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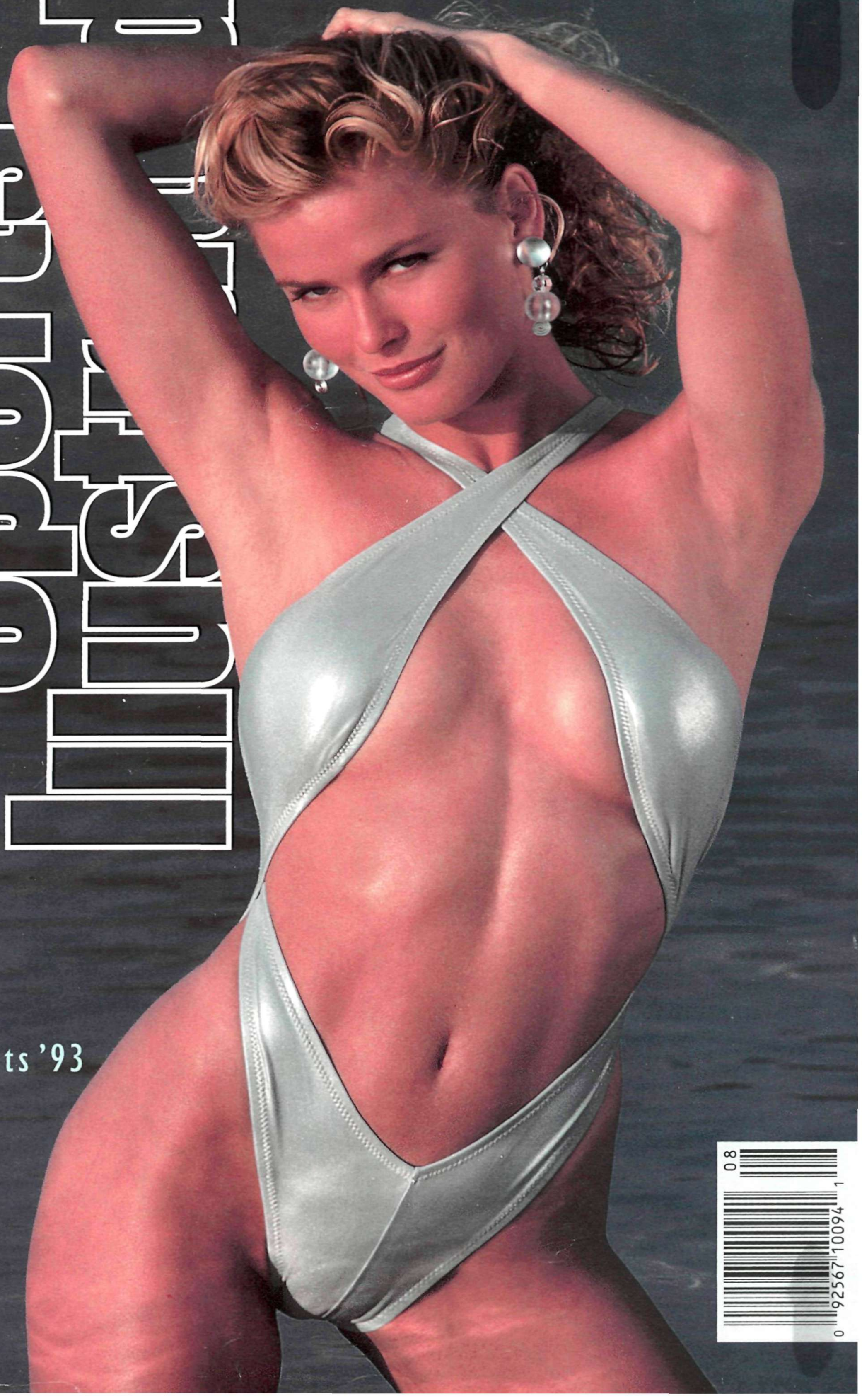

Swimsuits '93
Vendela visits the Florida Keys

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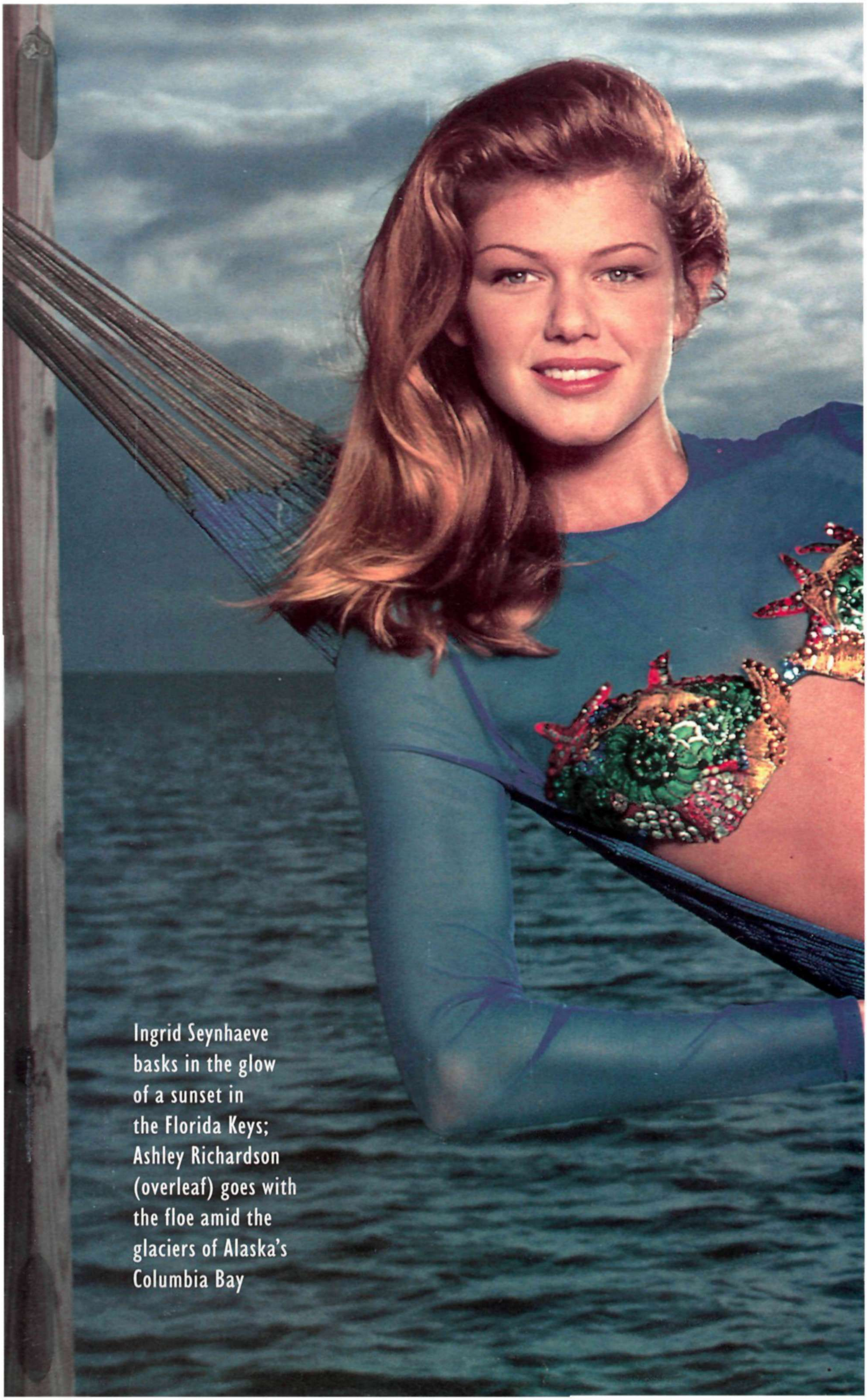
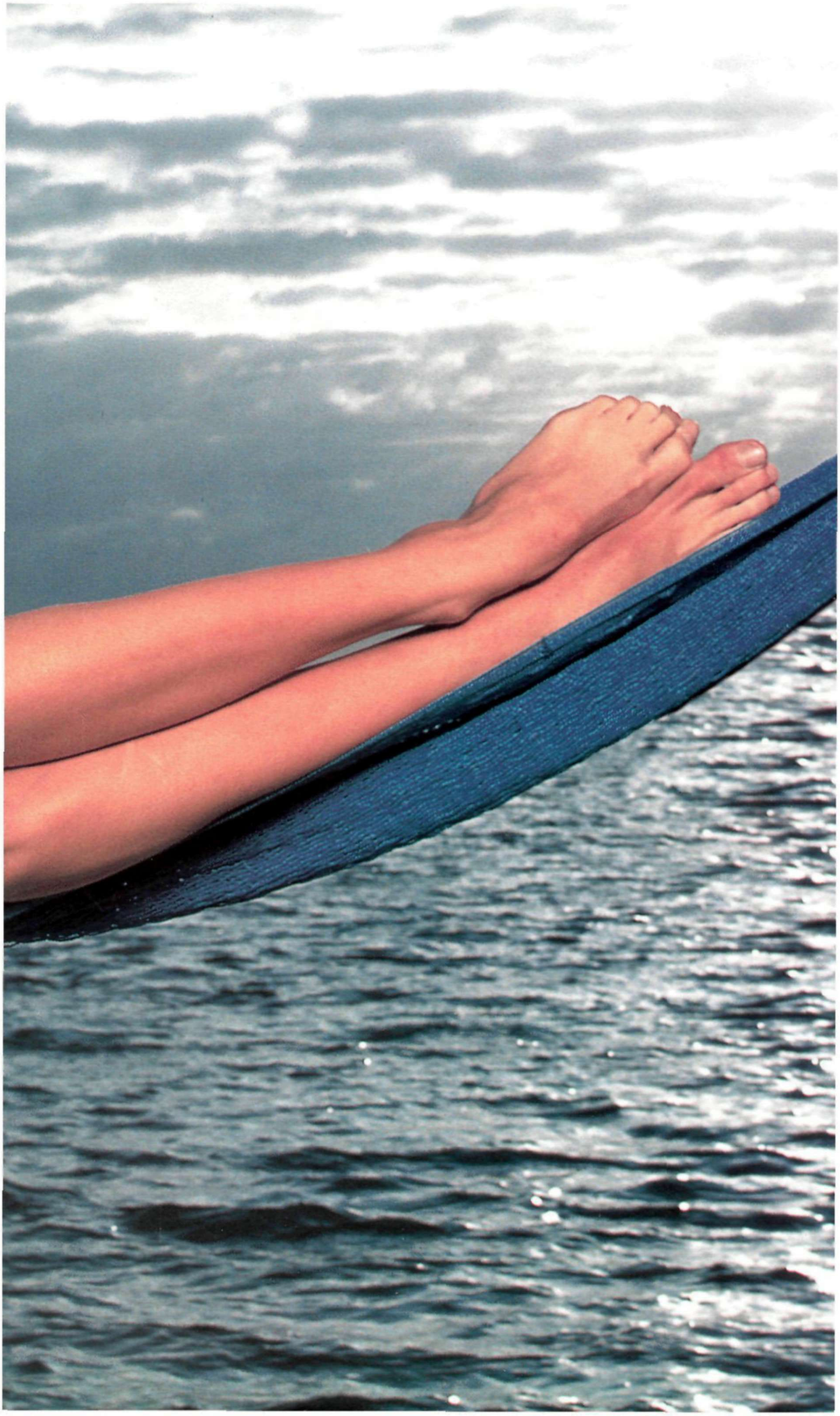
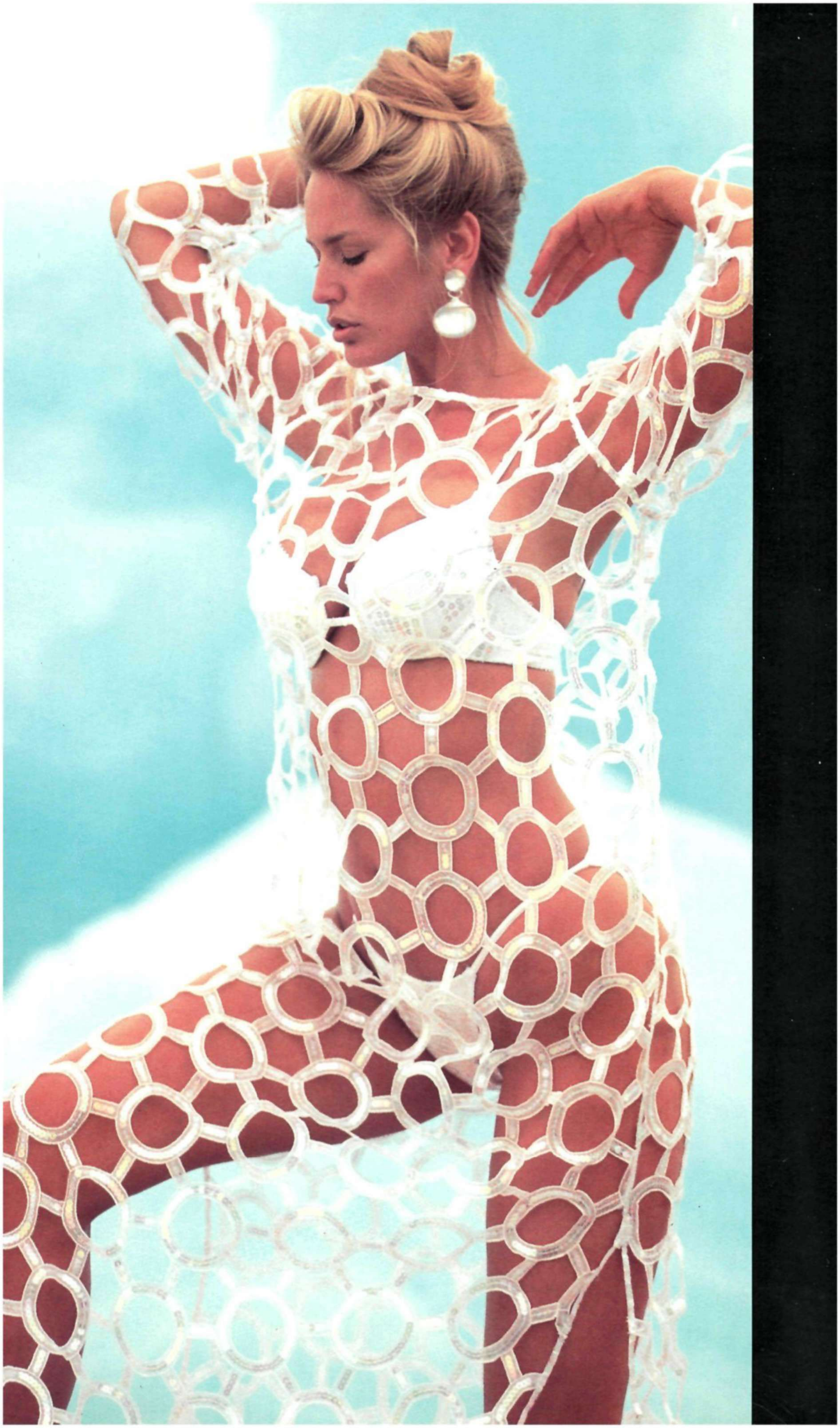


Ingrid Seynhaeve basks in the glow of a sunset in the Florida Keys; Ashley Richardson (overleaf) goes with the floe amid the glaciers of Alaska's Columbia Bay





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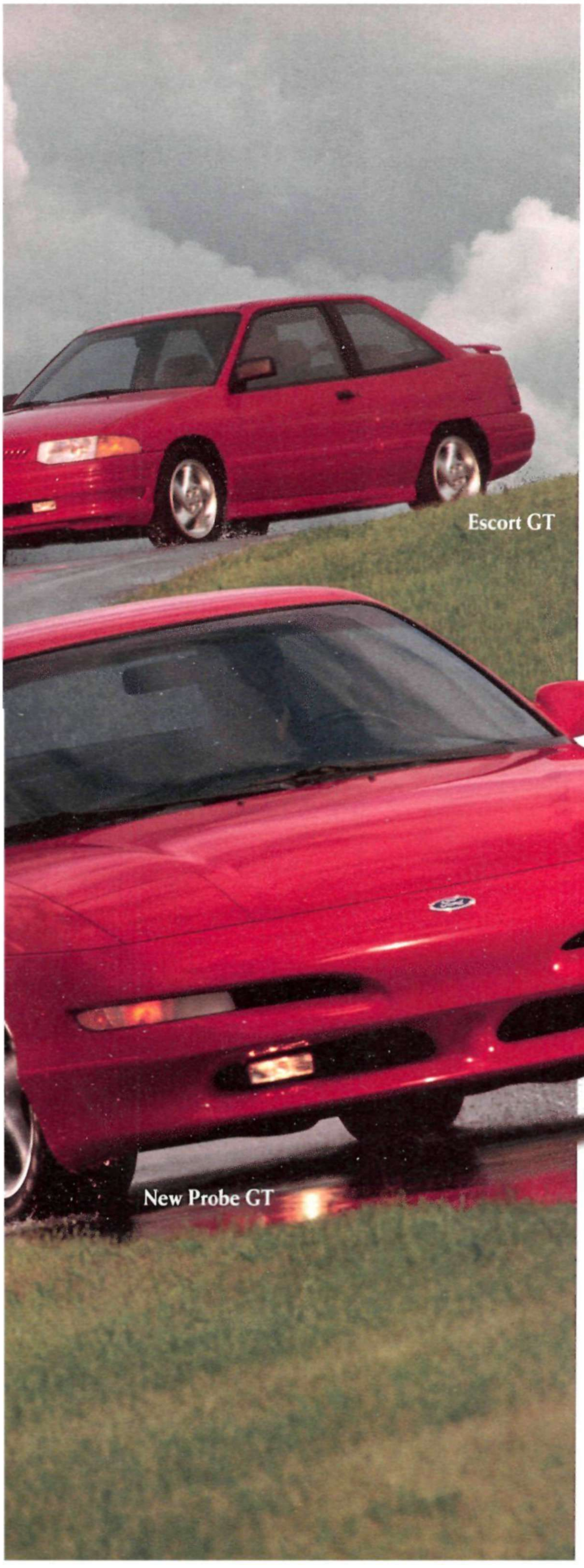

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VOLUME 78, NO. 7

Sports Illustrated

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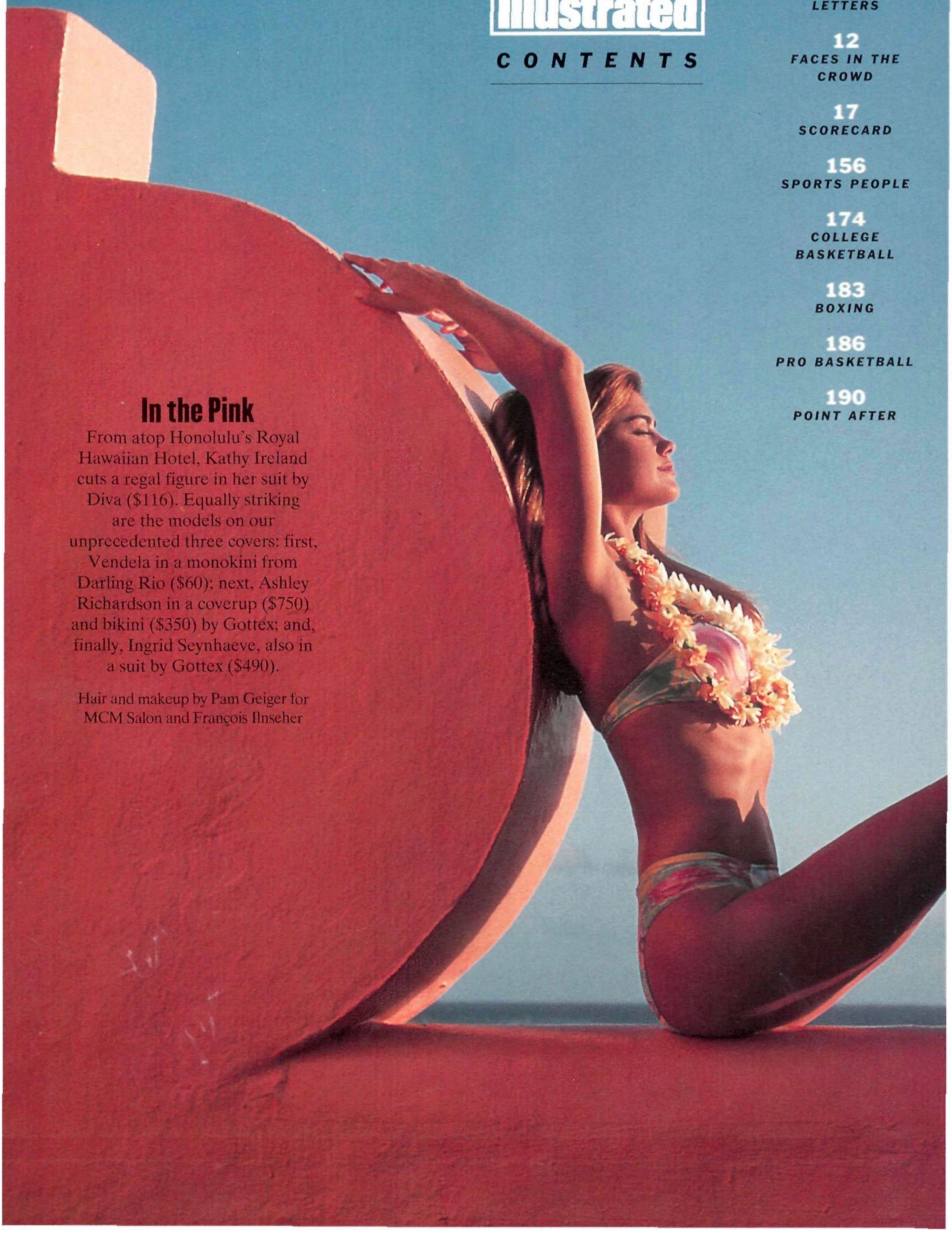

In the Pink

From atop Honolulu's Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Kathy Ireland cuts a regal figure in her suit by Diva ($116). Equally striking are the models on our unprecedented three covers: first, Vendela in a monokini from Darling Rio ($60); next, Ashley Richardson in a coverup ($750) and bikini ($350) by Gottex; and, finally, Ingrid Seynhaeve, also in a suit by Gottex ($490).

Hair and makeup by Pam Geiger for MCM Salon and François Ilnseher

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With a daring late move, Dale Jarrett opened the NASCAR season with a Daytona 500 victory

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHS:
VENDELA BY PAOLO CURTO; ASHLEY RICHARDSON BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER; INGRID SEYNHAEVE BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, with two issues combined at year-end, by Time Inc. Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020-1393. Reginald K. Brack Jr., Chairman; Don Logan, President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Canada Post Corp., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Time Inc. GST #R122781974. U.S. subscription: $75.06 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Post Office Box 30602, Tampa, FL 33630-0602

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WALTER IOOSS JR.

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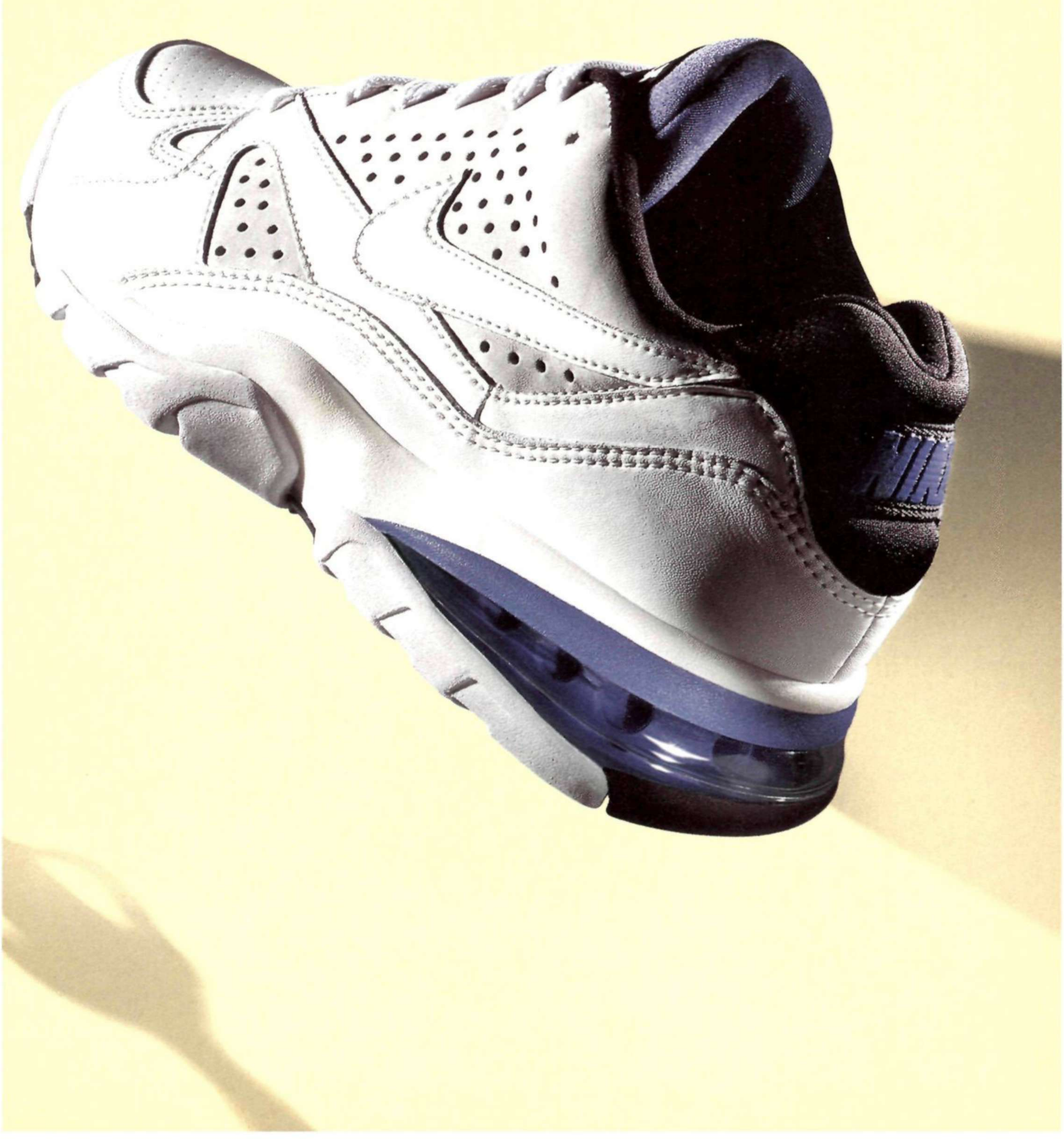


FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

Hot stuff: our still-photo and film crews in Hawaii; cool cats: (from left) Vendela, Richardson, Campbell and hair stylist Pam Geiger in Alaska.

AFTER 29 YEARS ON THE SWIMSUIT BEAT, SENIOR editor Jule Campbell is a pro at keeping the locations of her photo shoots secret. Few people in SI's offices know where she's off to each year, and she has tried-and-true methods for disguising a shoot while on location—she covers the SI labels on all the luggage, and her standard story for onlookers is that she's organizing a catalog shoot for Saks Fifth Avenue.

But when Campbell went to Alaska for one of this year's five swimsuit features, she figured she could finally relax security. After all, the 49th state isn't your basic Bimini, Bali or Bora Bora. Subterfuge, Campbell felt, would be superfluous.

She was wrong. During a lunch break last August near Anchorage, Campbell sat munching elk burgers with fully clothed models Ashley Richardson and Vendela when two curious lumberjacks approached their table.

"Shooting the swimsuit issue here, aren't you?" asked one.

"Are you crazy?" Campbell replied. "Why would I bring swimsuits to Alaska?"

Good question.

Campbell can now reveal the reason she was orchestrating her own version of *Northern Exposure*. "The concept this year was to go to some unexpected places, yet keep it all in the United States," she says. "We're almost always glorifying somebody else's country, so this year we hoped to provoke people to explore a little in their own backyard."

Five locales were selected, four of them at extreme points of the American compass. Much of the Alaska shoot took place on the Matanuska Glacier, 75 rough miles northeast of Anchorage; Campbell had to helicopter Richardson and Vendela to the frozen site, where they posed amidst snow and ice while insulated by little more than Lycra swimwear. It was 4,100 miles from there to the sun-drenched Florida Keys, another swimsuit stop. And 5,100 miles separate the tropical beaches of Honolulu and the windswept shores of Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Mackinac Island, Mich., in Lake Huron, provides a nostalgic touch from the heartland.

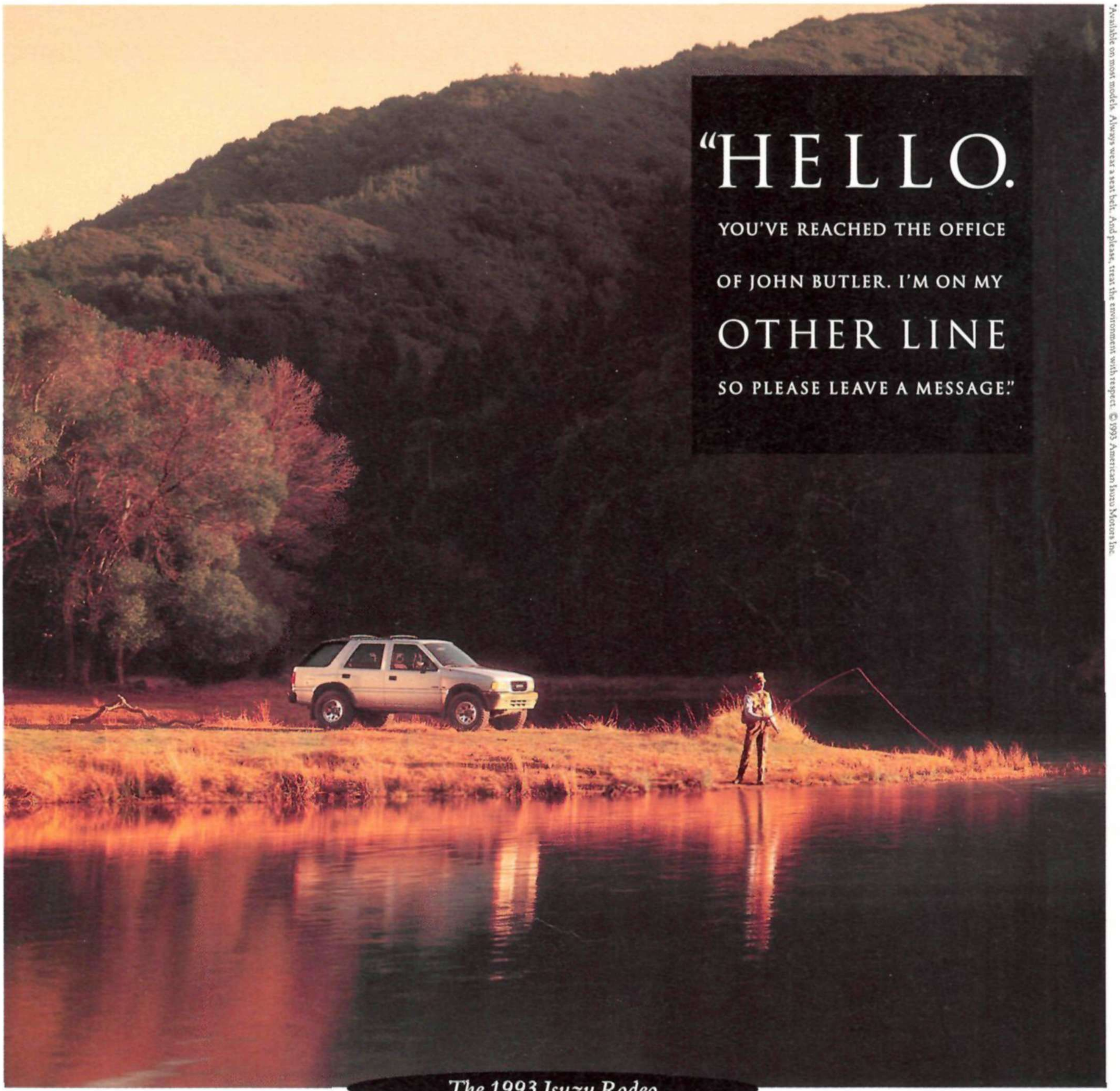
As it happens, this Sands Across America idea was hatched during last year's swimsuit shoot in Barcelona. One lunchtime, Campbell asked her models what they wanted to eat. The chorus was deafening: "We want burgers!"

"So we got elk burgers," Richardson says. "We had to endure our share of goose bumps, sure, but since we stayed in the States, there was no communicating with hand signals, no having to change money and no customs. I think this issue is a terrific advertisement for the good old U.S. of A."

Mark Mulvoy

Vendela and Richardson gave new meaning to the term "sangfroid."

JULIA STERN (3)



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Jim Valvano

No article has ever moved me as much as Gary Smith's *As Time Runs Out* (Jan. 11), about former basketball coach Jim Valvano. I grew up in Raleigh, N.C., and regularly attended North Carolina State games. I was in awe of Valvano. His enthusiasm and one-of-a-kind personality seemed to cast a magical aura on the entire town, including non–basketball fans. If anyone can beat cancer, it is Vee.

JOSHUA BURACK
Washington, D.C.

In sharp contrast to the witty and exuberant television analyst and former coach we usually see, Smith shows us a thoughtful and reflective Valvano. While it is natural to reassess one's life when faced with one's own mortality, Valvano seems to be overly harsh on himself when he says that his life has amounted to nothing because he has devoted it to sports. It is sad to think that Coach Vee has underestimated how much he has contributed to the development of his players and to the enjoyment of millions of basketball fans.

STEVE JAEGER
San Francisco

Although nobody deserves to suffer from such an insidious disease, we should not canonize Valvano now that he has cancer. Your article glosses over the facts about Valvano's coaching career. His teams always lacked discipline, and his recruiting history is filled with lies and deceit. Many college coaches have been successful without using players who are academically hopeless and threats to society when off the court.

PAUL LINDSTRÖM
Mosinee, Wis.

I have deep sympathy for Valvano because of his physical condition, but as the author of *Personal Fouls*, which is mentioned in Gary Smith's article, it is difficult for me to forgo comment. The article implies that Valvano was the victim of a vicious smear by me and by the Raleigh *News and Observer*, that he didn't do anything wrong and that *Personal Fouls* might have caused his cancer. Defending oneself against a cult hero dying of cancer is a no-win situation, but I nevertheless thought it appropriate that your readers know what Smith's article didn't tell them.

Two weeks after the publication of *Personal Fouls*, which detailed a conspiracy of corruption between North Carolina State chancellor Bruce Poulton and athletic director/coach Valvano, Poulton resigned and Valvano was fired as athletic director. This didn't happen because of minor, excusable offenses, like his players' selling sneakers, as Smith's article would have you believe. It happened because the coaching staff ran roughshod over the entire university, abusing players, professors and administrators, some of whom had the courage to speak out as sources for the book. All the abuses were orchestrated by Valvano, with the blessing of chancellor Poulton.

Before the publication of *Personal Fouls*, Valvano, the university and the attorney general of North Carolina threatened a lawsuit to prevent its publication. The book came out anyway, and there were no suits. After publication Valvano changed tactics, distancing himself from anything his players, assistant coaches or boosters might have done and doing everything he could to whitewash himself.

Smith's article perpetuates the myth of Saint Jim.

PETER GOLENBOCK
St. Petersburg, Fla.

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

Burning Issue

I live in South Dakota and am a fan of our nearby CBA team, the Sioux Falls Skyforce. At a recent game I noticed one of the Skyforce players had a symbol burned into the biceps on both arms. The symbol was shaped like the Greek letter sigma. On the cover of your Jan. 25 issue, Dallas Cowboy running back Emmitt Smith has the same symbol burned into his left arm. Can you tell me what the symbol stands for?

ROB SCHMITZ
Menno, S.D.

• It stands for a black college fraternity, Phi Beta Sigma. Smith, who was a member of the Phi Beta Sigma chapter at the University of Florida, recently told the *St. Petersburg Times* that his fraternity brothers had used a coat hanger that had been held over fire to burn the insignia into his arm. "Didn't hurt much," said Smith. "Smelled like bacon cooking. I like it. My fraternity means a lot to me."—ED.

Driving and Drinking

The tragedy of John Daly (SCORECARD, Jan. 11) points up an interesting dilemma, largely restricted to golf. Because of the time required to play a round of golf, and because golf is often played at private clubs, alcohol is frequently introduced *as part of the competition*. This isn't the 19th hole featured in so many jokes; it's the golf cart full of beer that cruises the course during club and charity tournaments and weekend play. It's the bar set up at the 5th and 15th holes at many clubs, the coolers designed as sidecars for golf bags. In an era when spectator-sports arenas are restricting drinking and smoking to designated areas, the tradition of playing golf on four or five beers is an anachronism the sport doesn't need.

The PGA should be commended for its effort to help Daly, but all players would benefit if golf clubs, just as they ban spikes from their clubhouses, banned alcohol on the courses.

RICHARD H. TUBBS JR.
Gaithersburg, Md.

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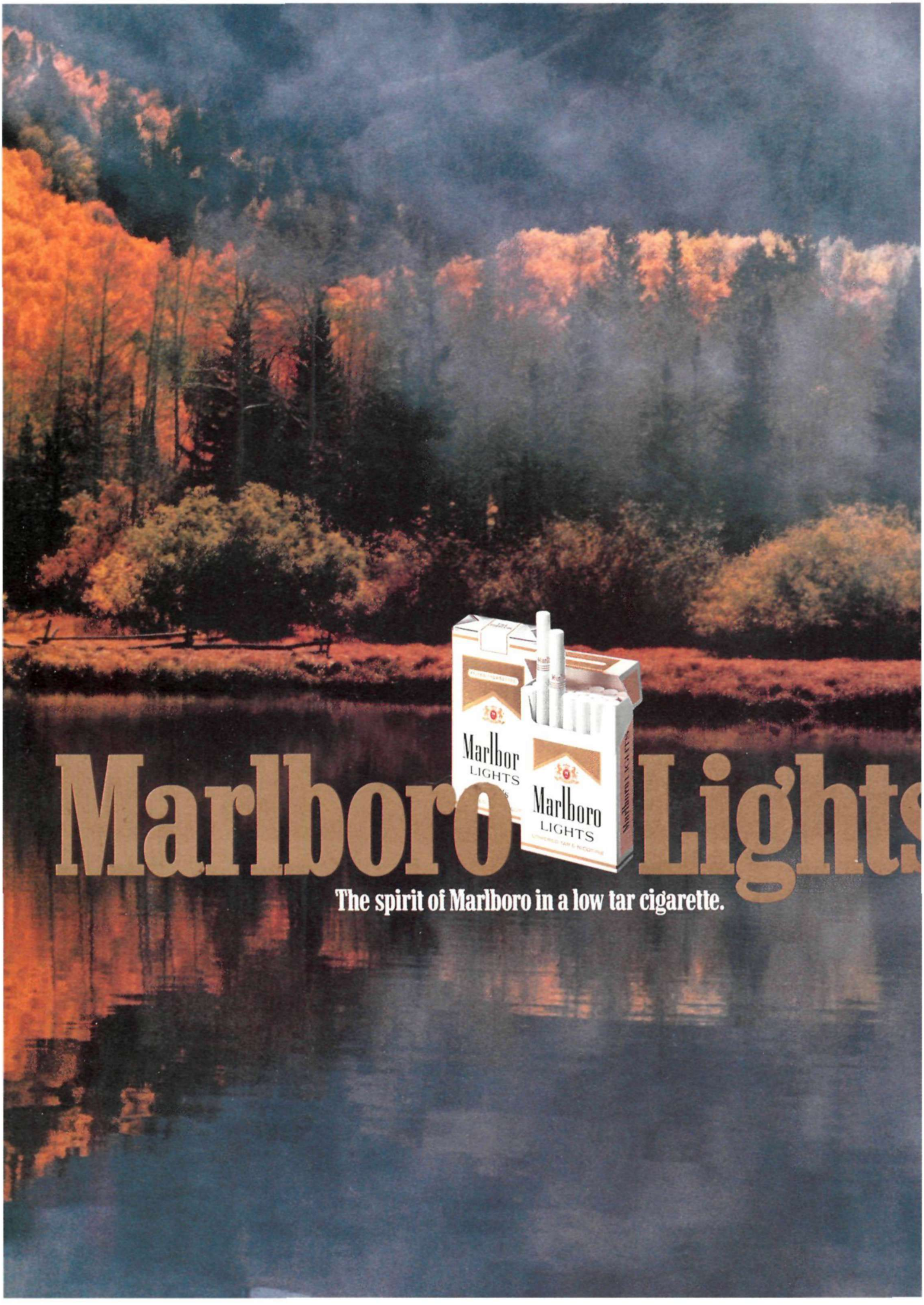
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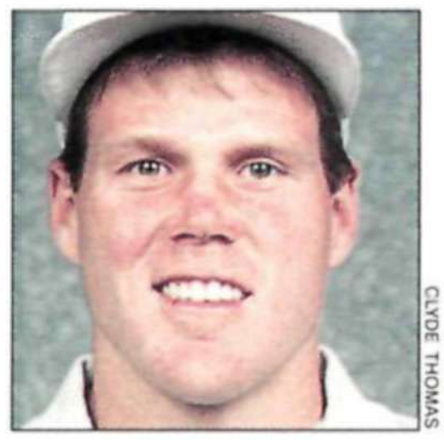
Faces in the Crowd

Sarah Edmonds SIOUX CITY, IOWA

MICHAEL SIEGEL

Edmonds, a senior cross-country runner at Gustavus Adolphus College, won the Division III championship in her first season of intercollegiate competition—she began running while studying abroad last year—completing the 5-km course in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., in 18:09. She placed first in all seven races that she entered this season.

Brad Friedel BAY VILLAGE, OHIO


CLYDE THOMAS

Friedel, a junior on the UCLA soccer team, became only the second goalie in 26 years to be awarded the Hermann Trophy, given annually to the top collegiate soccer player. He had 10 shutouts and allowed just 12 goals in 19 games for the 13-3-3 Bruins, who lost in the regional finals to NCAA runner-up San Diego.

Dana Van Singel ZEELAND, MICH.

JOHN BROUWER

Dana, a senior on the Zeeland High swim team, led the Chix to the girls' Class B championship for the fourth consecutive year. She is an eight-time high school All-America and has won six state titles: two in the 50-meter freestyle and one each in the 100 free, 200 free, 100 butterfly and 100 backstroke.

Michelle Kwan TORRANCE, CALIF.

CLYDE THOMAS

Michelle, 12, the youngest senior competitor at the U.S. figure skating championships since 1973, was sixth in the women's competition. After coming in first at the Southwest Pacific Juniors in '92, she decided to step up a level and has won two senior competitions this year, the Pacific Coast and the Southwest Pacific.

Kim Schiff HARRINGTON, DEL.

DAVID CROUT

Kim, 16, defeated Terri Esterowitz, 23, of Springfield, Va., 6–3, 6–2 to win the USTA National Amateur women's tennis championship. She was the youngest competitor in the 32-person draw. In the last three years she has won 64 of 65 matches and has been ranked No. 1 in the Middle States region in three different age classes.

Bill Elliott OLATHE, KANS.

DAVID SOSLAND

Elliott, a 6′ 2″ senior guard at Mid-America Nazarene College, in Kansas City, Kans., hit five three-point baskets during a 76–74 loss to Baker University to become the alltime collegiate leader in three-point field goals. His total of 433 three-pointers eclipsed the previous record of 431, set last season by Tony Smith of Pfeiffer College.

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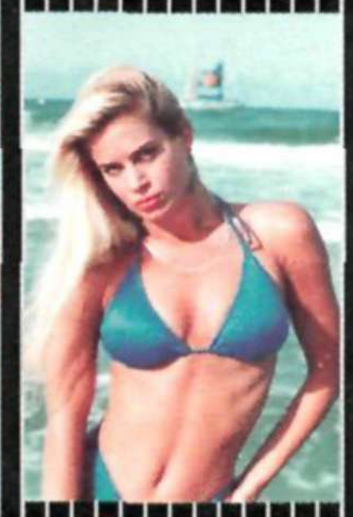
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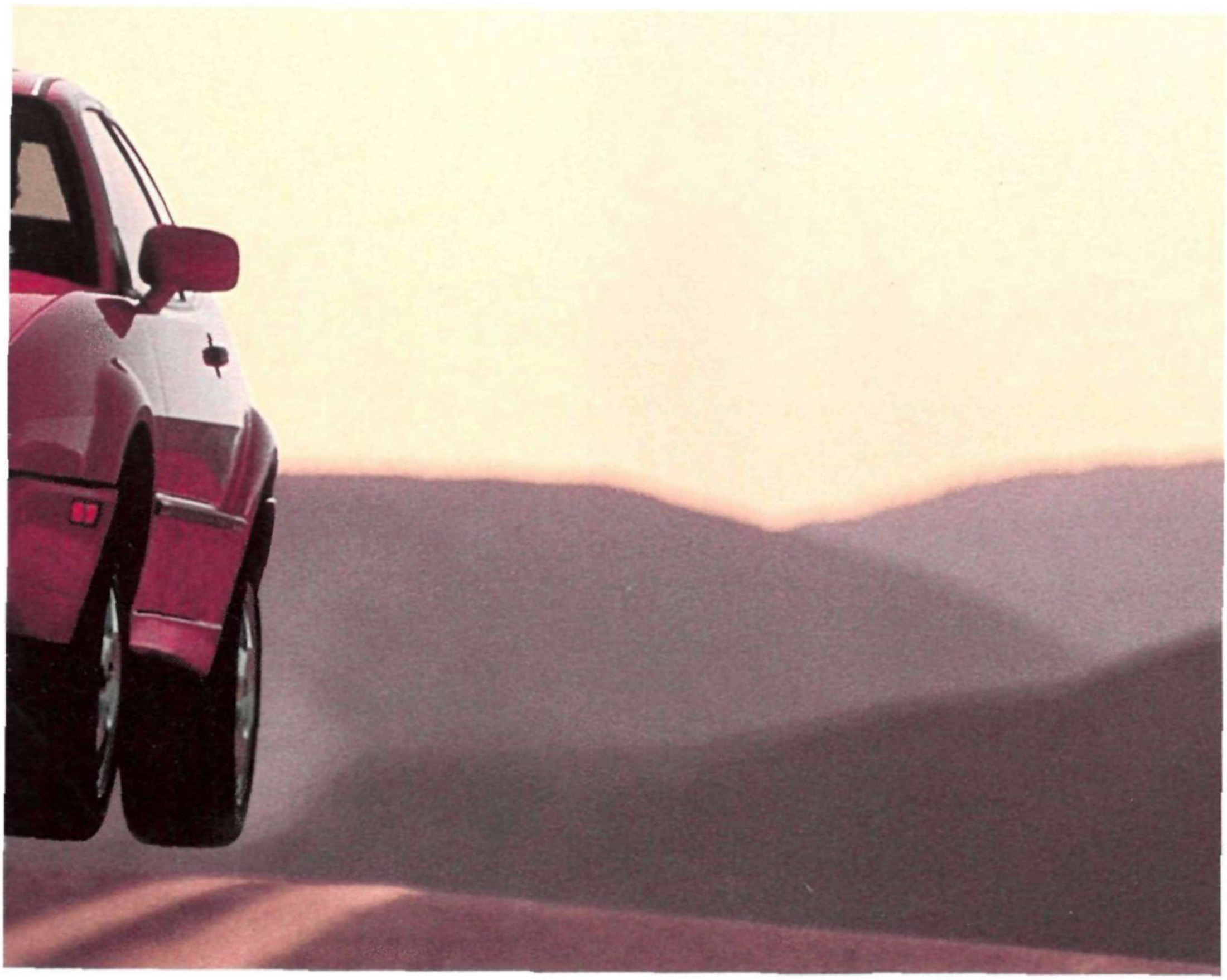

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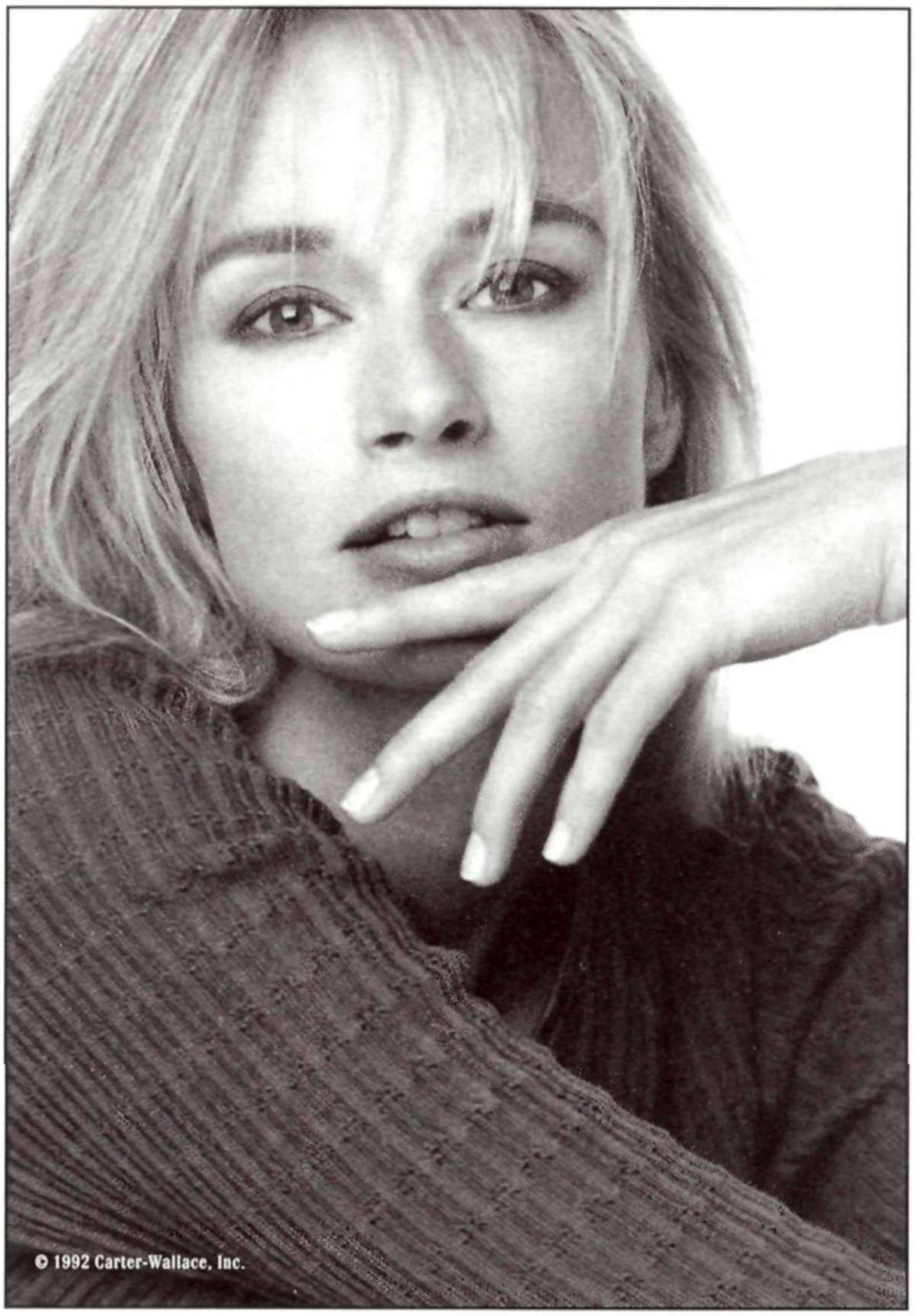

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SCORECARD

Edited by Jerry Kirshenbaum

Non-Offer

Heavyweight champion Riddick Bowe's first-round destruction of Michael Dokes on Feb. 6 left such an odor that Bowe's handlers last week tried to perfume the air. Raising hopes of an imminent showdown between Bowe and Lennox Lewis, the one heavyweight bout everyone wants to see, Bowe's manager, Rock Newman, made a splashy offer to the Lewis camp: a $32 million, winner-take-all fight in June in Las Vegas.

Trouble is, Newman knew his offer was one Lewis's camp could only refuse. Neither boxer would dare risk everything in a bout that might be decided by Las Vegas judges. Moreover, Newman laced his offer with a poison he knows has no antidote: Lewis would first have to renounce his WBC championship, his one claim to titular legitimacy. Bowe is the IBF and WBA champ, but the WBC stripped him of its crown in January for refusing to make his first defense against Lewis.

It remains unlikely that a Bowe-Lewis fight will take place anytime soon. Instead, the two fighters will yawn their way through a succession of lesser bouts, collecting paychecks at minimal risk as they build the gate for their eventual meeting, probably in mid-1994. That's the way it's done in boxing, a sport that has always been perfume resistant.

Sonny's Stockpile

When two more star basketball players transferred recently to Martin Luther King High, coaches at the six other schools in the Chicago Public League's Red-Central Section decided they had had enough. They vowed to have their teams boycott games with King to protest the way the Jaguars have benefited from a liberal transfer rule that allows Chicago students to move to other city high schools to pursue an academic program if the program is not offered at their own schools.

The target of the boycott was King's bejeweled, sax-playing coach, Landon (Sonny) Cox, who has stocked the Jaguars with more talent than most college teams. Cox has been accused of misrepresenting his players' academic accomplishments and of accepting money from college recruiters, charges he denies. He has a 319–33 record in 12 years at King and has won four city and two state championships since 1986. His current juggernaut, which as of Sunday was 21–0 and ranked second in the nation by *USA Today*, features two agile 7-foot seniors, Rashard Griffith and Thomas Hamilton, and so many gifted transfers—eight since last season—that Toporis Nash, a 6′ 6″ junior who was averaging 28 points a game when he transferred on Feb. 4 from Near North High, may not even start.

The boycott by Cox's rivals was meant to slow his efforts to load up on talent before July 1, when a new state athletic association rule tightening transfer procedures will take effect. The boycott lasted exactly one game, which Gage Park High forfeited to the Jaguars on Feb. 4. It ended after Chicago school officials said they would see if existing rules had been flouted. Robeson High coach Charles Redmond, who had resigned when his principal ordered the school's team to play its scheduled game with King, resumed coaching in time to see his Raiders get pasted 81–62 last week by the Jaguars. Afterward, Cox said of his fellow coaches, "If they don't want to coach, they should retire."

Hamilton (left) and Griffith help Cox tower over his angry foes.

The transfer rule has also been exploited by other schools, as when three players from South Shore and one from Vocational transferred to Carver last year. The flood of transfers has given Chicago what amounts to high school free agency. At the moment Cox is merely exploiting it better than anyone else.

Age Check

Jumping teams isn't the only grown-up game high school kids are playing. As if the Indiana state basketball tournament weren't grand enough, this year's championship, in Indianapolis's 60,000-seat Hoosier Dome (the former site, 16,500-seat Market Square Arena, home of the Pacers, was abandoned in 1990 as too small), will for the first time feature NBA-style three-point and slam-dunk contests.

And 10 members of the Roscoe (N.Y.) High team have been suspended from the team for the season for betting on their own games. The amounts wagered were only $1, and the players said they bet because they were bored with their losing season; the Blue Devils were 0–13 at the time of the suspensions and 0–17 as of Sunday. Still, such bets are against the law in New York, and it should be noted that

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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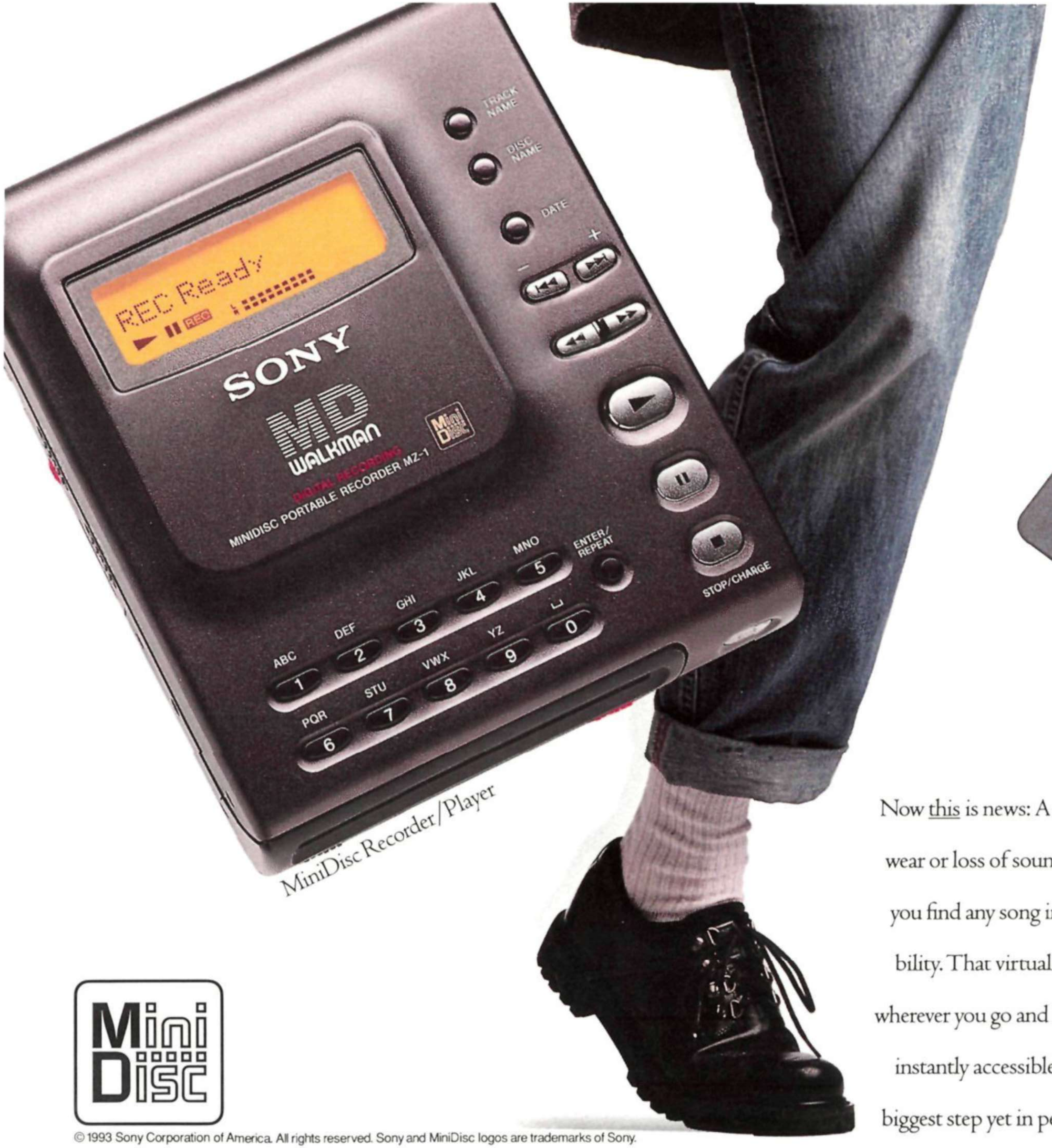

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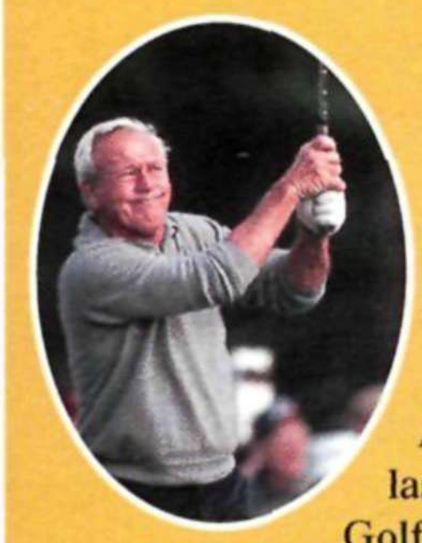

Channel Fore!

"It will be there whenever the viewer wants it, year round, 24 hours a day," said **Arnold Palmer** *(left)* last week in touting The Golf Channel, a pay-cable service that he and **Joseph Gibbs**, a cable-system and cellular-phone operator in Birmingham, plan to launch next year. The channel will provide live and tape-delayed coverage of tournaments from around the world—anybody for a replay of the Desert Classic from Dubai at 4:30 a.m.?—plus such hacker-oriented fare as instructionals, daily golf news shows and video tours of the great courses of the world. The electronic highway? Sounds more like an electronic fairway to us.

Majority Report

Readers may have done a double take at newspaper reports that suspended Cincinnati Red owner **Marge Schott**, whose latest racially insensitive remarks came last week on ABC's *PrimeTime Live*, has feuded with her "minority owners." The references are to Schott's seven limited partners, all of whom are white.

They Wrote It

• **Frederick C. Klein** in *The Wall Street Journal*, reacting to a comment by **Chris Webber** *(right)*, mainstay of Michigan's Fab Five, that he enjoys being surrounded by a strong cast: "Just wait 'til Dallas drafts him."

They Said It

• **Karl Malone**, Utah Jazz star, after falling one assist short of what would have been his first NBA triple double: "If I would have known it, I would have passed the ball."

• **Paul Kennedy**, an announcer on the Sunshine Network, proposing that Miami's NHL expansion team be named the Humidity: "Then they can say the Heat is bad, but the Humidity is what's really terrible."

some of the kids bet on their team to lose.

Oh, yes, the first thing the Roscoe students did when they were suspended was hire a lawyer. *Very* grown-up.

Sack Attacks

College basketball coaches are crying foul over the dismissals of three of their own: California's Lou Campanelli, Army's Tom Miller and Utah State's Kohn Smith (who will finish out the season). Campanelli's firing was described as "appalling" by Georgia Tech's Bobby Cremins, "a shock" by North Carolina's Dean Smith and "unprecedented, unwarranted and, most especially, unjust" by UNLV's Rollie Massimino. Regrets have also been voiced on behalf of Miller and Smith.

Who scripts this stuff, anyway? Noting that Cal was a disappointing 10–7 under Campanelli and that Army and Utah State were sub-.500, many coaches contended that the firings reflected a win-at-all-cost mentality on the part of the schools. But poor play wasn't the three coaches' only sin, though you wouldn't know that to hear Indiana's Bobby Knight, who said they were fired "without any good reason."

O.K., how about these reasons? West Point brass said that Miller had "publicly degraded" his players; his practice of yelling in their faces was said to be "totally inappropriate." Smith is a poor communicator who has yelled at his players and knocked them in public. Campanelli blamed his players, not himself, for defeats. After a road loss in December, he didn't accompany the team back to the hotel. This month he turned over a table during a team dinner, after which 10 players went to school officials to complain, in effect, that a coach who demanded discipline couldn't control himself. The complainants did not include star freshman Jason Kidd, who nevertheless made his feelings known after Campanelli's departure when he said, "We're a family again."

Inevitably, some coaches reacted to the firings by objecting that the lunatics were running the asylum. But should coaches like Campanelli, Miller and Smith be in charge? When a coach complains, as Campanelli often did, that his players don't listen to him, it may mean that he's not much of an educator. As Maryland athletic director Andy Geiger said, a college basketball team "is not the coach's team. It's the university's team. It belongs to the players as much as it does to anyone."

Schools do overemphasize winning, of course. But for a truer indication of this, check out the coaches who *aren't* fired. Does anybody think that Indiana would have put up with Knight's boorish behavior for 22 years if he weren't a winner? Untroubled by such questions, the college basketball coaches' association a few years ago set up a fund providing as much as $2,000 to any dismissed coach for counseling, career guidance and rehabilitation. No such fund has been established for players who are degraded by coaches.

Money to Burn

George Killian, the executive director of the National Junior College Athletic Association and the president of FIBA, the international basketball federation, thinks the U.S. Olympic Committee is wasting money. At last week's USOC board meeting, at a posh resort in Phoenix, Killian, arguing that the money lavished on such gatherings would be better spent on athletes, vainly sought to have the board's next meeting, in Salt Lake City in June, canceled. "We haven't taken a single vote," Killian said. "These people don't want to give up their perks. The hors d'oeuvres last night were delicious. But is that what it's all about?"

Credit Killian with the best comment on such profligacy since humorist Dave Barry wrote of last year's Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro: "Scientists detected a large new hole in the ozone layer, believed to be caused by fumes from [the] flaming desserts."

Scorecard Reporter: Richard O'Brien

PALMER: JACQUELINE DUVOISIN; WEBBER: JOHN BIEVER

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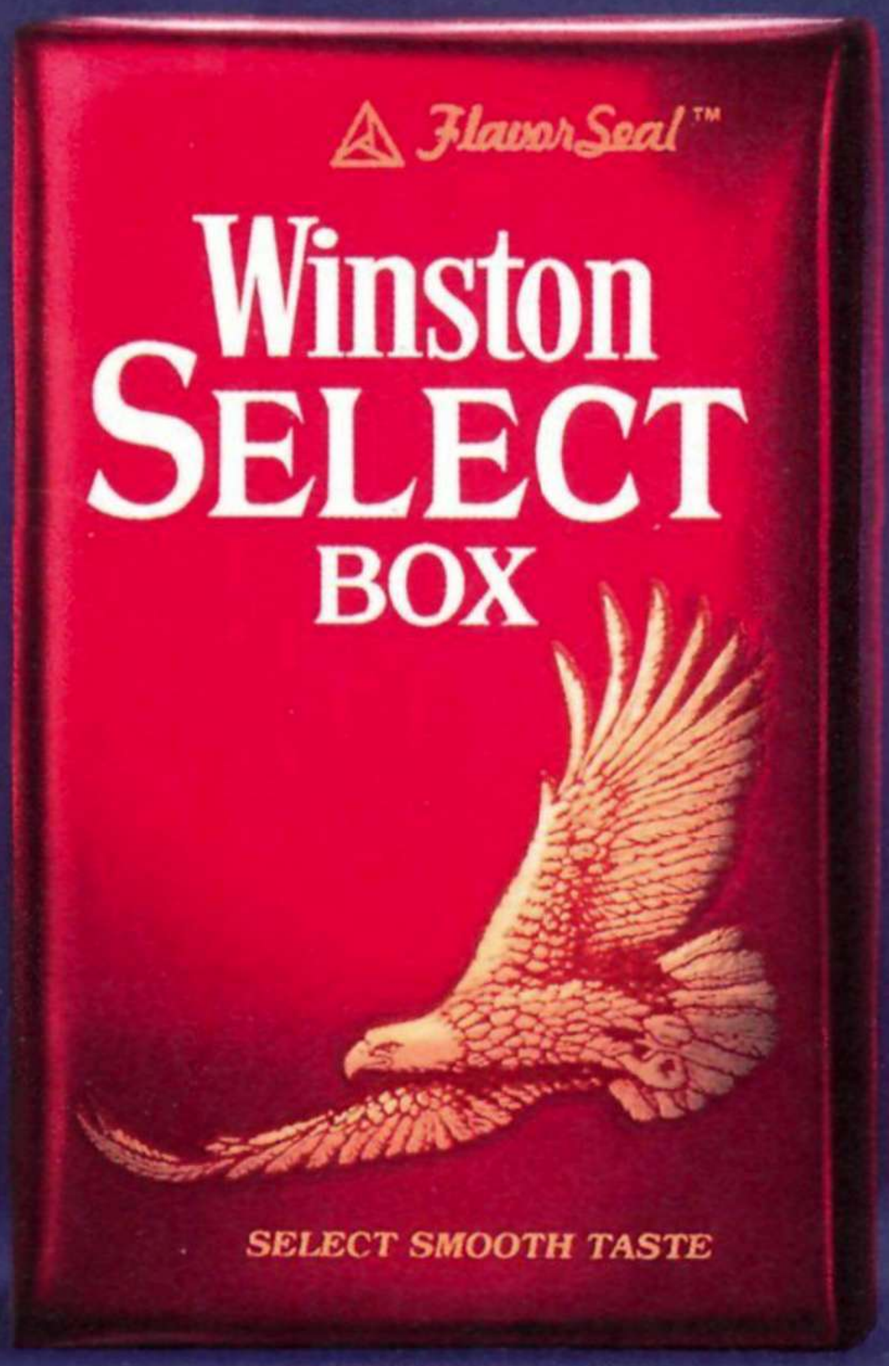

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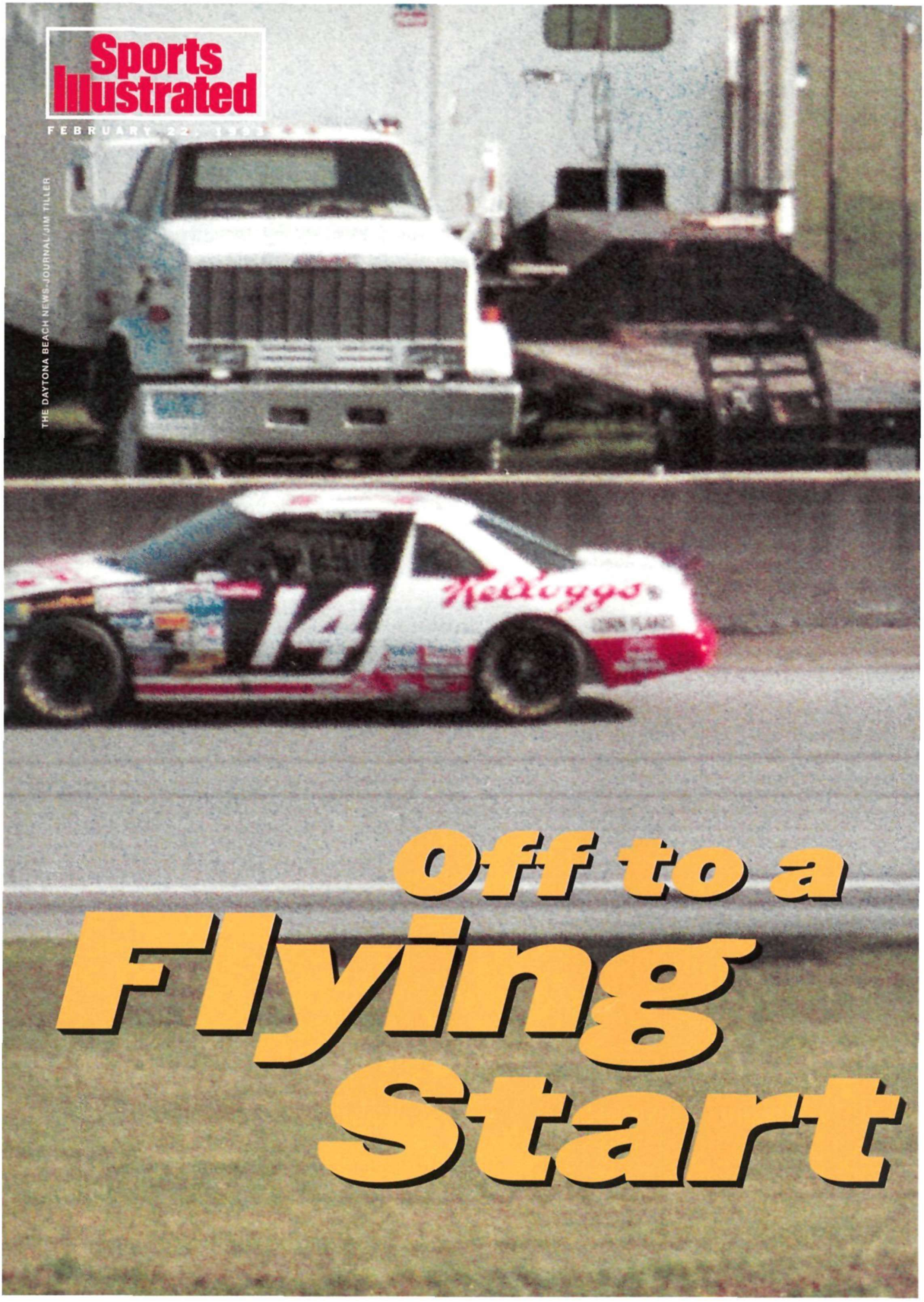
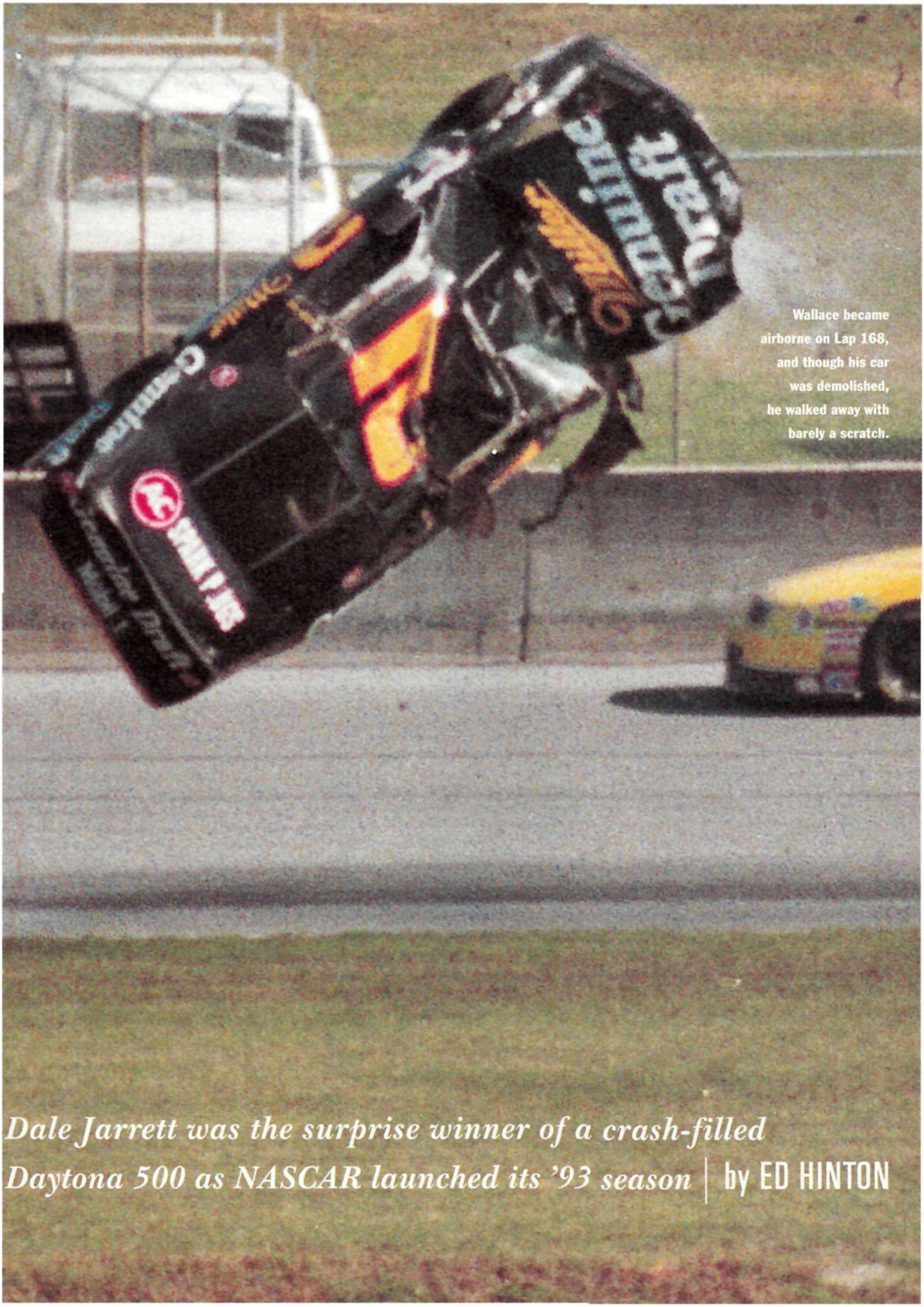
Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 22, 1993



Off to a Flying Start



Wallace became airborne on Lap 168, and though his car was demolished, he walked away with barely a scratch.

