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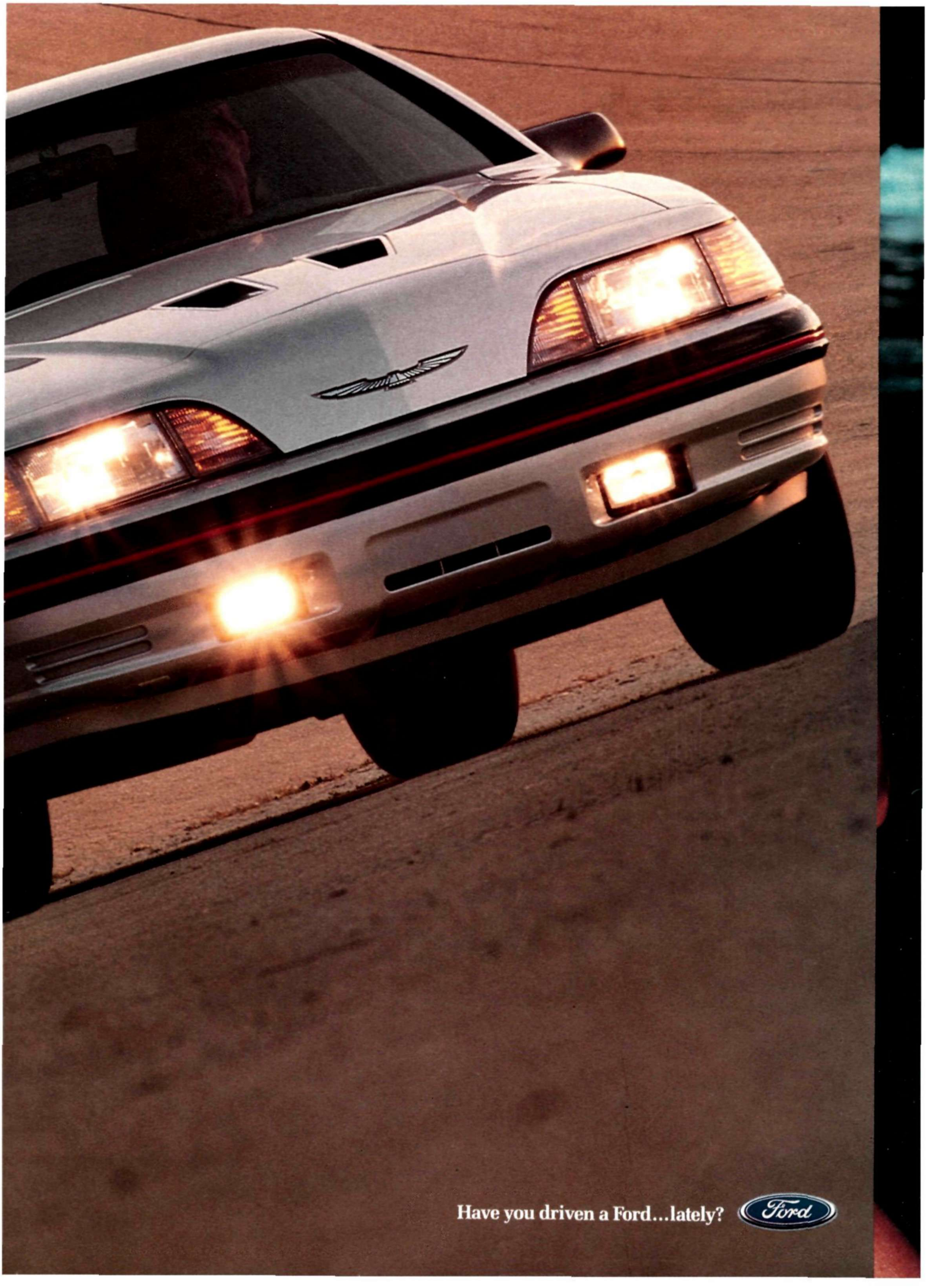
Have you driven a Ford...lately?
Ford

Sports Illustrated

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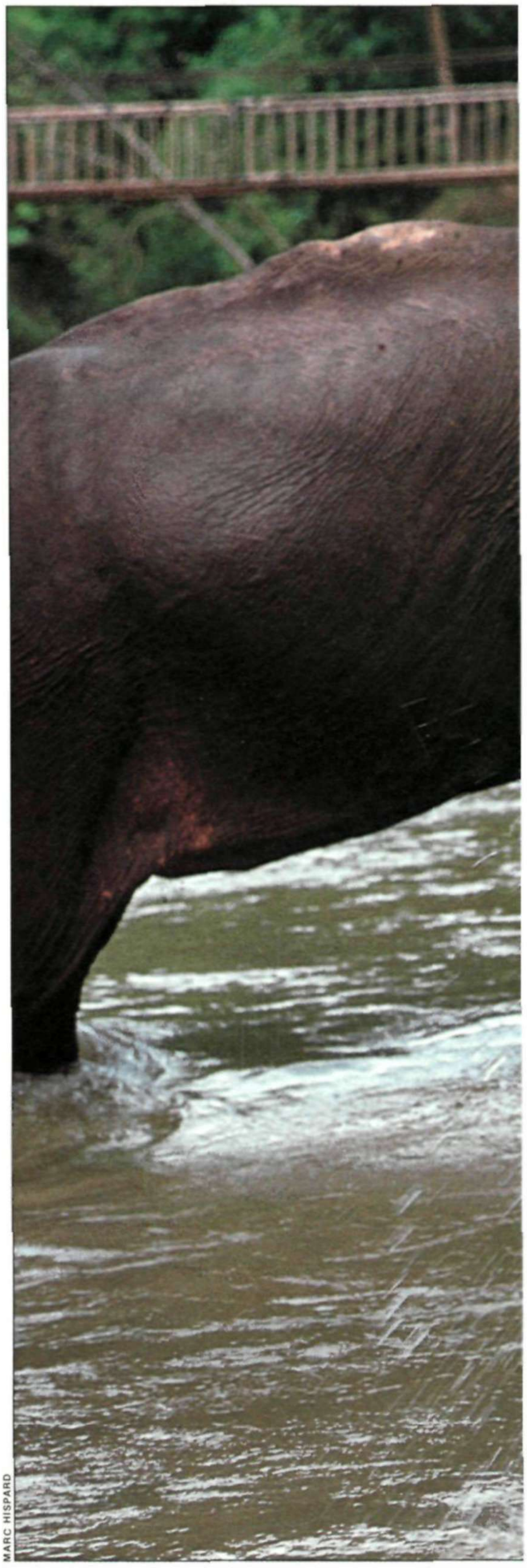

MARC HISPARD

Cover Photograph by Marc Hispard

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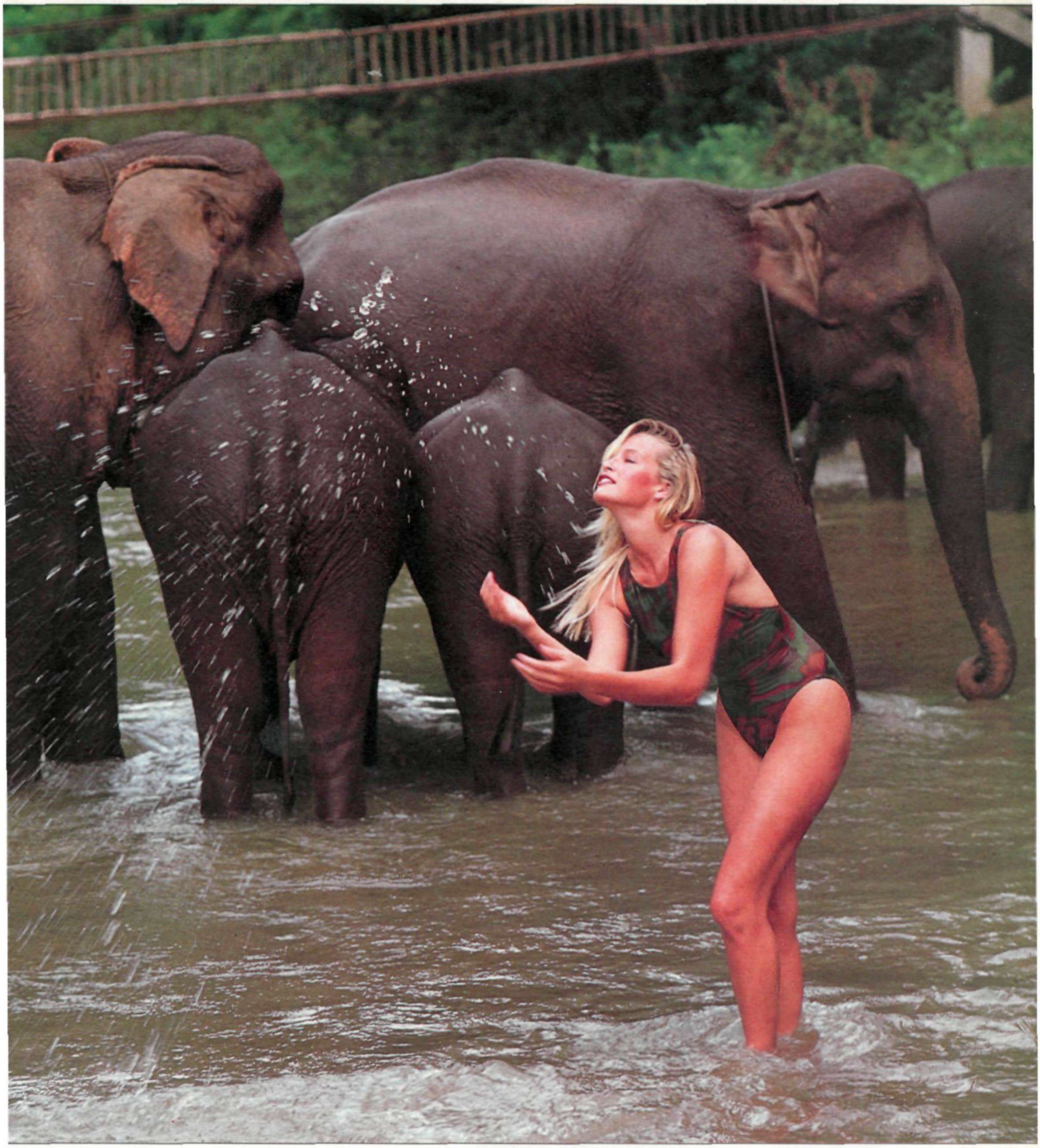
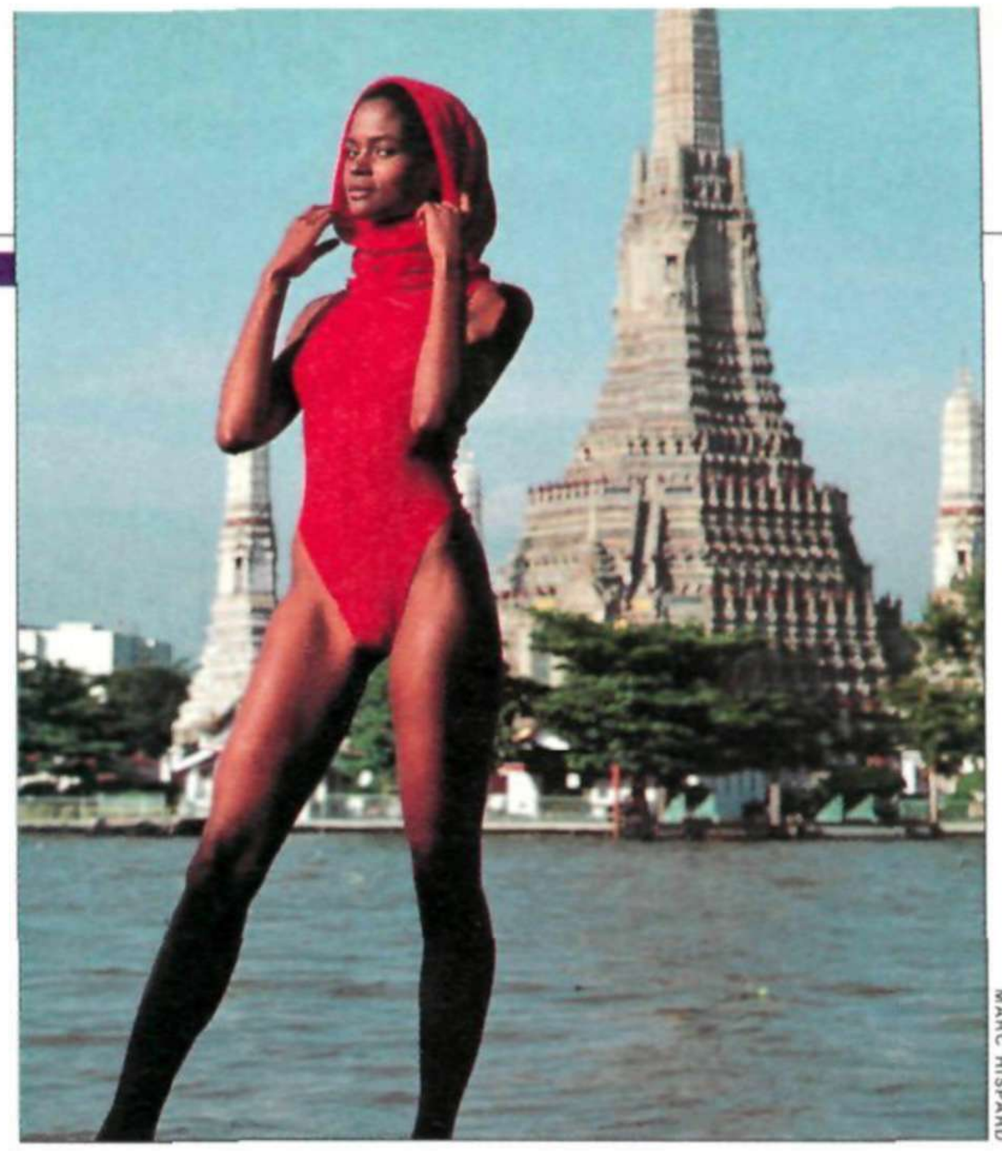


SWIM TRUNKS 1988

Pachyderms play it cool, pretending not to notice Estelle LeFebure, in a Flora Kung suit ($78), as she makes a splash at Thailand's Young Elephant Training Center. On the cover, Elle sports a $120 Rue Royale neoprene maillot *(page 78).*

FROM THE PUBLISHER

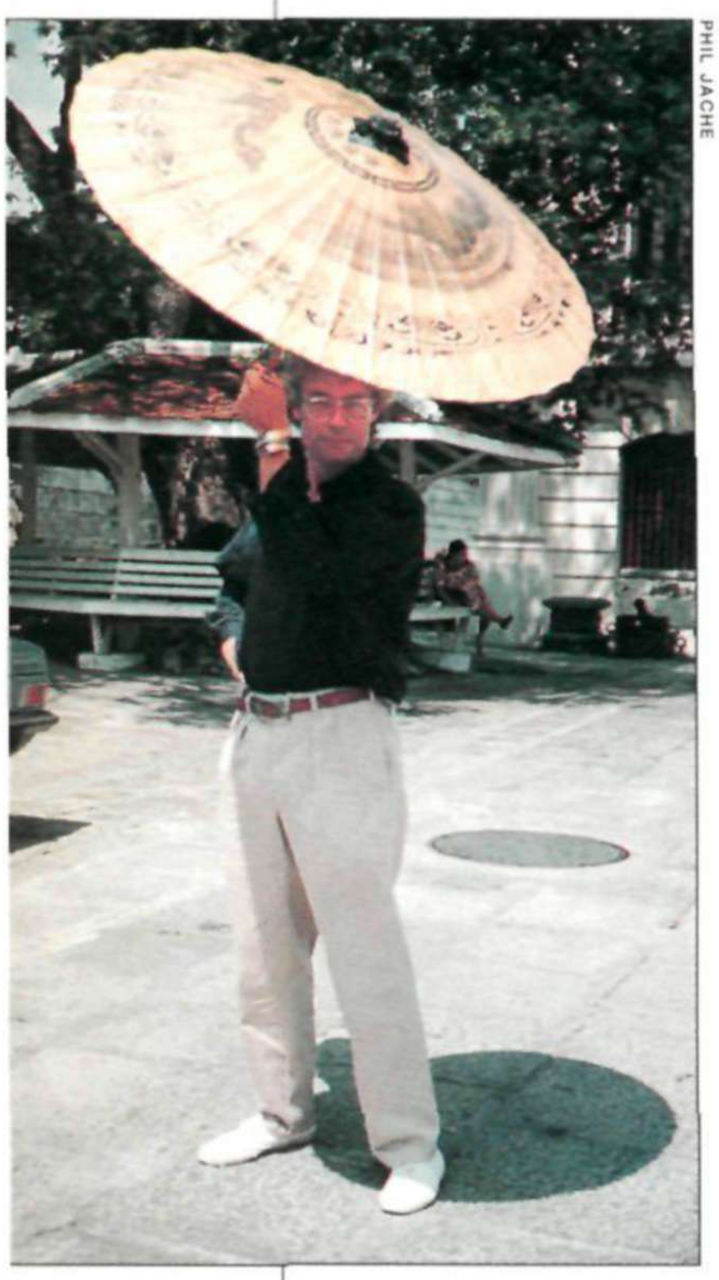


MARC HISPARD

SENIOR EDITOR JULE CAMPBELL IS ALWAYS ON the lookout for a fresh face or a new setting for SI's annual swimsuit issue. When going through a magazine, she'll tear out and save photographs that catch her fancy. "It might be the composition, the lighting, the pose or the model," she says. "It's not until later that I pay attention to the photographer. One day I noticed I had a stack of pictures taken by Marc Hispard."

And so for this year's swimsuit issue, Campbell found not only fresh faces, in models Cindy Crawford, Estelle LeFebure and Stephanie Seymour, and a different setting, Thailand, but also a new photographer—Hispard, 50, a fashion photographer based in Paris and New York.

While most of our swimsuit photos in recent years have been taken with illumination from strobe lights, which highlights the models and eliminates shadows, Hispard prefers available light, for a softer, more natural feel. "Many of Marc's photographs have a sense of motion," says Campbell, "as if he caught the model unawares."



PHIL JACHE

For his part, Hispard had kind words for Campbell's models—Elle Macpherson, Kathy Ireland, Kim Alexis, Karen Alexander and the three newcomers—as well as for the site of the shoot. "Thailand was a very good choice because of the variety of locations," he says. He was less happy that during six weeks of shooting there were two full days of sunshine; mostly the SI crew had to wait for fleeting moments of brightness.

The weather was particularly bedeviling at the Young Elephant Training Center, a wooded enclave where elephants are taught to help in the harvesting of teak. "The center was a two-hour drive from our hotel," Campbell says. "We'd leave in the dark at 5 a.m. and arrive in the pouring rain. By the time the weather cleared, tourists would be swarming over the site." One morning the sun was there, the tourists weren't, and Hispard got the shot of LeFebure that appears on pages 2 and 3.

Hispard had it made in the shade, as long as Alexander (top) kept her distance from temples and Campbell and Macpherson (below) remained flexible.

PHIL JACHE

Life was further complicated when Campbell's guide from the Tourist Authority of Thailand informed her that the models could not be photographed in front of any of the country's spectacular temples. "Not even if they were wearing swim dresses," says Campbell. "The government is very sensitive about its temples appearing in fashion shots." But the photo on this page, of Alexander on the Chao Phraya River, in which the Buddhist Temple of Dawn can be seen in the distance, was acceptable.

Then there's the story of one of our photos of Macpherson. The night before Macpherson was scheduled to leave Thailand, Campbell, hoping to get one last shot of her, asked if she would mind getting up extra early. She was on the job at 6 a.m. "We posed Elle on the roof of a tour boat," Campbell says. "Marc and I felt some magic, and she did, too. Sometimes it happens that way."

Later that day the camera bag containing the film of the morning's shoot went overboard when a gust of wind blew it from the tripod on which it was hanging. The bag was retrieved from the salt water, but, says Campbell, "a lens and a camera were ruined. We were sure that all those beautiful pictures were lost, too." Fortunately, the film was undamaged, as the photo on page 106 attests.

By the way, this is Macpherson's third straight appearance on the cover of our swimsuit issue, which ties the record set by Christie Brinkley from 1979 to '81.

Sonnad K. Barr

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LETTERS

EDITED BY GAY FLOOD

FISTICUFFS

If Georgetown basketball coach John Thompson (*College Basketball*, Jan. 18) honestly believes he has "never seen a basketball fight where anyone got hurt," he should consult Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (broken hand from punching Kent Benson in October 1977) or Rudy Tomjanovich (severe skull and facial injuries from being struck by Kermit Washington that same season) before he recruits another player for the Hoyas or begins selecting members of the 1988 U.S. Olympic basketball team.

DON SAAK
Burbank, Calif.

GRASS VERSUS TURF

In his roundup of the Sugar and other college football bowls (*Why, Oh Why, Did Pat Stand Pat?* Jan. 11), Douglas S. Looney stated that the losses by Oklahoma and Nebraska were "a stunning blow to . . . devotees of option offense."

Allow me to point out that the Orange and Fiesta Bowls are played on grass, while Oklahoma and Nebraska play in a conference with no grass fields. Option offenses depend on the ability of backs to cut sharply upfield. How often have we seen a back—college or pro—who is used to artificial turf try to plant his foot on grass and lose his footing? You will never see Oklahoma's wishbone at its best on a grass field.

I believe that a grass field, on the other hand, favors a passing game. When footing is so-so, the player who knows where he is going (the receiver) has an obvious advantage over the player who has to react to him suddenly (the defensive back). Linebackers and defensive backs seem to hit the deck much more often on grass fields, providing easy passing opportunities. Do you think it is just a coincidence that virtually every major-college option offense plays on artificial turf?

I believe the same factor may partially explain the Big Ten's dismal record in the Rose Bowl (grass field) in recent years. Commentators frequently point out that Pac-10 dominance began around 1970, but none seems to have noticed that that is when many Big Ten teams installed artificial turf in their stadiums. Only Purdue has a grass field today. Five Pac-10 teams play on grass.

DAVID N. JOHNSON
Mission, Kans.

WISHES FOR '88

In POINT AFTER (Jan. 11), Ron Fimrite chastises baseball for not having blacks in positions of authority and states, "It is indefensible that [Cubs general manager Jim Frey] hired [Don] Zimmer."

Let's suppose, as Fimrite suggests, that the Cubs had hired Billy Williams as manager. Would Williams end up much as Maury Wills did with the Seattle Mariners—unable to succeed because he had very little previous managerial experience?

Yes, it is miserable that major league baseball has no black managers. However, the problem is not that blacks aren't hired as managers a year or two after they retire as players. The real problem is that they aren't brought up through the managerial system. Ask Jim Leyland or Tom Kelley or Jimy Williams how much they learned about managing during their years in Evansville or Visalia, Calif., or Salt Lake City.

If George Steinbrenner or Frey or any other major league owner or general manager is really interested in having a black manager by 1990, why aren't blacks being hired for minor league managerial jobs?

Just because Williams was a solid hitter and later a good batting instructor, it doesn't follow that he would be a good manager. A year or two as a Triple A skipper would increase his chances of succeeding.

JOE NISTLER
Plentywood, Mont.

Here is another side of Bobby Knight: While en route to New Orleans for a conference last April 1, my wife and I

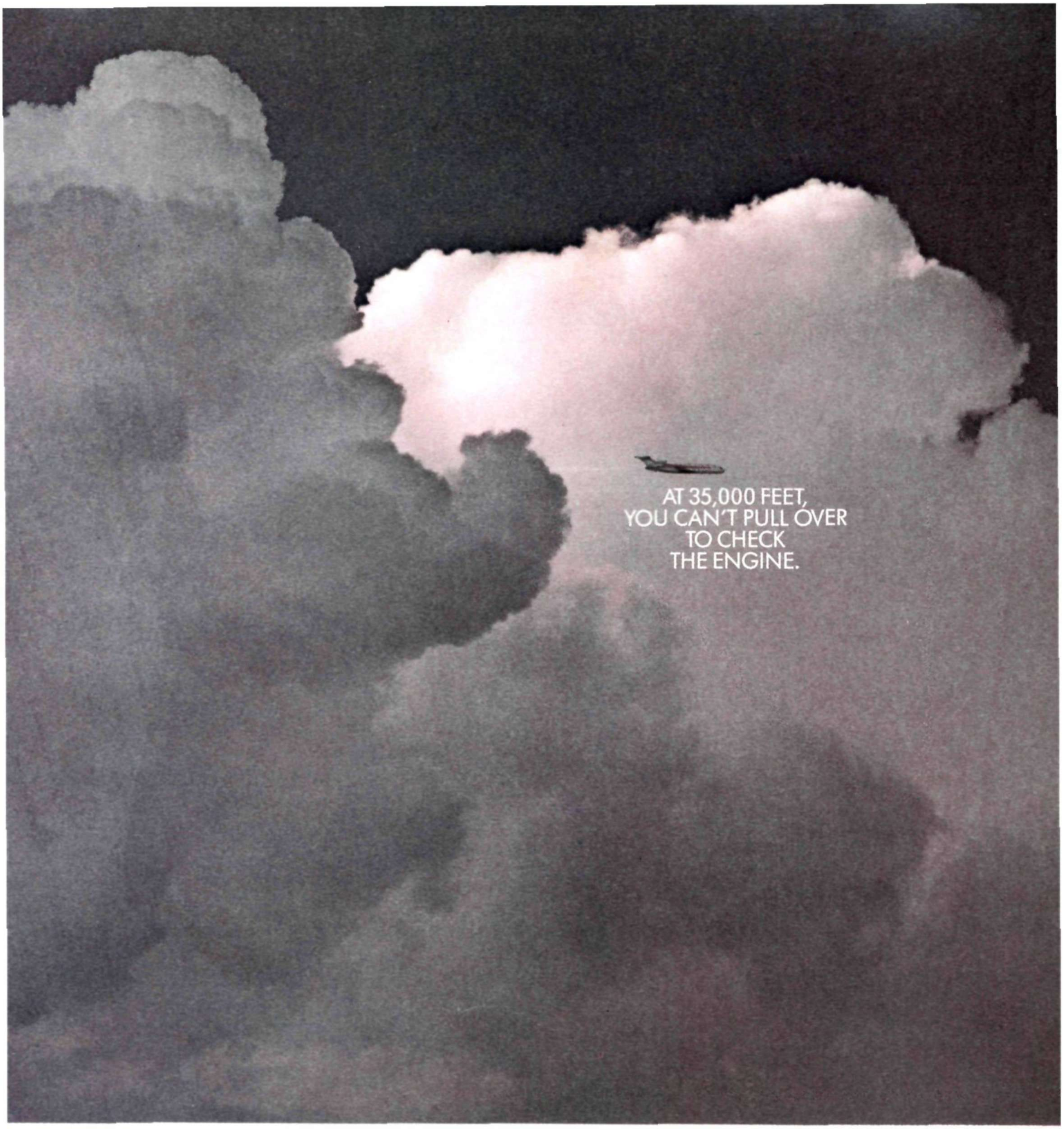
PLAYERS AND COACHES

I read with some amusement Ron Mix's article, *So Little Gain for the Pain* (Oct. 19), and the subsequent letters criticizing him for his comments about Vince Lombardi and Bear Bryant. Without getting into the debate as to whether either coach brutalized his players, I would like to point out that reverence for football coaches isn't as traditional as most of Mix's critics seem to believe.

In his 1954 autobiography, *This Was Football*, W.W. (Pudge) Heffelfinger, who witnessed more than 60 of football's early years, beginning when he was an All-America guard at Yale in 1889, '90 and '91, wrote: "Kee-ripes, how different modern football is from the old days when the coach wouldn't dare make a decision without first consulting the team captain. Your head coach today has become an absolute dictator. . . . If I had my way, coaches would be isolated in the press box, once a game began."

ALLEN BARRA
New York City

• According to a *New York Times* account of April 8, 1954, before the 1916 Harvard game, Heffelfinger, then 48, scrimmaged against Yale's linemen, breaking two of one player's ribs and sending two others to the hospital. He appears here *(far left)* at age 82, with Edgar Allen (Pete) Poe, an All-America quarterback from Princeton at the first college Hall of Fame Game, on Nov. 4, 1950.—ED.



Every day, the average jet engine is under as much stress as any ten CEOs. And after a series of long business trips, it just may begin to show signs of fatigue.

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LOOK EXA

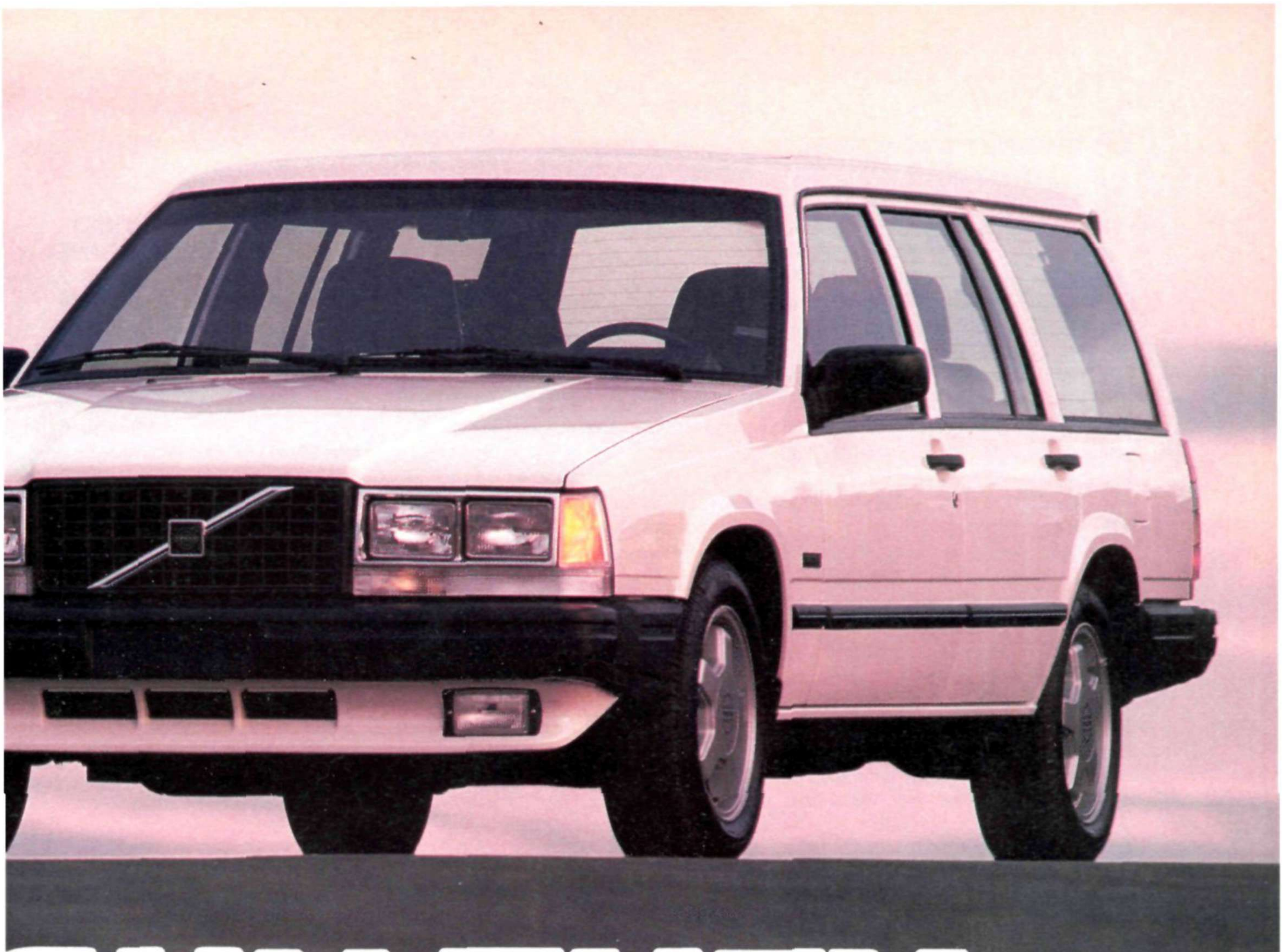
Forget the fact that the car on the left is a legendary performance car. And that the one on the right is a wagon.

A radar gun doesn't notice minor details like that. It focuses on only one thing: speed.

And from that point of view, the Porsche 944 and the Volvo 740 Turbo Wagon look remarkably similar.

In fact, in repeated quarter-mile tests, they came up with virtually identical numbers—both in elapsed time and miles-per-hour. In 0-60 tests, the

*BASED ON INDEPENDENT ACCELERATION TESTS. © 1988 VOLVO NORTH AMERICA CORPORATION.



GUN, THEY CTLY ALIKE.

Volvo wagon actually came out ahead of the Porsche.* Which is no small feat for *any* car, much ess a wagon.

It's no wonder *Road & Track* magazine called he 740 Turbo Wagon the closest thing to a five-door sports car.

Which all goes to prove that the Volvo 740 Turbo Wagon is something very rare indeed:

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stopped at a service station just outside Mobile, Ala., to ask for directions. A trucker lost his brakes, flew across the highway and blindsided us, severely injuring my wife and totally destroying my car. I was uninjured, but never in my life had I felt so alone and helpless. A stranger's comforting hand on my shoulder and reassuring words kept me as calm as possible. I looked at him and said, "You look like Bobby Knight." He said, "I am, but we won't talk about that right now."

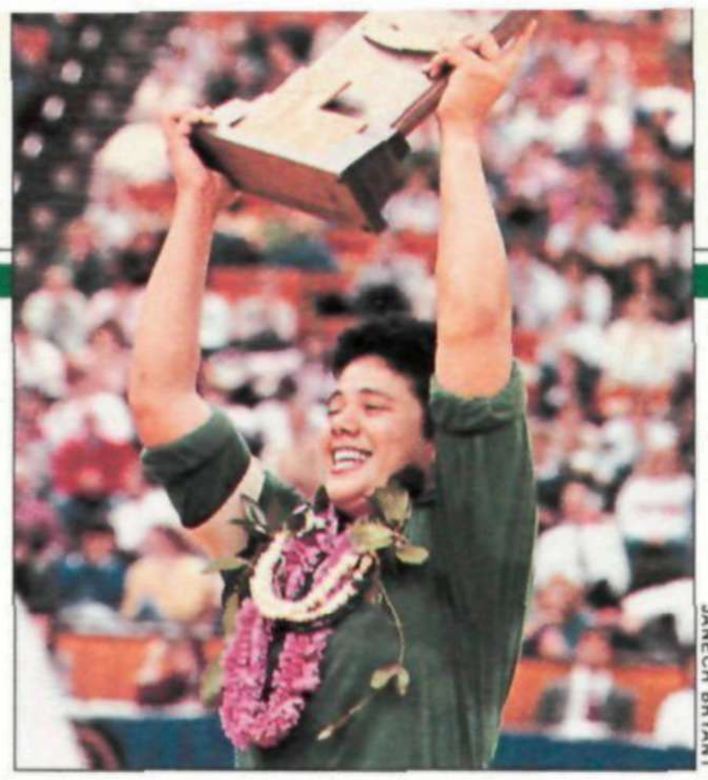
Knight, who was fresh from the NCAA championship in New Orleans and en route to Atlanta to receive the Tipoff Club's Naismith Coach of the Year Award, proceeded to take charge of the accident scene.

Perhaps somebody else would have done the same thing, but somebody else did not. Knight did, and he did it without any of the headlines or acclaim he had received just two nights earlier when his Hoosiers won the NCAA tournament.

I'm told that after my wife and I left the scene by ambulance, Knight stayed with our automobile to protect our personal belongings until the wreckers arrived.

My wife, Marlene, who is still recovering, says Knight can throw all the chairs and bang all the telephones he wants to—with her blessing. We are both extremely grateful.

FRED L. NICHOLS
Dean of Students
Wilfred Laurier University
Waterloo, Ont.



JANECH BRYANT

DON'T SPIKE THEIR STORY

I noticed that there was no mention in SI of the 1987 NCAA women's volleyball champions. The Hawaii Rainbow Wahines not only dominated the women's collegiate game from the start of the season but also captured the hearts of the people of Hawaii.

So how about a championship picture?

REY TABILIN
Pearl City, Hawaii

• Here's a shot *(left)* of the Wahines' captain, Tita Ahuna, celebrating her team's win over Stanford in the NCAA final on Dec. 19. The Wahines won 15–10, 15–10, 9–15, 15–1 to earn their fourth national title in nine years.—ED.

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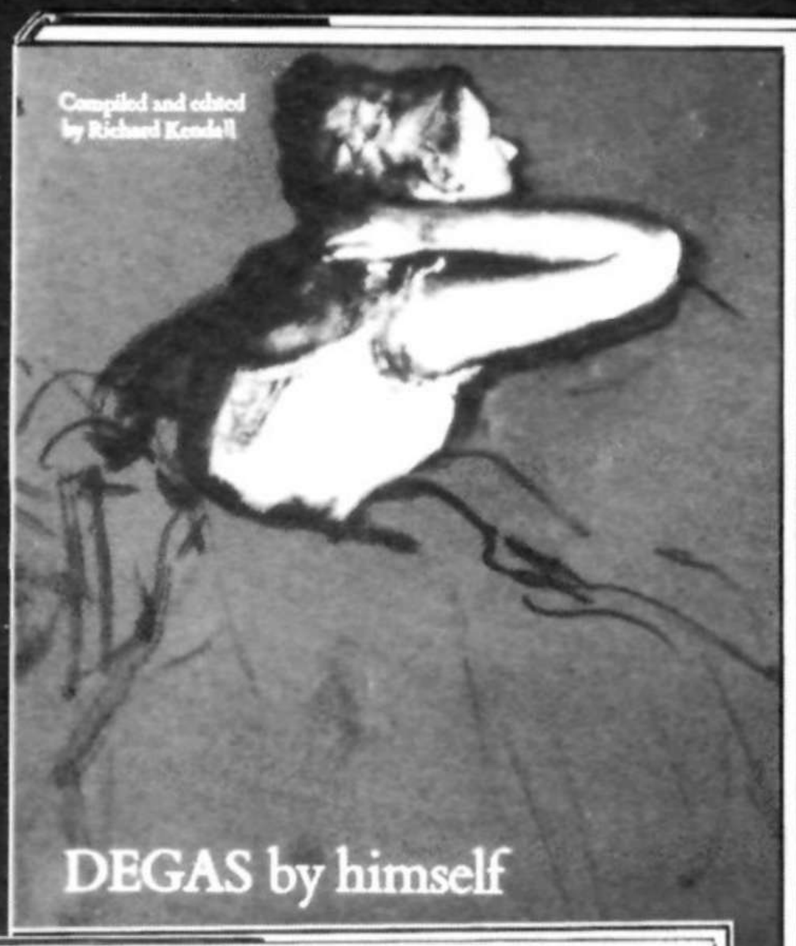

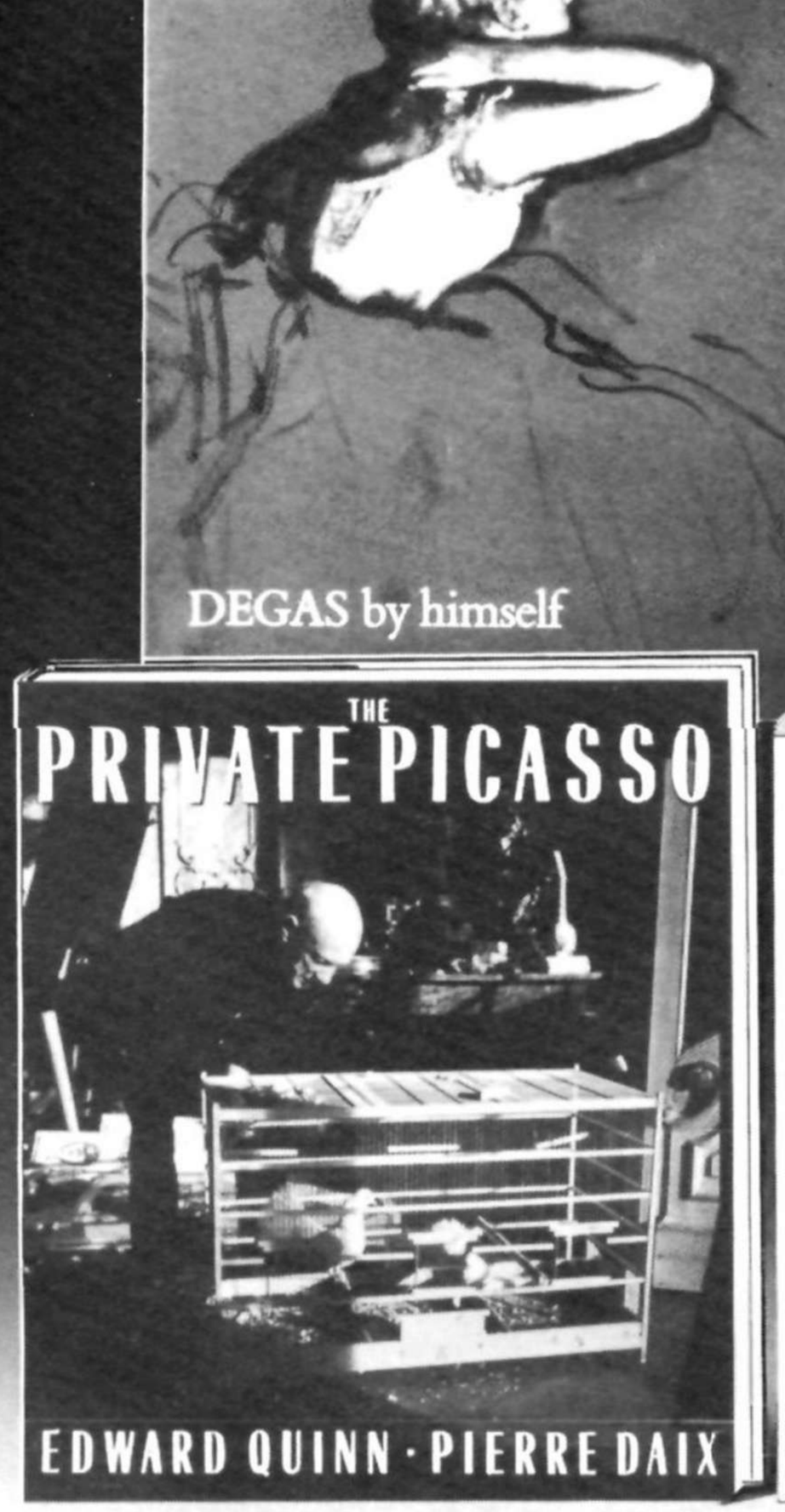

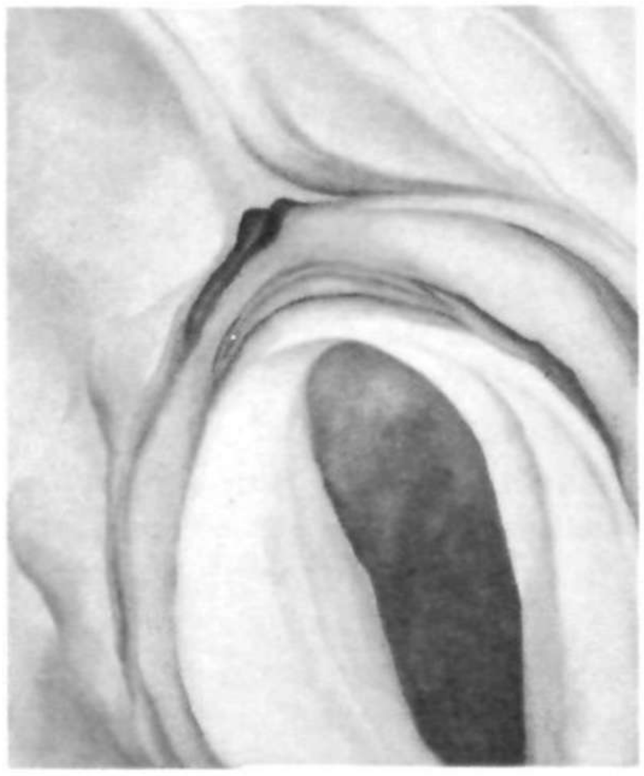

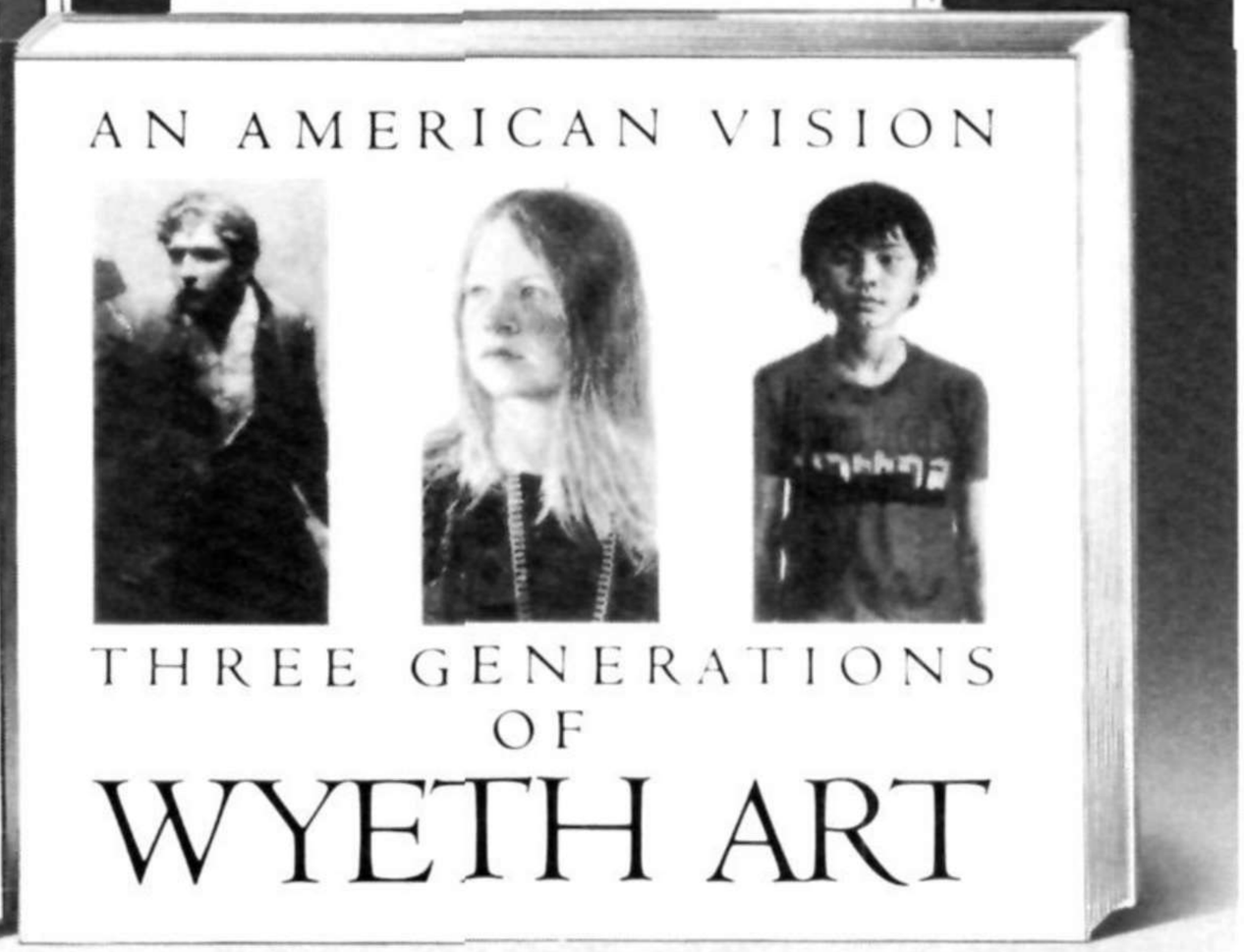

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HERE'S ONE MUSHER WHO IS NO LAZY SUSAN

BY JOHN SKOW ■

JEFF SCHULTZ

The best dog team anyone ever hitched to a sled was the one Susan Butcher stood behind in the 1985 Iditarod, the 1,100-mile race across Alaska from Anchorage to Nome. So says Butcher, who knows a bit about sled dogs. "Those guys were athletes," she recalls with a wistful shake of her head, "and it all just came together. No one was going to beat them or come close to beating them." Then, two days into the race, which they were leading, she and her 17 athletes rounded a bend, and there in the trail was a cow moose the size of a backhoe. Butcher stopped the sled, and the moose, by rights, should have ambled off into the brush. Instead she charged and spent the next 20 minutes stomping Butcher and her dogs. Butcher had no rifle, and by the time the next musher arrived and shot the angry beast, one of Butcher's dogs was dead, another was dying, several more were injured, and Butcher herself was pretty thoroughly roughed up. Even at that, and with the two casualties loaded on the sled, her team beat all the other entrants to the next checkpoint, the village of Skwentna, 30 miles away.

There Butcher withdrew from the race, and Libby Riddles went on to become the first woman to win an Iditarod. But veterans from Butcher's superteam helped her win the 1986 and '87 Iditarods, and several of those dogs are likely to be in harness when she lines up as the short-odds favorite for the '88 race in March. Butcher's first prize last year was supposed to be $50,000, but the race promoters came up short and by August she had received only $15,000. (The rest of the cash finally dribbled in several weeks later, about the time the first snow was falling.)

Meanwhile, with the food bill for 160 adult huskies running at about $30,000 a year, Butcher and her husband, David Monson, were running out of cash. And their reefer (refrigerator) truck, loaded with several thousand pounds of meat for their dogs, had been broken for nearly a week. Plus, their radiophone wasn't working right, as usual.

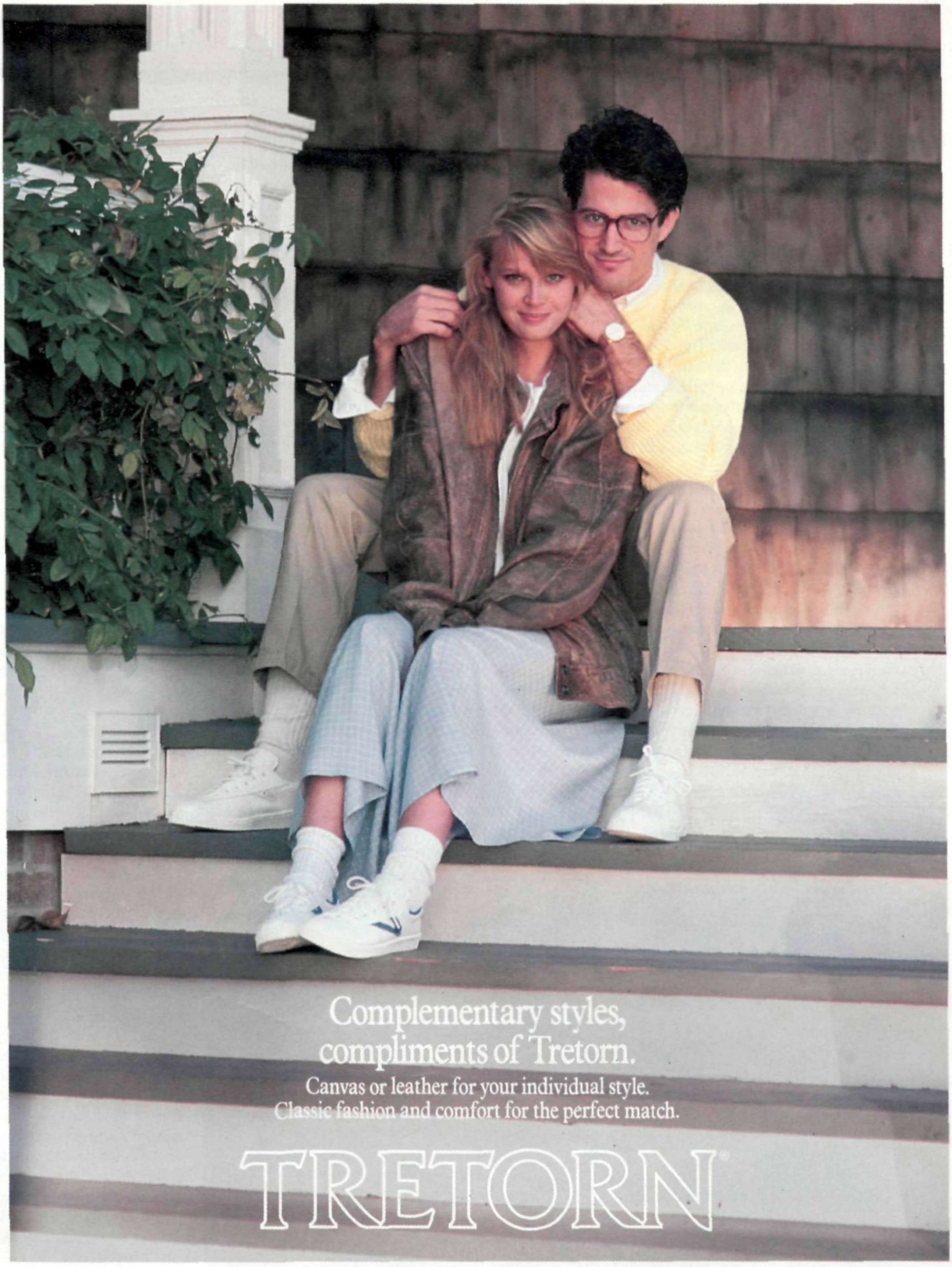
Problems? No, just subsistence living in Eureka, Alaska, 130 miles west of Fairbanks. The population is six or so, not counting a few couples building cabins out in the bush who, says Butcher with a grin, probably won't make it through their first winter. Butcher and Monson had talked about his going off to make some money at the beginning of last summer. He is a lawyer who sometimes works as a public defender, and he had a lucrative offer. But, he says over the thud of a diesel generator with which he is tinkering, he has plenty to do here because he is also Eureka Power & Light, Eureka Sanitary and Eureka Blacksmithing & Hauling. Butcher handles the dog training, and most days Monson's odd-job artistry is required for 18 hours or so.

Summer is slow at the Butcher-Monson compound, because it's too hot, at 60° to 70° F, to run the dogs hard. Not running hard means four to six miles, three or four times a week (running hard means 20 miles or more, five times a week). There's no snow, so Butcher hitches the dogs, 12 at a time, to a Honda four-tracker and has them pull her through the boondocks against the drag of the engine in low gear. The dogs are Alaskan huskies—lean, medium-sized animals bred for speed and endurance, not for strength like the burlier, slower malamutes and Siberians. Butcher's dogs are amiable, family-style pooches who seldom fight among themselves and happily lick the hand of a stranger.

Each of her dogs has a personality and, of course, a name—Granite, Mattie, Stripe, and so on. Norman Thayer Jr. and Ethel are named after the elderly pair from *On Golden Pond*. Each dog gets a chance, every now and then, to roam free about the complex of log cabins and sheds, and to curl up like a house pet on the sheet-covered sofa in the main house. Except when

Butcher and Monson house and train more than 160 huskies at their Eureka base.

JEFF SCHULTZ



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And it's why we salute the men and women competing in Calgary.

it's the designated house pet, a dog lives in one of four dog villages, chained outside its individual plywood doghouse, but still able to socialize with its neighbors. For much of the time the dogs are quiet, and when they are, the buzz of a dragonfly can be heard. Then one husky or another, in one of the villages of 40 houses each, will be moved to howl. Others in the same encampment will join in, singing harmony. Soon, one by one, the other villages will be heard from, and for three or four minutes the air will ring with splendid craziness. Then, not quite all at once but within five seconds or so, the howling will stop. Insects will be heard again. The dogs will stay calm until Butcher and Monson begin selecting a team for a training run. Now, not howling but a commotion of yapping will be heard, each husky saying, "Me, me, take me!"

Butcher, 33, has an uptilted nose, a strong jaw and a glorious "Hello, there" grin. She is neither especially tall nor wide, but she is extraordinarily strong and gives the impression of being able to handle most situations. A visitor makes this sort of awkward catalog appraisal because one doesn't come across such a personage very often. She was raised in Cambridge, Mass., and there, in the same mysterious way in which some city girls know they love horses without ever having seen a live one, she became obsessed with huskies. An aunt gave her two Siberians. With these, at 18, she moved to Colorado. But the kind of mushing done there seemed pointless and artificial, and three years later she headed for Alaska.

In 1979, with Joe Reddington, who founded the Iditarod, Butcher took a dog team to the 20,320-foot summit of Denali (Alaskans' traditional name for Mount McKinley). It took 44 days. Her assessment is that dogsled racing is harder than peak climbing. In a race, a musher runs behind the sled, pushing, on all the uphill stretches, and for much of the rest of the route the driver pumps with one foot or the other. But sleep deprivation is the real killer. Every musher must take a 24-hour stop on the Iditarod. Most take it after Day 2 or 3, and a really efficient dog handler can manage eight hours of sleep then. After that, no stop is likely to take more than the four hours a day called for by the rules, and there's just enough time during one of these breaks to water (with melted snow) and feed the dogs, tend to their paws, mend harnesses, feed and mend yourself and then push on. In '86 Butcher set an Iditarod record of 11 days, 15 hours. Last year, even with a broken sled runner, she lowered that to 11 days, 2 hours.

When Butcher and Monson moved to Eureka a few years ago, the road from Fairbanks, now fairly good gravel, was not much better than a Jeep track. Although the logistics of bringing in food and getting to races forces them to live on what Alaskans call "the road system," they liked the feeling of isolation that a bad road gave them. Now everyone in Eureka and Manley, a town of about 100 residents 20 miles up the track, knows that if cabin fever strikes, Fairbanks is only a four-hour rattle away.

In the meantime, Butcher and Monson make their compromises with civilization and train for their races. Monson, who is as leathery as his wife and only a shade less determined, is a musher, too. Her career comes first, but, yes, he allows, he did come in second last year in the Yukon Quest, a 1,000-mile slog from White Horse to Fairbanks. "Yeah," Butcher yells, "tell what happened!"

So Monson admits that he was running third on the last day of the Yukon Quest with a fresh team and a good shot at winning. The first team crossed a frozen creek and cracked the ice. The second team crossed, and now the ice was weak. Monson's team broke through, and he and the dogs got soaked. "It was pretty cold," he says.

"Forty below," Butcher says.

"Fortunately it had warmed up from 60 below," says Monson. He threw himself into the snow and rolled around to get dry (snow is very dry in extremely cold temperatures and absorbs moisture), then chipped the ice off himself, got a gasoline stove out of the drenched sled and heated food for the dogs and a drink for himself. Then he and his dogs got back into the race. They finished eight minutes behind the winner.

During several hours of conversation, neither Butcher nor Monson had stopped working. Nor do they stop now, as a long Alaska summer afternoon winds down past 10 p.m. It is suppertime, but only for huskies, and as the visitor bumps down the dirt track to the main road, they begin stirring dog food in large tubs, with spades. ■

In '87 Butcher won her second straight Iditarod, once again in record-breaking time.

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Gerhardt keeps an eye on his line while fishing a frozen pond in Peekskill, N.Y.

A WARM SPOT FOR A VERY COLD SPORT

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE ■

When Kenneth Gerhardt of Peekskill, N.Y., a manufacturer's representative who sells pollution control and efficiency equipment to power plants, was asked last winter to include the frozen tundra of upstate New York as part of his sales territory, he was overjoyed. Gerhardt could hardly wait to get up to Oneida Lake, 10 miles northeast of Syracuse, where the average temperature in January and February is 18° and where the average snowfall each winter is 112.3 inches. A dedicated ice fisherman, Gerhardt was well aware that Oneida has the reputation of being the finest walleye lake in the East and perhaps the entire country. "Walleyes might fight with all the dash and abandon of a wet cardboard box," Gerhardt says, "but they are delicious."

Fishermen who know Gerhardt consider him the best ice fisherman they have ever met. Christopher Letts, a 46-year-old naturalist and educator who now lives in Cortland, N.Y., says, "I grew up in Illinois and Michigan, the heart of ice fishing country, and by the time I was 16, I thought I knew it all. But Ken has changed me. He has influenced me more than anyone else ever has. He's showing the way in ice fishing. He's the driving force."

Not everyone is so impressed. Gerhardt laughs and admits that when his three daughters were younger and still living at home, they and his wife, Janet, would send him off on his midwinter angling expeditions with comments like "You're insane. You're a sick man."

Gerhardt's specialty is going after panfish—yellow perch, white perch, crappies and sunnies. "Contrary to what many people think, ice fishing for panfish is more effective than summer fishing by a factor of 10," says Gerhardt, who averages two to three dozen fish a trip. "The fish school tighter in the winter, you can hold right over them, they don't move around much, and once you find them, they stay in the same general area for three or four days. And for eating, there's nothing like panfish from an icy pond. In the summer I wouldn't walk across the street for a yellow perch, a crappie or a bluegill, but in the winter I pursue them with devotion."

Gerhardt is the kind of fisherman who attracts a crowd even on a day when the wind-chill factor is −20°. Not surprisingly for a salesman, he is a talker; stories, quips, jokes, limericks and fishing tips pour out of him nonstop. Gerhardt isn't just interested in entertaining or instructing the crowds that gather around him, he wants to have company, because ice fishing can be extra productive when other fishermen are nearby. The panfish down below often go into a feeding frenzy, Gerhardt theorizes, because all the lures simulate a school of bait.

Gerhardt also fishes through ice for trout. One winter afternoon a few years ago, a news producer at WNET-TV, the PBS station serving metropolitan New York, decided to send a crew up to the West Branch Reservoir, 15 miles northeast of Peekskill, to videotape all the dopey ice fishermen suffering in the subzero cold. The producer figured the footage would be good for a lot of laughs. No sooner had the crew arrived at the reservoir than fishermen began gathering at a hole and shouting. The crew scampered across the ice and taped the episode, which began with Gerhardt playing a fish as other anglers frantically chopped away at the hole to enlarge it. Finally Gerhardt pulled the fish through the hole and plopped it onto the ice. It was a 14-pound, 6-ounce brown trout.

That night the tape was shown, but if there were any laughs, they were at the expense of WNET. In the rush to get the tape on the air, technicians did not have

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Gerhardt uses delicate tackle, but his results are hugely impressive on the wall of his den.

time to edit the sound track, which came on laden with admiring but unbleeped obscenities from the crowd.

Gerhardt, 62, took up ice fishing 45 years ago, before winning seven battle stars while serving with the Army in Europe during World War II. He also took up fly-fishing to occupy himself during the warmer months. Though he was a superb flytier and a graceful caster—he could effortlessly send a heavy lead-core line 100 feet across a stream—he abruptly abandoned fly-fishing 15 years ago. He had become smitten with deep-sea fishing for cod, pollock and the occasional halibut 25 to 40 miles out in the Atlantic off Cape Cod. His trout-fishing friends were aghast. When one of them, Colonel Henry A. Siegel, chided him for giving up trout in favor of "coarse fish," Gerhardt replied, "Hey, Henry, the fish I catch are wider between the eyes than yours are long."

Gerhardt, who earned a degree in mechanical engineering from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, says, "My approach to fishing is that of an engineer. When I go fishing I define the problem, and then I solve it." Ultraprecise and systematic, he makes (and occasionally invents) his own lures, rigs and rods, and he keeps detailed fishing logs that note even the stomach contents of fish he has caught. For the record, bluegills taken through the ice often have wads of daphnia—water fleas—in their stomachs, while yellow perch prefer to gorge themselves on dime-sized baby bluegills instead of minnows. Says Letts, "Ken will empty out a stomach, put the contents in a glass of water and then swirl the glass around and inspect it as though it were Dom Perignon."

Gerhardt often writes about his findings in *The Fisherman Magazine,* a weekly regional that caters to hard-core anglers from Virginia to Maine. "Gerhardt has an incredible following," says Harold Berkowitz, the proprietor of Midland Tackle in Sloatsburg, N.Y., one of the busiest mail-order operations in the nation. "If he writes a story recommending this rod blank or that reel, I'll have at least a hundred orders within a week. And I'm talking about $150 items. Fishermen believe in him."

According to Gerhardt's records, the time of day is very important in ice fishing. "The best time is from first light to about eight or nine o'clock in the morning," he says. "The second-best time is from 3 or 3:30 until dark. Where to fish is important. In most cases, panfish will be in water 10 feet deep or less, except for New York City reservoirs, where huge perch, 16 inches or more, are taken in 60 to 70 feet of water."

When exploring a frozen pond that he does not yet know well, Gerhardt drills a five- to eight-inch-diameter hole 10 to 15 feet offshore, preferably off a point of land. He used to make his holes the traditional way, with an ax or a big hand auger, but nowadays he uses a power auger, not unlike the kind that phone company workmen use to install telephone poles. The machine goes for $250, but it can bore through 24-inch-thick ice in 30 seconds. Gerhardt doesn't fish a hole immediately, but instead works his way along the ice, drilling nine or 10 more holes every 10 yards. "Fish are very sensitive to sound," he says. "When I've finished drilling all the holes, I go back to the first one and start fishing there because the fish near it have had time to calm down."

Gerhardt uses a three-foot graphite jigging rod of his own make and design. The guides are extra large so they don't ice over, and at the tip is a spring "strike indicator." Essentially it is a sensitive metal spring that will flex at the slightest nibble by a fish, which is important because winter panfish, especially crappies and yellow perch, generally have a very soft strike. To make certain that he can see the softest of strikes in dim light, Gerhardt paints the eye on the tip fluorescent orange.

Almost inevitably, the first lure Gerhardt clips on—he uses quick clips so he doesn't have to tie knots in frigid temperatures—is a small ball-head jig with a gold-plated hook and a soft plastic grub. "The gold adds a little flash," Gerhardt says, "and before I add on the grub I put a drop of Krazy Glue behind the head of the jig and push the tail into it. Bluegills have a nasty habit of stripping the tail off, and there's a certain cost in comfort in putting a new tail on in the cold. This way there's no problem. Finally, I add a moussee—the larva of a fly—to the hook point, just for scent. The motion of the jig attracts the fish, but the moussee triggers the biting.

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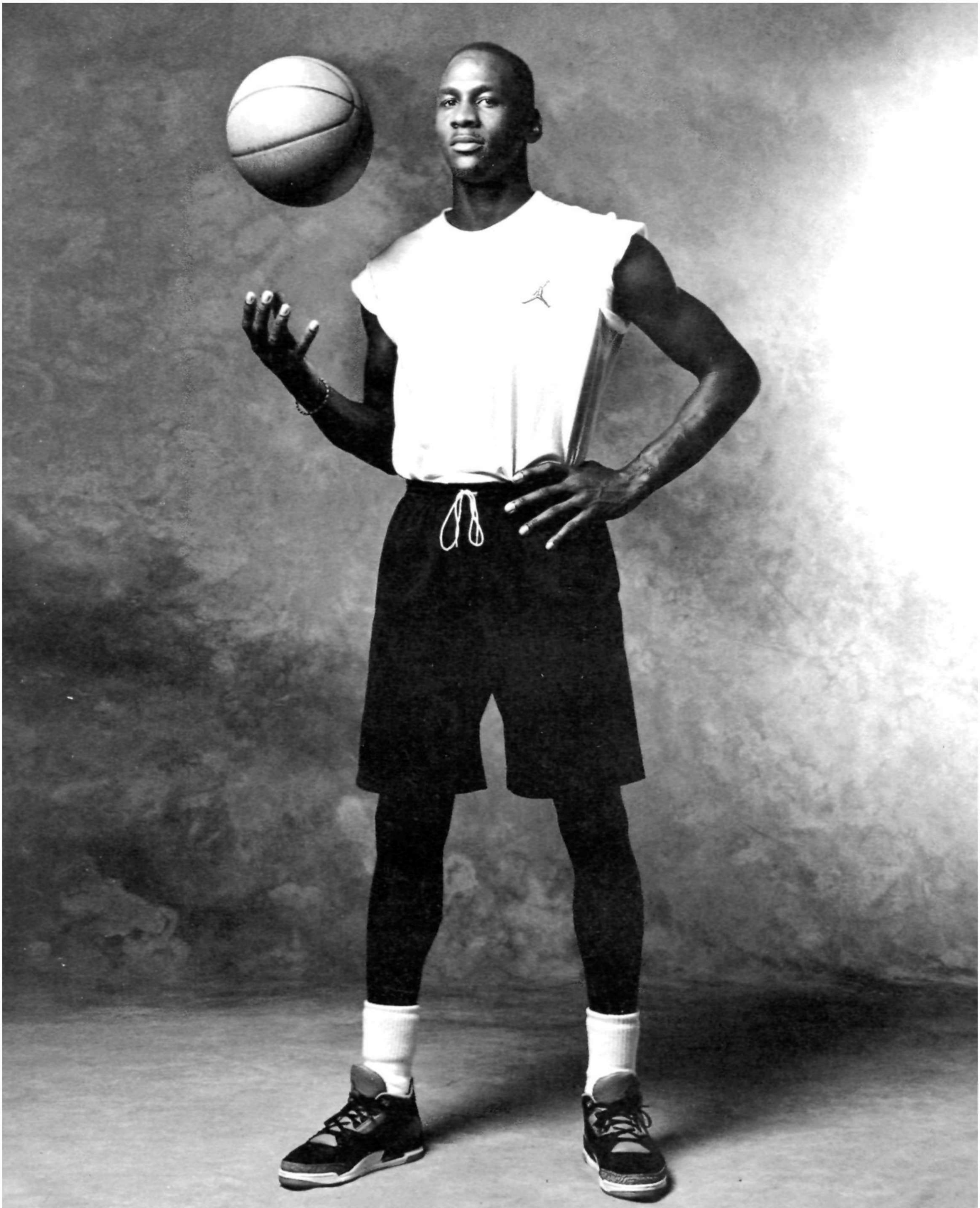
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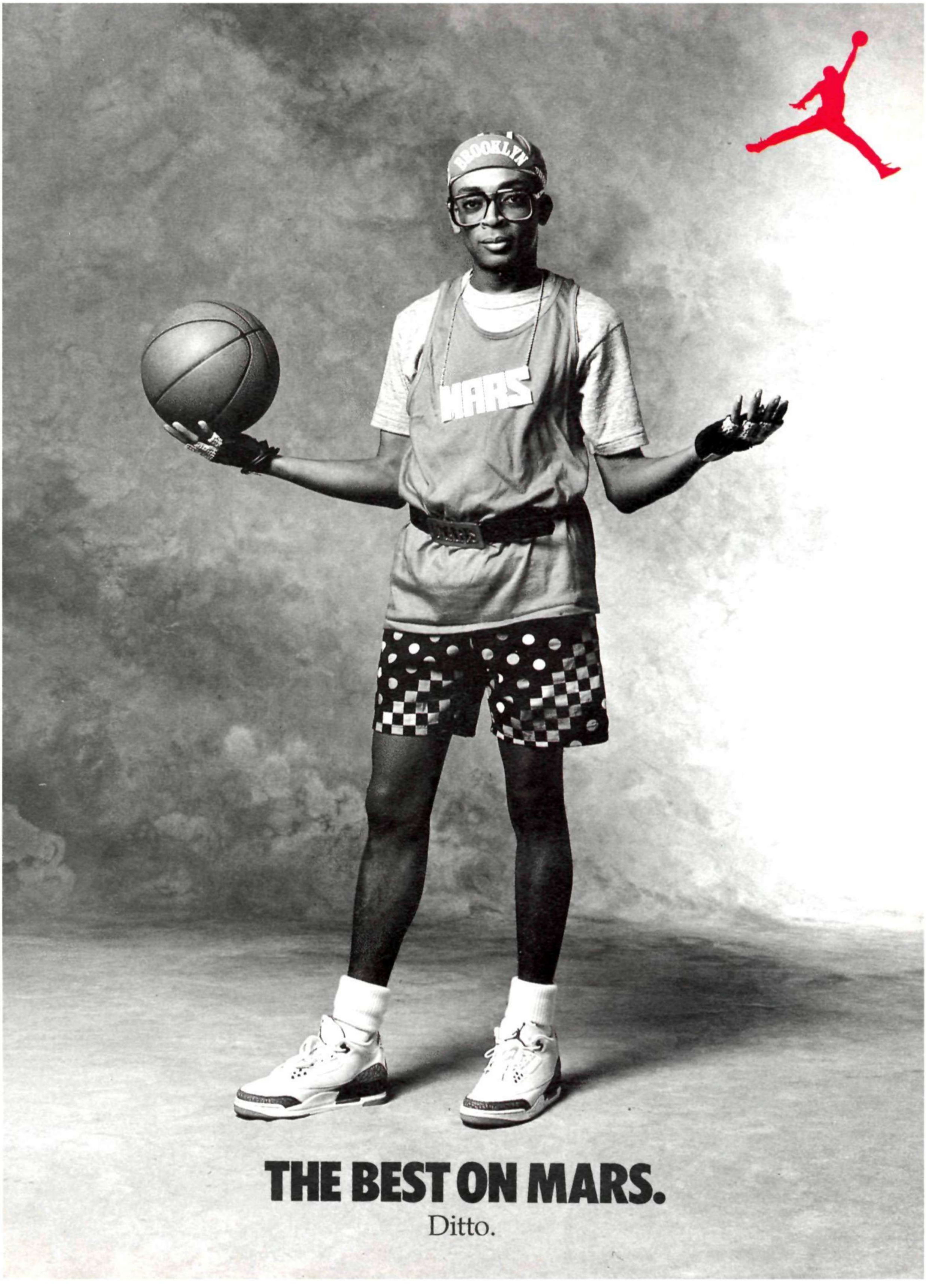
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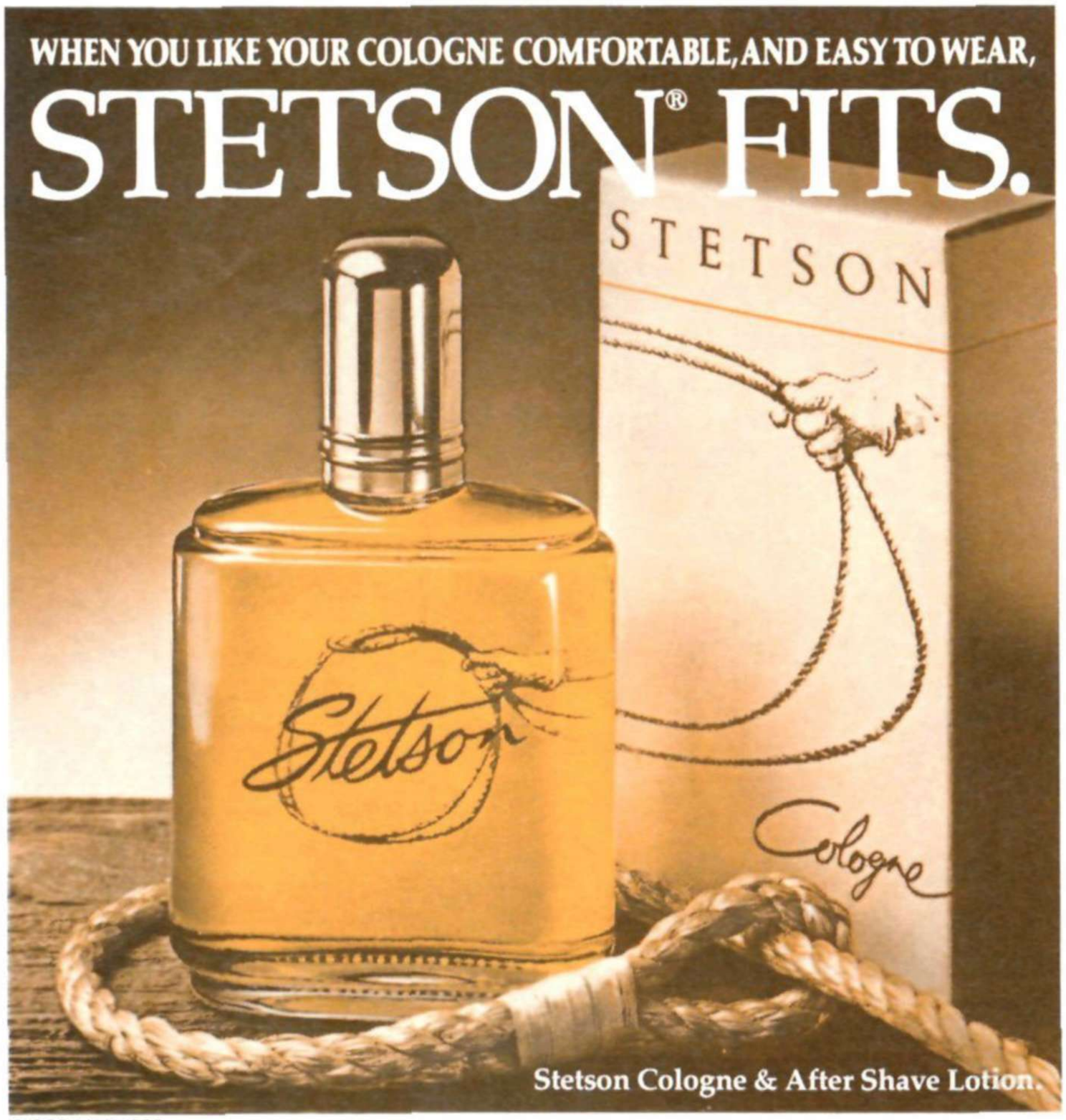

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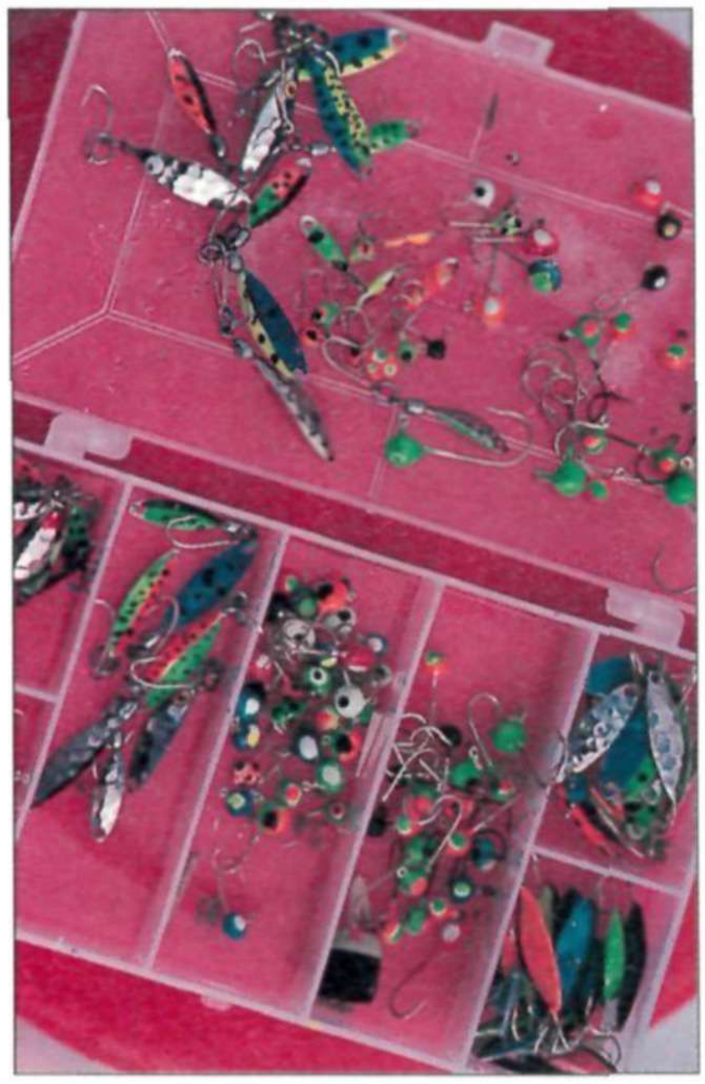

These jigs and spoons do well in frosty fishing.

ficiency in catching fish, even on very cold and windy days. I fish the jig at three levels: first just off the bottom, then 18 inches above the bottom and finally 36 inches above the bottom, or three reel turns. The motion I use with the jig is just a slight jiggle, jiggle, jiggle. I do six jiggles, pause 10 seconds, do six more jiggles and then give the jig a slow lift-up before letting it descend to the bottom again. I let it sit for about 10 seconds and then repeat all the jiggles. I do this about eight or 10 times at each level. After I've gone through one cycle, I'll repeat the whole cycle once, maybe twice. If I catch a fish at the hole, I'll keep fishing there until there are no more bites. Then I'll move to the next hole out from shore. A lot of fishermen make the mistake of drilling just one hole and staying there even if they don't catch fish."

