FEBRUARY 12, 1990 • $3.95

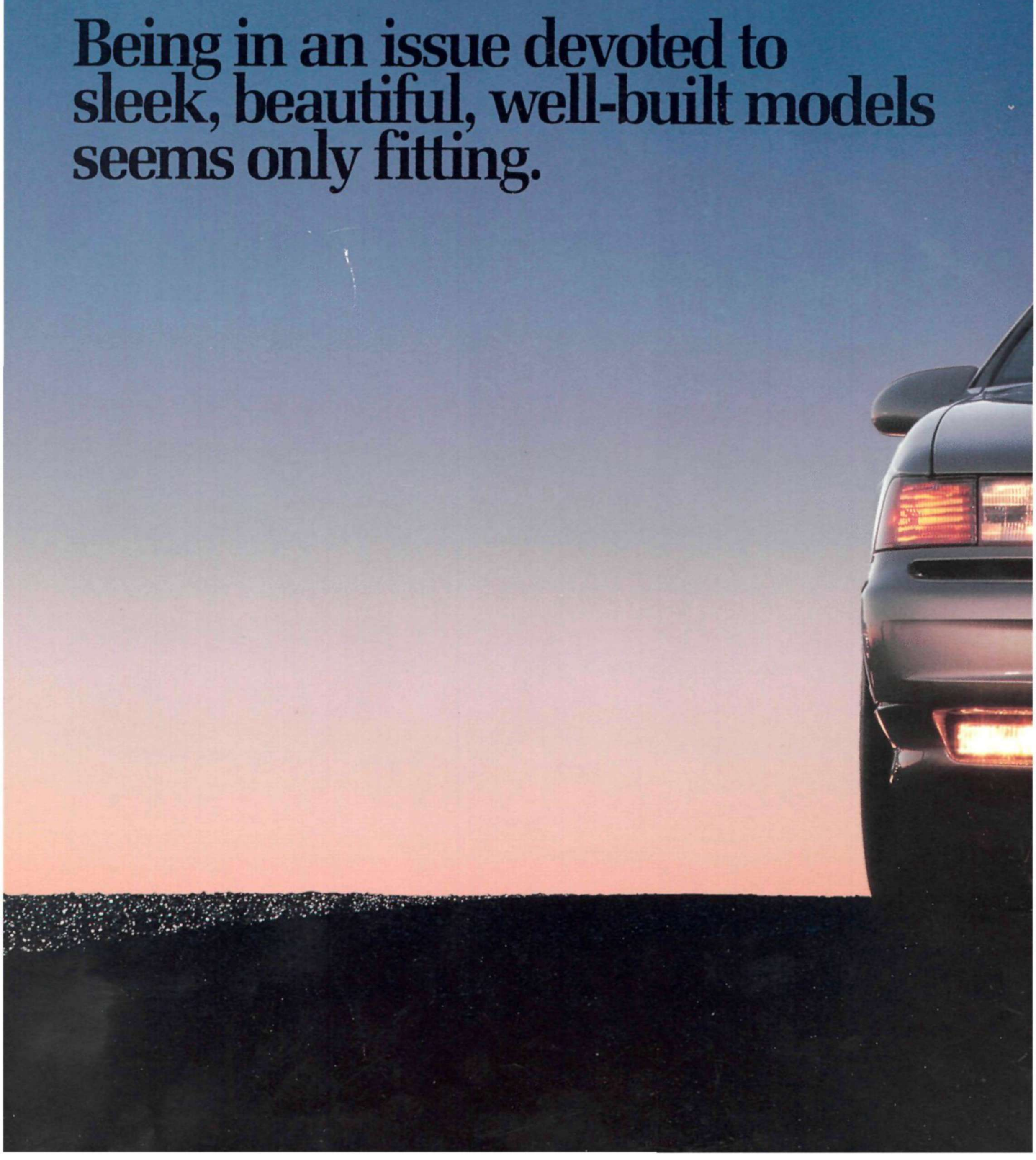
Sports Illustrated

BEAUTY and the BEACH

JUDIT MASCO
IN THE
GRENADINES

0 72440 10094 7 07

Being in an issue devoted to sleek, beautiful, well-built models seems only fitting.



Of course, outselling the competition once again has us sitting pretty as well.

Ford. Winning Across America. Winning The World Over.

At Ford, our designs continue to set trends, rather than follow them. In fact, our cars have recently won numerous awards from automotive experts, from industrial designers, even from the Japanese. And all over the world, our competition is scrambling to mimic the distinctive look and performance of cars like Thunderbird, Probe and Taurus.

But perhaps even more importantly, our eye-catching automobiles have caught the eye of the public as well. Because for the second straight year, Ford has outperformed every car division in America, proving that with continuous improvement in design, technology and engineering, even the best can get better.

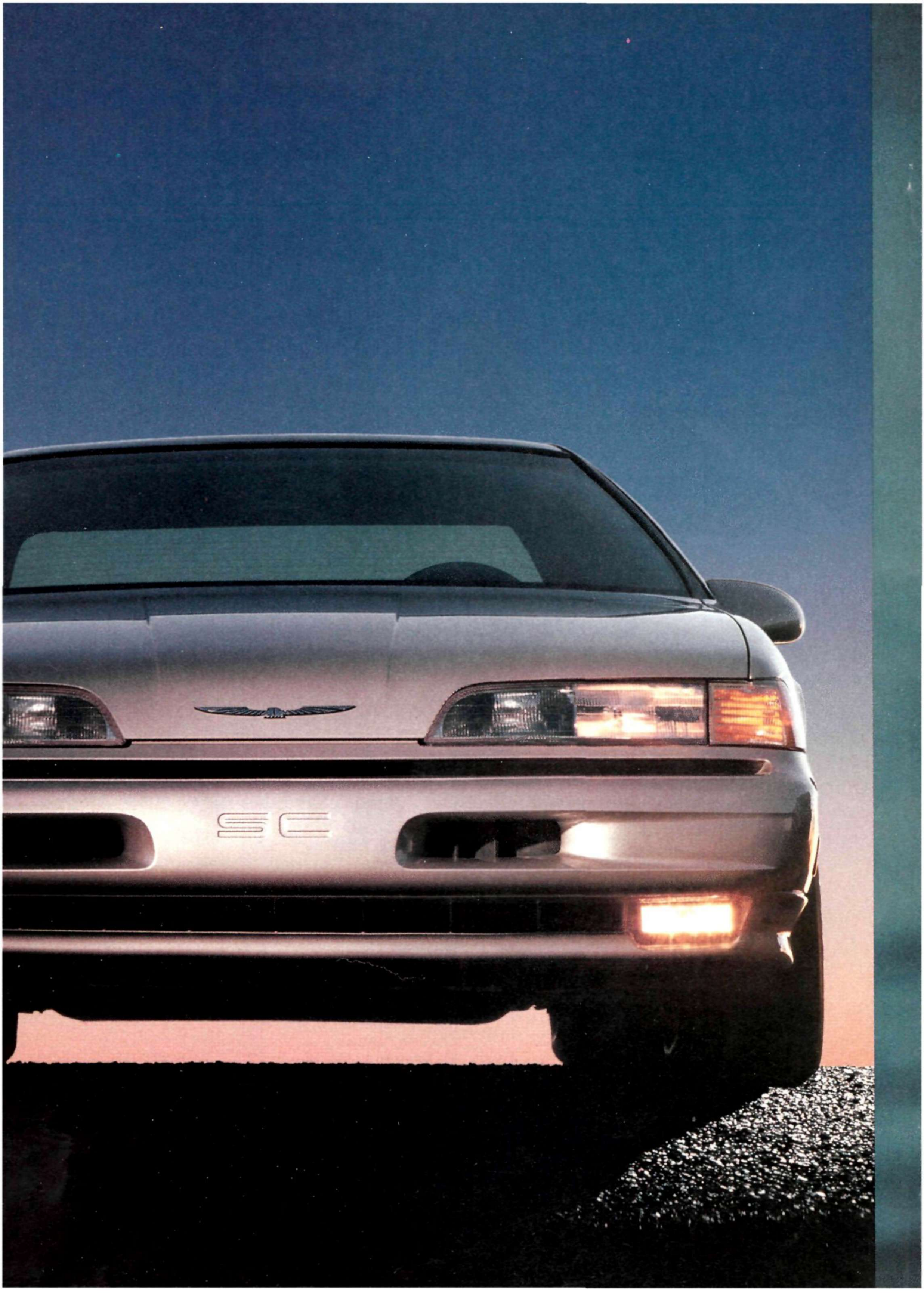
So, by the looks of things, we can't think of a better time to ask yourself, "Have you driven a Ford...lately?"

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?

Ford

Thunderbird SC


SC

FEBRUARY 12, 1990 VOLUME 72, NO. 6

Sports Illustrated

CONTENTS

28
STILL MAGIC
The Lakers are the NBA's best—*By Jack McCallum*

36
THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS
College juniors: on to the NFL—*By Richard Hoffer*

46
SO NEAR AND SO FAR
Milers and more at the Millrose—*By Merrell Noden*

48
NIGHT OF THE CATS
A Jag won the 24 Hours of Daytona—*By Sam Moses*

50
DEEPER AND DEEPER
Another of Pete Rose's cronies talks—*By Jill Lieber*

60
SEA OF NEW FACES
Young golf stars sink at the AT&T—*By John Garrity*

68
LET THREEDOM RING
The trey has changed college hoops—*By Hank Hersch*

78
HANS BRINKER FROM HELL
Chris Bowman: nonconformist on ice—*By E.M. Swift*

88
WILL SHE BE A SMASH?
Jennifer Capriati, 13: new tennis star—*By Franz Lidz*

98
DOWN BY THE SEASIDE
The dazzling swimsuits of 1990—*By Jule Campbell*

134
DEPTHS OF SPLENDOR
In Leewards and Windwards—*By Geoffrey Norman*

154
THE UTAH CHAIN SAW JUGGLER
Bill Gnadt juggles anything—*By Douglas S. Looney*

166
IRON MIKE
Mike Keenan: mettle for Chicago—*By Jay Greenberg*

174
HOME IS WHERE HIS HEART IS
Blue Jay George Bell: gentle side—*By Peter Gammons*

184
IN A WORLD OF HER OWN
Betsy King: on top in women's golf—*By John Garrity*

192
A LONG STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION
Lycra: the very fiber of sports—*By Penny Ward Moser*

198
SAME NAME, DIFFERENT GAME
Roger Mears: the big wheel in Baja—*By Sam Moses*

206
A MAN AND HIS KINGDOM
Jean-Claude Killy redux—*By William Oscar Johnson*

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, with two issues combined at year-end and an additional double issue published in March 1990, by The Time Inc. Magazine Company. Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020–1393. Reginald K. Brack Jr., President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Canada Post Corp., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash at Toronto. U.S. subscription: $69.66 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Post Office Box 30602, Tampa, FL 33630-0602.
©1990 THE TIME INC. MAGAZINE COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE TIME INC. MAGAZINE COMPANY.
For subscription queries, call Customer Service at 1-800-528-5000.

• • •

DEPARTMENTS

6
LETTERS

23
SCORECARD

221
COLLEGE BASKETBALL

224
FOR THE RECORD

226
POINT AFTER

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

FLYING HIGH

Ashley Richardson seems to be outracing the Caribbean clouds in a red Lycra after-swim suit from Gottex ($170). On the cover, Judit Masco outshines the sun on Palm Island in a tank-top bikini from TYR Sport ($60).

ROBERT HUNTZINGER

FROM THE PUBLISHER

JULE CAMPBELL

IN THE 26 YEARS THAT SENIOR EDITOR JULE CAMPBELL has been presiding over our annual swimsuit issue, she has become increasingly defensive. Each fall, just as the weather in New York City is turning nasty, Campbell jets off to some secret, sunny locale for as long as two months. "When I get back, my friends wonder why I'm not relaxed," says Campbell. "I have to tell them that this is not like going on vacation."

Of *course* it isn't, they retort. Imagine having to constantly ponder what level of sunscreen to apply—sounds like the very essence of rough duty.

Cynics be advised: Campbell's job *is* rough duty. In November, Campbell journeyed to the Windward Islands, a Caribbean chain about 100 miles northeast of Venezuela, and was joined, at various times, by the 13 models she had selected. Every day, the swimsuit crew was awakened at 4 a.m. in order to be on location by sunup.

Hopping back and forth by boat among the 10 islands chosen for the shoot was a logistical nightmare. As often as four times a day, the crew had to pack and unpack some 60 bags of equipment, including items seldom associated with either the tropics or swimwear. For example:

• A leaf blower. Because humidity is the bane of bouncy, behaving hair, photographer Robert Huntzinger brought along the machine, which made for windswept manes. "Once, it blew out Kathy Ireland's contact lenses," says Campbell.

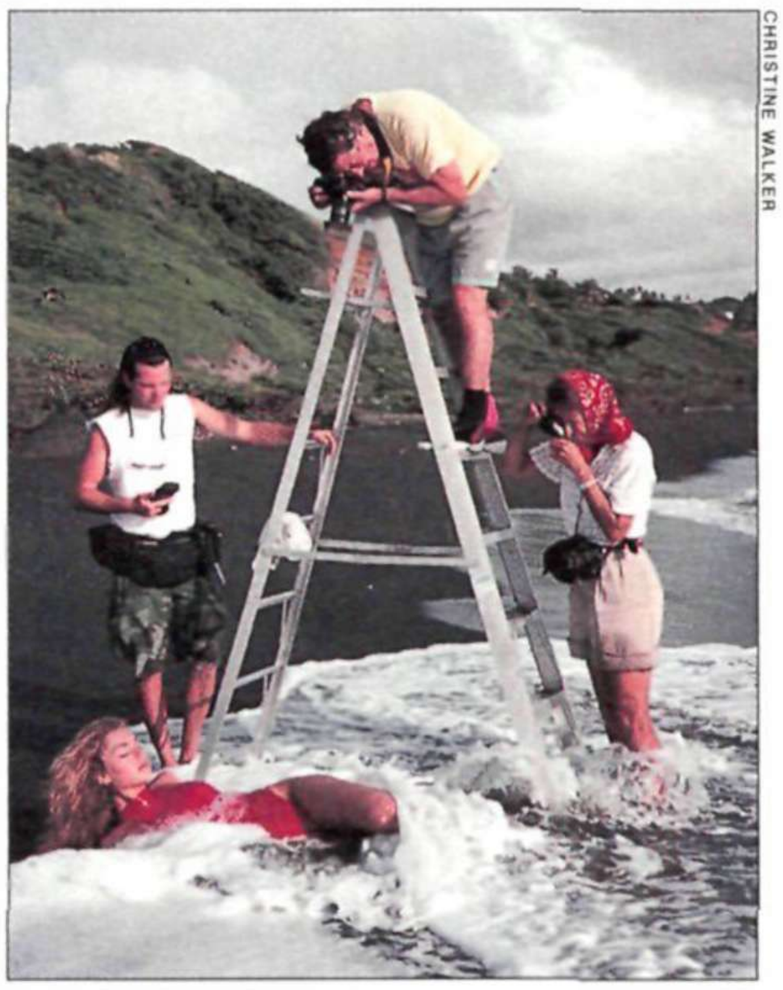
• Palm fronds. They came in handy for treeless islands that needed some atmospheric shade and dappled light.

• Ladders. Some of the islands were so small that for Huntzinger to achieve the proper distance from his subjects, he had to shoot from a ladder in the surf.

• Trampolines. "We sought more energy in the pictures," says Campbell, so some of the models were asked to "catch air" off a trampoline.

• Rakes. Beaches in their natural state often need a lot of tidying up.

Unfortunately, there was no way to prepare for the weather. Old Testament rains fell for most of the last three weeks of the six-week shoot. One of the models, Michaela Bercu, was on location for seven days, at the end of which not a single suitable picture was shot, thanks to near-hurricane-force rains.

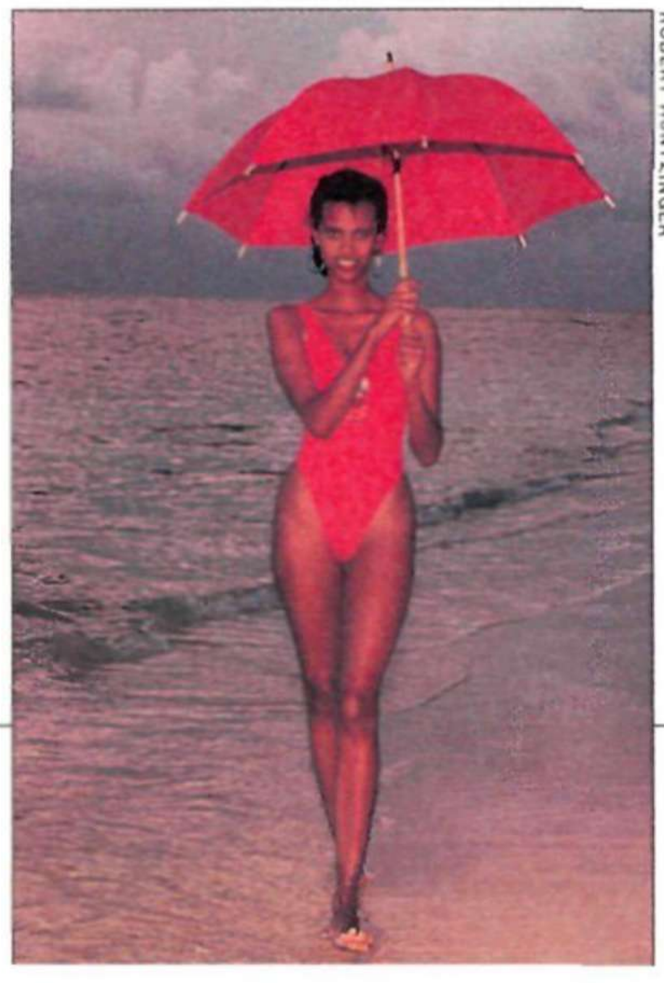

CHRISTINE WALKER

CHRISTINE WALKER

Musts for the shoot: a locks blower (here Elle Macpherson strikes a sympathetic cord), a ladder for Huntzinger (that's Bercu in the foam), an umbrella (Getaneh reigns in the rain) and sand (Campbell gives Ireland a derriere dusting).

The good sport award went to model Anna Getaneh, who, after work one day on the island of Petit St. Vincent, retired to her room. While lying in bed, Getaneh felt a slight tugging near her right ear. A foot-long land crab had entangled itself in her luxuriant locks. After coolly sifting her options, Getaneh settled on this one: run screaming from the room. Fortunately, Francois Ilnseher, the crew's hairdresser, was passing by and removed the offending crustacean.

Nature didn't always conspire against Campbell & Co. One morning after a storm, Huntzinger spotted an enormous piece of driftwood in the surf. He and his assistants waded out to retrieve it, and several hours later hauled it onto the beach. The driftwood turned out to be spectacular, especially when Ashley Richardson used it as a chaise longue *(see the foldout)*.


ROBERT HUNTZINGER

Donald J. Barr

©1989 Jockey International, Inc., Kenosha, WI 53140 USA

So Comfortable

JOCKEY®

"As far as I'm concerned, Jockey is the only underwear there is. Because no other underwear has that Jockey fit, that Jockey feel, that Jockey style. Just Jockey."

Jim Palmer
Baseball Star
Sports Announcer/Analyst
Baltimore, Maryland

Jim Palmer

Dillard's

Jockey underwear is also available in boys' styles and sizes.

LETTERS

MORE RECORDS

An article on unbeatable sports records (*The Record Company*, Jan. 8) that didn't mention Johnny Vander Meer's two *consecutive* no-hitters in 1938? The fact that we still make a big deal about a pitcher almost pitching *one* no-hitter is reason enough to include this feat. If anyone even comes close to tying Vander Meer's record, let alone breaking it, I'll buy Jack McCallum dinner.

MARK LUTIN
Port Washington, N.Y.

My only criticism of McCallum's article on records is the omission of Nolan Ryan's 5,076 (and counting) career strikeouts. Ryan has almost 1,000 strikeouts more than his nearest competitor, Steve Carlton, and some 1,500 more than the nearest active pitcher, Bert Blyleven.

DOUGLAS F. NEWMAN
Tempe, Ariz.

What about Richard Petty's 200 NASCAR Winston Cup victories?

JOHN SNYDER
Lake Carmel, N.Y.

Harvey Haddix's 12 consecutive perfect innings for the Pirates in a 1959 game against the Milwaukee Braves.

PAT LANIGAN
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bear Bryant's 323 Division I college football victories.

MICHAEL REID
Madison, Ala.

Most consecutive seasons as manager of a major league team, 50, set by Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics.

ROBERT KRAFT
Newark, Dela.

Connie Mack's lifetime 4,025 losses as a major league baseball manager.

JOHN D. WILSON
Newtown Square, Pa.

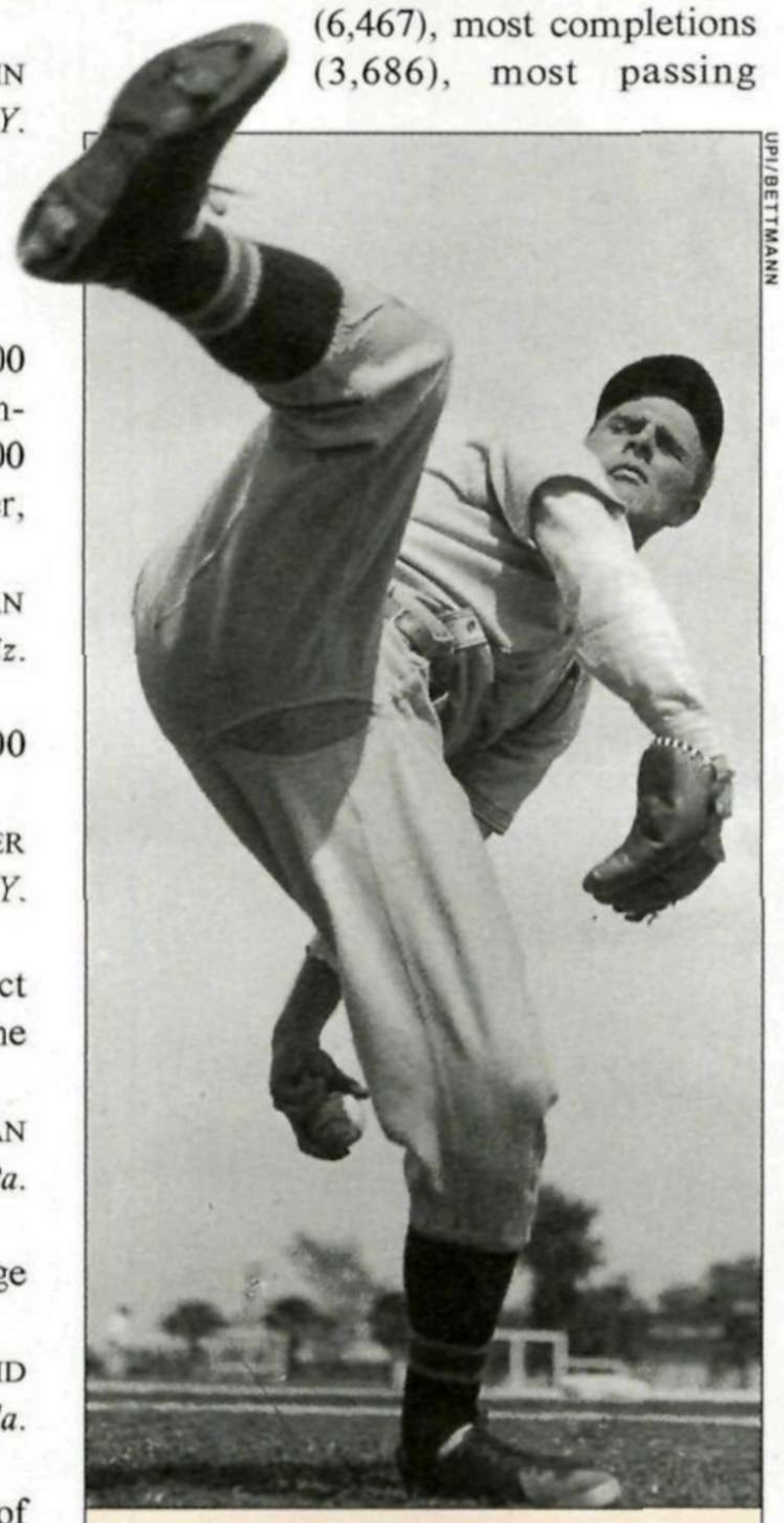
I doubt very much if anyone will ever top Billy Martin and manage the Yankees six times.

DON SLOAN
New York City

Lefty Grove of the Philadelphia Athletics had a pitching record of 152–41 (.788) from 1928 to 1933. His .788 winning percentage may be the best for any six-year span since 1901.

RICHARD M. GIBSON
Lafayette, La.

Fran Tarkenton, quarterback for the Vikings and the Giants: most attempts (6,467), most completions (3,686), most passing yards (47,003) and most passing touchdowns (342) in NFL history.



UPI/BETTMANN

No one has matched Vander Meer's feat.

MATT GARDNER
Memphis

Bart Starr's string of 294 completed passes without an interception for the Packers in 1964–65.

LAURENCE J. HOWE
Sherwood, Ariz.

Jim Brown of the Cleveland Browns: the only player to average more than five yards per carry and more than 100 yards per game during his career.

JIM MIELZINER
O'Fallon, Mo.

Wilt Chamberlain: The name was right, but the record was wrong. In an era when entire teams had only 40 to 50 rebounds per night, Wilt's record of 55 against the Boston Celtics on Nov. 24, 1960, is far safer than his 100-point spectacular.

KARL FIASCA
Fox Point, Wis.

Pete Maravich's NCAA career scoring record at LSU of 44.2 points per game. His closest pursuer, Austin Carr of Notre Dame, at 34.6, isn't even close.

MICHAEL BURNS
Chevy Chase, Md.

Cal Ripken Jr.'s astounding streak of 8,243 consecutive innings played.

THEO CHEN
Dallas

Gordie Howe's 32 years of major league hockey, including six years with the World Hockey Association.

FREEMAN BOTTLE
Chattanooga

NHL goalie Terry Sawchuk's 103 career shutouts.

DOUG KUHN
Regina, Saskatchewan

Jim Ryun's schoolboy mile record of 3:58.3, set in 1965 when Ryan was a high school senior.

BOB LUDER
Overland Park, Kans.

Bobby Jones's golf Grand Slam in 1930.

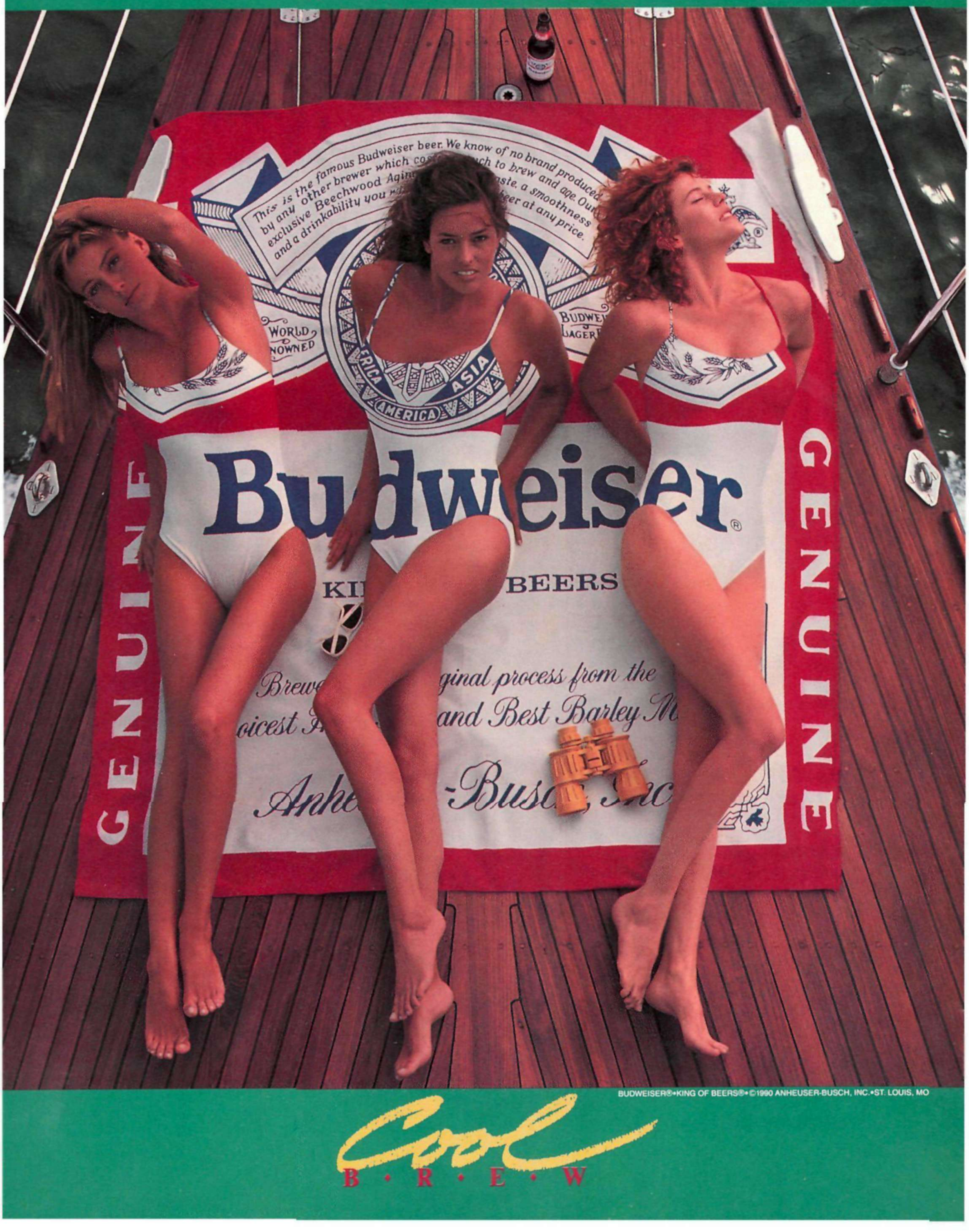
KEVIN CASEY
Gaithersburg, Md.

While competing for Ohio State in a Big Ten track and field meet in Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1935, Jesse Owens equaled the world 100-yard-dash record and set world marks in the long jump, the 220 dash and the 220 low hurdles—and all within one hour!

TIM ROBB
San Jose

Warm

B • R • E • E • Z • E



BUDWEISER®•KING OF BEERS®•©1990 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.•ST. LOUIS, MO

Cool

B • R • E • W

Pele's 1,281 goals, primarily with the Brazilian soccer club, Santos, and the New York Cosmos.

ROBERT M. CARLOCK
Weston, Mass.

McCallum ends his article with the question "What is the greatest athletic feat of all time?"

I would like to nominate two. In both 1920 and 1927 Babe Ruth hit more home runs than any *team*, besides his Yankees, in the American League.

DAVE LOWMAN
Dallas

Mark Spitz's seven world swimming records at the 1972 Olympic Games.

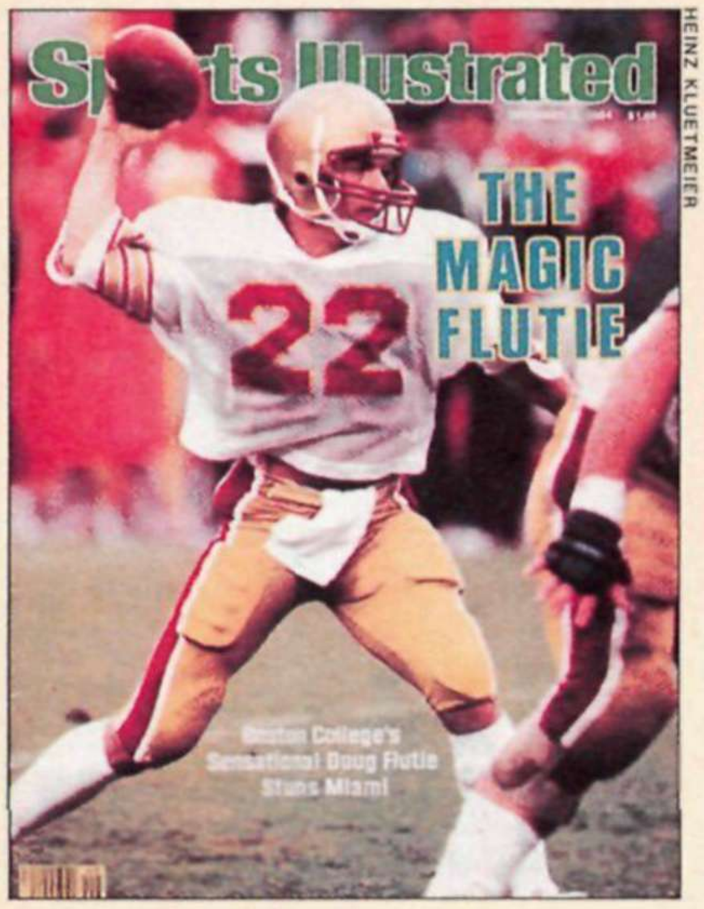
MARK WALLACE
Los Angeles

The five Olympic records, including one world record, set in the 1980 Games by speed skater Eric Heiden.

MARK ROLLICK
Arlington, Mass.

Al Oerter's winning the Olympic discus gold four consecutive times, in 1956, '60, '64 and '68.

BOB KEARNEY
Coral Gables, Fla.



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

RICHARD MACKSON

MYSTERY BULGE

Your Dec. 3, 1984, cover featured quarterback Doug Flutie of Boston College with a mysterious bulge in his sock. Your Jan. 8, 1990, cover featured Craig Erickson of Miami, and he too has a bulge in his sock. Is it a mouth guard or what?

ROBERT SANDER
St. Louis

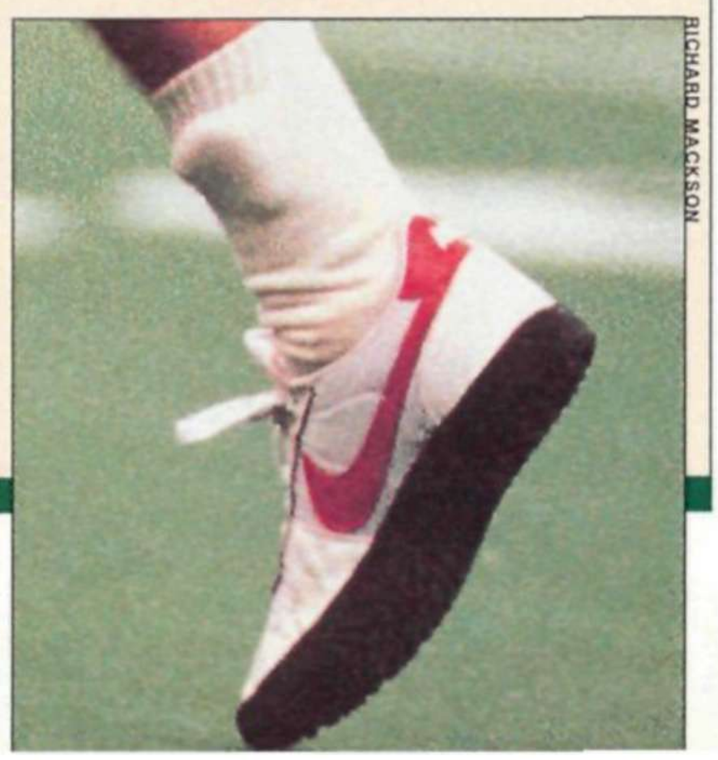
Miami is ranked No. 1. Would a penalty in the Sugar Bowl game against the Hurricanes have made a difference in the outcome? NCAA rules state that a football player on the field must wear a mouth guard—in his mouth. The penalty for a violation of this rule is the loss of a timeout, or if all timeouts have been taken, a five-yard delay-of-game penalty.

Your Jan. 8 cover photograph of Craig Erickson shows an apparent infraction. It appears that his mouth guard has found its way into his right sock. Would it have made a difference if Erickson had worn his mouth guard? Probably not, unless he had incurred an injury.

I have witnessed too many of these injuries, and I do not believe that playing without a mouth guard is worth the risk. This is a good NCAA rule, and it should be enforced.

FRED LOOK, D.M.D.
Louisville

• Erickson keeps his mouth guard in his sock when off the field, and he inadvertently forgot to put it in his mouth when he went back into the game. The NCAA has passed a rule stating that beginning this year, mouth guards must be yellow or any other readily visible color so that they can be more easily seen by officials. A mouth guard protects a player's teeth, and by clamping down on it, the player reduces his risk of a concussion.—ED.



RICHARD MACKSON

A DEVOTED SUBSCRIBER

As far back as I can remember (I was born in 1953, the year before your magazine came into existence), there were always two things next to my father's favorite chair: the daily newspapers and the latest copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

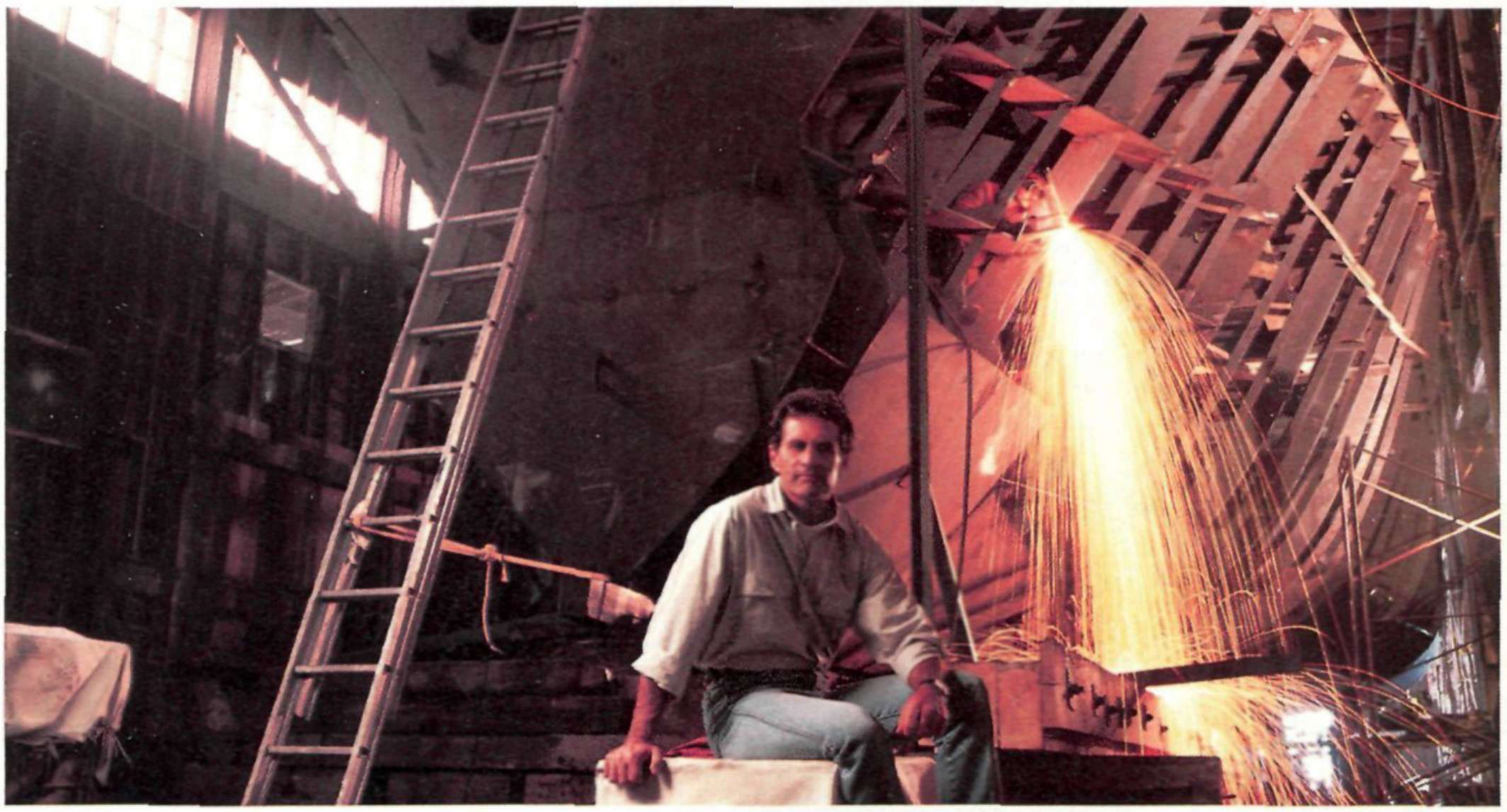
My father loved to watch and to read about sports. He was at the Polo Grounds in 1951 when Bobby Thomson hit "the shot heard 'round the world." For many years he went to Belmont every Saturday to watch the thoroughbreds. But his passion was always the New York Giants. He was a season-ticket holder for three decades. I'm very glad he saw the Giants win the Super Bowl in 1986 after so many years of frustration.

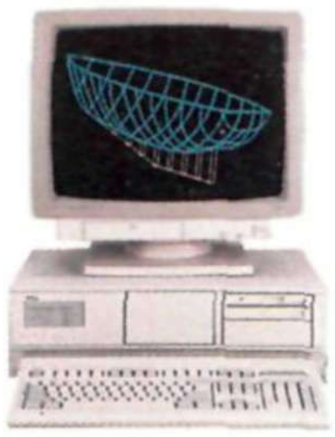
On Dec. 22, after a brief illness, my father passed away. He was 77. Among the items we placed in his coffin was the last SI he received, your year-end double issue. Some may think that this is ghoulish, but his family feels it is fitting that he went to the grave with his SI—a devoted subscriber to the end and beyond.

JERRY O'NEIL JR.
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Letters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and should be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393.

What we do with our 386-based computers is interesting. What you do with them, even more so.





PowerMate 386/25

At NEC, we make machines that run on the purest and most precious of fuels. The human mind.

With these machines you come face-to-face with your dreams. Whether they involve building an ocean-going vessel for that once-in-a-lifetime trip around the world, or something more practical, but just as challenging, like complex financial and scientific modeling.

The PowerMate® 386/25 is a high-end desktop computer. Running at 25 MHz, 0 wait states, and with a variety of NEC high-speed disk drives, dreams come true in a hurry with this machine.

PowerMate SX Plus

It's also the perfect network file server.

The PowerMate SX Plus has a 386SX™ CPU that runs at 16 MHz. It ideally positions you to run all of today's 386 software as well as tomorrow's. And it has one of the most popular features in the computer industry: 386 power without the 386 price. Ditto for the PowerMate Portable SX. And being a portable, you can take this machine anywhere your dreams may lead you.

PowerMate Portable SX

As you can see, NEC has certainly done a lot with these machines (you might expect that from a $24 billion world leader in computers and communications). But it doesn't compare to what you'll do with them.

NEC

WE'RE MAKING THINGS BETTER FOR YOU.

NEC Technologies, Inc., 1414 Massachusetts Ave., Boxborough, MA 01719. 1-800-NEC-INFO. In Canada, 1-800-343-4418.

C&C Computers and Communications

© Copyright 1989 NEC Technologies, Inc. PowerMate is a registered trademark of NEC Corp. 386SX is a trademark of Intel Corp. Personal Designer software compliments of Prime Computer.

Colonial window, 1822.

Mission window, 1793.

INTRODUCING THE ARCHITECT SERIES.™

TO COME ALONG SINCE THE DRAFTY,

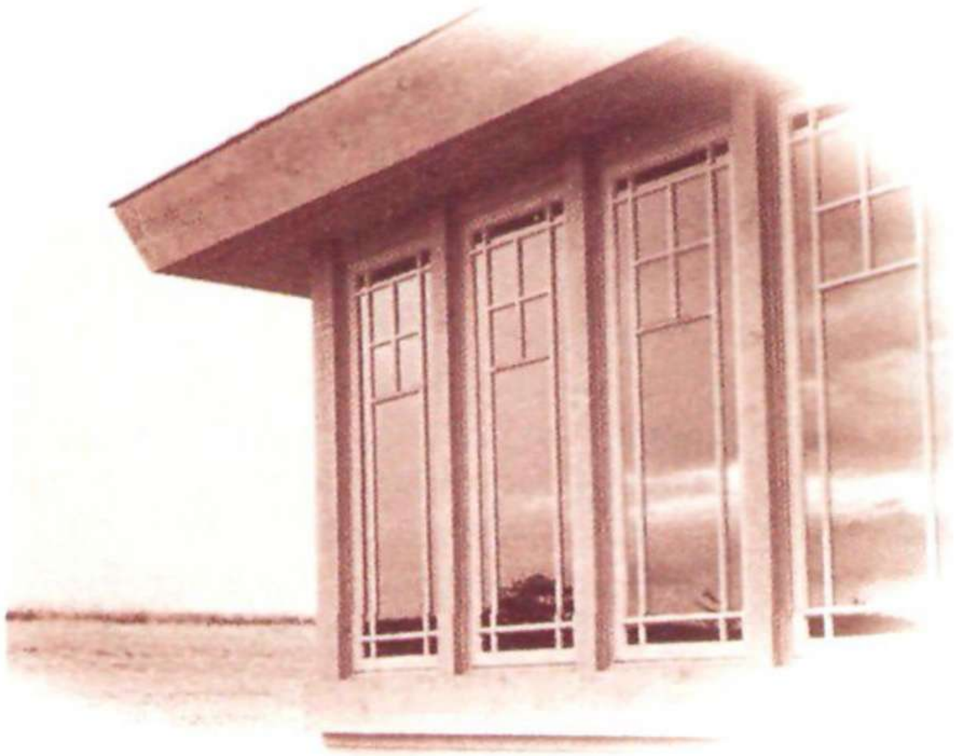
All the truly great classic windows, it seems, were designed before the age of insulating glass.

Back then, no one worried about R Values or heating bills or energy conservation. What people cared about were aesthetics. Elegant and graceful lines. Beauty for beauty's sake. With the advent of double pane insulating glass, however, things changed.

Window glass became much heavier, so the cross pieces that held the panes had to become thicker, less elegant. Then, instead of windows with small individual panes of glass (true divided light), manufacturers began offering single large sheets of insulating glass with fake "snap-in" crosspieces to simulate the look of true divided light.

But now Pella® has come up with a radically new manufacturing technology that eliminates both those compromises. It's called Integral Light Technology.™

INTRODUCING THE ARCHITECT SERIES FROM PELLA.



Prairie window, 1909.

Palladian window, 1761.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LINE OF WINDOWS INEFFICIENT ORIGINALS.

It allows us to produce windows that combine the energy-efficiency of insulating glass with the grace and elegance of classic older designs.

It also permits an extraordinary potential for custom window design that has never existed before.

© 1990 Rolscreen Company.

This new series of windows is called, appropriately enough, The Architect Series.™ To believe it, you have to see it. And to see it, you have to visit The Pella Window Store.®

That trip has always been important for anyone building or renovating a home. Now, however, it's essential.

For more information on The Architect Series and the location of The Pella Window Store nearest you, call 1-800-524-3700.

BUILT TO IMPOSSIBLY HIGH STANDARDS. OUR OWN.™

Pella

C001BO

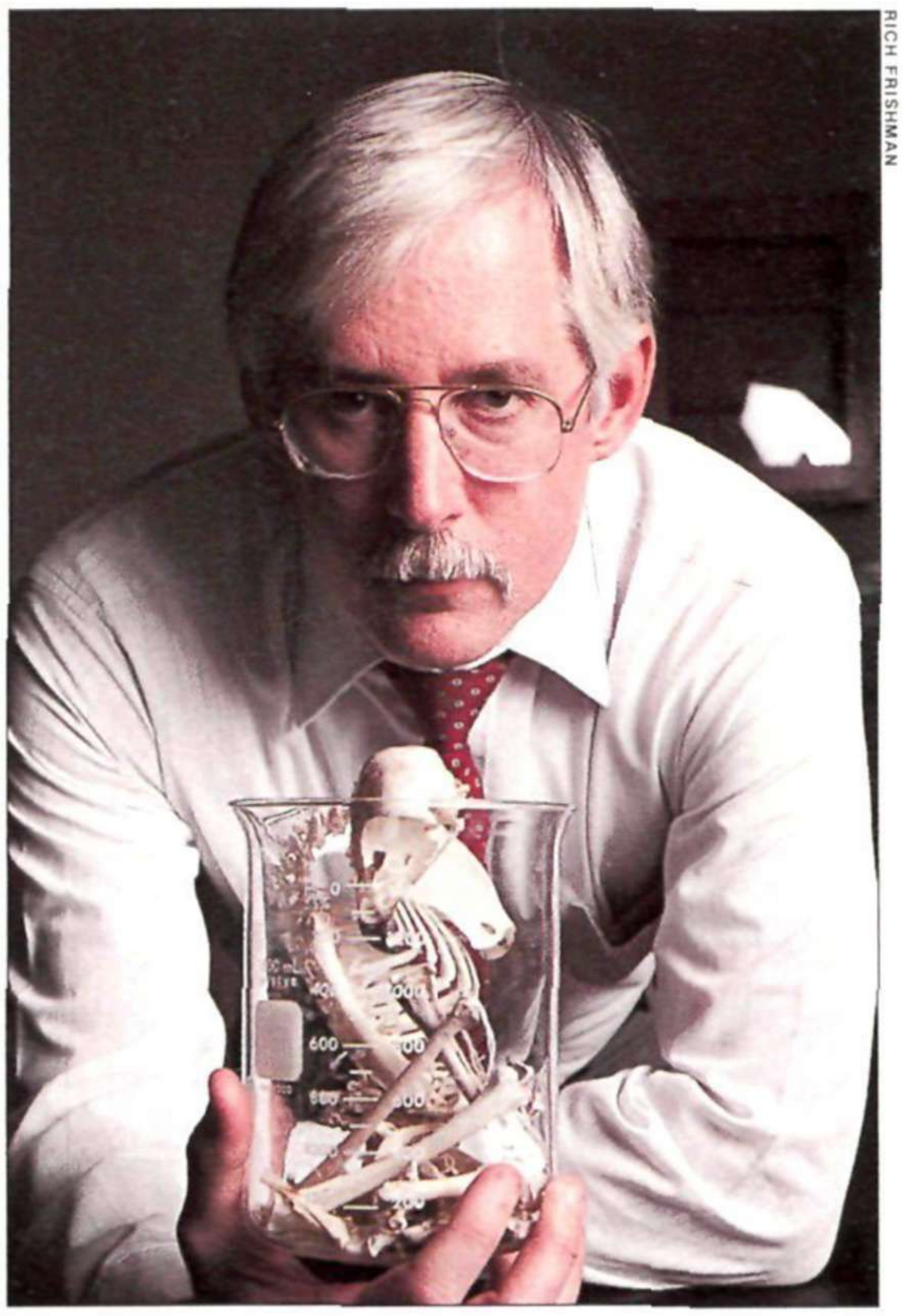
GETTING THE GOODS ON POACHERS

BY HENRY L. FREUND

Only in *The Far Side*, the award-winning cartoon series by Gary Larson, does it seem that elephants, crocodiles and bears stand a fighting chance against the greed of humankind. In reality, the global market for illegal wildlife products has escalated into an estimated $1- to $2-*billion*-a-year business, according to the World Wildlife Fund.

But now, elephants, sea turtles, grizzlies, rhinos and the whole Noah's ark of other endangered, threatened or at least besieged animals may have a chance to get even. Far from the plains of Africa or the waters of the Caribbean, a scientific discipline is being developed to stem the annihilation of rare animals. The first full-service, national "crime lab" specifically created to analyze crimes against wildlife opened in September 1988, in Ashland, Ore.

The National Fish and Wildlife Forensics Laboratory is already being called the Scotland Yard for endangered species. Ken Goddard, the lab director, says that the analogy is appropriate. Staffed by 10 forensic scientists, plus nine other employees, and furnished with equipment that rivals the most sophisticated police crime labs, this 23,000-square-foot facility will support wildlife law enforcement at the state, national and international levels.



RICH FRISHMAN

Goddard is the director of Fish and Wildlife's new forensic lab.

Forensic science is the application of scientific knowledge to criminal investigations. Law enforcement agencies from the FBI to local police departments routinely rely on this technique to tie suspect, victim and crime scene together through a methodical examination of physical evidence. There are an estimated 345 forensic labs in the U.S. and perhaps 4,000 forensic scientists. Until now, most have been helping to solve crimes committed against man. But when the victim is other than a Homo sapiens, few experts or techniques exist in the U.S. or anywhere else. Wildlife forensic science is such a new, evolving discipline that the number of experts worldwide is estimated to be fewer than 25.

Goddard, an author whose third crime novel, *Digger*, will be published this fall, knows police work firsthand. He graduated from the University of California, Riverside, in 1968 with a degree in biochemistry and then acquired a master's in criminalistics from Cal State Los Angeles. He was director of the Huntington Beach (Calif.) Crime Lab for seven years before being hired in 1979 to design a forensic branch for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Most wildlife crimes are not successfully prosecuted because of a lack of judicially acceptable evidence to link the accused to the crime. It has been pretty much a matter of catching the perpetrator in the act—or no case. But though it seemed obvious that a wildlife crime lab could provide such evidence, it required the better part of a decade to find enough support to create Ashland. Ultimately, the National Audubon Society, the Animal Welfare Institute and the National Wildlife Federation banded together to persuade Congress to appropriate the $4.5 million needed to build and equip this facility.

The Wildlife Forensics Lab is now developing the expertise and evidentiary techniques that can withstand legal challenges in U.S. and international courts. In a typical case, the lab might need to prove that the blood or tissue found on a hunter came from an illegally killed grizzly bear and not from any other animal. Or law enforcement officers might be required to establish that feathers found in a suspect's possession were taken from a protected bald eagle. Or customs officials who confiscate carved ivory items might need to substantiate that the source was an elephant, not a walrus, a narwhal, a mastodon, a mammoth or even a warthog. Frequently this could require identifying the animal, even though the evidence is a heavily processed product, such as a pair of boots or a knife handle.

When an animal was killed might be a determining factor in *whether* a crime was committed, because species are added to the endangered list at different times. For instance, this year 19 plants and 17 animals were added to the list, which now totals 1,070 plants and animals. "The people working in our laboratory are among the pioneers in this field," Goddard says. "Fifty, 100 years down the road, people are going to be referencing basic work done in this lab."

The first task of the technicians and scientists is to learn how to identify the species-source of hair, fur, leather, hides, feathers, blood, tissue, tusks, claws and teeth. Zoos and museums that have parts—blood, tissue, teeth, claws, hair—from known species of known parentage are providing information for the lab's data banks and samples for comparative

Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart.

If there's a song in your heart for your true love, why not let Godiva sing it.
Is there a more elegant balladeer? An exquisite melody of dark or light chocolates makes
delightful harmony with delectable chocolate or orange cream fillings.
A tribute to our noteworthy Belgian heritage.
So let a gift of Godiva® chocolates sing what your own heart would.
Your true love will need no further assurance of your sweet affections.

GODIVA
Chocolatier
BRUXELLES · NEW YORK
PARIS · COLOGNE

For information about Godiva® Chocolates, call 800-732-7333, in NY 212-951-2888.
Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022

testing. The lab also employs the latest high-tech gear. One particularly valuable piece of equipment, a $250,000 scanning electron microscope, was actually designed by Scotland Yard for human forensic work. It can magnify an object up to 100,000 times. "Imagine blowing a penny up to a circle more than a mile in diameter, and you can see its capability and potential," Goddard says. "We might have to prove that a piece of ivory came from an African or Asian elephant. We can look for minute structures that clearly distinguish a particular type of ivory from that of other species, identifications that simply aren't visible under any other microscope." The same electron microscope can also probe gunshot residues and match specific shell casings to specific firearms, which will prove invaluable in determining whose gun made an illegal kill.

Another tool the lab hopes to acquire is a system that employs lasers and computers to digitize fingerprints and compare them with a data base that contains the fingerprints of known poachers and illegal wildlife dealers. And the same type of gas chromatograph/mass spectrometer used at the Olympics to detect steroids in athletes' urine will help the Wildlife Forensics Lab to identify the specific poisons and pesticides used to kill animals. Then the same procedure will be followed as in the case of a human poisoning: determine the poison and amount; determine its origin; and link victim, suspect and crime scene with physical evidence.

Dealing in illegal wildlife products is a complex international affair, and like good business school graduates, many of the traffickers use computers to maintain their records. The Ashland lab recently hired an expert who specializes in breaking computer codes and encryption to decipher such information when it comes into the hands of enforcement agents.

Wildlife forensic experts can already distinguish some species of animals through the separation and examination of proteins in the blood. Within five years, Goddard predicts, DNA analysis of the chromosomes of different animals will be one of the basic detection methods in wildlife prosecutions. A DNA "fingerprint" can provide positive identification of an animal—not just its species but the specific animal—from minute tissue samples.

Not everything at the wildlife lab is high tech. One of its major goals is to create a collection of bird and small animal skeletons to be used for comparison with bones found at crime scenes. Sometimes when a potential skeleton comes in, Goddard traps insects from under the porch at his home in Ashland and puts them in a container with the newly arrived carcass. "We get nice clean bones and very happy beetles," he says.

More than 100 nations have signed a convention on international trade in endangered species. Technologies and skills developed in the Ashland lab will be important to other nations in their enforcement efforts. However, much of the market for illegal products from endangered species derives from traditions and cultures within countries. The Wildlife Forensics Lab makes accommodations for such traditions when it can. For instance, bald and golden eagles are protected species. Yet the feathers of these birds have important roles in many Native American religious ceremonies. The lab functions as a national eagle repository for golden and bald eagle carcasses from all over the U.S. The remains are distributed to Native Americans on a request basis. "We only find 300 to 400 eagles a year; we're about 900 requests behind," Goddard says.

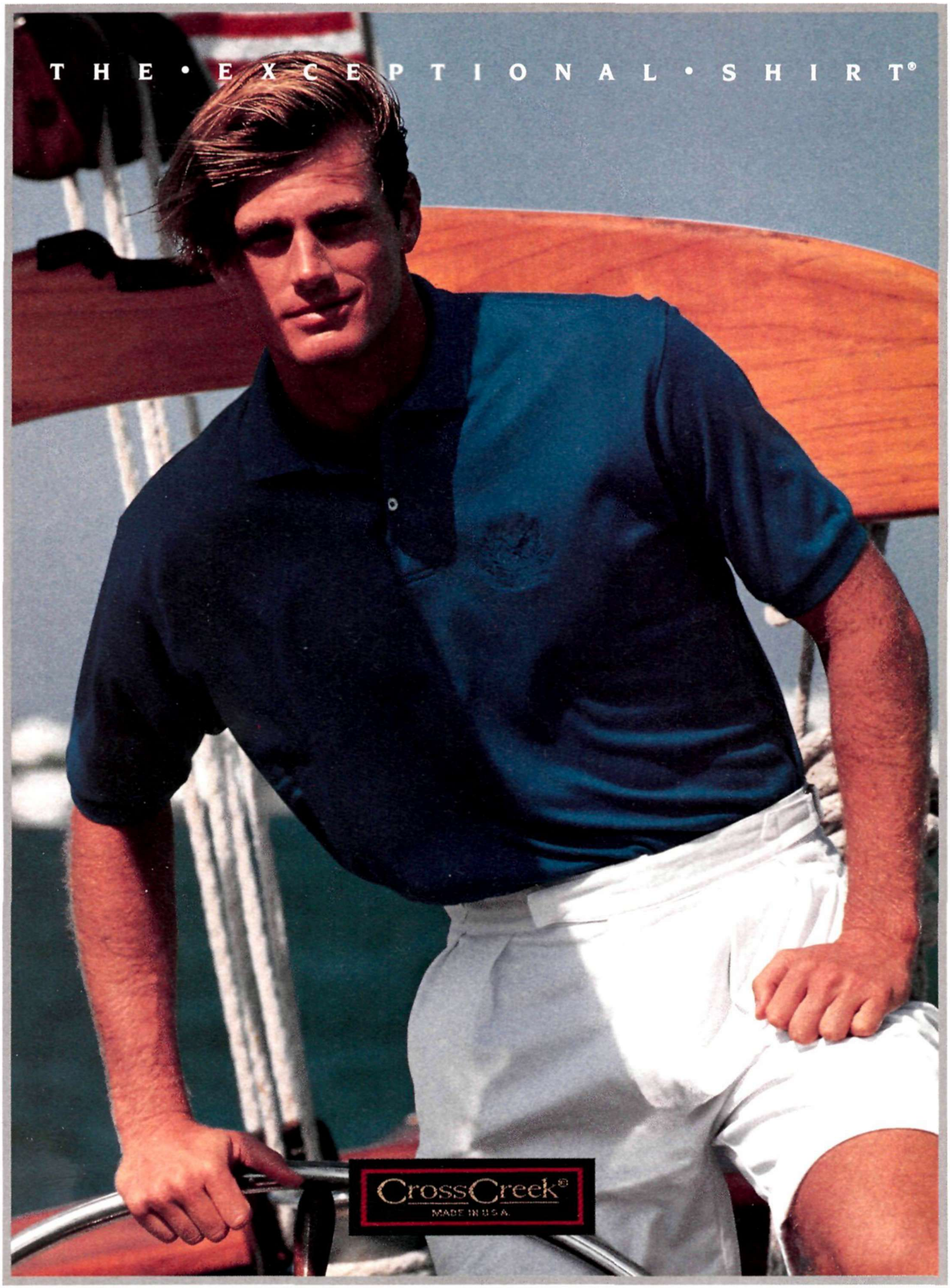
Cows and horses graze peacefully in a field across the road from the National Fish and Wildlife Forensics Laboratory. It is a pleasant scene to the casual observer. To one familiar with the work that is being done within those walls, the scene may be even more comforting. There, inside that man-made structure, scientists are developing the expertise and the techniques that promise to balance the scales a little more evenly on behalf of all animals. ■

WOLFGANG BAYER/BRUCE COLEMAN, INC.

RICH FRISHMAN

DNA ID made by the lab could help convict poachers, like those who left this ugly trail in Kenya (left).

Henry L. Freund is a film producer who is based in Ashland, Ore.


THE • EXCEPTIONAL • SHIRT®
CrossCreek®
MADE IN U.S.A.

WILL SUMO WRESTLING'S LOSS BE PRO WRESTLING'S GAIN?

BY MIKE D'ORSO

Kitao was a sumo wrestler supreme (above), but his willfulness cost him his topknot in '88.

The regulars at Lee Haney's Animal Kingdom are used to seeing celebrities working out in their gym. Bruce Springsteen builds his born-again body at this weight-training center in downtown Atlanta when he's in town, and it was here that Joe Piscopo pumped himself up beyond recognition. Photos of Haney with such luminaries as Arnold Schwarzenegger and former Atlanta mayor Andrew Young hang on the cinder-block walls of the place. But on a Saturday morning last fall even the regulars dropped their dumbbells and stared as Haney, just home from Italy, where he had won his sixth consecutive Mr. *Olympia title, explained the finer points* of the bench press to one of the biggest athletes ever to lumber into his gym.

Sumo wrestlers are not, after all, an everyday sight in Atlanta.

And rarer still is the appearance of a *yokozuna*, or sumo grand champion. In the history of this centuries-old, quasi-religious Japanese sport, there have been only 62 *yokozuna*. The baby-faced giant who loomed over Haney on this October morning was one of them.

His name is Koji Kitao—accent on the last syllable, as in ka-*pow*. He stands 6′ 6″ and weighs 330 pounds—down almost 30 pounds from what he weighed in 1986 when, at the age of 22, he became one of the youngest *yokozuna* ever. A year and a half after winning that title, Kitao scored another first: He became the only grand champion ever forced to retire from the sport.

It was a temper tantrum that did him in. In the tradition-bound world of *sumo, where the virtues of honor and* harmony are law, there is no room for a man who, in a pique, sidekicks his 88-year-old stable master and shoves the master's wife into a sliding door.

News of that December 1987 outburst hit Japan like a tsunami. Kitao was forced to retire by the ruling body of his sport, the Japan Sumo Association. In a private ceremony, he endured the *danpatsu shiki*—the cutting of a sumo wrestler's sacred topknot. The ritual is usually performed to honor a retiring sumo wrestler. Kitao's ceremony was meant to shame him. He had lost face. He was an outcast.

But he was not finished.

Since then, Kitao and ARMS Inc., the Tokyo-based publishing and talent agency that now bankrolls him, have launched an unprecedented effort to reestablish his reputation. If their plans work, Kitao will be back—not as a sumo wrestler, but as a pro wrestler. You know: Hulk Hogan, that sort of wrestler.

There have been a few sumo wrestlers who have quit their circle of clay for the rubber mat of the wrestling ring. Most *were dropouts from the lower rungs of* the six-stage ladder to grand champion. Only two *yokozuna*, though, have made the move. One was an aging sumo wrestler named Azumafuji, who had a brief fling as a pro wrestler in Japan more

macy's

POUR
ONSIEUR

U DE TOILETTE
CONCENTRÉE
SPRAY

CHANEL

POUR
MONSIEUR

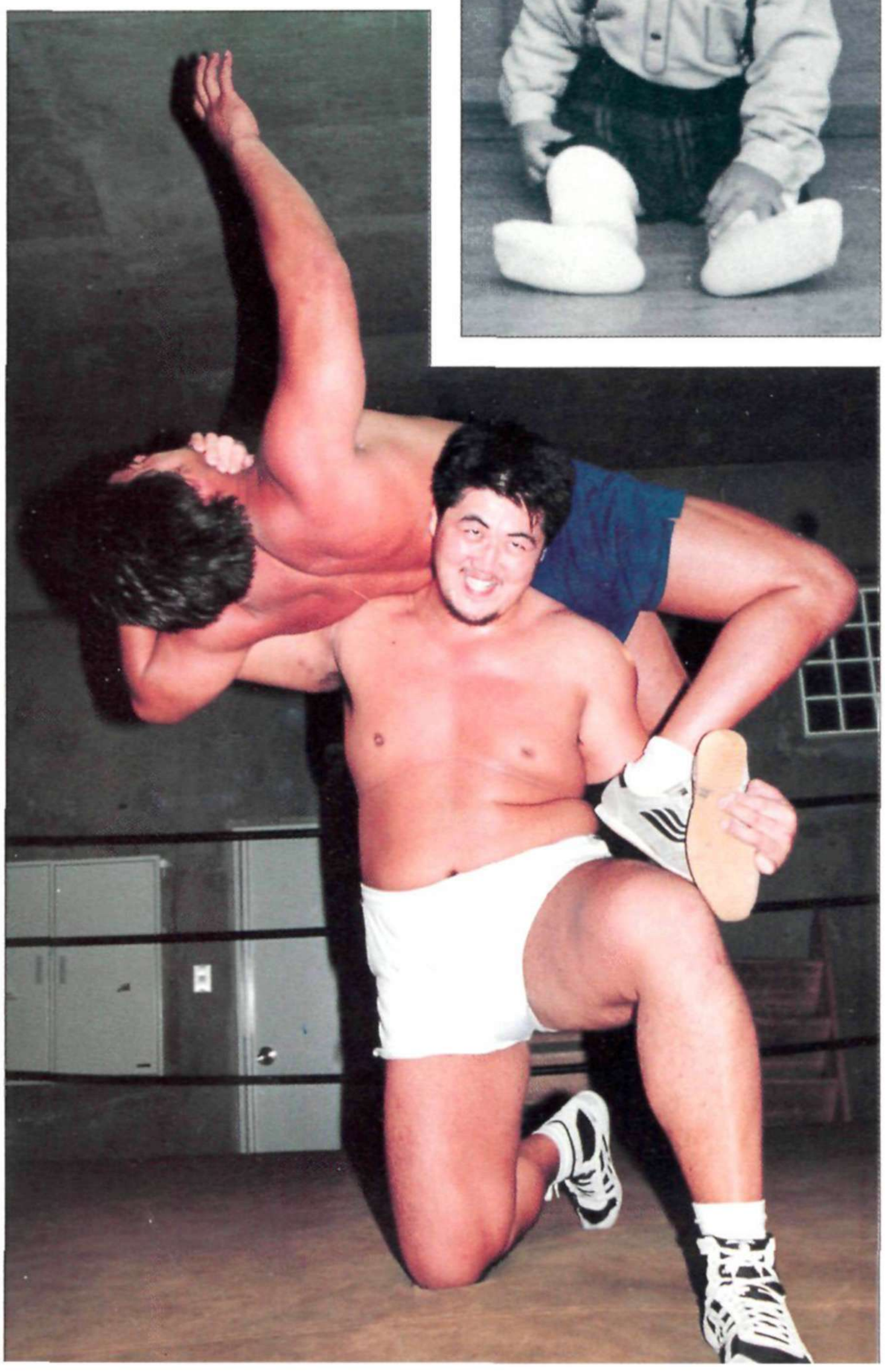
© 1989 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL®, POUR MONSIEUR™

than 30 years ago. The other was a retired grand champion named Wajima, who had a handful of matches in the U.S. in 1987 before returning to Japan.

But no *sumotori* with Kitao's credentials has ever left the sport, and none has been watched as closely as this 26-year-old behemoth. In the two years since his banishment, his every thundering footstep has been shadowed by teams of writers and photographers dispatched by Japanese newspapers, magazines and television networks. When Kitao arrived in Norfolk, Va., in June to begin three months of training at a wrestling school there, Japanese reporters trailed in his wake.

"Oh, this is top news all over Japan," said Akira Ogawa, a writer who was on his way to cover the U.S. Women's Open golf tournament for *Tokyo Sports* when he stopped off in Norfolk in July to file an update on Kitao.

Even as a toddler, Kitao had a stolid look that indicated he had the makings of a sumotori.



"This was a big story when he had his problem," said Ogawa. "It was on the front pages for days. I would say 80 percent of public opinion was against him at first. But time has passed. Things have changed."

The man orchestrating those changes is a chain-smoking Japanese-American entrepreneur named Victor Higgins. His Atlanta-based video company, Higgins International, usually produces and distributes Japanese-language programs for audiences in the U.S., but Higgins's biggest project was a two-hour-long documentary on the life and times of Kitao that was shown last winter on Japanese television.

"Prime time," says Higgins, who was hired in June 1988 by ARMS. The company realized that it needed an expert to put a shine on its client's tarnished image. The video, says Higgins, was the first step of Kitao's climb back to respectability.

"What we needed to do first was to show he's not a hot-tempered guy," says Higgins. "The image we wanted to create is that it's O.K. to be free and focus your own life. So we thought the best place to show that was in America."

So last spring, Higgins brought Kitao here to shoot the documentary. They began filming in Madison Square Garden, where Kitao had last appeared in 1985 as one of a delegation of sumo wrestlers on a tour of the U.S.

They shot segments in Philadelphia, where Kitao horsed around with Joe Frazier, and in Columbus, Ga., where he spent a day at an Army boot camp. They put Kitao on a horse in Oklahoma, filmed him washing dishes in a Phoenix restaurant, and even filmed him hitchhiking at various locations.

"This all shows freedom and searching," says Higgins, who makes no bones about having scripted the entire show. "Of course, I created all this. But he went along and *did* it. Normally, if I told a sumo wrestler to go wash dishes, he'd tell me to go to hell. They are accustomed to having everything done for them.

"What I wanted to do—what *he*

NOT JUST BELLS AND WHISTLES... TECHNOLOGY.

Panasonic introduces a personal stereo designed for the most discriminating ears.

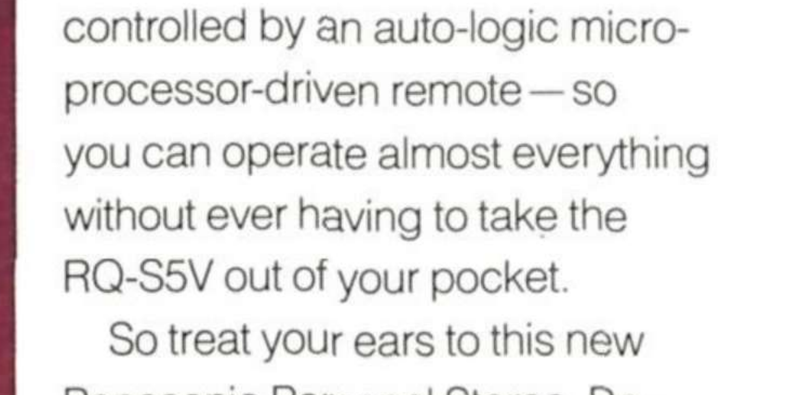
Bells and whistles. Gizmos and gadgets. That's what many personal stereos seem to have today. But as impressive as some of those glitzy features may seem, they won't impress you if you really know and care about music.

That's why Panasonic introduces the new RQ-S5V, the personal stereo designed for music lovers. It has a precision digitally synthesized FM/AM tuner plus a high-performance cassette deck with both Dolby* B and C noise reduction systems.

Its S-XBS Super Extra Bass System produces a powerful, tight, resonant bass. Even the headphones are specially engineered. They're compact, yet give you sound with incredible impact. And it's controlled by an auto-logic microprocessor-driven remote — so you can operate almost everything without ever having to take the RQ-S5V out of your pocket.

So treat your ears to this new Panasonic Personal Stereo. Because, after all, it's not bells and whistles your ears appreciate, it's the music.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



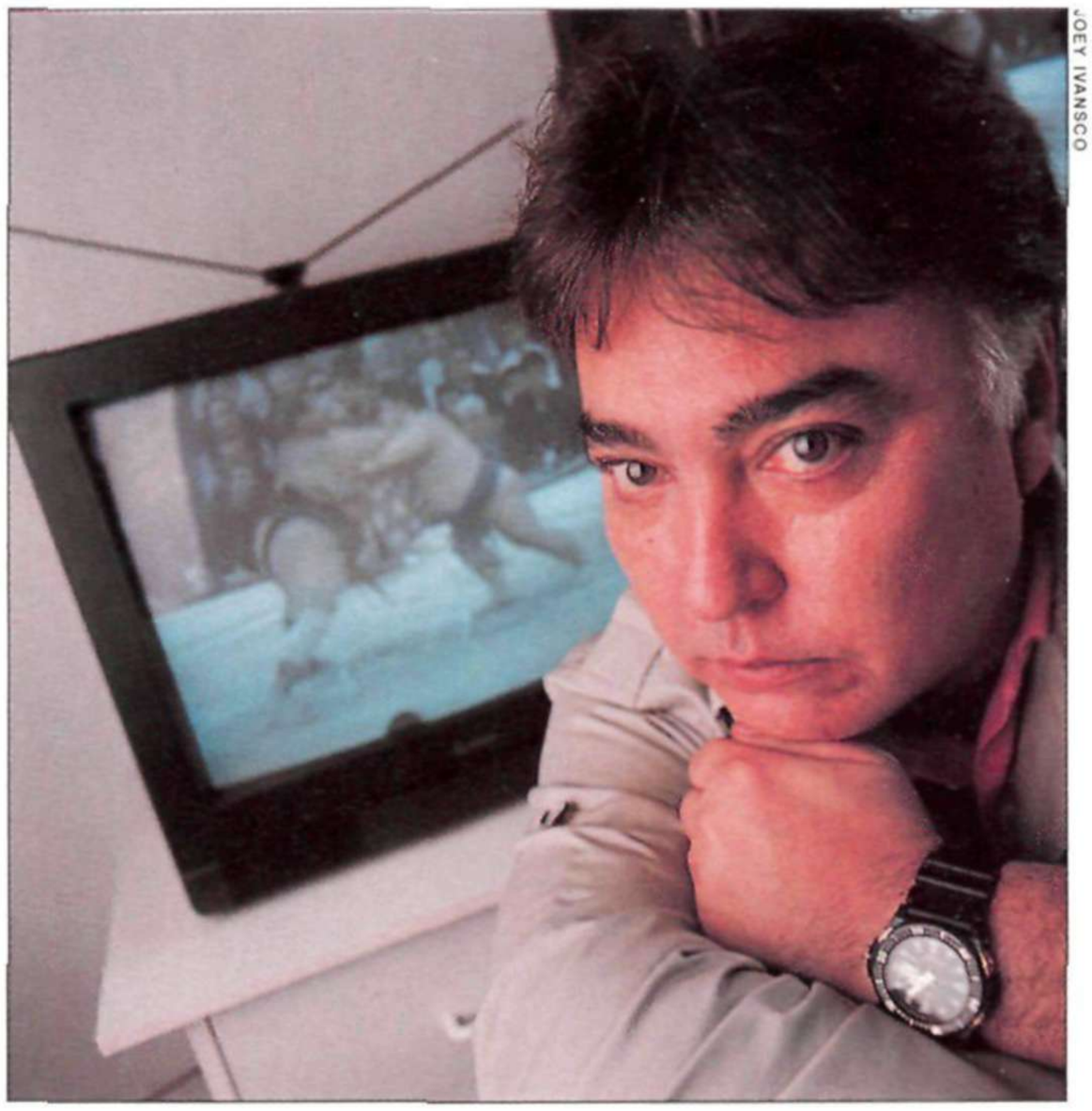
Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time®

wanted to do—was say, 'Hey, I'm a human, I want to come back to earth and be like everybody else.' "

The platform on which to stage Kitao's comeback, concluded Higgins and ARMS, is the professional wrestling ring. ARMS has spent more than $350,000 to finance three months of coaching for Kitao in Norfolk, three weeks of bodybuilding in Atlanta and three more months of training at a professional wrestling school in Minneapolis, where Kitao refined his airplane spins and sleeper holds. Kitao has been training in Japan since December, and his debut in an American ring probably will take place in the spring.

Higgins acknowledges the differences between the sport Kitao has left behind and the one he is hoping to enter. Sumo wrestling, which incorporates elements of the Shinto religion, is anything but hokey; professional wrestling, especially in the U.S., is, at best, athletic burlesque. The question of dignity, Higgins says, is one Kitao has struggled with—and resolved.

"Yes, this professional wrestling is different, it is all a show," says Higgins. "But Kitao cannot go back to sumo. So what else can he do to stay in wrestling, the only life he really knows?"



JOEY IVANSCO

Higgins hopes the new Kitao will appeal to wrestling fans here and in Japan.

When Kitao answers questions on the subject, he depends on Higgins to translate for him. For all his size, he has the face of a child, as well as a soft voice and gentle manner. When he moved from Japan to an apartment in Norfolk and then to a motel room in Atlanta, he traveled lightly, his only encumbrance being the rice cooker he carried with him from Japan. Since he began bodybuilding with Haney, Kitao has watched his diet. But when he visits a sushi bar he lets himself go, downing the freshly sliced bits of raw fish as quickly as they hit his plate, chasing them with bottles of Kirin beer and pausing only to sign autographs for a steady stream of fans.

Most sumo wrestlers are born of sumo-wrestler fathers and large-bodied mothers, but Kitao was the son of an architect. By the time he was 12 he realized where his future lay. "His friends all wanted to be baseball players," translates Higgins, "but he wanted to wrestle sumo."

When a sumo scout spied him on a playground near his hometown of Osaka, Kitao was taken to sumo school in Tokyo. The world he entered, as traditional as it is, would hardly be recognized by its creators. During the 17th-century Tokugawa period, when sumo entered its modern era, wrestlers were paid in rice by their feudal patrons. Today, the slang for a sumo wrestler's pay is *okome*—the Japanese word for rice—though the sport is far more lucrative than in the past. Many of Japan's roughly 800 sumo wrestlers are funded by private businesses.

The outburst that ended Kitao's sumo career stemmed from a disagreement he had with his master over training methods. There had been earlier incidents involving Kitao and several younger sumo wrestlers, who traditionally serve as personal attendants to the champions. Some of Kitao's attendants had complained that he was too severe in sparring sessions, but, ultimately, Kitao's crime was setting himself apart.

"The sumo system," says Higgins, translating Kitao's carefully chosen words, "is that no matter how good you are, or who you are, the person above you controls you. When you become a grand champion, you have to teach the younger ones. He had his own way of teaching, his master had another way—the way they have done it for hundreds of years. It is the same conflict that you see in any system with strong traditions."

When Kitao's handlers decided to aim his career at the pro wrestling circuit, Kitao knew what they were talking about. He had watched the Hulkster and the rest of the menagerie on television. "He says it is very interesting," translates Higgins. "He would love to be one of them."

There are details to be worked out, deals to be made with American professional wrestling organizations like the World Wrestling Federation. And then there is the matter of a ring name. His handlers have played with names that trade on his sumo career, but Kitao has nixed them. His past is behind him, he says, but he must treat it with honor.

"He says sumo was his youth," translates Higgins. "He wants to treat his youth as what it was and move on. I asked him, did he just want to forget about it? He said he wants to *cherish* it."

And to understand it. While in Atlanta, Kitao went three times to a nearby mall to watch the film *Black Rain*. Set in Osaka, the movie's theme is the individual's struggle against the group. "There is a saying in Japan," says Higgins. "*Deru kugi wa utareru*: 'The nail that sticks out gets hammered.' " Higgins glances up at his towering protégé. They must hurry home. A full day is scheduled at the Animal Kingdom tomorrow. ■

Mike D'Orso writes for "The Virginian-Pilot" and "The Ledger-Star" in Norfolk, Va.

We offer 3 separate classes on every Lufthansa plane, which separates us from just about every other airline.

When you fly to Europe, nearly all airlines offer separate First, Business and Economy Class cabins. But once you get there and take a connecting flight, the standards often change. On most airlines, Business Class mysteriously merges with Economy, or sometimes First Class simply disappears.

Lufthansa believes that service is best when it's also consistent. So every time you fly Lufthansa, you will have 3 distinct classes to choose from, with all the amenities you've grown to expect. Whether your flight lasts half an hour, or half a day, on Lufthansa the quality of service will always remain the same.

People expect the world of us.

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental/Eastern. See your Travel Agent for details.

A POUT FESTIVAL KEEPS 'EM SMILING IN MINNESOTA

BY GREG BREINING

Don Pursch is a professional fisherman—a guide, teacher and occasional tournament pro with an aptitude for catching the toothy brutes known as muskellunge that cruise the clear blue lakes near his home in Walker, Minn. He's so good at it that he has shared boats with TV anglers Roland Martin, Al Lindner and Babe Winkleman to show them a bit about muskie fishing. He also owns a fly-in camp in Canada, where his guests can take trophy lake trout and muskies and where he himself has coaxed a 45-pound muskie from the black depths.

Yet despite his prowess at catching the fierce and glamorous muskie, Pursch spends a sleepless weekend each year with his friends catching hundreds of pounds of the most repulsive fish of the North and thereby usually winning one of the strangest contests in angling.

"We go all out to win it," says Pursch. "Then you can go through the rest of the year knowing you are the champion of the International Eelpout Festival."

The center of Pursch's attention, the eelpout, is a freshwater relative of the cod, whose outstanding characteristic is its unpleasant appearance. Potbellied and barbeled, the eelpout looks like Alfred Hitchcock with fins.

The eelpout has many names, among them: burbot, ling, cod, cusk, gudgeon, mud blower and lush. Perhaps oddest of all is lawyer, used quite graphically in 1936 by a biologist describing the fish's spawning habits: "At first a dark shadow was noted at the edge of the ice, something which appeared to be a large ball. Eventually this moved out into view and it was seen to be indeed a ball—a tangled, nearly globular mass of moving, writhing lawyers."

This orgy occurs in winter, when the bottom-dwelling pout migrates from a lake's depths to shallow water, where it can be hooked by ice fishermen. An 18-pound, four-ounce specimen hangs in Dahlems café in Walker. Though a sign proclaims that fish the WORLD RECORD EELPOUT, European and Siberian specimens sometimes exceed 50 pounds. Large or small, the pout is despised for its habit of emerging from the ice hole tailfirst and wrapping itself, eel-like, around the arm of the angler. Eelpout aren't considered game fish, and the creel limit on the creature, according to one fisherman, is "all you can stand." Once the burbot bacchanalia ends, however, the fish return to deep water, so most summertime anglers never see them.

"I'd never heard of them," says Ken Bresley. "Being in the tackle business, I was kind of embarrassed." It was 12 years ago that Bresley moved from Chicago and opened the Tackle Box and Gift Shop in downtown Walker, on the shores of 20-mile-long Leech Lake. "All was well during the spring and summer, when thousands of tourists descended on the town. In May and June people would throw money at you and run out the door," Bresley says. "Then December hit, and I couldn't believe what happened." The only thing to descend on Walker was snow, and the town's population dwindled from about 5,000 inhabitants to 1,021 permanent residents. The pace of life was so slow, said one resident, "we were happy just to wake up."

"I got together with some of my friends," Bresley said. "We talked about staging a fishing contest." Inspiration can strike at strange moments. One day, while ice fishing, Bresley caught one of the strangest, slimiest fish he had ever seen. "Nice eelpout," another man said, and Bresley instantly knew what kind of fishing contest Walker could sponsor. "When we first started, in 1980, we were lucky to get 500 people," Bresley said.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLAIR DRAWSON

Make it easy on yourself.

Easy access to AT&T.

Most public phones automatically give you AT&T. But sometimes you'll find a phone where the location owner has chosen another long distance carrier. Even then it's still easy to reach AT&T in most cases. Simply dial our easy access code, 10 + ATT + 0, before dialing the area code and number you're calling.*

Calls more places.

Whether you're calling across the country or across the world, the *AT&T Card* makes it easy. AT&T connects you to over 250 countries and areas worldwide—more than any other long distance card.

Most reliable.

You can count on the *AT&T Worldwide Intelligent Network* to get your call where it needs to go. So you have less to worry about. And when calling from overseas, you can rely on this network to access *AT&T USADirect® Service* —the only service that connects you to an operator back in the States from over 60 countries. That's worldwide service no one even comes close to.

So make it easy on yourself.

Use the *AT&T Card,* the only calling card you'll ever need—and it's free. To order an additional card or a new one, **call toll-free 1 800 222-0300, Ext. 500.** You'll also receive the latest information on how best to use your *AT&T Card.*

Fast connections.

With the AT&T network you get fast connections for all your long distance calls. And since all local telephone companies honor the *AT&T Card,* it's convenient for all your calls.

Best service. Best value.

This card delivers the quality service you've come to expect from AT&T. With more operators, consistent low prices and innovative calling plans, AT&T gives you the best value.

*For international calls, please dial 10 + ATT + 01 + the country code + the local number.

©AT&T 1990

AT&T
The right choice.

"We never thought we'd see anything like this."

The Eelpout Festival has become a three-day weekend of parties, promotions, footraces and helicopter rides, drawing some 8,000 people to town. Still, the main event is the fishing contest. Anglers compete in several categories for trophies and prizes. Naturally, there are awards for the biggest fish and so forth, but there are also prizes for the Team Having the Most Fun, and Most Elaborate Eelpout Subdivision (referring to the ice-shanty towns that spring up on Leech Lake). Teams may number up to 20, "excluding alternates, cheerleaders and substitutes," according to the rules. Perhaps the most coveted prize is the Team Tonnage Championship. The name of the category is only a slight exaggeration. Pursch's team, Camp Cod, won in 1988 by registering 847 pounds of eelpout. In 1987 Camp Cod won with the whopping total of 1,115 pounds, five ounces of slippery lawyers.

Last year fishing was poor because the pout were spawning late. Nonetheless, by Saturday morning of the second weekend in February, a city of hundreds of tents and ice-fishing shanties had spread across Leech Lake. Nineteen teams signed up, including the Big Boys Don't Pout, Burbot Bangers, Damn Chislers, and Special Ex-Pouts. At Sand Point, just outside of town, a team called the Slimy Pouters shoveled the ice smooth and set up bowling alleys and a pool table. "Last year we captured the trophy for the group that has the most *fun," said one Slimy Pouter, "and we're* sure to bring home the trophy this year." (They didn't. The Slimy Ones did.)

Back in town, gangs of out-of-towners roamed Main Street. At Eelpout Festival headquarters, near the lake, judges weighed dozens of eelpout. "They're supposed to come in live, to prevent the entry of previously caught fish," said judge Steve Berry as he slid a slippery eelpout across the pan of a butcher's scale. "But at night it's hard to keep them from freezing solid."

The carnival on ice didn't distract the real competitors in the fishing contest, Pursch among them. Camp Cod intended to win the Team Tonnage Championship for a third year running through experience and persistence. Pursch and most of his 19 teammates had some special connection to fishing. Several were professional guides, one was a biologist, another worked in a tackle store. At the very least, they were all angling addicts, so they knew about fish, even eelpout.

Camp Cod employed a bit of burbot biology in their fishing. "The males are coming into the area now and staging, and the females will come in a week later," Pursch said. Because only the males (usually smaller than the females) were being caught, Pursch cautioned his mates not to panic.

Pout are most active in the dark, so the Camp Codders fished almost entirely at night. "We started fishing at 3 p.m. yesterday," Pursch said on Saturday morning after a hard night's pouting. "Last night I was real comfortable in the shanty—TV on, and my wife, Lynn, had brought out some food—but then Dave Harrington pounded on the door and said, 'Let's move.' So we hooked the truck up and moved the shanty two *miles.*"

After sunrise Pursch returned home to compare notes with teammates. Pursch had gone 30 hours without sleep. "Things are kind of fuzzy on the edges right now," he said.

Nodding off on the ice can be a problem. Accordingly, Pursch had installed electronic alarms in the largest of the ice shanties that sounded if a fish bit. When he's fishing in less technologically advanced surroundings, Pursch improvises. "If I lie down, I lay the line across my throat with the tip of the jigging rod right next to my neck," he says. "When a fish takes the jig, I feel the line pull tight against my neck. We could have won in 1986, but one of our team members fell asleep. I found him asleep with a bucket filled with eelpout, and I said, 'Have you weighed these yet?' 'No,' he says. 'It's all over,' I told him."

Camp Cod held a solid lead after the first full day of fishing. As darkness fell and less serious pouters geared up for another night of partying, Camp Codders drove out to their ice shanties. Don and Lynn Pursch, like other Codders, jigged with short ice-fishing rods, stout line and luminescent jigs tipped with shiner minnows. "Take the flash attachment from a 35-millimeter camera," Don instructed. "Blast the jig with the flash and throw it down the hole." Thirty-six feet below, the pout attacked the glowing lures. Sunday morning, Camp Cod reported back to tournament headquarters with 96 eelpout (out of the 568 total for the tournament).

"Camp Cod is blowing everybody away," Judge Berry said, sliding another slippery lawyer onto his butcher's scale. When the contest ended, Camp Cod had won the Team Tonnage title again, with 551 pounds, 11 ounces of eelpout, which would be filleted and donated to a local nursing home. Despite the size of the Camp Cod catch, the team didn't catch the biggest pout. That achievement belonged to Mike Peterson of nearby Hackensack, who caught an 11-pound, 10-ounce burbot that looked as if it had swallowed a shot-put shot. At the award ceremony Bresley held up the fish, eyed it dubiously and declared it the winner. An audience that recognizes a champion pout when it sees one congratulated the winner with the muffled sound of hundreds of clapping mittens. ■

Free-lance writer Greg Breining didn't mind losing sleep for the sake of this story.

Being a good neighbor is good banking.

Your Full Service Bank® knows that it's good business to reinvest in the future of your community.

That's why you'll find banks involved in so many projects that benefit their hometowns.

Example?

In the small town of Oneonta New York, the Main Street business area had seen its better days.

To help turn the problem around, Wilber National Bank worked with local businessmen, as well as community development groups, to provide affordable apartment housing through the revitalization of aging warehouse space and the rehabbing of upper floors of many Main Street buildings.

They financed new stores, too. And as a result, small retailers found the district more attractive and economical.

The net result has been a revitalized downtown district that is helping make Oneonta a better place to live!

Want to know more about the many ways this good neighbor policy is helping people in your community?

Why not talk to a banker at your *own* Full Service Bank?

American Bankers Association
1120 Connecticut Avenue N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

A FULL SERVICE BANK
FDIC
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

America's Full Service Banks. We believe being a good neighbor is good business!

INVISIBLE. SI

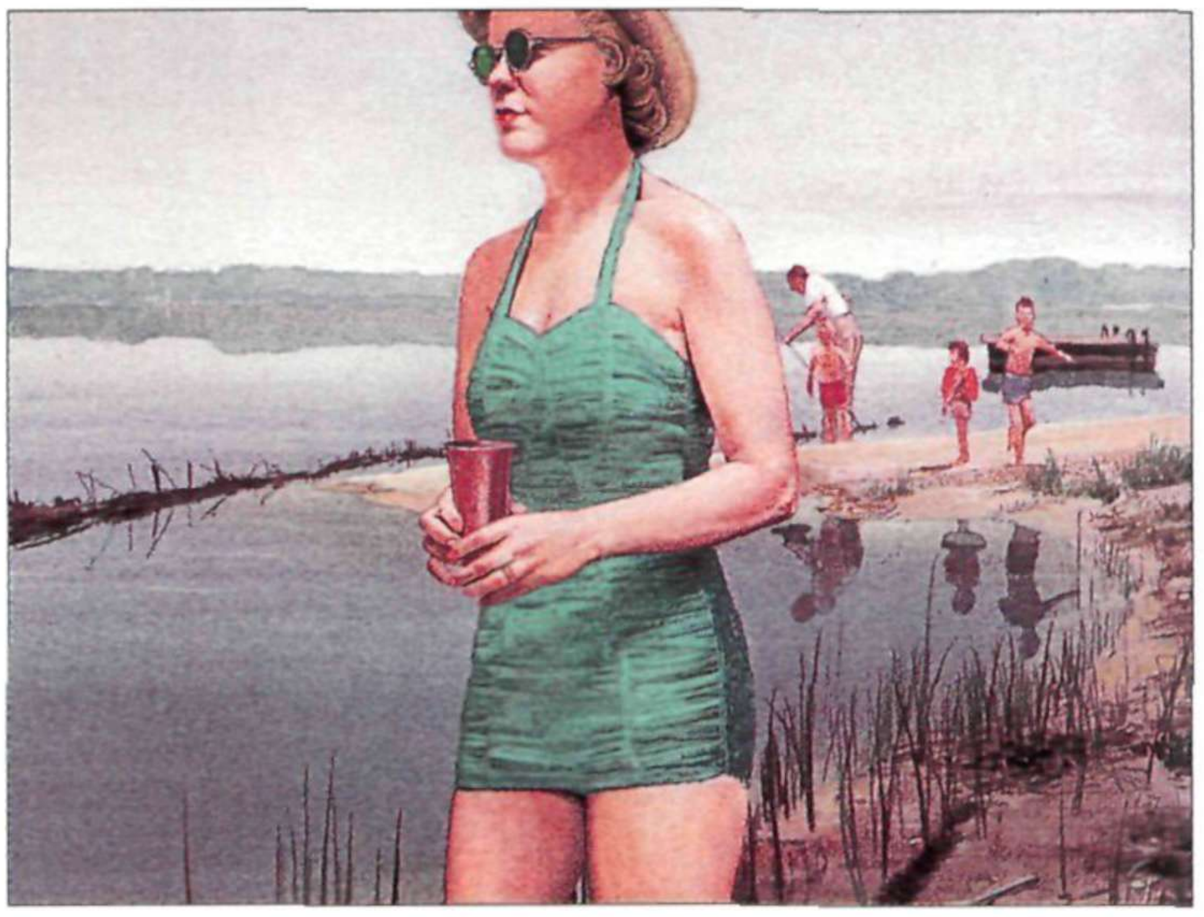
LENT. STOLEN.

THE HUNT IS ON.

3-2-90

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

TM & COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY



AUNT VIRGINIA'S GREEN SWIMSUIT

BY PENNY WARD MOSER

My sister says the problem with today's swimsuits is that "they always snag in the butt." The chlorine in my Jacuzzi eats mine. A swimsuit is—next to the toothbrush—the single most forgettable item to pack. There was, in fact, a Holiday Inn in Topeka, Kans., that sold disposable swimsuits from a vending machine at poolside.

Whatever their reasons, American women bought more than 42 million swimsuits last year—some $900 million worth. I suspect that something more than snags, chlorine or travel-emergency shopping is at work here.

The real truth is that each summer, as hope springs eternal, women approach racks of swimsuits with the tiny little hope that there is one, hanging there special-like, that will call softly, "I can make you look like Elle Macpherson."

We are the women of the '90s—toned, tanned, affluent tofu-eaters who believe that much exercise and a teeny bit of Lycra can lead us to beach perfection.

It was not always this way. There was a time when a swimsuit could become a sort of trusted family friend. I know just such a suit. At the moment it is sleeping in a dresser drawer in Bartlett, Ill. But when it comes out this summer, my Aunt Virginia's jade-green, size-36, all-nylon Jantzen will be 40 years old.

My earliest memory of the green swimsuit was the day it solved the fish-bait crisis with pimientos.

It was 1959. Brigitte Bardot was popularizing the bikini at Saint-Tropez. Cheryl Tiegs was headed for seventh grade. Christie Brinkley was a Malibu toddler. And I was a 10-year-old who stood, fishing rod in hand, by a pond in southern Wisconsin, out of worms. The mud turtles had nibbled them all away. I'd had my sights set on catching a batch of bluegills, which, when secured in a bucket on the floor of our DeSoto, would make the two-hour trek back to my family's farm in northern Illinois. There they would live happily in a watering tank. But no bait, no bluegills.

To the rescue came, as she has for several decades, my Aunt Virginia.

My father's sister Virginia was our symbol of summer fun: the team captain, the hand that fed, our deus ex machina. A pretty woman (I always thought she looked a lot like Susan Hayward), she had been swept off her feet by my darkly handsome Uncle Mike at a carnival in 1937 when, as he tells it, he took dead aim with a baseball and knocked five milk bottles off a shelf to win a teddy bear for her. She remembers that he won the bear playing bingo, but none of this is important. What is important is that at 71, Aunt Virginia has been married to Uncle Mike, a cement contractor, for 49 years. They have three children, 10 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She has raised ponies, raccoons and a crow. Through all of my memory, she has been a saint. And through all of my memory, she has had the same swimsuit.

Old Green is a one-piece, very decent suit—the sort that Donna Reed or Harriet Nelson might have worn. It is made of heavy cloth, smartly gathered so as not to reveal lumps and bumps. It has no true skirt, but its low-cut legs are very demure.

On the day of the bait crisis, my Aunt Virginia and the green suit were standing by the picnic table shooing black flies off the potato salad and wrestling with a bowl of Jell-O. "Aunt Virginia, do you have anything I could use for bait?" my skinny little cane-poled self asked. "Something sort of bright colored?"

Now this is where I was in luck, because my aunt, who evidently figured war might break out or something equally hideous could occur whenever we were more than 10 minutes from home, always packed enough food to hold us for a week or so. She surveyed the table, reached for a jar and, with a fork, a metal fork—these were no fast-food picnics—removed the pimientos from a dozen Spanish olives. Instant worms!

That night, with a little help from gas-station air hoses along highway 47, a bucketful of bluegills and one pimiento-loving bullhead made it safely to the cow tank.

Picnics, pony rides, camping, rock climbs. Aunt Virginia, and the green bathing suit, would usually be there. She was the one who would work cheerfully at 2 a.m. to get the rocks from under the tent floor. She would be the first one with the citronella when the big mosquitoes came. She would bravely fry bacon in a five-pound iron pan over a struggling wood fire in the pouring rain. She would be the one to halt those brushes with homicide that are incumbent with cousinhood. And she made sure that no matter what the circumstances, none of us ever, ever, ran out of the staff of life: Ritz Crackers, Oreos and Fannie May candy.

When I called my Aunt Virginia from my home in Washington, D.C., recently to inquire into the green suit's health, Uncle Mike reported that my aunt was

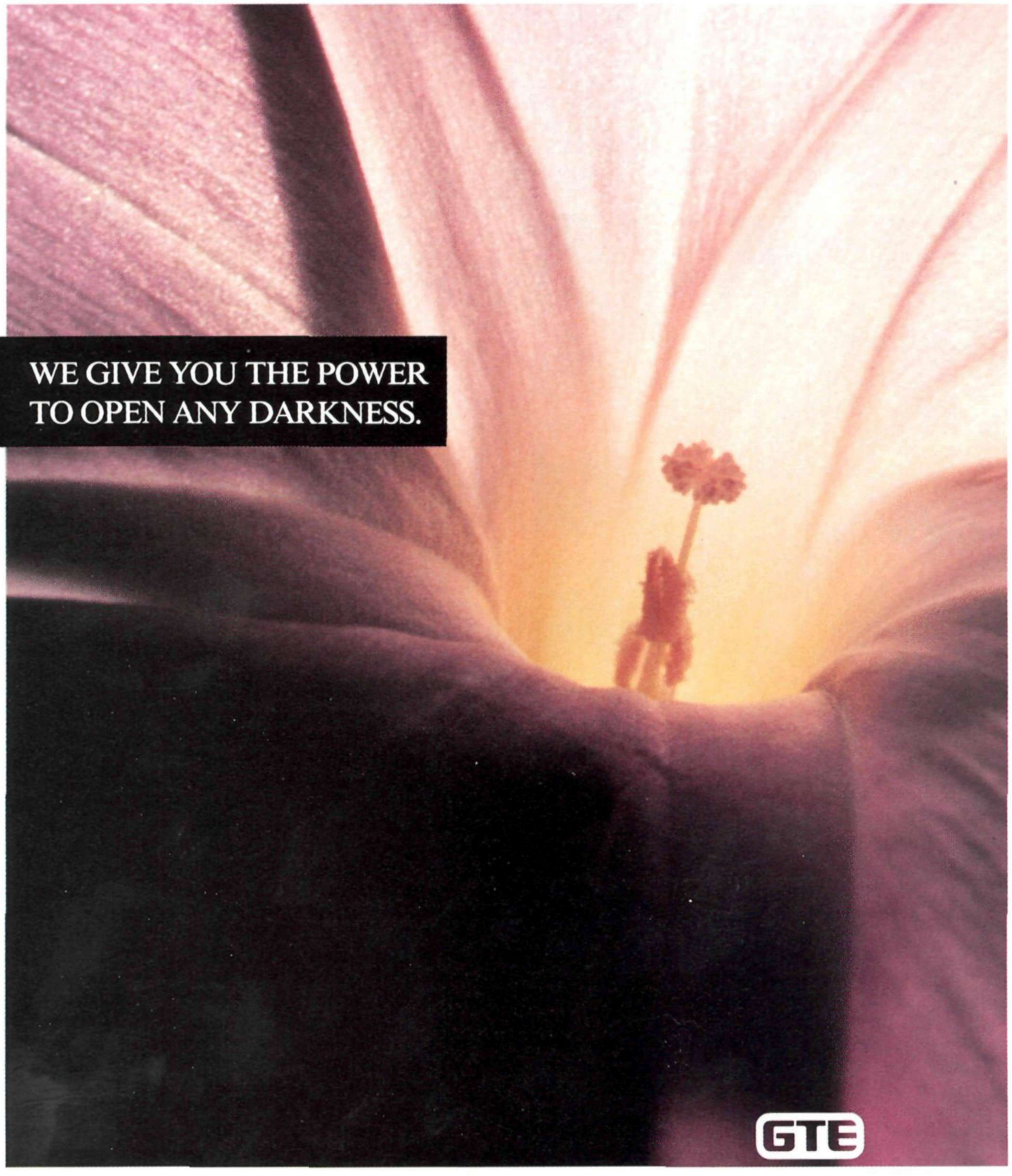
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.F. PAYNE

Light. It is magical. Powerful. Essential.