Dale Jarrett was the surprise winner of a crash-filled Daytona 500 as NASCAR launched its '93 season | by ED HINTON

IN NASCAR'S WINSTON CUP SERIES, the Super Bowl is the first game of the season, and on Sunday, Washington Redskin coach Joe Gibbs won it with a quarterback who wore the blue star of the Dallas Cowboys on his helmet. In beating a team that calls itself the Raiders, Gibbs spoke not a word into his headset, allowing his quarterback to make all the crucial calls.

NASCAR's Super Bowl is the Daytona 500, and the Chevrolet owned by Gibbs and driven by unheralded Dale Jarrett won the race by two car lengths over a Raider-black Chevy steered by Dale Earnhardt for a "Just win, baby" owner named Richard Childress. Finally blossoming at age 36, Jarrett drove to victory with some last-minute moves he had never exhibited before.

Though the 500 is as venerable an event as the NFL's big show—and eight years older, to boot—when Gibbs formed his racing team in July 1991 it was seen as a significant celebrity boost for stock car racing. As for Jarrett, the driver whom Gibbs selected for his car, well, there were experts who thought that Gibbs had had better drafts. Jarrett, in three full seasons on the circuit, had never won a Winston Cup race, though two months after Gibbs hired him he won one for the team he was leaving. The Gibbs team won no races in '92 and had only two top-five finishes.

When Jarrett qualified for this year's 500, in the front row beside pole sitter Kyle Petty, it seemed no more than a pleasant aberration, a small reward for Gibbs after the Redskins were knocked out in Round 2 of the recent NFL playoffs. The expectation was that the 500 would be a duel between Petty and Earnhardt. Petty's father, the legendary King Richard, who won this race seven times, retired at the end of last season. Though Kyle insisted that being finally liberated from his father's shadow had nothing to do with how free and easy he was running in practice, Richard opined that "it might."

Earnhardt roared through the week's preliminary races, winning the Busch Clash on Feb. 7; one of the twin 125-mile qualifying races on Feb. 11; and the Goody's 300 the day before the 500. He would have been the overwhelming favorite on Sunday morning, except that he has a history of being snakebit in the 500. The man whom many consider to be the most talented stock car driver ever has won virtually every race that NASCAR has to offer except its Super Bowl. Earnhardt, a five-time Winston Cup champion, is winless in 15 Daytona 500 starts.

On Sunday young Petty was the first of the prerace favorites to suffer heartbreak. On Lap 157 of the 200-lap chase around the 2.5-mile Daytona International Speedway, he was caught up in a crash that began with a bit of fender-banging between Earnhardt and 1992 Indianapolis 500 winner Al Unser Jr. Earnhardt continued unscathed after he and Unser came together, nudging Unser's Chevrolet into Bobby Hillin Jr.'s Ford, but Petty, trying to steer through the aftermath, had no room to maneuver. His Pontiac slammed into Hillin's car, which had skidded onto the infield and, when Hillin was unable to stop it, right back onto the

BILL FRAKES

A collision between Petty (42) and Hillin led to a heated debate over Hillin's driving skills.

BILL FRAKES

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

The race ended early for Ernie Irvan (above) and Rick Wilson, who succumbed to fender benders on Laps 148 and 163, respectively.

track. Petty climbed from the wreckage and immediately engaged Hillin in a nose-to-nose shouting match that teetered on the brink of a shoving match—or worse. Hillin wisely kept his helmet on.

Afterward Petty said, "I asked Hillin why he didn't keep his foot on the brakes. I didn't understand what he said. I told him to shut up, and he kept talking. All I said was shut up."

What Hillin said to Petty was that he had lost his brakes. The crash was "nobody's fault," according to Petty's car owner, Felix Sabates, who figured that at the time of the crash Petty was already steaming over having fallen off the lead because of a bad pit stop. His gas man had stumbled while leaping the pit wall with an 11-gallon can, and as a result, only a partial load of fuel was deposited in Petty's car. That meant Petty had to make an extra pit stop, which dropped him out of the lead pack.

Earnhardt took command through most of the late laps, but he could not overcome his Daytona jinx. In 1990 he had dominated for 499 miles, only to lose with a shredded tire in the third turn of the final lap. On Sunday he fell victim in the final laps to his Chevy's tendency to oversteer. On the next-to-last lap Jarrett pulled up behind Earnhardt while entering Turn 3. The draft effect from Jarrett's car "got me looser," Earnhardt said. As they roared past the white flag signaling the final lap, Jarrett drove up beside Earnhardt on the inside and then used his car's horsepower advantage to pull ahead entering Turn 1. He motored away to a .19-second victory worth $238,200.

"When you beat Dale Earnhardt anywhere, anytime, you've had a day's work," said Jarrett afterward. "He's done everything but win this race."

Said Earnhardt in an ironic singsong, "I didn't win again." Then he threw up his hands and smiled. "What the heck."

While Earnhardt was bemoaning yet another last-second loss, Gibbs was enjoying his trip to the winner's circle. "This is a Super Bowl, and the feeling is exactly the same," said Gibbs. "The only difference is, I didn't have nearly as much to do with this win. My job when this team plays is to stay out of the way and pray."

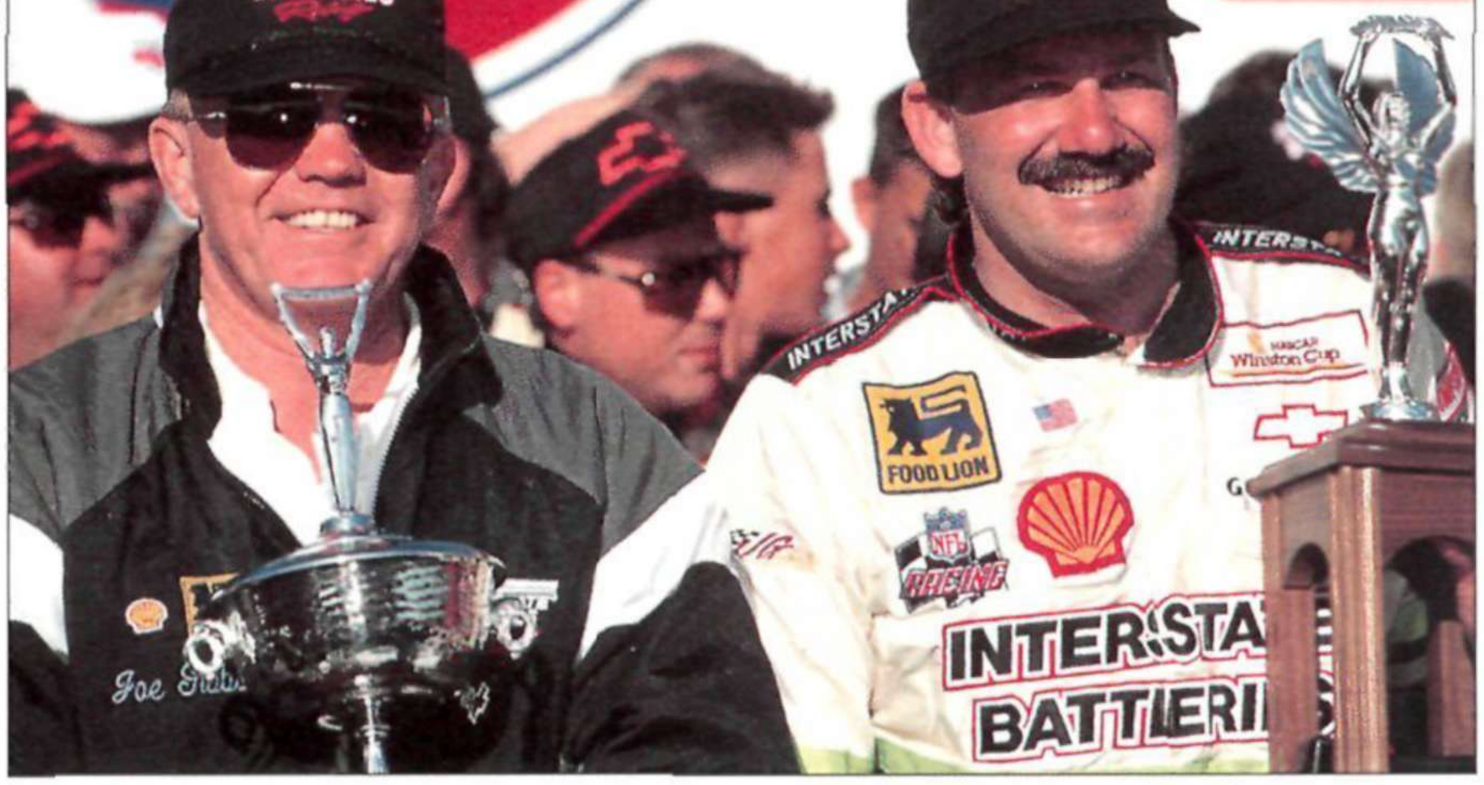
While Gibbs had not spoken a word to Jarrett through his headset, Jarrett's father, Ned, a two-time Winston Cup champion, had tried his best to coach his son from his vantage point as a CBS color commentator. Ned unabashedly cheered Dale on while calling the race's final laps. "I thought for a moment he could hear what I was saying," said Ned. "I said, 'Get up under Earnhardt and get him loose!' and that's exactly what he did."

Seven caution flags—one brought out by Rusty Wallace's horrific crash on Lap 168—slowed Jarrett's winning average speed to 154.972 mph. The bodywork on Wallace's Pontiac disintegrated as it tumbled down the backstretch, but the roll cage remained intact, and the driver walked away from the wreck.

"I'm thankful Rusty's O.K.," said Dale Jarrett, a religious man who had warmed quickly to the equally devout Gibbs when the two met, in 1991. Gibbs, admittedly a novice at evaluating driving talent, had interviewed several other drivers, including two-time Daytona 500 winner Bill Elliott. But Gibbs had a hunch about Jarrett. "I didn't consider it a gamble," Gibbs said, "because I felt that he was on the verge of doing something big." ■

Winning the big one is old hat for Gibbs (left), but it's a new thrill for the veteran Jarrett.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN



Moving Man

Calbert Cheaney kept top-ranked Indiana in motion against Michigan

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

IF ANY OTHER PLAYER HAD DONE AT the free throw line what Calbert Cheaney did with 5½ minutes to play in Indiana's game with Michigan on Sunday, it would have been too incidental to remark upon. Moments earlier the Hoosiers had taken only their second lead of the afternoon. Now, as Cheaney waited to be handed the ball to shoot the back end of a one-and-one, the crowd struck him as being altogether too indifferent to a game that was still very much in the balance.

Looking down, furrowing his brow ever so slightly, he began to clap his hands—respectfully, like a choirmaster. By the standards of this young man, a taciturn fellow as All-Americas go, it was a fit of extroversion, and most of the 17,269 people in Bloomington's Assembly Hall accepted his gentle rebuke, mustering their voices into a swollen roar. "No need to showboat or anything," Cheaney would say later. "I was just trying to get everybody involved."

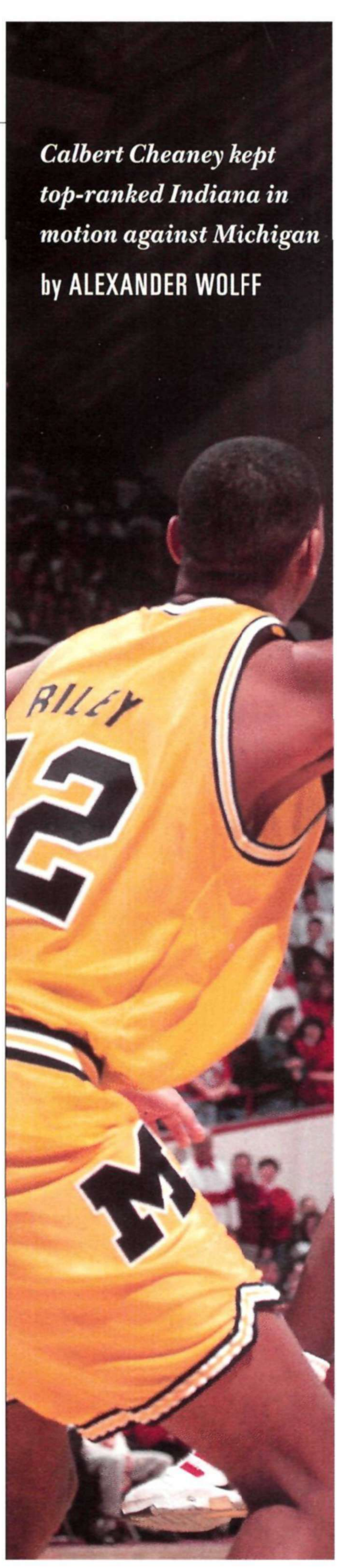
Cheaney, a 6′ 7″ senior, rode this wave of sound like a surfer making his last run of the day. He bottomed out his free throw. On Michigan's ensuing possession he bottled up the Wolverines' point guard, Jalen Rose, to force a bad pass. Moments later he pitched an offensive rebound out to Hoosier freshman Brian Evans, who threw in a three-pointer to put Indiana ahead by six. Soon enough Michigan's Fab Five, who had played superbly to that point, began to look as if they had been named after a laundry detergent, and the Hoosiers went on to a 93–92 victory that was much more emphatic than the final score suggests.

If you were to go ahead and pull the lever for Cheaney as the NCAA player of the year, the choice would be eminently defensible. He has had a season of all-around efforts like Sunday's, in which he led Indiana in assists (four), rebounds (nine) and, as usual, points (he and teammate Matt Nover each scored 20). Still, you might find yourself wondering whether it's really fair to single out one player on so splendidly balanced a team. Lord Calbert and the Serfs they're not.

The Hoosiers' record stood at 22–2 after the Michigan victory, and Indiana was unbeaten through 11 games in a league likely to send seven teams to the NCAA tournament. And all of this was done without benefit of a true point guard or center. That is testament to how expertly this group is executing what Indiana has always run under coach Bob Knight: the motion offense.

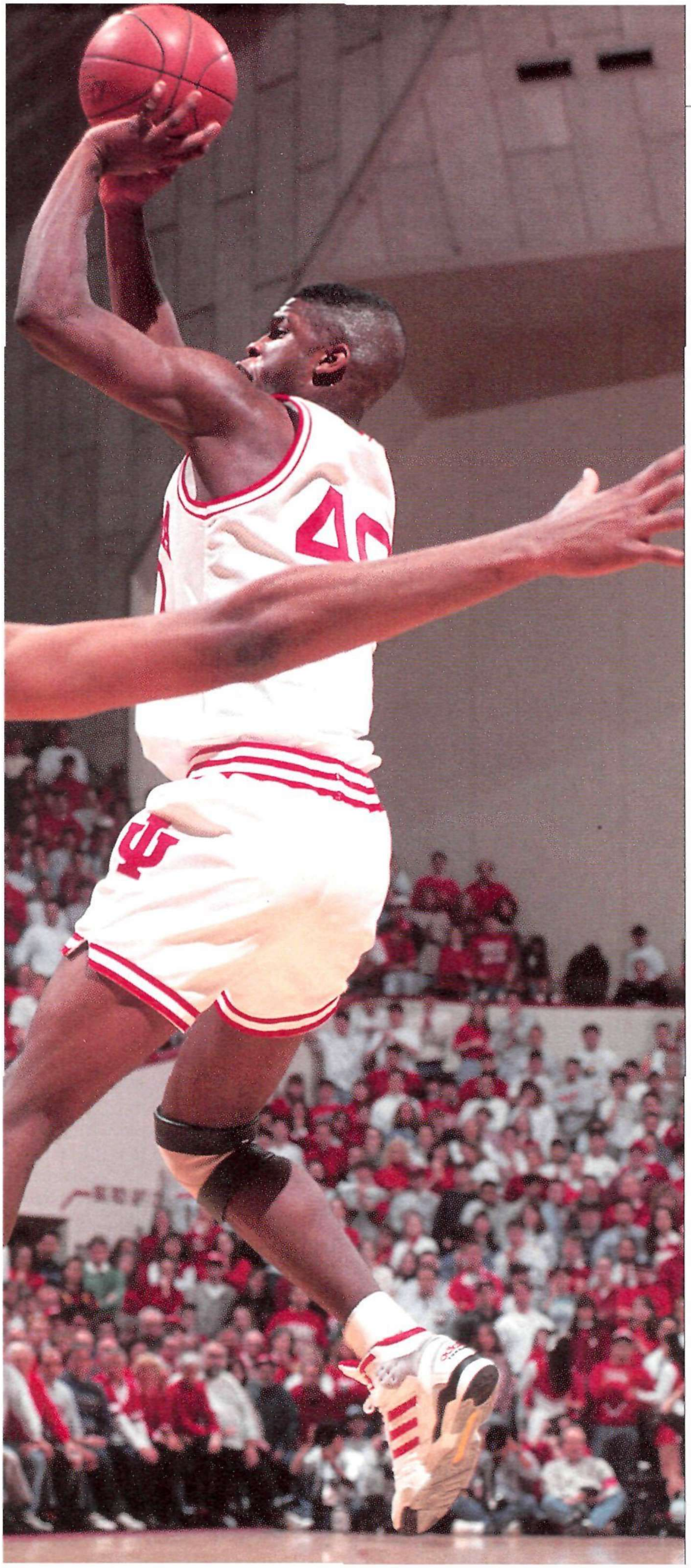
Shaker-like in its simplicity, motion can impose the same order in an offense that a shrewd point guard can. Run well, it can provide as many easy shots as can a dominant big man. To the untrained eye it appears to be as unstructured as the traffic flowing around the Arc de Triomphe during the Parisian rush hour, with players passing and moving in seemingly unchoreographed haphazardness. But what makes these Hoosiers so good—and if they succeed in negotiating their final seven league games without a loss, they'll become the first team since Knight's 1975–76 NCAA champions to go undefeated in Big Ten play—is that so many of them, big and small, can perform each of the skills this offense requires: passing, cutting, setting and reading picks, and, ultimately, putting the ball in the basket. This may be because all but one of these Hoosiers are truly Hoosiers; the only alien is backup guard Chris Reynolds, who learned to play in Peoria, Ill., and also happens to be the one nonshooter on the team.

There may be no player more perfectly suited for this system than Cheaney. Over the past dozen months Knight has so systematically diverted attention from his players—whether by lecturing the press on his psychological theory of "cerebral reversal" (as he did during last season's NCAA tournament) or creating a nonex-



On Sunday, Cheaney was high man for the Hoosiers in points, rebounds and assists.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID E. KLUTHO



istent Croatian sensation ("Ivan Renko," the Hoosiers' mythical recruiting signee for next season) or wielding a bullwhip (at least Cheaney got a photo op out of *that* episode during last year's NCAAs)—that Cheaney is the least-scrutinized star at a high-profile program in recent memory.

But his myriad skills, many of them subtle and only recently honed, are a purist's delight. When he cocks to shoot, his upper body looks like a hood ornament. Even when he misses he suggests Ted Williams whiffing. He has a knack for playing off screens—"You just read your man," says Cheaney, "and do what he lets you do"—and every double team he encounters is an invitation to an assist. The result is a basketball player in such perfect balance, equal parts athlete and analyst, slasher and shooter, that he presents defenses with the conundrum they most dread.

"If you don't guard him tight, he shoots the jumper," says Michigan coach Steve Fisher. "If you do get up on him, he's by you. And all the while the rest of his teammates are bumping you and screening you and giving him angles, and you don't get a square look at the guy."

At week's end Cheaney needed only 76 more points to supplant Steve Alford as the Hoosiers' alltime leading scorer. Eighty more and he'll pass Glen Rice of Michigan to become the Big Ten's career point leader. Throw out Isiah Thomas and George McGinnis, for they stayed only briefly in Bloomington, and you can argue that Cheaney is the school's greatest player ever—better than Alford, better than Scott May, better than Mike Woodson, Steve Downing, Walt Bellamy, Don Schlundt or the immortal Jimmy (the Human) Rayl.

"He probably doesn't have Steve Green's range," says former Hoosier All-America Quinn Buckner, who believes Cheaney is the best forward to play at Indiana. "And Woodson was a great scorer. But he's a better athlete than both of them, and he's quicker than May. This kid plays with much more ease. There were times early in his career when Calbert would coast. He'd get lost in the game. Now he knows how to get shots."

Unlike the aforementioned Indiana greats, Cheaney came to Bloomington with scant fanfare. At Evansville's Harrison High he was known as a shooter and not much else. Indiana assistant coach

Ron Felling thought highly of him, but the first time Knight saw him play, Cheaney failed to demonstrate the one skill he was supposed to have. "Coach always tells people I shot five for 31 that day," he says. "Actually it was eight for 25. Not a whole lot better."

Evans's 17 points reminded the former Fab Five that freshmen are not to be ignored.

After his junior season Cheaney told Evansville coach Jim Crews that he wanted to commit to the hometown Aces. Crews asked him whether he had talked over his decision with his mom. Cheaney said he hadn't, and at Crews's suggestion he did. Bad suggestion: Mom counseled him to wait. Soon the cattle call of the summer-camp and all-star circuit began, and Knight finally caught Cheaney on a good day. He signed with the Hoosiers before his senior season, a move that sorely disappointed Crews, who had played for and coached under Knight.

Sixteen games into his senior year, with Harrison High unbeaten, ranked second in the state and playing at No. 1 Terre Haute South, Cheaney landed awkwardly on an opponent's shoe and broke his left foot. That ended his season. But with a screw surgically implanted in the foot, he set about his rehabilitation, applying the same sense of purpose to the task that he has to developing a dribble-drive and a more determined rebounding attitude. The screw is still there.

"There's an old saying that the only trouble with lefthanders is that they think lefthanded," says Indiana State coach Tates Locke, another former Knight assistant, who is himself a southpaw. "Calbert's different. McGinnis, Downing, Isiah, they all came to Indiana with great credentials and All-America status. This guy was a one-dimensional player in high school. So many kids love to go into the gym and work on their strengths. He's always working on his weaknesses. And he has taken all the praise from the outside, and all the criticism from the inside, so well."

As Indiana, the fifth team to top the polls this season, enters its third week ranked No. 1, the Hoosiers' most conspicuous flaw remains their spotty free throw shooting. All that motion is designed, at the very least, to place a player at the foul line, that blessed spot where, in the Abe Lemons phrase, "you get to shoot unguarded." The Hoosiers have made more free throws than their opponents have attempted this season and have knocked down better than 70% of their tries. Yet Indiana has been a charity-stripe basket case in its two defeats, going four for 13 in a 74–69 loss to Kansas and 18 for 36 while losing 81–78 to Kentucky. On Sunday the Hoosiers held an 11-point lead with less than a minute to go, only to miss four free throws and let Michigan sneak to within a point at the buzzer. It's a most curious weakness in a Knight team, for he has always insisted, first and foremost, on doing well the things you can control.

It figures that every team taking its turn at the top during this discombobulated season would have some flaw. Now, at least, this season-with-a-screw-loose may have a player of the year with all his screws in place. ■

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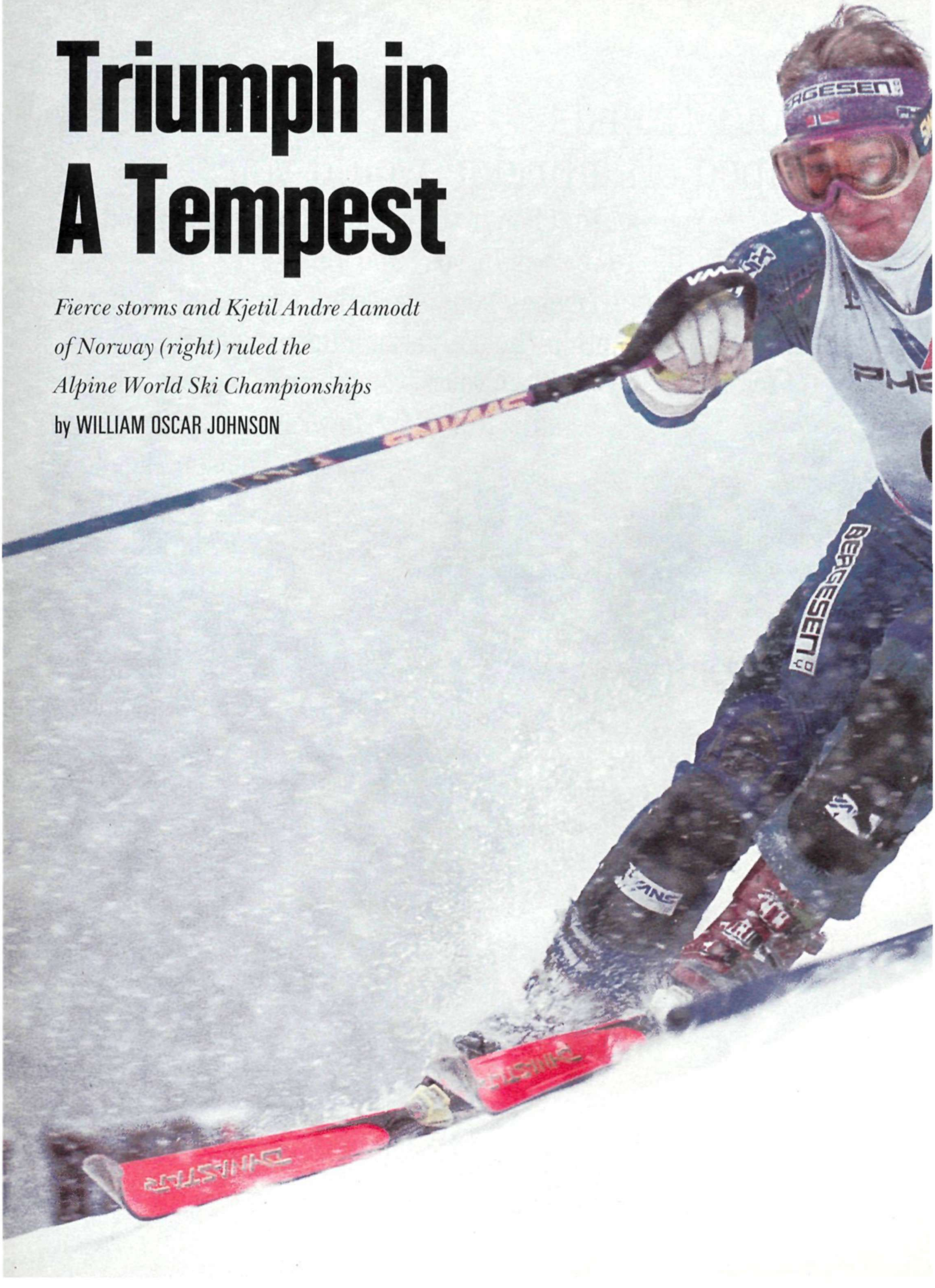
Triumph in A Tempest

Fierce storms and Kjetil Andre Aamodt of Norway (right) ruled the Alpine World Ski Championships

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



CARL YARBROUGH

*ON THE ONE HAND IT WILL BE RE-*membered as the *Jigoku no yona Arupen Sekai Senshuken Taikai*—the Alpine World Ski Championships from Hell—a 12-day Japanese nightmare in which most of the world's best racers wound up imprisoned at Shizukuishi, a ski resort near the city of Morioka, 320 miles north of Tokyo, where they endured a paralyzing procession of postponements caused by the wildest winter weather most of them had ever experienced. From Siberia and over the Sea of Japan came gale-force winds, blinding blizzards, torrential rain, heavy fog and temperatures warm enough to melt snow and cold enough to freeze snow as hard as steel. This says nothing of the powerful earthquake (6.6 on the Richter scale) that shook skiers in their beds on Feb. 7 and triggered tidal-wave warnings along Japan's northwest coast. Truly hellish.

On the other hand, when the racers did get their chances to ski during breaks in the weather, these championships became decidedly sunnier. Indeed, the world's Alpine heroes produced memories so stirring that Siberia's most violent climatic concoctions could not spoil them. Foremost among the nonmeteorological developments was the triple-medal triumph of 21-year-old Kjetil Andre Aamodt. He was part of a formidable Norwegian men's team that accounted for three gold medals and two silvers. Then there were the downhill victories by a pair of 23-year-old no-names, previously winless in World Cup races: Kate Pace, a Canadian who won despite a fractured left wrist, and Urs Lehmann of Switzerland, who had entered the Japanese championships at Shizukuishi in 1990 to gain experience on the course that would be used for these worlds. Finally, strong performances were also turned in by three U.S. skiers: Julie Parisien, 21, who took the silver in the women's slalom; Picabo Street, also 21, who was second in the women's combined; and AJ Kitt, 24, who was third in the men's downhill.

The U.S. women's team has suffered myriad injuries in recent seasons, and Parisien, with a broken left wrist, broken teeth and a troublesome knee, has been particularly unlucky. Yet the adversity she overcame to make her way onto the awards podium last week was more profound than any physical injury. Her brother Jean-Paul, 24, was killed shortly before Christmas by a hit-and-run driver who caused J-P's car to crash into a tree in rural Maine, near where the Parisiens live. J-P had served as the leader and inspiration for his three younger siblings, and the loss had a shattering effect on the family.

"Maybe I'm just shutting out the sentimental stuff and postponing my grief until spring," said Julie. "But I feel he is still with us. I feel his presence. He was with me during the race."

If so, J-P helped his sister produce an excellent first run in the slalom on Feb. 9; at the break she stood second, behind New Zealand's Annelise Coberger. In the second run Parisien uncorked another beauty, but about halfway through, a gate pole whipped down across her skis and broke her rhythm. "I sat back and got real defensive for a second," recalled Parisien. "Then I got my concentration back. But that little flaw cost me the gold medal, I'm positive." Coberger missed a gate in her second run, but Karin Buder, 28, a longtime World Cup also-ran from Austria, blasted out of the pack to beat Parisien by .21 of a second.

After the race, Parisien wept. "J-P would be psyched at how strong I am," she said, "but he would have told me that it was a real downer that I didn't get the gold. I feel I let him down. I know that sounds harsh and I know it sounds sad, but it isn't. My brother had great, great compassion, but he also believed in pressuring us to do our very best."

In her short career Parisien has three World Cup victories and a fourth-place finish in the 1992 Olympic slalom, so her performance last week wasn't all that surprising. As for Street, a free spirit from Sun Valley, Idaho, her silver came right out of the blue. Street, whose first name, Picabo, is pronounced "PEEK-a-boo," had never finished better than eighth in a World Cup event, and no one expected her to leave Japan with any hardware.

No one, that is, except Street. Never a star, she has nevertheless acted like one at times. "When someone tells me there is only one way to do things, it always lights a fire under my butt," she said. "My instant reaction is, 'I'm gonna prove you

MIKE POWELL/ALLSPORT

CARL YARBROUGH

Kitt flew down the hill, but with Sno-Cats subbing for chair lifts because of high winds, the ascent was slow going.

rally talented kids who was surprised to find out that she had to work. Every once in a while you had to boot her in the rear, and then you had to stroke her. There were times when you wanted to yell, 'Damn it! You could be the best in the world.' " Picabo was certifiably second best after the Shizukuishi combined, which consists of a downhill race (in which she finished first) and a slalom (13th). The winner was Miriam Vogt, 25, a German who came in second in both races.

Kitt has been prowling around the edges of stardom since December 1991, when in Val d'Isère, France, he became the first U.S. skier to win a World Cup downhill since Olympic gold medalist Billy Johnson in 1984. Kitt has not won another, but he has piled up enough top-10 performances to qualify as a threat on every downhill course, from the toughest to the easiest. The one at Shizukuishi, the shortest men's run in the world championships' 62-year history, was among the latter. Said Kitt after getting the bronze, "It's a fun course, though maybe not a real championship test."

Other racers were more brutal. Marc Girardelli, 29, the Luxembourg legend who competed in his first world championships in 1985, said the Shizukuishi downhill course was for "development racers and restaurant workers." He refused to enter the race.

There was room for mistakes on this course, and Kitt's run was not flawless. From the 11th start position, he started slowly but set the fastest and second-fastest times on the lower portions of the course en route to his medal. Lehmann, wearing a pair of lucky yellow socks he won't compete without, came from the 20th position to save Switzerland's ski-racing face by winning the gold. No other Swiss, male or female, got a medal.

Finishing second in the men's downhill was Atle Skaardal, 27, one of the horde of Norsemen who laid waste the slopes of Shizukuishi and sent a clear warning that they are ready to do similar damage to their own hills during next year's Olympics in Lillehammer. Indeed, the Norwegian men's team could easily win all five Olympic Alpine gold medals. One man alone could win four of them. The precocious Aamodt is closing in on the title of Greatest Skier on Earth, and his performance at Shizukuishi was astounding. He got gold in the slalom, gold in the giant slalom and silver in the combined. He did not enter the downhill, and the Super G, an event he won at Albertville, was canceled on Sunday because of the blasts from Siberia.

Aamodt possesses the agility of an acrobat, and he has a delicate touch on his skis; he needs no yellow socks to win. When someone asked him if luck played an important part in his success, he said with a wry smile, "No, our competition is made up of very small margins, and it is not luck or unluck that decides who wins.

wrong.' " This attitude got her sent home from the U.S. team's training camp in the summer of 1990 because she refused to do the dry-land conditioning the coaches demanded.

According to Street's father, Stubby, a mason by trade and a gentle hippie by nature, Picabo, who is named after a town near Sun Valley, "was one of those natu-

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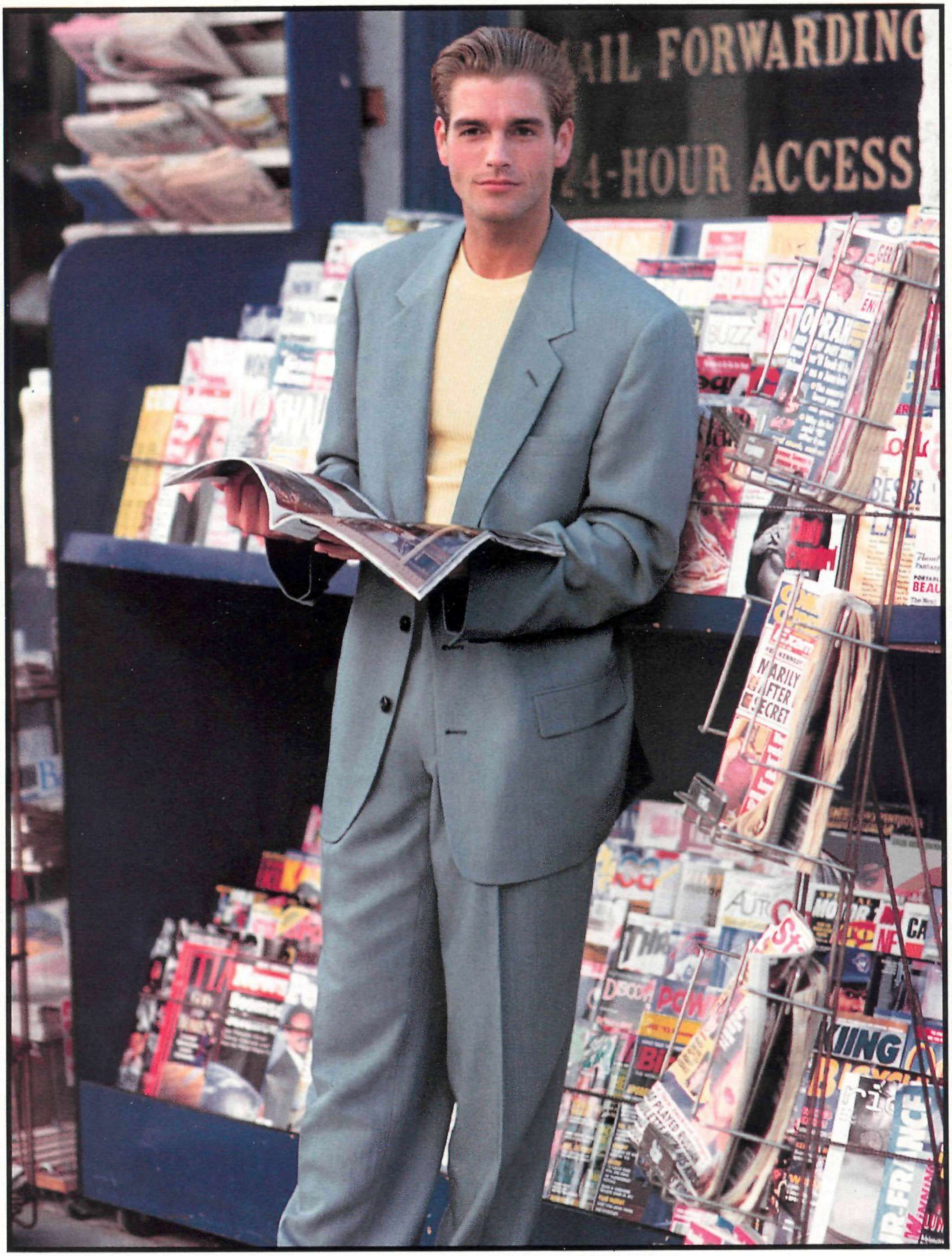

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Aamodt was not unhappy with his silver in the combined, because his teammate and pal, Lasse Kjus, 22, won the gold. The two have seemed as inseparable as twins since they stunned the ski world three years ago by claiming 10 of the 15 medals at the 1990 junior world championships in Zinal, Switzerland. They are known as the Dream Team among their mates because of their drifty, absent-minded behavior. Aamodt agrees they deserve the moniker. "Sometimes we forget to put on boots when it is raining," he said. "We forget hotel keys sometimes. We used to put our luggage and skis next to the car and drive off. But we have improved. Now we put the skis on the car and drive off. We never forget our heads or our skis anymore."

No one was more driven to succeed in Japan than Pace. She has negotiated a minefield of injuries: In 1989 she underwent reconstructive surgery on her right knee, and in December 1991 she broke her right ankle. As a result she missed the better part of two seasons and the Albertville Games. In all the downtime, Pace became extraordinarily focused on the Shizukuishi downhill. When she trained on her bicycle last summer near her home in North Bay, Ont., she kept a strip of tape on her handlebars with the slogan: GOLD IN MORIOKA!

Pace was in unusually good shape this season, but at a race in Haus, Austria, on Jan. 22 she fell and broke her wrist. "Gold in Morioka!" suddenly seemed an impossible goal, but Pace didn't give up. She got a doctor in Munich to design a special cast for her that left her hand free to hold a ski pole. The wrist hurt terribly whenever the pole touched the snow, so she had the pole cut short. Two weeks ago she began practicing the all-important lunge out of the start gate using only one arm to push herself.

It worked. Starting 17th, Pace attacked the course as if she were a healthy two-armed skier, and when she crossed the line, she had written a new chapter in Canada's illustrious history of downhill racing. Another major character in that tale was in the finish area, watching with tears in her eyes as Pace charged home. Kerrin Lee-Gartner, who overcame a similar plague of injuries to win the '92 Olympic downhill and finished ninth on this day, said to Pace, "Thank you. It brings back all the memories."

Such moments of drama were sorely needed in Japan, for the onslaught from Siberia seemed interminable. But one by one—and often two by two, with all the doubling up of races—the championships moved toward completion. In the end no race was held on its scheduled day, but all were run except the men's Super G. And several established World Cup stars burnished their reputations. Katja Seizinger of Germany won the Super G, and Carole Merle of France won the women's giant slalom.

Parisien overcame family tragedy and the weather-battered race schedule, and got a silver.

Girardelli took home his ninth (bronze in the combined) and 10th (silver in the slalom) world-championship medals.

One star, however, didn't shine. Italy's Alberto Tomba, 26, was bedridden with the flu until midway through the second week, when he appeared weak-voiced and hollow-eyed to preside over a packed press conference. He spoke fatalistically: "It was something or someone far stronger than I that has made this sickness happen." He then declared that something or someone notwithstanding, he planned to enter the slalom, even though he doubted he could perform at more than 80% of his capacity. As it turned out, he straddled a gate about halfway down the first run, which meant he had delivered no more than 25% of the capacity required to win the race. Tomba has three Olympic gold medals and 29 World Cup victories, but he has only a single bronze medal in four world championships—and he got that back in 1987.

Following his failed run, Tomba wondered if perhaps he might be "haunted" when it comes to the worlds. Surely Tomba, if not all the racers, will long remember the competition at Shizukuishi as the dread *Jigoku no yona Arupen Sekai Senshuken Taikai*. ■

SIMON BRUTY/ALLSPORT (2)

Twin Killer

UCLA's Natalie Williams has set her sights on a double dip: She wants to win Olympic gold medals in both volleyball and basketball

by SALLY JENKINS

HAS THERE EVER BEEN A WOMAN MORE fabulously talented in two collegiate sports than Natalie Williams of UCLA? In volleyball, Williams was an NCAA first-team All-America for the last three years and Player of the Year last season. She is all but assured of a place on the 1996 Olympic team after leading the Bruins to national championships in 1990 and '91 and narrowly missing a third straight when UCLA was upset by Stanford in the '92 championship

match on Dec. 19, the final volleyball game of her collegiate career. Most athletes would consider that accomplishment enough, but three days after that final championship match, Williams suited up for the Bruin basketball team, which was five games into its season. A center/forward in her junior season of basketball eligibility, she now leads the nation in rebounding, with 14 per game, and the Pac-10 conference in scoring, at a 22-point pace. Perhaps not even Jackie Joyner-Kersee, a star heptathlete and basketball player for the Bruins in her undergraduate days in the early '80s, showed such Olympic promise in two sports at once. "Not at such an elite level," says UCLA women's basketball coach Billie Moore.

Williams's 6′ 1″, 190-pound body seems to lend itself to virtually any sport. UCLA's track, tennis and softball coaches have all tried to enlist her. She has a vertical leap of 31 inches, and in the weight room she can squat 330 pounds. On a good day at the golf course, she shoots in the low 80's.

Williams is one of those rare athletes who broaden perspectives and raise standards by their very presence. "The good thing about me being in this world is that I change the way people think," she says. She was eight years old and playing outdoors one day in her hometown of Taylorsville, Utah, a suburb of Salt Lake City, when she noticed that her palm was a lighter shade than the rest of her skin. She turned her hand over with something like wonderment. Palm, light. Hand, dark. She did it again, delighted. Palm, light. Hand, dark. "I realized I had two colors," she said. "I thought it was cool."

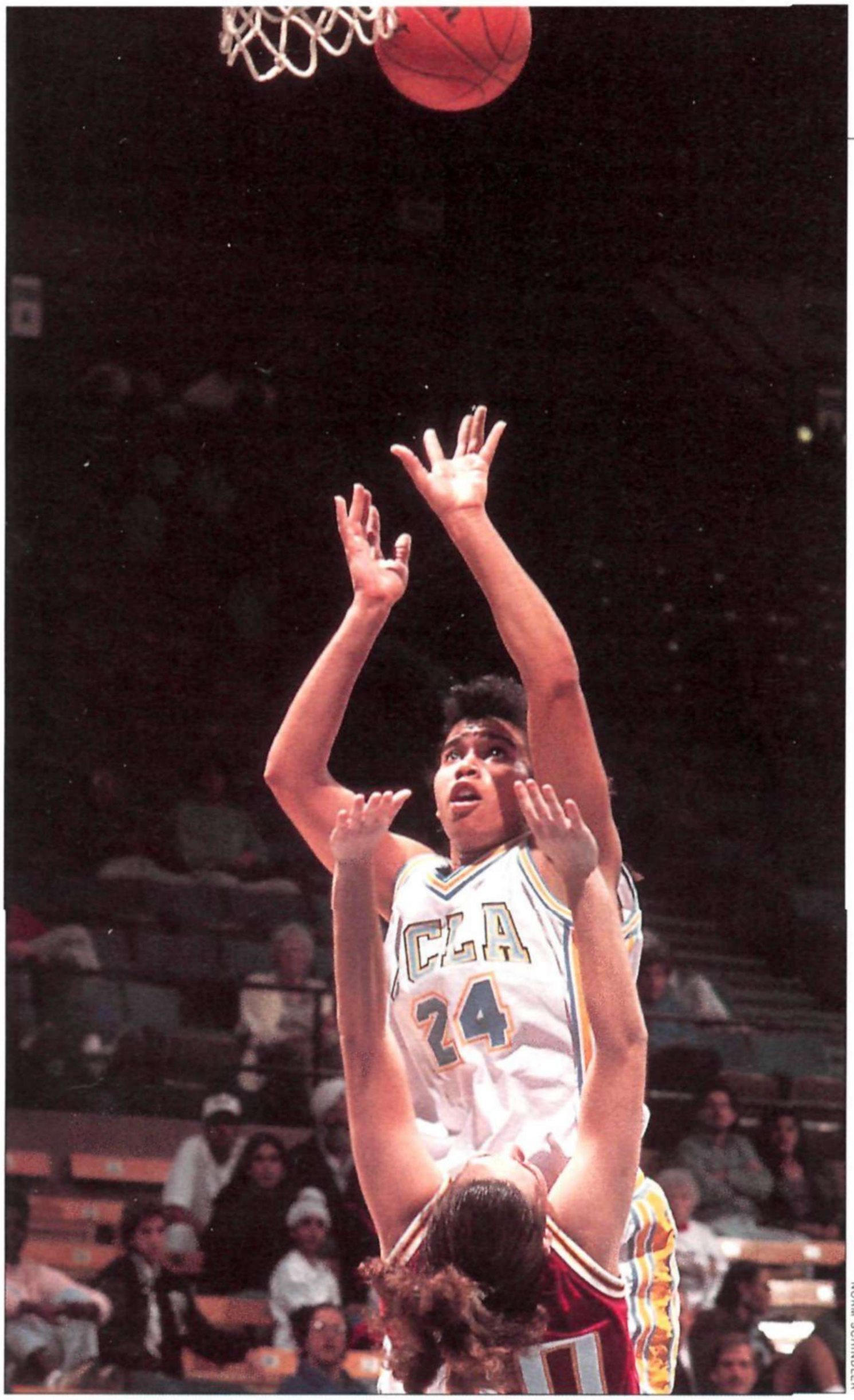
That was the beginning of Natalie's growing awareness that her circumstances were different from everyone else's in Taylorsville. Natalie is the daughter of Robyn Barker, a single, white, Mormon-raised woman, and Nate Williams, a black man who played for four teams in a nine-year NBA career. Her parents were sophomores at Utah State in 1970 when they conducted a romance that was the talk of the campus. The romance ended when Robyn got pregnant. Williams, himself the product of a single-parent home, had no way of supporting a family.

Unbeknownst to Barker, her father, Vaughn, met with Utah State men's basketball coach Ladell Andersen and Williams's lawyer, and the three drew up a legal agreement prohibiting Williams from contacting his daughter until she was an adult. For that reason, Natalie did not meet her father until she was 16, though she periodically heard about him because of his pro career. "Everyone knew my father but me," she says.

Nate went on to declare hardship and enter the pro draft, while Barker went home to Taylorsville, where she moved in with her grandmother, Jessie Smith, and went to work as a secretary for $75 a week to support herself and her baby.

According to Barker, the only financial help she ever got from Nate came after she sued him for child support in 1974. She says she received a lump-sum payment, which was only $8,000 after her lawyers took their cut. She has never regretted having her baby, though. "Natalie was such a beautiful little girl," says Barker. "And there are a lot

Is this a show of hands from opponents who think that Williams's spike is unstoppable?



NORM SCHINDLER

In her second sport, Williams is the Pac-10's top scorer and the nation's best rebounder.

of one-parent homes these days. It's not that uncommon."

A white woman raising the child of a black father in a small Mormon town was definitely uncommon, though. Neither Barker nor Natalie recall any instances of racism, but the demographics of Utah were enough to make them self-conscious. Of the 2,400 students in her high school, Natalie recalls maybe five blacks. Yet she never felt singled out, thanks in large part to Barker's three sisters and two brothers, who took turns caring for her while her mother worked. "We told Natalie how beautiful she was a lot," Barker says. "I don't remember her ever realizing she was a different color from the rest of her family."

"I thought I was like everybody else," says Williams. "I guess I knew I was black, but I didn't feel like I was. I didn't know how to act black. I don't talk black. I have a Utah twang." In fact, basketball teammate Nicole Anderson teases Natalie about being unable to keep time with rap music. "She's a white girl," Anderson says, with a smile.

While Natalie was in high school, a former Utah State teammate of her father's, Jeff Tebbs, kept Nate informed about his daughter's growing athletic prowess. Eventually, Tebbs asked Barker if she would object to Williams's visiting his daughter. After a series of conciliatory phone calls between Nate and Robyn, Nate went to Taylorsville. Natalie, returning from a basketball camp, got off the plane to find a 6′ 5″ black man standing behind her mother. "I almost turned around and got back on the plane," she says. "He dwarfed me. He was huge."

Nate greeted Natalie as if he had always known her. But Natalie shrank away, intimidated. "I was afraid of him," she says. "I didn't know any blacks." It took nearly a year for her to become comfortable with him and even longer to become affectionate. Natalie has since overcome her reserve. She now spends some holidays and vacations in Vallejo, Calif., with Nate and his wife, Florence. Nate often takes breaks from his job driving a gasoline tanker truck to watch Natalie play.

Natalie is endlessly intrigued by the process of discovering which parts of her personality came from Nate—like her easy laugh and her instinct for the right cut to the basket. But she is careful to keep her talents separate from her father's, and she resists any suggestion that he has played a role in her development as an athlete. They have only played ball together once. "I went up, and I saw this *hand*," she says. Her mother, she takes pains to point out, is the one who paid for all of the basketball camps and sneakers. "I love my father, but I don't think he had a lot to do with who I am," Natalie says.

When she toured Europe last summer with a Pac-10 all-star team, a French club team offered her a $300,000 contract on the spot after she scored 37 points and hauled down 18 rebounds against it. On returning to UCLA last fall, Natalie made what is presumed to be women's collegiate athletic history when she played two sports in one night: On Nov. 24, in Pauley Pavilion, she put in four minutes in the first half of a UCLA exhibition basketball game against Belgium. She returned to the floor an hour later to lead the Bruins to a volleyball victory over archrival USC.

It's that sort of feat that makes her goal of winning an Olympic gold medal in volleyball in 1996 and another in basketball in 2000 seem attainable. It's an ambition that is strictly her own. "I think I had the most to do with who I am as an athlete," she says. ■

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A Cliffhanger

Cliff Robinson, the Portland Trail Blazers' superb sixth man, has quelled doubts about his skills, but skeptics still ask about his head

by RICHARD HOFFER

BRIAN DRAKE

COME THE 1989 NBA DRAFT, THE WORD ON CLIFF Robinson was not good. The word was that Robinson, then a senior at Connecticut, was the biggest dog since Sgt. McGruff. A hound. The general managers, the scouts, they all agreed that he was talented. But sometimes these drafts become word-driven. And word was, this kid belonged on a leash.

The word plunged Robinson, a lean, 6′ 10″ forward-center, right down through the first round of the draft. It was amazing, if you hadn't heard the word. Here was a guy who could run and jump, who could block shots, who could fill the rim. He ranked third in the Big East conference in scoring during his senior year. And defense? He always drew the league's big guns—Derrick Coleman, Jerome Lane, Alonzo Mourning, Dikembe Mutombo, Charles Smith—and he had shown he could handle them. He was, in that year's unremarkable pool of talent, a top-10 guy, for sure. The NBA even invited him to New York, where the selecting would be done, for some draft-day fun.

But general managers, whose suspicions about Robinson's attitude had been fueled by their scouts, used their first-round picks on guys named Michael Smith and Kenny Payne and Jeff Sanders and Byron Irvin (none of whom, just for the record, are now in the NBA). Robinson, having not heard the word, couldn't figure this out. Pick by pick he became more baffled. Finally, when the Detroit Pistons chose Kenny Battle of Illinois as the 27th and final pick of the opening round, Robinson stormed out of draft headquarters at Madison Square Garden and returned to his hotel room. It was one thing to be mystified, quite another to be humiliated.

Nothing personal, though; just the word. "There were a lot of things we just had to guess at," says Donnie Walsh, general manager of the Indiana Pacers. "With Cliff we questioned the way he wanted to play, how hard he'd want to work, how physical he'd be willing to get. We questioned his intensity." It was just business.

Robinson, on his way back to the hotel, learned from a passerby that he had been picked by the Trail Blazers, the 36th player chosen overall—but well after no-hopers like Dyron Nix and Frank Kornet and Jeff Martin and even someone named Pat Durham had been selected.

Now in his fourth pro season, Robinson is the Blazers' second-leading scorer (18.8 points per game at the end of last week), their second-best rebounder (7.0) and possibly their best defender, even with Buck Williams around. He may be the hardest-working player in Portland—again, even with Williams around. And he has not missed a game in his pro career; that's 291 games through Sunday. The league that didn't want him will almost surely honor him at season's end with its Sixth Man Award for being the game's best player off the bench.

"So," says Walsh, "everyone was wrong."

Was it something Robinson did? Something he said? Something the scouts thought they knew that nobody else did? Robinson's college coach, Jim Calhoun, remembers the scouts descending on the Connecticut campus, appraising the kid, becoming, to Calhoun's mind, overly particular. As Calhoun recalls it, one day a scout told him that Robinson couldn't go to his left or some such nonsense. Calhoun is not a man easily driven speechless. But that one slackened his jaw.

"To me," Calhoun says, "it was a no-brainer. He runs, jumps and shoots. I didn't know he'd become this good, but I knew he'd be in the NBA 10 years. I didn't understand this intrigue, this mystery thing they had about Cliff. To ask me what kind of prospect he was? Whoa!"

Looking back, as he often has, Calhoun wonders if people somehow forgot the way Robinson had led UConn, which had won a total of 19 games during Robinson's first two seasons, to 20 wins and the NIT championship in his junior season. Maybe they remembered, instead, that the Huskies won just 18 games in Robinson's senior season and failed to reach the NCAAs. "People locally blamed him for not taking us to the next level," says Calhoun. "Maybe they thought he wasn't a leader and that he wouldn't take responsibility."

People locally, maybe. But scouts? "Well,

Robinson, an 18.8-point scorer, is not merely an offensive threat.

DAVID LIAM KYLE

there *was* his demeanor," Calhoun says. "Cliff had a look about him that was not always Chevy Chase. I love the guy, he was totally loyal to me, and we still talk. Talked to him the other day. So I can't say anything negative about him. I won't. But that scowl. . . . I once told him he didn't have to look like Peter Pan out there, but Darth Vader?"

About that scowl: Robinson says he developed his drop-dead mug when he was a kid growing up in Buffalo. The older kids would try to "punk me off." The scowl, coming from this string bean, was supposed to show that he meant business. Who knew it would end up costing him money instead?

"Just because I had a mean look," he laments, recalling the shame and consequences of that draft. (The No. 10 pick in the '89 draft, Pooh Richardson, signed a four-year, $2.7 million contract with the Minnesota Timberwolves; Robinson got a nonguaranteed two-year deal for $750,000.) It's hard to believe that a guy drops like a rock in the draft just because he'll give you the death-ray stare—Charles Barkley is Mr. Sunshine?—but Robinson's on-court demeanor did invite suspicion.

"Guys get bad raps," says Portland teammate Clyde Drexler, "and it follows them forever." Williams, who also joined the Blazers in 1989 after being acquired from the New Jersey Nets, says that the word on Robinson reached beyond scouts and was persuasive among players. "I was apprehensive," Williams says.

"I'm not saying he was a perfect kid," says Calhoun. "You know, things weren't perfect for him growing up. But he is a maturing kid. All I know is, I got to UConn after his sophomore year. They'd had four straight losing seasons, and people wondered if we belonged in the Big East. He's coming off a funny freshman year, didn't do much. But I see he's immensely talented. I take him aside and say, 'Promise me one thing. Stay with me.' Not every kid in that situation stays. If people were judging the book by its cover, they were judging a book that wasn't written yet."

Robinson harbors no bitterness. In fact, despite the embarrassment of the draft, Robinson spent a half hour that day, after he had been selected, talking to the Connecticut press. "I was steamed at first," Robinson admits, "but I was O.K. by the time I got to the hotel."

Though reliving that day now does not even inspire Robinson to scowl, it's not as if he has completely let go of the episode. "Oh, I remember my little draft," he says lightly. And he remembers every player who was picked ahead of him. He knows exactly where they are, including the 14 guys who aren't in the NBA any longer.

Robinson was a gift to the Trail Blazers. Doubts about his work ethic were soon dismissed. Teammates saw past the scowl and began to appreciate him. "A nice guy," says Drexler, as if still surprised.

Robinson was a little immature, perhaps, a little overanxious—as if he wanted to prove a point and pronto. It's true: Coming off the bench, especially for a talented rookie from a high-profile program, can engender a sort of desperation. Robinson was of a mind that Portland should start him right then, ahead of Jerome Kersey, a five-year veteran. "I wanted to make something happen," Robinson says. In that first season the desperation was nearly comical at times. "I'd come off the bench, and I wouldn't go up and down the court twice before I'd shoot," he says. And they weren't always the best shots. (Better shot selection is a phrase you hear over and over when people talk of Robinson's improvement.) Not that anybody ever dressed him down for his scattershot style. "Nobody said anything, but I'd get these looks," Robinson says. "Last thing you want to see is Clyde sucking his teeth." That year Drexler nearly peeled the enamel right off.

Over the years, though, Robinson has come to grips with his role. He has started on only 22 occasions, almost always in an injury emergency, and he still hasn't shaken the sub's paranoia: How many minutes will I get? How many mistakes can I make? But he has given up on forcing a change in his status. "I look at the chemistry of those five guys starting, and I see what they do out there," he says of the Blazer regulars, who have led Portland to an average of 59.7 wins a season during Robinson's years with the team. "I can't argue about that."

Anyway, the Blazers use him plenty—around 30 minutes a game—and they use him wisely. Walsh says Robinson is so good off the bench because coach Rick Adelman can scope out the game in the early going and figure how to deploy Robinson for the best mismatch. Here's Robinson slipping on his signature black or red or white headband and going in for Kersey at small forward and overpowering a smaller player; or going in for Williams and presenting a stronger offensive threat at power forward; or even going in

POLO BY RALPH LAUREN

A MAN'S FRAGRANCE IN THE POLO TRADITION

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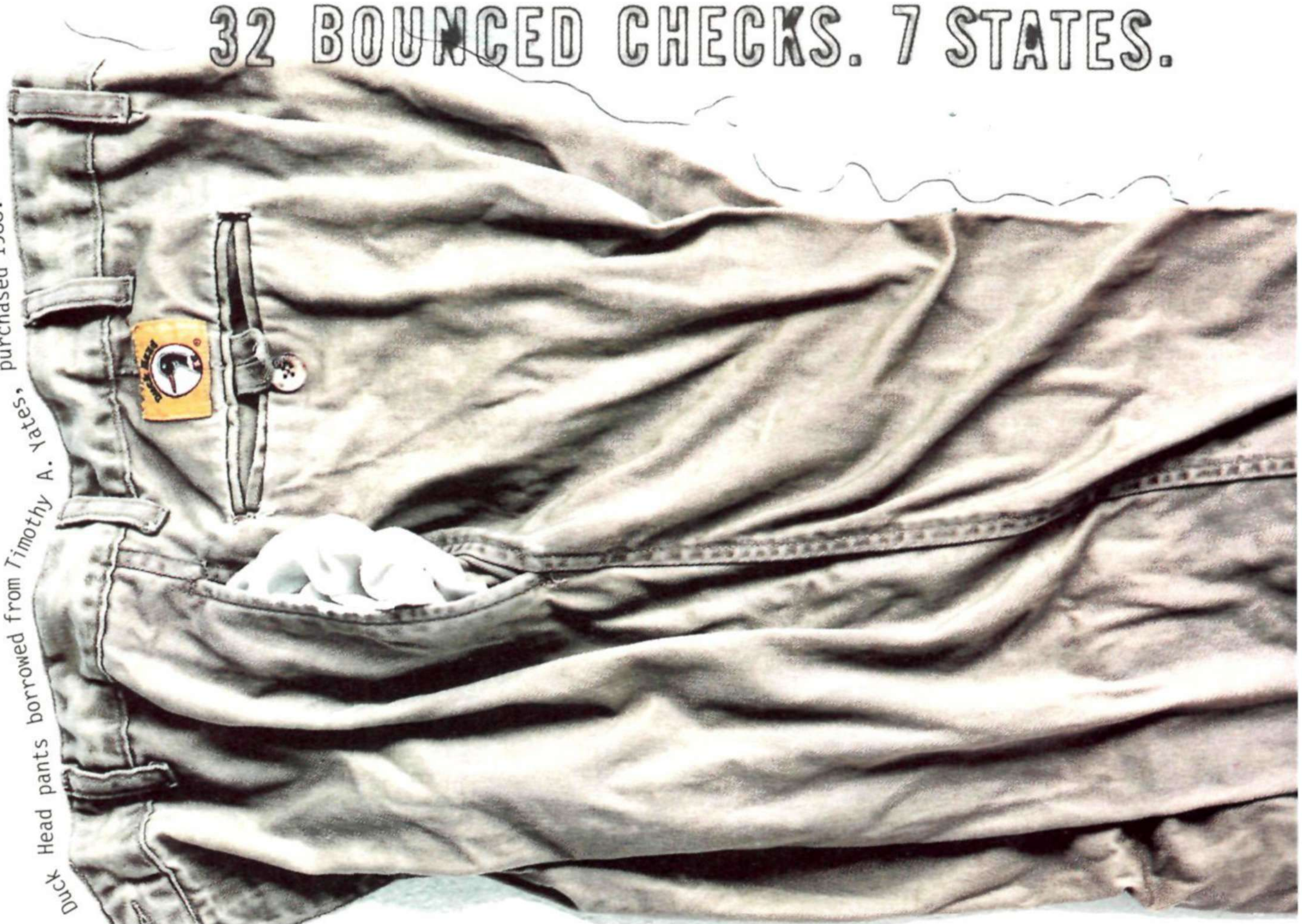

Duck Head pants borrowed from Timothy A. Yates, purchased 1988.

THE DISCOVERY OF BUKOWSKI. A DARE AT BLACKWATER LAKE.

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for center Kevin Duckworth and outquicking a bigger opponent. This season, until Drexler fully recovered from last September's knee surgery, Robinson was usually Portland's high scorer.

"This year he's got it figured out," says Drexler. "He's our best defensive big man off the ball and on the ball. Offensively, his potential is unlimited. He's a '90s-type player." So every dog does have his day?

"Let's put it this way," says Walsh. "He plays harder than some guys on that team who are making more money than he is." (Robinson is in the first year of a five-year, $9 million contract extension. He is reportedly the fifth-highest-paid Trail Blazer, behind Kersey, Duckworth, point guard Terry Porter and Williams.)

Of course, skepticism remains. That scowl and having another run-in here and there have sometimes reminded people of their old doubts. Three years ago, during the Blazers' opening-round playoff series against the Dallas Mavericks, Robinson decked a female police officer during a brawl outside a nightclub. (Robinson *pleaded guilty to assault, a misdemeanor,* and was sentenced to one year's probation, a $250 fine and 50 hours community service.) There are always circumstances that can be explained away, but if this is the kind of incident that "could happen to anyone"—as Robinson has insisted—then why don't more players find themselves outside bars at three in the morning after playoff games? And then, Robinson was ticketed last year for speeding (110 mph)—though former teammate Ramon Ramos suffered severe brain damage in December 1989 in an automobile accident in which Ramos lost control while speeding. Is this really a quality guy?

"These are just shaving cuts," says Calhoun. "This is just the vigor of youth," says Drexler. This is disquieting.

There is a feeling among some people in Portland that Robinson has come a long way. There is a feeling among others that he hasn't come far enough, that he will ultimately betray the Blazers with some kind of foolishness. In December, columnist Dwight Jaynes of *The Oregonian* flew in the face of those touting a new Robinson, citing in his column Robinson's still incessant trash talking and complaining to refs, and likening him to an "unclaimed package in an airline luggage rack, one that ticks."

Every dog has his day, but then, he's still a dog, isn't he?

TOM TREICK

Bachelor Cliff is so smitten by five-year-old Jessica that he is giving fatherhood a shot.

Robinson brought Jessica out to Portland last fall. Jessica is five. By some accounts, she is quite a handful. "She creates her own space," Robinson says with a sigh. She makes her own demands, takes her own time. "I swear, she can sit and *write her name perfect for half an hour,* and then, suddenly, she can't make a letter," he says. In other words, she's a child. Imagine Robinson, who ducked all those classes as a kid ("Don't worry, ma"), scratching his shaven head, fretting over Jessica's handwriting. Everyone should be at least a bit satisfied with this image.

Robinson's own experience with paternity is confused. His father left home when he was four and died when he was 10. His mother's remarriage when he was 13 did not produce a satisfactory replacement. "A lot of animosity," Robinson remembers. Although he remains close enough to his mother, Helena, that he still calls her almost daily—"He'll ask me how to cook something," she says, "and it goes from there"—Cliff was essentially deprived of anything resembling a nuclear family for his entire childhood.

