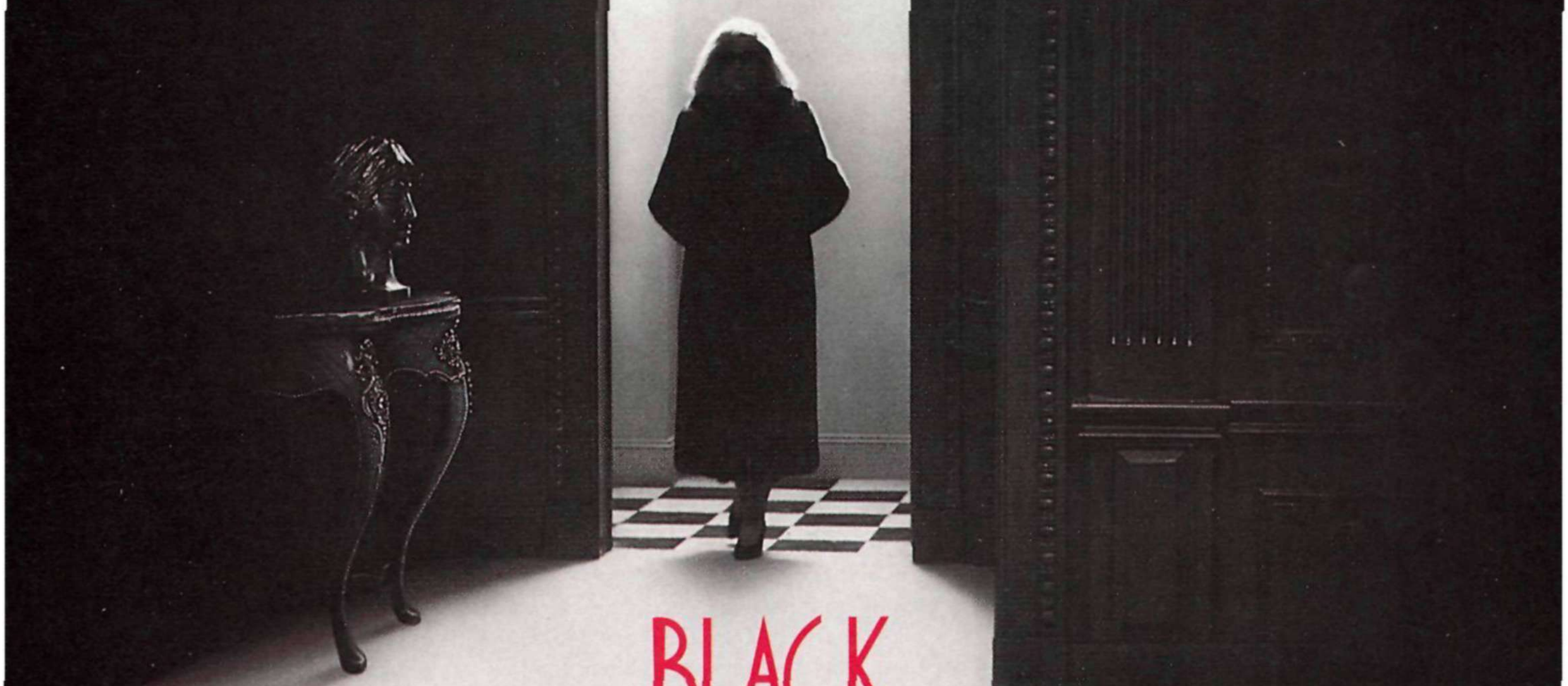

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yellowtail heads and hooked them onto a shark line on a superstiff rod. Then I went paddling out about 250 yards in the middle of the night on a boogie board with a hook full of shark bait. I tell you, this gives you a real scary feeling. It really gets to put a mix in your brains. You turn round, you start to paddle back and you can barely see the lights on shore. Then you look behind and there's all those little things in the water that glow at night and they're glowing around your legs and you know you look like the biggest lure in the world with the greatest action. I got home, though.

"Then it's hours later and I can hear *eeeeee-eeeeee-eeeee*. It's the reel going. I wake up Core and I tell him it's his turn. 'I know,' he says, and he commences to reel. He sits there, buck nekkid on a sandbank in the moonlight, and he reels and reels and reels. And then out of the water and over the bank comes this big snarling moray eel, and, boy, is this eel mad. We cut the line and let him go, fast."

And so we batted fish stories around until dark and arranged to meet at the beach of the Bridge of the Shepherd next morning. We were a touch late showing up. Corey and Brad had been there for a while, but they had nothing to show for it but a couple of bonito, which they wouldn't be eating because, as Brad put it, after six weeks they was all ate out, fishwise.

