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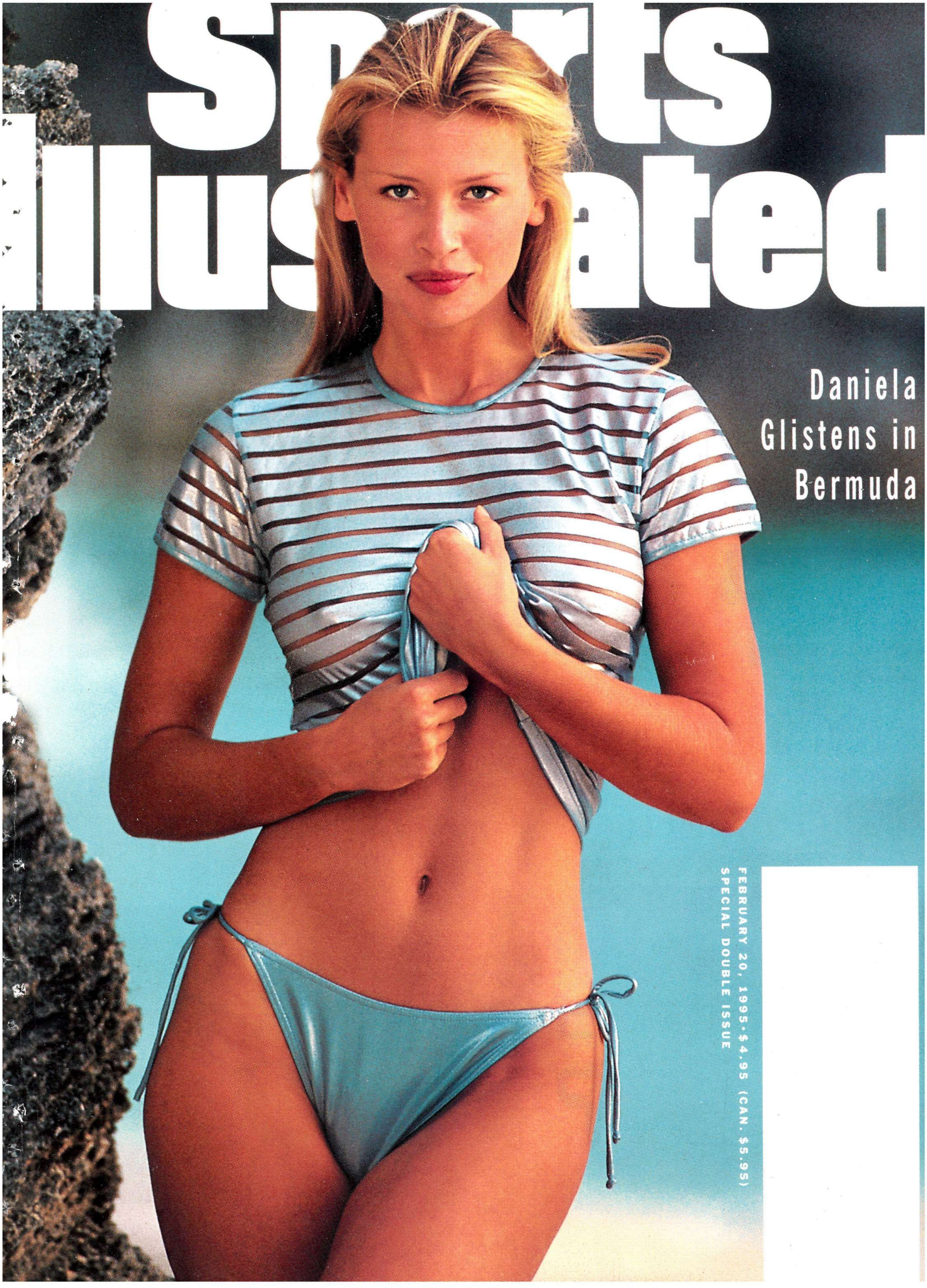

Daniela Glistens in Bermuda

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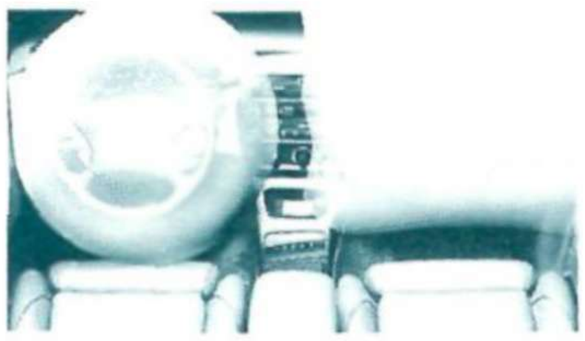

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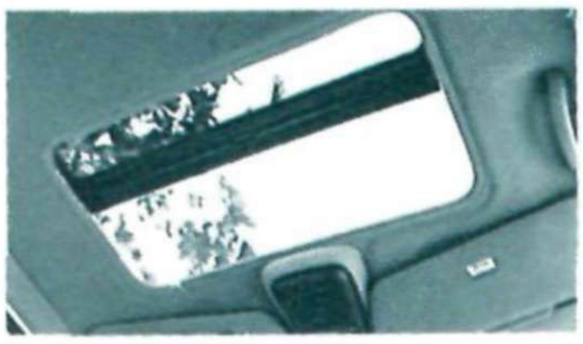

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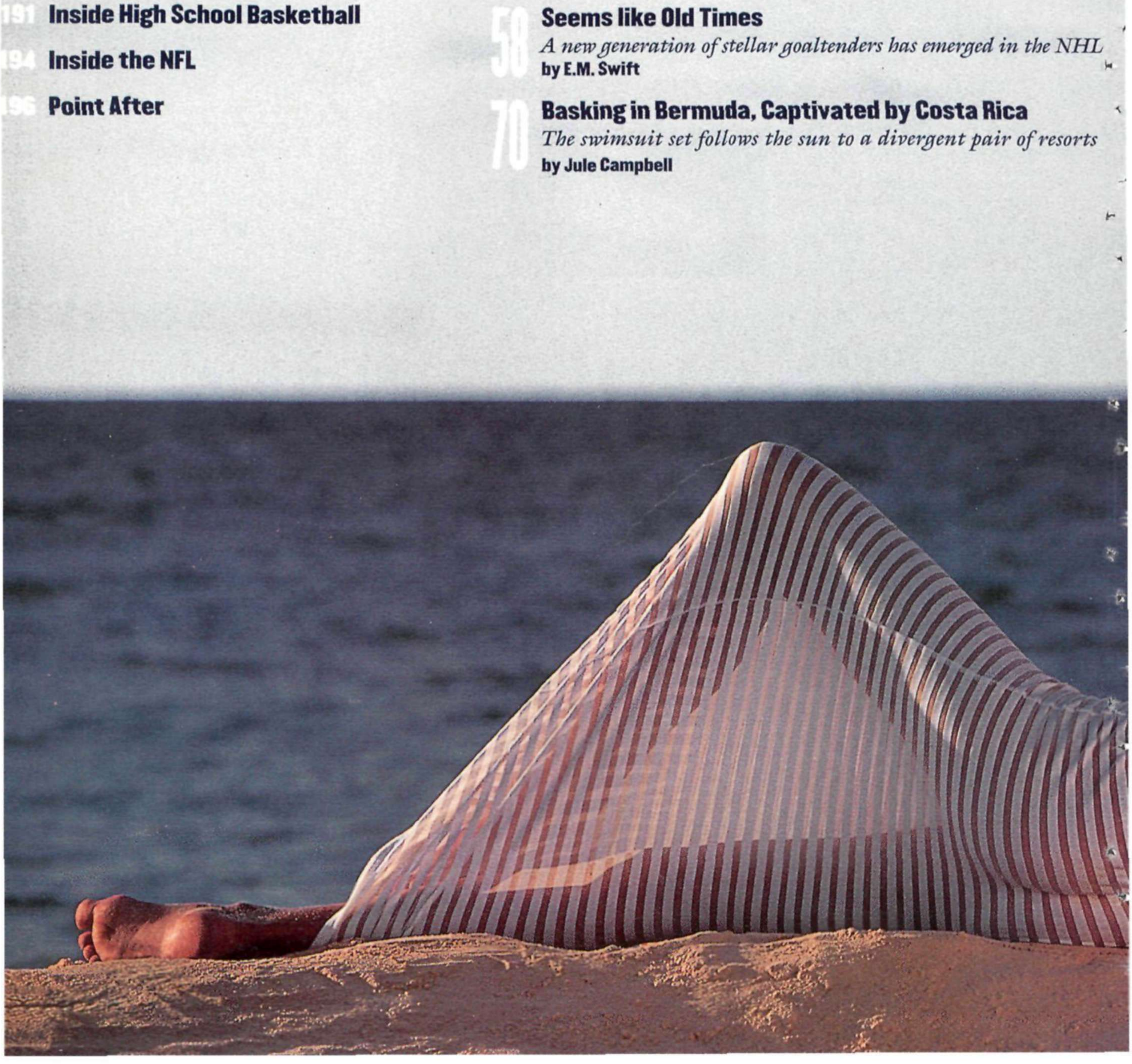

The Only Way to Go
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Like Fish out of Water
Costa Rica was, for one bedeviled party of fishermen, a paradise lost
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Donnelly's Arm
Irish boxing champ Dan Donnelly died in 1820, but his limb endures
by Allen Abel

The General Whose Army Never Wins
While losing to the Globetrotters, Red Klotz won over the world
by Tim Crothers

Sheer Magic

Rebecca Romijn (left) and Angie Everhart cast their spell on the strand at Bermuda's Warwick Long Bay in outfits by Gideon Oberson—a $74 beach dress for Rebecca and an $86 miniskirted two-piece suit for Angie. On the cover, Daniela's shirt and string bikini by Gottex ($180) fit her to a tee.
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

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Cover Photograph by Mike Reinhardt

TO OUR READERS

WHEN FASHION reporter Joan Braun Truscio was a teenager competing in swim meets at the Flushing YMCA in Queens, N.Y., in the 1970s and '80s, the fashion fad making waves in pools across the nation was the Belgrad, a funky, fluorescently hued one-piece swimsuit with a strip of meshed fabric along the spine. "I hate to admit it, but I never even owned a Belgrad," says the 29-year-old Truscio, who signed on as assistant to swimsuit issue senior editor Jule Campbell last April. "For years I stuck with the standard Speedo. In those days I knew absolutely nothing about fashion. Now it's my job."

For five years Truscio was my executive assistant, but when the opportunity to help coordinate seaside wardrobes for the likes of Vendela, Cheryl Tiegs, Judit Masco, Stacey Williams and Ashley Richardson came along, she decided to immerse herself in the world of designer swimwear.

Her work on this year's 42-page swimsuit pictorial *(page 70)* began last April, when she helped Campbell research locations by studying travel guides and atlases. In June they scouted venues in Costa Rica for two weeks. Following Campbell's solo expedition to Bermuda a month later, the two surveyed the latest in swimwear at a show in Miami and pored over other collections in designer showrooms in New York. By August, Truscio and Campbell were swimming in the nearly 1,000 suits they had chosen for possible inclusion in this issue. "It must have taken Joan two weeks to unpack them," Campbell remembers. "On the swimsuit beat, that's probably the hardest part of the job."

WALTER IOOSS JR.

Campbell (left) and Truscio reflect on a job well done.

In mid-September, Campbell, Truscio and 300 suits were off to Bermuda for the first shoot. With so many supermodels towering over her, the 5′ 3″ Truscio couldn't help feeling that she was in over her head. "Ashley, who's six-one, showed up for dinner the first night and had taken it upon herself to wear three-inch heels," Truscio recalls with amusement. "I told her I didn't want to see her wearing those shoes for the rest of the trip."

Truscio's new job isn't all sunglasses and tanning lotion. She estimates she spent a total of 12 weeks on the road, away from her husband, Ed, SI's associate art director. After 29 days in Bermuda—where Truscio, Campbell, the models, photographers and assistants survived a near hurricane that knocked out most of the island's power for 24 hours—everyone packed up for Costa Rica. There it rained for two weeks straight. "We were pretty worried it would be a washout," says Truscio. "In fact, Stacey was leaving for home when the sun finally came out. I had to call the airport and have her come back."

Long trips and brushes with catastrophe aside, Truscio is happy in her new position. The job is challenging and takes her to exotic places. Just as important, it has helped her conquer her fear of flying. "When we were in Costa Rica, we took off in a single-engine plane from a cow field—complete with cow," she says. "When I survived that, I knew I'd beaten it."

Mark Mulvoy

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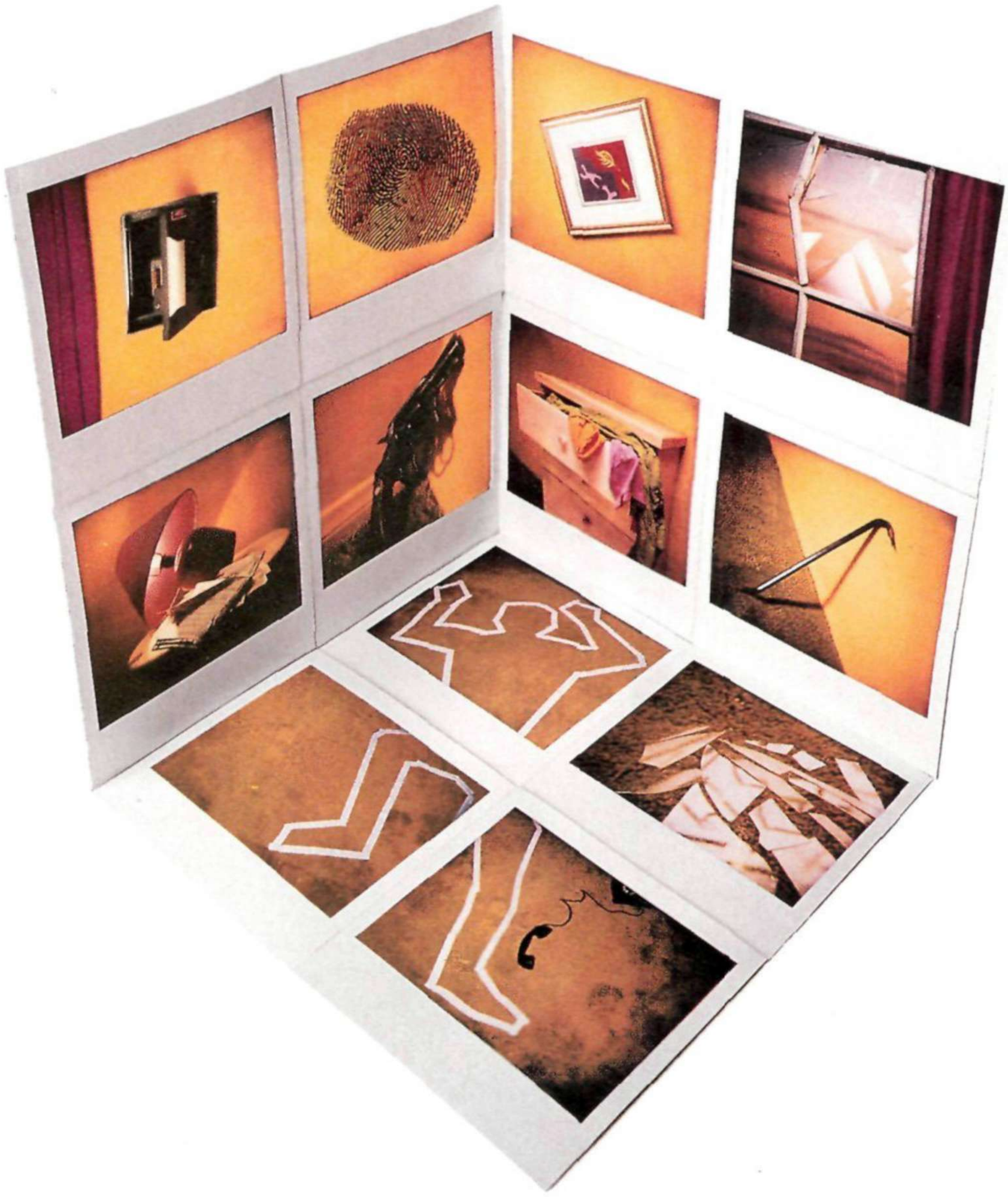

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How could Rick Reilly have forgotten the dumping of Gatorade onto the coach after winning a championship?

ANTHONY M. SMITH. KENNEWICH. WASH.

More Unwritten Rules

I enjoyed Rick Reilly's POINT AFTER about the unwritten rules of sports (Jan. 16), but he left out some: If you rebound a made shot during a pregame shootaround, you must pass the ball back to the shooter. In a pickup game you must make at least one pass before you can shoot. The catcher must get more excited after a big win than the pitcher. Pro baseball players shake hands with each other after a win instead of with the other team. It's perfectly O.K. *not* to slide or dive for balls when playing softball.

TOD J. LARSON, *Fort Sill, Okla.*

A tie goes to the runner. Never walk the pitcher.

BILL TRLAK, *Brandon, Fla.*

No foul is called in the last seconds of an NBA game (unless, of course, Hue Hollins is officiating).

MICHAEL SCHROEDER, *Carol Stream, Ill.*

In driveway hoops, it's winners' out, or make it, take it. At Wrigley Field, visitors' home run balls must be thrown back.

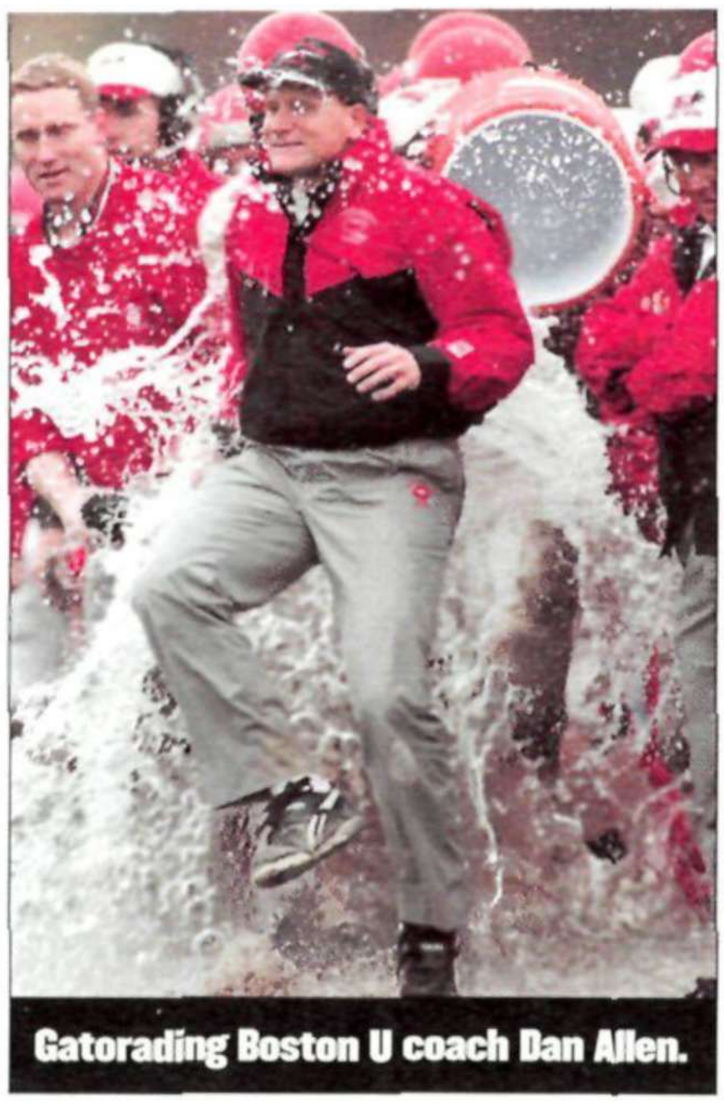
JOEL PAIGE, *Scottsdale, Ariz.*

Never report a final score with the lower number first, volleyball games and tennis sets excluded. For example: "The Niners lost to the Chargers today, 14 to 20." Ouch! It practically pierces the eardrum. Also, for touch football games in which the kickoffs are thrown, the receiving team gets three "no takes."

CHRISTOPHER J. BUTLER, *South Bend*

Is there a crazier unwritten rule than the one decreeing that college volleyball reserves stand at the end of the team bench throughout a match?

TONY GERVASE, *Long Beach, Calif.*



DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Gatorading Boston U coach Dan Allen.

LANE STEWART

Pete Sampras realigning his strings.

JOHN IACONO

Gary Carter exulting in '86 Series.

During a blowout basketball victory, the last bench players get the most chances to score, before any remaining starters. Always hit your hockey goalie's pads for good luck, pregame.

THE HIGGINS FAMILY, *Belchertown, Mass.*

Two unwritten rules that were broken during baseball's recent half-season: Never charge the mound if hit by a pitch when the pitcher has a perfect game going after the sixth inning. (What was Reggie Sanders thinking?) Always run out an infield fly or a comebacker to the pitcher. No excuses! (Just about everyone broke this one, except for Will Clark.)

BRIAN T. MURPHY, *San Francisco*

Always adjust the strings on your tennis racket after you have missed a shot. Never call an offensive foul in playground hoops. Also in basketball, always act as though you've intentionally banked a shot from straightaway that goes in off the glass.

BOB MOSELEY, *Shelton, Conn.*

Never be the first or third out at third base.

KENNETH V. TICHY, *Washington, N.J.*

Always boo the refs on a call made against your team. Start cheering before the end of the national anthem.

STEVEN S. SWENSON, *Phoenix*

A superstar always gets the call. If a player is in a 'zone,' don't tell him.

MATTHEW S. MULDOON, *Eureka, Calif.*

Autographs for Sale

I found it interesting and humorous that at the Wilt Chamberlain–Bill Russell autograph session (SCORECARD, Jan. 16), Wilt was selling his autograph for a minimum of $75. In his 1991 autobiography, *Wilt Chamberlain: A View from Above*, Chamberlain denounces doing just that, saying that "the selling of autographs by our sports heroes for personal gain . . . is to me as unethical and unbelievable as Roy Rogers trading Trigger for a Kawasaki."

ANDY HIRST, *Winnipeg, Manitoba*

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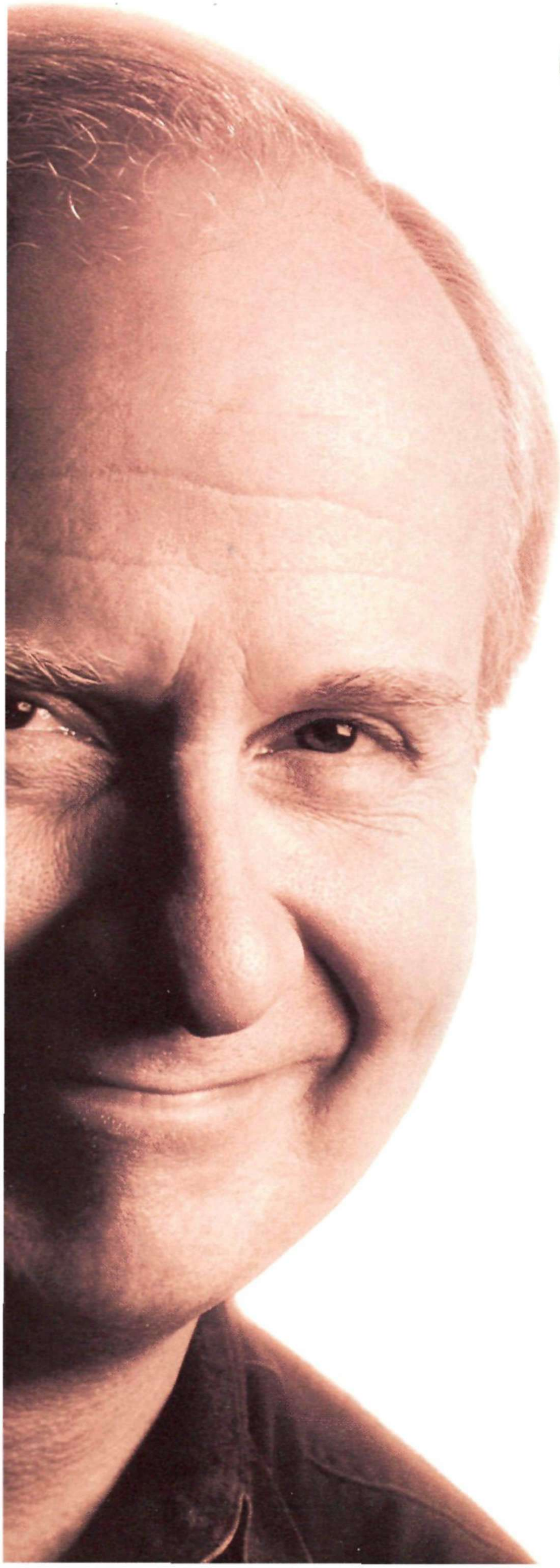

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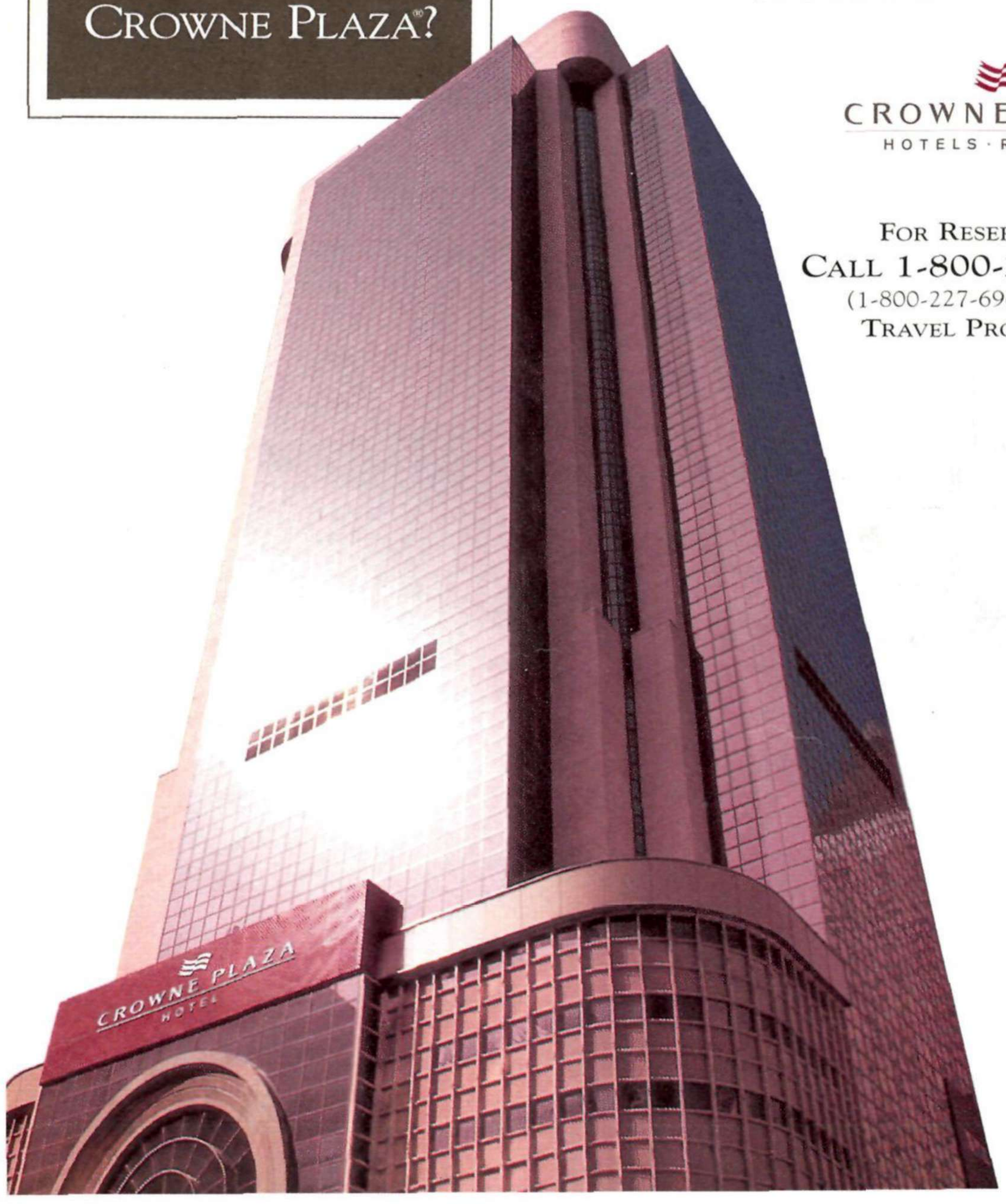

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Michael Messere

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Messere, 51, the lacrosse coach at West Genesee High, was inducted into the Lacrosse Hall of Fame. In his 19 years with the Wildcats he has won eight state titles and has a record of 390–20. He has coached 33 high school All-Americas and 56 players *who went on to become college* All-Americas.

TIM O'SHEA

Jenny Hansen

SOMERSET, WIS.

Hansen, a junior at Kentucky, was the only gymnast named as a finalist for the Honda Collegiate Woman Athlete of the Year Award. In '94 she won NCAA titles in the all-around, the vault and the balance beam. Her 39.75 winning score in the all-around was the best in NCAA championship meet history.

STEWART BOWMAN

Courtney Alexander

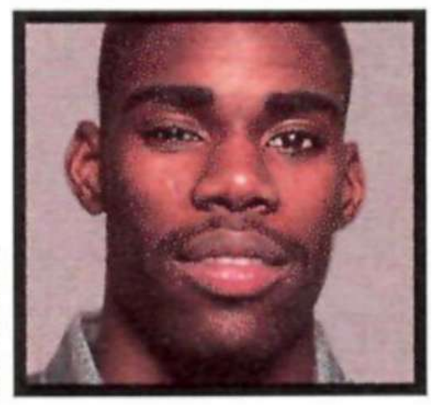
DURHAM, N.C.

Antawn Jamison

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Courtney, a 6′ 5″ senior point guard at Jordan High, and Antawn, a 6′ 8″ senior power forward at Providence High, were ranked by *Blue Ribbon College Basketball Yearbook* as the top two high school players in North Carolina. Courtney had 44 points, 10 rebounds and three steals in a 73–72 win over Hillside High, and 40 points, 11 rebounds and five steals in a 75–74 defeat of Riverside High. Through last Friday he was averaging 29.9 points, 10.1 rebounds and 3.0 steals a game. Antawn had 40 points and 10 rebounds in a 69–67 victory against Independence High. Through last Friday he was averaging 26.2 points and 13.1 rebounds.

GRANT HALVERSON



ART GENTILE

Patty Pease

MARYSVILLE, OHIO

Pease, 47, the girls' volleyball coach at Fairbanks High, guided the Panthers to a 432–74 record over the last 24 years including a 25–2 mark this season. Her teams made three appearances in the state finals and won the title in 1977. Pease, who retired at the conclusion of the season, also won 17 league crowns.

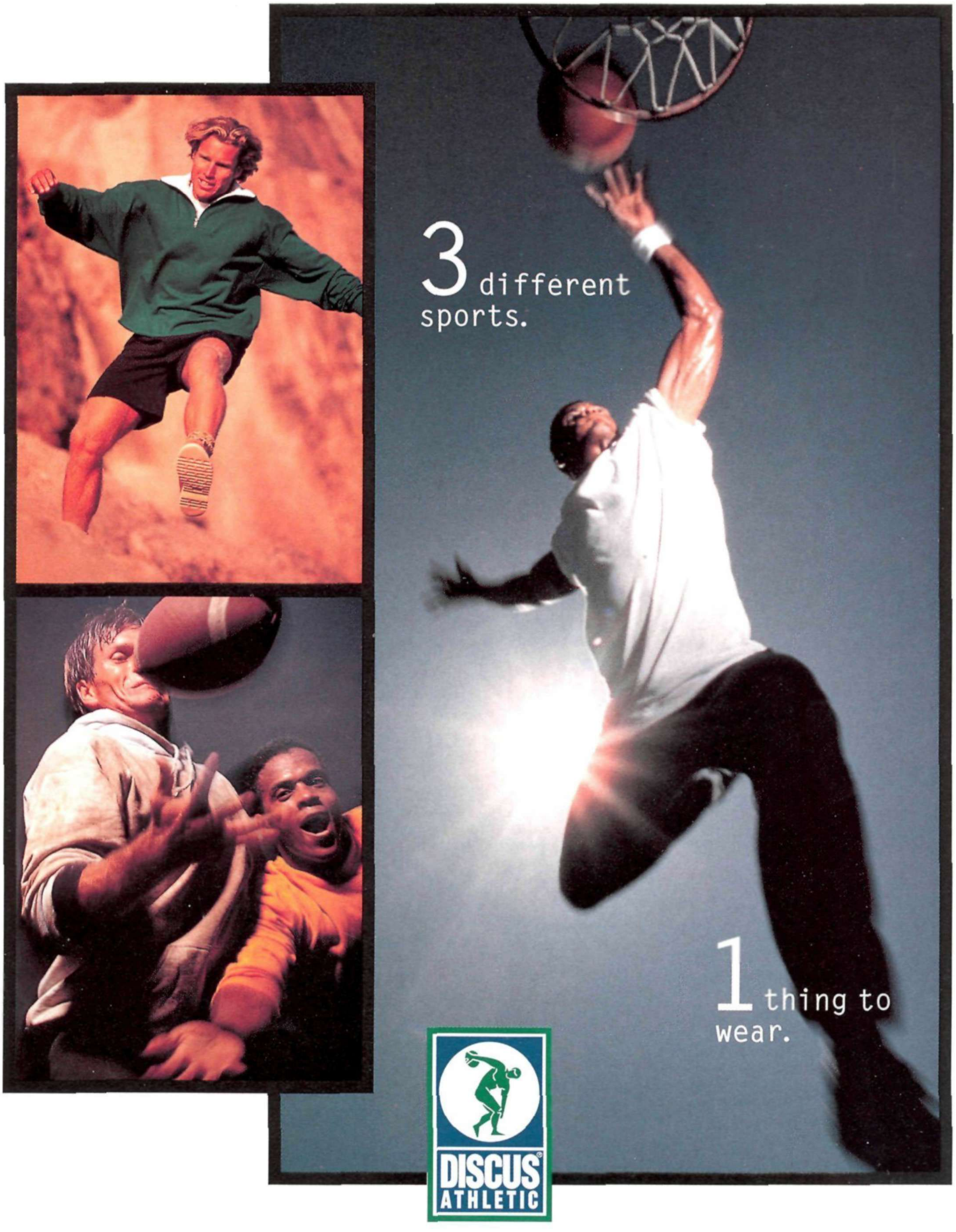
JAY LAPRETE

Marty Reasoner

HONEOYE FALLS, N.Y.

Marty, a senior ice hockey center at Deerfield (Mass.) Academy, scored 18 goals and had 25 assists in leading his team to a 16-1-1 record through last Friday. In 22 games last season he amassed 27 goals and 24 assists. He was also a member of the 16-and-under U.S. team.

MICHAEL MOORE



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Harlem in the Sagebrush

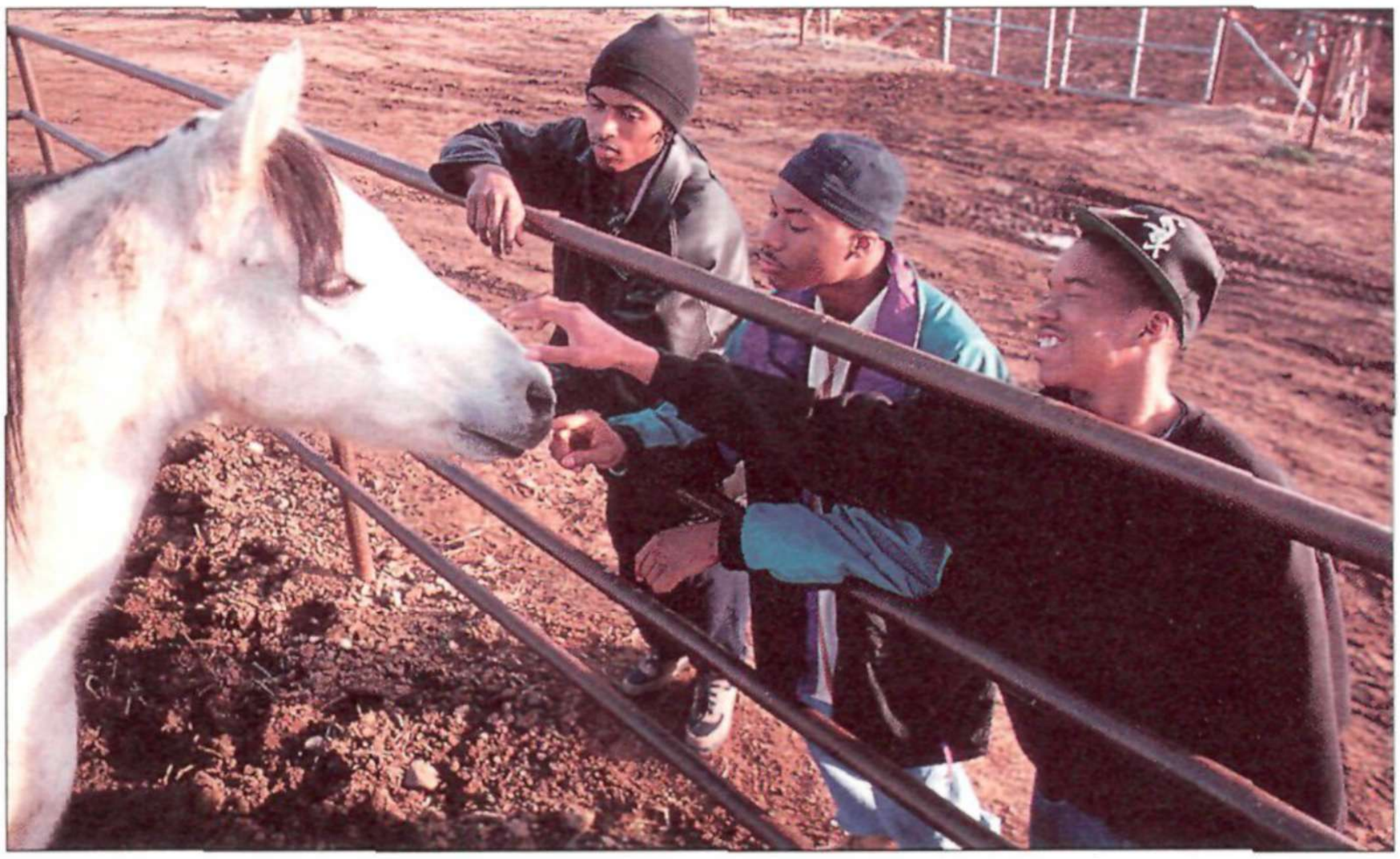
At Arizona's rustic Orme School, New York kids are hooping it up • by Kostya Kennedy

THE ORME SCHOOL sits on a flat stretch of lowland amid the undulating desert hills of Arizona, 65 miles north of Phoenix and three miles by unpaved road from Interstate 17. The vast country's rich, red earth bears yucca, prickly pear and sagebrush, and on the boarding school's campus, dirt walkways weave past cottonwoods and sycamores.

The 163 boys and girls who attend the school, which runs from grade seven through grade 12, routinely stroke pot-bellied pigs, pat the brown flanks of mother cows and listen to the soft, wind-borne bleating of a herd of Angora goats on a neighboring ranch. In the hush of an early evening, it is hard to conceive of a place less like Orme than the cacophonous, crime-plagued streets of Harlem.

"When I got here I was like, Where are the sidewalks?" says Ronnell Rock, 18, Orme's student body president. "I'd never been anywhere so quiet and peaceful, where I could leave my door open and feel safe. Sometimes I'd see a cow out my window and think I was in a movie."

Ronnell is one of six Harlem youths attending Orme and one of four playing for the school's basketball team, which was 19–3 at the end of the regular season and preparing to make a strong run at the Arizona state title in Class IA. After years of playing blacktop ball near their homes in the bleak projects of Harlem's west side, the four have brought to this oasis a dose of city style.



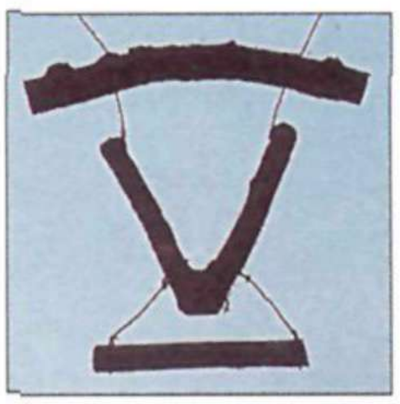
Harris (left), Bernard Rock and Meredith were wary of the livestock; at right, the ranch's brand.

"People are amazed by us," says Bobby Meredith, 17, a junior forward. "They've never seen some of the things we do on the court. And when I go around wearing one pant leg up and a tag on my cap, people stare. They like it, though. The way everybody walks by and says, 'Hi,' 'Hi,' I feel like I'm in Happy Country."

Ronnell and Bobby came to Orme as Mobil scholars, in 1991 and '92, respectively. This need-based academic program was established in 1977 by Orme alumnus and former Mobil executive Winston Marshall III to enable one Harlem teenager to come to the school each year. All the Mobil scholars—who are provided with room and board, tuition and airfare—have graduated from Orme, and all but one have gone to college.

The four other current Mobil scholars do not play basketball, but Ronnell helped bring two other players—his cousin Bernard Rock and their friend Joe Harris, 17—to Orme on standard financial aid. Now, away from the dangers of their inner city, they are thriving. Each year an admissions officer from Orme travels widely, talking up the school. Today Orme's student body includes Saudis, Koreans, Native Americans, Germans and even a crown prince from the north of Pakistan.

The Harlem group fits well into this astoundingly diverse mix. The boys and girls cast aside their differences and take easily to one another. Ronnell's closest friends on the school's basketball team are Scott Roberts, the son of a prosperous land developer in California, and Alvin Saenz, who is an Apache Indian. During school breaks, Ronnell likes to spend a few days with Alvin at his family's reservation in New Mexico.



"I think that when you live close to the earth like this, class and culture lines tend to disappear," says Charlie Orme Jr., who was the school's headmaster for 42 years, until 1987. "That's why we're able to have all kinds of kids here, and for the most part, they get along."

In 1929 Charlie Orme Sr., the owner of a 40,000-acre cattle ranch, started the school to educate his three young children and the four children of his ranchers.

Photographs by Michael Scully

He hired an elementary school teacher to come to the ranch, and class was held in a rust-colored adobe hut that serves today as the schoolhouse for Orme's 14 middle schoolers, all of whom board.

Word of the school soon spread across the hills, and boys and girls began attending from nearby ranches and mining towns. In 1945 Charlie Jr., one of the school's original students, became the first headmaster. The following year he converted Orme into a coeducational boarding school; it had a graduating class of three in 1950.

Ronnell Rock (right) rolls against Mayer, which Orme beat en route to state tournament play.

The school's unusual location and its wide-ranging curriculum led to the student body's rapid growth. In 1962 the ranch and school separated officially into self-sustaining entities for business purposes. Still, they remain closely linked. Old ranch houses and frontier-style buildings stand throughout the campus. The ranch's cattle brand—the quarter circle V-bar—is also the school's symbol and is painted at center court of the gym. In addition to standard coursework, some students do chores or care for animals in a barn area overlooking the campus; others gallop around the mesas as part of the school's horsemanship program.

"My father would be pleased with the school," says Charlie Jr., who lives on the ranch. "He'd get a kick out of seeing these city kids with the cattle."

He might also get a kick out of watching them play hoops. Though Orme has traditionally had strong football teams, its basketball program was all but invisible until coach Todd Satter arrived four years ago from St. John's High in St. John's, Ariz. In Satter's second season, with Ronnell, Bernard and Bobby leading the way, the team went 6–6 in its conference. And last season, Satter's third, with Joe Harris added to the mix, the club went 10–2 in the conference and 19–6 overall before losing in the quarterfinals of the state tournament.

"I'm lucky," says Satter. "We may never again have a group like this."

They play the way they play back home in New York, and visitors from scattered desert towns (the post office nearest to Orme is a 20-minute drive away) show up for their games. Camera flashes pop as Orme warms up to the boom-box strains of Naughty By Nature. Fans stare as Joe shakes his minidreadlocks and Bernard flexes the bulldog tattoo that covers his right biceps. When the game begins and Ronnell gets off a bounce pass to Bernard, who races to the hoop, jukes and dishes the ball behind his back to Joe, who slams it home, the crowd murmurs in awe.

"We've been playing together for so long," Bernard says. "We know what we're going to do: Back home, this stuff isn't such a big deal. Out here it's like, Wow! "

Of the four, Bernard is the big-time talent, a former all-city junior high point guard who was named a Basketball Congress International All-America while playing for Riverside Church on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Known as Pee Wee at local playgrounds, Bernard has now earned Arizona all-state honors in both basketball and football. Away from the drug-infested neighborhood where he lives with his grandmother, he is getting the chance that Pee Wee Sr. never had.

"In New York, the grown folks tell me I play like my father used to play," says Bernard, a slight, bright-eyed 17-year-old. "But he never did anything with his talent. He dropped out of high school. Now he's up in Albany somewhere.

"Back home it's just trouble. I had to get out of there, or it would've gotten to me. It's right in your face when you walk out the door—crack, cocaine, people wasting away their lives.

"There's nothing for me there. And when I go home, guys are always asking me to help them come out here."

He did help Joe by urging him to apply to Orme in 1993. The push may have come just in time. During Joe's first few months at Orme, two of his friends back home were shot to death in arguments. At Joe's police precinct in Harlem, more than 10 felonies are reported every day. In all of 1994 there were two at Orme, the worse of which was a stolen saddle.

"Being here gives you perspective," Joe says. "You have a chance to slow down and think about life. It's freedom."

And it took some getting used to. Harlem slang was a foreign language at Orme. There were unfamiliar people—"I'd never talked to a white kid before," says Bobby—in a land far from fast food and video arcades. To kids from the city, a coyote's nighttime howl sounded more threatening than a police siren's wail. And there was the time that the team returned from a road game to find a pair of peccaries on campus. While their teammates stepped off the van unperturbed by the piglike, grass-eating beasts, the Harlem kids huddled together in the last row of seats.

But by now Orme has become a second home to them. And last year Ronnell's father, Jerry, came for a visit. At night he looked up and saw a wide, glittering brightness he had never imagined. "He tried to take pictures of the stars," Ronnell recalls. "Then in the morning we went for a walk. My father said to me, 'Look at all that sky. I've never seen so much blue in my life.' " ■

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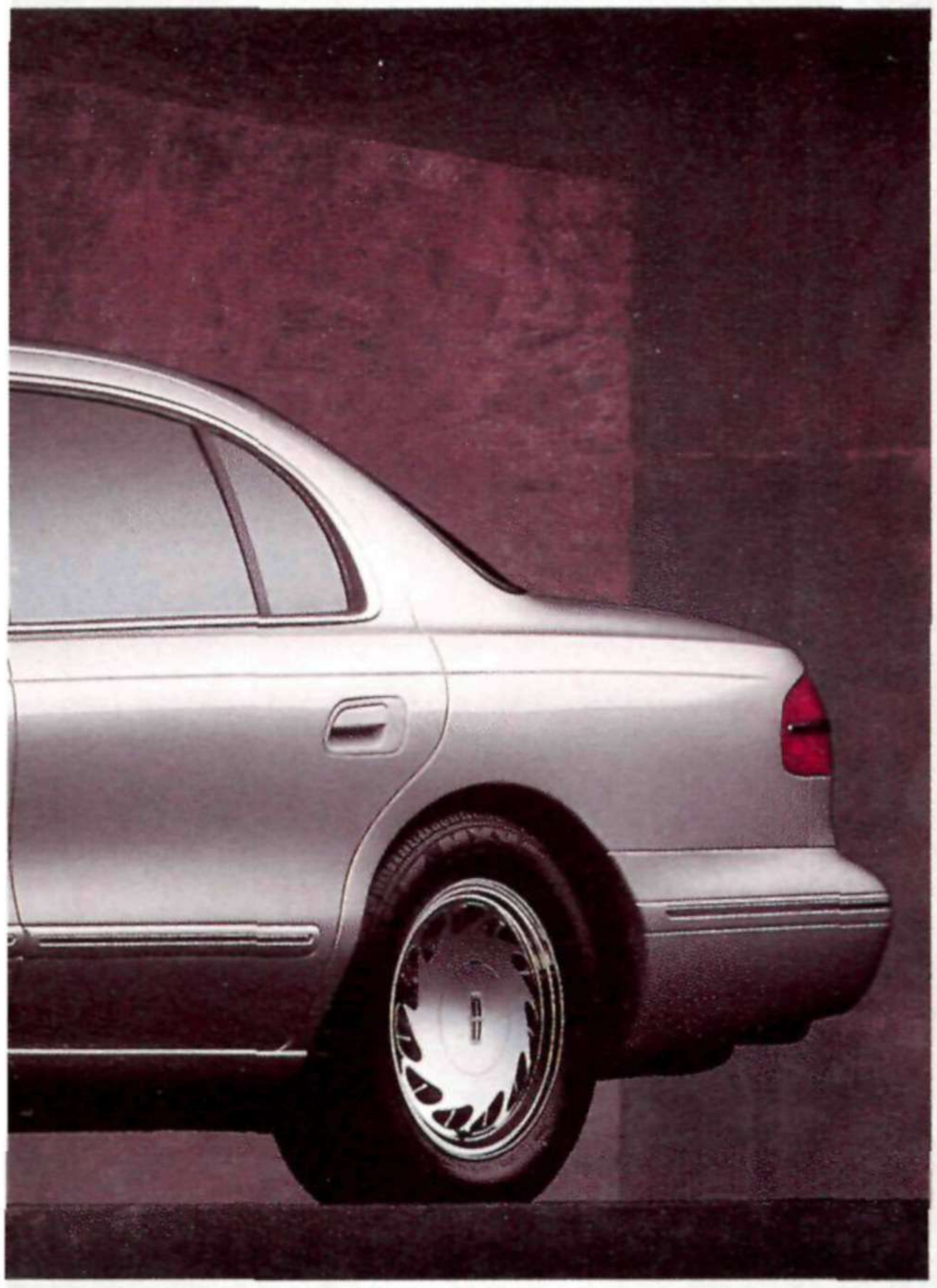

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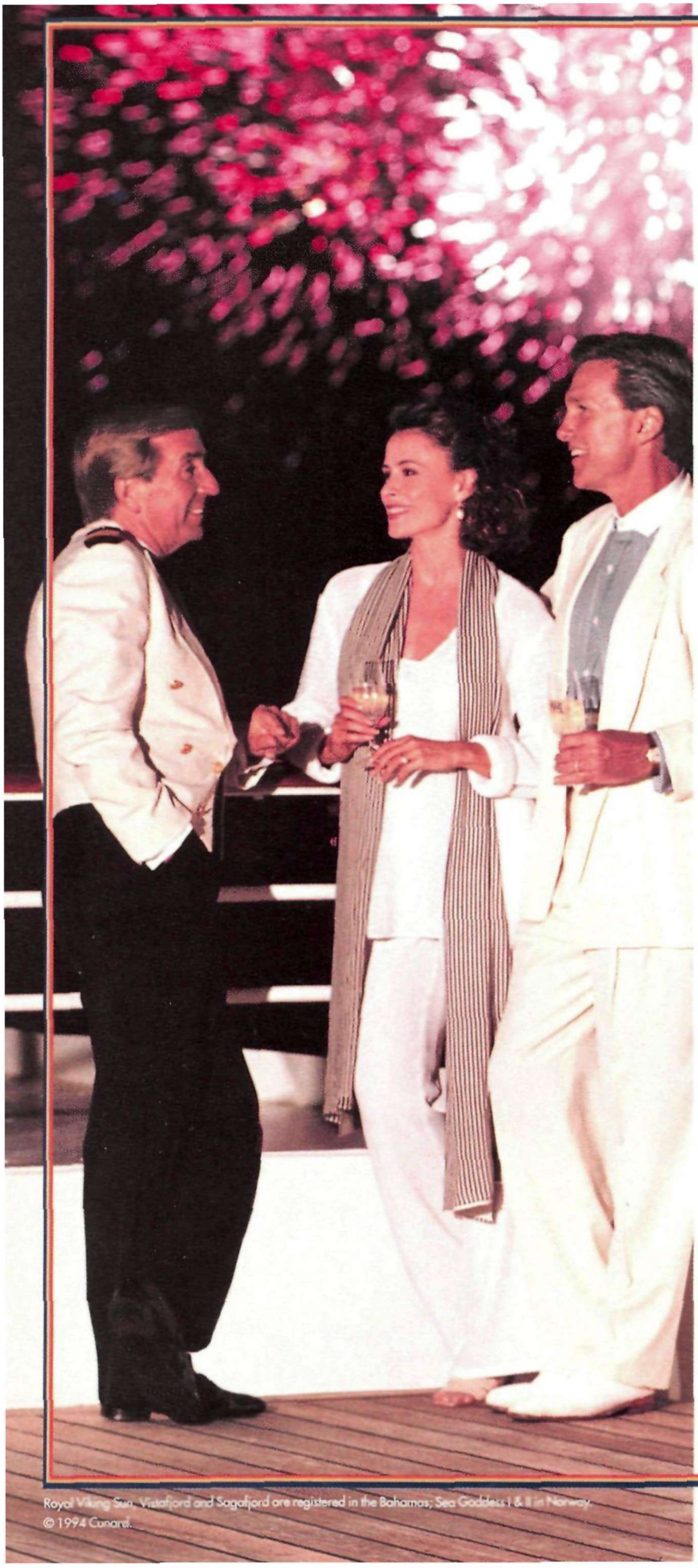

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ROYAL VIKING

Scorecard

EDITED BY ALEXANDER WOLFF AND RICHARD O'BRIEN

On Track Betting

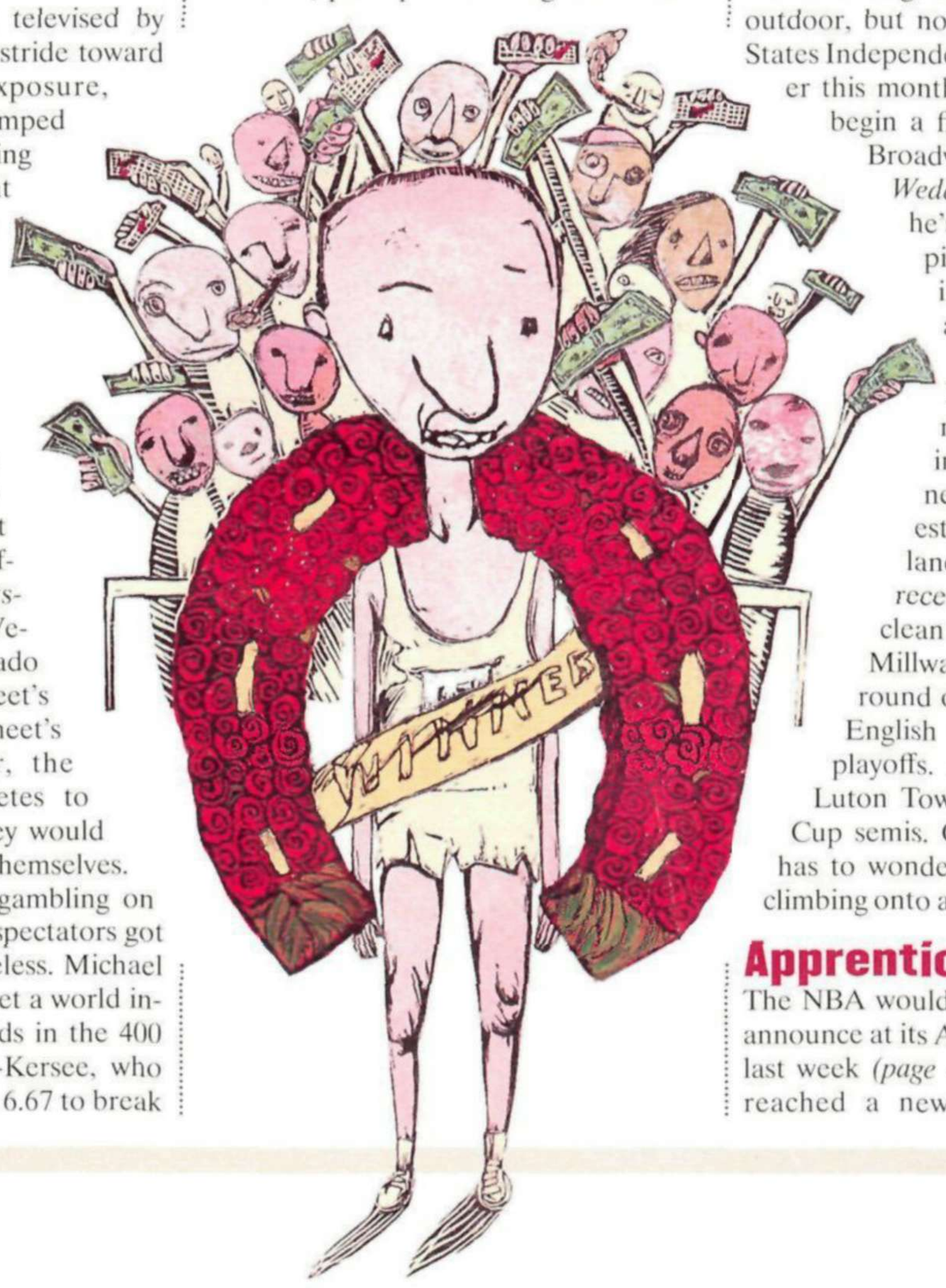
COMPETITIVELY, THE U.S. remains the most powerful track and field nation in the world. Yet when it comes to the interest of the American public, the sport is limping like a sprinter with two torn hamstrings. Attendance at meets is down, long-standing events have been canceled, and media coverage is dwindling. In an effort to turn things around, USA Track & Field (USATF), the sport's national governing body, secured sponsorship from Mobil, Nike and Visa for a series of five indoor meets to be held on consecutive weekends this winter and televised by NBC. Having thus taken a stride toward increasing the sport's exposure, USATF promptly long-jumped into the absurd, announcing just before the second event in the series, last Friday's Reno Air Games, that it had persuaded the Eldorado Race and Sports Book in Reno to take action on the meet.

"We had to introduce new elements to make track more entertaining to the casual fan," said meet director John Mansoor. After consulting with sports-gambling experts in Las Vegas, the folks at the Eldorado set a line on eight of the meet's 16 events. "To protect the meet's integrity," said Mansoor, the USATF required all athletes to sign a statement saying they would not place any bets, even on themselves.

Despite all the hoopla, gambling on the meet was light, though spectators got a couple of payoffs nonetheless. Michael Johnson, a 1-to-5 favorite, set a world indoor record of 44.97 seconds in the 400 meters, and Jackie Joyner-Kersee, who went off at even money, ran 6.67 to break the U.S. indoor mark for the 50-meter hurdles. Those are the sorts of numbers American track should be betting on.

Depreciation

How bad are things going for the Philadelphia 76ers this season? Well, as of Monday the Sixers had lost 18 of their last 22 games—scoring an average of just under 97 points during that stretch—and appeared headed for their worst offensive season since 1955–56. Given such anemic numbers, perhaps it's fitting that after a recent Philly loss to the Atlanta Hawks, the headline in *The New York Times* read HAWKS 107, 75ERS 92.



FRANCES JETTER

Broadway Tony

Far be it from us to second-guess Bora Milutinovic, the coach who last summer guided the U.S. out of the first round of the World Cup. Even farther be it from us to suggest that anyone could have tended goal for the U.S. team better than Tony Meola, whose sangfroid was essential to the team's advancing. But it's curious how the careers of Meola and Brad Friedel, his understudy, have stalled—while those of two goalkeepers that Milutinovic overlooked, Kasey Keller and Juergen Sommer, have prospered.

Friedel signed with Newcastle United of England's Premier League but was denied a work permit in the U.K. and is now back home in Ohio, waiting for his agent to sort things out. Meola spent much of his first post-Cup winter with the Buffalo Blizzard of the indoor National Professional Soccer League—which is like going from Carnegie Hall to a grade-school recital—and had mixed success in 11 games. He has since signed to play this summer with the Long Island Rough Riders of the outdoor, but no less small-time, United States Independent Soccer League. Earlier this month he left the Blizzard to begin a five-week run in the off-Broadway show *Tony N' Tina's Wedding*, where, in a stretch, he's playing Tony, a role pioneered by another Italian-American has-been athlete, Lee Mazzilli.

Meanwhile, even as Keller and Sommer remain two names that fans in the U.S. have probably never heard of, each is an established player in England's First Division. Keller recently had three straight clean sheets, or shutouts, for Millwall, which is now in the round of 16 of the FA Cup, the English equivalent of the NFL playoffs. As for Sommer, he led Luton Town into last season's FA Cup semis. Given their success, one has to wonder if Meola shouldn't be climbing onto a different stage.

Apprentice Wages

The NBA would have been delighted to announce at its All-Star Game in Phoenix last week *(page 48)* that the league had reached a new collective bargaining

agreement with its players. Instead, while one league official expressed hopes of completing negotiations "by the end of the season," the best that commissioner David Stern could do was assert, much as he did last fall, that his sport's historical labor peace—which distinguishes it from baseball, football and hockey—augurs well for a strike-free contract settlement. "When the owners tell the players, 'You're entitled to more than half the revenues,' and the players tell the owners, 'You're entitled to a return on your investment,' you've got the parameters of a deal," says Stern.

It's becoming ever clearer that within those parameters, there's likely to be some sort of rookie salary cap. Among veterans, sentiment for a two-tiered wage system is strong. Some of that feeling stems from an I've-got-mine self-interest. But there is also a growing awareness among players, ranging from stars such as Karl Malone of the Utah Jazz to such lesser lights as the Chicago Bulls' Steve Kerr, that there's a finite pie, and deals like rookie Glenn Robinson's 10-year, $68 million contract with the Milwaukee Bucks may leave veterans with mere crumbs for years to come. "Something's got to go to the established player," says Kerr.

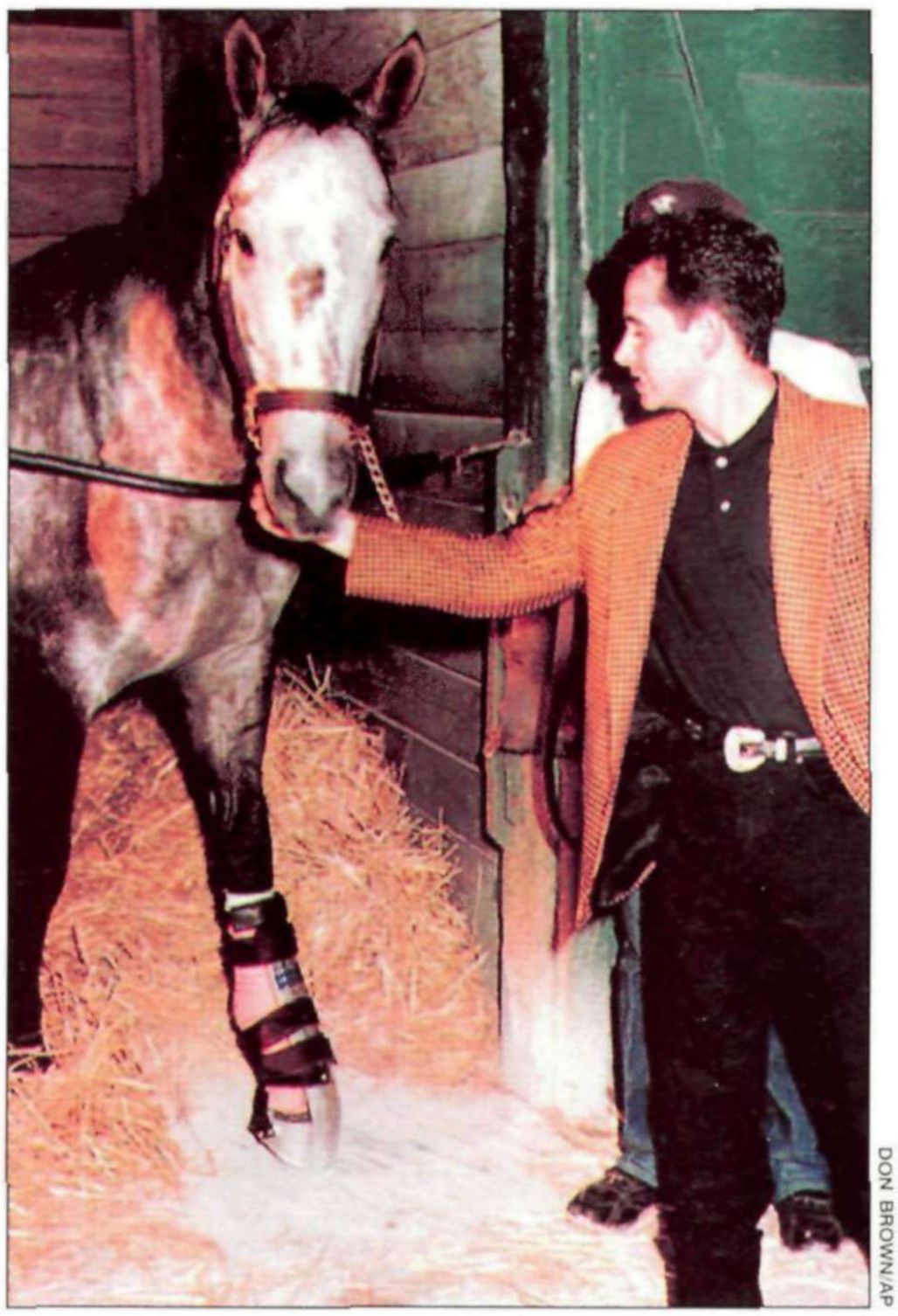
A cap might limit the value of a rookie's contract for his first two or three years, with the payoff coming thereafter, when he would be granted unrestricted free agency. "That would be a great thing, free agency after three years," says Boston Celtic rookie Eric Montross. "You could market yourself to anybody you want to. Now you have to go through two steps before you can do that."

Another salutary by-product of a rookie cap might be the bringing to heel of the league's whining young players (SI, Jan. 30), whose misbehavior is a problem Stern acknowledged last week and vowed that the NBA would address. "If a young player blows off practice, he knows the worst that can happen is that the club will fine him," says former Phoenix Sun coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. "But what if he makes so much, he doesn't care? We need to make young players feel an obligation to the game, to pay some dues."

A rookie cap may be just the device with which to do that.

Goodbye to the Bull

When Holy Bull suffered a career-ending leg injury during last Saturday's $300,000 Donn Handicap at Gulfstream Park, thoroughbred racing lost more than just another good horse. With the sport battling for survival among the growing sprawl of casinos, lotteries and other forms of legalized gambling, Holy Bull, one of those rare horses who, like Secretariat, stir the public's imagination, was the hero that racing needed.



DON BROWN/AP

Smith helped Holy Bull survive a nasty turn in the Donn.

Why was there such acclaim and affection for a horse who finished 12th in last year's Kentucky Derby and didn't even compete in the other two Triple Crown races or the Breeders' Cup? To begin with, the Bull *was* good. Last year, as a 3-year-old, he won eight of his 10 starts, twice beating the country's best older horses, which was enough to earn him Horse of the Year honors. Beyond that, fans loved his catchy name, his gray color and his front-running style. Whenever the Bull was running, everyone knew the script: Catch him if you can.

Something bad caught Holy Bull in the Donn. Dueling with eventual winner Cigar for the lead at the ⅝ pole, Holy Bull seemed to be running easily. But at that point a tendon in his left foreleg gave way. Said Jerry Bailey, who was riding Cigar a length ahead, "I heard a pop, and then I heard [the Bull's jockey] Mike Smith yell, 'Oh, no.' Then I lost him as he pulled up his horse." Holy Bull came to a halt near the half-mile pole, where Smith dismounted and soothed him until the equine ambulance arrived.

For the racing world, sadness over the injury was tempered by the knowledge that Holy Bull is expected to recover enough to stand stud at Jonabell Farm in Lexington. Despite the Bull's lackluster pedigree, Jim Bell of Jonabell reports that there has already been keen interest in him as a stallion. Still, whatever his success at stud, the Bull is unlikely to sire a horse with his panache.

Dressing Down

At first glance Houston Rocket center Hakeem Olajuwon's signing of a new sneaker deal may not seem like big news. But in a significant break from the established practice of superstar athletes, Olajuwon's shoe contract isn't with Nike, Reebok or any of the other "top-end" manufacturers that produce the $100-and-up, bells-and-whistles models that young people hanker for. The NBA's reigning MVP has instead agreed to a deal with Spalding under which he will endorse a line of shoes retailing for no more than $60 a pair and available in discount stores like Wal-Mart, Payless and Target, where Americans buy close to half of the 400 million pairs of athletic shoes sold in the U.S. each year.

Olajuwon, who for the Rockets' seven games leading up to the All-Star break wore the prototype of a model scheduled to reach the stores in the fall, signed the contract in part because he's alarmed at the values he sometimes sees youngsters espouse. "A lot of kids just go with the name brand," he says. "They bother their parents for $150 shoes." A cheaper shoe needn't impair performance, he believes—and he demonstrated that in those seven games, shooting 56.8% while shod in his Spaldings, compared with his season average of 49.7%. Of course, Hakeem would still be the Dream even in

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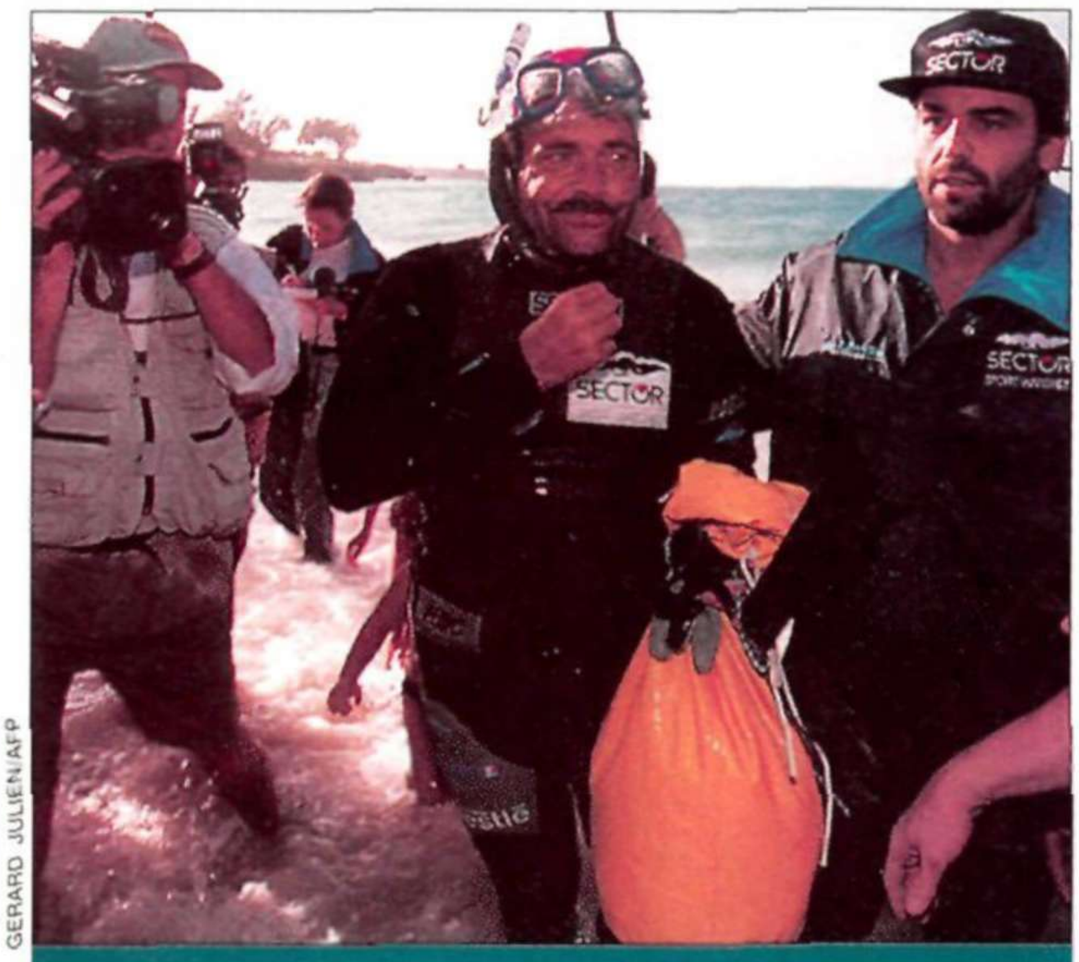


GERARD JULIEN/AFP

Guy, Part III

LAST THURSDAY, 55 days after setting out from the Cape Verde Islands off western Africa, French adventurer Guy Delage (SCORECARD, Nov. 28, 1994, et seq.) hauled himself out of the surf and onto the island of Barbados to become the first person to swim the Atlantic. Though the 42-year-old Delage received a hero's welcome on the beach, some observers remained unimpressed with his feat, complaining that he regularly interrupted his swimming for rest periods and leisurely meals on the 15-foot, radio- and fax-equipped raft he towed behind him and that ocean currents helped carry him much of the way. French Olympic swimmer Stefan Caron went so far as to refer to Delage's swim as "a long, warm bath."

Delage, who endured jellyfish stings and a shark attack during the 2,400-mile crossing, seemed unsettled by his critics. "I'm coming back from a virgin, uncorrupted place," he said. "The return to humanity risks being a bit tough."

Birkenstocks. It's nonetheless refreshing when a star athlete has the ability to see the big picture.

Points of Doubt

With 30 seconds remaining in last Saturday's ACC basketball game at Cole Field House in College Park, Md., Florida State coach Pat Kennedy, whose Seminoles trailed Maryland 76–65, ordered his players not to foul. Bless him, for entirely too much time is wasted with endless processions to the free throw line at the end of both college and pro games in which the outcome is no longer in doubt. But suddenly, Terrapin point guard Duane Simpkins split the defense and went in for a layup with five seconds left to make the score 78–65. Then, after a halfhearted Florida State inbounds pass, Maryland forward Keith Booth stole the ball from LaMarr Greer, dunked and signaled the scorer's table to make sure that the meaningless points were put on the board. They were, and Maryland won 80–65.

There is only one word to describe what Booth and Simpkins did—bush. Maryland coach Gary Williams was angry at them after the game, but the damage was done. It's a pity, too, because Booth and Simpkins are hardworking contributors to Maryland's basketball renaissance *(page 20)* on the court, and they are polite and well-spoken young men off it.

And if they needed another reason not to pull such stunts, they certainly had one last Saturday: The point spread for the game was 14½ in Maryland's favor, meaning that the final four points enabled the Terrapins to cover. No one is suggesting that Booth and Simpkins were even aware of the spread, let alone playing with it in mind, but their grandstanding raised the issue among a cynical American audience. Those last two baskets are just another indication that teaching sportsmanship to young athletes is every bit as important as teaching the drop step and the jump stop.

Signing Off?

Down South, when the February college football signing date rolls around, recruiting and rumors go together like grits and gravy. Recently word reached *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* that Chauncey McGee, a six-foot, 180-pound defensive back at Atlanta's Westlake High, had committed suicide. The paper quickly dispatched a correspondent to check out the report. "Chauncey didn't commit suicide," word came back. "Chauncey committed to Mississippi State."

Contact Sport

As a point guard for Duke and the Dallas Mavericks during the late 1970s and early '80s, Jim Spanarkel was known for his cunning and his superb court vision. And while more than a decade has passed since his last NBA game, understand that Spanarkel can still see the floor. During the second quarter of a New Jersey Net–Detroit Piston game on Feb. 6, Net point guard Sleepy Floyd was scouring the Meadowlands Arena floor for a lost contact lens when Spanarkel, who is now a SportsChannel color analyst and was seated more than 50 feet away, told viewers, "It's right behind Sleepy. It's right behind him. I can see it." Sure enough, Floyd turned around and retrieved the lens.

Manhattan College forward Brendan O'Brien might not have Spanarkel's eyesight, but he shares his savvy. When teammate Keaton Hyman had to leave a Feb. 3 game against Canisius after losing one of his contact lenses on the court, O'Brien, who is redshirting this season, promptly plucked out one of his own contacts and gave it to Hyman. Hyman reentered the game and helped the Jaspers to a 72–60 victory. "I told Brendan that he made as big a contribution as anybody," says Manhattan coach Fran Fraschilla. "I also told him what he did might be against the health codes of 31 states."