So fatherhood was not something he understood all that well, except as a source of abandonment or disappointment—or, in the case of Jessica, as a reason to write a check. The girl's mother, he claims, dinged him for half his rookie salary, which he thought was way out of line. "I didn't mind paying money," he says. "I just thought this was too much."

In trying to get the child-support case reopened two years ago so his payments might be reduced, Robinson suffered the shock of his young lifetime. The blood tests, which are done as a matter of course in such proceedings, showed that he could not have been Jessica's father.

This was stunning. It was his out, of course. He was free and clear. Except that he would lie awake at night and wonder about Jessica. The girl's mother was still going it alone, back in his old neighborhood, and she had been burdened with *two additional children. So he would lie* awake, worried. What kind of life lay ahead for Jessica? Of course, it wasn't his problem. He liked Jessica, was crazy about her, in fact. But she did slow him down. No way it was his problem. The fact of the matter, and this is what kept him awake, was that it was Jessica's problem.

So, with the tenuous blessing of Jessica's mother, Cliff brought the little girl to Portland in October. Jessica lives with him and his sister, Alisa, herself a single parent and a basketball player for the AAU Portland Saints. This summer he plans to begin the process of legally adopting Jessica—taking her in the second round, you might say.

Getaway night in Portland: The players file into the Blazer locker room before a game with all their luggage, prepared for a trip to Los Angeles. Robinson is running late. Finally he appears, shrouded in an enormous overcoat. He is holding, in the crook of a long finger, a tiny hanger on which is Jessica's tiny jacket. He carefully places the hanger and jacket in his locker, the jacket looking like a toy next to his immense overcoat. The players bend over their laces and get ready for a basketball game. Strangely, nobody remarks on the sight of this huge Mr. Mom. It's as if those who know him agreed long ago: Everyone *was* wrong. ■

Bearing The Burden

Living in violence-plagued Culiacán, boxing champ Julio César Chávez fights to keep his extended family secure

by GARY SMITH

IN THE PLACE WHERE THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTER LIVES, men eat a leg of goat and drink a can of beer for breakfast. They drive with a gun jammed in their pockets and with a cold beer sweating between the denim heat of their legs and with a small red crescent of chili powder sprinkled on the backs of their hands to dab upon their tongues between each swallow. From the speakers in their cars thump songs that tangle love and bullets and longing while their dark eyes sweep from left to right, alert always for enemies but more so for the beautiful women with their skirts tight as skin, for which their state, Sinaloa, is renowned. And then, in the morning, a few more bodies are fished from the three rivers that run through the place where the world's greatest fighter lives.

It is October in Culiacán, the drug capital of Mexico. In the foothills of the Sierra Madre Occidental just east of town, the poppy seeds are ripe, the marijuana leaves full-fingered and ready to be taken. Traffic in Culiacán is thick, the shops hum. No federal troops have come this year to suck the city's lifeblood.

Outside a modest white house at 1181 Río Churubusco, men of all ages have gathered in the heat. They are the children of the world's greatest fighter: brothers, brothers-in-law, cousins, neighbors, childhood friends, house-watchers, car-washers, car-starters, cornermen, cameramen and journalists, all waiting for him to awaken. "*¡Somos una armada!* [We are an armada!]" exults the fighter's brother-in-law Miguel Molleda. "*¡Un batallón! ¡Una infantería!*"

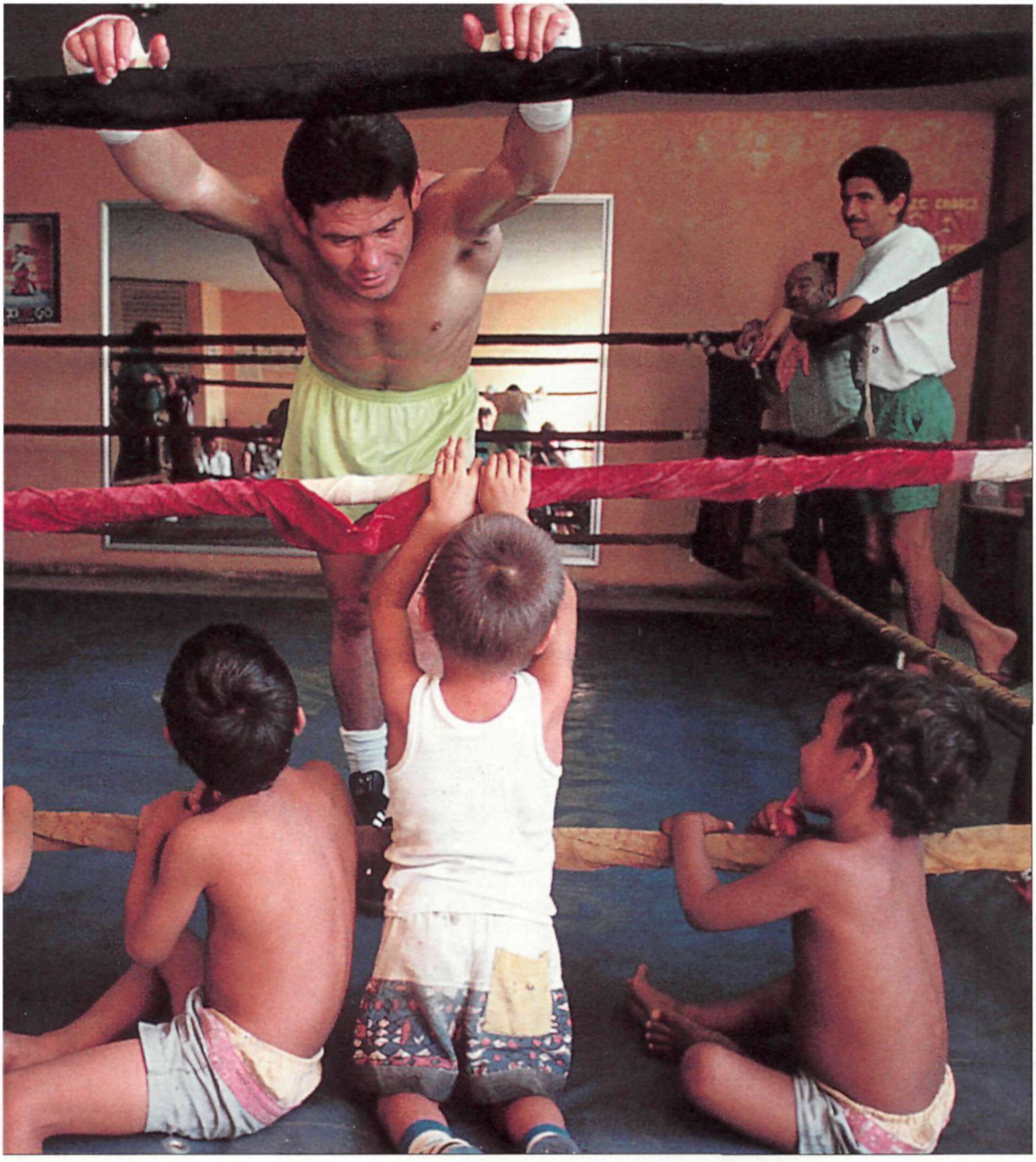
It is 10 a.m. It is nearly 90°. The world's greatest fighter is upstairs. The world's greatest fighter is sleeping one off. There's a coldness inside of him that makes him think he can keep people waiting for hours—and a warmth that makes him right. On the fringes of the infantry now are gathering the poor and the gaunt, come from the far reaches of Mexico to beg alms from him. One of them is a cross-eyed man named Andrés Félix. In the sixth round on Feb. 5, 1980, he became the first professional boxer to fall at the feet of the world's greatest fighter, but now 13 years have gone by, 68 more knockouts and 83 more victories without a defeat have passed, and Andrés Félix has returned with his hand out too.

Like the others, he is patient. In Spanish, one word means two things: *Esperar* is "to wait"; *esperar* is "to hope." Inside the house, though, a pretty young woman holding a three-week-old baby peers through a window at the crowd that awaits her husband. Her eyes fill with sadness. This is what happens to every great Latin fighter: His family, his friends—his whole nation—begin to wait and hope for him each day on his doorstep, often until he buckles beneath their weight or severs his roots and runs away. And even though Amalia grew up here as one of 10 children, just as her husband did, sometimes she wonders why he stays and lets this happen to their lives.

There are things she doesn't know yet. The world's greatest fighter has never told his wife that he's afraid to be alone.

But wait, already we speak of intimacies, and you may not even know the name of the world's greatest fighter: Julio César Chávez. In the 1970s Tibetan monks would have chanted "Ali! Ali!" had Muhammad Ali passed them in a parka on a Himalayan trail; in the '80s there were grandmothers in Grand Rapids who could spot Ray Leonard and Mike Tyson through a tinted limo window. But on a brilliant autumn day just a few months ago, hundreds of New Yorkers stopped and gawked at a horse-drawn carriage carrying four singing and laughing members of Chávez's *infantería* through Central Park, never recognizing that the best fighter, pound for pound, of recent years was sitting in the next open-air carriage, directly in front of their eyes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL FRAKES



Even in his Culiacán gym, Chávez's entourage always includes children.

No man in the history of boxing has been undefeated for longer than has Chávez—13 years. In 84 bouts the only part of his body ever to have touched the canvas are the soles of his feet. He creates no dark aura as Tyson or Roberto Durán did; he takes away no one's manhood before a fight with looks or words. His is a methodical, matter-of-fact devastation, devoid of persona, the product of a man who knows exactly why he is involved in this sport. With a cranium—abnormally thick, according to a CAT scan taken four years ago—capable of absorbing enormous shock, with his eyes fixed on his opponent's sternum, he comes at his foe slowly and carefully at first, and then with a terrible linear relentlessness, a cold, patient fury, savaging the torso with short hooks and uppercuts for seven or eight rounds, making the head above it sag and the legs below it fold because there is nothing between them but pain. Then he finishes him, leaves him, often, a lesser man. He puts his opponents in hospital beds, he turns their toilet bowls red. "Meldrick Taylor, Edwin Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Juan LaPorte, they were never the same after Chávez," says Bobby Goodman, the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden. "LaPorte told me he couldn't make love for weeks after they fought in '86."

"The toughest fighter I've ever seen," says trainer Angelo Dundee, "bar *none*."

Chávez has averaged one bout every 57 days over his pro career, two or three times the frequency of other top fighters—the conscientious laborer bringing home the bimonthly bacon. He

The Chávez home is a magnet for aides, friends and supplicants of every stripe.

explains his 84–0 record in an unusual way. "I could not bear the thought of losing," he says, "because it would hurt my family." The world is looking—no, it is not looking—at a rare stone, a Latin fighter who has no trouble with the scales, no trouble with the law, no trouble in the bars, no lapses in the ring. A Latin fighter in control of his life. At age 30, Chávez, who is the reigning WBC super lightweight champion, has won five titles in three weight divisions—super featherweight and lightweight as well as super lightweight—and after he defends his crown against Greg Haugen before 120,000 people in Mexico City's Azteca Stadium Saturday night for $2.5 million, he will fix his eyes on a fourth championship, the welterweight. So why do none but the Latin faces light up when Julio César Chávez walks by?

"It's a puzzle to me," says Goodman. "He's good-looking, intelligent, sensitive, bright-eyed, quick to smile and *such* a tremendous fighter. But the average guy on the street still doesn't know who he is."

"He never became what he should've," says trainer Lou Duva. "He should've been taught English, he should've had much more p.r. You don't fight for Mexico when you're as good as Chávez. You fight for the world. But you can only do that by *speaking* to people. Maybe he's done great things, but who the hell knows?"

No doubt his lack of renown outside Mexico is partly because Chávez does not speak English—beginner's mistakes singed his fierce pride the few times he has tried—but, then, did Durán? It's also because of the promotional neglect of Don King, whose preoccupation with the heavyweight division and with Tyson often left Chávez languishing on undercards as Tyson's warm-up wrecking ball. And, yes, there was Chávez's lack of a foil—no household name to dance to the edge of death with, no Ali's Frazier, no Leonard's Durán or Hearns. "Sure," says Goodman, "but a fighter *this* good. . . ."

Roosters peck at the streets in the neighborhood where the world's greatest fighter lives. Black ribbons flutter from the doors of those murdered in the drug wars. Donkeys nibble on the weeds and rust eats at the corrugated metal roofs. But when people ask Chávez why he has not moved to a more exclusive neighborhood, he shrugs and says he would be content to live in this house forever, if only there were more room for his three limousines, three Corvettes, two Grand Marquis, two Lincolns, two Suburbans, two antique Fords, a Cougar, a Jaguar, a Lamborghini, a Mustang and a Stealth.

It is nearly 11 a.m. now, and the egg salad sandwich on the knee of Chávez's stumpy, bald-headed trainer, Cristóbal Rosas, grows stale as he sits on the sidewalk, beneath the security camera that peruses the men who wait on the street . . . but still no one grows impatient. They help two of Julio's sons, Julio Jr., 6, and Omar, 2, lace on boxing gloves that come up nearly to the boys' armpits, and they laugh as the children whale away at each other. They turn on their car tape players and sing along as Culiacán native son

Chalino Sánchez sings songs of men cradling machine guns and beautiful women. They know something: Julio needs them. Not for the spit bucket or the Vaseline, not for audience or ego or lies, as other fighters need entourages. No matter how many bodies surrounded the great fighters, nearly all had one thing in common. Each, deep within, was a lone wolf stalking the woods, a solitary man on a quest, one Me against the World. More than money or fame, what kept drawing them back to the ring was this: Nowhere else can a man more purely define his singularity, hammer out his selfhood.

But Chávez doesn't go into the ring to forge a persona, and so—is it any surprise?—he has none. Consider the entrances that he and Hector Camacho made for their fight last September in Las Vegas. Camacho fluttered down the aisle in a tricolored cape and mask, his arms thrust to the sky, his shoulders shimmying to the music, lost in the swirling vortex of himself. Then came Chávez. Julio Jr., whose shirt his father had just made sure was tucked in, was perched upon the shoulders of Julio's cousin Juan, right behind the champion. Julio was one of a group, the head of a phalanx, and the instant that one of his brothers was jostled by a security guard, Chávez lost the businesslike calm that he always carries to a fight, turned his back to the ring, shook his fist and screamed, in Spanish, "Leave my brother alone!"

Julio's mother, Isabel, remembers the evening 17 years ago when her family hugged the ground as bullets from the drug gangs' machine guns ripped the air all around them. She remembers the sobs from Julio's chest when he realized what a quiet family evening in Culiacán could become. "Ever since he was a very little boy, he has had this idea in his head that he must take care of all the people around him," says Isabel. "He was the little father of our family. If his brothers earned a few centavos, he would scold them for spending it on tortillas. He would say, 'We must give all of it to our mother.' "

When Julio was a child, there were so many mouths and there was so little money in his home that his family often hacked a green weed called *quelite* and boiled it to eat. His oldest sister, Perla, invented pains all over her body to con free medicine from the doctor; she would then sell the medicine in order to buy food. When the mangoes ripened, Julio's older brothers

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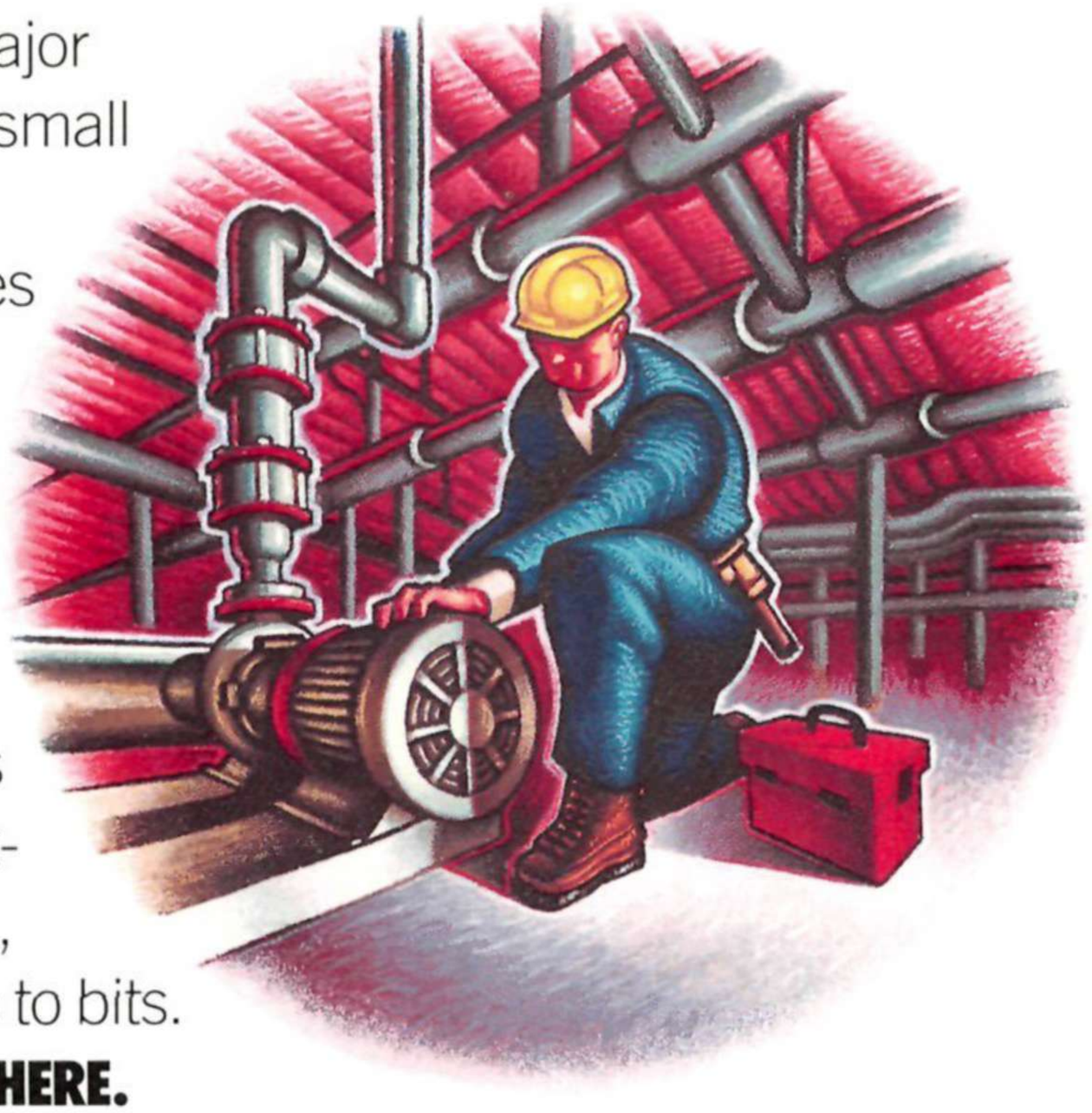

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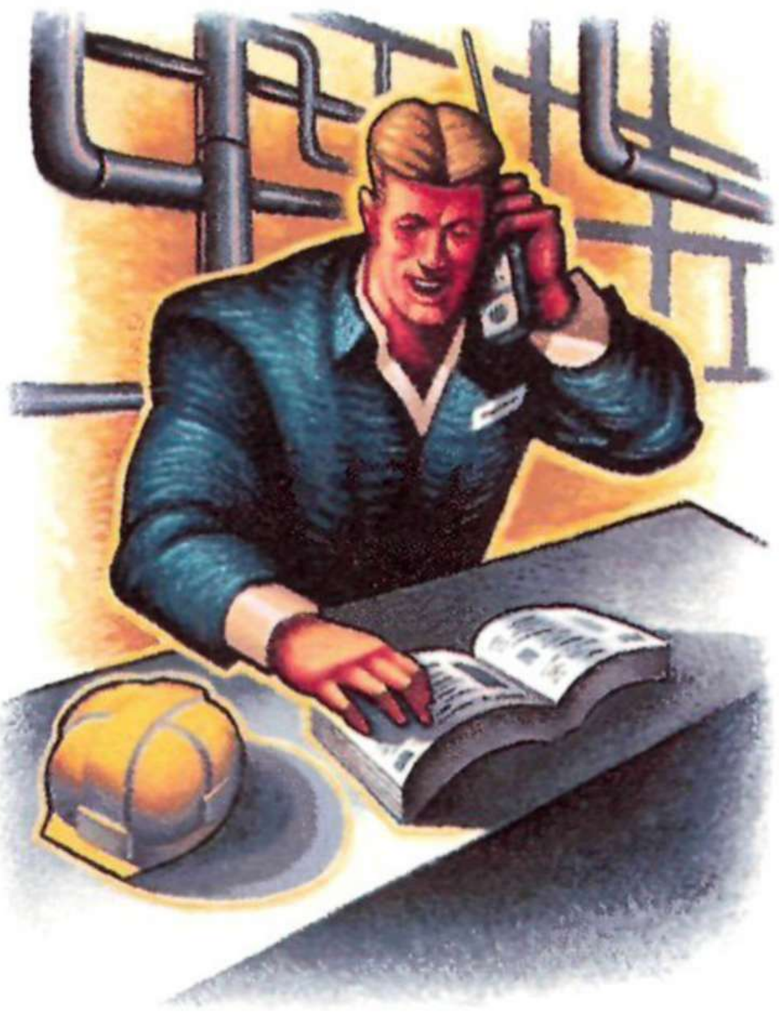

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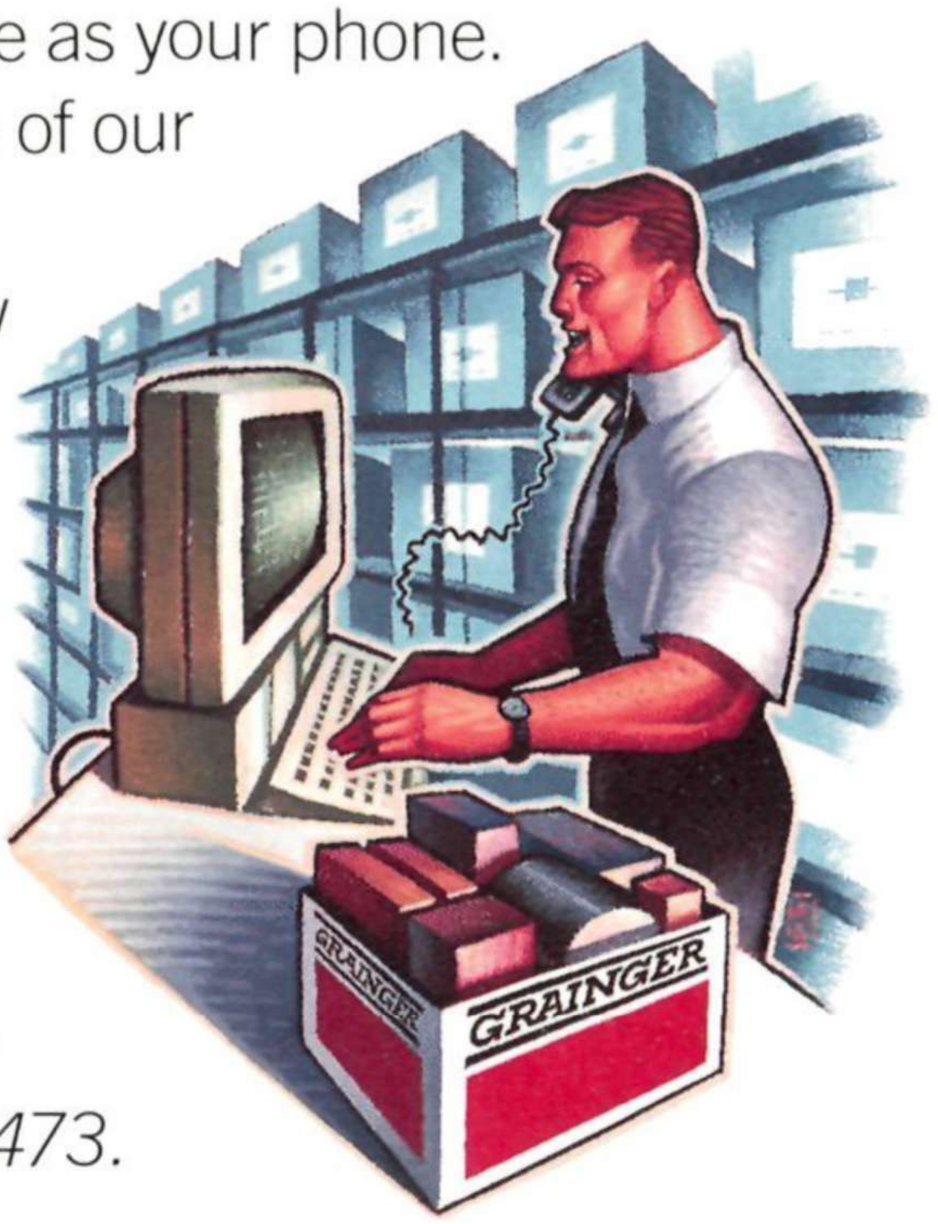

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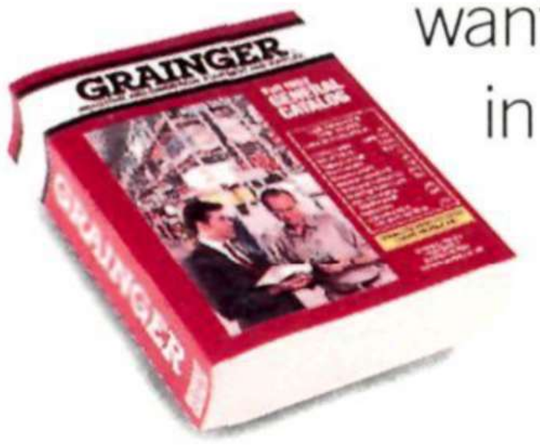

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JOHN IACONO

Chávez kept his title with a late KO of Taylor (left) and a solid decision over Camacho.

swam across the canal behind their house and raided the grove. One day, before Julio had learned how to swim, one of his brothers pressed a 20-centavo coin into his palm to ease his frustration and told him to wait. Julio stood there in the shallow water, the great six-year-old provider, picturing himself handing the coin to his mother, unmindful of the current sucking at his legs. All at once the water had him, and the bottom was gone. He tumbled and flailed and gasped as the water swept him in over his head, an image of the family he would never see again flashing in his mind and then fuzzing. "Look! It is Julio!" One of his brothers' friends raced along the bank and dived into the canal. When it was over, when Julio had coughed up all the water and was lying on the dirt, somebody peeled back the fingers of his pale blue hand. Inside was the copper coin for his mother.

"Man, I can't explain Julio," says Camacho. "I spent a few days with the guy in Culiacán. He's a gentleman. He's always smiling and drinking beer. He always has a lot of people around him. But you barely notice him. It was me carrying the show wherever we went. He's got to be crazy in some way. To do what we do, you can't be in your right mind. I just don't know what kind of crazy he is."

Death is such an easy thing for great Mexican fighters to find. It hangs every night like the moon, just waiting, over a land of men brought up to believe that the beer can between their legs and the accelerator beneath their feet are part of what makes a man a man; it hangs there, so pale and fat and low you can touch it, right above the shoulders of Mexico's purest strain of machismo, its men of men, its boxers. Just a few drinks and a few minutes to touch his girlfriend—that's all Salvador Sánchez, the 23-year-old world featherweight champion, wanted when he sneaked out of training camp one August evening in 1982. He died that night when he ran his Porsche head-on into a truck. Then there was Gilberto Román, twice junior bantamweight world champion in the '80s, who died two years ago in a beer-and-wine-soaked collision with a truck. And former super featherweight world champion Ricardo Arredondo, who was drunk when he died on impact with a bridge stanchion in '91. And Clemente Sánchez, ex–featherweight world champion, who on Christmas Day 1978 exchanged insults with the driver of another car, jumped out to confront the man and was met by a bullet.

The moon hangs over Chávez too. He can open the next Tecate and squeeze the lime around its rim and swivel his eyes at the skirts and throw back his head to sing with the best of men, but he does it all the way he does it in the ring: a controlled discharge of life, checked before it staggers over the edge. Somebody else can pick the fight with the idiot slurring insults at the next table. Somebody else can come into the ring with a roll of fat hanging over his waistband. In 1986 Chávez gasped past Rocky Lockridge to retain his WBC super featherweight title, and shortly afterward he met a Culiacán high school track coach named Daniel Castro. Ever since, in addition to his three- to six-mile morning runs, Chávez has done timed interval workouts on a track—perhaps 10 100-meter sprints, five 400s, five 800s or five 1,000s a day. Six weeks before each major fight he goes into the mountains outside Mexico City, sweats out all the beer and runs through the pine trees at an altitude nearly two miles above sea level, so that when he descends to a fight site, he is drinking oxygen as if it were Tecate. Sometimes he shatters boxing ritual by running two or three miles on the morning of a fight.

ANDY HAYT

He has a sense of duty, a governing purpose for his life. The people ask, One-hundred-and-oh? Is that his governing purpose now? If there's a beer in his fist and he's in the mood to talk, he'll admit it: He believes he can reach that fat, round number, and then retire within the next few years. But stubbornly he adds that this is not his true motivation; over and over he repeats the same seven words that interviewers keep wanting to sweep past, that his reason to continue is the same as his reason to begin, "*para asegurar la seguridad de mi familia* [to assure the security of my family]." He might scrape the paint off the bottom of all 19 cars on the two massive speed bumps he has had poured a few yards apart in front of his house, but Chávez is going to assure the security of his family.

You want to know what kind of crazy Chávez is? Drain a couple beers and slam a car into his house, as a teenager did early one morning three years ago, and then you will know. "See this crack in the stucco in the corner of Julio's house?" asks Juan Antonio Valenzuela, Chávez's friend since school days, as he runs his finger across it. When Chávez heard the collision, he bolted from a dead sleep and raced downstairs, his head turning wildly to make sure his children were inside the house. Then he exploded out the door and into the teenager's face, a madness in his eyes that we never see in the ring. "If you kill my kid," he screamed, "I kill you!" The teenager blinked at him groggily. How could he know that he had just awakened a ghost, the spirit of the dead little brother—killed by a young drunk in a barreling car 11 years earlier—to whom Chávez prayed during his most desperate moments in the ring? How could he know that Julio had felt responsible when Omar, 4, was struck down . . . no, not because Julio had been at the scene, not because Julio could have done a thing

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about it, but only because God had given him an assignment in life, to assure the security of his family, and somehow he had failed.

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Julio and Amalia are the parents of Christian (left) and these budding pugilists, Omar and Julio Jr.

Here we go. Chávez is awake, maybe *rat-tat-tatted* awake, and coming out of the house, stretching and blinking in the midday light. Already his arm is wrapped tightly around the waist of one of his lieutenants. Already he's smiling, such an easy, affectionate smile. That's something else Amalia doesn't understand: He smiles so easily during the day. But when he sleeps, he frowns.

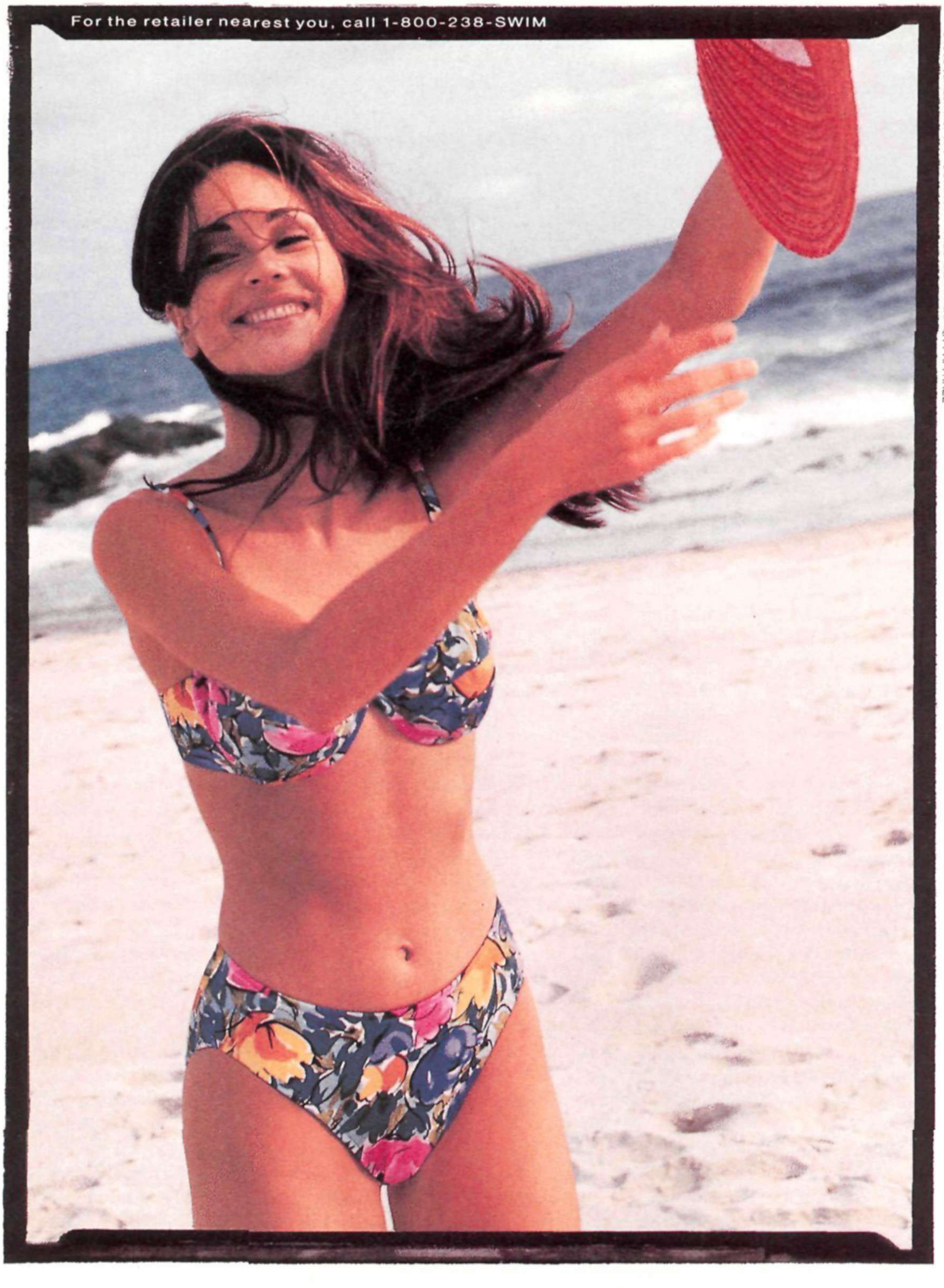
Chávez looks up and down the street. His hangover has outlasted the poor toughs; they've surrendered and gone. He won't have to peel off a few hundred dollars worth of pesos to buy a coffin for a widow who can't afford to bury her husband, as he did a few weeks earlier. He won't have to sneak out the back door, cut between houses and meet his infantry on the next block over, as he often must.

He issues one quiet order. The infantry mobilizes. There is a moment of flux as the keys to his 19 cars are sorted and the men decide who will go in the Stealth, who in the Lincoln, who in the Suburban. Amalia shakes her head and sighs, sighs of pride and exasperation. She doesn't know many other men who come home from a job and give their wives $100,000 to $200,000 to spend as they wish, as he does after each big fight. She doesn't know many other men who each year on April 30, Mexico's Day of the Children, blast the stereo outside the house, organize dance contests on the street, cook hot dogs and give away boxes of toys to all the neighborhood kids. "But I want to be married to a normal man," she says. "He is always going. Always with other people. I see him only when he comes home to sleep. The first day of our honeymoon, he was called to go train for a fight, and we have never been alone since. We plan a day at the beach with just us and our children, and suddenly there are five cars and 15 little ones from the neighborhood going with us, and he is telling me to relax, they will keep our children occupied. He is a good man, but he crosses the line of goodness. I don't want more money or fame. I want *him*."

Julio backs the Stealth out of the garage. Amalia doesn't understand. He leads the five-car caravan to Isabel and Perla's new restaurant at the train station, decorated and equipped with $50,000 he gave them. The infantry piles out. He hurries in, gives his mom a kiss, makes a phone call, poses for a picture and leaves. Perla says, "He is our saint. He solves all our problems. When I broke up with the man I loved, Julio rented an apartment in Tijuana for me and gave me money every month, so I could go away and forget. I just wish he could sit and have a beer with me and talk and listen to mariachi, but he is never alone anymore, there are always four or five others squeezed in the car with him."

Julio backs his car away from the restaurant, glancing back at the caravan in his rearview mirror. Perla doesn't understand. He is leeching as much from them as they are from him: They are his burden. They are his ballast. He fights to start his brother Rafael's pool table business, his brother Sergio's car repair shop, his sister Cristina's discotheque, his mother Isabel and his sister Perla's restaurant, his brothers Cristián's and Roberto's gasoline stations. He fights to keep his brother Rodolfo going as his cornerman and his brother Ariel as manager of his properties. He fights to buy them all homes and automobiles, to break ground on the hotel, the office complex and the 1,000 town houses he's about to have built, to keep his cousins and in-laws and neighbors and old friends working in his minisupermarkets and washing his cars and guarding his home and waiting on the street outside to follow him in a caravan wherever he might go, because if he couldn't do all that, if someone ever took that away from him. . . .

He shoves a Chalino Sánchez cassette into the tape player and sings along: "Already they left, the snows of January, already they arrived, the flowers of May, already you have seen me restrain myself like a man, and my bitter pain silence me. . . ." It was less than a year ago that Chalino made what can be a fatal mistake



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Away from the Chávez throng, Rosas grabs a quick snooze in a neighborhood gas station.

in Culiacán for anyone with a lot of power or a few enemies. He was traveling without his boys, driving home after a performance, when a vehicle pulled across the highway in front of him, blocking his way. He was found on the roadside with a bullet in his head, and now he is more popular than ever. "My city is very conflictive," says Chávez. "Very violent. It is dangerous for all. It scares me. I worry about my children, my family. Not everyone can like me. But there is nothing I can do. If someone really wants to kill me, he could kill me anywhere."

He drives past the gym he had built to train in a few years ago—with the big fiesta room for family reunions attached to it, of course. He drives past shops with music pouring from their open doors, past people walking with their arms tight around each others' necks in the heat. "But I love my city too," he says. "Most of the people are kind and simple. The shrimp are delicious. The weather is so hot it makes the beer taste so good."

He parks in front of his mother's house, the house where he grew up. Right here the family was sitting that evening when he was 13, just chatting on a bench, when suddenly they heard the squeal of wheels, the *rat-tat-tat*. It wasn't the news vendor. They dived behind the bench as the machine-gun bullets began biting into the stucco just over their heads. The pockmarks are covered now. Everything's changed. Back then the house was a two-bedroom box that the 12 of them were crushed into—seven boys sleeping in one bedroom, three girls in the other, mother and father in the living room. With his first meaty paycheck, Chávez expanded and renovated everything. But somewhere right out here there used to be a garden, and he was weeding it alone one day, just a few months after the shoot-out, when he heard the burst of gunfire again. This time two men carrying guns leaped over the wall and into his garden, and he froze, too stiff to cry, holding his breath as the men ran in the front door, through the living room and kitchen . . . and finally out the back.

He enters the house. It's so hard to tell, everything has changed. Somewhere near here, he stood that night when his father, Rodolfo, came home drunk and threatened his mother. Somewhere near here, Julio, 16 years old, with a bat in his hands, said, "If you touch her. . . ." Rodolfo, who no longer lives with the family, was a 40-year man in the railroad company, brave enough to leap into the cab of a train that had burst into flames as it unloaded petroleum in front of a refinery in 1970, brave enough to grab the controls after the engineer and his three aides had fled and to drive the train into the countryside before the tanks blew and people died—but not brave enough to come home at night sober.

Julio knew it by then. He was the fourth oldest, but he would be the one who took care of this family. Some people know these things before they have any notion of *how*; but, god, he would need something much bigger than his childhood jobs—selling gum on the streets, shining shoes, washing cars, running six miles through the city every morning at 4 a.m. to beat the other newspaper boys, even slicing cows and pigs up the midsection, gutting them, filling them with salt and skinning their hides for the shoemaker.

Two of his older brothers, Rodolfo and Rafael, boxed. As a child, Julio used to fight a 14-year-old girl who could beat most of the boys in town. Their last bout took place when Julio was 11. "She was my sister," says former featherweight Juan Antonio López. "I was the referee. He threw punches at her body, the way he does now. She was just growing breasts then, and he hurt them so much that she quit boxing. I could see then how great he would be." That was what Julio needed to hear: There was his *how*. It gave him a goal each day when he awoke, an imperative. It put his life on a set of rails. It made some sense out of Culiacán.

He quit school at 16 and began training every day, driving out to ranches on weekends to fight amid the dogs and the dust for $5 or $6 a bout. He went wild with the paycheck from his first pro fight, against the cross-eyed boxer. He bought his mom a washing machine.

From the very beginning he was so *willful* in the ring, so self-assured. "The important thing is *to want*," he says, "because *to want* is to *be able*. That is what has always separated me from other fighters, much more than talent. I know what I want, and I want it more. I am fighting for a whole family. I am a sponge for their problems. It has given me many worries, this role, but it has matured me. It has *stabilized* me. It has made me who I am."

Now Chávez is pointing to the converted railroad car in the backyard, rusting and rimmed with weeds, which Chávez used as a retreat from his crowded house. A kid in rags walks past. If a wealthy man who once was poor is strong enough to remain near the poverty, if the squalor does not drive him to a Miami suburb with a security guard at the gate, then that poverty could impel him. It could keep the fire in his gut stoked, the breath on his neck hot. Now Chávez is walking back through the house and pointing to where his bedroom was. He can't stand or sit in one place—it's as if the floor or the chair beneath him is hot, as if his inner calm in the ring somehow escapes him when he exits the arena. As soon as there is empty time to fill, he wants a beer and a salt shaker and a plateful of lemons, something that will relax the wound spring inside, that will let him sit a little bit still. It tells on a man, to make sense out of Culiacán, to take on so much weight.

He remembers his mother clearing all the boys out of that bedroom when he was seven and bringing in Aunt Angelina. She was dying slowly—another car accident. For three months the boys all slept in the

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living room with their parents, and then one day Julio looked in his bedroom window. It was frightening, mysterious—he had never seen anyone have a room alone. He watched his aunt's head roll back and forth and then drop to one side, still. He let out a cry. His mother came running. Aunt Angelina was dead, he had seen her die. The memory still chills him. From then on, all his mother had to do to make him obey was threaten to send him into that room *alone*.

Now he's walking out the front door. Right here, on the road in front of the house, is where Perla felt the wind of the car driven by the drunk that evening. The wind and the separation of hands, that's all she recalls, then finding Omar way up the road. A few hours later Julio came home from a party. He rushed to the hospital, crazy with grief, to see Omar before he died. Omar had his own room, just as Aunt Angelina had. That's when death comes—when you are in a room, alone.

"I cannot believe how much it still affects Julio," says Perla. "He still cries about it all the time. He still feels so responsible, I don't know why—maybe for not being there at that moment or for not having more money, so Omar could have gone to a better hospital."

Every June 24, the anniversary of Omar's death, the Chávez family goes to the cemetery. They made Julio promise last summer not to break down at the grave, to let Omar rest, but he wept anyway. "Now I am rich and famous and I have everything," he said, sobbing, "but I still don't have you."

But for just a few seconds, for just a few times in his life, he did. Omar, that's whom he conjured when he was in trouble in the ring, he confided once to Perla. That's who was in his head as he sat on the stool, exhausted and trailing on two judges' cards, just before the last round against Meldrick Taylor in 1990. The one brother whom the brother's keeper hadn't kept, the one family member he could never help. "Suddenly I felt this incredible force come into me, this power," he told Perla. He rose and came at Taylor. With 25 seconds left in the fight, he buckled Taylor with an overhand right, then collapsed him 10 seconds later with another short, terrible right, convincing the referee to stop the fight with two seconds left. No fighter has been good enough to make Chávez need Omar since.

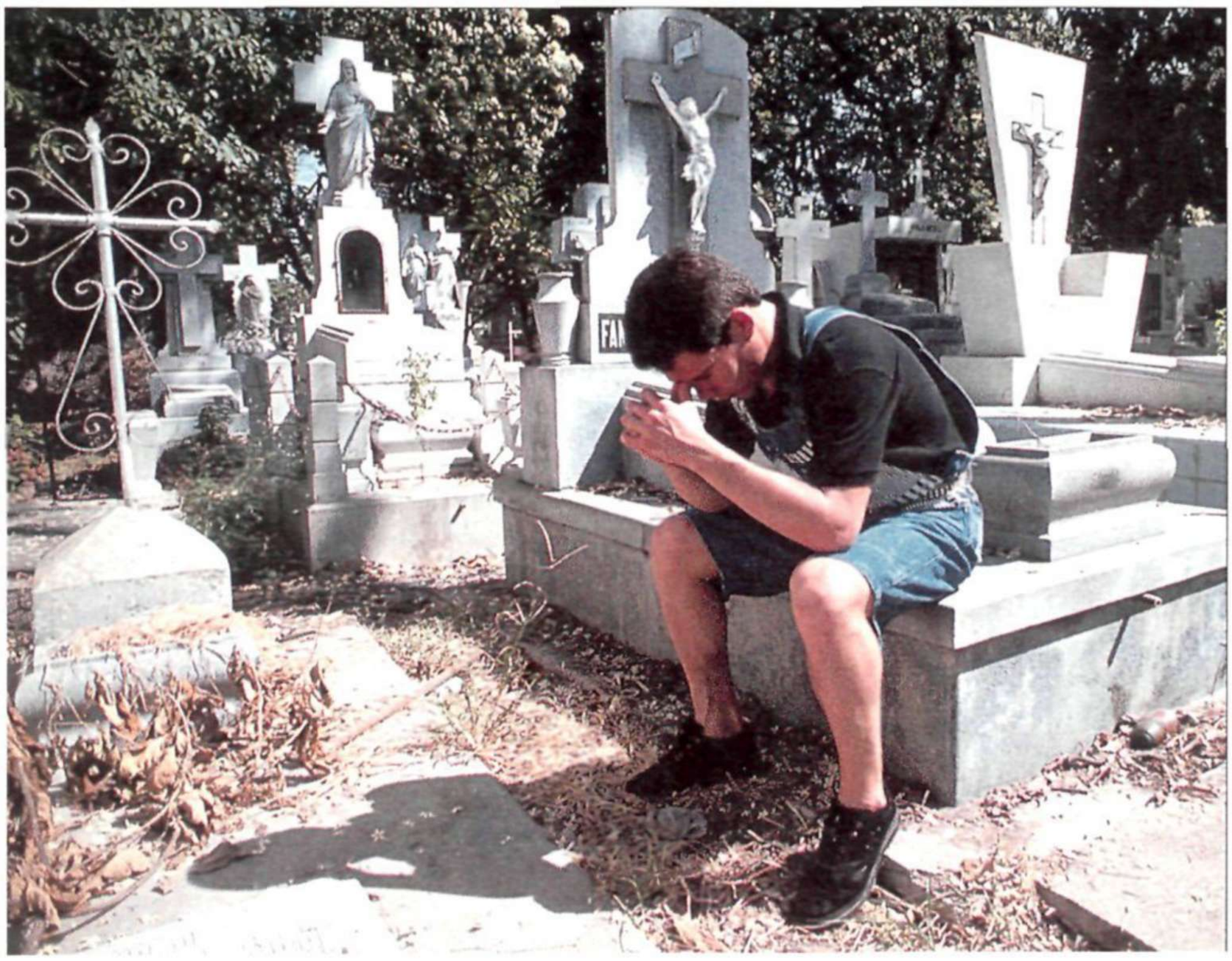
And yet, every night that he's not home, whether it's at training camp or a New York City hotel, when it's time to say good night, he makes sure someone from his infantry is in the bed beside his.

"What I see is an idol coming forth. An idol that the public has not had for a long time. This is how idols come forth, suddenly, spontaneously, when they, the people, decide it." Two days had passed since Chávez's demolition of Camacho. Rafael Herrera, Mexico's former world bantamweight champion, spoke as he stood amid several million people who had thronged the streets of Mexico City to receive Chávez. Fame in his homeland had come to Chávez years earlier, but it was only now, after he had destroyed Camacho on the weekend when Mexico celebrated its independence and on the heels of the country's humiliating one-medal showing in the Summer Olympics, that he had truly become an idol. His reluctance to fight in Mexico City—only once before 1989 had he risked it, after being fleeced by local judges there in his final amateur fight—had limited his media exposure. But now he inched through the masses toward the embrace of President Carlos Salinas de Gortari at the Presidential Palace.

First a family, then an infantry. Now the circle for which Chávez was responsible had once more enlarged. Now it was a nation. Dutifully the boy from Culiacán lowered his shoulders—more burden, more comfort. "All of Mexico trusts me now," he says. "All of Mexico is depending on me. It's a big responsibility. I cannot fail them. All the money from my lesser fights, I am giving to disaster victims, to hospitals, to orphans, to the elderly."

With Tyson in prison, and with the pay-per-view telecast of Chávez–Camacho surprising everyone by attracting 750,000 customers, perhaps Chávez is finally on the threshold of an even larger acclaim, a larger yoke. "I know that I am not a Tyson, an Ali or a Leonard," he says. "But I have beaten all of their records. I am satisfied with what God gives me. I do not have big endorsements. I understand that much of it is because I am Mexican, but I am happy that way. Don King did not promote me well, he was not fair to me. But now. . . ." His eyes dance. "Now he loves me. I finally have him by the hairs. He does what *I* want."

He climbs back into his Stealth and leads his infantry back through the city, taking the same route by which he returned to his home from the conquest of Camacho, shouting out to the 2½-mile-long parade of humanity that surrounded him that day, "I invite everyone to my house!" Back to 1181 Río Churubusco, where tables and a tent covering the entire block were erected, where people drank and sang Chalino Sánchez songs until morning, and then the news vendor came, crunching over the glass and debris and speed bumps, hollering headlines of Julio César Chávez's triumph between bursts of machine-gun fire. ■



Though he was away when Omar was killed, Julio nonetheless holds himself responsible.

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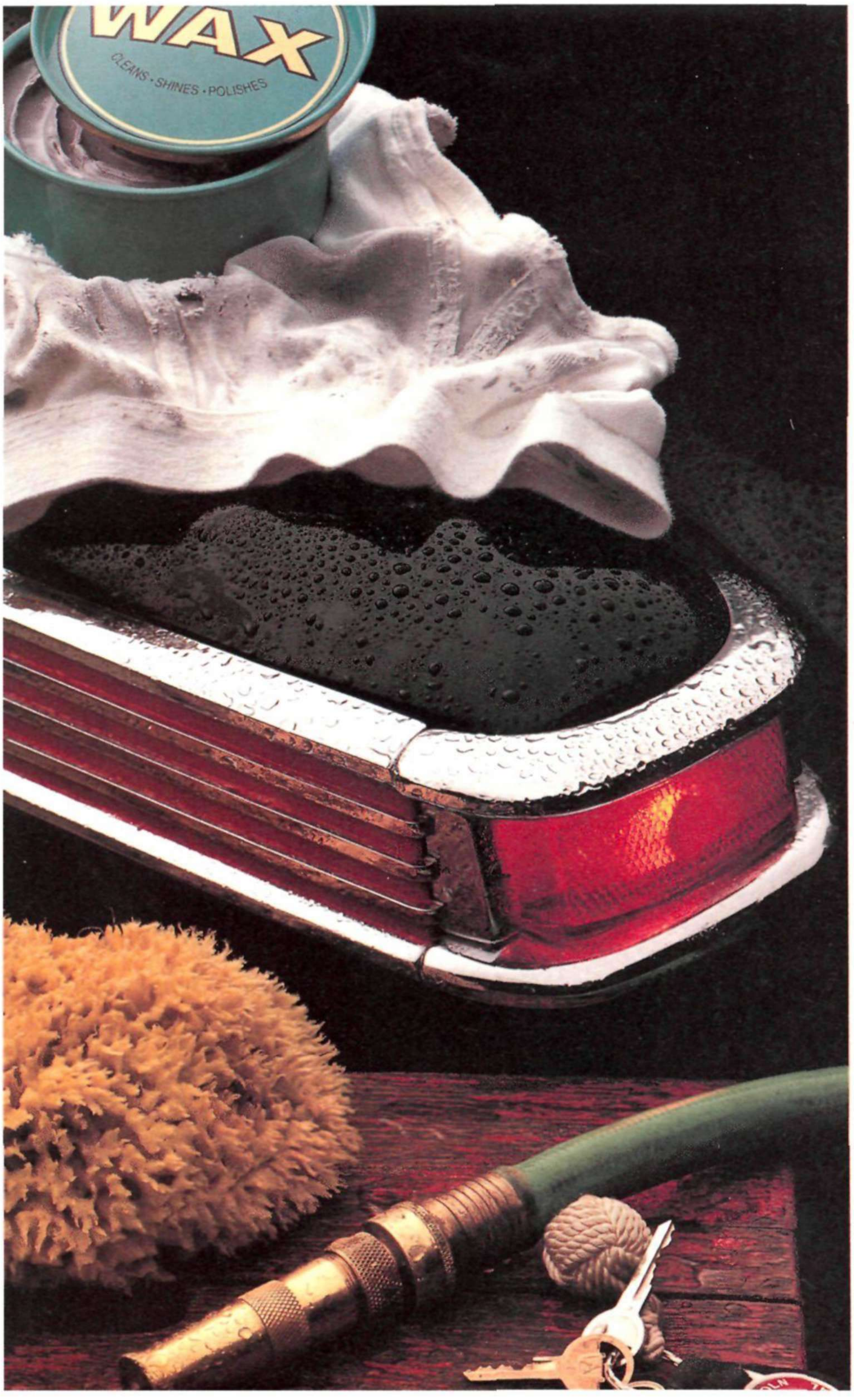

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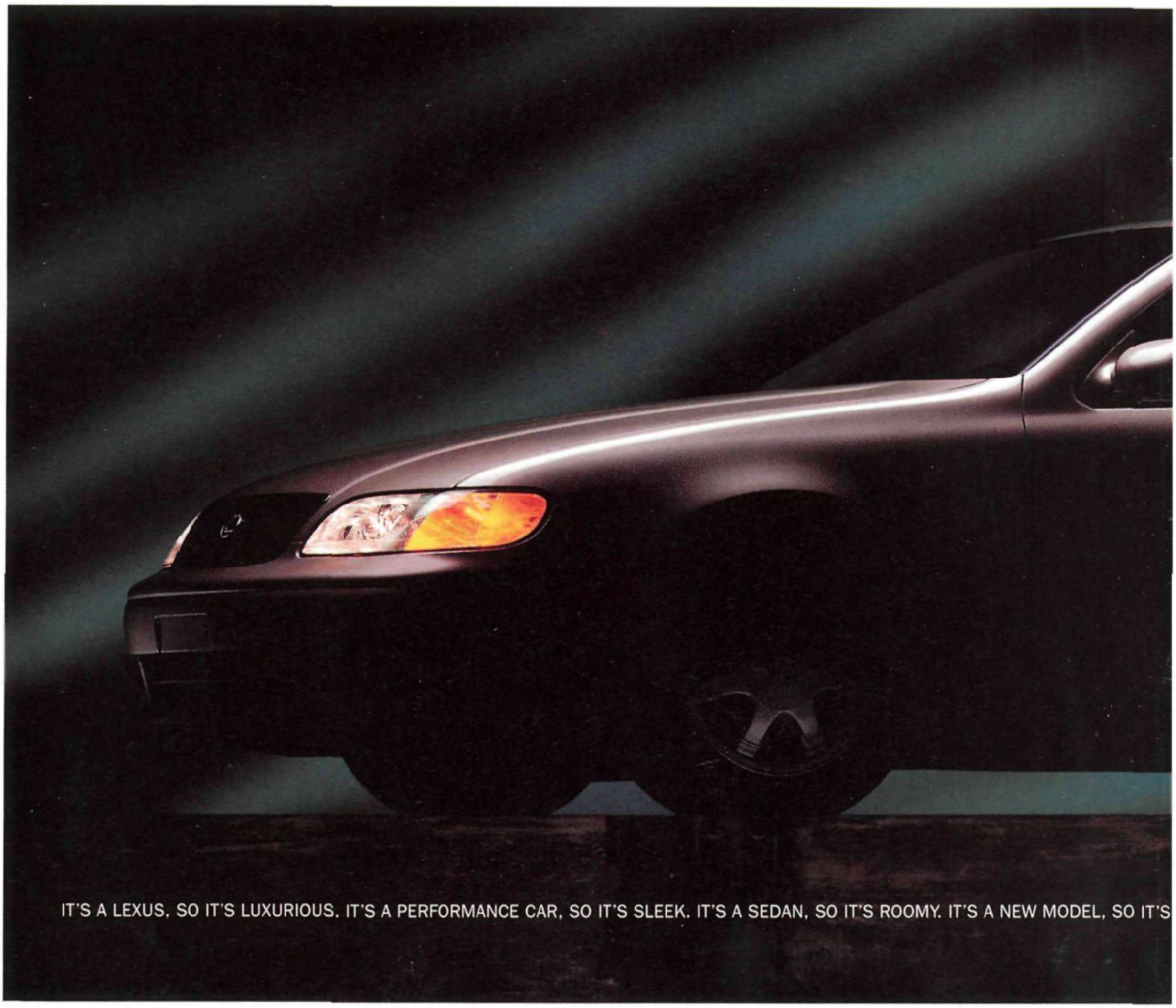

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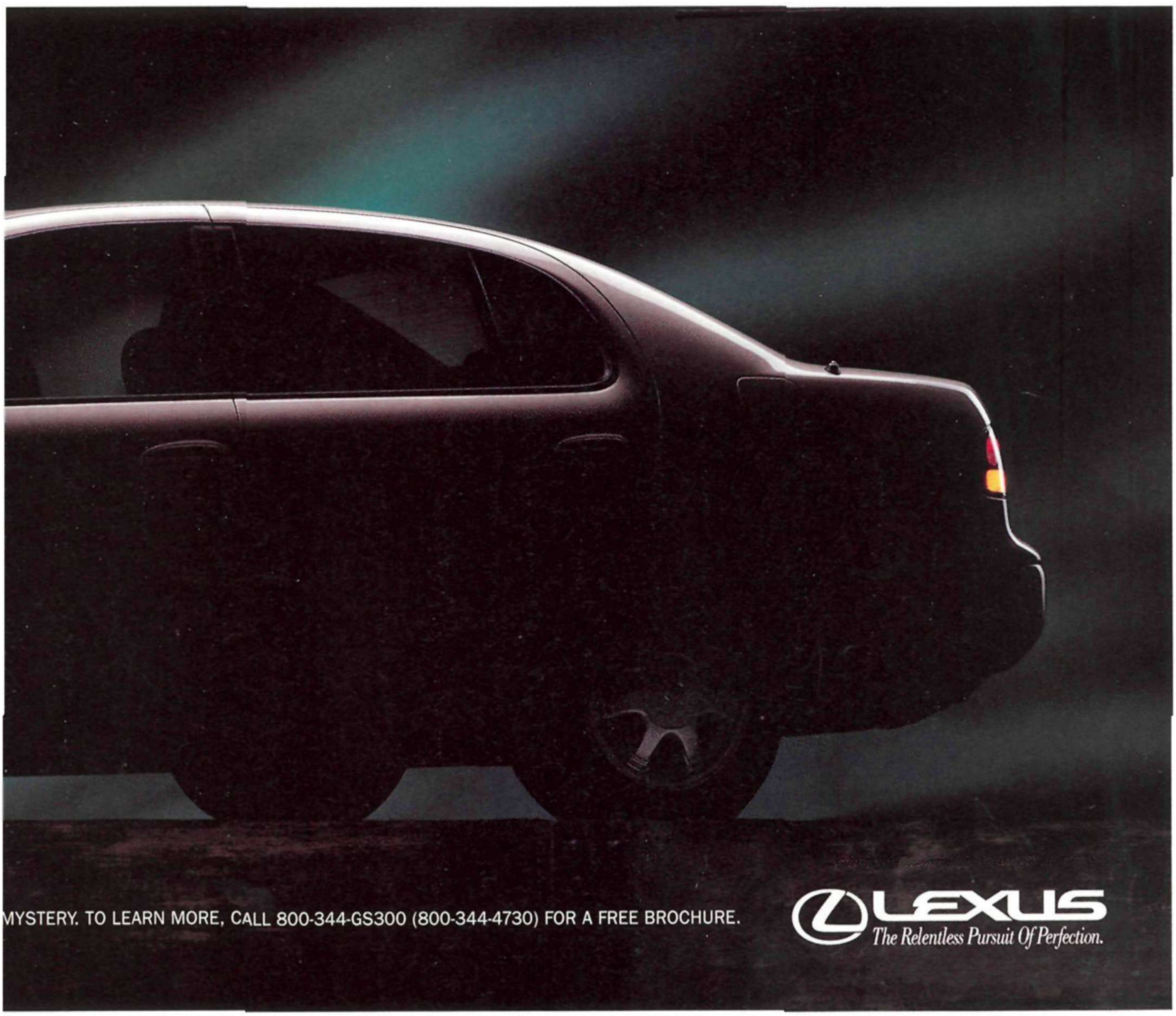

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SWIMSUIT ISSUE '93

America First

This year we celebrate America's shorelines, which are as diverse as its people. From the majesty of Alaska's glaciers to the sensuality of the Florida Keys, from the tropical lushness of Hawaii to the historic charm of Mackinac Island, Mich., and Martha's Vineyard, Mass., the country's land and water meet in ways both myriad and marvelous. Come with us, and see.

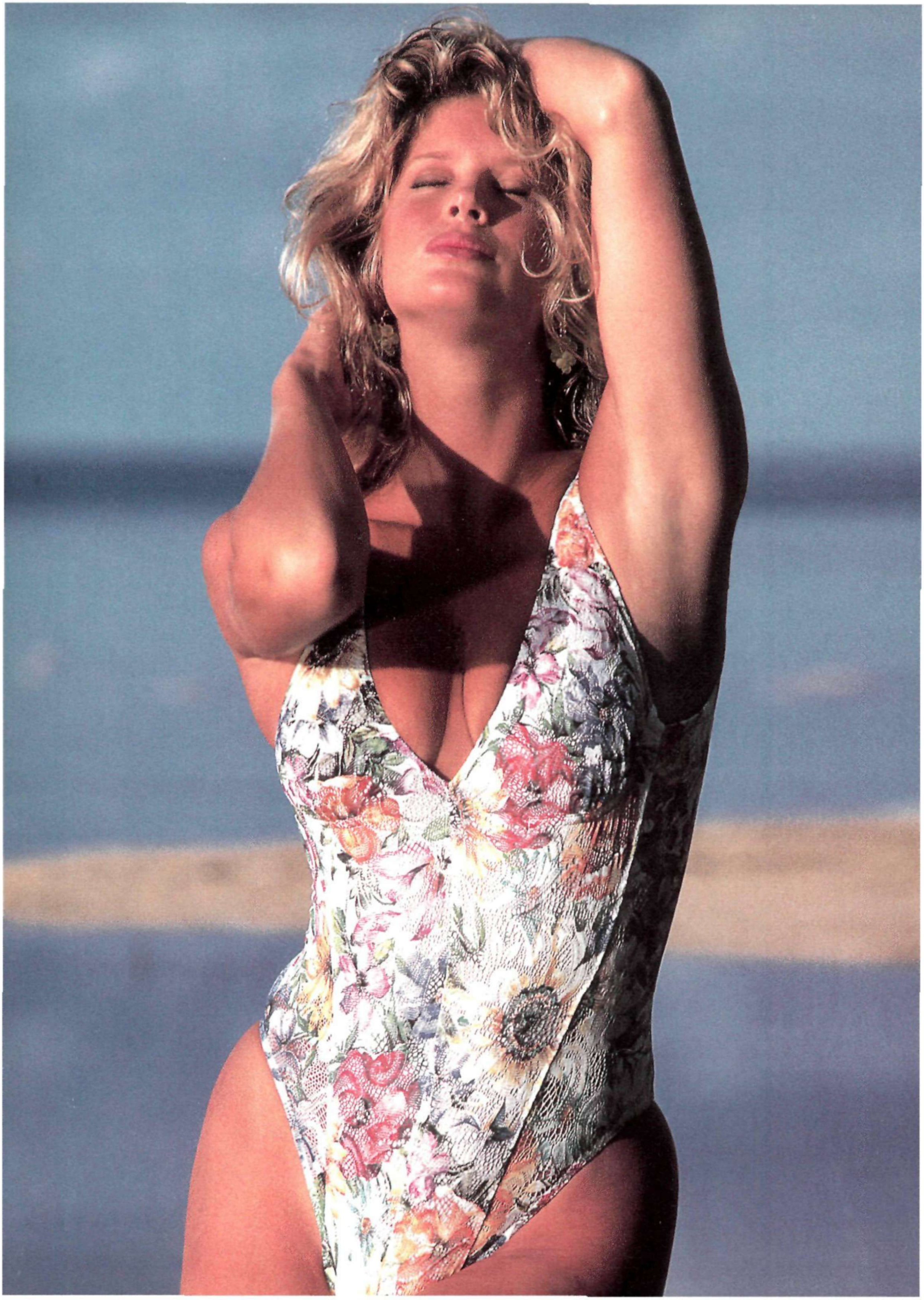
BY JULE CAMPBELL

Patio Cutlio: Stacey Williams's suit by Hot Colors ($60)

Delphi and Kibby, from the Dolphin Research Center on Grassy Key, flip over Kathy Ireland in a bikini ($100) and leggings ($136) from Gottex.

The Florida Keys

Photographs by Paolo Curto



Rachel Hunter spends a lacy day on Little Palm Island in a suit by Diva ($110). At the Moorings on Islamorada, Tyra Banks is sitting pretty in a Monika Tilley design ($125).

Maria Von Hartz (left) is easy to spot in this maillot by Gottex ($100), while Stacey Williams passes her screen test in a Lycra suit from Anne Klein ($108).

Back at the Moorings, Ingrid Seynhaeve lends verve to a veranda in a bikini by Darling Rio ($52). Friendly fronds frame Tyra and her Karla Colletto suit ($80).

WALTER IOOSS JR.

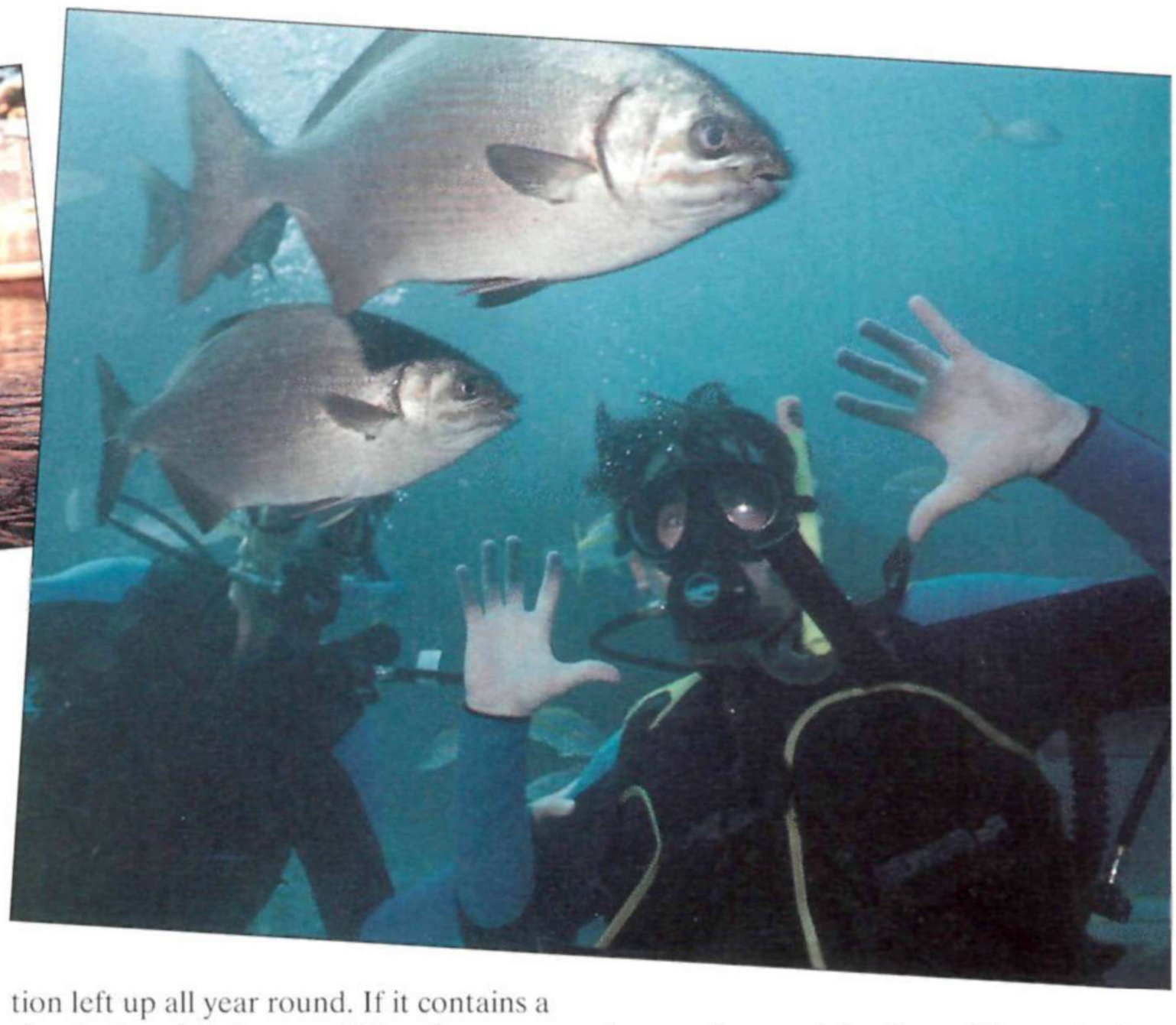
Vendela, in a suit by Darling Rio ($42), adds splendid support to the Alligator Reef lighthouse, off Islamorada.

Florida Keys

The Depths of Weirdness

A connoisseur of kitsch plunges into the bizarre, tacky world of the American Caribbean

BY RICK REILLY



HE WAS PAST THE GUY WHO was dressed as Carmen Miranda and past the guy who was strapped to the portable electric chair, but before the human six-pack of Heineken. He was 250 pounds of body hair sporting spiked heels, a slinky cocktail dress, the big do of a Denny's waitress and a beauty-pageant sash that read MISS ING LINK.