At GTE, our Sylvania engineers have introduced more lighting innovations to the U.S. than anyone in the past ten years. Halogen lighting technology for the automotive industry, for one example.

To illuminate the facts of science, brighten the arenas of sports and business, create the warm glow that means "home," at GTE we give you the power of Sylvania light in six thousand ways.

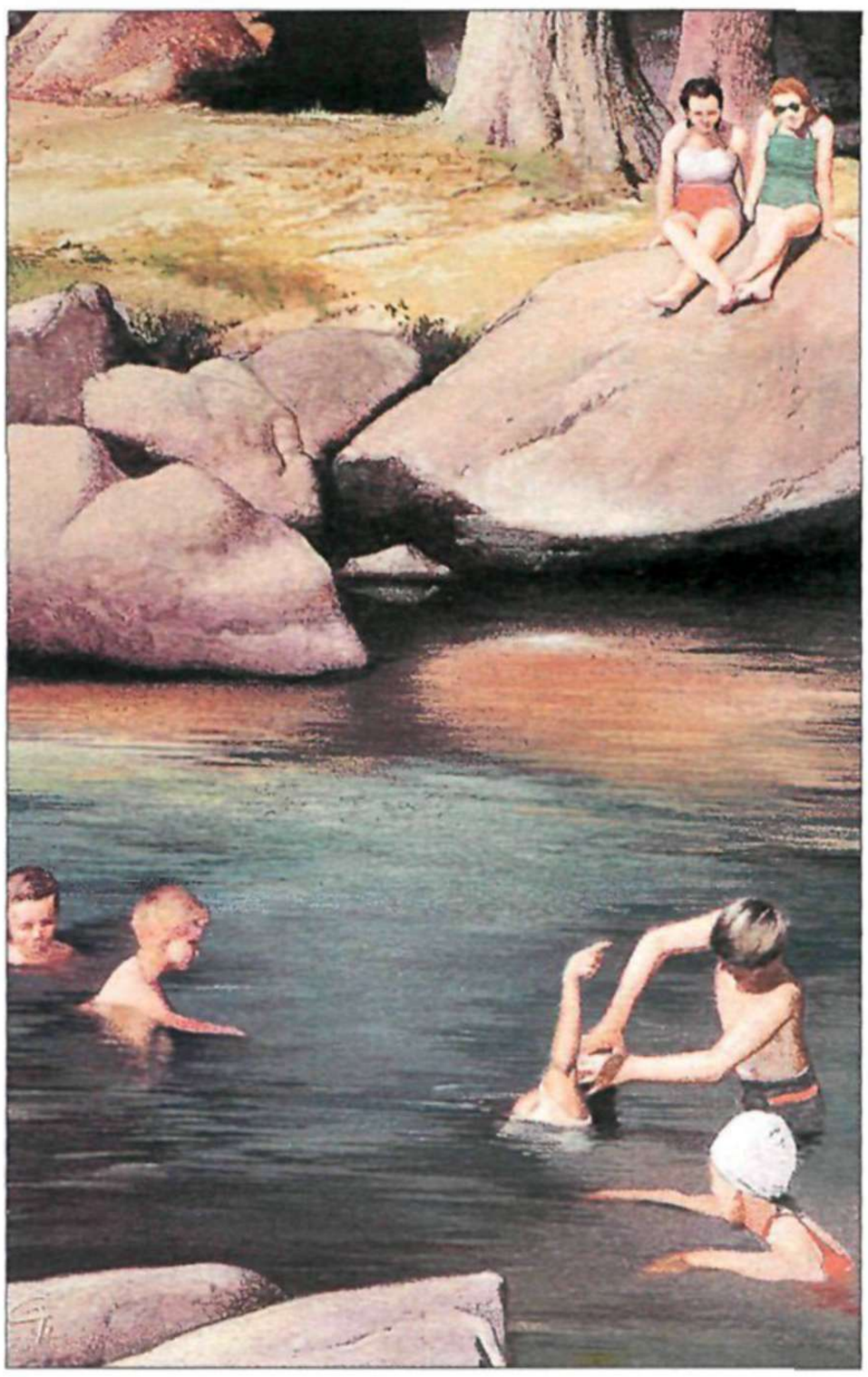
Because at GTE, the power is on.



THE POWER IS ON

cleaning the garage. The call was special to me, because not only was the suit just fine, but also the fact that Aunt Virginia was cleaning the garage let me know everything was right with the world.

On one of my visits to this house, where Santa Claus used to bring gifts before the blazing fireplace, the green swimsuit was awakened from its winter sleep and placed gently on a hanger for the occasion. I brought it from the hall and hung it on the mantle. Just to see it was to hear my aunt's voice cry out over the decades: "If you kids don't stop doing that, *right now*. . . ."



In retrospect, a summer day in the life of my Aunt Virginia and her green suit, particularly if we were camping, must have been so much fun for her that I don't know why she didn't just step in front of a train in late spring. First of all, there were always about seven kids on every trek: my sister and me; my three cousins—Aunt Virginia's children—Mickey, Bobby and Judy; and a couple of loaners for the weekend. We had in our possession a giant, extremely homely tent that Uncle Mike, ever watchful for a bargain, had gotten for a song. It had been, I'm sure, state of the art during the Spanish-American War, and it could easily be lifted and set up by a dozen soldiers over three days. It had four rooms and could have comfortably slept 16. Comfortably, that is, if we hadn't always pitched it over tree roots and rocks that were invisible by day but grew to a height of several feet by sundown. Probably the sleeping bag had been invented by the late '50s, but not for us. My Aunt Virginia would haul from the car stacks upon stacks of cushions and blankets. Then, many nights, just as we all had settled in over the roots and rocks, it would rain. Not a gentle rain, but a Midwestern summer-night deluge. In fact, the uncanny way the rain would find our campsite makes me think today that had we been around to pitch our tents during the dust bowl days, we could have saved Kansas.

Leak-proof tents had probably been invented by then, too; ours, however, was not one of them. The next morning, my Aunt Virginia, having rested comfortably for all of half an hour, would haul great mounds of soggy bedding out to the clothesline. But not before she did solitary battle with wet kindling and big, cast-iron skillets.

"What I remember most about the green swimsuit," my cousin Judy, now 44 and the mother of two, says, "was looking out of the tent in the morning and seeing it hanging from the line while my mother tried to get the bacon to fry."

The rest of us would be too cold, too wet or too tired to move. But Aunt Virginia, ever-preparing to feed, would be out there in the mud, fanning the fire with an old *Reader's Digest*, picking ashes out of the bacon, breaking eggs into a bowl. As we emerged, each got a big hug and a smile. She was looking forward, I suppose, to doing about a hundred dishes by hand at a cold water pump after breakfast.

The real fun would start when we would don our swimsuits, pack up half the campsite and drive down to the shore. These were the innocent days before lawyers, when there were big metal water slides, sharp rocks jutting out from the shore, and water-ski jumps. Wisconsin lakes never really get toasty warm, but we didn't care. Swimming was about the most fun a bunch of dryland kids could have. And swim we did.

Our love of water led to big battles over food. We kids were not allowed to swim for an hour after we ate, lest we be struck by the dreaded "cramps." Seeing this as a wasted hour, we would decide not to eat. But since I come from a family that does not think it is healthy to go long periods of time—maybe 90 minutes tops—without eating, and since my Aunt Virginia had transported shoreside enough food to feed Poland, we ate.

After an appropriate wait, we would swim, fight, slide, fight, swim and generally have so much fun that we would not notice that our body core temperatures had dipped to around 60°. But always at the right moment, just ahead of the paramedics, the green swimsuit would come walking to the water's edge. "You kids get out of that water! Your lips are all purple!" my aunt would shout. We would feign deafness. "You kids are freezing to death. You're all going to be sick. Get up here *right now*!" She would say it again, louder. And again. When finally the green swimsuit strode almost into the water, we knew she meant business. We would stagger out, dry off, shiver until we turned pink again, then race right back in.

My cousin Bobby, now 42, points out that one reason the old green suit looks so good today is that it hardly ever got wet. Well, mostly this was true. One memorable time it did get wet, as I reminded him recently, and that was when it saved me from drowning—which I was doing largely because Bobby was pushing my head into the bottom

of the lake with his foot. I recall his explanation at the time was that he wanted to find out "how long it would take for bubbles to quit coming up."

Now, to understand all this, you have to understand that there is a natural pecking order among cousins, of which I have 15. The general rule of thumb is that the bigger kids pick on the littler kids. Bobby's older brother, Mickey, picked on him once by tying Bobby's feet together, throwing the rope over a basement pipe and bouncing Bobby's head on the cement floor. To become a fully developed adult, Bobby thus had to pick on us girls. I was the orneriest, and *therefore the best prey. But I did not* drown easily, and when I struggled to the surface for air, to be made into more bubbles, I yelled my head off.

In addition to my momentary dilemma, I was so nearsighted that the people on the shore were indistinguishable. This is why, I think, the green swimsuit is so indelibly etched in my mind. It was only when I saw a figure wearing a jade-green, size-36, all-nylon Jantzen moving into the water that I knew for sure I had been saved.

Bobby was severely reprimanded for the bubble incident, we were hauled to the shore, and we made up over Ritz Crackers, Oreos and Fannie May candy. Later, I poured a cup of water into his snorkel, which made him cough for a good hour.

Toward dusk, after my Aunt Virginia had boiled corn and fried hamburgers, done another hundred dishes at the pump and put the now-dry bedding back into the giant tent, we would all settle down and toast marshmallows. The mother green suit, alongside all the little suits, would reflect the campfire's glow. My aunt would yawn a lot. We would tell ghost stories.

It was at just such a mesmerizing moment in 1964 that I, not paying attention, looked up to see my flaming marshmallow fall off the stick. In a flash, I reached out my hand and caught it. Holding a burning marshmallow in the palm of your hand is not a good idea. Even when you shake it off, the marshgoo sticks to the palm and keeps on burning. But our heroine leapt, bone tired, into action like a deer at dawn. Out of the traveling pharmacy that my Aunt Virginia packed for such occasions (the summer before, my sister had stepped on someone's barbecue coals) came the burn salve. I was healed. We all crawled into the tent and arranged ourselves among the roots and rocks. Thunder rumbled in the distance.

In 1968, SI celebrated its fifth swimsuit issue by venturing to Bora Bora. Three-year-old Paulina Porizkova saw her parents flee Czechoslovakia. I went off to college in Iowa. My days with the green swimsuit ended. But I was replaced. My cousin Mickey married and had five kids. Judy married and had two. And so it went.

"*I did buy a new suit to go to Hawaii* in 1976," my Aunt Viginia said recently. "But it didn't hold up. I went back to the green one."

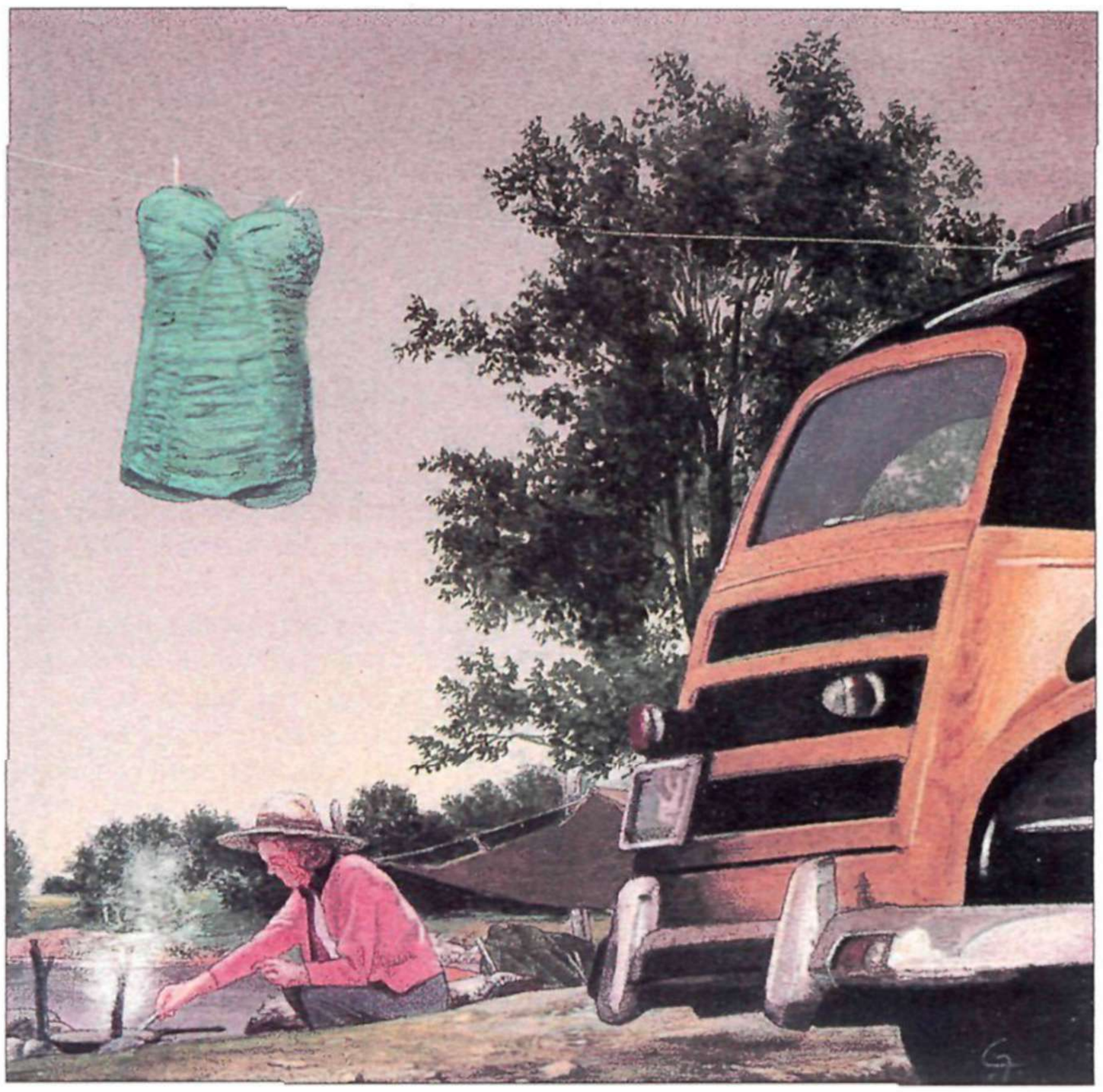
Now some people might ask how my aunt has managed to fit into the same suit for 40 years. There are two reasons. One is that she diets between binges of Ritz Crackers, Oreos and Fannie May candy. The other is that the suit has given a little over the years. My cousin Judy, who has gone from snuggly round to a little more snuggly round, wears the suit to mow her mother's lawn. Looking at it hanging on the mantle, Judy said, "That suit can handle about a 60-pound range. It's been through thick and thin and thick again."

My cousin Bobby, by the way, became a high school baseball star. He met and married a smart, pretty girl, and they have three children. It was with these children, in fact, that the green suit went swimming last summer. Next summer, my cousin Mickey's grandchildren—my Aunt Virginia's great grandchildren—will be old enough to swim, too. There will be plenty of food, and *everyone will be perfectly safe.*

I hope that this family, the memories and the green suit go on forever. Says cousin Judy, "It is a real symbol of stability in this family."

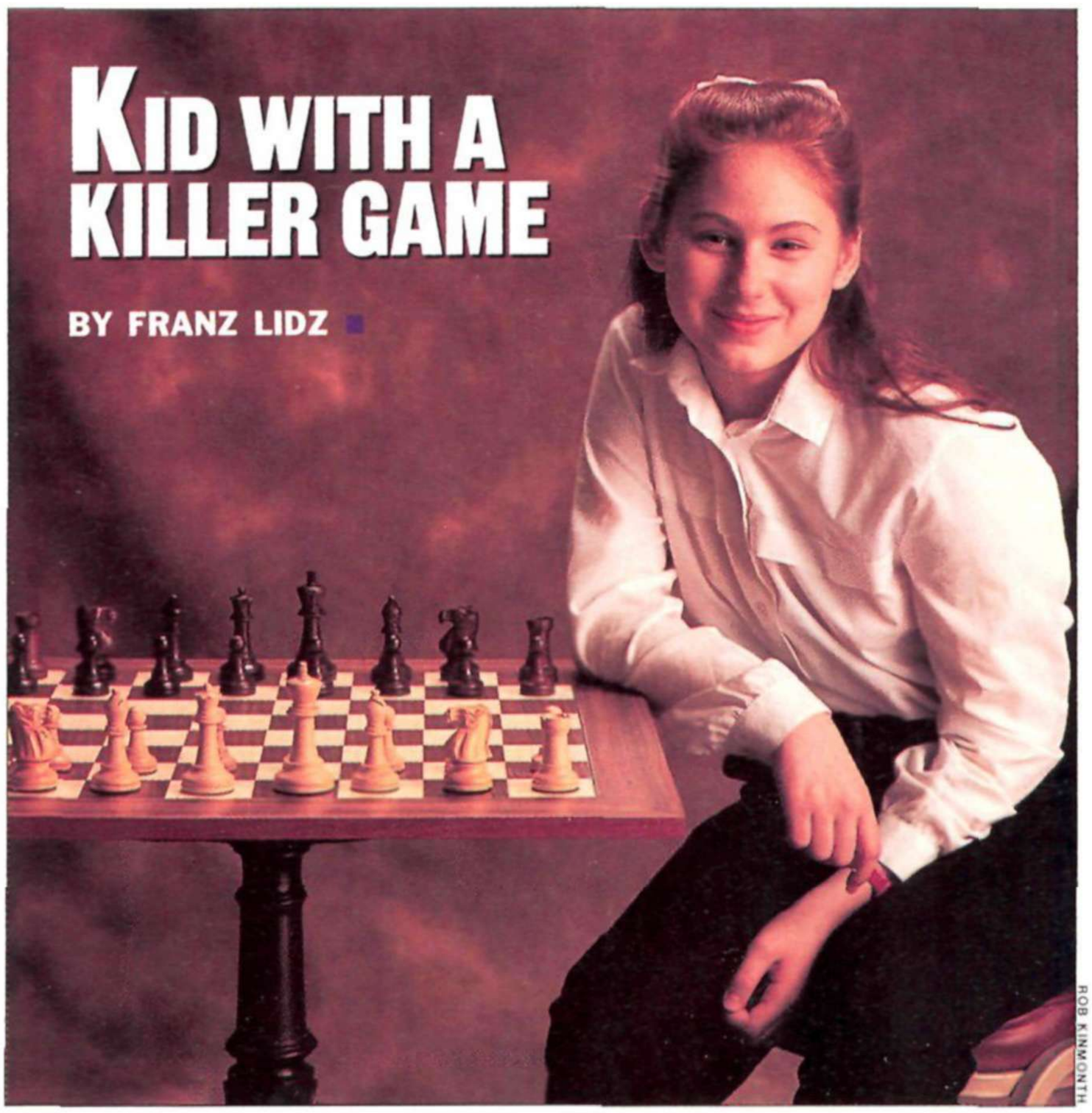
It is also, sleeping there in Bartlett with its MADE IN THE U.S.A. label still secure in a seam, a real tribute to American workmanship.

Forty years ago this summer, when my aunt got the suit from a friend, it was secondhand. ■



KID WITH A KILLER GAME

BY FRANZ LIDZ ■



ROB KINMONTH

Judit's sweet, placid demeanor belies her delight in "ka-rushing" older, male opponents.

Frowning at the board, the grizzled Yugoslav chess player stabbed cigarette after unfiltered cigarette into an ashtray. Across the table—actually *under* the table—10-year-old Judit Polgar of Hungary hugged her teddy bear, seemingly uninterested in the game. The Yugoslav fingered the scar that ran the length of his cheek, dropped his hand to the board and tentatively moved a knight. Judit popped up and grabbed the knight with her rook. Her opponent howled in anguish, and she returned to play with her teddy. "Well-mannered and correct players, who react the same if they win or lose, are often reduced by Judit to mental jelly," observes former *Chess Life* editor Larry Parr, commenting on a game he watched in 1987.

Three years later, Judit is the chess world's enfant terrible and its youngest international master ever. With 2,555 points, she ranks 60th among all active players. "Judit is one of the three or four greatest chess prodigies in history," says British grand master Nigel Short, who is ranked third in the world.

Even more extraordinary is that Judit's sisters, Zsusza, 20, and Zsofi, 15, are nearly her match. "Before the Polgars came along, it was commonly believed—by men—that women couldn't play the game," says Short. Yet Short remains skeptical of how successful women can be at chess. "You've got to understand that not only has no woman been brought up in circumstances similar to the Polgars'," he says, "but virtually no man has, either."

The Polgars are products of an "experiment" conducted by their father, Laszlo, a retired psychologist and teacher. He decided not simply to teach his daughters chess but also to build their education around it.

A small, bearded man who fidgets constantly when he talks, Laszlo plotted his daughters' careers as carefully as a queen's Indian defense. "The secret is specialization," says Laszlo, who battled government officials for the right to educate his children at home. From age four, all three girls systematically studied chess, math and languages. Under Laszlo's tutelage, Zsusza mastered Russian by age five and English a year later.

Judit's favorite English word seems to be "ka-rushed," as in: "He blundered and I ka-rushed him." She's an engagingly modest, faintly giggly girl whose conversation is so cautious and well-considered that it takes on an imperious quality. At the board, she maintains the same relaxed pose and noncommittal expression whether she is winning or losing the match. But opponents seem transfixed by her cool, gray eyes. The histrionic world champion, Gary Kasparov, may be terrifying to opponents, but Judit is surely baffling.

Judit is not merely endowed with exceptional chess vision; she also plays a highly aggressive game. "She has a great combinative feel," Short says. "That's one area where women are usually weaker than men."

The Polgars disparage female-only tournaments and rarely play other women. "Segregation perpetuates the inequality of performance between men and women," says Laszlo, who demands and usually gets hefty sums for exhibitions and interviews with foreign journalists. Females, Laszlo insists, aren't competitive enough for his daughters.

Judit's biggest obstacle is the overweening chauvinism of male players. "It's inevitable that nature will work against her, and very soon," says Kasparov. "She has fantastic chess talent, but she is, after all, a woman. It all comes down to the imperfections of the feminine psyche. No woman can sustain a prolonged battle. She's fighting a habit of centuries and centuries and centuries, from the beginning of the world. She will be a great grand master, but she will never be a *great* grand master."

At last year's New York Open, international grand master Alonso Zapata of Colombia refused to concede he was losing to Judit even when his position was hopeless. He played on, to the point of rudeness, for 20 moves before resigning. After the inevitable defeat, Zapata sat at the board with his head bowed for another 10 minutes. Off in a corner, Judit's mother, Klara, sat knitting, a chess-world Madame Defarge. ■

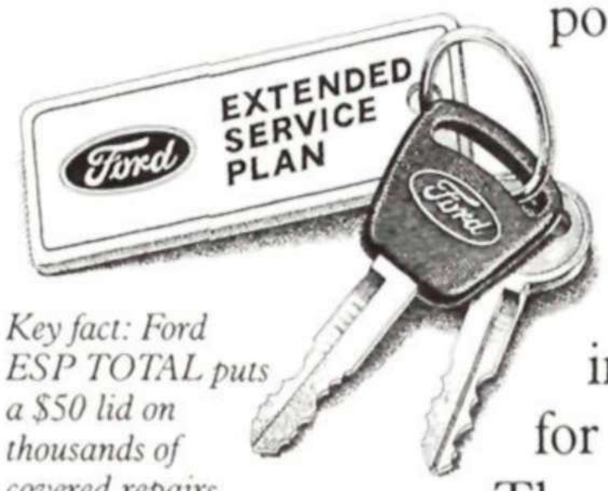
There's an even better way to protect your new car. It's called Ford ESP.

Major car repairs don't have to be a major expense. The Ford Extended Service Plan surrounds you with Peace of Mind.℠

Building the right service plan means ensuring that you get solid protection flexible enough to fit your vehicle and your pocketbook.

We've built that into Ford ESP.

For example, Ford ESP TOTAL can give you comprehensive coverage on thousands of repairs, including high-tech components, for up to six years or 100,000 miles. There's even towing and rental car reimbursements for covered repairs.*



Key fact: Ford ESP TOTAL puts a $50 lid on thousands of covered repairs.

There are lots of extended service plans, but only one is backed by Ford Motor Company and serviced by certified Ford technicians. Make sure you ask for the genuine article: Ford ESP.

Stop by any Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer, or call 1-800-FORD-ESP. And you'll see why the customer is still king.

QUALITY CARE FOR QUALITY CARS℠

FORD
MERCURY
LINCOLN

*In Hawaii, rules vary. See dealer for details.

©1990 Ford Motor Company

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

A TRANSPLANT FOR THE COACH

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN ■

In 1987 Kullen wondered if he would ever see his Wildcats again, let alone coach them.

The '88–89 comeback of the year in college hockey had nothing to do with wins or losses or dramatic slap shots in overtime. In fact, the University of New Hampshire won only 12 games while losing 22, which wasn't a grand improvement over the previous season's 7-20-3 record.

Still, UNH had a pretty fascinating season. In August 1987 Wildcat hockey coach Bob Kullen, the victim of a rare blood disorder that had severely damaged his heart, had been told by doctors that he was going to die. Then, at the 59th minute of the 11th hour, he received a new heart. The disease did not reappear, and only a few months later Kullen strolled over to a Wildcat afternoon practice. "Hey," said one player after another, "look over there. Kully's back!"

Kullen, 40, grew up in Milton, Mass., a town in the hockey-mad greater Boston area. Never big but always scrappy, Kullen played both football and hockey while at Bowdoin College. "I wasn't flashy," he recalls. "But I loved to check." Charlie Holt, who was UNH's hockey coach for 18 years before Kullen took over in 1986, remembers a compact, hard-hitting defenseman. "Kully was good, and he had his own style," says Holt. "Back around 1970, there was this thing we called the Kully Check. He'd slide in low, throw the hip and clean the guy out. I taught that check for years, after watching Kully."

Kullen was named All-America in '71, his senior year at Bowdoin, then rode his hip check to a spot on the national team and won a silver medal at the 1972 Olympics. He hacked around the old New England Hockey League for a while, and in 1973 he took a job coaching hockey at Lawrence Academy in Groton, Mass. After four seasons, Kullen's record was 60-18-1, and in 1978 Holt brought him to UNH as an assistant.

In Durham, a town a few miles from the New Hampshire seacoast, Kullen fell into a most agreeable life-style. He skated hard with the team during practice, as Holt watched from the boards. Kullen developed a passion for golf, and for three seasons coached the UNH golf team. For five he coached the soccer team, leading the Wildcats to their first-ever Yankee Conference title. He took up squash and played three vigorous games a week. On days when he didn't play, he jogged a four-mile loop during lunch hour. "I weighed 155 pounds," Kullen says, "just a couple over my playing weight in college, and I was probably as fit as I've ever been."

After eight years as Holt's assistant, Kullen took over a young team in '86–87 and suffered through an 8-27-3 season. "That's O.K.," he thought as he looked toward the following year. "Now I'll do some hard recruiting." But as he started to throw himself into building the team, things went wrong.

"I was in really great shape," Kullen says. "I was feeling good, all pumped up about being head coach, and then, suddenly, I try to go out and run and I *can't*. I would go to the squash court, and I'd have to sit down against the wall. My partner would say, 'What the hell's going on?' "

Kullen had no answer, and neither did the doctors at UNH Health Services, who ran tests on him during the spring of '87: chest X-rays, electrocardiograms, stress tests. The results indicated a slightly enlarged heart, but doctors couldn't tell him much beyond that.

On May 11, 1987, Kullen reported to work. He would not return for 15 months. "I was walking up the stairs to my office with a recruit and—*bang!*—I fainted. I fell right on my face and ended up with a black eye. The poor kid, he is from Thunder Bay, Ontario, and he's been on campus for 10 minutes and doesn't even know where he is, and now he's got to run and find someone, 'cause he's got a passed-out hockey coach on his hands.

IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
The perfect tan.
Tanqueray.® A singular experience.™
For a 20" x 28" poster of ad, send $5 check or money order (no cash) payable to: Perfect Tan Print/P.O. Box 4314 / Syosset, NY 11791-4314.
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., N.Y., NY

FOR IDEAL CARE OF THINNING HAIR,

PROGAINE STANDS ALONE.

Upjohn

A leader in the research and care of thinning hair.

"We got the kid, though. Pat Szturm, a goalie, he ended up coming."

After the incident, the university doctors referred Kullen to the Lahey Clinic in Burlington, Mass., a place renowned for its diagnostic facilities. For four days in May, Kullen was given test after test. On the night before he was to receive the results, he was visited in his hospital room by Dr. Rob Malacoff. "He said, 'It could be this, could be that, it's probably this. There's a *remote* possibility it could be this other thing, but that's very, very rare.' " The next morning, Malacoff returned, and Kullen could tell by the look on his face that the news wasn't good. "He said, 'Well, it's the absolute worst. This is the disease you have—amyloidosis. There's no treatment for it. I don't know how long it will take, but it will get worse. And it's fatal.' " (Amyloidosis is a buildup of protein in the heart that prevents its muscle fibers from functioning normally.)

Kullen faced the task of buoying up his parents and fiancée, then UNH women's sports information director and now interim women's athletic director Cathy Derrick, even as he faced the prospect of losing them. He was released and tried to resume parts of his usual routine. He found he could get through a round of golf, and so he signed up for the annual UNH coaches' outing on Cape Cod in June. Kullen grew fatigued on that trip, and ended up spending 10 days in a New Hampshire hospital with pneumonia.

After being released, he was constantly tired, and decided to stay at home. He was also losing weight each week and developing new aches. The crisis came in late July 1987. Down to 119 pounds and suffering again from pneumonia, he checked back into the Lahey Clinic. It was the pneumonia that nearly killed him; because of his deteriorating heart, he wasn't strong enough to fight the fluid buildup in his lungs. Each evening for five days the doctors told his family that Kullen probably wouldn't live until daybreak, and each morning they warned that he might not last until night.

After nearly a week, Kullen regained full consciousness. "I remember saying to the doctor as soon as I was revived, 'Look, if this heart's not working, what about getting a new one?' "

Malacoff had considered a transplant, but had doubted that Kullen was strong enough to survive the surgery. Nevertheless, he petitioned several hospitals, and Presbyterian Hospital in Pittsburgh immediately accepted Kullen as a candidate. Unfortunately, the first heart available was too small, and Kullen was wheeled from the operating room back to his room. Three days later, on Aug. 29, he made the trip again, and this time received a new heart.

After a postoperative bout with a virus, Kullen started to gain weight and strength. "All fall it was a real gradual recovery," says Kullen. "I'd do 200 yards walking, then build up to a mile, two miles." He was getting himself in shape for Dec. 19. "We had put the wedding off for six months," he says, "and now I had to ask the doctors if I'd be strong enough to do it before Christmas. They said, 'Sure, you'll be skating in a month.' " He pauses, then continues slowly, "December 19th—that was an unbelievable day. It was snowing a little, a beautiful day. Christmas was coming. We got hitched right here on campus, and 250 friends came. It was something I had never dared to dream about."

It was about that time that Kullen took his first stroll by hockey practice. *"Look over there. Kully's back!"* Of course, he wasn't really. Holt and Kullen's assistant, Dave O'Connor, had agreed to split the coaching duties during the '87–88 season. "I didn't want to do it," says Holt. "But it seemed kind of important that Kully see UNH people doing it, so he wouldn't think his job was gone."

Not everyone thought Kullen should return. Hockey is everything to Wildcat fans, so while UNH backers throughout New Hampshire were happy that Kully was recovering, not all of them were sure they wanted a frail Kullen back as coach.

His superiors didn't hang out any welcome-home signs, either. "I had set my goals for '88: to get better and better, stronger and stronger, and to return to coaching," says Kullen. "But I found right away that there were some concerns about liability, about me passing out. My status as an employee was that I was on total disability [leave], and so I had to reapply for my job."

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

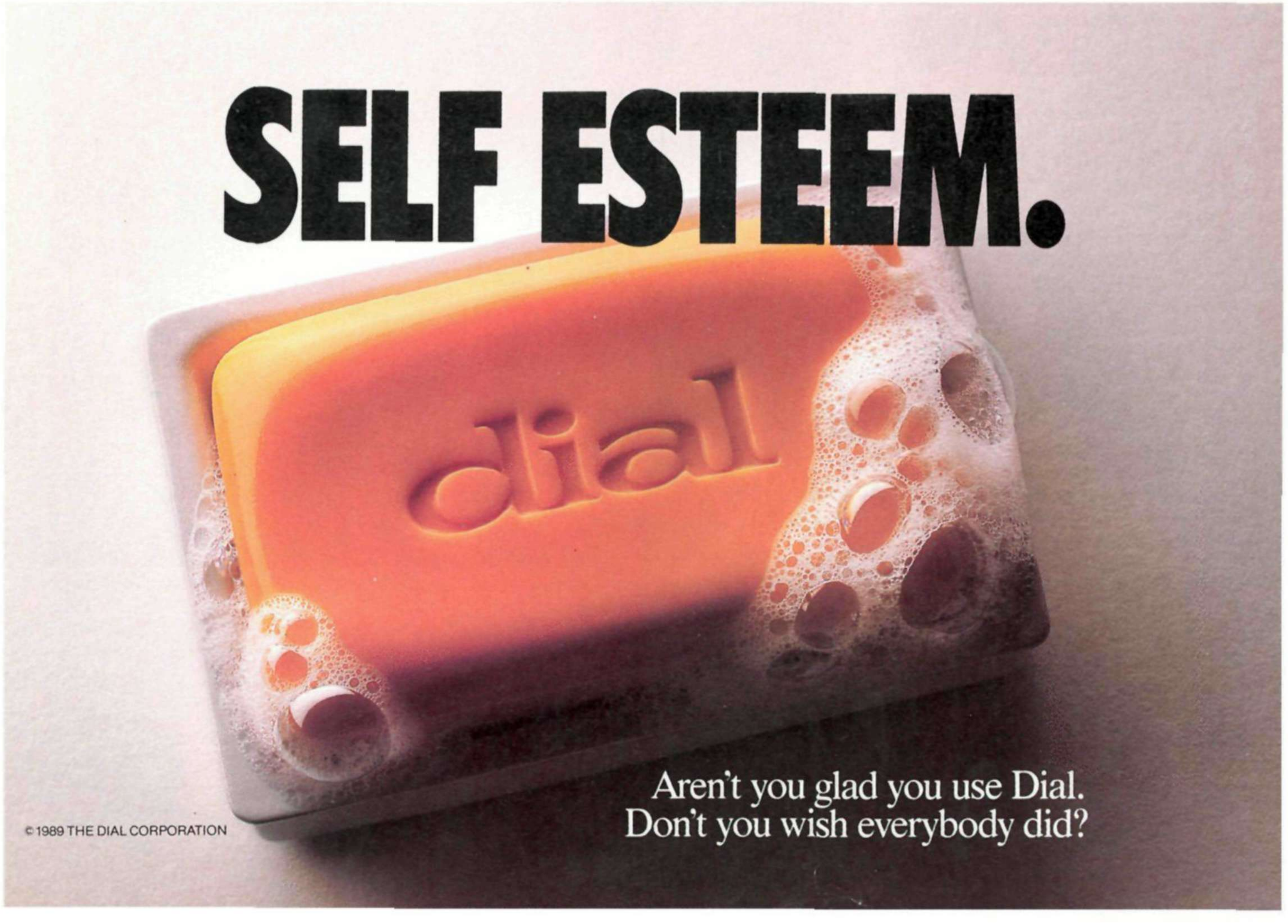
In late '87, Cathy and Bob were married on the UNH campus.

One afternoon Kullen found the UNH coaching position advertised in a local newspaper. He was hurt—and also determined to prove himself fit for the job. In the spring of '88 he was all over Durham, walking everywhere and getting in four or five rounds of golf each week at the Cocheco Country Club. He didn't look like a person who was a health risk, and finally, that summer, he was renamed the Wildcat hockey coach. On Sept. 26, 1988, he greeted his team at the season's first practice. "Men, it's good to be back," he said simply. "Now we're going to start with some one-on-ones. . . ."

"Having him back helped a lot of players," says Tim Shields, the UNH captain for '88–89. "Everyone was aware of what he had accomplished. The best part was, he was the same—a calm guy, friendly, skating around, doing the Ickey Shuffle in practice the week before the Super Bowl. Maybe he was a bit more careful when someone shot the puck at him, but basically he was the same. The players saw this, and they got a lift from it."

In fact, though the Wildcats' record that season was 12–22, the team fared better than it had in the previous three years, and by mid-January of this season, the Wildcats were ranked 13th in the NCAA Division I hockey poll with a 10-7-5 record.

Kullen, who has always been an even-tempered, undemonstrative coach, agrees with his players that outwardly things had appeared the same. But subtle changes had occurred. "As far as hockey goes," he says, "the entire ordeal was like taking a sabbatical. You know, coaching can tend to consume you. That's not the way it should be. Don't get me wrong—I still plan and think and work hard, but I'm more on an even keel about it. Nothing is that awful anymore about a loss, and nothing's that wonderful about a win. Everything's pretty good. The only wonderful thing, truly wonderful, is being here." ■



GOOD NEWS

Memory Restored For 17 Million!

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURES NEW LOOK FOR ELLIS ISLAND, WHERE 17 MILLION IMMIGRANTS STEPPED ASHORE.

Most people relate insurance only to disasters.

But insurance allows a multitude of good things to happen day after day, year after year.

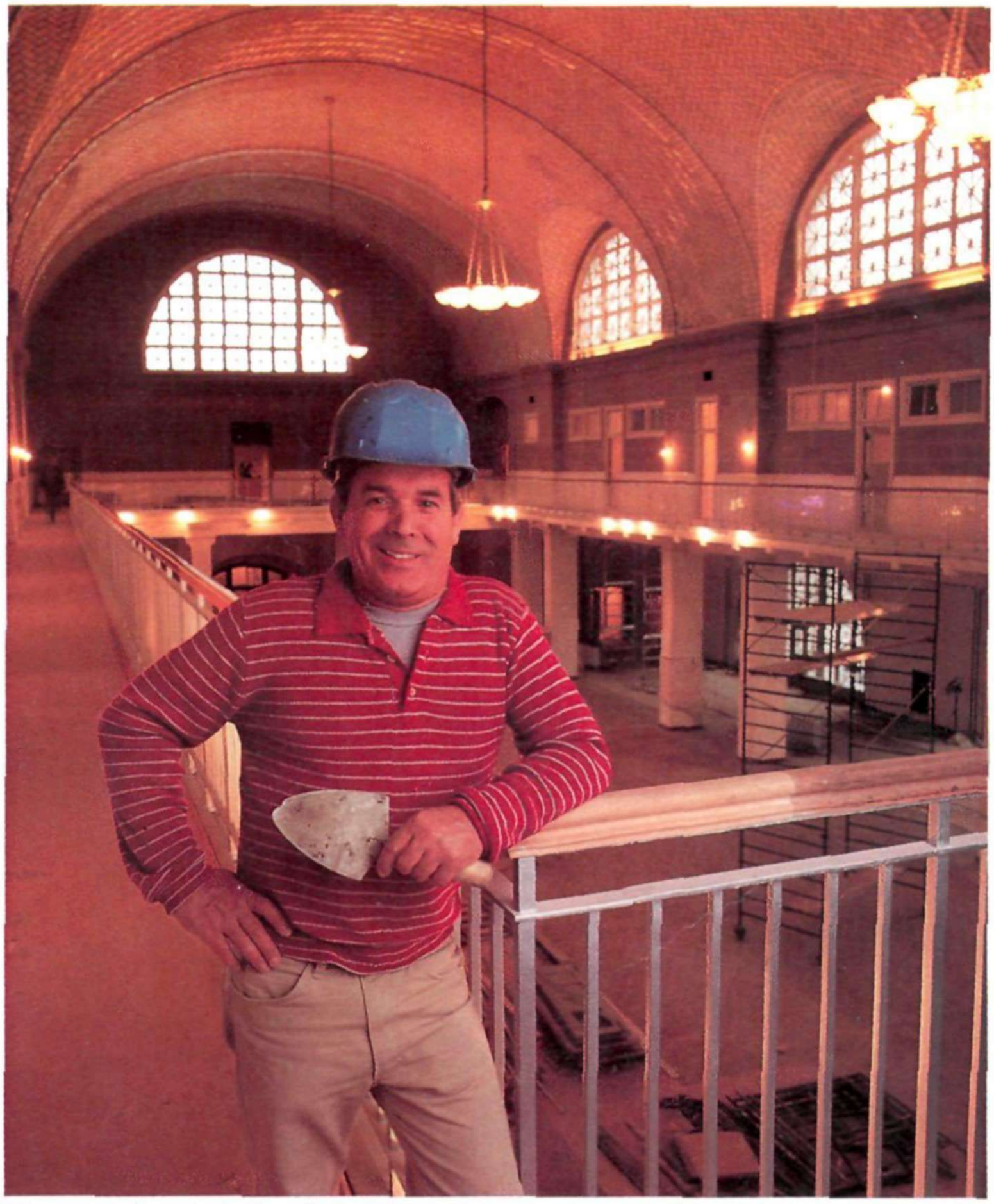
The restoration of Ellis Island, for example. From 1892 to 1954, this island echoed with the hopes and heartaches of 17 million immigrants. Then it was forgotten.

Today, hundreds of artisans, including Joe Zerbo who came here from Sicily 40 years ago, are helping to restore Ellis Island. Already new copper domes gleam above the grandiose beaux-arts Main Registry Buildings. Original chandeliers light the vaulted Great Hall. In adjacent galleries, visitors will soon view photographs, diaries, and other exhibits that document the American immigration experience.

Fireman's Fund is a major insurer on this complex project, providing $50 million in coverage. *What's more, we provided the initial* engineering inspection which allowed the work to go forward.

For 127 years Fireman's Fund has concentrated only on property *and casualty insurance. Our poli*cies have enabled companies to be founded and communities to grow. And projects such as Ellis Island to be completed.

That's the really good news.



© 1990 Fireman's Fund Insurance Company

Tile setter Joe Zerbo in the Great Hall at Ellis Island, just steps from where he arrived as a 13-year-old in 1947.

Fireman's Fund. We Insure Good News.

Fireman's Fund

SCORECARD

EDITED BY CRAIG NEFF

THE LOCKOUT

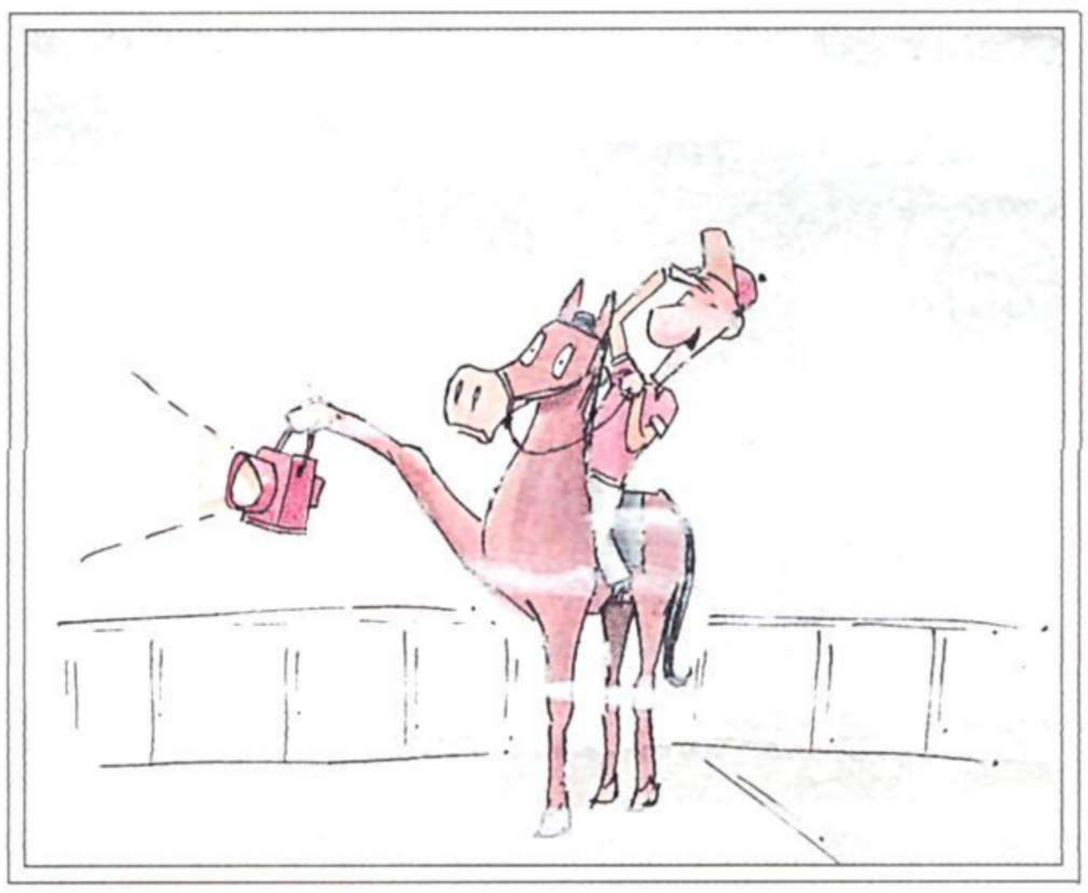
Baseball owners are expected to announce this week that they will lock players out of spring training starting on Feb. 15, the day camps are scheduled to open, unless the owners and the players have come to terms on a new collective-bargaining agreement by then. SI's Tim Kurkjian reports on the discouraging state of the negotiations.

The chances of an agreement's being reached anytime soon are about as great as those of seeing Players Association executive director Don Fehr and chief management negotiator Chuck O'Connor form the Yankees' double-play combination on Opening Day. The two sides are separated by a philosophical chasm.

The negotiators meet several times a week. The discussion is always the same. O'Connor says that unless salaries are brought under control, teams in the smaller, less lucrative markets won't be able to afford to compete. He argues for revenue sharing, with a salary cap for each team linked to overall major league income. He brings up the owners' pay-for-performance (PFP) plan, which would base player salaries solely on individual statistics and would eliminate multiyear contracts, the 20% limit on annual pay cuts, and salary arbitration for players with fewer than six years in the majors.

Fehr's response is always the same. He points out that the sport is healthier and wealthier than ever. He says that the current system of liberal free agency and salary arbitration works. It has encouraged competitive balance, allowed owners to take home hefty profits and boosted the average player salary to nearly $500,000 a year. "Why reinvent the wheel?" he asks.

Fehr and his union don't merely want to maintain the status quo, however. They want players to become eligible for arbitration after two years, not three, and the minimum salary to be increased from $68,000 to $100,000 or more. They want 25-man, not 24-man, rosters and guarantees that the owners will not collude in the free-agent market to hold down salaries, as they have in at least two of the last five years. But the owners don't want to listen to any union proposals until the players have accepted revenue sharing. "There's no middle ground," says Baltimore Oriole pitcher Jeff Ballard, a player representative.



PATRICK MCDONNELL

The collusion cases and the 1981 and '85 player strikes have taken their toll. "This relationship has been permeated by distrust," says O'Connor. The negotiations have at least been civil. O'Connor, a Washington, D.C., lawyer and labor negotiator brought in by the owners in November, speaks highly of Fehr and the union. But as Fehr puts it, "Just because I am your friend doesn't mean I'm going to sell you my $400,000 house for $200,000."

Because so much of their TV revenue is tied to postseason play, owners would rather lock out the players now than have them go on strike in, say, August after having collected most of their salaries. In any case, it's getting late. Businesses in Florida and Arizona are panicking over the huge losses they will sustain if Grapefruit and Cactus league play is delayed or canceled. Spring training plans for teams, players and fans are in limbo. This isn't your typical labor dispute. If General Motors goes on strike, Pontiacs can still be found all over dealers' lots. But without players, there is no baseball.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

The latest joke from the SEC asks how many Alabama football fans it takes to change a light bulb. The answer is three—one to change the bulb and two to talk about how good the old bulb was.

IN A FOG

At a hearing on Feb. 21, jockey Sylvester Carmouche will try to persuade the Louisiana State Racing Commission that he and his 5-year-old colt, Landing Officer, didn't pull off a Rosie Ruiz–style deception one foggy night last month in a race at Delta Downs, in Vinton. Landing Officer seemed to win the one-mile event by 24 lengths, but jockeys Joe Calais and Gerard Melancon then told stewards that Carmouche's colt hadn't gone the full distance. "We saw him for the first time when we hit the turn for home," says Calais. "We thought it was a loose horse."

Indeed, Landing Officer did not show up on a videotape shot from the grandstand. This led stewards to conclude that Carmouche had let the eight other horses pass Landing Officer at the start and then kept him standing around the homestretch, obscured from view by the fog, while the rest of the field circled the track. As the other horses came off the last turn, Landing Officer galloped across the finish line.

The stewards disqualified Landing Officer, and the racing commission

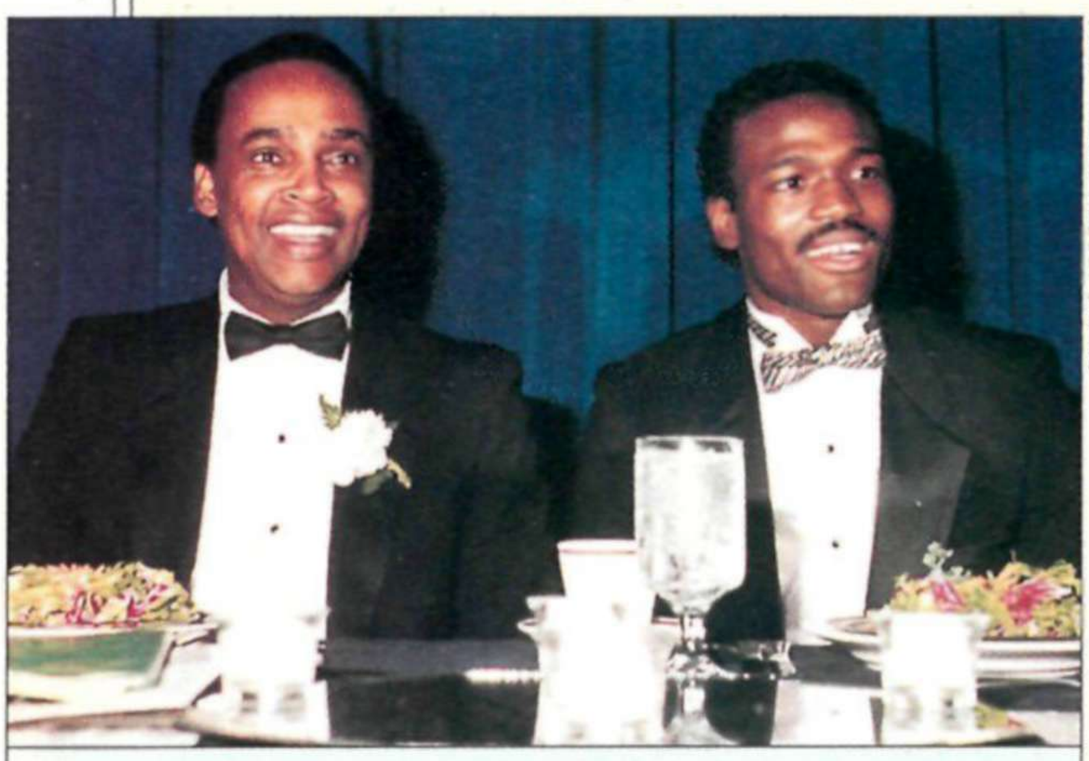
suspended Carmouche until April, pending his appeal. The incident recalls a story about jockey Pat Remillard, who was warming up his horse on the backstretch before a race in Toronto in 1931 when the starter prematurely sent the field off. Realizing that, in effect, he had been given a huge head start, Remillard took his horse around the track for an easy win. It was raining so heavily that officials never saw what happened. "Damn you! You were halfway home!" complained a rival jockey, but Remillard, now 84, admitted nothing, and there was no videotape. The result stood.

A RALLY FOR ROLE MODELS

AS THE LEADOFF HITTER FOR THE SEATTLE MARINERS, SECOND BASEMAN HAROLD Reynolds is expected to be a catalyst. Off the field, he has begun playing that same role for a group called Role Models Unlimited.

The organization was founded last May by Wayne Perryman, a Mercer Island, Wash., businessman and former street gang member. It is composed almost entirely of black men and focuses on keeping disadvantaged black teens from the Seattle area out of gangs. In December, Role Models Unlimited was about to fold from lack of interest; Perryman turned for help to Reynolds, who is heavily involved with local charities and social programs.

Reynolds took up the cause as his own. To attract members, he and Perryman organized a banquet for Jan. 14. The two called friends and stuffed hundreds of envelopes. Virtually all the invitees were black men. "I was called a racist and a sexist," says Reynolds, "but I wanted the men to look at the facts. When you see that so much of the prison population is black and so many teenage pregnancies involve blacks, it makes you feel responsible. Nobody likes to have his pride hurt, but there is no time left for excuses."



CORKY TREWIN/TIMEOUT SPORTS

Rice (left) and Reynolds told other black men they had to get involved.

The banquet drew 1,200, including mayor Norm Rice and Seahawk running back Curt Warner; another 2,000 had to be turned away for lack of space. As they watched a videotape of black gang members asking for adults they could turn to and trust, many of the guests broke into tears.

Reynolds picked up the entire $25,000 tab. "Too many times you go to events and are asked to give money," he says. "I wanted to let these people know that it wasn't their dollars I wanted. I wanted their time and their attention."

Indeed, later that week, Reynolds and 500 other Role Models Unlimited members put on suits and ties and visited four Seattle high schools. "The kids from the gangs stood with their mouths open," says Perryman. The Role Models assured the students that if they ever needed advice or help, a Role Models Unlimited member would be there for them.

"When Harold came aboard, people came running," says Perryman. "No one else could have pulled this thing together." All of which helps explain why, three weeks ago, Reynolds was presented the Martin Luther King Jr. Humanitarian Award, the most prestigious honor given by Seattle's black community.

—JEFF BRADLEY

MONIKER OF THE WEEK

University of Connecticut basketball standout Nadav Henefeld, a native of Israel, is averaging more than four steals a game this season. Hence his new nickname: the Gaza Strip.

A SHOT AND A MISS

NBA commissioner David Stern copped out last week in denying the Chicago Bulls' appeal of a 109–106 loss to the New York Knicks on Jan. 15. Stern admitted that New York's Trent Tucker got off the winning three-pointer well after time had expired (SCORECARD, Jan. 29) but said that under league rules the commissioner can uphold a protest only in cases in which a playing rule has been violated or misapplied. At the Bulls-Knicks game, Stern pointed out with legalistic exactitude, no rules were violated; the officials were merely too slow in starting the clock before Tucker's shot.

Stern, who's a lawyer, should not have felt so bound by the letter of NBA law. He's the boss. When faced with an obvious injustice, he should correct it, not throw up his hands and say, "Sorry, guys, I'm powerless."

He did take one laudable step: He announced that from now on, if the ball is put into play with less than .3 of a second showing on the clock, "any shot other than a tip-in or an alley-oop must be disallowed." In the Bulls-Knicks game Tucker took an inbounds pass with .1 left, turned and fired the winning jumper. From now on such a shot won't count. Tucker's shot shouldn't have counted, either.

THEY SAID IT

• Carlton Fisk, 42-year-old White Sox catcher, on his new multiyear contract: "I forgot to put in one clause: I don't have to play when the temperature is lower than my age." ■

R E G A L

Buick quality. Stylishly expressed.

Its style may well be what attracts you to the 1990 Buick Regal Coupe. Initially.

Once you drive Regal, however, you will realize that a distinctive appearance is just part of its appeal: Regal features a sophisticated 3.1-litre V-6 engine, room for six, advanced 4-wheel independent suspension and 4-wheel power disc brakes, reflecting the quality you've come to expect from Buick.

Buick Regal. It feels as good as it looks.

The Great American Road belongs to

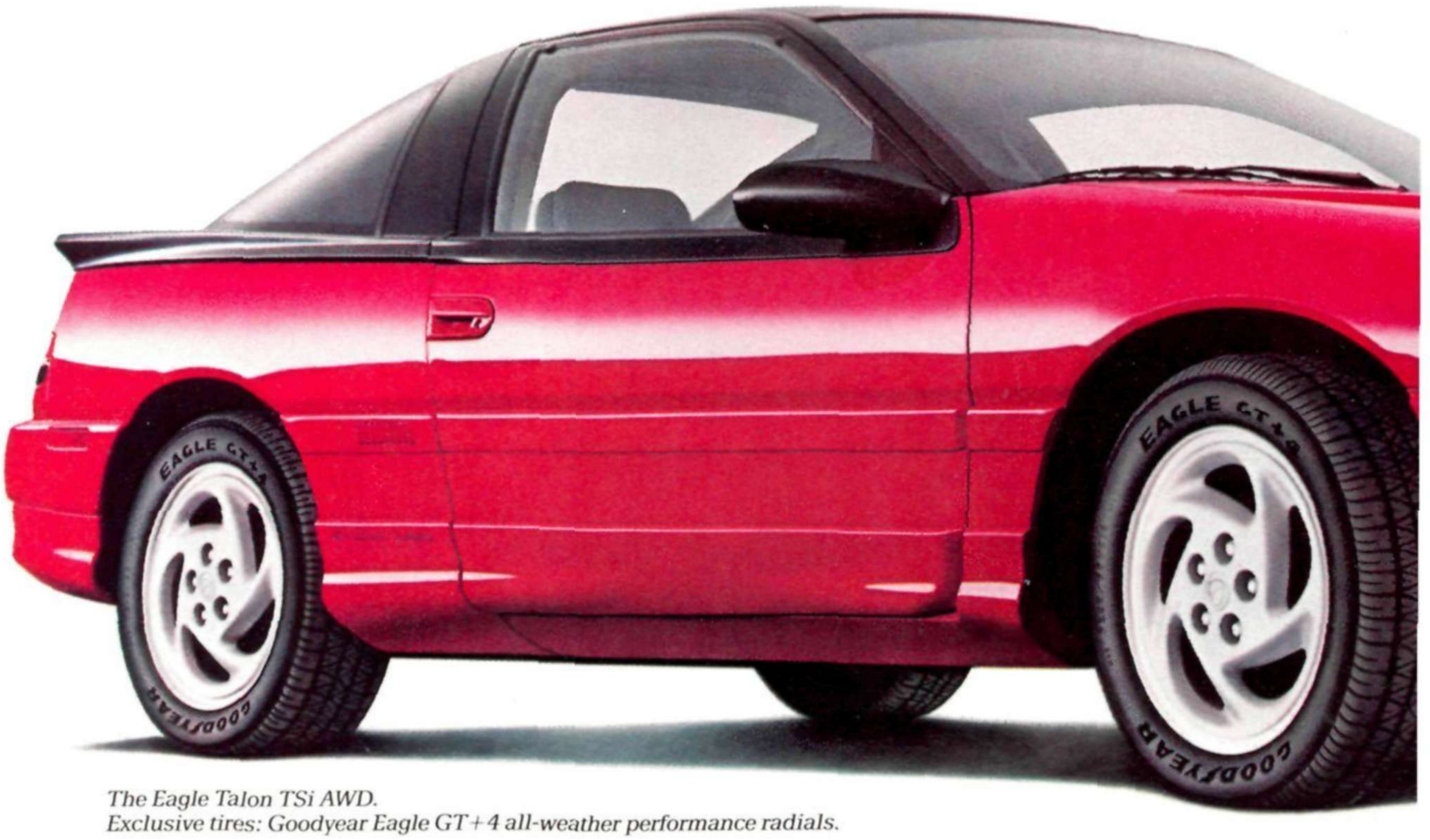
BUICK

GM

Let's get it together...buckle up.
©1989 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Regal is a registered trademark of General Motors Corporation.

ONLY ON

The Championship-winning Eagle Talon TSi AWD.
*Exclusive tires: Goodyear Eagle "Gatorback" street radials.**



The Eagle Talon TSi AWD.
Exclusive tires: Goodyear Eagle GT+4 all-weather performance radials.

E A G L E S.

Both of these Eagle Talons get their grip from one, and only one, make of tires: Goodyear Eagle street radials.*

When the Eagle Talon was designed, its engineers cut no corners.

A Goodyear Eagle "contact patch." Where an Eagle demonstrates its superiority.

Hence the fact that every new Eagle Talon TSi AWD comes on Goodyear Eagle GT+4 high-performance radials. Exclusively.

Which is one of the reasons the Talon handles so well. Especially in the corners.

In fact, in independent testing, the Eagle Talon TSi AWD out-performed its competition. And, in the slalom, it performed virtually the same in the wet as in the dry.

Credit its fully independent suspension. Its quick-ratio steering. Its all-wheel drive.

And its all-weather Eagle GT+4 radials.

The race-prepared Eagle Talons of Bobby and Tommy Archer also use just one make of tires: Goodyear Eagle street radials.*

And in 1989, the Archer brothers won the SCCA Endurance Championship. Finishing first and second in A-Class competition.

All of which helps to prove there really is a difference in performance tires.

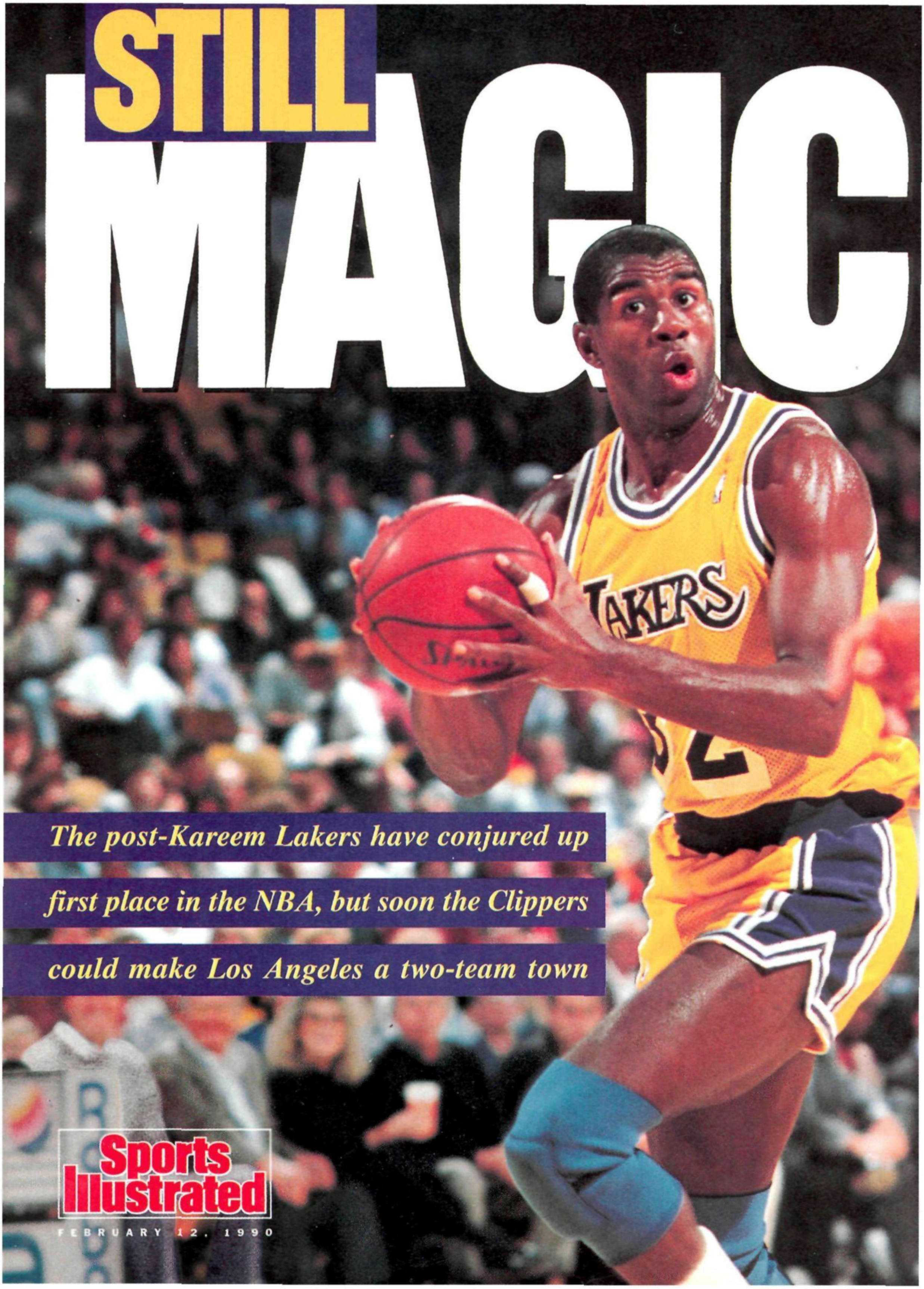
And that difference is a major reason why these Eagle Talons get their grip from the Goodyear Eagles. Exclusively.

**Tires shaved to racing depth. Before you race on Goodyear street radials, write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, P.O. Box 9125, Akron, Ohio 44305 for preparation recommendations and procedures.*

GOODYEAR

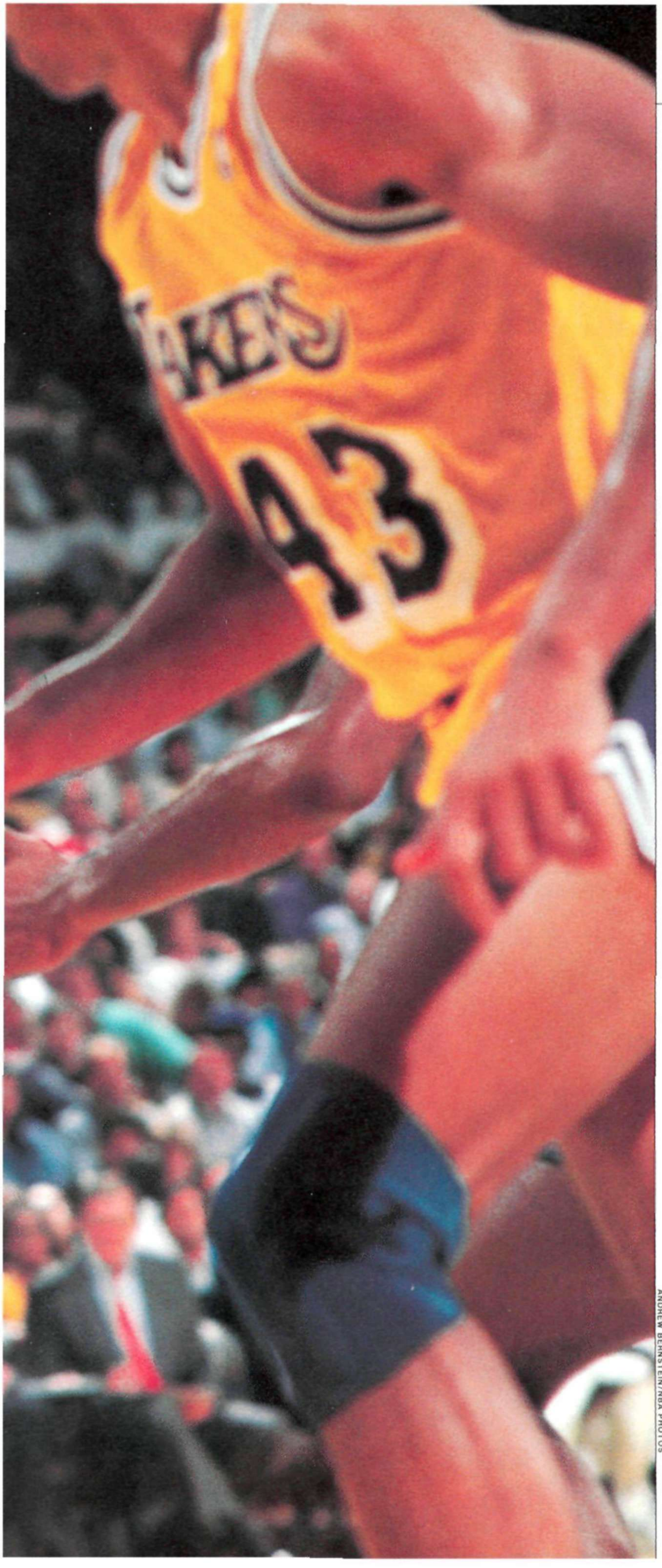
BECAUSE THERE REALLY IS A DIFFERENCE.

STILL MAGIC



The post-Kareem Lakers have conjured up first place in the NBA, but soon the Clippers could make Los Angeles a two-team town

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 12, 1990



ANDREW BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

When Magic is out front on the break, the Lakers are a step ahead of everyone else.

BY JACK McCALLUM

TO THE AVERAGE NBA FAN IN LOS Angeles, the midseason standings look pretty much the way they usually do. At week's end the Lakers were 33–11 and in first place in the Pacific Division, while the Clippers were 20–25 and stumbling around in Lottery Land, down there with other perennially mismanaged flops like the Sacramento Kings and the New Jersey Nets. So it was for much of the 1980s, when the Lakers won five league titles and the Clippers were the only team, excluding the four most recent expansion franchises, not to make the playoffs. And so it will continue in. . . .

No, wait a minute. Stop! This is where the script changes. Positively, absolutely. No one can say whether the Lakers will still be dominant in five years—for that to happen Magic Johnson, who wants to be an owner someday, must remain more interested in running the offense than in running a team—but the Clippers will certainly be a playoff team, maybe even a very good team.

After years of false starts and overblown projections of their talent—mostly by their wild and crazy owner, Donald Sterling—the Clippers are finally doing the right things to become a winner. Moreover, they have enough draft picks (they get their own first-rounder plus Cleveland's in the June draft) and youth (they're the league's youngest team in both age and experience) to do a lot more.

"They remind me of what we were back in '79–80," said Pat Riley after the Clippers beat the Lakers 121–104 on Jan. 30 at the Sports Arena. "I call it the 'innocent climb' period. They're just beginning to believe in themselves, and it's fun for them. Before, it was only lip service when they said they were better."

Let's not, as Billy Joel is warning us these days, go to extremes. At this point, the Clippers are kind of like a colorful Thanksgiving Day float that can't quite make it out onto the main parade route. Every time they accelerate, something happens and they stall. The latest blow was the broken ankle that point guard Gary Grant suffered Friday night in Mi-

ami. It likely will keep him out for the rest of the season. That bit of bad luck followed the knee injury (torn anterior cruciate ligament) that shooting guard Ron Harper suffered on Jan 16. Even if his rehabilitation from surgery goes well, Harper, who arrived via a Nov. 16 trade with Cleveland, probably won't play again until this time next season.

Then, too, the Clippers still find their path blocked by the grandest float in the parade, the one painted purple and gold. Not only have the Clippers been doing a banana-peel act since 1978–79, the last time they had a winning season, but every time they have picked themselves off the ground they also have seen their crosstown counterparts tsktsking from on high. "Systemwise, traditionwise, organizationwise, coachingwise, talentwise, Magicwise," says Clipper coach Don Casey, "the Lakers are just better than everybody else. Need any other reasons?"

Those will do for now, Case. Indeed, the Lakers have slid seamlessly into the post-Kareem era. You do remember the balding center who could score a little *(page 34)*. Riley, never one to miss the lessons of history, researched the fate of teams following the departure of franchise pivotmen, and his findings were scary enough to dry the mousse on his hair. Boston (Bill Russell), Los Angeles (Wilt Chamberlain), New York (Willis Reed) and Portland (Bill Walton) all slipped considerably, and Riley, as he told his players during training camp in Hawaii, didn't want that to happen to them. So far it has not.

Ah, but the Lakers without Magic? Now we're talking slippage. They recently were reminded of their vulnerability when a case of the flu forced Magic to miss a Jan. 29 game at the Forum against San Antonio. Without him, the Lakers couldn't execute a half-court or transition offense, and the 86–84 loss would have been far worse if James Worthy, who scored 32 points, hadn't played brilliantly. "When Magic's out it's like they're missing four guys," said San Antonio's backup frontcourtman, Caldwell Jones.

A still-ailing Magic was back the next night against the Clippers, but, he said, "it felt like I was going 20 miles an hour and everybody else was doing a hundred." Particularly Grant, who twice stole a Magic pass in the backcourt—something that almost never happens—and finished with his first triple double (22 points, 11 rebounds, 17 assists) in that 121–104 rout. The Clippers downplayed the win. Smart move, because the next morning they boarded a plane for Salt Lake City, where Karl Malone and the Jazz destroyed them that night by a score of 120–101.

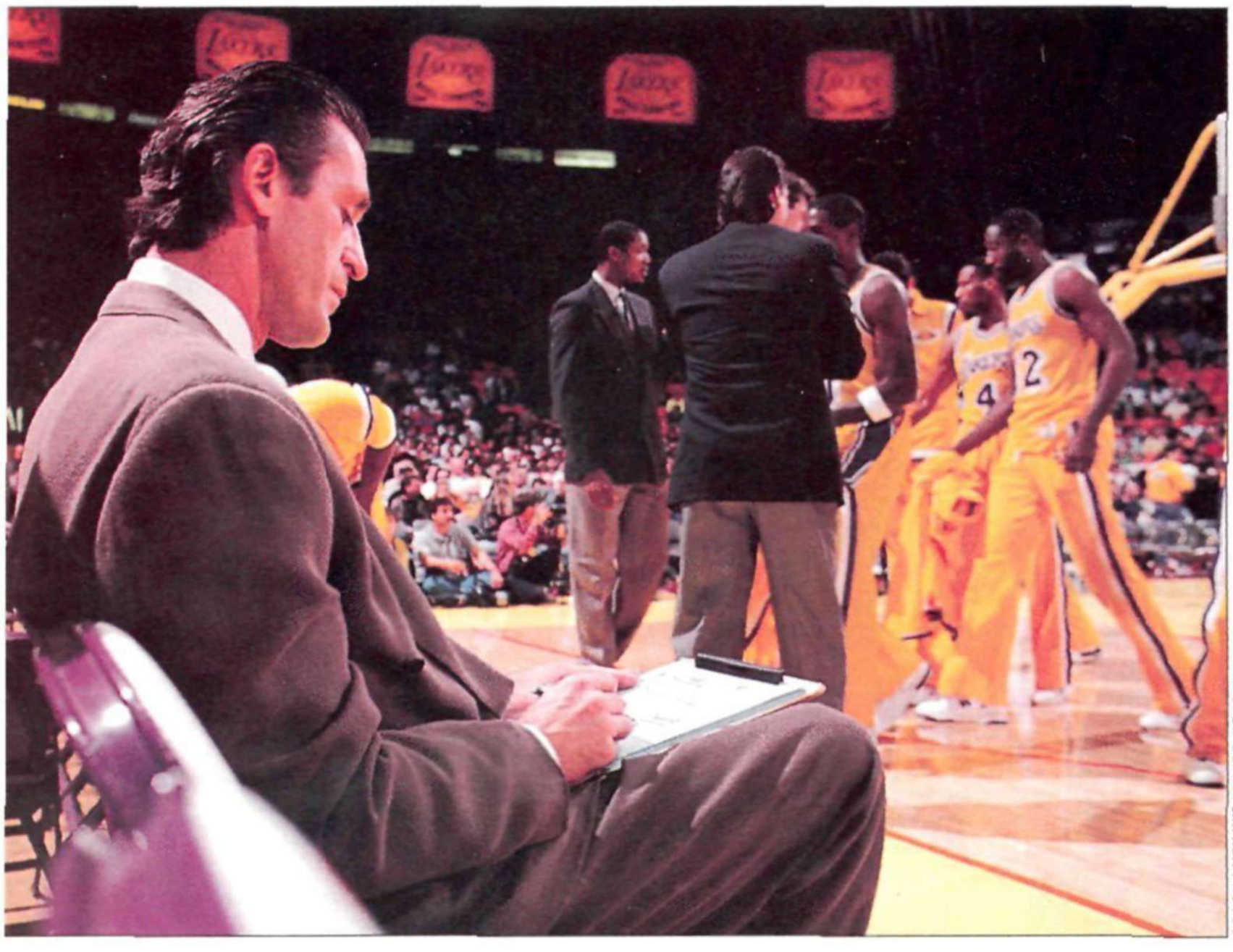
"Let's face it," said Kenny Norman, a natural small forward who has been playing shooting guard in Harper's absence, "we don't get up for other teams like we do the Lakers."

Everyone gets up for the Lakers, yet here they are, after weekend victories at the Forum over Atlanta (112–106) and New Jersey (121–105), still possessed of the NBA's best record. And there they were on Jan. 21, handing the defending champion Pistons a 107–97 defeat in Detroit. And there they were in New York two nights later, routing the Knicks 118–97. At one point Magic walked past New York guard Trent Tucker while tapping his finger against his head. He was telling Tucker and his teammates to start thinking. It was as if Magic were pleading, "Look, get better! We need the comp!" Few observers thought the Lakers would slide precipitously after Kareem's departure, but was there much reason to suspect that they would be better? Are they?

"Not right now," says Riley. "But unlike a lot of previous Laker teams, we have a chance to be a lot better. To a certain extent, you knew what you were getting from us in the past. Sure, it was effective, but it was somewhat limited. Now we have more versatility. We're not as predictable. We have *potential*."

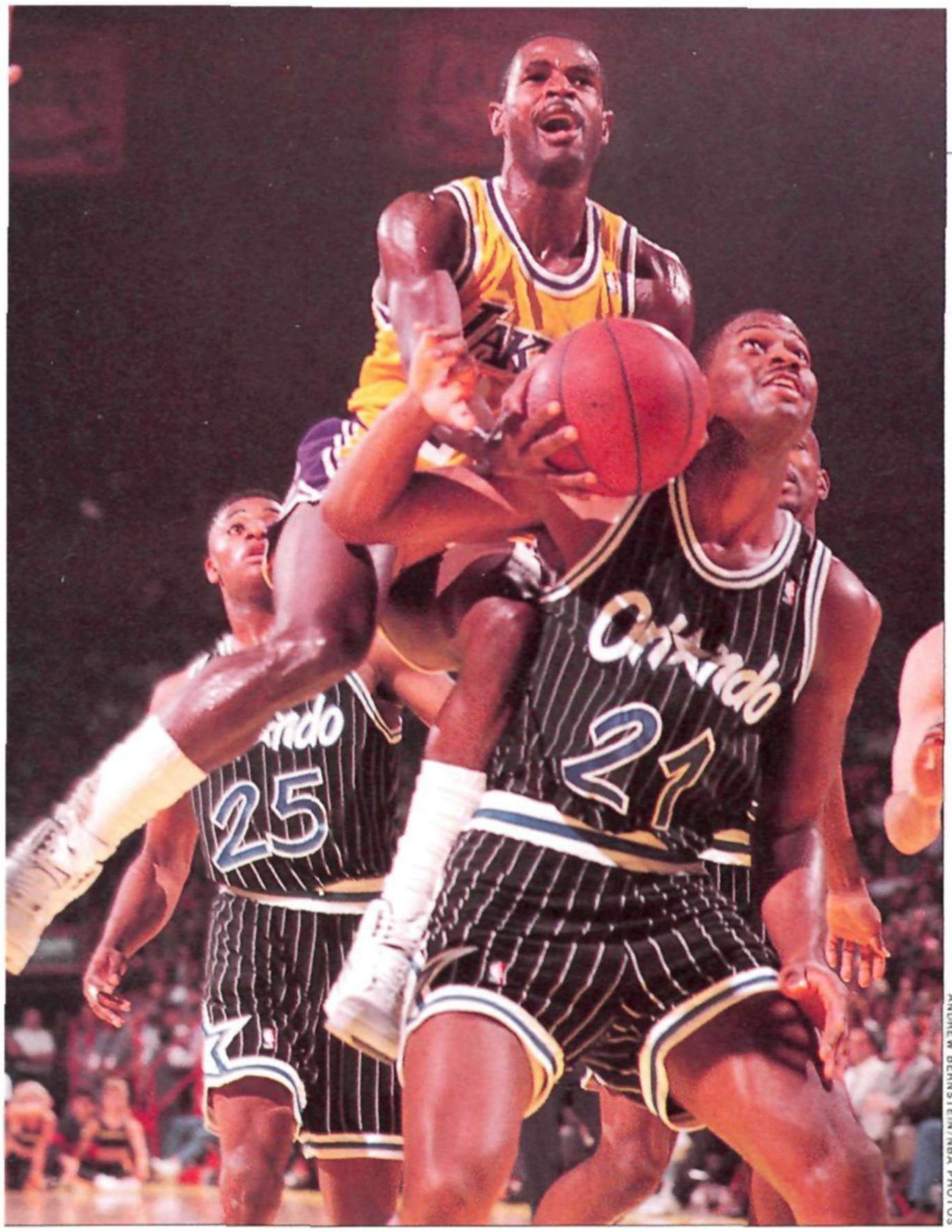
That was the needle that the master psychological acupuncturist stuck into his charges during training camp: Be a balanced team, a team on which several players step forward, a team that can find its true identity now that Kareem has departed. Their record notwithstanding, the Lakers are still struggling to do those things. Too often, for example, being versatile and balanced has *meant Magic playing all five positions.* "He's like a politician's promises this season—all over the place," says center Mychal Thompson. Cooper has referred to Magic as "a shepherd, bringing in his sheep." Dick Harter, who was fired last week as coach of Charlotte, calls Magic a "point pivot."

Byron Scott, who as of Sunday was shooting .470 from the field, is struggling with his jumper. A.C. Green is an excel-

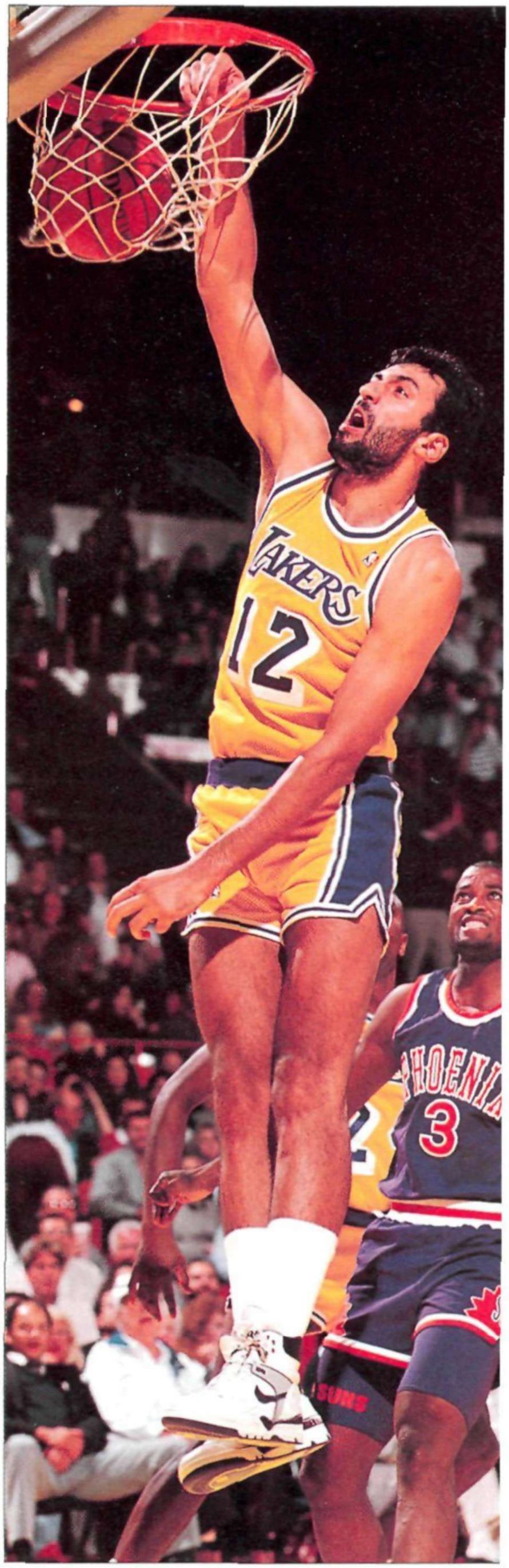


ANDREW BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

The Lakers have made the life of Riley pleasant in the first year of the post-Kareem era.



ANDREW BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

L.A. has gone into the import business, acquiring Italian Leaguer Drew (above) and Yugoslavia's Divac to get added depth.

lent defender and ferocious rebounder but fails to finish too many offensive opportunities. Thompson is also a solid post defender, but unlike his begoggled predecessor, is not a guy to go to when the shot clock is winding down.

Nevertheless, the Lakers are better defensively—they can switch and trap with more abandon now that they don't have to protect the lead-footed Kareem—and with the addition of 31-year-old point guard Larry Drew from the Italian League and 22-year-old center Vlade Divac from Yugoslavia, they are deeper, too. Shortly after the Lakers lost last season's championship series in four straight games, general manager Jerry West said the team needed two things—a center to spell Thompson and a creative player who can shoot to spell Magic. That's exactly what he got.

Drew has been, well, better than adequate. If that is to damn him with faint praise, then we should also emphasize that he is far better than Wes Matthews, Mike McGee and David Rivers, L.A.'s backcourt bench vassals of recent vintage. However, the 7′ 1″ Divac is easily this season's MVF (Most Valuable Foreigner) and probably would be the leading candidate for Rookie of the Year honors were San Antonio's David Robinson not around.

Various Laker coaches and scouts ticked off the obvious dangers of picking Divac—different culture, communication problems, etc.—when he was still available as the 26th pick on draft day. But West ended the discussion by saying, "Look, we're taking Vlade Divac. Period." West's skill at evaluating personnel is still the best-kept secret about the Lakers.

All things considered, these Lakers have the potential to be as formidable as some of their championship teams of the last decade, provided Magic stays healthy. Still, there is a "softness" about

JON SOOHOO/NBA PHOTOS

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

The town's other team now draws celebs too: Orel Hershiser, Billy Crystal and Arsenio Hall at the Clip Joint.

the league this season (if that's another word for parity, so be it), and one must wonder if that's the reason the Lakers *are looking down on everyone* else. In the East, Chicago has yet to prove it's better than Detroit, which has been up and down; a ready-for-prime-time New York would surely have performed better against the Lakers at home than they did in that Jan. 23 game; and the Celtics get frisky only when the spirit moves them. In the West, the teams challenging the Lakers for supremacy, Portland, Utah and San Antonio, are eminently capable of performing postseason swan dives. Yes, the parking lot at the top of the NBA, at present anyway, is big enough to accommodate at least a half dozen cars, be they Rolls-Royces or Yugos.

And how long before the Clippers pull in? Hard to say, considering their sorry track record in years past. But when Harper, who was scoring *23.0* points a game for the Clippers, was healthy, a lot of players, coaches and front-office personnel thought they were a playoff team, superior to Golden State, Seattle and Houston, the teams with which they would have been battling for the seventh or eighth spot in the West. Clipper general manager Elgin Baylor has had some misses, but Bill Russell he ain't. Baylor landed Charles Smith, a versatile inside player, in a complicated three-way deal on draft day in 1988, and he fleeced the Cavaliers when he got Harper and three draft picks, including a first-rounder in '90 and '92, for one guy who didn't want to play for the Clippers (Signor Danny Ferry, who is playing in Italy) and another who evidently *can't* play for anyone (Reggie Williams). "It was our trade of the decade," says Casey.

Grant looks like a keeper at point guard. "He doesn't seem so erratic anymore," says Magic. Forward Danny Manning is a whole lot more than a keeper. He seems rather like another Larry Bird, using his wits and a variety of duck-unders, scoop-ins, fadeaways and running one-handers to do his damage. If Benoit Benjamin can show he's *anything more than the second coming* of Walt Bellamy, i.e., a guy who shows just enough talent and effort to keep a coach salivating but never enough of either to lift a team over the top, and if Harper and Grant are 100% when they return, the Clippers will be a powerhouse. All right, make that a *potential* powerhouse.

One can only wonder if Casey will be around to coach it. Sterling gushes about the job Casey is doing, but he is wont to gush about the job the Sports Arena ice-cream vendors are doing, too. What Sterling has not done is give Casey a contract beyond this season (plus one option year). Do it, Donald. Casey is perfect for this team.

Though he has been spotted at Spago, the trendy West Hollywood eatery, Casey is a Philadelphia native with a loosey-goosey, cheese-steak way of looking at the world, the perfect blue-collar foil for Riley in role-conscious L.A. During one preseason practice, Casey showed up in a gray T-shirt with a message in red lettering that read: HOW AM I COACHING? CALL 1-800-748-8000. (That's the Clippers' office number.) He still has his sense of humor, but with all the injuries and without the backing of management, *he's rapidly losing it.*

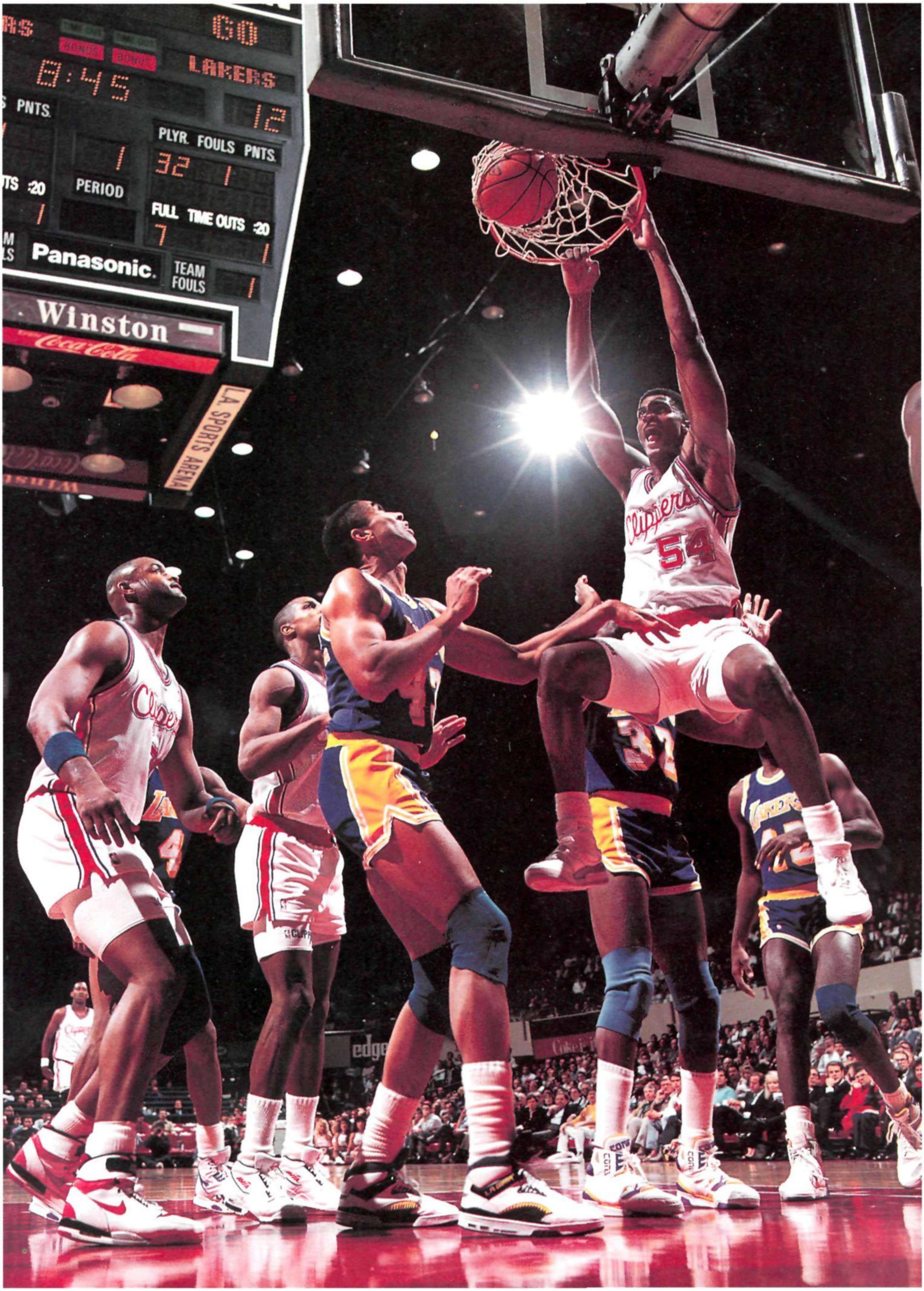
It's too early to predict if the City of Angels is ready to accept, or even acknowledge the existence of, a second NBA team. The fans at the Sports Arena are ready, though. Once upon a time the Lakers were the putative home team when they faced the Clippers at the Sports Arena, just as more fans at Brendan Byrne Arena cheer for the Knicks than their own Nets. But a few boos were detected when the Lakers were introduced on Jan. 30, and while the fans seemed to root for both teams at times, the Clip Joint was rockin' like the Forum when the Clippers pulled away in the fourth quarter.

"I was listening to see who they were cheering loudest for," said Smith after the game. "You have to think about those things when you've played for the Clippers for a while. You learn pretty quickly around here what it means to be a Clipper. Like, for example, how you see plenty of Laker stuff all over the city, but you can't buy a Clipper T-shirt anywhere." He smiled and sighed. "Yep, we're still a long way from being the Lakers."

Then again, so are most other teams. ■

ANDREW BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

The Clippers had won 13 of 27 games with Harper before he was injured; Smith and his mates hung in and beat the Lakers last week.


60
LAKERS
8:45
PNTS
12
PLYR. FOULS PNTS.
32
PERIOD
FULL TIME OUTS
7
Panasonic
TEAM FOULS
Winston
LA SPORTS ARENA
Clippers
54

SHAPING A NEW EXISTENCE

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar relishes the time he has for pursuits like yoga

BY RICHARD HOFFER

IT HAS BEEN LESS THAN A YEAR SINCE HE RE-tired his skyhook and goggles from public view. While you wouldn't say he has slipped into anonymity, he has become as inconspicuous in civilian life as is possible for a man who is 7′ 2″, holds the NBA career scoring record and has the most identifiable bald head this side of Kojak's. Part of it is, people forget. These days—eight months removed from his last NBA championship series—he may not even be the best-known former Laker named Abdul. (Hey, hey, Paula!)

But Kareem Abdul-Jabbar prefers being out of the spotlight. The man who ruled the court with such imperial dignity moves through retirement with the same grace, avoiding most of the pitfalls of the do-nothing celebrity. Abdul-Jabbar has removed himself from the work force with enthusiasm. A day in the life, according to Kareem: "I take *my son Amir to school, go to my yoga class, come* back by 11 to do whatever business, have dinner at home, help Amir with his homework."

Abdul-Jabbar, who lives alone except when he has custody of nine-year-old Amir, which is every

other month, is not the sort of guy to pester his old buddies down at the shop, either. In fact, he has not returned to the Forum to see the Lakers play—and to cause a commotion—and he seldom watches the games on TV. His retirement has really been just one big sigh of relief. He stretches out in his Bel Air home and luxuriates in his new sense of place and time. For what seems like the first time in his 42 years of life he does not have to be anywhere.

"From the fourth grade until last year, 33 seasons of basketball, playing or just getting ready to play," he says. "I've got time, time to do things. All of a sudden, it seems like a brave new world out there."

After so many years of motion, basket to basket and coast to coast, he has not yet grown tired of knocking around his mansion, a house he meticulously appointed and furnished. He permits no one to wear shoes in it.

To be sure, there are things to do beyond ferrying Amir to school in his Mercedes or Rolls. He also watches his other son, 5′ 7″, 13-year-old Kareem—he lives nearby with his mother, Habiba Abdul-Jabbar—play guard for his school basketball team. And he visits with his daughters, Habiba, 17, a freshman at UCLA, and Sultana, 10. Abdul-Jabbar must start promoting his book, *Kareem*, which is an account of his final season with the Lakers. It is scheduled to be published next month. And this being Los Angeles, there is, inevitably, an acting career to pursue. For all his standoffishness as a high-profile player, Kareem has long been interested in working in movies and TV (he had several small roles in both during his playing days), and reporters who imagined his idea of a colloquy as "Yes," or, more likely, "No," may be surprised to learn that he's practicing far more expressive material.

He recently taped the Feb. 12 episode of *21 Jump Street*, in which he appears as a former NBA player turned college athletic director. The show's writer and producer, Bill Nuss, was impressed with Kareem's professionalism. "He came in very well prepared," says Nuss. "He had obviously studied the script and had taken time to rehearse. I think he'll get work off this episode."

Kareem hopes so but admits his pickiness may stand in the way of his acting career. His dimensions, startling even by the standards of professional sports, are limiting in the performing arts, and the one role he was born to play, he refuses. "I won't play Kareem," he says. So far, though, most of the offers he has received have been to do just that. One producer wanted Kareem to play Kareem choking on a chicken bone. What, he couldn't play Wilt choking on a chicken bone?

Some of the endorsement opportunities he has been offered have also been easy to turn down. Apparently the hair-growth industry sees Abdul-Jabbar as a potential spokesman in the same way that Dodger manager Tommy Lasorda was long coveted by diet-product companies. A number of hair-growth companies whose products have come over the counter (and one that's still to come, involving mud from the Dead Sea) have tried to entice him to demonstrate how they can coax a few sprouts from his noggin. The folks from Grecian Formula, who perhaps hadn't done all the homework they could have, also wooed him.

Instead, Kareem has stuck to the tried and true, lending his name to L.A. Gear, a line of socks (suitable for Kareem's house) and a toy Kareem that shoots a skyhook. He could do all the public appearances he wants, but there are few he wants to do. Kareem is no more antic in retirement than when he was playing. "I've always been cautious and secretive," he said later, "so of course people thought I was strange." He believes he is opening up, but it is only by degrees.

Last year Kareem played abroad on a team sponsored in part by L.A. Gear, but he no longer wants to put himself in situations that reveal how thoroughly his competitive fire has been banked. In a limousine going home from a recent autograph session at a West Hollywood sporting goods store, he suggested he could appear as a player-coach, maybe do a one-on-one type of thing. "An exhibition, O.K.," he said. "A game, no."

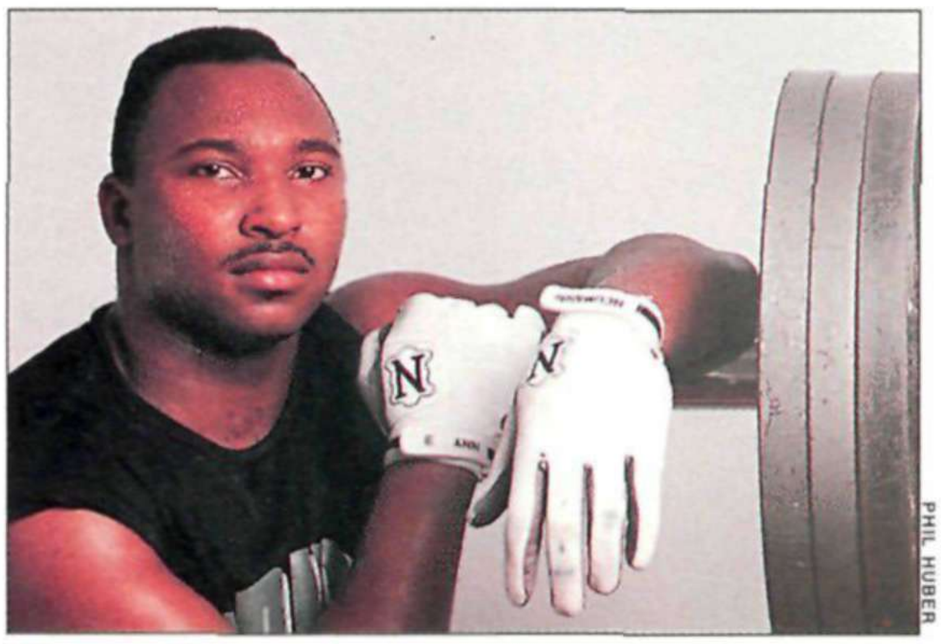
That's another life. "There is, uh, no longer a sense of discovery," he says, referring to basketball. And there is certainly no interest in trying to satisfy a standard of performance he set decades ago.

"I turned on the news the other night, and there were these sports highlights, David Robinson just wearing somebody out. I thought, 'Yeah, let somebody else deal with him.' It was a great feeling." ■

PETER READ MILLER

Alabama linebacker Keith McCants heads a group of some 40 college juniors who may challenge the NFL's policy by giving up their eligibility to enter this year's pro draft

THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS



PHIL HUBER

BY RICHARD HOFFER

KEITH MCCANTS IS NOT NEW TO the work force. As a kid, he picked up the trash in front of a neighborhood greengrocer in exchange for fruit. When he was eight years old, he began delivering *The Mobile* (Ala.) *Press Register*, rising at four in the morning to get the Sunday paper out. He did that until his sophomore year at Murphy High. He also worked in a car wash, bused tables and laid carpet. At night he would spring up in bed wide awake with a money-making scheme and scribble down the idea before going back to sleep. In those days, when he was just another poor kid growing up in the Orange Grove projects in Mobile, nobody seemed to mind all his industry. Nobody seemed to mind Keith McCants's making a buck.

