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Sports Illustrated

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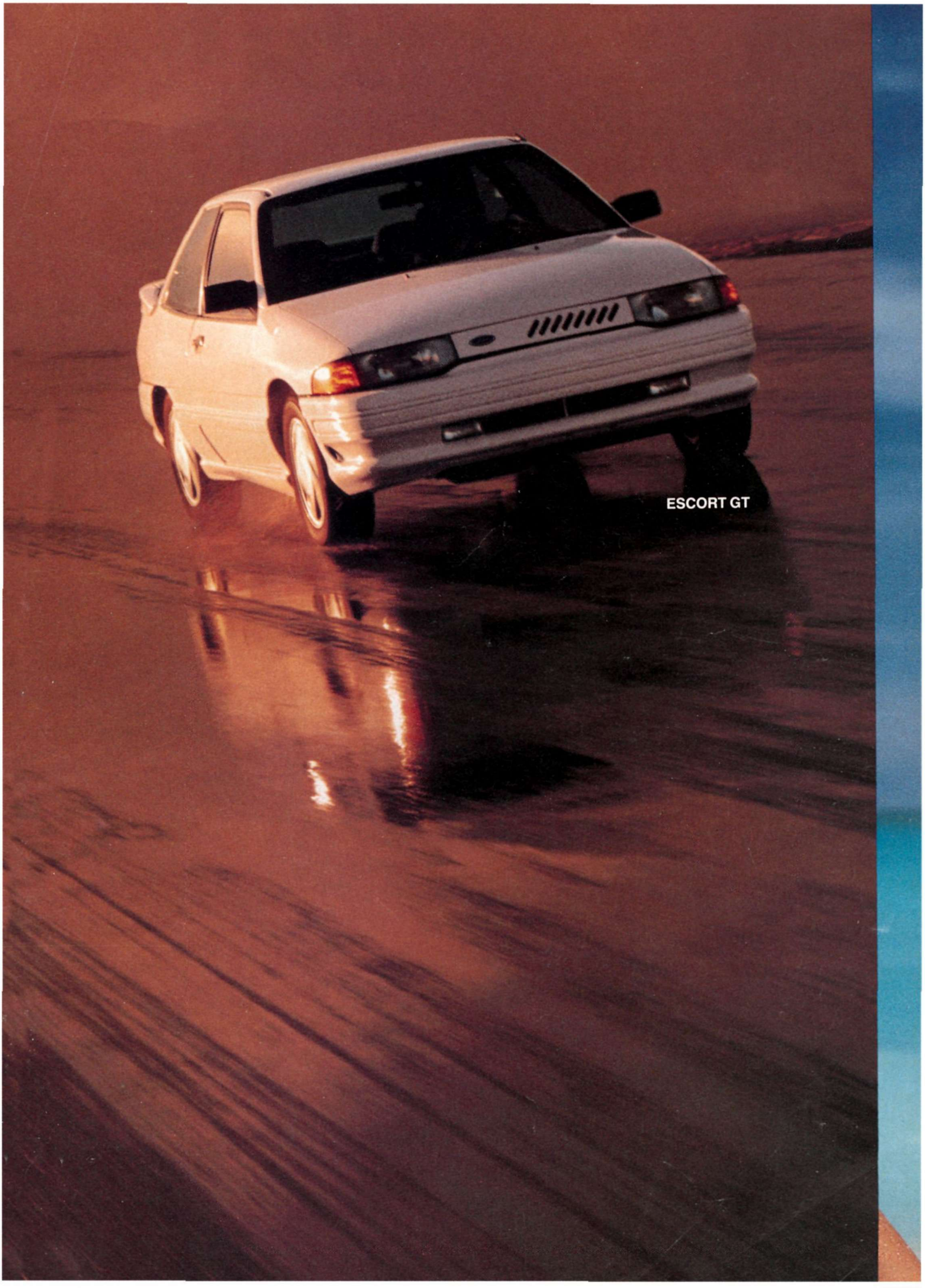
Ford


ESCORT GT

Sports Illustrated

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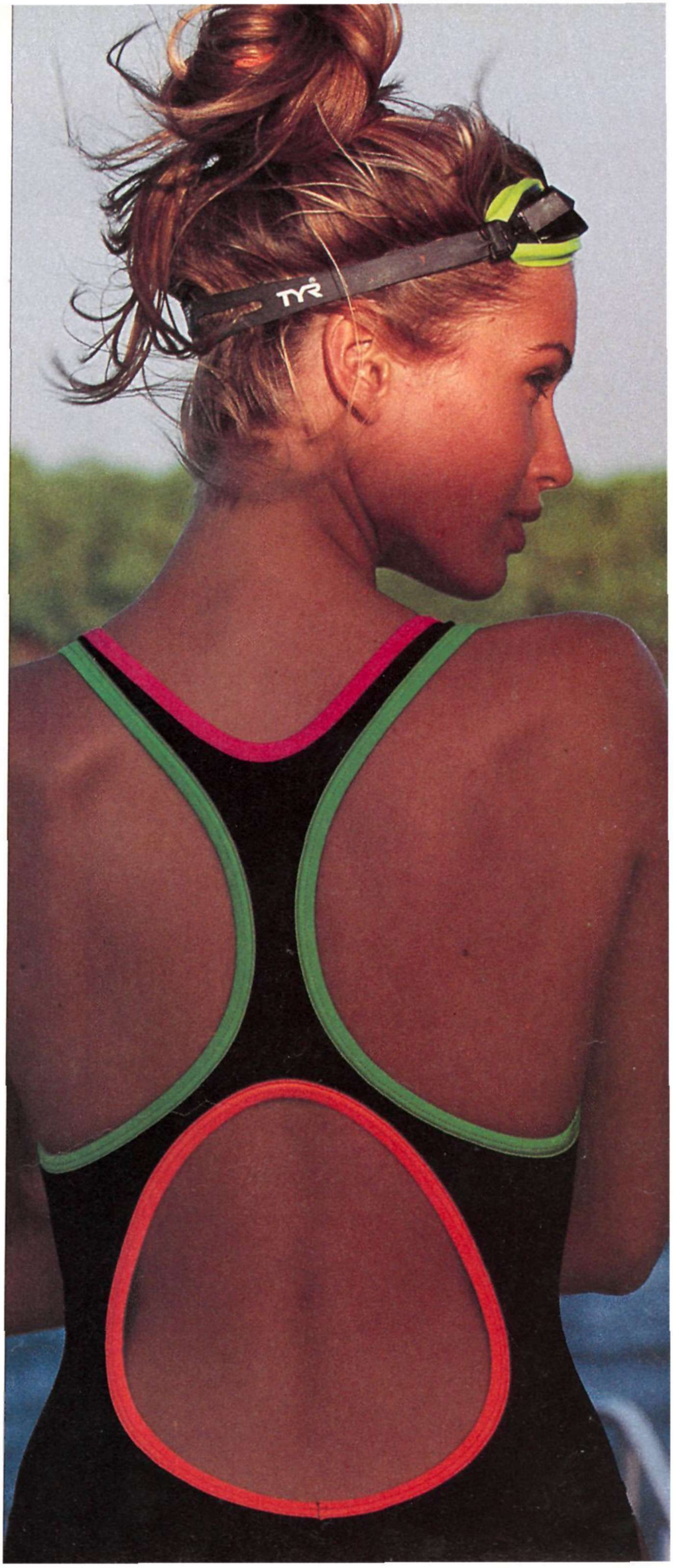

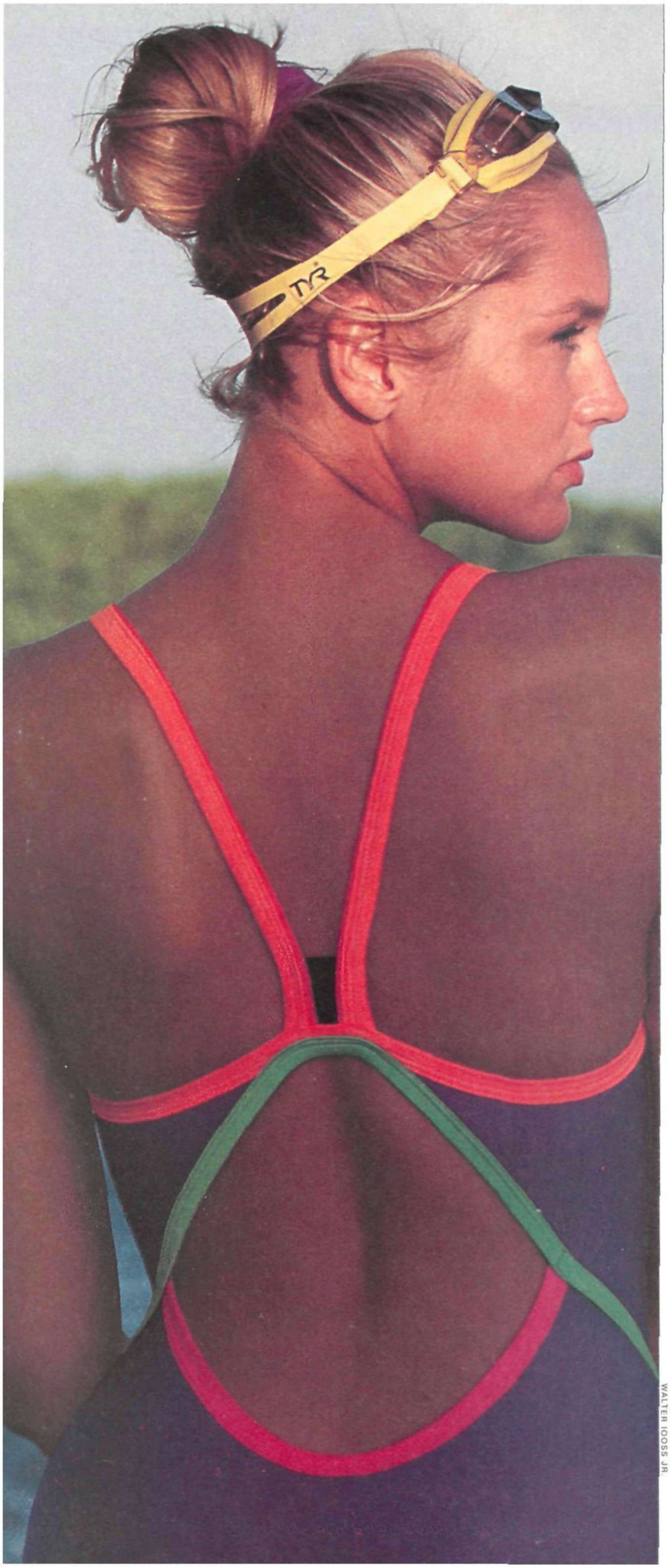

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In The Swim

Judit Masco (left) and Ashley Montana look like winners in these genuine racing bathing suits (Judit's, $42, Ashley's, $40) and new goggles ($14), all from TYR Sport. That's Ashley on the cover, too, in a cotton-Lycra suit by Adrienne Vittadini ($54) and a Brenda Welch hat ($92). For more fun in the sun, turn to page 90.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY
WALTER IOOSS JR.

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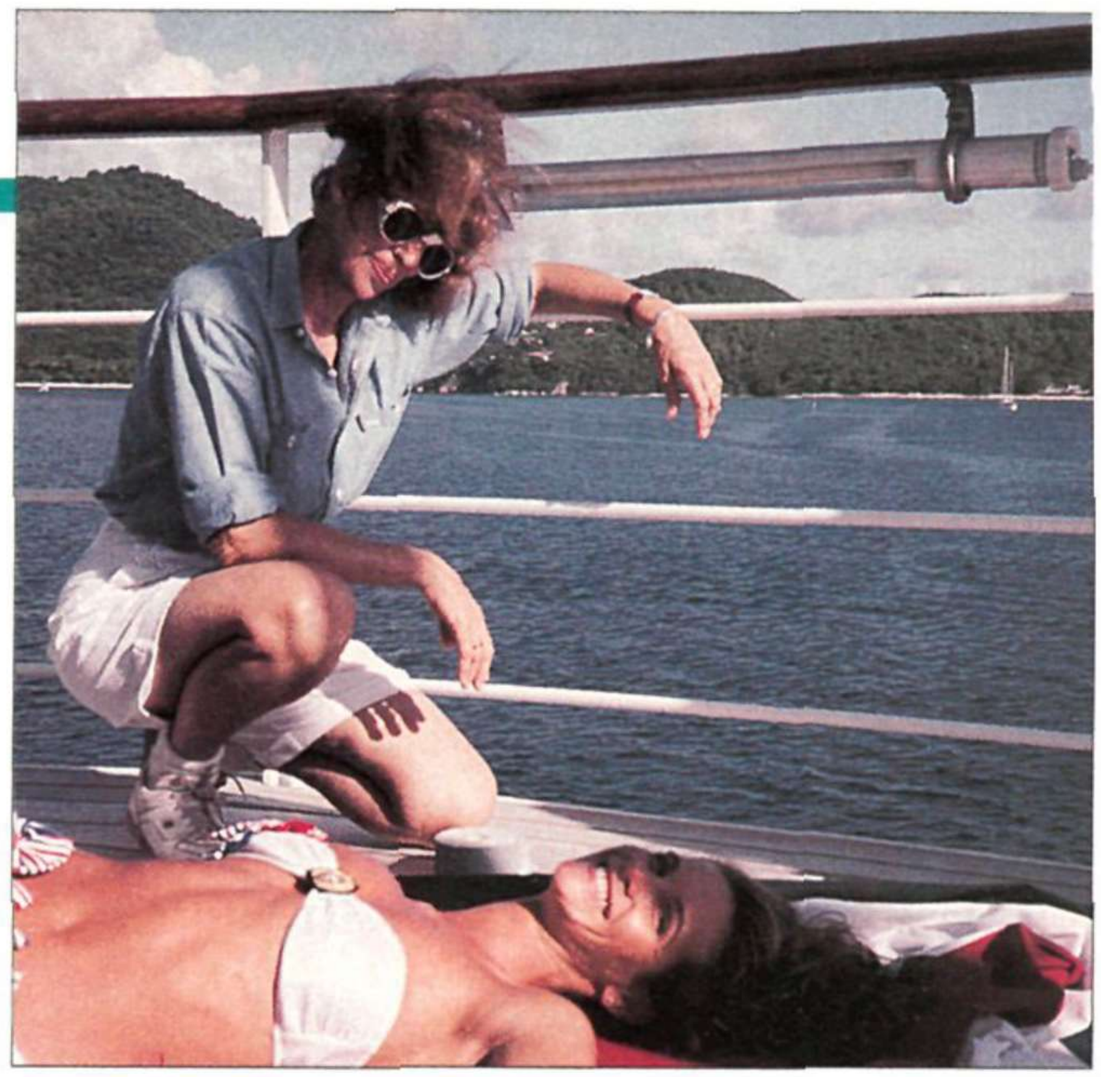
FROM THE EDITOR

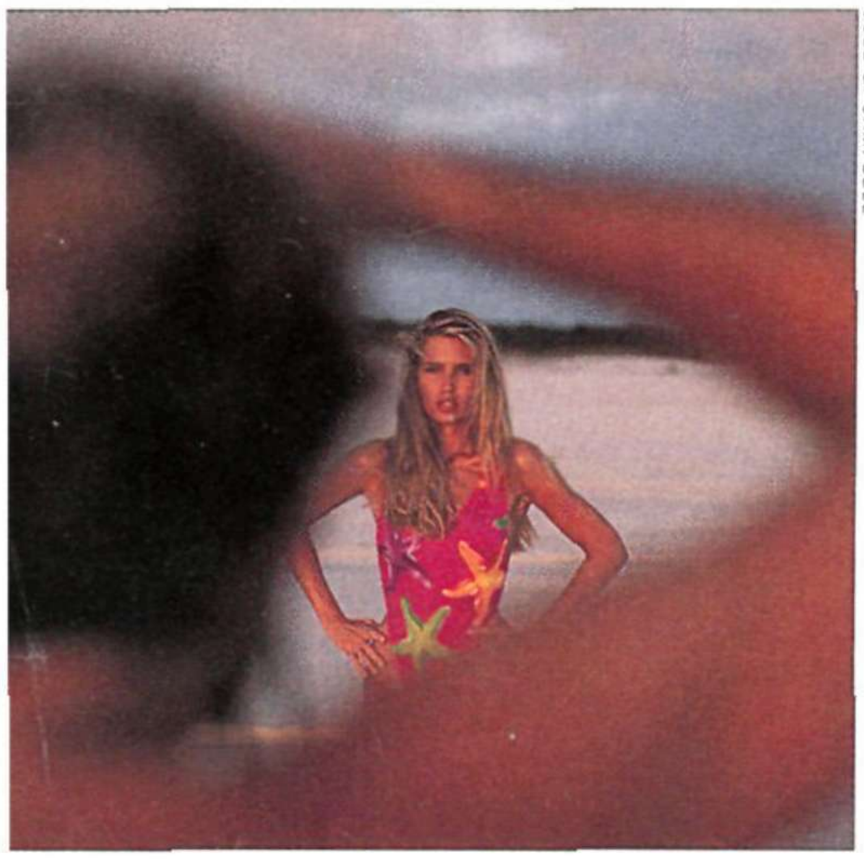


Campbell (left) and MacPherson hit the deck on the Club Med 1.

THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY "THE PERILS OF PAULINE," BUT there were more than a few hair-raising moments for senior editor Jule Campbell, assistant Margot Huber Heckler and the rest of the SI contingent as they traveled to six islands around the world to photograph this year's swimsuit feature, which begins on page 90.

While on the microscopic Indonesian island of Sawu, for instance, Campbell had to sidestep a passing "ambulance": four men running with a stretcher, while a fifth man held an umbrella over a supine accident victim. Aboard the Caribbean cruise ship *Club Med 1* , Campbell and models Elle Macpherson and Rachel Hunter weathered rough seas when they caught the front end of Hurricane Klaus. And then there were the huge swells the SI gang encountered aboard the catamaran *M/V Spice Islander*, off the coast of Lombok, another Indonesian island. The swells threw 800 swimsuits across the deck, causing a harrowing Lycralanche.

As is annually the case, however, there was much more beauty than bad karma wherever Campbell & Company went. (They also alighted on the islands of Bali and Komodo in Indonesia, as well as on some of the Turks and Caicos islands in the Caribbean.) Most of Sawu's 300-plus residents, only a few of whom have ever been off the island, gathered to greet the SI group, whose members bore gifts of red bandannas for the men, lipsticks for the women and pencils for the children. "We also gave the people Polaroids of themselves," says Campbell. "They considered those the most wonderful gifts ever."



JULE G. CAMPBELL

Judit Masco (left) was framed in the Caribbean; Kathy Ireland had the run of Sawu.

HANS FEURER

The Turks and Caicos are an all-but-unheard-of group of 30 islands only an hour and 30 minutes by plane from Miami, and it was there, surrounded by turquoise waters and royal-blue skies, that SI cover model Ashley Montana sat, like Madame Defarge in a Lycra stretch maillot, incongruously knitting a four-ply cashmere sweater between shoots.

After perusing the photos from this island-hopping tour, you might take note of the new look of the rest of the magazine. From SCORECARD in the front to FOR THE RECORD in back, and on most of the pages in between, SI has been "refitted," as design director Steven Hoffman characterizes the changes.

The redesigned and expanded SCORECARD is edited by SI's editor-at-large, Steve Wulf, the first member of our staff to hold that title. In the coming weeks, SCORECARD will introduce several new features to accompany such standbys as THEY SAID IT and the illustrations of Patrick McDonnell. "As much as I loved the traditional SCORECARD, I think the new section is a leap forward in both design and content," says Wulf.

FOR THE RECORD has also taken on a new dimension: Game roundups have been replaced by a broader, fresher and somewhat more detailed selection of the week's news, from both on and off the playing fields.

Finally, type designer Jonathan Hoefler worked with Hoffman to create a new group of headline typefaces, which will now be known in the business as the SI Family. One of the ways that typefaces are classified is by weight—the width and density of the letters—and the weights in the SI Family parallel those in boxing: bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, welterweight, etc. "We used to have one typeface for all of our headlines, all in capital letters," says Hoffman. "With a variety of typefaces, we can better convey the tone and feel of each story."

We hope that this issue will be for our readers what putting together the swimsuit story was for Campbell. "It was," she says, "a constant discovery."

John Papanek

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Go Make like a Washing Machine

Taking the line of greatest resistance in a pool is but one of the latest ideas in the wonderful world of fitness

by LISA TWYMAN BESSONE

CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT NEW EXERcise contraption will be the StairMaster of 1991 and beyond? Wondering which new fitness fad will spark the aerobic ambitions of this year's crop of couch potatoes? The answers were at the 1990 Club Industry Show, where the fitness equipment you'll find at your health club tomorrow was on display for four days last November.

The trade show, held in Chicago's Hilton, attracted more than 240 companies as vendors and 3,750 health club professionals as buyers. This gathering would never have been mistaken for investment bankers. The men were properly pumped-up types, and the women looked as if they were newly hatched from a Jane Fonda workout video. If Lycra were an animal, it would be endangered, judging by the amount of it worn around the exhibition areas. The casual dress, however, was functional because prospective buyers—mostly fitness club owners—routinely jumped on the exercise equipment and tried it out before deciding whether or not to sign on the dotted line.

As at most trade shows, the mood in Chicago was upbeat. Los Angeles Dodger manager Tommy Lasorda autographed pictures at the Ultra Slim-Fast booth, and two members of baseball's world champion Cincinnati Reds—Todd Benzinger and Paul O'Neill—were on hand to endorse Nautilus equipment. Still, there were a few dark clouds on the horizon. In late 1989, *The Wall Street Journal* had published the results of its consumer study, "The American Way of Buying." Not surprisingly, the $4 billion-a-year fitness category figured prominently in the survey, and the findings were enough to elevate heart rates throughout that industry.

"It isn't just exercise gear that isn't getting a good workout," the *Journal* reported. Of the 2,002 surveyed adults who own home-exercise equipment, nearly three fourths of them admitted that they don't use it as much as they had planned. The *Journal* also pointed out that people tend to exaggerate their fitness regimes. That would suggest that most of 15 million stationary bikes sold in the U.S. in the last five years (at an average of $150 each) aren't being used at all.

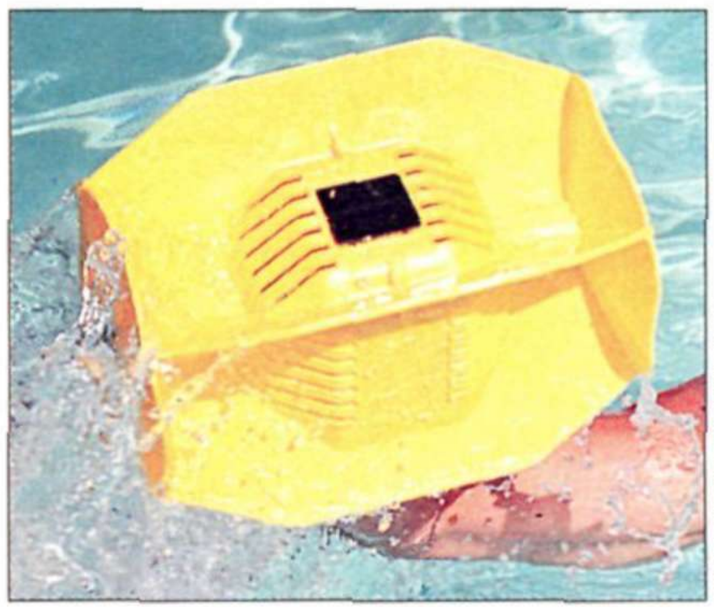
COURTESY OF HYDRO-TONE

For a low-impact workout Hydro-Tone makes hand weights and boots that utilize water resistance.

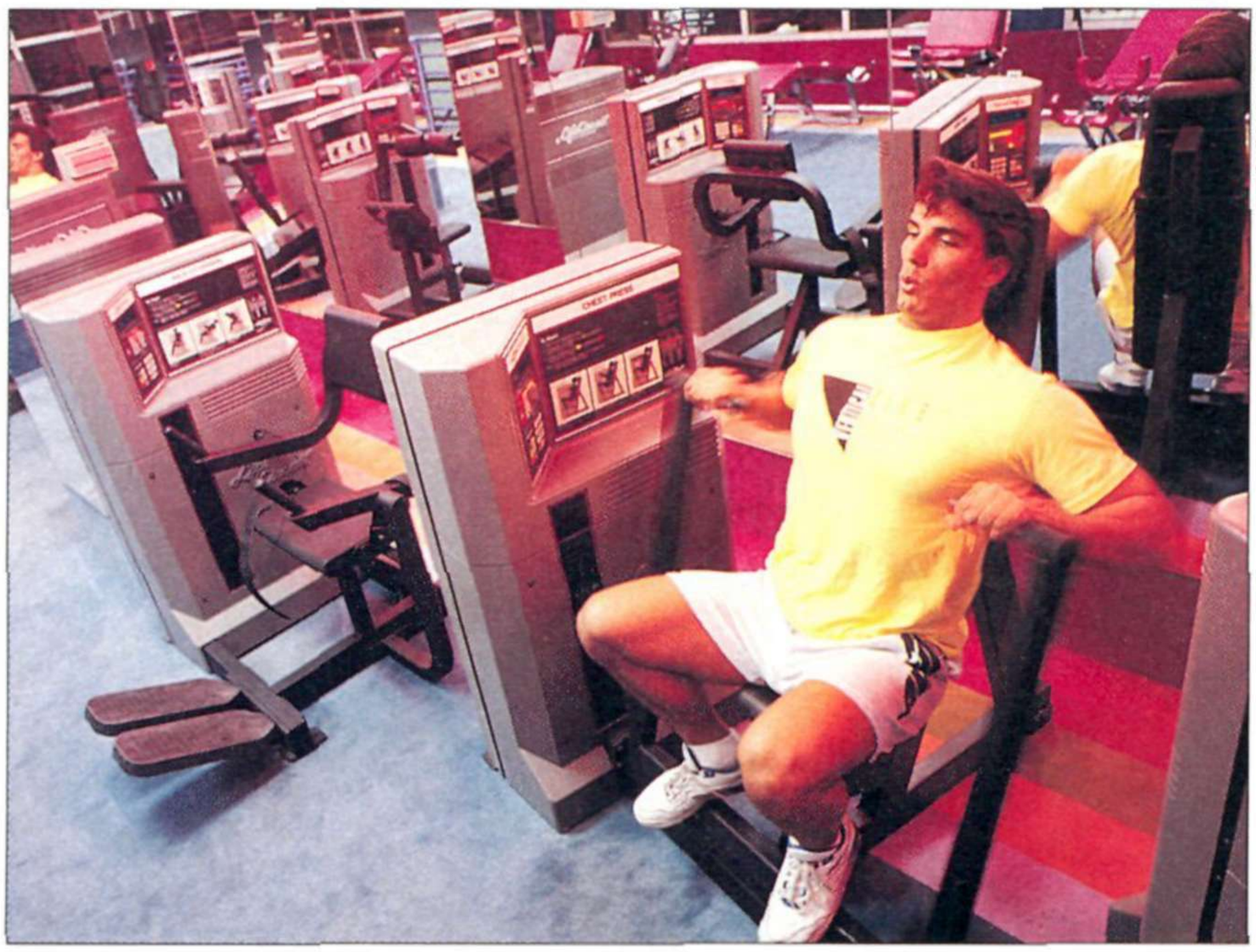
What's more, the survey found that half of the respondents who were fitness club members didn't use those facilities that much, either. And of 14 athletic activities—including cycling, swimming and skiing—only two, walking and golf, showed any increase in participation during the 1980s.

The *Journal* concluded that consumers with good intentions ("I'll start exercising tomorrow . . . *really*") have been keeping fitness sales healthy. But with a recession setting in, how much longer can the boom last, especially when fewer Americans are willing to "go for the burn"?

"The trick now is to create so much excitement about a machine that people will want to *run* to their local health club to try it," says Michael Hoffman, of Life Fitness, Inc., a computerized exercise equipment manufacturer in Irvine, Calif. Manufacturers at the Chicago show, however, seemed to be staying with the tried and true; most of the machines on display were variations of proven hot performers—stair machines, stationary bikes and treadmills. Still, there were a few notable innovations to be found:



COURTESY OF HYDRO-TONE



BILL BALLENBERG

• *Lifecircuit*. The folks who pioneered computerized fitness with the Lifecycle, a computerized exercise bicycle, introduced computerized circuit training, custom-made for our push-button society. No more tinkering with pins on weight stacks or changing clanging plates to set up that machine. Simply select the program you want and enter the desired lifting weight on the console touch pad; fine-tuning adjustments are as easy as pressing an up or down arrow. "It's what we call roboticized training," says Hoffman. "Get people to play with all the buttons and they'll become fit in the process."

BILL BALLENBERG

A computer touch pad allows users to program Lifecircuit individually.

A bar graph lights up at the completion of each rep, so even the need to count is eliminated. A preliminary strength test takes the guesswork out of lifting weights by first determining your "max," then automatically setting the resistance for a routine tailored to your strength level. And if you try to lift more weight than you are capable of handling, the machine locks and tells you to start over. There are 12 machines in the circuit, each one designed for a different exercise—chest press, arm curl, leg extension and seated rowing. The computer gizmos can seem daunting at first, but, really, any dumbbell can work these weight machines. Unfortunately, only a Henry Kravis can afford a set at $86,400.

• *Hydro-Tone*. The concept is simple. Jump in a pool, grip what look like high-tech spaghetti colanders in your hands and make like a Maytag washing machine. The effort exerted by dragging these hydro-dumbbells through the water produces an excellent workout. The submerged dumbbells weigh about a nano-ounce, meaning that even the most pathetic physical specimen can use them. Water resistance is the key; the harder you push the weights through the water, the more they resist. There are also boots with wacky-looking flaps around the Velcro straps, to work the thighs, buttocks and waist.

According to Hydro-Tone's marketing director, Charles Razien, 20 minutes of exercise three times a week is all the time required for the body beautiful. The workout is low-impact (in water, your body weighs only about 10% of its land weight), making it appealing to an athlete coming back from injury, and the water in the pool allows one to exercise intensely for longer periods without overheating. The Oklahoma City–based company has an advisory board that's heavy with M.D.'s and athletic coaches, and Razien says that John McEnroe called Hydro-Tone a secret weapon during his climb back up the tennis rankings. A starter set goes for $230, nose clip not included.

• *Gravitron*. This machine was invented a few years ago by the StairMaster gang at Randal Sports/Medical, in Seattle. Gravitron looks sinister and has a compressor that hisses. What the machine does, though, is help you cheat at pull-ups, chin-ups and military dips. "Dips and chins are two of the most beneficial exercises a person can do," says Chris Torggler, Randal's manager of international sales. "But the great majority of people, even men, can't do one. This machine makes the exercise accessible to everyone."

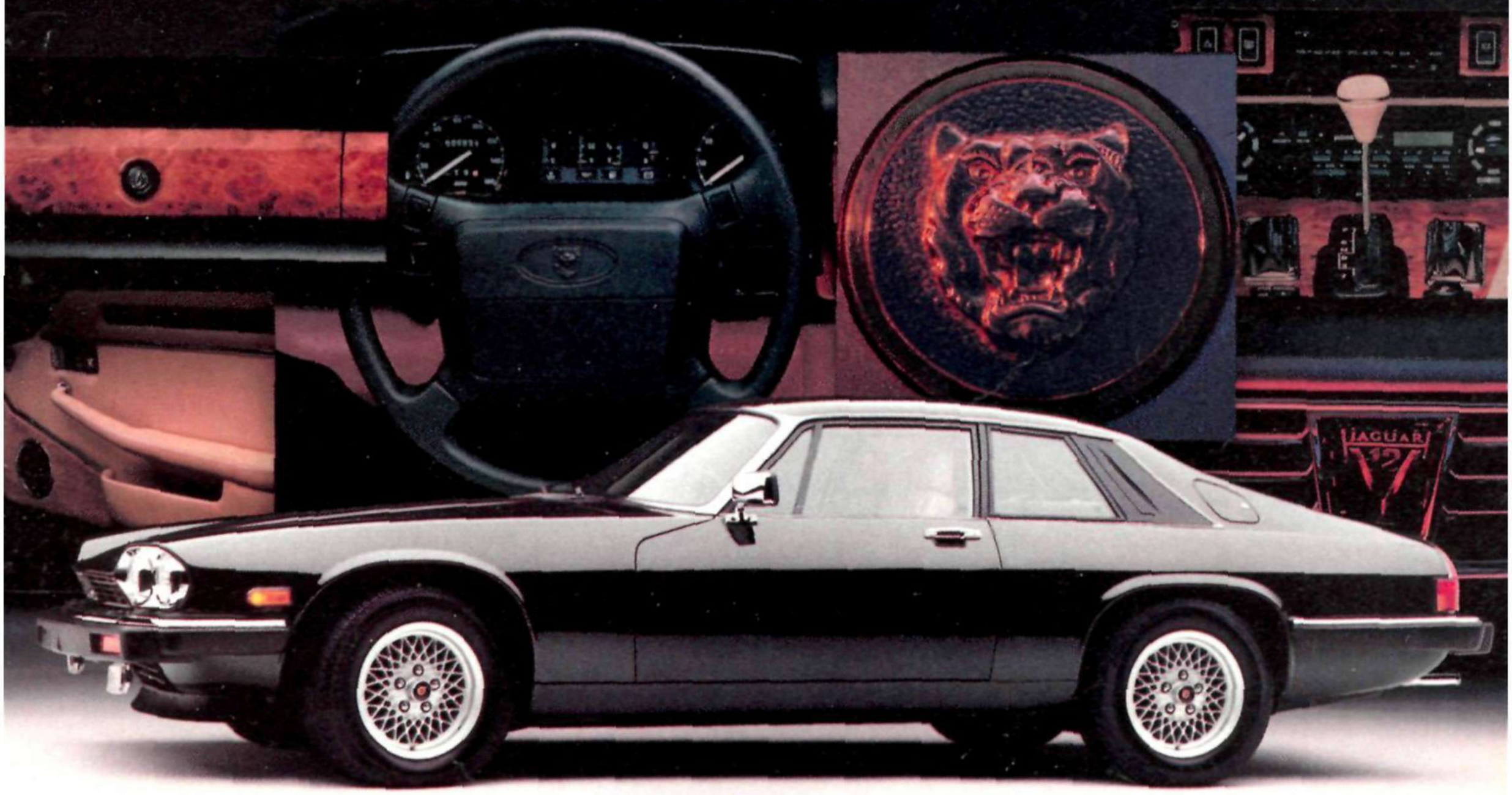
A person stands on a platform on the Gravitron and punches into the computer the percentage of body weight that he or she would like to lift. The platform then provides the necessary boost from below to lift the weight, while the exerciser's arms are at work above. Only a hundred or so of the machines are currently in use at corporate fitness centers and health clubs across the country. But Torggler, for one, expects sales to skyrocket this year, despite the Gravitron's $3,995 price tag. "Just look around," he said. "Three companies have already imitated the idea. It's catching on fast."

• *Gravitone*. No, that's not a misprint. Gravity is big this year. This is perhaps the most unusual concept. The user of the Gravitone lies supine on the machine and bench-presses his or her body weight, or a percentage of it (up to 200%), using leverage, not weights. The lifting produces a rocking motion. "It puts movement into your weight workout," says Spacebok's Doug Palmisano, who engineers the Gravitone at a Pompano Beach, Fla., plant. Built of ultralight aluminum, the Gravitone looks like a skimobile from hell, and retails for $6,500. Nine other pieces, which exercise various muscle groups, are in the works from Spacebok.

So, why is a Gravitone better than the ordinary bench press already at the Y? Said Palmisano, repeating the unofficial mantra for the Chicago exposition, "Why is a Lamborghini better than a VW? It's just high-tech versus low-tech." ■

Free-lance writer Lisa Twyman Bessone has never owned a stationary bicycle.

The More Cars The World Makes, The More The Jaguar XJ-S Stands Apart.



In California, XJ-S available in 1990 model only.

In a world where wind tunnels determine automotive style and an engine's design owes as much to accounting as it does to engineering, consider the Jaguar XJ-S. Its bold, powerful stance and long, sleek hood were created with one goal: to stir the motoring passions of its driver.

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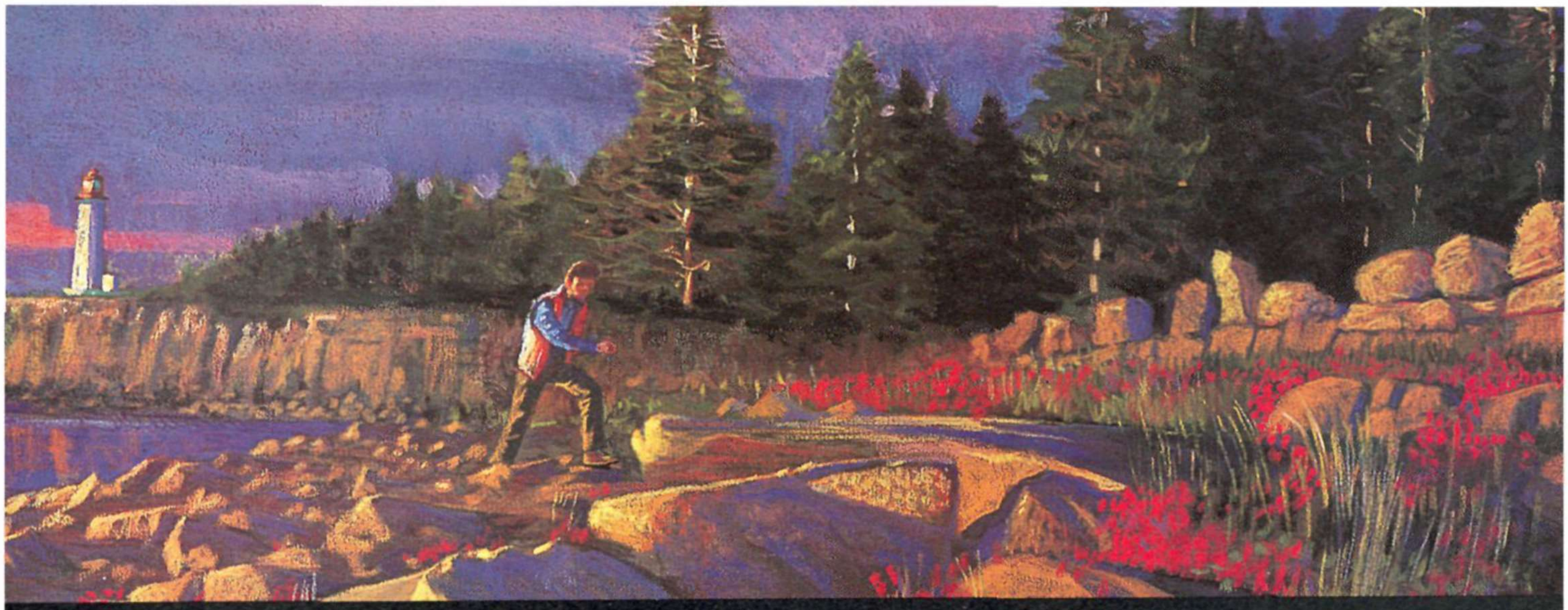

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We Were All Just Wild about Harry

In '64, Harry Litwack guided Temple to a championship.
His off-court guidance proved even more important | by B.G. KELLEY

AT A TIME WHEN MY BUDDIES WERE fascinated by girls and fin-tailed cars, basketball was my only passion. It was 1959, and I was a hotshot high school hoopster in Philadelphia. One night as I was taking in a college game at the old brick-and-steel Palestra in West Philly, I saw my future: I would someday play for Harry Litwack's Temple Owls in the Big Five league. I had to, I needed to. It came to me in a flash. Temple's 5′ 11″ All-America guard Bill (Pickles) Kennedy had just swiped the ball from a St. Joe player. Pickles crossed over on a dribble and went by one defender. He dashed the length of the court, snaked down the lane and flipped a shot over two more Hawks. The ball fell softly through the hoop, and suddenly I was willing to sacrifice all to play, someday, for Harry Litwack's team.

You see, Litwack had the reputation of being a "little man's coach." In the four previous years he had twice taken Temple to the NCAA Final Four, in 1956 and 1958, winning national coach of the year honors both times. He had done it with the help of a group of great little guards: Hal Lear, Guy Rodgers and the aforementioned Pickles Kennedy.

I, too, at 5′ 8″, was a little guard.

And so it was that I found my way to Temple. The first time I met the legendary Litwack, better known as the Chief, he said to me, "C'mon, I'll buy you something to eat." He didn't take me to Bookbinders, that's for sure. Instead, Litwack escorted me to Mike's Broad Tower, a 12-stool on-campus eatery that served up burgers, shakes, fries and cherry Cokes. It was located right next to Temple's South Hall basketball court, and the Chief recruited all his players there. That means *all* of them—including the great Rodgers, who, the story goes, was treated to a burger and shake. Then the Chief gave Rodgers a token so he could get back home on public transportation.

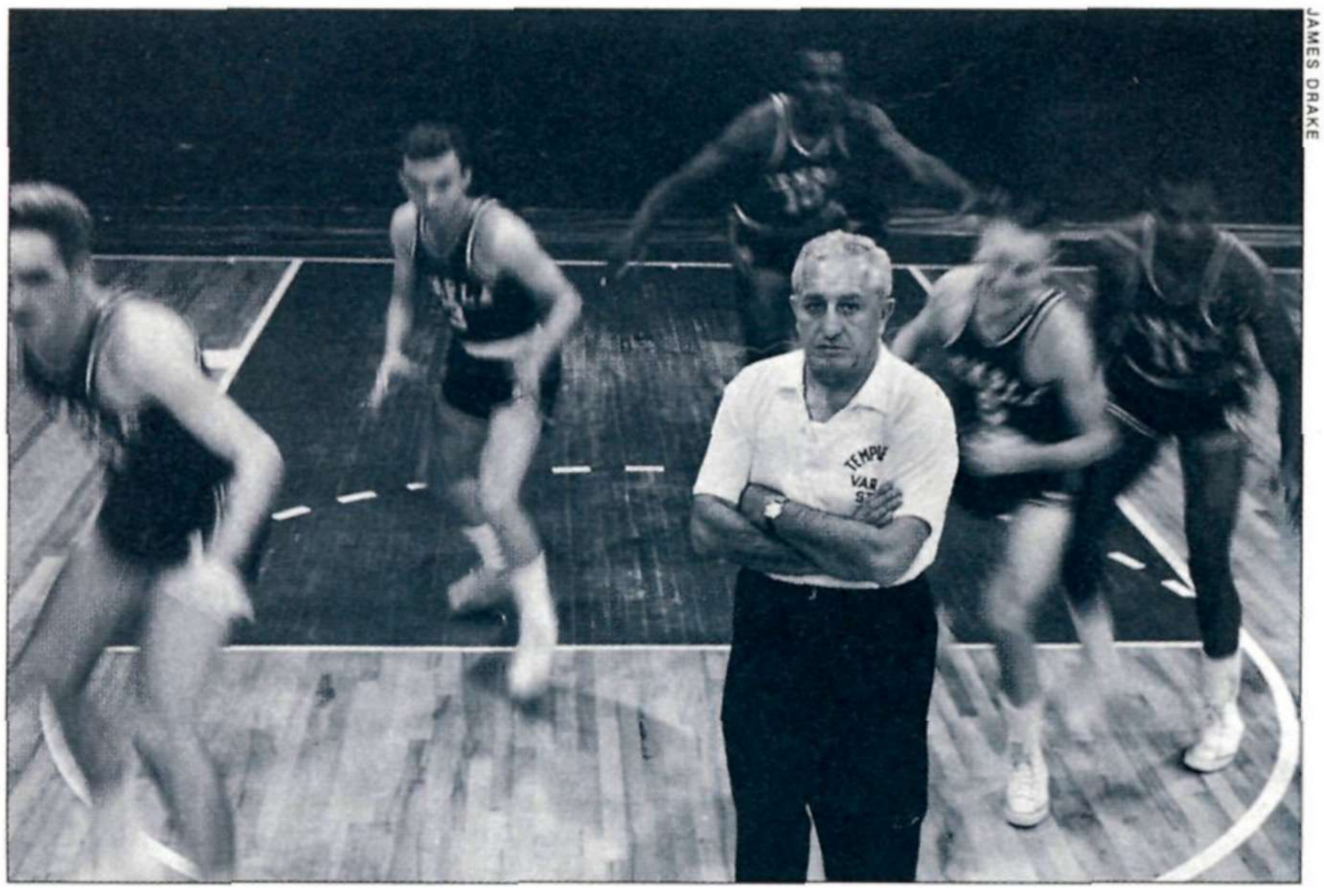
"Give the kid what he wants," Litwack told Mike, the owner, as I hopped up on a Broad Tower stool. The Chief stood at the end of the counter, puffing hard on a big-as-a-broomstick panatela. A corona of smoke wreathed his head. I knew as I looked at him that Litwack was no slick Madison Avenue guy who would put extra spin on a pitch in order to wow a recruit. No, he would speak honestly and candidly—blowing cigar smoke in my face all the while—and promise me nothing but a solid education. No money, no cars, no playmates, not even playing time.

That was O.K. with me. I would earn my playing time.

And I did. By junior year, I was in the starting lineup.

I remember a winter night—Feb. 15, 1964, to be precise. We were to play La Salle for the Middle Atlantic Conference championship and entry into the NCAA tournament. The game was supremely important to the Chief because he hadn't been to the NCAAs since '58.

La Salle was favored, and no wonder. The Explorers glittered with stars: Frank Corace, Curt Fromal, George Sutor, Walter Sampson. But the Chief wasn't worried. In the locker room before the game, he stood calmly by the door, his hands folded across his chest, puffing away on that ubiquitous cigar. "Block out, take good shots and get a hand in their face," he told us simply. It wasn't Litwack's style to sputter Rockne-like language and send us out flying. We felt that if we listened to his calm instruction and did as he said, we would win. "Play as a team," he said. "Stick to the fundamentals. Know your strengths and weaknesses." He stressed the latter. If you didn't recognize what you could and could not do on the court, there would be consequences. Elmer Snethen, a player hardly known for his accurate shooting, once forgot about the consequences. He launched a shot from deep—and I mean *deep*—in the corner, an alltime brick. "Jesus Christmas!" shouted the Chief, leaping off the bench. In the locker room at half, Litwack stood on a bench and said to us sternly, "If



JAMES DRAKE

The Chief's rules were simple. Chief among them was to know your place on the court.

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you're not a bunter, don't bunt." Snethen didn't get it. He whispered, "What's he mean?" Bob Harrington, our senior co-captain, shot a darting look at him and said, "Don't shoot."

So on this winter night in 1964, we were all concentrating on what we should and shouldn't do. And we were concentrating on the consequences. The Chief clapped his hands, softly, and sent us out onto the Palestra court with these words: "Let's go out and play with some ginger."

Ginger?

Apparently, we did play with ginger. With less than eight minutes to go in the game, and with more than 9,000 Temple and La Salle fans rocking the rafters of the old building, I popped a pass to our 6′ 8″ center, Jim Williams, in the low post. Williams was double-teamed. He pump-faked a jumper, lifting both defenders. He took one dribble, went back up and hammered it home. We never looked back. Temple 63, La Salle 57. At game's end I heaved the ball high into the Palestra air, and then looked at Litwack. On his flushed face was a broad smile.

After the game, as I was leaving the locker room, I noticed Litwack talking to a reporter. The Chief had the game ball burrowed in his stubby arms. When Harrington, who had gutted out the game on a severely sprained ankle, came out, Litwack immediately picked his way through the thick crowd of supporters. The Chief handed Harrington the game ball. "You deserve this," Litwack said. Harrington, near tears, hugged the Chief.

Looking beyond basketball to his "family," as the Chief liked to call his players, was a hallmark of Litwack's. Each season, on the October day before our first practice, he would call us to midcourt. "Basketball is for four years," he would preach. "Education is for life." He believed that. He sold us on it. I came to realize that if you needed something and asked Harry Litwack, it was a done deal.

Sometimes, you didn't even have to ask. One day not long after the La Salle victory—almost immediately after we had been bounced by Connecticut from the NCAA tournament, in fact—I was passing the BT, as the Broad Tower was called on campus. I peered in. Litwack was standing, as usual, at the end of the counter, coffee in one hand, *The Wall Street Journal* in the other. My glance, however, quickly fell upon the rare beauty behind the counter: statuesque, with the face of a model and dark hair falling over her shoulders. I checked in for a cherry Coke. I found out she was the owner's daughter, helping out between classes.

I begged myself to ask her out. But my shyness—my fear—wouldn't let me.

Several days later I happened to be in the BT, and Mike, the owner, slipped me a piece of paper with a phone number on it. "Call my daughter," he said. "Coach Litwack told me you were a fine fellow."

I graduated from Temple in 1965 and saw the Chief only occasionally after that. He coached a while longer, although he was getting up there in age and the game itself was changing—more one-on-one stuff, which was b-ball heresy to him. The Chief's last buzz on the national scene was a big one, in 1969, when he directed a Cinderella team to the NIT championship. Temple was the last team picked for the tournament yet staged four straight upsets to claim the crown, beating Boston College 89–76 in the final.

In 1973, after 41 years of coaching at Temple—21 as head coach, 20 as freshman coach—the Chief retired at the age of 65. I sat behind the Temple bench during his final game at the Palestra. It was against Villanova, coached by Litwack's longtime foe and friend, Jack Kraft. As the two teams were warming up, Kraft walked over to the Chief, put his arm around him and said, "Harry, the game will miss you more than you know." Then just before tip-off, the P.A. announcer reminded the standing-room crowd that it was the Chief's final game in the old building. The applause began softly, then climbed and climbed. Litwack seemed oblivious to it. Finally, Don Casey, his assistant and soon to be his successor, clued him in. "Chief, the applause is for you."

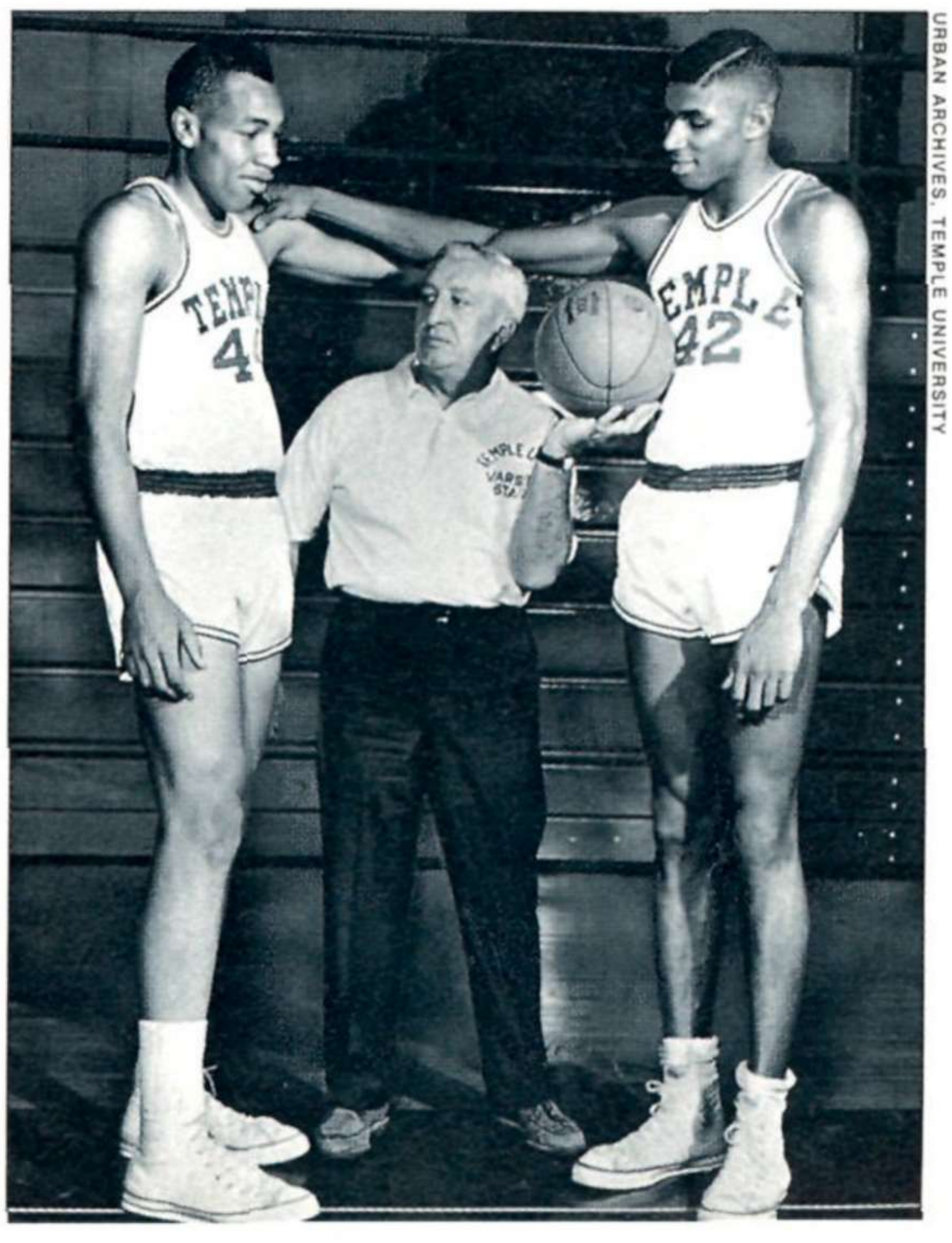
Litwack was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass., in 1976 and is still Temple's winningest hoop coach, with a record of 373–193.

I saw the Chief this past summer at the Melrose Country Club in Cheltenham, Pa. I hadn't seen him in several years. He is 83 and still full of life. As we worked our way through bagels buried in cream cheese, I was happy to see that all the compassion and dignity I had long associated with the Chief had been retained. "If you don't have anything good to say about someone, don't say anything," he instructed me, as if I were still one of his players. I wasn't surprised at the tone. His philosophy had always been simple and direct. What more was there to life than getting a scholarship, going to class, playing the game, having religion, getting a job, putting money in the bank and going home to your family? That's all there was. That's the way he felt. That's the way he was and is.

When I left him last summer, I sat in my car for a moment and reflected on the years when I had played for the Chief. Jack Kerouac had tantalized me back then, and Jack Kennedy's assassination had touched us all deeply. The Chief had opened the doors to dusty old South Hall and had led a little guard and a bunch of others to a championship and to the fulfillment of some basketball dreams. He had opened other doors as well. I guess I thank him most for getting me a date with the beauty behind the counter in the Broad Tower.

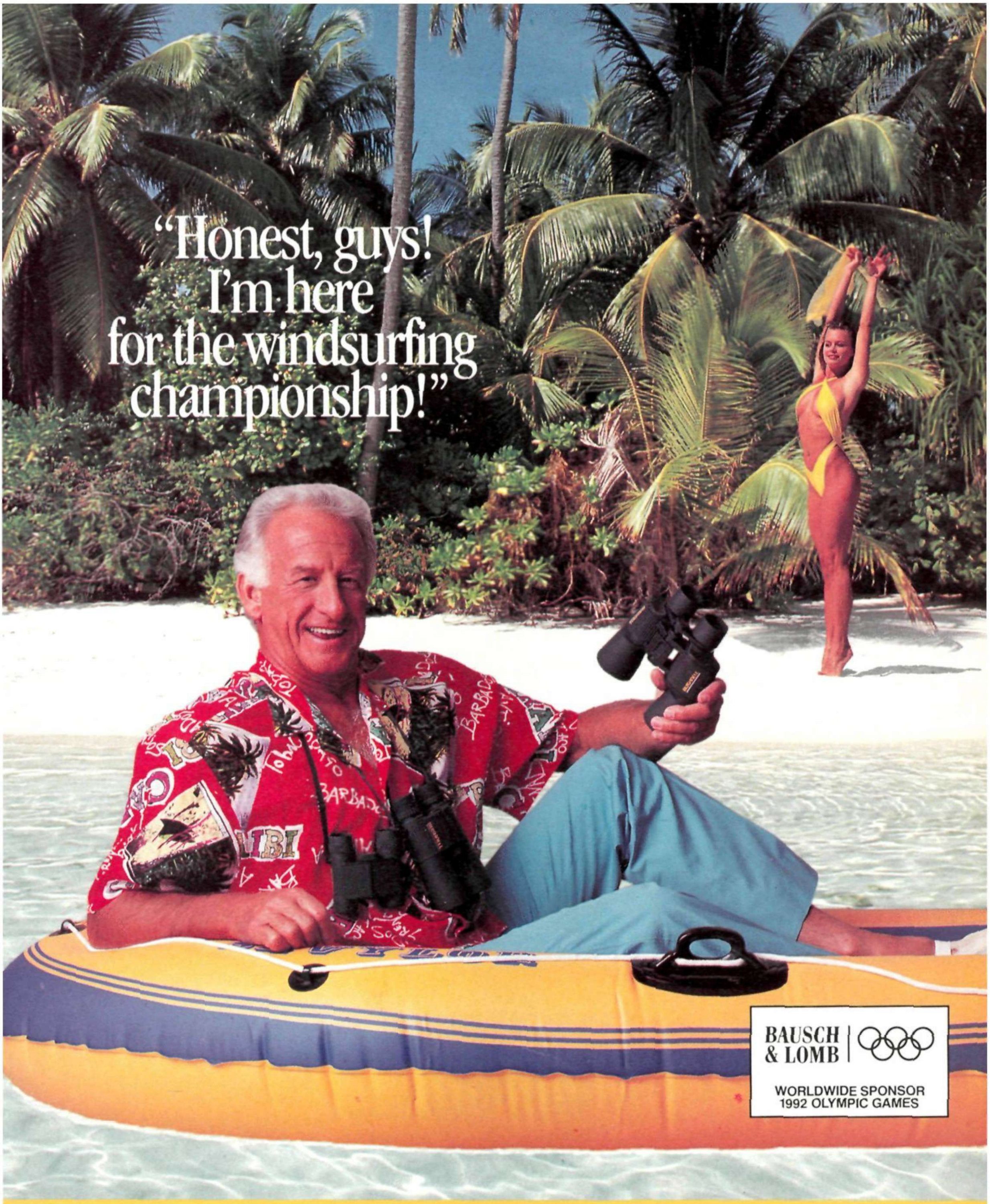
I married her. ■

Litwack had room for Ken Morgan (left) and Jim Williams in 1963.



URBAN ARCHIVES, TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

B.G. Kelley, a free-lance writer, lives in Philadelphia. This is his first piece for SI.



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When the Weather Is Frightful, Go Fish

Venturing forth in the worst that winter can offer, to cast for steelhead trout, is some anglers' idea of heaven

by DAVID GUTERSON

ON THURSDAY MORNING, WHEN I VENtured out to the shed for my waders, I found snow on the ground. By noon it lay heavily in the branches of the fir trees and coated the nearby strawberry fields and distant Christmas-tree farms.

By 2 p.m., checkout lines at the Thriftway in Winslow, Wash., were deep with agitated citizens. On the highway a few cars had nosed into ditches; some drivers had simply pulled over, shut things down and walked away. In the last light of day people hauled firewood up onto porches and threw tarps across their cars. Like me, many of them probably tuned in the 11 o'clock news on this particular night in late February a couple of years ago. Sure enough, schools all around Winslow were shut down, the roads were ghostly and skinned over with ice, the mountain passes were closed. The wise thing, obviously, was to go to bed and confront this frozen world later—to sleep with the heat turned up and the faucets dripping and more white falling beyond the windows.

At 11:30 p.m. I ate three cheese sandwiches, an orange and a bowl of oatmeal. At midnight I put a rubber patch on my waders, and at 1 a.m. I left to go fishing.

"You're crazy," my wife, Robin, asserted in the doorway. "Do you hear me? You're *nuts*."

I answered that in this she was also right, but that I was going fishing for steelhead trout anyway.

I will admit, too, that it is worse than insane, this so-called sport of winter steelheading. The blunt facts about it attest to that:

1) Half of my fellow Washingtonians who purchase the state steelhead permits will never catch a steelhead in the winter. In fact, a lot of them will never even go steelhead fishing. They'll buy their fishing license and a steelhead permit, and that'll be the whole of it for them.

2) Among those fishermen who do go winter steelheading, many will never see a fish or feel a bite. The brutal truth is that more than half of these steelhead anglers catch only one or two fish a season.

3) Those who do catch steelhead will put in, on average, 15 casting hours per fish. And it is not unusual for a very good angler to go two or three seasons without catching one at all. (Chew on that, bass fishermen, when you take only two or three largemouth in a day and feel like complaining about it.)

4) Oh, yes. To catch winter steelhead, one must sally forth in winter. This is a basic axiom of the "sport." Bad weather. Numb hands. Cold.

Bob Pigott and I spoke of blunt fact No. 4 on that snowy night as we plowed west toward the Hoh River, where the steelhead run, allegedly, sometime between November and March. The Hoh, which coils down from the Olympic Mountains to empty into the Pacific, is a fair producer of steelhead. Not as good as certain streams elsewhere in the state—the Kalama, Cowlitz, Humptulips—but they were in areas so inundated with snow that we couldn't even think about them. Pigott has been fishing for 28 years, having started when he was 16. There is a sticker on his red truck that reads THE WORST DAY OF FISHING IS BETTER THAN THE BEST DAY OF WORK. Soon after our trip this was no longer the case for Pigott. He would wind down his corporate life and move to the coast to become a full-time hunting and fishing guide. Since then, work and fishing and the best days and the worst days have all become one.

"Steelheaders are masochists," Pigott explained to me, his big hands at 10 and 2 on the van's steering wheel. "They want it to be difficult. They want bad weather. They get a sense of satisfaction from suffering. The truth is, you don't really go to catch fish. You go to go. You go to *be* there, sort of."

Great, I thought. Steelhead Zen koans. The sound of one hand clapping. If a tree falls in the forest and there's no logger handy, will everyone have enough plywood? If a monk stands in a river for 15 winters, will a steelhead eventually brush against his saffron robes?

"It's the fish, too," Pigott said. "They fight like hell."

There's more to it than that, though, and Pigott knows it. The steelhead trout is an anadromous fish, which is an ugly word for a beautiful thing: The steelhead runs through the salt chuck and up into the rivers to spawn in the place where it was born. It is a rainbow trout with a thirst for the sea. Anglers of a poetic and anthropomorphizing bent have raised the steel-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL COX

Fair Dinkum* Australia.

***fair dinkum/** —*Colloq.* —*adj.* 1: true, genuine, dinkum ‹are you fair dinkum?› —*interj.* 2: assertion of truth or genuineness ‹it's true, mate, fair dinkum› 3: Come have a fair dinkum great time in Australia.

QANTAS
THE SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

Australia
Come and say G'day.

head to the level of a myth and have communed, while frozen from head to foot, with the souls of these migrating symbols. A man, after all, would like to live like this, wouldn't he? Be born, travel swiftly, live a life of daring on the high seas, gather all his lust up into one ardent pilgrimage and die in the consummation of it. Or, if not dead, repeat the trick two or three times? No long, slow demise. No worthless afternoons. No 50-year rot-after-ripening.

Pigott allowed that, yes, this was one weird part of it. Then he wisely reined in all the metaphysics and gave his attention to the ice-slicked roads.

It was dawn when we arrived at our put-in at Hoh Forks beneath the last of a crescent moon. Snow highlighted draglines on the clear-cut hills; the road sparkled in the first light. A pink tint backlighted the clouds as we prepared to launch, and soon the frosted stand of birches on the far side of the river stood cleanly illuminated by the morning sun. Pigott took a reading of the air temperature. "Seventeen degrees," he said. "Let's go."

Downstream the gravel bars lay dusted with snow, and icicles hung from toppled maple trees. As we drifted around a bend, a pair of mergansers jumped up and winged off to the west. I began to cast up against the cutbanks and into pocket water, lefthanded wrist flings, dozens of them. Pigott, at the oars, worked me into a hundred nice spots, and I got good long drifts along the bottom.

By noon I had made more than 200 casts—to no avail. We beached the boat just above the old Fletcher Ranch and ate lunch sitting on the cobbles.

"In five hours it'll be dark," I said. "And we haven't even seen a fish yet."

"Two true statements," Pigott said. He was chewing on a piece of blackberry pie and leaning back against a drift log.

"Am I doing something wrong?"

"Not especially. Not really."

"Doesn't it seem cold to you out here today? Aren't you a little cold?"

"It's winter," Pigott said as he swallowed the last piece of pie.

We shoved off one more time. For those of you in the fishing-facts department, I was drifting a Corky and a bit of pink yarn and a two-ought hook, well sharpened. I had pinched a few inches of hollow-core lead on a dropper line just below my barrel swivel, and this bumped steadily along the river bottom, with the hook trailing behind. Occasionally, I would reel in and drape some well-congealed steelhead eggs over my hook after resharpening it painstakingly. (Preservationists are allowed to denigrate me here for stooping to the crass and greedy practice of bait fishing. But the ethical problem was subsumed by the larger fact that I had never hooked a steelhead. Preservationists should applaud all purists first, lousy fishermen second.)

Your average worm-dangler, by the way, has no idea how difficult it is to catch a steelhead in the first place. The primary fact to consider is that a steelhead traveling upstream to spawn is not in the business of feeding. He'll mouth gently a hundredth of what catches his attention, and then release it. This lip action is subtle and far less noticeable than the bumping of one's lead along the river bottom. It is a kind of stop, a mere break in the rhythm, a subtle nothingness, a dead spot, and the angler has less than a second to perceive it and set the hook accordingly. Thus, for a steelheader, concentration is all—there may well be a thousand fish in the river, 500 of whom have mouthed his offering and none he has been aware of.

The problem is exacerbated by the fact that if the water is too low, if the water is too high, if it is falling, if it is rising, if it is too clear, too muddy, too warm, too cold, too slow, too fast . . . well then, you can't catch a fish even if you do everything exactly right. I figure there is maybe one day every thousand years precisely right for steelheading. It rarely comes on a weekend, either.

Pigott and I, drifting down the Hoh, discussed these matters as we pinched on lead or knotted up new leaders. Pigott said that, if nothing else, I had developed a good sense of the sport's basics: painful weather, no fish, persistently bad water conditions and no perceptible bites. He figured that was the long and short of it—the truth, as he knew it, about winter steelhead fishing, with occasional exceptions of from five to 20 pounds thrown in at distant, eccentric intervals.

I fished on into shadows, into a frozen dusk, and finally a February darkness descended. There was a snagged line that gave me a hopeful lurch—nothing more—and then Pigott and I beached the boat. My first season of steelheading was behind me.

Now, I would have liked to deliver to my readers some more river notes, some peaking action followed by an explosive fishing climax—a big steelhead well-hooked, a cathartic series of leaps and dashes, a beaching, a revelation, a fitting finale, a moral to the story ("It was all worth it after all"). It is what you no doubt expected at the outset of this, having read any number of fishing fables. But perhaps the expectation of an actual fish lies as close to a truth as we shall ever get here. In a story about steelhead, as in steelheading itself, let there be no expectations. Let there be the winter, first of all, that season most of us miss. And let there be emptiness and unfulfilled desire and the profound complexity of fish in rivers. And always, let there be next year. ■

David Guterson is a frequent contributor to this magazine.

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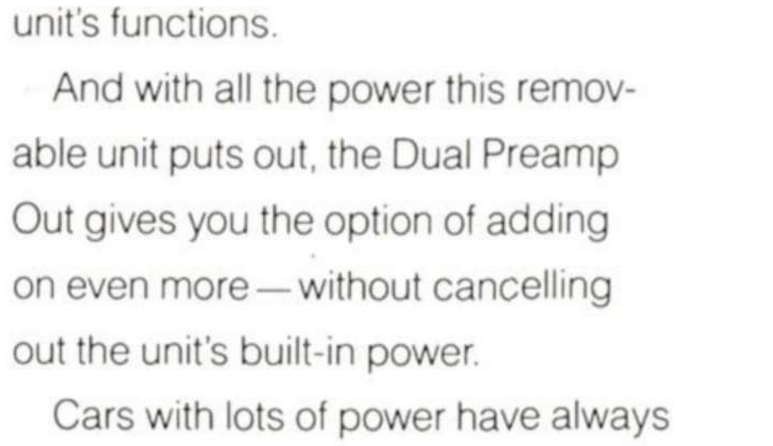

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Remembering 1990

I really liked the *1990: A Look Back* section in your Dec. 31–Jan. 7 issue. The month-by-month highlights (*You Must Remember This*) recapped the year in sports perfectly. All the major sporting events were included. Although the whole issue was great, *Pictures of 1990* was my favorite. The photo of Kenny (Sky) Walker of the New York Knicks was fantastic.

RYAN BIERWERTH
Oakdale, Minn.

I would like to thank you on a job well done with *Pictures of 1990*. I enjoyed looking back on the year through photos that stirred memories. But after going over them all, I realized there was something missing. You didn't have a picture of Bo Kimble shooting a lefthanded free throw in memory of his fallen friend and Loyola Marymount teammate, Hank Gathers. To me, this was the greatest moment of the year in sports.

CHRISTIAN PALUMBO
Columbia, Calif.

Your closing picture showed White Sox shortstop Ozzie Guillen cooling off by dipping his head in a Gatorade bucket. Pasted on the side of the bucket is a taped label on which the word fragment "monia" is legible. Could he have dipped his head in a bucket of ammonia?

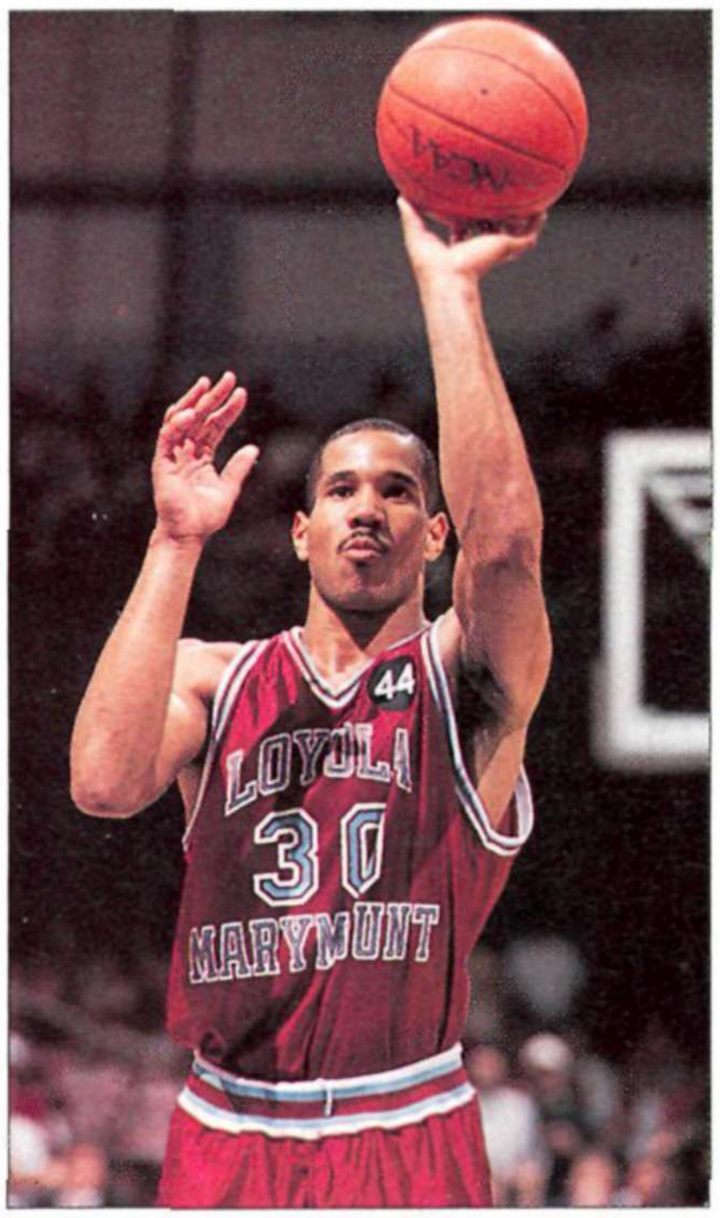
PAUL FREDERICKS
Las Vegas

• The bucket contained a couple of towels that had been soaked in spirits of ammonia and ice water. These are used to rub down players when they leave the field on a very hot day. Guillen stuck his head in the bucket for a more immediate whiff of relief.—ED.

The photograph taken by David E. Klutho of the Pittsburgh–Boston College football game shows a Pitt player sitting on the BC ballcarrier's head. The caption reads, "Pitt strong safety Bobby Boykin performed a chiropractic crack on Boston College tailback Mike Sanders."

Chiropractic care saved me from a wheelchair. It helped me so much that I was inspired to become a chiropractor myself. Chiropractic care is not even close to the barbaric situation shown in the picture. The caption demeans the profession, and it may discourage people who need help from seeking such help.

WALTER R. DUNCAN, D.C.
Columbia, S.C.



ANDY HAYT

Kimble shot lefthanded in memory of Gathers.

As the father of two sons, ages two and three, who are beginning to discover the pleasures of athletic activity, I was touched by E.M. Swift's essay *The Heart of a Kid*. This article is one I would like to read over and over again as my children grow older, and I am hoping to frame—from separate copies—the front and back of the page in order to better preserve it. Please convey my thanks and congratulations to Swift.

KENT E. DAIBER
Rye, N.Y.

Swift's article reminded me of an experience I had a few years ago when the eight-year-old son of a friend invited me to watch him play in a midget lacrosse game. The telling moment came afterward as we all drove together for ice cream, and Kevin said, "By the way, Dad, who won?"

GEORGE CHANDLEE
Bridgewater, Va.

The Queen City

Naming Cincinnati your city of the year was right on the money (*City of the Year: Cincinnati*, Dec. 31–Jan. 7). I'm proud to live in a town where common decency is expected, freedoms are protected, justice (eventually) prevails and people wear their hearts on their sleeves. My only objection is to the subtitle of your illustration: "Sex, Lies and Baseball." It's true, we do have a healthy enthusiasm for two of these subjects, but in Cincinnati it's not very nice to tell lies.

MARK O. HUBBARD
Cincinnati

As a sophomore at Xavier University, I was disappointed that you didn't acknowledge our basketball team, the Musketeers. Coach Peter Gillen led the Muskies to exciting last-second victories over Loyola Marymount and the University of Cincinnati on the way to a Top 25 ranking and their third straight Midwestern Collegiate Conference title. The team also gave an impressive performance in the NCAA tournament, upsetting Georgetown and advancing to the Sweet 16. What's more, power forward Tyrone Hill was selected 11th overall in the NBA draft by the Golden State Warriors.

DAN LETSCHSER
Cincinnati

I was surprised that William Oscar Johnson didn't pick up the other obvious connection between Cincinnati natives Pete Rose and Charles Keating: Charlie Hustle and Charlie Hustler.

STEVE SCHWARTZ
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

What do the photo exhibit of homoerotic art, the savings-and-loan scandal, pornography and the Internal Revenue Service have to do with sports?

BRIAN GALLAGHER
Cincinnati

Heli-Skiing

I was enthralled with E.M. Swift's article about helicopter skiing (*Snow Blind*, Jan. 14). I am impressed with people who not only have a gift for writing but also have a conscience. I stood on the hill with Swift, rode through the blinding snow to break out into more deep snow and survived to

see the warm fire at sundown. It was a good ride and I've never been on skis.

GENE YOUNG
Pastor
Good Shepherd United Methodist Church
Indianapolis

For his sake, I am sorry that Swift will not be going on another heli-ski trip. He will miss not only the best skiing anywhere in the world but also scenery and camaraderie that go on forever. I have skied six sensational weeks with Canadian Mountain Holidays, one with Eric King. I hope Swift hasn't discouraged any of your readers from making this trip, which I consider one of life's greatest pleasures.

CATHERINE ETTLINGER
New York City

Charles Thompson's Example

I have the greatest respect for Rick Telander as a writer and person and believe no other writer comes closer to understanding today's college athlete. However, especially after talking to him about the subject, I was disappointed reading his POINT AFTER (Dec. 24). For the life of me, I can't understand why Telander doesn't know whether convicted felon Charles Thompson deserves a second chance at college football.

The answer is yes, and most of the reasons can be found in the book I wrote with Thompson *(Down and Dirty: The Life & Crimes of Oklahoma Football)*. Thompson knows that you deserve punishment if you sell cocaine. But when we look at the long list of people who have screwed up and, after repaying society, been forgiven, we will notice that many have committed far worse crimes than this former Oklahoma quarterback.

ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN
New York City

• In fact, Telander wrote that it "would be nice if" Thompson "might play ball, study, graduate and become a law-abiding and productive citizen."—ED.

I hope that when I am paroled in 1992 from Richard J. Donovan Correctional Facility, where I am serving a seven-year sentence, I can run into people with the same point of view as Telander. I don't expect to ever forget what I did and the time I spend in prison, but it would sure make it a lot easier to get back on my feet if I met that sort of attitude. In response to the subtitle, "Does a felon deserve another shot at college football?" I must say, "Yes, absolutely."

WILLIAM J. NUÑEZ
San Diego

Zambia's Wildlife

Cheers for the excellent article by Maryanne Vollers (*Light in the Darkness*, Dec. 17) about Delia and Mark Owens's struggles to save Zambia's wildlife from poachers. They should be commended for their efforts to educate the people of Zambia about the need to protect wild animals from extinction.

DAVID S. WOYURKA
Reinholds, Pa.

The Owenses' efforts in Africa are doomed to failure. Fear of death does not keep a starving man from acquiring food. As Africa's human population continues to explode, so will poaching and other forms of habitat destruction. Western solutions consisting of "scientific" horticulture promise to improve black Africa's well-being, but only momentarily and at considerable expense to Africa's flora and fauna. The answer lies in effective human population control so that people can be sustained by relying on renewable natural resources.

JOSEPH A. RODRIGUEZ, M.D.
Mountainhome, Pa.

RICHARD MACKSON

Should Thompson get a second chance to play college football?

The Faces Game

Enjoying the articles in each issue of SI is just a pregame warmup for me. When I hit FACES IN THE CROWD, my gut tightens and the competition begins. I read just the name and city, study the face and then try to guess the sport for which the athlete is being lauded. A lot of factors must be taken into account (Am I helping my competitors?): age, sex, general appearance (tanned? thick neck?), current sports seasons, even clothing (judo outfits). Usually I can get two or three; four is excellent; five is rare; and I think I guessed all six just once.

Novices will soon note that in each issue, FACES usually features six different sports. Needless to say, strict self-discipline is necessary to keep the eyes from darting to a telltale statistic in the explanations. Does anyone else play my game?

G. CRAIG JOHNSON
Saginaw, Mich.

A Hunting Puppy

Tale of a Pup (Dec. 31–Jan. 7) by Robert F. Jones exemplifies why SI has been my favorite magazine for 36 years. I follow big-time sports like everyone else, but it is the many and varied surprise articles like this one that make SI so special.

FRED BARRETT
Portland, Ore.

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CELICA

THE CONVERTIBLE ACCORDING TO ISIAH.

Whether he's going up for a slam dunk or down the road for a drive, Isiah Thomas likes to get a lot of air. And when it comes to driving, there's no better way than in the new 1991 Celica Convertible.

Toyota hasn't just opened up a car with the Celica Convertible, they've opened up the road. Because Celica's twin-cam 16-valve engine delivers the same kind of performance Isiah is known for—high powered.

The Celica Convertible doesn't only make what's on the outside look great. Inside, the ergonomically designed interior fits like it has been molded around you and comes complete with a driver-side air bag Supplemental Restraint System (SRS)* and a Deluxe AM/FM stereo radio with four speakers.

The Toyota Celica Convertible. It's chapter and verse of what convertibles are all about—according to Isiah.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

Isiah Thomas

*The 1991 Celica Convertible features a driver-side air bag Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) which activates in a front-end accident of enough magnitude to inflate the bag. In a moderate collision, primary protection is provided by the three-point lap and shoulder belt system, and the air bag may not inflate. So, safety belts should be worn at all times by all occupants. Get More From Life…Buckle Up! © 1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

A One-Man Spectacular: Holliday on Ice

Chicago's Larry Holliday has persevered during hard times to become skating's unlikeliest rising star | by LISA TWYMAN BESSONE

AT THAT LONELY HOUR WHEN LATE night slips into early morning, a driving rain and gusting wind pelt this particularly gritty section of Chicago's North Avenue. The neighborhood's denizens—bar patrons, the homeless, even the loitering thugs—have sought shelter from the ugly weather, leaving the dark, wet street virtually abandoned. A lone taxi trolls for fares. A prostitute, wearing a citrine slicker and no hat, stands drenched on the double yellow line at midstreet, trying to scare up business. And an '84 red Scirocco begins its appointed rounds. Behind the wheel is Larry Holliday, one of this country's fastest-rising male figure skaters and the highest ranked African-American since 1986 world champion Debi Thomas.