And now we had a problem. Was this the weirdest, the most bizarre, the tackiest thing my photographer and I had seen so far in the Florida Keys? Or was it the guy who puts dead fish in his mouth and feeds them to moray eels? Or the 30-foot-long lobster replica outside a gift shop? What about the Bat Tower? And the guy who, for a tip, will lie on a bed of nails and have another man place a concrete block on his crotch and shatter the block with a sledgehammer?

You think it's easy trying to find the weirdest, the most bizarre, the tackiest person, place or thing in the Florida Keys? You try it. It's like trying to find the straightest noodle at Kraft or the worst shirt in Paul Shaefer's closet. The Keys are the Bloomingdale's of questionable taste. We had six days to find the loss leader.

Not that weird, bizarre or tacky means bad. The truly tacky, for instance, is wonderful. The truly tacky is so godawful that it comes all the way around toward respectability, like really bad yard statuary or a 50,000-watt Christmas-light collection left up all year round. If it contains a shred of cool, it is not within a Japanese drift net of tackiness. If it is Pepto-Bismol pink and lime-rickey green, if it juliennes potatoes and is made mostly of conch shells, we've *got* to have it.

Our plan was to start at the northern tip of the Keys, in Key Largo (Mile Marker 106), and slowly, inexorably sink, bridge by bridge, toward the capital of kitsch, Key West (MM 0), where we hoped to run smack into the infamous Fantasy Fest parade, the Holy Grail for America's weird. Naturally, we started our search as any of you would: at an underwater hotel.

One thing we learned right away is that nobody is actually *from* the Keys—"except the fish," as one man told us. Most maps of the U.S. don't even show the Keys. They're like P.O. Box 1000, Atlantis. According to most histories, the Florida Keys were settled by a slow leak of weird people from Cleveland (which is due north of Key West, by the way), people who just kept drifting south until they could drift no farther and clung to a coffee-shop stool or a surfboard. Keys people are all part of the Great Disattached, and when you are disattached, rules tend to mean squat. The societal standards that work in the northern 48 seem to disintegrate in the American Caribbean. Traditions spring up in an instant, and inhibitions come off like wedding dresses.

Why else would a man build an underwater hotel? Jules' Undersea Lodge in Key Largo (MM 103) is the only one of its kind in the world, and we had reservations. For instance, we had reservations about how we were going to get to our rooms. We had reservations about what would happen to our luggage. We had reservations about the whole damn thing.

Luckily, when we met the friendly proprietor, Neil Monney, we stopped worrying about such silly little things. Instead, we began to worry about dying. This is because Mr. Monney informed us that if we wanted to spend the night in the hotel instead of on the gravel driveway, we would need to scuba dive down in the next 45 minutes, before the sun set. "Do you see those bubbles out there?" Mr. Monney said as he pointed out to a vast and murky

Being a rookie diver didn't stop Reilly from sizing up the reef residents at John Pennecamp State Park or reaching an underwater hotel. Fortunately, his only run-in with a shark took place on land.

lagoon. "Your room is 30 feet under those." *Hey, an ocean view!*

We were sort of thinking along the lines of glass elevators whisking us undersea to our rooms. Or futuristic tubes or maybe a minisubmarine. Wrong. You dive to Jules' Undersea Lodge or you call Howard Johnson's. Not that there was any real problem with this, except for the small fact that we had never dived in our lives.

So we learned. Still, it is one thing to have learned to scuba dive in the last 45 minutes and to try out your new skill in the shallow end of your local YMCA pool. It is another thing entirely to have just learned to dive and to be on your way to live underwater for the evening. Tough. As we began our descent, we noticed that Mr. Monney was in a very good mood. "You might see all kinds of things down there tonight," he said. "There's been a shark hanging around lately."

So as we made our way down into the inky depths, it was both strange and comforting to see a hotel come into view, to be able to look in the portholes and see our warm and inviting living quarters, lights on, pillows fluffed, warm towels at the ready. *But just then a black glove seized my throat! Struggling, I could see a shiny steel knife cutting my air hose! I spun madly around and saw. . . .* Sorry. That was Lloyd Bridges's trip to the Keys.

The lodge sits on pillars, so guests swim under it and pop up into it through a four-by six-foot moon pool. The air pressure keeps the water out and the guests dry, as it would in an empty glass forced upside down into a tub of water. We had arrived, feeling safe and happy. Safe and happy, that is, until Carla, our instructor, said, "I'll be going now."

I'll be going now?

It was going to be just us, alone undersea, left at the mercy of the deep? We eyed the open portal of the moon pool and wondered what was to keep your average troubled-youth shark from leaping into the lodge through the moon pool, devouring us like petits fours and slipping back into the depths, full. Absolutely nothing, we decided.

Still, this was easily the nicest underwater hotel we'd ever been in, for it provided stereos and VCRs in both of the bedrooms and the same in the common room. Our hoped-for tackiness was nowhere to be found: not a single lamp made of sea netting or a single starfish alarm clock. Alas, we made the best of it. We watched *Creature from the Black Lagoon* (what else?) and microwaved our six-course lobster dinner, which was included in the price of the suite ($295). Everything was all right, except for our uneasy feeling that at any moment lobsters might begin picketing the portholes.

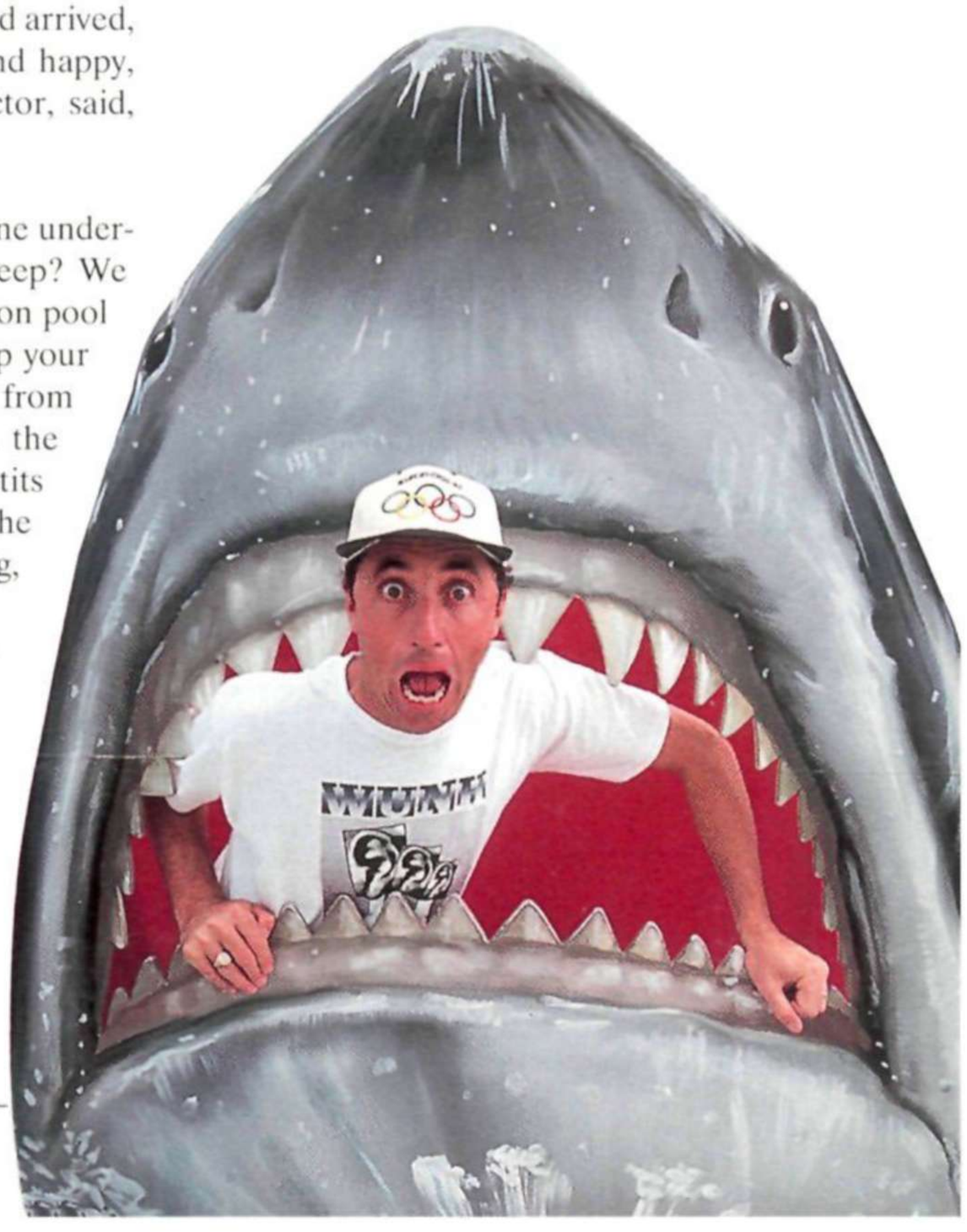
All in all, you can't help but relax in an underwater hotel, what with the soothing gurgle of the moon pool, the gentle pattern of the currents, and the grouper and angelfish dallying by, glancing at you as they go wherever they are going. That's when you come to the odd realization that *you* are in the aquarium and *they* are the keepers of the tank.

Grouper: Hey, new humans in the tank tonight!

Angelfish: Cool!

Grouper: I'll go tell the shark.

The next morning Mr. Monney told us we were two of only 4,000 people in the world to have spent the night at Jules' Undersea Lodge. However, he said, we would not go down in history with other overnight aquanauts at Jules' who had 1) gotten Domino's to deliver a pizza down there, 2) called all over Florida until they found a scuba-diving stripper to come down for a birthday *(No, no, no! Leave the flippers on!)* or 3) set a world rec-

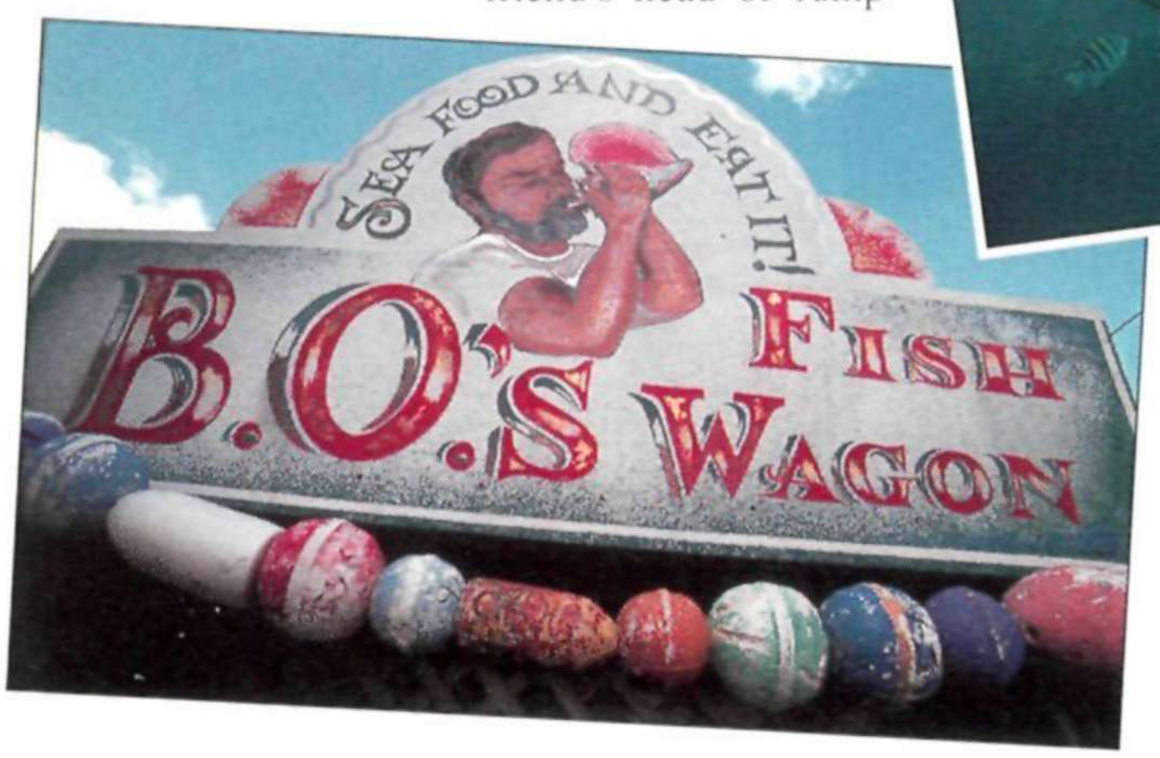


Photographs by Brian Smith

ord for most days undersea—69. The last was done by Rick Presley, who, I should note, suspiciously resembles Mr. Limpet.

Mother lodes of weirdness awaited us down the coast, including an appointment to make another dive and watch a grown man put a dead fish in his mouth and let a grown moray eel swim out and eat it.

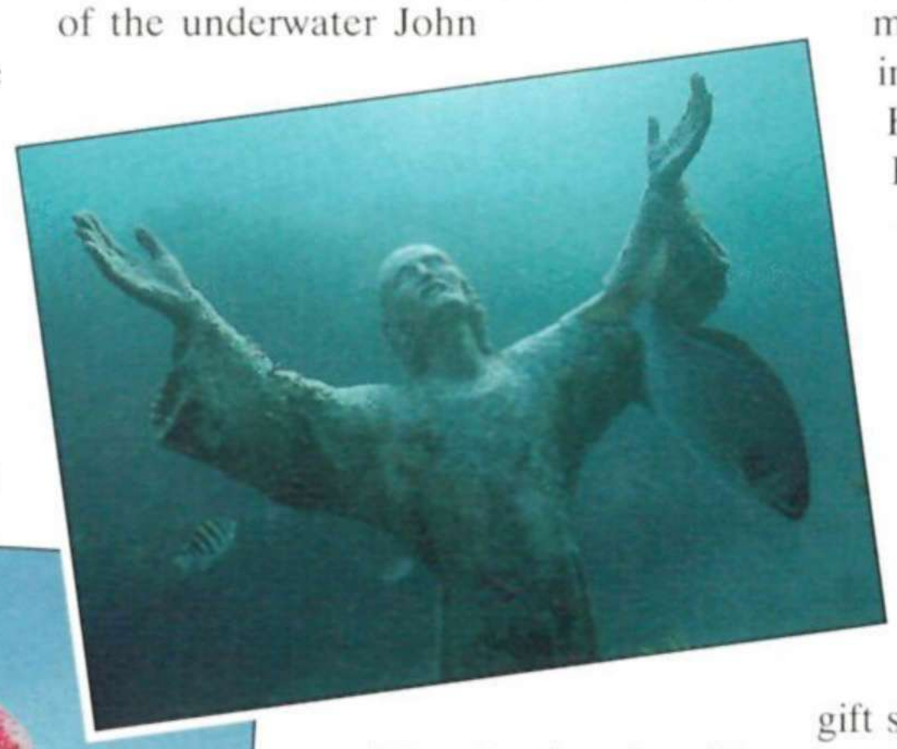
Along the way we saw a place where you can insert your head into the mouth of a huge painted shark and have a picture taken that looks as though *the shark is actually eating you*! That was almost as good as the open-mouthed giant stuffed alligator we found that can be positioned next to a friend's head or rump and then photographed for a small fee. Hilarious!



However, the only thing better than a phonied-up photo of human devourment is the real thing. This is where Captain Slate comes in. Captain Slate has been accredited by the Coast Guard to run dive charters, and even his face is seaworthy. It has been battered not by the moray eel he feeds from his mouth but by the barracudas he nourishes in the same fashion. Barracudas have the approximate visual acuity of Irving R. Levine without spectacles, and some of them have mistaken Captain Slate's nose for an expired fish. Three times a fast-charging barracuda named Psycho has slammed into Captain Slate's mask hard enough to blacken his eye and wobble his brain.

Unfortunately, Captain Slate, a Key Largo city councilman and secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce, was bogged down in meetings that day—*Councilman Slate, we could hear you better if you took the ballyhoo out of your mouth*—and so, for $37 apiece, we were sent out on a boat with a man named Harry, supposedly one of only two other men in the world who can feed eels and barracudas with their teeth. As proof, Harry has a nice scar on his face and a huge one from his wrist to the tip of a digit, a memory from the time Shredder, the moray eel, decided to have the finger food.

After a three-mile trip out to the reefs of the underwater John Pennecamp State Park, we jumped in with Harry and made haste for the wreck of the freighter *City of Washington*, where Harry found two hideous green eyes gleaming out at us. A moray eel would make an excellent stunt double for whatever creature next plans to come ripping out of Sigourney Weaver's chest. Harry knew her. It was Melba.

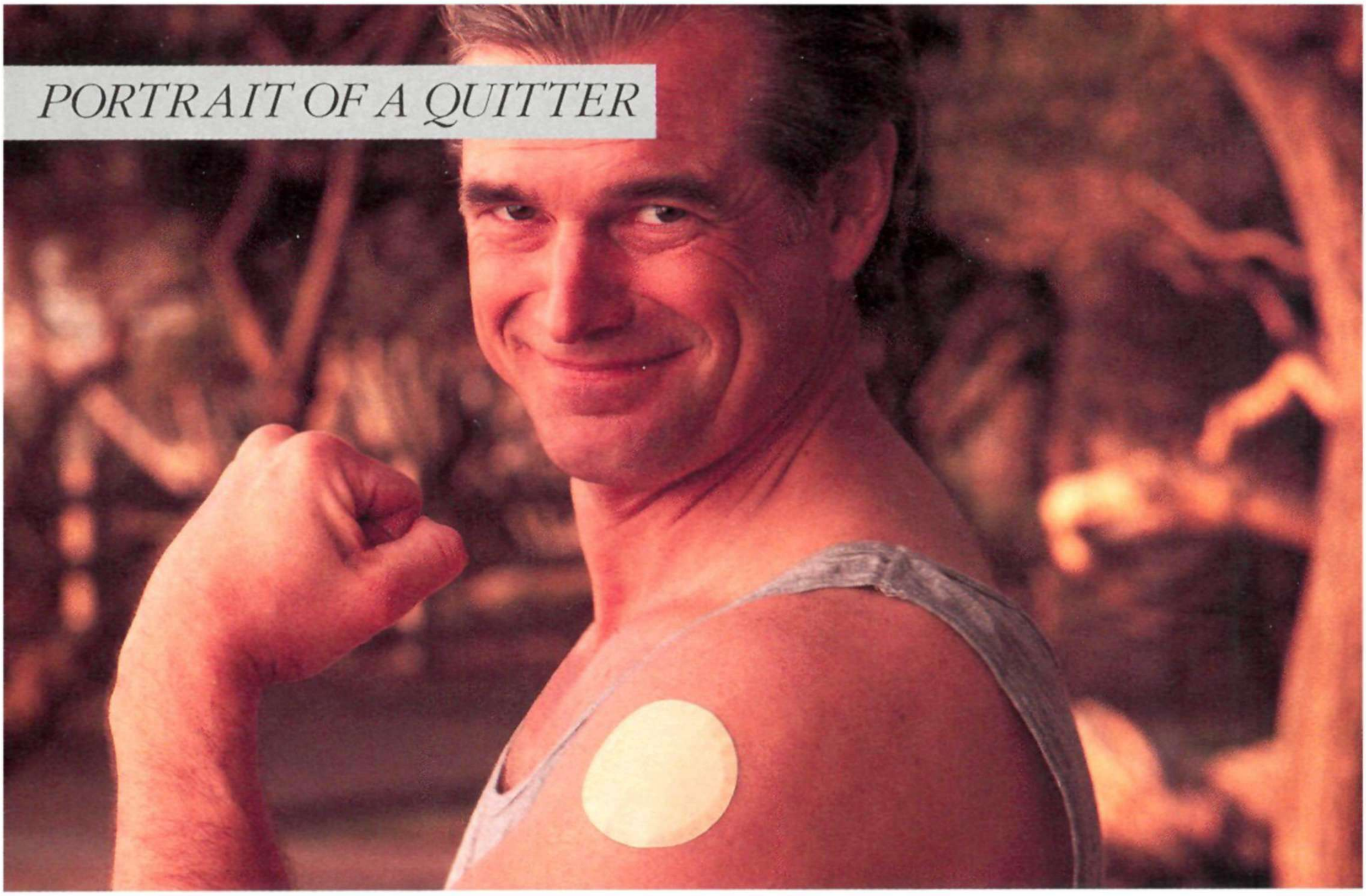


A baptism into Keys life includes taking in a saltwater savior, a restaurant that needs a shower, and a die-cleaner whose motto might be "Give 'em starch, Harry."

Melba was a lovely participant. She ate hungrily from Harry's hands and curled up around Harry's neck like a Siamese cat. Then a barracuda came by but was either not hungry or thought Harry was a piece of colorful driftwood, because he refused to eat. Harry never did do the mouth trick. We nearly drowned trying to pantomime the trick so that Harry would do it for the camera, but Harry just looked at us as if we had a case of sea ticks. I don't think Harry will ever make the city council. He didn't even stick with Captain Slate. Harry, the councilman told me recently, "moved farther south to lead a less stressful life."

Off we slunk, farther toward Key West, and great glorious gobs of tackiness made themselves available to us. Outside a truly tacky gift shop was that 30-foot plastic lobster, which immediately vaulted into our front-runner position. All the lobster lacked was an accompanying giant cup of drawn butter. There also was the Naughty and Nice Gag Shop, the blind crocodile at the Theater of the Sea, the Great Grunt Rodeo (a fishing tournament) and the annual underwater music festival. *I liked (glub) it. It had a (glub) good (glub) beat and (glub) was easy (glub) to (glub) dance to.*

It had been a fabulously tasteless day, a day that could be topped only by a one-night stay at what might be America's only trailer-park hotel, the Blue Lagoon Resort (MM 99.5). Whoever named the Blue Lagoon a "resort" must be the same person who named the Hardee's Golf "Classic." Nonetheless, where else, for $25, could you spend the night in a hideously ugly trailer with a view of the



About six years ago, I decided to stop smoking. So I tried cold turkey. But soon, my wife caught me sneaking cigarettes out the bathroom window.

QUITE FRANKLY, I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD REALLY QUIT SMOKING.

Then my doctor suggested Habitrol™. Habitrol is a nicotine patch, indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. It's available only by prescription. When used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program, it's been clinically proven to increase the chances of quitting in the critical first three months. That's when nicotine withdrawal symptoms force many people back to smoking. Long term studies with Habitrol haven't been conducted.

As part of my smoking cessation program, I attended a support group my doctor recommended. He also gave me a free support kit with tips on getting through the rough times. And an audio tape for relaxation and motivation.

Because Habitrol contains nicotine, STOP smoking completely before starting your therapy with Habitrol and do NOT smoke or use any other nicotine containing products while you are receiving Habitrol therapy. If you're pregnant or nursing, or have heart disease, be sure to first find out from your doctor all the ways you can stop smoking. If you're taking prescription medicine or are under a doctor's care, talk with your doctor about the potential risks of Habitrol. Habitrol hasn't been studied in persons under 18, and it shouldn't be used for more than three months.

If you're really determined to quit, **ask your doctor** if Habitrol as part of a comprehensive smoking cessation program is right for you. **Or call 1-800-YES-U-CAN,** for a brochure today.

If you're tired of quitting and failing, Habitrol can help you with the nicotine craving and this can help you in your program to quit smoking. After that, it's up to you.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE WILL, NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE POWER.

Habitrol™
(nicotine transdermal system)

BASEL Pharmaceuticals
Division of CIBA-GEIGY Corporation
Summit, New Jersey 07901
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273-30880

See next page for additional important information.

Habitrol™
(nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 21, 14, or 7 mg/day over 24 hours

BRIEF SUMMARY. FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION SEE PACKAGE INSERT.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Habitrol treatment is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Habitrol treatment should be used as a part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program.

The use of Habitrol systems for longer than 3 months has not been studied.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Use of Habitrol systems is contraindicated in patients with hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any of the components of the therapeutic system.

WARNINGS

Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Habitrol systems, and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement.

Pregnancy Warning

Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Habitrol treatment can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by Habitrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS, Other Effects). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Habitrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Habitrol treatment, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

Safety Note Concerning Children

The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if Habitrol systems are applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 21 mg/day systems contain about 60% (32 mg) of their initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both used and unused Habitrol systems out of the reach of children and pets.

PRECAUTIONS

General

The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Habitrol therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Habitrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the Habitrol dose should be reduced or Habitrol treatment discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions).

The use of Habitrol systems beyond 3 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting.

Allergic Reactions: In a 6-week, open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Habitrol systems, 22 of 220 patients exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, 3 patients exhibited mild-to-moderate contact allergy. Patients with contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. In the efficacy trials, erythema following system removal was typically seen in about 17% of patients, some edema in 4%, and dropouts due to skin reactions occurred in 6% of patients.

Patients should be instructed to promptly discontinue the Habitrol treatment and contact their physicians if they experience severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (e.g., severe erythema, pruritus or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (e.g., urticaria, hives, or generalized rash).

Skin Disease: Habitrol systems are usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (atopic or eczematous dermatitis).

Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases: The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed.

Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Habitrol treatment was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with Habitrol treatment, it should be discontinued.

Habitrol treatment should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period, patients with serious arrythmias, and patients with severe or worsening angina pectoris.

Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency: The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics).

Endocrine Diseases: Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma or insulin-dependent diabetes since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla.

Peptic Ulcer Disease: Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease, therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Accelerated Hypertension: Nicotine constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Information for Patients

A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Habitrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Habitrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist.

Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets.

Drug Interactions

Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications.

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation
Insulin	Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation
Adrenergic antagonists (e.g., prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation

May Require an Increase In Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Adrenergic agonists (e.g., isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidence of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats.

Nicotine and cotinine were not mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced reparable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation.

Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS)

The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Habitrol treatment on fetal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches.

Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded.

Habitrol treatment should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of use of nicotine replacement by the patient, who may continue to smoke.

Teratogenicity

Animal Studies: Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg/day IP or SC).

Human Studies: Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans.

Other Effects

Animal Studies: A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking 1 cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 mg/kg/min nicotine for 20 minutes to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about 6 cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes).

Human Experience: Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low-birth-weight infants and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate, and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Habitrol treatment has not been studied in pregnant humans.

Labor and Delivery

Habitrol systems are not recommended to be left on during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on the mother or the fetus during labor are unknown.

Nursing Mothers

Caution should be exercised when Habitrol therapy is administered to nursing women. The safety of Habitrol treatment in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk-to-plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first-pass clearance; however, the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. The nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Habitrol treatment when used as directed than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from Habitrol systems alone or in combination with continued smoking.

Pediatric Use

Habitrol systems are not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Habitrol treatment in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated.

Geriatric Use

Forty-eight patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of Habitrol therapy. Habitrol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Assessment of adverse events in the 792 patients who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by concurrent smoking by many of the patients. In the trials, when reporting adverse events, the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom.

Topical Adverse Events

The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 35% of patients on Habitrol treatment in the clinical trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 17% of patients and local edema in 4%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. Cutaneous hypersensitivity (contact sensitization) occurred in 2% of patients on Habitrol treatment (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions).

Probably Causally Related

The following adverse events were reported more frequently in Habitrol-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients or exhibited a dose response in clinical trials:

Digestive system - Diarrhea*, dyspepsia*
Mouth/Tooth disorders - Dry mouth
Musculoskeletal system - Arthralgia*, myalgia*
Nervous system - Abnormal dreams†, somnolence†

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system
*Reported in 3% to 9% of patients
†Reported in 1% to 3% of patients
Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients

Causal Relationship Unknown

Adverse events reported in Habitrol- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Habitrol treatment and these events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician.

Body as a whole - Allergy†, back pain†
Cardiovascular system - Hypertension†
Digestive system - Abdominal pain†, constipation†, nausea*, vomiting
Nervous system - Dizziness*, concentration impaired†, headache (17%), insomnia*
Respiratory system - Cough increased†, pharyngitis†, sinusitis†
Urogenital system - Dysmenorrhea*

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system
*Reported in 3% to 9% of patients
†Reported in 1% to 3% of patients
Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

Habitrol systems are likely to have a low abuse potential based on differences between it and cigarettes in four characteristics commonly considered important in contributing to abuse: much slower absorption, much smaller fluctuations in blood levels, lower blood levels of nicotine, and less frequent use (i.e., once daily).

Dependence on nicotine polacrilex chewing gum replacement therapy has been reported. Such dependence might also occur from transference to Habitrol systems of tobacco-based nicotine dependence. The use of the system beyond 3 months has not been evaluated and should be discouraged.

To minimize the risk of dependence, patients should be encouraged to withdraw gradually from Habitrol treatment after 4 to 8 weeks of usage. Recommended dose reduction is to progressively decrease the dose every 2 to 4 weeks (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

OVERDOSAGE

The effects of applying several Habitrol systems simultaneously or of swallowing Habitrol systems are unknown (see WARNINGS, Safety Note Concerning Children).

The oral LD_{50} for nicotine in rodents varies with species but is in excess of 24 mg/kg; death is due to respiratory paralysis. The oral minimum lethal dose of nicotine in dogs is greater than 5 mg/kg. The oral minimum acute lethal dose for nicotine in human adults is reported to be 40 to 60 mg (<1 mg/kg).

Two or three Habitrol 30 cm² systems in capsules fed to dogs weighing 8-17 kg were emetic, but did not produce any other significant clinical signs. The administration of these patches corresponds to about 6-17 mg/kg of nicotine.

Signs and symptoms of an overdose of Habitrol systems would be expected to be the same as those of acute nicotine poisoning including: pallor, cold sweat, nausea, salivation, vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, headache, dizziness, disturbed hearing and vision, tremor, mental confusion, and weakness. Prostration, hypotension, and respiratory failure may ensue with large overdoses. Lethal doses produce convulsions quickly and death follows as a result of peripheral or central respiratory paralysis or, less frequently, cardiac failure.

Overdose From Topical Exposure

The Habitrol system should be removed immediately if the patient shows signs of overdosage and the patient should seek immediate medical care. The skin surface may be flushed with water and dried. No soap should be used since it may increase nicotine absorption. Nicotine will continue to be delivered into the bloodstream for several hours (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics) after removal of the system because of a depot of nicotine in the skin.

Overdose From Ingestion

Persons ingesting Habitrol systems should be referred to a health care facility for management. Due to the possibility of nicotine-induced seizures, activated charcoal should be administered. In unconscious patients with a secure airway, instill activated charcoal via nasogastric tube. A saline cathartic or sorbitol added to the first dose of activated charcoal may speed gastrointestinal passage of the system. Repeated doses of activated charcoal should be administered as long as the system remains in the gastrointestinal tract since it will continue to release nicotine for many hours.

Management of Nicotine Poisoning

Other supportive measures include diazepam or barbiturates for seizures, atropine for excessive bronchial secretions or diarrhea, respiratory support for respiratory failure, and vigorous fluid support for hypotension and cardiovascular collapse.

Safety and Handling

Habitrol systems can be a dermal irritant and can cause contact sensitization. Although exposure of health care workers to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be minimal, care should be taken to avoid unnecessary contact with active systems. If you do handle active systems, wash with water alone, since soap may increase nicotine absorption. Do not touch your eyes.

Disposal

When the used system is removed from the skin, it should be folded over and placed in the protective pouch which contained the new system. The used system should be immediately disposed of in such a way to prevent its access by children or pets. See patient information for further directions for handling and disposal.

How to Store

Do not store above 86°F (30°C) because Habitrol systems are sensitive to heat. A slight discoloration of the system is not significant.

Do not store unpouched. Once removed from the protective pouch, Habitrol systems should be applied promptly since nicotine is volatile and the system may lose strength.

CAUTION: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Printed in U.S.A. C92-1 (Rev. 2/92)

BASEL
Pharmaceuticals

Distributed by
BASEL Pharmaceuticals
Division of CIBA-GEIGY Corporation
Summit, New Jersey 07901

Florida Keys

The Key West Fantasy Fest parade is a dandy's inferno whose participants, whether two-legged, four-legged or tentacled, put on the glitz and scale unforeseen heights of bad taste.

beach? Nowhere is right. The hilarious writer Joy Williams is a Blue Lagoon fanatic. "Fantasize that you are in a fifties movie," she writes in *The Florida Keys*. "You are on the lam. You are attempting to escape from something terrible. You sit on the green plaid bedspread and listen to your breathing. No one will ever find you here." No one is right. The Blue Lagoon was sold out.

Instead we got marooned at the Moorings in Islamorada (MM 82), a place that just doesn't have the true Keys feel. No I'M WITH STUPID T-shirts. No plastic pink flamingos. The only thing the Moorings has (starting at $115 a night) is tasteful cottages sprinkled on 17 acres of pristine beach from which—this is true—every strand of seaweed is raked twice weekly. Everything is done with understatement, style and class. We left at first light.

Actually that was good, because we wanted to beat the crowds to the Bat Tower (about MM 17). Honestly, what self-respecting tackiness freak would skip it? A 35-foot tower erected in 1929 for the express purpose of luring bats to the area to eat mosquitoes! The mosquitoes, it seems, were driving the fishermen nuts at R.C. Perky's fishing camp and gambling emporium on Sugarloaf Key. Then Perky read about a man in San Antonio who was selling plans for bat towers, brown-shingled edifices that were supposed to bring in thousands of friendly bats to dine on every mosquito in the county.

Perfect, thought Perky, who had the tower brought in, constructed and baited with hundreds of pounds of the required bat guano. Then he sat back, held his nose and admired his work. Surely this was the grandest bat tower ever built, a colossal four-legged Bat Hilton with everything a bat loved. Most folks anticipated the greatest inflow of bats since the Louisville Slugger company picnic.

They are still waiting. Either Perky's bat marketing was poor or San Antonio was too good a place for bats to leave, because not a single bat showed up. Sixty-three years later, as we drove up, Perky's Bat Tower was still, sadly, batless. Unfortunately there were no people around, either, not to mention any tacky PERKY WAS BATS T-shirt stands. It seems Perky went bust, the fishing camp burned, and Perky eventually died, leaving the Bat Tower to sit quietly at the water's edge, alone in its humiliation.

Back to the rental car and the never-disappointing tidal wave of concrete poured down the middle of the pristine seascape. We saw a 30-foot mermaid ringed in lights outside Lorelei's restaurant in Islamorada that was splendid in its garishness. Farther on, we had beer served in mason jars. We fed wild tarpon for a dollar, if you call wild the sort of tarpon that never leaves the end of Robbie's Dock and will leap four feet into the air to snatch a dead fish you have hidden up your sleeve. Still, we were greatly disappointed to miss the Sugarloaf Lodge, where a dolphin named Sugar has been kept in a small pond in front of the restaurant for 17 years, doing tacky tricks with cups, saucers and small change. Nuts.

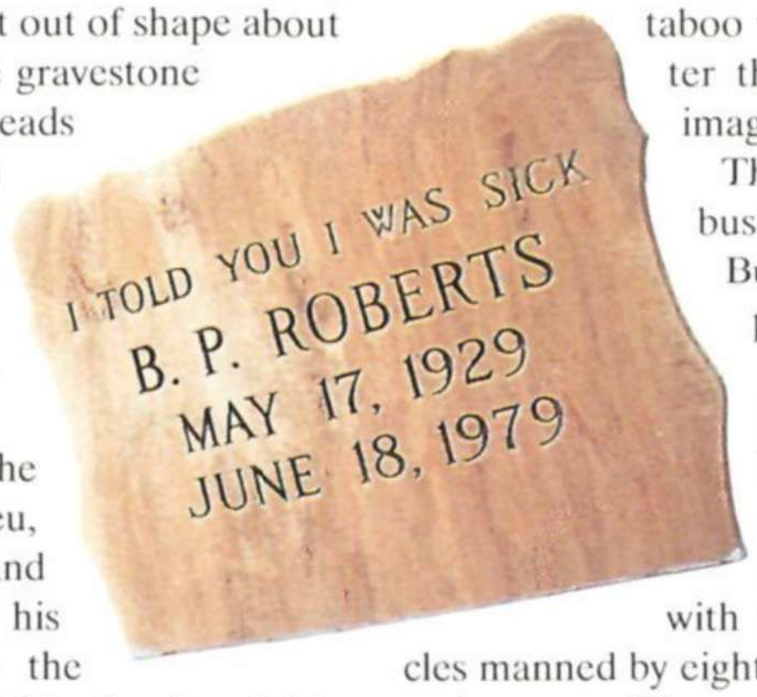
Ah, but ahead lay Key West, the southernmost point in the U.S., closer geographically to Havana than to Miami, closer spiritually to Mars than to Earth. In fact, Key West has a painted sign (at last, MM 0) that reads WELCOME TO THE END OF THE RAINBOW. It *should* read AMERICA BEGINS HERE, for Key West is the Louvre of tackiness. Key West has, among other things, pink taxicabs; the very popular lunch spot B.O.'s Fish Wagon, whose name seems to scare nobody off (B.O.'s slogan? SEA FOOD AND EAT IT!); a former mayor who water-skied to Cuba; a very ordinary grocery store that calls itself Fausto's Food Palace; Doris Day Night at the Copa gay bar; the fringed Conch Train, which is not a train at all but a dis-

guised and overworked jeep pulling four cartloads of tourists; and the Green Parrot Bar, whose raison d'être is on the wall: SEE THE LOWER KEYS ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES.

Former resident Ernest Hemingway seems to be the poster boy for Key West tackiness, with his stern visage plastered everywhere, even on the front of pink motor scooters, as if to annoy his spirit. Can you see Hemingway on a pink motor scooter? *It was a good scooter. Christ, it was good and strong. The brakes were fine.* For that matter, how do you think Hemingway would have reacted to seeing his head floating out of dry ice during the annual Hemingway Haunted House tour, conducted at Halloween in the home in which he wrote nine novels, including *For Whom the Bell Tolls*?

There is even an annual Ernest Hemingway look-alike contest. It may be the only contest in the world that you lose for being too young and too thin. Take Al Hoffman. He has made the finals for seven straight years and is a favorite to win someday. He needs merely to get older, drink more scotch and lose more hair. It is a job nobody wants, but Al must do it. "What else am I gonna do?" he says. "Model swimsuits?"

Hemingway said he would rather "eat monkey manure than die in Key West," but Papa did not know best. To our way of thinking, the Key West graveyard is the happiest, tackiest place on earth to live out your dead years. It is smack in the middle of town, so one is never alone. Kids constantly take shortcuts through it. Parades often begin beside it. Tourists happen by every day, fascinated. Calypso music wafts up from the Bahamian neighborhood nearby. Best of all, nobody in the place gets bent out of shape about having croaked. The gravestone of B.P. Roberts reads I TOLD YOU I WAS SICK, while another stone says AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE HE'S SLEEPING TONIGHT.



And then there's the crypt of Jose J. Abreu, a Key West native and Navy veteran. All his nicknames are on the stone: Mr. Clean, Baldy, Joseito, Jojab, Jacinto, Joselillo, Diablo, Uncle Tio, Cousin, Loco, Kojak, Gamba, Calvito, Pepito, Skinhead, Primo and Nuts. Not only that, but Mr. Abreu, a big Harry Truman fan, has an epitaph: THE BUCK STOPS HERE. What's more, the crypt is empty. Mr. Abreu, 87, is alive.

Naturally Mr. Abreu became our new tackiness leader, but then, and God help us, the Fantasy Fest parade began. The Key West Fantasy Fest parade makes Mardi Gras look like Librarians' Night Out. One parader wore the right T-shirt: KEY WEST: WHERE THE POSSESSED GO TO MINGLE. Key Westers have an unparalleled willingness to throw off every shred of pretension—not to mention clothing—for the sake of a party. If a taboo was left standing after the parade, we can't imagine what it was.

The most respected business in town, Fast Buck Freddie's department store, won the contest for the best float, with its Devil's Octopussy, a spinning purple fire-breathing octopus with eight moving tentacles manned by eight barely dressed men and women. The rest of the parade was much more strange. There was a cyborg with moving electric parts, who kept repeating, "Resistance is futile. We will be assimilated"; every conceivable costume Pat Robertson wouldn't approve of; a human motorboat with an actual water-expulsion tube; the Pope and George Bush together; Amelia Earhart in a missing-child announcement on the side of a milk carton; a lady giving out $5 street massages; Miss Gay Washington, D.C., in a red convertible; a gaggle of pregnant nuns; and a constant pulsing of Latin dance music, which shook the windows on Duval Street all night. The music was so intoxicating that it overcame the driver of a parade truck, causing him to abandon the wheel, climb on top of the cab and dance uncontrollably, despite attempts by parade organizers to get him down. For three minutes the parade went nowhere; *then they dragged him down. Killjoys.*

It was an orgiastic plunge into a world where no preconceptions existed. Men were women; women, men; dogs, people; people, dogs. You could drift along without actually walking, carried on one side by a human shower (complete with curtain) and on the other by a giant tongue. It was all that two eyes could take in, and I'm only sorry we missed the parade 13 years ago, in which a woman was stripped, painted bronze and made into a hood ornament. Still, we thought we had seen it all until we saw Beauty and the Beast rolled into one: the fetching Miss Ing Link. Exhausted, we declared him/her/it the winner and collapsed happy.

We never did find our socks. ■

B.P. Roberts is finally at peace, but not that giant lobster by the roadside.

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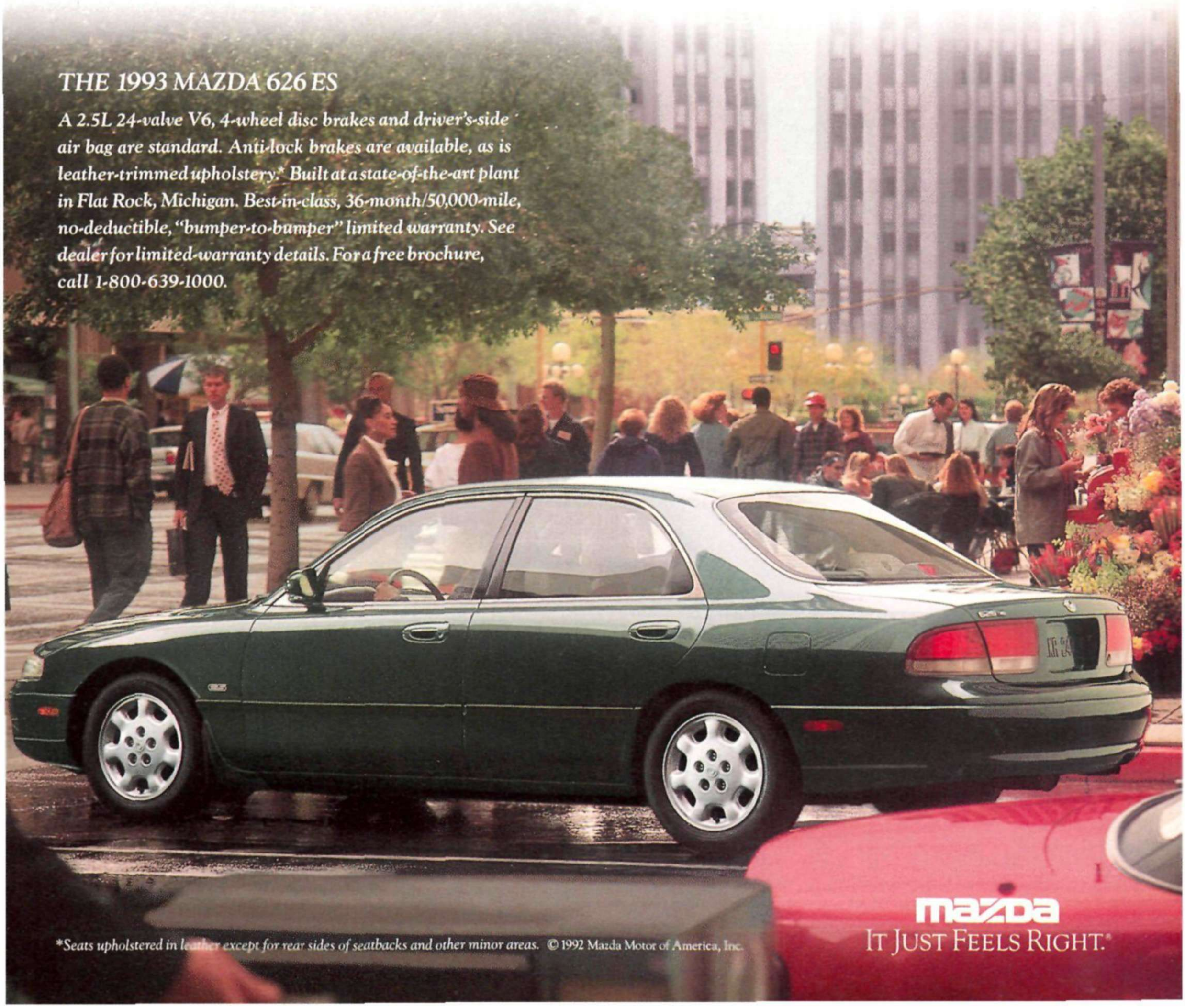

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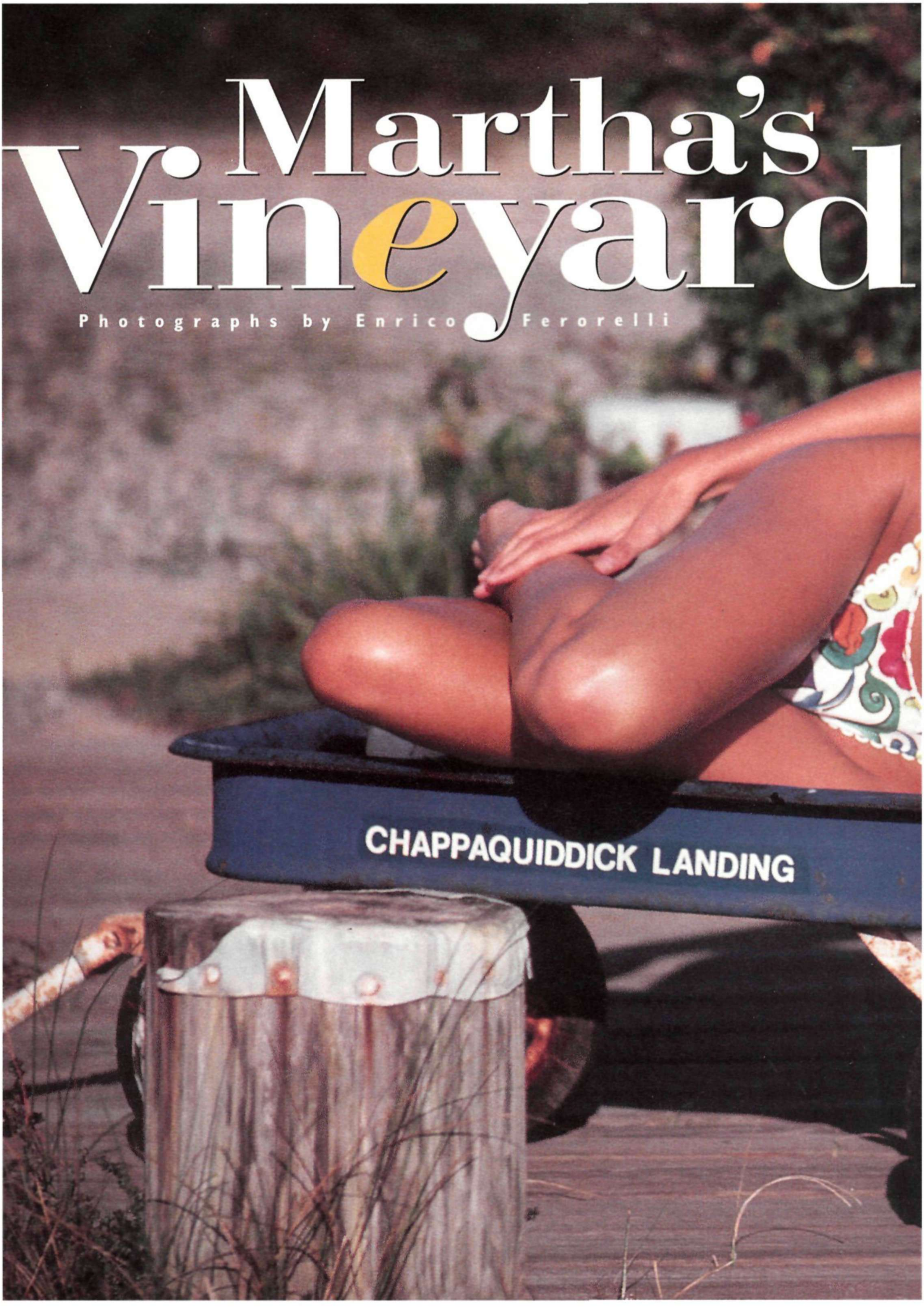
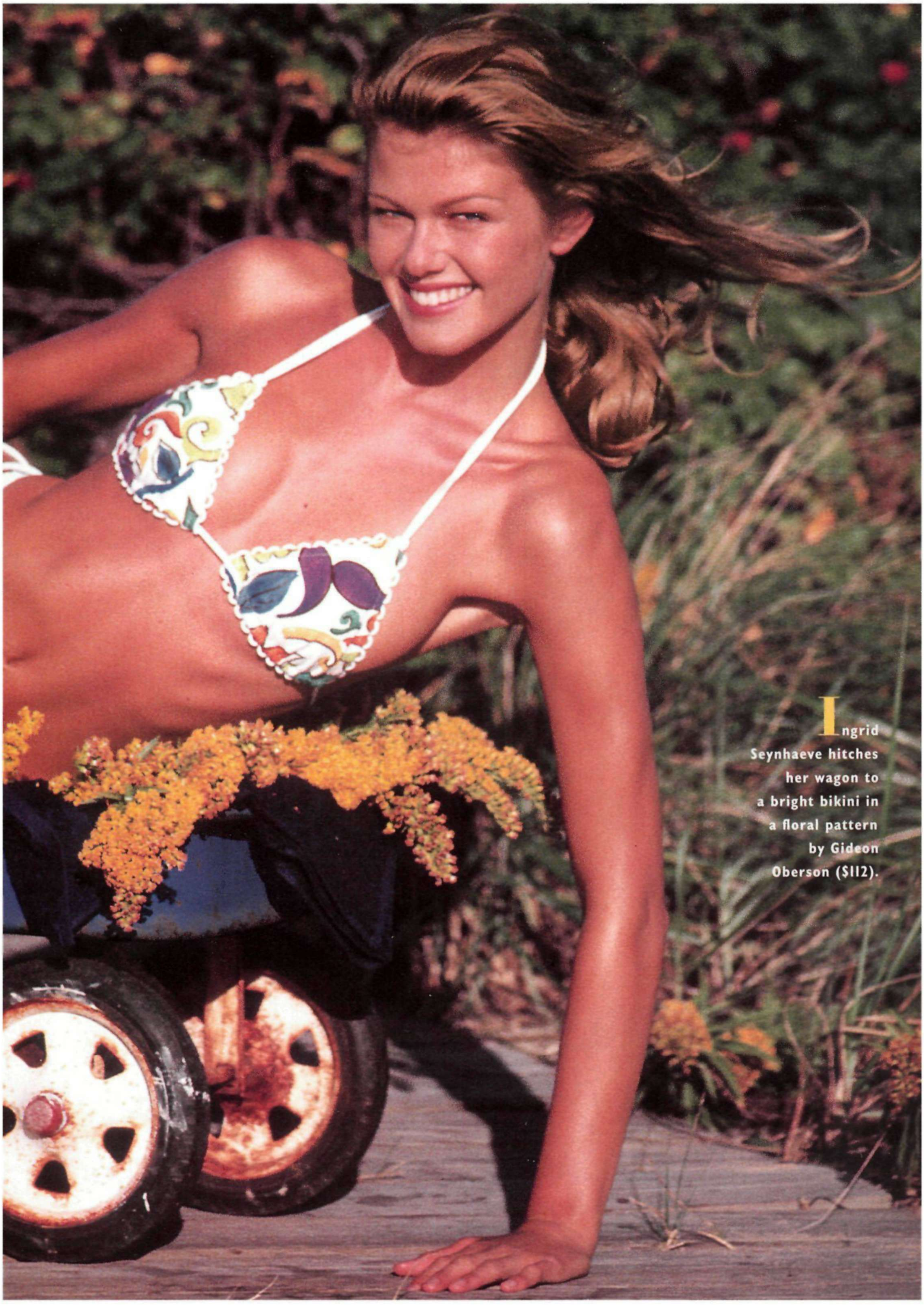
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.®

Martha's Vineyard

Photographs by Enrico Ferorelli





Ingrid Seynhaeve hitches her wagon to a bright bikini in a floral pattern by Gideon Oberson ($112).

It would be raillery to say Ashley Richardson is just a porch sitter in her suit by Shok ($62) and sheer nonsense to say Estelle Hallyday is dithering on the dock in a pajama with bikini inset by Keiko ($150).

Estelle looks anything but crushed on the beach below the Edgartown lighthouse in this Lycra velvet suit by Trulo ($97).

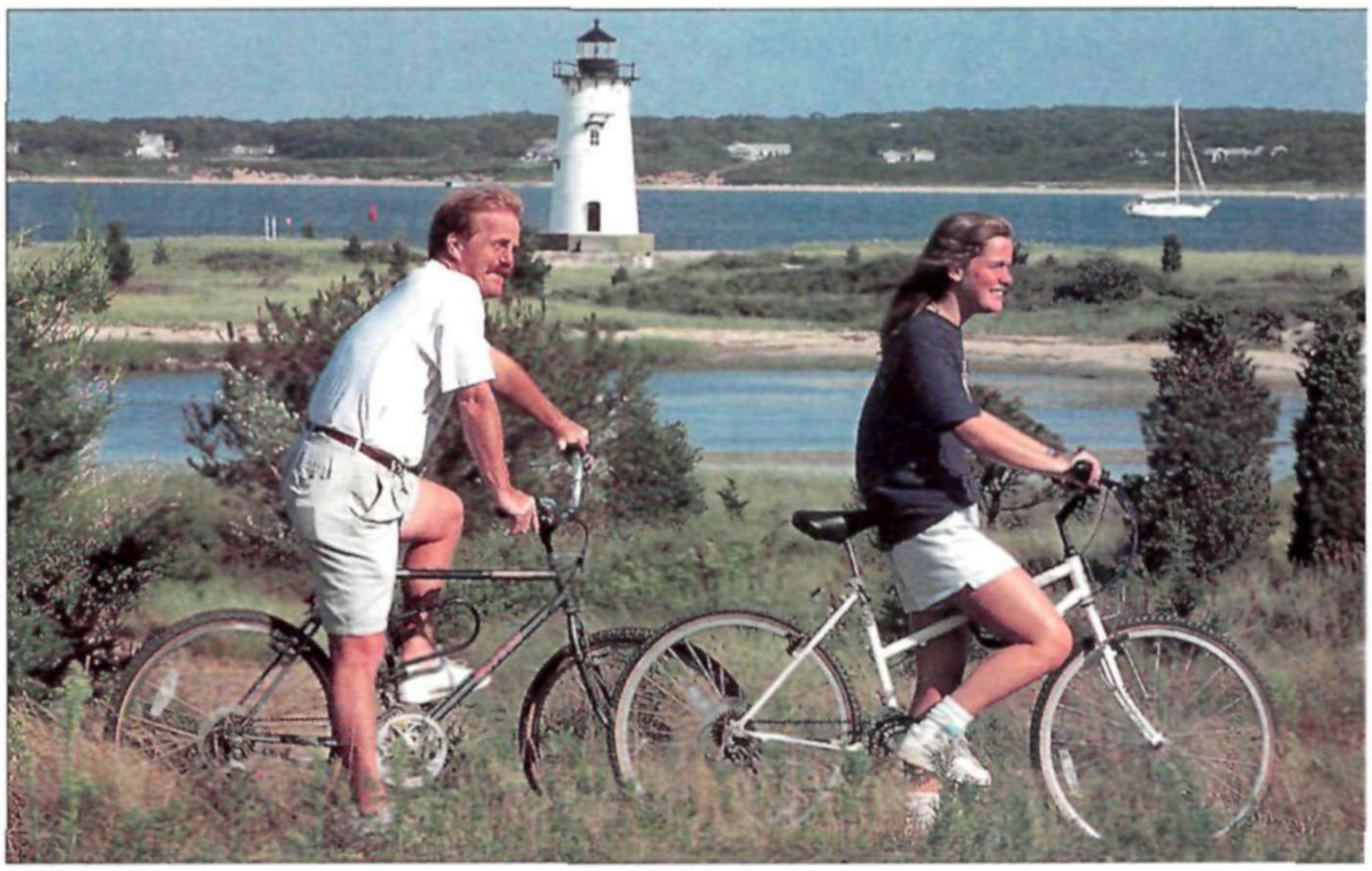
Estelle cleaves to cliffs in a maillot by Calvin Klein ($141). Ingrid fishes for compliments in a net T-shirt and string bikini from Gottex ($340).

Martha's Vineyard

Completing a Cycle

A father-and-daughter bike tour evoked thoughts of the past—and of the future

BY LEIGH MONTVILLE



I AM THE LEADER. I RIDE THE FIRST bike because I am the father, and I will handle any of the problems that may arise. An out-of-control car? I will take the brunt of the collision. A sudden dip in the topography, a patch of sand, a stone wall? I will meet the trouble first because my daughter is only five years old and this is her first bike and the training wheels have not been removed for very long and . . . no, this is not exactly the truth.

My daughter is 17 years old. She rides a bike very well. I am the leader because I don't know what else to be. I suddenly am the father of a young woman.

"Why do you keep looking back at me?" she asks.

"Just checking," I say.

"Well, I'm all right," she says. "Just watch the road."

This is the summer between her junior and senior years in high school. She was born about a week ago, and I think I remember taking her to kindergarten for the first time last Thursday. There was a nervousness about a junior high school dance just yesterday. Seventeen years old? A senior? I am the victim of some mad prank in time-lapse photography. I finished building that three-foot-tall green dollhouse only last night, wallpapering the rooms with pieces cut from a fat sample book. Why has a covering of dust suddenly appeared on the roof?

The last time I was on Martha's Vineyard, my daughter was not born. Her brother, Leigh Alan, who now goes to college *(her brother goes to college?)*, was only a year old. There was a tidy clapboard motel on the edge of Edgartown that catered to young families. The motel featured a swimming pool and a kiddie pool and a set of big iron swings that looked very dangerous at the time. Who would let a kid ride on those swings? I remember picking up a killer sunburn in approximately 35 minutes, sitting by the kiddie pool, on guard against all danger.

"That motel we passed. . . ," I say.

"I know, I know, you were there when my brother was a year old," she says. "You told me this three times already. You picked up a sunburn in 35 minutes. Sitting by the kiddie pool. The swings are still there. Isn't it amazing?"

Everything is amazing. Edgartown has not changed. Martha's Vineyard has not changed. A triangular-shaped island, 22 miles long and nearly nine miles wide, Martha's Vineyard sits off the shoulder of Cape Cod, surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, removed from the modern commerce of the mainland by a 45-minute ride on a ferryboat from Woods Hole, Mass. There is still a Disney sort of perfection to the island on a summer's day. Looking for New England? Disembark from the ferry at Vineyard Haven, with the cars and the tourists and the hubbub, and disappear into the fantasy, which also is reality. The boats in the harbor are actual fishing boats, used every day by actual fishermen. The lobster pots collect actual lobsters. The various restaurants in the six Vineyard towns sell the lobsters, with actual college students waiting on tables, taking the orders with actual smiles.

I am told that in the winter the island can be a bleak outpost, the days gray and unemployment high among the 12,000 year-round residents. The summer is much different. Shutters are opened. Plywood panels are removed from storefront windows. The population is increased by a multiple of five or six. Money is spent as if it has just been invented.

"John Belushi is buried here," I say. "It seems the perfect place for him. . . ."

"You told me this on the boat," my daughter says. "His grave is in Tisbury, right? His wife still lives here. Right? Carly Simon lives here. Walter Cronkite. Spike Lee has a place in Oak Bluffs. You gave me the entire story. I know, I know. That movie *Jaws* was filmed here. You can stop pointing out scenes, because I never saw *Jaws*. I was too young when it came out. You said I'd be scared." You never saw *Jaws*? I say to myself. Didn't it win some Academy Awards just this year?

The idea of this trip is that we ride the bikes, spend three days traveling together. The car is parked in a lot on the mainland. The only means of transportation we use are biking and walking. The weather, late in August, finally is terrific after a cool and rainy summer. We have T-shirts for the days and sweatshirts for the nights, shorts and sandals and sneakers and that's it. There is no schedule. There are no lessons for her, no assignments for me except writing this story. We can pedal and talk. We can swim and sunbathe

Photographs by Enrico Ferorelli

and talk. Talk. It is a vacation luxury.

Neither of us is what you would call a cycling enthusiast. We own sturdy, fat-tired bikes with a mystifying assortment of 15 gears. I ride maybe a dozen times a year, half of these times when my car is being serviced. My daughter rides more, out of necessity. She has no car of her own and sometimes needs a way to travel to her part-time job at a bakery or to her music lessons. That is the scope of our cycling. We have done no special training for this trip except lifting the bikes on and off the rack on the back of the car. I suppose we would be considered novices, but I would call us normal tourist riders.

"Is this supposed to be a sports story?" my daughter asks. "What's the sports story here? That we're riding the bikes?"

"I guess," I say. "I suppose this is as much a sport as, say, working out on a machine in some gym somewhere, as much a sport, maybe, as going skiing with friends. It's physical. If you took it to another level, rode in some races, then it definitely would be a sport, because there would be competition and standings and trophies and all the rest. Here, I suppose I would call it a participation sport."

"What about walking to the store for the morning newspaper?" she says. "That's physical. Is that a participation sport? What about painting a house? Mowing a lawn? Are those sports? Little kids ride their Big Wheels. Is that a sport, riding Big Wheels?"

"Sport," I say. "Everything is sport. Walking, mowing, eating, thinking. Picking up your room is a sport. You have a chance to be in the Hall of Fame for Picking Up Rooms. It will be a long shot, but you have a chance if you start practicing

The author began his visit to Martha's Vineyard as the leader of the pack, pedaling past the island's traditional shingled houses and the rugged cliffs at Gay Head, but by the end of the three-day tour, daughter led Dad.

as soon as you are home. Is that fair enough? Riding bikes is a sport."

We ride everywhere. Our base is Edgartown, at the Harbor View Hotel. The town is an old whaling village, the 19th-century homes of the captains preserved and almost venerated, the ghosts of dour women patrolling the many widow's walks in veils, eyes turned toward the sea in search of absent men. The streets are narrow, the sidewalks cobblestone. The tourist crush overwhelms the scene, well-dressed families back from the beach and in search of the perfect T-shirt or pizza.

Our grand in-town adventure is a narrow brush with an oncoming Ben and Jerry's truck that is delivering ice cream to the populace. We do not see the truck. The driver does not see us. There is a three-way squeal of brakes at the last possible moment. My daughter says it would have been a perfect yuppie death, the two of us hit by a Ben and Jerry's designer ice-cream truck in the midst of a yuppie town, and we would have been taken directly to yuppie heaven. I wonder how such cynicism is borne by someone so young. She says she learned it from me.

The prettiest trip is a six-mile ride along the coast to Oak Bluffs. A paved bike path takes us past the long state beach to a town of totally different character from Edgartown's. In the path is a menagerie of riders ranging from professional-looking racers who fly past with a careful warning—*"Left!"*—to slow-moving families with little children riding in carts attached to the backs of the bicycles. At any point there is a place to stop, spread a blanket and enjoy the sun. On our trip we see hundreds of riders, more bicycles than we see cars on the adjacent road.

Oak Bluffs is Victorian and funky. It was built mainly in the 19th century by Methodists. The houses feature ornate gingerbread trim on their porches and eaves, and many are painted in pastels. The area has long been a vacation spot for affluent African-Americans, who call the local stretch of beach the Inkwell. One of the oldest merry-go-rounds in America is in town. It is a historic preservation that actually works. I tell my daughter that I remember riding on the horses with her brother when he was a baby. She says I have told her this already. I almost fell off reaching for the brass ring. That is the punch line. Hilarious.

Other trips take us to the beach at Katama, to the Wampanoag reservation at Gay Head and to the center of the island, where only the sea air tells you that water is not far away. We also take a small ferry across a channel to Chappaquiddick Island, the site of Senator Ted Kennedy's automobile accident in 1969. This is probably the most historic spot in the area, where a presidential future died along with young Mary Jo Kopechne. I remember my last visit, not long after the accident. A wonderful beach was on the other side of the Dike Bridge, where the tragedy occurred. We would go to the beach every day, and every day tourists would gather, re-creating the accident. How did Kennedy's car go off the bridge? How did Kopechne drown in such shallow water? When my daughter and I arrive, I am surprised to see that there are three groups of tourists still asking the same questions. Will this never stop? I also am surprised to see that the bridge has been closed. A large fence bars passage.

"You should see the beach on the other side," I tell my daughter. "It's the best on the island. At least as I remember it."

"But what are you going to do?" she says. "It's closed now. Gone. To go to the beach, we're going to have to go back to Edgartown, then on the road to Oak Bluffs."

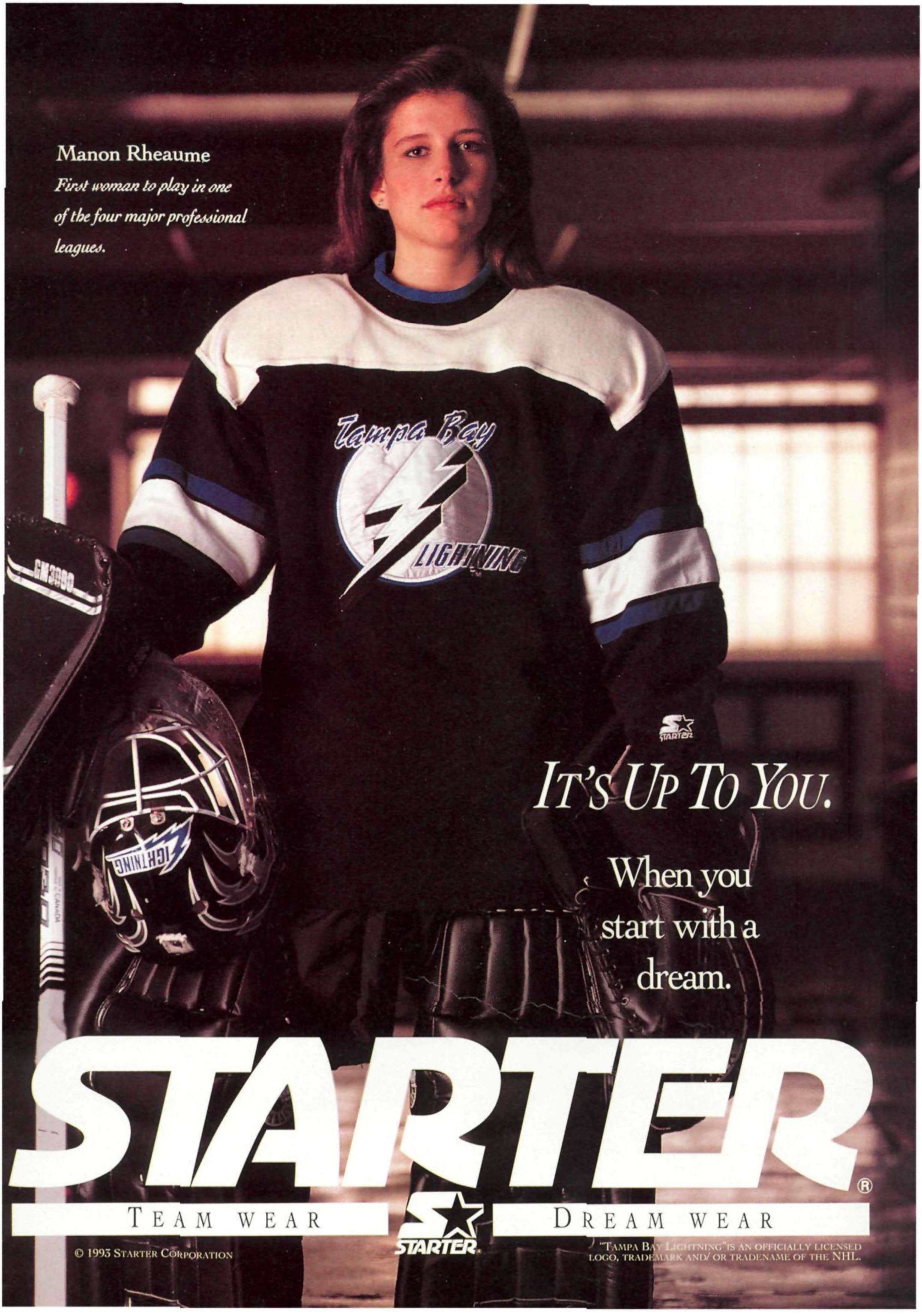
"Right."

We have brought our towels in anticipation of the beach, and we keep them around our necks as we pedal back. This ride on top of all the other rides seems to be a bit too much for me. I feel a pain in my backside, pain in my thighs, pain in my calves. Almost without noticing, I am not the leader anymore. I am laboring, and my daughter has moved to the front.

I watch her as I clunk along. She is confident. She is strong, balanced evenly on the bike, hair flying behind her. Danger? She can handle danger. A construction truck rides past. It contains two young guys, and one of them whistles. My daughter rides straight ahead as I glare into the cab. Next summer at this time she will be busy, preparing to leave for some college, and in the summers after that, who knows what she will be doing? She will be in control. My daughter, Robin. The young woman.