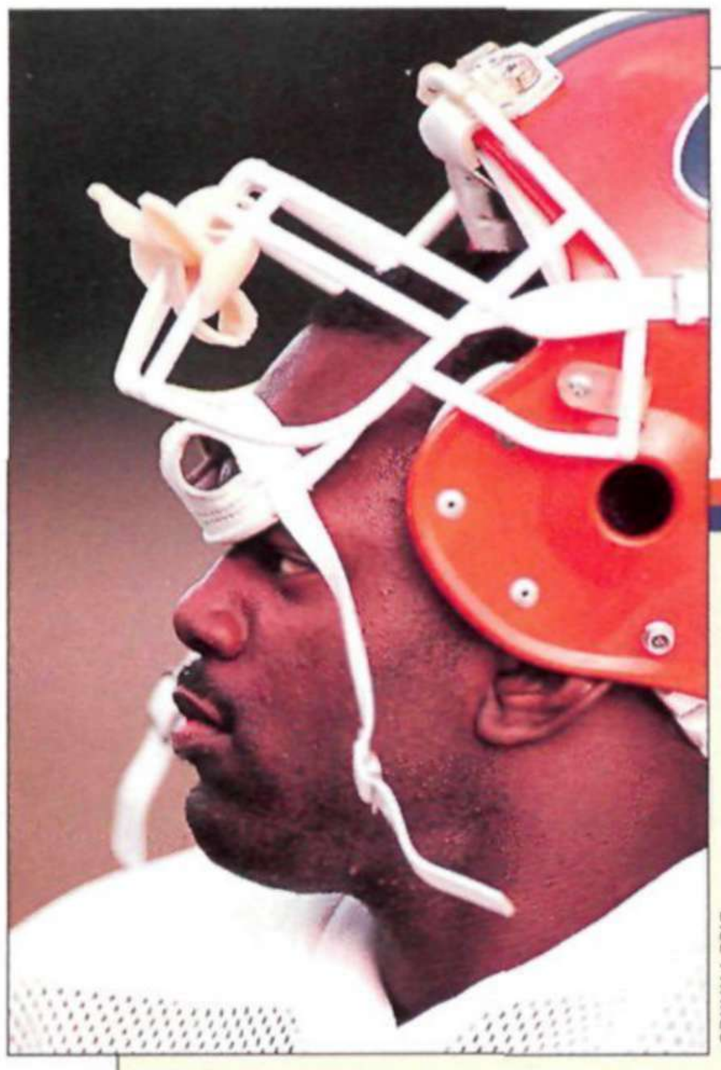
But now that he stands to make more than one million of them, the average signing bonus for a first-round NFL pick last year, some folks seem to mind. The way they see it, the 21-year-old McCants intends to earn all this money without staying for his senior season—uh, year—at Alabama. By entering April's NFL draft, they say, he is making the biggest mistake of his life. *He's going to leave school without his degree!*

McCants's decision places him foremost among a crowd of as many as 40 juniors who intend to challenge the NFL's policy of not drafting athletes who have yet to graduate or have collegiate eligibility remaining *(chart, page 38)*. The league has allowed a number of fourth-year juniors to enter the draft for various reasons—e.g., their class had graduated, their team was on probation, or they had been thrown out of school. Last year Oklahoma State tailback Barry Sanders became the first third-year player to turn pro without having earned his degree. (Miami quarterback Bernie Kosar obtained his degree in three years and was taken in a supplemetal draft by the Cleveland Browns in 1985.) But the league conveniently assigned Sanders a qualifying exemption as a Heisman Trophy winner whose school was about to go on probation. With the exception of Houston quarterback Andre Ware, a Heisman winner whose school is already on probation, none of this year's juniors who either are pondering entering the draft or have already announced their intention to do so would qualify for special consideration from the NFL.

McCants, a consensus All-America and the runner-up to Michigan State's Percy Snow for the Butkus Award as the nation's best linebacker, plans to turn

DAVID L. JOHNSON/ACTION IMAGES

McCants became first-round material by devouring runners like Tennessee's Greg Amsler.



BILL FRAKES

Smith could be the NFL's No. 3 pick.

pro for the following simple reason: He wants to. The NFL can find no loophole for McCants to fit through (he's 6′ 5″, 256 pounds and fits through very little) but is understandably reluctant to test its draft policy in a court of law. Thus McCants ushers in a time when the NFL's gentleman's agreement with college football—the league will take no line before its time—is likely to expire, as other pro-college arrangements have in baseball, hockey and basketball.

The consternation McCants's decision is causing is considerable, and

TWO WAYS TO VIEW THE DRAFT

If the NFL opens its gates to third-year juniors in the April 22 draft, nearly half the picks in the first round could be players who still have a year of collegiate eligibility. With the help of NFL scouts, we have projected the order of selection in the first round with and without juniors. Things to remember: Not all the juniors listed here have indicated they will enter the draft. The NFL has not announced its new policy regarding the draft eligibility of true juniors (numerous fourth-year juniors have been drafted in the past), although the league is not expected to try to block them. Finally, because Dallas, Phoenix and Denver used their 1990 first-round choices in the '89 supplemental draft, the '90 first round consists of 25 picks, not 28.—PETER KING

First Round Without Juniors

1.	BLAIR THOMAS	*Running Back*	*Penn State*
2.	JAMES FRANCIS	*Linebacker*	*Baylor*
3.	CORTEZ KENNEDY	*Defensive Tackle*	*Miami*
4.	RENALDO TURNBULL	*LB–Defensive End*	*West Virginia*
5.	PERCY SNOW	*Linebacker*	*Michigan State*
6.	REGGIE REMBERT	*Wide Receiver*	*West Virginia*
7.	CHRIS SINGLETON	*Linebacker*	*Arizona*
8.	ANTHONY THOMPSON	*Running Back*	*Indiana*
9.	RICHMOND WEBB	*Tackle*	*Texas A&M*
10.	JEFF ALM	*Defensive End*	*Notre Dame*
11.	VINCE BUCK	*Cornerback*	*Central State (Ohio)*
12.	HAROLD GREEN	*Running Back*	*South Carolina*
13.	DARRELL THOMPSON	*Running Back*	*Minnesota*
14.	RAY AGNEW	*Defensive End*	*North Carolina State*
15.	PAT TERRELL	*Safety*	*Notre Dame*
16.	LEROY BUTLER	*Safety*	*Florida State*
17.	ANTHONY JOHNSON	*Running Back*	*Notre Dame*
18.	ALEXANDER WRIGHT	*Wide Receiver*	*Auburn*
19.	BERN BROSTEK	*Center*	*Washington*
20.	GREG MCMURTRY	*Wide Receiver*	*Michigan*
21.	MOHAMMED ELEWONIBI	*Guard*	*BYU*
22.	DEXTER CARTER	*Running Back*	*Florida State*
23.	JAMES WILLIAMS	*Cornerback*	*Fresno State*
24.	JOHN FRIESZ	*Quarterback*	*Idaho*
25.	JESSE ANDERSON	*Tight End*	*Mississippi State*

First Round With Juniors

1.	KEITH MCCANTS	*Linebacker*	*Alabama*
2.	BLAIR THOMAS	*Running Back*	*Penn State*
3.	EMMITT SMITH	*Running Back*	*Florida*
4.	JAMES FRANCIS	*Linebacker*	*Baylor*
5.	JUNIOR SEAU	*Linebacker*	*USC*
6.	CORTEZ KENNEDY	*Defensive Tackle*	*Miami*
7.	RENALDO TURNBULL	*LB–Defensive End*	*West Virginia*
8.	ROB MOORE*	*Wide Receiver*	*Syracuse*
9.	ANDRE WARE	*Quarterback*	*Houston*
10.	PERCY SNOW	*Linebacker*	*Michigan State*
11.	REGGIE REMBERT	*Wide Receiver*	*West Virginia*
12.	TODD LYGHT	*Cornerback*	*Notre Dame*
13.	CHRIS SINGLETON	*Linebacker*	*Arizona*
14.	ANTHONY THOMPSON	*Running Back*	*Indiana*
15.	RON COX*	*Linebacker*	*Fresno State*
16.	JEFF GEORGE*	*Quarterback*	*Illinois*
17.	RICHMOND WEBB	*Tackle*	*Texas A&M*
18.	JEFF ALM	*Defensive End*	*Notre Dame*
19.	VINCE BUCK	*Cornerback*	*Central State (Ohio)*
20.	HAROLD GREEN	*Running Back*	*South Carolina*
21.	MARC SPINDLER	*Defensive Tackle*	*Pittsburgh*
22.	RODNEY HAMPTON	*Running Back*	*Georgia*
23.	DARRELL THOMPSON	*Running Back*	*Minnesota*
24.	RAY AGNEW	*Defensive End*	*North Carolina State*
25.	MARK CARRIER*	*Safety*	*USC*

*All juniors in orange. * Fourth-year junior.*

© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1989

Newport

Alive with pleasure!

After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Some cars are called "new" more by virtue of their date of release than by their degree of innovation. Not so the Lexus LS 400 luxury sedan.

Next, consider that it's armed with a Four-Cam, 32-valve, 250-horsepower V8 engine.

For a luxury sedan to have this much muscle is impressive by itself.

Introducing The Lexus LS 400. It's Not A Car, It's An Invention.

If this sounds like so much advertising hyperbole, consider the fact that the automobile you see before you has a long list of patents pending.

But the 1400 engineers from Toyota didn't stop to be impressed.

Instead they insisted on wedding

© 1989 Lexus, A Division of Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts at

this kind of power to an astonishing level of efficiency. Indeed, the Lexus LS 400 is projected to be one of the only 250-horsepower luxury sedans able to avoid the stigma, as well as the cost, of the U.S. gas guzzler tax.*

In fact, no single aspect of the LS 400's performance comes at the expense of another.

For example, while the LS 400 can zip from zero to 60 mph in only 7.9 seconds,** our engineers asked themselves what is the good of such swift acceleration if it becomes unusable in foul weather?

Their answer was an engineering breakthrough called TRAC, otherwise known as our new optional Traction Control System.

TRAC can actually sense when the rear drive wheels are beginning to slip on slick surfaces. Within milliseconds, TRAC can limit the wheelspin by throttling back the engine and pulsing the rear brakes.

As for the four vented disc brakes themselves, they're activated by one of the world's most advanced Anti-lock Braking Systems, capable of sensing different levels of traction.

The same degree of ingenuity was reserved for the car's interior as well.

Lavished in California Walnut and optional leather trim and seats, the cabin also features as standard equipment what may be the first power tilt steering wheel in America that combines the comfort of an adjustable telescopic column with the prudence of an airbag Supplemental Restraint System.

And to the right of this same remarkable column you'll find something else of note.

The ignition switch.

To acquire the key for it and to arrange a test drive, call 800-USA-LEXUS for the dealer nearest you.

You'll find that when it comes to new and better ways to serve you, he's as inventive as our engineers.

LEXUS

The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

*obey all speed laws. *Est. 18 city/23 hwy. preliminary 1990 mileage figures determined by Lexus. See your dealer for details. **Estimated performance figure based on manufacturer's test of prototype.*

EVER-COOL BREWS BIG EDGE IN TASTE.

A new brewing breakthrough gives Miller Sharp's a decisive edge in taste in a non-alcoholic brew.

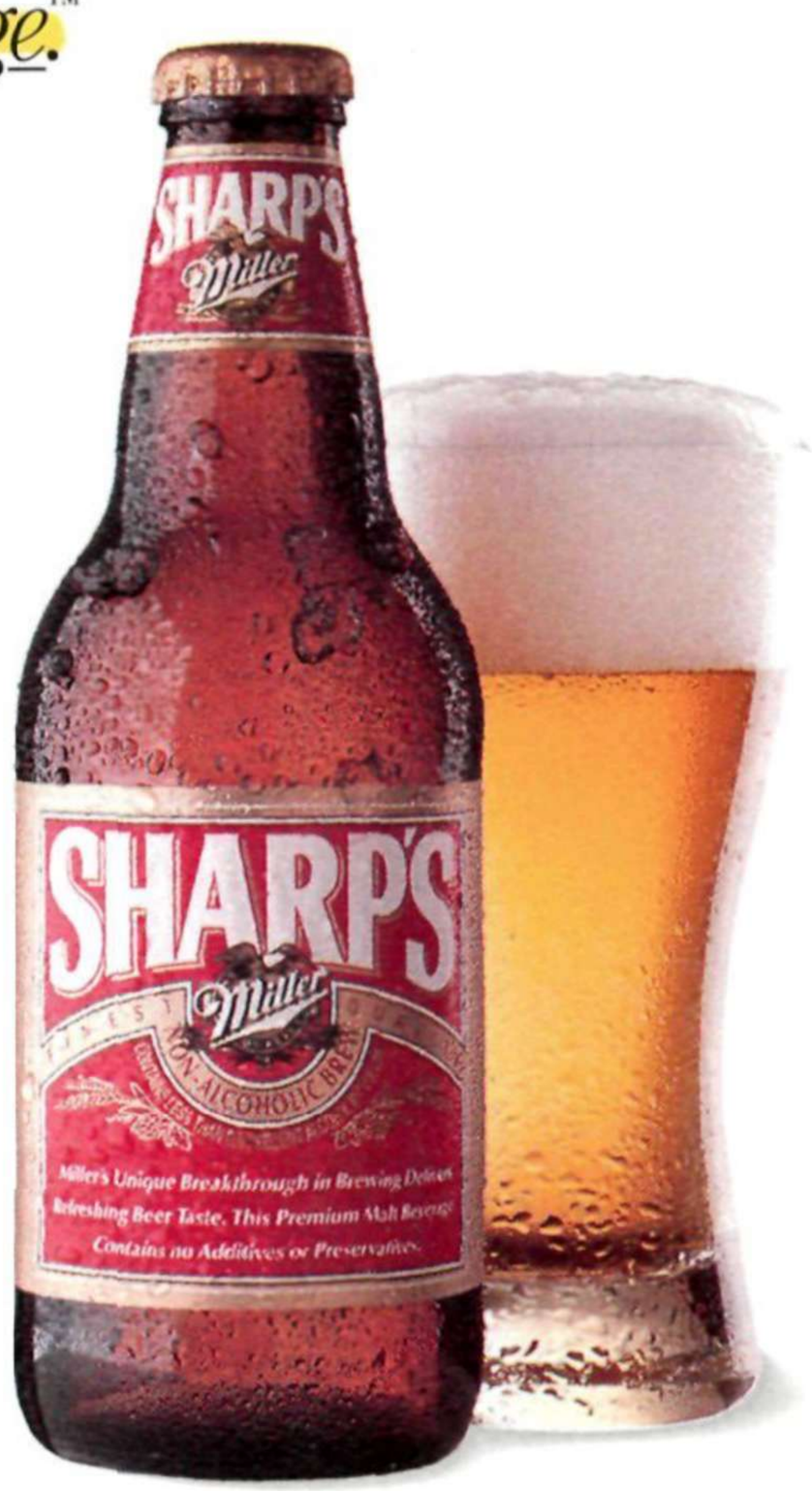
The breakthrough lies in a unique new brewing process.

Most non-alcoholic malt beverages start out as regular beer, and then the alcohol is removed. Unfortunately, so is a good deal of the taste.

Sharp's, on the other hand, is the result of Miller's brewing breakthrough, Ever-Cool.™

During brewing, the temperature remains lower, so alcohol production is minimized. What is produced is a great beer taste.

Try Miller Sharp's. The breakthrough taste that lets you keep your edge.™



© 1990 Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI

McCants is bewildered by it all. "I don't get it," says McCants, shrugging several acres of shoulders. "Don't you go to college so you can get a good job?"

And isn't a job with a nearly $700,000 starting salary (last season's average for first-round picks) by definition a good job—especially if it's something you've always dreamed of doing? "God didn't give me the hands to be a surgeon, or the intellect to be a lawyer," says McCants. "He gave me the skills and the personality to be a football player."

In a somewhat belated concession to the 20th century, the NCAA and the NFL are struggling to formulate a policy that will accommodate precocious talents like McCants. NCAA executive director Dick Schultz would like college athletes to have a fair idea of their value from NFL coaches and scouts before they plunge into the draft, at which time their college eligibility ends forever. For its part, the NFL, eager to keep peace with professional sports' cheapest and most obliging farm system, is unlikely to stage an all-out raid on underclassmen.

Caught somewhere in the middle are college coaches, who are careful not to arouse cynicism by claiming that this exodus is bad for the game. Bill Curry, McCants's coach at Alabama, did not stand in his player's way. But how could he have? As soon as the Crimson Tide's season ended, Curry was soon off to greener pastures (bluegrass, actually) at Kentucky. Penn State's Joe Paterno has said, "If our game depends on young men's sacrificing better opportunities, it deserves to go down the drain." Coach Larry Smith of Southern California, where linebacker Junior Seau and free safety Mark Carrier, both juniors, are considering entering this year's draft, also sees the bigger picture: "Even if they leave, USC will still be here, and Larry Smith will still be here."

Try telling that to McCants. After Curry left, McCants asked Gene Stallings, Alabama's new coach, to write him a letter petitioning the NFL. Stallings refused, asking him to stay for the sake of the team. "What happens?" says McCants. "Before Stallings came to Alabama, he'd been fired from the Phoenix Cardinals—and they criticize me for looking at the bottom line."

Still, there are those who sympathize with the plight of the college coach. "You sort of wish they could stay in

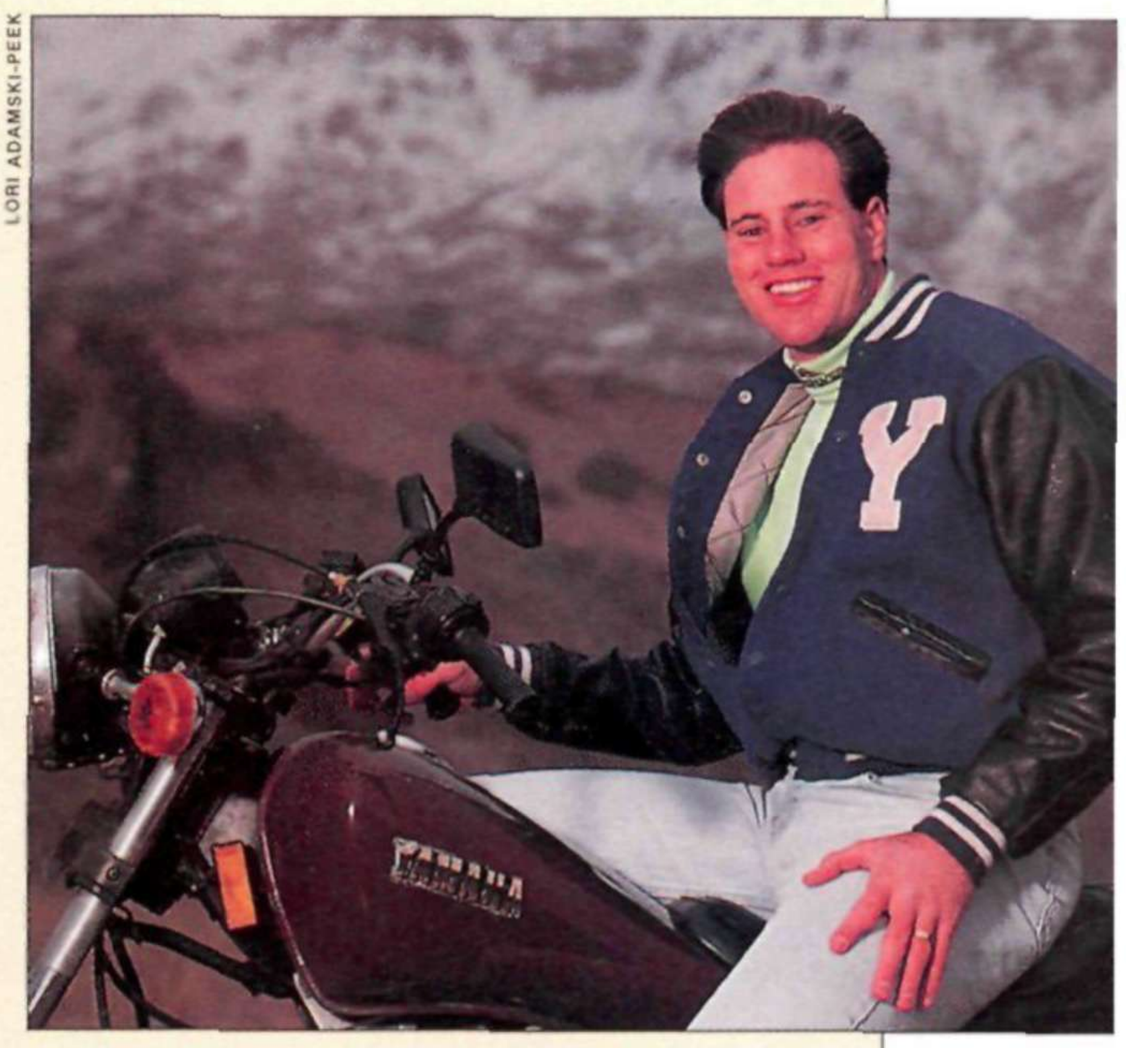
ONE WHO WILL STICK AROUND

ACCORDING TO A SALT LAKE CITY RADIO STATION, BRIGHAM YOUNG'S Chris Smith made more academic progress during this past football season than most players make in a career. Unsure of what to make of the young man, the station identified Smith as a promising sophomore early in BYU's season, then changed its mind and tabbed him a junior midway through the season, and finally called him a senior shortly before the Cougars appeared in the Holiday Bowl. "Things were happening kind of fast," says Smith, who is, for the record, a junior.

Smith may be responsible for some of the confusion over his class status. He began his college football career in 1984 as a redshirt freshman at Arizona, left the following August to serve a two-year mission in New Mexico for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and then enrolled at BYU, where he has played for three seasons. But Smith is not ready to graduate and, no matter what the agents tell him, he is not ready to join the NFL.

Of all the juniors who are considering entering the NFL draft a year early, Smith may be the ideal candidate. At 23, he is presumably mature; at 6′ 4″, 230 pounds, he's no doubt fully grown. And as a tight end who caught 60 passes for 1,090 yards last fall, he would be a find for some pro team. "A down year for tight ends?" says New York Jets general manager Dick Steinberg. "It's always a down year for tight ends. Most players that size are playing basketball."

LORI ADAMSKI-PEEK



Smith has decided to complete his full ride at BYU.

Over the past few weeks Smith has received calls from agents who talked about signing bonuses of as high as $3 million for a tight-end prospect with his size and credentials. "That made me think hard," says Smith. His wife, Sarah, who works as a graphic designer at an ad agency in Salt Lake City, was looking forward to spending more time at home. "She's waiting for me to bring home the bacon," says Smith.

In fact, there seemed no good reason for Smith not to turn pro. His family is committed to higher education—four older brothers received degrees from BYU and went on to do graduate work—so even if he entered the draft this spring, he would surely be hounded back into school during the off-season.

In the end, Smith made up his mind to play out his eligibility at BYU and graduate in the spring of '91. "It just didn't feel right," he says of leaving school early. "I didn't want to cheat myself out of the whole college experience. Besides, we could be great next year."

Anyway, by next year, if local radio reports continue as before, who knows what advanced degrees Smith will have added to his résumé. Stay tuned.

—R.H.

school for the sake of those coaches," says Jack Faulkner, an executive with the Los Angeles Rams. "The coaches work like hell, all the problems they go through with freshmen, sophomores and juniors. You'd like to have them there for a fourth year, a kind of payoff."

For those who want it both ways—accomplished athletes who graduate and are capable of going on to high-powered jobs on Wall Street after their pro careers—agent Leigh Steinberg argues it was never thus. "That idea assumes 100 percent of the seniors get college degrees," says Steinberg. "In fact, my figures say just 41 percent of them do."

But Charlie McClendon, executive director of the American Football Coaches Association, worries that "these players [underclassmen] are taking a poke in the dark. Some of them are going to get shocked. Oh, some can make it, we agree to that. But through simple greed, some are going to fall flat on their faces and be in real trouble. There's a question in my mind whether they're mature enough to step up to this next, higher level."

Illinois coach John Mackovic, who coached the Kansas City Chiefs from 1983 through '86, says, "When you go to the pros, when you are drafted that high, there are a lot of expectations. Take [quarterback] Todd Blackledge, who came out a year early in 1983 [he had graduated but had another year of eligibility remaining]. He was quite mature for his age, but that extra year might have made a difference in the kind of start he got. He just came out too early." Blackledge has never been anything more than a mediocre pro.

We're bound to hear some sad stories coming out of training camps this summer. Even without juniors clogging the draft, only about half of the roughly 330 players selected each year survive the final cut. Many of the underclassmen who are turning pro are frightened by rumors of an impending NFL salary scale, which would place automatic limits on rookie wages. These players may be rushing into short-term money and long-term failure.

PHIL HUBER

McCants stays in touch with his legion of female admirers from behind the wheel of his sports car.

And what group is doing its best to keep these rumors alive? Agents. "Football has more irresponsible agents than any other sport, [and they're] giving these kids a false idea of how good they are," says Bob Woolf, an agent himself. If the agent promises millions and convinces a player that he is a certain first- or second-round selection, who is the loser if the money does not materialize? Not the agent; he can find other clients. "So they figure, Why not encourage a kid to leave school?" says Woolf.

McCants says he has not been influenced by an agent—he has yet to sign with one—and that his credentials alone are sufficient to assure him that he will be a high first-round choice. He also says he enjoyed his three years at Alabama, where he was a C+ student in criminal justice and broadcast communications; he wants to return for his degree after his first pro season. Nevertheless, he is astounded by the number and variety of agents who have been willing to counsel him. "One day these guys, like hitchhikers or something, just showed up at my door," says McCants.

He claims to have made every decision regarding his football career on his own. That is the way it has always been in his life. His father, who died two years ago, was rarely a presence in his home. "We talked this many times," says McCants, holding up both hands. Mostly, McCants is a carefree soul, preoccupied with girls, cars and football with a disarming intensity. But his smile fades when the subject is his family.

He is the fourth of five children, yet his father insisted that Keith alone was not his child. "He said I wasn't his, even when it was proven I was," says McCants. "I will talk no more about it."

For the moment, as a huge celebrity in Mobile, McCants is enjoying life immensely. The South holds its football stars in high regard, and he cannot finish a meal in a restaurant without signing a dozen autographs. Tooling about town in a 1986 black Nissan 300ZX—provided by an uncle, he says, who promised it to him if he did well in school—McCants does not seek a low profile. In fact, he rather enjoys the attention, especially when it's provided by young ladies.

One rings him on his car phone on his way to dinner. He cups his hand over the phone and says, "I thought I gave her a wrong number. I meant to." Back on the phone he engages in some sweet talk and finally announces, "Well, I have reached my final destination," and excuses himself.

The conversation gives him an idea. He calls up another young lady, whom he has been teasing good-naturedly. He has asked her over and over for a date he doesn't really want. She, just as good-naturedly, has resisted him. He phones her, asks why she won't go out with him and then falls into a stunned silence when she tells him to name the time and place if he's really interested. He cups his hand over the phone and turns to his passenger. His eyes are wide with alarm. He says, just like any 21-year-old millionaire-to-be caught in a jam would say, "Now what should I do?" ■

© 1988 Fruit of the Loom, Inc.
One Fruit of the Loom Drive, Bowling Green, KY 42102.
Selected styles made with DuPont Lycra® spandex.

STYLE THAT FITS.

Fruit of the Loom® fashion underwear has all the styles that fit his style. Like this sexy low rise, fly-front brief and matching athletic shirt. In comfortable cotton and the hottest colors. Fruit of the Loom fashion. Style that fits America's men.

We fit America

FRUIT OF THE LOOM®
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

SO NEAR AND SO FAR

A photo finish and a thwarted comeback were highlights of the Millrose Games

BY MERRELL NODEN

MARCUS O'SULLIVAN COULD NOT have been more rested as he toed the starting line for the Wanamaker Mile at the Millrose Games in New York last Friday night. "I've been sleeping like a baby all week," he said later. "Getting 10 hours every night."

That was a bad sign. Behind his impish grin and quick wit, O'Sullivan, 28, is a serious man, a husband and father who completed Villanova's MBA program in December with a 3.6 grade point average. Insomnia has always been a good gauge of his intensity, and normally he never loses more sleep than he does in the days leading up to the Millrose, the premier meet of the American indoor season.

Why, then, the big sleep this year? O'Sullivan says he may have been emotionally flat after finally proving himself to be an outstanding outdoor miler last year. The winner of world indoor titles at 1,500 meters in 1987 and '89, plus three of the last four Wanamaker Miles, O'Sullivan found it hard to get up for this year's Millrose—until two days before the meet, when he got a call from its director, Howard Schmertz, at his Havertown, Pa., home. "Marcus, I've got a surprise for you," Schmertz said. "Eamonn is in the mile."

For some, Schmertz's news might have been one of life's mixed surprises, along the lines of "Congratulations, it's triplets." But for O'Sullivan it was a welcome spur. "My blood started flowing faster," he says.

Eamonn, of course, is Eamonn Coghlan, O'Sullivan's countryman from Ireland and fellow Villanova alumnus, holder of the world indoor mark (3:49.78) for the mile and winner of a record seven Wanamaker Miles. Having been plagued by injuries for two years, Coghlan, now 37, effectively retired last summer. He began to run again last fall, initially for fun and fitness, but he soon began thinking of—and training for—competition. He won the 3,000 at a Grand Prix indoor meet in Hamilton, Ont., on Jan. 12. Eight days later he finished a poor third in an indoor mile in Portland, Ore., with a time of 4:02.78, but such has been Coghlan's mastery of the indoor mile that no one was absolutely sure that O'Sullivan could stave off Coghlan's comeback.

Over the last few years Coghlan's crown as king of the indoor mile has come to fit quite snugly on O'Sullivan's head. And no one knows Coghlan's mystique better than O'Sullivan. When O'Sullivan was growing up in Cork City, Coghlan was his idol. Though the two are close friends, O'Sullivan makes no secret of hoping to at least equal Coghlan's seven Wanamaker wins.

While Coghlan's level of fitness was

Reynolds (left) spotted Harris a big lead and then outbreasted him to win the 600 yards.

the meet's great mystery, there was no doubting the physical condition of Joetta Clark, winner of the women's 800 meters. Clark, 27, who was double-teamed by East Germany's Sigrun Wodars and Christine Wachtel, the Olympic gold and silver medalists, respectively, led from start to finish, hitting the tape in 2:02.16, four yards ahead of Wachtel. Her dad, Joe Clark, the former Paterson, N.J., high school principal who gained national attention as a stern disciplinarian, was in the stands and must have admired her control.

Butch Reynolds, the world outdoor record holder at 400 meters, faced a problem in the 600-yard run. "I've never had anyone count laps to me before," he said of the 3¾-lap race. "That kind of plays with your mind."

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Coghlan (left) had a shot at the mile until O'Sullivan took charge.

Indeed, after grabbing the lead at the start, Reynolds seemed to lose his concentration in midrace, allowing Danny Harris to build a four-yard cushion going into the final lap. However, for once the 6′ 3″ Reynolds looked comfortable on the tight, banked curves of an indoor track. He gained on Harris with every long stride off the final turn. They dived at the tape in unison. Thirty minutes later, the photo revealed Reynolds to be the winner, 1:09.22 to 1:09.27.

In his showdown with Coghlan, O'Sullivan's strategy was simple: make the pace hard. "It's not good to have Eamonn around with a lap to go," said O'Sullivan. "Why set yourself up?"

At the gun Coghlan fell into line behind the pacemaker, Jama Aden, and Sydney Maree. The rabbit was moving fast enough—or so O'Sullivan thought. Sitting comfortably in fifth place, O'Sullivan heard 57 seconds at the 440. Surely, he thought, that was sufficient to dull Coghlan's kick.

But that split turned out to be wrong, as O'Sullivan discovered at the half. "I heard 2:01," said O'Sullivan. "I knew we hadn't run a 64 [for the second quarter-mile]. I started to panic. I thought, This is going to be a blistering finish."

With four of the 11 laps to go, O'Sullivan translated panic into action. He swept to the outside and overtook Coghlan and Maree. Aden dropped out, and O'Sullivan led at the three-quarter mark, in 3:03. He was lucky to be in front. "I could feel it getting rough back there," he said. Indeed, Jens-Peter Herold of East Germany cut Coghlan off and received a sharp shove for it.

"Herold was hitting everyone," said Joe Falcon, who started well back. "He about drilled Eamonn off the track."

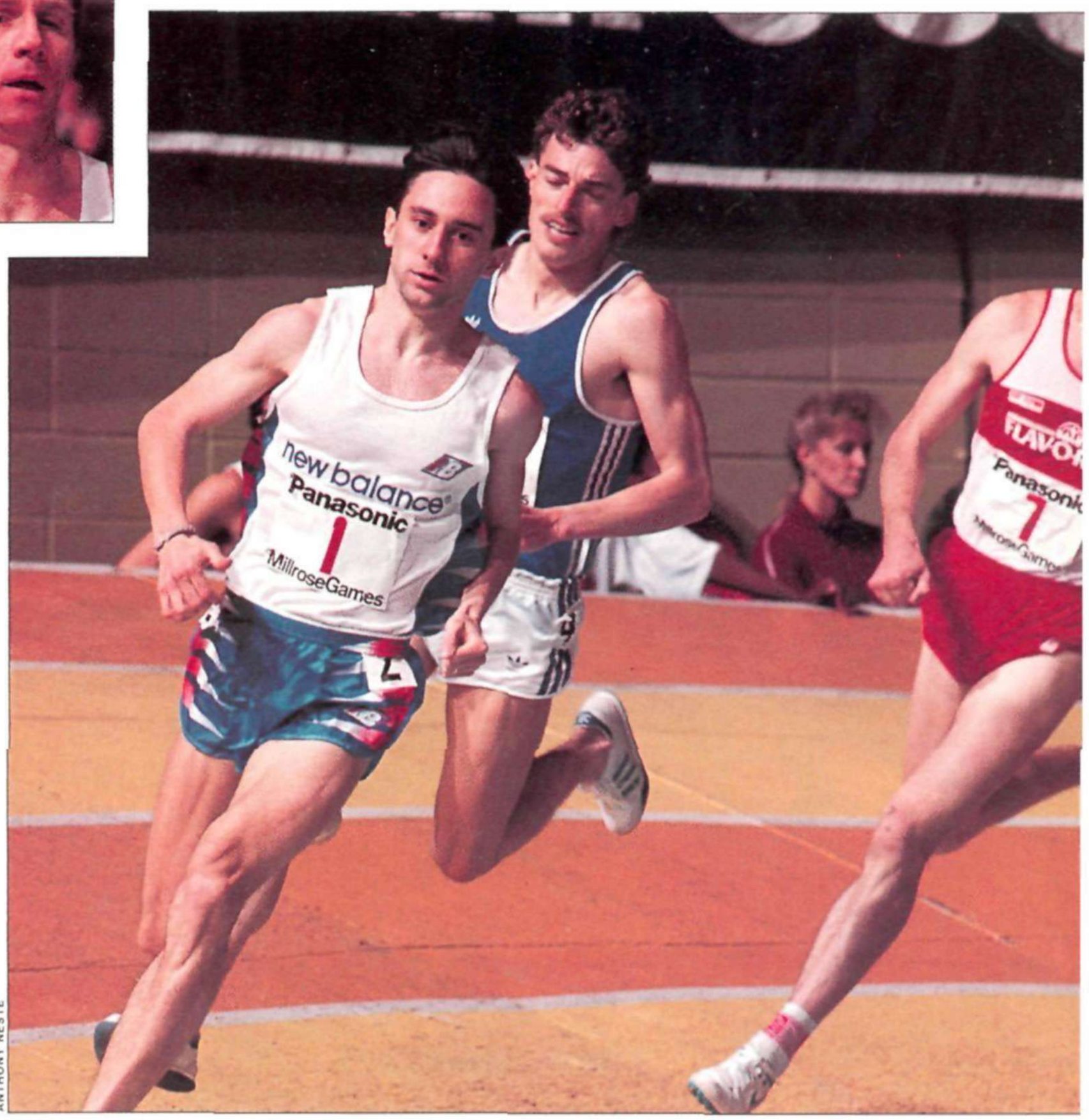
Only when O'Sullivan surged on the penultimate backstretch did it become clear that Coghlan was out of the race. Herold and Falcon pursued O'Sullivan, but to no avail. He ran scared to the tape. He reached it in a lackluster 3:59.35 and exhaled deeply. "That was a sigh of relief," he said. "In the past five years, this was the most unfit I've been for this race."

Herold crossed the line in 3:59.59, inches ahead of Falcon, who was third. Coghlan was fifth in 4:01.83. "It was youth over age," he said. "My ambition is probably bigger than my condition."

"It's not age that's a factor," said O'Sullivan of Coghlan. "It's that Eamonn missed the last two seasons. He might be better next year."

Coghlan spoke of the tradition of which he and O'Sullivan are a part: "Perhaps what inspired Marcus is what I achieved and what [Ireland's 1956 Olympic champion Ron] Delany achieved. In Ireland we had heroes, and I think that's what's missing here in the U.S. [where track and field is in a slump]. The kids don't have people to look up to like I had."

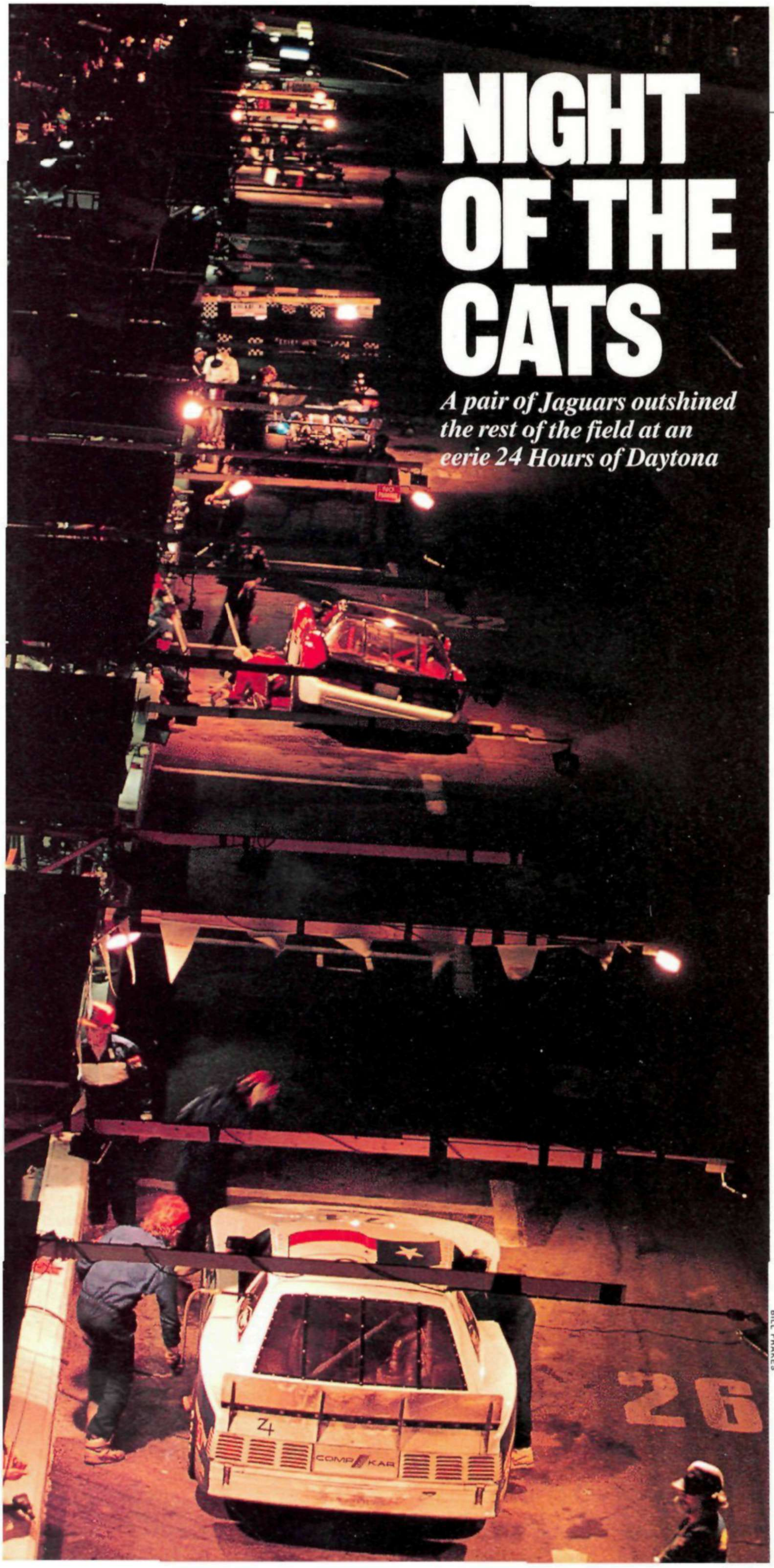
They have a good one in O'Sullivan. After the race he returned to his hotel, where he tossed and turned until drifting off at 5:30 in the morning. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. ■



ANTHONY NESTE

NIGHT OF THE CATS

A pair of Jaguars outshined the rest of the field at an eerie 24 Hours of Daytona



BILL FRAKES

Efforts to fix things that went bump in the dark kept pit row aclutter during a race that a Jaguar (No. 61, right) won in record speed.

BY SAM MOSES

AT 6:12 P.M. LAST SATURDAY, TWO HOURS and 42 minutes after the start of the Sun-Bank 24 Hours of Daytona, the moon rolled over into Gemini. Any astrologer worth his chart can tell you what happens then. Gemini is the sign that's ruled by the planet Mercury, which, well, next time your car won't start, blame Mercury.

Fifty-five of the world's fastest and most expensive sports cars started the race. But when the moon made its move, mysterious malfunctions developed, and by the end of the race, a night and most of a day later, no cars had been spared. And that includes the first- and second-place finishers, a pair of Jaguar XJR-12s whose six drivers had to sweat out overheating engines under the midday sun a few hours before the finish.

When it was over, though, the two Jaguars had avoided the worst of the planetary ill will and outlasted the other 11 cars—eight Porsche 962s and three Nissans—in the prototype field. The winning Jag, which averaged a race-record 112.857 mph over 761 laps, was driven by Davy Jones of Cortland, N.Y., Jan Lammers of the Netherlands and veteran Andy Wallace of England. The runner-up was equally international. Its drivers were Price Cobb of Evergreen, *Colo., Martin Brundle of England and* John Nielsen of Denmark. The Jaguar team is owned by Scotland's Tom Walkinshaw, but it's based in Valparaiso, Ind., a town so corn-fed it sprouted Orville Redenbacher.

Many of the contenders began fading even before the sun did. Foremost among them was the Porsche shared by Bob Wollek, Sarel van der Merwe and Dominic Dobson. Wollek, a former French downhill ski racer and a defending Daytona champion, had put his machine on the pole with a record-setting qualifying speed of 131 mph around the 3.56-mile, 11-turn course. One hour into the race he had built a narrow lead before being relieved by van der Merwe, who eight laps later whapped a slow-moving Camaro while passing on the twisty infield portion of the course. The rear wing on the Porsche was damaged,

costing the car three laps while repairs were made. The next heavyweight to fall was the Porsche entered by the West German Joest Racing team, which had qualified fourth. After dropping out temporarily with a broken suspension while leading in the early going, the car fell by the wayside for good after completing 145 laps.

Despite the big moon hanging over the track, a less cosmic explanation for the breakdowns came from Englishman Derek Bell, a three-time winner of this race and a five-time Le Mans champion. Bell blamed the attrition on the sun—both its glare and the 85° heat it generated. But Bell was slated to be moonstruck. At about 9:20 p.m., he found himself eerily floating along upside down in the darkness at 180 mph.

He had come off Turn 4 of the banking when something on the right rear side of his Porsche's suspension collapsed. "The car came down on its roof and slid along and along and along," said Bell. "I'm terrified of fire, and I felt fuel spilling on me, so I switched on the fire extinguisher. When the car finally stopped sliding, I realized the engine was running, so I shut it off. But between the chemicals from the fire bottle and the fuel fumes, I almost passed out. It felt like a bad dream. I could hear cars racing by me but no one coming for me. When the rescue workers came, I heard their voices, and I realized it was no dream." Stuck in his seat, Bell was yanked out by the emergency crew, badly shaken but unscathed except for a fat lip and sore neck.

By midnight two screaming V-12 Jaguars and one whistling turbocharged Nissan V-6 were setting the pace. But it was the big cats, those nocturnal creatures, that seized the day in the dark. "At night, you have the biggest problem of going around a slow car and then finding the racetrack again," said Lammers before the race. "It's the slow cars that endanger you. Literally, dark horses show up every now and then." That said, Lammers went out in the night and broke the single-lap record by a remarkable three miles per hour with a time of 129.985 mph.

When daybreak arrived, the duplicate Jags—Gemini, the twins—were two laps apart and the last of the Nissans had parked for good. The nearest Porsche was 17 laps—60.52 miles—behind the leader. That was the Wollek-van der Merwe-Dobson car, which had run away from the other 962s largely because of Wollek's never-say-lift attempt to get back into contention.

What made the Jaguars' lead all the more astounding was that Walkinshaw had planned a conservative race. His cars had qualified only ninth and 10th, their crews not even bothering to fit them with special soft qualifying tires. The tires would have made them faster, but the short-lived "gumballs" would have complicated the mechanics' work because they would have required that the suspension setups be changed again before the race.

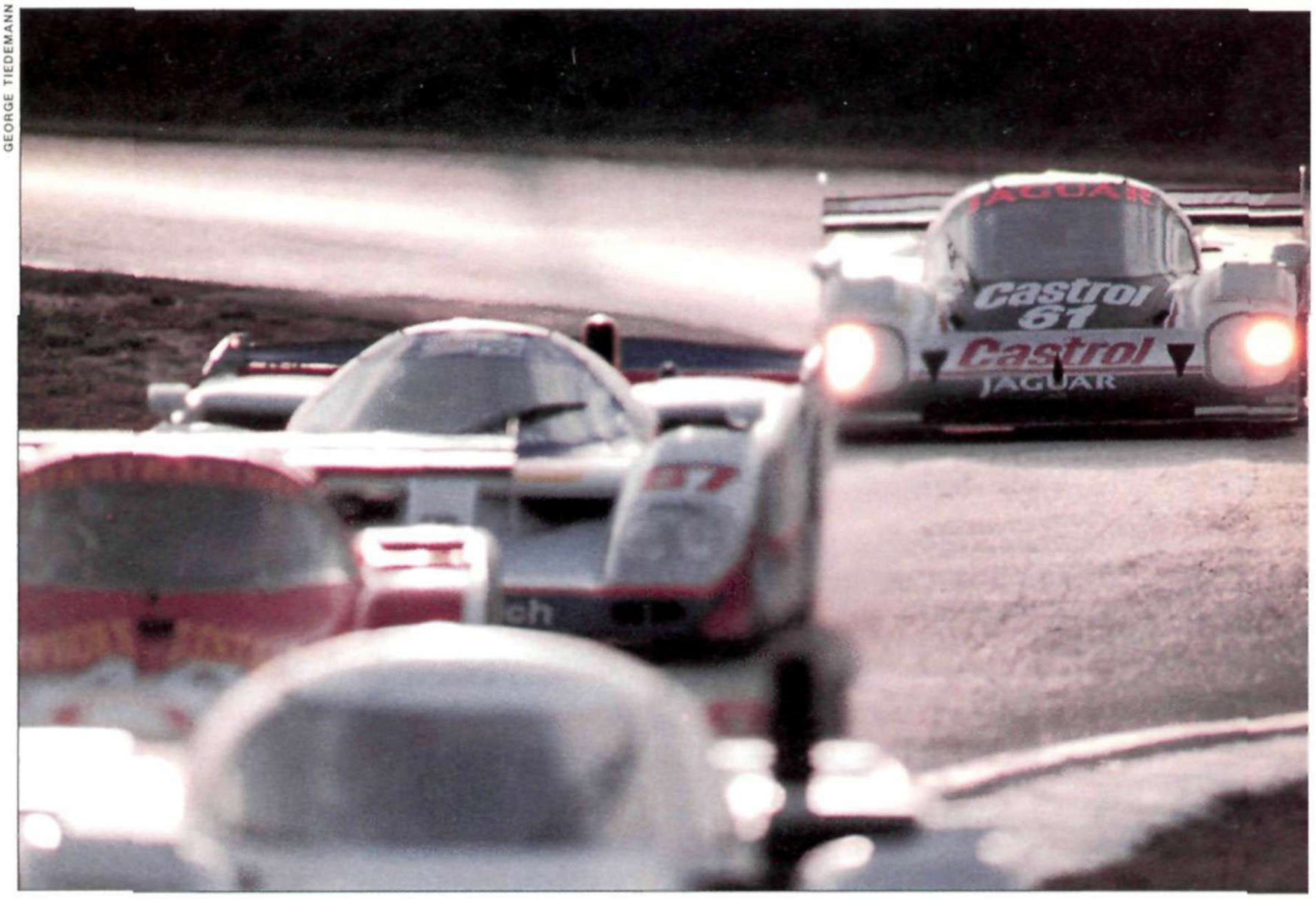
Actually the Jaguar men had little choice but to plan a conservative race. The Jags were down on power to their prototype class competition, although the tractable V-12 engines made them quicker on the infield part of the course, and easier to drive. Said Jones, shortly before climbing into his car for his final hitch, "We knew we weren't going to win this race on speed. If we win, it will be on preparation and teamwork—in the pits."

By contrast the Nissan ace, IMSA champion Geoff Brabham, winner of nine races in 1989, had announced that his two-car team intended to treat the 24 Hours of Daytona as a sprint. "We're going to come out with our guns blazing and see who's left at the end," he said. He did, and it wasn't Brabham; both of his Nissans were out of the race by 2 a.m. The third Nissan, entered by Jim Busby, the owner of last year's winning car, and driven by Kevin Cogan, John Paul Jr. and Mauro Baldi, lasted until 5:45 a.m. before its exotic engine also expired.

When both Jaguars began overheating around noon on Sunday, Walkinshaw ordered a slower pace. Even so, the winning car was six laps ahead of the third-place Wollek & Co. Porsche, while the second-place Jag held a two-lap cushion. "I'd say the race went about as we expected," said Walkinshaw. "Except we thought it would take about 16 hours for the other cars to wear down and for the ebb and flow to turn our way. I don't think I've ever seen so many good cars falter all at once."

One might say that under a Gemini moon, Jaguars eclipsed the field. ■

GEORGE TIEDEMANN



DEEPER AND DEEPER

Last week another of Pete Rose's former cronies accused him of betting on the Reds

BY JILL LIEBER AND CRAIG NEFF

"I WANTED HIM TO SHOW UP FOR MY trial," said a teary-eyed Tommy Gioiosa last Friday night as he sat in the Boone County Jail in Burlington, Ky. "I wanted him to show up for my sentencing. He never called me. Not once. If he had, I wouldn't have told anybody. I stuck up for him as long as I could."

Gioiosa was talking about Pete Rose, his fallen hero. Rose was given a lifetime ban from baseball last Aug. 24 for gambling—including allegedly on baseball games, some of them involving the team he managed, the Cincinnati Reds—and for his associations with unsavory people. Gioiosa, 31, was one of those people. Until last week, when he gave ESPN a short interview and then sat down with SI, Gioiosa had not addressed Rose's gambling activities or described in full detail his relationship with Rose. Even last week, Gioiosa refused to answer some questions regarding Rose, saying he wanted to save the juiciest material for a book that he hopes to write.

Gioiosa did discuss the central allegation in the Rose case—and provided baseball commissioner Fay Vincent with more damning information to take into consideration if Rose applies for reinstatement, as he could do in August. In explaining why he had refused to talk to baseball's investigators looking into Rose's activities last year, Gioiosa said, "I knew if I [talked to them], that it would be over for Pete Rose, because I would have to tell them that he bet on baseball and bet on the Reds." Rose, who says he is undergoing treatment for a gambling addiction, denies that he bet on baseball.

Last Thursday, Gioiosa was handed a five-year sentence in U.S. district court in Cincinnati for conspiracy to distribute cocaine and conspiracy to hide from the Internal Revenue Service part of Rose's $47,646 in winnings from a 1987 Pik Six ticket at Turfway Park in Florence, Ky. As Gioiosa sat in jail waiting to be transferred to an undetermined federal prison, Rose was in Florida telling reporters that Gioiosa was lying and trying to make a name for himself at Rose's expense. "I hear some of the stuff he has said about me the last couple of days," said Gioiosa. "I have a lot of things I want to get off my chest."

Gioiosa, who grew up in New Bedford, Mass., lived with Rose as a sort of unadopted son for a few years after meeting him during a 1977 visit to spring training in Florida. For more than a decade Gioiosa tried in every way possible to emulate Rose. As a scrappy infielder on the University of Cincinnati baseball team, Gioiosa wore Rose's number 14, slid headfirst and wore a Prince Valiant haircut. "Anything Pete Rose said or did, I thought was right," said Gioiosa. "If he had told me to jump off the Empire State Building, I might have jumped."

Rose even got Gioiosa a tryout with the Orioles in 1982, but Gioiosa was cut. Gioiosa says that at the time he felt he had let Rose down. He says some of his bodybuilder buddies at Gold's Gym in suburban Cincinnati persuaded him to start taking steroids. "They told me [the drugs] would make me bigger and stronger and that would make Pete proud of me," Gioiosa said. Gioiosa's defense at his trial last summer was that huge doses of steroids rendered him almost irrational and led to both his involvement in the cocaine conspiracy with Don Stenger and Mike Fry, the onetime owners of Gold's, and his attempt to hide Rose's racetrack winnings from the IRS.

Gioiosa said last week that when he first moved in with Rose in 1978, Rose was betting only on basketball and football. "In the beginning, it was bookies who took small

Gioiosa said he spoke out because Rose didn't give him moral support.

AP

continued on page 59

bets; nickels [a nickel being $500] were the limit," Gioiosa said. "Then we found one [bookie] in Kentucky who would take dime [$1,000] bets. Then [Ron] Peters [of Franklin, Ohio] took dimes. And the [bookies] in New York took multiple dime bets." Last year Peters, who is in federal prison for cocaine trafficking, told both SI and baseball's investigators that he was Rose's principal bookie in Ohio and that Gioiosa had regularly placed basketball, football and baseball bets with him on Rose's behalf between 1984 and '86.

Gioiosa told SI that Rose was betting on baseball at least as far back as the 1984 World Series and that Rose had bookies in several cities, including New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Gioiosa described watching Rose place bets in his clubhouse office: "There would be a sheet with numbers on it. It was a sheet Pete would have, the same sheet that the person he was talking to on the other end of the phone would have. Each number would designate a team. For example, number one might be the Reds, number two the Phillies. And Pete would call the bookie and say, 'Give me one, four, eight and 10.' Those were the teams he wanted."

When Gioiosa was asked his reaction to Rose's betting on baseball, he said, "I can remember telling Pete, 'Are you sure about this?' And he said, 'Nobody knows the game like I do.' And he's right. Betting on baseball was a challenge for Pete Rose. Maybe being a player-manager wasn't enough for him. I was with him a long time. I was with him before he met Ron Peters. Pete liked to bet. He liked the action."

Even though Gioiosa corroborated most of the details that Peters and Paul Janszen, Rose's other two chief accusers, gave about Rose's alleged baseball betting, he took shots at both of them. He said that Janszen and Janszen's girlfriend, Danita Marcum, bad-mouthed him to Rose in an effort to push him out of Rose's inner circle. And Gioiosa claimed that both Janszen, who says he placed many of Rose's bets in 1987, and Peters lied to baseball's investigators when they said that in 1986 Gioiosa had run off with a $34,000 check from Rose that was intended to pay off gambling debts to Peters. "I cashed it, and I gave the money to Peters," said Gioiosa.

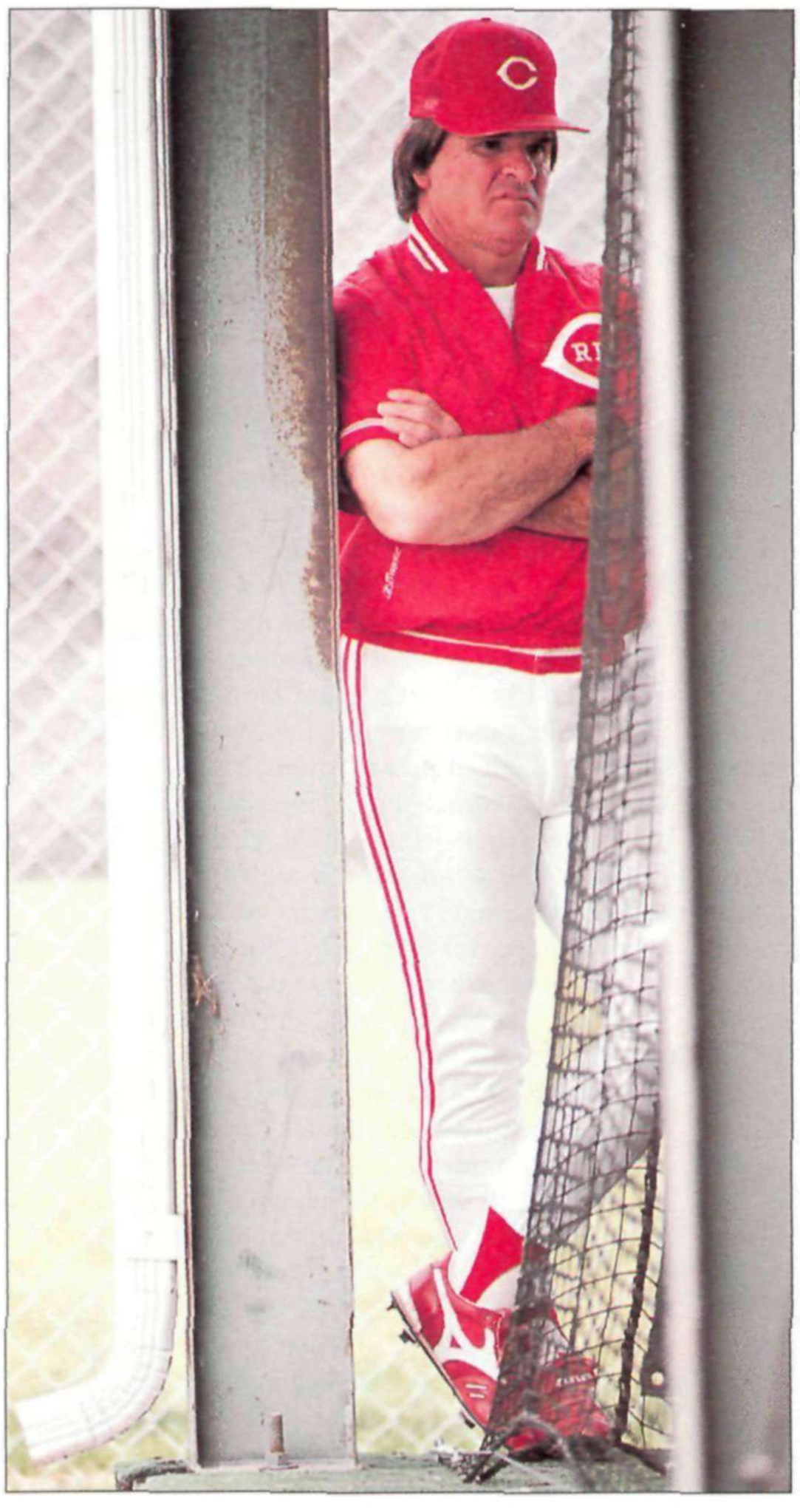
Gioiosa said that Rose never bet against the Reds. He also said that Rose gambled "phenomenal" sums and "had to sell his memorabilia and go to card shows to get cash for gambling." Gioiosa said that as of last weekend he had not been subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Cincinnati that is looking into whether Rose failed to report income from gambling, memorabilia sales and appearances at card shows.

Gioiosa refused to discuss New York memorabilia dealer and card-show promoter Mike Bertolini, who, according to baseball's investigative report, allegedly placed bets on Rose's behalf with New York bookies. The U.S. Postal Service has told SI that it is investigating Bertolini—Rose's partner in Hit King Marketing, a company that organized baseball-card and memorabilia shows—for possible mail fraud. Postal investigators told SI correspondent Kristina Rebelo that in a raid on Bertolini's mother's Staten Island, N.Y., home last October, they confiscated various materials. They said they found a spiral notebook containing what looked to be detailed betting information, including a number of apparent basketball and baseball wagers—among them bets on Reds games—listed next to the name "Pete." Bertolini has denied any involvement in bookmaking and he denies that the notebook was his. He says it belonged to one of his friends.

"What would that mean?" Bertolini said when he was asked by SI recently about the notation "Pete" in the notebook and whether it referred to Pete Rose. "Is he [Rose] the only one named Pete in the whole world?"

Gioiosa tried to explain why he remained loyal to Rose even when he saw him gambling illegally. Gioiosa said that being a pal of Rose's always gave him "goose bumps. By being Pete Rose's friend I got to meet actors and top sports figures." Gioiosa also cited material benefits. "When I was with Pete, he took care of me," he said. "I never had to pay rent. I had a nice automobile, a nice place to live, always had money in my pocket." ■

Rose says Gioiosa is trying to make a name for himself at Rose's expense.



CHUCK SOLOMON

SEA OF NEW FACES

Gale-force winds made the AT&T a rite of passage for young pros who aim to be stars of the 1990s

BY JOHN GARRITY

THE 18TH AT CYPRESS POINT SOMEtimes seems to have been designed for no other purpose than to tease and torment the young. The short par-4, one of golf's most perplexing finishing holes, bends in and up from the Pacific Ocean through a majestic gate of cypress trees—a route so cramped that an iron shot from the tee straying but a few yards in either direction closes the door. To the young warrior who has just carried the crashing surf on the heroic 16th and then whistled safely past the cypress graveyard on the cliffside 17th, the 18th says, "That's nice, son, but tuck in your shirt and wash your hands, and for heaven's sake, comb your hair, or you won't have dessert tonight."

Ted Schulz got his ears scrubbed at 18 last Thursday, during the first round of the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am. Schulz, a tall, boyish 30-year-old from Louisville, bounced his one-iron tee shot off a tree on the right and found his ball at the bottom of the rise to the green, his path blocked by a grove of trees. Having just played the dangerous 15th through 17th at even par despite being hit by a brief rain squall at 16, Schulz was naturally reluctant to forfeit a stroke by chipping to safety. Instead, he tried to punch a four-iron through the trees—a shot that made an interesting variety of sounds as it progressed, ending with a resounding *whack* at a cypress trunk. The ball, which traveled maybe 100 yards round-trip, wound up back at Schulz's feet.

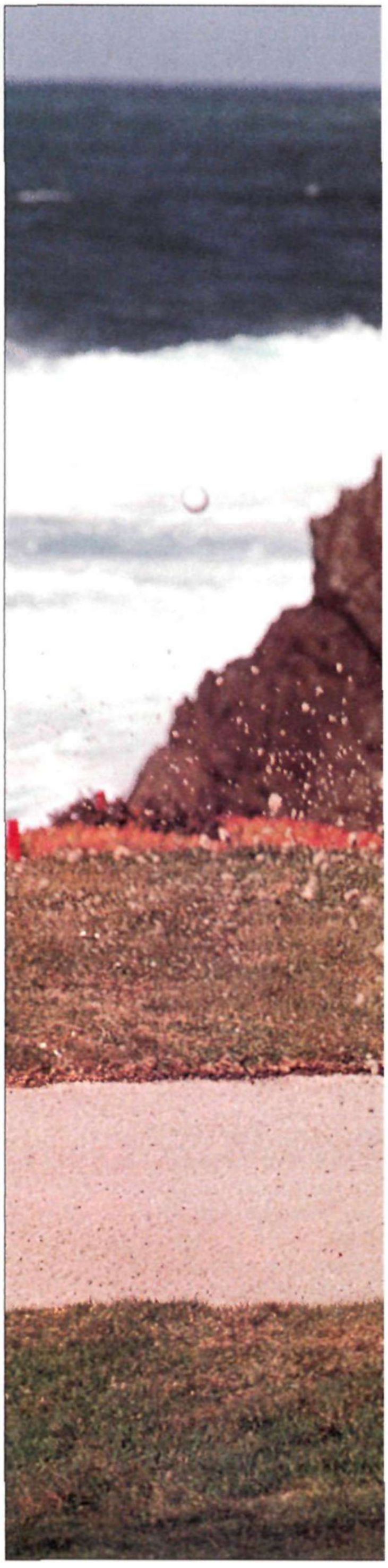
A year ago Schulz might have tried the same shot again, inviting real disaster. This time he meekly chipped onto the fairway and then hit a superb wedge shot inches from the cup to save bogey. "I was lucky to make 5," he said afterward. "I deserved worse."

Schulz is one of a handful of youngish pros on the PGA Tour who appear to be breaking loose as the 1990s commence. No one knows if one of them will be to the decade what Jack Nicklaus was to the '60s, Tom Watson was to the '70s and Greg Norman might have been to the '80s, but the first candidates have asserted themselves. One of them, Ian Baker-Finch of Australia, opened the decade by nearly winning the Tournament of Champions and then explaining to reporters that he was not half-Baker and half-Finch, but the product of a long line of hyphenated Baker-Finches.

Baker-Finch won his first PGA Tour tournament last year, the Southwestern Bell Colonial, and plans to split his time between Australia and America. Last week he skipped the AT&T, in which most of the youngsters poised on the brink of sustained success found themselves swept over the brink in a storm of bogeys, double bogeys and worse.

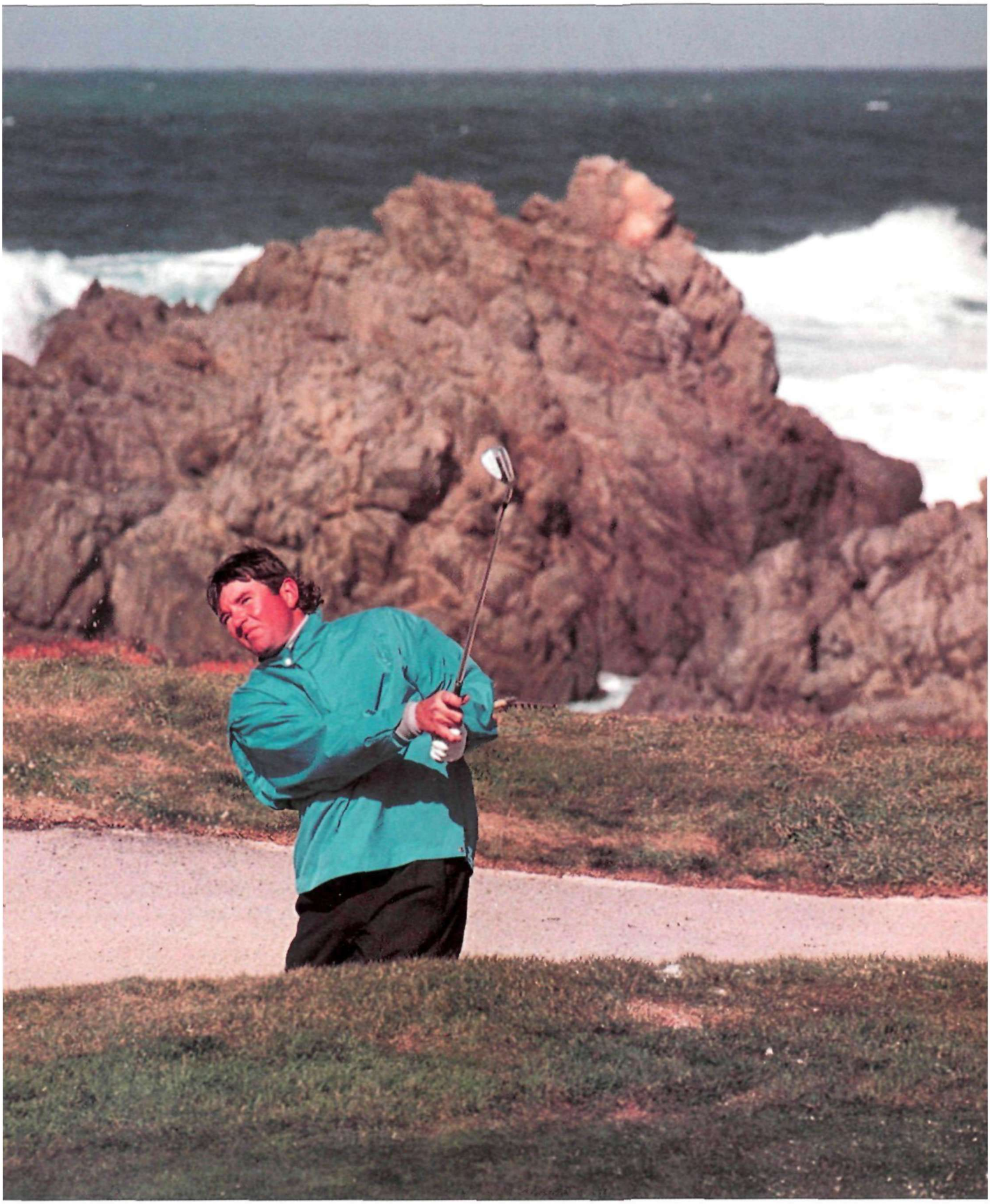
Tommy Armour III, 30, who had won his first Tour tournament the week before, at Phoenix, got off to a good start at Cypress last Thursday. After five holes he was two under, but after 14 holes he was four over, thanks to "a couple of unplayables," he said. "It can happen real quick, but what can you do?"

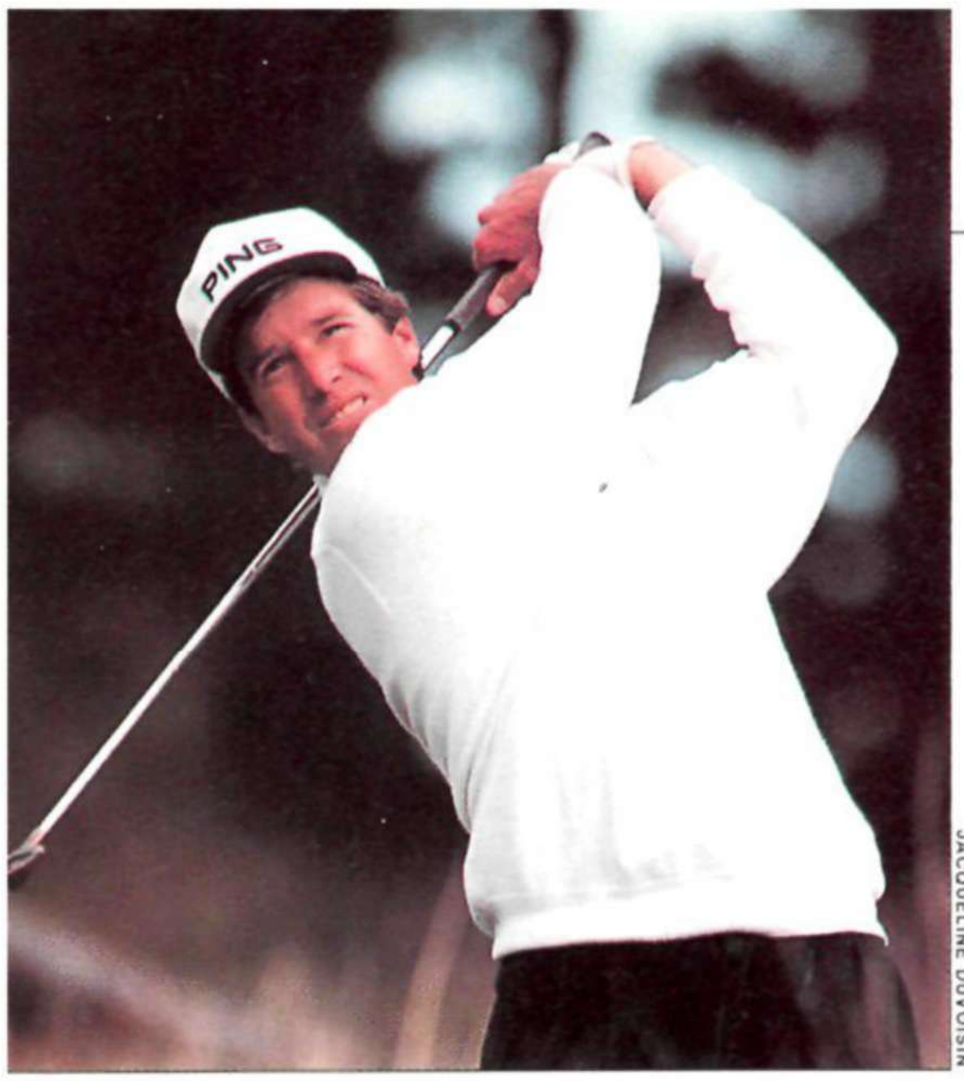
Another upstart, 27-year-old Brian Tennyson, sidestepped catastrophe at Spyglass Hill and Pebble Beach, the oth-



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Armour, who once had a quadruple bogey 9 on the 18th at Pebble, has learned patience.





JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Schulz (above) and Tennyson missed the cut but learned a lot about the better part of valor.

er two courses in the tournament rotation, but couldn't read the tricky greens and missed a dozen or so makable birdie putts. "I played a practice round with Tommy Armour here two years ago," said Tennyson. "And he told me you can be playing the best golf of your life coming into this tournament and miss the cut. He said just to be patient and not get caught up in all that's going on with the weather or galleries or whatever."

Tennyson tried to follow Armour's advice, but on Saturday he played the 17th at Cypress Point in winds that gusted to 50 mph, and he shot a 9.

History tells us that these courses yield only to veteran pros, and even then only grudgingly. In 43 years, from the days of the Crosby Clambake to the present, only Don Massengale in 1966, John Cook in '81 and Steve Jones in '88 got their first tour wins at Pebble Beach, and those three played all their rounds under mostly sunny skies, a tournament anomaly. More typically, the young player succumbs to the many distractions along the 17 Mile Drive, which include bounding deer and rabbits, barking sea lions, posturing celebrities plunking spectators, and the infamous weather, which forces more costume changes than the Ice Capades. And because they get only one crack at Cypress and Spyglass every year, and two at Pebble—*if* they or their pro-am pairing make the cut—acquiring local knowledge takes several years and a prodigious memory.

What accumulates quickly is the horror stories. Schulz, who won the 1989 Southern Open as a rookie and finished 30th on the money list ($391,855), will always approach the par-4 8th at Cypress Point with trepidation because last year he vaporized there. Holding the tournament lead at four under in the third round, he hit his second shot at the flag and watched in dismay as the wind blew it left onto a dune. "I tried two times to hit it out lefthanded," he said last Thursday. "Then I took a drop, chipped on and made the putt for an easy 7."

This year the pin on 8 was farther right, and Schulz hit the green safely. Turning to his wife, Diane, who was behind the gallery ropes, he laughed and said, "You feel better now?"

She did, but only until he walked up the hill and three-putted for bogey.

Armour didn't have to strain to recall his worst moment in four AT&Ts. "I made a 9 on the 18th at Pebble Beach the first time I played here," he said. "Put a couple of balls in the water. That didn't feel very good."

Tennyson joined the club Saturday afternoon when he had the bad luck to be on the 17th at Cypress when those heavy winds blew up, bending the flagstaff almost double. "We were so exposed it was unbelievable," he said later at Disaster Central. "I've played in wind, but not in wind like this."

Fighting for his balance on the 17th tee, Tennyson reached the fairway with his driver, but his attempt to reach the green with the same club met with a crosswind that sent his ball plunging

This year, hit the beach topless.

Diet Pepsi. The Right One.™

NUTRASWEET

Diet Pepsi and "The Right One" are trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc.
NutraSweet and the NutraSweet symbol are registered trademarks of The NutraSweet Company for its brand of sweetening ingredient.

into the sea. Dropping another ball at the base of the cliff, 104 yards from the pin, Tennyson hit a six-iron that also came up short and disappeared into the Pacific. His next shot, a five-iron, went over the back edge of the green. From there he chipped on, only to watch his ball roll all the way across the green and off the front edge. He chipped again to four feet and made the putt for 9—thereby narrowly losing the hole to his pro-am partner, Nestle chairman James Biggar, who had an 8.

Is this sort of self-flagellation good for a player's development? Tennyson, who tied for second at the Bob Hope and for fifth at Phoenix before his epic failure at the Battle of Cypress Point, seemed to think so: "I have heard about guys losing their swings here because they have to overcompensate for the wind. But to me, that's part of the game. I think playing here can improve your game—especially mentally."

Besides, golfers on the brink of stardom have to sharpen their images as well as their swings. In that regard, Armour, whose golf bag sports a big III on the side, made the most progress at Pebble Beach. With his evocative name, his ruddy good looks and his Bogartian way of flicking aside his cigarette before a shot, Armour is destined to be a crowd favorite if he can win a few. He already signs the best autograph on tour—a grand flourish copied, no doubt, from the clubs that have borne his famous grandfather's name for more than 50 years.

Armour I, who won the U.S. and British Opens and the PGA between 1927 and '31, wound up his career as a respected teacher and author in Florida. Armour III began his in Las Vegas, where his family lived in a house just off the third green at the Desert Inn. After playing college golf at the University of New Mexico, he had modest success on the European and Asian tours—"It was more like camping than exile," he says—but it took him five years to regain the tour card he lost in '82 for failing to play well enough. Before his five-shot victory at Phoenix, his best U.S. results were a second-place finish in the '88 Centel Classic and a tie for second at the '89 Kemper Open. "Winning feels strange," he said. "What should I expect of myself now?"

Tennyson played his college golf at Ball State and, like Armour and Schulz, took his turn on the Asian tour, where he won a couple of tournaments. He's loose and chatty on the course, and he credits his recent good play to a change in attitude. "I used to be real serious, out there grinding every day," he says. "A real Ben Hogan type. I'd block everything and everyone out, and by the 13th hole I'd be worn out." Tennyson studied the players who were emerging several years ago—Ken Green, Mark Calcavecchia, Steve Jones—and decided they played more or less with reckless abandon. "They'd wail on it and see what happened. Now I try to be more outgoing between shots—look at the trees, talk to someone about the Super Bowl, take my mind off the game for a few minutes. Then I find I have more energy to put into my game."

Tennyson's new attitude was tested at Cypress, right after he made his 9. Larry Mize, playing in Tennyson's foursome, hit a drive on the 18th hole that blew into the trees on the left of the fairway. Thinking his ball was lodged in a tree, the usually reserved Mize climbed up and shimmied along a main branch, looking for the ball. He found one—but it wasn't his! Just then, the wind started whipping again and the tree began to sway. Mize

. . . AND THE WILDCAT STAYED HOME

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT AT PEBBLE BEACH—PLAYING hooky, as it were—was another of the game's young lions. Robert Gamez, the 21-year-old who won his first tournament as a PGA Tour member four weeks ago in Tucson, spent the week of the National Pro-Am relaxing in Las Vegas at the house he rents next door to his parents.

The only course Gamez has played on the Monterey Peninsula is the one on the Fort Ord military installation. He says he wanted to play the AT&T this year, but he pleaded mental exhaustion in the wake of his unexpected first win. "Ted Schulz told me I should go up there, that I was missing out," he said Wednesday over breakfast at Bully's Food & Spirits. "But I didn't want to get into it and play my worst golf. I just didn't think I would have it mentally."

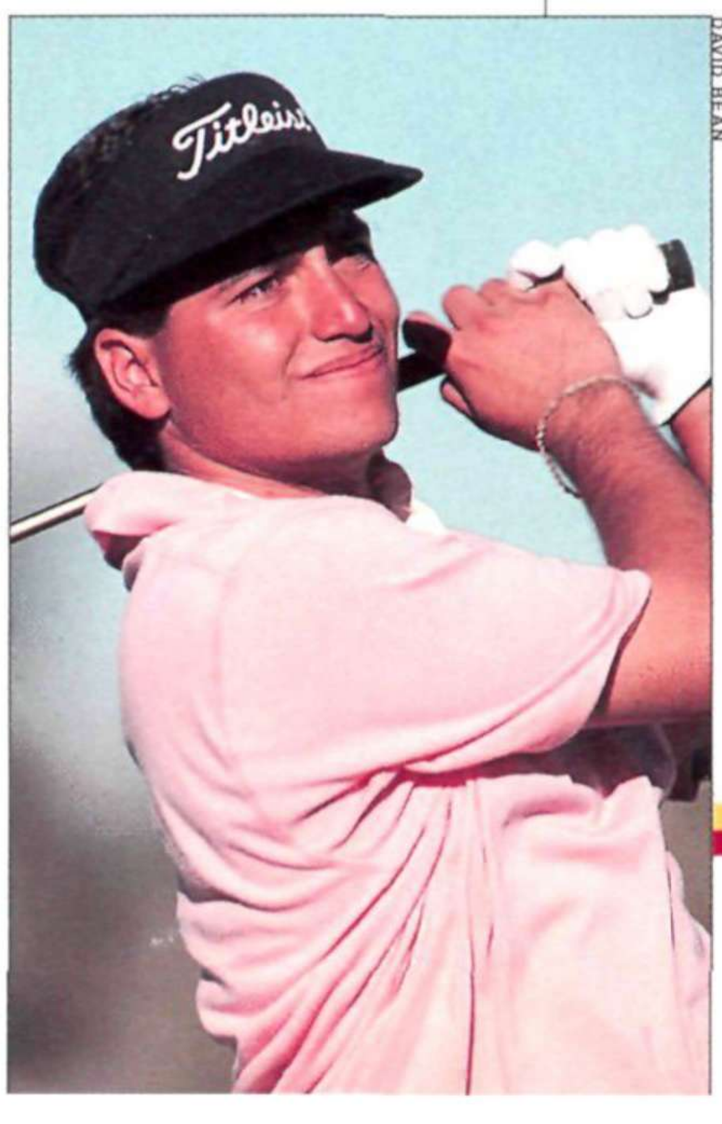
The week before, in Phoenix, where he shot a final-round 75 to finish 38th, word got around that Gamez was skipping the Pebble Beach Pro-Am because he didn't like cold and windy conditions. "That's a farce," he said last week. "I don't care what the weather conditions are like, really. When it's that cold and windy, you just have to concentrate more."

Questions about his Hispanic descent made Gamez uncomfortable. "I'd rather not be stereotyped like that," he said. "I just want to make my own name and be recognized as my own person."

And speaking of making his own name, Gamez wants desperately to shed his nickname. People who didn't know any better used to call him Gomez rather than Gamez, and his teammates at Arizona made that into Gomer. "I'd like to be known as Wildcat," he said, "because you never know what a wildcat's going to do. And that's like my game."

After breakfast, Gamez hopped into a shiny navy blue Thunderbird, which he says he bought after he turned pro. "I'm still making payments on it," he said. "I want to establish some credit around here." —J.G.

The Tucson Open was Gamez's first Tour event—and first win.



DAVID BEAN

TOYOTA CELICA

"I love what it does for me. At any speed."

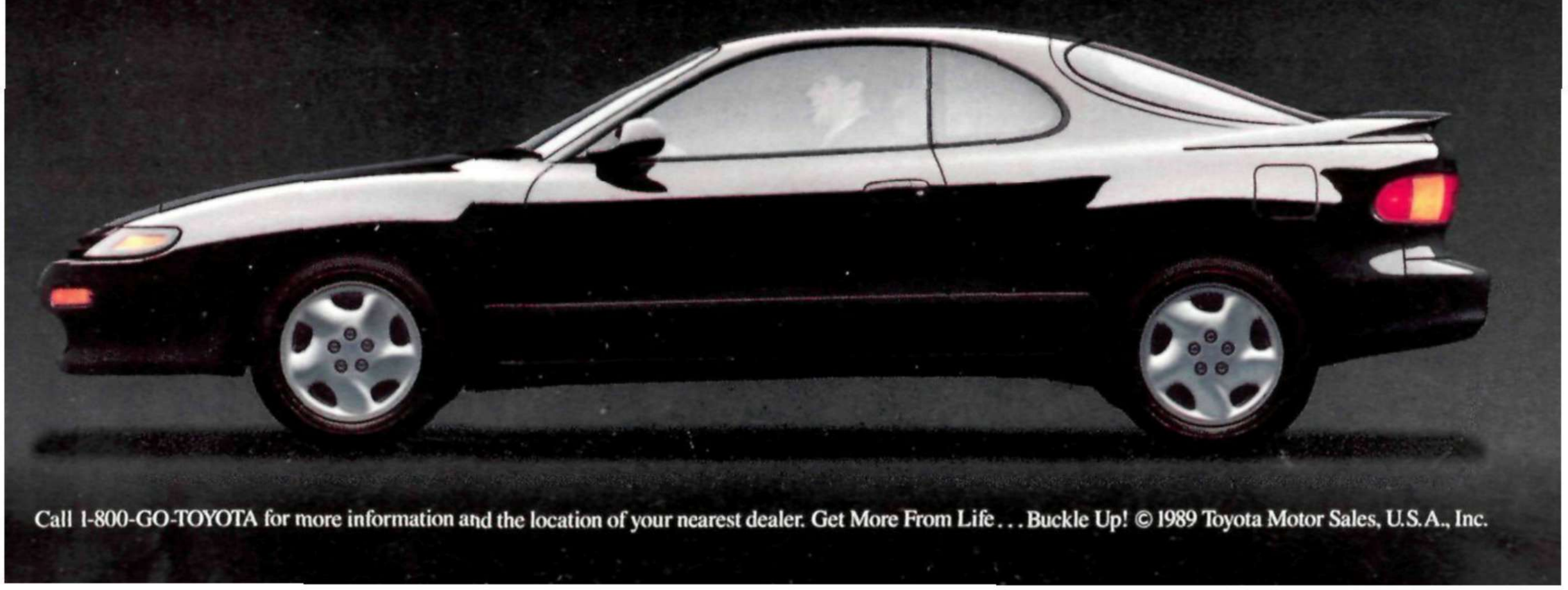
The all-new Toyota Celica GT-S not only looks like it goes, it goes like it looks.

It should be no surprise the wide-bodied, aerodynamic styling of Toyota's new Celica GT-S catches people's eyes. One look will tell you. But that's only the half of it. Just as attention-getting is that with its 16-valve engine and MacPherson strut suspension, the new Celica GT-S has the power and handling to make getting to even the most boring places fun.

And it's got a cockpit that's been designed with the driver in mind. There's a real sense of control and responsiveness but no sacrifice in comfort.

When it comes to performance and style, you'll love what the new Toyota Celica GT-S does for you. At just about any speed. Or even standing still.

"Toyota, I love what you do for me."



Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for more information and the location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life . . . Buckle Up! © 1989 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

V. J. LOVERO

Australia's Baker-Finch, who finished second at the T of C, took cover Down Under.

stopped, hung on and yelled, "What do I do now?"

The gallery laughed, and Tennyson broke up. "It was the funniest thing I ever saw," he said later. "I was about on the ground."

Loose again, Tennyson parred the hole and signed his scorecard in good humor. "Hey, with a day like this you just laugh it off and go on to next week," he said. "It could make you crazy if you took it too seriously."

Schulz can be a kidder too—sometimes. A devout Christian, he credits his improvement to his spiritual peace of mind, and he minimizes the emotional upsets of tournament golf. A typical Schulzism: "Golf is just a series of shots, and you play 'em."

"My demeanor goes in stages depending on how I'm doing," he says. When things were going bad for him during last Friday's round at Spyglass Hill, Schulz was quiet and solemn. He finally reached a breaking point of sorts on the par-3 15th, where he drove within four feet of the hole. On the green he said, "If I don't knock this in, this club is going in the water." When a friend said, "What will you putt with then?" he answered, "My one-iron or my foot."

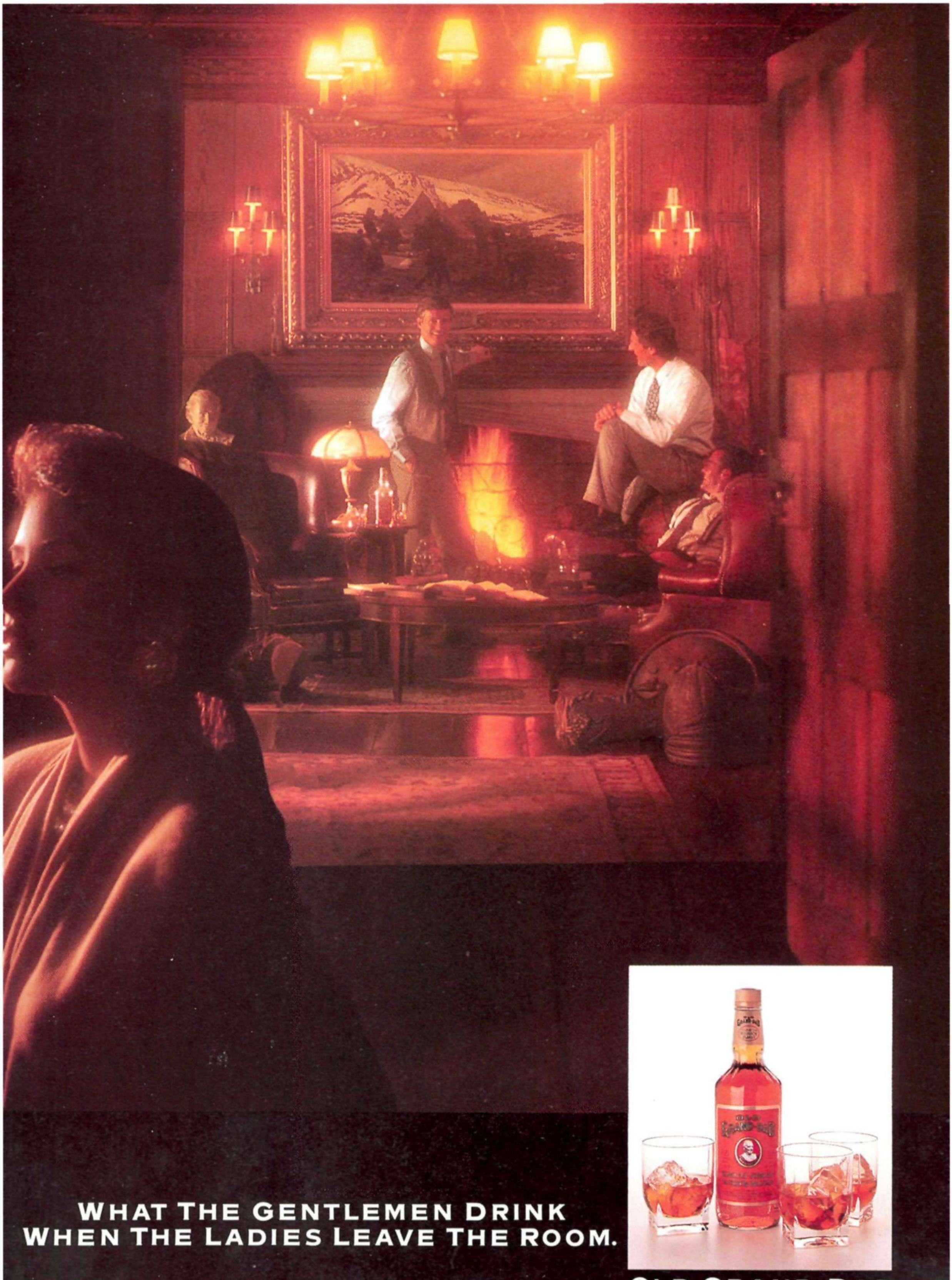
Schulz made the birdie putt and then birdied 16. His mood improved dramatically after that.

One traditional measure of golfing temperaments, of course, is the 16th at Cypress Point, that much photographed par-3 with the 205-yard carry over a roiling cauldron of pounding waves. Schulz played it on the first day—the same day that Tom Watson made a 6 on the hole and Paul Azinger had an 8. With the wind rising and rain pelting his umbrella, Schulz played the 16th as a par-4, hitting across the chasm to the bailout area on the left. Approaching his ball, he mocked himself by flapping his arms and clucking, but his was the prudent shot, given the conditions. He made a 4.

It was still the prudent shot an hour or so later when Armour got to the 16th, but the crowd-pleasing III never hesitated. He lashed his tee shot over the sea in a stiff wind and drew it back to the green, setting it down some 20 feet below the hole. "I've never laid up there, and hopefully I never will," he said later. "I'll hit a driver there if I have to." Armour's score: 3.

It was Tennyson's misfortune to play the 16th on Saturday, and, judging by his shot selection, he was already crazed by the wind: He took out his driver and went for the green. ("It's not like I was trying to protect the lead," he explained later.) He walloped his ball into the back right bunker, and from there he made a 4. Had he not had a 9 on the next hole, it might have been the highlight of his round.

The upstarts' 54-hole scores looked like numbers from a college invitational. Armour: 76-72-77–225. Schulz: 74-72-79–225. Tennyson: 75-72-83–230. All three missed the cut, and all but Tennyson, who played Sunday because he and his amateur partner made the pro-am cut, were spectators or passengers on outbound planes when Mark O'Meara won the tournament with a seven-under-par score of 67-73-69-72–281. But none of them would say that his time at Pebble Beach had been wasted. "You learn something every time you play here," said Armour. "The older you get, the better you get." ■


WHAT THE GENTLEMEN DRINK
WHEN THE LADIES LEAVE THE ROOM.
Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 43% Alc/Vol (86 Proof) Distilled and Bottled by The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, KY
OLD GRAND-DAD

LET THREEDOM RING

The three-point shot, now grudgingly accepted by coaches, has changed the college game

BY HANK HERSCH

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVED DISASTER would come to college hoops in threes, think again. Since the NCAA's 19′ 9″ three-point arc came into being during the 1986–87 season, we have witnessed higher scoring, wilder games and larger crowds; the removal of the gym rat from the endangered-species list; one coach, Kentucky's Rick Pitino, parlay his total commitment to the three into a contract-plus-perks package worth $855,000 a year; other coaches cling to their old philosophies and lower tax brackets; the dunk take a back seat; the decline of fighting; and, over the grumbling of the few (mostly coaches), a heightened sense of excitement by the many (almost everyone else).

Though one big question clouds all discussion of the three—*Is it too damn easy?*—it has become clear that the 19′ 9″ shot has altered the college game more than any rule change since the center jump was eliminated after each basket in the late '30s. Underutilized as a freshman and handled with care as a sophomore and a junior, the three has come into its own as a senior. Even old foes, such as La Salle coach Speedy Morris, are warming up to it. Somewhat. Morris's reaction in '87, when La Salle tried 12.7 threes a game: "I think idiots put in the rule." His current perspective, with the No. 15 Explorers' trey rate at 22.7 a game: "I don't like it, but it has created interest in the sport."

The three-pointer's impact is now quantifiable. Compared with its first season, roughly seven more three-point attempts are going up per game this season, and two more are going in *(see illustration below)*. Meanwhile, the percentage of threes made has dropped from 38.4% to 36.4%, indicating that teams are making a greater effort to defend the arc. "People who say the line is too close because they can make seven of 10, let me put one of my defenders on them," says Kansas coach Roy Williams. But such a commitment stretches the D and permits more room for offensive players to maneuver in the interior because there is less double-teaming down low. "In the past, we stressed trying to take away the high-percentage shots," says Arizona coach Lute Olson. "Now you must extend your defense."

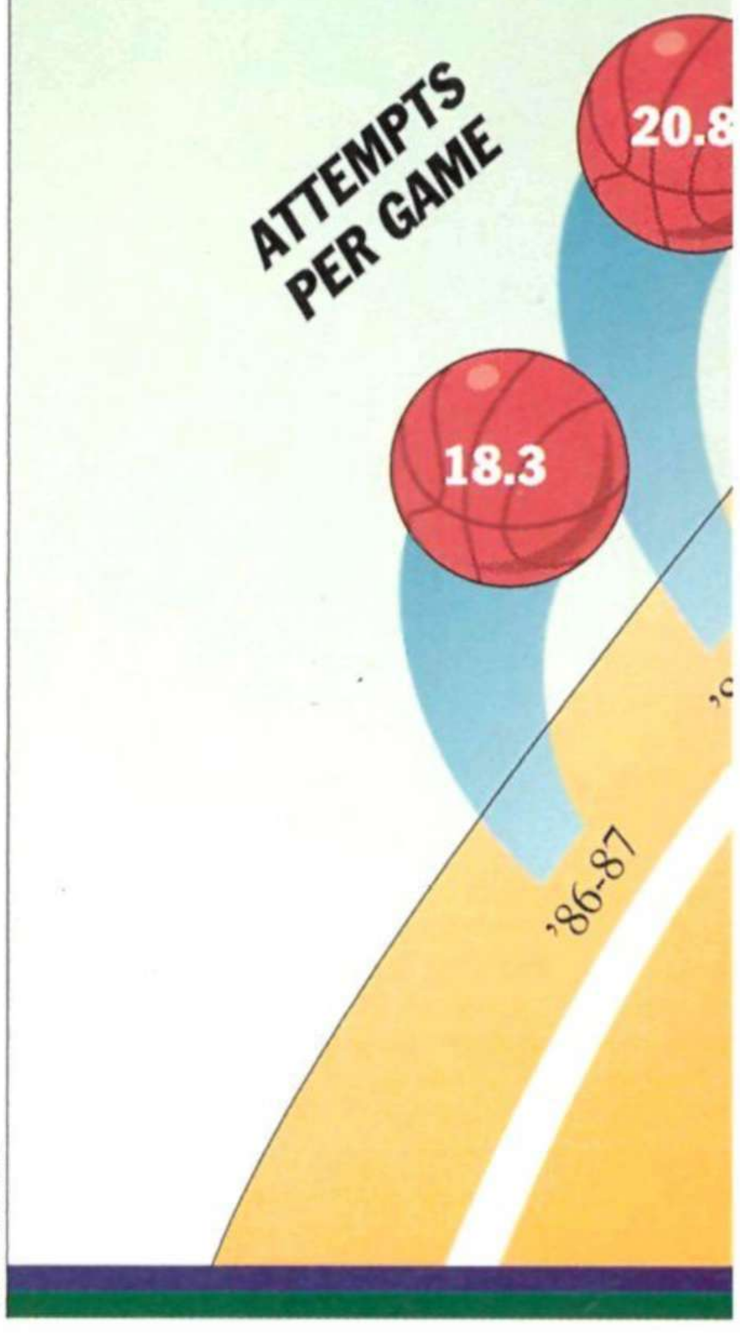
The three-pointer, which was foisted on coaches by NCAA rules committee chairman Dr. Edward Steitz, has proved to be the perfect complement to the 45-second shot clock, which was installed in 1985–86. Pre-three, even with the clock ticking, there was little to prevent a team from clogging the lane with a zone, giving up the outside jumper and letting the tempo sag. With the three, scoring has shot up by 9.2%. And unlike baseball's designated-hitter rule, which adds similar punch to a game but detracts from strategy, the trey makes basketball more challenging to coach and more interesting to watch. Says North Carolina State coach Jim Valvano, "Before the three-pointer and the shot clock, the game had almost gotten—god forbid—boring."

Just check the turnstiles. In the two seasons before the rule was passed, attendance dipped for the first time in NCAA annals; the past two seasons have seen record turnouts. The attraction? The shot has such a reasonable chance for success that it creates a communal sense of anticipation from the moment it's released. (On Dec. 23, Southwestern Louisiana edged Kentucky 116–113 in a shootout that set an NCAA record for oohs, aahs and treys attempted—84.) It permits flurries of points and wild comebacks. (On Jan. 20, Clarence Armstrong of visiting Drexel canned three threes in a row in the last 13 seconds to beat Bucknell 87–86.) And it gently tips the balance of power from the slam-dunking Goliaths to the mad-bombing Davids. (On Jan. 6, Scott Joyce, a 5′ 8″ sophomore reserve from Butte Community College, scored 12 points on four three-pointers in the final 49 ticks of regulation to help defeat Shasta Community College 116–115 in double overtime.)

Another salutary side effect has been the reduction in muggings under the basket. Says Dale Kelley, the supervisor of officials in the Metro Conference, "It draws players away from the inside, where play is often very physical, which,

THE OUTER LIMITS

Since the 19′ 9″ arc was introduced to college basketball in 1986–87, the number of three-point attempts and the number of shots made per game by both teams have increased annually. But the steady decline in shooting percentages for the trey indicates that defenses are starting to get wise to it.



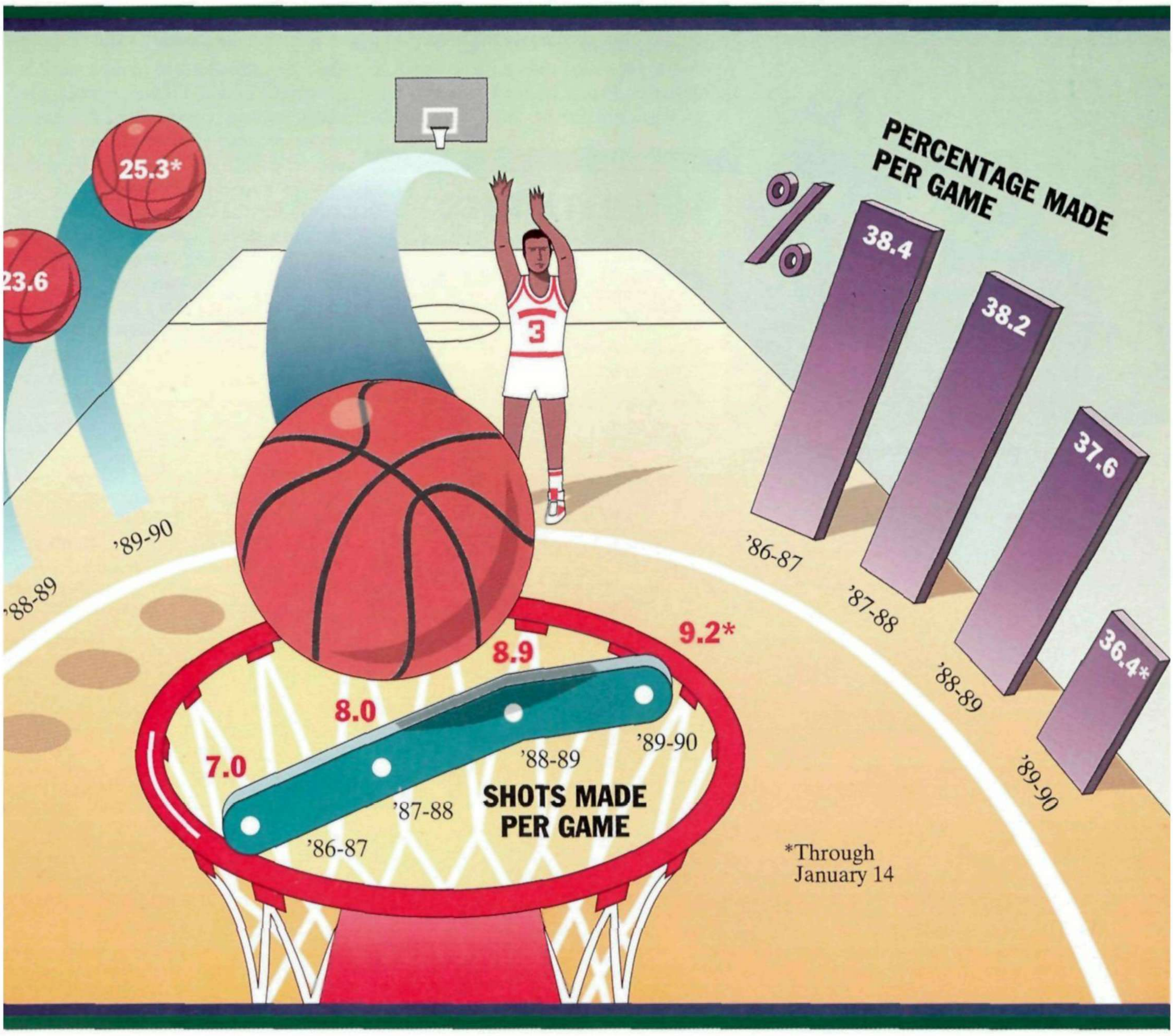
JOHN GRIMWADE

in turn, can sometimes lead to fighting."