Gerhardt has found that in small ponds, panfish feed in pulses. The fish will feed avidly for five or six days and then stop for 14 to 18 days. Gerhardt keeps years' worth of detailed records on four such ponds, and says, "The fish feed and stop feeding at the same time, almost to the day, year after year." He knows this because he has purposely fished those ponds on days when his records said the fish wouldn't hit, and he

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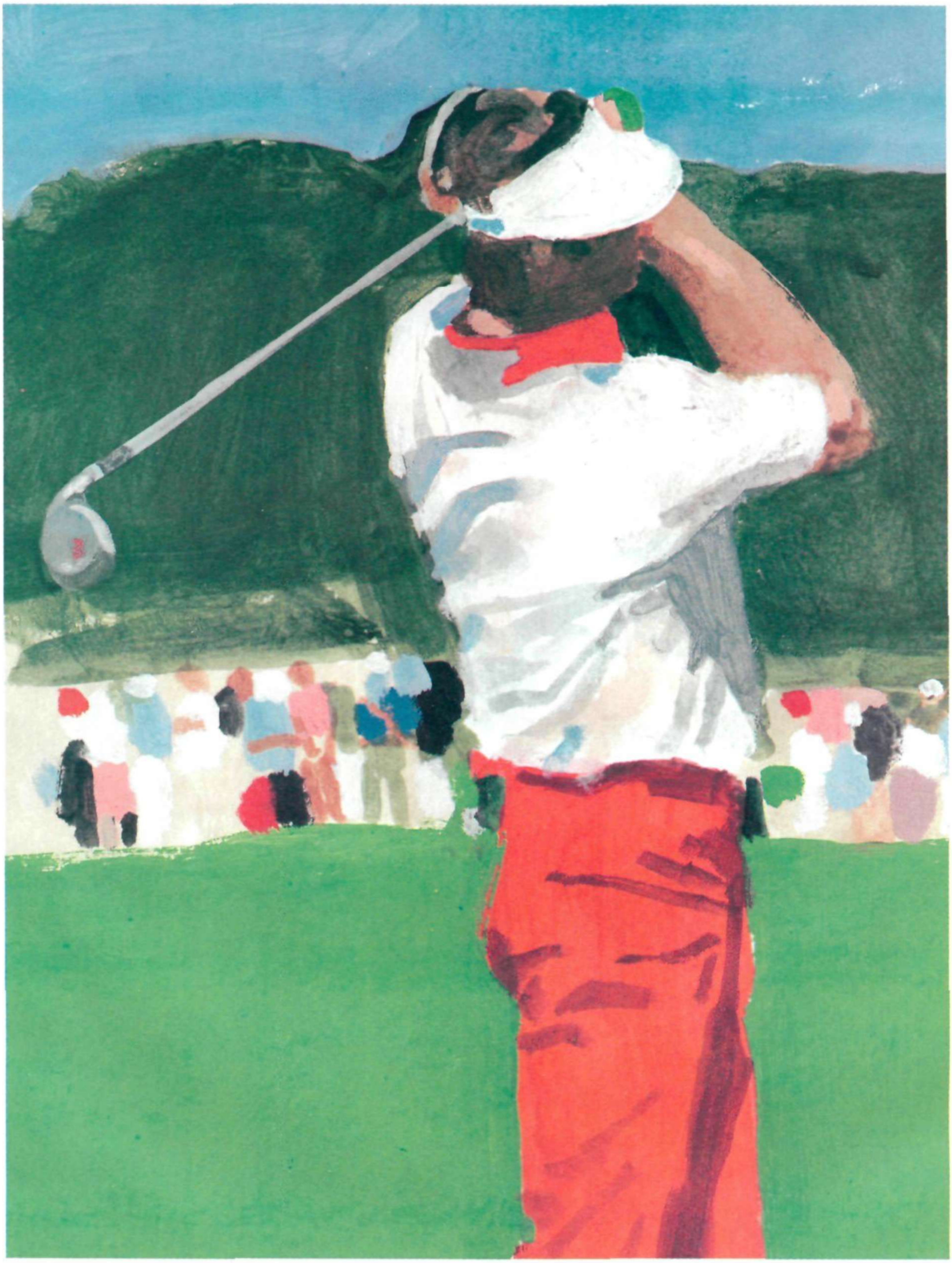

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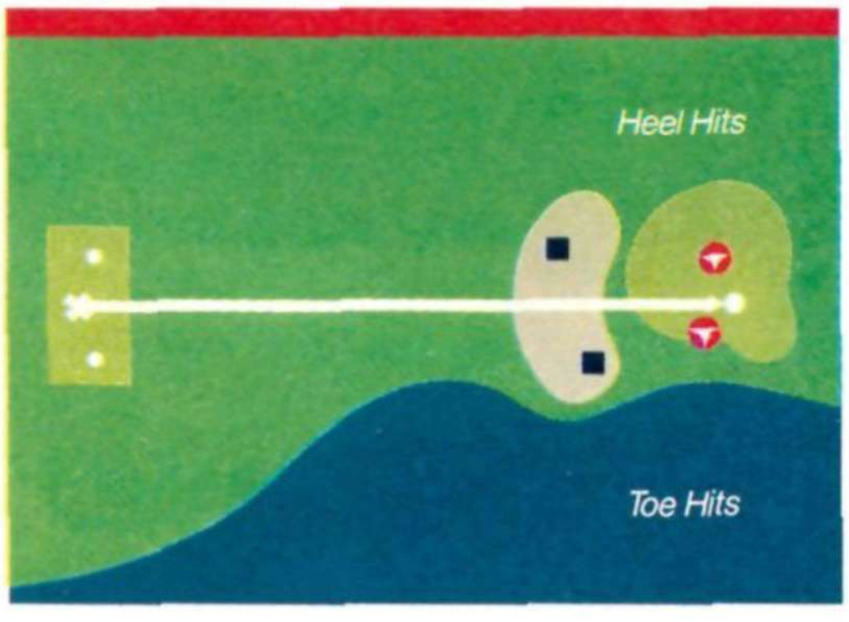

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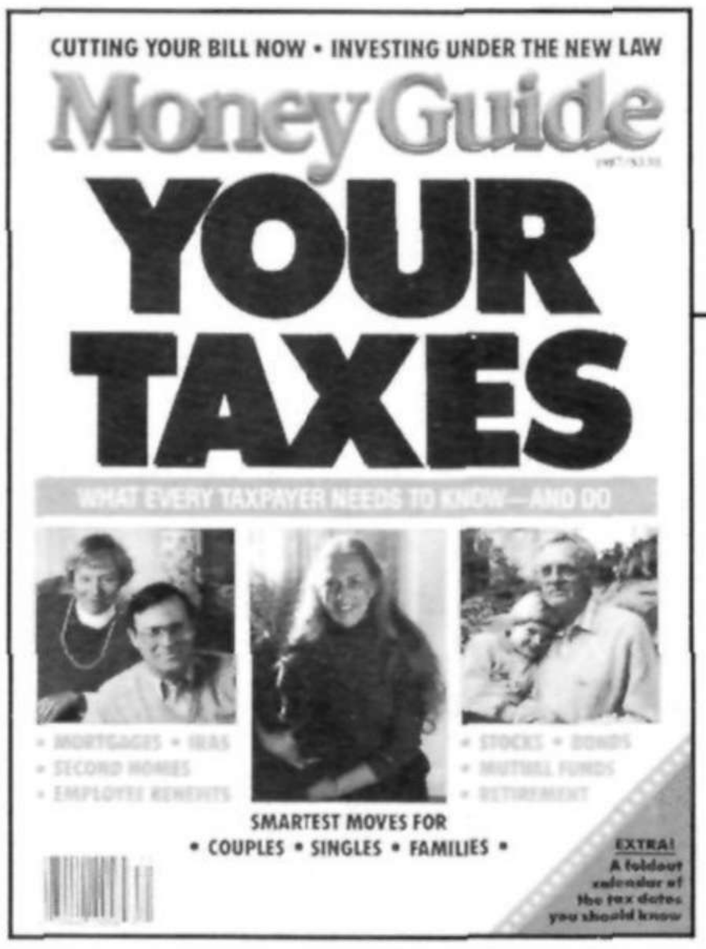

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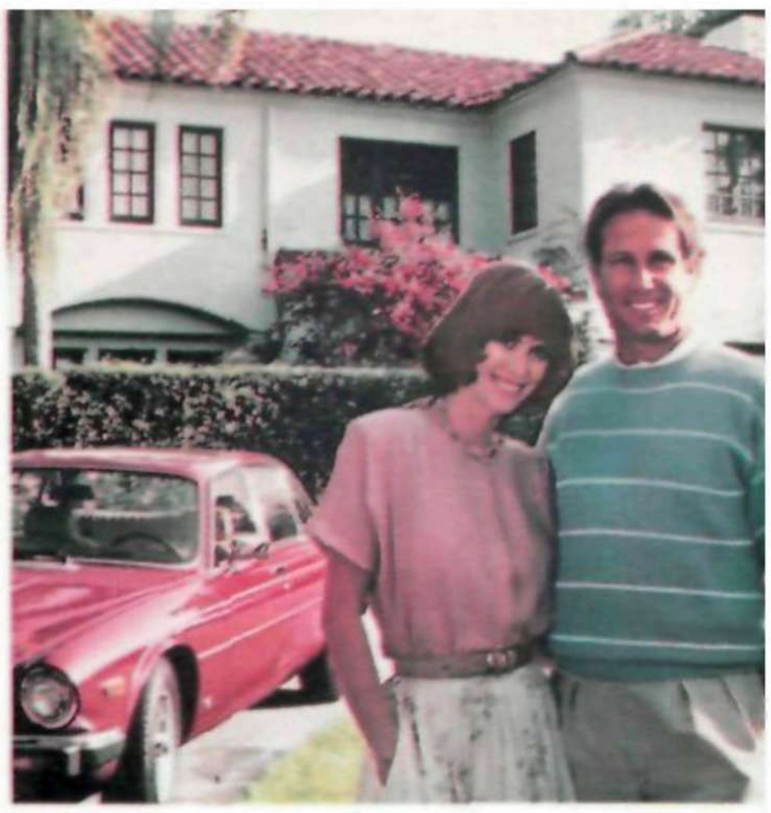

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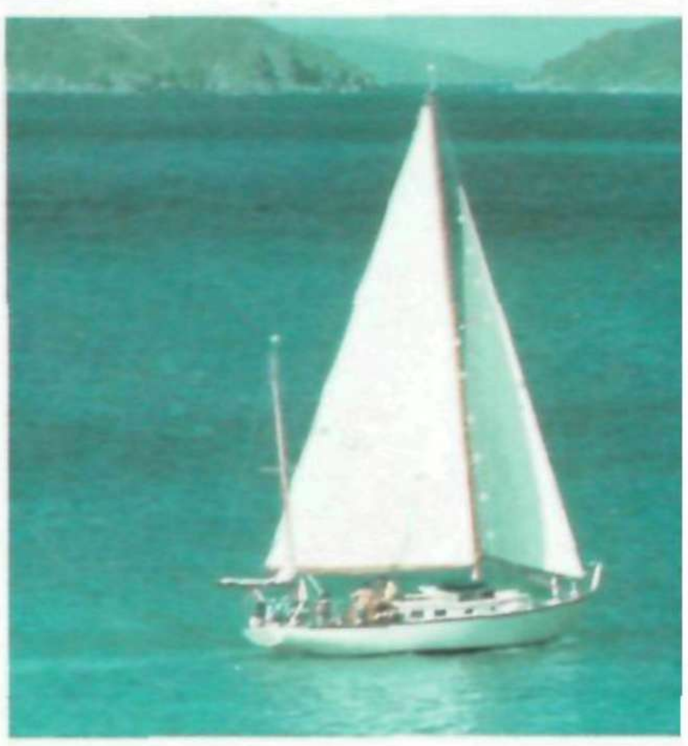

was delighted to come up empty. "Ken can catch a lot of fish," says Letts, "but he really is more interested in finding out about fish behavior. He's always probing."

Gerhardt reasons that in a small pond, panfish feed the way they do because of population booms of daphnia and other organisms. Then, after gorging themselves, they spend 14 to 18 days digesting their food because cold water temperatures have slowed their metabolisms.

When Gerhardt's logs tell him that the panfishing will be poor, he often switches technique and goes for trout. "Jigging for trout is a different story," Gerhardt says. "You should be fishing in 30 to 50 feet of water, and you need a rod with a bit more backbone. The lure is a flat silver jig with a treble hook and a half-inch to three-quarter-inch-long piece of minnow tail hooked on one of the prongs. I let the lure down until it hits the bottom, I lower the rod tip to almost the water surface, then I snap the rod up four feet and let the lure flutter down. I do this 10 or 15 times. Then I take in four feet of line and repeat this until I've worked all the way to the top. Trout can be anywhere in that column of water, although 90 percent of the ones I've caught have been within 18 inches of the bottom. The 14½-pounder that I took in the West Branch was 40 feet down, on the bottom. Just two minutes before I hooked that fish, I had landed a 2½-pound trout."

Gerhardt employs a similar technique when he is fishing for walleye. But instead of a solid jig he prefers a lightweight spoon about two inches long that he will jig just off the bottom in 10 to 20 feet of water. He also has found that painting his spoons fluorescent green or orange is an improvement over their standard metallic finish.

In looking at his fishing objectively, Gerhardt says, "My ice fishing and my deep-jigging for cod are under 95 percent control. Every time I go out it's a learning experience. No one can ever say they know everything about anything, especially fishing. I'm constantly changing. Not everything comes up roses. But I always keep trying to find a better way." Which is hardly good news for the walleyes of Oneida Lake. ■

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THIS CABLE-TV GAME SHOW IS NO TRIVIAL PURSUIT

BY KATE ROGIN ■

"Hi, everyone. I'm Todd Donoho. And welcome to Time Out For Trivia, *America's only nationwide sports-trivia game show. . . . Who's playing* Time Out For Trivia*?"*

So begins another rapid-fire half hour of sports questions and answers on cable television's hottest game show, *Time Out For Trivia*. Hosted by Todd Donoho, the self-proclaimed commissioner of trivia, *TOFT* can be seen live on weeknights from 11:30 to midnight (EST) and on Sundays for a full hour at 8:00 p.m. The show runs on the SCORE service of the Financial News Network, to which 20 million homes across the U.S. and Canada subscribe .

STEVE GOLDSTEIN/SIPA

Game-show veteran Rosenthal is pleased with the early Nielsen ratings of his creation.

SCORE offers a variety of sports programming, including the Canada Cup hockey series, championship boxing, the Major Indoor Soccer League and NCAA basketball games. But its most popular program is *Time Out For Trivia*.

TOFT works very simply. Donoho asks questions dealing with all kinds of sports and invites viewers to call in the answers. Correct responses are worth prizes ranging from hand-held vacuum cleaners to barbecue grills, VCRs and compact disc players. As the show progresses, a ticker runs the day's closing stock prices and a sports ticker carries up-to-the-minute scores along the bottom of the screen.

Donoho: "Benito Santiago . . . he did it, that's right. What'd he do? He's the catcher for the San Diego Padres, and he had such a good season this year that he was named National League Rookie of the Year. . . . Who was the last catcher to win the NL Rookie of the Year before Santiago? That's the question. Who's playing Time Out For Trivia*?"*

Caller: "Richard from Chicago. Earl Williams."

Donoho: "There you go; 1971 with the Atlanta Braves."

This simple format has developed a cult following. Gary Nuhn, a columnist for the *Dayton Daily News*, has called *TOFT* "cable TV at its best," and Wendell Barnhouse, radio/TV columnist for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, says it is "one of life's joys."

Since SCORE has only recently subscribed to the Nielsen rating service, its audience count cannot be released until the spring, but executive vice-president–general manager Arnie Rosenthal has seen the early numbers, and he's pleased. "I can tell you that they are higher than we expected and incredibly encouraging," he says. Rosenthal got his start in the cable-TV trivia business in 1976, creating a game show called *The Big Giveaway*, which was aired in New York City. In June 1985 Rosenthal, then with FNN, helped start SCORE to fill the postbusiness hours and, in September of that year, launched *Time Out For Trivia* from a studio in Santa Monica, Calif.

Producer Eric Corwin writes the show's questions, which are often preceded by a related sports history lesson or tied in with the events of the day. Humor is almost always an ingredient, particularly in the multiple-choice questions, which often include an obvious nonsports figure as one of the possible answers.

Donoho says his favorite questions have answers that are "ironic, or have twists of fate." For example: "The first college football All-America team was named back in 1899. Who was the quarterback: Ernest Hemingway, Damon Runyon, Henry Thoreau or Edgar Allan Poe?" Answer: "Edgar Allan Poe. He was a grandnephew of the famous writer and played at Princeton."

Offbeat questions feed the sports fans' appetite for more, but it is the commissioner's self-parodying wackiness that makes *TOFT* different. Donoho, in his blazer, tie and mid-America haircut, looks like a car salesman. His running spiel on sports and life, along with the obviously canned laughter and stadium applause, livens up the flat, minimal set.

Donoho, 32, first hit the airwaves as a teenager, doing color commentary of high school basketball games on WJOB radio in Hammond, Ind. As a broadcast journalism major at the University of Missouri, he held the weekend sports

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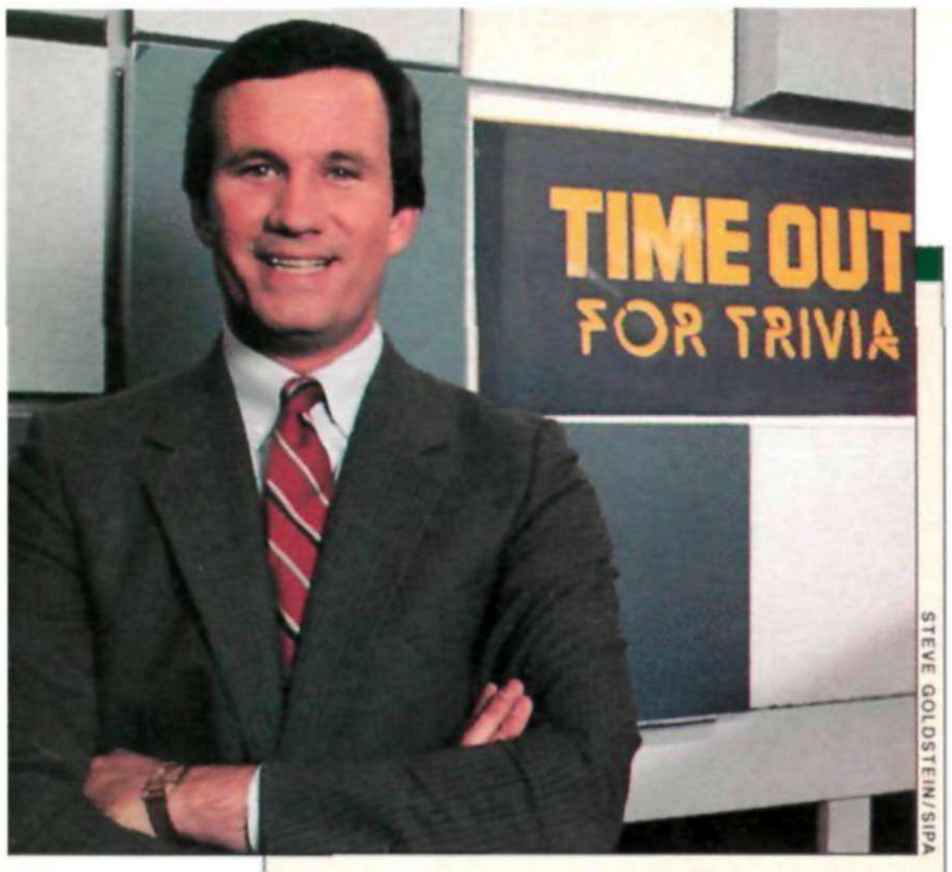

STEVE GOLDSTEIN/SIPA

Donoho's wackiness sets the "Trivia" tone.

slot on the university-owned NBC-TV affiliate, KOMU. After college he got a job as a sportscaster at both WOTV television in Grand Rapids, Mich., and WLWT-TV in Cincinnati, where he picked up three regional Emmys. He moved to the Sports Time cable-TV network in 1984, and when that went under in 1985, Donoho joined SCORE. He anchors a number of programs in addition to *Time Out For Trivia*. It is on *TOFT* that Donoho really shines, even though he says, "I never thought I would be a game-show host."

The commissioner never feels just good, he feels "tremendous." *TOFT*, says Donoho, is not just a show, it is "America's most technologically advanced game show." It is also "America's most patriotic game show" and "the program that has brought American families together."

When Donoho praises a caller for answering a question correctly he might say, "You are a sports stud" or "You are of slightly-above-average intelligence." But Donoho brings out the needle when a caller answers incorrectly: "Bonehead" callers are likely to be invited to "take a hike." Callers who hem and haw while trying to come up with answers are told to "Be bold. Be brave. Be brash. Because you're an American," and are asked to heed the official timer, which consists of Donoho's fingers counting off five seconds before he goes on to the next caller.

Donoho: "There is only one player to win the Heisman Trophy who was not on a winning team. Who's that player?"

Caller: "Paul Hornung."

Donoho: "1956 . . . played for Notre Dame. Do you know what the record was? Two and eight."

Rosenthal says Donoho gets as many as 1,000 letters a week, almost all of them positive. "For the most part, people enjoy his shtick," says Rosenthal. "It's all part of a game they play together." George Glenn, a Chicago stockbroker who has won several *TOFT* prizes, says, "Donoho is refreshing. He's totally honest with his emotions. Often when he says 'take a hike' or 'bonehead,' he mirrors my feelings."

Donoho: "Who is the only player in NBA history to accumulate over 200 steals and 100 blocked shots in a season? I'll give you a hint. It happened last season. Who's playing Time Out For Trivia*?"*

Caller: "Randy from West Virginia. . . . Michael Jordan."

Donoho: "That's it. Way to go, Randy."

Whether Donoho is sending out praise or imploring his callers to speak up and stop mumbling, it's the give-and-take that makes *TOFT* exciting. And as far as Donoho is concerned, the callers are the program. "We have nights when the questions are great, I'm well-prepared, our entire staff is well-prepared, and if we get deadhead, bonehead callers, the show doesn't come off. If we get great callers—enthusiastic, smart, intelligent, funny, glib—then the program reflects that. I can play off that, too. That's the key." Donoho may be the commissioner, but he knows that without players his toll-free playing field would be empty.

So with TAKE A HIKE bumper stickers on cars all over the land, how is Todd Donoho feeling?

"That does it for Time Out For Trivia. *I'm Todd Donoho—feeling tremendous, I might add."* ■

Kate Rogin, who has never phoned "TOFT," is a free-lance writer in New York City.

TOFT'S TOP TEASERS

1. Willie Mays was the youngest player in major league history to hit 50 home runs in a season. Who was the oldest?

2. Who is the only boxer to win a heavyweight championship and also graduate from college?

3. Terry Puhl holds the record for the best career fielding percentage by a National League outfielder. The modern-day record for most errors by an outfielder in a career is 271. What Hall of Famer holds this dubious record?

4. The Tampa Bay Buccaneers were winless in 1976, going 0–14. Name the only team in the 1960s to go through an entire regular season without winning a game.

5. William (the Refrigerator) Perry is the most recent player to appear on both the offensive and defensive units in a Super Bowl game. Who is the only player in Super Bowl history to start one Super Bowl game on offense and another Super Bowl game on defense?

6. Jim Brown played nine seasons in the NFL and led the league in rushing eight times. Name the only running back to win a rushing title over Brown during this nine-year stretch.

7. Who is the only player in college basketball history to win a scoring title and play on an NCAA championship team in the same season?

ANSWERS:

1. *Willie Mays*
2. *James (Bonecrusher) Smith. He graduated from Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C.*
3. *Ty Cobb. He also played 2,938 games in the outfield, a major league record.*
4. *The Dallas Cowboys. In 1960 they were 0-11-1.*
5. *E.J. Holub of the Kansas City Chiefs. In Super Bowl I he started at linebacker, and in Super Bowl IV he started at center.*
6. *Jim Taylor of the Green Bay Packers in 1962.*
7. *Clyde Lovellette of Kansas in the 1951–52 season. The Jayhawks beat St. John's 80–63 for the title, and Lovellette led the nation with 28.4 ppg.*

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Turismo de México

IT'S EASY TO GET STUCK ON THE CACTUS LEAGUE

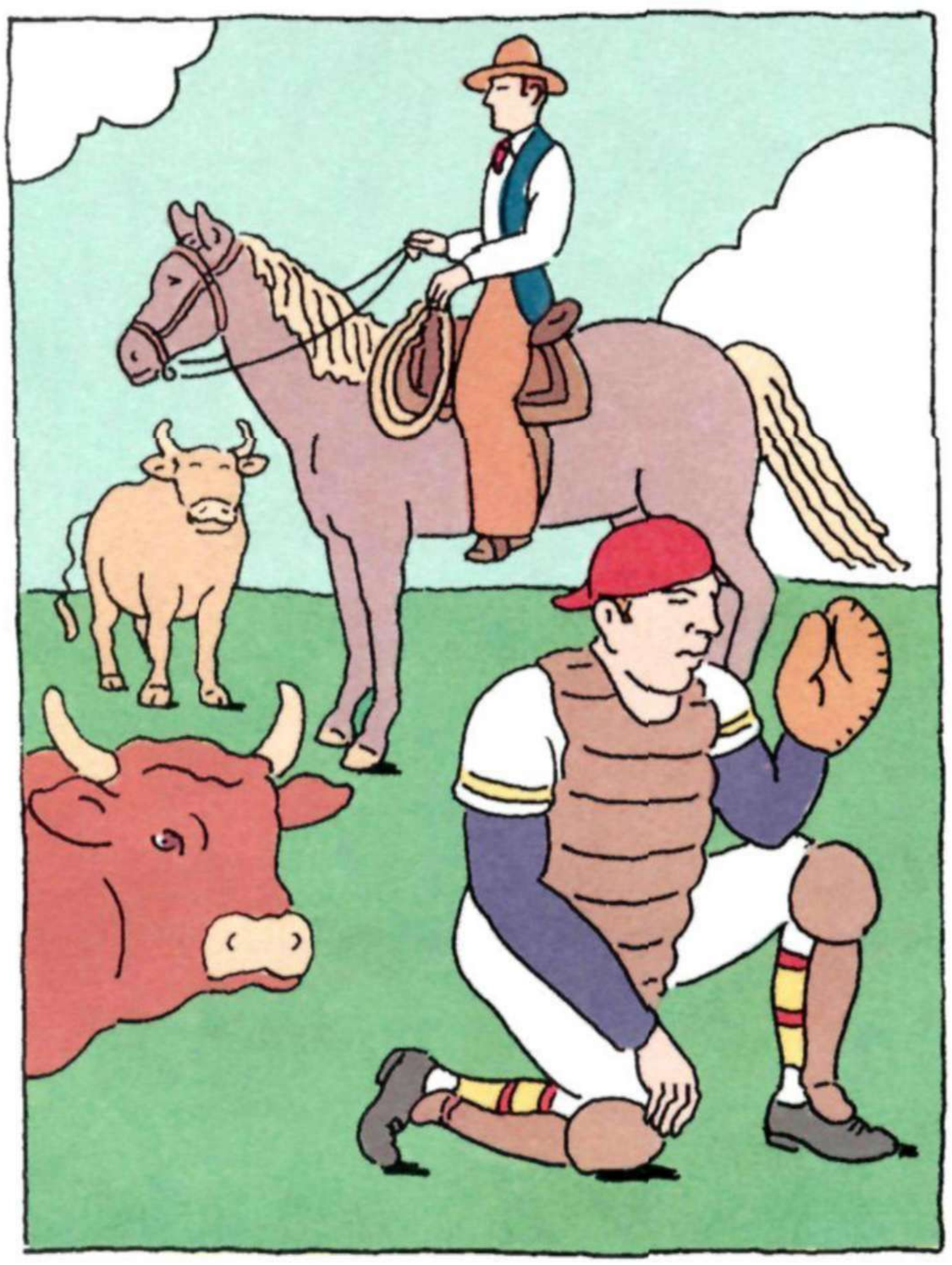
BY RON FIMRITE ■

It happens every spring. We'll all be sitting out by the pool at the Sunburst Resort Hotel in Scottsdale, Ariz., rehashing the ball game some of us saw some part of that afternoon, when suddenly there will come forth from a room at poolside the iridescent figure of Charles S. (Chub) Feeney. Chub will have arrived in town sometime earlier that afternoon, probably from somewhere colder, and will have shed conventional business attire for his technicolor spring training wardrobe.

We all know what will come next. Scarcely acknowledging our languid presence, Chub will stretch white arms from chartreuse polo shirt, look up into the bright blue skies and bellow operatically to no one in particular, "Oh, but it is grand to be here in the beeyootiful Valley of the Sun." This accomplished, he will then join the chaise longue cocktail banter as the sky turns crimson in the west.

Feeney, who is now president of the San Diego Padres after having retired from 17 years as president of the National League, is dead right about the Valley of the Sun. It *is* beautiful and it is grand to be there soaking up some rays in the dry climate and watching and talking a little baseball. In fact, there's nothing quite like spring training in Arizona. It's an entirely different experience from spring training in Florida—"slower, sweeter and somehow better fixed in memory," as Roger Angell once wrote in *The New Yorker*.

Feeney recognized these virtues when he first came to the Southwest for spring training in 1947 as a young executive with the New York Giants, then owned by his uncle, Horace Stoneham. As New York fans would learn a decade later, Stoneham was a man of westward leanings. It was Bill Veeck, then running the Cleveland Indians, who first discussed with Stoneham the possibility of moving to Arizona. Veeck had bought a ranch near Tucson after World War II, and he knew he could spend a lot more time at it if he could get his team to train somewhere nearby in the spring. And why not? The spring weather is generally better and certainly drier in Arizona than in Florida, where the Indians had been training. A team could get a lot accomplished on one of those cloudless 80° days. So Veeck and Stoneham decided to try out the new territory in the spring of 1947.



The spring training rivalry between the Indians and the Giants dated back to 1934. Originally, the two teams would leave Florida in late March and barnstorm their way north. Veeck proposed that the teams now work their way east from Arizona. Stoneham ended up liking what he saw out there. (Liked it so much, in fact, that, at age 85, he now lives there year-round.) He would take the north (Phoenix) and Veeck would have the south (Tucson). It was a geographical split similar to one Stoneham would agree to with Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers in California in 1957.

The Indians and the Giants pioneered spring training in the desert. And it *was* pretty much desert in those days. Tucson was a small town, and Phoenix hadn't a tenth of the nearly one million citizens it has today. But the two teams weren't out there all by themselves, exactly. Any number of minor league teams trained in the vicinity, and the Pirates, White Sox and Cubs were all working out in those days in Southern California, which wasn't all that far away.

The transplanted Indians and Giants seemed to prosper right away in that arid clime. The Giants set a National League home run record in '47, and the Indians won the World Series the next year. In 1951, the Giants and the Yankees traded spring homes for just the one year and ended up meeting in the World Series, the Phoenix-trained Yankees beating the St. Petersburg–trained Giants. Then in the '54 Series, the Giants, back in Arizona, by now for good, swept the Indians.

Other teams were drawn to the desert. The Cubs, who had trained since 1921 (excepting the war years) on Catalina Island off the Southern California coast, moved to Mesa in 1952; the Orioles went to Yuma in 1954 and then

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*Based on Ward's Automotive Reports.

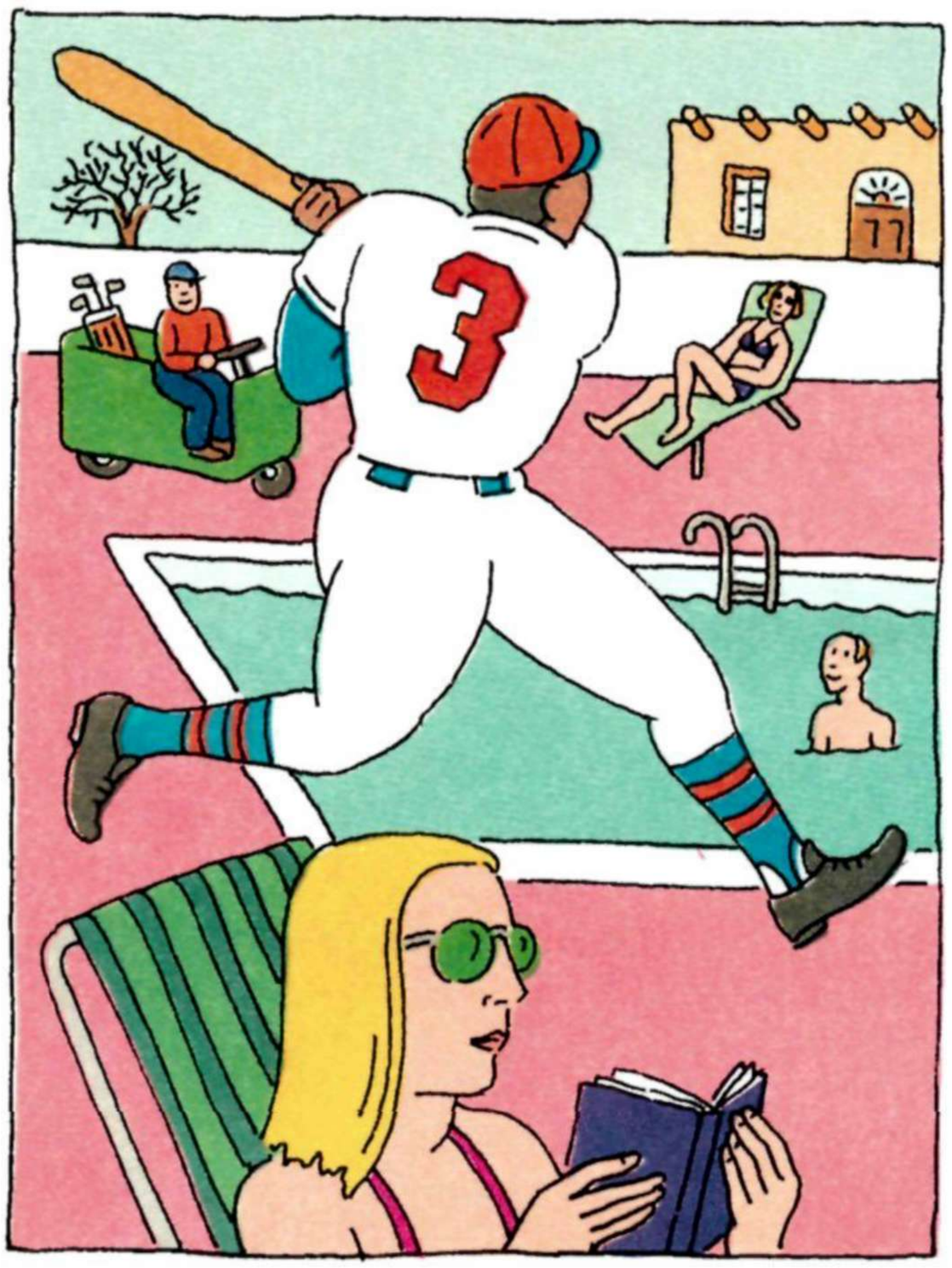
from 1956 through 1958 to Scottsdale; and the Red Sox came out for a seven-year stay in Scottsdale in 1959.

There are eight teams in the Cactus League now. The Indians are still in Tucson, playing as they have from the start on wonderful little Hi Corbett Field. The Giants are now in Scottsdale, the Cubs in Mesa, the Athletics in Phoenix, the Seattle Mariners in Tempe and the Milwaukee Brewers in Chandler. The Angels spend the first four weeks of spring training in Mesa, the last two weeks in Palm Springs. And though the Padres are based some 180 miles away in Yuma, they put in at least one two-week stretch in Scottsdale.

Here's the beauty of it: The Phoenix, Tempe, Mesa and Scottsdale ballparks are all within a half hour's drive of one another. In the event all four had a game scheduled at home for the same day, a particularly diligent fan might catch at least an inning or two of each game. I know I have been to parts of at least three games on the same day on one or two frenetic occasions.

The ballparks are, for the most part, miniature masterworks of baseball architecture, relics from the classical period of the game. Scottsdale Stadium is no more of a "stadium," in the current sense of the term, than the Old North Church is a cathedral. It seats just 4,721, and its green wooden stands are so close to the field you can hear the players chew their sunflower seeds. Tempe Diablo Stadium, with its Spanish arches, looks like some place the Magnificent Seven might have been called on to defend. Phoenix Stadium, the A's home, is hard by Papago Park and has a view of Camelback Mountain over the leftfield fence. The Cubs' HoHoKam Park gets its name from an extinct Indian tribe and is a funky architectural jumble that keeps growing like Topsy—current seating capacity is just over 8,000, up from some 4,000 at its opening—and the team still can't keep up with the demand for tickets. The Cubs started setting spring training attendance records three years ago, and the limit is not yet in sight. Last year they drew 106,313 for the 15 HoHoKam games. And this is a park where beer is not sold in the stands.

The general chumminess that prevails in springtime Arizona extends from the ballparks to the restaurants at night. The players themselves don't get out as much as they used to, probably because they now make enough money to put themselves and their families up in condos of baronial splendor. If they should desire company of an evening, they simply entertain in their own quarters. The older players still get around some, though. Don Sutton, when he was with the A's and the Angels, was a regular at the Pink Pony, the legendary little Scottsdale steak house that is properly known as the best baseball hangout in the land (FOCUS, March 17, 1986). The Pony's staples are juicy sirloins and hot-stove chatter. When a big league talker of the caliber of A's executive Bill Rigney is receiving visitors in a front-row booth, an attentive fan will find himself in anecdote heaven: "Well, my roomie back in '47 was Big John Mize. That was the year he hit 51 out of the park. We called him the Big Cat. Now, say we're playing the Chicagos. Every morning the Cat would get out of bed, light up a cigar and lean out the hotel window to see which way the wind was blowing. If his cigar smoke blew the right way, he'd say, 'Roomie, I'm gonna hit a pair today.' If it was blowing wrong, he'd just get back into bed and pull the covers over his head. Then there was the time. . . ."



The Pony is *the* hangout, but right in Scottsdale there are enough good restaurants within walking distance of the ballpark that there's no danger a body will starve.

And then there is the weather. Oh, it will rain occasionally down there in March, and when it does, the temperature most often drops abruptly, which always comes as a shock to the system. The streets also flood; the Phoenix area in particular is demonstrably incapable of absorbing even the mildest of downpours. If it rains for an hour, they call out the Red Cross. But the good days, and there are many of them, defy comparison. In the summer, Arizona makes the Sahara seem like a spa, but in the spring, temperatures rarely climb much above 80°. There are exceptions, of course. In my first prolonged spring there, in 1972, there was a week or so of 90° days. But it's dry heat, as they say, and even the hot spells don't leave you looking as if you had just been fished out of the river.

The weather does require some adjustment by the players, however. The dry air offers so little resistance that batted balls can carry extraordinary dis-

STEVE KANALY: Star of TV's *Dallas*; Trap Shooter; Hunter; Father; Member of the National Rifle Association.

"My dad was a Nebraska farm boy who taught me gun safety and the rules of the field at an early age. I was 14 when I got my first shotgun after taking a hunter safety course sponsored by the NRA.

"When I was 15 I became a trap-boy, and have shot trap and skeet ever since. One day a beautiful girl came to the range and shot 17 of 25 on her first try. I thought, 'That's a girl I need to know.' That's how I met my wife. And through fellow shooters I met John Huston, who gave me my first film job.

"I think the entertainment industry has had a negative effect on the gun issue. Every time you see a gun in a film somebody's going to be shot at. But twice on *Dallas* we've had scenes set at a firing range that had nothing to do with violence. I'm glad the producers of our show see the recreational side of owning a firearm.

"I like seeing the people in the 'I'm the NRA' ads. I'm proud to be in their company. Because I think you couldn't own a gun in America today if it weren't for the NRA."

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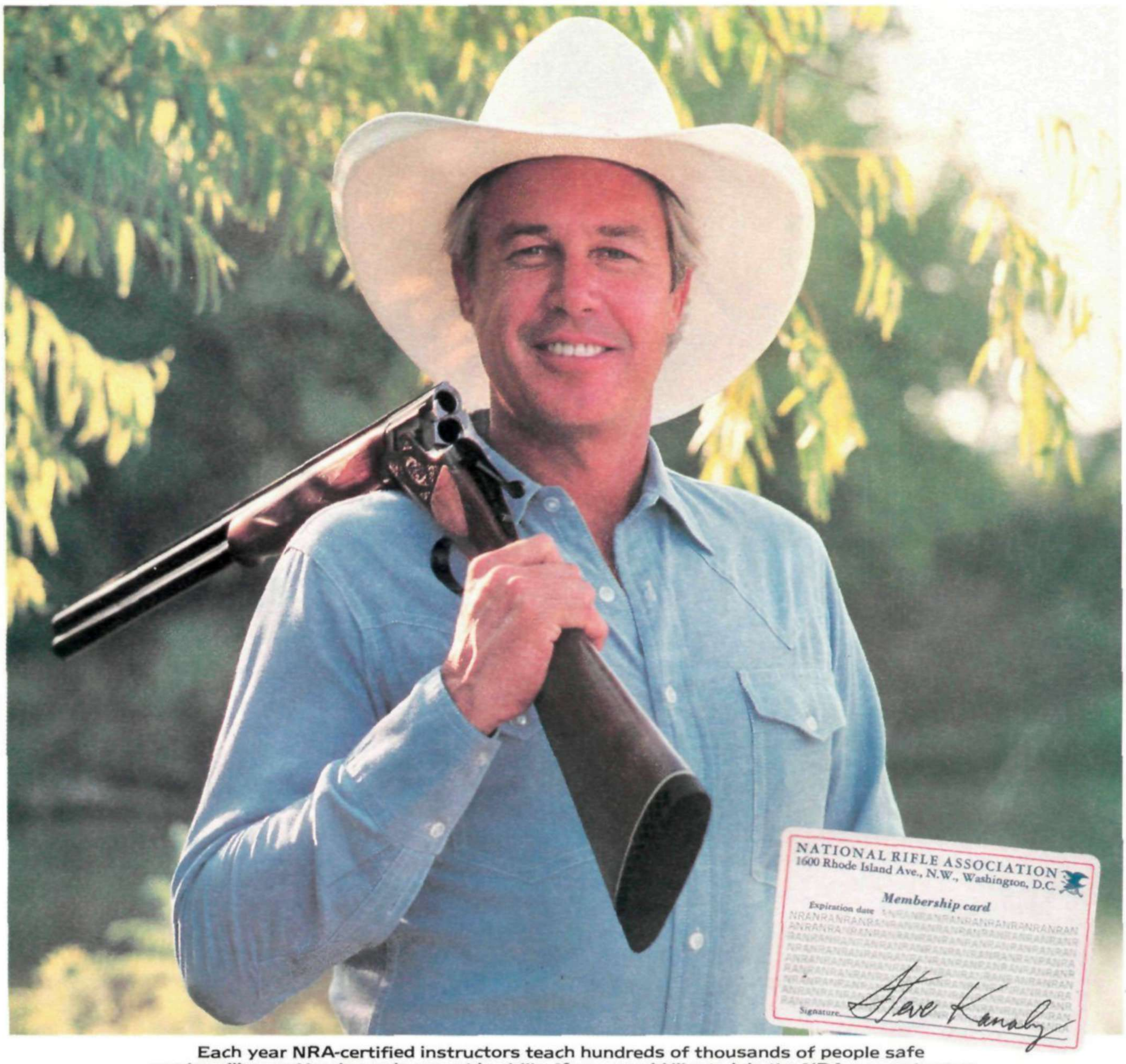

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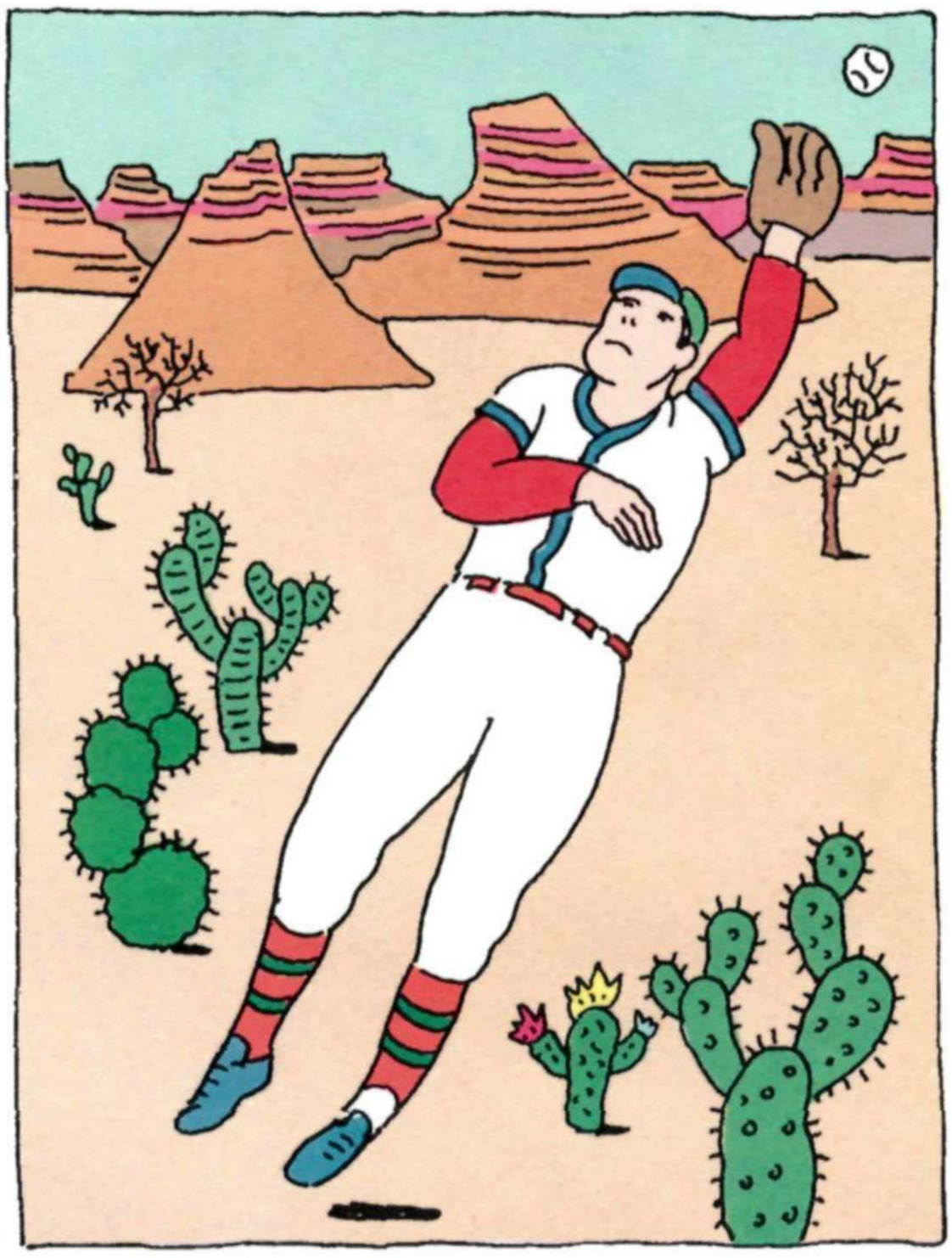
tances. To protect against these airborne homers, most of the power alleys in the Arizona ballparks are 400 feet or more from home plate—420 at Tempe Diablo—and the centerfield fences, most of them topped off by 30-foot-high backdrops, can go 430. Batting practice, when proud sluggers take aim at those remote reaches, is show time. When he was a rookie in 1986, Jose Canseco put on such a show before A's games that fans started arriving several hours early to be sure to catch his act. Canseco rarely disappointed, clobbering ooh-inspiring shots into the sagebrush and the freeways beyond the distant fences. It was obvious that, like any good entertainer, he was rejoicing in his own prowess; so much so, in fact, that Athletics hitting coach Bob Watson had to take him to task during the season for wasting so many of his good swings before the game. That stuff was good theater in the spring, Watson told the rookie, but the championship season was no time for the buck-and-wing. For all of the showboating, Canseco still won the Rookie of the Year award.



The mostly cloudless or "high" skies pose yet another problem for the players in that fly balls, even pop-ups, can simply disappear overhead, where there are no dark clouds to frame the ball. "I just lost it" may be a lame excuse elsewhere, but in Arizona it is a perfectly acceptable alibi. The pursuit of the invisible ball is often, for fans at least, the source of high comedy, a scene out of *Topper*. Outfielders renowned for their sure fielding touch may be seen standing with faces turned helplessly upward, gloved hand waving to fend off the unseen, eyes blindly searching the stratosphere as the ball descends untouched only a few feet away. Even Willie Mays had days there when he looked like Lucy van Pelt.

Despite that climatic handicap, there is almost no night baseball in Arizona spring training. And that makes glad the hearts of those baseball purists who reject lights, domes, phony turf and all the other purported advances that have afflicted the game in the past few decades. It's also fine with the sunbathers who flock to the little parks as if they were so many resorts on the Riviera. On one of those brilliant spring days, the Phoenix ballpark, in particular, can look like a sanctuary for recumbent nudists. Arizona has its share of geezers, that's certain, but there are also enough college youths on the premises to give the place that beach-blanket look. The age mix is apparent in all the parks, where old-timers who recall the Gashouse Gang mingle with bronzed young gods and goddesses who consider the Giants' Will Clark a decrepit veteran.

A notable exception to the prevailing demographics was Sun City Stadium, where, from 1973 through 1985, the Brewers played their spring games. Sun City is a retirement community, and the ballpark there was built to accommodate the residents, most of whom puttered over to it from their nearby villas in electric golf carts. Spectators were protected from potentially lethal foul balls by a high fence that spanned the stands from foul pole to foul pole. This was probably an unneccessary precaution; many of the fans preferred watching the games from their carts parked on the runway back of the stands. The Brewers moved to Compadre Stadium in Chandler for spring training in 1986, and since then their games have sorely lacked that special geriatric ambience.

Possibly because the teams that train in Arizona play in such happy proximity, a fan there feels a sense of community impossible to duplicate in other places. For a month or more, we are all buddies there, no matter which of the teams commands our devotion. And in the evening we can sit around over a few beers, comparing notes: "Hey, did you see the stop that kid Weiss made today?"

When the season starts I find myself pulling for the teams that trained in Arizona. True, there hasn't been a World Series winner from there since the A's won their third straight in '74, but these teams have come close a few times and have had their share of division champions and pennant winners in both leagues. Don't forget '82, when the Angels and the Brewers played off for the American League pennant, or '84, when the Cubs and Padres fought for the National League title. And, hey, watch out for those young Giants and the renovated A's this year. Could an all-Arizona, all–Bay Area World Series be in the works?

I don't know about you, but I'll be down by the pool come March just waiting for old Chub, in all of his sartorial splendor, to step outside into that sun and declare his love for the Valley. I guess it's no secret by now—I share his passion. It *is* bee-youtiful. ■

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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.

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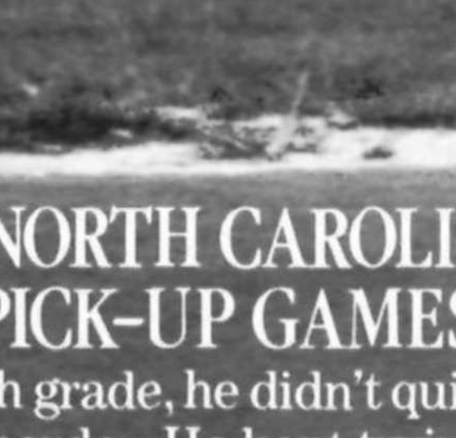

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SCORECARD

EDITED BY STEVE WULF

CALGARY IS READY

A STRANGE AND WONDROUS CALM hung over the frozen streets of Calgary last week as the city put the finishing touches on its preparations for the XV Winter Olympics, which open Saturday. Brightly colored banners were strung from the streetlights, though a good number of them were promptly removed by local souvenir hunters recently infected by Olympic fever. Carpenters, bundled against the below-zero temperatures, unhurriedly went about their work at the Olympic Plaza, the hub of the Games, in downtown Calgary. Traffic was light, parking was readily available, and restaurants were ready and willing to seat diners.

Could this tranquility have been brought about by the 640,000 Calgarians collectively holding their breath, not quite believing that things were proceeding as smoothly as they appeared? What should have been the final, hectic hours were, in fact, so devoid of frenzy that the citizenry and the Olympic organizing committee—OCO'88—had to restrain themselves from declaring the Games a success before they had even begun.

Not even the discovery that some dastardly entrepreneur was passing off "tinny" reproductions of ABC-TV's Olympic pins as the real thing could dampen the optimistic mood. Citywide, the message was: Welcome, world, and let the Games begin—but don't be too long about it, lest our luck run out and a chinook blow in and melt our joy.

Chinooks, the warm, dry winds that come out of the west, are usually greeted with smiles in this part of the world. They herald a thaw, which can save the lives of snowbound livestock. Now the very mention of the word is enough to make Calgarians shiver in terror. As recently as Jan. 23 chinook winds gusting as high as 29 mph delayed the start of Canada's national luge championships, held at Calgary's Olympic Park, for some 10½ hours. At nearby Canmore, site of the Olympic Nordic events, snow had to be trucked in from Mount Allan, where the Alpine races will be held during the Games, for practice runs.

CHRIS THOMAS

All the signs are there for a wonderful—and wintery—Olympics.

Concern about unwinterlike weather was so great that in December white sand was trucked in from British Columbia and spread on the field of McMahon Stadium, where the opening ceremonies will be held. The sand, usually used in golf course bunkers, looks a lot like snow when viewed from a distance—particularly now that a couple of inches of the real stuff is lying on top of it.

The weather finally began to cooperate when a cold snap arrived two weeks ago. On Jan. 31 the temperature plummeted to −23°, the coldest recorded in Calgary in more than a year, and the mean temperature for the next five days was −5.8°. Round-the-clock snowmaking began, so a week before the Games all venues had ample stockpiles, even drifts, of snow at their disposal. Further, an additional 2.3 inches of real snow fell, dusting the evergreens and giving Calgary the look of, if not exactly a winter wonderland, at least winter.

There was something else in the Calgary air in the days before the start of the Olympics, something as warming, in its way, as a chinook. The local populace, for months skeptical about the Games' finances and occasionally surly about the dearth of tickets available to them, had come around and opened its arms to the world with guileless frontier hospitality. "It started with the torch relay through Canada," said Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein, who had predicted all along that his constituents would fall in line. "And it has been building ever since."

Hand-lettered signs along roadways urged Calgarians to be patient with visitors lost in the maze of one-way streets. Passersby asked if they could help if one so much as cast an admiring glance at the skyline. Volunteers, some in white cowboy hats and turquoise parkas, clapped out-of-towners on the shoulder, seemingly amazed that they had come all the way to Calgary. Or maybe the locals were amazed that they had pulled it off, that this town of big skies and bigger dreams will be host to the world for 16 days, whatever winds may blow.

—E.M. SWIFT

It could get by

© 1988 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. LXi model shown.

on looks alone.

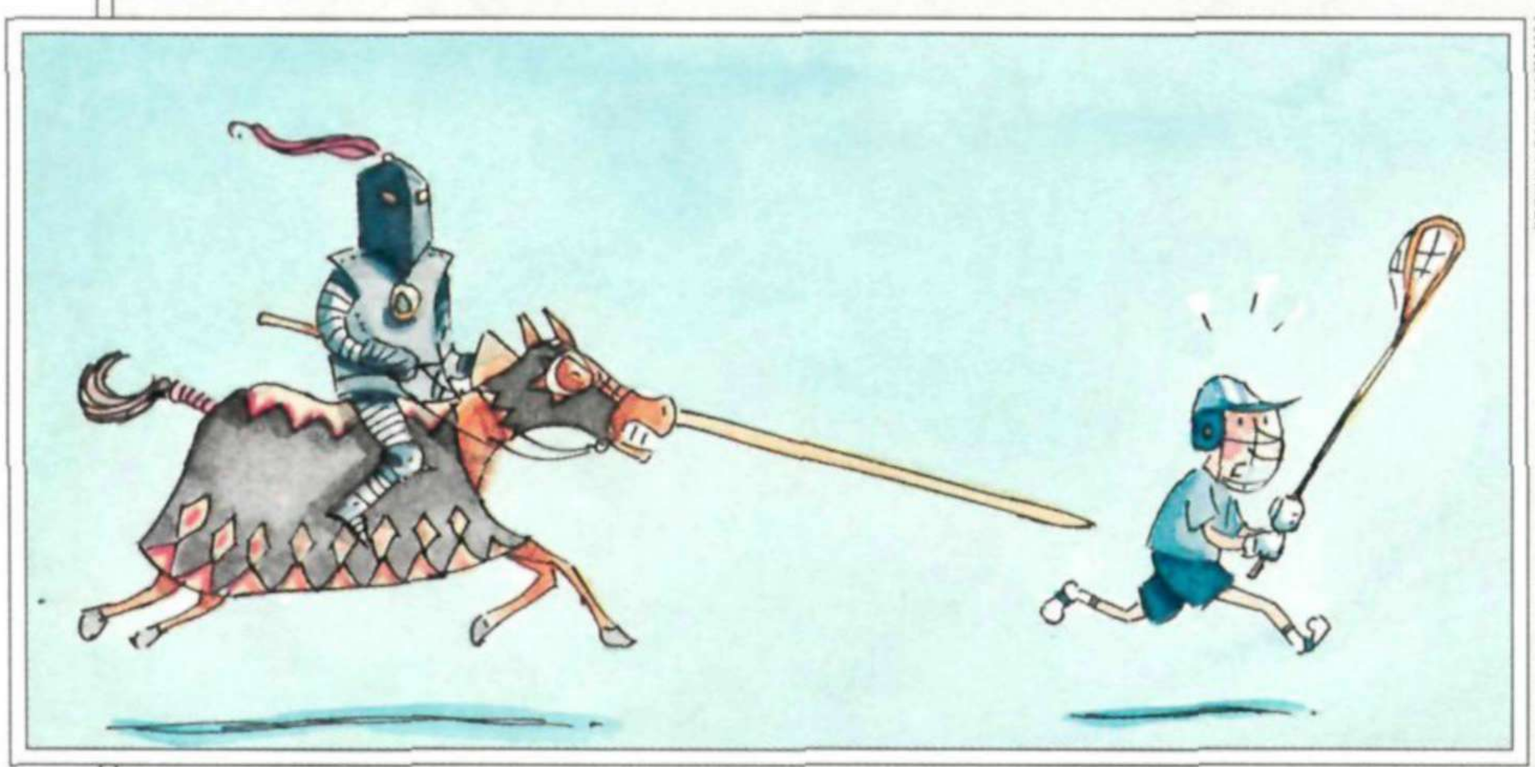
The new Accord Coupe HONDA

USING THE OLD BEAN

Beano Cook was wrong. Cook, who's best known as ESPN's college football studio commentator, predicted in both the *Pittsburgh Press* and on his Pittsburgh radio show that the Washington Redskins would beat the Denver Broncos 41–10 in Super Bowl XXII. He missed the final score by a whole point.

UNCHIVALROUS BEHAVIOR

Since 1962 the official sport of Maryland has been jousting. That's right, the sport of medieval kings. In the modern version, riders carry lances, not to knock other riders off their horses but to pluck progressively smaller rings from a string. The sport is popular in certain parts of Maryland, where it was introduced in 1632.



PATRICK McDONNELL

In the past there have been two unsuccessful efforts in the state legislature to oust jousting in favor of lacrosse, whose history in Maryland dates back to only 1878. Now the lacrosse lobbyists are back again, this time with a bill that would designate lacrosse as the "state team sport" and jousting as the "state individual sport."

Quite naturally, the jousting partisans have gotten up on their high horses to make a pointed attack. Says state senator Bernie Fowler of Calvert County, "Even if I were not so aligned with jousting, I can't see any reason why lacrosse should be the state team sport over football or baseball."

The chief backer of the bill, Baltimore's John Stude, says, "We're not trying to take anything away from jousting." Yeah, and Lancelot wasn't trying to take Guinevere away from King Arthur, either.

DISUNION

SI's Jack McCallum reports from the NBA All-Star Game:

With the NBA's finest gathered in Chicago last weekend, there were bound to be some dazzling moves. The most original move, though, was not made by slam-dunk-contest winner and game MVP Michael Jordan, but by Larry Fleisher, the head of the NBA Players Association for the last 26 years. At Fleisher's urging, the 21 player representatives and five union officers voted unanimously to remove the association as the exclusive collective bargaining agent for the players.

The most recent collective bargaining agreement between the players and NBA management expired eight months ago, and negotiations for a new agreement had reached an impasse. In October the players filed a class-action suit in U.S. district court in Newark, N.J., charging the NBA with antitrust violations. While a jury won't begin hearing the case until late fall, Judge Dickinson R. Debevoise has ruled that the provisions of the expired agreement remain in effect as long as management "reasonably believes" that those provisions, or close variations of them, will be incorporated in the next agreement.

The players could have voted to strike the All-Star Game or strike during the playoffs, but Fleisher decided to recommend the more radical move. He reasons that since the collective bargaining agreement was made between the NBA and the union, there can be no agreement if there is no union. And if there is no union, there no longer exists "a reasonable belief" that restrictive practices such as the draft, salary caps and the clubs' right of first refusal of free agents would be included in the next agreement. Thus, the NBA would lose its exemption from antitrust laws.

Fleisher's move certainly got management's attention, if hardly its ringing endorsement. NBA commissioner David Stern, who didn't seem panicked by the move, even went so far as to call the ploy "smart" and "an interesting stratagem." Stern also insists that what the union and the NBA want is the same thing—a fair collective bargaining agreement.

Litigation or negotiation, the NBA will be playing some interesting games off the court in the next few months.

ONE-ON-FIVE

The Denver Broncos kept denying they were a one-man team, and in a negative sort of way, they proved their case in Super Bowl XXII. But evidence suggests that there is a one-woman team out there. Angie Brimage, a 5′ 7″ senior forward, scored 51 points for Brighton (Mass.) High last Friday. However, Brighton lost to Boston English 55–51.

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Sabol, president of NFL Films, on the difference between Super Bowl I and Super Bowl XXII: "There were no blimps at the first Super Bowl. This year there were three blimps. It will live forever as a day of blimpfamy."

• George Steinbrenner, New York Yankees owner, at the U.S. Naval Academy football banquet: "My good friend Bo [Annapolis athletic director J.O. Coppedge] called me about a year ago and asked me if I believed in free speech. I said I certainly did. He said, 'Fine, you're giving one at the Naval Academy.' " ■

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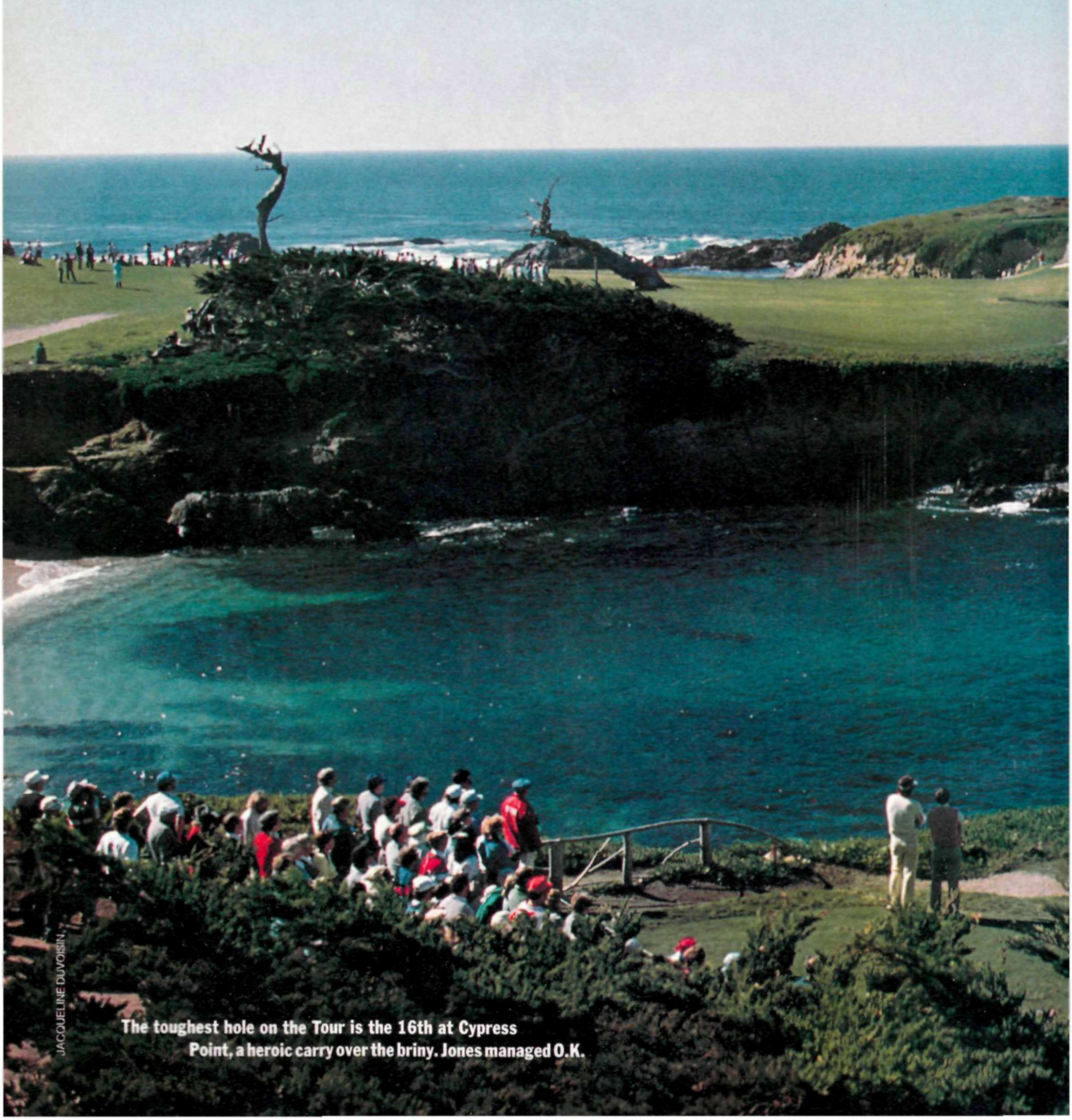
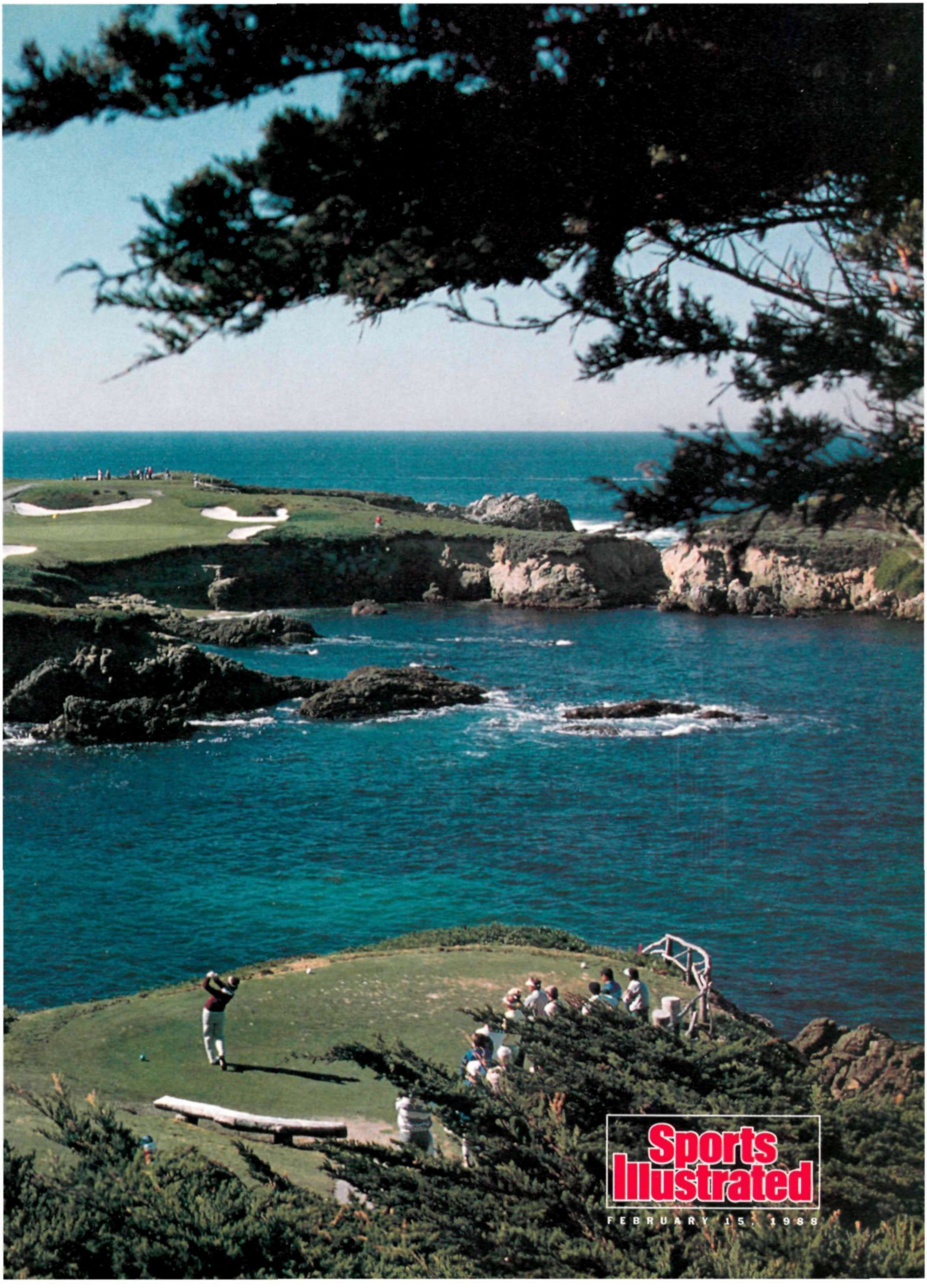
DIRE STRAITS

The spectacular AT&T Pro-Am had a gutty winner in Steve Jones



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

The toughest hole on the Tour is the 16th at Cypress Point, a heroic carry over the briny. Jones managed O.K.


Sports
Illustrated
FEBRUARY 15, 1988

MICKEY PFLEGER

"Win or lose, I knew I had played pretty well. And I had grinded it out all day."

BY JAIME DIAZ

LIKE THE NAME OF THE NINE-HOLE course in Yuma, Colo., where he first played golf—High Plains Recreation Association—there was something missing in Steve Jones's career. But on Sunday on the shimmering Monterey Peninsula, Jones exorcized his 72nd-tee demons and drained a 20-foot birdie putt in sudden death to win the A T & T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am over Bob Tway.

Jones is the fellow who blew a one-stroke lead at last year's Heritage Classic by slicing his drive 70 yards off-line and out-of-bounds on the final hole. At Pebble Beach he came to the Pacific Ocean–hugging 18th, a par-5, tied with Tway after a roller-coaster round that had begun with Jones leading by three shots but that had quickly left him trailing by three. After birdies at the 9th and 10th, he one-putted four straight greens to get back into it. At 18, Jones gulped, made an aggressive swing, which produced an adequate drive, and parred to get into a playoff. On the second extra hole, the par-3 17th, he hit a seven-iron 20 feet below the hole and drilled home the putt. When Tway missed from 18 feet, Jones, a pro who twice lost his PGA Tour card, had gutted out the first victory of his six-year career.

For Tway, who followed his four-victory 1986 season with a winless 1987, the finish was at least encouraging. "I played as well as I can," said Tway, who had finished third at the Bob Hope two weeks earlier. "I think a win could be coming pretty soon." The same might apply to Greg Norman, who finished one stroke out of the playoff at 281 after a closing 66.

Jones had rounds of 72-64-70-74 on four of the most pleasant days the tournament has seen in its 44 years as The Crosby and its three years as Not The Crosby. There is no denying the A T & T is a faster-tracked, less intimate affair than the Crosby. The old-guard celebrity pool no longer runs as deep; more of the amateurs now come from the corporate ranks than from California celebrity circles. Still, the Pebble Beach pro-am remains more casual than the average tight-jawed Tour event.

Pop singer Huey Lewis, a 16 handicapper making his pro-am debut with Mark O'Meara, was among the ams, and Lewis, who called one of his albums *Fore!*, fit nicely into the golf subculture. He played his harmonica while waiting on the 14th tee at Cypress Point, but when Jack Nicklaus introduced himself on the 16th, Lewis smoothly segued to a discussion of golf esoterica. Living proof that it's hip to be square.

The relatively high winning score of eight-under-par 280 was confirmation that the rota of Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Spyglass Hill is the most challenging cluster of golf courses in the world, not to mention the most breathtaking. Of the 30 toughest holes played on the Tour last year, 10 could be found at the A T & T. For the last five years the most difficult hole of all has been the famed 231-yard par-3 16th at Cypress Point. Since the Tour began keeping

After his explosive 64 at Cypress, Jones took the third-round lead with a 70 on Spyglass.

track in 1983, the pros have averaged 3.67 on it. Though the final round of the tournament is played at Pebble Beach, the 16th at Cypress Point is often a pivotal hole. It was more than coincidence that this year Jones parred it, while Tway bogeyed and Norman doubled.