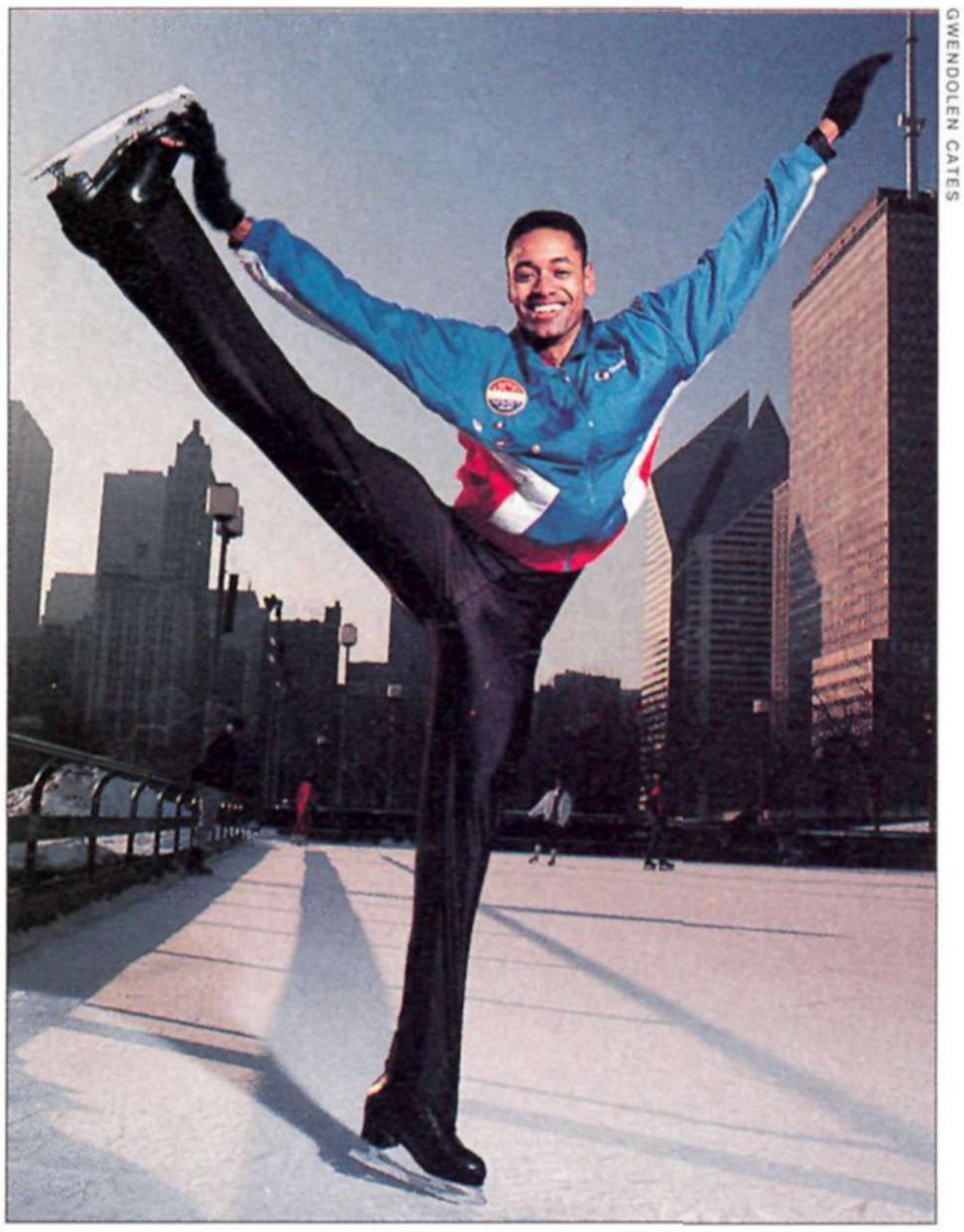
For the next two hours, Holliday will navigate his car around the city's Near North Side, delivering morning editions of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, *USA Today*, *Investor's Daily* and *The National*. This is how Holliday makes the money—some $300 a week—he needs to finance his dream of making the U.S. Olympic figure skating team. "It's scary at this time of night, huh?" he says above the slapping of windshield wipers. Holliday smiles, and his face beams warmth and friendliness, a welcome contrast to the urban scene outside the car's fogged windows.

Holliday is currently ranked 10th in the country. The lanky skater—5′ 11″, 155 pounds—hopes to eventually leap several more spots and thus give himself an outside shot at making either the 1992 or the '94 Olympic team. His dream has been complicated by the recent recurrence of an old knee injury.

The injury, a ligament strain in his right knee, happened on Jan. 10 during Holliday's short program at the Midwestern championships, a qualifying event for the nationals. Holliday is out of the big tournament and is undergoing six weeks of rehabilitation, and this concerns him. At age 26, he's no kid, and he realizes he has precious few chances left to make the Olympics. "People have to remember that you don't just burst to the top in figure skating," says Holliday's coach, Pieter Kollen. "You have to pay your dues and wait your turn. It takes time to climb the ladder."

No one would dispute that Holliday is paying his dues. After his 270 newspapers have been delivered, Holliday will grab three hours of sleep, then head to the Robert Crown Community Center rink for 90 minutes of skating. In the afternoon he may nap before a second workout—light weight reps, roller blading, running, cycling, or even climbing the 28 flights of steps in his Lake Shore Drive apartment building. Then a little more sleep, and at 2:30 a.m. the alarm will ring and it'll be time to deliver papers again. Once a week Holliday forgoes his post-paper-route snooze to drive 160 miles to Indianapolis for a six-hour session with Kollen.

"I fully intend to make the Olympic team," Holliday says. "But even if I don't, the experience alone makes it all worthwhile. I've seen so many beautiful places and met so many interesting people. I've learned a thing or two about myself, too. It's true that you appreciate most what you worked hardest to get."



GWENDOLEN CATES

At the Daley ice rink, Holliday can skate away from trouble and turmoil.

Holliday got interested in skating when he was 12. He remembers looking down from the 72nd floor of the John Hancock building on Michigan Avenue, at the Lake Shore Park skating rink. "You could look out the window and see these tiny antlike things sliding around on the rink below. I had to try it."

That Christmas he asked his mother, Norma, for a pair of skates. A rink rat was born. "I'd skate after school until 10 at night, when the park closed," he says. Holliday taught himself simple moves like split jumps and spins by imitating skaters he saw on TV. He delighted in the speed with which he could circle the rink. He even caught himself humming ABC-TV's Olympic theme in his head.

Holliday's father, Lawrence,

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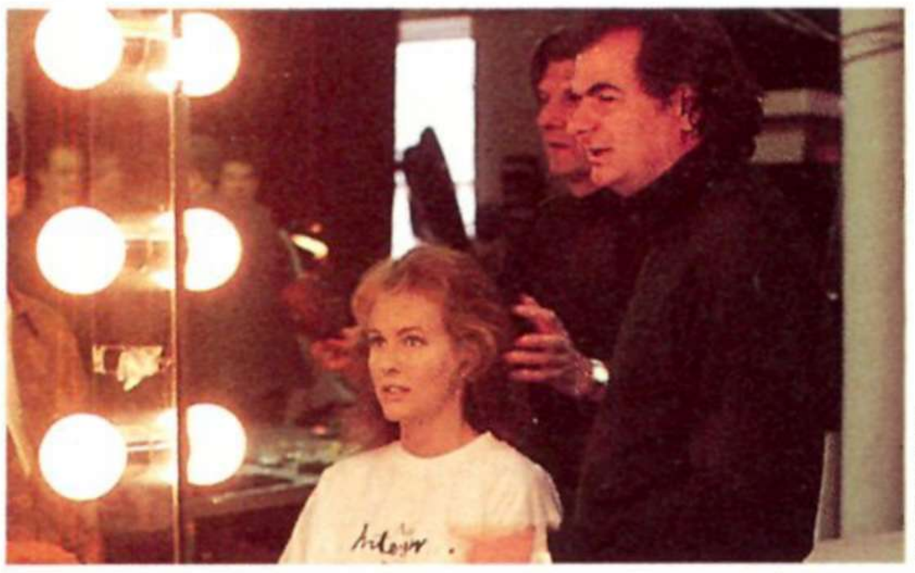
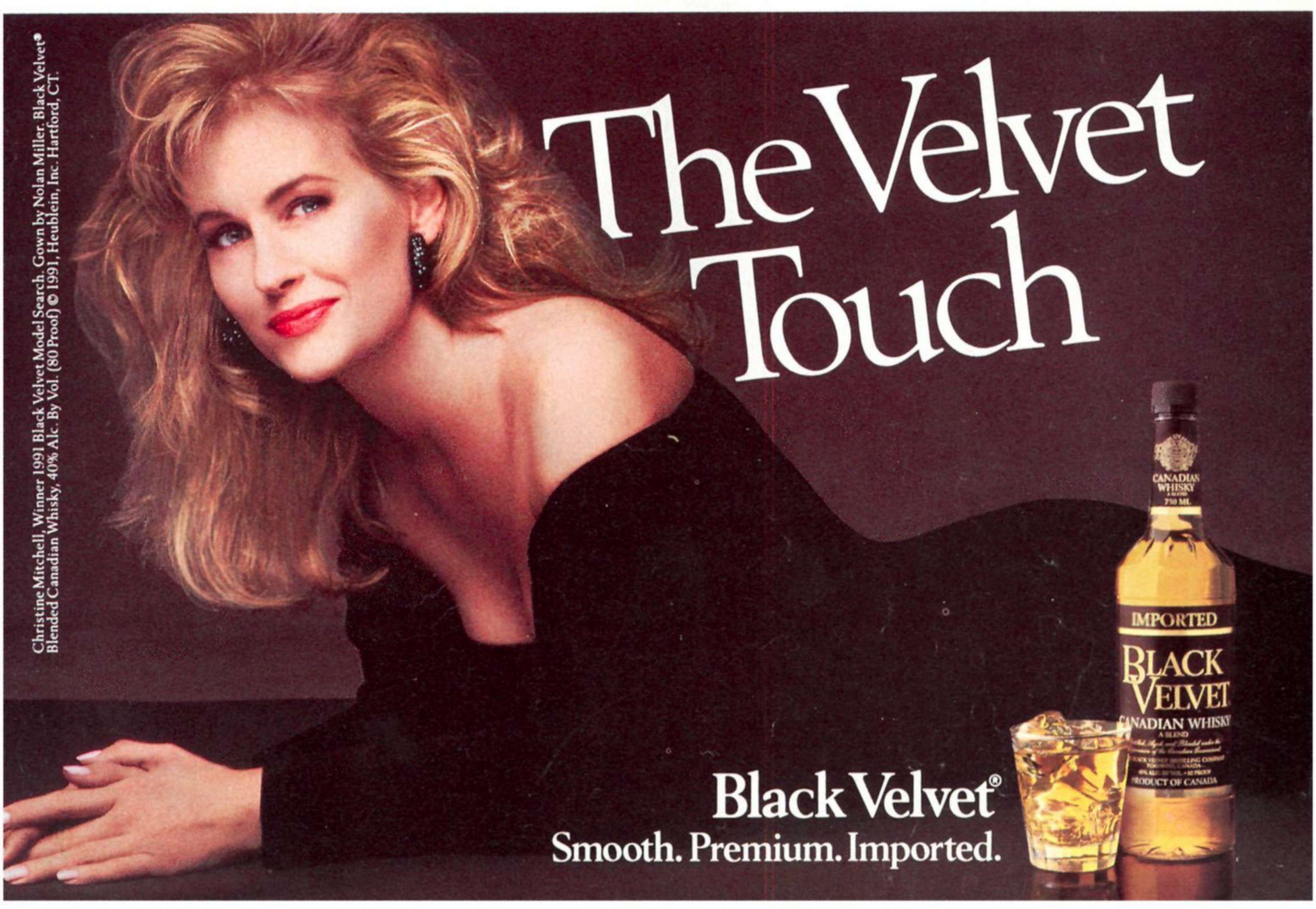


KATHY BLAIVAS

Model Christine Mitchell getting set for the Black Velvet shoot with Patrick Demarchelier, right.



Christine Mitchell, Winner 1991 Black Velvet Model Search. Gown by Nolan Miller. Black Velvet® Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc. By Vol. (80 Proof) © 1991, Heublein, Inc. Hartford, CT.

was killed in a street shooting when Larry was seven. Norma Holliday never remarried, so the task of financing her younger son's growing obsession was hers alone. "Before I knew it, Larry needed special boots, special blades, lessons, a coach," she says. "I figured I either had to win the lottery or find more work." For the next 14 years, Norma, a full-time secretary at a commodities firm, held down as many as three jobs at a time. "My own family would take me aside and say, 'Norma, make him quit,' " she recalls. "But I saw how hard Larry was working. I couldn't take this from him."

Over the next eight years, Larry worked his way through the local, state and regional competitions. Like most skaters, he went where the coaches were: a year in Madison, Wis.; four years commuting to Rockford, Ill., three hours away. Finally he accepted an invitation to train in Denver with Norma Sahlin, former coach of 1978 world champion Charlie Tickner. Sahlin arranged for Holliday to stay in the Denver suburb of Englewood, at the home of Alex English, then a starting forward with the Denver Nuggets and now with the Dallas Mavericks. "Larry's a terrific kid; my kids loved him," says English. "He was a great skater even then, extremely dedicated. All he lacked, really, was confidence."

Holliday moved back to Chicago in the spring of 1989 after failing to qualify for that year's nationals. At age 24, he seriously considered giving up the sport. "But there was always something about the ice that kept calling Larry back," says Norma. That fall he hooked up with Kollen, a former U.S. pairs champion, and five months later Holliday made the nationals, where he finished 10th.

Soon after that, Elma Douglas and her nephew Ron Tate, both beginner skaters, were attending a session at the Robert Crown rink in Evanston and saw Holliday skate. "He was magnificent on the ice," says Douglas. "So powerful and jumping so high. And best of all, he was *black*."

Last July, Douglas, a retired public school teacher, used $1,000 of her pension to buy a full page ad in the *Chicago Defender*, the city's black newspaper. The text read in part: "Here's an extraordinary talent fighting to stay alive." The ad didn't garner a single response. So Douglas and Tate, the founder of the Public Housing Network of Chicago, started making "anonymous" calls to three local television stations. "We disguised our voices so they thought it was a bunch of different people calling," says Tate. "We'd say, 'Hey, did you see that ad in the *Defender* about the skater?' "

Soon, local and national reporters were enamored with the tale of the kindly retired teacher and the Olympic hopeful. Money began pouring in. Donations came from as far away as Texas and California. Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley gave $250. Holliday's financial pressures eased, but other demands grew. "Ron wanted me to party with potential sponsors," says Holliday. "I'd say, 'But what

about my sleep?' I'm lucky if I get an hour of ice time a day, and Ron was pulling me *off to pose for photographers.*"

As the relationship between Tate and Holliday deteriorated, accusations flew. Norma Holliday questioned Tate's handling of the fund. Tate claimed that Norma was trying to draw money out of the fund for nonskating expenses. (The Illinois attorney general's office investigated and found no wrongdoing.) The Hollidays believed that Tate was more interested in promoting himself politically than in promoting Larry's skating. "How can they say that?" says Tate. "We gave him our time, spent our own money. He could have had it all."

The rift became public and took on racial overtones. Holliday went on WBBM radio and said that Tate was trying to take control of his life by suggesting that he, Larry, stop hanging around with his white friends. "Ron kept telling me that this is a black-and-white issue," says Holliday. "*They wanted me to be this symbol, but they were talking to people like I had already won the Olympic gold medal. I wasn't comfortable with any of it.*"

Tate called Pulitzer Prize–winning columnist Mike Royko, who wrote in the *Chicago Tribune* that Tate admitted to influencing Holliday because the skater needed some "shock treatment." Tate told Royko: "Larry's absolutely uncomfortable in the black community. And we [Tate and his aunt] encroached upon an environment we weren't supposed to be part of. When we started helping, all the whites who skated said, 'What are you doing here? You don't belong here.' "

Last September, Tate transferred control of Holliday's support fund, which totaled $10,000, to the U.S. Figure Skating Association, and the two parties haven't spoken to each other since. "I think the basic problem was that they didn't understand the sport," says Holliday. "One time Ron was angry because I wasn't enthusiastic about a press release. He said, 'Elma and I worked 24 hours *straight* on this.' Well, I worked 14 *years* to get where I am now. To them, skating was a means to an end. To me, skating is the end. It's my life."

That's obvious when you watch Holliday work on his newest long program, a military tribute to Americans in the Persian Gulf. Nine bars from Richard Rodgers's *Victory at Sea* echo again and again through the deserted rink while Holliday practices a triple Salchow, double-loop combination. He soars to the music's cymbals and brass, and spins brilliantly. The pant legs of his black-and-red suit flutter like the sails of a sloop in a gale. His blades leave what looks like a vapor trail in the newly resurfaced ice. His face is determined but at peace, free of distractions. Taking in the sight, an observer understands why Holliday is drawn to the siren call of the ice—because here he is free. ■

Lisa Twyman Bessone, who lives in Chicago, is a frequent contributor to SI.

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

More than Just a Day at the Beach

A lifeguard's life is more than zinc oxide, SPF numbers and whistles, as the 1990 All-Women tournament proved | by SALLY GUARD

ANTHONY NESTE

Almost the entire field of 156 competitors took off at the start of the run-swim-run event.

THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE AT THE beach or the pool, enviously pondering the life-style or, maybe, the tan lines of the lifeguard seated in her elevated chair, and you start to mutter those all-too-familiar words, "She's no rocket scientist"—bite your tongue. You never know who may lurk on that lofty perch. If you're in Los Angeles, you might be dealing with Sheryl Luera.

Luera, a computer software engineer for a Southern California aerospace firm, moonlights weekends as a lifeguard on the Los Angeles County beaches. Last July, she and five teammates traveled to the shores of Jacob Riis Park in Queens, N.Y., to win L.A. County's second straight title at the sixth annual All-Women Lifeguard Tournament.

Still the only lifeguard tournament in the country exclusively for women, the competition was founded in 1985 to encourage and recognize the participation of women as lifeguards. At the time lifeguarding was (and it still is, although to a lesser extent) dominated by men. The males had plenty of tournaments to compete in, but until the All-Women, their female colleagues could do little more than cheer the guys on. Occasionally a men's tournament would schedule a relay race for women, but for the most part female lifeguards remained bored bystanders. That is, until Jill Friedman, a lifeguard for 15 years, had the inspiration for the first All-Women tournament at Riis Park on the Rockaway Peninsula, a couple of miles from the clattering roller coasters of Coney Island to the west and the thunder of the Concordes landing at Kennedy International Airport to the east.

Last year, the All-Women, which is staged under the auspices of the National Park Service, drew 156 athletes representing 23 lifeguard services from five states. They participated in seven events, all designed to test endurance and surf-rescue abilities.

That put lifeguards from pools and lakes at a disadvantage, but most of them took their handicaps in stride. As 19-year-old Theresa Ciniglio said after carrying a seemingly unfamiliar piece of equipment surfward by the only handle she could find, "We're from Cranford [N.J.] Pools! That's why I was carrying that surfboard by the fin! I don't know how to carry it!" Ciniglio decided to skip the paddling events.

The only handicaps the defending champion L.A. County team suffered were a case of jet lag and a dose of culture shock. Whereas many of the teams spent the night before the tournament camped at a rustic sheltered area near the competition site, L.A. County eschewed that option in favor of a Brooklyn motel. When they checked into their night's lodgings, the desk clerk took one look at the eight tanned and fit Californians standing before him and asked if they wanted all-night rooms or the four-hour rooms on

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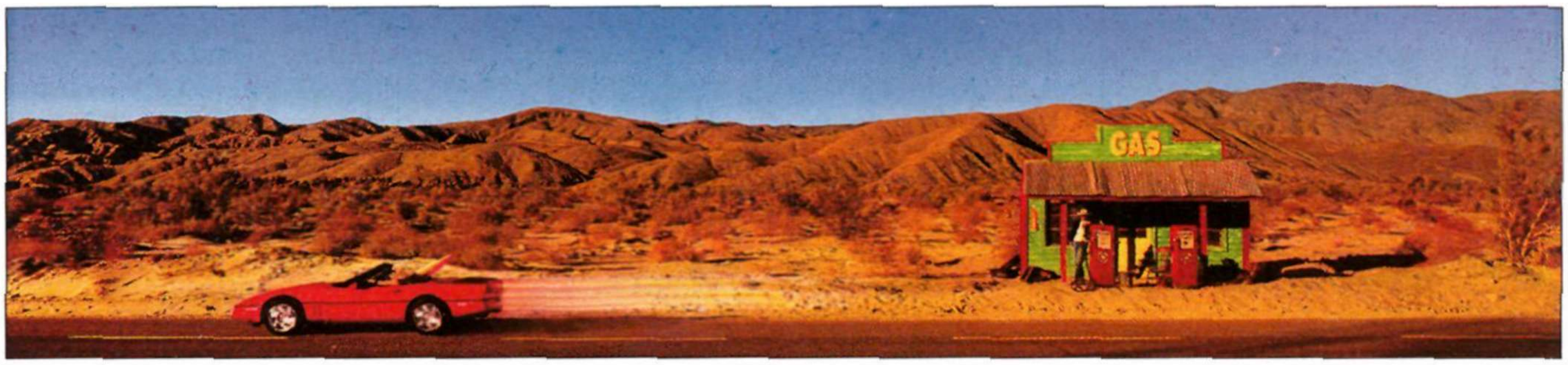

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the first floor. The lifeguards schlepped their equipment to their rooms—on the second floor—and vowed to be among the first to be on the beach of Jacob Riis Park the following morning.

On this talented team, none was stronger than Diane Graner. A former All-America backstroker at UCLA who swam in the 1984 and '88 Olympic trials, Graner won three events and finished second in another in the '89 All-Women to lead L.A. to the title in its first appearance at the tournament. Graner, 26, has been lifeguarding for nine years and coaches junior lifeguards in the L.A. County system. She also coaches the Culver City High girls' swim team, is in charge of a Masters swimming program for the city of Santa Monica and holds several age-group world records in Masters competition.

Graner was the favorite in the first event, the run-swim-run, having won it the previous year. In this race, competitors run 150 yards parallel to the shoreline, swim out 150 yards and around one buoy, another 150 around a second buoy, and a final 150 to the shore, where they dash another 150 yards parallel to the shore to the finish line. Through most of the 1990 race Graner was neck and neck with the Wildwood Crest (N.J.) Beach Patrol's Betsy O'Donnell, a former University of Virginia All-America 400 individual medley swimmer who also swam at the '88 Olympic trials. On the final leg of the swim, though, O'Donnell caught a wave 40 yards from the shore and hit the beach with a 10-yard advantage over Graner. She sprinted home for a relatively easy win, to the surprise and dismay of Graner and her West Coast teammates.

L.A. came back strong in the run-paddle-run, in which a 600-yard paddle on a 12-foot-long rescue board is substituted for the run-swim-run's 450-yard swim. Again Graner finished second, but this time to teammate Shari Latta, a 31-year-old director of a preschool program who also oversees a summertime junior lifeguard program in her hometown of Malibu. A dedicated surfer for the past 12 years, Latta claims never to have learned any stroke other than the dog paddle until she was 26 and decided to become a lifeguard. This time it was Latta who caught a wave in to finish the race 40 yards ahead of Graner, who was followed by Luera and Lisa Dial, the latter a 23-year-old TV-radio major at Cal State–Northridge, for an L.A. County sweep. Afterward a cheerful, if frustrated, Graner made sure to point out that "last year Shari caught the only wave, too." "It must be my New York wave karma," Latta replied, good-naturedly indicating some sharp skepticism about Graner's excuse.

The most grueling event of the tournament is the "ironwoman," which puts the run-swim-run and the run-paddle-run back-to-back for 1,050 yards of hell-hell-hell. Graner and O'Donnell were neck and neck again as they came around the final buoy on the swimming leg. This time, however, O'Donnell did not get a free ride on a wave and emerged from the surf with only a 15-yard advantage as she ran the 150 yards to her big rescue board. O'Donnell's inexperience at paddling was her downfall. The Jersey lifeguard knelt on the board and flailed at the water. Graner, lying on her stomach and using a relaxed stroke, inexorably moved into the lead and other contestants soon overhauled the former leader. Graner hit the sand first and dashed to the finish, followed by Latta, Dial and Jeannine Sirey of Jones Beach, N.Y.

ANTHONY NESTE

Graner was the linchpin in Los Angeles County's second consecutive All-Women victory.

Jones Beach had been the '88 All-Women champion and Sirey, a sophomore who swims the 200 individual medley for American University, has been a lifeguard at Jones Beach for three years. "We used to win everything . . . and then L.A. County came," she said with a smile. "Before L.A. County showed up, I got first in the ironwoman. This year I was *fourth*."

Sirey was not the only disappointed competitor in the ironwoman. After the race O'Donnell said, "I got second to Diane in the ironwoman last year, and I came here to win the thing. But the California girls are so good. Last year I even hung Diane's picture on my mirror, I wanted to beat her so badly. I run a lot and I swim a lot, but she beat me on the surfboard."

O'Donnell would also finish third to first-place Graner in the final individual event of the day, the surf rescue. This race calls for the rescuer to swim out 150 yards from shore, towing a torpedo-shaped flotation device, and pull the awaiting "victim" to safety.

It's not by chance that L.A. is so strong. Many of its lifeguards work year-round, and its training program is one of the toughest. "L.A. County's like a paramilitary organization," Latta said—or at least like boot camp. To become one of L.A. County's 600 lifeguards, Latta said, "you have to start out with a 1,000-meter ocean swim in winter without wet suits. The top 100 [out of a usual complement of about 300 aspirants] are then interviewed, and the selection board takes the 60 most-qualified candidates. In the interview you have to answer questions about surf characteristics, decision-making and preparedness. You learn to follow orders. There are lieutenants, captains, a chief and ocean lifeguards."

The last events of the All-Women were a pair of three-person relays. Sirey saved the honor of Jones Beach by anchoring the Easterners to a win over runner-up L.A. County in the swim-run relay, swimming 150 yards out around a buoy, 25 yards to another buoy and 150 yards back to shore before the final 25-yard sprint to the finish. And in the run-swim-paddle relay, Latta ran, Graner swam and Luera paddled like, well, a rocket scientist, to claim L.A. County's final victory and its second straight Division I title. Not just another day at the beach for L.A. County, for sure. ■

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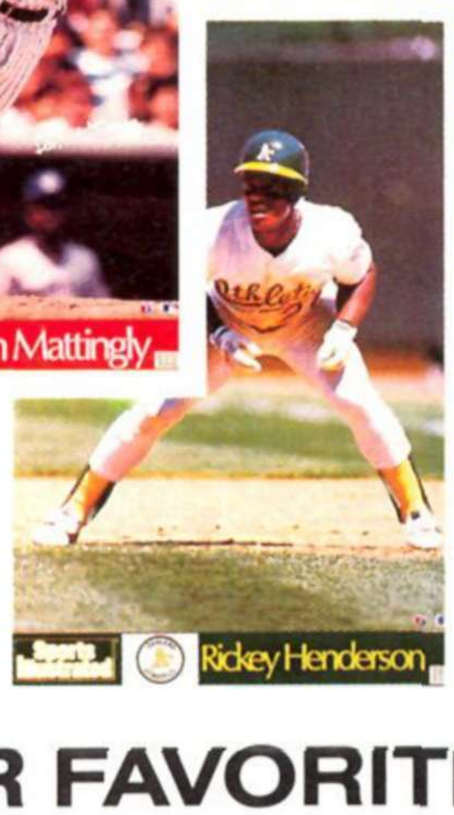

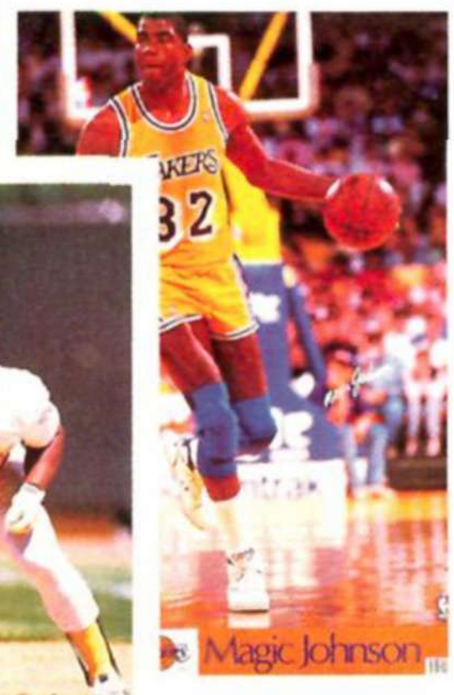

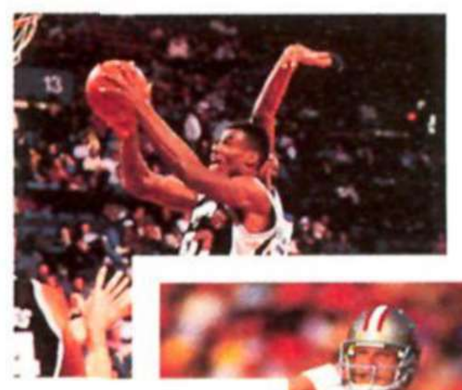

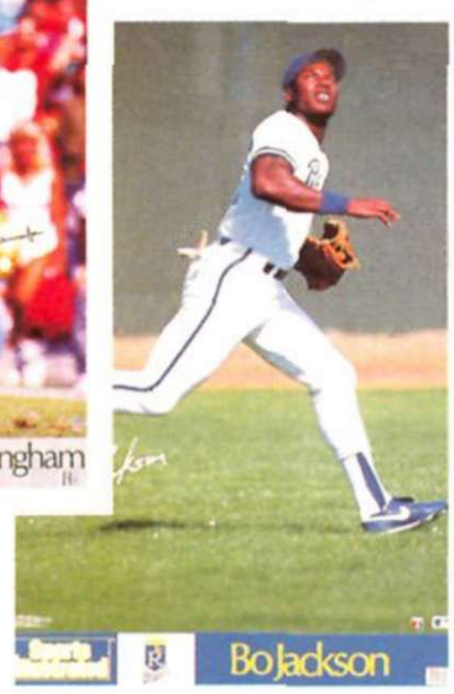

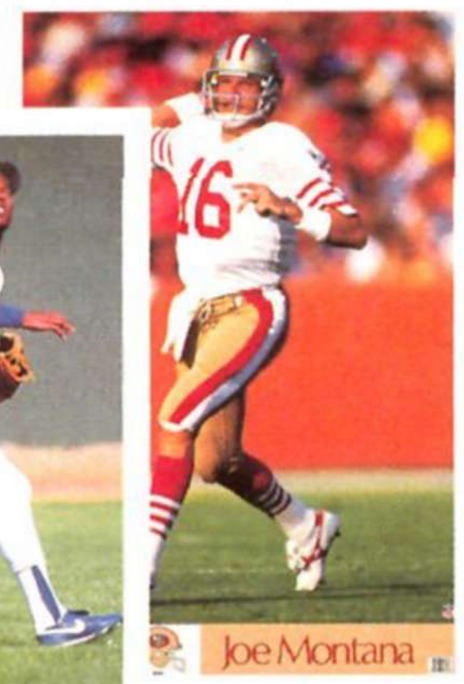

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An astronomer goes to great lengths to add Comet Austin to her life list. And a car thief gets an assist

by PENNY WARD MOSER

IT'S 8 P.M. AND EVERYBODY ELSE IN New Mexico has finished the dinner dishes and is sitting down to watch *Night Court*. Not me. I'm at the stove in my goosedown underwear, 7,200 feet above sea level, cooking breakfast. Not some wimpy breakfast, mind you, but a guts breakfast: two strip steaks, four eggs, potatoes, coffee. A big pot of it. We are getting ready to view the celestial event of the year, Comet Austin.

Welcome to the Star Hill Inn, America's first resort designed to accommodate the nerds of the night. My husband, Don, and I have flown four hours and driven three more so that we, along with our Star Hill companions, can stay up all night on a windswept platform in the near-freezing temperatures of early spring, staring into the night sky.

We have joined the rapidly growing ranks of recreational astronomers. These are some 300,000 people who, while appearing normal by day, spend their nights spying on galaxies. They even have rallies and competitions and marathons. It's probably the only tick-free back-to-nature sport left, but it does get low marks in the suntan division.

As a sport, astronomy is almost as exciting as ice fishing, except that you can't drink. You can chase a whole bottle of Jack Daniel's with a six-pack and still know when you've nailed a pike. But one cup of the grape and you're likely to miss that occultation of Jupiter. Actually, astronomy is more like bird-watching since it also has a life list. My life list now numbers 31 of the 110 sky items—nebulas, star clusters and galaxies—that you need to have in order to be recognized by your peers as an amateur astronomer.

It wasn't always like this for me and my husband. I remember a time when we too would wander under the night sky and make amazing observations like, "Isn't that the Big Dipper?" Then one night early in 1986—you remember, the year of Halley's Almost Invisible Comet—I mentioned that with the comet coming and all, it would be nice if we had a telescope.

Home came, to live in the dining room of our apartment, a dandy telescope on a sturdy aluminum tripod. With this telescope, if you knew just where to look, you could find the little fuzzy ball that was Halley's. It was a sight, when actually beheld, that caused most people to say, "Uh-huh."

Not us; it changed our life. Into our home came telescope No. 2, a more powerful instrument. Easily assembled, moved and aligned by two sumo wrestlers and an astrophysicist, No. 2 allowed us to see Halley's as a much larger fuzzy ball. When scope No. 3 with its rolling support stand arrived, we bought a house.

So now we have come to Sapello, N.Mex., in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains northeast of Santa Fe with our fellow Star Hill guests—a turkey saleswoman from Virginia, a NASA physicist from Houston and a priest from Queens, N.Y. We are gathered because about three months ago, amateur comet hunter Rodney R.D. Austin in New Zealand discovered a never-before-seen fuzzy ball in the sky. The discovery made—in the world of amateur astronomy—headlines on a par with those of the Trump divorce.

We sure didn't want to miss this one. But we live in the nation's capital. What with the monument lights, car headlights, streetlights and SWAT-team searchlights, our sky is so cluttered that we would probably miss the Second Coming.

To the rescue of all us urban astronomers has come Star Hill. The inn is actually five cottages and is located under some of the country's clearest and darkest skies. Our cozy cottage came complete with a moon chart on the refrigerator and blackout shades for daytime sleeping.

I have settled into a lawn chair with a pair of 8 × 40 binoculars up on the inn's viewing platform near our cabin. I'm watching the constellation Draco—the Dragon—burning through the twilight. A little silver ball zooms right through it.

"Holy smokes!" I shout, "I've got a satellite." In 90 minutes, with just my trusty binoculars, I nail 11 satellites and nine meteors. But just as I am working my way into an astronomical frenzy, disaster strikes: clouds. Clouds come from the left and clouds come from the right. We try to look between them, but soon they knit together into an impenetrable black blanket. A little after midnight, we go to bed.

"Set the alarm for 3:50 a.m.," my hus-

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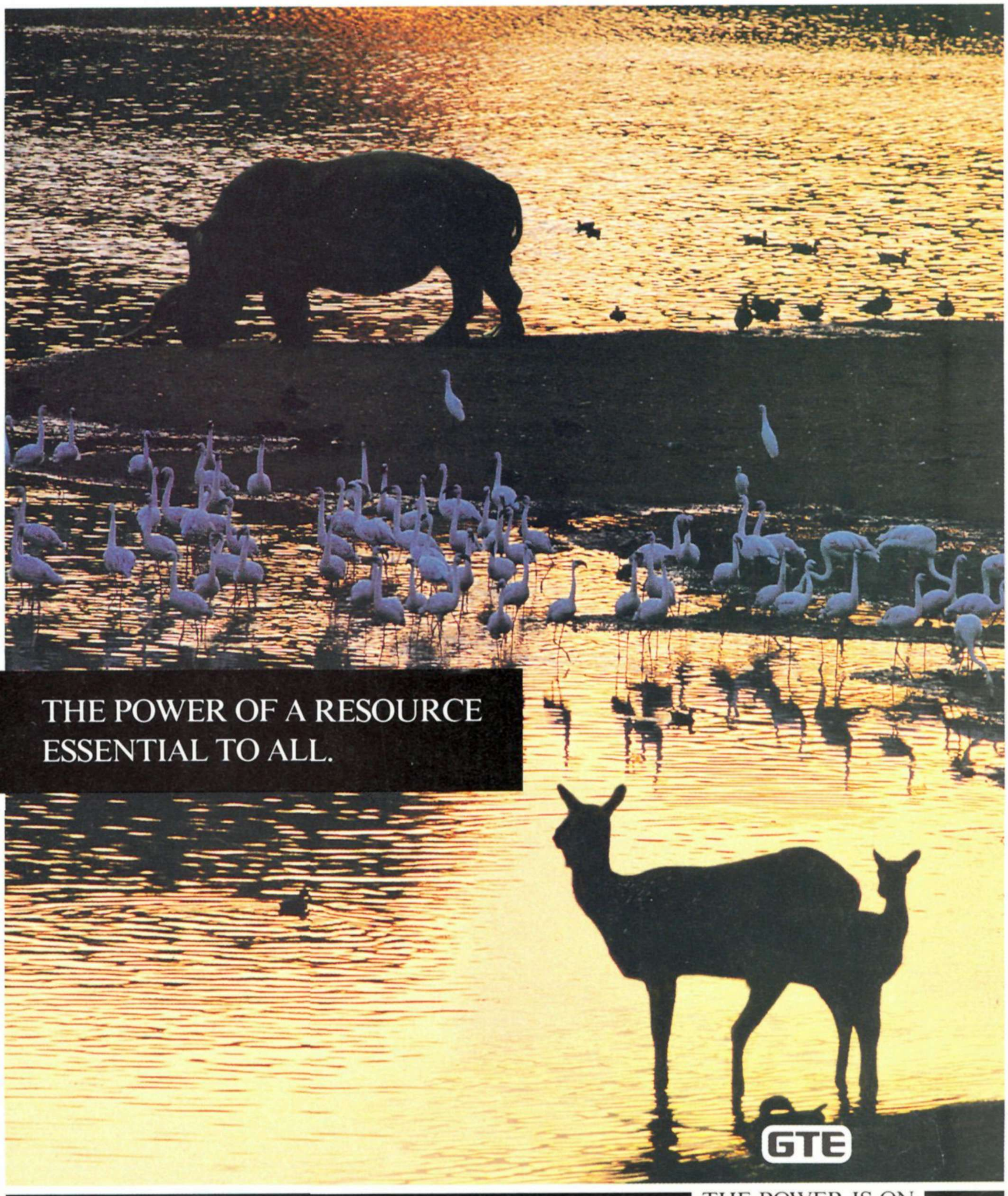


THE POWER IS ON

band says. "If the clouds move, we'll see the comet rise."

After a very short night we are back on duty on the viewing platform. "I can't see a damn thing," Don says. Half an hour passes. We eat doughnuts. The sky is clear as a bell. Except for one cloud.

"See that little cloud?" Don says. "That's *exactly* where Comet Austin is. Right behind that one lousy cloud." We wait. It's cold.

"The sun's going to come up pretty soon," my husband says with an urgency you might expect from Dracula uttering the same words. And then, just ever so slightly, the cloud moves.

We stand there side by side, sweeping the horizon with our binoculars.

"I've got it!" I shout. "Above the second ponderosa from the left."

"That's the Andromeda galaxy," Don says. The cloud moves a little more.

"Comet!" my husband says. "Third ponderosa. Look at the tail—pointing

straight up." One doughnut later, dawn arrives, and Austin is gone.

The next night we stay up until 1:30 a.m., peeking through holes in the clouds. We find the Sombrero galaxy. We find M13, a majestic globular cluster of stars. We find the Whirlpool and Black Eye galaxies. We eat more doughnuts. We go to bed and rise at 4:30 a.m. to have a peek at the space shuttle *Discovery*, which is closely trailed by the Hubble telescope. An omen, that.

The next night is our last at Star Hill, and we are glum. No stars. All the guests are sitting in our cabin under an overcast sky, drinking brandies or Diet Cokes. Just after midnight, I go out to scratch the ears of a three-legged dog who has taken up residence on the porch. I blink. The sky is clear.

"Stars!" I yell. Brandies and Diet Cokes hit the coasters and everyone flies into action. The big scopes come out. The sky maps come out. The doughnuts come out. Telescopes bob and weave as people call out their sightings: M65, M66, Lagoon nebula.

At 4:30 a.m. we line up in concert to look for Austin. We mount the inn's giant binoculars, which have a wide field of view and great light-gathering ability, onto their heavy tripod. We stand side by side, scanning the eastern horizon over the ponderosas.

Then there it is. The dreaded little cloud is back. I look at the priest. He says he does not think it has appeared because we have sinned.

With only five minutes of viewing time before dawn, two people spot the comet. "There, in that break in the clouds," *someone whispers. "Whoops! It's gone."*

"There it is again. Right over the—uh-oh, gone again."

My husband moves the tripod and aims the binoculars at the spot where the comet should be. "Now when the cloud breaks," he tells me, "it should be right in the frame." We watch the clouds. It's getting light. We have, maybe, two minutes left. The cloud doesn't budge. Then it does.

"Got it again," one sky-scanner says, "Get it in the big binocs."

I step up to my station. In doing so, I hear two things. One is someone telling me exactly where the comet is. The other is the sound of my foot hitting a tripod leg. The tripod skitters around 60 degrees and the binoculars end up pointing at the three-legged dog.

"It's gone," the voice behind me says.

I felt bad all the way home. But a month later, just before it headed out of our solar system, Comet Austin was visible again during the dark of the moon. I was vacationing on Long Island, N.Y. *It was a long* shot, but at 2 a.m. I got up, put on my long underwear, goosedown housecoat and saddle shoes. I picked up my binoculars in my right hand, two doughnuts in my left. I walked out into the street. The lights of New York City made a dull glow far to the west. I stood in front of a silver Plymouth Horizon and looked for the comet to the east.

Just as I was moving my eyes south through the constellation Pegasus, the car started to clank. "Why is this car sitting here in the still of the night clanking?" I wondered. In a second, a man with a wrench stood up. I was standing eye to eye with a car thief, one much larger than myself, and I was armed only with binoculars and two doughnuts. So I did what I always do. I talked.

"Hello," I said real friendly. "Who are you?"

"Uh, uh, Ray. I'm Ray," the voice said.

"Whatcha doin'?" I said cheerfully.

"Uh, nothing," Ray said.

*"Oh. Well, see, I'm just out here look*ing at the solar system," I said.

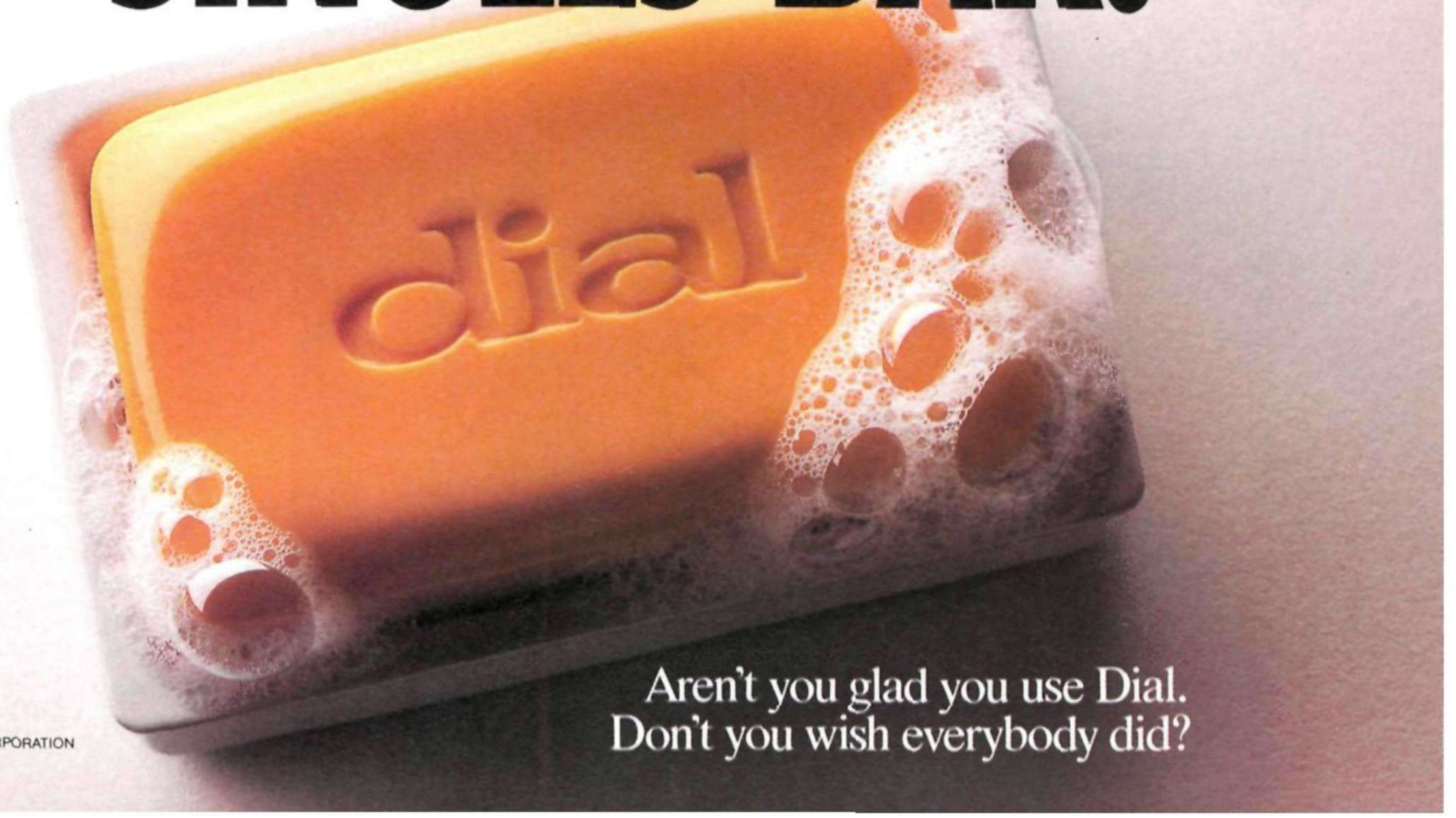
I could see that Ray was dressed in all black. He could see that I was dressed in a goosedown housecoat and saddle shoes, and was holding two doughnuts.

Ray contemplated the image before him. Then he took off down the road. Fast. Ray will, I'm sure, never be spotted on *that* street again.

But Comet Austin was. In just one hour, while Ray was still contemplating his brush with an extraterrestrial, Austin appeared, far from the ponderosas, in my own eastern sky.

It was just above the cable TV wire, where the wire goes into a mobile home. It was truly beautiful. ■

SINGLES BAR.



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She's the Ponytailed Princess of Hoop

Pennsylvania's can't-miss miss will head for Notre Dame after finishing her phenomenal high school career

by JACK McCALLUM

ON THE DAY IN 1986 THAT BOSTON Celtics draft pick Len Bias died of cocaine intoxication, a 12-year-old ponytailed blonde from Macungie, Pa., was walking around with Bias's photo in her sock. "I was at basketball camp when I heard the news," says Michelle Marciniak, "and I cried and cried." Michelle had connected with Bias partly because she had seen him play several times at the University of Maryland—her father, Walter, was a former Terrapin football standout who occasionally drove the family to games at College Park—but mostly because there was something in Bias's playing style that galvanized her adolescent attention.

"You know what I remember about Lenny?" says Michelle. "The way he hit that baseline J. Wham! That jumper was the shot I liked even back then. The lift he got. It was like he stepped up on a platform."

The average 12-year-old girl does not know from baseline J's, but Michelle Marie Marciniak was not your average 12-year-old girl. Five years later, she is not your average 17-year-old. By most accounts, the Notre Dame–bound guard is the top scholastic female basketball player in the country, a 5′ 9″ bundle of energy and talent who has no discernible weakness on the court, baseline J's included.

Or in almost any other athletic arena. At Central Catholic High School in Allentown, Pa., where she is a senior, Marciniak has excelled on the boys' soccer and golf teams, and on the girls' softball and volleyball teams. Actually, her first love was gymnastics, but she abandoned it several years ago when she found team sports, especially those involving a lot of sweat, more to her liking. These days basketball, the very sweatiest, is her favorite.

Whenever she plays she still has that ponytail flying—she ties it up every day with a wristband she calls a "scrunchie"—and she still carries a photo of a basketball player in her sock. "Actually, it's in my sneaker now because I've started wearing short socks," says Michelle, as she digs into her left Nike and removes a small action photo of Michael Jordan. "See, I always have him facing outside, toward the court." In her bedroom at home, Jordan faces everywhere. Her room is a shrine to him, with at least 30 posters and photos on the walls and a couple of dozen pairs of his namesake Nikes—some old, some new, some given to her as presents and even some that she bought herself—cluttering the closet.

Her secret weapon tucked in her shoe, Michelle drives the lane.

AL TIELEMANS

She wants to make it clear that her feelings for the Chicago Bulls star are strictly aboveboard and between the lines. She is a *player*, not a lovestruck teen. "Michael became my hero after Lenny died," says Michelle. "I just admire his ability, his approach to the game." When she goes on road trips, Michelle carries a "traveling poster" of Jordan for inspiration.

Should Jordan ever get the chance to watch Michelle in action, the appreciation would likely be mutual. "A legit five foot ten in my sneakers," Michelle can't dunk, but she can touch the rim after a running start. She is both a slasher and a three-point shooter (180 career treys through games of Jan. 14), who has averaged 22.5 points per game as a four-year starter. She has already outscored every player, male or female, in the history of the East Penn Conference (one of those she passed was a former Central Catholic boys' star, Bill McCaffrey, now a sophomore starter at Duke). Moreover, her 23.9 points per game this season would be much higher if she played into the fourth quarter. Her undefeated Vikettes (13–0 through Jan. 14) are steamrollering their opponents by an average of 29.7 points a game, and Michelle can usually be found squirming on the bench by the end of the third period. "She wants to play every minute," says her coach at Central, Mike Kopp, "but what can I do?"

Yes, her passing is sometimes overly creative and her free-lance defense—she has averaged 4.5 steals a game over her career—will have to be reined in at the college level. But these are criticisms frequently made of athletes who are superior to their competition. And that most assuredly describes Marciniak, who was one of the state's top players even as a freshman.

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Only at the last two U.S. Olympic Festivals, in fact, has Marciniak not been ponytail and shoulders above the pack. In the summer of 1989 she became the youngest basketball player in the history of the festival when she made the East squad as a 15-year-old. Her competitors in Oklahoma City, mostly top college players, saw nothing cute about the skinny teen, and they went at her hard. "I was a little bit overwhelmed," says Michelle, who during one game against the North made only 1 of 10 shots for her silver medalist East team. Last summer at the festival in Minneapolis she was back, and that was quite a different story. Again the youngest player on the court, she scored 11 points, had four assists and made four steals in 18 minutes to spark the East to a 76–54 rout of the West in the gold medal game.

Marciniak's surprising announcement last autumn that she would attend Notre Dame, which recently crept into the Top 25 in women's basketball for the first time ever, ended one of the keenest recruiting battles in the history of girls' scholastic sports. Consider: There are few athletes so highly coveted that a very prominent and very pregnant coach would continue a recruiting visit *after* her water had broken. Such was the case when Tennessee's Pat Summitt came to Macungie on Sept. 20 (SI, Nov. 19, 1990). The Marciniaks were more nervous than Summitt throughout the hour-long visit. "We kept asking if she wanted us to drive her to a local hospital," says Walter Marciniak. Summitt gave birth to a boy after returning to Tennessee that evening—she called the Marciniaks at 1 a.m. with the news.

Thanks to Summitt's labors, Michelle strongly considered Tennessee, as well as Rutgers, Texas and Stanford. But she surprised everyone, her parents and Irish coach Muffet McGraw included, when she chose Notre Dame. She hadn't even visited the campus when she made her verbal commitment. "Frankly, I never thought we had a shot," says McGraw. But beyond the fact that McGraw directs the wide-open, transition-game style that Marciniak loves, Notre Dame did have a few hidden advantages. For one thing, Michelle's father, a highly recruited scholastic fullback 28 years ago, had turned down the Irish in favor of Maryland. Although he didn't push Michelle, Walter voiced the opinion that, "I really didn't want two Marciniaks saying no to Notre Dame." Michelle felt some subtle parochial-school pressure, too. This is a girl, after all, who has played her entire scholastic career on the court of Rockne Hall, named for Knute. The final factor in the decision was supplied by McGraw, who made that most alluring of recruiting pitches. "We made no secret of the fact that she would start here immediately," says McGraw. "We need a freshman to come and take us to the next level."

Given her track record in all sports, Marciniak will do just that. Although she grew up as the alien in the boys' games, Michelle remembers few cases of gender prejudice, simply because her ability

and enthusiasm broke down barriers. She wasn't just an adequate centerfielder as the only girl in Little League—she was an all-star. She wasn't merely a 12-year-old starter on the boys' CYO basketball team—she was its best player, perhaps the best player in the entire league. The Marciniaks remember sitting behind the coach of an opposing team who wondered, "Jeez, is this the first time we've ever played a box-and-one on a girl?"

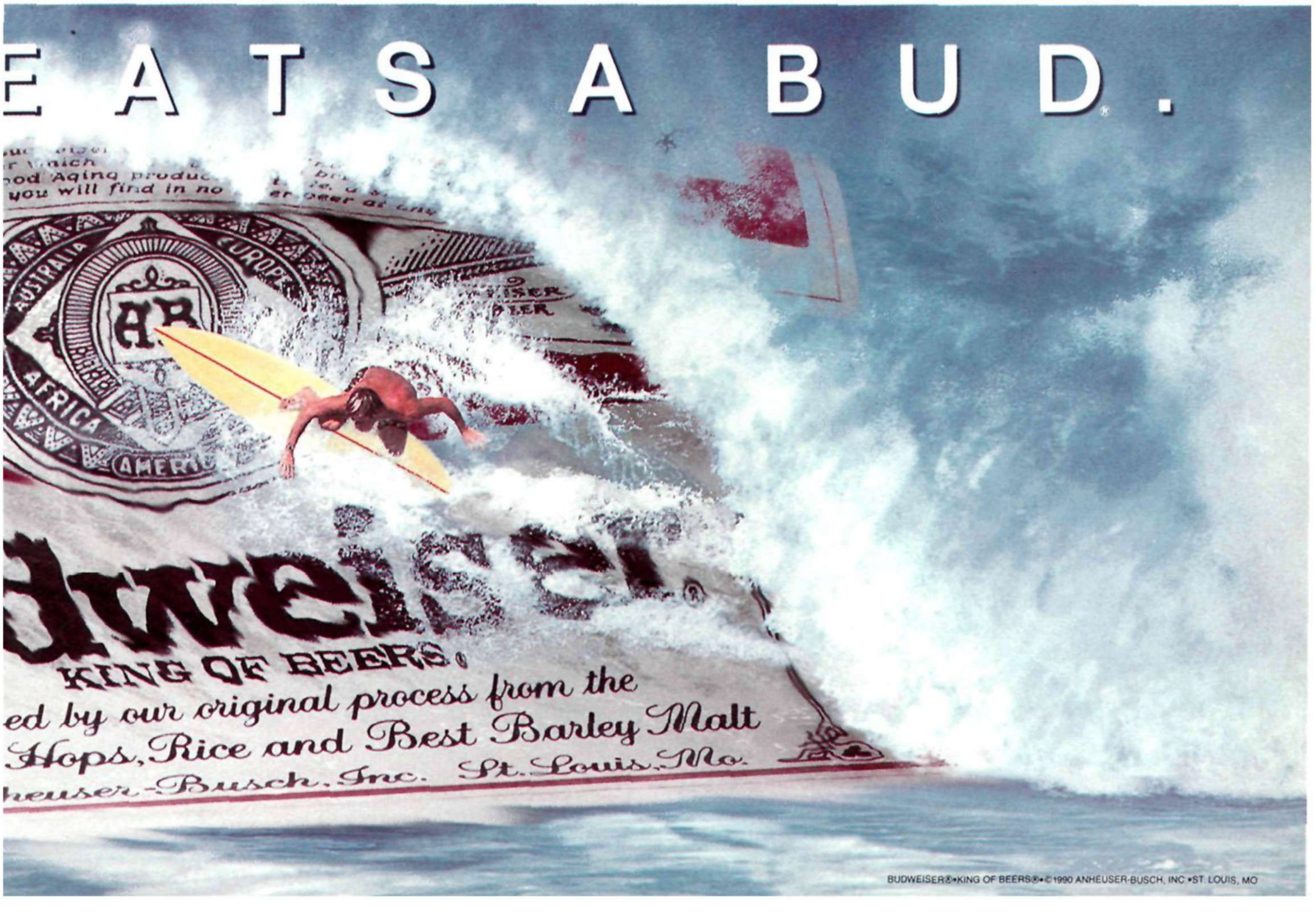
In high school, she had to play with the girls—in softball and volleyball, anyway—and was honorable mention all-conference in both sports. As a center-forward on the boys' soccer team, Michelle was the team's second-leading scorer as a freshman. She concentrated on golf and basketball as a junior and senior. This past fall she played in the No. 4 slot on the boys' golf team, and finished 14th among girls in the state meet. She was one of five finalists for the 1990 Dial Award—former U.S. Women's Amateur golf champ Vicki Goetze won it—which is presented annually to the top female prep student-athlete in the country.

"Everything about her is perfect," says her sister, Kim, a 21-year-old senior at Penn State who was an excellent high school diver. "Good student, good daughter. Doesn't smoke, doesn't drink." Brother Steve, a 19-year-old sophomore at the Penn State–Allentown campus, nods his head in agreement. "Good grades [3.5 cumulative average], good person, popular, good sister," Steve says.

Come on, she must be bad at something! Kim and Steve look at each other and snap their fingers. "She can't sing!"

And, oh yes—she can't handle Steve (a former high school football player who is 6′ 2″, 220 pounds) in the brutal one-on-one games they play on the Marciniak's backyard court. "We must've played a thousand times, and I've only beaten him once or twice," says Michelle. "He posts me up and just overpowers me. I can't do anything with him. But it's made me a lot tougher. I owe a lot to Steve." And Michelle's success has made Steve's life richer, he says in turn. In fact, he chose a college close to home expressly so he could attend his sister's games, and he's now trying to transfer to Notre Dame so he can keep up the practice. Kim has done her share of cheerleading, too, having frequently made the 320-mile round-trip drive from State College to Allentown so she could watch her sister play. Michelle's parents never miss a game, and tucked away in Betsy Marciniak's purse is a little black book containing all of her daughter's basketball statistics.

Michelle does a good job of dealing with the attention, but even she admits she was taken aback this summer when she spoke at a basketball camp and saw dozens of little Michelles staring back at her. "I looked out in the crowd and all these little girls had their hair tied back in ponytails with scrunchies," says Michelle. "It was kind of spooky." And who knows how many of them had photos of Michelle Marciniak tucked away in their socks? ■



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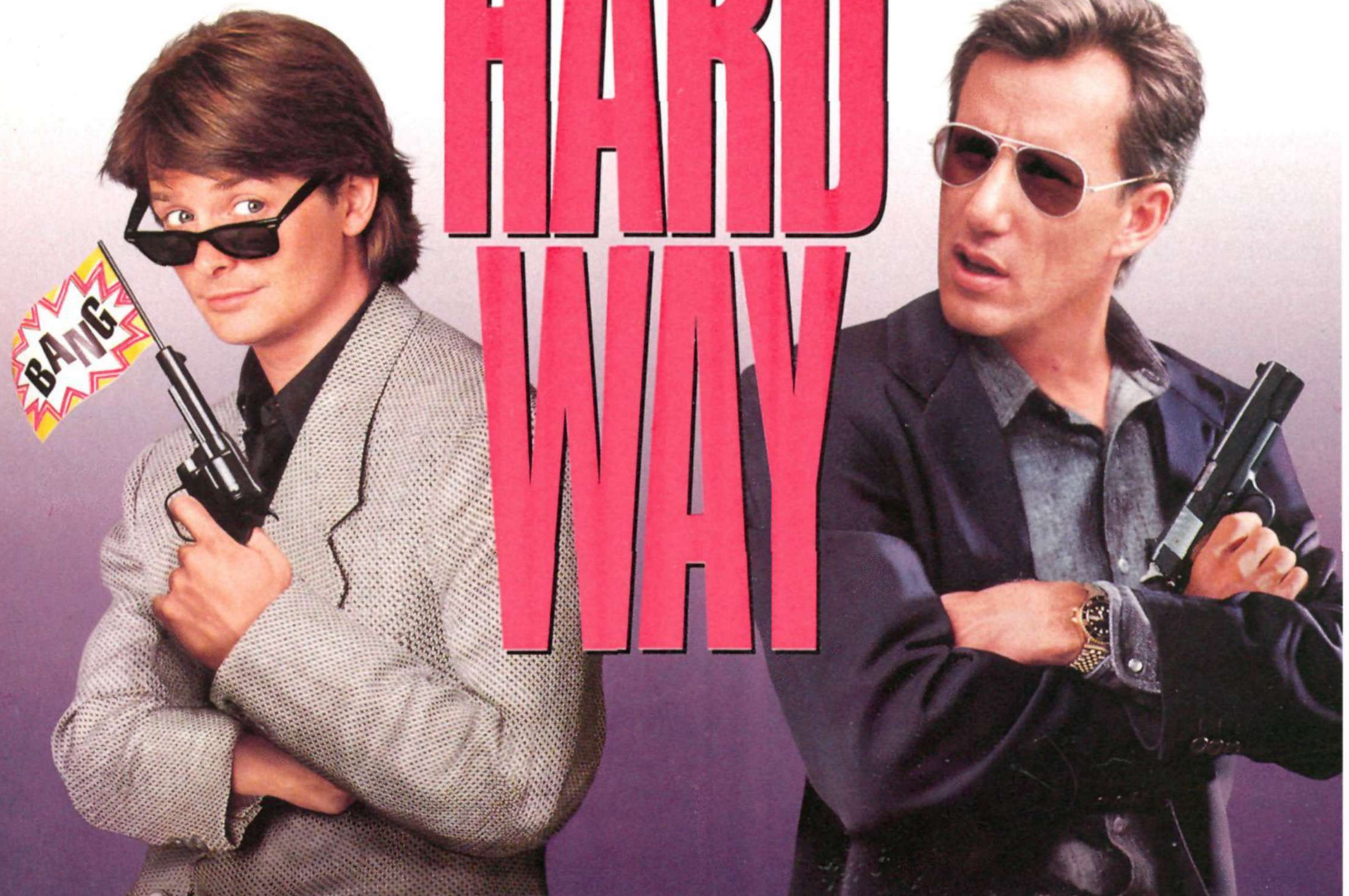

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SCORECARD

COMMENT

War Fare

The WWF capitalizes on the gulf conflict

Some people in sports are taking advantage of the war in the Persian Gulf. For instance, there was an ad in the sports section of Sunday's *New York Times* for Saddam Hussein–imprinted golf balls (ENJOY DRIVING THAT FACE 300 YARDS). Even more shameless is the war-related hucksterism found in the matches staged by the World Wrestling Federation.

Sgt. Slaughter, the drill instructor and former good guy, has become a bad guy and an Iraqi sympathizer. His manager-henchman is a Saddam Hussein look-alike named General Adnan. Responding to criticism of this war profiteering, Steve Planamenta, a spokesman for WWF promoter Vince McMahon, said, "People are blowing this thing out of proportion. It's true that five weeks ago we were playing up the Iraqi angle, but as the world scene changed, we have changed also." Planamenta, who was speaking just before the airing last Friday night of NBC's pretaped prime-time wrestling special, added, "There will be no mention of Iraq tonight. I hope you see that it was done in good taste."

Although there was no mention of Iraq by name in the NBC event, Slaughter clearly identified himself with the Iraqi cause when he dared the TV audience to "form coalitions to stop me."

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Sgt. Slaughter is an "Iraqi sympathizer" for the WWF.

Accompanied by General Adnan, Slaughter pummeled Hacksaw Jim Duggan with a two-by-four, a metal folding chair and Adnan's riding crop. Hulk Hogan, who is scheduled to face Slaughter for the WWF title at Wrestlemania VII in March, then helped Duggan to his feet and waved the American flag.

Good taste?

Judgment Calls

To **Les Robinson,** *North Carolina State's basketball coach, who is using money he receives from a shoe contract to create a fund for former Wolfpack players who want to complete their college educations.*

To two New Jersey dealers in golf memorabilia who had the morbidity to list–at $15,000–the Smith & Wesson .38 that Masters patriarch Clifford Roberts used to commit suicide in 1977. The dealers, claiming they intended to sell it only to collectors from Japan, have since withdrawn the gun from sale.

To **Graig Nettles,** *the New York Yankees' new hitting coach, for asking if he could wear his old number 9, even though it had been retired by the Yankees in 1984 in honor of Roger Maris.*

BASEBALL

Rocket Launch

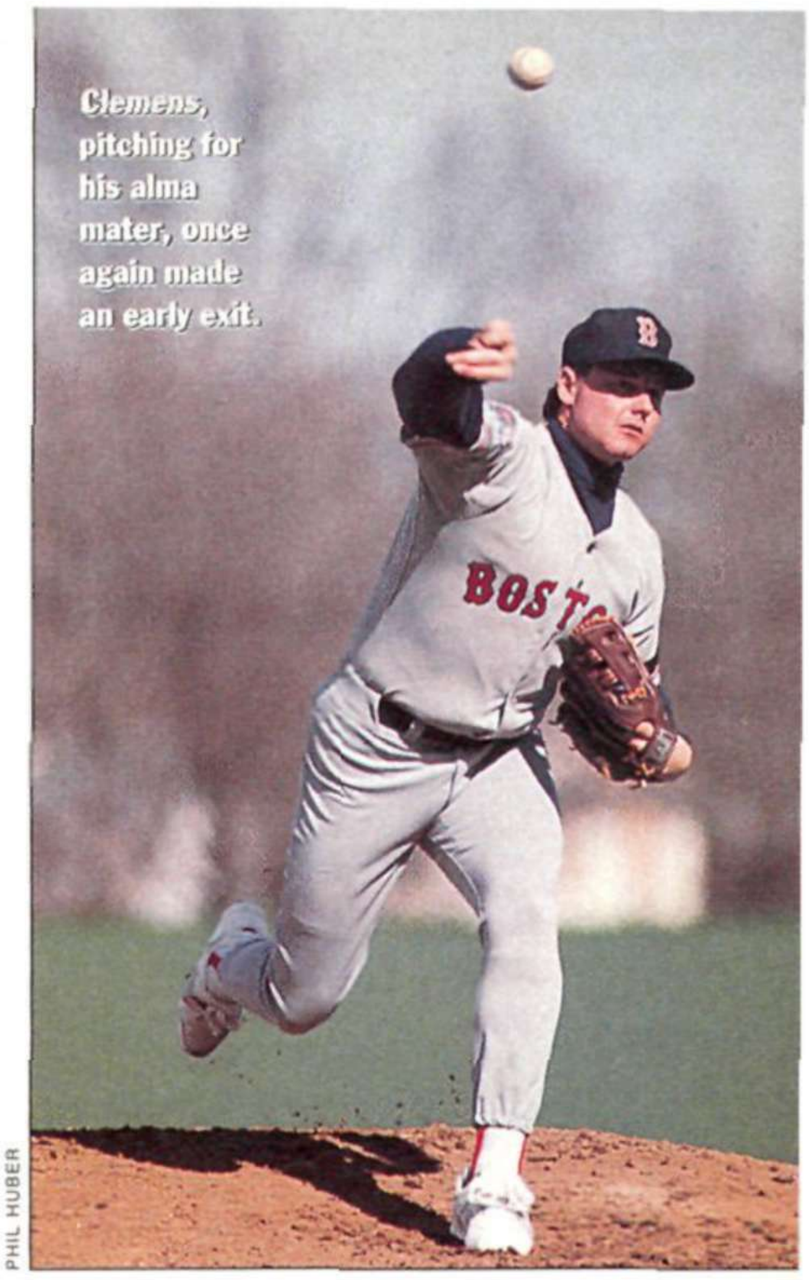
Roger Clemens gets off to a new start

Last Saturday, Roger Clemens of the Red Sox returned to the pitcher's mound for the first time since his controversial ejection in the second inning of the fourth game of the 1990 American League Championship Series against the A's. He didn't even make it through the first inning this time, but this early exit was planned. Clemens was one of the starting pitchers in the annual Varsity vs. Alumni game at the University of Texas. He struck out the one batter he faced. "The Rocket was on a one-hitter limit," said Alumni coach Burt Hooton.

Clemens and the 7,000 fans who came to the game also saw 44-year-old Nolan Ryan, whose son Reid is a freshman pitcher for the Longhorns, throw out the first ball. They heard one fan yell to alumnus Billy Bates (a hero of Cincinnati's Game 2 World Series victory because of his 10th-inning dribbler off Dennis Eckersley), "Hey, Bates, get a real hit!"

Clemens showed no strain from what has been a troublesome off-season. Earlier last week he was in New York for an appeal hearing before American League president Bobby Brown, who suspended him for the first five games of next season and fined him $10,000 because of his tantrum in the ALCS. Still hanging over his head is an assault charge stemming from an altercation with an off-duty police officer in a Houston nightclub on Jan. 20.

Clemens's new image as a hotheaded troublemaker bothers him, and he has



Clemens, pitching for his alma mater, once again made an early exit.

PHIL HUBER

promised to be more open in the future. Indeed, he could not have been more gracious than he was at the alumni game. "I don't want to be a superstar," said Clemens. "I just want to be a regular person. But it's getting harder and harder to do that. So I get angry inside. I'll just try to stomach it and show it's not bothering me."

At one point on Saturday, Clemens chatted with Ryan, a fellow Texan as well as a fellow fireballer. The Red Sox can only hope a little of Ryan rubbed off on the Rocket. —TIM KURKJIAN

Name Game

According to the "1990–91 Clell Wade Coaches Directory," Kearsley High School in Flint, Mich., has the following coaches: Flora Exercize, girls' gymnastics; *Jim Knastic, boys'* gymnastics; Birdie Shuttlecock, badminton; Joe Blackendecker, girls' drill team; Rick Hardslide, boys' softball; and Jane Krossbow, archery. Athletic director Mickey Hamilton submitted the phony names to get catalogs in many different sports.

Edited by Steve Wulf

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE QUON

SCORECARD

THEY SAID IT

Dan Issel, Nugget broadcaster, upon hearing that a Northwestern fraternity pledge class would attend a Denver game in Milwaukee: "Must be another form of hazing."

Ryan and Farrah are on-air partners as well.

RANDY TEPPER / CBS

TELEVISION

Not Bad Sports

CBS's new sports sitcom lacks a spark

It was bound to happen. First there were televised sports, followed by sports-spawned sitcoms, then all-sports cable networks. Now comes a sitcom about an all-sports cable network. In CBS's *Good Sports*, Ryan O'Neal and his real-life companion, Farrah Fawcett, are co-anchors on *SportsCentral*. Sound familiar? Even the set looks suspiciously like you-know-who's.

O'Neal plays "Downtown" Bobby Tannen, a former NFL star with a quick temper and a slow wit. Fawcett is Gayle Roberts (a hybrid of Robin Roberts of ESPN's *SportsCenter* and NBC's Gayle Gardner?), a onetime SPORTS ILLUSTRATED swimsuit-issue cover model with a journalism degree from Michigan. And here's the rub. It seems that while Roberts was a coed, she had a tryst with Tannen, who was playing for the New York Jets. Tannen's lack of class (he didn't even call Roberts the day after) and the fact that he was handed the *SportsCentral* job with no prior experience provide Roberts with loads of ammo. This love-hate relationship serves as the show's central theme, so much so, in fact, that "Farrah Fawcett vs. Ryan O'Neal" is flashed in the opening credits. Oddly enough, for a program relying on the chemistry between one of Hollywood's hottest couples, there doesn't seem to be much.

The strongest performance on *Good Sports* is delivered by Lane Smith, who portrays Mr. Rappaport, the network's Ted Turner–like owner. He dominates many of the funniest scenes, as in the first show when he introduces the notion of hiring O'Neal: "He's nostalgic. Harks back to a carefree time. Woodstock. The Jets win the Super Bowl. The Mets win the pennant. *Love Story*."

The writing is uneven, but it does have a knowing quality, as when Roberts rattles off the names of a few of Tannen's old girlfriends, among them Mamie Van Highland, a coy reference to ex-pitcher Bo Belinsky's romance with actress Mamie Van Doren. Touches like that may keep viewers rooting for *Good Sports*. But it won't click until Farrah and Ryan (or Farrah vs. Ryan) do.

—MICHAEL JAFFE

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK MCDONNELL

ROMANCE

A Mushy Affair

A dogsled team has to stop in the name of love

DeeDee Jonrowe had a 15-minute lead about 90 miles into the recent 500-mile Beargrease Sled Dog Marathon when things went awry. Because the 37-year-old driver from Willow, Alaska, was so far ahead in the round-trip race between Duluth and Grand Portage, Minn., officials had not yet put down markers for that part of the course. So she made a right turn instead of a left. "I knew right away that I had made a mistake, and I went only about 300 yards," says Jonrowe.

In order to get back on the trail, she had to stop her sled. This brief respite from mushing, along with the stars and the moonlight, apparently drove the male wheel dog (the one closest to the sled) to distraction. He and the female teammate in front of him began, as Jonrowe puts it, "breeding."

Jonrowe and her other 14 dogs discreetly pawed the snow for 25 minutes. Three days later, she finished fourth, a little more than two hours behind winner Terry Adkins. The case

of puppy love probably cost Jonrowe second place (and $4,500 in prize money), but as she says, "At times like that, you just have to let nature take its course."

Making a List

The NBA All-Star Game, which will be played on Feb. 10 in Charlotte, N.C., made its debut on March 2, 1951, at Boston Garden. That game was the brainchild of Boston Celtics owner Walter Brown. Here are 10 facts about Brown, the father of what has become the best All-Star Game in sports:

1. *He coached the 1936 U.S. Olympic hockey team to a bronze medal in Garmisch, Germany.*

2. *He owned the Boston Bruins from 1951 until his death in 1964.*

3. *One day while walking by a fish store, he noticed cod packed in finely crushed ice. That was the clue he needed to stage the world's first indoor ski jumping competition, with snow made by much larger versions of the fish store's ice machine.*

4. *He saved the Ice Follies from folding in 1936 and helped organize the Ice Capades.*

5. *He created the Celtics in 1946, and three years later, he became a founding father of the NBA.*

6. *In 1950, at a dispersal draft of three players from the defunct Chicago Stags, Brown was upset when Max Zaslofsky and Andy Phillip were taken by the New York Knicks and Philadelphia Warriors, respectively. The Celtics had to settle for Bob Cousy.*

7. *Brown was so beloved at Boston's Lenox Hotel that he was allowed to run a three-year tab for lodging and entertainment.*

8. *From 1937 until '64, he was the guiding spirit of the Boston Marathon.*

9. *He is the only man inducted into both the basketball and the hockey hall of fame.*

10. *Brown didn't see that first NBA All-Star Game because he was on the "Queen Elizabeth," steaming toward a hockey tournament in Paris. However, he did make sure that each of the players and officials in the game received a tie clip and cuff link set worth $2.25.*

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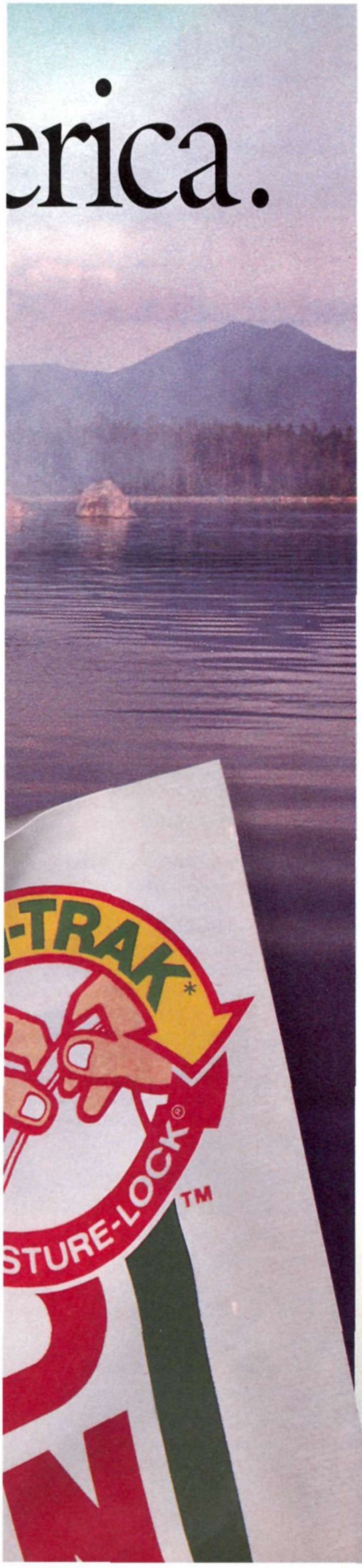

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SCORECARD

THEY SAID IT

Al Newman, Minnesota Twins infielder, on the fact that he hasn't hit a home run in his last four years in the majors: "I just haven't gotten my pitch."

BASEBALL

Monster Green

The players have to divvy up a $280 million pot

Major League Baseball Players Association executive director Donald Fehr has a $280 million headache. That's the amount of damage money the MLBPA is to receive from baseball's owners, whom arbitrators found guilty of collusion. The MLBPA must dole out that windfall to players, and this week Fehr will send out a "framework for distribution," a plan he and his staff put together after discussions with agents and players. Individual awards will be given on the basis of length of service, salary and other criteria, and Fehr, anticipating some objections to the proposal, says it could be as long as two years before the money is actually handed out. "It's a fairly torturous process," Fehr says.

When asked why some of the $280 million isn't earmarked for old-time players, who may be in greater need than active ones, Fehr said, "This isn't my money. This isn't the Players Association's money. These are salaries for players who were defrauded. I can't give that money to anyone else."

Still, it would be nice if the Players Association could find a way to help retirees. The Baseball Assistance Team (BAT), an organization devoted to assisting former players in need, raises about $500,000 a year. Though BAT is sanctioned by Major League Baseball, it has received little help from either the owners or the players. The collusion ruling was meant to right the wrongs done to current ballplayers. Continuing to overlook those needy retired players is a wrong of a different kind.

Collier gives some of his Audenried High teammates a taste of Air Jamal.

AL TIELEMANS

BASKETBALL

Big Little Man

A high school player opens some eyes in Philly

At 4' 9½" and 76 pounds, Jamal Collier, a sophomore reserve point guard at South Philadelphia's Charles Audenried High, is the smallest varsity high school basketball player in Pennsylvania and, probably, the country. But what this mighty minikin lacks in altitude, he compensates for in attitude.

"I wish I had 10 Jamal Colliers," says Audenried coach Joe Sirolli, who discovered Jamal three years and seven inches ago. "He's an ideal kid, he always stays upbeat." Sirolli first noticed Slick, as Jamal is often called, in a seventh-grade P.E. class he taught. "I was amazed at his ball-handling talent. He'd go through the legs, behind the back, do the spin dribble. And if you left him open, he'd nail the 20-footer."

Says Jamal, "It doesn't really matter how tall or small I am." He regularly guards players more than a foot taller than himself. But they must try to defend against him, too. As he confidently points out, "Whenever an opposing coach calls for a man-to-man and yells out my number to his player, the usual response is, 'Coach, I can't stick with this guy.' "

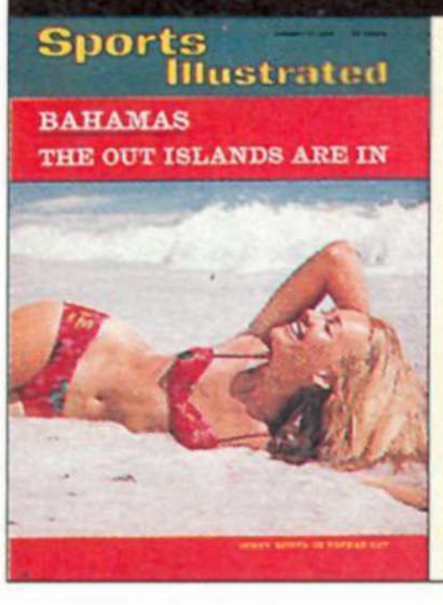
Jamal's stature is not attributable to any medical condition; his father is 5' 11", his mother 5' 5". "The doctor told me I'd grow someday," Jamal says. Until he does, he amazes those who watch him. Jamal scored 37 points in a summer league game last year, and off the bench this season he has 45 points, 39 assists and 24 rebounds (!) in 15 games. He is proudest, however, of a blocked shot a few weeks ago. "The guy was about six-two," he says, "and I jumped from behind and stuffed him. I never touched him, but the ref called a foul."

Maybe the ref didn't believe his eyes. —JOHN WALTERS

A Mouthful

Metaphorically speaking, St. John's basketball coach Lou Carnesecca pulled out all the stops after his Redmen beat Connecticut 65–62 the other night despite 33 turnovers and 15 missed free throws: "At times we looked like the Marx Brothers and at times like the Three Stooges. Maybe this wasn't the *Mona Lisa* and they may not want it in the Louvre, but I'll put it in the win column."

Replay 25 Years Ago in Sports Illustrated



HOWELL CONANT

Sunny Bippus graced our 1966 sunshine cover in a bikini that sold for $13 retail. In SCORECARD, *Buffalo Bills owner Ralph Wilson explained coach Lou Saban's resignation this way: "He sees a lot of perils in the new era of pro football. . . . Dealing with lawyers and accountants instead of selling the boy on our club has taken a lot of the fun out of it."*

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White Heat

With the gulf war rumbling in the distance, the Austrian skiers sizzled on their home slopes and dominated the World Alpine Ski Championships

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON and ANITA VERSCHOTH

BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT

Switzerland's Heinzer cut in on Austria's booty by taking gold in the downhill.

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1991

BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT

Steve Locher of Switzerland made a splash in the combined slalom, and finished sixth.

AT ONE POINT, IT SEEMED THAT the tiny Austrian villages of Saalbach and Hinterglemm might be on the verge of hosting the World Alpine Ski Championships from Hell—as in "War is hell." And the way things were going early on, people were beginning to wonder whether Saddam Hussein held the Alps as well as Kuwait.

Barely an hour after the first air strike battered Iraq, the entire U.S. Ski Team was rousted out of its European hotel rooms in the predawn darkness of Jan. 17 and ordered to return home to safety. There were even rumors that French and Italian skiers might be pulled out of competition, too, since their countries were also active in the hostilities. On Jan. 20, the day before the world championships were to start, the organizing committee debated whether to postpone the event. It decided not to, but did cancel the opening ceremonies for fear of terrorism.

Then came the cruelest blow: ABC Sports, which had contracted to pay $1.5 million for rights to televise the two-week event, bailed out less than 24 hours before the championships were to begin. The network's excuse? Not the threat of terrorism to its crews, not the pressing demands of covering the war, but a vague explanation that it had been informed that the U.S. Ski Team was not going to participate in "certain key events" at the championships. As it happened, the American team did indeed show up in Austria, though two days after competition began, and ABC's little cable sister, ESPN, stayed to report on the races. But the loss of major U.S. network coverage, as well as the fear that ABC might refuse to pay its rights fee, was depressing evidence of how a war in the Middle East could affect life in middle Europe.

It wasn't until the racers finally moved onto the slopes and started competing that it became clear that, whatever Iraq controlled elsewhere, Austria ruled its own snow.