So all that's left is for the game's leading strategists to learn how best to exploit the arc, right? Not quite. There are still those who throw their hands up in disgust at every three. "It's such a short, baby shot that it's awful," says UCLA coach Jim Harrick. "I don't believe there should be rules that dictate my coaching style." That attitude sounds pretty tough, but is it smart?

"It's a coach's responsibility to do whatever he feels is best for the team," says Louisville coach Denny Crum. "If he's got the guys to shoot the three-point shot effectively, then I would fault him for *not* doing it." Pitino, the godfather of Steitz's brainchild, has plumbed the three's possibilities deeper than anyone else, and with success. He used it to take Providence to the Final Four in 1987, to help the New York Knicks to the NBA's Atlantic Division title in '89 and to keep himself in Armani suits for the next decade with the deal he signed at Kentucky last June. So far this season, his Wildcats have figured in five three-point records, and they lead the country in three-point shots made (212).

The action in Lexington has been so furious that some former Wildcat guards yearn longingly for their old Kentucky home, now refurbished into a three-point launching pad. Says Dicky Beal, class of '84, "They're allowed so much more creativity than when we played." Louie Dampier, '67: "I can see myself really enjoying playing for coach Pitino." Jim Master, '84: "If only I were 10 years younger. To be able to take those shots from all over the floor and not worry about coming out, that's an incredible feeling." Though Kentucky is a .500 ball club that is on NCAA probation, some rivals feel the bluegrass may be greener in Lexington. Says Louisville guard LaBradford Smith, "During practice everyone wants to be someone from



PHIL HUBER

Grider (11) stretches defenses to the limit.

Kentucky, because they can shoot from anywhere."

Other schools have developed similarly permissive styles with positive results. Says Holy Cross coach George Blaney, whose Crusaders won 15 of their first 18 games with the aid of 97 threes, "We have two rules: One is, you don't shoot it on the first pass. Two is, you always shoot it when you're open. We try to move the ball in first, then take the three-pointer on the second or third pass."

Paul Westhead uses it to force a helter-skelter tempo at 20th-ranked Loyola Marymount. He practically gives up two points at one end to get an opportunity for three for long-distance shooters Bo Kimble, the nation's leading scorer, and Jeff Fryer. "Our guys have to sprint to designated spots on the court, and four of those are in the three-point area," Westhead says. "If the ball is passed to someone in those spots, he has the absolute green light to shoot."

The most surprising trend concerning the trey may be found in the fast break; more and more teams are looking to pull up rather than drive to the basket. "When you think about it, the three-pointer affects the game more than the dunk because of the extra point," says Duke guard Phil Henderson. "Smart fans should get more excited about that." Perhaps it is a sign of the times that the Chicago Bulls' Michael Jordan has chosen to enter the three-point contest the night before this Sunday's NBA All-Star Game rather than go after his third slam-dunk title.

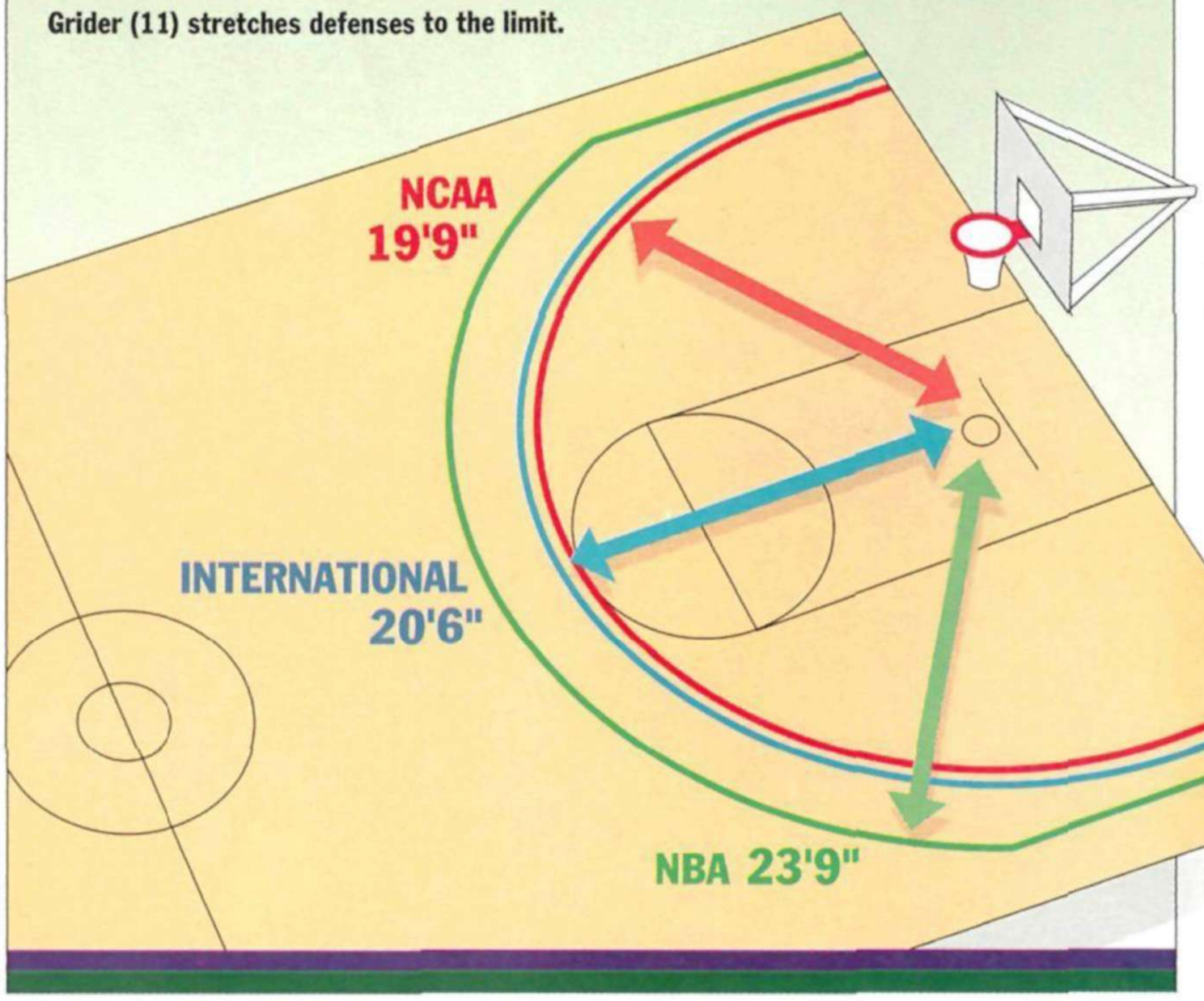
Suddenly, the ability to shoot, a trait that for a time seemed to rank third behind quickness and power, has become a much valued commodity. Kansas, a team noticeably short of rim-rattlers, has vaulted to No. 2 in the polls with a cast of long-range shooters. The Jayhawks fire the three frequently (15.4 attempts a game) and effectively (45.9%, third in the nation), spreading the floor for their exquisite backdoor cuts. When Williams really wants a three-for-all, he summons 6′ 1″ reserve Terry Brown, a junior college transfer who cocks the ball behind his right shoulder in a manner only a chiropractor could love. Brown's first 11 field goals as a Jayhawk were treys, and he is sinking almost half his attempts from beyond the arc. At Allen Fieldhouse, students hand out Xeroxed $3 bills with Brown's photo in the middle. They read: IN TERRY WE TRUST.

Brown is one of a wide range of specialists who can almost instantly turn a game inside out. Indeed, the three has also brought new life to those sun-starved, often short and awkward creatures who once spent hour after hour firing jump shots in an empty gym. Before the trey, this species—known variously as the suburban kid, the small-town kid, the backyard kid or, more broadly, the gym rat—could be found on the end of college benches, waving towels and reminding us that, yes, hard work could earn you a letter jacket. Nice pets to sic on the occasional zone, but not really, well, *players*.

Now one of them can mean instant offense. Con-

DIFFERENT STRIPES

Many coaches would like to see collegians shoot the three-pointer from the 20′ 6″ international distance. That's nine inches farther than the current shot but 39 inches short of the deepest part of the NBA arc. After all, even high schoolers get three from 19′ 9″.



JOHN GRIMWADE

Photograph: Aldo Fallai Produced by Gruppo GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

MANI

The label that speaks for itself....

What's sto

No doubt that the new Prelude Si has visual stopping power. Sculpted fenders flow smoothly into its hood and doors. Expansive windows and ultra-slim pillars add to your visibility.

That's not to say its appearance is the only thing that will stop you in your tracks. This year, engineers at Honda R&D have designed their Anti-Lock Braking (ALB) system specifically for the Prelude Si.

They also improved its acceleration. And increased its low-end torque. So when you

© 1989 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

pping you?

drive the new Prelude Si, you'll find it's more responsive than ever before.

Now, rather than going on about its remarkable suspension, precise handling and its luxurious interior, why don't you experience them for yourself? Once you start driving the new Prelude Si, there may be no stopping you after all.

HONDA

The Prelude Si

ALB options shown

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Pitino's dedication to the three-point shot has made converts of the Wildcat faithful.

sider Ohio University's Dave Jamerson, a not particularly quick 6′ 4″ senior guard from Stow, Ohio, who averaged 19 points last season. Now he's second in the nation in scoring (32.7), thanks to the three and an offense designed to let him rapid-fire it. He pumped in 60 points against Charleston on Dec. 21, converting an NCAA record 14 treys (in 17 attempts). "The art of shooting had kind of gone astray, but you see it coming back now," Jamerson says. "It's all footwork, timing and the quick release, and a lot of that is practice. Along with playing in the summer, I shoot an hour or two a day. When you shoot that many shots, it gets a lot easier."

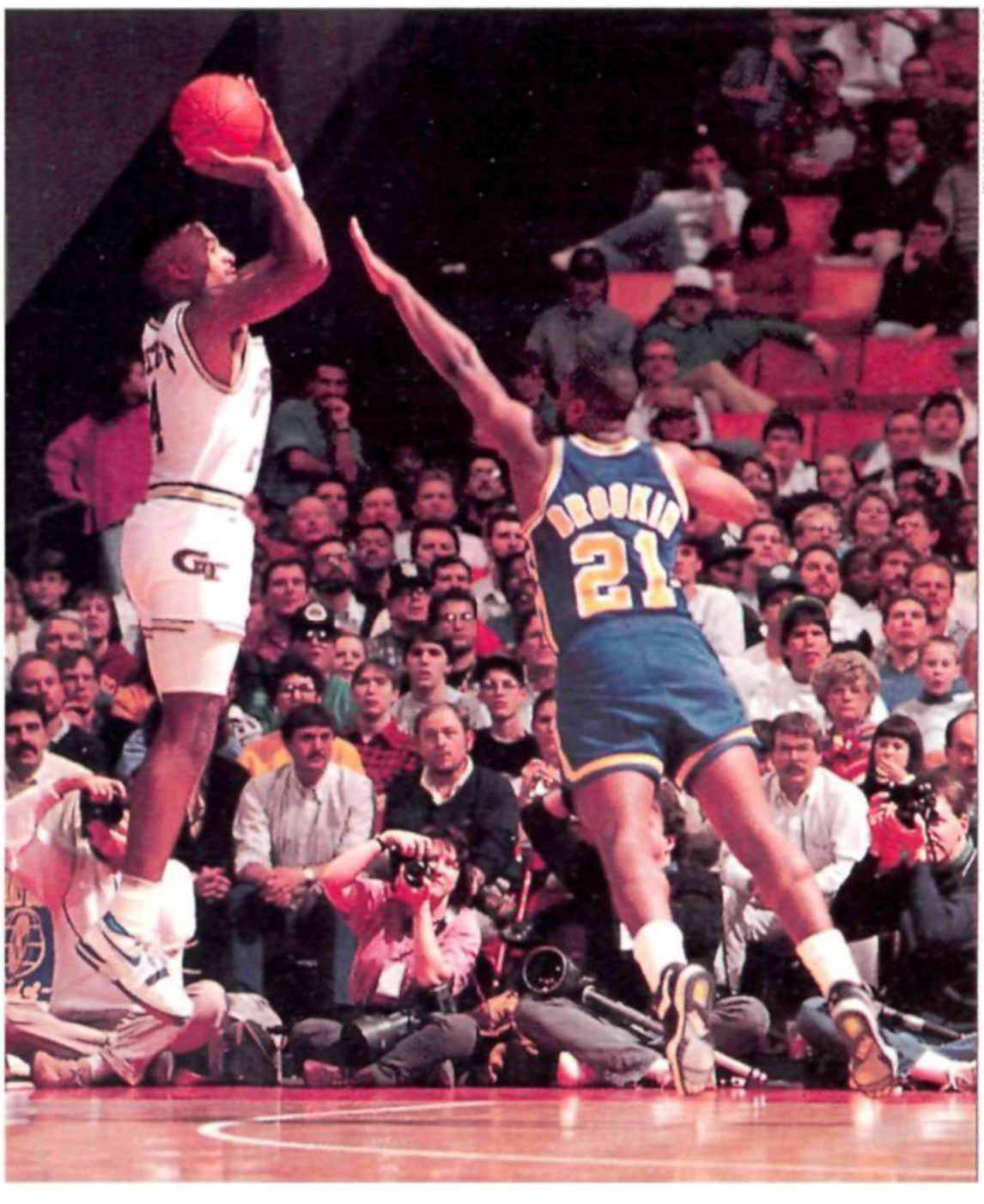
A more extreme case is 6′ 4″, 152-pound stick figure Travis Bice, a sophomore at UNLV who leads the Big West Conference in three-point percentage at 51.1%. Bice is a walk-on out of Simi Valley (Calif.) High who spent his first season at Vegas on the scout team and his second as a redshirt. At times he looks like a Yugo on a court full of Porsches, but his ability to shoot the three has earned him a scholarship and some rare attention. In the preseason NIT, California went into a box-and-one to stop Bice after he had made four straight treys over 2:15 in a 101–81 UNLV win. "The last time I saw a box-and-one was in the eighth grade," Bice says.

On the other end of the scale is Georgia Tech's multi-talented junior, Dennis Scott. The three was hurting his career. For his first two seasons at Georgia Tech, the 6′ 8″ Scott seemed to have an equal affinity for both the arc and the golden arches of McDonald's. He was an overweight underachiever, content to stay on the perimeter. As a result, his stock dropped badly with pro scouts.

Still a deadly gunner, Scott has slimmed down by 20 pounds to 221 this season, and is using the three to complement his game rather than to consume it. His scoring average has jumped from 20.3 in 1988–89 to 28.8. "I can shoot from a distance, but I'm showing this year I can post up," Scott says. "The whole picture is mixed up as far as the defensive players are concerned. Nobody knows what I'll do next."

There's no such mystery at Southwestern Louisiana. The Ragin' Cajuns' top triple threat is 6′ 4″ senior Sydney Grider, who has a familial connection to trick shots. His father, Josh, was a Harlem Globetrotter in the '50s. (It should be noted that Trotter owner Abe Saperstein originated the three-pointer in 1961, when he founded the American Basketball League. Saperstein, 5′ 3″, wanted to put the little man back in the game, so he awarded an extra point for shots made from beyond a 25-foot stripe.) Says Grider, "When the NCAA put in that line, it was like rewarding me

In spite of his diet, Scott frequently feasts on the trey.

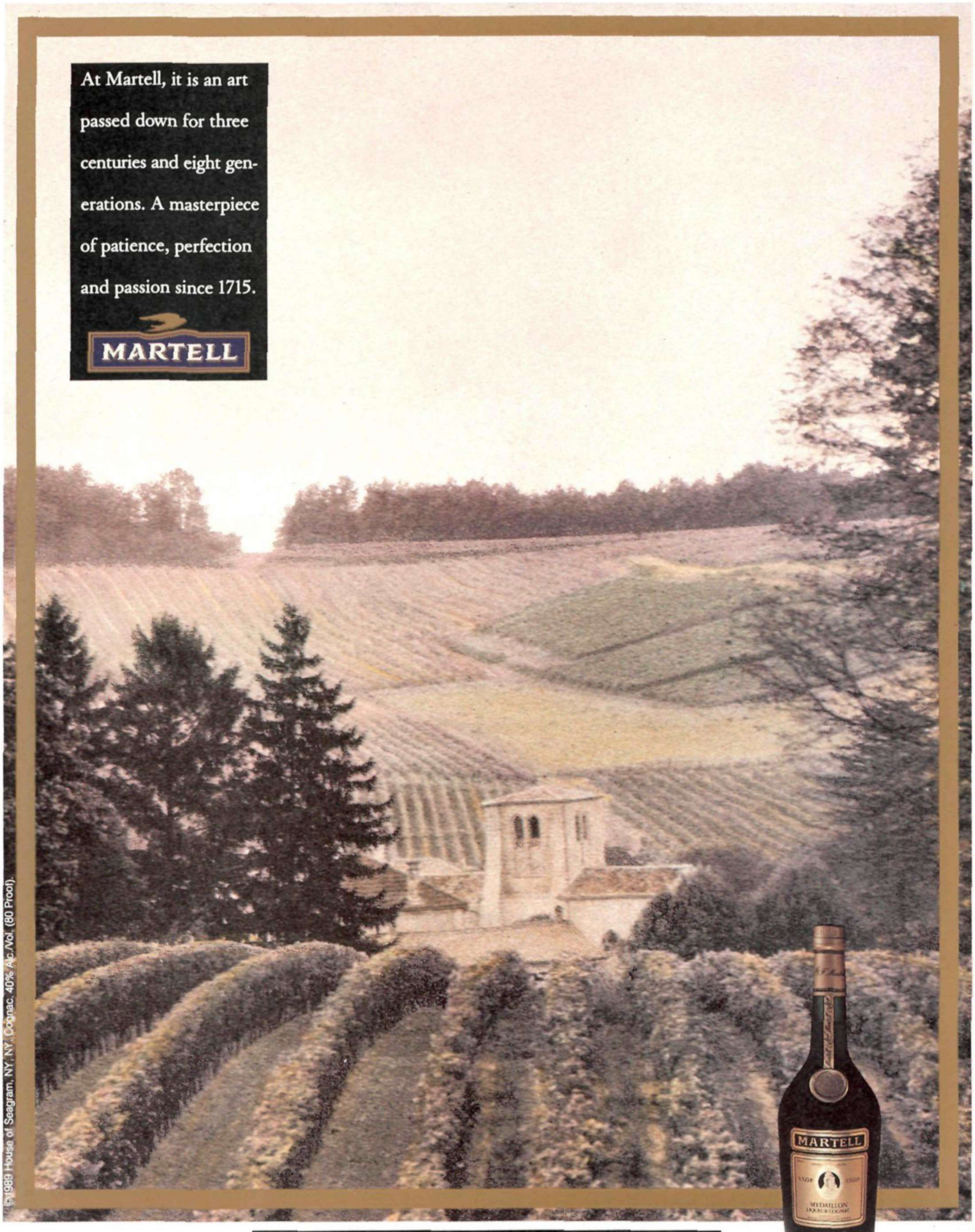


SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

THE ART OF COGNAC.

At Martell, it is an art passed down for three centuries and eight generations. A masterpiece of patience, perfection and passion since 1715.

MARTELL



©1989 House of Seagram, NY, NY. Cognac. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

SINCE 1715.

How to pack for the weekend.

1.

2.

©1989 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, New York, NY. Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

for the range I have. But like my coach says, my own three-point line is closer to the NBA's [23′ 9″] than the NCAA's."

Coaches who once viewed three-point specialists with the disdain linebackers hold for field goal kickers are hungry to sign them up. "It used to be that you would look for a point guard, a big guy, et cetera," Olson says. "Now you're always on the lookout for that one pure shooter."

Such a player is Marquis Hicks, a senior at Frederick Douglass High in Atlanta who, at 6 feet, has a point guard's size but a shooting guard's mentality. "He doesn't even look for other players," says schoolboy scout Bob Gibbons, who publishes a recruiting sheet called *All-Star Sports Report*. "I wouldn't give you a plugged nickel for him if not for his ability as a three-point shooter. He's amazing." Hicks has accepted a scholarship to Oklahoma.

Which brings us, inevitably, to that nagging query: The three-point arc may belong in the game, but is it painted where it belongs? Answers vary. It gets thumbs up from Marquette coach Kevin O'Neill: "I'm one that likes it right where it is. It's great when a 7-footer can shoot from that distance and make it." Thumbs down from Bobby Cremins of Georgia Tech: "It seems like officials are throwing up the touchdown signal on a normal shot. I'd say move the line back, but don't eliminate it."

And the 19′ 9″ distance gets pursed lips from former UCLA coach John Wooden: "If you're going to give somebody three points for standing on the perimeter and hitting a 19-foot [sic] shot, how do you reward the players who work the perfect give-and-go? Getting the ball inside takes solid fundamental skills and the toughness to go inside. That's the kind of play and teamwork that should be rewarded."

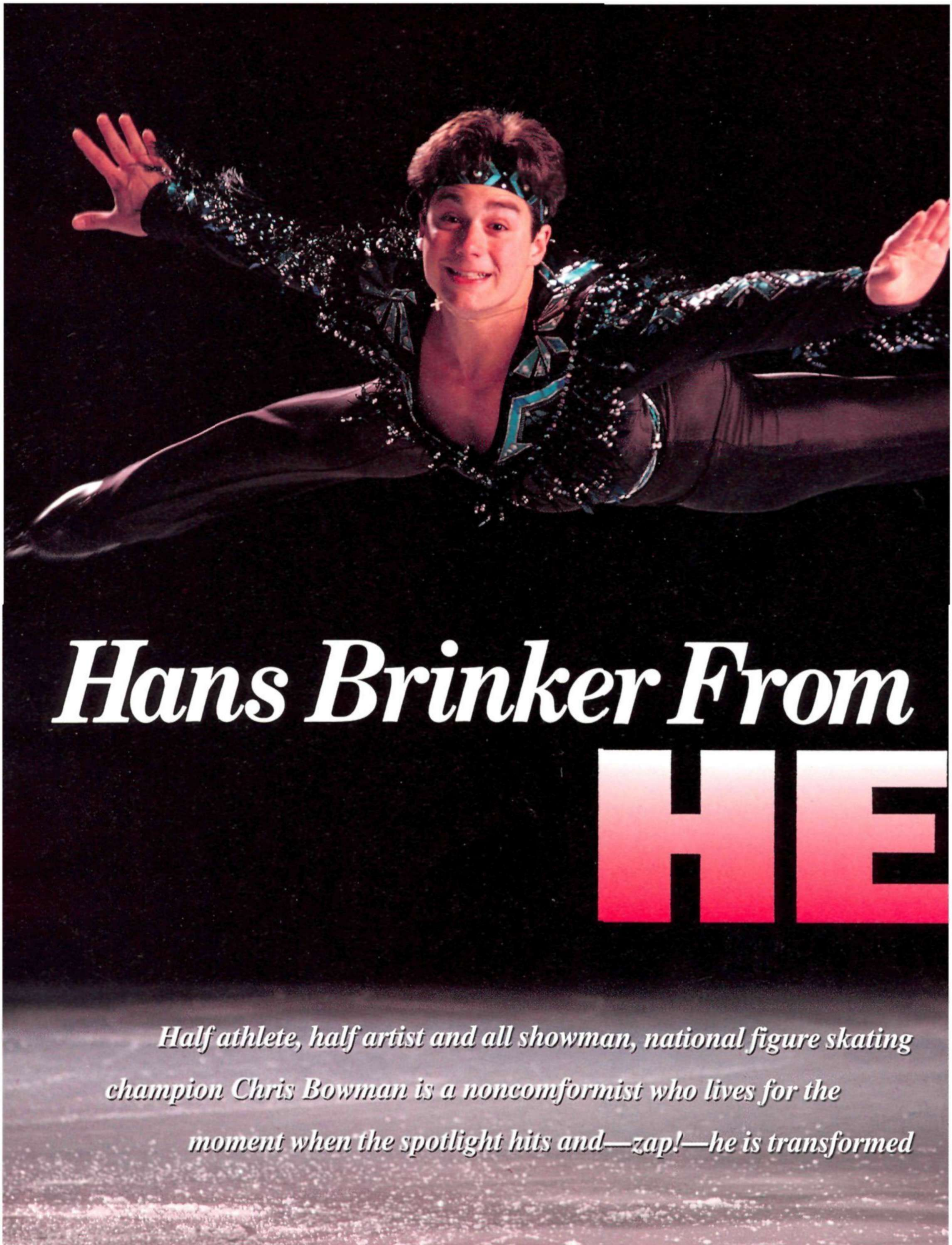
A survey of coaches at the 1987 Final Four showed that 36% of them wanted to see the line moved back. Some suggested redrawing it at 21′ 9″, halfway between 19′ 9″, which the high schools have been using since 1987–88, and the NBA's 23′ 9″. "It's a natural progression," Harrick says. "It's just common sense."

Most seem to favor switching to the international stripe, which is 20′ 6″ out. Crum, a newly appointed member of the NCAA coaches' rules committee, is one. "That's certainly better than where it is," he says. "I just don't like rewarding a player with an extra point for doing something that's relatively easy."

Ultimately, moving the three-point line farther away may assuage the egos of some coaches who feel that Steitz dictated the rule to them. And maybe it makes some sense to adopt 20′ 6″, given that the current distance is shared with high schools and is shy of international standards. But no, the three is not too easy now; it's just easy enough. College basketball is more exciting than ever, by a long shot. ■

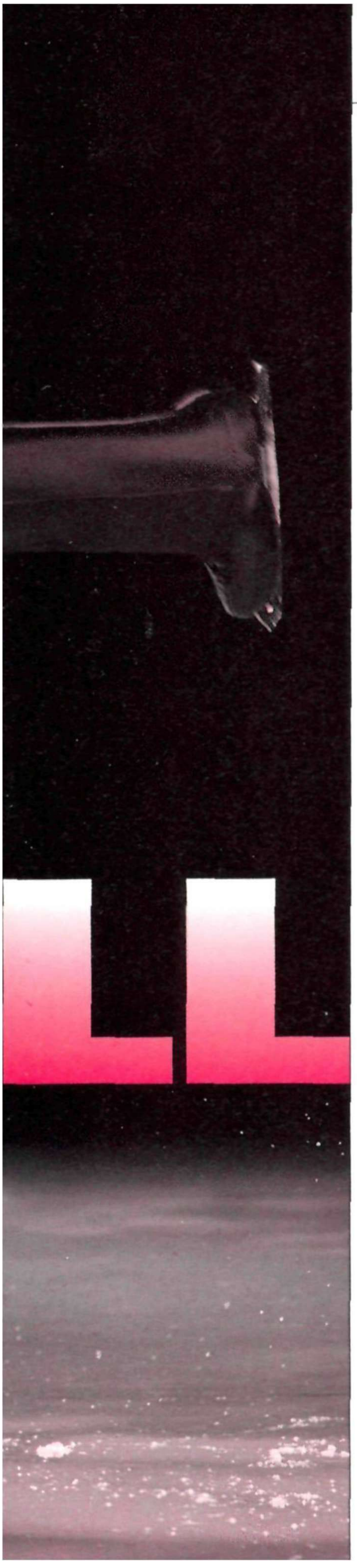
Jamerson (far right) is the new breed of gym rat who opens up the middle with his treys.

CARL SKALAK



Hans Brinker From HE

Half athlete, half artist and all showman, national figure skating champion Chris Bowman is a noncomformist who lives for the moment when the spotlight hits and—zap!—he is transformed



BY E. M. SWIFT

LATE AGAIN. CHRISTOPHER BOWman, the 22-year-old heartthrob of American figure skating, national men's champion, successor to Brian Boitano and Scott Hamilton, second in the world championships in 1989, charmer, clown and unrelenting gadabout—is late again for practice.

Not terribly late. A few minutes, no more. Still, his coach, Frank Carroll, who has taught, cajoled, threatened and occasionally throttled Bowman, and stuffed him into a trash can, and, barely, survived his 17 years of coaching him, is *not amused. "You see, this is the sort of* thing I mean," Carroll says. "We have 45 minutes of private ice. Christopher has only had to walk 100 yards to get here. And let's see how long it takes before he finally is ready to skate. I don't see total commitment from Christopher. I'm not sure he's dedicated enough to be one of the alltime greats."

Bowman, stretching on the warmup bar, knows that Carroll is discussing him and mugs like a schoolboy behind the principal's back. He makes the sort *of face that is almost impossible to resist,* conspiratorial in nature, guilt-free, disrespectful in a fun-loving way and full of the devil. It is not an expression one expects to see on a world-class athlete, but in a seventh-grade study hall it would bring down the house.

Bowman has not skated in five weeks, and he has exactly one month left before he defends his national title in Salt Lake City. Plenty of time, plenty of time. He is about five pounds overweight, not unusual for him at this time of year, but it is Carroll's pet peeve. He is short of stamina from his layoff, hasn't touched a barbell in months, has avoided his dance classes like the plague and on top of it all is suffering from a cold he picked up two nights earlier while traipsing around Lake Arrowhead, Calif.—which is where he trains—in search of a tow truck after his car had skidded off an icy road. "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride" is how he describes the mishap.

"O.K., now the training starts," he says theatrically, as he puts a cassette into the tape machine and takes the ice 10 minutes after the appointed hour. "Now we get serious."

Wrongggg. The driving beat of *Your Momma Don't Dance* ("... and your daddy don't rock and roll") begins to reverberate, full-blast, through the arena. Another coach, another skater, smile. Bowman, boogying around the ice, grins.

Carroll, smoldering, turns off the music and scowls. He is thinking: *Where is Linda Fratianne when I need her?* Carroll coached Fratianne from 1970 to 1980, and she was a perfect angel of a pupil. Always on time. Respectful, sweet and a national champion to boot. What had he done to deserve this?

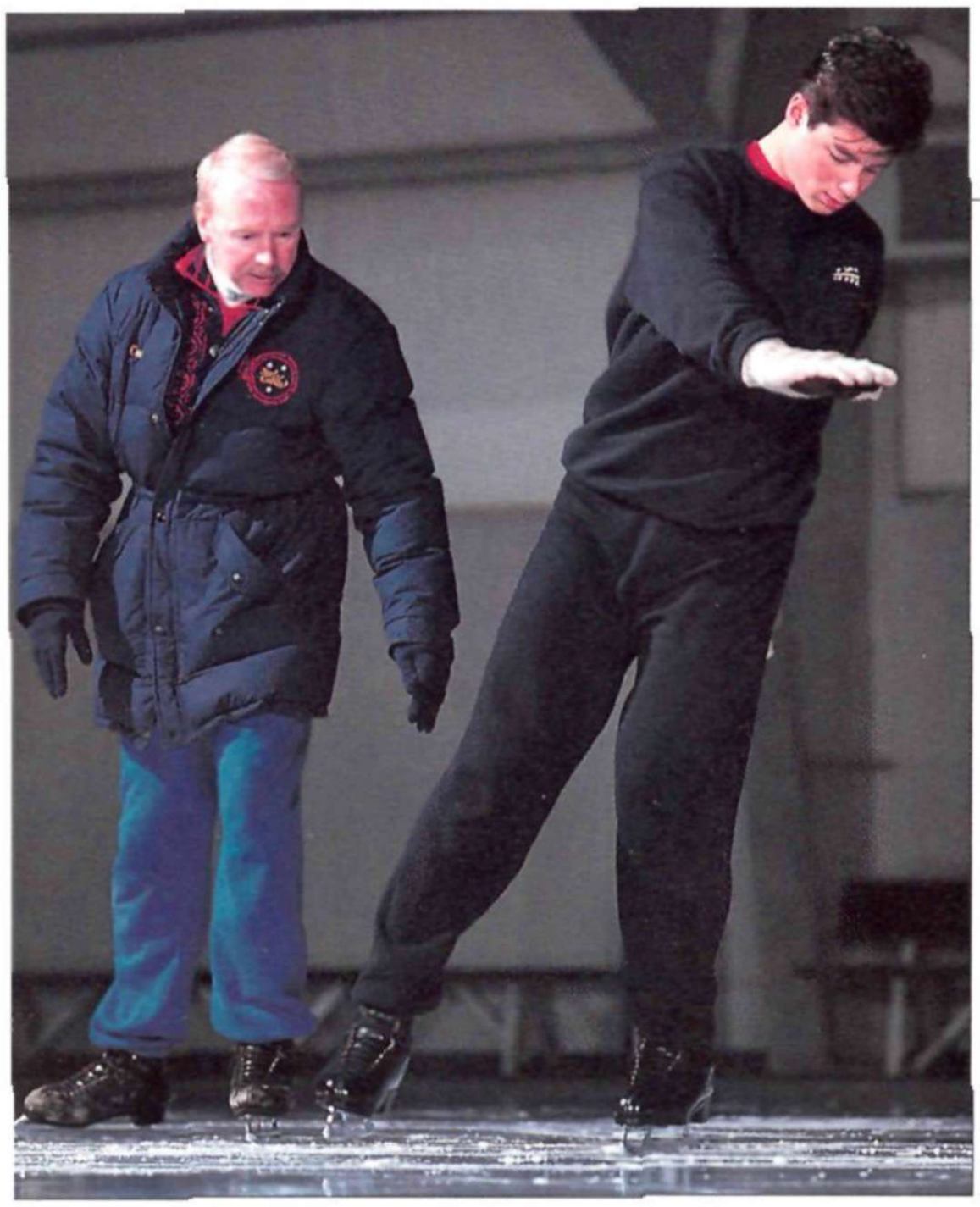
Carroll switches tapes, putting on the music for Bowman's short program, a piece that is meant to suggest an Indian *war dance. "It sounds like an Indian* with a hatchet in his hand," Carroll says dryly, "which is sort of like Christopher's personality."

Two hours later, Carroll throws the national men's champion off the ice for talking with another skater during the workout and then making an impertinent remark. "No more arguing with him," Carroll sighs. "No spooning him pabulum. If he doesn't want to train, he can take his skates off. I'm not going to hold his hand. Christopher is a wonder*ful person, has great personality and can* charm the skin off a snake. But to get him out on a day-to-day basis, to get improvement from him, to get him to love what he's doing is sheer hell. There's no doubt he's the most talented boy in the world, but he has an awful lot to sort out."

One of the things Bowman could start with is why he should change his footloose, happy-go-lucky ways when, to date, they have served him so well. Finishing second to Canada's Kurt Brown*ing—he of the quadruple revolutions*—in the 1989 world championships in Paris is not exactly the Ice Follies. Especially in light of the fact that when they met again last October, Bowman beat Browning in the Skate America competition. Much as coaches hate to admit it—and Carroll does—some kids are practice skaters whose legs turn to noodles in front of *13,000* people. Others, like Bowman (Debi Thomas is another), can't seem to get their laces tied properly until the spotlight hits them. Then—*zap!*—they are transformed into, as Bowman puts it, "a Hans Brinker from hell."

"He loves being the star, being the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER



Carroll, Bowman's coach for 17 years, has survived, but barely.

center of attention," says Carroll, "and he's great under pressure. You just wish he trained a little harder. For years people have told me how wonderful he is, because he has that quality that brings people out of their seats. But there's something missing."

Like what?

"If I came into this arena right now, with none of my students around," says Carroll, "I'd turn on the lights, put on some music and skate around looking like a fool, because, at age 50, I still love to skate. Christopher wouldn't."

He doesn't live it. He doesn't have figure skating in his soul. Bowman has heard the criticism before. During the 1988 Olympics in Calgary, in which he finished seventh, ABC announcer Dick Button tweaked him over the air, saying, "He's a little too busy chasing Frisbees—and bikinis—on the beaches of Malibu."

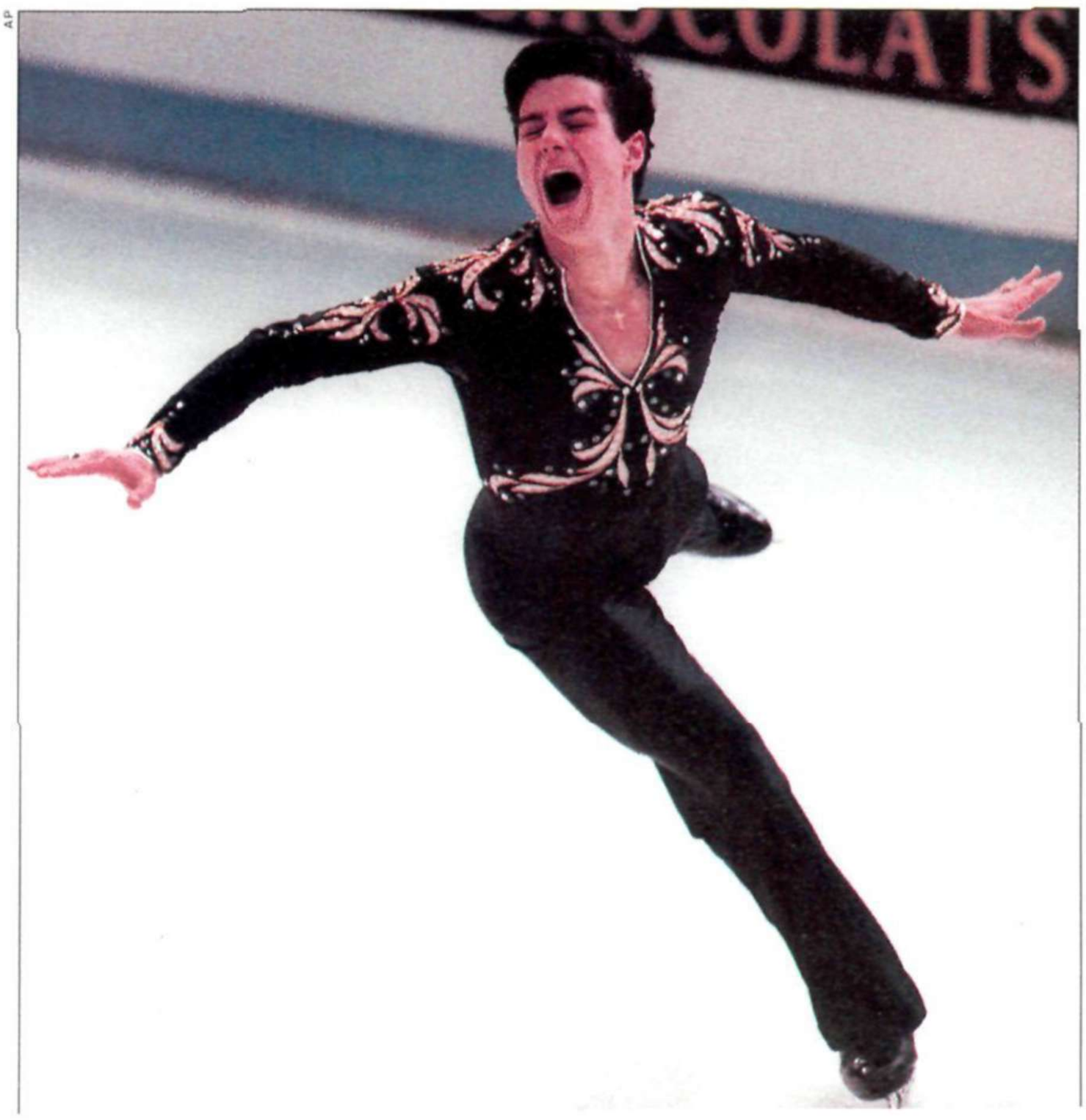
"You're right, Dick, I'm a human being," responds Bowman, who believes that "eating and breathing figure skating morning, noon and night is fine for a few minutes. I mean, who cares if you arrive at the rink early and turn on the lights? Who really cares? Not the judges. Not the audience. It doesn't matter how many days I've worked as long as I feel in my heart I have what it takes to do my best right here and right now. The bottom line is the performance."

Figure skaters approach a competition in one of three ways. They dread it, out of fear of failure. Or they prepare, prepare, prepare for it, in the conviction that when their time comes to take center stage, muscle memory will prove more potent than nervousness, hot flashes and terror. Or they embrace it the same way a thespian—or in Bowman's case, a vaudevillian—embraces a performance, for figure skating is equal parts athletics and theater, a blend that is unique in all of sport.

Bowman is not the skating technician Boitano was; his form and body line are not quite as close to perfect. He doesn't have the nimble, energetic style that distinguished Hamilton. But no American skater has, or had, Bowman's on-ice flair and, well, chutzpah. He is a Broadway director's idea of a skater, a cross between Casanova and Bob Hope. In some respects Bowman resembles a masculine version of Katarina Witt: flirtatious, sensual, melodramatic—sometimes to the point of hokiness. He moves easily to music and maintains a body line that seems to flow across the ice without angles. However, Bowman lacks any trace of Witt's sophistication, often surrendering to the temptation to be a flagrant ham. He will unabashedly wave at the judges, wink at television cameras and occasionally even stick his tongue out at rinkside friends. During exhibitions he will literally climb into the stands bumping and grinding while teenage girls collapse at his skates. "He loves to shake his booty," says Carroll, "and he has that sultry sort of attitude and look that work well with Latin music. Frankly, I'd like to have his style more refined. Sometimes he makes a gesture and I think, Oh, vomit."

Don't look for Bowman to change anytime soon. "People say, 'Aren't you being just a little flip and flamboyant?' " he says. "But that's me out there. That's my personality. And deep down inside, I think that 92 percent of the judges like what I do."

He is a born performer, who has been gravitating toward center stage since he was five years old and first took to the



At the Paris world championships Bowman's joie de vivre helped him to finish second.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BODY AS BEAUTIFUL AS THIS ONE.

And you don't even have to work up a sweat. But Cougar isn't just attractive. It's athletic, too. *Its powerful V-6 engine loves a good workout. And when the run calls for lots of twists and* dips, Cougar's speed-sensitive steering and four-wheel independent suspension can handle it. Cougar. For more information, visit your Lincoln-Mercury dealer or call **1-800-446-8888.**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle up—together we can save lives.

Ford MERCURY LINCOLN

Quality is Job 1.

MERCURY COUGAR

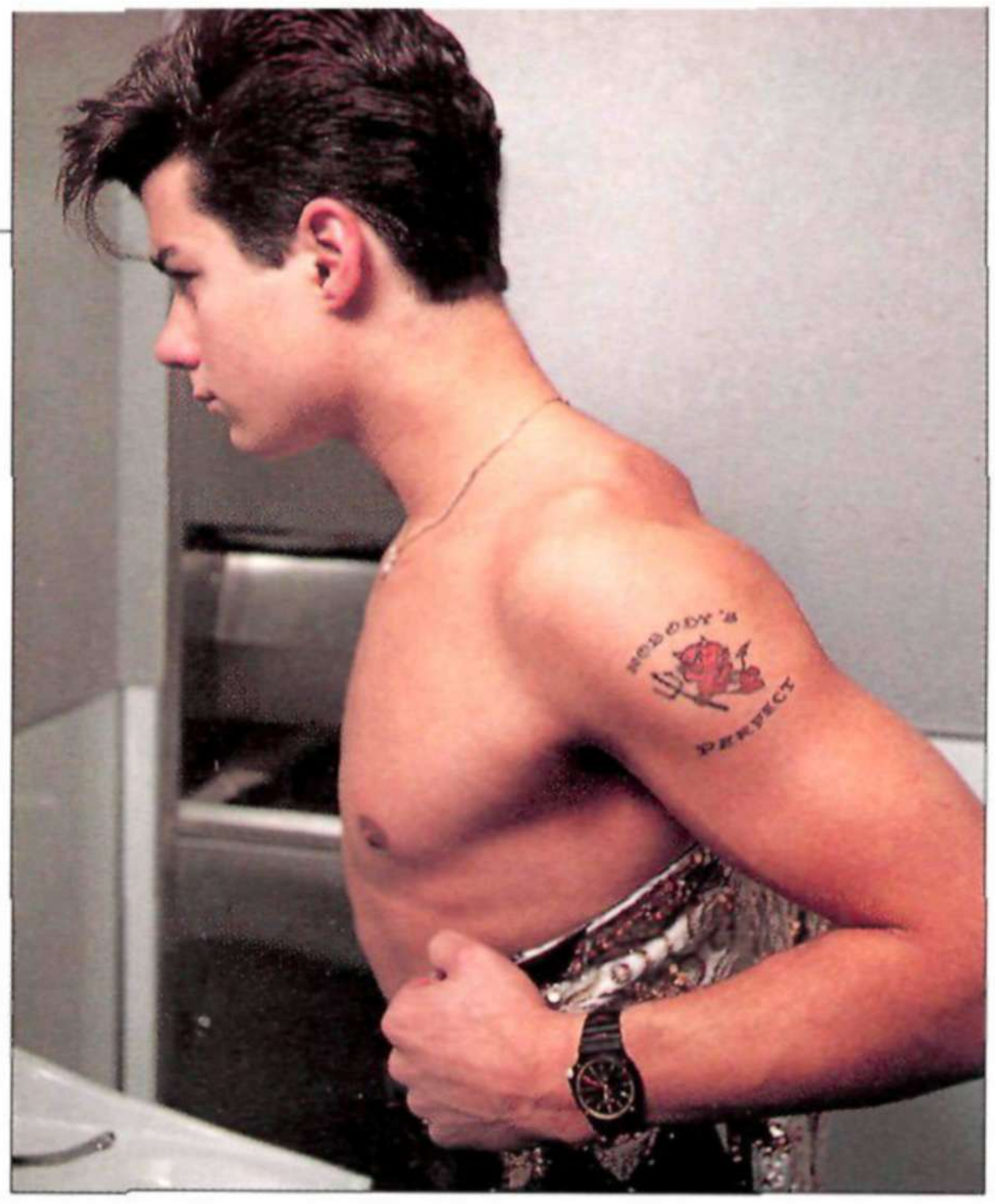
ice. Near the Bowmans' home in Van Nuys, Calif., was a skating rink in a shopping mall. One day Joyce Bowman looked up to see her son, Christopher, sliding around the rink in his street shoes. He had seen a bunch of kids out there having fun and, being a self-assured only child and somewhat hyperactive besides, he figured he would join them. Eventually Joyce entered him in a tiny tots program to learn to skate. He was, to say the least, a natural. "Right from the start I was doing twirls and racing around," he says. "I was Christopher Bowman, ankle biter, in your face."

Within months he skated well enough to advance into the 17-and-older class. One minute he would be leading a parade of teenagers around the shopping mall ice, the next he would be sitting on the ice eating snow. The fit wasn't quite right, and Joyce was advised to find private instruction for her son. She had heard of a rink near their home, the Van Nuys Iceland, and one afternoon she dropped in to see if anyone there gave lessons. A young girl was on the ice, and Joyce had never seen such beautiful skating. She raved about the girl to a woman seated nearby. "Why, thank you. That's my daughter," Virginia Fratianne replied. Her coach, of course, was Carroll, and he agreed to take the precocious five-year-old Christopher on as a student.

"He was the most perfect looking kid I've ever seen," Carroll remembers, somewhat wistfully. "He looked like a doll. I literally had to teach him his left foot from his right foot, and when I'd get mad at him I'd pick him up and dump him in a trash can."

Carroll had plenty of opportunities to vent his wrath. Once there was too much water on the patch of ice on which Bowman was practicing his school figures, and Carroll gave his pupil a mop and a bucket and told him to get to work. A little girl had a dry patch of ice beside them, and Carroll, knowing the mischievous nature of young Christopher, looked at him and said, "Don't you dare." No sooner had Carroll gone inside to fetch a cup of coffee than he heard the girl scream. "Christopher had waited until she was leaning over, and then—swish—right up the backside with the wet mop. He was always seeking ways to get attention."

Bowman's parents—his father, Nelson, works for the transportation department of the city of Los Angeles—tried to get him interested in other activities: swimming, horseback riding. But he always came back to skating. At one point he begged his parents to buy him a piano. When they obliged, he sat down on the bench and expected to be able to play. When he discovered that he actually had to practice to make the thing produce anything even resembling music, he gave it up altogether.



In search of an identity off the ice, Bowman tried tattoos.

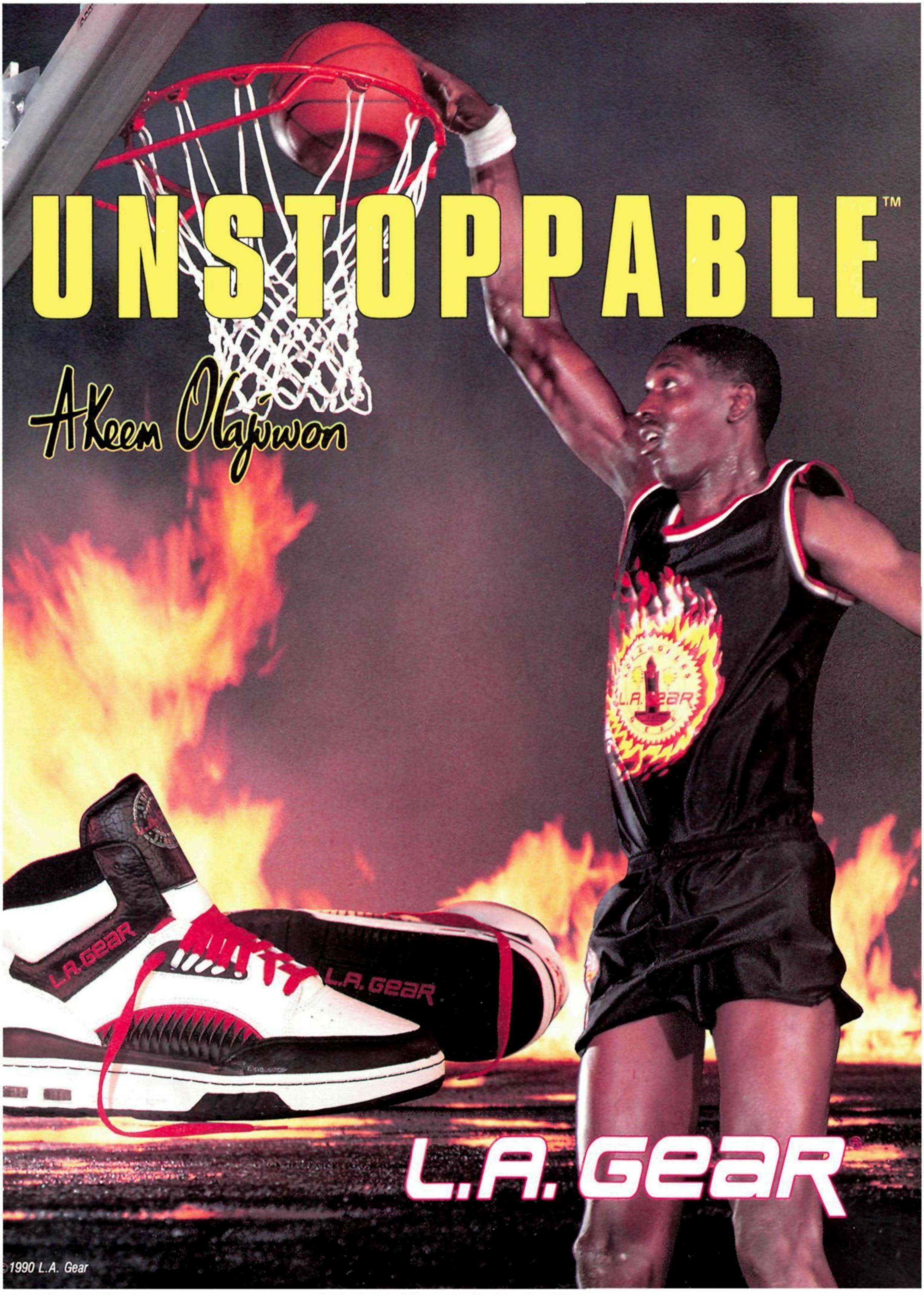
Everything else in his life seemed to come so easily. It was pure fate that made him a child actor, a career he eventually put on hold to pursue skating. When he was eight months old, a television program called *The Good Guys* needed a couple of infants for the opening and closing credits. Friends of the Bowmans knew the producer, and—presto—for a year and a half, baby Christopher's doll-like face was regularly featured in prime time. Six years later a casting agent came across Bowman's name in his files and called Joyce to see if her son might be interested in doing commercials. Why not? It would help pay for skating lessons. So Bowman began by making a half dozen or so commercials a year and eventually landed a small part in an episode of *Little House on the Prairie*.

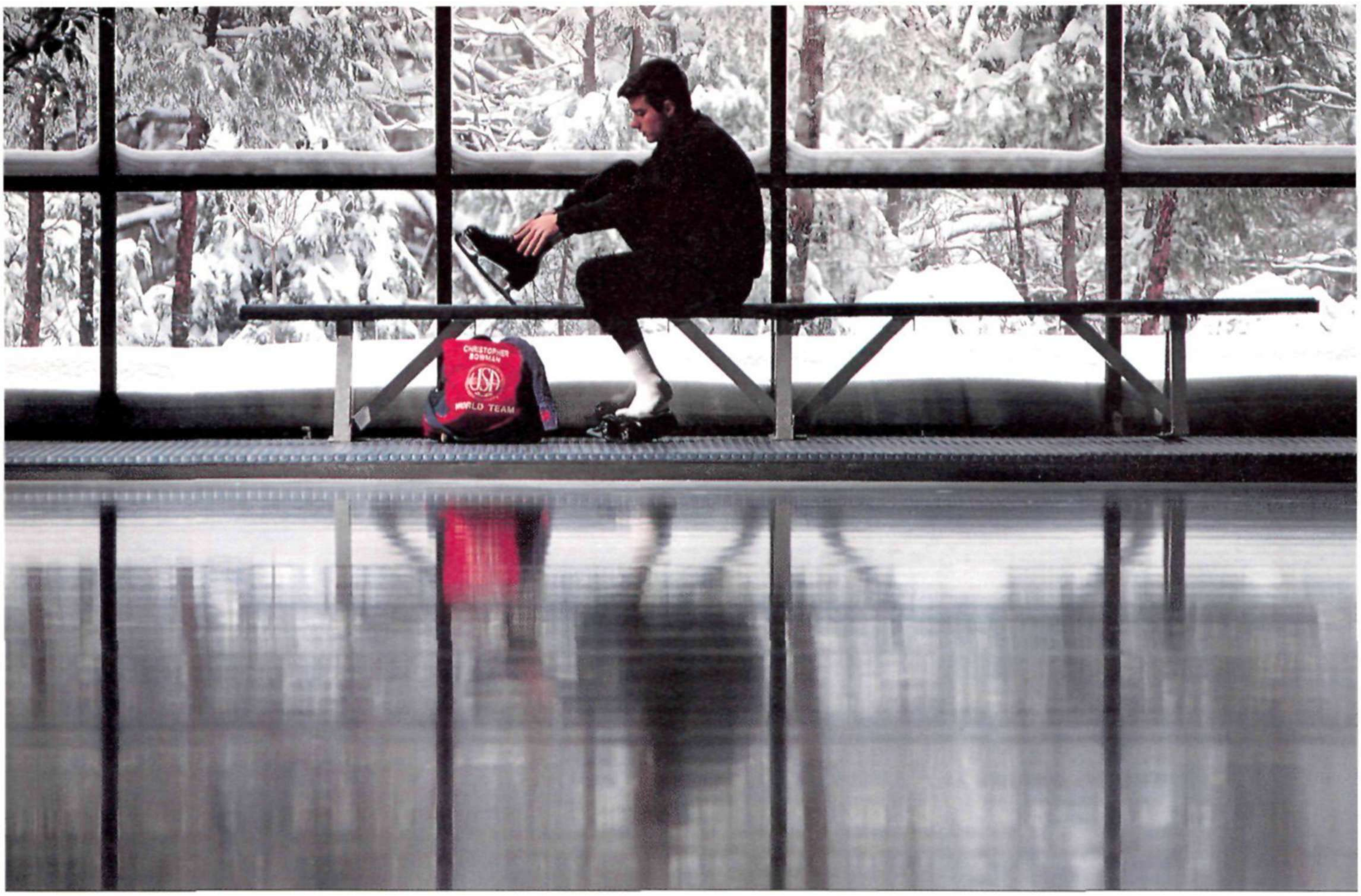
"Acting is the ultimate sport," he says. "You talk about competition—you haven't seen it until you've seen 500 kids and their mothers all crammed in the casting agent's office."

Small wonder his on-ice personality became known as Bowman the Showman. Lights, camera, action? Bring 'em on. While other skaters quaked and trembled at the prospect of performing in front of a crowd, this kid lit up like a Bowman candle. He won the World Junior championship when he was 15, and by 1986, when he was 18, he was the second-best amateur skater in the U.S., behind Boitano. At the 1987 world championships in Cincinnati, while Boitano and Brian Orser were battling for the world title, it was Bowman who brought the spectators out of their seats with a flawless and captivating long program.

By that time Bowman's reputation as a party boy and ladies' man was well established, if not legend. Skating groupies, a hitherto little known subspecies, followed him wherever he went. The figure skating establishment is notoriously conservative, but Carroll believes Bowman's behavior was never held against him and may actually have worked in his favor. "The men in the upper echelon of figure skating enjoy seeing someone who's a man's man, as it were, with an eye for the women. And the women in the sport enjoy flirting with Christopher and fantasizing about him." And you thought judging was easy?

Bowman, who was engaged for a time last year (it broke up partly because of his decision to appear on *The Dating Game*), claims to be settling down. His current love interest is another world-class figure skater whom he prefers not to name. Bowman's girl-in-every-port stage was, he says, something of a rebellion against the perception that all male figure skaters were gay. "I had a lot of anger when I was younger," he says. "I got harassed all the time by the hockey players. I was performing in a predominantly girls' sport, so what did that make me? Finally, I realized it was the hockey players who were living in a mudhole. While they were skating around after sweaty men from 10 till


UNSTOPPABLE™
Akeem Olajuwon
L.A. GEAR
L.A. GEAR
L.A. GEAR
L.A. GEAR
© 1990 L.A. Gear



For Bowman, here lacing up at training camp, practice doesn't always make perfect.

midnight, which is when they had the ice, I was out on a date."

But Bowman was angry about other things, too. He felt the long hours of figure skating practice kept him isolated from his peers. He wasn't allowed to talk on the ice, which ran counter to his outgoing nature. At varying intervals, Carroll would weigh his skaters every day, a practice that caused Bowman such stress that, to this day, he can barely talk about how much he weighs. (He is 5′ 10″, 160 pounds.) "Parents and coaches never stop to think what kind of an impact this sort of competitive high-stress environment has on a child," he says. "I've known a couple of girls who have had breast reductions on the advice of their coaches. Why would they do that to their bodies? That's the sort of thing I rebelled against."

He never ate, slept and breathed figure skating, because there were many aspects of the sport that he didn't like. He recoiled from the idea of being known as Christopher Bowman, the figure skater. He loved the limelight, loved the attention, but he wanted an identity apart from the rink.

There was a time when he figured he could create that identity with symbols. The summer before the '88 Winter Games, Bowman moved out of his parents' house and had himself tattooed. He had a devil in diapers put on his left shoulder, above the inscription NOBODY'S PERFECT, and for his left wrist he chose a small heart adorned with a devil's horns and tail. He grew his hair long. He had both ears pierced and wore a red, a white and a blue earring in his left lobe on the theory that the color scheme would make it more palatable to the U.S. Figure Skating Association. "It was like I read the anarchist's cookbook on figure skating," Bowman says. "Conformity was not my ball game."

To the staid and homogeneous figure skating world this was radical stuff, and Carroll read Bowman the riot act. Eventually the earrings came off, though not the tattoos, and Bowman was in shape in time for the 1988 nationals and the Calgary Olympics. He moved back in with his parents, with whom he still lives, in part because of the money it would cost to keep his own apartment, and in part because, without his mother's prodding, Bowman has never seemed able to make it to his practices on time, if at all.

"Am I lazy?" Bowman says. "Absolutely. I'm lazy for an athlete, but I don't consider myself an athlete. I'm just an average guy who doesn't like to get out of bed at seven a.m. I don't like pain. I don't like to feel cold. I enjoy the sense of expression and achievement I get from my skating, but no one enjoys hard work."

He is, well, a different sort of champion: a 1990s skater with the attitude of a 1950s ballplayer. You think Mickey Mantle loved to practice? Bowman is a coach's nightmare and a spectator's dream. He is out there to perform—not for the judges, not for the sake of the sport, not even for himself—but for you. Without you, he wouldn't be there. He wants your approval.

"Some of my skating is 'artist emulator,' and some is Bowman the Showman," he says. "I'd be imagining myself as Baryshnikov or Alexander Godunov, some great artist, but there would always be Bowman the Showman on my shoulder telling me to stick out my tongue and do something crazy. I used to fight it, to try to just be the artist. But now I know that's part of me, part of Christopher Bowman, and always will be. I don't want to lose that. I think it's a gift." ■

Tasty little number.

What we have here is an ultra light with taste. And before you say "impossible," we'd like to point out that Merit Ultra Lights is one of America's fastest growing brands. Thanks to Enriched Flavor,™ the impossible becomes possible. A tasty little number, indeed.

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.

Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

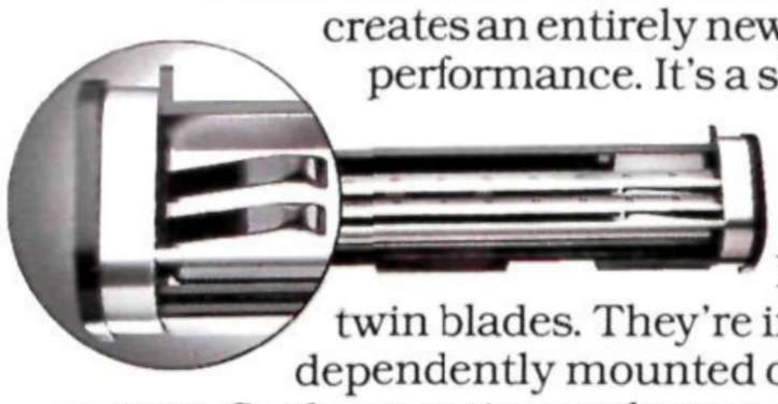
© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Revo
Gillette

It senses and adjusts to the individual needs of your face for the best shave a man can get.

The remarkable Gillette Sensor shaving system creates an entirely new standard in shaving performance. It's a shave personalized to every man. The revolution starts with the platinum hardened Sensor twin blades. They're individually and independently mounted on highly responsive springs. So they continuously sense and automatically adjust to the individual curves and unique needs of your face.



But innovation doesn't stop there. The ultra narrow metal skin guard is also mounted on springs. It moves in total harmony with the blades to set up your beard for optimum shaving performance.

Keeping this technology in constant contact with your face required another breakthrough. A dramatic redesign of the entire pivoting process creates a wider, more responsive, unprecedentedly smooth pivoting action. Innovation is everywhere. You can feel it in the textured ridges and balance of the Sensor razor. You appreciate it in the easy loading system and the convenient shaving organizer.

lutionary Sensor.®

Even rinsing is innovative. The new blades are 50% narrower than any others—water flows freely around and through them, helping to make rinsing and cleaning totally effortless. But the true revolution of Sensor comes not with any one feature, but with the way the Sensor technologies work together. They combine to give your individual face a personalized shave—the closest, smoothest, safest shave you've ever had. Or, more precisely, the best shave a man can get.

©1990 The Gillette Company (USA)

Gillette

***The Best a Man Can Get*™**

WILL
CARYN LEVY

SHE BE A SMASH?

Next month 13-year-old Jennifer Capriati will begin her quest to become the latest in the line of U.S. women tennis champions

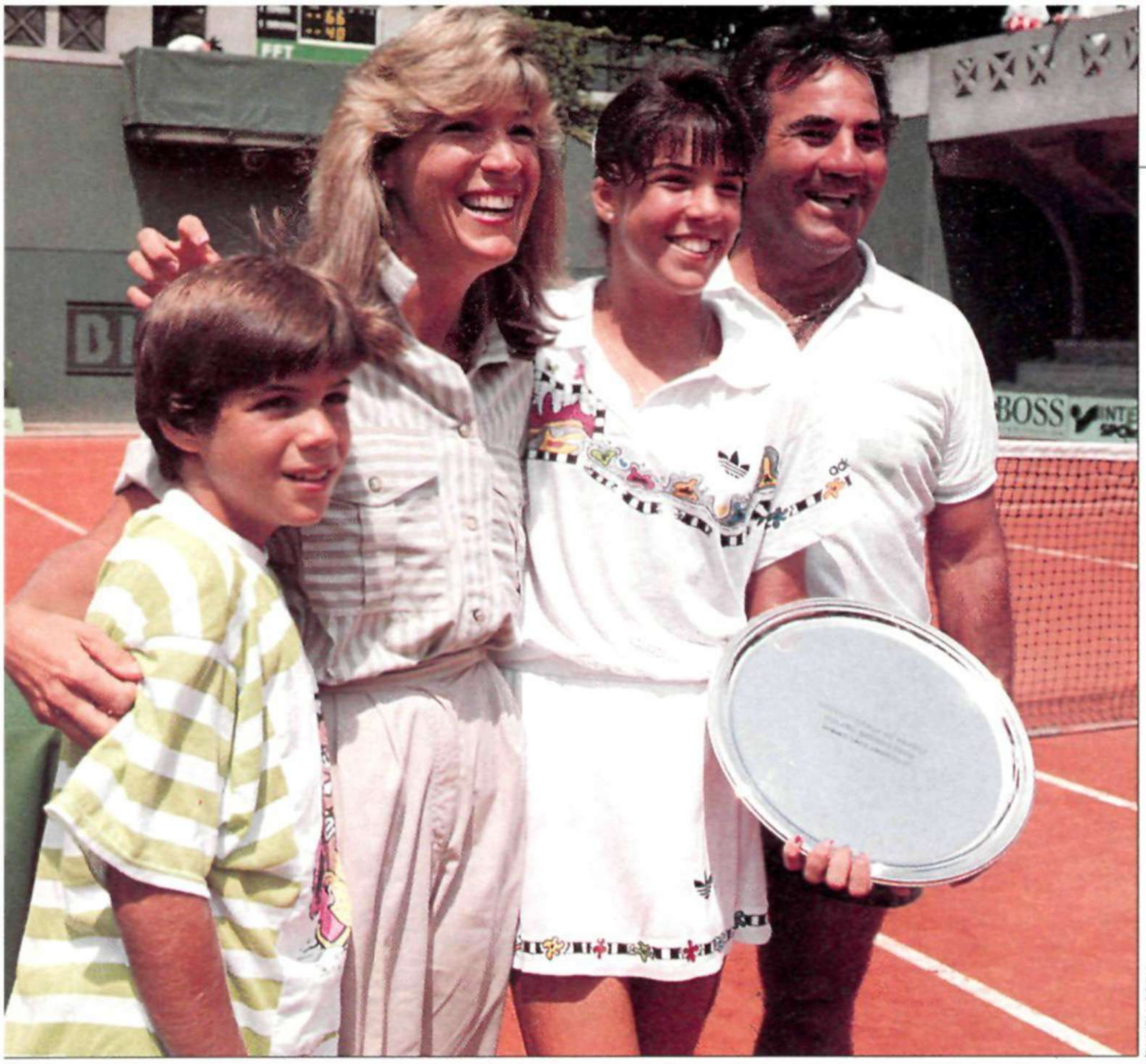
BY FRANZ LIDZ

JENNIFER CAPRIATI SEEMS like the kind of eighth-grader who chews seven sticks of gum at a time. Gangling and guileless, she speaks in a series of abashed stops and starts, mumbling and fumbling and stumbling in a voice that's pure soda pop: a flow of sugar and caramel laced with a fine icy fizz. "Me and my mother—my mother and me—are going out this afternoon to a new mall," she says with a tentative smile that conveys a slightly goofy but disarming buoyancy. "There's another mall closer to us, but this one is, uh, a new mall, a bigger one. It's got more stores, more . . . stuff."

"She's just a happy-go-lucky kid, but put a tennis racket in her hand and she turns killer," says Rick Macci, her former coach. In fact, Jennifer has been dispatching much older opponents with cold professionalism for some time. Two years ago, at the disgracefully precocious age of 12, she became the youngest ever to win either the girls' national 18-and-under clay or hardcourt title; she won both. Last fall she moved up to second on the International Tennis Federation 18-and-under women's ranking, winning the junior titles at the French and U.S. Opens.

No less an authority than Tracy Austin has called her the best American prospect since Tracy Austin. No less an authority than Ion Tiriac thinks she may be the future of women's tennis. Next month the future will begin to unfold. That's when a not-quite-14 Jennifer—her birthday is March 29—will make her professional debut, at the Virginia Slims of Florida in Boca Raton. Already the tennis world is abuzz with anticipation. "I'm telling you," says Macci. "She's scary."

But on this unseasonably cold af-



RUSS ADAMS

Jennifer celebrated her '89 French Open junior title with brother Steven, Mom and Dad.

ternoon under a mottled sky in Saddlebrook, Fla., the resort community near Tampa in which she lives, Jennifer doesn't look chilling; she looks chilly. Her arms are willowy, and her back apparently boneless, like a gymnast's. She may be the athletic equal of any woman in the sport. "I like the competitiveness and rewards of tennis," she says.

Which rewards?

"Well, I mean, if you're good, you win Wimbledon and you get . . . you get, like, a trophy. They also . . . well, you also get your name put on the bowl."

You can also get rich, as Jennifer has discovered even before hitting her first pro serve. Diadora, an Italian sportswear manufacturer, has already signed her to a five-year endorsement deal that with performance bonuses could give Jennifer an estimated $5 million, which would rank her third in clothing and shoe endorsements among female players, behind Steffi Graf and the recently retired Chris Evert.

Jennifer's Shih Tzu, Bianca, jumps into her lap. Jennifer interrupts her thought with a delighted "ahhhh," instantly curling her hands into paws and screwing her face into a puppy's pout.

Why did you name her Bianca?

"I named her after, uh . . . I named her 'cause, like . . . I don't know," she says. "I just named her. And then, like, I was watching one of my favorite soaps, like *All My Children*, and there's like a little girl with the same, uh, name. But I didn't, like, name Bianca after her. It was . . . hmmm . . . uh. . . . I'm sorry. What was the question again?"

Jennifer's father, Stefano, hovers a few feet away, listening in. He's her constant companion and primary coach, always prodding and coaxing, nagging and cajoling. During the past nine years the Capriatis—the other two members of the family are her mother, Denise, who's a Pan Am flight attendant, and her 10-year-old brother, Steven—have moved all over Florida seeking a better tennis environment for Jennifer. Stefano has even given up most of his real estate activities to devote himself to her career. For the past year the U.S. Tennis Association has picked up most of Jennifer's traveling expenses and provided coaching, because she was a member of the national junior team.

Stefano, 54, grew up in Milan, where he played goalie for an amateur soccer team. He didn't take up tennis until his twenties, when he moved to Spain to become a movie stuntman. His credits include *Patton*, *The Last Run* and *100 Rifles*, a paella Western starring Jim Brown and Raquel Welch.

He sees himself as the noble head of a princely family, imposing order and dispensing justice. Though his jowls have thickened and his belly has dropped, he remains a handsome bull-patriarch with a pugnacious thrust to his jaw that recalls the sheer cussedness of Jimmy Cagney in *The Public Enemy*. He protects Jennifer the way the Menuhin family must have watched over young Yehudi, swaddling her privacy.

Denise, Bronx-born, is a good-looking, slightly reticent woman given to the same fits of ditsiness as her daughter. "Stay in your seats or you'll get whipped," she deadpans in a mock airline safety drill.

She met Stefano 18 years ago during a layover in Spain. She was lounging poolside at a Torremolinos hotel when his head popped out of the water. "Let's have lunch," said Stefano. Denise managed a swoon. By dinner, all that remained was to register their silver pattern at Tiffany's.

For several years they lived in both Spain and the U.S. Occasionally, Stefano, a self-made tennis player, worked as a club pro on Long Island. Denise was one of his first pupils. She played until the day before she went into labor with Jennifer. "Stefano knew she would be a tennis player before she was even born," says Denise. "Just by the way I carried her."

Contrary to rumor, Stefano didn't start coaching Jennifer in the delivery room. He gave her a couple of months to settle in. When she was still an infant, he propped a pillow under her butt and made her do sit-ups. "She was a strong baby," he says. "She liked to crawl behind the ball machine and play with the balls when I taught. I wanted to keep her in the shade, but she would always crawl after the balls."

Jennifer first got her hands on a racket at three. At four, she could hold her own with the ball machine. "Already she could rally a hundred times on the court," he says.

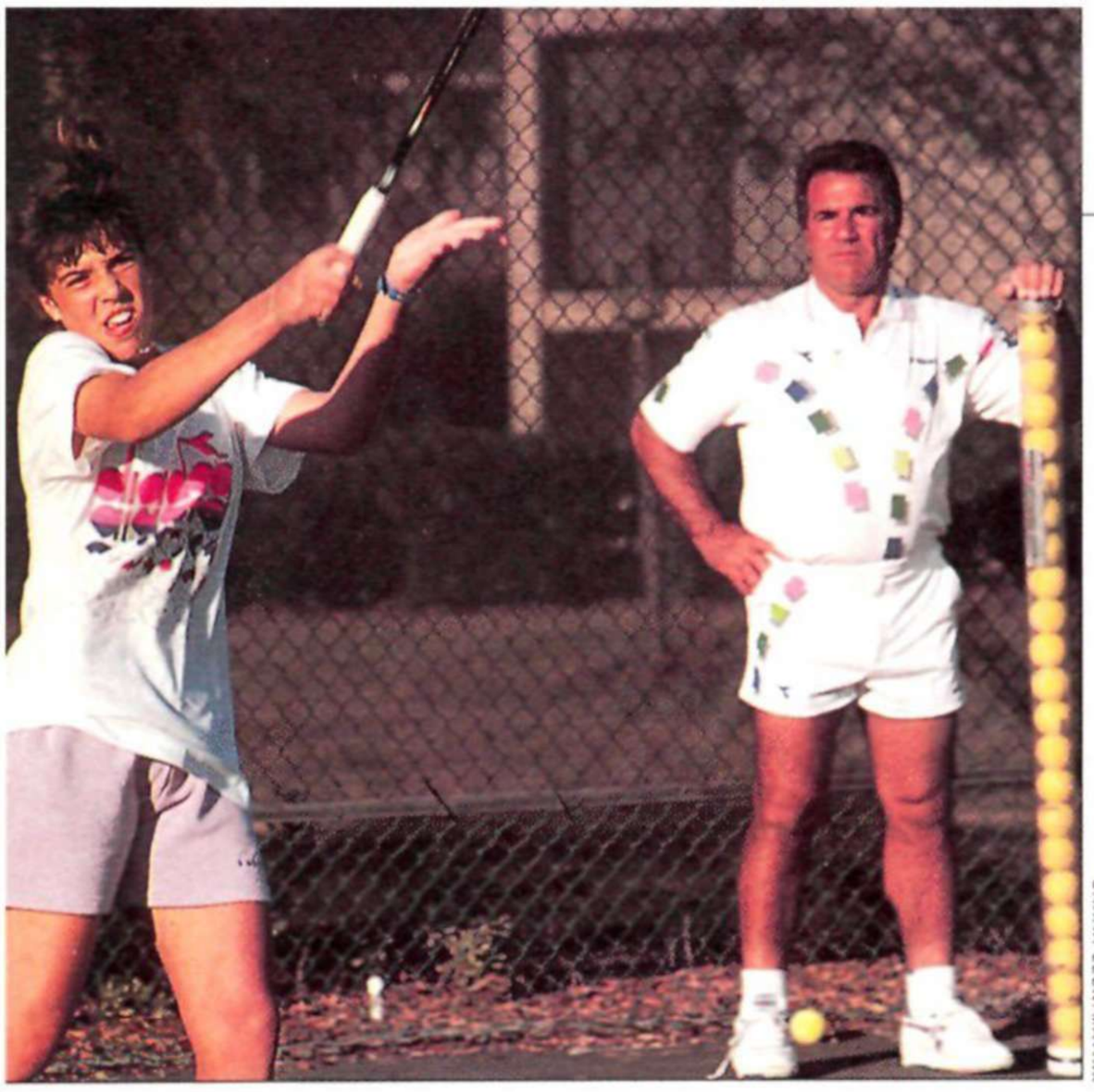
That's when the family moved to Lauderhill, Fla., and Stefano took her to see another dad whose daughter had done all right with tennis lessons—Jimmy Evert, the pro at Holiday Park in nearby Fort Lauderdale. "She's too

"Honest, guys, I use these for bird-watching."

"Just kidding– I use my Bushnell Spectator™ binoculars for far more than birding. Whether your sport is baseball, auto racing, football, or just admiring the beauties of nature, Bushnell binoculars give you the sharpest, clearest, close-up view in the world. Or, my name isn't Bob Uecker."

BUSHNELL
BINOCULARS

© 1990 Bausch & Lomb Incorporated.



SARAH LEEN/MATRIX

Stefano, always looming nearby, never misses a stroke . . .

young for me," said Evert, who normally doesn't start teaching kids until they have reached the mature age of five.

"First, see," said Stefano. "I think she can hit the ball."

Evert saw. "O.K.," he said. "I'll give her a lesson."

The lessons lasted for five years. Jennifer even got to hit with Chris. "The first time I practiced with her," says Jennifer, "I was so nervous I couldn't keep the ball in the court. She probably thought I was soooo bad."

She shows off the gold bracelet Evert gave her for Christmas in 1987. JENNIFER is engraved on the front, LOVE, CHRIS on the back. Jennifer never takes it off.

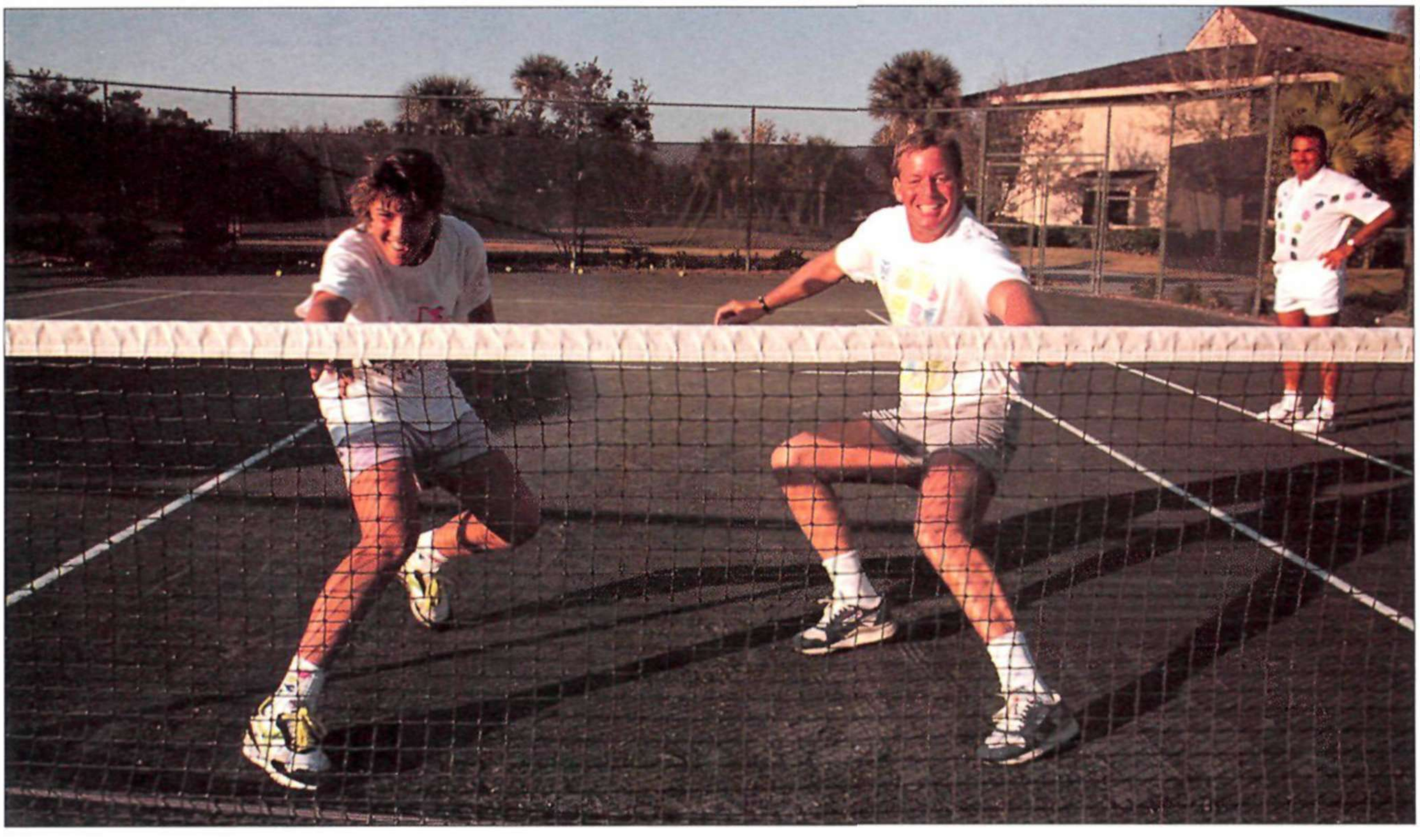
In many ways—the flat, crushing groundstrokes, the two-handed backhand, the unflappable composure, the Wilson graphite racket—Capriati is the image of Evert. But she rushes the net more often in a single match than Evert did in most tournaments. "Capriati's a phenomenon," says Seena Hamilton, director of the Easter Bowl, a junior championship tournament, and the doyenne of tennis tots. "She's without a doubt the most promising player since Tracy Austin and Andrea Jaeger."

Largely because of the injury-plagued careers of Austin and Jaeger, the Women's International Professional Tennis Council in 1986 barred girls under 14 from playing the pro circuit. Stefano, however, wanted Jennifer to be allowed to enter a limited number of tournaments while retaining her amateur status. A year ago, a formal request was filed by the International Management Group, which was already representing Jennifer, but it was denied. Stefano considered filing a lawsuit but has since mellowed. "The rule is good," he says. "But there should be some exceptions to give a smooth transition to a certain player." (The WIPTC has since modified its rule, allowing girls to play in pro tournaments during the month of their 14th birthday.)

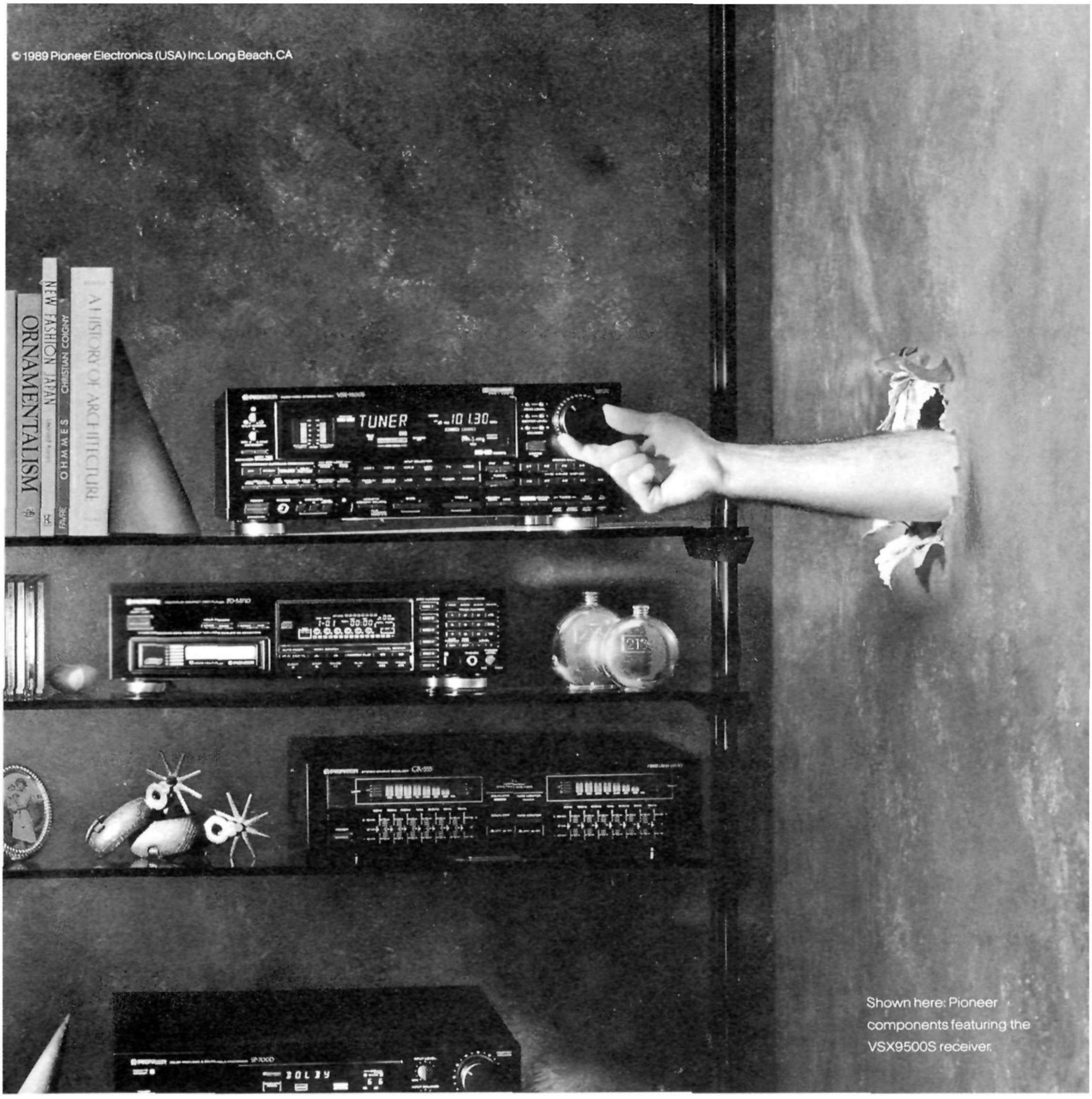
Yet Stefano bristles at the mere mention of Austin and Jaeger, whom some tennis theorists have said may have played too much too soon for their young bodies to endure. "What is the point of bringing them up?" he says. "They belong to the past. I believe in the future. There is nothing to be learned from their stories. They were completely different. Jennifer is just an American girl with a chance to be great."

"Jennifer's certainly exciting to watch," says Austin. "Players like her come along once a decade." Not long ago the last one to come along was hobbling around on a crutch in her parents' house in Rolling Hills, Calif. She was behind

. . . or a stride when Jennifer (here with Saddlebrook coach Tommy Thompson) trains.



SARAH LEEN/MATRIX



Now you can change a track, adjust the volume, or otherwise control your system from beyond a wall, beyond <u>two</u> walls – in fact, from any room with remote speakers.

At the heart of the system is your Pioneer receiver with Multi-Room Remote and Dolby ProLogic. Add a tiny *sensor with a Pioneer Smart* Remote and you're in control. It's that simple.

How The Pioneer Multi-Room Remote Works. Sort Of.

PIONEER®

WE BRING THE REVOLUTION HOME.™

For more information call 1-(800) 421-1404

Injuries drove Austin (left) and Jaeger from the sport in their primes. Their warning to Jennifer: Be patient.

TONY DUFFY (2)

the wheel of a rented car in New Jersey last August when a van ran a red light. The van smashed into Austin's side of the vehicle, propelling the car across the road. Everything was spattered with blood: the dashboard, the door, Austin.

She was still unconscious when they pulled her out of the wreckage. Her right leg was broken. The operation to reconstruct the tibia took three hours. A piece of her hip had to be grafted into her knee. She had been making another comeback—this time playing doubles with the Team/Tennis league—but the accident made her a spectator.

Eleven years ago, at 16, Austin had become the youngest player to win the U.S. Open. She reached No. 1 in the world in 1980, and in '81 won the U.S. Open again. By the time she was 18, Austin had earned more than $1 million in prize money. She retired with $1,921,990 in tour earnings, 12th on the alltime list. By any standard, Austin's career was an enviable success, only short-lived. Recurring back and foot injuries finally forced her off the circuit in 1983, and she has played only sparingly since.

Yet Austin doesn't believe her ailments were caused by too much tennis at too young an age. "They started when I damaged a sciatic nerve for the second time in 1982," she says. "When you get injured, you've got to take time off. I came back too soon, and I got reinjured. It was a vicious cycle."

The temptation Jennifer faces, says Austin, is to overplay and overtrain. "At Jennifer's age, you tend to see things short-term," she says. "She has to learn to take her time. If she gets hurt, she has to listen to her body instead of thinking, 'I've got to play Kansas City next week and Chicago after that.' Meanwhile, tournament organizers call and say, 'Come on, we need you. You're a drawing card.' "

Austin thinks Jennifer must learn three things: patience, patience and patience. "The most important thing for her is to enjoy tennis, even when she starts losing," says Austin. "She's got to continue to develop her game and not be concerned with results. If she can, then the sky's the limit."

"Three-A, plus two-A, plus six-A," says Jennifer. "No, that's not right. It's three-A, *parenthesis*, two-A, plus six-A, closed parentheses." She's writing an algebraic equation on a locker room blackboard at the Forum in Los Angeles in November. "It's my homework," she tells a bunch of reporters. She has just given Laura Gildemeister, a 25-year-old pro who will be ranked 20th in the world at the end of the year, a 6–4, 6–1 lesson in power tennis. Jennifer zipped through the exhibition as if she feared she would miss recess. Many women players popcorn their shots just to keep the ball in play. Jennifer uses her size (she's already 5′ 6½″) and speed offensively, whacking backhands that dip as if gouged by a nail file. By the end of the second set, Gildemeister was grunting and groaning like a convict sentenced to hard labor.

"Playing her was hard," says Jennifer, diplomatically. "No, I mean she hit the ball hard. I try to mix it up. I mean, not so much in this match. I didn't really think I could. I mean, not really."

Jennifer seems modest and slightly uncomfortable as the center of media attention, but she is quietly confident about her ability. A year ago she even got to hit with Martina Navratilova. "It was, like, so exciting," she says. "I couldn't believe I was actually playing against Martina. I was, like, jeez, this is how she really plays. She was strong, waaay better than the people I play. She had so many more things: more power, more shots, and her serve! I mean, that was good!"

So how's school, Jennifer?

"School's O.K.," she says with a shrug.

"It's just O.K?" interjects Stefano.

"I mean, it's not great, but it's all right for now."

"Don't say that!" says Stefano.

"Why?"

"What if your principal reads it?"

"Don't worry. He doesn't read."

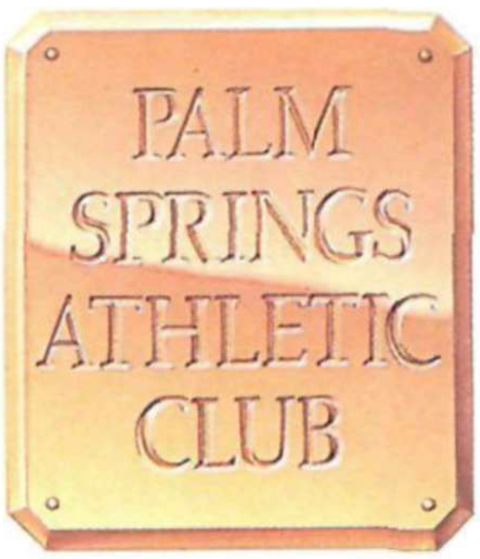
"Everyone reads!"

"O.K.," she says with 13-year-old insouciance. "I like school. I *really* like it."

"She's straight-A student!" says Stefano. "She makes science project about topspin! She reads books!" Jennifer mentions the classics: Danielle Steel's *Loving*, Danielle Steel's *Daddy*, Danielle Steel's *Zoya*. "I finished *Secrets* in 24 hours," she says. Another junior record—she read *Secrets* at least 12 hours faster than Steel wrote it.

"Most people think I'm just mixed up and can't deal with life," says Jaeger. "They're all wrong. I'm happy with myself, and when you're happy with yourself, trouble can't affect you."

Except perhaps when trouble rear-



Be healthy,

wealthy

and wise.

40% alc./vol. Blended Canadian Whisky Imported in Bottle by Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc. Farmington Hills, MI © 1989

Canadian Club®

A premium whisky, unrivaled in quality and smoothness since 1858.

ends you. In November 1988, Jaeger was sitting at a red light in her Volkswagen in Florida when another vehicle hit her from behind. She suffered whiplash and fractured two vertebrae.

Jaeger lives off her tennis winnings—a tidy $1,379,066, 17th alltime—in Aspen, where she's recovering from a second shoulder operation to correct an old playing injury. She can't raise her right hand above her head. "I'm basically lefthanded now," she says. "Sports are out. I'm only 24, and it's no fun."

Before the crash, Jaeger, who won her first pro tournament at 14 and reached the finals of Wimbledon *three years later, in 1983,* had been contemplating a comeback. Her brilliant career was hampered by chronic injuries, physical and psychic. Her play became so listless and erratic that she was accused of sometimes just going through the motions. Yet she insists that injuries, not burnout, finally did her in five years ago. "It's hard to get excited about playing when you're hurt all the time," she says. "You keep losing and go back to the hotel and you're all alone and think there's something wrong with you."

Most observers trace Jaeger's decline back to the 1982 U.S. Open, when, at 17, she appeared to give up at the end of a 6–1, 6–2 loss to Evert. But she dates it to the '84 French Open. She claims her shoulder popped while hitting a routine backhand in a first-round match, causing her to default. "I wanted to compete so badly," she says, "and everyone was saying I didn't want to."

Jennifer, says Jaeger, will have to learn to slough off the second-guessing that will occur if her results aren't up to expectations, if she ever loses her temper on the court or if her body begins to betray her. "If she gets hurt, people will say she started too young," says Jaeger. "If she throws a racket or swears or loses a lot of first-round matches, they'll say the pressure has gotten to her. Then she'll start thinking about the pressure, and the game really won't be fun anymore. After a few failures she'll learn that the only people who really care are friends and family."

Like Jennifer, Jaeger was coached by her old man. A former boxer, Roland Jaeger was the prototypical tennis father, pummeling the game into his daughter. He rarely complimented her play. "He wasn't a huge, domineering guy who watched my every move," she says in his defense. "I think he was great. I know how to spell my name; I don't drink or do drugs. How many fathers can say that about their kids?"

CARYN LEVY

Jennifer may or may not have named Bianca after a soap-opera character.

At Jennifer's age, perhaps, the danger is not that she will burn out but that she will opt out. "It's very hard to know how her character will develop when the glands start to function," says Ted Tinling, the ageless tennis couturier.

For now, Stefano is more concerned with Jennifer's muscles. He has her unkink them after every practice session. Her stretching regimen was prescribed by a sports medicine clinic in Virginia. Stefano took her there a year ago to be evaluated. "We didn't go because she was sick," he says, "but because she was healthy. The program is so advanced, you can prevent certain injuries."

Lying prone on a rubber mat, her legs pointing skyward, Jennifer looks slightly bored. Stefano stands behind her, flexing her legs by pulling them toward him. Jennifer scrunches with discomfort, as if she has just bitten into a lemon. "Ouch!" she says.

"Just 10 more," he says.

"Daddy!"

"*Come on. Ten.*"

"It's killing me!"

"O.K. Just a few more."

Jennifer survives the workout and follows Stefano to a court, where he hits serve after serve to his son, Steven. She watches. "Can't I play in tournaments, too?" asks Steven.

"I don't want you to think about winning and losing," Stefano replies. "It's no good, that. First you get the stroke and then the head and then you play."

"Don't you want to see how good he is?" says Jennifer.

"No! The stroke first," says Stefano. "He has to have the stroke. I don't want him to push to win."

Stefano plans to take an equally cautious approach to Jennifer's rookie pro campaign. "She won't be out there week after week after week," he says. "As a parent, it is important to me that she enjoy her game. I want to see her smile and be happy."

Denise tells Jennifer that she'll make her a hamburger before they hit the malls. "Your burgers are no good," says Jennifer.

"Where would you like to eat, then?" says Denise.

"We can go to Burger King."

"No, that stuff's not good for you."

"O.K.," says Jennifer wearily. "I'll settle for McDonald's." ■

HOLD EVERYTHING

If you're looking for a tough, off-road vehicle with room to spare, don't make a move until you test drive an Isuzu Trooper. Why? Because it's big. With room for five adults, plus 46 cu. ft. of cargo space, the most in its class.*

But the Trooper isn't just bigger. It's enormously better. With standard features like four-wheel drive. A powerful 2.6 liter fuel-injected engine or optional 2.8 liter V6. Four-wheel disc brakes. Auto-locking hubs. And triple skid plates. So you can go just about anywhere, and take just about anything.

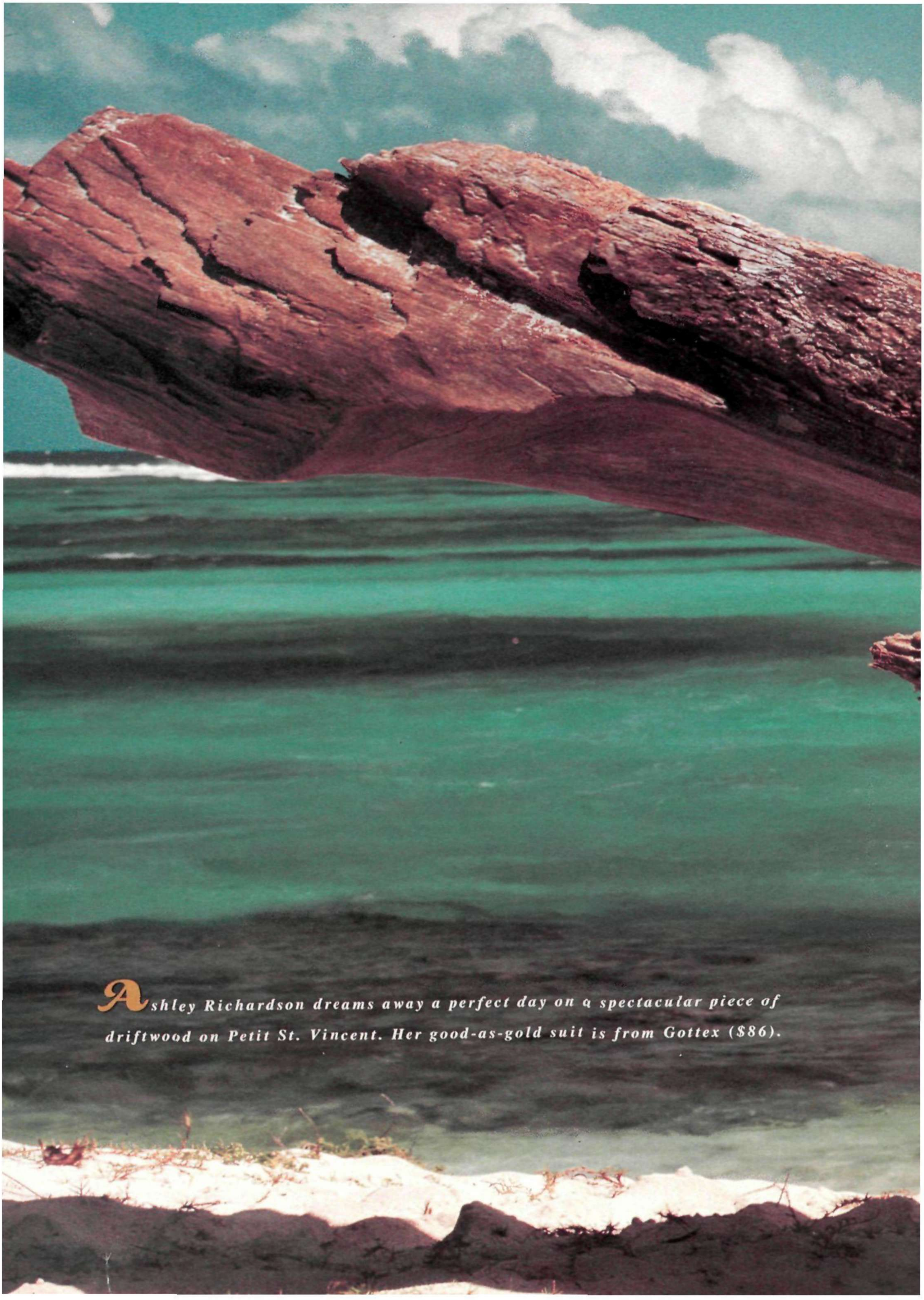
About the only thing on the Trooper that isn't oversized is the price. In fact, the Trooper costs over a thousand dollars less than Jeep® Cherokee.