In order to play the hole the way it was designed, a golfer must carry his shot 215 yards across a churning inlet of the Pacific Ocean to a green set on a small peninsula with cliffs that fall steeply to rocky beaches 50 feet below. Those allergic to double bogeys can play safe by hitting an iron to a strip of fairway that runs to the left of the green and then wedging on. Ben Hogan in his best years nearly always took this route.

The story is told that when the course was being designed in 1926, architect Alister MacKenzie fretted that the hole would be too difficult, until he watched Marion Hollins, a top woman amateur and one of the club's founders, make the carry with a wooden-shafted driver. "Fair enough," said MacKenzie, and ever since the 16th at Cypress has epitomized the "heroic" style of golf architecture, which emphasizes dramatic carries over picturesque hazards.

Not everyone thinks it's a great hole in the strictest sense. "If God had known we were going to play golf here, he'd have moved the peninsula in 20 yards," says Nicklaus, who missed the cut in his first appearance of the year.

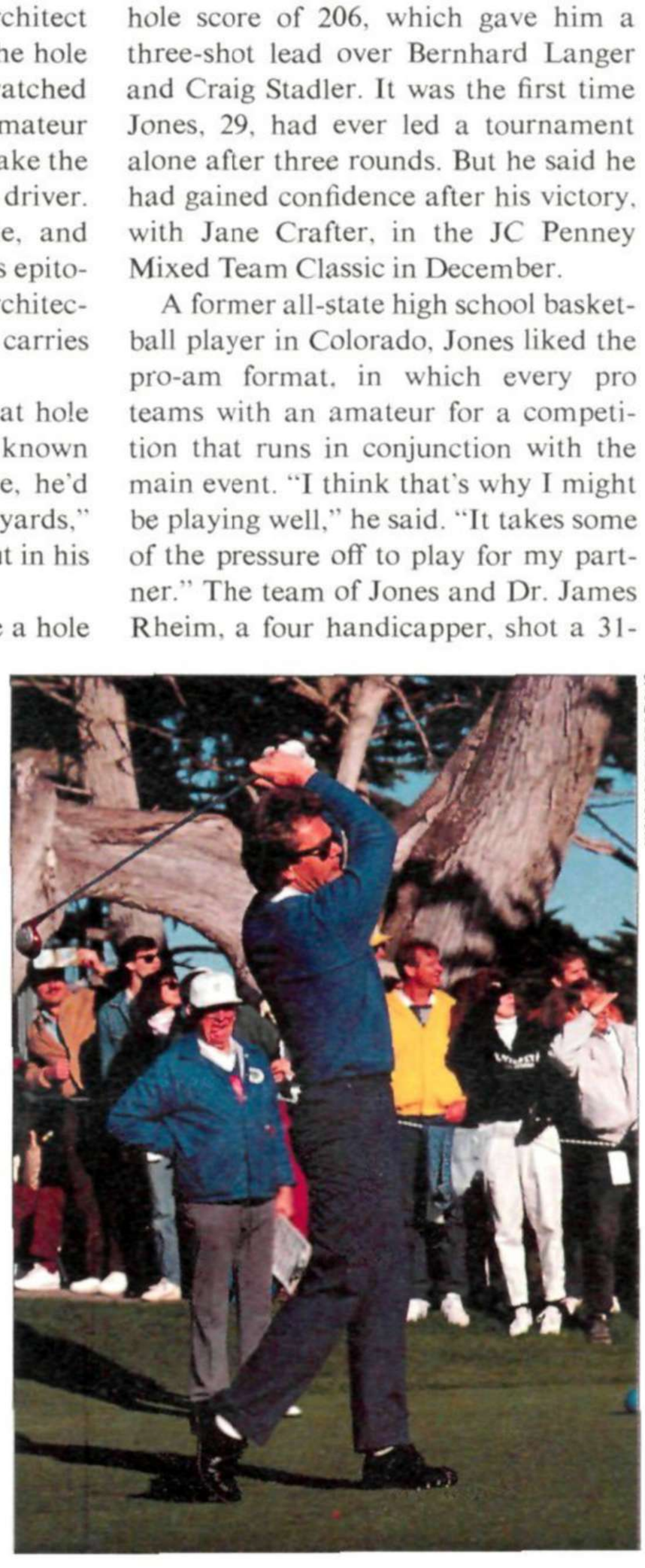
Der Bingle himself once made a hole in one at 16, and Jerry Pate put a then trendy orange ball into the cup with a one-iron during the 1982 Crosby. Then there are the horror stories: Ed (Porky) Oliver shot a 16 there in the 1954 Crosby; Hans Merrell took a 19 in '59.

Fatalism seems the best way to explain Norman's attitude toward the 16th. Fresh from winning a tournament in Australia, he hurried out to the ice plant that guards the right side of the green and started hacking practice shots. "I have a great affinity for this stuff," said Norman. "I couldn't wait to get there." When he arrived at the 16th tee during the nearly windless first round on Thursday, he was seven under par and sounding the bugle call that the Shark is back. His two-iron faded into the ice plant as if drawn by a magnet. He escaped with a double bogey 5.

Meanwhile, Clint Eastwood, a 15-handicap player whose psychic load got lighter last week when he announced he will not run for reelection as mayor of Carmel, Calif., drilled a four-wood four feet from the cup. He missed the putt, but the shot definitely made his day.

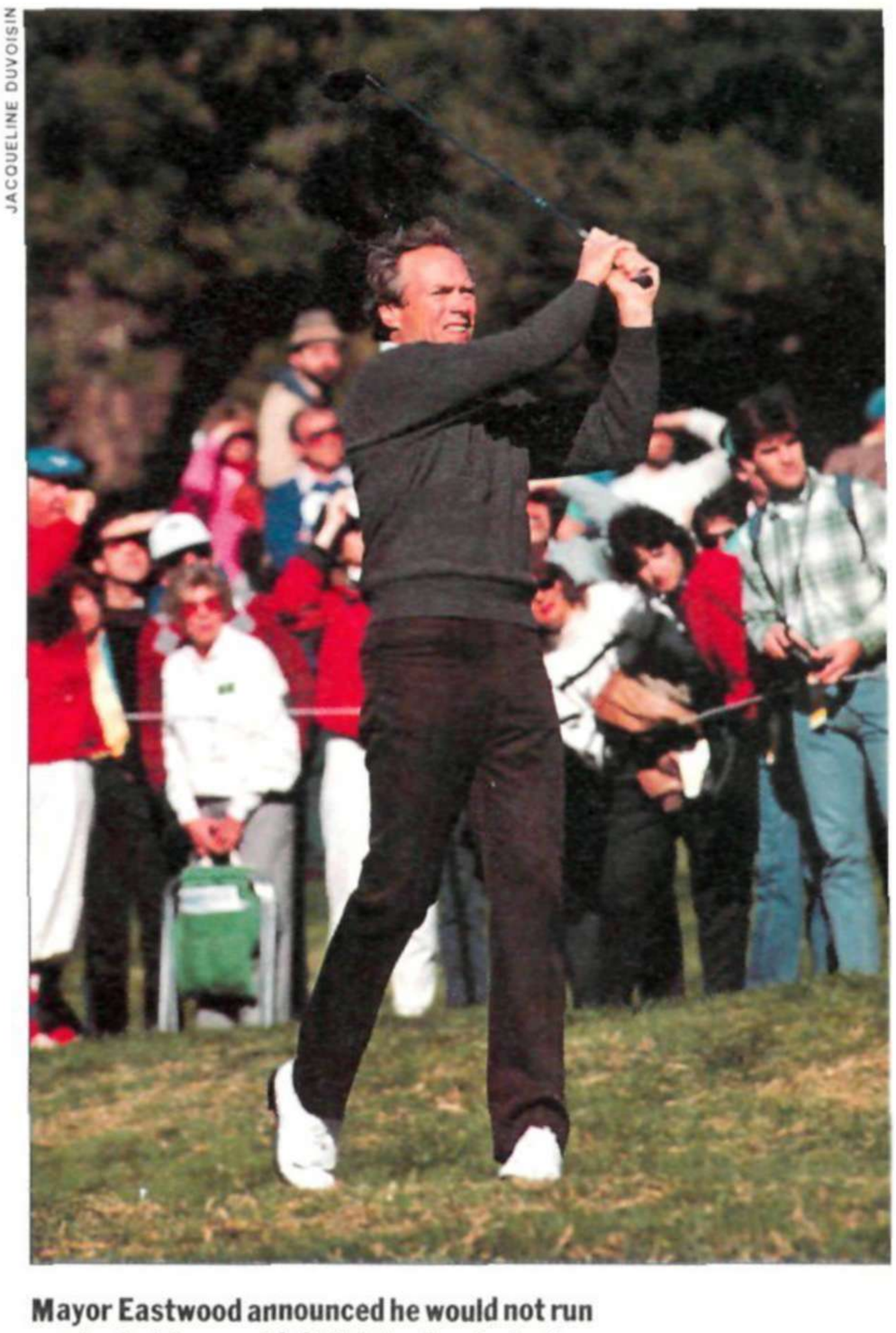
The first-round lead was shared by Jim Booros, Jim Gallagher and Mark Calcavecchia, who had 67s. On Friday, Jones exploded with a 64 at Cypress, which tied him with Calcavecchia at eight-under 136. On Saturday, Jones shot a solid 70 at Spyglass Hill for a 54-hole score of 206, which gave him a three-shot lead over Bernhard Langer and Craig Stadler. It was the first time Jones, 29, had ever led a tournament alone after three rounds. But he said he had gained confidence after his victory, with Jane Crafter, in the JC Penney Mixed Team Classic in December.

A former all-state high school basketball player in Colorado, Jones liked the pro-am format, in which every pro teams with an amateur for a competition that runs in conjunction with the main event. "I think that's why I might be playing well," he said. "It takes some of the pressure off to play for my partner." The team of Jones and Dr. James Rheim, a four handicapper, shot a 31-under-par 257, to finish just two back of winners Dan Pohl and Dan Marino (a long-hitting 16 handicapper).



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

It was news when Lewis switched from his harmonica to golf esoterica.



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Mayor Eastwood announced he would not run again, but he wouldn't think of not playing.

Jones had played explosive golf with 15 birdies and two eagles in the first 54 holes. "When I can minimize the bogeys, I usually play well," he said.

But Sunday, when the field returned to Pebble Beach for a second time, Jones began with bogeys—at the 3rd, 5th and 8th—and dropped three strokes behind Langer. He steadied himself in mid-round, one-putting six greens as Langer and Stadler fell back. Ahead, Tway birdied the 18th to finish with 280. After Jones bogeyed the 15th and 17th, then left his seven-footer short on 18, the two went to the 16th hole for the playoff.

"Win or lose, I knew I had played pretty well," said Jones. "And I had grinded it out all day. I've never looked at myself as a future great player. I'm skinny, and I don't feel that good when I hit the ball. But one thing God has given me is that grinding attitude."

Last week, that was enough to make a career blossom. ■

OLD ENEMY, NEW ENDING

Greg Haugen won revenge and the IBF lightweight crown from Vinny Pazienza

BY PAT PUTNAM

GREG HAUGEN ANSWERED THE telephone in his room at Caesars Hotel in Atlantic City at 8:04 p.m. Haugen's seven-year-old daughter, Jasmine, was calling from Las Vegas, where, because of the three-hour time difference, the telecast of Saturday's 15-round fight for the IBF lightweight title was just beginning. To many people in the West, Vinny Pazienza was still the champion. Jasmine knew that the fight was over but not that her father had reclaimed his title by unanimous decision.

"Hi, Honey. Did you dial this number all by yourself? You did?" said Haugen, the IBF champion of the East, Central and Mountain time zones. "Did you see me fight? Oh, it's just starting. Yeah, that's right. Well, I put the hurt on him. I broke his nose, and I messed up his eye. Yeah, I did good. Put Cassie on the telephone."

Cassie is Haugen's five-year-old daughter. There was a pause while the two sisters made the telephone transfer, then, "Hi, Cas. Daddy's coming home tomorrow. I got the belt back. I'm on TV now? How do I look?"

The answer to that last question from a ringside observer was: He looked unruffled and tough, sharp and savage, dominating and disciplined. Even Pazienza, who wrested the title from Haugen in a controversial decision last June 7, knew by the first round that he was in for a long and uncomfortable afternoon. "From the beginning he had my number," said Pazienza. "I could do nothing. I felt strong, and I wanted to knock him out. I didn't."

Haugen kept Pazienza off balance with his jab, but he dished out the hurt with his right.

The difference between the two fights was Haugen's jab, which was an indifferent weapon the first time around but one that he landed 160 times in the rematch. Haugen's jab hurt and confused Pazienza, and rendered him incapable of assembling combinations. "I couldn't stop the damn thing," said Pazienza, who, in fact, could stop almost nothing that his opponent threw. Pazienza's twice-broken nose was further rearranged by a hook in the fifth round, the upper lid of his left eye was ripped open (and closed afterward with 14 stitches) by a right hand in the ninth, and his face was swollen and bruised by 45 minutes of punishment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO

At the end, Pazienza looked much as he did after the first fight, which he was awarded in spite of taking a terrible battering. Haugen, now 21-1-1, is a solid puncher who nevertheless just can't seem to deliver a knockout blow. Fewer than half of his victories have been KOs.

Through the first nine rounds Pazienza's comanager and trainer, Lou Duva, screamed at his fighter to stop Haugen's punches. Pazienza, now 23–2 (he lost on a disputed TKO to Abdelkader Marbi in 1984), snapped at Duva just before going out for the 10th round: "I can't stop them, Lou. If you want them stopped, you go out and stop the goddam things."

"Oh. Well, you better knock him out then," replied Duva.

"I'm trying," said Pazienza. "I can't do that either."

Across the way, Haugen, much quicker and stronger than in the June fight, grinned at them both. There is genuine animosity between the two camps, although there was little of the prefight fireworks that went off during their first meeting in Providence, a stone's throw from Pazienza's hometown of Cranston.

"Duva threatened me there," said Haugen. "All I said was that I had ordered a stretcher to carry Vinny out of the ring; that I had ordered a stretcher to carry Vinny's father, Angelo, out of the ring; and that I had ordered *two* stretchers to carry Duva out of the ring, because he's so fat. Then Duva said if I won I'd

never get out of Providence alive. Now I consider that a threat. By the 13th round in that fight I wasn't thinking about Vinny; I was wondering how I was going to get out of town."

This time the closest the two fighters came to exchanging heated words was at a press conference after Haugen said, innocently enough, that he was there to reclaim his championship belt.

"The only belt you are going to get is the one I give you after the fight," said Duva. "My own cowboy belt."

"I can use that to tow my car," replied Haugen with a glance at Duva's waistline. Then Pazienza threw a red pacifier down before his seated challenger. "Here," he said. "Instead of crying after the fight, you can suck on this."

Tame stuff, that. Nobody even raised a threatening fist. Pazienza, no doubt, was more concerned with his own weight. He was carrying 160 pounds at Christmas, and he had cut that to 143, eight pounds over the lightweight limit, four days before the fight. His diet for the last month was mostly liquid.

At the press conference two days before the fight, Angelo spotted his son slipping four chocolate-covered cherries into his pockets. "What are you doing?"

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

HANDS OF STONE, BELLY OF JELLY

Duran stuck it to Stackhouse, but the flabby ex-champ is courting injury and humiliation.

UNLIKE CHEESE AND WINE, prizefighters, even the great champions, do not get zestier with advancing age. Joe Louis, who was hammered by Rocky Marciano at 37, and Muhammad Ali, who at 38 suffered a similar fate at the hands of Larry Holmes, proved that you can't shave away the years with an old blade. And recently Holmes, himself now 38, was destroyed in less than four rounds by 21-year-old Mike Tyson. Now approaching the same fate is Roberto Duran, perhaps the greatest lightweight champion ever, but at 36 carrying too many years and too many pounds.

Certainly Duran can make a relatively safe living fighting the likes of Ricky Stackhouse, a journeyman middleweight with a 19–6 record, whom the former champ whacked rather handily last Friday night to win a 10-round decision in Atlantic City. Duran weighed in at 162 pounds, and even he admitted afterward that he wasn't in the best of condition and fought with uncharacteristic caution.

Duran said that he had trained only a month for the fight, had come down from 190 pounds, and that he was content to earn $30,000 by going a soft 10 rounds. Now a soft 10 rounds against Stackhouse is one thing, but there is talk of sending the Hands of Stone against Mike McCallum in April—should McCallum dethrone WBA middleweight champion Sumbu Kalambay on March 5—and that should be cause for consternation.

This is not the Duran who won the lightweight championship from Ken Buchanan in 1972 and the WBC welterweight title from Sugar Ray Leonard in 1980. Nor is it the Duran who won the WBA junior middleweight championship from Davey Moore in 1983. This is an old fighter, slow of hand, of foot and of reflex.

Since winning his third championship, he has lost a 15-round decision to Marvelous Marvin Hagler and has been knocked out by Tommy Hearns. He spent 1985 in retirement, and since Jan. 31, 1986 has won five fights against nonentities and has lost a 10-round decision to Robbie Sims, an unprepossessing 28-year-old middleweight contender.

Duran will be 37 on June 16; the 89 professional wars (and not even he knows how many street battles) and the thousands of rounds of hard sparring and fast living are etched deeply

By the 12th round, Duva knew that his game but battered boxer had to go for a knockout.

Angelo cried in alarm. "Aw, I'm not going to eat them," Vinny replied. "I just want to carry them in my pocket until after the weigh-in." Pazienza was less than happy when his father confiscated the miniature sweets.

After the weigh-in for the first fight, Pazienza had gorged himself on green apples, bananas, raisins and juices, and was almost sidelined by a crippling attack of diarrhea. This time Duva had imported Tim Hallmark, Pazienza's conditioning coach in Houston, to supervise his charge's prefight food intake.

Under Hallmark's watchful eye, the champion dined sparingly after Friday night's weigh-in on bland noodles, green apples and a powdered fluid supplement mixed with water. On Saturday, the menu was lean turkey, oatmeal, one dry pancake and wheat toast. "He wanted to put syrup on his pancake," said Hallmark. "But that is why I was there, to slap his hand."

"What a terrible diet," said Haugen, who came in lean and strong after undergoing a conditioning program designed by Las Vegas physical therapist Keith Kleven, Larry Holmes's former fitness coach. As a result, while Pazienza's plate was nearly empty, in the days leading up to the fight Haugen dined on linguini and clams, spaghetti with meat sauce, eggplant, and eggs Benedict, and consumed a large bowl of strawberries just before the bout.

Pazienza saw destiny in his diet. "I was sick before the first fight," he said, "and because I was weak it made me box more, and I won. This time I felt strong, and I thought I could knock him out. I had no defense, and defense is an important part of my game. Lou told me to jab, but I didn't use my head. I have no excuses. He fought an excellent fight, and I didn't fight well at all."

The officials agreed with Pazienza. Two judges, Stuart Winston and Gary Merritt, scored the fight 147–138, while judge Lynne Carter had it closer, but not by much, at 145–140.

"I think a big difference was that while Pazienza hadn't had a fight since last June, Greg was not afraid to take a tune-up fight to stay sharp," said Haugen's manager, Wes Wolfe. On Dec. 16 Haugen stopped Derrick McGuire, a 14–5 fighter, in the sixth round. For that he earned just $5,000.

"It certainly wasn't the money," said Wolfe, laughing. "Sure we knew that we were risking a $140,000 payday and another shot at the title. But as Greg said, 'If I can't beat this guy, I don't deserve a fight with Pazienza.' And it took him three rounds [against McGuire] to shake the rust out. Rust that you didn't see against Pazienza."

At 11 p.m. in Atlantic City, Haugen and his friends were dining at a restaurant called Orsatti's. The TV fight had finally hopscotched across the country, and Haugen was the IBF champion everywhere. In Las Vegas, tired but content, Jasmine and Cassie were going to bed. ■

Haugen lost his IBF belt in Pazienza territory, but he snatched it back on neutral turf.

nto his features. Even the fierce eyes ıave softened. But, he says, "I was ›orn to fight. I do not know what else o do."

Then there are his troubles with the RS, which is holding $2 million of his ›urses pending settlement of tax probems. Carlos Eleta, Duran's former nanager, insists that any unpaid taxes ›n past earnings should be paid by proıoter Don King. Eleta says it was his ınderstanding that King had deducted he appropriate taxes from Duran's ›urses. King, needless to say, sees hings differently. "I'll pay them," says King, "right after it snows in Panama. Let Eleta pay them if he feels so trongly about it."

Why all the fuss? asks Duran. "I just vant to be the first man to win titles n four divisions," he said after the Stackhouse fight. "I don't count Thomas Hearns. Who did Hearns ever ›eat?"

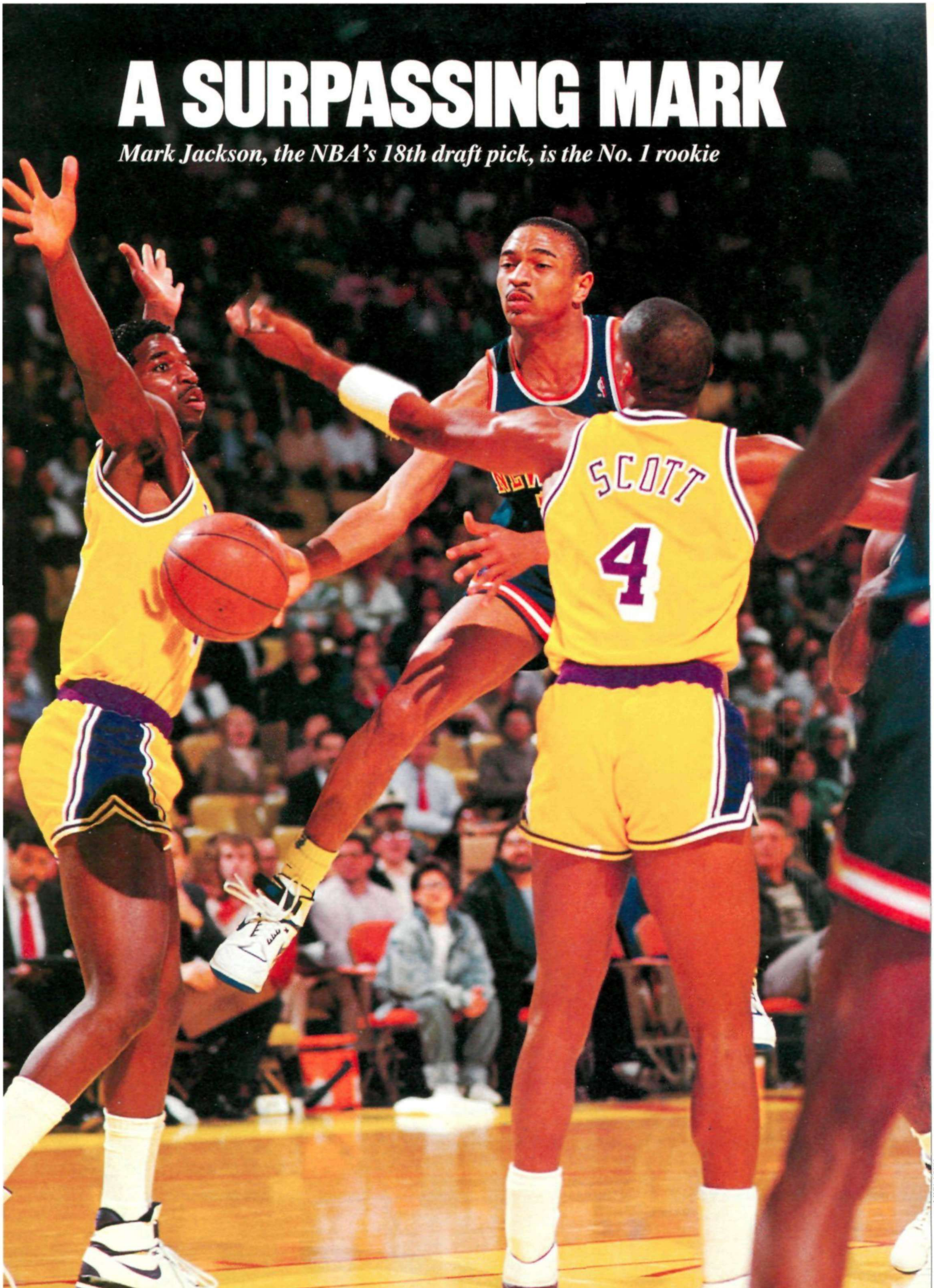
On June 15, 1984, Hearns knocked ›ut Duran in two rounds. It was a juıior middleweight title fight.

No matter, says Duran, who claims hat he didn't expect that fight to hap›en and that 17 days before it he veighed 188 pounds, 34 over the junior niddleweight limit. "I don't count that ›ne," he says.

Duran may not be counting his osses, but he ought to be worried about he kind of counting that a referee loes. Over him. —PAT PUTNAM

A SURPASSING MARK

Mark Jackson, the NBA's 18th draft pick, is the No. 1 rookie



ANDY HAYT

BY HANK HERSCH

MARK JACKSON SLIDES A JAZZ tape into his car stereo and accelerates to the pace of his fellow New Yorkers on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Though the rainy winter morning is more dreary than dreamy, Jackson reflects on what he has just left behind: his family's two-story brick house in Queens, where he has lived since he was seven and where he still shares a room with his kid brother. Then he muses over what lies ahead: Madison Square Garden, where, as a 22-year-old rookie point guard, he will lead the New York Knicks onto the floor that afternoon against the Atlanta Hawks. Life is happily warped like that for Jackson these days: Roll out of your boyhood bed, hop into your black BMW 735i and head into your lifelong fantasy.

In a blink, it seems, Jackson's Catholic Youth Organization wish has become NBA reality. The hometown Knicks gambled on him, calling his name in the first round of the draft, right there in front of his friends and family, and then early in the season peddled one veteran playmaker and waived another so he could run the team. Now his shrewd play and spectacular passing have put him at the top of this season's rookie crop. Through last week, Jackson was averaging 12 points, 4.5 rebounds, 2.54 steals and, most notably, 10 assists a game. His feeding frenzy is threatening the rookie mark for assists (690) that was established 27 years ago by Oscar Robertson.

When Jackson reaches the Garden, it's as if he has left his living room and dribbled over to the park around the corner. As the Martin Luther King Day crowd files in, teachers from P.S. 136, the elementary school Jackson attended, and friends from his junior high, I.S. 74, approach him easily and offer encouragement. An usher he has known since his days at St. John's corners him and rambles on about a current Redman's predilection for gold neck chains. While Jackson's parents, Harry and Marie, settle in near courtside, Mark's 15-year-old brother and roommate, Troy, performs one of his jobs as a Knicks ball boy: pushing a mop under one of the baskets.

Jackson knows that most rookies would get tied up in knots operating in front of so many familiar faces. "People said there would be a lot of pressure on me, a kid from New York City," he says. "But I said, This is going to be a lot of fun. I'm going to come here ready every day to play, because I have a reason. There are 20,000 people expecting me to do the job, and that's what I want."

By this midseason game against Atlanta, the Garden fans, even those who don't know him personally, have come to expect that Jackson will, at the very least, keep the Knicks in the game—and perhaps even get them a victory. Jackson is the first Knick introduced, which is coach Rick Pitino's way of assuring that the first cheer from the crowd won't be of the Bronx variety. Jackson draws an even more enthusiastic response from the Garden's denizens when, eight minutes into a nip-and-tuck first period, he patiently spearheads a three-on-two break, deftly drawing the defense toward him before peeling a pass off his right hip to Patrick Ewing for a thunder dunk. A moment later Jackson drills a three-point jumper to put the Knicks ahead.

Calmly taking on heavy responsibilities in front of the homefolks is old stuff for Jackson. During his four years at St. John's, the Redmen won 101 games and went 23–9 at the Garden. As a junior, Jackson set an NCAA season assist record of 328; as a senior he was the Big East Defensive Player of the Year and led the conference in three-point shooting accuracy (49.4%). Pitino, who coached Providence last season, beat St. John's three times in 1986–87 by gearing his game plan toward stopping Jackson. Still, the pro scouts weren't sold on Jackson; he's only 6′ 3″, and there were doubts about his speed afoot. Even Dick McGuire, New York's director of scouting services and a former St. John's playmaker, was among the skeptics. "Back then the quickness was a question, now it's not," says McGuire, who has already seen his own 38-year-old record for assists by a Knicks rookie (386) toppled by Jackson.

RONALD C. MODRA

Troy (left) is Mark's roommate and playmate at home, and a fellow Knicks' employee.

"In basketball, speed isn't important at all," Jackson says. "A great player like Larry Bird has basically no speed at all. The bottom line is getting your opponent at a disadvantage. I thought the scouts and the critics rated basketball players like they rated ice skaters—the pretty ones got the 10s. They weren't looking at the job I was doing and how I was doing it. I wasn't flashy, I was just getting it done. I can say this now because there's nothing they can do, but only one or two of the scouts actually know what they're talking about."

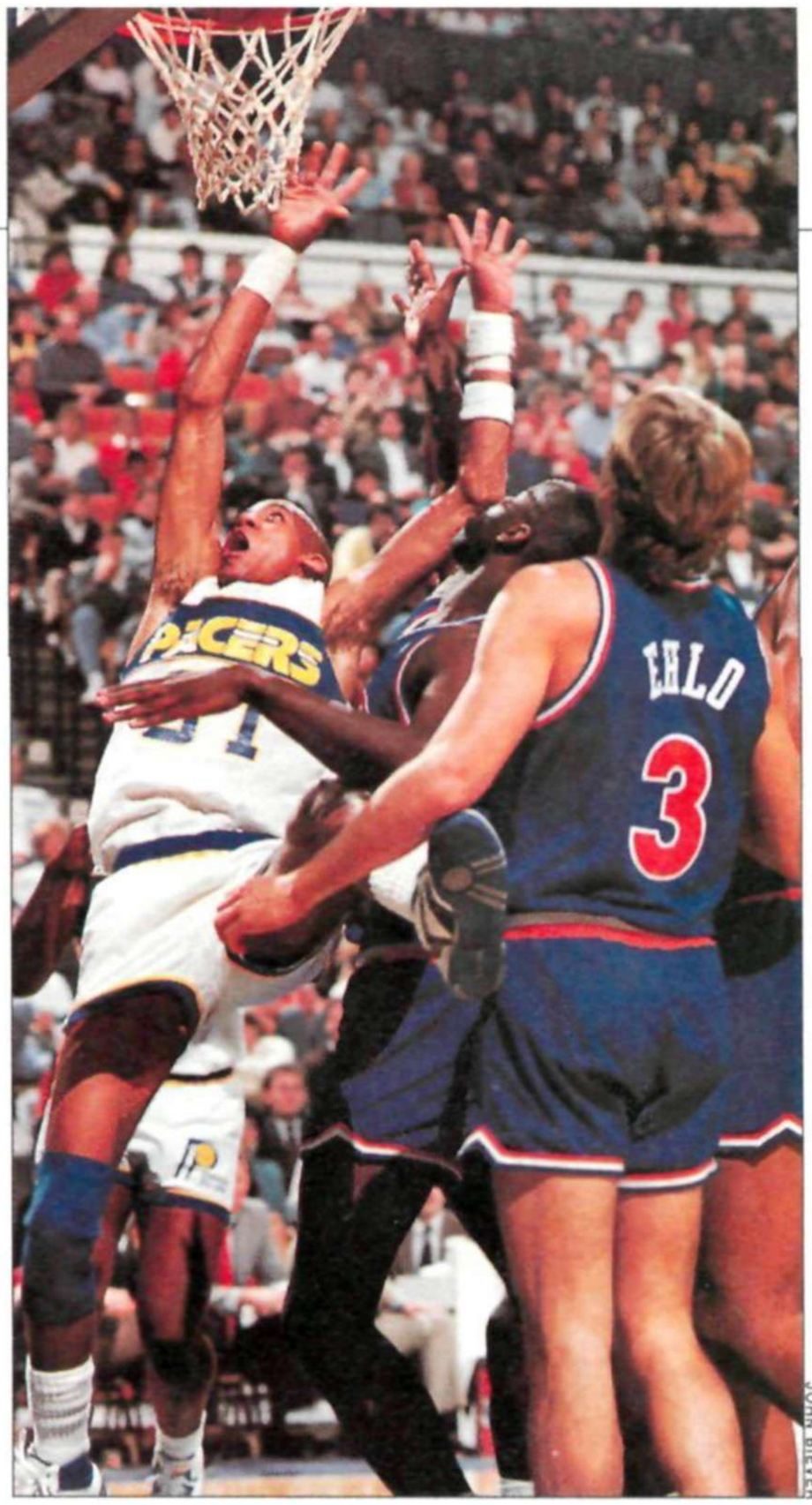
To those who know what they're talking about, add some 4,000 Knicks fans who, at the NBA draft in New York last

Given Jackson's penchant for passing, he could break the Big O's rookie assists mark.

June, chanted for their team to pick Jackson. When the Knicks' first choice, No. 18 overall, came up, three quicker point guards had already been plucked: North Carolina's Kenny Smith by Sacramento (No. 6), California's Kevin Johnson by Cleveland (No. 7) and Wake Forest's Tyrone (Muggsy) Bogues by Washington (No. 12). The gallery made it deafeningly, almost threateningly, clear whom the Knicks should take. "We want Mark!" the fans screamed for several minutes.

Says Jackson, "Next to graduating from St. John's [with a degree in communications], those five minutes from when the Portland Trail Blazers picked 17th [guard Ronnie Murphy from Jacksonville] until the New York Knicks chose me were the greatest five minutes of my life. I'm sitting there, the fans are screaming and chanting, and I'm ready to break down. I'm getting ready to cry, and all of a sudden Kenny Smith walks up and sits next to me. That's the only thing that saved me. He gave me a tremendous amount of support."

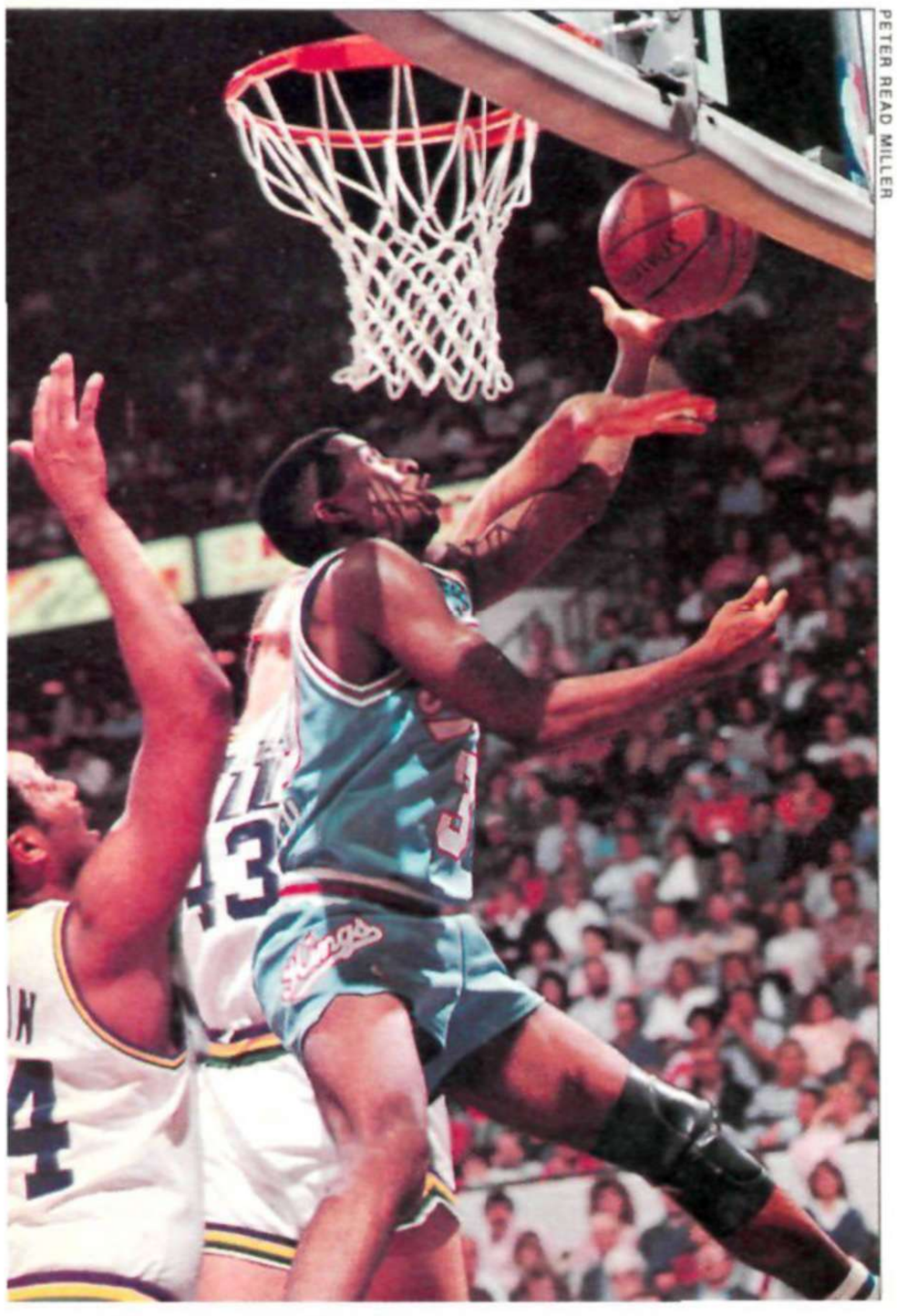
Smith, who's also from Queens, has emerged as Jackson's main rival for NBA Rookie of the Year. The two played point and counterpoint during their high school careers. Smith got the publicity at Archbishop Molloy, Jackson got the state title at Bishop Loughlin, but through it all they remained close friends.



JOHN BLEYER

Life is tough for Indiana's Miller when he ventures in from outside.

Smith is outscoring his boyhood pal from Queens in his first season with the Kings.



PETER READ MILLER

While some rookies are doing well playing limited roles this season—Indiana's Reggie Miller (11.0 points per game), Seattle wingman Derrick McKey (8.3 points), San Antonio's power post man Greg Anderson (4.8 rebounds) and the 5′ 4″ mighty mite, Bogues (6.2 assists)—only a handful have become effective starters. Phoenix forward Armon Gilliam is averaging 13.9 points and 7.6 rebounds after missing 27 games at the beginning of the season with a broken toe, and Golden State guard Winston Garland (12.0 points, 5.5 assists) got his chance to start when Chris Mullin left the Warriors for alcohol rehab on Dec. 19. Still, with the 1987 draft's No. 1 pick, David Robinson, serving the first of his two required years in the Navy, the New Yorkers—Smith and Jackson—have clearly been the class of the freshman class.

Smith, who missed 11 games because of a broken finger, is outscoring (13.7 to 12.0) and outshooting (47.9% to 43.6%) Jackson but trails him in assists (10.0 to 6.7), steals (2.54 to 1.2) and exposure. Jackson has won two of the three Rookie of the Month plaques awarded this season.

Nobody predicted so much success so soon for Jackson, but he's now way ahead of some of the more celebrated first-round draftees. The Nets' Dennis Hopson (the No. 3 pick) and the Clippers' Reggie Williams (No. 4) started for their teams early in the season, but each of these swingmen has shot less than 40% (and Williams is now on the injured list). It hasn't helped that they're on lousy teams and that neither seems comfortable on the floor. But the strongest candidate for Disappointment of the Year honors is Murphy, who was chosen just ahead of Jackson. He showed up at Portland's training camp out of shape, has at times been 10 to 12 pounds overweight, missed the first five weeks of the season with a stress reaction in his right foot, and was suspended for three weeks for failing to comply with a diet and training program ordered by the team. Through last week he was averaging 3.6 points in 41 minutes in his seven games.

So much for the No. 17 pick. As for No. 18, every game promises more wondrous passing feats. Jackson's presence has made a better player of Ewing, who is receiving passes—though not always catching them—the likes of which he hadn't seen in his two previous seasons with the Knicks. "It was comfortable playing with Mark right off the bat," Ewing says. Indeed, it was Jackson's self-assuredness on the court that gave the Knicks' brass the confidence to unload veteran playmakers Rory Sparrow, who was traded to Chicago, and Gerald Henderson, who was waived and then signed by Philadelphia. "It was evident, from day one, that when Mark stepped on the floor, we were a better team," Pitino says. "He made everyone else better, and that's rare for a rookie." Says

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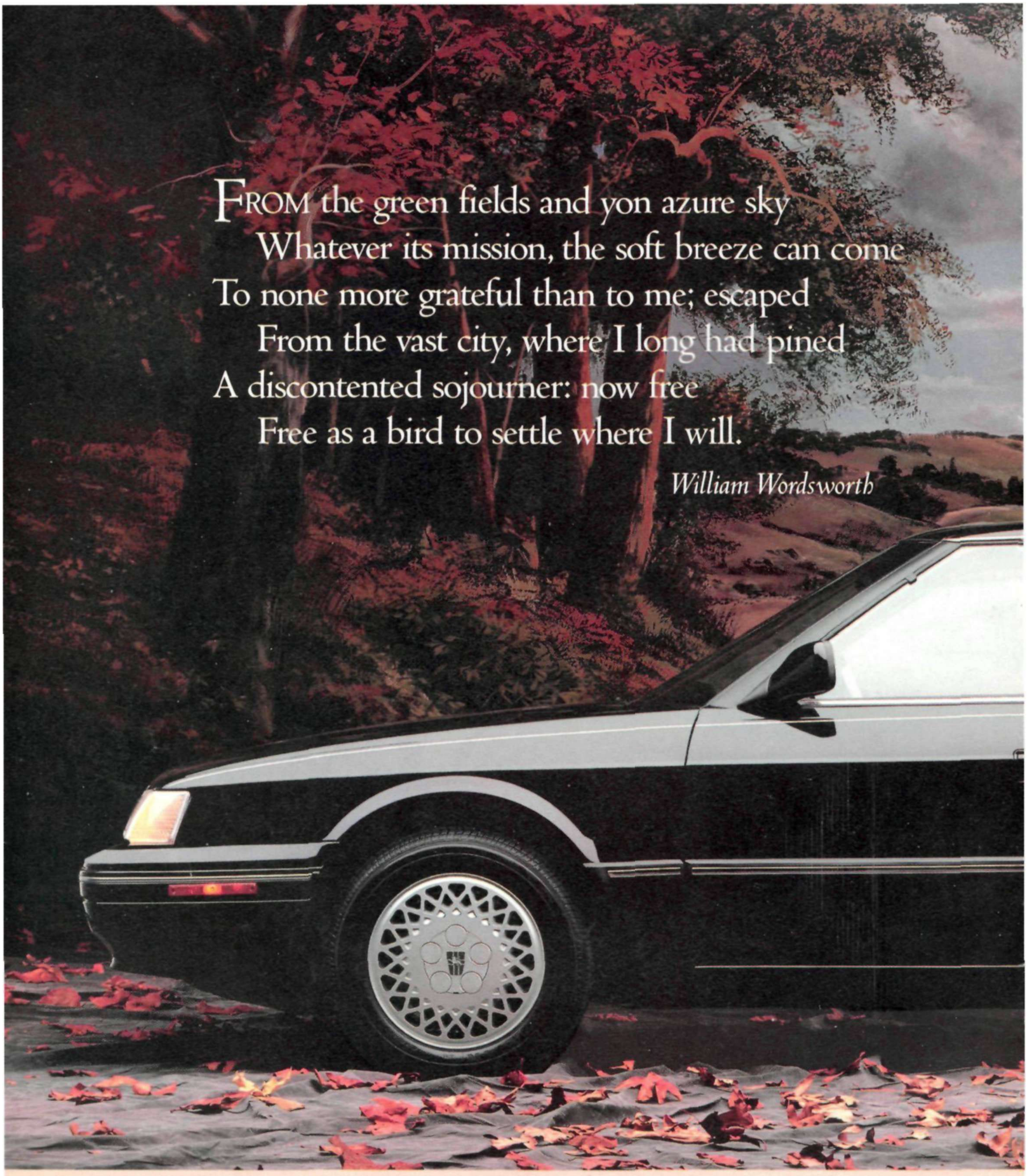
Michael Cooper

BUGLE BOY MEN



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Jackson's backcourt partner, Gerald Wilkins, "Mark came in and took over like he knew where to go, where to be, how to do it and when to do it."

Against the Hawks, the Central Division's first-place team, Jackson is matched against All-Star Glenn (Doc) Rivers, the kind of guard Jackson admires—unselfish, steady, a pro's pro, much like Jackson's boyhood idol, Walt Frazier. "He wasn't as flashy as Earl Monroe, who'd come down spinning, taking fadeaway jump shots," says Jackson. "Frazier was doing the job. I could see that as a youngster."

While Jackson's game has some Clyde-like qualities—the quick hands, the upright alertness, the cool—his style is all his own. He's a talker, for one thing, always exhorting teammates. He's also unflappable. "He's the type who could go oh for 12 and then want to shoot the game-winner," says Jack McKinney, the former Laker and Pacer coach who scouts part-time for the Clippers. In the half-court game, Jackson mainly patrols the perimeter, from where he can hit the jumper, whip an inside pass or burst toward the basket. "There's a difference between passing and delivering," McKinney says. "He delivers." When Jackson opts to penetrate, he holds on until the last, most perilous instant, taking the extra dribble to draw the defense to him, then resumes his drive or dishes to a cutter. "Great instincts," McKinney says. And when he has the ball in the open court, anticipation builds in the Garden. He'll pass blind, behind his back or backward, to the wing or toward the basket, or he'll fake any one of those and do another—or come up with something completely new. "He's absolutely fabulous on the break," says McKinney.

In the third period against Atlanta, as Jackson begins a rush upcourt with Knicks on both his flanks, he has already imagined how the play would develop. "As soon as I get the ball, it's sort of like I take a picture of where everybody is, who looks like they're busting out of the lane, and I just have a sense of where they'll be," he says. It's easy to imagine the wheels turning inside his closely cropped noggin (the source of his nickname, Chuckie, for Charlie Brown) as he arrives at the top of the key. As the two Hawks defenders retreat to protect the hoop, Jackson pauses and rocks back slightly, drawing them outward a step or two and giving his wingmen a little more time and space to dart toward the basket. With an alarming suddenness, Jackson throws a righthanded bounce pass through the defense to Wilkins, who gathers it in for a dunk, gets fouled and makes a three-point play. Jackson's bit of divine invention gives New York an 82–75 lead.

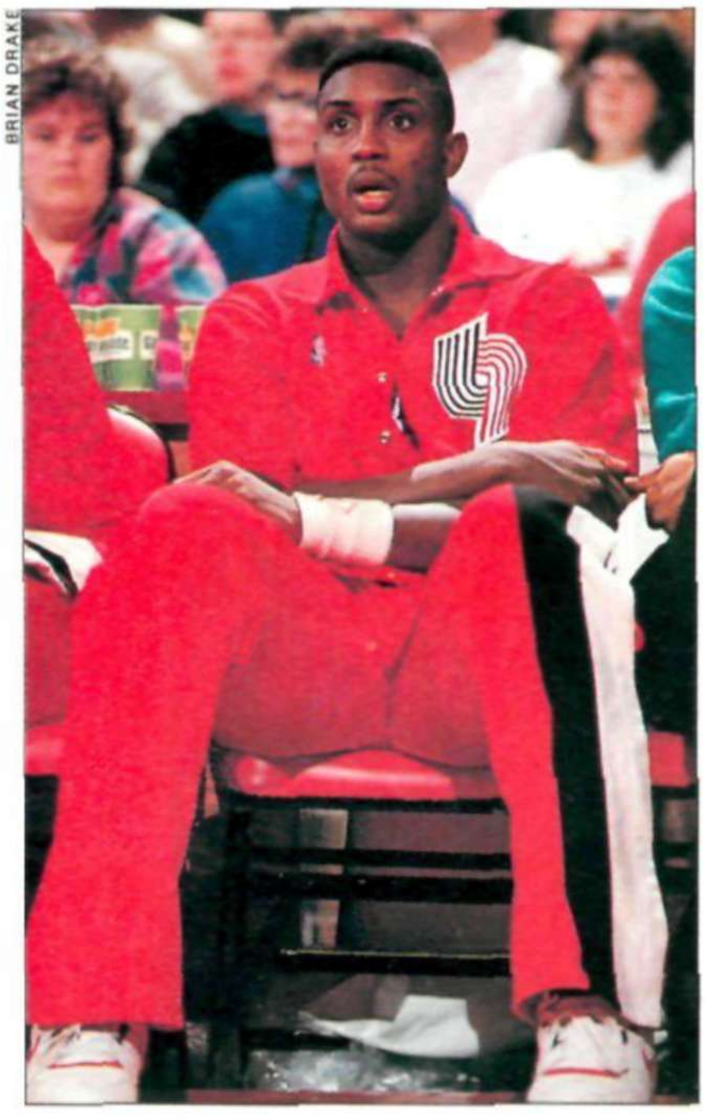
On defense the frisky Knicks trap and scrap; when they have the ball, under Jackson's guidance, they play with poise. With New York ahead 105–99 and 1:06 to play, he's fouled. At the line, he goes into the odd preshot ritual he has performed since he was a teenager. He extends his right arm toward the basket and sights the hoop between his thumb and forefinger, which are held about half an inch apart. "Someone told me just to visualize the rim and the ball going in," Jackson says. He misses both shots, which is unusual for him; he's a 70.3% shooter from the line.

The Knicks hold on to win 110–102, for one of the 15 victories they've had in 23 Garden games so far this season. (They were a wretched 1–20 on the road at the All-Star break and stood fourth in the Atlantic Division.) While Rivers finishes with 13 points and 10 assists in 31 minutes, Jackson plays 43 minutes and gets the first triple-double of his career—11 points, 13 assists and 10 rebounds—and the first by a Knick in three seasons. The New York press corps descends on Jackson afterward. There are questions about why he's so much more productive at home, an allusion to a recent suggestion by a writer that Jackson's assist totals were being padded at the Garden, a charge that Bootsy Dunn, a Knicks' stat man for 20 years, hotly denies. (The controversy fizzled on a subsequent road swing, when Jackson outdished Magic Johnson 16–8 and the Kings' Smith 12–5.) The hint of homerism is bugging Jackson, but he tells the assemblage with a smile, "Now you'll start questioning my rebounds."

This guy's a natural. It's as if Jackson were the Big Apple's gift to itself. He makes his fellow New Yorkers happy, his Knicks teammates happy, even the press happy. Now all he has to do is hope that the Knicks can land a few more players as talented, comfortable and forward-looking as he is. "If we played every game at home," Jackson tells the press, "we might be the champions." You've got to hand it to him. He's still dreaming. ■

JERRY WACHTER

The Bullets hoped for more than a little role-playing when they drafted Bogues No. 12.



BRIAN DRAKE

Portland's Murphy, the 17th pick, is sitting proof that drafting isn't an exact science.

This Mouth Talks Back

Al Michaels is one of the best sportscasters on TV. And don't dare tell him otherwise

BY FRANZ LIDZ

AL MICHAELS, THE PRINCIPAL mouth of ABC Sports, was already doing play-by-play when he was 10 years old. In the family living room in Brooklyn he would turn down the sound on the TV and call the action for the benefit of his brother and sister and mother and father and, sometimes, just himself. Michaels liked to describe things out loud. Later, after the Michaels family moved to Los Angeles, he would follow the gardener, Mr. Miomoto, and shout: "He's put down the rake, and now he's grabbed the hose. . . ." Or stalk Josephina, the housekeeper, "She's turned on the vacuum cleaner and is *cleaning under the sofa* . . . ." In the style of Clem McCarthy calling the Kentucky Derby, he would even broadcast the contents of the refrigerator: "The milk is frozen, salami is loose in the meat tray and lettuce is crisp in the cooler. Mom pulls out ahead to defrost the freezer. . . ."

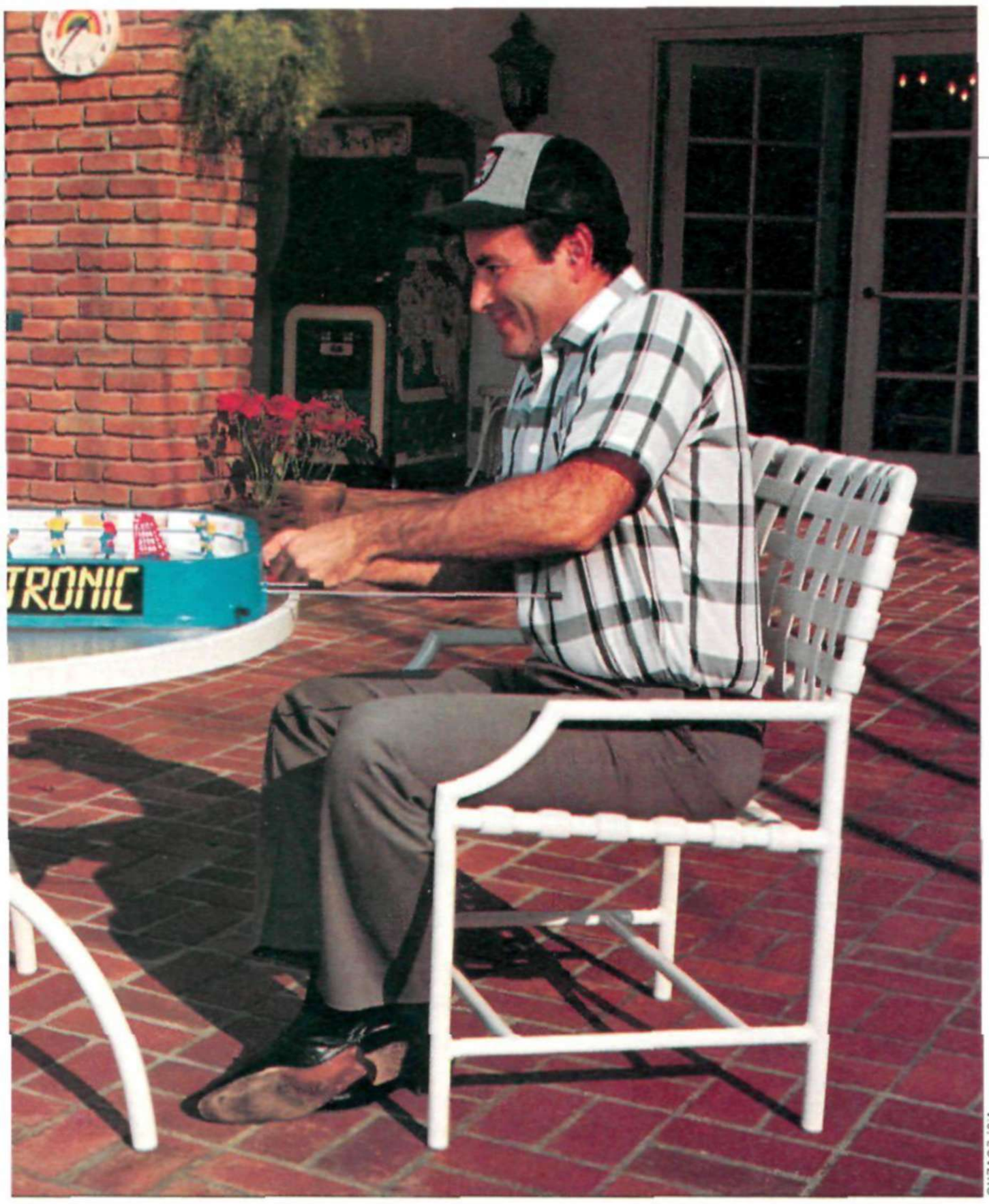
Now 43, Michaels is no more repressible than he was at 10 and he's still talking about everything that passes before his eyes. As ABC's No. 1 announcer on both Monday night baseball and football, Michaels gets more prime-time exposure than Spuds MacKenzie. He presided over last year's World Series and this year's Super Bowl. This week he heads for Calgary to cover hockey at the Olympics. It was at Lake Placid in 1980, when the U.S. team upset the Soviet Union, that Michaels uttered his six most famous words: "Do you believe in miracles? *Yes!*"

Upon that slim foundation, Michaels built the edifice of his national reputation. In the years since, he has solidified his position in the play-by-play pantheon not only with memorable phrases but also with overarching perfectionism. "Al is inquisitive, knowledgeable and incredibly well-prepared," says Dan Dierdorf, his wisecracking partner on *Monday Night Football*. "I don't know what his IQ is, but it's probably only a couple of points lower than mine."

Brains he may have, but to get where he is today, Michaels also needed a lot of tolerance, patience and endurance. He suffered the ignominy of getting fired as a rookie color man by the Los Angeles Lakers. He weathered seven years as ABC's second banana on baseball. He even outlasted his old sidekick, Howard Cosell, after five years of in-house guerrilla warfare.

Michaels won an Emmy last year as the outstanding sports host, and he's a host in the broadest sense. He does everything on TV but mix drinks and pass out hors d'oeuvres. When his colleagues on football telecasts spin off like runaway offensive guards in unexpected directions, Michaels comes up with the unifying move. "With some play-by-play guys, you say something you think demands a response and the thought just dies and painfully drifts away," says Dierdorf. "With Al, that never happens. One of the things he does best is listen."

In a profession full of people who can't keep their mouths shut, Michaels has developed a nice sense of when to let the pictures do the talking. He doesn't one-up his partners or feel threatened when they say something moderately intelligent. And he avoids burdening viewers with endless trivia, such as how



V.J. LOVERO

Anyone—even brother David (left)—who tries to get puckish with Al better watch out.

long a kicker's toenails are or who first toilet trained a shortstop. Michaels likes to stay ahead of the game and predict what's going to happen next. He also has phenomenal recall. His younger brother, David, a producer for CBS Sports, calls it "Al's manic insanity."

"In 1957 our dad took us to all of Army's home football games," David says. "Years later Al said to me, 'All right, Army versus Colgate, late in the second quarter, Army's ball. Carpenter splits right. Which way did he run?'

" 'I don't remember.'

" 'You don't *remember*?' "

Michaels can recount entire baseball games he watched in 1959. He didn't just collect baseball cards, he memorized them. He would get other kids to test him, and he was rarely wrong.

Even today Michaels has an insatiable appetite for information. Each morning he reads the sports sections of seven newspapers. During baseball season, he watches games picked up by his satellite dish at his home in Brentwood, Calif., as soon as he wakes up in the morning, before he goes to sleep and much of the time in between. If this sounds compulsive, it is. He has also kept a log of every mile he has ever flown, including the city of origin, the final destination and any stops along the way. At the moment his total exceeds 2.3 million miles.

For a guy who spends so much time in and on the air, Michaels is pretty down-to-earth. His rolling-thunder voice is clipped and urgent, like that of someone calling his bookie just before post time at the Kentucky Derby. Indeed, he may have acquired this style going to the races with his mother, Lila, when he was a teenager. Sometimes she would even pull him out of school, telling the principal Al had to go to the dentist. "I didn't want to be one of those mothers who felt guilty because they didn't take their sons to the track," she says.

Young Al handicapped horses from newspapers and the *Daily Racing Form*. His parents bet for him and would give him 10% of the earnings when they won. "We really cheated the kid," says Lila. "He was a great handicapper." Al got some of the money back when his folks sent him to Arizona State. But he didn't give up betting. His journalism professor liked a little action, too, so they would get together before class to see if there was anything going at Turf Paradise. "If we liked something," says Michaels, "he'd end class early so we could make the first race."

Michaels spent the first 13 years of his life in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, a mile from Ebbets Field, the home of the Dodgers. His father, Jay, later a TV executive who helped package *Battle of the Network Stars* and *The Challenge of the Sexes*, was then a talent agent in Manhattan. An avid sports fan, he took his sons to virtually every competitive event in New York.

Michaels was five when he saw his first Dodger game. He doesn't remember who the Bums' starting pitcher was, but he knows that Del Rice of the Cardinals hit the winning home run. "While my Dad watched the game," he says, "I watched Red Barber in the booth."

When Al was 12, he saw 69 of the Dodgers' 77 home games. He didn't even have to skip school to do it—he was on a half-day schedule. But Michaels didn't follow just the Dodgers; he listened to lots of Giants and Yankees games as well. Almost every night, he went to sleep with his radio tuned to out-of-town broadcasts from places like Boston, Chicago and St. Louis. "I loved the purity of the competition," he says. "You never quite knew what would happen. It wasn't likely someone would hit four homers or throw a no-hitter, but it was always possible." Michaels still approaches each game with that same hope-for-the-no-hitter enthusiasm.

In 1958, the year the Dodgers went west, Jay was transferred to Los Angeles. Al was set on broadcasting, so, in 1962, he applied to Arizona State, which was also a pretty good baseball school. When Michaels was there, Sal Bando played third base and Reggie Jackson and Rick Monday were in the outfield. Al was sports editor of the school paper, and an announcer for KASN, the campus radio station. "It was slightly more powerful than an orange juice can and a string," he says. "You could only pick it up in the boiler room of the girls' dorm."

By the time Michaels got out of col-

lege, in 1966, he had worked more than 300 Sun Devils football, basketball and baseball games. Lila, a contestant coordinator for TV game shows, helped get him a job as a gofer with *The Dating Game*. After a while, Al was promoted to the job of selecting the female contestants for the game. But that's as far as he got. Before he joined the show, he had married his high school sweetheart, Linda Stamaton.

Michaels sent the Los Angeles Kings an audition tape, which landed on the desk of Alan Rothenberg, who was then vice-president of both the Kings and the Lakers. Rothenberg happened to be looking for a color analyst to pair up with Lakers radio and television announcer Chick Hearn, who had been a one-man show ever since the team arrived in Los Angeles in 1960. "I put on Al's tape and flipped," Rothenberg recalls. "He sounded like a mini–Vin Scully."

Rothenberg put Michaels in the booth with the then 50-year-old Hearn, who preferred to work alone and wasn't about to make room for a 22-year-old fresh out of the Arizona desert. For the first six games of the 1967–68 season, Michaels did the halftime scoring summary on radio and nothing on TV. "By then I'd figured out my role," he says. "They were bringing me along slowly."

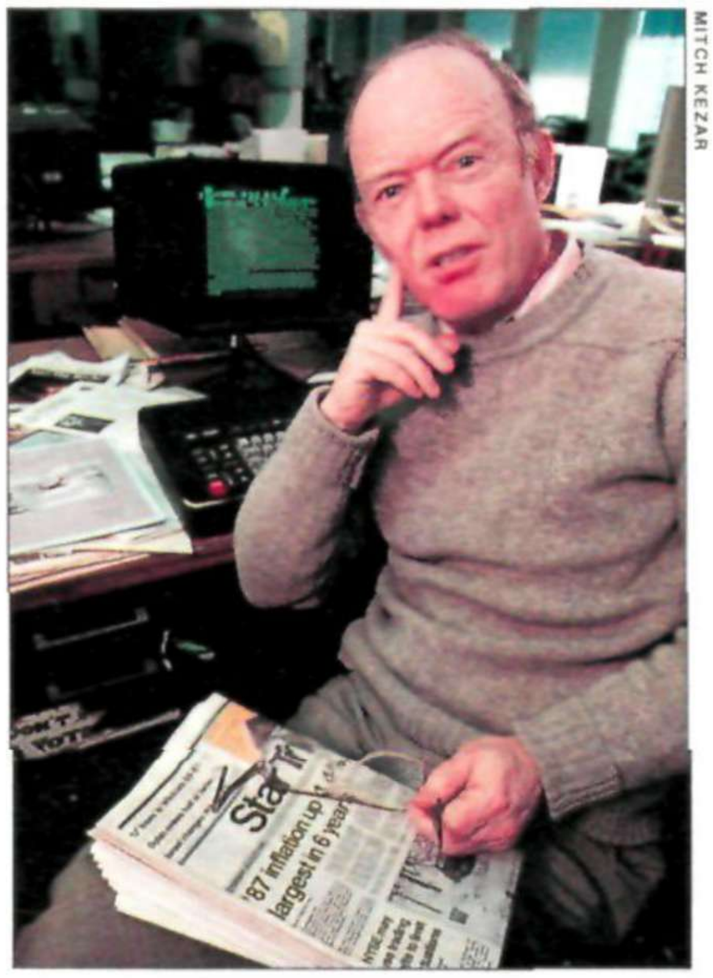
But Michaels was apparently doing too much to suit Hearn. As the Lakers were about to leave for their second road trip, Rothenberg remembers Hearn saying, "If the kid gets on the plane, I ain't."

Michaels was at the airport, his bags already loaded, when he got word to call the Lakers office. "Don't get on the plane," Rothenberg told him. Michaels was shattered. "I was ready to commit suicide," he says, "when I thought, How am I going to get my bags off that plane?" He remembers a panicky moment when he didn't know if the bags would come off the plane or wind up revolving endlessly on a carousel in Boston.

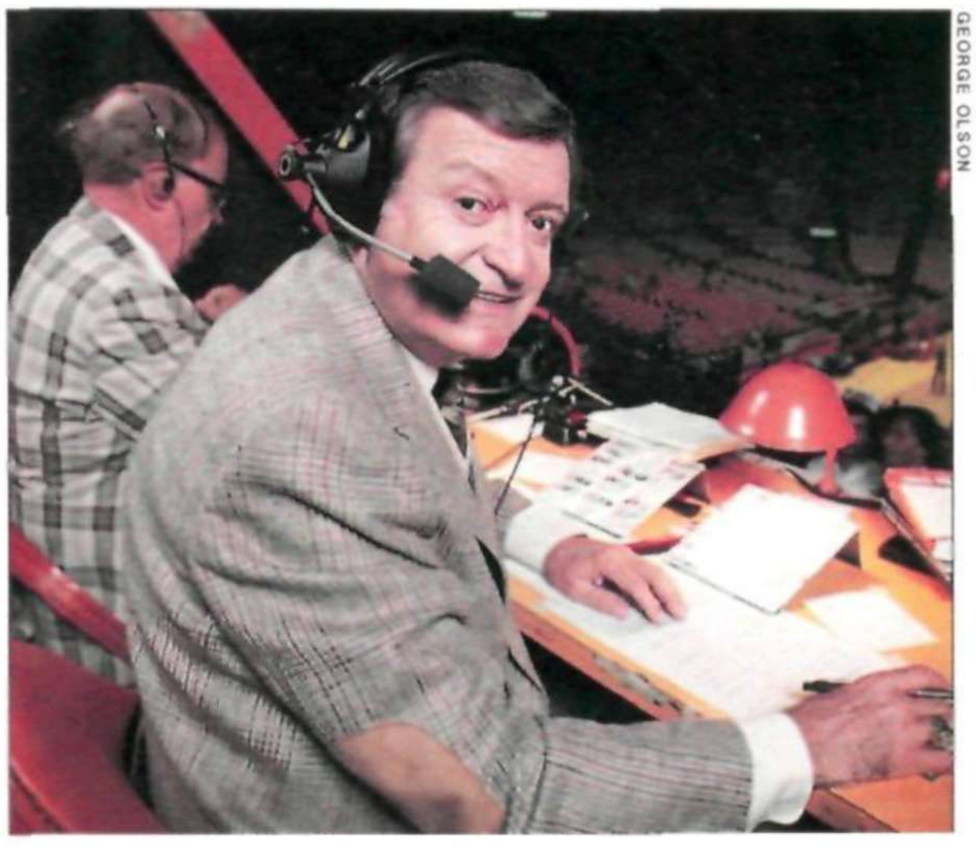
Twenty years later Michaels is still bitter. "I've been told that Chick says he gave me my break," he says. "The truth is he almost broke my spirit. Here I was at 22 ascending to a position that had seemed unascendable and—*boom*—it blows up in my face. What truly upsets me is that I was used and pretty much abused to grease Chick. I became a sacrificial lamb."

STEVE FENN/ABC

Michaels called Cosell a "despicable human being," excoriated Lundegaard (below) via satellite and was spurned by Hearn.



MITCH KEZAR



GEORGE OLSON

Michaels went home and moped. For the first and last time in his life he was speechless. "It's the only time I've ever doubted myself," he says. "It's as low as I've ever been." But Michaels has too big an ego to hang back for very long. "I wanted to show the Lakers up, to put it mildly," he says. "Five years later I was doing the World Series on TV. It wasn't lost on them."

After being dropped by the Lakers, Michaels went back to selecting bachelorettes. Jack Stamaton, his father-in-law, who was the owner of a vending machine company, invited him along on a business trip to Hawaii, where Michaels picked up a job doing play-by-play for the Hawaii Islanders baseball team of the Pacific Coast League. He did all 146 Islanders games, re-creating those on the road just as the young Dutch Reagan had done Cub games years before. "I might have stayed there a long time," he says, "if I hadn't had other goals."

Michaels had set those goals when he was 15. He wanted to be the No. 1 announcer for a major league baseball team by the time he was 25. And by 30 he planned to have done the World Series on national television and be earning a six-figure income. "I lived in fear of never accomplishing those things," he says. "And then all of a sudden. . . ."

He got a job with the Cincinnati Reds, who loved the demo tapes Michaels had sent them. He was 25. In 1972 the Big Red Machine obliged him by winning the pennant. Michaels helped call the Series for NBC. He had completed two of his three life goals before he was 28. He made it to six figures in '74 when he left the Reds' broadcasting booth for that of the San Francisco Giants.

With his smart, cocky glossi-

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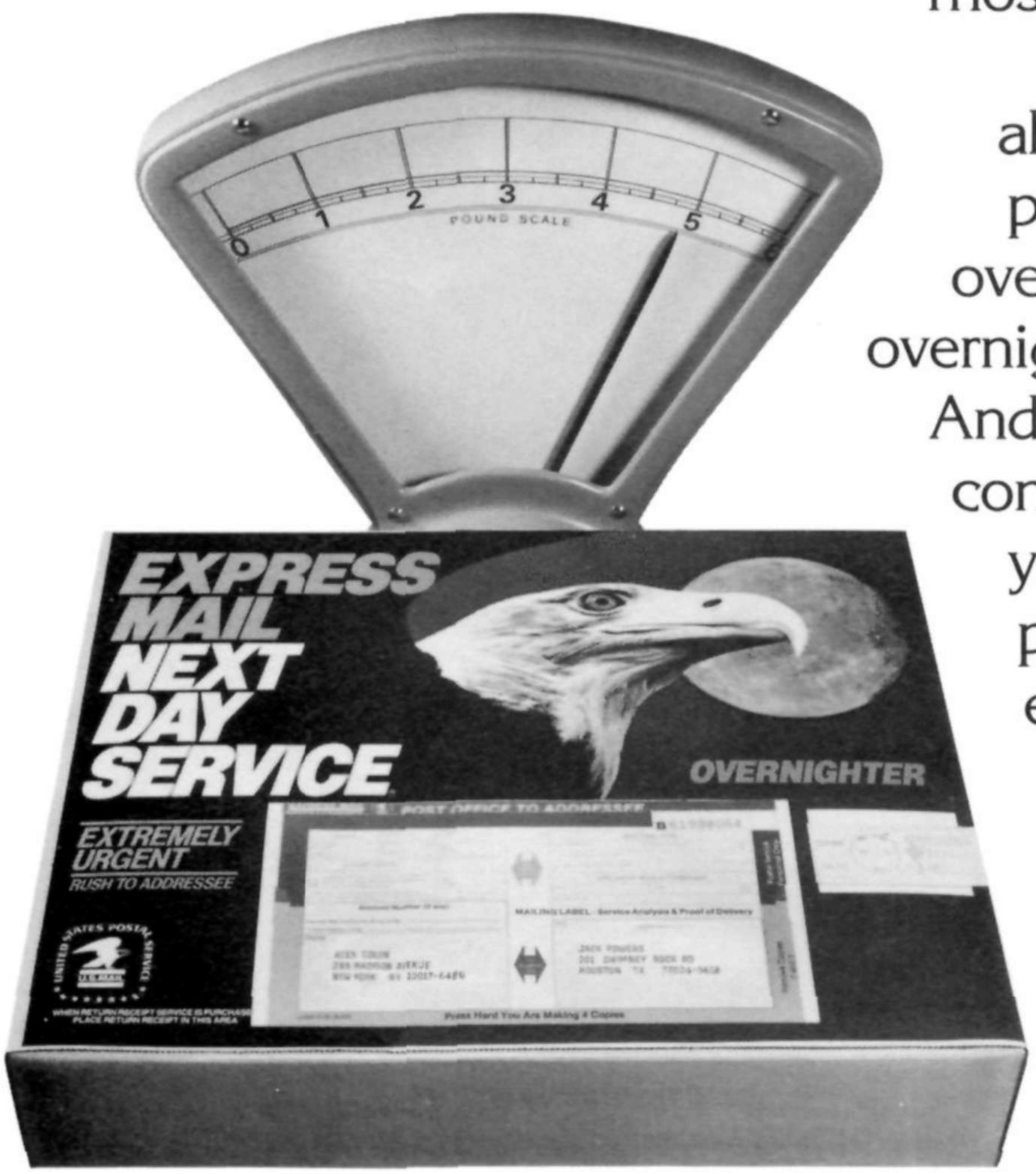

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V.J. LOVERO

Steve, Linda and Jennifer 20 years after "The Dating Game."

ness, Michaels was such an obvious big league prospect that ABC signed him in 1976. The network assigned him to *Wide World of Sports*; he got to cover motorcycles on ice in West Germany, cliff diving in Acapulco and barrel jumping in Northbrook, Ill. "I didn't expect to be stuck with those events," he says. "The frustration came in that things just weren't moving. I didn't want that stuff to become my legacy."

Even the six-word miracle at the 1980 Olympics left him unsatisfied. After seven years at ABC he was still playing understudy to Keith Jackson, the smooth, folksy football commentator who was badly miscast doing baseball. One day in '83 Michaels stormed into the office of Jim Spence, then the No. 2 man at ABC Sports. "I read him the riot act," says Michaels. "Basically I said if they didn't pay attention to me, I was getting out."

"I'll get back to you," Spence said. A month later Jackson was off the No. 1 baseball team, and Michaels was installed in his place. When Dennis Swanson replaced Roone Arledge as head of ABC Sports in 1986, Michaels was the biggest beneficiary of the move. Swanson made him the star sportscaster of *Monday Night Football* and the Triple Crown horse races, in addition to baseball. "It was like opening a Christmas present," says Michaels. "I was finally getting recognized."

Ken Wolfe, *Monday Night Football*'s producer, thinks that Michaels means more than just being noticed at airports when he talks about recognition. "Al wants to be respected for his capabilities," Wolfe says. "And he thinks everyone else should approach a job as assiduously as he does." Adds David Michaels, "Al goes to great lengths to be accurate and fair in whatever he says. If he thinks he's not being treated the same way, it makes him crazy."

Bob Lundegaard, a TV critic for the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*, pulled a few screws from Michaels's hinges during last year's World Series. While Game 5 was being beamed from St. Louis, Lundegaard tuned a satellite dish so he could listen in on ABC's "pure" feed during commercial breaks. He quoted Michaels knocking his hotel accommodations, bad-mouthing the Series and talking about how much he longed for *Monday Night Football*. Michaels, who's so chummy with the dish audience that he sometimes tells them when he's going to the bathroom, complained that Lundegaard had blindsided him. "He made it sound like I'd been caught with my pants down," Michaels says. "It was an out-and-out attempt to make me look like a fool."

After reading the story, Michaels phoned Lundegaard and screamed, "So, whatever I say is fair game, right?"

"Sure," said Lundegaard.

"Then listen in tonight, you true journalist. I'm going to make you a star."

That night, during Game 6, Michaels said for the satellite feed, "Folks, those of you looking in on Telstar, there's a scum bag out there by the name of Bob Lundegaard. . . ." ABC cut the sound. Later he said, "Since we're still on the dish, you jerk, Lundegaard, try to. . . ." Again the audio went dead. Later still, when the network went to a commercial, Michaels said into his mike, "Let me go through Lundegaard's trash for syringes. Nobody straight could do that."

Michaels didn't get much sympathy for his part in this outrageous tiff. "It came right back in my face," says Michaels, "like I've got thin skin and can't take criticism."

Michaels also got into verbal fights at last year's Series with a reporter who had criticized the ABC broadcasting team for being biased in favor of the Cardinals. Two years ago he took on *The Boston Globe*'s Jack Craig, who had placed Michaels slightly behind NBC's Bob Costas and Vin Scully in a column rating baseball announcers. "Al sent me the nastiest letter I've ever received from an announcer," says Craig. "Yet I'd actually praised him in the piece."

"Al's looking for legitimate criticism," says David Michaels. "But everything becomes a cult of personality. He was as mad about [the Lundegaard incident] as anything I can remember. I told him to calm down and he said, 'No way I'm calming down. I'm getting right into this.' Newspaper guys are sometimes jealous of TV guys, and TV guys sometimes think of newspaper guys as nerds with word processors."

Sitting at noon in the living room of his two-story colonial in Brentwood, Michaels stares out at the birch and sycamore trees beyond his pear-shaped swimming pool. His gardener, Jose, waves from behind the rock garden, where water trickles over carefully placed boulders. The house smells of Brie. Linda has brought out a cheese tray, and Al and the kids, Steven, 17, and Jennifer, 13, nibble away.

The TV is showing a videotape of an

Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.