Mag's Best Friend

At the Golden Gate Kennel Club dog show at San Francisco's Cow Palace earlier this month, a group of Dalmatian fanciers hawked subscriptions to their newsletter. Its title: *Spots Illustrated*.

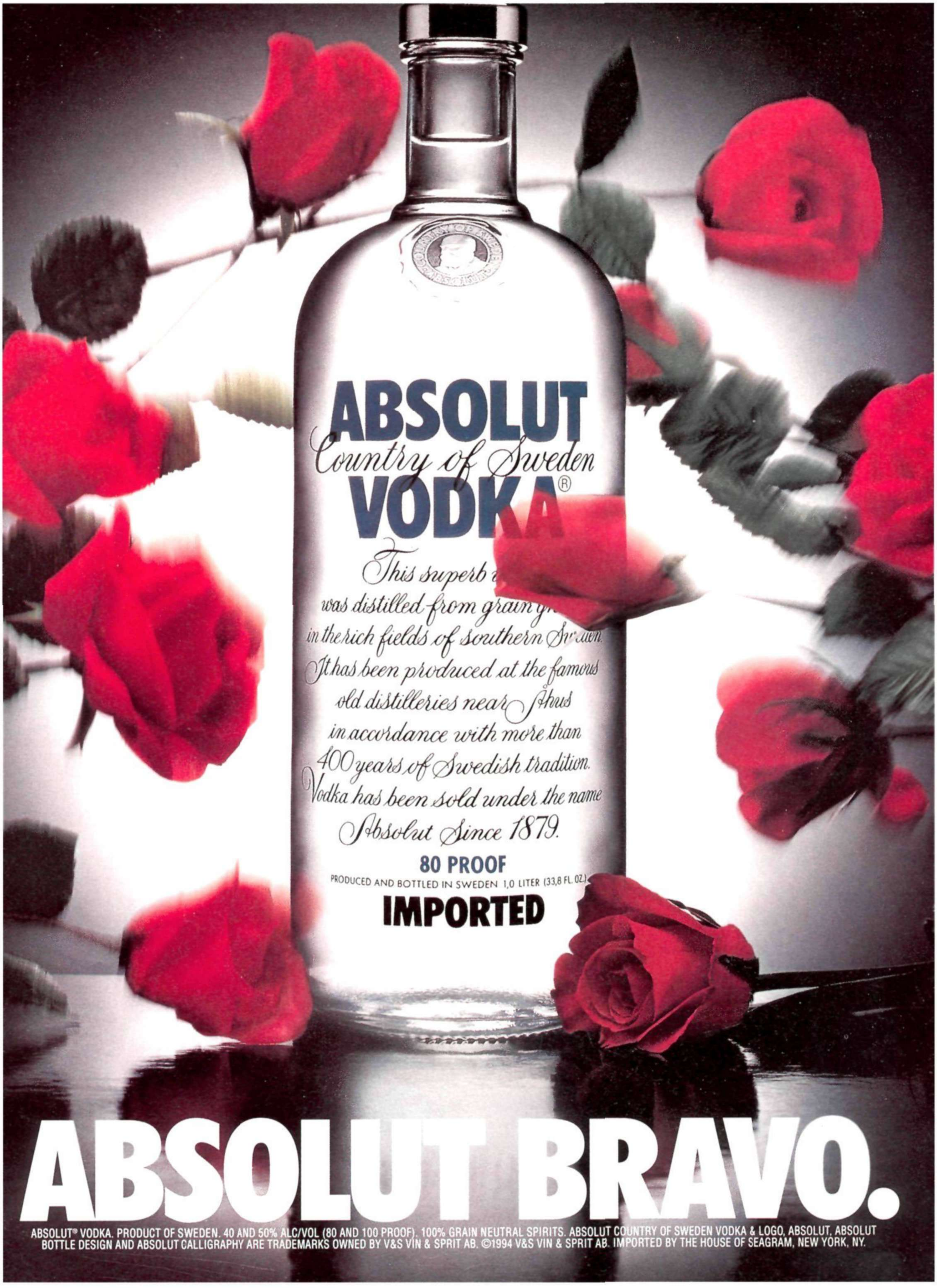
This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

A Los Angeles Clipper, bench-warming rookie Eric Piatkowski, has been named South Dakota celebrity of the year.

They Said It

Ron Davis

Former Minnesota Twin reliever who had a knack for giving up late-game homers, on the boos he still hears at appearances in the Twin Cities: "When it's 10 years later and they still hate you, that's what you call charisma."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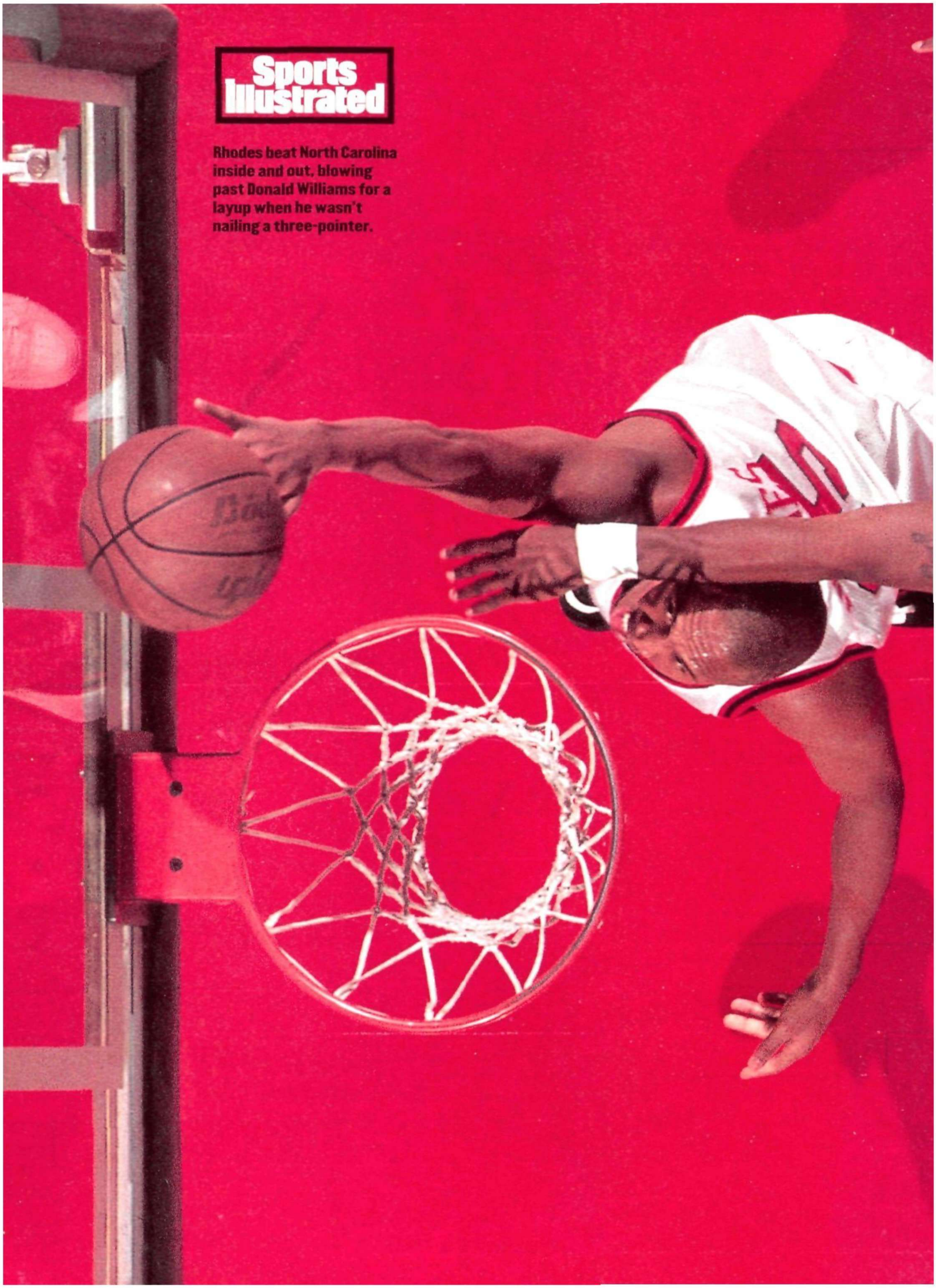
Sports Illustrated

Rhodes beat North Carolina inside and out, blowing past Donald Williams for a layup when he wasn't nailing a three-pointer.



DOUG PENSINGER/ALLSPORT

Back From the Depths

Maryland is an ACC power once again, ending a decline that began with Len Bias's death · by Jack McCallum

WHEN MARYLAND junior point guard Duane Simpkins was 12, his Washington, D.C., Boys Club team played a game at the Capital Centre. He doesn't remember much about the action on the court, but he does remember sidling up, wide-eyed and nervous, to Terrapin star Len Bias. "I mean, Len Bias," says Simpkins, still looking wide-eyed. "I just wanted to shake his hand. He was the *thing*."

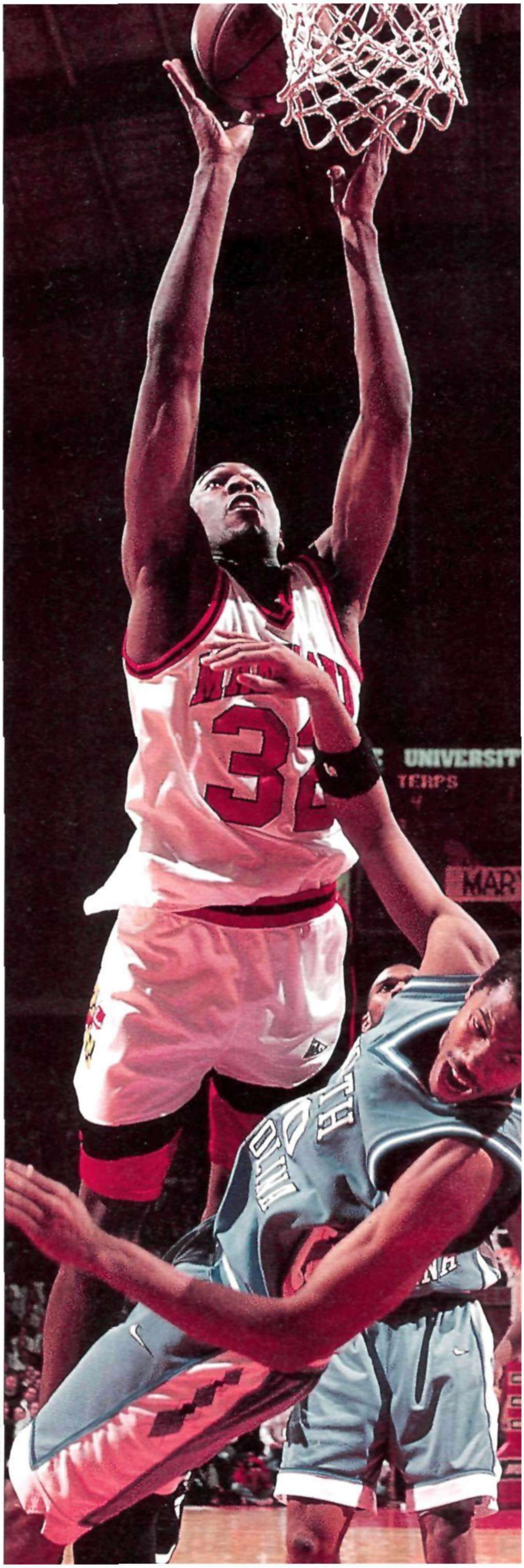
When Simpkins's Maryland teammate Exree Hipp was 10, he and his friends used to push a long bench against the fence of a Congress Heights basketball court in southeast Washington and scramble up on it for a better look at Bias playing on the other side. "Man, the way Lenny used to dunk," says Hipp, a junior forward. "Everybody wanted to be Len Bias. Everybody wanted to go to Maryland."

And then came June 19, 1986, the day that Bias died from cocaine intoxication, only 40 hours after the Boston Celtics had made him the second pick in the NBA draft. Simpkins, Hipp and another current Terrapin starter, sophomore forward Keith Booth, all had the same reaction as they watched the television news stories about the tragedy: They cried their eyes out. "It felt like something was crushing me," says Booth, who was 11 at the time. Suddenly, no one wanted to be Len Bias. And no one wanted to go to Maryland.

It is against a backdrop of those memories that the Feb. 7 postgame scene at Maryland's Cole Field House must be juxtaposed. The delirious on-court celebration that followed the Terps' 86–73 win over North Carolina—Maryland's first victory over a No. 1 team in nine seasons, the last being a Bias-led triumph over the Tar Heels—seemed like nothing less than an exorcism. Few basketball programs have fallen as far and as fast and as ignominiously as Maryland's, and it follows that few have recovered so gracefully. The seventh-ranked Terps followed the Carolina victory with an 80–65 defeat of Florida State at Cole last Saturday and at week's end stood 19–4 and were tied with the Tar Heels atop the ACC standings at 9–2. That's rare air for Maryland, which has not had a winning league record since 1984–85 and was 2–14 in the league just two seasons ago, when Hipp, Simpkins and starting guard Johnny Rhodes were freshmen.

"The people who truly appreciate this win," said Terrapin coach Gary Williams after the game against the Tar Heels, "are the ones who were around during the dark times." Indeed, the victory continues a Maryland renaissance that started with a surprise trip to the Sweet 16 last season. Could it end at the Final Four in Seattle this year? Probably not. The Terps seem a little young (no seniors get much playing time) and a little small (the 6′ 5″ Booth is their power forward) to go all the way. But they are a talented bunch, a balanced mixture of fire and ice that has galvanized the College Park campus and gone a long way to erase the memories of the dark era touched off by Bias's death.

The Terrapins have many sources of fuel—the persuasive and sometimes profane lungs of Williams and the lightning-quick extremities of Rhodes, the alltime Maryland steals leader, among them—but this is a team that gets by most of all on gallons and gallons of Joe. Sophomore center Joe Smith, the first Terp superstar since Bias, was not at his most impressive, believe it or not, on Dec. 10, when he scored 30 in an 85–74 loss to Massachusetts, or on Feb. 1, when he devastated Virginia with a 29-point, 21-rebound effort in a 71–62 win. No, to truly appreciate Smith one must see him when he's relatively bottled up, as he was by a collapsing North Carolina defense. A player of preternatural maturity, Smith never got rattled, never threw up a shot in frustration, never forced anything. He merely kicked the ball outside to the red-hot Simpkins and Rhodes and went to work on the

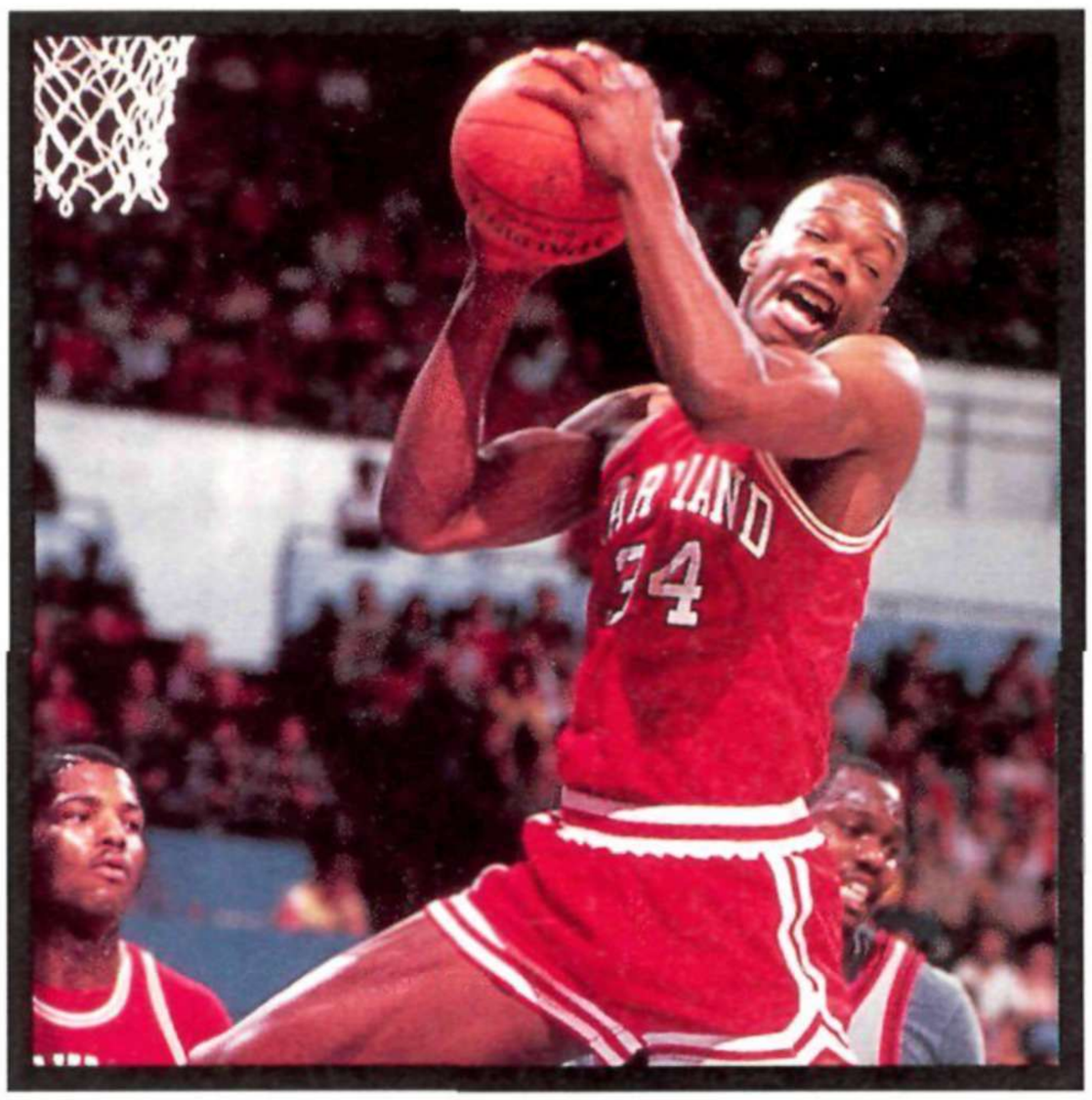


JOHN BIEVER

boards, getting 16 rebounds, twice as many as the Tar Heels' formidable sophomore center, Rasheed Wallace.

The 6′ 10″ Smith averages only 11.4 shots per game (he made 5 of 10 against Carolina, 7 of 14 against Florida State), a low total for someone in the select company of stars—Michigan State's Shawn Respert, North Carolina's Jerry Stackhouse and Arizona's Damon Stoudamire are the others—deserving of player of the year consideration. Asked last week why he doesn't force more shots, Smith seemed genuinely confused by the question. "Why would I?" he said. Why indeed? The man's name is a metaphor for his personality.

Maryland's resurgence has turned a lot of attention toward Smith, and as one might expect of someone who thinks of himself as an average Joe, his celebrity is a mixed blessing. Much of the attention comes from agents who figure that Smith will leave Maryland after this season and be worth, oh, about



RICHARD MACKSON

LANE STEWART

Smith (32) got the best of Wallace to prove once again that he's no ordinary Joe—and that he's the best player to come to Maryland since the tragic death of Bias in 1986.

$100 million to some NBA team. They mill around after games and try to make eye contact with Smith; they call his mother, Letha, at her home in Norfolk, Va.; they call Jack Baker, his old coach at Maury High in Norfolk; they call his dorm room. ("The agents all have the same I'm-not-like-the-other-guy pitch," says Williams, "and they're all *exactly* like the other guy.") Smith's defense against the agents is as formidable as his D on the court. He doesn't spend much time in idle conversation with them. He told his mother to change her number, which she did, and he never, ever picks up his own phone. "I let my answering machine do all the work," he says. His recorded message is rare evidence of his self-esteem: "This is the Beast from Norfolk," it says in his smooth gospel-singer baritone.

"I spend most of my time in my room," he says, "but I wouldn't call myself a prisoner. The one thing that bothers me is talking about whether I'm going to leave Maryland early. I don't know myself." One senses he's telling the truth. Despite his near hermit's existence, he's having a good time in college, and his low-key manner makes him popular with his teammates. "We get on him all the time, the way we do everyone else," says Rhodes. "But we all know he's the man."

The man who has overseen the brick-and-mortar part of Maryland's rebuilding job is Williams, whose hiring in June 1989 marked the beginning of the Terrapins' return to respectability. Lord knows he had a lot of work to do. Bias's death and the investigations that came with it brought about the forced resignation of Lefty Driesell, who had lost control of the program he ran for 17 years, and led to the hiring of Bob Wade, a career high school coach who was in way over his head. Maryland became a school for scandal, and, under the dark umbrella of an NCAA investigation into alleged recruiting and institutional violations, Wade was forced to resign after the 1988–89 season. Enter Williams, a onetime wonder-boy coach with a tightly wound demeanor on the sidelines but a squeaky-clean reputation. "It was the only job I would've left Ohio State for," says Williams, who played point guard for the Terps in the mid-'60s. "Then again, I didn't exactly know what I was getting into."

Maryland was being investigated when Williams accepted the job, but the intelligence he received was that the penalties were going to be light. But when the hammer fell late in his first season, it was anything but a glancing blow: three years' probation, no postseason play for two years and no live television for one season. The Maryland athletic department is still about $7 million in debt largely because of revenue lost due to the sanctions.

Williams went to work mending fences, particularly with the faculty, which had lost confidence in the basketball program. And he devised a recruiting strategy that centered on high school underclassmen, who would come in after the worst of the sanctions expired. Fortunately for him, he found a few good ones with testudinate instincts. Hipp, Rhodes and Simpkins, scholastic stars in the Baltimore-Washington area, made an unofficial pact to go to Maryland and make some basketball history. Rhodes, who was a year ahead of the others, had to take a detour when weak college-entrance exam scores forced him to spend a postgrad year at Maine Central Institute. But true to his word, he joined his pals at College Park in the fall of 1992.

While Rhodes's decision was pragmatic—"I wanted to play with those guys, and I got tired of seeing all the local talent go everywhere else," he says—Hipp and Simpkins definitely felt the tug of Bias's legacy and the old Maryland magic. Hipp, in fact, says he "goes all the way back with Maryland," and before nature added six inches to his skinny frame in one year, he dreamed of playing free safety at College Park. (One suspects that the proximity of his mother's home cooking had much to do with his choice, too: He makes the 15-minute drive home to southeast Washington almost every day to devour pork chops, macaroni and cheese, and mashed potatoes whipped up by his mother, Albertha.)

Things didn't go smoothly at first. The Terps went 12–16 and won only two games in the ACC in the first Hipp-Rhodes-Simpkins season. No one was happy, least of all the sporadically used Simpkins. But Williams's dogged recruiting continued to pay off. When Booth, an All-America from Dunbar High, signed on, he became the first Baltimore star in over a decade to come to Maryland. There was much bad feeling about College Park in the halls of Dunbar—another highly touted alum, Ernest Graham, had not lived up to his potential under Driesell in the early 1980s, and Wade had made his reputation at Dunbar before Maryland hired him and then cut him loose.

"I heard it all," says Booth. " 'Maryland messed up Ernest Graham.' 'Maryland screwed Bob Wade.' I got letters, phone calls, people hollering at me on the street when I was getting on a bus. People at work would tell my mother, 'Don't let your boy go to Maryland.' It didn't make any difference to me. At some point you've got to forget the past. My philosophy is that everything good begins with the coach, and I wanted to come play for Gary Williams. Plus I wanted to help make something positive out of what happened to Len Bias, to continue his legacy on the basketball court." Booth still has a video cassette of Bias highlights that he slips into his VCR every now and then.

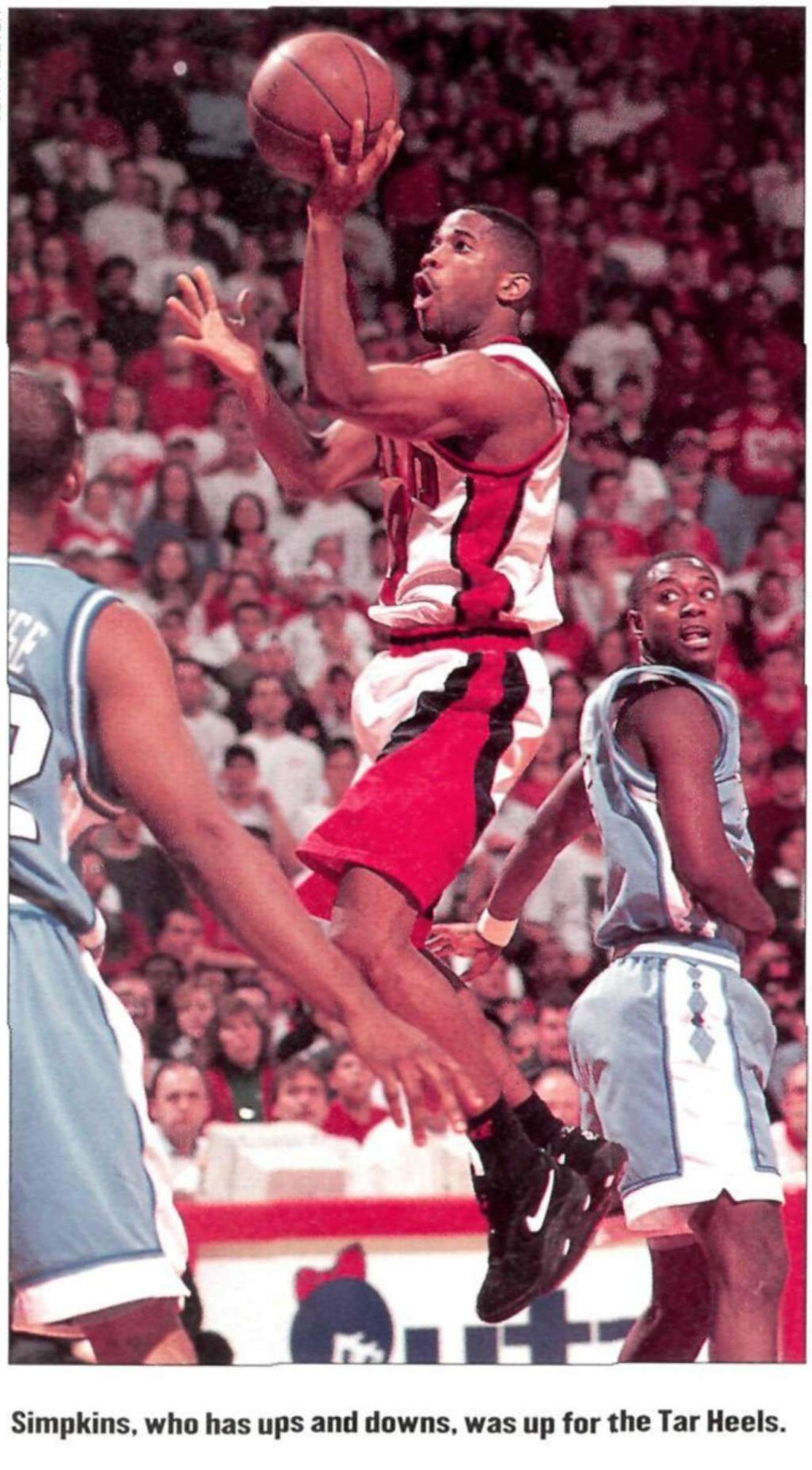
The Terps got really lucky when they signed the man Rhodes calls "that great big gift from God." Absolutely no one knew how good a college player Smith was going to be, including Dean Smith, who could have had him at North Carolina. Joe grew up worshiping the Tar Heels. "I even bugged my mom until she bought me one of those $70 Carolina jackets," he says. But Williams came after him first and hardest, and Smith made that effort pay off in his first college game, when he had 26 points and nine rebounds in a nationally televised 84–83 overtime win against Georgetown. Since then, he has been one extraordinary Joe. It's just as well he didn't go to North Carolina. The NCAA might have had to pass a special rule banning a frontcourt of Smith, Stackhouse and Wallace.

Both Smith and Booth were regulars as freshmen and, along with Hipp, Rhodes and Simpkins, they now provide the Terps with a starting five that has a lot of experience playing together. If Smith decides to ignore the NBA and stay at Maryland another year, just think how good the Terrapins will be. "We know, we know," says Rhodes. "We remind Joe of that from time to time."

There are still questions about this year's Terps, however. Hipp is sometimes a little, shall we say, *bold* in his shot selection; perhaps that's to be expected from someone whose first name means Little Brave. (His father is a full-blooded Cherokee.) Booth, a muscular inside player, sometimes forgets he's not a point guard and forces far too many passes (he leads Maryland with 71 turnovers). "I think Joe picked up some toughness from me," says Booth. "What I need to pick up from him is how to be tough *and* smart." Simpkins is a volatile floor leader whose emotions sometimes get away from him. After he played poorly in the loss to UMass, he was nearly inconsolable in the locker room. The next day he was late for practice, and he later hinted to *The Washington Post* that he had considered quitting.

Anyway, there were few Maryland weaknesses evident against Carolina or in the dangerous follow-up game against the Seminoles. The Terps are back, and so are raucous sold-out crowds at Cole (dubbed Garyland by the student section) that include fans like pundit Robert Novak and Terrapin legends Len Elmore and Tom McMillen, a former U.S. congressman. "Once in a while I say to myself, 'Is this really happening?' " says Hipp.

It doesn't surprise Booth. "It sounds crazy," he says, "but I had a vision of all this. Coach Williams calling the shots, all of us playing together, the fans, the excitement. A little more work, and we can make that vision complete. Then people will only associate Maryland with the good things." ■



JOHN BIEVER

Simpkins, who has ups and downs, was up for the Tar Heels.

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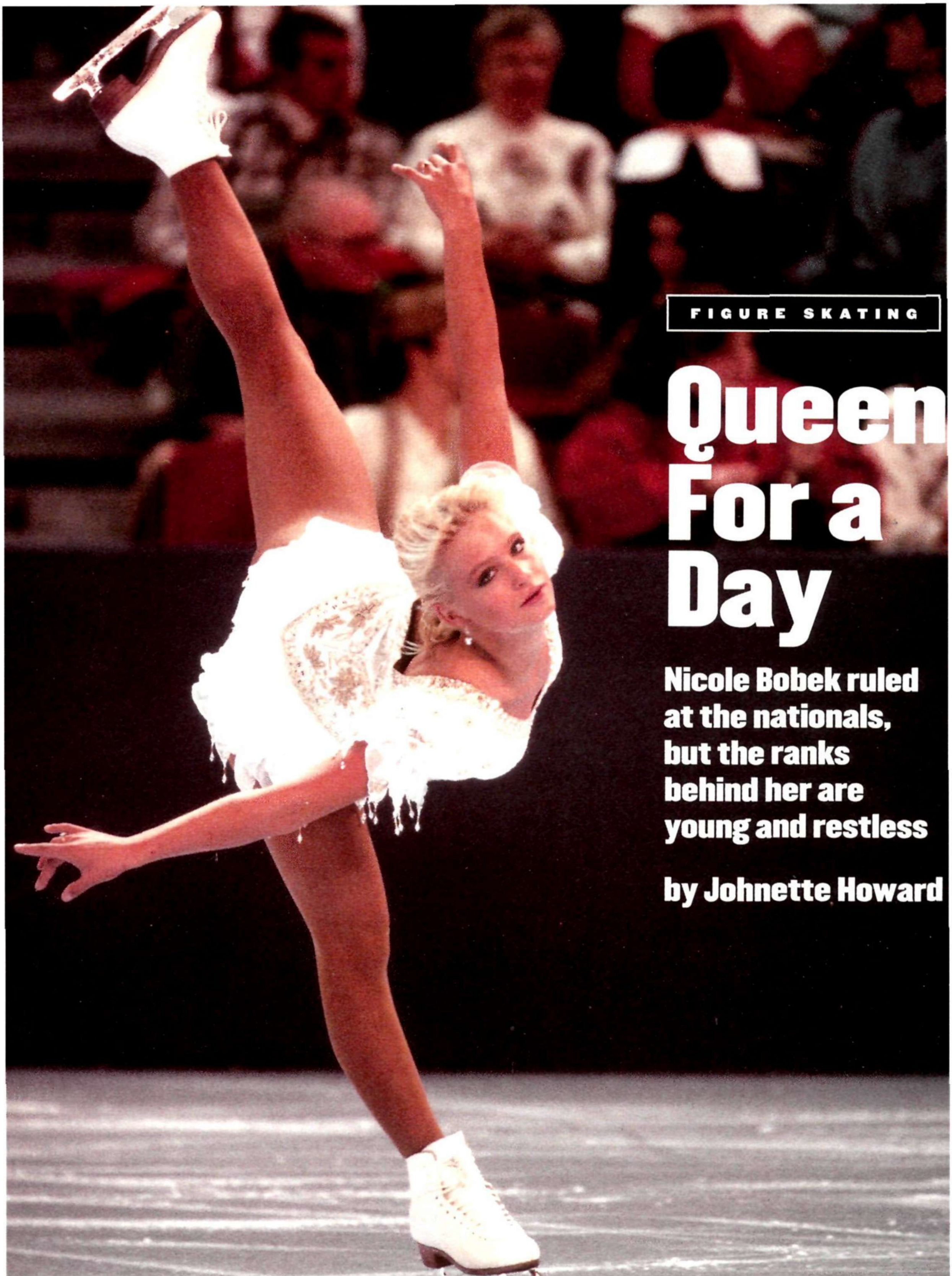


FIGURE SKATING

Queen For a Day

Nicole Bobek ruled at the nationals, but the ranks behind her are young and restless

by Johnette Howard

FOR THE second straight year, someone threw a wrench into a long-awaited coronation at the U.S. Figure Skating Championships. The parade floats took a surprise turn down an unforeseen avenue. The expected background music—a classical piece by Saint-Saëns that Michelle Kwan had chosen—was interrupted by the sound track from *Dr. Zhivago*. The winner's sash was slung over the shoulders of the blonde, not the ponytailed kid with the dimpled, Kewpie-doll face.

Ready or not, America's newest ice princess is Nicole Bobek, a gum-chomping 17-year-old from Chicago who has changed coaches eight times in the past eight years and who has been known to sneak a smoke outside the rink now and then. At the Detroit Skating Club, her latest training ground, Bobek is known as Brass Knuckles because of her fondness for wearing 10 rings at a time, one for each finger.

"I guess I'd say I'm a free spirit," Bobek said, shrugging happily last Saturday after she had won her first U.S. championship with a charismatic if technically unambitious performance in the four-minute free-skating program and then headed off the ice at the Providence Civic Center with her right hand patting her heart as though she might faint.

Only one skater remained after Bobek, and that was the heavily favored Kwan, a 14-year-old from Torrance, Calif., who finished second at these championships a year ago and who was trying to become the youngest ladies' champion in the event's 78-year history.

Kwan did nothing to dissuade anyone from the belief that she's a very good skater on a beeline toward greatness. But at times last week she looked every bit the ninth grader who went trick-or-treating with her older sister last Halloween and who still walks around with a teddy-bear knapsack. Although Kwan talked about feeling no pressure, she privately went to her coach, Frank Carroll, at one point in the week and said, "Why am I nervous?"

When it came time for her to skate her make-or-break long program last Saturday and she had to wait while Bobek's marks were being read, Kwan stuffed a finger in each ear to block out the rink announcer's voice as he pealed out, "Five-eight, five-nine, five-nine. . . ."

If Kwan had skated cleanly she would have won. Instead, she lurched into one triple-jump landing and fell to the ice on another. When Bobek, who was waiting backstage, was finally told that she had won, she sobbed on the shoulder of Richard Callaghan, her coach of just eight months. Instead of breaking into her usual kooky, lopsided grin, Bobek found that her bottom lip was quivering. "The score can't be right. It can't be right. There must be some mistake," she said.

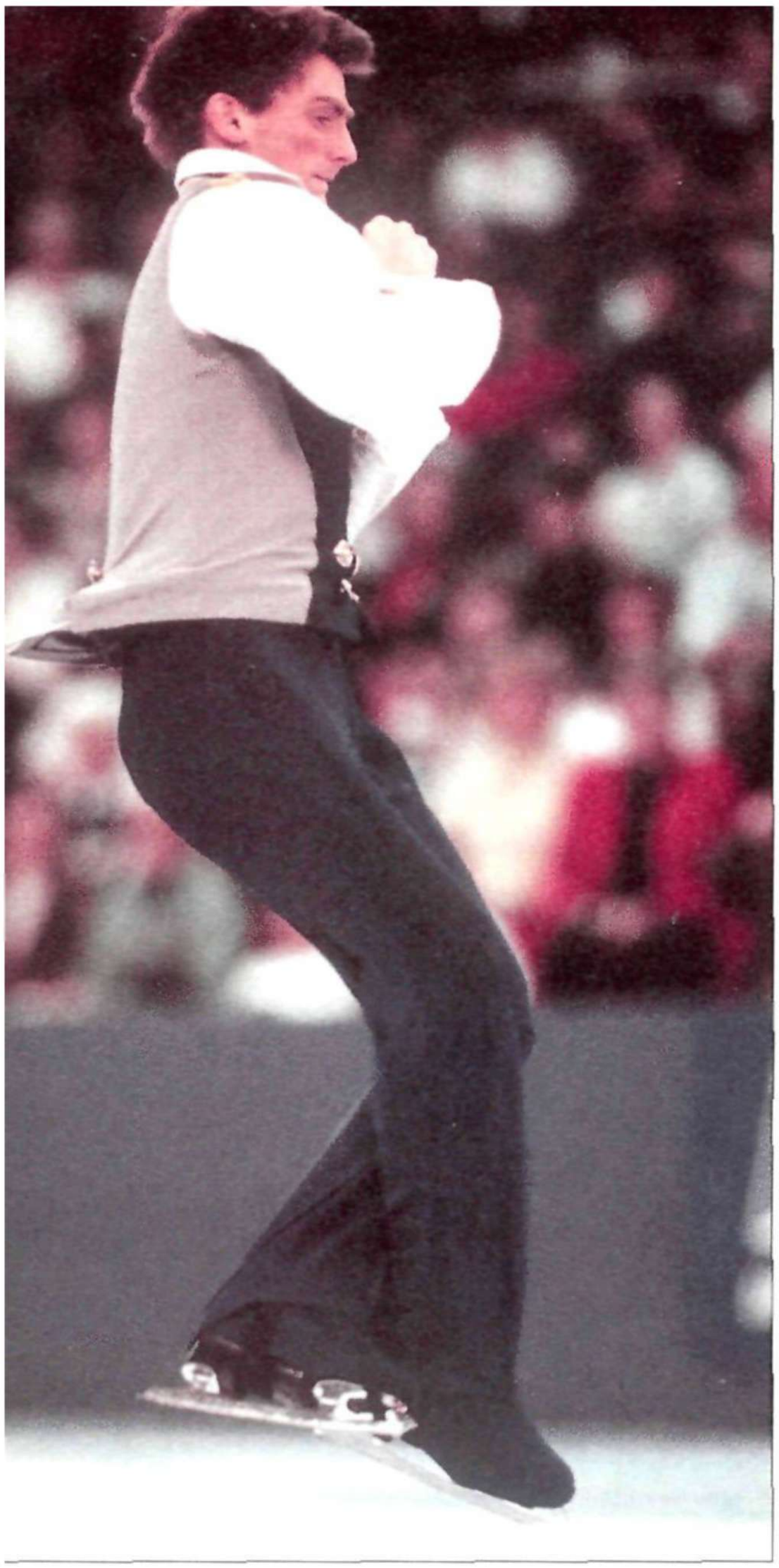
By the time she arrived at her post-competition press conference, the gold medal slung around her neck, she was giving her mother, Jana, credit and giving Callaghan credit and giving training partner and new men's national champion Todd Eldredge credit. She gushed about her newfound values: "Perseverance . . . following the rules . . . and old-fashioned hard work." And one reporter—noting the irony of a self-proclaimed "wild child" raving about old-fashioned virtues—asked Bobek, "Is it safe to say you've found some old-time religion now too?"

That ended Bobek's giddy soliloquy. Her right eyebrow flew up, and she was just about to let an answer fly when Callaghan cut her off with, "Let's not push this thing too far, O.K?"

Bobek's victory was the biggest surprise at the U.S. nationals since, well, the bizarre 1994 championships, when a woman with whom Bobek has often been compared—Tonya Harding, Queen of the Do-It-Yourself Oil Change—walked away with the title that Nancy Kerrigan seemed destined to take home. As with Harding, things just seem to happen to Bobek. In 1992 she was rushed into the operating room for an emergency appendectomy and nearly died when her lungs collapsed. At the 1993 world junior championships Bobek competed with blood oozing out of a gash in her right thigh after cutting herself with her skate blade on a jump landing. In 1994 she arrived at a competition in Philadelphia sporting bite marks on her neck, the result of an im-

She's just 17, but Bobek (opposite) is already an old pro compared with Lipinski, who's all of 12.

Photographs by Manny Millan



A determined Eldredge (left) jumped past Davis, whose nerve failed him.

probable attack by a friend's Labrador retriever. Bobek also changed coaches three times last year.

The constant for Nicole has been her mother, a Czech émigré who fled her country at age 21 when the Soviet tanks rolled into Prague in 1968. Jana Bobek and a friend, Joyce Barron, have raised Nicole together. Every time Nicole has moved to skate, they've moved too, unloading a home or, most recently, selling Jana's Colorado Springs tanning salon.

After all that, Bobek had won just two titles of note before Saturday's triumph. And both of those—the Olympic Festival and the Vienna Cup in Austria—came in 1991. "That's why when I thought about training her, I figured, What have I got to lose?" Callaghan said.

Callaghan knew Bobek's faults: her so-so jumping ability, her tendency to bridle at hard training, her problems with diet and weight. But he also knew she was an arresting on-ice presence: The most-told Bobek story is about how George Steinbrenner saw her skate once, then cut a $15,000 check to help her train. But what Bobek had never done was to put together back-to-back strong programs in a major competition.

So the coach laid down stiff work rules and sold Bobek on the importance of showing up in fighting trim. Callaghan also issued an important edict: Although Bobek could choreograph her own programs, she could no longer improvise in mid-program when the crowd and the spirit moved her. At such moments, Eldredge says with a laugh, "she was liable to throw in just anything out there."

Bobek accepted the rules and headed to Providence with a modest goal: to get the judges to take her seriously again.

"Never," she said, "did I expect this."

But comebacks turned out to be the repeated story line here. Even the sport itself felt smeared by last year's Harding-Kerrigan affair—the whacking of Kerrigan's knee and the subsequent revelation that Harding's camp was responsible. Now, as lousy as it may sound, that has turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to American figure skating. Enrollment in basic skating courses has tripled, says USFSA president Claire Ferguson. USFSA executive director Jerry Lace said that his federation's TV sponsorship revenue increased $4.3 million in the past year. And there are now more skating tours, ersatz competitions and made-for-TV specials than you can track. Ferguson believes the only thing in recent memory that compares with skating's growth is the boom Mary Lou Retton sparked in American gymnastics—with this distinction: "What happened in gymnastics happened for a nice reason."

Granted. But the winners at these championships—which determined the two men, two women, two pairs and one ice dancing couple who will go to the world championships next month—reintroduced the feel-good ending to this event. Eldredge won his third U.S. championship, and his first after a four-year drought. The win sends him winging to the worlds in Birmingham, England, with a 4–0 record in major competitions since last October and a genuine shot at victory. In the most stunning performance of the championships, Jenni Meno and Todd Sand won the pairs with a bravura long

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program that pulled the crowd to its feet before they had even finished. Scads of floral bouquets pelted down like slanting rain, and six of the nine judges responded with perfect 6.0's. News of those marks will make its way across the Atlantic before Meno and Sand waft down at the worlds—if they ever come back to earth.

And Bobek? In addition to rehabilitating her image as a slacker, her victory quieted the caterwauling heard early in the week. Kwan was regarded as such a sure thing that many in Providence had already turned their eyes toward the junior ranks, suggesting that Kwan's most dangerous foil in 1996 might be Tara Lipinski, a 4′ 6″, 69-pound phenom from Sugarland, Texas, who already throws seven triple jumps into her long program.

That was sheer lunacy, of course. Sure, ABC's *Prime Time Live* shot a feature on the 12-year-old Lipinski, and a rash of newspapers did glowing features on her. And Lipinski was brought in for two press conferences, where she spoke excitedly about loving the cameras, loving the roar of the crowds. Her coach, Jeff DiGregorio, spoke of having to fend off agents.

Soon hard questions were being asked: How long before skating is like gymnastics, a sport overrun by kiddie stars with tiny bodies? And what inducements might an agent offer a 12-year-old? All the Happy Meals she can eat?

At last the hype stopped. Lipinski finished second to 15-year-old Sydne Vogel of Anchorage in the juniors. And 24-year-old Tonia Kwiatkowski, the eventual third-place women's finisher, beat Bobek and Kwan in the 2⅔-minute short program (good for one third of the final score).

There were no children in the men's competition—Eldredge, of South Chatham, Mass., and second-place finisher Scott Davis, of Great Falls, Mont., are both 23—but there was plenty of angst. Davis, last year's national champion, came to Providence in a slump that dated from his flops in the Olympics and the world championships. The more he and coach Kathy Casey strain to explain his collapses, the more it sounds like stage fright. In most of Davis's competitions now, panicky thoughts seize him as he awaits his turn on the ice. "It'll be something like, What if Eldredge hits his triple Axel?" Davis says.

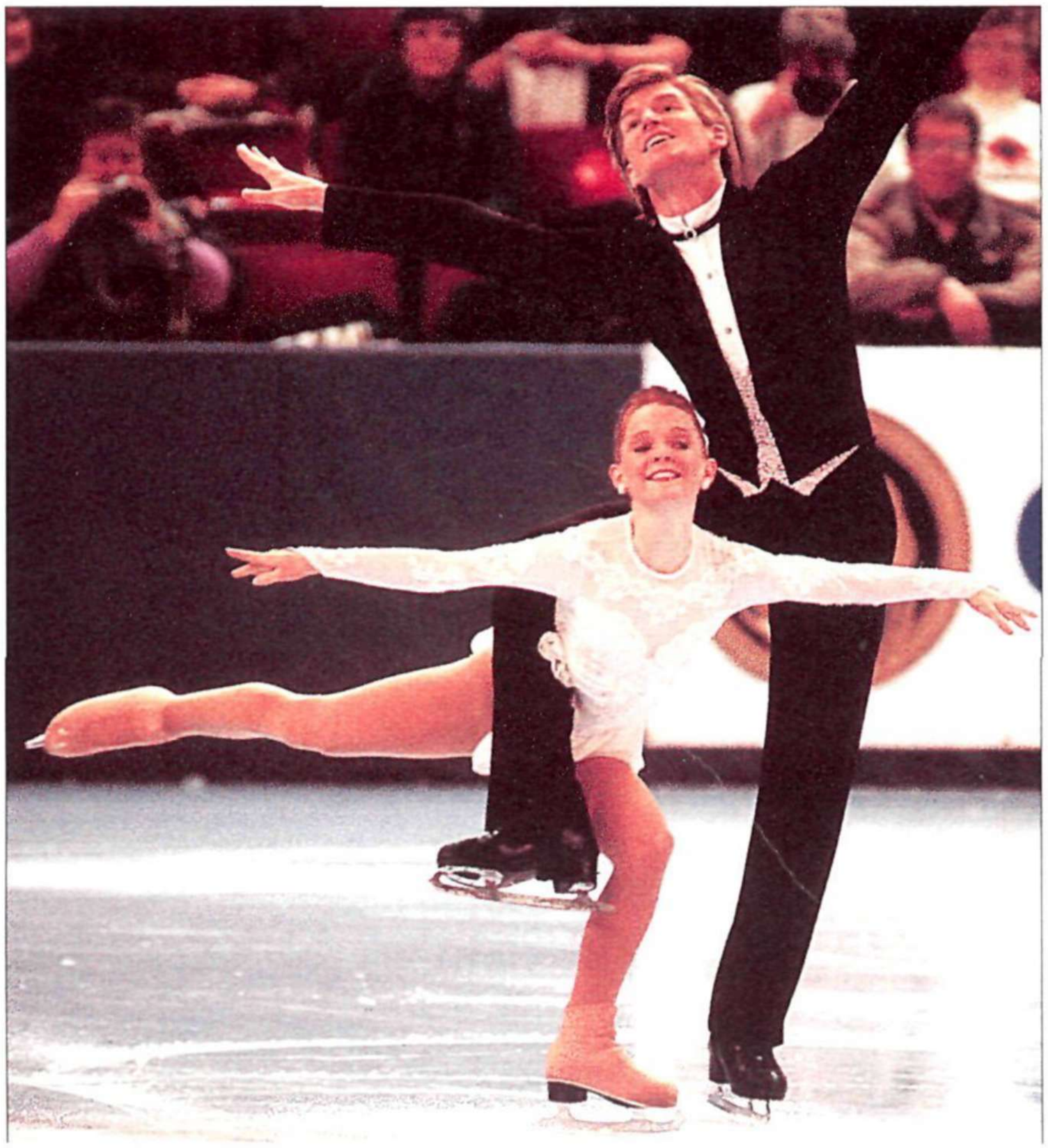
Thinking that more performance experience might help him conquer the problem, Casey bade Davis to work a 60-city, 70-show tour last spring and summer. When Davis had completed the tour and was still floundering, Casey decided on one more elaborate strategy: twice-weekly mock competitions, complete with warmups, loudspeaker introductions, costumes and judges. "I was at a loss," Casey admits.

Davis's first-place standing as he headed into Saturday's free-skating program was only momentarily exhilarating. He grew more "panicky"—Casey's word—as his closing performance ground on, spinning out of a triple flip, putting his hand to the ice, landing a triple Axel and trimming a triple Lutz to a double. Eldredge, meanwhile, lit out with a stylish long program studded with eight triple jumps. After nearly quitting the sport in 1993, Eldredge has clawed back this close. "I don't think I ever wanted anything in my life more than I wanted this," he said.

Now Eldredge has his title, Bobek has hers, and notice has been served. When it comes to U.S. nationals, expect the unexpected, and watch out for the brass-knuckled, steel-nerved comeback kids. ■

BOB BREIDENBACH

Kwan (above center, with fourth-place finisher Kyoko Ina) slid to silver; Meno and Sand sailed to gold.



GOLF

Dead Serious

All kidding aside, Tour funnyman Peter Jacobsen played great golf in winning back-to-back tournaments • by Jaime Diaz

PETER READ MILLER

UNLESS IT'S a nine-hole score, 40 is no longer a number to be feared on the PGA Tour. In a sport in which getting older is increasingly synonymous with getting better, 40 now marks a renaissance for many players, the point where their skill, experience and desire merge on the path that leads to the Senior tour. Last year six players older than 40 won on the PGA Tour, and if further proof is needed that 40 is not over the hill, consider that Greg Norman hit the magic number last week.

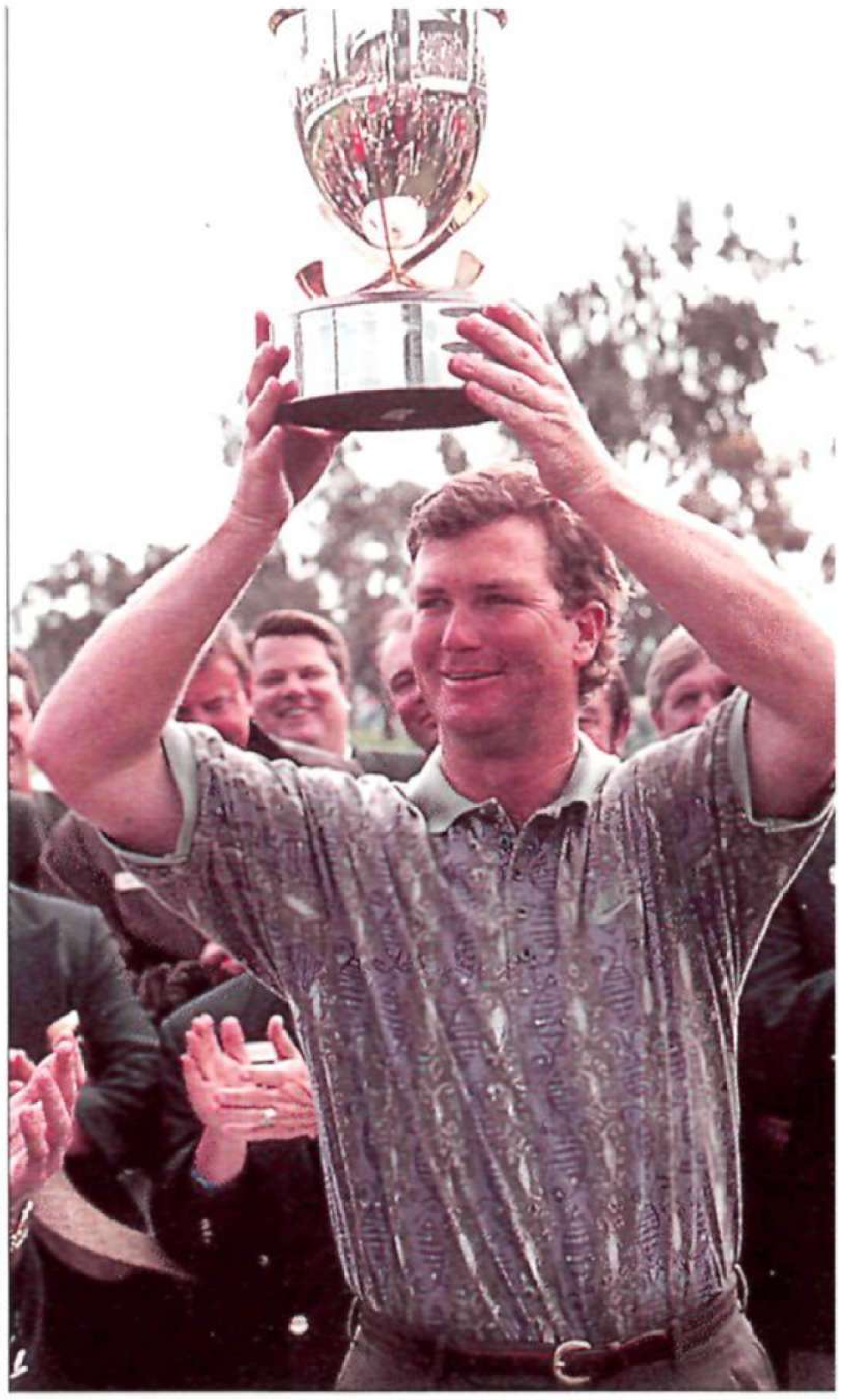
The trend has exceptions, of course, particularly among pros who have lost their zest for the game. For them, hitting 40 represents not a new beginning but the beginning of the end. And if ever a player seemed numb to the restorative powers of a number, it was Peter Jacobsen.

Perhaps the Tour player with the most diverse outside interests, Jacobsen appeared to regard competitive golf as an afterthought soon after he turned 30 in 1984, his ninth year as a pro. Entering 1995 with four Tour wins, he was perhaps better known for being a television commentator, the lead singer of Jake Trout and the Flounders, Jack Lemmon's perennial pro-am partner at Pebble Beach and the dead-on impersonator of pros like Tom Kite, Craig Stadler and Lanny Wadkins. Jacobsen is also a course designer, cofounder and host of a local charity tournament outside his hometown of Portland, the chairman of a sports event management and promotion company, a two-term veteran of the Tour's policy board, an autobiographer, a husband and a father of three.

It figured that by the time Jacobsen turned 40, which he did last March, he would have eased out of the competitive cauldron altogether in order to do what he does best—have fun.

"I think a lot of us saw Peter getting farther away from playing golf," says Jacobsen's friend and fellow Tour pro Dan Forsman. "I'm sure he's heard young players go by and whisper, 'Yeah, that's Jacobsen. He's the imitator guy.' "

But while his imitations of other players seemingly eclipsed his own performance on the course, Jacobsen held on to the belief that he was a better player than he was given credit for. And turning 40 may have provided just the urgency he needed to finally prove it. With a dominating four-stroke victory at the Buick Invitational of California in La Jolla on Sunday, combined with his equally impressive two-stroke win the week before at the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am, Jacobsen



PETER READ MILLER

JIM GUND

Jacobsen, cruising in the Buick (left), took the hardware at Torrey Pines (top) and at Pebble Beach.

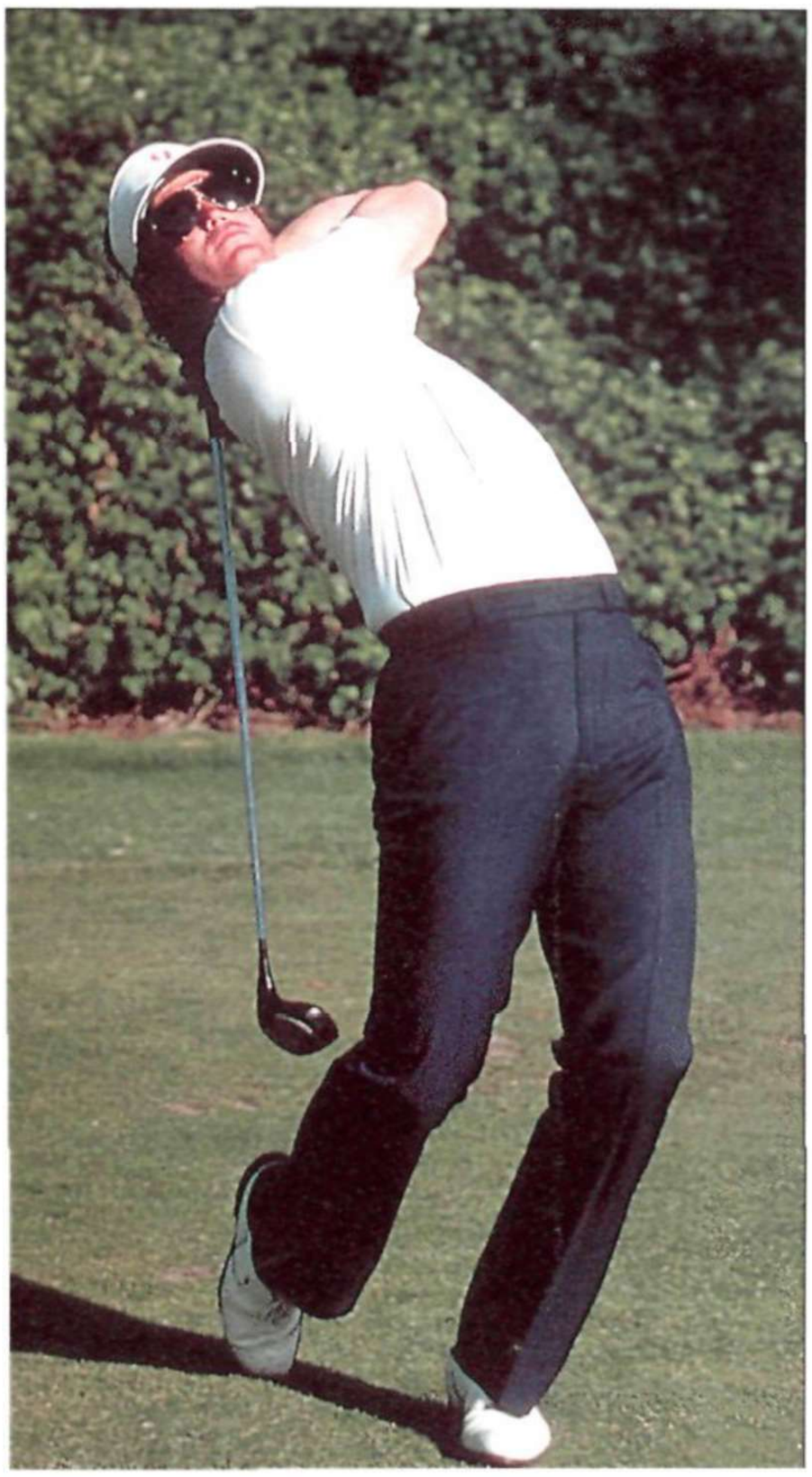
has put together the biggest surge at 40 since Lee Trevino and Jack Nicklaus tore up the Tour at that age in 1980.

In accomplishing the unusual Tour feat of back-to-back titles, Jacobsen played his dream rounds—hitting fairways and greens with metronomic monotony, making the putts that maintained his momentum, carrying himself with an easy serenity and, when the time came on Sundays, turning into a cold-blooded closer.

As much as anyone, Jacobsen knows how out of character he has been the last two weeks. In 17 years on the Tour, he was a player who too often couldn't play

JACQUELINE DUVOISIN

to his ability at crunch time. That pattern began to develop at the 1983 PGA Championship. Jacobsen was one stroke off the lead going to the 72nd hole there, but bogeyed and wound up finishing third behind Hal Sutton and Nicklaus. He lost two playoffs—in the '85 Honda Classic and the '89 Western Open—by three-putting the first hole of sudden death, and he blew the '88 Western Open when he double-bogeyed the last hole to lose by one to a very surprised Jim Benepe.



JOHN IACONO

Coming into Pebble Beach, he had won just once—the Bob Hope Chrysler Classic in 1990—in the past 10 years. So it was understandable on Sunday, after he had posted a 19-under 68-65-68-68–269 at Torrey Pines, that Jacobsen seemed overwhelmed by his recent transformation.

"Maybe I'm a slow starter," he joked, after finishing four shots ahead of Mark Calcavecchia, Mike Hulbert, Sutton and Kirk Triplett. "Over the last 19 years, I questioned myself down the stretch, questioned myself under pressure. I would wonder why I could shoot 64s and 65s in pro-ams or exhibitions but then on Saturday or Sunday never come through with the good round. And I never really knew. I've been playing well for about a year, but I haven't put it together until now. I do know the money means absolutely nothing. Just to be able to go out there and win golf tournaments, that's the whole deal."

That has always been the bottom line for Jacobsen. Despite all that he has had going on the side, Jacobsen has yearned to be regarded as a top player. In Portland he was brought up in a family filled with avid golfers. With a strong, long body, Jacobsen, at 6′ 3″ and 200 pounds, developed a powerful, rhythmic swing. But when he joined the Tour in 1977, he had a hard time overcoming an inferiority complex that stemmed from his status as an unsung player out of the University of Oregon.

"I was still trying to learn how to play when I came out of college, and I was intimidated by the great players," he says. "I was in awe. I'm still in awe."

Whether taking bows for tackling a streaker at the '85 British Open or mimicking Kite, Jacobsen's a hoot.

His friends and supporters saw through the confident persona Jacobsen projected as an entertainer and a businessman, and were frustrated by his inability to carry that attitude onto the course.

"Peter's really always had the game, but it took him a long time to believe in himself," says Mike (Fluff) Cowan, who has been Jacobsen's caddie for 19 years. "Now he does. He proved it to me on the last hole at Pebble Beach, where he had a two-shot lead. In the past he would have been indecisive. He would have come to me and said, 'What do you like? What should I hit?' Instead, he walked up to that tee, never said boo to me, pulled out a driver and hit it. He's starting to know how good he is. It's nothing but the mind."

To help guide him through that frontier, Jacobsen has long relied on the counsel of his friend Chuck Hogan, who has coached more than 60 playing professionals on the mental aspects of the game. "Peter is extroverted and very creative," says Hogan. "That endears him to a great many people, but it also makes him highly sensitive to the comments of those same people. As a result, he is very suggestible and very distractible. For example, he would constantly experiment with his golf swing, listening to teacher after teacher. I would run into all kinds of teaching pros who would tell me, 'I gave Peter Jacobsen a golf lesson.' My comment would be, 'Who hasn't?' "

Jacobsen was further distracted by two personal losses. He was deeply shaken

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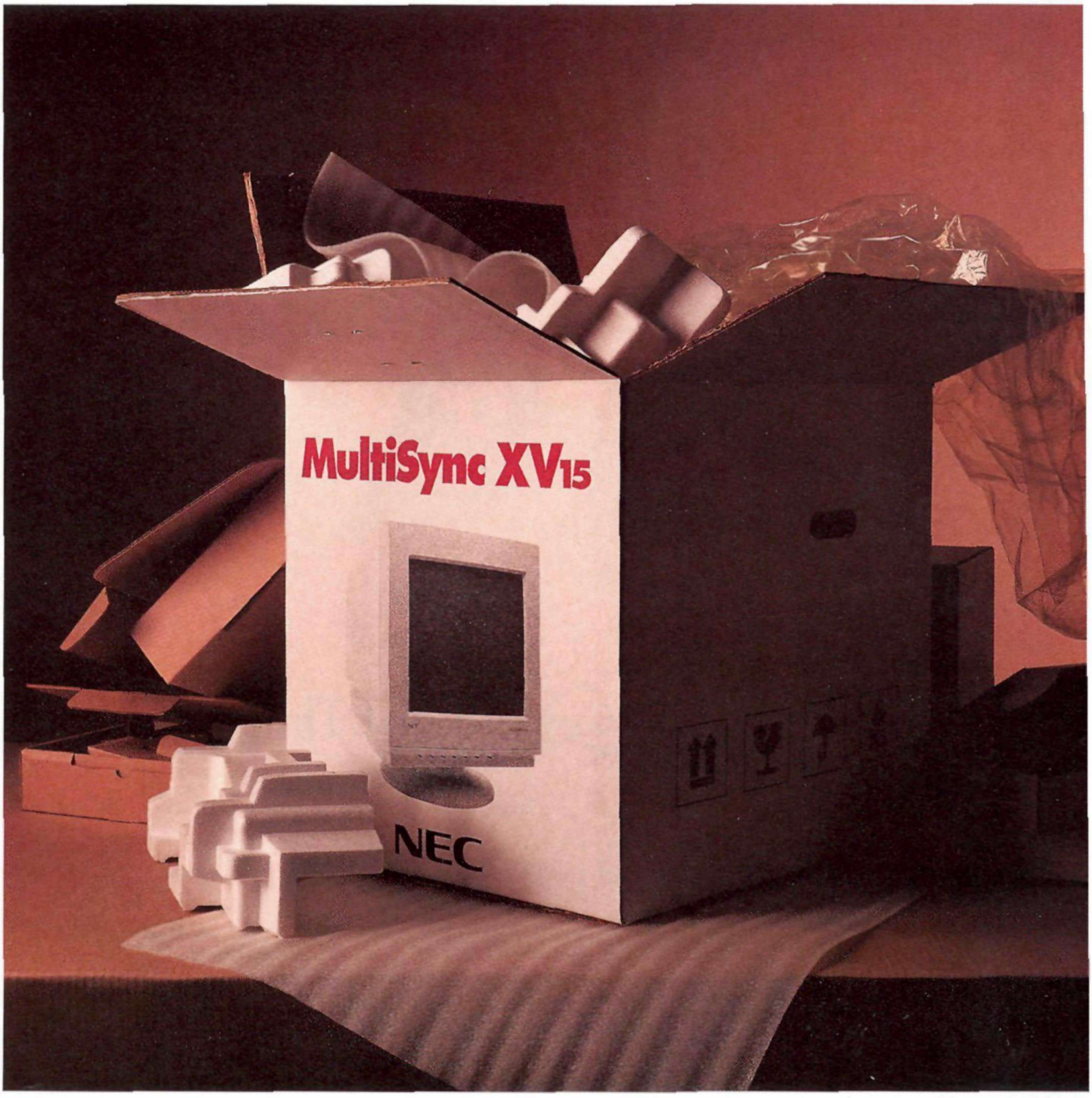

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AP PHOTO/JOAN C. FAHRENTHOLD

After winning the Buick, Jacobsen fired his ball into the drink and greeted a fired-up Carlesimo.

Peter Jacobsen

After finishing 47th at the Hawaiian Open on Jan. 15 and missing the cut two weeks later at Phoenix, Jacobsen moved the ball back a few inches in his putting stance. The next week everything fell into *place at Pebble Beach, where he took ad-*vantage of the lift, clean and place rule to hit 69 of 72 greens in regulation.

Last week at Torrey Pines, where his gallery for all four days included his friend P.J. Carlesimo, the Portland Trail Blazer coach, Jacobsen began the final round with a three-stroke lead. Hulbert birdied the first three holes and the 6th, cutting the lead to one, but Jacobsen answered with a birdie of his own at 6 and followed with two more on the 10th and 11th to get his advantage up to four strokes. The clincher came at the par-4 14th, after Jacobsen ran a putt from the fringe seven feet past the hole. On just the kind of putt that had been a career-long nemesis, he kept his head perfectly still and knocked the ball squarely in the hole.

PETER READ MILLER

"I can hardly wait for the alarm to go off in the morning," says Jacobsen. "I'm excited to put the tee in the ground. I'm *excited to hit. I believe in my game now.* I believe in myself. Maybe I haven't always, but it's fun now."

Who knows what's in store for Jacobsen the rest of this year? Perhaps he'll earn a Ryder Cup berth, or become the leading money winner, or lay claim to a major championship. The only thing that's certain is that Jacobsen will not become the first player since Gary Player in 1978 to win three straight events on the schedule. He is passing up this week's Bob Hope to fulfill his promise to throw a 40th-birthday party in Portland for his wife, Jan.

Like we told you, 40 is a powerful number in golf. ■

when his younger brother, Paul, died of AIDS in September 1988 and devastated in July 1991 when his father, Erling, died of cancer after fighting off the illness for seven years. After his father's death, Peter plunged to 127th on the money list in '92, losing his exempt status for the first time since he was a rookie.

With his playing career at rock bottom and "my desire gone," Jacobsen became an ABC golf commentator in 1993, juggling those duties with appearances on the Tour. However, sitting in the announcers' booth and watching players he knew he could beat reminded Jacobsen of how important the game was to him. He *made plans to play full-time in '94, but a* series of injuries, including pulled rib muscles and a deep cut on his right hand, limited him to 19 tournaments, with only three top-10 finishes.

Last fall Jacobsen rededicated himself to the game and made extensive preparations for this year, hiring personal trainer Fil Pearl, the son of a former Mr. Universe, Bill Pearl. From the middle of November to Jan. 1, Jacobsen lifted weights four days a week and ran up to five miles a day on a treadmill. He came out of the program in the best physical shape of his life, and even more important, he was pumped mentally.

This new discipline—he had talked about embarking on a physical regimen for 15 years without doing so—represented an important step for Jacobsen. "He said he was going to do something," says Hogan, "and he actually did it, with no slippage. That's what counts. Wannabes have a vision. Champions *are* their vision. Peter was crossing that threshold."

Jacobsen had noticed the perception among his peers that he was a player whose days were numbered, and it not *only angered him but also motivated him.* "It made me think, I'm not done. I'm going to prove to myself, and I'm going to prove to them, that I can play," he says, "that I can still play."

He also came into the year settled on his thoughts for a consistent swing and eager to try two ideas he had picked up while watching from the TV booth. After noticing how many players moved their heads when they putted, he worked overtime to keep his head still. He also realized that the best players walked down the fairway at the same tempo with which they swung and vowed to slow his own sometimes frenetic pace afoot.

A Whole New Tack

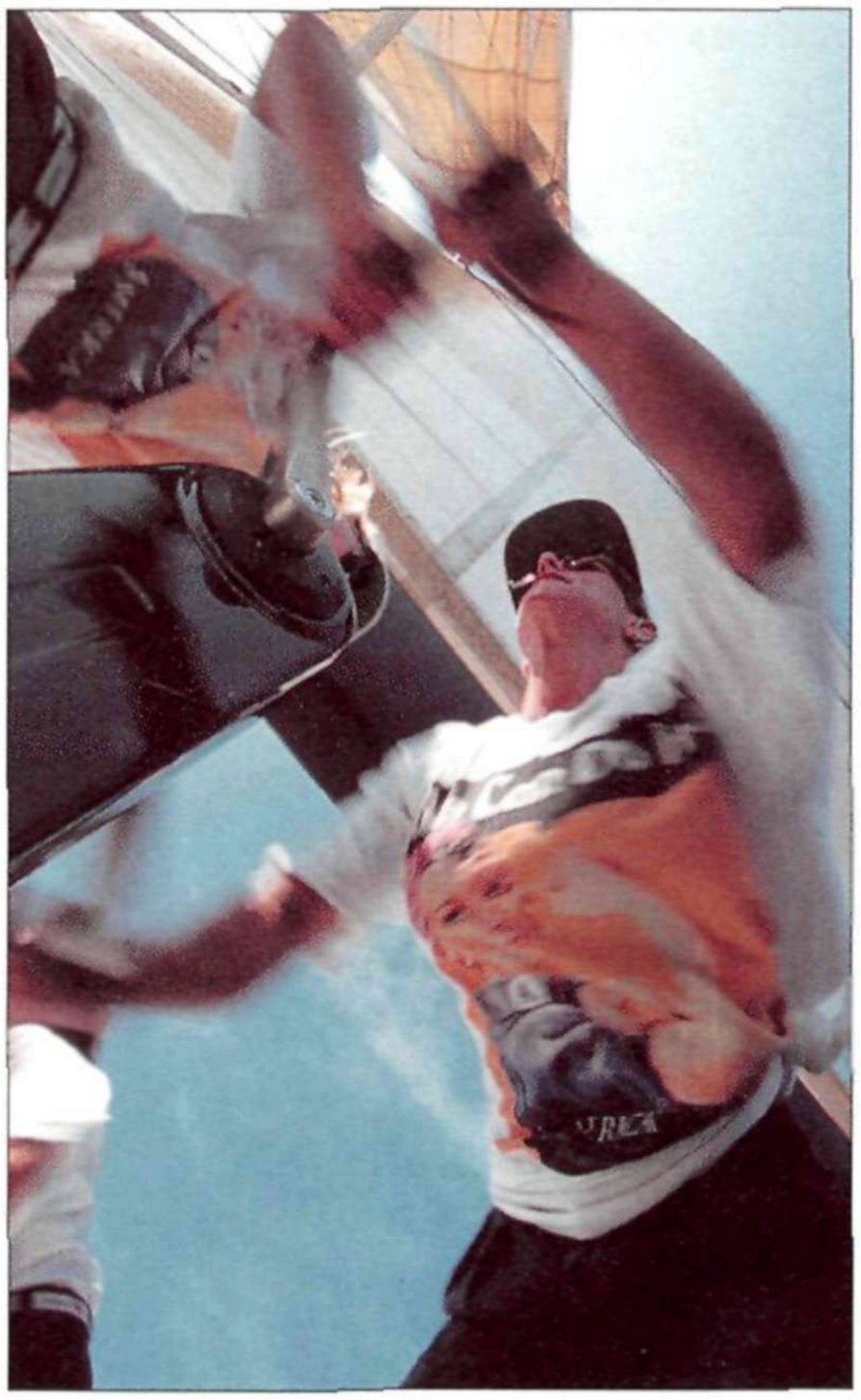
As Shelley Beattie and Dawn Riley prove, the all-female America³ crew has both brawn and brains • by Kelly Whiteside

SHELLEY BEATTIE didn't know the America's Cup from the Stanley Cup at this time last year. She was busy preparing for her third season on the TV show *American Gladiators*. Beattie plays Siren, one of the red-white-and-blue-spandex-clad warriors who regularly knock middle managers, nurses and gym teachers silly in contests such as the Wall, the Gauntlet and the Assault.

Although she knew more about sailing than Beattie did, Dawn Riley also wasn't looking ahead to the America's Cup at this time last year. She was in the middle of the Whitbread Round the World Race, battling 70-knot winds in a hailstorm off the coast of Tasmania. As the skipper of *Heineken*, Riley was facing contests such as the Tempest, the Snapped Rudder and the Ripped Sail.

Now these two women are in the same boat, crew members on *America³*, the first all-female team in the 144-year history of the America's Cup. Also on the team are 26 other athletes, chosen from a pool of 687 applicants. They include Olympic sailors and rowers, a single mom, a newlywed, a NASA microgravity engineer and a college football strength coach, all assembled by Bill Koch, the billionaire yachtsman who skippered *America³* to victory in the last America's Cup, in 1992.