So if you want a vehicle that can hold its own, not to mention everything you own, check out an Isuzu Trooper. We put a lot into it so you could, too. ☐ **For free Isuzu brochures call: (800) 245-4549.**

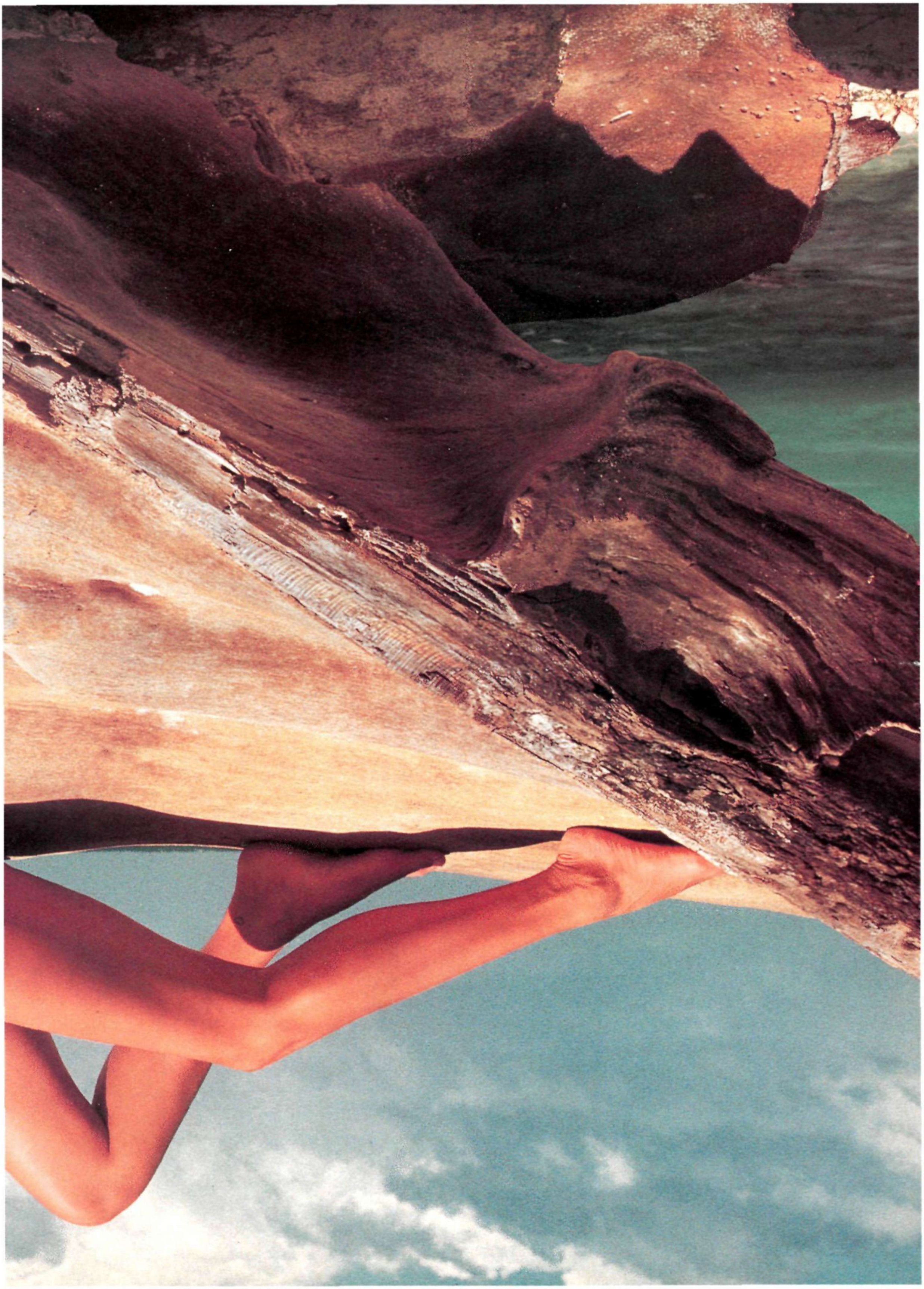
ISUZU TROOPER ISUZU $13,499†

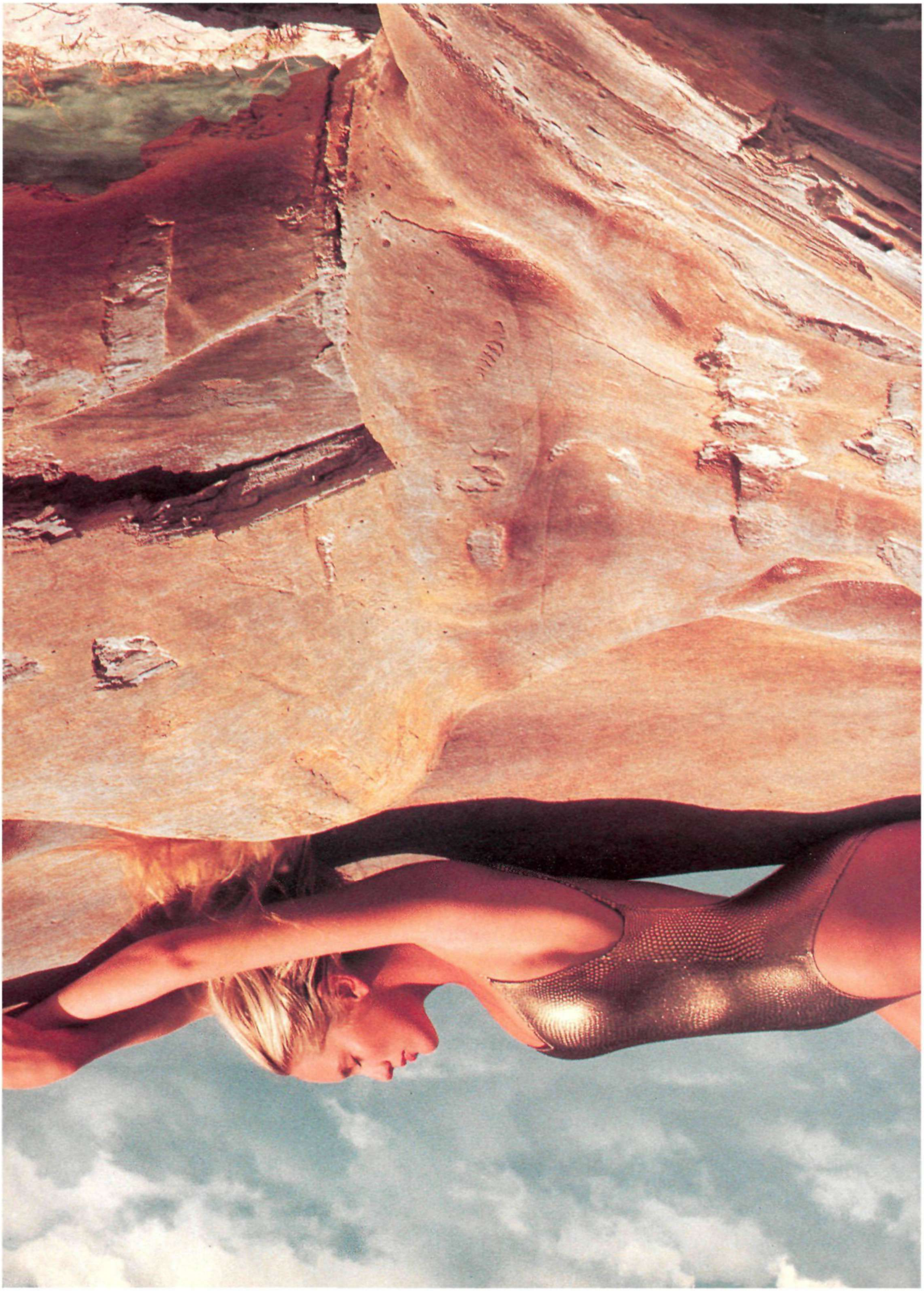
*Comparison of 1989 base 4-door 4x4's with rear seat up. Price comparison based on 1990 base 4-door 4x4's. †MSRP excluding tax, license and transp. fee as of 10/19/89. Optional equipment shown at additional cost. Prices start at $13,499.

Visiting Mayreau Island was evidently an invigorating experience for Akure Wall, who's all tressed up at Salt Whistle Bay in a bikini by Randolph Duke ($74).



Ashley Richardson dreams away a perfect day on a spectacular piece of driftwood on Petit St. Vincent. Her good-as-gold suit is from Gottex ($86).



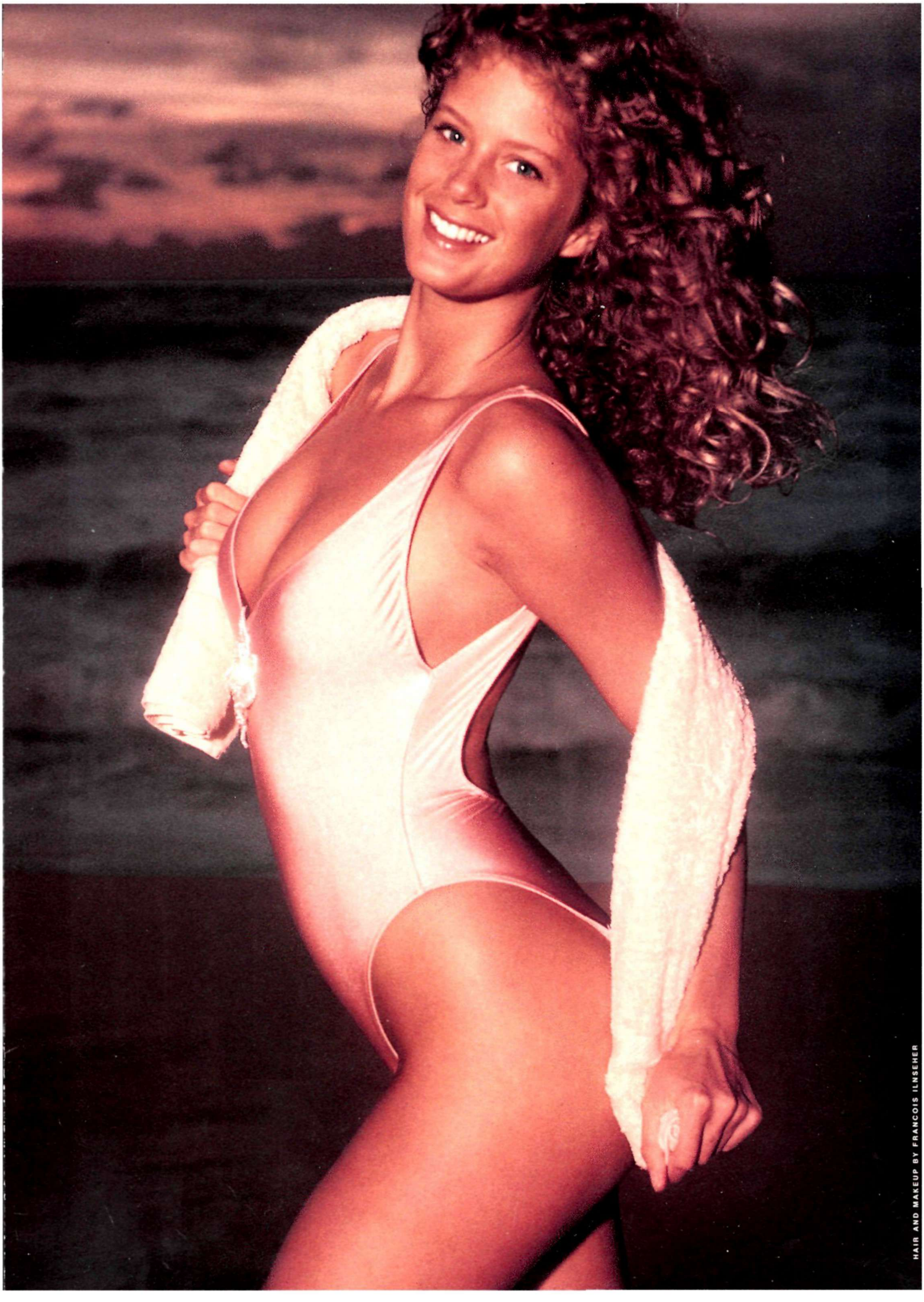


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

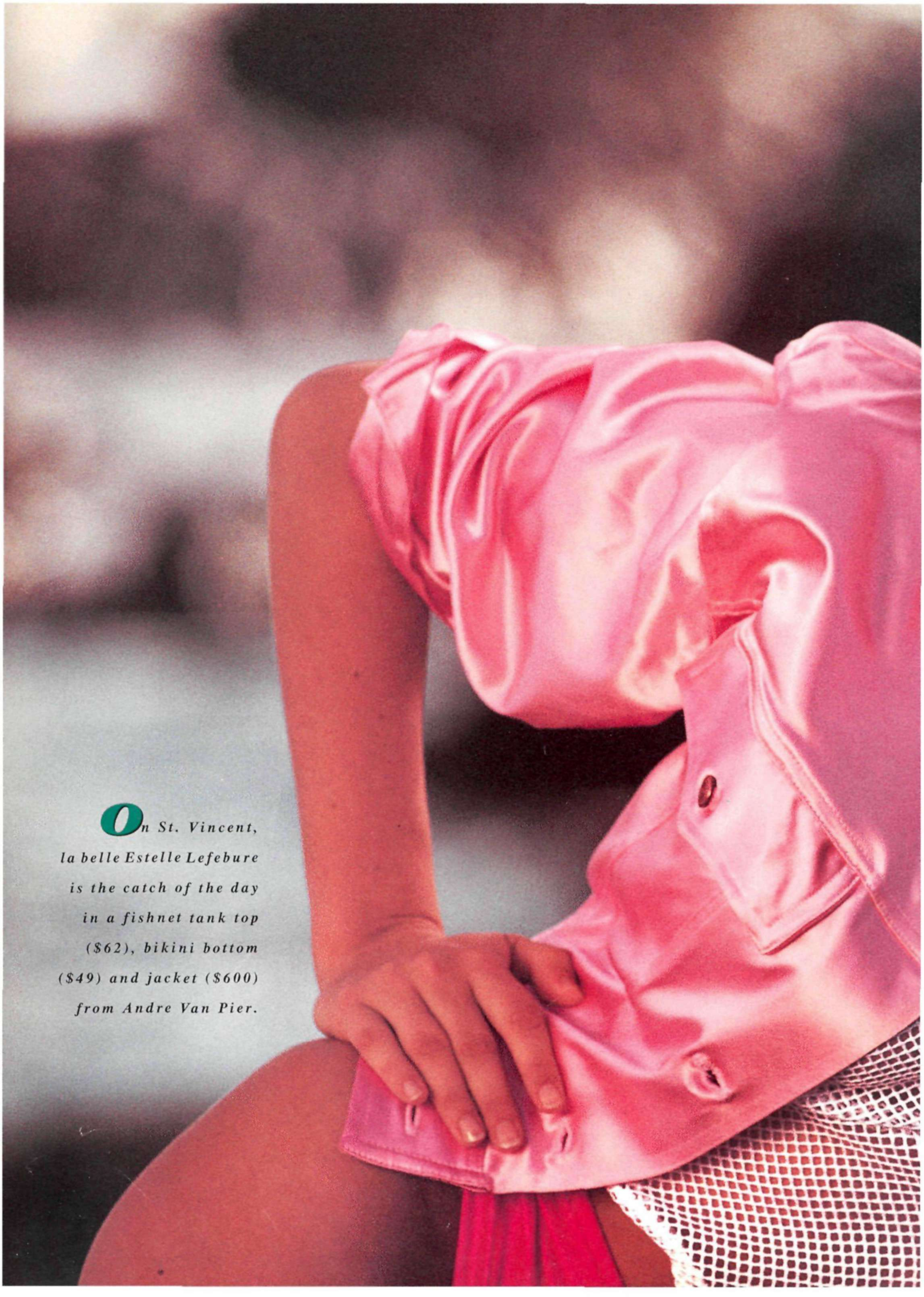
DOWN BY THE Seaside

Unspoiled. Unexpected. All but undiscovered. That sums up the Windward Islands of the Caribbean, site of SI's 1990 swimsuit salute. From Dominica to Grenada, beaches lie undisturbed except for tracings left by tides and shorebirds. Many of the 40-odd islands have only one hotel—or none at all—and most are not for vacationers who must have golf or gambling. The Windwards are about sea, sun, sand and serenity.

BY JULE CAMPBELL

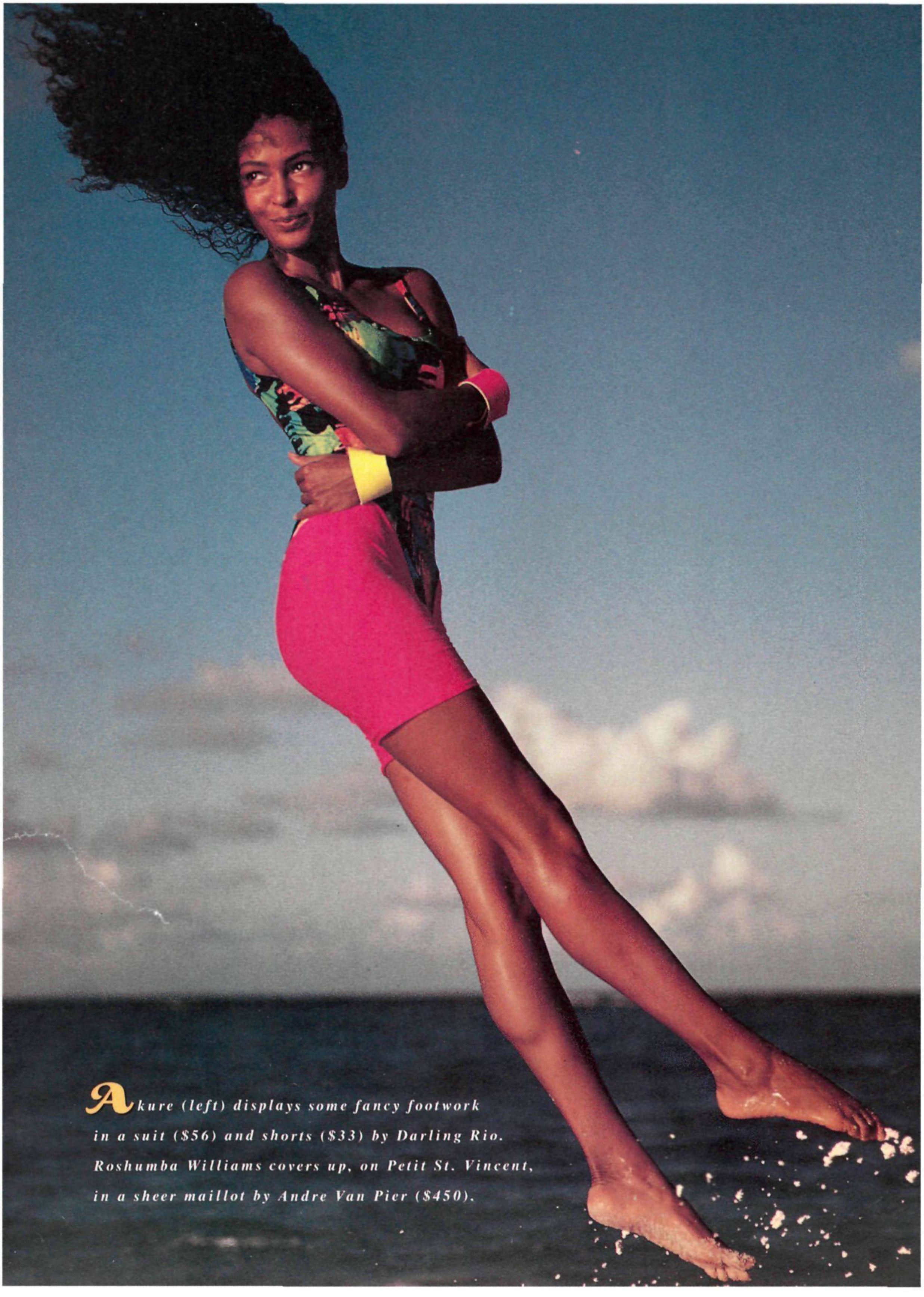

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY FRANCOIS ILNSEHER

At Argyle Beach on St. Vincent, Rachel Hunter (left) looks peachy-keen in a maillot by LisaLomas for Viewpoint ($58). Sun's up and so is Elle Macpherson, who greets the day in glitter by Gottex ($240).



On St. Vincent, la belle Estelle Lefebure is the catch of the day in a fishnet tank top ($62), bikini bottom ($49) and jacket ($600) from Andre Van Pier.

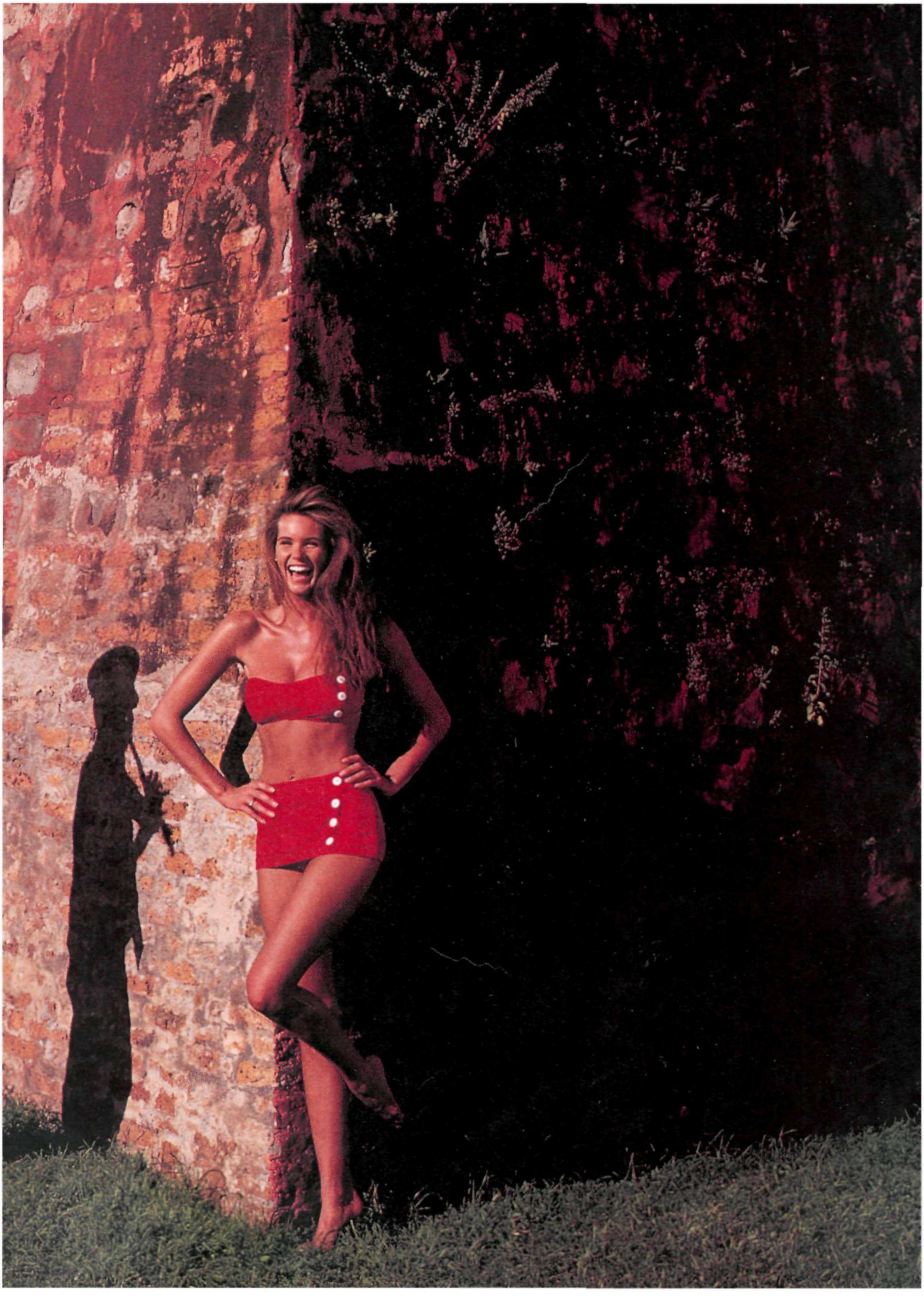
This fishing boat on Petit Tabac in the Tobago Cays has lines that echo Kathy Ireland's suit—well, sort of—which is by Carioca Los Angeles ($52).

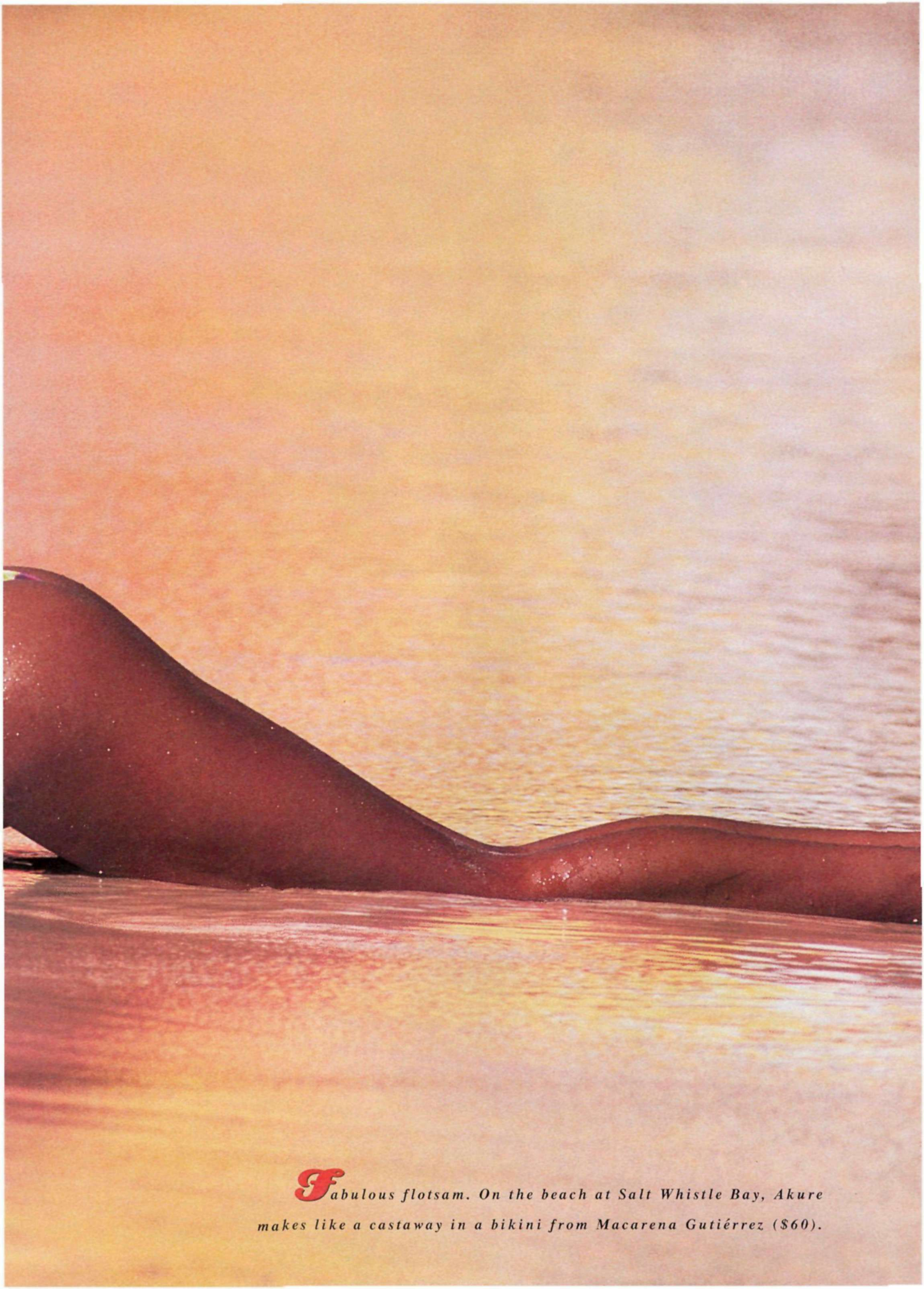


Akure (left) displays some fancy footwork in a suit ($56) and shorts ($33) by Darling Rio. Roshumba Williams covers up, on Petit St. Vincent, in a sheer maillot by Andre Van Pier ($450).

Pull up a chair and join Judit Masco, who, in a suit by Ralph Lauren Swimwear ($65), is beached on balmy Palm Island.

The Royal St. Vincent Police Band serenades Elle in a not-so-quiet corner of Fort Charlotte. Her suit is from Adrienne Vittadini ($66).

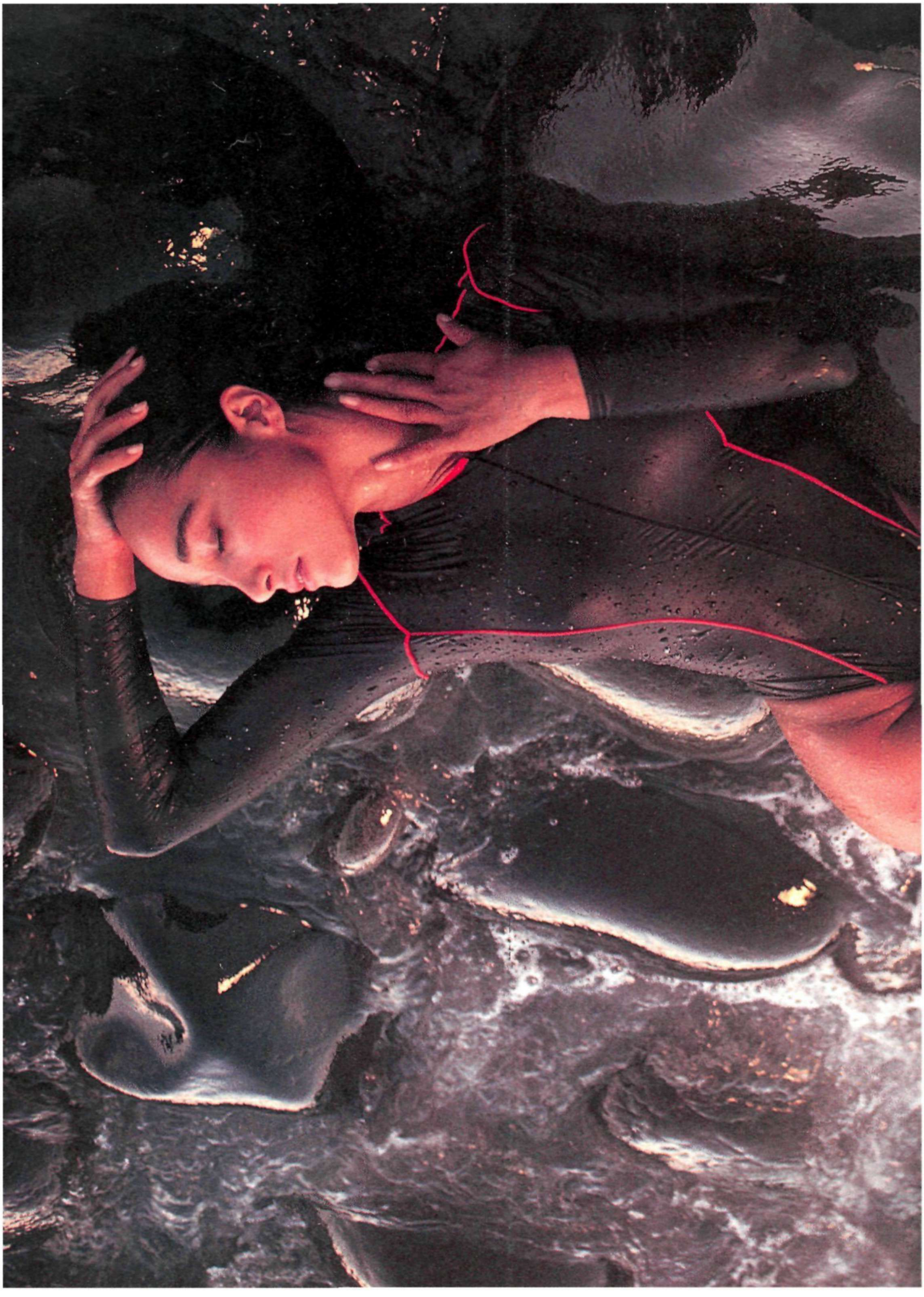


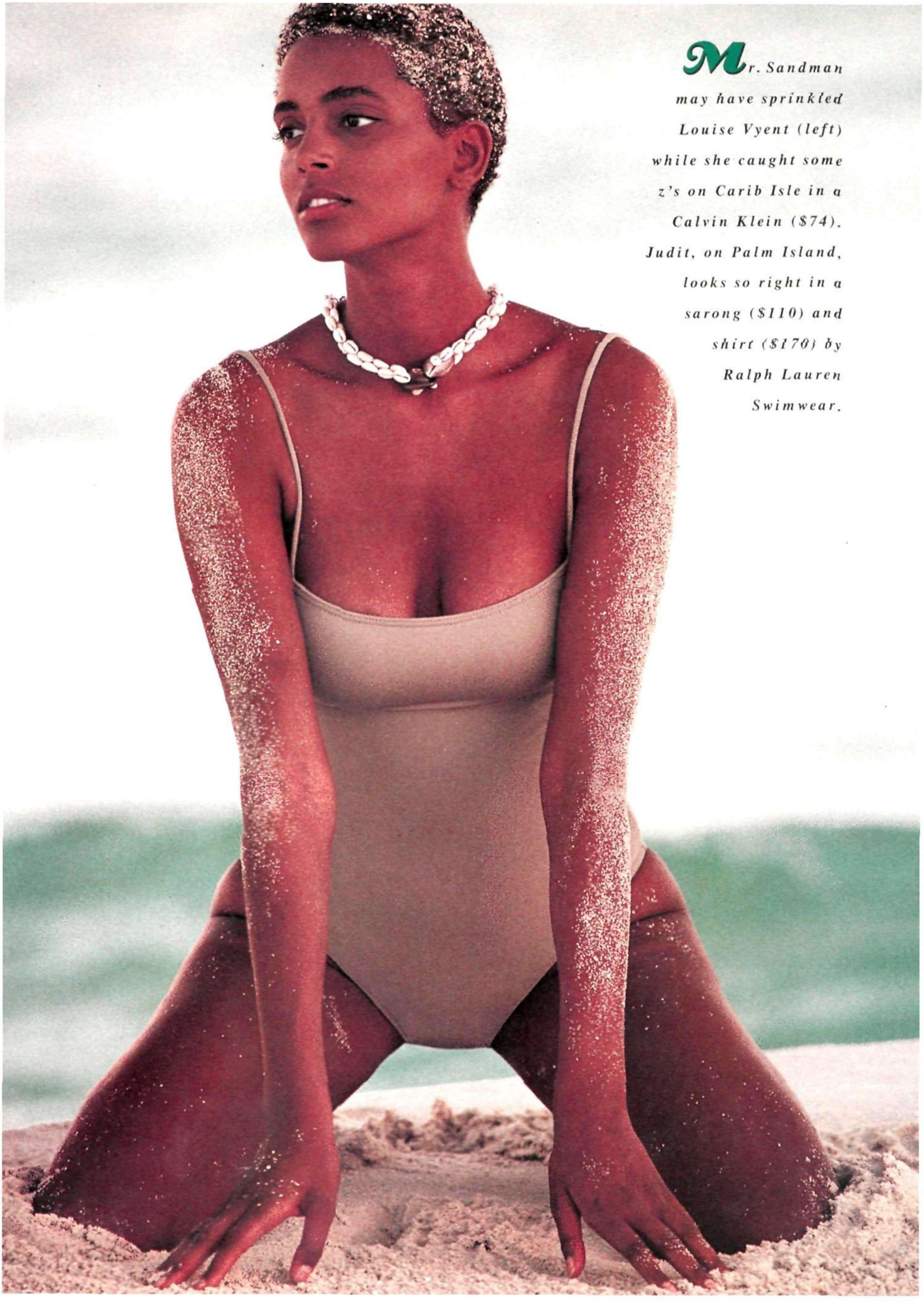


Fabulous flotsam. On the beach at Salt Whistle Bay, Akure makes like a castaway in a bikini from Macarena Gutiérrez ($60).

Ashley (left) enjoys a new view of Pinese Island in a Lycra "skin" suit by LisaLomas for Viewpoint ($68). Elle's LisaLomas suit ($52) should give her an unusual tan.

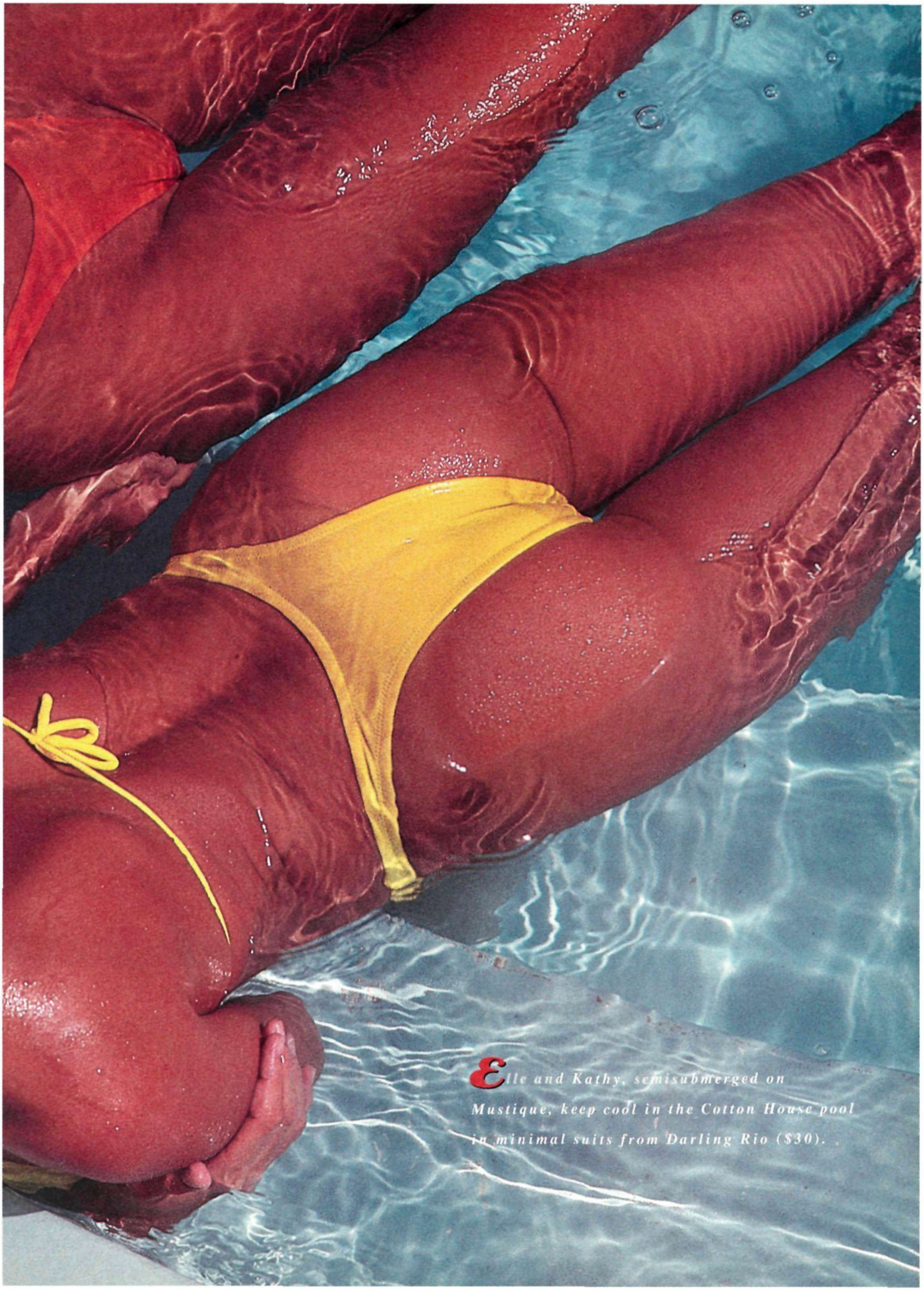
Ouch! Sabrina Barnett gets a few uneasy winks on the waterworn rocks of St. Vincent. Her wet suit, made from polyurethane-coated Lycra, is from LisaLomas for Viewpoint ($98).





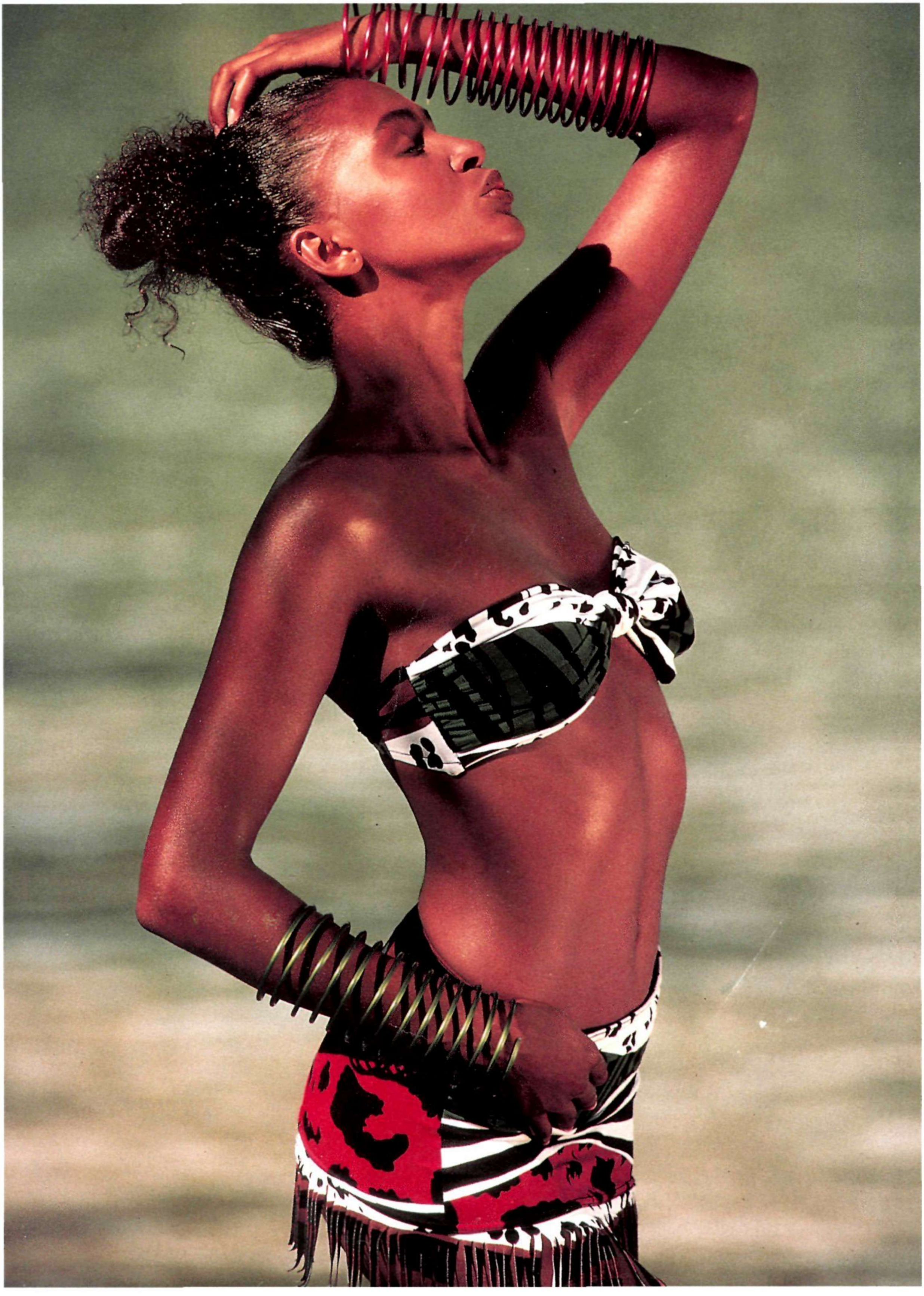
Mr. Sandman may have sprinkled Louise Vyent (left) while she caught some z's on Carib Isle in a Calvin Klein ($74). Judit, on Palm Island, looks so right in a sarong ($110) and shirt ($170) by Ralph Lauren Swimwear.

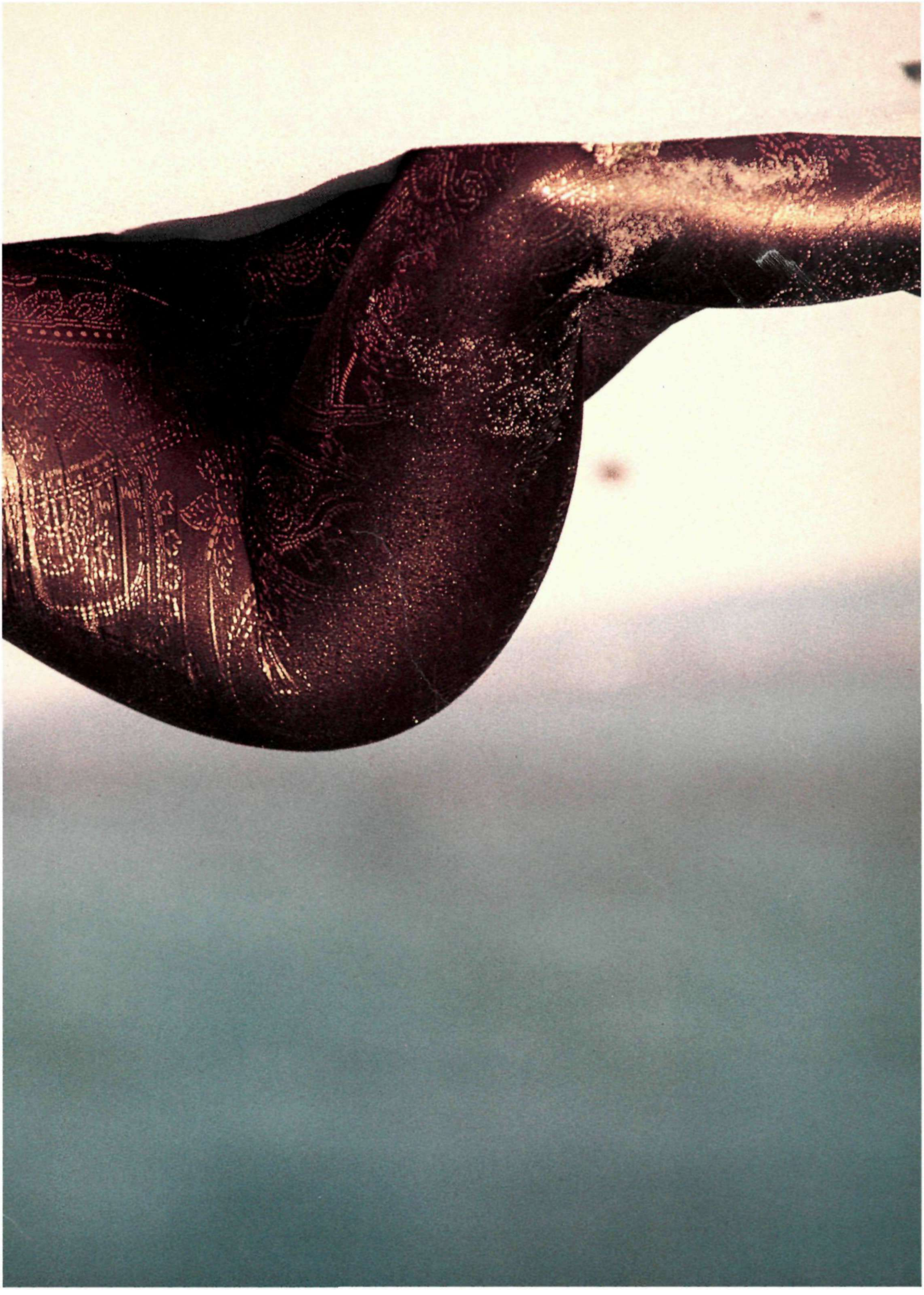
Even the boat sits up and takes notice when a nautical Roshumba sallies across the sands on Pinese Island in a Calvin Klein bikini (top $66, bottom $42).



Elle and Kathy, semisubmerged on Mustique, keep cool in the Cotton House pool in minimal suits from Darling Rio ($30).

On Argyle Beach, Rachel slips into a "skin" wet suit from LisaLomas for Viewpoint ($72). Akure brings an exotic look to Salt Whistle Bay with her Lycra bikini from Randolph Duke ($72).





Has a mermaid washed ashore on tiny Mopion? No, it's Ashley, gilding the lily in a Lycra unitard from Gottex ($240).

Can these international sirens be luring unwary sailors?

From left: Rachel, a New Zealander, wears a suit by LisaLomas for Viewpoint ($62); Louise, from the Netherlands, sports a wet suit by TYR Sport ($110); Israel's Michaela Bercu is ready for action in a Darling Rio Sportif suit ($47); Anna Getaneh of Ethiopia dons a "shorty" by LisaLomas ($68); Maria del Carmen von Hartz of the U.S. is suited by LisaLomas ($82); Ashley, an all-American girl, wears a suit by TYR Sport ($72); Akure, born in Nigeria, is in a neoprene wet suit by Speedo ($90).

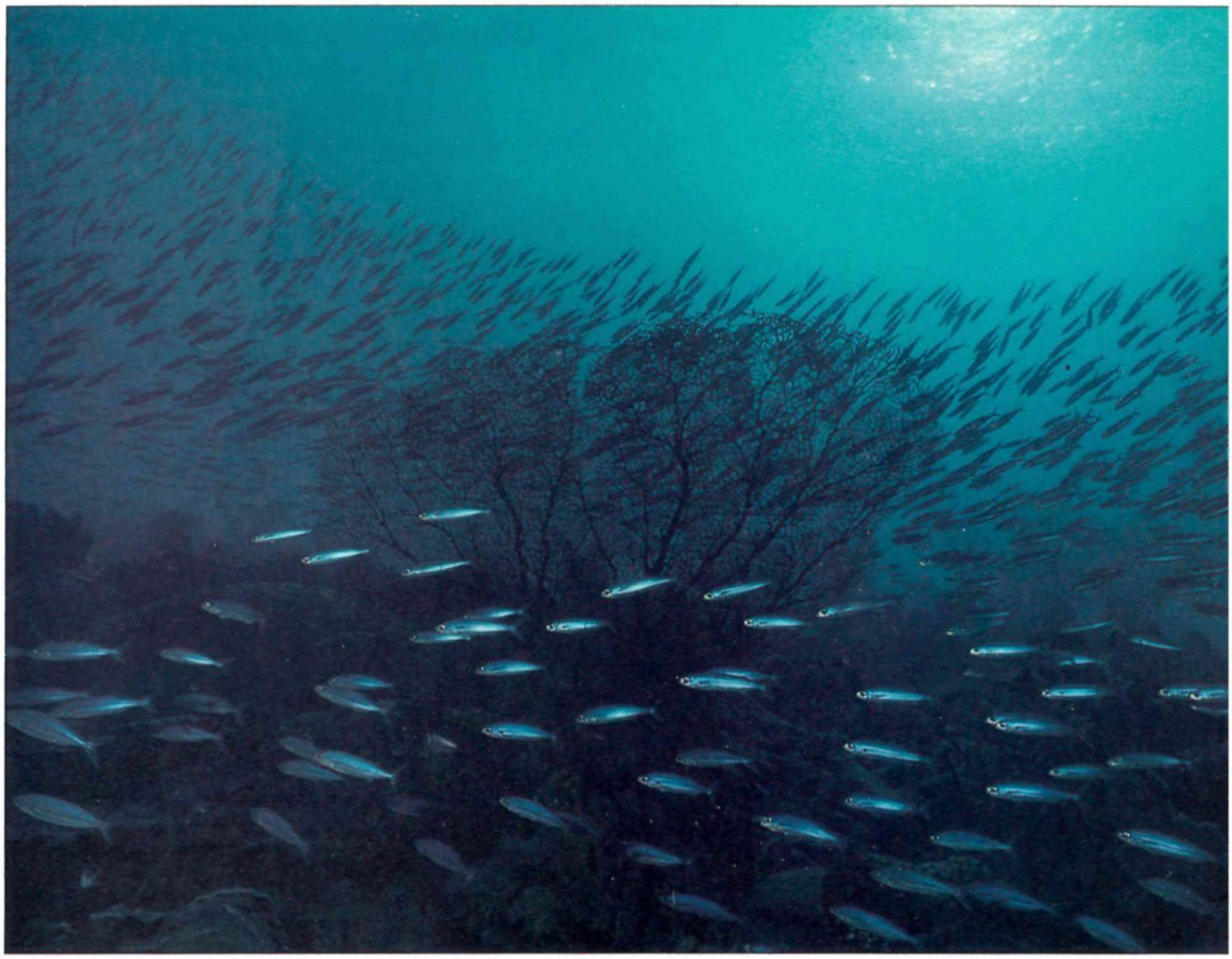
HAIR AND MAKEUP ON THIS PAGE BY GLENN MARZIALI FOR TRISH McEVOY NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID DOUBILET

DEPTHS OF Splendor

The best way to dive and snorkel in the Leeward and Windward Islands is to charter a sailboat, find the richest reefs and take the plunge

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN



THE BARRACUDA WAS THE FIRST THING THAT caught my attention. It was a four-footer, the shape and color of a knife, and it hung in the blue, just off a mound of coral-covered rock, hardly moving at all; only the slow pulse of its gills and the trembling of its pectoral fins indicated that it was alive. The large eye that faced me looked cold and empty. From six feet, the line of exposed teeth put me in mind, as always, of an alert Doberman.

There was something reassuring about seeing this lethal fish, especially so early in my week-long diving trip in the eastern Caribbean. It is the big predators that give an unfamiliar place its wild character, that make you feel most acutely that you are a feeble visitor getting a glimpse into the oldest truths of all. What wolves are to the tundra, grizzlies to the Rocky Mountain wilderness, the big cats to the African savannah . . . barracuda and sharks are to the coral reef. Without them, it is still beautiful but a little tame. A diver has no good reason to fear the barracuda—or most sharks, for that matter—but seeing one, being close to one, reminds him emphatically that the world he is visiting is not merely a large, bland aquarium but a separate, alien place.

So, seeing the barracuda in the first five minutes of my first dive, off Guadeloupe, was a good sign. For a minute or two, I watched the motionless pewter-colored killer with something like gratitude. Then, when the barracuda moved effortlessly a few feet from its station, I left to prowl the reef and see what other marvels I could find.

After 40 or 50 minutes, the little bar graphs on my dive computer were touching the line that indicated the limit of my bottom time. No dive ever seems quite long enough, but the computer is undeniable. I surfaced reluctantly and climbed aboard the dinghy. My wife, Marsha, joined me a few minutes later, and then Ollie, the first mate, who uses air more sparingly than seems possible, hoisted himself into the boat. While we shucked our gear, we talked about what we had seen in an enthusiastic, almost giddy kind of patois. Everything

was "unbelievable" or "fantastic" or "out of this world." I suspect that divers use this kind of adolescent shorthand in the first moments they are back on the surface because they are not able to talk underwater and feel an urge to describe their dives all at once. This babbling is a kind of release for their contained awe.

Once we had shed our gear and exhausted our MTV adjectives, the sense of urgency receded like a tide, and we brought in the anchor, cranked up the outboard and left the reef. I watched the coral formations passing 50, then 60 and 70 feet under us with my usual feeling, which was . . . I couldn't wait to do it again.

One of the essential facts about diving is that you cannot stay down as long as you want to or go back as soon as you would like. There are laws about that sort of thing. Laws of biology, from which there are no exemptions or reprieves. Your tank runs out of air or your blood and tissues saturate with nitrogen, and you must come to the surface and stay there, sometimes for hours, before you can go down again. You can ski or fish or do most recreational things just as long as you want: Prudence and your appetite are the only limits, and you can fudge on them. But mess around with diving and you will find yourself in a recompression chamber or a box . . . if they find your body.

This makes the logistical, above-water components of any diving trip very important. It might seem a fine thing to cross 10 time zones to get to a dazzling unspoiled reef, but you need to consider what you will do during those hours when you are out of your wet suit, waiting until you can go down again.

Marsha and I were sailing. Which made sense, since we were in the Leeward and Windward Islands, a sort of picket line between the Caribbean and the Atlantic, where the pleasure sailing is among the best in the world. Marsha had crewed here and remembered the experience vividly: deep water, reliable trade winds, good anchorages at beautiful islands with various backgrounds and national affiliations. Everyone, it seems, has claimed a piece of the West Indies at one time or another, and the old influences still show.

As for the diving, well. . . . The reports were sketchy and not consistently enthusiastic. The geology of these islands is volcanic, which is not the case in the Bahamas to the north, where the limestone and coral have been in symbiosis for millions of years and the reefs are endless, and endlessly seductive.

But I had heard good reports about St. Lucia and the Tobago Cays, both in the Windwards. The plan was to charter a boat with its own air compressor in St. Lucia and sail south into the group of Windward Islands known as the Grenadines—Palm, Union, Petit St. Vincent and, finally, the Tobago Cays—to see for ourselves.

OFF ST. LUCIA, A SCHOOL OF FISH SWARMS PAST A SEA FAN (LEFT), WHILE BLACKBAR SOLDIERFISH PATROL WITH THEIR EYEBALLS PEELED (BELOW)

DEPTHS OF SPLENDOR

AFTER DARK, WHEN THE REEFS' NIGHT CREATURES COME OUT, A SQUID'S TENTACLES ARE ALMOST TRANSLUCENT IN THE GLOW OF A DIVER'S UNDERWATER FLASHLIGHT

Chartering the boat was easy. A woman named Linda Owen, who runs a brokerage called Port O'Call *(out of Kansas City, for some reason), had us set up* after two or three phone calls. Because of the dates we wanted, however, we would be obliged to meet the boat in Antigua, in the Leeward Islands north of St. Lucia, since every boat available for charter in those parts would be at a show there. We made our reservations and were given the name of the bar in English Harbour, Antigua, where we could meet our captain, Rolf Lehner.

He was not there when we arrived, a little before midnight. Nor had any of the only marginally helpful bartenders and waitresses heard of his boat, the *Azzo*. Would we like a drink or a room? We were carrying a couple of hundred pounds of dive gear and were ready to get aboard. English Harbour was teeming with sailing types wandering the narrow streets carrying half-full glasses in their hands, shouting and waving to each other in five or six languages. I noticed that the men were ordinary looking and most of the women were young and tanned and beautiful. When I mentioned *this to my wife, she said,* "*It's always like that around* these boats." Well, sure, I thought, she had crewed on one of them.

"Let's take a look around," she said.

I followed as she walked past three bars crowded with people who could have been our crew. She walked straight into a fourth bar, which was relatively quiet, and asked the bartender, "Do you know the boat *Azzo*?"

The man next to her turned around and said, "I am from the *Azzo*. Are you the Normans?"

When I asked Marsha how she did it, she shrugged.

We got the gear in the dinghy and motored out to where the boat was anchored. After we had changed, in the relatively large aft cabins of the 57-foot ketch, we went topside and drank champagne that Owen had provided for us. At that moment, the trip seemed graced.

Turbo Grand Prix. A Sophisticated Toast To Your Hot Rod Heart.

Here's to everyone who knows firsthand what automotive adrenaline is all about. Start with a turbo-intercooled 3.1L V6 featuring performance components, close-tolerance assembly and 205 hp.* There's also a specific 4-speed automatic transmission with special converter and shift calibration. The suspension has hefty stabilizer bars and a 4-wheel anti-lock brake system. Performance-specific wheel well flares house Z-rated Gatorback tires and special alloy Crosslace wheels. There are specific fascia and aero skirting; even functional hood louvers that enhance engine compartment cooling. Inside, there are analog gauges and a Head-Up Instrument Display that projects speed and other vital functions onto the windshield. It's fighter plane technology. And just the right stuff for Turbo Grand Prix.

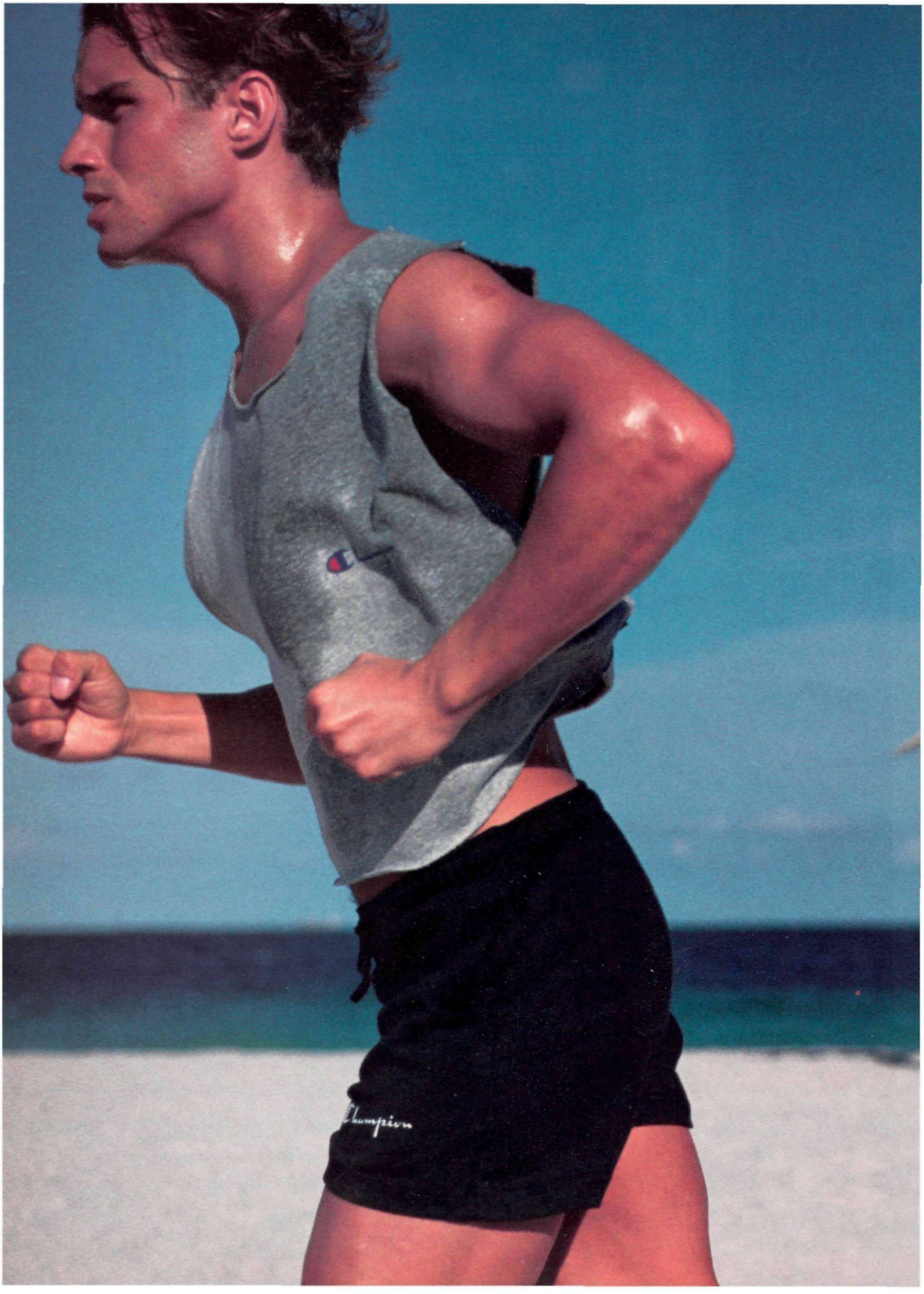
PONTIAC
WE BUILD *Excitement*™

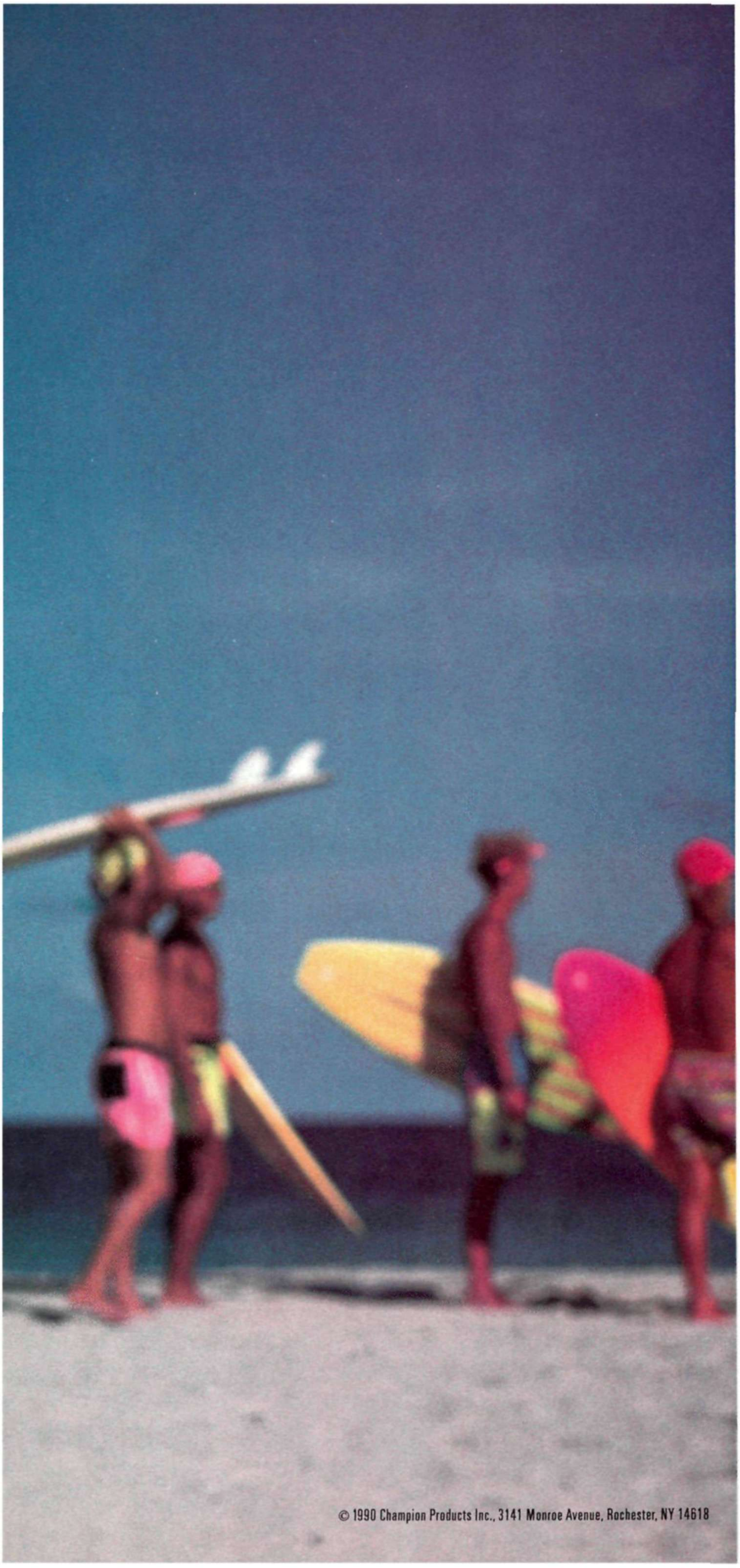
*Turbo system manufactured by ASC Inc.

Call Toll-Free 1-800-888-2997 For More Product Information.

GM® LET'S GET IT TOGETHER...BUCKLE UP. ©1989 GM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. SEE YOUR DEALER FOR TERMS OF THE LIMITED WARRANTY.

BUMPER TO BUMPER PLUS
3 YEAR/50,000 MILE WARRANTY


Champion



© 1990 Champion Products Inc., 3141 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, NY 14618

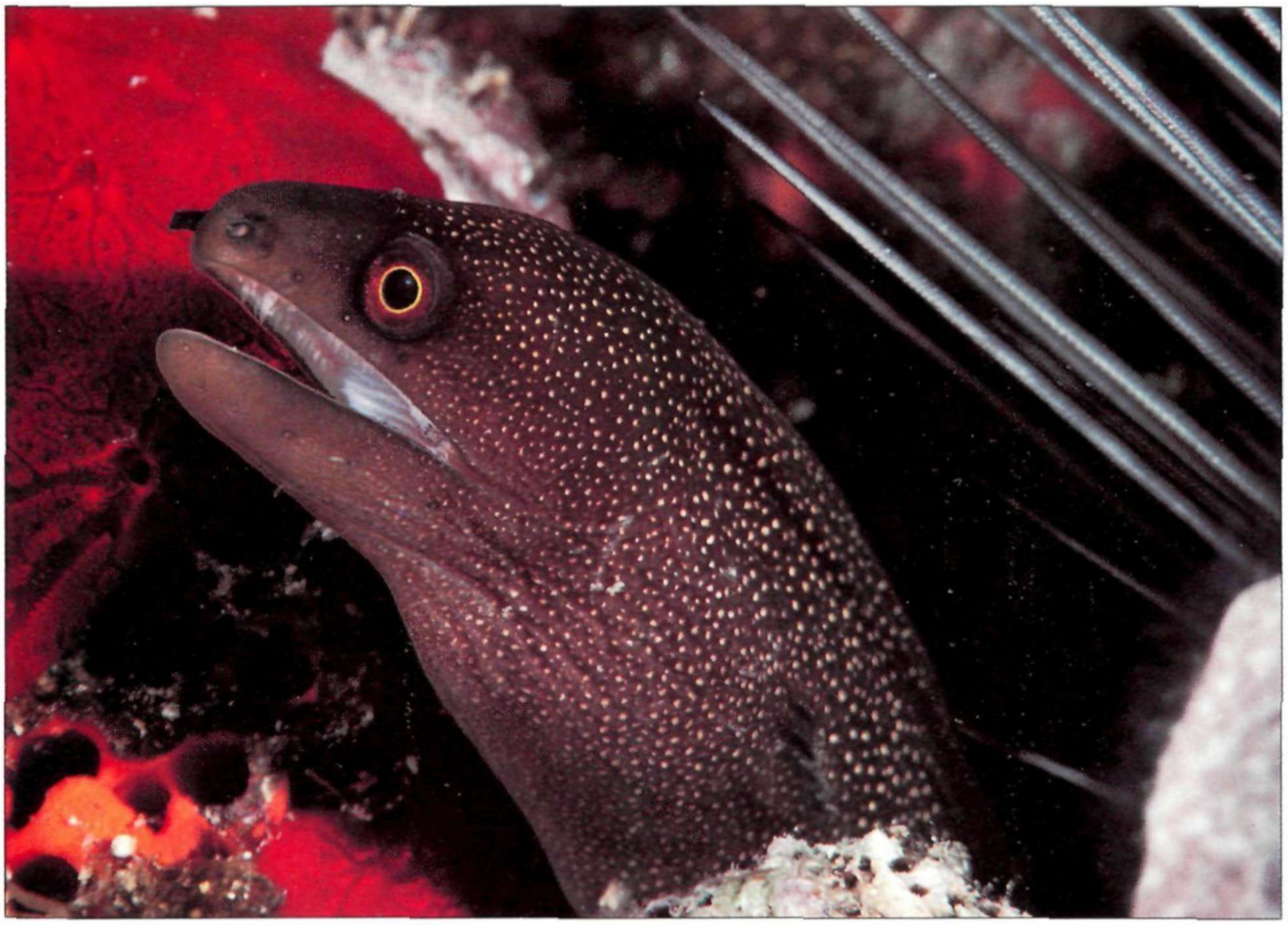
Earthling. Human. Runner.

I belong to all

the right clubs.

Champion® U.S.A.

Authentic Athletic Apparel and Footwear.



ITS BODY MOSTLY HIDDEN BY CORAL AND THE SPINES OF A SEA URCHIN,

THE RECLUSIVE, SHARP-FANGED SPOTTED MORAY EEL IS A SWIFT AND DANGEROUS PREDATOR

But there was one, ah, slight deviation from the plan, Rolf told us.

Oh, said I. What was that?

This particular boat did not have a compressor on board.

Rolf and Ollie hastily poured more champagne. It was not a problem, they assured me. They had space aboard for plenty of tanks—"bottles," they called them—and there were dive shops on the beaches all the way down to the Tobago Cays. We could use the shops' compressors and never miss a dive for lack of air.

Things seemed better after the first dive. We were anchored off Guadeloupe, in the lee of a volcano that erupted 13 years ago. The volcano is still so feisty that its cone is constantly obscured by clouds and smoke. But I was eager to move on. We sailed all that night—under the whip of my impatience—and passed in the lee of Dominica, which in the weak light of the moon appeared as a large, mute mountain without a single point of electric light. It gave me a spooky, almost reverent feeling as we sailed past. Dominica is the least populated and most primitive of the major islands in this chain, and the only one, people like to say, that Columbus might still recognize.

The diving off St. Lucia was even better, though by this time I had begun to relax and enjoy the sailing and all its components—the flying fish that flushed like game birds just off our bow and sailed for a hundred yards or more just above the surface; the sunsets, when we would drink the obligatory rum punch and watch futilely for the famous green flash; the silent rhythmic progress we made toward each new island, which began as a smudge or only a layer of clouds on the horizon. You could spend time, I thought, in worse ways.

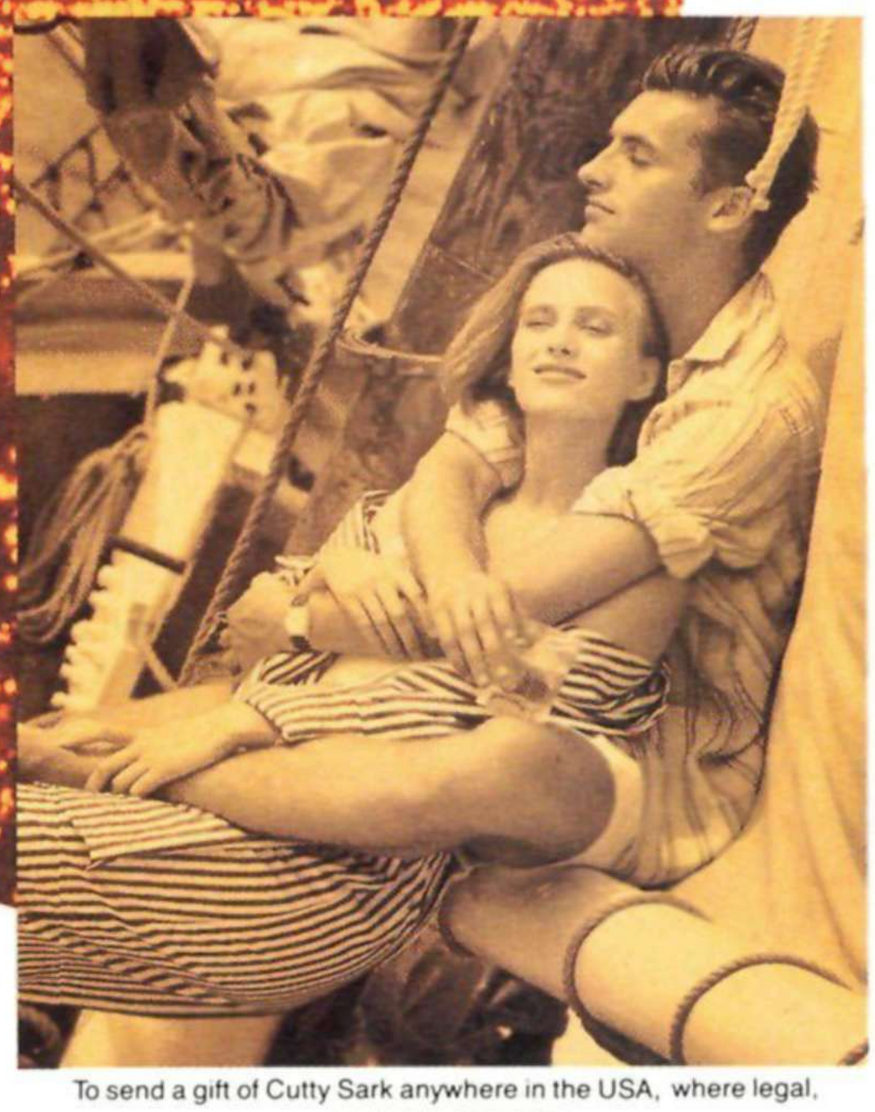
But when we reached St. Lucia, a high and implausibly green island that invites you to drop just about everything—career included—and stay awhile, I was ready to get back into the water. The first dive, Rolf said, would be over a wreck, and I liked that. Diving a

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision

CUTTY SARK®

BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies

The uncommonly smooth Scots Whisky



To send a gift of Cutty Sark anywhere in the USA, where legal, dial 1-800-238-4373.

LIVE A CUTTY ABOVE.

The Buckingham Wile Company, Lake Success, N.Y. ©1989. 43% Alc. by Vol.

A SOLITARY LITTLE BLENNY, POP-EYED AND BIG-LIPPED, FINDS THE RIGHT KIND OF CAMOUFLAGE IN A LARGE HEAD OF CORAL

good wreck is like walking through an old New England cemetery and reading the inscriptions carved in the weathered stones.

We found the wreck about 100 yards off a sandy beach, in about 50 or 60 feet of water. It was an old, dead coastal freighter that was losing ground to rust and slowly accumulating coral. I dropped down over the bridge, very slowly, settling amid a school of silversides that parted to let me through.

Marsha and I swam into the empty hold, where a snapper that must have weighed 25 pounds hung close to a rusting bulkhead, moving only enough to keep a baleful eye on us as we passed. The snapper had a face like Lee J. Cobb's and would have looked right smoking a cigar. We moved tentatively into the ship's spaces, penetrating only a few feet, because we weren't familiar with the wreck and weren't carrying any lines to mark our way. There wouldn't be much to see, anyway, since the freighter had been stripped of anything worth salvaging before it was sunk for the convenience of divers. But even though it was an "artificial" wreck, it had about it that solemn quality of disaster.

We went over the side of the freighter and dropped 15 or 20 feet to the sandy bottom. There was some infant coral growth on the flat steel, and a school of yellowtail hung close to the ship, moving away as we passed. For all the life that clustered close to the wreck, 10 feet to either side of it was a desert of sand. The only life was a plot of garden eels, perhaps as many as 100, waving in the current and then pulling their heads into the sand when I came too close.

We surfaced to a squall. Low, dark skies, heavy winds and sheets of warm tropical rain that tasted sweet after the salt and compressed air. Back on deck I stood in the rain, drank a beer and admired the island's heavy growth, which stopped abruptly at the beach. When I turned around to check the weather at sea, I saw what looked like an apparition: an old wood-hulled square-rigger coming out of the mist, like a frigate running dispatches for Nelson.

Move to Malibu

$3 off a carton

© The American Tobacco Co. 1989.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Filters 100's: 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Menthol 100's: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine;
Ultra Lights 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

DEPTHS OF SPLENDOR

WITH ITS PERISCOPES UP TO WATCH A PASSING SCHOOL, A FLOUNDER RESTS FROM ITS LABORS ON THE MAZELIKE SURFACE OF A MOUND OF BRAIN CORAL

Rolf explained that it was a tourist boat, which accounted for the gaudy umbrellas on deck.

We were on a roll now. We sailed south along St. Lucia for a few miles and pulled into a little bay beneath a high bluff. There was a hotel on the overlook and several bungalows and other open buildings on the beach. This was the resort of Anse Chastanet, home of what was reputed to be the best diving on the island.

It was almost as good as anything I have found in the Bahamas. If the diving could be downgraded for any reason, it would be for water clarity, which was still fine, with at least 60 feet of visibility. There is always some turbidity in these waters, it seems, because the freshwater rivers flowing into the sea keep things slightly roiled.

We swam off a rocky point and then made our descent in about 25 feet of water. I passed a small school of squid, which are among the most improbable-looking things underwater—or anywhere else. Their tentacles were tucked into a streamlined cone behind them, and their big black eyes looked curious and stupid at the same time. They moved off with surprising speed whenever we came near.

The reef fell slowly at first and then dropped abruptly; not quite a wall by the standards of the Caymans, but dramatic just the same. I let off some air and went out over the edge of the reef, falling like something on the wind and feeling a sweet vertigo as I went past 80 and then 100 feet in depth.

The sea fans grew out of the face of the wall like tough, stunted mountain shrubs, and the scalloped coral looked like the kind of fungus that grows on dead tree trunks. The water was clear down to 160 feet, which was as deep as I wanted to go, though the drop went farther. The coral was sparse here, and there were not many fish, though I did see one grouper that might have weighed 10 pounds or so.

I stayed until the computer told me I was saturated with nitrogen and ought to get on back up. I looked to

The Man With The Hat Is Back. And This Time He's Bringing His Dad.

SAVE UP TO $5.00

On Videocassette

"The greatest adventure in film history."
—*Gannet News Service*

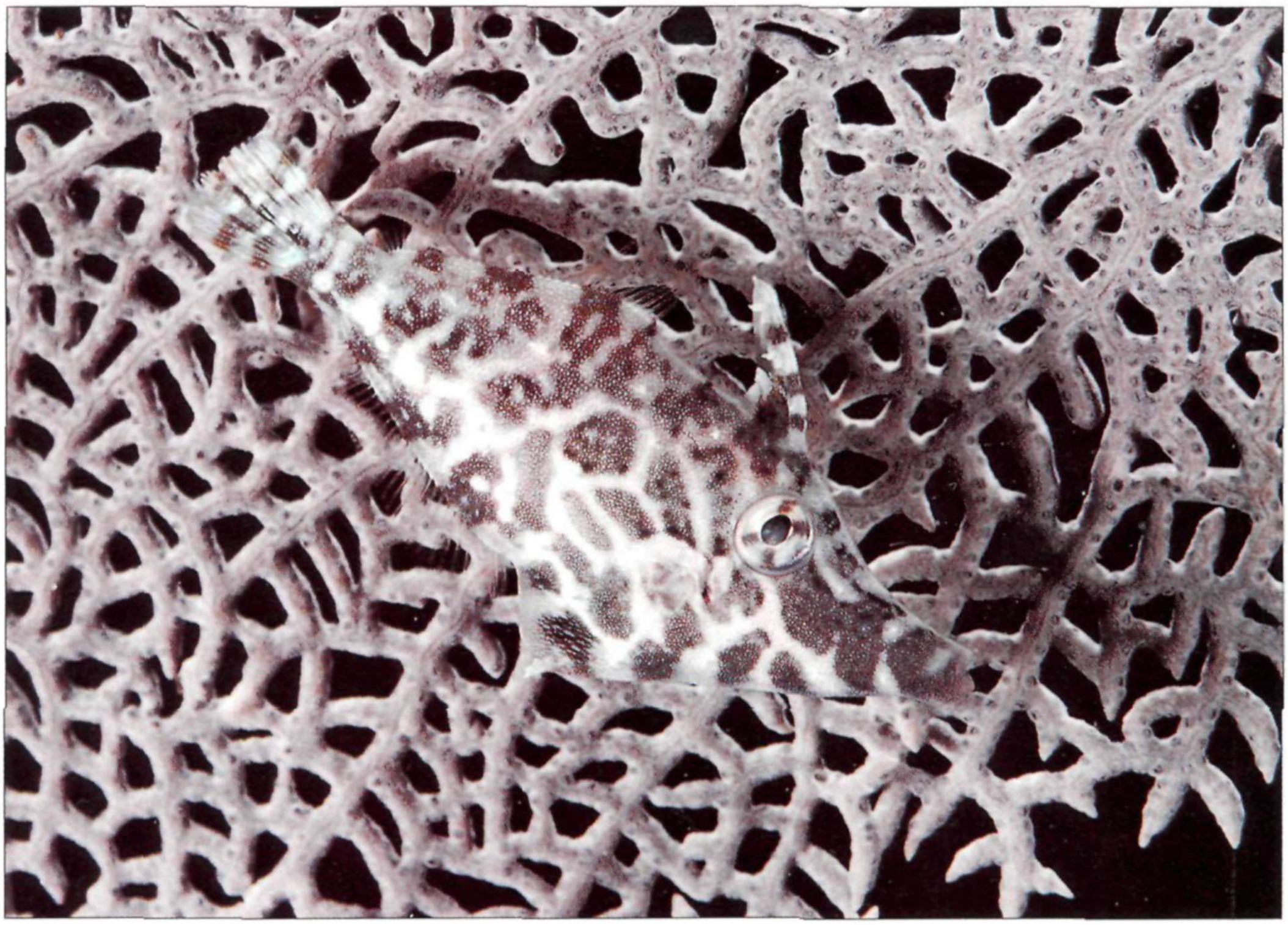
Starring
Harrison Ford • Sean Connery

$24.95 suggested retail

You can save $5.00 on Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade when you buy diet Coke and Indy's first two adventures on videocassette. Details at participating stores.

Paramount
A Paramount Communications Company

TM & © 1990 by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. TM & © 1989 Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL). All Rights Reserved. Price is suggested retail and higher in Canada.
"diet Coca-Cola," "diet Coke" and the Dynamic Ribbon device are trademarks of The Coca-Cola Company.



THIS BABY FILEFISH BLENDS INTO THE LATTICEWORK PATTERN OF A SEA FAN, RENDERING ITSELF PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE TO PREDATORS

the surface through tons of blue water. More than 100 feet above me, a school of silversides circled like birds in a shaft of light.

When I reached shallower water, I took time to admire a goatfish. On every dive trip, I find a new fish to consider remarkable, and this time it was the subdued little goatfish, with barbels on its chin that made it look eerily like an old Chinese man, Charlie Chan of the reef.

Finally I surfaced and swam back to the boat. On the way I spotted a Porsche in about 45 feet of water, which seemed an unusual place for it to be parked. I dived to it and admired the job the saltwater had done on the sheet steel. I never did find out what the car was doing there. One of those mysteries of the islands.

The reef off Anse Chastanet was as good as a reef needs to be, and if we had not made Tobago Cays the point of our quest, we might have stayed on St. Lucia. The food on shore was good, and the coastline was lush, forbidding and magnificent, especially the Pitons, twin spires created by volcanic activity, which rise over the coast like watchtowers for some pagan god. On the beach there is a small farm, where the chief attraction is an elephant called Bupa who will wade in the surf for the amusement of visitors but otherwise spends her time idly eating trees.

You could easily spend a week diving this area—the water clarity is excellent, and the reef is in good health, constantly monitored by a marine biologist and the couple that runs the Anse Chastanet dive facility. But we—or rather, I—had developed something of an obsession with the Tobago Cays.

We could get there in an easy night of sailing. Sailing from dive site to dive site gives you a taste of the kind of life that all of us imagine on days when tedium and routine begin to feel like bars on a cell. This was the short course in another way of living. Life the way Rolf and Ollie live it: pulling into a new harbor, haggling with customs and immigration, then going to the grocery for supplies, a bar where you might run into

HERSHEY'S

"BarNone"®

Smooth chocolate cream. Crispy chocolate wafers.
Crunchy peanuts. Hershey's pure milk chocolate.

For People With A Passion For Chocolate.

©1990 Hershey Foods Corporation

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED: THE AZZO RESTS AT ANCHOR AMID THE REEFS OF THE TOBAGO CAYS, A DIVERS' MECCA IN THE GRENADINE ISLANDS

someone you know from another boat and then, after a few hours, getting back aboard and sailing off without asking anyone's permission. It has a way of making everything seem less urgent.

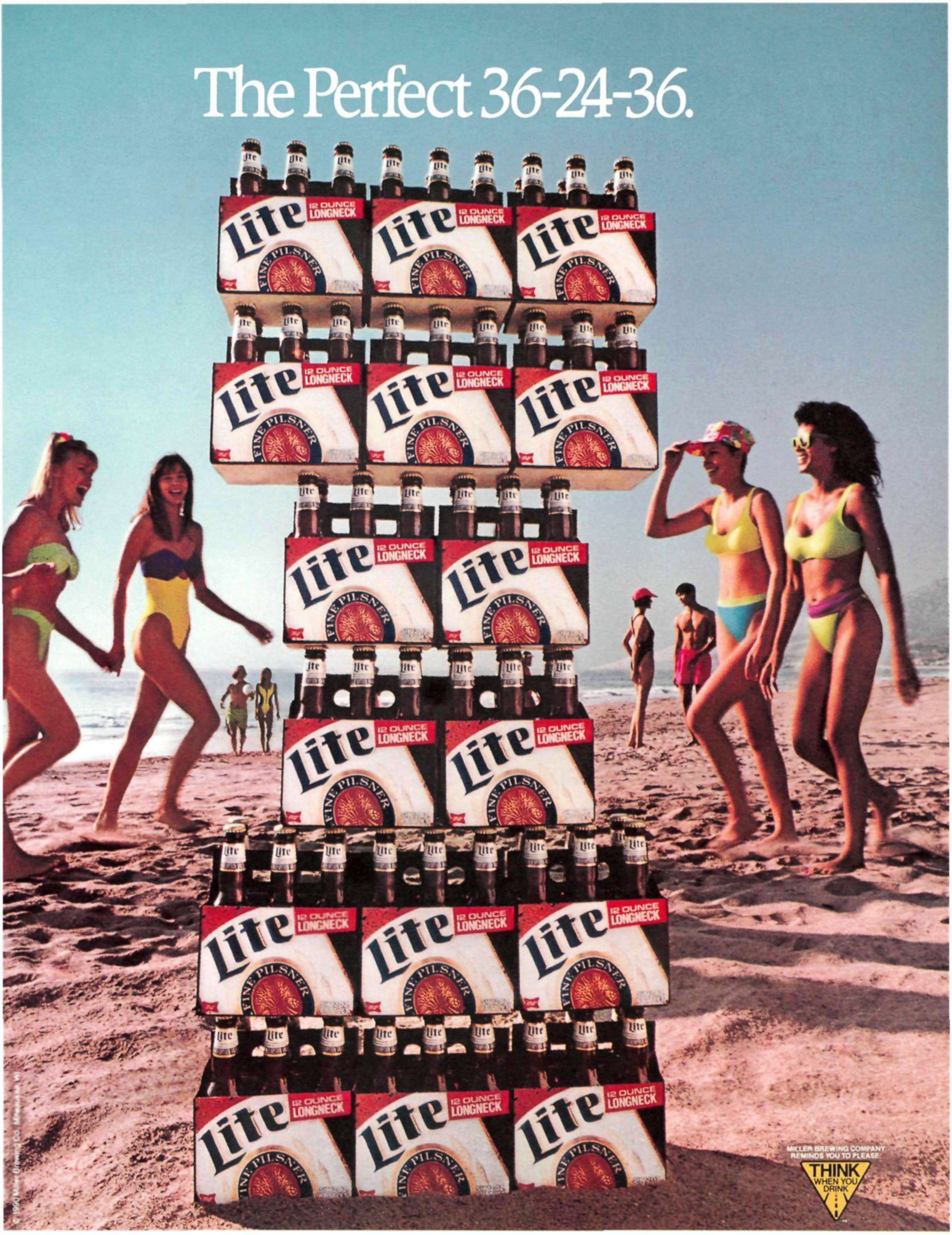
We made it, finally, to the Grenadines and the Tobago Cays and anchored off a small, uninhabited island. We suited up and went over the side, using the current to carry us down to the reef. The water was clear and the sun was out. I dropped down over a field of coral, feeling as if I were wearing a parachute.

It was beautiful, undeniably so. More soft corals than I had seen anywhere—fans, plumes, whips, feathers. All the shapes that say so much about the ordering principles of biology, even amid a variety bordering on chaos. The soft corals moved with the current in a soft, undulating rhythm.

I too moved with the current, picking out fish and naming them. I suppose you reach a point in diving where you no longer compulsively identify everything, but I have a long way to go. Parrot fish devoured coral. Grunts schooled and dispersed. Squirrel fish hid in the crevices of hard coral. Trumpet fish moved about, looking like blunt-nosed snakes. A small moray gulped, three or four inches of its head emerging from a break in the coral. Vast schools of blue chromis were here, as on earlier dives, and seemed by now as reliable as crows over a cornfield.

This was not knock-you-over-the-head diving—no sharks, turtles or big rays; merely coral and reef fish—but it was almost everything a diver could ask for. There was something gentle and hospitable about diving these islands. It was December, and I had not worn a wet suit. And the time between dives, aboard the boat, had been a perfect complement to the time underwater. The charter had been unquestionably the way to go, and now . . . it was time to leave. I looked around for one last striking image to carry with me and got lucky. From 10 feet away, a small barracuda, just a couple of feet long, gave me the old malevolent grin. ■

The Perfect 36-24-36.



When it's Miller Lite, less filling really tastes great.

The More You L
It Looks Like A

At first glance, the new Subaru Legacy wagon looks like a rather large, rather luxurious station wagon.

Which is exactly what it is.

But get behind the wheel and all resemblance to other wagons disappears.

The moment you step on the gas, you'll feel acceleration that will make you think you're driving something more like a performance car. Thanks to the Subaru Legacy Wagon's advanced 16-valve horizontally opposed aluminum engine. Designed for maximum performance and power, it's a design used by only two other car makers: Ferrari and Porsche.

When you round your first curve, you'll experience the effect of its high-stability independent suspension. Climb your first hill and you'll sense the efficiency of its electronic automatic transmission. Bring the

© Subaru of America, Inc. 1989.

rive It, The Less Station Wagon.

Subaru Legacy to a stop, and its computerized 4 wheel disc brakes will make the notion that you're in a wagon fade further from memory.

Should you experience its optional road holding computerized 4 wheel drive system in bad weather, you'll surely stop comparing the Subaru Legacy to a wagon.

And when you see how much cargo space the Subaru Legacy offers, you'll realize the difference between a Subaru Legacy and other wagons is a big one. Literally.

In fact, the only thing about our wagon that looks anything like ordinary wagons is the sticker price.

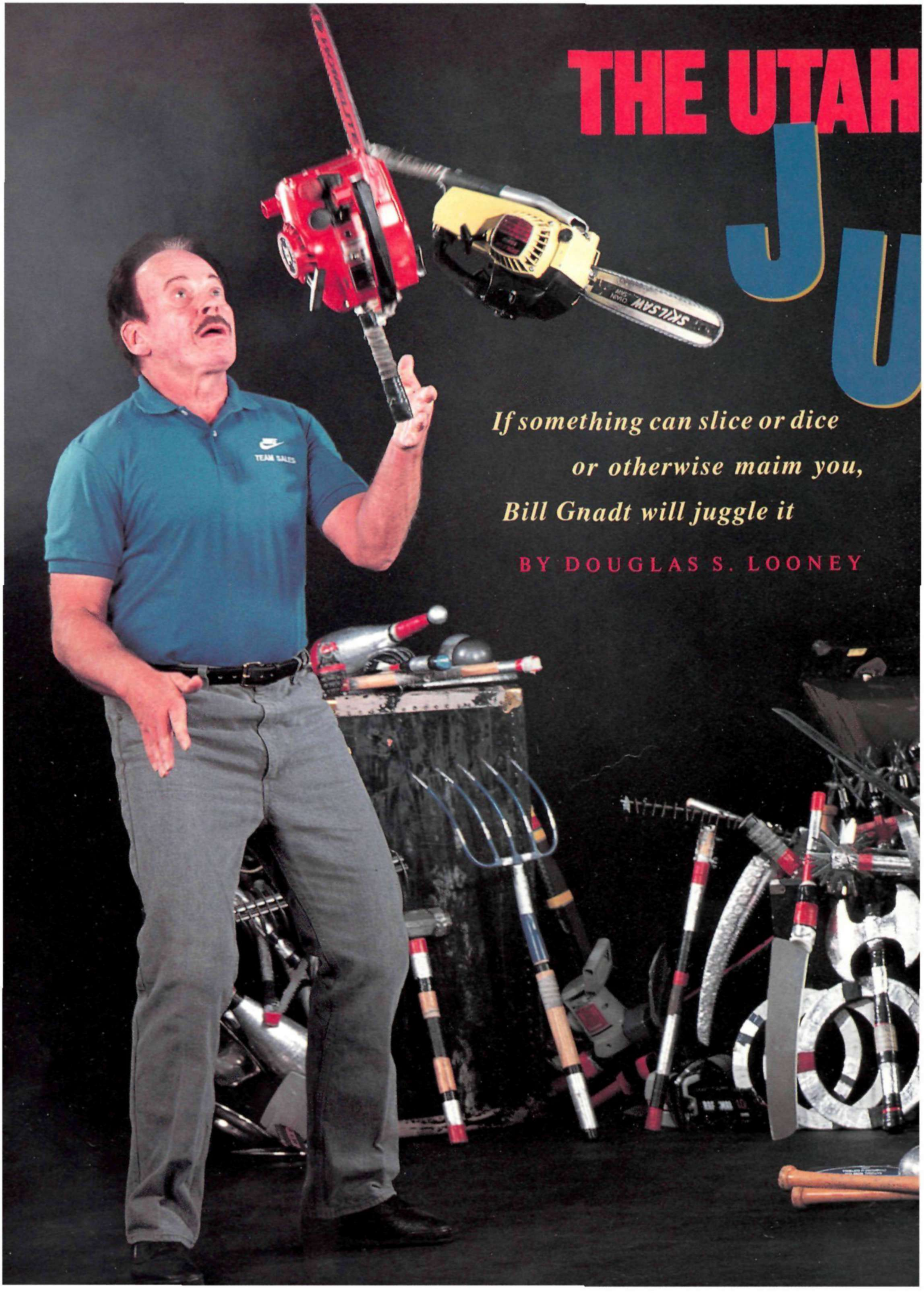
Subaru® Legacy™

We Built Our Reputation By Building A Better Car.

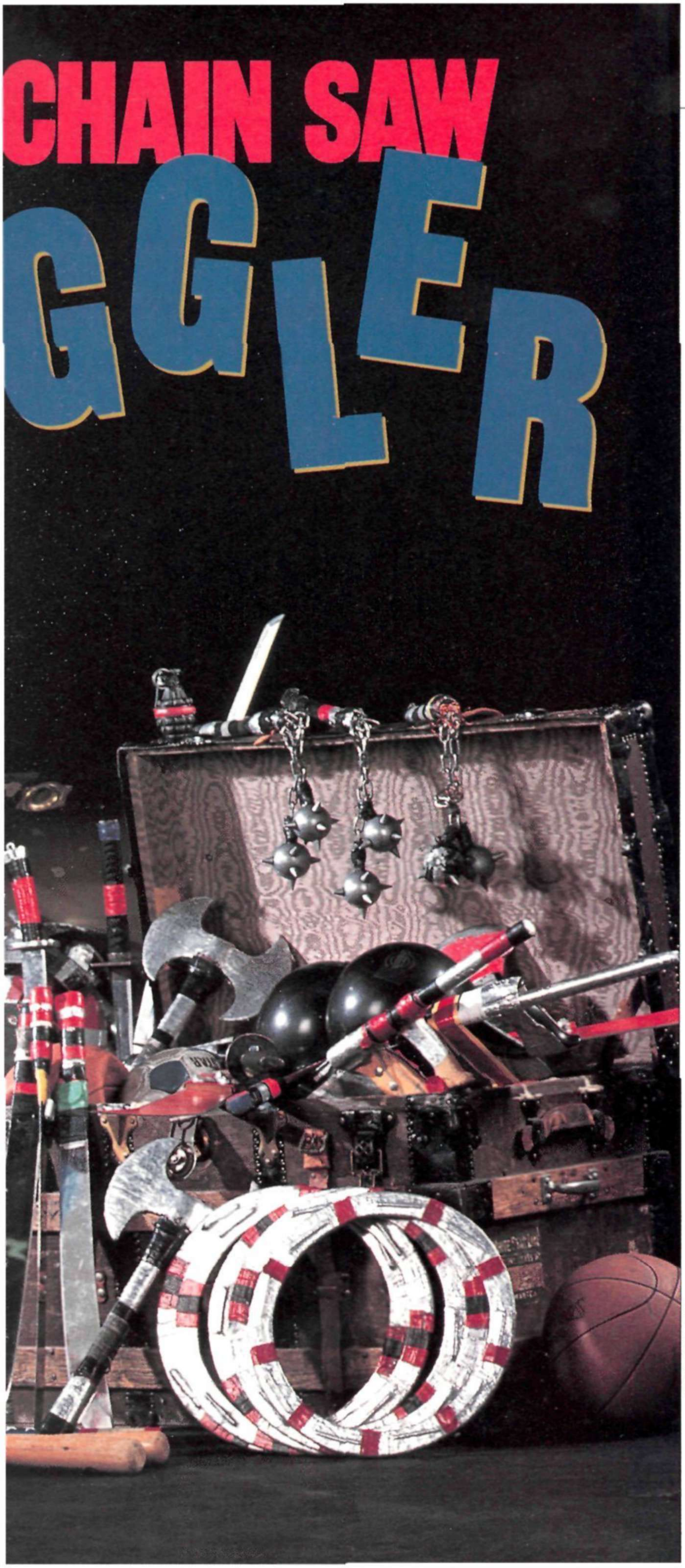
THE UTAH JUGGLER

If something can slice or dice
or otherwise maim you,
Bill Gnadt will juggle it

BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



CHAIN SAW GGLER



PETER READ MILLER

Gnadt's juggling isn't a pretty sight, and that has helped to keep his public visibility low.

HIS HOUSE ON LOGAN AVENUE IN Salt Lake City is a mess. It has never seen a vacuum cleaner, a broom, a mop, Endust, Comet or Mr. Clean. The refrigerator-freezer doesn't work. Dirty dishes have taken root in the kitchen. Trash overflows the wastebasket. The living room is filled with M1 rifles, bowling balls, basketballs, machetes, samurai swords, pitchforks, double-edged axes, lopping shears, amputation saws, hoops, sledge-hammers, torches (fortunately, unlighted), hedge trimmers, baseball bats, shot puts, chain saws.

When Bill Gnadt (pronounced ga-*not*) invites a visitor to have a seat, the question is: Where? There may be a few chairs around, but if there are, they are buried under jeans, shirts, soft-drink cans, newspapers and books. That's of no concern to Gnadt. He, after all, only extended the invitation to be seated; it's up to those who wish to accept the offer to work out the details. "Look, if a person has a pathological problem with obsessive and compulsive cleaning, it makes it a very long day," he says.

The reason the 61-year-old Gnadt needs all this junk is that he juggles it. He is the foremost tool-and-heavy-object juggler in the world. A few jugglers juggle a few tools on occasion; Gnadt has 200 different tools that he juggles all the time. At a juggling championship in 1969, he asked an official why there was competition only in boring things like balls, clubs, sticks, hoops and rings, but not in tools. "Nobody does it," was the reply. Said Gnadt, "Then I'll just claim that championship for myself." Ergo, Bill Gnadt, world champion tool juggler. "I juggle every tool Sears makes," he says. "The only problem is, Sears doesn't want its tools juggled."

Nor does Skil want its chain saws juggled. But this is a free country, so Gnadt kicks away enough stuff in his living room to have a place to stand, fires up a chain saw—"Noise is excitement," he says—and starts juggling it along with a pitchfork. "Come on, baby," he exhorts himself, above the roar. He grunts and lunges. It is terrifying. He's mumbling to himself: "Come on, baby. You can't miss even a little on this one."

What Gnadt does is incredibly diffi-

LANE STEWART

Gnadt packs the tools of his trade in his old Olds—the one with the painted chrome.

cult, an act of consummate athletic ability. In no way do trap blocks, forkballs, topspin lobs or dunks compare with this feat. He says, "Juggling is rhythmical, and it's pretty. But I have to lunge and grunt, so what I do is not so pretty. But I don't think of juggling as an act or even an art form. I view it as a challenge, going against gravity and physical forces. It's just that I never look like Fred Astaire when I'm doing it." Instead, he has the look of a mad scientist, his hair flying out at odd angles and his eyes wild.

So this 5′ 9½″, pudgy (182 pounds—10 pounds overweight, he cheerfully admits), balding man who lunges and grunts and talks to himself while he's performing ("Remember the basics: Don't hit yourself in the head") is hardly a slick, athletic figure. Oh, for a brief period in the 1950s, Gnadt tried to smooth out his act. He changed his name to Billy Grace. "Gnadt is not a good show-business name," he says. "It sounds like a German corporal." He also wore a tuxedo. Soon, however, he took his old name back, and he got rid of the tuxedo.

Now when he does a show, he wears pants that are too baggy, and he invariably puts his belt through all the loops but one. He's not the least bit self-conscious about spraying on deodorant in full view of his audience before beginning his act. It's not a joke. He does it because he's hot and sweaty from lugging all his equipment around, and he wants to smell better. On stage, Gnadt most nearly resembles an unmade bed.

During a recent performance at a backyard barbecue in Salt Lake City—he works almost entirely in the Salt Lake area these days, although over the years he has performed in 30 states—Gnadt was being heckled. After ignoring the abuse for a time, Gnadt, in the true vaudevillian tradition, silenced his antagonist by telling him, "Sir, you can go home now. Your cage is clean."