The first race, the men's slalom on Jan. 22, was won by Marc Girardelli, 27, and no gold medal was ever more richly deserved, for he is arguably the finest—and bravest—ski racer of the era. Girardelli was born in Austria, lives in Switzerland, but skis for Luxembourg for reasons too abstruse to explain. He has suffered an extraordinary number of harrowing injuries in his career, beginning in 1983, when his left knee was torn up so thoroughly he was diagnosed as being 80% disabled. But he quickly went back into training and, amazingly, won five World Cup slaloms the following season. In 1987 his left shoulder was repeatedly dislocated, in 1988 he suffered bruised ribs and a crushed left elbow, and in December 1989 he experienced a horrendous fall in a World Cup Super G race, which resulted in internal bleeding that required two operations to correct.

Despite such damage, he has won three overall World Cup titles and seven world championship medals, including two golds in combined events. But the slalom win in Hinterglemm was his first gold in an individual event. Girardelli's mother begged him to stop racing, but he told her, "No, I have lost five years of skiing because of my injuries, so I still have some accounts to settle." Girardelli seemed ready to settle one account by collecting more gold medals at these world championships, but it was not to be. His next-best finish was a fifth in the giant slalom.

HUBERT SCHRIEBL

In the end, the only multiple gold med-

alist was an Austrian upstart named Stefan Eberharter, 21, who had never won a World Cup race. Eberharter, who plays the accordion, entertained the crowd by squeezing out tunes at his two victory celebrations—for the Super G and the men's combined. When asked before the Super G who the favorite in the race was, Eberharter looked surprised. "The favorite?" he said. "I thought it was me." He skied a flawless race, blowing out Kjetil Andre Aamodt of Norway, the runner-up by 1.54 seconds, the largest margin in a Super G in five years. He was so hot that Austrian team officials, greedy for more gold, dumped the veteran Hubert Strolz from the men's giant slalom and replaced him with the young accordionist.

The favorite in that race was Italy's Alberto Tomba, 24. This had not been a great year by La Bomba's superstar standards. He had won only three World Cup races and had failed to finish in the last three slaloms before Saalbach-Hinterglemm. When he wound up a lackadaisical fourth behind Girardelli in the world championship slalom, his trainers were puzzled. They knew he was in superb physical shape, so they decided that perhaps Tomba's trouble lay in his mind. They were going to import a motivational psychologist from Trieste to convince their star that he was still a winner, but the plan was scrubbed at the last minute and La Bomba went out on the hill for the giant slalom armed only with his own mercurial motivations.

In the first run, he was superb, finishing a solid .27 of a second ahead of the runner-up, Rudolf Nierlich, 24, of Austria. But in the second run, it seemed both Tomba's mind and body failed him. He took a surprising spin at the eighth gate and did not finish, leaving the victory to Nierlich, who squeaked it out despite a near fall just above the finish. As for Eberharter, he had used up all his songs and finished 17th.

Still, the Austrians had plenty to celebrate. They won an overwhelming 11 medals (including five golds) at the worlds, while Switzerland took six, France three, Italy two, Norway two and Sweden two. Nevertheless, no Austrian worth his Obstler Schnaps could fail to mourn losing the race they call the *Königsdisziplin* ("king's event")—known to most as the men's downhill. It was won by Switzerland's Franz Heinzer, 28, who had finished fourth in three world championship downhills. This time, on the slopes of the Zwölferkogel, above Hinterglemm, he made a mistake at the top and trailed the leaders at the first three intermediate timing points. But he burst across the finish line first, .25 of a second in front of Italy's Peter Runggaldier. Austria's Helmut Höflehner, the prerace favorite, would cross his ski tails in the start gate and come to a humiliating stop high on the course.

When the world championships began, it was widely assumed that they would go down in history as the private playground of skiing's new queen, Petra Kronberger, a bank clerk from the Austrian village of Pfarrwerfen. She is just 21 and has been on the World Cup tour for only 3½ years, but she won last season's overall World Cup and holds an insurmountable lead, with 276 points for the same title this year

Twardokens, shown here in the slalom, took fifth in the giant slalom, the U.S.'s best result.

by virtue of having won eight of the 16 races she has entered. Kronberger is the first woman in history to win races in all five disciplines, and there were plenty of Austrians willing to bet that she would be the first person to win five gold medals at a world championships.

She began beautifully in the downhill on the slopes of the Kohlmaiskopf, above Saalbach, where the temperatures on the course ranged from 32° in the sun at the top to 14° in the shadowed valley below. Kronberger's chief ski serviceman, Franz Ploberger, asked a computer that had been programmed with simulations of 200 pairs of variously prepared skis which would be the best to use, and got 10 different formulas. So he chose the pair that would run fastest over the coldest snow at the bottom.

And that was how she won: Kronberger was No. 8 at the highest intermediate point, No. 2 at the middle point but No. 1 on the icy bottom. She won by .44 of a second over Nathalie Bouvier of France.

In her second event, the Super G, Kronberger had the fastest intermediate time, but as she sped the last 30 yards toward the finish, where a huge crowd bellowed her name, she caught an edge and was hurled violently across the line. As she lay stunned, the crowd looked on in shock. At last she moved and was helped, limping badly, out of the finish area. After she spent the night in a Salzburg hospital, doctors said that a ligament in her right knee was slightly torn—not career-wrecking, but definitely world championship–wrecking. She did not race again.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Special police guarded Twardokens (second from right) and the rest of the U.S. team.

The Austrian despair over Kronberger's fall was eased, however, by the young woman who did win the Super G. Ulrike (Ulli) Maier, 23, was a long, long shot who had been put on the Austrian

Runggaldier took a tumble in the slalom, but stayed on his feet for a silver in the downhill.

HUBERT SCHRIEBL

MARTIN/ALLSPORT

BOB

After her brother had convinced her to compete, Voelker tied for eighth place in the GS.

Super G team only as a courtesy due the defending champion. Maier had frequently been injured and she had never won a regular World Cup race, but in the 1989 championships at Vail she had taken the gold in the Super G.

Maier, who had been pregnant at Vail, crossed the finish line in Hinterglemm and burst into tears of joy as she embraced her daughter, Melanie, 17 months old. The baby's father is not Maier's husband but her *Lebensgefährte* (life companion), a policeman who was in uniform at the finish. Maier thanked him for playing Mr. Mom while she was training. "He has gotten very good at diapers," she said.

Four days later, on Feb. 2, Mama Maier came within a baby's eyelash of winning the giant slalom. She led the first of the two runs by a hefty .64 of a second, but faltered slightly in the next and finished with a silver, .16 of a second behind Sweden's Pernilla Wiberg, 20.

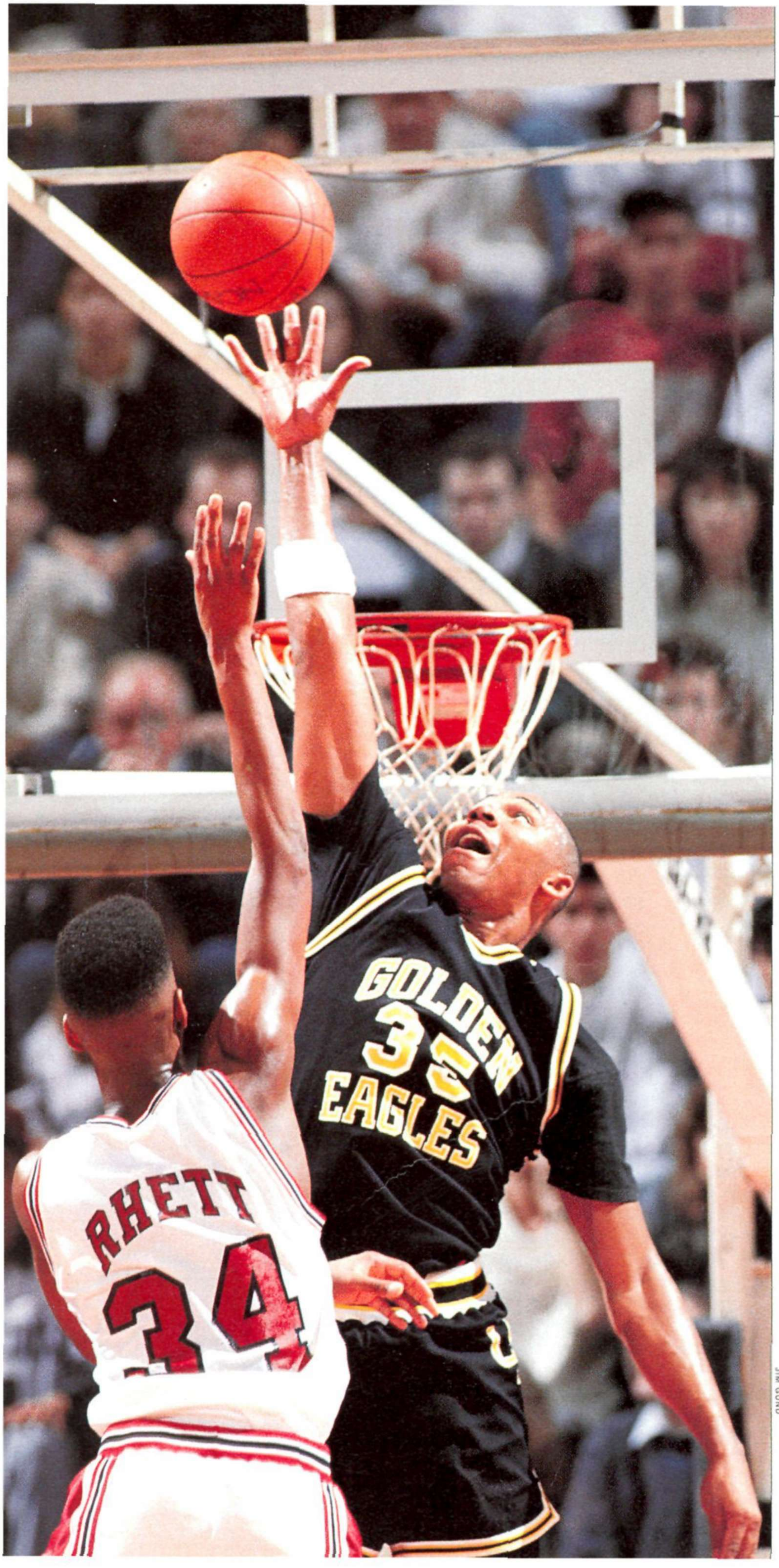
It was in this race, the last women's event, that the U.S. produced its best result. Eva Twardokens, 25, of Santa Cruz, Calif., who had won a bronze in the GS in the 1985 world championships in Bormio, Italy, almost did it again, but finished fifth, .41 of a second out of the medals. American skiers competed in seven of the 10 events in the championships, but their presence was more noticeable off the mountains than on. Both the men's and the women's hotels became tourist attractions because of the uniformed sentries who stood outside the hotels carrying submachine guns. No other teams had such visible security measures.

After the Americans had sprinted for home in the war's first hours, critics questioned whether such dramatics had really been necessary. Howard Peterson, chief executive officer of U.S. Skiing, explained, "We could not guarantee the team's security. We had about 100 people—skiers and staff—spread over seven different locations in five different countries in Europe. We had no way of protecting our people, scattered as they were, so we told them to come home."

But what about ABC's precipitate bailout? Peterson said, "I am furious at the ABC people for blaming the ski team. I talked with them twice and reinforced the fact that we did not intend to withdraw from any events."

Of the 100 U.S. team members who flew home on Jan. 17, only about 20 from the Alpine team returned to Europe. All skiers were given the opportunity to stay safe in the States, and for some it was a tough decision. Heidi Voelker, 21, a slalom specialist from Pittsfield, Mass., was not sure what to do. The war loomed large in her life because her brother Eric, 27, an infantryman in the Marine Corps reserve, had left in December for duty with ground forces in Saudi Arabia. "My parents were neutral about whether I should go back," said Voelker. "They left it up to me. But my older brother and sister said I would be out of my mind if I went back to Europe. So I was in a bit of a quandary. And then Eric called. We talked for 20 minutes, and Eric said, 'Look, your first priority is to go back and ski. The Iraqis know sand, but they don't know snow. Go back and do it.'"

And she did, finishing in an impressive tie for eighth in the slalom—her best result ever in top competition—and proving to the world that, war or no war, the snow in the Alps still belongs to the skiers. ■



JIM GUND

Listed at 6′ 7″, Weatherspoon may be shorter than that, but he plays a whole lot bigger.

Spoon Dishes It Out

Clarence Weatherspoon has helped implement a Southern Miss surge

by HANK HERSCH

THERE IS A NEW STATUS SYMBOL in Hattiesburg, Miss.: the spoon. Normally reserved for use at kitchen counters and dining room tables, it is now being waved by hungry fans at Southern Mississippi's Green Coliseum, where *the* Spoon—a thundering junior forward otherwise known as Clarence Weatherspoon—has helped stir the upstart Golden Eagles into the mix of national title contenders. Weatherspoon, who weighs 240 pounds and stands 6′ 7″ (maybe), is a commanding confluence of thick legs, broad shoulders and long, rock-solid arms who is capable of bending rims with his muscle and twisting minds with his ascents. "What do I think of Spoon?" says Southern Miss point guard Russell Johnson. "Automatic assist."

Since venturing 130 miles down the road to Southern Miss 2½ years ago from his tiny hometown of Crawford, Miss., Weatherspoon has been named the Metro Conference Freshman of the Year and, as a sophomore, the league's player of the

year, an honor he is on course to receive again this season. At week's end he was averaging 18.1 points on 58.8% shooting and 12.0 rebounds a game.

Two performances last week typified Weatherspoon's prodigious prominence. At Southwestern Louisiana on Wednesday, a cadre of Ragin' Cajun fans arrived with plastic spoons, hoping perhaps to snap them in two at the moment of triumph. Instead, Weatherspoon racked up 21 points and 14 rebounds in a 97–91 Golden Eagle victory. The plasticware disappeared well before intermission. "I guess they must have lost them under their seats," suggested Southern Miss reserve guard Dallas Dale afterward.

Then on Saturday, against subpar but still dangerous Louisville, Spoon had 24 points with seven rebounds in a 77–66 win that marked the Golden Eagles' second *coup de 'Ville* in nine days and completed their first sweep of the Cardinals in Metro Conference play. (Weatherspoon administered six facials to the erstwhile Doctors of Dunk.) The 17th-ranked Golden Eagles thereby lifted their league-leading record to 7–1 and their overall record to 14–2 going into Monday's game against Appalachian State.

Off the court Spoon is mild-mannered and amiable, the sort of guy a friend calls in the middle of the night with a plea to pick him up at a bus station two hours away, as Southern Miss forward Ron Rembert did recently when he needed—and got—a ride to Hattiesburg from Meridian, Miss. On the court Spoon is hard-nosed and single-minded, the sort of player a teammate finds in his face screaming, "Dunk the ball!" after the teammate failed to go strong to the basket, as Rembert did recently in blowing a gimme. "In the locker room he gets a look, a take-care-of-business look," says Rembert. "Then when the game starts, he just metamorphoses some more. The first time I saw him, I thought he was the meanest guy in the world, but now his aggressiveness is what I enjoy most. His aggressiveness is my motivation."

In his own almost embarrassed words, Spoon is "hardworking . . . and sort of exciting . . . and kind of explosive." And, as he is always quick to point out, he is far from the only utensil at Golden Eagle coach M.K. Turk's disposal. On offense, Southern Miss relies heavily on a lethal two-man game: Weatherspoon planted on the right block as 6′ 5″ guard Darrin Chancellor, the Golden Eagles' leading scorer with a 20.2-point average through last weekend, is floating on the right wing. For the defense, there is this quandary: 1) Collapse on Spoon and surrender the three-pointer to Chancellor, a 52.3% marksman from long range, or 2) cover the perimeter and concede the dunk to Spoon, a 100% marksman from point-blank range. Most teams opt for 3) none of the above, and hope for the best. "Spoon's being so competitive under the basket means they have to double-team him, and that opens up the floor," Chancellor says. "That's the biggest thing about him and me: We both want to win real bad."

Additionally, Southern Miss has a couple of 215-pound seniors who can exploit other openings; one is the body-blasting 6′ 2″ Johnson, the other is the silky 6′ 11″ center Daron Jenkins. The four-deep bench includes freshman guard Bernard Haslett, who filled in for the injured Chancellor in the win over Southwestern Louisiana. Haslett coolly buried seven of eight threes against the Ragin' Cajuns and scored 29 points.

In sum, the Golden Eagles are a balanced and harmonious bunch who rebound hard—39.6 a game to 38 for their opponents—and shoot proficiently: 50.4% from the floor, 43.1% from behind the three-point arc and 74.7% from the free throw line. They defend variously with zones and a ruthless man-to-man, and, anchored by Jenkins and Spoon, who have combined for 3.35 blocks a game, they protect the basket well. They also apply themselves end-to-end with an underdog's ardor that comes from playing third fiddle in the state to Mississippi State and Ole Miss, both of which are members of the more prestigious Southeastern Conference. But despite its humble origins as a teachers college and a $5.1 million athletic budget that would be postage money for many major college powers, Southern Mississippi has dominated its intrastate rivals in football over the past decade,

MANNY MILLAN

Against double-teaming Southwestern Louisiana, Spoon had 21 points and 14 rebounds.

winning 10 of 15 games against the Bulldogs and Rebels since 1980. Neither of those schools will even schedule the Golden Eagles on the hardwood. "We've been on the back shelf down here for a while," Jenkins says. "We're ready to come out front now."

When Turk came on the scene in 1976, Golden Eagle basketball was in the dustiest corner of the storage room; in '71–72, for example, Southern Miss had finished with an 0–24 record. To entice Turk into signing on, then athletic director Roland Dale offered a $19,000 salary and his hardest sell: "How would you like to be the coach of the worst Division I school in America?" Says Turk, "I was an assistant at Memphis State, chomping at the bit for an opportunity." A native of Kentucky, the 48-year-old Turk resembles actor Paul Sorvino, but his accent is more good ol' boy than goodfella. "I tell you this," Turk says. "I would never take over a program that shaky again. The odds are astronomical against making it work."

Turk's fortunes finally turned in 1982, when hitherto independent Southern Miss joined the emerging Metro. That lent the Golden Eagles a measure of respectability. Turk then tapped in to the overlooked talent pool within a 100-mile radius of the campus, an area that includes New Orleans, Jackson, Miss., and the Gulf Coast. His '86–87 team, led by Randolph Keys, a future NBA first-round draft choice who now plays for the Charlotte Hornets, won the NIT—the only national title ever won by a Mississippi school in any Division I sport—and last year he guided the largely underclass Golden Eagles to an NCAA tournament berth for the first time.

Through Sunday, Turk was 226–185 in 14-plus seasons with Southern Miss and had carved out a comfortable sultanate in Hattiesburg, a micropolis (pop. 40,900) known as the Hub City. "We've had a policy of three steps forward, one step back," he says. "When you do that, you're ahead of where you started."

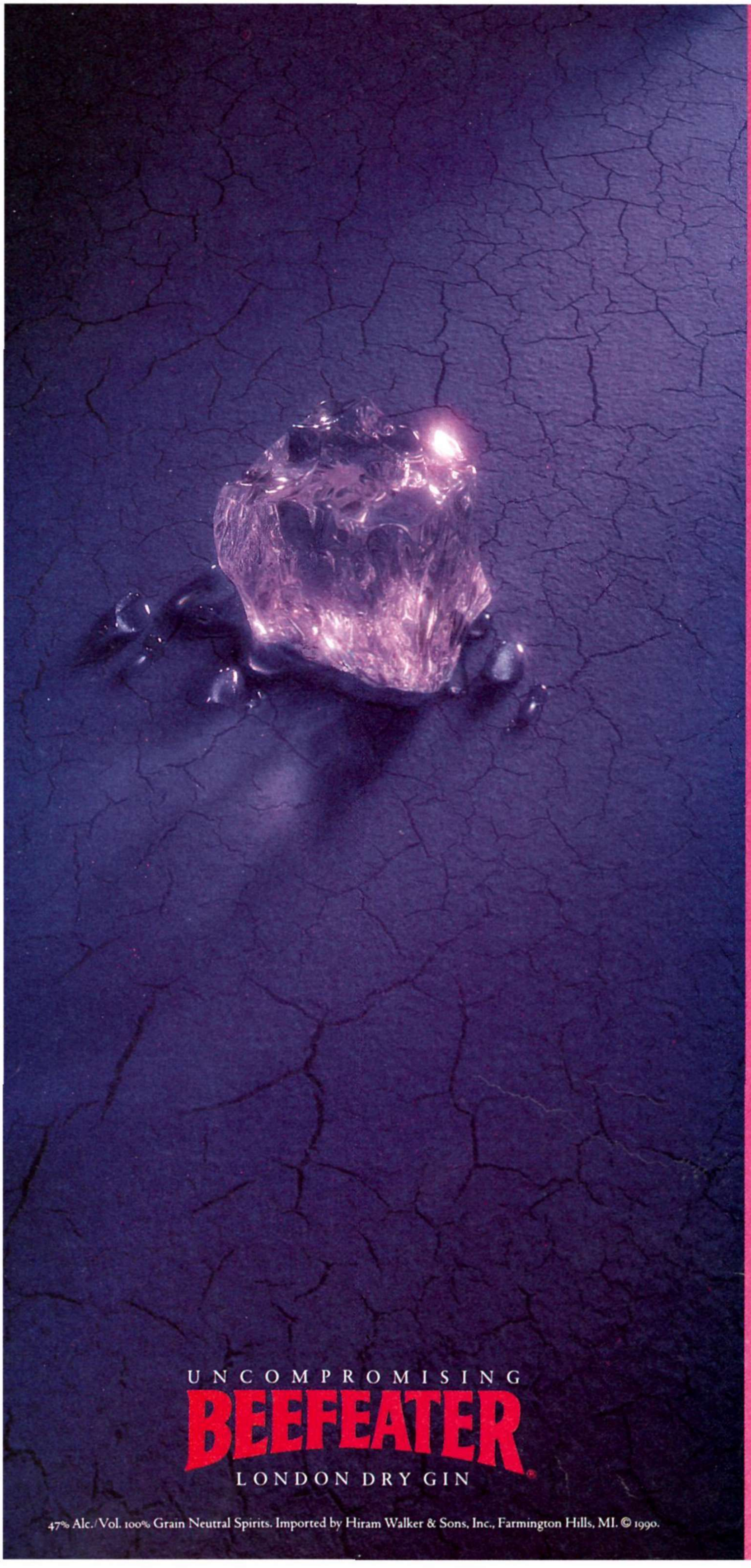
The sharpshooting Chancellor leads the Eagles in scoring with 20.2 points per game.

JIM GUND

The Golden Eagles took a great leap forward with the signing of Spoon, who averaged 28.2 points and 16.0 rebounds as a senior at Motley High but was overshadowed in the state by guards Chris Jackson, who played two seasons at Louisiana State before being drafted by the Denver Nuggets last spring, and Litterial Green, who is now starring at Georgia. Weatherspoon was pursued by schools throughout the South, though some backed off because he was labeled an inside player too short to be effective in the paint. He chose Southern Mississippi because he wanted to play right away and to stay near home.

Weatherspoon is the youngest of 10 children. Their father, Rosevelt, a sharecropper, died when Clarence was only nine, and the children were raised by their mother, Coraine. Spoon was driven in whatever he pursued. He was the salutatorian of his high school class (at Southern Miss he's a C student majoring in business), and once when Golden Eagle assistant coach Ralph Moore came on a recruiting visit, he found Spoon moaning about a 99 he had gotten that day on a physics test. "I told him, 'You can't be the best all the time,' " Coraine says. "But he wants to do everything just right."

That desire is even evident in practice and in pickup games. "I thought he was crazy when I first saw him," says Johnson. "Someone would foul him, and he'd be outbursting." Weatherspoon went up so strong for a jumper in a pickup game before this season that Haslett, trying to block it, tumbled to the floor and broke his wrist. "If I'm going to go out there, I won't go out there half-stepping," says Weatherspoon. "The only way to learn



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as a player is to take it seriously."

When Weatherspoon arrived on campus, he had raw power and the second-best pair of hands ever to come out of Crawford (pop. 500), which is also the hometown of San Francisco 49er receiver Jerry Rice. But his shooting range maxed out at eight feet. Still, Spoon scored 14.7 points a game as a freshman and won the first of his two conference rebounding titles. Since then, he has added another eight feet to his range; this season, he has even nailed five of seven threes. Last summer he played for the NIT All-Stars—a group chosen from among the preseason and postseason NIT participants—and the U.S. Goodwill Games team, broadening his experience and raising his own already high expectations for himself. "I came back knowing I had to put the ball on the floor better, because I was seeing guys bigger than I am handle it," he says.

"We used to foul him and take our chances at the line, but he's even improved there," says Ragin' Cajun coach Marty Fletcher; indeed, Spoon has raised his free throw percentage from 59% as a freshman to 74% this season. Adds Fletcher, "He's on his way to being another Charles Barkley."

That weighty name is often foisted on Weatherspoon, who is certainly in Barkley's league in leaps-and-'bounds explosiveness and mysterious heights. Barkley is listed at 6′ 6″ but is closer to 6′ 4″. Getting an accurate measurement of Spoon is an equally tricky matter. One teammate calls him a "legit 6′ 5½″," and Turk says, "I thought we needed 6′ 7″ forwards, so I made him 6′ 7″." But Turk points out that Weatherspoon has, along with a 36″ inseam and a 38″ waist, a 39″ sleeve; by comparison, the 6′ 11″ Jenkins's sleeve length is 37″. As for Spoon's vertical jump, Turk says it's "very high."

Opinion on Weatherspoon's most dramatic dunk is about as murky. Some Spoon watchers prefer one from this season's first game against Louisville: Operating out of the low post, Weatherspoon spun toward the middle past his defender, gently dribbled around the backside help and then soared over a third defender flying in from the lane. Others like one from an 84–72 win last month over Florida State: Going full-steam toward the rim, Spoon gathered in an off-the-mark alley-oop pass from behind his head one-handed and whammed it home. Then there's the one that earned him the slam-dunk title 3½ years ago at an all-star summer camp in Carnesville, Ga.: On the dead run, Spoon bounced the ball off the floor and onto the backboard, grabbed it in midair, spun 360 degrees, and then reverse stuffed.

When he's not slammin', Jenkins is a defensive jammer.

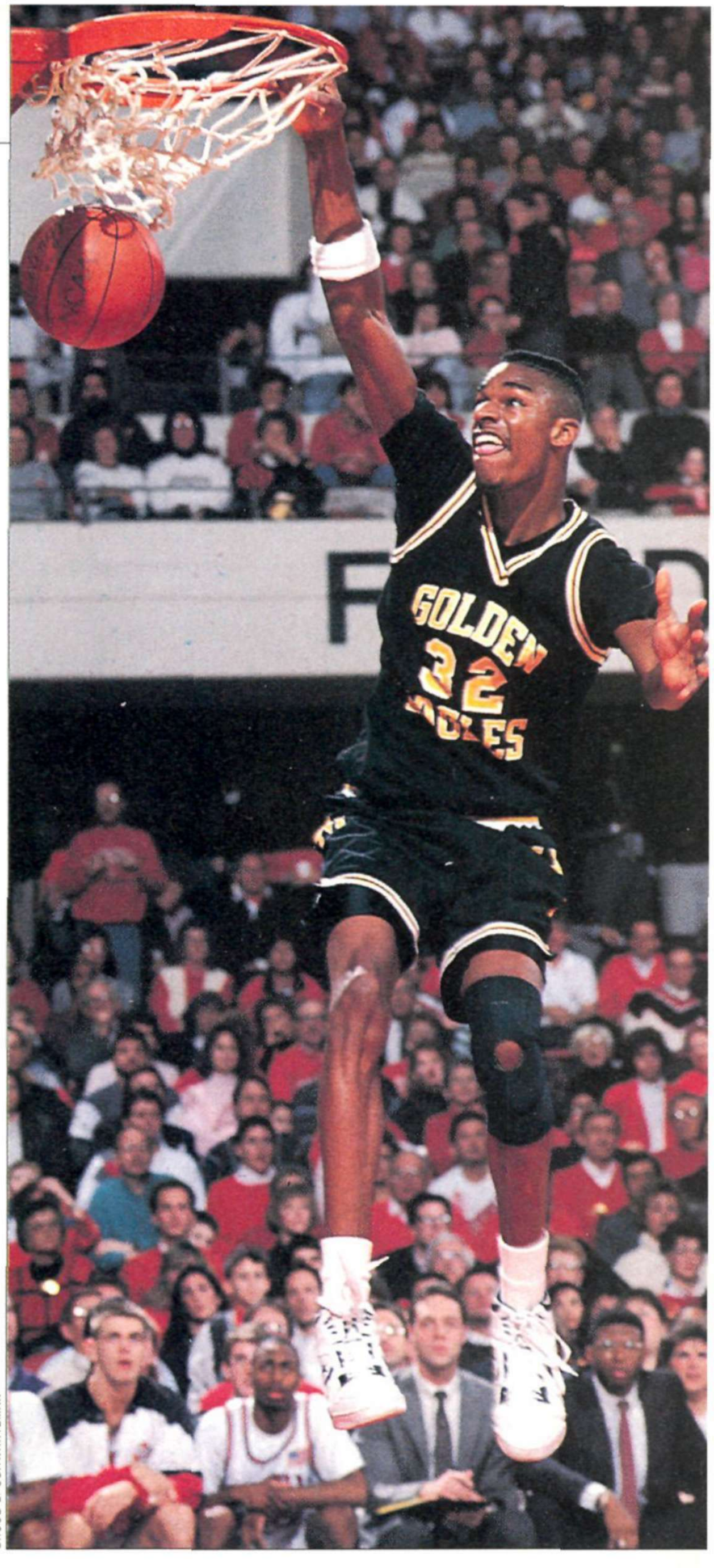
"The kid is just a physical monster for his size," says Trail Blazer scout Brad Greenberg. "When he goes up for the ball, people just ricochet off him. He does things with an air of authority that's unique for guys on the college level."

Says Spoon's high school coach, James Granderson, "The thing I always worried about is he gets so high. That's 240 pounds coming way down on normal ankles. You'd think it would hurt him. It's frightening."

Almost as fearsome is the Golden Eagles' collective desire. Chancellor, as loose as Weatherspoon is reserved, has been roaming the dorm, sizing up his ring finger for the bauble that will, he is sure, signify Southern Miss's first Metro Conference title. Beyond league play lie the NCAAs, where last season the Golden Eagles, still giddy after getting their inaugural invitation, were eliminated 79–63 by LaSalle in a first-round game. "This year we've got a different mind about it," Chancellor says. "We're not going to be satisfied by *just going, but by going as far as possible.*"

If Southern Miss can overcome its turnover tendencies (a sloppy 15.3 a game), it could enjoy a prolonged stay in postseason play, which would also help on the identity front. During the 1990 East Regional in Hartford, Conn., a local newspaper labeled the school SMU (it's USM), *USA Today* referred to its coach as M.L. Turk, and a stat sheet called its star *Charles Weatherspoon.*

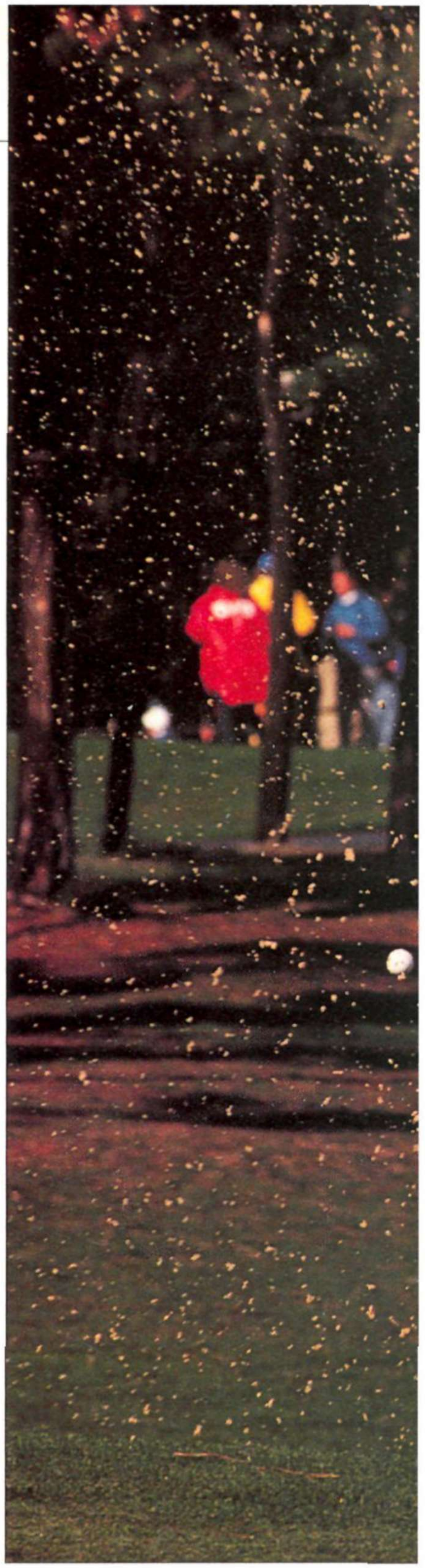
By March, Clarence Weatherspoon and the rest of M.K. Turk's Golden Eagles should no longer be plagued by such a lack of recognition. "I see us being real competitive the rest of the season," says Spoon. Hence this advice to opposing fans: Leave your plastic spoons at home. ■



BRUCE L. SCHWARTZMAN

The Winner Was a Zinger

Paul Azinger had the best line on three courses that made up the Pebble Beach National Pro-Am | by JOHN GARRITY



THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN count on when a golf tournament is contested on three seaside courses at the same time—chaos. The golfers playing the cliff holes in Thursday's sunshine cackle with glee; the players who battle Saturday's gales on those same holes curse their luck. On the forest holes, golf balls disappear from fairways, and bunkers appear where none should be. Throw in a tricky new course none of the golfers have played before, and soon they are pulling out their hair. Someone shoots 65 at Pebble Beach, but no one knows if that's as good as a 68 at Spyglass Hill or a 69 at Poppy Hills, the new venue.

"It's kind of a staggered start," said journeyman pro John Cook last Saturday afternoon as darkness and fog settled over the curved track known as Californ*ia's Monterey Peninsula. "All of a sud*den everybody's run the same distance, and there they are."

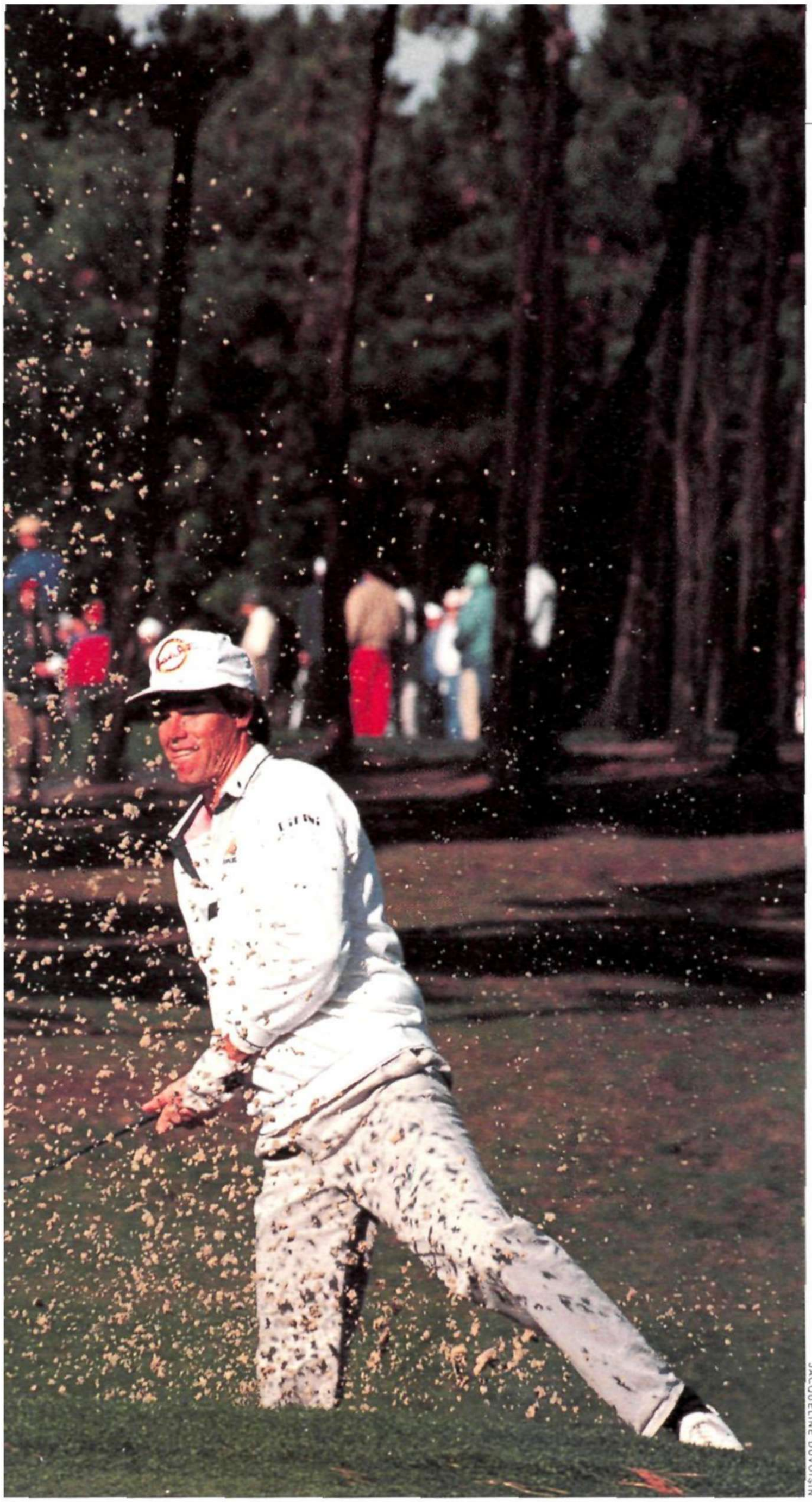
The next morning on the Pebble Beach Golf Links—the homestretch of the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am—Cook found himself tied for the lead with Paul Azinger after four holes. But only momentarily. Azinger, winner of six tournaments and more than $3 million in his last four seasons on the PGA Tour, played orderly golf down the stretch, while his closest challengers succumbed to the chaos.

Cook, whose playoff victory in the 1981 Pro-Am is one of his three Tour wins, bogeyed the 5th hole and vanished with a double bogey at No. 10. Third-round leader Rocco Mediate, a delightful kid who looks like Ollie North without the certitude, faltered with bogeys on the 8th and 9th holes. Davis Love III closed to within one stroke of Azinger with a birdie at 6 and hung close until he hit into deep rough on 16.

Suddenly the only guy who looked as if he could challenge the Zinger was TV soap heartthrob Jack Wagner, Cook's amateur partner in the team competition and a four-handicap player. Wagner's blazing finish in the company of the leaders—he carried his team on holes 14 through 17—nearly upstaged Azinger, and it enabled Wagner and Cook to win the team title by a stroke on the final hole. "That guy is a great player," Azinger said afterward. "I never heard of him, but my mom is going crazy over this guy."

Another sidelight to this year's event *was the withdrawal of the Cypress Point* Golf Club from the tournament rotation, an absence made necessary by that very private club's refusal to submit to the Tour's new minority membership guidelines. Last Friday morning, while a uniformed guard and a wooden barricade protected Cypress against gate-crashers, a few members teed off at an unhurried pace, their drives sailing over a hedgerow and floating to the pastoral calm of a 1st fairway bereft of humanity. "All the color and drama is missing, that's for sure," said head pro Jim Langley, staring out the window of his sleepy golf shop.

For color he could have driven a mile or so uphill to Poppy Hills Golf Course. There the trees were green and the language blue as the pros battled deep ravines, narrow fairways, and greens that looked like Salvador Dali's melted watches. Designed by Robert Trent Jones Jr. for the Northern California Golf Association, the four-year-old public layout was chosen over the nearby Links at Spanish Bay, another Jones design, because it was deemed better able to handle crowds



JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

Sand was only one of the hazards Azinger faced at Poppy Hills, where he shot a third-round 73.

without damage to the environs. Damage to the golfer's psyche apparently was not a consideration.

Heard repeatedly was the complaint that Jones had positioned his fairway bunkers on the wrong side of the dogleg holes—on the inside of the doglegs rather than the outside, where the bunkers better define a hole visually and keep shots from rolling off the fairway. Even Jones conceded, if only in jest, that at least one bunker was misplaced. "I know one thing," he said last Thursday, while playing Poppy Hills as Mike Smith's amateur partner. "That bunker's coming out of the third fairway!" Jones had bogeyed the hole after hitting into that bunker.

Among the most perplexed golfers was second-round leader Azinger, who played Poppy on Saturday after brilliant rounds of 67 at Spyglass and Pebble. "The best hole on that course is the 19th hole," he said after finishing with a hair-raising 73. "I promise you, I did not hit a bad shot."

Grinning broadly—either from shock or from his characteristic delight in the absurd—Azinger described his start on Saturday as "horrendous." After chipping to the green on his first hole, Azinger watched in disbelief as the ball rolled off a mound and into a water hazard. On the next hole, a par 3, his four-iron shot at the pin buried under the lip of a sand bunker, and he wound up with a double bogey. At his 12th hole, Azinger's two-iron off the tee of a narrow par 5 landed in the fairway but kicked right, rolling 50 yards down a bank and coming to rest against a tree.

Playing without his usual confidence since a final-hole bogey cost him a win at Doral last March, Azinger has struggled with his swing of late. Two weeks ago in Phoenix, he showed his duck hook to teaching pro Jim Flick, who quickly got him back on track. "I didn't hit any irons badly off line the whole tournament," Azinger said Sunday.

With the survivors of the 54-hole cut united for the final round at Pebble, Azinger cast off his worries and went for some flags. He trailed Mediate by two strokes at the outset, but he eagled No. 2—his three-wood shot went around a tree, over a trap and stopped nine feet short of the hole—and sank a 45-foot putt for birdie on No. 4. Just as important were par-saving putts from 15 feet on 9 and 12. "It's taken me years to learn how to putt here," said Azinger afterward. "It's my favorite course in the world, but I've always been confused on the greens, uncertain how much the ocean will pull the ball."

At the finish, Azinger played three careful irons to the 18th green. Two putts gave him his third 67 of the tournament and a 274 total, four shots better than the scores of Corey Pavin and Brian Claar, neither of whom ever threatened.

Later Azinger, whose best previous Pro-Am finish was a tie for 22nd in 1988, shook his head and said, "Every year I swear I'll never play here again, I play so poorly. But how can you not come back? It's so very, very beautiful here."

If you can avoid the chaos. ■

To the Point

Guard Tim Hardaway, an unlikely Warrior No. 1 draft choice, has become an NBA All-Star | by BRUCE NEWMAN

TIM HARDAWAY WENT LOOKING for a house in the dun-colored hills near Oakland the other day, something that could accommodate a man of his particular dimensions, neither too grand nor excessively snug. It had to be just right. He would know it when he saw it. He didn't see it. "Back in Chicago," Hardaway says, referring to his hometown, city of big shoulders and small mortgages, "you can get a million-dollar house for $300,000, maybe $400,000. Out here a million-dollar home can cost you as much as $800,000."

In only his second season with the Golden State Warriors, Hardaway, who is generously listed at six feet, is a million-dollar point guard in a low-rent, low-rise body. Until three weeks ago he had never scored more than 36 points in a college or pro game, but then within four days he scorched the New Jersey Nets for 35 points and 10 assists, the Boston Celtics for 37 points and 10 assists and the Philadelphia 76ers for 40 points and 14 assists. That performance elicited this succinct assessment from the Sixers' All-Star forward, Charles Barkley: "Tim Hardaway can't be stopped." Obviously the Western Conference coaches agreed. They selected Hardaway to play against Barkley in the All-Star Game this week in Charlotte.

Hardaway attends to the traditional responsibilities of the point guard, dealing out 9.8 assists per game (sixth-best in the league), while scoring 23.5 points a game. That is nearly nine more than he averaged last season, when he and the San Antonio Spurs' center David Robinson were the only unanimous selections to the All-Rookie team. "He's so much better than he was last year, and he was spectacular," says L.A. Clipper coach Mike Schuler, who developed an appreciation for Hardaway's game when he was an assistant with the Warriors in 1989–90. "It's as if he's on some kind of mission."

After his devastating march through the East, Hardaway seemed to shrink back to size on Jan. 22, when Golden State built—and then blew—a 26-point second period lead against the Houston Rockets. The Rockets had pulled ahead by three while Hardaway was mired in a 2-for-5 fourth-quarter shooting slump and on his way to being lit up for a career-high 38 points by the previously undreaded Kenny Smith. "I didn't know, as a coach, how to save that game," the Warriors' Don Nelson said afterward. "Everything we tried failed. Even when we were successful, somehow we would end up missing the layup, or the ball would squirt out of someone's hands, and they'd get it. It was one of those things you just watch as a coach, and you think, Tonight's not going to be the night." During a timeout with 3:39 to play, Nelson asked Hardaway if he needed a rest. "I just told him, 'No, I got something for you,' " Hardaway said. "I had to do something, so I just tried to take the game over."

And he succeeded in doing exactly that. After he fired up one more clanger, Hardaway launched a jump hook from the baseline that just cleared the outstretched arms of the Rockets' entire front line before it rattled in and broke a 111–111 tie. When Houston drew even again, Hardaway made three foul shots. A local newspaper writer once wrote that Hardaway shoots "split-fingered free throws," and these three certainly fit that description.

Golden State was clinging to a one-point lead when Hardaway took a pass from Chris Mullin with 17 seconds left, then stood at the top of the free throw cir-

PETER READ MILLER

Hardaway confounded Smith (left), as he has so many others, with his crossover dribble.

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cle with the ball held low in both hands. As the shot clock ticked down to less than 10 seconds, Hardaway remained perfectly still, his gaze fixed straight ahead at Smith. "I look in people's eyes and see how they're looking at me," Hardaway said. "If you look at somebody, and they're glancing away or looking down at your waist, you know that they're scared." He could not find Smith's eyes. "He kept looking away," Hardaway said. "I could see he was scared."

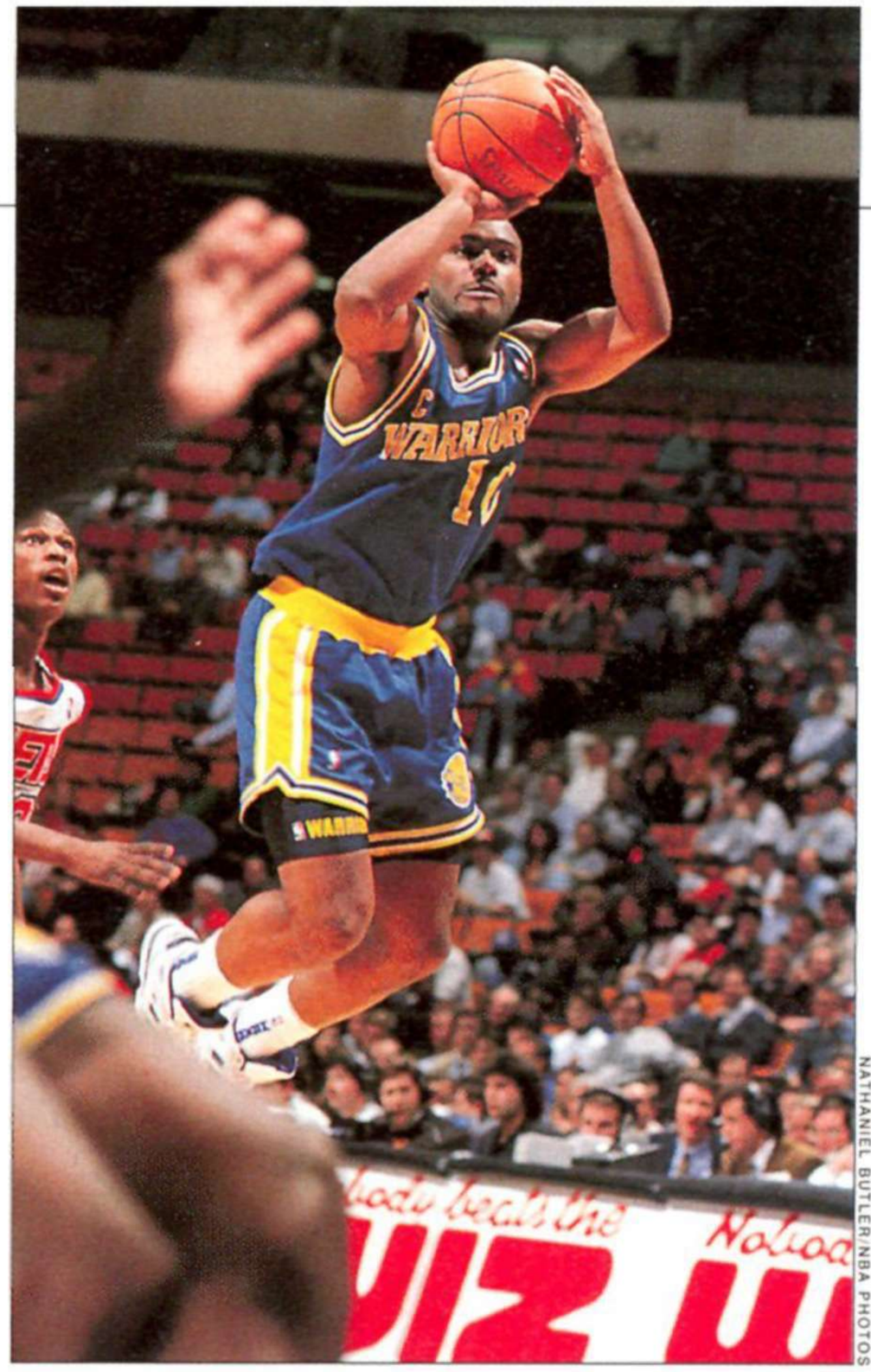
So there Smith was, having what should have been the finest night of his career, losing a staring contest in front of 15,025 people. He backed away from Hardaway warily, as if he were backing away from a growling dog. There was a reason for this retreat: Hardaway has developed a move to the basket so insidious that almost no one has been able to stop it.

Hardaway was a freshman at the University of Texas–El Paso when he saw Syracuse guard Pearl Washington use the move in a televised game in 1986. "I wasn't even quite sure what he'd done, but I knew if I could perfect it, it would be a weapon for me," Hardaway says. When he went home during that summer—1986—he practiced the move against his younger brother Donald for two straight days before he began tormenting strangers with it.

This is the way it works. Hardaway bounces the ball through his legs, the ball going from his right hand to his left. Then he dribbles it again—this time in front of his body—from left back to right. What makes the crossover dribble so wickedly effective is that Hardaway does it at a full gallop. "It can't be stopped," says Magic Johnson of the Los Angeles Lakers, still glassy-eyed. "It's bang, bang, and you're dead."

Smith's only hope was to keep backing up—the classic way to guard against a driver is to play him loose so that the defender has more time to react to the move toward the basket—and that's what he was doing when Hardaway uncoiled his arms and sent the ball toward the basket, the shot fluttering upward with so little backspin that spectators could read the NBA logo on the ball as it drifted through the air. "When I shot it, I heard a lot of 'Oooooooh, ohhhhhh,' " Hardaway said afterward, "and then it went in, and everybody said, 'Yeah!' "

This tendency toward sounds of apprehension among Warrior fans is brought on by certain aesthetic shortcomings in Hardaway's delivery. "A lot of people on my own team say it's very ugly," says Hardaway, unperturbed. "But it's my shot, and nobody can seem to stop it. I love my shot. It may look bad, it may not have rotation, but it goes in." Which is exactly what it did on this occasion while Smith was still busying himself trying to prevent a layup. All told, Hardaway scored 10 straight Warrior points in the two decisive minutes of a 123–116 Golden State victory.



NATHANIEL BUTLER/NBA PHOTOS

Hardaway's jumper makes up in accuracy what it lacks in aesthetics.

This was not the first time Hardaway had rescued the Warriors. He scored Golden State's final 13 points in a 112–111 victory over Sacramento on Nov. 17. In his 35-point eruption against the Nets on Jan. 15, he scored the Warriors' final six points in a 112–111 overtime victory; his last two shots were fallaways from behind the backboard.

"When the game is on the line, you have to wrestle him for the ball," says Mullin, Golden State's All-Star forward. "He's got the most confidence I've ever seen in a human being." Nelson isn't altogether sure Hardaway is human. "He's made more big plays, taken over more games and led more runs than anybody we have," Nelson says. "He won three games this year that we were out of. When the hour is the bleakest, he saves the day. I think he's Mighty Mouse."

A mouse in a cape with an ugly shot was not exactly what Bay Area fans had in mind when the Warriors, who were supposedly seeking a big man, drafted Hardaway with the 14th pick in the 1989 draft. "He wasn't a popular choice," Nelson concedes. On the eve of his Golden State debut, Hardaway contracted a case of tonsillitis, but at the time he said nothing and tried to play through the discomfort.

"We told everybody he was going to be terrific, and then, of course, he bombed in his first six or seven games," Nelson says. After a 30-point loss in the Warriors' opener at Phoenix last season, Nelson described Hardaway's performance as "awful, just awful." For the first three months of the season, that was also a fairly accurate description of Hardaway's mood. "Everybody was booing me, and I was making a lot of turnovers," he says. "I'd go home and not want to show my face."

Over the summer Hardaway took at least 300 shots a day, making himself such a threat from long range that he has also been invited to the NBA's three-point shoot-out during the All-Star festivities. But in the process of reinventing himself, Hardaway never found a way to transform his size. He had expected to grow to his father's height of 6′ 4″, but he seems to have been equally influenced by his mother, Gwen, who is 4′ 11″ and carries the mail for the U.S. Postal Service in Chicago. "I don't think of myself as a little guy," he says. 'I think of myself as 7′ 1″ when I go in there against Patrick Ewing. But I didn't grow, so I just had to go with what I had."

Some people are too big even for million-dollar houses. No matter how much they cost. "Tim always wanted to be taller," says Gwen Hardaway, "but he said, 'If I can't be taller, I might as well be great.' " ■

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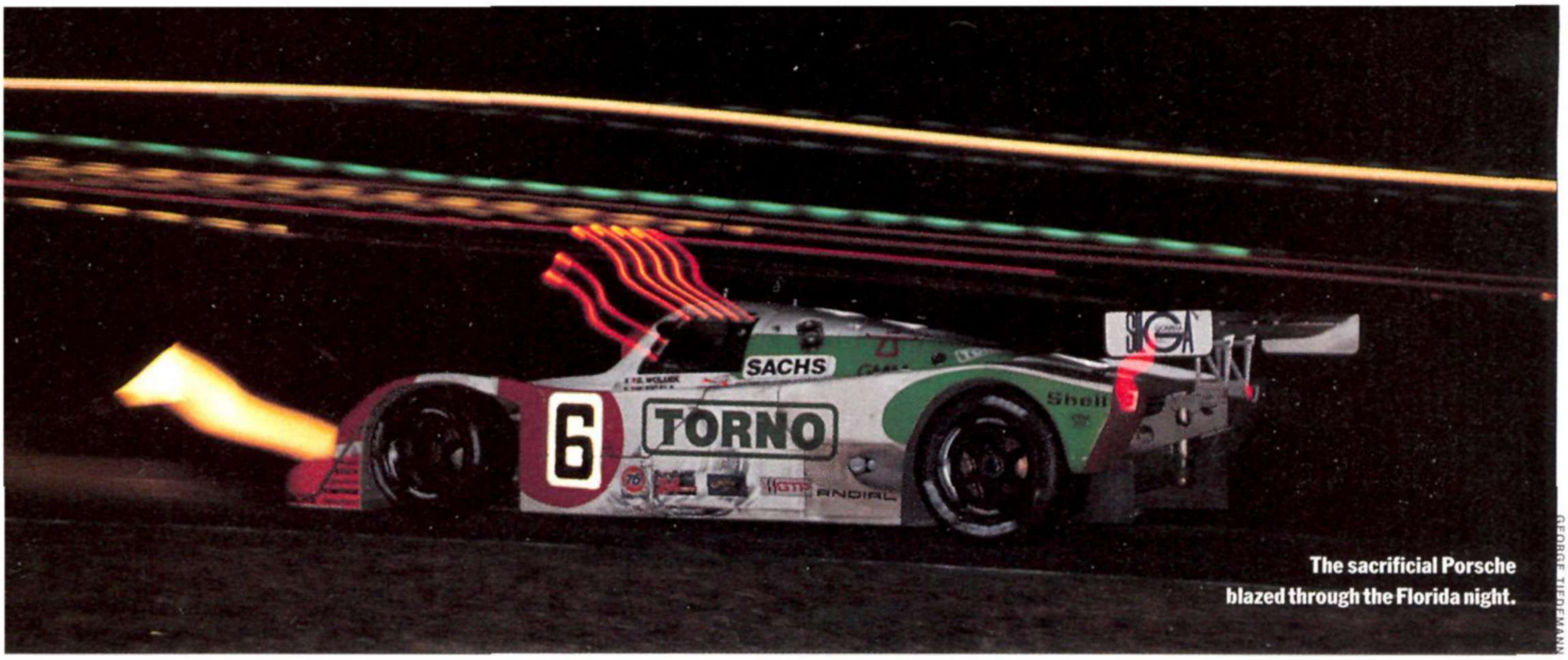

The sacrificial Porsche blazed through the Florida night.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

The Old One-Two

A sizzling Porsche hare (above) softened up the opposition for its victorious teammate at Daytona | by RICHARD O'BRIEN

WITH HALF AN HOUR TO GO to the finish of last weekend's SunBank 24 hours of Daytona, Hurley Haywood sat in the sun behind the Joest Racing team pit and allowed himself, finally, to rest. "A few years ago, you could lay back and wait in a race like this and still win," said Haywood, who was minutes away from winning a record fifth Daytona 24-hour race. "Not anymore. There are so many good teams now, you have to run as hard as you can all the way."

Or almost all the way. Out on the track one of Haywood's codrivers, John Winter of Germany, was at last taking it easy on the white number 7 Joest Porsche 962C, nursing it—and a whopping, if hard-earned, 18-lap lead—through the closing minutes to the checkered flag. The victory was the 18th for Porsche in the 24-year history of the 24-hour race, and it was an eloquent reminder that, in endurance racing at least, experience can often count for more than cutting-edge technical firepower—more, too, than marquee drivers.

Going into Daytona, the first event of the 1991 International Motor Sports Association 14-race season, the various Porsche entries, despite their illustrious heritage, seemed decidedly outgunned. Arrayed against them were three powerful teams: two V-12 Jaguars, entered by Britain's Tom Walkinshaw, nearly identical to the cars that finished one-two in the 24 hours last year; Dan Gurney's Toyota Eagles, winners of four IMSA races in '90; and, most intriguingly, three Nissan R90Cs. These last racers, developed under European prototype specifications to be raced at Le Mans, were eligible at Daytona this year for the first time. Called Group C cars, they are lighter than the normal IMSA racer and more powerful because they can run with unrestricted turbocharging. "They are staggeringly fast down the straightaway," was the way one impressed Porsche driver, James Weaver of Dyson Racing, put it.

In a complicated effort to keep the race on the 10-turn, 3.56-mile Daytona road circuit even, IMSA slapped the Group C entries with a 2,600-liter (614.5-gallon) fuel limit as well as a rule requiring the cars to refuel at an excruciatingly slow one-liter-per-second rate.

For the average fan Daytona offered a much less subtle attraction: racing's two premier families—the Unsers and the Andrettis—dueling side by side in identical cars. This high-octane Family Feud (between clans that had accounted for eight Indy 500 wins and 10 Indy Car championships) was the idea of team owner Jochen Dauer, who's a rich German entrepreneur. Dauer fielded two brand-new Porsche 962Cs, a white one (number 0) driven by Al and Bobby Unser, along with their sons, Al Jr. and Robby; and a black one (number 00) piloted by Mario Andretti and his sons, Michael and Jeff. Dauer even had a Christmas card made up featuring the two families facing off in chariots, Ben Hur–style. Yet, for all the talk about just having fun, the Unsers and the Andrettis clearly took the race seriously. "Getting the family name in the record book is the incentive," said Mario.

Amid such distractions the Joest cars, a pair of year-old 962Cs, were far from the center of attention. But former sports car driver Reinhold Joest had assembled a team of well-seasoned, if lesser known, drivers. The number 7 car was driven by Haywood (who has two Le Mans victories to go with his four at Daytona), Winter (a 1985 Le Mans winner), Henri Pescarolo of France (four Le Mans titles) and Frank Jelinski of Germany (third at Le Mans in '88). Chief driver of the number 6 car was France's Bob Wollek, a three-time Daytona champ. At 47, the bespectacled Wollek was eager to show that he was still competitive in the big leagues.

Wollek got his chance in Thursday's qualifying session, held under a low, slate-gray sky and in a steady drizzle. The Nissans—ineligible by IMSA rules for the pole—turned in the fastest times, led by

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BILL FRAKES

Haywood & Co. ultimately brought the winner in by a huge margin.

the car of last year's Indy 500 winner, Arie Luyendyk, in 1:49.864. Among the IMSA-specification cars, however, Wollek was fastest. His 1:50.870 gave him the third Daytona pole of his career.

The Unsers and Andrettis, meanwhile, had big problems. Their cars—held up in delivery because of the Persian Gulf crisis—had arrived from Germany too late for any development work. "We're not worried about the driving," said Bobby Unser with a shrug. "Just about getting enough time in the car." Still sorting things out during qualifying (as they would later in the race itself), the Andrettis wound up sixth, the Unsers ninth.

After hints of sun, a light rain began to fall across the Speedway just before the 46 starters set off with a howl at 3:30 Saturday afternoon. Despite the weather, the pace was swift from the start. By the four-hour mark, Nissans were running one-two (in a bit of big-bucks gamesmanship, the third Nissan started the race only to break in tires for the other two), a Jaguar with them. (The second Jaguar crashed in qualifying and did not start.) Wollek was in the same pack, often leading it, with the twin Joest car a lap behind. The Unsers held eighth, while the Andrettis, after an infield excursion by Mario to avoid a spinning car, were struggling 16 laps down.

Then, in the long, misty night, bad things began to happen. The Unser effort ended at 1:20 a.m., when Robby suddenly lost the use of his headlights just as he was about to come off the flat infield portion of the circuit and onto the 33-degree banking. Blind, he ran off the road, scattering pieces of the car's bodywork across the track and damaging the suspension. Forty minutes later the Jaguar disappeared in a cloud of steam, victim of a broken water pump. The Toyotas never were a factor, both retiring with engine failures. At 3:30, the Wollek car packed it in because of overheating problems. Wollek, still full of drive, switched to the other team car. "Those guys were tired," he said with a smile after his first stint behind the wheel of number 7. "They needed a young man to help them out."

In fact he had already helped, as he revealed later. The Joest strategy had been to run the number 6 car hard from the start—with number 7 hanging on—in an effort to break the Nissans and the Jag.

It worked. By 6 a.m., the number 7 Porsche had taken the lead, and the Nissans were darting in and out of the pits with a series of problems. But as dawn broke over the backstretch—bright, clear and mercifully dry—an unexpected challenge developed. Once as low as 33rd place, a full 17 laps behind, the Andretti car had climbed to within a lap of the lead. At 9:15, Michael screamed into first.

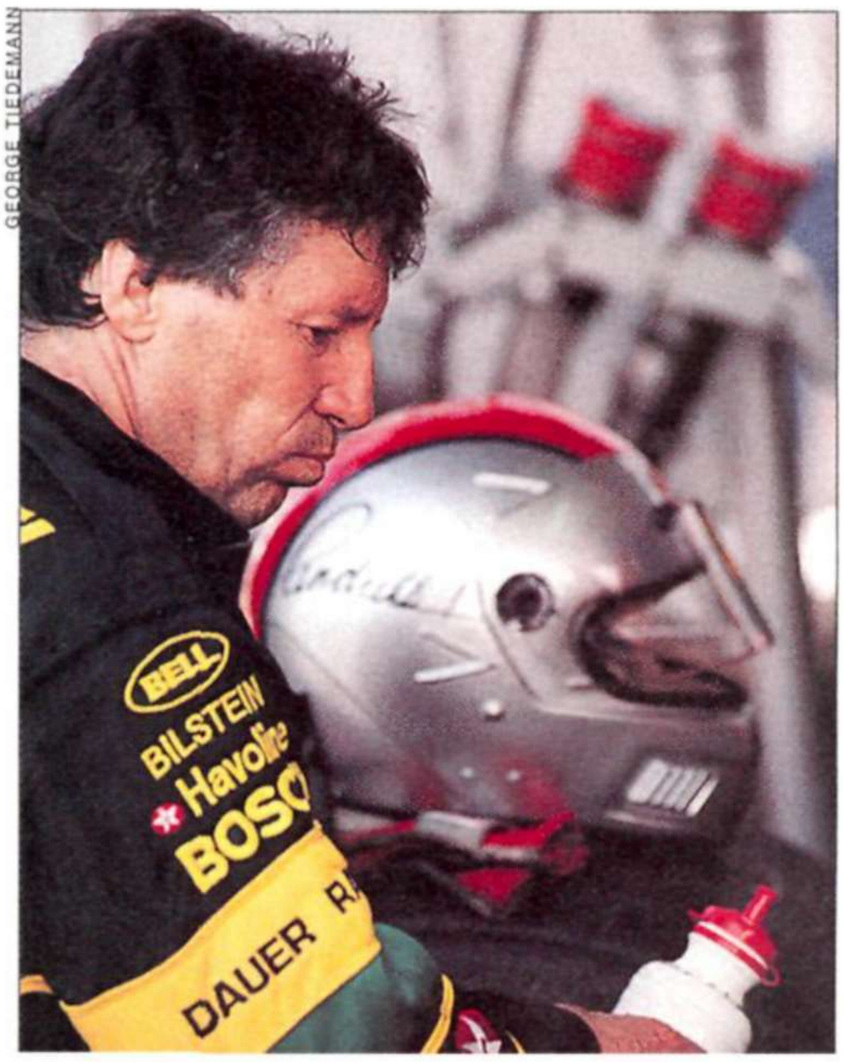
With just over six hours remaining, the stage seemed set for a classic dogfight, but it never materialized. The Andrettis' car lost fourth gear and could no longer keep up whenever it entered the high-speed parts of the track. Then at 10:28, when Mario brought the car in for a routine stop, it wouldn't restart. He spent an hour and a quarter in the pit, the crew working frantically to replace a shattered starter motor. The car went back out only to return again and again. In the final hour Mario was reduced to dueling for fourth place with a GTO-division Mustang driven by Robby Gordon. Gordon came out on top, and with 13 minutes to go, Mario parked the Porsche. "Overheating," read the official results sheet—perhaps describing the former world champion and not the car.

By that time the leading Joest Porsche was on cruise control, having left the remaining Nissan far behind. The only scare in the closing stages came with 20 minutes left. Monitoring the car from the pits by means of a computer telemetry system, the crew noted a "hot spot" on the left side of the engine, similar to the one that had led to its mate's overheating almost half a day earlier. Winter brought the number 7 in for an insurance stop, the crew sealed a small coolant leak, and out he went again.

In the Joest pit, Haywood shook hands with Wollek, then rested an arm on his teammate's shoulder. "Congratulations, and thanks," said Haywood, a 42-year-old Midwesterner who left a family-owned agricultural business to move to Florida and race cars. Wollek, looking quite youthful, smiled. Together, they joined Pescarolo, Jelinski and a crowd of grimy but beaming mechanics at the pit wall to watch the finish. By 3:30, number 7 had covered 719 laps (2,559.64 miles) at an average speed of 106.663 mph. The Nissan of Geoff Brabham, Chip Robinson and Derek Daly was second.

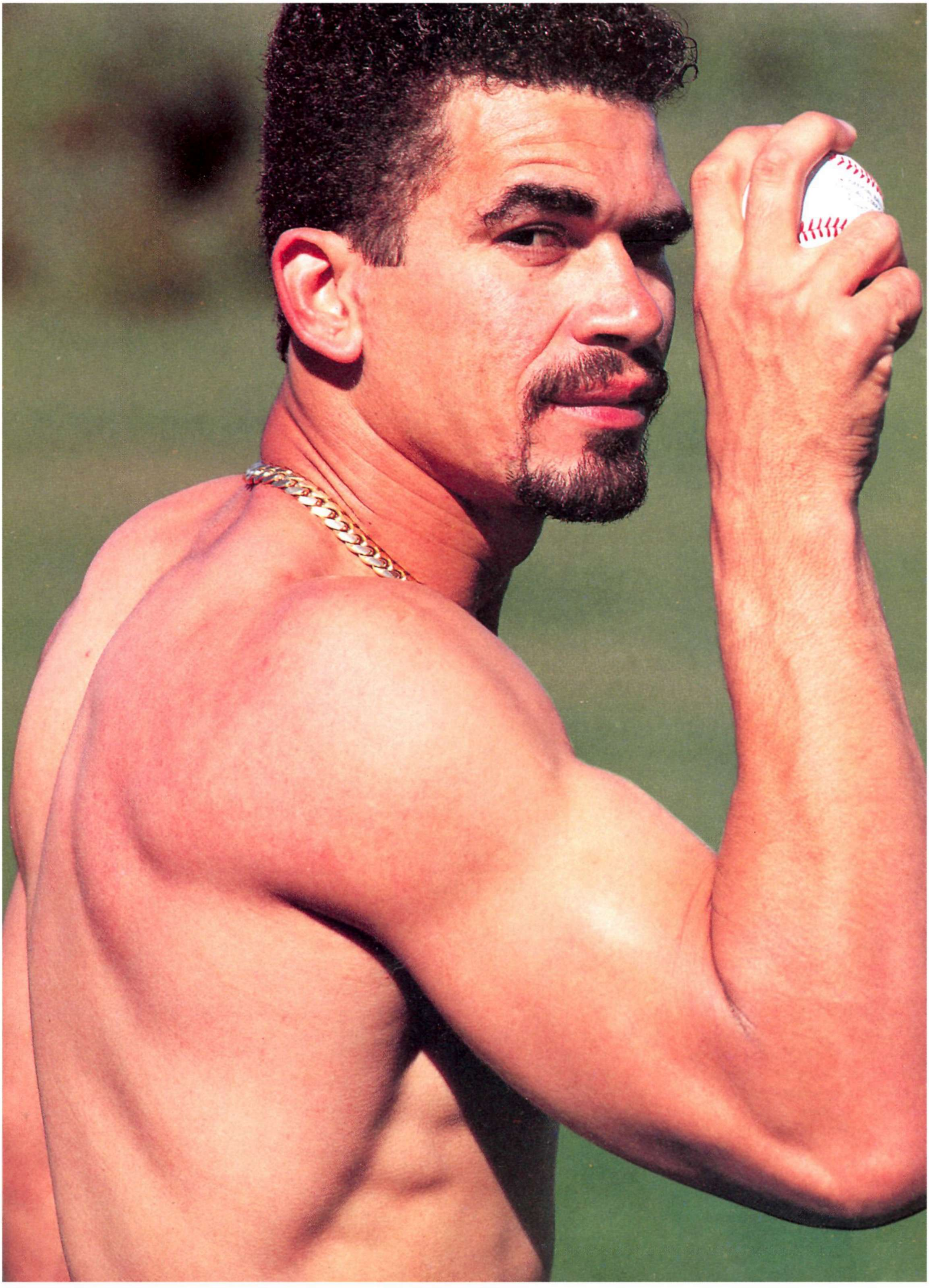
Said Haywood, "Every win I've had here—every big-distance win—has been in a Porsche. It's the best long-distance car in the world."

For another 24 hours, at least. ■



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Before taking his final stint at the wheel, Mario knew the Andretti cause was lost.



Man With The Golden Gun

Benito Santiago has the arm that all other catchers covet. But his career as a Padre has yet to take off

By Bruce Newman

THE RAIN THAT HAD FALLEN ALL DAY IN SAN DIEGO SENT THE schoolchildren in their bright yellow slickers scurrying past the crossing guards as Benito Santiago rolled by the schoolyard in a sports car the color of midnight. After five years of drought, the steady rain washed all the brown out of the afternoon and down the storm drains. As Santiago rounded a corner near his home, the sun emerged, and by the time he was out of the car and standing in his driveway, he was bracketed by an enormous pair of rainbows, parallel apparitions that seemed to be growing out of his backyard. For someone who had long struggled with a reputation that was less than saintly, it seemed that a great, colorful halo had suddenly settled over his life. If Santiago noticed any of this as he hurried to the house, he said nothing.

He had just finished his workout on this January day, preparing himself for spring training, during which Santiago will seek to reconfirm his reputation as baseball's best catcher. As a rookie in 1987, Santiago finished the season with a 34-game hitting streak, batted .300 and, on the strength of the best arm of any catcher in the game, was a unanimous choice for National League Rookie of the Year. But the two seasons that followed were troubled ones for the young star.

He had not endeared himself to teammates as a rookie when he said publicly that the Padres pitching staff stunk. In his second big league season he batted just .248. And in 1989, Santiago was benched the week before he started in his first All-Star Game. It was that same year that he appeared bewildered by manager Jack McKeon's repeated admonitions to "grow up," advice Santiago, whose English was limited, evidently took literally. "Jack keeps telling me to grow up," Santiago said warily. "If I grow up any more, I'll be like Big Bird."

It seemed that the harder Santiago flapped his wings to attract attention, the more feathers he ruffled. His troubles were compounded by the fact that Santiago, who was born in Puerto Rico and spoke little English before reaching the majors, had trouble communicating with anybody when he really needed to. After a disagreement with then manager Larry Bowa in 1987, Santiago expressed his displeasure by demolishing his dressing cubicle with a bat. He brooded throughout the '88 season because he felt he was being underpaid.

"He was upset about his contract and feeling inadequate because his offensive numbers weren't as good as they had been his first year," says Scott Boras, who became Santiago's agent two years ago. "Some of his teammates isolated him and made him feel stupid. When the questioning began about what kind of person he was, he realized he was in for a difficult adjustment. And the only way he had to express himself was with his baseball skills and with his anger."

"People didn't understand him, and he really didn't understand himself," McKeon says. "It was like raising a kid. Kids can't always grasp what you're saying to them." The problem, of course, is that sometimes they can. Baseball moves toward the millennium with its antebellum customs intact, still treating many of its Latin players like children.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

With his Porsche and leather coat, Santiago aroused police suspicions.

"I told the people here I'm not a bad guy," Santiago says, "but they don't know me. They don't know how I grew up. When I go on the street the people here were afraid to talk to me. They think I'm an ass, or they think I'm stupid."

At times it seemed there was no one in San Diego who hadn't devised a theory about what was wrong with Santiago's attitude. First baseman Jack Clark, who often had Santiago's ear in the locker room, concluded that it was "a Third World kind of thing." Says Santiago, "There were a lot of people talking to me, and my mind started getting busy. I learned that no matter how good you are, if you have something bothering you, you're not going to put up good numbers."

And he didn't. His batting average dropped again in 1989, this time to .236. "Benny needed cultural comfort, he didn't need batting instruction," says Boras. "In Puerto Rico he's an absolute idol. People come up to him and touch him like he's plastic. Getting him comfortable in his new surroundings was vital. I felt a career was in the balance."

Santiago began his career as a shortstop. He had been born with a powerful arm—as a pitcher he had once thrown nine no-hitters in a row—and he loved to throw. "I was always killing cows in Puerto Rico," he says. Santiago threw the ball so hard that he often wore his catchers' glove hands raw by the late innings. He was 14 the first time he filled in behind the plate, and he proceeded to throw out several base runners. And like many players who grew up in the Caribbean, Santiago always believed in getting his cuts at the plate. There is an old saying in Puerto Rico: You don't walk off an island.

When the Padres signed Santiago from the Fajardo Raiders at 17 and sent him to their Miami team in the instructional league, he didn't walk. "I just took off," he says. "I gotta take my chance to be somebody." His transition from Puerto Rico to the mainland was eased somewhat by the large Spanish-speaking population in Miami, but he was still a stranger in a strange land. "My first year I wanted to give up and go home," Santiago says, "but my mother wouldn't let me."

"He was taken out of high school at 17 and sent to a place where he didn't even know how to buy food," says Boras. "For two years he ordered whatever the person he was with ordered off the menu. He didn't know what he was eating or why he was eating it. That kind of thing puts shadows on you as a person."

Santiago spent the next season in Reno. "I don't speak nothing and we play in the snow," he says, summing up. "I used to run home from the ballpark because it was so cold. I didn't speak a word of English, so who am I gonna talk to? I need to speak English because I am the catcher and I have to talk to the pitchers. I have to take charge. But I never go to the mound, because I don't know what I'm gonna tell the pitcher. Mostly I stayed quiet. Sometimes you feel very sad, but what am I gonna do?"

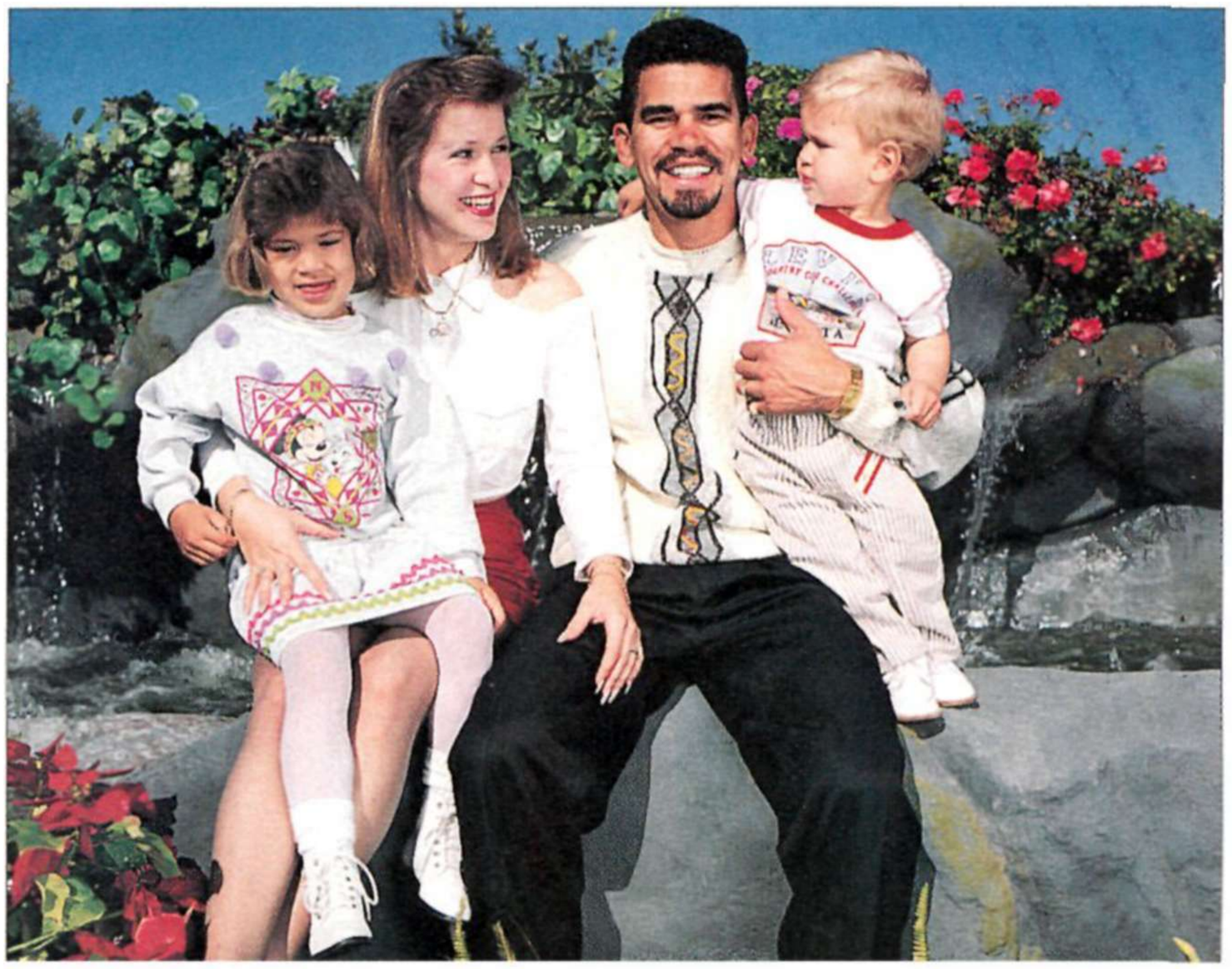
The entire time he was in the minors, Santiago attended only one orientation class, basic English. "The sad thing is, baseball hasn't changed," Boras says. "Latin kids still go through the same things. Teams don't want to educate the volume of players they bring along to spring training, so they send the ones they keep to extended spring—where they get some basic instruction in things like managing money and English for a couple of months—and that's it."

Each winter Santiago returned to his family in Santa Isabel, and those visits home were often as troubling as anything Santiago faced among the gringos of summer. Home had never been a clear concept for him. Before Benito was born, his father, Jose Manuel Santiago, fell from one of the cement trucks he drove and crushed his rib cage. After ignoring his condition for nearly eight months, Jose finally went to a hospital to have his ribs examined, only to be told that his medical problems were larger than that. A short time later he died of cancer, soon after Benito was born.

"I saw pictures of him, and he looked just like me," Santiago says. "He loved baseball, from what I hear. The last thing he told my family before he died was to take care of me, because he said I was gonna be a good one."

Jose had also called his friend Modesto Gonzalez to his bedside at the hospital.

Benny, Blanca, Benny and Benny have finally put down roots at their San Diego home.



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Noting that Benito's mother, Yvette, already had six children to take care of, Jose asked that Modesto and his wife, Nelida, take Benito and raise him. It was not until Benito was 10 years old that he was told of the exchange—or what had become of his real parents. But the Gonzalezes had become his true family. "I call them Father and Mother," he says of Modesto and Nelida. "I had to wash cars and pick tomatoes because always I want to make my own money. But that family put money on the table for me."

By the time he was a teenager, Santiago was drinking and smoking. "I caused everybody trouble," he says. "I grew up on the streets, and Puerto Rico is tough because of all the drugs. Sometimes I wouldn't go back to my house for two or three days at a time, and always my mother was scared." Santiago spent most of his time with an older cousin, but the two rarely see each other now. "He's in jail for the rest of his life," Santiago says, his voice flat. "They found him guilty for killing four people."