Crown Royal

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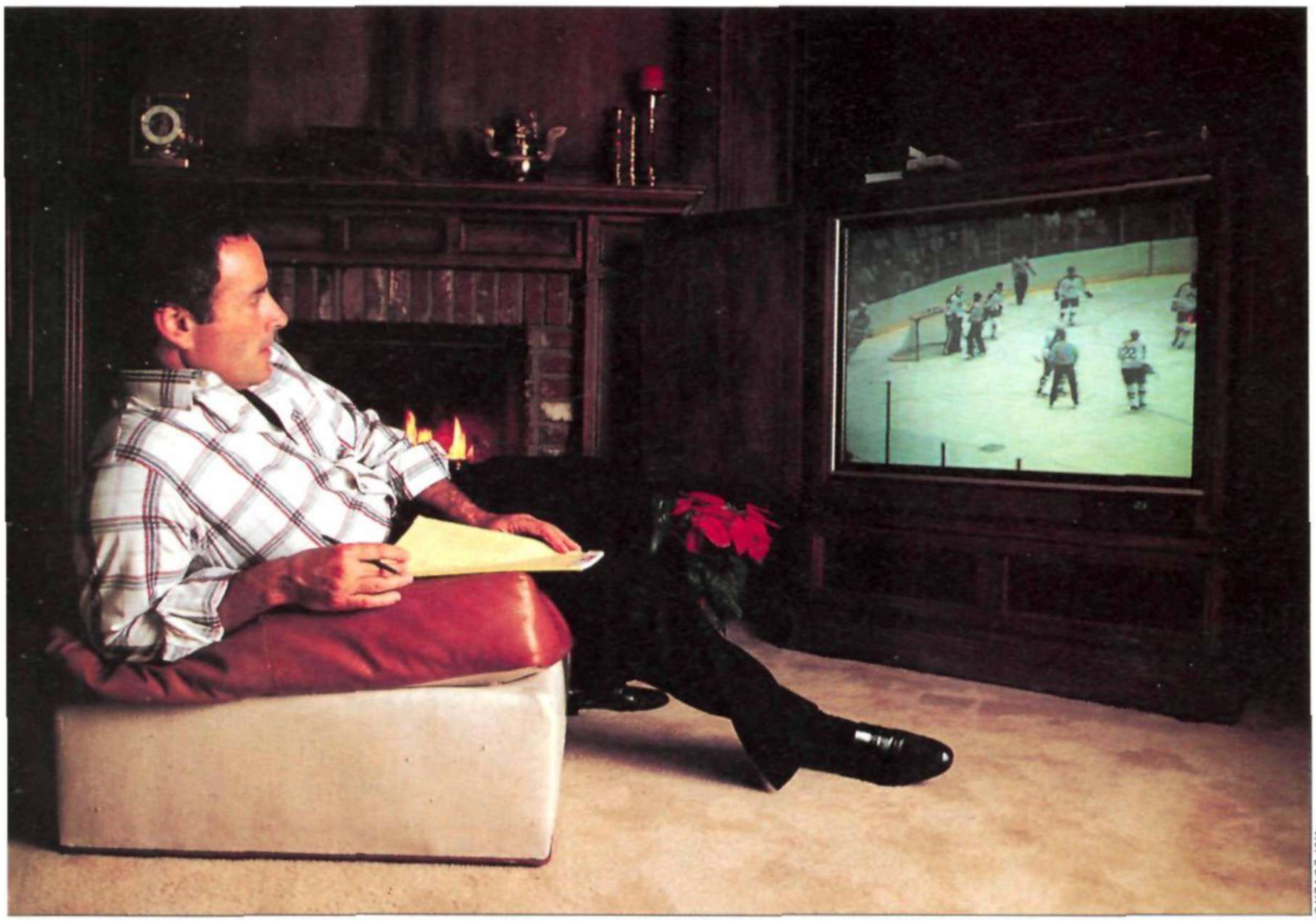
old *SCTV* send-up called *Battle of the PBS Stars*. In it, Mister Rogers and Julia Child duke it out in the ring, and Carl Sagan squares off against William Buckley on the gridiron. The blow-by-blow announcers are Howard Cosell (played by Eugene Levy) and Dick Cavett (Rick Moranis). Rankled by what he calls Cavett's "sententious rhetoric," Cosell bullies his hopelessly bemused partner, before finally bouncing him out of the frame. "I don't mind verbosity, Roone,"



V. J. LOVERO

At home Michaels reads seven papers and watches sports morning, noon and night.

Cosell says to someone offscreen, "but he's ruining the pace of the show."

Michaels practically laughs himself out of his seat. "Brilliant!" he shouts. "Absolutely brilliant!"

Is that really how Cosell treated colleagues? Michaels rolls his eyes. "It's not even *close*!" he says.

Cosell, who called Michaels Alfalfa, hasn't spoken to him since before the '85 World Series. He was removed from the ABC booth and replaced by Tim McCarver, partly because of his frosty relationship with Michaels. Says Michaels, "To me, it was the greatest trade in the history of broadcasting."

Cosell had warmed things up by baiting Michaels during the 1984 American League playoffs. "Before Game 2, he was casting a belligerent pall over the whole crew," says Michaels. "He babbled on about some strategy that was blatantly wrong, trying to get Jim Palmer and me to agree. We wouldn't. We didn't want him to look like an ignoramus. It was the only time I ever rooted for a game to end fast."

Afterward, Cosell confronted Michaels in the press lounge of Royals Stadium. "Michaels, the problem with you is that you never take a stand," he said.

"Don't you ever talk to me again until you apologize, you ——," ranted Michaels. In the ensuing tirade, Michaels called Cosell, among other things, a "fraud," a "despicable human being" and a "detriment to the entire ABC sports operation." He concluded by saying, "Is that a good enough stand for you, Howard?"

Cosell and Michaels represent opposite approaches to sportscasting. Michaels subordinates his strong personality to the team effort, while Cosell subordinates everything to his ego. Cosell's latest venture, a syndicated program called *Speaking of Everything*, is probably symbolic. He'll comment on everything in the universe. Except for Michaels. "Mr. Cosell has nothing to say about Al Michaels," says the show's producer, Cosell's daughter, Hilary. "Nor will he have anything to say about him in the future."

Michaels denies he competes with other announcers. "I can't," he says. "There's no scoreboard at the end, no definitive result." Still, Michaels is pretty sure about the quality of his work. His finest game? Not the miracle on ice. "The irony is that I'll always be remembered for that," he says with a small laugh. "I was pretty good. But it was only the seventh or eighth hockey game I'd ever done. I had the appropriate words at the appropriate time." Michaels thinks Game 5 of the 1986 American League playoffs, 7–6, Boston over California, was as close to a perfect game as he has ever pitched. His delivery was sharp; he anticipated plays; he was loose and glib. "It was almost awe-inspiring to work with Al on that game," says Palmer.

Still, as Michaels drove home from Anaheim Stadium that night, he kept thinking, Did I miss something? He thought back to the 10th inning, when Gary Pettis, the Angels' weak-hitting centerfielder, lofted a lazy fly to left that Jim Rice caught on the warning track. Why, Michaels wondered, had Rice been so deep? Then he remembered that the night before, Rice had played a few steps in and Pettis had doubled over his head. "I'm on the freeway thinking, Damn it! Why didn't I think of that then?"

Even in perfection, Michaels finds a flaw. "It sounds like I'm very driven and can't enjoy life," he says. "but I can and do savor things. I just don't want to give in to the temptation of becoming self-satisfied. I allow myself to be inwardly satisfied, but not too long because there's always the next game, and I want to do it better than any game I've ever done. The truth is, my whole life I've been in competition with myself." ■

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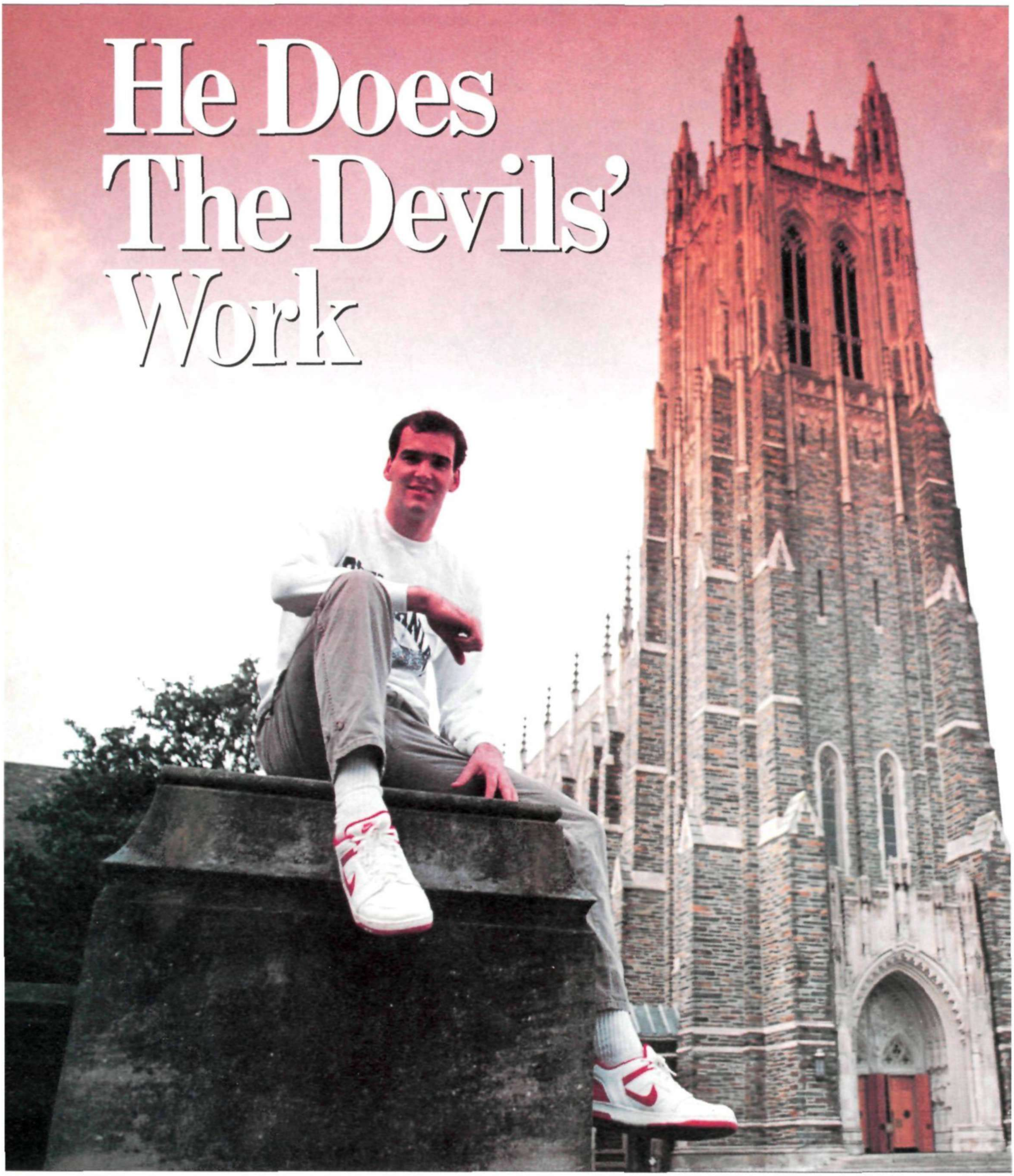


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY NESTE

Danny Ferry leads Duke's Blue Devils by virtue of his towering presence—and tricks he learned from his NBA-seasoned dad

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

FOR DANNY FERRY, THE TRICK IS IN the tricks, as it were. Ferry, Duke's 6′ 10″ junior forward, has all of a sudden, or so it seems, become one of the most versatile and valuable college basketball players in the land. But any kid who grew up around the NBA, the offspring of an alltime, hang-loose prankster like his father, Bob, who played 10 years in the pros and taught his son well, is bound to know a lot about the art of illusion.

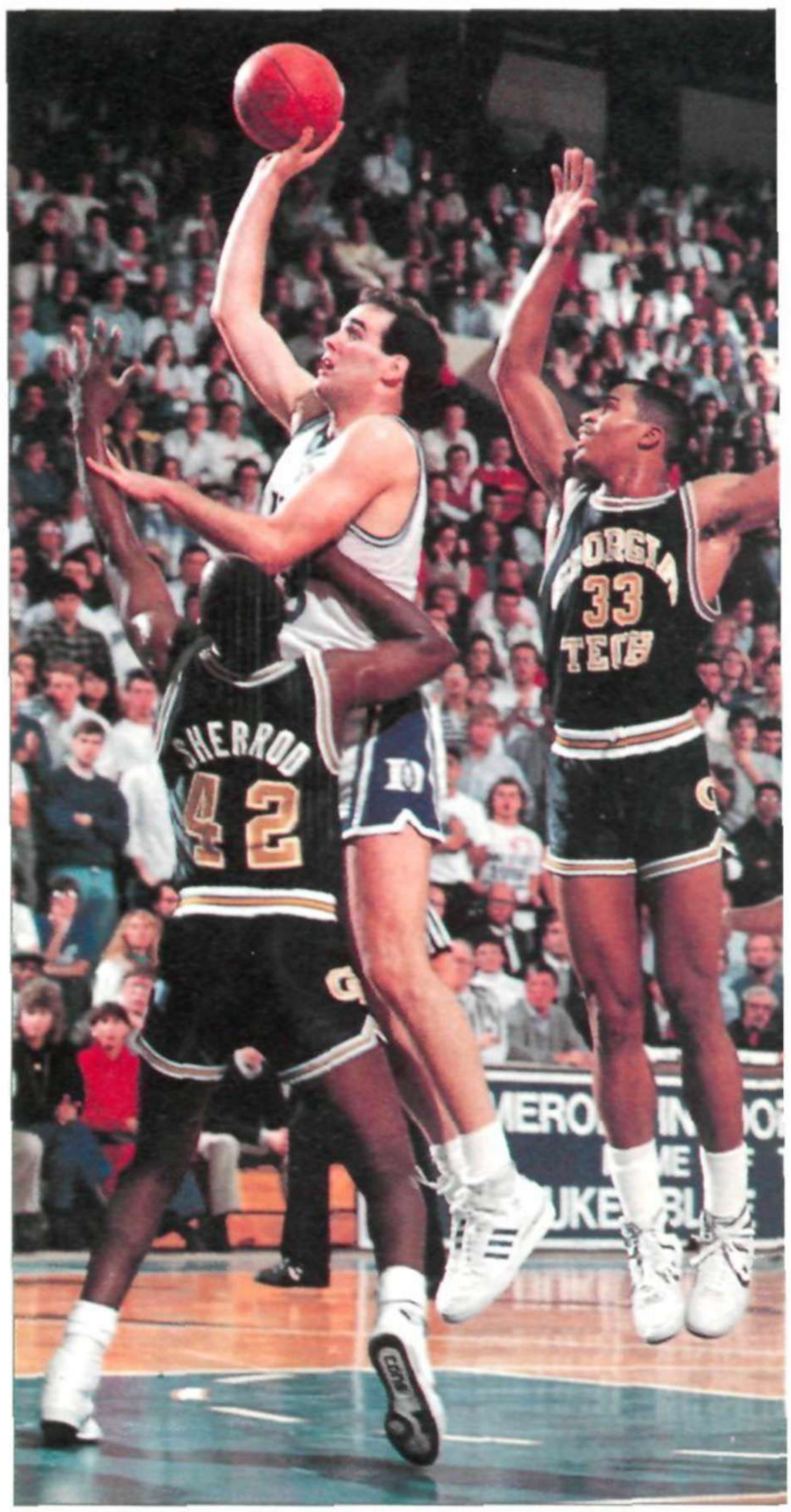
Seldom does young Ferry make a move without thinking several more moves ahead. Hardly ever has he broken free for a shot without having given his defender an ever-so-subtle push beforehand. "I love to set a solid ball pick and pop a guy in the open court," says Ferry with nary a blush.

Opposing coaches gripe about Ferry's physical play, while at the same time licking their chops at the thought of having him on their side. "The pro stuff—the hips and holds, the picks and nudges—he knows it all," says North Carolina State coach Jim Valvano. "Especially jumping into you. The principle of verticality? Hah! Danny's verticality is the prone position. When he gets through with us, my guys look like Sealy Posturepedics, and the refs are acting like Verticality is my Uncle Gino's last name. Ferry may not be the most talented player in our league, but for my money he's the best."

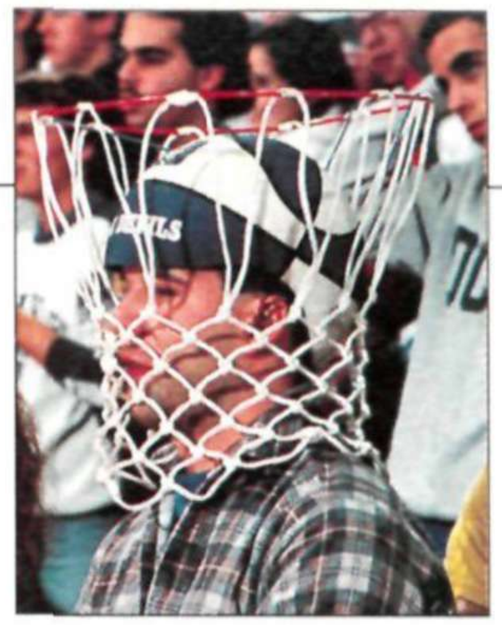
The fact that Ferry looks so preposterously innocent—even in his uniform you can visualize him as just another buttoned-down Dookie good guy (which is exactly what he is) walking around the Blue Devils' gothic campus—makes his game even more, uh . . . "devious," says Mike Brey, a new assistant coach at Duke. "But the devious grin gives him away." Brey was a teacher and assistant coach at DeMatha High in Hyattsville, Md., when Ferry played and studied there. One day Ferry walked into Brey's history class, flashing that grin, and said, "What's on for today, Big Time?"

Most people need a lifetime to learn what Ferry has known instinctively since he was in swaddling clothes—namely, just how much you can get away with. Moreover, as Blue Devils coach Mike Krzyzewski says, "He knows who he is. He's always known that."

Probably such knowledge was most important in 1985–86 when, fresh from being named national high school player of the year in his last season at DeMatha, he went off to Tobacco Road and got swallowed up in Duke's motion offense and senior-dominated NCAA finalist team. "I was a chemistry player then," he says, meaning that he had to blend in with everybody else. He started the first 21 games for the Blue Devils in his freshman season, during which Duke set an NCAA record with 37 victories. And he also made a couple of enormous plays at the end of Duke's 71–67 win over Kansas in the national tournament semifinals, which propelled



Ferry, unselfish to a fault, had to be coaxed to shoot more and is hitting better than 50%.



the Blue Devils into the championship game, a 72–69 loss against Louisville.

Last season Ferry led injury-bedraggled Duke in scoring, rebounding and assists as it fought through to the NCAA round of 16, where it was eliminated by eventual champion Indiana. But it wasn't until this season that he finally found his proper place in the Blue Devils' way of doing things. The place happens to be all over the deck, as well as everywhere within it: Not only is Ferry a joker and a jack-of-all-trades, but he's also a king (as in King Footer, about which, more later) and, according to Coach K, "the queen on the chess board."

"There could not be a better player for the Duke system than Danny," says Krzyzewski. "It's exciting for a coach to have a guy who can be used with so many different kinds of lineups." The Blue Devils' dazzling 10-deep array of personnel came in handy last week when Duke had to play four games in seven days, albeit all of them were at home in front of their beloved Cameron Indoor Stadium crazies. The Blue Devils defeated Clemson 101–63 and Georgia Tech 78–65, and on Saturday they led Valvano's Wolfpack by 14 points in the second half before coming up empty. Duke went without a field goal for almost eight minutes, and N.C. State bagged a 77–74 upset.

Ferry had a game-high 21 points, but it was an error on his specialty—the 94-foot desperation, game-clinching pass—that meant the difference in Duke's third defeat of the season. After the Wolfpack's Vinny Del Negro missed a free throw with seven seconds left and the Pack ahead 75–74, Ferry got the rebound and spotted teammate Phil Henderson open in the far corner at Duke's end. Unfortunately for all those Dookies chanting, "If you can't go to college, go to State; if you can't go to State, go to jail," Ferry lost his grip and fluttered the ball to midcourt where the Pack intercepted it. On Sunday Ferry had a team-high 16 points as the Blue Devils beat Notre Dame 70–61 to run their season record to 16–3.

As for the nonfriendly confines of the Atlantic Coast Conference, after last week Duke was 5–2 and tied for first place with North Carolina and N.C. State. Ferry ranks third in the league in scoring (18.7 points a game), sixth in rebounding (7.4), ninth in assists (4.3) and fourth in free throw percentage (.822). He has come a long way since his freshman season, when he was sometimes benched and was thought, by some, to have underachieved.

Bob Ferry, however, says his son "withheld 30 percent of his ability" that season to fit in with the team, and Krzyzewski maintains that Danny "subordinated himself magnificently." Coach K adds, "I know it was a blow to him not to start. He looked on it as a demotion even though it wasn't. But Danny knew what the team needed."

With his background Ferry would have had to have been a dunce not to know. Here's a kid who grew up watching his 6′ 4″ brother, Bob, play high school ball at DeMatha; watching terrific college teams—like Maryland and Georgetown—that his father scouted as vice-president and general manager of the Washington Bullets; and watching the Bullets practice since he was six years old. "I didn't have babysitters," Danny says. "I went to games." Wes Unseld held Danny upside down over a banister. The sons of Elvin Hayes and Dick Motta were his grade school playmates. He has an antique chest in his room at Duke that was given to him by his godmother, Dottie (the former Mrs. Gene) Shue. The night in 1978 that Washington won the NBA championship, Danny and his

Hoop-happy Duke fans know that when push comes to shove, Ferry is very well armed.

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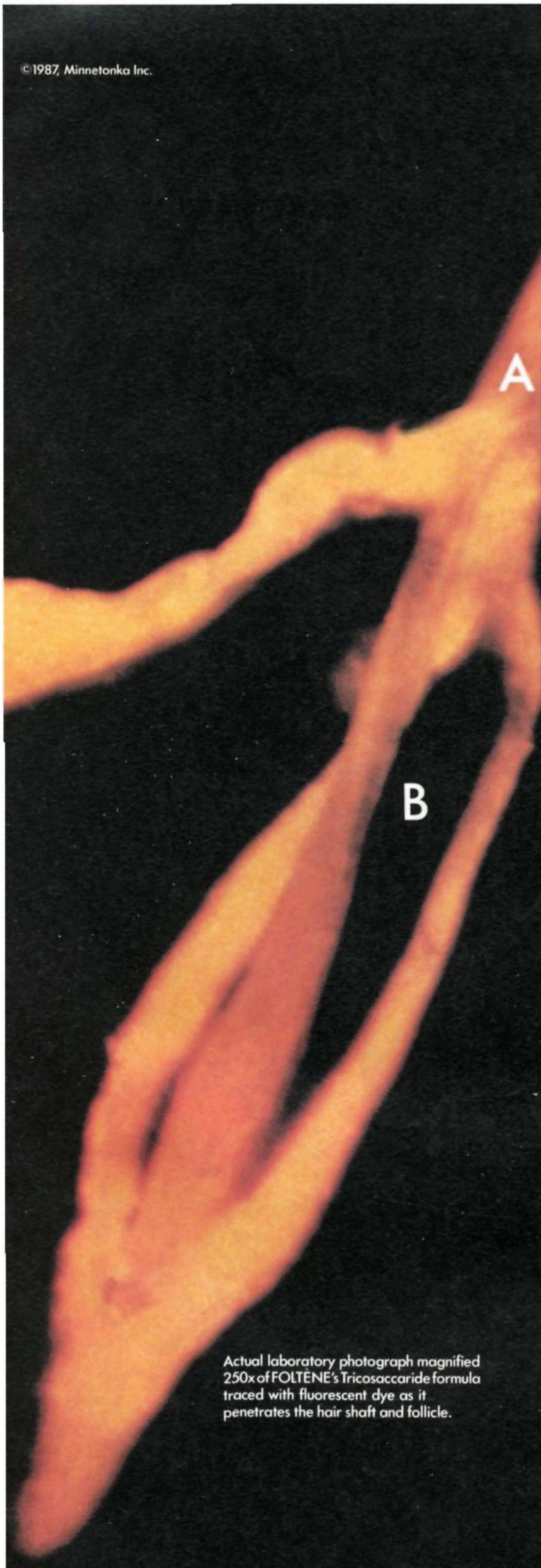

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older sister, Laura, watching at home on TV, dressed up their brother Bob's dog, Bullets, in a Washington T-shirt. Given all that, Danny says, "Hey, I *should* be a good player."

Before he even got to high school, he was much taller than most of his classmates and already throwing bullet outlet passes of the sort that had made Unseld famous. "He'd get the ball and just fling it downcourt," says his father. "Sometimes the other kids would even catch up to it."

At the time, the Ferrys lived in Bowie, Md.—they've since moved to Annapolis—so DeMatha, with its legendary coach, Morgan Wootten, was the obvious place for the boys. "I wanted a good Catholic school," says the senior Ferry, "and a place where they would learn how to win." Their mother, Rita, drove the one-hour round-trip sometimes twice a day. "Saint Rita," Danny says. "We genuflect when we see her now."

The brothers played against their dad and one another in a sideyard court, though that competition ended when young Bob, who is four years older than Danny, went off to Harvard instead of N.C. State (where he probably would have been a member of Valvano's 1983 NCAA championship team). Anyway, Danny was growing something fierce and the home-court games had become overly rough. "My dad fouled too much, and my brother fought too much," says Danny, laughing.

Danny was one of the few freshmen ever to play for Wootten. "At 15 he had the basketball mind of a 30-year-old," says Brey—not to mention the know-how to execute picks, screens and body slams.

"Once I was watching a game and Danny set this vicious back pick," says his father. "Some poor kid just bounced off him onto the floor. I told him he simply couldn't do that, and Danny said, 'Why not, Dad? Ricky [Mahorn, then a Bullet bruise brother] gets away with it all the time.' "

By the time Danny was a DeMatha senior, the Stags were crowned national high school champion by *USA Today*, and he was the object of an intense recruiting battle between Duke and North Carolina. The night in 1985 that Harvard showed up to play a game in Durham, the Duke crowd chanted, "We want your brother!" at Bob. "I was the best-treated visiting player in the history of Cameron," says Bob, who nevertheless pulled a nifty hoax. When the name "Bob Ferry" was announced over the P.A. system during the introduction of the Crimson starting five, Kyle Dodson ran onto the floor in Ferry's stead. Dodson is black. It was the first—and probably last—time that the Duke zoo was dumbstruck, silenced in its own cage.

That prank was typical of the Ferry clan, whose progenitor was a journeyman center for the Hawks, Pistons and Bullets from 1959 to '69 before he moved to Washington's front office. Ferry's considerable executive abilities were for a long time overshadowed by his reputation as a roistering fun lover. And his friends returned his favors in kind: Once when he was celebrating his birthday, for instance, a buddy arranged to have a live lion appear at Ferry's front door.

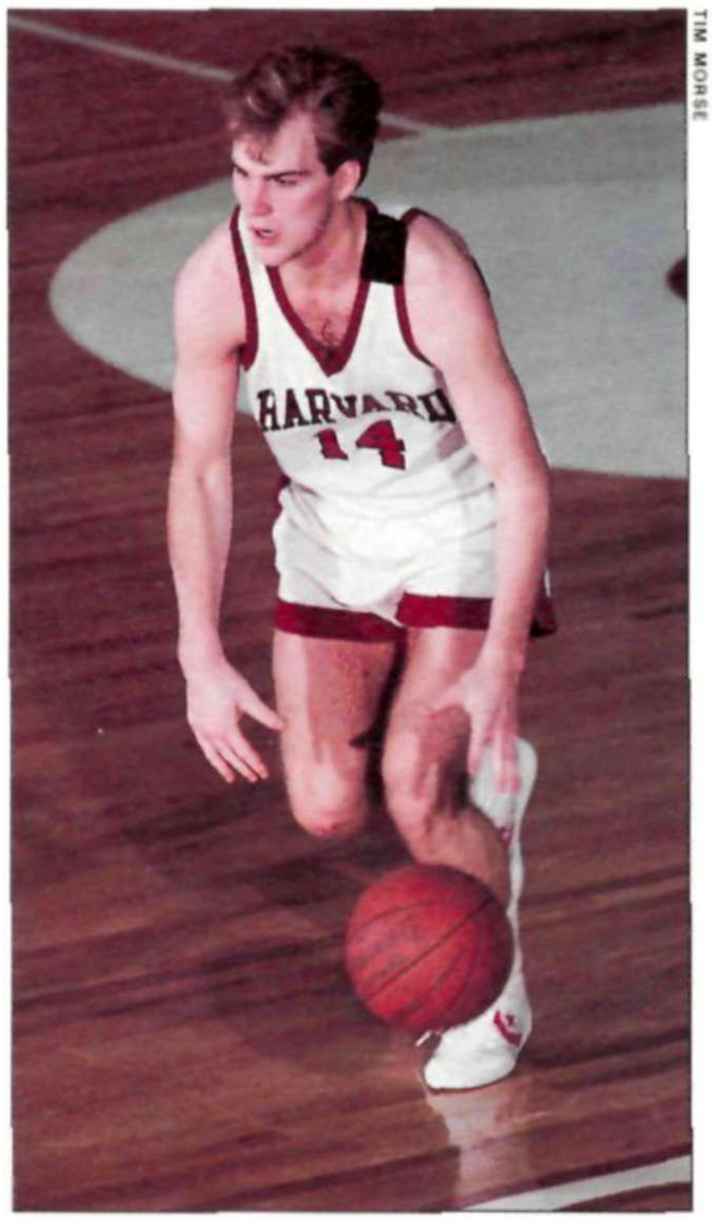
But a few years ago Ferry suddenly found himself less a drinking buddy than a recruiters' target. Maryland coach Lefty Driesell was a family friend who used to bring the Ferrys fish he caught on excursions to Maryland's Eastern Shore. When Danny was in high school, Driesell even camped out in Rita's real estate office to hook the real whopper. Danny wouldn't bite: He wanted to go away to school.

The senior Ferry kept the brews cold for many of his other old friends—now his son's suitors. "Dean Smith had a beer," Bob says. "Bobby Cremins [of Georgia Tech] and I got smashed. Coach K was scared to drink one. Hell, I hope there's not an NCAA law against me giving *them* something."

"I don't like beer," Krzyzewski says. "Anyway, I didn't want to spit and slur while explaining the motion offense."

Danny was known as Beanpole in high school, and his dad still calls him Beans. But he always had great hands and could run, dribble and shoot from afar. And, oh, how he could see the floor and pass. Sometimes he saw too much and didn't take shots he could have made easily. "He was selfless to a fault," says Wootten. "He'd overpass. I'd tell the other kids to just keep their hands up, and Danny would get them all in double figures." Until a few weeks ago Krzyzewski was having similar difficulty persuading Danny that he was Duke's first option to score.

One downside of Ferry's NBA upbringing was his shot selection. "I told him the pros' goal is to get the shot off,



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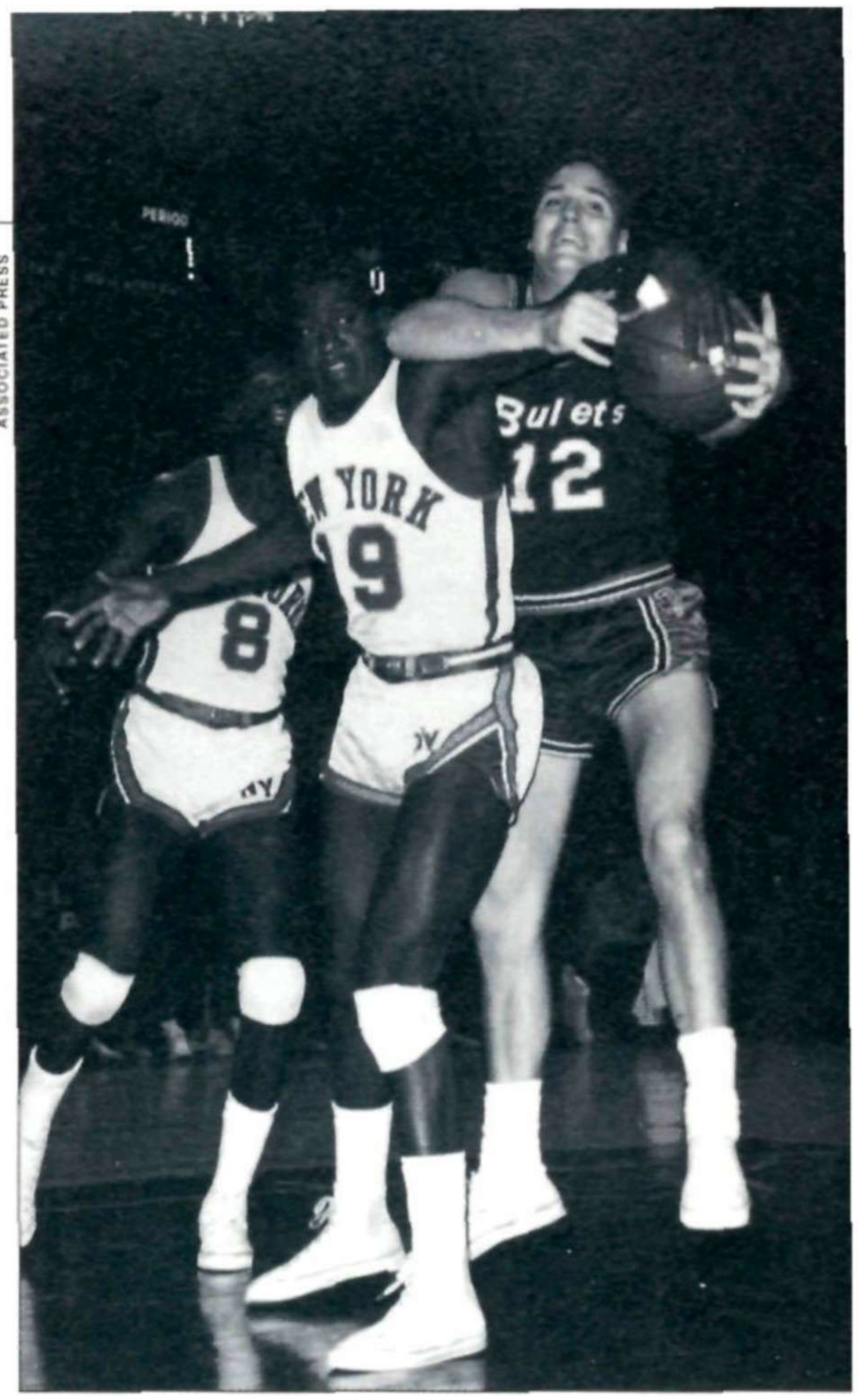


Danny got lots of home-court competition from the Bobs, brother (above) and father.

but our goal is for the shot to go in," says Krzyzewski. "Danny's base was too narrow. He was leaning and lunging as though he were on a teeter-totter. Now he's squaring up, using the proper footwork, developing solid moves."

Last season Ferry averaged only 11.6 shots a game and hit 44.9% of them. On the team Krzyzewski coached at the World University Games last summer in Yugoslavia, Ferry learned to play mostly inside, where a roughhouse tower belongs. This season, beginning with Duke's 91–85 loss at Arizona on Dec. 30, Ferry began posting up comfortably and through last week was averaging 15 shots per game and hitting 52.6%.

"Danny's greatest asset is still his mind," says Krzyzewski. "He'll outthink you every time. Let John Thompson put him on the Olympic team in that spread-out international game, and Danny will get double-figure assists feeding David Robinson."

And the U.S. would be represented by one more lean, mean banger. "I'd like to be labeled a physical player," says Ferry. "But don't call me a dirty one."

The former Mahorn protégé achieved a bit of that reputation last season after his involvement in altercations with Virginia's Tom Sheehey and Georgia Tech's Craig (Noodles) Neal. Sheehey, who got thrown out of a game for elbowing Ferry in the jaw, claimed his action was in response to Ferry's slapping him in the crotch. "I might have popped him too low," says Ferry, "but Sheehey was the most hated guy in the ACC. He was old news." As for the incident at Georgia Tech, for which Ferry was hit with a technical, tapes showed that he wasn't responsible for a melee that broke out between the teams. Later Fred Barakat, the ACC supervisor of officials, apologized to Ferry. Last week Neal, who got his moniker for his lanky build, was given his comeuppance when the raving Dookie spectators showered the court with packets of uncooked macaroni just before the Blue Devils beat Tech behind 22 points from Ferry.

"Danny's no dirtier than anybody else I've played against," says Duke senior co-captain and exquisite defender Billy King. "All great players have tricks, and they get, uh, victimized."

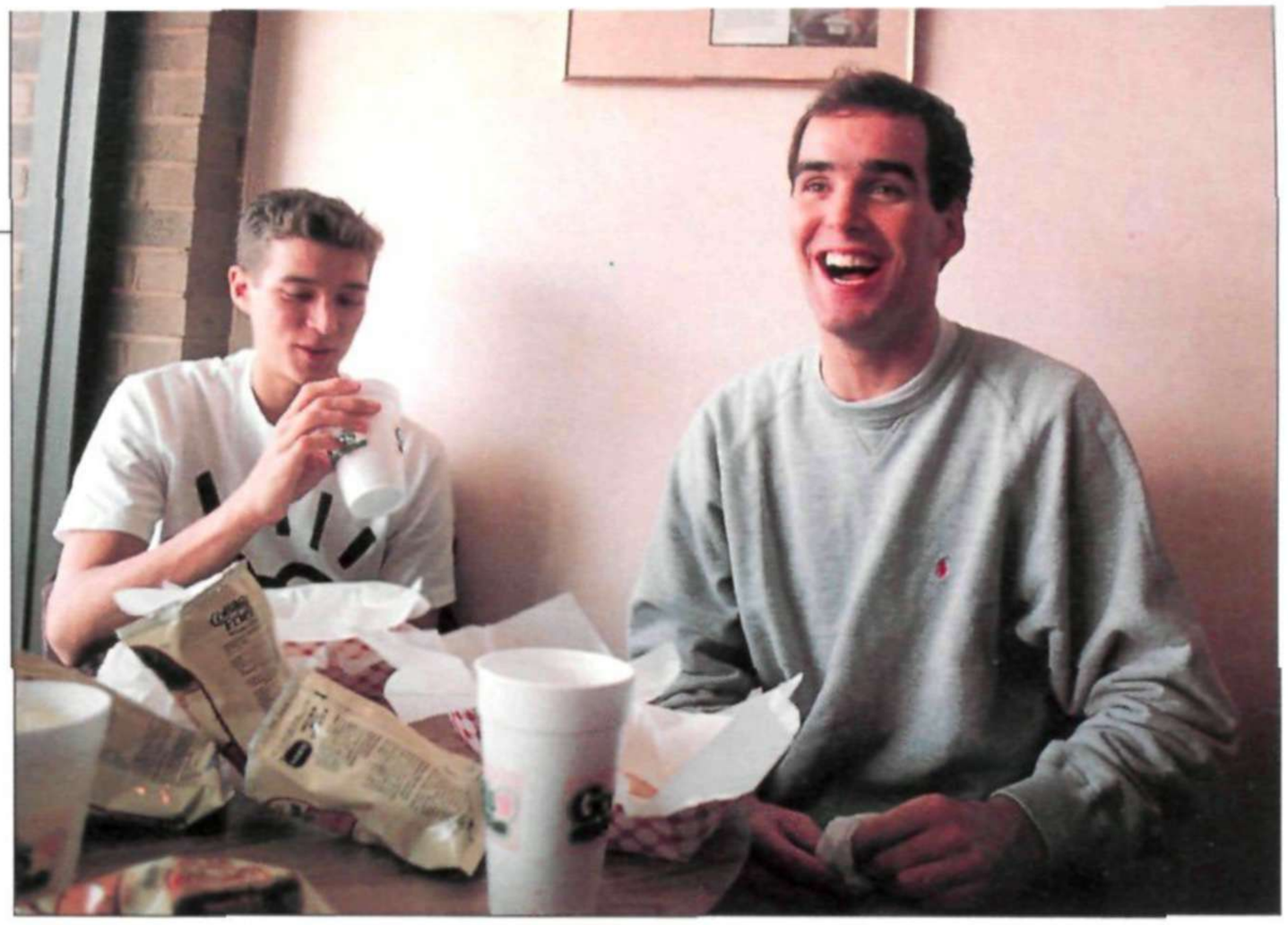
Ferry's preppie irreverence makes him seem right at home on the Duke campus. Amid the polyglot student mass he has found kindred spirits in Quin Snyder, a point guard from Mercer Island, Wash., and Paul Stewart, who lives in Switzerland and is the son of former Scottish Grand Prix driver Jackie Stewart. As a birthday prank, Snyder took Ferry's clothes during practice and hid them in a locker room freezer. In return Ferry stole the car Snyder was driving while out on a date. Trouble was, it was Ferry's car, and when Snyder relocated it he plastered it with gooey Oreos. Stewart recently spread "a million" pieces of Styrofoam around Ferry's room and later filled his bed with oily salad vegetables. And, oh yes, on Thanksgiving, Stewart took a peach pie and smashed Danny in the face with it. Ah, youth.

"Danny's nothing but a Footer," says Snyder, who shares a house with Ferry and two other Duke students. Footer? "You know, as in seven-footer. Slow, clumsy, eats a lot, clothes don't fit."

At first Ferry resented that nickname. Then he embraced it and organized the other Duke frontcourt players into a powerful group with secret votes and policies. He calls himself King Footer; center John Smith is Onion, for the shape of his head. The initiation rite for new Footers includes the prerequisite itching powder in the jock.

Says Snyder, "Everybody knows I signed to come to Duke first, and Ferry just came here so he could play on the same team with me."

Whatever. Nowadays the King Footer stomps the hallowed halls and hardwood of Duke and plays with, and beats, most anybody he wants to. ■



Snyder (left) gave Ferry food for thought by giving his car the sticky Oreo treatment.

Krzyzewski helped Ferry improve his stats but insists his "greatest asset is his mind."

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The Hur

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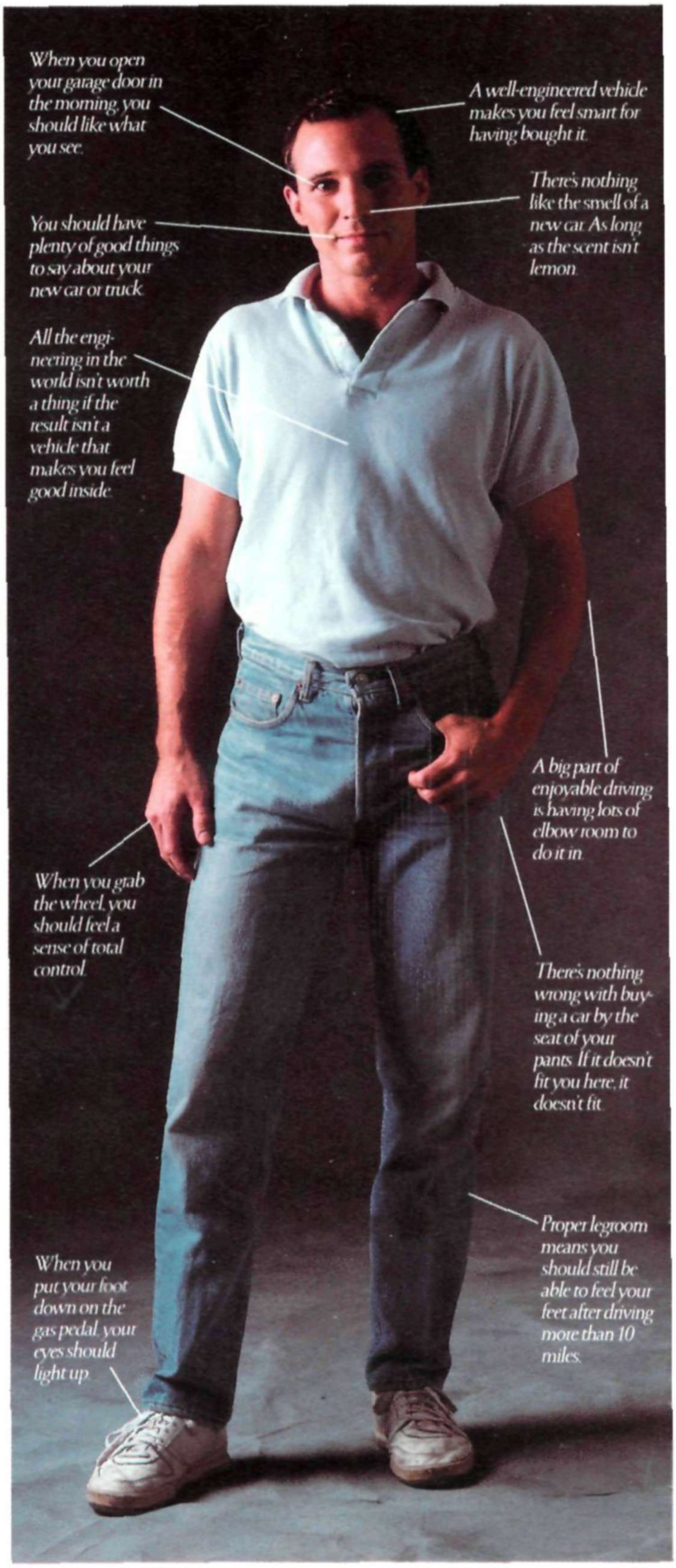

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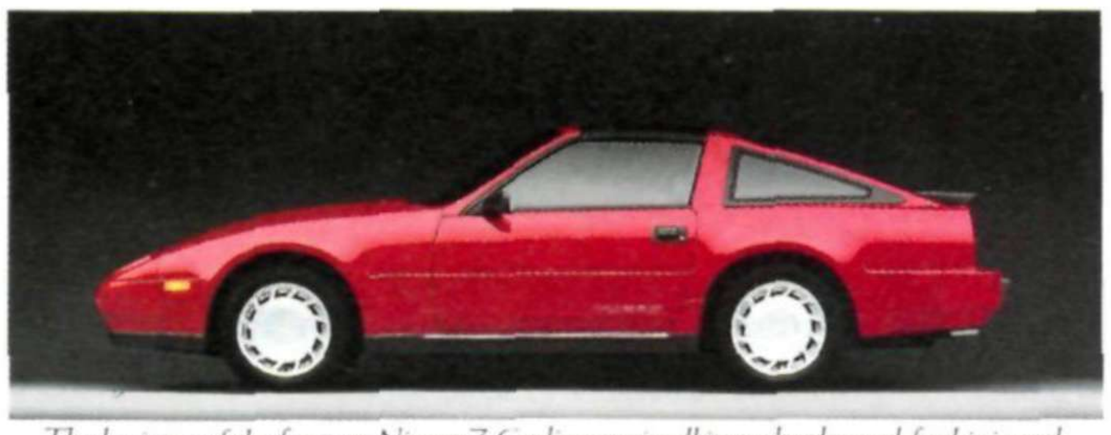

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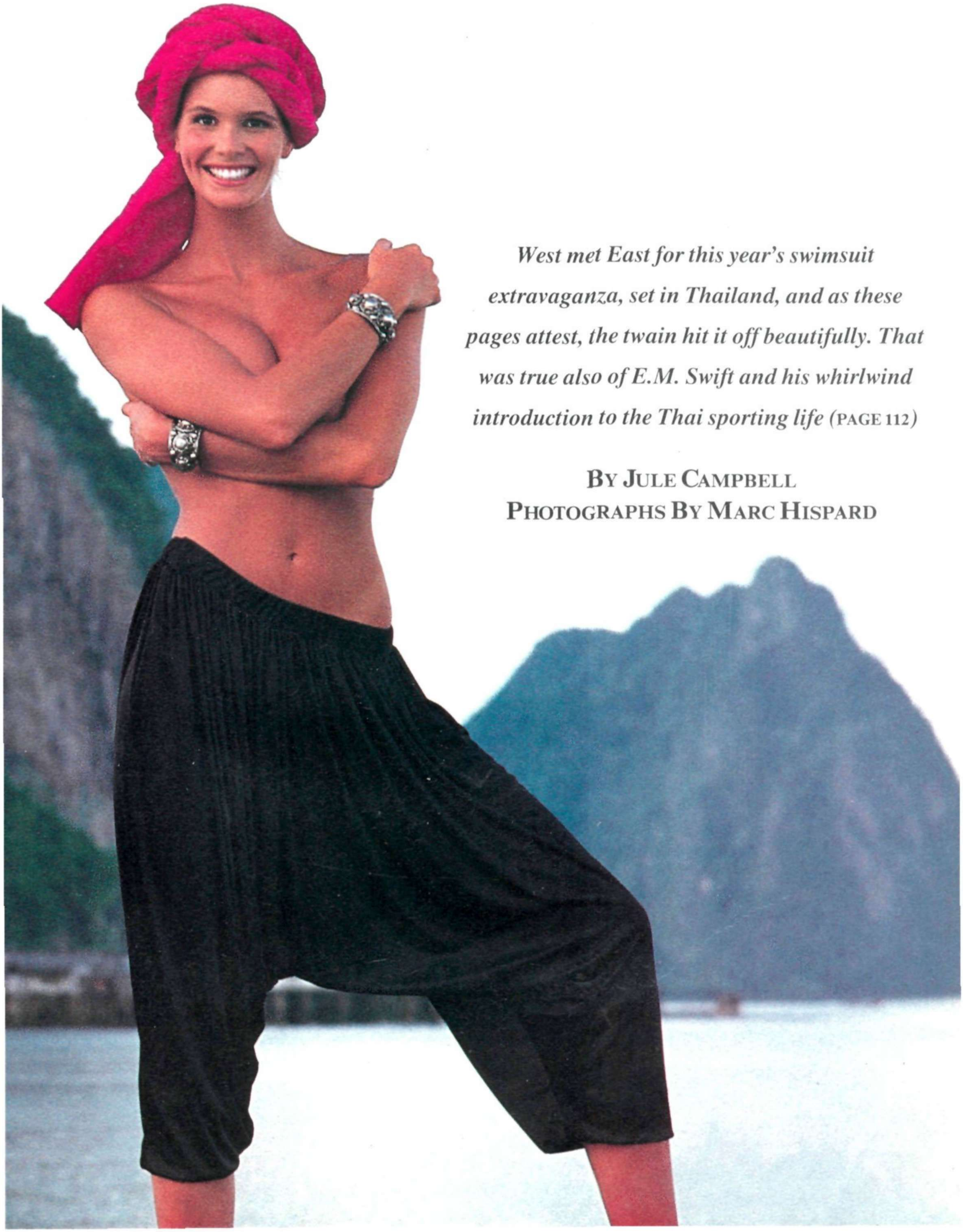
PEARLS *of the* ORIENT



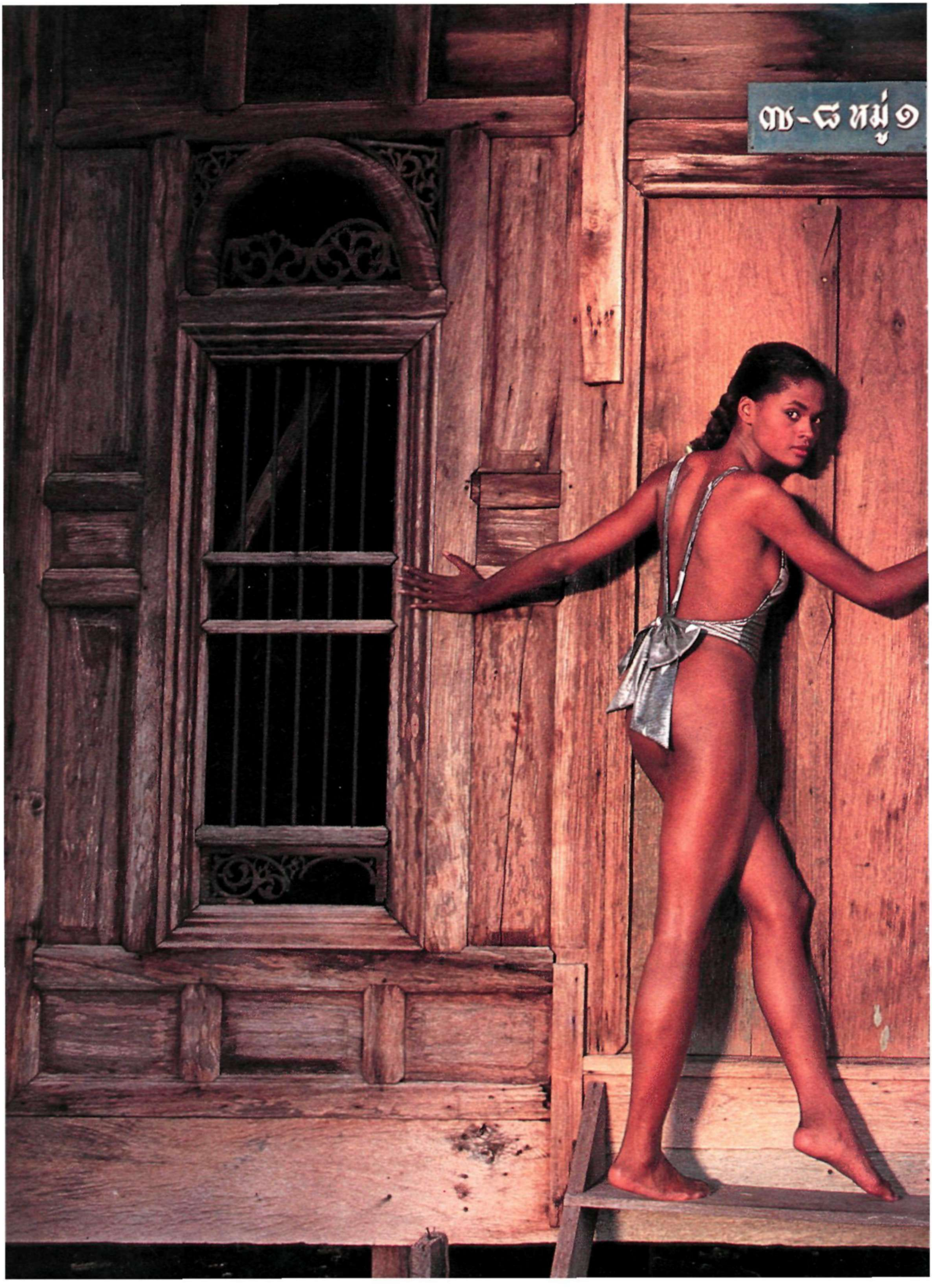
West met East for this year's swimsuit extravaganza, set in Thailand, and as these pages attest, the twain hit it off beautifully. That was true also of E.M. Swift and his whirlwind introduction to the Thai sporting life (PAGE 112)

BY JULE CAMPBELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC HISPARD

Sun, sand and lace: Stephanie Seymour adorns Phuket's Nai Yang beach in a confection by Keiko ($44). On the preceding page, cover girl Elle Macpherson plays harem girl in pants by Diva ($76).

IT IS AS PRIMITIVE AS FISHING HAMLETS PERCHED ATOP STILTS AND AS contemporary as skyscrapers. It has 1,700 miles of coastline and is roughly the size of France. It has three neighbors whose names recall troubled times—Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam—yet Thailand has largely escaped the devastation of modern warfare. It is the only country in Southeast Asia never to have been colonized, a miracle of both perseverance and diplomacy. Another miracle is the land itself, from lush forests to the ivory white beaches of Phuket, which dangles like an exotic earring into the Andaman Sea. The Thais are fond of saying "*mai penrai.*" It means "no problem." Thailand has its share, of course, but the kingdom endures.

It's so easy to go overboard for Estelle LeFebure as she ships out for a scuba jaunt in a nautical number from Gottex ($88). In Phuket she tests the waters, and she won't blow the whistle if you eye her zebra-striped garb from H_2O ($88).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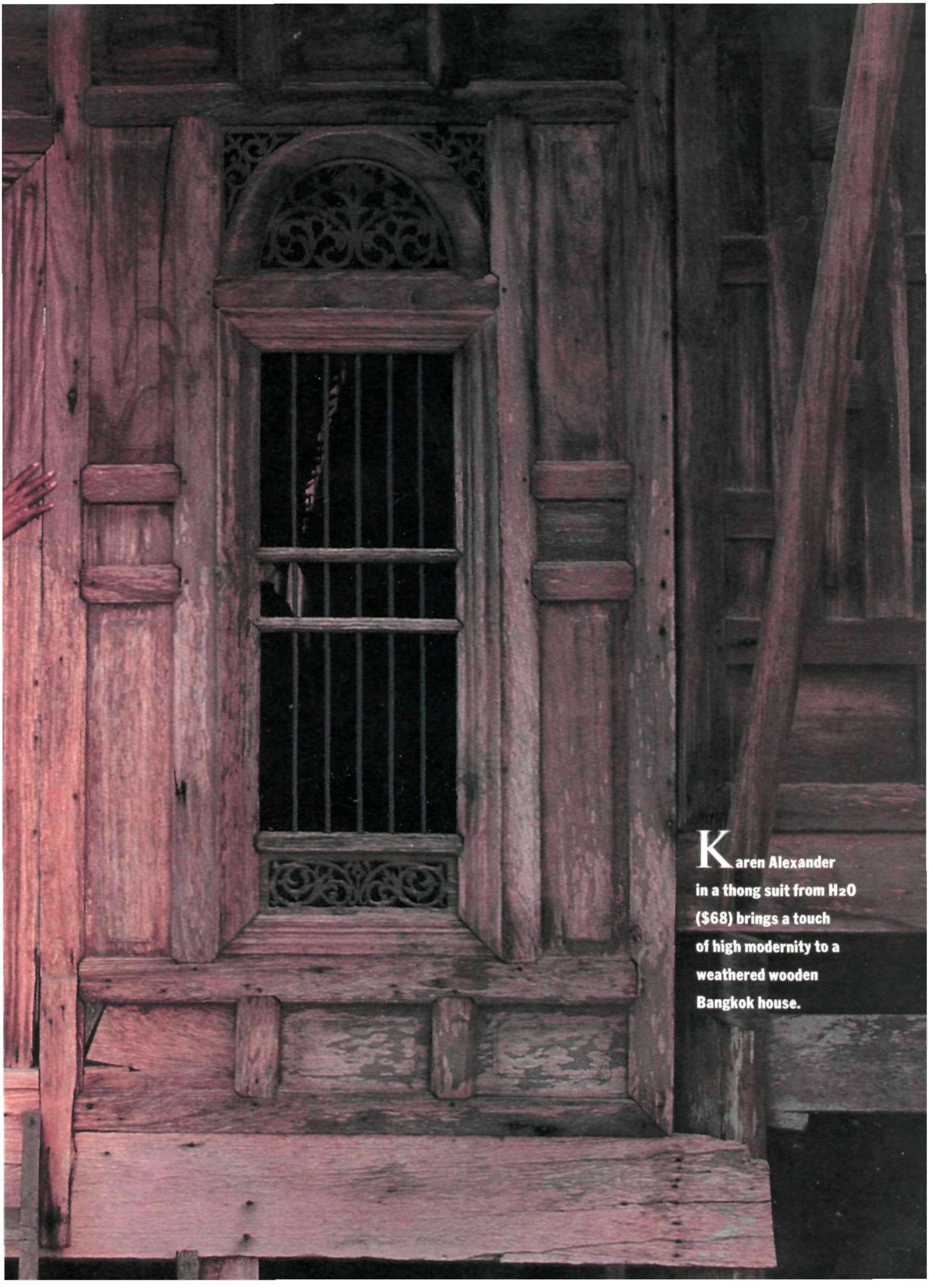
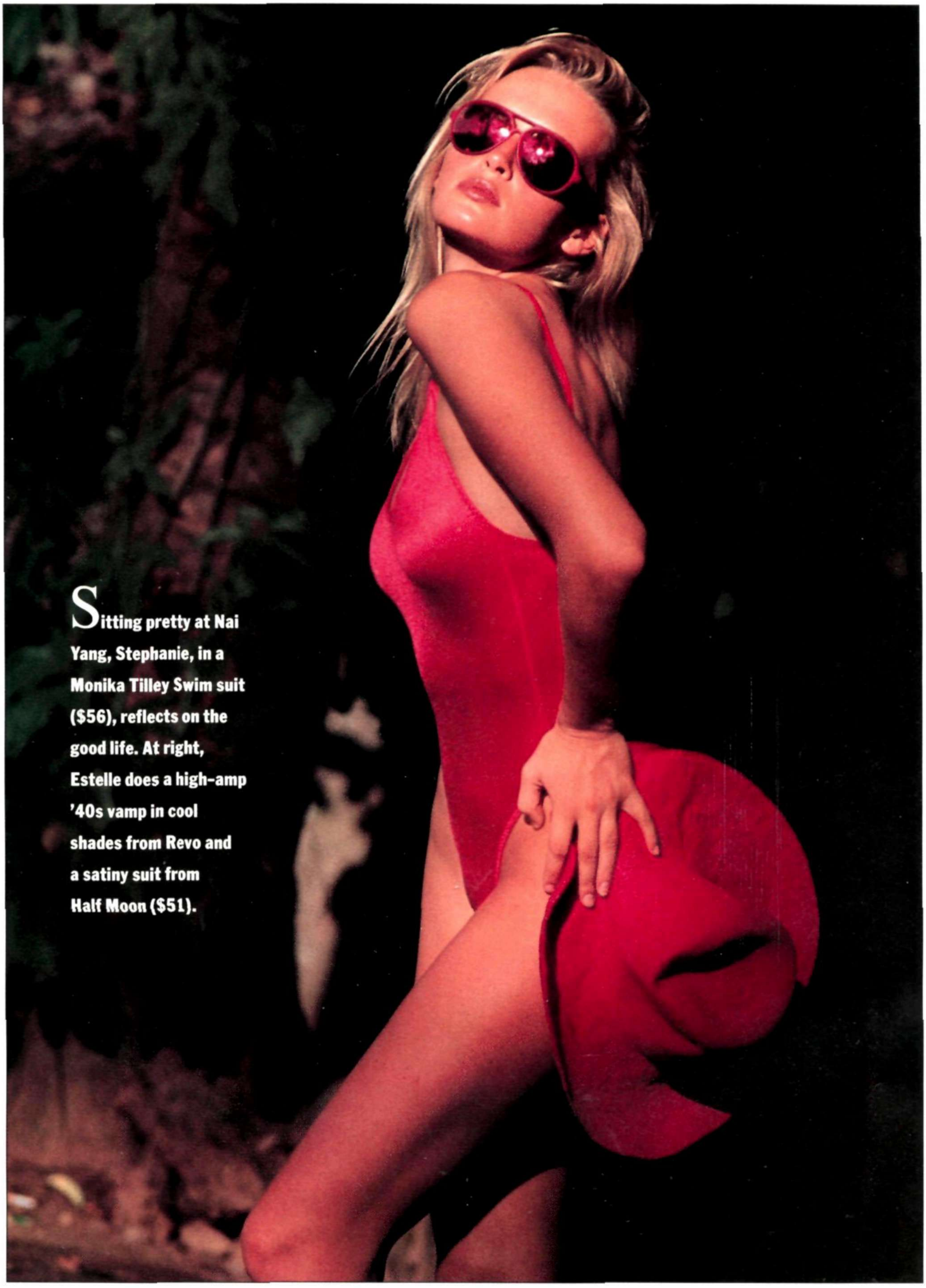
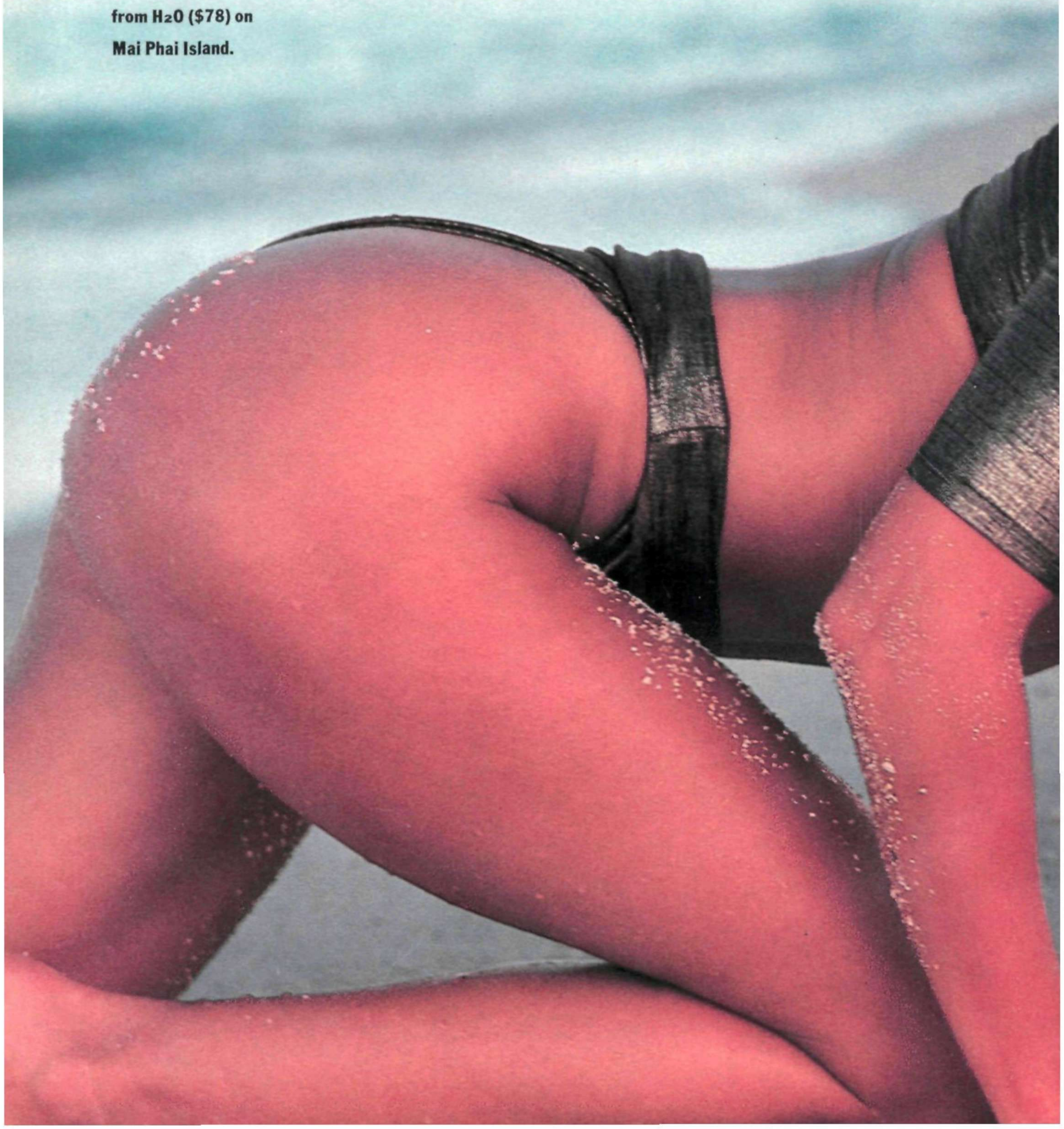


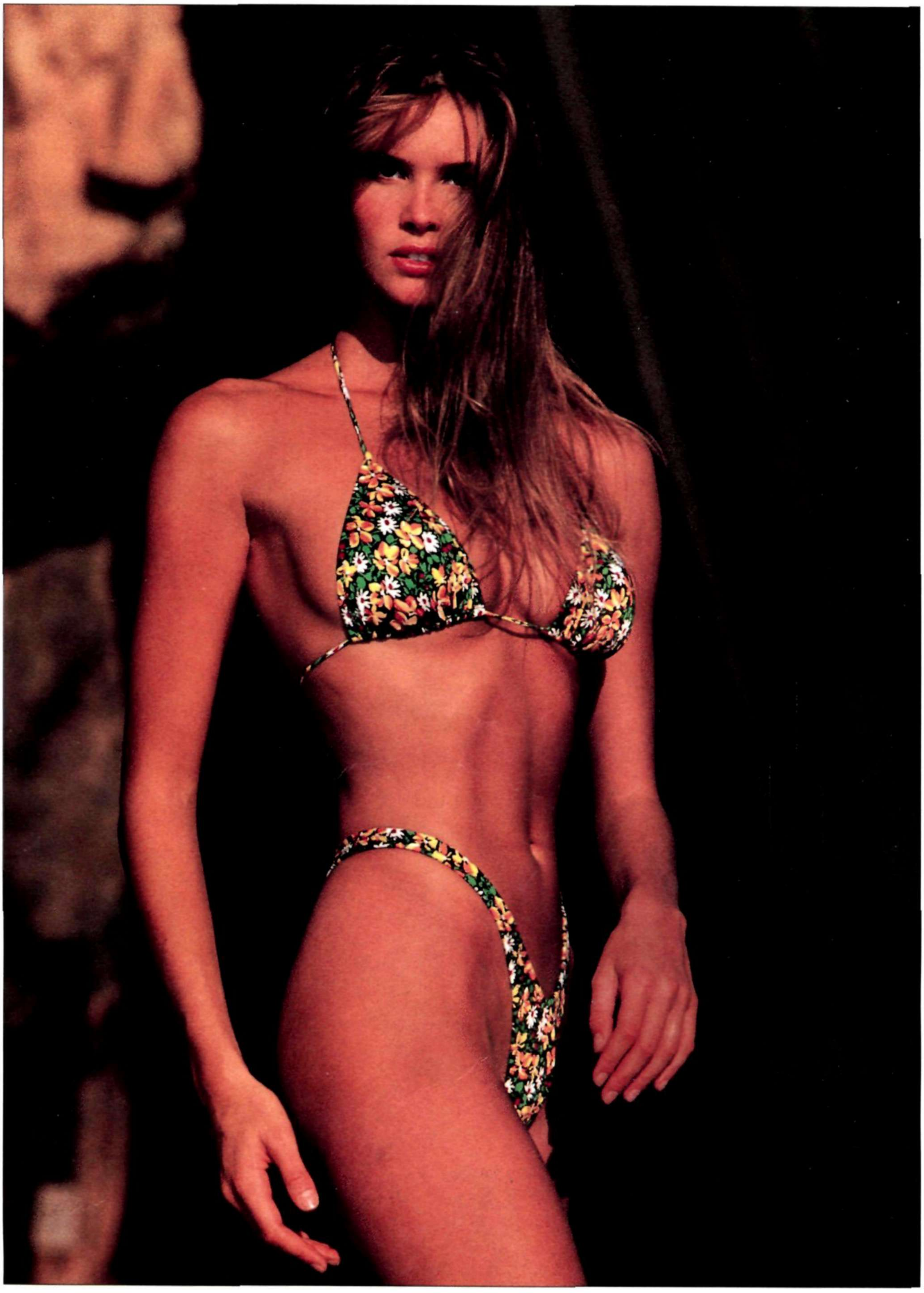
Karen Alexander in a thong suit from H_2O ($68) brings a touch of high modernity to a weathered wooden Bangkok house.



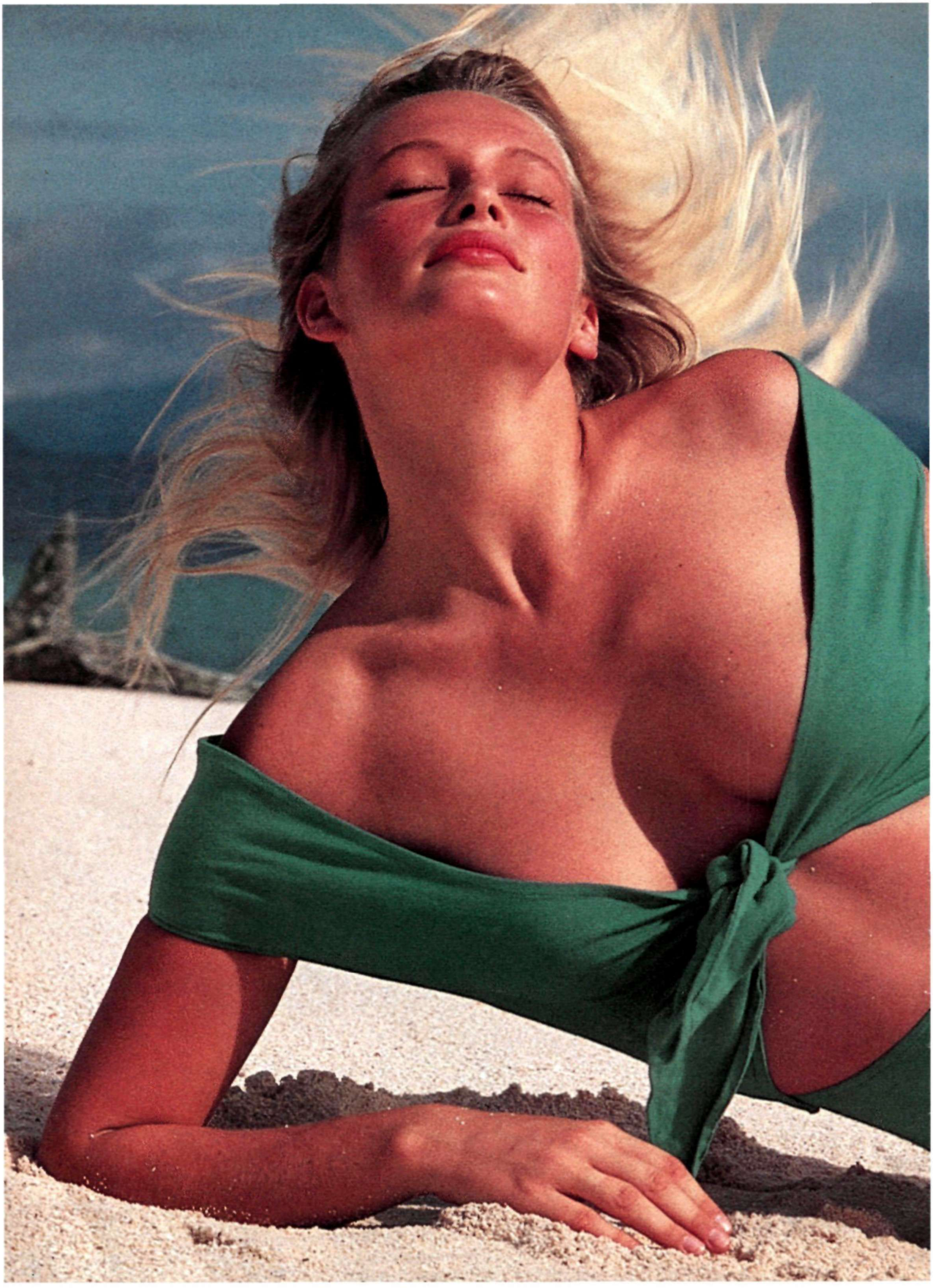
Sitting pretty at Nai Yang, Stephanie, in a Monika Tilley Swim suit ($56), reflects on the good life. At right, Estelle does a high-amp '40s vamp in cool shades from Revo and a satiny suit from Half Moon ($51).