Nick and I knew what to do with them, though. We had brought with us, almost as an afterthought, a couple of big surf rods, the real artillery, designed for throwing heavy sinkers 120, 150 yards. They were English-designed sinkers with breakaway anchor wires meant to hold out in bad tide rips and high surf. Whether they could handle these huge swells was problematic, but at least we could give them a try. The sinkers and the surf, it turned out, fought to a kind of tie. If a fish hadn't hit after five minutes or so, the odds were that by then the sinker would be dislodged and washed ashore, its wire anchors so twisted that they had to be straightened with pliers. On the other hand, I recall this happening only twice. On all the other casts we caught fish.

Bang! A red snapper, a six-pounder by the looks. Crack! A yellow snapper this time, a little smaller. Zip! A comic interlude with a very small triggerfish. *Zeee . . . zeee . . . zeeeee!* A big jack crevalle that came to Nick's bait and held up proceedings for a quarter of an hour. Bop! A perfect miniature hammerhead shark of four or five pounds.

For a while, the action was nonstop. But we were running low on bait. "Last cast!" I said, and heaved.

Sock! A big, meaty striped pargo, one of the snapper family and premium eating, all eight pounds of him, took the bait. "This one we'll keep," I said, unhooking him and walking out on the rock to cast again.

"Hold it!" shouted Brad over the surf roar, "the Goddess of the Last Cast may be listening!"

Sun-fried, I decided, and I threw out again. But I had no further hits that morning. Later, Brad elaborated.

"O.K.," he said, "you're out fishing and it's about time to go, it's so dark you're wondering if the fish can see your lure. So you say, 'This is the last cast,' you chunk it out and a nice sierra hits it. You get it in and, damn, you see there's more of them out there.

"But you quit. You do *not* throw out your lure again. You declared a last cast, and if you cast again, boy, you may have messed yourself up. Because if the Goddess of the Last Cast was watching, she is really gonna frown on you. So what you say to yourself is, 'The Goddess came through for me! I'm not casting anymore! I'm in touch with the universe and everything is shining on me!' "

Yes, well, I told myself, it's getting late and there's a full moon. We made our farewells. For the Texas boys, the next day would see them on the road home. We would be on the beach again, I supposed, for a big repeat performance of this morning's triumph.

Strangely, it didn't happen, even though we timed our arrival perfectly, just as dawn broke. There were small fish about that nibbled on the bait and then pulled the hook under rock ledges so that we both lost several sets of terminal tackle. The swell had risen also, and there was a bad moment when a really mean wave crashed right onto the rock and brought Nick, who was out casting, to his knees, grimly hanging on to his rod and a rock spur at

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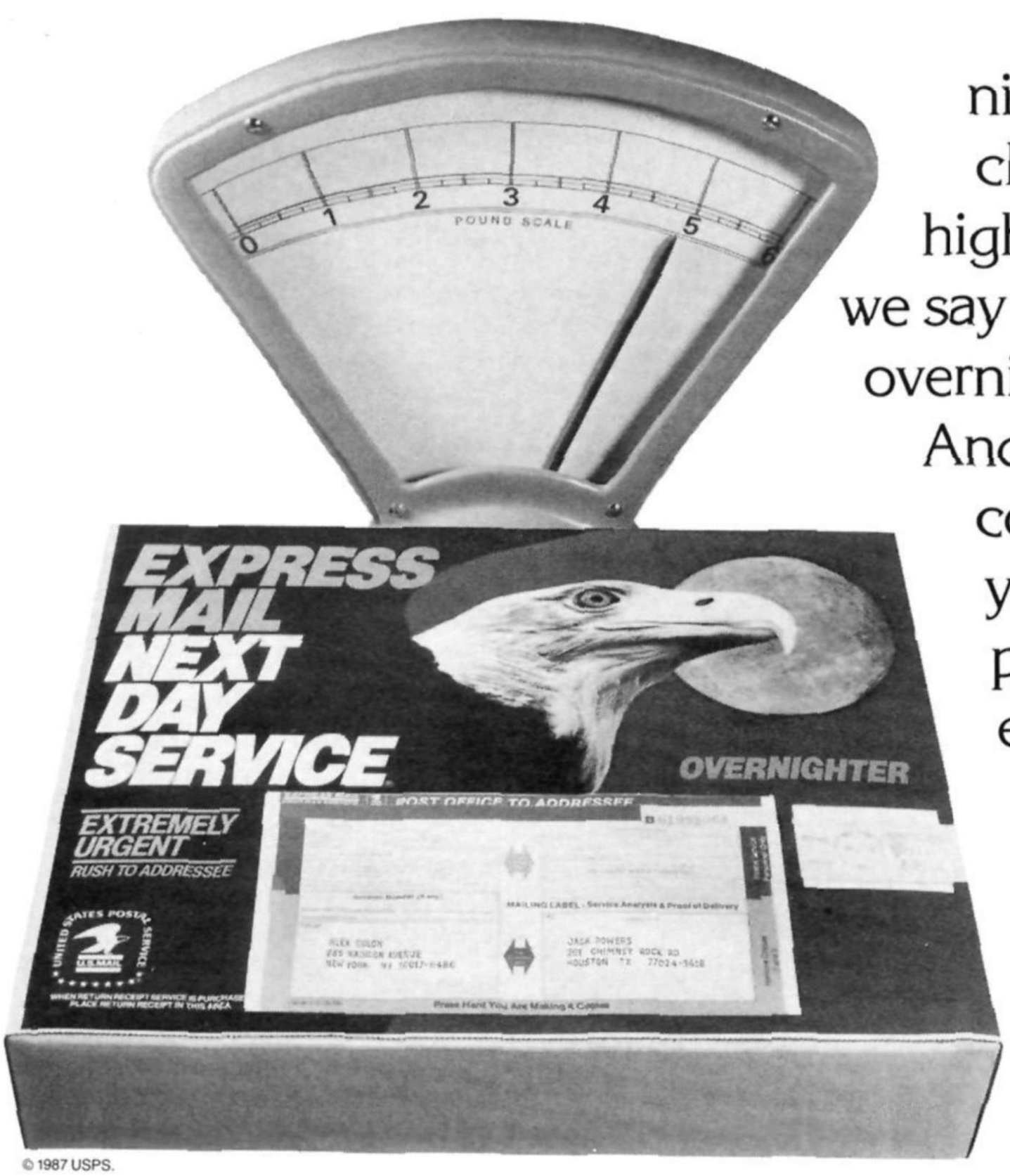