With trouble all around, Santiago heard nothing from the mother who had long ago given him up. "My real mother didn't have no time to visit me, even though she lived in the same area as I did," he says. She did call once, however, in 1987, after he was named Rookie of the Year. "She started talking about how she's my mother," Santiago says, "and I say, 'My mother is the one who lives in my house, who takes care of me.' I didn't know if I should listen to her."

When the Padres were in New York City to play the Mets, he began getting calls from his four natural sisters who live there. "Always I have questions in my head," Santiago says. "Do I go out with these people I don't really know because they are my real sisters? What do I tell them? I want to tell them, 'You are not family.' Now I'm Benito Santiago, but they don't give me nothing when I'm nobody. I learn from that who's a good friend and who's a bad friend."

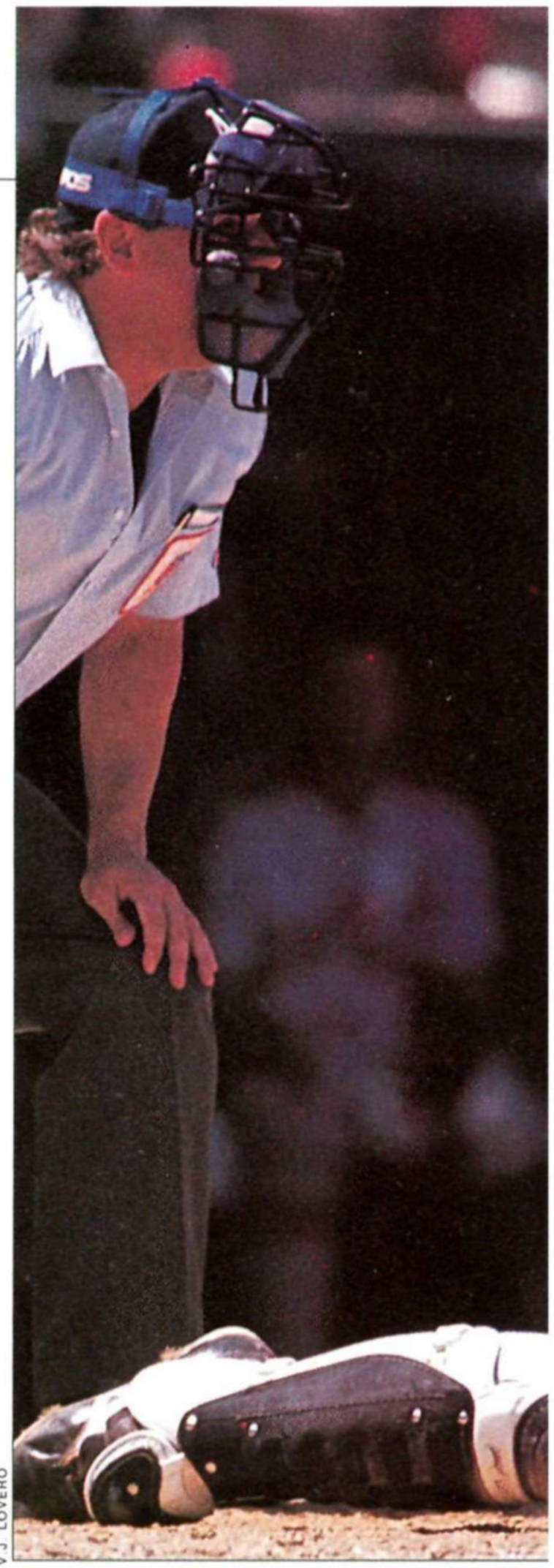
He found a good friend in Blanca Rosa Ortiz and married her a year after they met in Puerto Rico. Within another year, Blanca was pregnant. Santiago says he was assured by his wife's doctors that the child was a boy, so while he was sitting in the waiting room during the delivery he began calling him Benny. "Then," Santiago recalls, "the doctor came to me and said, 'We got a lady there.' I was happy, because I gotta take whatever I get." Happy, and yet not quite ready to run out and buy It's-a-girl! cigars, Santiago and his wife named their daughter Bennybeth.

Bennybeth is five now, and she is referred to as Benny. Her 20-month-old brother is Benito Jr., who already comes up to his father's waist. They are one big happy family now—Benny, Benny, Benny and Blanca. But their family life didn't start out so joyfully. "Having kids put me on the right track," Benito says. "Before that I go a little bit wild, always staying out late." That led to fights with Blanca that almost broke up their marriage.

Eager to end the tumult that seemed to surround Santiago like a swarm of angry bees, Boras suggested he see a psychologist. Says Boras, "I've got a guy with low self-esteem to begin with, so my first concern was that he would think *I* thought he was crazy." In fact, Santiago was relieved. "I didn't have nobody here I could go and talk to," he says, "someone I could open my mind to. Before, it seemed like I couldn't do nothing good, but as soon as I talk to her [the psychologist], my mind feels better. I go there at least three times a week and just relax my mind."

Santiago's mind has been further relaxed by the fact that the Padres finally affirmed their commitment to him last year when they traded gifted 24-year-old catcher Sandy Alomar Jr. to Cleveland. Alomar grew up five minutes away from Santiago in Puerto Rico, and while both were in the Padres organization, Santiago couldn't stop worrying about him. "It was a great trade for us," says one Padres official. "We gave up Sandy Alomar Jr., and in return we got Joe Carter and Benito Santiago." Others, though, felt the trade was just another result of Santiago's tiresome insecurity. "What did he have to look over his shoulder for?" asks McKeon. "He was a proven All-Star and the other guy was in Triple A. What kind of competition is that? What Benny had going on in his mind I don't know."

Before the Alomar trade, Boras urged Santiago to establish some security by shopping for a home in San Diego. Santiago took the advice. "I came around six o'clock, when they have the good view," he says of his first visit to the house, in January '89. "I stood outside and looked at the view for half an hour, then I said, 'I'll take it.' " Santiago bought the house without ever going inside. "I take my chances because sometimes you've got to do something different," he says. "I wanted a new life for me."


V.J. LOVERO

The securities of Santiago's new life cannot bode well for one group of interested observers. National League base runners suffered the slings of Santiago's arm even when his head was a mess. Of the 28 pickoffs recorded by National League catchers in 1989, Santiago had 14. He was such an intimidating factor that while the rest of the league averaged 194 attempted steals per team, the Padres' opponents ran only 112 times. "If the pitcher gives me a chance," Santiago says, "I don't think there's anybody in the major leagues who can steal a base on me."

What makes Santiago particularly imposing is his ability to gun down runners from his knees, without rising out of his catcher's crouch, a move he taught himself in the minors. The throw requires astonishing arm strength, but it looks so

simple that some have described the style as lazy.

"He's anything but lazy," says Dodger catcher Mike Scioscia. "What he does requires less mechanics because he's only using half his body, but it's very efficient. He does a great job of getting his hips turned even though he's throwing from his knees. He's able to get away with no footwork and just arm strength. And of course he does things with his arm a lot of us only dream about."

One of those things was to sign a one-year contract for $1.25 million last February, after winning what a Padres official calls "the best arbitration case we ever lost." For two hours the night before the hearing Boras went over the case with Santiago. Says Boras, "He looked up at me and said, 'I had no idea I was this good.' " Santiago has filed for arbitration this year again, asking for $2.5 million.

In his throw-from-the-knees style, Santiago has nailed 37% of would-be base stealers.

But what he really wants is more security—of the long-term variety. "If San Diego don't come with a four-year contract," he warns, "I will be a free agent next year. And I'm not going to be back."

His performance last season is not easily measured. Santiago got off to the best start of his career, boosted by off-season work with a personal trainer, who put him through an ascetic regimen of weightlifting, running, and throwing a medicine ball. "For the first couple of days, I thought I was going to quit," Santiago says. "I said, 'Hey man, I don't want to play no football. To hell with this.' I never do these exercises before, I just stay at home and get lazy. Now I feel strong, like I could play three games a day."

He was hitting .317 with nine homers in mid-June when he was hit by a pitch thrown by San Francisco's Jeff Brantley. During the two months he spent with his left arm in a cast, the Padres nose-dived from seven games behind Cincinnati in the National League West to 12½ games out, and in Santiago's absence opposing teams stole 53 bases in 74 attempts. Santiago returned to the lineup in August but hit just .215 the rest of the way.

In the off-season, there have been new concerns. Luis Gonzalez, whom Santiago calls "my older brother," is in the U.S. Army and has been in Saudi Arabia since October. "I'm worried about him," says Santiago. "I've been watching the news a lot, but sometimes I can't watch. I have to get away."

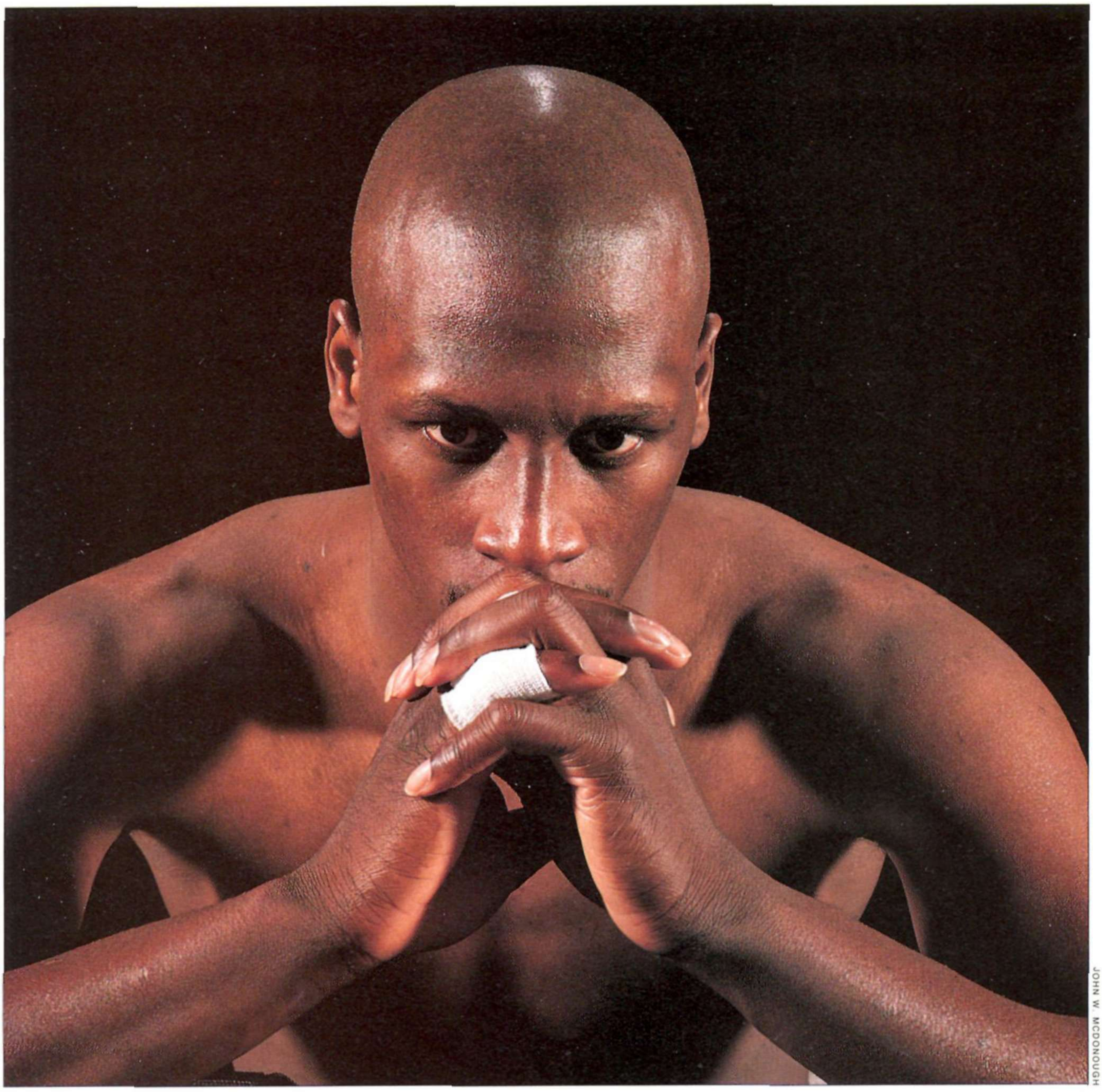
Santiago has had other travails closer to home. On Christmas Eve, he and his family were returning from a wedding party at a friend's home in Coronado, one of San Diego's most exclusive residential districts. Santiago led the way in a Porsche, and his "sister" Eneida—a Gonzalez daughter—followed in her Toyota. She was pulled over by police for what they described as erratic driving. Santiago went back to explain to the police that Eneida spoke no English.

"Here's Benny, a Puerto Rican in a three-quarter-length leather coat and a white Porsche," says Boras, "so you know what the police were thinking." According to Santiago, when he reached for Bennybeth, who was in the Toyota and crying, the police knocked him to the ground and put a knee in his back, then arrested and handcuffed him for obstructing an officer and on suspicion of drunken driving.

Santiago was taken into custody and held in a jail cell until 5:30 on Christmas morning. It was one of those stories that caused people to cluck disapprovingly when they heard it on the news. When all charges against Santiago were quietly dropped four weeks later, there was little notice paid by the media. "How am I supposed to feel about that?" Santiago asks. "When you have problems like that, it's like you lost everything. Sometimes I feel like I want to be out of here. But wherever you go it's going to be the same. In Puerto Rico they dumped me big-time in the papers about this. San Diego is my home now; and I want to stay. I feel good here. And I have a nice house."

That is the place where the rainbow ends, and Benito Santiago appears ready to go inside. ■

XAVIER MCDANIEL HAS ALREADY LEFT HIS MARK ON THE PHOENIX SUNS, WHO HOPE HIS ARRIVAL WILL HELP BRING AN NBA TITLE • BY BRUCE NEWMAN



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

THE HEAD IS SHINY, AND THERE IS VIRTUally no hair on it anywhere except for the brows above eyes that are cold and menacing. It has always been a source of some amusement to Xavier McDaniel that it is his head that makes him one of the most intimidating figures in the NBA. "When I see another guy with a bald head, he don't intimidate me," says the X-Man.

"I don't weigh but 209 pounds, and I have the flattest chest in the league," adds McDaniel, who is closer to 6′ 6″ than the 6′ 8″ at which he is officially listed. "People don't realize how small I am until they get up next to me." But getting too close to the 27-year-old McDaniel can often lead directly to a horizontal position, from which he looks positively enormous. A partial list of current and former NBA players who have found themselves up next to the X and then down for the count would include Kenny Carr, Dale Ellis, A.C. Green, Reggie King, Eddie Johnson, Kenny Johnson, Jerome Kersey, Wes Matthews, Mike Mitchell, Calvin Natt, Charles Oakley, Charles Pittman, Cliff Robinson and Kevin Willis.

When McDaniel, a small forward, was traded from Seattle to the Phoenix Suns earlier this season, he rejoined former teammate and sometime sparring partner Tom Chambers, who believes the X-Man is finally interested in winning more than fistfights. "He's matured, and I've matured," Chambers says. "I think we both understand what's important now. When

you first come into the league, it's about survival and making a name for yourself. But eventually you learn that winning is the only thing that matters." The trade was completed on Dec. 7, and X post facto the Suns won seven in a row, and have been playing like a contender since, with McDaniel averaging more than 20 points a game.

"All my life I've felt I had to prove myself to people," McDaniel says. "I wasn't nothing coming out of high school. And even when I was a little kid playing street basketball against older guys, they would always intimidate me. Now that I'm in Phoenix, I still feel I have to prove to the Seattle SuperSonics that they were wrong to trade me."

"I think X has some scars," says Phoenix coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, who is counting on McDaniel's scar tissue to thicken the Suns' skin for the playoffs. "We needed to be tougher," Fitzsimmons says, "and X gives us that. He's not afraid to go out and bang on people." The Suns have faded in the Western Conference finals two years in a row as the games got more physical. "I think we've been a bunch of marshmallows," says point guard Kevin Johnson. "Real pushovers. Every time we knocked a guy down, we'd help him back to his feet. When X got here, that changed immediately."

"Basketball is about who can intimidate who," McDaniel says.

This philosophy had its beginnings in the Hendley Homes housing project of Columbia, S.C., where McDaniel learned brass-knuckles basketball when he was 14 and still had hair on his head. He was playing against men who were 18 and 19 years old then. His shot was blocked so often, he was forced to develop a turnaround fallaway jumper that was untouchable, but it was equally important to McDaniel that he remain untouchable. "I was timid," he says. "I didn't want to get into fights, but if you called a foul on the playground, there was always an argument or a fight. So I had to learn to score even if I was fouled, because I was always scared to call anything on the bigger guys."

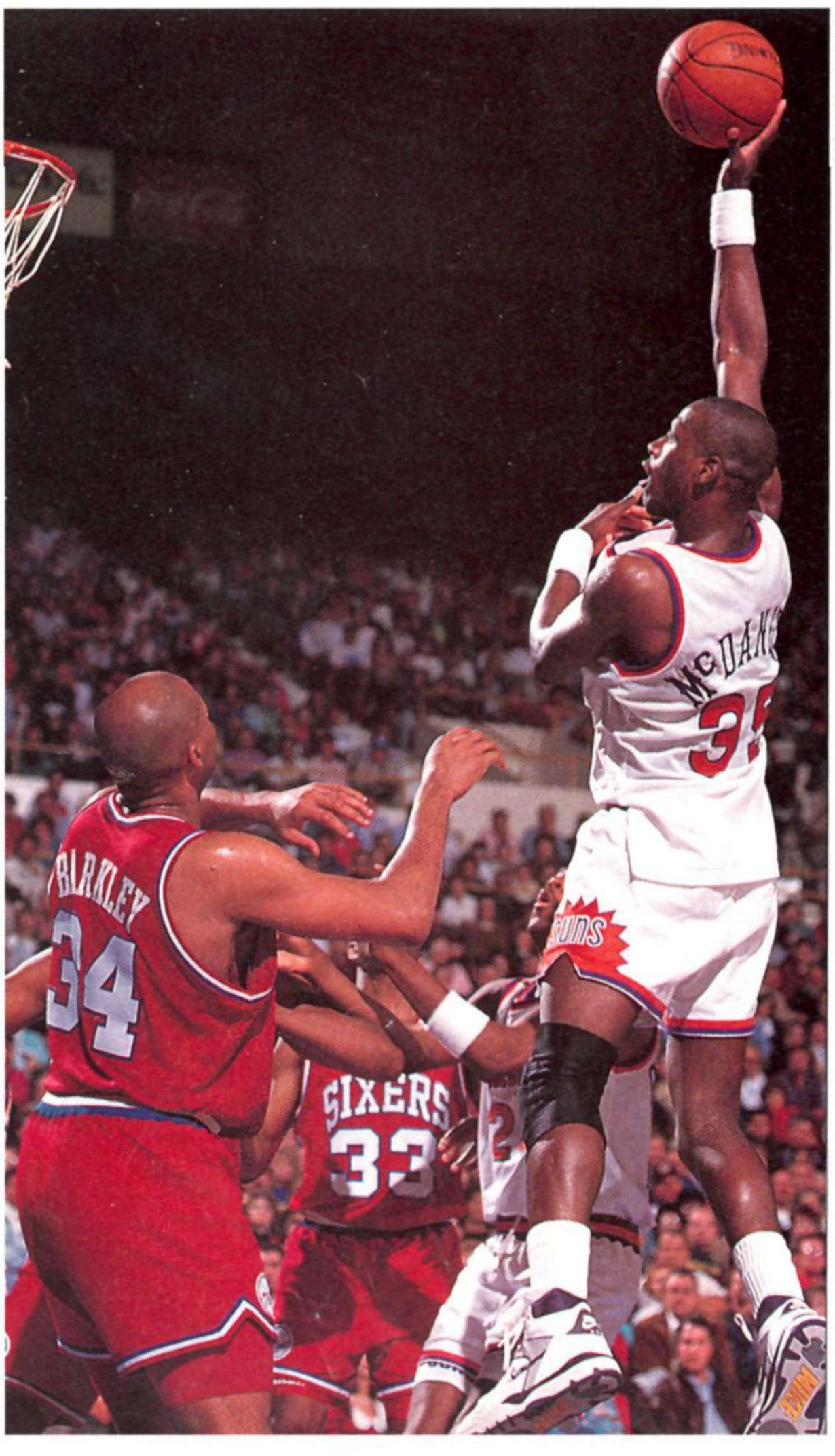
When he was 16, McDaniel shot up to 6′ 6″, and he went back to the playground to renew old acquaintances. "I wasn't intimidated anymore," McDaniel recalls. "I'd take each of them in turn and go one-on-one, and one after another I would dunk on them." When he appeared on the court each evening after school, "they would kick some other guy off the court and pick me for their team," McDaniel recalls proudly.

The oldest of five children, McDaniel got his name when an aunt decided on Xavier; then when he was still an infant his grandmother started calling him X. His father, James, worked at a food distribution company during the day and as a janitor at the University of South Carolina at night. "We didn't see much of our father because he was always working," McDaniel says. "When we came home from school, he'd be eating and watching the news on TV before he had to catch the bus to go to his night job." The X-Mom and the X-Dad imposed a rigid set of standards on their children, standards he adheres to—and holds others to on the court—even now. "They used to both give us whuppin's," he says. "If you were wrong, you were wrong, and you had to pay for it."

On weekends McDaniel worked all day as a dishwasher and busboy in a cafeteria, taking off only when he went to sell Cokes at South Carolina football games. He turned most of the money he earned over to his mother, Nellie. "Most kids would go to their parents and ask for things, but I knew what the answer was going to be, and so I learned not to ask," he says. McDaniel wore the same five pairs of pants through most of school, and he learned to wear his Converse gym shoes with cardboard in the toes until his father could afford to buy him new ones. "Sometimes you'd get embarrassed, but you did what you had to do," he says. "I've never been a person who needed a lot to be happy. In some ways, not having money is a lot easier than having it. I had a lot more fun then than I do now. When you've got money, you're always looking over your shoulder because everybody wants a piece of you."

McDaniel learned to start looking over his shoulder before he was into his teens, at Olympia Middle School. "Other schools used to be scared to come in there to play basketball games," he says. "My junior high school was the kind of place where you didn't want to mess with the wrong guy, because a lot of the kids had already been to reform school. If a guy came up to you and asked for your coat, you had to be ready to give him the coat or fight for it."

As a sophomore playing in his first varsity game, at A.C. Flora High School, McDaniel made a basket at the buzzer to win it; the shot made him such a celebrated figure that he decided he no longer needed to study or go to classes. By the



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

McDaniel has what it takes to rise well above the opposition.

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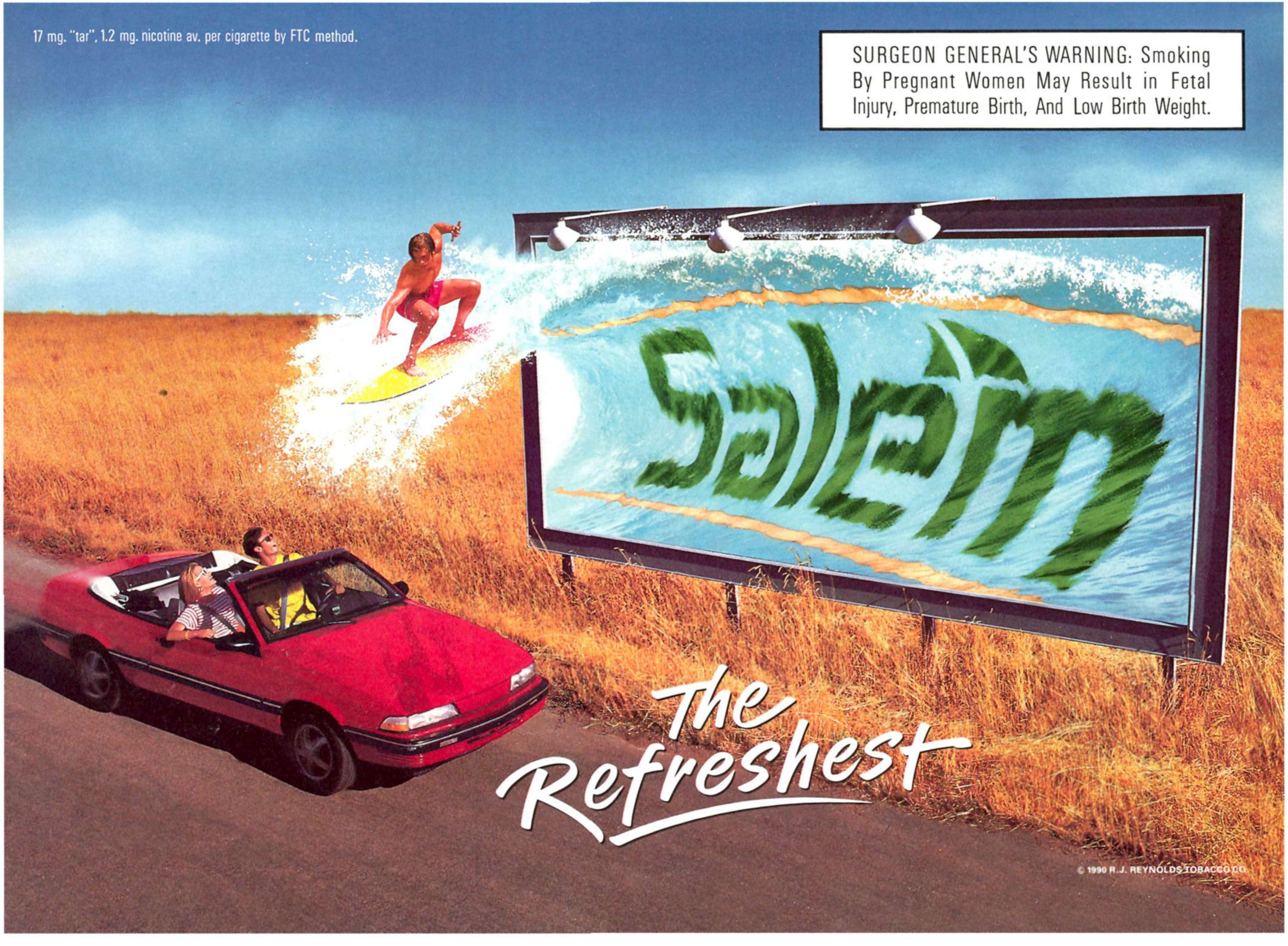

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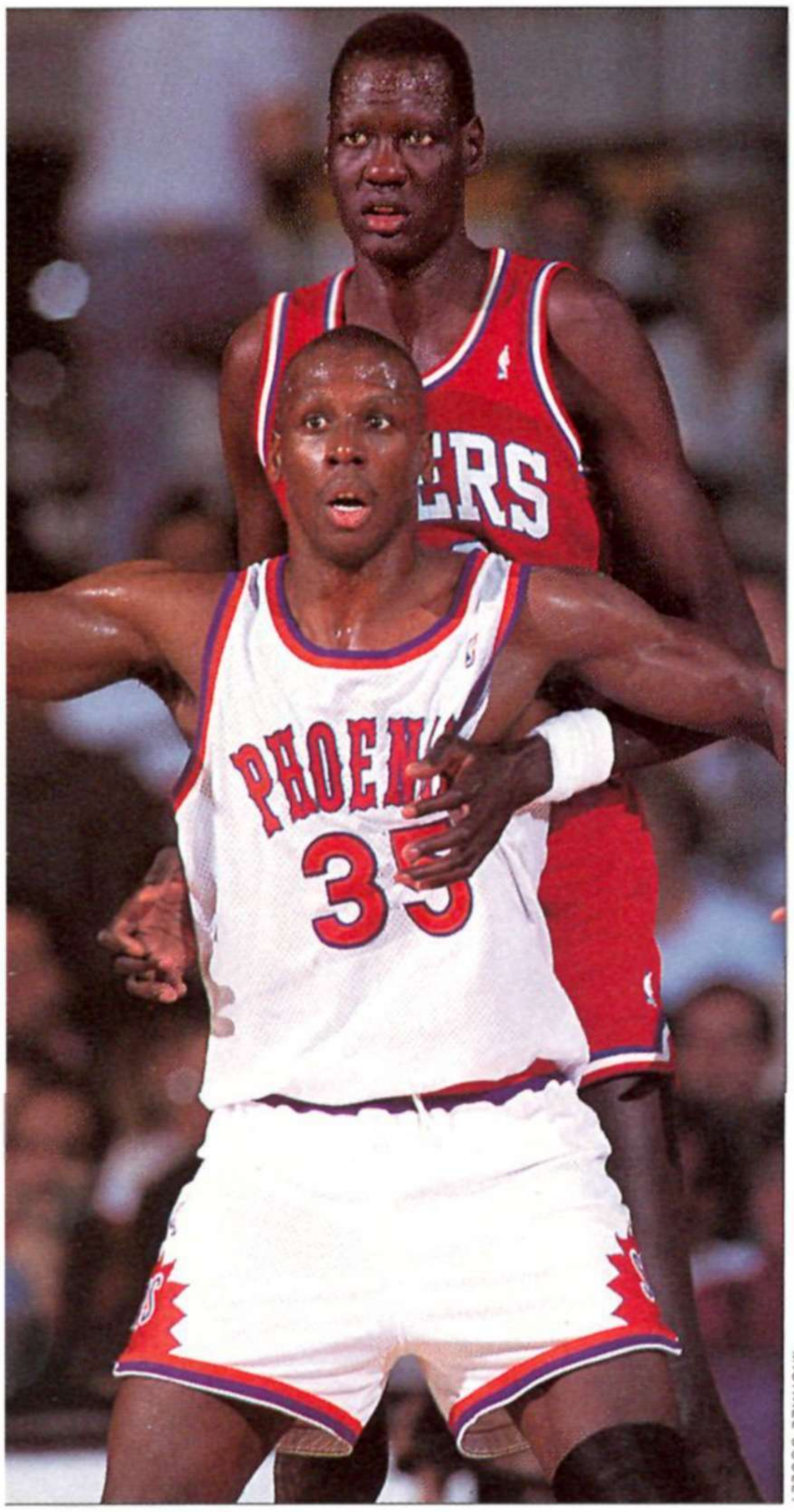
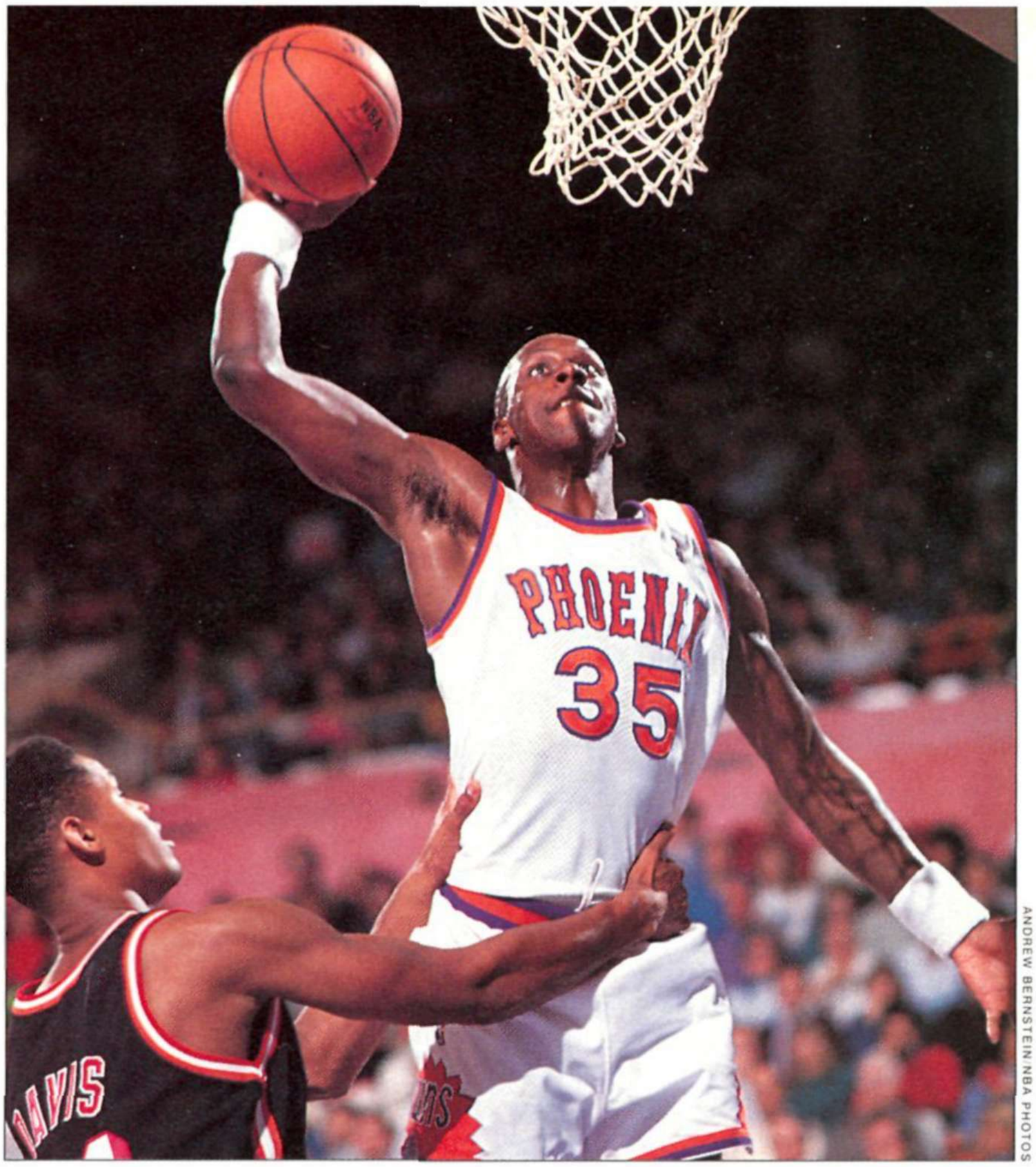


MICHAEL SCULLY



ANDREW BERNSTEIN NBA PHOTOS

Hold it, X-Man. And that's more or less what Philadelphia's Manute Bol (left) and Miami's Terry Davis did in seeking to contain him.

end of his sophomore year he had a grade point average of 1.4. He played sparingly the next season because of his poor grades and then became a starter in his senior year. "No one was bigger than the team," McDaniel says. "I guess [coach Carl Williams] wanted to build character in me. I think that's why I play as hard as I do now, because I know what it's like to sit on that bench."

McDaniel says it was "a dream come true" when South Carolina, whose players he had grown up idolizing, recruited him to play there. "Bill Foster [then the Gamecocks' coach] promised me a scholarship right in front of my mother," McDaniel says. "Then after I made up my mind to go there, they told me my grades weren't good enough. They knew all along what my grades were, but they tell you whatever you want to hear when they're recruiting you." Several schools that might have been interested in him backed away after hearing he was going to South Carolina. Wichita State discovered him only after coming to see one of his high school teammates, and when the Shockers offered a scholarship McDaniel took it.

He knew no one in Kansas. "It was lonely at first," McDaniel says. "I used to call home every day. I'd call my mother collect just to tell her I was going to class, then before I hung up I'd promise to call her back later. I guess I was running up a big phone bill, because she'd always say, 'Oh, you don't have to do that.' But I didn't have anyone else to turn to."

McDaniel adjusted enough to life away from home to lead the NCAA in rebounding as a sophomore, but he was probably better known for showing up with his head shaved clean when the Shockers played Tulsa that season. "At first I thought I looked funny, but as time went on it became part of me," he says. "I don't ever see myself with a whole lot of hair on my head now."

By his senior season, 1984–85, he became the first and is still the only player ever to lead the nation in both scoring (27.2 points a game) and rebounding (14.8). Though Seattle made him the fourth selection in the 1985 draft, he reported to the Sonics with a chip on his shoulder. "More than anybody I've ever seen, X came in determined to prove that he belonged in the NBA, and nobody was going to take that away from him," says Chambers. "I think that's been his edge his whole life, fighting for everything as if someone were trying to take it away."

Veteran forward Reggie King was assigned to guard McDaniel in training camp, and in McDaniel's opinion King was going about the job with an excess of zeal. "I was going to show them I wasn't intimidated by anyone," X says. "If I back down, I'm dead, so I always step forward. And if I had to punch a guy, I punched him." McDaniel asked Bernie Bickerstaff, who was then Seattle's coach, how to proceed with King. "Bernie told me to do what I had to do to get open," McDaniel says. "I told King to stop holding me, and he wouldn't. So I punched him. I was so emotional my rookie year I disputed every call, and every time something happened, I was in the middle of it."

His life off the court wasn't much better. At the end of that first NBA sea-

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son, he had an argument with his wife, Sylvia, whom he met during his freshman year of college and married in August 1985. The police were called, and McDaniel was arrested and charged with misdemeanor assault. He eventually agreed to a year of supervised probation to avoid a trial. (The couple was divorced in March 1987.)

In McDaniel's second season, the Sonics brought in Maurice Lucas, the NBA's venerable prince of darkness, and the two were often seen hanging around together. "Maurice would tell me not to try to stand up to every challenge," McDaniel says. "He showed me how to do things without getting caught, all his tricks. Luke taught me that if something happened in the first quarter, you wait to get even, to give the officials time to forget."

But McDaniel never could forget, and certainly would not forgive, the numerous indignities of his opponents. When the Sonics faced Dallas in the playoffs in 1987, McDaniel sought to physically intimidate the Mavericks. When James Donaldson, the Dallas center, bumped McDaniel and knocked the wind out of him, the X-Man leaped up and strode straight toward Donaldson, pointing his finger at him accusingly. "I'm going to get you," McDaniel hissed. "This thing ain't over with yet." However, it was over with all too soon for the Mavs and for Donaldson, who was scarcely heard from again during the series.

Of all the brawls McDaniel has been involved in, none had quite as much lasting impact as the time, in 1987, he tried to strangle Wes Matthews, then a backup guard for the Los Angeles Lakers, in front of 14,634 witnesses at the Seattle Coliseum. Matthews had elbowed McDaniel in the stomach while setting a screen, and the next time down the floor McDaniel knocked Matthews down while they were chasing a loose ball. Matthews then attempted to kick X. What happened next was preserved in a frightening photograph that ran in almost every newspaper in the country: McDaniel with his hands around the neck of a smaller man, throttling him so hard that Matthews's eyes had already begun to roll back in his head.

"I still get people wanting me to sign that picture, but I won't sign it because that would be like promoting violence," McDaniel says, sounding like a mellowed X-Man. But just as quickly as it came, the note of grace is gone. "I feel bad that incident had to happen, but sometimes you get frustrated when you're not playing well," he says. "People think I've mellowed, but I haven't. No one really messes with me anymore. I told Rod Thorn [the NBA's director of operations] it doesn't matter how much he fines me, I'm never going to back down."

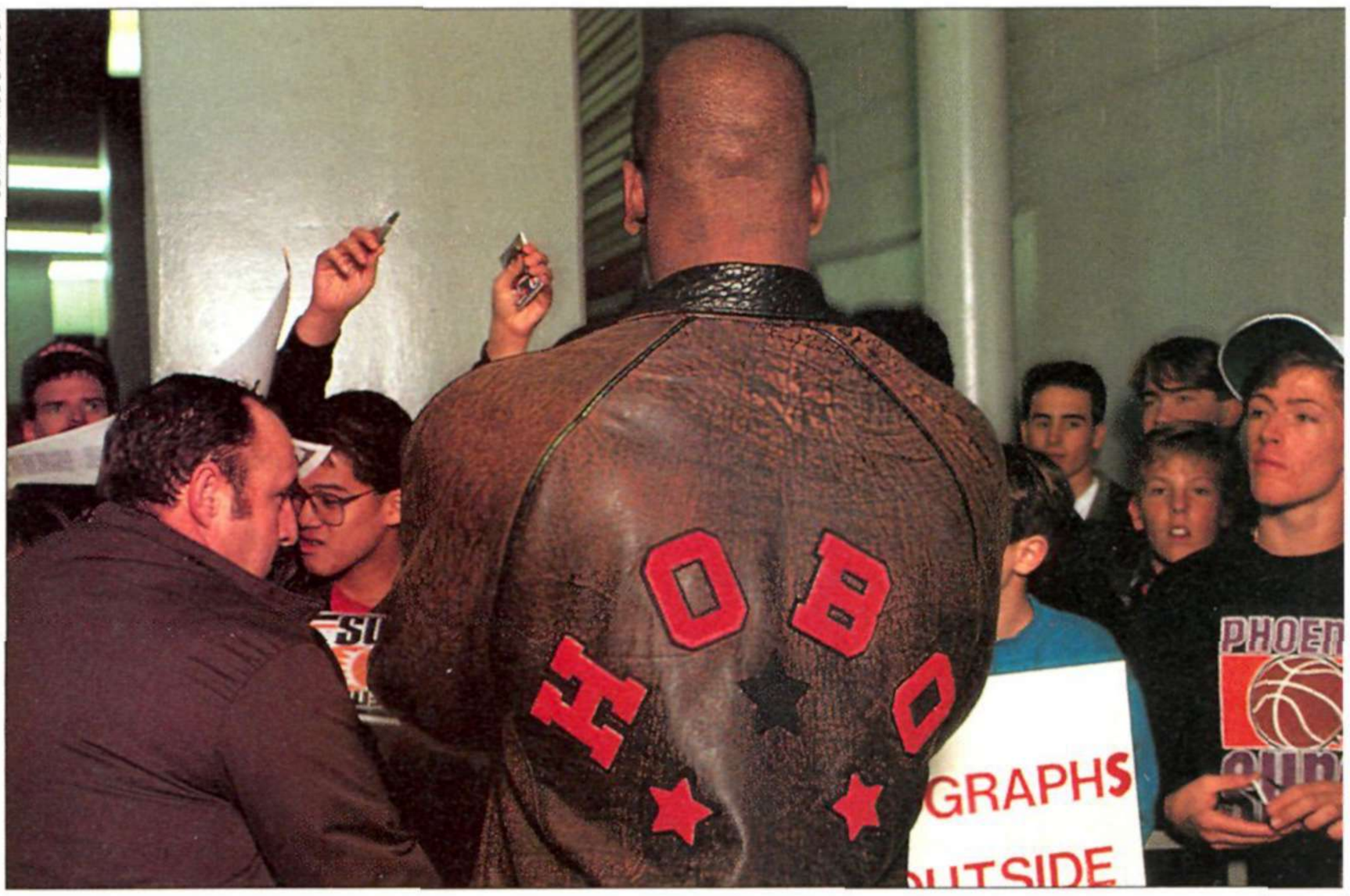
Two months after attempting to do the neck version of the Heimlich on Matthews, McDaniel made the NBA All-Star Game for the only time in his six-year career. But in the following season, '88–89, Bickerstaff announced plans for a grand experiment to convert McDaniel to a sixth man. "I'm not a sixth man, and I felt it was a demotion regardless of what Bernie said," McDaniel says. Bickerstaff wanted him to score when the Sonics were trailing and to concentrate on defense when the team was ahead. "It got to the point where I would rather not have played when we were winning, because I never knew what my role was." The experiment was finally dropped for the final 10 games of the season, and McDaniel averaged 30.5 points in those games, more than 11 above his season average, and the Sonics went 8–2.

When Seattle allowed Chambers to sign with the Suns as an unrestricted free agent two years ago, one of the reasons given at the time was friction between Chambers and McDaniel. "Our relationship wasn't rosy all the time, and I'm not saying we never argued, but I didn't hate him," McDaniel says. Whatever their differences were then, the two have played well together in Phoenix, with Chambers showing more versatility now that he doesn't have to shoulder so much of the scoring load.

McDaniel left Seattle as he entered it, battling with a teammate. This time it was with Dale Ellis, the Sonics' other star, in a donnybrook that started at practice on Nov. 21 and resumed later the same day in a parking lot. "It was stupid," McDaniel says. "Dale has a lot of problems, and I should have had enough maturity to let it go." McDaniel believes many of the antagonisms in Seattle were the result of the team's unfulfilled promise. "We were supposed to be the team of the late '80s and overtake the Lakers," he says. "We were young and strong, but we never did get over the top. After a while the pressure got to all of us."

Phoenix is another team that is young and strong and trying to get over the top. "We think X can put us there," Fitzsimmons says. By moving Kurt Rambis to the bench, Phoenix adds depth as well as McDaniel's 20.6 career scoring average to its front line without giving up any rebounds or defensive skills. "I just want guys to remember I'm on the court too," X says. "I want them to be up for me, because I'm going to be up for them." ■

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH



In Phoenix, McDaniel quickly became a Sun around whom the autograph hounds revolve.

the Graduate

By choosing friends and school over a full-time tennis career, Mary Joe Fernandez proved that success can wait

BY AUSTIN MURPHY

THE LUNCH CONVERSATION STARTS OUT innocently enough. Movies are discussed. Someone is complimented for wearing a lovely brooch. Mary Joe Fernandez and three of her best friends from her high school days, at Carrollton School of the Sacred Heart, in Miami, are home for the Christmas holidays.

Drinks arrive, diet colas mostly. Shortly thereafter everyone's reserves of pleasantries are exhausted. Now come the Fernandez-as-Miss-Goody-Two-Shoes tales. Fernandez drinks only mineral water, accuses one friend. She no longer eats desserts, notes another. In seconds the No. 4–ranked women's tennis player in the world is being humbled by three amateurs.

"After we went to Disney World last year, Mary Joe went to bed at 11!" says Cathy Dillon, a tart-tongued Boston College sophomore. "We were forced to dump ice on her."

"We'd walked around all day," says Fernandez defensively. "I was tired. Look, I *had* my wild stage, and you guys missed it."

"Guess we blinked," says Edda Fields, a sophomore at Emory who is generally conceded to be the brains of the bunch.

"The terrible twos," says Dillon. "That was your wild stage."

Finally, Marilupe Ortiz, a freshman at Florida International University, has the ultimate anecdote: "On days we had to go to confession, Mary Joe used to come up to me in a panic and say, 'Marilupe, you've got to help me think up some sins!' So I'd say, 'Mary Joe, knowing you, tell him you used the Lord's name in vain a couple months ago.' "

Fernandez laughs harder than anyone.

That the object of the teasing is a 19-year-old millionaire and a household name—overseas, at least—makes no difference. May Jay, as Fernandez's friends call her, was these women's pal and classmate long before they could see her play tennis on TV. She may have won two professional titles in 1990, her first full year on the tour; and she may have reached the finals of the Australian Open last January and the semis at both the U.S. Open in September and the Virginia Slims Championships in November. But they know her better as the schoolmate who for three consecutive years failed to receive the President's Council on Physical Fitness Award because she lacked the strength to complete the arm-hang portion of the test.

"We keep her in line," says Dillon. "It's our job."

If her friends didn't mean so much to her, Fernandez would probably be ranked even higher than fourth. Indeed, they are one of the reasons she is slightly behind schedule, as tennis prodigies go. Six years ago, after she had beaten the No. 11 player in the world (Bonnie Gadusek) and won her fourth straight Orange Bowl junior title—the 12-and-unders at 11, the 14's at 12, the 16's at 13 and the 18's at 14—Fernandez, then a high school freshman, came under immense pressure to leave school and play full-time on the pro tour. It was, after all, what her precocious predecessors Andrea Jaeger and Tracy Austin had done; what her chief rival, Gabriela Sabatini, was doing; and what Monica Seles, Jennifer Capriati, Andre Agassi and Pete Sampras would later do. If you're dead set on getting an education, she was told, there are always correspondence courses: Bone up on the Pythagorean theorem in your hotel room between matches, fax the homework to the profs, and eventually earn yourself a nice general equivalency diploma.

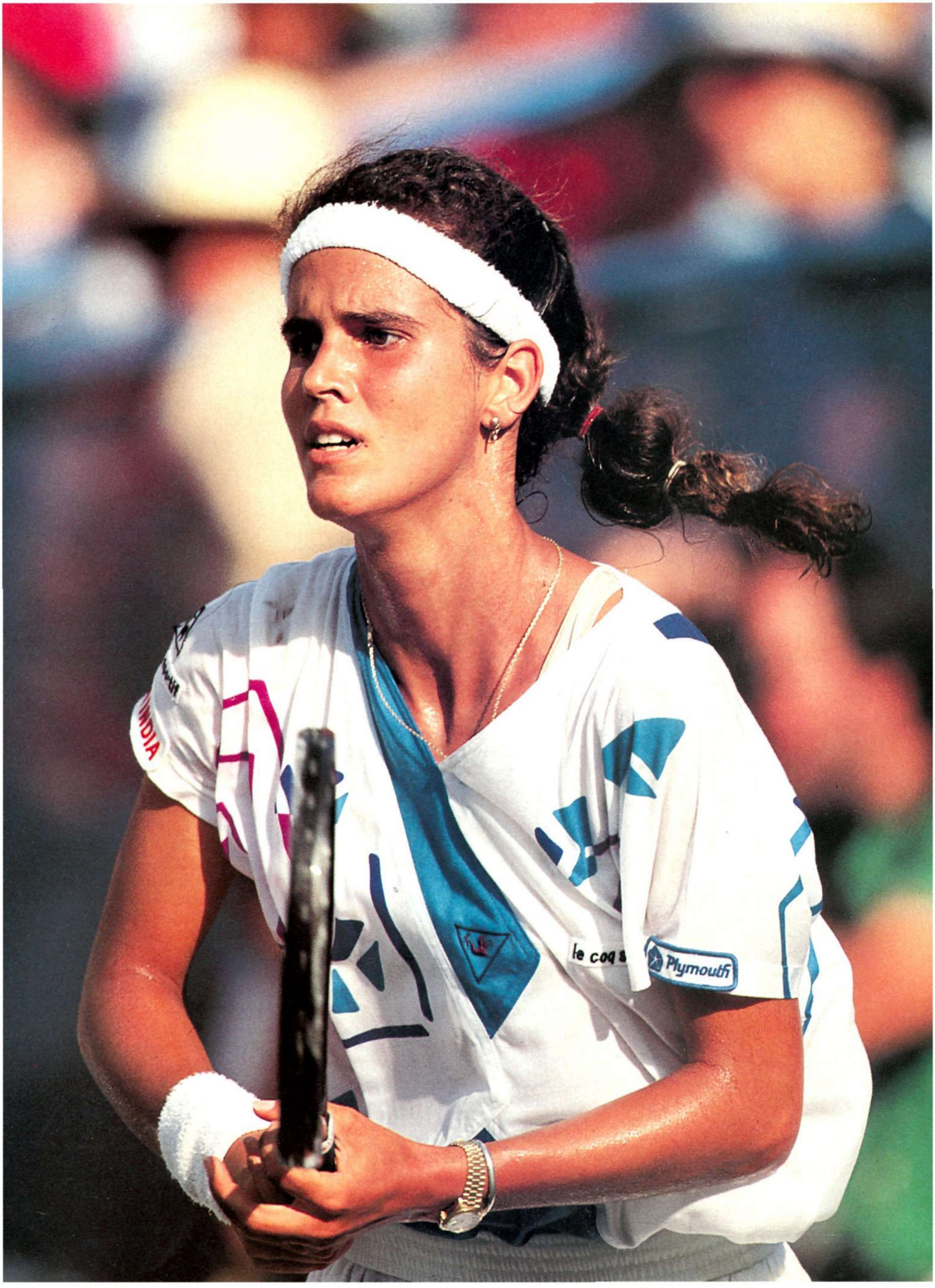
Agents, other players and coaches advised her to strike while the iron was hot. "Even her parents [Jose and Sylvia] wanted her to drop out," says one of Fernandez's former coaches. Today the elder Fernandezes deny this, even though in the mid-1980s Jose and Sylvia suffered a severe financial setback when an investment in a stalled Venezuelan housing development tied up the family fortune, some $350,000. Says Sylvia, "We were for whatever made her happy."

Mary Joe happily took the road less traveled. She chose the pink stucco walls and prim uniform of Carrollton, which is housed in a stately Italian villa, over full-time tennis. For the next 3½ years she played a scaled-down schedule of pro tournaments, including the four Grand Slams, but she worked them around high school classes. "I just decided that if I was going to go to school, I was going to do it right," says Fernandez. "And I wasn't ready to sacrifice being with my friends."

Balancing tennis and schoolwork was a nifty trick. Often, Dillon would photocopy her notes and fax them to Fernandez at some faraway place, only to see Fernandez outperform her on the test. If Fernandez couldn't get the notes by fax, someone else would dictate them to her over the phone. With Carrollton's approval, she was allowed to take her final exams in August rather than in June.

During the first 3½ years after she turned pro, she earned more than $500,000 in prize money and endorsements and made mostly A's in her courses. But she missed the commencement ceremony. She was busy in Paris, reaching the semis of the French, where she lost to the eventual champion, Arantxa Sanchez Vicario.

CARYN LEVY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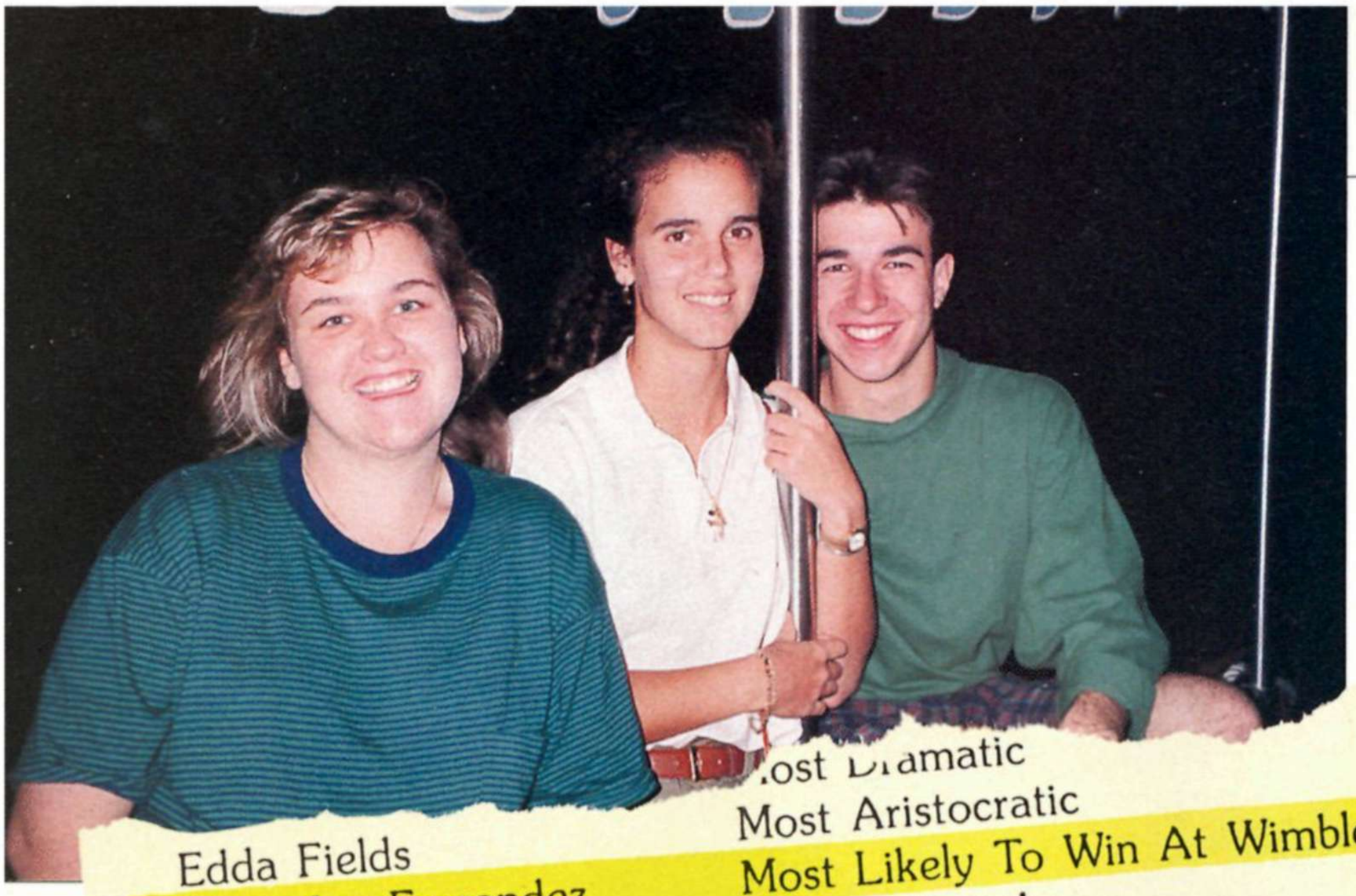


So what if she didn't fulfill this yearbook prediction in '90? Fernandez got quality time at Disney World with pals Dillon (left) and Gus Albero.

After she finished school, Fernandez dived headlong into the tour, only to encounter this sobering truth: She was in no shape to play a full schedule. Last year she suffered a wrenched back, tendinitis in her right shoulder, an ankle sprain, a partially torn left hamstring and a minor cartilage tear in her right knee. That's what happens when your conditioning program consists of, as Fernandez says, "maybe riding the bike for 20 minutes if it rained and I couldn't play."

One afternoon recently, Fernandez let this tidbit slip: "I just did my first push-up last week. I'm so excited."

Fernandez cracked the Top 10 in February 1990, despite the lack of a coherent training program and the fact that she had not won a pro title. She was lacking not skill or a killer instinct but rather the stamina to play well for four matches on consecutive days. As her coach, Tim Gullikson, says, "It's hard to have the killer instinct when you're running on fumes."

In January 1990 Gullikson put Fernandez on a weightlifting program. "Nothing heavy," says Fernandez, "but lots of reps." And Gullikson sought to make over more than Fernandez's musculature. She needed to learn to put topspin on the ball and to put all of her 5′ 10″, 130-pound frame into her serve. She also needed a new attack. That powder-puff, baseline, make-each-point-a-war-of-attrition game, styled after that of her childhood idol, Chris Evert, was becoming passé on the tour. Says Fred Stolle, who once coached Fernandez, "In Chrissie's day it was all control, patience. Nowadays it's all about power."

Gullikson slowly coaxed his pupil away from the baseline, to which she had always clung like a wallflower at a mixer. "Going to net is still not easy for me," says Fernandez. "I don't like being passed." Because he also coaches Aaron Krickstein, currently ranked 22nd among the men, Gullikson does not travel to many of Fernandez's matches, and his absence has hindered her transformation. She is much likelier to play aggressively if she knows he is in the stands, watching, as he was at last year's U.S. Open. In her quarterfinal win over ninth-seeded Manuela Maleeva-Fragniere, Fernandez rushed the net 31 times—up from her usual five or six. "If you rush the net 10 times and win six points, you win," she says. "But it's more tiring, and you have to think a lot more."

That is just the point. More than anything else, Gullikson is asking Fernandez to do what she does best: think. He has met with markedly less success at telling her what to think. Be cockier, he told her early in their relationship. Fernandez seemed to respect her opponents too much. Did she think Steffi Graf respected her opponents? Hell, no!—she expected to dispatch them in 50 minutes. Before one match last year, Gullikson got steamed at Fernandez because she refused to flat-out say, "I'm going to win this match."

"Graf and Seles go into tournaments expecting to win," says Gullikson. "Mary Joe hopes she'll win. She'd like very much to win, and when she wins, I think she's still a little bit surprised."

As Fernandez continued her ascent in the rankings—she began 1990 ranked 12th—the goose egg in her tournament-win column became more and more conspicuous, a kind of scarlet *0* she wore around the circuit.

The drought died hard. At the Tokyo Indoors last September, Fernandez, having risen to No. 8, won a courageous three-hour, come-from-behind semifinal victory over Maleeva-Fragniere. After the match, which was played in a stiflingly hot gymnasium, Fernandez had to be packed in ice because her muscles were cramping badly; a knot was forming in one of her abdominal muscles so severe that it was visible through her skin. "We could hear her screaming," recalls Dean Goldfine, her hitting partner, who was outside the trainers' room. "It was a little scary."

A little? Fernandez told Sylvia, who was standing nearby, "Mom, just start praying for me." Fernandez had never experienced such pain; she didn't know if she would survive. Finally, a Japanese doctor came to the rescue. His cure, as described by Fernandez: "He put herbs on me, then some kind of incense stuff, then he started doing some kind of pressure-point thing on my knee. And the cramps started going away!" Devout Catholics, the Fernandezes still believe Sylvia's prayers wrought a minor miracle.

The real miracle occurred the next day, when Fernandez took the court—stiffly—against Amy Frazier, fought off more cramps and won 3–6, 6–2, 6–3. "I dug really deep and found out something about myself," says Fernandez. She celebrated her maiden pro title by sleeping for 12 hours. Three weeks later, in Filderstadt, Germany, she won her second title, and she finished the year having won 40 of 50 singles matches and two tournaments. "She's on a great roll right now," says Gullikson. "The idea is to keep that momentum alive."

Question: Will Gullikson be around to nurture it? At an exhibition in Essen, Germany, 12 days before the Filderstadt tournament, Fernandez's career took an unexpected twist. The exhibition was sponsored by Ion Tiriac, the scowling tennis maven from Romania and, incidentally, an old acquaintance of Jose's. It was in Essen that Jose and Tiriac laid the groundwork for Mary Joe's recent agreement to be represented by Tiriac's T-V Enterprises.

The move stunned Fernandez's former agency, the mammoth International Management Group. She had already switched agents within IMG, from John Evert to Gavin Forbes, after the Fernandezes complained that Evert was so absorbed with lining up Capriati's $5 million endorsement windfall that he had no time for Mary Joe. Evert is also said to have annoyed the Fernandezes by telling them on more than one occasion, "We've got this product lined up, but they want Jennifer." Forbes and Mary Joe had a much better relationship.

"IMG very good company," says Jose, a native of Oviedo, Spain, whose 20-plus years in the States have not made any appreciable dent in his accent. "Also very *beeeeg*. Much more impersonal." Tiriac's only other major client is Boris Becker. Though Mary Joe will play second fiddle, the Fernandezes figure that at least she'll be one of only two fiddles.

By arrangement, Tiriac will not limit his attentions to Fernandez's endorsements. He has definite ideas about her tennis, too, which could mean that Gullikson is on the way out. Alarmed by her chronic injuries, Tiriac has already set up a meeting between Fernandez and renowned British strength-and-conditioning coach Frank Dick.

With endorsements, Mary Joe's earnings topped $1 million last year. But things for the Fernandezes have not always been so flush. Jose met Sylvia, who is from Cuba, while visiting Havana in 1960. Eleven years later Mary Joe was born in the Dominican Republic, where Jose was working for an American investment company. Today they live in South Miami in a modest three-bedroom apartment—the same condo that Jose and Sylvia moved into 15 years ago.

One change Tiriac plans to make soon involves Fernandez's schedule. The T-V Enterprises people were appalled by the number of matches and exhibitions she entered in the second half of last year. "Boris can't play more than two weeks in a row, and he's a 200-pound man," says T-V Enterprises director Heather MacLachlan. "Mary Joe played four consecutive weeks"—with exhibitions thrown in on off days.

Gullikson's future with Fernandez seems up in the air, though he was with her for the recent Australian Open, where she was eliminated by Seles in the semis. He says, "I want to emphasize this: I really like Mary Joe. She is everything you could ask for—talented, smart, nice."

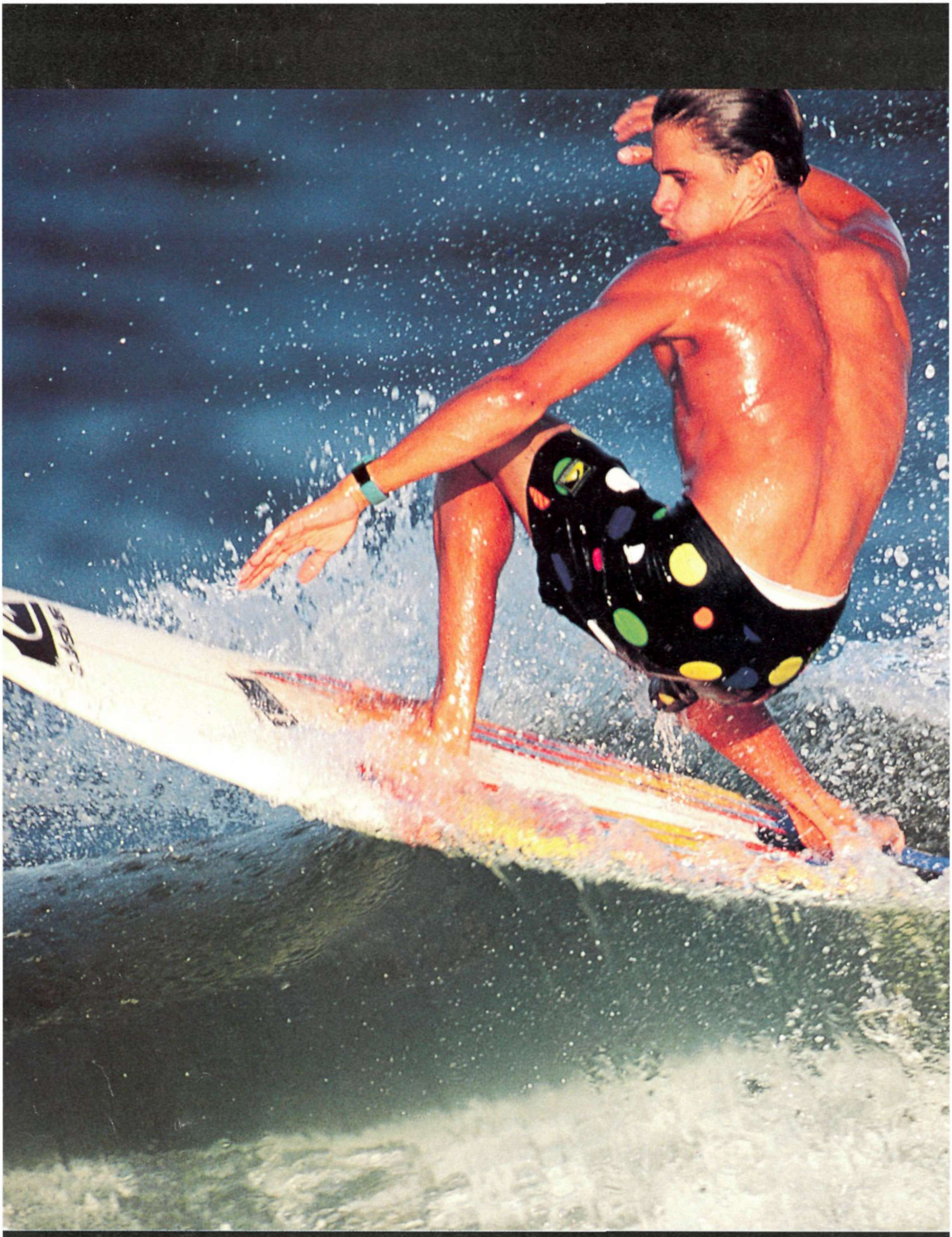
Then Gullikson indulges in some wishful thinking. "Look at Pete Sampras," he says. "From the time he was 15 to the time he was 19, he totally restructured his game. I wish Mary Joe had started when she was 15 instead of 19."

Fernandez does not share Gullikson's sentiments. That much is clear at the lunch table as she and her friends forage for the last few french fries in the basket, weigh their social options for the evening and compare the worst pickup lines they've ever heard. The unanimous winner: "Baby, was your father a thief? Then who stole the stars from the skies and put them in your eyes?"

Other diners glance over at the small group of friends as they fill the restaurant with laughter. ■

RUSS ADAMS

Fernandez made it to the U.S. Open semifinals before losing to the champ-to-be, Sabatini.

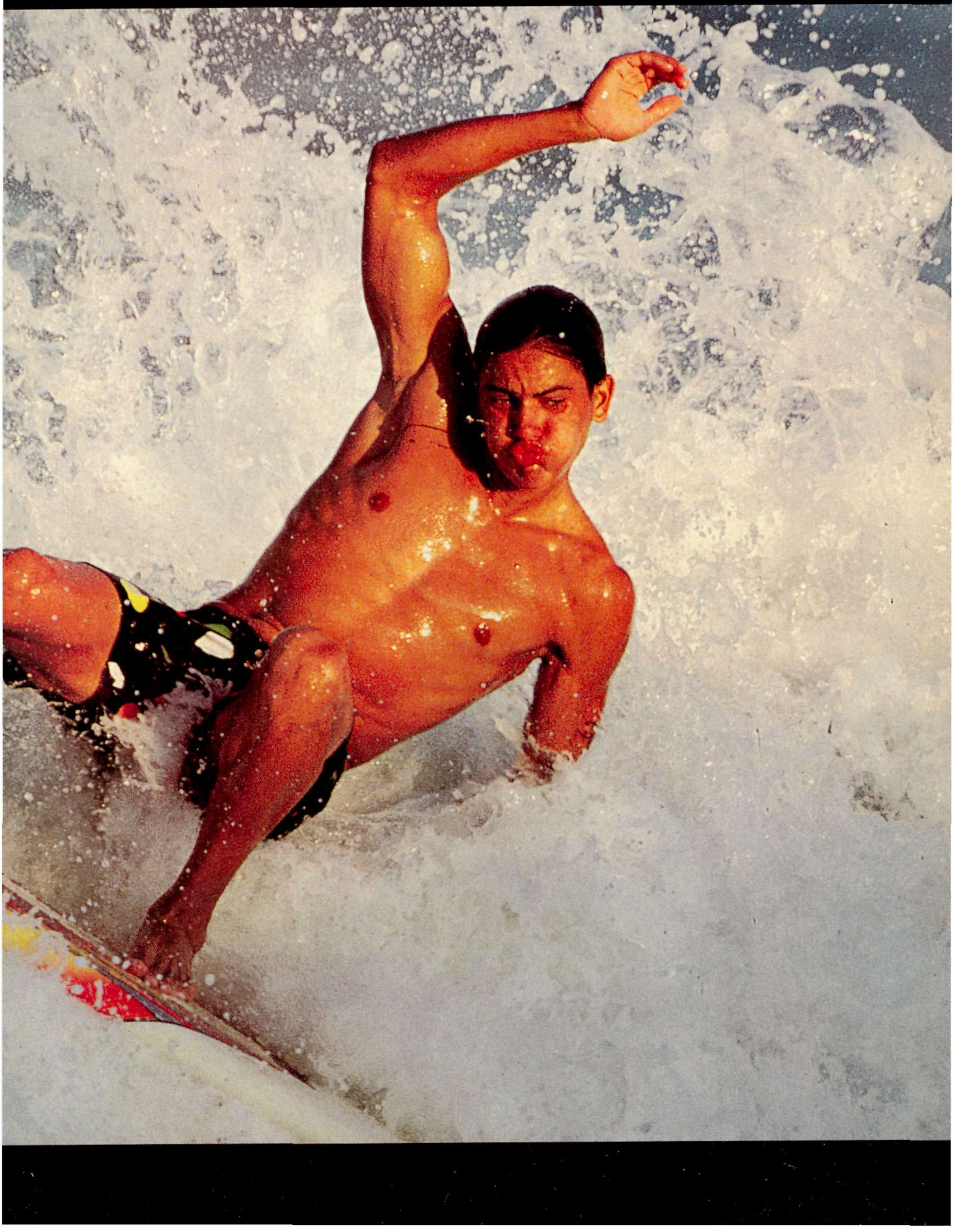


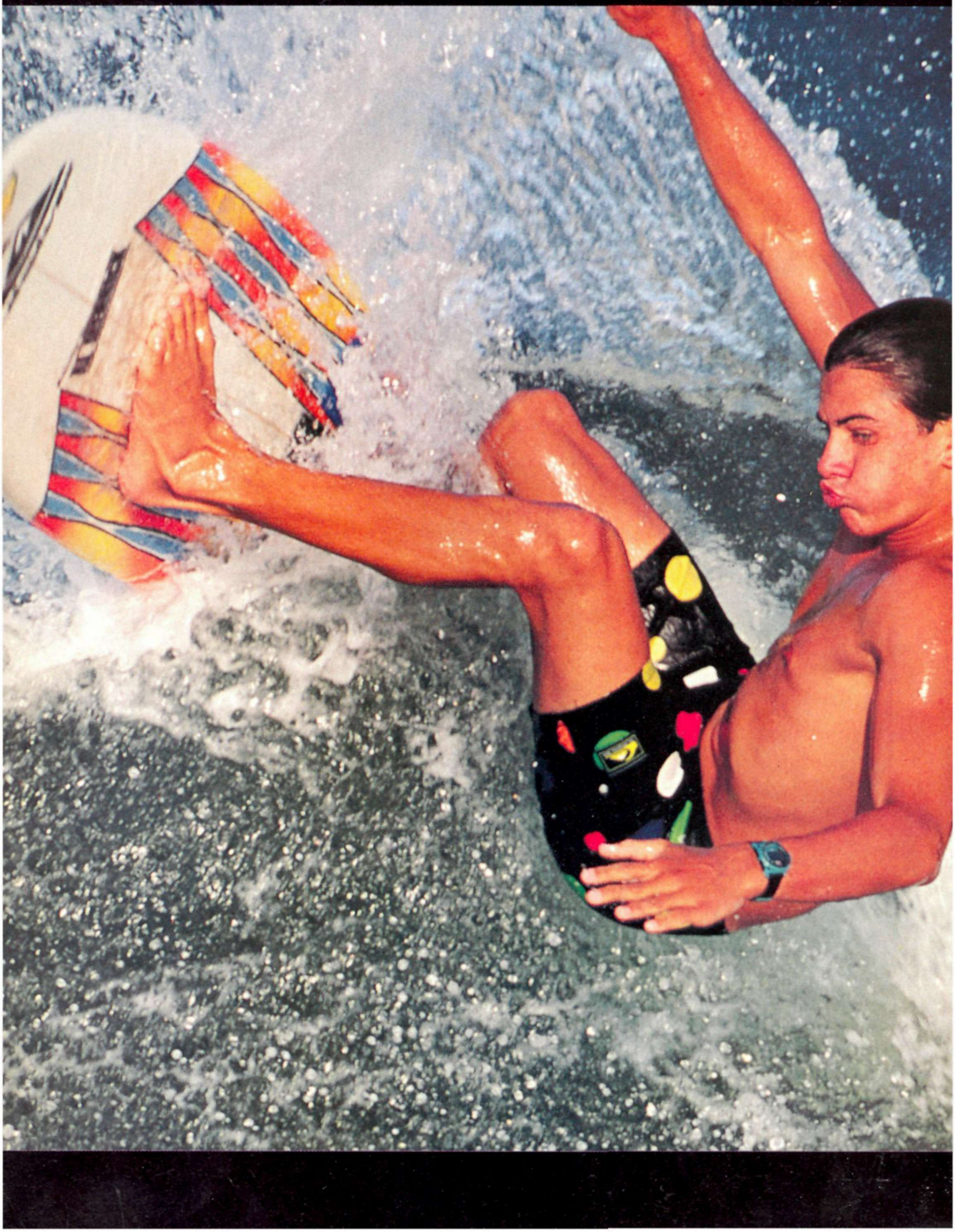
Florida whiz kid Kelly Slater is revolutionizing

the next wave

rfing with his breathtaking aquabatics | photographs by WALTER IOOSS JR.

"Sometimes, I don't think. The moves just happen."





When he's on, Kelly can make the impossible look routine.

KELLY SLATER HAS NEVER HAD A PIZZA DELIVERED TO HIS geometry class. He lives at home with his mom. He speaks English as if it were his native tongue. He is not, in short, your typical surfer.

Kelly, a high school senior from Cocoa Beach, Fla., is good-looking enough to be one of the New Kids on the Block. He *is* the new kid on the board. He turned pro last July after winning four U.S. amateur titles and six straight East Coast championships. Later that month, Quiksilver, a California-based surfing outfitter, signed Kelly to a 3½-year endorsement deal worth nearly $1 million. He's the biggest thing to hit the surf since Mr. Ed hung two in Malibu.

Kelly is cresting on the wave of the future. "He is the Michael Jordan of surfing," says Quiksilver's marketing director, Danny Kwock. Some of Kelly's moves are so revolutionary, few surfers have attempted them in practice—let alone in competition—as Kelly has. His repertoire ranges from kamikaze cutbacks to hara-kiri 360s, aerial coups de theatre in which he rockets out of the water and spins completely around. "Sometimes I don't even think," he says. "The moves just happen."

He speaks softly, almost wearily, as if, like a stranded fish, he has been out of the water too long. Kelly was, after all, raised on the beach. His mother, Judy, used to bring him there with his brother, Sean, now 22 and also a pro surfer. She wanted to tire the boys out so that they would take naps. "As they got bigger, they got really bored," she recalls. "Their dad bought them boards, and that was that."

As a kid, Kelly was in a zone alone. Not only did he tower over the midget surfing circuit, but he was also such an intimidating Little League pitcher that many parents complained. One coach even held up the start of a game to protest Kelly's heater.

"He's too fast!" the parents told Judy.

"This is ridiculous," Judy told Kelly. "Just surf."

Kelly surfed to ride out an unhappy home life. His father, Steve, drank heavily. It made Kelly resolve never to touch alcohol or drugs. "I can remember riding in a truck with my dad after he had been drinking, and seeing him just stop in the middle of the road and back up because he thought a car was coming at us," he says. "There was no car. We could have been killed."

Kelly's parents separated in 1982, and Judy and her sons found themselves moving from one rental house to another in Cocoa Beach. To make ends meet, she took jobs as a fire fighter, an emergency medical technician, a bartender and a computer operator. Last June, she arranged to purchase a beat-up bungalow near the ocean. But after making the first down payment, she ran into trouble and was in danger of losing the house. Fortunately, Kelly had just turned pro, a move that unfroze a trust fund containing the prize and sponsorship money he had received as an amateur. He used some of that money to buy the house. "Mom's worked so hard for us all her life," he says, "I just wanted to make things easier for her."

Kelly has been dubbed the Michael Jordan of surfing.

It can't get much easier for him. Or so it appears when he catches a wave and then, with effortless grace, wings his way up violent avalanches of water 30 feet high. "Kelly has the highest technical talent I've ever seen for a surfer his age," says three-time world champion Tom Curren. "Right now he is doing maneuvers that I can't do. His limits seem endless."

Endless limits is the kind of concept that only a surfer could understand.

—FRANZ LIDZ AND SHELLEY SMITH

Introducing A Safety It Can Even

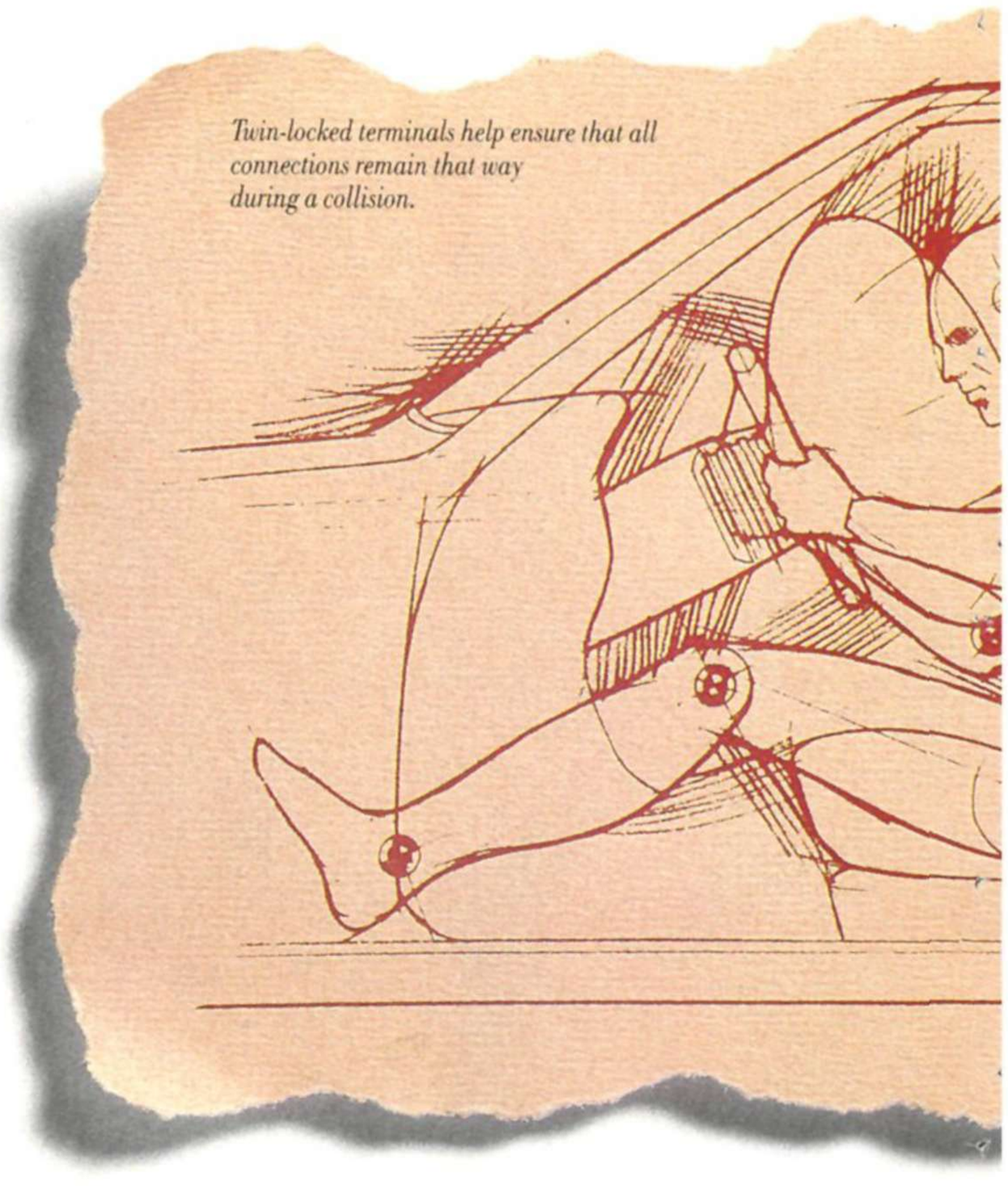
Behind these good looks is a brain that constantly checks the system for any malfunction.

If you blinked while reading this,

you would have missed the

deployment of the airbag (SRS).

Twin-locked terminals help ensure that all connections remain that way during a collision.