Of his juggling, Gnadt says, "The things I'm really scared of are the bow saw, the sickle saw, the long bow saw, the chain saw, the point on the samurai saber, the machete, the thatching rake and the pitchfork." Which pretty much makes him afraid of his whole act. Yet he has always confronted fear. He was an Army paratrooper and made 60 jumps between 1946 and '48. "I used to volunteer to jump because it scared me," he says. "Some people can do dangerous things, some can't. It's a thrill for me to think I can conquer and control my fear."

It is not, however, a thrill for Gnadt to be orderly and organized and turned out in a form acceptable to polite society. This is a man engulfed by the clutter of his life. He has no idea how to get himself and his surroundings straightened up; happily, he has no desire to do so. For example, on the patio in his backyard, just beyond the ripped screen door, sits lifting equipment: a bench press he has had for 40 years, a curling machine of unknown vintage, a triceps machine. Rust is everywhere on the equipment. So are leaves. Gnadt looks at the leaves and has a conversation with himself, supplying both questions and answers:

Q. Would you sweep up the leaves in the forest?

A. This is not the forest.

Q. Well, O.K.

A few feet away is Gnadt's car, a 1965 Oldsmobile. He recently painted the whole thing black, including the chrome. "You don't often see that," he says.

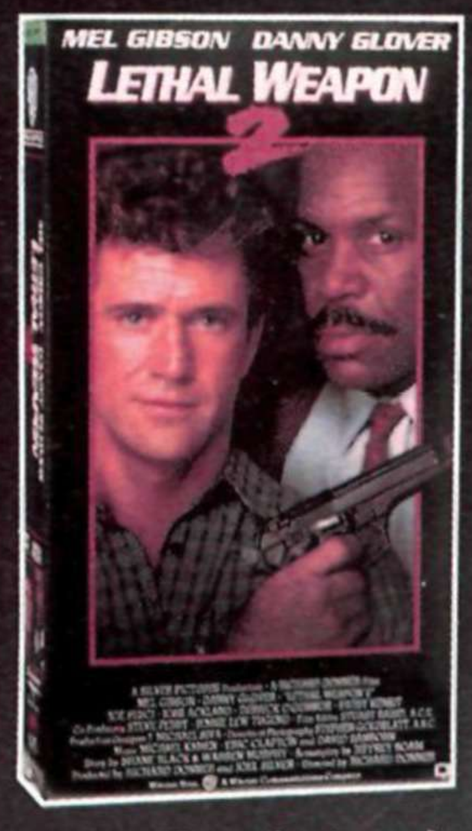
In the basement of the house is Gnadt's small bedroom. There is one window, covered by a towel. "I don't have a curtain," he says. "Is that bad?" Everywhere are books. Books, books, books. He's forever picking one up and blowing the dust off it, which is a good idea if he wants to read the title. Last year, Gnadt read 129 books; he has averaged 60 a year for 50 years. He has read three different encyclopedias from beginning ("Aardvarks really are very interesting," he says) to end. Among the areas he concentrates on: World War II,

LANE STEWART

At a local children's hospital, Gnadt shows he's on the ball.

Armed. Dangerous. And all yours.

MEL GIBSON · DANNY GLOVER
LETHAL WEAPON
2



Turn on the heat with the explosive, action-packed sizzler *Lethal Weapon 2* starring Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

One of the biggest box-office smashes of 1989, *Lethal Weapon 2* packs a powerful punch as this year's hottest new videocassette. And now you can bring home all the action and all the fun for just $24.98.

If you're looking for excitement, reach for *Lethal Weapon 2* It's loaded.

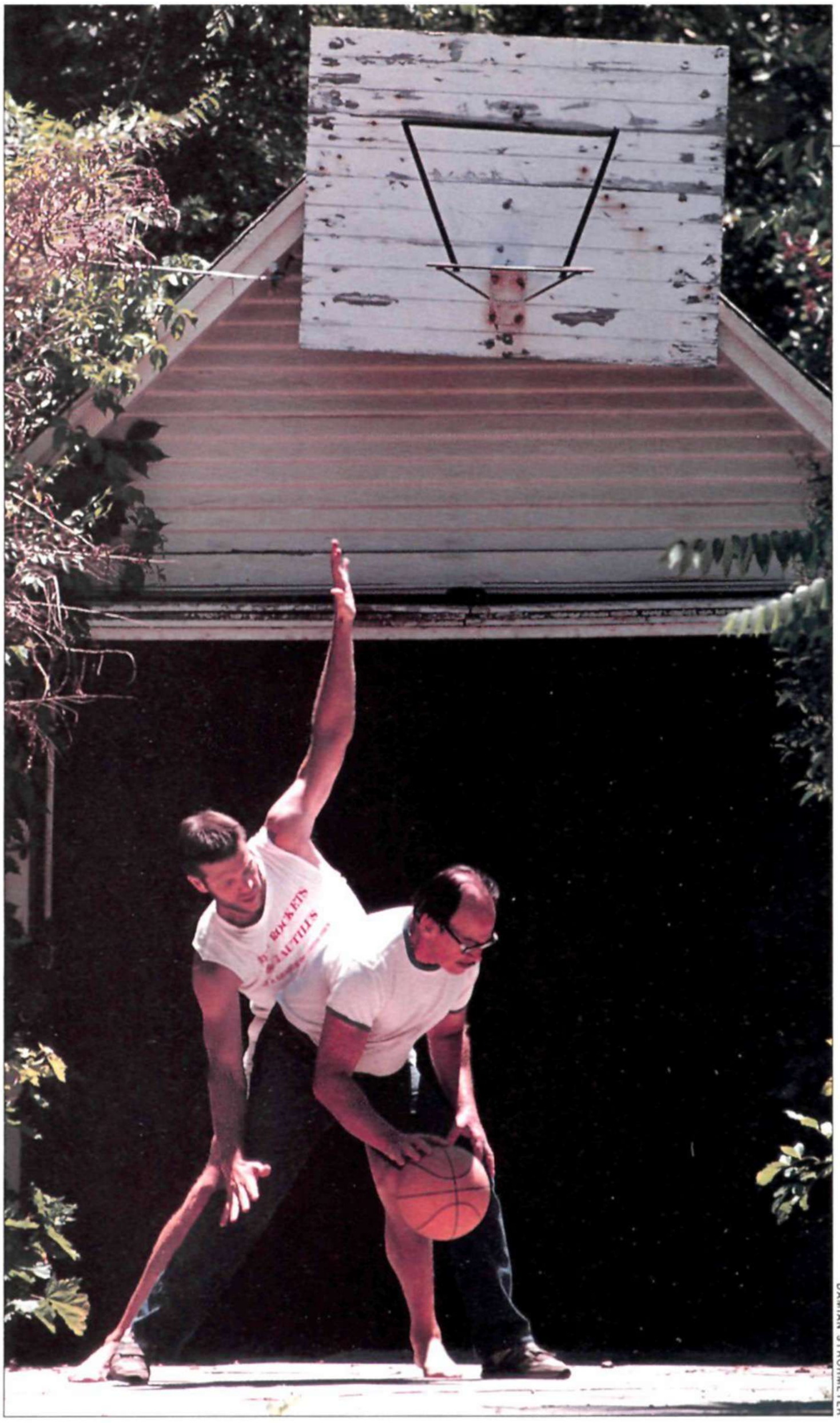
WARNER HOME VIDEO R

©1990 Warner Home Video Inc.

Specially priced at stores everywhere.

Manufacturer's suggested list price $24.98.*

*Higher in Canada.



DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Gnadt has never been afraid of a challenge, even going one-on-one with Newlin.

old movies ("If you have to explain to somebody why *Citizen Kane* was the greatest film ever made, it's too late") and medicine. Three times he has read and annotated his 22-volume *Medical and Health Encyclopedia*. Says Gnadt, "If you don't reread, you forget. All colleges are, are places where bright people pass tests. Retaining it is something else. I just get down here like a slug and read." For at least five hours a day. Seldom does he turn on a light; during a recent month his electricity bill was $6.

Says former NBA guard Mike Newlin, "Bill is the quintessential scholar-athlete. He takes it to the limit in both areas. He's a scholar-athlete for a lifetime." When Newlin was a star player and an honors student at the University of Utah in the late 1960s, he met Gnadt. It changed Newlin forever. Gnadt changes forever everyone he meets. Says Newlin, "He's an ignored natural resource. Meet him and he advances the quality of your life."

That's because Gnadt is fascinating about everything and fascinated about everything. In the 1970s he excelled in table tennis, ranking as high as fifth in the state, and has some 100 trophies to prove it. In '61 he finished fifth in the Mr. Utah contest, and five-time Mr. Universe Bill Pearl, another of Gnadt's friends, says: "For him to be fifth, with his inferior body, was as big an accomplishment as me being Mr. Universe. He never quits anything. Once he gets involved, it's a lifetime commitment. I think the only problem with him is, he's too profound, too deep."

Gnadt's mind is a loose cannon inside his head. It shoots off in 1,000 directions at the same time. Ask him how to get to a shopping mall, and he is instantly talking road construction. "I once had a friend who could talk for 25 minutes on blackbirds," he says, just before he switches gears and rails against speed-reading. "When [Daphne] du Maurier started off *Rebecca*, 'Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again,' she didn't intend for that to be speed-read," says Gnadt. He repeats the opening line again, softly, slowly, and the words take on added luster.

Gnadt has led a quixotic and bittersweet life. He was born March 8, 1928, in Boise, Idaho, to William Edward and Alice Lynch Gnadt, and moved with his parents to Salt Lake City in '34. In '38, when his parents bought him his first magic set, he would "do a show for anyone who could bear the strain." His first trick consisted of putting a die into a hat, then making the die disappear and reappear in another hat, previously shown to be empty. He developed his skills as a magician and became especially adept at the manipulation of playing cards; to this day he practices such skills as card fanning for one hour every other day. Then came a fateful meeting in the early '40s, outside Salt Lake's Paramount Theater, when funny-man magician Carl Ballantine saw Gnadt doing manipulation tricks. "Clever," said Ballantine. "You ought to try juggling."

Ballantine showed Gnadt the rudiments of juggling and Gnadt was thrilled. He devoted himself to learning juggling, getting help from a stock boy at the local Safeway who could juggle three oranges—if the boss wasn't looking. "I watched one hand to get the pattern down," says Gnadt.

When he was hanging around the Salt

© 1988 JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. N. Y., N. Y. CANADIAN WHISKY A BLEND OF CHOICE FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 40 % ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF)

Seagram's V.O.

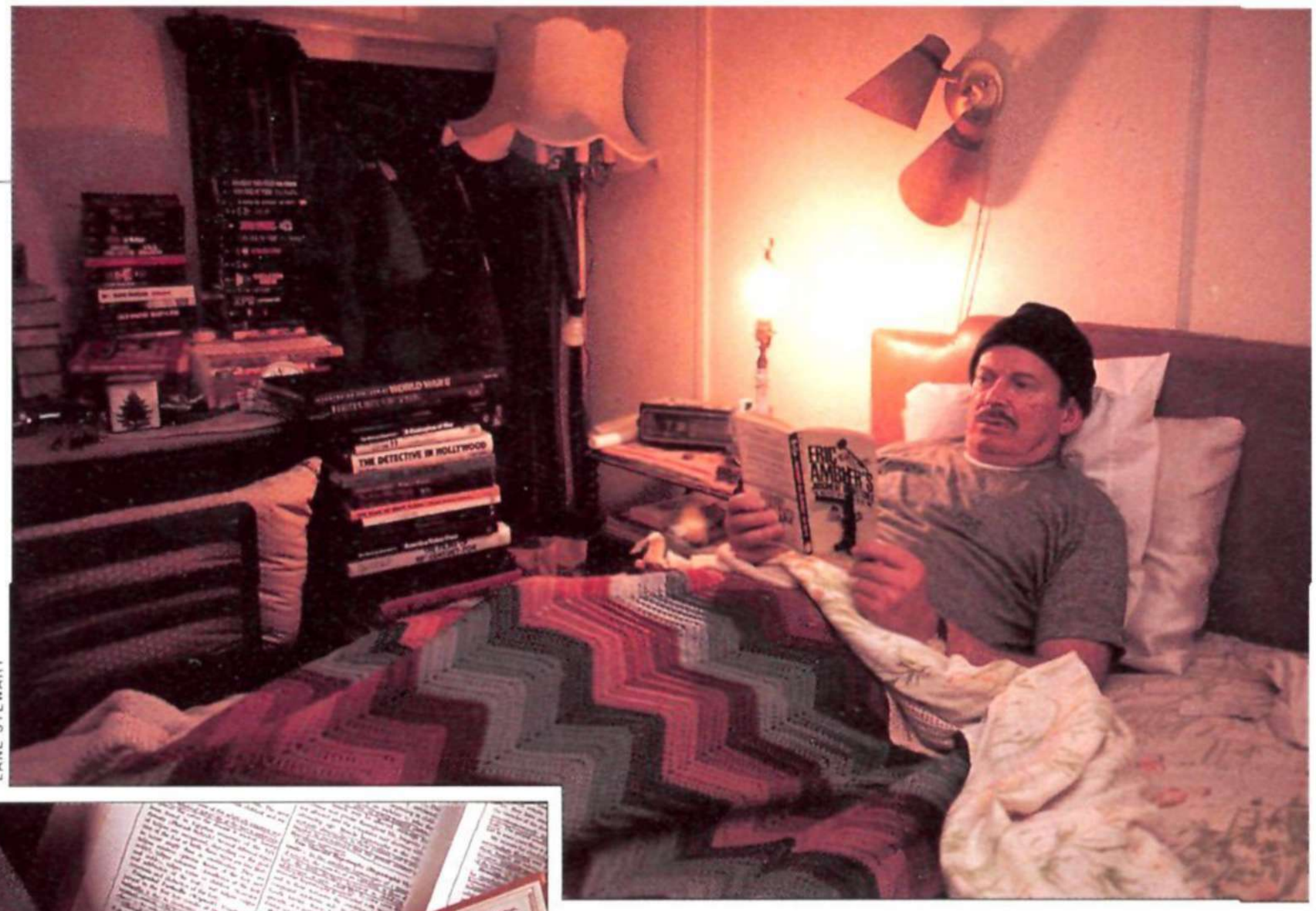
SOME NIGHTS, EVERYTHING GLOWS

You used to hate it when he told you what to do.
Now sometimes you wish he would.

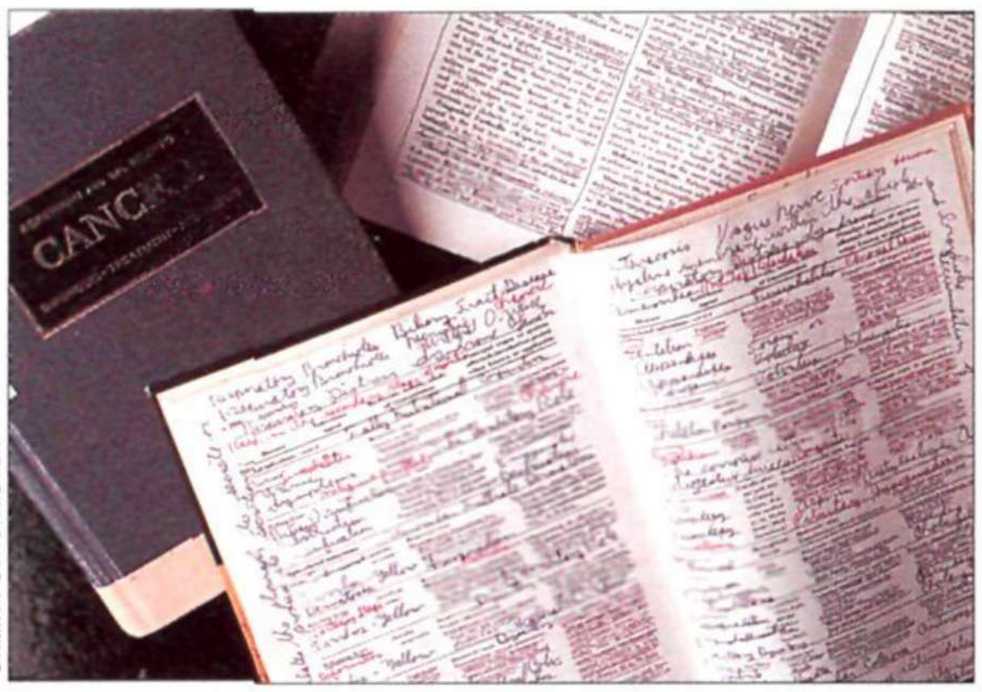
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43% ALC./VOL. (86°) • © 1988 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

What are you saving the Chivas for?

To send a gift of Chivas Regal anywhere in the U.S.A.,
call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.



LANE STEWART



DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Gnadt's reading ranges from detective fiction to annotated medical books (left).

Lake Hardware Co., where his father was general sales manager, Gnadt says, "I wanted to juggle the whole store." Which is how tools came into the picture. Explains Gnadt, "I didn't want to copy everyone else. I wanted to invent something new." Sickles and meat cleavers were his first loves. In 1943 he started doing a magic and juggling act for the USO in the area, and upon his graduation from East High, in '46, he went directly into the Army. During his two years in the service, he started juggling dummy hand grenades (which he still does) and rifles and "the kinds of things that you find around Army posts." As Gnadt is reviewing his career in juggling, his mind suddenly takes another sharp turn toward leftfield: "Isn't it sad there will never be another *Begin the Beguine*?"

In the early 1950s, Gnadt appeared in school assembly programs across the country, sometimes doing as many as four performances a day—and once four shows in four different states in one day—at $16 a show. That wasn't bad pay at a time when motel rooms cost him $3 a night. Then came his big break, a shot as an opening act at the Showboat in Las Vegas. His proudest moment came when he was spinning three basins on a stick in his mouth, juggling two battle-axes and spinning three hoops (two on one arm, one on his ankle)—and an earthquake hit. "But I made the trick," says Gnadt proudly. He did 84 shows over the span of a month and got $500 a week, minus $50 for an agent and another $25 that was taken from him and sent along to unknown hands. Plus he had to pay all his own expenses. It was, sadly, his biggest juggling payday ever.

There were also performances at state fairs. But the brutal truth is that Gnadt, for all his extraordinary talent, never has been able to figure out a way to turn juggling into a cash crop. This is why he spent 25 years teaching special education in Salt Lake City schools, until he retired in 1980. Yet, as testimony to his frugality, he saved $98,000. Not long ago he invested in gems with two friends and lost $25,000. But Gnadt doesn't mope. He repeatedly makes light of his financial debacles. He explains, for example, that he charges $30 an hour for juggling lessons, about what a mediocre tennis pro gets in the area. "But I haven't had many students," he says with a laugh.

Last year he did 90 shows, mostly in shopping malls and at birthday parties at $65 a shot. "I really shouldn't perform for less than $100," he says to himself, just before he starts discoursing on the Galápagos Islands. Though his average annual income from juggling is $5,000 to $6,000, he says, "I do it to satisfy me, and that's difficult as hell." What Gnadt doesn't say is that he spent 20 years taking care of his ailing parents, whom he couldn't be away from long or often.

Besides, Salt Lake City can make anything or anybody anonymous, located as it is in one of the most anonymous of states. The only thing Gnadt regrets not having done is move to a larger city so he could get more work. Denver is where he thinks he should have gone. Clearly, it should have been New York or L.A., because he's a bright-lights act. He has never appeared on Johnny Carson's show, a what-if he discusses with himself: "What if I screwed up? Is that a possibility? Yes."

Seldom has anyone worked so hard for so little reward. Gnadt practices his juggling three days a week for three hours a day; he lifts for 70 minutes every other day; he walks six to nine miles a day, usually wearing a 35-pound vest. "I'm trying to get better all the time," he says.

A few nights after the backyard barbecue, Gnadt is booked for a birthday party at a private home—for $75. "Pretty good," he muses aloud as he drives to the house, oblivious to the fact that the money is not pretty good at all. (Ultimately, the gig took him six hours, 11 minutes, door to door). As he starts to do one of his magic tricks, a youngster in the front row says, "I've seen this one before." Responds Gnadt, "Oh, then close your eyes." He's making playing cards get smaller and smaller. "Hmmm, that usually gets a lot of applause." This group of 40 people produces a smattering of clapping.

Soon he is into his juggling act. Again the crowd seems unimpressed. Clearly the onlookers don't realize how dangerous the tools are. He starts by doing a pitchfork and two double-edged axes; then he's tossing about a machete, the Ninja sword and the Chinese broad sword; next, as he balances a soccer ball on his head, he juggles three thatching rakes. His pants keep falling down, which is not part of the act. There go

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Table tennis and bodybuilding are two former passions of Gnadt's.

some meat cleavers and a pickax. Then the machete, a sickle and a bow saw. "Remember, I've never been hurt, never been hurt," he says; it is, at once, a reminder, a hope and a prayer. Then he goes to a baseball bat and two hedge trimmers, which he twirls repeatedly even while he juggles them. "I should have learned how to stop this thing," he says. And away he goes with two pitchforks and a bowling ball, pointing out that "the bowling ball is the natural enemy of the pitchfork."

Lost on this crowd—and, frankly, on almost any crowd—is the difficulty of juggling objects of unequal weight. Gnadt does an eight-pound sledgehammer, a hand grenade and an egg. That receives a few looks of mild interest. The complexity of his act is compounded by the varying ways in which the tools and weapons spin. Sears didn't build its tools to be juggled, so the tools not only become unbalanced upon being thrown into the air, but they also get unbalanced in a different way with each toss. And Gnadt works with heavy objects, 12 pounds for the shot put, which he is quick to contrast with conventional juggler's clubs, which weigh about 10 ounces. He sneers at the comparison.

Then there is the danger factor of the swords and rakes that whiz past Gnadt's eyes. "I've never been hurt by a tool, and I don't plan to be," he says. Hurt, by his definition, means anything that requires stitches.

Oddly, the things that seem the most dangerous are not, according to Gnadt. The chain saw, for example. There are others who juggle chain saws—although not with pitchforks. The difficult part of catching a roaring chain saw—like hitting a three-wood over a lake—is largely psychological. In fact, Gnadt says it's easier to juggle a chain saw when it is on because the momentum of the rotating chain helps to keep the saw oriented. Gnadt did have a special handle put on his chain saws so he would have someplace to grab them. Asked if the saw could be juggled without such a handle, Gnadt replies, "I can't."

Which doesn't mean he doesn't think about doing it. He would love to juggle a chain saw without a special handle. Gnadt always dreams impossible dreams. "I want to read every book I hear about, and I plan to," he says—and then he is abruptly interrupted by an-

No other automaker has ever gone to

The all-new Silhouette

To be fair, most minivans do exactly what they're designed to do: haul cargo from one place to another.

Which probably makes comparisons with the all-new Oldsmobile® Silhouette very unfair. Because, as you can clearly see, Silhouette® is designed with a lot more than cargo space in mind.

With its advanced design, sophisticated technology and remarkable luxury, it has the capacity to do something you never dreamed a multipurpose passenger vehicle could do. Namely, excite and intrigue you.

For starters, Silhouette comes standard with seven individual contoured bucket seats, instead of the usual bench seats. Which means you won't ever feel like you're sitting inside a bus.

It also comes with a 3.1-liter V6 engine, air conditioning, an AM/FM stereo system, full driver instrumentation, and one of the most advanced solar coated windshields in the world.

Of course, Silhouette's technology also extends into the realm of versatility. Any or all of the five rear seats can be removed easily by one person to create up to 112.6 cubic feet of cargo space.

And in addition to the innovative features we put into the all-new Silhouette, we also put one on top of it. It's called the *Oldsmobile Edge.* A comprehensive customer satisfaction plan designed to make Oldsmobile the industry leader in total owner satisfaction.

To find out more about it, or about the all-new Silhouette, just stop by your nearest Oldsmobile dealer. Or simply call toll-free, *1-800-242-OLDS*, Monday-Friday, 9 a.m.-7 p.m. EST.

The New Generation of OLDSMOBILE

other thought: "Ignorance replicates itself at the speed of light, while enlightenment is a very slow process. I don't know who said that, but I say it." Now back to why he would like to juggle a chain saw without a handle: "I love a challenge. Other people try to make things easier. I'm trying to make juggling harder. It's O.K. to miss. Basketball players miss all the time, baseball players miss."

Still, he marvels at the vase jugglers from China, who spin a large, delicate vase around their bodies, passing it from one partner to another. "They come to the U.S. and they bring only one vase," he says. His wild eyes dance in admiration. As well they should. After all, when he was a student at the University of Utah (he has a degree in health education), the Alpha Delta Pi sorority had a large trophy that it awarded yearly to its favorite college man. Gnadt didn't win the trophy, but he did pick it up, balance it on his head and juggle six balls. He was boffo with the girls—until the trophy fell off his head and both its handles were knocked off. "All jugglers miss," he says.

Gnadt also juggles lighted torches—along with two bowling balls, and with a hoop spinning on his foot—a feat he downplays: "Fire is flashy, but I don't have much respect for it. It looks spectacular, but it's not one-tenth as hard as juggling pitchforks." But since audiences equate chain saws and fire with danger, he juggles them.

But back to the subject of difficulty. Gnadt recalls his Army days and how an ornery sergeant would suddenly yell at him, "Jump up in the air!" Gnadt would obey. Then the sergeant would scream, "Who told you to come down?!" Says Gnadt, a man who understands challenges, "Everything to me is trying to be the best in the world at something. I do this simply to entertain people."

Unfortunately for Gnadt, since vaudeville has died and *The Ed Sullivan Show* has gone off the air, juggling has nowhere to go these days except the gambling centers of Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Juggling has been an entertainment favorite for thousands of years; ancient Egyptian tomb paintings show people juggling. Court jesters of the Middle Ages invariably juggled, which figures, since the word *juggle* comes from the Latin *joculari*, meaning to jest or joke. The sport flourished in the U.S. between 1875 and 1925; W.C. Fields was an accomplished juggler, especially with cigar boxes. Alas, this ancient activity seems now to have fallen to the level of tomahawk throwing and singing-dog acts.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Gnadt's dad, World War I vet and hardware man, got his son into the tool-tossing biz.

Bill Giduz, publisher of *Juggler's World* magazine, says the problem with juggling is that it is "stuck somewhere between art and sport." These days, so-

such great lengths for the sake of luxury.

© 1989 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Though he's not making much hay with his juggling, Gnadt is still in there pitching.

called show jugglers use lighting and choreography and music. Others put on comedy acts. "Flash and dash," says Giduz. Jugglers used to be headliners, but now they are primarily opening acts in the casinos. Kris Kremo has appeared in a revue at the Stardust in Las Vegas for most of the last 10 years, juggling hats and cigar boxes, and Anthony Gatto, a 16-year-old phenom, has been working the Vegas hotels since he was 10. Gatto is generally considered the best conventional juggler—he does balls, clubs and rings—in the U.S., and he accepts that assessment because "that's what my dad says." There are many top-flight jugglers, including Albert Lucas and Dick Franco, and there is comic juggler Michael Davis, who was a hit on Broadway in *Sugar Babies*. But none of them can match Gnadt, who combines strength with finesse to juggle the oddest and most difficult assortment of things imaginable. "I'm not brave," he says, "but it takes a brave man to do what I do." Even Gatto grudgingly admits that Gnadt's act "is pretty original."

The man considered the Babe Ruth of juggling is the late Enrico Rastelli, who starred in Europe and in vaudeville in the '20s. He was the finest ball manipulator of all time and could juggle three balls off his head at the same time. He is followed in the list of greats by the late Michael Kara, who juggled items commonly found in a Victorian home, including pool cues (he would balance a cue on his forehead and then toss a wine bottle up so that it would end up inverted over the tip of the cue). And then, says Gnadt, "there's me." That may be a stretch. Giduz isn't certain where Gnadt fits in among the nation's 500 or so professional jugglers but "he is the only person who does such a vast variety of heavy- and odd-object juggling." Yet in a sport as esoteric as juggling, who's to say Gnadt's not the third best? After all, he juggled nine rings in 1952 when few others could (since then, three jugglers from the Soviet Union have successfully done 11 rings), and he can do six plates, four in one hand. "The old guys were just better than the new guys," Gnadt says, and his mind swerves off again: "Jimmy Stewart represents everything that is right about America."

What we have here is a textbook example of a man born too late, by perhaps 20 years. "He's a man without an era," says Newlin. "He became terrific at juggling just when there was no place to show how terrific he was."

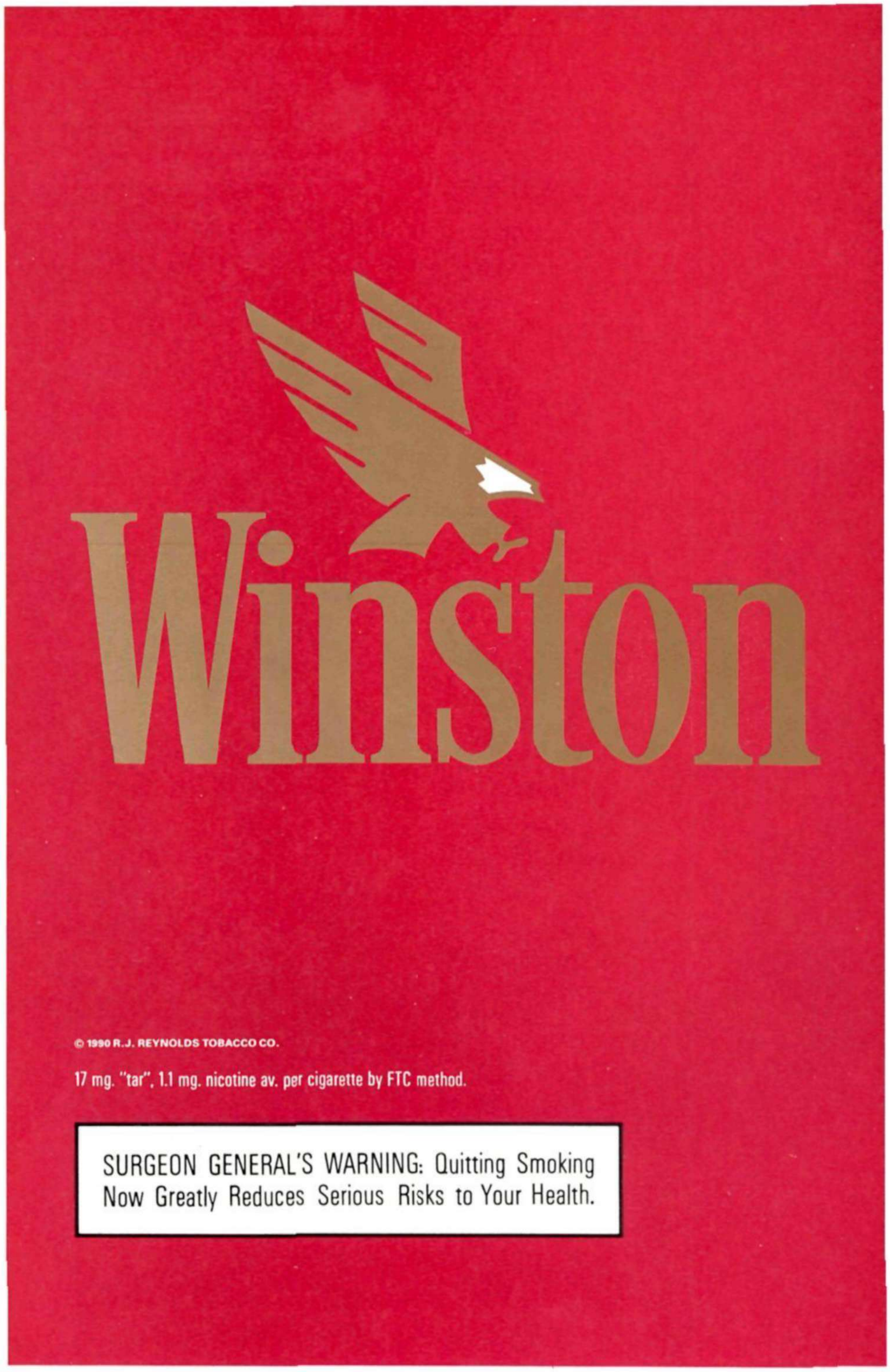
Gnadt agrees. "I'm in the wrong time," he says. "I liked the Roaring '20s and then all the way up to about 1950. As bad as the Depression was, it was fascinating. Nobody my age likes rock 'n' roll. How could we, after Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller? Elvis Presley knocked my music off the radio, and I hate him for it." Silence. "Of course, Whitney Houston is O.K." Across the room his RCA radio is set on station KDYL, on which Glenn Miller is playing *In the Mood*. Silence. "You can't improve on *Casablanca*." Silence. "Generally, films were 10 times better-written years ago. Now, rather than dialogue that works, they put in a car chase instead. I don't think the public notices. In general, the public doesn't know anything about anything. College students can't find North America on a map. I can find Christmas Island. It's unbelievable." He looks desperately sad. And he's off talking about *The Prisoner of Zenda* and his worries about the preservation of *The Cat and the Canary*, the 1939 film that made Bob Hope a star. Gnadt does think *The Last Emperor* and *Out of Africa* were about even with Whitney Houston. O.K, but no better.

Gnadt has participated in the International Juggling Association championships. He was fifth in 1969, fourth in '70 and third in '71, using conventional juggling items, which are not his forte. But he scoffs at the competition, contending not only that nobody else does what he does with heavy tools, but also that the judging, based as it is on cho-

reography and costuming, is biased against him. On the day of the finals of the '89 world juggling contest in Baltimore, Gnadt was lying on his bed in the basement of his Salt Lake City home, reading a book on the blitzkrieg, having just finished one on mind reading and crystal-ball gazing. He never considered what he was missing in Baltimore. Dr. Nick Vidalakis, a real estate developer and a friend of Gnadt's, says, "I guess one might appropriately describe Bill as eccentric."

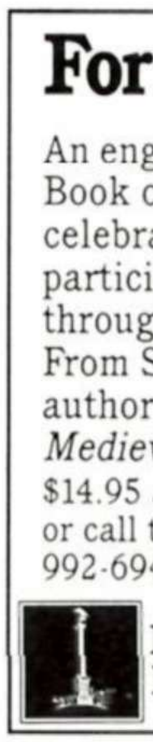
And so there he is, surrounded by his juggling equipment and his books. "Maybe I'll read *The Films of Errol Flynn* next," he says in the semigloom of his bedroom. "Or maybe *Mysteries of the Unknown*. Man, that sounds interesting." After 3,000 books, it's hard to pick a favorite, but he is sure it is *Inside the Third Reich*, by Albert Speer. A book on ghosts comes next, and then a biography of Houdini, five pathology textbooks (his favorite among them is *Human Pathology*, by Robert P. Morehead, 1,676 pages, heavily underlined and with notations everywhere, indicating Gnadt didn't read it, he devoured it), and *Compton's Encyclopedia*. His favorite authors are Raymond Chandler, Eric Ambler and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. And there goes his shooting-star mind again: "The whole bloody Empire of the Sun was evil, really evil." He broods over that thought for a moment before asking, "Do you like astronomy?" Which logically leads into a discussion of the erratic playoff shooting of the Los Angeles Lakers' Michael Cooper, then to *Halliwell's Filmgoer's Companion*, then to John Elway.

And right back to juggling. "There is no such thing as a juggler with bad coordination. And I got mine from the same place Michael Jordan got his," he says. For a man as complex as Gnadt—never married because no woman ever passed through his door who felt she could position herself in Gnadt's affection somewhere between a machete and a sledgehammer—juggling is easy. "I tell myself to keep my head still and don't get hit in the face," he says. "Really, all I do is just try to get everything up in the air and then make the catch. With audiences, I've found it's hard to hate a juggler." He reaches over and turns out the light. He won't be needing it. He'll be reading. ■

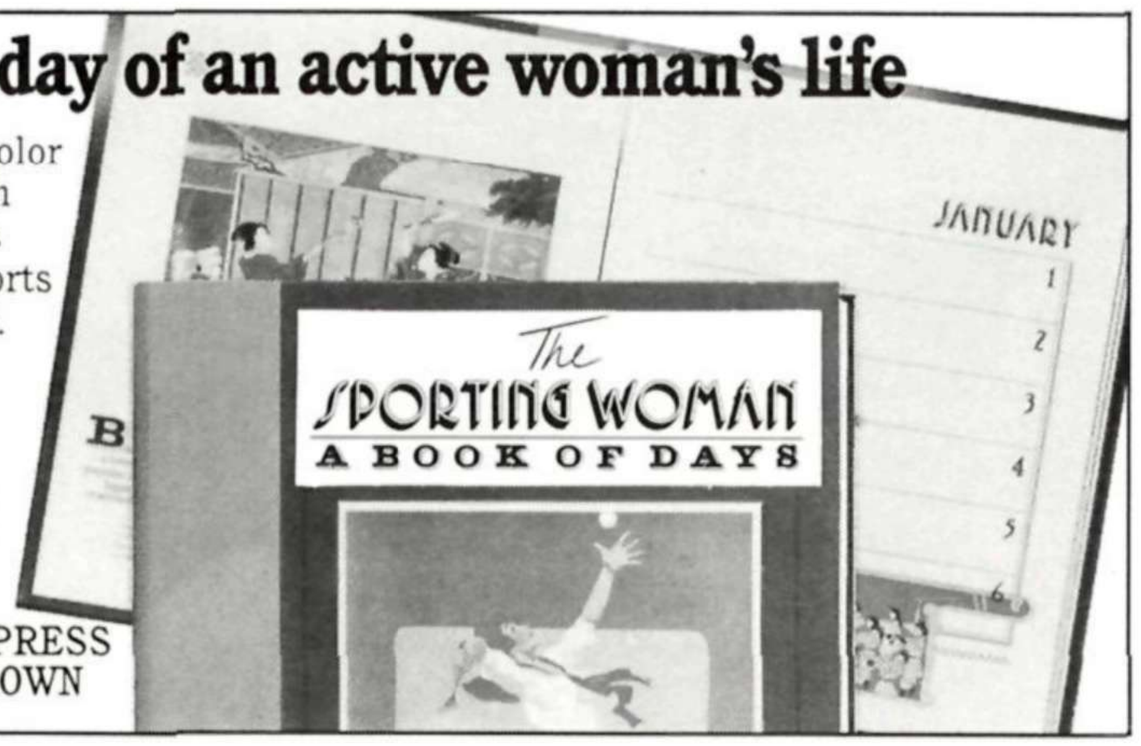


For every day of an active woman's life

An engaging, full-color Book of Days which celebrates women's participation in sports throughout history. From Sally Fox, author of *The Medieval Woman*. $14.95 at bookstores or call toll-free (800) 992-6947.



BULFINCH PRESS
LITTLE, BROWN



Budweiser

PAUL BERESWILL

Keenan's harsh tactics have given Chicago a boost, but, say his critics, they may eventually drag the team down.

IRON MIKE

Blackhawk coach Mike Keenan has forged a winner in Chicago by bending a group of underachievers to his all-consuming will

BY JAY GREENBERG

THERE IS NOTHING IN THE POSTURE OF COACH MIKE KEENAN, AS HE stands behind the Chicago Blackhawk bench, that suggests compromise. His right foot is planted on the bench, in kicking range of the row of backsides seated in front of him. Keenan reaches into a bucket and pops some ice, which befits his demeanor, into his mouth. Then he barks out the names of the next five Blackhawks who had better not fail him.

As a rule of thumb—Keenan's thumb against his players' throats as he checks for their pulses—his charges have found ways to get the job done. The Philadelphia Flyers were 190-102-28 and were two-time Stanley Cup finalists when he coached them from 1984–85 to '87–88. And now Chicago, which is in its second season under Iron Mike, is succeeding too. Known in recent years for their acceptance of mediocrity, the Blackhawks have bent to Keenan's will and have climbed to the top of the Norris Division.

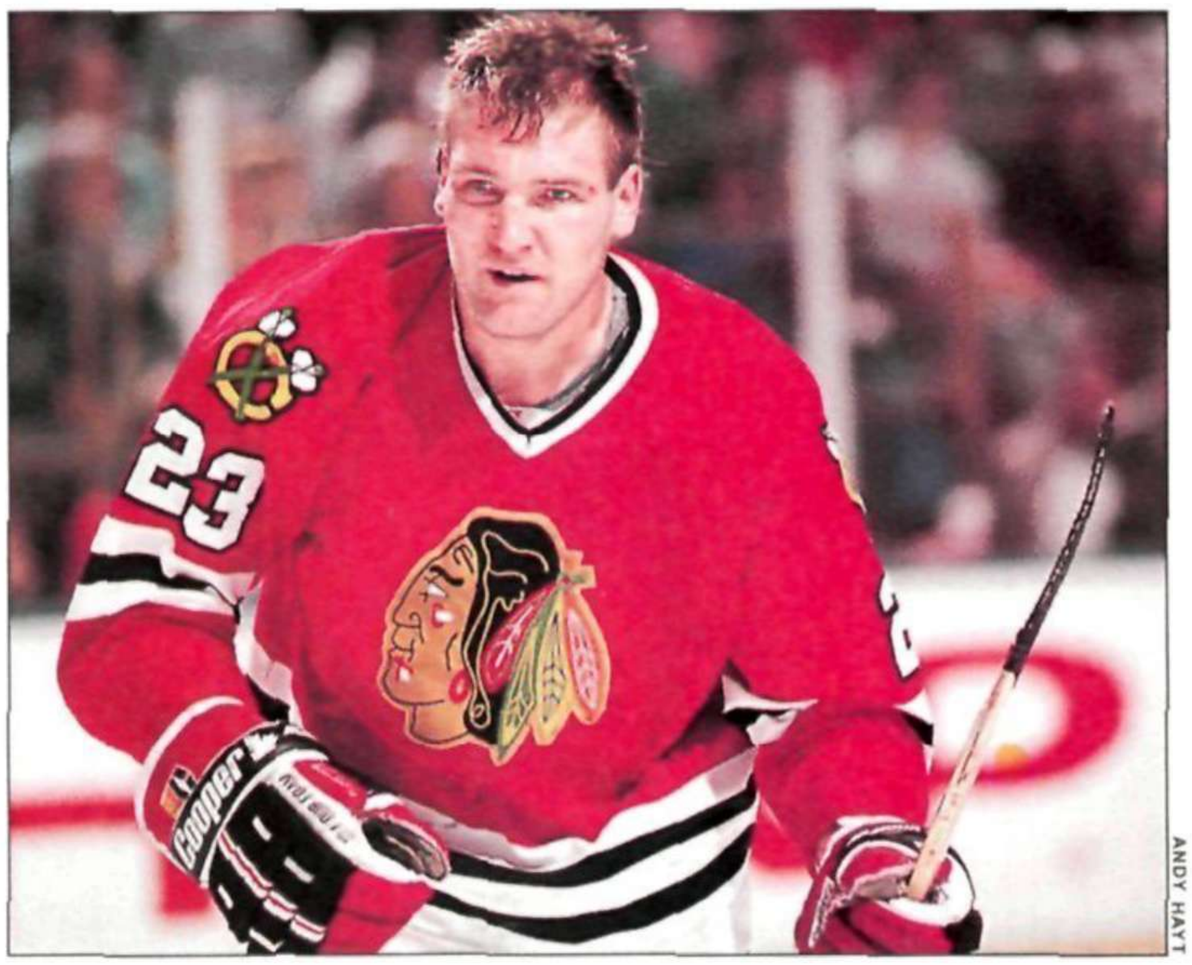
In late November, when they got caught admiring the view and went seven games without a win, the Hawks felt an especially stinging lash from Keenan's tongue and the strain of his regimen. After a miserable 6–3 loss to the Kings in Los Angeles on Nov. 22, Keenan took Chicago to cold Minnesota a day ahead of schedule. There, in the words of defenseman Bob Murray, "we had a little skate," which left Blackhawk tongues hanging low enough to do the work of the Zamboni. It is only through pain, the Blackhawks have come to learn under Keenan, that they can really know the pleasure of winning.

Center Troy Murray, a nine-year NHL veteran, says, "What Mike expects from us, we never expected from ourselves. I never realized how much more of an effort I had to put in. He's always challenging us to go to a higher level. When you reach that one, you get pushed to another one."

Says center Adam Creighton, in his second year with Chicago: "Mike is what I really needed—somebody to drive that work ethic into my brain. Everybody always said I had the tools and the size, so why couldn't I put it together out there? He's tough, but he's the best thing for me, whether I know it or not."

Mindful of Keenan's excellent record, the Hawks last season accepted his program mostly on faith. Beset with porous goaltending in the first half of the season and a string of injuries in the second half, they had little real reason to believe in him or themselves—until their final regular-season game, when they rallied from a 2–0 deficit to beat the Toronto Maple Leafs 4–3 in overtime and earn the Nor-

PAUL BERESWILL



ANDY HAYT

Pulford's selection of Manson (left, mugging Buffalo's Vaive) and acquisition of Van Dorp have made the Blackhawks tougher in a division known for its bullies.

ris's last playoff spot. Strengthened by the revelation that Keenan's tactics had prepared them to succeed under stress, the Blackhawks then smothered the division-champion Detroit Red Wings in six games and the St. Louis Blues in five before losing to the Calgary Flames, the eventual Stanley Cup champions.

Rivalries in every division of the NHL have become so intense that most teams determine the success of a season by whether or not they get through the two rounds of divisional playoffs. But that's not good enough for Keenan, a man who would never be satisfied with winning two series when he could win four and the Stanley Cup. Parity in the NHL has reached the point that the hottest team, not necessarily the best one, usually wins the Cup. Among several clubs good enough to go all the way this season—if they happen to get hot—are the Blackhawks.

The centerpieces of Chicago's future are: the speedy and shifty Jeremy Roenick, a center who is leaving jet trails on the ice after a slow start; Dave Manson, a tough and hard-shooting defenseman; and Jimmy Waite, a highly touted goaltending prospect who is serving his apprenticeship at Indianapolis of the International Hockey League. Roenick's enthusiasm is contagious (the night before the Blackhawks made him their first pick in 1988, he followed Keenan into the rest room of a Montreal restaurant, begging to be drafted). With the Blackhawks' leading scorer, center Denis Savard, out for four to six weeks with a broken left index finger suffered on Jan. 26, Roenick has assumed a more important role, getting more ice time and contributing more offensively.

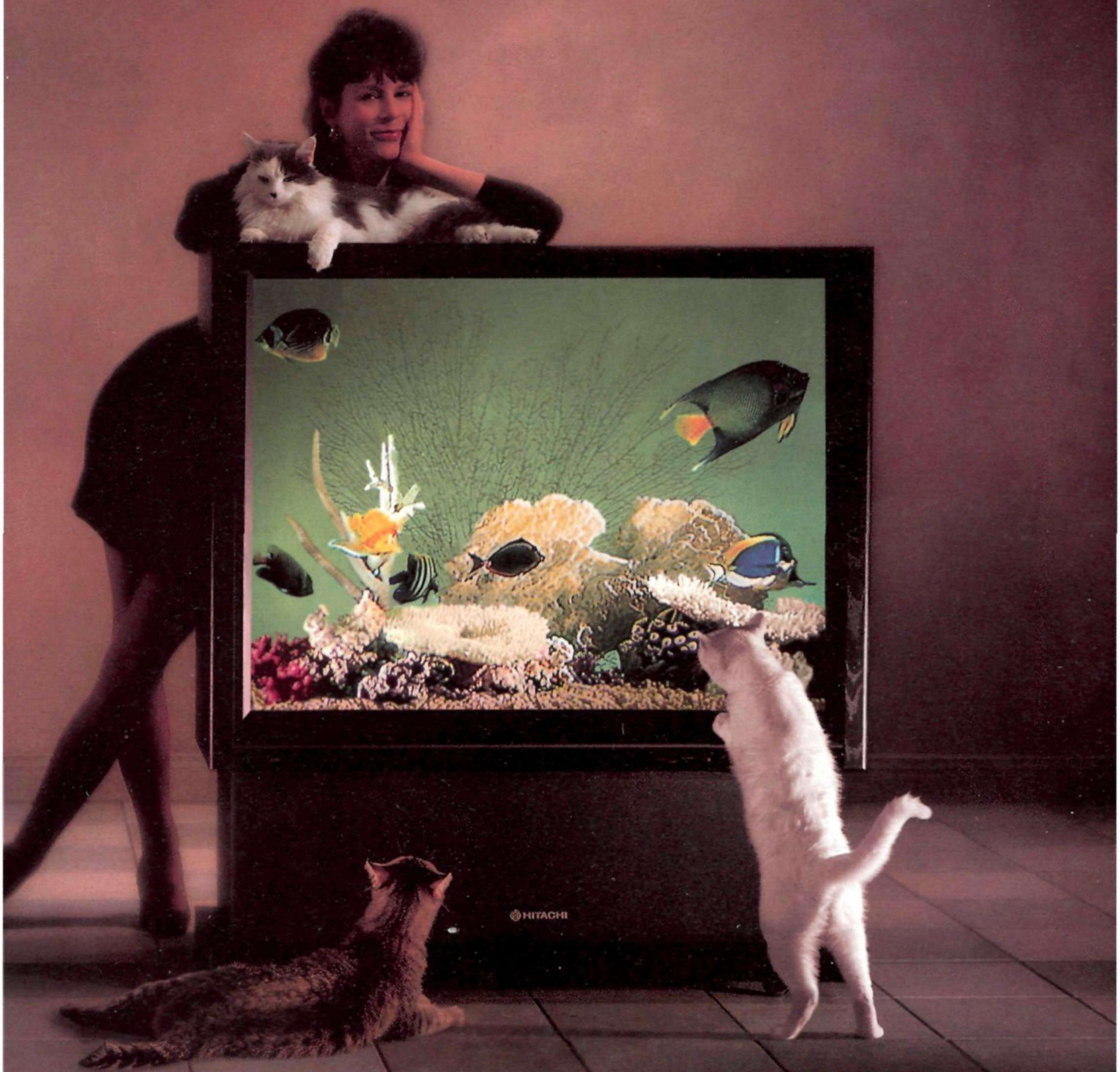
Bob Pulford, who has been not so much patient as inert during his 12 years as general manager of the Blackhawks, has made a number of wise deals since the arrival of Keenan. The bargain-basement acquisition of goaltender Alain Chevrier from the Winnipeg Jets last season closed what seemed to be a funnel into the Chicago net. Creighton responded grandly after being acquired from the Buffalo Sabres in December 1988 for veteran right wing Rick Vaive. For cash and a combination of late-round draft picks, Pulford also has made the Hawks tougher by adding wings Al Secord, Wayne Van Dorp and Jocelyn Lemieux, who came from the Flyers, the Sabres, and the Montreal Canadiens, respectively. And Pulford acquired another goalie, Jacques Cloutier, formerly of the Sabres, who has come in handy since Chevrier has not been playing as well this season as he did last.

Six of the Blackhawks' top eight scorers, however, are from the pre-Keenan era, which suggests that the coach, not Pulford's acquisitions, is the main reason for Chicago's turnaround. Troy Murray, whose career had gone backward after a 99-point performance in 1985–86, is playing with renewed vigor. Defenseman Keith Brown, who had not lived up to his potential as the seventh selection in the '79 draft, has at long last arrived. Defenseman Doug Wilson, a Norris Trophy winner in '82 but an oft-injured and declining player in recent years, is a candidate to be the league's best defenseman again. Right wing Steve Larmer, who has not missed a game in eight seasons, has broken his pack-a-day cigarette habit and discovered that he has one more forward gear.

"This is an extremely respectful group of players here," says Keenan. "They showed that all the way back on Day One last year. They wanted change, wanted to improve. But they had to be educated as to what was necessary."

Early last season, Savard, Chicago's leading individualist, attempted to leave a strenuous practice before Keenan was ready to end it. Before Savard could get through the gate, he was chased down

It takes a pretty good TV to fool these experts.



No ordinary big screen television could deceive these discerning eyes. It takes a picture that's ultra-bright, ultra-clear and ultra-sharp. Like Hitachi's Ultravision.™ It looks so true to life because it's the first TV with 800 lines of resolution. Satisfy your own curiosity.

Call 1-800-HITACHI and find out where to see Ultravision for yourself.

HITACHI

© 1989 Hitachi, Ltd. ULTRAVISION is a trademark of Hitachi, Ltd.

COURTESY NIK AND THE NICE GUYS

The tough guy was a Nice Guy at a Rochester, N.Y., party in 1983.

and chastised by Wilson and Brown. Savard apologized the next day, and Keenan, stressing that he had been more than pleased with Savard's efforts before the incident, dismissed it as merely an overreaction by the moody player to a bad game the night before.

"I totally lost my mind that day," Savard says. "I never had any real problem with Mike. We're both emotional and intense, and we both want to win, and he's made me learn how. The challenges we have back and forth are positive, not negative."

Those challenges go something like this during a game: "Get the puck in deep!" screams Keenan after Savard has come to the blue line on a 3-on-3, tried his patented spin moves and lost the puck. "Play for the team!"

"I am playing for the team," Savard yells back. "I'm trying to make a play and score a goal and help the team."

"In deep!" snaps Keenan.

So the next time Savard has the puck, he throws it into the offensive end, which is standard procedure for all the Blackhawks. Then the first Hawk into the offensive zone forechecks a defenseman, nose-first, into the glass. The second man in jumps to the puck, and, if all goes according to plan, soon the Chicago Stadium foghorn—a sound dreaded by all visiting teams—goes off, signaling a Blackhawk goal. The Hawks, who last season allowed an average of 31 shots on goal per game, have cut that to a very respectable average of 27 per game. The goaltending still worries Keenan. Twelve times he has changed goalies in the middle of a game. But the Blackhawks are scoring plenty of goals by playing the relentless, in-your-face hockey that characterized Keenan's teams in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, the same Keenan watchers who knew it was only a matter of time until the Blackhawks began jumping to their coach's commands are starting to wonder if what happened in Philadelphia will also occur in Chicago. Flyer general manager Bobby Clarke fired Keenan in May 1988 after a 38-33-9 season and a first-round playoff loss.

"There was nothing left between Mike and the players," said Clarke. Perhaps more to the point, there was little left between Keenan and Clarke, who felt Keenan was destroying the confidence of the young players with his harsh language and quick hooks. Keenan, who had taken a rookie-laden team to the Stanley Cup finals in 1985, didn't think that a number of his '88 batch of Flyer kids were worthy of his confidence. He also felt that Clarke undermined him by lending a sympathetic ear to players' complaints. The relationship between the two men, though outwardly polite, deteriorated.

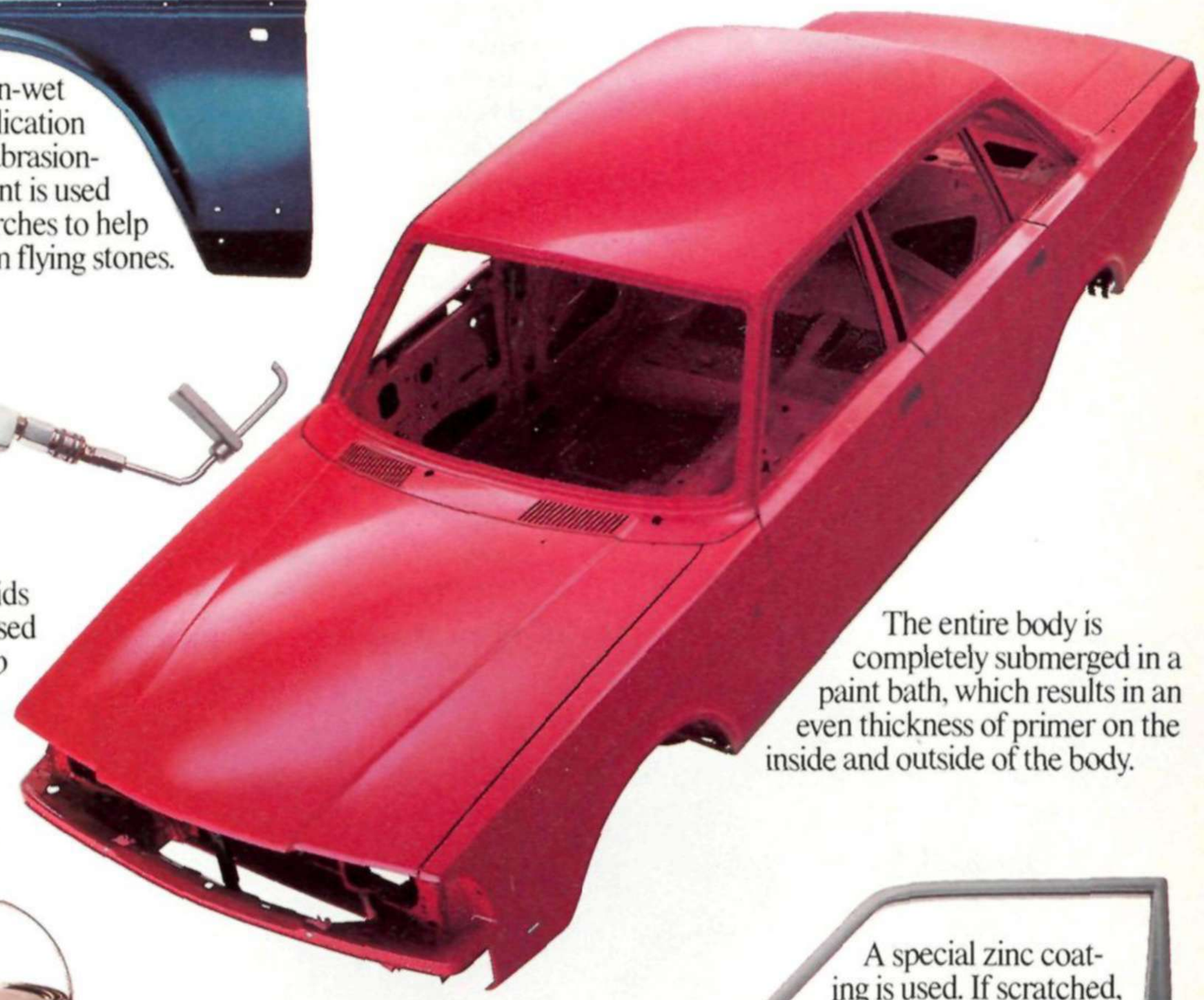
While many Flyers tolerated Keenan, not one liked him. Keenan once told right wing Scott Mellanby that the only reason Mellanby was on the team was that Clarke wanted him there. When defenseman Jeff Chychrun, recalled from the minors during an injury crisis, made a mistake in his first game back and cost Philadelphia a loss, Keenan told Chychrun he would never play for him again. Ron Sutter said Keenan once threatened to bench his twin brother, Rich, if Ron didn't bear down harder. Keenan says he can't recall the Sutter incident, but he acknowledges that there were times he went too far, and that he

Keenan wore out his welcome in Philly by haranguing his players and irritating Clarke.

8 WAYS TO PREVENT A BODY FROM AGING.

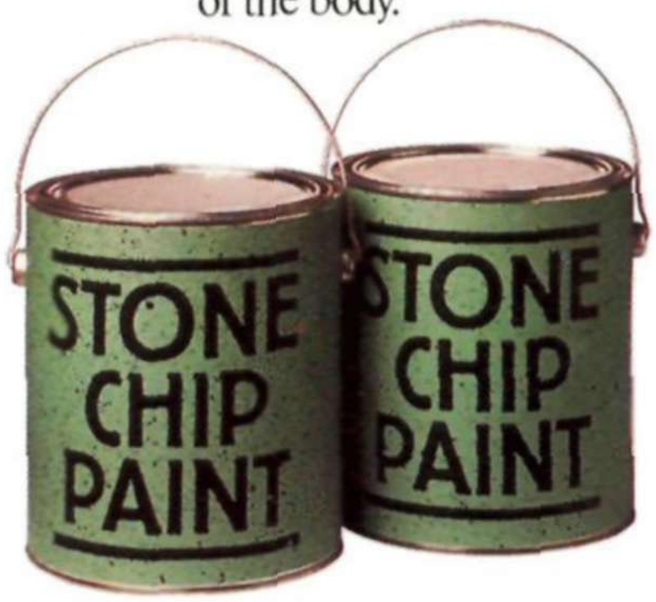
A wet-on-wet spray application of special abrasion-resistant paint is used on the wheel arches to help protect them from flying stones.

Rust proofing fluids are injected into closed sections through 50 to 60 holes.



The entire body is completely submerged in a paint bath, which results in an even thickness of primer on the inside and outside of the body.

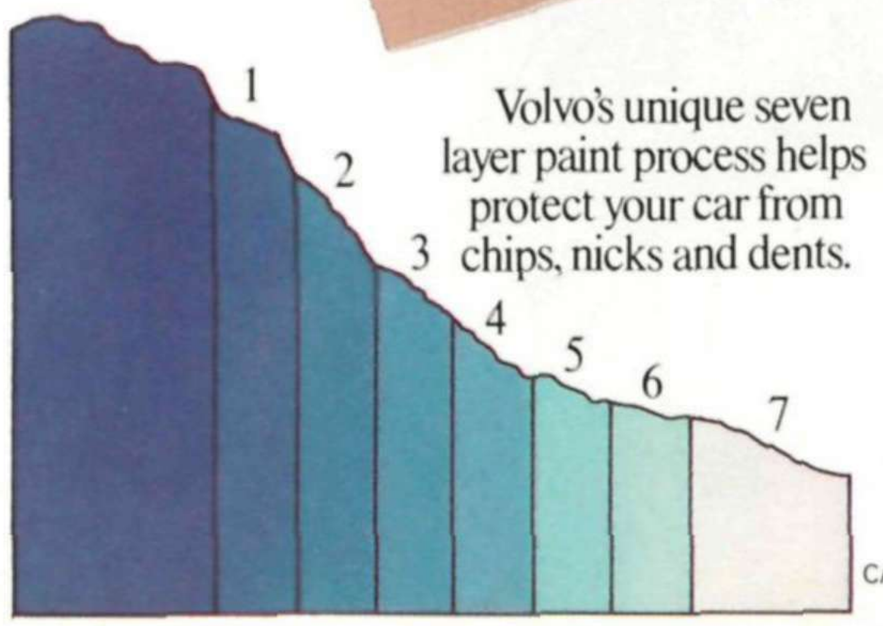
Chip resistant paint is sprayed on the lower half of the body.



Every new Volvo comes with a corrosion warranty with 60 months corrosion protection on the body and 96 months on structural damage.

A special zinc coating is used. If scratched, the zinc coating has the ability to heal itself.

Sheet metal is galvanized on both sides for extra rust protection.



Volvo's unique seven layer paint process helps protect your car from chips, nicks and dents.

With all this special pampering and exclusive treatments, it's no wonder so many Volvos don't look their age.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

CALL TOLL FREE FOR YOUR CATALOG OF 1990 VOLVOS: 1-800-221-9136.

© 1990 VOLVO NORTH AMERICA CORPORATION.

could have worked harder at patching up his relationship with Clarke. "My assistant coaches [E.J. McGuire and Paul Holmgren, who succeeded Keenan as the Flyer coach] would tell me that I had to give in on some little ones [arguments] to win some bigger ones," he says. "But I could never find one to give in on."

Despite the rumors that preceded his firing, Keenan was shocked when it happened. "It hit deep and sent a big message," says his wife, Rita. "He realized he had to make some changes."

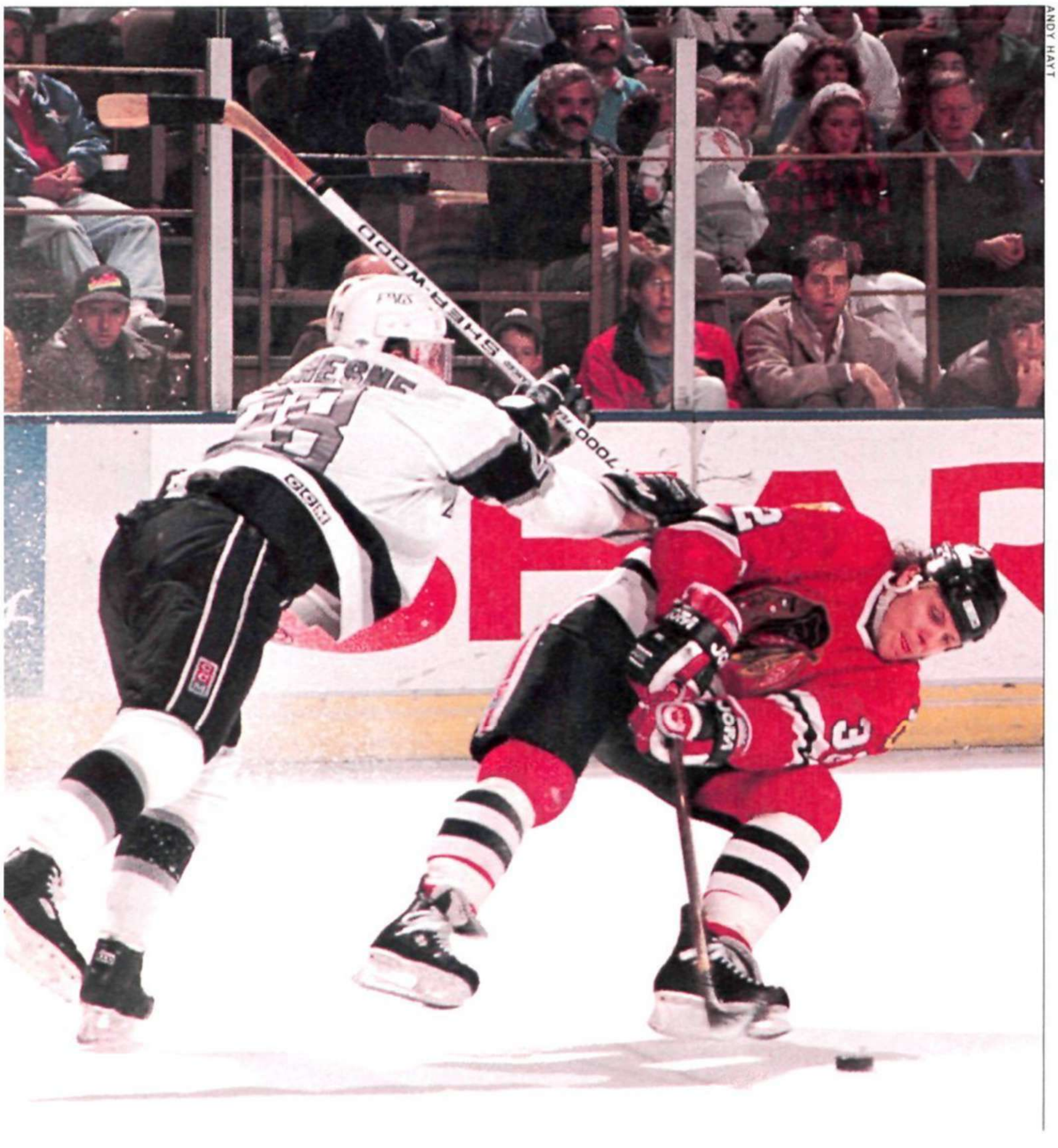
"I never coached as well in Philadelphia as I did my first year," Keenan says. "I see that now. I recognized I had to change if I was going to continue to be successful. I'm a very intense individual, and I had to bring more composure to my approach. I've worked on that. I get the same message delivered in a more acceptable way."

Actually, says McGuire, now Keenan's assistant in Chicago, that message can still be delivered in brutal fashion. "I can't remember a time when losing wasn't a personal affront to him," says McGuire. "In the heat of battle, he'll still do anything or say anything that he thinks will help garner a victory. The difference is, he's quicker to mend it. Like right after the game. And then again the next day to make sure it's healed properly.

"Negative energy is fuel, but it isn't the best fuel. You need gas to get across the desert, and if all they have is leaded, you use it. But when you get across, you'd better get that carburetor clean or the car is going to break down. Over an 80-game season, the motivation has to be predominantly positive.

"Of course, there were times in Philadelphia that he didn't kick the door down, but the players remember only when he did. He got a reputation, and the Chicago players may have braced themselves for the worst. The guys see him and say he may not be as big a jerk as everyone said he was."

Forcing the puck up-ice has helped Steve Thomas and his mates keep foes off balance.



ANDY HAYT

Then, too, Keenan's circumstances in Chicago are different. The reassurances by Pulford and owner Bill Wirtz that Keenan had been hired for an overhaul, not a quick fix, helped him maintain his perspective through last season's dreary first three months. So did the unique Norris Division luxury of being able to lose steadily and still remain in playoff contention. Keenan's contract calls for him to become general manager of the Blackhawks next season, when Pulford moves upstairs. This has given him a perspective beyond the next game.

"He was amazingly good last year," says Rita. "I was really impressed. I mean Mike is still a terrible loser, but he's not totally in another world after a loss like he used to be."

First impressions to the contrary, Keenan, 40, can be a warm guy. Certainly, he suffers neither foolish questions nor bad goaltenders gladly. After a game he is stiff at best and snappish at worst. A friendlier, more reflective man emerges on practice days, but only away from the rink does the personality of someone who has sung on occasion since his college days for a band called Nik and the Nice Guys fully emerge. Given a few hours' distance from a loss, Keenan does grasp that there are more important things in life than winning and losing. Like life itself. He and Rita have been through six miscarriages. His 10-year-old daughter, Gayla, gets a lot of attention from her father.

The Flyers caught fleeting glimpses of that side of Keenan. Overwhelmed that his team won three straight games after star goalie Pelle Lindbergh was killed in a November 1985 car accident, he helped the stewardesses serve the players food on a charter flight home. He was capable of graceful gestures more often than some Flyers wanted to admit. Many of his former players now have concluded that they were immature. Most say they would play for him again.

There are days when the Blackhawks have similar sentiments. "I think he's a much misunderstood coach," says Troy Murray. Bob Murray adds, "I think the next day Mike feels bad about some of the things he says."

"I realized that each player has a line, and that you can't cross it without losing him," says Keenan. Fundamentally, though, he hasn't changed. There is still nothing he hates more than losing. ■

Advertisement

ESPN'S SPORTSWEEK

The Total Sports Network®

Saturday February 10 — Friday February 16

ALL TIMES EASTERN

COLLEGE BASEBALL

ABCA Hall of Fame Tournament: Florida State vs. North Carolina
Saturday - 8 PM

Championship Game
Sunday - 8 PM

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Syracuse vs. Villanova
Monday - 7:30 PM

Michigan State vs. Iowa
Monday - 9:30 PM

UNC-Charlotte vs. Long Beach State
Monday - Midnight

Missouri vs. Kansas
Tuesday - 7:30 PM

Mississippi State vs. Alabama
Tuesday - 9:30 PM

North Carolina vs. Virginia
Wednesday - 7 PM

St. John's vs. Seton Hall
Wednesday - 9 PM

Pepperdine vs. Loyola-Marymount
Wednesday - 11:30 PM

Louisville vs. Virginia Tech.
Thursday - 7 PM

Ohio State vs. Wisconsin
Thursday - 9 PM

Oregon State vs. Washington
Thursday - 11:30 PM

WOMEN

Iowa vs. Purdue
Sunday - 12:30 PM

EXERCISE

Mid-day Workout
Monday - Friday
11 AM - 1 PM

Lee Trevino and his fellow Cadillac Senior PGA Tour players compete this week in the GTE Suncoast Classic and the Aetna Challenge

Big Eight Showdown

Missouri vs. Kansas

AT HOME on January 20, Missouri's Tigers knocked Kansas out of the number one college basketball slot and took over the ranking themselves. This Tuesday it's rematch time, as the scene shifts to the Jayhawks' court. Also this week: a tough matchup for Big East kingpin Syracuse at Villanova, a key conference game for North Carolina at Virginia, and a Pac 10 matchup between Oregon State and Washington.

Missouri vs. Kansas
Tuesday - 7:30 PM

GOLF

Cadillac Senior PGA Tour: GTE Suncoast Classic
Second Round
Saturday - 6 PM
Final Round
Sunday - 6 PM

Cadillac Senior PGA Tour: Aetna Challenge
Three Round Coverage Begins
Friday - 4PM

Inside The PGA Tour
Wednesday - 5:30 PM

HORSE RACING

Budweiser Presents 1990 Racing Across America: Hutcheson Stakes
Saturday - 5 PM

Eclipse Awards Special
Sunday - 5 PM

Budweiser Thoroughbred Digest
Wednesday - 3:30 PM

Live from Hallandale, Florida
Budweiser presents the Hutcheson Stakes, Saturday at 5 PM.

OUTDOORS

Outdoor Saturday
Fishing, hunting and news about nature and the environment
7:30 AM - 11 AM

SPORTSCENTER™

SATURDAY
7 AM, 7:30 PM, 11:30 PM, 2 AM

SUNDAY
7 AM, 7:30 PM, 11 PM, 2 AM

MONDAY, TUESDAY, FRIDAY
8:30 AM, 7 PM, 11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY
8:30 AM, 11 PM, 2:30 AM

SKIING

Subaru Ski World
Friday - 7:30 PM

World Cup Skiing: Men's Super G
Friday - 8 PM

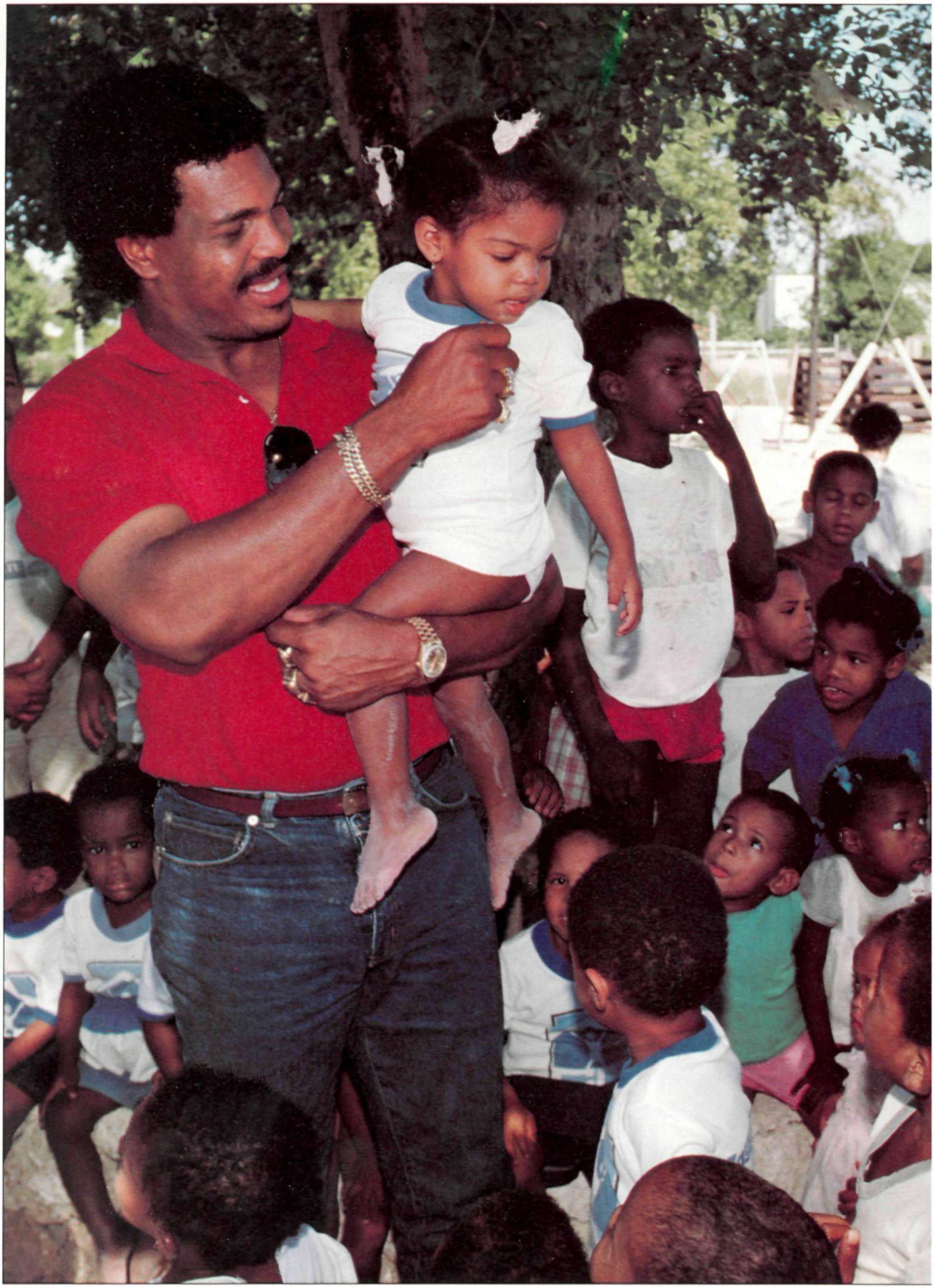
TENNIS

Skydome World Tennis
Full Coverage Begins
Thursday - Noon
Quarterfinal
Friday - Noon

HOME VIDEO
Call 1-800-841-7800 to order the free ESPN Video Catalog, America's largest collection of quality sports videos.

©1990 ESPN, Inc. Only available through participating distributors. Programming subject to change.

ESPN®
THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK®



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

HOME Is Where His HEART Is

George Bell, the Toronto Blue Jays' ill-tempered and sometimes surly star, shows a kinder, gentler side when he returns to his home in the Dominican Republic

BY PETER GAMMONS

THE VISITOR WAITED OUTSIDE THE SOUTH GATE of Casa Bell. Like anyone else who passes by the enormous new home of Toronto Blue Jay outfielder George Bell, the visitor could not help but gawk at this white stucco palace, gleaming in the early-morning Caribbean sun. He called out to Carmelo, a thin, middle-aged man in a Blue Jay cap who was watering the lawn, but Carmelo shook his head. "George not up," said Carmelo. The visitor would have to wait. Carmelo couldn't open the gate for anyone without Bell's permission.

The streets of San Pedro de Macoris, a port city of 90,000 on the southern coast of the Dominican Republic, were yawning awake at slightly past eight. Vendors on bicycles with wooden trays pedaled to work, children walked along the streets, car horns beeped at pesky motor scooters. From outside the gate of Casa Bell, which rises out of a ramshackle, dirt-street neighborhood, the visitor could see the stained-glass windows, the fountains, the moat, the peacocks roaming the manicured lawns, the satellite dish. After 10 minutes or so, voices could be heard, and soon Car-

Bell, who is planning to build a new orphanage, says, "I love anything to do with kids."

melo walked briskly toward the wrought iron gate and beamed the remote control device to open it.

On the back porch, dressed in jeans and sandals, coffee cup in hand, George Bell emerged.

"I'm getting old," he said, stretching his sleepy limbs. "So now I work out in the mornings and run a few miles every afternoon. The life of an old man." He laughed.

Bell turned 30 on Oct. 21, two weeks after Toronto was beaten by Oakland for the American League pennant to end another tempestuous season for Bell and the Blue Jays. After beginning the year with high hopes, the Jays staggered to a 12–24 start, which led to the firing of manager Jimy Williams. Thus ended a long and ugly feud between Williams and Bell that boiled over in the '88 season when Bell suggested that Toronto was not big enough for both of them. Through it all, Bell, who has never been accused of being a diplomat, fell afoul of the Blue Jay faithful and at one point last season issued a challenge to Canadian fans to "kiss my Dominican ass."

The Williams episode only added to Bell's reputation as a sometimes sullen, sometimes hotheaded, often irritating personality. During his six seasons as a regular in Toronto, his run-ins with umpires, reporters and teammates have done little to dispel the notion that Bell is a malcontent with as he himself puts it, "a *malo* temper." And so when the Blue Jays floundered and Williams was fired, Bell was considered a prime culprit.

Still, the Blue Jays went on to win their division as Bell caught fire in a near-MVP season. When he returned home to the Dominican Republic for the winter, he had these '89 stats to help celebrate his 30th birthday: .297, 18 homers, 104 RBIs. Three weeks later he moved into his new house in San Pedro and there, with his wife, Marie, and four young sons, he settled into his laid-back life as a Dominican squire, loving father, grateful son, local hero, benevolent friend to children and generous purveyor of great charity. Huh? George Bell?

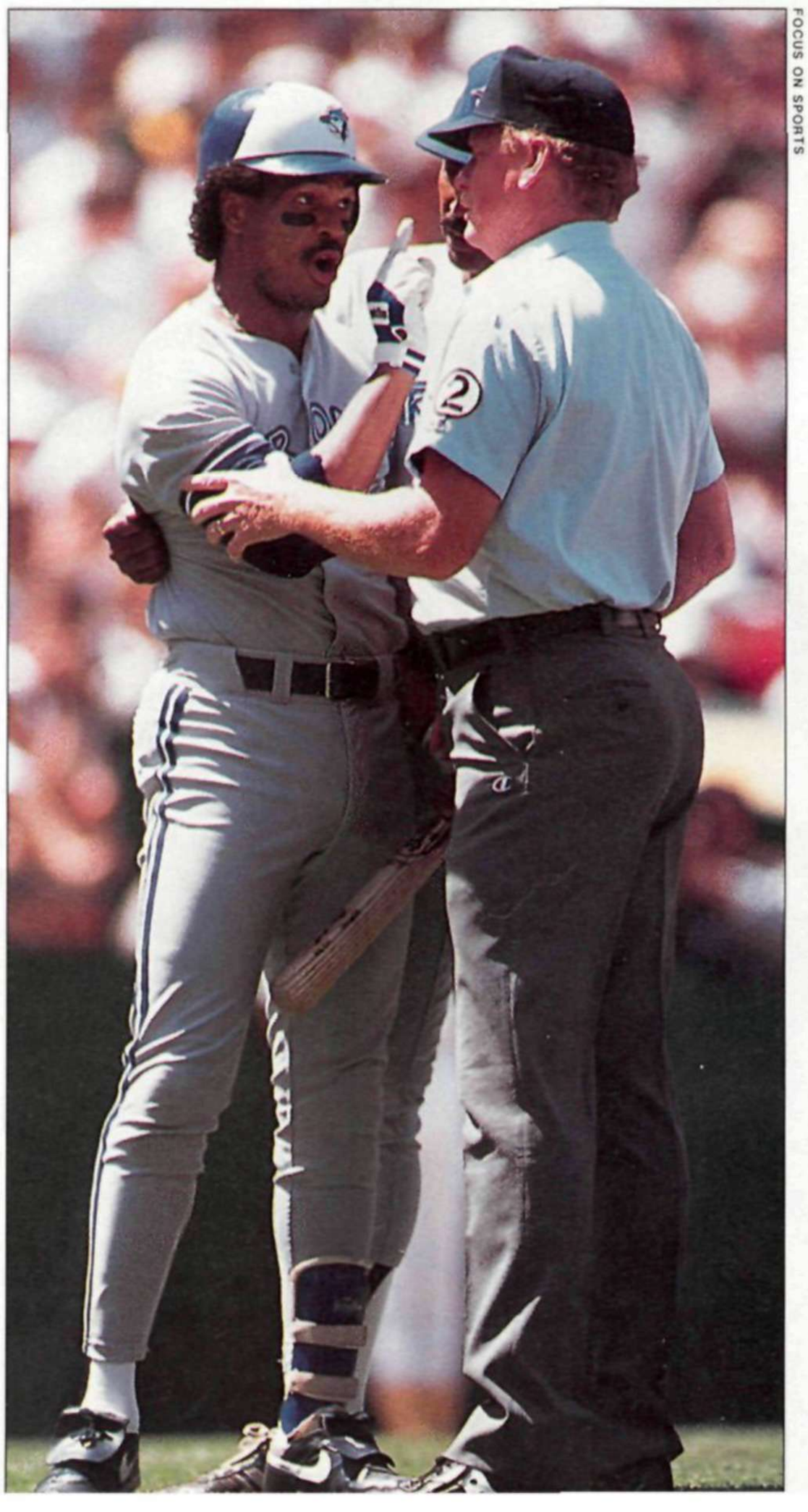
Bell finishes his morning coffee and goes inside to change. A few minutes later, he throws a large Blue Jay duffel bag out of an upstairs window onto the back lawn. Then another bag comes flying out and another. Poppy, a man Bell describes as "a childhood friend, companion and handyman," carries the three bags onto the porch and begins emptying the contents, a potpourri of athletic equipment. Carmelo and a fellow named Aria—a solidly built man with a revolver tucked in his belt, whom Bell calls "my chauffeur and bodyguard"—join Poppy to help sort the equipment. Meanwhile three of Bell's children, along with two maids and another handyman, gather around to watch.

There are 52 shoes, some new, some with Bell's number, 11, inscribed in Magic Marker, others with 10 and 12 and 30, all of which Poppy tries to pair off. There are a few dozen wristbands, a box of new American League baseballs, four dozen batting gloves, three dozen rolls of adhesive tape, two helmets and one mesh uniform top. When the sorting process is complete, Bell reappears in sweat pants, rubber jersey and Blue Jay cap, carrying three bats and his glove. He picks out a pair of shoes, stuffs 10 new balls into a sanitary stocking, puts his selected equipment into one of the duffels, carries it to the driveway and slings it into the trunk of his Mercedes. Bell motions to his eldest son, Christopher, 9, who climbs into the car. Says George to his visitor, "We're going to a ballpark my daddy helped build 20 years ago." He pushes the remote gate-opener on the sun visor and pulls into the street.

If he had turned left, Bell would have passed, in the space of three blocks, the homes of fellow major leaguers Alfredo Griffin and Joaquin Andujar, as well as a sign for Andujar Blocks, Joaquin's concrete block company, which Bell used in constructing his house—and his new office building. Just down the street, visible from the front lawn of Casa Bell, is a seven-story building nearing completion. "When it's done," Bell says proudly, "it will be the tallest building in San Pedro."

On this day Bell turns right, then onto the narrow, crowded Avenue Mauricio Baez, and steers past small storefronts and shacks, beeping his horn and waving to friends. He pulls up in front of a tavern marked by a Bermudez Rum sign that reads COLONADO CHURITO. Here, in a two-room apartment in the back, lives his youngest

Bell's frequent flare-ups at umpires brought a reprimand from his father.



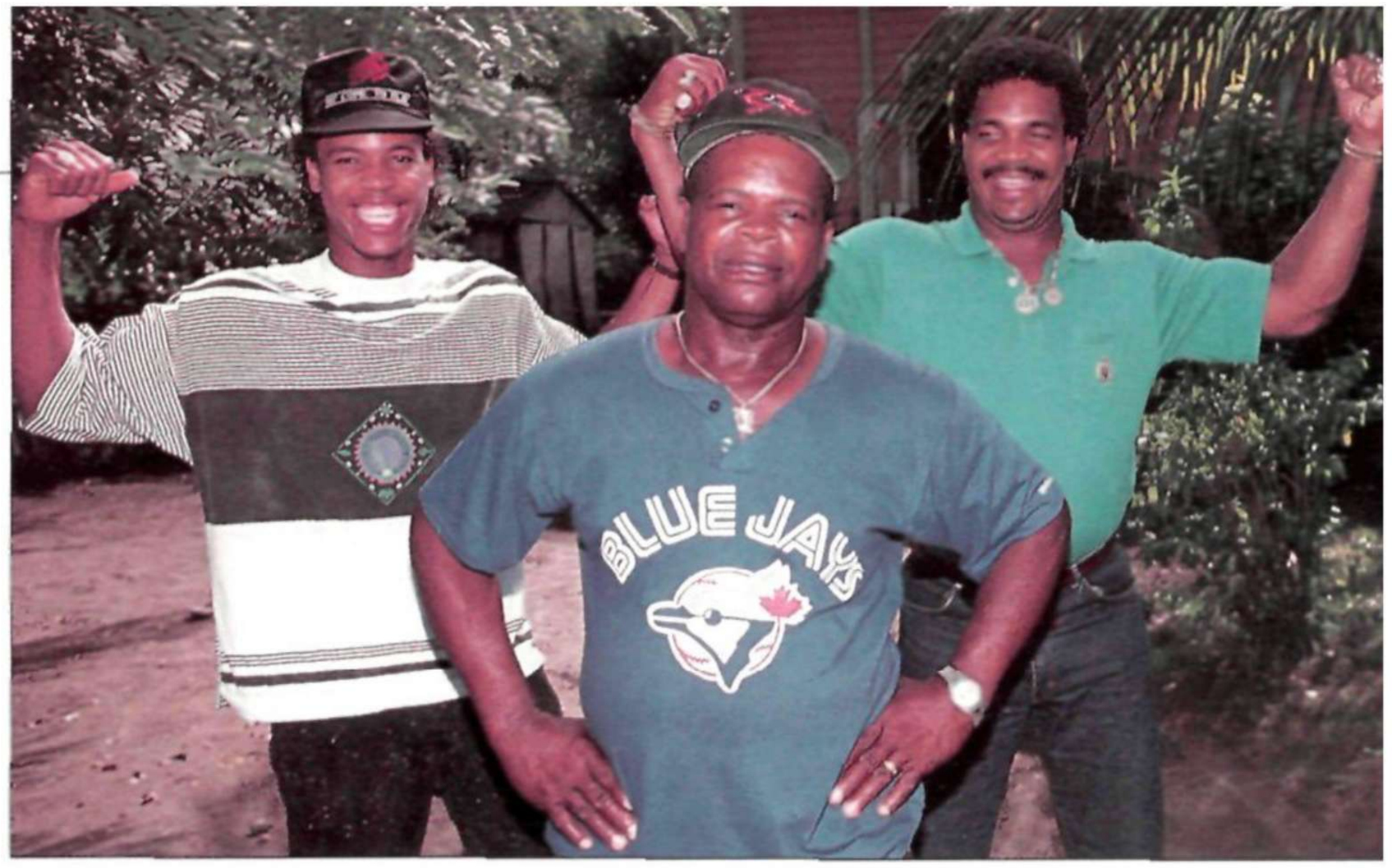
FOCUS ON SPORTS

brother, Juan—or Tito, as the 21-year-old Baltimore Oriole infielder prefers to be called—with his wife and their two children. George honks twice and Tito, a couple inches shorter than George and much narrower, appears in his Oriole uniform pants and cap and gets in the car. Another block down Avenue Mauricio Baez, George points to a two-story Georgian house. "My mother's probably cooking, as usual," he says. George bought the house for his parents five years ago; the elder Bells live there when they're not helping run the avocado and banana farm George owns, two hours from San Pedro.

"People in America think all Dominicans are uneducated and have nothing to eat," he says. "But we always had mucho food. My parents made sure we never wanted for anything. They made sure every one of the kids [four boys, one girl] graduated from high school." This, he knows, is an improbable feat in a country where roughly one in 15 is a high school grad. "In a lot of families here, there are arguments and people don't talk to one another for years. Never us. We've all been close. We're honest with one another, and we communicate, and it's because of my parents."

Bell drives out onto a road that cuts through sugarcane fields. Up ahead several teenagers walk along the road and move to the side as the car approaches. One kid, however, dawdles in the road, daring the Mercedes to run over him. George floors the accelerator, and then, at the last moment, slams on the brakes, screeching to a halt as the kid dives for the roadside. "That guy stood there like he was saying, 'I don't have to get out of the way for nobody,' " says Bell, giving a glimpse of the emotionality that plagues him in Toronto. "Nobody pulls that stuff on me."

Then just as suddenly, as if nothing had happened, he is merrily on his way again, explaining to the visitor, "This is where we grew up." He drives through



George Vinicio (center) claims he was a better player than sons Tito (left) and George.

dirt streets populated by pigs and dogs and lined with wooden shacks. He circles past the Santa Fe sugar factory and parks at the ball field behind it. Two horses graze in the grass near the fence behind home plate. On the third base side are piles of sugarcane, stacked and ready for the refinery. Seated in the stands behind home plate are maybe 30 people, some young kids, some mature men. In the outfield, nearly 30 young players in Astro uniforms are running wind sprints.

The Houston organization works out its Dominican minor leaguers at this park, beginning the first of January. George and Tito Bell join in, and before long Alfredo Griffin, the Dodger shortstop, and Rafael Ramirez, the Astro shortstop, drive up.

When batting practice begins, George situates himself near the plate and several times stops the kids at bat to offer tips. When the Astro kids leave, George, Ramirez and Griffin take Tito to shortstop to work with him on his throwing position after fielding ground balls. "Too many people have worked with my brother and messed him up," George says. "He needs to get straightened out by big leaguers who know what they're doing."

George starts working out here every year in early January. "This year, I'm running and working a little harder than I ever have," he says. "But 30 isn't really old. And I think I'm coming off a pretty good year. I think I should have been the MVP—Robin Yount was the MVP of the losing teams. In fact, I think I've had six pretty good years." In Bell's last six years with the Blue Jays, his average season is .292, 29 HRs, 104 RBIs. No American Leaguer has hit more homers in that time (only Darryl Strawberry and Dale Murphy top him in the National League), and the only player in either league with more RBIs is Don Mattingly. And in those six years, Bell has missed only 32 games.

"But I don't know what my future is in Toronto," Bell says. "I always hear I might be traded. This is the last year of my contract [at $2 million per year], and I've heard that they won't sign me again. Who knows? I am what I am. I'm not going to change now. I have a lot of fun playing this game. I love it. Sure, I have a *malo* temper sometimes, but I will do anything to win for my team. If that's

Bell's new mansion bears little resemblance to the old family home (in photo above).

not enough for Toronto, fine. I've overcome a lot in my life. I'm not going to be scared now."

George Antonio Bell grew up in a five-room house near the sugar factory; his father, George Vinicio Bell, worked at various jobs, including engineer for the railroad. The name is George, not Jorge, as George A. explains, "because we're English." (A great-grandmother on the paternal side, George says, was from London.)

In his younger days, George V. was a baseball talent—"a better player than any of my boys," he says—and helped build the park near the sugar factory when he was playing for and managing the Santa Fe semipro team. His wife, Juana, raised the kids. "And cooked," says George the younger. "Boy, did she ever cook. Back then, everyone's lives revolved around the sugar factory. For eight months, everyone was happy because it was open. But for four months, it was shut down. People didn't have money for food. We always had enough, so in those four months my mom would cook and give food to people who needed it. She's an amazing lady."

The Bells' old house, along with the rest of this neighborhood, has deteriorated badly, but George sees this place with childhood eyes, especially the baseball. "We used to play ball games all day out here," he recalls. "For baseballs, we used socks wrapped around twigs that we'd soak, then squeeze. My daddy used to make those balls for us all the time. A lot of the kids in the neighborhood used the cardboard milk cartons for gloves, but because my daddy managed the team, I always had a real glove. My parents made sure we got our food and our education and had the equipment to play sports. That's what I call a good family upbringing."

The idea for the George Bell–Alfredo Griffin Celebrity Golf Classic was hatched back in 1984 when Griffin was still playing with Bell and the Blue Jays. "George used to say, 'When we start making good money, we have to help people back home,' " says Griffin. "He'd get very passionate about it. First the nuns in Consuelo [a section of San Pedro] helped us organize a Christmas fund, and we'd hand out food and presents. Then we were helping an orphanage in La Romana [30 miles from San Pedro], and to raise some funds, we started the golf tournament."

First played in 1987, the Classic is held every November at the plush Casa de Campo resort; proceeds go to the Bell-Griffin Foundation, which plans to build an orphanage in San Pedro that will house and school more than 200 children. The tournament is one of many charity operations in which Bell is involved. He and Griffin sponsor youth baseball, basketball and track teams. Before this past Christmas, Bell bought three steers and bushels of food products, then had his uncle give out 400 tickets to needy families who could redeem them for bags of food. During last season, Bell was told of a man in San Pedro who died because he had had a heart attack and the one ambulance in town

On Amtrak, some of the best connections are unscheduled. People meeting reading earlier." Laughing together. connected. Call your travel agent or

was broken down. Bell, Griffin and Ramirez got together and bought a new ambulance in Miami and had it shipped to San Pedro.

But most of Bell's good works are directed toward children. "I love kids, anything to do with kids," he says. Bell buys boxes of baseball equipment to donate to San Pedro children. At the end of each season, he scours the Blue Jay dressing room for donations, this year prompting pitcher Jim Acker to say, "I'm getting out of here before George cleans out my locker and gives everything I own to the kids of San Pedro."

On the second day of the golf tournament in November, Bell and Griffin drove from Casa de Campo—where Bell owns a villa on the golf course—to the Casa del Niño orphanage and children's shelter nearby in La Romana and met with Sister Levanesa, who runs the orphanage. She was having trouble with milk deliveries. "I know who to call," Bell told her. "I'll have it fixed today."

The two men played with the children, checked on the nursery and inspected the nearly completed wing they have helped finance. Everywhere Bell and Griffin walked, a scrawny two-year-old boy followed them. "Angel, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet," Bell said, then got down on one knee and hugged the boy. "You're beautiful," he said.

"I don't have anyone on the Blue Jays I'd call a friend, a close friend anyway," Bell said later. "But a kid like Angel, he's my friend."

The visit to the orphanage was supposed to be for only a half hour, but nearly two hours after arriving, Griffin reminded Bell that they now had less than 30 minutes until tee-off at the Classic. "After all," Griffin told George, "this is *our* tournament."

As they arrived at the golf course, Bell turned to Griffin and said, "You know, we ought to try to organize all the Latin players and do something for the kids in Nicaragua and El Salvador."

Griffin laughed and waved Bell away. "Let's get this tournament straightened out first," he said.

The organizers of the Third Annual Bell-Griffin Celebrity Classic held a cocktail party for the participants the night before the first round. An hour into the two-hour party, half the sponsorship was missing: Griffin was there, but Bell wasn't. Someone called his villa. No answer. Someone called his house in San Pedro. No phones installed yet. Fifteen minutes before the end of the party, in strolled George.

"Clocks don't mean too much here," Bell explained. "In America, everyone worries what time it is. In the Dominican, we live life without the need of clocks. We know when it's light and when it's dark." Several years ago the Dominican government changed the country to eastern standard time instead of Atlantic time, an hour ahead. But hardly any clocks were changed. No one even noticed, and the next year the time was returned to its original standard.

On the tournament's opening day, Griffin was on the first tee at 10 a.m. His starting time was 1 p.m. He was there alone on the tee for a half hour until

people. "Is this seat taken?" Getting to know one another. "I couldn't help notice the book you were 'I swear I won't give away the ending. But I wouldn't read the last chapter alone." It's easy to get Amtrak at 1-800-USA-RAIL. "By the way, where do you get off?" "We passed my stop an hour ago."

ALL ABOARD AMTRAK

somebody clued him in. "It's hard for Dominicans to adjust to the rush of life in the States or Toronto," says Bell. "And when Americans are here, it drives them crazy. You make a reservation for a rental car? That means nothing. If someone asks for the car before you get there, it's given away."

For Bell, the cultural differences between his homeland and his workplace offer some explanation for his problems in the major leagues. Says Bell, "Americans think, then act; Dominicans act, then think. A lot of people think I'm just one crazy Dominican. There are a lot of times when I get mad, say or do something in anger, and when I get back to my room or wake up the next day, I regret it. Sure, I get embarrassed. Then a lot of times when I try to make it better, it comes out wrong and I make things worse. For instance, Americans say, 'I'm sorry, it won't happen again.' Dominicans say, 'I'm sorry, so what?' It's our way of saying the same thing, but it doesn't mean the same thing and I know now that it makes things much worse."

Bell has often been heard to yell "I'll kill you!" at writers, players or umpires. In the cultural context of the U.S. or Canada, that's a serious threat. "In the Dominican, it's just the same as 'I'll kick your butt,' " says Bell. "It's just a little macho thing, a shove. But I guess in America it means far worse."

"Americans usually don't understand the heated tenor of arguments with a lot of Latin people," says David Hendricks, one of three brothers in Hendricks Management, Bell's agents. "As mild-mannered and gentlemanly as Alfredo is, he and George will sometimes get started to the point where I really think one is going to stab the other. The next minute, they're sharing a beer and laughing."

"There are some things that people think are serious, and they're not," says Bell. "Writers hear me yelling in the clubhouse, and they think I'm whacko or something. *But I love to agitate. That's* fun for me. I love to get on [Toronto catcher] Pat Borders. One time last summer they thought we were having a big fight. I agitated him about being a redneck from Florida and we got into it—nose to nose. But there would never have been a fight. It's fun. I get on Kelly Gruber real bad. He gets mad. I get mad. We're just kidding."

But other emotions run deeper. "There are some things I am dead serious about, such as when I think a pitcher is trying to hit me in the head," says Bell. "That's trying to kill me. I don't take that from any pitcher. I hate pitchers." His distaste for the men on the mound can be traced to a 1982 beaning in AAA ball in Syracuse. Bell's jaw was broken below his right eye, and eight years later he still has a permanent black eye—and a permanent antagonism toward pitchers.

Second on his enemies list are umpires. Last year he was ejected three times and suspended twice after disputes with umps; his father finally called him in September and told him in no uncertain terms to cool it. "I sometimes feel real bad about some of the things I've said to umpires," says Bell. "But I know what's a strike and what isn't a strike, and if an umpire misses a call, why can't I tell him he's wrong?

"Jimy Williams got real mad when anyone told him he was wrong. When he announced that I was a fulltime DH, I told him he was wrong and he got mad. Then he started pulling me out for defense. I told him he was wrong. He got mad. I was brought up this way: If you think someone is wrong, you tell them to their face. Americans don't do that. They keep phony smiles, then talk behind their backs. I say it right out, and that's trouble. The coach in America is always right. But that's wrong. If a man believes another man is wrong and doesn't say so, he belittles himself. I'm not belittling myself to half-manhood."

"*Understanding George's context is* very important," says Bell's present manager, Cito Gaston. "I understand the difference between what he says in English and what he really means. George is very proud. Public challenges and humiliations are things he'll fight back against. But ask the players who play *with* him."

Pitcher Mike Flanagan says, "George plays as hard as anyone I've ever seen. Contrary to some opinions, George never has been the problem with this team." Former teammate Lloyd Moseby says, "George is the ultimate baseball warrior, and if he's on your side, you love him. You hate him if he's on the other side, but people hate Rickey Henderson, too." Third base coach John McLaren says, "George simply hates to lose. Sometimes you wonder what the heck he's doing and sometimes he may try too hard, but he plays to win. And he *plays*—bad knees, bad shoulder, whatever." Finally, from Griffin: "I've known George a long, long time. There's no greater friend, and there's no greater teammate. His heart is as big as Casa Bell."

"People tell me I'm complicated," says Bell. "I'm not. Sometimes people don't like me. But if I worried whether people liked me, I really would end up one crazy Dominican." ■

Bell and Griffin's charity tournament survived tee-time turmoil.

Quality is Job 1.℠

Profile in quality #14:
Driveability.

The sophisticated engineering of today's Ford Motor Company cars and trucks is truly remarkable. For instance, today's Mercury Cougar XR7 and Ford Thunderbird Super Coupe have a speed sensitive electronic rack and pinion steering system that provides optimum driving control. Their new adjustable suspension system monitors driving conditions, automatically making adjustments to optimize ride and handling. And both cars are equipped with four-wheel disc anti-lock brakes.
If your goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world—you don't do it any other way.

Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Ford Trucks.
Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.℠

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

BILL FRAKES

In a WORLD of her OWN

Betsy King, a woman of strong convictions on and off the golf course, attributes her rise to the top to a sea change in her game

BY JOHN GARRITY

Betsy King needs explaining. Probe those cool blue eyes, and it's like looking into a swimming pool—you see bottom. Which is to say, not much. No fire shows.

"I've never been to a sports psychologist," says King calmly. She stretches her tanned legs in the desert sun but keeps her face in the shadow of the patio umbrella. She pops a grape into her mouth and smiles, looking out at the palm-dotted fairways of Scottsdale's Orange Tree Resort. Explaining herself is an exercise she accepts with grace, but no obvious delight.

"I went to a hypnotist once for my putting, which I would never do again," she says. "The hypnotist had worked a lot with bowlers. She put me under and had me visualizing success, saying things like, 'Picture yourself shooting a high score.' When she brought me out of the trance, I said, 'You know, shooting a high score in golf is *bad*.' And she said, 'Oh dear, I have to put you under again.' "

King permits herself a tiny laugh. "That didn't last too long," she says. "That, too, I did before I was a Christian. I don't think I'd ever do that as a Christian."

Ah! So it wasn't mental calisthenics but spiritual enlightenment that transformed King. Seven years without an LPGA tour win, then she finds Jesus and, hallelujah, she's on her way to becoming the best woman golfer in the world: 20 victories since 1984, including six in '89, when she won the U.S. Women's Open and earned a record $654,132 in prize money; two Rolex Player of the Year awards; a Vare Trophy. . . .

The 34-year-old King shakes her head. Religion may be her first priority, but tour titles are not her reward for good works and diligent Bible study. "Looking back," she continues, "I think the improvement in my golf was just a question of mechanics."

Mechanics. The word lands with a thud. "I think the mental part of golf is overplayed," she says. "Visualizing success is fine, but I can beat any 18 handicapper in the world, I don't care what the person's attitude is. He can picture hitting it 250 yards all he wants, but if he doesn't have the swing to do it, he can't do it."

That's it? With tournament players these days attributing their success to everything from acupuncture, Scientology and square grooves to SyberVision, vegetarianism and the teachings of golf mystic Shivas Irons, the hottest player in women's golf says she plays great because of her swing? King nods. "The mechanical part is more important than the mental part," she says.

O.K., let's talk mechanics. Photographs of King taken in 1978, her second year on the tour, show her with a very upright swing and a closed position at the top; her club face is hooded. To compensate for that position, which invited a pull hook, King swung from the inside on the downswing to square the club face at impact. She pretty much perfected the maneuver at Furman University, where she and another future LPGA star, Beth Daniel, led the Paladins to the NCAA championship in 1976. King was also the low amateur that year at the U.S. Open.

But her swing limited her when she joined the tour. Despite flashes of promise—second-place finishes at the '78 Borden Classic and the '79 Wheeling Classic—King averaged 74.26 strokes a round during her first four years as a pro, barely good enough to make a living. By 1980 she was ready to make a change.

Make that *compelled* to make a change. Paired with Donna White at the Ping Team Championship in Portland, Ore., King hit some practice-range shots so low that onlookers thought she was getting ready to play an Irish links course. When White spotted Chicago teaching pro Ed Oldfield at the range, she shouted, "Oldfield, get over here! My partner can't get it off the ground!"

Oldfield, the swing architect who rebuilt the games of Jan Stephenson and top amateur Anne Sander, walked over and watched the embarrassed King hit a few more worm-burners. He saw about 20 things in her swing he would change, starting with her tendency to close the club face on the takeaway. "She had serious problems," says Oldfield. "Her divots were going way right, and the ball was going way left. I watched her play, and on one par-5 she couldn't carry a fairway wood 100 yards over water. She had to lay up with a wedge."

Orange Tree is Oldfield's winter office, so King arranged to spend the offseason in Phoenix instead of at her par-

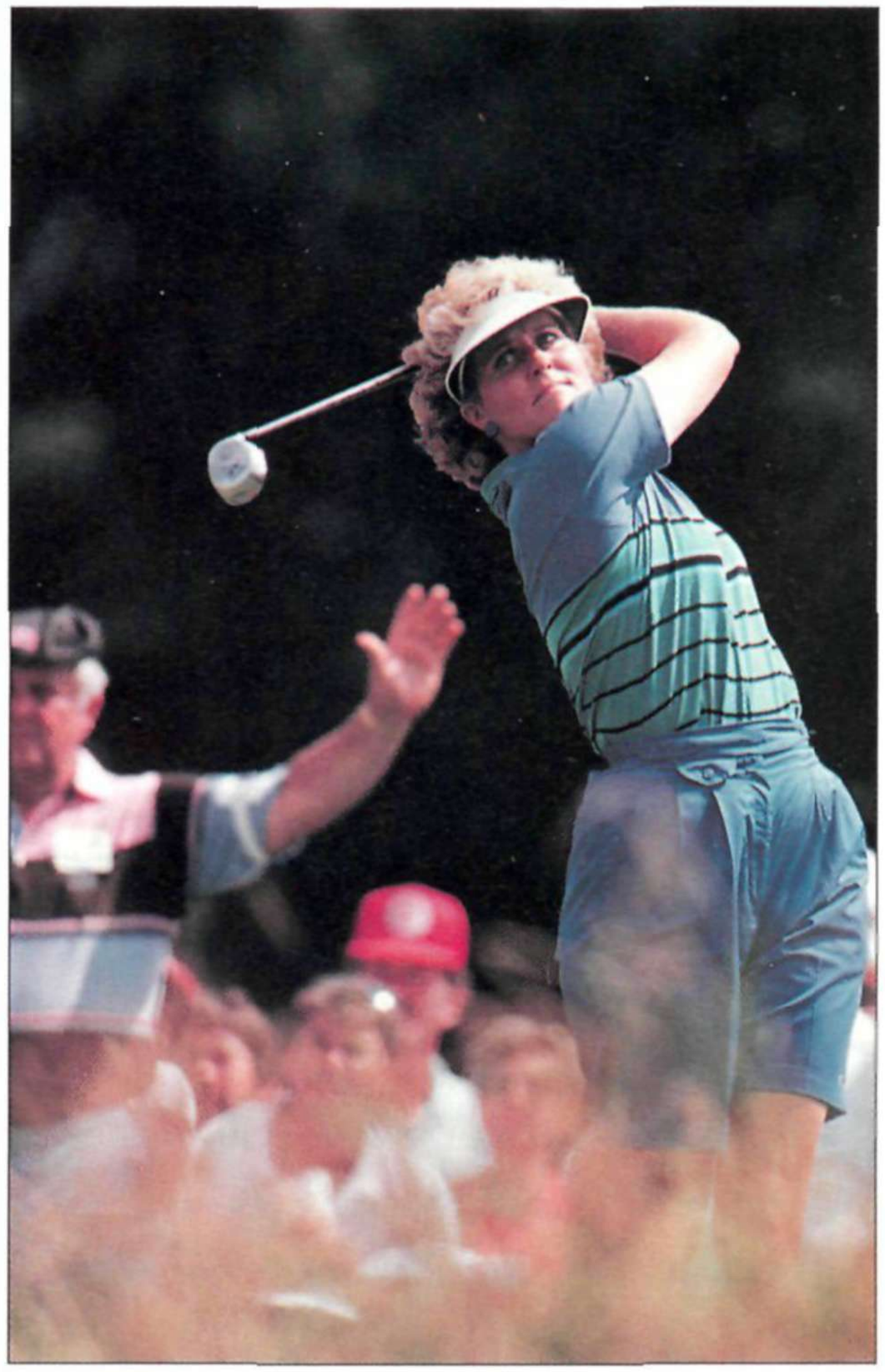
ents' home in Limekiln, Pa. The day of her first lesson, she was so nervous that she went out early in the morning with her father, Weir, to hit in private. "We found a deserted playground," says Weir, a semiretired physician who stayed with Betsy in Phoenix to give her support. "She was hitting balls, and I was chasing them—and a cop came and chased us. I think that was the low point in her career. But that afternoon Ed told me that she was going to be one of the five best players in the world."

From the start, Oldfield was patient with King but not patronizing. The first thing he did was alter her takeaway, conditioning her to swing the club back so that the face was square at the point of impact. He offered no "Band-Aids"—quick fixes—and he warned her that her game would get worse before it got better. "It was pretty drastic," says King. "Ed pretty much breaks down your whole swing."

Another three years passed before King won her first LPGA tournament, the Women's Kemper Open in 1984, but her scoring average improved year by year, from 73.96 in 1981 to 71.77 in '84. After her Kemper victory, she went on to win two more tournaments that year and finished the season with the money title and her first Player of the Year award.

Her practice sessions with Oldfield are still devoted to swing mechanics. "I'm not a believer in positive mental imagery," says Oldfield. "There's no magic to golf. The best players are the ones who are best coordinated and work hardest." Oldfield even rejects the conventional wisdom that players should leave thoughts about mechanics on the practice range. "If you're playing the last hole of the U.S. Open with a two-shot lead," he says, "you still think whatever your last lesson was—left arm straight, good extension, whatever."

King's ability to do just that—to reduce stress by thinking about mechanics—has earned her an unfair reputation as an "ice lady." When she took a four-stroke lead into the third round of last year's U.S. Open at Indianwood in Lake Orion, Mich., and then finished bogey, double bogey, bogey to fall into a first-place tie with Patty Sheehan, King answered questions in the press tent with a serenity bordering on indifference. "If drama is a balloon," one writer muttered at his keyboard, "Betsy King is the slow leak."



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

In '89, King won six titles and her second Player of the Year award.

In truth, King was shaken by her collapse and couldn't wait to get Oldfield on the phone. "What did I tell her?" he says, chuckling at the memory. "I just said, 'You're so much better than the other girls under pressure. If you're tied going into the last round, you're actually *ahead*.' " Reassured, King birdied four of the first seven holes the next day and cruised to a four-shot victory.

King's fellow LPGA players have their own theories as to why she has gone from mediocre to outstanding. Those who remember her as a pathetic putter say she owes her recent success to a newfound knack for holing 30-footers. Maybe so, but she certainly doesn't look confident on the greens. Before each putt, she squats behind the ball and carefully sets the blade square to her line—a routine popular with 10-year-olds playing miniature golf.

Others believe King has simply gained confidence since breaking her seven-year victory drought in 1984. Says England's Laura Davies, winner of the '87 Open, "When I'm paired with her now, Betsy seems to be playing for the hell of it. Although"—and Davies laughs—"she probably wouldn't put it that way."

Davies's comment reflects the respect King's fellow pros have for her religious beliefs. She is a regular at the tour's weekly Christian fellowship meetings, in which small groups of players in jeans and sweaters gather for Bible study and prayer. At home in Scottsdale, she often spends the evening playing hymns on her organ, accompanied by one of her two roommates on flute.

"She's as good a Christian as she is a golfer," says Bill Lewis, a retired U.S. Navy captain who conducts a golf ministry for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. "I've never met a superstar athlete with so much humility."

King's faith has often been tested on the tour. In the fall of 1987, for instance, with the money title and Player of the Year within her grasp, she took a break from the tour to fulfill a commitment to Habitat for Humanity, a Christian organization that uses volunteers to build houses for the poor. King and a handful of other LPGA players spent that week

do it yourself with ARROW®

The All-American Value Team

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

- STAPLING MACHINES
- GLUE GUNS
- RIVET TOOLS
- STAPLES
- GLUE STIX
- RIVETS

For the professional or do-it-yourselfer ARROW makes the job easier, go faster and—less expensive. Whether you're building the new, repairing the old or pursuing a hobby in arts and crafts, ARROW has the right tool.

See the complete assortment of ARROW quality fastening products, available at all leading Hardware, Home Center, and Discount Department Stores.

HT-50A HAMMER TACKER

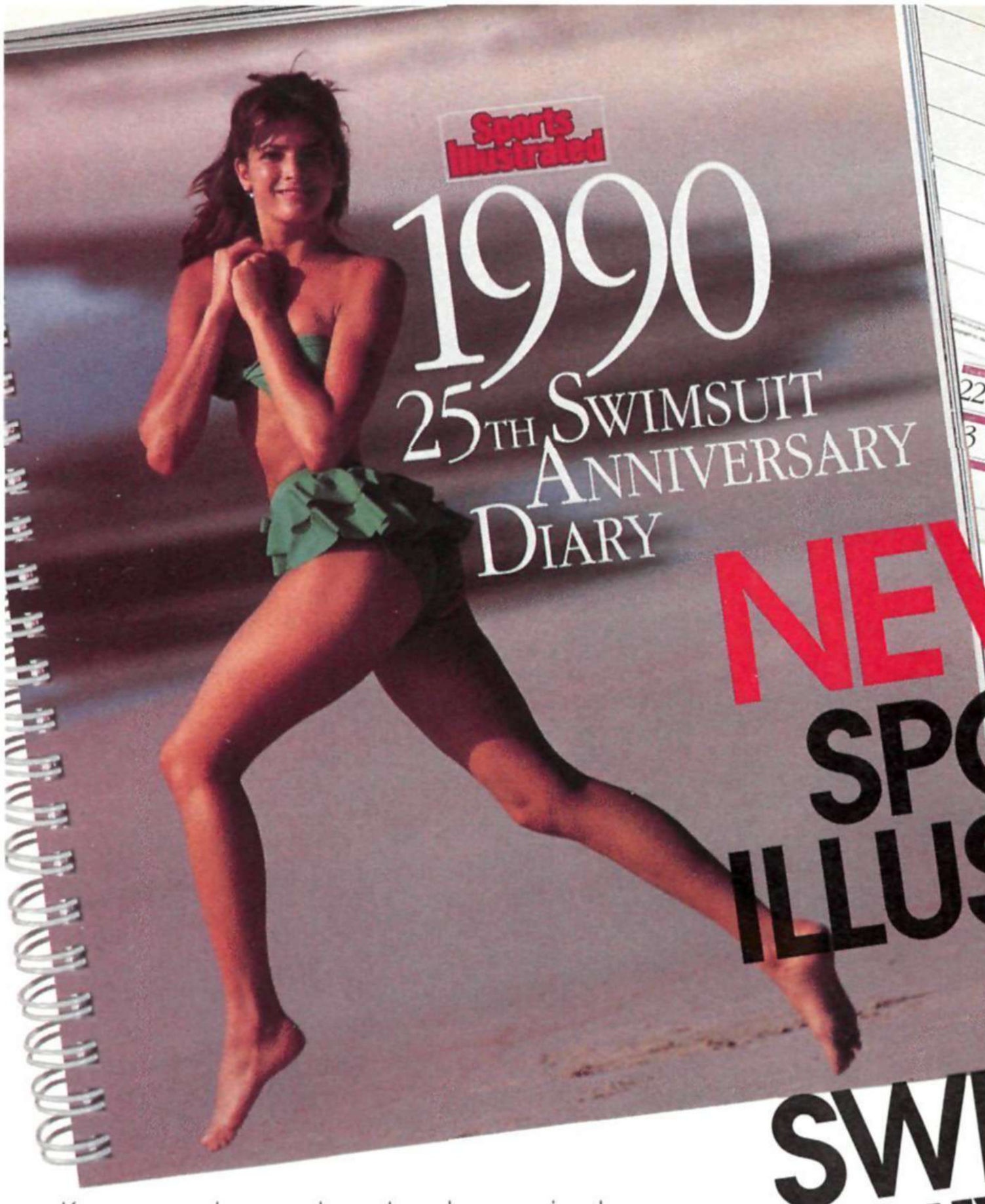
TR-550 HOT MELT GLUE GUN

T-50 STAPLE GUN TACKER

ETN-50 ELECTRO-MATIC STAPLE GUN TACKER

ARROW®

In U.S.A.: Arrow Fastener Company, Inc., 271 Mayhill Street, Saddle Brook, New Jersey 07662
In Canada: Jardel Distributors, Inc., 6505 Metropolitan Blvd. East, Montreal H1P 1X9 Quebec



NEW! SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 25th SWIMSUIT ANNIVERSARY DIARY

Keep your days and weekends organized and enjoy all the fun of making Sports Illustrated's 25th Anniversary Swimsuit Issue.

This beautifully designed, full-color desk diary captures the atmosphere, the artistry and behind-the-scenes clowning of models, photographers and SI staff who flew to the corners of the globe to make the Swimsuit Issue. Carol Alt, Christie Brinkley, Rachel Hunter, Kathy Ireland, Elle Macpherson, Stephanie Seymour and others are featured in 52 photographs by some of the world's most renowned photographers. Many of the photographs appear here for the first time anywhere.

Spiral bound. Printed on high-quality, glossy stock. Measures 7¼" x 8¾." Pages are color-keyed for quick reference to your appointments a week at a time. There's ample space for whatever you choose to record in this handsome diary. You'll want to order one for yourself. But order extras, too: this could be the gift of the year!

CREDIT CARD ORDERS
CALL TOLL-FREE

1-800-345-8500 Ext. 39

Sports Illustrated
25th Swimsuit Anniversary Diary
$12.95 each

SPECIAL SAVINGS:

Order 3 or more, pay only $11.95 each.
Add $2.50 per order for shipping.
Add sales tax in
CA, CT, DC, FL, GA, IL, MA, MI, NJ, NY, PA, TX
Call now.

Or send check or money order to:
SI Calendars,
P.O. Box 612, Holmes, PA 19043

SI 2/12

Please allow 3 to 6 weeks for delivery. Also available at fine bookstores.

© The Time Inc. Magazine Company, 1989. All rights reserved.

HOW DID YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS DO ON THEIR COLLEGE BOARDS?

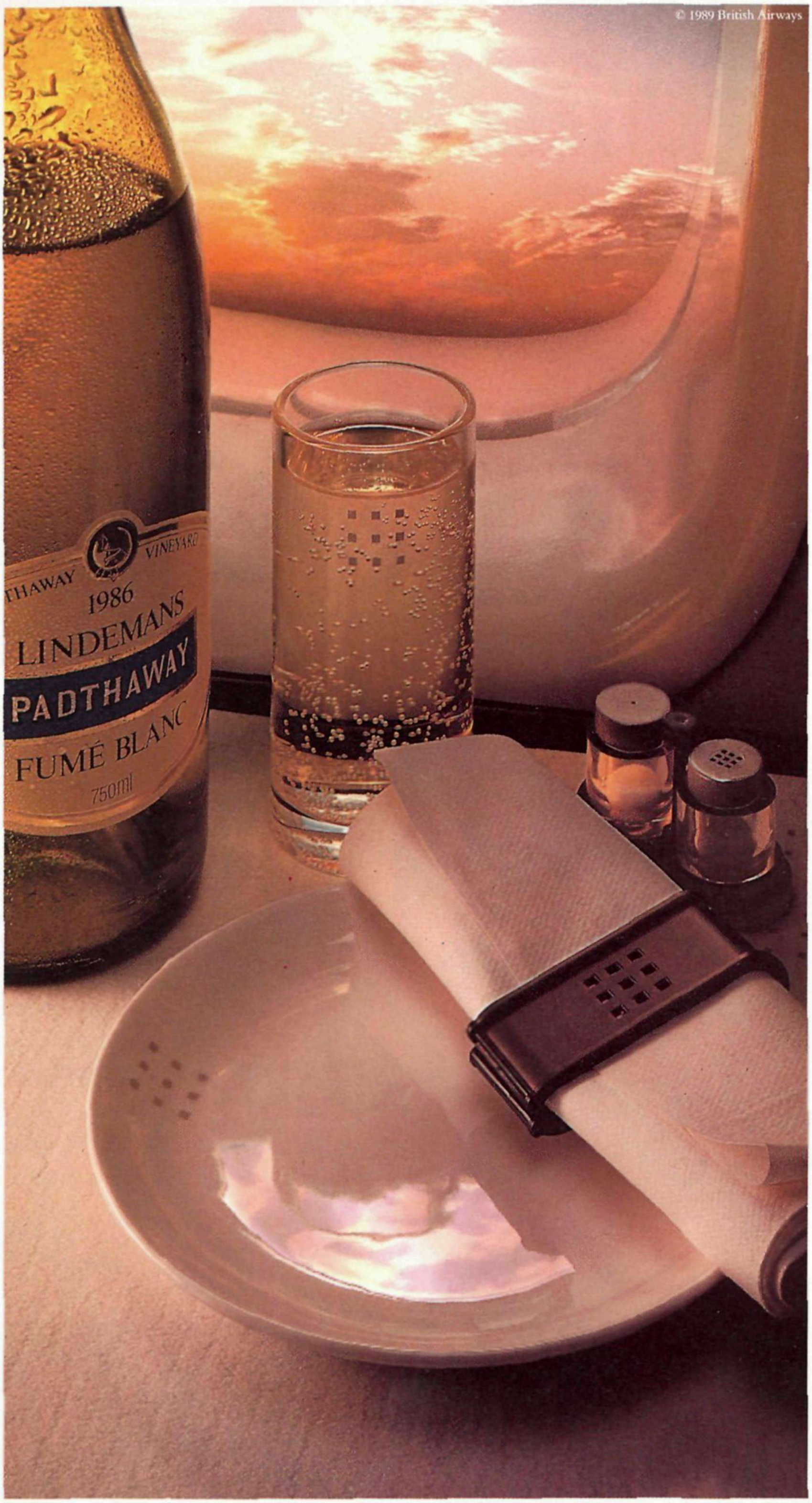
The Sports Illustrated Sports HotLine delivers sports news...while it's being made. It covers 292 NCAA teams, giving you scores updated every few minutes by a network of 500 reporters. There's coverage of the NBA, NFL, baseball, boxing and more. All the scores, stats, stars, results. You choose the reports you want to hear.

So, if you love college basketball, call the HotLine. It's the one number for students of the game.

Sports Illustrated SPORTS HOTLINE

79¢ Per Minute

1-900-988-7777



EVEN
ON BUSINESS,
YOU CAN
EXPERIENCE
BEAUTIFUL
SETTINGS.

CLUB

From the comfort of your seat in Club® Class, you'll enjoy an unobstructed view of stylish glassware, elegant cutlery and Royal Doulton® china. And suddenly, business travel takes on a whole new perspective.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's favourite airline.®

helping carpenters build a house in the Tennessee mountains, and she has since made Habitat a fixture on her schedule.

"You're basically somebody's servant for a week," says King, describing the program. "Whatever they want you to do, you do—tile a floor, drive to the hardware store, work on the roof, you name it."

The work is tiring, the accommodations spartan, the food plain, and last year it snowed. But King finds the program rewarding, even fun. "We make up games," she says. "Like who can hammer the most nails, or who can hammer a nail in the fewest strokes."

Chris Stevens, director of Alternative Ministries, a Christian fellowship on the tour, contends that the fans don't know the real Betsy King. "When she won the Open," says Stevens, "that was as much emotion as she ever shows, and it wasn't a lot. But when she's working at Habitat, or when you get her to play Trivial Pursuit or Outburst, she's exuberant. A lot of people don't get to see that."

King knows that she comes off as bland, and she also thinks she knows where to place the blame: television. "On television," she says, "to come across as normal you almost have to be extreme. Look at the newscasters. They smile all the time, and it looks normal, but if you smiled all the time in real life, you'd look silly. I put on my game face because that's what I need to do to win."

Her other minor gripe about the media—overall she thinks she has been treated fairly—is that reporters sometimes shy away from her Christianity. "If they just write up the golf, that's fine," says King. "But if they tell about someone else's belief in reincarnation, they need to tell about my faith as a Christian."

The truth is, away from golf, King is far more, let's say, committed to her beliefs than most other players. At Furman, she was active in what she calls "the women's-lib thing," lobbying the university president to increase funding for women's athletics and carrying the banner of Title IX. Then she moved in another direction. "Since I've become a Christian, I've probably stepped back from that [feminism]," she says. "I'm strongly antiabortion, and a lot of people can't understand that. They say you should have 'choice.' Well, if you don't believe it's a life, I can see how you'd say that. But if you do believe it's a life, you shouldn't have a choice."

JOHN MURPHY

Each year King joins LPGA colleagues to help build houses for the poor.

So strong are her right-to-life convictions that she can picture herself taking part in protests at abortion clinics. Says King, "Sometimes I look at Operation Rescue [an antiabortion organization] and say, 'Hey, I'd like to do that.' If I was ever in a town where they were doing that, I think I would do it, because I believe abortion is murder. I'd have no qualms with prosecuting the person for murder or the doctor or whoever. I would take it to the end."

Bland? "That's not bland," says Stevens. "That's what courage and depth are all about."

When asked a question about whom she admires most among her fellow pros, King frowns, groping for an answer. "When I look for heroes, I look at people within the faith who have really committed their lives," says King. The example she gives is Elisabeth Elliot, a missionary who worked with the Auca Indians in Ecuador during the 1950s. While Elliot was there, her husband was killed by the Aucas, but she stayed behind and continued her work. Later she chronicled her experiences in a book, *The Savage My Kinsman*.

O.K., professional golf is a pretty shallow pursuit compared with missionary work. Maybe that's why King sometimes looks as if she wants to crawl out of the spotlight, or why she feels slightly guilty about having been thrown off her frugal ways last year when she purchased a Mercedes. "I bought the cheapest one," she says with a blush.

She admits that she looks for signs and portents, not just in the Bible but from tee to green as well. Says King, "Before the first tournament of 1989, I remember praying, 'Lord, I want to be where You want me to be, whether it's out here or somewhere else.' On the first hole of the year, a par-3, I hit an eight- or nine-iron to 40 feet and made the putt for birdie. I shot a 64 and went on to win the tournament."

Uncertainty crosses her face. "Not that playing well is an indication that you're in the right place," she says. "But I felt I was seeing what He desired for me and not just what I wanted. There's a sense of peace and relief about that." ■

A Long Stretch of

The chemist who concocted Lycra was just trying to help devise a better women's girdle, but he ended up with a miracle fiber that makes athletes faster, trash-mashes torsos and causes socks to fall up

BY PENNY WARD MOSER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

I WAS SITTING NEAR A CLAM BAR ON A southwest Florida beach when I saw 60 billion or so Lycra molecules writhing in pain. Lycra, the miracle fiber that wraps all of sporting America—and most of its rock stars—can stretch 500% before it snaps. Beside me, an abundant woman, packed into an orange bathing suit, was reaching toward a wicker basket. I estimated that the Lycra at this moment was stretched about 497%. It was an amazing sight, just the kind your mother told you not to stare at.

Then she leaned over. The move took the Lycra to 498%. She pulled out two cookies. One cookie went down: 499%. The second cookie went to her lips. I looked away. I couldn't stand it. I looked back. The cookie did not break the plane and the Lycra held.

the Imagination

About that same time I saw six guys having breakfast beers at the clam bar. They were trying to focus on the Gulf. Dolphins, I suspected. Wrong. Not dolphins. *Danish girls. Two 16-year-old* goddesses making Scandinavian mouth sounds were moving a *very* little bit of Lycra—stretched a perfect 0% to 75%—in and out of the surf. More beer moved from the tap. Breakfast slid into lunch at the clam bar.

But my real Lycra vacation moment came later, along a canal in a bird sanctuary. I was looking at an egret when it happened. First I heard a low rumble behind the mangroves. The egret flew. The rumble got louder. Drug runners, I thought, expecting to catch a glimpse of the mysterious life of Florida's backwaters. It was worse.

Around the roots came a bass boat. In it sat a man of about 60, with a world-class beer gut. Burly. Probably a retired trucker. And he was naked. I reached for my binoculars. The boat drew closer. The man began to smile and wave. Never one to miss having the best story to tell over stone crabs, I tried desperately to focus my Minoltas.

There he was, better than naked: a 300-pound Adonis standing up to show the world that he, a man who once negotiated the mountain passes of West Virginia hauling steel, was rich, retired and completely at home in his silver-white Lycra bikini bathing suit. I waved goodbye to the dimples in his butt.

I was beginning to think that Lycra had taken too much of America—a nation apparently devoid of mirrors—by storm. Then, the next morning, it happened to me. A girlfriend, not a vain woman, had lying on her bed the prettiest swimsuit I had ever seen. All by itself, it had bosoms and a narrow waist and rounded hips. It's called a Slim Suit, and it has, sewn into the inside, a Lycra power sheath shaped the way any woman would like to be shaped. I pulled the suit onto my tree-trunk body. First my bottom lifted. Then my waist cinched. Then the power cloth did what nature cannot: It pushed all that was still available up into my bosom. A totally new body, with my head, looked back from the mirror. I suddenly realized that I was the last person alive still swimming in a cotton bathing suit. By the grace of god, the local mall was only 15 minutes away. Lycra swimsuits, diving suits, boardsailing suits, surfing suits. Lycra runners' suits and bikers' suits. Row after row, as far as the wallet could walk, there hung colorful, shiny little garments made of Lycra.

A little bit of Lycra goes a long way: A mere 975 pounds would be sufficient to reach the moon, but more important for some, the sturdy thread expands 500%.

The stretchy miracle fiber has opened up a whole new world of garments that compress our muscles to keep us warm and carry away our sweat to make us feel cool. It expands and contracts without fatigue, better than our skin. Lycra can make wrestlers hard to hold. It speeds up sprinters and gymnasts and swimmers by becoming a sleek second skin, one that cuts drag and flattens and smooths the body. Cowboys—both the ones who play football and the ones who ride horses—wear it. In its macho girdle form, replacing the jock and adding back support,

Lycra peeks out from under basketball shorts.

It also lets us fearlessly eat cookies at the beach, dance in the surf and wave proudly from bass boats. It cinched my waist and led me further into a sort of national vanity. The Associated Press reported that last year Du Pont sold $600 million worth of Lycra. None of this would have happened without the second law of thermodynamics and man's ability to triumph over molecules.

That victory can be traced back to 1949, when a young chemist named Joe Shivers, a Ph.D. from Duke, was put to work on one of Du Pont's highest-priority projects: creating stuff from which a better girdle might be made. It took him the best part of a decade, but he succeeded, and in 1958 a Du Pont computer programmed to spew out new product names christened Shivers's brainchild Lycra. Spandex, as Lycra is known generically, is a synthetic elastomer—which is simply a material, in this case a fiber, that changes shape when under the influence of a force and then returns to its original form when that force is removed. Although Du Pont is not the sole U.S. manufacturer of spandex, it has so much of the market—95% of the swimwear industry alone—that spandex and Lycra are thought of as one and the same.

Shivers, now 10 years retired, says that when he takes long walks near his home in West Chester, Penn., he often sees men—grown men—race past him wearing unitards. "I look at them," he says. "They're wearing stretch tights. I think, Who would have thought?"

Indeed, who would have thought a lot of things? Who would have thought that Du Pont scientists, armed with accelerometers to measure buttock bounce and pressure transducers to gauge skin-to-garment tension, would use Lycra to provide women with the most comfortable foundation garments since the dawn of civilization? And who would have thought that those same women, in the decade after Lycra's birth, would not only shuck their girdles but burn their bras as well? Yet Du Pont was not to worry, because just around the corner were the health-and-fitness wannabes, who would learn that to feel good was to look good. And they could, in Lycra.

At about the same time, satellite technology and cable TV began to bring rock videos and every sporting event known to man into our homes. They dictated fashion. On the street, otherwise normal women strolled in petticoats pulled over Lycra tights. Bras came back—as outerwear. Madonna and Flo-Jo owe Shivers a big hug. Without him, they would have had to do their things in puckery cotton togs. Without him, Bo would have had to learn Diddley in baggy sweatpants.

Time was, if it stretched, it was rubber. Elastic rubber—a chemically altered tree sap—was O.K., but Du Pont executives, with the creation of synthetic nylon under their belts, thought the time had come to improve on rubber. They wanted something stronger, less bulky, more heatable, freezable, dyeable, permeable, stretchier and long-lasting. And, most of all, something Du Pont.

Although Shivers can recall one particularly serendipitous day in his laboratory, the creation of Lycra required a decade's worth of "blood, sweat and tears."

Although Shivers can remember one portentous day when his test tube broke and the goo inside bounced on his desk, there was no magic moment in the discovery of Lycra. One Du Pont official says its creation was the result of "blood, sweat and tears." Du Pont trademarked the name and patented the formula—therefore it is public record—but the process used remains secret.

Lycra is created from petroleum-based raw materials combined into a long-chain synthetic polymer, of which at least 85% is made up of segmented polyurethane. But that doesn't tell me why my tube tops stay up and my socks don't fall down.

"What's at work in elasticity, in part, is entropy," says Du Pont chemist Dr. John Boliek. *Webster's* defines entropy as "a measure of the disorder of a closed thermodynamic system in terms of a constant multiple of the natural logarithm of the probability of the occurrence of a particular molecular arrangement of the system that by suitable choice of a constant reduces to the measure of unavailable energy."

Help, Dr. Boliek, help! In a calm voice, he explains that Elle Macpherson's swimsuit stays up—at least in terms of the fabric's responsibility—"because all things in the universe desire to be in disorder. Entropy is a measure of the drive of an ordered state to be disordered." While Boliek is talking in terms of atoms and molecules, he thinks of a bigger example. "Take everything on top of your desk," he says. "If it is in order, it took energy to get that way. If you gather everything up off your desk and throw it into the air, it will come down in a random pile. That is how it likes to be. It will take energy to put it back in order again." In time, entropy drives all things back to disarray. This is your good ol' second law of thermodynamics—this is also the reason you dropped chemistry after one semester.

Taking the desktop example down to the Lycra in your socks is a bit of a reach, but Boliek can help us. In creating Lycra, Du Pont used to its advantage the natural resistance of atoms to staying neatly organized. Each Lycra molecule consists of straight, hard sections and soft, curly or coiled sections. Although these soft segments prefer to stay curled up in their natural state of disorder, they can be stretched, just like taffy.

Breathe. We're almost there.

You can tell the credit union it's an economy car.

Daytona ES *$10,995.**
So inexpensive, you may not need a credit union.

Your heart says, "Go for the sports car... *you'll look good in it...it'll sharpen your reflexes* ...just think about how much exercise you'll get detailing it on Saturdays..."

Then, SNAP, your brain kicks in. "Wait a minute...you can't afford a sports car...not unless you marry the loan manager's cousin...get real...what you *need* is an economy car."

Time out. There is a cure. The 1990 Dodge Daytona ES. Available with a snappy 3.0-liter V-6 and ground-grabbing four-wheel disc brakes, the Daytona ES inherits its aggressive styling from our race-bred Daytona Shelby. It also features ultra maneuverable front-wheel drive and a totally new cockpit complete with analog instrumentation.

Yet, in spite of all the performance features available on the Daytona ES, it remains miles of payments behind a Lamborghini.

If your heart is racing for something sporty, but your brain is stuck in low budget, a Daytona ES is the way to go. What the credit union doesn't know won't hurt it.

The new spirit of Dodge.

Dodge

**This astonishingly low sticker price excludes tax, destination charge and options. Buckle up for safety. Listen to your brain on this one.*

In creating Lycra, Du Pont figured out a way to link the hard and soft sections to one another, to make them hold hands, as it were. This process takes place several hundred times inside a single Lycra molecule, which itself is so small that 20 million of them could sit on the period at the end of this sentence.

While the hard segments link up with the soft segments within each Lycra molecule, the hard sections of *adjacent* Lycra molecules bind to one another, giving the springy sections a home base to snap back to once they have been stretched in a bathing suit or whatever. Without a home base, you would have nothing but stretch, nothing but a piece of pulled-out taffy. Says Boliek, "It's the desire of the soft part of the Lycra molecule to return to the disorder, or coiled state, that keeps those swimsuits up." In other words, entropy at work.

How all these hand-holding molecules get into our clothes is real simple. The Lycra molecule, which is a solid, is dissolved in a liquid so that it can be spun into thread. There's a Du Pont factory in Waynesboro, Va., that has Lycra soup sloshing around in vats two stories high. Once it is formed into thread, it is wound on bobbins and whisked away to knitters. Just 975 pounds of the sturdy little thread would be needed to stretch to the moon. A fist-sized ball of Lycra thread could be extended from its birthplace in Wilmington, to Baltimore, 67 miles away. But what's most significant about Lycra is that if the guy holding the other end on the moon or in Baltimore let go, the fiber would snap back.

No garment is 100% Lycra. It is just a small component—rarely more than 25%—of whatever we are stretching over our bodies. Lycra is most at home in fabric, particularly as a companion of Antron nylon, but it can add bounce to just about anything. Du Pont scientists thought Lycra could be used to make better golf balls, but the idea was scrapped because the Lycra balls didn't sound right and they traveled too far. Lycra was even considered, briefly, for use in condoms.

In swimwear, however, Lycra is a star. Almost every U.S.-made women's suit has enough Lycra—unraveled—to reach 7½ miles. "A swimsuit is a monster to engineer," says Ocean Pacific Beachwear president Susan Crank. "A lot of handwork is involved. We use 6,000 inches of thread in sewing a bikini. Today's swimsuits are for doers and not watchers. We move. Lycra moves. We pay models $500 a day to come in for prototype fittings. They have to bend over, do deep knee bends. Then we cross-fit the suit on someone the same size with different body proportions."

Still, as every woman knows, Lycra, or rather entropy, gives us fits over the dread butt-creep factor, because what goes up does not necessarily come down. "Oh yeah, watch most any woman get out of a pool, and she'll reach back—usually right hand first, left hand second—and pull down her suit," says Warren Gaudineer, Du Pont's California-based swimwear-industry liaison. Gaudineer, who says he spends a lot of time sipping martinis and doing research at Venice Beach, points out that

© 1989 Memtek Products

"the industry is aware of the problem and spends a lot of time addressing it."

Although no one has made a breakthrough on butt creep, Du Pont chemical engineer Cathy Hamilton says that an Australian sock manufacturer got a handle on the drooping-sock problem some years back. According to Hamilton, "They came out with a 'computerized' sock. It was engineered with heavier Lycra at the bottom, lighter Lycra at the top. Because of the compression ratio, when the sock fell, it fell *up*."

The computerized sock may yet take the market by storm, but Hamilton's husband, Du Pont chemist Jerry Aunet, devotes his time these days to pushing Lycra for other kinds of socks, panty hose and "mannyhose," a kind of panty hose for men. Aunet says, "We're looking at mannyhose. We've done some concept research, had some of the guys wear them. We kind of got a kick out of it. They weren't too bad." Joe Willie Namath, was, alas, ahead of his time.

But panty hose for men would not be called mannyhose. Just as the increasingly popular men's girdles are called low-rise stretch briefs or compression shorts, Lycra hose for men would probably be macho-ized into something like "Power Skin" or "DynoTights."

Du Pont says mannyhose would be functional as muscle protectors and friction fighters. "You take your cowboys today," says Aunet. "Almost every one of them wears panty hose under those chaps."

The mind reels. The sexes blur. We all may be at our physical peak when entropy is compressing our dermis, but our brains are sometimes slow to cope. "I go into my health club," one young Maryland woman recently told me. "Sure, I'd like to meet a guy. The lights are low, the music is right, everyone is young and healthy. I see some guy pumping iron. I like how he looks. But my god, he's wearing Lycra tights. He's not even gay, and he's wearing Lycra tights. Orange ones, gold ones, yellow ones. I think, You could have been my husband, but you're wearing yellow Lycra tights."

Who would have thought? Not Shivers, who has devoted a tranquil retirement to reading history, traveling the world and staying active in a wine-tasting club. Du Pont recently honored Shivers for being the father of Lycra. But he is a modest man. He says Lycra was a team effort. "In research, we all basically stand on the shoulders of others," he says.

At 69, he has not gotten deeply into wearing things containing Lycra. "Oh, I suppose I've got a little holding up my socks and shorts," he says. "But I've never had nerve enough to buy any tights or anything."

Shivers won't talk about whether he received a bonus for his work, except to say that Du Pont does have a bonus program in place today. "I always say that life has all sorts of bonuses that have nothing to do with money," he says. "Sometimes when I'm in a department store, I'll see the little Lycra clothes hanging on a rack. I'll walk over and peek at a label. It'll say 25% LYCRA, and I'll think, 'Isn't that great!' I'm just tickled to death." ■

Mears, three-time Baja winner, was all smiles after the 1989 race.

TRACKSIDE PHOTO

SAME NAME, *different* GAME

For Roger Mears, Rick's older brother and truck driver extraordinaire, the big wins are in the Baja 1000, not the Indy 500

BY SAM MOSES

IT IS A STARRY NOVEMBER NIGHT, halfway down the lonely Baja California peninsula. Close by Mexico Highway 1, the remote ribbon of blacktop that snakes 1,000 treacherous miles from Tijuana to Cabo San Lucas, is a cinder-block farmhouse. A lantern glows inside, spilling enough light through a window to define a corral outside. A soft rumble begins to sound somewhere out in the darkness, and flecks of light appear in the distance, moving toward the farmhouse. They grow bright, then blinding, as the rumble rises to a roar. Now the source of the lights can be seen. It's a pickup truck, a Nissan Hardbody King Cab decked out in red, white and blue and enough lights to illuminate a carnival midway. The truck flies past the farmhouse and heads back into the night, its thunder fading with the crimson of its taillights.

All that remains is a cloud of dust and a question: Who was that madman? Oh, it was just Roger Mears on his way to town in his truck. The town is La Paz, some 992 miles from Ensenada, where Mears had started the previous morning. He's making the run straight through in the Presidente SCORE Baja 1000, the proudest of all off-road races.

Like mountain climbers, off-road racers perform in remote places and before largely unappreciative audiences. This may explain why Roger Mears, 42, a three-time winner of the Baja 1000 in as many classes, is not as well known as his little brother, Rick, 38, a former off-road racer who, in 12 years with Roger Penske's Indy Car team, has won the Indianapolis 500 three times.

That's not the way Roger envisioned it a few years back. Though he has been racing off-road since 1972, he has had his own team only since '85. Until then he, like Rick, had been aimed pretty much at Indy Cars. But while Rick went straight from wrestling with Baja buggies in the boondocks to driving for Penske, the older Mears boy tried to make it by the long, traditional route: from karts to midgets to Sprint cars to Super Vees and, finally, to a ride with the Machinists Union Indy Car team. In 1982, Roger Mears finished ninth in the CART standings and was named its most improved driver, but after two more seasons he concluded that the major force behind winning Indy Car raves was money as much as technology or talent, and he figured that struggling for eighth- and ninth-place finishes with a relatively underfinanced team was not for him. It has been full-time off-roading ever since.

The Mears boys have always been close, though poles apart in their approach to racing. Roger was the charger—foot-to-the-floor, tail hung out, going for it 100% of the time. Rick was the analytical one, his car circling a race track lap after lap in the same groove.

ONLY TWO OF THESE RICH, CREAMY TREATS WON'T BLOW YOUR DIET.

If you're not careful, you might mistake our A&W diet drinks for dessert.

That's because diet A&W Root Beer and A&W diet Cream Soda have a rich, satisfying flavor that other diet drinks can't match. And with only one calorie and no caffeine, they make the perfect treat.

So give them a try. You'll find they only taste fattening.

A&W. THERE'S JUST MORE TO IT.

NUTRASWEET BRAND SWEETENER

*NutraSweet and the NutraSweet symbol are registered trademarks of The NutraSweet Company for its brand of sweetening ingredient.

SAVE 25¢
on
1 six-pack
or
1 two-liter
bottle of
A&W diet
Cream Soda
or
diet A&W
Root Beer

70202 904838

Manufacturer's Coupon | Expires June 30, 1990

A&W ®

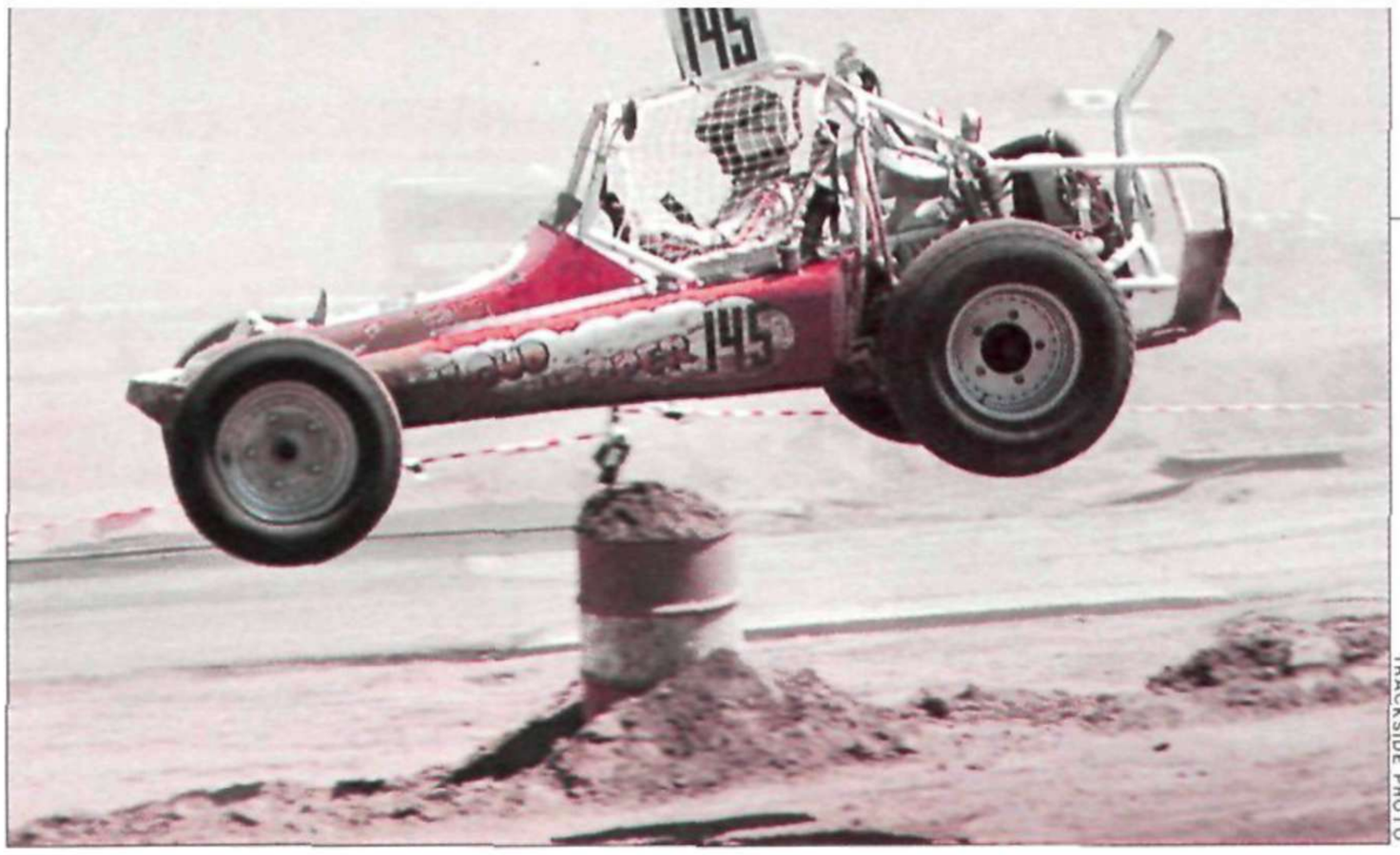
DEALER: You will be paid face value plus 8¢ handling for each coupon redeemed on product(s) indicated. Customer pays applicable sales tax. Coupon VOID if taxed, restricted, or prohibited by law, if redeemed by unauthorized retailers, if assigned, transferred or reproduced, or if invoices covering stock at the rate of redemption are not produced upon request. Failure to comply constitutes FRAUD. Cash value 1/20 of one cent. Send coupons to: A&W Beverages, Inc. PO Box 880565, El Paso, Texas 88588-0565

70202 904846

Cut along solid line to save 25¢

Cut along dotted line to save 55¢

SAVE 55¢
on any
combination of
2 six-packs or
2 two-liter
bottles of
A&W diet
Cream Soda
or
diet A&W
Root Beer



TRACKSIDE PHOTO

PETER BIRO

PETER BIRO

Rough trip: Roger has bounced from single-seaters in the early '70s (top) to pickups in a stadium series (left) to endos in the desert.

"Roger's style is right for off-road racing," says Rick. "He just fits in a stock car, which is a lot like an off-road truck because you can toss it around, and that movement suits him. I spent my whole life trying to get myself to hold it wide open like him, but I just couldn't do it."

Says their father, Bill, who raced the dirt tracks of Kansas in the early '50s, "I've ridden with each of them. Roger is so fast he scares the hell out of me. Rick is just as fast, but he *feels* slow, so I'm comfortable with him. All Roger's life, what he thought was slow, was fast. I've been trying to slow him down ever since he started racing. I used to go out on the edge of the track and throw dirt at him, but Roger would just grin, go into a corner sideways and keep going."

Roger and Rick grew up in the backseat of a '50 Chevy, which Bill Mears and his wife, Skip, used to travel to the races he would run, as far as 1,000 miles a week, to tracks in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. If the Mears boys are the most popular and well-adjusted drivers in racing today, it's because of their upbringing. Says Bill, "Me and Skip made up our mind that everything we done would be together. We never had babysitters, so we took the boys everywhere we went." That included long motorcycle rides, during which Roger would perch on the back of Bill's thundering Matchless, and Rick would be tucked between Skip's knees on her Ariel.

In 1955, when Roger was seven and Rick three, the Mears family moved from Wichita, Kans., to Bakersfield, Calif. "I packed them up and headed west in a '49 Caddy with a trailerhouse on back," Bill says. He bought a backhoe and started a one-man excavating company. As the business grew, so did the boys, and they showed they had inherited their dad's inclination for speed.

Bill built the vehicles and the Mears boys did the driving—first in go-karts, then dune buggies, and by the late '60s Roger was broadsliding his way to checkered flags on the quarter-mile asphalt track at Bakersfield Speedway in a modified '57 Chevy. When, in 1972, at 26, he won the annual Pikes Peak Hill Climb (the first of his three victories there) in a home-built, Volkswagen-engined buggy, the name Roger Mears gained national attention.

But by then, Rick was also racing. The previous season the Mears boys had won 20 of 27 sprint-buggy events at Ascot Park raceway in Gardena, Calif., south of Los Angeles. Rick had edged out his brother for the championship, but Roger was getting the most attention because of his spectacular driving style. The brothers' rivalry never made it past the pit wall. On Saturdays the whole Mears family—which by now included Robin, seven years younger than her brother Rick—would load up the motor home and drive 120 miles from Bakersfield to Ascot. Often a bunch of hometown fans would come along too, and the group became known as the Mears Gang. Today Bill runs the family T-shirt business, while Skip sells "Roger," "Rick" and "Mears Gang" versions of the shirts at races in which one of the boys is driving.

Bill, 61, still operates the backhoe and, when necessary, still lends a hand to help his racing sons. Like the time at the 1981 Indy 500 when Rick's car caught fire during a pit stop. The fuel used in Indy Cars burns without a visible flame, but when Bill saw Rick writhing in pain he grabbed an extinguisher that an excited fireman had dropped and doused his son. Though Rick suffered serious burns on his face, Bill's quick action kept the fire from being fatal. A year earlier, Bill had driven the final half of the Baja 1000 in relief of Roger, who had started the race with mending arms—both had been broken in an end-over-end flip in a midget-car race six weeks earlier. Dad didn't do too badly in Baja. The father-and-son team finished second, in a Jeep Honcho pickup, which allowed Roger to claim his first off-road season championship.

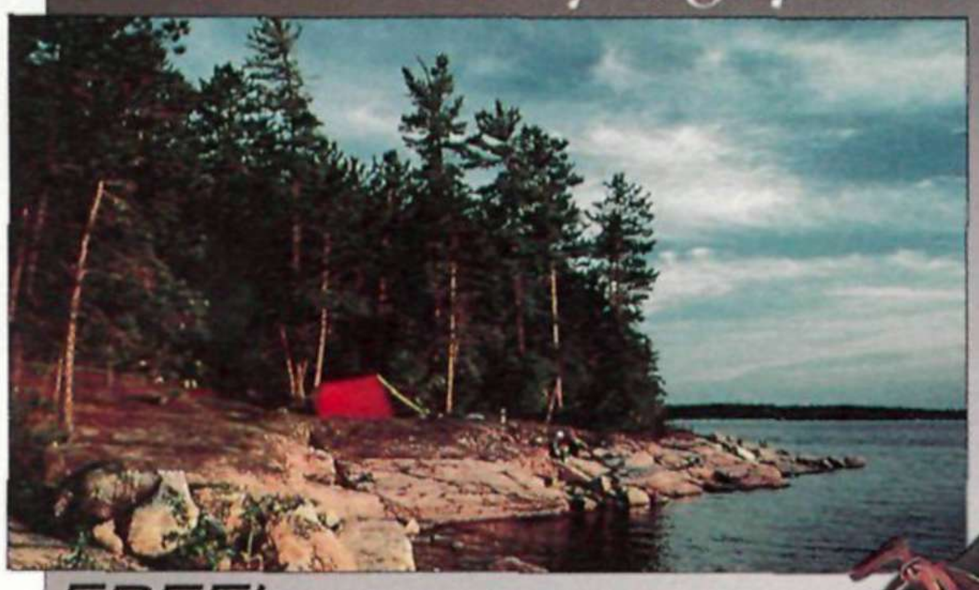
Two years ago, Roger built his own race facility–tire distributorship in Bakersfield. It is situated on five acres and employs 20 people, including Roger and his third wife, Carol, who manages both operations. Out back is a test track, mostly used to develop the smaller Nissan Hardbodys that Roger races in the Mickey Thompson stadium series, which he won in 1985 (he finished fifth in '89). There's big money in that 10-race series, because it fills places like Anaheim Stadium and can be easily covered by television, but racing a truck on a motocross course laid out on a baseball or football field can't compare with the surreal experience of a top-speed, round-the-clock run down Baja.

The Baja 1000 is considered by many to be the most difficult off-road race in the world. To hold expenses down, most years the course is a loop that starts and ends in Ensenada, a town about 60 miles south of the U.S. border, but every four or five years the Baja 1000 is run straight down the peninsula to La Paz, as it was last year. Mears had won the second of his class championships in 1986, which was the last time before this year that it was run straight through. Loop or straight-through, any Baja 1000 includes rocky mountain passes, inferno-like lake beds, knee-deep silt beds, neck-deep mud bogs, impenetrable fog and beaches washed out by high tides.

One person often does all the driving, even if the vehicle is a two-seater. The "codriver" is usually a mechanic who rides shotgun and supplies a body to push when the vehicle gets stuck. For a day and a night, driver and codriver will bounce around as if their bucket seats were bolted to jackhammers; their ears will be assaulted by noise; and their eyes, throats and lungs will be tortured by dust. There's the risk of slamming into wandering livestock—say, a cow or a cactus "monster" (in the middle of the night exhausted drivers frequently hallucinate). And throughout all this is the unrelenting pressure of the race, the need to go faster than anyone else over unfamiliar terrain.

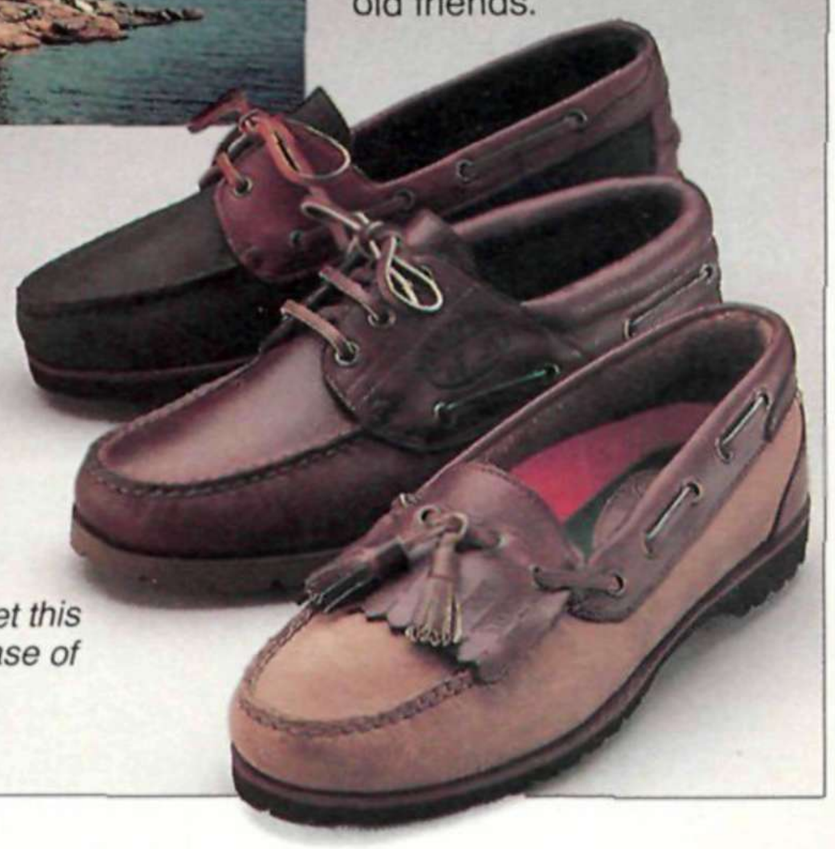
The course is clearly marked, but, Mears says, "a slow curve is marked the same as a fast one, and all the markers are placed about two feet before you go into the turn, or at least they seem that way. The difference between going fast and slow in Baja, as well as staying out

Lake Of The Woods®
When you go your own way.™



Lake Of The Woods® footwear is made for those times when you answer only to yourself. Rich, hand-sewn leathers that are rugged enough for the North woods, yet so comfortable they feel like old friends.

FREE! Travel Bag



Bring this ad to your local retailer and get this $19.95 travel bag FREE with any purchase of Lake Of The Woods footwear.*

*Participating dealers only. While supplies last.

Sports Illustrated Customer Service

100% SATISFACTION

We're shooting for perfection when it comes to servicing our subscribers.

1-800-541-1000

Keep our TOLL-FREE Customer Service Assistance number handy if you need us to:

❑ Change your address ❑ Renew your subscription
❑ Send an SI gift subscription ❑ Report any missing or late issues

or write us:

Sports Illustrated Service Dept.
P.O. Box 60001
Tampa, Florida 33660-0001

IMPORTANT: Include your label with all correspondence.

Sports Illustrated
America's Number One Sports Newsmagazine

S86G

COURTESY THE MEARS GANG

When Bill was doing the racing in 1950, Roger, 3, was just a kid along for the ride.

of trouble, is knowing all 992 miles like the back of your hand."

To that end, teams that have the time and money always prerun the course, which is marked a few weeks before the race. A team maps it out, memorizes the difficult or dangerous sections, plans each pit stop, rehearses refueling strategy and searches for, ahem, shortcuts. The entire course can't be monitored by officials, so discreet detours around the meanest obstacles are considered fair by the racers—if not by the officials. "There are lots of things like silt beds that you *have* to find a route around," says Mears, who preran the course for eight days, with five vehicles and 10 men, before last year's Baja 1000. "I needed 30 days," he says.

A lot of teams go down to Baja and just wing it, finishing the race being enough of a challenge for their egos and their bank accounts. But if you are Nissan and you want to win so you can sell more pickup trucks, you go full tilt. The Mears Gang that assembled in Baja last October consisted of 60 men and two dozen vehicles (including two 18-wheelers and a big box van), plus three airplanes to monitor Roger's progress along the peninsula and to keep in radio contact with his codriver, Tony Alvarez. Seven chase vehicles took turns following Mears's Nissan as it sped down Route 1, leapfrogging to the next of the 12 pit-stop locations. Logistics were directed by pit boss Jerry Mooney, who rode shotgun in a Nissan Pathfinder driven by—this should come as no surprise—Bill Mears.

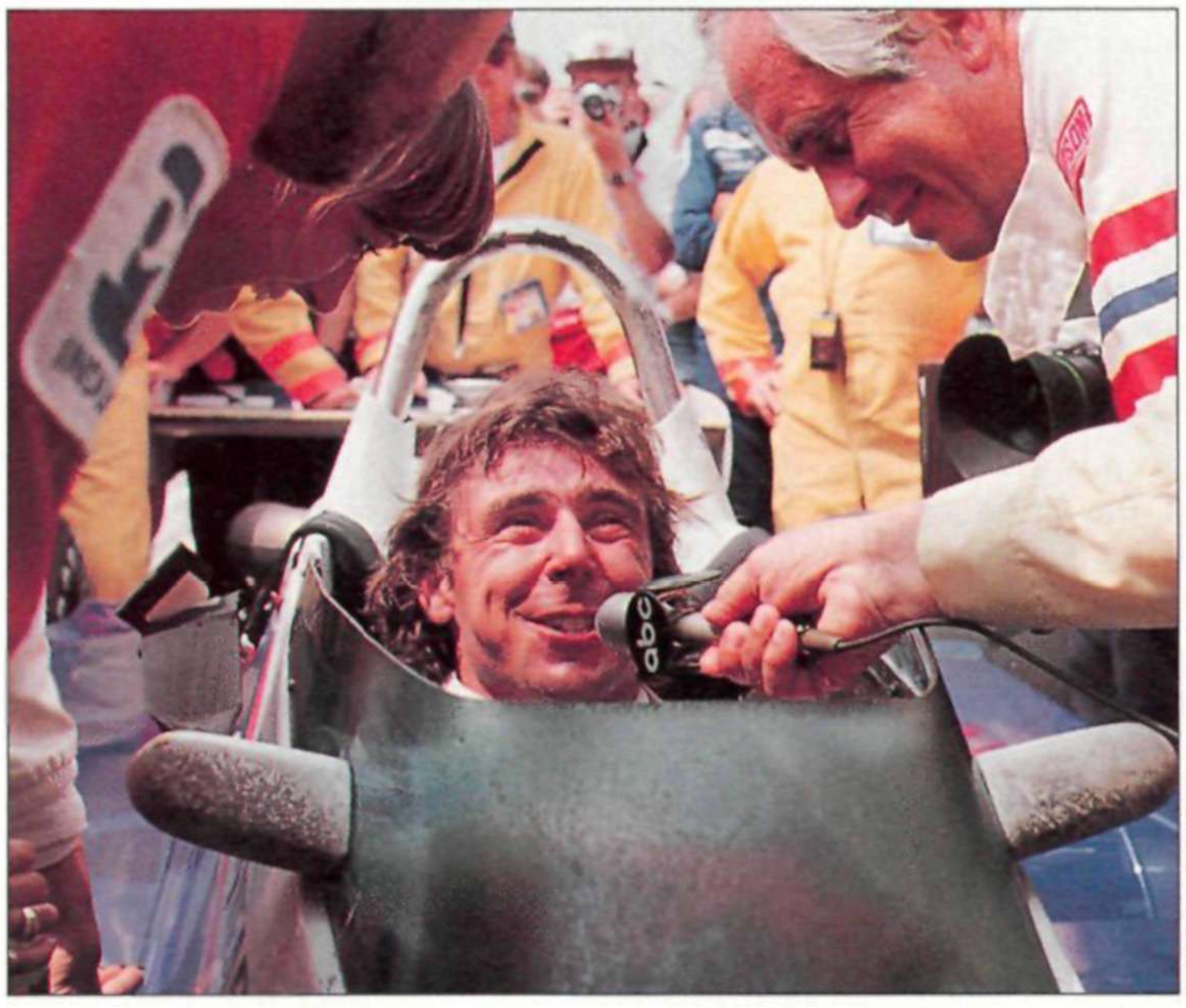
Roger Mears's Hardbody is about as close to the vehicle you see in a Nissan showroom as NASCAR champion Rusty Wallace's Grand Prix is to anything available at your local Pontiac dealership. Basically, Roger Mears Racing handbuilt the truck, including its V-6 engine. The one-of-a-kind vehicle is valued at $200,000 and features a chassis designed by Trevor Harris, the English engineer who created the Nissan GTP, the world's quickest sports car. The two-wheel-drive truck's suspension is worthy of the Golden Gate Bridge's and includes 10 shock absorbers, each the size of a small bazooka.

For the 10:30 start of the 1989 Baja 1000, a bizarre array of vehicles was gridded on the wide boulevard that runs along Ensenada Harbor: "heavy metal" pickup trucks with bellowing V-8 engines; rasping Porsche-powered single-seaters; almost-stock-looking Volkswagen Beetles (Baja Bugs); even a Russian Lada (a wide-eyed Soviet driver at the wheel). Mariachi music played, vendors hawked tamales, and TV helicopters hovered just above the crowd.

But this "start" was only ceremonial. Pressure from local ranchers, who objected to running the course over their property, had caused the starting line to be moved about 40 miles south, so after the ceremonial send-off in Ensenada, the competitors sedately motored down the peninsula for an hour to the real start. Then, at noon and at high speed, the first of 296 entries roared off.

The opening 50 miles were over smooth dirt roads that ran along rolling hills. But then those hills turned into a steep and rocky ascent to Mike's Sky Ranch (elevation: 3,800 feet); that was followed by a plum-

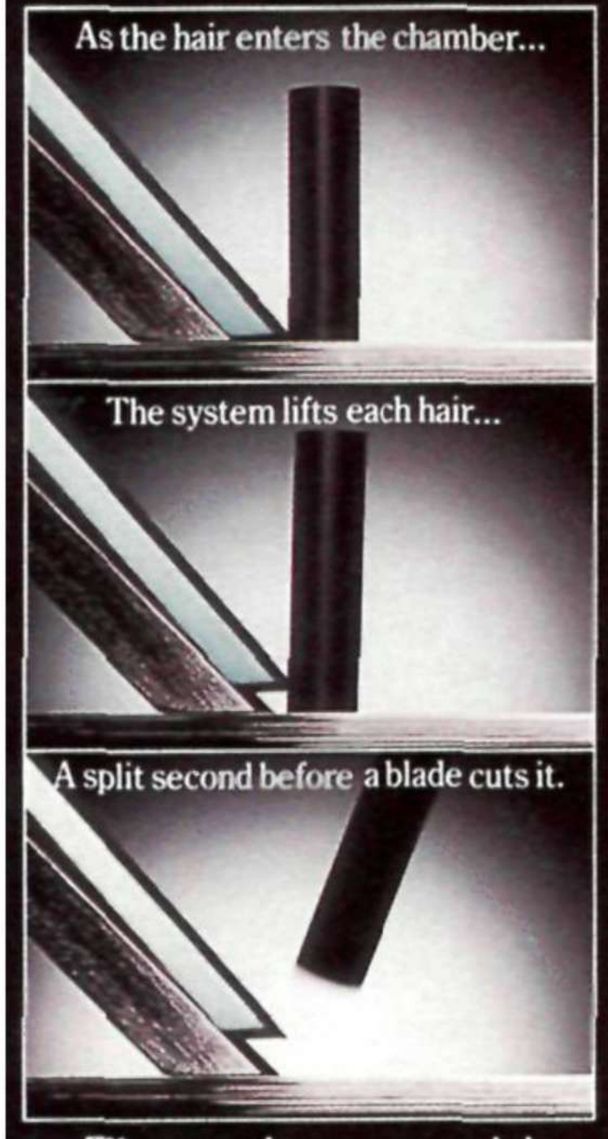
Rick teamed with Penske (right) to win three Indy 500s and most of the Mears cheers.



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

WE MADE CLOSE COMFORTABLE.

Norelco's patented "Lift and Cut™" shaving system *gives you a shave that is skin* close—without the blades even touching your skin.



The continuous precision-cutting action of dozens of lifters and self-sharpening blades—at thousands of *revolutions per minute*—gives you a shave like none other.

The Norelco® Lift and Cut shaver. What makes it close, makes it comfortable.

Norelco®

© 1989 Norelco Consumer Products Company,
A Division of North American Philips Corporation, Stamford, CT 06904

met back to sea level and the town of Camalu, 147 miles from the start, where the racers briefly saw Route 1 again. A crowd of spectators had gathered on the highway, kept under control by a distracted policeman with an air horn, who was also trying to keep local traffic from running into race traffic. Every few minutes a racer would speed out of the fields and up a dirt road, turn onto the highway with a squeal of tires and a cheer from the crowd, then roar off south for a few hundred yards before making a hard right into a miasma of afternoon fog and racing dust.

According to Mears, the 20-mile stretch along the coast, from Camalu to San Quintin, had "six or eight places that would like to collect you." Tragically, it was a child, not a racer, who was "collected." Ten-year-old Lorenzo Lopez, who was watching along a dirt road, suddenly ran into the path of an oncoming racer and was killed.

At San Quintin the course turned away from the coast and began twisting inland for a 100-mile leg into the Sierra San Pedro Mártir mountains, the 10,000-foot-high spine of the Baja peninsula. Night had fallen by the time Mears reached the area, where Alvarez radioed to crew chief Charlie Burton that the Nissan's engine was starving for fuel. Worse, the truck's lights were cutting out. Alvarez remedied the light problem when he discovered that if two of the front beams were shut off, the six remaining lights functioned steadily. And Mears said he could drive around the gas starvation problem.

His overall strategy had to be relatively conservative. Mears's mission in Baja was to clinch the SCORE/HDRA Class 7 championship for Nissan, and to do that he merely needed to finish ahead of Manny Esquerra, the two-time and defending Class 7 champ, who was driving a factory-backed Ford Ranger. Mears and Esquerra had each won three of the season's seven races, but Mears held a 143–141 points lead thanks to better overall finishes. So Mears's pace down Baja was to be determined by his opponent, who started two minutes behind him. Mears would run no faster than was necessary to keep Esquerra literally in his dust.

DAVID STRICK

Roger virtually hand-builds his Nissan racing trucks at his shop in Bakersfield.

They came out of the mountains at the cinder-block farmhouse in Quayquil, and cruised some 80 miles to the other side of the peninsula, to Bahia de Los Angeles, tucked against the windy Sea of Cortés. Much of that distance was traveled on Route 1 where, mingling with ancient semis, Mears's truck could reach its top speed of 105 mph (the Nissan's speed was limited by its rear-end ratio, which was selected for churning through the sand washes, not buzzing down the blacktop).

The sneakiest corner of all lay about 15 miles past Bay of L.A., as the racers call it, and Mears reached the dangerous spot at 9 p.m., about the time a driver's concentration starts to drift off. "It's an uphill, crowned, right-hand corner that goes away on you," says Mears. "You have to know it's there or it will get you, big-time."

Maybe Esquerra forgot about the corner, or maybe it just up and tripped him in the night. When spotted by one of Mears's chase cars, Esquerra and his co-driver, Tudy Esquerra, his cousin, were standing beside a bonfire. The Ranger sat nearby, its left front compressed against an embankment.

When Mears got to the oasislike halfway point of San Ignacio, where his floodlit pit was positioned at the stone doorstep of a Dominican mission, his crew informed him of Esquerra's dilemma. As tires were changed and the Hardbody's vital fluids were topped off, Mears sat behind the wheel, chatting easily, taking bites of a bologna sandwich and swigs of a Coke. Unless he broke down *and* Esquerra got going again, the championship was his.

It was, literally, all downhill from there—though the run on the beach was dodgy because the high tide tried to sweep race vehicles into the sea. Daybreak came just as Mears drove through Villa Insurgentes, where Roger Mears Jr., 25, in a driving suit, stood ready to relieve his father if necessary. If the race with Esquerra had still been tight, the plan was for Junior to sprint the last 150 miles. But Esquerra was gone and Roger Sr. was feeling too good to let go of the wheel. "I don't know what got into me," he said. "Toward the finish I started having fun."

After weaving through morning traffic on the final five miles to La Paz, Mears rolled to the finish in 20 hours, 50 minutes and 23.2 seconds, for an average speed of 47.6 miles an hour, good enough for 10th overall, first in Class 7 and his second SCORE/HDRA season championship. And was Mears ready to collapse? Hardly. Was he tired? Barely, since the race had been so *easy*. He was a bit wobbly-kneed and bleary-eyed, but he's naturally loose anyhow.

Said Bill Mears afterward, "We never *dreamt* that Roger and Rick would get where they are now. We used to work all week to make enough money to go racing on the weekends. Now both boys think it's unbelievable that someone pays them to do it. We weren't planning it, it was a family thing, and we were just enjoying ourselves." ■

If peer pressure has kept you from getting a Saab, get new peers.

Too bad you're a grown-up. Who'll tell you to stop doing something dumb when everybody else does it?

Please let us: "Just because *your friends throw away* money to strike a pose in a car, it doesn't mean you should."

There. Now you're free to get the best performance, handling and safety your money can buy, with absolutely no fear of getting beat up on by your buddies. Get yourself a Saab.

The turbocharged Saab 9000 CD shown here, for example, is quicker than most European cars near its *price ($32,995*) and many* cars far costlier. (Saabs are intelligently priced from $16,995 to $32,995.) The gang will be genuinely irritated to learn this.

Saabs handle with the best Europe has to offer. But front-wheel drive helps them do this in bad weather as well as good. This will irk your neighbors, when you make tracks while they make ruts.

Saabs are very safe cars. For five years running they've *ranked best in their class,* according to the Highway Loss Data Institute. Better than that other Swedish car. This shocks everybody.

The 9000 CD (and all 1990 Saabs) comes with driver's air bag, ABS brakes and new Roadside Assistance Program, standard. It also comes with incredible roominess. Which will amaze your cronies who ride in it.

Test drive a Saab soon. Take one home and irritate, *irk, shock and amaze your* peers. But who cares?

We've been doing that for years. And we're not the least bit sorry.

The most intelligent cars ever built.

*MSRP, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Prices subject to change.

SAAB

A MAN AND HIS

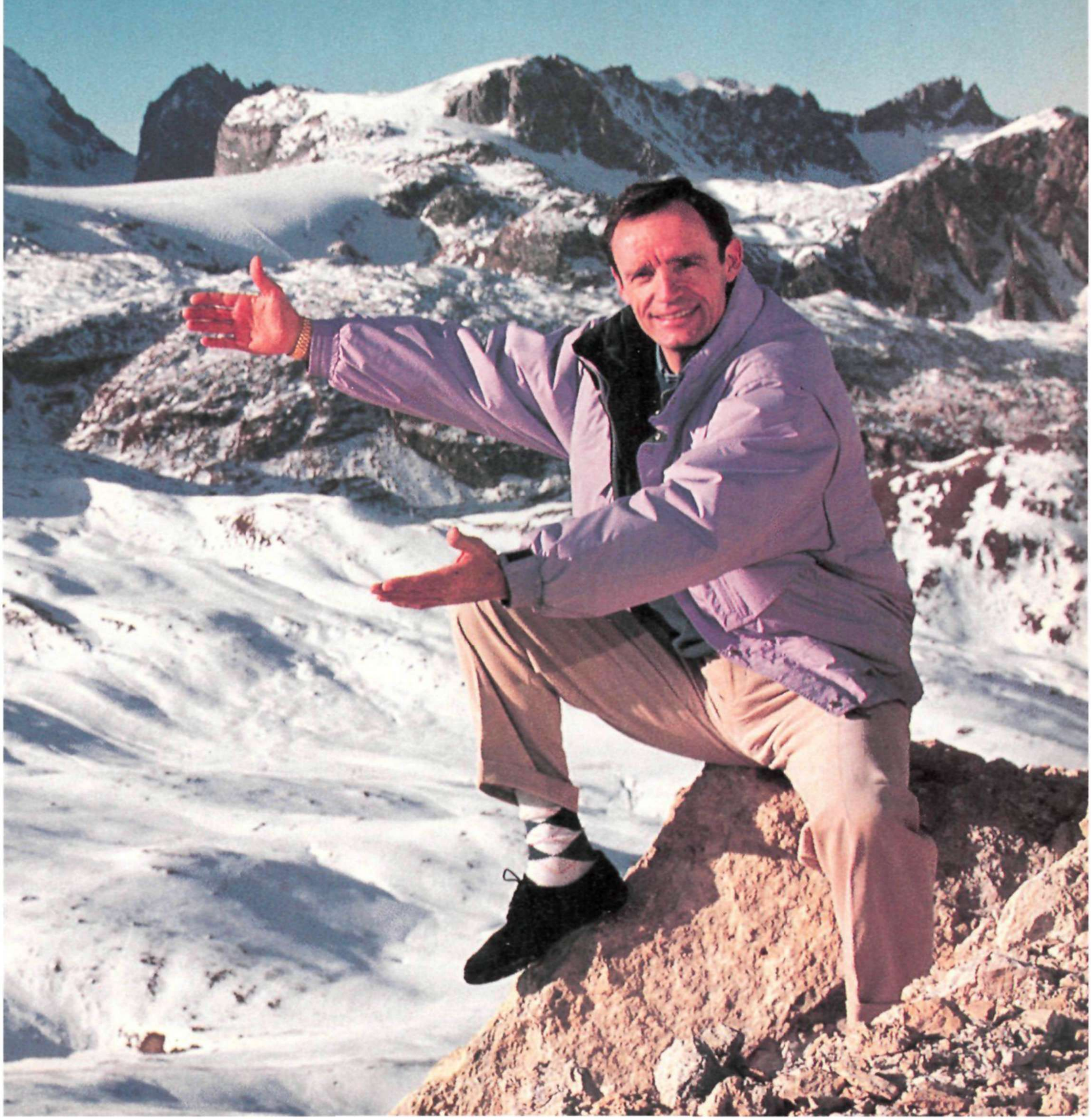
JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY, FRANCE'S TRIPLE GOLD MEDALIST AT THE GRENOBLE OLYMPICS OF 1968, HAS EMPLOYED GALLIC CHARM, SAVOYARD CANNINESS AND THE FULL WEIGHT OF HIS STATUS AS A NATIONAL HERO TO BRING THE WINTER GAMES OF 1992 HOME TO THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF HIS YOUTH

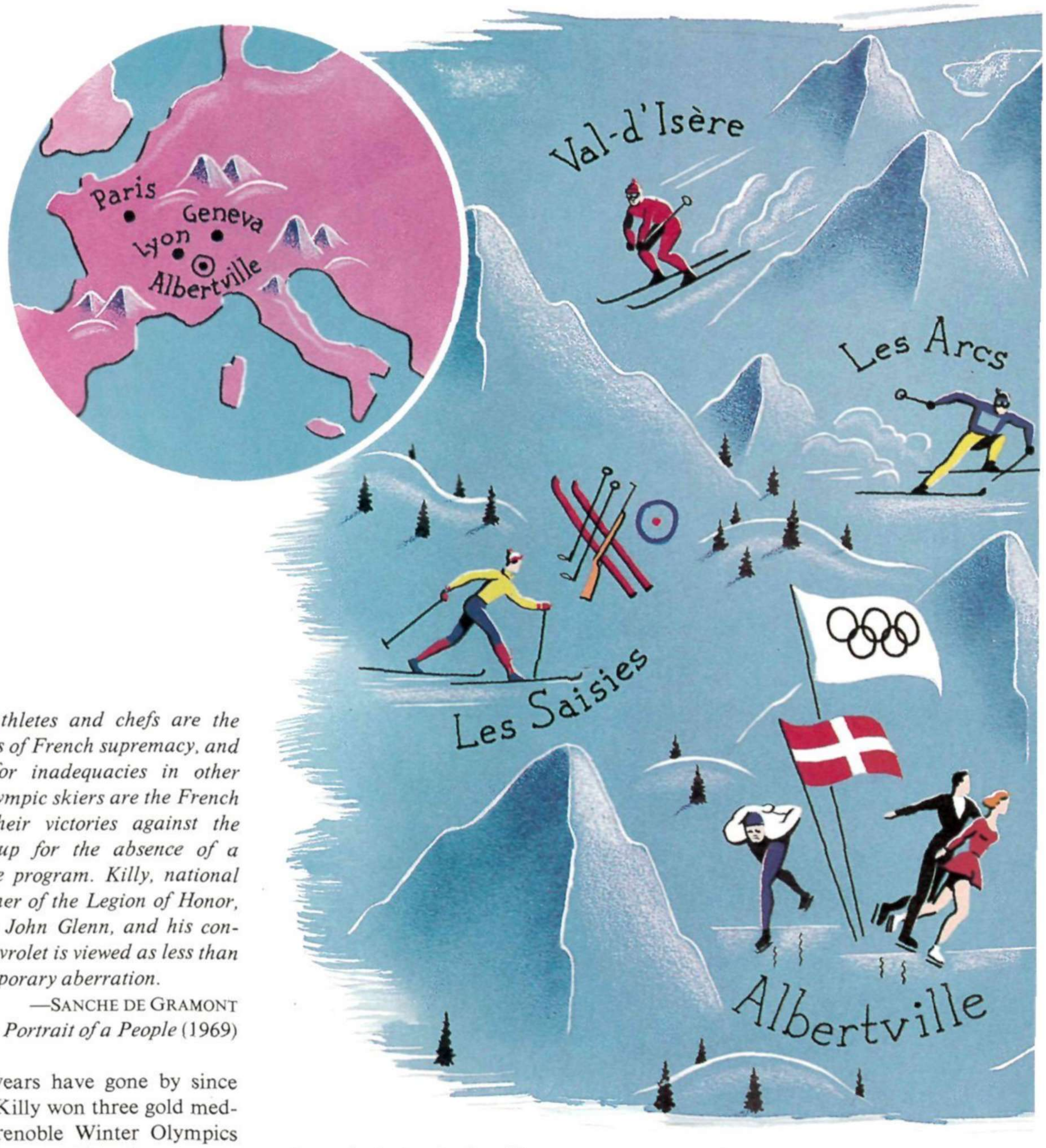
HEINZ KLUETMEIER

KINGDOM

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

ALBERTVILLE 92





Athletes and chefs are the last emissaries of French supremacy, and compensate for inadequacies in other fields. The Olympic skiers are the French astronauts; their victories against the clock make up for the absence of a manned space program. Killy, national hero and winner of the Legion of Honor, is the French John Glenn, and his contract with Chevrolet is viewed as less than treason, a temporary aberration.

—SANCHE DE GRAMONT
The French: Portrait of a People (1969)

Twenty-two years have gone by since Jean-Claude Killy won three gold medals at the Grenoble Winter Olympics and launched a post-Olympic career as stand-in astronaut, global sex symbol, boy millionaire, tabloid idol and TV huckster of everything from champagne to Chevrolets. Yet even today, if you were to speak the single word "Killy" on just about any street corner on earth, someone in earshot would know who he is. Or, more likely, who he *was*.

Because what this most glamorous of all downhill racers has become in the third decade of his fame is more than even the most devoted of his old fans could have predicted. Killy at 46 is no longer an athlete (and he never claimed to be a chef), but he is still a national hero and, in the eyes of his compatriots he is living, breathing proof of French supremacy. Killy is copresident of something called COJO, which is shorthand for Le Comité d'Organisation des Jeux Olympiques, meaning the organizing committee for the 1992 Winter Olympics, which will be held in the region of the French Alps called the Savoie.

Copresident sounds ineffectual and ceremonial, like a title for a lightweight. But in this case it is not. Killy is no Dan Quayle. Nor is he simply a portable superstar who is rolled in for pep talks and sales pitches, though he does those, too, and nicely, thank you very much. Killy in his new career is, essentially, the boss of all he surveys, and his domain is only slightly less complex—and slightly less costly—than a manned space program.

The International Olympic Committee awarded the XVI Winter Olympics to a theretofore little-known French town called Albertville in the fall of 1986. Albertville will serve as the nominal capital of a vast Olympic playground, which will cover 1,000 square miles of mind-boggling mountain beauty and heart-stopping mountain roads.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS MACDONALD

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

THE ALBERTVILLE GAMES WILL, IN FACT, BE SCATTERED AMONG 13 VENUES IN THE SAVOIE REGION OF SOUTHEAST FRANCE. KILLY (RIGHT) NEEDS A HELICOPTER IN ORDER TO SURVEY HIS SPRAWLING ALPINE KINGDOM

The Games will be scattered among a collection of 13 villages and venues in the Tarentaise Valley between Albertville in the lower flatland and Val-d'Isère high in the mountains, just below the Italian border. The price tag for this sprawling Olympic venture is $690 million, the logistical challenges are daunting, and success is by no means guaranteed. However, if Killy and his 170 COJO colleagues can pull it off, the average Frenchman's belief in his nation's innate superiority may once again reach the insufferable heights of the de Gaulle era.

The Killy of today bears little resemblance to the spirited daredevil who once dropped his pants in midair while executing an exhibition jump in front of hundreds of spectators in Wengen, Switzerland. One of his most trusted confidants is Jacques Chirac, former prime minister of France and the mayor of Paris. Killy is on a first-name basis with dozens of the world's mightiest corporate executives and is a sometime dinner companion of the likes of François Mitterrand, the president of France.

Of all the powerful and influential people Killy has dealt with as copresident of COJO, the person he is closest to and admires the most is Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain, the shrewd former diplomat who is the increasingly imperious president of the IOC. Indeed, a number of Killy watchers, notably the sports-marketing genius Mark McCormack of International Management Group (IMG), believe that after Albertville the logical next step in Killy's career is the presidency of the IOC.

Watching the new Killy shining with Samaranchian polish, one can forget that inside the smooth cosmopolite lives a wild and wily mountain boy, a clever little truant who would flee school to go skiing or to hunt chamois in the farthest reaches of the Savoie, where blizzards sometimes lasted for six days and the winter wind blew so hard that it was known as *la Tempête Verte* ("the wind that spins evergreens"). But it is the canny mountain Savoyard on the inside who made it possible for the Olympic

power broker on the outside to form a working coalition out of big business, big politics and the small-town mentality of suspicious Savoyards. "We are moving on a much higher plane of action than they are used to," says Killy. "It made the Savoie nervous, when it all began. The Savoyards were concerned that the big boys might take away their Olympics. I think they are not concerned anymore."

The Savoie is a historical and political aberration, a perpetually turbulent territory that did not become a permanent part of France until 1860. Before that it drifted between French and Italian rule for several centuries under the aegis of the House of Savoy and its various lunatic dukes. Roughly speaking, the Savoie Alps are the area between Lake Geneva to the north, the Rhône River to the west and the Arc and Isère river valleys to the south, with Italy lying to the east just across the crest of the Col de l'Iseran, which looms above Val-d'Isère, Killy's home village.

From the Middle Ages until 60 years or so ago, Val, as the village is called, was a pocket of poverty and low expectations, occupied mainly by shepherds and woodcutters. Early in the 20th century, life became so mean that even these tough-minded survivors began abandoning the place for menial jobs in Paris. By the early 1930s the population of Val had fallen to 112. Then, a skier named Charles Diebold, an Alsatian who had been a ski trooper during World War I, arrived, opened a ski school and—lo—Val-d'Isère found new life as a ski resort.

In 1945, one Robert Killy, also a native of Alsace and a World War II Spitfire pilot for the Free French, brought his wife, Madeleine, daughter, France, 4, and son, Jean-Claude, 2, to the village and opened a small ski shop. Robert later built a 17-room inn called La Bergérie. The natives called the Killys "Chinese," their term for anyone not born in the village. To this day Killy,

Raised in the mountains from the age of two, Killy felt he couldn't breathe when he was shut up in a valley schoolroom.

Val's most famous citizen and No. 1 tourist attraction, is considered Chinese because he was born in the Paris suburb of Saint-Cloud.

Outsider or not, Jean-Claude held his own with the mountain-born boys—particularly when it came to skiing. Two of his fondest childhood memories are of schussing down steep, snow-covered Val-d'Isère rooftops into soft snowbanks and of speeding down a mountain pursued by a priest on skis, robes flapping, because he had cut catechism class.

Killy's life has been marked by extremes—at one moment blessed with great luck and then suddenly devastated by tragic events. The pattern emerged early. His brother, Mic, who was born in 1950, was a bright and scrappy tyke who grew up to be a good painter, a superb powder skier and Jean-Claude's closest pal. But soon after Mic's birth, Madeleine abandoned her family and went off to live with another man in the southern Alps. The loss was searing. "I have no explanation for what happened," says Killy. "We never really established a relationship after she left. It was very painful to find yourself at seven or eight, a little boy by himself."

Robert did his best to care for his three children, but they were mostly on their own after Madeleine left. Jean-Claude was sent to boarding school in Chambéry, 80 miles down the valley, but he despised being shut up in a classroom. "It was a matter of physical suffering," he says. "I couldn't breathe; I suffocated inside school. I was always called by the outdoors."

Jean-Claude often cut classes. He would hitchhike back up the valley to Val-d'Isère, where he would spend all the time he could on the mountain, skiing or hunting. His father remarried in 1957, and the second wife, Renée, was a warm and loving stepmother. Even so, Jean-Claude continued to play the recalcitrant truant, and when he was 15, his father realized that school was a lost cause and let him drop out.

As a boy Killy won lots of local prizes for skiing, and at 16 he was chosen for the French national junior team. But the pattern of bad following good was always with him. At 14, he was selected for an important international junior competition in Cortina, Italy, but when he got there, he broke his leg in the downhill. At 16, he swept the national junior championships, winning the slalom, giant slalom, downhill and combined gold medals. But later the same year a borrowed car he was driving, a convertible, skidded and overturned on an icy road in Morzine, France, and his best friend, who was riding in the passenger seat, was crushed under the car.

ELEGANTLY DRY
SMIRNOFF SILVER PRIVATE RESERVE® VODKA 45.2% Alc. by Vol. (90.4 proof), distilled from grain
© 1990 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.
PRIVATE RESERVE
Purveyors to the
Imperial Russian Court 1886-1917
SMIRNOFF
SILVER
PRIVATE RESERVE
An exceptionally dry vodka
from the original
Russian formula prepared by
Pierre Smirnoff
VODKA
DISTILLED FROM PREMIUM GRAIN
DISTILLED BY STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS
SMIRNOFF SILVER
THE REIGNING DRY.

JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

A giant slalom victory gave Killy the second of his three golds in '68.

Jean-Claude, who had no driver's license, was not hurt.

Despite such jarring experiences, he never lost his intensity about skiing. Even in his early teens, he brought to the sport a hard-headed, quasi-professional attitude that set him apart from many of his easygoing peers. "I always believed that skiing was something serious, that it was a way of living a whole life," says Killy. "Others didn't. They used it only as a form of play. One of our group, Gérard was his name, was always the best, always ahead of me. But he never really believed in his skiing, never thought it could actually form your life. He went down in the valley somewhere and began driving a truck."

For a young man who saw ski racing as a serious calling, Killy took a decidedly crazy approach to the sport. "I was mad when I was young, and I took many chances," he says. "Many times I didn't come in first." Many times he didn't come in at all.

Honoré Bonnet, now 70 and a member of Killy's COJO staff, coached France's fantastic ski teams of the 1960s. Sometimes as many as eight or nine French skiers would finish among the top 15 of a race, and at the 1966 world championships, in Portillo, Chile, French men and women won 16 of the 24 medals. Killy won two of the events—the downhill and the combined—but Bonnet's recollection of Killy's years preceding that triumph is of a young man in a perpetual free-fall.

"I took him on the team in 1960–61, and he never finished a race," says Bonnet. "He'd be ahead by two seconds halfway down, but he'd fall. I encouraged him. I told him that I selected people not by their finish but by their performance in the gates on the way down. I reminded him that, of course, if he wished ever to win he would have to arrange to also finish. But at the time I believed this young man had everything. Eventually I was proved right."

In December 1961, Killy won his first international race, a giant slalom. That victory was especially sweet because the event took place in Val-d'Isère and because he had started 39th, a position that should have been a severe disadvantage. He was 18.

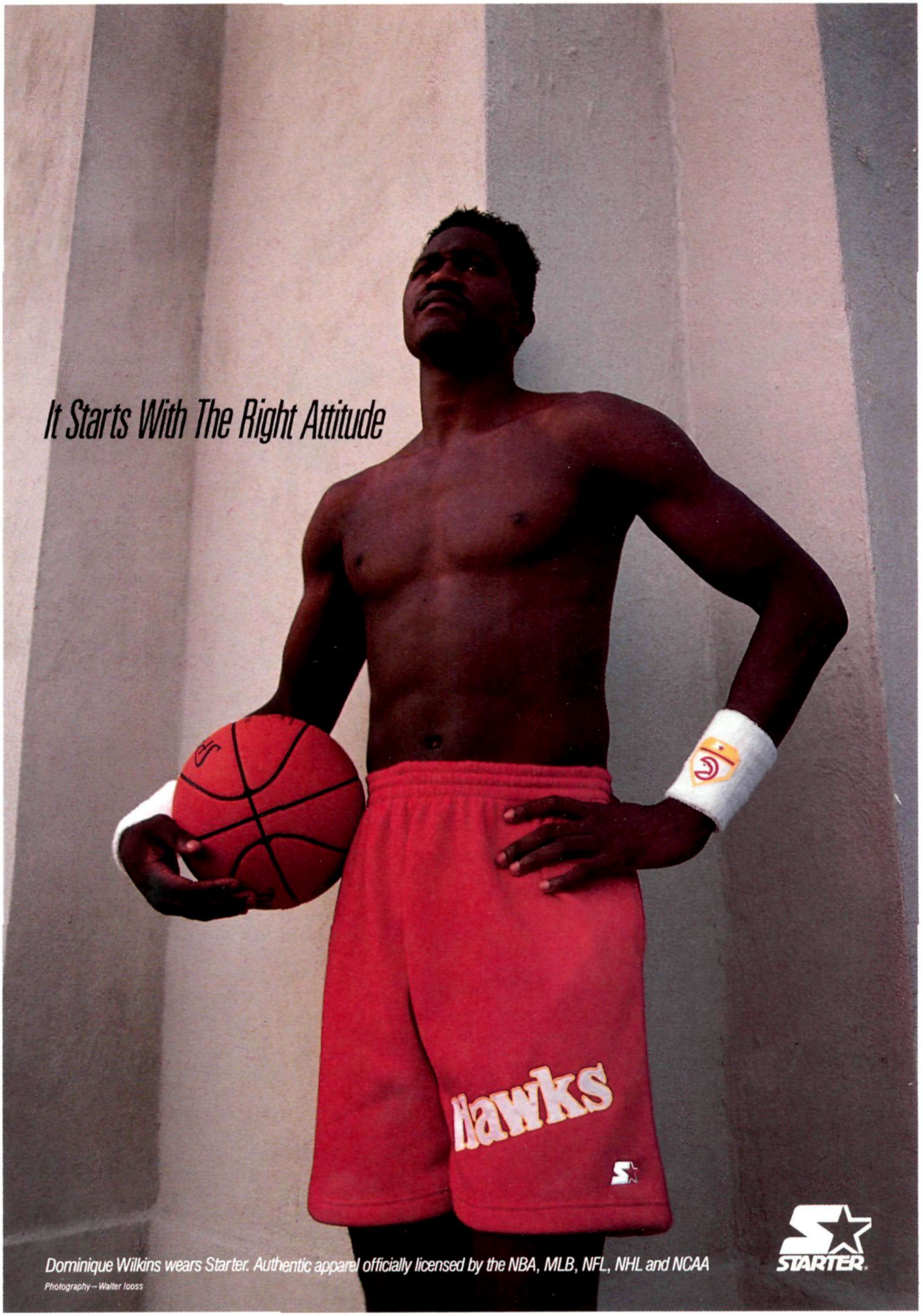
Bonnet decided to pick Killy for the GS in the 1962 world championships in Chamonix, 50 miles away in the shadow of Mont Blanc. It would be, he felt, a great French debut for this great French teenager. But Killy, who didn't yet know he had been selected, was still attempting to qualify for the downhill. In Cortina, only three weeks before the worlds were to begin, he raced a downhill in his typical hell-bent style. Two hundred yards from the finish he hit a bit of ice in a compression and went down in a windmilling heap. He rose immediately and crossed the finish line on one ski with the best clocking of the day. His other leg was broken, and he watched the world championships on crutches.

At the 1964 Olympics in Innsbruck, the promising young racer was entered in all three of the men's events because, he says, "Bonnet wanted to prepare me for the 1968 Games." But Killy was plagued by recurrences of amebic dysentery and hepatitis, ailments that he had contracted in 1962 during a summer of compulsory service with the French army in Algeria, and his Olympic form was off. He fell ignominiously a few yards after the start of the downhill, lost a binding in the special slalom and finished fifth in the GS, in which he had been the heavy favorite.

Two years passed before Killy put together a string of victories that was not blighted by something bad or tragic. In August 1966, he won the downhill—his first victory in that event against an international field—at the world championships in Portillo. He faltered in his best events, the slalom and the GS, because his Algerian stomach troubles returned, but the gold medals in the downhill and the combined were portents of future successes. In the 1966–67 season he was nearly invincible. Killy won 23 of 30 races, including all five World Cup downhills.

In July 1967, Killy met McCormack for the first time. The introduction was engineered by cartoonist Hank Ketcham, the creator of *Dennis the Menace*, an IMG client who lived in Geneva. McCormack remembers well the first dinner he and Killy had together. "He ordered a glass of wine, and I made some crack about how he was breaking training," says McCormack. "He sipped from his glass and said, 'Would you rather I drank milk and skied like an American?' "

Even though the Grenoble Olympics were only seven months away and excitement was growing over what this fabulous Frenchman might do in a French Games, Killy was actually thinking about retiring. Says Killy, "I had had such a great season in '67 that I asked Mark, 'Shouldn't I retire now? My value is very large, and what if I lose at Grenoble?' Mark said immediately, 'Whether you lose or win in the Olym-


It Starts With The Right Attitude
Hawks
Dominique Wilkins wears Starter. Authentic apparel officially licensed by the NBA, MLB, NFL, NHL and NCAA
STARTER
Photography -- Walter Iooss

pics doesn't matter. The Games are so big that you will get publicity you can't get any other way.' "

Early in the 1967–68 season, McCormack's advice wasn't looking very good. Killy was skiing as if he had indeed switched to milk. In the six World Cup races leading up to the Games, he won only one. He suffered from bad skis, bad boots and a bad stomach.

The downhill was the first of Killy's events in Grenoble. Wind pounded up the mountain and starts were delayed. He took what should have been a routine warmup run down the side of the course on his racing skis. He realized too late that he had skied on abrasive, sandpaperlike ice, which had ground almost all the wax off his skis. He couldn't replace it at the top of the windswept mountain, because wax has to be applied hot while the skis are at room temperature. Killy was starting No. 14. As he waited, he swaggered about, putting on an arrogant act for his rivals, but when they were out of earshot, he whispered to his friend and ski technician Michel Arpin, "It is lost."

"I knew the wax was almost all gone," says Killy now, "and I decided I might as well ski as if all hope was gone, too." He sprang out of the gate using the catapult leap start that he had invented and that only he had mastered, a start which at times gave him as much as a half-second advantage over racers who used the conventional starting style.

"My start was tremendous, and I took every risk I could find on the course," says Killy. "I also had a little secret I knew about the finish line. Early in the practice runs, I had realized that if I cut a sharp line just at the pole on the right, I could actually gain a couple of meters. I had never taken this line during practice, because I didn't want anyone to know about it."

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Jean-Claude and his relatives gather outside one of their three ski shops in Val-d'Isère.

At the first interval Killy had the best time by far, but then the micro film of wax remaining on his skis wore off, and as Bonnet recalls, "He was losing speed, losing speed with every meter he raced. He was slowing the whole last half of the course. If he had had to go another two meters, he could not have won."

But Killy used his secret shortcut and won by a scant .08 of a second over his teammate Guy Périllat. Next, Killy easily won the GS, and the following weekend he pulled out the gold in an infamous slalom race that was marred by dense fog and long arguments about who—if anyone—missed gates in the soup.

Thus the myth—and the millionaire—were born. He was 24.

They have named it l'Espace Killy, the massive region of mixed skiing terrain that looms above Val-d'Isère and Tignes, its neighboring village. L'Espace Killy is where the men's alpine events, except for the special slalom, will be held at the '92 Olympics. The downhill course, designed by former Swiss racer Bernhard Russi, is a daredevil's masterpiece, a steep and tortuous brute that stood out in the early snowless weeks of winter as a wild, fresh scar against the brown rocks and soil.

Killy dipped his helicopter low over l'Espace Killy so the joys and terrors of Russi's creation could be more clearly seen. Then he pulled the chopper up to eye level with the highest nearby peaks and set a course for the rest of his Olympic domain. It was breathtaking stuff, a mountain kingdom stretching as far as the eye could see, with the ancient crown of Mont Blanc ruling over all of it. Killy used a delicate touch of fingers and feet to pilot his craft over each of the widely spread—and widely different—villages and venues.

He spoke easily over the purr of the copter: "There is Tignes, where the freestyle skiing will be. It was Val-d'Isère's fierce rival for 200 years, but when they built the new dam you see there, they simply let the water cover up and drown the old village, and they built everything new. . . . There is Les Arcs, where the speed-skiing demonstrations will be. It was built from scratch only 20 years ago. . . . And there is Courchevel, where the ski jumps are. It is the St. Moritz of the Savoie. The IOC will stay at the Byblos Hotel, which some people think is the best in the mountains. . . . There is La Plagne and the bob-luge course. . . . And there is Moutiers, where the press center will be. It has been a busy old town since the time of the Crusades. . . . There is Les Saisies with the cross-country ski track cut in a clearing in the trees in the form of the five Olympic rings."

After an hour in the air, he headed back up the Tarentaise Valley. Val-d'Isère soon came into sight, a not terribly attractive collection of tacky new and cozy old architecture lying at the base of magnificent l'Espace Killy. Killy looked down at his village and smiled.

"You know," he said, "if I had had my way after the 1968 Olympic season, I would never have left this place. I really was a shy boy of the Savoie. In our world of skiing in those days, when you retired, you didn't go out and get rich. You went home and taught skiing or opened a shop. I wanted to go home to Val-d'Isère, and I talked to the mayor about becoming a paid representative of the office of tourism. I asked for maybe $1,000 a month, but he said it was far too much money and that there was no opening for me. Then my life took care of itself."

The shy boy of the Savoie signed a contract with McCormack's firm in May 1968, and the big money began pouring in. Said Killy, "When I signed with Mark, I had told him that there were two things I didn't like: traveling and meeting strangers at cocktail parties. He said, 'No problem.' " Killy laughed. Since then, he figures, he has visited 55 countries, including the U.S. about 200 times and Japan 25 times. As for meeting strangers, only a candidate for the American presidency has pressed more unknown flesh than Killy.

He dabbled in car racing, cut many commercials, returned at age 29 for a season as a professional ski racer in the U.S. (he finished first on the circuit) and made two TV series—*The Killy Style*, a 13-week series in which he introduced a different ski resort each week, and *The Killy Challenge*, in which he raced with a handicap against former champions and celebrities. For a while Moët Chandon paid him handsomely merely to have a bottle of its champagne on his table wherever he went.

In 1977, Killy terminated his exclusive contract with McCormack and started a ski-wear manufacturing company, Veleda S.A., in Paris. It became one of Europe's biggest, grossing $35 million in 1987, but two warm winters in a row have cut its revenues sharply. He also owns three thriving ski shops in Val-d'Isère with his father and brother.