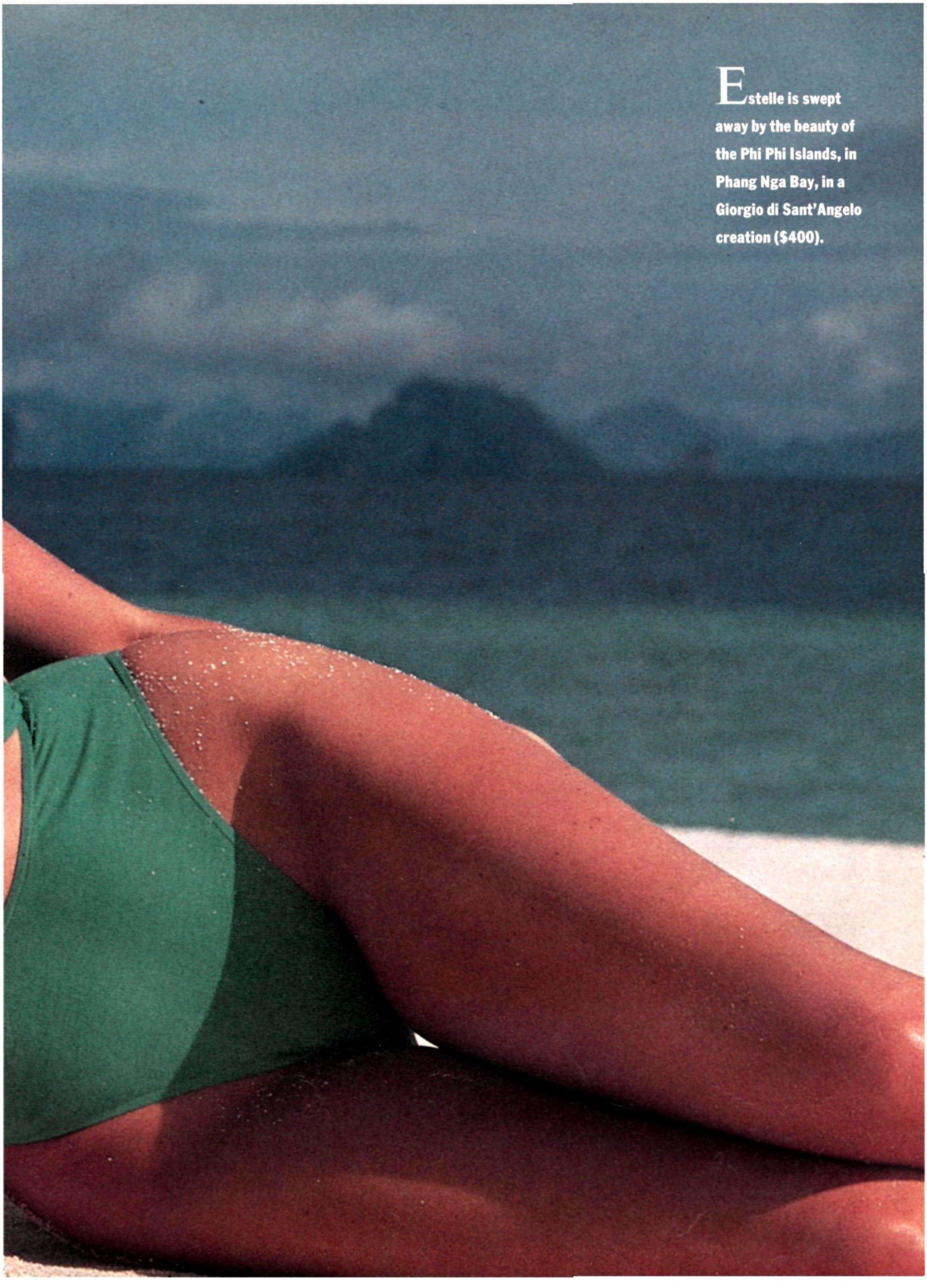
Wanna go beach-
combing with me?
Kathy Ireland looks
wistful in a wisp
from H_2O ($78) on
Mai Phai Island.





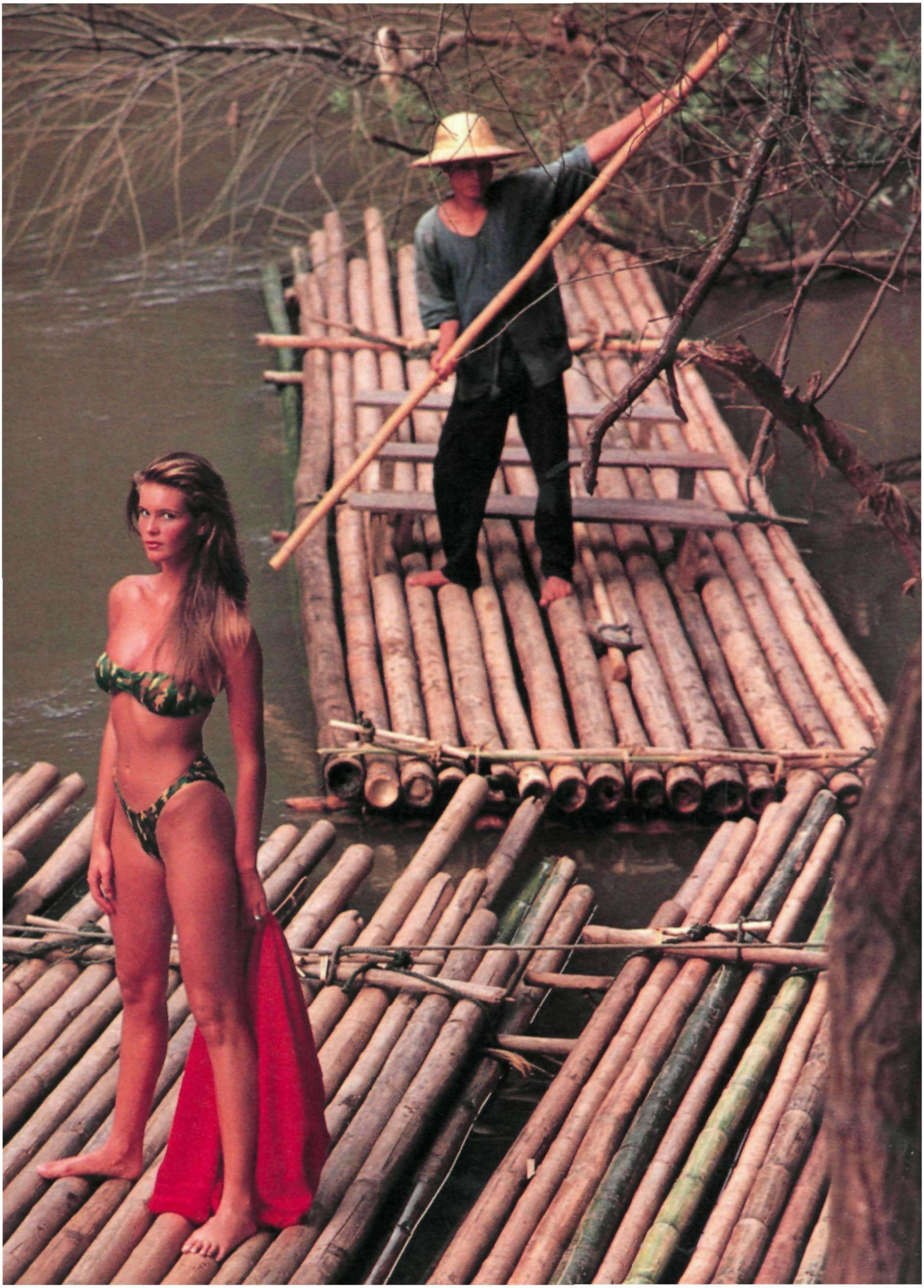
In a teeny bikini from Darling Rio ($35), Elle (opposite) steals the scene on James Bond Island in the Bay of Phang Nga. Stephanie knows less is more when there are rays to catch; Keiko asks $42 for the Kermit threads. When the sun sizzles, a parasol is handy.

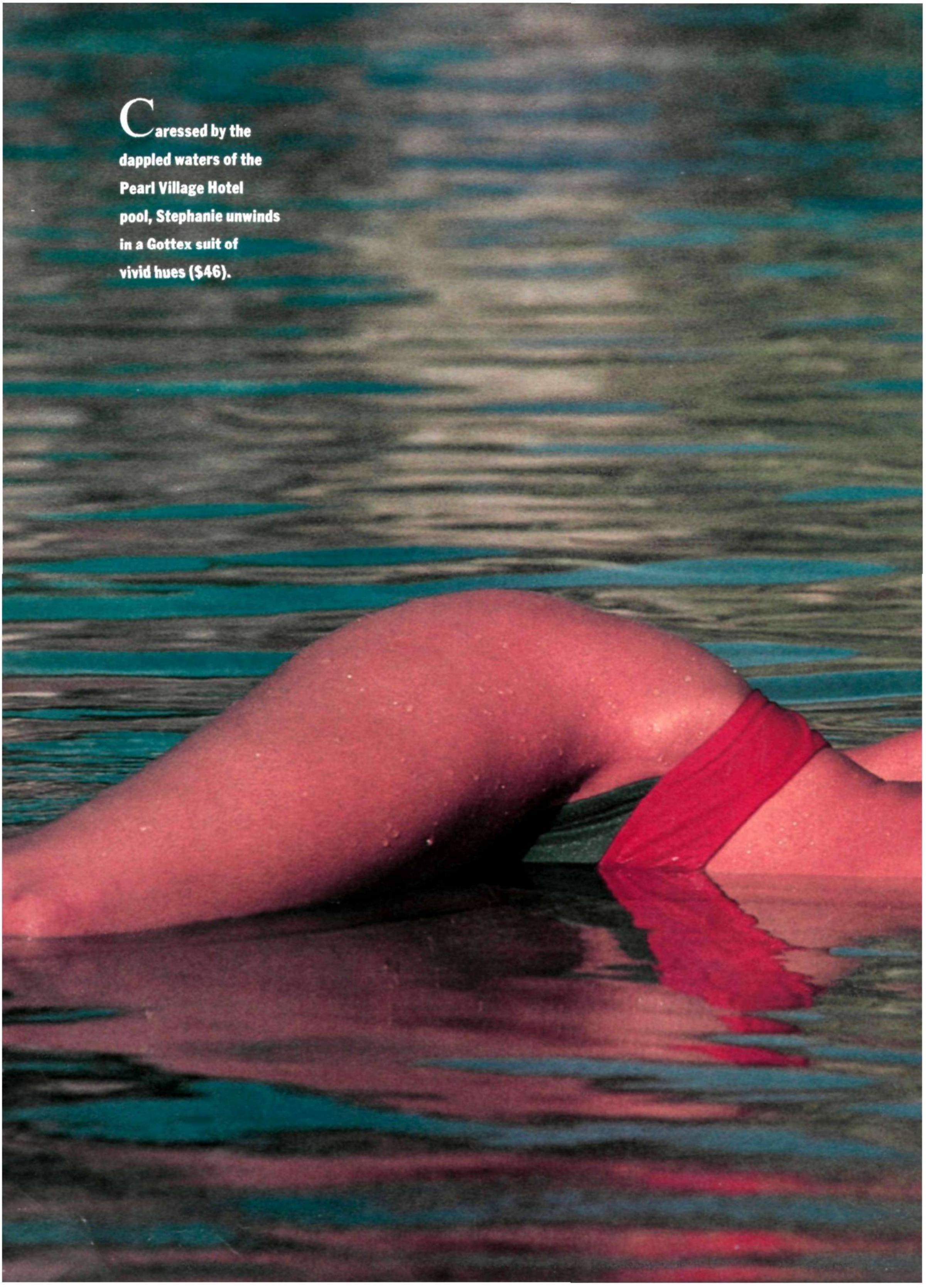


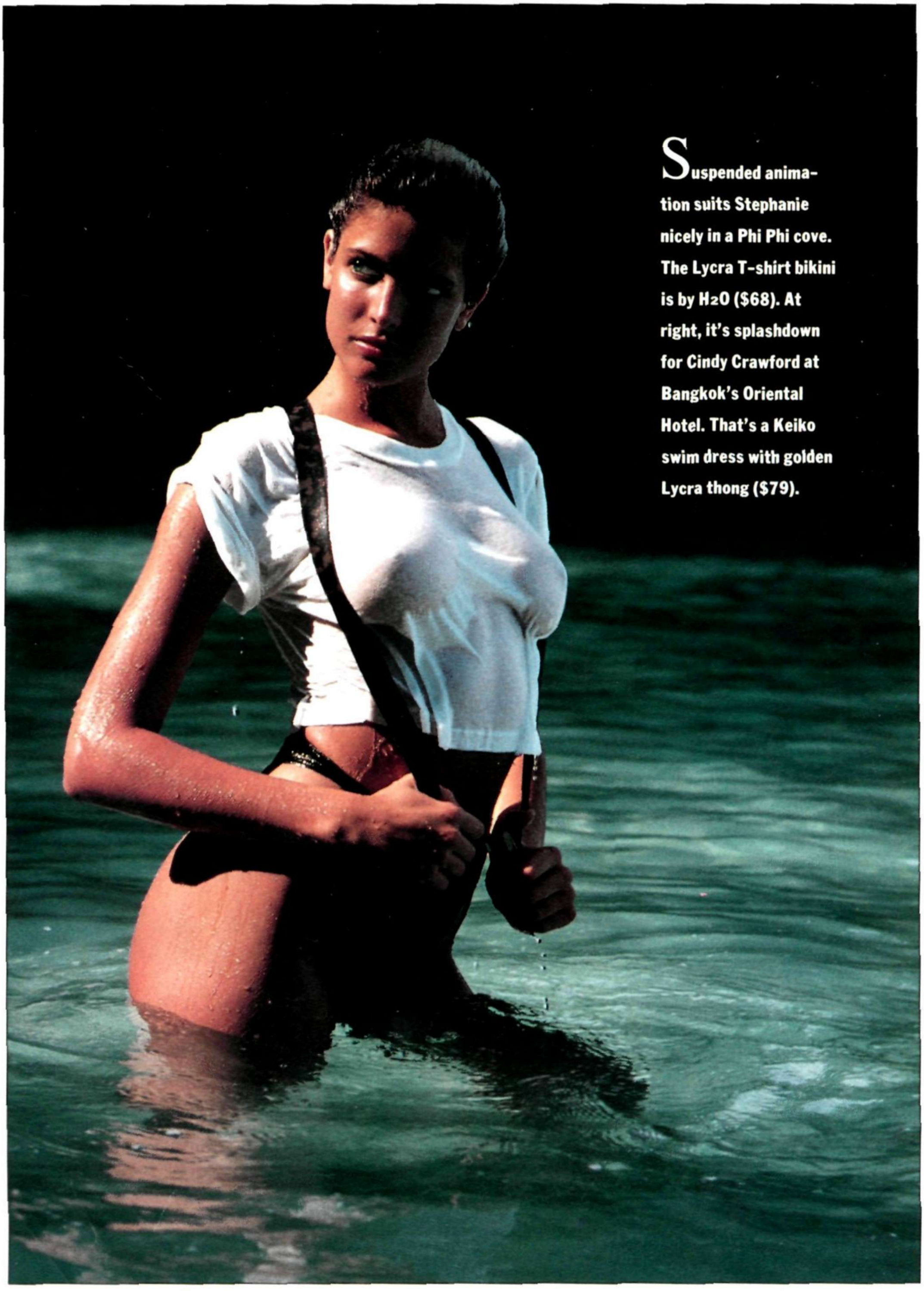


Estelle is swept away by the beauty of the Phi Phi Islands, in Phang Nga Bay, in a Giorgio di Sant'Angelo creation ($400).

Elle takes the shade in a bamboo thicket by the Ping River in her two-piece suit from H2O ($54). At right she is camouflaged, so to speak, in an Ipanema Wear bikini ($46) for a raft ride on the Ping.



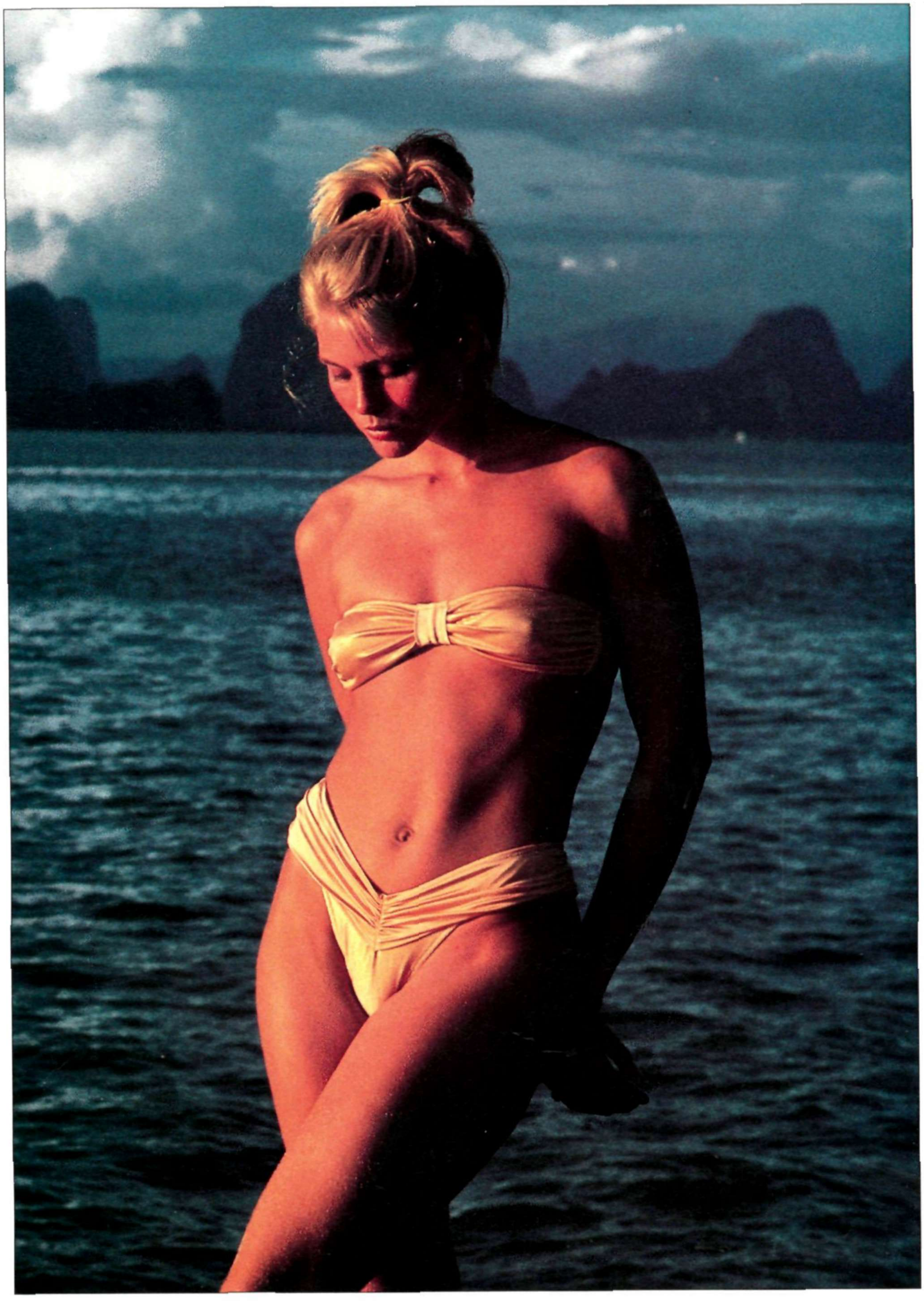

Caressed by the dappled waters of the Pearl Village Hotel pool, Stephanie unwinds in a Gottex suit of vivid hues ($46).



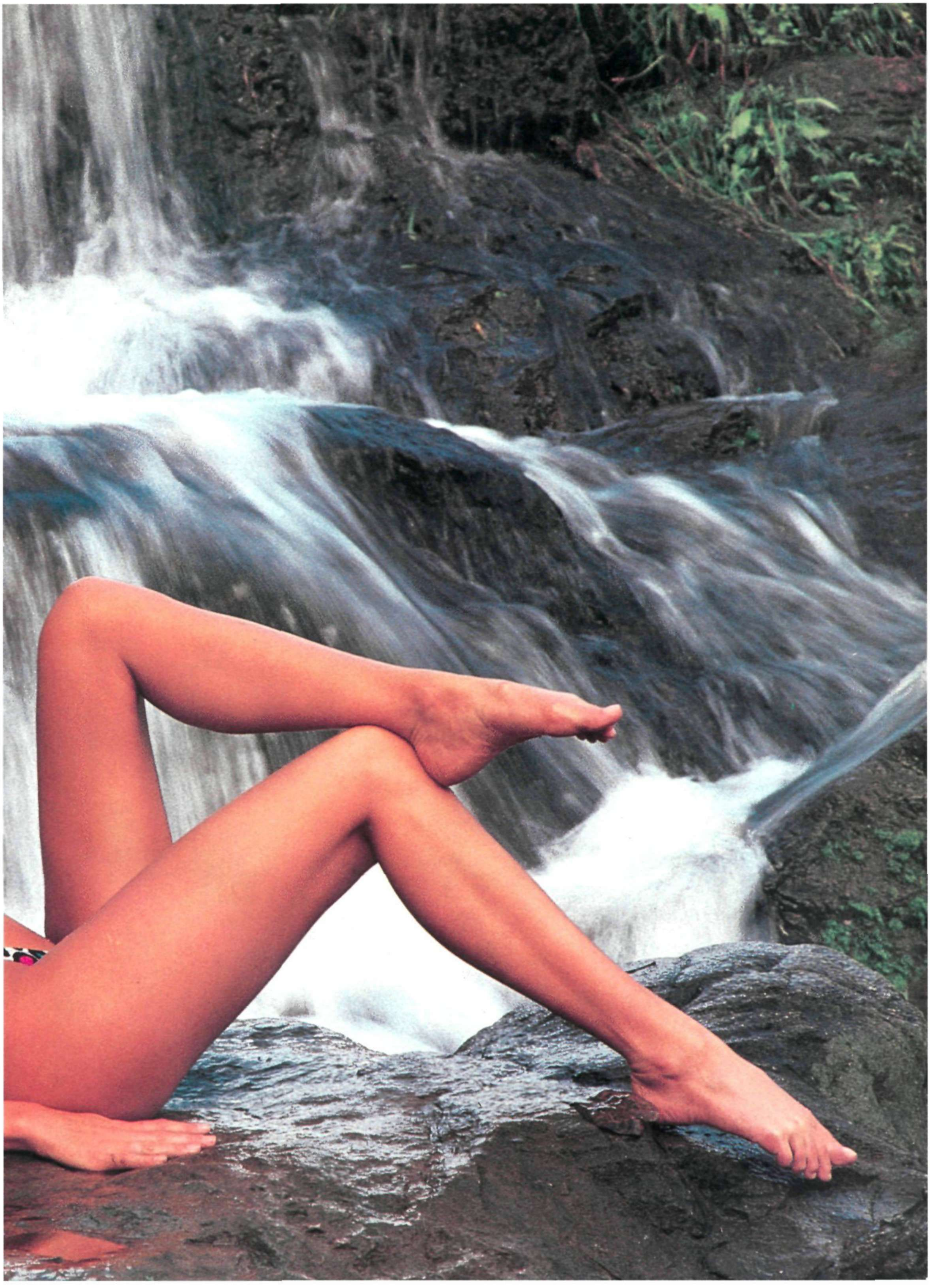
Suspended animation suits Stephanie nicely in a Phi Phi cove. The Lycra T-shirt bikini is by H2O ($68). At right, it's splashdown for Cindy Crawford at Bangkok's Oriental Hotel. That's a Keiko swim dress with golden Lycra thong ($79).

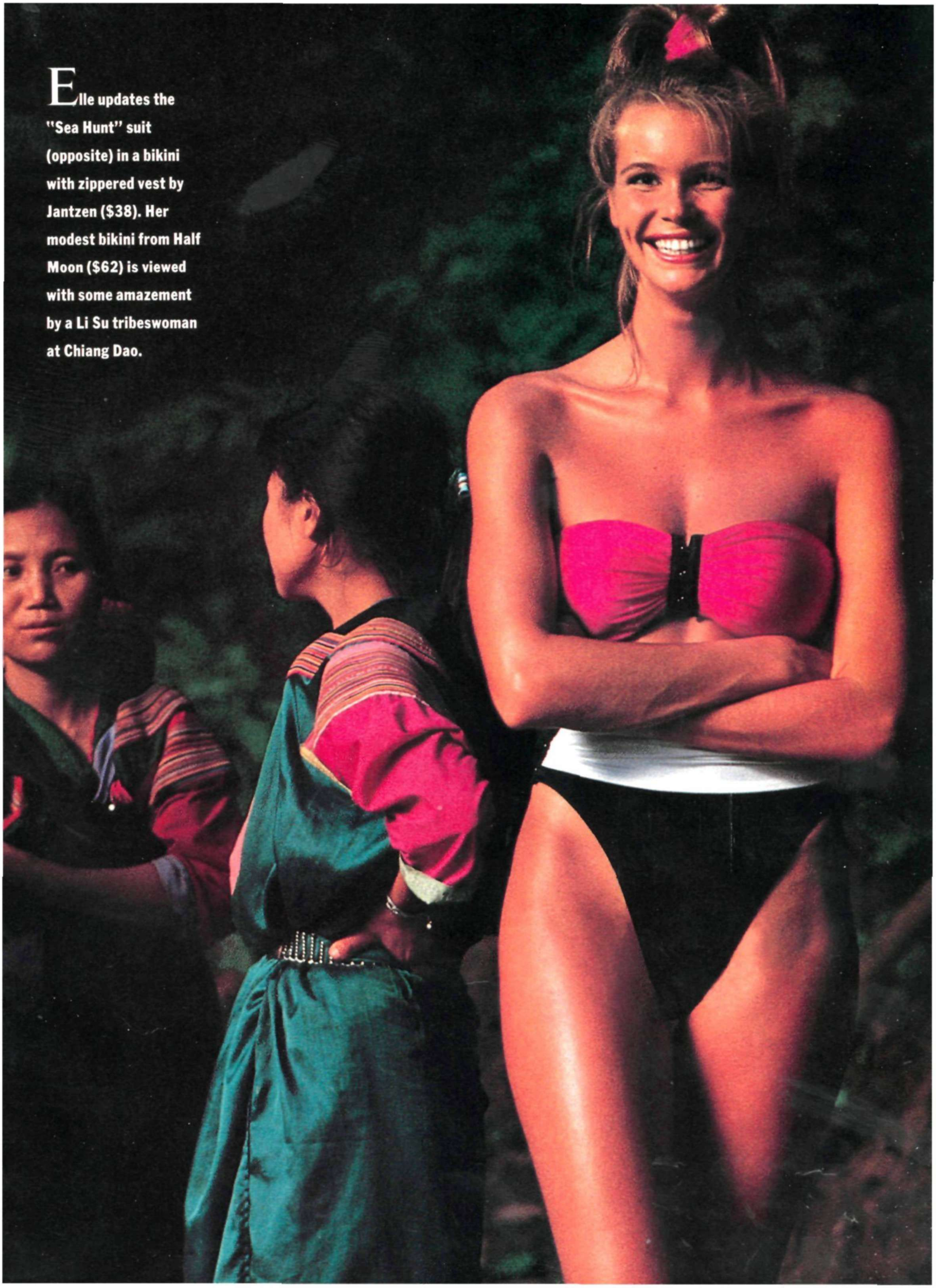
Elle gilds the lily pond at the Lanna golf course near the northern city of Chiang Mai. Her suit is by Ocean Pacific ($36).

The cool cascade of the 1,200-foot Mae Ya waterfall is a natural shower for Estelle in her neoprene wet suit from Anne Cole Collection ($75). Kim Alexis, in a gathered bikini by Diva ($68), daydreams in a cove sheltered by the Phang Nga Islands.

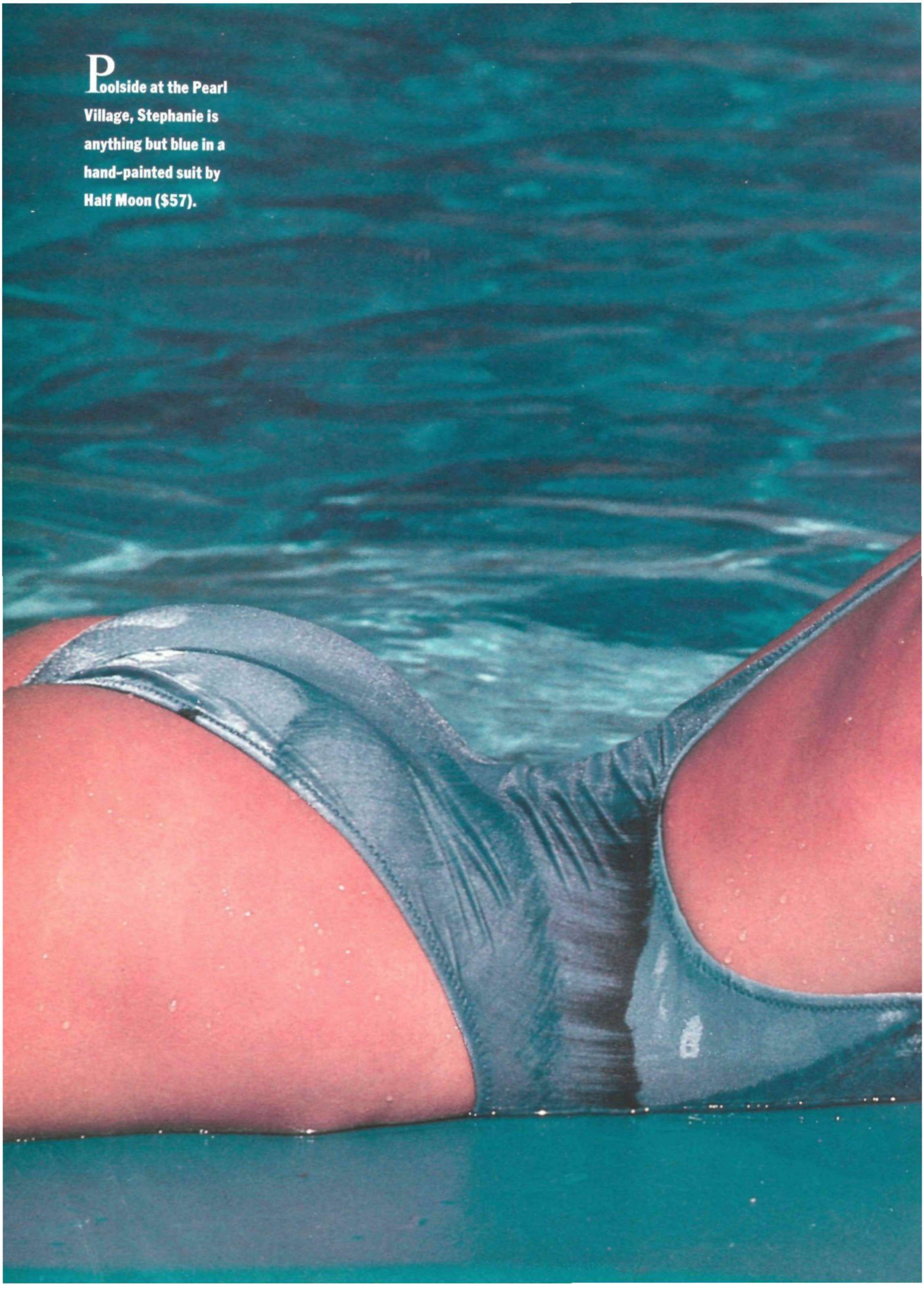


Elle chooses an abstract rock-print suit from Darling Rio ($35) for an interlude at one of the many spectacular waterfalls to be found in Mae Sa district.

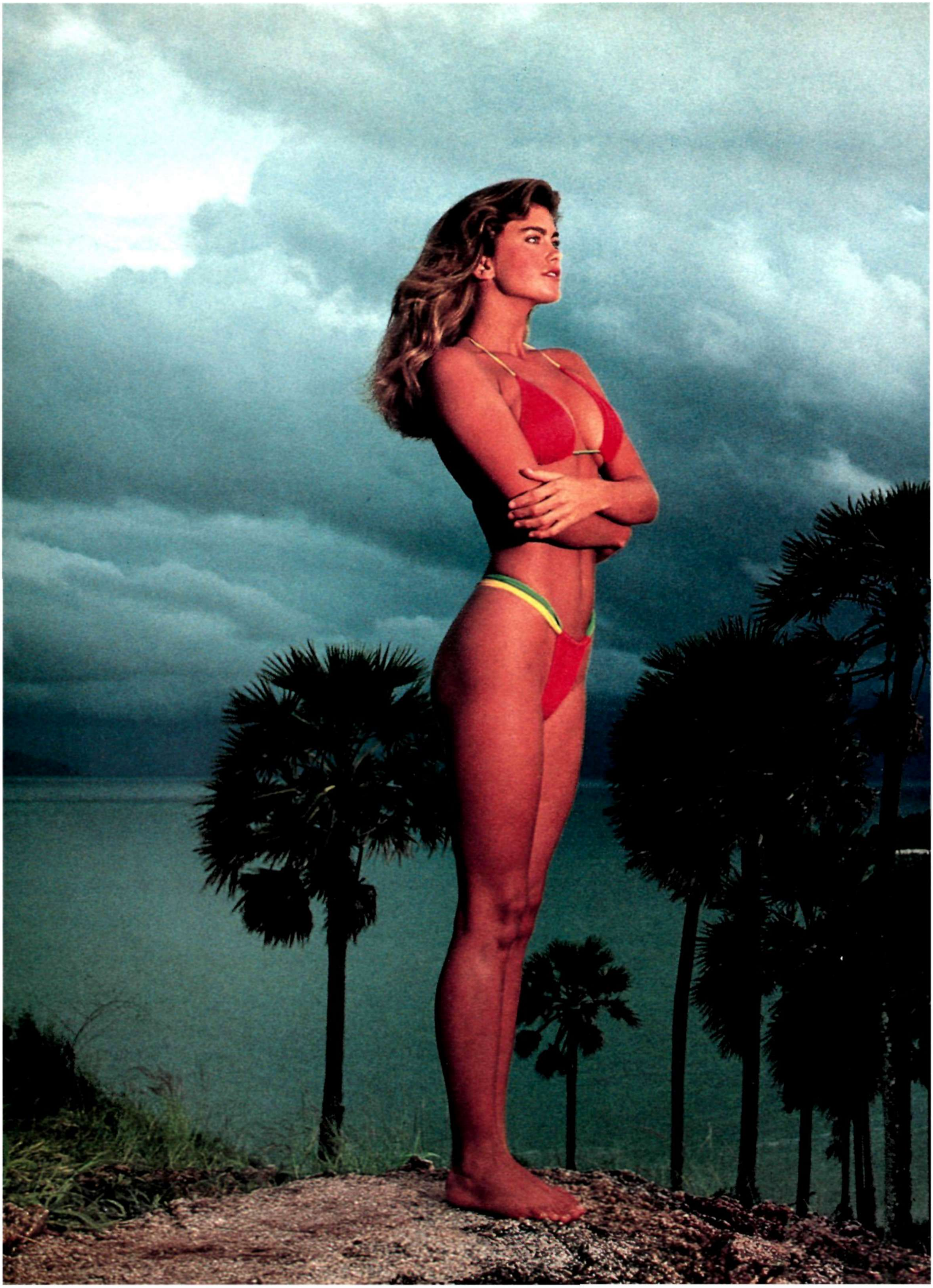




Elle updates the "Sea Hunt" suit (opposite) in a bikini with zippered vest by Jantzen ($38). Her modest bikini from Half Moon ($62) is viewed with some amazement by a Li Su tribeswoman at Chiang Dao.



Poolside at the Pearl Village, Stephanie is anything but blue in a hand-painted suit by Half Moon ($57).



It's twilight time, and Kathy, in a suit by Darling Rio ($35), views a slice of Thai splendor from Phuket's lofty Prom Thep Point.

SPORT *in the land of* SANUK

In Thailand nearly everyone—boxers, kite flyers, gamblers, even fish—gets in on the fun and games

BY E.M. SWIFT

At a two-day rodeo in Surin, elephants do unlikely things, and playing pachyderm soccer is foremost among them.

I BEGAN TO SUSPECT WE WERE IN FOR A FAIRLY UNUSUAL trip shortly after the visit to the snake farm. A man there had leaped into a pit with three deadly cobras, caught one in his left hand and another in his right and then, while holding those two squirming vipers aloft, put his face inches in front of the third. Serpent and man bobbed and feinted at each other—cobras apparently have poor depth perception—until with a sudden thrust the man crashed his face against the snake and, because the snake was on the cement floor, against that as well. The man wriggled there, as if stricken, gathered himself, then rose to his feet in triumph. To the relief and the disgust of the spectators—most of them tourists—he now had the third cobra in his mouth. His teeth grasped the back of the snake's hood, while its tail lashed him across the chest and shoulders. The proud man circled the pit, posing with the snakes for pictures.

Back in our river taxi, one of the ubiquitous, long-tailed motorized gondolas that navigate Bangkok's canals, I asked our guide, "Have you ever been face-to-face with a cobra?"

"I killed many cobra," James replied without bragging.

Sports betting is a national passion.

James's real name is Chamnong Tongkaew. He asked that we call him James, though, because he likes James Bond. One of the Bond movies, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, had been filmed in Thailand.

"In rainy season, after flooding, cobra come inside my house," James explained. "Have nowhere else to live. Dogs help me. They bark and block the door. I use stick. I try to use my hand like the man in the snake farm, but is very difficult. I use stick. Cobra very good to eat. Old saying in our country: Mongoose, he eats cobra. Cobra, he eats rat. Rat, he eats rice. But Thai people—we eat al-l-l of them."

James sensed our queasiness. "Not city rat," he assured us. "Rice paddy rat. Is very good. Better than chicken. Not as good as cobra. You will have some before you leave. But you maybe will not know it." James smiled his wonderful smile as the river taxi continued its lazy tour of the filthy, fascinating

In muay Thai, a sporting version of the unarmed combat once taught to Siamese soldiers, combatants attack with hands, feet, elbows and knees.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

klongs, the Thai word for "canals." My wife, Sally, pointed out a lovely private home tucked among the wooden huts and salt-barges-turned-house-boats. "Yes, very beautiful," agreed James. "Owner must be corrupt."

Sports in Thailand. That was the assignment. Go to Bangkok, poke around the countryside, paddle through the klongs and find out what 52 million Thais like to do for sport. Over the centuries people have come to beautiful, exotic Thailand looking for many things. Few have left disappointed. Between the 16th and 18th centuries, when Thailand was known as Siam (the name was changed in 1939 when Premier Pibun Songgram sought to expand his country's borders to include all Thai-speaking regions), the Burmese came looking for riches and slaves. In the mid-1800s the Chinese began a steady immigration, seeking opium and opportunity. At the same time European traders were arriving, hungering for rice, silk, teak and tin.

The Americans did not make their presence felt until the Vietnam era, when thousands of R & R-seeking GIs sought out a particular section of Bangkok known as Patpong looking for go-go girls and sex. More recently tourists of all nationalities have come to Thailand for its superb shopping, mouth-watering food (if this be rat, then bring me seconds), scenery, temples, festivals, royalty and—above all—charming, hospitable people. But to come in search of sports?

"This is a most unusual request," said James, upon being told of our mission. "I must make some phone calls."

James called us the next morning to say that we had missed by a week the elephant festival in Surin, a day's train ride from Bangkok. The event is a two-day rodeo held each November in which trained elephants run races, roll logs and play soccer. And 100 soldiers challenge an elephant to a tug-of-war.

It would have been an interesting spectacle, especially because elephants have played an important part in Thai history. One of the nation's most famous battles, in the town of Nong Sarai in 1593, turned in favor of the Thais when King Naresuan met and killed the Burmese crown prince in a duel on elephant back, ending 30 years of Burmese rule. Mongkut, King Rama IV, after whom the king in *The King and I* was

In Thai bullfighting, the animals vie against one another, not men, and blood is seldom shed, the contest ending when one of the beasts turns tail.

JEAN TUTTLE

THE NEW GRAND PRIX

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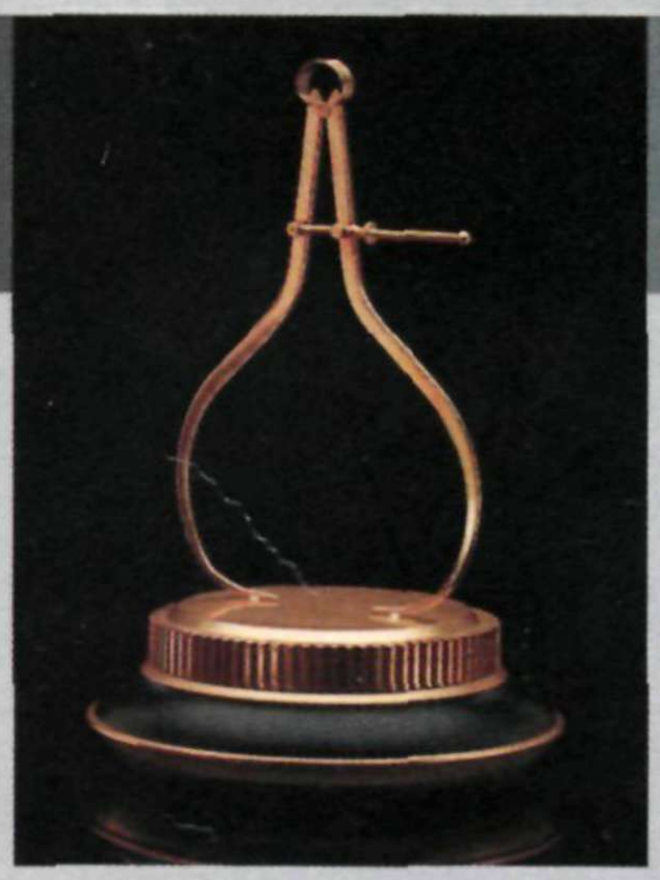

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Peace of mind is also standard, thanks to a 6-yr./60,000-mile powertrain warranty. See your Pontiac Dealer for the terms and conditions of this limited warranty.

We Build Excitement

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER BUCKLE UP. GM *©1988 GM CORP.*

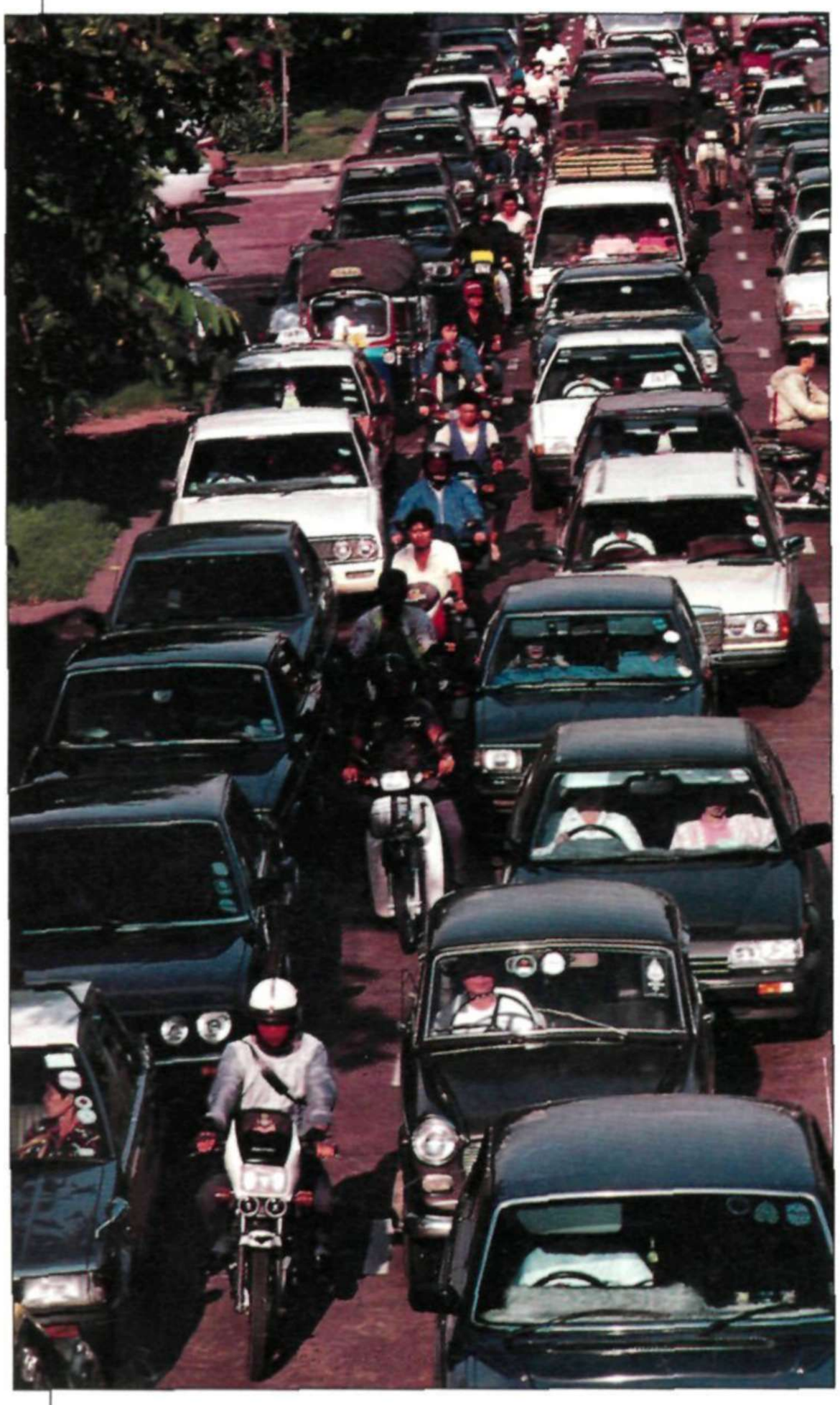
modeled (because so much of it is imprecise history and derides the king, the movie is officially banned in Thailand), once offered to send Abraham Lincoln a herd of elephants to help stem the Confederate tide during the Civil War. Honest Abe declined.

We had asked James to check into kite fighting, but here, too, we were out of luck. During the windy season, between February and April, the Thais fly brightly colored kites of all shapes and sizes, playing a game with them that amounts to an aerial battle of the sexes. There are teams, referees, national championships and heavy wagering on each fight's outcome. Of course, the Thais would bet on raindrops running down a windowpane; they, like the Chinese, are gambling devotees. The idea is for the large male kite, the *chula*, to clasp the smaller female kite, the *pak pao*, in its bamboo talons. As you might imagine, this is no easy task, requiring teams of as many as 20 men to handle the massive (up to 25 feet) *chulas*. The *pak pao*, meanwhile, flits and dances gaily beneath its suitor, endeavoring to fly up and loop its line around the *chula*'s head, causing the larger kite to plummet to earth.

SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

James did assure us that we could see as much Thai boxing as we wanted, and we arranged to do so that night. Thai boxing, the most famous of the indigenous Thai sports, is not just kick boxing: Elbows, fists and knees are part of the arsenal, although biting, spitting, hair pulling, and head butting are penalized. *Muay Thai*, the proper name for the sport, was originally taught to Siamese soldiers for use in hand-to-hand combat—which explains the anything-goes nature of the rules.

Negotiating the streets of Bangkok is one game that nobody wins. But 1.3 million vehicles, and their long-suffering drivers, daily enter the fray.



There are two permanent boxing stadiums in Bangkok, the Rajadamnern and the Lumpini, which generally hold fight programs on alternate evenings. Tickets range from 70 baht ($2.80) to 1,200 baht ($48) for ringside seats, which are primarily filled with *farangs*—Thai for "foreigners." The true fight fans are back a few rows, standing, waving fistfuls of baht while shouting out odds that change with each solid blow. "Four to five! Four to five!" (Thud! Whack!) "Eeeee! Three to one!"

The fights we saw were, for the most part, bloodless affairs. In 16 bouts over two nights, only two ended in knockouts. *Muay Thai* fighters are small—70% of them are either flyweight (112 pounds) or bantamweight (118)—and many are barely in their teens. "We call ourselves the small chilis," James said, referring to Thai boxers. "The smaller, the hotter."

Legally, *muay Thai* contestants are not supposed to fight in the stadiums until they are 17, but obtaining a fake birth certificate is easy, and trainers routinely match 14- and 15-year-olds against one another. We talked to one 17-year-old who claimed to have a 40–10 record—Thai boxers fight once a month—and says he has been fighting since he was 12, by which time he had fulfilled Thailand's six years of compulsory education. The young man was paid 5,000 baht ($200) for his win that night, 2,000 of which went to his training camp. The boy he beat was paid 4,000 baht. If the two had staged an especially crowd-pleasing slug-kick-elbow-knee fest, the owner of the stadium would have given them more.

The evening was a wonderful spectacle. Before each bout the boxers performed an elaborate warm-up dance called the *wai kru*, which served the dual purpose of loosening the muscles and getting the *muay Thai* spirits on one's side. Each fighter, in his own highly specialized way, would pay homage to the elders of *muay Thai*, men like Nai Khanom Tom, the most famous Thai boxer in history, who in 1774, as a prisoner of war, defeated 10 Burmese boxers in a row to earn his freedom. Often a boxer would encircle the ring with his glove on the top rope to ward off evil spirits. Some wore amulets around their arms; others wore headbands to hex their opponents.

Only jeans that fit this well, get the chance to look this bad.

July 1987, painted house.

October 1985, rock climbing in Colorado.

Spring 1987, softball season.

November 1986, helped Christina move in.

August 1987, mowed the grass.

September 1986, scooter breaks down.

December 1987, helped Christina move out.

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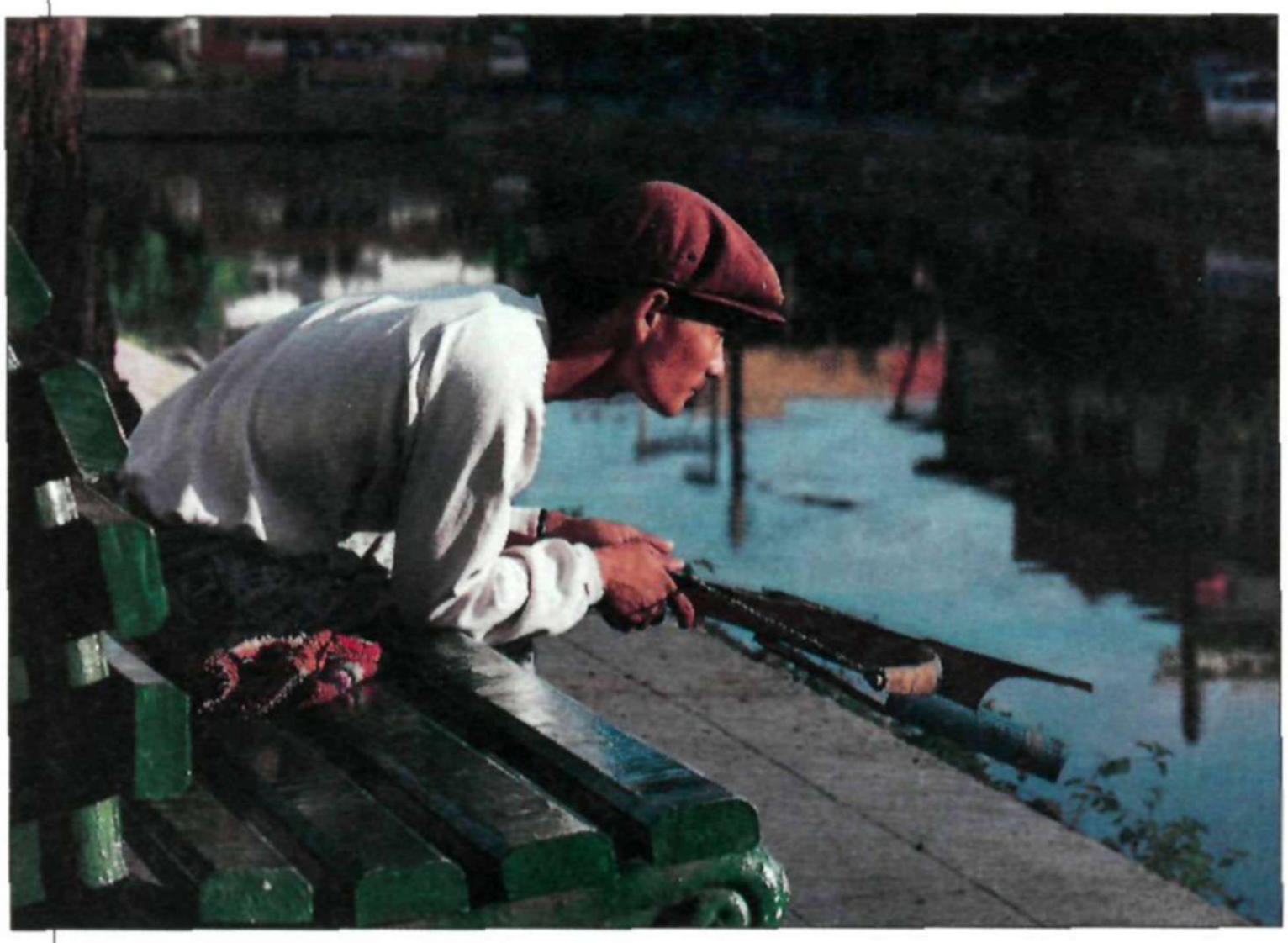
SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

While all this went on, a three-man band played the eeriest music ever heard at a sporting event. There were three instruments: the *pi Chawa*, or Java pipe, which sounds like a bagpipe; the *glawng khaek*, a pair of bongolike drums that lie across the lap; and the *ching*, cymbals the size of teacups.

Each fight was scheduled for five three-minute rounds, with two minutes between rounds. The music played throughout, and the boxers hopped up and down to the rhythm of the *glawng khaek* waiting for openings in their opponents' defenses. When the action picked up, so did the tempo of the music and the frenzy of the baht-wielding bettors. The boxers fought barefoot and wore gloves. Until the 1930s they fought with their hands bound in hemp, which, if both fighters agreed (and they frequently did), had bits of glass ground in. Bloody business, that. The prevailing strategy nowadays seems to be to kick the opponent repeatedly in the leg muscles or the kidneys, wearing him down as an American boxer does by working the body. Very few kicks were landed to the face, though many were launched. Elbows and knees were thrown primarily from clinches.

Fishermen in Chiang Mai favor crossbow over hook and line in the quest for the eellike serpent head.



The crowd much preferred the kicks to the punches, in part because the Thais hold the feet in very low esteem. For instance, in the chapel of the Emerald Buddha, the most important object of worship in Bangkok, there is a sign that says: PLEASE DO NOT STRETCH YOUR FEET IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA. In Thailand it is considered impolite to point one's foot at anyone, even accidentally, as might happen when crossing your legs. Thus, to kick another human is akin to a declaration of war.

Between rounds, scores of spectators would often run up to a fighter's corner and shout out advice. What's more, the fighters listened raptly, often nodding at the suggestions. Later we learned that many of these meddlers were high rollers who had wagered on the fight, some of whom were offering a portion of their winnings to the boxer if he would knock out his opponent.

At the conclusion of each bout there was very little ceremony. The referee raised the arm of the winner for about half a second, and everyone skedaddled to make way for the next fight. This custom has its roots in self-preservation; it is not unheard of for unpopular decisions to be greeted with a flight of beer bottles launched from the 70-baht seats. As a result, in certain boxing stadiums in Thailand the crowd is cordoned off from the ring by ceiling-high cyclone fences. In some stadiums beer and soda are sold in plastic Baggies and swilled with a straw.

The next morning we flew to Chiang Mai, the second-largest city in Thailand, with a population of 260,000—a virtual hamlet compared to Bangkok, which is a noisy, crowded metropolis of nearly

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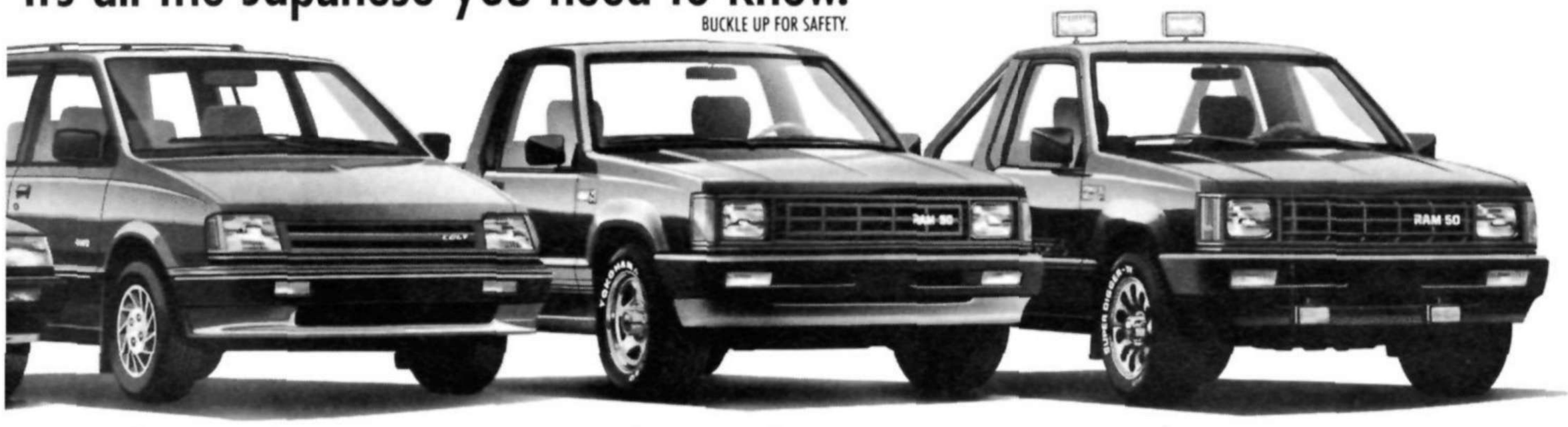

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SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

5.5 million. Situated in the north of the country at the foot of the Tanen Taunggyi mountains, Chiang Mai has a human scale to it. You can walk around the city with ease, something one would not dream of doing in Bangkok with its size and congestion.

Sanuk, which means "having fun," was a word we had heard often in Bangkok. Now we learned another word, *sabai*, which means "happiness, being loose, having no set schedule."

"Bangkok has more *sanuk* than Chiang Mai," explained Narunart Prapanya, a Thai correspondent for TIME, who accompanied us during our stay in Chiang Mai. "But in Chiang Mai, there is more *sabai*."

Chiang Mai's citizens are more reserved and less used to *farangs*, who only recently have begun to make their city a regular stop on the Thailand tour. Artisans from neighboring hill tribes sell their wares at Chiang Mai's fabulous night market, and fishermen quietly sit on the banks of the ancient city's moat and bob freshwater shrimp for a fish that resembles a bluegill. Some fishermen, carrying bamboo crossbows made by a local craftsman, hide behind trees and scour the moat for an eellike fish called a serpent head.

Strolling along a side street late that first day we saw a group of young men who had just gotten off work, kicking a woven rattan ball into the air on a school playground. We had heard about this game, called *takraw*, but had not seen it in Bangkok. Now we began to notice it in every playground and school yard we passed.

Takraw is, essentially, volleyball with the feet. Three players stand on each side of a 5′ 2″ high net. Games are played to 15. The only time the hands are used is during the serve, when one player is allowed to pitch the ball back to a teammate, who kicks it over the net to start the point. Often these pitches are aimed up by the ear, an angle from which the server can, by properly timing his leap, kick the ball over the net in a line.

The agility of the *takraw* players we saw was amazing. Every player could spike the ball with his feet, sometimes doing a full flip afterward to land upright. The best players were so skilled that they could fake a spike with a foot, and then bunt the ball over with their heads.

There are other versions of the game. In basket *takraw*, three baskets, or nets, are hung some 20 feet off the ground, and players try to kick, head, knee or elbow the ball through. In the simplest form of *takraw*, a group of players simply tried to keep the ball aloft, showing off trick shots, and not keeping score. Thais are individualists, with a loose, cheerful approach to team sports. Thai, in the Thai language, means "free," and that is very much the spirit that prevails.

The Thais also favor diversity, not specialization, in their sports programs. At Chiang Mai's Hoa Phra Secondary School, we were told that seventh-graders learn table tennis and gymnastics. In eighth grade, students are taught *takraw*, soccer and *kabri*—an ancient sword-fighting technique. The swords for these 13-year-old boys and girls are made of bamboo. In the ninth grade the children learn basketball, volleyball and track and field. The sessions we attended were organized but not too disciplined. Giggling was a perfectly acceptable way to react to a missed layup or a bamboo sword to the belly.

During recess we noticed one final activity of interest: the kids were playing tag with their feet. One lad stood in the middle of a circle of his classmates, while the others jumped in and out teasingly. When the boy in the middle managed to swipe one of the others with a kick, the two exchanged places and the game began anew. For a society that considers the foot an extremity of exceedingly low esteem, the Thais certainly employ it a lot for amusement.

From Chiang Mai we flew down to the island of Phuket in the Andaman Sea. Phuket (pronounced Poo-KET) is a newly developed resort island off Thailand's southwest coast. Only a

Early risers engage in the ancient ritual of t'ai chi in a Bangkok park.

SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

few years ago this was considered an undiscovered paradise, but paradise has been found and taken over by sun-hungry Europeans, particularly West Germans, who have changed the ambience just a little. For sports there are golf and tennis and various water activities. In Phuket the only Thais one sees are in bow ties carrying mai-tais.

Old pal James found us a bullfight in the mainland town of Chiang Di, however, a three-hour drive from Phuket to the eastern side of the peninsula. Bullfighting in Thailand, he told us, was not at all like bullfighting in Spain. The bulls fought each other; no one died; much money was bet. The action was spellbinding. James assured us we would be the only *farangs* in attendance.

We rose at dawn and, taking leave of our beachfront hotel, crossed the bridge to the mainland. In the distance we could see the lights of the squid boats plying the Andaman Sea. On the coastal highway we passed sheer and bizarre limestone formations jutting up from the sea. These, too, had been featured in *The Man with the Golden Gun*, and one formation, called James Bond Island, is now one of Thailand's most popular tourist attractions. Heading inland, we drove through miles of rubber plantations, watching workers as they gathered the buckets of sap. The sap was poured into bath-mat-sized sheets of raw latex that were then hung from rails by the roadway to cure in the sun like great slabs of mozzarella cheese.

At the bullfight we were greeted by a striking billboard depicting a white bull and a black bull squaring off before a sack of 200,000 baht ($8,000). This was to be the featured event. A full day's admission (15 fights) costs a hefty 650 baht ($26), so the rambutan trees overlooking the back fence of the bullring sagged with spectators sitting shoulder to shoulder. Midway through a particularly exciting contest, 15 of them plummeted ingloriously to the ground when one of the branches snapped.

The fighting bulls, a Brahman strain, were matched by size. Before each fight the referee thoroughly washed both bulls, particularly the horns, to discourage the sort of hanky-panky that seems inevitable anytime men gamble on animals. Some trainers, we were told, used the trick of rubbing essence of tiger on the shoulders of their bull, so that the opposing bull would smell the tiger, become afraid and run away.

After the bulls were washed, their faces and shoulders were smeared with bananas, the natural oil in the fruit protecting the bull's skin against chafing. And a powerful lot of chafing was to follow, for the bulls fought not by making long, fearsome charges at each other, like rams, but by butting their

Eighth-graders in Chiang Mai are instructed in the rudiments of the centuries-old art of sword fighting with weapons made not of steel but bamboo.

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SPORT IN THE LAND OF SANUK

heads together and pushing like football linemen. The struggle was primordial. As the animals braced and heaved in the center of the dusty ring, their muscles gathered like waves. And each step forward, each step back, changed the odds in the fight. A fight ended when one bull, sensing his opponent was stronger, backed off and ran away.

The longest fight we saw lasted 45 minutes. The shortest ended in a matter of seconds. Afterward, the handlers pounded the bulls' muscles to relax them, and doctored their scrapes and gouges by spitting soda water into the open wounds. Judging by the bulls' reactions, this was their least favorite part of the day. The handlers, who literally had to take the bulls by the horns and press their lips into the raw, sore flesh of the still-sweating behemoths, seemed none too fond of it, either.

As James had promised, we had been the only foreigners there, and the experience was exhilarating. People had moved to offer us their seats and shared their chili-covered grapefruit with us. They had explained, through interpretation and sign language, the betting procedures, the ebb and flow of the fights and which bull was doing better and why. Fathers were there with their sons, as fathers and sons in the U.S. spend Sundays together watching football.

Two days later we left touristy Phuket, and returned to Bangkok. We were staying at the Regent Bangkok, a fabulous hotel a few blocks from Lumpini Park, and early one morning I got up for a jog. The park, to my surprise, was packed with thousands of people at 6 a.m. Joggers crowded the track. An aerobics class was being held in the shadow of the statue of King Rama VI. A group of elderly people practiced the balletic martial art of t'ai chi ch'uan, moving so deliberately that they looked like flowers opening with the dawn. Another large group of older people was spread out on a knoll in semi-disarray, a sort of human Stonehenge, hands on hips, bending at the waist, wailing like banshees. Sweaty joggers, into a more contemporary form of exercise, would trot past. The old folks on the knoll would let out a howl and 50 tired runners would burst out laughing.

Takraw, a popular playground game, brings together elements of volleyball, soccer and acrobatics.

There were three badminton games in progress, a man was swinging a sword, a golfer was practicing chip shots, some boys were playing soccer, and a group of Thai boxers were shadow-boxing. Because of Bangkok's oppressive heat, of course, dawn is the ideal time to exercise.

James wanted us to see one final attraction, a Siamese fish fight, but it seemed they were only held on the weekends. We would be gone by then. So we decided to hold our own. When James was a boy he had found his fighting fish by going down to the rice paddies and scooping them up in his hands. The females, which he could identify by a white mark on the fin, he returned to the water. Only the males will fight. Then he and his friends would get together and bet on the outcome. Kids in Thailand also stage cricket fights and beetle fights, and in rural areas we had seen them playing pitch-penny with washers, and wagering rubber bands, which they wore on their arms by the dozens like prized jewelry.

We did not have the time or inclination to seek out a rice paddy, so we took a taxi to the local pet store, which sold fighting fish for 25 baht ($1) each. They were easy to spot. Each required its own separate plastic Baggie, filled with a lit-

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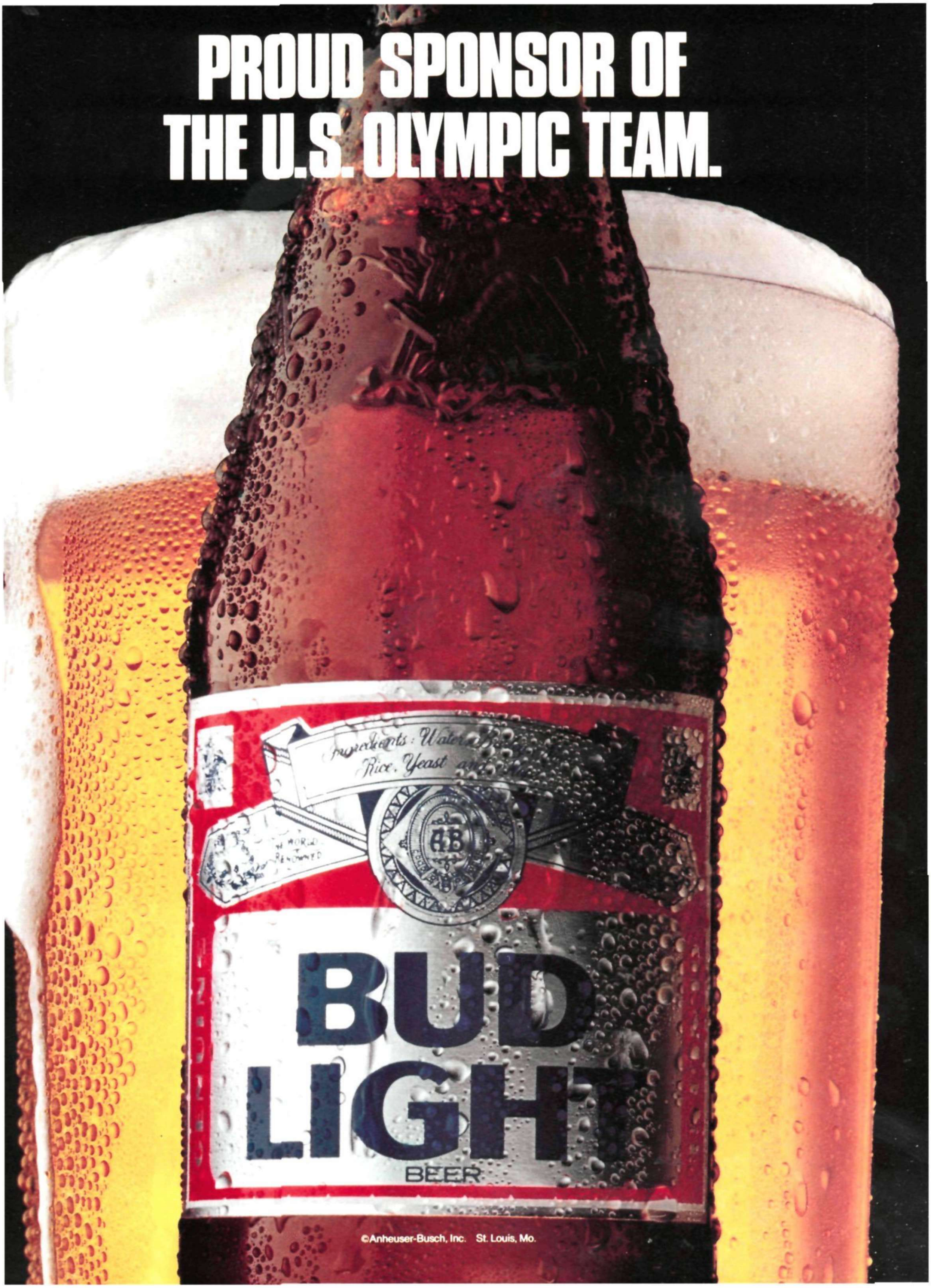

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tle water. The Baggies floated on top of the goldfish aquarium by the score. Had the fighting fish been turned loose, the owner told us, they would have torn each other to ribbons. They seemed harmless enough to look at, about the size of a thumb and murky brown or gray in color. We purchased nine of them, plus a Baggie of mosquito larvae to sustain their strength.

The fish customarily fight in round jars, so there is no hiding in corners. We bought two of them, plus four containers of unpurified water. While setting everything up back at the hotel, James told us to be careful not to put the fish within sight of one another, or they would mash their faces against the glass in an effort to attack. The same was true if you put one in front of a mirror. He would butt himself into submission. It was difficult to believe that this innocuous-looking little creature before me was so full of anger and aggression.

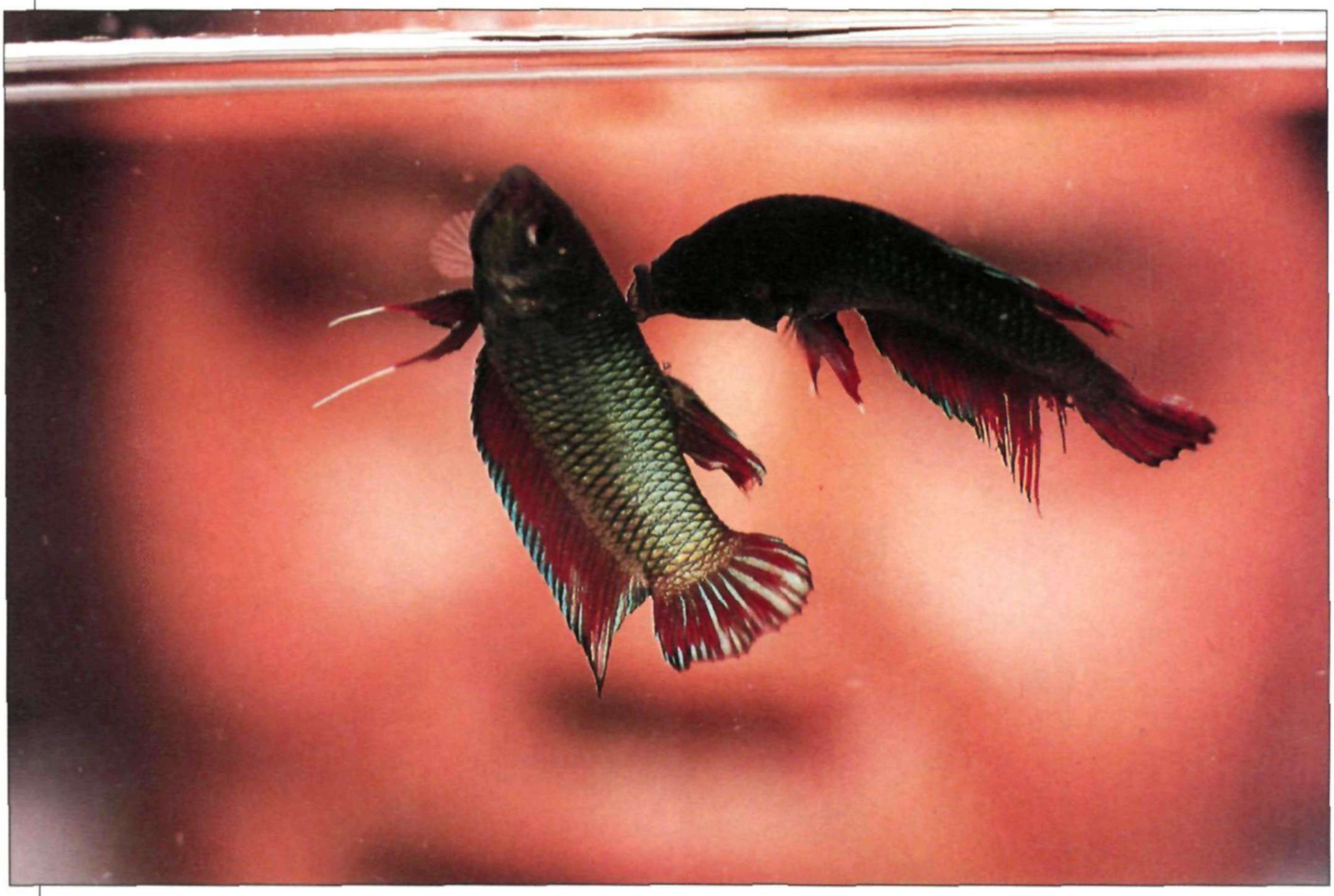
And then the battle. For the next four hours we fought these game little roughnecks. When they first faced each other in the jar, the fish literally lit up. Their dull colors immediately flushed to iridescent crimson, emerald or aquamarine. Their fins flared out as they circled. Then, finally, they attacked.

It was not as vicious as we had been led to believe. No fish was torn to ribbons. Shredded a little, perhaps, at least around the fins, which was the primary focus of attack. Sometimes one would latch onto another's gill, which seemed to be an effective hold. And often the two would become clamped in a liplock, turn upside down and fight that way for a while. When one had had enough—the fights seldom lasted more than 10 minutes—it would suddenly back off, lose all color, turning almost completely white, and swim away. Then, as had happened with the bulls, the victor would follow the vanquished around the jar without attacking. Bets were paid. The fight was history.

Two fish remained undefeated. One was a favorite of James's, a pig with fins, a blue monster the size of a big toe. The other was mine, Rama I, a green tiger with a lifetime 4–0 record. I wouldn't put him in against James's pig. One thing I had learned from watching the bulls and fish was that the big guy eventually won. He would wear down the smaller, quicker opponent with the great big heart. Every time.

James took his monster home with him. I had a feeling that it would make the rounds that weekend at the local fish-fighting hangout. We flushed the losers down the toilet with enough mosquito larvae to sustain them, if they were lucky, for months. As for Rama I, I put him in a jar, took a taxi to the klong and dropped him in beside a water hyacinth. It was only fair. Like the great Thai boxer, Nai Khanom Tom, the man who had defeated 10 Burmese, that fish had earned its freedom. Thailand, after all, means "land of the free." ■

For some bettors, fighting fish, scooped from Thailand's rice paddies and available at most neighborhood pet stores, are where the action is.



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This Yank Is a Dandy

After a shaky beginning, U.S.-born Pat LaFontaine of the Islanders is at last living up to his star billing

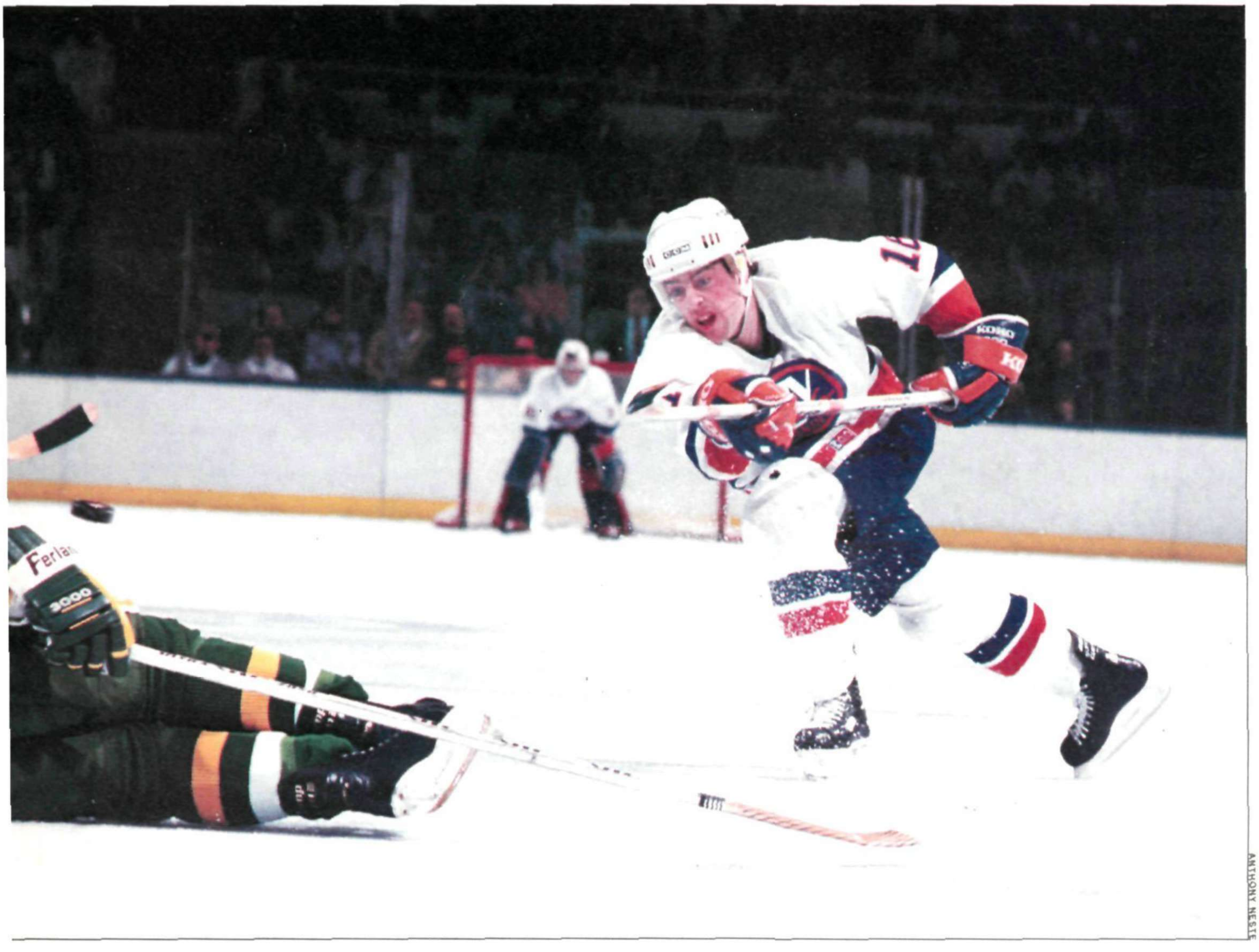
BY AUSTIN MURPHY

HIS SHOULDERS ARE BROADER, HIS chest is thicker, his game is better rounded. The mug, however, looks much the same as it did four years ago when doe-eyed, smooth-skinned Pat LaFontaine took the NHL by storm in his first season with the Islanders. When LaFontaine, whose cherubic good looks send hormones raging among the *Tiger Beat* set, married Marybeth Hoey last spring, he broke the hearts of teenage girls from Oyster Bay to Orient Point. But home and hearth, Marybeth's soothing words after a bad game and her superb carrot cake have had a steadying influence.