On Jan. 13, eight months after they began training, this eclectic group sailed into history when *America³* defeated *Stars & Stripes* in the first race of the defender selection series, which determines the U.S. entry for the America's Cup finals this May. The loser was skippered by Old Glory himself, Dennis Conner, a veteran



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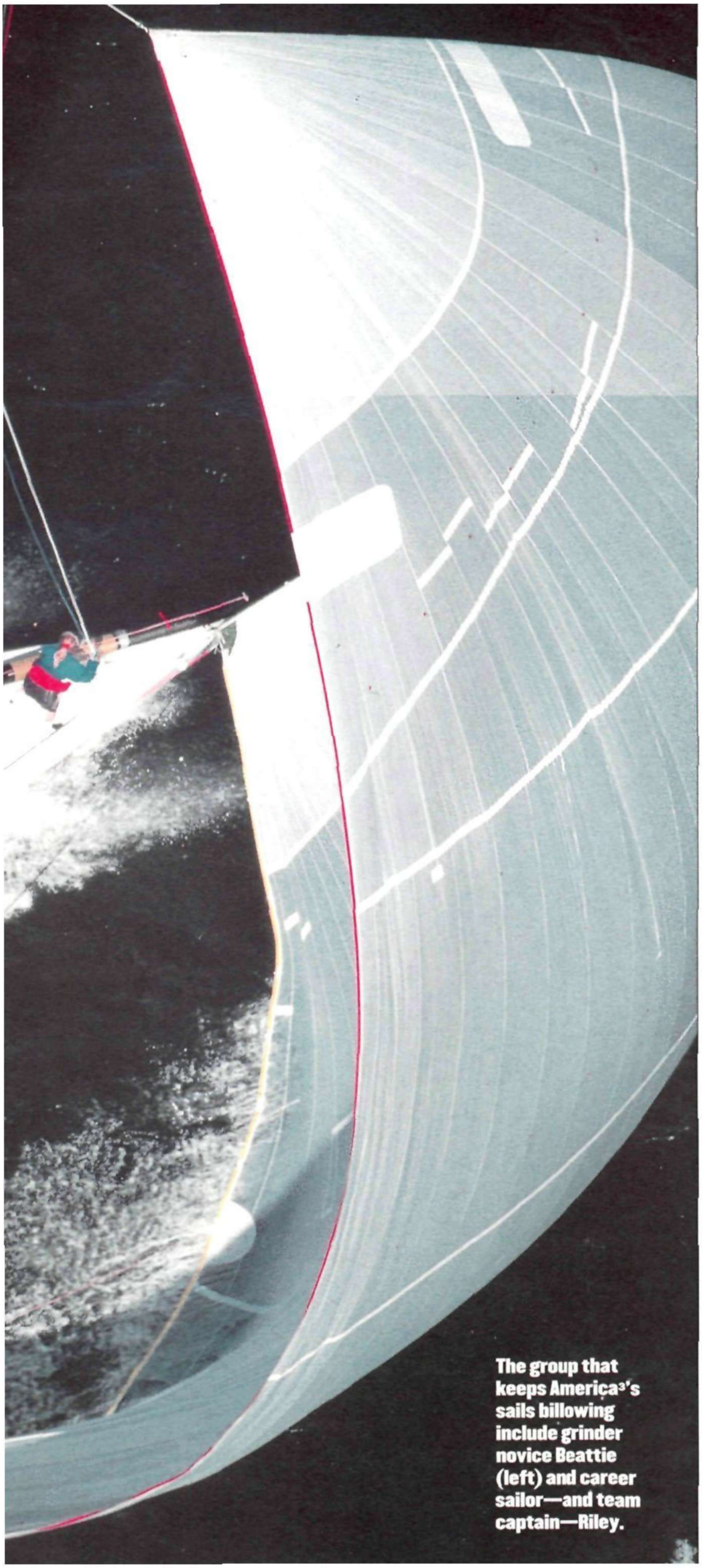


The group that keeps America³'s sails billowing include grinder novice Beattie (left) and career sailor—and team captain—Riley.

BOB GRIESER

of six Cup campaigns. Since then, *America³* has lost eight of 9 races, and as the second of four round-robins ended last week off Point Loma in San Diego, *America³*'s three points placed it a distant third behind *Stars & Stripes* and PACT 95's *Young America*, each with nine. But the *America³* crew believes that the situation isn't as bad as it looks. Before the end of the month, the women will take delivery of a new $3 million boat, which is expected to be faster than their current hull. Because the scoring system awards a greater number of points for victories in the later rounds, *America³* could still come out on top when the defender trials end in April.

How a group of rookies and lifelong sailors came together is a story best illustrated by two people who had nothing in common before this: Beattie and Riley. How did an *American Gladiators* superhero and a professional sailor, a grinder (the brawn of the boat) and a member of the afterguard (the brains of the boat)—in other words, a novice and an old salt—come to share common ground?

After a recent practice, *America³*'s 75-foot yacht sits in its lift with a huge skirt around its hull. Shelley Beattie appears

from behind this curtain. There are streaks of blue paint across her cheeks and forehead and blue specks dotting the bridge of her nose. The bill of her hat is upturned, like a cyclist's, and wisps of light-brown bangs tinged with blue hang over her eyes. She looks as if she has been working under the hood of a car. She and a few other crew members have been wet-sanding the keel of the boat with fine sandpaper. Her hands are as worn as a scuffed baseball.

Here she looks nothing like Siren. When taping for *American Gladiators* starts in June, she will dye her hair blonde again and add hair extensions. She will put on that star-spangled bodysuit and hang from a bungee cord and body slam some unsuspecting contestant in midair in the Swingshot event and topple some poor sap with something that resembles a giant Q-Tip in the Joust. In fact it was her performance on the show that convinced team coach Kimo Worthington that she deserved a shot at making the crew.

"When I came here, I was worried about what some people on the team would think of me," Beattie says. She was worried about fitting in. Some of her teammates are former Olympic sailors; Beattie is a former Ms. Olympia finalist. What would they make of her biceps, as large as grapefruits, and her thighs, the size of canned hams? What could they have thought when she and her husband, John Romano, wheeled into the parking lot of the San Diego Yacht Club, and the roar of their Harley set off all the car alarms?

There was a greater concern for Beattie: She is 90% deaf, the result of a childhood accident, and, she says, "I didn't want them to treat me as if I'm handicapped." There were communication obstacles that had to be overcome. It was difficult to read lips on the boat, so she asked her teammates to use hand signals. Crew meetings were frustrating because more than one person spoke at a time, so an interpreter was hired. Over the past several months Amy Baltzell, also a grinder, learned how to sign, and that helped.

Before a maneuver, Beattie crouches over a winch, which raises and lowers the sails, and grasps its two handles. When the helmsman, Leslie Egnot, shouts "Tacking," and one of the sail trimmers twirls her index finger, Beattie turns the winch as if pedaling a bicycle with her arms. During lengthy tacking duels, one of the most physically taxing parts of sailing, she is Greg LeMond climbing a steep peak in the Pyrenees. When the winds are light, she is a paperboy on a Schwinn delivering the morning edition.

Beattie and *America³*'s seven other grinders brought plenty of muscle to the boat—six are rowers and one is a weightlifter—and silenced those who thought the women's crew would not be physically strong enough to be competitive. When working the coffee-grinder winches, this group grinds enough java for all of Seattle. In the light winds of what is known as the Coma off Point Loma, *America³* regularly beats its rivals in tacking duels.

Though the grinders brought strength, they also arrived with little or no sailing experience. But they quickly learned never to call a rope a rope. (It is a sheet, a halyard or a line.) They learned the difference between port and starboard, windward and leeward. They learned how to build a sail loft and how to operate a forklift. They learned about the electronic gadgets on deck and the secrets of the keel below. They are now sailors.

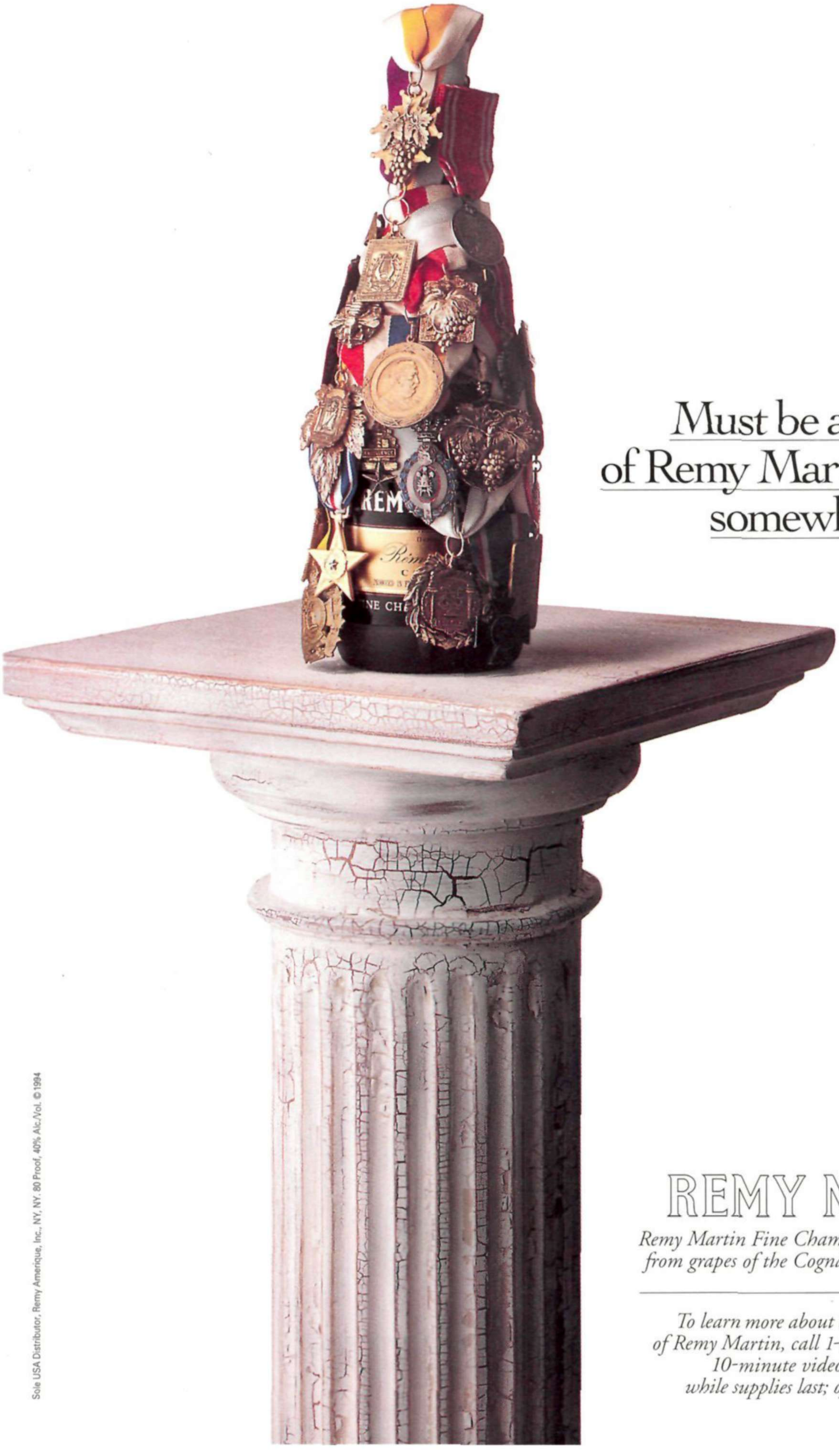
And somewhere in the Pacific, Beattie fell in love with sailing."I'm going to continue sailing after this is over," she says. "The best thing about being on a boat is the space, the freedom out there. Every day is different. At practice it's so peaceful at times, and then other times, in the middle of a storm, you know that God is out there. You're watching the swells come in, and you're chopping right through them. You see a ripple way out there and then soon feel the wave go underneath you. You feel the wind. . . ." Beattie goes on and on, this unlikely sailor speaking so eloquently about the sea it's as if she were baptized in saltwater.

"I'm here because I like doing things that people don't think are possible," she says.

DAN NERNEY/DOT PICTURES

Seasoned hands like high-flying Merritt Carey bolster the America³ crew's bold quest for the Cup.

The house is rented. The kitchen table bought new. The couch borrowed. The flatware purchased at a Salvation Army store. This is home for Dawn Riley, at least until the defender trials are over. Usually her life is lived out of a duffel bag. A bed is found on a boat or in the back of a van or on a friend's sofa. There is no need to own a car. Everything is purchased on one credit card, and the bills are sent to Mom in Detroit, then paid with money from Dawn's account. Last year Riley saw her fiancé, Barry McKay, a sailor from New Zealand, three months out of the year. They were engaged about a year ago when she was between legs of a



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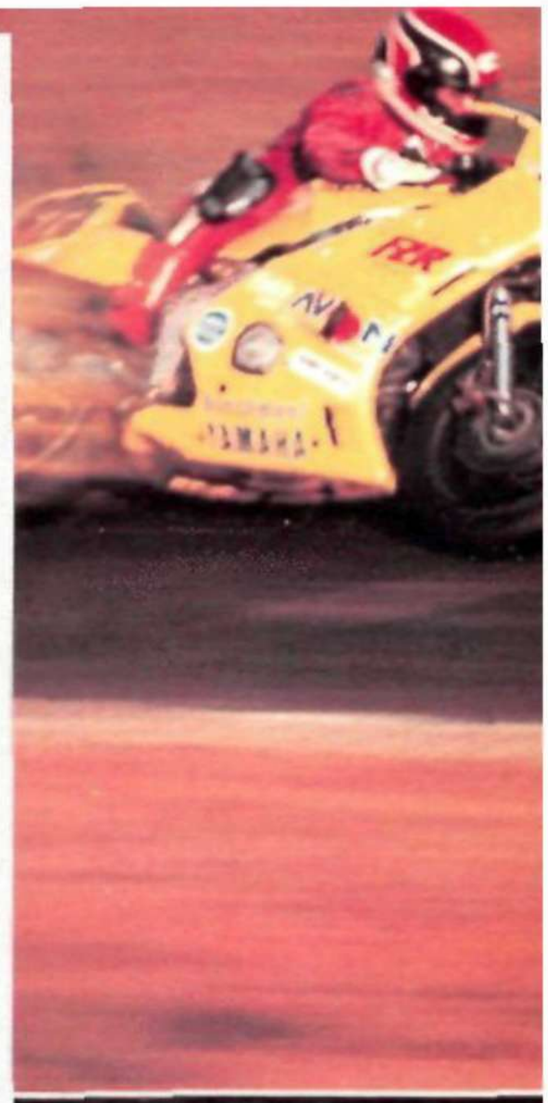

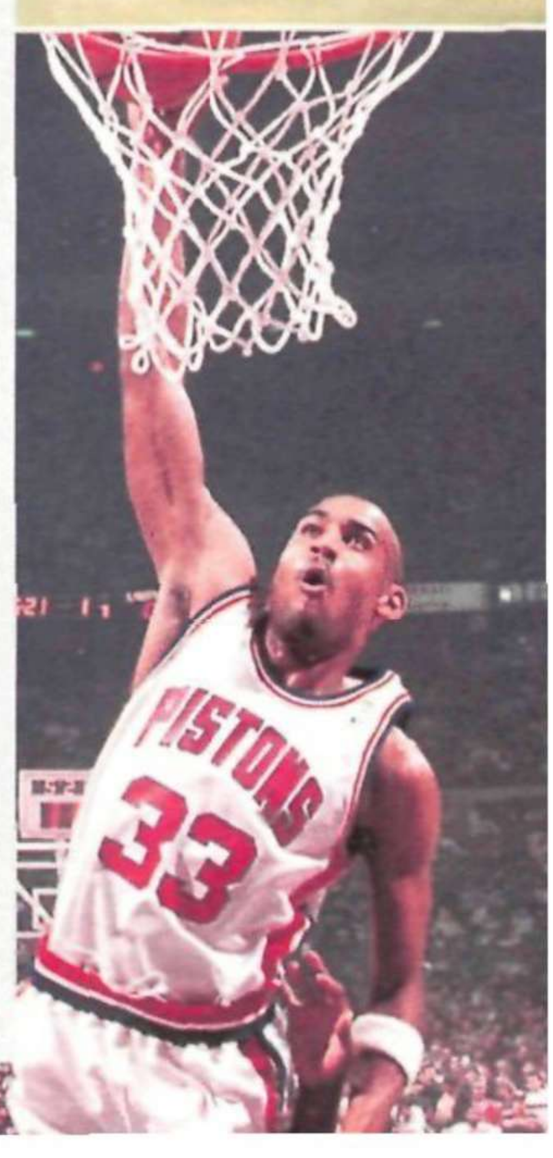

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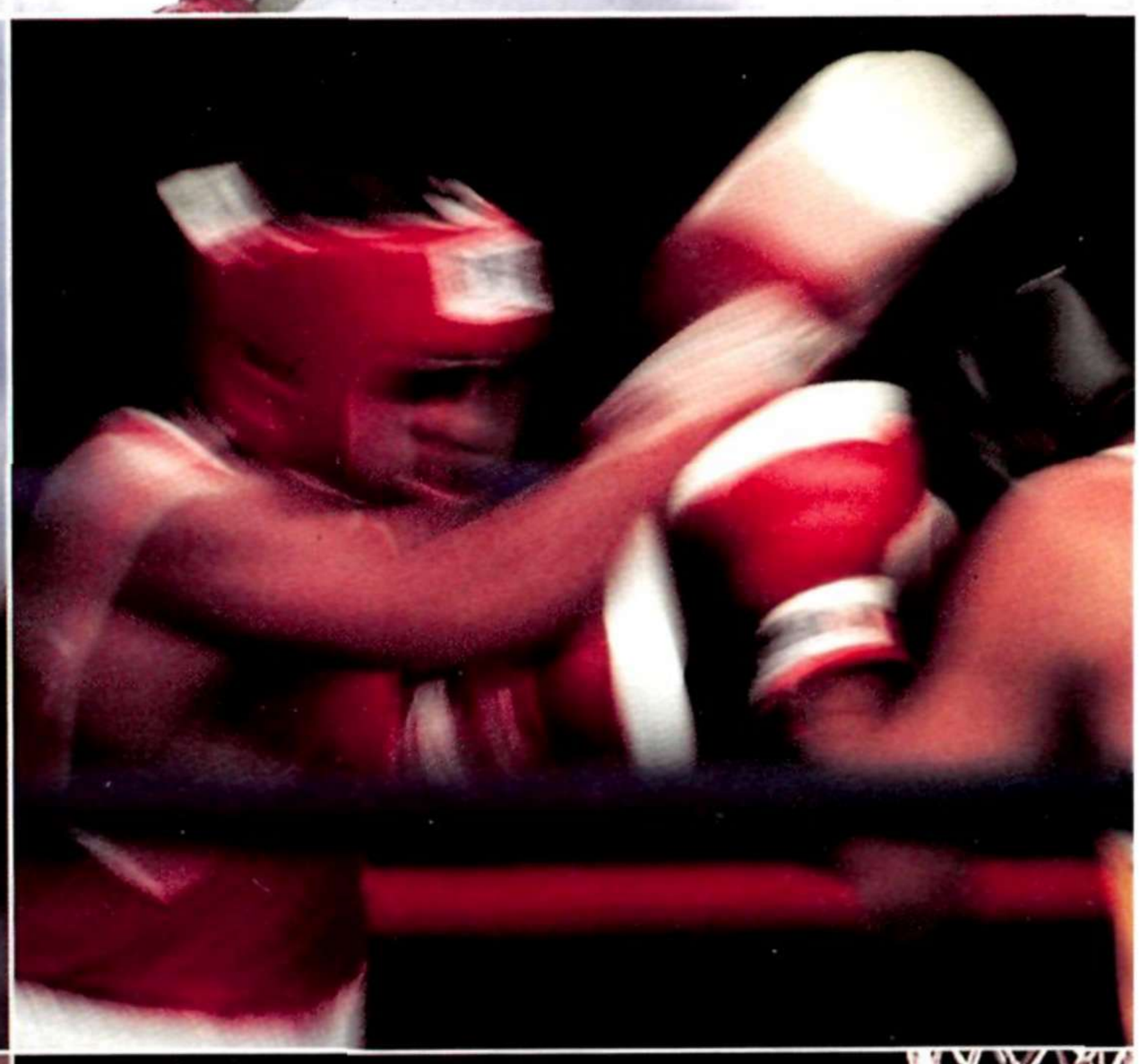

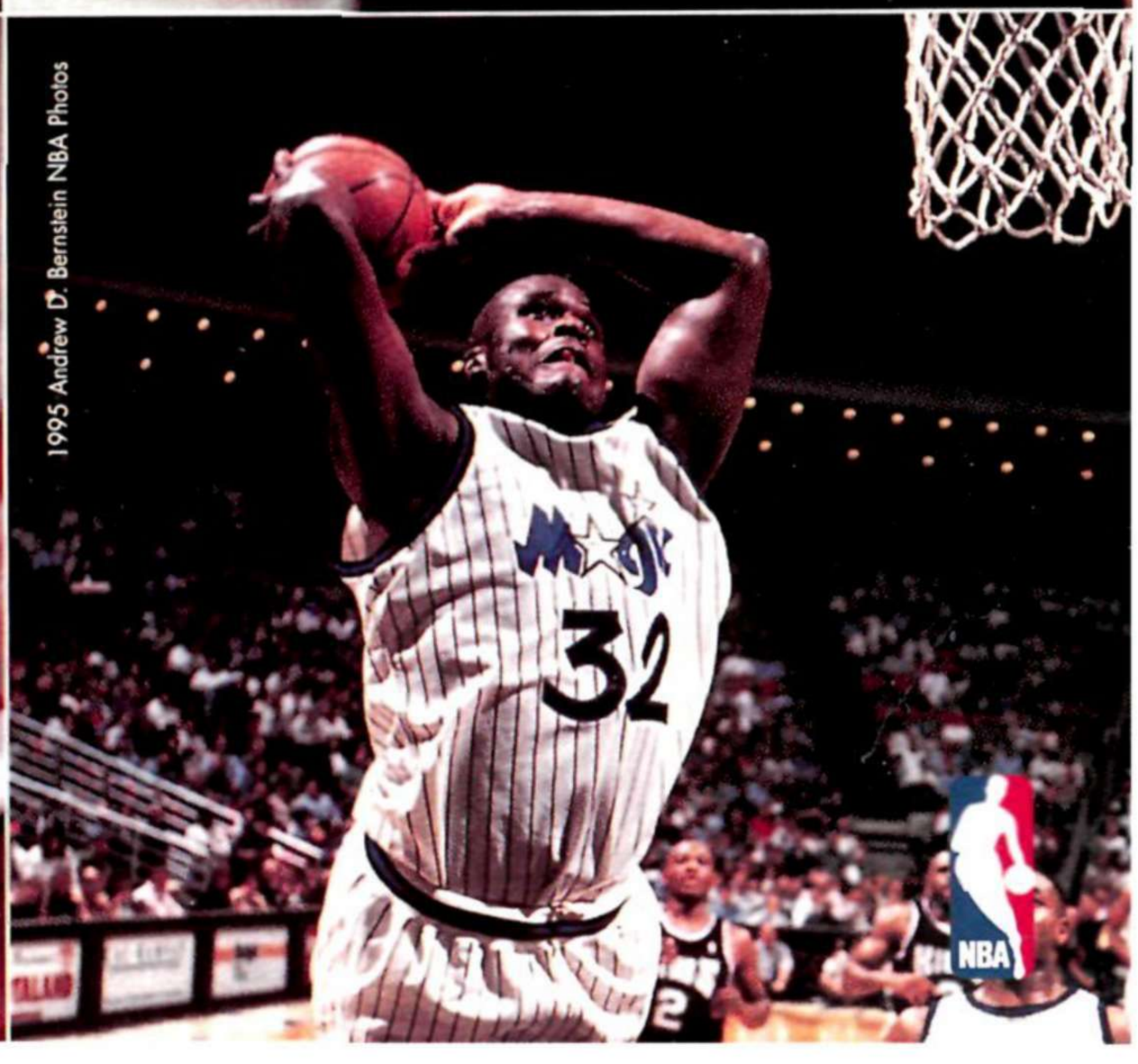
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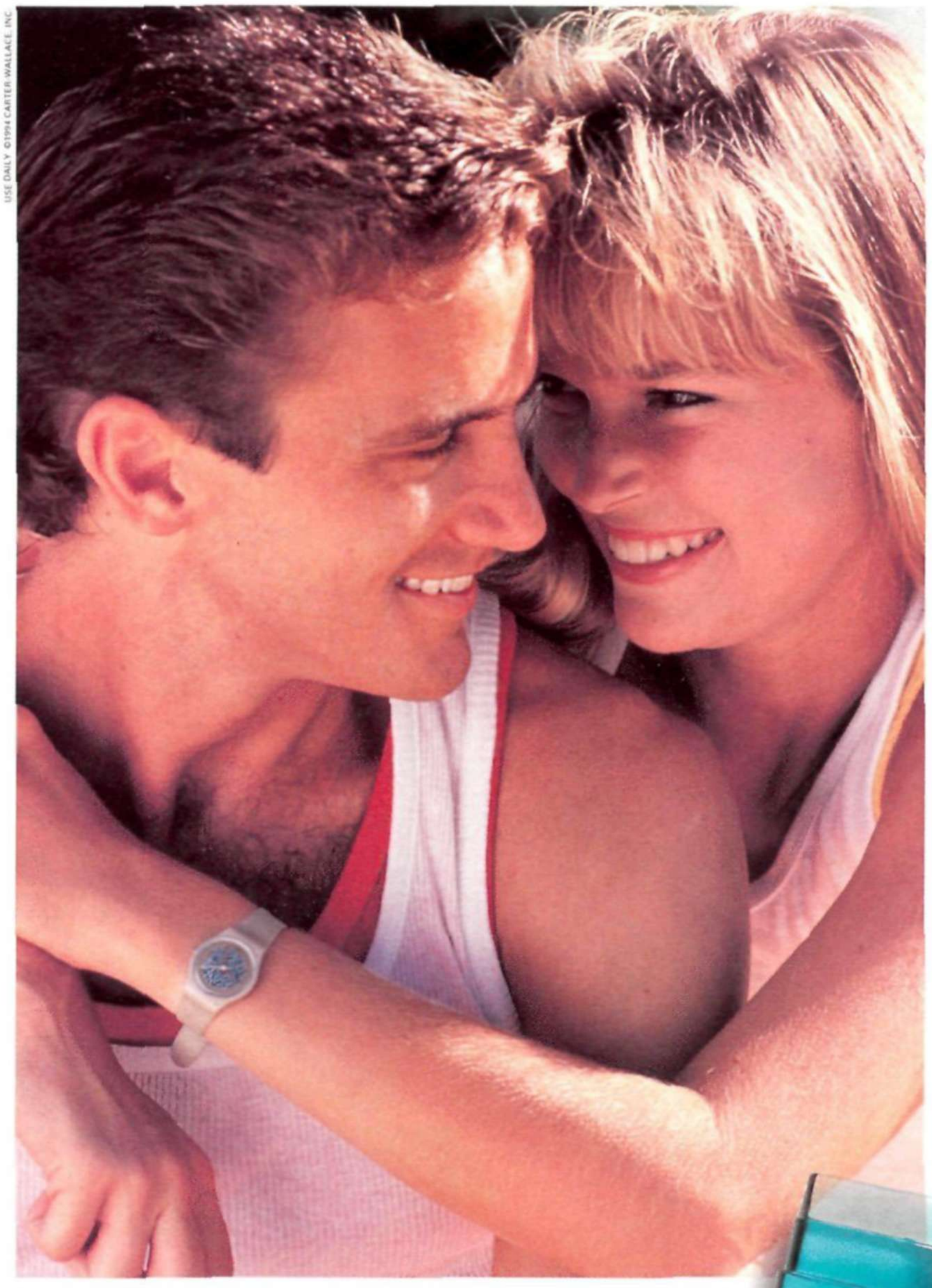

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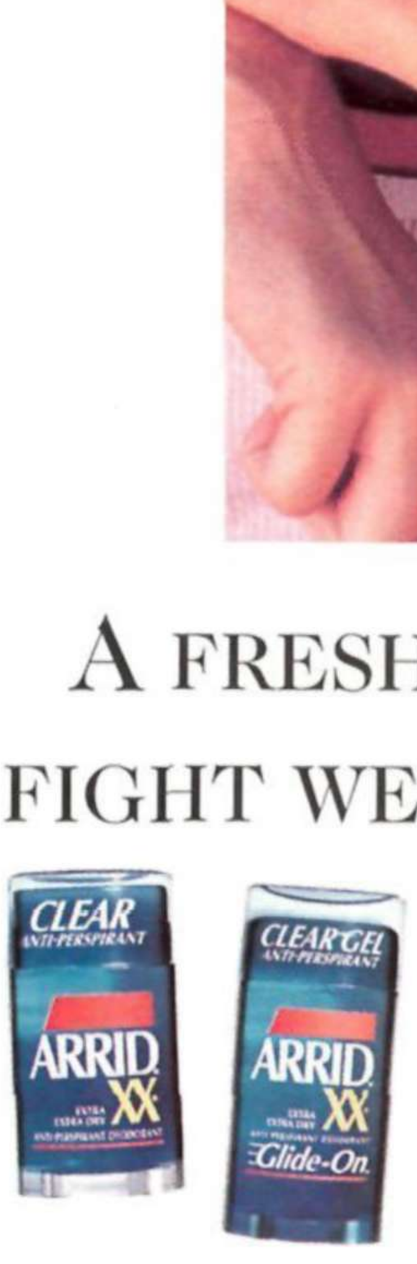


SOLID AND GEL

race around the world and he was about to sail off in another one. When will they get married? "I hope sometime in the fall—the fall in our hemisphere," she says. This is the life of a professional sailor. This is the life of Riley.

"It might seem a little irresponsible," she says, with a slight smile that spreads into a toothy grin.

Riley is 30 years old, though with her blonde ponytail she looks much younger. She has been sailing for every one of those 30 years. "The first time I was on a boat was the day I was baptized," she says. "I was a month or so old. My mom didn't want me on a boat before that because, well, you know the way Catholics are, just in case."

When she was 12 she missed a year of school because her parents took the family on a trip from the Great Lakes to the Caribbean and back again. (Her parents tutored her using her school's eighth-grade textbooks.) She fell in love with sailing during that trip, somewhere in the Atlantic, and has been playing hooky from what others might deem a responsible life ever since.

Her family didn't belong to the blue-blazer set. She paid her own way through Michigan State, where she was the captain of the sailing team, by working in boatyards and sail lofts. An advertising major, she graduated in 1987, but when she found it difficult to break into the ad business, she decided to try sailing instead.

Since college she has competed on sailing circuits around the world, going from race to race like a migrant farmworker following the crops and the seasons. She has spent a total of nearly two years sailing in the Whitbread, the 32,000-mile, nine-month-long race—aboard *Maiden* in 1989 and '90, with the first all-women's Whitbread team, and then in *1993* and *'94* as the skipper of *Heineken*, with another all-female crew.

Three years ago Riley worked the pit for *America*³ in the defender trials and was a rookie on the team—and the only female sailor in the 1992 Cup. Now she is a member of the afterguard, the so-called brain trust of the boat, and the only sailor on *America*³ with Cup experience. Riley's position is crew boss, which means she is the troubleshooter on board, attending to problems from the bow to the stern. "We need Dawn to help out all over the boat; everyone else has only been doing this for nine months," says Worthington, who was in Koch's afterguard in the last Cup campaign.

DAN NERNEY/DOT PICTURES

If this team didn't exist, Worthington says, Riley would be the only woman sailing in the defender trials. The America's Cup has remained an all-boys' yacht club because women sailors have been held back by this well-worn circularity: You can't race in big boats until you have the experience, and women haven't been able to get experience because they weren't given an opportunity to race in big boats.

Riley's past eight months in San Diego have been the longest period she has lived in one house since . . . the last America's Cup. Yet she wouldn't trade in her duffel-bag existence for a job on Madison Avenue and a nice house in the suburbs. "Sailing is a way to see the world and meet different people," she says. She can't think of a job that would give her the same rush that winning a race provides. "This is something I did when I was young, something I can do at midlife, something I can do until I'm ready to sail off into the sunset."

"And besides, it's a hell of a lot of fun," she says, as that impish smile stretches across her face.

Koch and crew rejoiced in June and may again after their old boat (above left) is replaced.

And so the gap between a woman who started sailing the day she tried out for the team and a woman who started sailing the day she was baptized has narrowed considerably. They have found common ground on the ocean, competing in the most prestigious sailing race in the world, for sports' oldest trophy.

"I'm here to win—god, it felt good to stomp Dennis Conner in that first race," Beattie says, with a loud laugh.

"We can win this," says Riley. "Once we get our new boat, we'll be rocket-fast."

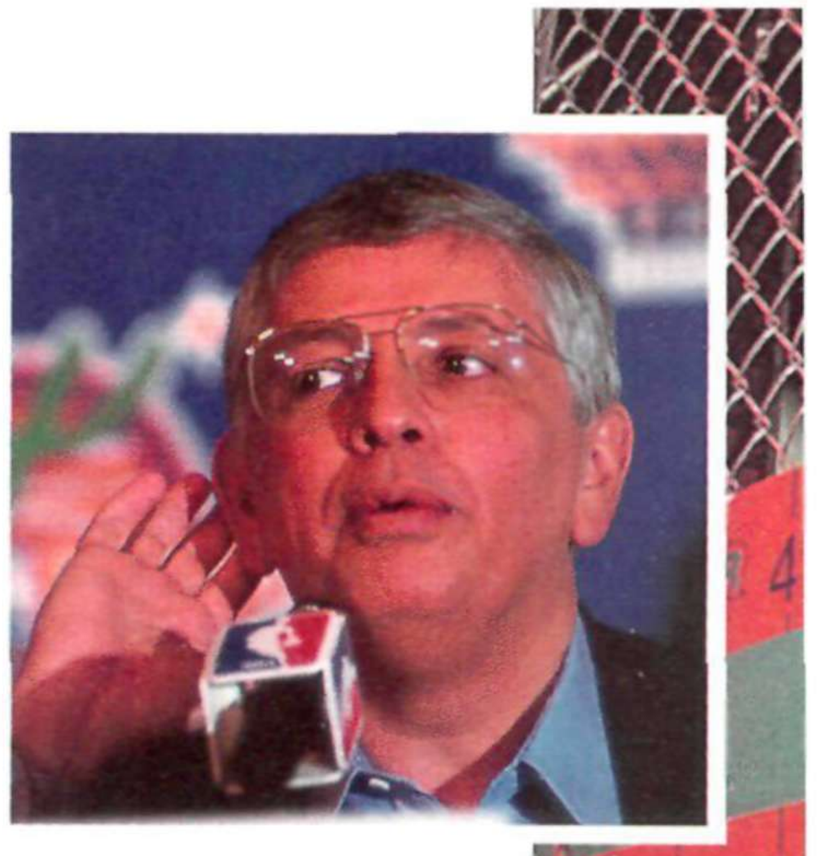
Whether *America*³ will make it into the Cup finals will come down to how fast the new boat is and to this question: "Can they gain experience as the calendar pages keep flipping over?" says PACT 95's president, John Marshall.

"Yes," says Beattie.

"Yes," says Riley.

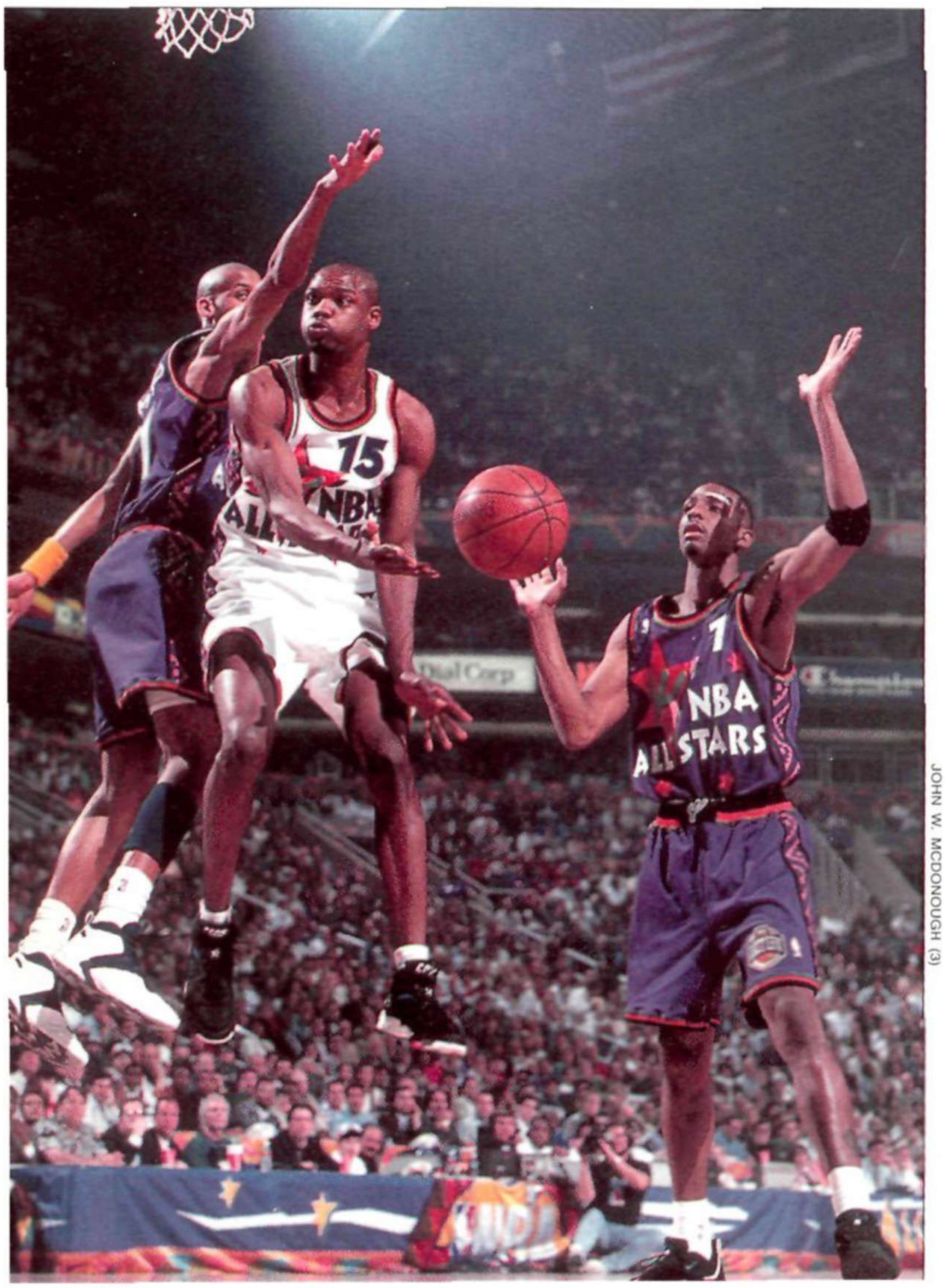
They have already come so far. ■

DAN NERNEY/DOT PICTURES



Februaary Frenzy

The NBA's four days of All-Star madness even included a game • by Leigh Montville



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH (3)

I DO not know where to look when I talk to the mascot of the Minnesota Timberwolves, who is dressed like, well, a wolf.

He has a huge synthetic head and obvious paste-on eyes, so I think he really sees me through his mouth. I address my questions to his mouth. I establish good eye-to-mouth contact.

"How often do you hit that shot?" I ask.

"Twelve percent of the time," I think he says.

The shot in question was the best basketball shot I had seen in this entire basketball day. The wolf stood with his back to the basket at center court in the Phoenix Civic Plaza last Saturday afternoon and, without looking, heaved the ball over his head and drew *nothing but net*! It might be the best shot I've ever seen, certainly the best by a man dressed as a wolf.

"Was that 12 percent?" I ask.

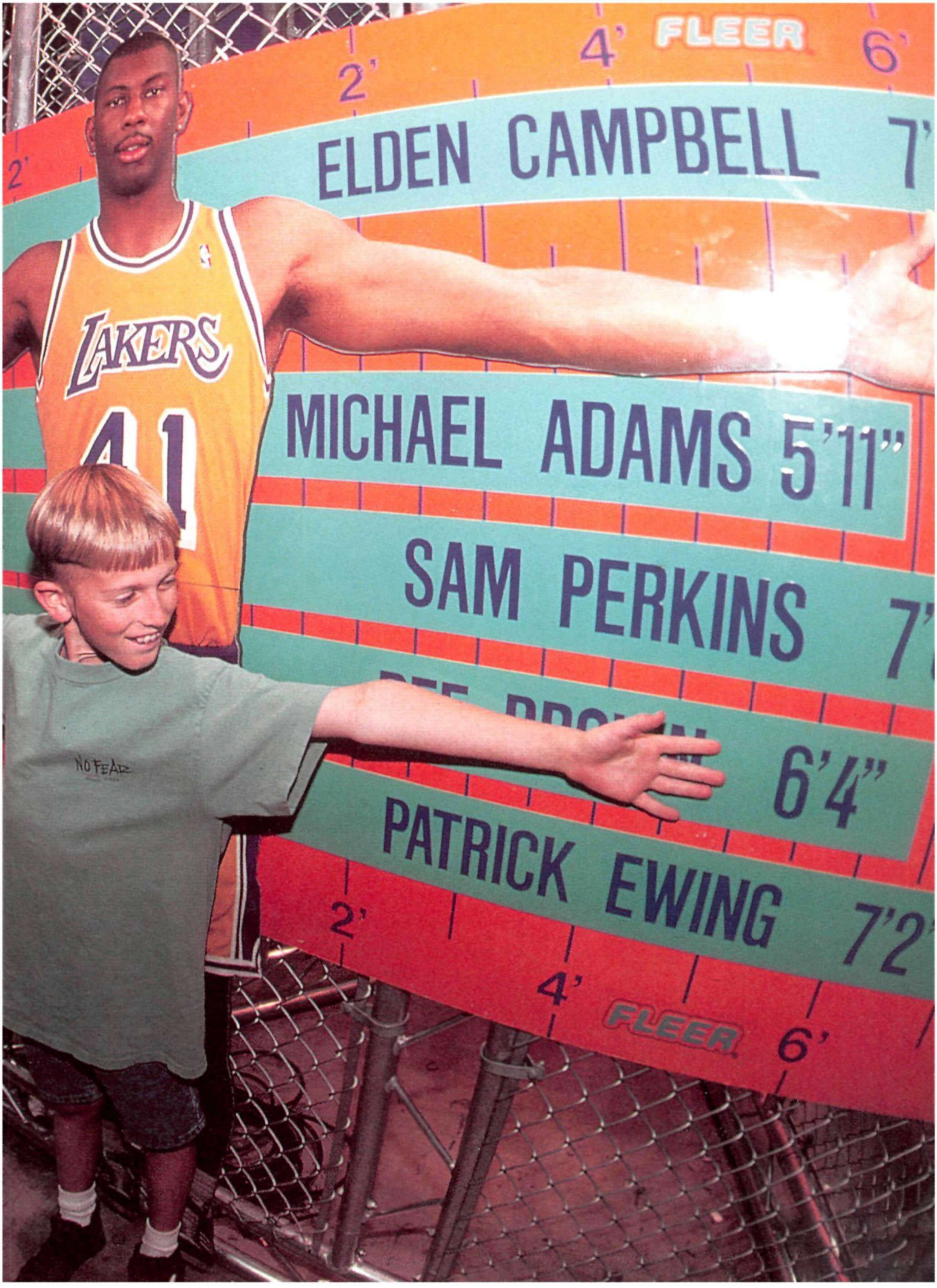
"Twelve percent," the wolf says, clearer this time.

I have figured him out. His eyes *must* be in his mouth. His voice comes from his neck. I have to admit that I find nothing strange with that.

I am at the NBA All-Star Weekend. I am in a curious world where all cards have

Boyz II Men (top left) supplied the music, Stern lent an ear, and NBA stars—including Latrell Sprewell (left)—reached out to dazzle fans.

ROBERT BECK


FLEER
ELDEN CAMPBELL 7'
MICHAEL ADAMS 5'11"
SAM PERKINS 7'
6'4"
PATRICK EWING 7'2"
FLEER
LAKERS
41
NO FEAR

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

days of promotions. Four days of nonsense. Once upon a time, the NBA All-Star Game was a simple affair, the best NBA players from the East and the West getting together for a basketball game and maybe a banquet. All that changed in 1984 when the NBA staged its first slam-dunk contest and its first legends game between old-time stars the day before the big game. Then a three-point-shooting competition was added, and a rookie game was substituted for the legends game after a string of knee injuries left the legends looking not so legendary. Meanwhile the corporate dollars began to flow, and the game became, you know, "dope." Cool.

The star-studded Stay in School program packed the house, where a certain wolf huffed and puffed and threw the ball down.

ROBERT BECK (2)

been shuffled and anything is possible. Millionaire college dropouts can advise an arena full of kids to stay in school, and rap stars can shoot basketballs and basketball stars can rap, and five Shaquille O'Neals can play five other Shaquille O'Neals in a single game on a large screen straight in front of my eyes.

All doors are clearly open. Charles Barkley is talking about running for governor of Alabama as a Republican but is worried about "too many skeletons" in his closet.

At times I feel as if I have walked into my television set. I move from quiz shows to dance shows to entertainment to politics to computer games to sports. And sports seems to be the least of it.

Four days. Four days of parties. Four

"What are you doing here?" I ask a broad-shouldered businessman at one of the NBA events. "Trying to see what influences you've had on the sport?"

"No," says Vince McMahon, head of the World Wrestling Federation. "We just always like to see what [NBA commissioner] David Stern is doing."

Cool.

"I'm covering this for television in Saudi Arabia," says Alaa Abdelnaby, the Sacramento King forward who was born in Cairo, Egypt, and lived there until he was two years old. "They were looking for someone who spoke Arabic, someone who played basketball and someone who would like to come here. I was their guy. I've spoken more Arabic in the last two

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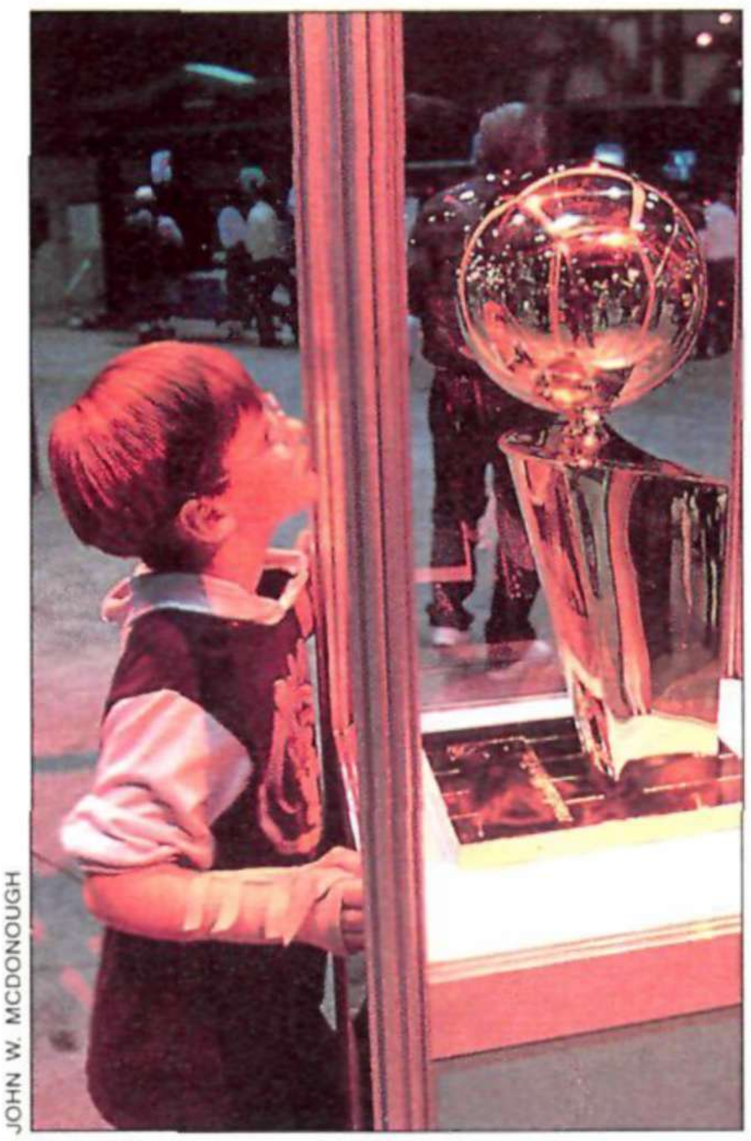
days than I have at just about any time in my life. It's a challenge."

"You're broadcasting all of this stuff back to Mecca?" I ask.

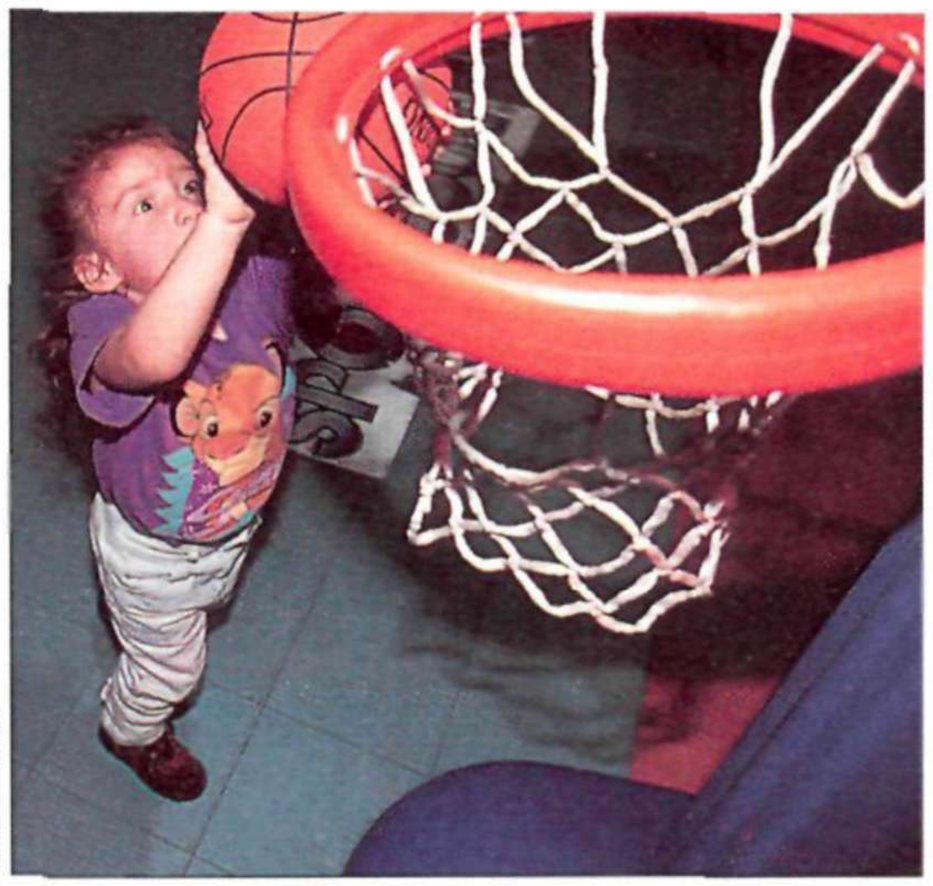
"Do you know the saying about the mountain coming to Muhammad?" Abdelnaby says. "We're sending the mountain there through the air. All of it."

More than 1,350 media credentials are issued, a record. There are feeds to 167 countries, another record. There is one television crew that goes through an All-Star news conference asking each player, "If you were a sound, what sound would you be?" The follow-up question is, "If you were an animal, which animal would you be?" There is play-by-play coverage on U.S. radio, for the first time, of the slam-dunk and the three-point competitions.

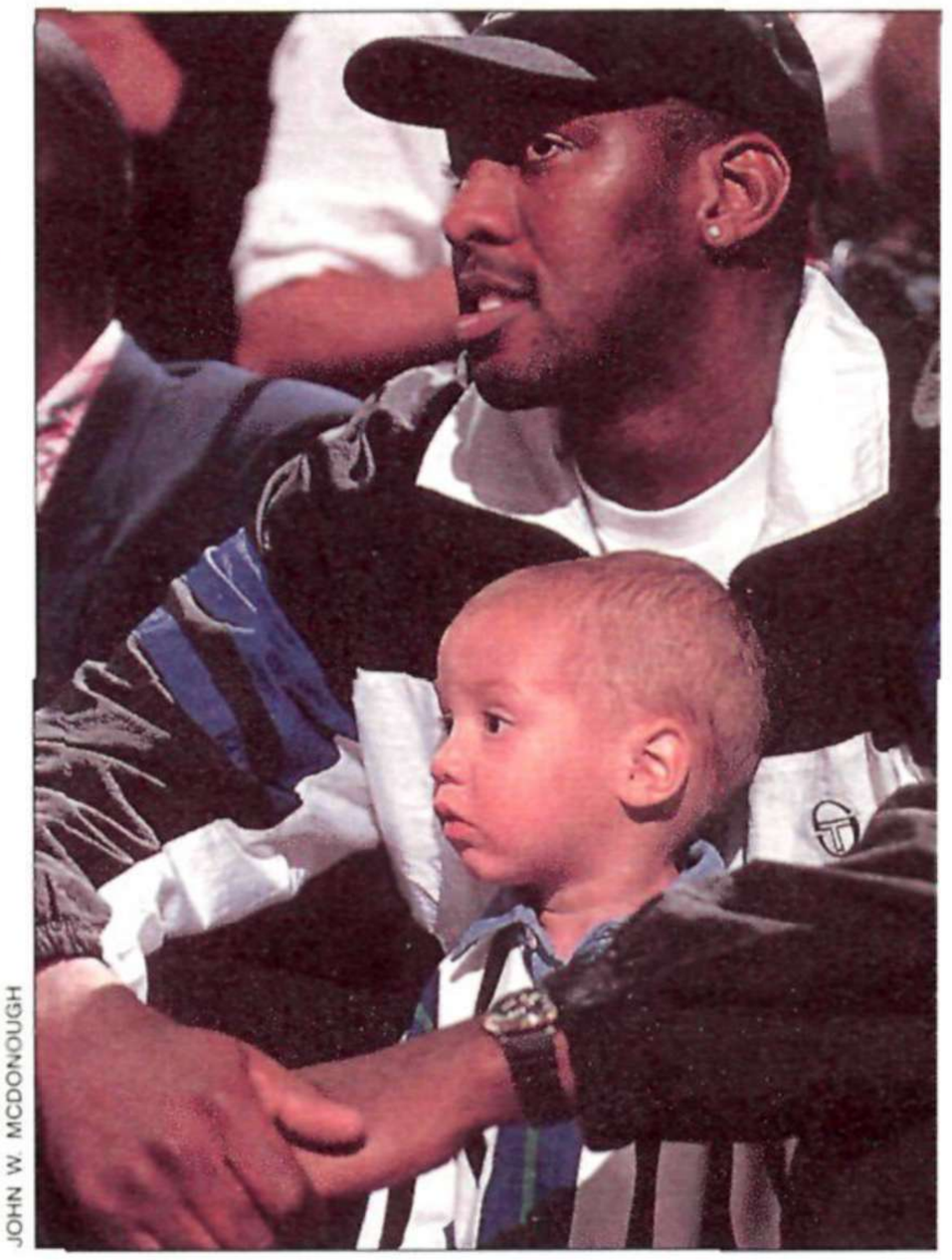
"How are you going to do that?" I ask Glenn Ordway, an NBA Radio announcer. "Do you just say, 'Whoa, baby!' after each dunk?"



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH



ROBERT BECK



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

ROBERT BECK

If you tired of slam-dunk contests and NBA hardware, a game day meant stargazing, even for Sun Danny Manning and son.

"I have no idea," Ordway says. "I'm just going to have to see what comes out."

A $500-a-ticket, black-tie roast of Barkley, emceed by comedian Billy Crystal, is held at the Pointe Hilton at South Mountain on Thursday night to benefit, among other charities, the scholarship fund that Barkley has established at Auburn University. Barkley enters as a king, with a purple robe that is so long that three children hold the train. A party is held the next night at Rawhide, an Old West theme park in Scottsdale, where Bill Russell stands in the back of a large pavilion and, along with 5,000 other people, listens to Kenny Rogers sing and watches line-dance lessons on a concrete floor. There is an MTV party on Friday, and Boyz II Men open the show. There is another party afterward, at Planet Hollywood. There is a performance by Bill Cosby on Saturday. There is a lecture, for wives of owners, team officials and invited guests, by Jane Goodall, author of *Through a Window* and *In the Shadow of Man*.

The NBA Jam Session, the party for the common man, is ongoing for four days at the Civic Plaza. For seven bucks admission, five bucks for children, a visitor can measure his or her hand against the prints of Dikembe Mutombo and Hakeem Olajuwon and various other NBA stars. There are basketball booths and activities of all dimensions. One challenge, sponsored by Nickelodeon, entails hanging from a harness high above the ground and trying to dunk a basketball. It has a three-hour wait. There are lines everywhere. The attendance on Saturday alone (51,500) totals more than the attendance for the entire All-Star Jam Session a year ago in Minneapolis.

I watch the most elementary challenge, a continuously running three-on-three tournament on 32 half-courts. A high school kid steps out of bounds, drops the ball to the floor out of frustration and kicks it as far as he can.

The biggest celebrity in the celebrity slam-dunk competition is Cal Ripken Jr.,

Barkley held court everywhere he went, starting with a $500-a-plate charity roast in his honor.

the Baltimore Oriole shortstop. He certainly has the free time but wonders if he is ready to try this. He debates whether or not to enter until the last minute.

"I'm at that age, in basketball, where the legs are taking you down instead of up," he says. "But I've been playing a lot lately. And I can still dunk."

He tries. His basic dunk starts with him bouncing the ball high off the floor, then jumping to grab it and stuffing it through the rim. He misses once. He misses twice. He makes the dunk on the third try. The judges are not impressed. The judges, right to left, are baseball player David Justice, WWF champion Diesel, baseball pitcher Dave Stewart, late-night talk-show host Conan O'Brien and comedienne Judy Tenuta.

"You know a lot about dunking?" I ask Tenuta.

"I can dunk," she says. "I have the shoes."

O'Brien also has shoes. They are rhinestone-studded hightops that feature a caricature of him on one side and a bicycle horn on the other side. He has been showing them to All-Stars and touting their efficiency. "We've had the pump on the inside, and that's kind of passed away," he says. "Let's try the pump on the outside."

The most dramatic moment of the rookie game, played before a sellout crowd of 19,023 on Saturday in the America West Arena, occurs at halftime. A 16-year-old kid from Strongsville, Ohio, named Mike Hoban was selected from six million entries in a Foot Locker contest to have one chance at a three-point shot for $1 million. He learned about his chance two weeks ago and has been practicing ever since, with time out for a trip to New York to appear on the David Letterman show.

"We practiced this morning," Mike's father, Chuck, says. "We were over at the Jam Session. At the finish we went for the best of five. First time around, he hit five of five, and the second time, he hit four of five. Then, again, this one shot is different."

It is, indeed. Everything is wrong. Mike has to wait in a runway for the first half to end, sitting next to Phoenix Sun guard Dan Majerle, his celebrity instructor, surrounded by cameras. A boom mike is held over their heads to pick up conversation. Then there is a delay as the court is cleared, and then he is led between long, purple velvet ropes to even more cameras and a standing ovation. The focus is directly on his head. By the time Mike's introduction is finished, the rookie teams have returned, and they join the circle around him. One shot. A million bucks. He takes his time. He misses everything. Air ball.

I follow him as he is escorted back between the purple ropes, down a hall and through a practice gymnasium to an interview room. His eyes are red. His sister is crying. His mother is crying. His father also has cried. "When I shot the ball, it felt as if my arm fell off," Mike says sadly. "I was just overwhelmed by everything. I had no idea it was going to be that bad out there. All those cameras. I didn't have room to breathe. I practiced—I could have practiced forever—but how can you practice for something like that?"

Mike's mother, Marilyn, tells him he is worth more than a million dollars to her, always has been.

I watch the end of the rookie game. A man points to the scoreboard, which shows an image of Rush Limbaugh sitting

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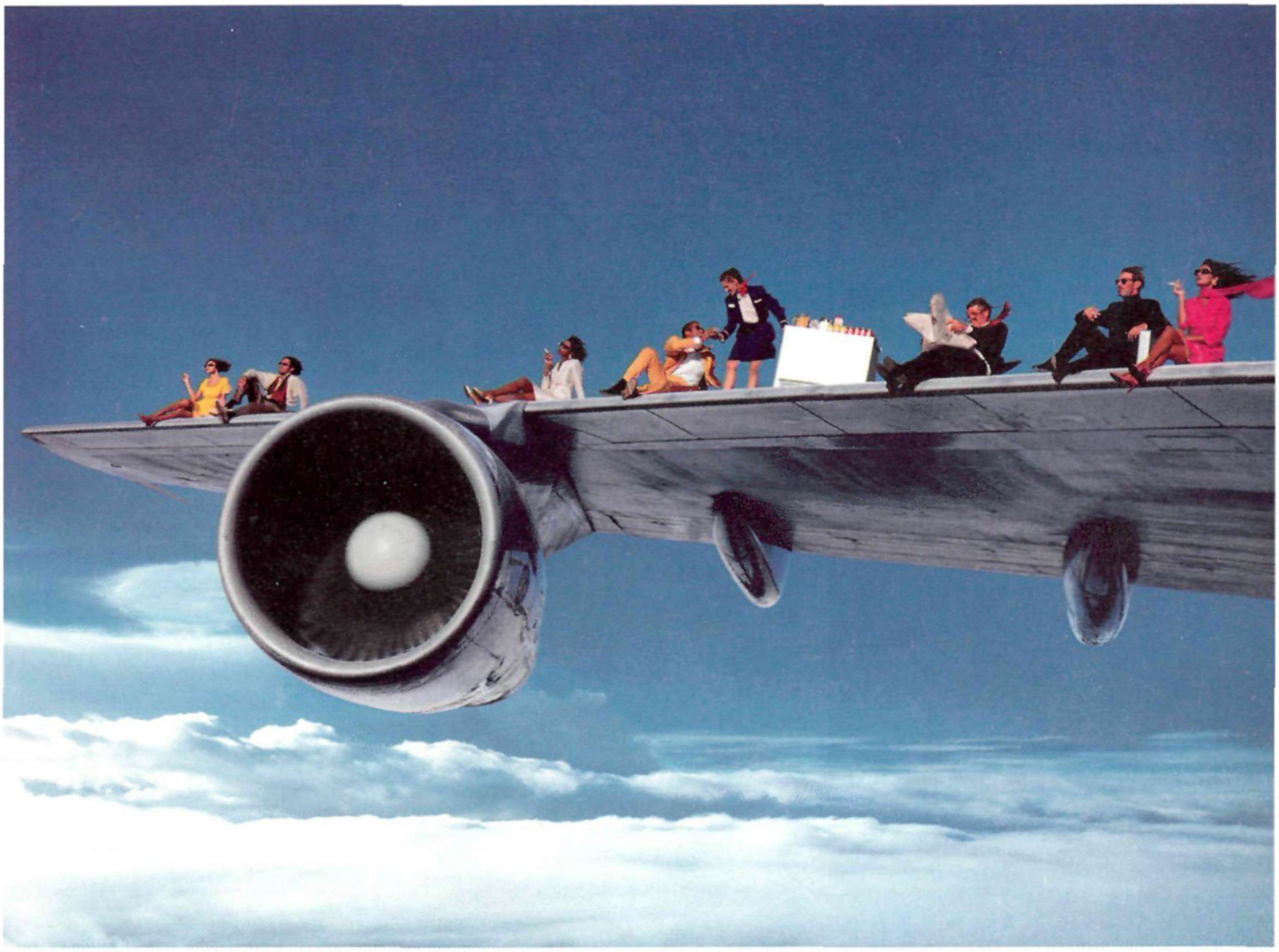

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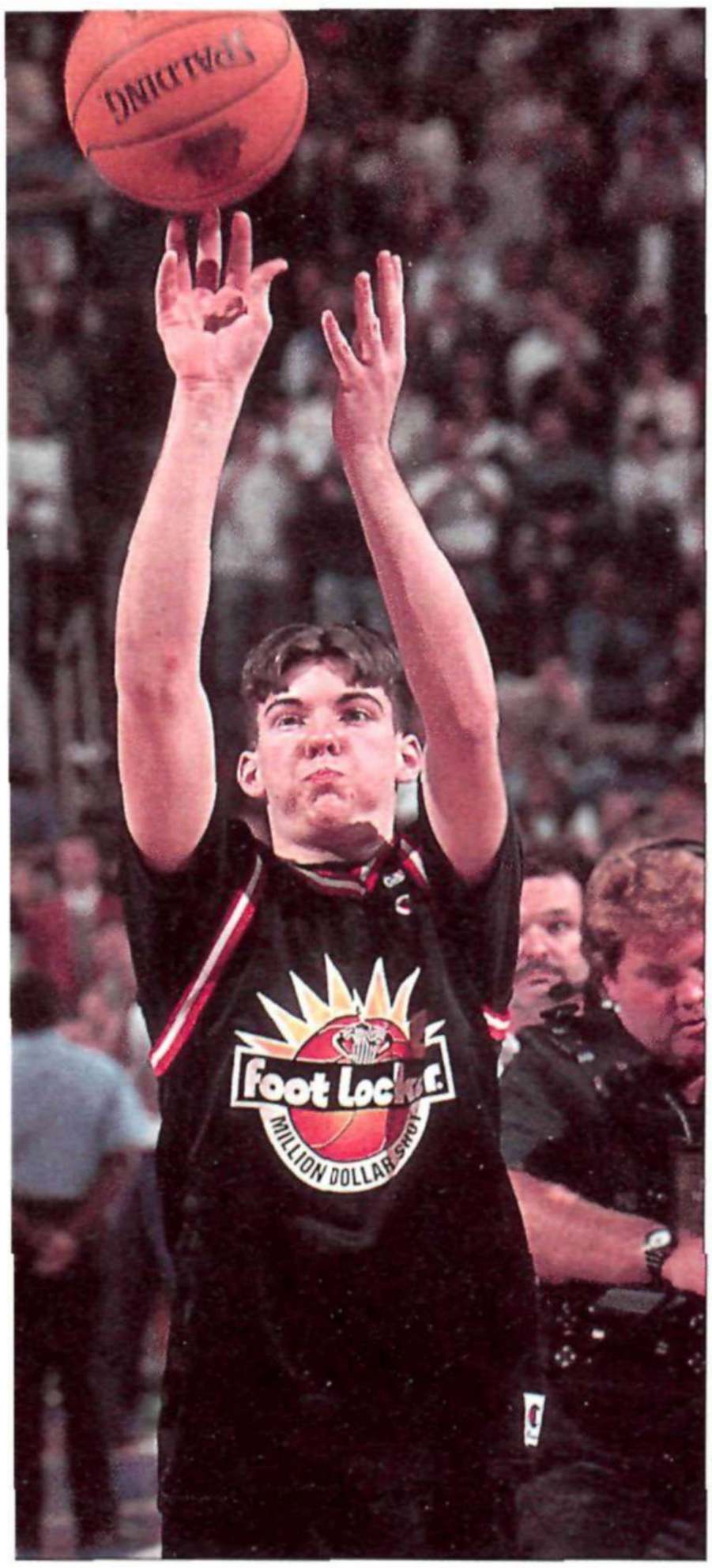


JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

next to Sun coach Paul Westphal. The same man pointed during the national anthem to Jesse Jackson standing next to Sun president Jerry Colangelo while a 16-year-old named Brandy hit the high notes. The White team beats the Green 83–79 in overtime. Or does the Green beat the White? Somebody wins.

I see Glen Rice of the Miami Heat edge Reggie Miller 17–16 in the finals of the three-point shoot-out. Harold Miner, also of Miami, wins a dispirited dunk contest as Sinbad, the comedian, shouts into a microphone, "That's what basketball is all about." Huh? I talk with Jo Jo White, 48, winner of the legends three-point shoot-out for the second straight year. He says he still plays basketball five times a week. I see a basketball game played by men on in-line skates, not a pretty sight. I watch the mascots dunk contest. I do not talk into the wolf's neck/mouth again. He is not the winner, anyway.

All-Star Weekend

I watch the Stay in School Celebration. One of the emcees, Greg Lee, calls the crowd of deserving students "my stay-in-school posse." Uh-huh. I do not buy any trading cards. I do not buy any shoes, not even the ones Judy Tenuta wears.

I talk with an 11-year-old kid named Michael Kosak, who has won a contest to write a newspaper sports column during the weekend for the *Arizona Republic*. I ask what he has learned. He says he has learned that Mutombo's hand is "big enough to cover my whole head" and "these players are like skyscrapers, not so big on the horizon but bigger and bigger the closer you come." I suppose those are good lessons.

The official 1995 NBA All-Star logo is a cactus, sort of leaning toward the right, arms extended to a Southwestern sky. I study the logo. The cactus seems to be cheering. Or maybe it is spinning. Or maybe both. Or maybe it is not a cactus but Gumby, reaching toward the sky, happy to be in a warm-weather site and cheering for some bit of foolishness. Hard to say.

JEFF ROBBINS/AP

Sixteen-year-old Hoban missed his shot at riches, but Coach Majerle was there to console him.

The finale is a news conference featuring Barkley early Sunday night. The West has throttled the East 139–112 in a game that meant far less to anybody concerned than the million-dollar shot meant to Hoban.

Barkley is dressed in a gray Sun sweatshirt and sweatpants rather than that royal robe. There is a definite feeling that this has been his time, his place, his weekend. He has been the mostly perfect host, except for a comment about hating white people, which he says was meant as a joke when he said it to a friend but which could hardly have failed to stir up a Barkleyesque controversy, seeing as it was caught on an open TV mike. Barkley has appeared here and there and everywhere, from the opening roast until the conclusion now, mostly light and easy in everything he has done.

"Would you really have gone off the catapult?" a reporter asks.

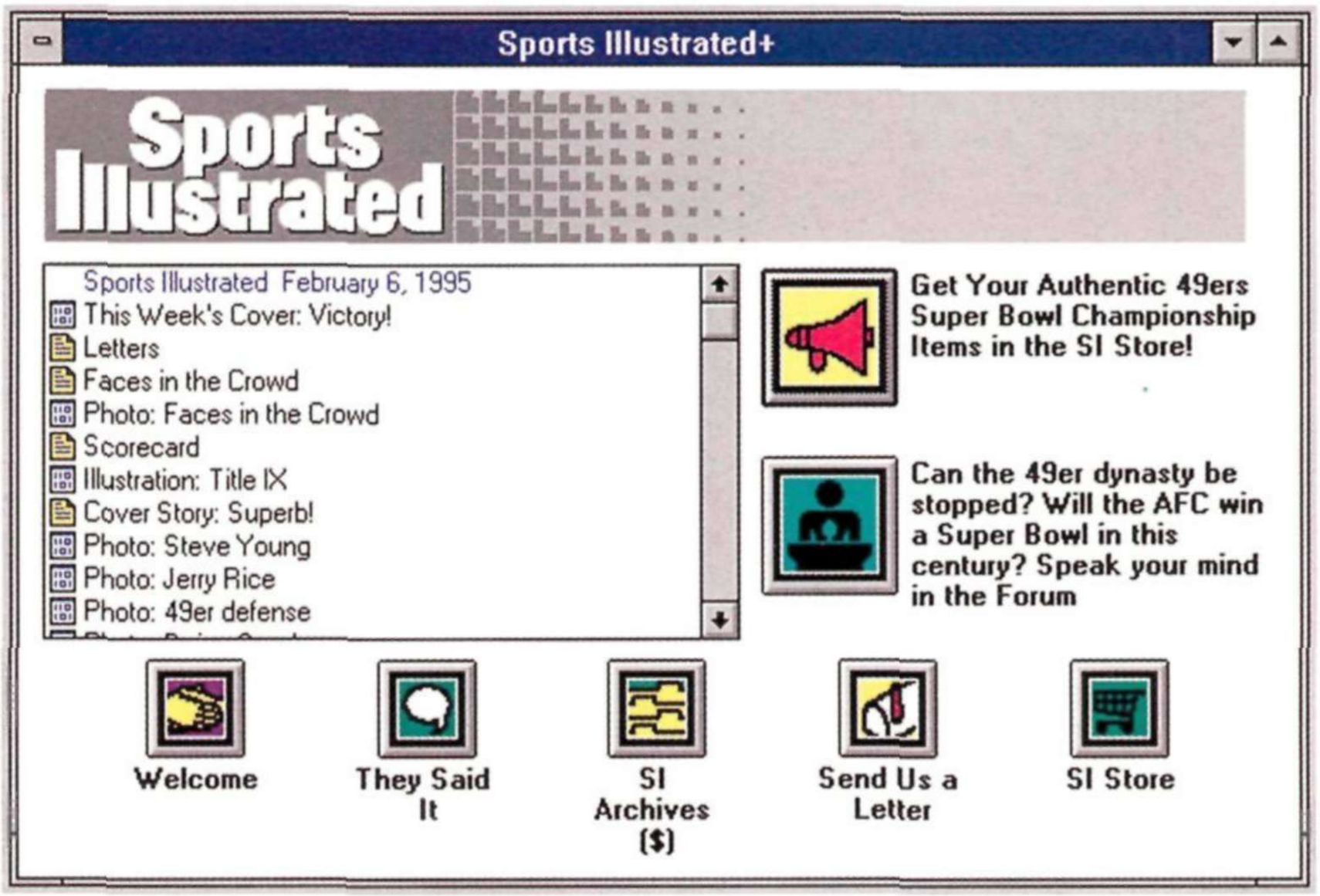
"Sure," Barkley says. "That looked fun."

The catapult is a springboard contraption that the Suns' mascot, dressed as a gorilla, used to propel himself into the air for a monster dunk during a timeout in the fourth quarter. Barkley walked out from the West huddle and asked the gorilla if he could try it. The gorilla gave Barkley the ball, and he was heading toward liftoff when Sun coach Paul Westphal, also the West coach, ran onto the floor to stop him from possible injury. Barkley says he would still like to try, but not right now.

"It's over," he says. "This has been a long weekend for the Chuckster. I'm glad everyone came and spent a lot of money, but now you can pack your bags and get out of here. We don't want you here anymore."

I say this is fine. Enough is enough. Take me to the catapult. ■

Get online and in the game.