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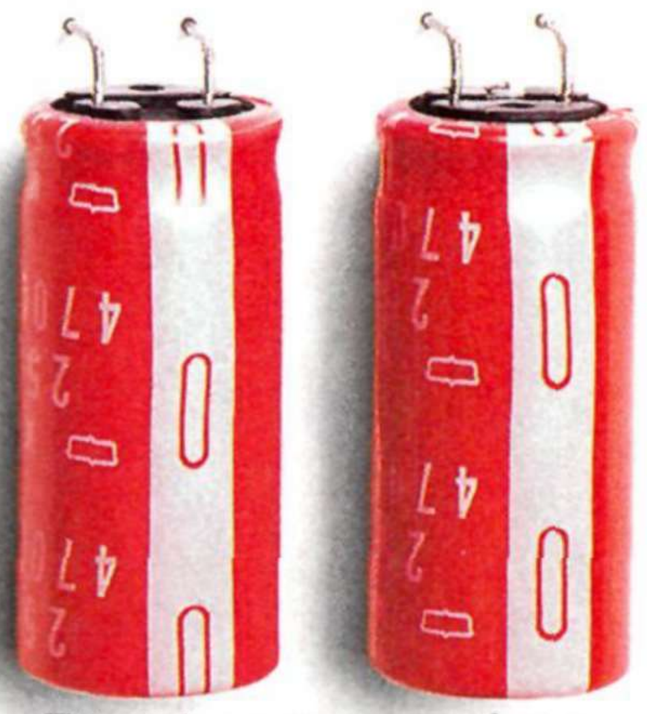
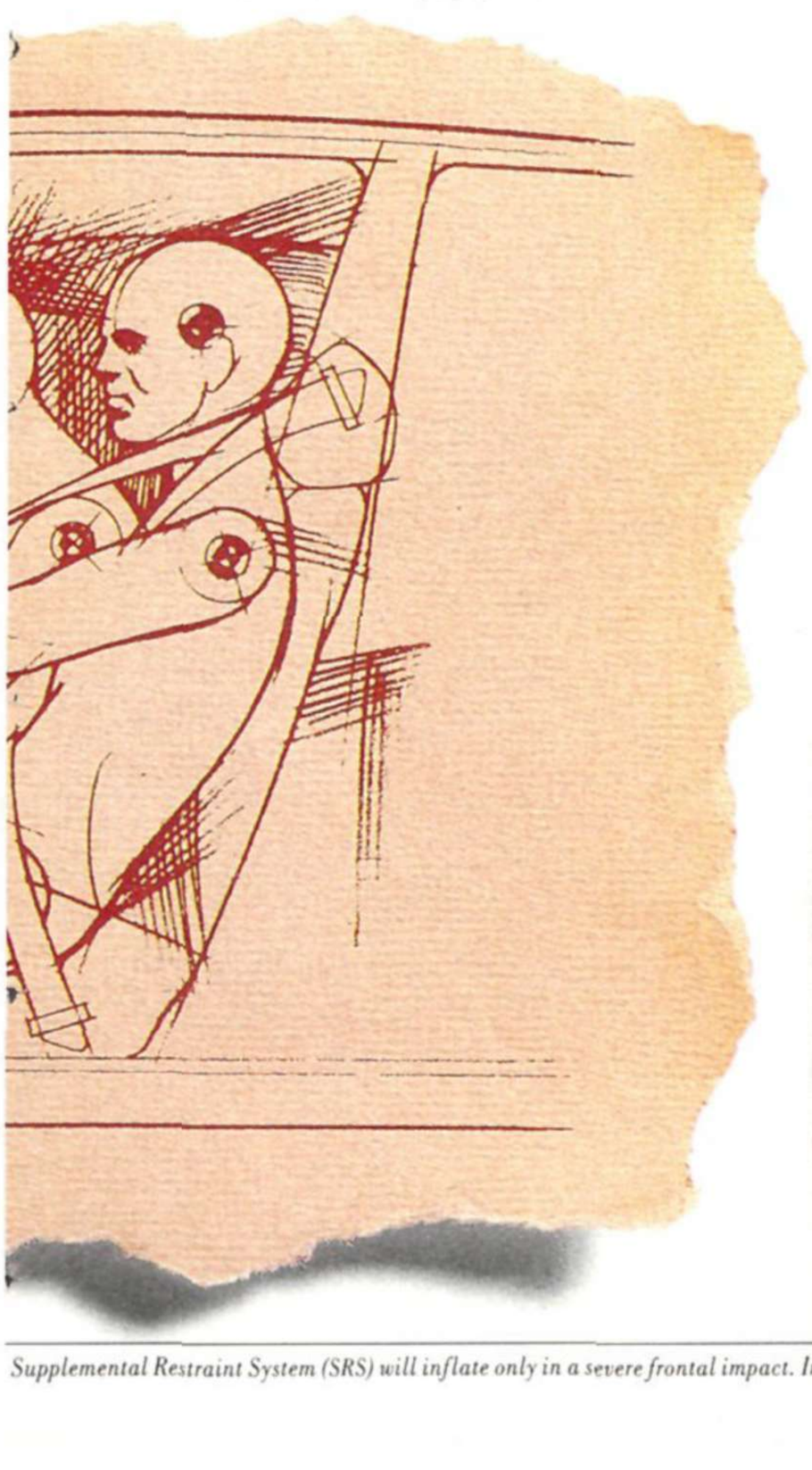
System So Advanced, Save Itself.



With a backup power source, our safety system boasts its own safety system.†

Gold-plated airbag terminals combat the wrath of Mother Nature as well as the decay of Father Time.



Hopefully, you'll never have to encounter an accident. But given the vicissitudes of today's driving, it's best to expect the unexpected.

Which is why every Lexus is equipped with a driver's-side airbag Supplemental Restraint System.* A system so well conceived that its front sensor has a backup sensor. Its wiring system has a backup wiring system. Its airbag activator switch has (you guessed it) a backup activator switch.

It may all sound somewhat redundant. But, then again, that's the point.

LEXUS

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Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) will inflate only in a severe frontal impact. In a moderate collision, the 3-point seat belt provides primary protection; the airbag will not inflate. †Not actual color.

Nautical and Nice

By Jule Campbell

There is magic in it. Herman Melville wrote of the sea, in 1851, and as the following pages affirm, that is still emphatically the case. This year's swimsuit extravaganza cruises the Caribbean Sea and the Indian Ocean, with frequent stops ashore to sample the lush life that goes with benevolent sun, sparkling waters and alluring attire.

First comes a jaunt on *Club Med 1* as it sails the Lesser Antilles of the Caribbean. The five-masted ship caters to the sports-minded and offers its passengers a variety of activities ranging from scuba diving to water-skiing to skeet-shooting. For more on *Club Med 1*, read the lively log of one sunshine sailor *(page 134)*.

For a different kind of voyage, in a different part of the world, we packed our swimsuits, booked passage on the catamaran *M/V Spice Islander* and cruised to ports of call among the 13,677 islands of Indonesia.

There were stops at the picturesque isles of Lombok, Komodo, Sawu and, of course, the legendary Bali, where a culturally curious writer found unexpected adventure *(page 142)*.

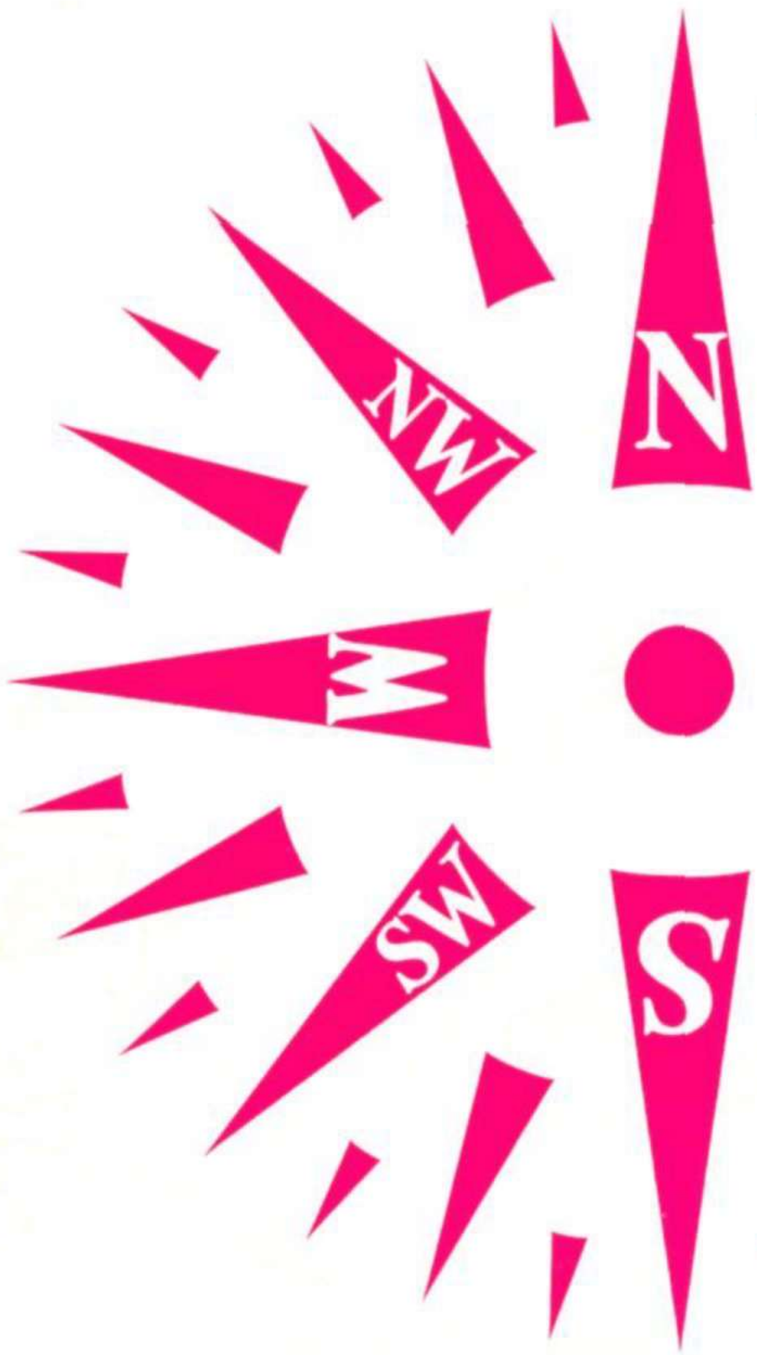
If you really want to get away from it all and do it on your own terms, charter a boat, as we did, and chart a course through the Caicos Islands, first discovered by Columbus in 1492 and still barely discovered by developers. Float free and dive deep in the crystalline waters, which lie but an hour and a half from Miami.

Even unregenerate landlubbers, of course, can enjoy the scenery afloat. To paraphrase a somewhat more contemporary artist than Melville, namely Frankie Ford, "Won't you let us take you on a sea cruise? Oooh-wee. Oooh-wee baby, oooh-wee."

Ahoy, and enjoy.

Sail Away

Photographs by Marc Hispard



It is immediately clear that the *Club Med 1* is no ordinary cruise ship. For one thing, it has sails. Seven of them. And when they are unfurled–by computer, natch–one can feel the powerful tug of the wind. At 617 feet, *Club Med 1* is the largest sailing ship of its kind. It carries 386 passengers–usually a wide array of international types–and provides plenty of space for each one. And with its island-a-day itinerary (the selected ports vary with the season), *Club Med 1* offers a bounty of beautiful settings for picture taking–not the least of which, as we discovered, was the ship herself.

ELLE MACPHERSON CASTS HER CARES TO THE WIND, IN A BIKINI BY LISA LOMAS FOR THE EXPRESS ($40) AND A ROBE BY MONIKA TILLEY ($120)

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY FRANCOIS ILNSEHER; CALLIGRAPHY BY BERNARD MAISNER

POOLSIDE ABOARD SHIP, RACHEL HUNTER STARS IN A SUIT ($80) AND CAP ($24) FROM KARLA COLLETTO

RISE AND SHINE, LUBBERS, AND JOIN ELLE FOR A DAY OF SEAFARING SPORT. THE SUIT IS FROM MOSSIMO ($52)

ELLE STRETCHES OUT ON A SUN-BLEACHED DECK CHAIR, HAPPILY GIVING HER SEA LEGS A REST. HER SUIT IS FROM DIVA ($78)

IN A BIKINI OF BRAZILIAN BREVITY BY DARLING RIO ($35), ROSHUMBA WILLIAMS WASHES ASHORE AT ST. BARTS

MAKE WAVES · NOT WASTE ·

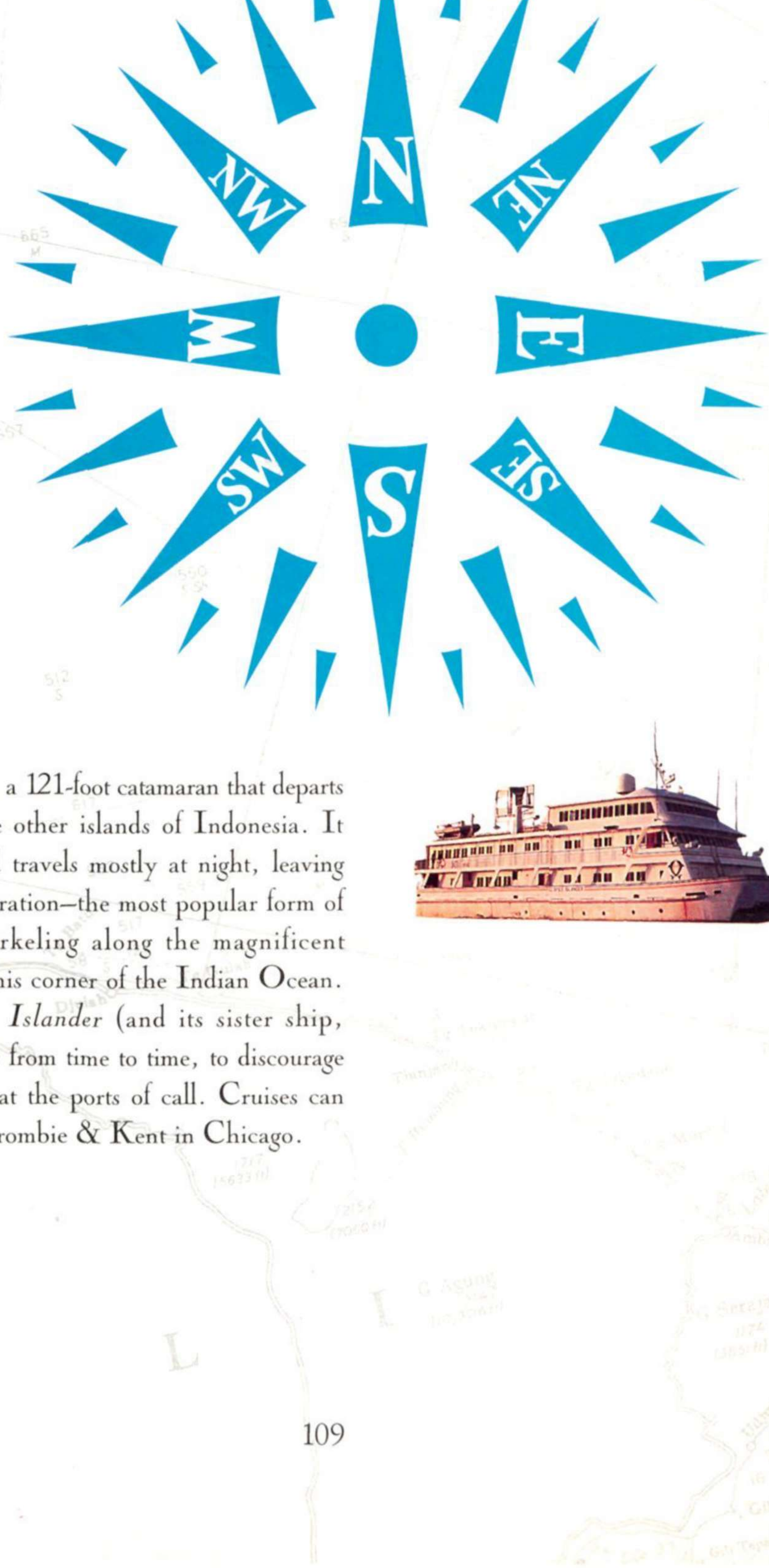
RACHEL BARES ECOLOGICAL CONCERNS IN A T-SHIRT AND SUSPENDER SUIT BY LISA LOMAS FOR THE EXPRESS ($35). ELLE SPLASHES DOWN AT TOBAGO CAY IN A BIKINI BY DARLING RIO ($45)

AT THE POOLSIDE BAR, ELLE CHECKS OUT HER SHIPMATES. THE CHANEL-INSPIRED SUIT WITH TROMPE L'OEIL CHAIN COMES FROM MOSCHINO ($190)

ON ST. BARTS, ROSHUMBA IS A PROFILE IN PURPLE IN HER FRINGED SUIT. MONICA BELLUCCI BLOSSOMS IN THE GARDEN OF THE TAIWANA HOTEL. SUITS ARE BY GIDEON OBERSON ($118 AND $112)

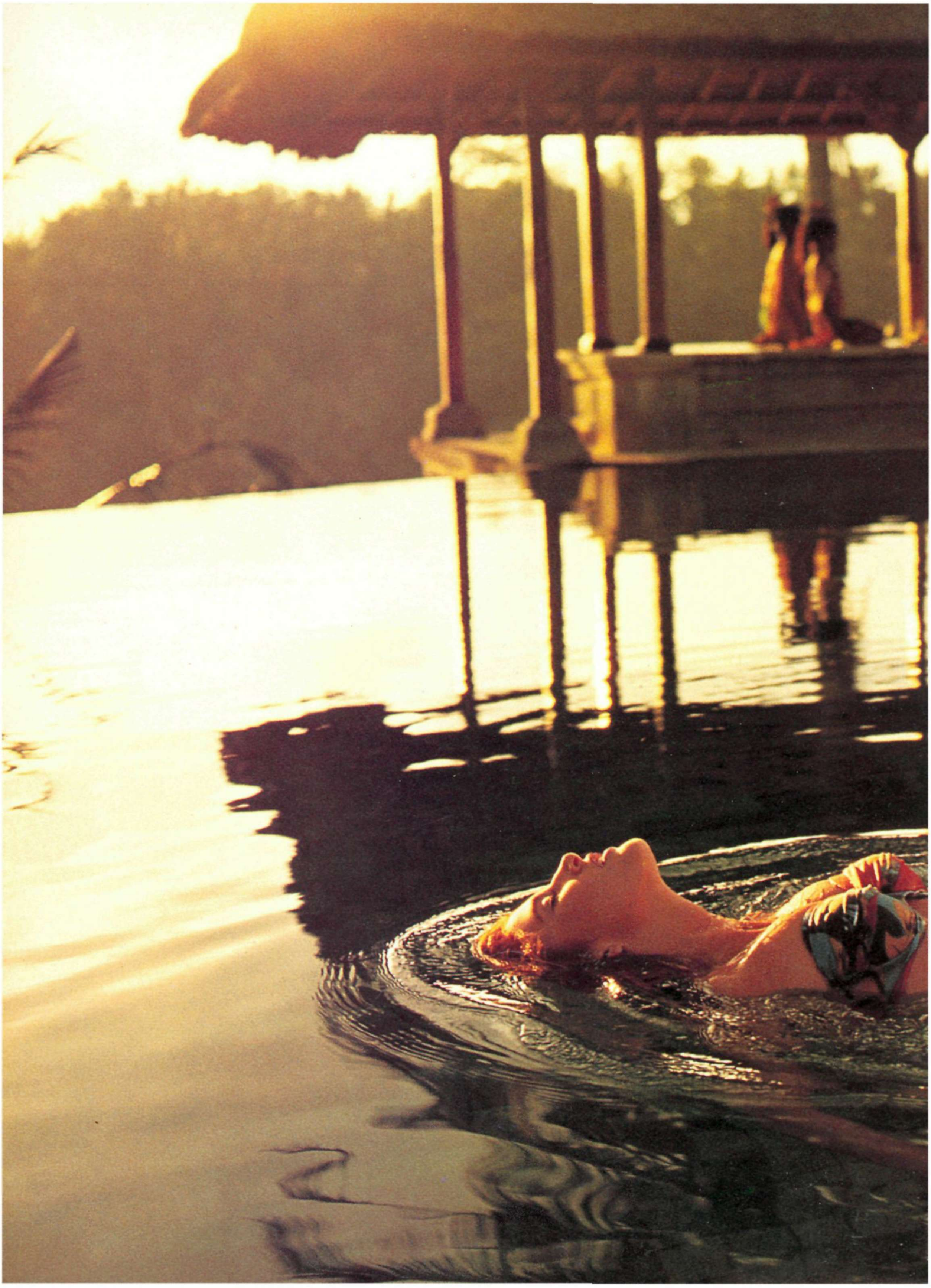
South Sea Idyll

Photographs by Hans Feurer



Spice Islander is a 121-foot catamaran that departs from Bali to explore the other islands of Indonesia. It carries 42 passengers and travels mostly at night, leaving the daylight free for exploration—the most popular form of which is diving or snorkeling along the magnificent unspoiled coral reefs in this corner of the Indian Ocean. The itinerary of *Spice Islander* (and its sister ship, *Island Explorer*) changes from time to time, to discourage tourist commercialization at the ports of call. Cruises can be booked through Abercrombie & Kent in Chicago.

IN THE GREEN GLOW OF DAWN, ROSIE SURVEYS THE RICE PADDIES OF BALI. HER SHIMMERING SUIT ($300) AND SARONG ($450) ARE BY GOTTEX

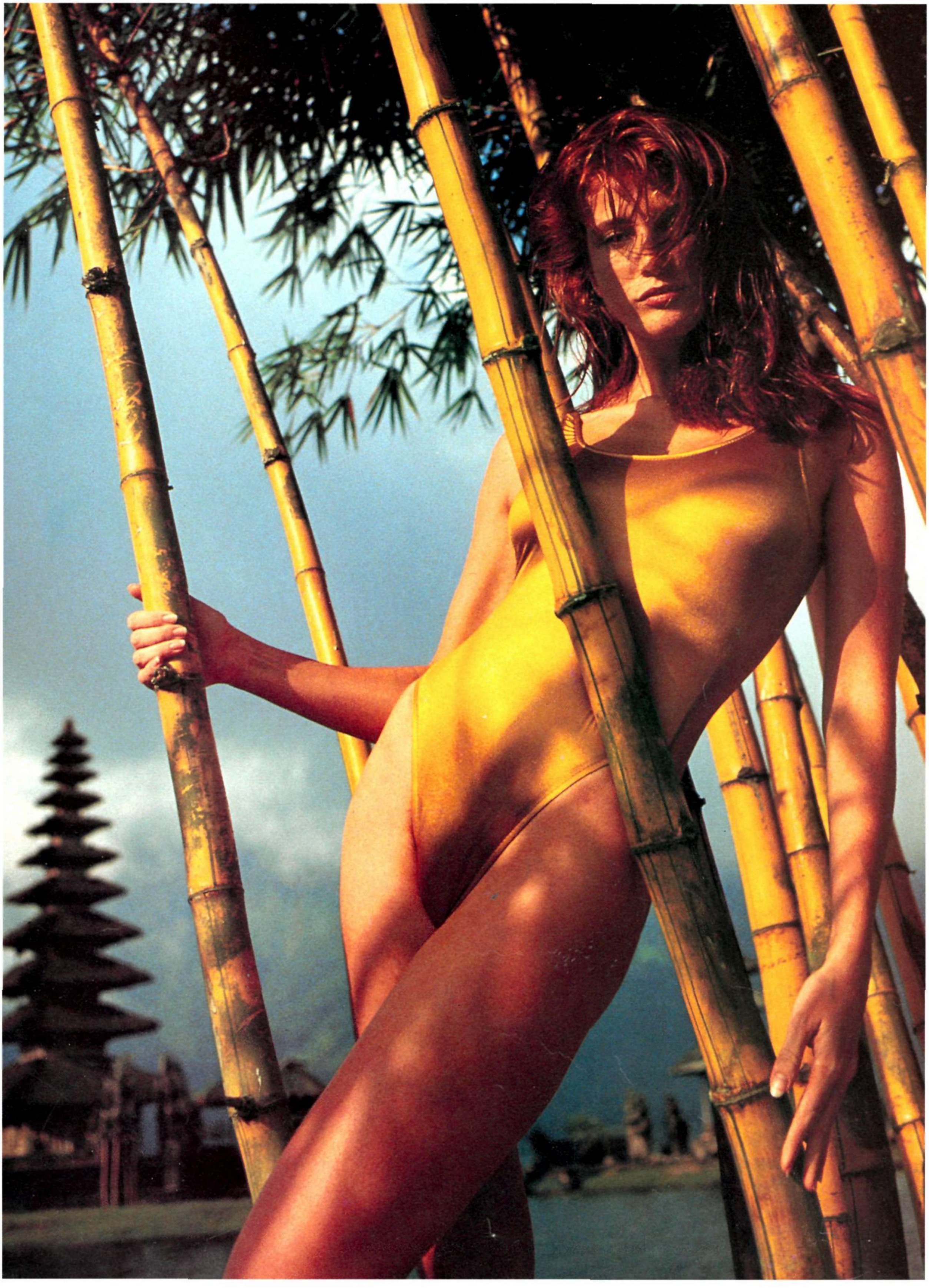


AT THE AMANDARI HOTEL IN BALI, ANGIE EVERHART DREAMS AND DRIFTS IN THE ELEVATED POOL. HER FLOWERED BIKINI IS BY DIVA ($88)

NEAR KOMODO, STEPHANIE SEYMOUR ENJOYS A LACY DAY IN SUIT ($240) AND SARONG ($750) BY GOTTEX. ON BALI, FRINGE BENEFITS ACCRUE TO ROSIE DE LA CRUZ, WHOSE BIKINI IS FROM JUICE BY HOT COLES ($48)

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE: STEPHANIE'S LYCRA SUIT BY GOTTEX ($94) IS POSITIVELY LIQUID, WHILE KATHY IRELAND WADES TO BOARD A BOAT OFF LOMBOK, IN A SUIT FROM DARLING RIO ($48)

BASHFUL BALINESE DANCERS POSE WITH ROSIE, WHOSE SEQUIN-EMBROIDERED SUIT IS FROM THE ANNE COLE COLLECTION ($300). PEEK-A-BOO, ANGIE'S IN THE BAMBOO, CLAD IN A SILKY SUIT FROM RALPH LAUREN ($85)



Chartered Waters

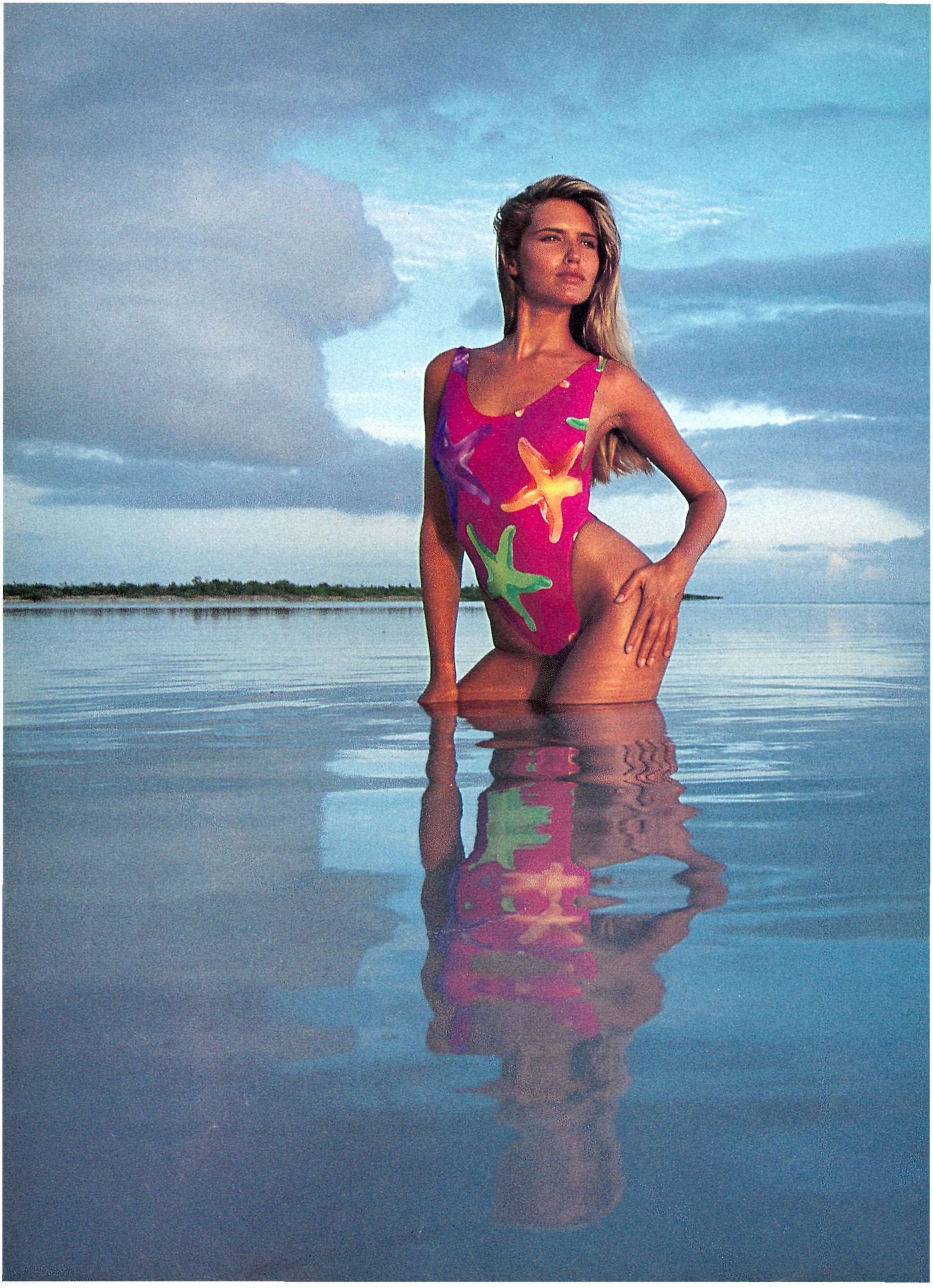
Photographs by Walter Looss Jr.

The *Caicos Sol* is a 51-foot ketch that we chartered in Providenciales (called Provo by its inhabitants), the main island for tourism—such as it is—in the Caicos. There are three marinas on Providenciales with boats available for charter, and a new marina and resort are being built on Parrot Cay. Provo has become a favorite stop for yachtsmen traveling the sea route from Florida through the Turks and Caicos, and on to Hispaniola and beyond. As we discovered on the *Caicos Sol*, island-hopping by sailboat doesn't get much better than this—the Turks and Caicos comprise 30 islands and cays, only six of which are inhabited.

ASHLEY MONTANA TAKES A BOW ON THE CAICOS SOL AT WATER CAY BAY. HER SUIT IS BY CONNIE BANKO FOR HALF MOON ($66)

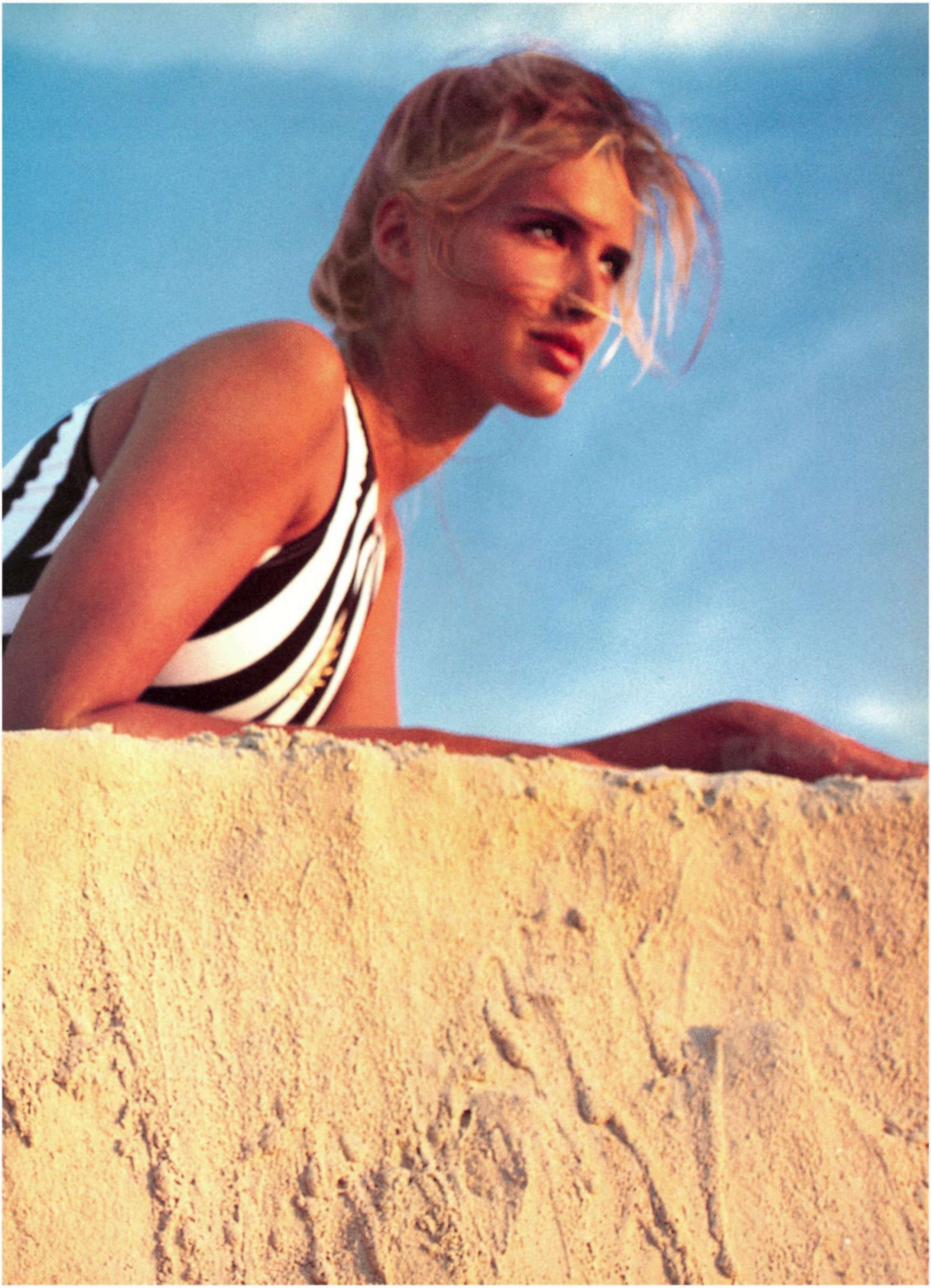
AT WATER CAY, ASHLEY BLENDS WITH THE GOLDEN SANDSTONE CLIFFS. IN HER ANNE KLEIN SUIT ($68), THE CAMOUFLAGE ISN'T QUITE COMPLETE

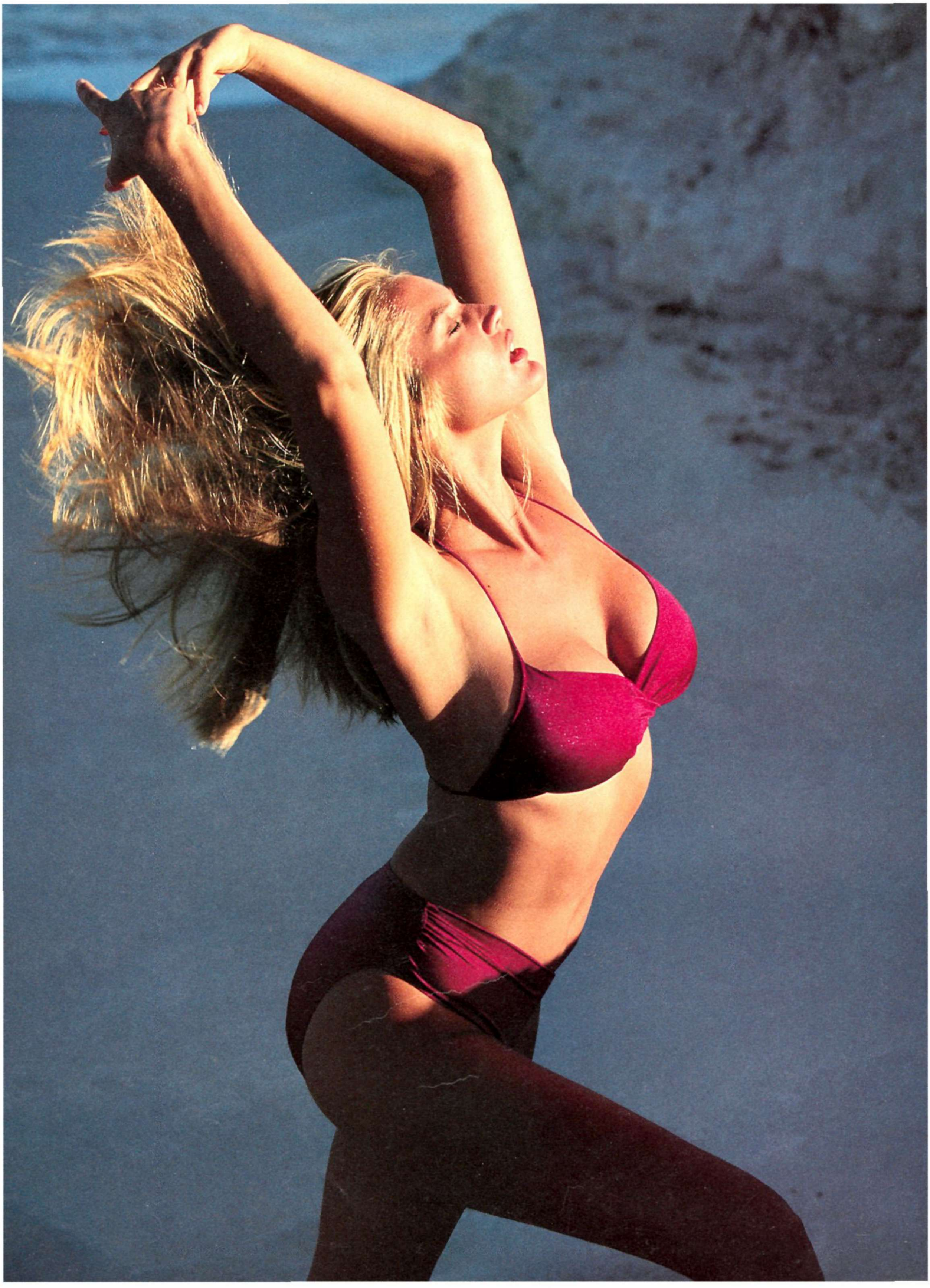
ASHLEY DANCES OVER THE WATERS OF PARROT CAY, IN A SUIT FROM ADRIENNE VITTADINI ($62). JUDIT MASCO GLISTENS ON PROVO IN A SUIT ($70) AND PAREAU ($50) BY MACARENA GUTIERREZ



STARFISH ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM AT WATER CAY. JUDIT'S TANK SUIT IS BY LISA LOMAS FOR THE EXPRESS ($35)

ASHLEY AND JUDIT, IN SUITS OF HARLEQUIN ($58) AND STRIPES ($68) FROM ADRIENNE VITTADINI, KEEP AN EYE OUT FROM THEIR PERCH AT THE OCEAN CLUB IN PROVIDENCIALES





THE SUN SPOTLIGHTS ASHLEY (FAR LEFT) AS SHE BASKS IN AN ANNE KLEIN BIKINI ($62). AT PROVIDENCIALES, JUDIT OUT-BRIGITTES BARDOT IN A THREE-PIECE SET BY BETSEY JOHNSON ($90)

AS EVENING FALLS AT GRACE BAY, JUDIT REALIZES THAT ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END. HER STAR-AND-MOON APPLIQUE SUIT ($85) IS BY KEIKO

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French Revelation

By Steve Wulf

Forget about beaming us up, Scotty. *Club Med 1* is *magnifique*, and no one made us dance the hokey-pokey

IT'S TOUGH WORK, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO DO IT: AUTHOR AND FIRST MATE (IN SHADES), WITH DAVE FROM CINCINNATI

ON MAYREAU, ETIENNE LABORED TIRELESSLY AT HIS TECHNIQUE IN THE FLEDGLING SPORT OF SURF-NAPPING

Call me Etienne.

This is, after all, a sea story, and with a decidedly French twist. Like Ishmael, my wife and I thought we would "sail about a little and see the watery part of the world," in this case the Caribbean. Unlike Ishmael, who had little or no money in his purse, we had a credit card with which to book a week's passage aboard the *Club Med 1*, the "sailing" ship operated by those antidote-for-civilization people at Club Méditerranée.

Club Med, which just turned 40, is a French Foreign Legion even farther flung than the French Foreign Legion, what with 110 villages dotting the globe, each staffed by friendly, energetic, talented *gentils organisateurs*, or G.O.'s, or congenial organizers or, if you will, camp counselors (♪ hands up, baby, hands up ♪). Their job is to make sure the *gentils membres* (G.M.'s, congenial members, campers) have a great time. Personally, Club Med never appealed to *moi*, perhaps because I knew that the pleasures of Camp Van Schoonhoven could never be recaptured.

A traditional cruise ship appealed to me even less than a Club Med did. I am highly allergic to the hokey-pokey—that's what it's all about, I thought. Then somebody told me about the *Club Med 1*. It wasn't like a Club Med. (Uh-huh.) It wasn't like a cruise. (Uh-huh.) You could go on assignment and take your wife. (We'll pack tonight.)

G.M.'S LOG, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1990.

LONGITUDE: UNDER NOVA SCOTIA, BUT ONLY GUESSING.

LATITUDE: QUITE A BIT SO FAR.

The *Pequod* she is not. She is, in fact, *très belle*, all 617 feet from stem to stern. From the outside the *Club Med 1* is overwhelmingly white, but it is a soft, sea-foam white. Her most arresting feature, perhaps, is her seven sails, which magically unfurled to catch the evening breeze as we left port. Her polished decks are handcrafted from Burmese teak. Inside, Art Deco touches recall a time of sophistication and elegance. The tastefully decorated cabins, each an unusually spacious 188 square feet, feature hand-rubbed mahogany cabinetry, twin portholes, blue canvas bedspreads, a minibar, television, ship-to-shore telephone, hair dryer . . . pardon me for getting carried away. It must be the wine. Or the half-dozen *Club Med 1* brochures I've read today. I bet Ishmael didn't have 24-hour room service.

Our trip began at 8 a.m. at Kennedy Airport in New York City, where we boarded Club Med's charter flight to Fort-de-France, Martinique, our point of embarkation and disembarkation. The flight was remarkably smooth, save for the ironically chosen in-flight movie, *The Hunt for Red October*. Thank goodness it wasn't *The Poseidon Adventure*.

Once aboard the ship, we were ushered into the Salon Calypso, where we were given drinks, photographed, booked and fingerprinted (just kidding). We were shown to our cabin by a G.O. who refused our reflexively American gratuity—no tipping, says Club Med. Then we explored the eight decks, A to H, each one named after a Club Med village. We discovered five bars, two restaurants, two pools, one casino, one disco, one fitness center, one shop (dutifully duty-free), one beauty parlor and the wonderful *hall nautique*, a minimarina that comes down from the stern like the rear flap of a union suit.

In our English-language orientation session this evening, we were told, among other things, that the ship can accommodate 386 passengers and that of the 275 G.M.'s on board, about 200 were French. I thanked my lucky stars that *ma femme* speaks the language very well. The *Club Med 1*, we also learned, is a kind of 40th-birthday present for and from Club Med. She is the fourth and latest in a line of luxury liners with automated sails and was built in Le Havre, France. In this, her first full season, she will sail the Caribbean in winter, alternating northern and southern routes, and the Mediterranean in summer. We were also introduced to Francky, our *chef de village*—head of the G.O. staff—and a man of immense charm, not to mention diminutive stature.

At dinner tonight in one of the restaurants, La Louisiane, we found ourselves at a large table with several middle-aged French couples. Our smiles were not returned. I elbowed my wife. "Give 'em some French." Our hopes of a Franco-American exchange were dashed, however, when she elbowed a glass of red wine onto the white slacks of France's answer to Ernest Borgnine. The waiter rushed over and said something in French as he sopped up the wine. I thought he was reassuring Commander McHale that the stain could be removed, but my first mate set me straight: "He told him red wine was the hardest stain of all to get out." Our pitiable looks of apology were not returned. We finished our eighth course in utter disgrace.

At about 11:30 p.m. the engines were started, the anchor was lifted, and the sails were mechanically unfurled. Standing out on deck, I thought, What a wonderful time this is, the moment a voyage—any voyage—gets under way. Even Ishmael felt there was "many a pleasant haven in store" when the *Pequod* set sail. That lofty thought gave way to a worldly desire to try the casino, which opened as soon as we left port. Our bad luck at dinner was reversed at the tables. If we invest our small blackjack killing wisely, we will be able to send our two sons through college.

French Revelation

Now, as I finish this entry, I can see through the portholes a sea made blindingly white by the fullest moon imaginable. How nice of Club Med to arrange that.

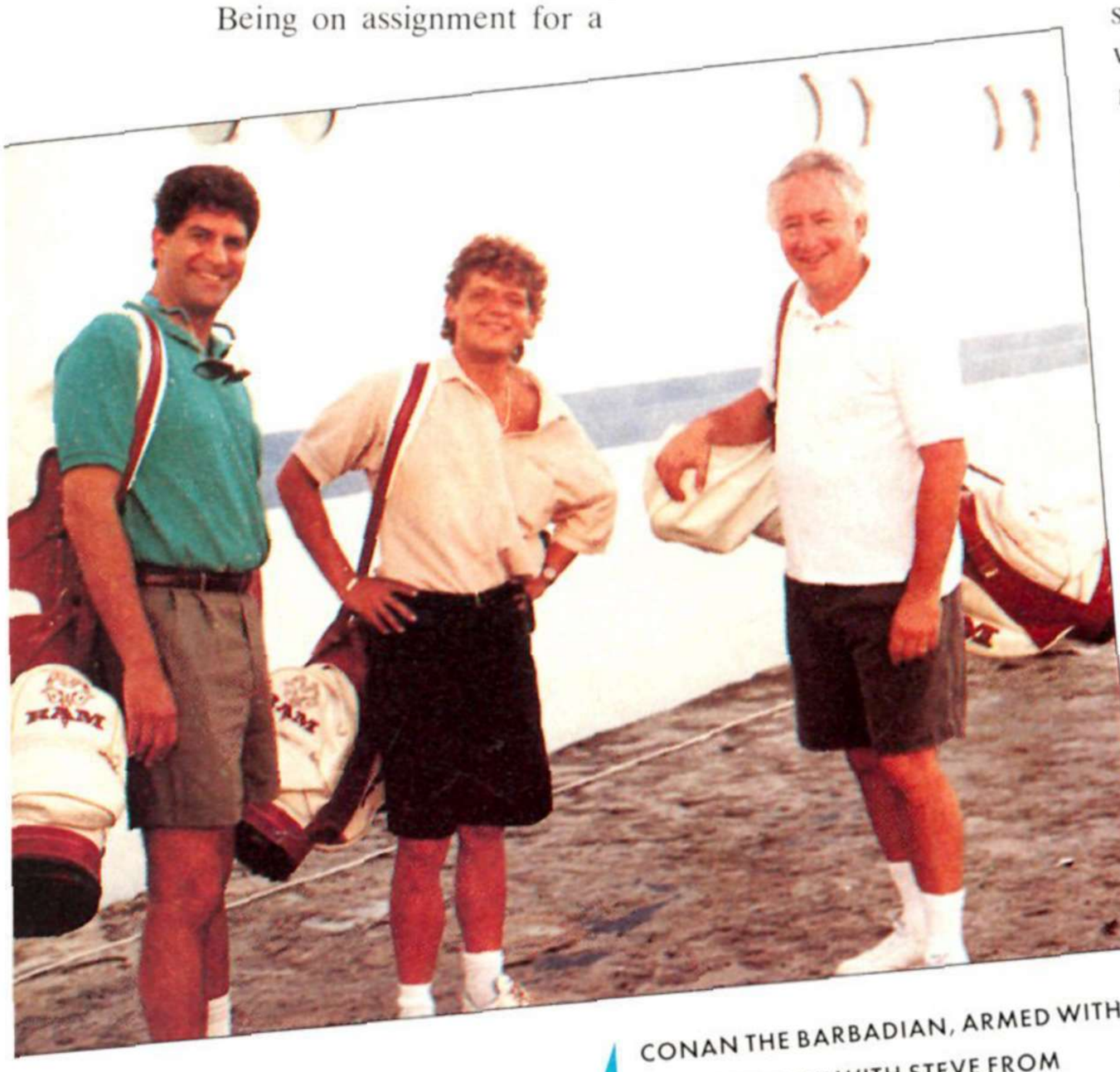
G.M.'S LOG, SUNDAY, DEC. 2, 1990.

OUR SIX-DAY MISSION:

TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE.

The ship has this drill called the "abandon exercise," in which the crew and passengers walk through what would happen if the ship hit an iceberg, went aground on a coral reef, rammed a competing cruise ship, ran out of wine. In a way, a cruise is a series of abandon exercises in which passengers throw off their inhibitions, make new friends, do stupid things.

Being on assignment for a *sports* magazine, I was honor- and duty-bound to participate in the many sports the *Club Med 1* offers. Unfortunately, most of them are water sports, and my affinity for aquatic recreation usually stops at my Top-Siders. But there I was, bright and early in the morning, waiting on the open hall nautique for my turn to water-ski. I had been up on water skis before. However, that was 10 years and 30 pounds ago, so I had my doubts.



CONAN THE BARBADIAN, ARMED WITH CLUBS, SET OFF WITH STEVE FROM BROOKLYN (LEFT) AND OLIVIER

Ma femme went first, and as she bobbed up and skimmed across the water, so did my heart. Piece of cake, I thought, as I watched the towline grow taut between my skis. "Hit it!" I called knowingly. For some reason, I lost my grip on the tow handle on the way up. On the second try I arose, only to keel over. On my third attempt the unseen hand of Ursula the Sea Witch grabbed my skis just as I was about to surface. Glub Med.

In waterskiing, as in baseball, three strikes and you're out. On my way back to the ship, I feigned nonchalance while I imagined 200 Frenchmen watching from the deck, laughing, pointing and shouting, *La baleine blanche, la baleine blanche!*

Our afternoon was spent stumbling around the island of Bequia, the first stop on the *Club Med 1*'s southern route and the largest island in the Grenadines. Picturesque Bequia is the last of the old-fashioned whaling centers, but there aren't many harpooners left. The people cater to the yachting crowd, and there are a number of scrimshanders and model-boat craftsmen whose wares are well worth purchasing. Taking a Jeep taxi from Port Elizabeth to Princess Margaret Beach, we encountered a lad walking in the middle of the road on stilts.

"Do people do a lot of that here?" I asked the driver.

"Oh, yes," he said.

He took us to the wrong beach, which turned out to have the right place, a bar called De Reef, which served delicious lobster-salad sandwiches. Eventually, after a walk up and down de cliff, we found our fellow G.M.'s, who were playing volleyball, swimming and sunbathing.

We took the D-Day launch back to the ship in time for afternoon tea at the Bar Topkapi. Afternoon tea doesn't sound exciting, but it was, in fact, the perfect way to wind down an exhausting day of relaxing. Tea will, I feel, become a daily highlight on this cruise, since it comes with an excellent jazz trio, as well as great macaroons.

Then it came time for our abandon exercise. It was like bumper cars with life jackets. I would be more confident in case of an emergency if I knew where that last strap went.

We had dinner tonight with Jennifer, the lovely public relations liaison, or P.R.G.O., so to speak. We learned that there were two celebrities aboard: race-car driver Dean Hall and Doctor Saito, "the Hemingway of Japan." This reminded me of a friend who once asked one of his Japanese students what his favorite book was. "*Goodbye Weapons*," said the student.

I drift. Jennifer excused herself to go dance in the show downstairs. Every night there is a show performed by the G.O.'s, and tonight's was a salute to the movies, starring Francky as Fred Astaire. The life of a G.O. is not an easy one, it seems to me, since each G.O. has a multitude of dawn-to-midnight responsibilities—windsurfing instruction, bartending, rehearsing—yet their smiles are constant. How do they do it?

After the show we went to the casino to see how our luck was holding up. Sorry, kids, about college.

G.M.'S LOG, MONDAY, DEC. 3, 1990.

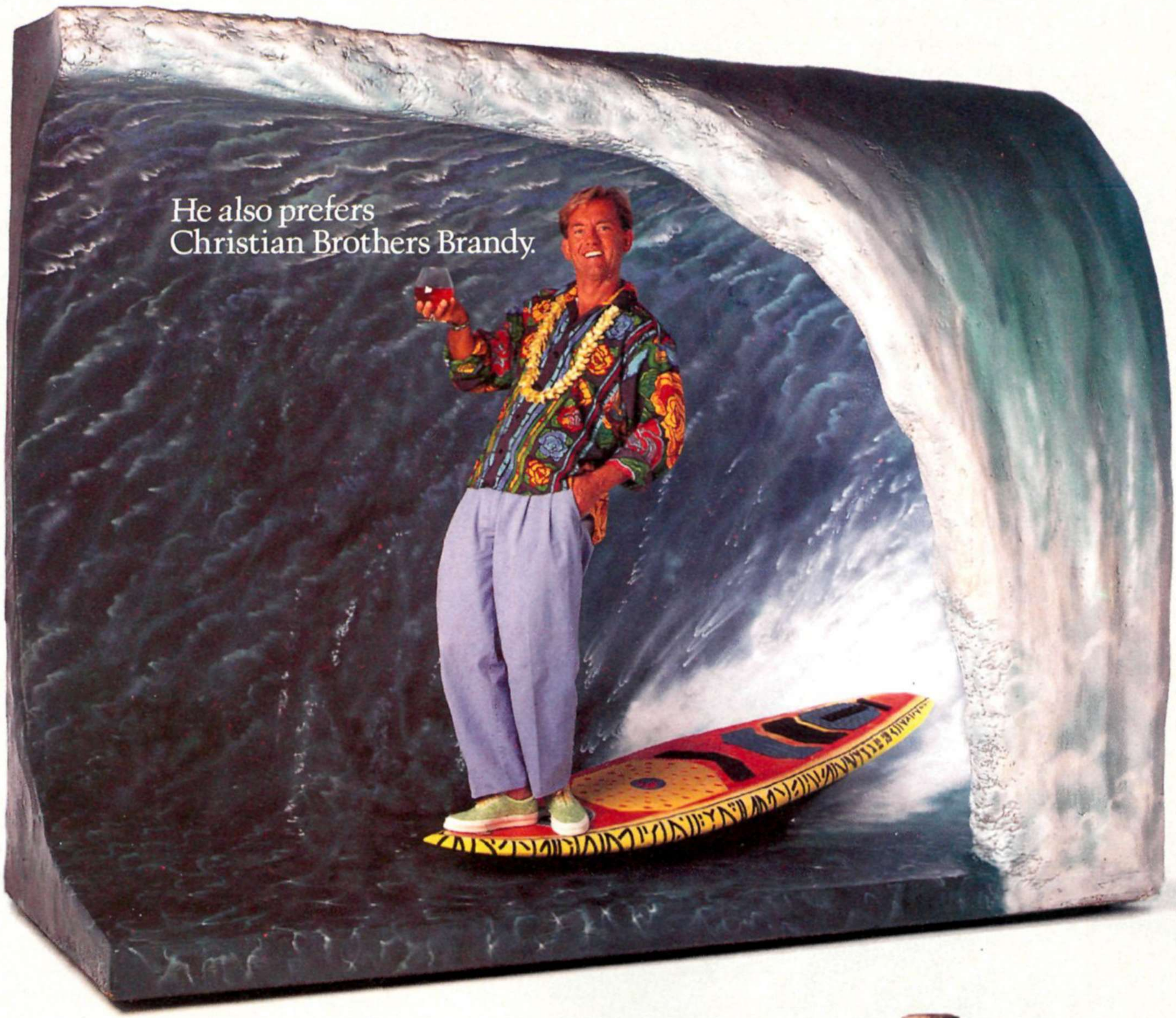
SIGHTED HOSTILE VESSELS OFF THE PORT BOW EARLIER TODAY,

BUT NO SHOTS WERE FIRED.

I went into training this morning. The fitness center on the top deck is a marvel unto itself, with state-of-the-art equipment and panoramic views, and if I had had this at my disposal all the time, who knows, I coulda been Wayne Grimditch, the Babe Ruth of waterskiing. However, the nautical hall never opened up—the sea was too rough—so I missed my chance at redemption.

Promised a deserted island with "the most transparent waters in this region," we pulled into the Tobago Cays this afternoon to find two other cruise ships, one of which was the *Wind Star*, an earlier version of the *Club Med 1*. Hence the deserted island looked like Coney Island by the time our tender arrived. Upon somebody's recommendation, we followed a path across the narrow spit and came to . . . more people. As my wife sunned herself among the weeds and ants, I went snorkeling—that I can do.

Rick Ireton rode a wave
all the way to the bank.



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French Revelation

Hmmm, some very interesting specimens. Eku. Hairoun. Red Stripe. No, they're not fish, but brands of Caribbean beer. There was more debris underwater than marine life.

For the first time on the voyage, there was talk of a mutiny. Afternoon tea, however, calmed things down. Personally, I thought we should have tried to board the *Wind Star*. I envisioned myself swinging across on a rope, a la Captain Blood, fencing the other ship's passengers with my *tuba* (snorkel).

Obviously in need of some form of competition, I sought out the Trivial Poursuite game listed on the day's activity sheet. This turned out to be a two-team affair, with a G.O. reading questions off Trivial Pursuit cards. My team was predominantly French, so there was something of a communication gap between the Americans and our *capitaine*, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Tommy Lasorda. Needless to say, we were trounced. The winners were given a bottle of champagne. Told it was Mexican champagne, the Gallic Lasorda announced, "I would not feed that to my pigs."

The luxury became so routine. Massage for me, facial for my wife. Drinks. Another show with the ever-clapping, heel-clicking Francky. (In this one he introduced every one of the 75 or so Mauritian waiters by name.) At dinner in L'Odyssée, the more desirable restaurant upstairs, we were seated with two other couples, one from Brooklyn (Beth's a lawyer, Steve's an insurance broker), the other from Berlin (Edith's a filmmaker, Horst's a gynecologist). The dinner conversation was so delightful that we barely escaped being vacuumed up by the Mauritians. We also missed the balloon-popping *lambada* contest downstairs. Damn.

At the roulette table sometime near dawn, my chips stood sentinel over 4, in honor of my birthday. Twice it hit, so the children are headed back to college. Me and Club Med are now 40.

ON SANDY ISLAND, ETIENNE GOT IN SOME HANG TIME AFTER BEING PALMED OFF BY HIS FAITHLESS COMPANION

G.M.'S LOG, TUESDAY, DEC. 4, 1990.

A WAVE OF NAUSEA WASHED OVER MY BOW.

You haven't had *mal de mer* until you've had it in French.

The day began innocently enough when we were awakened by the clanging of duty-free wine bottles bumping into one another. Dear, did you leave a wake-up wave? Since the nautical hall was again closed, we headed into Saint George's, the port city of Grenada, right after breakfast. Grenada is known as the island the U.S. rescued from the Cubans in 1983, but what I didn't know was that this was the spice island Columbus was looking for all along. He left, though, before he discovered the nutmeg and cinnamon and clove.

The spices, constantly hawked on the street, give the town its flavor, and the hills give it its character. We built a lot of character this morning, visiting churches, schools (so many different uniforms!), shops, the Houses of Parliament and Fort George. The weirdest things about walking through Saint George's were the Christmas decorations and the reggae carols. It didn't look, or feel, a lot like Christmas.

Laden with spices and fragrances and a toy steel drum, we headed back to the *Club Med 1* in late afternoon. I found a birthday present, a Club Med T-shirt, on the bed, thanks to Francky. I was touched. Or maybe that was the first sign of seasickness.

The next sign came during cocktails—no more champagne, thank you—and the third sign came during my gala birthday dinner when Dave from Cincinnati said, "Gee, you're looking a little pale." This after three glorious days in the sun.

"I think I'll just get a little air," I said. Flinging the door open, I went out onto the bow deck and greedily gulped the gale-force winds. I returned to the table in time for dessert, presented to me by several serenading G.O.'s. One of them was Olivier, the *chef de sport*, the No. 2 G.O. on any Club Med staff. Earlier in the evening Olivier and I had talked about playing some golf at our next port of call, Barbados, and suddenly the thought of a *land* sport had tremendous appeal for me. Not only did I make Olivier promise we would play golf tomorrow, but I also enlisted Steve from Brooklyn.

No after-dinner drinks, no casino, no disco tonight. Just some Dramamine, this entry and the shroud of sleep.

G.M.'S LOG, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1990.

WINDS MOVING OUT OF THE WEST.

SO I TRIED TO PUT A LITTLE FADE INTO THE SIX-IRON. . . .

As we were walking back along the docks of Bridgetown to the *Club Med 1* late this afternoon, we passed the *Song of Norway*, a gargantuan passenger ship, as it backed out of its slip. Over its loudspeakers came this announcement: "We are now leaving Barbados and entering . . . the Bingo Zone. Remember, the more cards you buy, the better your chances of winning." At that moment, we knew we were on the right boat.

Thanks to my bout with mal de mer, I had gotten a good night's sleep. At breakfast I found out I had slept through: 1) a great disco show in which the G.O.'s imitated rock stars (awww) and 2) a sea so rough that a giant wave washed over the bow (awww).

Okay, but just once a year.

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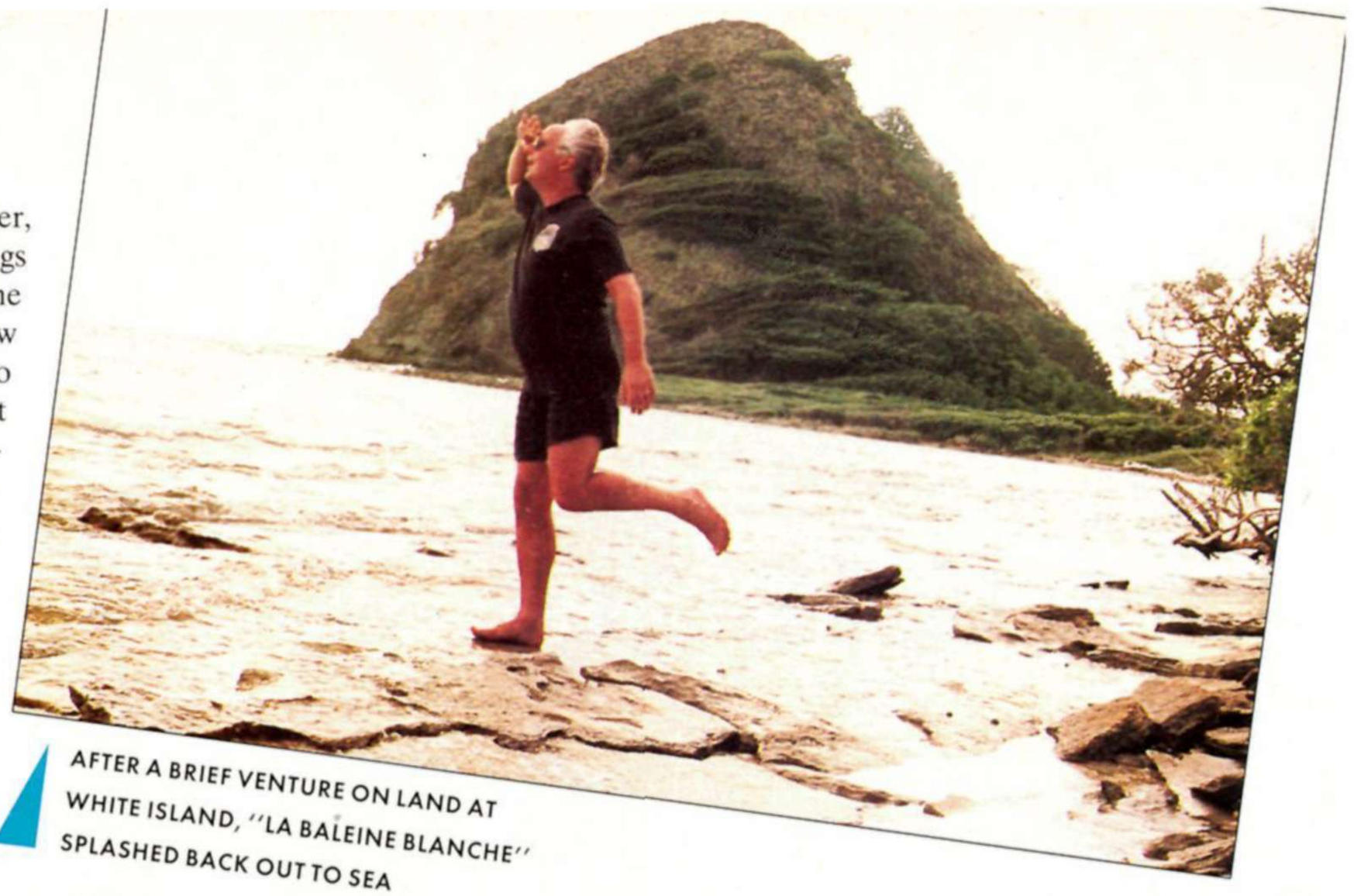
French Revelation

We felt a little silly, Olivier, Steve and I, carrying golf bags (provided by Club Med) off the ship, but we also noticed a few jealous stares. We took a cab to a nice little nine-hole course at the Rockley Resort and proceeded to bring the surrounding chalets to their knees. Modesty forbids me to go into detail about my round. Well, since you insist, I did have consecutive birdies, and the guys started calling me Seve.



AFTER A BRIEF VENTURE ON LAND AT WHITE ISLAND, "LA BALEINE BLANCHE" SPLASHED BACK OUT TO SEA

My wife, meanwhile, was taking one of four excursions offered by the *Club Med 1* today: the Villa Nova tour. Since the trip included not only a visit to the Villa Nova estate but also a stop at St. John's Church, she wondered if the excursion had a Big East connection. In the afternoon we were reunited for a helicopter tour of Barbados. I especially liked the part where the pilot headed the chopper for a cliff, pulled up suddenly, dived down and flew along the shore so close to the waves that you could feel the spray. *Mal d'air.*

We decided to have dinner with the Brooklyn couple at a restaurant called Carambola, on the Caribbean side of Barbados. The restaurant was suspended over the water, with breakers occasionally at our feet, and the food was almost as spectacular as the view. We actually had to hurry back to make the ship's 10:30 p.m. curfew. We entered the Blackjack Zone for a while, but we spent most of the rest of the evening on an aft deck, sipping something or other with our friends from Brooklyn and Berlin, talking theology under the stars. It was a good day. Good night.

G.M.'S LOG, THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1990.

CURRENTS: 220 VOLTS FOR EUROPEANS, 110 FOR AMERICANS, DEPENDING ON WHICH OUTLET SWITCH YOU FLICK.

This truly was a day at the beach. We dropped anchor off Mayreau and claimed the island in the name of a picnic. In the morning I went snorkeling with Ron from San Bernardino, and we discovered a graveyard of conch shells. I can still hear them clinking like muted bells as the waves washed up and down.

Again it was too rough to water-ski, so I drowned my sorrows in volleyball. Funny, nobody called me Karch.

Then came time for the actual picnic. All the lobster you could eat, all the wine you could drink. That is the great advantage of traveling with the French: They know how to eat and drink. And contrary to what many Americans think, they do not bite. My wife and Horst got into an animated gastronomical conversation with some French couples that had me laughing even though I could hardly understand a word they said.

Back aboard ship for tea, we were enchanted by a sound that's music to any New Yorker's ears—gunfire. They were skeet shooting, of course, from an aft deck. It proved to be a pretty good spectator sport, seeing which shooters could turn the most clay pigeons into red vapor.

The big event of the night turned out to be dessert. In the Calypso Lounge, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette (funny—I hadn't noticed before that they were on board) presented an extraordinary array of *gâteaux*, so extraordinary that passengers were videotaping it. Let them eat cake.

G.M.'S LOG, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1990.

LAND HO.

Yesterday, the last full day of the voyage, began with a minivoyage aboard a catamaran from Sandy Island to White Island, off Carriacou. After we landed, my first mate and I went exploring and found ourselves cut off from our group. She reminded me that this was how *Gilligan's Island* started, with a three-hour cruise. A three-hour cruise. Since the island was about the size of the *Club Med 1*, we found our way back to the group. There was excellent snorkeling off White, but we didn't have much time.

On the way back to Sandy Island we were served wine and cheese as the flying fish flew by. The captain of the cat dared us to try a shot of Sunset Very Strong Rum. I dared, and cleaned out every germ in my body. Hey, it was an abandon exercise.

The snorkeling at Sandy Island was like being dropped in an aquarium, and that's how we spent most of the afternoon. Back aboard the ship the nautical hall was open for only the second time on the voyage, but alas, I had an appointment on the bridge to meet Captain Alain Lambert.

He explained how the automated sails operate, and he even unfurled a sail and moved a boom for me, pointing to their pictures on the bank of computer screens. He assured me that the sails were not for show, that the *Club Med 1* can go 10 knots on sail power alone, 14 knots on her engines and 17 knots with both working. The sails also save the ship 25% in fuel costs. "She is wonderful," he said of the boat, "but she is a little nervous."

We wistfully dressed for the last evening aboard ship, a dressy affair. Everybody looked so nice, if a little sad. We had dinner with our pals from Brooklyn and Berlin once more, and we all said we would do this again, perhaps in the Mediterranean. Since bags had to be out at 7:30 a.m., we all retired early to pack.

It's after breakfast now, and everyone is getting ready to leave. In a few hours the whole cycle will begin again. A whole new set of G.M.'s will arrive, and the G.O.'s already seem to be saving their smiles for them. No matter. We had a great time, but more important, we made some friends. Like Ishmael, we got more than we bargained for on the voyage. ■

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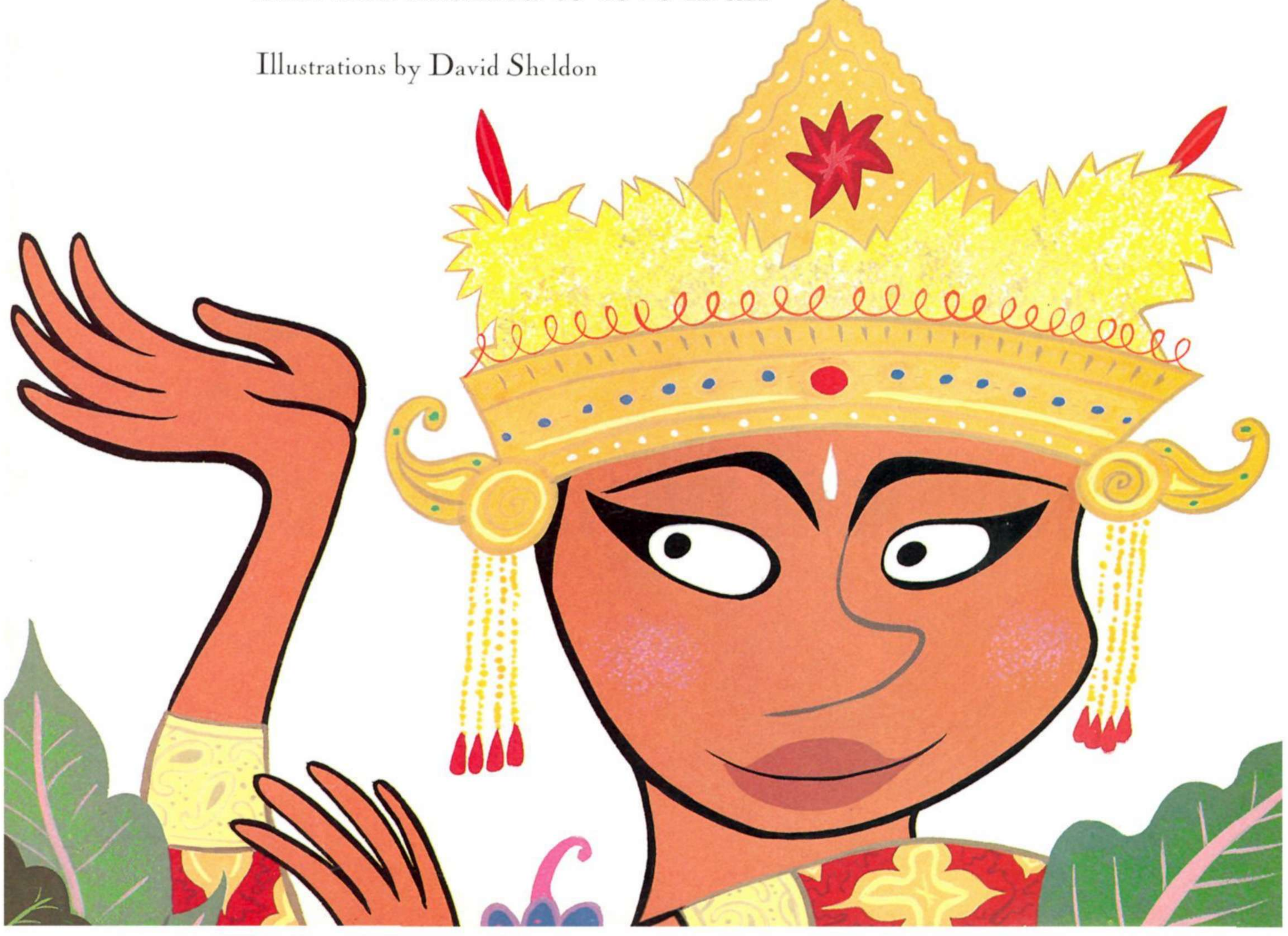
Mr. Stiv's Excellent Adventure

By Steve Rushin

Or how I survived marauding monkeys, cheeky lizards and big fish and learned to love Bali

Illustrations by David Sheldon



BEFORE SCREAMING MONKEYS FELL FROM the sky to rob me and beat me and leave me for dead, before I sliced a three-iron into the crater of a volcano (and hit a perfect lava wedge out to save par), before a James Bond villain named Mr. Cedok served me up as a cocktail wiener for the water life of the Indian Ocean, I was told to idly bicycle around Bali.

Before I fluffed my hotel pillow and found a live lizard where the mint was supposed to be, before I set out to see this island in Indonesia with nothing but a German guidebook for company, I planned to pedal peacefully around Bali's 2,147 square miles of unreal estate.

That was the assignment: Ride a bike. Clear my head and fill my notebook, take in the sun and bang out the story. One of those life-in-the-slow-lane swimsuit-issue stories. The kind they would no doubt headline BALI HIGH! Or better yet . . .

GOLLY, IT'S BALI!

The island excursion was not what my editors had imagined it to be, though Bali was just as I had pictured it. Alas, *my* only picture of the island was the 1952 film *Road to Bali*, in which George (Bing Crosby) and Harold (Bob Hope) were stalked by the evil Mr. Arok, spurned by the lovely Princess Lalah and assaulted by Bogatan the Giant Squid.

These were precisely the sorts of things that would happen to me in my seven-day Balinese sojourn.

This was entirely my fault. My previous international travels had consisted of 45 minutes in Tijuana (I know what you're thinking, but I was 11 years old and it was a family vacation) and a tour of Canada's Smythe Division cities. So once off the North American continent, I went nuts, seeking out the exotic wherever I could.

Greenout greets all visitors to the Emerald Island. George and Harold arrived on Bali by boat, parting the lime Kool-Aid waters off the southern coast. I came by plane, flying in over the green rice terraces that descend from Bali's tree-studded central mountains, themselves more fertile than Jane Pauley.

The greens on the golf course at the Bali Handara Country Club in the mountain village of Pancasari, the first stop on my tour, were said to be the greenest swatches of the greenest mountains on the greenest island on God's green earth. Pancasari is a short van ride from the airport in Denpasar, a sprawling, noxious village of 200,000 that only 20 years ago was quaint and fairly untouched by tourism. Which raises an interesting question:

Van ride?

I confess. My butt cheeks didn't touch a bike seat all week. For while driving in and around Denpasar in search of a bicycle rental shop, I saw:

- A giant stone pedestal displaying the twisted wreckage of an automobile whose driver, a disfigured crash dummy doused in red paint, hung from a window. HATI-HATI was the pedestal's inscription: "Be careful."
- A sign reading, in English, BETTER LATE THEN [sic] END UP IN THE HOSPITAL.
- Two fruit-marketing mopeders broadsided by a truck, sending melons heavenward and the two bikers flying into traffic.
- Countless pieces of spirit-appeasing roadside statuary skirted in black-white-and-gray-checkered cloth. ("Black for evil spirits," said Mr. Ade, whom we will meet later, "white for nice spirits." And gray? "For in-between spirits.")

I also saw zero bicycle rental shops.

On the island's roadways, life in the slow lane moves at breakneck speed. So I forgot about seeing Bali by Schwinn, and instead purchased a shrink-wrapped guidebook called *Bali*, rented a Mitsubishi Super Kijang van and resolved to drive the 70 miles to Pancasari and the legendary golf course there.

As Denpasar receded and Bali's more breathtaking, break-down-and-weep-beautiful precincts passed the windows, I stripped the shrink-wrap from the guidebook and riffled through it for rudimentary directions to our destination. The introduction to the book began:

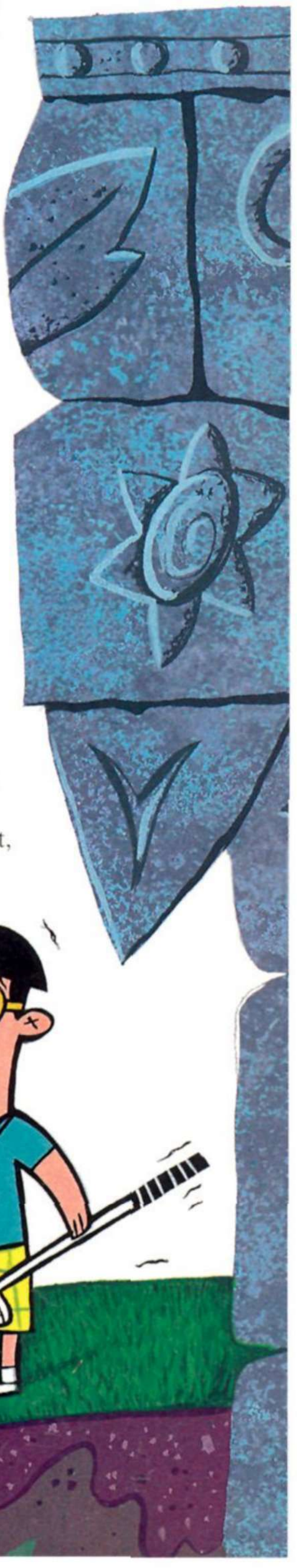
"Als die Erstauflage dieses Bali-Fuhrers. . . ."

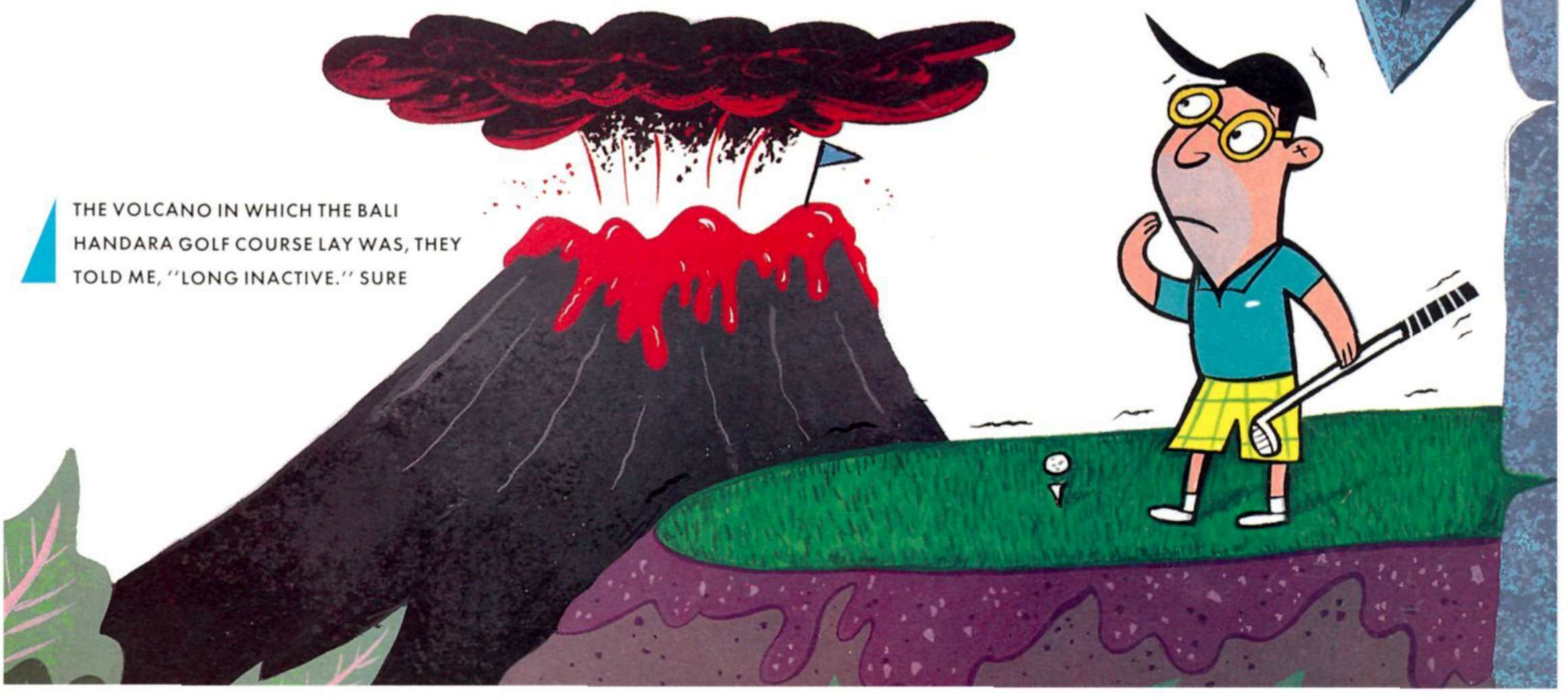
BALI ON ZERO RUPIAH A DAY

A bit of background would be helpful before we get to the excellent-adventure portion of our story:

Where Bali is. If the world were a cherry tomato, and you were to stick a toothpick through New York City, which isn't a bad idea when you think about it, the toothpick would come out the opposite side near Bali, virtually 180 degrees from Gotham.