These days LaFontaine drives to work in one of those snub-nosed vans ideal for young families on the go. He and Marybeth, a former Wilhelmina model, and Fred, a golden retriever, and Barney, a Lhasa apso, live in an eight-room house on a wooded acre in Huntington, N.Y., 25 miles from the Islanders' home ice at Nassau Coliseum.

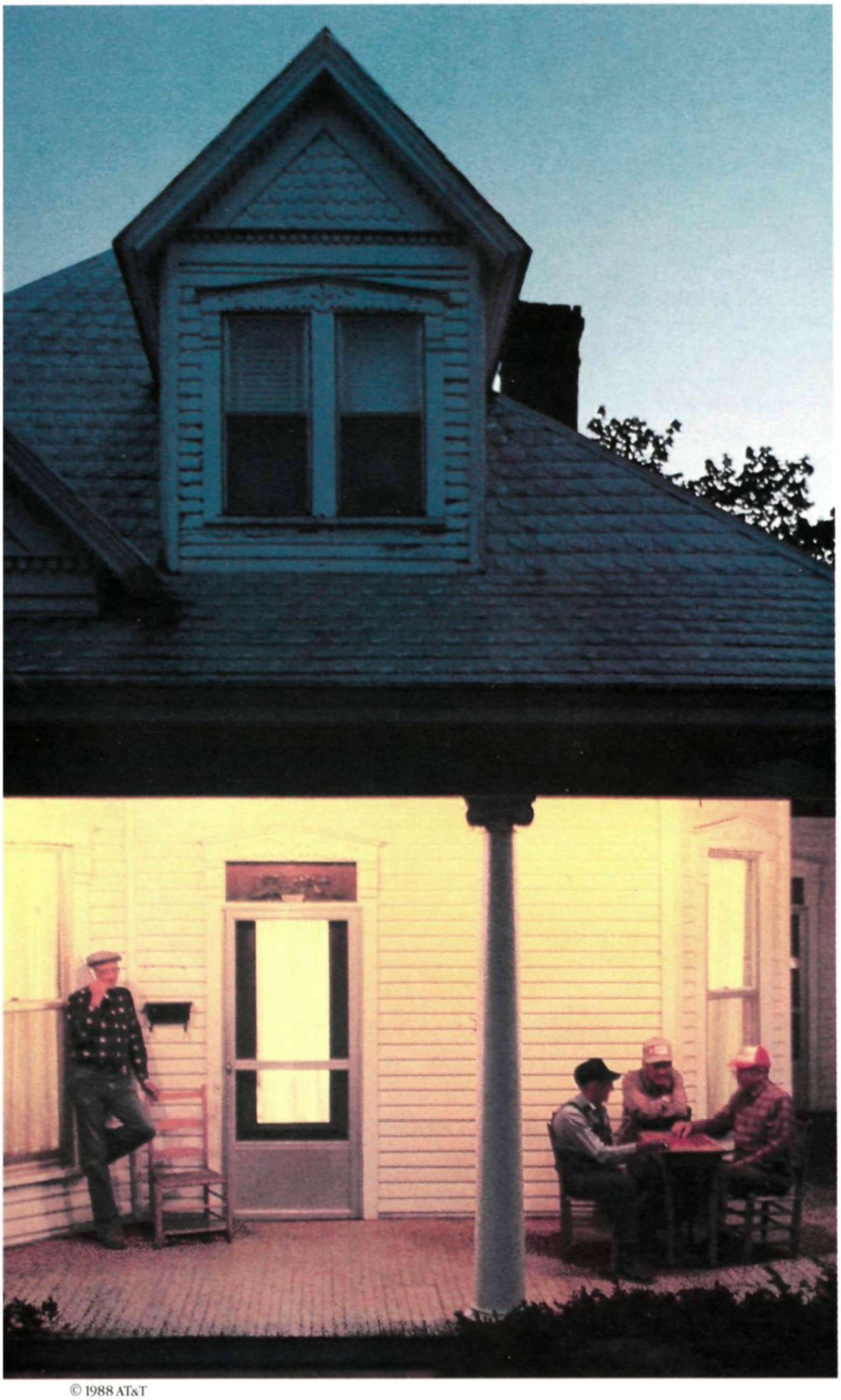
Says Marybeth, "You know how they say you can take your work home with

LaFontaine could always score but is now known for durability and defense as well.



ANTHONY NESTLE

We still think there's a lot to be said for small talk.



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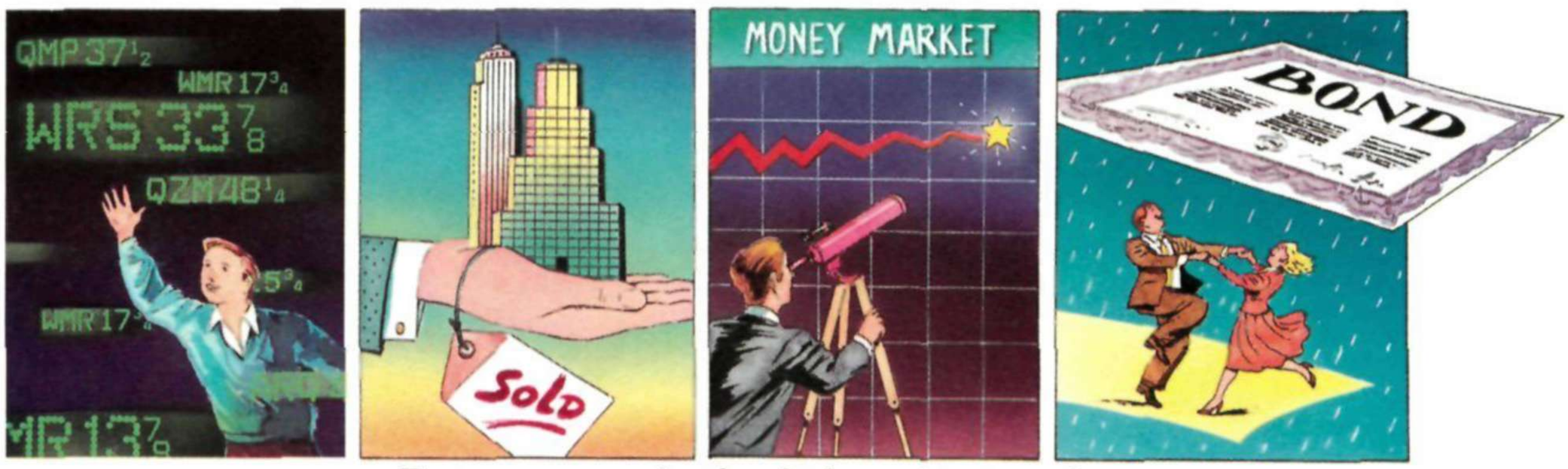

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The **Prudential**

ABOVE AND BEYOND℠

you? Well, you can also take your home to work. We're married now, Patty's settled, he's satisfied, and it shows."

Just shy of his 23rd birthday (Feb. 22), LaFontaine is more than halfway through his fourth, and by far his best, NHL season. A midseason acknowledgment of that came when Mike Keenan, coach of the Philadelphia Flyers and this year's Wales Conference All-Stars, selected LaFontaine as one of his centers. In his first All-Star appearance LaFontaine was one of just four U.S.–born players in the game on Feb. 9.

America got its first look at LaFontaine when he was an 18-year-old star of the 1984 U.S. Olympic hockey team and one of the most talented American players ever. A season earlier, in 1982–83, he had a mind-numbing 104 goals and 130 assists for Verdun of the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League. By scoring in 43 consecutive games, he broke the record of 40 set in 1971 by Guy Lafleur.

Alas, at the Sarajevo Games the Diaper Line—LaFontaine and fellow teens David A. Jensen and Eddie Olczyk—never made it to the medal round. Team USA lost its first two games, disappearing from the competition even before the opening ceremonies.

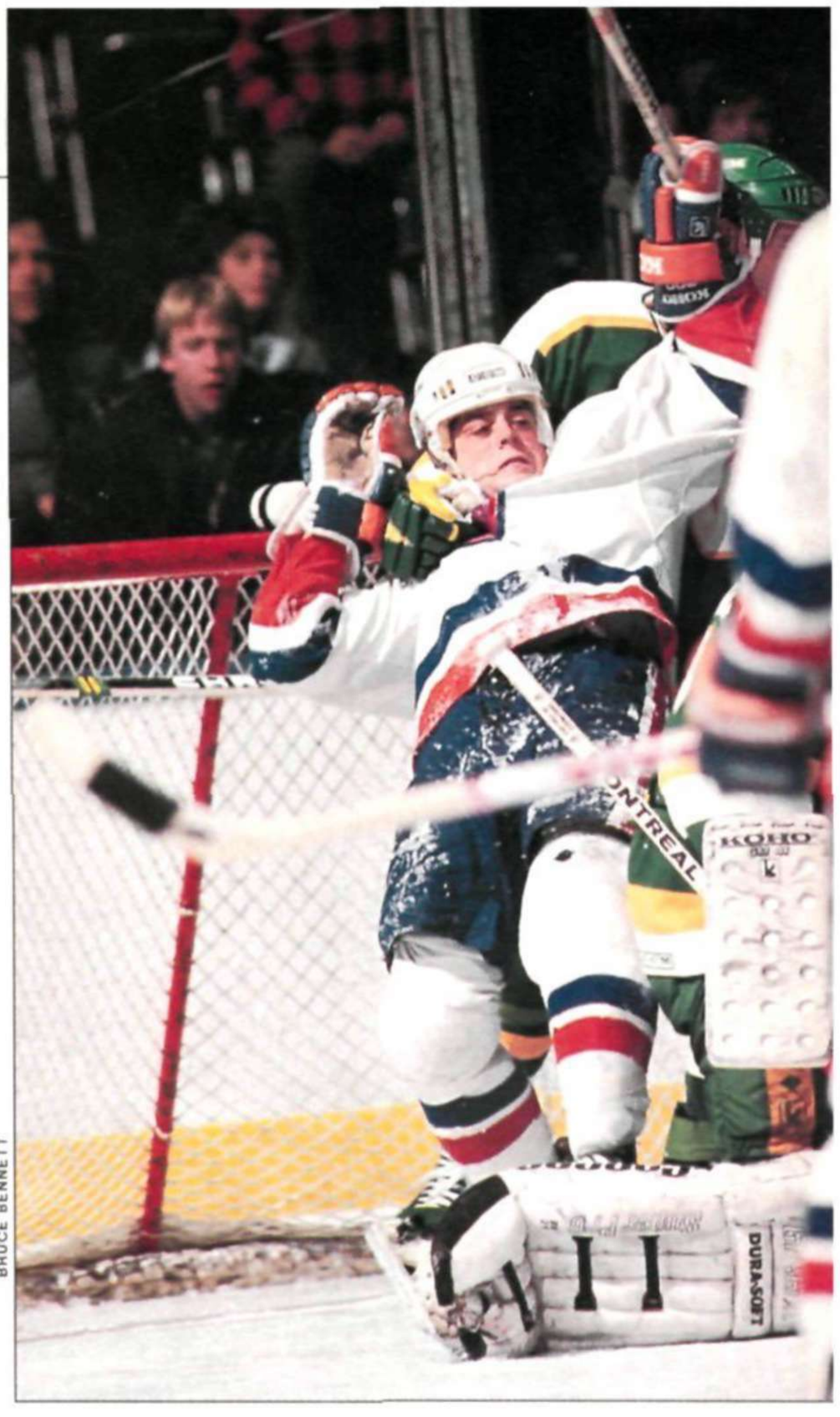
After the Olympics, LaFontaine immediately joined the Islanders, who had made him their top pick, third overall, in the '83 entry draft. In his second NHL game he had a hat trick and five points. For a tantalizing month he was sensational, scoring 13 goals, 19 points, in 15 games. It seemed the charmed Islanders, winners of every Stanley Cup since 1980, had taken out dynasty insurance by signing LaFontaine. Says Islander general manager Bill Torrey, "I'm no different from the next guy. You always hope you've got the next Gretzky."

The Drive for Five failed. That May in the Stanley Cup finals the Gretzky-led Edmonton Oilers beat the Isles in five games. LaFontaine was disappointing—expectations were so inflated he could hardly have been otherwise. In '84–85, his first full season, the wunderkind was exposed as a one-dimensional teenager who had honed his considerable offensive skills at the expense of learning defense.

"In juniors, when I saw a loose puck, I could just go for it," says LaFontaine. "So I had to make adjustments. And sometimes the maturity level to do that wasn't there."

When coach Al Arbour let him on the ice it was to skate on the third and fourth lines. Arbour says, "Who was he going to take ice-time from? Bryan Trottier? Brent Sutter? Butch Goring? We'd won four Stanley Cups with those guys. You've got to go with those guys."

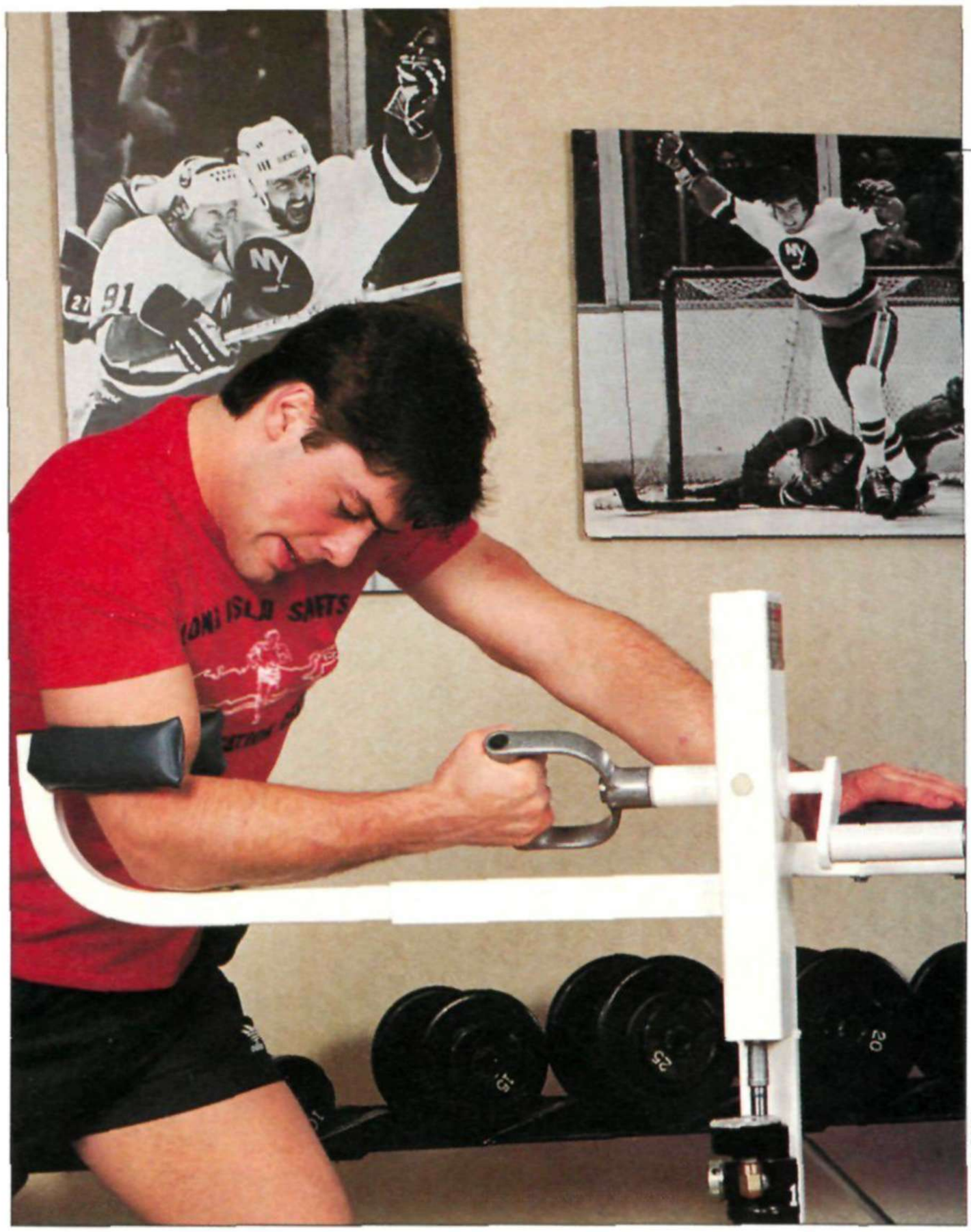
The next season LaFontaine had eight goals and 21 assists in his first 30 games, healthy numbers. But he was expected to do better. LAFONTAINE'S PROGRESS SLOW lamented a *New York Times* headline. In January he came down with mononucleosis and missed 13 games. During the 1985–86 season he separated a shoulder and sat out 15 more. Now both his ability *and* durability were being questioned. Before LaFontaine joined the team, doubters had pointed to his unimposing dimensions—5′ 9½″, 170 pounds when he joined the team—and predicted a *Gidget Goes to the Patrick Division* scenario, in which the league's bullies would use the undersized heartthrob to swab the boards. La-



BRUCE BENNETT

For all his recently developed bulk, LaFontaine can still get crunched in the crease.

PAUL BERESWILL



PAUL BERESWILL

A hydraulic fitness machine develops LaFontaine's arms and gives his shot more oomph.

Fontaine's second major absence in as many years seemed to bear them out.

But there was this more telling statistic: Of his 30 goals in '85–86, 28 came in five-on-five situations. Anyone can score on a power play (witness this season, when everyone, in fact, does). A truer gauge of ability is the even-strength goal. Says Don Meehan, LaFontaine's lawyer and close friend, "Remember, it wasn't as if he had people like Michel Goulet as his wingers, either."

Off the ice LaFontaine was enjoying himself more. He and Marybeth began dating shortly after the 1983–84 season. "He was very down-to-earth, very genuine," says Marybeth. "It was obvious he wasn't into dating 50 girls. He just wanted to be plain old Pat." Because plain old Pat tended to attract more attention from the opposite sex than an ordinary 19-year-old, their courtship had its awkward moments. "But Pat always told me, 'If you let the people outside us get between us, it will never work.' So we didn't."

By his third season with the Islanders, LaFontaine understood that he would need to start getting his fingernails dirty. He did, and rookie coach Terry Simpson rewarded him with more playing time—"well deserved time," says the ageless Trottier, one of the game's best two-way centers. "Patty is concentrating on his positioning better, he doesn't cheat on his backchecking, he doesn't get caught too far up the ice." In short, he's playing more like Trottier.

LaFontaine's second-half numbers last year were All-Star caliber. He had 19 goals, nine of them in the final 10 games. He scored the game-winner in the Isles' last five regular-season games and was the team's playoff hero.

It was Trottier's goal, with Washington Capitals defenseman Kevin Hatcher draped all over him, that tied the Caps 2–2 in the waning minutes of the seventh game of last spring's divisional semifinals. Early the next morning, four overtimes later, LaFontaine's 35-foot screened slap shot provided a merciful, historic finish to the six-hour, 18-minute Easter epic, the longest NHL game since 1943.

In the dressing room afterward, LaFontaine praised both goaltenders, teammate Gord Dineen for making the assist on his goal, Trottier for tying the game and assistant trainer Jim Pickard for *predicting* that LaFontaine would win it. For the modest LaFontaine, this is not overkill. When it gets ridiculous, when LaFontaine goes end to end and beats the opposing goalie with a blind backhander, then credits, say, the fellow who taped his ankles or the Nassau Coliseum ushers for the professional way they go about their jobs, Barry Meisel, who covers the Islanders for the New York *Daily News* is apt to interrupt politely, "Pat, please recount the goal without mentioning another human being."

"So he doesn't like to talk about himself," says Marybeth. "That was one of the things I liked about him from the beginning."

There are times when LaFontaine's modesty is well founded, like the morning in December when he was relegated to skating on the fourth line in practice after a tie the previous night with the underwhelming St. Louis Blues. Simpson regarded the tie as a defeat. New York had led 2–0 and appeared to be in control. The Blues' first goal was the direct result of LaFontaine's probing too deep on an offensive foray, then failing to get back as left wing Perry Turnbull, his man, scored.

"If we put a $1,000 bill down there, you think he might beat Turnbull down the ice?" asked Simpson archly. Before signing on with the Islanders last season, Simpson coached the Prince Albert Raiders of the Saskatchewan Junior League for 14 seasons, and his team won the league championship every year from 1973 to '82. He will not tolerate one-dimensional play.

"Pat is on the brink of stardom, the elite, whatever," Simpson says. "His game is skating. But he can use that skating to do more than score goals—for aggressive forechecking and being a pest. He does that. He needs to do it all the time."

Torrey sees two athletes in one body. "The key to Patty is when he's really *skating*. When he has that extra spurt, he's bouncing and bumping and check-

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALISTAIR BALLANTINE

HOME: Mombasa, Peking, Cairo, Delhi, London, Edinburgh, Bangkok, Nairobi, Kuala Lumpur; with a more permanent camp in darkest Connecticut.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: President, Abercrombie & Kent Safaris, Inc.

HOBBY: Elephant polo at Tiger Tops in Nepal. "Once you know how, it doesn't get easier."

LAST BOOK READ: *Journey Without Maps*, Graham Greene.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organizing a balloon safari over Mt. Kilimanjaro. "Why climb when you can ride?"

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Because it's there."

QUOTE: "Boredom is perhaps the one thing everybody can do very well without."

PROFILE: Adventurous and enthusiastic. Has a real talent for getting others to see the world his way.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label"® and soda. "Dewar's has always been first on my list of civilized necessities."

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ANTHONY NESTE

Since their wedding last spring, Marybeth has urged Pat to take his home to work.

ing aggressively and forcing the play. That's when he can take a game into his own hands."

LaFontaine, who seems to save his biggest games for divisional rivals, has lately had his hands full. His second career hat trick, on Nov. 10, enabled the Isles to defeat Washington 4–3 in overtime. In two early-season wins over Philadelphia, LaFontaine was unstoppable, hurtling up and down the ice like Rocket Richard, checking in with six points. LaFontaine's 25th goal this season, his fourth in two nights, was sheer virtuosity. It came on Dec. 29 against the Rangers, tying the game 3–3 in the third period. LaFontaine fairly burst over the blue line and deked defenseman Jari Gronstrand three times—right, left, right again—nearly screwing him into the ice. Goalie John Vanbiesbrouck bought the second fake and sank to his knees. LaFontaine backhanded the puck over his left shoulder.

LaFontaine padded more than his scoring totals that night. The third period penalty summary read: *LaFontaine, 2:00 high sticking, 2:00 roughing*. This is a switch. In his first two seasons LaFontaine's most grievous offenses usually involved not folding the paper around his chewing gum before disposing of it.

His penalty minutes have expanded even as his chest measurement has increased, the result of a weightlifting regimen he has followed diligently for two years. Until LaFontaine began lifting, and watching his back, he regularly got crunched. It still happens, though less often. "And you might notice, I'm dishing it out, not just taking it," he said between sets of bench presses after a recent practice. "My body at 22 is different from my body at 19. My body at 25 will be different from my body at 22."

LaFontaine is evolving, like the club itself, which is relying less on such aging stalwarts as Denis Potvin, Ken Morrow and Billy Smith, and more on the youthful likes of, besides LaFontaine, Alan Kerr, Rich Kromm, Mikko Makela and Randy Wood. "He's matured not just as a player, but as a man," says assistant coach Bob Nystrom. "His work effort has improved."

LaFontaine still lacks Gretzky's peripheral vision and knack for playmaking, Mario Lemieux's strength and Trottier's appetite for contact. But by shoring up his weaknesses—playing better defense, taking the body, making the odd sojourn into the corners—while maintaining, even improving, his strengths, he is on the brink of genuine stardom. With 33 goals after 53 games, LaFontaine should score 50 goals this season, which would put him in the catbird seat when he renegotiates his contract next spring.

Bargaining-table battles aside, it is impossible for Torrey to disguise a trace of pride in his voice when discussing LaFontaine. "Adversity can be a pretty good teacher, and Patty's had his share of it. He's had some bad lows, and he's always come out of them stronger."

It's easier to do that, of course, when there's a steady supply of top-notch carrot cake in the kitchen, and you're taking a piece of home to work with you each day. ■

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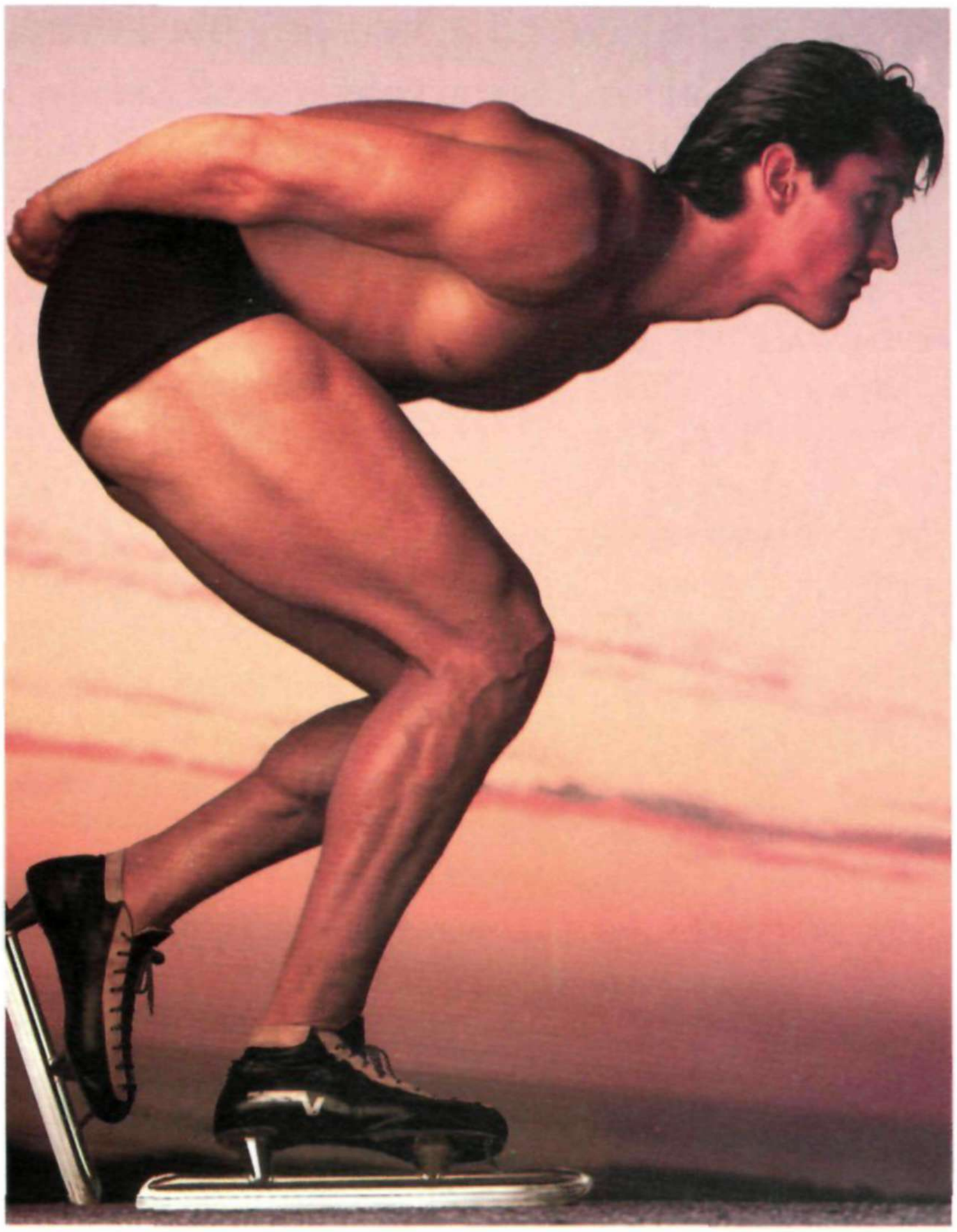

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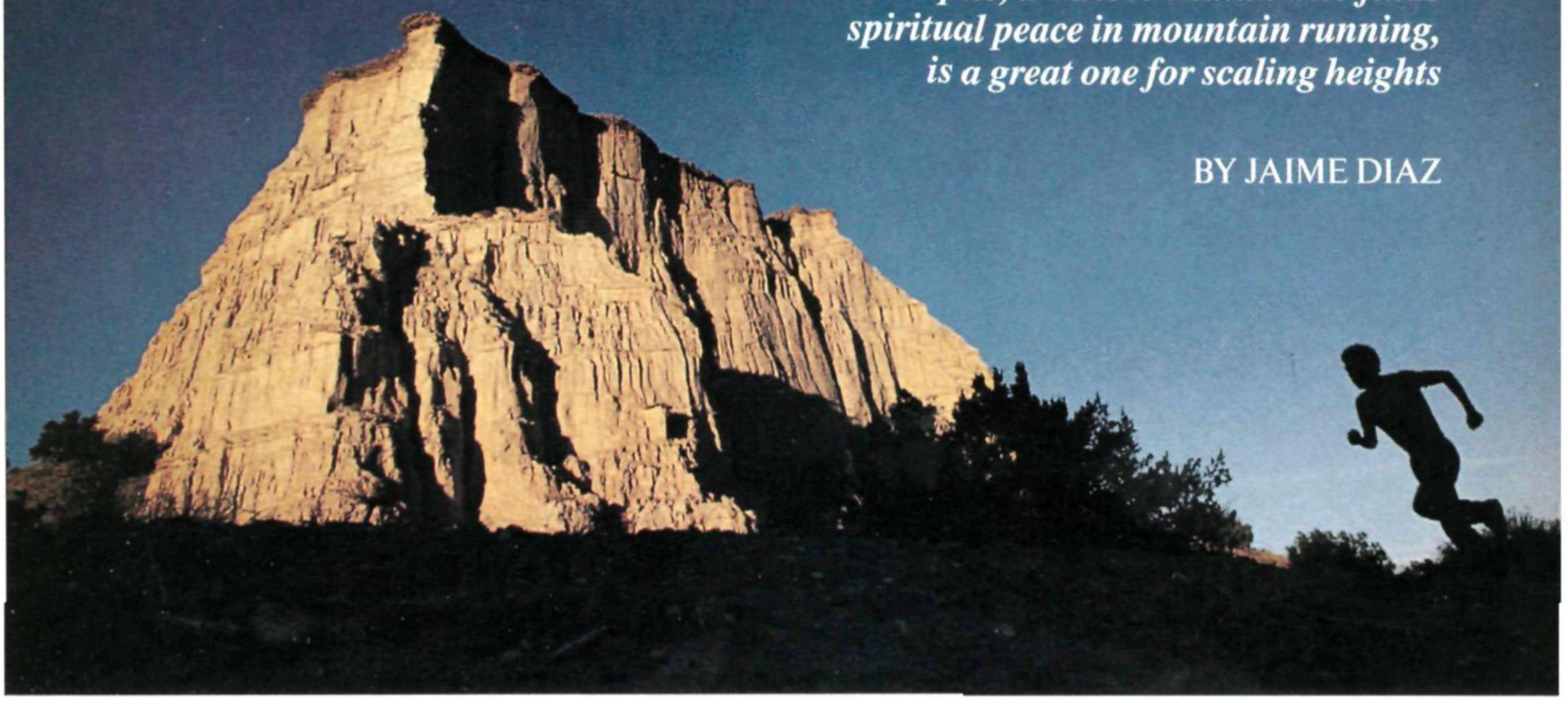
Harmony on High

Al Waquie, a Pueblo Indian who finds spiritual peace in mountain running, is a great one for scaling heights

BY JAIME DIAZ



White Mesa is an imposing backdrop as Waquie (below) takes a training run near Jemez.

AL WAQUIE CLIMBS THE EMPIRE State Building in New York City more adroitly than anyone since King Kong, although he'll have to go a ways to get a twentieth of Kong's publicity. To begin with, at 5′ 3″ he's only about a twentieth of the big ape's height. Waquie, 36, is a Pueblo Indian who has won the annual Empire State Building Run-Up five straight times, and he's favored to make it six on Feb. 17. He negotiates the 86-story, 1,050-foot climb by taking the 1,575 steps two at a time until he reaches the finish line on the observation deck. Along the way he calls on the same passion with which he trains as a mountain runner in the forested heights and red-rock mesas surrounding his village in New Mexico.

"When I start uphill, I can't stop," says Waquie, in defiance of both Sir Isaac Newton and lactic acid. "The higher I go, the better I feel."

Known as King of the Mountains among the people in Jemez Pueblo, an Indian village of some 2,800 inhabitants about 50 miles northwest of Albuquerque and nearly 6,000 feet above sea level, Waquie (pronounced WAH-key) is one of the best mountain runners in the world. He's a two-time winner and record holder, at 3:26:17, of the Pikes Peak Marathon, a numbing 28-mile trek to the summit of the 14,110-foot mountain and back down. He has also won the grueling La Luz Trail Run, a nine-mile climb up a 12% grade to the top of 10,678-foot Sandia Crest near his home, a record eight times. Compared with those two, the Empire State run is easy. Last year Waquie won the New York race in 11:56 while running with a sore left knee, beating the second-place finisher by 26 seconds.

The records and titles and modest appearance fees he receives are nice, but they are not what make Waquie run. Like many of the Jemez people, he runs as a way of gaining harmony with the land and environment, an ideal that is the spiritual foundation of Pueblo culture. Waquie comes from a line of great runners who gave up chances to achieve fame in "white" society to stay with their families on the reservation and live by ancient traditions. Except for two years as an All-America cross-country runner at Haskell Indian Junior College, in Lawrence, Kans., Waquie has trained mainly on his own. He may love to get vertical, but when it has come to gaining fame and fortune in the world of distance running, his approach has not exactly been upwardly mobile.

"What I have here [in the village], I can't find down there," Waquie says, nodding in the direction of Albuquerque and its suburbs. "That's just a lot of modern life. Here, I can live like my ancestors. I can be strong, and free."

Waquie's paternal grandfather, Felipe, was an acclaimed messenger in the early 1900s who carried news on foot more than 20 miles across Redondo Peak and Jack Rabbit Flats to other Pueblo villages. His father, Felix, 69, excelled in wild-horse chases on the plains and in Pueblo ceremonial races,

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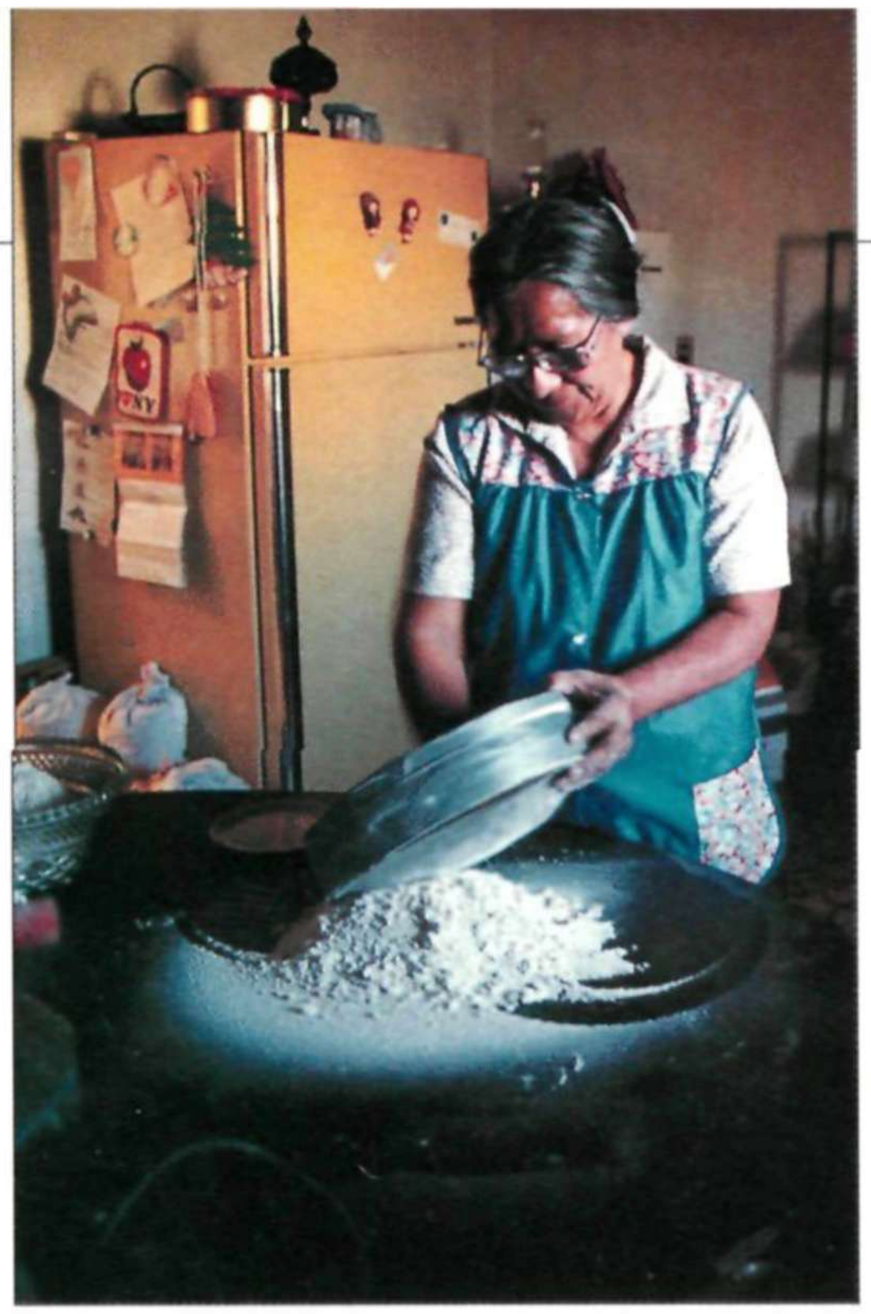
which are held every year at harvest time. His older brother Robert, now 40, was a four-time New Mexico state high school champion in the two mile, but like many promising Pueblo runners, he gave up serious training before he turned 20 years old. As a boy Al learned about the sacred mountain trails from his elders, and he always had a special affinity with his grandfather, who died in 1979 at the age of 87. "I'm like my grandfather," says Al, who lives alone in an adobe home a few hundred yards from the ranch-style home of his father and his mother, Corina. "I'm basically living his life."

It's a life with few conveniences beyond a pickup truck. Waquie's activities are tied to the land, whether he's running or doing one of the many jobs—including trapping, hunting, farming, woodchopping, raising livestock, fighting forest fires—he has had to support himself. "I love to work," he says. "It makes me happy to sweat."

Waquie is happiest when gliding along with his powerful but light-as-a-feather stride. Before setting out on his two-hour training runs at 9,400 feet, he sings the hunting songs of his tribe. He does speed work by sprinting along the abandoned logging trails near the summit of 11,254-foot Redondo Peak. (To prepare for the Empire State race, he visits Albuquerque's tallest structure, the 18-story First National Bank Building, to practice running up stairs.) Waquie is most comfortable in the wilds that surround Jemez, where he often encounters elk, deer, rattlesnakes, cougars and bears. "The animals have gotten used to me," he says. "Now they just look at me like, 'What's up, Al?' Sometimes I chase them, because their energy can take me a long way. Deer and elk, they start fast, but after three or four miles they're so tired they almost let you touch them. I've even chased bears, but the only time you can do that is when they aren't hungry—when they are all fattened up."

Waquie laughs a boyish giggle that perfectly suits his open features and smooth skin. At 112 pounds, his reed-thin wrists and ankles contrast sharply with an impressive chest and thighs that propel him up the steepest grades. He can bench-press 170 pounds, and his resting pulse has been measured at 37.



Corina mills corn, as she does all things, the old Pueblo way.

"Other guys tell me they're stronger than me, and they are—in the village," Waquie admits. "But once we get in the mountains, no one can stay with me. My dad says, 'They are only stronger than you because women are watching. In the mountains, you get your strength from the land.' "

Felix Waquie, who still runs in ceremonial races, chuckles as he listens to the fifth of his 10 children, whose trophies are displayed in the dining room next to Corina's prizewinning baskets and pottery. "Al, he's always been a lucky guy," Felix says.

From a visitor's perspective, luck would seem to be in short supply in Jemez Pueblo, a run-down collection of adobe and stucco structures set between unpaved streets and unkept yards. Jemez suffers from the same social maladies that afflict other reservation villages. The median household income is about $2,500 a year. Unemployment hovers around 60%, and most of those with jobs work in Albuquerque. Federal assistance accounts for about 70% of the tribe's income. Alcoholism is a problem among Jemez's males. Still, a feeling of alienation from the modern world keeps most of the population tied to the reservation and its traditions.

Billy Mills, a South Dakota Sioux who won the 10,000 meters in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, knows firsthand the

Though firmly rooted to the reservation, Waquie enjoys traveling and meeting people.

struggle that faces American Indians. "White culture doesn't allow an Indian to be an individual," says Mills. "You are an Indian first, then an individual. Because the values of white society make Indians uncomfortable, most of our young people end up saying, 'I'll stay with my environment and my traditions because at least I understand them.' "

This dilemma is particularly frustrating to track coaches who see vast but wasted potential in Indian runners. "Native Americans don't seem to respond to normal motivational coaching," says Joe Vigil, the cross-country coach of NAIA champion Adams State College in Alamosa, Colo., who recruits in the Southwest. "They never develop to their potential because they don't want to dedicate themselves to the white man's ways."

It's debatable whether Waquie has realized most of his potential. After his two years of junior college Waquie didn't accept a scholarship offered by Kansas, which Mills attended. He has concentrated on mountain running, and his success in flat-road competition has been limited. He still harbors hopes of excelling in the marathon when he is older, as has Carlos Lopes of Portugal, who won the 1984 Olympic marathon at age 37, but admits he's unfamiliar with the latest training methods. "I'm just more comfortable with my Indian way."

He may be rooted in the past, but Waquie is a gregarious sort who enjoys traveling to the half-dozen races he competes in each year. "I don't get homesick," he says. "We are taught to be friendly. I want to see other people." He speaks with great pride of his accomplishments, from his running to his skill as a horseman. He enjoys being a role model for young Indian runners like his cousin Phillip Madalena, a 16-year-old who won the 3,000 meters at the National Junior Olympics last summer. "I will be a legend," he says. "You never know, maybe someday they will do a movie about my life, like *Running Brave* [the film biography of Mills]. Or maybe I could do a commercial for a four-wheel vehicle. I think I would be perfect for that."

It's an attitude that some of the Jemez people might object to, for any hint of self-aggrandizement is frowned upon in Pueblo culture. But Waquie has chosen the lonely road of the achiever. His friendships revolve around sports. He never hangs out in the village bar. "A lot of our athletes feel forced to drink and smoke, but I'm an individual who follows his path and keeps going," he says. "My grandfather always told me, 'Whenever there is a big crowd, just stay away. Be on your own.' "

He nearly always runs alone, often heading into the mountains and not emerging for five days. A vegetarian who sometimes goes on four-day fasts to "purify" his system, Waquie sustains himself in the mountains with spring water, roots and berries. "When I'm up there in the sacred places, I just don't want to come home," he says.

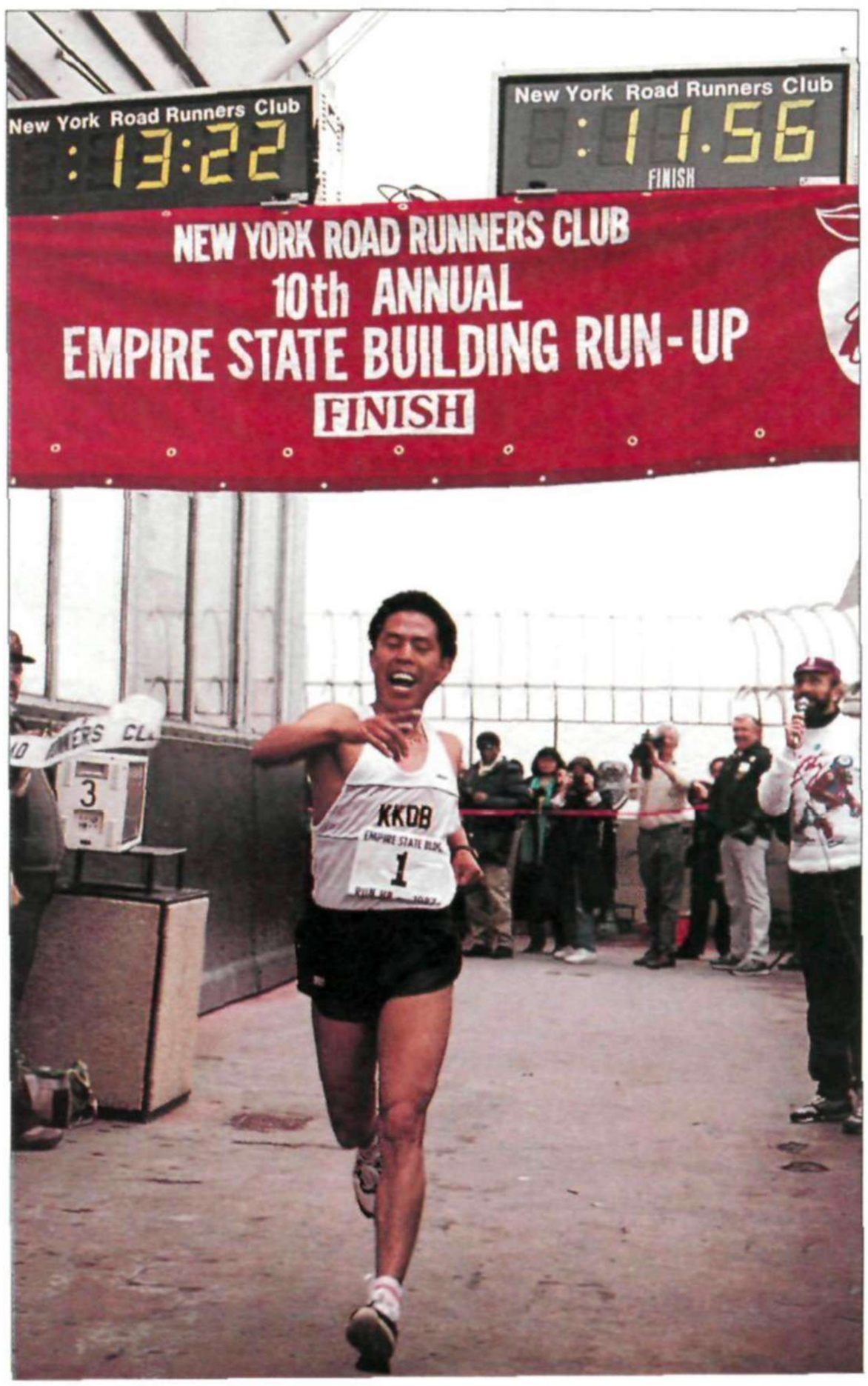
Not surprisingly, Waquie has physically adverse reactions to parts of the so-called civilized world. The air pollution commonly found at sea level gives him headaches. He once had a sip of coffee and contends it was enough to keep him up all night. The smell of cooking grease makes him nauseous.

New York City is particularly hard on him. The noise leaves his ears ringing for days. The 11 to 12 minutes he spends sucking in the dank, stale air of the Empire State stairwells gives him a sore throat that usually hangs on for a week.

Still, Waquie looks forward to the race every year, even though he always keeps its organizers in the dark as to when, or even if, he will arrive. Indeed, last week he was somewhat reluctant to commit himself again for this year's race. He remembers arriving for his first, in 1983. "When I stood next to that building, man, I couldn't even talk," he says. "It was hard to believe that this world and my world could exist at the same time."

But each time Waquie has won the race and conquered the skyscraper, it has been a reaffirmation that, for him, the Indian way is better than modern life. He admits he might feel a twinge of longing when he watches the Olympic marathon this summer, but he can take solace in knowing he will probably be running in ceremonial harvest races long after the gold medalist has retired. "Most people stop running because it's hard work that they get tired of," he says. "For me it's fun, but it's also much deeper than that. It's why I'm sure I'll run the rest of my life." ■

Waquie overcame his sore knee and aversion to New York to win his fifth Run-Up.



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BY MORIN BISHOP

A FRESH LOOK

Nobody said it would be easy being the defending national champion, but when Indiana slumped to 9–6 in late January, Hoosier coach Bob Knight had seen enough of the tough times. He decided to bench two starters, guard Keith Smart and forward Rick Calloway, both of whom starred in last year's NCAA championship victory over Syracuse. Smart's demotion, brought on by erratic play and by his failure to provide strong leadership in the backcourt, seemed an especially risky stratagem because it left Indiana with an all-freshman backcourt of Lyndon Jones and Jay Edwards, who both played at Marion (Ind.) High last season. The reunion of Jones and Edwards became a revival for the Hoosiers. At week's end after Knight shuffled his lineup, they had won four straight games with Edwards averaging 19.5 points in victories over Ohio State, Purdue, Minnesota and Illinois.

JOHN BIEVER

Edwards gave Indiana cause for celebration.

The freshen-up-with-freshmen approach seems to be catching on elsewhere, too. At Kentucky the inconsistent play of seniors Cedric Jenkins and Richard Madison prompted coach Eddie Sutton to promote 6′ 11″ freshman forward LeRon Ellis to a starting role and 6′ 6″ freshman Eric Manuel to the sixth-man spot. Through Sunday the Wildcats had won three in a row since the change.

Jones, the other frosh face in the Hoosier backcourt, has helped justify the Knight moves.

JOHN W. McDONOUGH

A FEW GOOD MEN

For those few blue-chip high school players who decided not to commit themselves to schools during the early signing period in November, the recruiting battles have gotten fiercer and fiercer. Here are the holdouts under the hottest pursuit:

• Don MacLean, a 6′ 10″ forward from Simi Valley (Calif.) High, is rated as the nation's No. 9 high school player by scout Bob Gibbons and considered by many recruiters to be the sharpest-shooting big man in the country. Georgia Tech, Kentucky, Pittsburgh, UNLV and UCLA are most interested. In the recruiting game little things can mean a lot. UNLV, for instance, is hoping that the friendship between Runnin' Rebels assistant coach Tim Grgurich and MacLean's high school coach, Bob Hawking, gives it an edge.

• Jerrod Mustaf, a 6′ 10″ forward from Hyattsville, Md., is now thought to be a lock for Maryland. Says one ACC assistant, "We assume he's going there. He sits beside their bench every game."

• Chris Jackson and Litterial Green, two of the nation's most talented schoolboy point guards, live within 30 miles of each other in Gulfport and Moss Point, Miss., respectively. According to sources, Jackson has signed a letter with LSU, but his mother has not, so the document is void. Meanwhile Mississippi State is still pitching hard for the 6-footer's services.

The 6′ 1″ Green, rival recruiters say, is under constant surveillance by Georgia assistant coach Tevester Anderson, who has all but taken up residence in Moss Point. Green, who's also coveted by Georgia Tech, Wyoming, Alabama and Clemson, claims he didn't sign early because he wanted to keep the recruiters coming around so that his teammates would get some exposure.

REPENTANCE?

Missouri's rabid student cheering section, known collectively as the Antlers, stooped to new lows two weeks back

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THE EARLY LINE ON THE LOTTERY

NBA scouts have their eyes on Auburn's Morris, whose draft value is going up.

A BAD DRAFT, YOUR MOTHER probably told you as she closed the window, can make you sick. Nobody knows that better than NBA player personnel directors, general managers and scouts, many of whom were in Chicago for last Sunday's All-Star Game. With the draft only four months away, there were lots of strong opinions blowing around the Windy City about which college stars could be cure-alls for pro teams:

• Kansas's 6′ 10″ senior forward Danny Manning is the best player available, his value untainted by the Jayhawks' disappointing record (13–8 at week's end). "You put his name down and draw a line after it," says Golden State Warriors general manager Don Nelson, whose team is certain to have one of the seven lottery choices. "The next 10 or 12 players chosen depend on who likes whom."

• This crop is flush with shooting guard prospects. Bradley's Hersey Hawkins is the favorite; next come, in no particular order, Florida's Vernon Maxwell, Georgia's Willie Anderson, Oregon's Anthony Taylor and Kansas State's Mitch Richmond. But there are also a number of midsize forwards who are expected to move to guard in the NBA: Jeff Grayer (Iowa State), Derrick Chievous (Missouri) and Ricky Berry (San Jose State).

• Five centers, all 6′ 11″ or better, could go in the first round. Here's the probable order of selection: Syracuse's Rony Seikaly, Marist's Rik Smits, Vanderbilt's Will Perdue, Wyoming's Eric Leckner and Houston's Rolando Ferreira, a member of Brazil's national team. None is a franchise player, but all have what the scouts like to call "big upsides," meaning huge potential for improvement.

• Gary Grant of Michigan is almost everybody's favorite point guard. As for power forwards, scouts argue for Charles Smith of Pittsburgh or Harvey Grant of Oklahoma. These three would join Manning, Hawkins and the top two or three centers as the lottery picks if the draft were held tomorrow.

• The unknown factor, as always, is which underclassmen will choose to enter the draft. The rumor mill is rich with these names: Derrick Coleman (Syracuse), Sean Elliott (Arizona), J.R. Reid (North Carolina), Pervis Ellison (Louisville), Tito Horford (Miami) and Jerome Lane (Pitt).

• In the comer category there were more than a few whispers about Auburn's 6′ 9″ forward Chris Morris, raw but rapidly improving. In the sleeper column some scouts point to Anthony Mason, a 6′ 8″, 220-pound forward at Tennessee State. "He's a great physical specimen," says Marty Blake, the NBA's loquacious director of scouting, "and he talks more than I do."

For the next four months Blake and his NBA colleagues will be talking a lot. In June it will be time to shut up and deal. —ALEXANDER WOLFF

when, among other pranks, they impeded the progress of the Iowa State bus as it made its way to Hearnes Center, and during the pregame shoot-around they yelled tasteless comments about Cyclones forward Jeff Grayer's family. After a formal reprimand from the Tigers' athletic director, Jack Lengyel, the Antlers showed up for Missouri's game against Colorado on Feb. 3 dressed in nuns' habits and angel costumes or impersonating such famous good guys as Gandhi, Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and Abe Lincoln. Before the game a fan presented Colorado coach Tom Miller with a box of candy, and the crowd loudly greeted the Buffaloes with shouts of "Best wishes!" "Good luck!" and "Have a nice day!"

FOOTING THE BILL

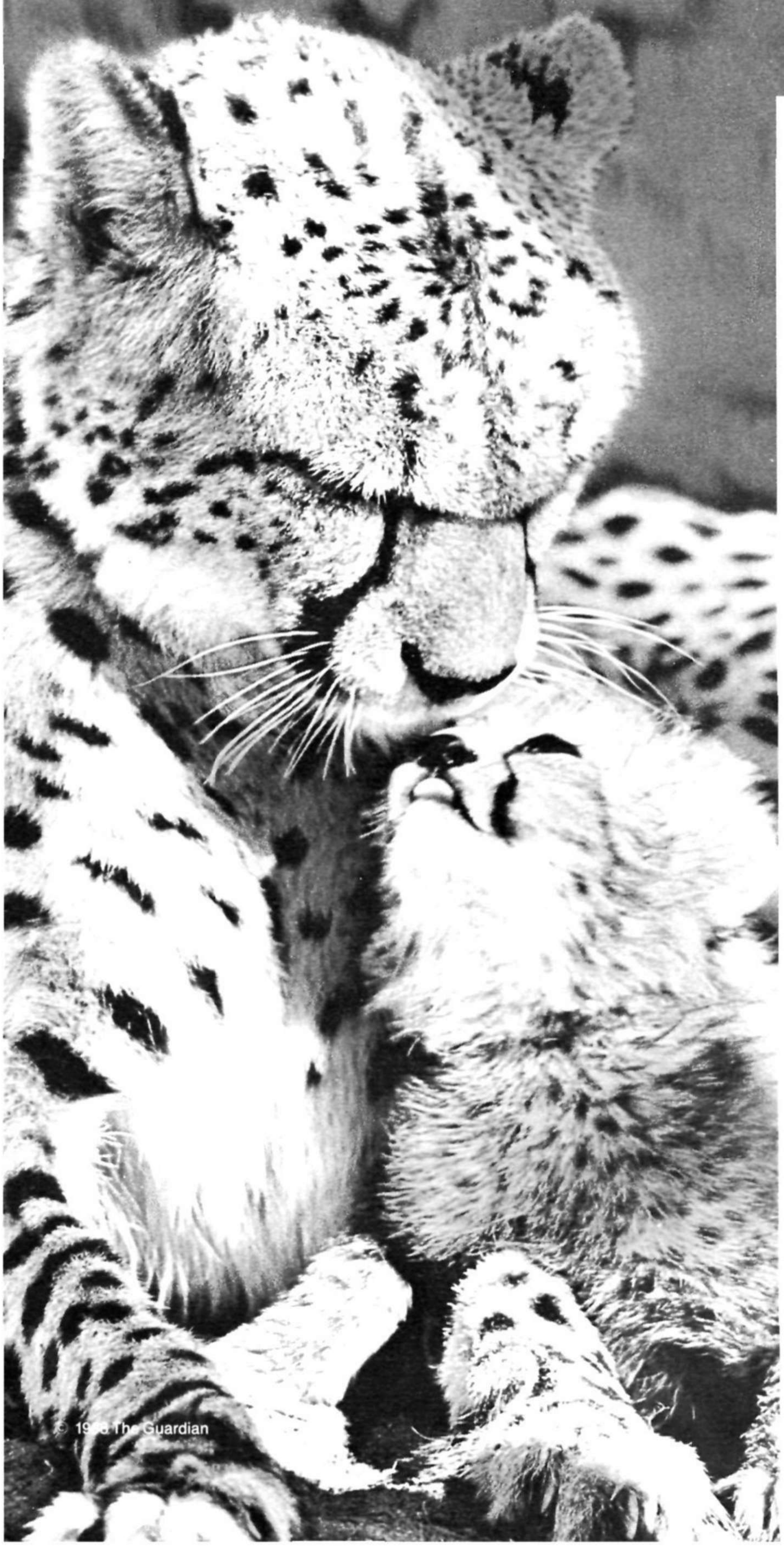
Georgia Tech coach Bobby Cremins currently has a promotional contract with Converse Inc., but according to Atlanta newspaper reports, he has signed a new agreement with Nike—for $160,000 a year. Cremins has declined to comment, but his lawyer, Richard Howell, and Nike officials say that the figure reported in the papers is greatly inflated.

Whatever the deal will pay him, some coaches are concerned that Cremins's contract might precipitate NCAA action to limit such arrangements in the future. What sorts of legislation might be considered? Sporting goods industry insiders see two major possibilities: 1) setting limits on a coach's outside income; or 2) requiring a coach to turn a percentage of his endorsement loot over to his school, which, in turn, might have to reimburse the NCAA.

"A lot of guys are ticked off at the dollars that are circulating," says Bob Carr, the editor of *Sporting Goods Business*. "There's concern that the NCAA is going to shake down the shoe companies for some of the money that goes to the schools." Says Reebok's marketing director, John Morgan, "I think the NCAA will make a ruling that some money from shoe contracts must go to the university."

Joe Dean, now LSU's athletic director but for 28 years a vice-president of Converse, says, "I have a problem with

PROTECTION.



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anyone limiting a man's ability to work hard and make a buck, but I also have a problem with the shoe dollars because it's not the coach's team, it's the school's, and he doesn't have to do anything for the money."

At LSU, as at all Louisiana state educational institutions, the shoe contract must be signed by the university, which then decides whether to give all or any of the money to the coach. The shoe company benefits from the deal when the coach persuades his players to wear the right shoes. But they don't always listen. Though Cremins is currently paid by Converse, two of his starters don't toe the line: Craig Neal wears Adidas shoes, and Dennis Scott laces up Nikes.

SWEET VICTORY

When the game ended, gleeful fans flooded the floor, showered their team with confetti and carried senior captain Steve Prud'homme, who had scored 20 points, off the court on their shoulders. The ecstatic players cut down the nets and doused their equally ecstatic coach,

WINNING VOTES IN IOWA

IN 1984, THE LAST TIME PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES WERE glad-handing around America's heartland, Iowa women's basketball coach C. Vivian Stringer was in her inaugural season with the Hawkeyes. In little more than the length of a presidential term, Stringer's teams have accumulated 103 wins, come within one basket of last year's Final Four and, this season, bolted out to an 18–0 start and secured a No. 1 ranking. With that kind of platform, the Iowa coach ought to run for office herself. She would certainly have a good bumper sticker: FIRST STRINGER.

Iowa's No. 1 ranking is the first ever for a Big Ten women's team; indeed, the women's game has been so dominated by a few programs that Iowa is only the 10th school ever to reach the top rung. Such lofty heights come as a surprise even to Stringer. "Quite honestly," she says, "coming into this season I wasn't sure we would be this strong." Two starters returned from last year's 26–5 team, which lost by one point to Louisiana Tech in the Midwest Regional. With that painful loss in mind, the returnees beat three Top 10 teams in the Orange Bowl Classic in December and have held the No. 1 spot ever since. Sitting in the No. 2 slot and breathing down their necks is none other than Louisiana Tech, also undefeated.

Iowa's one bona fide star is 5′ 9″ senior shooting guard Michelle (Ice) Edwards, who averages 19.7 points a game and displays Jordanesque hang time. In the middle, Shanda Berry, a 6′ 3″ junior and one of only two native Iowans on the team, has become a tower of power, averaging 14.8 points and 8.7 rebounds per game. The big scorers are fed by 5′ 3″ sophomore point guard Jolette Law; sophomore Franthea Price plays small forward; and at power forward is 6′ 2″ senior Jolynn Schneider.

Stringer came to Iowa City in 1983 determined to build a national power. She had established her reputation at little Cheyney (Pa.) State, where she led the Lady Wolves to a second-place finish—losing to Louisiana Tech—in 1982 in the first NCAA women's tournament. After 11 years at Cheyney (where her men's team counterpart was current Temple coach John Chaney), the strain of competing against the Goliaths of women's basketball on a David-sized budget finally sent Stringer looking for larger stones to sling.

She never thought she would end up at Iowa. "I didn't think I'd ever consider it, because I don't like cold weather," says Stringer. But Iowa won her over. On the personal side, her husband, Bill, an exercise physiologist, found suitable job opportunities, and their five-year-old daughter, Janine, handicapped by an early bout with meningitis, had access to superior medical care. Moreover Stringer was impressed by the tradition of support for women's basketball in Iowa, especially at the high school level, where crowds of 15,000 have attended championship games. But most Iowa girls' teams still play six-on-six, a much different version of the game, so recruiting in state for the college five-on-five game can be difficult. Stringer has relied on her contacts back East for many recruits, but the home crowd doesn't seem to mind. The Hawkeyes are drawing more than 5,500 fans a game. That's a lot of voters. If Stringer's troops keep winning, by 1992 the state of Iowa may have a candidate of its own.

—JAY JENNINGS

The polls have Stringer, here between Berry (left) and Edwards, on top.

JAMES SCHNEPF/WHEELER PICTURES

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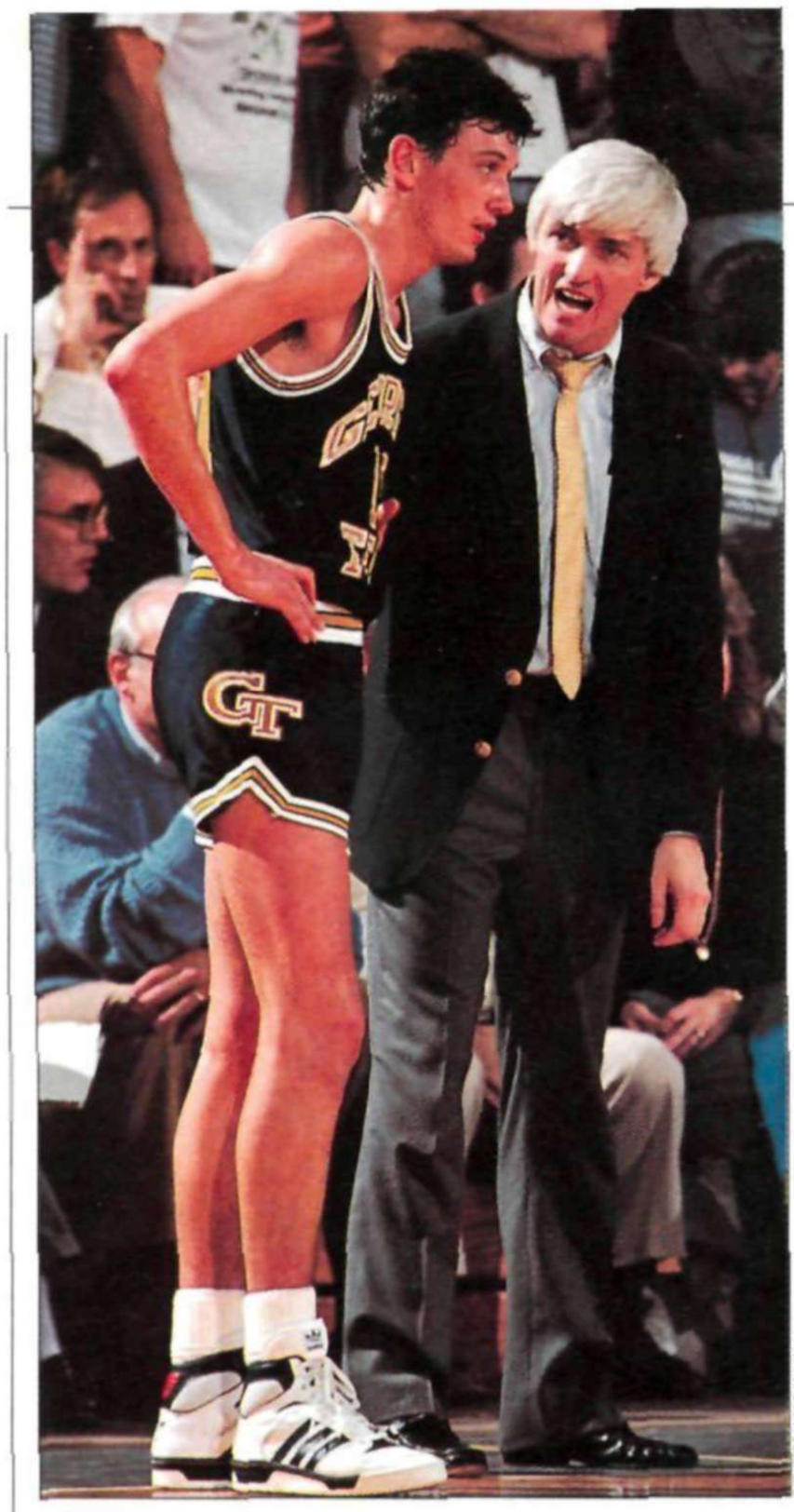

ANTHONY NESTE

Cremins might be happy if Neal were in the coach's shoes.

Barry Davis, with a bucket of Gatorade before repairing to the locker room for champagne. The year's first postseason tournament champs? Nope. It was the first win in more than three years for the University of Dallas, which beat John Brown University 76–68 after 86 straight losses. Said Crusaders senior forward Ken Koeneman, "If I had graduated without winning again, it would have been a taint on my life."

ROYAL DISAPPOINTMENTS

Stanford began the regicide by defeating previously No. 1–ranked Arizona 82–74 on the strength of 23 points—15 in the second half—by guard Todd Lichti. Duke, UNLV and BYU all regarded the No. 1 throne as theirs to gain. Surely one of them would be No. 1 at week's end. Then came Saturday, when eight of SI's Top 20 teams went down to defeat, six of them to unranked opponents. Among the mighty who fell:

• Duke, No. 2 last week, went cold in the second half of a 77–74 defeat by North Carolina State. The key was the Wolfpack's switch midway through the second half to a triangle-and-two defense, which held Blue Devil guard Kevin Strickland to just one field goal. Said Strickland, "The bottom line is we had them down and didn't put them away. We played stupid."

• No. 3 UNLV lost to UC Santa Barbara for the second time this season. The much-improved Gauchos won 71–66 this time, as 6′ 6″ point guard Brian Shaw hit five of six from three-point range. (Shaw is also the surprise PCAA rebounding leader, with 9.6 per game.) Said Santa Barbara's other starting guard, Carrick DeHart, "We really don't care much about getting ranked. All we want is for people to have some respect for us and not think we're just a school filled with beach bums."

• No. 4 and previously unbeaten BYU fell 102–83 at Alabama-Birmingham. Swingman Michael Charles and forward Reginald Turner each had 24 points for the Blazers. "We talked about the No. 1 rating before the game," said BYU coach Ladell Andersen. "But it would have taken a great effort by any team in the country to beat UAB on its home court tonight. I still feel great about this team."

After all the tumult, who was left to vie for No. 1? On Sunday at Ann Arbor, Mich., No. 5 Purdue fell behind No. 9 Michigan by 10 points in the first half, but the Boilermakers, led by Todd Mitchell (22 points) and Troy Lewis (20 points), rallied to score an impressive 91–87 win and thus claim the crown. Uneasy will they wear it.

SHORT SHOTS

Only four Stephen F. Austin starters took the floor for the beginning of the second half of their game against Northwestern Louisiana. Forward Leonard Willis was supposed to be out there, but no one could find him. Five minutes later a team manager located him—pounding on the inside of the locked locker room door. . . . Talk about a road trip: San Diego State covered 10,490 miles last week while scoring road victories over Hawaii (59–58) and the University of Miami in Florida (56–49). . . . Two of the nation's four undefeated women's teams met last week when Montana defeated Montana State 67–59. . . . Kansas forward Danny Manning had a backhanded compliment for 4–15 Colorado after the Jayhawks' 73–62 win: "Colorado has a lot of talent, but I think it's hidden by the way they play." ■

TOP 20

THIS WEEK		LAST WEEK
1	PURDUE (19–2)	5
2	TEMPLE (18–1)	6
3	PITTSBURGH (16–2)	7
4	OKLAHOMA (20–2)	8
5	ARIZONA (21–2)	1
6	DUKE (15–3)	2
7	NORTH CAROLINA (16–3)	10
8	UNLV (20–2)	3
9	BYU (17–1)	4
10	KENTUCKY (16–3)	12
11	SYRACUSE (17–5)	13
12	MICHIGAN (18–4)	9
13	WYOMING (17–4)	14
14	GEORGETOWN (14–6)	11
15	BRADLEY (14–3)	15
16	NC STATE (14–4)	—
17	KANSAS STATE (14–4)	—
18	UC S. BARBARA (16–4)	—
19	VANDERBILT (14–5)	16
20	RHODE ISLAND (19–3)	—

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

VERNELL (BIMBO) COLES

Virginia Tech's 6′ 1″ sophomore guard had 34 points and seven assists in a 107–99 Hokies loss to Louisville and 51 points and 11 assists in a 141–133 double OT win over Southern Miss.

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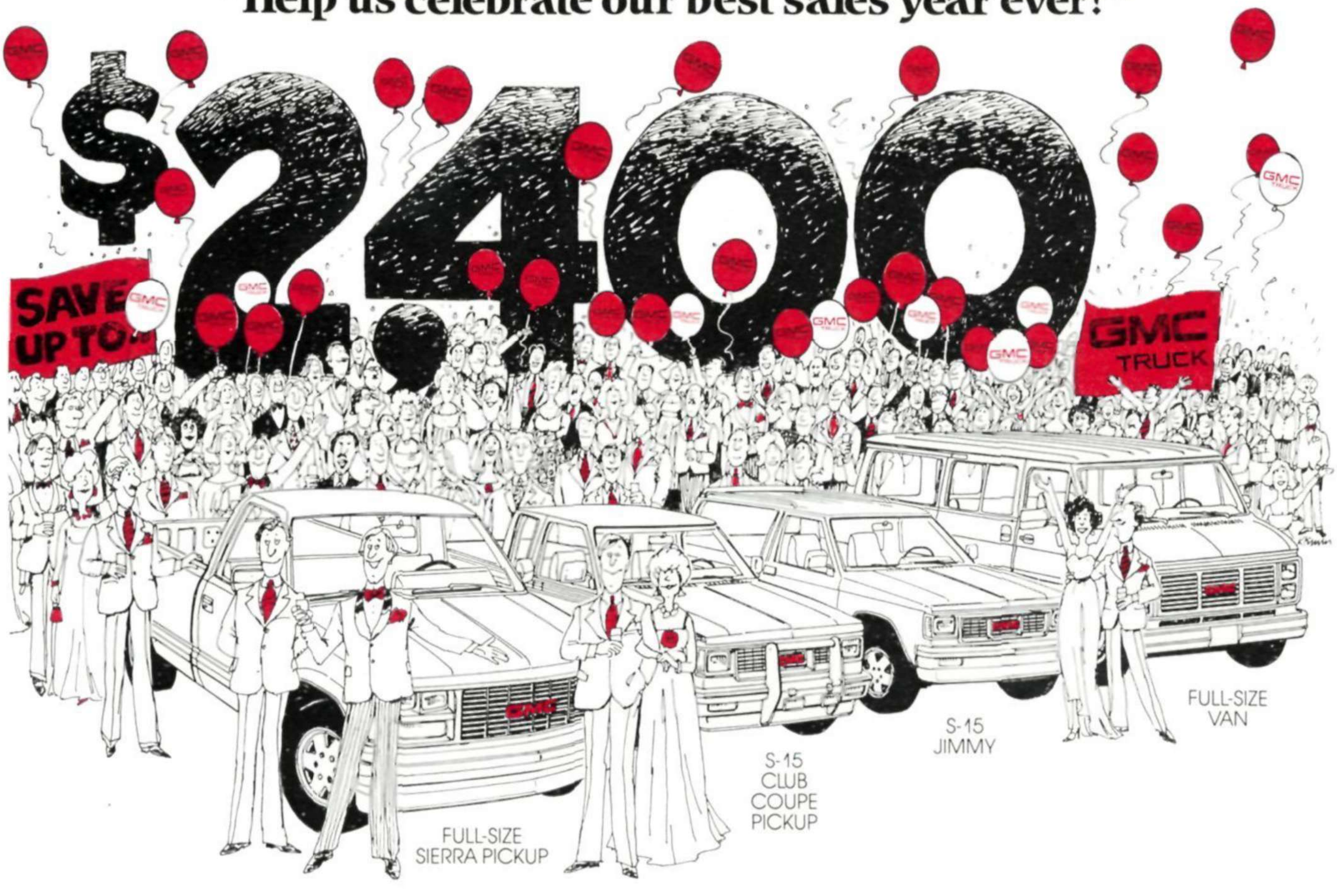

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KEN FREHM/AP

In the 55 meters Torrence powered through the tape almost a full step ahead of Ashford.

LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING

Gwen Torrence won her 34th straight at the Millrose Games

BY CRAIG NEFF

Gwen Torrence had the dogs literally yapping at her heels during last Friday night's Panasonic Millrose Games in New York. Beneath one end of the stands at Madison Square Garden, not far from the starting line for the women's 55-meter dash, were cages and cages of canines waiting to compete in the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, which would begin three days later. Frankly, the dogs had a lousy view, and they were complaining loudly.

And who could blame them? Torrence, the hottest sprinter this side of Ben Johnson, was about to put her 33-race, two-year indoor dash winning streak on the line against Evelyn Ashford, who holds the world best (6.54), and other top rivals. Not only that, Torrence all but expected to lose.