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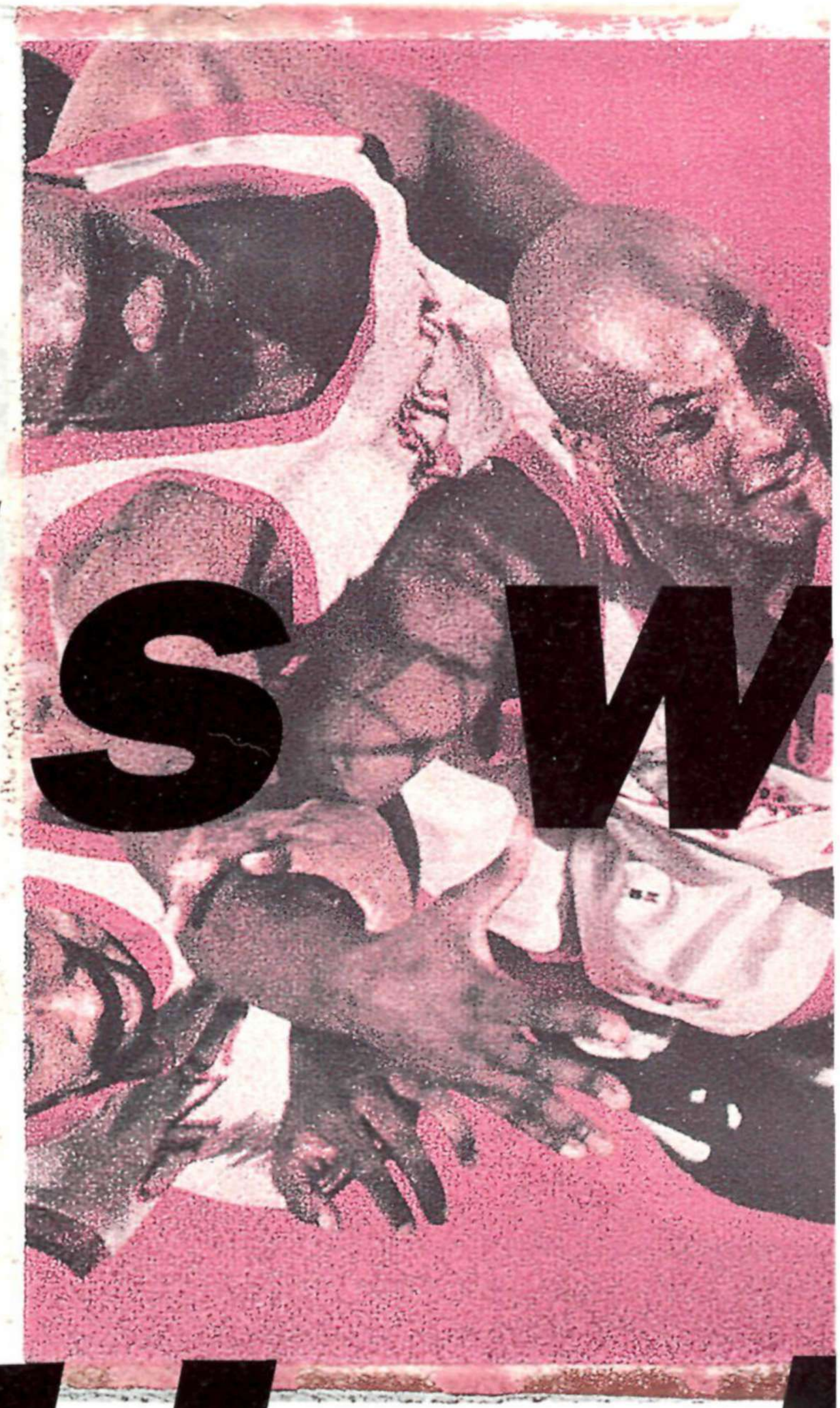
Watch

<u>Thursday, February 16</u>

Clemson vs. North Carolina, 7:30PM ET
Arizona vs. USC, 9:30PM ET
Arizona State vs. UCLA, Midnight ET

<u>Big Monday, February 20</u>
<u>presented by Bud Light</u>

James Madison vs. George Washington, 2PM ET
Villanova vs. Georgetown, 7:30PM ET
Kansas vs. Oklahoma, 9:30PM ET
New Mexico State vs. UNLV, Midnight ET



kids w

<u>Super Tuesday, February 21</u>

Michigan vs. Michigan State, 7:30PM ET
Kentucky vs. Alabama, 9:30PM ET

<u>ACC/Big East Wednesday, February 22</u>

Seton Hall vs. Miami, 7PM ET
Florida State vs. Duke, 9PM ET

<u>Thursday, February 23</u>

Texas vs. Texas Tech, 7:30PM ET
Massachusetts vs. Temple, 9:30PM ET
UCLA vs. California, Midnight ET

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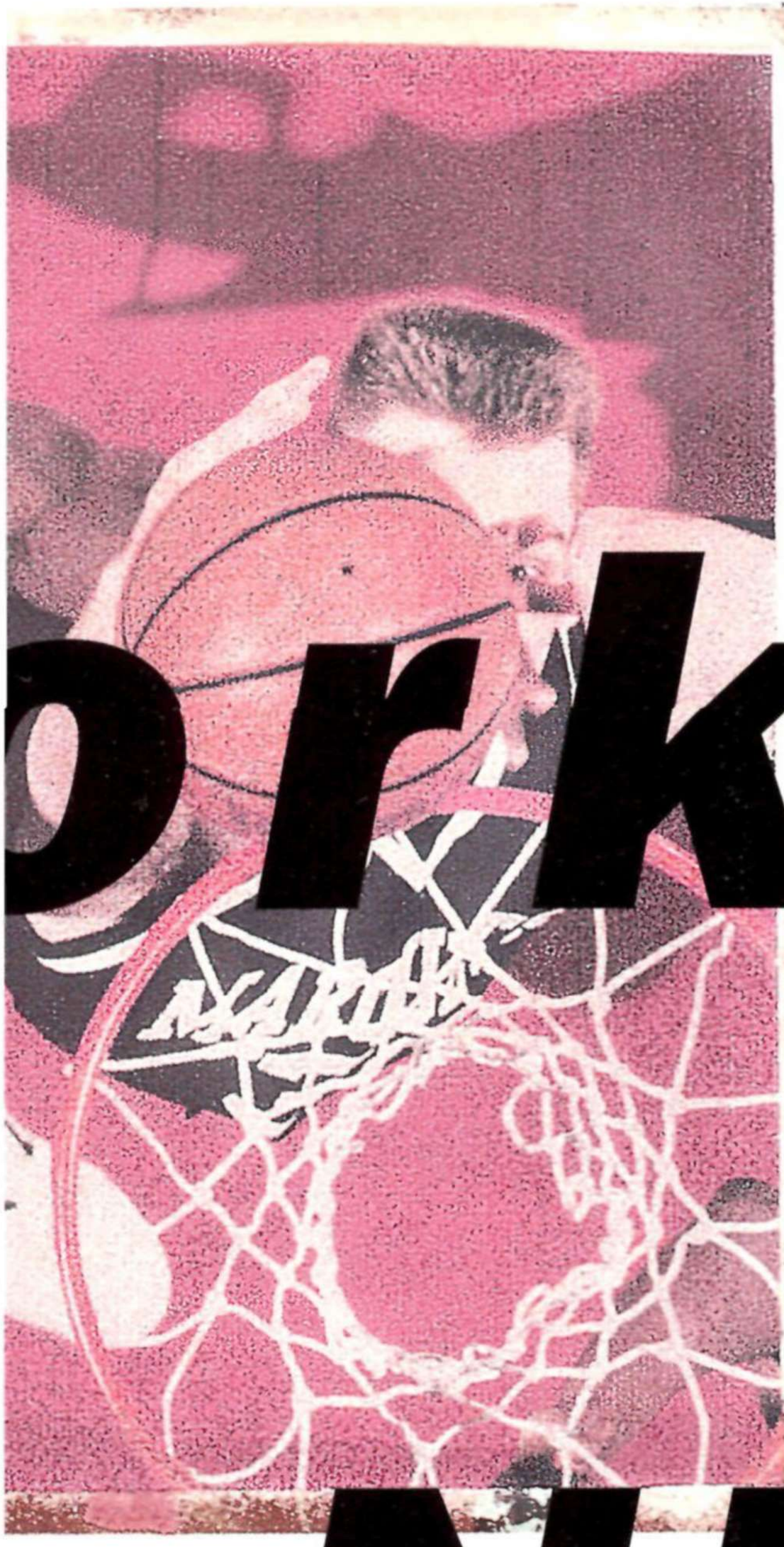

basketball

Big Monday, February 27
presented by Bud Light

Connecticut vs. Providence, 7:30PM ET
Iowa State vs. Oklahoma State, 9:30PM ET
UNLV vs. Pacific, Midnight ET

Super Tuesday, February 28

Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, 7:30PM ET
Arkansas vs. Florida, 9:30PM ET

ACC/Big East Wednesday, March 1

Maryland vs. Duke, 7PM ET
Syracuse vs. St. John's, 9PM ET

Thursday, March 2

Florida State vs. Georgia Tech, 7:30PM ET
Memphis vs. Cincinnati, 9:30PM ET
Arizona vs. Washington State, Midnight ET

Saturday, March 4

Duke vs. North Carolina, 7:30PM ET

NBA's

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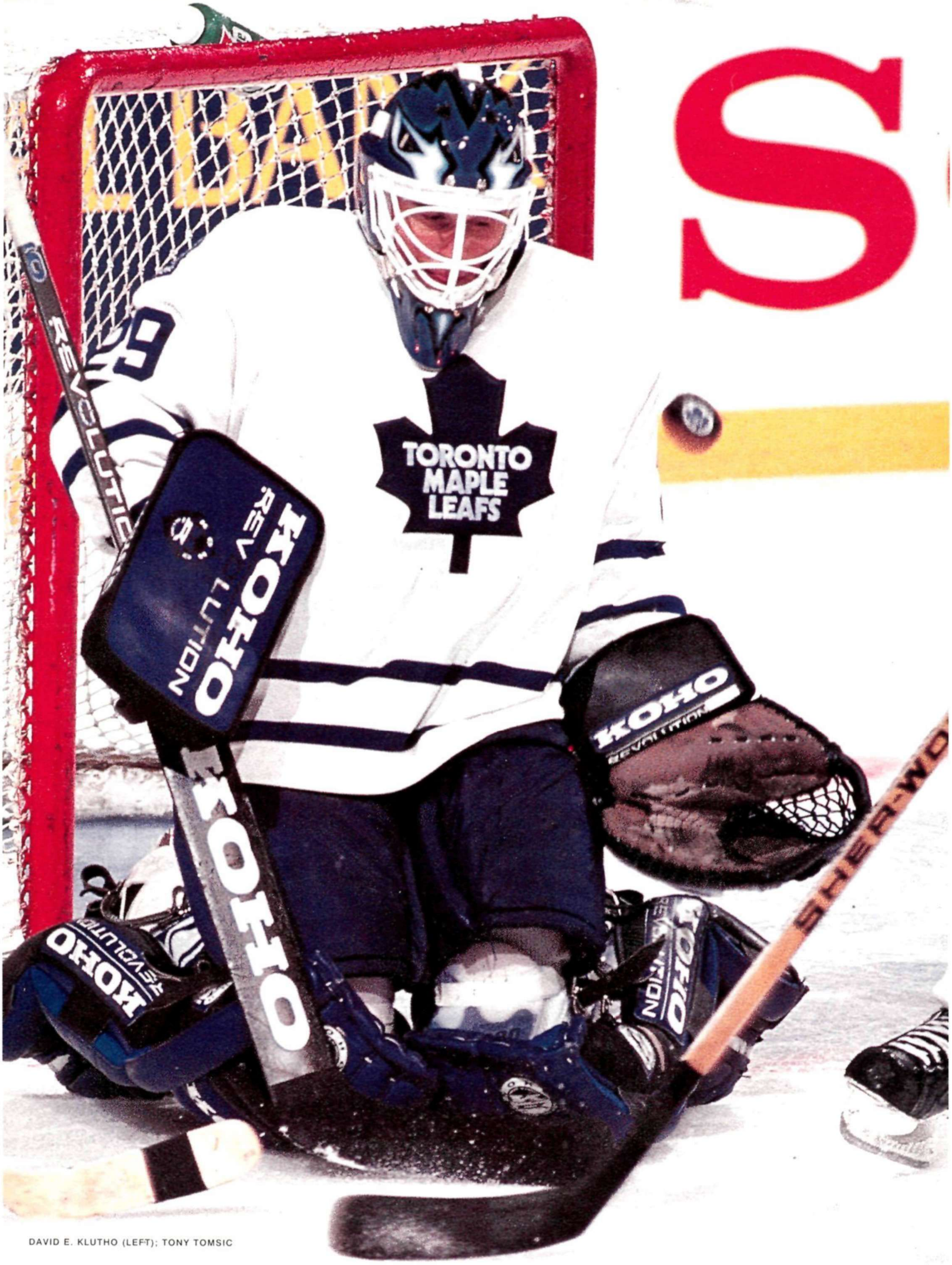

DAVID E. KLUTHO (LEFT); TONY TOMSIC

Seems Like Old Times

A new generation of star goaltenders like Felix Potvin (left) has emerged, recalling the days when netminders like Tony Esposito (above) ruled the game · by E.M. Swift

A STRAIN of goaltender feared extinct these past 20 years—stingy and dominant, so stinting that each goal is paid for in blood and exhaustion—has suddenly, emphatically resurfaced in the NHL. After record-shattering abuse at the hands of an era of scorers like Gretzky, Lemieux, Hull and Yzerman, and after seasons of bloated goals-against averages when shutouts were eclipse-rare and the goaler's lunch was nightly fare, the masked thieves of the crease have returned.

The statistical evidence is plentiful. Last season there were 99 regular-season shutouts, 30 more than in 1992–93 and nearly five times as many as in '82–83, when there were just 21. Goalie save percentages, too, are on the rise—the league average was .883 last season, up from .871 a decade ago. Twelve goalies had a save-to-shot ratio above .900 last season, and the average goals per game plummeted from 7.2 to 6.5, the lowest in the NHL in 20 years. Those trends have continued in '95. In the season's first three weeks, the goals-per-game average fell to 5.9 while the save percentage was .898.

The success of Roy has encouraged a new generation of young butterflyers.

Some of those numbers, to be sure, can be attributed to expansion. The league has added five teams in the past three years, so there is a general dearth of scorers. This has happened before. When the league doubled in size in 1967, from six teams to 12, the goals per game fell from 6.0 to 5.6. To compete, the expansion teams buckle down defensively, and the coaching in the league has become so sophisticated that if a team is determined to cut its goals allowed, it can do so with minimal talent. "Our scoring chances have dropped dramatically in the last couple of years," says Doug Risebrough, general manager of the Calgary Flames. "It's not that we're seeing fewer shots. We're seeing fewer high-percentage shots."

Still, the individual brilliance of some of today's young goalies, guys who might still be in Europe or on the bench or in the minors if it hadn't been for expansion, is too lustrous to be ignored. Everywhere one turned last season, most particularly during the playoffs, goaltenders were stealing the show.

Dominik Hasek of the Buffalo Sabres, a 29-year-old Czech with only 53 NHL regular-season games' experience before '93–94, had a goals-against average of 1.95 for the season, becoming the first netminder since Bernie Parent (1.89) in '73–74 to allow fewer than two goals per game. Hasek continued his sparkling play in the postseason, notably in Game 6 of Buffalo's first-round series against the New Jersey Devils, when, with his team facing elimination, Hasek made 70 saves in a 1–0 quadruple-overtime win.

The losing goalie in that 1–0 classic? Martin Brodeur, the Devils' sensational rookie, who at 22 seemed the very embodiment of the curse of the New York Rangers by extending the eventual Stanley Cup champions into double overtime of Game 7 in last spring's conference finals before New York's Stéphane Matteau slipped the series-winner past him in a 2–1 thriller. "To be honest, the transition between junior hockey and the American Hockey League was tougher than between the AHL and NHL," says Brodeur. "Our defense in New Jersey was so good I was only facing 22, 23, 24 shots."

Except on those occasions when—to use Game 7 against the Rangers as an example—Brodeur kicked out 46 shots to keep his outmanned teammates in the contest. "When I was with Montreal, I saw that a kid could come up and play well his first year in goal," says Devil coach Jacques Lemaire, who had no qualms

On the Decline

Goal scoring fell last season to its lowest point in 20 years. Here are the goals-per-game averages during that span.

Season	Goals per Game
1974–75	6.9
1975–76	6.8
1976–77	6.6
1977–78	6.6
1978–79	7.0
1979–80	7.0
1980–81	7.7
1981–82	8.3
1982–83	7.7
1983–84	7.9
1984–85	7.8
1985–86	7.9
1986–87	7.3
1987–88	7.4
1988–89	7.5
1989–90	7.3
1990–91	6.9
1991–92	6.9
1992–93	7.2
1993–94	6.5

"PEARL DROPS... A BURST OF WHITE I CAN FEEL."

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ORIGINALLY INVENTED BY A DENTIST. PROVEN IN LAB TESTING.
GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY TIME YOU BRUSH.

about starting a rookie in the pressure-cooker atmosphere of the playoffs. "Rogie Vachon. Ken Dryden. Patrick Roy. We had a number of them. They come up with a lot of confidence, a lot of excitement. You try to put the kid in when the team is playing at its best so you don't destroy that confidence. They aren't afraid, these young guys."

Twenty-eight-year-old Arturs Irbe, a third-year pro from Latvia with 49 games of NHL experience before last season, was another newcomer who was magnificent in net in '93–94. He led the San Jose Sharks to the biggest one-year improvement in league history in the regular season, then engineered the most startling upset of the playoffs by slamming the door on the high-scoring Detroit Red Wings in the first round. The Sharks were knocked off in the next round by the Toronto Maple Leafs, who for the second straight year rode into the conference finals on the goaltending of Felix Potvin. The 23-year-old Potvin was a rookie sensation in '92–93 and now seems destined for a decade or more of greatness.

Like many goalies now, Brodeur uses the paddle of his stick to defend the bottom of the net.

"It's time we admitted that young goalies can play this game earlier than we ever thought they could," says Boston Bruin general manager Harry Sinden, who has a 24-year-old rookie, Blaine Lacher, as his starting goalie. In Lacher's first seven games, he had a 6–1 record and had allowed only 2.26 goals per game. "Based on the success of kids like Brodeur and Hasek, we thought it was worth a try," says Sinden. "Having these kids step right in and do the job wasn't something people thought could happen 20 years ago."

That's funny, considering it was 23 years ago that 23-year-old rookie Ken Dryden played six of the Canadiens' last 11 regular-season games, then was named MVP of the playoffs, leading the underdog Habs to the 1971 Stanley Cup.

"What's changed is that coaches and managers don't automatically assume that someone can't do it because he's 21," Dryden says. "Earlier the thinking went: The goal's too important a position to entrust to a rookie. Forwards were broken in the quickest because a mistake by a forward probably wouldn't lead to a goal. Defensemen were broken in a little slower and goalies the slowest of all. They were seen as too emotionally vulnerable. There was a fear that if they made a mistake it might ruin them, break them. What people forgot was that goalies have been trained for that their whole lives. They've let in big goals before, and they've learned to forget them."

Add to the aforementioned bevy of fresh goaltending talent Roy, Mike Richter of the Rangers, Kirk McLean of the Vancouver Canucks, Curtis Joseph of the St. Louis Blues, Ed Belfour of the Chicago Blackhawks—all of whom are still in their 20's—and it becomes evident that the NHL now boasts the best crop of goalers since Dryden, Parent, Tony Esposito and Gerry Cheevers were in their prime in the 1970s.

"There used to be a few teams who had great goalies," says John Davidson, the former Ranger and Blue goaler who is now a Ranger TV commentator. "Now there are a few who *don't*. Teams are paying more attention to the position than they did in the past. They've all added goalie coaches. The overall conditioning of goalies is better than it's ever been. Right now, they tend to be the best athletes on the team."

That's certainly a change from the days of potbellied puck-stoppers like Gump Worsley. Esposito, Cheevers and New York Islander Billy Smith were among the best of their day, but they were not exactly paragons of fitness. A summer of Ping-Pong to sharpen the reflexes used to pass as off-season conditioning.

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DAVID E. KLUTHO

Despite his unorthodox style, Hasek had the best goals-against average in 20 years.

"Cheevers was a great athlete," says Sinden. "But he probably drank too much beer. I don't believe there was ever a goalie who wouldn't have been better if he'd been in better shape."

"Goalies have come a long way, both technically and in off-ice conditioning," says Wayne Thomas, the former netminder who is now an assistant coach for the Sharks. "Irbe, Richter, Belfour—they're all in tremendous condition. They work a lot more on their legs, on the slide board and in the weight room, improving their ability to move laterally and up and down. The basis of it is the teaching. Before these guys get to the NHL, they're being reached in youth and summer programs by people who know what they're doing."

A generation ago the only instruction a goalie was likely to get was from a coach who'd never played the position and knew little more than to mutter, "Stay on your feet," as if it were some sort of mantra. A bad goal, to the coach, was a goal that went in at the wrong time. "The knowledge of how to play goal is really quite limited," says Sinden. "Goaltending is to hockey like putting is to golf. It really has no relationship to the rest of the game."

The stand-up style, in which the goalie relies on playing the angles and rarely drops to the ice, was acclaimed primarily because it was adhered to by most of the great goalies of the '50s and '60s, including Hall of Famers Terry Sawchuk, Jacques Plante and Johnny Bower. It made a great deal of sense at the time. The equipment was heavier and more cumbersome than it is today, which made getting back in position more difficult and time-consuming once a goalie had left his feet. Goalies back then also played most of their careers without masks. Standing up reduced the chances of injury, from both pucks and sticks.

Glenn Hall, a contemporary of the trio mentioned above, introduced the butterfly technique, fanning his legs out in a V to cover the lower corners. But Hall didn't remain on the ice. He was up as quickly as he went down, and both he and his butterfly were viewed as anomalies, not to be copied by youngsters. When Esposito came on the scene in the late '60s using a butterfly style even more pronounced than Hall's—he would often drop into his V before the shot had been fired and remain there after it had been stopped—he was criticized by traditionalists. Montreal gave up on him in 1969 and exposed Esposito to the expansion draft, where the Blackhawks selected him. Then Espo left the mouths of his detractors gaping by turning in 15 shutouts for Chicago in 1969–70, a figure unmatched by any other goalie in the last 65 years.

A new generation of butterflyers was launched by the Canadiens' Roy, who goes down on the majority of the shots he faces and has led Montreal to two Stanley Cups. Brodeur was 14 when Roy, as a rookie, was voted MVP of the 1986 playoffs, and he has modeled himself after Roy. So have hundreds of other French Canadian goalies.

"Patrick Roy is a superstar in Quebec," says François Allaire, the Canadiens' goalie coach, who runs several goalie camps in Quebec during the summer and has had 18 pupils drafted by NHL teams in the last six years. "So now all the good athletes in Quebec want to be goaltenders. Ten years ago in the hockey school, if you couldn't skate, you were the goalie. Now the best athletes on the team, guys 6' 1" or 6' 2", they want to play goal. That's a big difference. And it's just starting. There's going to be a big generation of goalies coming from Quebec in the next 10 years."

Many of them will play Roy's butterfly style, which Allaire strongly endorses, especially if the goalie has size. The place to shoot against a butterflyer is the top of the net, which, in the current close-checking climate that is played in the NHL, is the most difficult portion to hit without having time to set up. "Players these days don't have two or three seconds to shoot," Allaire says. "And to score up top, first you have to see a good spot, then you have to reach it. The shooters are under too much pressure most of the time to do that. That's why as a goalie the bottom of the net is very, very important."

One of the new techniques young goalies are using to defend the bottom of the net in traffic is to drop down and lay the paddle of the stick, which is longer than the blade, across the ice. "Curtis Joseph and Potvin came in with that," says Brodeur, a frequent practitioner of that style. "Nothing goes through your stick, and when the forward doesn't have time to pick a corner or go high, he just wants to take a shot and get out of there. There are also more one-timers and passes across the net than there used to be, so goalies are on the ice more. It's just easier to control the rebound when you're down."

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Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

You have two more wishes.

The technique isn't pretty, but the results are apparent. And the success of Potvin and Brodeur will lead other young goalies to play similarly. "It's a wave," says Lemaire. "You get a good goalie who plays the butterfly, then other young goalies coming up play the butterfly."

This doesn't mean that other styles aren't equally effective. "There never has been a single acceptable style," says Sinden. "Dryden played nothing like Plante. Plante played nothing like Esposito. And none of them played anything like Cheevers. With the Europeans, there are some incredibly unorthodox styles in the league now. Nobody can play like Irbe—although Hasek's pretty close."

"Coaches today are allowing goalies to come in and play their own way," says Davidson. "They only ask one question: Can you stop the puck? I remember when Eddie Belfour came into the league, I thought, My god, what is this? He's down all night. Richter is a stand-up goalie. So is McLean. And Hasek—nobody else lies facedown seven or eight times a game. Nobody else drops his stick a half-dozen times so he can close his hand on the puck.

"Also, the fear factor with injuries has all but disappeared. When we played in the '70s, we'd get pretty bruised up. I remember once the team doctor counted 16 bruises on my arms and legs after a home-and-home series against Philadelphia. The equipment just wasn't as good."

Allaire agrees. "Before, goalies weren't well protected on the face and around the shoulders and arms. They used to stop every shot with their gloves or their pads. Now guys get a shot in the shoulder, and they don't feel it. The pads are lighter. The equipment now is really good."

If the equipment is better, there is no doubt the shots are coming harder. Why, then, fewer goals? As Dryden points out, there's a world of difference between a player who shoots hard—they nearly all do now—and a player who knows how to score. "There are two types of forwards in the NHL," he says. "Scorers and bangers. Scorers score, and bangers bang. Any goalie knows that no matter how many shots a banger takes, how many chances he gets, how many times it looks like he's been robbed, he's still a banger."

Good goalies eat bangers for breakfast, and the balance of power in the league is now such that there are more good goalies than there are good goal scorers. "The pendulum will swing back, but we're here for a while," says the Flames' Risebrough, who is starting an inexperienced goalie, 22-year-old Trevor Kidd, this season. The Washington Capitals, too, are breaking in somebody new, rookie Olaf Kolzig. And the Los Angeles Kings, burned in the past by the inconsistent play of veteran Kelly Hrudey, are giving 19-year-old rookie Jamie Storr a chance to be No. 1.

No doubt other teams will spring a young goalie on the league during the year—some butterflying, paddle-dipping, belly-flopping, octopus-armed, puck-picking bandit who just might take his club deep into June. Great goaltending can cure a lot of ills, and it comes in a variety of packages. As Allaire likes to say, "If you can stop the puck, all the other problems disappear." ■

On the Rise

Goaltenders' save percentage has risen significantly since the NHL began keeping the statistic in 1982–83. Here are the season-by-season averages.

Season	Save Percentage
1982–83	.869
1983–84	.871
1984–85	.873
1985–86	.872
1986–87	.878
1987–88	.878
1988–89	.879
1989–90	.878
1990–91	.884
1991–92	.886
1992–93	.883
1993–94	.883

Irbe was magnificent in the playoffs last spring as the Sharks shocked the potent Red Wings.

DAN HAMILTON/VANTAGE POINT

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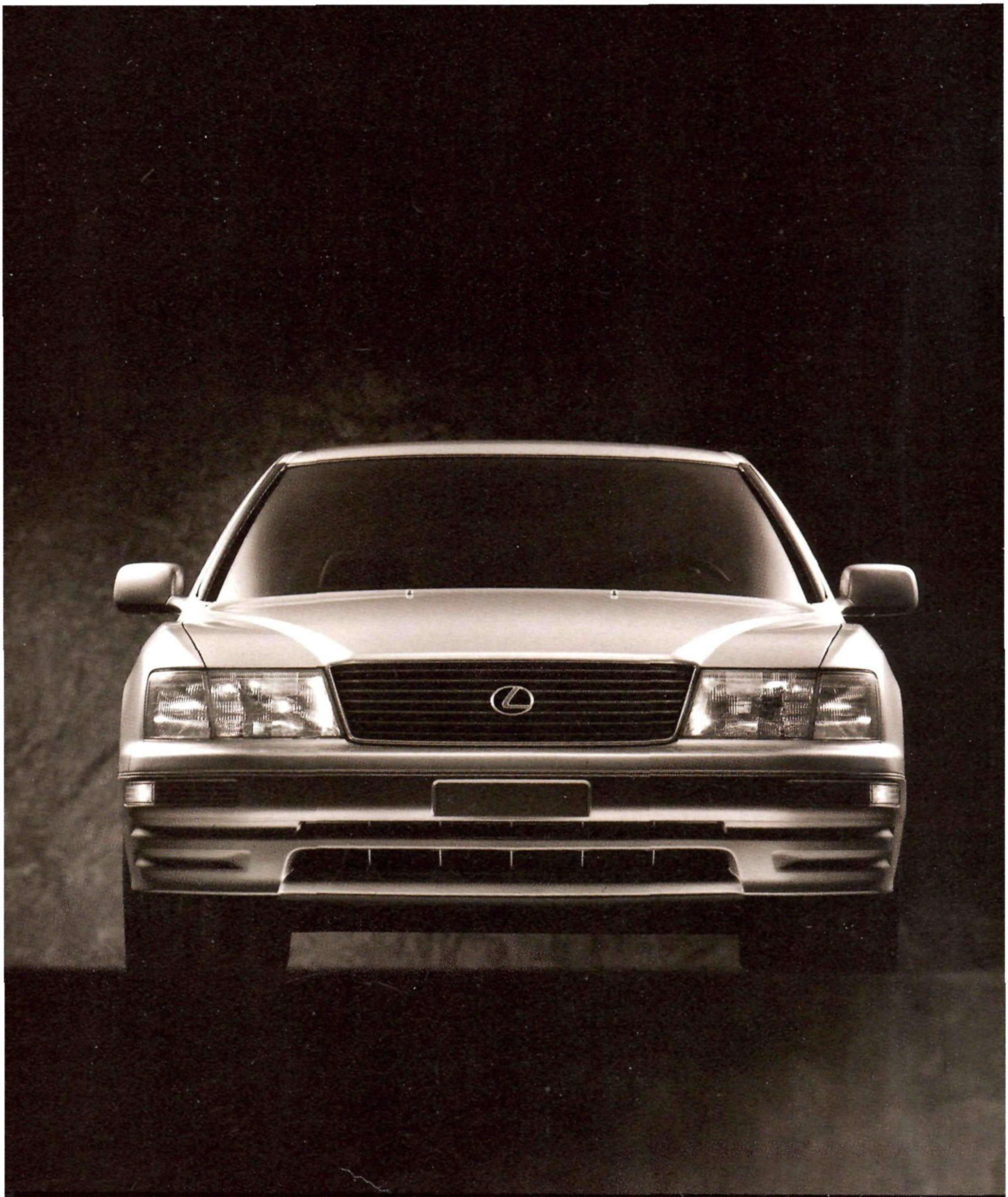

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The view is breathtaking when Ashley Richardson hits the roof of a home in Paget parish, wearing a stretch lace cotton-Lycra miniskirt suit by Keiko ($132).

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Hair and makeup by Pam Geiger for MCM Salon, Jane Pittman

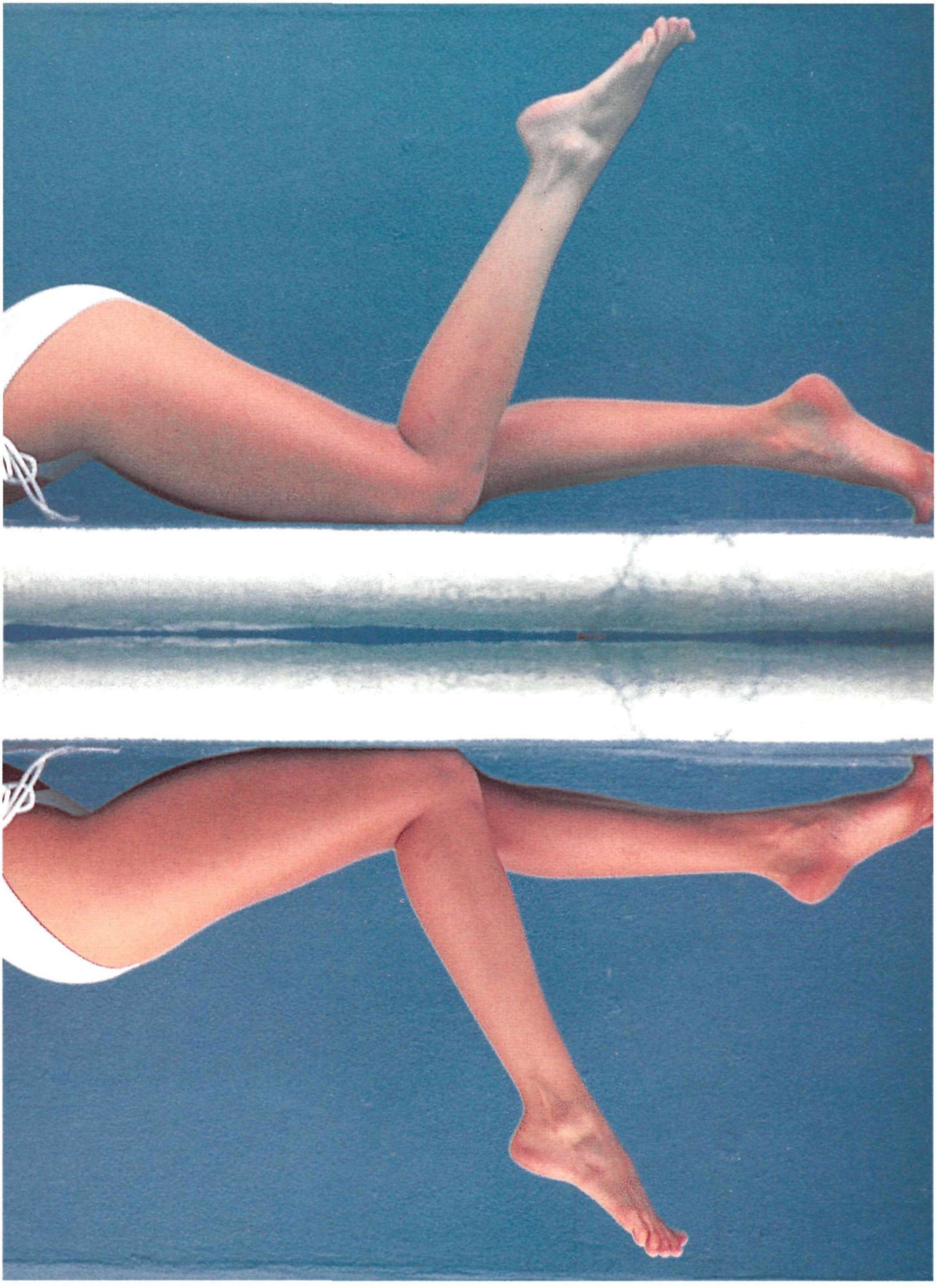
BASKING IN BERMUDA

Putting a fresh face on a familiar vacation spot, our fair-haired models paint the island in splendid pastels

by Jule Campbell

There's splendor in the grass near Tobacco Bay when Daniela lies down on the job in a Karla Colletto bikini ($98).

Photograph by Mike Reinhardt



Manon von Gerkan takes time to reflect as she finds repose beside the pool at the Blue Horizons inn, decked out in a Lycra mesh bikini by Cazimi ($72).

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

At The Reefs, a cliffside resort on Christian Bay, you never know who's going to roll in with the tide. It might be Rebecca Romijn, who takes a dip at dusk in a nylon-spandex bikini from Gottex ($86); or Vendela, who lets the early-morning sun soak through a stretch fishnet tank top and bikini bottom by Monika Tilley ($150).

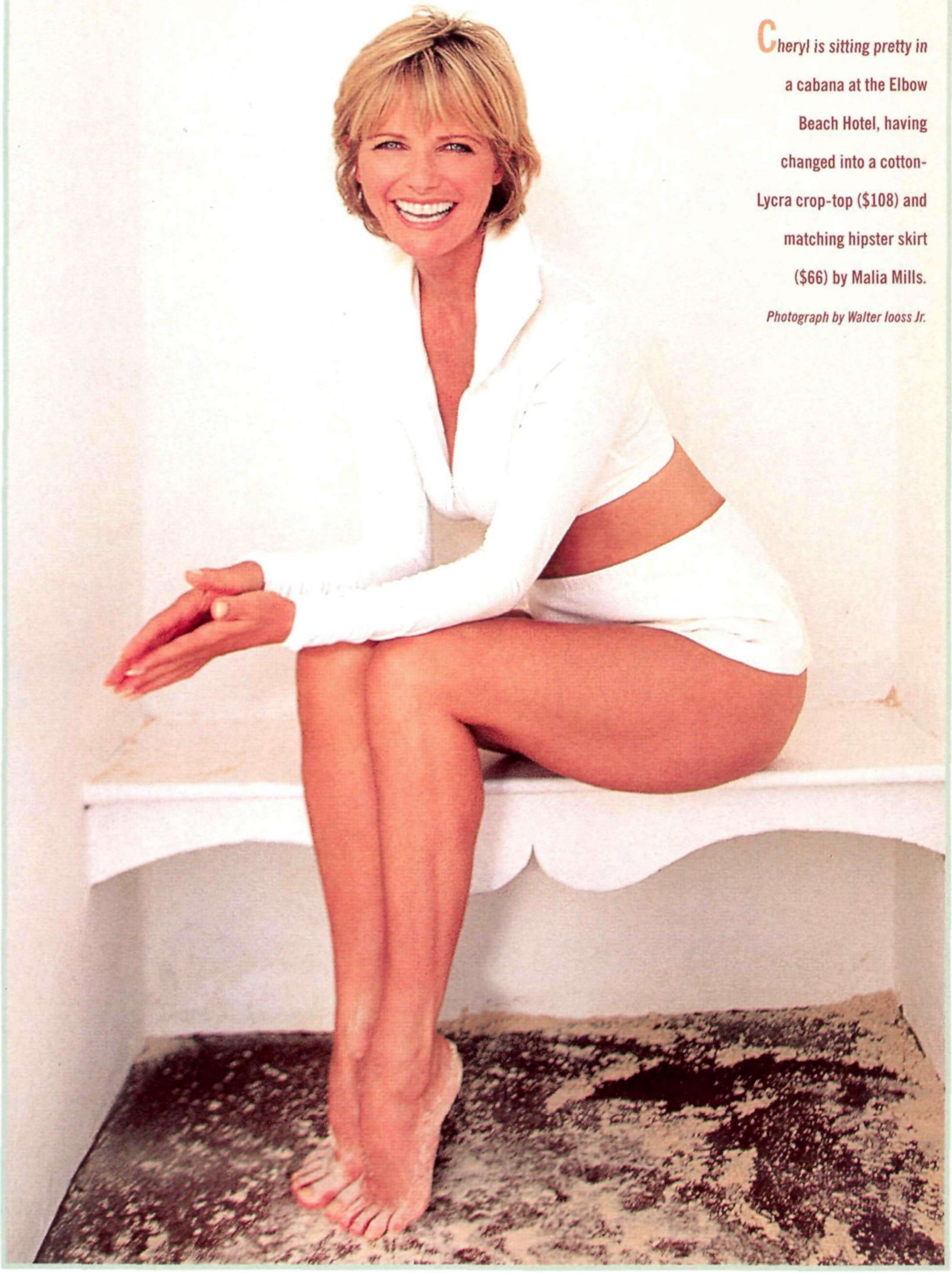
Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr. (opposite) and Mike Reinhardt

Clouds may be rolling in behind her, but Cheryl Tiegs shines like the sun in a minipleated Lycra maillot by Gottex ($106).

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

The statuesque Manon, in a satin Malia Mills bikini ($116), makes Stockdale House, a landmark on St. George's Island, an even more popular tourist attraction.

Photograph by Walter looss Jr.



Cheryl is sitting pretty in a cabana at the Elbow Beach Hotel, having changed into a cotton-Lycra crop-top ($108) and matching hipster skirt ($66) by Malia Mills.

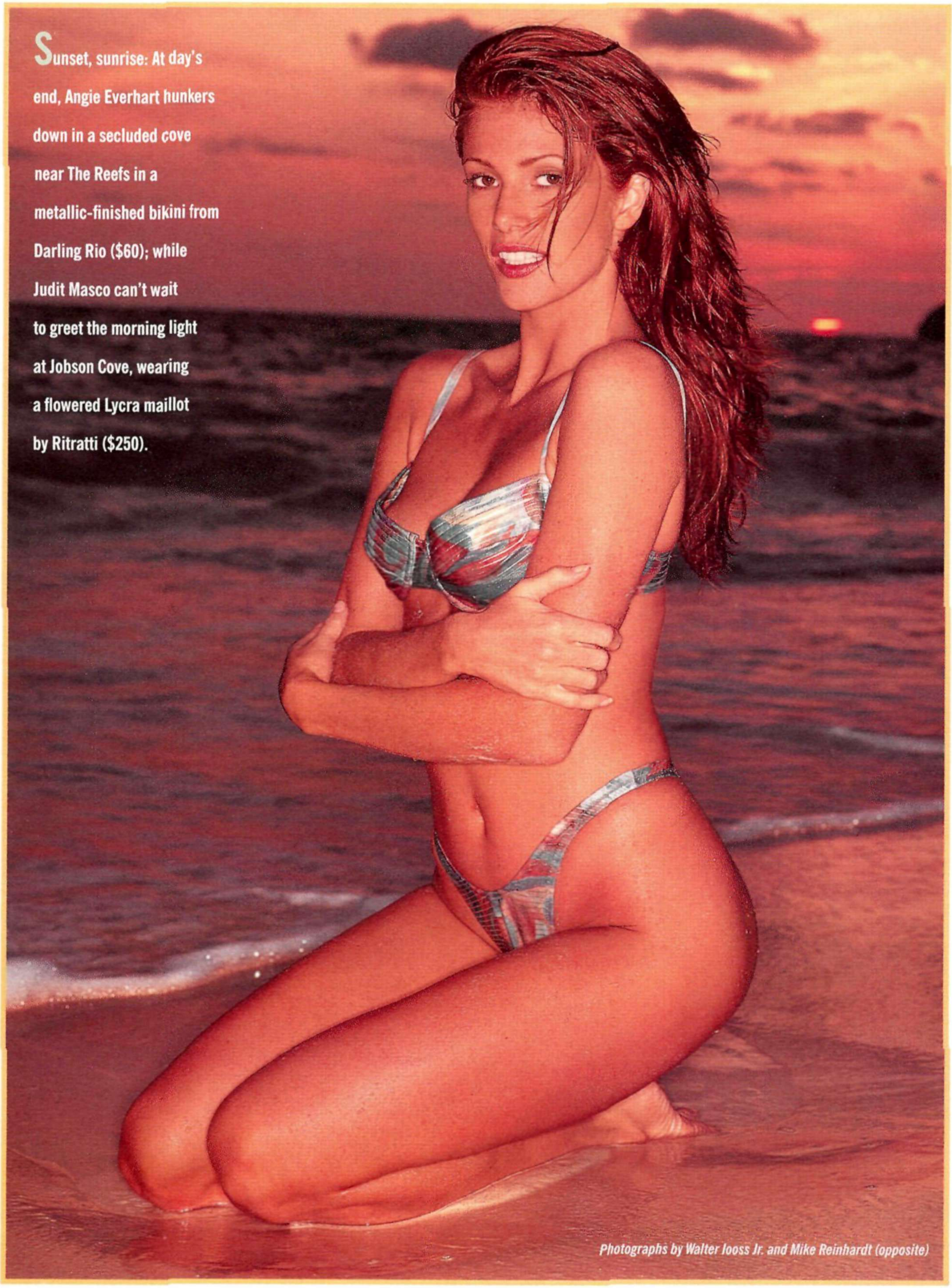
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Samuda

Though she's obviously no *hayseed, Vendela looks* downright down-home on St. George's in a fetching, overall-inspired gingham-checked Lycra suit by Spot Swim ($65).

Photograph by Mike Reinhardt

Sunset, sunrise: At day's end, Angie Everhart hunkers down in a secluded cove near The Reefs in a metallic-finished bikini from Darling Rio ($60); while Judit Masco can't wait to greet the morning light at Jobson Cove, wearing a flowered Lycra maillot by Ritratti ($250).



Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr. and Mike Reinhardt (opposite)

A tranquil afternoon on the cool sand at Jobson Cove comes to an end for Manon, in a Lycra bikini by Gottex ($86), when the crystal water of the Atlantic invades her space.

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

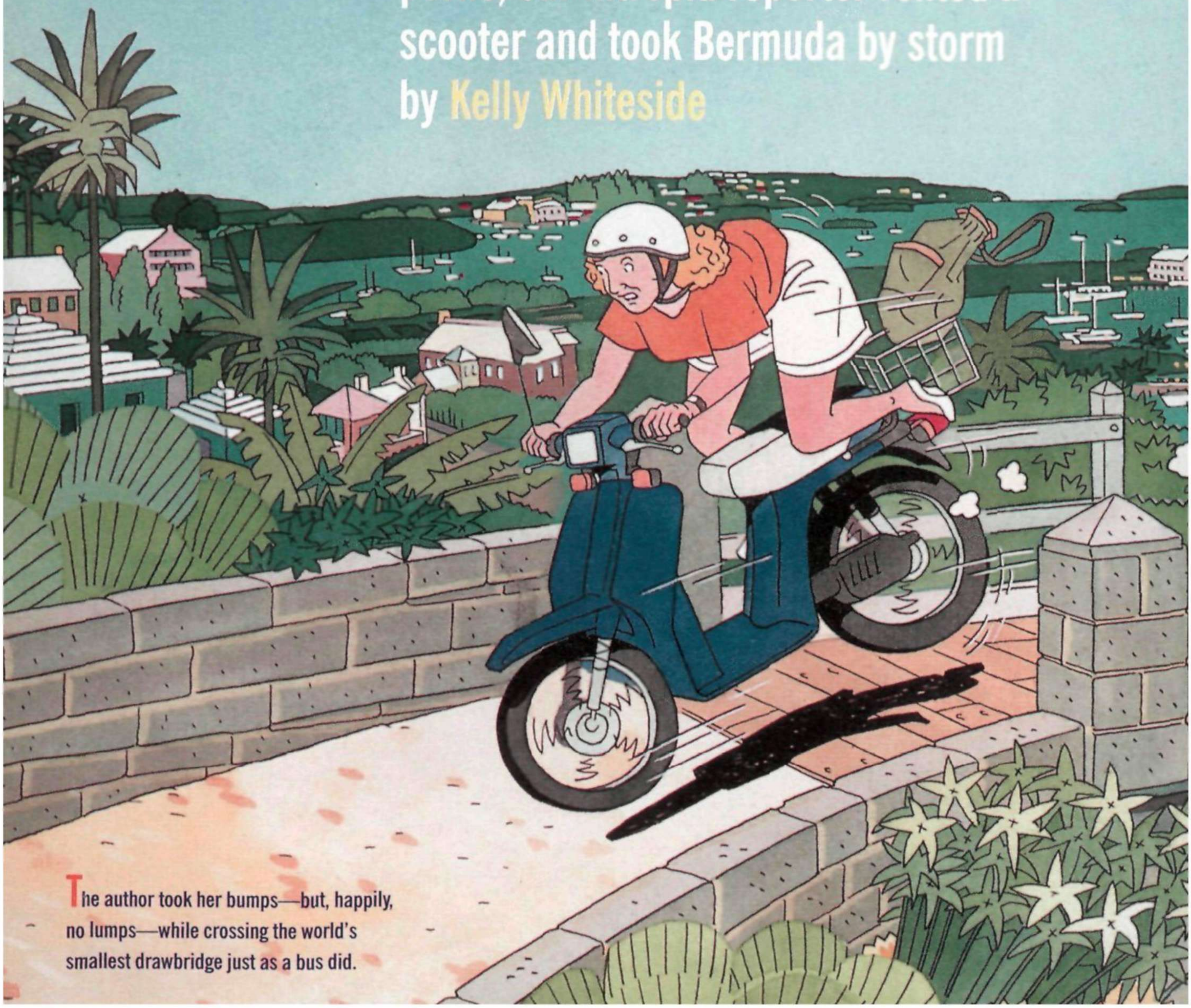
With this much gold lying around, why waste time looking for buried treasure? Vendela looks rich in crop-top ($142) and leggings ($118) by Gottex.

Photograph by Mike Reinhardt

THE ONLY WAY TO GO

Risking life, limb, road rash and other perils, our intrepid reporter rented a scooter and took Bermuda by storm

by Kelly Whiteside



The author took her bumps—but, happily, no lumps—while crossing the world's smallest drawbridge just as a bus did.

Disaster is in the air, swirling like a tempest, and I am about to enter the storm, or so I'm told. I am about to tour Bermuda on a motor scooter. The forecast: probable scrapes and scratches, with the likelihood of a sprain and a chance of broken bones.

Before I leave home, I mention my assignment to a few friends.

"I'm sorry," says one.

"Brave soul," says another.

One wiseacre, a betting man, takes out his wallet and places a wager: "Five to 1, scraped knees; 10 to 1, knees and elbows;

Illustrations by Daniel Torres

20 to 1, hard cast." Now the pressure is on. If I return in anything less than a body cast, it will be a major achievement. As a former soccer, basketball and softball player, I have broken all my fingers (but not my thumbs), fractured my nose twice, torn the anterior cruciate ligament and some cartilage in my right knee and ruptured a disk in my neck. My body is marked with small scars from my right heel (my foot got caught in the spokes of a bike—it's a long story) to my forehead (a collision with a piano—don't ask) and back down to my left shin (a trip over second base while coaching a Little League team—embarrassing, I know).

Considering my medical history, the consensus recommendation is, "Ditch the scooter and take a cab."

Just what is it about Bermuda, a tiny archipelago 600 miles off the coast of North Carolina, that evokes such an admonition? For starters, Christopher Columbus sailed past the uncharted islands on his voyage to the New World in 1492, and in his log he wrote of "a great flame of fire" (a shooting star, most likely), not to mention the strange movement of the needle on his compass.

Spanish explorer Juan de Bermúdez is credited with discovering the islands around 1503, but, perhaps frightened, he decided not to land there. Later in the 16th century visiting conquistadores warned that evil spirits and wild hogs inhabited Bermuda, which at the time was also known as "The Devills Islands."

Bermuda's first settlers arrived by accident in 1609 when the British vessel *Sea Venture*, which was on its way to Jamestown, Va., was caught in a tempest and crashed on a craggy reef. One passenger described the islands in his diary as an area "so terrible to all that ever touched on them—such tempests, thunders, and other fearful objects are seen and heard about those islands that they are called The Devills Islands, feared and avoided by all sea travellers above any place in the world."

A few years later, after having read about the shipwreck, William Shakespeare wrote of the "still-vexed Bermoothes" in *The Tempest*, and the island, a "fearful country," served in part as the setting for the play.

Now, I understand, the fearful objects running about Bermuda like so many wild hogs are motor scooters.

Only a Shakespearean fool would ride a scooter on a tiny island that is teeming with tourists who are likewise riding such conveyances for the first time; a tiny island that is overrun by Americans who are not accustomed to motoring on the left side of the road; a tiny island that is full of narrow, winding roads lined by stone walls and dotted with treacherous traffic circles . . . a tiny island, only 21 miles long, where accidents are bound to happen.

All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement
Inhabits here.
—*The Tempest* (Act V, Scene 1)

TORMENT AND TROUBLE

It is a typical taxi-driver-to-tourist conversation, meandering from "Where you from?" to "First time on the island?" to "On business?" as the minivan snakes along the narrow roads of Bermuda during the 20-minute drive from the airport to the Elbow Beach Hotel. As soon as I tell the cabbie about my assignment, he abruptly changes the subject, dropping talk of Bermuda's pastel houses, its tranquil aquamarine waters, its British roots and the warmth of its people. Now he is spinning bone-chilling tales about traffic accidents, the sort of stories that the tow-truck drivers who service the Autobahn must tell, each account—"Then the bike slid under the taxi, and the axle . . ."—more ghastly than the last. Who gave Stephen King license to drive *Christine* around Bermuda, I want to know?

"Please be careful, luv," the driver pleads, addressing my reflection in his rearview mirror, a visage suddenly a shade paler. As the minivan approaches my hotel, the cabbie points out a bend in the road and tells a cautionary tale. Soon after dropping off two honeymooners at the hotel recently, he saw the couple tangled in a wreck on the side of the road.

"She was a beautiful girl, about your age," he says, shaking his head. "It's a shame she lost all her teeth."

To an accident-prone visitor the cabbie's horror stories were the stuff of fear and loathing.

I can ignore torment from friends, but hearing horror stories from the Bermuda locals is unnerving, to say the least. "Are you planning to wear those sandals?" asks Dolores Thomas, who runs the Elbow Beach Cycle Livery and is known as Mrs. T. "One man wearing sandals last week accelerated straight into a truck, and his toe went one way and the rest of his foot another. Oooh, I had a face ache for a week."

Mrs. T puts the scooter-rental con-

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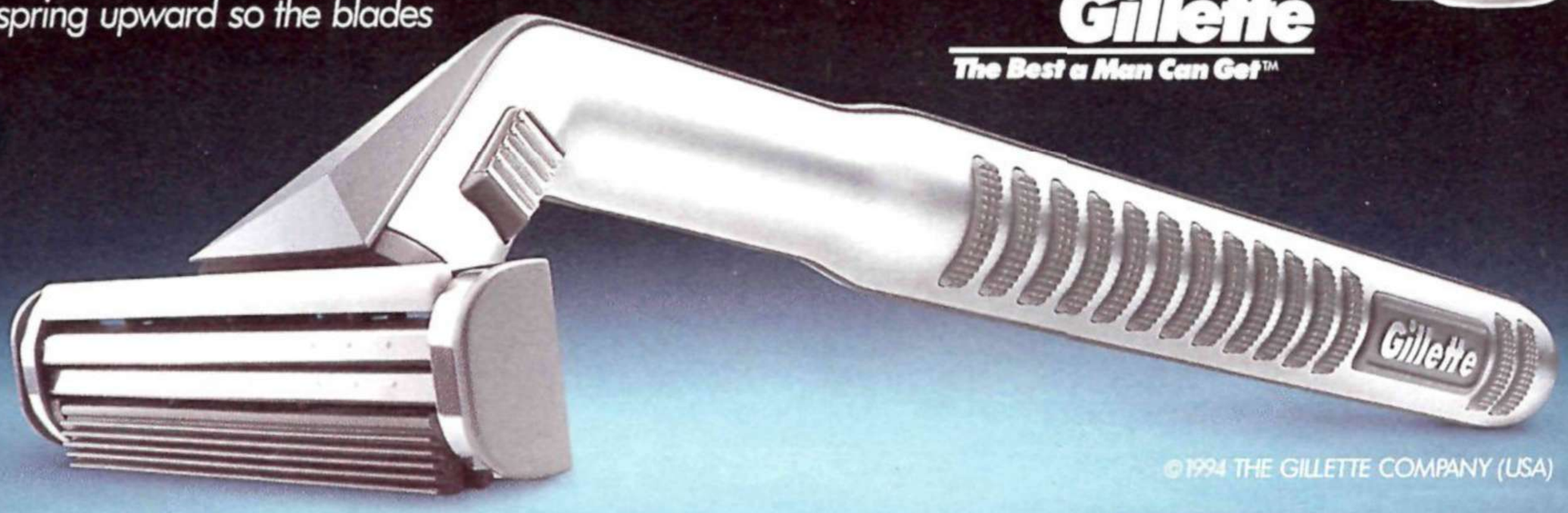

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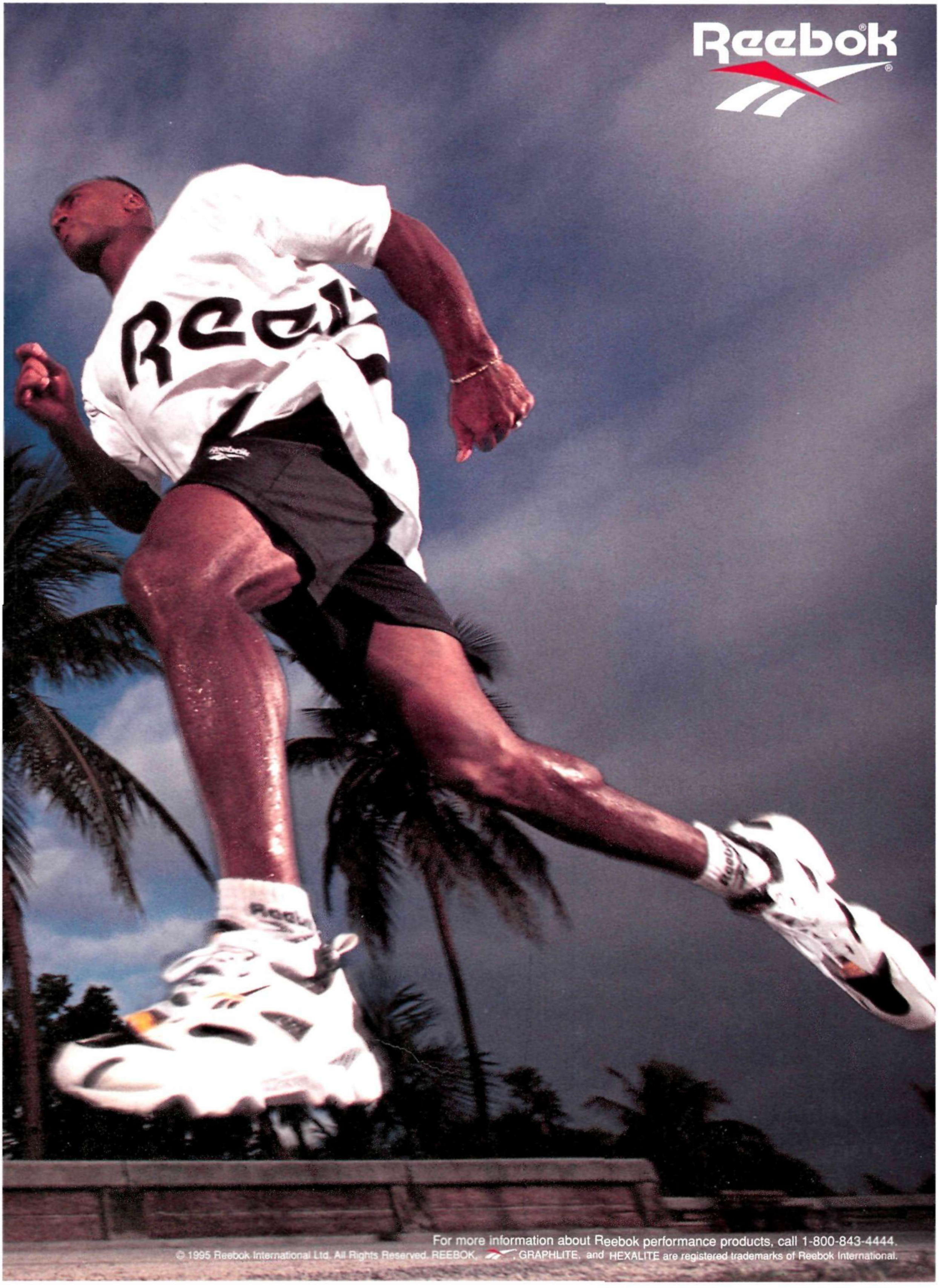
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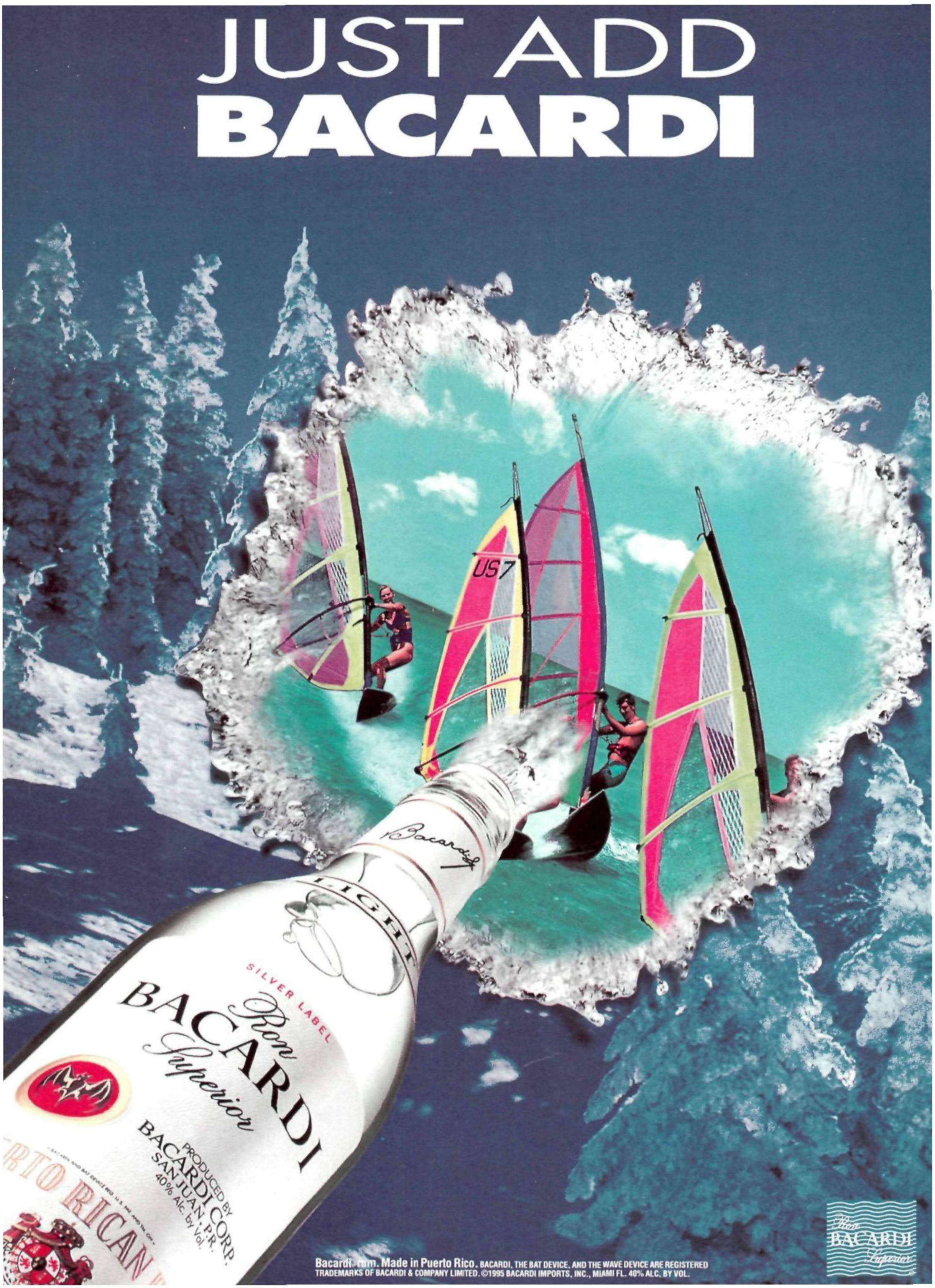


tract in front of me. "Read and sign, thank you," she says. Upon close inspection, I learn, "This document . . . excludes all liability on the part of the hirer for any loss or damage that the rider may suffer either as a consequence of any action or any act or omission of the hirer, blah, blah, blah. . . ."

Legal jargon aside, the terms I agree to are thus: If I end up a hood ornament on one of the public buses, I pay the bill. If I am given a cycle with faulty brakes and I accidentally run over, say, a toy poodle, I pay the bill. If my instructor tells me, "You don't need a helmet. This ain't no livery for the lily-livered," and I return home with a pavement-induced lobotomy, I pay the bill.

But I *do* have third-party insurance, explains Mrs. T. What third party, I ask, since my tour of Bermuda will be a party for one. She says the third party would be any person I injure. In other words, all of Bermuda is protected from me.

Mrs. T also hands me a brochure entitled *Road Rash . . . Don't take this souvenir home with you!* It warns, "Road rash occurs when you fall off your moped and an unprotected part of your body is scraped by the road (or a wall). . . . Serious road rash can ruin your vacation." Motorists travel on the left in Bermuda, which is why road rash is a popular souvenir among American tourists.

My instructor, Miguel Swan, is waiting at the practice area with my scooter, a zippy new Honda City Express with a shiny coat of royal-blue paint. The difference between a moped and a scooter is like the difference between an economy car and full-sized coupe. A scooter has comfy footrests instead of pedals and a luxurious seat seemingly long enough to accommodate a family of four. With a 50-cc engine, a scooter has more power than a moped. However, compared with a hog, a scooter is a mere pork chop. Scooters reach a speed of 30 to 35 mph, at best.

The practice area is actually one of the hotel's parking lots, complete with trees and parked cars. What is left of a hedge lines one side of the lot. Pointing to cavities in the shrubbery, Miguel says, "That one over there is Tracy. That one over there is James. Over there is Bill. I name each hole after people who have gone into the hedge.

"Oooh, and honeymooners," he adds, shaking his head, "they're the worst."

Miguel, who is wearing a University of North Carolina cap and a mechanic's jumpsuit, reels off stories about starry-eyed couples that bear out this assessment. "Men try to show off in front of their ladies," says Miguel. "I had a policeman from California who said he knew how to operate one of these bikes. Going around the curve in the practice lot, he smacked into a new sports car and landed on top of the car's roof!"

The many mishaps of my past flash before my eyes as I ride the scooter around the parking lot, mindful of the sports car parked to my right, aware of the hedge ahead. The brakes squeal as I go around the bend, carefully avoiding induction into the shrub wall of fame. As soon as my performance meets Miguel's approval, I am free to explore.

My maiden journey is to the beaches of the south shore: Coral Beach, Astwood Park, Jobson Cove and Horseshoe Bay. Waiting to make my first right turn, I nearly give myself whiplash—look right, look left, look right, left, right, left—before I dart into traffic. My white crash helmet muffles the sound of my screeching brakes, the hornet's buzz of the motor and the *beep-beep* greeting that Bermudians extend to one another on the road. Even though everyone wearing a white helmet looks like Newt Gingrich, no one ventures onto these winding roads without the required headgear.

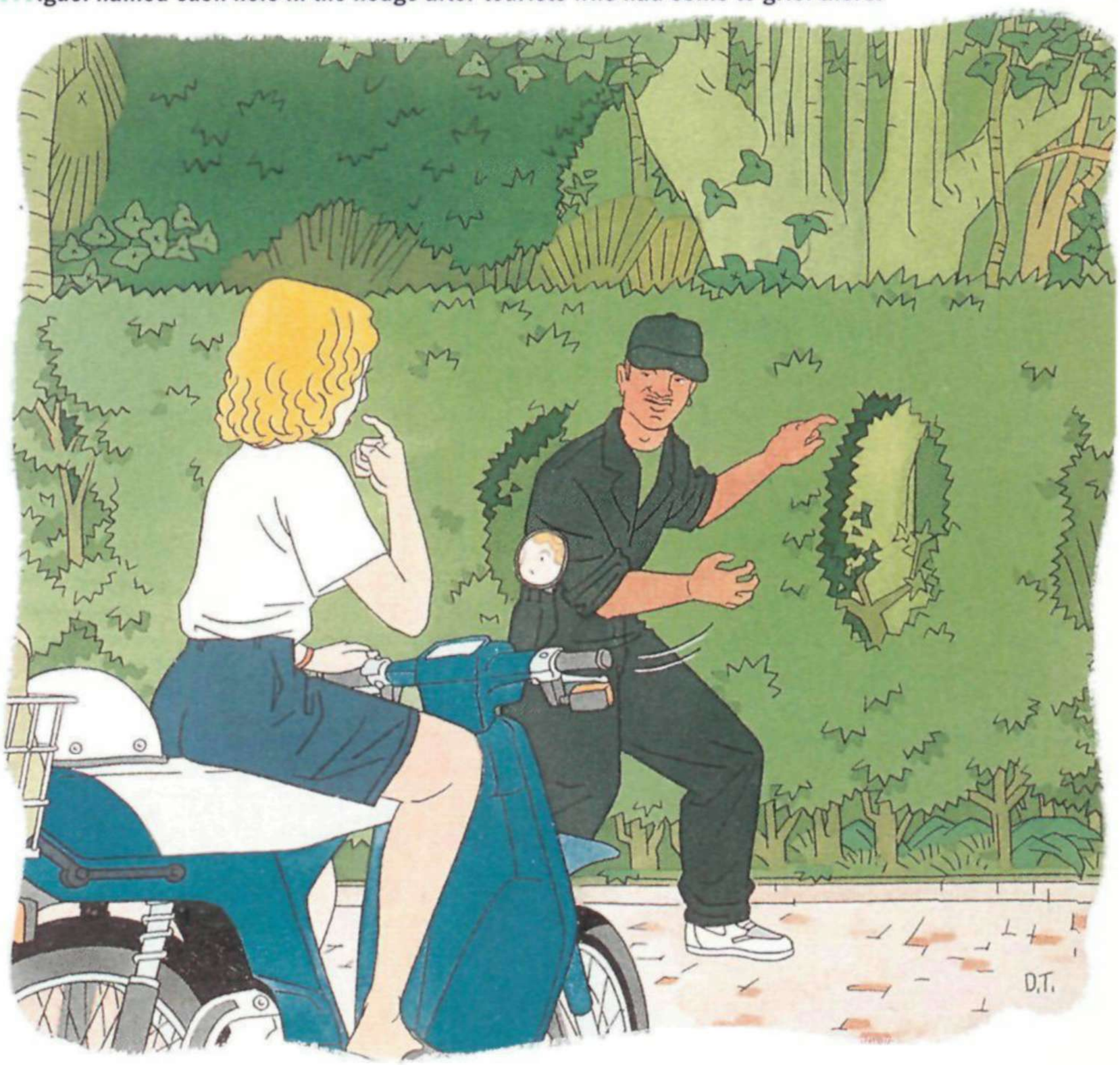
I pass limestone cottages painted robin's-egg blue, cotton-candy pink, canary yellow and jelly-bean green—apparently the Easter Bunny owns the only paint brush in town. Since I can't fully appreciate the otherworldly blue of the ocean as I nervously steal glances into my side-view mirror, I park and walk down to the beach.

Mark Twain, who was a frequent visitor to these shores, wrote that Bermuda was the "right country for a jaded man to loaf in." On this late afternoon there are still a few loafers on the beach at Horseshoe Bay. Most stare off into the sinking sun; others walk along the beach, sinking their feet into the preposterously pink sand.

Just before stretching out on the sand myself, I remember what Vince Cann, a well-known Bermudian guide, told me earlier in the day. He said that the sand's color had something to do with, uh, parrot fish waste. But I dismiss that theory and sprawl across the pink blanket, satisfying myself with the more conventional explanation: To make pink sand, take one part crushed seashell, one part ground coral reef. Add white sand. Mix well. Enjoy.

At dusk the watercolors of an impressionist's palette fill the sky's canvas as the single beam of my headlight guides me back to the hotel. Once I park and take off my helmet, the sounds of the night rush in.

Miguel named each hole in the hedge after tourists who had come to grief there.

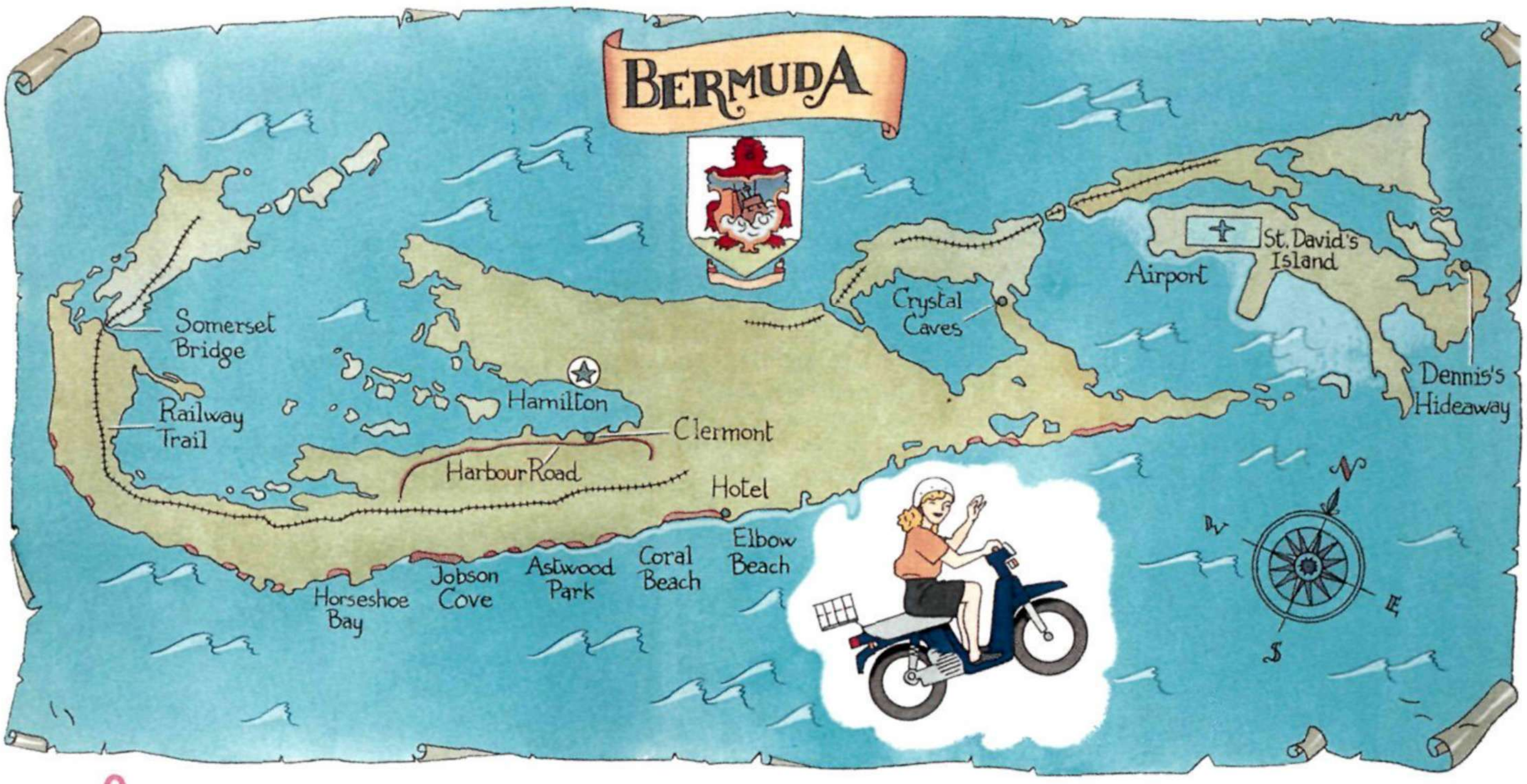


BERMUDA

There is a piercing whistle, the same pitch as the brakes of my scooter, coming from a nearby bush on my right. As I walk toward the bush, the whistling stops, and then I hear the sound to my left. When I shuffle in that direction, the whistling stops and I hear the sound behind me.

The soloist is soon accompanied by an entire choir. I jerk the handlebars of my scooter toward the thick brush, and like a constable who has spotted two honeymooners parked on the side of the road, I shine my bright headlight on the brush . . . and find nothing.

I later learn that these shy crooners are whistling frogs, nocturnal creatures the size of a thumbnail. In tribute to these lilliputians of the lily pads, I christen my scooter *Whistling Dixie*.



Once known as The Devills Islands, Bermuda is hospitable to modern explorers.

If I'm going to contract road rash, it will be on a 10-minute trip to Hamilton, the capital of the archipelago. Unfortunately, stone walls line most of Bermuda's roads. They are sometimes camouflaged by morning glory, nasturtium or thistle, but beneath the flora is unforgiving stone. On two blind curves, I come perilously close to being etched in granite, a veritable Mount Rashmore, if you will.

Another threat to my well-being is the "roundabout." The Bermuda Triangle has nothing on the treacherous Bermuda Circle. From afar, these traffic circles seem innocent enough, festooned in the center with beds of yellow and orange perennials—but looks are deceiving.

"Give way to traffic already on the roundabout, coming from your right," my Road Rash brochure instructs. "Ensure that you do not become a road accident statistic." (Five tourists have died in the last four years in moped and scooter accidents, and more than 2,000 visitors have reported injuries during that time. The brochure doesn't tell me this; a call placed to the Bermuda Road Safety Council does.)

To ensure that I do not become a statistic, I look right and give enormous way on the first roundabout. At the second circle I come to, I go around and around as if on a carousel, orbiting the perennials once, then twice. Finally when there are no cars in my general vicinity, I go for the brass ring. I veer to my left and enter downtown Hamilton, unscathed.

Hamilton is a place where businessmen, government leaders, and tourists with ample cash to spend all converge. At lunchtime knobby-kneed men walk briskly along the store-lined streets, wearing sport jackets, ties and Bermuda shorts with socks pulled high, almost to the knee. In most other parts of the world, only the fashion-impaired would wear shorts with black socks, but since temperatures in Bermuda range from 75° to 90° from May to October, fashion takes a backseat to common sense. Bermuda shorts have been part of the national wardrobe for nearly 100 years, ever since members of the British military stationed in Bermuda first snipped their trousers at the knees to beat the heat.

While Bermuda, a self-governing British colony, shares England's system of government and allegiance to the crown and a few of the mother country's penchants (pints and pub food, afternoon tea and cricket, for instance), Bermuda has plenty of its own, unique customs. A traditional Bermudian breakfast consists of codfish, bananas and potatoes. On Good Friday, young and old spend the day flying kites. One peculiar practice entails placing oil from a shark's liver in a bottle outdoors to predict the weather. ("When the shark-liver oil is clear, it will be a clear day," explained Cann, he of the parrotfish-waste-pink-sand theory. "When it is cloudy, stormy weather is expected.")

Before leaving Hamilton, I pass a woman who is barely visible behind the Trimingham's shopping bag on her lap. She is slumped in a wheelchair and her leg is in a cast—perhaps the victim of a scooter accident? Interpreting this chance encounter as an omen, I take extra care when approaching the roundabouts.

WONDER AND AMAZEMENT

My wanderlust has led me to Dennis's Hideaway, a popular seafood restaurant for authentic Bermudian food, or so I'm

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Dennis served up the works, plus a helping of St. David's lore on the side, at his seafood hideaway.

told. I wonder if it's possible to be a hideaway and a hot spot at the same time. "In all my years of driving, a tourist has never asked me to go to Dennis's," a taxi driver tells me when I ask directions to the restaurant, which is located on St. David's Island, at the eastern end of the archipelago.