Climate. It's not the heat,





THE VOLCANO IN WHICH THE BALI HANDARA GOLF COURSE LAY WAS, THEY TOLD ME, "LONG INACTIVE." SURE

Mr. Stiv

JOE VERSUS THE VOLCANO

ON MY HOTEL ROOM PILLOWCASE, I FOUND A GECKO WHERE THE MINT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

it's the humidity. The sheets on the bed that you *don't* sleep in are soaking wet when you wake up in the morning. The fattest James Michener paperback curls into a soggy cylinder on the nightstand. Even in an air-conditioned room, your pillowcase can be mistaken for the natural habitat of the Balinese gecko, as I discovered after turning in my first night on the island.

Come daytime, it really gets humid.

Speaking of Michener. This island is not the fictional Bali H'ai of which he wrote in *Tales of the South Pacific*, which became the musical *South Pacific*, which spawned the song *Bali H'ai*.

History. Java is less than two miles to the west across the Bali Strait, so Bali's history is as old as Java man's. But space limitations dictate that we jump ahead to 1596, when Dutch sailors first set foot on Balinese soil, and then to 1906, when some 4,000 Balinese died in the suicidal *puputan*, a hopeless fight against the Dutch forces that had ruled Bali off and on for 300 years. The Japanese occupied Bali in World War II, sometime after which the island became part of the newly independent country of Indonesia.

Religion. Bali is 95% Hindu and seems to have a temple for each of its 2.5 million people. Thus Mick Jagger didn't wait in line when he got married and converted to Hinduism here last November.

Temple etiquette. Women bring elaborate offerings of fruit, carried Carmen Miranda–like on the tops of their heads. As for the non-Hindu: "It is better that you go to temple without Balinese people," said Mr. Ade, whom, I promise, we will meet later. "Because if you do wrong, you just say, 'Big sorry. I did not know.' "

What to eat. "Jackfruit may cause nausea," read a warning in the Bali Hyatt. "You should have a glass of boiled water before eating it, and avoid alcohol for three hours after." Otherwise, a treat.

Durian, which looks like a pale yellow softball, cannot be carried onto airplanes or into most hotels. It is said to "smell like hell and taste like heaven." I tried it. It smelled like a Greyhound restroom and tasted like a pale yellow softball.

Where to stay. The Oberoi hotel in Legian Beach has roofless bathrooms, which are nice until you discover that on Legian Beach you can rent motorized hang-gliders. The Oberoi may be the only luxury hotel in the world whose bathroom sinks are equipped with spray cans of Bay-Gon, which combats, according to the label, *nyamuk*, *kacoa*, *laba-laba* and *kutubusuk*. That's "mosquito," "cockroach," "spider" and "bug" if you're scoring at home.

On the downscale are the Bali Intan Cottages in Kuta Beach, a sort of Fort Lauderdale for vacationing Australian students. (AVOID HANGOVERS advises a sign at the Cock 'N' Bull Pub. STAY DRUNK.)

"We take any kind of card," said the man behind the desk at the Intan Cottages. I charged my room to a long-expired Minneapolis Public Library card but was busted at checkout.

"Big sorry," I said. "I did not know."

English-language guidebooks to Bali do exist. "It's often said the Balinese look away from the sea and toward the mountains," reads one book. "The mountains are the abode of gods and the sea is the home of demons and monsters."

The sea, as I would discover when I became human crankbait, was indeed the home of demons and monsters. But the mountains, as I discovered at the Bali Handara golf course, were not all bougainvillea, either.

Lake Buyan and 7,467-foot Mount Batukau overlook Bali Handara. Two years ago, the Indonesian government banned hiking on Batukau, anticipating a volcanic eruption that has yet to come. Nevertheless, "I think Batukau will smoke soon," a Balinese man told me. "On top of Batukau, trees are growing up. I think they are very hot, yes?" But the most unsettling thought as I made my backswing on Handara's first tee was the knowledge that the golf course on which I stood was, literally, 18 holes in one.

The Bali Handara course was laid out 17 years ago in the crater of an unnamed volcano. Sure, the volcano is "long inactive," but so are Tony Orlando and Dawn. Should I not fear a return to activity?

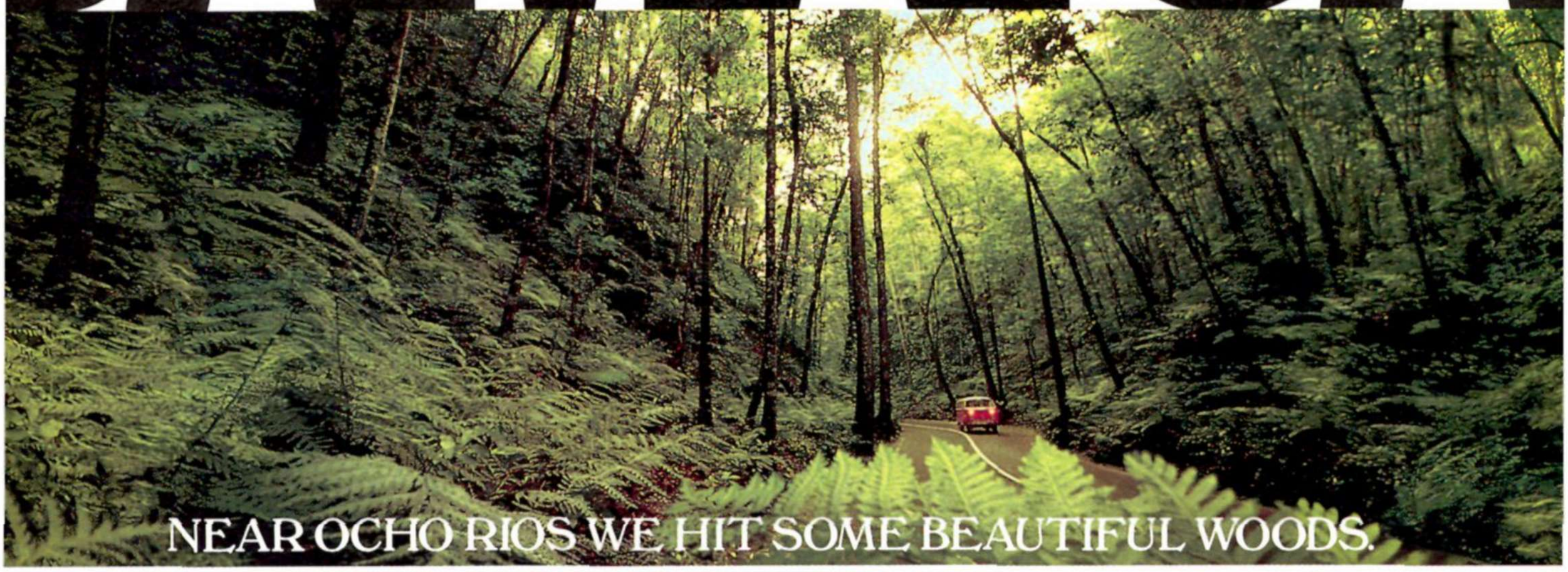
Directly behind me on the first tee box, Mount Catur watched my follow-through like a 3,000-foot instructor. And though my alltime lowest golf score would be a record-high temperature on Guam, I unaccountably spanked that first ball 275 yards down the center of the fairway. My caddy, a 16-year-old Pancasari village girl named Kadek Suartini, admired the flight of the Titleist. Then Kadek the Magnificent, more lovely than Princess Lalah herself, turned to me and gushed:

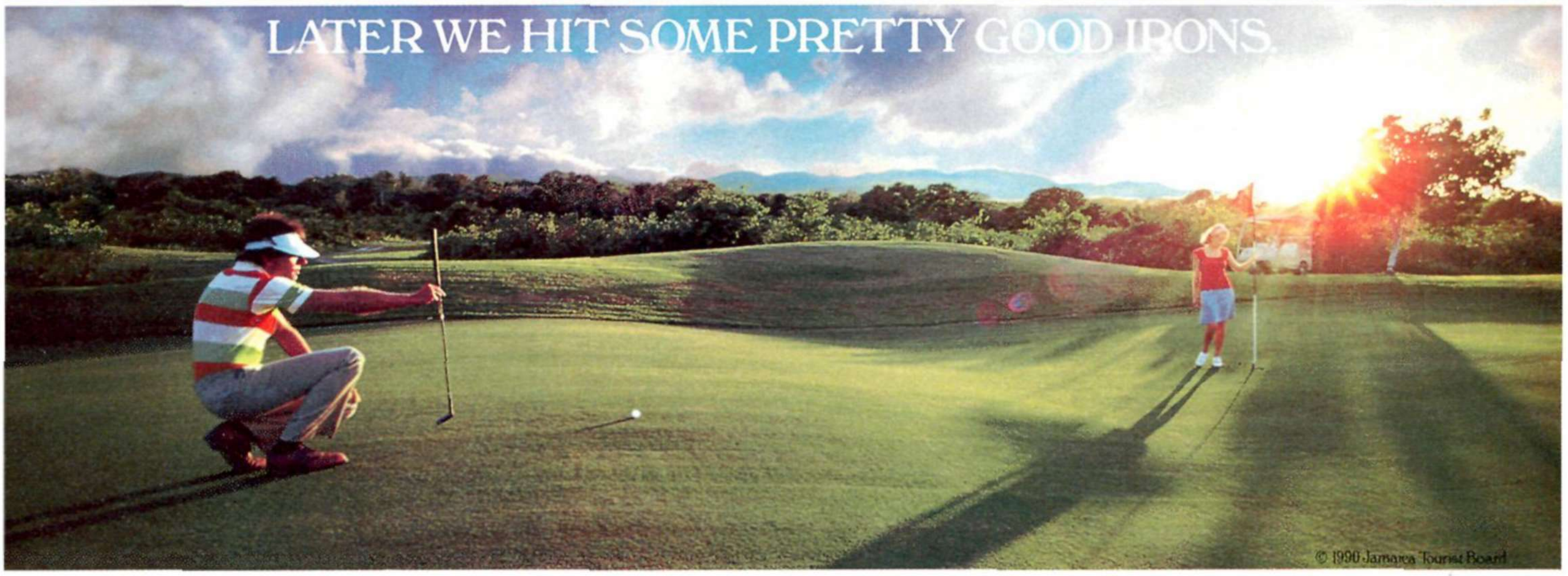
"Luck-*eee*! Luck-*eee*, Mister!"

Somehow, she knew that when it comes to driving, I'm no Pope John Paul II, who, of course, is notoriously long off the tee. In the Handara clubhouse hangs a photograph of the pontiff wearing red-white-and-blue Foot-Joys beneath his white vestments. Two Balinese are posed to the right of the Holy Father. All three stand behind Handara's 18th green. The caption below the photo reads: *1984 Bali Bash. L to R: Low Gross, Low Net and Long Drive Winners. (Golf Clothes Supplied by KB Petroleum Golf Fashion Wear.)*

That's right. Apparently, His Holiness

JAMAICA





"Come on, honey, you're not going to sulk all night, are you?"

Dusk had deepened to a moonlit Jamaican night, the breeze whispered of romance, and Michael was acting like a ten-year-old.

"I'm not sulking," he said. "It's just that I hate losing, especially at golf, and especially to my wife."

"It was a fluke," I lied.

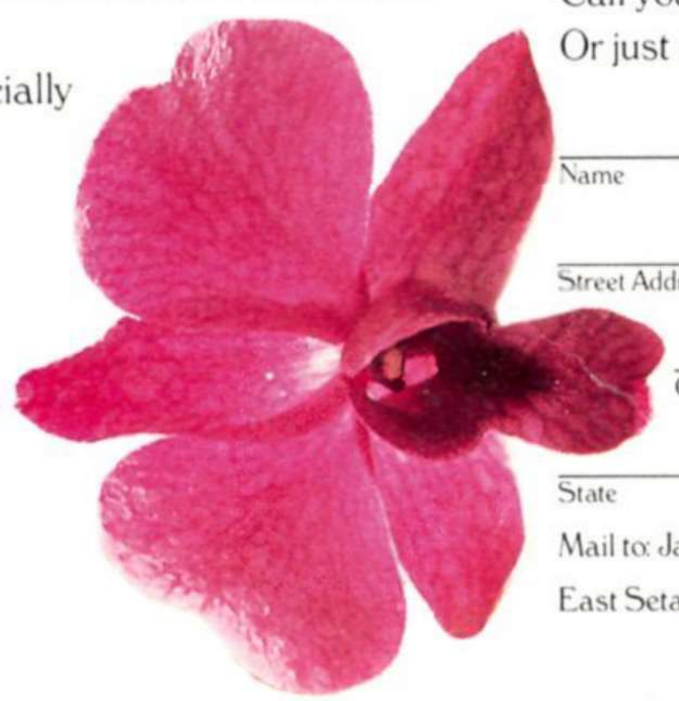
"The only good drive I had all day was in the car."

"Wasn't it beautiful?" I said, eager to change the subject. "That twisty part through Fern Gully..."

"And that great little beach we found near Runaway Bay," smiled Michael.

"It's been an amazing vacation, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," he said, kissing me softly. "Way above par."



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EMSTB11

not only won a long-drive contest on Bali when he visited the island, he also inked an endorsement deal.

Kadek spent the rest of my round exhausting her English vocabulary. When I told her I was from the U.S., she began calling me Joe. When I blew putts, she screamed, "Aaargh!" When I sliced a three-iron into the flinty bottom of a small canyon and asked for a lava wedge to chip out with, she said, "Drop it."

Drop *what*? A new ball? My pathetic attempt at an icebreaker? Such language difficulties required that I hire an interpreter. And so, immediately after carding a onetwentysomething, I hired one.

Meet 27-year-old I Made Ade. His long left thumbnail was meant to show that he did no hard manual labor. He was to serve as guide and van driver. I called him Mr. Ade—it rhymes with "body"—and he called me Mr. Stiv. With the characteristic warmth of the (noncaddying) Balinese, Mr. Ade was soon describing to me his village, his wife, his wedding. "I am married one year," he said. "And I have six-month-old child. So I have very quick service, yes?"

We hit it off, Mr. Ade and Mr. Stiv. So why didn't I listen when he told me . . .

IN SANGEH, THE MONKEYS PICK YOUR POCKETS AND HOLD YOUR WALLET FOR A RANSOM OF FRUIT

"IN SANGEH, THE MONKEYS ARE STUPID"

"Yes," he said, a nervous smile splitting his face. "I take you to Tabanan."

But I want to go to Sangeh, I repeated. I want to see Bukit Sari, the sacred Monkey Forest there. I want to see Pura Bukit Sari, the sacred Monkey Temple in the sacred Monkey Forest.

"But friendly monkeys in Tabanan," Mr. Ade replied. "In Sangeh, the monkeys are stupid."

Stupid?

"They go in your hair," he said. "They jump on your shoulders. They scratch you. They take your glasses, take your money, take your camera. They want many fruits to give them back. If they take expensive camera, they want many more fruits. Friendly monkeys in Tabanan."

Take me to Sangeh, I said. I want to see the stupid monkeys.

The *Rāmāyana* is one of the great Hindu epics. It holds that Hanumān, the monkey god and a flying white monkey himself, was toting a mountain across the sky when he dropped a chunk, studded with trees and teeming with monkeys, on the spot that is now Bukit Sari.

Bukit Sari is still teeming with monkeys. Teeming with thieving, murderous, corrupted monkeys. Monkeys who would mug me for my Minolta and hold it for a ransom of bananas. Monkeys who would gouge a fistful of flesh from my shoulder just to watch me bleed. More intriguing was the fact that in the deepest part of the forest stood Pura Bukit Sari, an ornate temple to all things monkey: a baroque, Hearstian, palatial San Simian.

Mr. Ade parked the van when we pulled within sight of the forest, a thicket of straight and leafy nutmeg trees. We could already hear the whine of what sounded like cannonballs ripping through the treetops as we read the sign posted at the side of the road: ATTENTION: BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR BELONGINGS (ACCESSORIES) DURING VISIT TO THIS HOLLY MONKEY FOREST. TO AVOID UNDESIRABLE CASES CAUSED BY SOME AGGRESSIVE MONKEYS.

The sign was a model of understatement, if not of spelling and punctuation. The sign maker didn't mention that the human earlobe is an "accessory." For of all the "cases" Mr. Ade has had occasion to witness in the Monkey Forest, perhaps the most "undesirable" have occurred when "some aggressive monkeys" have snatched the pierced earrings—and accompanying pieces of lobes—from the heads of unsuspecting visitors.

On the threshold of the fenced-in forest, a toothless old woman bade me to take the stick she offered, and I did. She also urged me to remove my Coke-bottle-thick glasses, lest the monkeys rob me of my very vision. Impossible, I told her. As I pinned the glasses to the bridge of my nose with my index finger, Mr. Ade broke his nervous silence.

"Mr. Stiv," he said quietly. "Please do not taunt the monkeys."

I assured him that I had no intention of taunting the monkeys.

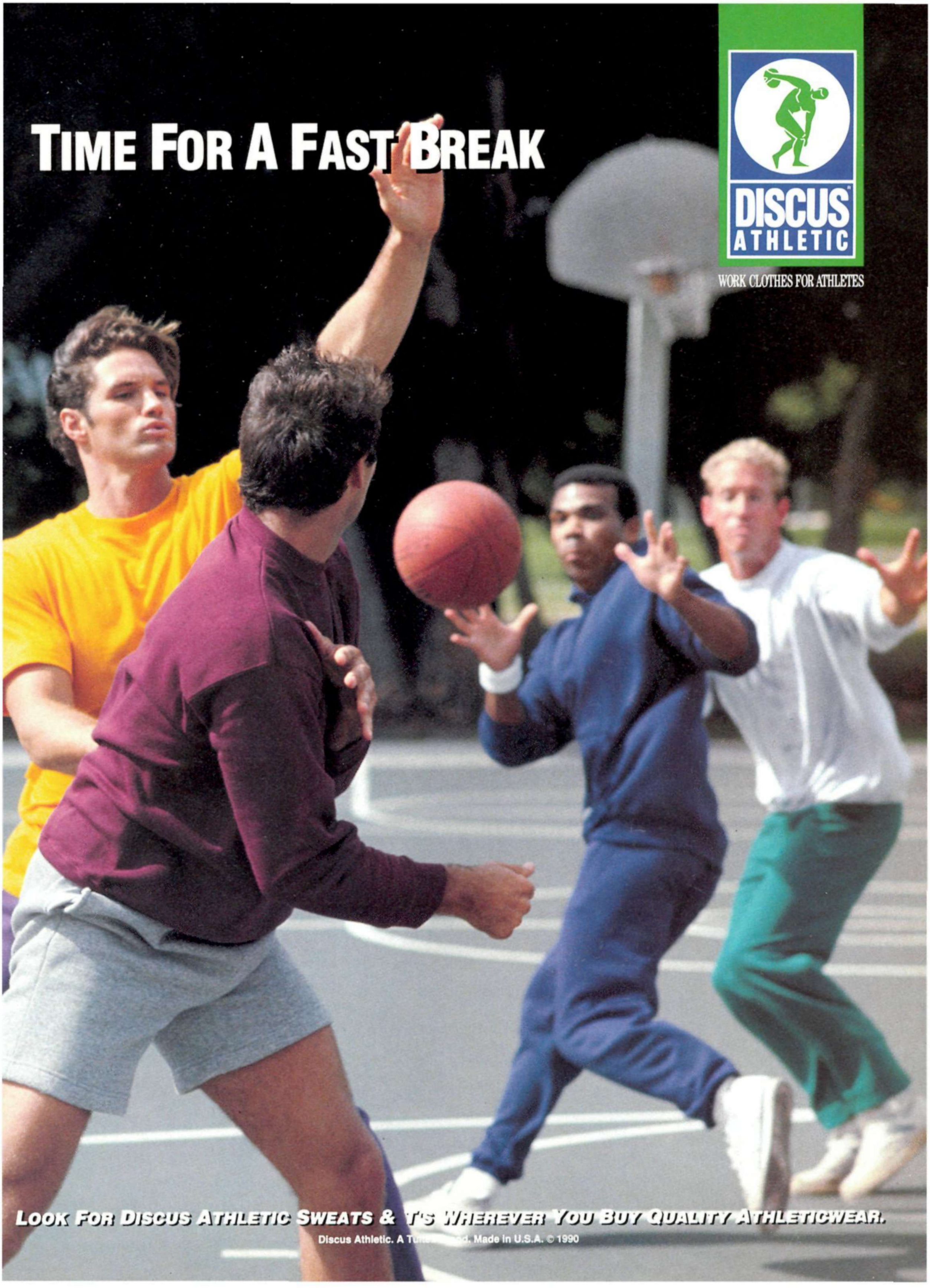
"Please," he repeated more quietly. "Do not taunt the monkeys."

In the forest, the sunlight disappeared. And so did all sound, save for the screeching of monkeys and Mr. Ade's constantly whispered admonitions against taunting them. As we walked down the single dirt path, I felt the eyes of a million monkeys on me—the new inmate on parade down Cell Block A at Monkeytraz.

Suddenly, a 30-pound animal came cannonballing out of the trees. We half-circled each other as two wrestlers will at the start of a match. He lunged and I jabbed with the old lady's stick. The simpering simian hobbled away.

Another monkey picked the pocket of a tourist walking ahead of us, then bolted into the woods. The tourist sought out a forest ranger, who sought out the monkey, who was found waving a driver's license and motioning for peanuts.

There weren't more than 20 human targets in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SUPER BOWL XXV

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It's not just a truck anymore.® It's quality on the road.

the forest, but soon all was a black marketplace of gray monkeys—here bartering for bananas, there making off with a baseball cap, everywhere pawning people's goods for a palmful of peanuts.

And just as I glimpsed the magnificent Monkey Temple, one of its tenants hijacked, humbled and dehumanized the Aussie.

An Australian high school kid began bawling and flailing after a monkey had leaped onto his shoulder. A ranger ordered the boy to stand still. Thirty seconds passed, and the kid looked cautiously at the monkey. After a minute or so, the boy was beaming while his two *friends snapped their Instamatics.*

It wasn't until the boy began to—yes—*taunt the monkey* that the animal drew itself to its full three feet in stature and cackled maniacally. The monkey may also have beaten his chest with both fists, though I didn't pause to take notes. For at that very moment, as all activity froze around them, the monkey, standing like a hirsute hood ornament on the Australian's shoulder, loosed a hideous scream.

The monkey then took a long leak on the chump's bare neck, rappelled to the ground and disappeared into the forest, howling and giving monkey high-fives to his howling monkey friends.

Mr. Ade and I made tracks for the van.

LOOKING FOR MR. CEDOK

The last thing I remember thinking before I lost consciousness was: How exactly did I let this happen?

How does *anyone* let himself be ferried miles out into the Indian Ocean in a canoe, knocked unconscious, turned into chum and dangled in the sea spray for the better part of four hours?

Well, he begins not by planning a fishing trip to end his life, but by planning one to end his visit to Bali. Hire a boat. Cast a net. Crack a Bintang, the beer of Indonesia. Maybe tune in a prodigal ball game bounced off an errant satellite.

Which is how I innocently came to hire my own hit man.

I found Mr. Cedok (CHED-ock) in the fishing village of Jimbaran. He is, by his own estimate, "about 24." (The Balinese year is 210 days long.) He is from infinite generations of fishermen. As Mr. Ade pointed out, *cedok* is an Indonesian word for "something like a spoon, used to scoop the water from the boat."

Of course, Mr. Ade begged off the excursion immediately after telling me that Cedok's very surname implies a boatful of water. I would meet Cedok alone the next morning at six.

"Tomorrow," Cedok said, "be lucky." I didn't know if it was a forecast or a command, but he said it in Indonesian. Cedok doesn't speak a word of English.

His 12-foot boat, the *Lumayan*, was the same sort of outrigger canoe you see on the opening credits of *Hawaii Five-O*. Alas, the waves in the Indian Ocean the next morning were also the same sort as on the opening credits of *Hawaii Five-O*. I swallowed several Dramamine as Cedok zipped us out to sea on the power of the village's lone outboard motor.

I was handed a large plastic spool of fishing line labeled UNBREAKABLE. An enormous multihooked lure dangled at the end of the line. I blindly followed Cedok's pantomimed instructions and realized too late what I had done. Miles from shore and a hemisphere from home, I had tightly wrapped unbreakable line twice around my waist and tied a knot from which there could be no escape.

I was bound to one end of the unbreakable line, which extended 100 yards into the Indian Ocean. A sumptuous lure at the other end beckoned anything to bite. Nearby, commercial fishing boats were using industrial-strength cranes to haul in yellowfin tuna the size of Pontiacs. If I snagged one of those, I knew, I would be waterskiing barefoot behind it.

I sat down on the floor of the canoe and held, viselike, with both hands, onto my

AT MR. CEDOK'S INSTIGATION, I TURNED MYSELF INTO BAIT FOR TUNA THE SIZE OF PONTIACS

wooden-plank seat. Cedok did not seem to think that this was a bad idea.

I prepared to die. And then everything faded to black. . . .

I had fallen sound asleep (too much Dramamine).

But in my sleep I hooked an eight-pound tuna, and I fought it until the fish had no more energy. When I awoke, Cedok was laughing hysterically and pulling in the tuna hand over hand.

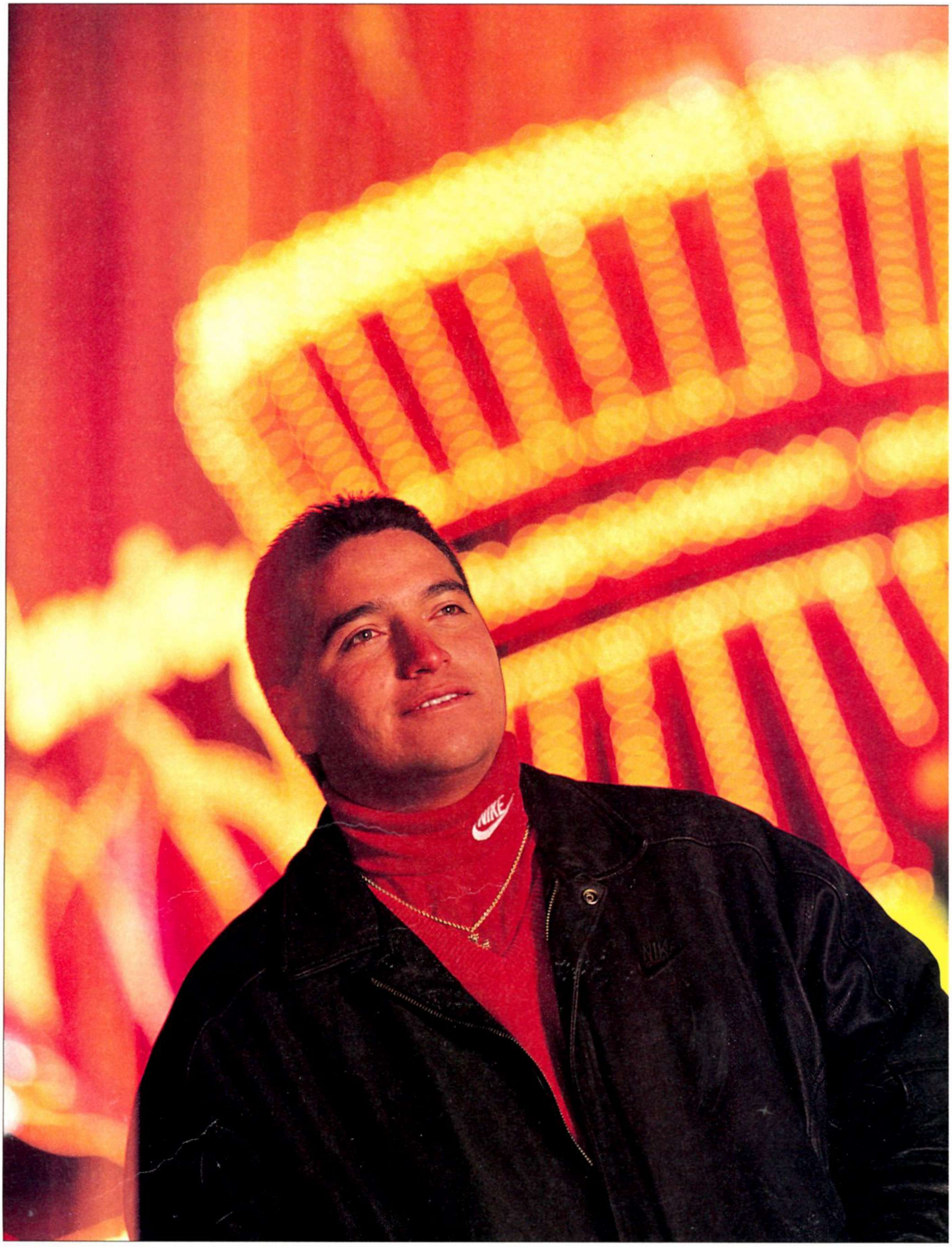
I fell asleep again for two more hours but failed to catch anything else. When we returned to Jimbaran Beach, Cedok, who hadn't said two words in the boat, began chattering excitedly to other fishermen. Mr. Ade arrived in the van, and I described to him an epic Melvillean struggle lost by the fish I was holding aloft.

All the Balinese on the beach tossed back their heads and laughed a good long time. "Mr. Cedok says you are very funny," said Mr. Ade, himself convulsed. "Mr. Cedok says you don't know you catch a fish even when it is flopping on the line."

"Tell Mr. Cedok this is the first fish I ever caught," I told Mr. Ade. "Tell Mr. Cedok that I think he is a very wise fisherman. Tell Mr. Cedok to keep the fish."

While Mr. Cedok *cedok*ed the *Lumayan*, Mr. Ade relayed the message. I dropped the solitary tuna in the boat.

"Mr. Stiv," said Mr. Ade. "Mr. Cedok says, '*Lumayan*.' It means, 'Better than nothing.' It means, 'Just happy to be here.' " ■


NIKE

caught in the glare

Despite his Vegas roots, cocky walk and flashy pro golf debut, Robert Gamez isn't all glitz

BY JOHN GARRITY

SCOTT ROBINSON

Raised close to the Strip, Gamez took on the high rollers but not their life-style.

THOSE WHO HUNG AROUND REMEMber the stretch limo parked outside the Bay Hill clubhouse. Long white job.

In the gathering darkness in Orlando, Fla., last March, laughter carried from the hospitality tents. Revelers were toasting the shot of the 1990 golf season: rookie Robert Gamez's seven-iron from the fairway for an eagle on the 72nd hole of the Nestle Invitational, to nip Greg Norman for the championship by a stroke.

And there was this flashy limo in the drive, a vehicle suitable for a rock star. It was waiting for Gamez.

Catch the scene. The chauffeur jumps to attention. The tournament champion saunters out, a chunky, handsome warrior with round Aztec features and an unhurried way of moving. He is a cool, groomed character surrounded by sycophants, light glinting off his gold necklace and bracelet. The happy entourage piles into the limo and glides off into the night.

Now catch *this* scene. It is nine months later, the week after Christmas, and Gamez is standing in his new house in the Canyon Gate development in Las Vegas. The pond on the golf course below his balcony is frozen. And Gamez looks a little frozen himself. His 3,200-square-foot bachelor pad is behind schedule and lacks a few amenities, such as furniture, water and heat.

"Man, I wish that was turned on," he says, eyeing a big Jacuzzi parked on the plywood subfloor outside the master bath. "Or that." He nods at a marble fireplace that will eventually warm the air above his tub. It's easy to picture Gamez in the Jacuzzi, with bubbles up to his chest, one hand holding a highball glass, his PGA Rookie of the Year Rolex gleaming on his wrist.

What about putting a slot machine on the wide windowsill, Robert?

"I'm not like that," he says with a laugh.

He's not? Getting an accurate read on Gamez has occupied PGA Tour observers since January 1990, when, at 21, the University of Arizona dropout won the Tucson Open, his first tournament as a Tour member. The search for his soul gained urgency after his lightning-strike win at Bay Hill, which came against a world-class field on a very tough course. No one expects Tour rookies to win $350,000 before the buds are out on the trees up north. The question was raised: Who *is* this guy?

The ready answer: The Vegas Kid. Desert hipster, cool and cocky, born

and raised in the neon lightfall of the Strip. Mom used to be a blackjack dealer, Dad works in the warehouse at Bally's. The Kid drives a shiny blue Lexus when he's home, popping his hands on the steering wheel to the chatterbox rap of Young MC and 2 Live Crew. Plays his practice rounds with high rollers at the Desert Inn, Shadow Creek and Canyon Gate. Pockets their money, too. Possible endorsements: Ray-Ban, Rolex, Gucci.

The trouble is, if the Vegas Kid is an image worth cultivating, Gamez hasn't sold himself on it yet. In the flesh, he comes off as 20% Vegas and 80% kid. He still expects his mom to make his favorite breakfast: bacon, eggs and fried potatoes. "Not the frozen hash browns, the real thing," says Clara Gamez, happily wielding a frying pan.

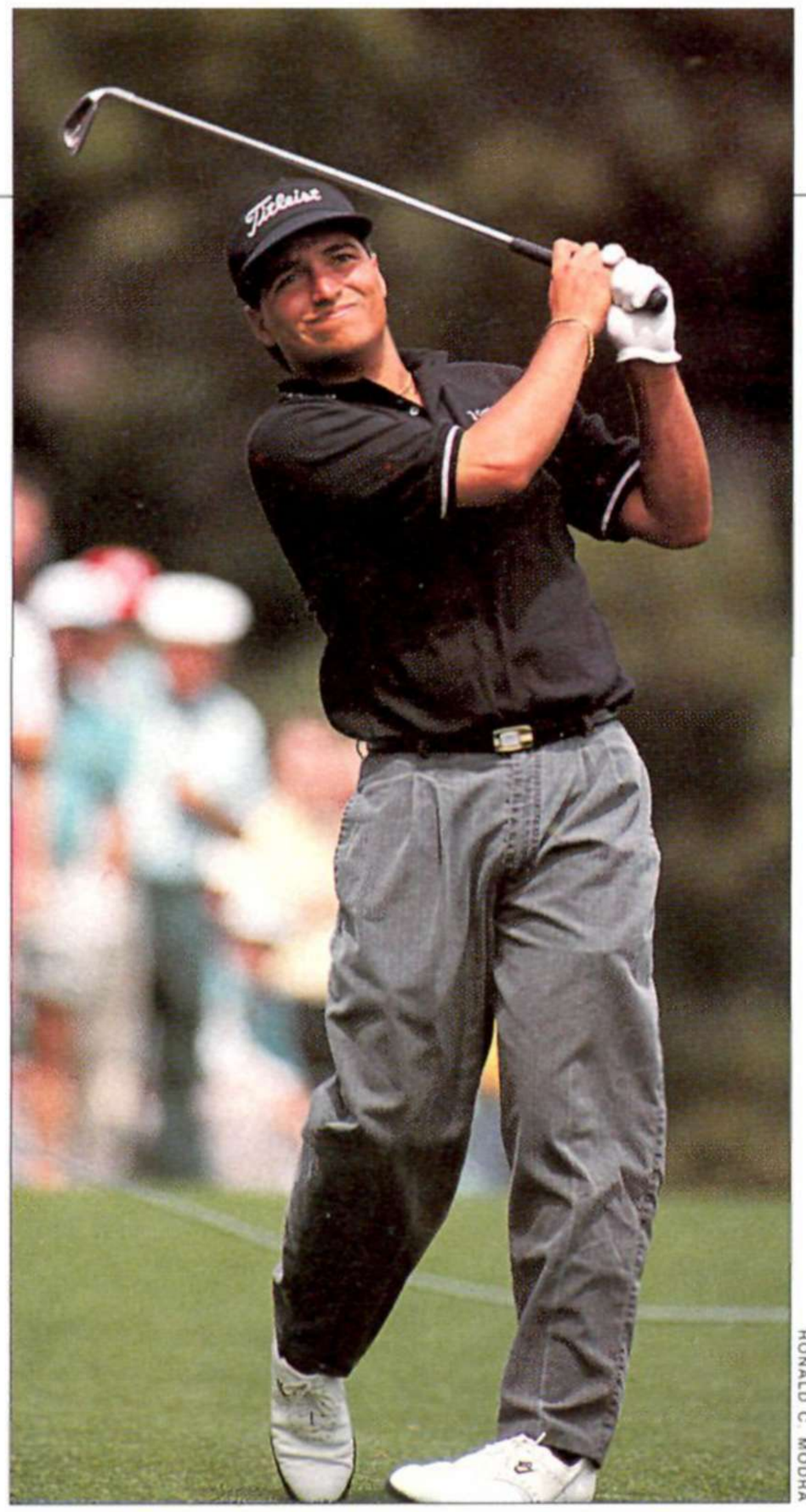
Robert even lets his irrepressible younger brother caddie for him—is that cool?—and merely rolls his eyes when Randy astonishes bystanders with his "my-brother-can-beat-your-brother" boasts.

As for the white limo, the Gamez brothers had arranged to use the car for a trip to Disney World after Robert had completed the second round of the Bay Hill tournament. "We became good friends with the limo driver, went through the Burger King drive-thru in the car, the works," Gamez recalls. Two days later the chauffeur showed up at Bay Hill to watch Gamez play the final round, and when the rookie won, the driver promptly wheeled the limo up to the door for a victory ride.

"It was neat," says Gamez. "I told the driver, 'Take us to Taco Bell!' "

So you see, the whole hipster pose is only skin deep. The Vegas Kid likes his milk and cookies, and he isn't above joining some of his fellow touring pros for an evening of Christian fellowship. More likely endorsements: Jell-O pudding, Nintendo, Ore-Ida frozen hash browns. (Sorry, Mom, but business is business.)

This question of whether Gamez is *of* Vegas or simply *from* Vegas is not a new one. It tormented officials of the United States Golf Association two years ago, when Gamez was an amateur under consideration for the U.S. Walker Cup team. The USGA has a strict definition of a "true amateur" and looks with disfavor upon golfers who mingle with professional gamblers and play high-stakes fairway games. According to USGA president Grant Spaeth, his people made discreet inquiries into Gamez's fitness to represent his country in the biennial matches, a search that yielded resentment from those queried about Gamez's character. Says Spaeth, "I got a lot of complaints about the stuffed shirts at the USGA investigating young Gamez."



RONALD C. MODRA

Gamez got his comeuppance at the Masters, missing the cut.

The USGA found nothing that threatened his amateur status. "And Robert Gamez was the most wonderful thing to happen at the Walker Cup," says Spaeth. "He was a treasure." In fact, last August at the Peachtree Golf Club in Atlanta, Gamez, who scored 3½ of a possible four points, was the only bright spot for the Americans in their 12½–11½ loss to the British and Irish golfers. Said U.S. team captain Fred Ridley, "He's got no fear."

There is another view of Gamez. Some observers think he is too cocky by half, that he hasn't paid his dues. Partly it's his arrogant stride, which is a more compelling feature of his game than his sound but unremarkable swing. One writer observed, "He doesn't walk to the first tee, he *styles*."

And partly it's his refusal to defer to tradition. He offended purists last April when he said he might win the Masters in his first attempt. Randy, an expert in flame-fanning at 19, crowed, "He's gonna eat this course up! He's gonna set this place on fire!" Callers to an Augusta radio station nominated Robert for Geek of the Week.

"I don't like it when people say I'm cocky, because I'm not," Robert responds. "I'm confident. Arnold Palmer talks like I do at Seniors tournaments, and they call him a fierce competitor. But I'm cocky. I don't understand that."

After Gamez made his pre-Masters boast, Tour veteran Ben Crenshaw—who won his first tournament as a pro in 1973 but had to wait three years for another win and 11 years for his only Masters title—tried to explain. "There is a difference between cockiness and confidence, and Robert is playing with a great deal of confidence," Crenshaw said. "But the first time around Augusta, you've got a lot to learn. And he'll learn."

Crenshaw was right. Gamez shot 73–76 and missed the Masters cut by a stroke.

"He'll get over this in a minute," Clara said, but her son's play the rest of the year indicated otherwise. In 12 subsequent Tour events, Robert missed five cuts and finished no higher than 19th. "I was inconsistent," he says. "I didn't play that badly the rest of the year, but I didn't know the courses, and I had trouble scoring."

Sometimes, too, he let bad rounds blow his concentration and his cool—notably at the Nabisco Championships in Houston, where he punctuated a third-round 81 with some club-tossing and glowering. "I was most discouraged by that," he says, "because I worked real hard in college to get my temper under control."

The truth is, Gamez was anything but consistent last year, even in the week before the Nestle, when he turned the third round of the Players Championship into a water ballet, splashing ball after ball into the shallows surrounding the island-green 17th at Sawgrass. ("I don't want to play this game anymore," he told his mother after posting an 11.) A week later he

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stroked the 176-yard blow that earned him a well lit spot in the Gallery of Great Shots That Beat Greg Norman.

Bold move, sure, winning like that. But it's why Tour fans may someday take to Gamez's proud gait the way they once took to Arnie's manner of hitching his pants. Says Spaeth, "He's cocky in the necessary way."

He's also elusive in the necessary way, hiding his inner self from reporters who want to know what makes Gamez tick. His most notable effort at self-definition, so far, is his insistence that people call him Robert—not Bob or Bobby, and certainly not Gomer, which his Arizona teammates dubbed him. More revealing is his stubborn refusal to discuss his Hispanic heritage. "I'd rather not be stereotyped like that," he says. "I just want to make my own name."

Ask Tony Gamez about *his* background, and the same wall goes up. "I'd rather not elaborate on that," he says with a nervous smile. "There's a big market out there for Robert, and I don't want to restrict him."

Tony is a calm, immensely likable man. A past president of the junior golf program that Robert grew up in, Tony fell in love with the game in 1959, when he served as a course marshal for the Tournament of Champions at the Desert Inn. Before that, Tony says, he had no interest. "It was a rich man's game."

Though Tony and Clara worked for the casino industry, the Gamezes say the six miles between their house and the Strip was sufficient to insulate their sons from temptation. Just to be sure, they filled the boys' hours with fun and games. Robert swung a golf club for the first time when he was two, and Tony put him in the hands of Tropicana Hotel professional Dick Huff at 14. In his teens Robert was a star golfer at Clark High School and a regular at American Junior Golf Association tournaments. Juniors couldn't tee off at the Las Vegas municipal course till afternoon, so Clara got up at 4:30 on summer mornings to play nine holes with her son before the course opened.

SCOTT ROBINSON

When Clara's not cooking home fries, she helps manage her son's career.

With two supportive parents weaving this caring cocoon, Robert seems to have escaped not just the seamy side of Vegas, but also the idea that he is less than anybody's equal, on or off the golf course. Seen in this light, his shunning of the Hispanic tag may simply reflect his father's apparent conviction that being Mexican in America is a handicap. Says Tony, "I just wanted a better life for him."

Another measure of the degree to which Robert's golf career has become a family enterprise is that Clara has negotiated a management agreement with Pros, Inc., making her Robert's full-time co-manager. Moving cautiously, Clara so far has signed her son to endorsement deals with Nike and the Ko Olina Golf Club in Hawaii.

And then there's Randy, who seems to have stepped off a Bart Simpson lunch box. At Augusta he wore a provocative T-shirt—IRREVERENCE JUSTIFIED—and served up two quotes to the media for every one of Robert's. Asked if Randy gave him advice, Robert said, "He tries, but I don't listen. 'Shut up and carry the bag,' that's all I ask."

"Our biggest thrill," says Tony, "is that Robert hired Randy to caddie for him. We feel rich because of the way our two boys have grown up."

Robert, of course, feels rich because he *is* rich. His official 1990 prize money of $461,407 broke Keith Clearwater's Tour record for rookies, set in 1987. Gamez's rookie triumphs have also boosted his fee for corporate outings, gotten him invitations to lucrative pro-ams and qualified him for big-money, limited-field tournaments such as the Nabisco and the Tournament of Champions.

Golf is rhythm, of course, and the rush of success may have thrown Gamez off his game. He doesn't think so. "I think it was just not knowing the courses," he insists. "I never lost my ball-striking ability, even when I struggled."

After the first three stops of the 1991 Tour, Gamez still seemed to be struggling. He missed the cut in last month's Hawaiian Open, and at that point had won only $14,428 for the year. As the defending champion at Tucson, he wound up tied for 46th while a 20-year-old amateur, Phil Mickelson, was beating the field and stealing the spotlight from him.

Gamez isn't worried; not outwardly, anyway. "I feel like I can win the big ones, and I'd like to win one this year," he says. "I want to be known as a contender on the same level as Curtis Strange and Greg Norman."

So here's Robert Gamez, striding into his second season on the Tour. And here's his future, waiting like a big white limo in the drive. ■

While caddying for his older brother, Randy (left) has also been his biggest booster.

RONALD C. MODRA

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Profile in Quality #33: Innovation

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Still a Cowboy *at* Heart

Though he has won horse racing's biggest prizes with Unbridled (right), Carl Nafzger remains a rodeo man deep down

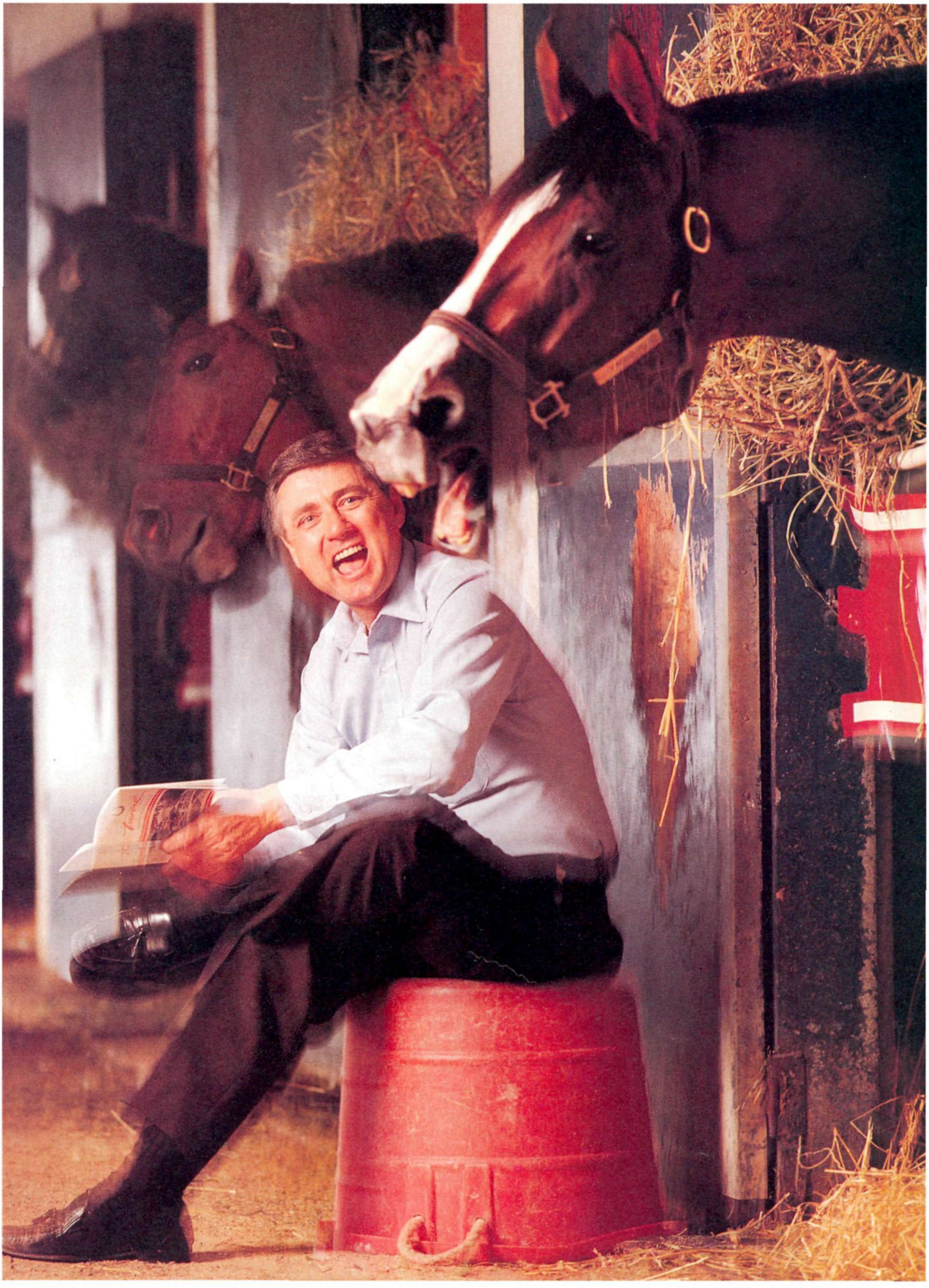
By William F. Reed

HE COULD EASILY HAVE ENDED UP LIKE SO MANY OLD COWBOYS DO, WASTING away in some little prairie town, living in the past and drifting, aimless as a tumbleweed. "A lot of those old cowboys just can't do it when it comes time to make the adjustment," says trainer Carl Nafzger. But he was lucky. He had the love of a good woman, a gift for working with animals and, more than anything, a desire to make sure that he wouldn't end up like the cowboys in Willie Nelson's haunting song *My Heros Have Always Been Cowboys*: the ones "sadly in search of, and one step in back of, themselves and their slow-moving dreams."

Nafzger's salvation was thoroughbred racing, a sport in which he found what he liked most about the rodeo: the freedom of life on the road and the satisfaction of figuring out what makes an animal tick. So when he married the schoolmarm, just as in those old Western matinees, Nafzger didn't ride off into the sunset. He learned and worked and improved until, last year, he arrived at the very top of the racing game.

Looking at him now, it's difficult to imagine him riding a bull, a black cowboy hat on his head, his thin body lurching this way and that as he struggles to hang on for dear life. But that was what he was—and, deep down, still is.

ROB KINMONTH



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Unbridled (left) thundered down the stretch to win the '90 Kentucky Derby by 3½ lengths.

At 49, Nafzger is more polished, able to move easily through the elegance and sophistication of racing's upper crust. Only the twang, Texan all the way, gives him away. And maybe the hands. The big, thick hands of a man who knows what it's like to do manual labor and to make beasts, savage ones in some cases, do his bidding.

His old cowboy pals must have loved it last May 5, when he finally won the Kentucky Derby, the most famous horse race in the world. There was Nafzger, all duded up and wired for sound by ABC, calling the race for Mrs. Frances Genter, the 92-year-old pillar of the racing establishment, who had come to Churchill Downs to watch Unbridled, her first Derby starter after 50 years in the business. What happened as the splendid bay swung out of the turn for home and began moving powerfully for the lead has already become a part of racing folklore.

"He's taking the lead," Nafzger yelled to Unbridled's owner as the TV audience looked on. "He's gonna win, Mrs. Genter, he's gonna win! He's gonna win! We won it! You won the Kentucky Derby! Oh, Mrs. Genter, I love you, Mrs. Genter!"

Was that sweet or what? And the next day, with a hint of tears in his eyes, there was the old cowboy saying, "If I never win another Derby, at least I won the right one, because of Mrs. Genter." He could never show that kind of emotion at the rodeo. It would just never do, that's all, because you have to be tough and hard and mean in that rough-and-ready sport. Wanda, Carl's wife and partner, had a lot to do with teaching him something of the softer, gentler side of life.

They met in 1963, at a Denver rodeo where Carl was riding, and he became so smitten with Wanda Judson, the dark-haired, soft-spoken special education teacher, that he began writing letters to her and calling her from all the places the rodeo took him. They were married five years later, and have been a team ever since. He trains the horses; she takes care of the books. But more than that, they have hung together, comforting each other in the bad times and rejoicing quietly together when fortune smiled.

Here are Carl and Wanda for you: The night Unbridled won the Kentucky Derby, they went to a small Italian restaurant in a Louisville shopping center, and, said Carl, "had some good food and a cold Heineken." And the next weekend, instead of blowing off steam in some city, they made a sentimental journey back to Arizona, back to where Carl once rode a lot of rodeo bulls and where, two decades ago, the two of them had begun campaigning horses at small tracks, those other bullrings of sport.

"Wanda and I have been real lucky," Nafzger says, thinking maybe of what might have been. "We don't have a special magic or anything. We just had a dream, and, after 22 years, we made it.

Genter (far left) and Nafzger (right, in raincoat) staged a most touching Derby duet.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

This year, hit the beach topless.

you got the right one Baby

DIET PEPSI

uh huh

NUTRASWEET

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But we're not going to change. I still drive the same ol' Buick and I didn't go out and buy Wanda a big diamond ring or anything. That's just not us."

One of Carl's favorite movies is *The Last Picture Show*, because it reminds him of his hometown of Olton, Texas (pop. 1,800). The closest town to Olton that anybody ever heard of is Lubbock, home of Texas Tech University and Buddy Holly. Carl liked Olton, and still does, but he also wanted to get out as soon as he could. He wanted to be somebody, to do something important, and that's hard in Olton.

His grandfather on his father's side came over from Switzerland in 1887, settled in Monroe, Wis., and then moved on to Texas, where he joined the other homesteaders looking for cheap land. When Carl's father, Paul, inherited part of the family spread of about 2,000 acres, he supported his family with various kinds of farming. One year it would be cows, another year it might be turkeys or corn or cotton. But what fascinated young Carl more than anything else were the bulls.

"I'd come home from school and feed the bulls," he said, "and I finally talked my dad into building me a bucking chute. He put me on my first bull, a big ol' Hereford who threw me two or three times and then sort of ran over me too. But I loved it. From that day on, I didn't want to do anything but ride bulls. I don't know why. It became an obsession."

That obsession led him to the rodeo, which is the only place you can make money riding bulls. The deal is rather simple, really. You get on a snorting, stomping animal that weighs about 1,200 angry pounds, the chute opens and off you go. The bull tries to toss you into the next county and you try to hang on. If you stay on for eight seconds, you qualify. If you don't, you're on your butt and it's a case of better luck next time, pal. "The thing about the rodeo," Nafzger says, "is that you're completely on your own. There's nobody to buy your bus ticket for you, nobody to pick you up, nobody to cry if you break your leg."

He became a professional bull rider in 1960, a year after he graduated from high school. "Dad signed the card, and I was down the road," Carl says. From 1960 through '68, Nafzger competed on the Rodeo Cowboys Association circuit, traveling as much as 80,000 miles annually, riding a bull somewhere almost every night of the rodeo year, from the day after Christmas until early the next December. You name the stop, and Nafzger probably remembers a bull from there: Amarillo, Calgary, San Antonio, Cheyenne, Laramie. The road goes on forever when you're a rodeo cowboy.

He made $13,000 in his best year, 1963, and retired in 1968, the year he married Wanda. Then he unretired for a while, in 1969, because he and Wanda needed money for their fledgling racing operation. By the time he got off his last bull, in 1971, he had ridden more than 1,500 of the animals in about 700 different towns. He had made it to the National Finals Rodeo three times, his best finish coming in '63, when he stayed on six of his eight bulls to take third in the overall bull-riding standings.

"It takes eight seconds on the clock to ride a bull," Nafzger says, "but if you've got a bad one, it can be an eternity."

Once he caught a bad one in Wahoo, Neb., that slammed him against a telephone pole. Nafzger has a steel rod in his left leg to remind him of that ornery animal. He also had his nose broken five times, his teeth knocked out and numerous bones cracked. The bulls had names like Tornado and Wild Man, and Nafzger would study them until he learned their habits, their quirks. The most dangerous of them were the unpredictable ones. "I remember one out of Mesquite, Texas, that had a real rubber neck," Nafzger says. "If he ever popped you, he'd hurt you."

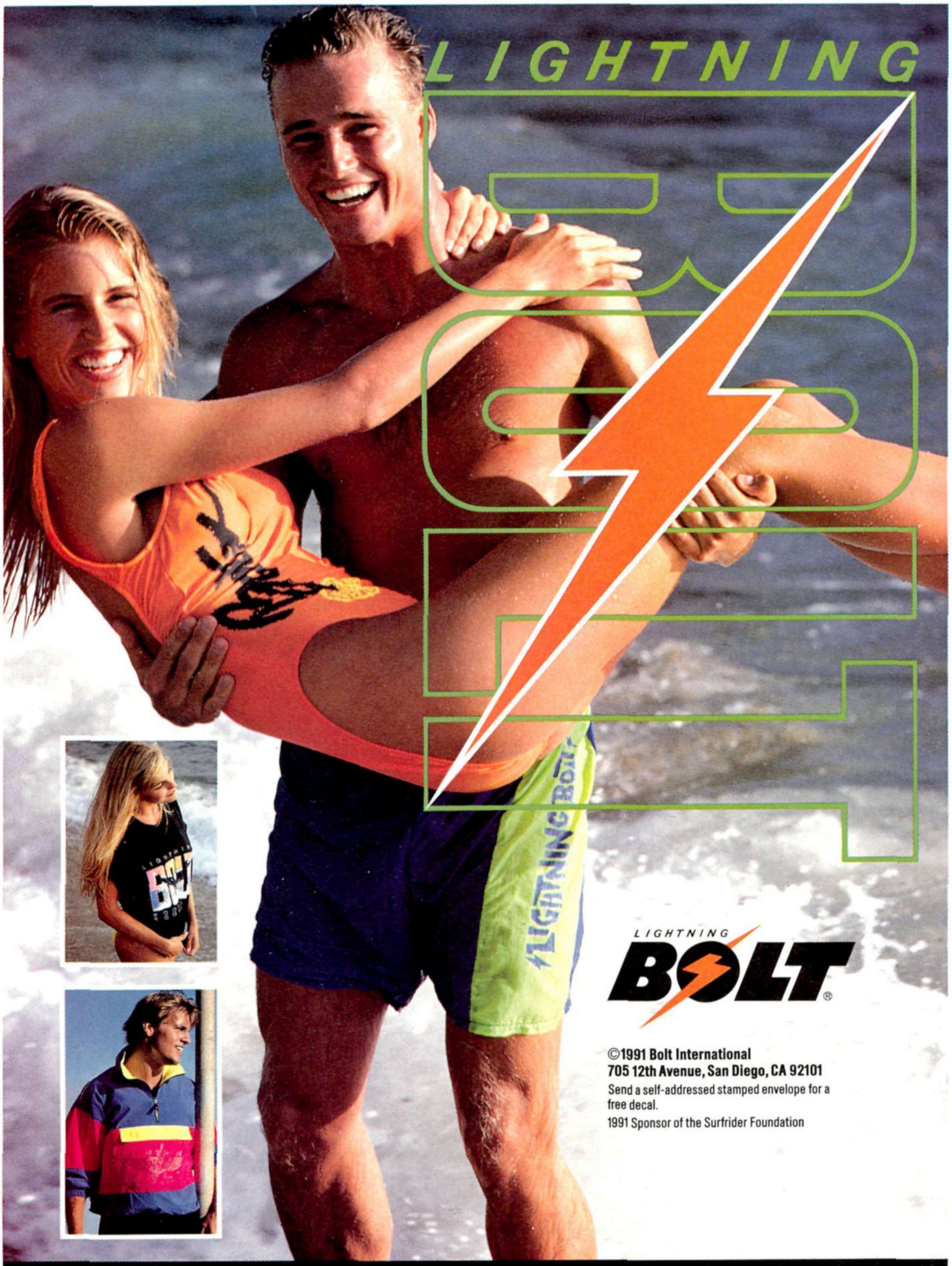
In the fall of 1966, Nafzger and three of his fellow cowboys were on their way to the Cow Palace in San Francisco when they decided to stop off and take a look at Keeneland racecourse in Lexington, Ky. Impressed by the track's stately shade trees and its emerald paddocks, Nafzger turned to his friends and said, "Boys, someday I'm going to run horses here." To which one of his friends replied, "Carl, this is the kind of place where they wouldn't let *you* in the grandstand."

A decade later, Carl and Wanda took some horses to Keeneland for the first time; they have been a fixture there ever since. "A lot of people in Kentucky think I've lived there all my life," says Carl.

When Carl and Wanda first met, he was

A bull named Kinney gave Nafzger a bumpy ride at the 1965 National Finals Rodeo.

DEVERE



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HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Six months after his Derby win, Unbridled took the Breeders' Cup Classic.

a cocky 21-year-old kid who was in love with the romance of the rodeo. He thought he was pretty hot stuff, too, swaggering around in that black cowboy hat, looking a little like James Dean in *Giant*—or so some of the girls told him.

"But he had good manners, too," says Wanda. "I think that's what I liked the most about him. Also, we both liked horses. They were my hobby, and I really enjoyed them. When we got married, I didn't mind living on the road because when you have pleasure horses, like I did, you're always going to horse shows."

Carl could have taken a job in the rodeo, been an arena manager or something like that, but Wanda persuaded him to give racing a try. She sensed, maybe before he did, that he had a knack for understanding animals. "A sixth sense," says John Nerud, the respected Florida horseman who was to give Carl his first big break. At first, though, Nafzger missed the cowboy life. Still does, sometimes, except for one thing.

"Your body takes a terrible beating when you're a bull rider," says Nafzger. "It's not anything big, like a broken leg, that gets you. It's the constant pounding, night after night. After I got out of it, it was about a year before I got up one morning and felt that something was different. I finally figured out that I wasn't sore all over anymore."

The Nafzgers started at the bottom of the horse racing business in 1968 and slowly worked their way up, traveling from New Mexico to California to Louisiana, until finally they arrived in Kentucky, the mecca of the sport. While Carl worked hard at learning to translate his gift from bulls to thoroughbreds—he even took a horseshoeing course at one point—Wanda helped make ends meet by teaching school.

It was a hard life, especially in the beginning, but Carl never tired of trying to figure out the thoroughbreds. "I'm a horse psychiatrist, not a horse trainer," he likes to say. And he never lost his optimism. After a disappointment, he still says to Wanda, "We're gonna start this day all over again." In the glove compartment of the cluttered 1990 Buick Park Avenue that serves the couple as a sort of rolling office, Carl keeps a motivational tape entitled, "Be a Confident Winner."

"You have to visualize what you want to be and then be it," Nafzger constantly tells his 30 employees. "You have to review your mistakes, rerun everything you do and learn from it. I wished they'd had the video camera when I was rodeoing. I'd have been a lot better bull rider."

The break that every trainer looks for came to Nafzger in 1979, when William Floyd, an old-time Kentucky breeder, gave him a yearling colt named Fairway Phantom to train. The colt looked so promising as a 2-year-old the next year, winning the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland and the Arch Ward Stakes in Chicago, that Carl and Wanda thought they might have their first Kentucky Derby horse. But Fairway Phantom chipped a bone in his knee and never made it to the Derby. Nevertheless, Floyd was impressed with Nafzger and recommended him to Nerud, the esteemed trainer and head of Tartan Farm in Florida. Nerud took such a liking to the cowboy that he encouraged Mrs. Genter to give Nafzger a string of her well-bred horses to train.

"John Nerud was the first guy to put enough stock in my barn to give me a shot and, at the same time, keep the owners off my back so I could prove whether I could train or not," Nafzger says.

Even if a trainer has the gift, he can go only so far if he doesn't have the stock. Once Nafzger started getting horses with talent, his career went steadily forward. His Broken N Stable—so named because Carl was the first male Nafzger in three generations to break the tradition of staying around Olton—became a respected operation on the Florida-Kentucky-Illinois circuit in the 1980s. In 1986, he won the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland with his 2-year-old colt Orono, beating Alysheba, who went on to win the 1987 Kentucky Derby. And he trained multiple stakes winners Smile and Star Choice for the Genter Stable.

Last year, the stable made more than $6 million, four times its previous best. Besides winning the Kentucky Derby, Unbridled came back on Oct. 27 to win the $3 million Breeders' Cup Classic at Belmont Park. And Nafzger had another nice 3-year-old, Home At Last, who won the $1 million Super Derby in Louisiana.

After the Classic, Nafzger was annoyed when the press asked him if he felt he had finally "arrived" as a trainer. Carl thought the question implied that he and Wanda had been running some kind of mom-and-pop operation that happened to get lucky. "I've been around for a while, but it's only now that anybody has started noticing," Nafzger says. "Unbridled will go someday and so will Home At Last, but we'll still be around."

He can get riled up, too. In the giddy aftermath of the Derby, while he was waiting for Mrs. Genter and her family to arrive in the Churchill Downs winner's circle, Nafzger, wearing a raincoat with an ABC sticker attached, paced restlessly, blocking some photographers' views of Unbridled and jockey Craig Perret.

"Hey, ABC," yelled one perturbed cameraman. "Get outta the way, ABC. Get down, ABC."

Eyes flashing, Nafzger spun around

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and shouted, "I train the son of a bitch, and we're waiting for the people who belong in here."

End of discussion.

Then there was the incident before the Belmont Stakes, when Nafzger and Unbridled arrived at the Belmont Park stable area, only to find that the Kentucky Derby winner didn't have a stall.

"We finally got it worked out," he says, "but I was still fuming when I looked over at Unbridled and saw he had stretched out in the stall and gone to sleep. I *thought to myself, Well, now we know* who's got the real class in this outfit."

Nafzger became irritated again when, after Unbridled had finished a dull fourth in the Belmont, it was suggested that the colt had run poorly because he hadn't been given a dose of Lasix, the controversial antibleeding medication that is illegal in New York. Nafzger then swore that Unbridled would come back and *prove himself on the* same track in the Breeders' Cup Classic.

On that fall afternoon at Belmont, Unbridled made his trademark big kick under jockey Pat Day, split horses inside the eighth pole and drew off to a solid one-length victory. Said Nafzger, "I don't guess I'll be getting any more questions about Lasix."

Last Dec. 9, a windy, overcast day in South Florida, Nafzger took Unbridled to the track between the fourth and fifth races at Calder Race Course, near Fort Lauderdale, so the colt could gallop. It was Unbridled Day at Calder, and the first 10,000 customers at the track were given free photos of the horse who won the Derby and the Classic.

The next day, Carl and Wanda took a rare afternoon off to go deep-sea fishing in the Florida Keys. On the way to the dock, Nafzger talked about how he gets the most out of a thoroughbred.

"I listen to the horse," he said. "I let him tell me what he wants to do and what he doesn't want to do, and then I adjust. Horses never make mistakes, only the people handling them do. And it's the same for just about any horse as it is with Unbridled. The development of the horse, that's the thing. A claimer can be a nice horse to watch if he's honest."

The Nafzgers arrived at Bud N' Mary's Fishing Marina, carried a big tub of fried chicken on board the *Caribsea* and ordered Captain Dave Day to cast off. Half an hour later, the boat was being tossed around by eight-foot waves, causing *Nafzger to grin and yell "Whoopee!" ev-*

ROB KINMONTH

Carl and Wanda are mates who have sailed through good times and bad.

ery now and then, just as if he were riding a bull. This went on for 2½ hours until finally, when one of his guests became ill, Carl reckoned it was time to get back to shore. "Motion doesn't bother me," he said. "When you're a rodeo cowboy, you learn pretty quick you're going to die."

Back on shore he signed an autograph for Captain Dave's mate and climbed into the Buick to head back home. On the way, he picked out a little tavern and pulled over to go inside and have a beer.

As he relaxed, Nafzger talked about Unbridled's past performance chart for 1990, which made the colt look sort of like a bucking bronc. Up and down. Only four wins in 11 starts. Between the Derby and the Classic, Unbridled's only victory came in a mile allowance race at Arlington Park near Chicago.

"I can't really say I blame the jockeys for any of his losses, because of my style of training," Nafzger said. "I don't lead a horse over there at the razor's edge every time. Horses can't take it, they're not machines. I had Unbridled fit and ready when he needed to be. What did the horse ever do that was bad? But a lot of the writers got mad at the horse because he wasn't unbeatable."

Still, in a year when most of the best *horses were sidelined by injuries, Unbri*dled stayed around for the entire campaign, running his first race in January and his last in October. In his 11 starts, he never ran a really bad race. Besides his four victories, he had three seconds, two thirds, a fourth and a fifth place, for total earnings of $3.7 million. Part of Nafzger's philosophy is, "It's not how many you win, but the ones you win." By that standard, Unbridled was perfect in *the two races that every* horseman wants most to win—the Kentucky Derby and the Classic.

"Winning the Kentucky Derby is like being Miss America," he says, "because you become a spokesman for the game for a year." Still, Carl and Wanda are keeping it all in perspective. Nafzger remembers well when, as a young man, he had proudly showed an old cowboy a newspaper clipping that complimented his bull riding. "Carl," the old guy said, "them bulls can't read."

"When you win the Kentucky Derby, your life changes," said Nafzger, back on the road again, a tape of cowboy songs playing on the car stereo. "It makes you stop and contemplate what's really going on in your life. One day after the Derby, I looked at a picture of myself in the winner's circle and I said, 'Wanda, that's not me. . . . They're trying to make me into a horse trainer!' "

And what is he, if not that?

"A cowboy," said Carl, grinning. "I'll always be a cowboy at heart." ■

Odd Man Out

Three years after the scandal that stained Kentucky, its coaches and three players, only Eric Manuel is still paying a heavy price

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

Hereabouts, in the bluegrass country of Kentucky, it's said on a day like today that it's spittin' outside. As Dwane Casey guides his black Mercedes 300 SEL through the streets of Lexington, the windshield-wiping mechanism works like one of those newfangled twin-blade razors. A few raindrops strike and one blade sweeps by. Then another blade squeegees away any residual moisture.

Only a couple of years ago, as an assistant coach at Kentucky, Casey was caught up in one of college basketball's most unsavory scandals. His name had graced the airbill of an Emery overnight envelope that, on its way to the father of Kentucky recruit Chris Mills in Los Angeles, came open to reveal $1,000 in cash. The ensuing NCAA probe ensnared Casey, who the NCAA concluded had sent the money and who resigned and was placed on NCAA probation for five

PAM FRANCIS

Banned by the NCAA, Manuel is playing for NAIA-level Oklahoma City by grace of a court ruling.

CARL SKALAK

By the second half of his freshman season, Manuel was displaying the stuff for success.

years; head coach Eddie Sutton, who also resigned, though he was never named in NCAA allegations; Sutton's son Sean, a Wildcat guard whom the NCAA had charged with lying to its investigators; and Mills, who was declared ineligible to play for Kentucky. The NCAA also banned for life a taciturn, 6′ 6″ Wildcat swingman from Macon, Ga., named Eric Manuel, who it said had cheated on a college-entrance exam to pass the standardized-test requirement of Prop 48.

Scandal is always messy, particularly at the highest levels of college athletics, where the stakes are substantial, the attention unwavering and the judicial process imperfect. But today, virtually everyone caught up in the so-called Bills 'n' Mills Affair has smartly righted himself. Sutton *père* is back at his alma mater, Oklahoma State, as head coach. Sean is playing for his father in Stillwater after the NCAA charges against him were dropped. Mills may well lead a new pack of Wildcats, those of Arizona, to next month's Final Four. And Casey, who will leave in the morning for Tokyo to serve as a paid adviser to a Japanese team, recently settled a $6.9 million damage-of-reputation lawsuit against Emery in such a way that, he says, "I'm going to be comfortable for a long, long time." Even the Kentucky basketball program, in the midst of its last year of NCAA sanctions, sits atop the SEC.

Manuel is the only one of the principals still living in a clouded world of motions and court orders, far from the big time. As is so often the case in matters like this, he is poor, black and ill-connected. Most disconcerting, it's very possible that he is innocent of the charge that led the Kansas City–based NCAA to ban him, and caused the NAIA—crosstown fric to the NCAA's frac—to try, albeit unsuccessfully, to keep him from competing for any of the 488 four-year schools under its jurisdiction.

Manuel's multifarious skills, once showcased before 23,000 fans in Lexington, are now exercised in relative obscurity for Oklahoma City University against schools bearing names like Bible and Baptist, Nazarene and Wesleyan. Yes, he prays a lot; if the Oklahoma higher courts should sustain the NAIA's appeal of the district court ruling by whose grace Manuel now plays, his collegiate basketball career, once so full of promise, will be aborted once again. "It's like everything that happened at UK just starts all over," Manuel says.

The wiper blades of Casey's Mercedes are still doing their fastidious thing as he considers all this. "If he was a bad kid or not trustworthy, you'd say it happened for a reason," Casey says. "But Eric's a jewel. Coach Sutton is doing well. Chris is doing well. And I can always do something else. But basketball is Eric's life. Anyone who won't give him a second chance just isn't being fair."

Mary Manuel raised her four boys with public assistance in a hardscrabble housing project on Macon's south side. Eric, the second oldest, went on to make a name for himself with his ability to score, defend, pass and rebound in equal measure. "Even Stevie Wonder could see Eric could play," says Casey, who was only one of scores of recruiters who bird-dogged Manuel through high school. Manuel's affiliation with Southwest High, which has produced NBA All-Stars Norm Nixon and Jeff Malone, coupled with his earnest and hardworking disposition—he was the rare McDonald's High School All-Ameri-

DOUG HOKE

These days Manuel is playing well above the competition.

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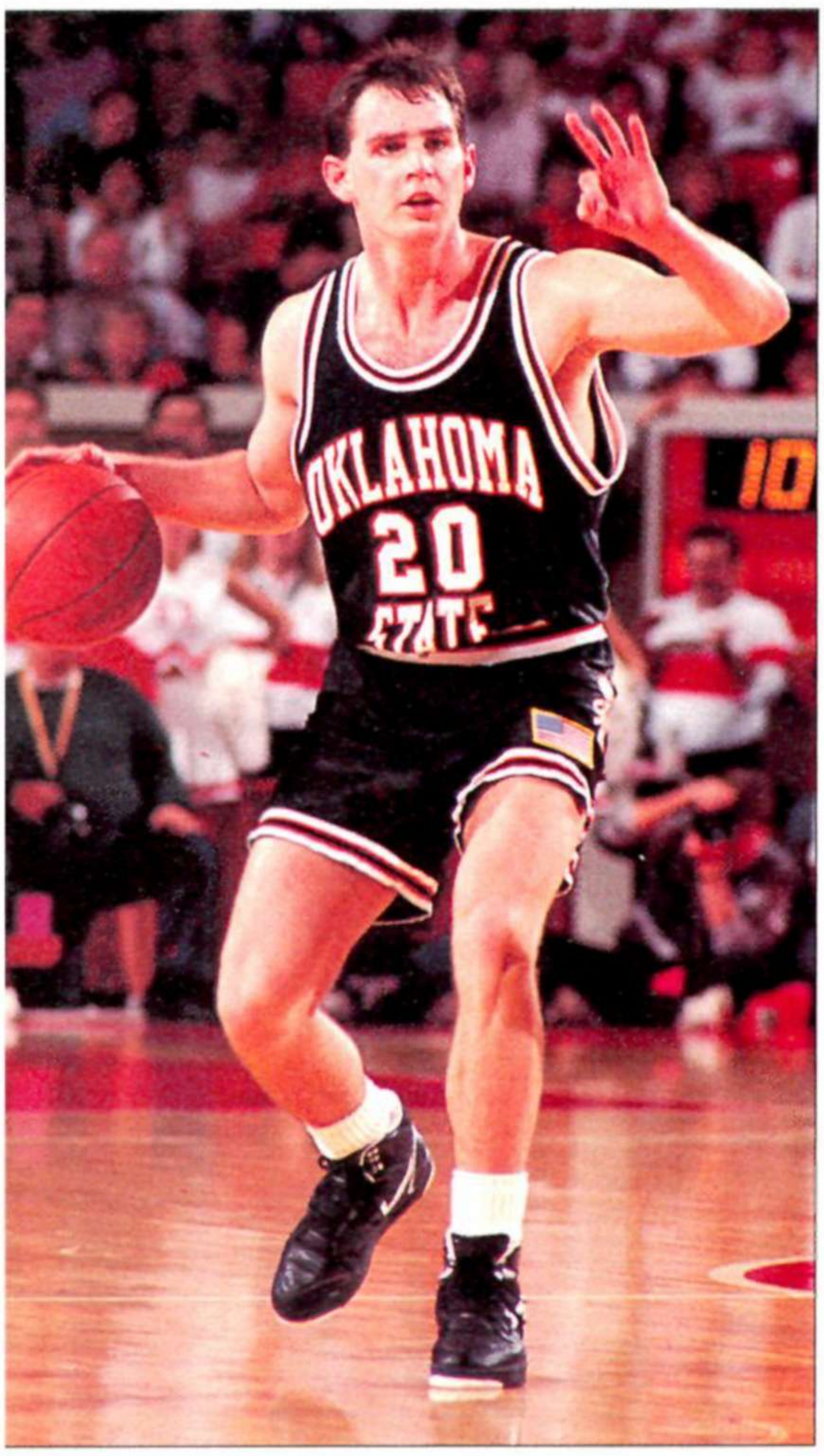
DOUG HOKE

MIKE SCULLY

The younger Sutton (left) put the Kentucky saga behind him by joining Dad in Stillwater, while Mills became a Wildcat of another kind.

ca who also held down a part-time job flipping burgers at Mickey D's—only enhanced his reputation. Kentucky counted itself lucky when Manuel enrolled in 1987.

He played well as a freshman, earning a starting position over the final 10 games of the season. The following summer, however, after the Emery incident, investigators began their vetting of the Wildcat program. Someone noticed that Manuel, after having scored the American College Test equivalents of a 3 and a 7 on his two cracks at the Scholastic Aptitude Test, received a 23 on the ACT that he took on June 13, 1987, his final attempt to become eligible as a freshman under Prop 48, which then required a score of 15. Moreover, Manuel's answers were uncannily similar to those of a student sitting to his left that morning at a table in the cafeteria at Lexington's Lafayette High. Both Manuel and Chris Shearer, a Lafayette senior and capable student, answered exactly 219 questions. Of those 219, 211 of Manuel's responses, both right and wrong, matched Shearer's. Manuel voluntarily left the team pending further investigation. The NCAA later suspended him permanently.

"What [the NCAA is] going on is mathematical probability," Casey says. He is right; the chances of Manuel's and Shearer's answer sheets so resembling each other without fraud are, according to ACT officials, two in a million.

"There was never a conspiracy for anything to be arranged by any coach," Casey adds. Perhaps he's right about that, too. Maybe Manuel, acting alone, did copy from Shearer. Maybe he looked to the left for four hours, over an intervening empty seat, and over the arm of Shearer, who writes righthanded. Maybe he did this without arousing the suspicion of the five proctors trolling the room, and the other students sitting across the Formica table from him.

But if you fold into the story other myriad peculiarities, you begin to wonder. One proctor, Terri Guion, photocopied Manuel's answer sheet because, she says, she knew someone who wanted his autograph. Guion also says that other Lafayette students told her that Shearer had later boasted around school that he had helped get Manuel into Kentucky. Manuel's mother and high school coach say Eric recalls signing his name twice that morning, once on an answer sheet and again when someone asked for yet another autograph. Sean Sutton was also in the cafeteria that morning; he was taking the ACT even though he had already met his Prop 48 requirement. He said his mother, Patsy, wanted him to retake the test, "for the pride of having a higher score."

When the Manuel defense team tried to track down the answer sheet Guion had photocopied, and sought Shearer's help in reconstructing what had happened that morning—including what might have transpired between the time the test concluded around noon Saturday and Monday morning, when the answer sheets were mailed to ACT headquarters in Iowa City—it was rebuffed. Shearer's father, Ron, told Ed Dove, the public defender who represented Manuel during the NCAA investigation, "You're not coming around my kid." Shearer, currently a junior at Kentucky, declined to be interviewed for this story.

So one is left with this: Something fishy clearly took place. Yet Manuel—an unassuming Southern youngster who defers to adults and does what he is told—has maintained his innocence while refusing

MANNY MILLAN

Once a somber duo on the Kentucky bench, Casey (left) and Sutton are now sitting pretty.

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to implicate anyone else. This is what the Manuel case has distilled to three years later: a Kafkaesque and self-perpetuating chain of events that figures to be broken only when someone's conscience has had enough guilt.

Dove subscribes to the theory that there were two answer sheets that morning. That Manuel signed both, taking the test honestly on one, while the other was "taken care of" and forwarded to Iowa City. Thus, Manuel may have been an unwitting "third man" in the scenario. "Eddie Sutton wanted Eric to call a big press conference to proclaim his innocence," says Dove. "But they [the investigators] had the smoking gun. The poor child would have been made a laughingstock."

This reporter, working with Armen Keteyian to research the book *Raw Recruits*, commissioned a documents examiner to check the authenticity of the signature on the answer sheet that the ACT has on file. After comparing it with contemporaneous samples, the expert concluded it was "highly probable" that Manuel did indeed sign the sheet. That doesn't rule out Dove's theory, however, that his client signed two sheets, and that a second sheet was filled out later by someone else, unbeknownst to Manuel.

"We know there were lots of people with an interest in him being eligible," says Mark Hammons, the Oklahoma City attorney who argued Manuel's court case *pro bono*. "UK and its boosters and affiliates—they had much more to gain by altering his test score than Eric did."

Surely the NCAA knew that. Yet its committee on infractions assumed that Manuel was stonewalling investigators by pleading innocence. Faced with its first test-fraud case since the advent of Prop 48 in 1986, the NCAA gave him a good hidestrapping.

But what if Manuel really didn't know anything? And even if he did, can a teenager in the care of powerful adults really be expected to drop a dime and bring them down? "Eric was just a pawn in all this," says someone who was closely involved with the Kentucky program at the time. "He's paying a huge price for something he did not do."