Which is typical. Torrence won NCAA titles for Georgia last year at 55, 100 and 200 meters, yet she lacks both a powerful build—"I'm always the puniest sprinter in the crowd," she says, referring to her 5′ 7″, 123-pound frame—and the brash confidence common to sprinters. In 1984, for example, just 19 years old, she was too scared to show up for the U.S. Olympic Trials, even though she had qualified in the 100 meters. As her coach, Lewis Gainey, puts it, "She felt she didn't belong there."

This has been a problem for some time. As a Decatur, Ga., 10th-grader, she had to be coaxed into trying a 220-yard dash by a phys-ed teacher. Wearing low-heeled black leather pumps, she unofficially shattered the state record—yet even then Torrence was reluctant to join the track team. She did, finally, but continued to train in her street shoes because "I felt [spikes] were too hot for my skinny little legs."

Her development since then has been doubly impressive. On the track, she won the 100- and 200-meter titles at the World University Games in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, last July and finished fifth in the 200 at the World Championships in Rome last September. Off the track, having entered Georgia in 1983 as a student in the controversial Developmental Studies Program—the focus of the Jan Kemp case (SI, Feb. 24, 1986)—Torrence is now a dean's list student two quarters short of a degree in early childhood education. She spent much of last season student-teaching handicapped youngsters, a field in which she plans to make her career. Torrence says she draws inspiration from her 39-year-old brother, Charles, who was paralyzed from the waist down while playing street football 15 years ago.

In the first qualifying heat of the women's 55 on Friday night, Torrence extended her victory streak to 33 races with a 6.71 clocking. The 30-year-old Ashford, looking strong in her comeback from an injury-plagued year, won the second heat in 6.74. "She looked *real* good," Torrence would say later. "I was a little worried about that."

Torrence tried to block out the public-address announcer's lengthy recital of her accomplishments as she prepared for the finals. "If I listen to that stuff about the winning streak, it gets to me," she said. "I can tell when I line up. It makes my arms all shaky."

This time when she lined up, her arms were stock-still, and she and Ashford broke from the blocks even. Torrence edged ahead at 10 meters and then steadily pulled away. "She *scorched* the last 20," said an approving Gainey later.

Torrence broke the tape in 6.64, with Ashford second in 6.71. Both vanished under the stands for an instant, then Torrence came bounding back up the track pumping her arms in delight, her face a picture of unabashed joy. She had won her third straight Millrose title and her 34th consecutive race, and had surprised even herself. "I didn't think I was

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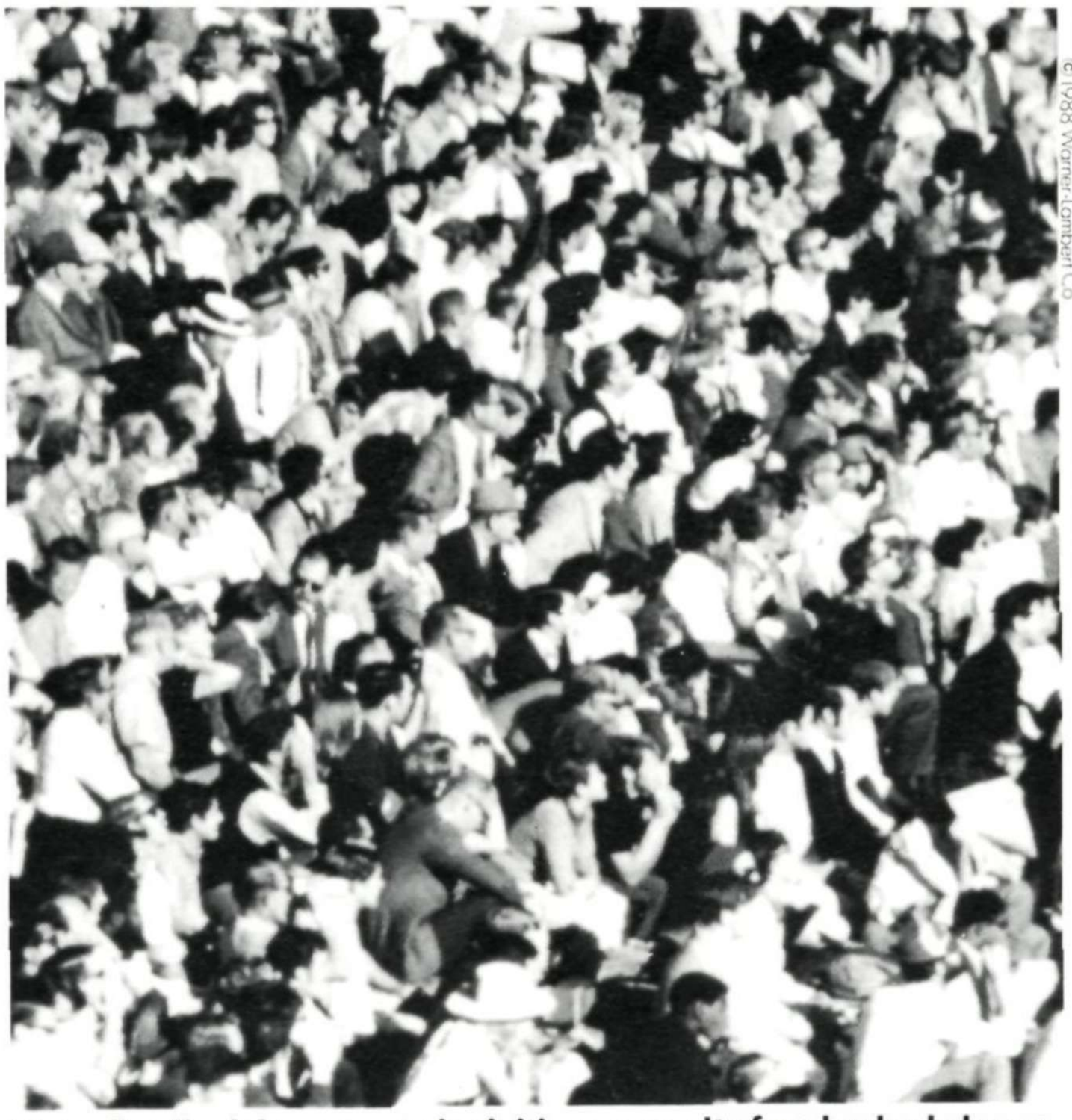

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Virtually all adults can get gingivitis as a result of unchecked plaque.

Public enemy #1: plaque. Plaque has almost become a household word. It is certainly a household problem. But even though everyone is affected by it, few people really understand the seriousness of plaque or the importance of controlling it. Plaque is an almost invisible sticky film of bacteria that continuously forms on the teeth. Plaque germs are constantly multiplying and building up. Any dentist will tell you that controlling plaque is the single most important step to better oral health.

The victims of unchecked plaque: teeth and gums. Ignoring plaque is a risky proposition. If it is not removed and controlled, the results are sometimes merely unattractive, but oftentimes far more serious.

A serious result of unremoved plaque is gingivitis, the early, reversible stage of gum disease. As plaque builds, the bacteria produce by-products that can irritate the gums, causing redness, swelling and sometimes bleeding. These signs indicate there is a problem that should be looked at by a dentist for an accurate diagnosis. If left untreated, gingivitis can lead to periodontitis, an advanced stage of gum disease, which possibly can result in tooth loss. Periodontitis can be diagnosed and treated only by a dentist.

The unattractive problem, tartar, is a hard calcified material which can trap plaque. This appears as yellow-brownish stained accumulations on the teeth. While many anti-tartar toothpastes and mouthrinses can help prevent new tartar from forming, none can remove existing tartar. That can be safely removed only by a dentist or a dental hygienist. Unlike gingivitis, tartar above the gumline is basically a cosmetic problem.

The best defense is a good offense. The best way to guard against gingivitis is to stop it before it starts. You should begin by brushing and flossing daily, and visiting your dentist regularly. In reality, however, many people do not clean all areas of their mouths thoroughly with these methods alone. That's why rinsing with Listerine® Antiseptic is important. Long-term clinical studies with hundreds of patients have proven that daily use of Listerine kills plaque bacteria, helping to prevent plaque build-up and gingivitis. Listerine has also been proven to reduce existing plaque and gingivitis.

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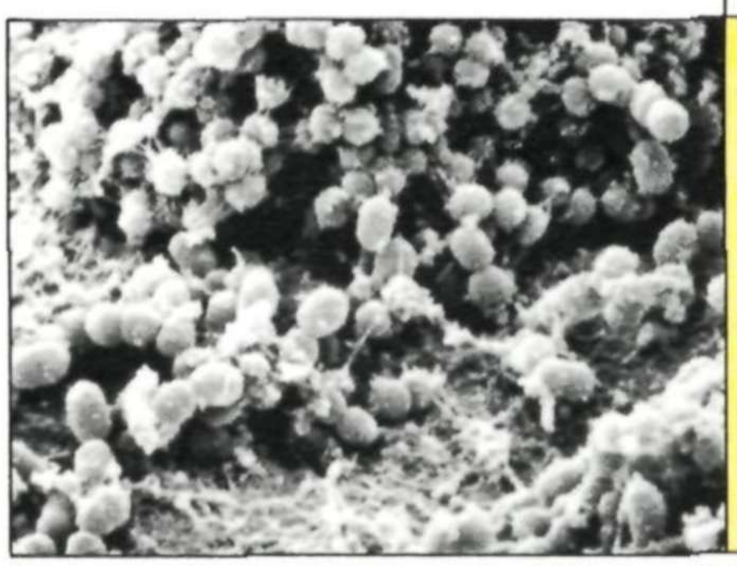

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prepared," she said. "I was running a little bit scared."

Antonio McKay made his mark on the men's 400 field with muscle. He and Michael Franks engaged in such fierce elbowing in the 2¾-lap race that McKay, the world indoor champion in the 400, had to throw his arms up to hold his balance in Turn 2. "When you have fast guys in a race like this, you're going to get some bumping," McKay said later. "All of them want to get to the front."

Franks held the lead until the gun lap, when McKay bolted past. Pulling away, despite a taped left ankle, which he sprained in December, McKay crossed the line in 47.00, with Franks next in 47.78. Astonishingly, even with all the early jostling McKay had equaled his world-best time for an 11-laps-to-the-mile track, set on the same track last year. (On Saturday, Thomas Schönlebe of East Germany lowered his own official world-indoor 400 record to 45.05 on a 200-meter banked, rubberized track in Sindelfingen, West Germany).

McKay, who burst upon the track scene in 1984 with a boastful flourish and an Olympic bronze medal in his specialty, plus a gold as a member of the U.S. 4 × 400 relay team, has lately been stung by the fickleness of his sport. In 1985 he ran infrequently and dropped out of the world's Top 10. Last season he was bothered by a variety of injuries and again went unranked. His income has plummeted accordingly. When his shoe contract with Puma expired in December, it was not renewed. When The Athletics Congress announced it was giving $1,500 monthly training stipends to 28 top U.S. track and field athletes in its Operation Seoul program, McKay was not included.

"For TAC to say I can't receive the money, it's like them saying, Antonio McKay, we don't believe in you. We don't believe you can make the [Olympic] team," he said. "It's like a kick in the face."

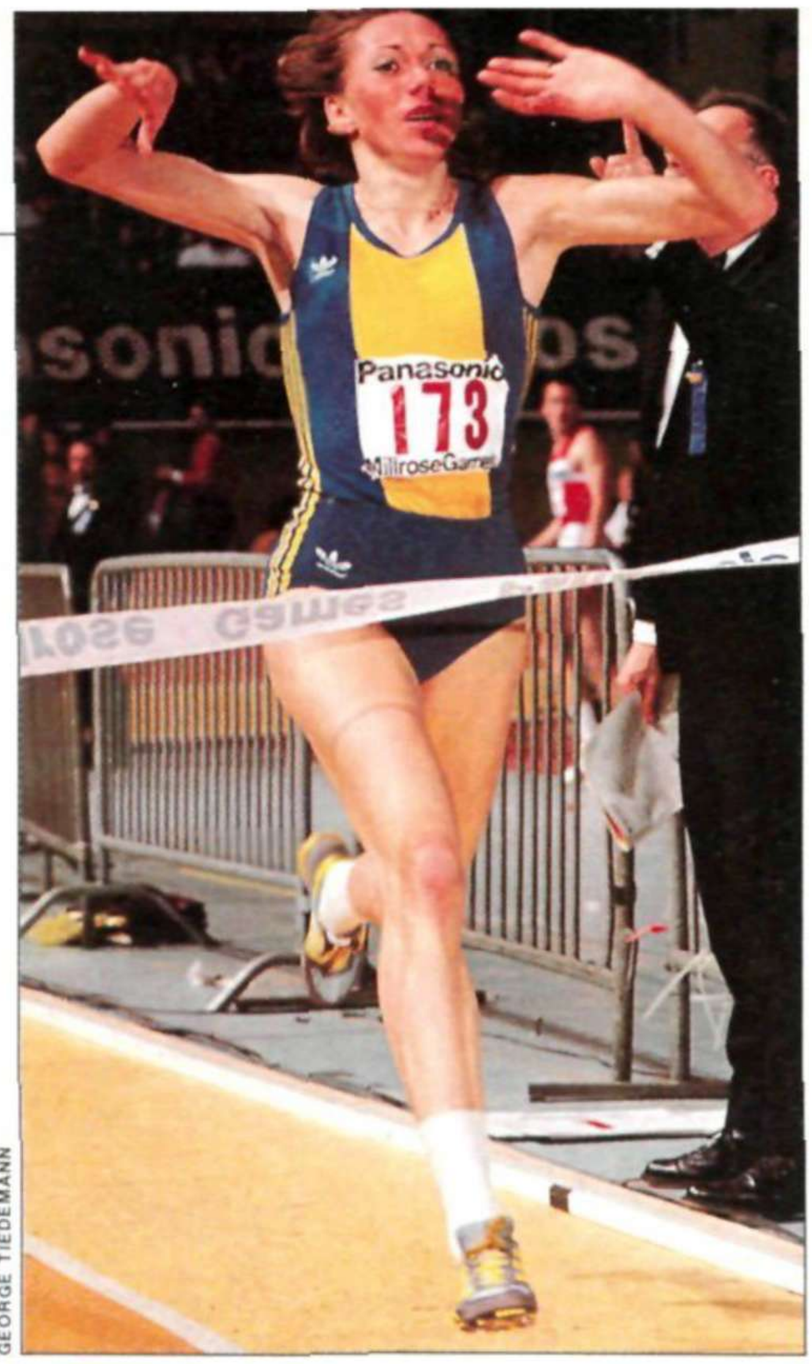
McKay has to support a 20-month-old daughter, Antoinetta, as well as his wife, Trinna, whom he is helping put through graduate school in chemistry at Georgia Tech. The muscular 6-foot, 165-pound runner hinted that out of financial necessity he might soon consider playing football, a sport he essayed as a freshman wide receiver at Georgia Tech in 1983. "This may be my last Millrose meet," McKay said. "This may be my last year in track. And that's the blues."

Even the glum McKay, however, was eager to see what was expected to be a quick Wanamaker Mile. As it turned out, the key factor in this year's race was that seven-time Wanamaker champion Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland, who's recovering from a torn ligament in his back, spent the event in a tux and a headset doing TV color. That left the door open for his countryman Marcus O'Sullivan to burst from the field with a lap and a half left and cruise home unchallenged in 3:56.89, well ahead of runner-up Peter Elliott of England (3:57.63). "There's a great Irish tradition here," noted Elliott, world championship silver medalist at 800 meters last summer, who was running his first indoor mile. "I suppose if my name was O'Elliott, I might have won tonight."

More memorable was the women's mile, a duel between Kirsty Wade of England and Romania's Doina Melinte. For 10 of the 11 laps Melinte stalked Wade, hovering just a stride behind. Finally, at the gun, the race broke open. Melinte burst to the lead. She raced around the banked wooden oval like the indoor veteran she is. Melinte, 31, the 800-meter gold medalist and 1,500-meter silver medalist at the 1984 Olympics, has become something of a regular on the North American indoor circuit. Since arriving here last month with her coach and husband, Dorin, and several other Romanian runners, she had won five of five races.

Melinte made it six of six. She reached the tape in 4:21.45, the second-fastest clocking in indoor history, behind Mary Decker Slaney's world record of 4:20.5, established in San Diego in 1982. "Was able running world record," said Melinte, in the best English she could command, "but does not understand time." In other words, she hadn't known how fast she was going. If she had, she might have been able to break the record.

Melinte was selected as the meet's outstanding performer. She explained that she always likes coming to New York because, as she put it, the city "is very, very *agglomeration*." There's no agglomeration, of course, quite like the Millrose Games, in which young sprinters blossom and old dogs always seem to show off new tricks. ■



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Melinte lost track of time but still set a track record.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

McKay (60) bumped past Franks (61) and Roddie Haley to win the 400.

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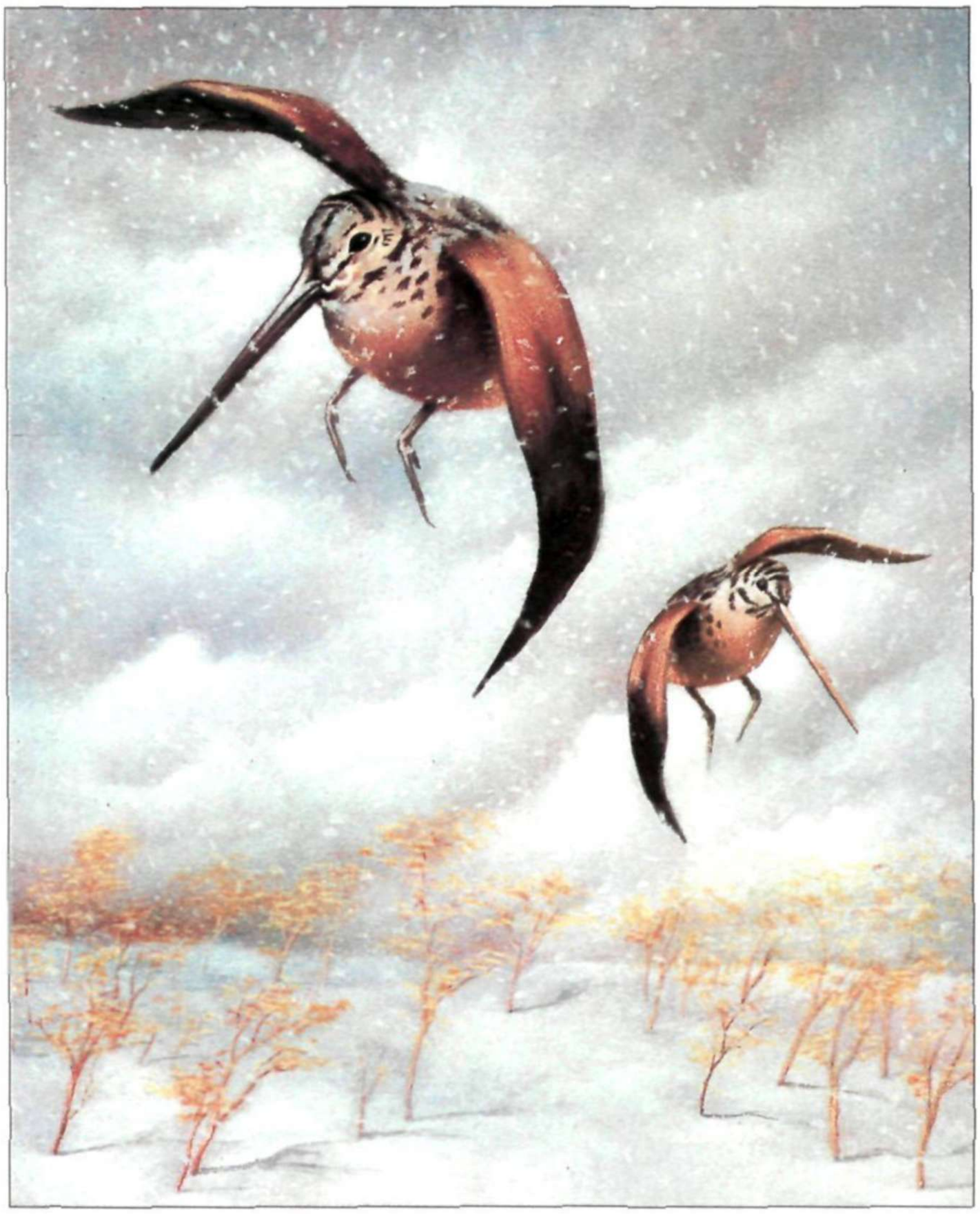


The woodcocks should have been heading south well before the season's first snowfall.

A CRUEL TEST OF NATURE

A freak snowstorm threatened the finicky woodcock

BY ROBERT F. JONES

Now, in the deep chill of February, with snow on the ground for keeps and the thermometer needle twitching near zero, it all seems faintly unreal, a red-and-white nightmare—a season out of joint. In 40 years of bird hunting I had never seen anything like it, nor do I hope to ever again.

For me and my black Lab, Luke, the long afternoon had been our first afield since the paralyzing early snowstorm of Sunday, Oct. 4—a date, as the man once said, that shall live in infamy.

The vicious storm had slammed in from the northwest without warning, blanketing east-central New York, southwestern Vermont and interior lower New England clear down to Ridgefield, Conn., with up to 20 inches of heavy, wet snow. It toppled power-transmission towers and snapped electrical and phone lines, and it overloaded the branches of trees still gaudy with fall foliage and broke them with a cacophony of sharp, irregular cracks that, at the storm's height, sounded like an artillery duel. Where a day or two before piles of bright, tidily raked leaves had smoldered in the sweet autumn air, now there was only shivering dismay. Even the old-timers in my Vermont village couldn't remember anything quite like it. Parts of Albany, Bennington and certain outlying townships went without power for nearly a week.

But when you came right down to it, the storm was no big deal for us human folk. In most rural homes the wood was in, the Coleman lanterns and kerosene lamps fueled and mantled, fridges and freezers well stocked. The foresighted, I knew, would be doing as we did: melting snow in pots on their stove tops, cooking meals on gas ranges, reading at night by lamplight and hauling buckets of water to keep the toilets flushing. After all, we had done this before; it was kind of fun. We would be O.K.

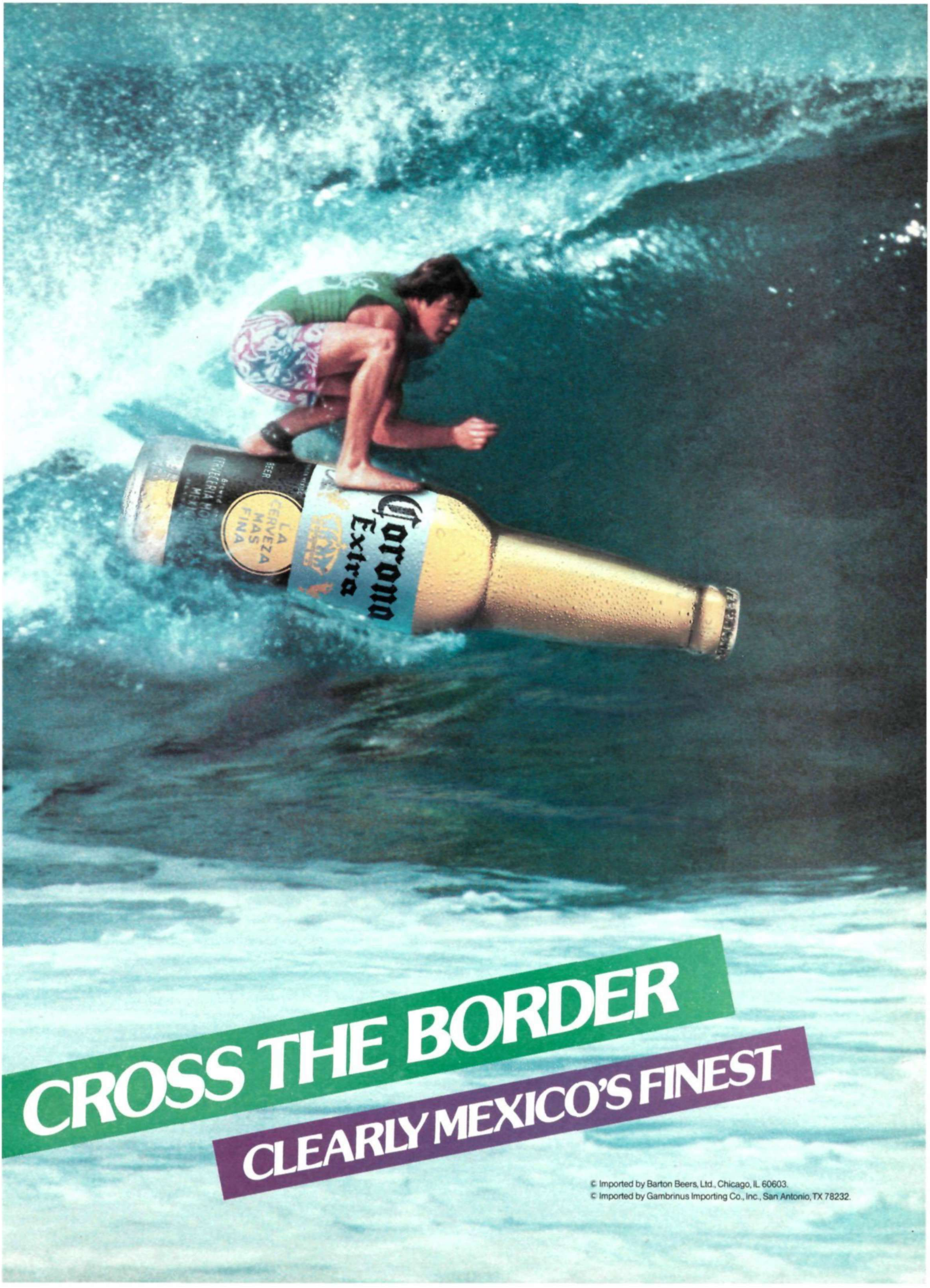
But what about the game birds I love more than I do most people? How would they survive?

If the ruffled grouse is king of the uplands, as New England bird hunters insist, then the woodcock is his hunchbacked, portly, long-nosed, peripatetic archduke. It is doomed forever to wander the realm, from north to south and back again, moving with the seasons from the Gulf States to Canada and providing a target to every gunner en route. Your heart has to go out to the plucky little aristocrat.

The grouse, I knew, would have no trouble weathering the deep snow. *Bonasa umbellus*, as he's known in Linnaean Latin, actually thrives on the stuff, blasting deep beneath it in the dead of winter to bed down in its insulating warmth. He's an opportunistic feeder to boot, a master of sidehill survival for whom hard times are just part of the avian condition. If the windfall apples are gone or snow-covered, if there are no beechnuts or barberries one year, no acorns or chokecherries or withered wild grapes to eat, he will hop up in the popples and snap aspen buds. Or whatever else happens to come along. A grouse has been found with a baby garter snake in its crop.

But the woodcock is a picky eater. For

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GREG RAGLAND



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Philohela minor it's earthworms or an empty gut. With snow lying deep on the ground, or a hard frost in it, the archduke must tighten his regal belt—at least until he can fly on to softer, more southern pastures.

There had been plenty of resident woodcocks in my covers this year. I had heard at least six males "peenting" last spring, and I had seen them spiraling high in their sky dances each dusky May evening over the fields around my house. Because the female typically lays four eggs (buff-colored, spotted, hidden carefully under shrubs or among dead leaves on the ground), there could, with luck, be as many as 36 woodcocks in my home covers this fall. And Luke had already jumped quite a few woodcocks (forgive me if I don't say where) before the season opened officially on Oct. 1. It was a delayed opening again, five days later than the grouse season, with the daily bag limit still only three birds, rather than the four of earlier years.

The woodcock has been in trouble lately, its numbers decreasing steadily, probably because of "habitat loss"—i.e., housing developments moving into woodcock covers all up and down the birds' range. Too many people in an area means too few birds. But woodcocks respond well when hunting pressure is eased; thus, the shorter season and reduced bag limits.

Still, I was looking forward to a banner year on both grouse and woodcock. Luke and I had killed a few before the storm hit, and we had missed many more. (That was on account of dense, early-season leaf cover, I said. Or shabby shooting, Luke muttered.) Then came the snow.

Did the woodcocks get out in time? That was my main concern during those dark, Coleman-guttering nights. By daylight I saw gangs of robins hopping forlornly along the road edges as the snow melted. Robins, like woodcocks, are migrant worm hunters. They hadn't fled before the storm, nor had the phoebes or the old flicker I saw as I drove around town on Monday and Tuesday. What made me think the woodcocks were any smarter? How long could they last, chilled and wormless, if they *had* stuck around?

I thought I had read somewhere that woodcocks can put up with three days of hard frost before they feel compelled to move on. Lord knows they have plenty of fat in their guts and are covered with good, warm plumage. But maybe all this was wishful thinking. I wanted them to survive so they would be back next spring to mate and raise new woodcocks for me to hunt.

One night—Monday, I believe—I stepped outside for a moment and heard high in the moonlit sky above me a flock of Canada geese, invisible, barking away toward the south. But geese are big, strong flyers, the jumbo jets of the bird world. They are capable of finding open water and plenty of food wherever they put down. Woodcocks are more like avian helicopters. They migrate in short, low-level hops, 20 or 30 miles at a crack, rarely more than 200 in a single night. Furthermore, according to the radio reports, the snowbelt from this storm extended nearly 200 miles to the south of us—almost every inch of it, for a while at least, an empty refrigerator for hungry woodcocks.

With their long bills, woodcocks usually find worms easily, but not under the deep snow.

In my dreams those first nights I saw woodcocks huddled beneath crooked, snow-covered alder limbs, their long bills tucked into their chests, the wet eyes shining in the gloom. Then I saw them topple slowly sideways, the eyes dimming as snow sifted down to bury them, russet feathers ruffled in the night wind, frost climbing the pale pink toes.

Three days after the storm arrived I awoke before dawn. The moon shone cold and without pity on a world of ice. I dreaded returning to my beloved woodcock covers for fear of what the dog and I might find out there. I imagined it would be like walking a battlefield the morning after the guns went quiet.

Over the years I have found two distinct kinds of woodcock cover around these parts. Those used by "flight birds" moving down from their summer breeding grounds to the north are always near water. And when the flight birds are in, there's no mistaking the fact. They are there in great numbers—8, 10, 20, once fully 60 woodcocks in a 10-acre patch, according to my hunting log. The covers preferred by local birds, which have had ample time to discover where water lies, can be upland hardwoods, stands of "doghair" popple or the edges of alder

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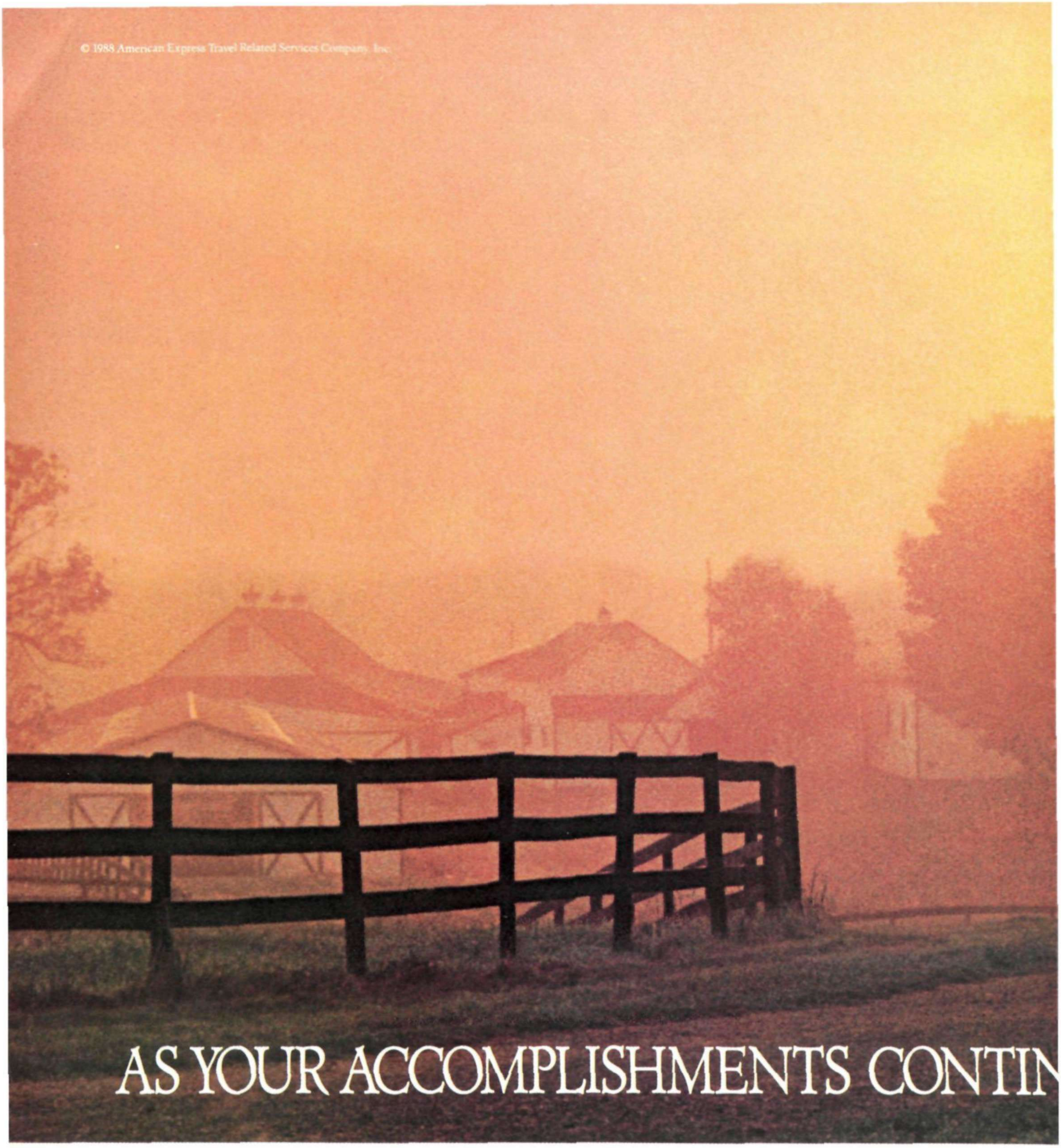

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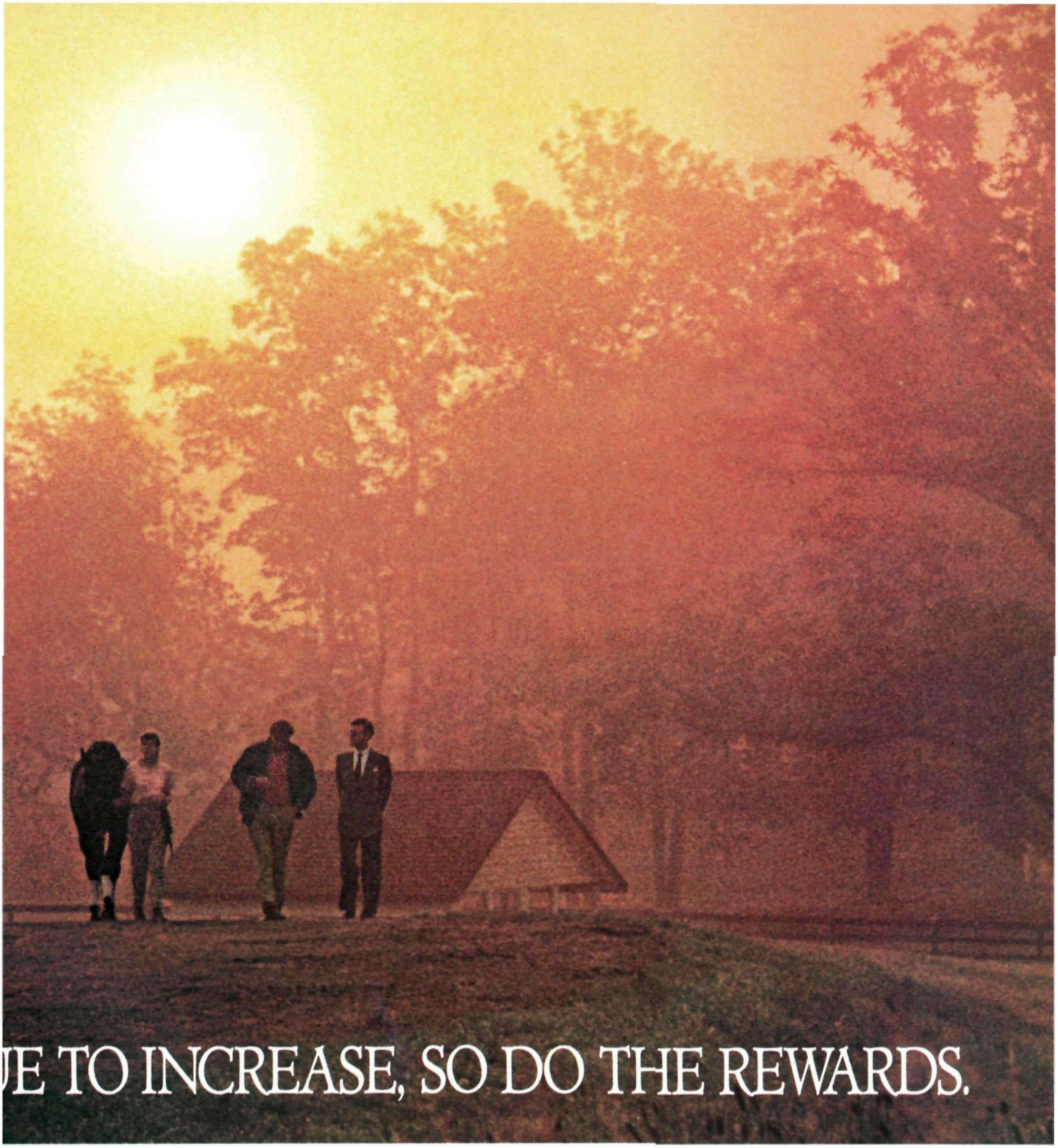

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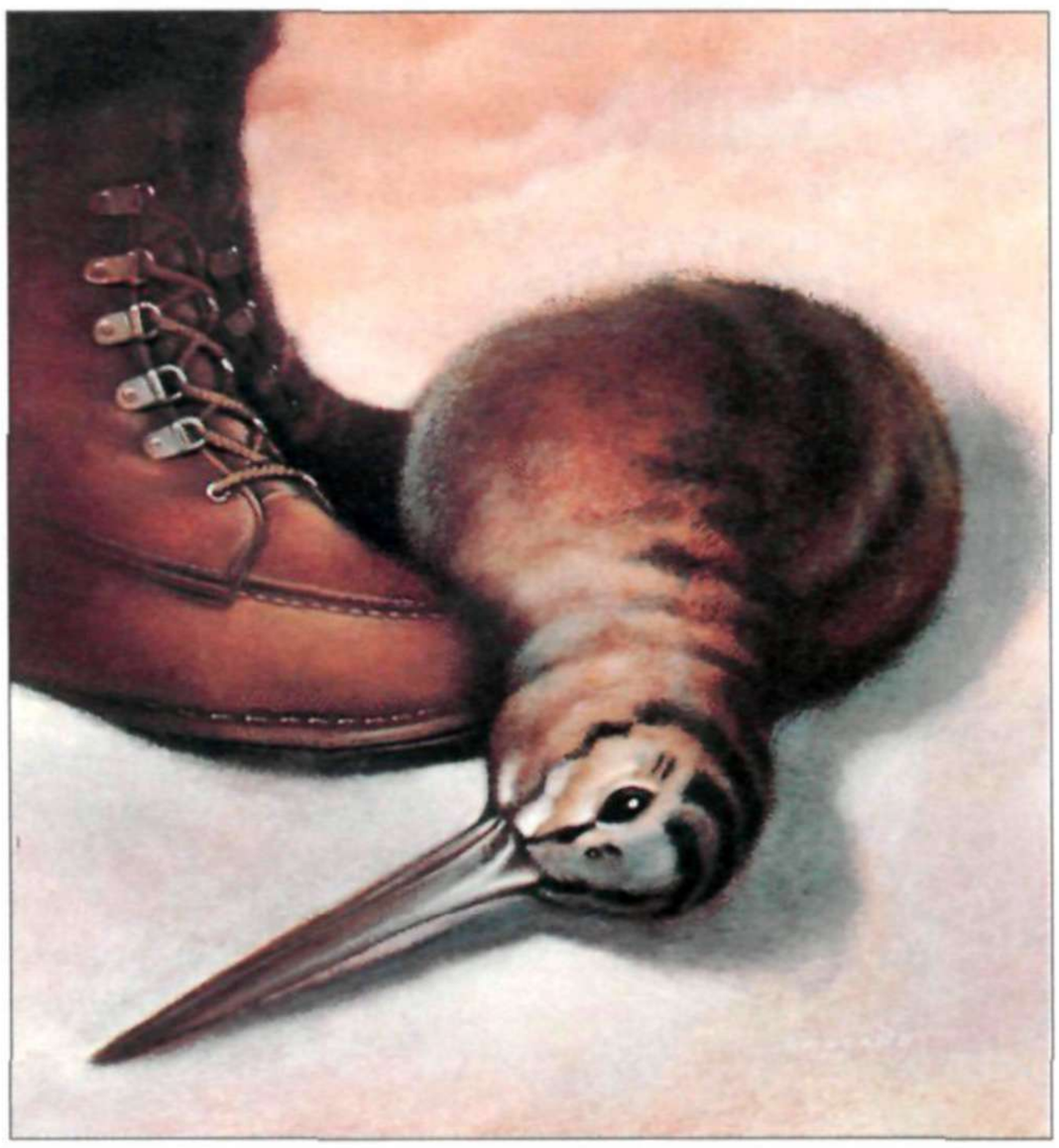
brakes—almost any place where worms are plentiful. Rarely will the dog jump more than one or two birds out of the local covers.

The birds are scattered, almost territorially, it seems to me, and you have to pound to find them. Which is what makes it such fun. I resolved, on my first day out after the storm, to try only the local covers. Luke, with his terrific nose, would sniff out any storm-killed birds in short order. Though he wouldn't pick them up, I would be able to tell from the look in his eye that he was onto something dead. (Whenever we come on a gut pile where a hunter has field-dressed a deer, or a slaughtered porcupine, say, he grows very solemn and stares up at me with his big, grave eyes.) If, on the other hand, we moved no birds from the local covers, and Luke found no dead ones, I could probably assume that the woodcocks had gotten out before the storm hit—perhaps on the three-quarter moon of the previous Friday night.

Whether they had made it clear of the snow zone, of course, I would never know for sure. Or at least not until next spring, when I saw and heard how many had returned to mate. There was always the slim chance that I would find the same birds in the local covers that had been there before the storm, alive and well and eager to fly south. But I forced myself to keep that hope well hidden under the dry leaves of logic.

When we entered the woods on that windy afternoon, they did indeed resemble a battlefield. Here, young popples, gaunt birches and old, wild apples hung shattered from the weight of the snow. There, raw wood gleamed bright in the intermittent sunlight, and green leaves glinted fresh and shiny, now dying under the skifts of settled, dirty snow. And ferns, weeds and leaves that had fallen earlier in the season lay matted, as if they had been trampled and squashed flat by the feet of a mile-high giant. The damp air had a sour smell to it, especially when the sun disappeared behind racing, gray-and-white clouds. I shied from imagined corpses.

The first of the covers drew blank, except for a solitary grouse that got up wild, 30 yards out. Then another grouse appeared, in thick stuff a hundred yards on. So the king at least had weathered the storm, as I knew he would. As we entered the second cover—a stand of young aspen on a sidehill, studded with feathery pines—Luke started getting "birdy." His tail wagged faster, his ears cocked back, his ruff rose slightly, and he suddenly seemed to glow even blacker than usual, as if he were carved of obsidian. His pace slowed, and he nosed forward inch-by-inch, shuddering. Then the birds got up—two woodcocks together, a straightaway twisting double, but I didn't even raise the shotgun. For all I knew, they were the sole survivors of the storm, in my home cover at least.



A hunter takes but a few birds each season; a killer storm is not so sparing.

The next cover produced a single bird, a big, plump female by the length of her bill and the long, sweeping primaries on her wingtips (hens of the species are noticeably larger than the cocks and have longer bills). She caught us both by surprise, and I tangled my feet spinning to see her. She blasted strongly across an open field and pitched into dense cover across a roaring brook. I marked her down closely. We could always jump her again if we chose.

We entered the fourth and final cover of the afternoon with high hopes and blood in our eye. So far, it had been a typical woodcock swing, the same pattern of flushes we had encountered before the storm. I was certain these were resident birds. Luke had poked briefly, out of dutiful habit, into a flight cover along our route and frisked it thoroughly, producing nothing. The last time we hit this final cover, two days before the snow, it had held four birds, one of which we killed. There should be three left. We went in.

It was a long, low alder thicket, rising uphill from a brook to fan out at the top into young hardwoods still bright with color. Down near the brook, Luke jumped a woodcock just where we knew one should be, but it got a tree between us, and I didn't shoot. A short way uphill, still in thick stuff, another got up—and I couldn't get on it. Luke looked back at me with his customary frown. O.K., I would try harder next time.

Up near the top, out of the alders now, into the hardwoods, the third bird rose from the threat of Luke's hustle. It blew out toward the open, into the sunlight, twisting like a scatback, and I shot. Like the closing of a prayer book, the woodcock folded and thumped down, dead, among the maple whips beside a bubbling rivulet.

Luke fetched the bird and dropped it neatly at my feet. I smoothed the rumpled russet feathers, pulled a wet leaf from the long, flexible bill and gently slid the plump, warm body into my game pocket. Our worst fears had not been realized; now the nightmare was over.

But not the paradox: We love the woodcock, all gamebirds for that matter—and love to kill them. ■

FIRST PERSON

SENTENCED TO THE CHAIR

A young tennis pro spent a day in the umpire's hot seat

BY DANIEL MARKOWITZ

It has often been suggested that every tennis pro who has screamed bloody murder at an umpire should take his chair at least once to appreciate the difficulty of the job. After all, almost every umpire has played tennis; *he* understands the difficult nature of the player's task. Of course, no tennis pro would deign to climb into the high chair, not for the skimpy pay of a tennis umpire.

Or would he? Take me, for instance. As a 27-year-old satellite circuit player, a minor leaguer of professional tennis, I earned $250 as a pro player in 1987. When several umpires failed to show up for a satellite tournament last September in Southern France, I, and many of my fellow players, jumped at the chance to fill in. I have to admit that my main incentive was not the experience I would gain from parking myself in the so-called hot chair, but the money I would make. Forty francs (about $7) was not a lot, but it would cover dinner that night.

A tournament official held out a list of the remaining matches for the day. Rules were lax. We could select any match we wanted. The official neither instructed us on umpiring procedure and etiquette nor restricted us from selecting a match in which a friend was competing. Since "hooking" (deliberately missing lines calls) another player out of a match didn't appeal to me, I looked for a match that would have the most lopsided scores. To state it simply, I wanted the quickest possible match, without crucial calls and confrontations.

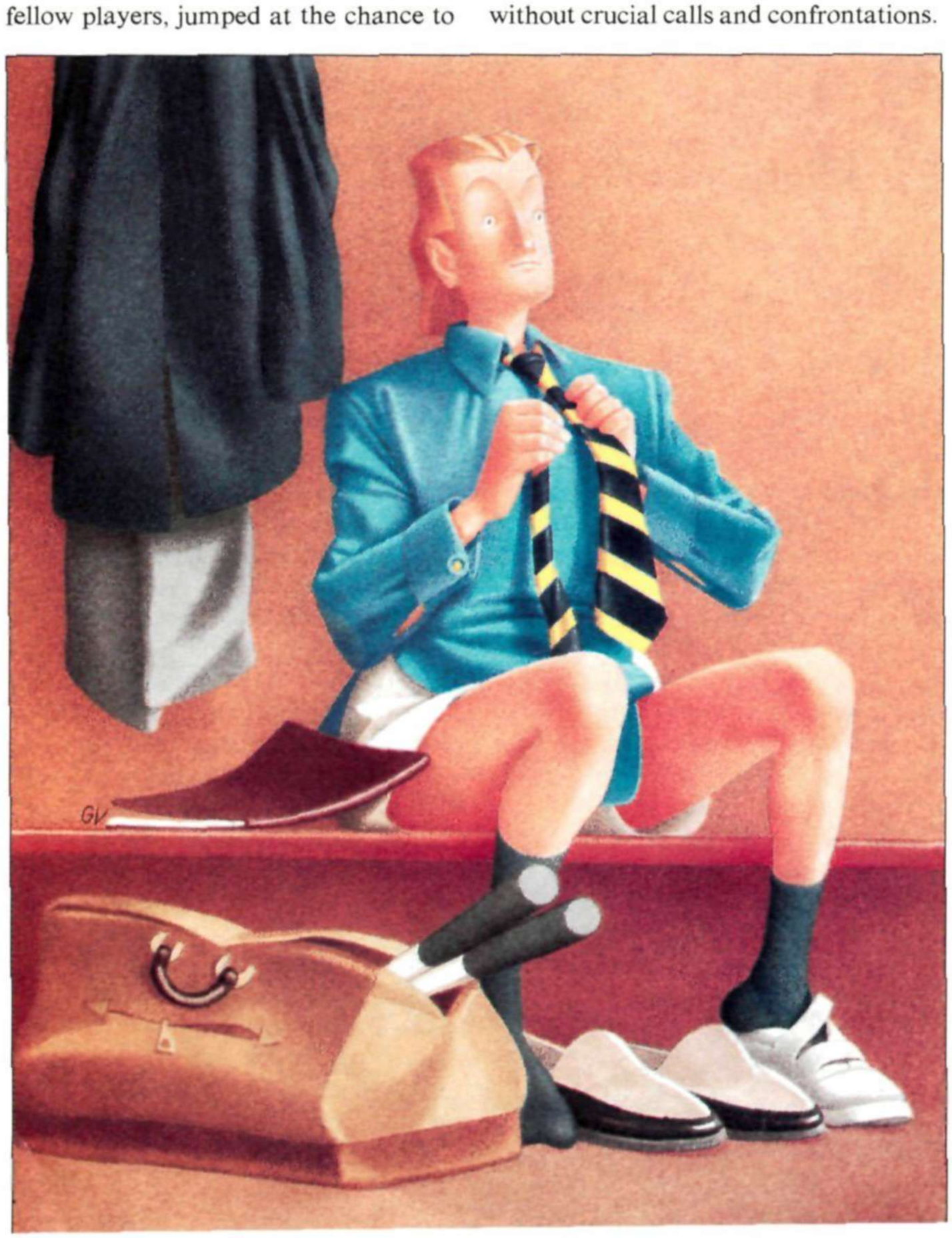
I chose a pairing that pitted Michael Katz, a talented but unranked young Frenchman, against Willie Otten, a West German who was then ranked 920th in the world. I figured Otten would make quick work of Katz.

The best-two-sets-out-of-three match started true to form. The Frenchman played valiantly, but whenever he threatened to put a string of winning games together, Otten would fire a couple of aces or hit a few unreachable passing shots. The first set went 6–1, Otten, in 25 minutes. At this point bad thoughts began popping into my head. I decided that I didn't particularly like Otten's court demeanor. Here he was, already in the second set on a warm day, and he had yet to remove his sweat suit. And periodically during the match he would turn to talk to his friends standing outside the fence. I knew an umpire has to be completely impartial, but I also knew that had I been playing him, I wouldn't have liked his cocky attitude.

Otten won the first point of the second set, but not before he told me that I had missed an earlier call of a ball hit out by his opponent. "I'll make the calls here," I said curtly. On the next point his serve hit deep near the service line, and the Frenchman could not return it. At first I put my hands out in front of me to signal the serve was good, but after a moment's thought, during which Katz protested that the serve was long, I changed my mind. "I think the serve was long," I said. "Play two serves again."

I had made two crucial errors. First and foremost, an umpire should never use the words "I think" before making a call. Second, when the umpire changes a call, the new call is final. He should not play the point over again. Otten jumped all over me. "What do you mean *you think* it was out?" he said. "You're either sure, or you let the call stand."

I shot back a cold look and repeated, "Play two!" Flustered, I paid close attention to the service line, determined not to make another questionable call. A few more times during the second set Otten's cannonball serves landed close enough to the line so that I wasn't sure whether they were good or not. I called two of them out and received quick, accusatory glances from Otten both times.



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Katz, perhaps noticing that Otten had become distracted, became bolder. The Frenchman cracked bigger serves and followed them up at the net with precision volleys. He won the second set in a tiebreaker.

Otten's faltering play continued into the third set, but he seemed to be regaining his composure as he served with the set tied 2–2. At 30–all he sliced a backhand into a corner and charged the net. Katz threw up a deep, drifting lob that somehow landed flat on Otten's baseline for an outright winner. Otten had not even run back to try for the ball. But when he heard no call (when a ball is good, the umpire remains silent), he looked at me and groaned, "No. How could you miss such a call? That ball was moving so slowly, and it landed a clear foot outside the baseline." Shaken, I broke my umpire's detachment and shouted back, "Are you kidding? That ball landed right on the line."

Katz won the game and the match and afterward shook my hand, while Otten walked off the court without even raising his head. After 90 minutes in the umpire's chair, I jumped out as though pardoned from a prison sentence. At the officials' table, I returned my scorecard and picked up my hard-earned money. As I was about to leave, the head official asked, "Could you do one more match?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"It is the last match of the day," he said. "And you are the only umpire available. I can pay you 50 francs."

The match was between Charlie Maher, a friend of mine from Springfield, Mass., and Andreas Lesch, a big, heavy-hitting Boris Becker look-alike from Cologne, West Germany. After my first umpiring effort, I couldn't guess how long this match would take, but I did have an idea about how to make it easier to umpire. I accepted.

When the players had finished their warmup, I gave my instructions. "This is a two-out-of-three-set match. You will call your own lines. If one player does not like the call of his opponent, he can ask me to overrule, and I will do so if I deem it necessary. Mr. Lesch won the coin toss." When I saw Lesch's hard, fast serve, I congratulated myself on my new umpiring strategy. The match went smoothly until midway through the first set, when Maher started to consistently return Lesch's serve.

After he began losing points, Lesch started to hammer balls all over the court. He threw his racket against the fence and swore loudly in German. With the score tied at 4–4, it seemed as though Lesch was not only in jeopardy of losing the match, but his mind as well.

I knew I had to regain control of the match. What would a real umpire do in my sneakers, I wondered. What did Richard Ings, one of the few full-time touring umpires on the Grand Prix circuit, do at last year's U.S. Open when John McEnroe tried to take the match into his own hands? Ings first gave McEnroe a warning, then penalized him a point, and then a game. I felt a little funny taking similar action against Lesch because, after all, I was a player myself, and how did I have the right to make such a judgment call? Besides, I might have to play Lesch in the next tournament. But after he bludgeoned another ball out of bounds and then skidded his racket along the court, I spoke up. "This is a warning," I said to Lesch in my most authoritative tone. "I will issue a misconduct penalty point if you delay the match in any way."

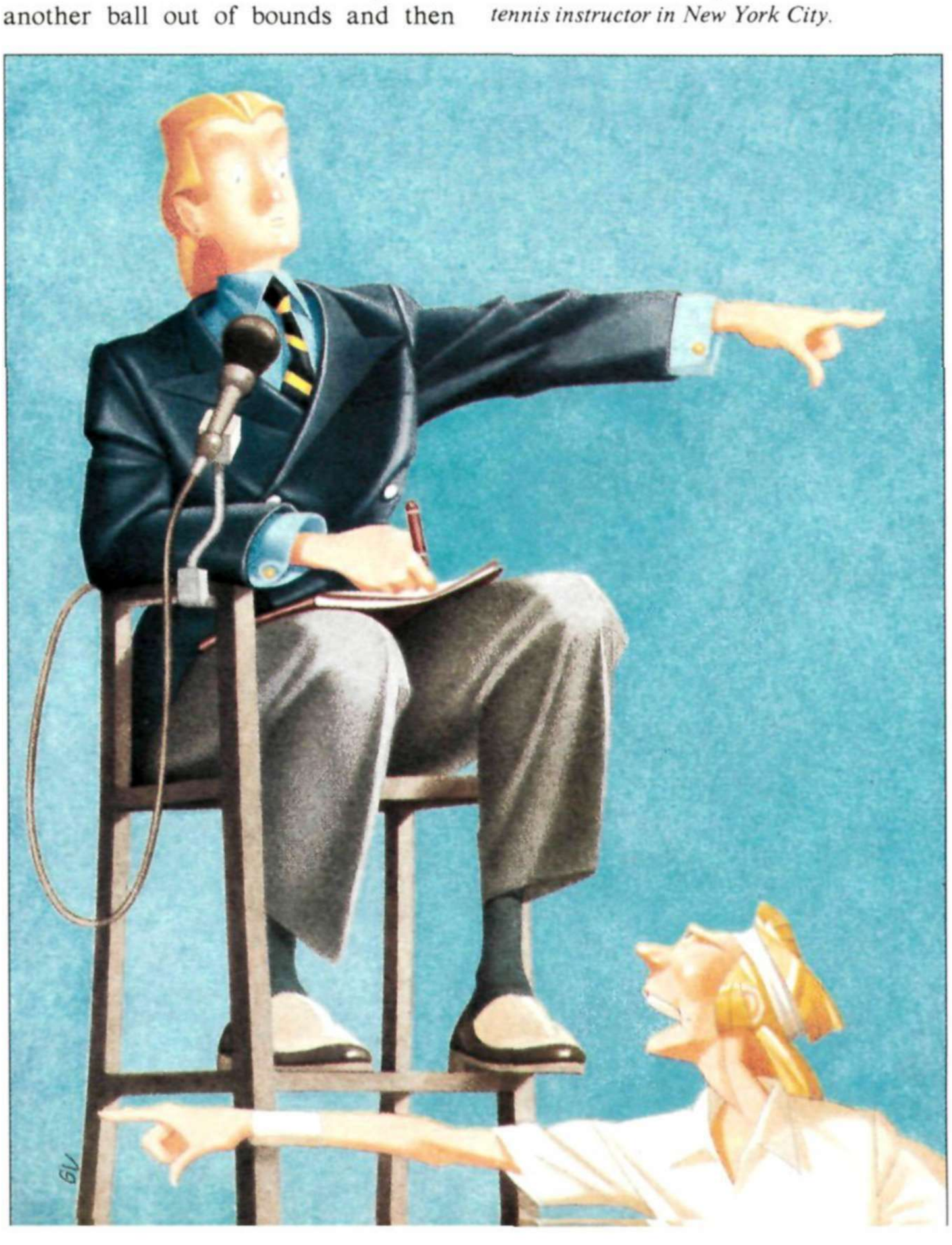
Lesch did not even turn his head my way as he walked back to the baseline. But throughout the rest of the match, he behaved like a gentleman and played flawless tennis. And he won 6–4, 6–2.

After the match I saw Maher in the locker room. "Tough match," I said. "But how did you like the way I silenced him with that misconduct warning?"

"You did the right thing," Maher said softly. "But if you hadn't said anything, I think he would have become too berserk to play good tennis, and I would have won the match."

I sat dumbfounded on the locker room bench. Now I knew what tennis umpires meant when they said their job was a no-win proposition. ■

Daniel Markowitz is a free-lance writer and a tennis instructor in New York City.



PERSPECTIVE

STILL FIGHTING OLD WARS

Former lightweight champ Beau Jack lives out his legend

BY GARY SMITH

They told me he had guts as nobody since has had guts. They said you had to fight him or jump out of the ring or curl up in a ball and get killed.

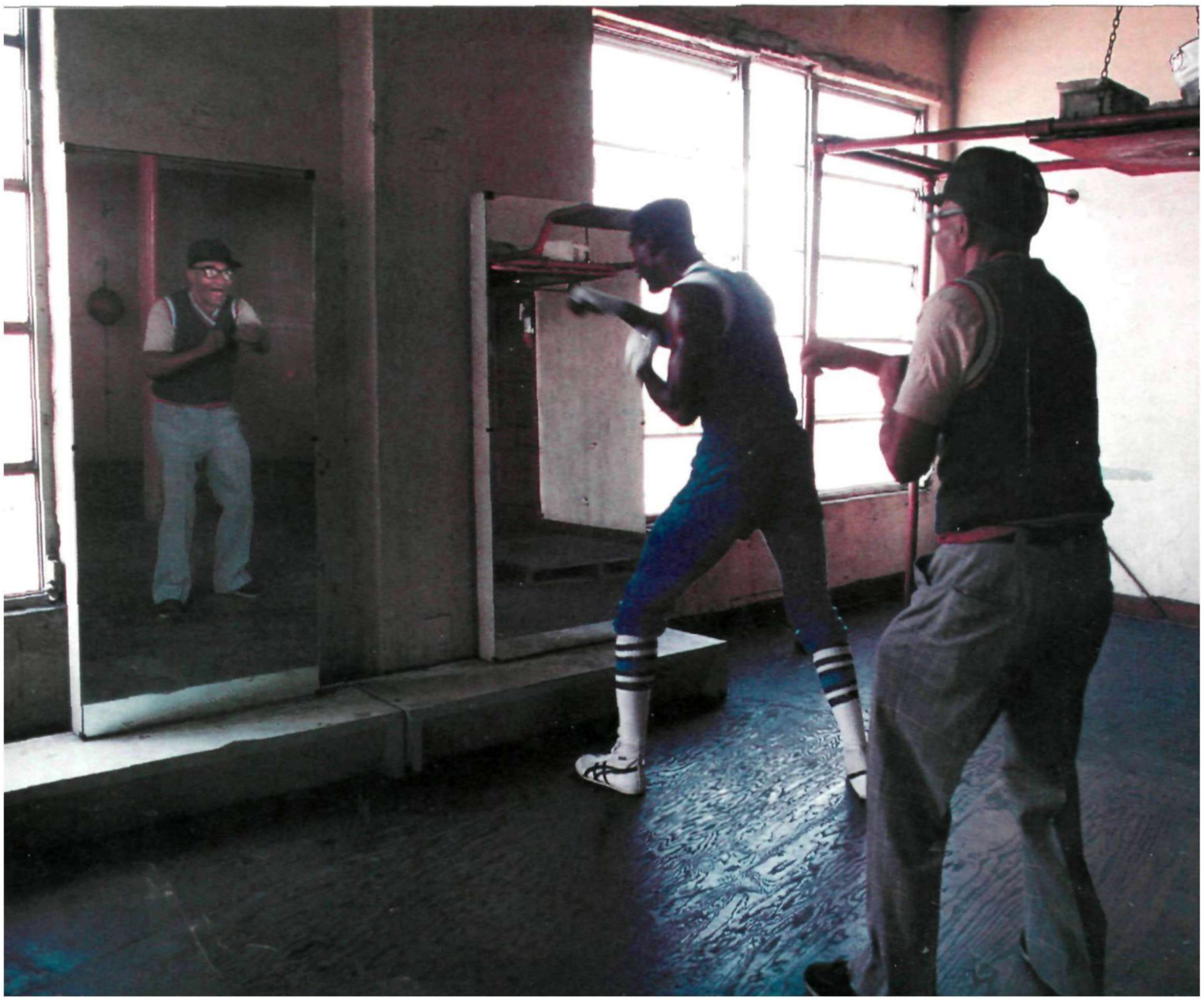
They told me that the bell would ring and he would be throwing punches as soon as he stepped out of his corner, before he even got near the center of the ring. They said they saw him break his knee, crumple, stagger up onto his other leg and hop after his opponent, wincing horribly, still throwing punches.

They told me it was wartime then, and the only light during Friday-night air-raid blackouts in New York was the orange glow from the vacuum-tube radios that people huddled around, listening to his fights. They said he sold out Madison Square Garden more times than any man in history—attracted the largest live boxing gate ever, *$35 million*, and ended up without a penny, on his knees, shining men's shoes.

They told me these things in a way that made me think he was dead. People like that don't ever seem to be alive.

One day not long ago, I walked up a stairway into the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach. Four decades of fighters had spilled their body fluids there. It was hot and close in the room, and you could smell every drop of those juices. In the ring, something strange was happening. Three large men were taking turns beating up a fourth.

"Throw punches! Throw punches! You don't throw punches, you gonna get hit! Throw punches! Oh my god, have mercy, throw punches! Next! Your turn! Throw punches! Stop huggin' that man like he's your wife, goddam! Throw the left hook! *Now!* Oh, maaaaaan. Oh my god! Throw punches! Get out! Next! *Throw punches!*" The words poured from a small, coffee-colored man standing on the apron of the ring.



The victim's arms sagged from exhaustion, uncovering his head. His jaw fell slack from the blows. "Get out!" the coffee-colored man shouted again. "Next!" The aggressor turned away, and one of the other two fighters, refreshed, stepped in and continued the beating.

"If you can't stand this, you're nothin'!" the small man roared at the helpless one. "You gotta get in shape if you wanna fight. Throw punches! Teach him a lesson! Throw it-throw it-throw it! Get out of that cover-up! Goddawg, throw punches! *Throw punches!*"

I licked the dry roof of my mouth. "What the hell is. . . ?"

A bystander pointed to the boxer getting beaten on. "He's training for a fight this weekend in Vegas," he said.

"*This* weekend?"

The man nodded toward the small blinking man on the apron, whose lips were drawn back to show his toothless gums, whose wrist veins bulged as thick and as taut as the ropes he was clutching. "And that," he said, as if it explained everything, "is Mr. Beau Jack."

So he wasn't dead. He was managing the Fifth Street Gym. My eyes left the men in the ring and fixed on him. He had wide, flaring Indian cheekbones, eyes wrapped in hoods of thick scar tissue and magnified by soda-pop-bottle lenses, sitting crooked on his flattened nose. His head and shoulders bobbed with the action; now and then he threw two short, vicious uppercuts at the air, grunting with them: "Ah . . . ah!" The bell rang. Beau Jack screamed at the fighters to continue: He was working inside his own space and time.

I heard the helpless one get clubbed again, turned and saw him stumble against one of the other fighters who awaited his turn. And then I remembered: Hadn't they told me Beau Jack got his start fighting in battle royals—an old tradition in which a group of five to 10 teenage blacks, for the amusement of southern gentlemen, were blindfolded and sent into a ring en masse for a free-for-all. I had read an account of one in Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*:

. . . now I felt a sudden fit of blind terror. I was unused to darkness. It was as though I had suddenly found myself in a dark room filled with poisonous cottonmouths. I could hear the bleary voices yelling insistently for the battle royal to begin. . . .

I wanted to see, to see more desperately than ever before. But the blindfold was tight as a thick skin-puckering scab and when I raised my gloved hands to push the layers of white aside a voice yelled, "Oh, no you don't, black bastard! Leave that alone!"

. . . And I heard the bell clang and the sound of feet scuffling forward. A glove smacked against my head. I pivoted, striking out stiffly as someone went past, and felt the jar ripple along the length of my arm to my shoulder. Then it seemed as though all nine of the boys had turned upon me at once. Blows pounded me from all sides while I struck out as best I could. So many blows landed upon me that I wondered if I were not the only blindfolded fighter in the ring. . . .

Blindfolded, I could no longer control my motions. I had no dignity. I stumbled about like a baby or a drunken man. . . . A glove connected with my head, filling my mouth with warm blood. It was everywhere. I could not tell if the moisture I felt upon my body was sweat or blood. A blow landed hard against the nape of my neck. I felt myself going over, my head hitting the floor. Streaks of blue light filled the black world behind the blindfold. I lay prone, pretending that I was knocked out, but felt myself seized by hands and yanked to my feet. "Get going, black boy! Mix it up!" . . . Pushed this way and that by the legs milling around me, I finally pulled erect and discovered that I could see the black, sweat-washed forms weaving in the smoky-blue atmosphere like drunken dancers weaving to the rapid drum-like thuds of blows. . . .

In one corner I glimpsed a boy violently punching the air and heard him scream in pain as he smashed his hand against a ring post. For a second I saw him bent over holding his hand, then going down as a blow caught his unprotected head. . . . The smoke was agonizing and there were no rounds, no bells at three minute intervals to relieve our exhaustion. The room spun round me, a swirl of lights, smoke, sweating bodies surrounded by tense white faces. I bled from both nose and mouth, the blood spattering upon my chest.

The men kept yelling, "Slug him, black boy! Knock his guts out!"

I watched Beau Jack climb down from the ring apron and move in a half-trot across the floor, shoulders swaying with his rolling gait, right leg dipping to accommodate old pain. I approached him. "You fought in battle royals, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said, eyeing me.

"How did it feel?"

"They should still have them," he said. "They'd be a lot of fun for people who ain't seen them. But they can't. Guys ain't tough enough anymore."

"I'd like to write a story about you," I said.

Jack (foreground) finds few fighters who mirror the abandon he showed in the ring.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'BRYON

With Jack on the card, the Garden usually had a sellout.

"All right, sir," he said quietly. A maroon cap hid most of his balding head with its white stubble of hair, and a T-shirt with the words FORWARD MOTION covered his still-muscular chest. "They think they can tire me out," he said, as if he had been one of the men in the ring. "They can't. I can outlast them all. They try to kill me, and I be relaxin'. I know how to breathe and how to throw punches. You're not in condition, you're gonna get your brains scattered to the wrong part of your head. Can't never quit in a ring. All that crap about defense—take it and put it up your butt. *Conditioning*." He threw a combination at a heavy bag and walked over to two women lying on tables, doing leg lifts. "Everybody gets sick when they first come here," he warned one. "It'll go away. Tomorrow I'm gonna murder you."

His tone turned gentle now, as if he were an old man telling his assembled grandchildren a story before bed. I moved closer to hear. "You know, if you didn't get your ticket before Friday when I fought," he said, "forget about it. They was none left. I had 2,000 ladies came to see me. They'd yell, 'Uh-oh, here comes that tiger again.' And anyplace I go now I hear people say these same words: 'We been watchin' and we been lookin', tryin' to find another Beau Jack, but we ain't never seen another one. How did you keep throwing punches from one end of the bell to the other, Beau Jack?'

"Well, you have to love people to do that. They kept screamin' 'Beau Jack, Beau Jack,' "—his fists began to punch the air—"so I loved 'em and had to fight harder and harder and harder. Didn't want no people talkin' about me like I was a dog. I had to do good for my guests. I love every human being God put on this earth. We're here for one reason—to attract each other. I fought that way, for love."

Pools of dusk had begun to form in the corners of the gym; in ones and twos the boxers toweled their sweat, called goodbye to Beau Jack and departed. "That bone tried to jump up and get away, but I chased it down and caught it, and I ain't even got no teeth, that's how good that chicken was you cooked for me," he said to one of the two women he was conditioning. "You comin' back to work out tomorrow, aren't you?"

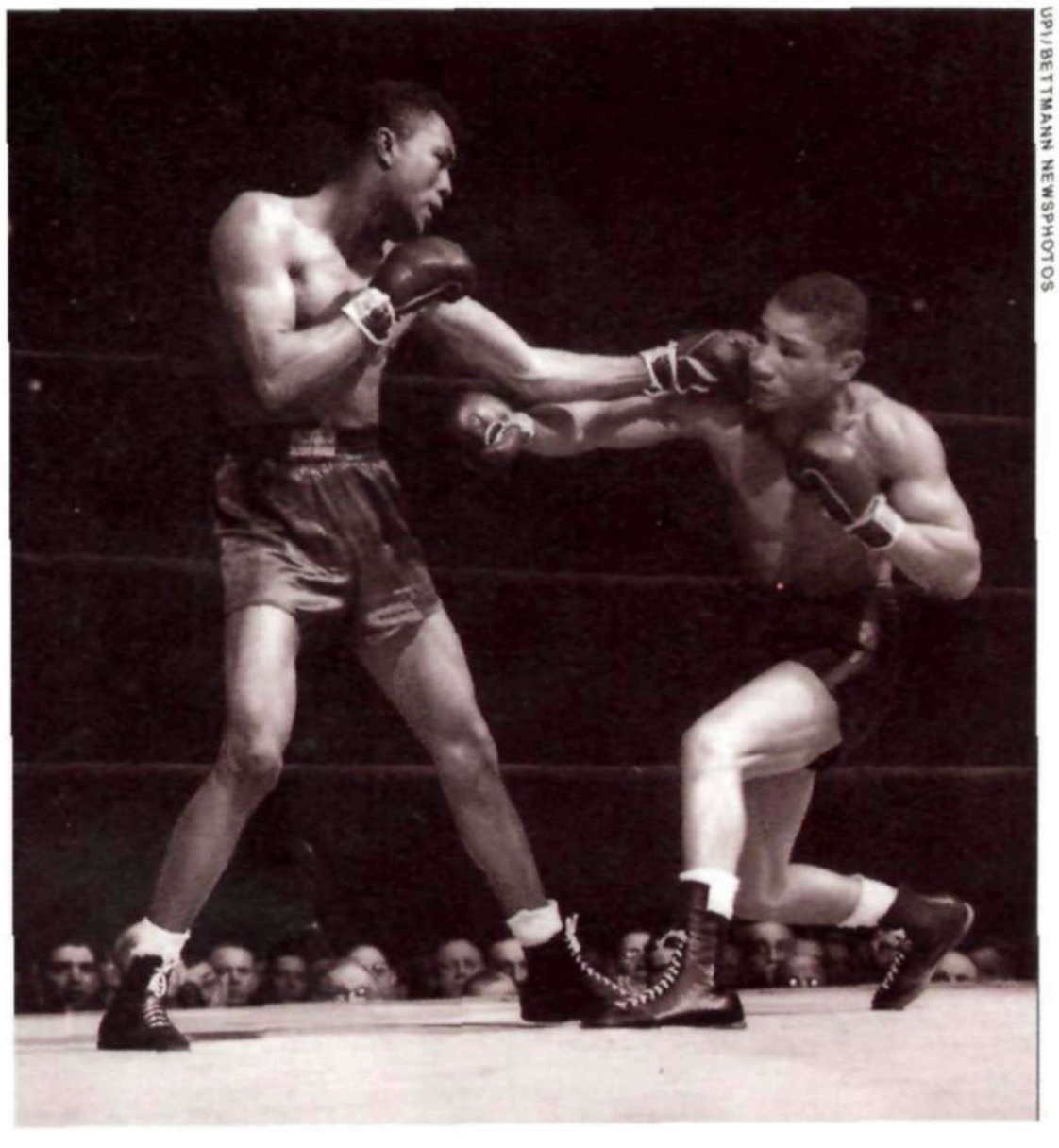
When she was gone, I asked if I could accompany him home. I wanted to meet his wife and the 15 children that people said he had fathered. "No need for that," he said. "We disbanded. Sometimes it's best to just disband yourself."

"Who do you live with?"

"Nobody. Myself."

"Where?"

"One-room place, few blocks from here. Don't need nothin' else."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

One of Jack's four bouts with Montgomery (left) drew a $35 million gate.

I asked what he did alone at night.

"I play blackjack against a dead man's hand," he said. "When I win, I put the cards on my side. He wins, I put 'em on his side. Funny, 99 times out of a hundred, the dead man wins."

Carefully he reached under a desk in his shabby corner cubicle, pulled out his boxing plaques and awards, and tucked them into a black bag. He placed it on his shoulder, locked up the gym and headed home. A block away, he paused. At the night air, he threw a pair of punches.

Most of the newspaper stories about Beau Jack were yellowed and smelled like your grandfather's attic. Gingerly I held them under a light, to learn how a life starts that ends this way.