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the same time. We quit for the day early.

That evening at El Coral, José Luis had the cook barbecue the striped pargo of the previous day and before we had finished, Olto showed up, back from his weekend.

"Hokay, my frens," he said, "tomorrow the roosters. We take big plugs, Rapalas, Bombers, Rebels. Maybe also we get wahoo, dorado."

"You mean you want to *troll*?" said Nick.

"We won't be using live bait close in?" I said.

Olto took refuge in not quite understanding, but I noted that when live bait was mentioned, a cloud seemed to pass over his face. But it cleared fast. "Plugs, *si?*" he said with a smile.

Nick and I looked at one another. We shrugged, something we were getting better at each day. We would have to work on Olto, that was all. We still had a few days. And something told us we were closing in, now, on that big roosterfish.

But it was still elusive next morning as we towed plugs for hours along the pristine Pacific coast of Baja before we ducked through the arch into the cacophony of San Lucas harbor.

It was time to get tough. "Hokay, Olto," I said as we hit the slip, "tomorrow we must have *sardinas*, live bait. If not, no fishing, no charter, no *Ursula*." Glumly he indicated he understood. But the shadow still crossed his face on the mention of live bait. We couldn't understand the problem. Snorkeling in the afternoons had revealed to us that the harbor was full of baitfish. And Olto actually *sold* cast nets in his shop.

We understood all right the next morning, though. When we launched *Ursula* at the slip, its live well was empty, but we assumed we would be throwing a cast net for bait momentarily. Which we did, in a way. "The bait's out there," Nick indicated. Indeed, the surface was alive with it. Olto ignored it. Instead, he took *Ursula* into a corner where a high stone jetty almost hid us from view, and where, looking as guilty as a damned soul, Olto flicked out the cast net surreptitiously a couple of times.

"No *sardinas*," he muttered. But he knew as we stared at him that the moment of truth had come, that he had to come clean.

It wasn't his fault, we realized, after we had motored over to another, anchored, *panga* where two men sat fishing handlines. "There are these men," Olto had said. "You must buy bait from them. Two American dollars for a mackerel. I am sorry. They have the protection of the president of the harbor. I am not permitted to catch bait."

So that was it. Even as we watched, a gleaming marlin boat, the charters aboard with their glasses already in hand, stopped by for its quota of live bait. It could be noted that the duo in the boat, the Mackerel Mafiosi, as we would soon be calling them, were not a pretty sight. To a somewhat prejudiced eye, indeed, they seemed like a pair turned down for bit parts as bandits in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* because they looked *too* mean and ugly. Meantime, their foot-long mackerel were double the price of the Buena Vista ones, and just as useless.

"You wanna buy?" Olto said.

"We wanna buy breakfast," Nick said. "Let's go home."

Olto looked close to tears. "I am only living here three years," he said. "I am of La Paz."

We understood, all right, but it's a tough old world, roosterfishing. "Tomorrow," I said to him sternly, "we'll try again if you can figure out a way to get small live baits. Check with us at El Coral."

Which he did—and this was a new, resolute Olto, evidently. The only way he could beat the system, he said, was by going out at midnight to catch bait, and this he would do. Until the morning then, he said, leaving us with a new lightness in his step.

When we met him on the slip, though, at first light next day, all the jauntiness was gone. He had caught the bait, all right, he said, *muchas sardinas*. But this morning they were all dead. He had had no means of aerating the tank. As proof, he showed us the little corpses.