How did this happen? I still am not sure. I simply keep pedaling. ■

Edgartown retains much of the charm of its heyday as a whaling port.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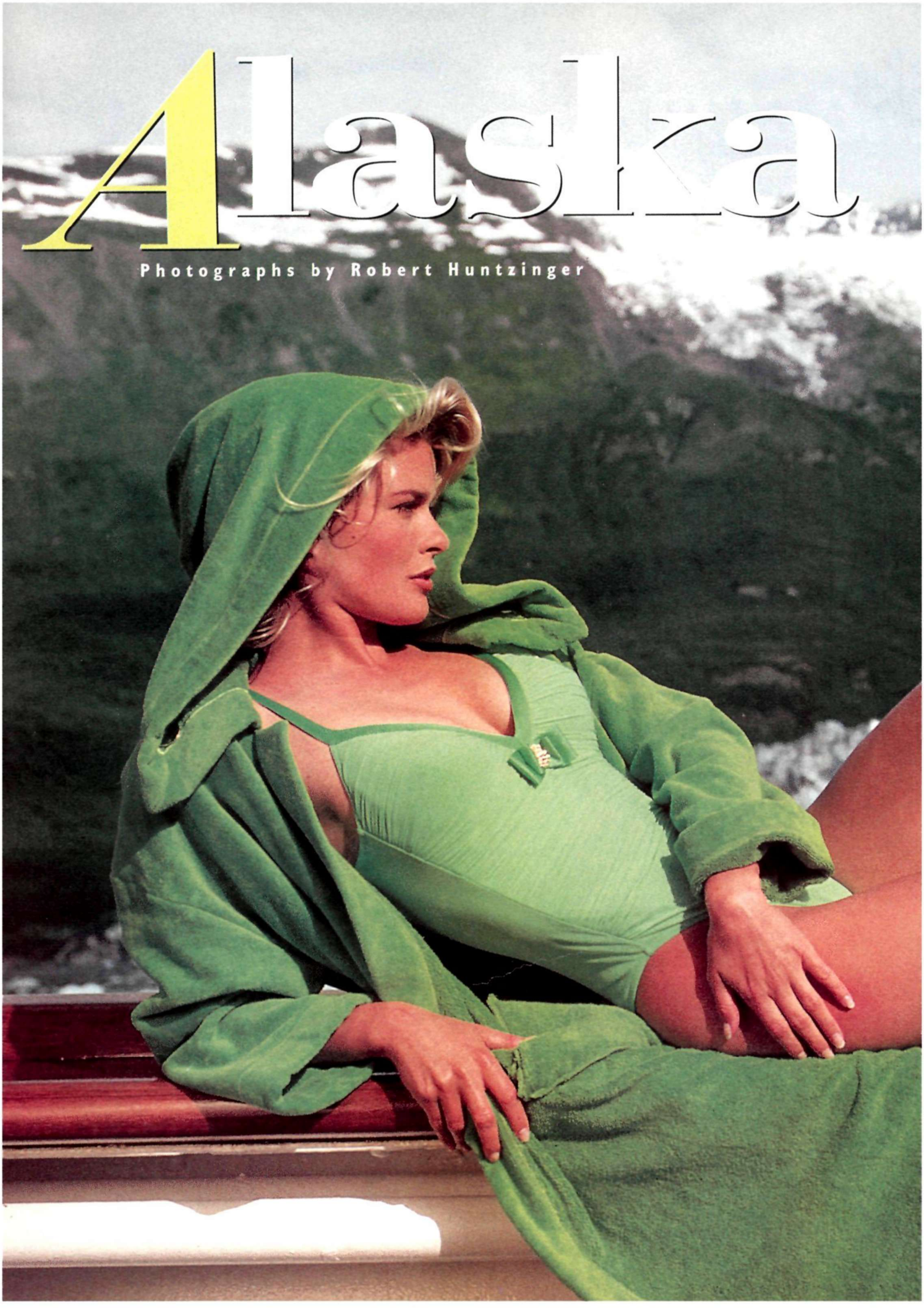
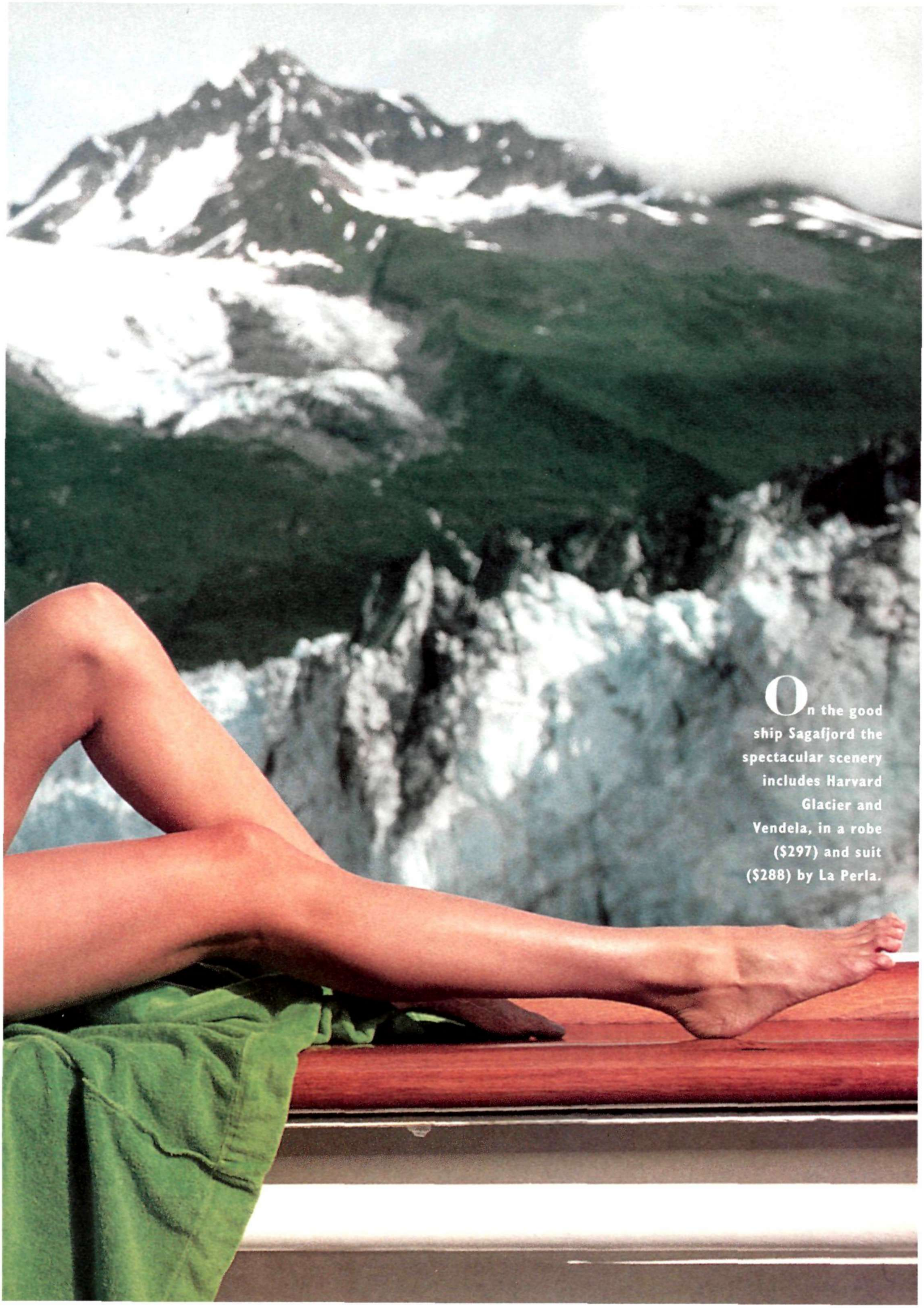
Alaska

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger





On the good ship Sagafjord the spectacular scenery includes Harvard Glacier and Vendela, in a robe ($297) and suit ($288) by La Perla.

SAGAFJORD
LB 16-82.79-01.20
NASSAU
2
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SAGAFJORD
2
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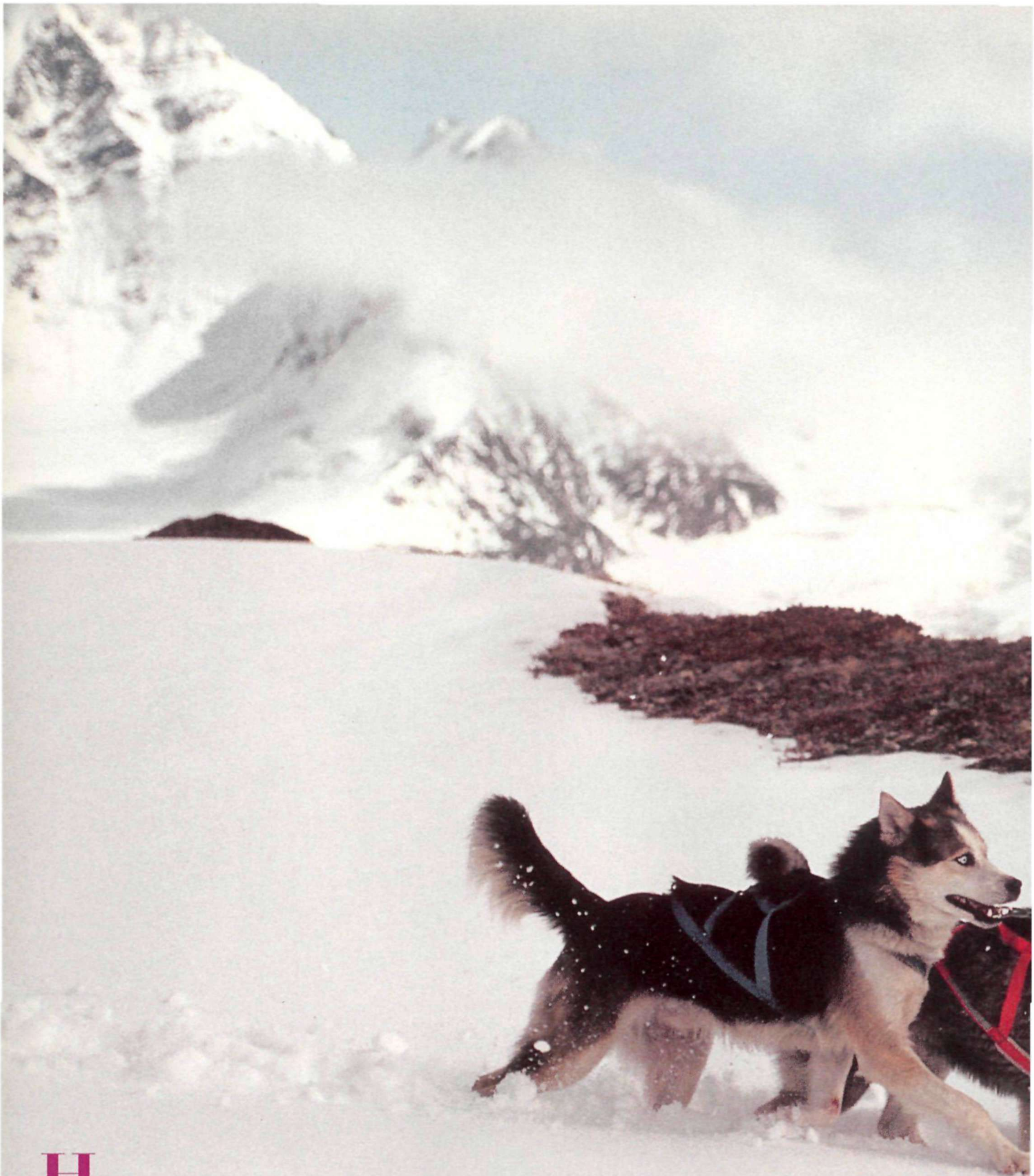
Vendela jumps ship in a bikini by Viewpoint ($70), under a nautical ensemble by Gottex ($294), while, ashore, Ingrid Seynhaeve finds puppy love in a suit by Gottex ($110).



Handsome and Sundance chase a snow leopard—or is that Vendela in a suit by Lisa Lomas ($250)—across Knik Glacier.

Ashley Richardson goes freebooting on Knik Glacier in a tank suit by Adrienne Vittadini ($78), and then laces up to shake the shivers in a Lycra suede suit by Gottex ($130).

Alaska

A Northwest Passage

A group of kayakers discovered that the Ice Age is alive and well on Glacier Bay

by E.M. SWIFT

I HAD WANTED TO SEE A WHALE, NOT be flattened by one. Twenty-five yards off the bow, the humpback surfaced and was making straight for the kayak. "Left rudder!" I yelled.

In the stern my partner, Steve Kelly, blithely paddled on. Oh, he saw the whale, all right. It would have been as hard to miss as an approaching ferry. He just figured with me in the bow as a buffer, it might be an amusing time to play chicken.

I froze, enthralled and terrified by the deep, even breathing of the creature cruising atop an otherwise silent sea. Its blowholes flared as it exhaled. Each breath sounded like a propane blast from a hot-air balloon. Strange-looking lumps, which I mistook for eyes, protruded from the top of the humpback's chocolate-colored head. Its back was mottled with barnacles. An unearthly creature—45 tons and 45 feet long—yet one in scale with its spectacular surroundings. I was the one who was out of scale, a speck on the salt sea, as insignificant to the whale as a piece of driftwood.

I'd been told there was no recorded instance of a humpback's overturning a kayak, but by my reckoning, in the next 10 seconds we stood a good chance of being the first. "Left rudder! I'm not kidding!" I shrieked, my voice rising an octave to the exact pitch of a humpback's song. The monster plowed ahead.

"Oh, man! admire and model thyself after the whale!" Ishmael admonished the reader in *Moby-Dick*. "Do thou, too, remain warm among ice." Good advice, that. We were 300 yards from shore and had been told we could swim no more than 50 feet in Glacier Bay before our muscles would seize up and our brains shut down. As I took a deep breath and braced for the collision, I tried my best to model myself after the leviathan that was now a boat's length away.

Six days earlier the only thing I'd been worried about was rain. Actually that's not true. I had also worried about bears. Days and days of rain, followed by wet bears. A woman on the airplane to Juneau got me started. "Going kayaking in Glacier Bay?" she said, raising her eyebrows. "I hope you get at least one overcast day."

"One sunny day, you mean," I said.

"No chance of sun this time of year," she replied. "I mean one day when it's not raining."

Overcast, to her, was perfectly brilliant weather, the best we could hope for. She told me that it had rained every day but 10 in Glacier Bay last summer, something like 99 inches all year. Some 30 years ago William Egan, who was governor of Alaska at the time, used to declare "sun holidays" when the clouds parted. This summer the ratio of sunny days to rainy ones had been more tolerable, but it was now the last week of August, and the rainy season was at hand. The woman hoped I had rubberized rain gear. Then she sighed as the plane's captain, preparing for landing, announced that it was 56° outside and drizzling.

"I never thought that would sound so good," the woman said. She'd been away three weeks and was homesick for mold and her slicker.

From Juneau I took a short flight to Gustavus (pop. 250), passing the time by reading a pamphlet I'd found in the seat pocket. It had been issued by the National Park Service. If I were attacked by a brown bear, the pamphlet advised, I should climb a tree. If no tree were handy, I should play dead. Under no circumstances should I struggle if a brown bear mauled and began to devour me. The theory, I assume, was that I would taste bad and the bear would leave me unfinished.

Black bears, however, were a different matter. A black bear could stomach anything. If I were attacked by one, I should not climb a tree, because black bears are practically born in trees. I was instructed to fight back vigorously—with fists, sticks, stones, whatever was at hand. But no guns. It is illegal to carry a gun in most parts of the Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve.

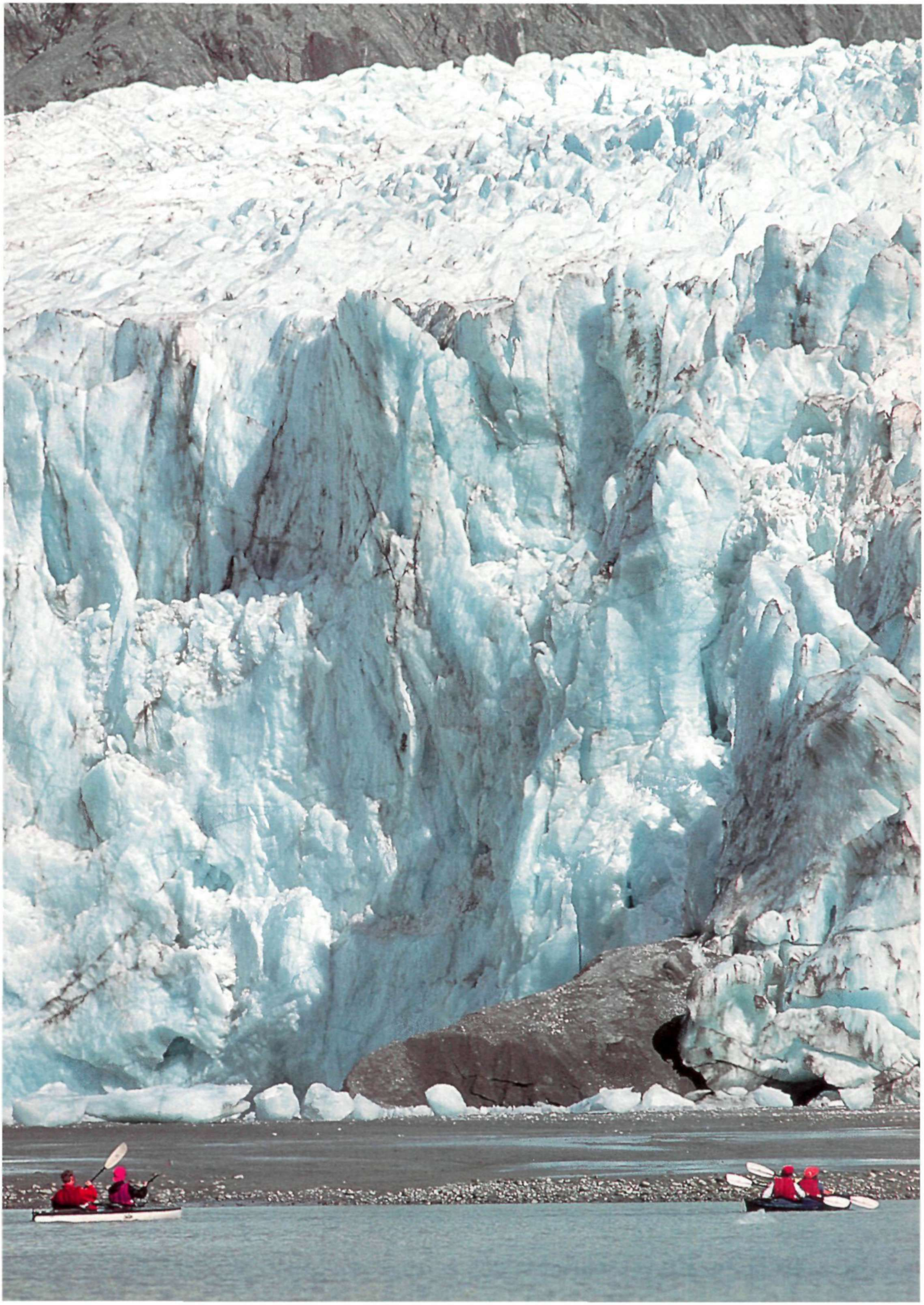
So before I disembarked from the airplane, two independent sources had convinced me that for the next six nights and seven days I'd be 1) wet, 2) cold and 3) bear bait. No one even mentioned whales.

The outfit I would be kayaking with was called Alaska Discovery. The orientation meeting that first night provided little relief from my fears. "Everyone have rubber boots?" we were asked by our two guides, David Nitsch and Jonathon Orelove. They would be leading nine of us—five men and four women, ranging in age from late 20's to mid-50's. Some of us had kayaked before; some had not. Some had had a lot of camping experience; some were virtual novices. All appeared reasonably fit, if not budding triathletes.

"Everyone have garbage bags to keep clothes and sleeping bags dry?" the guides continued. Waterproof duffels? Wool? Polypropylene? Rubberized rain gear? No mention of swimsuits or suntan

Mostly spectacular weather, a breathtaking encounter with a humpback whale (above), and Popsicle-blue glaciers made for a memorable seven-day trip.

Photographs by Mark Gamba



One campsite, in a boulder field hard by a glacier, offered a panoramic view.

Alaska

lotion, I noted. The forecast for southeast Alaska, they said, was for three more days of rain and then possible clearing. The usual forecast.

Just when I figured I couldn't possibly absorb any more good news, someone brought up the subject of bears. It seems that Alaska had already had two bear-related fatalities earlier in the summer—one person killed by a black bear, one by a brownie. The black bear had climbed onto the roof of a woman's house to catch her. Neither attack had occurred in the Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve, but that was small comfort. David and Jonathon told us we were almost certain to encounter bears. There had already been several instances of bears wandering into Alaska Discovery campsites that summer, beasts so ravenous that one had bitten a tube of suntan lotion in half. So each night we would be locking up our food and toiletries and storing them far from our tents. We were advised to sing or talk loudly whenever we were in the woods. And the two married couples—fortunately, long married—were discouraged from engaging in conjugal bliss.

Instead of guns, the guides would carry canisters of cayenne pepper as a last line of defense. It wasn't as silly as it sounded. Jonathon had already used his canister once during the summer. He'd been leading a group on a hike when a black bear appeared on the trail. The hikers panicked and ran—a boneheaded play because bears, like dogs, cannot resist a good chase. Jonathon held his ground, and as the black bear charged, he sprayed the pepper in its face. The bear turned and fled, sneezing and rubbing its eyes.

If something like that were to happen to us, the proper course of action, we were told, would be to huddle together, make loud noises and wave our arms, because you cannot outrun a bear. "You don't have to outrun the bear," pointed out photographer Mark Gamba. "You only have to outrun the slowest member of the group." Everyone laughed. Then each of us tried to assess who that member might be.

The next morning I borrowed a waterproof duffel and some garbage bags from Mark, repacked my belongings and prepared for the deluge. A float plane dropped us at the upper end of Glacier Bay and then flew out—or should I say rescued?—the group that had preceded us. It had rained six of the last seven days, three days nonstop. "Well, we survived," was a typical comment. A woman, sixty-ish, gave me the most valuable bit of advice she could think of: the best way to relieve oneself in a rainstorm. The technique required a poncho, which was, regrettably, a piece of rain gear I hadn't brought.

But it wasn't raining at the moment, and our spirits were temporarily high. We would be traveling in six two-person kayaks: four fiberglass Easy Riders and two portable nylon-and-aluminum Feathercrafts, engineering marvels that nonetheless had taken us more than an hour to assemble. By then the drizzle had begun, soaking our lunch. "We paid $1,300 for this?" said my paddling partner, Patty Allen, a college lecturer in foreign languages from Ann Arbor, Mich.

Because of our late departure, we paddled only 2½ hours the first day. Mostly David and Jonathon wanted us to get a feel for the kayaks. I'd been in a sea kayak only twice and was surprised by how stable both the Easy Riders and the Feathercrafts felt once you were in them. David told us that only three kayaks had been tipped over on Alaska Discovery trips in the past 20 years. After five minutes I felt at ease, as if I'd been kayaking for weeks. The paddling motion was almost instinctive, the upper-body equivalent of pedaling a bike.

Unfortunately the seat of my Feathercraft began to list to starboard. A strap that secured the seat to the kayak's frame had come undone. Being inexperienced in such matters, I didn't stop to fix it. As I paddled on, slowly but surely my spine became realigned. In the bow Patty began to lean like the Tower of Pisa. The craft itself sat cockeyed in the water.

"You guys look like you're sinking," remarked the friendly couple in the kayak beside us. They were from just outside of San Francisco. I shall refer to them as Ted and Amanda, for reasons that will become apparent later. Ted looked like a banker; Amanda looked successful, sophisticated and refined. They were the oldest members of our group but as fit as any of us.

"We're not sinking. We're leaning," I reassured them.

A throbbing haze of pain began to affect my appreciation of the scenery. Not that you could see much. The low-lying clouds rendered the view a bleak canvas of grays—wet granite plunging steeply into a slate sea. We were heading up Muir Inlet, the east branch of Glacier Bay, one of hundreds of waterways that had been carved out of Alaska's Inside Passage by glaciers. In the rising wind we could smell the glaciers, cold and fresh. The smell was unlike any other.

Two hundred years ago, when the British navigator George Vancouver first sailed up this coast, Glacier Bay was no more than an indentation in the coastline. Today it is 65 miles long and more than 1,000 feet deep in some areas. We paddled past one nondescript point of land that, David told us, was buried under 3,000 feet of ice when the Beatles were on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. That glacier is now

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7½ miles away. The Ice Age is very much alive and well in this part of the world. For while the glaciers in Muir Inlet are slowly retreating, the glaciers in Tarr Inlet, the west branch of the bay, are advancing.

Just before the drizzle became a driving rain, we stopped at a place called Riggs Inlet to set up camp. Patty and I had an inch of water in the bottom of our kayak, but the garbage bags had done their job. My sleeping bag and spare clothing were dry. Clearly, though, this experience had the potential to get old fast. There is nothing quite like setting up and taking down tents in the rain. The inside of a tent starts out looking wonderfully cozy, but then you ruin it by hauling all your wet stuff in with you. Nothing dries. Dampness pervades every corner of the tent, every stitch in your waterproof duffel. Smells ripen. After a couple of days you feel as if you're sleeping inside a terrarium.

During dinner, at the height of that evening's storm, the fly to the cook tent collapsed. Some six quarts of rainwater funneled onto my paper plate, further congealing a pile of spaghetti that had been cooked about 20 minutes past al dente. Already cold, I was now also hungry and wet. That night I wrote in my diary, which had been sealed in a waterproof Ziploc bag, only: "This sucks. Back hurts. Rain. Garlic bread brutal. Bed at 10 p.m." Pretty pathetic. But I never claimed to be Meriwether Lewis.

The next morning I wrote: "Muddah, Faddah, kindly disregard this letter." That's the last line of the old Allan Sherman song about a letter sent home from a hellish summer camp. The kid who wrote the letter, needless to say, ended up having a good time.

I had awakened in the middle of a picture postcard. The rain had stopped. The clouds had cleared. The bay, now a mirror, reflected a snowcapped peak that had not been visible the previous evening. Chunks of pale-blue glacial ice floated in the still lake. The water was aquamarine, the color of the Caribbean. It was one of the loveliest settings I'd ever seen.

And, wonder of wonders, the weather held. For two days we kayaked among Muir, Riggs and McBride glaciers, ogling their 200-foot-high faces. In the sunshine those faces were Popsicle blue. The tops of the glaciers, however, looked as filthy as city slush, soiled by pulverized rock that had been gouged off the mountainsides during the glaciers' snail-paced retreat.

Having fixed my kayak seat, I was paddling without pain, in my shirtsleeves. My rain gear was stuffed into the backpack between my legs. My sleeping bag was between my feet. My duffel was behind my back, and the tent was crammed into the stern. Every available inch of storage space was taken.

Once we had clamped down our kayaks' waterproof skirts, sealing off the hatches, we were struck by a marvelous sense of self-sufficiency and belonging. The kayaks seemed as natural to that environment as the ubiquitous seals—sleek, graceful, quiet and quick. No one complained of sore muscles. Paddling a kayak was comfortable, a far more balanced form of exercise than paddling a canoe. Conversation came easily, and the hours passed rapidly. With only a few inches of freeboard, the kayaks gave one the wonderful sensation of traveling not on the water but in it.

We had hoped to camp on the second night near the base of McBride Glacier, the most active glacier in the inlet. That proved to be impossible. The channel was chockablock with chunks of ice that had fallen off McBride in the last two days. Calving, it's called.

Some of the ice chunks were the size of garden sheds. They were drifting into the bay, so we had to pick our way through them, maneuvering each kayak by means of the foot-controlled rudder in the stern. For reasons I could not begin to fathom, some of the ice floes were drifting faster than others. Small ones stacked up behind big ones, sometimes tumbling into one another like giant dice or burbling unexpectedly to the surface.

We listened as we paddled, ready to push off from anything that tipped in our direction. It was as if the icebergs were alive. There would be silence for a minute, followed by a *brrrrff* or a gurgling splash, like the sound of a bird flushing or a seal breaking the surface, and then a small iceberg would sit bobbing in the water. I kept thinking something underneath the water was playing with them. David later told us that's exactly what killer

A kayaker turned into an angler when salmon leaped to his attention.

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whales do. Orcas in search of an easy meal tip over small icebergs, hoping to catch a seal sunning itself.

I took a walk that evening up to the mouth of McBride Glacier. Just as it came into view, a huge slab broke free from its face and made a titanic splash. Returning to camp, I found several large pieces of wood on the ground far above the high-tide line. No tree of that size was growing within miles. Had the wood been blown ashore during a heavy storm? I asked Jonathon about it, and he told me those pieces were probably 4,000 years old, the remains of trees that had been felled by the glacier's advance. They were perfectly preserved and still burnable.

All night long McBride Glacier continued to calve. The cracking of the ice as it broke away from the glacier reverberated across the bay, echoing off the cliffs on the opposite shore. It sounded exactly like thunder—beautiful and haunting in the windless, starry night—elemental and violent. I listened for a long time before drifting off to sleep.

We were paddling 10 to 12 miles a day. As a group, thank heaven, we turned out to be terrifically congenial. Everyone paddled at a similar pace. There were no stragglers and no speed demons. We saw almost no signs of other people. A crab trawler passed us one morning. And a lone kayaker. Once a day a cruise vessel laden with tourists chugged by on its way to the Tarr Inlet glaciers. The ships were brief and, to me, inoffensive interludes to the wilderness experience, but David hated them.

The farther south we progressed, the more varied the wildlife became. In addition to seals, we began to see greater numbers of dolphins, bald eagles, kingfishers, oystercatchers and pigeon guillemots. We saw a moose cow and calf and, farther down, a sandhill crane. No-see-ums and blackflies emerged from nowhere at dawn and dusk, begging the question: What do they live on when thin-skinned kayakers aren't around?

The icebergs became fewer and fewer, and the views began to soften. Greens began to replace grays and browns. Barren moraines became hillocks and knolls. The land, regenerated by rainfall, was reclaiming itself. We passed Muir Point, which 100 years ago was under 3,000 feet of ice. Today it is blanketed with spruce and hemlock. Except for the distant St. Elias Mountains, which looked like crumpled tinfoil against the horizon, the bay reminded me of the upper Great Lakes or any of Canada's boundary waters. Rocks the size of goose eggs, endlessly varied in color, lined horseshoe-shaped coves. Spruce trees grew to the water's edge.

The woods were different too—younger, wetter, more mysterious. A hundred years ago this was all barren rock. Now the forest was quiet, cool, damp, rich, its floor carpeted with a thick bed of moss that muffled our steps. Of course, the moss also muffled the steps of any bear that might be lurking about. Delicate ferns brushed against our knees. Hobbits, I imagined, hid in the shadows. So many shades of green. So many smells. Delicious black currants grew along the beach. Here, under the towering Sitka spruces, in an area virtually untouched by the sun, red watermelon berries and exotic mushrooms sprouted underfoot. One mushroom was cherry red; it looked as if it belonged in a cartoon. Devil's club, a terrifying, broad-leafed plant with three-inch spines on its stem, grew in the understory. A yard high, it had a perfect cone of red berries at its head.

Mark kept asking about whales. Unfortunately, David told him, it was late in the season for whales. The humpbacks that come into the bay every summer to feed on crab larvae and krill had already begun their migration south. "We saw one last trip," David said. "If we do see any, it will probably be when we get to Strawberry Island."

We did have our bear encounter, though it was a bit of an anticlimax. Just before dusk, in a place called Spokane Cove, a big black bear ambled untheatrically along the far side of the stream on which we were camped. It continued strolling up the shore of the cove, ignoring us. No one felt compelled to huddle together and wave his or her arms. No one, I was happy to see, climbed a tree. The bear was poking around the rocks for carrion. It stayed in sight for a few minutes, unperturbed by our presence, and then disappeared into the woods.

That night, as usual, we brushed our teeth, dutifully deposited our toiletries in bearproof canisters, checked out the stars and prepared to say our goodnights. But Jonathon had other ideas. He suggested

No bear cave, this, and to the relief of all, only one bear was seen all week.

Deft paddling prevented collisions with drifting calves from McBride Glacier.

we play Two Truths and a Lie. It was an interesting game for a group of strangers. The idea was for each person to tell three stories. Two had to be true. One had to be a lie. Everyone then guessed which was which.

Had we done this the night of our orientation, I probably would have caught the next plane home. The first thing we learned was that David, our guide, had once hitchhiked across the country in a clown suit. Terrific. Lead on, John Wayne Gacy. One of the women in the group, at the age of 12, had consumed an entire bottle of whiskey and become so violent that she was hauled off to jail in handcuffs. Steve, an Englishman, once had bet someone he could climb a church tower at Oxford. He fell 45 feet onto the stone courtyard, broke his shoulder, broke his hip and scrambled his insides so badly that his heart stopped. CPR saved him. Here's the scary part: A couple of years later Steve tried it again. Different church tower, same result, if slightly less horrific. He fell and broke his ankle. To this day his mother believes he broke it skiing.

Then came Amanda. By now I'd learned that her husband was not a banker at all but a college English professor. I'd learned that she was a grandmother. But Amanda remained, in my eyes, sophisticated, elegant, refined. Even when she was wearing her no-see-um-proof bug net, I could picture her shopping at Saks in San Francisco. While the rest of us were by now looking pretty frayed around the edges, Amanda continued to look as if she'd just kayaked in off the pages of an Orvis catalog. A most distinguished lady.

Her first story was about having sung a duet in high school with Joan Baez. Her second was—I don't remember her second, but it was true. Her third was about a black-tie dinner she had thrown years ago, back when she and Ted were living in the commune. (Laughter.) After cocktails Amanda and her cohost—another man, a friend, not Ted—took off their clothes and ordered their 25 guests to do likewise. (More laughter.) The guests followed instructions, and starkers, they all proceeded into the dining room. Amanda served them a spaghetti dinner but without utensils. (Peals of laughter.) Amusing things happened during the meal. (Ted nodded in confirmation.) Spaghetti proved to be a fabulously versatile medium. The culmination of the dinner was ice-cream sundaes served in the hot tub.

Smiles froze on our faces as we riffled through the pages of our memories to determine if Amanda had said or done anything in the previous five days to lend credence to such a tale. I could think of nothing. Not a word. Not a hint. She must have read about it in a novel. As it turned out, Granny Amanda could really spin a yarn. Not a word about the duet with Joan Baez was true.

When the sixth day dawned without rain, Jonathon officially declared it a drought. It was the longest stretch of sunny weather in southeast Alaska since June.

We stopped at a place called York Creek, a horseshoe-shaped cove with an idyllic view of Mount Fairweather, which rises from sea level to 15,300 feet. Some people believe Fairweather is the most beautiful mountain on earth: snow-covered, pleasingly triangular, imposing—everything a mountain should be. I was just settling back for a postlunch nap when a splash near the shore caught my attention. A seal, perhaps? A Dolly Varden? I sat up and looked. I'd brought a fishing rod, a six-piece spinning outfit borrowed from an Alaska Discovery guide back in Gustavus, and while there I'd also purchased half a dozen lures and a license. *Kerplunk!* Another splash, a heavy one, as if someone had thrown in a bowling ball.

A school of silver salmon—cohos—had entered the bay and in their bizarre, inscrutable manner were leaping three feet out of the water, preparing to make their spawning run up York Creek. Fishermen fly to Alaska from all over the world to catch silvers, and, quite by accident, we'd camped beside one of their spawning rivers. There wasn't another angler within 20 miles. Racing, I set up my rod, attached some sort of spoon to the swivel and cast on top of the next splash. Cohos do not feed before spawning, but they're territorial and will strike a lure out of anger. One did immediately. Sea-strong, it made a couple of powerful runs and jumped twice, but after a 10-minute fight it was 15 feet from shore. We were already discussing the pleasures of a salmon dinner when the fish threw the hook.

Oh, well. That was only the first cast, right? You know how this story goes. For the next six hours the salmon continued their mad belly flopping, beautiful silver sides glinting in the sunlight. I never stopped casting. Two more took the lure in the mouth of the river. One broke off; the other never hooked up. None came home for supper. It was one of the most humbling fishing days I've ever had, but also one of the best. If fishing were easy, where would the fascination be? I even tried trolling from the kayak. Finally, at dusk, the maddening jumping stopped,

and I returned to camp, defeated, having lost every lure but one.

The others couldn't believe I'd been fishing all afternoon and hadn't caught anything. To them these were suicidal fish. Most of my new friends had watched for a spell en route to a bath in the refreshingly frigid waters of York Creek. Once in the water, the bathers could have killed a salmon with a rock as the cohos slithered up the rapids, their black backs eellike in the frothy white water. What kind of fisherman was I?

"I guess it must be harder than it looks," said Patty skeptically. I'd been skunked before plenty of times, but never so publicly. And never had I felt reproach quite so keenly as when we sat down to another dinner of freeze-dried glop. If only Amanda had whipped up a pot of spaghetti.

That night as we were brushing our teeth, someone tossed a handful of pebbles into the bay. The water suddenly twinkled with light, as though a hundred tiny fireflies were flashing beneath the surface. Strange stuff. We all tried it. Each time there was the tiniest splash in the bay, the water sparkled for an instant. Phosphorescent plankton was the explanation. Stars in the sky, stars in the water. What an exotic place.

As we were loading the kayaks in the morning—*kerplunk!*—the salmon run began anew. I'd left my rod assembled, to the bemusement of the others, who had begun to feel pity for me and perhaps a twinge of guilt, like baseball fans who've booed a slumping hitter to excess. I retrieved the rod and, ever hopeful, ran to the edge of the shore. "Show yourself!" I screamed, praying for the angling equivalent of a hanging curveball. I got one.

About 15 feet offshore a second salmon jumped, and I cast to it practically before it had reentered the water. Just like that, it hooked up, and the line was screaming off the spool. The coho ran, it jumped, it thrashed around. The others were terribly encouraging. I think they were afraid I'd do something untoward—burst into tears, for instance—if this one escaped. Fortunately it didn't. It was a male, 12 to 14 pounds. Big enough, in any event, to feed 11. We cleaned it, put it in a Hefty bag and started out for Strawberry Island. It was the start of an extraordinary day.

It was our last full day, we had to remind ourselves, for the time had flown. It hadn't rained since the first day. No one had gotten hurt or ill or become sick of anyone else. We had fresh fish in the hold. The trip had fulfilled everyone's expectations. All that was left was to see a whale.

We reached Strawberry Island around 1 p.m., just as the weather was turning overcast. The rain clouds were definitely returning. After a quick lunch David offered to lead a hike around the island. The four women accompanied him. The men, meanwhile, put themselves in charge of cooking the salmon. Ted lobbied successfully for a New England–style clambake. The first step was digging a three-foot-deep pit in the stony beach.

"Men always do better when they have a project," said Steve as we clawed at the rocks with our bare hands. It was true: We were happy. It was slow going, but it was satisfying work. When our fingers began to get raw, Mark grabbed a stick. Hey, that worked pretty well. So Steve plucked a metal lid from one of the bearproof food canisters. Wow! A breakthrough—tools. The pit practically dug itself. "I feel like I'm watching the progressional history of man," said Jonathon laconically.

We lined the pit with dark, heat-absorbing rocks. Then we gathered wood and kelp. The idea was to build a large fire on the rocks and, after it had burned down, cover the coals with kelp. Upon that we would lay the salmon, stuffed with onions and peppers, then more kelp and more rocks, and, finally, we would cover the whole thing with garbage bags to lock in the heat. A tarp would have been better, but we didn't have a tarp. We figured that we would light the fire in about an hour.

I set up the fishing rod and took a walk down the beach to a spot where a freshwater stream flowed into the bay. I made a few casts, but there was no sign of salmon or Dolly Varden.

I'd been gone maybe half an hour when I noticed what appeared to be a puff of smoke by the camp. Odd that the others would start the fire so soon. The smoke dissipated and then appeared again in a different place. Huh? Someone was shouting from the shore. I had started to jog when—*fwwissshhhh!*—I saw two humpbacks rounding the end of the island. They were a stone's throw from our camp. The two puffs of smoke I'd seen had, in fact, been the whales clearing their blowholes, their breath spouting 20 feet in the air.

I was running toward the kayaks at a full sprint. So were Steve, Ted and Mark. One of the whales began veering out to sea. It sounded once; resurfaced far, far away; and then disappeared again beneath the water. That was the last we saw of it. The second whale was swimming parallel to the shore of Strawberry Island.

Ice left by the tide glistened in the unexpected late-August sunshine.

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We were determined to keep it in sight as long as we could.

Steve got into his kayak, I clambered into the bow, and off we raced with Ted and Mark, our otherwise empty kayaks seeming to skim above the water. Still, the whale was pulling farther and farther away.

After a half mile or so we stopped and waited. The whale had sounded somewhere nearby. The bay was almost perfectly calm, only the gentlest of swells rippling the surface. I strained my eyes so that I might see the humpback one last time.

Fwwissshhhh! The noise, terrifyingly close, took my breath away. The whale had surfaced behind us. My heart, bungee-jumping against my larynx, strangled my first utterance: "Awaawaaggghh!"

"Say what, mate?" said Steve, working the rudder. He spun the kayak around in time to see the humpback sound again, its magnificent broad flukes waving at us before it disappeared beneath the surface 75 yards away.

It was graceful, yes. But mostly I was thinking, It is huge. Being in a kayak only exaggerated the difference in our sizes. I was torn: fascinated to be so near this awesome creature, terrified to be so helplessly out of my element, at its mercy. What if our presence enraged it? What if it felt territorial? What if it surfaced beneath us, mouth agape while gorging on krill?

Steve started working the kayak over to the spot where the whale had last sounded. After it had been underwater a couple of minutes, my pulse slackened, and I began to relax. "Think it's gone?" I asked hopefully.

"They stay under as long as six minutes when they're feeding," Steve said. "I'm timing it."

I suddenly remembered whom I had in the stern. The mad church-tower climber. The fearless falling foreigner. The man who'd lived to tell about the time his heart had stopped. "How long's it been?" I asked.

"Coming on six minutes," he said.

The sea was eerily still. I wondered, How deep is it here? Six hundred feet? Seven hundred? I saw bubbles dead ahead. Bubbles in the middle of the bay? "Hey, look there."

Fwwiiiisssssshhhhhhhhhhh!

The whale. In my face. Breaking through the surface like a bear crashing through the undergrowth. "Left rudder! I'm not kidding!" I yelled.

The whale was 20 feet away when Steve finally began to turn the kayak. It would have been too late, but that gentle giant swerved to avoid us. Then, when it was right beside us, two lengths of the paddle away, the humpback sounded once more, its massive flukes towering above us like falling trees. I could count the barnacles on its tail. The whale slid into the deep *without a ripple, and for a full minute* after it had disappeared, a patch of calm remained where it had gone under. This is known as the whale's footprint.

For an hour and 45 minutes we stayed out there, watching while the whale fed. Usually it stayed down the full six minutes. The burbling we saw on the surface was the work of the whale, a bubble curtain that it blew around the krill to concentrate them into a small area as it gorged. Once, the krill must have schooled near the surface, for the humpback started to thrash on top of the water, swinging its head left and right, mouth opened wide.

We later found out that small boats are not permitted within a quarter mile of humpbacks, for fear that the whales, which are endangered, will be harassed out of the bay. However, this humpback clearly didn't mind our presence. It seemed curious. It once circled to the shore side of our two kayaks and surfaced 20 feet behind Mark.

Fwwwiiiisssssshhhhh! Peekaboo. Mark started rocking back and forth, hacking his lungs out. I thought he was having a heart attack. As it turned out, he'd been startled by the sound of the whale breaching so nearby and had inhaled half a dozen no-see-ums as he was taking a deep breath.

As abruptly as it had appeared, the whale decided the show was over. Swimming on the surface, it took off across the bay, bellowing as it went. Other than breathing, this was the first noise it had made. Bellowing—loud, plaintive, angry, who could tell? We followed the whale for a few minutes, but it swam so much faster than we could paddle that pursuing it was absurd. Finally, we coasted.

The author and Kelly had ringside seats for a humpback's mealtime show.

We were about to head back to camp and our salmon dinner when the whale, in one final transcendent display, threw itself *out of the water as if it could fly.* It crashed back into the sea, white water exploding three stories high above it. Twice more the whale breached, its dark body barely visible through the cascading water. Silence for a moment. Suddenly its giant flukes appeared, perhaps 20 or 30 feet above the surface. Bizarrely high. It was as if the whale were doing a headstand. The flukes seemed to hang there, the humpback upside down, teetering in a madcap display. Then that giant tail crashed onto the surface of the bay, the resulting concussion like that of an exploding stick of dynamite.

Silence. Let it rain, I was thinking. Let it pour. This is some uncommon place God and the glaciers have wrought. ■

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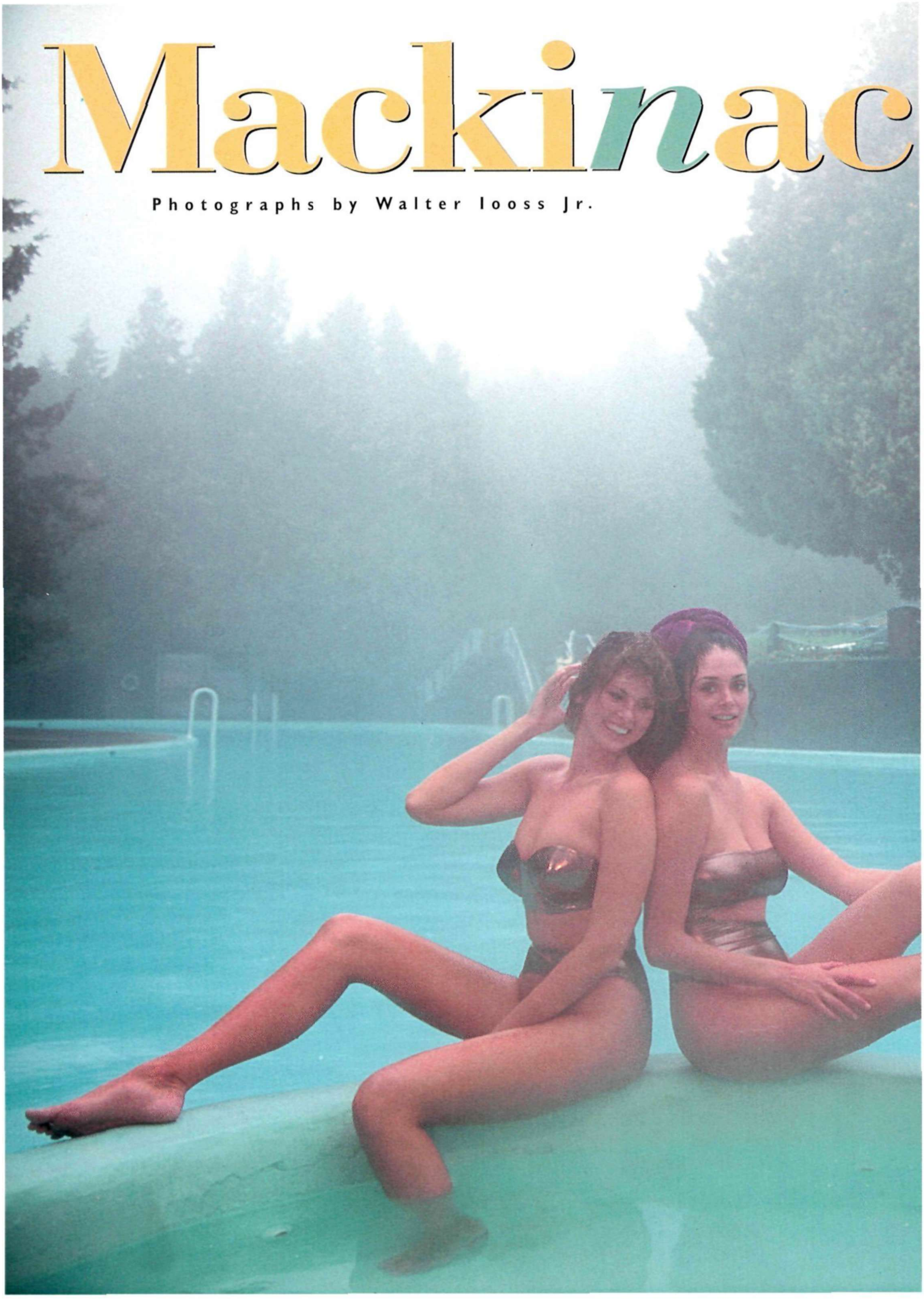
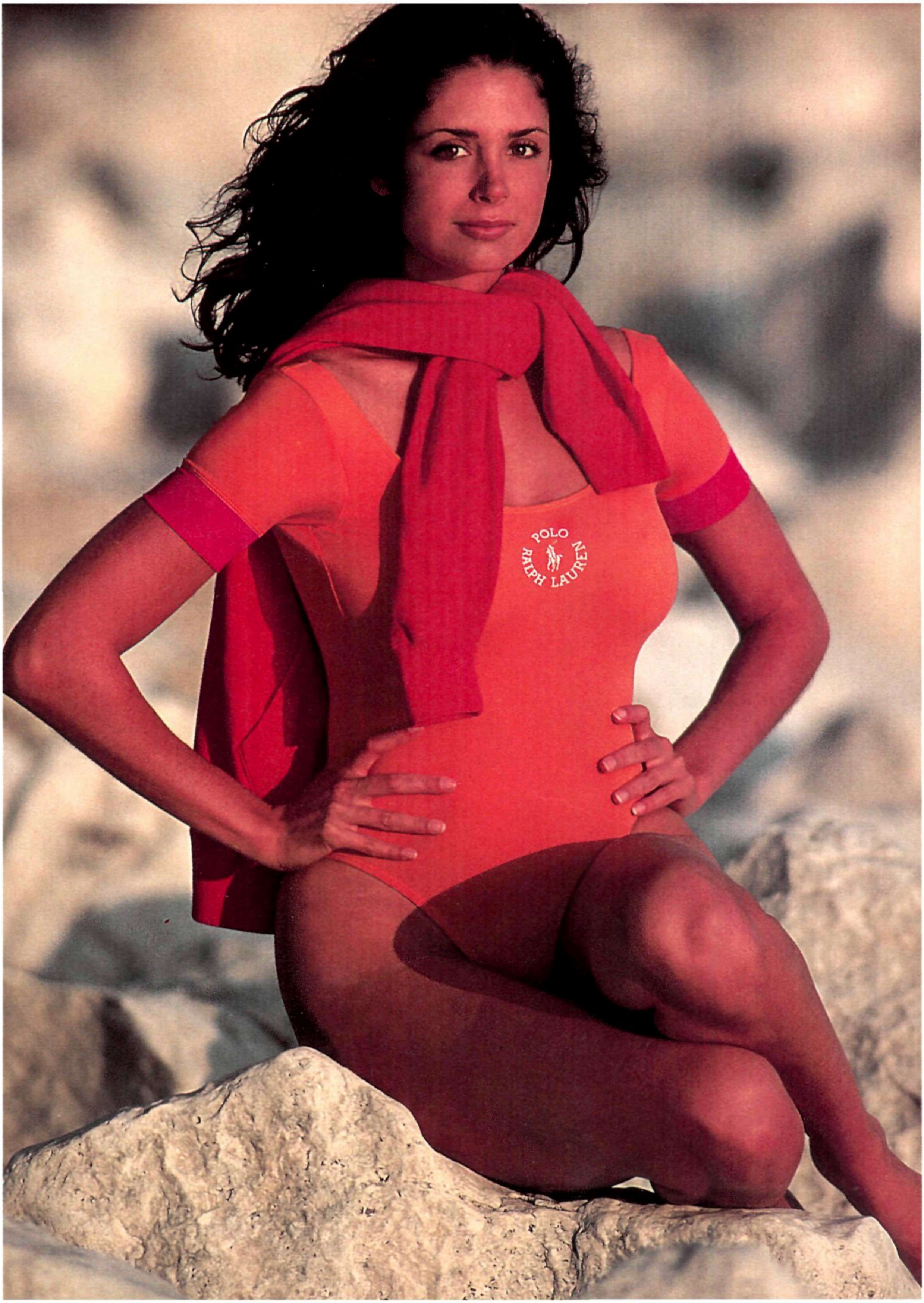


Island

Like mirages in the morning mist, Britta Dubbels (left) and Stacey Williams materialize by the Grand Hotel pool in suits ($121 and $127, respectively) from Calvin Klein.

Stacey casts a lean shadow in a unitard from TYR Sport ($475). That's Stacey again, on the Grand's grand porch, *with two legs up* on the good life in a suit ($72) and sweater ($192) by Adrienne Vittadini.

For Britta, a maillot by Keiko ($104) is the hands-down choice for pebble-beaching on Round Island. Back on Mac, Stacey is regal in a suit ($85) and sweatshirt by Ralph Lauren.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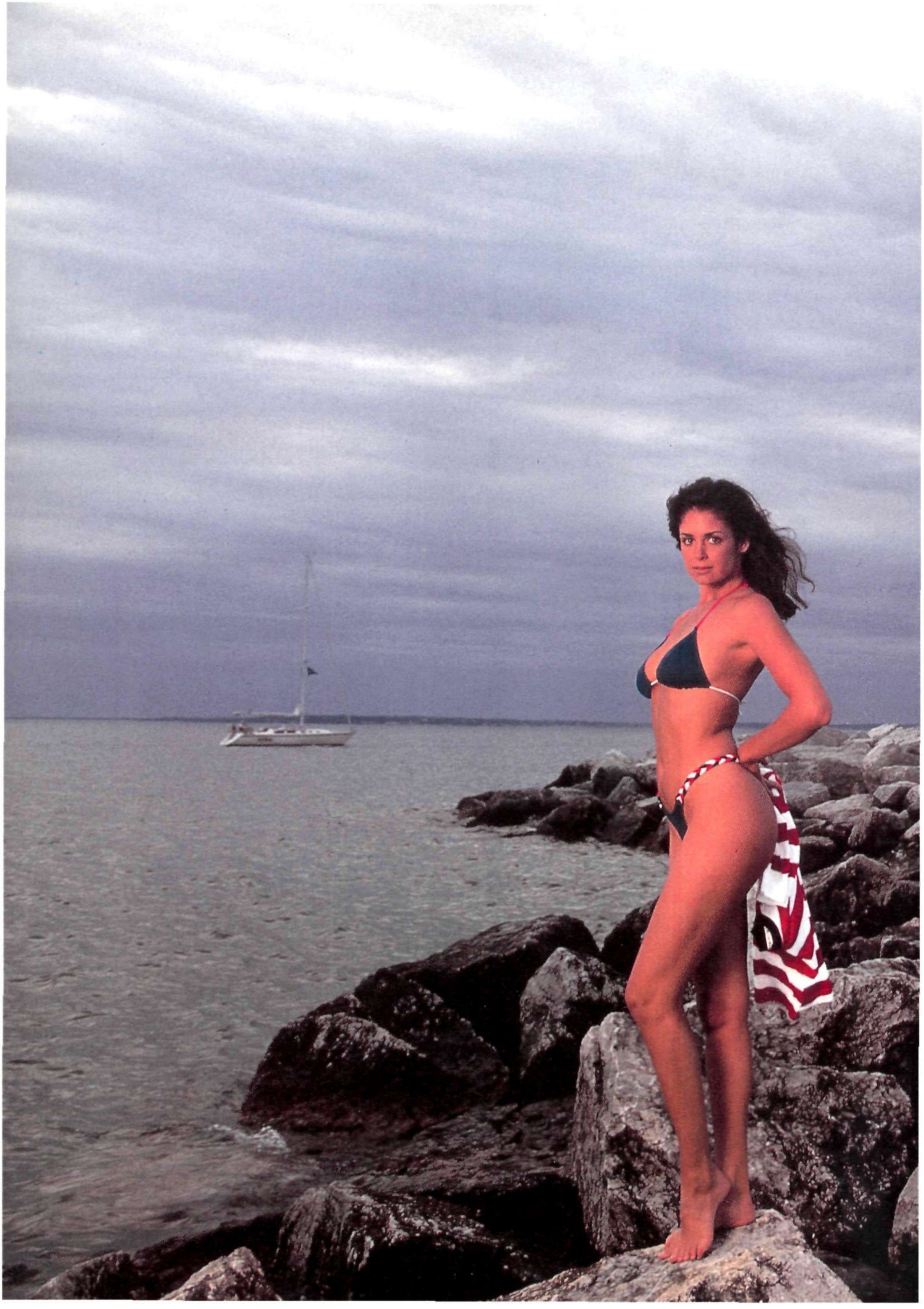


The lighthouse notwithstanding, Stacey is the true beacon in her bikini by Darling Rio ($42) and sweatshirt by Ralph Lauren.

Mackinac Island

An Oldie but a Real Goodie

Car-free streets and a hotel of timeless elegance make this island the rarest of gems

BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

MACKINAC ISLAND, THE SUMmer paradise on Lake Huron that lies between Michigan's upper and lower peninsulas, is a place lost in time. In many wonderful ways, it hasn't advanced a lick since 1896.

The little village of Mackinac, on the island's southern coast, has a new library, and around the library's fireplace are hand-painted tiles depicting scenes of life on the island. A freighter eases by the window, and librarian Cynthia Terwilliger (her father, Bill, was the U.S. decathlon champ in 1942) says, "That's something you don't see from most libraries."

Indeed, Mackinac Island is made up of *things you don't see from most anywhere* else. Mostly you don't see cars.

It's a lovely sight.

In 1896, says local historian Phil Porter, a motor vehicle was driven onto the main street, which was otherwise full of horses and buggies. "It was not a good meeting," Porter says. The horses were spooked, and the city council promptly banned horseless carriages. Nobody has ever seen any reason to change that. A local eccentric, the late E.M. Tellefson, tried to sneak a Buick onto the island in 1930 but then reluctantly gave in to authority. His daughter, Lynne, says, "People thought he didn't like horses. That wasn't true. He just thought machines were meant to save man and beast from hard labor. He thought horses should stand in pastures of clover and look beautiful."

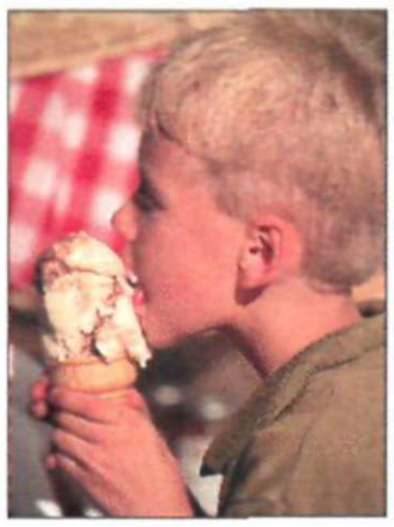
Fortunately Tellefson was in the minority, and that's why, to this day, transportation around the 2,300-acre island is on horseback, by horses attached to carriages, by bicycles and by legs.

Showing visitors around in a private limousine (a carriage and two horses), Don Smith, 29, addresses the difficult issue of all the, um, manure. "Business is always picking up," he says slyly. "People often ask me if it makes the strawberries better to put manure on them. I don't know, because I put whipped cream on mine." See, even Smith's humor is old-timey. Dennis Cawthorne, chairman of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, says of the manure, "It's one of the attractions. It is a necessary and expected by-product of relying on horses. A lot of people find a certain charm to it."

And Mackinac Island is indeed charming. In 1963, when a Canadian brought his amphicar up onto the beach with the intention of flouting the law and driving on the island, he was met by a deputy sheriff on a bicycle and ticketed. How charming is that? Police chief Lawrence Jones was pleased last summer when his department got three new bikes. There are 2,500 registered bicycles on the island. In the peak tourist months of July and August, there are also about 400 carriage horses and 100 saddle horses. Lorna Straus, a University of Chicago biology professor, who has summered here for 50 years, says that because there are no cars, "when you get off the boat, you have to gear down, go slowly, look around. You don't make as many plans, because you know you can't carry them out." As Peter LaPin, stable manager for the Grand Hotel, puts it, "Being here, you kind of lose touch with the outside world."

The Grand Hotel is certainly out of touch, and wonderfully so. Its 319 rooms (at $120–$235 a night) have no radio, no television—and that's just for openers. The Grand, a sprawling wonder of Victorian architecture and a U.S. landmark, is located just outside the village, and it pays faithful homage to everything old-timey. Its cornerstone plaque reads THE GRAND HOTEL. OPENED 1887. CLASSIC DESIGN THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER.

The hotel's 660-foot porch has about 200 rocking chairs on it. These chairs and other furniture at the Grand add up to a wicker heaven. Once a week John McCabe, a former New York University drama department chairman, delivers a lecture on the porch about Shakespeare. LaPin's son, Branden, 11, drives a Cokemobile—a sort of whatizit—along the porch, selling the beverage in the famous

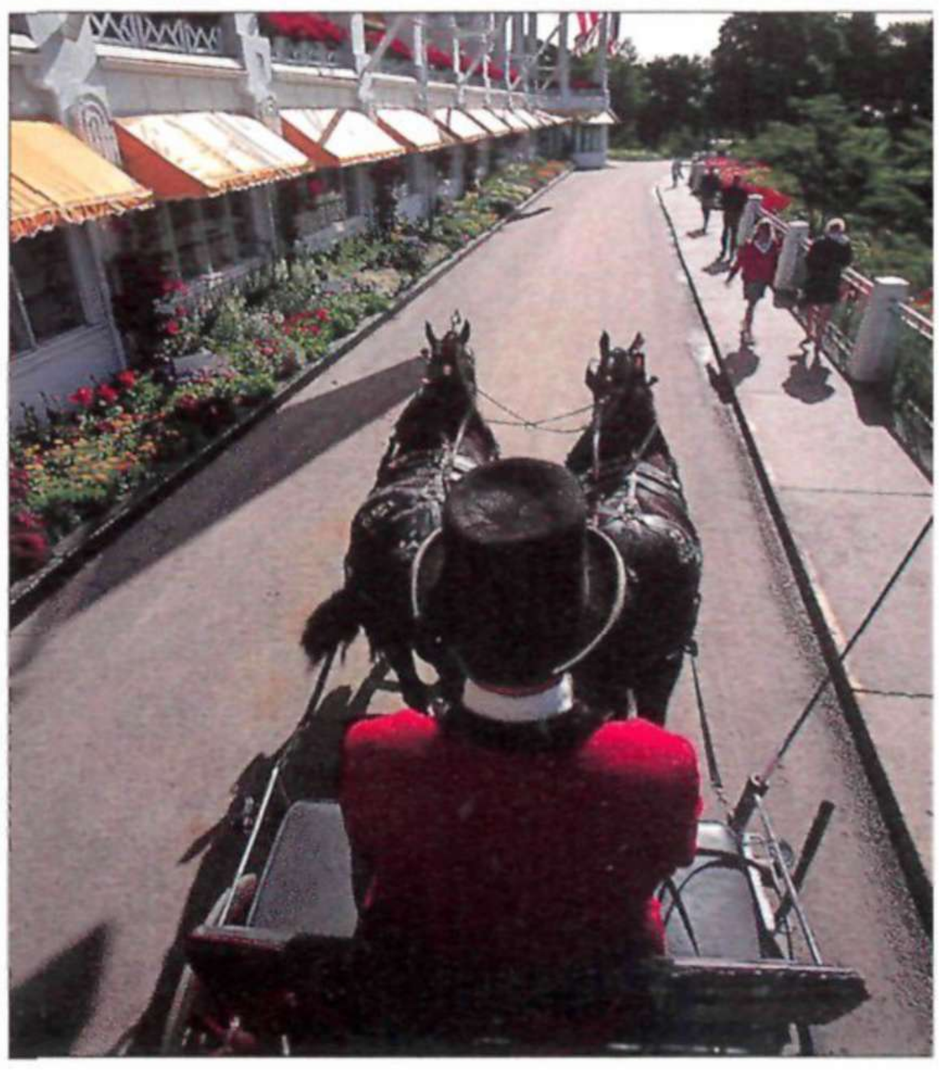


little greenish bottles (from 30 to 58 a day, says Branden); it tastes infinitely better that way.

Down below, in the spectacular gardens, are areas for croquet and boccie. In late afternoon there is high tea accompanied by piano and violin music. Guests play cribbage in the hotel parlor, and after 6 p.m. gentlemen sport coats and ties, and ladies wear dresses, often real fancy. Mark Twain was right when he wrote, "Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence in society." Waiters, most of them seasonal employees from Jamaica, sweep about the dining room, smiling at the patrons. After dinner there is a demitasse service in the parlor, where a violinist plays Viennese waltzes. At 9 p.m. an eight-piece band, Bob Snyder and the Grand Hotel Orchestra, strikes up. Later fresh fruit is put out in the lobby. Then, presumably, each guest retires and reads a bit of *Loon Feather*, written by Iola Fuller in 1940, which Terwilliger says is the best book ever written about Mackinac Island.

It should be noted that there are many

Whether you arrive at the grand old Grand Hotel by boat or carriage, once you're there, it's as if you've entered a bygone era when even ice cream seemed to taste better.



Life in the scenic setting of Mackinac village and harbor presents few tough wickets to negotiate.

hotels in the U.S. that have bigger rooms and suites than the Grand. And there are certainly many hotels that don't have uneven stairs between the floors. And there are those where the food is better. But there are few where the staff tries as hard to please and even fewer that are charged with the Grand's awesome responsibility as a keeper of the old-time flame.

If there weren't the Grand, in fact, there wouldn't really be a Mackinac Island. The hotel was built by railroad and steamship companies to provide a destination for city people from Detroit and Chicago. And over the years it has been difficult for the hotel to hold back the clock, partly because guests no longer arrive with their steamer trunks on July 4 and stay through Labor Day. Now, says hotel president Dan Musser, the average stay of the 100,000 guests who come each year is 2½ days. Another 60,000 visitors a year stay at the island's 22 other, smaller hotels and tourist homes.

But the happy point is that it's impossible to listen to violin music and feel pressed by business. You cannot sit in a rocking chair on the porch, survey the elegance all around and find your mind drifting to commodities futures.

In 1947 Esther Williams came to Mackinac to make a movie, *This Time for Keeps*, with Jimmy Durante and Xavier Cugat's orchestra. To accommodate her, the Grand heated the pool. And Christopher Reeve starred in a 1980 movie filmed on the island, *Somewhere in Time*, in which he, horrors, drives a car up to the Grand. Each pure Mackinac heart was pained. "Every little chip hurts," says Cawthorne.

And make no mistake: It's difficult to fight off all things motorized. The police have one emergency automobile; there's an ambulance; snowmobiles are allowed in winter, when there are few visitors to Mackinac, because there's no alternative (but they are not permitted for recreation, only for business); and permission is occasionally given for motorized construction equipment to come to Mackinac. Golf carts are allowed on the golf course, but when they arrive on the island by ferryboat in the spring, each is hitched by rope to a horse to be pulled to the course (well, sort of—the carts in fact motor under their own power, but it looks as if the horses are pulling them).

The history of Mackinac Island has been almost as quiet as its present. Native Americans who fished Lake Huron for trout and whitefish were the first inhabitants. Naturally, missionaries showed up to convert them to Christianity, but after experiencing one frigid winter on the island, the missionaries decided that the natives didn't need Christianity as much as the missionaries had thought. Today there are only about 500 permanent residents of Mackinac. The ferries to the mainland Michigan towns of St. Ignace and Mackinaw City don't run during January and February, and the only way off the island is by plane—$24 round trip to St. Ignace—or, if the lake freezes, by snowmobile along a 4½-mile path marked by discarded Christmas trees. The local school has 70 students. Last year's high school graduating class comprised two boys and one girl, which, carriage driver Smith says, made it "tough to get a date for the prom."

In colonial times the British established a military outpost called Fort Mackinac on the island. When the Revolutionary War ended in 1781, there weren't enough U.S. soldiers to occupy the fort, so the British troops stayed and profited from the brisk fur trade. Fifteen years later the British finally left of their own accord, only to return and attack the fort at the start of the War of 1812. Sixty U.S. soldiers were told, in effect, "There's a war, this is the first battle, and you lose." The Americans, who were outnumbered and unprepared, surrendered. Two years later they counterattacked, but the cannon-

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balls they fired from the harbor went only about halfway up the hill to Fort Mackinac. The British stayed another year.

The U.S. Army fared better on Mackinac between 1875 and 1895, when its primary mission was handling park duty. In 1895 the fort was closed, and now it is a museum and tourist attraction.

In the early 19th century, beaver trapping was the local business, and John Jacob Astor's American Fur Co., which was based there, got rich on it. Then, in the 1830s, with the fur-bearing animals all trapped-out, business turned to fishing. By 1875 it was clear that tourism was where the money would be. What Mackinac mainly has to offer tourists is scenery. Cawthorne says, "It's a place of unsurpassed beauty—in the Midwest." He sells the island short. It's wildly pretty by all standards, even those of snooty New Englanders who rhapsodize about Martha's Vineyard *(page 92)* or Maine's islands.

Of Mackinac's nearly 2,300 acres, close to 1,800 are state land and thus are safe from the condo builders, who have put up only about 40 units around the island in the past decade. Actually, the island is safe from most everything. There was a murder once, and on page 111 of the local police log is the entry: "Body of Mrs. Frances Lacey found below Stonecliffe at 7:15 p.m., Thursday, July 27, 1960. She had been strangled with her panties." Not a lot more was ever found out about the crime. In '92, 258 bikes were stolen, but 166 of them were recovered, and nobody got too wrought up. Police chief Jones says that sometimes, in the winter, the department's phone can go for days without ringing. So the officers occupy themselves with issuing speeding tickets to snowmobilers—16 last winter.

Lynne Tellefson says, "The Indians felt a mystique here. There is a spiritual appeal that captivates your heart, and then you are never happy anywhere else. But everybody here is a little warped." Terwilliger agrees, saying, "You do have to be slightly askew to choose this way of life. But at least we're not really abnormal like they are in Key West" *(page 76)*.

Mackinac village, the only settlement on the island, does have Alford's Drug Store, the junkiest store in America. Alford's sells everything from plastic ants to refrigerator magnets that say IT'S HARD TO BE NOSTALGIC WHEN YOU CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING. The village also has one must-see attraction: Butterfly House, behind St. Anne's Church, a fascinating habitat for live butterflies.

Mackinac's Main Street is no drag, at least for devotees of fudge.

But mostly Mackinac has fudge. As Cawthorne says, "The essence of the island is history, horses and fudge." The village's short main street has 11 fudge shops. What must have been going through the mind of the guy who, seeing 10 fudge stores, said to himself, "What this town needs is one more fudge store"? When the final history of Mackinac Island is written, it will be interesting to see whether the place was buried in manure or in fudge. The aromas certainly compete for dominance.

Bob Benser Jr., veep of Murdick's Fudge, says the appeal of his product is that "fudge is really decadent, and people come here to splurge." Murdick's makes about 540 pounds of fudge a day during the summer. What could be more old-timey? Says Benser, "It's one of those things that is always near and dear to our hearts. There are hot dogs, popcorn, ice cream, apple pie—and fudge."