When I poke my head into the small pink shack that is Dennis's Hideaway, I discover that I am the only customer. And they are expecting me. I had made reservations. A very large man in an undershirt and tan shorts, the band of his boxers sticking out, greets me at the door. "I know, it's like meeting two of me," Dennis says. "Welcome."

Plastic floral tablecloths cover the wooden picnic tables. Dennis hands me a menu that boasts of "Lobester [sic] dinners" and introduces me to his son Graham, who is the head cook. I search the menu for something familiar. Normally, I do not eat types of seafood that wouldn't be found at, say, a Red *Lobester* restaurant.

"You'll have the works?" Dennis says.

"Well. . . ."

Graham puts a plastic plate with a piece of toast cut into four triangles in front of me. On top of each triangle is something lumpy and yellow. "Here's Jaws," Graham says, without cracking a smile. "It's our specialty. Shark hash."

"What's in it?"

"Never mind," he says.

Planes, boats and people disappear in the Bermuda Triangle, but a Bermuda Toast Triangle vanishing into thin air? I should be so lucky.

Plates and bowls of conch fritters, mussel stew, conch stew, fish chowder—and these are just the appetizers—are brought to me. Dennis and Graham sit at an adjacent table and study my reaction to every dish. Since I do not want to offend my gracious hosts, I do my best to sample all that is put before me, though it is difficult to eat everything that swims in the Atlantic in one sitting.

Throughout dinner—a feast of fried fish, conch steak, shark steak, shrimp and scallops—Dennis Lamb, who is of Mohawk descent, tells stories from his 69 years on St. David's. "This is unlike every other place in Bermuda. Every place else is concrete and filled with cars," he says. Dennis has never driven a car or ridden a moped. When he has to leave St. David's, he takes a bus.

To Dennis's eternal regret, cars and mopeds were first allowed in Bermuda for public use when the Motor Car Act of 1946 was passed. This law restricted the size of cars, set a speed limit of 20 mph and limited each household to one car, which explains why there is no such thing as a two-car garage in Bermuda.

When the Motor Car Act was passed, proponents of the bill claimed there would never be more than 500 cars on the island. By 1960 there were 5,000. At last count there were close to 20,000 cars, and even more scooters and mopeds.

However, the 500,000 tourists who visit Bermuda each year cannot rent cars. If Avis or Hertz were allowed to set up shop, the islands would resemble the Mall of America's parking lot.

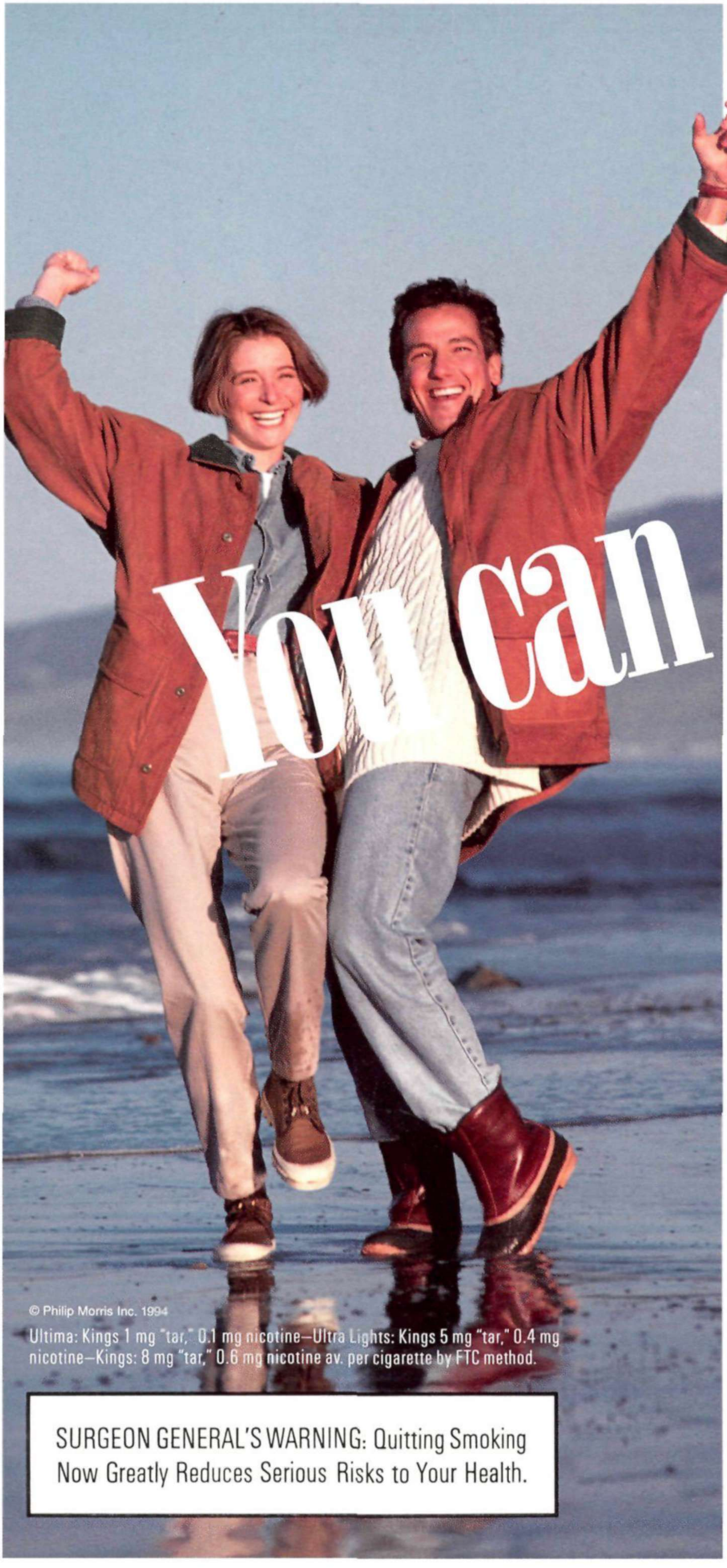
The outer reaches of St. David's, where Dennis's is located, is special because its pace has remained virtually unaffected by the arrival of the internal combustion engine. "This is my town," Dennis says proudly. "This is Bermuda."

Cars became necessary when World War II brought U.S. military bases to Bermuda, and when the Bermuda Railway became too expensive to run and fell into disrepair. The route of the Rattle and Shake, as the railroad was known, is now a deserted trail that is perfect for sightseeing. Scooters are permitted on the western end of the trail, which is where Whistling Dixie and I were headed next.

The sweet scent of oleander and the inflections of the open road are lost on anyone exploring the island in a hermetically sealed vehicle. Traveling by car certainly has its advantages—seat belts and air bags, for starters—but if fresh air and a heightened state of consciousness are what you're after, then a scooter is the vehicle for you.

Heading north on the railway trail, I pass a very old man with a very long beard, buzzing along on a red moped in the opposite direction. The bill of his fisherman's cap pokes out from his helmet and a pipe hangs from the corner of his mouth. As I continue down the road, I ride into the lingering aroma of his tobacco.

The west end of the island is a rural area full of sleepy villages, small farms and fish-



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ermen's coves. Except for the Royal Naval Dockyard, which was home to a small part of the British Royal Navy for 130 years and is now a tourist attraction with shops, restaurants and a museum, not much has changed over the years. Not even a brief brush with Hollywood altered the west end's quaintness. According to my brochure, "Somerset Village looks much the same as it did in 1962, when it was featured in *That Touch of Mink* starring Cary Grant and Doris Day."

On my return trip to Elbow Beach, I ride over Somerset Bridge, reputedly the smallest drawbridge in the world, with a 22-inch opening, just wide enough for the mast of a sailboat. As I'm crossing, a big pink bus speeds over the bridge planks, bouncing Whistling Dixie like a basketball on a hardwood floor. Though a bit rattled and shaken, I am still unscathed.

My next venture is to the Crystal Caves, which were discovered in 1908 by two boys who were searching down a hole for a lost cricket ball. Instead they found a crystal cathedral of stalactites and stalagmites, and a sparkling blue lake, nearly 100 feet underground. All that Alice, of Wonderland fame, found when she chased a rabbit down a hole were a few crackpots at a tea party and a madcap Queen of Hearts who had a penchant for croquet.

"The boys never did find their cricket ball," Colin, a tour guide, tells a group of visitors. He points out the odd shapes that stalactites and stalagmites have taken over the course of centuries. "Jesus Christ is on the left," he says. "A French poodle sitting up is on your right. There's a totem pole. Looks like organ pipes there. Tombstones of a cemetery. See the reflection in the pool? Looks like the Manhattan skyline."

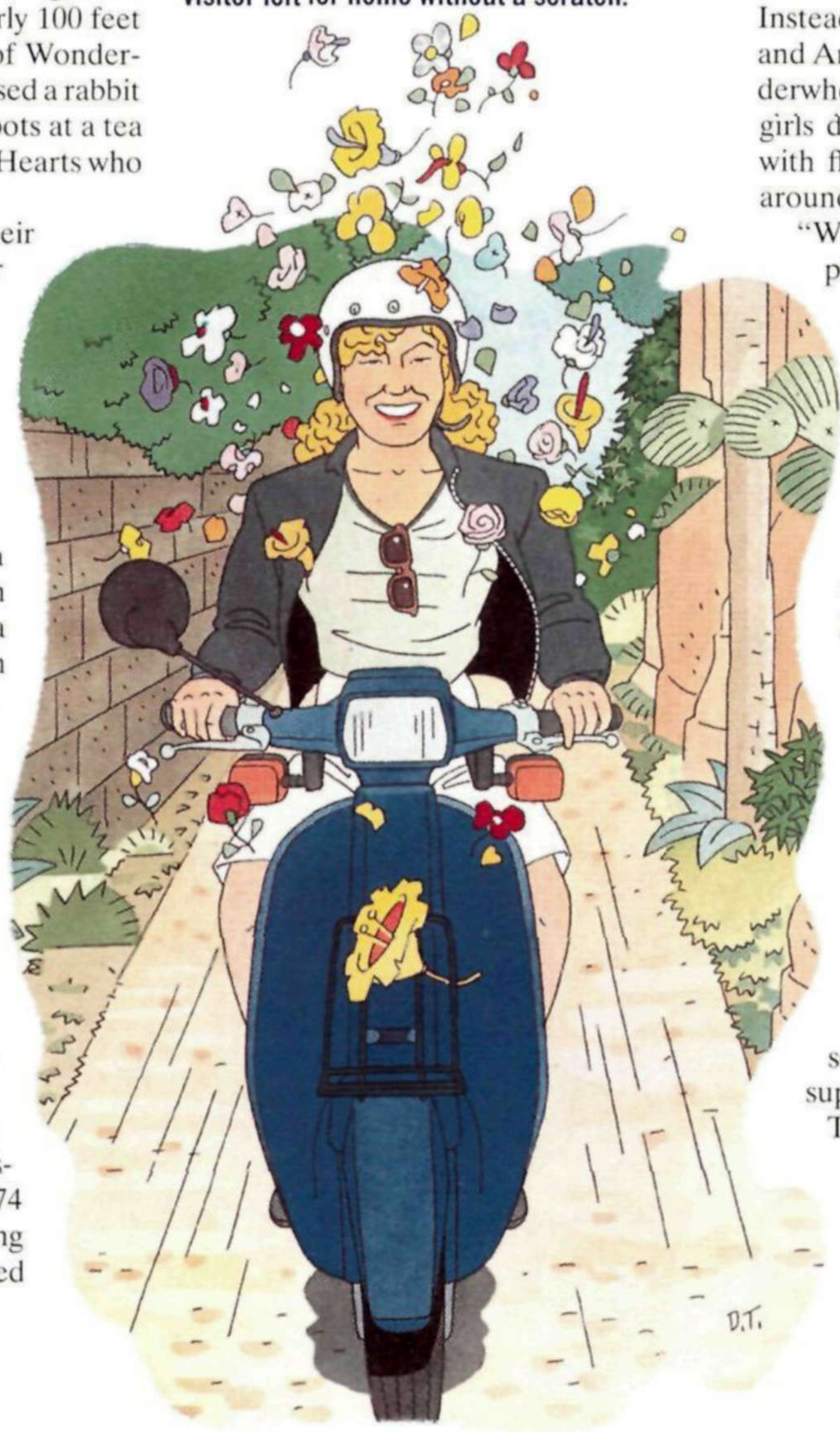
Perhaps there are more curious things to see on Bermuda than the first tennis court ever built in the Western Hemisphere, but being a fan of such things, I have saved this trip for last.

Supposedly, the tennis court is at a house called Clermont, somewhere along Harbour Road on the main island. It was on this court in 1874 that Mary Outerbridge, a young woman from New York, learned to play the game while vacationing here. (Lawn tennis was invented in 1860 in England and later was brought to Bermuda.) As the story goes, Outerbridge returned to the U.S. with rackets, nets and balls and had the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club construct a court on its grounds. Thus, Outerbridge helped to introduce tennis to the U.S.

As I ride along Harbour Road, I assume that I will run smack into a giant billboard that reads BIRTHPLACE OF TENNIS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. But I am deluded by my American sensibilities; this is not Graceland, I remind myself.

Bermuda is an island of understatement. Though the country is invaded by a horde of visitors, primarily American, on a daily basis, it is largely untouched by the tackiness of tourism. As a litmus test of sorts, I combed the island all week for a shirt that read MY AUNT WENT TO BERMUDA AND ALL SHE BROUGHT HOME WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT. I didn't find one.

After a flowery send-off, a once fearful visitor left for home without a scratch.



(The kitschiest gift I purchased was a *Sounds of the Night* cassette tape, featuring a band of four whistling frogs—John, Paul, George and Eddy.)

Anyway, after several trips up and down Harbour Road, I find no billboard, no sign of Clermont and no one who even knows the Clermont address. After nearly colliding with another scooter while making an illegal U-turn—however, I am still unscathed!—I pull to the side of the road, park my scooter and start searching for clues on foot.

Like a Mormon on a mission, I go from door to door until at last I discover a small sign, the size of a moped license plate, lodged in a hedge. CLERMONT, it reads. Behind the hedge is a majestic house, painted the color of a clay court, and behind the house—at the very site of the first tennis court in the Western Hemisphere, at the exact spot where the godmother of American tennis hit her first forehand—there is a . . . *croquet lawn*?

I half expect the Queen of Hearts and Alice, with her flamingo mallet, to appear and challenge me to a game of croquet. Instead, I encounter two little girls, Zoe and Anna, who brighten an otherwise underwhelming final adventure. The two girls decide to decorate Whistling Dixie with flowers, and they secure the stems around the handlebars.

"Well, isn't it prit-tay?" says Zoe, quite pleased with her floral arrangement.

Quite, I tell her.

I leave a trail of petals in my wake as I head back to the cycle livery and say goodbye to Mrs. T, Miguel and my trusty machine. I remove the only flower that weathered the ride, a yellow morning glory that was wedged between wires below the headlight. As dusk settles in, the whistling frogs give me a proper send-off, a sweet serenade.

"Anything to declare?" the customs officer asks at the Bermuda airport.

I take a quick inventory: There has been much torment, little trouble, much to wonder, and much to my amazement, I have broken no bones and all my incisors are intact. I have weathered this supposed tempest.

The officer inspects my customs form and awaits my answer.

I delicately place my morning glory on the counter. "Just this." ■

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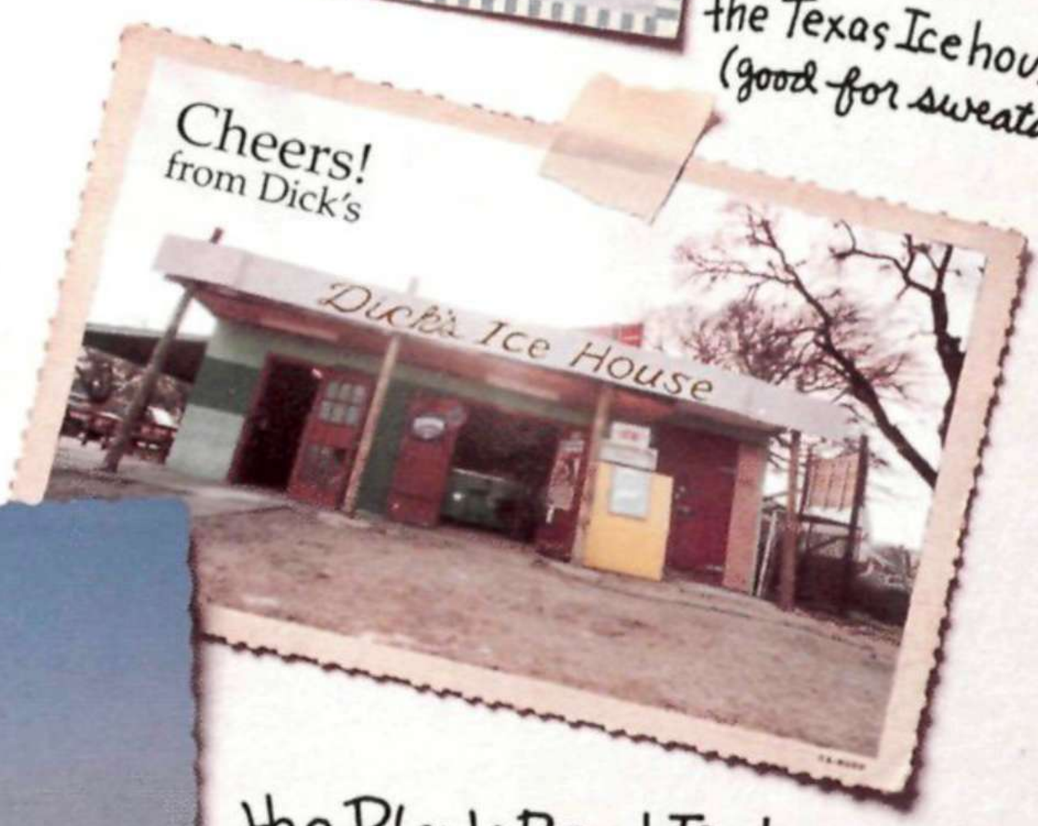

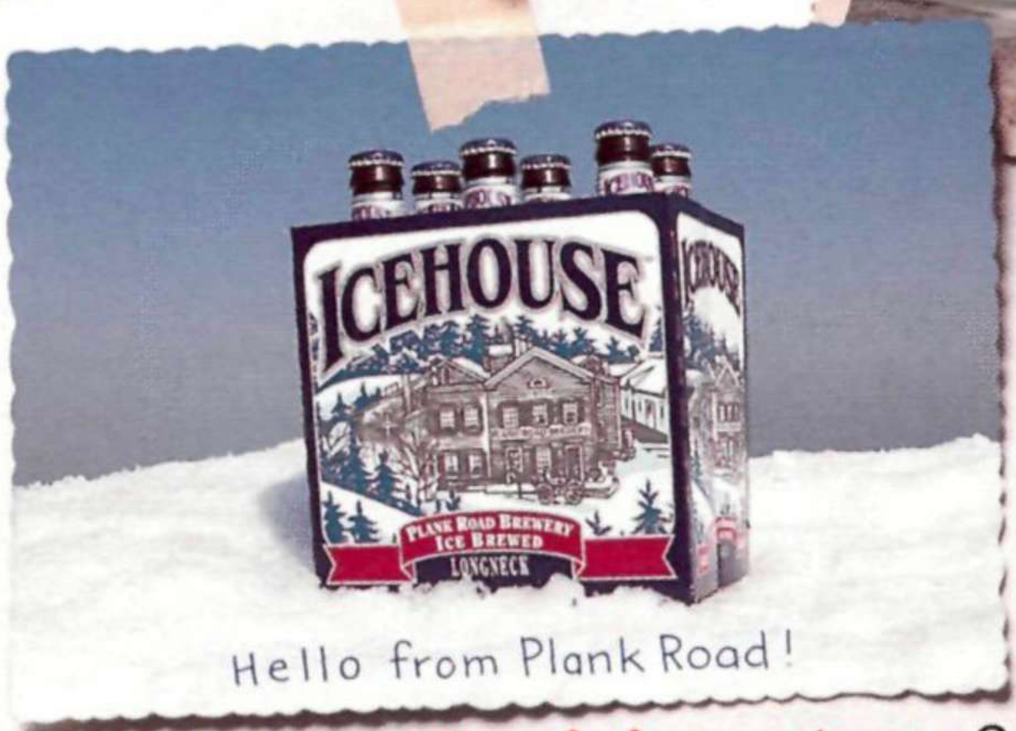

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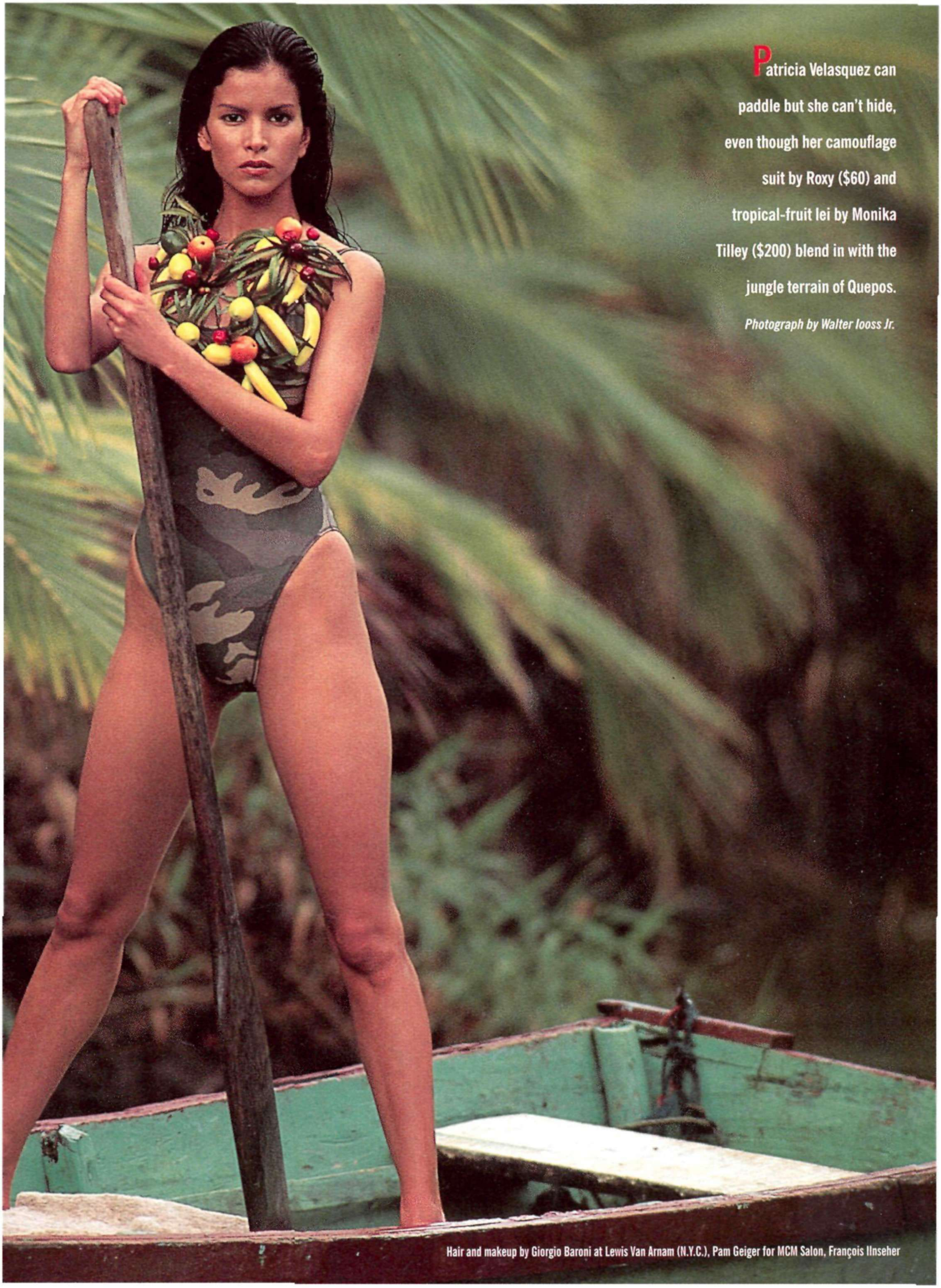


Patricia Velasquez can paddle but she can't hide, even though her camouflage suit by Roxy ($60) and tropical-fruit lei by Monika Tilley ($200) blend in with the jungle terrain of Quepos.

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Hair and makeup by Giorgio Baroni at Lewis Van Arnam (N.Y.C.), Pam Geiger for MCM Salon, François Ilnseher

Brace yourself! Stacey Williams tugs at your heartstrings while wearing a suspender suit by Shok ($28)—and optional T-shirt—poolside at Villa Caletas in Jaco.

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

As she flies across the beach of the Faro Escondido resort, Patricia makes like Peter Pan with no strings attached—except those on a bikini by Darling Rio ($42).

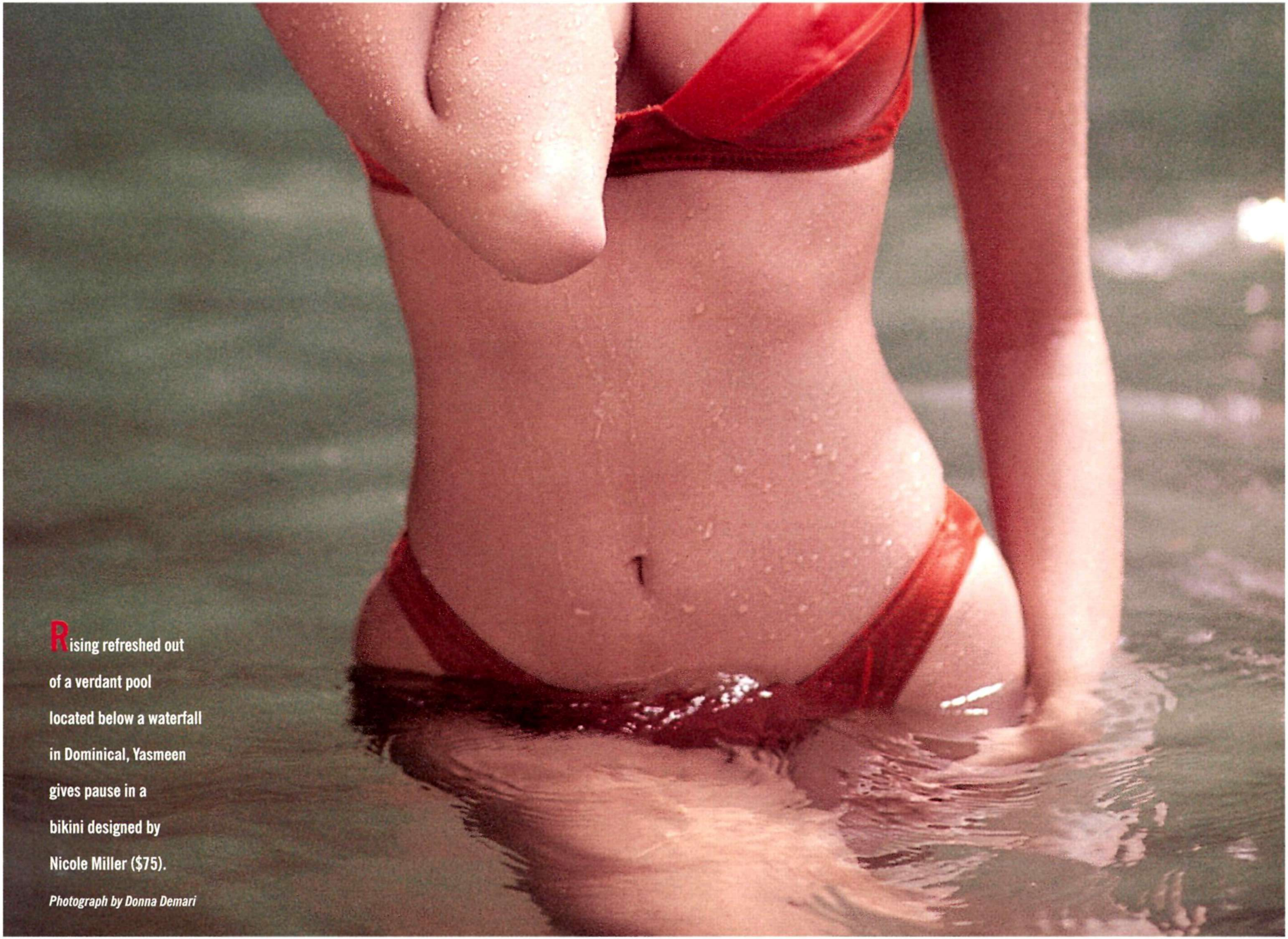
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Stacey tries to palm herself off as a woman of mystery at Casa de Jaime in Dominical. But her bikini by Darling Rio ($54) leaves scant few of her secrets unrevealed.

Photograph by Donna Demari

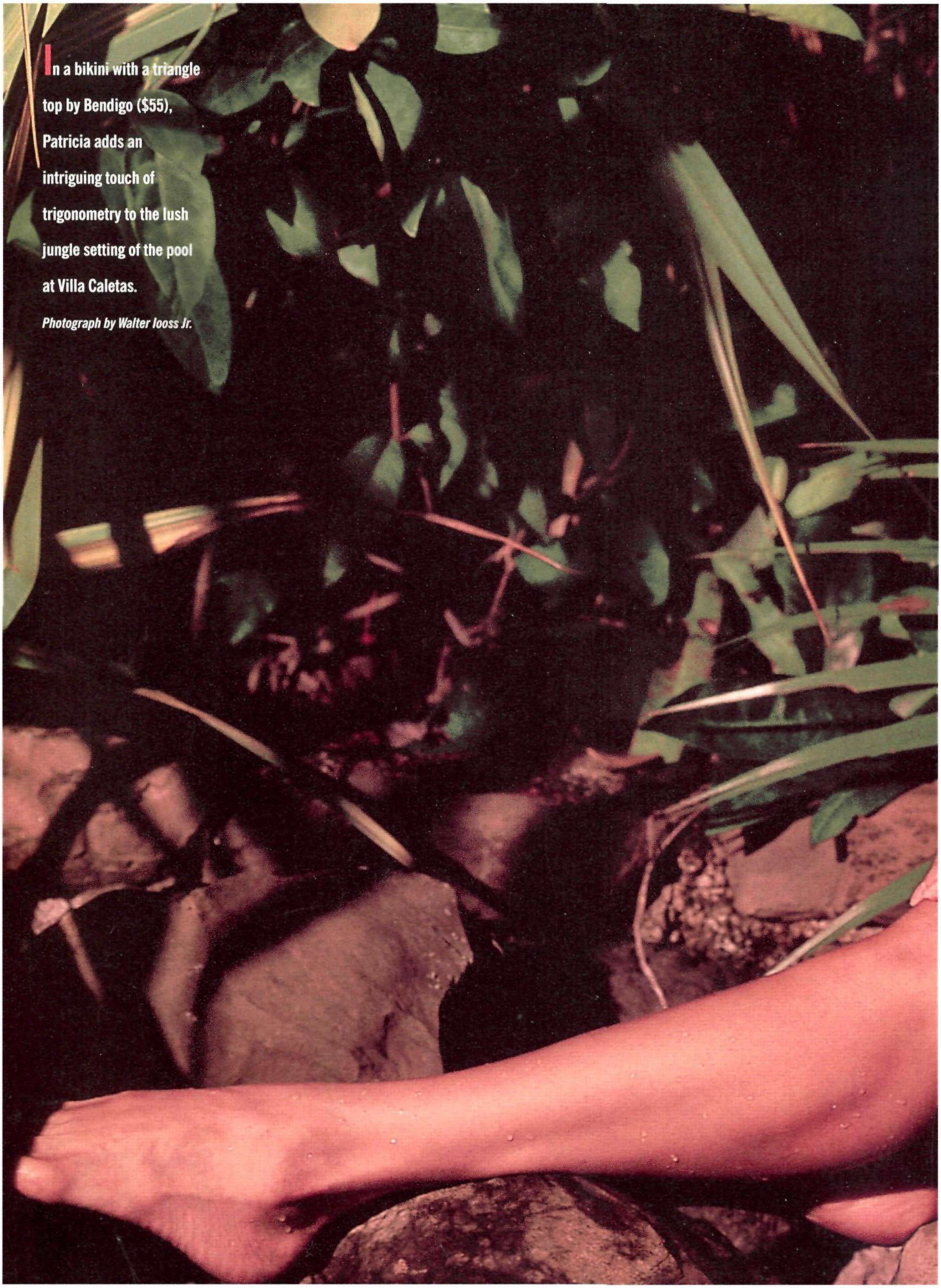
There's laughter in the rafters as Roberta Little cavorts in a pavilion at the Selva Verde Lodge in Chilamate, wearing a suit ($90) and sarong/scarf ($50) by Bendigo.

Photograph by Jirair Avedis



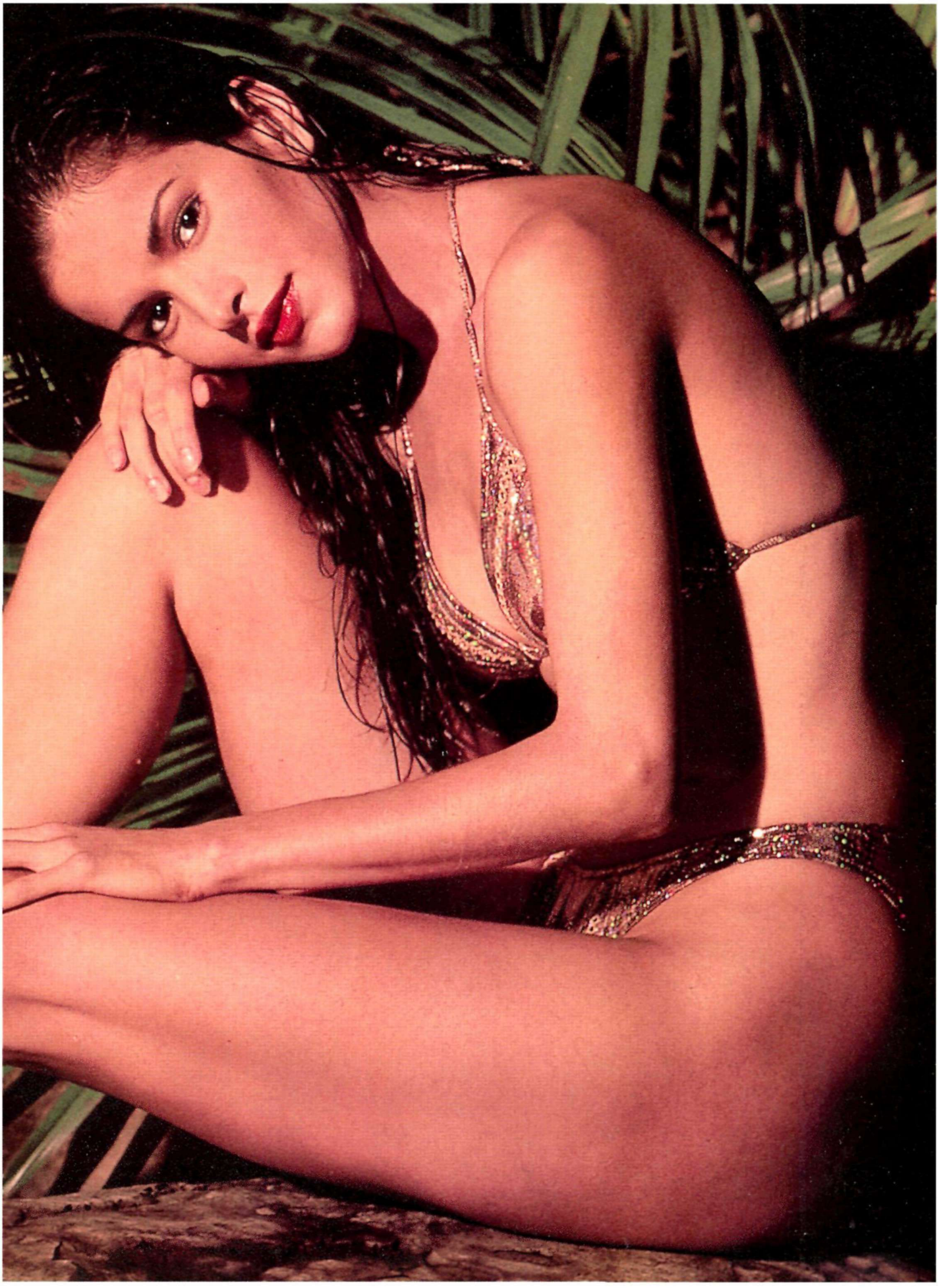
Rising refreshed out of a verdant pool located below a waterfall in Dominical, Yasmeen gives pause in a bikini designed by Nicole Miller ($75).

Photograph by Donna Demari



In a bikini with a triangle top by Bendigo ($55), Patricia adds an intriguing touch of trigonometry to the lush jungle setting of the pool at Villa Caletas.

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.



Ingrid Seynhaeve is definitely on the fringe in a string bikini and skirt by Monika Tilley ($135), but even she can't make a splash in this pool on Damas Isle. Yasmeen's friend comes up short on the porch at Bella Vista Lodge, while she stands tall in a crocheted bikini by Mossimo ($72).

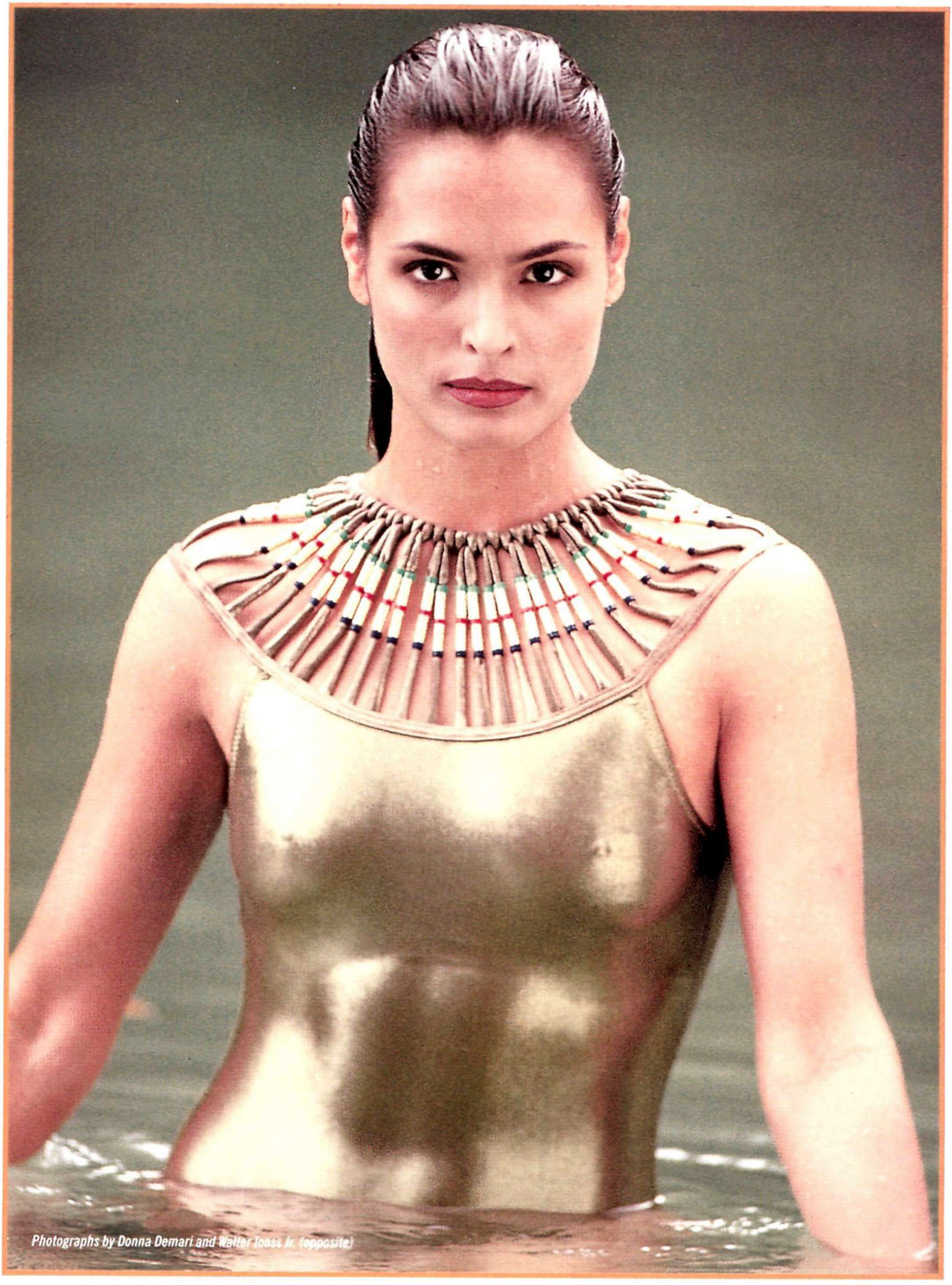
Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr. (opposite) and Donna Demari

Swing by the Selva Verde Lodge for some pillow talk with Roberta, who can tell you a thing or two about thongs—like this one in a floral print by Darling Rio ($48).

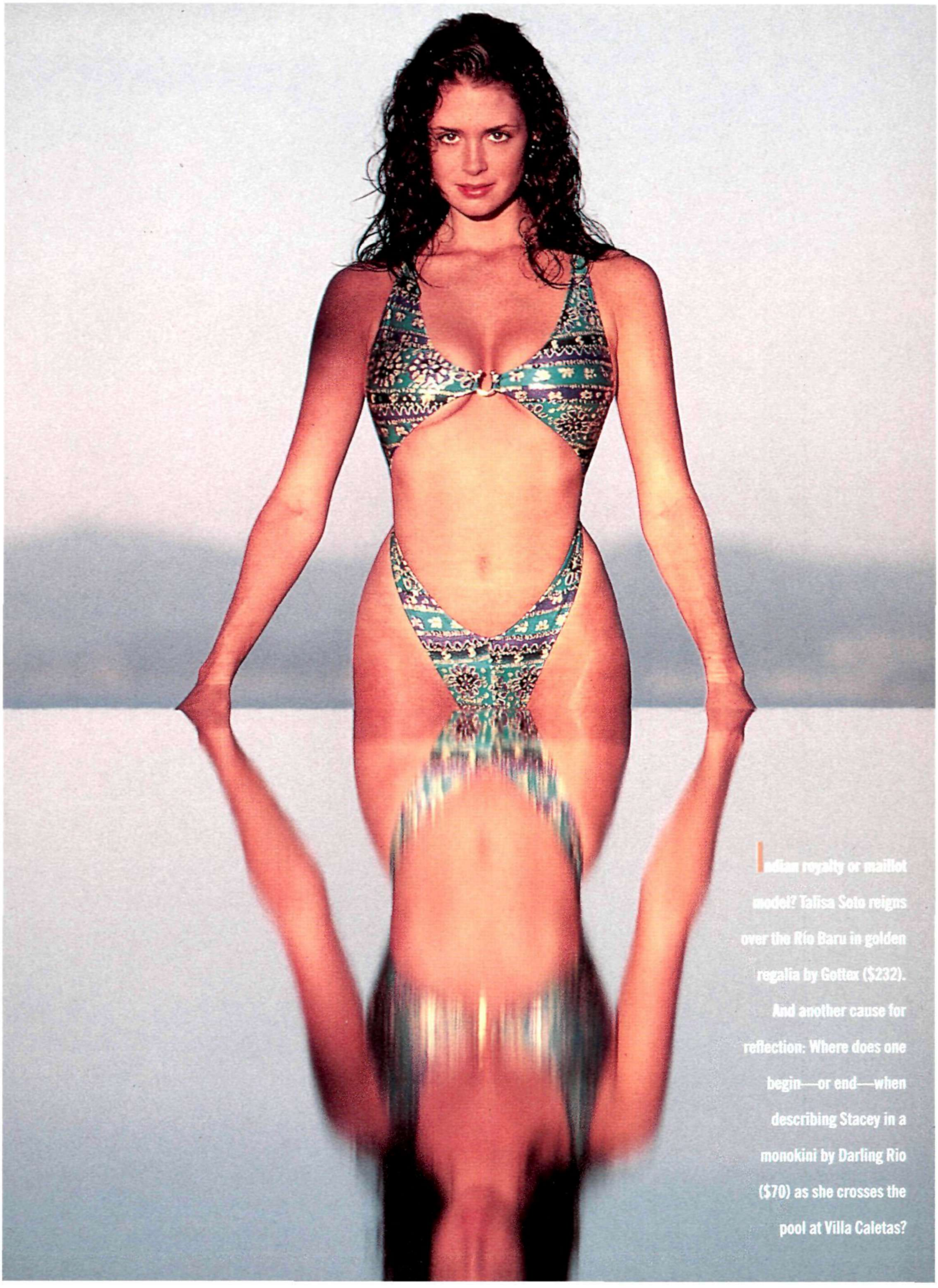
Photograph by Jirair Avedis

Ingrid gets her back up—against a palm—on Damas Isle, but she's keeping her cool in a mini-check bikini ($70) and matching cotton pareo ($68) by Calvin Klein.

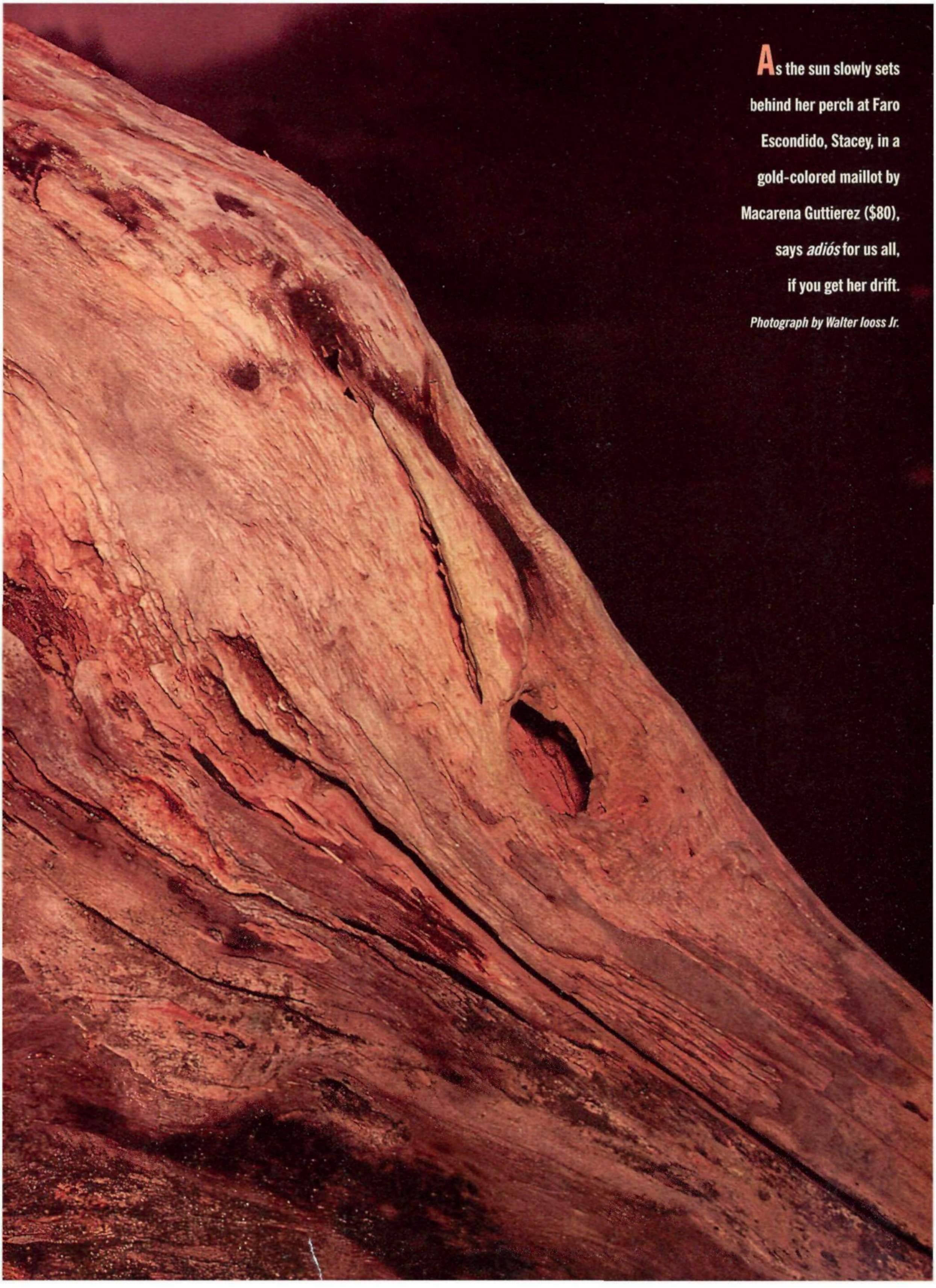
Photograph by Walter looss Jr.



Photographs by Donna Demari and Walter Iooss Jr. (opposite)



Indian royalty or maillot model? Tafisa Soto reigns over the Río Baru in golden regalia by Gottex ($232). And another cause for reflection: Where does one begin—or end—when describing Stacey in a monokini by Darling Rio ($70) as she crosses the pool at Villa Caletas?

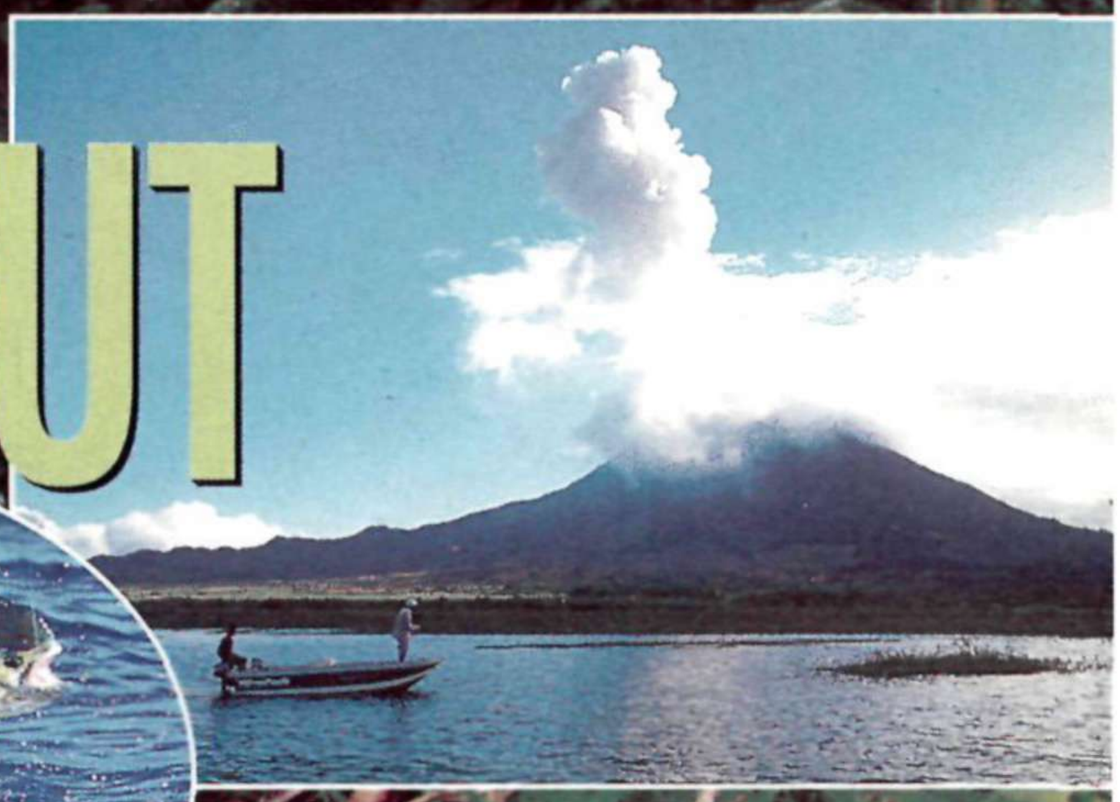


As the sun slowly sets behind her perch at Faro Escondido, Stacey, in a gold-colored maillot by Macarena Guttierez ($80), says *adiós* for us all, if you get her drift.

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

The adventurous anglers hooked a dorado and fished volcano-hugging Lake Arenal (insets), then went overboard on a creek off the San Juan Rive

LIKE FISH OUT OF WATER



Though loaded to the gills with piscatorial possibilities, Costa Rica was, for one bedeviled party of fishermen, a paradise lost

by E.M. Swift

This may sound self-serving, but *anyone* can put together a trip in which the sole objective is to catch fish. It's a no-talent job. Child's play. Particularly if your destination is the bountiful waters in and around Costa Rica.

But to put together a fishing trip in which the fish are plentiful yet none longer than 14 inches is hooked; in which boats are deliberately rammed over fallen trees and engines break down; in which volcanoes spew fire and soot, and guides spew partially digested sandwiches; in which erudite fly-fishermen are reduced to tying flies that resemble bird and iguana drop-

Photographs by Bill Eppridge

pings—to put together such a trip as this is surely a special gift, and one I humbly lay claim to.

I cannot truthfully say I anticipated these goings-on. When first planning a Costa Rican adventure last November, I envisioned 100-pound tarpon and sailfish leaping at the end of our fly lines. Costa Rica was, I had heard time and again, a fishing paradise. Within its boundaries and off its shores one could fish for dorado, roosterfish and wahoo in the Caribbean, for sailfish and marlin in the Pacific, for tarpon and snook in numerous estuaries, for trout in mountain streams and for exotic species like rainbow bass (guapote) and machaca in inland lakes and turbid lagoons. We had just seven days to sample the piscatorial opportunities, and I honestly felt the most difficult part would be deciding where to begin.

"How tough is it to catch a sailfish on a fly?" I asked Leigh (Perk) Perkins Jr., the president and CEO of Orvis, my fishing guru and a longtime friend.

"Not particularly tough if conditions are right," he said. Perk then described a trip he had taken to Panama a few years ago, in which four boats landed 27 sailfish on flies in four days. However, it was not a caster's game. The technique used was the classic bait and switch. A couple of mullets were trolled without hooks, and when a sailfish rose to the bait, slapping at it with its bill, the mullet was teased nearer and nearer the boat. Finally, the bait was jerked out of the water and a fly was cast in its place. "They'll hit any old hunk of feathers you throw out there," Perk said.

It is something less than a Herculean task to lure Perk on a fishing adventure, and before our conversation ended, he had signed on. In the course of the next few weeks we worked out a makeshift itinerary: We would depart on Jan. 1, after the rainy season, and spend two days fly-fishing for sailfish in the Pacific; two more fishing for guapote and machaca on Lake Arenal, in the shadow of an active volcano; and then three days on a houseboat that would take us down the virtually unfished waters of the San Juan River, which serves as the border between Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Having snagged the best fly-fisherman I knew, I decided I should now land the luckiest. I called an old friend, Peter Seaman, a California screenwriter *(Who Framed Roger Rabbit?, Doc Hollywood)* who in earlier years was described by a guide in Key Largo, Fla., as "luckier than a dog with two tongues." That isn't an exact quote, but it's pretty close. Little did I know that fisherman's luck is a fickle companion, and it had long since fled Pete's side for parts unknown.

Rounding out our party was photographer Bill Eppridge and our driver-guide-translator, Dave Meyers. A native Texan, Meyers is one of an estimated 15,000 to 20,000 expatriates from the U.S. living in Costa Rica. He has been there since 1971 and is now manager of the Casa Mar fishing club. Colorfully gruff and candid, Meyers spent much of the three-hour drive from the San José airport to Quepos, a sailfish hotbed on the Pacific coast, regaling Perk with stories about Orvis rods that he had seen shatter on tarpon.

"I tell you, I've seen some of those babies ex-*plode*!" Meyers said.

"Come on," Perk said, disbelieving.

"You issue goggles with those things?"

"Now just a minute."

Meyers, sensing rising indignation from the backseat, backed off. "The rods had an *o* in them, I know that," he said. "Might have been Loomis, at that."

Perk offered a bottle of rum to any of us who shattered one of his rods on a fish. It was a safer proposal than he knew, even if rum had been $4,000 a bottle instead of the $4 the local stuff sold for.

A miscommunication may have put a sailfish in somebody else's boat; a miscast left Perkins tangling with a dead tree.

The next morning at 7:30 sharp, brimming with confidence, we boarded two charter boats, *Huntress* and *Flyfisher*, open-cockpit craft about 27 feet long, and headed out to sea. Neither of the captains or the mates spoke English, so Perk, going native, introduced himself as Pablo. Pete, feeling as if he were back home in Santa Barbara, comfortably introduced himself as Pedro. I spoke no Spanish, so my *compadres* introduced me as *Gordo Blanco*, which, I later discovered, meant "fat white."

Accompanied by what appeared to be the entire Quepos fleet, we proceeded 20 miles out to sea—an hour's jaunt—at which point the captain slowed to six knots. The mate put the mullet baits in the water. All eyes were directed behind the boat to a nondescript stretch of ocean with nothing to recommend it other than the six fishing boats beside us. Fifteen minutes later the captain cried out from the bridge, *"¡Pez vela!"*

A sailfish had risen to the surface and was slapping at one of our baits, just 25 yards away. The fish was sort of swerving in the smooth wake of the boat. But when the mate grabbed the rod and tried to tease the fish closer, it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. Still, what a sight, that great sail sticking out of the water, dark blue against the emerald sea. It got everyone's heart racing.

As did the next one. And the next. By 10 a.m. three sailfish had risen to our bait, but none had followed the tease. If we had been fishing conventionally, with hooks in the mullets, we would have had three strikes. We had also seen a dozen other sailfish tailwalking crazily across the ocean's surface, each jumping 10, 11, 12 times consecutively for no reason we could discern. Our efforts at communication with the captain and mate divulged only that sea lice were somehow involved. A more likely explanation, we later learned, was that the aerial displays were some sort of mating ritual. One phrase the mate kept repeating that did have the ring of truth was, *No tienen hambre*. They're not hungry.

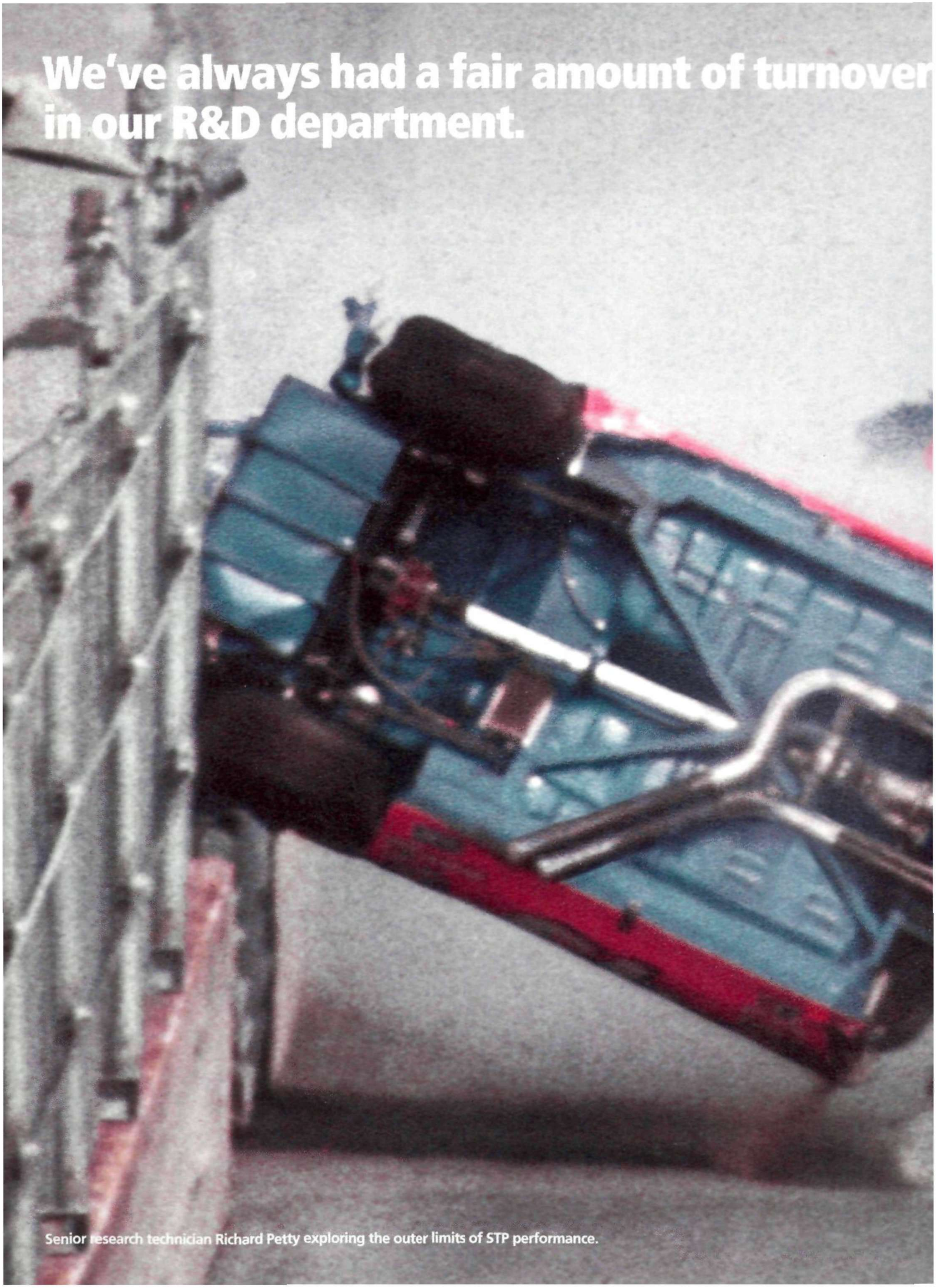
At 11 a.m. we came to a stop—a dead stop. *Flyfisher*'s engine was leaking oil. A half hour later the word came that *Flyfisher* was being towed back into port. We were invited to join Meyers and Eppridge aboard *Huntress*. "This is not a good sign," Meyers said, reluctant to let us aboard. "This is not a good portent. One of you guys is an albatross."

Pablo and Pedro, united in their mastery of pidgin Spanish, pointed to me. "Gordo Blanco," they said.

Emboldened by the smile this elicited from our new captain, Pedro struck up a conversation, saying, *"Mon capitaine, necesito un grande pez vela, ahora."*

The captain smiled down benignly. "What's it mean?" I asked.

"Captain, we need to catch a large sailfish now."



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The Rain Goddess plied the San Juan River, where a local angler showed the visitors how easy it can be to land a machaca.

"Good thinking. Now he hates us."

"No he doesn't," Pedro said, smiling up at the captain. "*Ahora, mon capitaine.*"

The man nodded. "*Ahora.*" Three hours later his benign expression remained unchanged. We still had not cast to a fish. With increasing annoyance we had watched sailfish jumping spectacularly, greyhounding across the calm ocean all afternoon. *No tienen hambre.* Maybe tomorrow the fish would eat, but today they had love on their minds.

At 9 a.m. the next day, aboard a new boat, the *Enchantress*, we had our first look at what is known in the trade as a "hot" sailfish. It came up behind one of the baits, and when the mate reeled in the bait, the sailfish seemed oblivious to the boat. Its sail broke above the surface, less than 30 feet away, when the captain cut the engine and shouted, "*¡Ahora!*" The mate jerked the mullet from the water, and simultaneously Pedro cast his pink mackerel tube fly, which looked like a Mardi Gras costume. The sailfish, its skin tone a fluorescent blue, weaved in search of the mullet. Finding the fly, the fish sucked it unhurriedly into its mouth. When the fish started to turn away, Pedro struck, pointing his rod at the fish. For an instant he felt resistance, then the fly reappeared, wafting beneath the surface. The hook had failed to sink.

Then the sailfish, still searching for its lost mullet, swam beside the boat—we could have practically gaffed it—and Pedro cast again, stripping the fly past the fish's head. The fish—perhaps 100 pounds and more than six feet in length—looked up, eyed the bizarre clump of feathers and cork, and finned slowly away. It couldn't have been less spooked. Pedro cast three more times before the sailfish finally left us.

It was great theater. It was also the end of our action for the next six hours. Once other boats arrived and began working the water, crisscrossing the same area time and again, it was apparent that the sailfish had gone into a sulk. "Go give the captain an ultimatum," Pedro suggested.

"What would you like me to say to him?" I asked.

"*Necesito un grande pez vela, ahora, mon capitaine.*"

"It worked so well yesterday."

"We need to do something to change our luck."

I climbed up to the bridge and delivered the message, saluting the captain respectfully. The captain nodded and saluted back. Within 30 seconds the closest boat to us—and there were several less than 100 yards away—hooked a sailfish. It leaped like the ocean was in a boil.

We admired the fight. I felt like a child kept in from recess watching his mates have all the fun. "You got the pronoun wrong," Pedro accused me. "You must have said, '*They* need a large sailfish now.' "

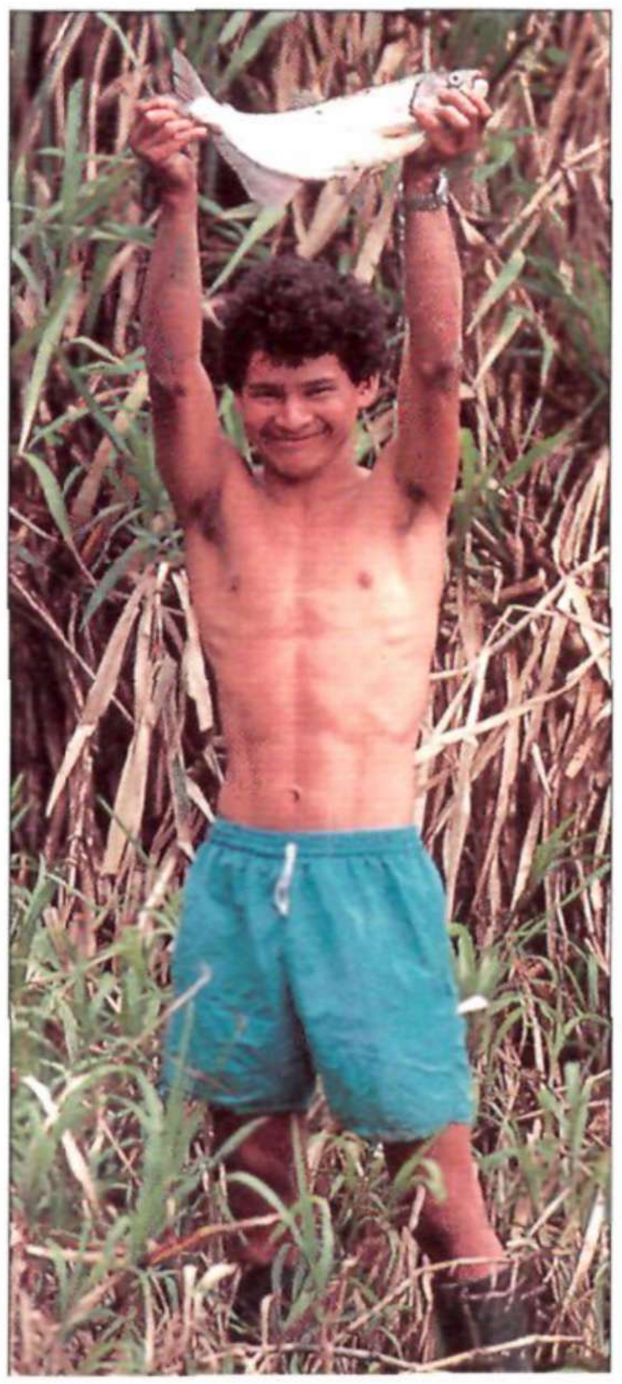
"Shut up and have a sandwich."

"They're too soggy."

As the hours went by, it became clear to us that for fly-fishing purposes we were wasting our time. It wasn't until the *Enchantress* was starting for port that we got one more chance at a *pez vela*. A sailfish grabbed one of the two trailing mullets and stripped out 30 yards of line. The mate had to give the rod three mighty jerks to yank the bait out of its mouth. Then he let the mullet hang back there to see if the sailfish, which had tasted it, wanted more.

Its bill broke the surface of the ocean just behind the mullet. The mate reeled as fast as he could, and we could see the dark shadow of the sailfish beneath the skittering bait. It grabbed the mullet again, and the mate jerked it away again. Pablo, rod in hand, shouted, "Now!" The captain cut the engine, and the mate yanked the mullet out of the water. Half-eaten, it flew 25 yards in the air, smacking into the cabin, beside my ear. Pablo cast beyond the sailfish. We lost sight of its dark body for a moment, but as he gave the fly two strips, the sailfish suddenly appeared below it.

Heading away from the boat, the fish took the fly in its mouth. Pablo struck it hard twice, the rod bent, then . . . nothing. Once again, the fish hadn't hooked up. Affecting a British accent, Pedro broke the silence. "As they say when you miss a bird in Scotland, 'You touched him, sir. I believe you touched him.' "



Our boat headed in. We had missed our chance at a sailfish. Still and all, we had our health. We had kept our good humor. That was more than could be said for our compatriots aboard the *Huntress*. True, they had caught one dorado, putting away their fly rods and resorting to trolling with baited hooks. But one dorado was small recompense for the misery brewing in Meyers's guts. He claimed he had been poisoned by one of the

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soggy ham sandwiches our charter outfit had served.

"I don't recommend their chef," he barked, loading us hurriedly into his Isuzu Trooper. We made an emergency pit stop in town, but he still looked awful. The hotel was a 10-minute drive into the hills, and Meyers's shirt was drenched in sweat before we had gone another mile. "I gotta cry Ruth," he said, as he stopped the car.

Meyers was out the door before I comprehended. "Ru-u-u-th!" he vomited, with gusto. "Ru-u-u-th!" Meyers was circling the car, stopping every few feet to hurl anew. Meanwhile, the Trooper, out of gear, began rolling backward, down the hill. Meyers, loudly convulsing behind the rear bumper, was in its path.

"Parking . . . rrru-u-u-uth! . . . brake! . . . rrruu-u-u-th!"

Pedro, Pablo and I were trapped in the backseat, helpless. Eppridge, thank heavens, understood Meyers's warning and yanked the hand brake an instant before the car put Meyers out of his misery. Meyers wiped his brow and returned to his place behind the wheel. "All set."

After an appropriately sympathetic silence, Pedro was the first to speak. "You wonder why they hate Americans," he said. "You stop, throw up in their front yard, then leave without saying goodbye."

That isn't true, incidentally. Costa Ricans don't hate Americans in the least. They don't seem to hate anything, which is part of what makes traveling in their country so pleasant. The scenery is dazzling, mountainous and lush, the roadsides speckled with wild impatiens. Birds are abundant and colorful: some 850 species are found in Costa Rica, more than in all of the U.S. and Canada. The soil is rich: bananas, beans, carob, coffee, flowers, macadamia nuts, melons, palm, pineapple and yucca are all grown for export. And the temperature is moderate the year round, cooled by breezes off the Caribbean and the Pacific.

The six-hour drive north to Lake Arenal gave us plenty of time to soak it all in. The roads were dreadful, so the going was uniformly slow. Meyers, still queasy from his attack of food poisoning, spent much of his remaining energy dodging potholes the size of queen beds. Fortunately there wasn't a lot of traffic, since most of the local populace use horses or oxcarts or buses for transportation. We were in no rush. We had left a couple of fly rods rigged up in the event we passed any good-looking stretches of water, and we fished a couple of streams. Pedro, Mr. Lucky, got our only strike. Something called a Jesus Christ lizard, so named because it walks on water, leaped out of the bamboo and scooted across four feet of water to grab his popper in its cute little mouth. Pedro was late striking, of course, so as a group we were still 0-for–Costa Rica.

Up a creek with a paddle, the author kept one eye out for caimans while negotiating the clogged waterway.

But not for long, I'm happy to say. Lake Arenal, which was referred to in our guidebook as "guapote heaven," gave up three guapote and a machaca to Pablo and Pedro together in a day and a half of fishing, though none of these monsters exceeded 12 inches. "Why you no come in April?" Felix, one of our guides, wondered. "Catch big guapote in April."

A big guapote—the world record is 11½ pounds—would be an interesting creature to see. Small guapote aren't very different from smallmouth bass, but as it matures, the male guapote begins to grow a knob on its forehead that makes it one of the ugliest creatures on earth. (A humorist must have named the fish, since *guapote* means "most handsome" in Spanish.) Made of gristle and purplish-blue in color, this knob is thought to be used for head-butting other guapote. The guapote is also a savage carnivore. My guide, Dave Anderson, had twice seen guapote kill and eat a jacana, which is a meadowlark-sized bird that cavorts in the shallows.

The machaca, by contrast, which looks like a shad and is purported to leap like a steelhead, is not a carnivore. It's a . . . well, I don't know what the word for a machaca is. *Revolting*, maybe. It eats guano. Bird droppings, iguana droppings, people droppings. Drop it, a machaca will eat it. True, a machaca also eats fruit, leaves and other vegetal matter that falls into the water. But guano is a staple of its diet, and the idea of fly-fishing for such a creature is absurd.

Anderson wouldn't even admit what we were doing, knowing that most anglers feel squeamish when they learn the depths to which they have sunk in pursuit of the machaca. Without explanation, he had me casting a white fly to the base of some dead trees standing in the water, trees in which cormorants liked to roost. "Don't move the fly," he told me. "Just let it sit there." Sure enough, a machaca would hit.

Not that I was able to hook one. Their little mouths, filled with piranha-type teeth, which they use to chew fruit and

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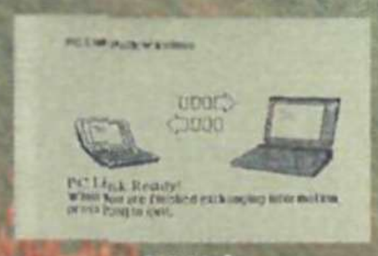

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Shirley shows off the catch of the week, his large guapote, while a machaca bares teeth that munch on more than vegetation.

seeds, seemed unable to swallow my poppers. So Pablo tied me some smaller ones at lunch. "The all-important bird ca-ca fly," Anderson said approvingly, holding one up to the light. "You ideally want something that emulsifies when it hits the water. Maribou or cotton imitates it best."

Lake Arenal, which is actually a reservoir 17 miles long, had one thing going for it that outweighed the success or failure of the fishing. It sits at the base of an active volcano of the same name. With a great thunderous rumble, Arenal, whose last catastrophic eruption was in 1968, belches several times a day, sending ash and soot hundreds of feet into the air. Usually the rim of the volcano is shrouded in clouds, but at night, when the sky tends to clear, you can see the red-orange lava trickling down the side of the volcano and, if you're lucky, the primeval display of magma shooting into the air.

On our last afternoon at the lake, after the weather had cleared, the volcano gave us a show. Pablo and I, numbed by hours of fruitless casting, dropped our rods in the boat and scrambled for our cameras. Suddenly, strangely, amid the rumbling there came a splash. A small female guapote, driven to suicidal impulses by the eruption, had viciously swallowed Pablo's Sneaky Pete popper. He put down his camera and reeled the poor thing in, an ash cloud billowing high in the air above him. It was our only fish of the day.

As for me, even the bird ca-ca fly didn't improve my sorry record. I got off the water still pitching a Costa Rican shutout.

I knew that the best, though, was still to come. The houseboat. Virtually unfished waters. Tarpon that we had been told reached nearly 200 pounds. Wily 40-pound snook. Endless runs of *calba*, or baby snook. The only negative was that we were entering the land of botflies.

I had first read about them in the *Adventure Guide to Costa Rica*, by Harry S. Pariser, in the section subtitled "Loathed by Humans." That would definitely be the botfly. The botfly's larva, inserted by female mosquitoes, matures inside human flesh. It isn't a pretty process. The lump each larva creates before hatching grows to the size of a goose egg. Pariser explains in his guidebook that there are several ways to get rid of the botfly worm before it hatches. One can, for example, tie a piece of raw meat over its air hole. The larva, which needs to breathe, eventually burrows out of your body and into the meat. Then you throw the meat away. No shrinking violet, Pariser suggests that another alternative "is to leave it to grow to maturity, giving you an opportunity to experience the transmogrification of part of yourself into another creature."