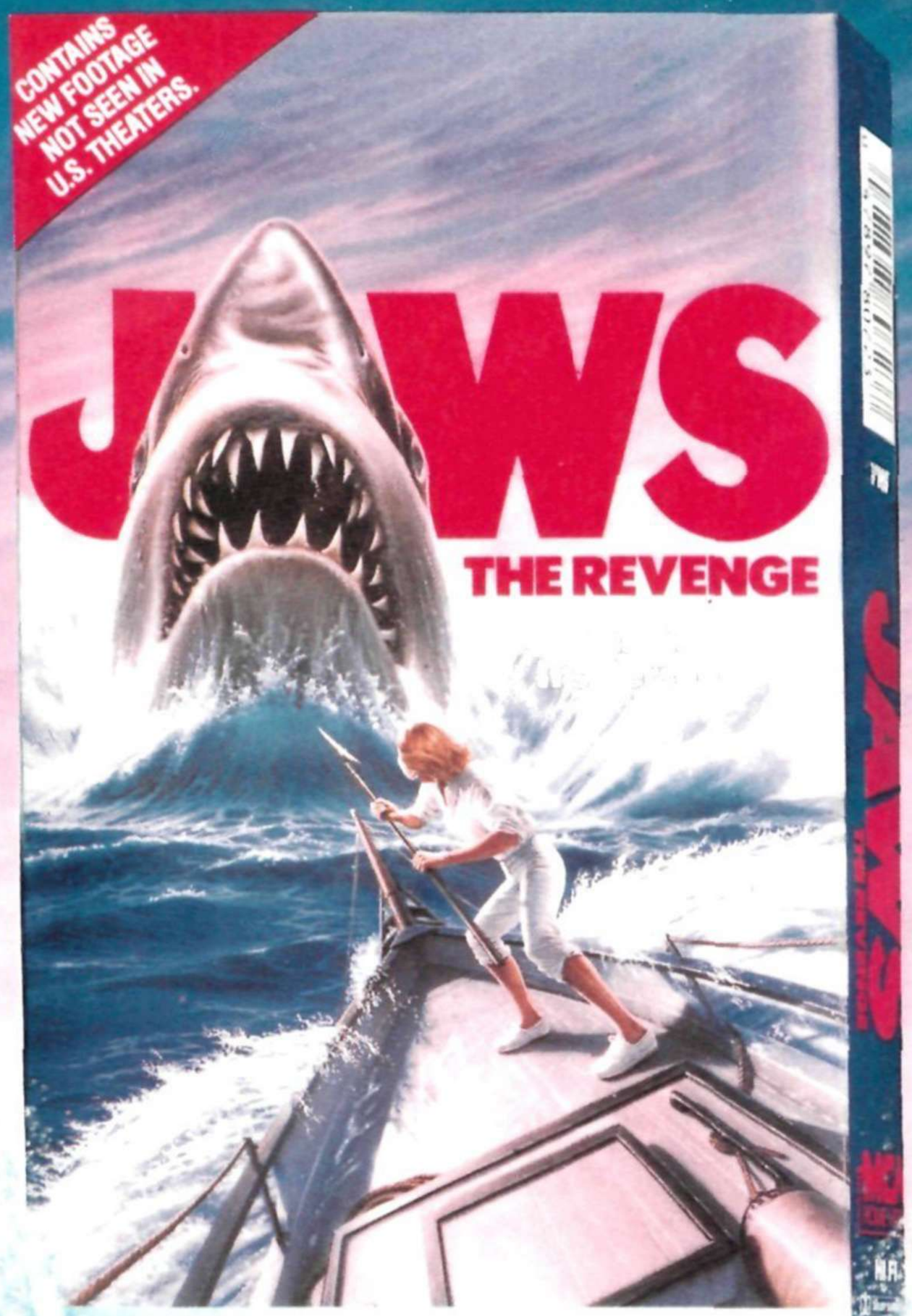
He was born in 1921 on a Georgia farm where the roosters scratched at dust and the breeze banged the doors. His mother and father gave up trying to love when he was trying to crawl, so his grandma, Evie Mixom, raised him. She called him Beau Jack instead of Sidney Walker, and did there have to be a reason? Evie told people that Beau would be a fighter or a preacher. She knew what most smart folks didn't, that furthest opposites were the closest kind of kin.

By the time he was eight, Beau would awake at five each morning so he could walk the 3½ miles to Augusta and be the first at Ninth and Broad, the best shoeshine corner spot because the cotton farmers entered the city there. The money he earned made him a target, and one day he came home in tears. Five boys had threatened him into surrendering the three dollars he had earned, he sobbed to his grandmother. Evie took off all his clothes and beat him. "You better fight till the blood runs out your shoes," she said. "No Walker is supposed to be runnin' nowhere."

She also told him she preferred that he be a preacher.

A week later a gang demanded a tip he had earned. Beau Jack attacked the leader, smashed his head against the concrete and kept the coin.

Not long after that came the battle royals. The winner got to keep all the coins that the amused southern gentlemen tossed into the ring. Invariably Beau Jack, the littlest one in there,



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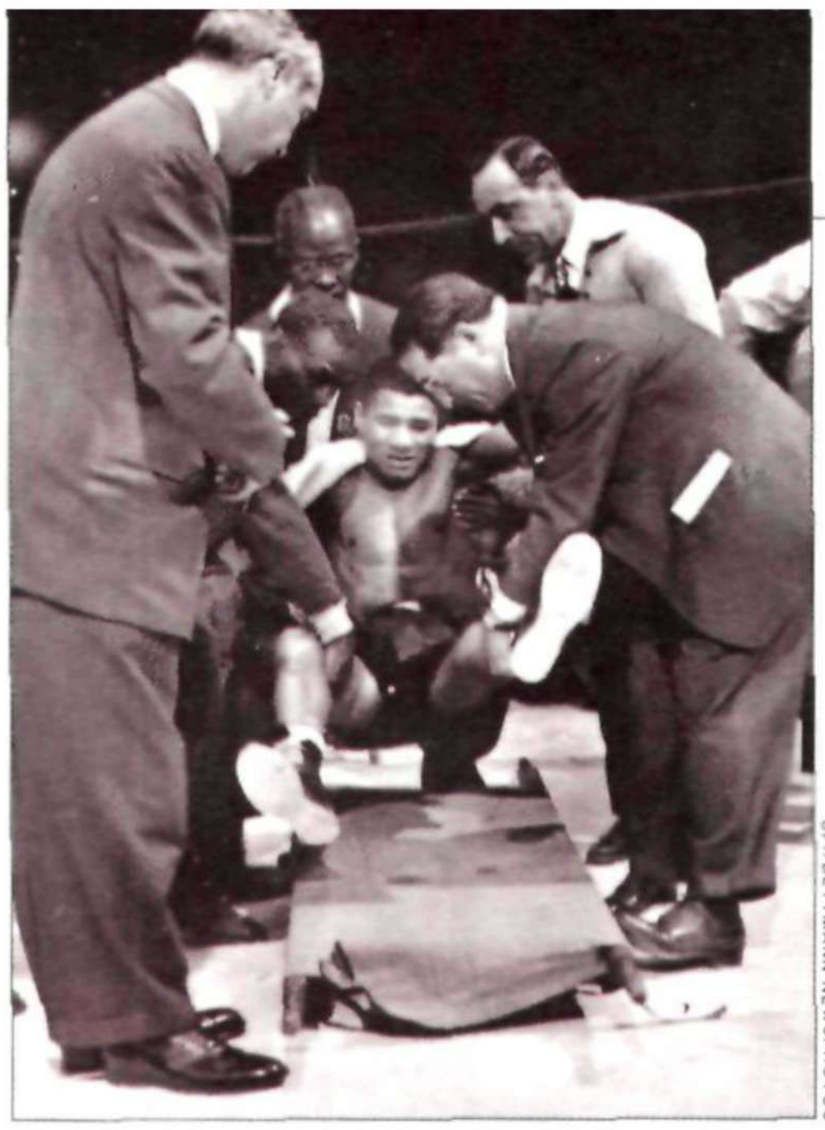

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Against Janiro, Jack's knee collapsed, as did his career.

would win, and the gentlemen cheered.

Once, one man got so excited watching Beau Jack punch, he handed him a $100 bill. Anything a kid like Beau Jack got in life beyond the necessities made him vulnerable; another boy skulked up and snatched the bill away. Beau Jack spun and knocked him out, too.

Funny thing about fighting blind. Made a guy feel scared, but took a weight off him, too. If a guy couldn't see what he did, there weren't any complications. A guy couldn't see, how could any of the responsibility be his?

One day, Beau Jack's grandma called him to her, told him to be a good boy and go fetch her a bowl of soup. When he came back, she was dead.

By 15, he was married and making his own children: He loved the feel of their little arms around his neck. He had a job shining shoes at Augusta National, the golf club where the Masters is played, and there he made the sportsmen stand and holler each time they staged a battle royal. A group of them, including the famous golfer who started the club, Bobby Jones, pitched in $50 each to send Beau Jack north and start his boxing career.

For the first few years, he fought in a converted gasoline storage tank in Holyoke, Mass. "People called it boxing, I called it fighting," he told a reporter. "He had no pity," said a sparring partner. "A jungle cat," a writer called him. "A bum . . . not nothing . . . never will be nothing," his trainer, Sid Bell, kept sneering at him. "Your best ain't good enough. Rip their mouths out." Twelve straight uppercuts, left hook, right cross, bolo punch, *uppercutuppercutuppercut*. . . . A man who never stopped attacking was never vulnerable. A man who never stopped attacking was blind.

It was wartime, and the men who stayed home needed to see some violence. Soon Private Beau Jack was fighting main events at Madison Square Garden, and the house was SRO with love. He beat Henry Armstrong in front of 19,986. Twice he was lightweight champion of the world. In 1944, to see him fight Bob Montgomery, people had to buy U.S. war bonds. The gate was $35,864,900. Each fighter was paid one dollar. In 1944 Beau Jack sold out the Garden three times in a single month.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

For publicity, in '46 Jack reenacted his old job at Augusta with Byron Nelson.

Now he was 66. He passed his nights in the tiny efficiency, his days a few blocks away in the dying gym. I headed there the next day, noticing all the tattoos on the transients in his neighborhood, all the missed belt loops of old people who had no one to let them know.

Near the doorway of the gym, a drifter stood. He had the sunken cheeks and dazed eyes of a man nudged awake all night by a cop's shoe. The building housing the gym seemed deserted at this early hour, a good place to sleep. The drifter wandered inside and curled up at the foot of the stairway. I stepped over him and headed up the steps.

"Youuuuuuuu! Get out of my building!" The scream pierced the stairwell. I looked up and saw Beau Jack, legs spread and braced, fists taut, eyes burning. He pounded down the steps and stood above the drifter.

Groggily the man rose. Now you could see and smell all of his loneliness. It drove Beau Jack berserk.

"Get the f—— out of my building! Get your ass out of my building before I put you through the wall!"

"I'm a man," said the drifter, "just like you. Don't talk to me like a dog."

"You ain't no man! Prove it, prove it, prove it!" Beau Jack ripped off his glasses, raised his fists, thrust out his jaw. His chest grew large and small, large and small, like a bellows. *"This don't belong to you! It belongs to me! I'll put you through the wall!"*

The drifter's eyes focused. He looked at Beau Jack and saw what it meant to him. He shook his head and walked away.

I accept fate. I began as a shoeshine boy and I'm resigned to end as one. All the good things that happened to me in between have been a blessing. Lovingly he swept the gym after evicting the drifter, while I sat to the side of the ring reading photocopies of the old newspaper stories. This last comment, he made to a writer in 1980.

Every now and then after he had retired in 1955, reporters came upon Beau Jack bent over a man's shoes in a Miami Beach hotel—sometimes at the Fontainebleau, other times at the Doral—and wrote stories steeped in pathos about the sorry fate of the former champion. Cameramen and documentary makers came too. Beau Jack became the stereotype of the penniless ex-fighter, exploited by his managers.

I waited for Beau Jack and asked him how he felt about being robbed so cruelly. He paused, grinned and said, "Mistah,

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The manager of the Fifth Street Gym takes a few whacks.

sah, ain't no use bothering about what they done with that money. I don't grieve no more. That being world champion was worth all I done and all they done to me. Mistah, sah, that was just the greatest."

That's what one man wrote. And another:

Business is slow, but Beau Jack the Boxing Champion still has to eat, and that means he must wait in a hard-backed chair and pray for a chance to drop to his knees and scrape out his living. . . . This is where Beau Jack works 14 hours a day, sometimes more, where he barely makes enough money to catch the 1 a.m. bus back downtown to his little house on the mean streets. . . .

He laid aside the broom and took a few punches at a heavy bag, watching it sway from the corner of his eye as he bounced away. "Sometimes," a man there told me, "he punches himself in the guts, to see if he can take it." Beau Jack passed me, gave my knee an affectionate squeeze and smiled.

With his gums Beau gnawed at something chunky from a take-out bowl of oxtail soup. He had tried false teeth once and didn't like them, so he had gnawed and winced until he had turned his own softness hard.

"You know, sir," he said, pulling out a Bible and a pamphlet about Jesus, "I don't have no control of me. God have all of it. If there ain't no God, what about the night, the cool, the hot? How they be, sir? If I go, I don't need anything else in life but what I got now. I got friends I don't even know about. Rocky Marciano would never come this way without saying hello to me. Frank Sinatra, he still hugs me every time he sees me and says, 'This is my Beau Jack.' He was there that night I broke my knee. You see, I'd broken it three months before that night, during training. My trainer didn't want me to fight so soon, sir, but I sure wanted to.

"Fourth round, I threw a left hook at Tony Janiro. My foot got caught on something loose in the canvas. My body went with the punch but my leg didn't move. My knee made a terrible pop, split like it was sawed in half. Busted in five places, doctor told me. I could put my fist in the hole in my knee. I said, 'I'm all right.' I tried to push it back together. I got up and kept hoppin' on one knee, throwin' punches. But the referee, he made me stop. I tried to push him out of the way. I felt ashamed to lose that way. They took me off in a stretcher."

His career essentially ended that night; he fought on but could no longer be the blind attacking dervish who had filled the Garden with violence and love. "Frank Sinatra walked into the dressing room, looked at me and started cryin'," he continued. "If that man needed me any hour, any day, I'd go to him. Not walkin'. *Runnin'.* After I'm gone, I'm gonna remember him. When he came to Miami he would try to give me his shoes when I shined 'em, but they was so small I couldn't get two toes in. He was always worried that I didn't have money."

"How do you get by, Beau? You don't make much here, do you?"

"I get by."

"How?"

"Don't you worry. There's a famous man sends me a check every month, enough to live on."

"Who? How much?"

He looked down and fidgeted with something inside a desk drawer. "I promised I'd never tell that. Shouldn't even told you what I did."

I asked him for the names of his friends. "Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin. Jackie Gleason was a friend," he said. "Rocky Marciano was a friend."

"I mean, ones you see more often."

Abruptly, as if he'd just remembered something, he headed toward the cubicle door.

"Who. . . ?"

He stopped. "If you see me, I'll be by myself. I travel alone. If I'm with someone, I'm responsible for someone. If I'm alone, I'm only responsible for myself."

I asked about the two women he had married. "You can't outargue no lady," he said. "They can blast their mouths off 99 billion times, all day, all night, same voice, same words, and you get tired. I just walked out. Don't like the way the pot's boilin', turn the fire out."

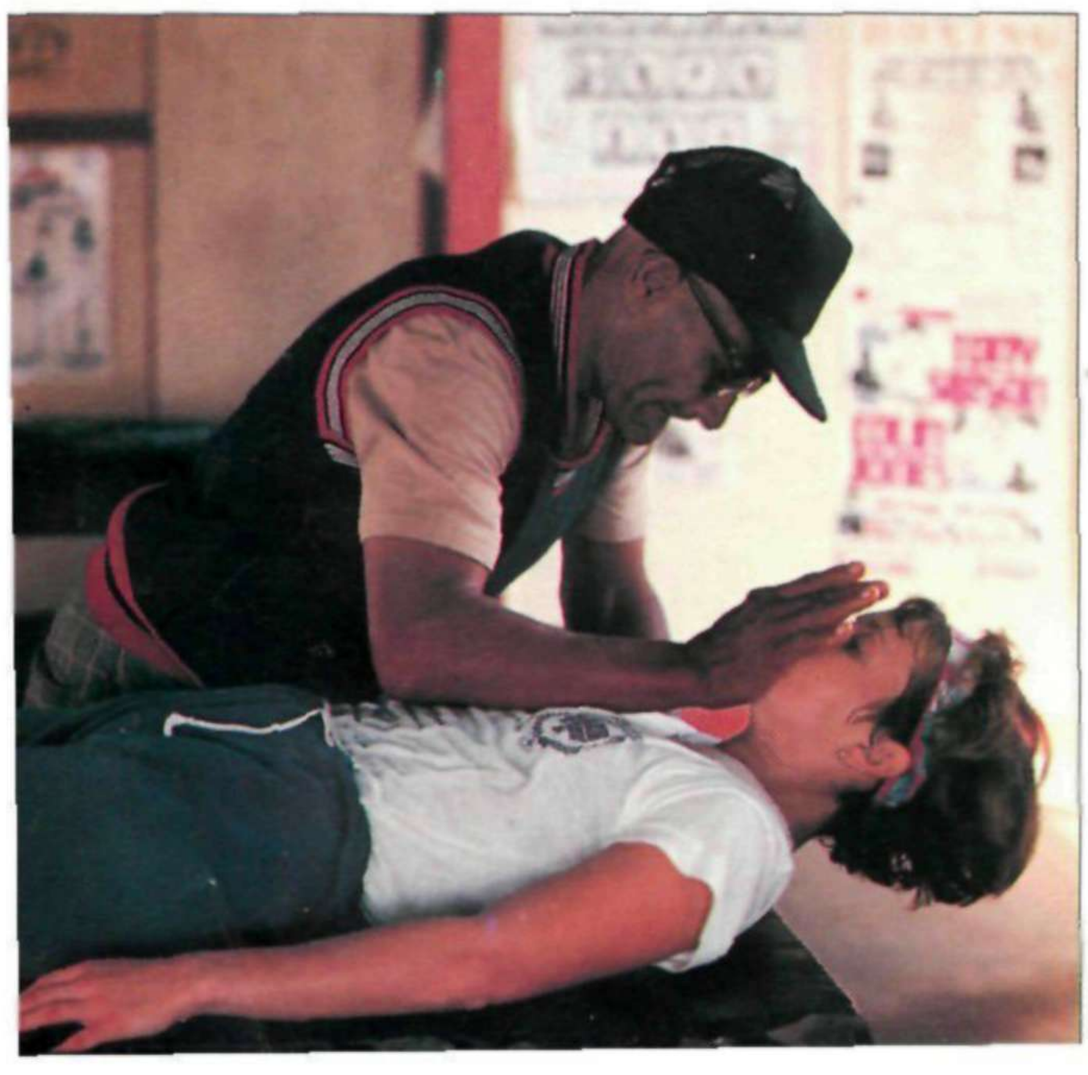
I asked him for the names of his 15 children. "Georgianna . . . Shanita . . . Michael . . . Jonathan." He peered out the door, toward the ring.

"And the others?"

"That's enough." He walked out and turned back. "No need for you to come home with me after work tonight," he said.

Someone who slept next to a man like that, I thought—they could tell you things. The next afternoon his daughter came up the steps to pass him a message from her mother. "Where is she?" I asked. "In the car outside," the daughter said. I ran down and asked if I could come talk to her one afternoon.

Back in my hotel I started calling



Women who work out with Jack don't get gentler treatment than men do.

people who knew Beau Jack. Maybe they could help me understand him.

"His manager," one man said, "I heard he'd dump a big bag of one-dollar bills on Beau's bed after a fight—five thousand of them!—and Beau would get so excited he wouldn't realize he was supposed to get $10,000. I hear sometimes they'd have him practice writing his name on blank checks. Robbed the poor guy blind."

"Gave half the money away," claimed another man. " 'Hey, Mr. Beau Jack, I'm hungry, I need a drink,' people would say to him, and he'd give them hundreds and fifties and tens. Awful lot of people crossed that man."

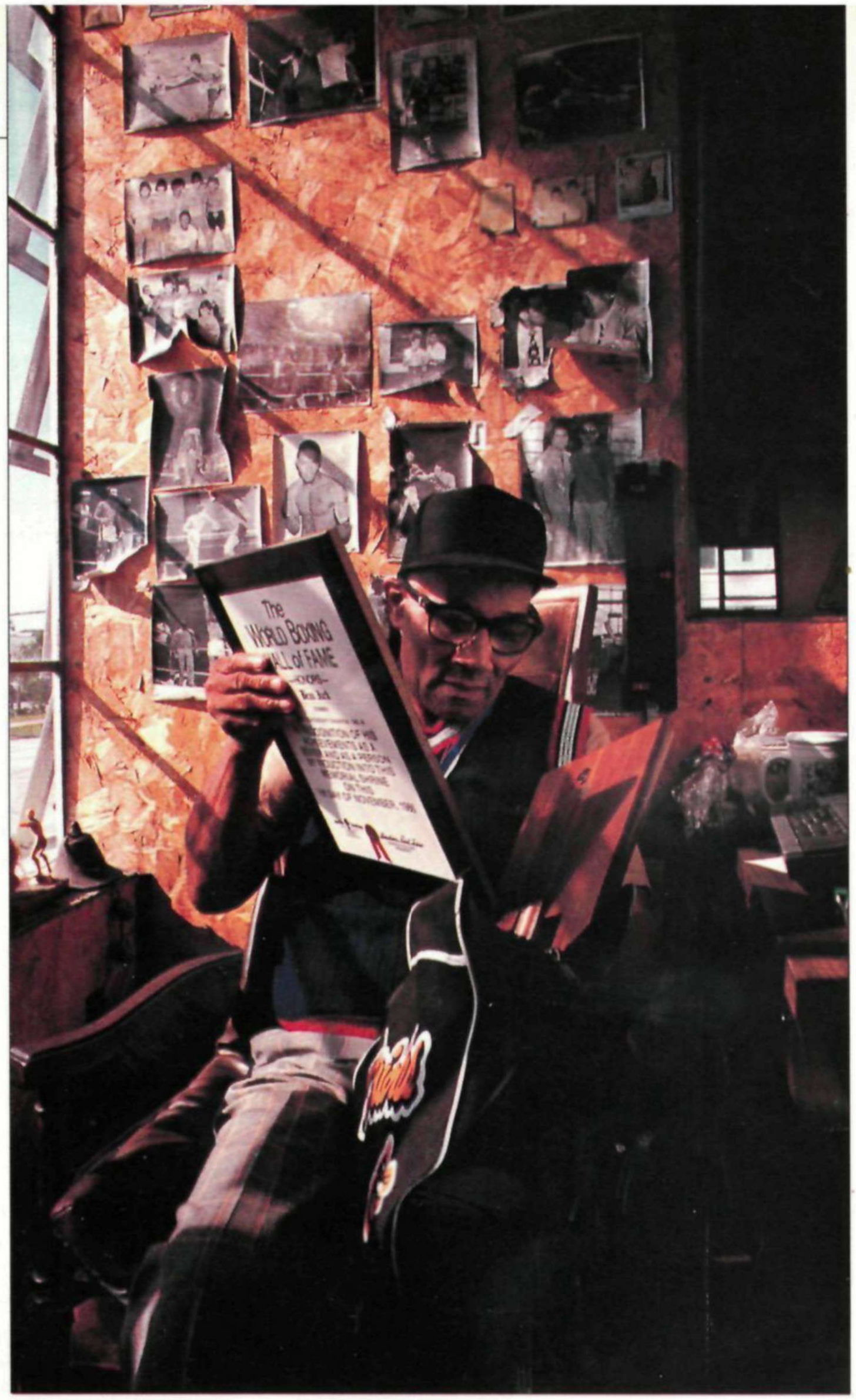
Kept pictures of fat ladies on his walls, claimed one man.

Always talking about Jesus Christ, said another.

Never much for nightclubbing, an old sparring partner said. Didn't drink. Stayed to himself.

The homeless boy who was so used to poverty discovered the fun of buying fancy clothes, nightclubs and entertaining a gang of friends. . . . Beau Jack's chief interest in life out of boxing . . . became the sleek beauties of Harlem who were only too pleased to entertain the champion. So said a 1955 story in *Ring Digest*.

"Carries his plaques back and forth from his apartment to the gym every day," said Roosevelt Ivory, the man who hired Beau Jack a year ago to run the gym. "Lot of times I try to give him his paycheck and he says to give it to the fighters, he doesn't need it."



When it's time to leave his office each night, Jack packs up all his plaques and awards.

"Ain't worth a quarter!" *Punch*. "Ain't worth a dime!" *Punch*. "Goddammit, look at you!" *Punch*. "My grandfather got more." *Punch*. "I know what you done with it." *Punch*. "You're hidin' it out on the river!" *Punch*. "You've given it to the girls!" *Punch*. Beau Jack was wearing flat, padded mitts when I got to the Fifth Street Gym the next day, catching the punches of a young man who was reeling from exhaustion.

"What's wrong with you?" he screamed at the boxer.

"Too hot."

"I'd burn up in the fields, 184 degrees, it didn't stop me! Lord have mercy! The old man's got you!"

The young man bent in half with his gloves on his knees, panting, crimson. Beau Jack staggered around him like a drunk man, cackling, triumphant.

I stared and shook my head. How could someone so vulnerable cackle? How does a man who fought so frantically to fill the Garden with love, who surrounded himself with 15 children, end up without. . . .

The phone rang in his cubicle and Beau Jack bounced away. I waited a little while, then went in to find out. I stopped short. Beau Jack turned his eyes toward the window behind his desk. I came a step closer. He corkscrewed in his chair, legs still pointing forward but his torso and head twisted backward. What's out that window? I wondered, moving next to him. And then I could see. He was trying not to cry.

"Something wrong with your dad?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Nothing wrong in the family?"

"No, everything's fine. Why?"

"He seemed upset yesterday."

Beau's son Jonathan is 24 and lives in Miami. He shrugged. "He gets in moods."

"Tell me," I said. "Did you ever see your father fight?"

"On tape. I thought he was crazy when I saw it. But I have seen him train guys. Ninety-eight percent of them are gone after a few months. I've seen him swing a stick under their legs, making them jump, and when they can't pick up their legs anymore, he's hitting their legs with the stick. They'll say, 'You're stupid, you're trying to hurt me.' He says, 'That's right. They're gonna try to kill you in the ring.' Funny thing, my dad never even spanked us."

"Must have been pretty rough growing up," I said. "Moneywise, I mean."

"Not really. My dad didn't need to shine shoes. He just went back to what he knew before boxing. Five of us were in private school while he was shining shoes. He must have a hundred suits in his closet at my mother's house. Never wears them, but he's got them. We could get anything from my dad—all we had to do was ask. I tested him once. I asked him to buy me a DeLorean. He looked at me for two minutes. 'Are you a good son?' he asked. I said, 'I guess so.' He said, 'Listen to your mom, and I'll get it for you.' I started feeling guilty. I said, 'No, that's O.K., Dad.' So he bought me a Mustang instead.

"His manager ripped him off, but not *everything*. He's got land in Georgia, some investments. And he doesn't spend money, lives real simple. I've begged him to move out of that place where he lives; that's not a good area. But he told me, 'Son, always play broke. Don't let people know you have a cent.' "

I lingered near his door again, looking into his cubicle. In the day that had passed, it seemed he hadn't stirred. His body was still contorted in the chair, twisted back so he could stare out the window and not show his face. "Beau," I called. He didn't move or reply. I left, bewildered.

I waited another day, then returned the next morning. He was staring out a window near the ring. Then he noticed me. He sprang from his seat, gesturing wildly to the few other people in the gym. "Don't talk to him!" he screamed.

I looked around. Me. He was screaming about *me*.

"I'm finished with you! No more! I gave you everything you need to know!"

He waved me inside his cubicle and turned on me. "My wife called the other day—told me you'd talked to her!"

"I haven't talked to her yet. I only arranged to meet her."

"Makes no difference. I told you everything; you got no reason to talk to her. I got nothing more to say to you."

"Beau. . . ."

"No!"

His body was braced. His chest grew large and small, large and small, like a bellows. I looked at him and saw what it meant to him and walked away. Perhaps he was right. Now that he was used to fighting with a blindfold, what right had I to tug it off?

I walked the streets full of tattoos and missed belt loops, and wondered how a judge would score Beau Jack's life. At the beginning of the fight they didn't let him see, then took advantage of his money and his feelings. But he fooled them all. Now, near the end, he had his dignity, more money than people realized and was free from people who might hurt him. I guess that meant he had won. ■

After a day teaching the sweet science, Jack heads for his rented—and solitary—room.

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YESTERDAY

FRISKY AS THE DICKENS

Charles Dickens, an avid walker, logged 20 miles a day

BY MERRELL NODEN

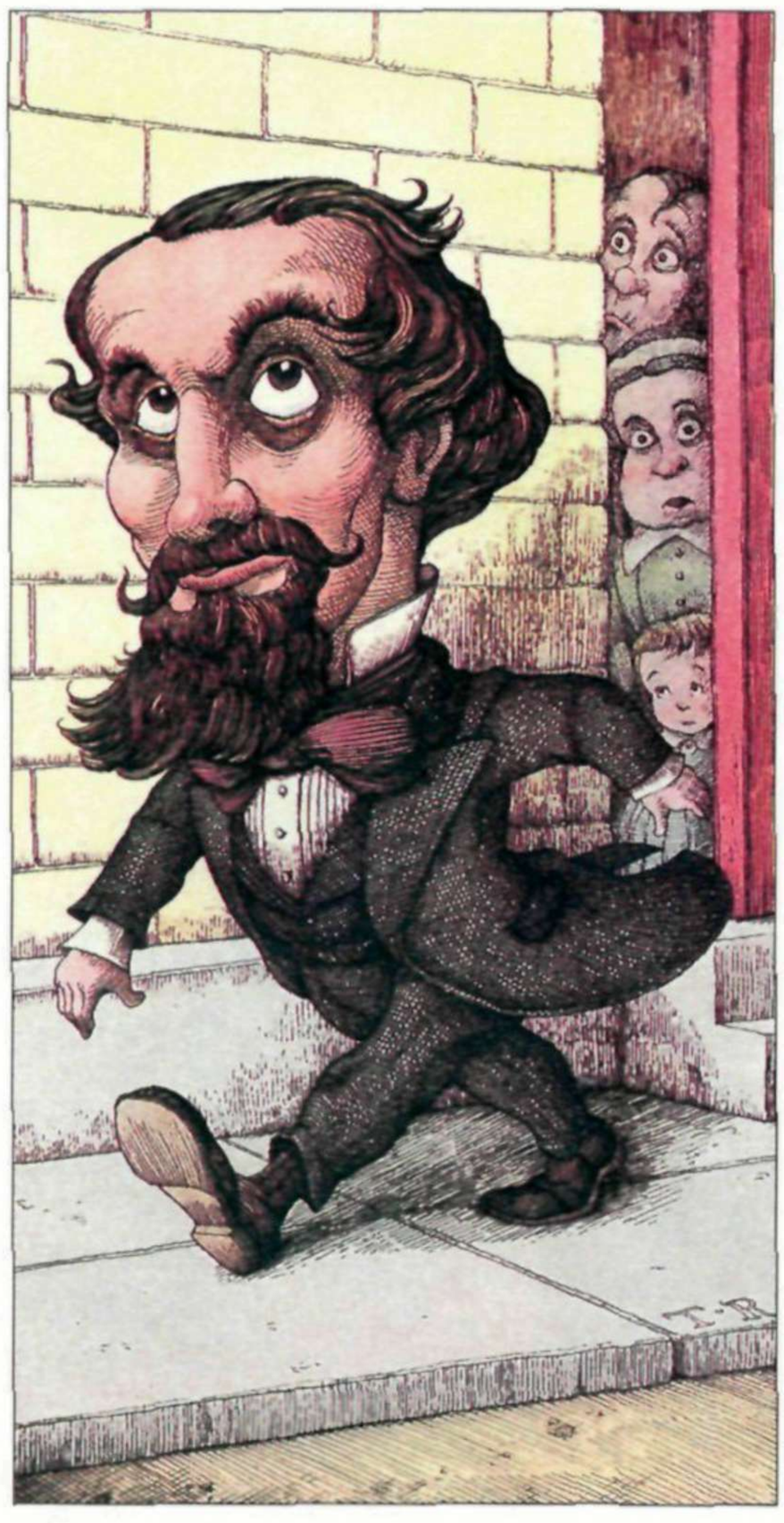
On a bone-chilling February morning in 1868, a small group of hardy souls huddled on Boston's Mill Dam Road. Snow lay thick on the ground and a bitter north wind tossed tiny spiked diamonds of ice into the air. Quickly, three of the figures lined up and leaned forward, eyes fixed on some point far ahead.

"One, two, three—go!" counted one of the three in loud, measured tones, and they all set off walking briskly in the direction of Newton Center.

Walking races were not unusual in 1868. The mid-19th century was, after all, the golden age of professional foot racing, or "pedestrianism," as it was then known. But this race was special, not so much because of the conditions under which it was contested but because of the identity of its promoter, starter, pacesetter and self-appointed chronicler. His name was Charles Dickens.

Dickens was from childhood an avid, even compulsive, walker. He once wrote, "I think I must be the descendant, at no great distance, of some irreclaimable tramp." Scarcely a day went by that Dickens didn't flee his desk and take to the streets of London and its suburbs. He routinely walked as many as 20 miles a day, and once set out at 2 a.m. to walk from his house in London to his country residence in Gad's Hill, Kent, 30 miles away. As several of his walking companions described it, he had a distinctive "swinging" gait. And, like many a serious runner of today, he "made a practice of increasing his speed when ascending a hill," according to his friend Marcus Stone.

Dickens's walks served him in two ways. On one level, they were fact-finding missions during which he recorded with his keen eye the teeming urban landscapes whose descriptions were his stock-in-trade. A letter from Paris to a family friend, the Reverend Edward Tagart, begins innocently enough, "I have been seeing Paris." But what follows is a foot tour of the city that is characteristically Dickensian: "Wandering into Hospitals, Prisons, Dead-houses, Operas, Theatres, Concert-rooms, Burial-grounds, Palaces and Wine Shops. In my unoccupied fortnight of each month, every description of gaudy and ghastly sight has been passing before me in rapid Panorama."



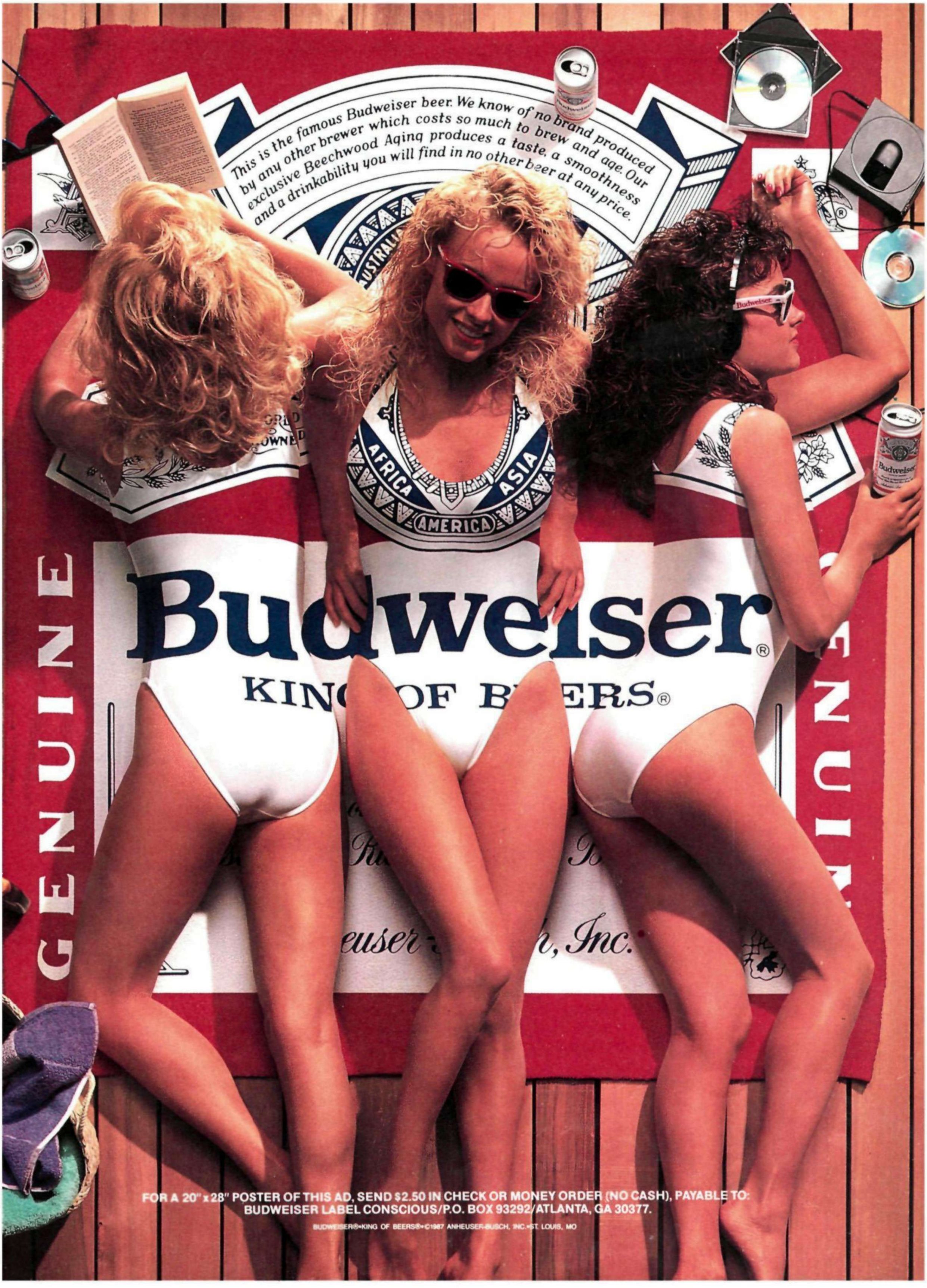
But Dickens's walks played another, more important role in his life. They were, in a sense, acts of self-preservation. "If I could not walk far and fast," he once confessed, "I think I should just explode and perish." Unlike his contemporary, Anthony Trollope, who claimed he reeled off 3,000 words each morning before breakfast, Dickens found composition to be hard, painful work. The hours he spent at his desk agitated him tremendously, and walking served as a kind of safety valve.

Some of Dickens's friends viewed his obsessive walking with suspicion, hinting that if it was not a symptom of mental problems, it would almost certainly cause physical ones. "When Dickens lived in Tavistock House," wrote one concerned friend, "he developed a mania for walking long distances, which almost assumed the form of a disease. He suffered from lumbago, and I have always thought that this was brought on by monotonous pedestrianism—the determination to do a certain distance every day, generally from two in the afternoon till seven in the evening, one mile every quarter-of-an-hour, measured by the milestones." He often took houseguests on long, brisk walks. As Dickens wrote to his close friend, John Forster, "[Frank] Stone is still here, and I lamed his foot by walking him 17 miles the day before yesterday, but otherwise he flourisheth."

Dickens's passion for walking did not diminish with age. He was 55 when he began the second of his tours of America, in 1867, and despite a dizzying schedule of 76 readings in about 150 days ranging from Washington to Buffalo to Portland, Maine, he still made time to walk daily. But try as he might to deny it, Dickens was getting older, and the tour took its toll on him. Despite catching a severe and persistent cold, he hurled himself into every reading with such intensity that he was constantly on the verge of physical breakdown.

Dickens's failing health alarmed two of his companions on the tour, George Dolby and James Osgood. They prevailed on him to cancel some performances, but doing so upset him, and his spirits sank. To cheer him up, they hit

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIMOTHY C. RAGLIN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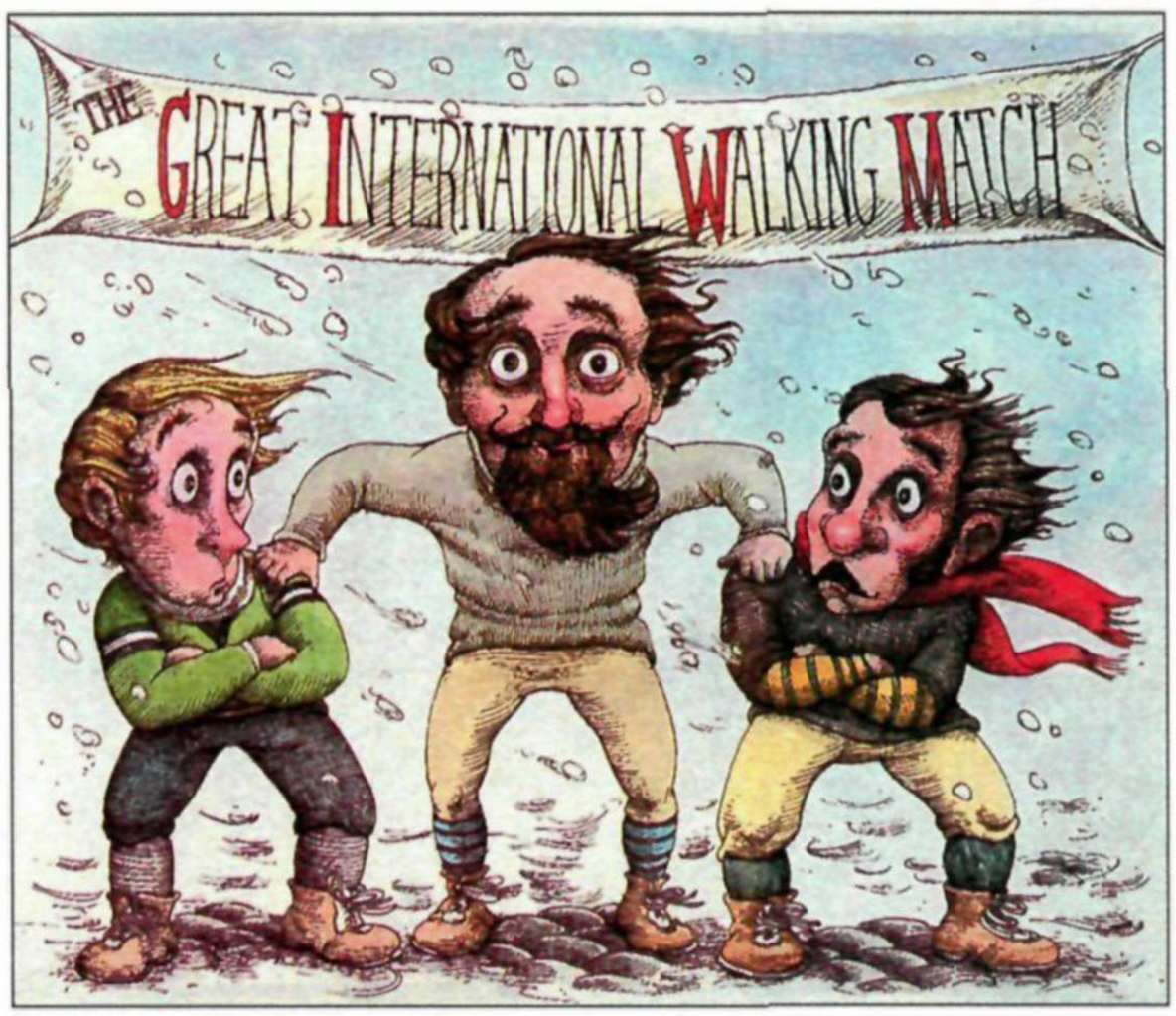
upon a plan. "An idea struck us," wrote Dolby, "that a walking match between ourselves [Dolby and Osgood], to take place at the end of February, in Boston, would be a source of amusement to Mr. Dickens."

Clearly, they knew their man. Dickens, according to Dolby's account, "entered heartily into the scheme, volunteering to draw up articles of agreement, to act as a trainer, and to write a 'sporting narrative' of the match." Exercising his flair for exaggeration, Dickens billed the race as "The Great International Walking Match," since Dolby was English and Osgood American.

Dickens took to coaching with a seriousness that alarmed his two protégés. "If we had been professional pedestrians instead of amateurs," Dolby later wrote, "Mr. Dickens could not have paid more attention to our 'coaching' for the great event." Wherever the pair happened to be, Dickens dragged them out for, if they were lucky, the type of walks he called "breathers," or, if they weren't lucky, the type he called "busters."



"Being requested to give them a breather yesterday," wrote Dickens, "I gave them a stiff one of five miles over a bad road, half the distance uphill, in the snow. I took them at a pace of four and a half miles an hour, and you never beheld such objects as they were when we got back; both smoking like factories, and both obliged to change everything before they could come to dinner."

By the time Dickens and his entourage reached Boston, public interest in the race had risen to such a pitch that it was deemed necessary to keep secret its time and place. Otherwise, claimed Dolby, half of Boston would turn out to watch.

Along with his other duties, Dickens was to choose the course. Three days before the race he set out to find the most devilishly difficult 13-mile route in all Boston. Judging from one gloating letter home, he clearly believed he had succeeded: "The condition of the ground is something indescribable, from half-melted snow, running water, and sheets and blocks of ice. The two performers have not the faintest notion of the weight of the task they have undertaken."

Whatever they were expecting, Dolby and Osgood must have been disheartened on race morning. Conditions were so atrocious that even Dickens was moved to a kind of awe. "To the excessive rigour of the icy blast, and the depth and state of the snow, must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere was not easy, but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong hard labour."

Although a carriage followed and provided them with what were euphemistically termed "creature comforts for the inner man," Dickens initially refused to ride in it. Instead, he acted as rabbit for half the race before dropping out.

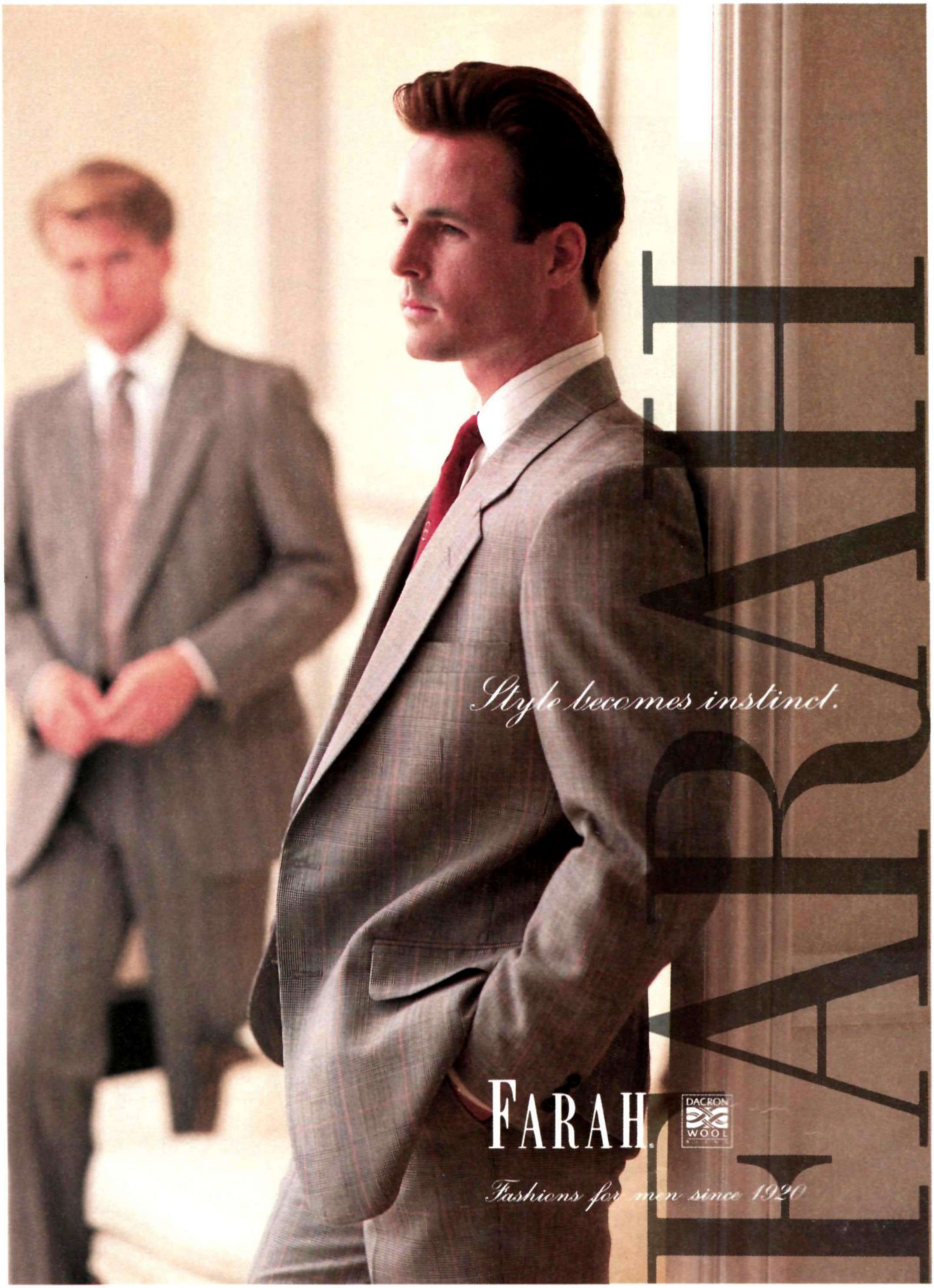
The start was quick. "They got away exactly together," noted Dickens, "and at a spinning speed." For three miles the two walkers spun along quite comfortably, but at four miles they accelerated noticeably, with Dickens urging them on, through a deep snowbank and up a steep hill. Neither could gain an advantage until the turnaround at Newton Center. From there on, it was all Osgood, who "pegged" over the finish line in an impressive two hours and 48 minutes, with Dolby a respectable seven minutes behind.

That night Dickens gave what he immodestly described as "a very splendid dinner" for 18 that included such luminaries as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. And at the head of the table, Dickens was in fine form, regaling the giddy company with a stride-by-stride account of the day's proceedings, making up in wit for what his tale lacked in veracity. Dolby and Osgood's plan had worked: For a short while, Dickens forgot his other problems.

When Dickens sailed back to England in April, his bank account was considerably more robust than when he had left five months earlier, but he himself was noticeably frailer. "I'm nearly used up," he confessed to Forster. "Climate, distance, catarrh, travelling, and hard work have begun to tell heavily on me."

Dickens refused to heed his body's warnings. Instead of easing off, he hurled himself into more activity—work on a new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, speaking at banquets and, most enervating of all, yet another reading tour of England. Still he continued to walk regularly. His posture was no longer upright, his stride no longer vigorous, but Dickens walked and walked as if he meant to outpace mortality.

On June 8, 1870, during dinner at Gad's Hill, Dickens announced abruptly that he had to go to London. Then, as if bent on walking there, he stood straight up. He suffered a stroke and collapsed on the spot. One of his daughters with the help of a servant carried him to a couch. Dickens died the next evening without regaining consciousness. Five days later he was buried at Westminster Abbey, his limbs at last stilled. ■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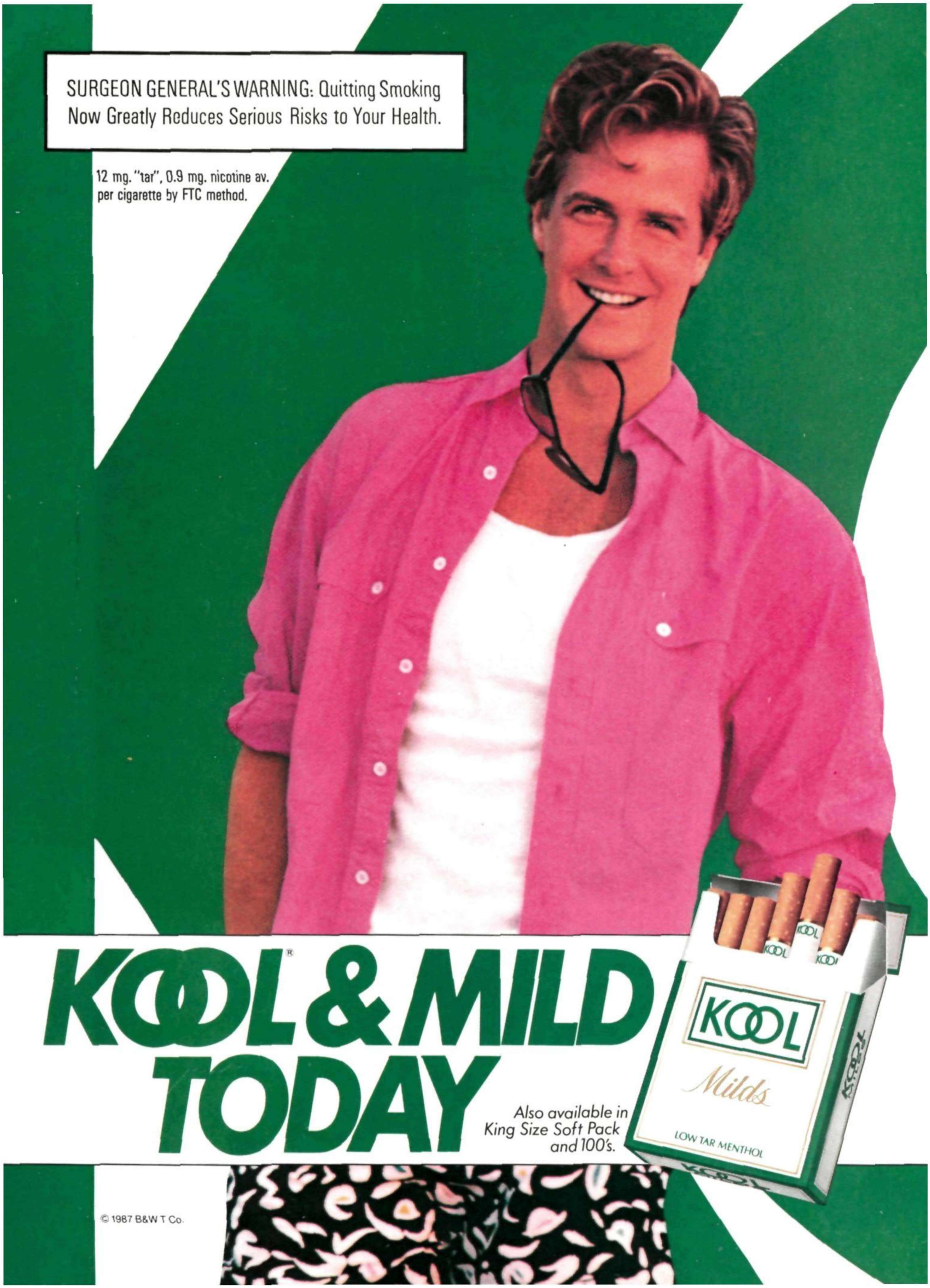

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FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Feb. 1–7 • Compiled by Amy Lennard

PRO BASKETBALL—In a week abbreviated by the NBA All-Star break, the division front-runners maintained their positions, though the four-day midseason hiatus may have been the only break Dallas got. On Monday the Mavericks were beaten 108–103 by woeful New Jersey, which thereby broke its 26-game losing streak on the road. Three days later Dallas fell to another last-place team, Sacramento, 118–101. Between those defeats, the Mavericks lost another, 115–105, to Midwest Division runner-up Denver, which moved to within two games of Dallas. Events took a more predictable turn in the Atlantic Division, where first-place Boston extended its home winning streak over Indiana to 23 games with a 118–103 rout. The Celts were beaten the next night in Milwaukee, 111–101. In the Central Division, pacesetting Atlanta lost its fourth straight, falling to Portland 121–118. Hawks point guard Doc Rivers then provided much-needed relief in Seattle, getting a career-high 37 points in a 119–109 victory over the Sonics. In the Pacific Division, Magic Johnson sparked the Los Angeles Lakers to a 110–101 victory over Chicago, and two days later he had his sixth triple double of the season—18 points, 10 rebounds, 11 assists—in a 117–86 clipping of the other Los Angeles team. In Sunday's All-Star Game, Michael Jordan scored 40 points to earn MVP honors and pace the East to a 138–133 win over the West.

BOWLING—MARSHALL HOLMAN beat Ron Bell 275–211 in the title game to win a PBA event and $23,000, in Venice, Fla.

BOXING—YU MYONG-WOO of South Korea retained his World Boxing Association junior flyweight crown with a unanimous 12-round decision over Wilibardo Salazar of Mexico, in Seoul.

FRANK TATE successfully defended his International Boxing Federation middleweight crown with a 10th-round technical knockout of Tony Sibson, in Stafford, England.

In Atlantic City, MARLON STARLING successfully defended his WBA welterweight title by scoring a 12-round unanimous decision over Fujio Ozaki of Japan, and GREG HAUGEN reclaimed the IBF lightweight title from Vinny Pazienza with a 15-round unanimous decision *(page 46)*.

GOLF—NANCY LOPEZ fired a five-under-par 283 to win $30,000 and an LPGA event in Boca Raton, Fla. Runner-up Marta Figueras-Dotti of Spain finished two strokes back.

STEVE JONES beat Bob Tway on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff to win $126,000 in the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am. The two completed regulation play at 280, eight under par *(page 42)*.

HOCKEY—In the Norris Division, Steve Yzerman paced Detroit to victories over Chicago, 6–4, Calgary, 5–1, and Montreal, 5–4. Yzerman, whose total of 43 goals at week's end was nine fewer than that of league-leader Mario Lemieux of Pittsburgh, scored three against the Canadiens, including the game-winner. The Red Wings' win over Calgary extended the Smythe Division–leading Flames' losing skid to three games. Calgary also fell to New Jersey 5–4 and to Winnipeg, 9–0. The latter game was marred by 128 penalty minutes. Philadelphia remained atop the Patrick Divison with wins over Toronto, 6–1, and St. Louis, 4–2. The defeat snapped the Blues' club-record seven-game winning streak. In the Adams Division, Boston went 4 for 4 with victories over Chicago, 5–3, Montreal, 7–3, Quebec, 3–2, and New Jersey, 6–3, to reclaim first place from the Canadiens. Marcel Dionne of the New York Rangers got his 717th career goal in a 6–3 win over Pittsburgh; it tied him with Phil Esposito for second on the NHL alltime scoring list.

HORSE RACING—ALYSHEBA ($3.80), with Chris McCarron up, beat Candi's Gold by three lengths to win the Strub Stakes and $275,000, at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1¼ miles in 2:00⅖.

INDOOR SOCCER—Western Division–leading San Diego lost 4–2 to Los Angeles to snap a nine-game winning streak. The Sockers rebounded with a 6–2 victory over Tacoma. In the East, Cleveland lost to Chicago 2–1 and Minnesota 5–1 but remained first with wins over St. Louis, 3–2, and Baltimore, 4–1.

SPEED SKATING—At the World Sprint Championships in West Allis, Wis., DAN JANSEN of West Allis won the men's overall title, and CHRISTA ROTHENBURGER of East Germany won the women's crown.

TRACK & FIELD—THOMAS SCHÖNLEBE of East Germany set an indoor world record of 45.05 seconds in the 400 meters, at an international meet in Sindelfingen, West Germany. He surpassed his own 1986 mark by .36 of a second.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To pro football's Hall of Fame, receiver FRED BILETNIKOFF, 44, whose 589 catches for the Oakland Raiders from 1965 through '78 are seventh on the NFL's career reception list; MIKE DITKA, 48, who played with the Chicago Bears, Philadelphia Eagles and Dallas Cowboys from 1961 through '72 and is the first tight end to be elected to the Hall; linebacker JACK HAM, 39, an eight-time Pro-Bowler and a member of the Pittsburgh Steelers' famed Steel Curtain defense; and former Minnesota Vikings defensive tackle ALAN PAGE, 42, who in '71 became the first defensive player to be named the league's MVP.

To the Basketball Hall of Fame, WES UNSELD, 42, a center for the Baltimore and Washington Bullets from 1968–69 through '80–81, who led the Bullets to the '78 NBA title; center CLYDE LOVELLETTE, 58, who paced Kansas to the '52 NCAA title, led the U.S. to the Olympic crown that same year and played on three NBA championship teams in 11 seasons with the Minneapolis Lakers, St. Louis Hawks, Cincinnati Royals and Boston Celtics; guard BOBBY McDERMOTT, who died in 1963 at the age of 49 after starring on various pro teams in the '30s and '40s; and Oregon State coach RALPH MILLER, 68, whose 627 victories by the end of last week were tops among active coaches in Division I.

NAMED: As coach of the Green Bay Packers, LINDY INFANTE, 47, who had been the offensive coordinator of the Cleveland Browns for the past two seasons.

As football coach at Illinois, JOHN MACKOVIC, 44, who previously coached Wake Forest (1978–80) and the Kansas City Chiefs (1983–86).

As coach of the Hartford Whalers, LARRY PLEAU, 40, who had been coaching the Whalers' Binghamton affiliate in the AHL. He replaced Jack Evans, whose 4½-year record was 163-174-37; he was 22-25-7 for 1987–88.

DIED: Former NHL defenseman and coach BARCLAY PLAGER, 46; of cancer; in St. Louis. Plager, a four-time All-Star, played with the St. Louis Blues from 1967–68 through '76–77 and coached them in '77–80 and '82–83.

Former Pro Bowl running back NICK PIETROSANTE, 50, who played for the Detroit Lions and the Cleveland Browns from 1959 through '67; of cancer; in Royal Oak, Mich. As the Lions' top draft pick, Pietrosante was the NFL Rookie of the Year.

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FERD GEORGIE
LANSING, MICH.

Georgie, a 75-year-old retired utility worker, bowled games of 300, 269 and 238 to become the oldest U.S. bowler to roll an 800 series; at the Royal Scot Lanes, in Lansing. The previous oldest was Eli Maricich of Normal, Ill., who was 70.

LEANNA ULERY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Leanna, a senior on the Northwestern High girls' volleyball team, led the Warriors to a 29–0 season and their second straight state title. She became the first player in school history to score more than 200 points in a season.

KATHY BORCHERS

THOMAS (Skip) KARAM
FALL RIVER, MASS.

Karam, 53, the basketball coach at Durfee High, became the first high school coach in the state to record 500 career wins, when his Hilltoppers beat Our Lady of Providence High 80–67. After 27½ seasons his record is 513–116.

CHRIS GARDNER

KELLEY KIMBALL
BOW, N.H.

Kelley, who is a senior midfielder on the Concord High girls' field hockey team, led the Crimson Tide to a 17–0 record and the Class L state title. Also, she was named the year's top player by the state coaches' association.

RICHARD ATAMIAN

JOHN KENNEDY
MIDDLESEX, N.J.

John, who is a junior at St. Joseph's High, bettered his own national boys' high school record for the 400-meter freestyle with a time of 3:57.70 in a meet against Hightstown High. He lowered his old standard by 5.24 seconds.

RICHARD ATAMIAN

DEANNA YATES
BRIDGETON, N.J.

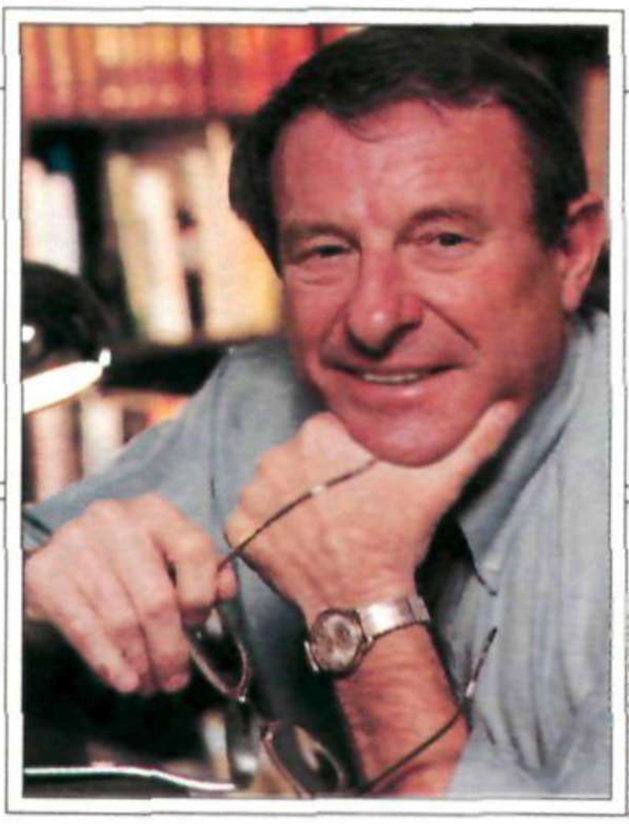
Deanna, a 5′ 9″ senior forward on the Cumberland Regional High girls' basketball team, hit 10 three-point baskets in a 77–51 win over Holy Spirit High. She is the leading scorer on the Colts, who are 18–0 this season.

POINT AFTER

UNMOVED BY AN NFL MOVE

Nobody much cares if the Cards shuffle off to Phoenix

BY RON FIMRITE ■



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

IT SEEMS THAT WINNING OR LOSing an NFL franchise isn't such a big deal anymore. Oh sure, there are a few fans in St. Louis mourning the presumed passing of the football Cardinals, and there's some rejoicing in Phoenix over the Cardinals' expected arrival. Those cautionary modifiers are appropriate because the transfer of this misbegotten team is not yet official, Cardinals owner Bill Bidwill having taken the unusual course of going through channels before clearing out of one town and moving to another. But since his fellow owners are so grateful to Bidwill for letting them vote on the matter, a privilege denied them by two previous defectors, we can now consider the move a fait accompli. And yet there's no black crepe in St. Louis or dancing in the streets of Phoenix.

One possible reason for this relatively tepid response was the absence of suspense in the months before Bidwill's announcement of his decision to move. He had been making noises about moving for years. When, on Jan. 15, he finally made it official (or semiofficial), there was almost a sense of relief at having the boring ordeal come to an end. In fact, it has been said that fans in St. Louis were much more agitated by the departure of the baseball Cardinals' Jack Clark for New York than by the football team's leaving for Arizona.

St. Louis is preeminently a baseball town. The football Cardinals averaged only 27,821 for their seven home games this year as compared with an average of 39,386 for baseball's 81 home dates. Quarterback Neil Lomax told the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that he and his teammates were always made to feel like "second-class citizens." Leaving a place where they felt unloved for one prepared to embrace them will be like "a great honeymoon," Lomax said. "We won't have to apologize anymore because we don't play baseball."

The football players may blame baseball for fan indifference if they want, but they might also factor in their mostly uninspired play in recent years and the unsteady and often quirky management of their team by its owner. Wasn't it Bidwill, as recently as 1981, who was quoted in his Cardinals press guide as saying of St. Louis, "I like this town better than any place I know"? Obviously not that much better.

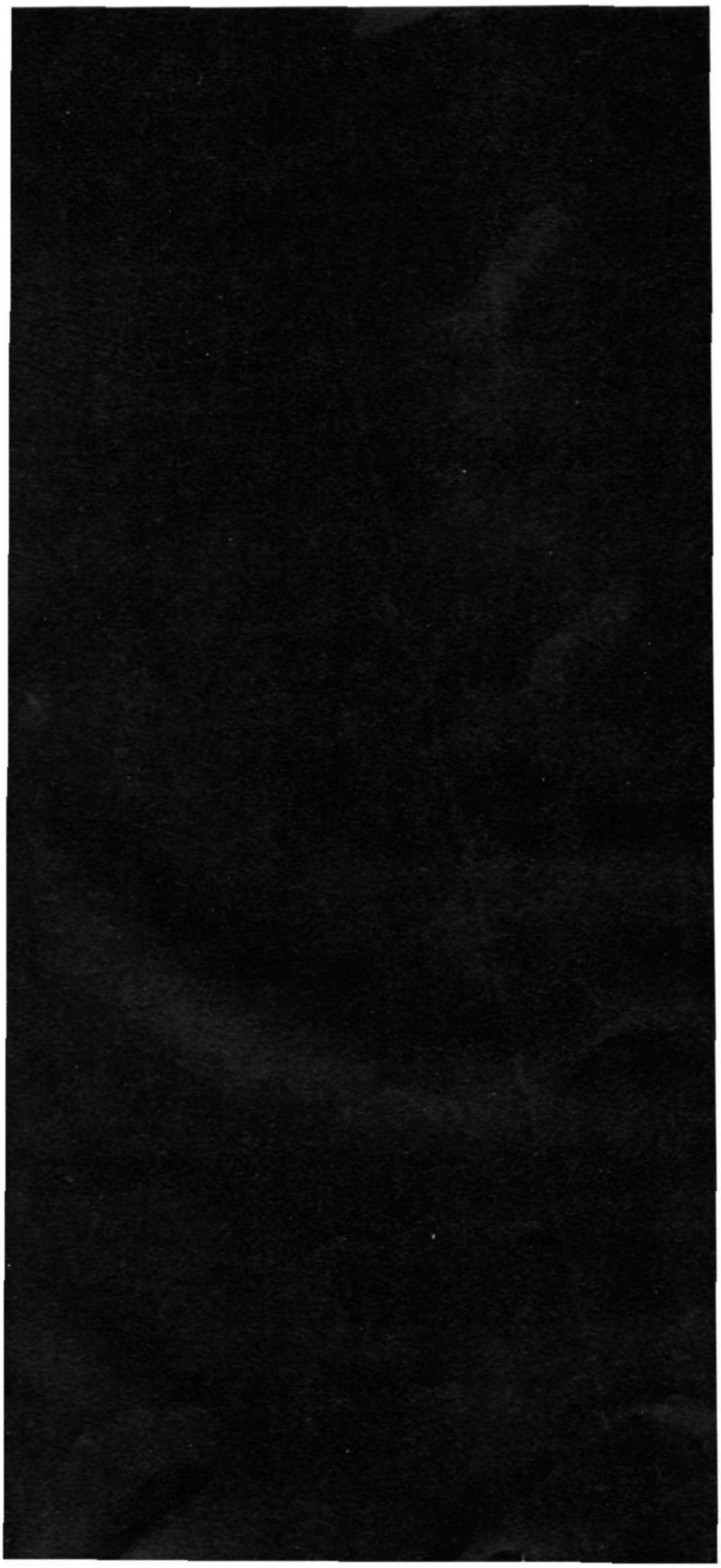
The people in Phoenix were pretty certain they were in line for an expansion franchise. Phoenix did have competition, notably from Baltimore and Oakland, both already abandoned by the NFL, and Jacksonville and Memphis. But Phoenix, with its metropolitan population of 1.9 million, the immediate availability of the 70,000-plus-seat stadium at Arizona State in neighboring Tempe and its mild winters figured to be a frontrunner. So now the Cardinals? O.K., that's nice.

But there's another reason for the two cities' calm reaction to the Cardinals' change of venue: cynicism. The NFL has a credibility problem that makes those of certain presidential candidates seem almost trivial. It wasn't all that long ago that the league functioned as a sort of principality within the sports world, ruled by a commissioner whose rights seemed divinely granted. But all this has crumbled in the 1980s. There have been two players' strikes that have cost the owners dearly in both money—an estimated $104 million in potential revenue in 1987—and prestige. The NFL Players Association has also filed an antitrust action against the league that strikes at its heart—the college draft and control of player movement. And the NFL showcase extravaganza, the Super Bowl, has become a predictable turkey.

And then there have been those untidy franchise moves. The NFL went from 1960, when Bidwill's Cardinals left Chicago for St. Louis, until '82 without having a team change cities. Then Al Davis, whose Raiders had enjoyed a dozen straight years of capacity crowds in Oakland, packed up and left for a bigger stadium in Los Angeles. Davis took off in conscious violation of the previously sanctified league constitution, which requires approval from three-fourths of the owners for any franchise shift. The NFL and its commissioner lost face and dough on that one, because when they were challenged in court, the jury not only sided with Davis but also upheld the award of $213 million in damages to the Raiders and the L.A. Coliseum. Then, in '84, Bob Irsay moved his Colts out of Baltimore to Indianapolis in the middle of the night as the league, chastened by the Davis experience, stood helplessly by. And Davis isn't through. Now he says he's taking his team to Irwindale, Calif. So where will it all end?

Right now, the once rock-solid NFL looks about as stable as the once almighty dollar. And that's probably the way it should be, because, brayings about "America's game" aside, the dollar is what it's all about. So why get excited one way or the other? ■

EVER WONDER WHY MOST PEOPLE MAKE LOVE IN THE DARK?



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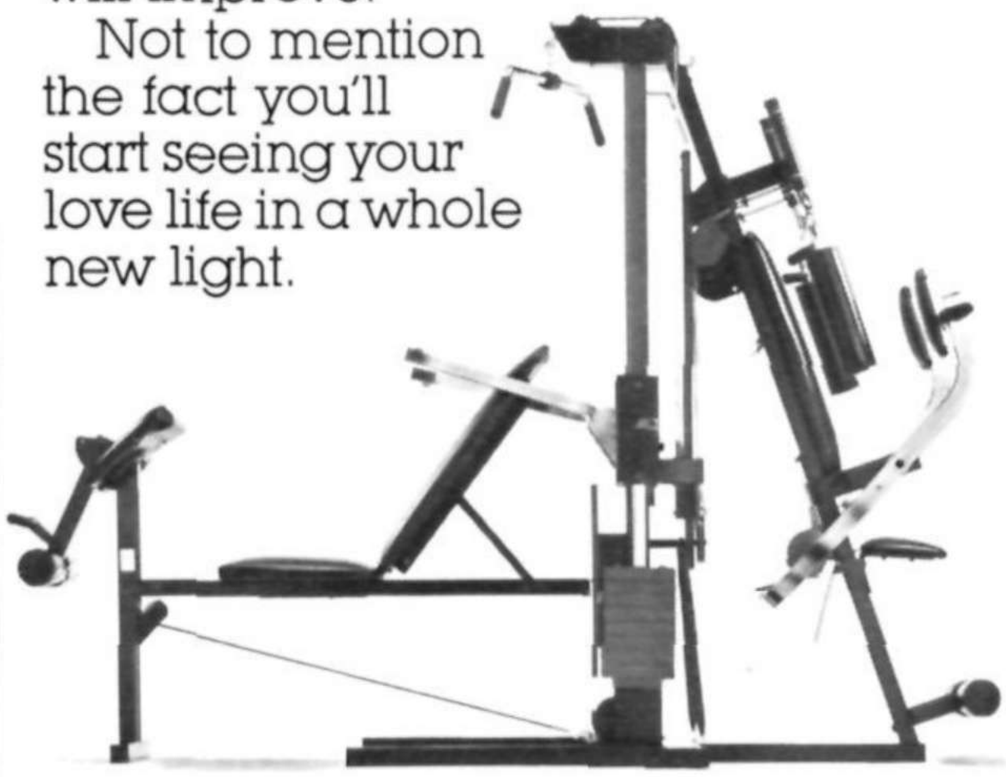

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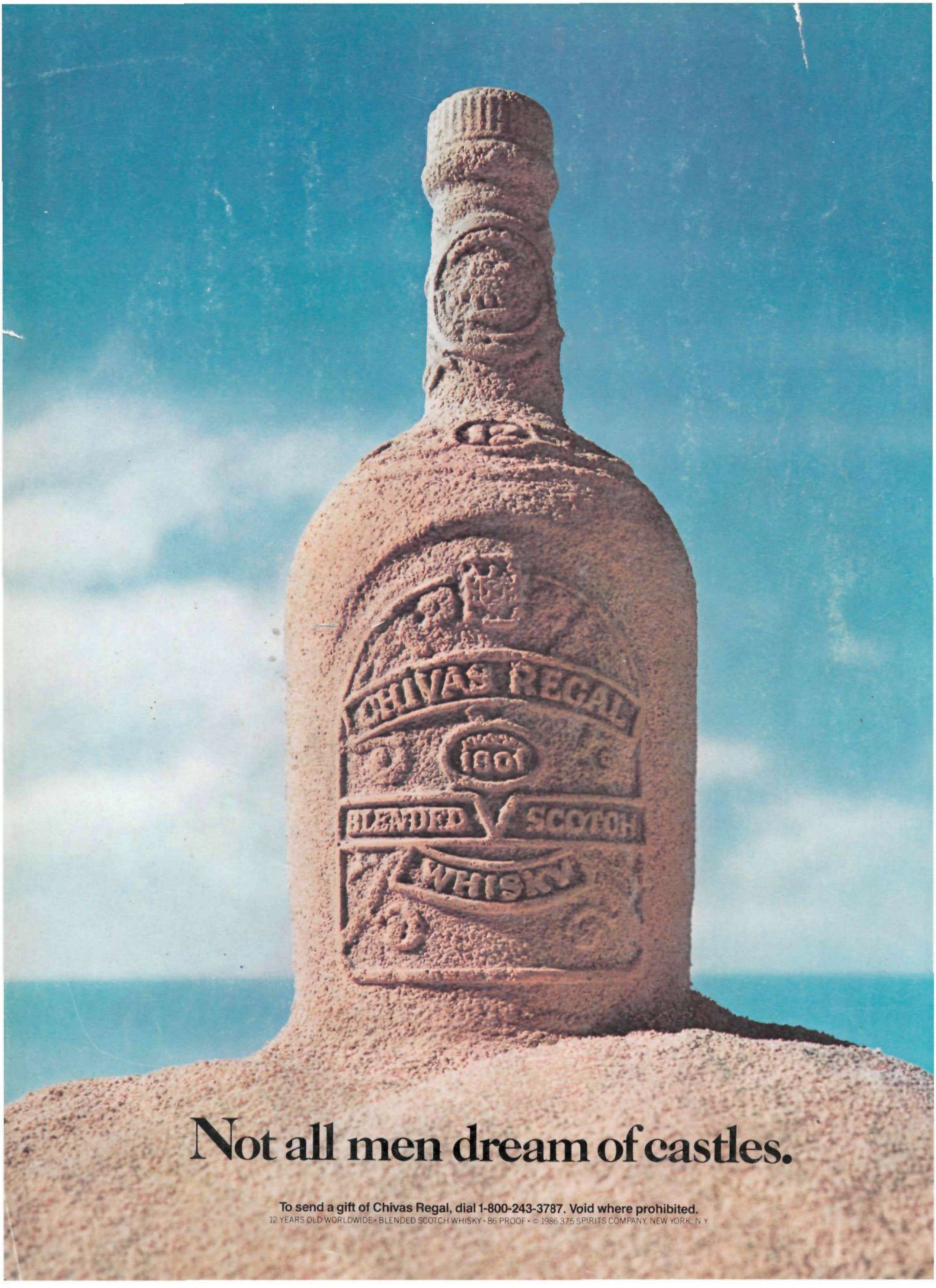
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