Perfectly in line with the old-time feeling is the way things have always been done on the island, which is to say straightforwardly. In 1870 the post surgeon at the fort, Dr. Hiram Mills, pointed out the many healthful attributes of Mackinac Island and concluded, "Bowel complaints seldom prevail here." When a city ordinance was passed in 1887 decreeing that all saloons be closed on Sundays, care was taken in its wording: "The word *closed* in this section shall be construed to apply to the back door as well as the front door."

The clip-clopping goes on. Carriage driver Bob Gilmore, 57, has been driving for six years. He has his own concerns: "They say if you follow something long enough, you begin to resemble what you are following." The highway that encircles the island, M-185, lays claim to being the only highway in the U.S. never to have had an automobile accident on it. Well, O.K., there are a lot of bicycle accidents, and a snowmobile once clipped a dump truck that had special permission to make a delivery on the island, but those aren't car wrecks, right? Clip-clop. ■

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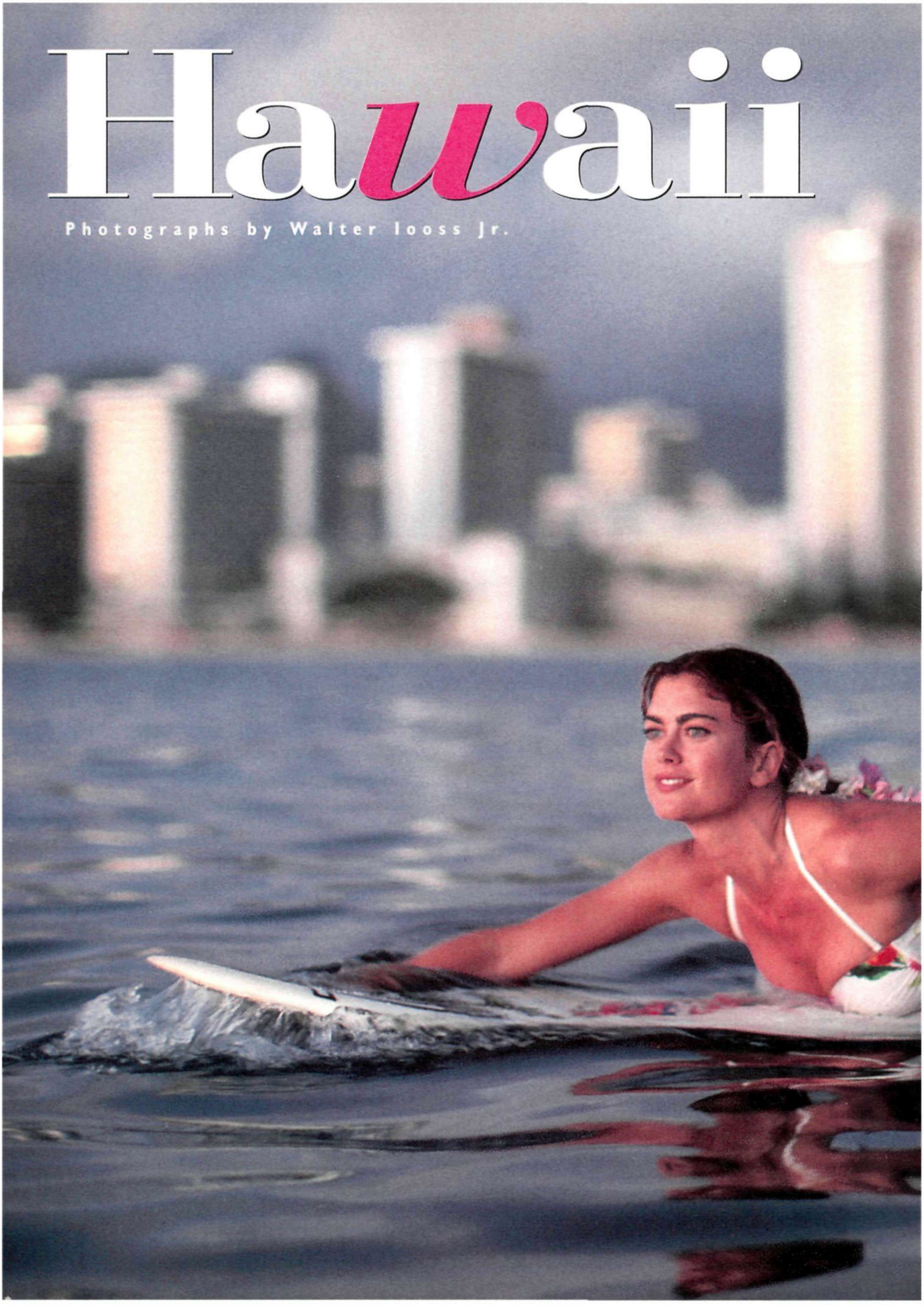
Hawaii

Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr.

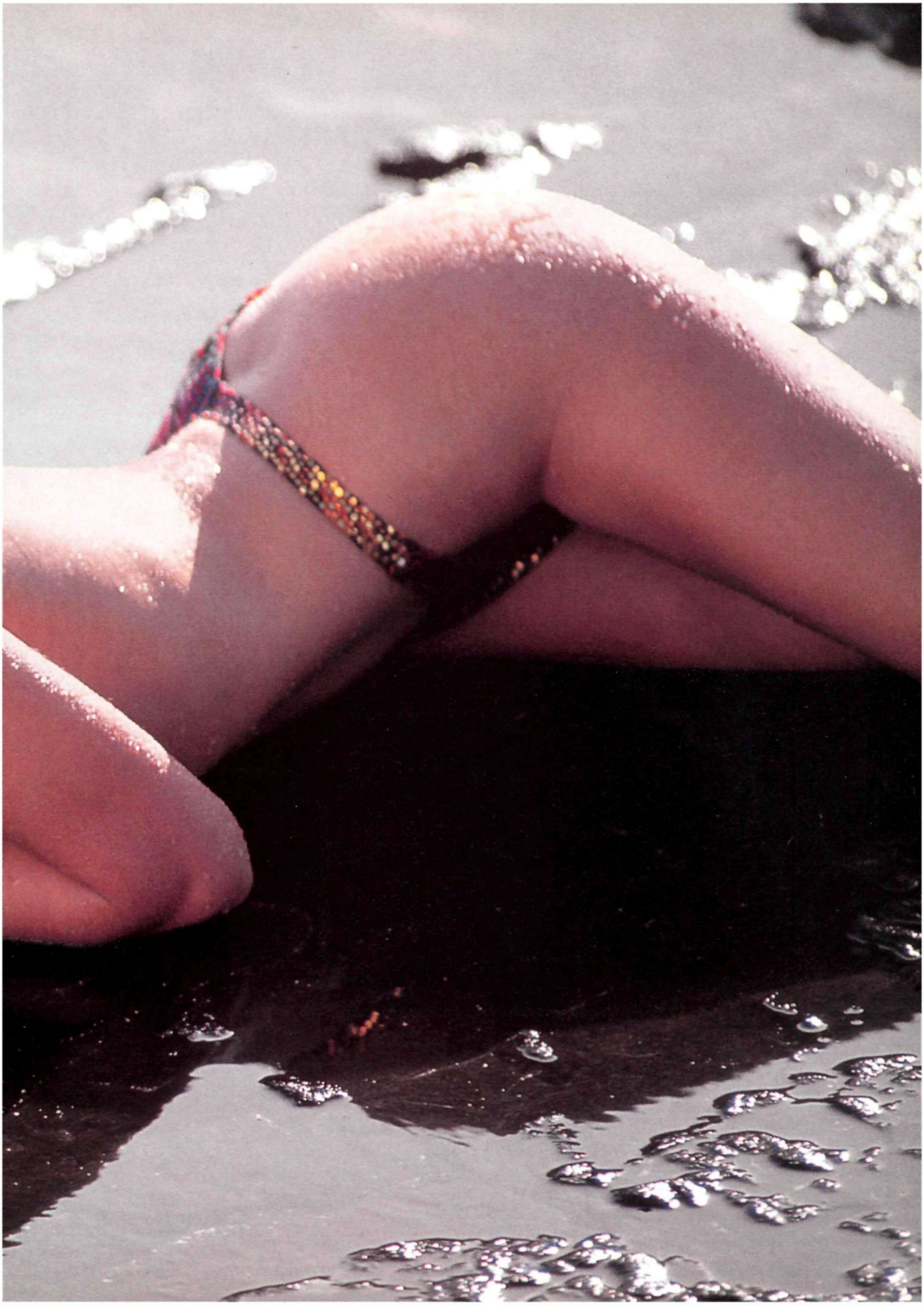


In the lee of Waikiki, Kathy Ireland, an adept surfer, can't catch a wave, even in a bikini by Gideon Oberson ($120).

Salted by sand on Yokohama Bay, Oahu, Amber Smith is bathed in light as mellow as her name. Her maillot is by Macarena Gutiérrez ($88).

Help! Amber mans—so to speak—a lifeguard station in a keyhole maillot by Robin Piccone ($89); Kathy comes well armed in a Malia Mills bikini ($118) with long sleeves.

Like treasure washed ashore by the tide, Kathy sparkles in the sand on Chinaman's Hat, an islet off Oahu, in a sequined bikini by Sea Jane Swim ($54).



Hawaii

Digging to Diamond Head

High-tech training meets ancient tradition in the Molokai-to-Oahu outrigger canoe race

BY KENNY MOORE

THE CANOE IS ALIVE, SENSATE, surging. Its paddlers' strokes are not the smooth windmilling of kayakists but a downward punching and pulling, a stabbing and ripping that make the 44-foot, 400-pound craft pulse and throb. Six women from the Outrigger Canoe Club of Oahu are propelling the boat at 72 throbs per minute across the Kaiwi Channel in the annual outrigger race from Molokai to Oahu.

A six-foot swell angles in from astern. The paddlers sense the lift of the sea and drive the canoe down the blue slope, yelling as they surf for a moment. Not that this constitutes a rest. Traci Phillips, the two-time Olympic kayaker in the stroke's bow seat, keeps pounding out the pace, and the crew stays in forceful unison.

The island of Molokai has almost vanished in their wake, and Oahu is still a low, cloudy shape ahead. Flying fish, escaping something dark and cylindrical, explode from wave crests and skitter over the swells, gliding on fins of translucent purple. Phillips doesn't notice until one hits her on the arm. These paddlers are temporarily blind to beauty. They gasp and dig, concentrating only on holding their form, on pulling their weight.

They have paddled like this for almost three hours, and they will stab and rip for another three before completing the 40.8 miles from Molokai's Hale O Lono Harbor to Waikiki Beach. Yet no paddler need go all the way. Each women's team is allowed 12 members, twice as many as the canoe has seats. Every 20 minutes or so, an escort boat drops two or three relief paddlers into the ocean ahead. When the

After nearly 40 miles of paddling, Panamuna's male team strained to stretch its lead.

canoe reaches them, they duck under the outrigger struts and haul themselves into seats just vacated by winded teammates who have gone over the opposite side. It is all accomplished in the span of two or three strokes. Such crew changes make this race not a carefully paced marathon but a furious relay.

Down the wind come howls from Outrigger's closest pursuer, the Offshore Club of Newport Beach, Calif., which has won this race, the world championship of women's long-distance outrigger canoe paddling, the last six years. Offshore is a quarter mile back and gaining. A couple of Outrigger paddlers in the escort boat, studying the margin, seem near tears.

There are 27 canoes in the channel, but the red hull of the boat in third place is a speck on the horizon. The race is between Outrigger and Offshore.

Outrigger considers these waters its own, even though it has not won since 1985. Offshore has dominated the race with an all-star team powered by U.S. Olympians like Cathy Marino and Sheila Conover. "We're always intimidated by them," Malia Kamisugi, Outrigger's youngest paddler at 20, said before the race. "But this year we have our best chance in a long time."

That is because Outrigger has several former mainstays back after grad school or travel, including its own Olympian, Phillips. Among them are kayakists, triathletes, surfers, water polo and volleyball players. Overachievers all, they include a teacher, a graphic artist, a biology major, a practitioner of spiritual massage, a potter, a Special Olympics staffer and a fertilizer distributor. They are mothers to nine children.

They have been nudged into a team by their coach, Steve Scott, a manufacturer of sandals and sportswear. Scott is blond, pink and quiet, a sea-smoothed rock among the frantic athletes on the Outrigger escort boat. "Offshore's gaining about 20 seconds a mile," he says. "It's because they have their fastest combination in the canoe, and we don't. But I think we have enough of a lead. I don't want to cut this rotation short."

The swells are rising. Offshore is surfing them, its yells becoming predatory shrieks. Ahead, two of Outrigger's starting six leap into the sea ahead of their canoe. "Pay now," shouts Cathy Ho from the escort boat. "Pay now!"

The race began an hour after sunrise, four miles from the southwestern tip of Molokai, where a hook of jetty protects a few anchorages and a beach of shifting shell and rock. There, the day before, Outrigger's Lesline Conner had found a certain stone. Conner, 38 and the mother of four, was reared in Tahiti, in a family steeped in the old ways of Polynesia. She took the stone to Scott. "This is a phallic rock," she said with quiet gravity, "a symbol of power and faith. It will guard the canoe tonight." Scott took this in with a little bow, bemused, the picture of cross-cultural forbearance.

Later, Scott said he hoped all omens meant quiet water. "People say you want the trade winds and an ocean that's alive," he said, "but I'm frightened of losing a paddler. It's terrifying to make changes in big seas. Fourteen hundred pounds of canoe surfing at you is like a runaway train."

Outrigger's seriousness showed in how most of the team passed the night before the race. "You don't really sleep," said Ho. "You just lie there all night looking at your watch."

Before the canoes were launched, a Hawaiian kahuna, or priestess, chanted a prayer. The teams joined hands and sang *Hawaii Ponoi,* swaying until everyone yelled, hugged and moved to the boats. "Through the tears," said one paddler, trembling, "you can see the ancestors."

Outrigger's starting six leaped out to a lead over Offshore. "I had never been in front in this race," Ho would say. "But we were relaxed. We could breathe, we could talk. All you heard was, 'We're in front.' I was in awe of what was happening."

Past Laau Point, Outrigger took an

Photographs by Warren Bolster

Hawaii

During crew changes, Outrigger's women swiftly flopped out and hopped in.

eight-length lead into the channel. This is where currents come up from Lanai, and where Molokai no longer holds back the long northerly swells and trade winds. The jumble of crossing forces can create tossing, lurching turbulence, but on this day the sea remained fairly organized. "At the Point, the current wants to carry you north," says Scott. "I've found it's best to keep heading west toward Diamond Head and let the current take you."

Outrigger did just that, eventually moving almost a half mile north of the rhumb line. Behind, Offshore held to the shortest-distance-between-two-points theory and slowly bent away to Outrigger's left, but then steersperson Mindy Clark brought the boat back dead astern, and Offshore began the charge that now has it trailing by only 300 yards.

It is good that the Outrigger paddlers bobbing in the water before the next crew change are not in touch with a press helicopter hovering several hundred yards back. Beneath it cruises a shark 30 feet long, with a mouth wide enough to engulf the end of a canoe. It is not, as the pilot first thinks, a tiger shark, the species that will attack several Oahu surfers in the following months, killing two. It is a rare and benign whale shark. However, if its dorsal fin were to cut the water near the Outrigger women, it would cause a crew change for the ages.

As it is, this change is memorable enough, because Outrigger has returned to its strongest paddlers. Offshore slips farther back. When Outrigger's women see Offshore angle away to starboard in a Hail Mary search for coastal waves, they know they will win. "I couldn't stop crying," said steersperson Paula Crabb later.

As the Outrigger paddlers cruise past Diamond Head, it hits you that this is how the first humans came to see this shore. Outrigger canoes carried Polynesians from the Marquesas to Hawaii as long as 1,500 years ago. The greatest of Hawaiian kings, Kamehameha I, unified the islands between 1780 and 1810 with armies carried in fleets of canoes. The outrigger is the central artifact of that vanished age and of the mystery of Hawaiian origins.

The movement of canoe and athletes also has induced in an observer what author and surfer William Finnegan calls the "disabling enchantment" of oceanic forces. As Outrigger's paddlers near the last buoy, they seem to delve through the quicksilver membrane between mankind and nature. Or do they, in delving, reveal that divide to be an illusion?

Outrigger wins, in 5:49:02 to Offshore's 5:53:38. Holding hands, bedecked with leis, the victors walk up the beach to a solemn welcome by members of the Aloha Week Festival's Royal Court, who wear the feather capes of the ancients. Then the paddlers are embraced by children and family, who draw them across a shady lawn to the team's picnic. Crabb reveals that last night was her first away from her seven-month-old baby. "Last year I paddled him across in my stomach," she says. "So when he was born, we named him Kekaha O Ke Kai, which means 'to glide over the ocean.' "

In the air there is nothing but candor. "Everyone seems to think this is easy," says Cathy Ho, "but it's hard as ——. And it's even harder getting *out* of it. It's so addicting, it's a part of you. You either hate it or love it."

Her words ring of summation. This

An escort boat gave Offshore's women a wide berth as they crested a wave.

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Hawaii

Happily for the Outrigger women, the shark that took a fancy to the race turned out to be a whale and not a tiger.

sport, as these women do it in this place, demands that athletes blend with their team, their boat, their water, their history. Without a grasp of all those elements, an observer stays at a certain wondering distance. So as Outrigger's victory has convinced you of these women's endurance and unity, it has also impressed upon you your own ignorance.

But the men's Molokai-to-Oahu race is not for two weeks. You have time to make inquiries.

The double-hull voyaging canoes that brought the Polynesians 3,000 miles to Hawaii around 500 A.D. weren't tough enough to deal with the conditions they found there. Hawaii's navigable channels are classed among the roughest in the world. To survive, the new Hawaiians had to design and build better canoes than had ever existed. Fortunately, Hawaii provided the raw material: the tree *Acacia koa,* whose wood is beautiful and extraordinarily strong. High in the forest, miles from the sea, the Hawaiians cut koa logs at least five feet in diameter and more than 80 feet long.

From these logs they carved craft that, in the words of Tommy Holmes, author of *The Hawaiian Canoe,* "embodied the elastic tension of the tree itself. The canoe yielded to the sea in a way that the high, stubby, bulky, European ships did not. No other culture had its survival linked to the surfing ability of its indigenous craft, or surfed for recreation. Europeans tended to view the ocean as adversary, while to the Polynesians it was home."

The ancient Hawaiians were rigidly class-divided and energetically warlike, fishing with hooks made from the bones of their enemies. They inhabited a land of such richness and such danger (volcanic and oceanic) that it's perfectly understandable that they felt it to be filled with gods. "They embraced a theology of the earth," wrote Holmes, "and a marine conservation ethic so strong that death was a routine sanction for breaking certain protective taboos."

When Captain James Cook came upon Hawaii in 1778, he saw entire villages of men, women and children surfing upon boards and in canoes. Of course, after the boxy ships brought iron, cattle, whalers, planters and missionaries, everything went rapidly to hell. The Hawaiians had no immunity to Western diseases and died in waves from measles, cholera, typhoid fever and smallpox. Between 1778 and 1893, the native Hawaiian population shrank from 300,000 to 40,000.

Missionaries began arriving from New England in 1820, often complaining of the indignity of being splashed while being carried in canoes through the surf. They suppressed water sports because the Hawaiians loved to bet on them and because nearly naked men and women playing together in warm, effervescent water excited the exquisite Calvinist nose for sin.

Surfing and canoe racing languished until encouraged by King David Kalakaua (the Merrie Monarch), who in 1875 started an annual November regatta of sailing and paddling races. In 1908 the Outrigger Canoe Club was founded on Waikiki Beach, and three years later the Hui Nalu Club was formed to race against Outrigger. Something of a renaissance was on, driven almost from the first by rivalries between primarily *haole* (white) crews and those of ethnic Hawaiians.

The Molokai-to-Oahu race was first proposed in 1939 by the Outrigger Club's A.E. (Toots) Minvielle, who was promptly informed by every waterman who had ventured into the Kaiwi Channel that he was insane. Minvielle pursued the idea for 13 years. Finally, in 1952, he talked three crews, including one from Molokai, into attempting the inaugural crossing. Minvielle found a friend to put up a $500 prize for the victors. Immediately the good people of Molokai collected $600 for their team not to race. But it did, in a converted fishing canoe, and won, in five minutes less than nine hours. The event was established. In 1954, Minvielle built the first fiberglass canoe, and it proved equal to canoes made of koa, which was growing scarce. Today, most races have special divisions for koa canoes.

The 1966 race showed what the chan-

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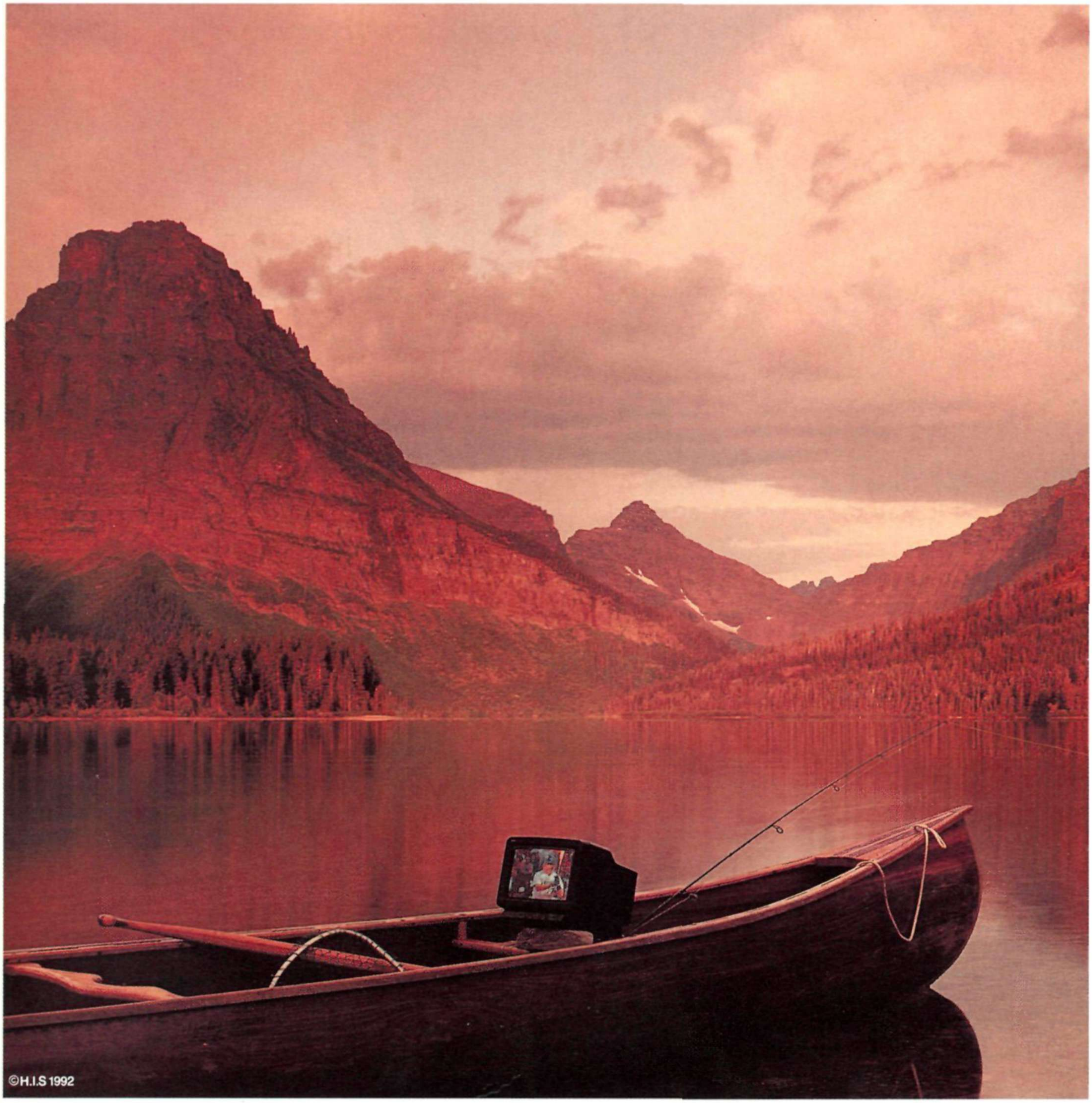

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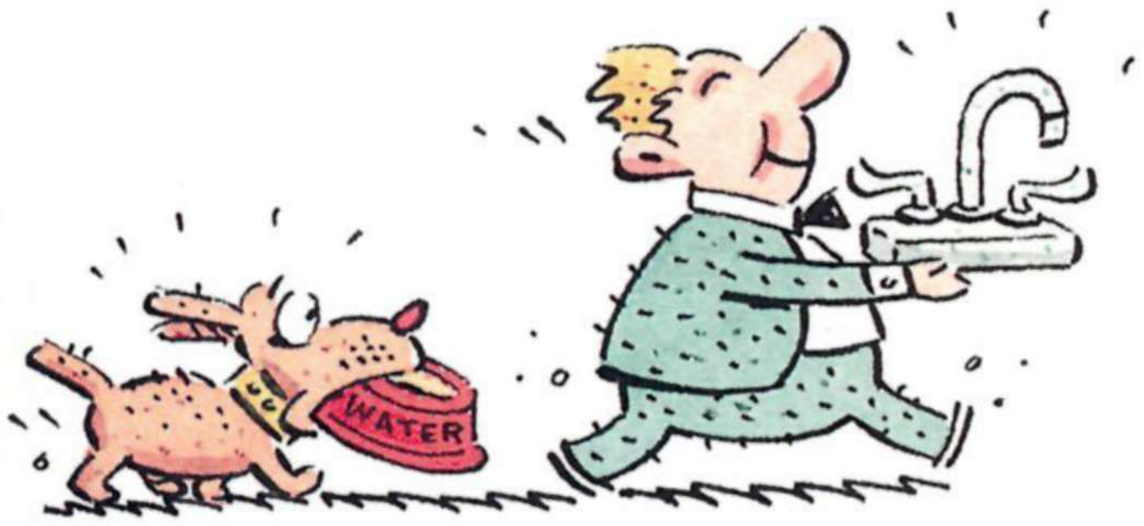

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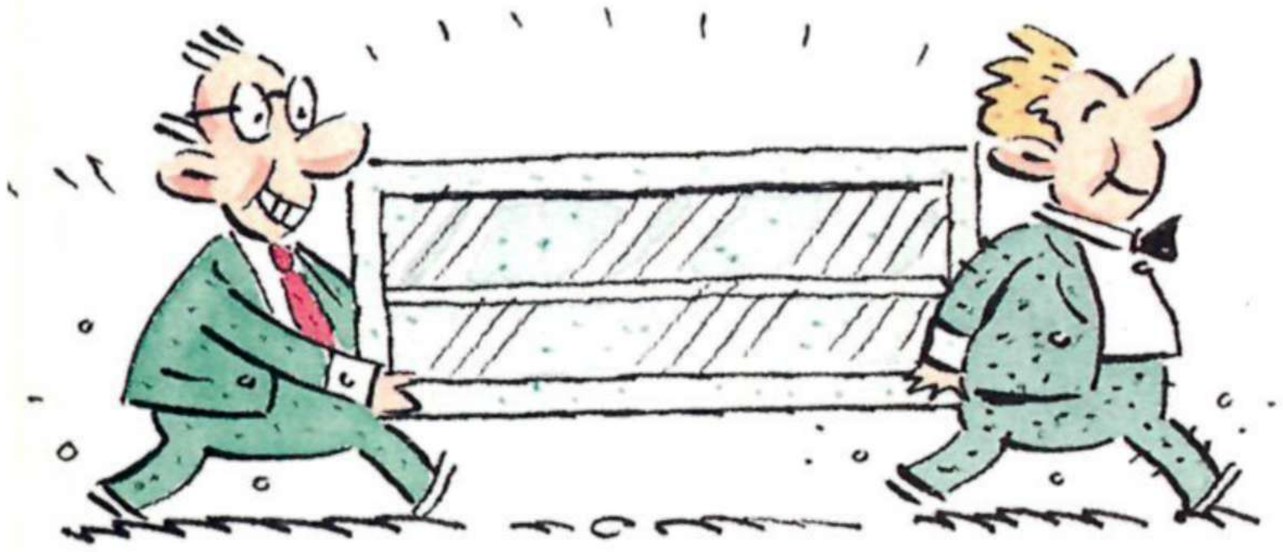

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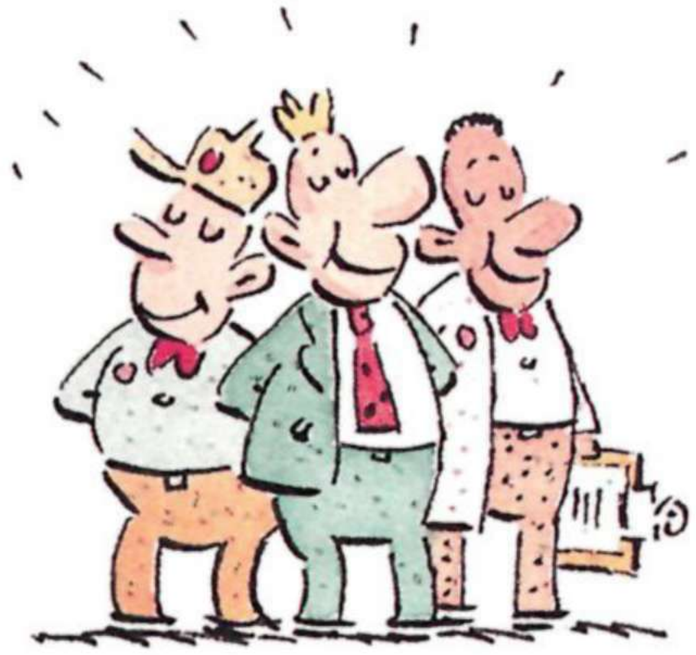

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nel could do. One canoe was destroyed and several damaged in 20-foot seas and 35-knot winds. The Waikiki Surf Club survived and conquered with a crew that included two of the era's great Hawaiian champions, Nappy Napoleon and Blue Makua Jr. They contributed to 10 of Waikiki Surf Club's 12 victories between 1955 and '73.

In 1979 the women's race was begun, with 15 canoes. Outrigger won in 6:35:14, a time competitive with those of many men's teams. However, logistics and the scarcity of canoes always dictated that the men's and women's events be held separately. The women cross the channel in late September, the men two weeks later.

The race did not remain a Hawaiian preserve. The first four finishers in 1976 were Tahitian canoes. "They had teardrop paddles and short strokes," recalls Rona Kaaekuahiwi, the father of modern paddling on Oahu's leeward coast. "We had broad paddles and kept the blades in the water longer. That was the biggest change we had to make. But the changes have continued, in training, techniques, equipment, even food."

In 1978 a men's crew from California, the Blazing Paddles, became the first mainland team to prevail, and Offshore of Newport Beach won the 1981 and '82 men's races. Then, in 1991, the Outrigger Canoe Club of Australia won, broadening the competitive horizon by a few thousand miles. "The Aussies are year-round professionals," says Kaaekuahiwi. "To me, that's taken away from what local people have been used to. For us, paddling is a lifetime thing, not something so painful that after a couple of years you don't want to do it anymore. We have family programs. But the way the best crews train is so advanced now that if we want to win again, we'll have to start looking for thinner boys and thinner girls. And there goes our tradition. You don't see too many thin Hawaiians."

Native Hawaiians have the briefest life span of any ethnic group in the islands, and the highest rates of homelessness, imprisonment, unemployment and suicide. A great many of the remaining Hawaiians live on the sere Waianae coast of Oahu, where you can sit under a *hala* (pandanus) tree on Makaha Beach and chat with Kaaekuahiwi and big-wave surfer and waterman Brian Keaulana about the levels of meaning of the Molokai crossing.

"The cultural, spiritual aspect is connecting two islands," says Keaulana, who is 31 and supervises the district's lifeguards. "And in the middle is the competition. On the water I *am* your competitor. But on land, I'm your best friend. And in the end, coming out of the canoe, the essence of the race is knowing we did it, and now six guys can become 200."

Thus he expresses the legendary Hawaiian closeness, a love of cooperative effort that lets great clumps of this stressed community become extended family, as when the Keaulanas had a wedding luau for 3,000. "The ocean is life," says Keaulana. "It forms us and feeds us and consoles us. Our biggest treasure is knowledge, and our best people are *kupunas*, elders passing on the knowledge."

Asked for the name of such an elder, Keaulana recommends Napoleon and offers a nice distinction: "The classic Hawaiian paddling club is Anuenue, the Napoleon family's crew. The Outrigger Club is fierce, strong and intense. Anuenue is fierce, strong and *playful*."

At Hale O Lono Harbor the day before the men's race, 45 crews are preparing their canoes. Karel Tresnak, coach of Lanikai, a favored team, has been gently wet-sanding the hull of his team's boat for days. "The thousands of little scratches," he says, "hold some molecules of water, so it won't be the canoe's *surface* traveling through water but *water* sliding past water. It's faster, by some tiny amount."

Tiny, for Tresnak, is enough. A '72 Olympian and the 1973 and '75 world canoe champion for Czechoslovakia, he defected to the U.S. in 1986. In Hawaii he found himself an iconoclast. "History is out of it as far as I'm concerned," he told Lanikai, a club from a small community on Oahu, when it sought him out as a

The calm of Hale O Lono Harbor belied turbulent seas ahead for the men.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Not long after the men started, the Panamuna canoe (below) climbed to the fore.

coach. "You have to break tradition to be competitive. You have to lift weights and run, you gotta take a lotta suffering, seven days a week, for months."

Tom Conner, 48, has steered the men's team of the Outrigger Canoe Club of Oahu to nine wins in 20 Molokai races and coached many of Outrigger's female crews as well. He is so coolly analytical that it's no great surprise to learn that he once was a Honolulu police detective. His wife is Lesline Conner of the Outrigger women's crew, who communes with the spirits of the sea. "Let's say she has a different outlook on this," he says, grinning.

Tom will spend the entire race in the canoe, calling upon years of channel observation for his steering decisions. "I'd say that in more than half of our winning years, there were stronger, faster crews," he says, "but we had more finesse, more expertise in a big ocean and perhaps more knowledge of ourselves than the dial-a-team crews like Offshore, who recruit paddlers for this race. We practice together for six months. I want to know as much as I can about my crew members. The basic idea is to start the race with your fastest six men so you can sprint for position, then put in fresh paddlers who can hold that level."

The reputation for efficiency that Outrigger has attained must be due in some part to Conner. But a rational man examining all the variables in this sport is soon overwhelmed, and a really rational man admits it. "The more you know about paddling," says Conner, "about the wind, waves, current, training, canoe design, pace, crew changes and your own limits . . . the less you know."

The rigging done, every crew jounces up a dusty red road and spends the night at the Colony's Kaluakoi Hotel & Golf Club. Every crew but one: the Anuenue senior masters paddlers (age 45 and over), headed by Napoleon. They unroll sleeping bags and gather firewood. One of the Anuenue men is Holmes, who once paddled for Outrigger but in recent years has found Anuenue's approach more congenial. "Nietzsche defined maturity as 'reachieving the essence of a child at play,' " says Holmes, "so these guys are *ripe*. They're always at play."

Napoleon, 51, is limping on a swollen, infected ankle as he arranges his bedroll and guitar. For years he was a landscaper for a bank. "But I quit my job," he says. "I told the kids to pay the mortgage, and I took a boat around to see all the Pacific island paddlers."

This will be Napoleon's 34th Molokai race. "Nappy is a throwback," says Holmes. "He understands the ocean not as Conner does, with science and observation. Nappy's skills come from his sensitivity, his harmony with the water. The ancient navigators steered by lowering their testicles in the water. Nappy is surely what the ancient Hawaiians were like. He couldn't sleep in a hotel tonight. He's communing with the energies already."

Napoleon is asked whether an ethnic Hawaiian team can ever win again. "If we could assemble an all-star crew of young Hawaiian guys from the different clubs, it

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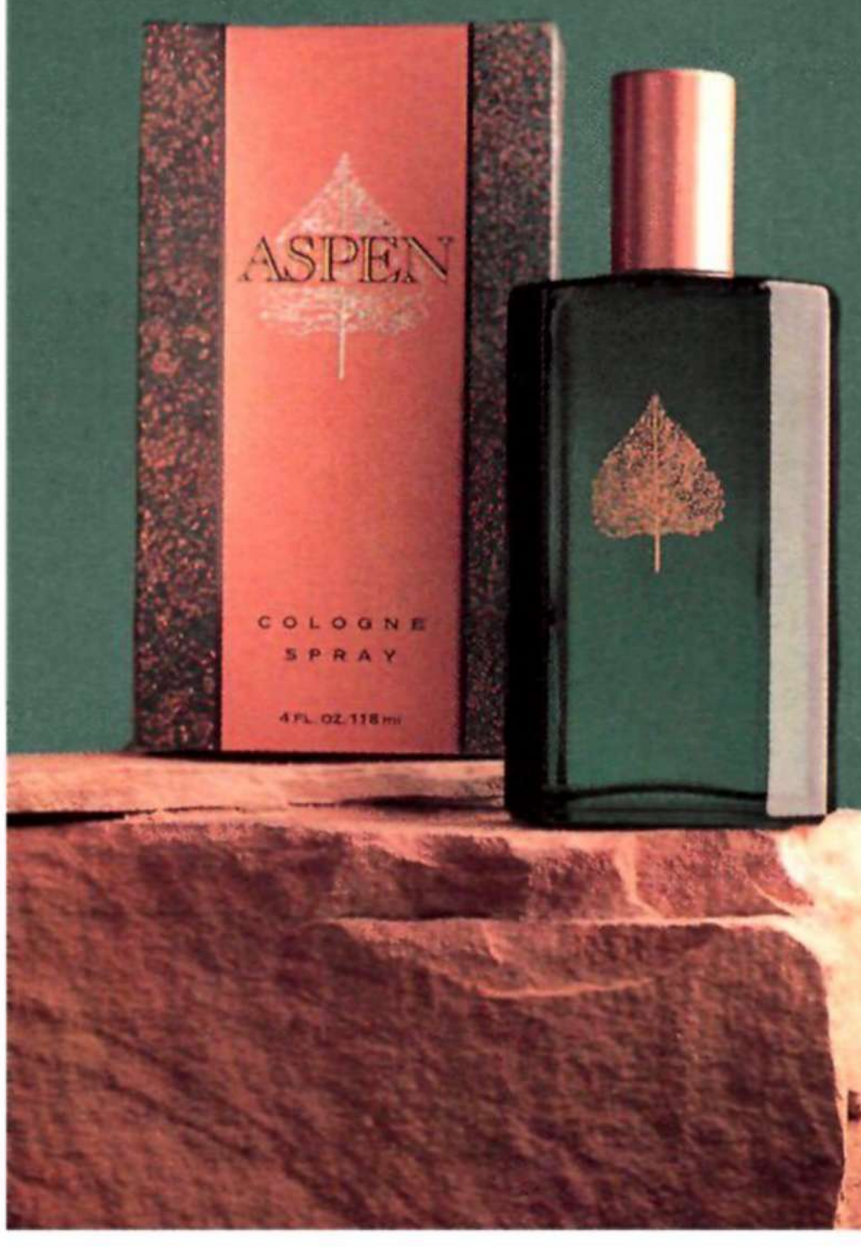
As compelling as the land that inspired it. As natural as the man who wears it.



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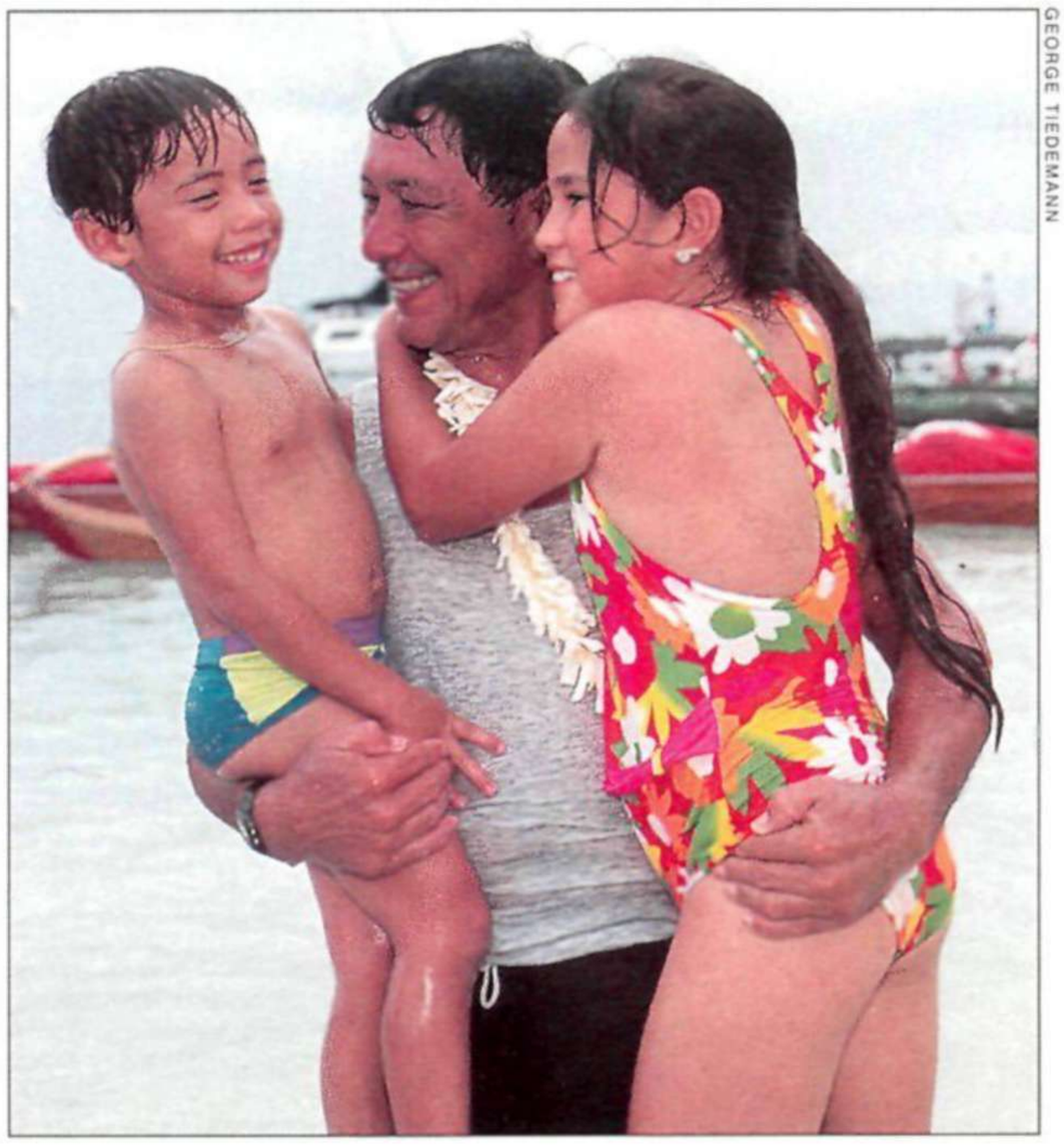
could win," he says. "But it would be hard. There is so much more to it today, with faster canoes, better techniques. Outrigger has a tank to test and teach the stroke. They have a system."

He introduces you to a teammate, Willy Dunhour, a hard-muscled former Marine who is dripping wet from prying *opihi* from the harbor's rocks. *Opihi* are limpets, and these are the size of small abalone. Dunhour scoops one from its shell and lifts it to your lips. You permit its entry and bite down with honorable conviction. The texture is slippery, evasively muscular, and then there is a sudden blast of cold, seaweed, salt and sweet flesh that takes you unexpectedly through that alleged line between us and the animals. You eat a dozen of them, along with a feast of marlin and barracuda, steak and sausage and rice, peanuts and poi. The kiawe smoke is as sweet as piñon, and in a few minutes the Hawaiian family has been extended a little further. "Extended hell," says someone. "*Dis*tended."

Napoleon lies on his back and strums his guitar as the sun sets. It seems only a moment until you awaken, but the moon is now high and full. Napoleon is sitting up, listening to the sea restlessly smoothing its bed.



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

To his grandkids, Anuenue's Jerry Estavillo was a winner.

At first light a kahuna sprinkles water over two new Waikiki Surf Club canoes and then, chanting, blesses the entire field. The men's ceremony is brief, the paddlers distracted. Under gray clouds and in spitting rain, 45 canoes flail away from the starting line. Panamuna of Hamilton Island in Queensland, Australia, with kayak Olympians Grant Kenny and Clint Robinson, takes the early lead.

In the channel the swells are quartering in from starboard, slowing the canoes and slamming their bows constantly to port. There will be no surfing in these conditions. Lanikai, on the north side of the pack, decides to stay there. "Everybody's gonna get pushed south by wind and current," says Lanikai paddler Mike Smith. "We're on the right track."

"Make a difference!" yells Tresnak as he sends fresh men to replace half of the six starting paddlers. Climbing into the escort boat, the heaving paddlers seem close to their limit but recover quickly, devouring fruit and juice. It is an experience that stays with you: diving out of a canoe, hot and sick, into the cool sea, seeing the slate black of the depths suddenly spread out below, feeling the fearful quiet of that benthic realm and then turning and breaking the surface to see the canoe departing over a wave.

In the Lanikai escort boat, several paddlers keep themselves charged less with pleasure than with anger, roaring at the idiocy of the boats that have gone south. Magnificent are the epithets of stroke Charlie Cates, who drives the canoe at a powerful 74 to 76 strokes per minute and then comes out of the sea wild and mad. "Gotta *believe*!" howls Cates. "Nobody else will. Everybody *else* is a pain in the ass!"

Despite Cates's force and fire, Panamuna still leads. Lanikai, steadfast in its belief in the northerly course, is amazed to see Outrigger of Australia, the defending champion, give up on it and paddle across Lanikai's bow, angling south. Past halfway, with Oahu looming, Lanikai is in fifth place and grim. Tresnak rallies the paddlers, keeping hope alive with a desperate move. On rare occasions, canoes have found waves rushing along the south shore of Oahu and ridden them to the finish. Lanikai heads in.

"Time to *cash in*!" the paddlers yell. Cates is a banshee of profane encouragement. His obscenity is oceanic, his fury appropriately pagan.

But there are no miraculous waves. And worse, the boats that went south early have caught a change in tide that brings them effortlessly back to the line. The realization becalms the Lanikai men. They fought the sea when they should have gone with it. They will finish fifth.

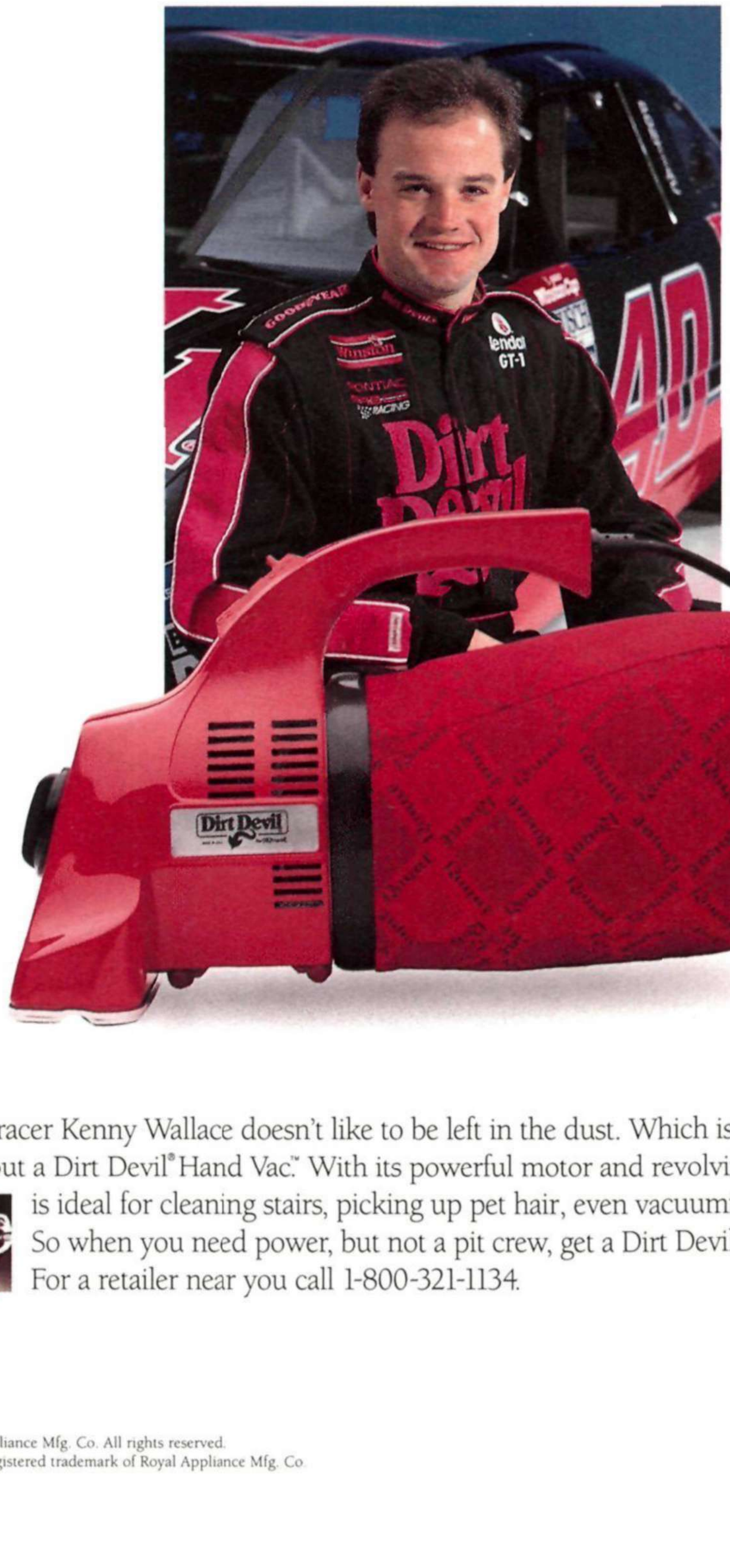
Cates swears at his fellow paddlers to hold their heads high and takes a blood oath to win this thing before he dies. It is a pledge he first took at the age of seven.

Ahead, Panamuna is holding off Hawaii Canoe and Kayak—a crew that had never paddled together before—and Hawaii C and K can see that. So on the last turn, at the Diamond Head lighthouse, when Panamuna goes outside the breakers, Hawaii C and K cuts the corner, dangerously, going inside the surf, over the reef and right by the beach. The move thrills C and K coach Billy Whitford and will be historic if it lets his boat sneak past, but Panamuna's lead is too large. The Queensland boat wins, 5:30:57 to 5:33:22. Outrigger of Australia is third and Outrigger of Oahu, having faded late, is fourth. "It was fitness that made the difference, not tactics," says a haggard Conner. "It doesn't get any easier, but it's not a lot harder, either."

Napoleon steers Anuenue's senior masters canoe to the line in 6:28:11, and the paddlers learn they have been beaten in their division by Kailua of Oahu. "A hard day," says Dunhour. "And we may have gone too far north."

"Kailua just bettah," says Napoleon, heading off criticism of his steering. "Give it to them." So Anuenue's paddlers do, seeking out their conquerors and extending congratulations. Then, like the women paddlers two weeks earlier, the men are found by their families. Some bend stiffly to allow grandchildren to place heady ginger garlands around their necks, and the moment is memorable for being subdued. There is no talk now of carrying on ancestral tradition, no essaying on the relationship of man and nature. There is simply the great, tired pleasure of making it home from a distant shore. ■

"If It Were Any More Powerful It'd Come With A Pit Crew."



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people

ON A BEACH OF LION-COLORED SAND BRIAN SHIMER ADJUSTS HIS shades, smooths his hair and applies the tip of his forefinger delicately to his upper lip. "When I'm back home in Florida like this, I always try to get out in the sun and soak up the vitamin C, or whatever," says the hottest U.S. bobsledder on glazed ice. "In college the only reason I tried to get a tan was to pull in the babes."

In a sport of tallowy complexions, the only thing more surprising than Shimer's tan is his recent success. On Sunday in Igls, Austria, the four-man sled he pilots finished third at the world championships, which were won by Switzerland's Gustav Weder. That bronze is the first medal U.S. bobsledders have won at the worlds in 24 years. Shimer has been at or near the top of the World Cup standings all season, and as a result he's among the early favorites for next year's Olympics in Lillehammer. If that doesn't give you chills, consider that the last time an American slider struck Olympic gold was in 1948 when Francis Tyler drove a four-man team to victory in St. Moritz.

America's new bob hope is a laconic fellow whose benign, soft-spoken style seems almost humble. "I never saw snow until I was in college," says Shimer, 30, who played running back and wide receiver at Morehead (Ky.) State. "Maybe I'm playing in snow now because I was deprived of it as a child."

When Shimer goes home to Naples, Fla., the lack of snow and sleds limits training. But his beautician girlfriend, Lorraine Hildebrandt, resents all the time he spends abroad. "Bobsledding is running wild over my love life," he says.

The hottest U.S. bobsled pilot in *generations is a* Floridian who has learned how to fly on ice.

sports

"When the season's over, I guess she'll kick me out and I'll move back in with my mother. I mean, I love my girlfriend, but I *really* love bobsledding."

In the mid-'80s the U.S. bobsled federation, desperate to regain respectability in a sport America once dominated, went on a national recruiting drive for speed and muscle. Shimer, who had just graduated from Morehead State, tried out. "The danger sucked me in," Shimer says. He scored so well on the strength and agility tests he took in Lake Placid in the fall of '85 that he was headed to Germany for his first race two weeks later. This, despite the fact that he had never even seen a bobsled up close.

Shimer's initiation wasn't without setbacks. Near the end of the two-week prerace training period, the sled on which he was a brakeman flipped. Shimer emerged unbroken but slightly bowed. "My crewmates were crumpled on the ice and clutching body parts," he recalls. "I didn't know if I wanted to be 5,000 miles from home and dead." But he weathered the crack-up, and his career has been going downhill ever since.

At the Calgary Olympics, Shimer helped push a four-man sled to a 16th-place finish. Afterward, he resolved to move up to the front and become a driver. He achieved a measure of celebrity as the chauffeur to slumming stars from other sports, driving Mr. Willie, Mr. Herschel and Mr. Edwin. (That's the NFL's Gault and Walker, and Olympic hurdles champ Moses.) Shimer and Walker made the '92 Olympic team in the two-man, but rough sledding awaited them in Albertville. Despite having fast times in the final two practice heats, they wound up a disappointing seventh. On their maiden descent an overeager Walker hopped into the sled prematurely, all but eliminating them from medal contention.

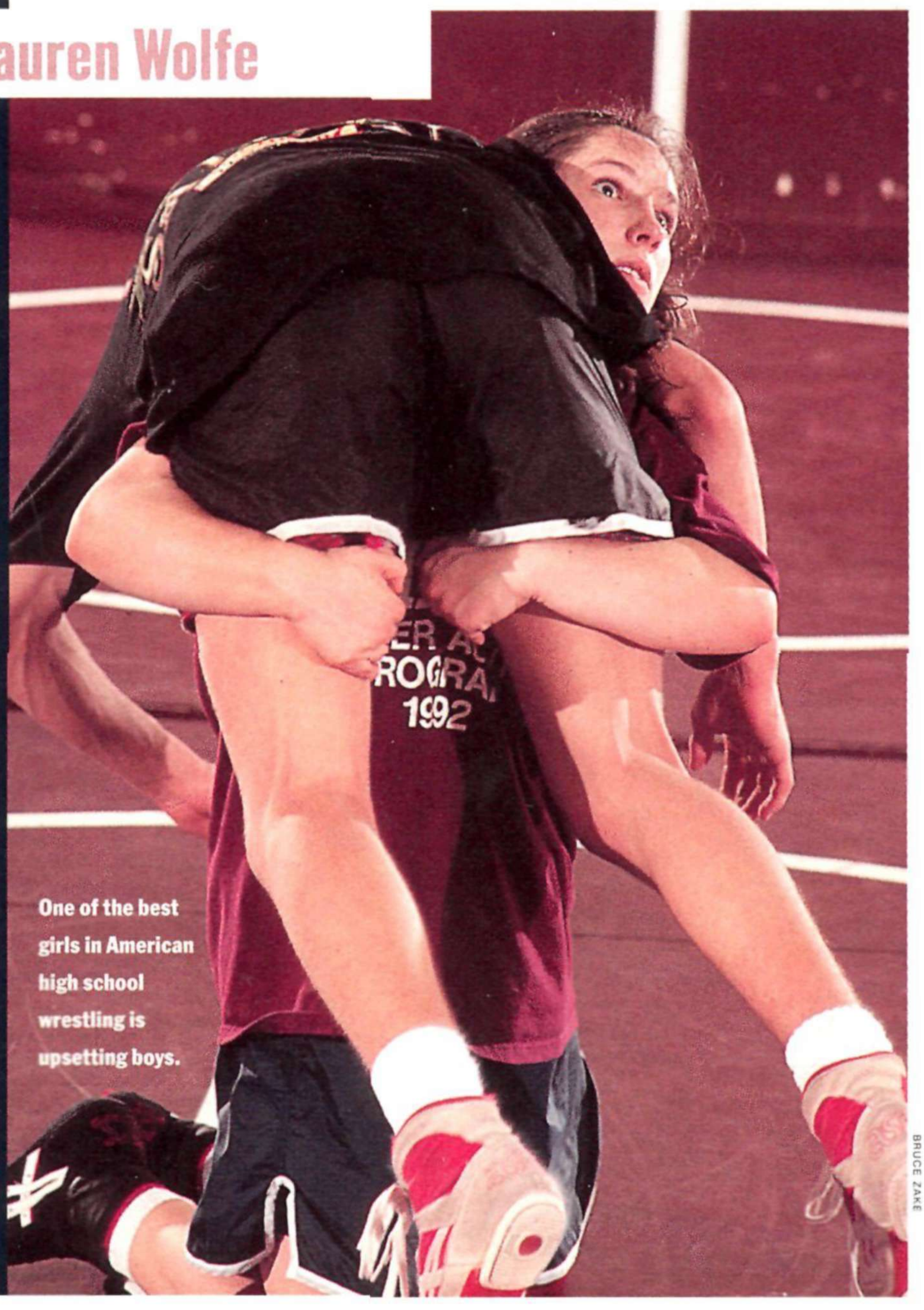
This season has brought redemption. In November in Calgary, Shimer and his crew attained the first World Cup victory by a U.S. four-man sled since 1987. But because few top European teams had made the crossing, nobody paid much attention. Within a month Shimer silenced the doubters with successive four-man wins in Winterberg and Altenberg, Germany.

Shimer's success is largely due to the coaching of Meinhard Nehmer, an Elvis look-alike who drove East Germany to three Olympic golds in 1976 and '80 and who joined the U.S. team a year ago. Nehmer's English is so limited that he and Shimer communicate mainly through arm flapping, ear tugging and chest scratching. Somehow, the message gets across.

A bigger concern than communication is continuance. The sport may be dropped from the Olympics after Lillehammer. "If that happens, I'll just be a beach bum," says Shimer. "At least it won't cost me anything." —FRANZ LIDZ

BILL FRAKES

Lauren Wolfe



One of the best girls in American high school wrestling is upsetting boys.

BRUCE ZAKE

LAUREN WOLFE PACES SO intently before each of her wrestling matches that she sometimes gives herself shin splints. As she goes through a repertoire of moves in her mind, she tries to envision what the next six minutes will be like. She allows nothing to disturb her concentration—not her algebra assignment; not her parents, sitting with camcorder at the ready; and not, above all, those other spectators, the ones whispering behind cupped hands.

Lauren, a sophomore at Okemos (Mich.) High, wishes that everyone would simply view her as another competitor. At 15 she is among the best of the approximately 200 female high schoolers wrestling on boys' teams in the U.S. Though she is struggling this season with a 13–9 record as Okemos's 112-pounder, she is undefeated in women's national and international competition over the past three years, and on Jan. 31 she won her weight class at the largest women's freestyle wrestling tournament in the world, in Tourcoing, France.

Lauren began wrestling in the fifth grade, and she continued wrestling through junior high. "It's totally accepted since everybody's so used to having Lauren around," says teammate Mike Fortino, also a sophomore.

But outside the Okemos High wrestling room the topic of girls wrestling boys raises passionate objections. Lakewood High in Lake Odessa, Mich., twice forfeited its bouts against Lauren because the Lakewood wrestler at her weight balked at facing a female opponent. Lakewood coach Bob Veitch said that if his wrestler were to win, the reaction would be, "So what? You beat a girl." But if his wrestler were to lose, the taunting would commence: "How could you lose to a *girl*?" Last Saturday a Lakewood wrestler did take to the mat against Lauren and lost by a technical fall when the score reached 16–0.

Veitch says that some of Lauren's opponents have been hesitant to use certain moves on her. "One kid from another school kept trying a move we call the upper butt, and he never got comfortable. It's a touchy situation," says Veitch, with unintended irony.

So, is this a reason to keep girls out of high school wrestling programs? "There's nothing sexual about it," says Lauren. "Wrestling is a sport."

Okemos coach Darin Wilcox agrees. "If Wrestler A reaches for a high crotch [a common move] on Wrestler B," he says, "it doesn't make him a homosexual. This is a very physical sport, and the object is to win a match."

Lauren is not on a crusade; if people's attitudes change because of her wrestling, fine. If not, well, she has other things on her mind. She has a 3.9 GPA, runs cross-country and plays soccer, is her class treasurer on the student council and works the sound crew for school plays.

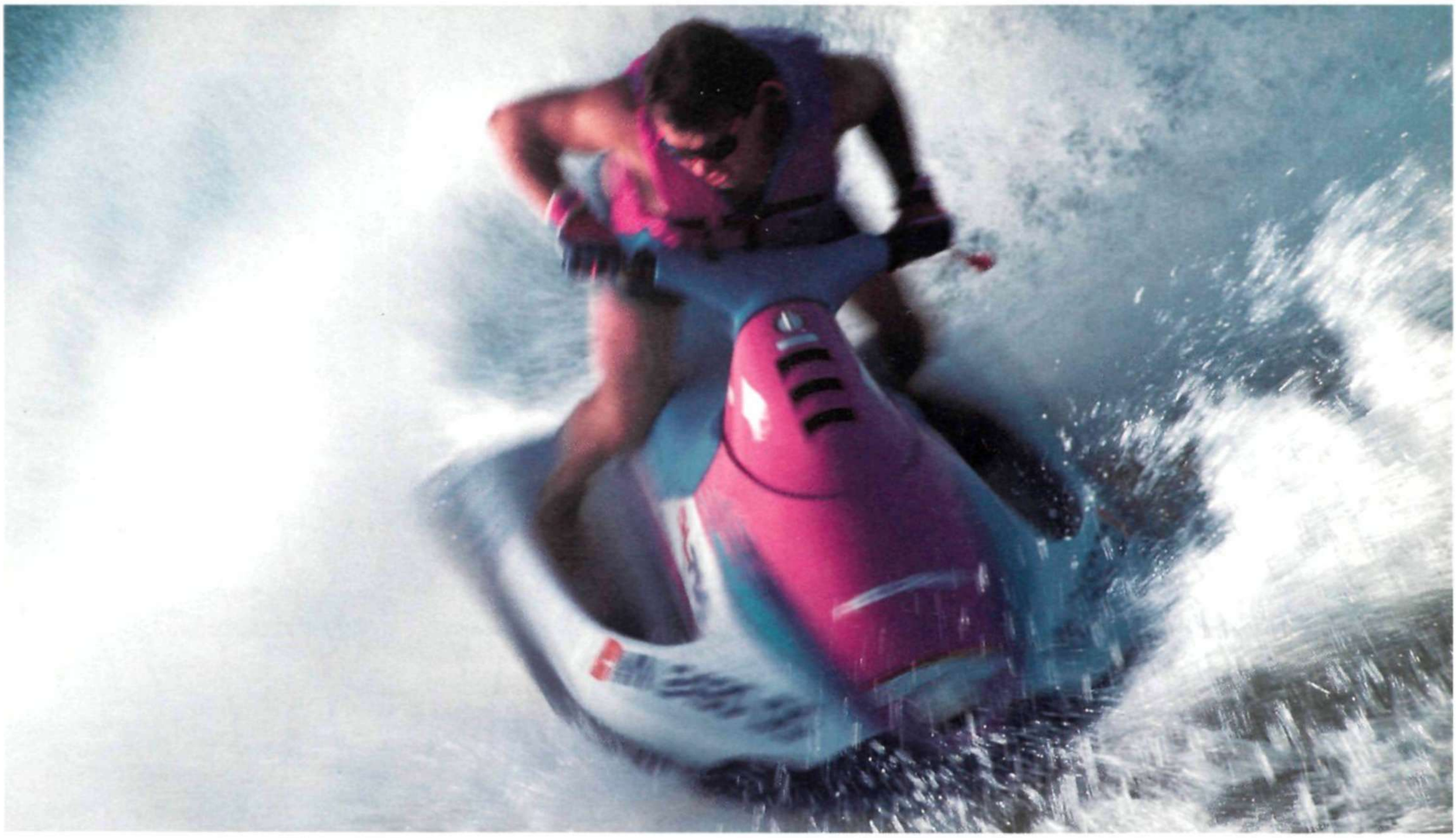
But as long as she wears a singlet, she will continue to be "the girl wrestler." When Lauren agreed to appear on a Detroit TV show called *Kelly & Company* last March, she had no idea that it would turn out to be "a freak show about tomboys and sissies," as she calls it. Having listened to other guests discuss a little boy who played with dolls and a girl who refused to wear dresses, Lauren answered questions with a slightly pained expression. "Do you kinda like to hang out with guys or hang out with girls?" talk show host Marilyn Turner asked.

"I do things with all my friends," Lauren replied patiently. It soon became apparent that Lauren could not be so easily labeled as one of the other female guests, who was identified on screen by the inscription LOVES MUD, HATES LACE. After Lauren told Turner, "I don't think of myself as a tomboy. I think of myself as an athlete," the exasperated host gave up. "Lauren, do you think this is all much ado about nothing?" asked Turner.

"Yeah," she replied.

Score a takedown for Lauren Wolfe.

—KELLY WHITESIDE



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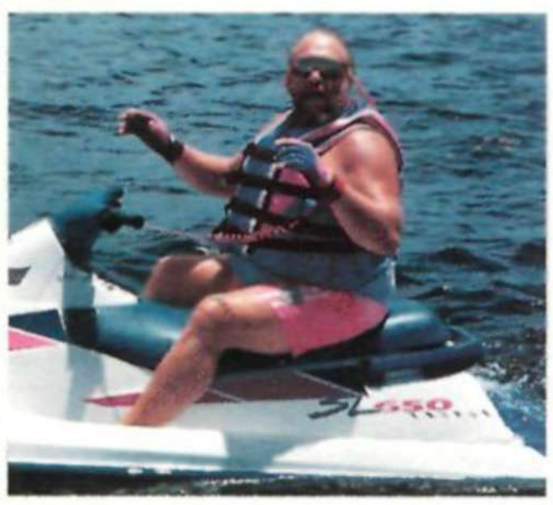

Ronnie Bartley: "I ain't no small tuna."