The odds of encountering this loathsome insect were not as remote as you might imagine. In a week in Costa Rica I met three different people who had been bitten, including Peter Gorinsky, the 55-year-old Guyana-born guide who had arranged for our stay on the *Rain Goddess*, a 65-foot houseboat that we had rented for three days of fishing on the San Juan River. He had been bitten by a botfly as a child. "It leaves a helluva hole in you, half an inch deep," he told me. "My older sister squeezed it—she thought it was a pimple or something—and this great big worm jumped out, and she fainted."

Gorinsky smoked a pipe with a big sweeping stem, like Sherlock Holmes's, and wore the continually bemused expression of someone who had seen and survived it all. He wasn't about to work himself into a lather over a botfly. "We've got a lot worse things than that, I assure you," he said and proceeded to list a few. For example, there was the bushmaster, a poisonous snake that will actually hunt a human being. There were peccaries—wild pigs that hunt in packs—which, according to Gorinsky, had eaten an American tourist a few years back as he slept in his sleeping bag. "All they found was the feathers," Gorinsky reported. There was a fly that carried malaria, another that gave you elephantiasis, and the dreaded eye fly, which lays its eggs in your tear duct. "Three or four days later you'll have a worm swimming around your eyeball."

This pleasant conversation took place aboard the river taxi that was speeding us up the San Juan River to where the *Rain Goddess* was anchored, at the junction with the San Carlos River. Then I noticed something strange in the water ahead. It was the wing and fuselage of a plane that may have been shot down by the Contras a number of years back. "Ollie North's handiwork," Gorinsky said. "Ten years ago when we were fishing this river, it was not unusual to see a body float past. You couldn't touch them because they were often booby-trapped with grenades."

It was odd to be fly-fishing in such a

place. The Costa Rican side of the San Juan had been cleared and was primarily grazing land. The Nicaraguan side was virgin rain forest. There were no roads in the area, and the few people we passed traveled by dugout canoe. The houseboat, which trailed four runabouts for the fishermen, drafted only two feet of water, so it was able to navigate the river the year round. It was co-owned by two doctors: an American, Paul Shirley, an orthopedic surgeon from Jacksonville, and a Costa Rican, Alfredo López. López was the only doctor the people who lived on the river ever saw. During each fishing trip he made the rounds, treating their illnesses and handing out medicine like a frontier doctor of old. In exchange López accepted fishing and hunting advice and, sometimes, the villagers' offerings of huge, delicious prawns netted from the river.

Goodwill, though, couldn't guarantee fish, and during our first afternoon on the river eight rods produced a grand total of one machaca and one small guapote. We had seen any number of rolling tarpon, but Shirley was the only man who hooked one, and it jumped once and got away. Pedro, Pablo and I were all skunked using flies, but even the pieces of shrimp and the jigs used by the spincasters were unsuccessful. Floating lines, sinking lines, plugs, poppers, streamers—nothing worked. "I don't understand it," Gorinsky said. "There should be fish jumping everywhere. But nothing. I think perhaps it was the earthquake. We had an earthquake that measured 4.5 last week, and ever since there's been no fish caught in the entire country. Fish don't like earthquakes."

Still, it was magical living on the river. As dusk descended, a white fog seemed to roll across the surface of the water. It was millions and millions of mayflies. Fish bats appeared, as big as robins, buzzing wildly over our fly lines. A pair of rare green macaws flew overhead. We could hear wild animal noises from the jungle. Two sloths cried to each other. Crested guan squawked back and forth. Howler monkeys, small primates with unearthly, gorillalike voices, screamed bloody murder about a nearby puma or ocelot. Our trusty guidebook had warned us about the unseemly habits of howler monkeys. "If you should see a colony, don't get underneath," Pariser cautioned. "A favorite pastime is to urinate on Homo sapiens."

The next morning I caught four machaca. Vile creatures. We were casting poppers beneath overhanging branches when we noticed four iguanas sunning themselves on a limb. As we moved closer for a better look, one of the iguanas, perhaps out of nervousness, relieved itself in the river. I am not making this up. That splash was immediately followed by a fish splash. Feeding time in machacaville. I cast my bass bug and as soon as it slapped down—*bang!*—a fighting 14-incher. It even jumped two or three times.

No snook, though. No tarpon. It was pretty thin pickings all around. Our last morning we made a command decision to try to reach the lagoon at the top of one of the larger creeks, where Gorinsky hoped the tarpon and snook were holding. "It will either be an adventure or an ordeal," he predicted.

Loading our fishing and camera gear, a chain saw and a machete into three runabouts, we started up the creek. The canopy of the rain forest closed overhead, and vines hung 60 and 70 feet from the uppermost branches, brushing the muddy water. Our first impasse: a huge ironwood tree lying across the creek bed.

The tree was far too stout for the little chain saw, which sputtered and died before making any headway. One of the

Recommended by Dr. Ruth.

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boats slipped under the log easily. Another we abandoned as hopeless. The third boat was about six inches too high to get beneath the log.

"Everyone in," Gorinsky ordered.

"This is a job for Gordo Blanco," Pablo said. We crowded into the craft and, sure enough, sank it enough that it floated comfortably beneath the log. That buoyed our spirits for about 30 seconds, until we rounded the next bend. Two tree trunks of slightly smaller size lay across the water. Gorinsky ordered everyone out but the pilot, whose name was Mon. Mon gave the boat a running start. It crashed into the log and teetered to a halt on top. He raised the engine, and a call came for not one but five *gordos blancos*. Pablo, Pedro, Eppridge, Gorinsky and I piled into the bow of the stranded boat. Our weight tipped it forward, over the log. Thus we proceeded—loudly, haltingly, accompanied by billowing clouds of blue gasoline smoke—upstream for the next two hours.

"Almost there," Gorinsky would say, standing in the bow and signaling with his hands for Mon to steer right or left. Every 50 yards or so there was a new obstacle, and the horrible sound of propeller against wood was never long out of our ears. At one point the smaller of the two boats tried to tow the larger boat over a log obstruction. Mon gunned the engine full throttle, and the cleat pulled out, rocketing backward and hitting the trailing boat with a startling whack. "This may not be worth dying over," Pedro said.

Strategically positioned over the fishing party, a howler monkey had the last laugh.

We never did reach the lagoon. We turned back shortly after running across a small caiman. We approached within four feet and dropped a frog popper on its nose. Even the caiman wouldn't strike.

The great thing was, we got to do it all over again on the way back.

But, as advertised, our visit to Costa Rica qualified as an adventure. We didn't catch fish, but we certainly had a visual feast. We saw an electric blue butterfly fluttering in the rain forest. We saw toucans. We saw tapir tracks. Pablo got to swing on a vine. Unfortunately, this wasn't a Tarzan movie. The vine broke, and he took a plunge. And, finally, we heard howler monkeys feeding nearby.

Pedro howled back at them. Actually, it was more like a series of grunts. The howler monkeys answered him, which pleased him no end. They began coming closer, swinging on vines, moving through the uppermost branches of the trees with remarkable speed. They were black, about the size of house cats.

"Uh-oh," Gorinsky said. "Let's get out of here. I know what they have in mind."

"Indeed," Pedro said, slipping on his hat. "The final word on our trip." ■

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People

Mike Grier

MIKE GRIER has heard a few slurs and snide comments during his hockey career, but never on the ice, never from an opposing player who might soon be skating in his path, head down, body square, days numbered. The insults have always come from high in the stands, where small minds can hide in big crowds, safely out of reach of even the biggest, toughest kid on the ice.

"Parents would yell things like, 'Hey, kid, you're in the wrong sport; you should be playing basketball,' " Grier says. "But my mom always told me the best way to shut them up was to score a goal."

There are several reasons for Grier's success, but this may be the most important: He listened to Mom. Now a 20-year-old sophomore right wing for Boston University, Grier is the second-leading scorer in the Hockey East league, with 23 goals and 18 assists in 24 games. His scoring ability, imposing size (6′ 1″, 237 pounds) and physical playing style make him a good bet to flourish in the NHL—the St. Louis Blues drafted him in 1993—but he probably will stay in school for at least one more year. While several black players have made it to the NHL, including Buffalo Sabre goalie Grant Fuhr and retired journeyman forward Tony McKegney, Grier could become the league's first American-born-and-trained black offensive star (Fuhr and McKegney are Canadian).

Grier grew up in Holliston, Mass., and learned to skate when he was four. As a member of the Holliston Mites, he scored 227 goals in two seasons and earned a spot in SI's FACES IN THE CROWD (June 18, 1984). Three years later, at age 12, he signed up to play Pop Warner football, but the husky youngster couldn't make the league's 120-pound weight limit. He stuck with hockey.

His father, Bobby, was a running back in college at Iowa and is now the director of player personnel for the New England Patriots. But it wasn't bloodlines or skin color that first made people think Mike had walked into the wrong locker room when he arrived at BU in 1993. It was his body. He looked like the Refrigerator on ice. Hanging from his frame at the time were 255 pounds, most of them softer than the Ben & Jerry's ice cream that has always been his vice.

BU strength and conditioning coach Mike Boyle and hockey coach Jack Parker sent him to the weight room and confiscated the Cherry Garcia. His body fat dropped from 25% to 11%, and while he's still 40 to 50 pounds heavier than most of the opposing players with whom he so frequently collides, he's now solid as a puck. Grier patterns himself after Philadelphia Flyer forward Eric Lindros, a skilled scorer with size, strength and a mean streak as long as the blue line. "Sometimes it seems I get a penalty just for hitting someone too hard," says Grier. "That's why I look forward to playing in the NHL someday."

When, and if, he reaches the league, Grier will be a pioneer of sorts, a trailblazer to be admired and marketed. He expects to enjoy that aspect of the pro game, too. "I love hockey, and I wish more black kids would try to play," he says. "I know if I hadn't been alone all the time growing up, it might have been easier for me."

—GERRY CALLAHAN

Once a face in the crowd, the BU right wing is now a force in the crease.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER; HARRY BRETT (INSET)

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The distance runner will find new roads to follow at Oxford.

AL TIELEMANS

Becky Spies

TIME, THE medium in which all runners flourish or fail, is especially precious to Villanova senior Becky Spies. "This is going to be kind of a hectic week," Spies (rhymes with *knees*) said one afternoon as she nursed a cup of cocoa in the campus student center. "I'm going to Georgetown [for a medical school interview], Boston [for a track meet], Florida [another meet] and then back up to Boston [to interview at Harvard Medical School]."

Indeed, Spies's four years at Villanova have been a marvel of organization and stamina. The 21-year-old has successfully stitched her disparate interests together into an impressive quilt. While training twice a day, earning All-America honors four times, double-majoring in biology and philosophy, and maintaining a 3.86 GPA, Spies has also worked in soup kitchens and counseled fellow undergraduates about AIDS.

Last fall she applied to 19 medical schools and finished third in the NCAA cross-country championships, helping the Wildcat women win their sixth consecutive national title. In December she became the second student in school history to win a Rhodes scholarship. The first was her former teammate Nnenna Lynch, the 1992 NCAA 3,000-meter outdoor champion.

The youngest of three, Spies played soccer as a child. She took up running at age eight, after tagging along to a track meet in Livermore, Calif., her hometown, with her older brother, Brennan. At first she was a social runner, less likely to win a race than to miss its start because she was yakking when the gun went off. After suffering a stress fracture in her left shin in the eighth grade, she gave up soccer and quickly became one of the nation's best high school distance runners. Inspired by her older sister, Jessica, who won a track scholarship to Stanford, Spies competed with the goal of doing likewise, to ease the financial burden on her parents, Robert, a marine biologist, and Ann, a fourth-grade teacher.

By her senior year at Livermore High, *Track & Field News* ranked her first among the country's schoolgirl outdoor milers. She ran well—and often—during the summer after graduation, winning the 1,500 meters at the junior nationals in June 1990 and finishing second in that event at the Junior Pan-American Games in August. By the time she got to Villanova, she was burned out. She put on 20 pounds that fall and didn't make the cross-country team that was sent to the NCAAs. In her first collegiate track meet the following January, she ran the 800 in 2:21.3. "I hadn't run that slowly since eighth grade," she says.

Blood tests showed she had mononucleosis. Spies, who hadn't realized she was sick, had to take a monthlong break, then reinvent herself as a runner.

Marty Stern, who resigned as Villanova's coach last year, predicts Spies will continue improving and someday compete in the 1,500 meters at the Olympics. First, though, there's Oxford, which won't be all tea and crumpets. "A lot of people term [winning a Rhodes] an achievement," says Spies, who plans to study comparative social research and attend medical school later. "I look at it as a chance to see what you can make of two years at Oxford. Life doesn't stop with a Rhodes."

—MERRELL NODEN

Grace Ji-Eun Park

EVERYBODY TOLD Soo-Nam Park the same thing, "Mr. Park, you're crazy. How could you push your daughter so hard to play golf?"

In halting English, Park's reply was always the same: "All I ever want was the best for my daughter."

Park, a wealthy Korean restaurateur, got just that. His 15-year-old daughter, Grace Ji-Eun, winner of the American Junior Golf Association's Female Player of the Year award, is considered the country's best junior girl golfer. But the manner in which she achieved success raises a familiar question: Is she the latest athletic prodigy whose adolescence has been wrecked by overzealous parents?

Born in Seoul, Ji-Eun was eight when she began hitting balls with her golf-fanatic parents. A year later, in 1989, while on an extended vacation with her family in Hawaii, she took daily lessons from a teaching pro, and her scoring average dropped from 120 to 90. When she was 11, she was told by her father an hour after arriving in Hawaii for another vacation that she would be staying in Honolulu for good to pursue a golf career.

The plans had been made behind her back. Her new American name would be Grace; she would stay with her aunt and older sister, who already lived in Honolulu; and the rest of her belongings would be shipped. Never mind that she didn't speak a word of English. "I was shocked because then I hated golf," says Grace, who picked up English quickly. "But I was mostly happy being moved because I was getting away from my parents' lecturing."

In Hawaii, Grace began to enjoy golf again and excelled in national tournaments. But traveling back and forth to the U.S. mainland a dozen times a year was taxing. So in 1993, when Grace was 13, Park moved her to Phoenix. Again she wasn't consulted.

He bought a luxurious house, found legal guardians for her, joined Moon Valley Country Club so she would have a place to practice and enrolled her at Xavier Prep, an all-girl golf powerhouse. Park spends about half the year in America with his daughter. His wife, Jin-Ae, spends even less time stateside because she has to remain in Seoul with Grace's 13-year-old brother, Young-Sik. "I was very worried when I first heard about Grace," says Sister Lynn Winsor, Xavier's golf coach and athletic director. "So many things could have gone wrong."

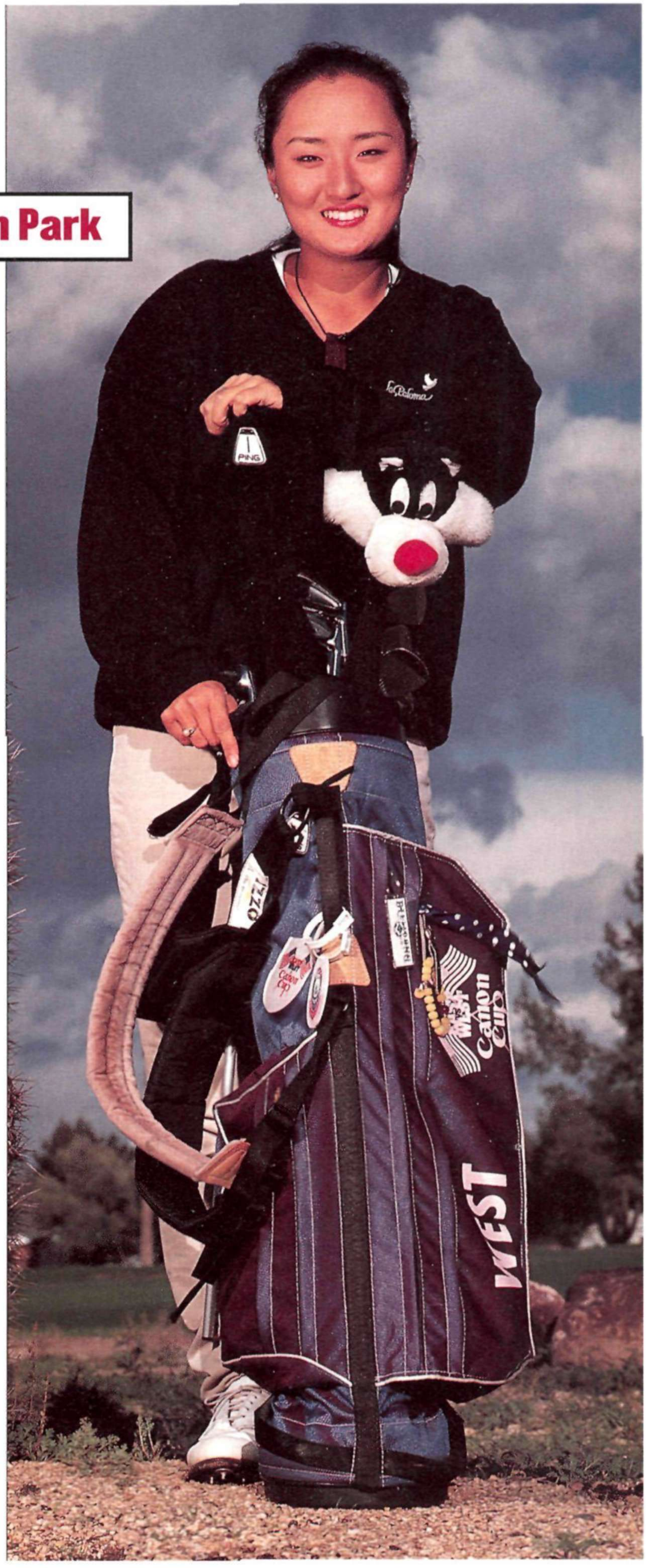
But so far, according to Winsor, none have. As proof, she offers a pile of photographs. "Here's Gracie as a gangster at a costume party," she says. "Here she is at a team cookout. Here, look at her goofing off in the halls. This, I tell you, is a normal high school girl."

Normal? Normal girls don't write checks for the mortgage, cable TV, electric and phone bills. Normal girls don't get the master bedroom. Normal girls don't hit a golf ball so far and so straight.

Grace, who possesses youthful exuberance, adult maturity and a 3.4 GPA, is the best proof that she hasn't been robbed of her childhood. "It is pretty strange what I'm doing," she says. "But I want to be the best golfer in the world. I love winning. If it overall wasn't fun, I wouldn't do it."

—RICK LIPSEY

The best girl golfer in the U.S. is an innocent abroad.



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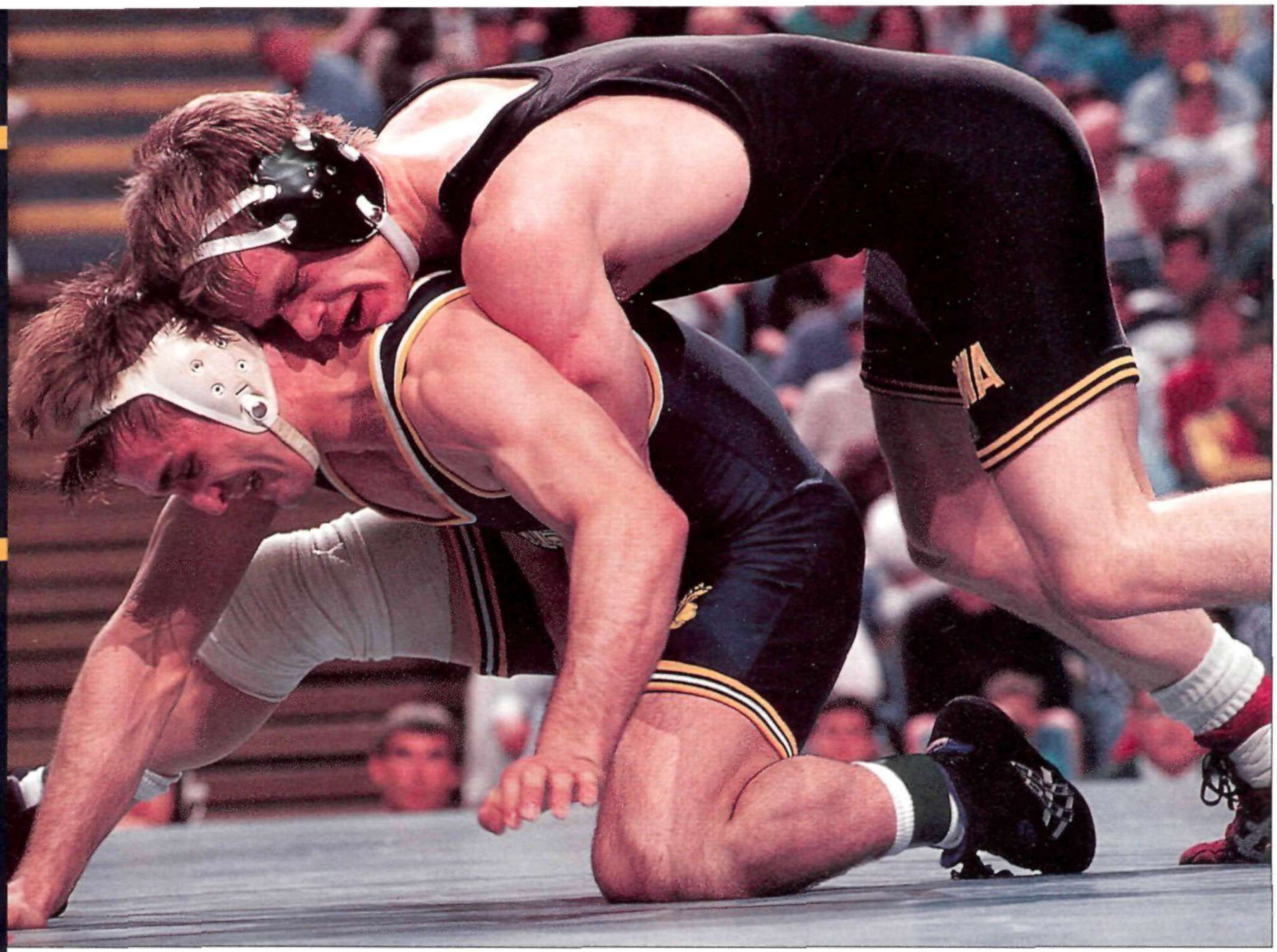


The Hawkeye wrestler (top) aims to pin down a third NCAA title.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Lincoln McIlravy

ACCORDING TO University of Iowa wrestler Lincoln McIlravy, success depends on one central principle. "Everybody," he says, "needs to do one thing that nobody else does."

What the 20-year-old McIlravy does is wrestle better than anybody else in the college ranks. Over the past six years—a span that includes his last three years at Philip (S.Dak.) High School and his three years so far at Iowa—McIlravy's record is 172–2. A five-time state high school champion, he has won back-to-back titles in two trips to the NCAA championships and is running on full throttle toward a third. As of last Friday he had won 48 consecutive matches.

At this rate McIlravy, a 152-pound junior, is on track to become the best wrestler in the history of the sport. This hopeful assessment comes from none other than Dan Gable, McIlravy's coach at Iowa and the man widely considered the sport's best ever. "Keep in mind," Gable cautions, "that I said *on track.* Lincoln has to do it."

Zeke Jones, an assistant coach at Arizona State, says, "McIlravy is the most intense college wrestler in the last 20 years. I can see Gable and McIlravy looking in the mirror and seeing each other."

McIlravy is successful for three reasons:

- His philosophy. "I have the desire to win and a hatred of losing," he says.
- His style. "If you attack, not much bad can happen," he says.
- His South Dakota upbringing. "Living out here you develop the proper attitudes toward work and productivity," says his father, Ken.

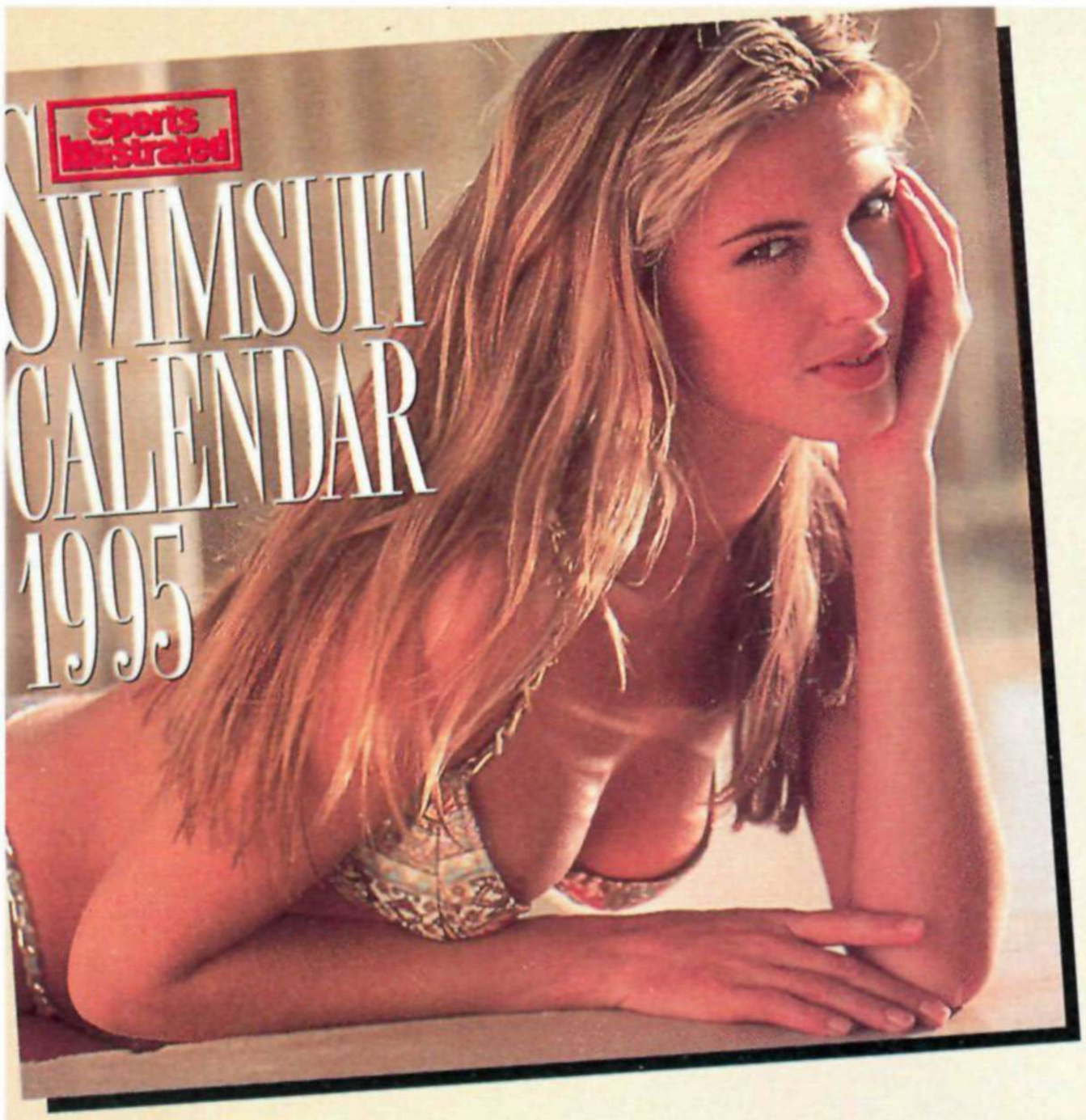
This is not to say that McIlravy isn't occasionally impetuous. Witness his phone call in October 1993 to his parents announcing that he and his high school sweetheart, Lisa Kjerstad, had just gotten married.

Lincoln started wrestling because his two brothers were involved in the sport. His father bought instructional videotapes advertised in wrestling magazines, and little Lincoln wore out the tapes on cold winter nights. He has continued to hone his talents under the tutelage of Gable, a man who, according to McIlravy, "doesn't understand the concept of quitting."

McIlravy has trouble with the concept himself. In the final match of the 1993 NCAAs, he trailed Fresno State's Gerry Abas by five points with 45 seconds remaining. In a blazing display of determination and prowess, he scored three two-point takedowns—the last with four seconds left—to win 16–15. "I didn't think I would lose," McIlravy says. "But I have to admit, I didn't know how I was going to win."

Just how rare a talent is McIlravy? "People say he's one in a million," says Dan Mahoney, his high school coach. "Frankly, I don't think somebody like him comes along that often."

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



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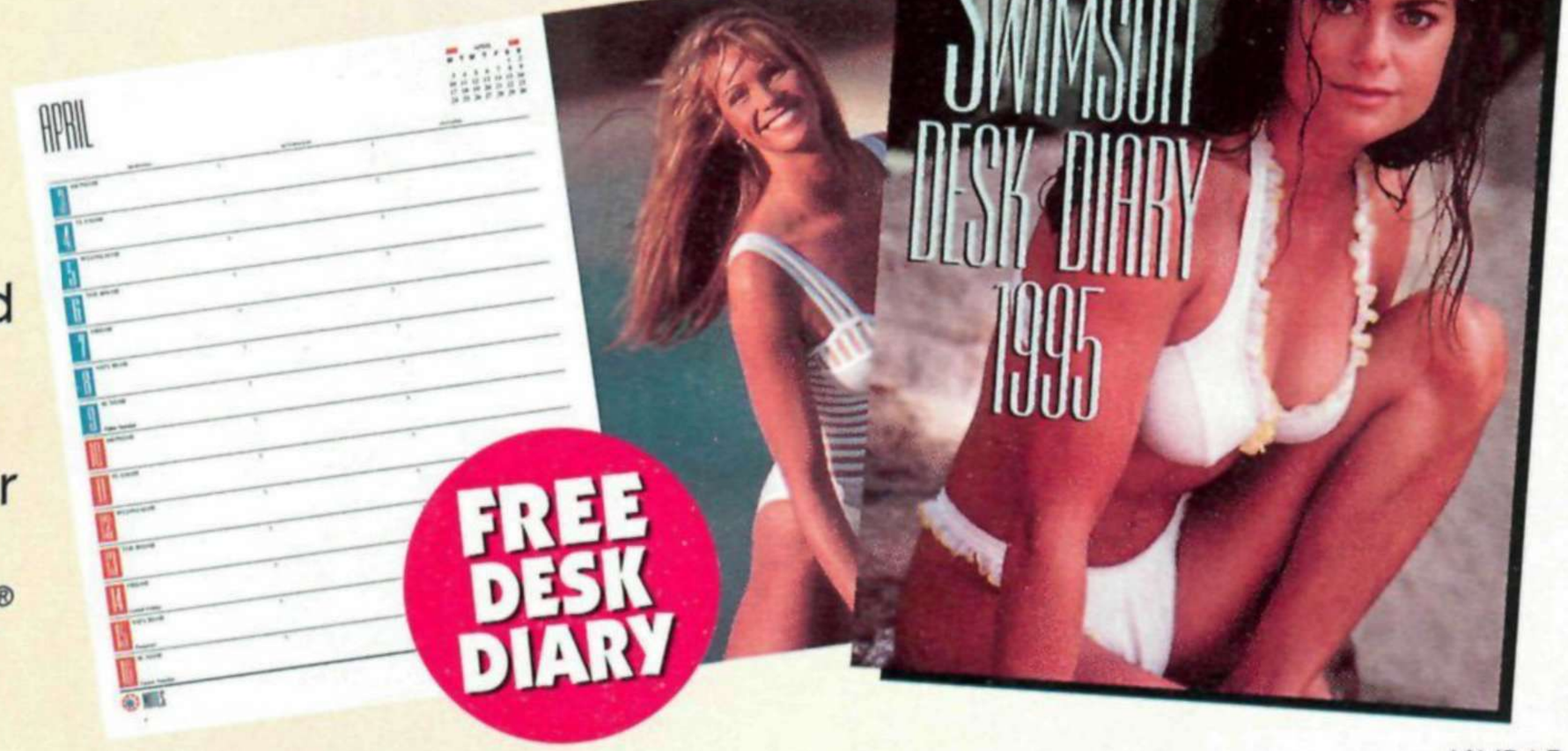

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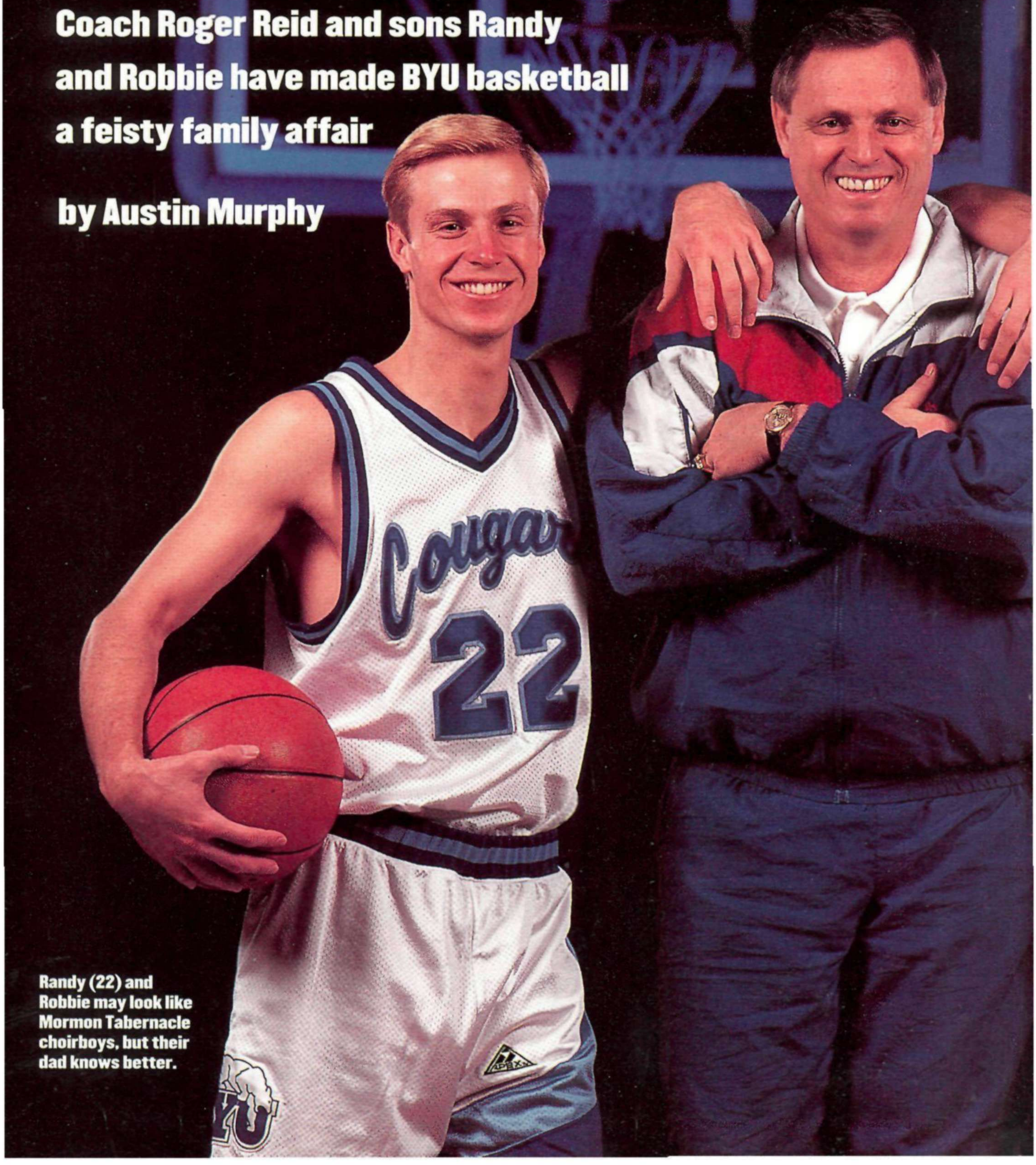
Stormin' Mormons

Coach Roger Reid and sons Randy and Robbie have made BYU basketball a feisty family affair

by Austin Murphy



Randy (22) and Robbie may look like Mormon Tabernacle choirboys, but their dad knows better.

THEY ARE a docile bunch, as college basketball crowds go, sitting quietly in the red V-neck sweaters and cardigans that the booster club strongly suggests they wear. But it doesn't mean Fresno State fans don't have feelings, don't get upset. In fact, as their Bulldogs were being outplayed by a team of inferior athletes back in January, the fans were frustrated and showing it. Brigham Young, their opponent that night, was winning the only way the Cougars can: scoring off set plays, helping each other on defense, keeping their poise even as the taunts from the bleachers took on a nasty edge.

"Hey, Reid, how many mothers you got?" shouted one slovenly, heavyset man three rows up as the Cougars' 6′ 1″ sophomore point guard, Robbie Reid, broke the Bulldog press in the game's final minute. The outcome was decided—the Cougars won 69–61—but time remained for guys like this slob to get their licks in at the BYU guard, who is a Mormon. Had Reid been offended by the tired polygamy joke? "Actually," said Reid after the game, "I was kind of disappointed by the lack of creativity tonight."

"That was tame, compared to what we get at Utah," chimed in Robbie's brother Randy, the team's 6′ 2″ junior shooting guard.

These two, who look as if they should be singing for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, would catch major flak even if they were the only members of their family on the Cougar roster. Which they are not. Their father, Roger, is in his sixth season as the team's coach, which makes for a robust stew of sibling rivalry and filial rebellion. It's also an NCAA rarity. While plenty of Division I coaches, from Press Maravich to Bob Knight, have had a son play for them, it is exceedingly uncommon for a coach to start *two* sons.

The gist of the insult they most frequently hear is, *Hey, Goldilocks, I'd be starting too if my old man ran the program*. The truth is, if they weren't playing for their father, the Reid boys would be playing for some better-known coach. Randy, whose 2,191 points in four seasons at Spanish Fork High made him Utah's alltime leading prep scorer, was recruited by North Carolina and UCLA. Robbie was wooed by Arizona and Florida, among others, after averaging 29.0 points per game as a senior at Spanish Fork. He finished his high school career as the fourth-leading scorer in the state.

This season, with an all-Reid backcourt, the Cougars were 20–5 as of Sunday, with wins over Louisville, Mississippi State, Oklahoma State and archrival Utah, where they are known as Daddy's Boys. Bad news for Cougar-haters: Daddy's Boys can play.

Of course, you can't blame opponents for being irked by the Reids. There *is* something inherently annoying about these virtuous, square-jawed sibs with the Bart Connor 'dos and Donny Osmond smiles. So it might please Cougar foes to know that the Reids have as much in common with the Bundys as they do with the Bradys; that the two brothers, who are often at war with their father, are so competitive they can't even scrimmage against one another without coming to blows.

Whereas 24-year-old Randy is a finesse player and pure shooter, Robbie, 20, is a hothead with a maverick spirit that tends to grate on the old man. At the shootaround before the Fresno State game, for instance, Robbie, the team's self-appointed shop steward, questioned the necessity of the endless walk-throughs to which Roger was subjecting them. Roger responded by humiliating his son in front of the team, prompting

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

Randy to leap to the defense of his brother, which led the exasperated coach to turn to his assistants, arms raised, as if to say, Look what I'm burdened with.

No one was surprised to see Randy defend his little brother, with whom he has always gotten along famously, save for rare instances, like when they were small boys and Randy would hold Robbie's head under water until *just* before Robbie blacked out, or instruct his eager-to-please sibling to make a diving catch, then throw a football into a rosebush. But as the boys reached adolescence these conflicts petered out for the most part—except when the two brothers played against each other. At one practice last season they got into a nasty fistfight that is now part of team lore.

"We're best friends, there's nothing we wouldn't do for one another," says Randy. "We just can't play against each other. We're too competitive."

Randy was salutatorian of his class, Robbie the valedictorian of his. Randy was averaging 9.2 points per game at week's end; Robbie 10.6. Randy has a 3.48 grade point average in premed/business; Robbie a 3.70 in an undeclared major. Randy is partial to brief homilies; Robbie to one-liners.

While striving all his life to match the accomplishments of his older brother, Robbie has also devoted himself to being as *different* from Randy as possible. Check out their ensembles on a recent team flight: Randy in a navy blazer, striped shirt, paisley tie; Robbie sporting grungy stubble on his chin and mocking his father's dress code in a white T-shirt and blue suede vest to match his blue-tinted sunglasses.

On a team so clean it practically squeaks, Randy sticks out as Mr. Wholesome. He's apt to exclaim, "Heavens, yes!" when he's in wholehearted agreement with some statement. On the flight from Fresno he settles in to do some serious pleasure reading, burying his nose in William Bennett's *The Book of Virtues*.

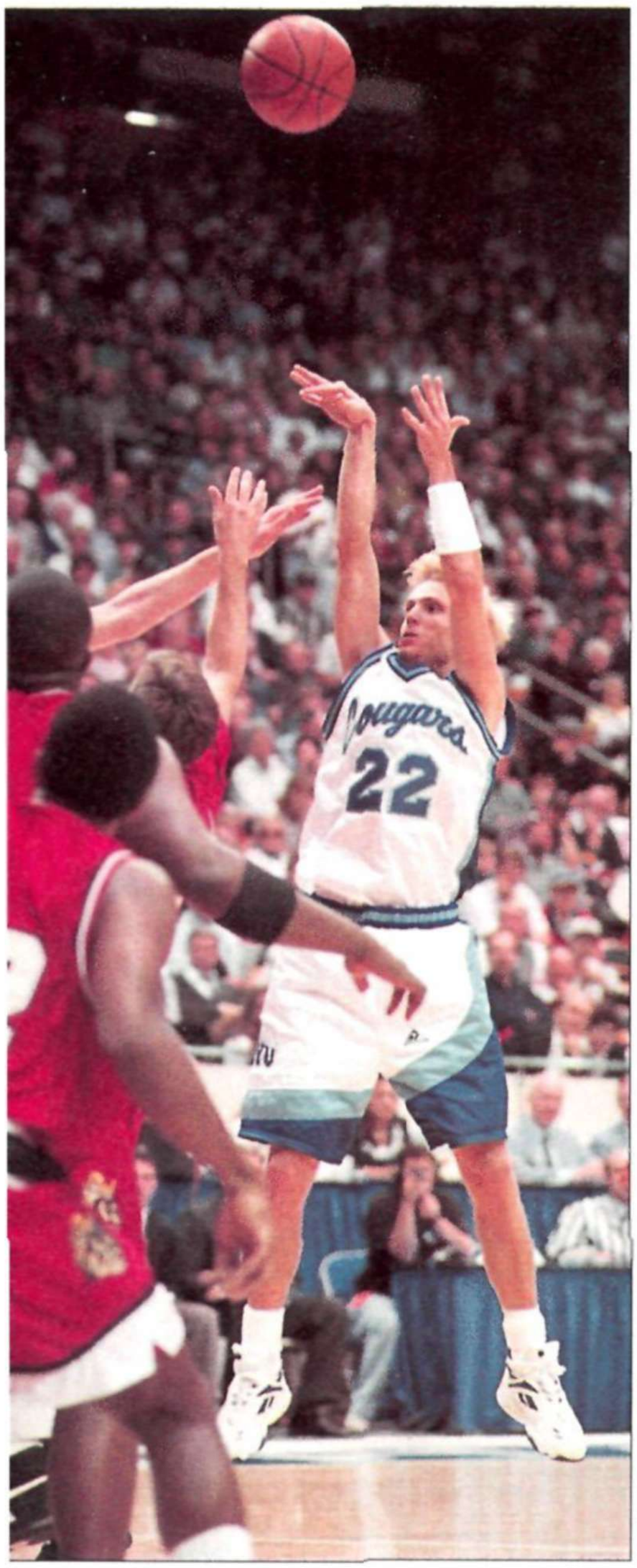
This guy needs a book on virtue the way Brad Pitt needs a manual on how to pick up women. During high school Randy would rise at 5:15 in the morning, walk to the gym and shoot foul shots—sometimes while the drill team practiced around him. His record: 255 in a row.

After redshirting his freshman year, Randy decided it was time for him to go on a mission. The Church Missionary Committee decided he would do the most good in New Jersey. It wasn't Kenya or Australia, but Randy found his apartment in Elizabeth plenty exotic. "Every morning I'd scoop cockroaches out of the shower," he says. One day he and his fellow missionaries came upon a pickup basketball game in a park in Newark. They asked to play winners. Recalls Randy, "There we were in our white shirts and ties, with our name tags. They looked at us like we were out of our minds." But the Mormons held their own. "After a while they got used to seeing us there. They'd say, 'Here come the Celtics!' "

To his pickup opponents Randy laid down a challenge: If his team won, the defeated team would have to listen to the missionaries' sales pitch. "We won some, we lost some," says Randy. "We handed out a lot of copies of the Book of Mormon."

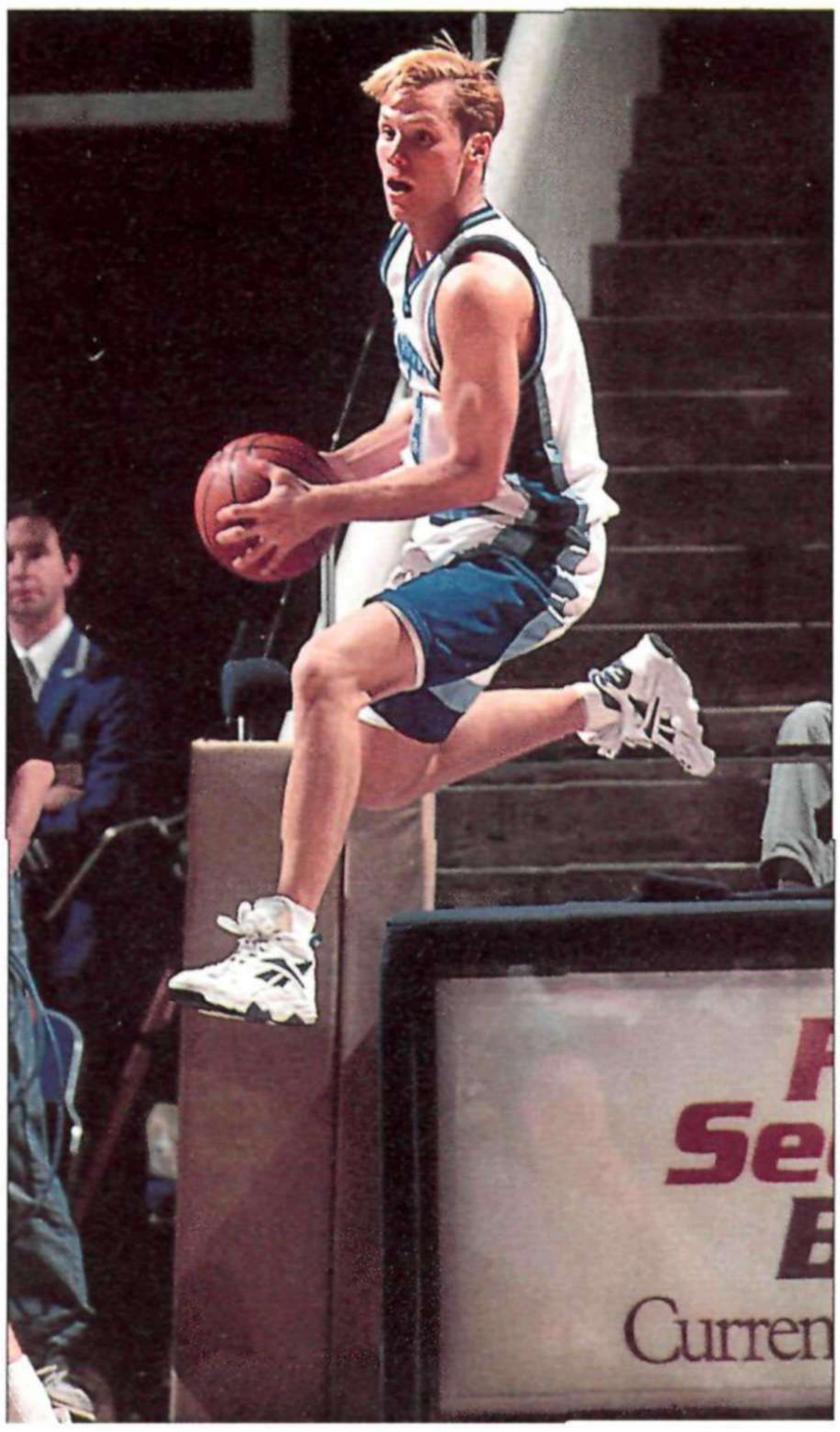
Randy is married to a former BYU cheerleader named Erin Berrett, whom he met on a blind date and married a year and a half later. Robbie is single and lives at home with his parents, his brother Darren and sister, Kelli. "I usually don't get home till about 10:30 at night," says Robbie, "and then I just go to my room." Around the house Robbie and Roger don't have much to say to one another.

Randy offers this: "The line separating when he's a coach and



RAVELL CALL/THE DESERET NEWS

Since Robbie (below) took over at point guard, Randy is free to do what he does best—shoot the ball.



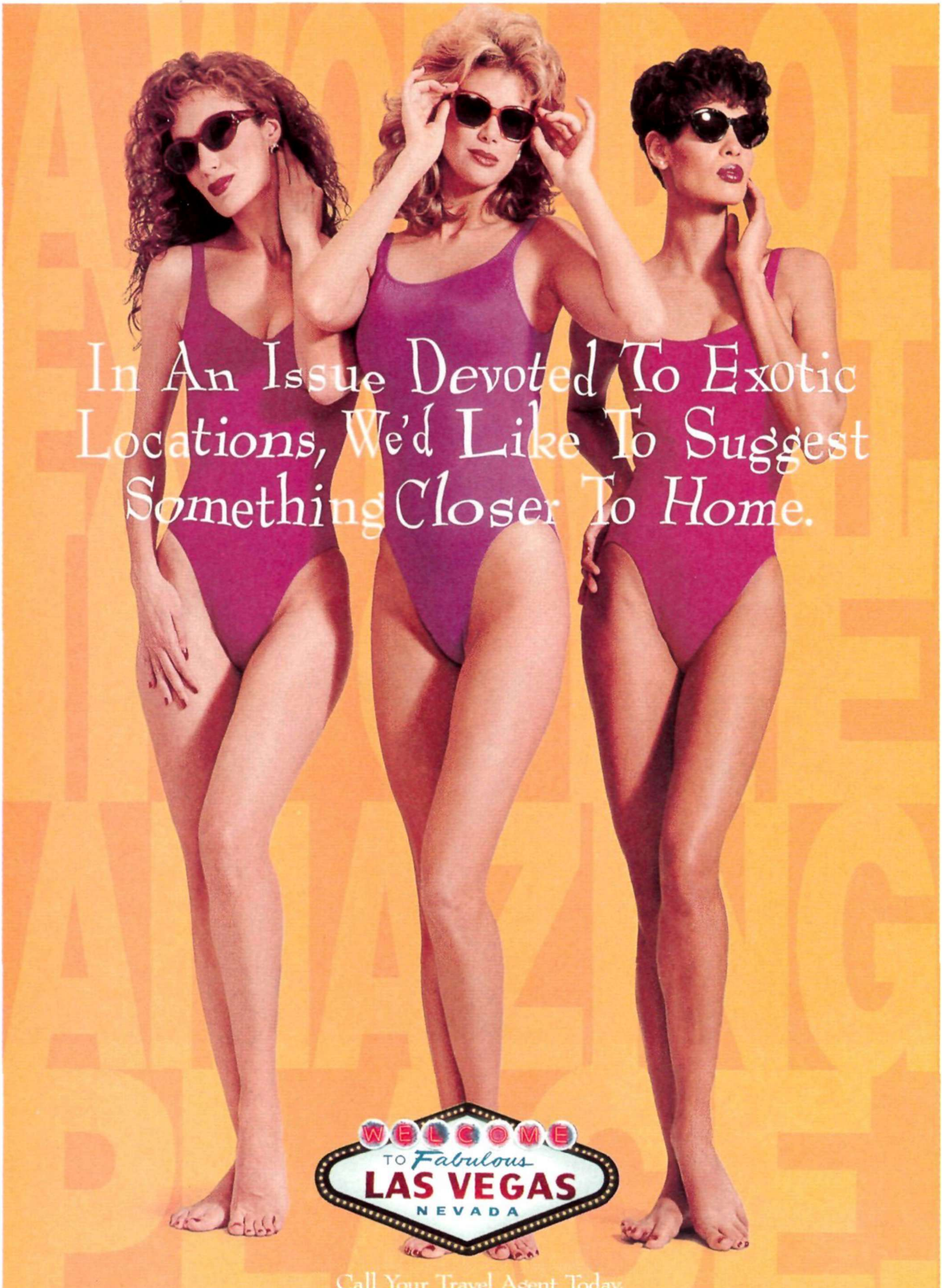
JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

It was centuries of hatred.

It was years of bloodshed.

It was less than a minute on the evening news.

Understanding comes with TIME.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when he's a dad has always been cloudy."

Says Robbie, "He's *always* the coach."

Occasionally Roger must also be the peacemaker, like the time the two boys went at it during practice at UTEP's Special Events Center last January. Teammates had noticed that Robbie was in exceptionally foul spirits from a loss the night before to New Mexico. Robbie twice picked his brother's pocket and went in for easy layups. The next time up the court, Randy threw an elbow, and the battle was joined. Center Russell Larson, using a fireman's carry, finally had to transport Robbie out of the gym. Says one eyewitness, "If we hadn't pulled Robbie off, he would have killed Randy." Many saw that scrape as Robbie's way of taking over the team.

"Randy's always been the politician," says Diane Reid, the boys' mother. "Robbie's always been a fighter."

In ninth grade he was ejected from a game against Springville High when he slugged a boy who had flagrantly fouled him on a layup. After serving a one-game suspension, he suited up for a game against Dixie High, but he got into another ruckus that night when some fans yelled, "Hey, Reid, your father's a cripple." It was a particularly low blow because Roger limps badly from dual hip replacement surgery. Robbie flipped off the entire gym, challenging anyone and everyone to fight. He was lucky to only get a technical; one more suspension and he would have had to sit out the season.

Furious, Roger lectured his intemperate son. If you're a Reid and you want to play basketball in this state, you'd better have a thick skin, he said. Robbie listened for a minute, then got right up in his father's face. "I don't *care* if I can't play anymore," he shouted, "no one's going to talk that way about my father."

Roger's eyes teared up, and he walked away.

Randy played the point as a freshman, selflessly sacrificing his offense to get the ball to his teammates. Now Robbie runs the offense and runs it well. Unlike Randy, however, if he sees a shot he thinks he can make, it's bombs away.

COURTESY OF RANDY REID

On his mission Randy (rear, right) found time to preach and play.

He made that clear last year, in his first game against the despised Utes. BYU's rivalry with Utah transcends sports. It has overtones of private versus public and conservative versus liberal. No group was more delighted by Robbie's decision to play for his father than the Utah fans, who had derived much pleasure from baiting the Reids when only *two* of them came calling, bringing signs to the game that said, HEY DAD, CAN I PLAY TOO?

With 15 seconds left in Robbie's first game against Utah, the Cougars trailed 62–61 but had the ball. Roger drew up a play. Says Randy, "Robbie was supposed to look for Larson on the low post or me coming off a pick." He chose none of the above. With 15,713 hostiles looking on in amazement, Robbie worked the clock down to :05, pulled up and nailed a three.

Wins over Utah are ambrosia to Roger, who is fond of saying, "Sometimes, a man can't get honor in his own country." What he means, but is way too diplomatic to ever say, is, *Look, I've averaged 23 wins a year for the last five seasons. Until last spring, when we were royally jobbed by the selection committee, we'd been to four straight NCAA tournaments. And despite all this, that guy up the road, Utah coach Rick Majerus—whom I've beaten in eight of our last 10 games—has a much higher national profile and is making three times what I make.*

For one who has tasted so much success, Roger is surprisingly full of laments. He regrets the harshness with which he treats his sons, wonders if they wouldn't become better players elsewhere. Despite "living a dream" as coach of the Cougars—Roger grew up eight miles from campus—he second-guesses an early career decision. Although he made it as far as Triple A as a shortstop in the Atlanta Braves organization, he never did make it to the Show. He gave up the chase in 1971 to take a job coaching high school basketball and baseball in Payson, Utah, a decision that haunts him to this day. Says his brother Marvin, a school principal in Salt Lake City, "He'll always wonder, What if?"

After a four-mile run with Marvin five years ago, Roger complained of soreness in his legs. Within a year osteoarthritis had forced him to have the double hip replacement surgery. Soon he will need similar surgery on his ankles.

Though Roger now has less pain than before the surgery, "Every step hurts," he says. He stands for the duration of games, ambulating back and forth in a kind of penguin waddle that Burgess Meredith would have envied.

Marvin and others who saw Roger play say Robbie reminds them of his father. Now all the two have in common is their hardheadedness and a knowledge of one another's weaknesses. As Robbie says, "We both know exactly what to say to tick each other off."

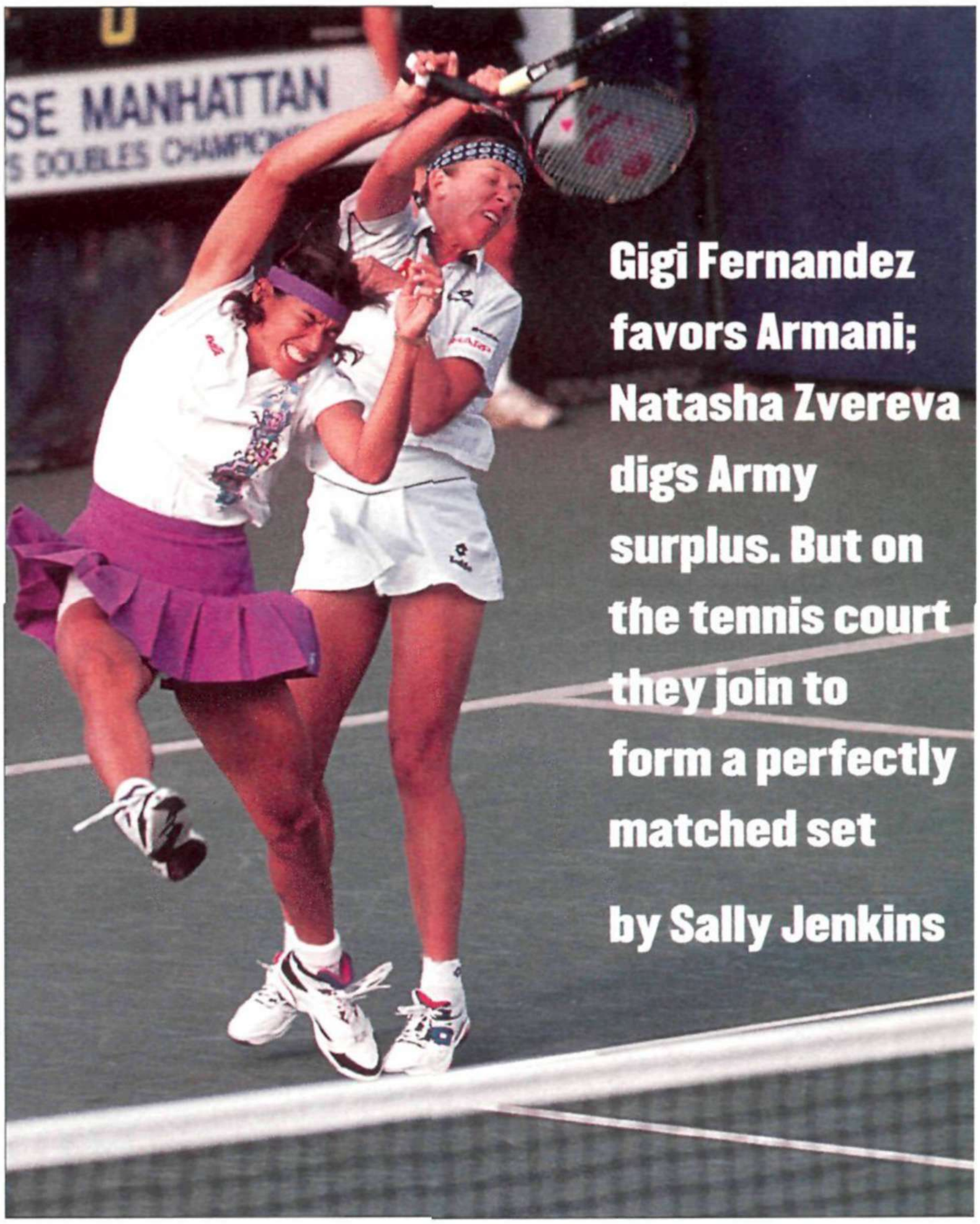
For all of that, they are butting heads less this season than last. After reducing Robbie to tears earlier in the afternoon, Roger announced to the team after the Fresno State game, "I want Rob to know that I love him. I love you, Robbie."

Harmony temporarily restored, Roger leaned back on the sofa in his office the next day and vowed, not for the first time, to go easier on his sons.

"Everybody else in the world is waiting for them to fail," said the coach. "Geez, if they don't have a friend in me, who's going to be their friend?" ■

BARNEYS
NEWYORK

Terrible Two



Gigi Fernandez favors Armani; Natasha Zvereva digs Army surplus. But on the tennis court they join to form a perfectly matched set

by Sally Jenkins

RON ANGLE

BEAVIS AND Butt-Head sat at a Beverly Hills sidewalk café, gold Cartier jewelry and Rolex watches dangling over cups of cappuccino. The best doubles team in the world, Gigi Fernandez and Natasha Zvereva, were having one of their typical conversations, the kind that has earned them the nicknames of MTV cartoon characters. "I'm Beavis," Fernandez said. "She's Butt-Head. Wait. No. I don't know. Which is the blond and which is the brunet?" The answer depends on the day—and on who is being the bigger butt-head.

Separately, they are difficult and underachieving. Together, they almost make a whole person. Zvereva, 23, is a counterculture maven from Minsk who listens to heavy metal and won't hire a coach because she can't stand to be told what to do. Fernandez, 30, is a self-described spoiled rich girl from Puerto Rico who has left such a trail of broken rackets she once paid her fines to the women's tour in advance. The only thing they have in common is a problem with authority. Why did they team up? "Our partners dumped us," Fernandez says.

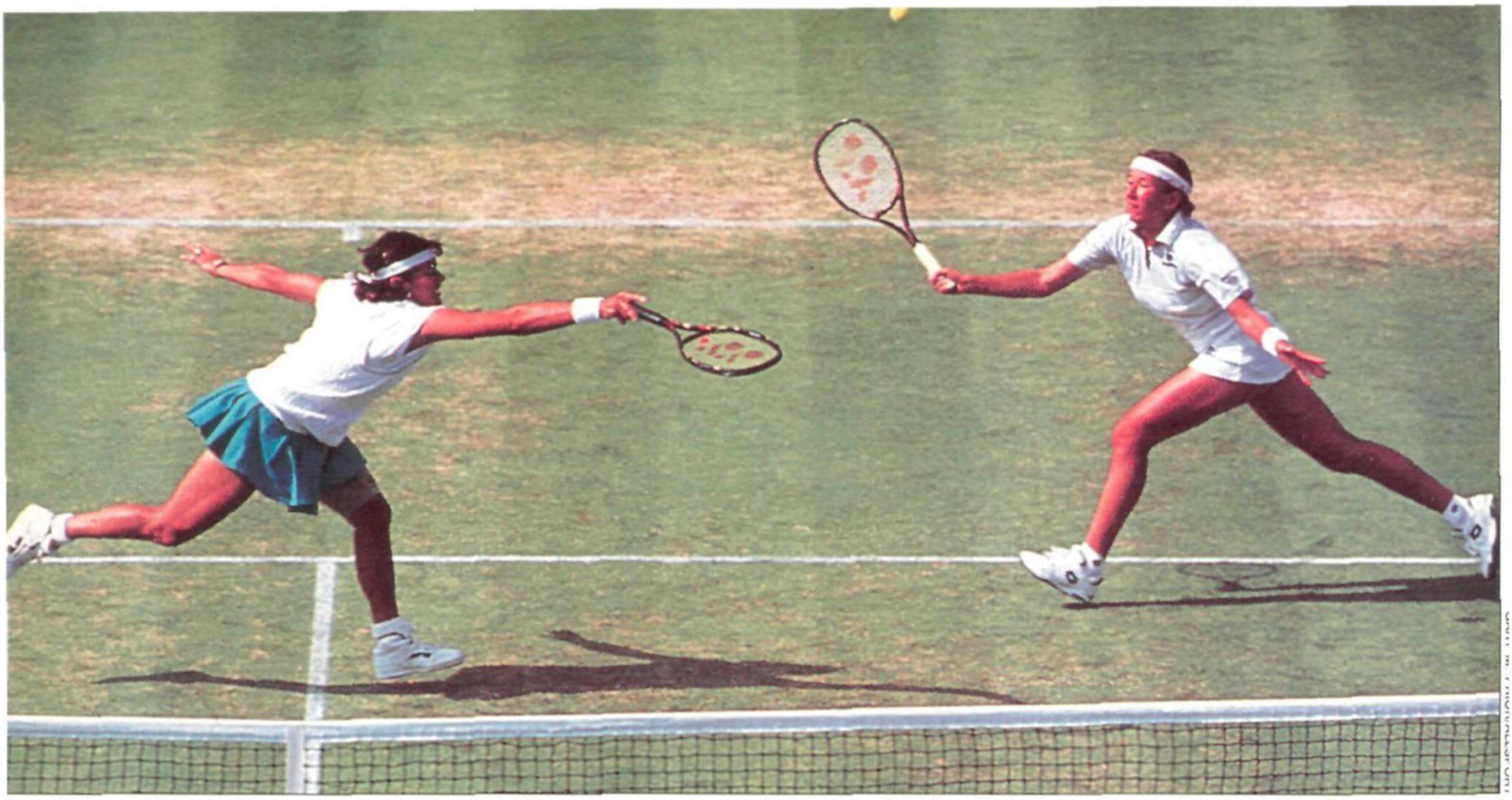
If you thought ladies' doubles was a genteel event for tea-sipping blue hairs, look again—and cover your ears. When a match gets tight, Fernandez and Zvereva lighten up by flipping through a book of off-color jokes during the changeovers. "Basically," Zvereva says, "I try to take everything as one big joke."

Their career together is one big last laugh. Beavis and Butt-Head have won nine of the last 12 Grand Slam titles and are the most dominant duo since Martina Navratilova and Pam Shriver, who were the greatest team ever and the last pair to win a doubles slam, in 1984. Fernandez and Zvereva's match record last season was 60–4, and they are the runaway top-ranked team in the world. It is Navratilova's opinion that she and Shriver were slightly better, but it's arguable. "We were power," she says. "They are finesse. It would have been close."

If there is another difference, it is that Fernandez and Zvereva are capable of losing in the first round occasionally. Fernandez is a big serve-and-volleyer whose legendary bad temper has helped keep her from ever being ranked higher in singles than No. 17. Zvereva is an all-courter with lightning reflexes. Among the most natural but mercurial athletes on tour, she has been as high as No. 5 and as low as No. 30. They lost their chance at duplicating the Navratilova-Shriver doubles slam when they were bounced from the U.S. Open semifinals in September, the second straight year they narrowly lost a slam bid. Zvereva had struggled with an assortment of injuries, and Fernandez was admittedly tight. In general they hardly seem the sorts to chase such records. "In some ways what we've done is tougher," Fernandez says of comparisons with Navratilova-Shriver. "They were great. It's amazing we're this good."

Winning or losing, Fernandez and Zvereva are the liveliest act around, including the Jensens, the chest-butting brothers doubles team. They have been known to hit balls between their legs,

Only rarely do Zvereva (far left) and Fernandez collide while playing, but shopping is a different game altogether.



Quick reflexes let Zvereva (right) play the whole court while Fernandez holds down the net.

over their backs and while lying on the ground. "The glory shots," Fernandez says. Zvereva helped them win the '93 Wimbledon title—ironically, over the partners who spurned them, Jana Novotna and Larissa Neiland—when she struck two miraculous, lunging forehands while lying in the grass after falling, to give them match point.

As the saying goes, the rocks in one head fill the holes in another. It is the only way to explain the zig-and-zag chemistry of Fernandez and Zvereva, opposites in style and temperament. As they lounged at the table in Beverly Hills while on a break from tournament play, they were a study in contrast. Fernandez wore a $2,000 Armani suit, Zvereva a suede miniskirt and Big Rig construction boots. "We do a lot of things together, but shopping isn't one of them," Fernandez says. "We're too different." Yet somehow they dovetail in all the important ways.

Fernandez and Zvereva genuinely like each other—no mean accomplishment in the back-stabbing world of women's tennis. They have stayed together since the summer of 1991, when Fernandez was dropped by Novotna and Zvereva by Neiland. Novotna and Neiland teamed up, so Zvereva and Fernandez shrugged and did the same—and won the first six Grand Slam events they entered. Neiland does not have a regular partner, and Novotna has had a half dozen partners in the ensuing three years. (She teamed with the latest, Arantxa Sánchez Vicario, to beat Fernandez and Zvereva in the Australian Open final last month.) In contrast, Fernandez and Zvereva not only play together, they also spend holidays together.

They exchange gifts after every tournament victory, a practice begun at the urging of Fernandez's former coach, Julie Anthony, whom they credit with bringing them together and keeping them there. With each title, Zvereva gives Fernandez a Russian lacquered box, and Fernandez buys Zvereva CDs for her collection, which numbers roughly 275. "They're like sisters," says Lindsay Davenport, a tour player and Zvereva's roommate in a Newport Beach, Calif., condo. "They're always off somewhere talking."

Their Achilles' heel is emotion, not tactics. Fernandez, the aggressor and strategic leader of the team, is subject to what she calls "my freak-outs," destructive rages that end in penalties and fines. "The best way to beat them is to get them upset," says Davenport.

By doing just that, Davenport and partner Lisa Raymond dealt Fernandez and Zvereva a second-round loss in Indian Wells, Calif., last February. It was the result of a major Fernandez freak-out. She had just turned 30 and had drawn top-ranked Steffi Graf in the first singles round, a combination of events that put her in a vile temper. When Raymond passed her down the alley early in the match, Fernandez erupted, hitting a ball out of the stadium. "Gigi, stop," Zvereva said. A few minutes later she broke a racket. "Gigi, that's enough," Zvereva said. Next, Fernandez cussed out a tournament official. Zvereva gave up. "About 98 percent of the time I'm capable of handling her emotions," Zvereva says. "I laugh. But this was just uncontrollable." They went down in flames, 6–4, 6–4.

Afterward Zvereva would not speak to Fernandez and was so furious the next day that she lost her first-round singles match. Finally they sat down and talked. Zvereva told Fernandez that she was self-absorbed and inconsiderate. "The next time, think of me," Zvereva said.

The problem is that Fernandez doesn't think. She treats her racket the way a loan shark treats a deadbeat. First she slaps it around. If it doesn't cooperate, she breaks its legs. Two years ago she mailed the WTA a $250 check, the equivalent of five warnings from a chair umpire, before the season because she knew she couldn't trust herself to control her temper. Last November she received a $2,000 fine from the WTA Players Committee—on which Zvereva sits—for mooning her opponent, Mary Pierce, in Filderstadt, Germany.

"Why do I explode?" Fernandez says. "Because I'm a child." Fernandez figures she whacked her first racket when she was seven and has continued because "nobody ever told me I wasn't supposed to."

Fernandez is the daughter of a wealthy San Juan physician, Tuto, and a beautiful socialite, Beatriz. Fernandez had an unlimited supply of attention, rackets and

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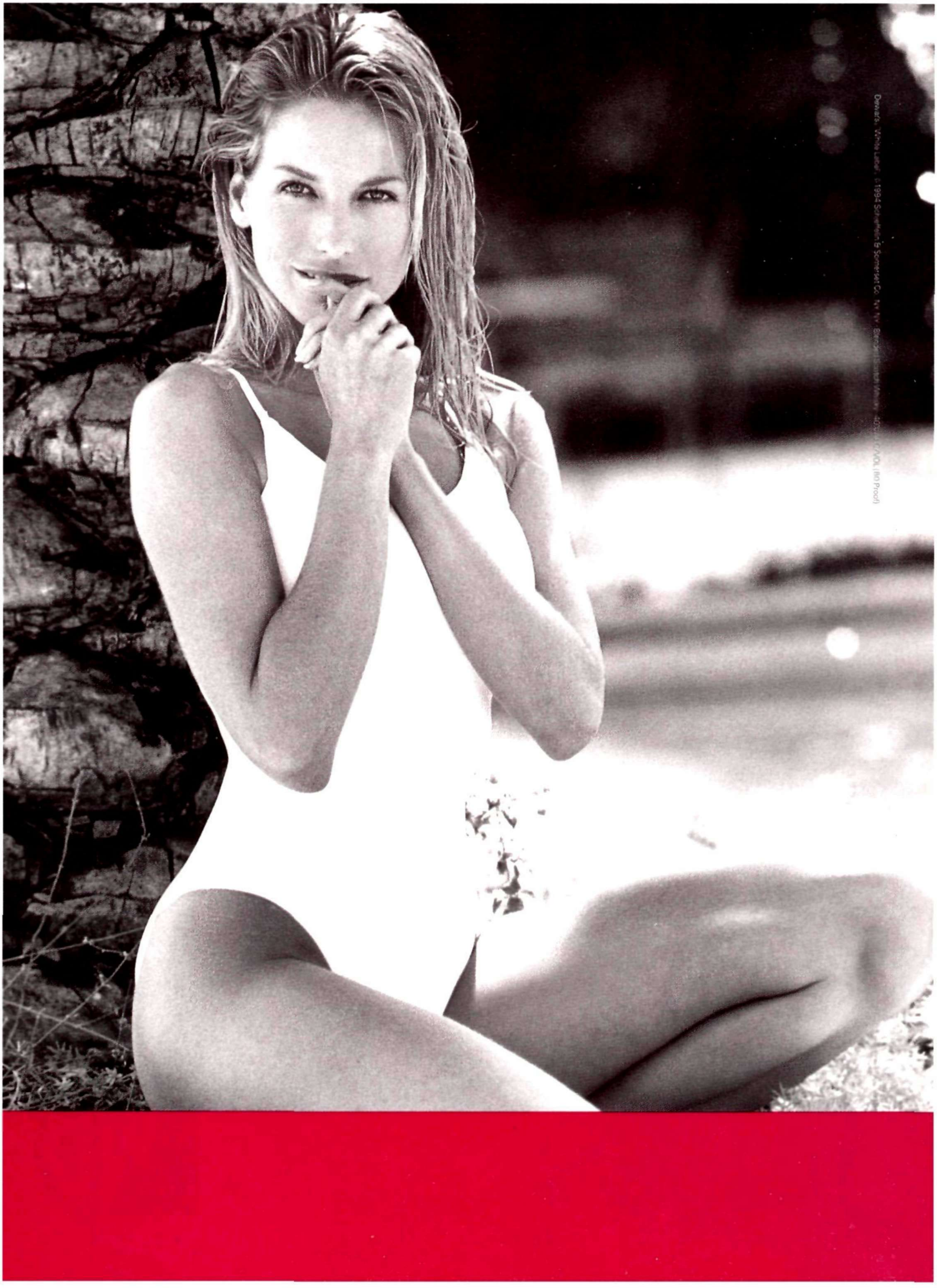
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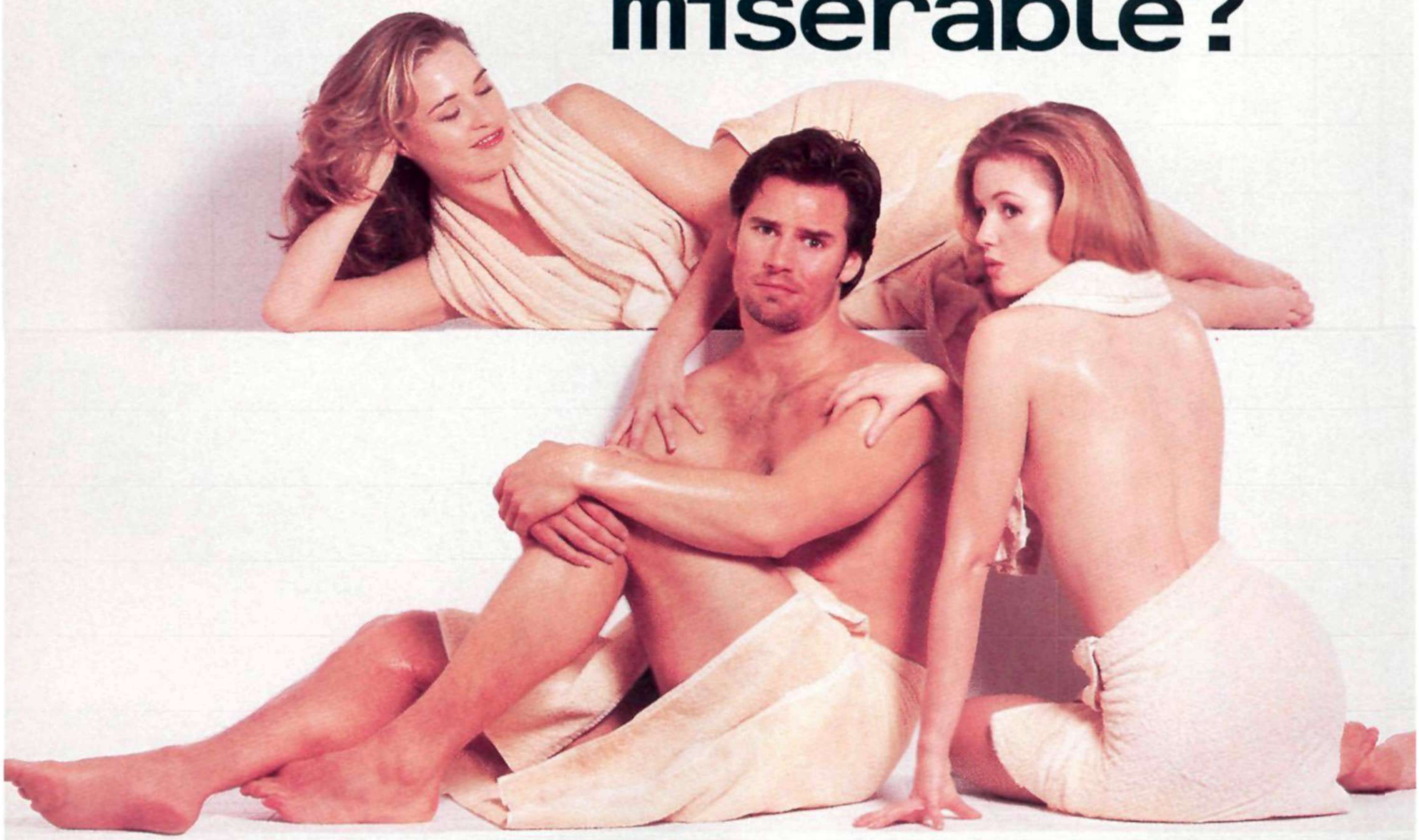

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After a Wimbledon win (left) Zvereva and Fernandez lost their Slam bid at the U.S. Open.

lessons, and seldom heard the word *no*. By the age of nine she was the subject of newspaper coverage across Puerto Rico. As a teenager she was equally famous for her talent and for extravagances like her black Camaro sports car. She made frequent trips to the mainland for shopping and junior tournaments and received a fistful of college scholarship offers. Fernandez went to Clemson, made the NCAA finals as a freshman and turned pro six months later.