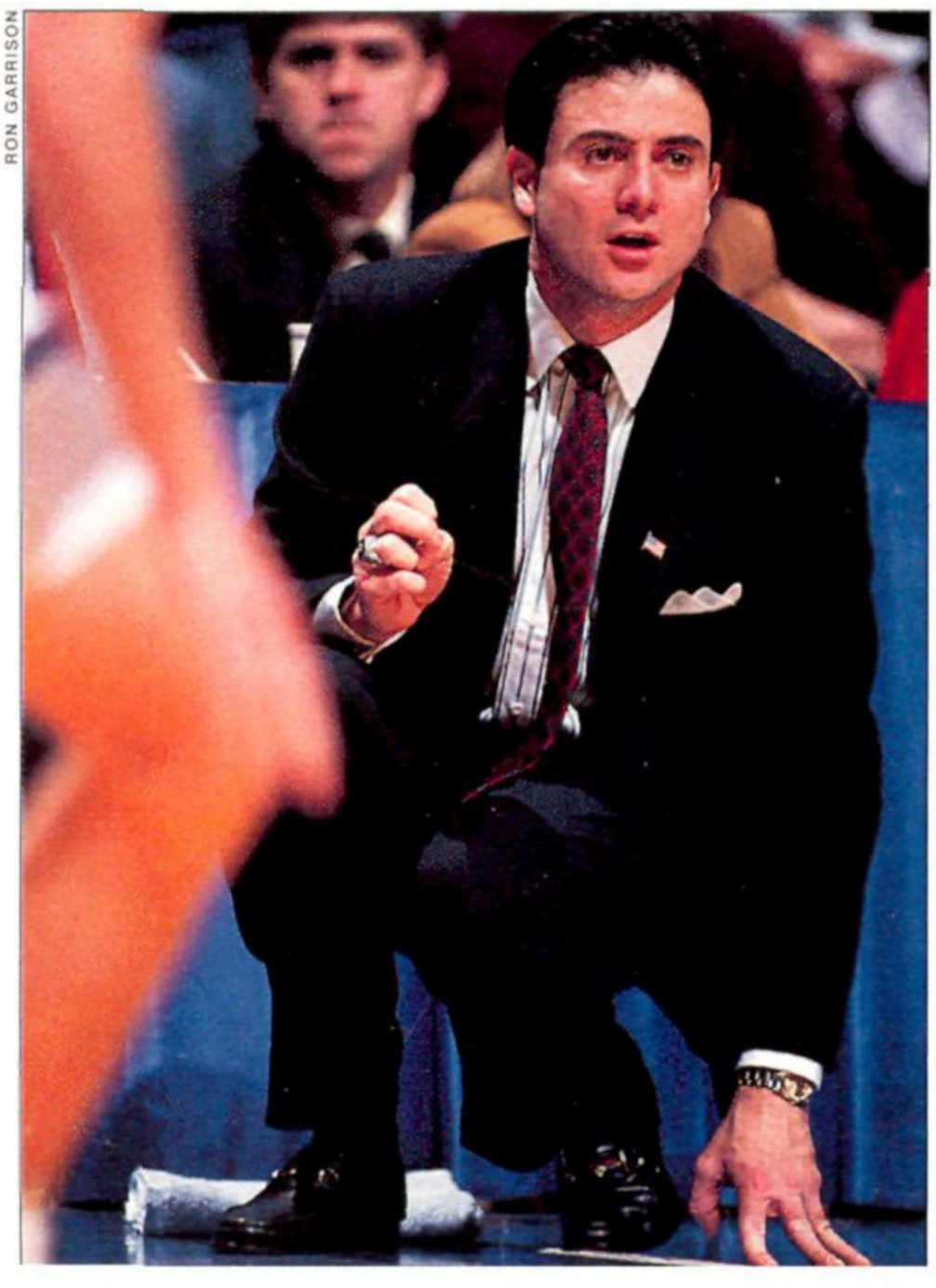
DAVID E. KLUTHO

The shame of Bills 'n' Mills has not diminished the enthusiasm of the fans at Wildcat games.

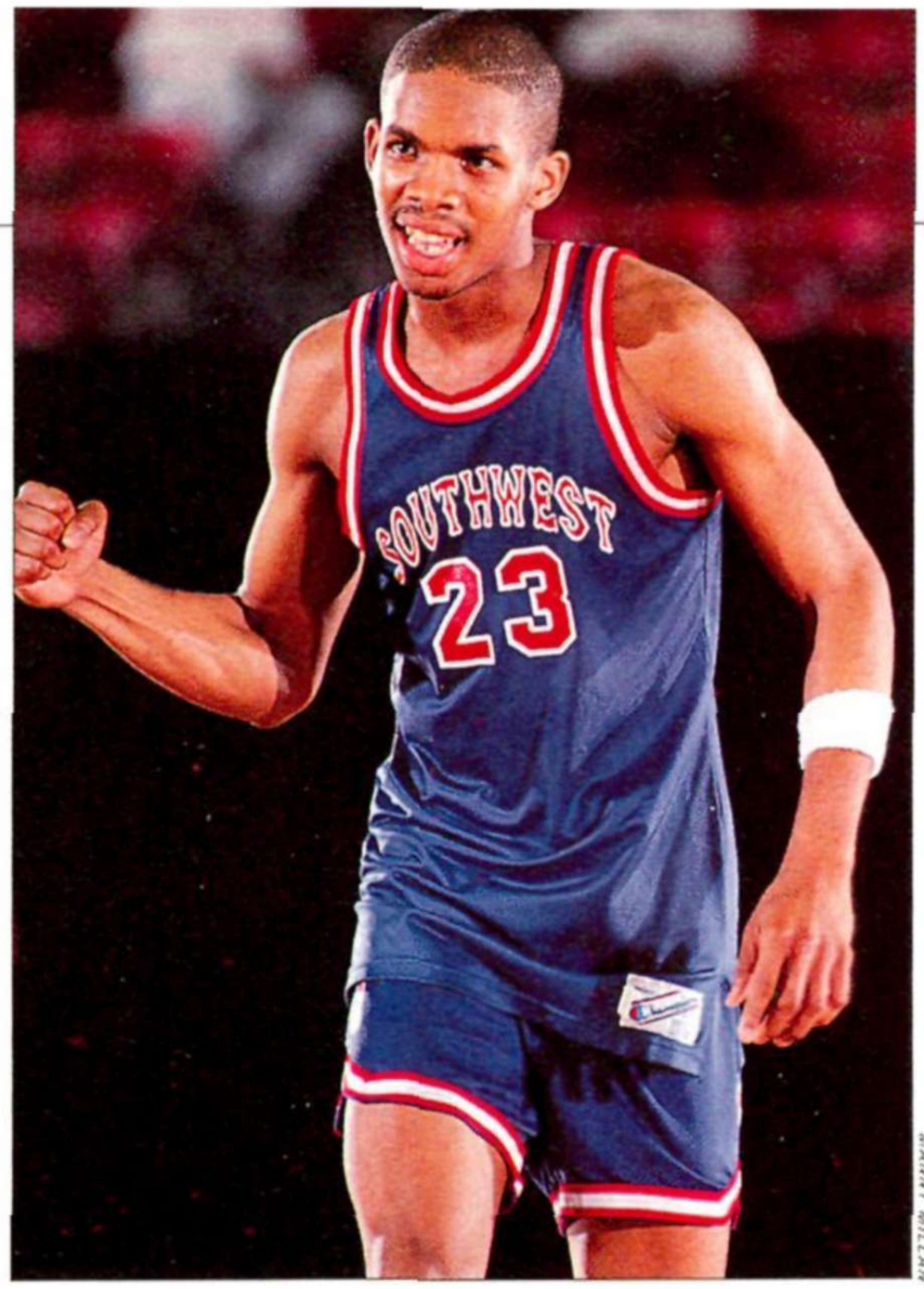
They call it the Trail of Tears, the route taken by the Cherokees and the Creeks in the early 19th century as they made their way, by government order, from their homes in northern Georgia and eastern Tennessee to the badlands of Oklahoma. That is roughly the route Manuel has taken since the NCAA turned him out: from Macon to Hiwassee College, a juco in Madisonville, Tenn., and on to Oklahoma City University, a United Methodist school with a fine academic reputation.

In August, Oklahoma City coach Darrel Johnson offered Manuel a scholarship. He did so after checking the NAIA rule book, which states that a player is athletically ineligible if he has "completed eligibility" at any four-year school. NAIA regulations go on to specify that graduation, 10 semesters of attendance or four seasons of athletic competition all constitute completion of eligibility. Manuel had, at Kentucky and Hiwassee, spent a total of six semesters enrolled as either an active player or a redshirt. To Johnson and other Oklahoma City officials, he seemed to have two seasons left.

Second-year coach Rick Pitino has Kentucky sitting atop the SEC.


RON GARRISON

NAIA officials, however, considered the NCAA's lifetime ban to be a most emphatic way of completing one's eligibility. Thus, without undertaking its own investigation of Manuel's case, the organization ruled that he couldn't play for any of its schools. "Our decision was based on our national eligibility committee's interpretation of what 'completion of eligibility' means," says Wallace Schwartz, the NAIA vice-president of administration. "He could have completed his eligibility if another four-year school had declared him ineligible for, say, missing two chapel



MANNY MILLAN

Eric's brother Reggie also knows what it's like to be hotly recruited.

services. The same rule would have applied."

But Schwartz concedes that the NAIA weighed another factor—Manuel's status as a pariah. "Some of our concern is image," he says. "We don't want to be seen as an organization of last resort. You can imagine that headlines like MANUEL BANNED, CAN ONLY PLAY NAIA don't make us look very good. We don't have a vendetta against Eric Manuel. We just don't think as an organization that the young man fits our definition of a student-athlete."

Yet Manuel wants his degree. That's why he continued the court fight, rather than opt for a spot with a minor-league or European team. He has been a solid C-plus to B-minus student at both Hiwassee and Oklahoma City. He is also on schedule to graduate in 1992. "When I heard I was ineligible again, it crossed my mind [to look at the CBA or Europe]," he says. "But my mom insisted I go to school."

Last Oct. 26, just as the Chiefs were mustering in a church gym for practice, district court judge William Henderson ruled in Manuel's favor. Nothing in NAIA bylaws, Henderson concluded, supported the organization's position. He cited evidence, introduced by Manuel's lawyers, that as many as 20 athletes who have been ruled ineligible by the NCAA for various reasons are competing for NAIA schools. "The NAIA's ranks are littered with players who have been expelled from NCAA institutions for gross misconduct, academic malfeasance or felony convictions," says Hammons. "How is it better to have a criminal out there on the basketball court than Eric Manuel?"

When Manuel and Johnson walked triumphantly into that afternoon's practice, with the coach holding aloft a RE-ELECT JUDGE HENDERSON sign he had gotten at the courthouse, the players lit after their new teammate. Says guard Tony Terrell, "It was like we were on the fast break. We hugged him like Magic hugged Kareem after giving him that last assist."

Mary Manuel, sensing that basketball is the lure that keeps her son in school, had cried over the phone last August when Johnson talked with her about the NAIA's ruling. "It was hard for me to explain it to her, because I didn't understand it myself," says Johnson. "They were trying to fit the square peg of their interpretation into the round hole of what their rule book said."

When Johnson told her of her son's victory, she cried again, adding a few Praise the Lords and Thank you, Jesuses for good measure. For now, she can focus her attention on her son Reggie, a versatile 6′ 2″ senior guard at Southwest High who, after another parade of recruiters marched through Mary's living room, is still trying to decided where to play his college ball. On Jan. 26, he took the SAT.

The NAIA is appealing its case. "The crux of the matter is whether the association will be allowed to administer and enforce its own rules, or whether the courts are going to do it for us," Schwartz says. With those courts moving as glacially as they do, Manuel stands a fairly good chance of playing out his college career—and graduating—before his fragile victory might be overturned.

Everyone, it seems, is using Manuel to make a point. He just doesn't understand why those points have to be used to impale him.

As he roams the floor for the Chiefs, Manuel seems to look down during pauses in play, as if he's talking silently to himself. There's no indication that his skills are atrophying against weaker competition. He does everything, as always—averaging about 21 points, nine rebounds, five assists and one blocked shot. Oklahoma City, ranked No. 4 nationally, has run out to a 20–3 start. Aware of Manuel's unselfishness, Johnson had to instruct him, late in a December game against St. Francis of Illinois, to go after the school's single-game NAIA scoring record (41), which was well within reach. He scored 43 points. Manuel, remember, does what he is told.

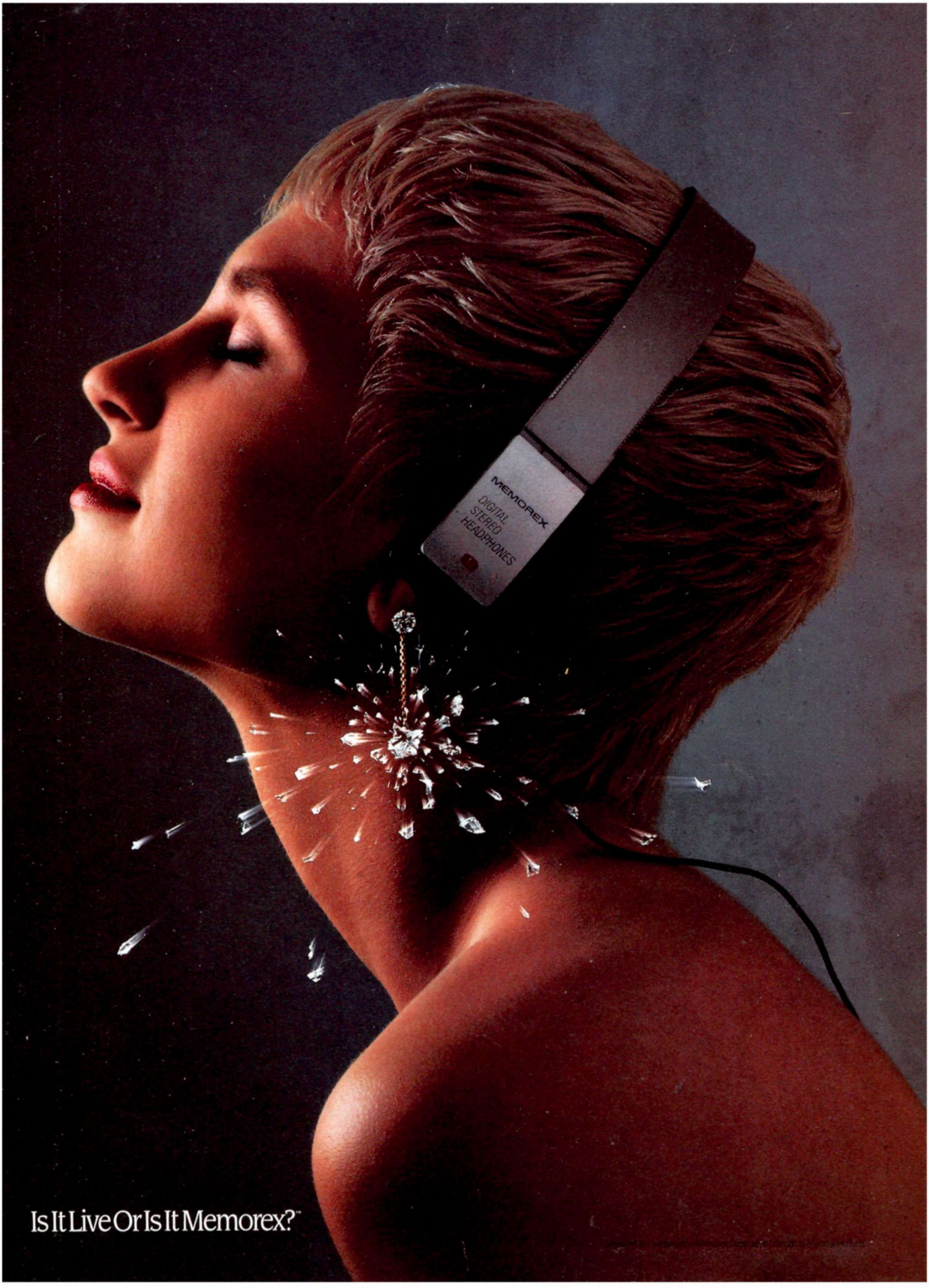
Manuel's teammates know he's familiar with adversity, so they have learned to look for him down the stretch. His old-fashioned basket-and-a-foul three-point play beat Oral Roberts in overtime. Two crunch-time steals, then dunks, socked away Northwestern Oklahoma State. And in the rematch at ORU, after enduring rather un-Christian chants of "A-C-T, A-C-T" from the students, he dropped in a couple of free throws to help beat the Titans again. "That stuff's been going on ever since I was at juco," Manuel says. "They chanted 'S-A-T' at Motlow State, and I had 46 against them. It gives me a boost. Makes me hyper rather than gets me down."

It's a family of sorts that has taken in this refugee. Basketball's great folklorist, former Oklahoma City coach Abe Lemons, 67, still haunts Frederickson Fieldhouse on campus, and he makes Manuel laugh. The recent death of Terrell's aunt made Manuel cry. "People here are supportive of Eric," says Jerald Walker, the school's president, "because he's a decent human being who studies hard."

"Everybody else got out pretty clean," Manuel says. "I guess I was the scapegoat of the whole situation. Sometimes I think about it. But all I can do is go forward."

Manuel may keep dark secrets. Other people may whisper a prayer each night that he'll continue to keep them. He won't say one way or another. He has, however, noticed that the Oklahoma City cheerleaders often yell, "Go Big Blue!" just as their counterparts at Kentucky do. His reaction may surprise. "It's great to hear that one again," he says. "It puts a pretty ring in my head."

Considering all Manuel has been through, and how little charity has been accorded him, that is an awfully charitable thing to say. ■



Is It Live Or Is It Memorex?™

Great While It Lasted

Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux returned in fine fashion from an 11-month layoff, only to be reinjured

by JAY GREENBERG

IN FRENCH LE MIEUX MEANS "THE best." But for Mario Lemieux, the Pittsburgh Penguins' splendid center, his recent run of luck hasn't been the best at all. Last week, after spending nearly a year out of action because of a back injury, Lemieux returned to the ice in a manner that was both spectacular and frustrating. It was spectacular in that he scored two goals and four assists in his first four games back. But it was frustrating because in the second period of the fourth game, a 6–2 home-ice win over the Boston Bruins last Saturday afternoon, Lemieux pulled a groin muscle and had to return to the sidelines, possibly for a week or more.

Four days earlier, when Lemieux loped around the rink in the final warmup for his debut in front of the home folks, a game against the Washington Capitals, Pittsburgh's Civic Arena shook with anticipation. Many of the capacity crowd of 16,236 held up placards that read MARIO, and he basked in the thrill of an evening he had feared might never come. His return before the doting Pittsburgh fans was such an event that Penguin coach Bob Johnson had to warn his players to remain focused.

"Don't get caught up in the show," Johnson said at the morning skate. "Make sure you play the game."

What he meant was, Don't just watch Mario, help him. Last season, the Penguins spent the first 58 games admiring Lemieux, who, until he was forced to the sidelines on Feb. 14, was on his way to his third straight league scoring title and was five games shy of Wayne Gretzky's NHL consecutive-game scoring record of 51. The Penguins were 27-27-4 with Lemieux in the lineup, then went 5-12-4 before he returned for the final regular-season game in a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to get Pittsburgh into the playoffs for only the second time in the last eight years.

After the season, Lemieux underwent surgery to remove the herniated portion of a disc. Later, doctors discovered that an infection unrelated to his surgery had settled in his spine. That caused him to miss the first 50 games this season. In his absence, however, the Penguins were 26-21-3, putting them just seven points behind the Patrick Division–leading New York Rangers. Not only that, Pittsburgh was leading the NHL in goals scored and, just as important, was playing improved defense under Johnson, the former University of Wisconsin and Calgary Flame coach who is in his first season with the Penguins.

The big question on Lemieux's return was whether the rest of the Penguins would simply take a seat and enjoy the show. "I'd worry about that a lot more if everybody in this room hadn't been asked that so many times," said left wing Phil Bourque. "Keep asking. It's good for us."

The initial effects of Lemieux's return were nothing but positive. In his first game back in the lineup, a 6–5 win over the Nordiques at Quebec on Jan. 26, he contributed three assists. Then, against the Caps three nights later, he reminded that rabid Civic Arena throng why he is called Le Magnifique. With the Caps leading 2–0 in the first period, he used his pterodactyl-like wings to knock the puck off defenseman Calle Johansson's stick to right wing Mark Recchi, who quickly fed back to Lemieux. The grand Penguin then laid a goalmouth gimme in the path of line mate Bob Errey, who put it in to cut the lead in half. In the third period, Lemieux put an outside-inside move on Johansson that forced Washington goalie Don Beaupre to make a superior save, and on that same shift he twice stole the puck for two more Penguin chances.

A few minutes later, Lemieux got his leg out to deflect Cap defenseman Al Iafrate's clearing attempt to right wing Jaromir Jagr, who stretched Beaupre across the crease and laid a pass back to Lemieux for an easy—well, Mario made it *look* easy—goal that tied the game. "I can't believe that a guy could be off that long and play like that," Bourque said later. "It must be a great feeling to know you can take total control of a game." Rookie defenseman Paul Stanton's goal beat the Caps 3–2 in overtime.

In Philadelphia two nights after that, Lemieux scored a goal as the Penguins lost 4–2 to the Flyers, before the injury jinx hit him again on Saturday. The Penguins were 3–1 in the games Lemieux played, and even with a 6–3 loss to the Bruins in Boston on Sunday, they had cut the Rangers' lead to a mere two points.

Now if Lemieux's luck changes, maybe the Penguins can be *le mieux*, too. ■

Lemieux thrilled Penguin fans by scoring off Beaupre for his first goal of the season.

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INSIDE THE NBA

by JACK McCALLUM

The Apple Turns

With the Knicks standing at an anemic 20–25 through Sunday, here are some questions surrounding one of the NBA's most disappointing teams:

Will general manager Al Bianchi be gone at the end of the year? Highly likely.

Almost to a man, general managers around the league defend Bianchi. They say that Bianchi is very much "in the circuit," making calls and trying to make deals. He is hampered by New York's being over the salary cap and by a $13.7 million payroll that is second only to Cleveland's $14.3 million. Clearly it is not a simple matter for Bianchi to make a deal.

But Bianchi's employers at Madison Square Garden, the Paramount Communications Inc. subsidiary that runs the Knicks, gave Bianchi only a one-year contract extension last summer, and he is nobody's candidate for executive of the year. His fatal flaw was overestimating his team in the preseason, mistaking New York's first-round playoff win over Boston last season as a sign of strength. Bianchi should have seen that the Knicks had to make a move or two to even come close to matching Eastern Conference powers such as the Pistons and the Bulls.

Will coach John MacLeod depart with Bianchi? Very likely.

Bianchi brought in MacLeod, an old friend, after Stu Jackson took the fall in December for the Knicks' getting off to a 7–8 start. But they've played even worse (13–17) under MacLeod.

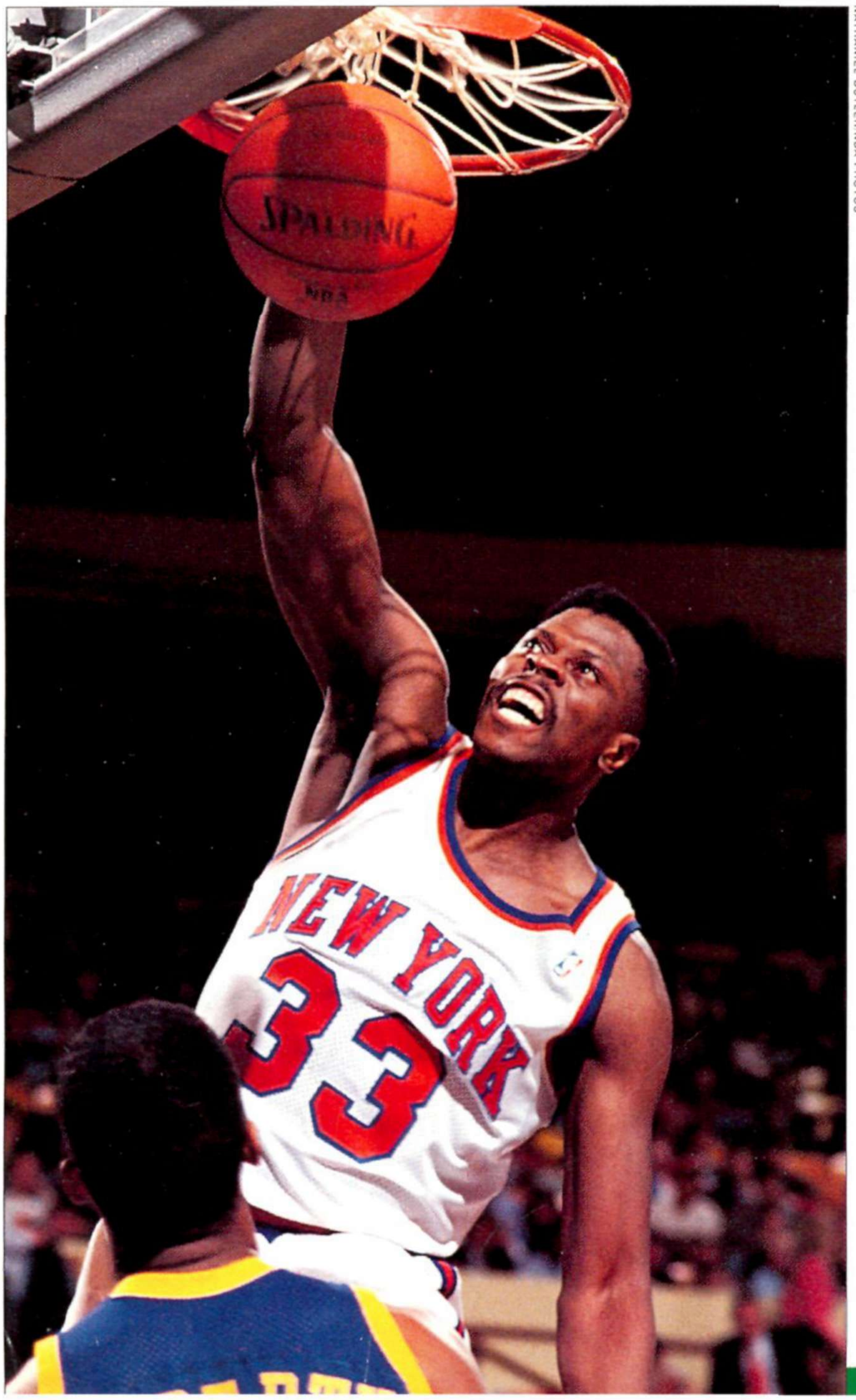
Will New York try to change its team chemistry by making a deal before the *Feb. 21 trading deadline? Likely.*

But it probably won't be a blockbuster. The Knicks would love to get native New Yorker Chris Mullin from the Warriors, of course, but Golden State probably would not let that happen. More realistic possibilities are the Clippers' Danny Manning and the Timberwolves' Tony Campbell, players who would like to go to the Big Apple.

In return, the Knicks would gladly surrender one or more of the following: guards Mark Jackson, Trent Tucker and Gerald Wilkins and forward Kenny Walker. And though Bianchi says that he won't part with power forward Charles Oakley, he might need to move Oakley to get something of value.

Will Patrick Ewing play in New York next season? Likely.

If the Knicks do not redo his contract by the end of the season, the franchise center is eligible to become an unrestricted free agent. Ewing's oddly structured deal, which pays him about $4.3 million this season but only $3 million in 1991–92, stipulates that he must be one of the NBA's four highest-paid players or he can say bye-bye. And when next season begins, at least six other players will be making more than $3 million. Certainly



NATHANIEL BUTLER/NBA PHOTOS

If the Knicks don't meet Ewing's money minimum, they could find themselves in a jam.

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Ewing's dissatisfaction with a sinking team and the absence of a person in the organization with whom he feels close would seem to make him all too willing to take a hike.

Will John Thompson, who coached Ewing at Georgetown, get Bianchi's job? Possibly.

Nothing makes more sense, even though Thompson's representatives at Pro-Serv, the same agency that handles Ewing, say that no talks have taken place between Thompson and the Knicks. Last summer Thompson strongly considered becoming the Nuggets' general manager, and the New York position would present the kind of creative challenge Thompson would relish.

An alternative scenario, in which Rod Thorn, the NBA's Director of Operations, would take over for Bianchi, gained credence when the league hired Jackson for an executive's position right below Thorn's. But a Thompson-Ewing reunion makes more sense.

Mr. Larceny

When his career ends, the Bucks' Alvin Robertson, 28, will almost certainly be recognized as the best ball thief in NBA history. Robertson holds the league records for total steals (301) and highest per-game average (3.67) in a season, both set when he was with San Antonio in 1985–86, and he could eclipse those marks this year. At week's end Robertson had 164 thefts, for an average of 3.49 per game; closest to him was the Jazz's John Stockton (127 and 2.82).

Steals are made in three basic ways, and Robertson is expert in them all. He has the quick hands needed to swipe the ball. He has the anticipation to sneak into passing lanes and make interceptions. And he has the quickness and strength to double-down on a big man near the basket and pry the ball away from him.

"But the real key to Alvin is that he just works so hard at it," says Don Buse, a league leader in steals during his playing days (1972–85). "I don't think there's anyone else in the game who gets after it every single play like Alvin."

Civics Class

Some of the Pacers were sitting around the hotel lobby in Milwaukee discussing the Middle East situation when second-year guard George McCloud inquired, "What's their God's name over there? Isn't it Allah or something?"

Teammate LaSalle Thompson joined the group in time to get only a vague notion of McCloud's question.

"Alaa?" said Thompson, believing the conversation to be about Portland rookie Alaa Abdelnaby. "He ain't a guard. He's a forward."

Clear Mandate: It's Grant

At 6′ 10″, Horace Grant is two inches taller than his twin brother, Harvey. That, however, is about the only way to tell them apart—unless they're in uniform.

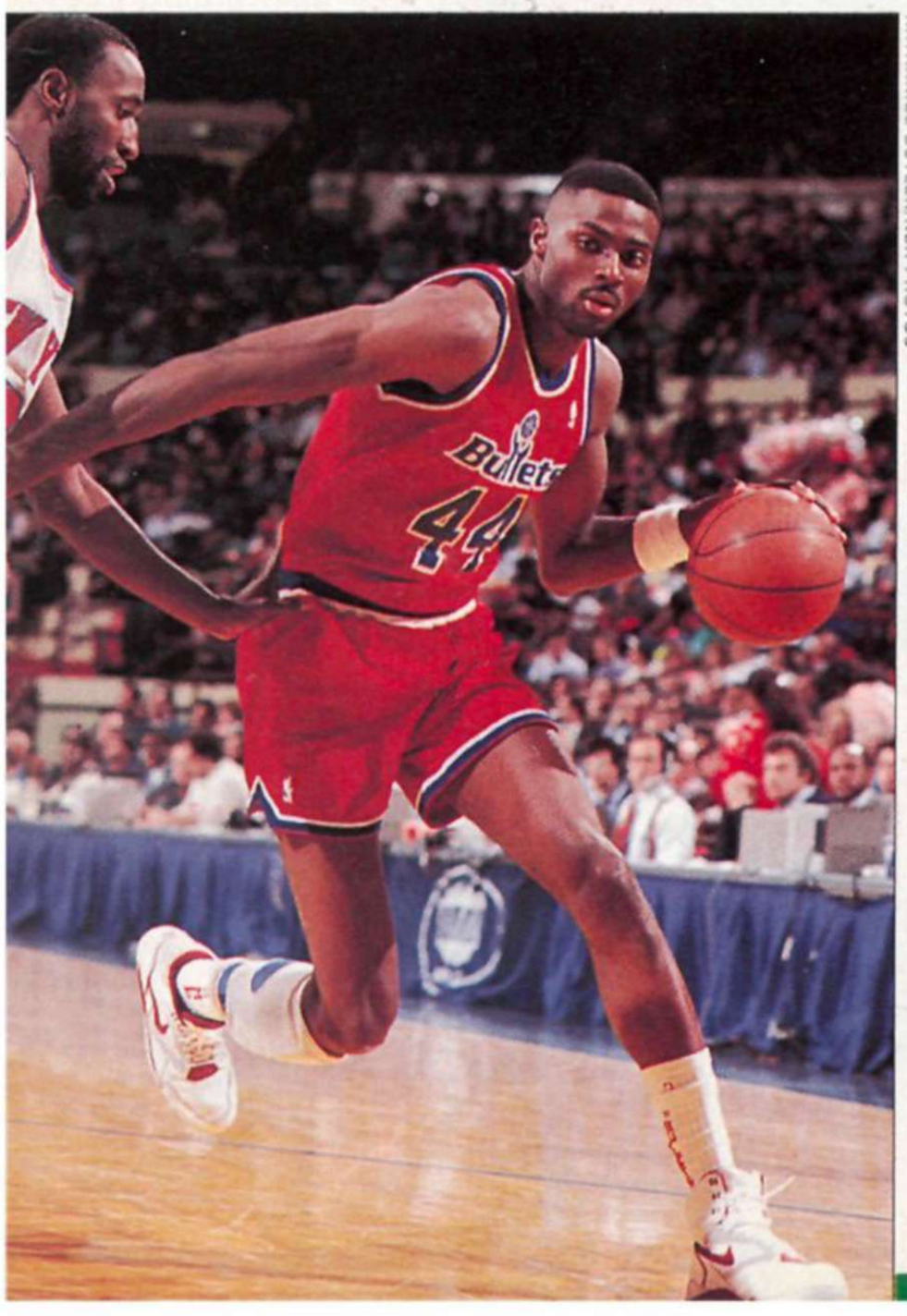
"Let me get it straight," said Nugget coach Paul Westhead when asked to choose his Grant for this SI poll. "Horace plays for the Bulls, Harvey for the Bullets. Right?" Right, Paul. (Westhead took Horace by the way.) Also, Horace, shown below without the protective goggles he now wears, is the one with the bulked-up physique. He weighs 220 pounds to Harvey's 200.

On the court their games are similar but not identical. Harvey is the more versatile offensive player, while Horace is superior as a rebounder. But both can bang bodies underneath as well as run the floor. Harvey has gotten increased playing time this season (owing to John Williams' being overweight and plagued by injury) and has blossomed. Horace's trademark has been consistency, but, like most of his teammates, he sometimes has trouble forging an identity on the Jordan-dominated Bulls. "Horace is sort of lost because he doesn't really have a role in their offense," said one coach in choosing Harvey. Another coach, however, picked Horace precisely because of his quiet acceptance of a difficult situation. "Horace has shown a lot of character in the way he's handled himself," said the coach. "He's under a lot of pressure to produce, and he has in playoff situations."

When all the votes were in (Chicago and Washington weren't polled) and all the abstentions eliminated, the tally was—and isn't this just perfect?—10 votes for Horace and 10 votes for Harvey.

"As for which one is better looking, I'll take Harvey," said one Eastern Conference coach. "I don't like goggles." ■

Granted, the choice between twins Harvey (below) and Horace is a difficult one to make.



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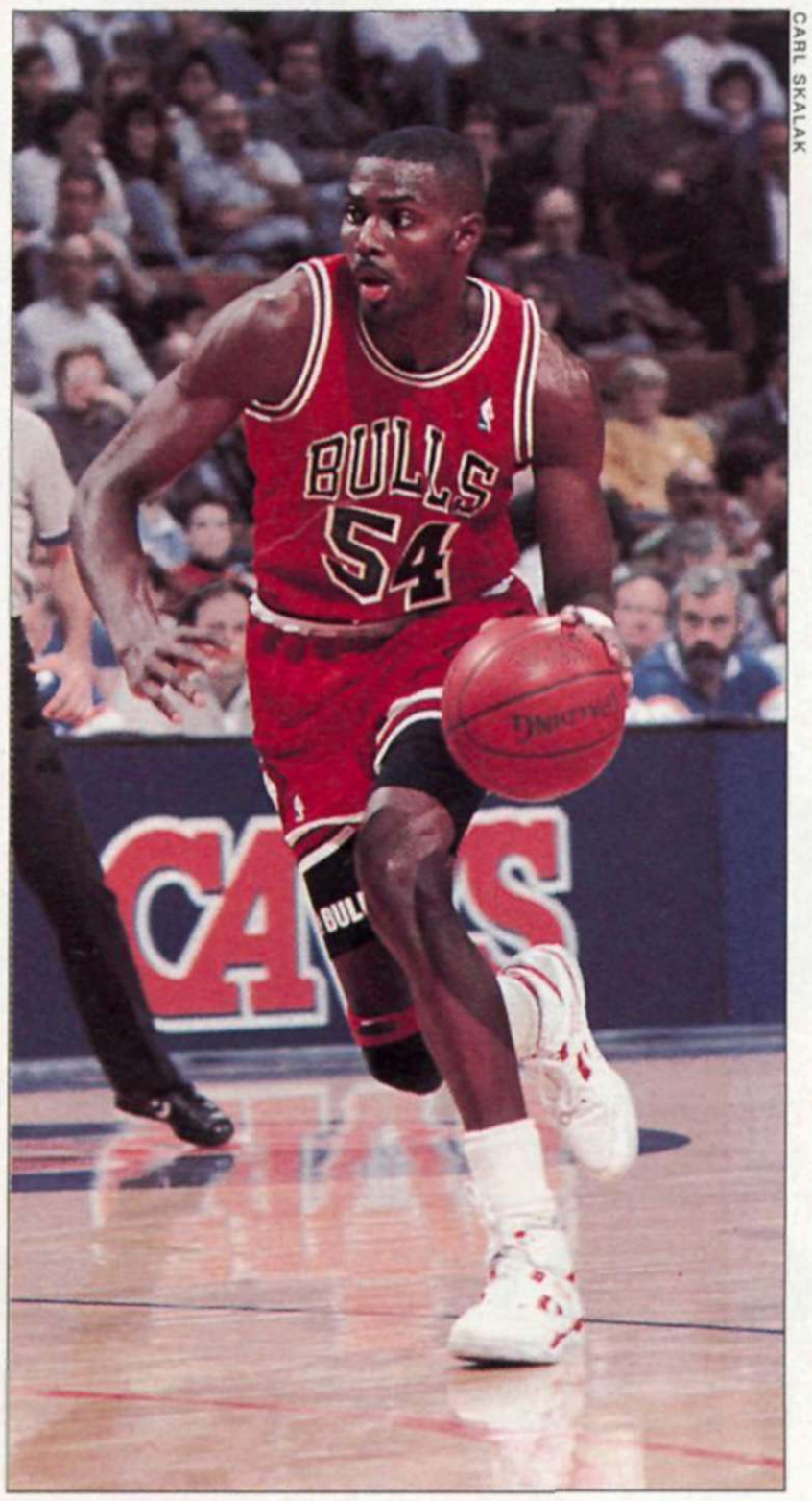

CARL SKALAK

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College Basketball

by PHIL TAYLOR

In This Corner. . . .

The anticipation has been building for weeks. It's the defending champ against the No. 1 contender, and each has been tuning up against mostly inferior competition. If this Sunday's UNLV-Arkansas game had a nickname—like the Big Thrill in Fayetteville—you would swear it was a heavyweight championship fight instead of a regular-season basketball game.

Two teams, Alabama-Birmingham and Florida State, have had the misfortune of getting thumped by both the Rebels (17–0 at week's end) and the Hogs (22–1). Here's how some of the Blazers and Seminoles see the game.

"Both teams play great defense, but UNLV is more disciplined," says Florida State swingman Aubry Boyd, whose team lost 101–69 to the Rebs on Dec. 22 and 109–92 to the Hogs on Jan. 21. "Arkansas is more explosive getting turnovers, but it gambles a lot and gives up some easy baskets. I'd have to pick UNLV to win—barely."

"[Arkansas center] Oliver Miller will need to get [UNLV forward] Larry Johnson in foul trouble because Johnson is the key to UNLV," says Alabama-Birmingham guard Jack Kramer, whose Blazers lost 109–68 to the Runnin' Rebs on Dec. 1 and 104–72 to the Razorbacks last Wednesday. "But I think [playing at home] gives Arkansas the advantage."

"On sheer talent the advantage goes to Vegas," says Blazer coach Gene Bartow. "But playing at Barnhill Arena gives Arkansas a psychological advantage."

The guess here is that Arkansas will keep the game close most of the way, because the Razorbacks are one of the few teams whose backcourt can stand up to the Rebels' defensive pressure and exert some of its own. But the Hogs' inability to match Vegas's depth up front should enable the Rebels to pull away late. The final score: 102–91.

Happy New Year

If the season ended today, Providence's 6′ 2″ senior guard, Eric Murdock, would get our vote as a first-team All-America. No guard in the country—not Georgia Tech's Kenny Anderson, not Michigan State's Steve Smith, not anyone else—has enjoyed a better season than Murdock. On Jan. 29, Murdock broke the NCAA record for career steals by snatching number 342 in a 65–62 win over Seton Hall, but that was no surprise, because Murdock has long been a top defender. What has shocked college hoops observers is Murdock's scoring. At week's end he was averaging 28.9 for the 13–7 Friars.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

No other guard in the country is enjoying as good a season as the unheralded Murdock.

Murdock has saved most of his best performances for top opponents. He had 45 points and eight rebounds in a 99–87 loss at Arizona, and 48 points (a Big East record), seven rebounds and six steals in a 92–79 loss to Pitt. "Eric Murdock has caught the entire professional basketball establishment off guard," says former Friars athletic director Dave Gavitt, who is now senior executive vice-president of the Boston Celtics. "I tried to think who he reminded me of, and the name that kept coming to mind is Lenny Wilkens."

That's high praise indeed for a player who had a disappointing junior season and who began this one with a career scoring average of 14.2 points. Last season's frustrations began when Murdock suffered a stress fracture of his right shin in the preseason. The injury bothered him during most of 1989–90, but it was nothing compared with the scare he received last February when he was found to have an irregular heartbeat. Murdock was cleared to play after missing only one game and hasn't had any ill effects since. Nonetheless, he was shaken up when Hank Gathers of Loyola Marymount collapsed on the court and died of a heart ailment only a few weeks later.

"When that happened I didn't know what to think," says Murdock. "I still can't bring myself to watch the whole thing on tape. But the doctors have told me that my condition was completely different."

As frightening as his irregular heartbeat was, Murdock has survived crueler twists of fate. He never knew his father, and his mother was killed in a car accident when he was six months old. He was raised by his grandmother Anna, who had 13 children of her own. "When I was little I called her Mom because that's what everyone else in the house called her," he says. "I still call her Mom sometimes—when I want something."

Last season Murdock was a preseason all-conference selection but didn't even make the third team in the postseason voting, a fact that his coach, Rick Barnes, didn't let him forget as 1990–91 approached. "Every day I told him he was the first guy in history that had happened to," says Barnes. "I didn't know if it was true, but he didn't like me saying it. He

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Saturday - 8 PM
Championship Game
Sunday - 3 PM

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Georgetown vs. Connecticut
Monday - 7:30 PM

Michigan vs. Ohio State
Monday - 9:30 PM

New Mexico State vs. Cal-Santa Barbara
Monday - Midnight

Kansas vs. Missouri
Tuesday - 7:30 PM

Georgia vs. Florida
Tuesday - 9:30 PM

Wake Forest vs. North Carolina
Wednesday - 7 PM

St. John's vs. BC
Wednesday - 9 PM

Air Force vs. Hawaii
Wednesday - Midnight

Alabama-Birmingham vs. So. Florida
Thursday - 7:30 PM

Minnesota vs. Iowa
Thursday - 9:30 PM

UCLA vs. California
Thursday - Midnight

WOMEN'S

Washington vs. Stanford
Saturday - Midnight

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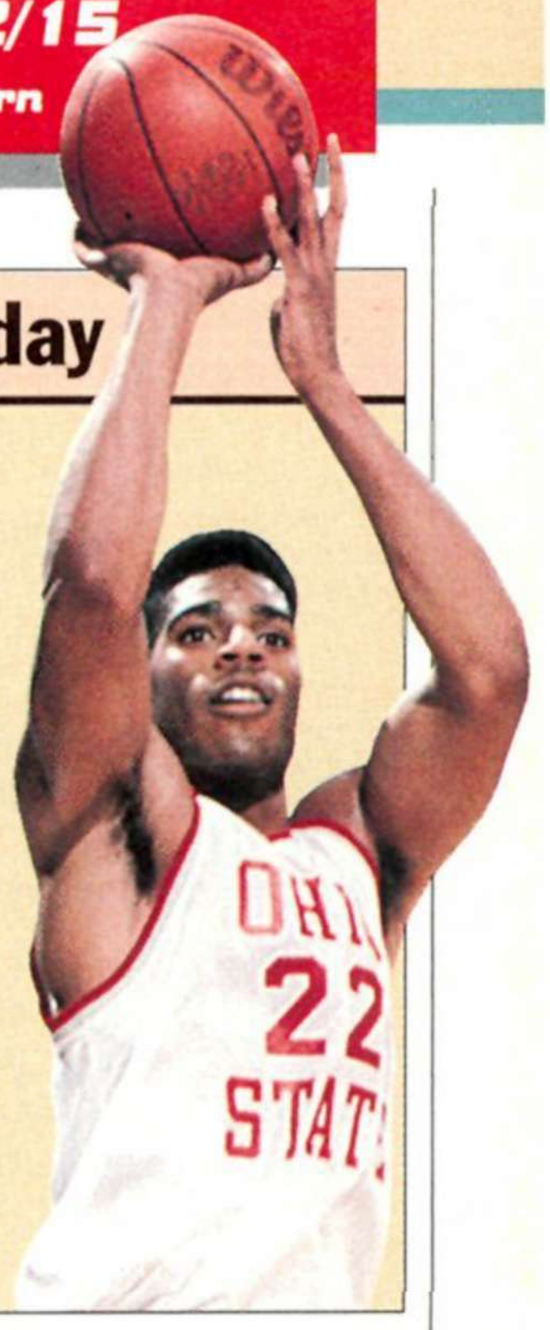
Buckeyes Highlight Big Monday



Ohio State's standout sophomore forward Jim Jackson (right) and his Buckeye teammates host Big Ten rival Michigan Monday night at 9:30 PM. It's the second game of a Big Monday tripleheader that begins at 7:30 PM with Georgetown at Connecticut and winds up with UNLV's challenger in the Big West, New Mexico State, on the road versus Cal-Santa Barbara. Ohio State, with all five starters averaging in double figures, is gunning for an undisputed Big Ten title and a top NCAA tournament seeding. Michigan is led by senior guard Demetrius Calip.

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Saturday - 5 PM

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would just say, 'New year this year, Coach, new year.' "

For Murdock, it hasn't been just a new year, it has been an outstanding one.

Bruise News

It's not exactly a revelation that post play in college basketball is rougher than it was 20, even 10 years ago. As players have grown bigger and stronger, the constraints against physical contact have become looser. But recent complaints from a number of coaches suggest that the roughness may be getting out of hand.

LSU's Dale Brown, concerned about opponents' defensive tactics against his 7′ 1″, 295-pound sophomore center, Shaquille O'Neal, has been particularly vocal. Last week Brown put together a video of what he thought was unnecessarily harsh treatment of O'Neal that had gone unwhistled, and he sent the tape to John Guthrie, the SEC's supervisor of officials. "Elbows, holding, shoving," says Brown. "I hate to sound like a crybaby, but there is so much violent play going on. He's taken a terrible beating."

O'Neal's father, Philip Harrison, confronted Guthrie following LSU's 82–79 loss to Mississippi State last week. "We spoke about some things that were concerning me about my son's safety," says Harrison. He also indicated that concern for Shaquille's safety would be a factor as his son decides whether to turn pro early.

Brown and Harrison aren't the only ones concerned about the slam dancing under the basket. "The game has to be restructured," says Oklahoma coach Billy Tubbs. "It's becoming block and tackle, push and shove."

Wasn't the three-point shot supposed

THE PHOENIX RISES

THE REFRAIN OF "DEE-FENSE," LONG FAMILIAR TO PACKER fans at Lambeau Field in Green Bay, is now echoing across Lombardi Avenue in Brown County Arena. The Wisconsin–Green Bay basketball team, led by junior point guard Tony Bennett and coached by his father, Dick, is using its man-to-man "pack" D to drive opponents to distraction. At week's end, Green Bay was 14–5 and had limited opponents to 62.3 points a game, 12th best in the nation. As a result the Phoenix, which has beaten Colorado and DePaul this season, has the inside track on the NCAA tournament bid reserved for the Mid-Continent Conference, home of such recent sleepers as Cleveland State, which knocked off Indiana in 1986, and Northern Iowa, which upset Missouri last year.

This kind of success is heady stuff for a school that opened in 1969 as an NAIA school, went to the NCAA's Division II in '73–74 and moved to Division I basketball in '81. Even Dick Bennett says, "I never envisioned myself as a Division I coach. In fact, I didn't expect to go past the high school level."

Dick, 47, went to Green Bay in 1985, after having coached at Division III Wisconsin–Stevens Point for nine seasons. He inherited a team that had finished 4–24. After a 5–23 first season, he then went 71–45, including a 24–8 record in '89–90. This season, despite deploying an undersized team that, as of Sunday, had been outrebounded in all but three games, Bennett has the Phoenix holding opponents to 46.9% shooting with that collapsing man-to-man pack defense.

Dick and his wife, Anne, give the Green Bay program a pronounced mom-and-pop feel. Dick's ultimate recruiting inducements are homemade hot fudge sundaes whipped up by Anne. But they aren't what hooked Tony, the state's 1988 Mr. Basketball as a senior at Preble High. He grew up watching his dad make better players of unheralded prospects such as Terry Porter, who went from being a freshman substitute at Stevens Point to point guard of the Portland Trail Blazers. "Dad is such a great teacher," says Tony. "And besides, it's great to share things with someone you love."

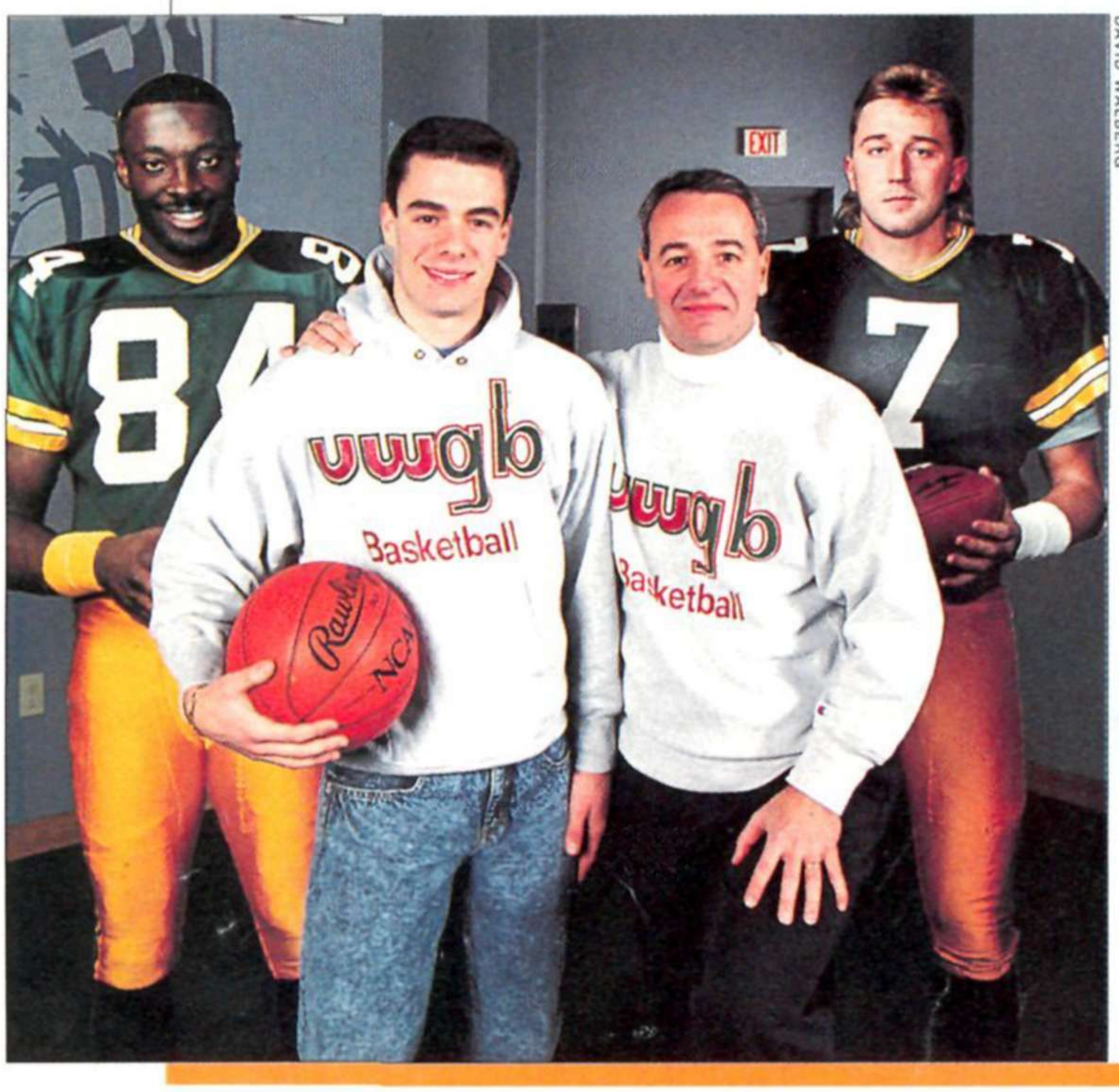
Tony, a 6-foot, 175-pound lefty, uses an array of behind-the-back and stop-and-go moves to shake free for jumpers. At week's end he was shooting 51.1% from three-point range, and between his 4.6 assists and 21.8 points a game, he was shouldering about 46% of the Phoenix offense. The pressure of carrying such a load has sometimes strained the father-son union. Tony shrugs off Dick's tongue-lashings with a smile and a roll of his eyes. Dick, meanwhile, gets overly caught up in his son's achievements. "Sometimes it seems like Coach Bennett wants to *be* Tony," says junior swingman Ben Johnson. "It's like he wants to make a move for him."

Similarily, Dick can't watch Porter play for the Trail Blazers on TV without wincing and groaning. Before repairing to pro camp each fall, Porter stops by the Bennetts' for a few weeks to get his mind right and his legs ready. "I owe my whole basketball career to Dick Bennett," says Porter.

Porter is also close to Tony—so close they have shared Tony's king-sized water bed during those preseason visits. "He's a big guy, so I just tried to stay in my corner," says Tony. "But now I can tell everyone, 'I slept with a pro.' "

He can also say he is propelling a sleeper. —HANK HERSCH

The Packer museum may have Sterling Sharpe (84) and Don Majkowski cutouts, but Wisconsin–Green Bay has the Bennetts, Tony (left) and Dick.



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to reduce congestion in the middle? Yes, but at a price, according to Providence coach Rick Barnes. "The three-pointer means teams can't pack it inside anymore," says Barnes. "But now you have to muscle your man out higher so the guard doesn't have as far to go to help."

Stanford coach Mike Montgomery thinks officials are calling games differently today. "Some have lost sight of what the term 'Letting them play' means," says Montgomery. "It's about only stopping the game for contact that gives an advantage or disadvantage. It doesn't mean you call every other foul or every third foul.

"Now it sometimes seems as if the 6′ 10″ guy isn't as free to show his skills as the 6′ 2″ guy," says Montgomery.

Land of 1,000 Recantations

Less than a year ago the Texas A&M program seemed to be on the rise. Plans had been approved for a $35 million, 14,500-seat special events center that would be ready for the 1993–94 season, and 31-year-old Kermit Davis, a highly regarded coach, had been hired to put together a team that would fill all those seats.

But at week's end the Aggies, plagued by injuries and by suspensions for disciplinary and academic reasons, were 5–15 overall and 0–9 in the Southwest Conference. Even worse, Davis was defending himself against charges that he may have tried to upgrade the Texas A&M program too quickly. The school is investigating several reported violations, including one allegation that Davis used the services of a New York City talent scout, Rob Johnson, to help recruit 6′ 8″ forward Tony Scott, a transfer from Syracuse who's sitting out this season at A&M.

At a press conference last Thursday, Davis denied any wrongdoing. "In six years of coaching, not one negative thing was ever said about me," said Davis, who took Idaho to the NCAA tournament the last two seasons. "Now all of a sudden [I'm being] tried in the media."

The allegations against Texas A&M appeared in the Syracuse *Post-Standard* in December as a by-product of its investigation of the Syracuse basketball program. Scott told a *Post-Standard* reporter that Davis had paid Johnson's way to College Station while Scott was considering transferring from Syracuse and had also paid part of the airfare for Scott's father to get home to Rochester after dropping off his son at A&M. The NCAA forbids free air travel for friends or relatives of an athlete. The newspaper also revealed that Davis had paid Johnson $2,400 to work at his basketball camp last summer—despite Johnson's limited coaching experience—and that Johnson had been a candidate for a job as a graduate assistant with the Aggies.

Scott has since retracted his statements to Davis, saying that he made them because he wanted to get the Aggies put on probation so that he could transfer once again and play without sitting out another year. Recantations are becoming something of a tradition among the Aggies. In 1988, Texas A&M football player George Smith charged that Jackie Sherrill, the Aggie coach at the time, had paid him to keep quiet about his knowledge of recruiting violations. Smith later said he had lied. Shortly thereafter, he recanted

Players Of The Week

MEN

Byron Houston, a 6′ 7″ junior forward for Oklahoma State, scored 23 points and got nine rebounds in a 78–68 victory over Colorado and had 22 points and 11 boards in an 81–68 upset of No. 11 Nebraska.

WOMEN

Providence's Tracy Lis, a 5′ 9″ junior forward, averaged 26 points, 8.3 rebounds and 2.3 steals as the Lady Friars ran their record to 18–3 by knocking off Iona (91–46), Seton Hall (103–79) and Pitt (108–97).

SMALL SCHOOLS

Jackie Givens, a 5′ 8″ senior forward for Fort Valley (Ga.) State, had 24 points in a 65–63 loss to Paine College and 63—one shy of the NCAA women's Division II mark—in a 132–86 rout of LeMoyne-Owen.

the recantation, saying he had been promised $30,000 to take back his statement about Sherrill's giving him hush money.

Bully for Auburn

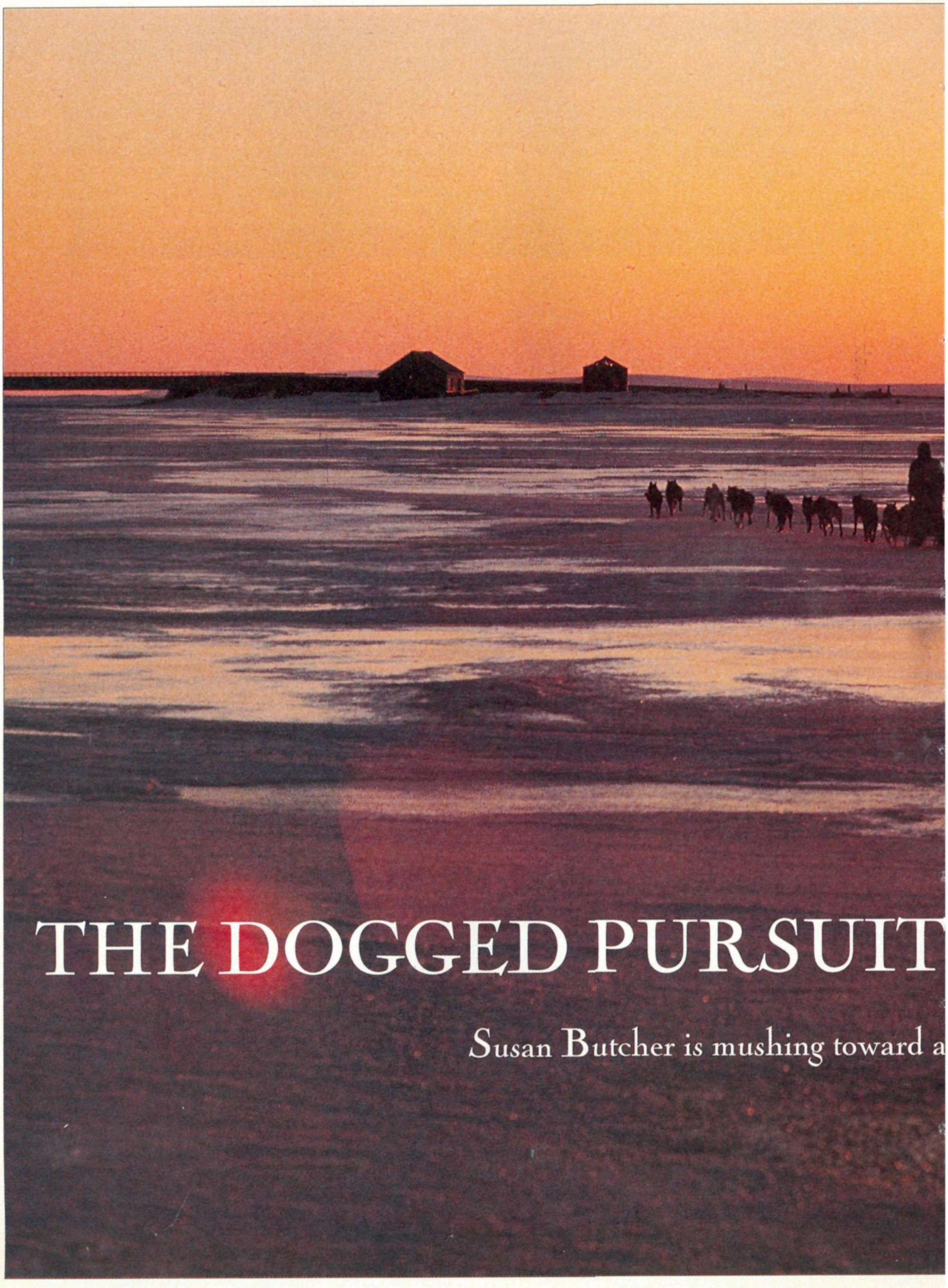
Auburn women's coach Joe Ciampi couldn't have planned it any better. In one game played last Saturday, the seventh-ranked Lady Tigers set an NCAA women's record with their 63rd consecutive home victory, gave Ciampi his 300th win at Auburn and thrashed archrival Alabama 77–48. "It was a great coincidence," said Ciampi afterward. "There was a lot of pressure on our players, and they did a great job of handling it."

The Lady Tigers, 18–3 after the Alabama victory, are tough to beat anywhere—they have reached the NCAA championship game in each of the past three years, though they have never won it—but one reason Auburn is especially tough at home is the crowd at Eaves-Memorial Coliseum, which includes the Baseline Bullies. The Bullies, however, aren't your typically vocal student section. They're faculty members. "They help out the officials, and they've been known to have a few suggestions for me, too," says Ciampi. "If I don't hear them during the game, I hear from them on the phone later."

After Saturday's win, Ciampi's phone should be quiet for a while.

Tip-ins

Hamilton College, 15–0 and ranked No. 1 in Division III at week's end, won't get a chance to play for the NCAA Division III championship. Hamilton is a member of the New England Small College Athletic Conference, which bars its 10 teams from participating in postseason play so that their athletes won't miss too much class time. . . . Everett Foxx, a 6′ 2″ junior guard for Division III Ferrum (Va.) College, made over 60% of his three-point attempts (29 of 48) during a recent four-game hot streak, but he should have tried backing up a bit on his foul shots. He made only 55% (10 of 18) from the free throw line. ■



THE DOGGED PURSUIT

Susan Butcher is mushing toward a

OF EXCELLENCE

record fifth win in the Iditarod race

by Sonja Steptoe

JEFF SCHULTZ

"Haw!" The command shattered the

It was midwinter 1977, and the nearest human being was some 50 miles away. *Lead dog Tekla and 14 other huskies* were pulling Susan Butcher on a sled across a frozen river when, suddenly, the leader disobeyed her musher's order to veer left, opting to head right—away from the trail. Butcher was annoyed and perplexed.

We were in the Wrangell Mountains on a trail we'd been traveling on all winter long. For no reason at all, Tekla kept trying to go off the trail. She had never done anything wrong before, and I couldn't understand why she was disobeying me. But I let her go. Then, just as we pulled to the side, the trail collapsed into the river. She had a sixth sense that saved our lives. That day I learned that the wilderness is their domain. The dogs know more about it than I do, and I'm better off trusting their instincts.

WILLIAM R. SALLAZ

BUTCHER IS LIKE A MOM TO SLUGGO (ABOVE) AND ALL HER OTHER DOGS. SOME OF THEM, AT RIGHT, AWAIT THEIR MISTRESS'S CALL NEAR THE MAIN CABIN IN EUREKA

On a late-summer afternoon 13 years later, Butcher and about a dozen pups were standing on a glacier in Eureka Creek, 155 miles from Fairbanks and about a mile from her house. As she watched the waters swirl around them, one pup, Chomolungma, slipped on the slick block of ice and fell into the water. Butcher laughed with delight.

I was laughing and telling him how clumsy he was. But then I saw that he was being sucked under the glacier. I knew that if I dove in to rescue him, I probably would be sucked under, too. So it was a question of my life or his. But then the current turned for a moment and he came back toward me. I reached in and grabbed him. He was so happy when I pulled him out, he was jumping all over me and licking me. He knew I had saved his life.

Trust and loyalty. This symbiotic relationship between Butcher and her dogs is the biggest reason why, at the age of 36, she is considered the finest long-distance sled-dog racer ever and one of the greatest mushers of all time.

"Those dogs believe they can do anything because Susan believes they can," says Dee Dee Jonrowe, who's a friend of Butcher's and the winner of the 1989 500-mile-long John Beargrease race.

"Her animals respect her because *they've gone through the mill with her,*" says Pam Redington, a sprint-dog kennel owner in Manley Hot Springs, Alaska, and Butcher's longtime friend.

In the 1,157-mile Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, which begins on March 2, Butcher will be the one to beat. For those who've lost count, she has won the race in four of the last five years, 1986, '87, '88 and '90, and she holds the Iditarod speed record of 11 days, 1 hour, 53 minutes and 23 seconds. At the beginning of this season, she held records in four other races: the Norton Sound 250, the Kobuk 220, the Kusko 300 and the Beargrease. The only other person to win four Iditarods is Rick Swenson, who prevailed in 1977, 1979, 1981 and 1982.

Butcher's success in this demanding and macho pursuit has made her a sports icon, not to mention a walking conglomerate. On this August afternoon in Eureka, the phone hasn't stopped ringing since she and her husband, David Monson, returned from a meeting they had with sponsors in Colorado 20 hours ago. Butcher is a week behind schedule for conditioning her dog teams. It is a predicament that she does not relish.

She has said that this year's Iditarod could possibly be her last. It may well be the hardest for her to win, too. Her competitors, particularly Swenson, aren't thrilled with the prospect of her becoming the first five-time Iditarod champ. Even more so than in years past, they will all be gunning for her. Meanwhile, life in the bush is more complicated than she would like it to be. Plopped among the four one-room log cabins and 120 doghouses at Butcher's Trail Breaker Kennels in Eureka are a white satellite dish and three unreliable diesel generators that power a telephone, a fax machine and a stereo system. Inside the cabin that serves as living room and kitchen, the electronic gadgets share close quarters with a wood stove, a sofa, a desk, a dining table and chairs.

Win or lose, Butcher has talked about retiring from racing this year and downsizing the communications station. The stereo will stay because Ray Charles, Beethoven, Jimi Hendrix and radio newscast-

silence of the southern Alaskan bush.

ers are welcome intruders. But Butcher intends to raise a family far away from telephones and fax machines. "Our life is getting to the point where there is too much going on for us to be able to do things exactly the way we want," Butcher says. "There are times when I'm just about to flip out and I tell David, 'This is crazy. I've won the race and done what I wanted to do, and I continue to be successful. So why is my life worse now that I have won?' "

This is Butcher's state of mind as she emerges from the doorless outhouse 10 yards east of the main cabin, zipping her fly. Butcher is a handsome woman who wears her hair in two waist-length braids, and whose fresh-scrubbed complexion and soft features belie the 16 years that she has spent fighting subzero temperatures and razor-sharp winds. Dressed in black dungarees, a cotton T-shirt and knee-high rubber boots, she heads from the outhouse to her dogs. They are her antidote for high-tech stress. Butcher's bond with the dogs is forged at the moment of their birth, when they slide from the womb into her cradled hands. Hers is the first human voice they hear, the first face they see. From that day on, she is their best friend.

Butcher warms to strangers slowly. At times she has a look that makes her seem cool and aloof, but around her friends, particularly those of the canine persuasion, she is gregarious and animated. She steps into the pen that houses about eight newborn pups, and her face beams with a childlike joy as she kneels on the straw-covered ground to cuddle each pup. Then she turns and praises Dobro, one of the mothers. "You did such a good job, I'm so proud of you," she says, sounding very much like a mom herself.

Like the 13 other citizens of Eureka, a mining and mushing enclave 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle, Butcher likes the quiet life among her dogs, which is far from the chaos and confinement of city living. Indoor plumbing isn't essential, and neither are paved roads. But she couldn't live without the creek that runs through her backyard or the rugged mountain ranges and fields of aspen, birch and spruce that surround her. Sur-

WILLIAM R. SALLAZ

WILLIAM R. SALLAZ

veying her version of paradise, she says, "This is what I want in life, to live out here in the bush."

As Butcher strolls past the door of the kitchen cabin, where three of her four Iditarod championship plaques are displayed, a dozen 3-month-old pups gather at the fence of their pen, eagerly awaiting her arrival. She is barely inside the gate before they start milling around her legs and tugging at her jeans, imploring her to bend over and receive a mass face-licking. She obliges. "Yes, yes, I'm happy to see you, too," she says. She lingers to play with Chomolungma, the pup she rescued from the creek. "There's a special bond between me and this little guy," she says as she pats him. Then she heads over to a group of 50 older dogs chained to wooden posts beside their houses. They bark and howl as she approaches. The 20 strongest and smartest among this group will be the ones on this year's Iditarod team. She stops to chat with Rock and Heifer before moving on.

How does she remember the names of all 150 dogs? "It's easy when you know them," she says. "Like having 150 kids."

Butcher's unique training—she has worked as a veterinary technician and a midwife to musk-oxen—comes in handy. The nearest vets are three hours away, in Fairbanks, and they don't make house calls to the bush. So Butcher draws blood, takes urine samples, conducts physicals and administers vaccinations to all of her dogs. She has developed a keen eye for canine disease symptoms and treats minor ailments herself, even if it means sitting up all night with an ailing husky. "My training helped me with the practical stuff, but I had a sense of what dogs needed before I knew anything about mushing," she says.

Butcher rises at six o'clock in the morning to care for the dogs that are vying for spots on her race team. For the next 17 hours, she feeds them, fetches their water, plays with them, takes them on training runs and massages their sore muscles afterward. When she's at a race, away on one of her many speaking engagements or meeting with her sponsors, her three kennel assistants take over the feeding and watering. But only Butcher trains the top dogs. "When I'm mushing, or caring for the dogs or picking up after them, I am in total contentment," she says. "I have found something that was made for me." There are also strategic reasons for the time she spends with them. "I want the dogs to see me doing everything for them," she says. "They have to trust me and know that I care about them and that I won't ask them to do something they aren't capable of."

Butcher scours books about marathon running for new training ideas. She picks the brains of the champion athletes she meets at awards ceremonies and then uses herself as a guinea pig for new training techniques before trying them on her

A MOTHER KEEPS A SHARP EYE ON HER LITTER OF PUPPIES AS SHE AND BUTCHER TAKE THEM ON A FROLIC THROUGH THE SNOW

dogs. Butcher says she knows what her dogs are thinking by the way they bark and behave. But even she can't always tell when the training is too taxing for them. "They love it so much, they won't ever let you know they're too tired or they don't want to go on," she says.

Every evening before dinner in late summer and early fall, before there's enough snow for real mushing, she divides the dogs into teams of five or more for training runs. On this day, she and her assistants hitch the harnessed dogs to a gang line and hook it to a 350-pound all-terrain vehicle. Butcher hops in the driver's seat, puts the vehicle in fifth gear, and the dogs pull the 490-pound load for four miles, at an average speed of 15 mph. As the team trots down her muddy driveway, up and down steep hills and through creeks, she studies the dogs through yellow-tinted goggles that protect her eyes

from the mud, water and dust the animals and the tires kick up. She notes which huskies trot like champions and which pairings work best. Like any coach, she cajoles, encourages and occasionally scolds her team.

Early in the run, the lead dog decides to take a breather in the creek, so the whole team stops. A perturbed Butcher crouches over the handlebars of the stalled vehicle and orders the dogs to get moving again. At the sound of her insistent *All right! Go!* command, they are off again. "The hard part is turning them into fine mental athletes willing to go the extra mile," she says as the team heads down a trail beside the one-lane road in front of her compound.

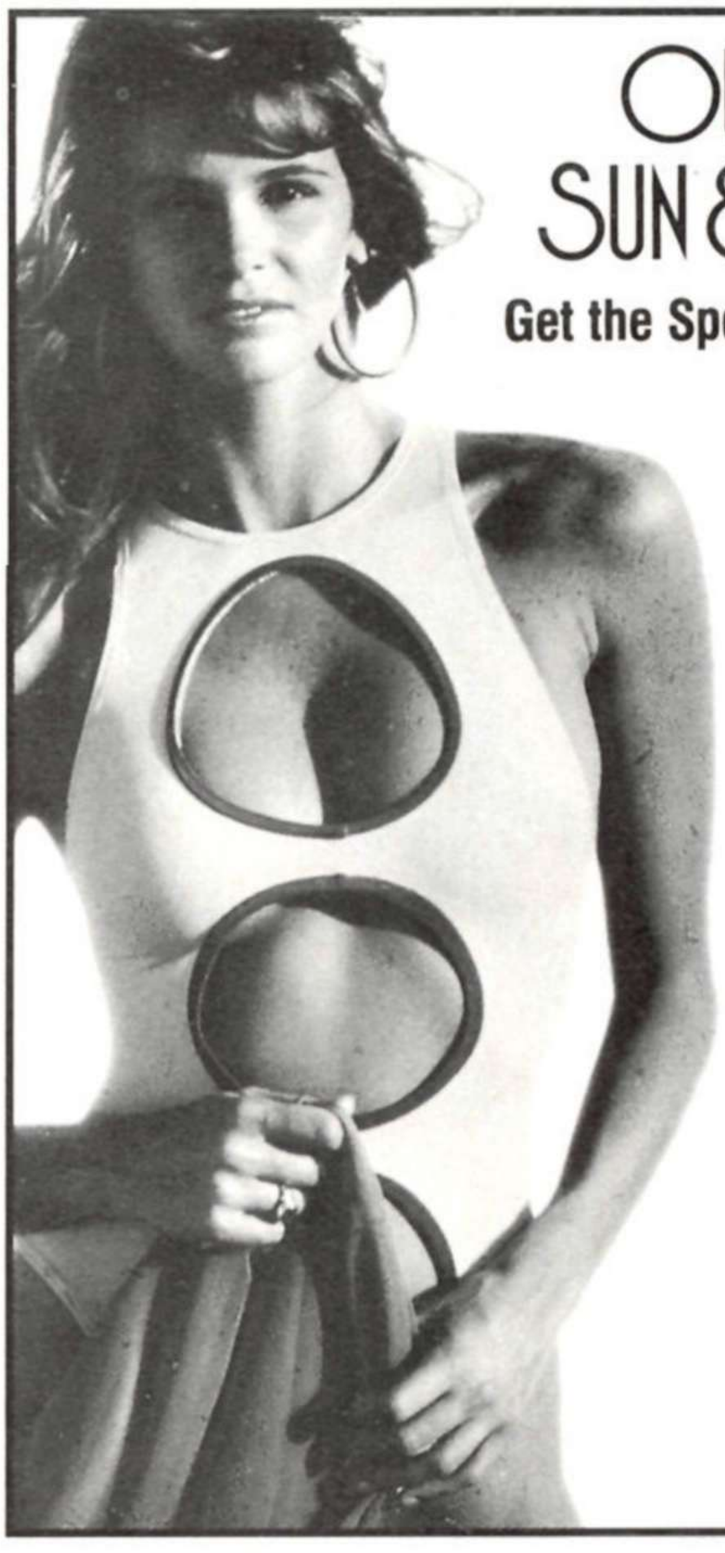
Butcher breeds each dog for speed and endurance, and as they grow, she tries to instill in them the same drive, desire and determination found in her own deep well of those traits. On strolls with her puppies, she watches to see which are willing to follow her anywhere—through mud, to the top of a glacier, to the edge of a cliff. Those are the athletes she wants on her team. She has also been known to go on solo runs or camp out with a dog who is having problems.

"The animal husbandry and breeding we do is hard work, but it's important," says 1989 Iditarod champ Joe Runyan. "Susan realized it early on."

Butcher's archrival, Swenson, acknowledges her skills. She is "real good as far as training her team goes," he says. Butcher and Swenson, whose houses are three miles apart, were once friends. He was a "bridesmaid" at Butcher and Monson's 1985 wedding, held in her dog yard in Eureka, and his wife, Cathy, baked the wedding cake. Now, neither Swenson nor Butcher will talk about when or why their friendship turned sour. But it seems to have started about the time Butcher began winning the Iditarod.

Despite his role as Butcher's bridesmaid, Swenson is a man's man. Rumor has it that he vowed to walk home if he was ever beaten by a woman in a sled-dog race, but Swenson denies having said it. Still, he took some grief from his male friends in 1985 after finishing the Iditarod in fourth place, behind Libby Riddles, who won the race and became the first female Iditarod champion. Every year since then, he has come in behind Butcher in the race.

Over the years, Swenson has offered an



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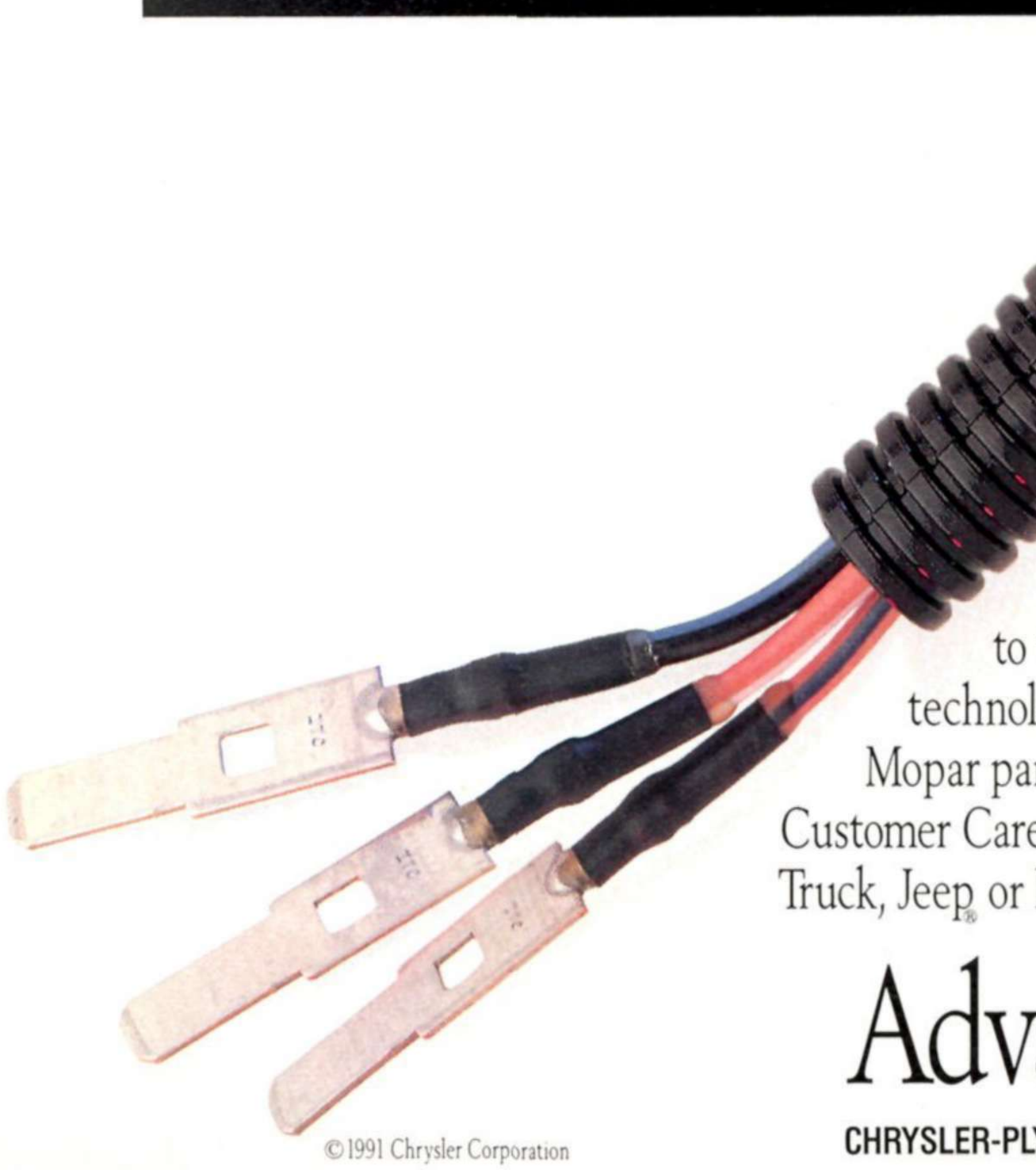

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array of reasons to discount Butcher's accomplishments. And as she got closer to equaling his record, his excuses for losing took on an air of exasperation. He griped that she had no real ability, only a strong lead dog, a husky named Granite. Late in the 1987 race, after it was clear that Butcher would win her second Iditarod with Granite leading her team, Swenson was livid. "When she loses that lead dog, she'll realize she's not as good as she thinks she is," he said, practically spitting the words. (For the record: In winning the Iditarod last year, Butcher's team ran just the first 200 miles with Granite, who was dropped from the team after tearing a toenail.) Butcher says Swenson once accused her of using witchcraft and mind control on her dogs. He won't comment on that, or say much else about her methods now. "I don't want any part of a story written about her that I'm involved in to be negative," Swenson says. "Every time I get interviewed about her, I wind up looking like a jerk."

Joe Redington Sr., Pam's father-in-law, has known Butcher and Swenson for years. "Rick's not overly fond of Susan, and I don't know whether he ever was," Redington says.

Swenson recently advocated a handicapping system for the Iditarod that would allow mushers who weigh more to run with more dogs than mushers who weigh less. Under such a system, Swenson, who is 6′ 4″, 190 pounds, would start with, say, 20 dogs. A smaller musher, like the 5′ 6″, 140-pound Butcher, would be allowed something like 14 or 16. Currently, mushers of all shapes and sizes start with at least seven and no more than 20 dogs. They are not allowed to add or switch dogs after the start, but they can drop dogs from the team at checkpoints when strategy or a dog's health warrants it. Swenson claims lighter racers have an unfair advantage because their dogs have less weight to pull and consequently don't have to work as hard as dogs pulling a heavier musher. But Jonrowe, who weighs 125 pounds, and Runyan, 175, say the strategic decisions a musher makes during the race are far more crucial to the outcome than the weight a team is pulling. Moreover, Jonrowe says, whatever advantage a smaller musher may have vanishes when the musher has to maneuver the sled—which weighs as much as 200 pounds when it's full of gear and dog food—up an icy sidehill or around a tree. Last summer, mushers rejected the handicapping proposal by a vote of 40–21.