What could we do? Only one thing. We headed over to the bait banditti and paid up. One of them counted the money carefully and passed the overgrown mackerel across. One, I noted, was already dead, and we lost another five

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minutes arguing over this. And then we headed to the outer harbor, where the sea was alive with big roosterfish harrying shoals of six-inch ballyhoo. And, trembling as we fumbled to set up our tackle, we saw in the clear water pods of roosters swim under the boat.

They loved very large mackerel, it was evident. For a while, each time we lowered a bait, within moments it was seized and a sizzling run developed. Each time, also, though, we failed to set the hook, and the baits came back mangled. Even very large roosters have comparatively small mouths and they couldn't handle these crude, marlin-sized baits, all of which, eventually, were used up. That seemed to be that. We turned for home.

And here we were lucky enough to meet the man who is the real hero of this story. He was, I suspect now, as much of an outcast from the Cabo San Lucas bait-catching establishment as Olto. When we first saw him, as we motored in, he was crouched in the manner of his *Indio* ancestors in the bottom of a decrepit wooden skiff that had no motor. But, on a handline of monofilament nylon that couldn't have been less than 150-pound test, he was playing a very large fish. The whole of his thin body strained until he was compelled to let the fish run, and I remembered the scars on the hands of José Luis. It must have been a full 15 minutes that we watched him before he got a gaff into a rooster that was 30, maybe 35 pounds.

"Gilberto," Olto shouted when the fish was safe aboard. There was an exchange in Spanish which left Olto grinning broadly. "He will give us small baits," he said, and this was just what the finest gentleman in Cabo San Lucas now did, scooping us over a couple of *sardinas* from his live bait well, which was a wooden crate covered in chicken wire that he hung over the side.

At this point my roosterfish story should end neatly with both Nick and me taking trophy roosters on our perfect baits. Indeed, it came close to happening. We were both using 20-pound-test spinning outfits, and Nick's went into action first as his reel screamed and he hooked a good fish. But Olto had become considerably overexcited by this point, and in any case he had no real faith in rods. Unforgivably—well, almost—he grabbed Nick's line, just to make absolutely sure that the hook had gone home.

Pop.

Now my line was running out and my manic snarl was enough to stop Olto from indulging in a repeat performance. I set the hook. I have taken a good many fish on this particular outfit and I knew this was a good one, a 50-pounder, maybe. To a screaming drag, the line level sank low on the spool, but Olto didn't start up the motor. He sat without moving, immobilized, it seemed, by the earlier disaster.

I couldn't increase the drag. My big rooster went screaming across the harbor until it crashed some moorings. *Marlin* boat moorings, I noted wryly. Pop.

Nick and I sat in total disarray. Hell, I told the unforgiving Goddess of the Last Cast up there in the blue, it was just one lousy extra shot I took the other morning. I was angry with her. And she might have unbent just a little because the next thing, there was Gilberto calling over to us again. "He invites you to get in his boat," said Olto.

It might be as well if members of the International Game Fish Association and other sensitive anglers quit reading at this point. Because what I did next, of my own free will, was to borrow Gilberto's handline. Smilingly he baited up for me with a fresh *sardina*, then deftly tossed it into the water.

I had to wait all of 10 seconds before a big rooster hit, and then the line was snaking through my fingers, interminably, it seemed, until Gilberto gave the signal to strike the fish. What followed was that I learned, the hard way, how Jose Luis had earned his scars as, again and again, the fish tore the line out of my hands, but at last I had the big beauty in the boat. It was trophy, wall-mounting size, but it belonged, evidently, to the boat and to Gilberto. I thanked him courteously, and transferred once again to Olto's *panga*.

"So you think you've got it straightened out with the Goddess, now," Nick said that evening in El Coral.

"I don't know about that," I said. "But I guess she's put me on probation, anyhow." ■

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FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Jan. 26–Feb. 1 • Compiled by Hank Hersch

PRO BASKETBALL—It was a notable week for Mark Aguirre and Derek Harper and for their team, Midwest-leading Dallas. Aguirre notched his 10,000th point in one of the Mavs' two losses, a 118–113 beating by the Bullets. Harper signed a nine-year contract on Monday, then paced his team to a 132–102 win over the Nuggets (12 assists) and a 133–117 trouncing of the Bulls (28 points) before the Trail Blazers derailed Dallas 133–117. The Milwaukee game set a record for three-point buckets with 16; Harper made 5. While division leader Boston ran its victory string to six, the 76ers held on to second in the Atlantic by winning three of four. Philly forward Charles Barkley dazzled, averaging 27 points and 19 rebounds. He added seven assists and seven steals in a 108–103 scrubbing of the Knicks, whose losing streak reached six. Detroit (3–2) wound up the week atop the Central by one game, as second-place Atlanta stumbled twice in four outings. Adrian Dantley was in scoring form for the Pistons, pumping in 123 points. In the Pacific, the Lakers' 2–1 week left them with the NBA's best season mark: 34–10. Upstart Seattle (3–1) upset L.A. by outbounding the Lakers 57–38; the Sonics threesome of worthy but unchosen All-Stars—Tom Chambers, Dale Ellis and Xavier McDaniel—combined for 90 points. Golden State edged New Jersey 150–147 in quadruple OT. The Warriors' Chris Washburn entered the NBA's drug rehab program.