Killy has lived for 20 years in the low-tax environs of Geneva, and some millionaire-watchers estimate that his fortune is in a class with that of Bjorn Borg, another McCormack client. Killy himself admits to $20 million. McCormack says, "Jean-Claude is frugal. He's a great learner and he has learned to handle his money well. He's very wise."

Despite his rugged good looks, Killy was wise enough to realize that he was not cut out to be a movie star. He made only one feature film, a 1972 stinker called *Snow Job*. TIME headlined its review UPHILL RACER and savaged Killy's performance: "Waxing romantic or working out plans for an elaborate robbery, Jean-Claude always manages to sound as if he were making a half-hearted pitch for Chap Stick."

His costar was a beautiful blonde actress, Danièle Gaubert, who could scarcely ski but who was well known to movie reviewers and Parisian gossip columnists. She had appeared in 17 films, many of them, like *Camille 2000* and *Les Regates de San Francisco*, well received. She had been married to Rhadames Trujillo, the super-rich, evil-tempered son of the Dominican dictator. Published rumor, denied by Gaubert, had it that Trujillo kept her a virtual prisoner on his farm in rural France, forbidding her to see people or to make films. They were divorced in 1968, and not long afterward Gaubert and Killy met and became inseparable. They married secretly in the Haute Savoie village of Archamps on Nov. 2, 1973, amid unfounded rumors that they had delayed the nuptials because Killy's contract with McCormack required him to remain a bachelor until Jan. 1, 1974.

Gaubert and Killy had a daughter, Emilie, now 19, and Killy adopted Gaubert's two children from her marriage to Trujillo, Maria-Danièle, 24, and Rhadames, 23. Killy is fiercely protective of his private life, but his years with Danièle before she died of cancer in 1987 were plainly full of love and joy. "She was the love of my life, the girl of my life for 20 years," he says. "I was going to retire with my wife and live forever, well organized and with enough money, forever. That did not happen, but it is not all bad. Everything has changed without her, but not only in negative ways. Some things are positive, some things I understand better. We are not here for long. There are five, six billions on the earth, and none of us are here for long. My excitement, my commitment, now comes from the occupation of the moment. Only the moment."

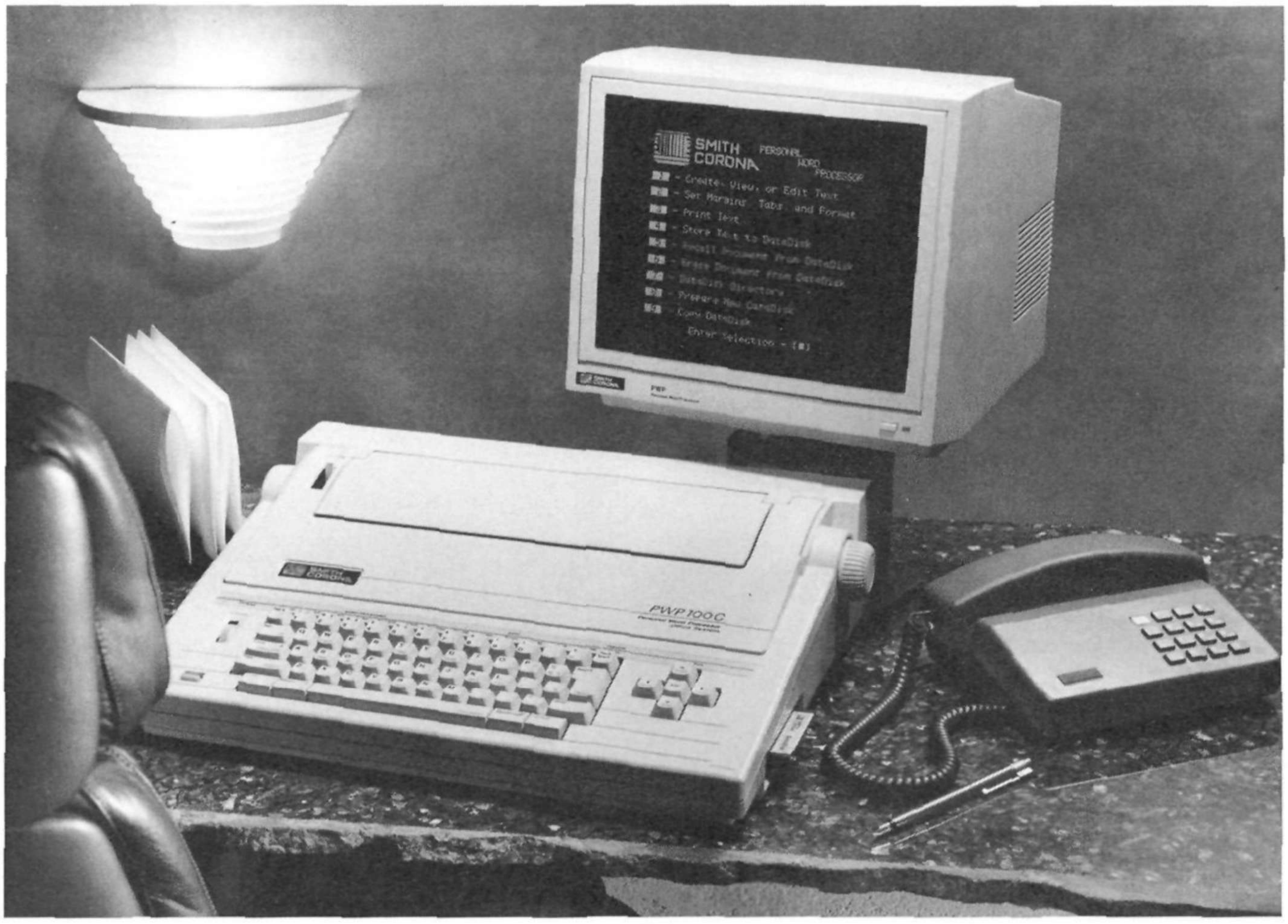
ALAIN DEJEAN/SYGMA

Danièle and Jean-Claude made one movie together, "Snow Job."

It was a long time ago, in November 1981, to be exact, that Killy first heard of the great Olympic project that would occupy so many of his moments over the next decade. Word came from a Savoie politician named Michel Barnier, a Gaullist whiz kid who had been elected to the national parliament at the tender age of 27. Barnier had grown up in Grenoble and had been a 17-year-old face in the crowd at the finish line when Killy performed his Olympic heroics there. The two met in 1972, when Barnier, at age 22, was about to become the youngest man ever elected to the Savoyard parliament.

Barnier is still a member of the National Assembly as well as copresident with Killy of COJO. He was instrumental in the genesis of the Albertville bid. "I had been representing the Savoie for

We're spending a lot more time in the office lately.



Nine to five. Late nights. Weekends. Whenever there's work to be done, Smith Corona is there, because today Smith Corona means business.

We have an advanced line of easy-to-use office products that are perfect for any size business. Take the PWP 100C. It's a fully-featured word processor with 50,000 characters of internal memory, a built-in disk drive, an adjustable 24 line by 80 character screen and the option of the CoronaCalc™ Spread Sheet program.

Or choose the versatile PWP 5000. It offers the convenience of a detachable keyboard, in addition to all of its other state-of-the-art features.

The XD 7600 is truly remarkable. It's not only a sophisticated typewriter, it also has cursor keys and therefore true word processing capabilities.

The Smith Corona line of office products. They work long hours, do a great job and never ask for a raise.

SMITH CORONA®
TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY AT YOUR TOUCH™

For more information on these products, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada, 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.

several years, and I was well aware that it was the worst-managed region in all of France," says Barnier. "No planning had been done for 30 years. There had been 250,000 hotel beds added to the region in that time without a thought given to the necessity for building better roads and railroads to get people into those beds. I came to the conclusion that the biggest problem in the Savoie was to catch up on this delay in new roads, and that was the number one reason for beginning our Olympic bid."

Conceived in a bed of cold political pragmatism, the bid needed to be swaddled in some credible idealism to give it warmth. Barnier appealed to Killy, and together the two of them sold the concept to the fractious Savoyards as a crusade that would both galvanize and unite them. "We realized the Olympics were not an ordinary, banal undertaking," says Barnier. "Jean-Claude and I saw them as something magic that could bring fame to the Savoie."

Barnier committed part of his staff, funds and office to the Olympic campaign. Together he and Killy raised $100,000, and in December 1981 held their first press conference to announce that Albertville, a town with no ski area and no special winter tourist attractions, would bid for the '92 Games. Why Albertville? It was a crafty Savoyard solution. The IOC insists that each Olympics be hosted by an individual city instead of by a region or nation. Barnier, the politician, and Killy, the Samaranchian diplomat, chose drab, workaday Albertville as the front city because it is *not* a winter resort and thus wouldn't be perceived as competition by the other villages and resorts in the valley.

Killy, Barnier and a handful of early supporters next turned into global traveling salesmen for Albertville. "We decided that one of our group would visit every member of the IOC in his home at least once and at some international meeting at least once," says Killy. "There were 91 IOC members in 46 countries. I saw 50 people at home in 35 countries myself. We were so inexperienced and shy at first, we thought 'lobbying' meant hanging around hotel lobbies and leaping out from behind the potted palms to talk to people. We knew nobody, then we got to know them by their first names, then we got to know their whole families by their first names."

One of the early Albertville traveling emissaries was François Lépine, now a chief administrator for Valence in the Rhône Valley. "The thing that made it easier for us was that, no matter where we went, they knew Killy," says Lépine. "In Togo, in Thailand, in Kuwait, in Bulgaria, they always knew Killy."

The Albertville boys improved their sales talk, printed sophisticated brochures and made a couple of lovely films to sell the Savoie. However, in June 1984, they were dealt what seemed a terrible blow: Paris announced it was launching a bid for the 1992 Summer Olympics. If it succeeded, Albertville's bid would be dead, because since 1936 the IOC has declined to hold the Winter Games and the Summer Games in the same country. From the start, the Paris campaign was polished and powerful, led by none other than Chirac, who was then the prime minister of France.

"We thought that was the end of us," says Killy. "We had been working very hard for three years already, and here was Paris, doing everything in the best way and, of course, the biggest way. We decided our best strategy was to jump in the backseat, follow them everywhere and wait."

The IOC was to choose the two host cities at its Lausanne headquarters on Oct. 17, 1986. The competition was fierce, with 13 cities chasing the two Olympics—Amsterdam; Belgrade; Birmingham, England; Brisbane; Barcelona; and Paris were bidding for the Summer Games, while Anchorage; Berchtesgaden, West Germany; Cortina, Italy; Falun, Sweden; Lillehammer, Norway; Sofia and Albertville wanted the Winter Games. As the date of decision drew nearer, one thing became unmistakably clear: Samaranch, born and bred in Barcelona, would do everything in his power to ensure that Barcelona got the 1992 Summer Games.

Two months before the Lausanne meeting, Killy went to the prime minister's office at the Hôtel de Matignon in Paris and spoke man-to-man to Chirac. "I told him there was no chance for Paris, but I said I understood that the bid could not be canceled at that late date," says Killy. "All I did was ask him if he would make a speech for Albertville, as well as for Paris, before the IOC in Lausanne. He was the prime minister of all of the country, not just Paris. He agreed, and we agreed not to tell anyone else."

Chirac's surprise endorsement of Albertville's bid was, in Killy's estimation, the most important tactic in the campaign to win the Games. "He was, after all, the head of the Paris bid," says Killy, "and for him to speak for a rival was very moving." Albertville won, with 51 votes to Sofia's 25, on the sixth ballot. The triumph was profound. But. . . .

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Killy exhibited Samaranchian polish at an IOC dinner in Albertville.

The day the IOC picked Albertville, Danièle was recuperating from an operation in a hospital in Marseilles. Jean-Claude had known for five months that she had incurable cancer. "Only Jean-Claude and I knew about it at that point," recalls Mic. "She did not know. It was so difficult for him. I don't think he wanted to be president of COJO then. I think he wanted only to spend time with her until she died."

Nevertheless, Killy decided to serve as copresident with Barnier, and at a COJO meeting on Jan. 16, 1987, the announcement was made. Thirteen days later Killy resigned in a rage. Many had expected the COJO meeting to be mainly champagne and celebration. Instead,

Killy used the occasion to announce a tough cost-cutting plan that called for consolidating certain venues and eliminating others. The most controversial idea was to move one men's Alpine event from Tignes to Val-d'Isère and one women's Alpine event from Les Menuires to Méribel, leaving both Tignes and Les Menuires with nothing.

In the days immediately following his announcement, Killy visited the mayors of the 10 villages that will host events to explain his plan, but the uproar was thunderous. He was accused of favoring his hometown and of being dictatorial.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

The 1992 Winter Games have consumed Barnier and Killy since 1981.

Roger Cumin, the mayor of the commune in which Les Menuires is located, called the decision "a catastrophe . . . a tragedy" and said, "Killy has adopted the methods of American businessmen who have no consideration for the human impact of their decision."

Léo Lacroix, Killy's former teammate and a medal winner in the '64 Olympics, who was representing Les Menuires, blasted his old friend: "Jean-Claude Killy and his committee lack fair play." Marielle Goitschel, a fellow gold medalist in Grenoble, former good friend and also a Les Menuires booster, said, "I find the way in which he proceeded inelegant: Killy arrived with his team at this assembly of officials and puts before them this fait accompli . . . without the slightest consternation. It is inadmissible!"

Anti-Killy fever infected the Tarentaise, and on Jan. 26, 3,000 people protested his decision in the streets of Chambéry. Killy was stunned—and furious, and on Jan. 29 he resigned. He told the newspaper *France-Soir*, "I thought that the Savoie would be a single and indivisible front to face the Olympic challenge. I see now the Savoie is composed of pieces. That was my error in judgment."

Says Killy now, "If I had told the mayors at the moment we got the Games, 'You have no say over locations of events; we will move them where we think they will do the most good for the Savoie and for France,' they would have cheered and given me carte blanche. But things changed. Everyone had his own plan for the Games, and when I realized that, I was so disappointed and angry that my reaction was violent."

Barnier took control and patched together a compromise that gave Tignes free-style skiing and Les Menuires the men's slalom. "I never doubted that Jean-Claude would come back," says Barnier.

Residents of the Savoie were not so sure. Soon after he quit COJO, Killy began receiving apologies. Hundreds of people wrote letters urging him to return, a national poll indicated the French admired him more than ever. Lacroix and Goitschel both said they had spoken in anger and that they did not believe the Olympics could succeed without their old friend. Killy, however, was on a deathwatch, committed to his wife until the end. It finally came on Nov. 3, 1987, one day after their 14th wedding anniversary.

Exhausted and depressed, Killy was in no shape at first to consider his future. But gradually, gently, subtly, the two men he most admired persuaded him to return to COJO. Says Killy, "Chirac was still prime minister, and he said, 'You must be there, Jean-Claude,' and I said, 'Maybe.' " And Samaranch? "Well, he said, 'I need you, Jean-Claude; you must come back. We gave the Games mostly to you.' My relationship with Samaranch is such that I had to go back if he needed me." In addition, President Mitterrand sent Jean Glavany, then the director of Mitterrand's cabinet, to Geneva to ask Killy to return. Now Glavany is chief mediator between COJO and the French government.

So on March 11, 1988, two weeks after the Calgary Olympics, Killy returned to his position as the unpaid copresident of COJO. "Barnier wanted me to come back as advisor," Killy says. "Then he wanted me to come back as vice-president. I laughed, and he knew what he had to do."

Things had progressed well enough during the 14 months he was absent. The provincial infighting that many observers had predicted would flare up was nowhere to be seen, and even the major money problems seemed to be under control. Nevertheless, Killy's return as copresident lit a spark. In May 1988, CBS won the U.S. television rights to the Games with a staggering bid of $243 million—$68 million more than NBC, the next-highest bidder, offered. Killy, acting on behalf of COJO, signed a contract with IMG, and soon an innovative, high-voltage and very un-French marketing program went into operation. At first it drew heavy fire from traditionalists, but when big money began rolling in, the opposition died away. COJO currently has an impressive $100 million in its treasury, and a cozy group of 12 sponsors, elite French companies known as Club Coubertin, who have semiexclusive use in France of the Olympic logo. (A dozen or so official equipment suppliers are also allowed use of the logo.)

It was suggested to Killy recently that with things going so well, perhaps it would be fitting if he posed for a photograph waving an Olympic flag from a mountaintop above Val-d'Isère. He shook his head and said, "No, I cannot appear triumphant. It is not the time for that."

Whereupon he took a seat on a rock with all of l'Espace Killy spread below and rested his chin on his hand, in the manner of Rodin's *The Thinker*. "This," he said, "is more appropriate." ■

Finally, a sequel that's better than the original.

Introducing the all-new 1990 Excel.

The original Hyundai Excel was quite a performer. Combining dependability and value, it became America's most popular import. With all that, what do you do for an encore?

Presenting the 1990 Hyundai Excel. It's all new. From its aerodynamic hoodline and sculptured exterior to its body-colored bumpers and stylish wraparound headlights.

Out on the highway, this year's Excel is engineered to respond quicker and smoother than ever. The result of a new 1.5-liter multi-point, electronically fuel-injected engine that delivers both a 20% boost in horsepower for improved acceleration, and better fuel economy.

The Excel also delivers when it comes to standard features. The GLS comes loaded with a 5-way-adjustable driver's seat, electronically tuned AM/FM stereo cassette system, tilt steering wheel—even an optional power sunroof.

Plus, the new Excel is also generous on space. Inside, you'll find a roomier interior that can comfortably accommodate five adults. As you can see, a lot of changes have been made. But there's one area that will look quite familiar: that's the price. Starting at just $5899,* the Excel still offers the kind of value that has made it the best-selling imported car for the last three years.

For 1990, the all-new Hyundai Excel is making more sense than ever. So call 1-800-826-CARS for the location of the dealer nearest you. If you liked the original—and over 800,000 of you did—just wait until you see the sequel.

The Excel from
HYUNDAI
Cars that make sense.

*BASE MODEL MSRP EXCLUDES FREIGHT, TAXES, TITLE AND OPTIONS. DEALER'S PRICE MAY VARY. © 1989 HYUNDAI

SEAT BELTS MAKE SENSE. DRINKING AND DRIVING DOESN'T.

GET DOWN WITH NOTHING DOWN.

There's never been a personal watercraft quite like Sea-Doo. And there's never been an easier way to buy one.

Nothing Down!†
No Payments Until August!†

That's right, now you can buy any new Sea-Doo with no money down, and no payments until August 1990†. Your Sea-Doo dealer can also help you tailor a financing program that won't get you down financially.

So get down. And get going to your local Sea-Doo dealer and check out the 1990 Sea-Doo line-up.

Now there's nothing stopping you.

For your nearest Bombardier Sea-Doo dealer, call toll free: 1-800-477-7000.

†With approved credit at participating Sea-Doo personal watercraft dealers while supplies last. Void in Arkansas, Nebraska and North Dakota. Void where prohibited by law. Valid from 1/3/90 through 30/4/90 only.

SEA-DOO®

The Nothing Down Finance Plan

(Administered by the Associates Financial Services Company, Inc.)

ESCAPE

NOW IT'S WORLD B. TOUR

A mostly Crimson team became Emerald Isle heroes

BY BOB BUDERI

This is the story of a bunch of guys from Harvard who love basketball and play it pretty well, and who concocted a dream tour of Ireland to enjoy the sport in a novel setting before they got too old. At least, that's the way it started out. Parts of the trip went as expected—the pints of Guinness, political arguments and late-night poker games. What began as a simple vacation, however, turned into something quite different, as these once self-centered brutes ended up forgoing sightseeing to teach basketball to schoolchildren in some of Ireland's most remote spots. They signed literally thousands of hastily ripped scraps of paper—not to mention basketballs, arms and even legs—destined to be pasted carefully into scrapbooks by kids all over Ireland. And one particular town tucked away in a corner of the island even held a parade in their honor. In short, this is a story about becoming heroes in a foreign land.

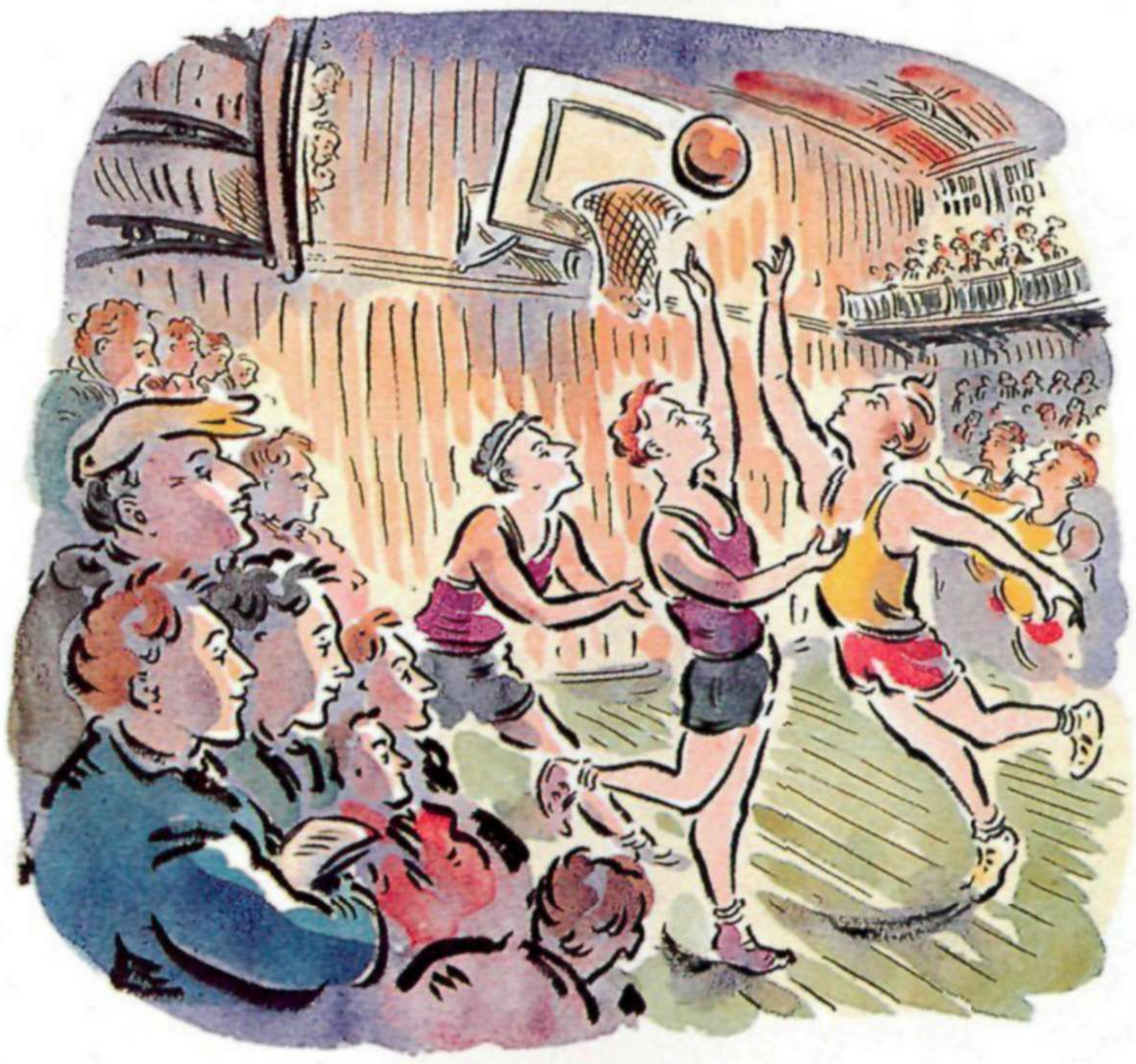
The World B. Tour was dreamed up by onetime Harvard point guard William Kenneth Aulet, who holds a management job with IBM but whose true love is hoops. Aulet, 32, had spent one postcollege year, the 1980–81 season, playing professional basketball in England; in 1987 he asked his old British teammates to help put together a basketball tour for some of his American pals. He dubbed the spring 1988 trip the World B. Tour, a play on the name of former NBA player World B. Free, and assembled a roster of tourist-players.

One of Aulet's first calls went to Joe Carrabino, a 6′ 9″ power forward who holds Harvard's alltime career scoring record. Carrabino, 27, an investment banker, responded enthusiastically: "I've got it booked." That's how easy it is when people love a game. Other former Harvard players also jumped at the chance, among them diminutive playmaker Marty Healey, 35, now an assistant U.S. attorney in Boston; forward George White, 29, a real estate investment adviser from Philly; and swingman Tom Mannix, 31, a Boston-based institutional equity salesman and a long-range bomber who started for three years for the Crimson.

Even as the first trip wound down, things geared up for the 1989 extravaganza. That's when I come in. At the time, I was living in Cambridge, Mass., and playing with some of the guys a couple of times a week. I had listened with growing envy to tales of the inaugural World B. Tour, and though I went to UC Davis, I lobbied for tour qualifica-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL COX

tion on the grounds that I had also attended Harvard while on a science-journalism fellowship. When some of the original players couldn't make the second trip, I was tapped to join the group. Other newcomers included two guards, Washington attorney Dale Dover, 40, and real estate developer Mike Griffin, 36, and 6′ 7″ power forward Joe Pettirossi, 25, a real estate loan officer in New York City. In me, the team got a 35-year-old free-lance writer as a 6′ 3″ backup forward. Our coach was Colgate grad Andy Caso, 39, a marketing manager for computer products; he and I were the only non-Harvard grads present. Rounding out the entourage was team manager John Fenton.



It was Fenton who had discovered Jerome Westbrooks, a 33-year-old American who teaches phys ed and religion at the high school level in Ireland. Westbrooks used to play professional basketball in Ireland and currently coaches a pro team there. With help from his wife, Lois, Westbrooks and Fenton arranged an Irish foray that began with a four-team tournament near Dublin, followed by a week of games around the country.

The tournament began on a Saturday afternoon in early April in Killester, a Dublin suburb. Our first foe was the Irish National League Selection, which included several players from the national team. The gym turned out to be typical of what we would see throughout the tour—a linoleumlike floor and loosely fitted backboards.

Our team surprised me. Only about half the guys lived in the Boston area, so we weren't used to playing together, especially in the rough-and-tumble international game. But everyone was grounded in the fundamentals, and we meshed well enough for a convincing 30-point victory in the opener.

Game 2 that night provided the real test, however. Our opponents, the International All-Star Basketball Service (IABS), were American professionals who were playing in the Irish National League; Westbrooks, it turned out, is also the manager of the IABS. (Ireland is home to 10 Division I and eight Division II teams, and each team is allowed one American player.) All of the IABS Americans had played college ball back in the States, and though none had become household names, there were some very good players—including LaVerne Evans of Marshall University, Anthony Jenkins from Clemson, and Boston College's Skip Barry.

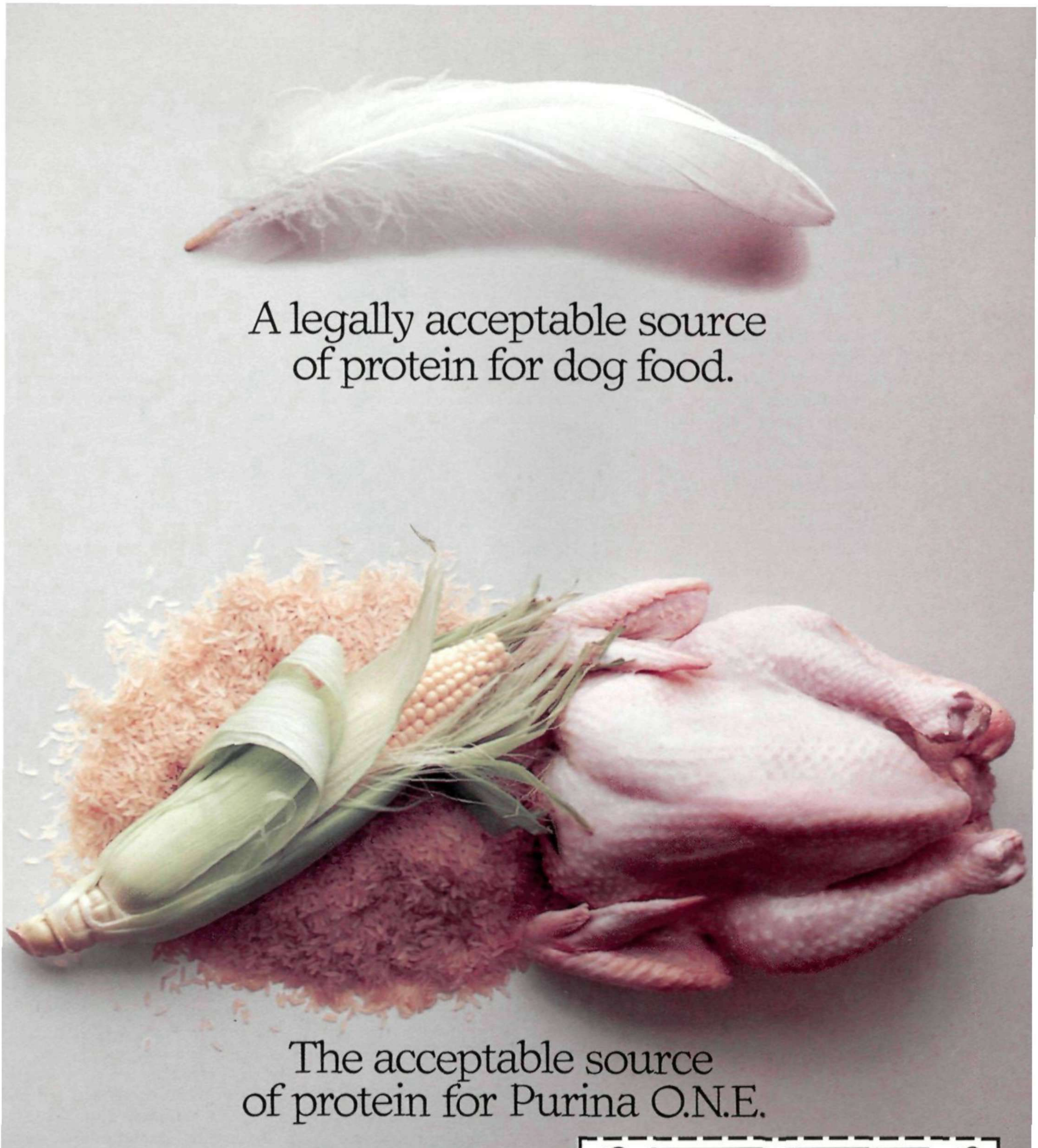
We were outgunned in youth and speed but we played more cohesively than they did. Several times we slipped behind by 12 or 14 points, only to come charging back. Carrabino used his bulk to create space for his deft shooting touch; he finished with 46 points. Late in the game, we took the lead. But with 23 seconds left, the IABS moved ahead again by two. Desperate, we pressed, and with about 10 seconds remaining, Griffin picked off a crosscourt pass. He pushed it downcourt to Healy, who swung it to Mannix in the left corner. Mannix drove to the hoop and tried to dish off to Dover for a final shot. But the pass was stolen, and the IABS scored a breakaway to ice the game. Final score: 125–121. As for myself, I saw only a few minutes of action.

The next day we demolished a First Division English team called the Cheshire Jets. But we lost again to the IABS team in the evening finale. Still, we found consolation in the second-place trophies and the fact that Carrabino, with 156 points in four games, won the Most Valuable Player award. And we left the gym knowing an important point had been established: We could play ball.

Clearly, no team of Irish players would be a match for us. The original plan had been to tour the country playing local teams. But Westbrooks had suspected the mismatch and arranged for us to tour instead with the IABS. After a day off, which we spent sightseeing around Dublin, we got up early on Tuesday and piled into a private bus. The whole complexion of the trip was about to change.

Now we traveled the back roads of Ireland, moving from place to place daily—up early, stumbling groggily into the bus, on to the next town. During these road trips, Westbrooks explained that basketball was introduced in the schools only about 20 years ago—and initially with girls. Boys, weaned on Gaelic football, found basketball somewhat sissified. Lately, that had changed, and Westbrooks had arranged for both teams to give clinics, featuring dribbling, passing, shooting and defensive drills, for schoolchildren in and around the towns where we would play each night.

That Tuesday afternoon, as our bus pulled up at a school in Falcarragh, a tiny town in County Donegal in the north of Ireland, at least 100 kids were waiting outside. Others were lined up at the classroom windows. We split into groups of two or three, some staying in Falcarragh and others heading out to neighboring areas. Everywhere the



A legally acceptable source of protein for dog food.

The acceptable source of protein for Purina O.N.E.

Dog foods are allowed to get their required protein from such unlikely sources as feathers and beaks.

So it's important to read your dog food bag.

With Purina O.N.E.® brand dog food, real chicken leads the list.

Followed by yellow corn, wheat and rice.

So give your dog the optimum nutrition of Purina O.N.E. Because when it comes to good eating, feathers are no joke.

The science of good nutrition.

Purina®

Helping pets live longer, healthier lives™ © 1990 Ralston Purina Company

$2 | MANUFACTURER'S COUPON | EXPIRATION DATE: NONE | $2

Save $2.00 on any size Purina O.N.E.® brand DOG FOOD

CONSUMER: Required purchase necessary. Coupon may not be copied or transferred. No other coupon may be used to purchase the same package(s).
RETAILER: Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1001, Mascoutah, IL 62224, will redeem this coupon per our Coupon Redemption Policy, available upon request. Consumer must pay sales tax. Good only in USA, APO's, FPO's. Void where prohibited. Cash value: 1/20¢

ON 84

5 17800 34082 8 00

© 1990 Ralston Purina Company

greeting was warm. Mannix and Barry went up the coast a bit, to a small school overlooking a white-sand beach. The reception was so moving, Mannix turned poetic. "It was fabulous," he reported. "The children had waited an hour for us. They ran about a quarter of a mile as we came down the road. They ran as hard as they could, then jumped over fences and looked up at us with rosy cheeks."

Taking the court that evening, we were surrounded by a sea of eager faces. At halftime, we barely had room and time to warm up, so busy were we autographing the pieces of paper pushed our way. I became the personal favorite of two teenage girls—Joanne and Mary—whose mission was to persuade their friends to root for our side. We lost nevertheless, 126–107. But it was my best game so far: five points, a couple of rebounds, an assist and no turnovers.

During our stay in Dublin we had adopted the practice of staying after the game for at least a half hour, signing autographs and visiting with fans. Afterward, we were joined at dinner by local residents. Then, invariably, we would end up at a pub until long past the official closing time of 11 p.m., happily swapping stories and addresses with local players, fishermen, poets, even priests.

The morning after the Falcarragh game we bused to a hotel in Donegal Town, about 34 miles away. I gave a clinic at a primary school with IABS player Ed Randolph. The entire school came—the younger children forming a circle around the court while the older kids ran through the drills.

Afterward, we regrouped for some rest and a bite to eat before heading to the gym. But a surprise awaited us when we emerged from the hotel that evening. Down the street, belting forth an impressive selection of American and Irish music, came a student band, about 75 strong, in full uniform. With several hundred people lining the roadways, and a growing string of kids joining the procession, we marched around the central square and up a long street to the gymnasium. Throughout the tour, we had been treated to some warm hospitality, but nothing like this. It was our first parade.

That marked another turning point in the trip. The long bus trips and clinics left virtually no time for sightseeing. We had pressed Westbrooks to stagger the clinic duty so that half of us were off each day. But now things changed. Not once after the Donegal parade did anyone complain about the clinics. In fact, we usually had more volunteers than spots to fill. During the parade, I walked beside Healey, who said, "I thought we came to Ireland to play basketball. I didn't realize we were bringing basketball to Ireland."

When we reached the locker room we were fired up. In each of our previous games, we had hit the floor for warmups in our sweats, looking like a ragtag bunch of color-blind fools. Now we went out as a unit in our black-and-crimson away uniforms. As the public address system played Paul Simon's *Gumboots*, Aulet led the way. We jogged around the court once before breaking into two lines for layups. Fans were packed in the balconies. The floor-level seating, with kids jammed under the scorers' tables, overflowed to the point that out-of-bounds lines were obscured. And the ovation was overwhelming. I know I speak for the rest of the team when I say that at that point we would have done virtually anything for the town of Donegal. Except win. Not that we didn't give it our best effort. The game was another doozy, with both teams eclipsing the century mark, but we again fell short by a handful of points, 117–110.

During the next three days, we drove to Belfast, in Northern Ireland, then crisscrossed back through Dublin, where we caught a train that took us to the southwest for a game in Killorglin, County Kerry. We continued to play well, but lost in both cities, making our record for the tour 2–6. After the Killorglin game, we said goodbye to our foes and traveled by train to Limerick. There we split and then teamed with local players for a final exhibition. This marked my personal scoring apex, 25 points—which was six more than I had scored in the previous eight games altogether.

We shuffled into the hotel bar later that night for a final round, tired and battered. But the trip had also energized us, and we excitedly planned a thank-you present for Donegal: a World B. Tour trophy to be awarded each year to the person doing the most for basketball in the county. And we talked about the site of the next tour—Poland. Finally, we lined up against the bar for team photographs. Hands were clasped emotionally all around. And we raised our glasses to coach Caso's toast: "To James Naismith, wherever he may be." ■

Free-lance writer Bob Buderi plays pickup basketball in San Francisco, where he lives.

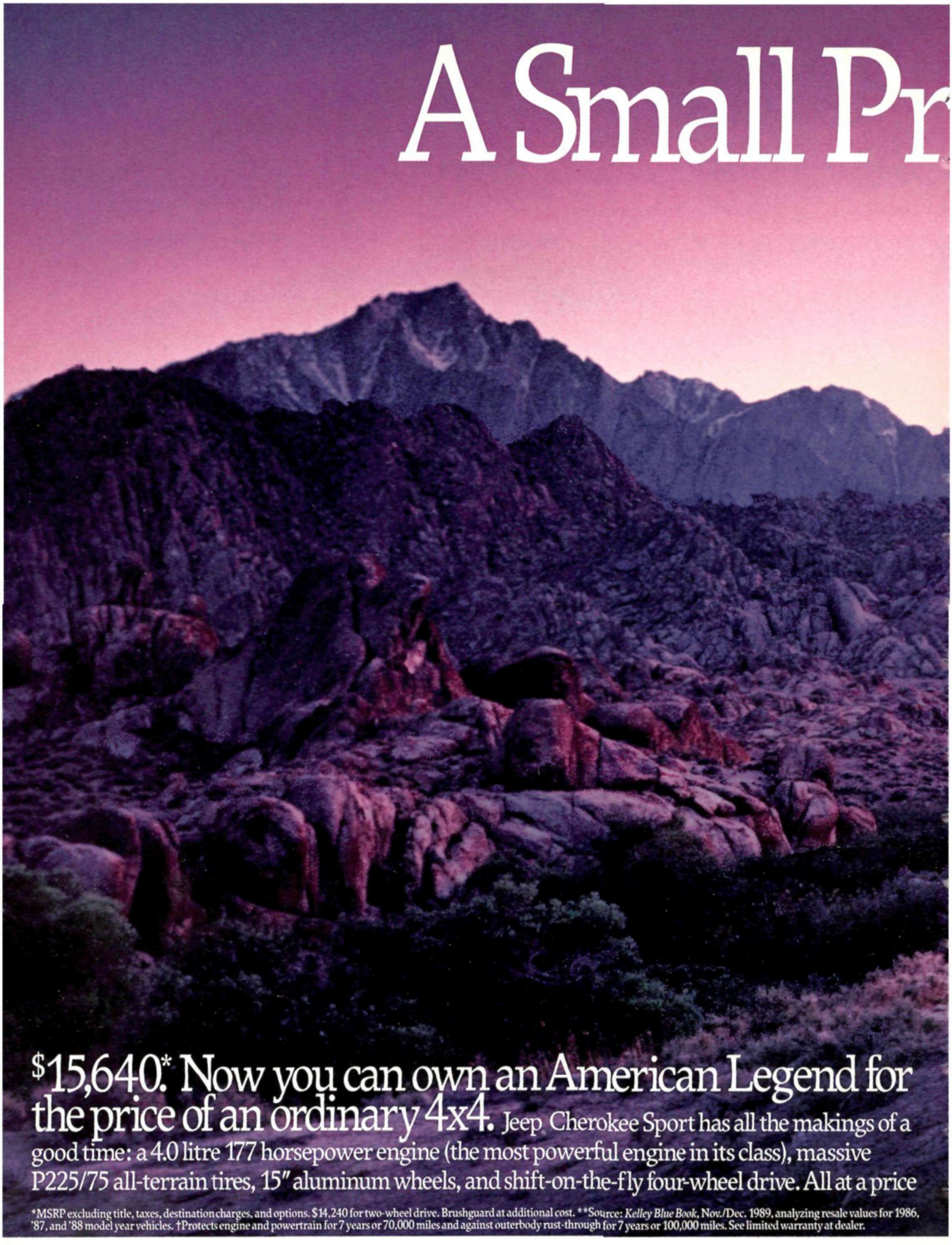
Four seasons greetings.

Winter, spring, summer or fall—it's the United States Virgin Islands for your vacation. Here is the year round destination, with less than a 5°F difference in temperature from winter to summer. World class shopping, with a duty-free quota twice that of other Caribbean islands or Europe. World class restaurants, too. Fly or cruise to the American paradise. See your travel agent.

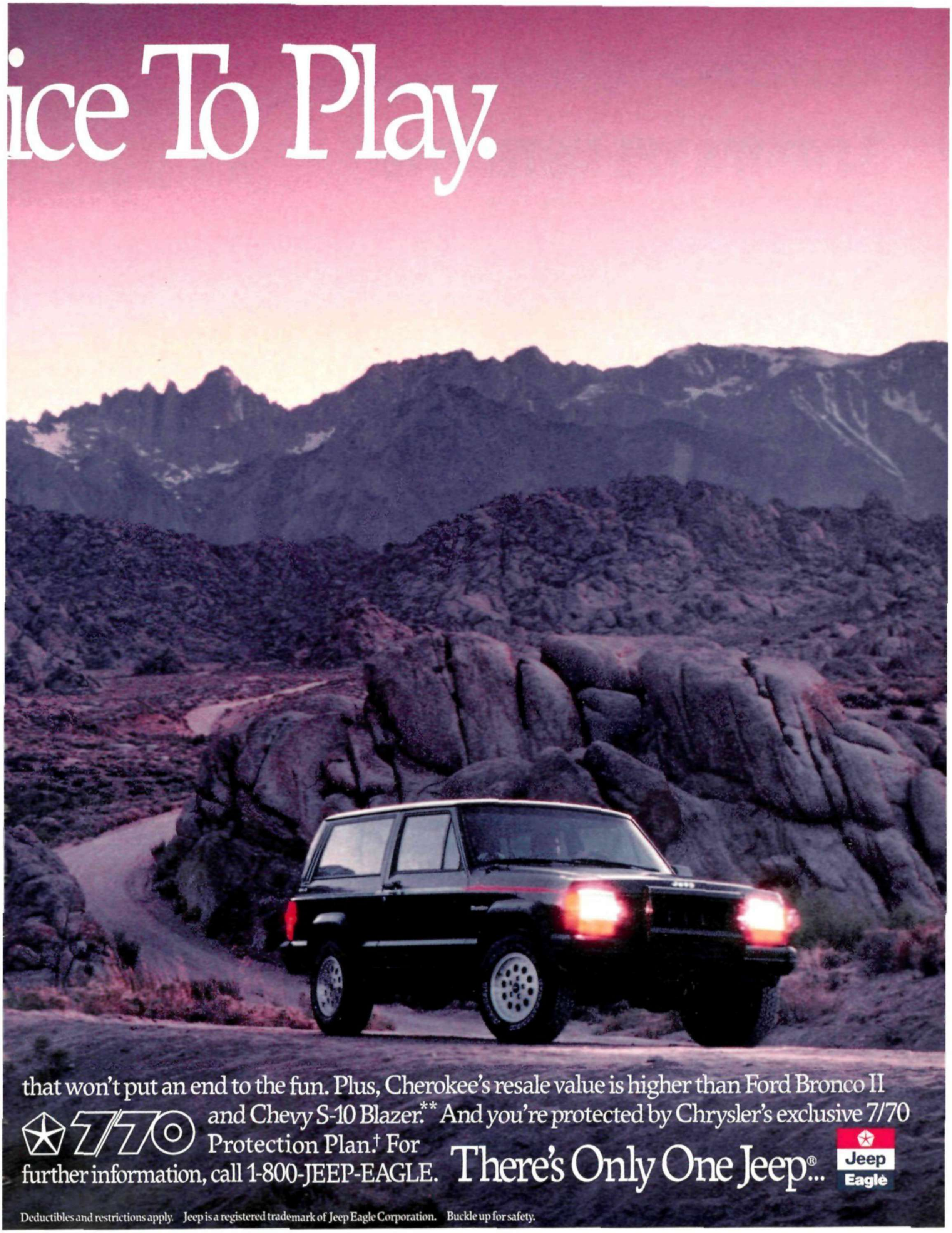
St.Croix St.John St.Thomas

The American paradise. United States Virgin Islands

© 1990 USVI Division of Tourism: Atlanta, Chicago, LA, Miami, NYC & D.C.



Ask your local dealer about availability



of Special Buyer Incentives.

LIVE! IT'S THE MOTEL FIVE!

Will the Denver Nuggets become the darlings of pay TV?

BY JOHN STEINBREDER

Bob Wussler was at home in Atlanta on the evening of Sept. 22 when the phone rang. David Stern, commissioner of the National Basketball Association, was on the line. The two are old friends, and after exchanging pleasantries, Stern asked Wussler whether he might be interested in talking to two black businessmen who were hoping to buy a basketball team. Several weeks earlier Bertram Lee and Peter Bynoe of Chicago had agreed to buy the Denver Nuggets for $65 million. In doing so they would become the first black owners of a major league team. But Lee and Bynoe were having trouble with their financing, and the sale suddenly looked as if it might fall through.

Stern wanted the deal to come off, so he called Wussler for help. A former president of CBS Sports and CBS Television, Wussler had spent the past 9½ years as second-in-command at Turner Broadcasting. He left Turner last summer and on Sept. 1 took over as head of Comsat, the video enterprises division of the Communications Satellite Corp., based in Washington, D.C.

Bynoe (left) and Lee joined Wussler (right) and Comsat to buy the Nuggets.

Because Lee and Bynoe had already laid much of the groundwork for the purchase, it took the partners only a month to put the particulars together. Comsat would pay $17 million for a 62.5% stake in the Nuggets, while Lee and Bynoe and their investors would put up $8 million for a 37.5% share. The balance of the $54 million purchase price would be financed by the partnership. Comsat would be the majority owner and, with Bynoe and Lee, share the title of general partner. Wussler would have no official title.

The sale of the Nuggets will be remembered because it brought the first black owners to major league sports. But Wussler, for one, hopes the deal will also become known for opening the door for pay-per-view TV.

The key to that door could well be Comsat, a publicly owned company that acts as the U.S. member of Intelsat, a consortium of representatives from 117 countries and territories that operates a network of satellites for international communications. Comsat's main role is to channel U.S. traffic to and from these satellites. The division that Wussler heads uses the satellites to bring pay-per-view movies and other programming into 300,000 hotel rooms around the country. The division has been a big money loser for Comsat, and the company hired Wussler to turn it around.

The Nuggets deal should help. Despite some recent front-office problems—Wussler says they are being ironed out—the team appears to be a good investment. Sports franchises have appreciated wildly in the past decade, and if broadcast revenues for sporting events continue to increase by leaps and bounds and pay-per-view TV gains a strong foothold in pro sports, Comsat could reap big bucks. The company hopes to be able to bring Nuggets games to hotel rooms in the Denver area almost immediately. Such an arrangement is nothing new; four other NBA teams have previously dabbled with local pay-per-view. But Comsat has the technology to take Denver where no franchise has gone before: to put the Nuggets, or any other NBA team, in hotel rooms nationwide. Pay-per-view games could also be brought to bars, hotel lounges and other venues. The Dallas Cowboys were America's Team. Will the Denver Nuggets become the Motel Five?

Wussler is thrilled by Comsat's prospects in the NBA. "We want to supply the league with services," he says. "And we want to do a lot beyond the Nuggets."

Stern is more cautious. Congress has recently been squawking about sports leagues moving games from free TV to cable, and though the NBA's new TV contract actually provides for more free-TV coverage, the commissioner seems leery of anything—such as pay-per-view—that may look like a cutback in free TV. Any national distribution of games must be approved by the NBA, and while Stern says the league may indeed experiment with pay-per-view on a national basis, he is quick to assure NBA fans that in the future they will get their games much as they do now: on free TV and cable. Pay-per-view would add games to the total package.

Pay-per-view has much to offer pro sports: new sources of revenue for franchises and more programming options for fans. It also opens up juicy business opportunities for companies like Comsat. Wussler had been at his new job for only a few weeks when the Nuggets deal came along. Imagine what might happen in a couple of years. "We have lots of ideas," he says. "The only limit is the sky."

Just what you would expect to hear from a guy in satellites. ■

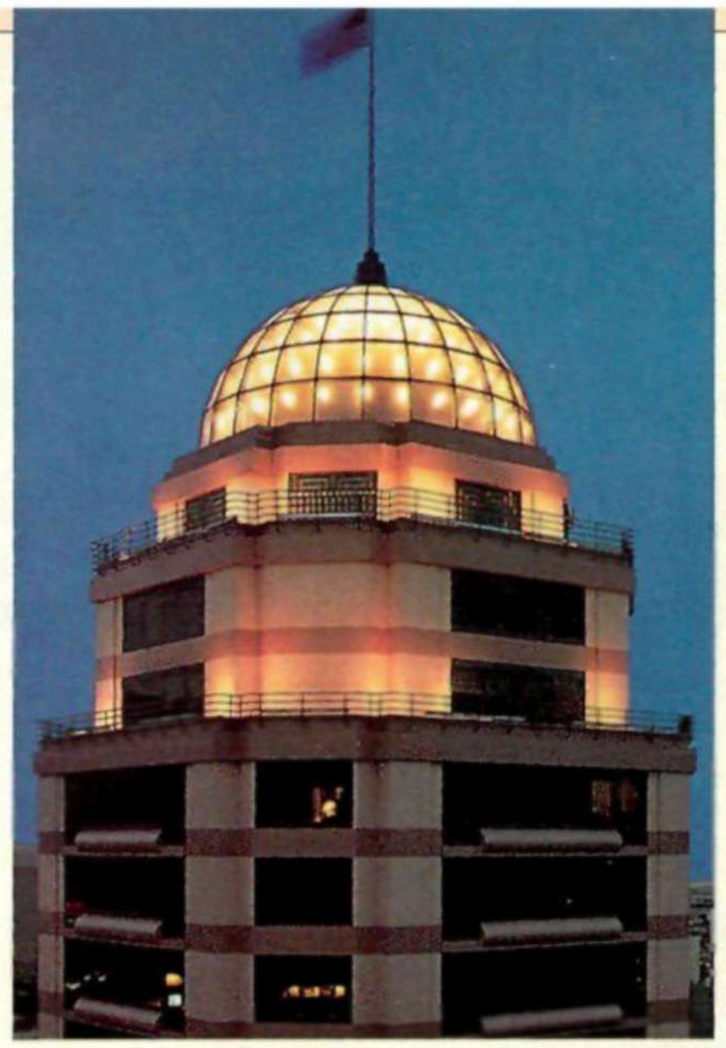
THE FINE ART OF SELF DEFENSE.

Successful self defense depends on proper preparation. Experienced drivers recommend Spectrum radar detectors. Pictured from left: the Spectrum 2SE Triband, a sophisticated defense against X band, K band, and the new Ka photo radar. The Spectrum 2 Remote, for maximum behind-the-grille discretion. And the Spectrum 3SE, 4.0 ounces of radar *detecting genius*. *All are driver-proven* and engineered for years of the highest performance. Consult your Spectrum dealer for details, or call 1-800-531-0004. In Massachusetts, call 1-508-692-3000.

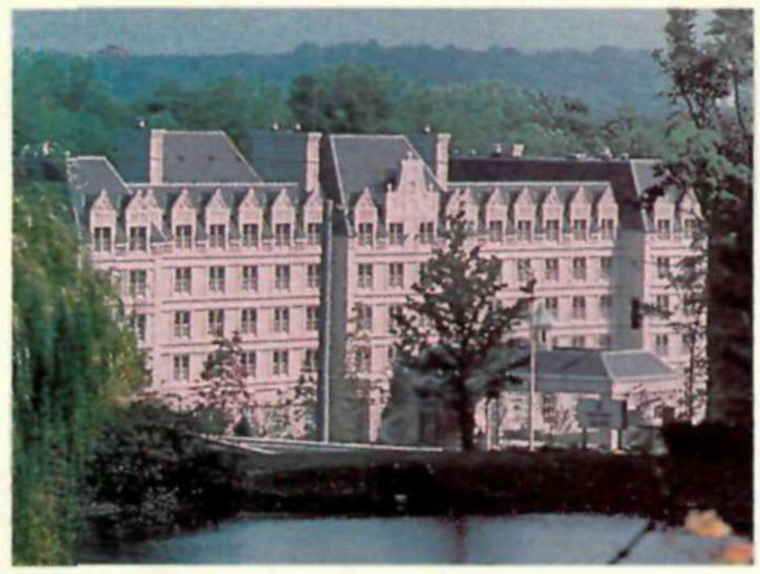
Whistler
SPECTRUM
STANDARD EQUIPMENT
FOR THE SERIOUS DRIVER.

Police radar does make mistakes. To find out more, contact RADAR, 1-513-667-5472.

WHAT DOES A BILLION DOLLARS LOOK LIKE?

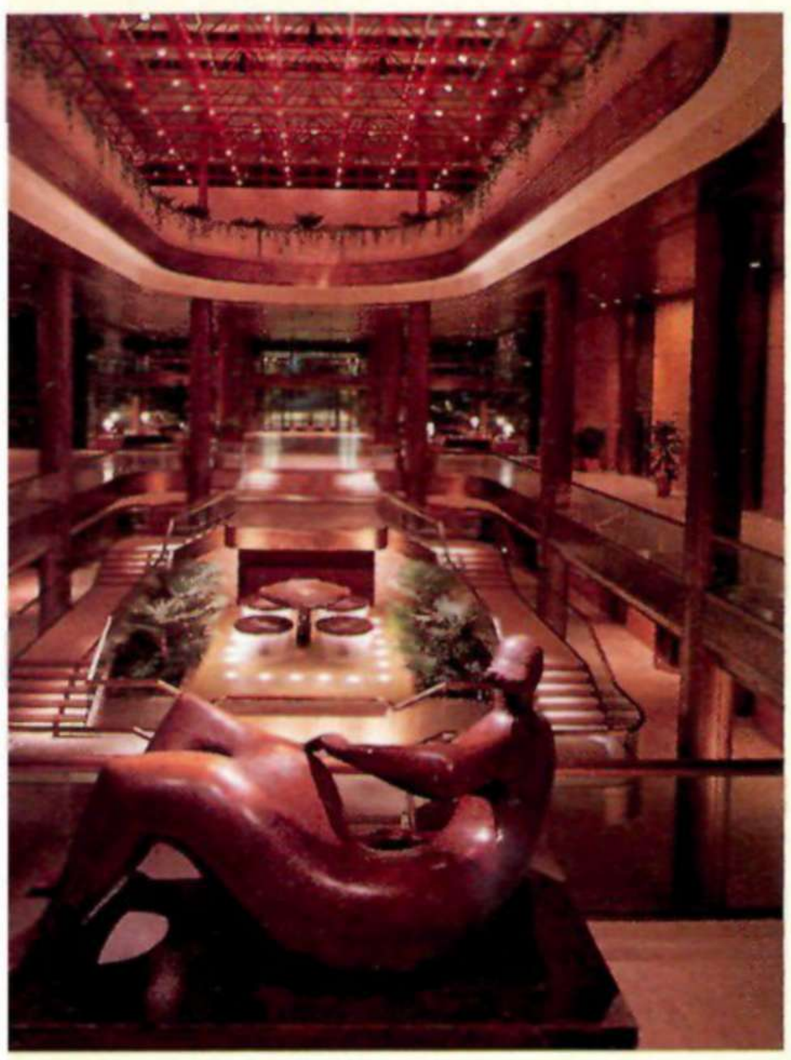


Beacon by the bay. Towers dome, The San Francisco Hilton.

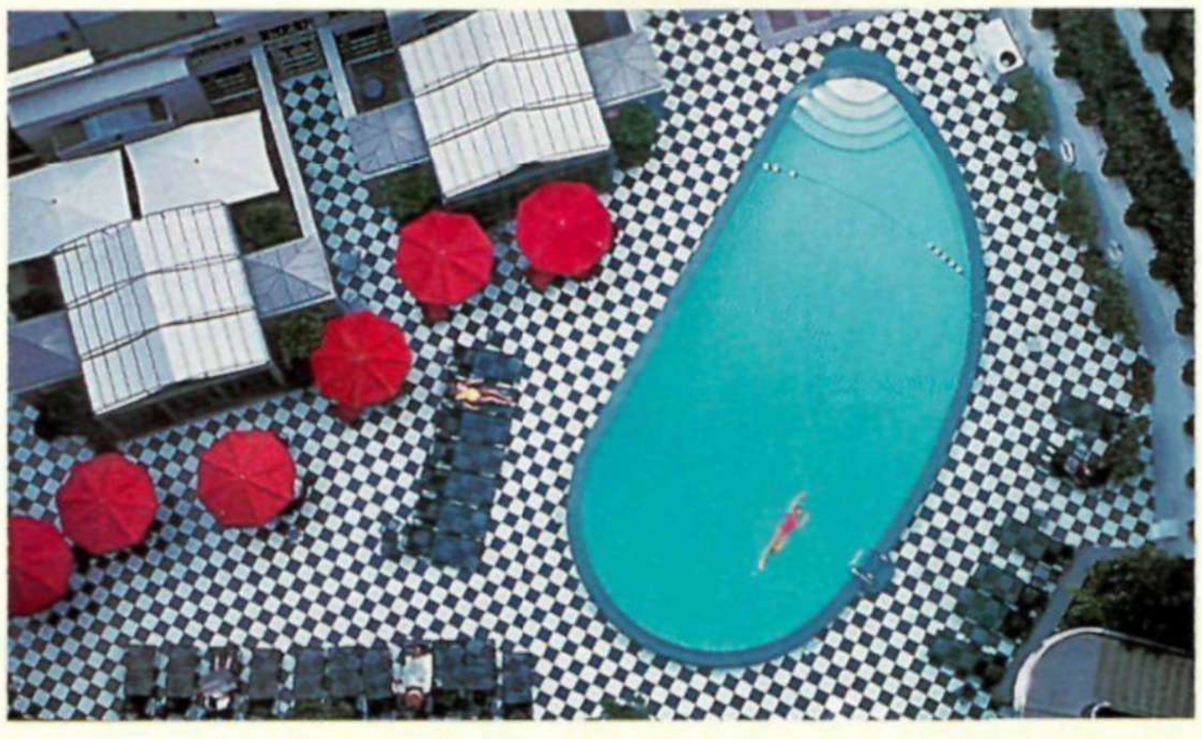


A taste of France, 30 minutes north of Manhattan. The Pearl River Hilton, Pearl River, New York.

The future, just south of Tokyo. The Nagoya Hilton International, Nagoya, Japan.

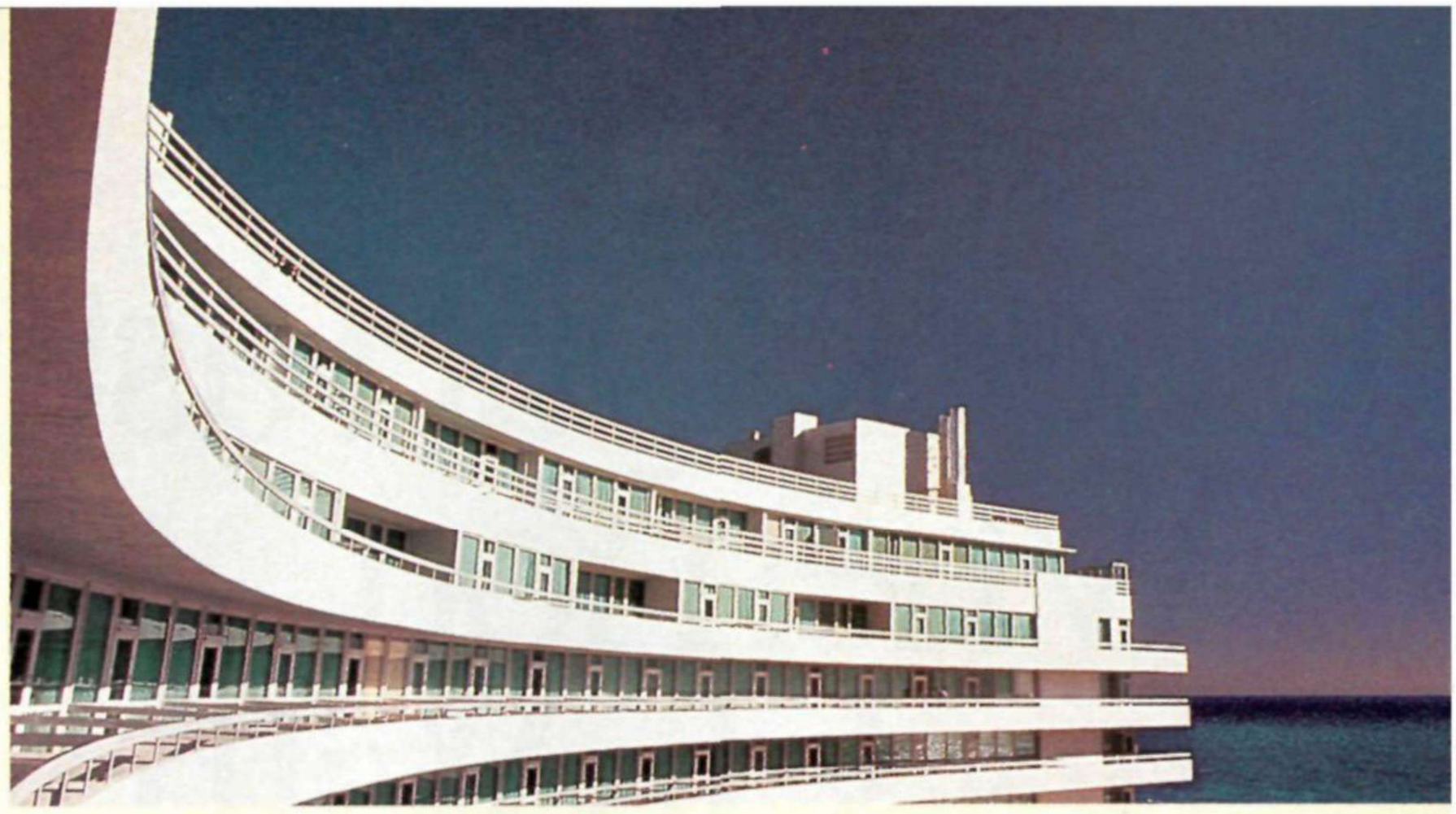


Modern art, modern Seoul. Atrium lobby with Henry Moore sculpture, Seoul Hilton International.



Downtown oasis. Courtyard pool, Los Angeles Hilton.

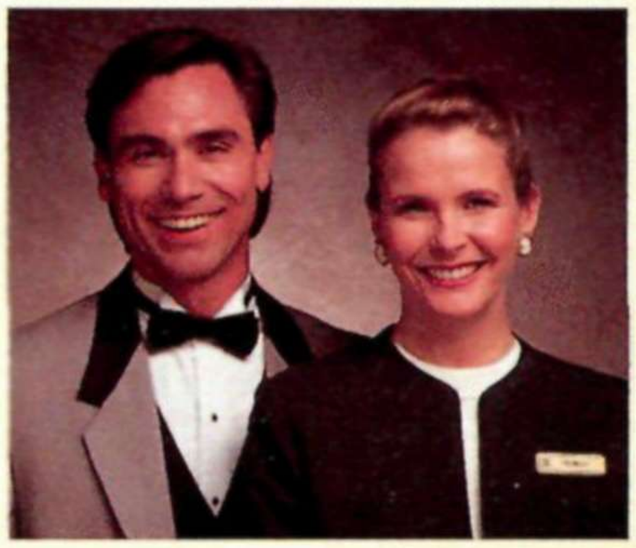
Atlantic paradise.
The Fontainebleau Hilton,
Miami Beach, Florida.



Timeless. Lobby clock,
The Waldorf=Astoria, New York.

London's other palace. The London Hilton on Park Lane, across from Hyde Park.

Welcome to Hilton. A billion dollars better.



Uncompromising. Towers Suite 29A, The Waldorf=Astoria.

It looks like Hilton.

In the past two years alone, we've spent over a billion dollars to raise the standard of what a great hotel should be. And that's just the beginning.

Come look for yourself.

For reservations at any of over 400 Hiltons, call your travel consultant, any Hilton, or Hilton Worldwide Reservations—1-800-HILTONS.

HILTON

IT'S ALL IN THE NAME.

You Check Out Fast When You Check In With An Avis Owner.

WITH OUR ROVING RAPID RETURN YOU CAN GET YOUR RECEIPT 'N RUN.

Now, that's service. And that's what we mean when we, the employee-owners of Avis, Inc., tell you, "We're trying harder than ever." Because we know that our success depends on your satisfaction.

Before you even get out of the car, our Roving Rapid Return℠ is getting your receipt ready. When you're on the run, we know the quicker we get you in and out, the happier you'll be.

Check out our competitive rates and well-maintained GM and other fine cars, then check in with us next time you need a rental car. Call **1-800-331-1212** or your travel consultant. And think of us as fast friends.

AVIS®

We're trying harder than ever.℠

Avis features GM cars. Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera.

© 1990 Wizard Co., Inc.

COLLEGE REPORT

BY WILLIAM F. REED

READY FOR PRIME TIME

The so-called high profile programs—those at North Carolina, Louisville, UNLV, Georgetown and the like—have a virtual monopoly on national television exposure. Look at the 65 regular-season games carried by the three major networks and you'll find that 20 teams are a part of about 85% of the telecasts. The same 20 teams are represented in more than 50% of the 161 regular-season games that appear on ESPN. What that means is that many deserving teams and players operate in obscurity, appreciated only by their local fans and the NBA scouts. Just so you know what you're missing, here are five players you probably haven't seen but would enjoy watching if you could:

• Cedric Ceballos of Cal State–Fullerton will make two appearances on ESPN this season, both of them after midnight EST. He is a late bloomer who didn't start in high school until the final game of his senior season but went on to lead Ventura College to the California state juco championship before enrolling at Fullerton.

Now, as a 6′ 7½″, 195-pound senior, he's averaging 23.1 points, 12.1 rebounds and several NBA scouts per game. During a 72–64 overtime loss to UC Santa Barbara on Jan. 29, he got 33 points and 17 rebounds and was scrutinized by 13 scouts representing 11 NBA teams. They like his quickness, his leaping ability and his hands.

• Another Big West sleeper is Santa Barbara's 6′ 6″ Eric McArthur, who uses his amazing 7′ 3″ arm span to sweep the boards for an average of 13.9 rebounds, tops in the nation. He's also averaging 16.4 points and 3.2 blocks. "The thing I know he can do is jump quick," says Cleveland Cavalier general manager Wayne Embry. "Not many guys can block jump shots. He did it about three times in the [Jan. 29] Fullerton game."

A gangly 6′ 5″ coming out of high school, McArthur had only one other scholarship offer, from UC Irvine, even though he had averaged 19.2 rebounds as a senior. "All his parts didn't seem to work together," says Santa Barbara coach Jerry Pimm. Even though he's short by NBA frontcourt standards, McArthur will get a chance to play.

"There are very few great rebounders—and he's a great one," says scout Scott Layden of the Utah Jazz. "It's more popular to be a scorer, but he does the work in the trenches."

• A.J. English of Virginia Union stands only 6′ 4½″ but has a terrific vertical leap, and he can electrify crowds with a startling array of dunks. He also shoots well from the perimeter, as shown by his 48 three-pointers in 99 attempts as of Sunday, at which time he was averaging 32.5 points (tops in Division II) and 7.5 rebounds per game.

Among English's fans is coach Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines of Winston-Salem State, who coached him two summers ago on the U.S. team that won the Jones Cup in Taiwan. Although the team also featured Billy Owens and LeRon Ellis of Syracuse and Felton Spencer of Louisville, English was the team's leading scorer and MVP. "He can fill it up," says Gaines. "He shoots that old Sam Jones bank shot. He's a scorer, an assist man and a perfect team player."

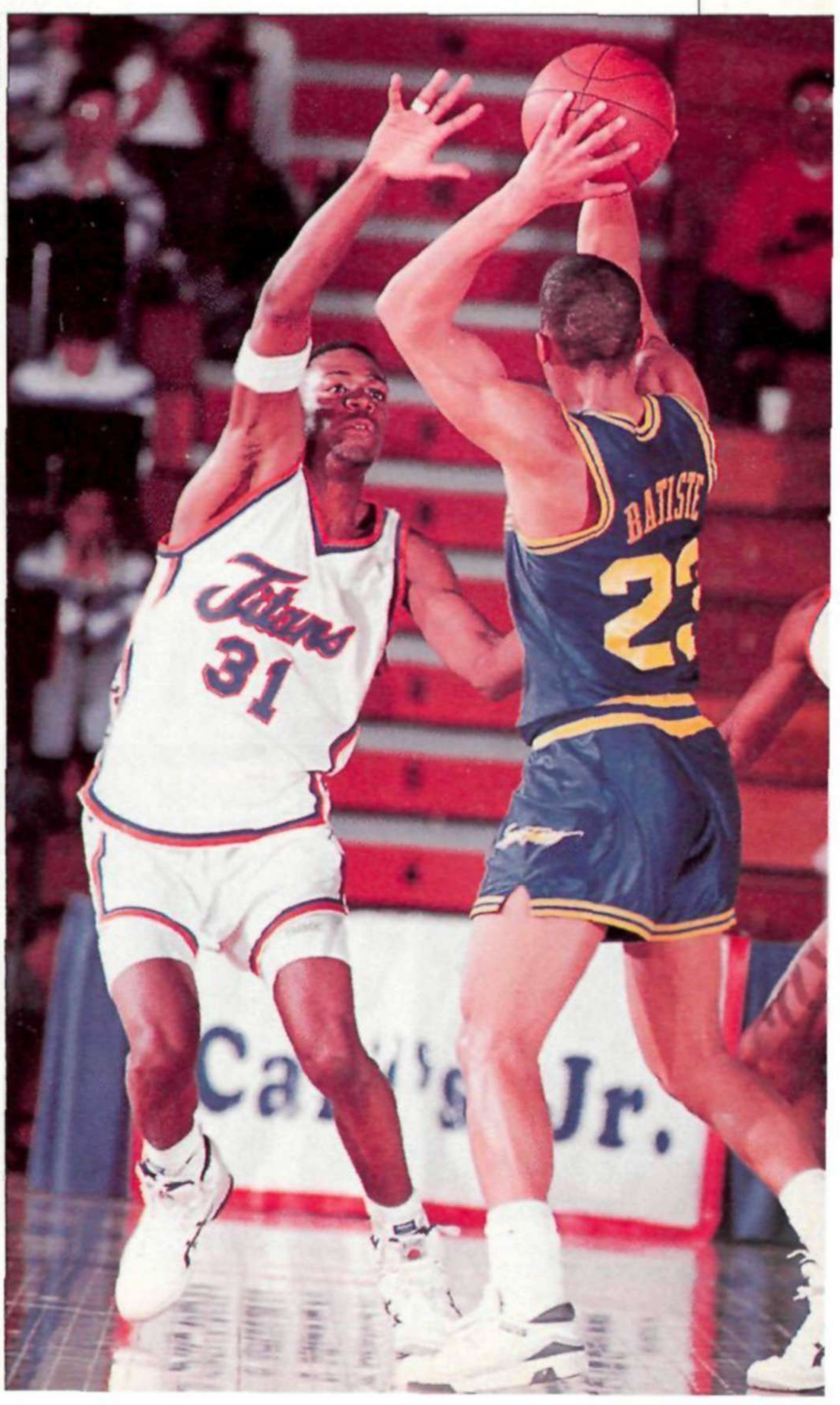
• Duquesne's 3–18 record through Sunday was certainly no fault of Mark Stevenson, a 6′ 6″ transfer from Notre Dame who averages 27.6 points per game. Stevenson often started during his three years with the Irish, but he was arrested for shoplifting in December 1987 and for underage drinking the next month. Although both charges were dropped in exchange for community service, Stevenson was suspended for four games, and he eventually transferred to Duquesne with only a year of eligibility remaining. "I felt bad for my family because my family didn't raise me like that," said Stevenson.

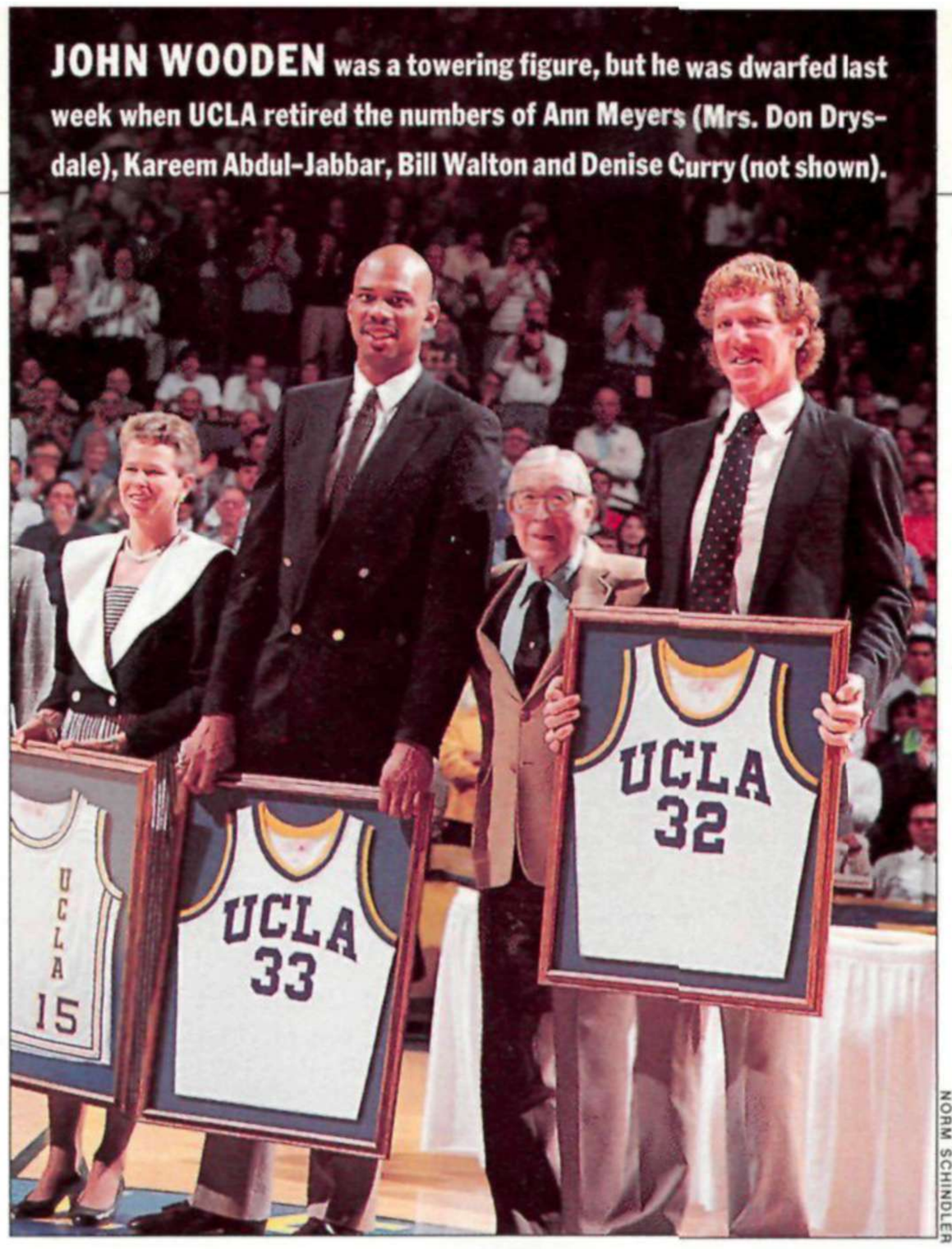
This season he has avoided trouble and scored 30 or more points six times, including 43 against West Virginia. "Everybody knows he's our go-to player," says Duquesne coach John Carroll, "and they still can't stop him."

• Chris Gatling signed with Pittsburgh out of Elizabeth (N.J.) High in 1986, but was a Prop 48 case as a freshman. After clashing with Panther coach Paul Evans, Gatling transferred to Old Dominion, where coach Tom Young convinced

Ceballos (31) has excited scouts with his in-your-face play.

RICHARD MACKSON





JOHN WOODEN was a towering figure, but he was dwarfed last week when UCLA retired the numbers of Ann Meyers (Mrs. Don Drysdale), Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bill Walton and Denise Curry (not shown).

NORM SCHINDLER

him that his classwork was just as important as his performance on court. "I don't think he liked himself until he got good grades," says Young. "That really helped his self-image."

As a sophomore last season, the 6′ 9″, 215-pound Gatling was the surprise of the Sun Belt Conference, averaging 22.4 points and nine rebounds while connecting on 61.6% of his shots. This season, although Old Dominion was only 9–9 at week's end, Gatling's numbers have remained strong—19.9 scoring average, 9.7 rebounds and 59.9% shooting.

What makes Gatling's performance especially impressive is that he has a synthetic plate in his skull to protect an area injured in high school, when he fell off the hood of his father's van. "I think about it all the time," says Gatling. "I'm grateful that God gave me a second chance. I want to make the most of it."

REBELS WITHOUT A CLUE

Just when it seemed as if the news out of Las Vegas couldn't get any worse, dog-gone if the Runnin' Rebels didn't instigate an ugly fight last week. The trouble began with seven seconds left in UNLV's 124–90 rout of Utah State, when Rebel reserve forward Chris Jeter apparently head-butted the Aggies' Gary Patterson, leaving Patterson with a gash near his left eye that required 14 stitches to close. Then right after the game Jeter hit Utah State's Kendall Youngblood with a right cross, opening a cut that needed eight stitches.

The skirmish between Jeter and Youngblood provoked a full-scale brawl in which Moses Scurry, another Vegas sub, punched Utah State coach Kohn Smith, who last year after a loss to UNLV had commented about Vegas players driving "fancy cars." Scurry, you may recall, sat out the first semester on academic probation. (Scurry didn't participate in the Utah State game either, but attended in street clothes, because he was one of eight Rebel players who had been given one-game suspensions by the NCAA for not paying some hotel bill incidentals.) He hit Smith with a left jab and later said, "I didn't know he was the coach. He had a sweater on, and coaches normally wear suits."

Reacting with something less than outrage, UNLV athletic director Brad Rothermel suspended Jeter for three games and merely put Scurry on probation (though the Big West Conference later upped that to a one-game suspension). At week's end university president Robert Maxson finally sounded fed up. "I think it's time we hold the people that commit acts responsible," he said.

A little late isn't it, Mr. President?

SHORT SHOTS

Georgia Tech's 102–75 rout of North Carolina on Feb. 1 was coach Dean Smith's worst defeat since a 92–65 loss to Purdue in the 1969 NCAA semifinals. . . . The telecast of President Bush's State of the Union address on Jan. 31 was preempted by WOTV, the NBC affiliate in Grand Rapids, Mich., so the station could show the game between Calvin and Hope colleges, a couple of Division III archrivals from the western part of the state. Calvin won 77–76. . . . At week's end the combined record of the men's and women's teams at Division II Central Missouri State was 38–2. The men were 18–1, the women 20–1. . . . During LSU's 148–141 OT win over Loyola Marymount last Saturday, the electric typewriter that was being used to keep the running score burned out and had to be replaced before halftime. ■

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

MEN:

Jimmy Jackson, a 6′ 6″ freshman forward at Ohio State, scored 21 points and pulled down seven rebounds in a 91–88 overtime win over 10th-ranked Louisville. In a 101–77 victory over Northwestern he had 26 points and seven rebounds.

WOMEN:

Oberlin's Ann Gilbert, a 5′ 5″ junior guard, had 42 points, eight rebounds and five steals in an 85–53 win over Earlham. Gilbert scored 29 points, grabbed seven rebounds and dished off five assists in a 60–53 loss to Penn State–Behrend.

SMALL COLLEGE:

Jeffrey McFadden, a 6′ 8″ senior at Tarleton State of the NAIA, averaged 31 points and 17 rebounds in victories over Texas College (95–84), Dallas Baptist (77–61) and Sul Ross State (86–39). McFadden made 38 of 47 shots (81%).

© 1989 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

BUD LIGHT BEER

BUD LIGHT BEER

BUD LIGHT BEER

BUD LIGHT BEER

BUD LIGHT BEER

BUD LIGHT®

Everything else is just a light.®

FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Jan. 29–Feb. 4 • Compiled by Albert Kim

PRO BASKETBALL—For the Knicks, the new year has been a time of losing streaks and dissension. New York, which entered 1990 with a 3½-game lead in the Atlantic Division and the second-best record in the league (20–7), stumbled to a 7–9 record during January, lost sole possession of first and closed out the month with a 97–91 loss to the Celtics. That defeat was the Knicks' 23rd straight on the Boston Garden parquet. Patrick Ewing began February by scoring 31 points in a 96–89 victory over the Kings, but after that game, No. 2 point guard Rod Strickland, unhappy at getting only 1:40 of playing time in the second half, asked to be traded. The Knicks' management refused, and Strickland responded with 10 points during 19 minutes of a 112–98 win over the Pacers. However, those victories didn't stop the 76ers from moving into a first-place tie with New York. Philadelphia beat Indiana 112–108 before sweeping a home-and-home series from the Bucks 119–109 and 105–102 to run its winning streak to 11 games. The Midwest Division penthouse also had two occupants after the Spurs streaked to a 4–0 week to move into a tie with the Jazz. The first of those triumphs was an 86–84 defeat of the Lakers that gave San Antonio its first victory at the Forum in more than six years. The Spurs then swept a home-and-home series from the Hornets, 129–95 and 118–107. In the first of those games, Terry Cummings scored a career-high 52 points, and in the second David Robinson scored 27 points, grabbed 15 rebounds and blocked 11 shots. It was his first triple double of this, his rookie season. The Spurs completed the week by edging the Bulls 112–111. Utah beat the Clippers 120–101 and the Mavericks 105–92, but fell to the Trail Blazers 122–98 and the Pistons 115–83. That victory helped Detroit extend its winning streak to seven and its Central Division lead to four games over second-place Chicago. Like the Knicks and Jazz, the Lakers were also having trouble staying on top; their Pacific Division lead over Portland was cut to a half game *(page 28)*.

BOWLING—RANDY PEDERSEN defeated Don Genalo 201–167 to win a PBA event and $28,000 in Grand Prairie, Texas.

BOXING—HECTOR CAMACHO retained his WBO junior welterweight title with a unanimous 12-round decision over Vinnie Pazienza, in Atlantic City.

MIKE McCALLUM retained his WBA middleweight crown with a unanimous 12-round decision over Steve Collins, in Boston.

GOLF—MARK O'MEARA fired a final-round 72 to win the Pebble Beach National Pro-Am by two strokes over Kenny Perry. O'Meara, who earned $180,000, shot a seven-under-par 281 for the tournament *(page 60)*.

PAT BRADLEY birdied the first playoff hole to defeat Dale Eggeling and win an LPGA event in Lake Worth, Fla. She earned $45,000.

HOCKEY—The Flames, who started the week tied for first in the Smythe Division with the Oilers, moved to the fore with two victories while Edmonton could get only a win and a tie in four games. Calgary swept a home-and-home series from the Canucks 7–2 and 4–3. In the first of those games, Flame center Joe Nieuwendyk scored two goals and had two assists; in the second, Theoren Fleury fired home the game-winner with nine seconds left in overtime. The Oilers squeezed out a 4–4 tie with the Whalers and a 5–4 overtime win over the Capitals, but fell 7–5 to the Red Wings, who were led by Steve Yzerman's four goals, and 6–3 to the Penguins. Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux had a hat trick and an assist against Edmonton and followed up that performance with a goal and an assist in an 8–4 loss to Toronto, all of which extended his point-scoring streak to 42 games, second-best in NHL history. Another hot scorer was Blues right wing Brett Hull, who ran his recent tally to 29 goals in 27 games. He had four on the week to raise his league-leading total to 49. His 46th came in a 2–1 victory over the Islanders, who nonetheless took sole possession of first in the Patrick Division by defeating Washington 5–3 and the Sabres 1–0. Buffalo couldn't gain any ground on the Adams Division–leading Bruins, even though the Sabres beat Quebec twice, 5–2 and 6–3. Buffalo remained three points behind the Bruins, who split a pair with Montreal, winning 2–1 on the Canadiens' home ice and losing 4–2 in Boston Garden, lost to the Rangers 2–1 and defeated the Nordiques 3–2. The Bruins' game against New York was marred by charges that Ranger left wing Kris King had directed a racial slur at Bruin rookie Graeme Townshend. Townshend, only the third black player in Bruin history, was penalized for roughing after tackling and attempting to hit King following the alleged name-calling. Mike Milbury, the Bruin coach, made a formal complaint to the referee immediately after the incident. King denied making any kind of racial comment. The Blackhawks remained atop the Norris Division; they led the Maple Leafs by four points at week's end, after beating the Kings 7–4 and losing 7–3 to the Jets.

HORSE RACING—FLYING CONTINENTAL ($8), ridden by Corey Black, won the Charles H. Strub Stakes for 4-year-olds, at Santa Anita, by half a length over Quiet American. He ran the 1¼ miles in 2:01 ⅖ and earned $275,000.

GORGEOUS ($2.60), with Eddie Delahoussaye in the saddle, prevailed in the La Canada Stakes by five lengths over Luthier's Launch at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old filly covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:50 to win $122,000.

INDOOR SOCCER—Eastern Division–leading Baltimore kept cruising along, defeating Wichita 7–4, Cleveland 7–1 and Tacoma 3–2 in overtime. That streak extended the Blast's lead to three games over the Wings, whose biggest win during the week was a 5–4 overtime victory over Dallas, the Western Division pacesetter.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVY JONES, JAN LAMMERS and ANDY WALLACE drove a Jaguar to victory in the 24 Hours of Daytona by four laps over the Jaguar of Price Cobb, Martin Brundle and John Nielsen, in Daytona Beach, Fla. *(page 48)*.

TENNIS—STEFFI GRAF defeated Arantxa Sanchez 6–1, 6–2 to win the Pan Pacific Open and $70,000, in Tokyo.

The U.S. defeated Mexico 4–0 in the opening round of Davis Cup play in Carlsbad, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—DANNY EVERETT set a world indoor record of 45.04 seconds for 400 meters, in Stuttgart, West Germany. Everett surpassed by .01 of a second the mark set by Thomas Schönlebe two years ago.

MILEPOSTS—FINED: By the NBA, Milwaukee Bucks coach DEL HARRIS, $2,500, for criticizing referees after a game on Jan. 26.

FIRED: As coach of the Charlotte Hornets, DICK HARTER, 58, who guided the Hornets to a 28–94 mark in 1½ seasons, including an 8–32 start in 1989–90. GENE LITTLES, 46, one of Harter's assistants, was named as his interim replacement.

SENTENCED: To five years in prison by a federal judge in Cincinnati, former Pete Rose associate TOMMY GIOIOSA, 31, for conspiring to distribute cocaine, making false statements on his income tax return and conspiring to defraud the Internal Revenue Service *(page 50)*.

FACES IN THE CROWD

LAURIE BECK

THOMAS BOHRER
PHILADELPHIA

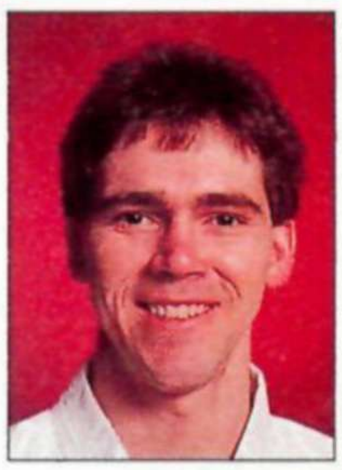
Bohrer, 26, the U.S. Olympic Committee's 1989 Male Athlete of the Year in rowing, won national championships in the elite pairs and the elite fours, both without cox. He got a silver in the fours without cox at the world championships.

GALLERY NORTH

ARLYS KOVACH
INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.

Kovach, 28, the USOC Female Athlete of the Year in weightlifting, set a U.S. women's record in the 165-pound weight class when she snatched 203.9 pounds and clean-and-jerked 253.5 pounds for a 457.4 total at the U.S. Olympic Festival.

CRAIG FUJI



JERRY FERGUSON
EVERETT, WASH.

Ferguson, 29, the USOC Male Athlete of the Year in karate, was a gold medalist in the individual forms competition and the team sparring event at both the North American Cup tournament and the Pan American championships.

JOEL LEBRIZZI

NANCY GUSTAFSON
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Gustafson, 25, the USOC Female Athlete of the Year in disabled skiing, won the U.S. disabled giant slalom and super-giant slalom skiing titles. She finished 10th in the able-bodied combined standings at the U.S. alpine championships.

DON PLOKE

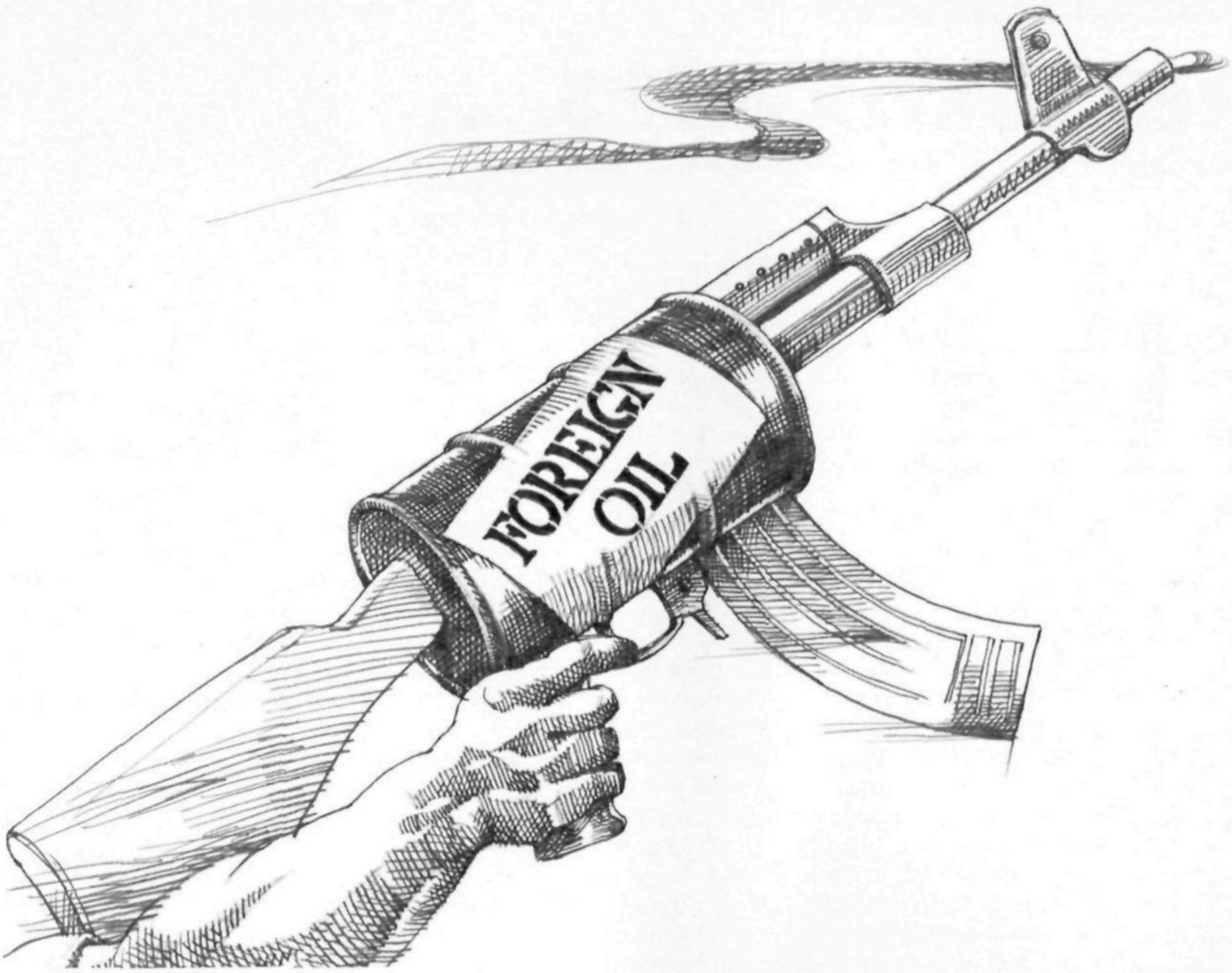
ED ELIASON
STANSBURY PARK, UTAH

Eliason, 52, the USOC Male Athlete of the Year in archery, beat Allen Rasor and Rick McKinney by two points in the finals to win the gold medal at the U.S. Olympic Festival. Eliason also won the outdoor and indoor national crowns.

DAVID DOYLE

PEGGY DICKISON
UPPER MARLBORO, MD.

Dickison, 29, the USOC Female Athlete of the Year in orienteering, won the U.S. women's long orienteering title, finished second in the individual orienteering championships and was the top American woman at the world meet.



AMERICA'S NEXT HOSTAGE CRISIS?

According to the latest figures, America is now importing almost 50 percent of all the oil we use. If our oil imports continue to rise, another energy crisis could be triggered, one that could hold America's economy hostage again.

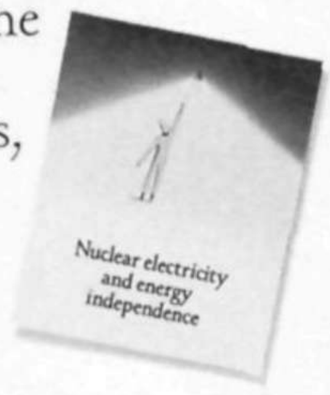
But the more we use nuclear energy, instead of imported oil, to generate electricity, the less we have to depend on foreign nations.

Our 112 nuclear electric plants already have cut foreign oil dependence by 4 billion barrels since the oil embargo of 1973, saving us more than $115 billion in foreign oil payments.

But 112 nuclear plants will not be enough to meet our growing electricity demand. More plants are needed.

We can help keep America from being held hostage and maintain our energy independence by relying more on our own resources, like nuclear energy.

For a free booklet on nuclear energy, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. RF12, Washington, D.C. 20035.



U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Nuclear energy means more energy independence.

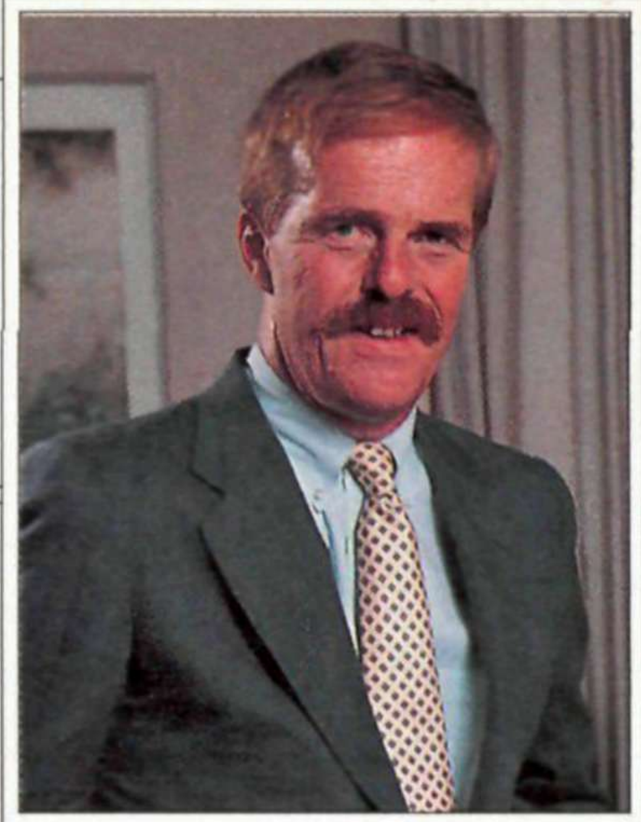
©1989 USCEA

POINT AFTER

YES, BO EVEN KNOWS. . . .

We have barely scratched the surface of this man's talents

BY LEIGH MONTVILLE ■



JOHN IACONO

I REPORT TODAY ON THE OPERAtion. Bo successfully delivered a seven-pound, three-ounce baby girl this morning at a hospital in a small town in Alabama. Mother and daughter are doing fine.

"Bo knows obstetrics," I tell the home office.

"Delivering a baby isn't very hard," I am told. "Even taxi drivers sometimes do it."

"This was by cesarean section," I reply.

Let's see. Yesterday I reported on Bo's first novel. Tomorrow I'm scheduled to report on Bo's first solo flight. The novel has the thoughtfulness of John Updike and the dialogue of David Mamet, combined with the best-seller appeal of Stephen King. It also was written in French. The first flight, Bo says, will be in a jumbo jet. A major airline will allow him to take the controls from New York to Los Angeles.

"I will file my story from an exclusive Beverly Hills restaurant," I tell the home office. "Bo is going to cook a seven-course dinner for a number of Hollywood stars after he lands. He will also select the wines. Bo knows wines."

"Bo knows wines?" I am asked.

"Both imported and domestic," I reply.

I began this assignment on Christmas, the day after Bo finished his season with the Los Angeles Raiders by carrying the football 10 times for 35 yards in a 34–17 loss to the New York Giants. There would be roughly 60 days before this Renaissance man of athletics would report to the Kansas City Royals on Feb. 23 for the start of baseball spring training. What would Bo do in those 60 days? A television commercial for sneakers says that Bo knows how to lift weights and play football, baseball, basketball, tennis, hockey and lead guitar. What more does he know?

Well, in my short time with Bo, I have learned more than the wisest professors ever could teach. I have seen this power-hitting running back leave a Las Vegas audience weak with laughter after delivering a flawless comedy routine. I have climbed Everest with him (Bo knows shortcuts). I have helped save a child from a burning building—Bo stood on the roof with the kid and told me exactly where to position the net. I have cheered as Bo shattered the record for swimming the English Channel.

On a night in Fargo, N.Dak., I watched him walk a high wire at the top of a circus tent. In a car hurtling along the back roads of New Hampshire, I finally had the theory of relativity explained in terms that I could understand. I saw Bo juggle a chain saw, a bowling ball and a carrot. I saw him park a tractor trailer in a space seemingly large enough to hold only an average compact, and I saw him hold a roomful of scientists spellbound with his theories on acid rain.

There was a time, during the negotiations to have Manuel Noriega leave the Vatican embassy in Panama—no, I am not supposed to mention that. The State Department swore me to secrecy. I can report that I saw Bo stop a charging herd of elephants on an African plain. He only had to point a finger at the beasts and say some strange word in an authoritative voice. I saw him shoot a hole in one on a par-4, dogleg right, by cutting over the trees and putting a lot of backspin on the ball. I saw him slap a sagging big-money musical into shape two nights before its opening on Broadway. I saw him paint an entire window frame without allowing one drip to fall onto the glass.

Every day has brought a different experience, a different lesson. No, every day has brought a dozen different lessons, two dozen, even more. I have tried to keep track of them all, down to the smallest detail ("This is the way Bo ties a necktie," I reported one day. "Read carefully, because Bo knows knots"), but I am beginning to falter. There are only so many words, so many notebooks.

"After the dinner in Beverly Hills, we are going surfing," I report now to the home office. "Then we go to San Francisco for the dedication of a building that Bo designed. It is very much in the style of Frank Lloyd Wright. Then there's the reggae concert. Bo is supposed to sing with Bob Marley's widow. Then he's supposed to have some laboratory time. Bo thinks he has discovered a salve that halts acne, but he wants to run a final test. Then—oh, I don't know—then there is something else, I'm sure."

"You sound tired," I am told.

"I am tired," I reply. "I'm as tired as I've ever been. Even the time I spent in the Caribbean was exhausting, watching Bo take the pictures for the swimsuit issue. He was a little worried about the backlighting."

What am I to do? The 60 days of Bo's vacation continue. Right now, he is working toward his degree in family and child development at Auburn. He is also whittling a bust of Napoleon from a piece of wood he found in the street. We just watched *Jeopardy!* on television. Bo didn't miss a single answer. Bo knows everything.

Except how to sleep. ■

Also available in
King Size Soft Pack
and Box.

KOOL & MILD TODAY

Smoother, milder, lower in tar.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Kings and Box, 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine;
100's, 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1990 B&W T Co.

ONCE AGAIN, IT'S CAUGHT THE COMPETITION WITH ITS VALUE DOWN.

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

THE TOUGHEST COMPETITION WE HAVE IS OURSELVES.

When you compare the 1990 Ford Ranger XLT with the Toyota Deluxe, or Chevy S-10 you'll find Ranger XLT catches the competition with their prices up... and their features down.*

BEST-SELLING COMPACT TRUCK IN AMERICA.

Ranger offers something else the competition can't match. The status of being America's best-selling compact truck three years running.** And when you're also the value leader, the toughest competition you have is yourself.

TRANSFERABLE 6/60 POWERTRAIN WARRANTY.

Covers you and future owners on major powertrain components for 6 years/60,000 miles. Ask to see a copy of this limited warranty at your Ford Dealer.

FORD RANGER XLT GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES FOR LESS MONEY THAN EITHER TOYOTA DELUXE OR CHEVY S-10

- AM/FM stereo cassette
- Power steering
- Multi-port electronic fuel-injection
- Rear anti-lock brakes
- Cast aluminum wheels
- Tachometer
- Interval wipers
- Sliding rear window
- Gauge package
- Tinted glass
- 5-Speed manual overdrive transmission... and more.

BEST-BUILT AMERICAN TRUCKS.

The best-built American trucks are built by Ford. This is based on an average of consumer-reported problems in a series of surveys of all Ford and competitive '81-'89 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality is Job 1."

*Based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices of comparably equipped long wheelbase Ranger XLT with package 864A, Toyota Deluxe Model #8134, and Chevy S-10 package AAA5.
**Based on model year manufacturers' reported retail deliveries from 1987 thru 1989.

Ford

RANGER

BUILT FORD TOUGH

SEAGRAM'S 7 AND 7TH HEAVEN

Seagram's Seven Crown 7 America's Good Time Spirit.

© 1989 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., N.Y. American Whiskey. A blend. 40% Alc. by vol. 80 proof.