She is widely regarded as Top 10 in ability, although her best Grand Slam singles result came when she reached the Wimbledon semifinals last year. Her limitation has been a career-long struggle to control her anger, the root of which she thinks she understands. "I'm a perfectionist," she says. "And I'm insecure." This is why she prefers the companionable comfort of doubles to the greater exposure of singles. She says she went nuts in Indian Wells because she thought she heard snickering in the crowd when Raymond passed her. "I thought they were mocking me," she says.

Zvereva's slow, almost porridgelike temperament serves as the perfect antidote to Fernandez's emotional chaos. "I understand why Gigi explodes," she says. "You have to express your emotions, negative or positive. I do it too, but I do it in my head." Not always. Zvereva celebrated a quarterfinal victory at the Australian Open by lifting her shirt to reveal a sports bra, amusing fans but not the WTA, which is considering a fine.

Zvereva tried taking things seriously once. She didn't like it. A product of the Soviet sports machine, she rose to No. 5 and reached the final of the French Open by age 17. But she hated the pressure and resented her country's controlling authorities, and quietly resisted both.

Zvereva expressed herself emotionally through a determined individualism—and by listening to screaming music. As a girl growing up in Byelorussia, she danced alone in her room to black-market rock-and-roll. Her taste grew progressively harder. These days she listens to Metallica, AC-DC and old Led Zeppelin. She flirts with grunge and wears T-shirts that say things like KNOWLEDGE IS STUPID. She asks to borrow a piece of writing paper, then wipes her mouth with it.

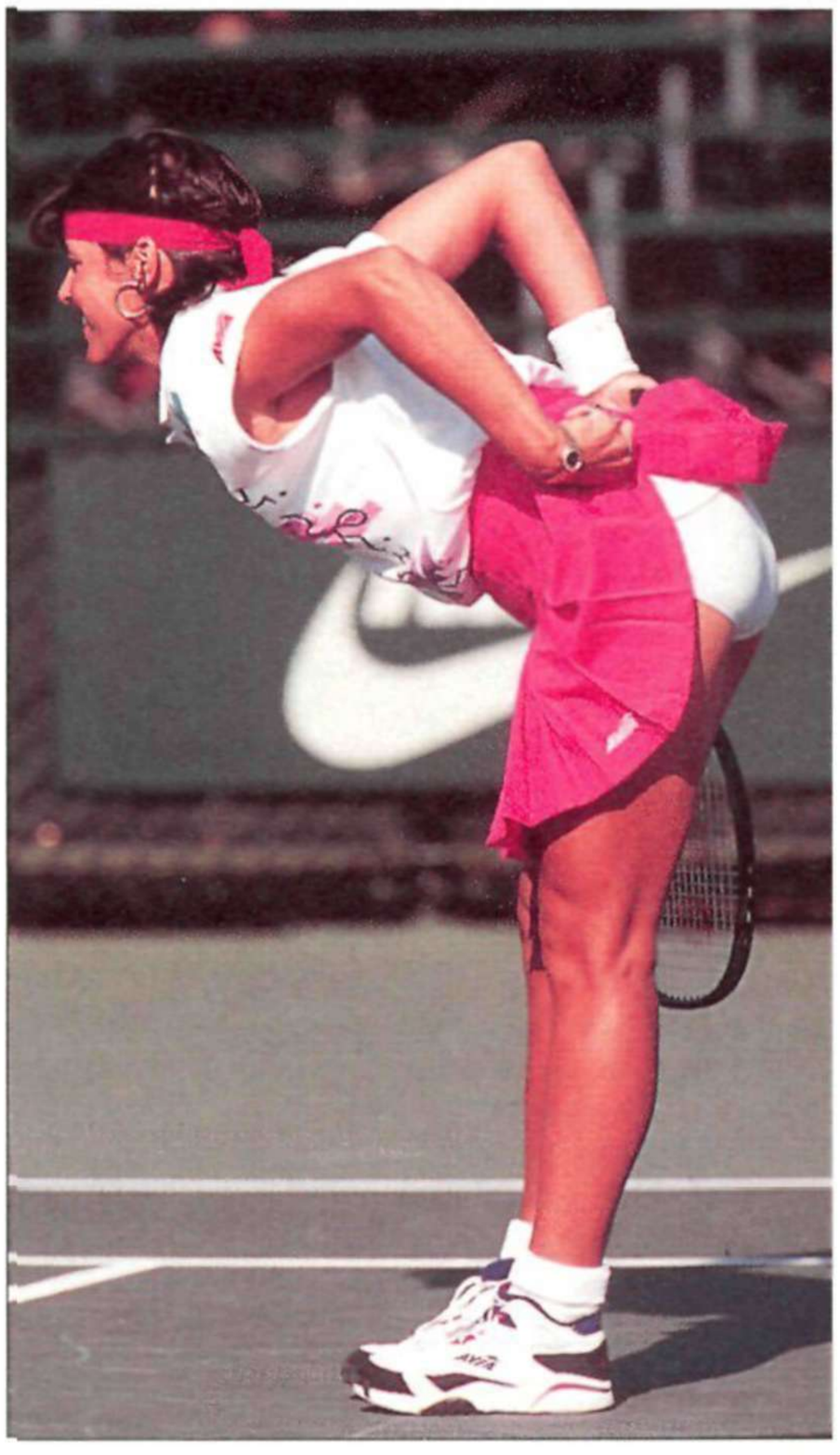
If Zvereva is a subversive at heart, it is thanks to her father, Marat, who worked at the Soviet Army Club in Minsk and fought for the right to coach his daughter rather than turn her over to the machine. At her father's urging, Zvereva demanded a share of her winnings, which were going into Soviet coffers while she received only expense money. She signed with an American agency and began tanking matches, saying she wouldn't win unless she was paid. Zvereva feared she would be tossed in the gulag, but after tense negotiations the authorities backed down and let her keep the bulk of her earnings. "I'm very proud of that," she says.

But the experience left Zvereva exhausted and with a distaste for pressure. Her ranking fell to No. 30, and she has yet to rehabilitate it fully. Although nearly everyone considers her capable of being in the Top 5, she has refused since 1990 to employ a full-time coach. "I don't want to live up to anybody else's expectations," she says. "My ambition is fun."

Zvereva's offhandedness hides some dark moods. In her own way she is as high-strung as Fernandez. "The good news is, she has a lot of feelings," Fernandez says. "The bad news is, she keeps it all inside." If Fernandez explodes, Zvereva implodes, becoming sullen and uncommunicative.

When that happens, Fernandez and Zvereva always forgive each other, perhaps because they are aware of their own shortcomings. "There are plenty of times when I act totally weird, so I can't blame her when she explodes," Zvereva says. It was both hilarious and appropriate, then, when Fernandez and Zvereva began linking themselves to those incorrigible MTV characters. At a party before Wimbledon last summer, the pair delivered a sniggering satire of themselves. Fernandez, as Butt-Head, sneered, "I want to do something bad." Zvereva, as Beavis, urged her on. "Cool," she cackled. "Do it. Do it."

With that, Fernandez seized a racket and reduced it to smithereens before the roaring crowd. ■



FRED MULLANE/VIRGINIA SLIMS TENNIS

For Fernandez, self-expression takes many forms—and brings with it more than a few fines.

Revered Irish boxing champ Dan Donnelly died in 1820, but his once-feared limb endures

by Allen Abel

Ah, cruel Death, why were you so unkind?
To take Sir Dan and leave such trash behind
—Eulogy to Dan Donnelly, 1820

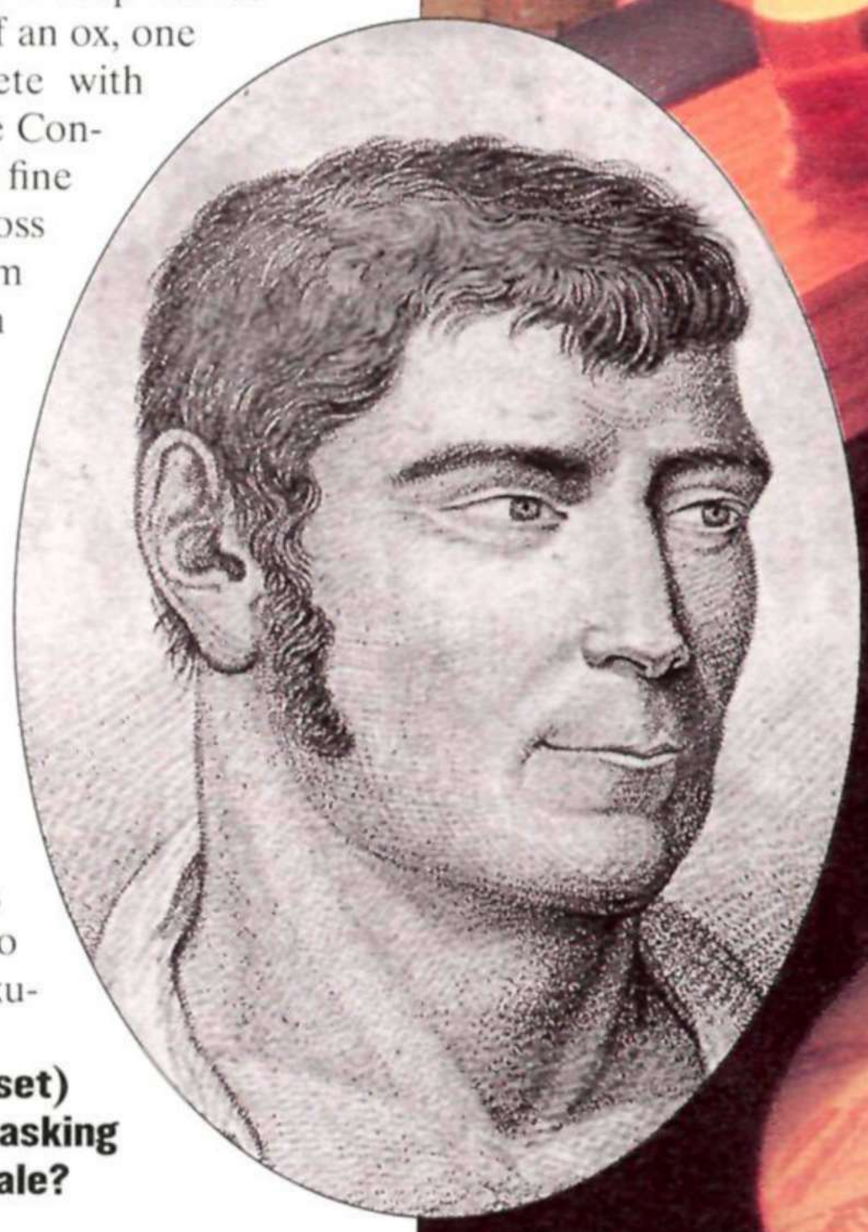
I AM sitting at a bar in the green heart of Ireland, holding the champion's hand. For a boxing fan who has crossed the Atlantic to be here, it is an unforgettable moment—particularly since the champ whose hand I am holding has been dead for 174 years.

It is Saturday noon in County Kildare, and the Hideout Olde World Pub is filling with local families coming from the market and a brace of habited, elderly nuns drinking, I pray, straight tea. Outside, the April sun is shining, and the village of Kilcullen, on the River Liffey, 25 miles southwest of Dublin, basks contentedly, secure in the fame and commerce that flow here, thanks to my desiccated friend.

"Let me take a picture of you," my wife, Linda, says, brandishing her little camera. Obeying her (as always), I hold up the morbid relic, which is not only the hand but the *entire petrified right arm and shoulder blade* of a 19th-century Irish sporting hero named Dan Donnelly, and manage a wan smile. The photo session done, I give Donnelly's Arm back to the publican and return to my Murphy's stout and my cod Mornay.

The Hideout, which has displayed the famous appendage since 1953, is a comprehensive museum of macabre Hibernian playfulness. Above my head is a knob-jawed Indian crocodile, 12 feet long with teeth like fence posts, and on adjacent shelves are the propeller of the first aeroplane to cross the Irish Sea (it crashed on Irish soil), a harp carved from the shoulder blade of an ox, one Bengal tiger skin complete with head, a quiver of bona fide Congolese poison arrows and a fine example of a Celtic cross painstakingly crafted from matchsticks and toothbrush handles. The dining tables rest on antique treadle sewing machines. But all of this pales, of course, beside the singularity of Donnelly's Arm.

Who was Dan Donnelly and why did his disciples think to save a hunk of him for Ireland to honor? Why did it take more than a century for his right arm to make its way to a display case in this exu-



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND

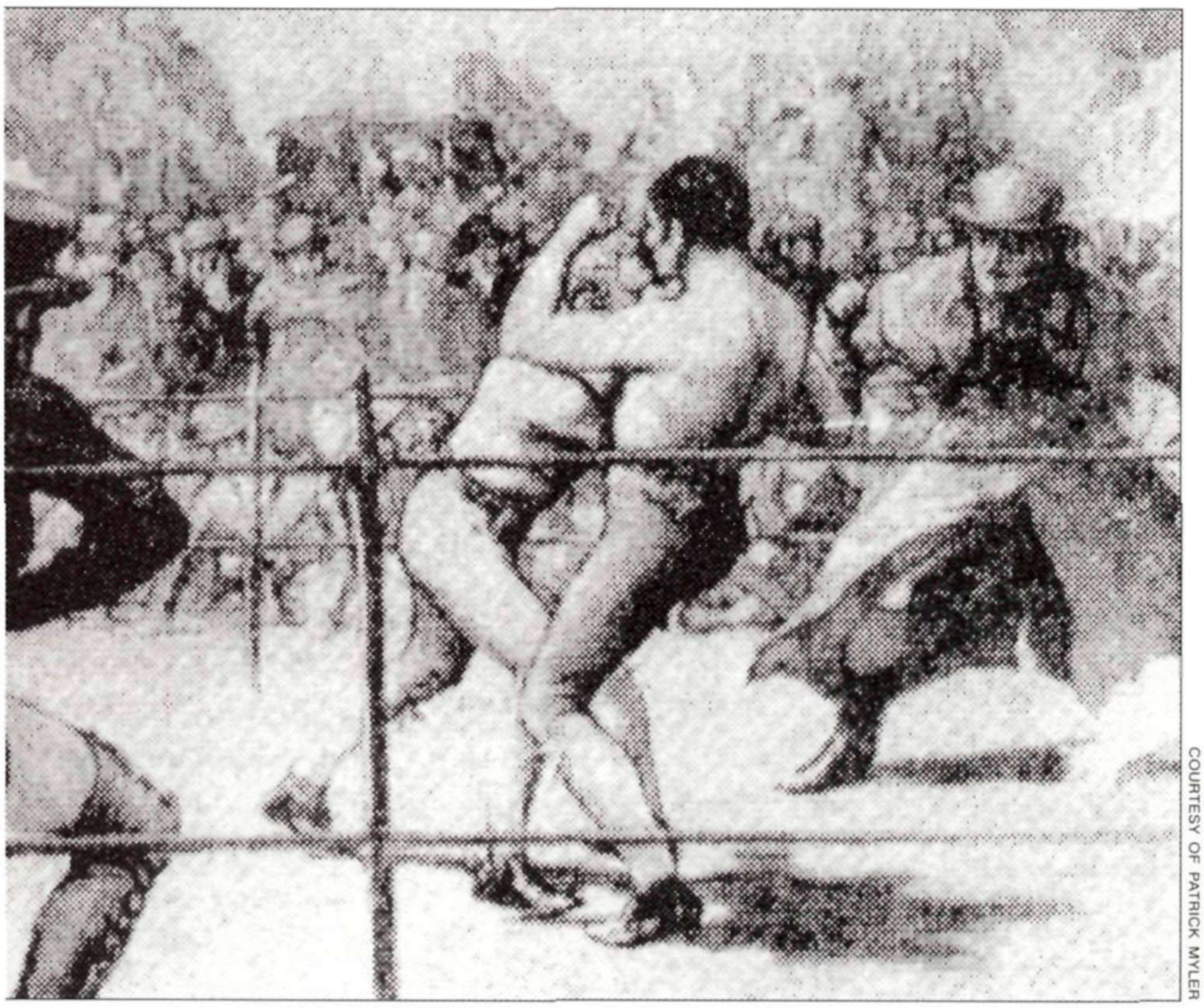
Is the part of Donnelly (inset) preserved at the Hideout asking the bearded Byrne for an ale?

Photographs by Lane Stewart

Donnelly's Arm

berant rural restaurant? The answers lie enmeshed in the proud, painful histories of Donnelly's sport and of his country. And the search for them leads a traveler to obscure corners of this old and eloquent land.

A couple of miles north of the Hideout pub, on the rolling plain of close-clipped pasture known as the Curragh, a weathered gray obelisk rests plumply inside an iron fence. Squat clumps of yellow-blooming gorse bedot the hillside beyond



COURTESY OF PATRICK MYLER

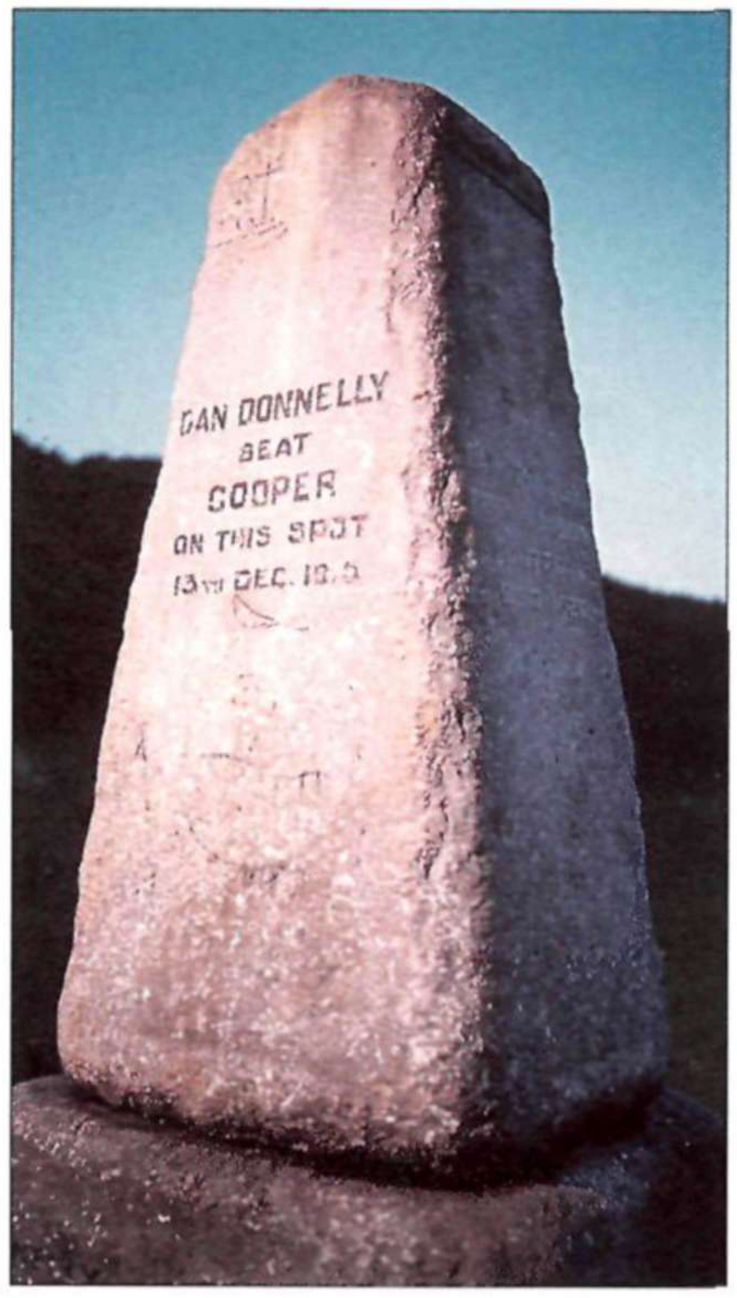
the monument, and a father kicks a soccer ball to a pair of squealing daughters clad in jumpsuits of astonishing pink. There is no one else around. The inscription on the monument says:

DAN DONNELLY
BEAT
COOPER
ON THIS SPOT
13TH DEC 1815

It was not boxing as we would recognize it. The rules, codified in 1743 in the sport's first British flowering, were rudimentary: ". . . no person is to seize his Adversary by the ham or the breeches. . . ." A bout could last a minute, or an afternoon. There was as much wrestling as punching. A round ended when a man was knocked down, or simply knelt for a rest. Matches concluded in unconsciousness, death, dispute or mass arrests. Shambling "champions" toured the countryside, taking on all comers. The entire enterprise—sparring, fighting, betting—was illegal almost everywhere. It was insanely popular.

The core of combat, then as now, was personal and national conceit. George Cooper was English, a bargeman from Staffordshire. Dan Donnelly was a son of the Dublin docks, the ninth child of his mother's 17, his native Ireland a restive fief of the old, mad George III. Britain had never been stronger, or Erin weaker. It was six months after Wellington's epochal victory at Waterloo, 17 years since Catholic Ireland's first abortive Rising. Twelve decades later Joe Louis and Max Schmeling would reprise the roles at Yankee Stadium, surrogates for freedom and the Reich.

In 1815, in the vague December daylight, there were 20,000 hoping, hating patriots here on the Curragh. The railroad had not been invented. They came by cart, by carriage, by towboat, by foot. Noblemen mingled with fishmongers and wheelwrights. The lust for blood leavened



An obelisk stands where, in 1815, Donnelly buoyed Irish pride by thrashing his English foe.

them. They called themselves the Fancy.

After hours of negotiations of stakes and side bets, the carnage began. The object was to render the opponent prostrate for half a minute or to otherwise so impair him that his managers surrendered. Donnelly, who had been discovered a couple of years earlier in the Dublin slums gallantly pummeling a neighborhood bully, had as his Don King a prominent fancier of the art named Captain Kelly. Such "seconds" stood in the arena with their fighters and dragged them to their feet when the lights went out.

It was, by surviving accounts, a hell of a fight. In one telling the Dubliner was laid flat in the second round but was revived when Kelly's beauteous daughter kissed him and whispered that she had bet her father's entire estate on his success. An Irish folk song, *The Ballad of Donnelly & Cooper*, remembers this. It may even be true. Another version of the tale holds that Miss Kelly shoved a stalk of sugarcane into the comatose Donnelly's maw, saying, "Now, me charmer, give 'im a warmer."

Revivified by whatever means, Donnelly rose before 30 seconds had passed and delivered his trademark blow, a cross-buttock hip throw that left him sitting

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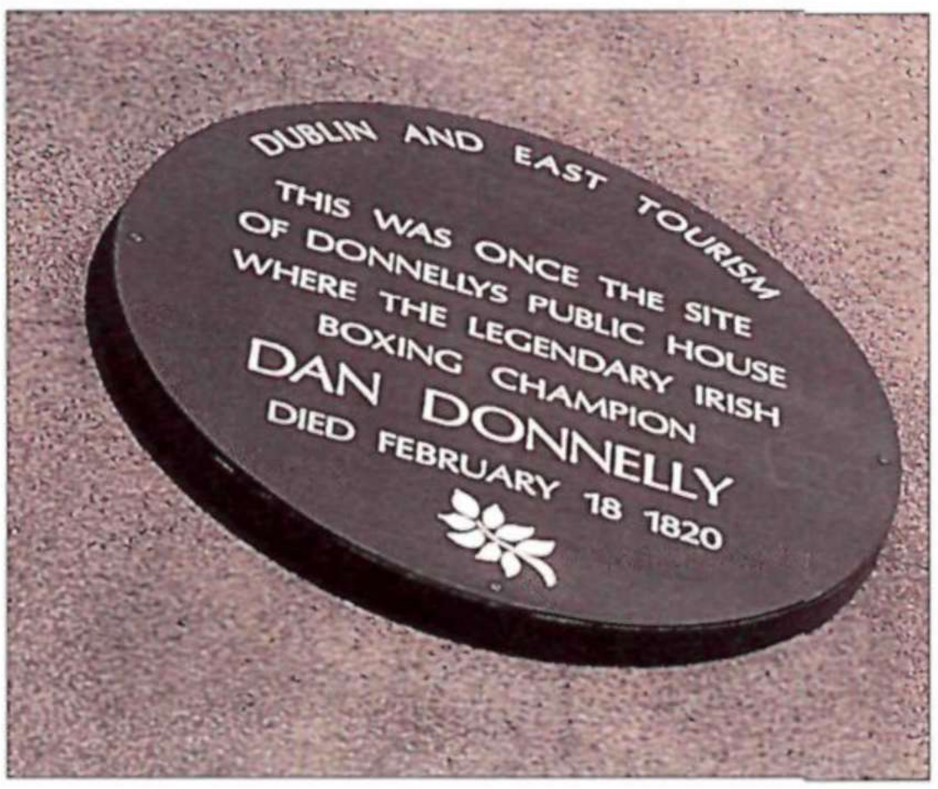
atop the bloodied enemy. And so it went until the 11th round, when Dan Donnelly broke George Cooper's jaw and England was defeated. It had taken 22 minutes.

The Fancy exulted, collecting wagers from backers of the bargeman at odds of 10 to 1. The Irish conqueror was lifted from the field by the throng. And now, near the close of a subsequent century, in the yielding turf of the Curragh, I walk the same path, following a double row of shallow footprints, maintained with loving exactness, that lead from the low, gray monument to the hilltop far beyond.

Flush with celebrity and his £60 purse from the Cooper fight, Dan Donnelly decided to go on tour as Champion of Ireland. Soon after, in England, the prince regent purportedly knighted him one evening at a house of pleasure; probably they both were as drunk as lords. Intoxication was Sir Dan's habitual state of being. It was said that his training regimen involved five draughts of malt for every round of sparring. It was an age when a fighter could make do with as much anesthesia as he could get.

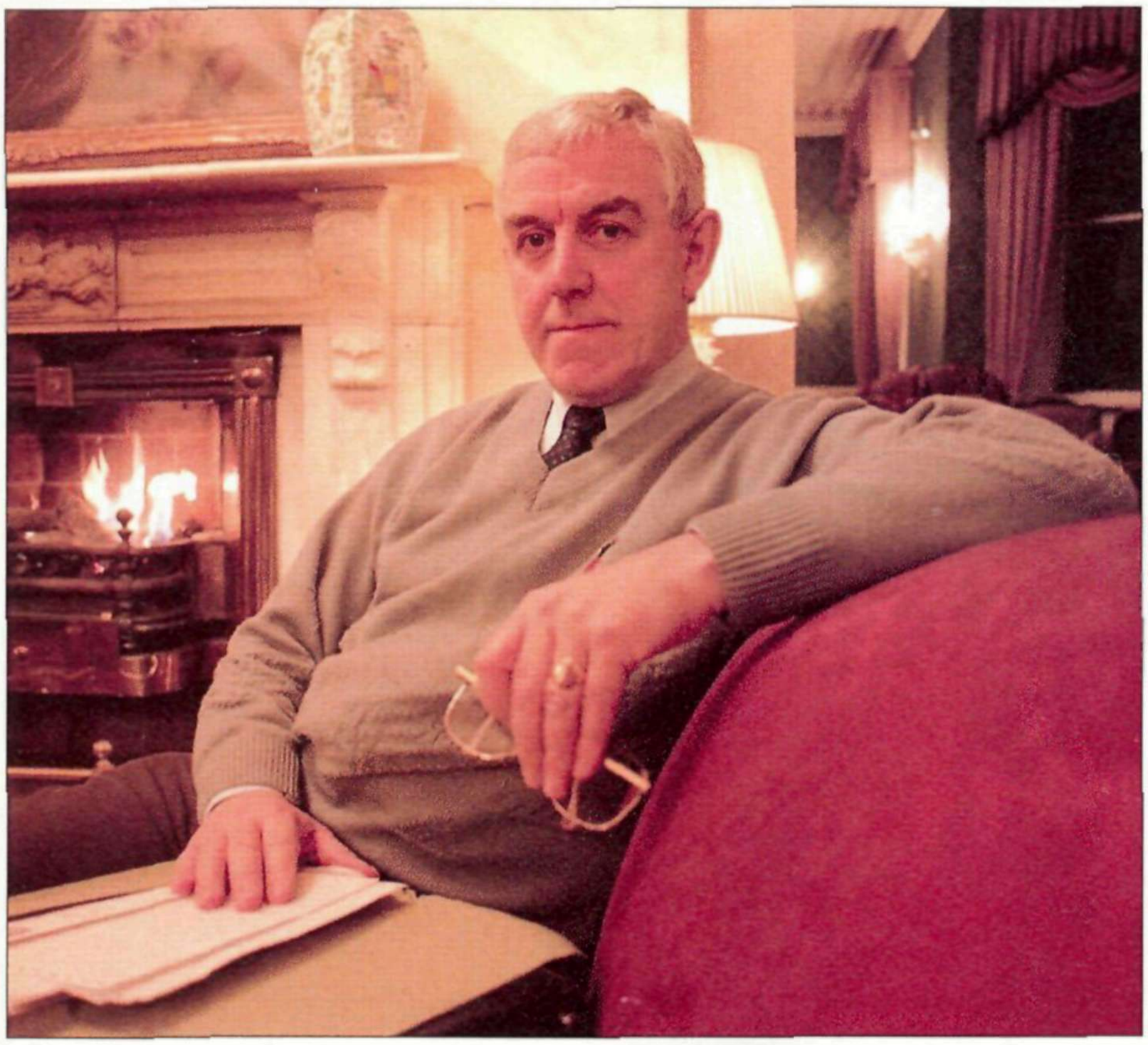


Donnelly drank up the profits at the Capstan before dropping dead, at 32, in another pub he operated.

Back in Dublin the champion went into the hospitality trade, running a succession of pubs, pulling pints for the clamoring Fancy and one or two for himself. This would become the familiar path of many an ex-fighter. Jack Dempsey would do the same on Broadway. And the great Louis, his faculties nearly gone, would close his days sadly glad-handing in Las Vegas.

Some of Dan Donnelly's oases still stand. Kitty-corner from St. Patrick's Cathedral—where, like Donnelly's Arm, the skull of Jonathan Swift was kept on display for decades—in the dreary Dublin district called the Coombe, I take lunch at Fallon's Capstan Bar, where Sir Dan held sway in 1818. The fare is plebeian (vegetable soup, cheddar on toast, Guinness by the ebony pint) and I sit on a worn, tweed-covered bench in the snug by the front window, jotting notes, immersed in Ireland. Behind me is a ceramic Dalmatian missing a foreleg, and on the bare-brick walls are old tobacco advertisements and the smoke-dulled red regalia of the Manchester United football team.

At the Capstan, Dan Donnelly went broke, as he had in Capel Street and Poolbeg. But he did not throw in the towel. He moved on to the Four Courts and another pub on Greek Street. That site is now the Dublin Motor Vehicle Office, the Oifig Cláraithe Gluaisteán, but there is a plaque commemorating the fact that just



Dan Donnelly

after midnight on Feb. 18, 1820, Dan Donnelly dropped dead in the Greek Street pub. He was 32. It might have been a sclerotic liver or venereal disease. But the popular opinion was that Sir Dan had drunk too much iced water immediately following a feverish game of racquets. The irony was unmistakable: It was the water, not the whiskey, that killed the Champion of Ireland. Succoring kisses and sugarcane could not avail him now.

The city wept and wailed. At the magnificent National Library in Dublin, in a reading room as still and sanctified as a synagogue, I pore through the newspapers of the day. For me it is an epiphany—the confirmation, in fading ink on a printed page, that there was such a man, in such a city, so long ago. Delighted with this ratification, I copy the account of the funeral from *Carrick's Morning Post* of Feb. 23, 1820:

An immense number of people, some in carriages, and some on horseback, moving in slow and measured pace, formed part of the procession . . . the GLOVES were carried on a cushion in front of the hearse, from which the horses had been unyoked by the crowd, and multitudes contended for the honor of assisting in drawing it. . . .

. . . whatever failings he might have had, he never was ashamed of his country; abroad or at home he stood up in its defence, and was always ready to give a milling to those who disputed its pre-eminence. . . .

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Myler has helped keep everything about Donnelly—including his mug—in the public eye.

Gazing around the gallery, half-dreaming, I wonder: A century from now, will anyone come upon my own scratchings, as I have delved into these?

The dead champion was interred on the grounds of the Royal Hospital in Kilmainham while the magazines filled with elegiac verse:

Oh, Erin's daughters, come and shed your tears
On your Champion's grave, who loved you many years
To Erin's sons this day's a day of sorrow;
Who have we now that will defend our Curragh?
And:
What dire misfortune has our land o'er spread,
Our Irish Champion's numbered with the dead.

The trouble was, poor Donnelly wasn't numbered with the dead for very long. It was the heyday of the professional grave robber; in Dublin they were known as "Resurrectionists" or the "Sack 'em Ups." Their trade sprang from the prohibition (until 1832) of the use of human cadavers in medical education. As executed murderers were the only exception, and since in Ireland in the 1820s professors of surgery outnumbered the recently hanged by a ratio of about six to one, it was inevitable that a commerce in contraband corpses would spring up.

It became imperative, therefore, for the tombs of the freshly departed to be guarded day and night. But the Champion of Ireland had had the bad judgment to die in the middle of winter. For a day or two a phalanx of bereaved boxing fans attended his burial place, but then, as *Carrick's* reported:

Their naturally jovial disposition and the severity of the weather prompted them to make too frequent libations on the tomb of the departed champion and disabled them from perceiving or opposing those riflers of the House of Death.

So the sepulchre was opened and the reasonably uncorrupted body taken to the laboratory of a medico named Hall. But Dr. Hall was a member of the Fancy. Instead of thanking the slavering Sack 'em Ups, he recoiled in horror when he recognized the illustrious Beetlejuice they had just dragged in.

"Take him back!" the physician prescribed. But first he went for his hacksaw and detached Dan Donnelly's strong right arm. Thus was created one of Ireland's most ghoulish souvenirs.

All this was public knowledge 174 years ago. In a letter to *Carrick's* two days after the funeral procession, a man named Burrowes delineated the whole affair and added:

I am conscious it will raise the tender

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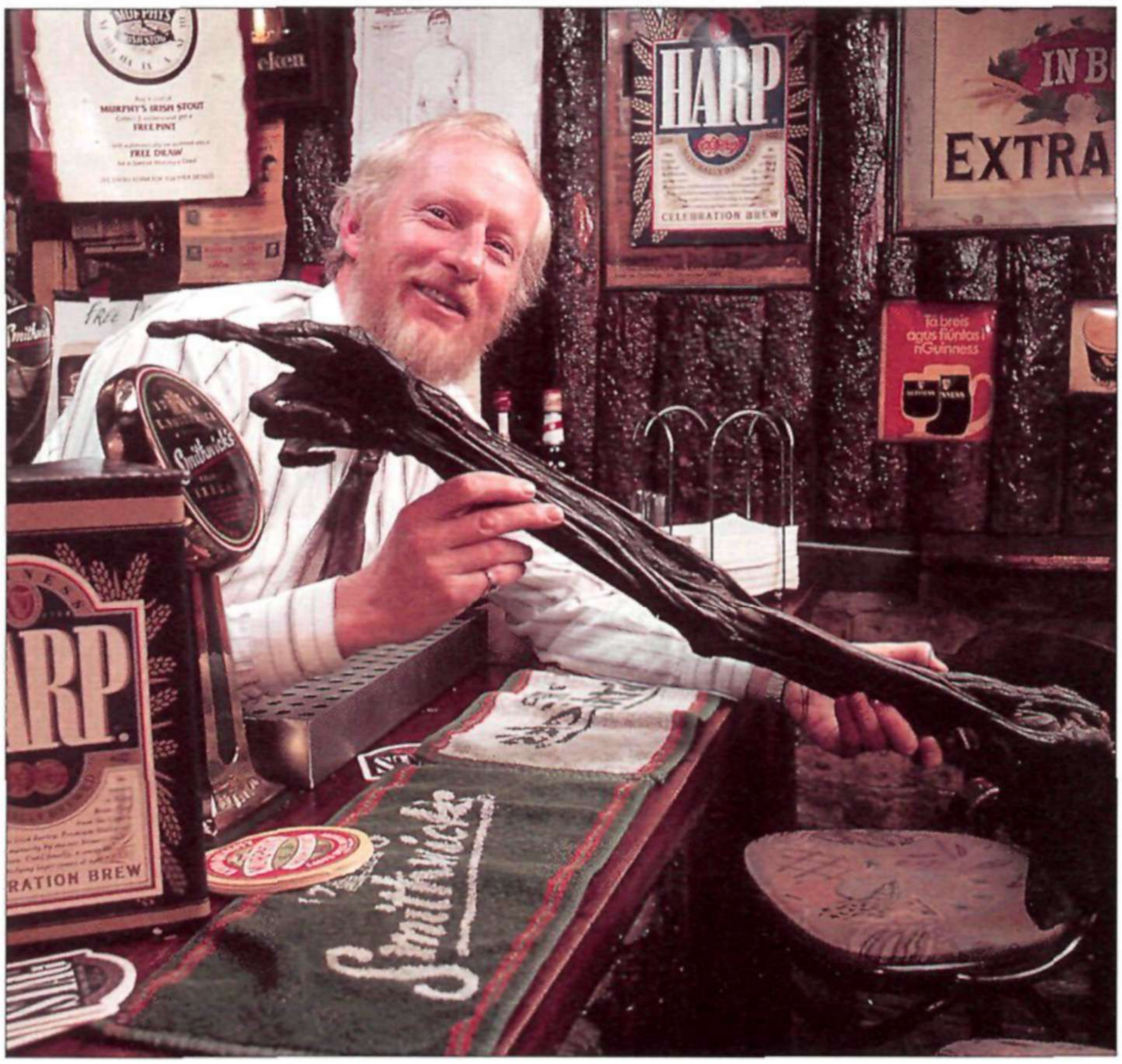

While Byrne dreams of marching up Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day with his prize possession, the rest of Donnelly rests—in peace—in the Royal Hospital cemetery.

"At the launching of my book in 1976," says Myler, a benign and bespectacled man (like me), "Jim Byrne brought the arm to Dublin. I wanted to take it home, lest it be stolen, but my wife refused. She said, 'I'm not letting that thing in my house. What if the rest of him comes looking for it?' "

"Has there been much written about Donnelly?" I ask.

"Yes," says Myler. "Mostly by me."

The burial ground at the Royal Hospital once was called Bully's Acre, but I don't know why. It is located at the northwest corner of the landscaped grounds of the magnificent old sanatorium, surrounded by a high stone wall and the roaring traffic of the South Circular Road. Somewhere in there, I presume, lie the remains of the remains of Dan Donnelly.

I am craning through the window of a hurtling city bus, crumpling my map in fevered anticipation. Beside me is my stoic

feelings of the Fancy, to know that that arm, the object of their highest admiration, and the terror of England, is subject to scoffs, and flung ingloriously into a filthy sink.

According to the only biography of the champion written in the past 170 years—*Dan Donnelly, His Life and Legends*, by Patrick Myler—the arm soon found itself at the medical college of Edinburgh University, where it was disinfected and lacquered and used in anatomy lessons. It then played out the 19th century as an exhibit in a traveling circus.

In 1904 a Belfast bookmaker and barkeeper named "Texas" McAlevey purchased the limb and displayed it at a pub called (aptly) the Duncairn Arms. Later it was relegated to the attic of McAlevey's betting shop on Winetavern Street, where it was dismissed as just another commonplace severed human body part. Then a wine merchant named Donnelly (no relation) bought it just for fun, and he gave it in 1953 to a man named James Byrne, who owned the Hideout in Kilcullen, the nearest village to the rolling Curragh where George Cooper's mandible had been shattered so many decades before. And there it has remained.

Most guidebooks to Ireland don't mention Donnelly's Arm or the fight with George Cooper or the Hideout Olde World Pub. However, the wonderful mummies in the crypt at the Anglican Church of St. Michan's in Dublin, just a block from Dan Donnelly's Greek Street deathbed, draw tourists by the busload. And the detached, yet still miraculously undecayed, head of St. Oliver Plunkett, who was executed in 1681, draws myriad supplicating pilgrims to the town of Drogheda, north of the capital. So it is not an aversion to the public display of whole or dismantled dead Irish people that is to blame for the arm's relative obscurity.

Neither, to be sure, is it the fault of Myler, a boxing columnist and assistant editor at the *Evening Herald* in Dublin. In fact, it is Myler who has labored most diligently to keep the expired champion alive. Across the street from the offices of his newspaper is a small restaurant called, undeservedly, the Ritz, and it is here that Myler and I meet one afternoon to drink tea and talk about Dan Donnelly. The journalist seems alternately bewildered and delighted that a foreigner should be interested in such parochial arcana. His eyes ask, Why aren't you off driving the Ring of Kerry or kissing the Blarney Stone? But we've done that already.

wife, who already has endured the St. Michan's mummies and Oliver Plunkett's severed head and who now is being dragged off to hunt for a tomb that almost assuredly does not exist. And we are bound for further delights this morning: a tour of the Kilmainham Gaol, the hulking prison where many of the heroes of the 1916 Easter Rising were summarily shot. It's across the street from the cemetery.

The wall around the burial ground is seven feet in height. I try to stand at its base and jump as high as I can, but all I can see are trees. Dejectedly, I walk along the barrier for a while and come to a battered blue wooden door.

"There's no way that door isn't locked," I say.

"Why don't you try it," my wife, always the optimist, suggests.

"Why bother?" I shrug and then, playing with the handle just for effect, I find that (of course) the door is unbolted.

Myler says that 20 years ago he was informed by an elderly cemetery caretaker of the exact location of Dan Donnelly's (unmarked) vault. The old man's tale may have been true or it may have been invention, but either way, Myler, to his credit, wouldn't share the secret with me. So now my wife and I are through the blue door and crashing through the underbrush like David Attenborough in pursuit of orangutans.

After a few moments of this, we discover, nearly hidden in the rampant shrubbery, great stone angels and fractured cherubs in states of wonderful dilapidation. For accompaniment, there is birdsong and a small brown rabbit. We come

across a couple of tombstones in this hauntingly tumbledown field, with their inscriptions legible. There is a Henry Walker from 1823 and a John Dinnham, interred one year later. We find no Donnelly, but it doesn't matter. The searching has been reward enough.

"Do you know what I'd love to do?" Desmond Byrne asks me. We're sitting at one of the antique treadle sewing machines, beneath the 12-foot Indian crocodile, at the Hideout Olde World Pub in County Kildare. Byrne, a slim, red-bearded, well-mannered man, inherited the Hideout from his father and grandfather, and with it, of course, Dan Donnelly's dead right arm.

"What?" I reply.

"I would like to take it to America and march with it in the St. Patrick's Day Parade."

We're looking up at the display case where the relic rests, along with a couple of contemporary portraits of the champion and a copy of Myler's book. The arm is fully extended, the fingers curled, with the exception of the index finger, which is pointing right at the ale taps, as Sir Dan himself undoubtedly would be were he still alive and attached. A couple of bus tours have arrived, and delegations of well-lubricated Britons are snapping photos of the hoary thing.

So far, insurance costs and fear of mishap have kept the arm from being paraded up Fifth Avenue. Once, when a visiting Welsh rugby team let slip that it planned to swipe the arm and hold it for ransom—probably beer—Byrne took it home for safekeeping. The next morning, upon opening the pub, he found a "bloody" joke-shop hand in the locked and alarmed display case. So he's skittish about transporting his meal ticket over the sea.

"How much do you think it's worth?" I ask.

"I can't value it," Byrne answers. "There's only one of it."

"Unless we dig him up and take his *left* arm," I interject, cleverly.

"I have this belief," Byrne goes on. "Things like this only have value when they're on the wall. Off the shelf, where people can't see it, it has no value. Look at all the Van Goghs disappearing into private hands. That's terrible."

I ask Byrne if I may take a photograph of him with Donnelly's Arm. He unlocks the display case and takes the arm out and sits on a barstool, holding it tenderly, around the wrist, like a father leading his child to school.

"I suppose it brings out the cannibal in us," my host says, pondering the remnant of humanity with which he is posing on a perfect Saturday noon in the green heart of Ireland.

"It's the reflection of our mortality," I ruminate. "It points to the unknown."

"Yes," the publican replies. "Why do we love horror? We haven't really left the caves, I guess." ■

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the general whose army never wins

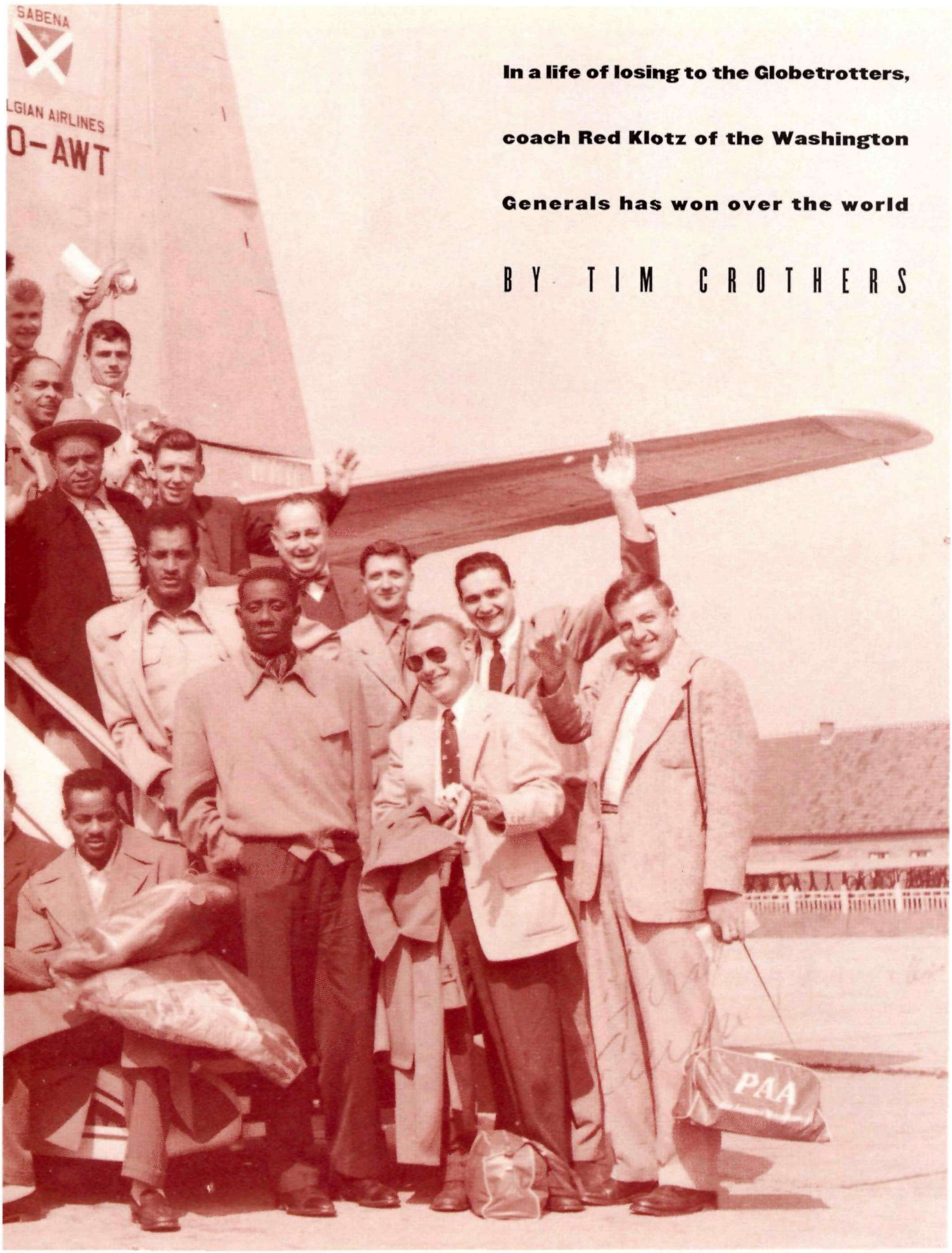
In 1950 Klotz (third from right) and his troops took off on a European jaunt.

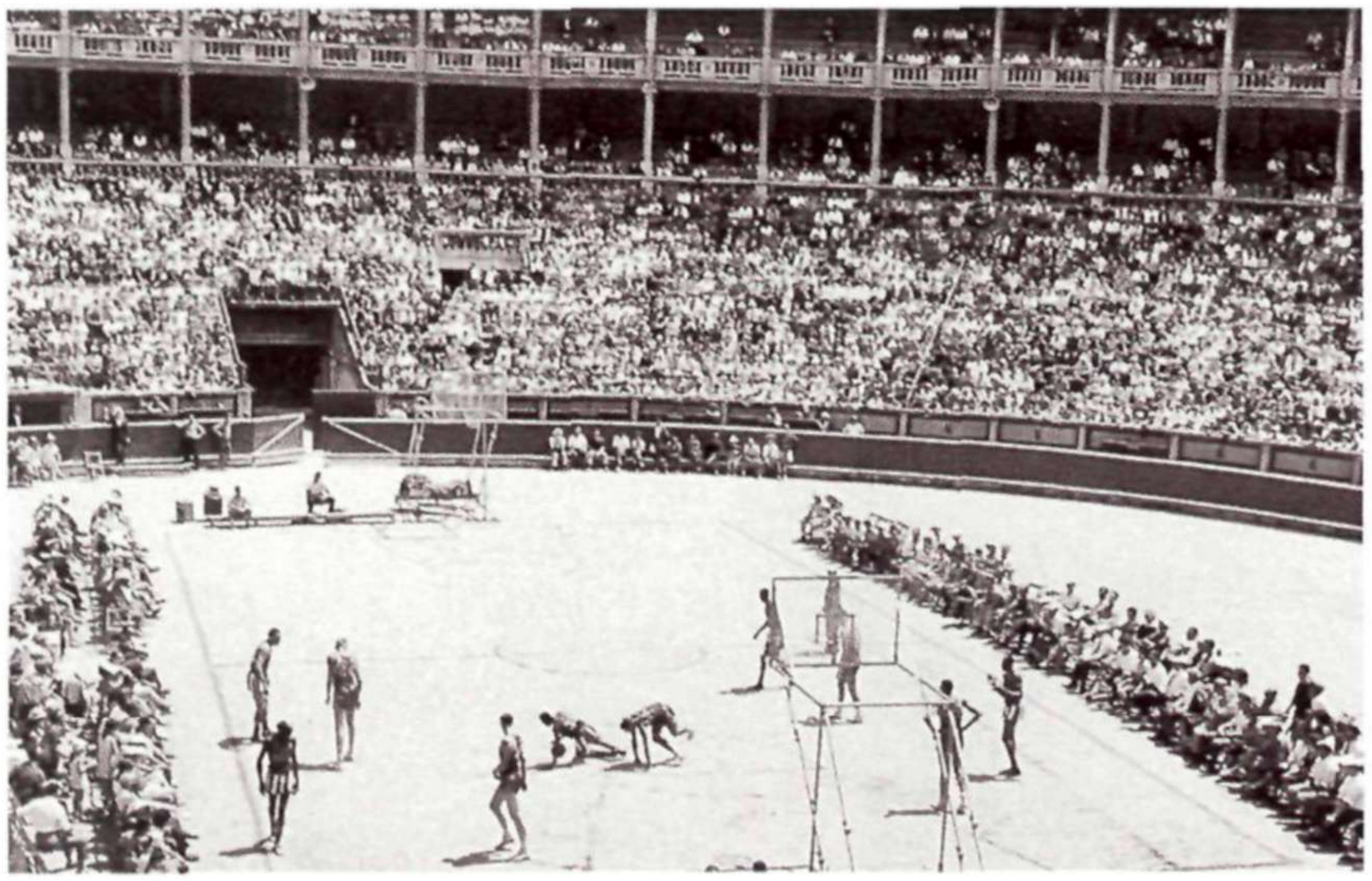
In a life of losing to the Globetrotters,

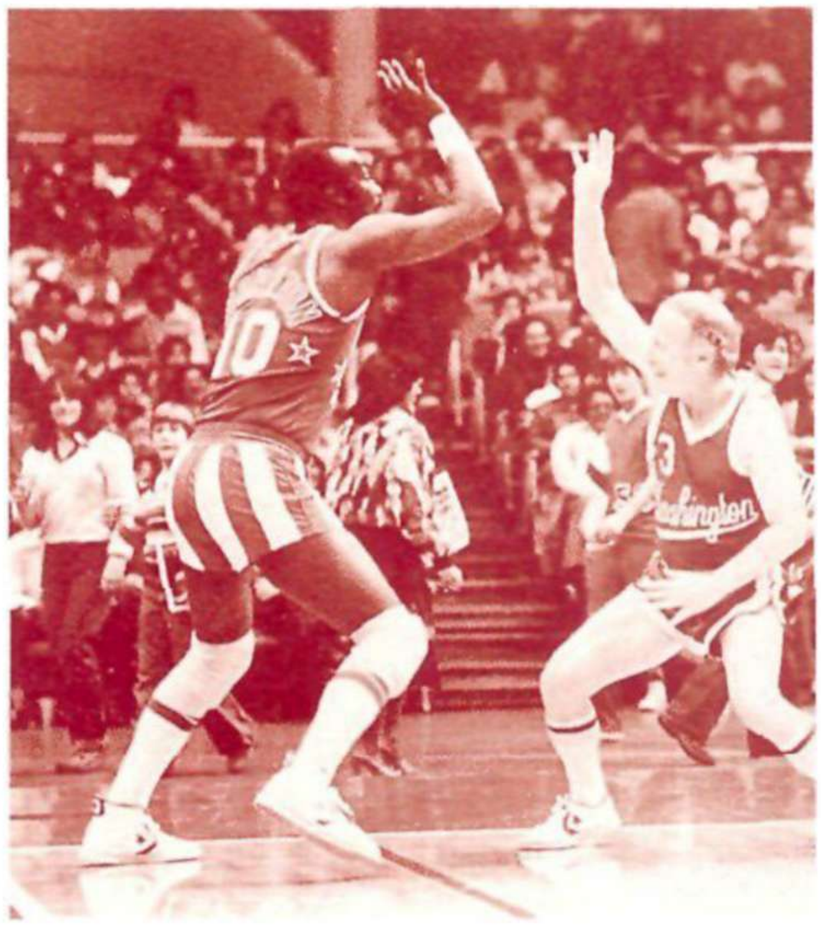
coach Red Klotz of the Washington

Generals has won over the world

BY TIM CROTHERS

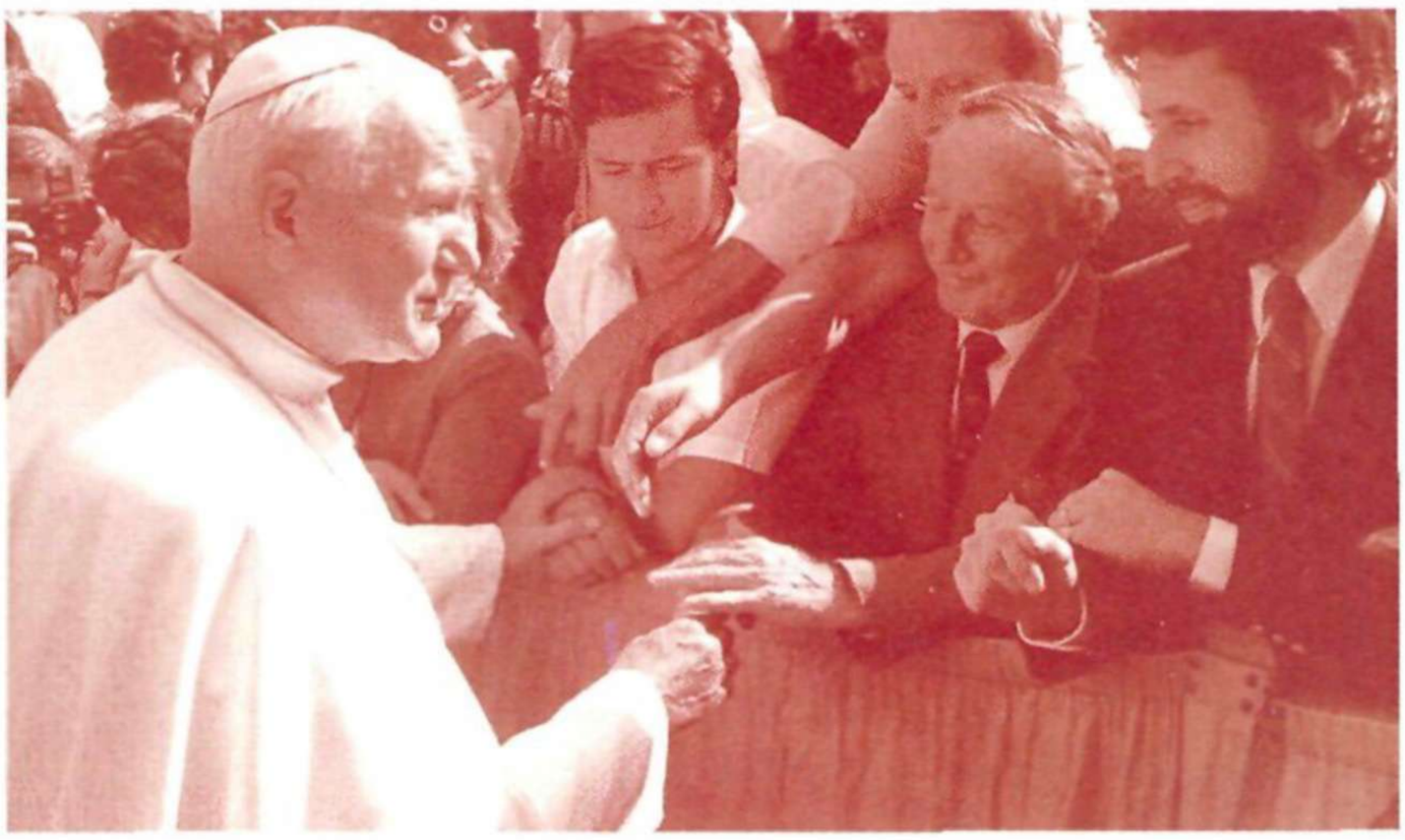


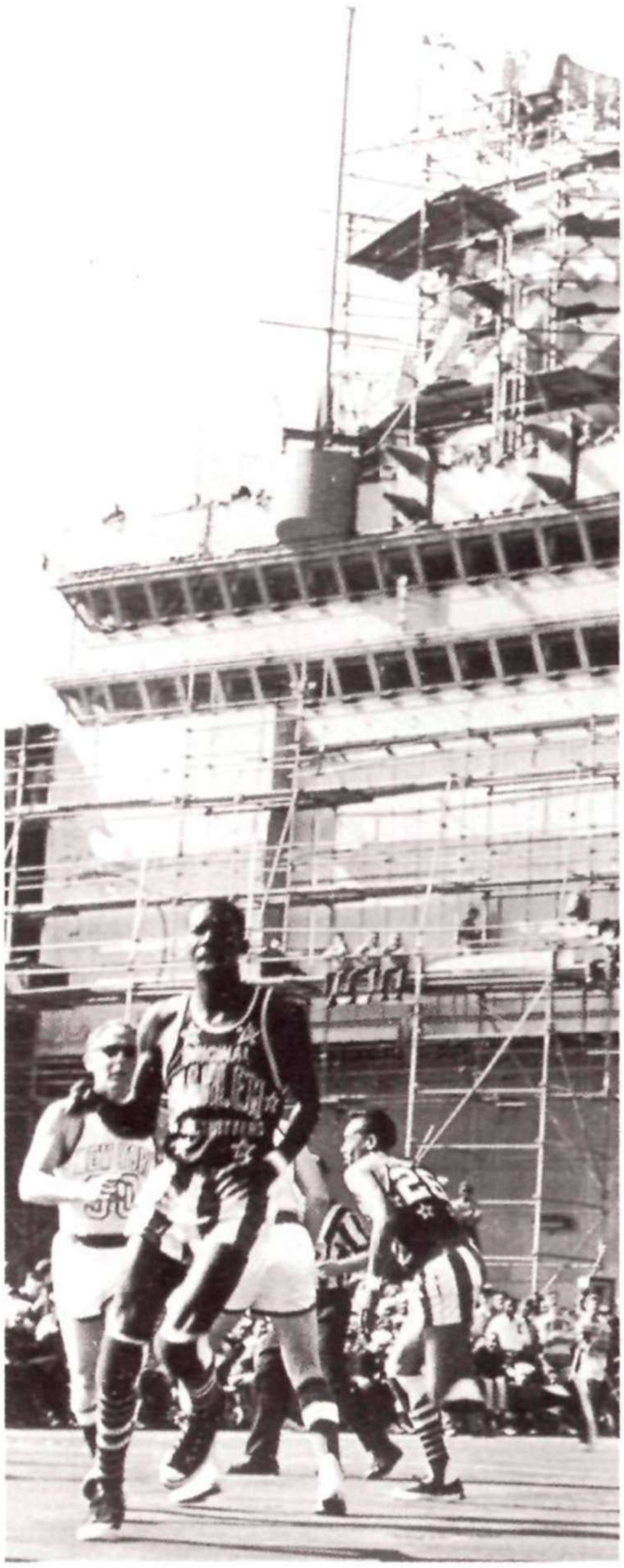




Red Klotz has lost basketball games in front of four popes. He has lost on an aircraft carrier. He has lost in a leper colony. He has lost in South Korea. He has lost in South Dakota. He hasn't lost in South Africa yet, but he's hopeful. He has lost in 113 countries (he is, he boasts, the first American to lose in China). He has lost in 1,341 towns in the 50 states. He has lost somewhere in the neighborhood of 13,000 games, the last 7,968 in a row, give or take a few. In the time it takes to read this paragraph, he could easily lose another one. "I'm the losingest coach in the world," says Klotz, the 74-year-old coach and owner of the Washington Generals. "But I'll never get fired. Pretty amazing, huh?"

What do you ask a basketball coach who has lost 7,968 straight games—to the same team—as he prowls around the locker room preparing his pregame speech? *Excuse me, Coach, any changes in the game plan tonight?* After all, the enemy is the Harlem Globetrotters. So naturally you wonder: Why doesn't Klotz tell his guys to watch out for the ball-under-the-jersey trick? Or the Figure Eight? Or the yo-yo ball? Or the half-court hook? *For god's sake, boys, D-up when you hear* Sweet Georgia Brown*!*





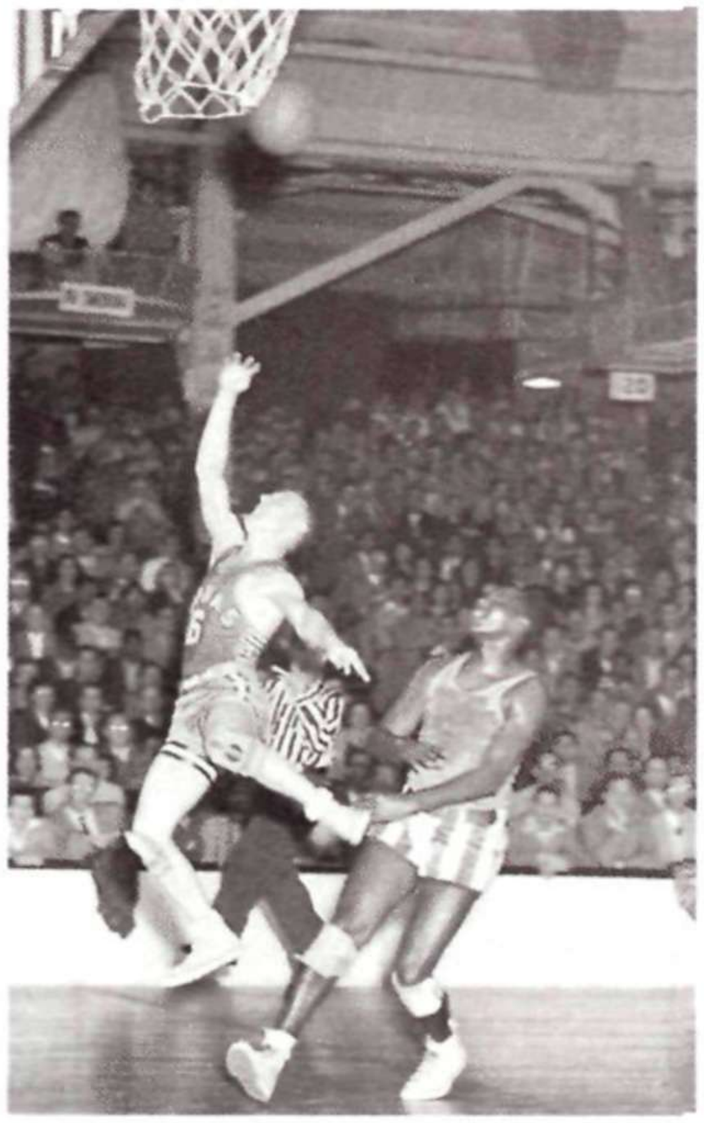
It's a tribute to all 67 inches of Louis Herman (Red) Klotz that he has resisted the urge to fire himself. To be the coach of the Washington Generals is to prosecute a case against Perry Mason. Or to chase the Roadrunner. With only one victory, Klotz's alltime winning percentage as a former player and current coach of the Generals is .0000769, which is right down there with Charlie Brown's. Heck, a Red Klotz business card features a stencil of a tall guy in Trotters trou dunking over a helpless dwarf.

Red Klotz. Even the name is a 200-to-1 shot. The surname is a hybrid of *clod* and *klutz*. The full title sounds less like a name than a symptom. *Bad news, Mr. Goldstein, your red klotz are down this month.* In fact, many Globetrotter fans assume that with a name so ludicrous this Klotz guy must be a character carefully created to lead the losers. A man once came up to Klotz in

Clockwise from top center: Red (3) played the man in the middle; glad-handed Lebanon's president Camille Chamoun (white suit); got sunk on the USS Enterprise; saw the Pyramids, Churchill, Pope John Paul II and London; and played matador defense in Pamplona.

FAR RIGHT AND TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS. ALL OTHERS: COURTESY OF THE KLOTZ FAMILY

Red Klotz



COURTESY OF THE KLOTZ FAMILY (3)

Young Red was a Wildcat (far left), an SPHA and an early NBA champion as a Bullet (bottom, second from right).

the early '70s and asked him, "Are you the original Red Klotz?"

Klotz still laughs at himself telling this story. Maybe he recognizes the irony. Maybe not. Because in many ways Red Klotz is a cartoon character who has come to life, having tied up Louis Klotz, bound his hands and feet, gagged him and left him struggling in the boiler room of a gym somewhere in Borneo. As you talk to this Klotz, you are disturbed by the feeling that he can only be viewed in two dimensions; you have an almost uncontrollable urge to peek behind him, where you expect he is being propped up by a two-by-four. You expect to find a tape recorder strapped to his back because he tells *exactly* the same stories, word for word, that he did 20 years ago. His references are still peppered with names like Neil Armstrong and Douglas MacArthur, heroes of days gone by. He has never bothered to update them.

Klotz brushes off all the personal questions as part of the myth, part of his secret. So you inquire about close friends who might provide some insight, but after Klotz thumbs through his mental Rolodex, he finally allows that he can't come up with anybody right this minute, but he'll be happy to get back to you with names next week. Of course, next week he's in Qatar. Klotz has lived his life on the lam, darting from town to town, a satellite outside any social circle. His favorite statement is the one about how he has run more miles on a basketball floor than any other human. Running, yes. He's always running away from life's routine. Hardly ever stopping to think. Forty-two years ago Louis Klotz ran away with the circus, and Red Klotz has never really come home.

Klotz on loss No. 47: "Back in the early '50s I took my team to play in front of the shah of Iran, who had survived about 100 attempts on his life, so everybody was a little jumpy. When we got to the court, I realized I had forgotten the basketballs, so I ran back toward the bus to get them. Suddenly I heard this bloodcurdling scream, and this guard jammed a gun barrel in my stomach. If I hadn't stopped, the guy would've turned me into Swiss cheese. It was a scary moment, but when I looked back at my players, they were all giggling hysterically. I'm afraid we lost the game, but I had to look on the bright side . . . nobody died."

It's in the face of overwhelming odds that Klotz has walked into thousands of visitors' locker rooms. On this day he has agreed to be shadowed for a 300-mile round-trip bus ride and two games, an afternoon contest in New York City and a nightcap in New Haven, Conn. So this particular locker room happens to be in the bowels of New York's legendary Madison Square Garden. It could be anywhere. Klotz's speech is always the same. It should come with subtitles: "O.K., boys, let's play solid defense. *(Don't screw up the Figure Eight.)* Play within yourselves. *(Never, ever upstage the Trotters.)* Let's have some fun out there. *(Be sure to giggle when your shorts are pulled down.)* Let's go win. (*Let's go win.*)" Yes, it sounds crazy, but when Klotz says he wants to win, he really means it.

As Klotz talks, Billy Kurisko, who is about to play his very first game with the Generals, is sneaking peeks at his new teammates. Kurisko has just completed a crash course in how to tiptoe through the Trotters' famous Figure Eight without getting beaned by the ball, and now Klotz is exhorting him to kick some Trotter tail. Kurisko turns to teammate Ed Hepinger and whispers, "Is this guy *serious*?"

Klotz insists that Abe Saperstein, who founded the Trotters in 1927 and handed the reins of the Generals to Klotz in 1953, never once asked him to take a dive. And Klotz swears on his one and only victory (more on that later) that his team plays all out . . . except during Trotter routines. "I tell my players that our

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red klotz

COURTESY OF THE KLOTZ FAMILY

While the peripatetic Red (rear) was on the road, the Klotz clan grew.

first priority is always the laughter," says Klotz. "We're the straight men. Laurel had Hardy, Lewis had Martin, Costello had Abbott, and the Trotters have us. We're not stooges, we're not losers at heart, but let's face it, who got more glory, Abbott or Costello?"

Klotz leads his team out to the Garden floor, and despite a barrage of advice from him, the Generals are thrashed soundly. Kurisko does not get hit by the ball in the Figure Eight, but he does laugh out loud when a Trotter gooses Hepinger. Rookie mistake.

As the game gets ugly, Gloria Klotz, who sits on the team bench clad in mink coat, fedora and cowboy boots, starts to jot down answers in a book of crossword puzzles that she keeps carefully concealed beneath her scorebook. Gloria has been Red's wife for the last 53 years and his scorekeeper for the last 10, and it is generally understood that when she says something like "Anybody got a five-letter word for *long-snouted omnivore*?" the Generals have officially folded their tents for the night. The final score is Globetrotters 68, Generals 56. Though the Generals flew in from Boston through a blizzard the previous night and arrived at their hotel in Secaucus, N.J., at 3:30 a.m., they still face another bus ride and another loss, uh, game that evening.

Loss No. 3,456: "We were playing in a leper colony somewhere in the middle of the Philippine jungle, and all that separated us from the fans was a chicken-wire fence. I remember I could hardly dribble for fear that I would start itching and a limb would drop off right there on the court."

Louis Klotz met Gloria Stein one sunny day in 1934 on the beach in her hometown of Atlantic City. Louis was 14, Gloria 12. Back in South Philadelphia where Red lived, he played hoops because he *had* to. "Where I was raised, you either earned a scholarship to college or became a gangster," he says.

Louis's parents, Robert and Lena, didn't approve of their youngest son playing basketball, fearing that a nearsighted 5′ 7″, 140-pound kid could only get hurt. So Louis would drop his gym bag out of his bedroom window, walk out the back door, then change his clothes in the back of the trolley car. He fine-tuned his classic two-handed set shot by launching it through the rafters of St. Martha's church on Eighth Street and honed his ball handling on the playgrounds of hardscrabble South Philly, where he earned the nickname Reds (later shortened to Red) because of his tangerine-colored locks. While leading Southern High to city championships in 1939 and '40, Klotz was twice voted Philadelphia's player of the year.

His local fame earned him a scholarship to Villanova, where he played for two years until it was discovered that he and Gloria had eloped during his freshman year. School regulations dictated that the marriage cost him his financial aid. By that time World War II was raging anyway, and most of Villanova's team had enlisted. Red, whose eyes were so bad that he couldn't have spotted Mussolini if he had been standing beside him, was tapped for the Signal Corps. His roommate and best friend at Villanova, Chuck Drizen, entered the Marines and in a prescient letter to Klotz in 1944 he wrote, "Reds, you're going to go very far with basketball." It was the last letter Klotz would receive from Drizen, who was killed at Iwo Jima.

After the war Red joined the Philadelphia SPHAs (South Philadelphia Hebrew Association) of the American Basketball League, a predecessor of the NBA. He played two seasons for the SPHAs before hooking up with the NBA's Baltimore Bullets midway through the 1947–48 season. He played in 11 games (averaging 1.4 points) for the Bullets, who went on to defeat the Philadelphia Warriors in six games to win the NBA title. "It was a thrill to be a champion," says Klotz, who earned $100 a game and received a $1,750 title share. "But in the off-season we all wanted raises, so they canned us."

Klotz eventually returned to the SPHAs, who in 1949 were hired to play a two-week exhibition series against Abe Saperstein's barnstorming team, the Harlem Globetrotters. One evening, playing on the dance floor of Philadelphia's Broadwood Hotel, Klotz's SPHAs upset the Globetrotters by 25 points. After the game Trotter Goose Tatum approached Klotz, waving a finger in his face. "That'll never happen again," said Tatum. Klotz responded, "Why not?" Sure enough, the next night the SPHAs beat the Trotters in Syracuse by 12.

Saperstein was so impressed that he offered Klotz the opportunity to form a team to be the regular opponent of his Trotters. In 1953 Klotz received a $1,500 loan from Saperstein, and he and his squad drove from town to town, all eight of them crammed into a beat-up green DeSoto. The owner named his new team the Washington Generals. "Ike had just thumped Adlai Stevenson, and generals were pretty popular at that time," says Klotz. "I thought the name might win us some fans."