Butcher abhors the brouhaha over male-female differences, especially when people use them to denigrate her accomplishments. "As long as I wasn't a factor, it was O.K. that I was breaking trails in an area where they didn't want women," she says. "But when I started to get good, there was a lot of resentment."

Jonrowe, however, believes the sniping has more to do with Butcher's success than with her sex. "Every one of the serious competitors believes the person on top doesn't deserve to be there," Jonrowe says. "I'm not sure being a woman has anything to do with it."

One thing is certain: The Iditarod is no place for wimps of either gender. The race is named for the trail that mushers used in the early 1900s to take gold out of, and to bring mail and supplies into, Iditarod and other now-deserted mining towns. The race always begins in Anchorage the first weekend in March and ends approximately two weeks and 1,100 miles later, in Nome. (In 1925, 19 mushers used 674 miles of the trail to relay diphtheria serum from Nenana to Nome, where an epidemic raged.) Mushers gather two nights before the race to draw times for the staggered-start event, which takes them over jagged mountain ranges, across frozen rivers, through dense forests, along desolate tundra, into ghost towns and beside miles of windswept coast. It is an isolating experience requiring unshakable determination and confidence.

With more than half the race still ahead of them, the mushers enter the bleak and treacherous Farewell Burn, a 40-mile black spruce forest blighted by a 1977 fire. Racers often hit the Burn at night and must find their way through an obstacle course of trenches, water holes and burned tree stumps with only their headlamps and lead dogs to guide them.

The conditions can be bitter, but Butcher is used to them. An hour into the 1982 race, her sled crashed into a tree, bruising her and injuring four of her 15 dogs. Eight hours later, a violent snowstorm wiped out the trail, and Butcher, trying to find her way through the wind and cold, veered 10 miles off course. Several days later, stranded for 52 hours by an eyelash-freezing storm at the Shaktoolik checkpoint near the Norton Sound, she chopped firewood in 80-mph winds

JEFF SCHULTZ

BUTCHER IS HAPPIEST WHEN SURROUNDED BY HER DOGS. HERE SHE WATCHES AS THEY EXERCISE ON A TRAINING WHEEL

amid 30-foot snowdrifts. That year, she finished second. In the 1985 Iditarod, she held off a pregnant moose for 20 minutes one night, waving and poking an ax as the starving animal kicked and stomped her team. Fortunately, Dewey Halverson, another competitor, came along and shot the irate moose, but not before it had killed two dogs, injured 13 others and bruised Butcher's shoulder. She dropped out of the race at that point.

Because of sleep deprivation, Butcher has been known to hallucinate during the race about trees that aren't there, among other things. But the psych-out ploys other mushers try don't rattle her. Halverson and Jerry Austin decided to run their teams together at the start of the 1987 race, apparently figuring two heads were better at concocting a winning strategy than one. They also thought that having two teams racing together would spur the dogs to run faster. Their idea was to build a lead that no one would be able to overcome and to sucker those who tried into overtaxing their teams. Uppermost in their minds was Butcher, whose dogs typically kick about 25 miles from the finish. Said Halverson, "I don't want to be sprinting to Nome against her." Butcher ignored them, and as the tandem's teams lost steam, hers grew stronger. When it became clear their strategy had failed and that the race had come down to Butcher and Swenson, it was Austin who said snidely, "Rick better be fast, or they'll be saying 'Come to Alaska—where men are men and women are men.' "

Butcher has always been fiercely independent. Her father, Charlie, remembers seeing the signs early: "She was always a very determined child. There wasn't much chance of Susan's being pushed around. She and her sister, Kate, were strong-willed. They'd both leave home and stay away for long periods of time whenever they felt like it. But I loved that determination and independence. They're great things to have."

Susan was drawn to the wilderness even back then, writing grammar school essays about hating cities and loving the country. But Susan does recall some happy moments in Cambridge, Mass., where she grew up. "The exciting days would be when Mother Nature somehow made herself known," she says. "If we had a horrible rainstorm or snowstorm or lightning or thunder, I loved it. I'd spend the whole time outside running around in it."

Heredity and environment. Charlie, chairman of his family's chemical-products company, and Agnes, a psychiatric social worker, were progressive thinkers and permissive parents to Susan and Kate, who is a year older. (Susan also had an older brother, Evan, who died of leukemia in 1953, at age 3½.) Charlie, who loved sailing and carpentry, didn't subscribe to the notion that there were some things girls just didn't do. He taught his daughters to sail and bought them each a set of adult carpentry tools before they were teenagers. The three of them spent a couple of years trying to restore an old sailboat hull he had bought for $25. They never made it seaworthy, but the girls eagerly shared their father's passion.

At 16, Susan applied to a boat-building school in Maine but was rejected, she says, because of her gender. "A lot of people said I should have sued," she says. "But that would have been a lose-lose situation for everyone, because they wouldn't have wanted me there and I would have felt uncomfortable. I decided to learn it elsewhere and do it better than they ever thought it could be done."

The Butcher brand of independence and intensity that serves Susan so well in long-distance sled-dog racing has often made her a difficult person to work for—and with. Counselors at a summer work camp praised young Susan's diligence,

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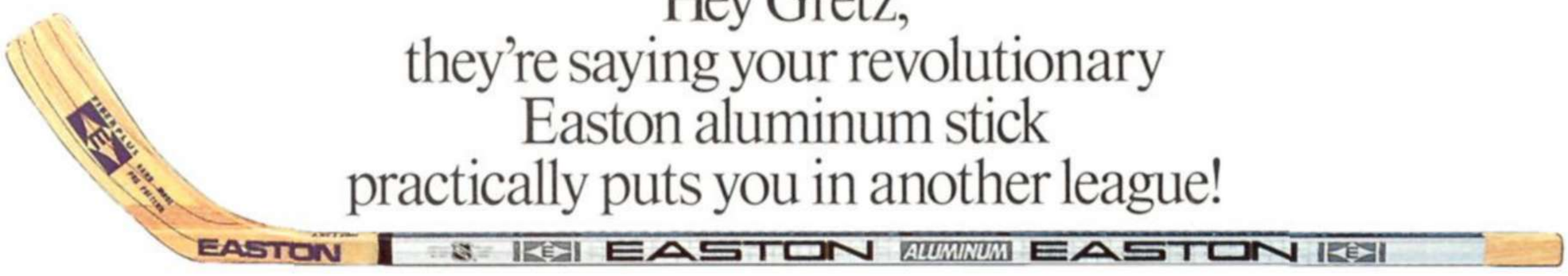

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but fellow campers, whom she said "lollygagged around and leaned on their shovels," disliked her. It was the same story years later when she worked summers at an Alaskan salmon factory in the Eskimo village of Emmonak, at the mouth of the Yukon River. Some coworkers resented her for making them look bad by decapitating fish at a breakneck clip.

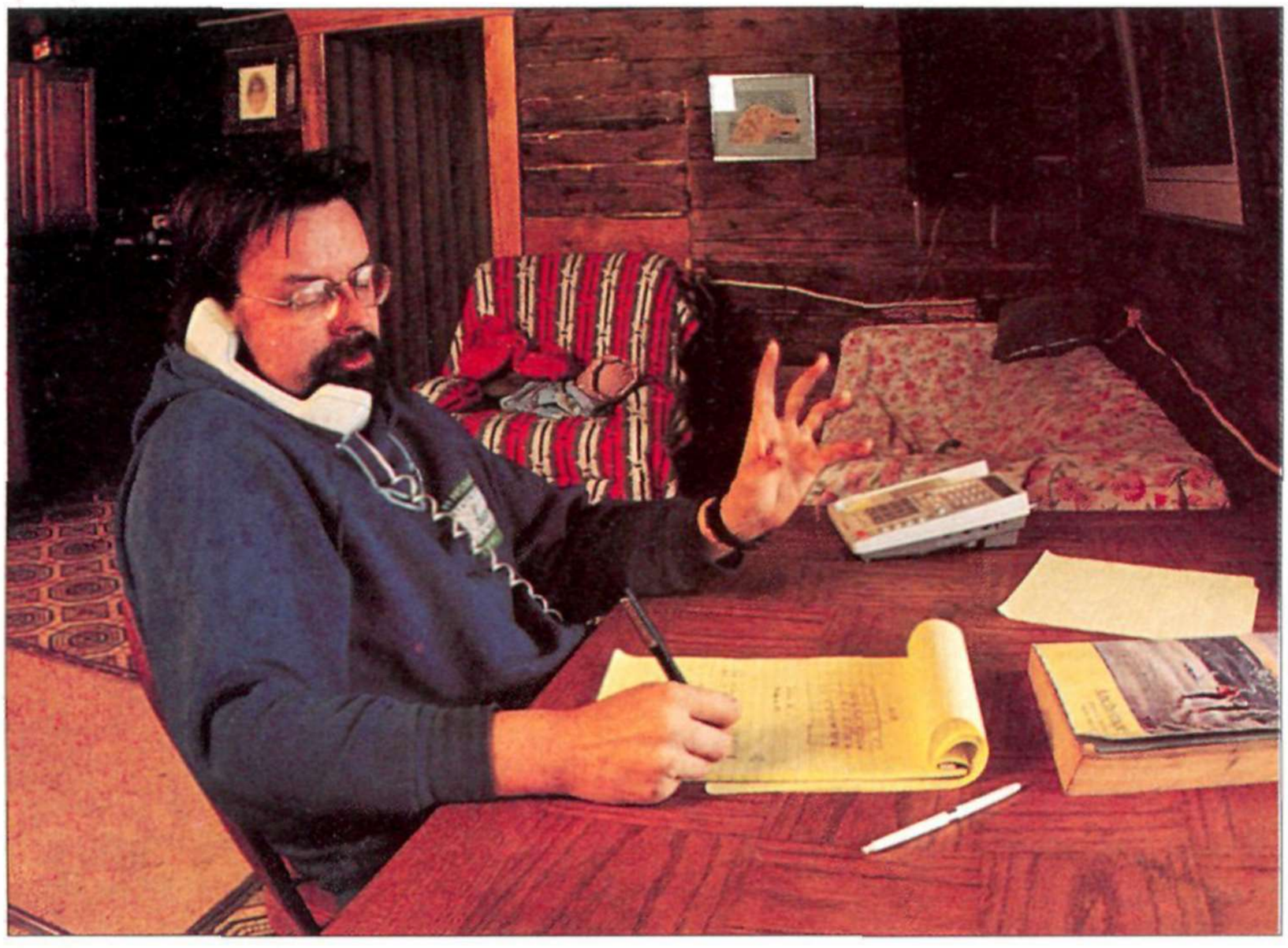
"I thought the other people were lazy," says Butcher as she looks out of the window of the main cabin at one of the three cabins she has thrown together during the 11 years she has lived in Eureka. The cabin she is in, which has a wood stove and a telephone, was a blacksmith's shop during the gold rush in the early 1900s. Butcher built the others—a guest cabin, a cabin for the handlers and a cabin she and Monson sleep in—primarily by herself. She also built the frame structure that serves as headquarters for Trail Breaker Kennels. In her spare time she fed the dogs, hauled water from the creek, and hunted and trapped moose, caribou and sheep for supper. "I don't like to talk, I like to work," she says.

"Some would say Susan's a tough boss," says 18-year-old Tonya Schlentner, one of Butcher's assistants. "But she expects more of herself than she does from any of us." Schlentner, a tomboyish strawberry blonde, is tonight's chef at the kennel. Schlentner keeps one eye on the vat of dog chow she's mixing with water and the other eye on the dogs' main course—beef and commercial dog food in its own gravy—stewing in a pot in a nearby galvanized-tin hut. "Anyway," Schlentner says, "I think it's good to expect a lot out of yourself."

Agnes and Charlie Butcher once thought their younger daughter might become a country veterinarian. "Susan is more comfortable with animals than she is with most people," says her father, repeating an often-repeated refrain. "Animals are more emotionally honest. She loves that quality in them."

At age eight, after writing an essay for school titled "I Hate the City," Butcher wanted to tear down her parents' home near Radcliffe College and build—you guessed it—a tiny log cabin. She thought there should be more room for grass. Summers spent at the family's house on Eggemoggin Reach, in Brooklin, Maine, delighted Susan, who frolicked there, amid grass, trees, sand and surf, with Cabee, the family mutt. "I needed that space and freedom," she says. "I wasn't a child who was very needy of other people, and I liked my time alone."

IN THE MAIN CABIN, BUILT IN THE GOLD RUSH OF THE EARLY 1900'S, MONSON WORKS THE PHONE NEGOTIATING WITH SPONSORS



WILLIAM R. SALLAZ

Because of a mild case of dyslexia, diagnosed in junior high school, Susan struggled through English classes and received almost constant tutoring in that subject. The dyslexia still occasionally affects her. When she gets tired during a race, she says, it takes a little longer to do the simple math required to calculate how big a lead she has or how far she's behind. So, though she loved animals, got A's and B's in science, and studied college-level math during her years at Warehouse Cooperative School near Cambridge, a college pre-vet curriculum was more than she wanted to deal with.

Besides, she was more interested in her high school class's rowing expeditions in Boston Harbor and in her first husky, Maganak. She and Kate, who is an expert sailor and a professional carpenter in Blue Hill, Maine, were determined teens who left home for good after high school. At 17, Susan headed to Boulder, Colo., to be with animals and build houses, boats or whatever she could. Agnes, who celebrated her 70th birthday in Bedford, Mass., last August, wasn't always elated with Susan's decisions, but she took a social worker's view of her daughter's strong will. "I believe in letting a child become what he is, instead of imposing on him what you believe he should be," she says.

Agnes's instincts were right. Susan's burning desire was to live with animals in the wilderness, but the time she spent in Boulder helped her formulate the plans that led her to Alaska. In Boulder she met a woman who bred and raced sled dogs and a veterinarian who hired her as his assistant. And while poring over a mushing magazine one day in 1973, she read about the inaugural running of the Iditarod. She decided that that was what she wanted to do. Two years later, Butcher and her two cats were on their way to Fairbanks, where she planned to work on a University of Alaska project to save endangered musk-oxen, and to practice dog mushing. Within four months, she had bought three dogs—including Tekla, who died last August at 15½. She packed up the dogs and cats, along with a sack of flour, a giant slab of bacon and an economy-sized jar of peanut butter, and trekked into the southern Alaskan bush, in the Wrangell Mountains. There, she lived in a small log cabin, chopped firewood, hauled water from a

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JEFF SCHULTZ

BUTCHER AND HER TEAM FINISHED NINTH IN THE IDITAROD OF 1983, THREE YEARS BEFORE SHE FIRST WON THE RACE

creek, hunted meals in the woods and mushed her dogs. For two years she lived in virtual isolation, venturing to Fairbanks during the summers, where she earned $600 working as a midwife on the musk-ox farm. In 1977 she followed the musk-ox project west to Unalakleet.

That's where she met Joe Redington Sr., who had an exceptional kennel. Butcher was broke and in need of two dogs to complete her team for the 1978 Iditarod. So she agreed to train young dogs for Redington, in exchange for two huskies and a tent in the woods at his kennel in Knik, a village 18 miles north of Anchorage. Over the years, Redington has bred many of his dogs with Butcher's and with those of other mushers. The result of one such cross was Granite, with whom she won the Iditarod in 1986, '87 and '88.

Redington, a 74-year-old Oklahoma native who never finished the sixth grade, is a legend in Alaska, having logged more than 160,000 miles across the state with his sled-dog team, often rescuing survivors from wrecked bush planes. In 1948, he first saw the Iditarod Trail, fell in love with it and set about organizing the contest known as The Last Great Race on Earth. As soon as Redington saw how hard Butcher worked, he knew she would someday be an Iditarod champion. "No matter what she's doing, it doesn't take long before she can do it as good as, or better than, anybody else," he says.

In 1977, Redington convinced two Anchorage television stations to film a swimsuit-clad Butcher bathing in a frozen lake. The news peg, presumably, was how a future Iditarod winner stays clean. "I just chopped a hole in the ice the way I always did and jumped in, and they filmed it," Butcher says, laughing at the memory. "It worked. The publicity helped me get my first sponsor." She entered the 1978 Iditarod and finished 19th.

Butcher shared some great adventures with Redington during the two years she spent with him and his family. For fun, they assembled a team of dogs after the 1979 race and spent 40 days climbing to the top of Denali, the native Alaskan name for Mount McKinley, becoming the first people to mush to the summit.

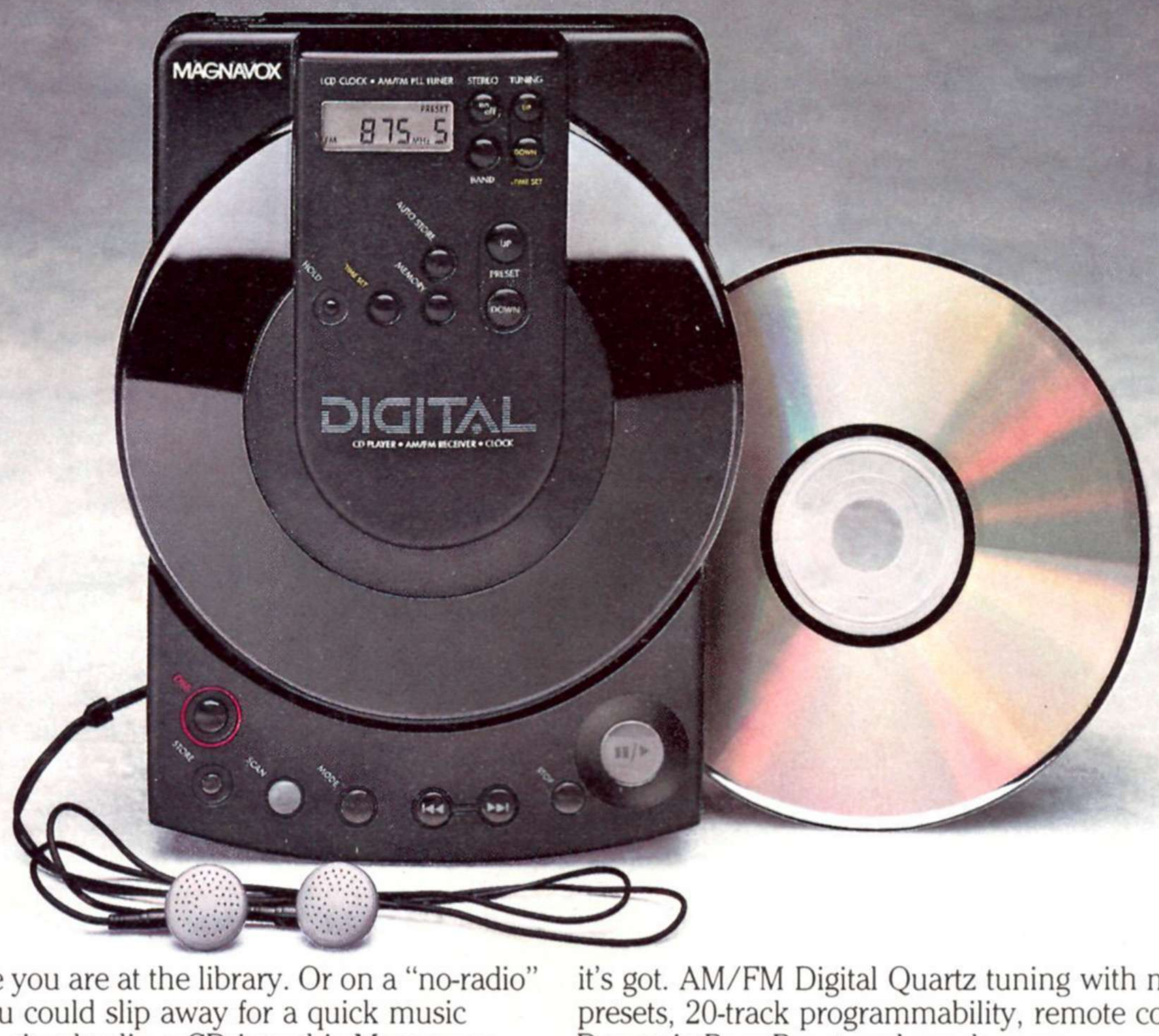
Redington, who represents mushing's old guard, made a stir when he told reporters that his swimsuited protégée would someday win the Iditarod. He may ruffle feathers again if he pursues his plan to nominate Butcher to the largely male Dog Mushers' Hall of Fame, in Knik. Redington, who still races despite a substantial hearing loss, couldn't care less if there's a fuss. "She deserves it," he says.

Runyon says Butcher's ability to attract corporate sponsors and her intense preparation before each race have "taken the sport to another plateau." Monson has helped her carry it there. The scholarly looking 38-year-old lawyer and champion dog musher (he won the 1988 Yukon Quest and placed fifth in the 1982 Iditarod) attended college in Colorado, Minnesota and Heidelberg, Germany, and earned a law degree at the University of South Dakota before journeying to Alaska in 1976 to live "unbound by convention." He has been a business partner as well as boyfriend and then husband to Butcher since 1982.

Talk about power couples. In the main cabin in Eureka, Monson sits at a desk piled high with papers. He faxes contracts to Ralston-Purina, a company which sponsors his wife and feeds their dogs, and talks by telephone to another sponsor about transporting dog food to races. Across the yard, in the kennel office, Butcher examines the huskies' health records and plans training schedules for her teams. "Running a kennel is big business," says Monson, who also sits on the board of directors for the Iditarod. "Racing as much as we do—approximately 3,000 miles or about six races a year, which is twice as much as anybody else—there are a lot of logistics to think about. One person can't do it all."

Before becoming Butcher's husband, Monson was among her many creditors. As she was preparing to leave Redington's kennel and move to Eureka in 1980, Monson came by, hawking seafood byproducts as dog food on behalf of a native Alaskan corporation. Butcher thought she had a $15,000 sponsorship deal lined up and charged the $6,000 worth of dog food she bought from Monson to her supposed sponsor. But the sponsor backed out and left her holding

Very Smart.



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the bill. That summer, she slept either in her yellow Volkswagen Beetle or at a friend's apartment while working as a supervisor at an Anchorage fish factory. On her days off, she knocked on doors all over town, looking for sponsors. She collected a lot of T-shirts and a few $50 contributions during those three months, but she didn't raise enough money to cover her racing expenses for the year, much less make a dent in her stack of bills. Over the next two years she paid Monson back in $10 and $25 increments. He was charmed. "I had a host of delinquent customers, and her conscientiousness was inspiring," he says. By 1982 they were dating and spending time together during extended visits, although they were living 600 miles apart.

SOMEDAY THESE ADORABLE PUPPIES MAY GROW UP TO PULL A SLED TO FAME, IF NOT FORTUNE, IN "THE LAST GREAT RACE ON EARTH"

WILLIAM R. SALLAZ

After the 1982 race, the couple decided to prepare for the 1983 race full time. They figured the extra training time would improve Butcher's chances of winning. If she won, they reasoned, she would attract new sponsors, and the money would make up for the lost summer income. But the gamble didn't pay off. Butcher followed a mismarked trail, got lost for 12 hours and finished ninth. Monson had to take a job as a public defender in Kotzebue for a year to bring in money.

Since their marriage in 1985, Butcher has gone four for five in the Iditarod. As a wedding gift, Charlie gave Susan and David a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which sits on a bookshelf in the main cabin. Monson jokes that the encyclopedia helps them settle disputes during the long Alaskan winters. Charlie figures they don't need the set very often for that. "Susan and David are made for each other," he says.

Monson gets the credit as well as the blame for the presence, around the kennel, of the electronic links to the outside world. Still, Butcher acknowledges that they have come in handy. Faxes and telephones on the premises mean no more driving 30 miles to the pay phone in Manley Hot Springs, then spending the day talking to answering machines on the East and West coasts while trying to line up race sponsors.

Butcher's other link to the outside, Bob Woolf—a Boston agent who handles, among others, New Kids on the Block and Larry Bird—has made her well known throughout the U.S. She has appeared on *The Tonight Show*, *Today* and *Good Morning America*. She is also a two-time Women's Sports Foundation Professional Sportswoman of the Year. Butcher, Monson and Granite dealt with a different kind of Bush when they all met the President at the White House last April. Her 45-day summer travel schedule, during which she crisscrosses the Lower 48—signing autographs at sporting-goods trade shows, sitting for photo and interview sessions, meeting with sponsors and giving speeches at seminars and conventions—allows her to sample and bring back to Eureka such luxuries as La Croix water and Korean pickled cabbage. Butcher has even developed a taste for the Big Apple. "It's my favorite place to visit—not over any country place, mind you, but among the cities," she says. "You have freedom there to do anything you want at any time of day, just like in the bush." She visits New York City once or twice a year.

Monson claims that the kennel—where expenses for dog care average about $150 per day, plus a little more for upkeep on the sleds, trucks, all-terrain vehicles, chain saws and generators—barely breaks even each year. He won't talk specifics, but he says it costs more than $130,000 a year to run the racing and kennel operations. Butcher won four of the six races she entered last year and collected about $80,000, including $50,000 for the Iditarod. The kennel made another $30,000 from dog sales (at prices ranging from $500 to $5,000 each). Add some sponsors' money—Monson won't disclose how much—from Ralston-Purina, an outerwear company, a telecommunications group and a hotel chain, and you have their total income. After paying the bills there isn't much left over.

Butcher gets testy during long hotel stays and starts to fidget after a few days of speeches, meetings and interviews. In the past, Monson could pacify her by reminding her that it added up to only a month or so away from home. But now she has decided that it's time to become less accessible. The plan is for the fax machine, telephones, answering device and satellite dish to be moved to a small office in Fairbanks, which Monson would visit once or twice a week on the bush plane they plan to buy.

With those intrusions out of the way, and with perhaps a fifth Iditarod plaque, the couple hopes to live happily ever after—having babies, building an animal research center and just gazing at the landscape. Butcher also wants to compete in some long-distance races the Soviet government is organizing and she would like to enter some shorter races in Alaska. "I'm preparing for my 14th Iditarod," Butcher says. "That's a lot of years of total dedication and training. Now, I want to take some time and enjoy the area I live in."

For Susan Butcher, happiness is not having to run out of the outhouse to answer the phone. ■

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Yvon Chouinard, the man behind Patagonia outfitters, does his best work in the rugged outdoors

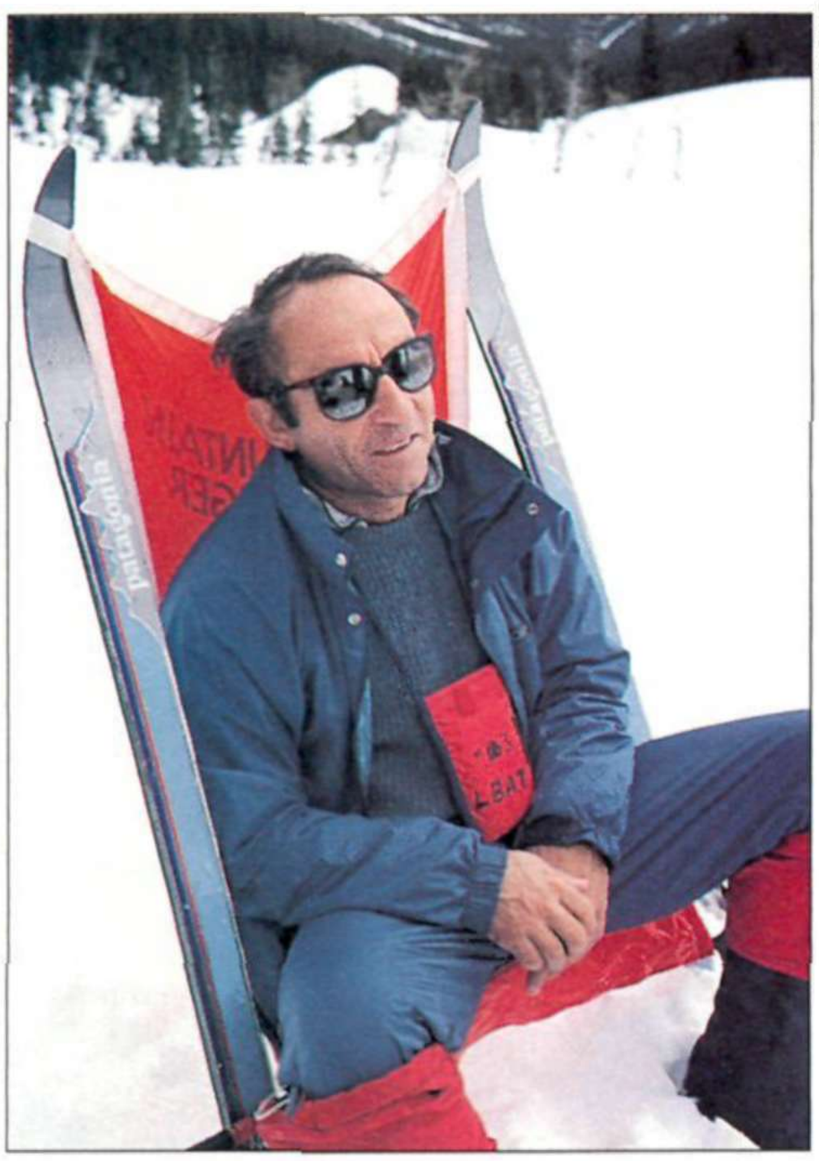
by JOHN STEINBREDER

YVON CHOUINARD, FOUNDER AND owner of the Patagonia outdoor clothing company, has offices all over the world. Argentina, Belize, China, Kenya, Nepal, Scotland. But you won't find these offices in glass-and-steel skyscrapers. Chouinard works in more out-of-the-way places: on the face of a jagged mountain or along some desolate beach.

His office this day is a twisting sliver of rushing water called the Lewis River, in northwestern Wyoming. Chouinard (pronounced shi-NARD), 52, is 5′ 4″ and well-built. His tanned calves are thick and muscled, and his hands are callused and strong. He wears a blue-and-gray cotton shirt with rolled-up sleeves, gray canvas shorts, a fishing vest, and felt-bottomed boots that make it easier for him to walk over the river's slippery rocks. Everything but the boots is made by his company. His dark hair recedes to the top of his head and is speckled with gray. Chouinard carries a fly rod. Standing knee deep in the river, he sets a caddis fly on top of a calm pool of water and gently strips it back across. "I spend most of my time in places like this," he says. "It's where I do my best work."

He certainly gets things done, for between fly casts, Chouinard has inadvertently created one of the most successful U.S. businesses of the past 15 years. Inadvertently, because when he started he was a college dropout looking for a way to support his passions for surfing, climbing, skiing, scuba diving, kayaking and fishing. His approach to business has been based on the belief that if the products are good, people will buy them. And they have. Revenues at Patagonia are expected to be $120 million for the 1990–91 fiscal year, with profits of more than $10 million.

Chouinard has changed the way people dress in the outdoors. Patagonia jackets, pants, gloves and hats are now ubiquitous among serious sportsmen. Astronauts on shuttle missions have worn the company's Capilene long underwear. Not only has Patagonia produced some of the most innovative and functional gear around, but it also has splashed it with dazzling colors—e.g., fuchsia, electric blue and guava—that appeal to fashion animals in much tamer locales.



ERIC SANFORD

A ski-slope brainstorm led Chouinard to market this seat.

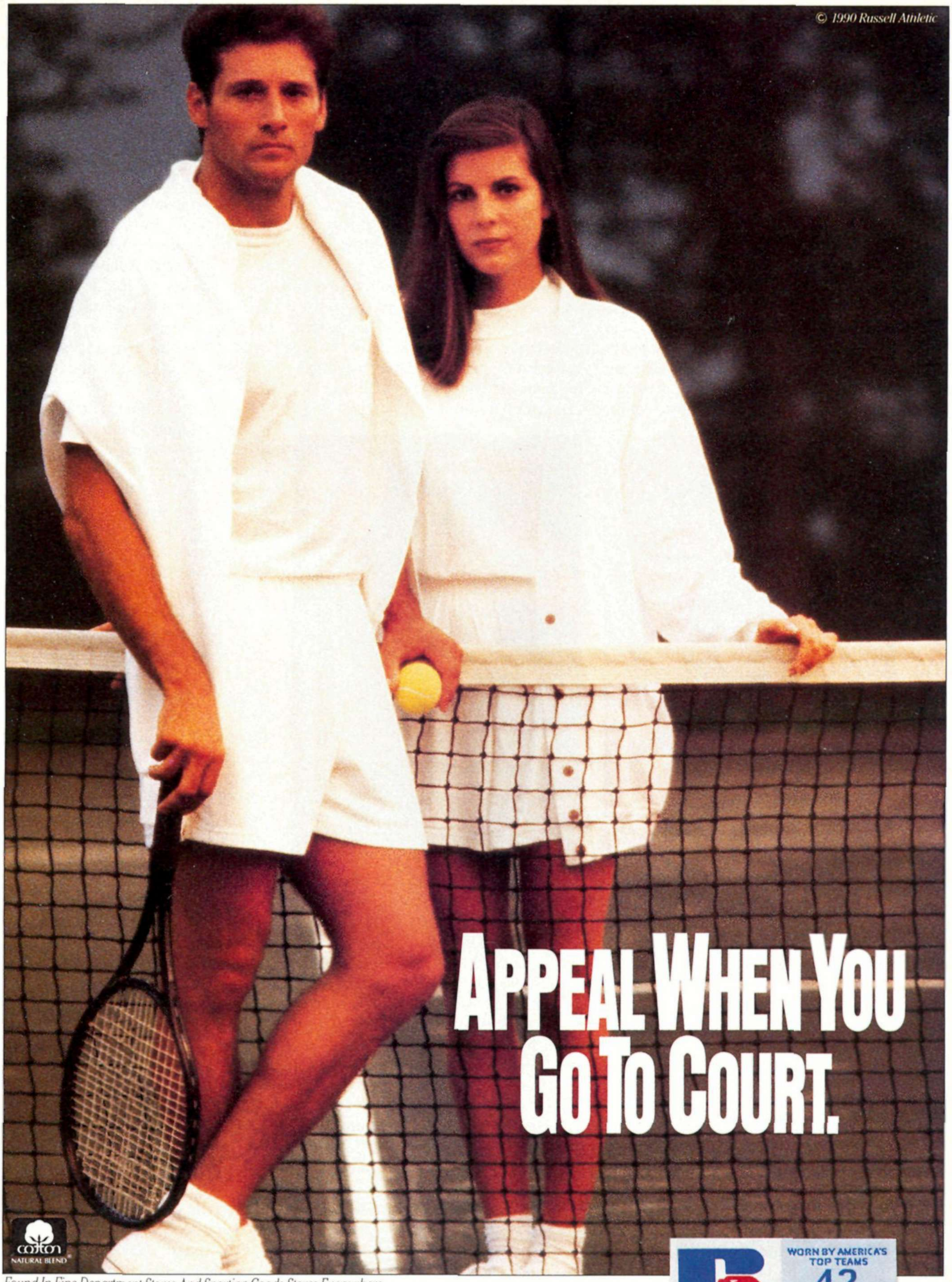
"Patagonia is one of only a handful of companies that really drive the outdoor clothing and equipment market," says Glenn Bischoff, spokesman for the National Sporting Goods Association and former editor of *Outside Business* magazine. "Its products have always been on the cutting edge, both in function and fashion, and people in this industry watch very carefully what the company does."

This, in spite of a chief who claims he isn't a businessman at all. First and foremost, Chouinard is an athlete. He is a top-notch ice and rock climber, and his book, *Climbing Ice,* published in 1978, is considered the bible on the subject. "Yvon is an icon on the American climbing scene," says Michael Kennedy, editor and publisher of *Climbing* magazine. "He revolutionized ice climbing, and he has probably done more for climbing equipment in general than anyone else."

Chouinard is also an accomplished surfer, diver and kayaker and an expert skier. "I like sticking my neck out," he says. "I like the rush of adrenaline, the challenge of beating my own fears. But I am not foolish. I know exactly what I'm doing." Chouinard also excels at less heart-pounding pursuits. He is a fine fisherman and flytier.

As befits someone who spends so much time in the outdoors, Chouinard is a passionate environmentalist. Each year Patagonia sets aside part of its pretax profits for environmental causes, a practice it began in 1984. The company will hand out more than $1 million to 350 organizations this year. Chouinard also makes substantial contributions of his own. "Yvon puts his money where his mouth is," says John Sawhill, president of The Nature Conservancy, one of the country's largest environmental groups and the recipient of more than $100,000 from Patagonia, plus an undisclosed amount from Chouinard, over the past three years. "He understands better than most that business and conservation must work together."

Chouinard's generosity is fueled by a deep sense of urgency. "I am so damned pessimistic about what is happening to the environment," he says. That concern sometimes causes trouble. His support of controversial groups like Earth First!, for example, has so angered some longtime customers that they have stopped buying from Patagonia. That doesn't bother



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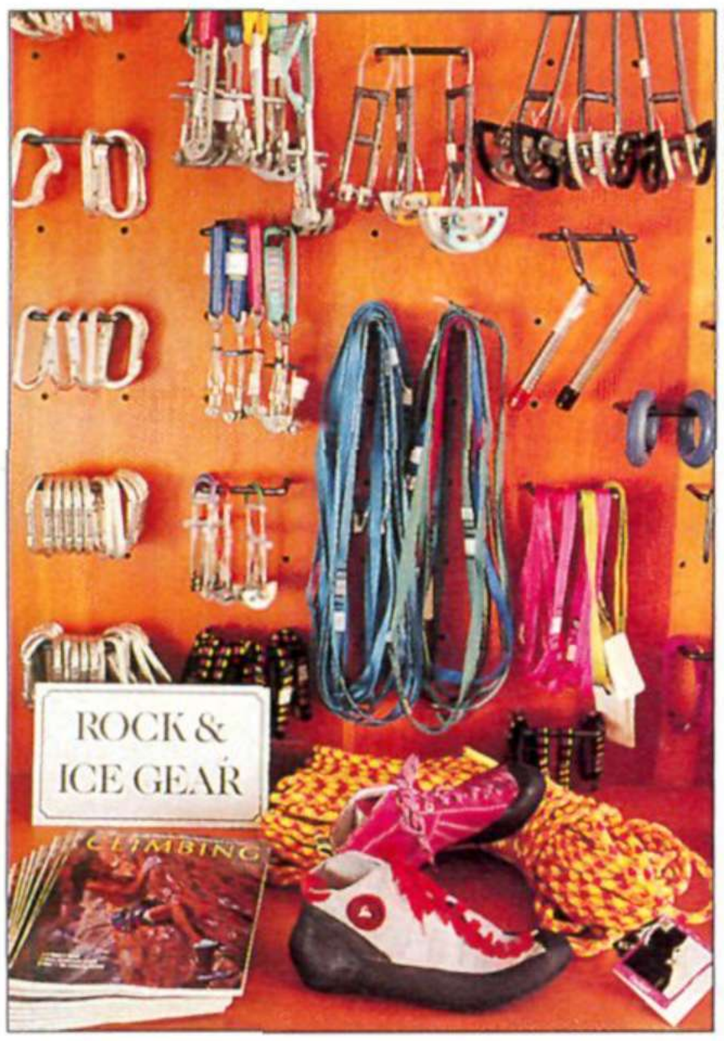
Chouinard. "I don't care how many people I tick off," he says. "I want to use this company as a tool for social change. I want to take a stand, and I want people to notice."

No one took much notice of Chouinard when he was a boy. Born in 1938, in Lewiston, Maine, of French-Canadian parents, he spent his first eight years in the nearby town of Lisbon. His father, Gerard, who worked as a plumber and handyman, in 1947 moved his wife, Yvonne, and four children (Yvon has two older sisters and an older brother) to Burbank, Calif. It was a tough adjustment for Yvon, who had attended a French-speaking school in Maine. He struggled mightily in his new English-speaking school.



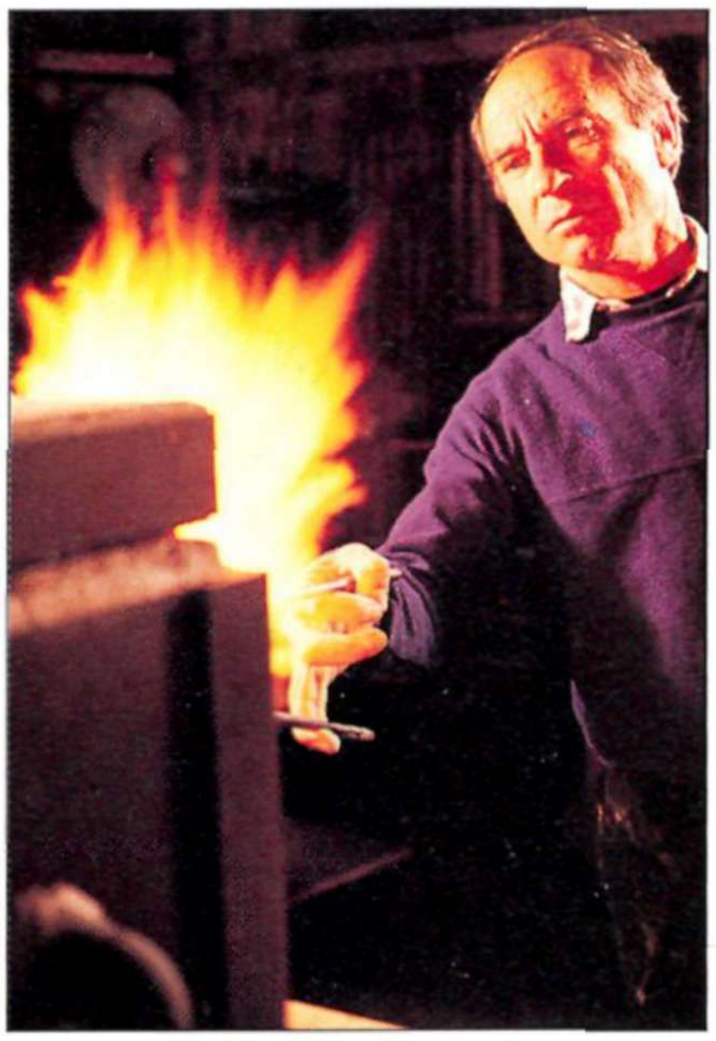
CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

Chouinard forges tools for friends now, having given up making climbing gear two years ago.

Things didn't get much easier when he learned English. "I was a loner," Chouinard recalls. "Antisocial. A real geek." He played some team sports but quickly learned they weren't for him. "During practice I was one of the best players on the baseball team," he says. "But at games, with people watching and all the pressure, I tensed right up. I couldn't get it done. I realized then that I had better try other things."

In high school he joined the California Falconry Club and spent much of his free time looking for hawks' nests. He and his friends often trapped and banded birds for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Falconry gave Chouinard his introduction to climbing, because he often used ropes to get at aeries on the ledges of cliffs, first moving down hand over hand and then eventually learning how to rappel. "It took me a while to figure out you could also climb up," he says.

It was hard keeping him off the mountains after that. In 1956 he traveled to Jackson, Wyo., to test his mountaineering skills in the Tetons. The climbing was so good that Chouinard returned the following summer, living for two months inside an old incinerator.



RICK RIDGEWAY/ADVENTURE PHOTO

After graduating from high school, Chouinard took some geography courses at a community college in the San Fernando Valley. But he never earned a degree. Instead, he concentrated on climbing. He was unhappy with much of the equipment he was using, so he picked up a book on blacksmithing, scraped together enough money to buy an anvil and a coal-fired forge and began making pitons in the backyard of his parents' Burbank house. A year later he borrowed $825.35 from his folks to buy an aluminum forging die to make his own carabiners. When he went climbing, he sold his equipment out of the trunk of his car.

It was then that Chouinard started honing his unorthodox business practices. At the time, the only pitons on the market were made in Europe, of fairly malleable iron. Chouinard forged his own from a tougher steel alloy, and he sold them at four times the price of the European pitons. "There was a lot of resistance early on," he says. "But people began to realize that my equipment was that much better, and worth it."

"Yvon's equipment *was* that much better," says Royal Robbins, a renowned U.S. climber who has also written two best-selling books on rock climbing and who runs a $10 million sportswear company that bears his name. "His gear stood out because of its inventiveness and its quality."

Still, Chouinard wasn't making enough money to support his climbing habit. So he began working part time as a detective for his brother, Jeff, who was chief of security for Howard Hughes. "Hughes had a lot of those starlets' contracts," Chouinard recalls, "and I spent most of my time keeping track of his girls. I remember one of them bringing home a stray German shepherd. Hughes was scared to death of germs, and he didn't want the girl to have a dog. So I broke into her house and took the dog."

In 1964, after a two-year stint in the Army, Chouinard headed for Yosemite National Park, where he joined some of the world's best climbers as they made knee-knocking first ascents of the park's treacherous peaks. Perhaps his most remarkable effort was a 1964 climb up the North American Wall of El Capitan, a vertical rock face that rises 3,000 feet. He and Robbins and two other climbers spent 10 days inching up the wall, and nine nights hanging in tiny hammocks suspended horizontally from the rock face. Most of the equipment they used had been made by Chouinard.

By this time he had begun putting out a catalog, a one-page mimeographed price list of climbing gear. At the bottom it said: "Don't expect speedy delivery in the months of May, June, July, August and September." Those, of course, are the peak climbing months, and business or no business, Chouinard would be in the mountains, not at his forge.

He moved to Ventura, Calif., in 1966, mostly to be closer to good surf, and worked out of a rented tin shed behind an abandoned slaughterhouse. He took on fellow climber Tom Frost as a partner, and called the company Chouinard Equipment. They incorporated in 1972,

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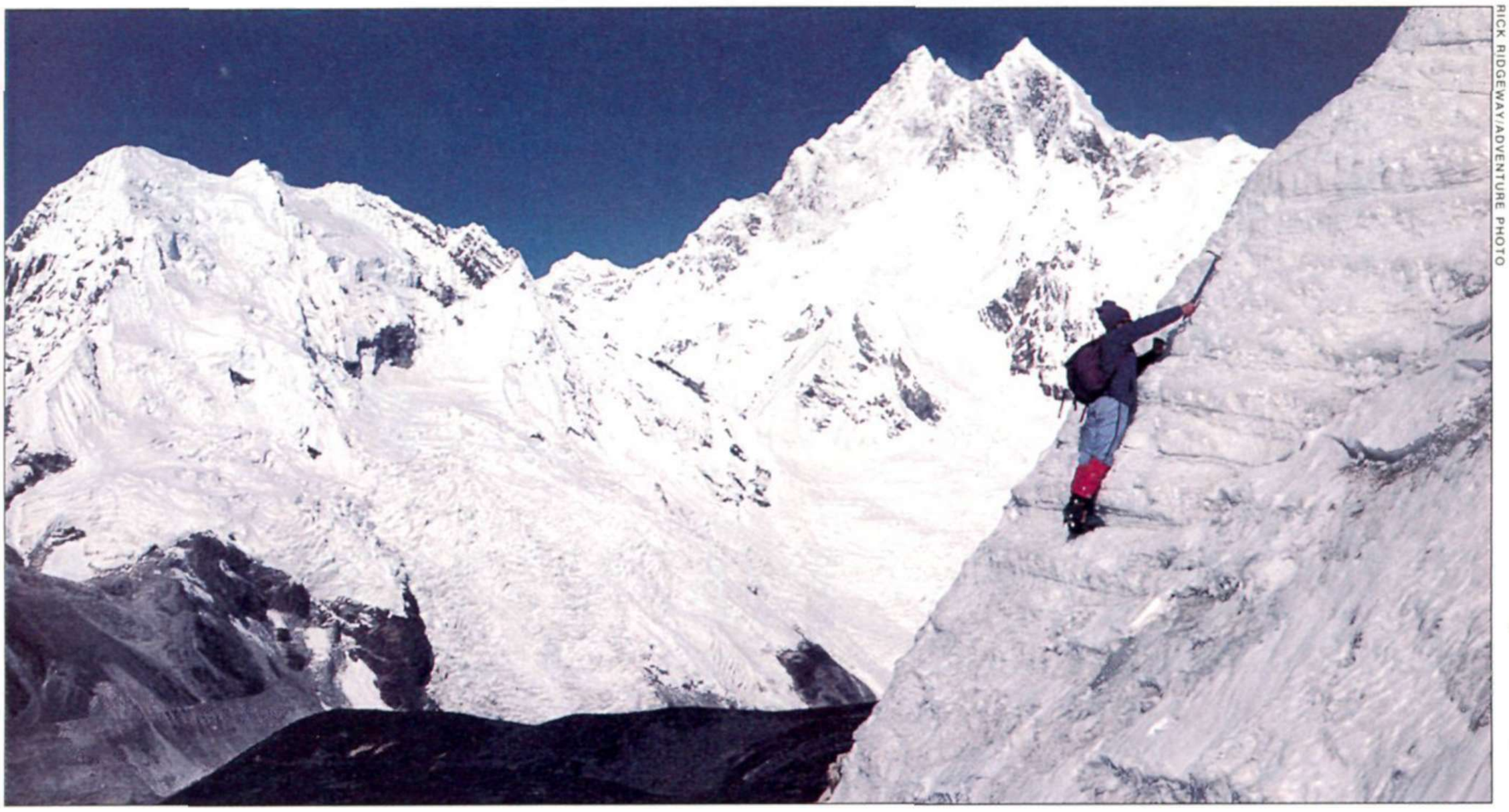

RICK RIDGEWAY/ADVENTURE PHOTO

Chouinard, his passion for big mountains unabated, went climbing in the Himalayas in '85.

calling it the Great Pacific Iron Works. Though Chouinard had an 80% share of the U.S. climbing-equipment market, it was grossing only around $300,000 a year.

Fortune finally came in the form of rugby shirts and canvas shorts, which Chouinard brought back from Britain in 1974. The items proved so popular with friends that Chouinard began offering them as climbing clothes through his Great Pacific catalog. Within a year, company sales had doubled.

The clothing business grew so fast that in 1976 Chouinard decided to spin it off, calling the new company Patagonia, after the hauntingly stark region of South America he liked so much. Frost, more interested in climbing than clothing, decided to leave the partnership. That same year Chouinard started selling jackets made from a synthetic fleecelike fabric called pile. It is lightweight, yet as warm as wool and dries much faster. Within three years, pile garments accounted for more than 50% of Patagonia's sales. A basic pile jacket with a Capilene mesh liner is $150 in the current catalog.

The original company, Chouinard Equipment, continued to lead the U.S. climbing-gear market. But in the late 1980s it was hit with four lawsuits, all the result of accidents involving its products. One was settled out of court, and the other three are pending. With insurance premiums rising—Chouinard's had increased more than 1,000% in three years—and soaring legal fees, the company, which had been only marginally profitable at best, was pushed to the brink. Though the company felt confident it would prevail in those legal cases, there was serious concern that a future complainant might take a run at Patagonia's bountiful assets, even though the two enterprises were separate. So in April 1989, Chouinard Equipment filed for bankruptcy protection. A group of Chouinard employees bought the company's assets and eight months later renamed it Black Diamond Equipment Ltd. It continues to operate today, but without the involvement of the man who shaped its first piton.

"I know there are fish in there," Chouinard says, eyeing an inviting pool on the Lewis River. He casts once. Twice. Three times. But nothing strikes. Back and forth his line goes. Swish. Swish. Swish. He casts for a fourth, then a fifth, then a sixth time. Chouinard doesn't say a word. Finally a 17-inch brown trout hits the fly, and Chouinard brings it in.

He releases the fish and walks farther upstream. He picks thimbleberries that grow along the bank, plops a bunch into his mouth and washes them down with a handful of river water. Then he starts casting again. "I'm not any good at managing people or sitting behind a desk," Chouinard says. "What I'm best at is bringing back ideas. Every time I fish or surf or climb, I'm thinking of ways to improve our current lines and add new ones. This really is work for me."

He's not kidding. Consider the fishing vest he's wearing. For years he had used vests made by other manufacturers, but he never really liked them. So in 1987 he went to see Richard Siberell, Patagonia's director of technical design.

"Yvon came to me with some very specific ideas," Siberell explains. "We had never made a fishing vest before. But we worked up some sketches, picked out some fabrics and in a couple of months made a few prototypes. Yvon took one for himself, gave out a couple to fly-fishing friends, and in a few weeks they all reported back to us with their comments. It took three prototypes to get it right."

The new Patagonia vest was made mostly of durable mesh, to be cool on hot days. The pockets didn't sag, and it hung comfortably from the shoulders even when fully loaded. *Rod & Reel* magazine described it as "one of the best fishing

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things to come along in years," and it became one of Patagonia's hottest technical products. "That happens all the time," says Kris McDivitt, a top executive at Patagonia. "A lot of our products are born when Yvon returns from the wilds somewhere and says, 'You know, I was thinking. . . .'"

Perhaps Chouinard's most unusual idea has been to create a $120 million business without spending more than a few months a year in the main office. "Yvon has been able to do it because he nurtures his people," says Robbins, his climbing buddy and business competitor. "He sets goals with them, then he sets *them free.*"

It didn't hurt having McDivitt on the payroll, either. She started working for Chouinard in 1969, when she was 19 years old and between semesters at the College of Idaho. She labored mostly in the mail room, packing boxes of climbing equipment. When McDivitt finished school in 1972, with a double major in sociology and psychology, she came aboard full time. Six years later, Chouinard made her the chief executive officer of Patagonia. "He was the visionary around here," McDivitt says, "and he wanted me to translate that vision into everyday life." McDivitt was the CEO for 10 years before stepping aside in 1988—"I needed to try something else," she says—and she is a member of the five-person board that runs the company when Chouinard has gone fishing.

Breaking business rules comes as naturally to Chouinard as climbing frozen waterfalls. For one thing, Patagonia rarely advertises. "We give more money away to environmental groups than we spend on advertising," Chouinard says. "If you do everything right in your business, then you really don't need advertising. You don't need to pay athletes to wear your stuff, because if your stuff is good enough, they have to wear it."

A business publication once described Patagonia as "the anti-marketers," but don't let that fool you. Chouinard is a genius at the very practice he seems to disdain. "Patagonia makes some terrific gear," says Michael Kennedy, "but so do a lot of other companies. What sets it apart is the image Yvon has created. It's good, healthy, upbeat, bold, environmentally concerned." Adds Bob Woodward, editor of the retail newsletter *Specialty News*, "Patagonia has developed a cult following by being good and by being different, and Chouinard has really used that to his advantage."

His success has allowed Chouinard to lead a life that even Riley would have envied. His home in Ventura has such a fine view of the Pacific that his surfing pals regularly call for wave reports. Chouinard also has a log house in Moose, Wyo., just north of Jackson.

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

An accomplished surfer and kayaker, Chouinard takes to the waves near his Ventura house.

He met his wife, Malinda, 25 years ago in Yosemite, where he was climbing and she was working as a chambermaid at a park lodge. They have two children: Fletcher, 16, and Claire, 10. Malinda is very active in the company—from selecting shirt fabrics to shaping corporate policy—and like her husband, she is an ardent environmentalist. She enjoys hiking but isn't much for climbing or fishing.

Yvon can be as mischievous as he is unassuming. In between casts on the Lewis River, for example, he casually announced: "This is grizzly country." He paused to watch the color drain from his companion's face. "We could come in here with a sidearm, but that would take away a lot of the adventure." Chouinard smiled broadly, and then explained exactly what to do should a grizzly appear.

This sort of thing happens frequently to those who join him in the outdoors. "We have all been Chouinarded," says Paul Bruun, a Jackson fishing guide who is a Patagonia consultant and a longtime friend of the boss. "He will suck you into doing something that seems absolutely insane. You are sure it will be the end. But he won't kill you. He knows, even better than you, what you can do."

Looking at Chouinard today it's hard to imagine him as the shy, lonesome geek he says he once was. Outdoor adventurers *seek his advice. Environ*mentalists solicit his ideas as well as his financial support. Harvard and Yale invite him to lecture on business. Tom Brokaw and Harrison Ford ask him to fish with them. "The success I've enjoyed has given me a lot more confidence," he says. "I think that is the only way it has changed me. That, and having a bit more money to spend." Says Robbins, "Yvon is pretty much the same person I met almost 20 years ago."

Chouinard is not sure what the future holds. He has just embarked on a yearlong sabbatical, which he'll spend surfing in France and climbing, hiking and fishing in Argentina. "It could be time for me to move on," he says. "Complacency will kill you in the end, and I don't want to get complacent."

He's more sure of the company's future. "I really believe this is a movement, not a business," Chouinard says. "When Malinda and I are gone, I want Patagonia to become an environmental foundation. That's why I won't sell out. I want it to make a difference."

Back at the cabin, Chouinard sits on the living-room couch and sips a mixture of beer and tomato juice. He talks about what he'll likely be doing the next day. Maybe he'll climb a 10,000-foot mountain in the Tetons. Perhaps he'll fish one of his favorite pools on the Snake River. For the head of Patagonia, it'll be just another day at the office. ■

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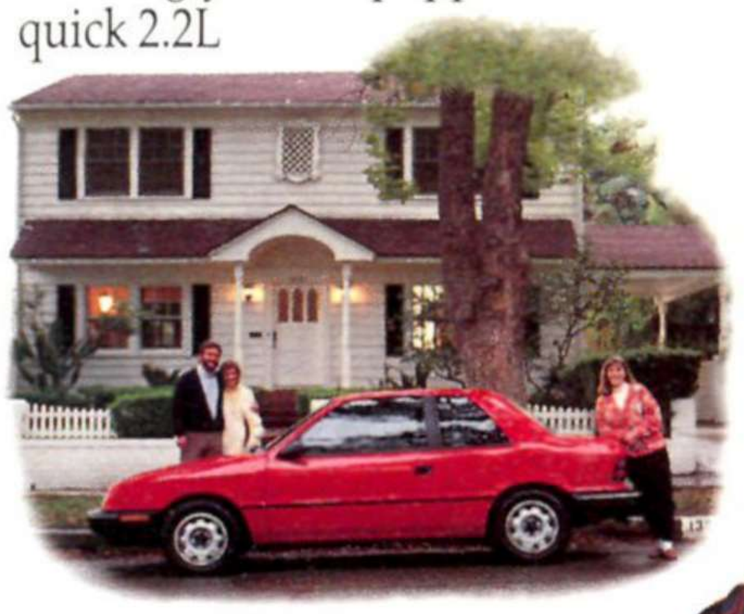

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Tiny Still Specializes in Making Assists

Nate Archibald, once the NBA's big little man, is now a big, big man to the poor who frequent a New York City shelter | by FRANZ LIDZ

THE HARLEM ARMORY SHELTER stands like a tombstone amid some of the saddest slums in New York City. Inside, street people lounge, lost and passive. They are the homeless poor, the crippled, the sick and the mad—600 on a bitterly cold night. Nate (Tiny) Archibald strides among them, tall and strong and full of the same blazing self-confidence he displayed 18 years ago when he became the only player ever to lead the NBA in both scoring and assists in the same season. He is warm to the homeless, congenial to the hapless, comforting to the hopeless.

Archibald, 42, has been the shelter's recreation director for about a year. "A lot of the guys here don't have short- or long-term goals," says Archibald. "In fact, they don't have any goals at all." He says the homeless embody in a very real way a failure of American society. We find them embarrassing, demanding, threatening, dangerous. We think they're lazy, drunk or drug-addicted. "These guys need as many positive influences as they can get," says Archibald. "I don't want to add to the rejection they already feel. It can keep them from trying because they don't want to fail again."

Archibald isn't some born-again Good Samaritan. He has been holding summer basketball camps and clinics in Harlem for more than 20 years. "Yet people see Tiny here and think he must be doing as bad as us," says Bimbo Pitts, who has been on the streets for almost two years. "Well, it just ain't so. Tiny don't have to do this—it's in his nature."

Archibald came up off some hard streets himself. One of his first memories of growing up in the South Bronx was being told not to eat rat poison. One of his last was watching a high school teammate collapse and die on a playground from a heroin overdose. "I could have been caught up like that," he says.

When he retired as a player in 1984 after 13 NBA seasons, Archibald felt somewhat lost himself. "I'd been playing and practicing so long that I didn't know anything else," he says. "I almost never came out of that twilight." After several years of drifting from one summer-league coaching job to another, he went back to school. He got his master's in adult education and human resource development from Fordham last May, and he is now going for his Ph.D. in the same field. "I decided to save people from the streets that I was saved from by basketball," he says. During the day he's a drug counselor at Harlem public schools. Most nights he's at the shelter.

"I exploit my resources and my celebrity," says Archibald, adding that he is as relentless on the phone as he was on the court. He has muscled organizations into donating board games and weightlifting and basketball equipment. He took a half-dozen homeless men to see the New Jersey Nets last season after cajoling the team into giving him tickets. The men were so excited that they insisted on wearing jackets and ties to the arena.

After the game, Archibald brought them into the locker room to meet the team. One of the Nets pulled him aside. "Who are they?" he asked. "Lawyers?"

Archibald believes in explanation and persuasion. "You can preach forever and get no results," says Pitts. "You teach and sometimes get some positive results. Tiny's a teacher." Archibald started a basketball team, the Harlem Hawks, at the shelter last winter. He helped form an area league for shelters and coached the Hawks to the playoffs. The Fort Washington squad the Hawks played in the title game was so confident of victory that the FW players brought their own trophy.

Archibald gathered his players for a pregame talk. "You don't need me anymore," he said.

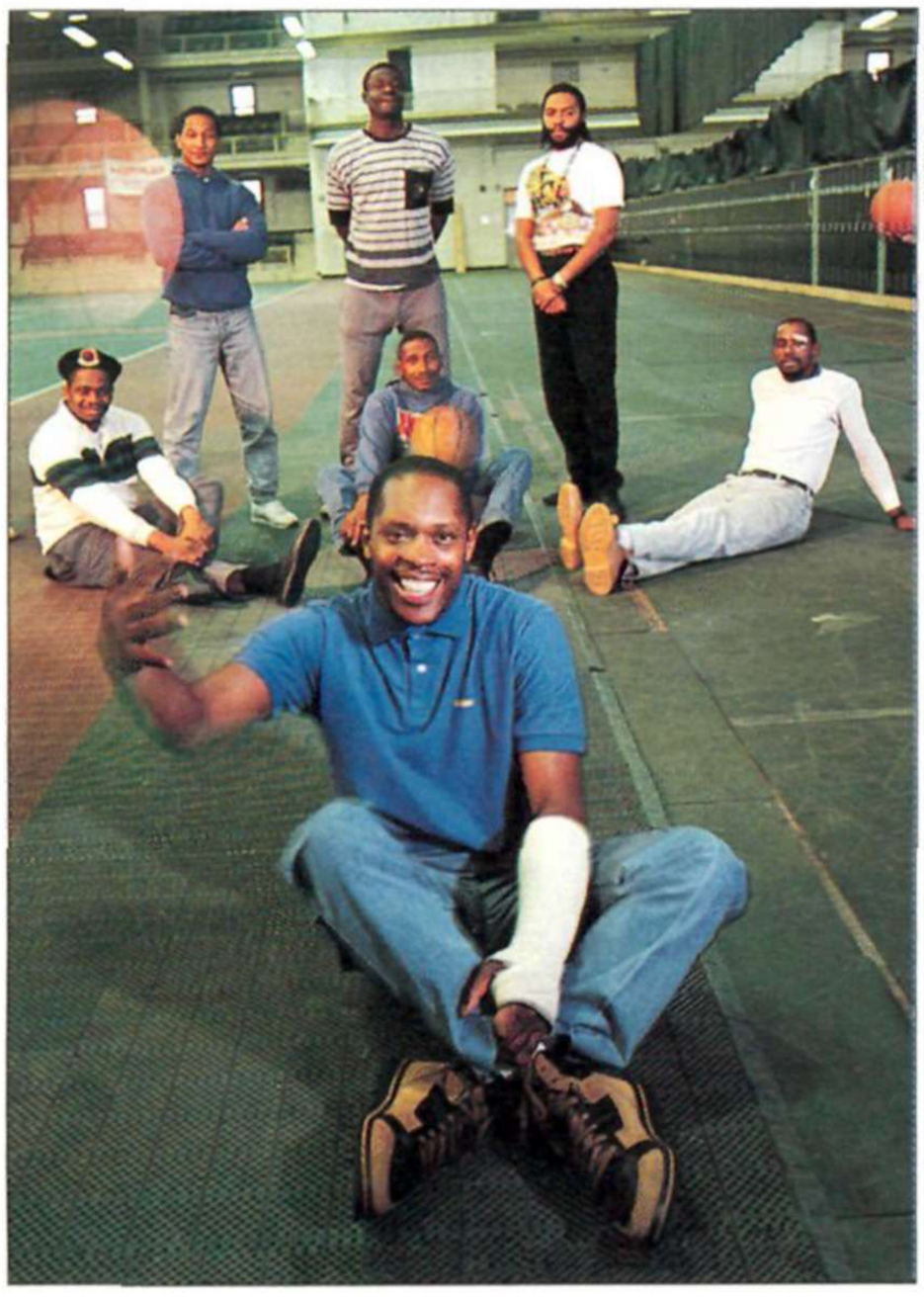
"Come on," the Hawks chorused. "You're coaching us tonight, right?"

"No, man. The time's come to coach yourselves."

They did, shutting down Fort Washington's top scorer and winning by 11 points.

"It was great," says Pitts, who played small forward. "For the first time in years I felt some self-esteem."

Archibald concedes he can't reach everyone at the shelter through sports. "But I'm not trying to," he says. "Just reaching a couple would be an accomplishment." ■



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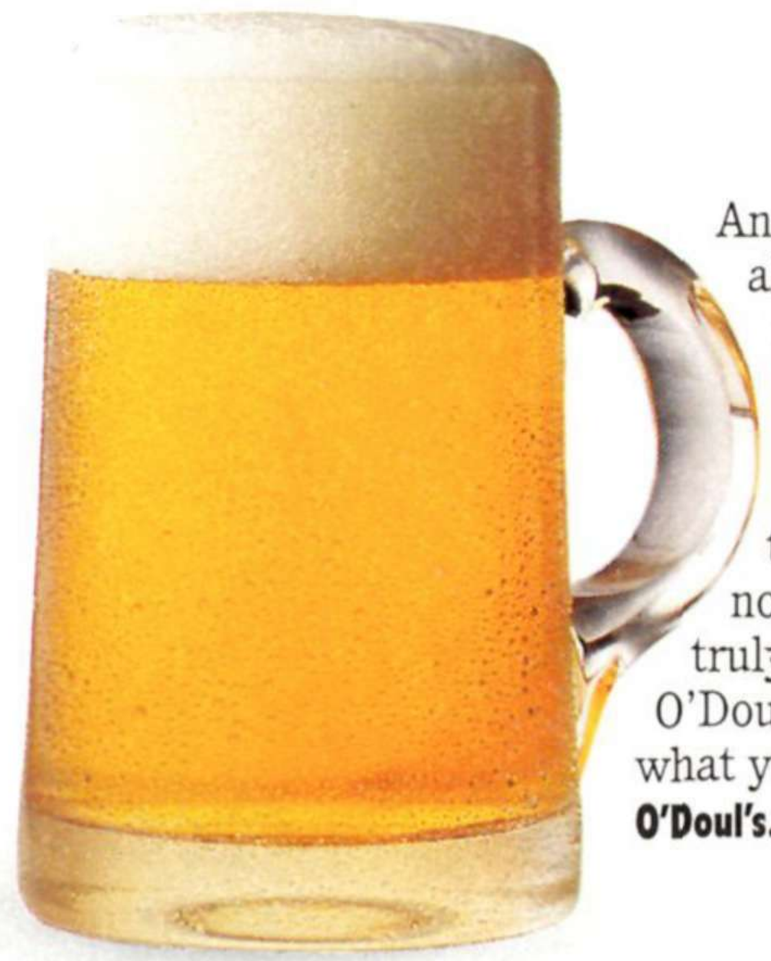

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FOR THE RECORD

One school renamed . . . another unnicknamed . . . endangered manatees reprieved

V.J. LOVERO

The Cansecos now face the dog days of divorce.

Arrested By Harris County (Texas) deputies on charges of solicitation of capital murder, **Wanda Webb Holloway**, 36. Holloway, whose 13-year-old daughter, Shanna Harper, was trying out for the Johnson Junior High cheerleading squad, allegedly hired a man for $2,500 to kill the mother of Shanna's chief rival. Authorities said Holloway hoped the rival would be grief-stricken and drop from the competition.

Canceled For the second time in three months, an **offshore powerboating** event in Tampa Bay, after the Florida Department of Natural Resources said races might prove harmful to manatees, an endangered water mammal found in southeastern Florida. Last year, 47 manatees were killed by boats in that area. "Lots of people are killed every year in automobiles," said David Coover, of the Suncoast Racing Boat Association, "but they haven't banned driving."

Dropped As the nickname of **Eastern Michigan University**'s teams, Hurons, at the recommendation of a state civil-rights commission. At last Wednesday's announcement, school president William Shelton said: "[We] never intended disrespect . . . toward Native Americans." Three days later, the men's basketball team, which for the moment shall remain nicknameless, lost to the Miami (Ohio) Redskins.

Filed for Divorce Occasional Oakland Athletics outfielder **Jose Canseco**, 26, from his wife, Esther, 24, in a Dade County (Fla.) circuit court. In his petition for dissolution, Canseco, baseball's highest-paid player, claims that "the marriage between the parties is irretrievably broken."

The couple was wed on Oct. 25, 1988, a date that had been pushed forward by two weeks so that Canseco could collect on a $10,000 bet with teammate Dave Stewart. Stewart had set a Nov. 5 deadline for the nuptials, which he doubted would take place because of Canseco's wandering eyes.

Renamed By the Roswell (N.Mex.) school board, Flora Vista Elementary school, to **Nancy Lopez** Elementary. Lopez, 34, the LPGA's second-leading alltime money winner, attended Flora Vista from 1963 to '68.

Died Writer and television commentator **Pete Axthelm**, 47; of liver failure; in Pittsburgh. Axthelm, a writer at SI from 1966 to '68, was best known for his sports columns at *Newsweek*, his book *The City Game* and his TV handicapping of horse races and pro football games. Dan Jenkins, another former SI writer, remembers him fondly: "Pete was a terrific writer and a tremendous talent. He had a bet on every game. I remember sitting with him at the 1970 Cotton Bowl between Texas and Notre Dame. Texas had switched to the burnt-orange jerseys a few seasons earlier, and I told Pete it was so they could hide the ball better. He jumped up and ran over to the phone."

EDITED BY MICHAEL JAFFE

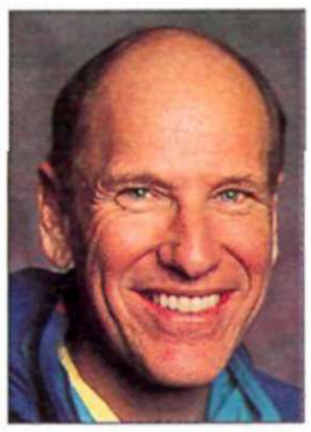
Faces in the Crowd

LAURIE BECK

Neffertitti Cooper
PHILADELPHIA

Neffertitti, 10, competing in the Elementary B Division at the Colgate Women's Games, ran the 400 meters in 59.80 seconds. Her time, 2.68 seconds faster than the old record, is the best ever known to have been run by a 10-year-old girl.

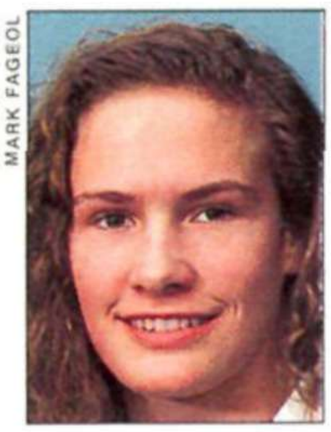
JOHN LEYBA



Ted Epstein
DENVER

Epstein, 55, a lawyer, became the first person to swim across Siberia's Lake Baikal (30.5 miles), which he did in 15:59. He also recently finished a double iron-man triathlon (4.8-mile swim, 224-mile bike ride, 52.4-mile run) in 30:20.

MARK FAGEOL



Amy Calhoun
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Amy, a junior at Bishop Heelan High, became the leading girls' volleyball server in the state, with a total of 295 successful serves in 296 attempts. She finished the season by making good on 210 consecutive serves.

JOE MYERS

Juergen Sommer
NAPLES, FLA.

Sommer, a senior at Indiana, was named soccer goalkeeper of the year after giving up an average of only 0.91 of a goal per game. In his 20 starts this season, he had 80 saves and a 15-3-2 record. For his career he had 19 shutouts.

FOX PHOTO

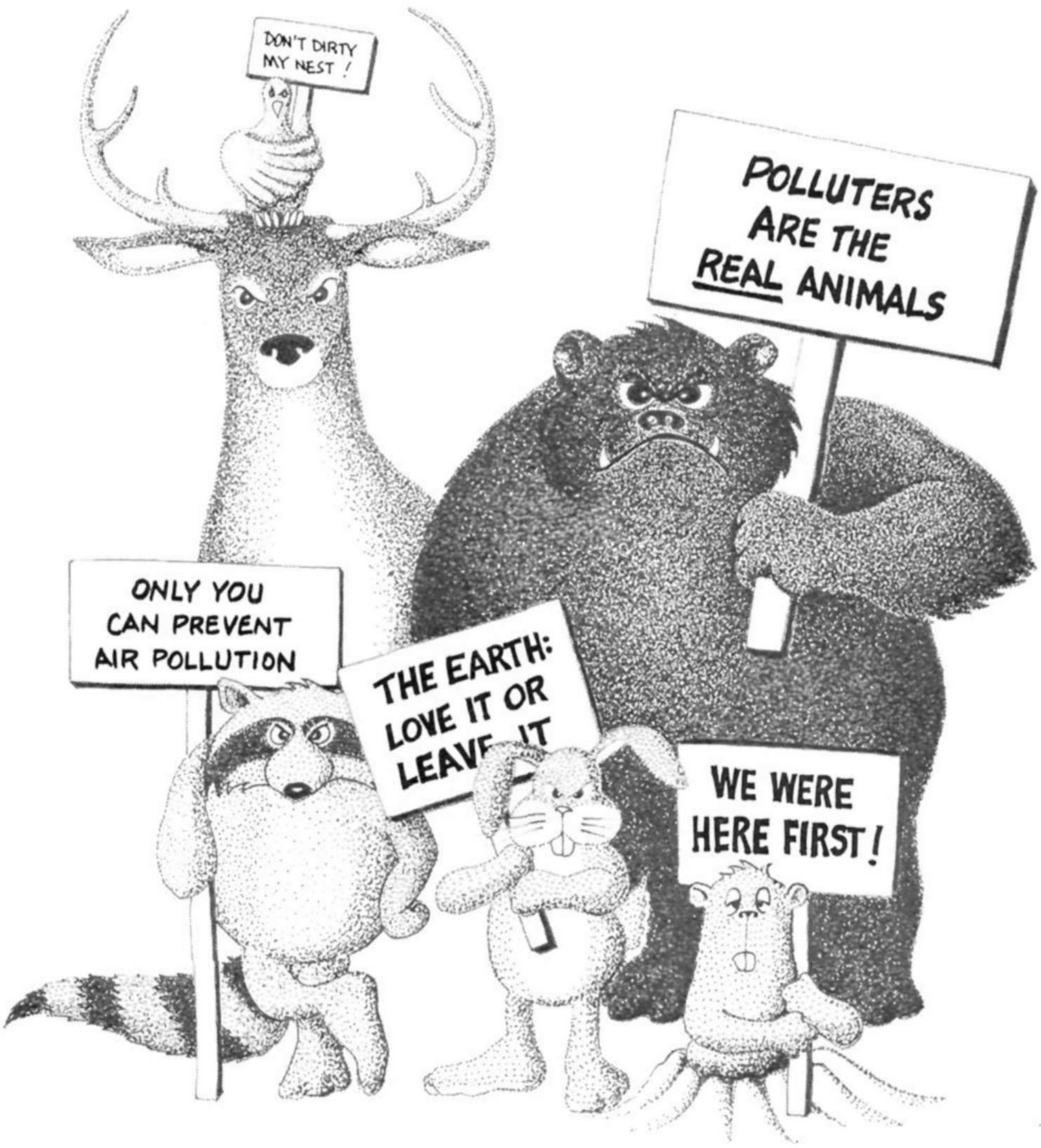
Amy Bathrick
CADILLAC, MICH.

Amy, a sophomore forward on the Heritage Christian School girls' basketball team, had 36 points and 28 rebounds in a 57–42 defeat of Harbor Lights High. For the Patriots this season, she averaged 23 points and 13 rebounds.

GEORGE ROSE

Sam Lopez
PLACENTIA, CALIF.

Lopez, a sophomore at Cypress C.C., was the only California community college wrestler in the 118-pound class to go unbeaten (34–0) this year. He won the state title by defeating Brian Ramirez of Fresno City College 2–0.



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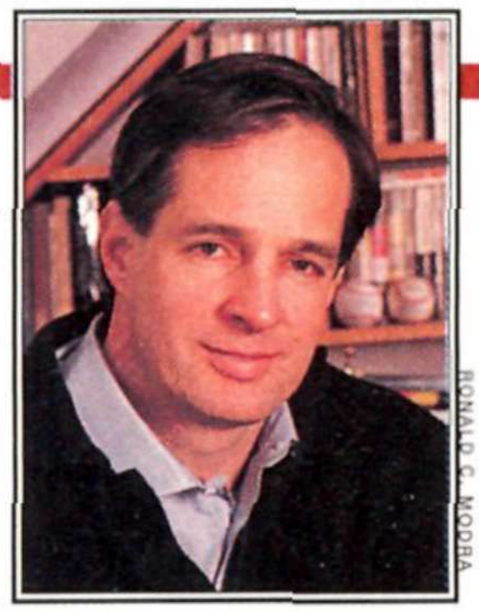
A Most Suspicious Snub

What are the real reasons for the annual rejèction of former tight end John Mackey by Hall of Fame voters? | by RICK TELANDER


RONALD C. MODRA

ANYTIME NEW INDUCTEES ARE VOTED INTO A SPORTS HALL of fame, sportswriters scurry to their word processors to fashion their complaints about other stars of the past who should have been honored. According to these angry essays, the voters are—pick one or more—senile, stupid, prejudiced, vindictive, blind, pompous, corrupt, lazy. The sportswriter then files his copy with head high, conscience clear, his column flickering like a candle in the dark night of ignorance.

Sometimes the athlete that the writer wants to see enshrined is one who left an early mark on the nascent scribe. That is, when the writer was a boy, the athlete spat in his direction before hitting a home run. Or he signed the lad's uncle's T-shirt. Or he won a game that the kid was listening to on his first crystal set underneath the covers while scanning bubble gum cards with a flashlight.

And sometimes there are athletes who should be in the hall of fame regardless of nostalgia or personal impact or sportswriters' prejudices, because, quite simply, they belong there. Roger Maris in baseball, for instance. And Pete Rose. And, in football, John Mackey, who, it was announced on Jan. 26, fell short of the 24 votes necessary for induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame this year.

Mackey, who played from 1963 to '72 for the Baltimore Colts and the San Diego Chargers, was the prototype of the modern tight end. Big (6′ 2″, 230 pounds), with the speed of a sprinter, soft hands and the strength to block defensive tackles and flatten safeties, Mackey turned a bland position into a dangerous, game-breaking one. When Mackey caught a pass in the secondary, defensive backs cringed. Rival players bounced off his oaken thighs like marbles; if somebody didn't hang on, Mackey was gone. In the Colts' 16–13 victory over the Dallas Cowboys in Super Bowl V in 1971, Mackey caught a tipped pass from quarterback Johnny Unitas and ran 45 yards with it for a 75-yard touchdown, a Super Bowl record that would stand until 1979.

In 10 NFL seasons, Mackey caught 331 passes for 5,236 yards and 38 touchdowns. His 15.8-yards-per-reception average is a figure that most wide receivers would envy. Mackey showed the value of placing a superb athlete in close to the center of play to pave the way for running backs and then suddenly releasing him on unsuspecting linebackers and defensive backs to catch passes. Recent star tight ends such as Kellen Winslow of the Chargers and Mark Bavaro of the New York Giants owe a great deal to Mackey for the way he expanded the limits of the position.

While he was active, Mackey was much appreciated—he played in five Pro Bowls and in 1970 was named by the NFL as the best tight end in pro football history—and his recognition came at a time when a tight end named Mike Ditka was also in his prime. But with his rejection by Hall voters again this year, Mackey has now been turned down by the writers who make up the selection committee every year since he first became eligible in '77.

Ditka, now the coach of the Chicago Bears, was voted into the Hall of Fame three years ago. While in Canton for his induction, Ditka said, "I don't understand how I got in before John Mackey." Neither do I.

That is no slap at Ditka, who deserves to be in the Hall. But what's the deal with this annual ritual of rejection for Mackey? Could it be that the Colts' sneaking off to Indianapolis in the dead of night seven years ago effectively destroyed Mackey's base of support? Or is the air in the tight end wing at the Hall a little too rarefied? Here is the list of players enshrined in that nook: Mike Ditka. Hey, excuse me, selection committee, but the single wing was replaced by the T formation half a century ago.

Or could it have anything to do with the fact that in 1970 Mackey was chosen president of the fledgling NFL Players Association and promptly organized that year's unpopular (with the fans, owners and many writers) players' strike? Or could it have anything to do with his name being on the lawsuit against the NFL in 1972 that successfully, albeit only temporarily, overturned the so-called Rozelle Rule, the compensation clause that made it all but impossible for a free-agent player to bargain with a team other than the one for which he most recently played?

Who knows what reels through the minds of voters—in this case, one representative from each of the 28 NFL cities, two at-large reps and the president of the Pro Football Writers of America. It would seem that football fans could stand another tight end or two in Canton—what about Jackie Smith, the former Cardinals and Cowboys standout who has never even been on a Hall of Fame ballot?—and the voters would be wise to remember that controversy is no sin. In fact, it's the spice that makes turnstiles spin.

Mackey should get into the Hall if for no other reason than that he took on the league itself and won, breaking important ground for all of the players (and their contracts) who followed after him. Put him in the Enemies of the Establishment Wing, if you want, and throw in Al Davis—who also missed the cut last month—for good measure.

Whatever, John Mackey should be in the Hall of Fame. It's that simple. If you visit the place, you want to see his bust. I remember thinking that exact thing as a kid, studying my football cards, late at night. ■

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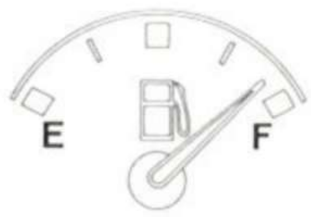

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