BOWLING—MATS KARLSSON beat Ricky Corona 235–181 to win $18,000 and a PBA tournament in Torrance, Calif. Pete McCordic earned a $100,000 bonus by rolling a 300 in the opening match, the first perfect game broadcast live on TV since 1974.

BOXING—GILBERTO ROMAN retained his WBC super flyweight title by stopping Antoine Montero in the ninth round, in Montpellier, France.

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER fired a 10-under-par 278 for a one-stroke victory, worth $108,000, over Payne Stewart at a PGA tournament in Pebble Beach, Calif.

PRO HOCKEY—Hartford, Montreal and Boston continued to wage their three-way war for supremacy in the Adams. The third-place Bruins' winning streak reached six after a 6–2 defeat of Buffalo, thanks to a pair of former local collegians: Ex–Boston University goalie Cleon Daskalakis earned his first NHL win; ex–Boston College star Bob Sweeney got his first NHL goal to break a scoreless tie in the second period. Hartford (2–2) then snapped the Bruins' streak with a 6–3 victory in Boston. The Whalers went on to pound Pittsburgh 8–6 and slipped back into first, a point ahead of the Canadiens. Montreal conquered Chicago 3–2 and L.A. 5–3, but lost 2–1 to St. Louis on Todd Ewen's first goal. Minnesota (1-0-2) maintained its slim lead in the Norris over Detroit (1–2). Dino Ciccarelli scored both the North Stars' goals in a 2–2 tie with Edmonton, but Esa Tikkanen's 26th goal of the season, at 17:24 of the third period, prevented Minnesota from winning its second game in Edmonton in 13 tries. The Smythe-leading Oilers went 1-1-2, avenging a controversial 4–4 tie with Vancouver one night by flogging the Canucks 7–3 the next. In the Patrick, the Flyers skated merrily along, winning twice—7–4 over the Sabres and 5–3 over the Penguins—before Rangers goalie Bob Froese, formerly of Philadelphia, tripped them up 3–1. The fourth-place Rangers went 3–1 under G.M. Phil Esposito, who had to replace Tom Webster as coach when Webster's inner-ear infection left him unable to fly.

INDOOR SOCCER—Dallas climbed ahead of Cleveland into first place in the East with a pair of 4–3 wins, over Minnesota and Tacoma. Tatu had a goal and two assists against the Strikers, while Mark Karpun notched a hat trick against the Stars. Tacoma, leader of the West, lost twice in a row for the first time this season. The Moscow Dynamo team had an even rougher time: Kansas City (11–3), Wichita (7–6) and St. Louis (6–5) dealt the Soviets defeats on consecutive nights.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of AL HOLBERT, DEREK BELL, CHIP ROBINSON and AL UNSER JR., driving a Porsche 962, won the 24-hour Daytona endurance race *(page 72)*.

SAILING—America's Cup: Dennis Conner's *Stars & Stripes* took a 3–0 lead over the defender, *Kookaburra III* in the best-of-seven finals *(page 66)*.

SKIING—MARC GIRARDELLI of Luxembourg upset defending champ Pirmin Zurbriggen of Switzerland to win the men's combined title in the Alpine World Championships, in Crans-Montana, Switzerland. ERIKA HESS of Switzerland won the women's gold medal in the combined, while Sylvia Eder of Austria earned the silver and Tamara McKinney of the U.S. the bronze.

TRACK & FIELD—In Genoa, Italy, STEFKA KOSTADINOVA of Bulgaria set a world record in the women's high jump with a leap of 6′ 8¼″. In Ottawa, BEN JOHNSON and ANGELLA ISSAJENKO of Canada established world indoor marks in the 50-meter dash for men (5.55 seconds) and women (6.06), respectively.

MILEPOSTS—CONVICTED: By a San Diego jury, 1972 Heisman Trophy winner JOHNNY RODGERS, 35, on charges of assault with a firearm involving a cable TV technician who tried to disconnect his service.

ELECTED: To Pro Football's Hall of Fame, fullback LARRY CSONKA, 40, who rushed for 8,081 yards from 1968 to '79; quarterback LENNY DAWSON, 51, who led the Kansas City Chiefs to a 23–7 upset of the Minnesota Vikings in the 1970 Super Bowl; defensive tackle JOE GREENE, 40, who inspired the Pittsburgh Steelers to four championships in the '70s; running back JOHN HENRY JOHNSON, 57, who gained 6,803 yards from 1954 to '66; center JIM LANGER, 38, a Pro Bowler from 1973 to '78 for the Miami Dolphins; receiver DON MAYNARD, 50, a New York Jets star who averaged 42 catches and 789 yards in 15 seasons; and guard GENE UPSHAW, 41, a Raiders' stalwart from 1967 to '82 and now the executive director of the NFL Players Association.