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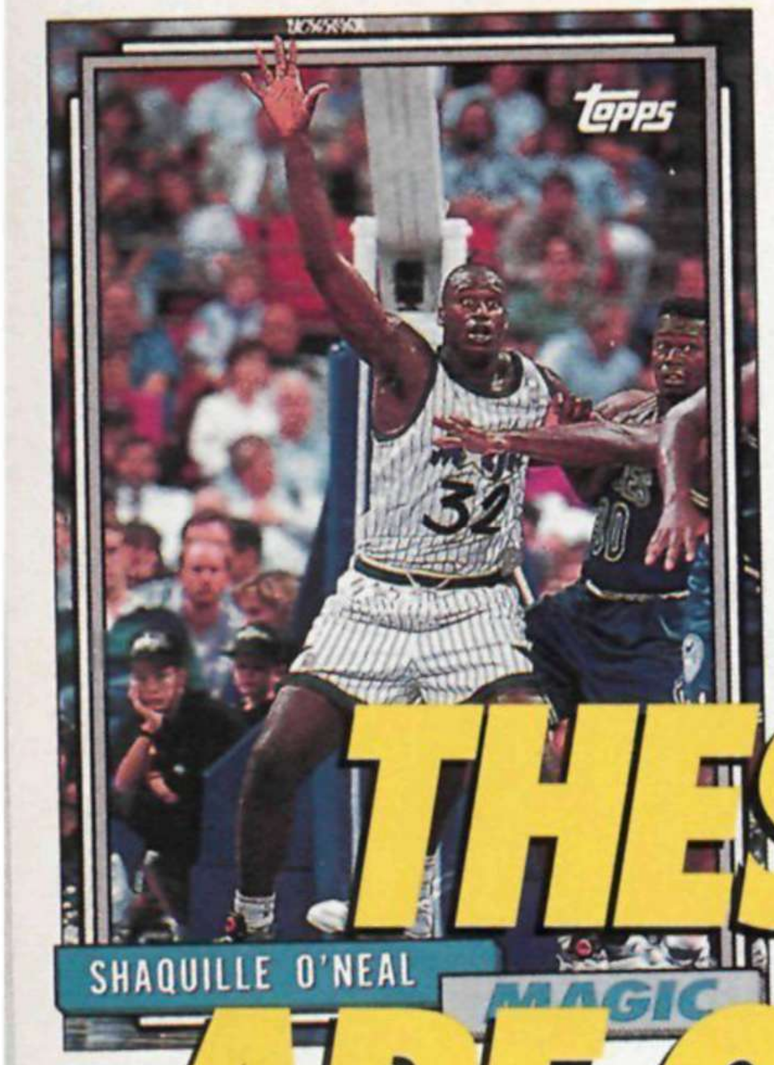

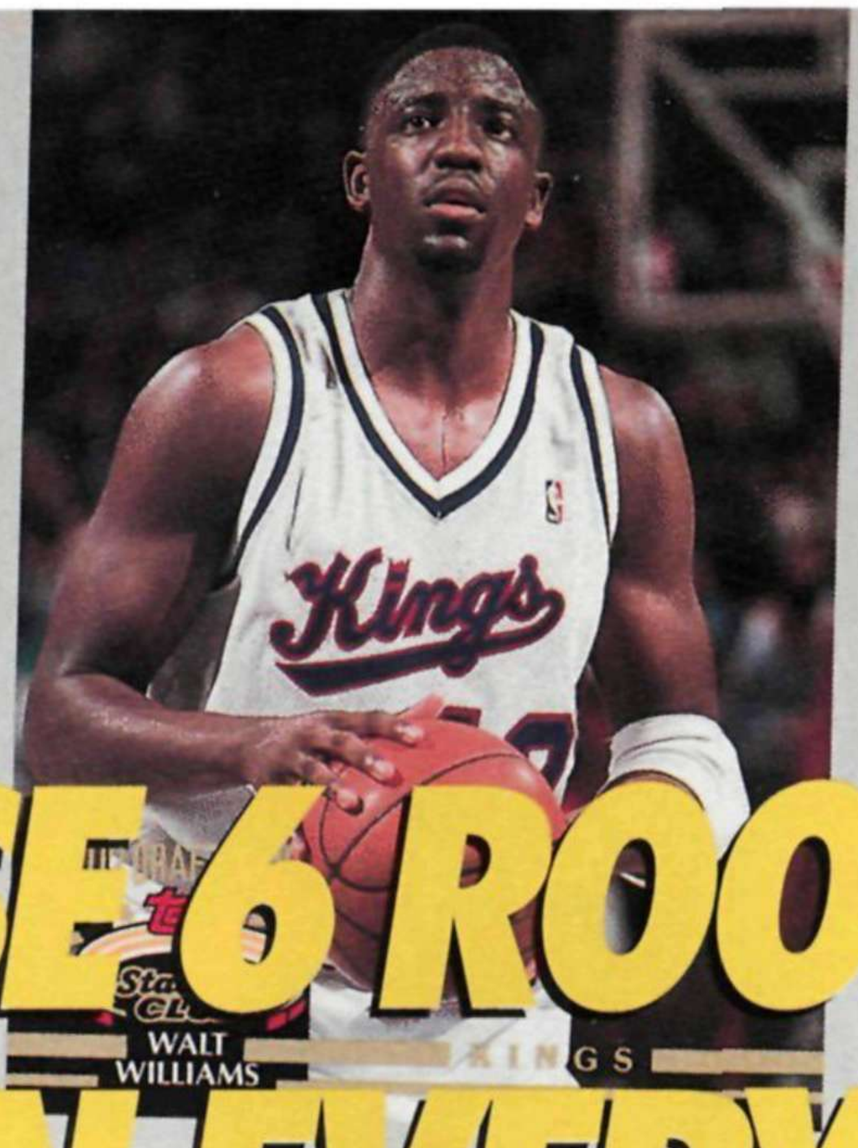

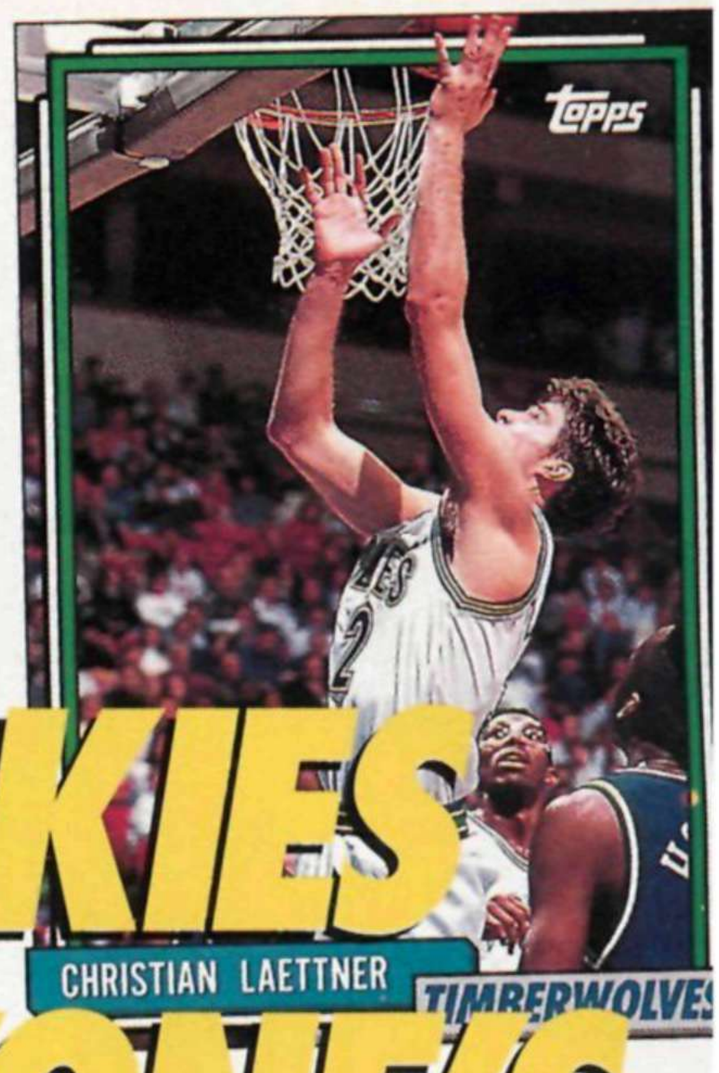

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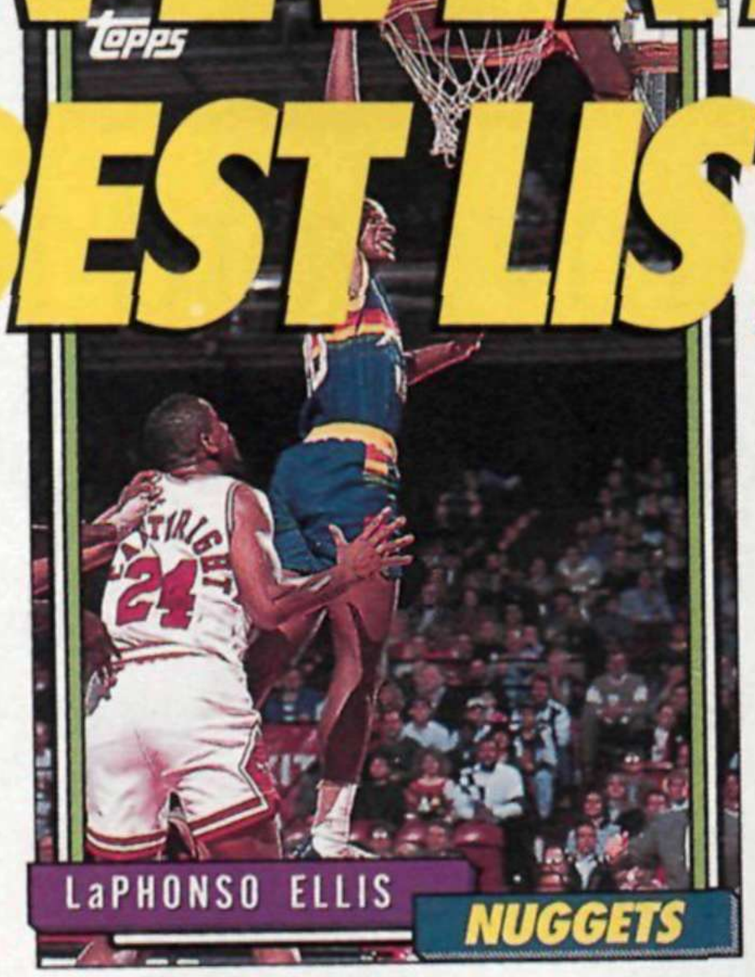

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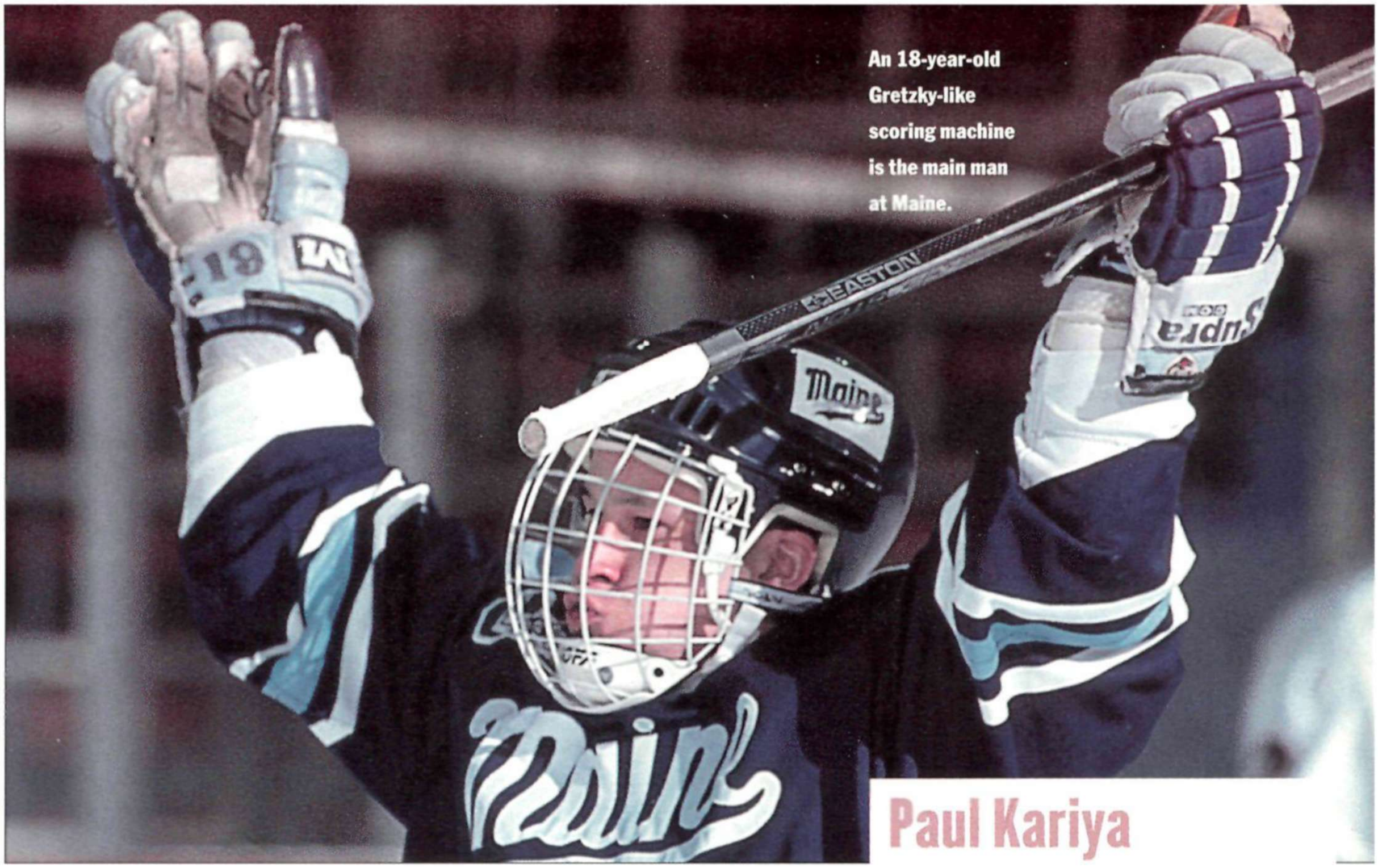


Paul Kariya

HE HAS BEEN CALLED THE Wayne Gretzky of college hockey. While Paul Kariya (ka-REE-ya), a freshman at Maine, may not be quite the stickhandling genius Gretzky was at 18, there are enough similarities between the two to justify the comparison. Bent over at the waist, deceptively fast, Kariya skates like the Great One. He passes the puck with a Gretzky-like sixth sense, anticipating the movements of everyone else on the ice. A leftwinger, Kariya nevertheless likes to set up behind the opponent's net to the goalie's left, a la Mr. Wayne-derful. And at 5′ 11″, 165 pounds, Kariya has been knocked for being too small, a criticism Gretzky endured before turning pro.

"It's almost sacrilegious to compare him to Wayne," says Maine's coach, Shawn Walsh. "But you can't help it." At week's end Kariya, a Vancouver native, was averaging 2.25 points a game, with 21 goals and 51 assists for the Black Bears, who are 30-0-2 and ranked No. 1 in the country. And just like you-know-who in 1978, Kariya was named to the all-tournament team at the World Juniors last month in Sweden for helping lead Canada to the gold. One final similarity: Teammates, coaches and reporters love the kid. Says Walsh, "He's so conscious of the team, there's no resentment that he's stealing the spotlight."

Kariya grew up an Edmonton Oiler fan, because his hometown Canucks were perennial cellar dwellers. "I enjoyed watching the [Oilers'] Euro-style flow game, and I tried to incorporate some of what Wayne does into my game," he says, "the way he uses his teammates and finds open people. The game seems to slow down when he has the puck."

The same can be said of Kariya, "and only he knows when he'll accelerate," says Walsh. "Paul's extremely analytical. Earlier this season we were at a tournament in Alaska, and in the morning he asked which bench we'd have. I asked, 'Why?' He said, 'I like to visualize which goal I'll be skating toward.' This guy's mind is at a higher level."

Kariya's father, Tetsuhiko, a Japanese-Canadian who was born in a World War II internment camp, is a math and computer-science teacher at Argyle Secondary school. He and Paul's mother, Sharon, always wanted their son to go to college in the U.S., but the decision about whether to turn pro right out of high school was left to Paul. "I've always thought college hockey was a great place to learn the game," he says.

Still, it wasn't an easy choice. Kariya, according to one source, turned down $200,000 from the Tri-City Americans of the Western Hockey League to remain eligible for college hockey. Instead, he played last season for Penticton, B.C., a Tier Two team, getting an astounding 132 points (45 goals, 87 assists) in 41 games.

Courted by the likes of Harvard and Boston University, Kariya chose Maine because it had an excellent hockey program (the Black Bears were ranked first most of last season also) and Orono reminded him of Penticton, "only colder." He hasn't regretted his decision. He has a 3.3 GPA and hopes to major in business administration. Kariya, however, will almost certainly turn pro before he graduates, and possibly as soon as next season. He'll be drafted in June—NHL central scouting has him rated sixth overall, a ranking that reflects reservations about his size—and in 1994 he would like to play for Canada in the Olympics. "Once he grows into a man physically, he'll be a dominant scorer in the NHL," says Walsh, who's hoping Kariya stays around long enough to bring the Black Bears their first NCAA championship.

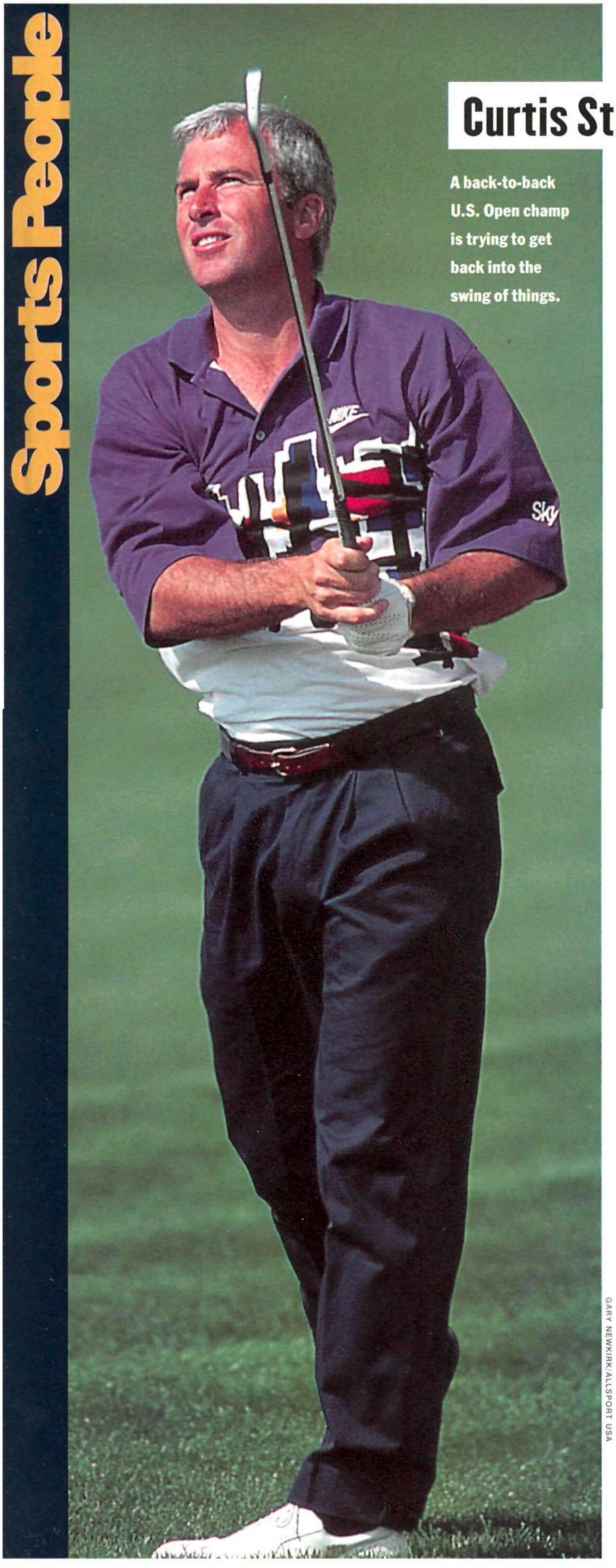
"A lot will depend on when I feel I'm ready for an 84-game schedule, physically and mentally," Kariya says. "Right now I'm thinking there's no way I'll be ready for the NHL next year."

Kariya is favored to become the first freshman to win the Hobey Baker Award as the best college player in the country, but he has a more team-oriented goal in mind for this season. With Gretzky-like confidence he says, "We don't want to lose a game." —E.M. SWIFT

LOU CAPOZZOLA

Curtis Strange

A back-to-back U.S. Open champ is trying to get back into the swing of things.



GARY NEWKIRK/ALLSPORT USA

FOR A WHILE AT THE BOB HOPE Chrysler Classic last week it looked as if the Curtis Strange of old had resurfaced, rearing his prematurely gray head. He jammed clubs back into his bag with a vengeance, whacked with malice at little wooden tees and yelled at two fans in the gallery who dared to cheer him on. "There are other guys playing here, you know," Strange snapped. "So just nip it over there."

His name was even atop the leader board last Thursday after 36 holes, with a 13-under-par 131. But just as suddenly as it had appeared, that shimmering image of a former great was gone. Strange's game didn't exactly self-destruct at the Hope; it merely slipped from sizzling to average. And as his name slid from among the contenders'—he finished the five-round tournament at 18 under par but 17 shots behind runaway winner Tom Kite—Strange stopped abusing his clubs and his fans. He even paused to chat. During Saturday's fourth round, while waiting for the foursome ahead of him, Strange actually lay on the grass, using his bag as a pillow.

"It's going to take some time to get back to the point where I get somebody down and then step on him," he later said. "That's what I'm missing."

Strange won back-to-back U.S. Opens in 1988 and '89, but he hasn't won a tournament since that 1989 victory. He blames his poor play on an unnamed malady that has affected him for more than two years. Exhausted and lethargic, he became so disoriented at times that he didn't know where he was. Worse yet, Strange says he didn't care.

Doctors at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., could find nothing medically wrong with him, so Strange was left to cure himself. "It was bad," he says. "I didn't feel like practicing, so I didn't play well. Because I wasn't playing well, I had an excuse not to leave home. So I stayed home. And it got easier to keep on staying home."

Strange entered only 17 Tour events last year, squeezing them in between fishing trips and football games he attended with his wife, Sarah, and two sons, Tom, now 10, and David, seven. He enjoyed the time with his family so much that he wasn't sure if he would ever again play a full schedule. However, the allure of staying home faded. Says Strange, "My kids finally said, 'Dad, don't you have any golf to play? Somewhere to go? Some kind of life?' And I got tired of being a spectator. I realized how lucky I am that what I do for a living is my hobby and my love."

Last fall, with the support of his family and a sports psychologist, Strange began his comeback. It started with conditioning—running five miles every morning—and then moved to the course, where he worked long hours and changed his swing. Strange plans to play at least 24 tournaments this year. In January, before heading out for the first of four straight, culminating at the Hope, he gathered his family and announced, "To hell with you all, I'm going to play."

"I know it sounds bad that way," Strange says, "but Sarah and I have resigned ourselves to the fact that I'm going to play this game."

But can Strange reach the championship level he once enjoyed? "I don't know, but I know I want to try," he says. "Right now that's good enough." —SHELLEY SMITH

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INFORMATION HOTLINE: 1-800-284-8118

Please see adjacent page for additional important information.

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Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 15, 10, or 5 mg/day over 16 hours. Before prescribing, please see full prescribing information.

A Brief Summary follows. INDICATIONS AND USAGE Nicotrol systems, applied while patients are awake, are indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Nicotrol therapy is recommended for use as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. The use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months has not been studied. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** Use of Nicotrol systems is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any component of Nicotrol transdermal systems. **WARNINGS** Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Nicotrol systems and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement. **Pregnancy, Warning** – Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Nicotrol systems can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by Nicotrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Nicotrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Nicotrol systems, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **Safety Note Concerning Children** – The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if a Nicotrol system is applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 15 mg/day systems contain about 40% (10 mg) of its initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both the used and unused Nicotrol systems out of the reach of children and pets. **PRECAUTIONS** The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Nicotrol therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Nicotrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the treatment should be discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions). Use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting. **Allergic Reactions** – In a 3-week open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Nicotrol systems applied 23 hours per day, 3 of 215 patients (1.4%) exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, none of the subjects exhibited any contact allergy. In the efficacy trials erythema following system removal was typically seen in 7% of patients, edema was seen in 3%, and dropouts due to skin reactions were reported in 1% of patients. Severe skin reactions were not observed in either of the trials. Patients who exhibit contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. Patients should be instructed to discontinue promptly the use of Nicotrol systems and contact their physicians in the case of severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (e.g., severe erythema, pruritus, or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (e.g., urticaria, hives, or generalized rashes). **Skin Disease** – The Nicotrol system is usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (psoriasis, atopic or eczematous dermatitis). **Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases** – The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed. Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Nicotrol therapy was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with the use of Nicotrol systems, the therapy should be discontinued. Nicotrol therapy should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period or in patients with serious arrhythmias or with severe or worsening angina pectoris. **Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency** – The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (see Pharmacokinetics in full prescribing information). **Endocrine Diseases** – Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma, or insulin-dependent diabetes, since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla. **Peptic Ulcer Disease** – Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Accelerated Hypertension** – Nicotine therapy constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Information for Patient** – A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Nicotrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Nicotrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets. **Drug Interactions** – Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications.

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	**Possible Mechanism**
Acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation.
Insulin	Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation.
Adrenergic antagonists (e.g., prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

May Require an Increase in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	**Possible Mechanism**
Adrenergic agonists (e.g., isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility – Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidences of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats. Neither nicotine nor cotinine were mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced repairable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by a reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation. **PREGNANCY** – Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS section). The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Nicotrol therapy on fetal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant

Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded. Nicotrol systems should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of using Nicotrol systems by the pregnant patient, who might continue to smoke. **Teratogenicity** – *Animal Studies:* Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg IP or SC). *Human Studies:* Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans. **Other Effects** – *Animal Studies:* A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking one cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 µg/kg/min nicotine to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about six cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes). *Human Experience:* Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low birth weight infants, and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Nicotrol systems have not been tested in pregnant women. **Labor and Delivery** – Nicotrol systems are not recommended for use during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on a mother or the fetus during labor is unknown. **Use in Nursing Mothers** – Caution should be exercised when Nicotrol systems are administered to nursing women. The safety of Nicotrol therapy in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk to plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first pass clearance; however the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. Nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Nicotrol systems when used while awake than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from Nicotrol therapy should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from Nicotrol therapy alone or in combination with continued smoking. **Pediatric Use** – Nicotrol therapy is not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Nicotrol therapy in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated. **Geriatric Use** – Seventy-nine patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of Nicotrol therapy. Nicotrol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers. **ADVERSE REACTIONS** Assessment of adverse events in the 509 subjects who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by the smoking of many patients. When reporting adverse events in the trials the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom. No serious adverse events were reported during the trials. **Topical Adverse Events** – The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a mild and short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 47% of patients on Nicotrol systems in the efficacy trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 7% of patients and local edema in 3%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. About 1% of patients dropped out of clinical trials due to skin reactions; none had classical contact sensitization (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions). In the clinical trials performed (one Danish and one U.S. clinic), fewer total patients were used than in trials of other nicotine transdermal systems, and fewer adverse reactions were reported than in U.S. trials with other systems achieving comparable blood levels. Therefore, the systemic adverse event rates in the two sections below are based in part on 1200 patients treated with systems delivering comparable rates of nicotine per hour. **Probably Causally Related** – The following adverse events are believed related to Nicotrol treatment based on experience in clinical trials. *Nervous system:* Dizziness* *Musculoskeletal system:* Arthralgia† *Skin and appendages:* Rash,† sweating† *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **Causal Relationship UNKNOWN** – Adverse events reported in active- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Nicotrol treatment and the following events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician. *Body as a whole:* Back pain,† pain† *Digestive system:* Abdominal pain,† constipation,* diarrhea,† dyspepsia,† flatulence,† nausea,* vomiting† *Musculoskeletal system:* Myalgia† *Nervous system:* Concentration impairment,† depression,† headache,* insomnia,† nervousness* *Respiratory system:* Cough increased,† sinusitis† *Special senses:* Taste perversion† *Urogenital system:* Dysmenorrhea* *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE/OVERDOSAGE** For further information, please see full prescribing information. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** Patients must desire to stop smoking and should be instructed to *stop smoking immediately* as they begin using Nicotrol therapy during waking hours. The patient should read the patient instruction sheet on Nicotrol therapy and be encouraged to ask any questions. Treatment should be initiated with the Nicotrol 15 mg/day system. The patients should continue the treatment (one system each day) for 4-12 weeks of therapy. The patient should stop smoking cigarettes completely during this period. If the patient is unable to stop cigarette smoking within 4 weeks, Nicotrol therapy should be stopped, since few additional patients in clinical trials were able to abstain after this time.

Recommended Dosing Schedule

Dose	Duration
Nicotrol 15 mg/day	First 12 weeks
Nicotrol 10 mg/day	Next 2 weeks[a]
Nicotrol 5 mg/day	Last 2 weeks[b]

[a] Patients who have successfully abstained from smoking should have their dose of nicotine reduced after each 2-4 weeks of treatment until the Nicotrol 5 mg/day dose has been used for 2-4 weeks.

[b] The entire course of nicotine substitution and gradual withdrawal should take 14-20 weeks. The use of Nicotrol therapy beyond 5 months has not been studied.

The Nicotrol system should be applied promptly upon its removal from the protective pouch to prevent loss of nicotine from the system. The Nicotrol system should be used only when the pouch is intact to assure the product has not been tampered with. A Nicotrol system should be applied only once a day to a non-hairy, clean, and dry skin site on the upper arm or the hip. Each day a Nicotrol system should be applied upon waking and removed at bedtime. **Caution** – Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Product information as of March 5, 1992 9854G010

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KEN HAWKINS/STOCK SOUTH

THE CLOCK IS TICKING

In Atlanta, yesterday's Olympic joy is gone with the wind as harried organizers count down to the start of the '96 Games

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

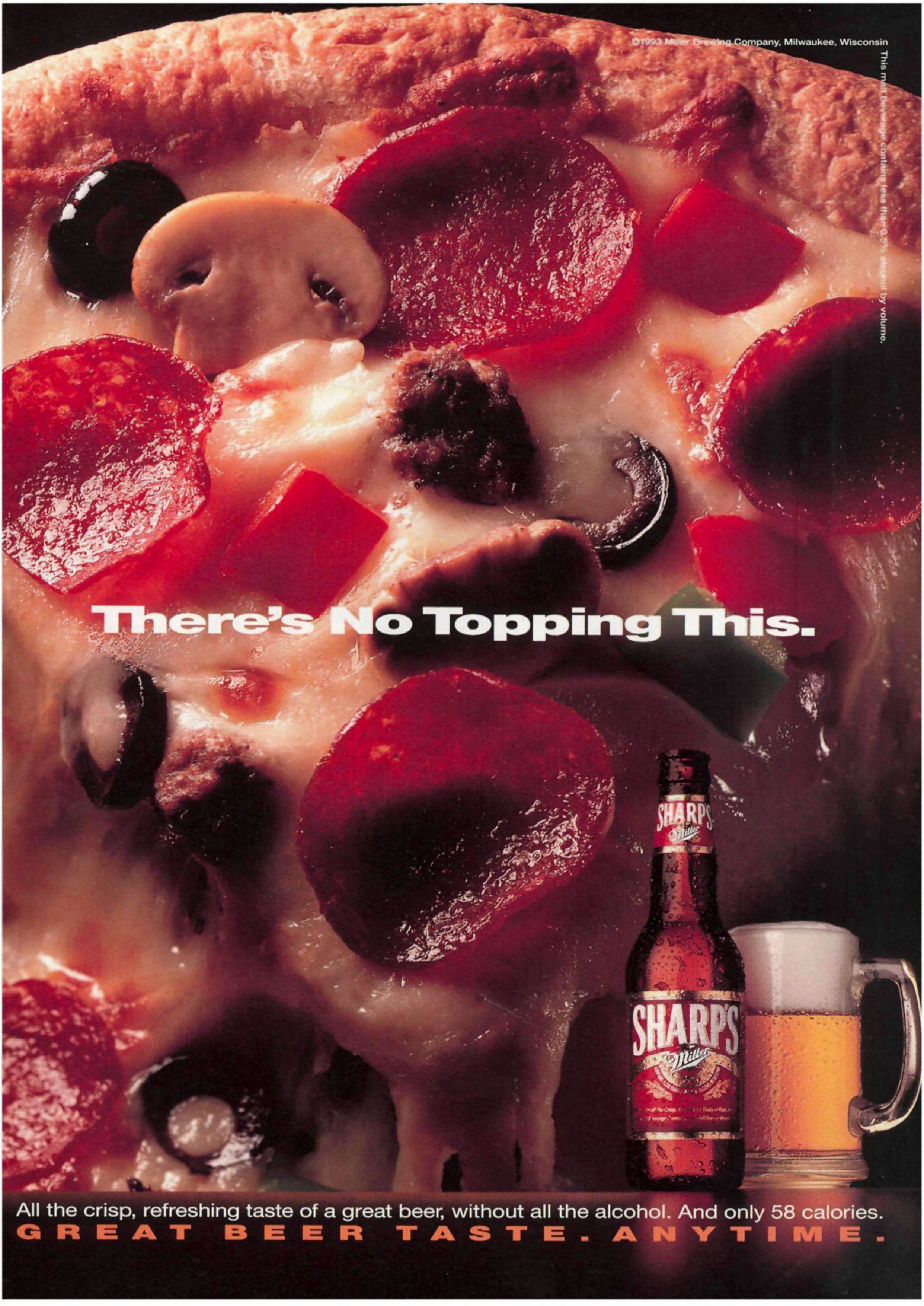
TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.

Billy Payne, the visionary former Georgia football player and ex-$250,000-a-year Atlanta real estate lawyer who dreamed up and then led the campaign that brought the 1996 Summer Olympics to Atlanta, says he has a clock in his head that counts his Olympic days, both forward and backward. As of Monday his forward-looking clock indicated that 1,250 days remained until the Games begin, on July 20, 1996, and his backward-looking clock showed that 2,207 days had passed since Feb. 10, 1987, the day he was smitten with the idea that he could bring the Olympics to Atlanta.

The good news is that Payne's *tick-tick-tick*s have now counted off nearly two thirds of the time it will take to reach the culmination of his Olympic dream (to say nothing of the day when silence returns to his head). The bad news is that the best of times are either far behind—such as the glorious day in Tokyo in September 1990 when the International Olympic Committee (IOC) awarded Atlanta the Games—or far, far ahead, in the golden Olympic tomorrows of '96. In the interim lie the worst of times, when the headaches build, the conflicts escalate and every day is full of doubt and accusation.

As president, chief executive officer, dreamer-in-charge and chief spellbinder of the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games (ACOG, which locals pronounce AY-cog), Payne now refers to the Olympics as "the greatest peacetime event in the 20th century." Thus the warlike nature of recent months has weighed heavily on him. "I have been trying to be a diplomat, and that has been extremely difficult for me," he says. "My tongue has gotten shorter from biting it off so many times."

The issue that has shortened Payne's tongue most is the difficulty ACOG is having raising the $1.4 billion the Games will cost—$900 million in operating expenses and $500 million for the construction of sports facilities and the Olympic Village. The best estimates are that the committee is running two thirds behind schedule in its cash flow, and in January 1992 it had to turn to a $300 million line of bank credit to make ends meet. Michael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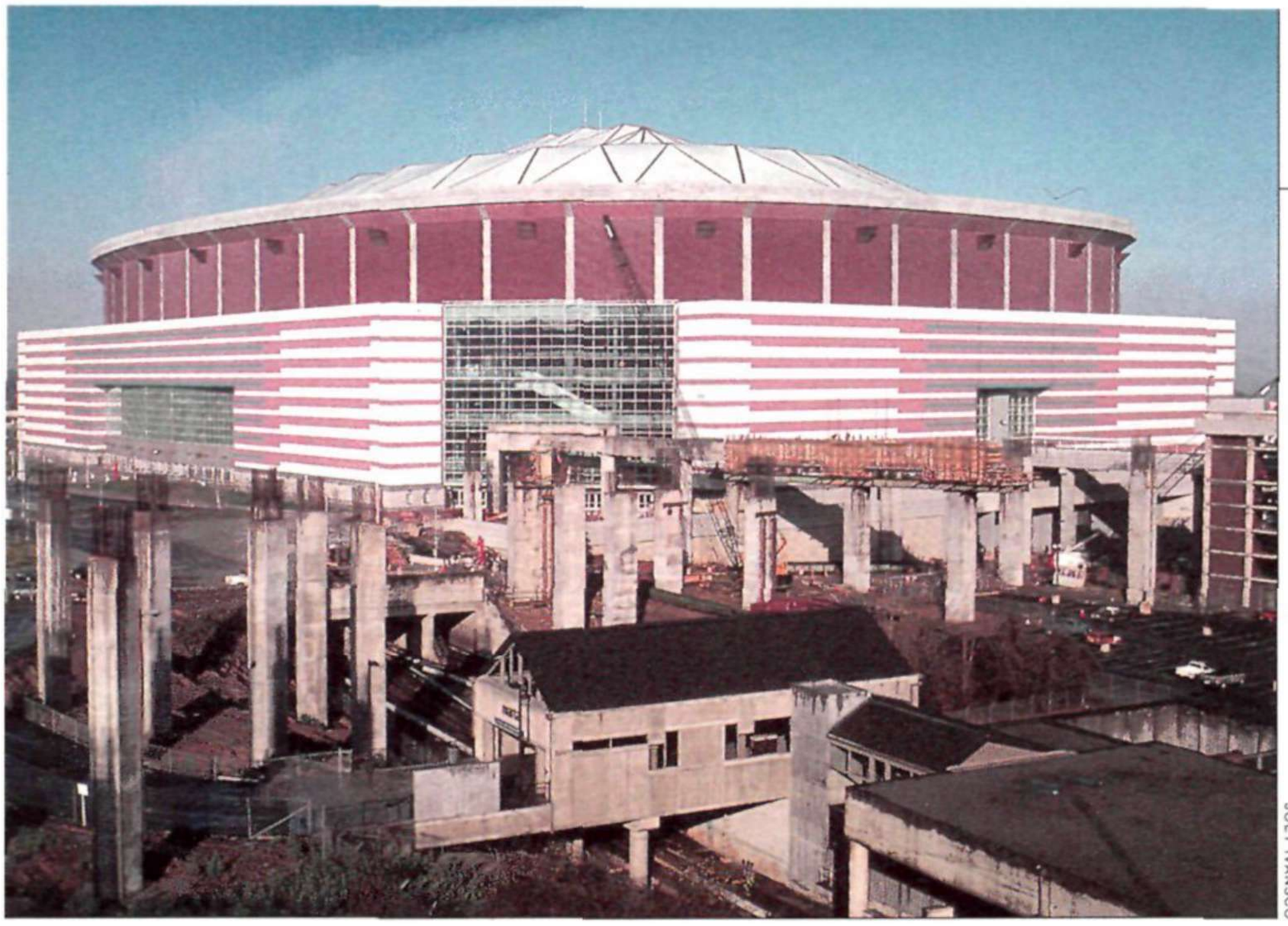

JOEY IVANSCO

The Georgia Dome uprooted the poor, an act that haunts Payne (left) and Jackson today.

Lomax, chairman of the Fulton County commission and a member of the Metropolitan Atlanta Olympic Games Authority, which functions as a public watchdog over the privately organized ACOG, says, "The last financial report was not a good one. ACOG is not hitting its goals. Its members said they were not expecting anything from the government, so we want to make sure they are not overspending based on revenue they are not producing. They have a very expensive executive payroll, and that was based upon the enthusiasm we initially had about the Games."

Included in that very expensive payroll is Payne's annual salary of $530,000, a figure that was announced by ACOG last April and denounced immediately by some local critics. However, many Atlantans forgave Payne his fat salary because from 1987 through '91 he pursued his—*their*—Olympic dream without any pay and wound up with more than $1 million in personal debt. Also, Payne supporters point out that the salary is not out of line for a CEO of an average Fortune 500 company. A.D. Frazier, a former Atlanta and Chicago banker who is ACOG's chief operating officer, No. 2 behind Payne, is paid $375,000 a year, about half of what he earned at the bank. "What we have here at ACOG," Frazier says, "is an operation the size of a Fortune 500 firm that is founded, organized and operated for six years and six years only, and then goes out of business after '96."

KEN HAWKINS/STOCK SOUTH

True, but the question of the moment is: Can ACOG raise the money it needs to stay in business for those years? The committee long ago declared that it planned to pay its bills by taking in at least $550 million from the sale of U.S. and foreign television rights, another $400 million or so from the sale of merchandising licenses and commemorative coins and tickets, and another $500 million from the sale of corporate sponsorships. The TV negotiations with U.S. networks should take place in late spring or early summer, and if the economy continues to improve, TV could produce revenue close to ACOG's predictions. Sales of coins, licenses and tickets usually produce a dependable income, but it doesn't start flowing in until closer to the beginning of the Games. So the immediate question about ACOG's finances lies in the sale of $500 million worth of corporate sponsorships.

Originally the hope was to bring in 10 national "Partners" in different commercial categories such as automobiles, fast food, telecommunications, insurance and beer. In the fall of 1991 Payne promised to have the national Partners signed and sealed by the end of 1992. At the time, he *declared boldly*, "*Only the big boys need* apply." He meant the *very* big boys. The price of a partnership was $40 million. By contrast, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, which invented the corporate-sponsorship gimmick for the '84 Games, charged only $4 million apiece for its 30 major sponsorships, and eight corporations paid at least $23 million each to be joint partners with the Barcelona Games organizers. The IOC now charges $40 million apiece for its dozen worldwide TOP (The Olympic Program) affiliations, but those sponsorships include marketing rights in virtually every country that has a national Olympic committee.

For $40 million, each national Partner is affiliated with not only the Atlanta Games but also the U.S. Olympic Committee (*USOC*). *Each national* Partner receives exclusivity in its market category, so that, for example, only one commercial bank—NationsBank—will sponsor the U.S. Olympic Team at the '94 Winter Games in Lillehammer and in Atlanta in '96. Among other exclusive privileges, each Partner with a capital *P* may use the Atlanta Games' logo and the Olympic rings in its advertising. It will also have access to 400 of the best hotel rooms, VIP credentials, chauffeured cars, tickets, etc., at the '96 Olympics.

Is this a good deal? So far four corporations—NationsBank, Sara Lee, Home Depot and IBM—think it is and have signed individually tailored deals with ACOG. For instance, IBM will provide $40 million worth of equipment and services—but no cash—for its partnership. Both Payne and Harvey Schiller, executive director of the USOC, express optimism about selling more national partnerships—soon. Says Schiller, "The marketplace continues to improve. One problem we had was that we were prevented from selling these partnerships until after the Games in Barcelona, due to an IOC restriction."

Another difficulty in selling the partnerships popped up early last December

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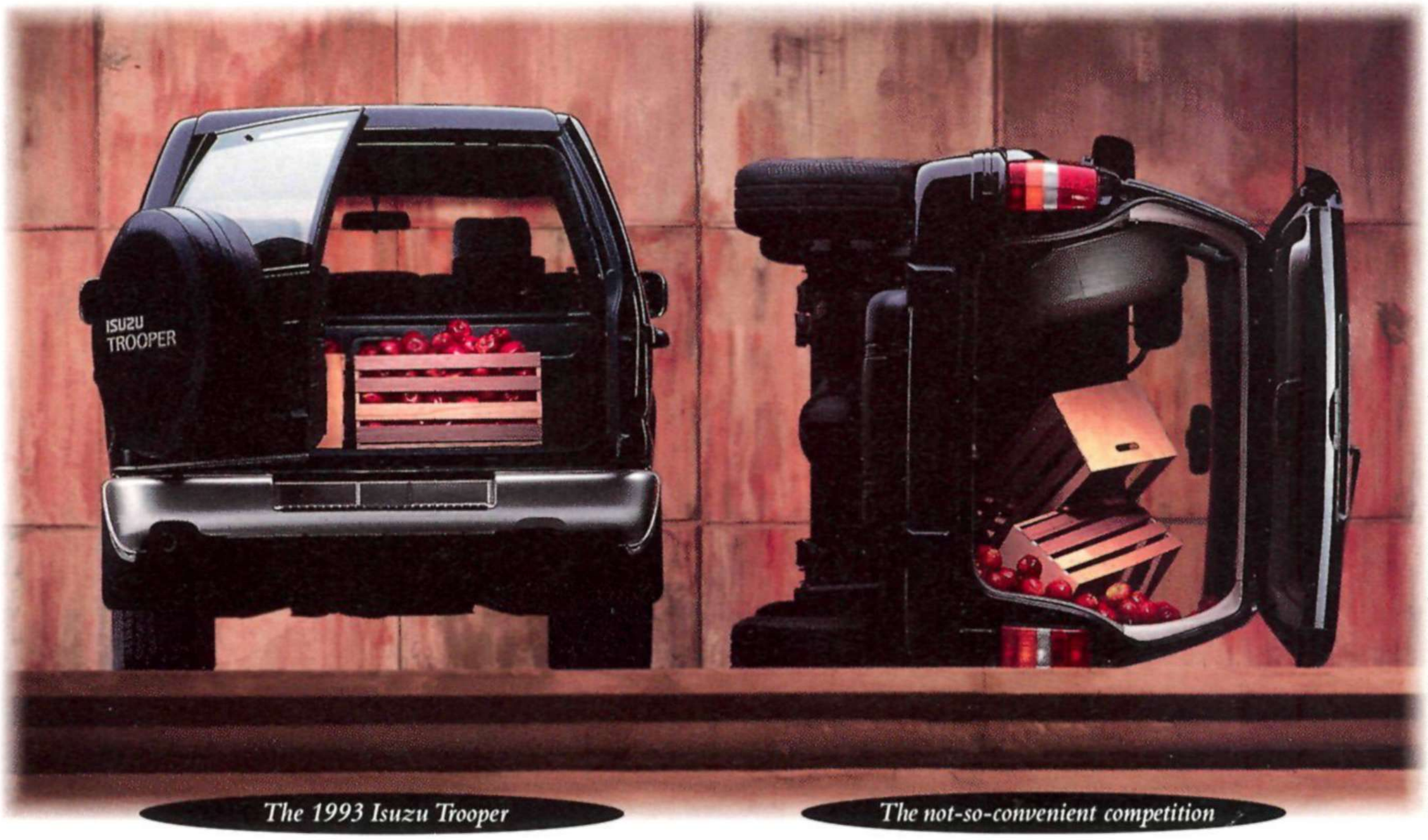

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when the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* revealed that ACOG planned to sell a second tier of Olympic supplier (with a small *s*) sponsorships for only $10 million to $20 million. The story caused consternation among the original big-bucks buyers. "Part of the appeal of being a [national Partner] was having fewer . . . Partners and suppliers. That would eliminate the clutter," Brad Iversen, corporate director of marketing at NationsBank, said when the article appeared. Home Depot spokesman Lonnie Fogel said, "We have legitimate concerns about the devaluation of sponsorships."

thing to say about the second-tier rights and privileges," says Payne.

None of the four big boys bolted after the *Journal-Constitution* story broke, but Payne is still furious at the paper for printing it. "Very little has been written accurately," he says, "and what has been written of late rocked the boat. The paper said that the difficulty and complexity of getting $40 million causes us to reduce prices. Nothing is further from the truth. Journalism was making news as opposed to reporting news, and it was doing a disservice to our efforts." Thomas Oliver, the editor in charge of the *Journal-Constitution*'s Olympic coverage, says, "That story obviously caused some problems for Mr. Payne. I talked with him after it appeared, and he made it very clear that there were no factual errors in the article, but that what concerned him was that he had not told anyone about the supplier sponsorships yet. We stand by the story."

JOEY IVANSCO

Homeless advocate Beaty was among the 100 protestors who invaded Payne's office.

Payne insists nothing has been devalued. "Our program has always been to get nine or 10 national Partner sponsors," he says, "and *then* make available different sponsorships with very greatly reduced rights." In fact ACOG has signed up no supplier sponsors, but Payne claims that the cheaper package is already in demand. "We have found that the universe of American companies interested in the lower level of $10 million to $20 million is significantly greater than we anticipated," Payne says. What the supplier sponsor would get for its money or payment in kind, however, has yet to be negotiated. "Our $40 million Partners will have some-

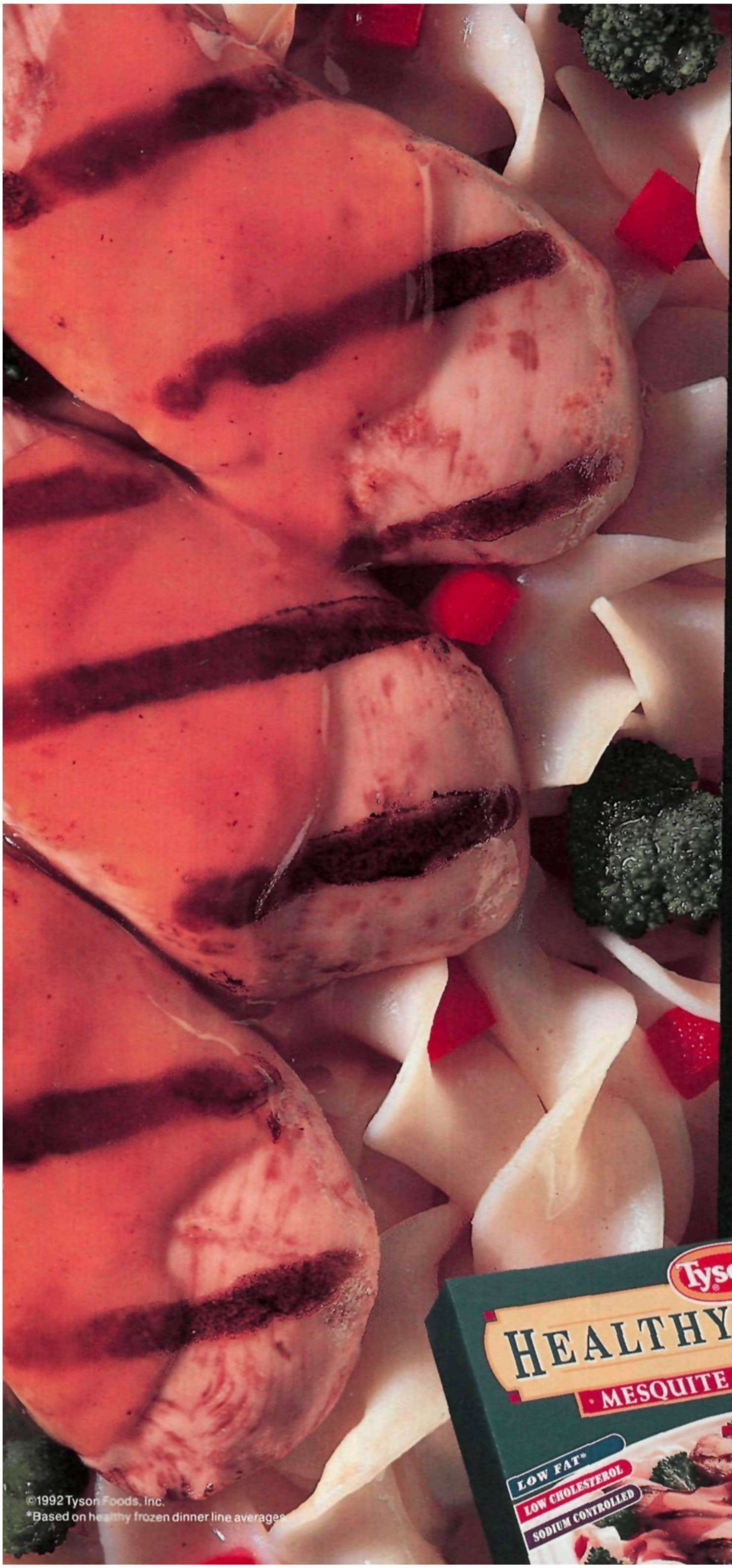
To Payne's frequent discomfort, the *Journal-Constitution* has taken an aggressive and proprietary approach to the Games, covering ACOG and other Olympic issues with a full-time team of two editors and five reporters, plus three more reporters who work the beat from time to time. "We know the public is very interested," says Oliver. "The general mood is, We as a community are 90-plus percent glad we got the Olympics. The big question is, Will a lot of people have the opportunity to participate, or is it going to be some good ol' boy network that is not open to most people?"

The paper runs Olympic stories almost every day and a full page called "Olympic Watch" in both the Saturday and Sunday editions. Payne sometimes finds the constant surveillance hard to take. An early riser, he usually devours the day's Olympic stories by 5 a.m. and has been known to telephone the reporter responsible for what Payne deems a negative story by 5:05 a.m. for a predawn tongue-lashing (no less painful for the writer despite the new shortness of Payne's tongue).

Payne, who has developed something not far removed from paranoia over *Journal-Constitution* coverage, should take comfort in the fact that the watchdog style of reporting on local Olympic committees by newspapers is routine. Dick Pound, the Montreal lawyer who is an executive board member of the IOC and has been a close observer of Olympics ever since he swam in the 1960 Games in Rome, puts it this way: "The nature of local newspaper coverage of the last 10 Olympics has followed a cycle that you could plot on a graph. First there is the exhilaration of winning the bid, boosterism, civic pride. Then comes the postcoital depression about whether the town should have the Olympics, whether it will be a disaster. This part of the cycle fits pretty much with the Atlanta situation now, because this a very boring couple of years in most local Olympic cycles. Nothing very interesting is happening—sponsorship sales, assembling building sites, negotiating contracts, stuff that really can't be done in the public eye. At this time the papers are searching madly for plots and counterplots.

"Then the buildings start to go up, there are things to see, the money is coming in, and suddenly everybody feels good. And then the Games come at long last, and they are, of course, a resounding success—just as they were going to be all along, with or without the coverage.

"Don't get me wrong; I think public examination of Olympic committees is helpful. It keeps certain types of people in



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line, and the free press has every right to cover these matters any way it wishes. But I guarantee you, the graph is there, the coverage can be plotted in advance."

Money shortages and newspaper coverage haven't been the only points of contention for ACOG. There was until late last month the sticky question of golf. Payne announced in October that ACOG wanted to add golf to the 1996 Games, though the sport had not been played at the Olympics since 1904. This was somewhat controversial since many IOC members consider golf an elitist, white man's game. Edgar Rogers, the black general secretary of the Zimbabwe Olympic Committee, said in November, "Only a very small portion of the population of any given country worldwide has access to a golf course. If it were admitted at the expense of a sport more widely played, it would have my objections."

What made Payne's announcement more controversial was that he intended to have the competition at storied Augusta National Golf Club, which has refused to allow women as members and has made only a reluctant nod toward racial integration: It added a single black member in September 1990 (and no more since) after nearly 60 years of being lily-white. The exclusionary aspects of Augusta National caused a great split in Atlanta, which got the Games in part because it had sold itself to the IOC as a model of progressiveness in race relations. Atlanta mayor Maynard Jackson, who is black, supported the use of Augusta, while the city council, 66% of whose members are black, condemned the idea.

Lomax of the county commission disagreed too. "Giving the venue to Augusta would be an embarrassment to Atlanta," he told SI's Anita Verschoth. "It would ignore everything we have achieved here." Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the IOC, finally laid the whole ugly matter to rest in January when he said golf would not be a part of the '96 Games.

Another storm has gathered as Atlanta activists for a variety of causes—labor unions, the homeless, civil liberties, neighborhood protection—have zeroed in on the social policies of ACOG by organizing the Atlanta Olympic Conscience Coalition. Just before Christmas almost 100 coalition demonstrators went to ACOG headquarters and crammed into Payne's office. As it turned out, Payne

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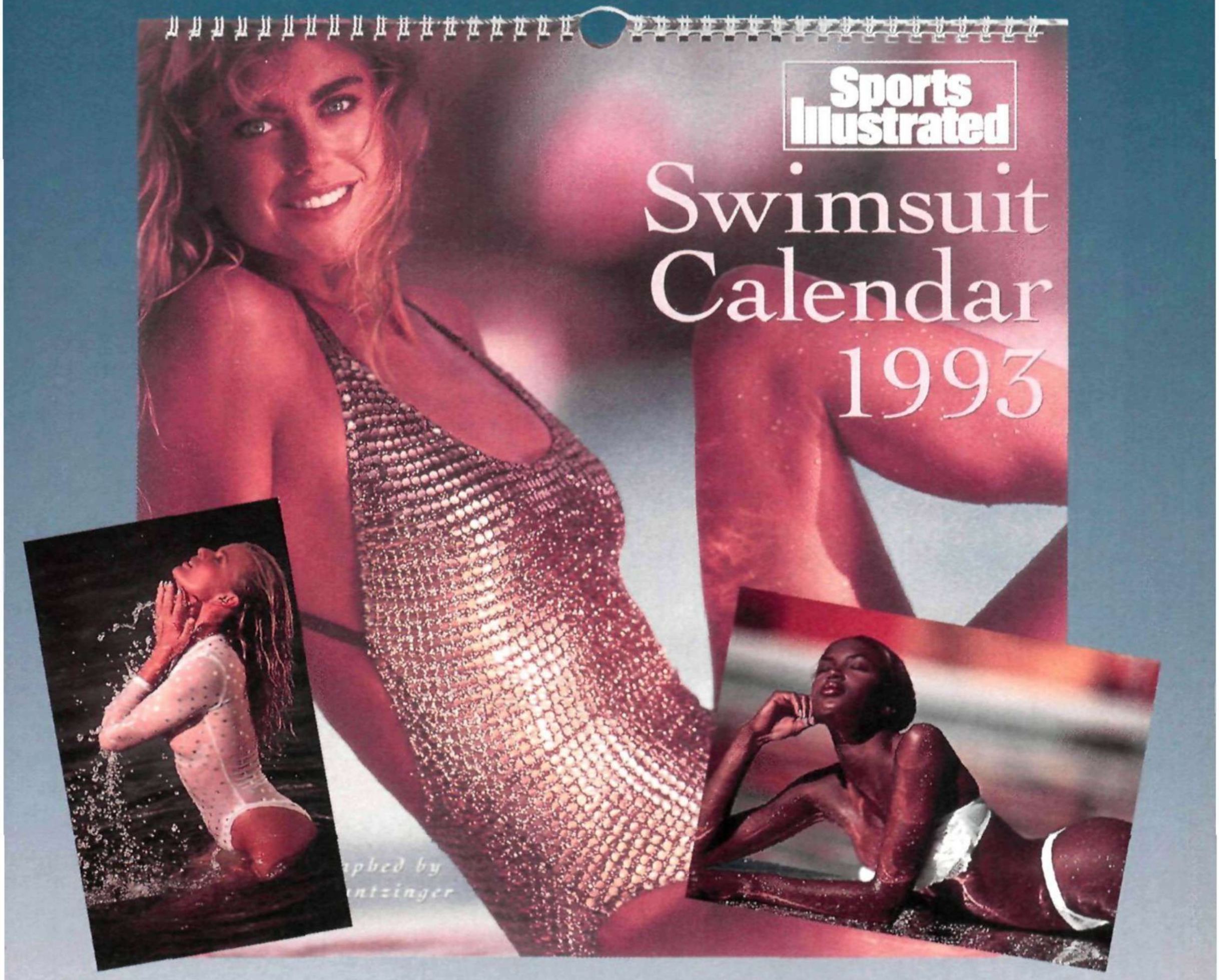

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Sports Illustrated

was out of town, so the dissenters sang *Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Us Around* and then met for more than an hour with Frazier and Andrew Young, former Atlanta mayor and now cochairman of ACOG. Anita Beaty, director of the Task Force for the Homeless and a cochair of the coalition, was optimistic afterward. "They agreed to meet [with us] regularly," she said, "and we have faith they will do that."

The Reverend Timothy McDonald, former executive director of Concerned Black Clergy and another coalition cochairman, is more militant. "These people are selling an Atlanta that is a myth," he says. "This is the fourth-poorest city in America. Atlanta has a history of displacing poor people when it builds major structures. Atlanta–Fulton County Stadium, the Georgia Dome, the Civic Center, World Congress Center—all were built in poor black neighborhoods. In the past, developers did not use neighborhood people to do the work. There were even illegal aliens used. That isn't fair. The Olympic people gave no guarantee on what level they will use local union labor. They want to build for the cheapest dollar. There is no way the community will allow it."

One target of the dissenters could be the $207 million Olympic Stadium, which is to be built in Summerhill, a historic black neighborhood. Groundbreaking for the stadium isn't scheduled until late April or early May, but McDonald promises, "That day they break ground, we will have a tent city there, and we will not go away. We'll take every chance we get to embarrass [the Olympic organizers]. We are unified as never before. The churches are part of it, labor is part of it, the homeless are part of it. Any intelligent person who looks at this coalition and doesn't want to sit down and talk is crazy."

ACOG is officially sympathetic to what the coalition stands for, but there is no warm embrace from Payne for McDonald. "I will not honor him by mentioning his name," says Payne. "There are groups who want to use the Olympic Games' singularity to advance their own special interests, and while many of these interests are worthwhile from a social sense, I think it is wrong that they would seek to disrupt the most important moment in this community."

Frazier, who speaks more like a professor of semantics than a banker, says, more gently, "We don't wish confrontation. Our negotiations have been anything but hostile to labor unions. We are going into contract for services, and the unions will participate. Some articulation of our aims and goals has been miscast as antilabor, antipoor. We want to be humane and thoughtful. We do give a damn, we do care. But homelessness and vagrancy and crime are not something we can solve. We didn't initiate these things, and we can't take them away.

"The Olympics were attractive to Barcelona because they fit well within a 10-year development plan. There was no such utilitarian notion about the Olympics' coming to Atlanta. This was a grassroots crusade, from the heart, from the soul of Billy Payne. We wish to bring these Games to our city with no thought of political requirements, obligations or expectations. We are doing this for the sake of doing it; we are doing this because it is the right thing to do."

Despite the pressure of such cosmic issues—social justice, high finance, potential racism, etc.—the question about the 1996 Games that is uppermost in the minds of most people is far less lofty: What the hell *izit* with Whatizit? The blue blob mascot has mystified and amused the world since it was introduced to guffaws at the end of the Barcelona Games. Samaranch likes it, comparing it favorably to the crude dog that was Barcelona's mascot: "I think it is the mascot, after Cobi, who gets the most press coverage—80 percent negative, 20 percent positive."

Among the negative critics is Matt Groening, creator of *The Simpsons,* who calls Whatizit "a bad marriage of the Pillsbury Doughboy and the ugliest California Raisin." Asked about the maligned mascot, Payne grins rather grimly and says, "We are going to get the last laugh with Whatizit, I guarantee you." He will say no more.

Even as these contentious days tick past, the fact is that the Atlanta Olympics will be held and they will most likely be a success. Too many things are too right in Atlanta—venues in place, local government lending support, a citizenry that loves the idea of holding the Games, a city where even the critics are really boosters in disguise. McDonald says, "We're going to have the best Olympics there ever were. It will be the best not because of the Games but because of a community coming together." And Lomax says, "In 1996 all this agony will result in an ecstasy comparable to Barcelona's."

Payne would like nothing better than to set his mental Olympic clock ahead to those days of ecstasy. But, for now, there is nowhere to hide.

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

And no doubt his tongue will grow even shorter before the clock stops.

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick. . . . ■

DAVID MURRAY/STOCK SOUTH

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Inside College Basketball

by PHIL TAYLOR

HAPPY HOMECOMING

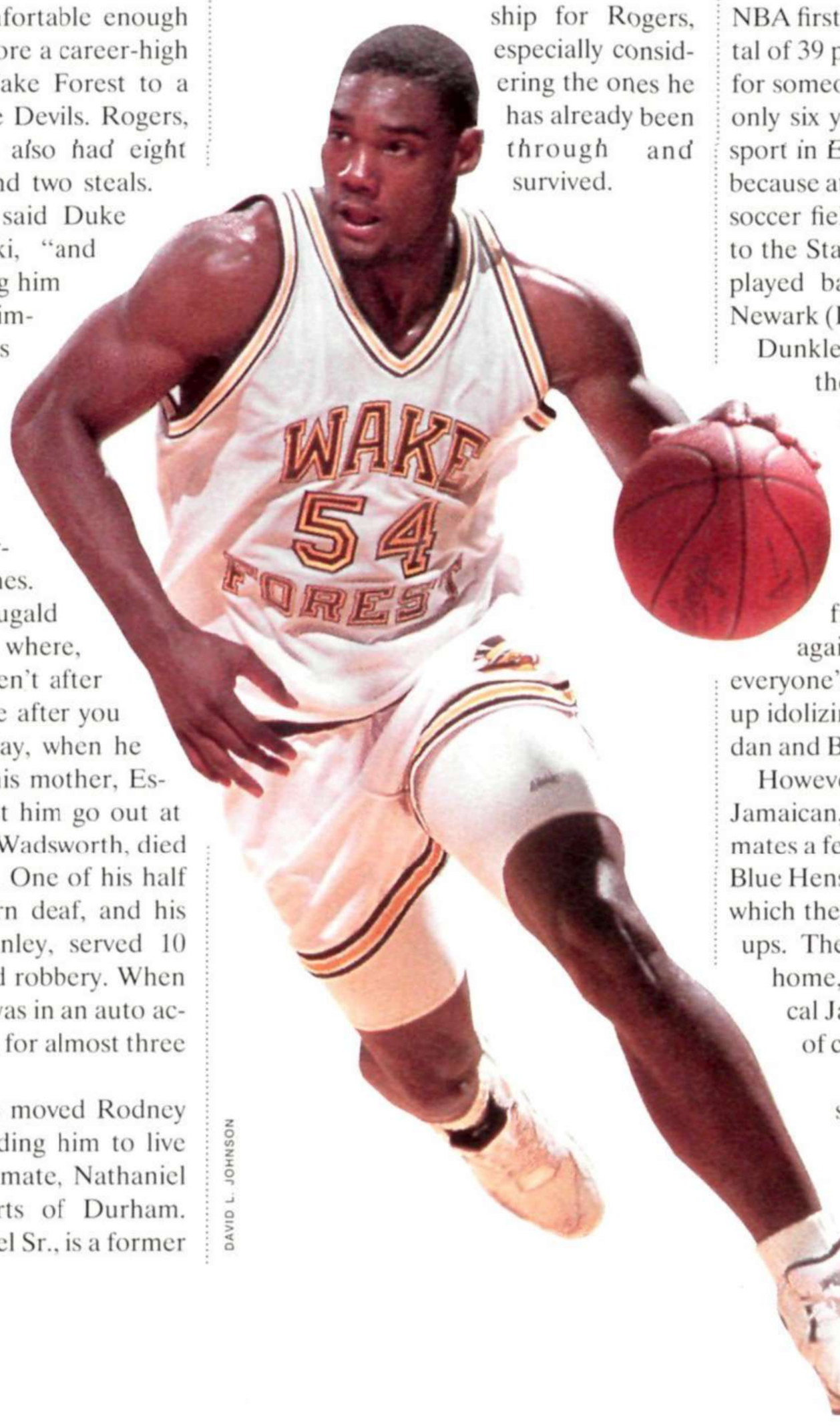
Rodney Rogers grew up in Durham, N.C., playing pickup games in Duke's Cameron Indoor Stadium. So it's not surprising that he felt comfortable enough there last Saturday to score a career-high 35 points in leading Wake Forest to a 98–86 win over the Blue Devils. Rogers, a 6′ 7″ junior forward, also had eight rebounds, two blocks and two steals. "He was sensational," said Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski, "and that's probably not giving him enough credit. I have a limited vocabulary. It was as good a performance as I've seen in 13 years in Cameron."

It was a fine homecoming for Rogers, whose memories of Durham aren't all happy ones. He lived in the McDougald Terrace housing project, where, says Rogers, "If guys aren't after you to buy drugs, they're after you to sell them." Even today, when he comes home for visits, his mother, Estella Spencer, doesn't let him go out at night. His father, Willie Wadsworth, died when Rodney was eight. One of his half brothers, Stacy, was born deaf, and his other half brother, Stanley, served 10 years in prison for armed robbery. When Rodney was 16, Estella was in an auto accident and was in a coma for almost three weeks.

Shortly afterward, she moved Rodney out of the projects, sending him to live with a high school teammate, Nathaniel Brooks, on the outskirts of Durham. Brooks's father, Nathaniel Sr., is a former high school teacher, and under his guidance Rogers blossomed both academically and athletically, making the honor roll and averaging 28.3 points and 12.3 rebounds as a senior.

Rogers has been Wake Forest's star from the moment he arrived in Winston-Salem. At the end of the week he was averaging 21.1 points and 7.3 rebounds for the 16–4 Demon Deacons, whose victory on Saturday put Duke into fourth place in the ACC, a half game behind third-place Wake. "Rodney's in the wrong league," says Richmond coach Dick Tarrant. "He's in the ACC. He should be in the NBA."

That will come soon enough, perhaps after this season, though Rogers says he has promised his mother he will get his bachelor's degree. Waiting another year for a big professional contract doesn't seem like such a hardship for Rogers, especially considering the ones he has already been through and survived.



DAVID L. JOHNSON

Rogers escaped the demons of his past and is now excelling for the Demons of Wake Forest.

NAME FOR THE GAME

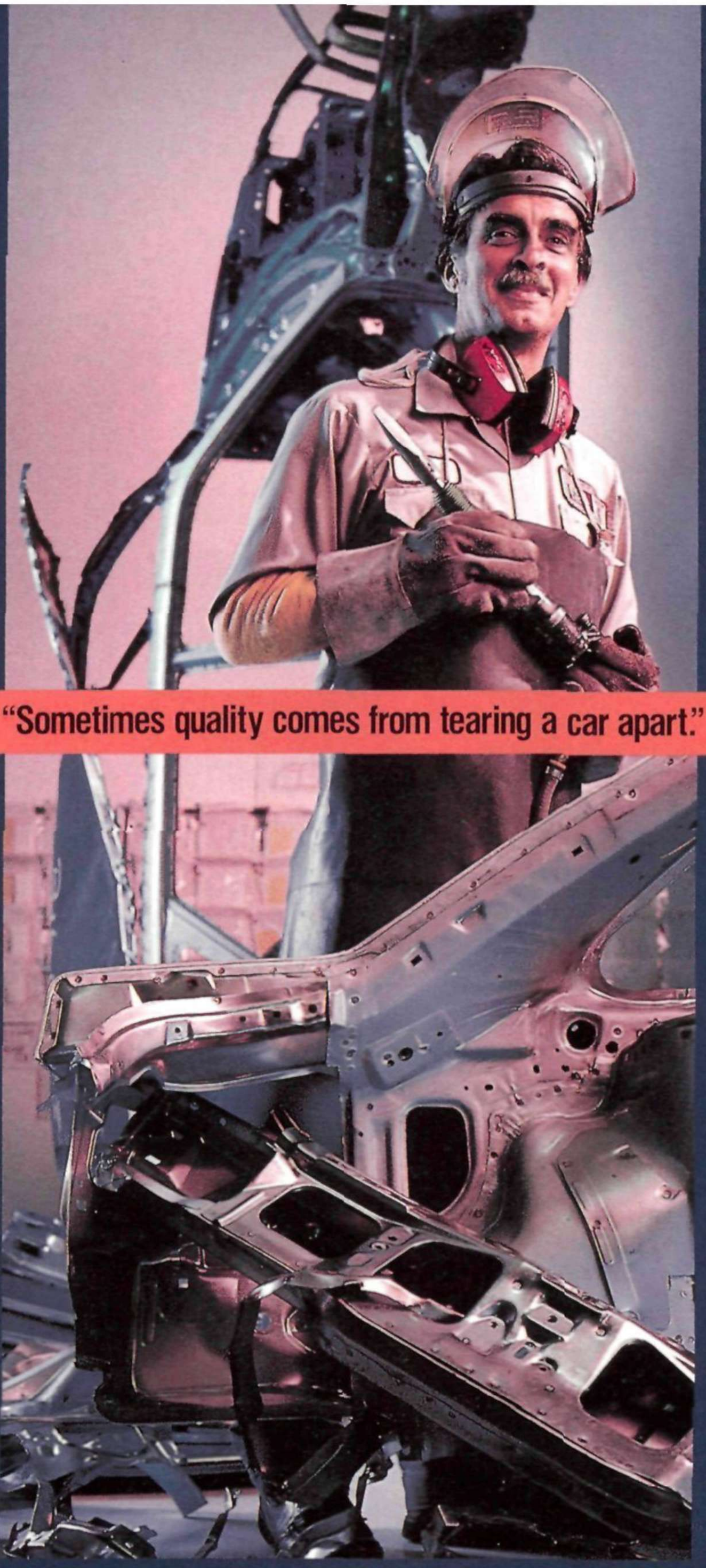
His name alone should have indicated to Spencer Dunkley that he was destined to play basketball, but as a boy in Wolverhampton, England, the significance of his surname never occurred to him. "I was more concerned with soccer and cricket," says Dunkley. "I knew what a dunk was, but I certainly didn't think about it much. If my last name had been, say, Goalscorer, then I might have paid attention."