NAMED: As 1986 Horse of the Year, LADY'S SECRET, who, as a 4-year-old filly, won 10 of 15 starts and more than $1.8 million.

PLEADED NO CONTEST: To charges reduced from felony assault to a misdemeanor of resisting arrest in Harris County, Texas, pitcher RON DARLING, 26, and infielder TIM TEUFEL, 28, of the world champion New York Mets; after an altercation with two off-duty Houston police officers outside Cooter's nightclub on July 19, 1986. Misdemeanor charges against two other Mets, pitchers RICK AGUILERA, 25, and BOB OJEDA, 29, were dropped.

PROMOTED: From assistant to head coach of the Los Angeles Kings, MIKE MURPHY, 36. Murphy was 4-4-2 as a fill-in for Pat Quinn, whom the NHL expelled for conflict of interest.

SIGNED: By the Boston Red Sox, three-time AL batting champ WADE BOGGS, 28, to a three-year contract for more than $5 million.

TRADED: By the Chicago Cubs, third baseman RON CEY, 38, to the Oakland A's for infielder LUIS QUINONES, 24.

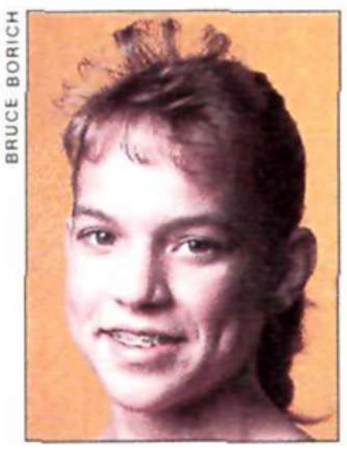
FACES IN THE CROWD

JOE McTYRE

SEAN HALLORAN
ROSWELL, GA.

In the space of seven weeks, Sean, 14, shot holes in one on both Brookfield West Golf and Country Club's 150-yard 3rd and 169-yard 8th holes. Sean was the Atlanta Junior Golf Association's age-group player of the year in '85 and '86.

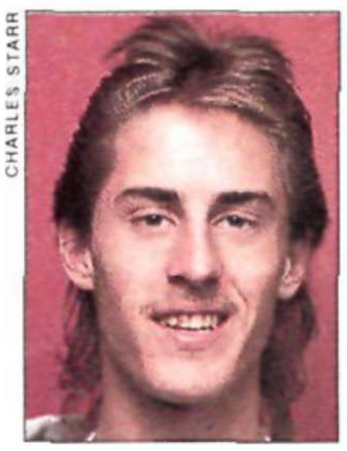
BRUCE BORICH



BRANDY JOHNSON
ORLANDO, FLA.

Brandy, 13, won three individual events to earn the all-around title in the Junior Orange Bowl Gymnastics meet in Miami. The 1986 junior national champ scored 19.75 in the vault, 19.10 in floor exercise and 18.65 on the uneven bars.

CHARLES STARR



MARC DAVIS
SAN DIEGO

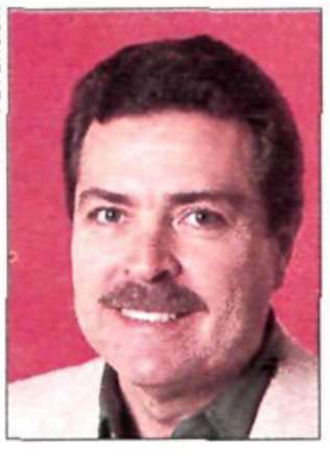
Marc, a senior at San Diego High, beat Todd Williams of Monroe, Mich., by 11.7 seconds to win the Kinney Cross Country Championship, covering the 5,000 meters in 14:38.1. Marc was an All-America in the steeplechase in 1986.

DON FISHER

TERRI FILLMAN
WHITEHALL, PA.

Terri, 17, rolled her third career 700 series, with scores of 221-226-255 for a 702, in the Jordan Lanes P.M. Majors Bowling League. Since 1984 the high school junior has also had a 706 and a 714. Her latest 700 raised her league average to 201.