But Dunkley eventually found his way to the courts and to the U.S., where NBA scouts have found him. A 6′ 11″ senior center at Delaware, he leads the Blue Hens in scoring (20.8 points per game at week's end), rebounding (13.5) and blocks (3.5). He has had some spectacular performances this season, including a 39-point, 15-rebound effort against Vermont last Saturday. In two games against Hartford center Vin Baker, a probable NBA first-round draft choice, he had a total of 39 points and 29 rebounds. Not bad for someone who began playing seriously only six years ago. Dunkley took up the sport in England when he was 16, largely because at 6′ 9″ he felt like a giraffe on the soccer field. The following year he came to the States as an exchange student and played basketball his senior season at Newark (Del.) High.

Dunkley weighed only 180 pounds at the time, and since then, he has gained 60 pounds and a low-post game. Delaware coach Steve Steinwedel believes Dunkley hasn't begun to reach the limits of his ability. "I'm still learning things every day from people I play with and against," says Dunkley. "I realize everyone's got a head start on me. I grew up idolizing Maradona and Pelé, not Jordan and Bird."

However, Dunkley, whose parents are Jamaican, has taught his Delaware teammates a few things too. He introduced the Blue Hens to Jamaican dance-hall reggae, which they sometimes play during warm-ups. The music helps Dunkley feel at home, as does his weekly visit to a local Jamaican restaurant to get his fill of curried goat and other favorites.

Dunkley works out with the soccer team when he can—he



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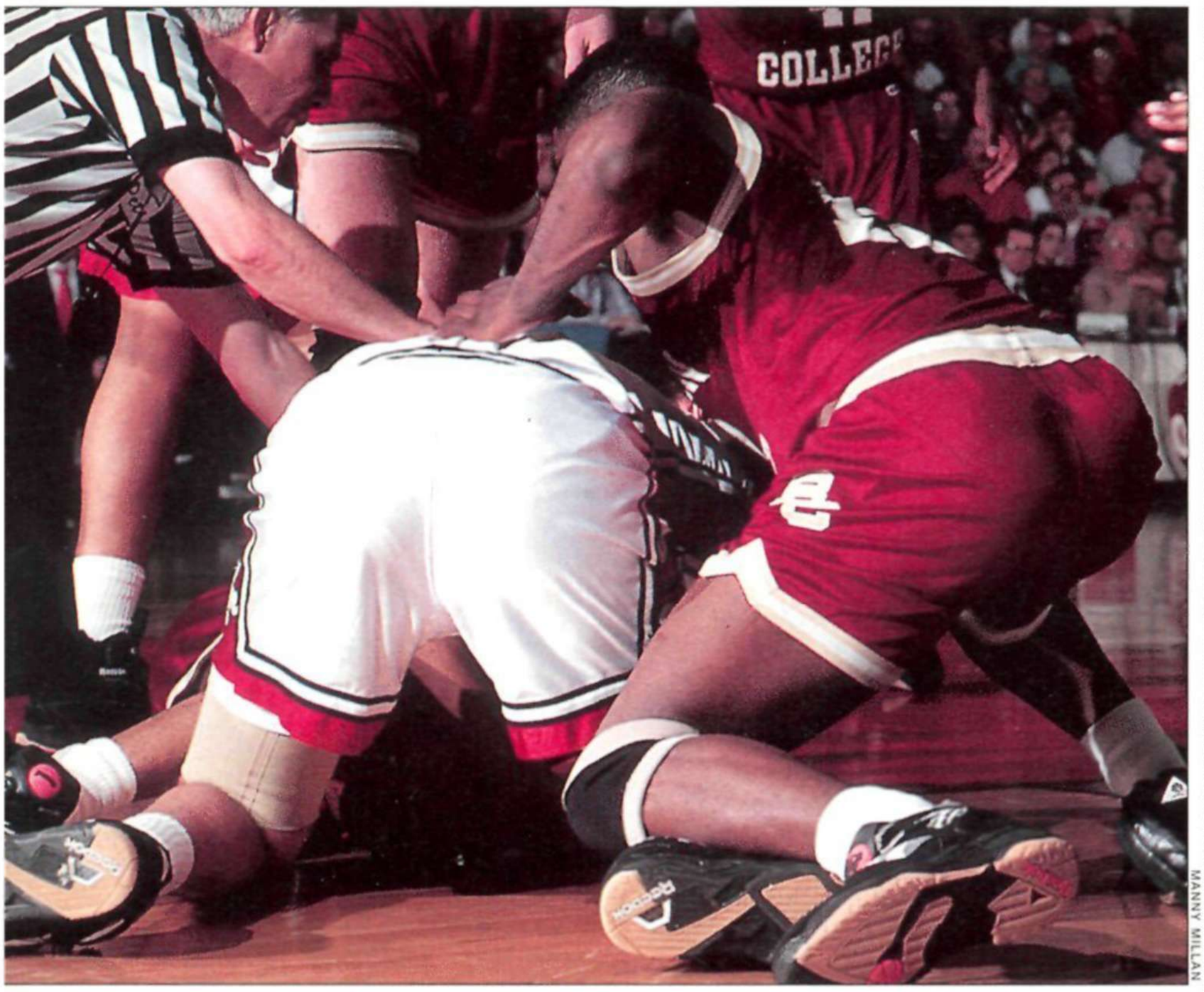
gets all the headers—but there is one aspect of home missing. "My parents wanted me to be a cricket legend," says Dunkley. "But I've pretty much given up on that. I find there aren't a great many cricket players in Delaware."

BEAST OF THE LEAST

Last Saturday, St. John's and Boston College, both lightly regarded in the preseason, met for first place in the Big East. Instead of being a thrilling game between two surprise teams, the Redmen's 65–61 victory was an ugly battle that demonstrated what's wrong with the Big East.

box score, like poor shot selections, three missed layups and Boston College guard Gerrod Abram's missed dunk that left him facedown on the floor.

Still, the Redmen, 9–3 in the Big East and 14–6 overall following the win, deserve credit for making a mockery of the preseason poll of league coaches, in which they were picked to finish ninth. Having to replace retired coach Lou Carnesecca and three four-year starters, including Malik Sealy, now with the Indiana Pacers, St. John's was supposed to struggle. Instead, the Redmen have become a group of small egos, reveling in anonymity.



MANNY MILLAN

Saturday's St. John's–BC game was an ugly reminder of why the Big East has fallen behind.

The game, which was typical of the brutal play in the conference this season, was marred by almost constant pushing and shoving and by five technical fouls. Despite this, St. John's coach Brian Mahoney said he didn't think the game was any more physical than other Big East games had been. The sad truth is, he's probably right.

When the teams actually played basketball, the results were just as ugly. A Boston College three-pointer was the only field goal in the last 3:21. The game had 36 turnovers, 20 by the Eagles, who shot a miserable 38% from the field. Then there was the ugliness that didn't show up in the box score, like poor shot selections, three missed layups and Boston College guard Gerrod Abram's missed dunk that left him facedown on the floor.

"We have better chemistry than last year's team," says guard David Cain. "The ball is shared more. Last year everyone knew Malik was going to take the big shot. But this year opposing teams don't know who's getting the ball at the end."

The achievements of St. John's notwithstanding, winning the Big East is no longer a prestigious accomplishment. It won't become one again until the league puts an end to bruising basketball. One step in that direction would be for referees to call games tighter; it may be the only way to make coaches rethink their approaches. "We need to play a lot tougher," said BC coach Jim O'Brien after the St. John's game. "We need to get some kids that are going to be a little bit nasty."

If that's the lesson the Big East coaches are learning from games like the one last Saturday, the league is really in trouble.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

MEN

Purdue's Glenn Robinson, a sophomore forward, scored 71 points, sank five of nine three-pointers, grabbed 17 rebounds, blocked five shots and had four assists in wins over Minnesota and Wisconsin.

WOMEN

Sonja Tate, a 5′ 6″ senior guard at Arkansas State, averaged 29.7 points and 13.3 rebounds to lead the Lady Indians over Alabama-Birmingham, Mississippi State and Southwestern Louisiana.

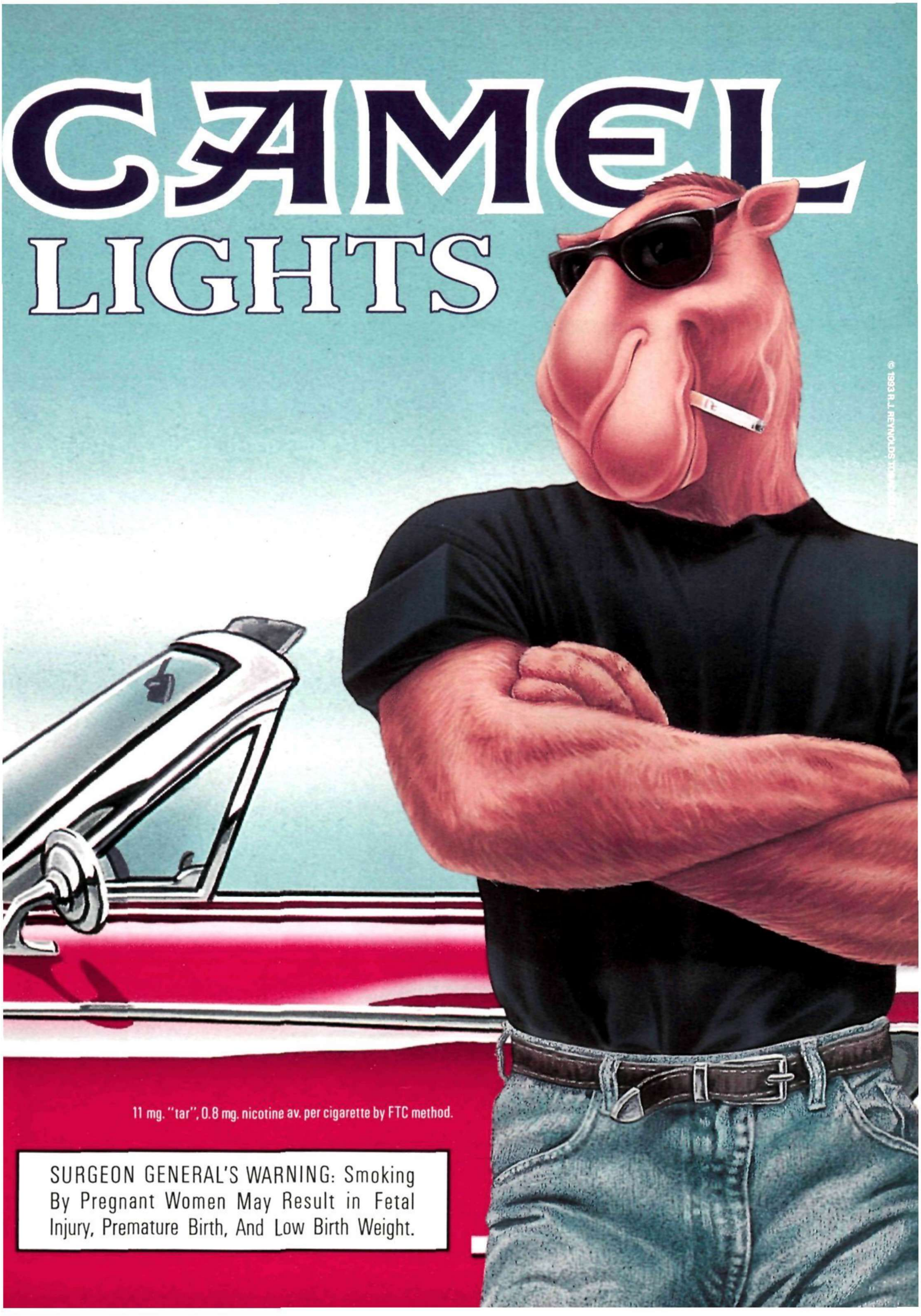
SMALL COLLEGES

Senior guard Jeff Gore of The College of Saint Rose, a Division II school in Albany, N.Y., scored 88 points on 69% shooting and made 30 of 32 free throws in defeats of Concordia and C.W. Post.

TIP-INS

In an effort to stop his team's eight-game losing streak, Cal Irvine coach Rod Baker took his players to the school's natatorium. With the players standing at the pool's edge, he asked them to take one step forward if they trusted his system. They all took a step and wound up in the water. The next day the Anteaters beat San Jose State 73–64. . . . After Kentucky's 101–94 loss in Arkansas's raucous Barnhill Arena, Wildcat coach Rick Pitino called Barnhill "one of the better places to play. Take away the vulgarity, and this may be one of the best places of all time." It's hard to believe Pitino was offended. After Kentucky visited South Carolina on Jan. 23, Gamecock officials got 10 complaints about Pitino's language from fans sitting near the Wildcat bench. ■

CAMEL LIGHTS



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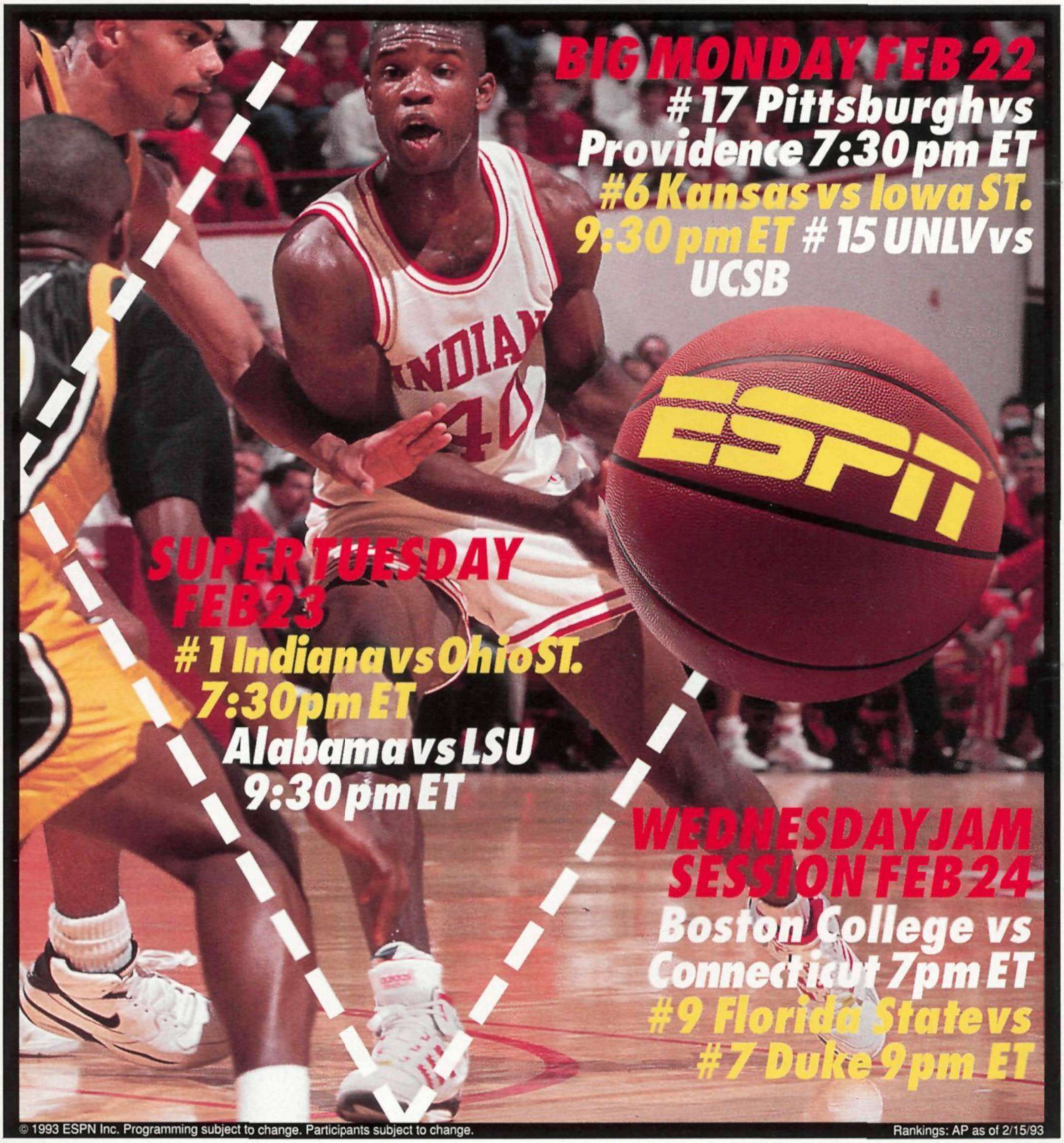
WALL TO WALL BASKETBALL



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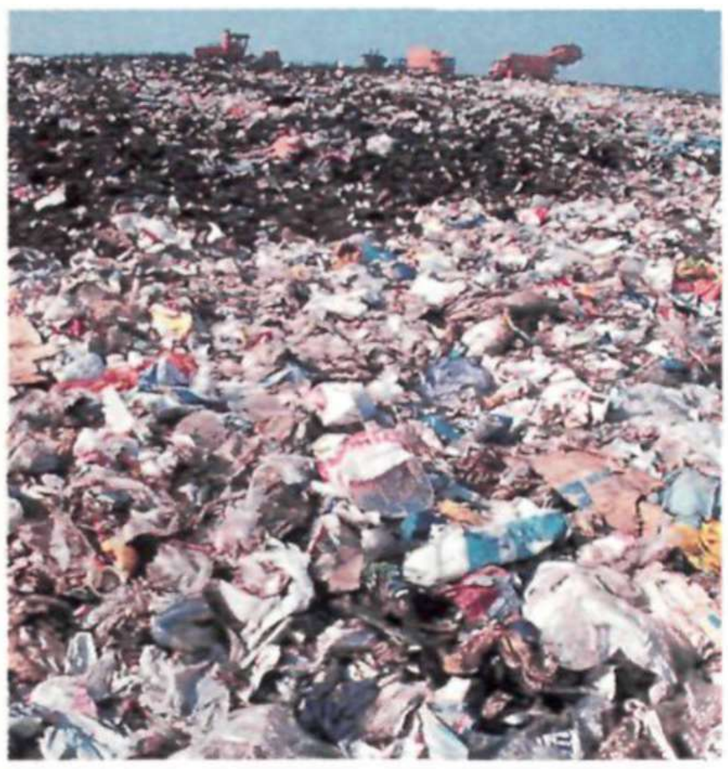
Oh beautiful

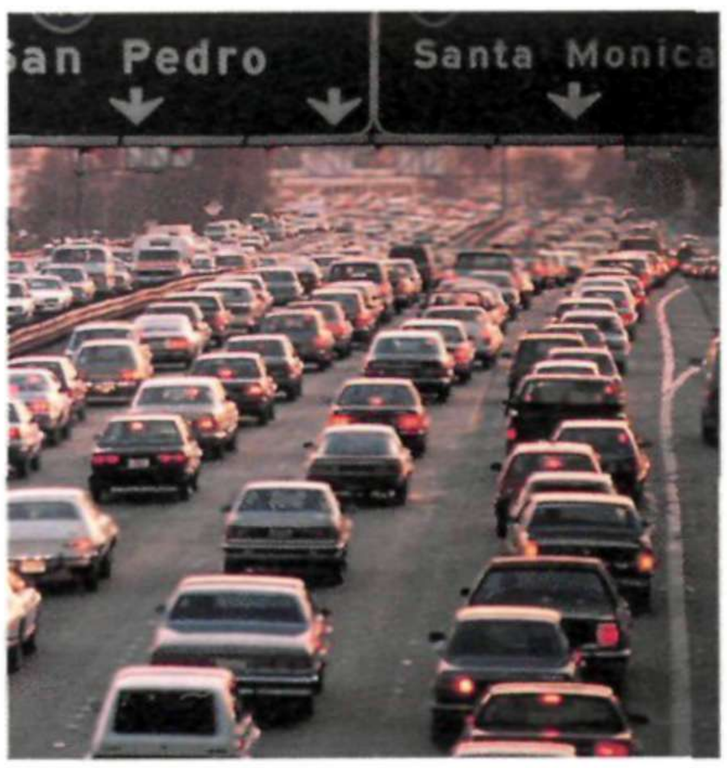
for spacious skies



above the fruited plain

America

and crown thy good



with brotherhood

from sea

MAYBE IT'S TIME WE CHANGED OUR TUNE. The U.S. seemed oddly off key at
world's population, our country uses 25% of the world's energy and emits 22% of all CO_2
most reluctant to make meaningful changes. Some say we were being practical; others say we

for amber waves of grain

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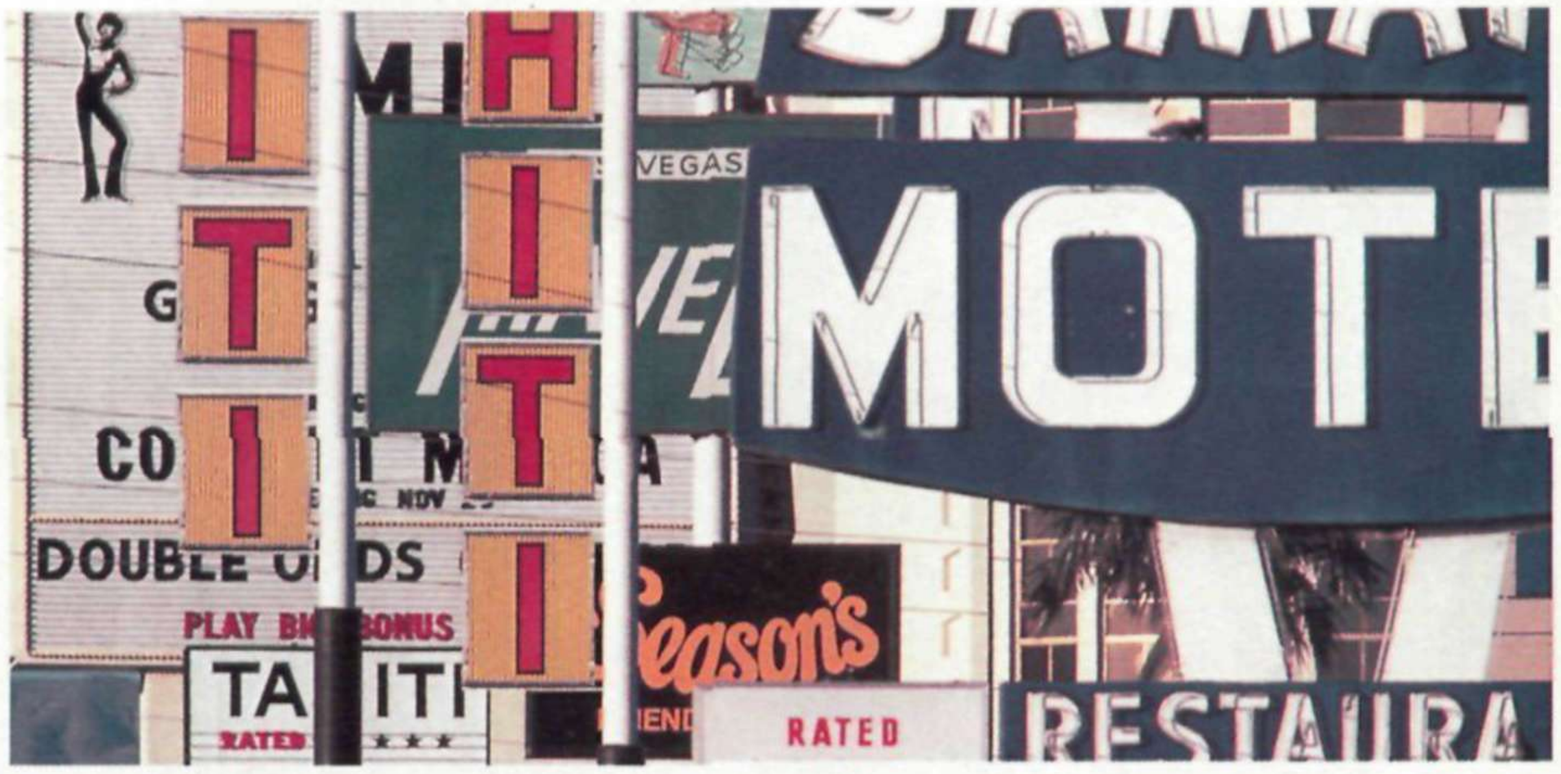
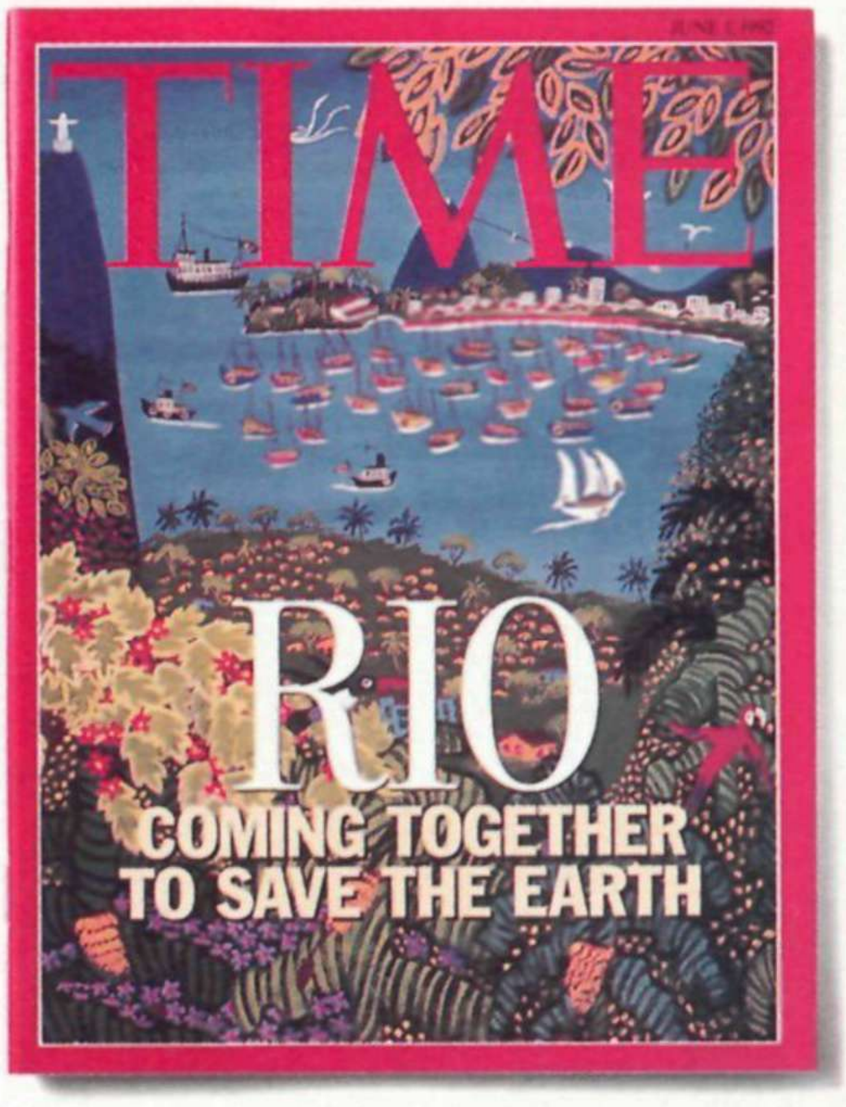
for purple mountain majesties

America



God shed his grace on thee

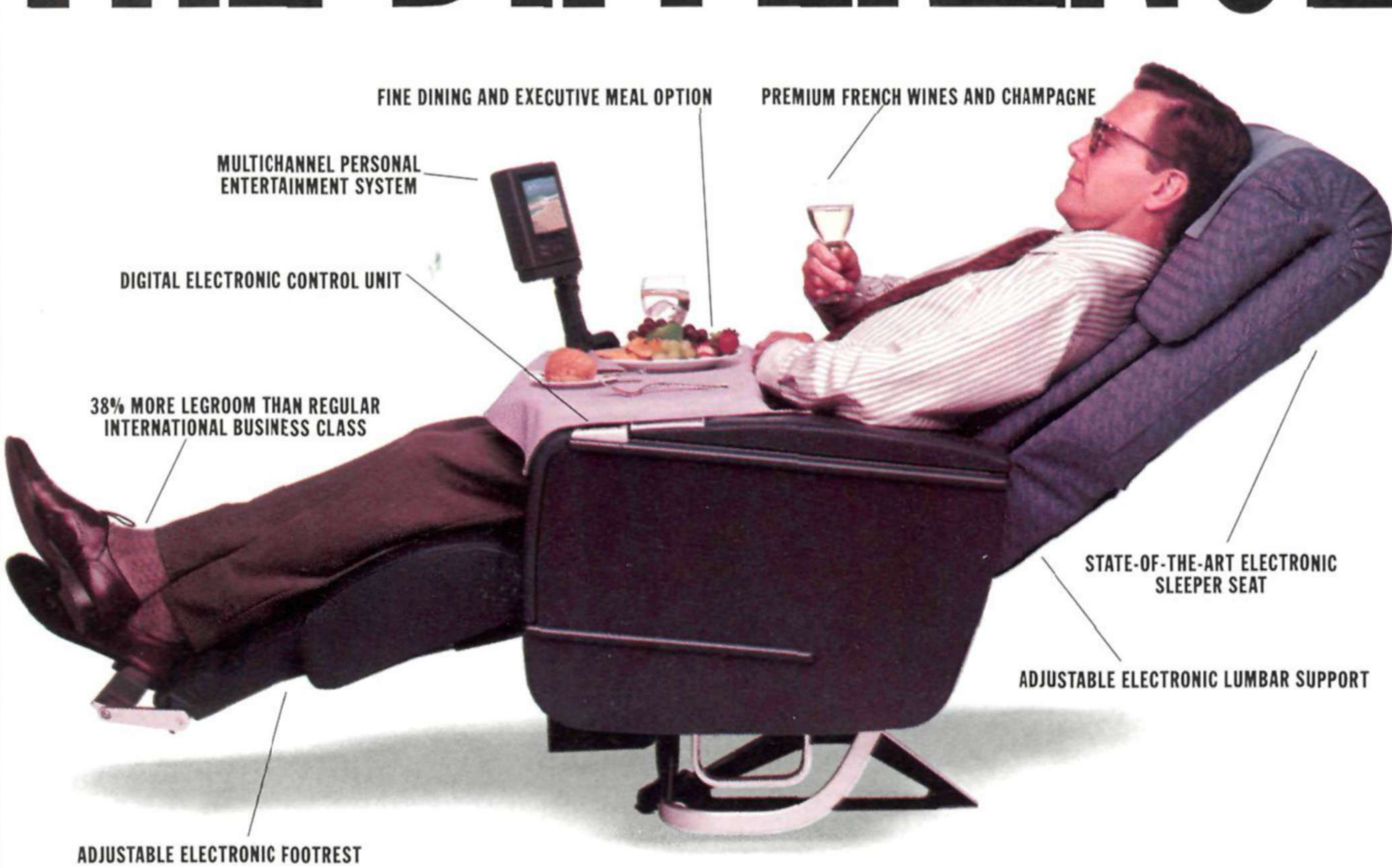
to shining sea.



the Earth Summit in Rio last June. With only 5% of the produced. Yet of the 178 countries present, we were the were being selfish. Only our children will know for sure.

If it's important to you, you'll find it in TIME.

THE DIFFERENCE



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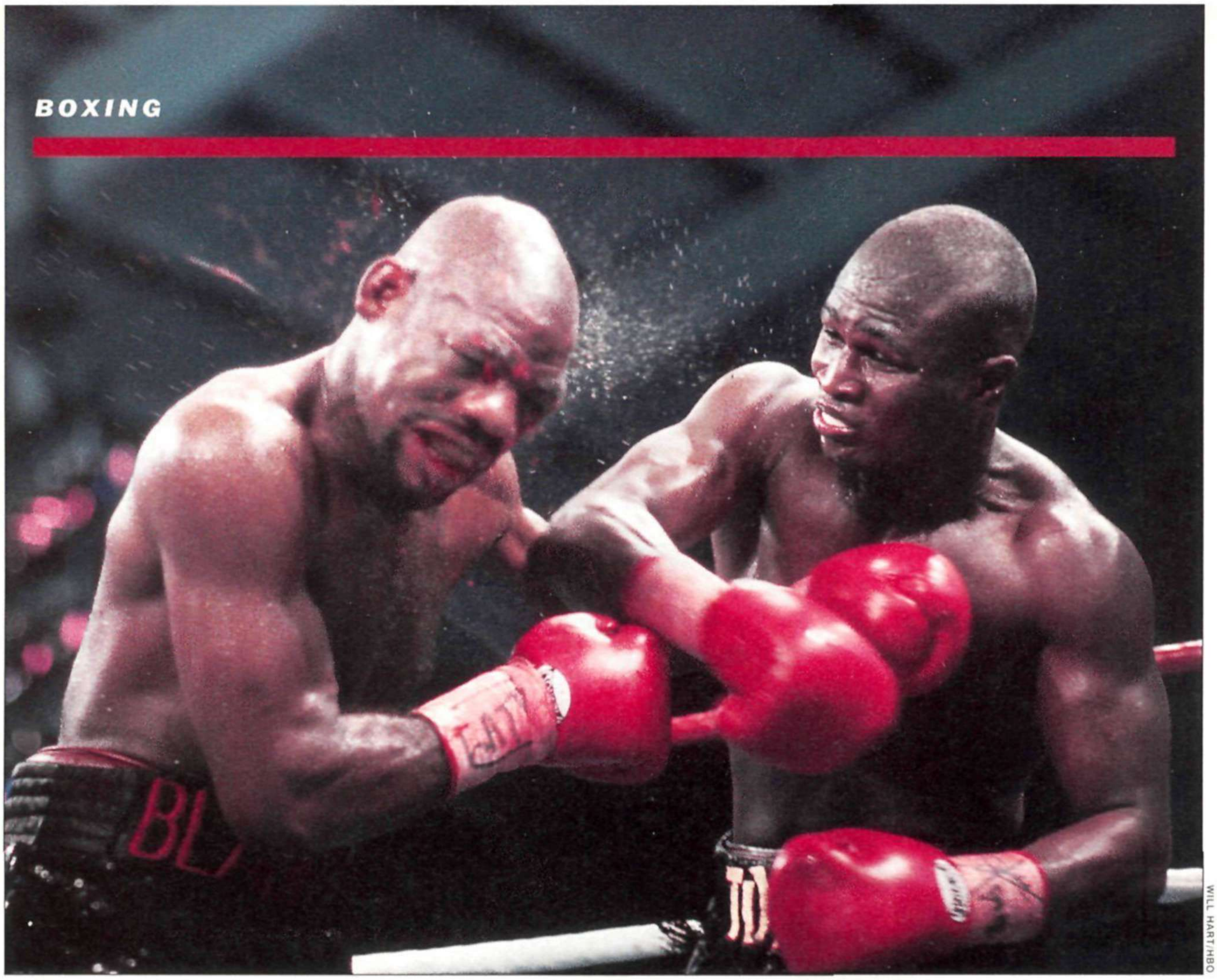


WILL HART/HBO

Barkley (left) stayed within range of Toney, who attacked him with remarkable precision.

School of Hard Knocks

James Toney won the IBF super middleweight title by teaching Iran Barkley a thing or two about boxing | by PAT PUTNAM

IRAN BARKLEY, THE AGING IBF SUPER middleweight champion, expected a street brawl, a clash of baseball bats and brass knuckles, a bloodletting to settle a dispute over turf. Instead what he received from 24-year-old James Toney, a cold-blooded expert in the sweet science from Ann Arbor, Mich., was a graduate course in high-tech violence. And every time the old student's attention wandered, the young professor smacked him in the face with the blackboard.

The fight, which took place last Saturday night at the Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion in Las Vegas, had been scheduled for 12 rounds. But after the ninth round, Dr. Flip Homansky of the Nevada Athletic Commission decided that the 32-year-old champion had had enough. As Barkley plodded wearily back to his corner following the round, blood dripping from his nose and mouth, his left eye swollen and nearly shut, Homansky signaled referee Richard Steele to call a halt to the proceedings.

Moving up eight pounds from the middleweight division, in which he had reigned for nearly two years, and through six fights as the IBF champion, Toney, now at 168 pounds, channeled his celebrated anger and coolly, almost disdainfully, took command from the opening bell. As a middleweight he had snarled, sworn and spat, but on Saturday he dispatched Barkley with icy detachment. From the outset Barkley, whom the oddsmakers had made a 13-to-5 underdog, was helpless against Toney's swift bursts of brilliantly varied combinations.

Toney's demeanor in the ring may have been the evening's biggest surprise. In the days leading up to the bout, he had been the same old Toney, his hard eyes burning and his streams of epithets peeling paint from the walls. "When are you going to give me the respect I deserve?" he railed at the press, which had not been impressed by his 33-0-2 record.

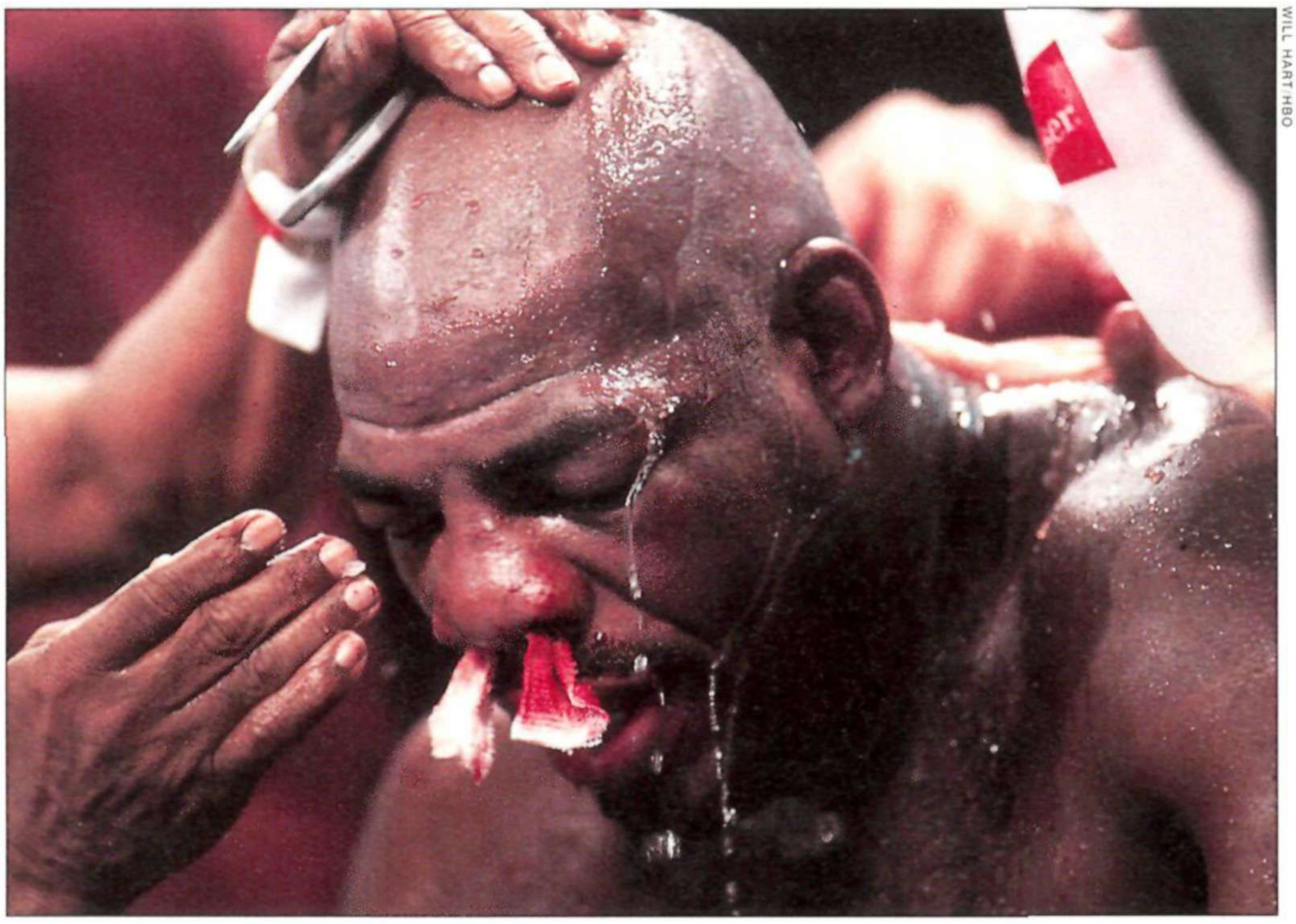
Toney's uneven past performances, it now appears, were not attributable to a lack of artillery or artistry but to an unfortunate choice of weight division. A natural 168-pounder, Toney had gone without solid food the final week before his most recent fights to make the middleweight limit. He paid for it with a loss of strength and stamina.

"We didn't have much choice," says Jackie Kallen, Toney's manager. "All the big money offers were at 160 pounds.

There was no money at 168, just small offers."

"I'll never fight at 160 pounds again," said Toney three days before lifting Barkley's title. "Not unless somebody pays me $20 million, and I don't think anybody is going to do that."

Toney was paid $1 million to fight for the championship that Barkley had wrested from Darrin Van Horn 11 months ago. Barkley, who was making his first defense of the 168-pound crown, was paid the same. That's a nice piece of change for Barkley, a guy who was earning less than $10,000 a bout 18 months ago.



WILL HART/HBO

Before the start of the ninth round, Toney's prowess was carved all over Barkley's face.

There was no mystery to what Barkley's battle plan would be. He owned a 30–7 record, and he had fought all 37 of those fights the same way. Nature has a similar style—it's called erosion. Barkley places his shaved head against an opponent's chest and pounds away. The tactic is designed to wear down the other man, and while it may not be pretty, Barkley is the only man to defeat Thomas Hearns twice. The second time came in March 1992 when he took the WBA light heavyweight title from him.

Against Toney, Barkley was expected to come flying from his corner, his nostrils flared, his fists flying. Toney, who prides himself on coming from the mean maize-and-blue streets of Ann Arbor, was expected to meet him in the trenches. "I didn't label this one Two Angry Men without good reason," said promoter Bob Arum.

"Screw the South Bronx," Toney said before the fight, referring to the neighborhood where Barkley was raised. "I've been in the streets. I know tough. If he is tough enough to take a whipping for 12 rounds, then I'm tough enough to put one on him."

"He doesn't think much of the South Bronx?" said Barkley. "Tell him to stop down there on 142nd Street and Third Avenue and see what he's got. Where's he from, Ann Arbor? I've never heard of Ann Arbor."

No matter. The turf war last Saturday was over a 20- by 20-foot piece of canvas, to which Barkley staked his claim with a fierce charge at the opening bell. The glowering champion wanted a slugfest, but the unruffled challenger immediately turned it into a dazzling display of boxing. Toney began to reshape Barkley's face with a string of crisp and swift combinations thrown with astonishing accuracy: an overhand right, a hook, another overhand right, a second hook, two straight right hands; a straight right, a right uppercut, a hook; a triple jab, a hook, a right uppercut; hard jabs, ripping uppercuts, slashing hooks. Barkley started to bleed from the nose at the end of the first round. His left eye began to blow up by Round 3 and was all but closed as he left his stool for the ninth. For much of the bout he swallowed blood from his mangled mouth.

Outgunned and outmaneuvered, Barkley tried to win the fight with one big punch, but he was never able to land it. Toney moved deftly from side to side, dipping away, moving in, bending under the left hooks, slipping the right hands. When Barkley did connect, the blows usually struck Toney's arms and shoulders, and a few low ones found Toney's hips.

After the eighth round Homansky warned Barkley's cornermen that he would give their fighter one more round to turn the bout around. "But it just got worse," Homansky said later. "He was almost out on his feet."

"That's it," said Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, Barkley's trainer, as Barkley returned to his corner after the savage ninth. "I'm not going to let you go back out there."

"No," said Barkley, blood pouring from his open mouth.

"You can't see," said Muhammad.

"No," Barkley protested again.

Steele ended the argument with a wave of his hands. Until that point, all three judges—Chuck Giampa, Mike Glienna and Jerry Roth—had scored the bout 89–82 for Toney. Roth had given Barkley the second round; Glienna and Giampa had given him the sixth. Toney had won everything else—easily.

All it took was eight pounds. "Now it's official," Toney said, grinning. "I've given up the IBF middleweight title but not the belt. This is no WBC belt to be thrown in the trash. I'm keeping mine. I worked too hard to get it." ■

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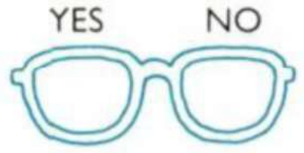
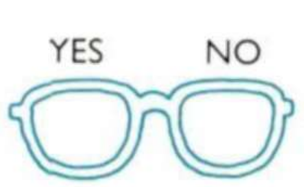
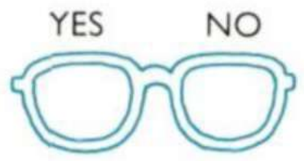
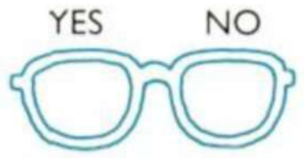
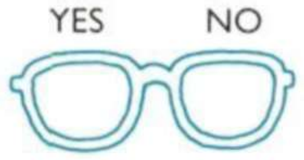
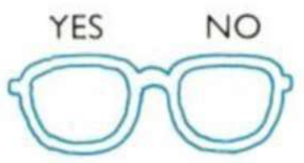
1. **Will they automatically** **change to sunglasses in the sun?** YES NO 

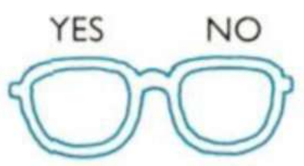
2. **Will they darken as** **expected, for the life of the lens?** YES NO 

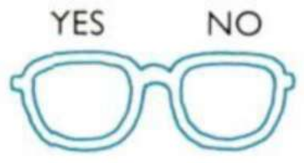
3. **Will they get sunglass-dark,** **even in late afternoon?** YES NO 

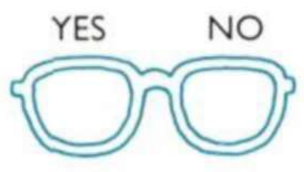
4. **In early** **morning?** YES NO 

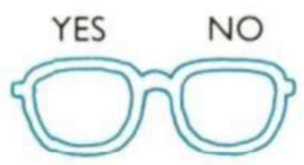
5. **How about on a** **hot summer day?** YES NO 

6. **In the** **dead of winter?** YES NO 

7. **Do they block 100% of** **UVB and 97% of UVA rays*?** YES NO 

8. **Are they as scratch-resistant** **as Corning's glass lenses?** YES NO 

9. **Are they available in most any prescription** **under the sun?** YES NO 

10. **Have they proven themselves in over 15 years of reliable service?** YES NO 

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Inside the NBA

by JACK McCALLUM

OF KINGS AND WORMS

If Net coach Chuck Daly has trouble down the road with recent acquisition Bernard King, he will have only himself to blame. Though it was New Jersey general manager Willis Reed's idea to take a look at King, a 36-year-old former All-Star, it was up to Daly to say yes or no. Daly said yes, his decision made solely because of the Nets' desperate need for scoring off the bench: New Jersey reserves are averaging an anemic 23.8 points per game. King, who averaged 28.4 points per game two seasons ago for the Bullets, can certainly supply scoring, even if his medical miracle of a right knee—a torn anterior cruciate ligament in March 1985; arthroscopic surgery in August 1991—is not 100%.

It's the bench part that's in question.

For now, all the right words—"role player," "contributor," "just happy to be here"—are tumbling from King's lips. But we'll have to wait and see what he says in March if he isn't getting major minutes. And if he is getting those minutes, we'll have to check the mood of Chris Morris, the incumbent small forward. Moreover, if King is getting major minutes *and* taking crunch-time shots, we'll have to train the pout-o-meter on go-to guys Derrick Coleman and Drazen Petrovic.

Only a secure coach would have picked the defiant King, who was released by Washington after tensions with the Bullets reached the boiling point. Daly obviously greeted the deal with open eyes. "I have concerns," he says, "but I don't know if we have great chemistry anyway."

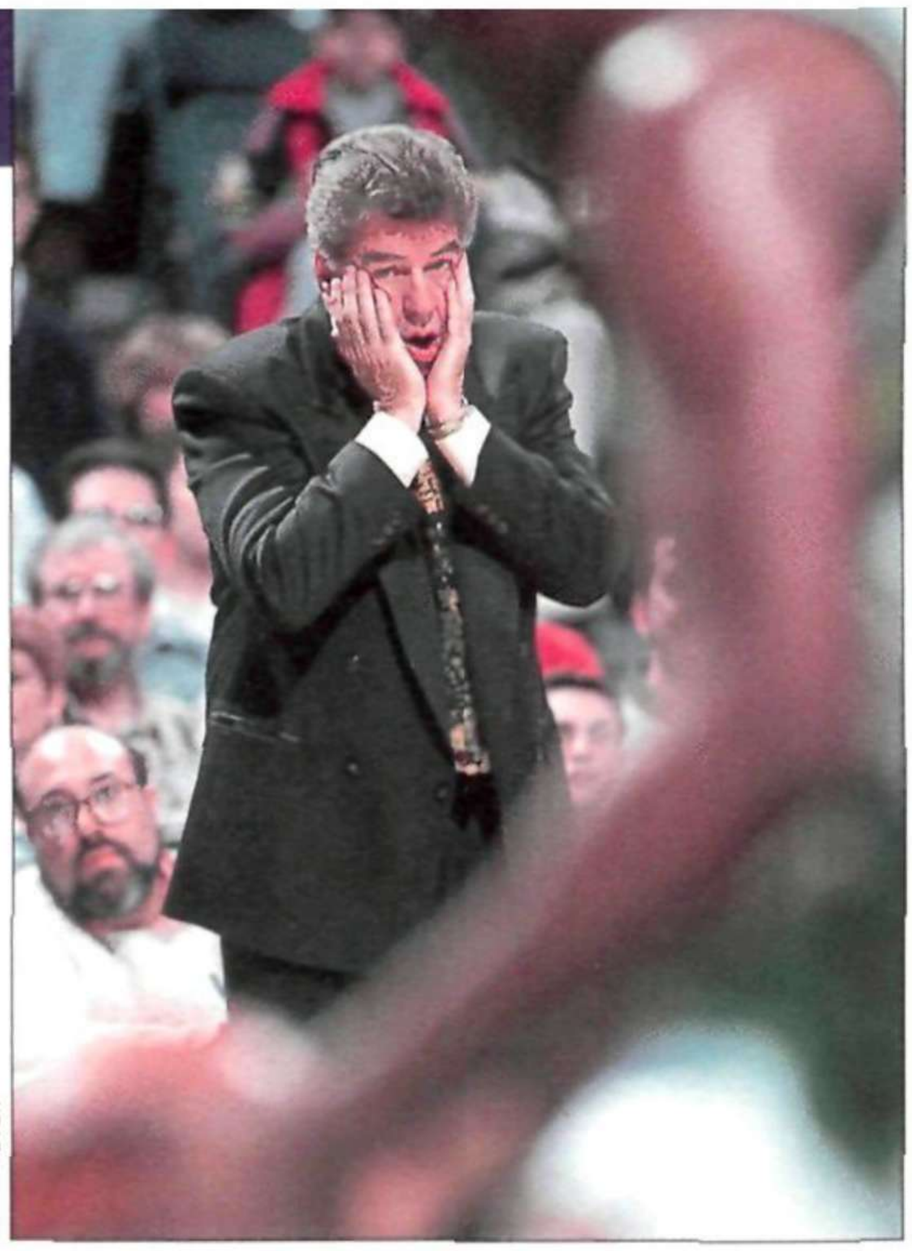
Daly has long been known for his ability to handle difficult personalities—e.g., his unofficial second job as mentor and confidant to the Pistons' Dennis Rodman. Daly, who resigned as Detroit's coach last May after nine seasons with the team, returned to Motown last week with the Nets and spent much of his time with Rodman, who was expected to be activated this week after missing 13 games because of an injury to his right calf.

Last Thursday in Detroit, hours before Daly and his team arrived for a Friday-night game (New Jersey lost 106–97), Rodman was at the center of a disturbing incident. A friend of his, who had become concerned because Rodman was not home late into the night, called police around 5 a.m. and reported that Rodman was missing, as was a gun Rodman usually kept in the house. The friend said he was worried that Rodman, who has endured a number of personal trials in recent months—some related to Daly's departure and some to Rodman's pending divorce—might be contemplating suicide. Piston officials were notified, too; it was team president Tom Wilson who found Rodman shooting baskets in the deserted Palace at Auburn Hills at 6:30 a.m. The .22-caliber rifle was found in Rodman's truck, which was parked outside the arena.

"I'm O.K., I'm all right, I'm fine," said the Worm. Those who know him, Daly included, insisted that the situation had been overblown. Rodman has a license for the gun, and it is not unusual, believe it or not, for him to shoot baskets at The Palace in the early-morning hours. Actually, that's when he gets his best shots, since he rarely takes any during games.

Yet that afternoon Daly and Rodman spent two hours discussing Rodman's problems. The Pistons will come to a crossroads with Rodman at the end of the season, if they haven't already. They value his rebounding and defense but wonder if he will ever get his head together.

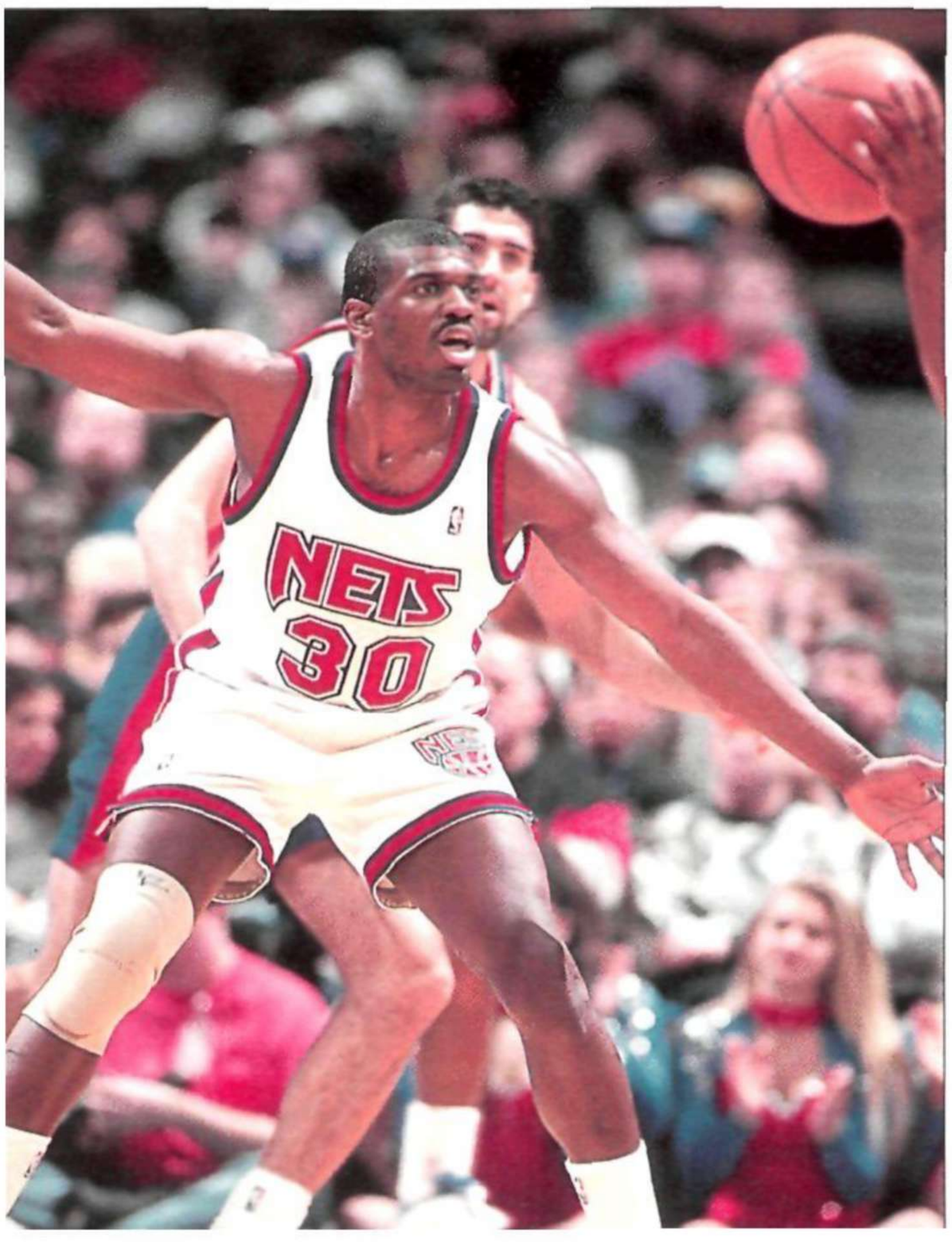
Daly, meanwhile, would love to add Rodman's toughness to the Nets. It will be interesting to see if Detroit would consider reuniting Rodman with the only coach he really respects.



JOHN BIEVER

Will Daly's choice foul Net chemistry—or was it already sour?

King says he'll be content with a supporting role. Stay tuned.



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THE MICHAEL MESS

Lost in the debate over the Michael Jordan–Reggie Miller Shooting Guard Square-off on Feb. 10 in Indianapolis was an interesting fact:

Neither Miller nor Pacer coach Bob Hill was fined for making extremely negative postgame comments about the officiating. Both suggested that the three officials working the game, Jess Kersey, Ronnie Nunn and Ted Bernhardt, blew it by ejecting Miller and not Jordan after the players' first-period fight; Miller and Hill claimed outright that calls are often made on the basis of the status of the players involved. "It just goes to show it's all about money," said Miller. Such explicit criticism of refs usually results in a hefty fine.

But this time league execs had to consider the extenuating circumstance: The refs did blow it—badly. A more experienced crew would have stopped the elbowing between Miller and Jordan long before it reached near-brawl proportions. And Jordan definitely deserved an early shower for his rage-filled reaction to Miller's shove. On Friday, after reviewing the tape of the game, the league gave Jordan a one-game suspension and fined him $10,000.

UNEASY IN PORTLAND

A severe case of the midseason doldrums continued on Sunday in Portland, where the Trail Blazers lost their fourth straight home game, 96–86, to the Clippers. Earlier in the week Portland's star player, Clyde Drexler, finally admitted what he and his teammates had been loath to acknowledge—that the recent publicity over alleged sexual misconduct by several players has adversely affected the Blazers' play.

"It's had a definite impact," said Drexler, "like a cloud hanging over the team. It was a case of young guys making bad decisions."

Portland's slide coincided with the widely publicized investigation of the Jan. 24 incident, which involved three teenage girls in Salt Lake City. The investigation was concluded on Thursday when authorities in Utah announced they would not file criminal charges against any players. The Blazers, however, fined and gave three-game suspensions to rookies Dave Johnson and Tracy Murray, who, according to police reports and interviews with the players by team officials, were the only players who had intercourse with the two 16-year-old girls. (A 15-year-old girl was also present, but she apparently did not have sex.) Another rookie, Reggie Smith, and starter Jerome Kersey were fined but not suspended for violating team rules, including curfew.

The disciplinary actions should have little effect on Portland; only Kersey is a regular contributor. But the Trail Blazers, as we have seen, are a fragile entity. The revelations were a public-relations disaster for a franchise that has always taken pride in its squeaky-clean image. The Blazers were 29–16 at week's end, 6½ games behind the division-leading Suns.

We will see if, as Drexler says, "everything is behind us," or if the Salt Lake City incident becomes another psychological hurdle that the Blazers cannot clear.

Rebounder Rodman was found, oddly, shooting at 6:30 a.m.

MANNY MILLAN

THEY LOVE L.A.

The proud Lakers may not be much better than their mediocre crosstown rivals, the Clippers. The Lakers don't have Magic Johnson, there are empty seats in the Forum, and Dyan Cannon hasn't done much boogying in the aisles. But the franchise still has an allure, at least for five of 16 players on SI's panel, which answered the question: Excluding your own, which franchise would you most like to play for?

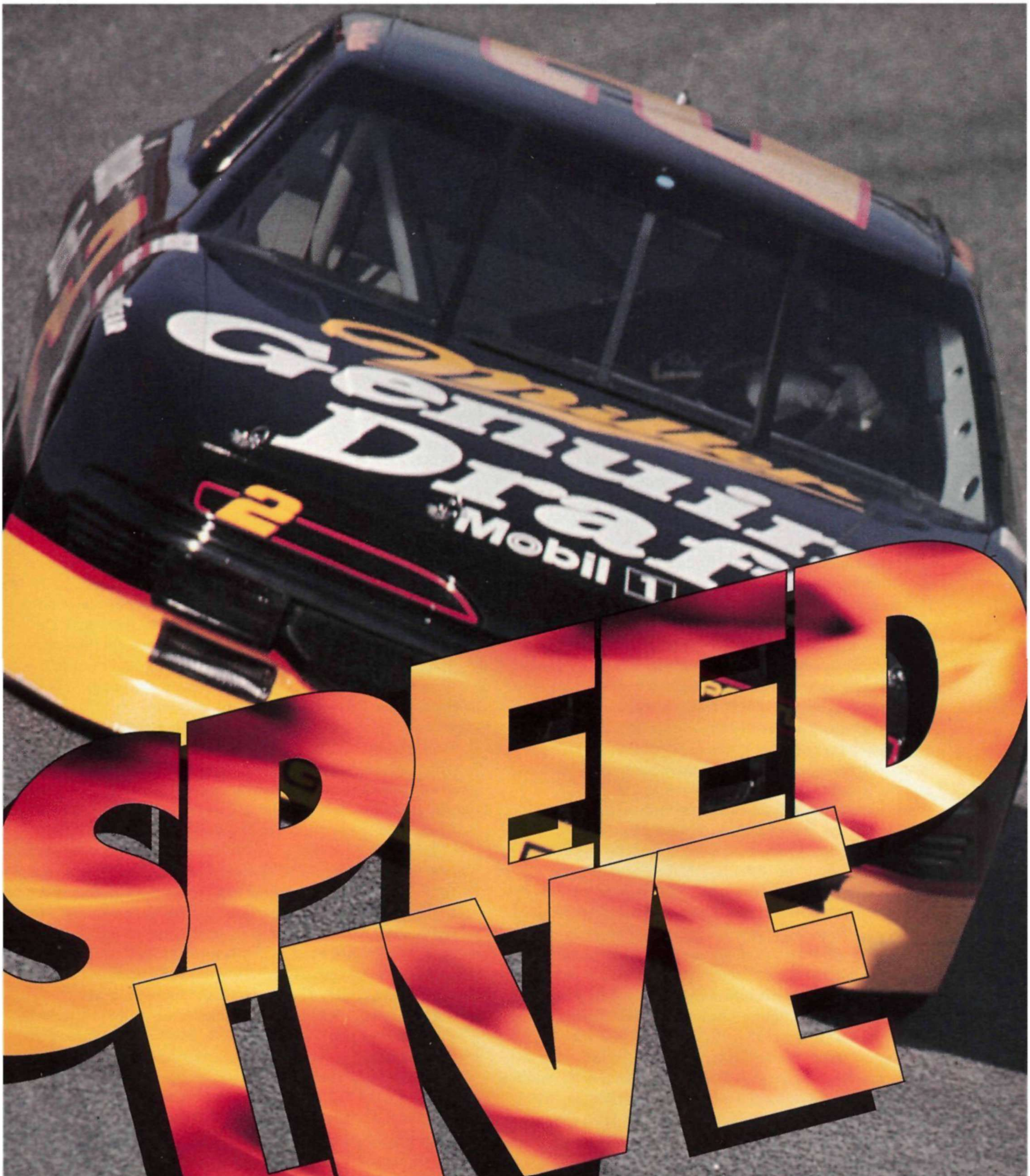
The Magic and the Suns got three votes each, the Bulls got two and the Heat and the Spurs each got one.

Why the Lakers? Well, the Kings' Wayman Tisdale almost couldn't contain his excitement. "The glitz. The glamour. The exposure. The thought of playing for the Lakers has always turned me on," he said. Other Laker lovers were Drexler ("They treat their players first-class"), the Bullets' Michael Adams ("They pay their players well"), the Mavs' Derek Harper ("They always get the players they want") and the Jazz's Karl Malone ("No long, drawn-out negotiations with their players").

Among the Sun worshipers—the Pistons' Joe Dumars, the Nuggets' Scott Hastings and the Bucks' Danny Schayes—Dumars complimented Phoenix coach Paul Westphal. "It would be great to play for a coach who can shoot with either hand," he said, referring to Westphal's ambidexterity as a player.

Two years ago in this space, a poll of coaches and general managers named the Magic as the worst of the four expansion franchises. Funny what a dose of Shaq will do.

The Bulls got votes from the Warriors' Tim Hardaway, who voted in injured teammate Chris Mullin's stead, and the Sonics' Eddie Johnson. The Knicks' Doc Rivers favored the Heat, and the Hawks' Dominique Wilkins picked the Spurs, but Xavier McDaniel was atypically noncommittal, saying, "I just want to go to whatever team has the best chance of winning that wants me." The X-Man has played for the SuperSonics, Suns, Knicks and now the Celtics, so his possibilities are diminishing. ■



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Time to Weed Out the Rooters

To those many broadcasters who are above all cheerleaders, I say, "Boooooo" | by STEVE WULF

NINA BARNETT

I LIKE MIKE ILITCH. I HAVE NEVER MET THE MAN, NOR HAVE I ever eaten one of his Little Caesars pizzas, the commercials for which give me indigestion. But after Ilitch took over the ownership of the Detroit Tigers from that other pizza face, Tom Monaghan, last year, he did something which caused my heart to soar and my ears to rejoice. He brought back Ernie Harwell.

Harwell, of course, had been the radio voice of the Tigers for 32 years. But, more important, he has been a voice of reason and honesty and poetry for his 50-plus years in broadcasting. He was dismissed by the Tigers at the end of the 1991 season not because his tongue had lost a step, or whatever tongues do when they get old, but rather because team president Bo Schembechler, since fired—gosh, just writing those words is a profound pleasure—wanted a voice of passion and loyalty and advertisement. Schembechler wanted the baseball equivalent of Bob Ufer, the late one-man Wolverine booster club who broadcast Michigan football games when Bo was coach ("Bless his little maize-and-blue heart, Rob Lytle just scored his third touchdown of the game"). Bo wanted a homer.

And so apparently does most every other club. You can't listen to a game—be it baseball, football, basketball or hockey—nowadays without some shill invoking the loyal "we," complaining about the officiating against "us," alibiing for poor coaching or trumpeting a nice play by "our" team as the greatest of athletic feats. In the throats of these clowns, a hard hit by one of "our guys" equals a cheap shot by one of "their guys." They are not so much broadcasters as carny barkers.

They're everywhere. In Cincinnati, Andy MacWilliams screams incoherently when Xavier wins a big basketball game. Not only does Bill Schonely, the longtime broadcaster for the Portland Trail Blazers, call the Blazers "we" and the opponents "they," but he has been known to rise from his seat on press row to lead a cheer. The biggest homer in the South is probably Larry Munson at the University of Georgia. When Bulldog quarterback Buck Belue hit Lindsay Scott with a 93-yard game-winning touchdown pass against Florida in 1980, Munson yelled, "Run, Lindsay, run!" as Scott streaked down the sideline. In New York, Phil Rizzuto barely acknowledges Yankee opponents; actually, the Scooter barely acknowledges there's a game going on. In Detroit the appropriately named Mark Champion roars, "There goes Barry [Sanders], he's at the 30, the 20, the 10, a touchdown, what a great run!" as if the mediocre Lions were in the Super Bowl and Champion has been waiting a lifetime for this moment. (Champion actually did the same shtick for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers before going to Detroit in 1989.)

In Chicago . . . well, it *is* the Windy City:

- Ken (Hawk) Harrelson openly pledges his allegiance to the White Sox every time he tells an opposing strikeout victim to "grab some bench" and every time he second-guesses ball and strike calls. But the Hawk went a little too far in 1991 after Wade Boggs complained to an umpire that a Sox outfielder was moving during a pitch. Harrelson called him "Mrs. Boggs."
- Bull play-by-play man Tom Dore's references to "the world champs" are annoying enough, but heaven forbid that Michael Jordan does something special. "Oh, yes!" shouts analyst Johnny Kerr. "Yeah! Yee-aah! Yeee-aaah! Posterrrrr!"
- The Blackhawks are one of the NHL's most physical teams, although to hear Pat Foley and Dale Tallon tell it, you might think they were part of the Ice Capades. One night this season Tallon, a former Blackhawk, said, "Well, this is our fourth power-play chance in a row, so we better make good use of it, because you know we won't get another one."
- WGN squeezes four homers into one booth for Bear games: Hub Arkush, Dick Butkus, Gary Fencik and Wayne Larrivee. They sometimes sound like a parody of *Saturday Night Live*'s Da Bears parody. If a flag should happen to be thrown against a Bear, Butkus, being the broadcast journalist that he is, will whine, "Aw, naw, you got to be kidding!"

The problem is threefold. Most of these guys get paid by the club they are covering. Many of the so-called color men played for the very team that's on the field or ice or court. And some of the broadcasters actually think that the route to popularity is to shamelessly root, root, root for the home team, a la the late, great Johnny Most of the Boston Celtics.

When Red Auerbach hired Most in 1952, he instructed him to be a cheerleader, and Most made the most of it. Hey, I admit I well up with tears every time I hear, "Havlicek stole the ball! Havlicek stole the ball!" A Most here and a Rizzuto there wouldn't be so bad. But unfortunately the homers have multiplied. They are almost all you can hear now.

And don't think the other, quieter broadcasters haven't noticed. Says Marty Brennaman, the thoroughly professional—and enormously popular—play-by-play man for the Cincinnati Reds, "There's so much commercialism now that the subjective announcer may be the way of life in this business. Twenty-five years from now we may not know what an objective announcer sounds like. We may have to go into the archives and pull out a dusty tape of Vin Scully."

Which is why I like Mike Ilitch. He may be bringing Harwell back for sentimental reasons, as he is with Kirk Gibson, but for one more season, at least, Tiger fans can hear Harwell's song. And won't it be nice for Gibson to hit another big home run, and for Ernie to simply and softly say, "Long gone." ■

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