SKIP PETERSON



DOUG McSCHOOLER

RALPH UNDERHILL
CENTERVILLE, OHIO

HOWARD SHARPE
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

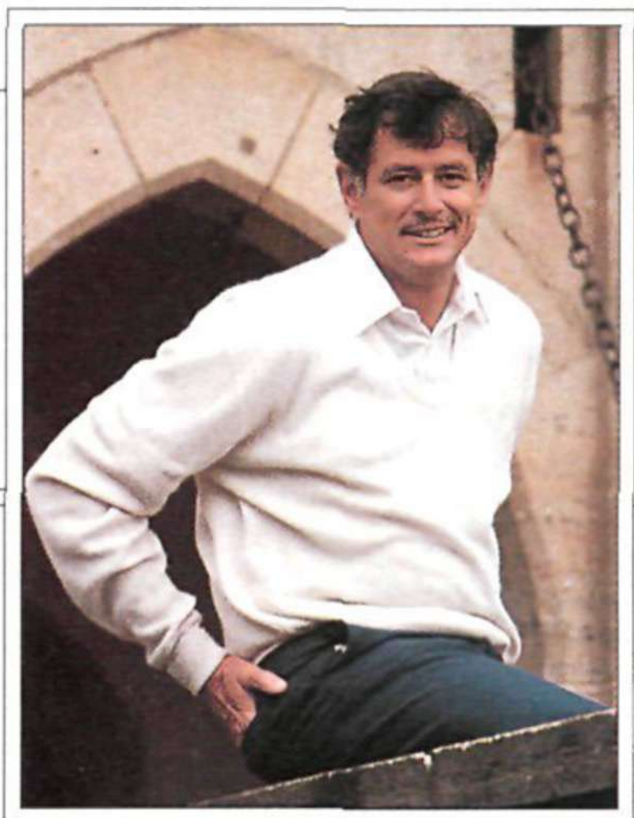
Underhill, 45, won his 200th game as basketball coach at Wright State when the Raiders beat Manchester 93–53. His winning percentage of .806 is best among active coaches in NCAA Division II. Sharpe, 71, became the winningest high school basketball coach in Indiana history when the North Knox High Warriors defeated Wood Memorial 67–58. The victory, Sharpe's 735th against 341 losses, broke a tie with Marion Crawley, who was 734–231 at several schools from 1932 to '67.

POINT AFTER

LET'S COUNT BOXING OUT

What's sporting about men pummeling each other?

BY FRANK DEFORD ■



RONALD C. MODRA

NOW THAT THE SUper Bowl is behind us, we can turn our attention to the bout between Sugar Ray Leonard and Marvin Hagler, Fight of the Century for this year. With luck, it will also be the last boxing extravaganza to hinder the lurching progress of mankind.

It says a great deal about the enfeebled state of boxing that no fight of broad interest can be concocted with existing pugilists. This one is being forced on us only by bringing back the fetching Mr. Leonard from retirement and then tantalizing our most sordid instincts with the gruesome proposition that he might come away from the proceedings no longer able to make out light and form.

Sadly, it is clear to me now that boxing is never going to be banned—not in the official way that bearbaiting and lynching are outlawed. Of course, any activity whose express purpose is to amuse customers with the "sport" of having human beings pummel one another is patently immoral and has no place in a society that aspires to being civilized, even one that embraces Rambo. But given the prevalence of such everyday crimes against humanity as starvation, homelessness and prejudice, not even a sympathetic Congress is going to waste its time trying to proscribe an activity that physically does harm to a relatively small number of poor people.

Nevertheless, boxing's greatest sin is not that a Sugar Ray may lose his sight, a Muhammad Ali his verbal skills, a Duk Koo Kim his life. The larger damage is that boxing poisons all who are exposed to its baseness. A child watching on television who sees one man rattle another man's brain while bystanders cheer wildly cannot help but come away with the conclusion that society approves of such amusement.

Boxing was bound to suffer its current decline, for it is simply too transparently mean to have escaped forever the harsh scrutiny it deserves. The regular and altogether ludicrous argument that you can't ban boxing and deny fans their blood, lest you deny indigent black and Hispanic boys an avenue to success, doesn't wash with any more logic than claiming that we must leave the Mafia alone rather than close off employment opportunities for industrious Sicilian tykes. The development of other professional sports, notably football, baseball and basketball, answers that labored defense in an even more direct way.

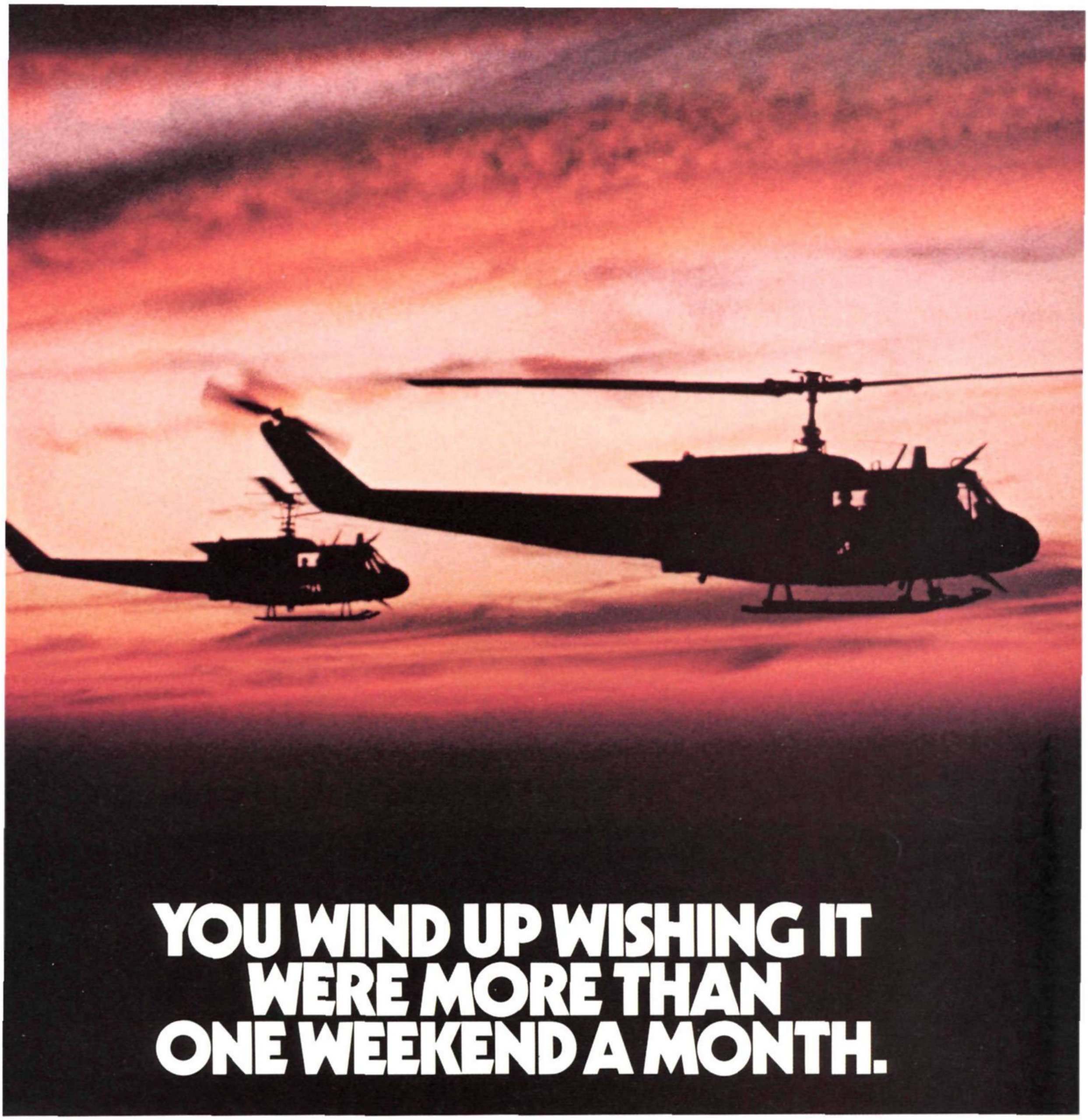
Still, it has always tickled me that boxing has done so much to destroy itself. The sport is so corrupt, so grasping, that for 30 years or more it has displayed all of its major attractions only for top dollar in theaters, while *all* other major sporting events have been seen on home TV. The result has been to remove boxing from the mainstream, sending it back to the time when bouts were forced onto barges. So now a whole generation of sports fans has grown up without having seen a live showcase boxing event.

In continuing this policy, the Blinding of Sugar Ray will be shown only on closed circuit. But it is my contention that when lesser bouts are displayed on weekend afternoons on the networks, or on ESPN or HBO in prime time, the cigarette-pack model must be followed. That is, for every hour of televised boxing, one minute must be set aside for Ali or some other poor wretched graduate of the sweet science to be duly exhibited, to mumble and shuffle and reveal how dangerous boxing can be to your health.

Gratefully, the removal of boxing to Vegasianna and to the barges-cum-theaters has also served to rob the sport of much of its literary allure. Because boxing is so primeval and dramatic, it has always attracted some superb writers, who have glamorized its cruelty and sentimentalized its nefarious ways and the scoundrels who plot its schemes. A.J. Liebling's accounts, which titillated the swells who subscribed to *The New Yorker*, epitomized this slumming genre.

Many people in boxing are indeed colorful characters. They sort of remind me of some of my old southern relatives, who always confounded me as I was growing up. Although they were among the most dear and charming humans I ever encountered, they had this one cuckoo notion—about nigras, in their case. They would give me all this mumbo jumbo about how it really had nothing to do with race (for goodness' sake!) but was all just states' rights and stuff like that. Similarly, with straight faces, boxing's defenders will claim that brutality is not the issue, that boxing is a noble exercise, equal parts art and a job bank for the disadvantaged.

Fortunately, those who profess these beliefs are a dying breed. Boxing has effectively choked off its future. However much attention the Leonard-Hagler fight might attract, if it is a Fight of the Century, it is not of this century but just some grim vestige of a time long gone. ■



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