Loss No. 6,787: "We were playing a game outdoors in Germany, and it had rained quite a bit recently. The court was a quagmire, so they brought in hundreds of beer kegs and laid out plywood on top of the kegs. Sure enough, it poured again on game day, and it was so slippery that my players kept skidding right off the end of the court into a giant mud puddle. The fans loved it. They thought it was part of the act."

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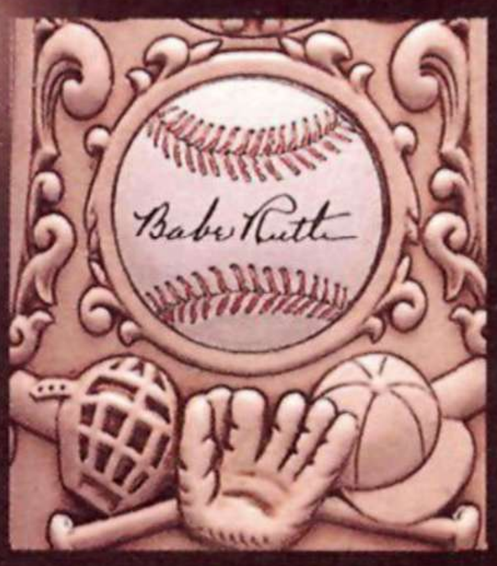

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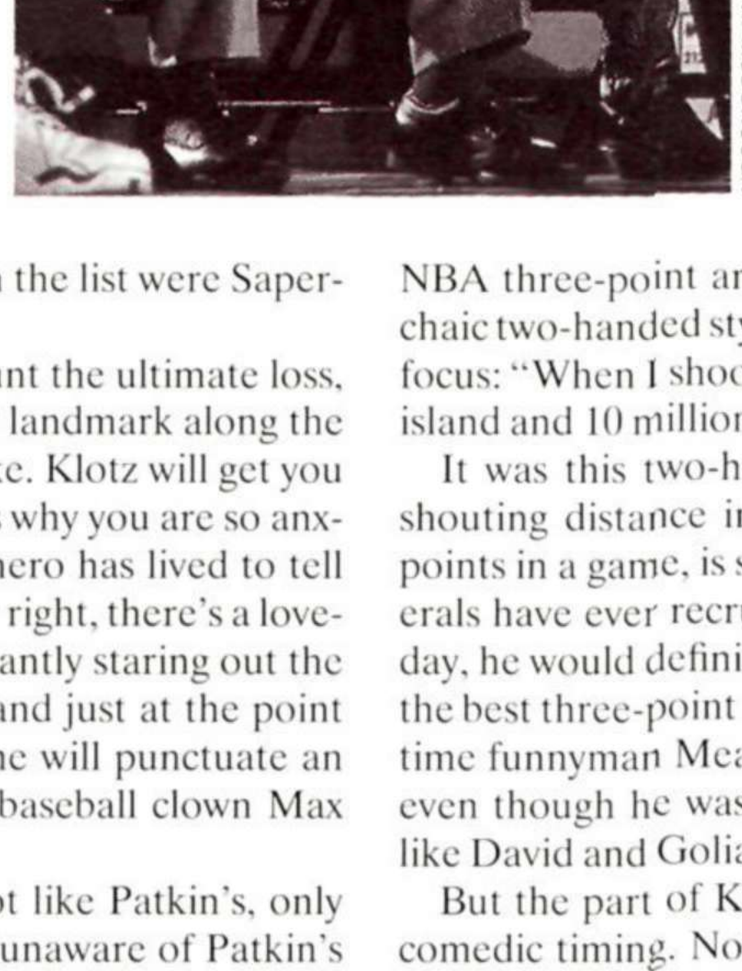
Red Klotz

Through 53 years together, Red and Gloria have always known the score.



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

After more than 40 years of bus trips, a little snow shower on Interstate 95 heading north to New Haven doesn't faze Red Klotz. He is on the edge of his seat, telling his companion about some of the natural disasters he has encountered during his 12 circumnavigations of the globe. He has survived three earthquakes, two floods, one avalanche and one appearance on *The Arsenio Hall Show*! "I'm definitely living on borrowed time," Klotz says.

Klotz has always considered himself the United States Basketball Ambassador to the World. Among the A-list dignitaries before whom Klotz has bowed in the name of goodwill are Queen Elizabeth II; popes Pius XII, John XXIII, Paul VI and John Paul II; Prince Rainier; Evita Perón; and Nikita Khrushchev. His favorite road story concerns his misadventures after a 1953 game in Syria. The tour was leaving for Istanbul, but the airplane was overweight, so Saperstein ordered Klotz, two Generals and two Trotters to get off. They had to drive 100 miles to Beirut to catch another flight . . .

". . . so I get stopped at the Lebanese border," says Klotz, "and everybody is running around like crazy with machine guns, getting ready to go to war with Israel for the umpteenth time. I'm trying to identify myself by pretending to dribble and shoot, but the guards just keep looking at my visa list that has 42 names on it, and they want to know where we've buried the bodies of the other 37 guys. It didn't help much that the first two names on the list were Saperstein and Klotz. . . ."

Just then, when it appears he might recount the ultimate loss, the storyteller pauses to point out a favorite landmark along the broad shoulders of the Connecticut Turnpike. Klotz will get you back to Lebanon eventually, but he wonders why you are so anxious because, after all, you both know the hero has lived to tell about it. And besides, if you look out to your right, there's a lovely view of Long Island Sound. Klotz is constantly staring out the window as he dispenses his life and times, and just at the point when he realizes he's losing his audience, he will punctuate an anecdote by saying, "True story," the way baseball clown Max Patkin always did.

You realize that Red Klotz's story is a lot like Patkin's, only with a happily-ever-after attached. Klotz is unaware of Patkin's pathos, so you tell him about how the Clown Prince of Baseball grew to resent the road, how he lost his wife and was driven to the brink of suicide, and Klotz shrugs and struggles to conjure up any angst of his own. You hate to do it, but you ask this father of six about all those Little League games he missed, those graduations, all the prom nights he heard about through a telephone receiver, and you expect maybe even some tears. You are incredulous to learn that Klotz doesn't look at his career as that much of a sacrifice. You are even more incredulous that his kids don't revile him or treat him like some sort of Daddy Dearest but instead revere him. But most of all you are incredulous that after all these years on the road, Klotz still looks out the window.

"He's been away all my life," says his daughter Jody, 40, his youngest child. "Still, somehow Dad was always there for us. He called home every night, and we never had to worry about someone coming between us, because when you love basketball as much as Dad does, there isn't room for anything else."

Says Red, "It's a cycle, just like a sea captain's. He loves his wife and kids and misses them, but when he gets home, before long he can't wait to get back out to sea. It's a sickness, but a beautiful one."

Loss No. 10,314: "We were playing in Peru, and the night before the game we were in a bar when a fight broke out and the army had to intervene to get us out of there. The next morning the headlines read: GLOBETROTTERS ATTACK PERUVIANS. *So it was very tense before the game, and the fans actually booed the Trotters. But as the game began and the Trotters started their antics, the mood changed. By game's end it was all back to normal, the fans were booing* us *mercilessly . . . gosh, what a relief."*

"I'm the greatest three-point shooter on the planet," says Klotz, as he buries treys during a shootaround before the start of the day's second game at the New Haven Coliseum. When he is presented with alternative suitors to that title, Klotz points to a similar shootaround in June '92 at The Palace in Auburn Hills, Mich., when he sank 21 straight from behind the old NBA three-point arc. You wonder how he does it with that archaic two-handed style. Klotz attributes his skill to single-minded focus: "When I shoot the two-hander, I think I'm standing on an island and 10 million people all around me have disappeared."

It was this two-hander that often kept the Generals within shouting distance in games. Klotz, who scored as many as 37 points in a game, is still the most dangerous marksman the Generals have ever recruited. "If Red was coming out of school today, he would definitely play in the NBA because he's got one of the best three-point shots I've ever seen," says the Trotters' longtime funnyman Meadowlark Lemon. "He was tough in his day, even though he was this little midget among the giants. It was like David and Goliath, except David wasn't winning."

But the part of Klotz's game that he developed most was his comedic timing. Nobody executed a triple take like Klotz, who for his art regularly endured having his butt pinched, his armpits sniffed or the indignity of trying a layup while toting a ladies' handbag. And he embodied the classic elements of the oppressed. "With Red you lose on all sorts of counts," says Wilt Chamberlain, a Trotter in his off-seasons in the 1950s and '60s. "You can't hit a man with glasses, you've got to pick on guys your own size, and you must always respect your elders."

Although he still carries his uniform in a gym bag to every game, Klotz finally "retired" to the sidelines eight years ago at the age of 66. He has since tried to pass on the mantle of chief foil, but, typically, none of his players has quite been able to handle the pass.

VAN HALEN

BALANCE

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In New Haven, Klotz's task is even more challenging than usual because the Generals have picked up two guest players, a pair of local radio deejays, who are both short, paunchy and wearing thick-soled jogging shoes. Nonetheless, the Generals actually take a four-point lead early in the first quarter. Soon, though, order is restored, and the Generals are eventually clobbered by 26 points. What's worse, the time-honored water-bucket stunt bombs when a meddlesome kid announces to all of section 113 that the pail is actually filled with confetti. Says Klotz in summation: "In coaching and comedy, you're only as good as your material."

Win No. 1: "The fifth of January 1971. University of Tennessee at Martin. I remember it like last week. My team played great that night, and we were up 12 with two minutes left, but the Trotters stormed back to take a 99–98 lead with 30 seconds to go. I called timeout and told my team I wanted the final shot. With 10 seconds left I took a two-hander from 20 feet. Swish. Then Meadowlark's final shot rimmed out. We won. Everybody was stunned. Let me tell you, beating the Globetrotters is like shooting Santa Claus. Later the press blamed the loss on the clock operator who hadn't stopped the clock during Trotter routines early in the fourth quarter. Could be. The timekeeper's name was Chuck Klotz."

red klotz

After all those losses, Red still walks away with his head held high.

DON SMITH

In recent years Red Klotz has agreed to take a sabbatical now and then to return to his beach house in Margate City, N.J., where he can make up for lost time with Chuck, his other children and his 12 grandchildren. In Red's absence, his son-in-law John Ferrari coaches the team. The man who stands to inherit the Generals someday doesn't expect that to happen anytime soon. "I know in my heart that Red will never retire," Ferrari says. "If you pop his car trunk, the only stuff in there is a beat-up pair of sneakers and a basketball. When the car's gone, you know he's at the playground."

During the summer months when Boston Celtic coach Chris Ford returns to his boyhood home in Margate City, he drives over the tiny toll bridge and down Jerome Avenue past the town park where there is a fixture almost as permanent as the rusty basketball rims and the cracks in the asphalt. There is Red Klotz, like Updike's Rabbit Angstrom, the aging former basketball star who has outlived his competition. He is shooting that crazy two-handed set shot, alone on his island. "Whenever Red hurls up that two-hander, at first the kids are all taken aback, but after a while they're in awe," says Ford, who resides two blocks from Klotz. "He's a living legend."

Two of Klotz's jerseys—one General and one SPHA—have made it to the Basketball Hall of Fame. Klotz has not. Springfield doesn't usually cast busts for busts. "I guess Red's legacy is in how he's touched my life and the lives of all his players," says Sam Sawyer, a General from 1958 to '75, who then became an Atlantic City cabbie and part-time Klotz teammate on the playground. "It's like Red knows the secret to happiness."

"Think of it like this," says Klotz. "The other night we played in Fresno, and it was a typical game, we kept it close right to the end, but we lost the game by six. We made it exciting, though, and the fans got a few laughs, and to me that's just as good as a win. If you look at it that way, I have a pretty good record."

Red Klotz admits he might win again. But he is more concerned about finding new, more exciting places in which to lose. Already he has lost in a bullring. He has lost in the deep end of a swimming pool. He has lost in front of 75,000 German fans. He has lost in front of an audience consisting of just a Paraguayan plantation owner and his family. But as a rational observer, you still can't help wondering why once, just *once*, Klotz doesn't tell his guys to look out for the wobble-ball trick? Why? Why? *Why?* . . .

Then you bite your tongue because you realize you've asked that one a hundred different ways already and he keeps answering it the same way. His way. You are tempted to grab him by the lapels, shake him, tell him that of all the people on earth, he is the one who couldn't be faulted for saying, *It is whether you win or lose, and how you play the game is so much poppycock.* But you think better of it.

You figure out that Robert and Lena Klotz had nothing to worry about. That Red Klotz has never needed a third dimension, that he has always known that what he lacked in length and width he would not need to make up in depth. He has simply tried to do exactly what other fathers try to do. He is just another working man, a factory foreman who toils every day at the head of basketball's assembly line, mass-producing losses and laughs and lessons, and, unlike most foremen, enduring some hellacious business trips. Suddenly you realize *that* is his big secret: He is just a guy doing his job, and his job is to make people laugh.

"We have a way in this country of worshiping winners," says Klotz, as the bus pulls out of New Haven. "Kids today are taught from Little League on up that they must win. But only one team can win, so most of us are losers in a way. My team is learning an important lesson about life.

"I guess that's why I don't worry too much about being the losingest coach in history. It's like if you come home at four in the morning and you hear the milkman whistling on the job and you wonder what he's so happy about. It's because he understands his purpose."

Says Meadowlark Lemon, "You never lose when you bring joy to people, when you put a smile on a face that lasts forever. People used to come up to me all the time after games and say, 'Hey, Meadow, that little, old red-haired guy is wonderful.' So if anybody calls Red a loser, they're missing the whole point. When a Globetrotter game is over, folks never remember the final score. People remember the laughter." ■

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INSIDE

The NHL

by CHRISTIAN STONE

Mario Who?

KNOW THIS about Penguin owner Howard Baldwin: When the going got tough, he did not woo Mike Keenan. He did not order a fire sale of his aging, high-salaried roster. Nor did he try to shake down the city of Pittsburgh for a handout when playoff revenue dried up and fan support sagged. Instead, Baldwin, to the surprise of many of his own players, did very little at all.

Spared a roster shake-up after a second straight early exit from the playoffs following the team's 1991 and '92 Cup championships, the Penguins have charged out of the chute to a 10-0-1 mark as of Sunday, the franchise's best start in its 28-year history. They have done it with the same graying cast that went belly-up against Washington in last spring's playoffs.

"Time is running out," says defenseman Ulf Samuelsson. "We're getting older, and the payroll is high [about $20 million]. We understand we can't live off the two Stanley Cups forever."

SCOTT GOLDSMITH

CHUCK SOLOMON

Herewith are the major reasons for the Penguin revival:

• The savvy of general manager Craig Patrick. One day before the Pens were eliminated by Washington, the team held a players-only meeting and addressed the possibility of an impending roster shake-up. "It was like planning your own funeral," says one Penguin.

However, where some players saw a dying dynasty, Patrick, one of the game's shrewdest minds, saw a nucleus fit enough to make another run at the Cup. With Baldwin's blessings, Patrick refused to dismantle the roster during the off-season, trading only forward Rick Tocchet to Los Angeles for forward Luc Robitaille, who averages 49 goals a season.

Later Patrick filled out his roster by reacquiring two former Penguins, center John Cullen and defenseman Chris Joseph, discarded veterans who have responded with strong starts.

• The absence of Mario Lemieux. When Lemieux, suffering from chronic fatigue after cancer treatments, announced in August that he would sit out this season, his teammates understood they would have to fend for themselves.

Settling snugly into Lemieux's former role as The Franchise has been Jaromir Jagr, 23, who signed a five-year, $19.5 million contract last summer. At week's end Jagr had 20 points and—along with center Ron Francis (19 points) and goalie Ken Wregget (who has played every minute of all 11 games)—had spearheaded the club's explosive launch. "He's the best forward in the game," says Islander coach Lorne Henning. "Now he's showing the ability to take over games on a nightly basis."

• The patience of Baldwin. The Penguins' success during the early '90s represents the crowning achievement of Baldwin's 23 years in the game. Having survived several lean years as an owner of the Whalers from 1971 to 1988, he is loath to return to the old days.

Baldwin likes to recall his first season with the Whalers, who then played their home games at Boston Garden in the World Hockey Association. Behind $50,000 on the rent to then Garden landlord Weston W. Adams, the Whalers were packing the team vans to leave for a playoff game when Adams ordered the

Lemieux (above right) once made Baldwin smile; now Jagr (far left) is the Penguins' main man.

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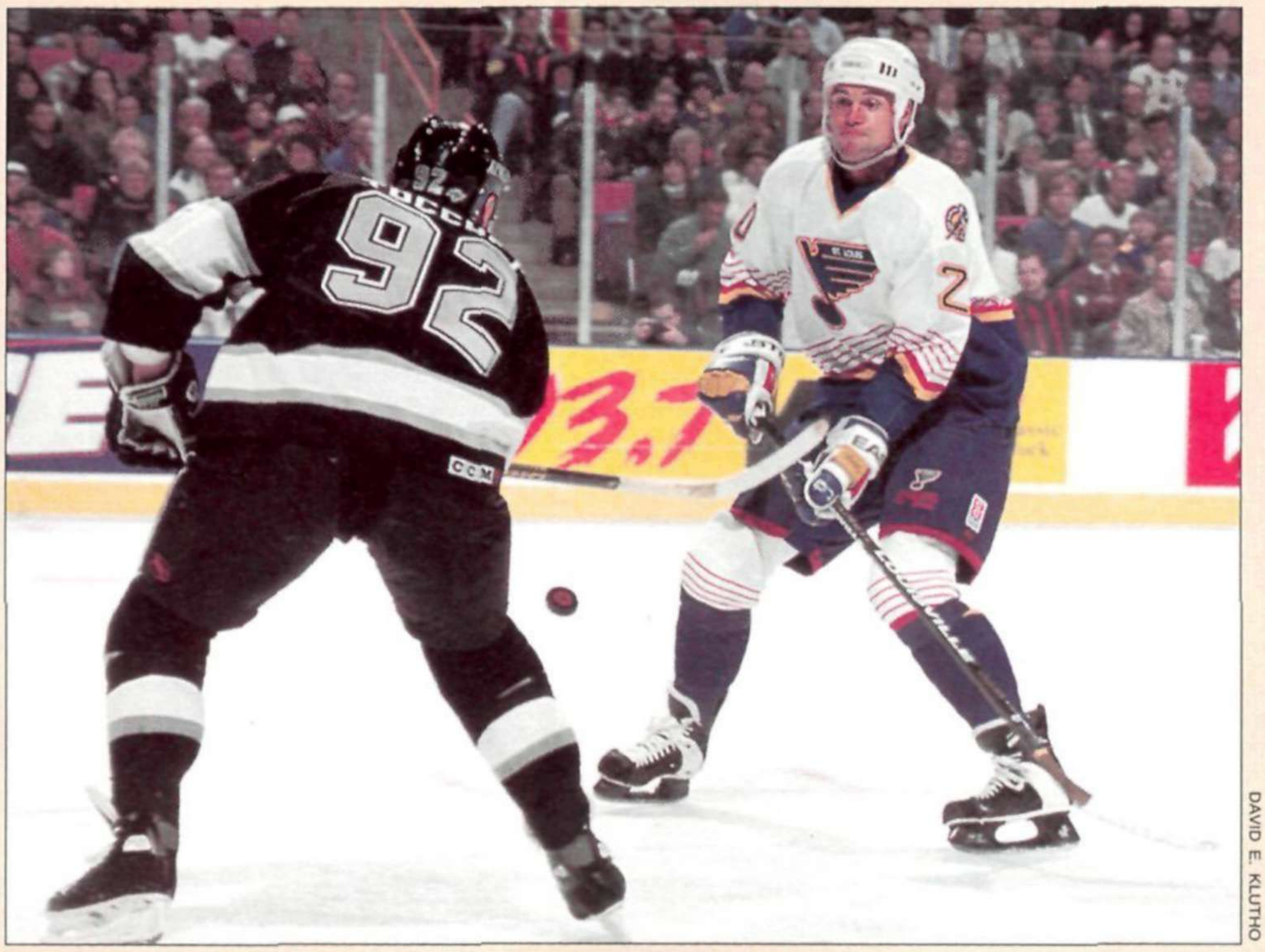
Garden's Zamboni driver to block the vans from leaving the building. "The Zamboni might have stayed there forever, except Westie later discovered that the Zamboni was also blocking in his Corvette," says Baldwin.

The hard lessons of those years helped whet Baldwin's appetite for success. Winning the Cup did the rest. "When you've tasted success, there really is no turning back," he says. "In this age, in this small market, you can't burn down the house and start all over. This is a team designed to win the Stanley Cup now."



DAVID E. KLUTHO

A notable underachiever in Tampa and elsewhere, Creighton isn't blue about being a Blue.

Out of the Woods

Certainly the road least traveled to the NHL must include that taken by 29-year-old Flame wing German Titov, who at week's end had nine goals and has been one of the early-season surprises.

Conscripted into the Soviet Red Army at 18, Titov was not given the plum officer assignments lavished upon his native land's most talented young hockey players. Instead he spent three years in an artillery division, an assignment Flame coach Dave King once likened to "doing time on a chain gang."

Paid seven rubles (then roughly $14) a month, Titov did not even touch skates for the three years—1983 to '86—he was in the army. Tethered to a military base, where he often lived in a tent, Titov passed most of his time doing sentry duty against imaginary enemies. "We had to guard our buildings," he says. "We were just watching."

But few were watching him. Upon leaving the army, he rejoined Khimik, a mediocre team in the Soviet National League, and spent six seasons in relative anonymity. However, while touring Canada with Khimik in the late 1980s, Titov caught the eye of King, who was then coaching the Canadian national team. After a successful season in Finland in 1992, Titov was taken by the Flames with the 252nd pick in the 1993 entry draft.

With star Calgary center Joe Nieuwendyk stewing over his contract, center Robert Reichel off to a slow start after a brief preseason holdout, and right wing Theo Fleury just getting over the flu, Titov has emerged as the Flames' best forward. He attributes his fast start to his grueling regimen during the lockout, during which he returned to Finland for two months and played for old coach Vladimir Yurzinov.

"When you go to play under a Russian coach, you have nothing else to do but play hockey," says Titov, who scored 27 goals last year. "We had practices twice a day. We lifted weights. I was so busy, all I did was go home and sleep."

Return to Rare Form

While the first month of the season belonged to the goalie *(page 58)*, two once productive but recently forgotten scorers were enjoying a resurgence:

• Bernie Nicholls. At week's end the three-time All-Star had seven goals and nine assists in 11 games and had given the Blackhawks the offense-minded second-line center they long coveted to complement Jeremy Roenick.

Signed as an unrestricted free agent in August after spending a season and a half in New Jersey, Nicholls, 33, has flourished in a system that favors an aggressive forechecking scheme. During the '88–89 season, Nicholls, then with the Kings, became only the fifth player in league history to score 70 goals in a season. However, his production bottomed out last season at 19 goals and a career-low 46 points. How far had he fallen? Only last February, Nicholls and a reporter were commiserating over the snaillike pace with which Nicholls was approaching the 1,000-point mark when teammate Alexander Semak inquired what the two were chatting about. After being told that Nicholls was within striking distance of reaching that milestone, Semak looked at Nicholls incredulously and asked, *"You?"*

• Adam Creighton. A recent underachiever, Creighton was acquired by Blue coach and general manager Mike Keenan from the Lightning last fall. At week's end Creighton had scored six goals in the Blues' first 11 games while centering the team's top line.

The 29-year-old Creighton enjoyed his best season while playing for Keenan in Chicago from 1988 to '91 but gradually fell into disfavor with Keenan because of poor work habits. Traded to the Islanders in October 1991, and claimed by Tampa Bay in the 1992 waiver draft, Creighton was buried near the bottom of the Lightning depth chart. "Really, I would have played anywhere else after last season," says Creighton. "But I was very excited when Mike picked me up. It took me a couple of seasons to accept it, but he is the one coach who has been able to bring the best out of me." ■

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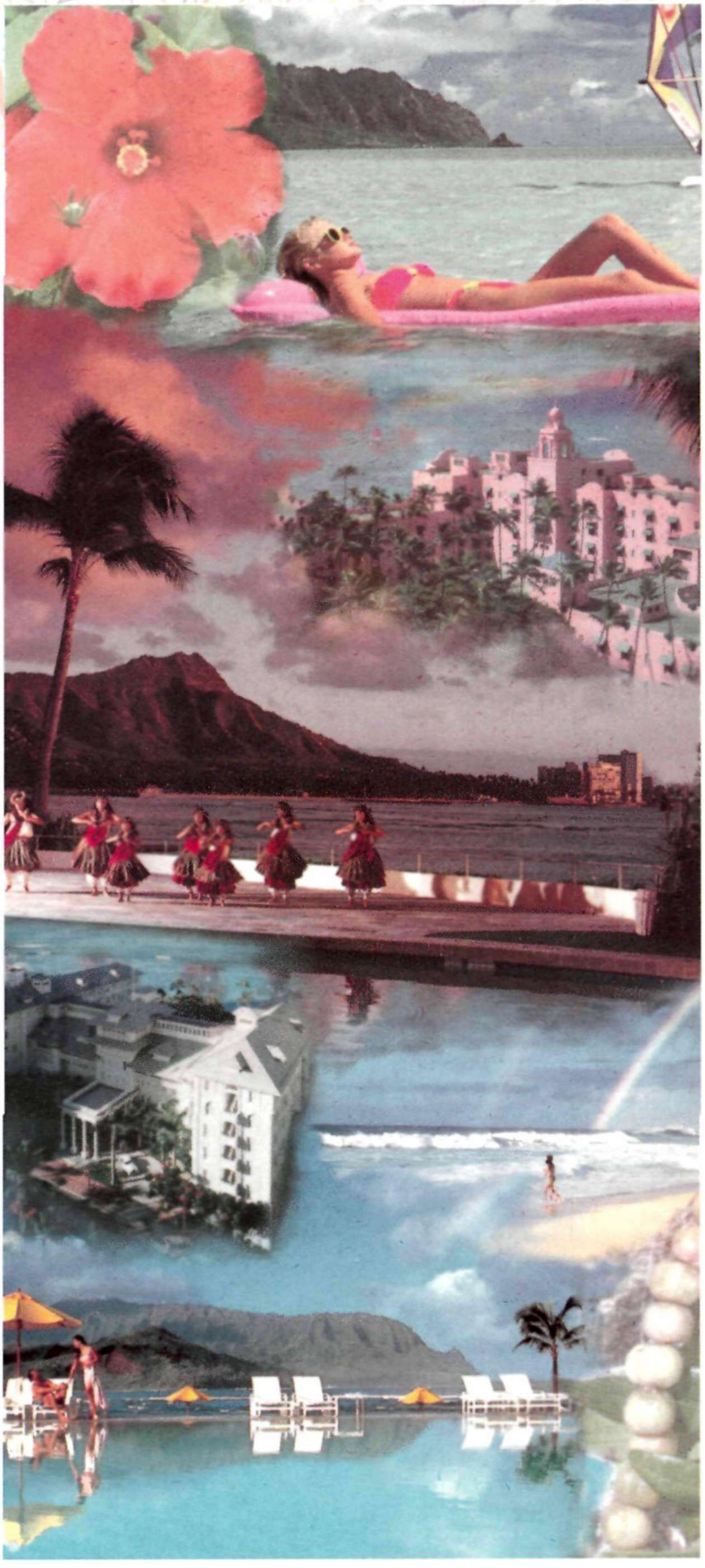


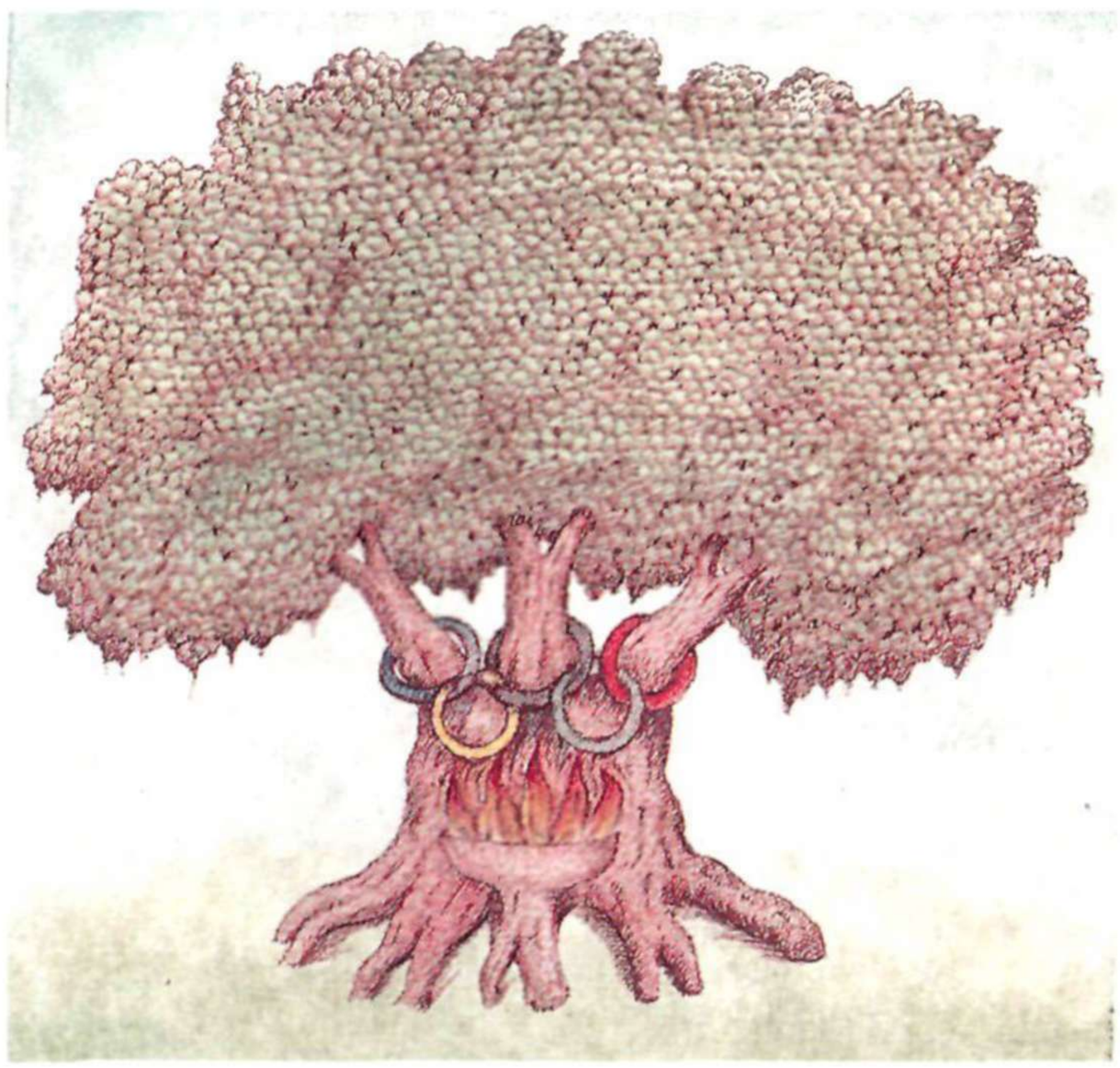
PERSPECTIVE

Living Legacies

At the 1936 Games in Berlin, gold medalists got tiny oaks; some survive • by David Fleming

DESPITE THE bite in the air, today is the first day of track practice at James Ford Rhodes High School, on the west side of Cleveland. One by one the athletes push open the school's rickety metal doors and wander over to the giant oak tree that stands behind the school. Although the grass beneath the tree is littered with trash and weeds, this plot is where Rhodes students prefer to meet.

This is the 10th season in which coach Tim Franzinger has opened spring practice by telling the story of the magnificent oak. The tree, he explains, was given to the school in 1936 by Jesse Owens as a monument to perhaps the greatest Olympic achievement of all time . . . *the Greatest Olympic achievement of all time*. The athletes lean in to listen, staring up at the 60-foot tree, tracing the path of its limbs over the bleachers toward the cinder track where, they are told, Owens once trained.



PETER SIS

Racing in the 100-meter final of the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Owens needed just 10.3 seconds to explode Adolf Hitler's theory of Aryan supremacy in all things. "His was an achievement that transcended athletics," Franzinger says. Owens, who lived in Cleveland from the age of nine, won four gold medals—in the 100- and 200-meter dashes, the broad jump and the 4×100-meter relay. In Berlin, each of 130 gold medalists was given a one-year-old oak seedling as a gift from the German people. Owens chose to plant his three trees (the fourth, won by the relay team, was planted at USC) in places that marked his development as a runner and student.

Owens never attended Rhodes, but its track was one of his favorite practice spots. His second tree was planted at his alma mater East Tech High, in Cleveland. The third went to Ohio State University, where he was an All-America sprinter. Today only the tree at Rhodes High still stands. Owens, who died in 1980, used the oak as a metaphor in speeches he made after the Olympics. "He always talked about the tree's grandeur, its roots and its pride," says his daughter, Marlene Owens Rankin. "I like the symbolism of his tree, that what he stood for, like the tree, still survives."

Sixty years after the Berlin Games, 16 Olympic oaks survive in eight countries, including Japan, New Zealand and Germany. There are trees nearly 70 feet high at the Palermo Polo Field in Argentina and at the 1928 Olympic Stadium in Amsterdam. But the fate of almost 100 trees—13 in the U.S.—is unknown. And although 24 U.S. athletes won gold medals in 1936, only four oaks are known to be alive in this country.

Two of the U.S.'s four living oaks are within walking distance of each other. The first, won by the U.S. 4×100-meter relay team—Owens ran the first leg—and eventually dedicated to team member and Trojan sprinter Foy Draper, stands in Associates Park at USC. On the other side of the park is fellow USC alumnus Kenneth Carpenter's tree, honoring his record-breaking discus throw.

The limbs of runner John Woodruff's tree stretch over the high school football stadium in Connellsville, Pa. Woodruff, the 800-meter champ, still visits the tree, which is more than 60 feet tall.

Some of the trees were destroyed during and after World War II because of their "Hitler Tree" reputation. Suburban development killed several. Others died from natural causes. Wrestler Frank Lewis's tree, at Oklahoma State, died in 1990 after being struck by lightning. And, sadly, the tree that could have been the 1996 Atlanta Games' link to the '36 Games was felled by the same carelessness that claimed a number of others. The tree, won by 110-meter hurdles champion Forrest (Spec) Towns, flourished on the University of Georgia campus. Twice the oak was transplanted; a third move killed it.

The oak at Rhodes High, like Owens himself, has proved resilient—perhaps even magical. Last June the boys' team won the Ohio state title, winning by the second-highest point total for Division II in state-meet history. "We stretch out under there and wonder if we could ever do what he did, ever mean what he meant," says student council president and two-time state relay champ Wayne Wren. "It makes you wonder. Maybe, he's looking down on this tree." ■

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CHRYSLER GOLF UPDATE

Hope Springs Eternal In The Desert

FAMILIAR FACES from entertainment, politics and sports will join 128 PGA pros and 384 amateurs in the Palm Springs, Calif., area this week for the 36th annual Bob Hope Chrysler Classic. The most familiar of all the faces, of course, belongs to ol' Ski Nose himself.

At 91, Hope still serves as ringmaster for this five-day, four-course golfing circus. Fittingly, it's the only PGA Tour event to bear a celebrity's name.

"Bob Hope has spanned the generations in golf, the same way he has in entertainment," former Tour commissioner Deane Beman has said. "In terms of contributing to our sport, you'd have to put Bob Hope's name right up there with Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus."

This is not a typical event. "Playing in the celebrity field does make it a little more difficult," says Tom Kite, the 1993 winner. "Things can get a little chaotic out there."

For the first four rounds of the 90-hole tournament, Tour pros will be teamed with stars like Joe Pesci, Robert Goulet, Robert Wagner, Leslie Nielsen, Walter Payton, Johnny Bench and Gerald Ford, as well as amateurs who pay as much as $9,000 to enter.

On Sunday, the pros take over. Last year Scott Hoch held on to the lead all day, winning by three strokes.

The Classic has donated more than $25 million to various charities over the years, including nearly $18 million to the Eisenhower Medical Center in Rancho Mirage.

Hope now plays just two rounds in the tournament, on Wednesday and Saturday. As he rolls past the gallery in his customized golf cart, fans call to him in appreciation. "Hey, Bob!" they say, one after another. "Thanks for the memories!" ■

Bob Hope played the gracious host after Scott Hoch won the 1994 Classic.

TOURNAMENT AT A GLANCE

WHEN & WHERE: Feb. 15-19, Rancho Mirage, Calif.

NBC-TV SCHEDULE: Sat. & Sun., 3:30-6 p.m. EST

THE COURSES OF PLAY

- Bermuda Dunes CC (HOST): Par 72, 6,927 yards
- Indian Wells CC: Par 72, 6,478 yards
- La Quinta CC: Par 72, 6,901 yards
- Indian Ridge CC: Par 72, 7,037 yards

CHRYSLER JUNIOR GOLF SCHOLARSHIPS

A distinguished panel of judges will select the winners of this year's Chrysler Junior Golf Scholarships, presented in conjunction with the American Junior Golf Association.

The panel, which includes AJGA representatives, Chrysler executives and PGA Tour pro Tom Kite, will consider commitment to education and to golf, as well as essays and recommendations.

To be eligible for one of the 40 $1,000 scholarships, candidates should be ages 12 to 18 and planning to attend college. All applications must be postmarked by October 1.

To request an application, call toll-free, (800) 856-0764.

HOW TO THINK LIKE A PRO By Tom Kite with Bob Rotella

It's important to remember that you can only play one shot at a time. Sometimes it's a real test to keep your focus on the present.

It's easy to think ahead or behind, to dwell on the shot you just missed, or how you're going to play the 18th, or to worry about how someone else in your foursome is playing. But be patient. Stick to your game plan.

Here's another thing: Resist the urge to stop and add up your score. I see so many short-sighted amateurs who hop in a cart and start tallying their scores when they believe they have a good round going. Take it from me, that's the wrong thing to do. Again, keep your mind on the game, one shot at a time. There will always be plenty of opportunity to total your score later.

Former U.S. Open champion Tom Kite, the leading money winner in PGA Tour history, consults regularly with sports psychologist Bob Rotella.

THIRD IN A SERIES. NEXT: *Practice To Play*

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Proof that Tom Kite doesn't like to spend time in the rough.

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Where There's a Will, There's Rey

Acrobatic feats delight Hans Rey, king of the obscure sport of trials riding • by Preston Lerner

CYCLING'S FLASHIEST entertainer bills himself as Hans (No Way) Rey. That's no way as in, There's no way you can ride your bicycle *up* that waterfall. Or, There's no way you can go down the streets of San Francisco *on your front wheel.* Or, There's no way you can bunny-hop to the top of that three-foot-high, six-inch-wide ledge *from a standing start.*

At 28, Rey has parlayed his almost supernatural bike control, an engaging rad-dude persona and a thoroughly down-to-earth grasp of marketing into a unique niche in the world of cycling. Part competitive athlete, part consummate showman, he has won countless cycling championships, starred in his own videos, traded yucks with Regis and Kathie Lee, and performed in more countries than road companies of *Cats.*

"He makes the unimaginable look possible," says Bob Allen, a photographer who has shot many of Rey's outrageous feats. "Even though I've been working with him for years, I'm still amazed by the things he does."

Tall, square-jawed and muscular, with a long, sun-bleached ponytail and a new house in Laguna Beach, Rey could pass for a Southern California surf dude—until you hear the pronounced German accent. Actually, he's a Swiss citizen, but he was born and raised in Germany. And beneath his been-there, done-that public image rests a core of Teutonic precision.

"I'm not a stuntman," he insists. "I can show you five techniques for jumping onto a picnic table. But if you want somebody to ride his bike 40 miles per hour into something, I'll tell you to call somebody else. What I do is calculated risk. It's not like I'm trying to kill myself."

Rey honed his chops in trials riding, a highly technical and—in this country—highly obscure sport that pits cyclists against grueling obstacle courses. Riders pop wheelies, pirouette on their front wheels, and hop till they drop while thrashing over logs, rocks, water hazards and, on occasion, junkyard cars.

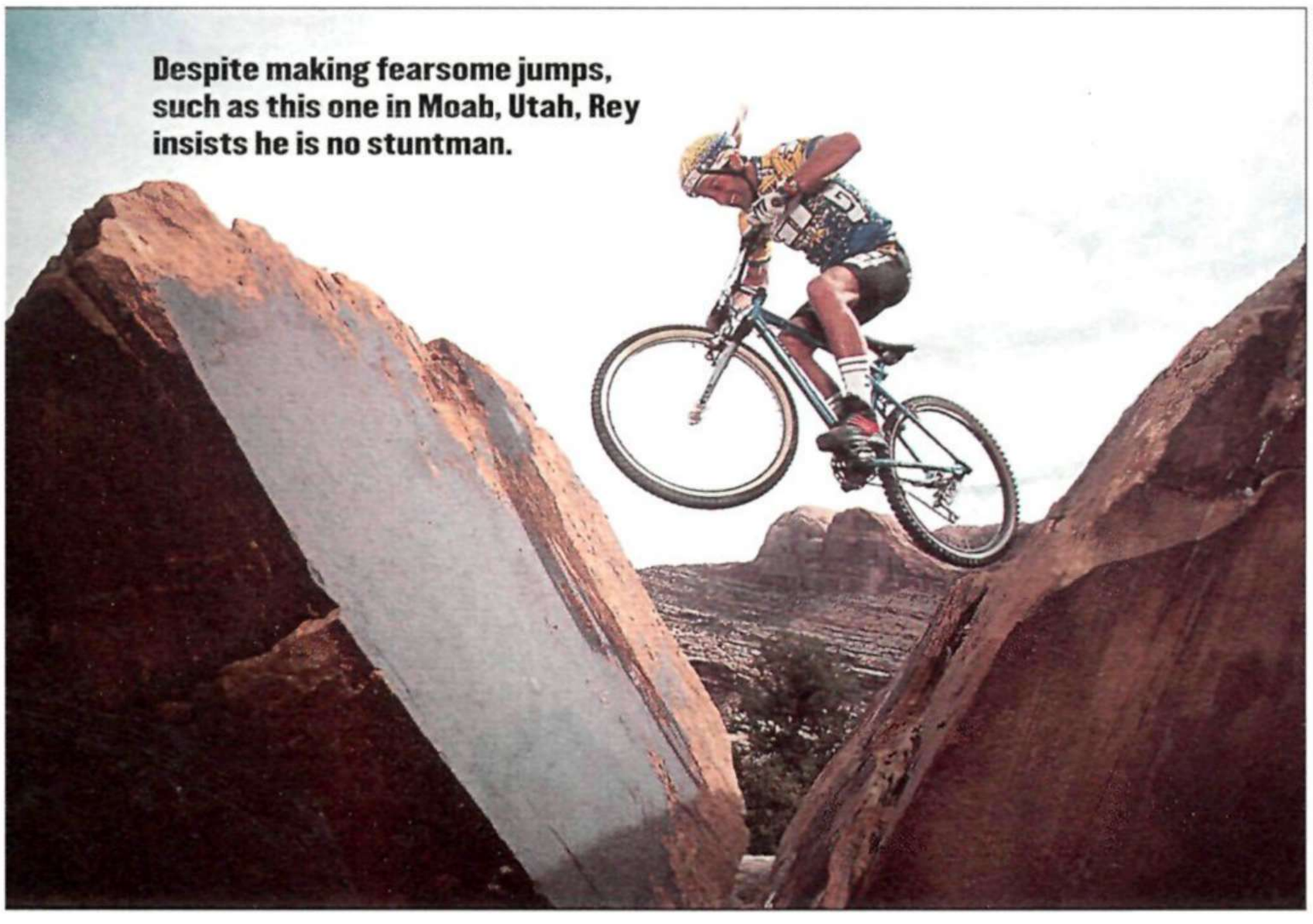
Rey started competing in Germany when he was 12, just as trials riding was finding a European audience, and quickly became one of the emerging sport's first stars. His race log includes numerous European and world championships, and he has dominated the U.S. circuit, which runs from April to September, since moving here seven years ago. But what sets him apart from the pack, more than his talent, is how he has taken trials techniques out of the trials arena.

In 1987, on German television's top-rated game show, Rey jumped his bike onto a four-foot-high square that had been created by connecting four balance beams, and then circumnavigated it. "There were 42 million people watching on TV," he says. "It was pretty intense." Two years later he one-upped himself by bike-dancing on the roof of a gridlocked car on Los Angeles's 405 Freeway.

Rey has been on the show circuit ever since. He earns $1,000 for each appearance and has wowed crowds at conventions, shopping malls, nightclubs, soccer games and rock concerts. Backed by sponsors such as GT Bicycles, a bike company for which he has ridden since 1987 as part of a team; Adidas; Swatch; and a German automobile clutch manufacturer, Rey logged 160,000 frequent-flier miles in 1993. During one five-week stretch last fall, he played 65 gigs in eight countries—and still found time to enter the World Mountain Bike Championships, in Vail, Colo., where he scored a second and a third in the stock (standard 26-inch mountain bike) and modified trials, respectively.

Although it's impossible to watch Rey in action without hoping he is enrolled in a reputable health plan, he says he has never been seriously injured while performing. "The bike actually becomes an extension of my body," he explains. "It's like when you want to put your finger to your nose and it goes right there. It's the same with the bike. When I want to put my front tire on the curb, it lands right there."

For his next trick he hopes to make it in Hollywood. So far, the reaction has been, "No way, Rey." But Allen, for one, doesn't count his friend out: "Hans looks at the world as a trials obstacle to be conquered on his bike." As Rey himself puts it, "Every time somebody says, 'No way,' it is for me an incentive to do it." ■



Despite making fearsome jumps, such as this one in Moab, Utah, Rey insists he is no stuntman.

BOB ALLEN

Preston Lerner is a freelance writer who lives in Burbank, Calif.

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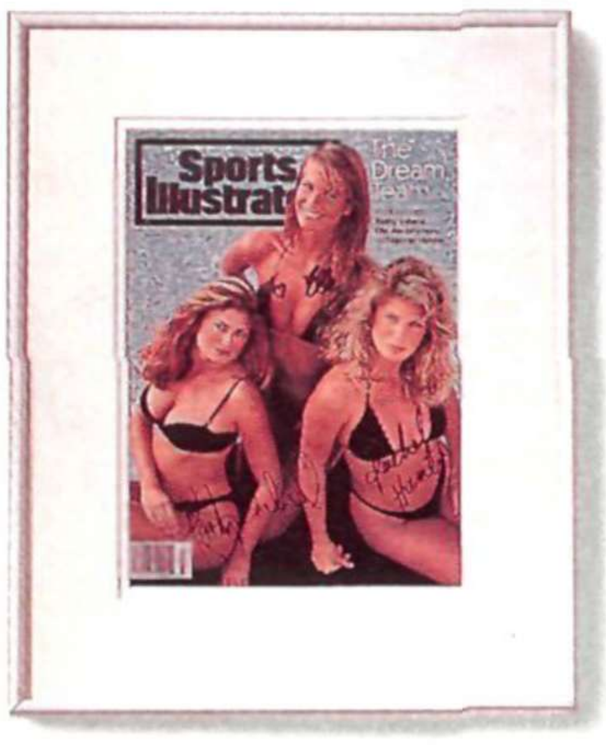

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Four for the Ages

by TIM CROTHERS

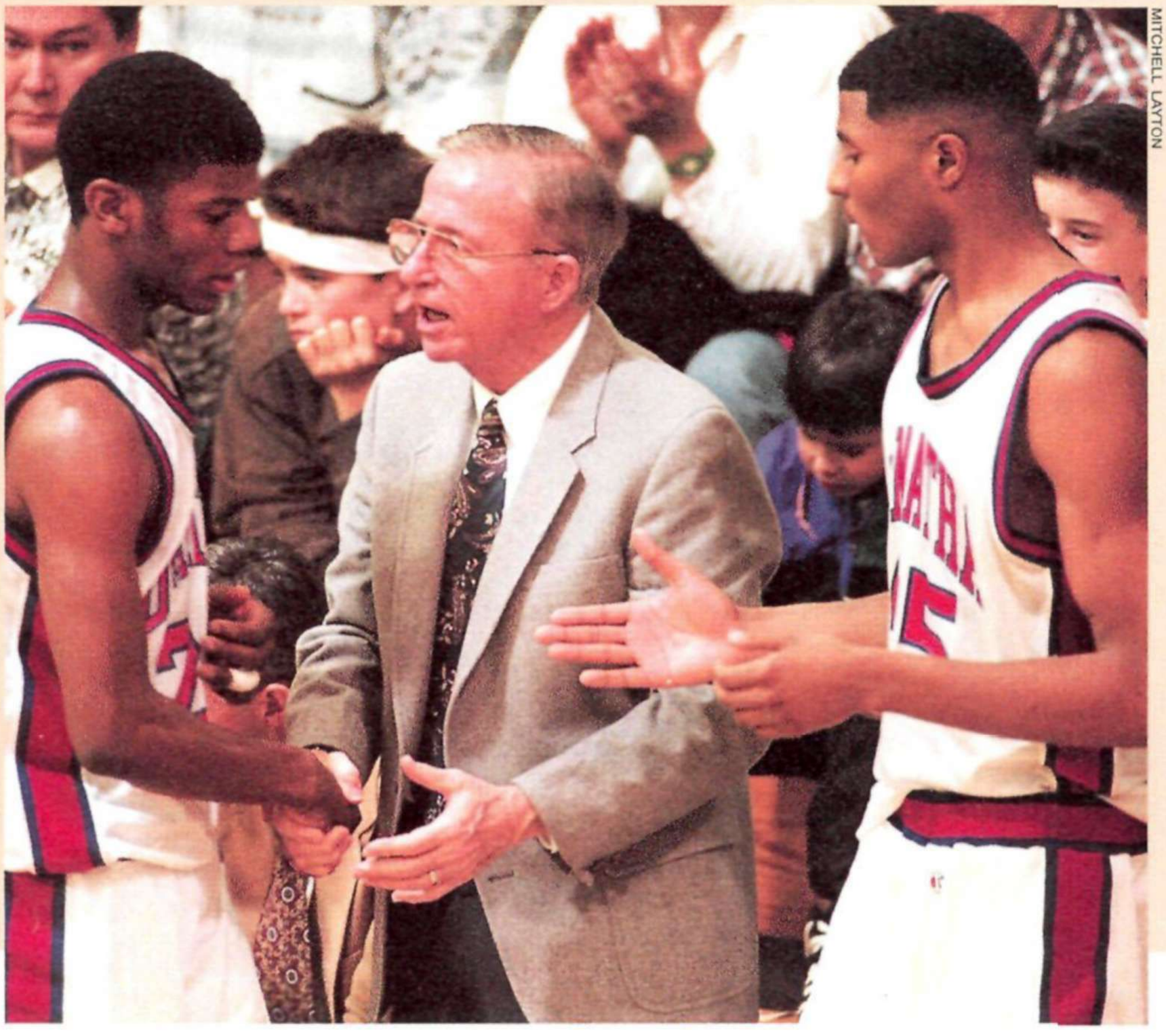
AT RALPH TASKER Arena in Hobbs, N.Mex., last Friday night, Hobbs High coach Ralph Tasker and his Eagles defeated Clovis High 99–88. It was Tasker's 1,060th career win, making him the alltime winningest coach in prep basketball history. Tasker savored the magical moment for all of, oh, 22 hours. Then, across the country, Morgan Wootten, the coach at DeMatha High in Hyattsville, Md., led his Stags to a 76–58 win over Archbishop Carroll to tie Tasker with his own 1,060th career victory.

As unlikely as it sounds, over the same weekend Bill Krueger of Clear Lake High in Houston won his 1,059th game and Robert Hughes of Dunbar High in Fort Worth won number 1,058, putting four active coaches within two wins of one another on the alltime list *(chart, next page)*. Wootten pretty much echoes the sentiments of the entire quartet when he says, "I'm thrilled to be mentioned among these great coaches. After all these years, I'm just happy that it's still big news when we lose."

Wootten, 63, began his coaching career in 1951 as a baseball coach at a Washington-area orphanage, then moved to DeMatha in '56. His legend was established early in his tenure when the Stags knocked off New York City juggernaut Power Memorial, which featured a seven-foot senior center named Lew Alcindor. Power Memorial had won 71 games in a row before playing DeMatha in 1965 in front of the first capacity crowd ever at Cole Field House on the University of Maryland campus. Wootten prepared his team all week by holding a tennis racket above his head to simulate the seven-footer, only to have Alcindor swat the Stags' first shot into the cheap seats. Nevertheless DeMatha held on to stun Power 46–43. "The other interesting thing about that night was that my wife, Kathy, was nine months pregnant and attended the game with a friend who could bring her to the hospital if necessary. Well, in the second half, her friend said, 'I hope it doesn't happen tonight, because I'm not leaving.' "

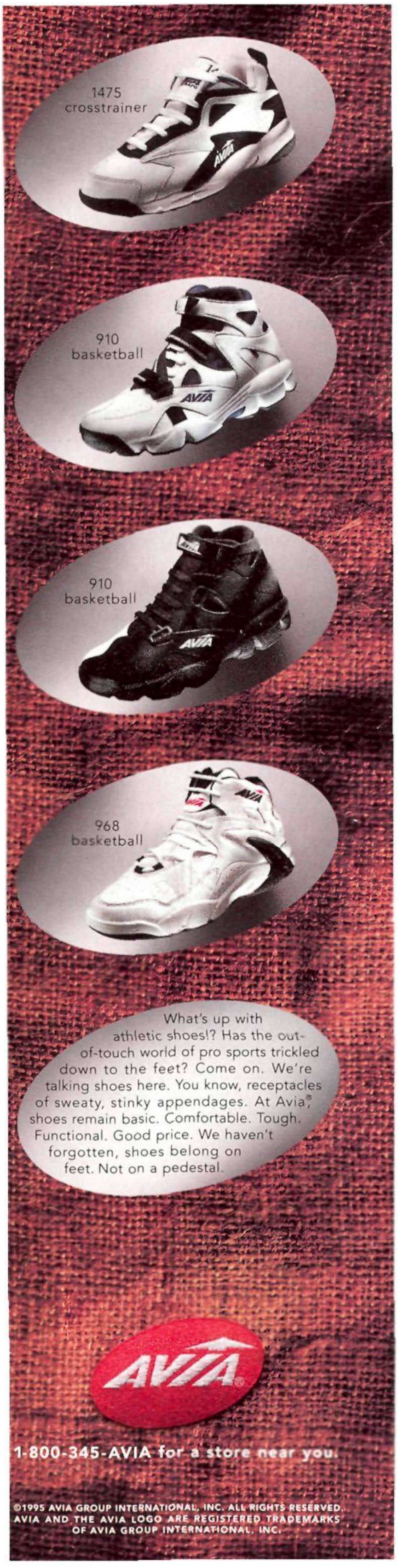
Since then Wootten has sent scores of players to Division I programs and a dozen eventually to the NBA, including Adrian Dantley, Danny Ferry and Kenny Carr. Wootten has an .873 career winning percentage, the highest among the four top coaches; this season's team was 22–3 through Sunday and ranked 13th in the nation. But the coach who grew up just one block from the school still lives close enough to occasionally walk home for lunch. And he remains so soft-spoken that he often uses a microphone during practice so that he can be heard over the din of dribbling basketballs.

Tasker, 75, actually retired two years ago. Sort of. He still teaches government and economics classes at Hobbs every morning and returns to school in the afternoon to coach his team as an unpaid volunteer. The Eagles are the Runnin' Rebels of high school basketball, employing a full-court-pressing, run-and-gun style; his 1970 state championship team averaged 114.6 points a game and had 14 straight 100-point games. Tasker's go-for-broke approach is so dear to the Eagles' legion of fans that once in the '60s when he ordered a stall, the entire Hobbs cheering section exited the gym in protest. Another notable Tasker crisis occurred in 1949, when he won the first of his 12 state titles. In the fourth



MITCHELL LAYTON

Congratulations were in order on Saturday as Wootten won No. 1,060.



quarter of the championship game, Tasker decided to rest starting guard Billy Ponder. "The school superintendent, H.C. Pannell, was sitting right behind the bench and leaned over to me and said, 'Coach, don't you think Billy ought to be in there?' " says Tasker. "I was young and foolish, so I held Billy out for another minute or so just to get a point across. Luckily we won the game, or my coaching career might have been *much* shorter."

Tasker's victory total has always been limited by New Mexico high school rules, which allow a maximum of 21 regular-season games, but he has endurance on his side. "I once asked someone how long he'll coach," Krueger remembers, "and the guy told me Ralph will probably die on the bench."

Krueger, 59, the youngest of the group, grew up the son of a rancher in Johnson City, Texas, the hometown of Lyndon Johnson. "I remember my dad always saying that someday I'd have to get a real job, but here I am after 37 years still coaching," says Krueger.

Krueger started out as the coach at Houston's Clear Creek High in 1965 and was there for seven years until the school district split and Clear Lake was created. When the principal asked who wanted to go to the new school, Krueger declined, but when he discovered that many of his better players were making the move, he chased the principal down the hall and begged to transfer. At Clear Lake he averaged 30 wins a season for his first 20 years despite working without a single player who would ever rise above the college ranks.

Krueger is also the only coach who admits to keeping an eye on the records of his competitors. "If I set the record even for just one day, I'd like to know it," he says. "I never have gotten a rebound, never have scored a point and never have taken a charging foul, but the record would be a great testament to everyone I've ever coached."

Krueger defeated Hughes in the Texas state tournament in 1990, the only time any of the four coaches have ever faced one another. Hughes, 65, is a workaholic who still coaches his freshman team in addition to his work with the varsity. After games he washes his team's uniforms himself, then studies game film into the wee hours. "If I ever get bored with it, I'll be hanging my toes in a river in Jackson, Wyoming," Hughes says.

In his 37 years of coaching, the 6′ 6″ Hughes has had only two players taller than he is, but he has produced four state champions—three during a 15-year stint at Fort Worth's I.M. Terrell High—with what he calls "my munchkins." Hughes's first title at Terrell, in 1963, was the sweetest. "I began as a coach in '58, teaching basketball to a group of seventh-graders," Hughes says. "It was a case of, 'This is your left foot, this is your right foot, that orange thing hanging up there is a basketball rim.' We grew up together, and before games I'd take them over to the house and watch over them like a mother hen. Their senior year we reached the state title game and finally won it in double overtime but not before my center, Clarence McHenry, threw a behind-the-back pass in the second overtime and got called for traveling. Clarence was like a son to me, but I'd have killed him right there if there weren't so many witnesses. I'll never forget that night."

Despite their 4,237 total wins and a combined 18 state titles for Krueger, Hughes and Tasker, and 13 city championships for Wootten, when these four legendary coaches are asked what they remember most, each had the same knee-jerk response: "The losses." ■

The Beat Goes On

IT'S NOT exactly lonely at the top when it comes to the list of the winningest coaches in high school basketball history. But these coaches' exceptional winning percentages show that longevity is not the only factor in their favor.

Coach	High School	Record	Winning Pct.
1. Morgan Wootten	DeMatha (Hyattsville, Md)	1,060–154	.873
2. Ralph Tasker	Hobbs (New Mexico)	1,060–275	.794
3. Bill Krueger	Clear Lake (Houston)	1,059–244	.812
4. Robert Hughes	Dunbar (Fort Worth)	1,058–189	.848

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INSIDE

The NFL

by PETER KING

Star Search

WITH ONLY three or four stars—Troy Aikman of the Cowboys, Drew Bledsoe of the Patriots, Brett Favre of the Packers and maybe Rick Mirer of the Seahawks—to be found among the Generation X quarterbacks in the NFL, at least half the teams in the league are looking to land a young passer who will lead them to long-term success. That's why on Sunday so many NFL coaches, scouts and front-office types sat wide-eyed through the scouting combine in Indianapolis's RCA Dome, judging the quarterback depth of the 1995 draft class.

After the beauty pageant ended, this much was certain: This year's quarterback crop might approach the famed class of 1983 in quantity—six passers went in the first round that year—but it won't come close in quality. Although as many as six quarterbacks could be among the top-40 picks of the April draft, there's not a sure-fire star—as John Elway, Jim Kelly and Dan Marino were 12 years ago—in the lot.

"I didn't see an Aikman or a Marino out there, but I think there might be some guys in the second round who could develop into good players and have good pro careers," said Giant general manager George Young.

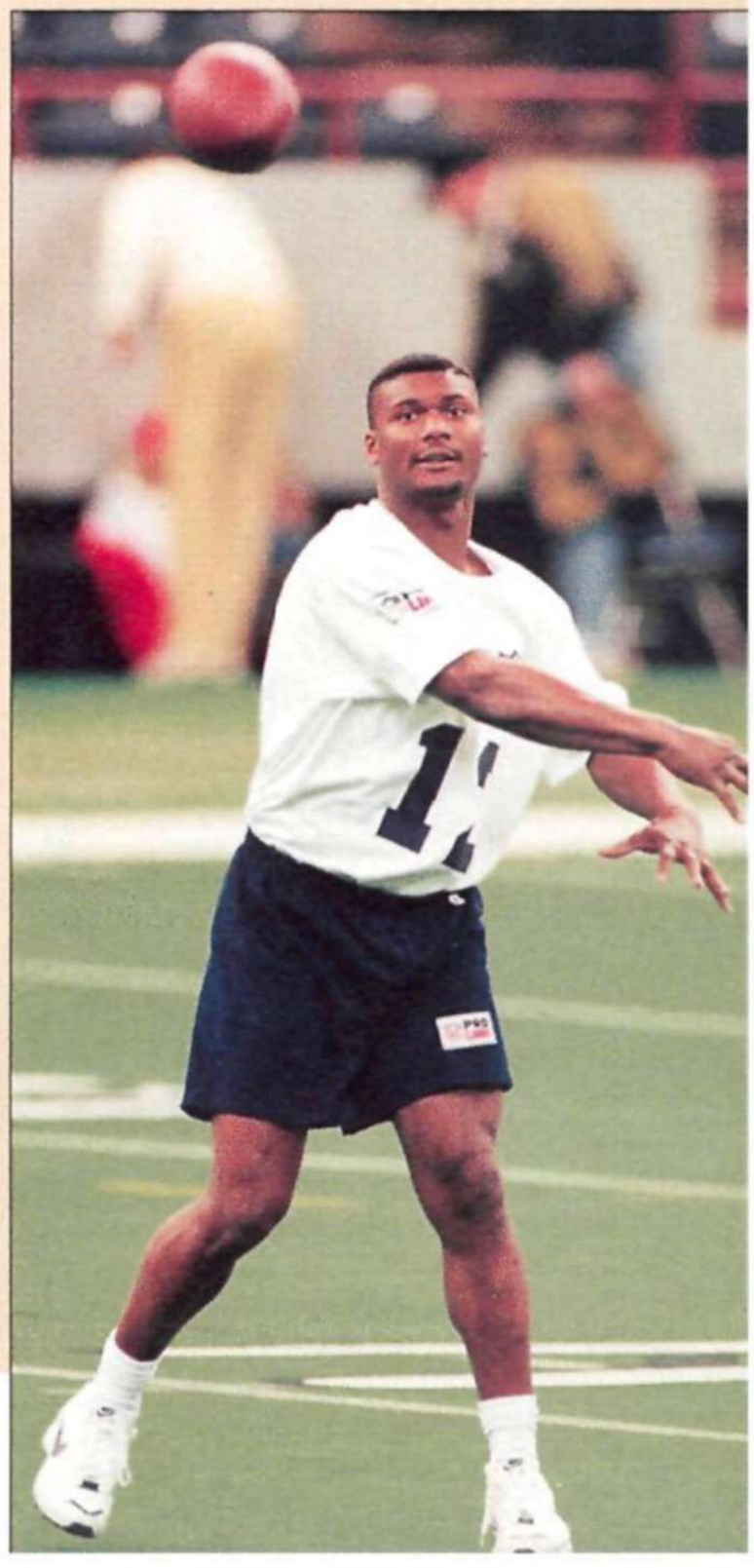
Even that would be a boon to the NFL. Only three of the dozen quarterbacks taken in the first round in the '90s—Bledsoe, Mirer and the Falcons' Jeff George—have developed into really effective pro passers. Here, in likely order of selection, is an early evaluation of the five quarterbacks who, two months before the NFL draft, look like first-round picks:

1. Steve McNair, 6′ 1½″, 205, Alcorn State. Representatives of the Oilers and Bengals, who will pick third and fifth, respectively, watched his workout most keenly, and they must have been pleased with what they saw. "I didn't make a bad throw out there," McNair said after only one of his passes in a scripted drill fell incomplete. Both his velocity and touch looked good. McNair has a gun for an arm and legs like Steve Young, but he might need two or three years to mature into a good pro after having played at a small college.

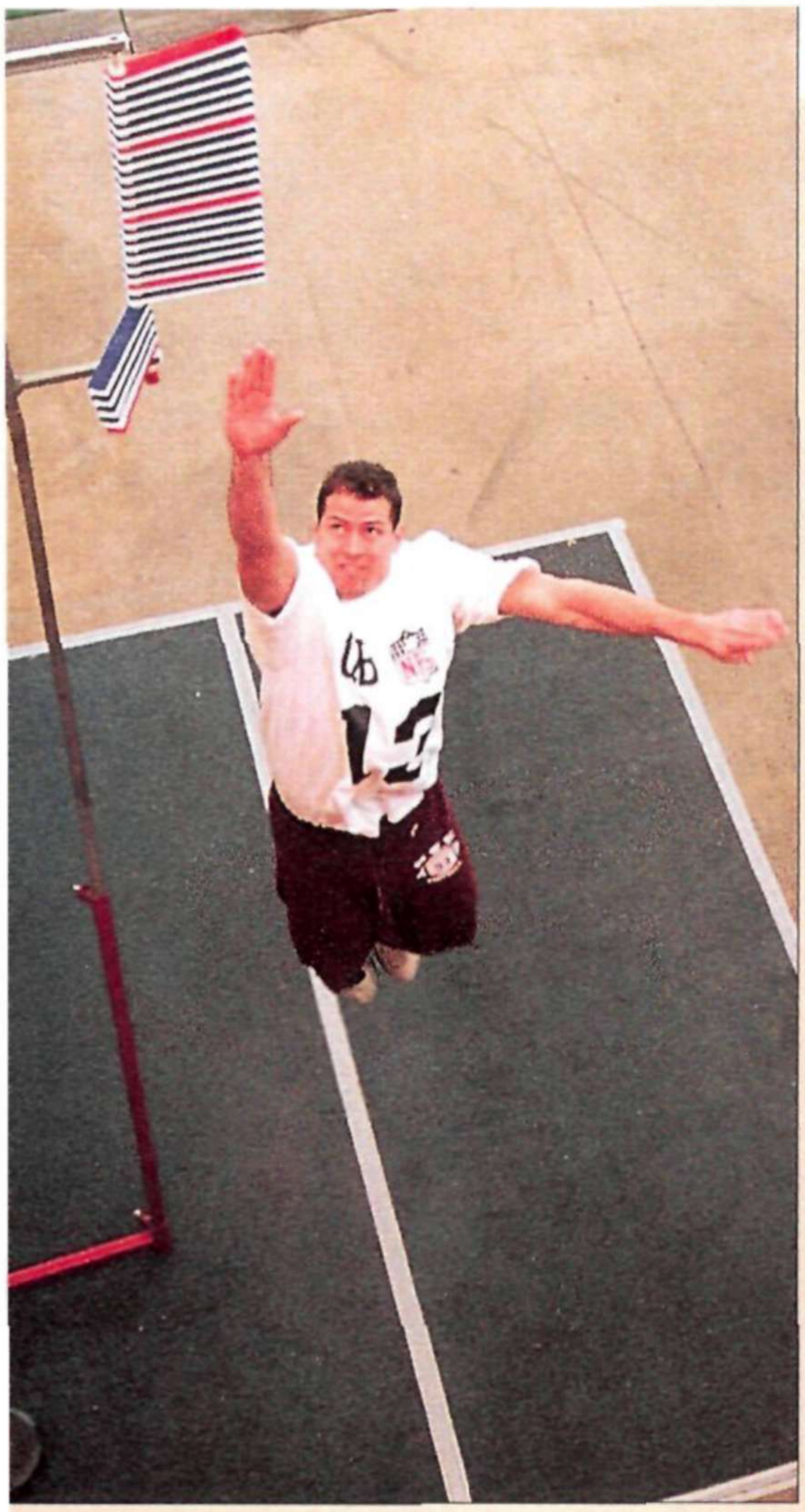
2. Kerry Collins, 6′ 5″, 228, Penn State. He'll soon spend a week with the quarterback doctor, former 49er coach Bill Walsh, to work on erasing a hitch in his delivery. When asked about his tendency to turn his hand for a split second at the height of his delivery, slowing the release of the ball ever so slightly, Collins rolls his eyes. "I came out of nowhere to be the Number 1 quarterback prospect at the Senior Bowl, so I guess people had to find an imperfection," he said last Saturday. "No one's ever said anything to me about it before. I've always thrown this way." Maybe so, but pro cornerbacks are so much more advanced than college defenders that they might capitalize on that delay in his release. Nevertheless, Collins will be a top-15 pick.

3. Chad May, 6′ 1½″, 225, Kansas State. He had a bad weekend. During his physical exam last Saturday, May told doctors about some chronic instability in his left shoulder, and so they pulled and poked his right arm to see whether that shoulder might be loose, too. "I should never have told them," May said. "They yanked my right arm so much they hurt it." Not seriously, but enough to cause him to throw poorly on Sunday; he left the RCA Dome with the right shoulder iced. On top of all that, May came across as too cocky, telling one NFL coach he should be the first quarterback picked. "If I'm not," May said, "it's your mistake."

4. John Walsh, 6′ 4″, 215, BYU. There's always skepticism about passing numbers



Photographs by John Biever



Coaches and scouts (opposite) got the jump on Eastern Kentucky's John Sacca (above) and an eyeful of a nearly flawless McNair.

in the Western Athletic Conference, and Walsh is a question mark all the more because he's coming out of school a year early. He's another quarterback who will be tutored by Bill Walsh, in particular to develop more mobility in the pocket. He didn't throw on Sunday on the advice of his agent.

5. Rob Johnson, 6′ 4″, 220, USC. "I just can't wait to be an NFL player," says Johnson, whose effervescence helped him in face-to-face interviews with NFL personnel in Indianapolis. "I don't care who takes me. If there was an NFL team in Russia, I'd go there and I'd love it." Johnson ran the Trojans' pro-style offense, but he wasn't as productive as some scouts thought he would be. Still, he has an adequate arm and good field sense, and he should move up the draft list into late first-round turf if he shows well in private workouts for NFL teams.

Coaches also saw much to like about Georgia's Eric Zeier and Alabama's Jay Barker, one of whom—or maybe both—should be drafted by the middle of the second round.

Going Places

On the rise: Scouts fell in love with Boston College pass rusher Mike Mamula, who surprised them when he came out early and then had a four-sack performance against Kansas State in the Aloha Bowl. The 6′ 5″, 242-pound Mamula ran the 40 in 4.6 seconds, cleared 38 inches in the vertical leap and bench-pressed 225 pounds 30 times. How impressive are those figures? Well, most wide receivers can't jump that high, and most offensive linemen aren't able to bench-press so much weight that many times. Mamula vaulted from being perhaps a third-round draft pick to possibly going in the middle of the first round.

On the decline: Ohio State tackle Korey Stringer might have eaten himself out of the first round. He showed up weighing 345 pounds, about 30 over his playing weight, and refused to take the weightlifting test.

Big Plans

The free-agent signing period begins on Friday, and with wideout Sterling Sharpe sidelined for at least all of next season following neck surgery, the Packers will go hot after Falcon free-agent receiver Andre Rison. Also, the Packers will probably take one team out of the market for a young quarterback by trading Mark Brunell, 24, a well-regarded lefthanded passer, for a low first- or second-round pick.

The End Zone

The Giants traditionally give the most arduous mental-aptitude test at the combine, and one question on their exam this year—which had 462 questions—left Florida defensive end Kevin Carter shaking his head. "I couldn't believe it," said Carter. "They asked, 'True or false: I would like to do the work of a dressmaker.' " For the record, Carter's answer was: false. ■

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Let's Make a Deal

Despite a whiff in Washington, there's still a chance to save the 1995 baseball season

by Michael Bevans

O.K., YOU'RE a major league baseball player, and it's the Fourth of July. You've been idled by the strike for close to 11 months, and your body clock is going off like the alarm on a Porsche parked in Newark. Ever since Memorial Day tee times have been increasingly hard to get. Maybe you didn't mind giving up the last three paychecks of the 1994 season for the good of the cause, but now you've missed six checks this season and you're two months behind in alimony payments. And the new wife is irritable because the manse you built after signing your first multiyear contract 18 months ago still has two rooms without furniture. You really miss the guys in the clubhouse, the road trips too. (And you wonder if that woman you run into every trip to Cincy is sidling up to a replacement player by now.) You're not drinking any more beer than you did any other summer, but instead of sweating it off with a two-hour, 58-minute game in Arlington, Texas, you're starting to look like Mickey Lolich.

Never happen, you say? Wipe that stupid Darryl Strawberry grin off your face. The calendar has turned in the owners' favor. You walked out when it hurt them the most, in mid-August, depriving them of national TV revenue, pennant-drive crowds and the postseason jackpot. Now it's get-even time. The owners are prepared to blow off April, May and June of the 1995 season to get a settlement they can live with. Can you last that long? They don't think so.

And certainly, after what happened last week in Washington, D.C., your position has become less sympathetic. With President Clinton turning up the heat for a settlement, federal mediator William Usery offered a recommendation that actually was more of a wish list than a formal proposal. While the owners were receptive to Usery's overture, your designated hitters, union chief Don Fehr and sidekick Gene Orza, buried Usery's offering as if it were nuclear waste. The bottom line was that the owners apparently were willing to come down from their original demand for a salary cap to a 50% luxury tax on payrolls exceeding $40 million and an arrangement that would eliminate salary arbitration while giving players unlimited free agency after four years instead of six. That would mean you would have to come up from where you were on your last proposal—a 25% tax on payrolls exceeding $65 million. But your union evinced no spirit of compromise. Instead, Orza smeared the 71-year-old Usery, calling him "senile." All of which further steeled the owners for the long haul.

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"I was always optimistic through this entire process, but I've never been as frustrated or as disappointed as I was after what happened in Washington," says Colorado Rocky owner Jerry McMorris. "I still feel that way. I don't see any signs now that it's going to change." That comes from a guy who got into the game only three years ago and was untainted by the bitterness that has mushroomed for more than 20 years between the owners and the union. Now he's sick of the union too. The Rockies have sold 32,000 season tickets for 1995, and last week a pair of exhibition games on March 31 and April 1 against the New York Yankees sold out in four hours. On April 7 McMorris is going to play his home opener in a spanking new stadium—with or without you.

"I've always been a moderate, even called soft by some people," says Toronto Blue Jay president Paul Beeston. "But after what happened, I'm fully aboard with the owners. I don't understand why the union would not only turn down the proposal, but do so the way they did and treat Bill Usery the way they did. I have great difficulty having any type of compassion for the players." Now you've lost a guy who over the years had brought a friendly face and reason to dealings with the union. According to one owner, Beeston was considered to be so out of step with his colleagues during the negotiations that some of them would ask him, "What time is the next union meeting?"

Throughout his five-decade involvement in labor relations, Usery has never before stepped into such a morass. This wasn't Greyhound drivers asking for a raise of 85 cents and the company wanting to give 35 cents. This has been about salary caps and luxury taxes and free agency and percentage of the gross and licensing fees. As if Usery didn't already have his hands full, Clinton added to his burdens by imposing a Feb. 6 deadline for a settlement, failing which Usery was to make a recommendation to end the strike. That wasn't the mediator's game. He's a nudger, not an economist. He never got a formal recommendation together before the deadline, and the negotiations blew up.

But as long as the two sides are paying Usery $120,000 a month, why not give him a bit more time to get some help crunching the numbers and put forth a firm settlement proposal? Then Fehr can throw the deal out for consideration when he hits the road soon for meetings with the rank and file. Nobody knows whether Usery's plan will be acceptable to the players—or the owners, for that matter—but this might be the last chance to ensure labor peace in time for Opening Day. ■

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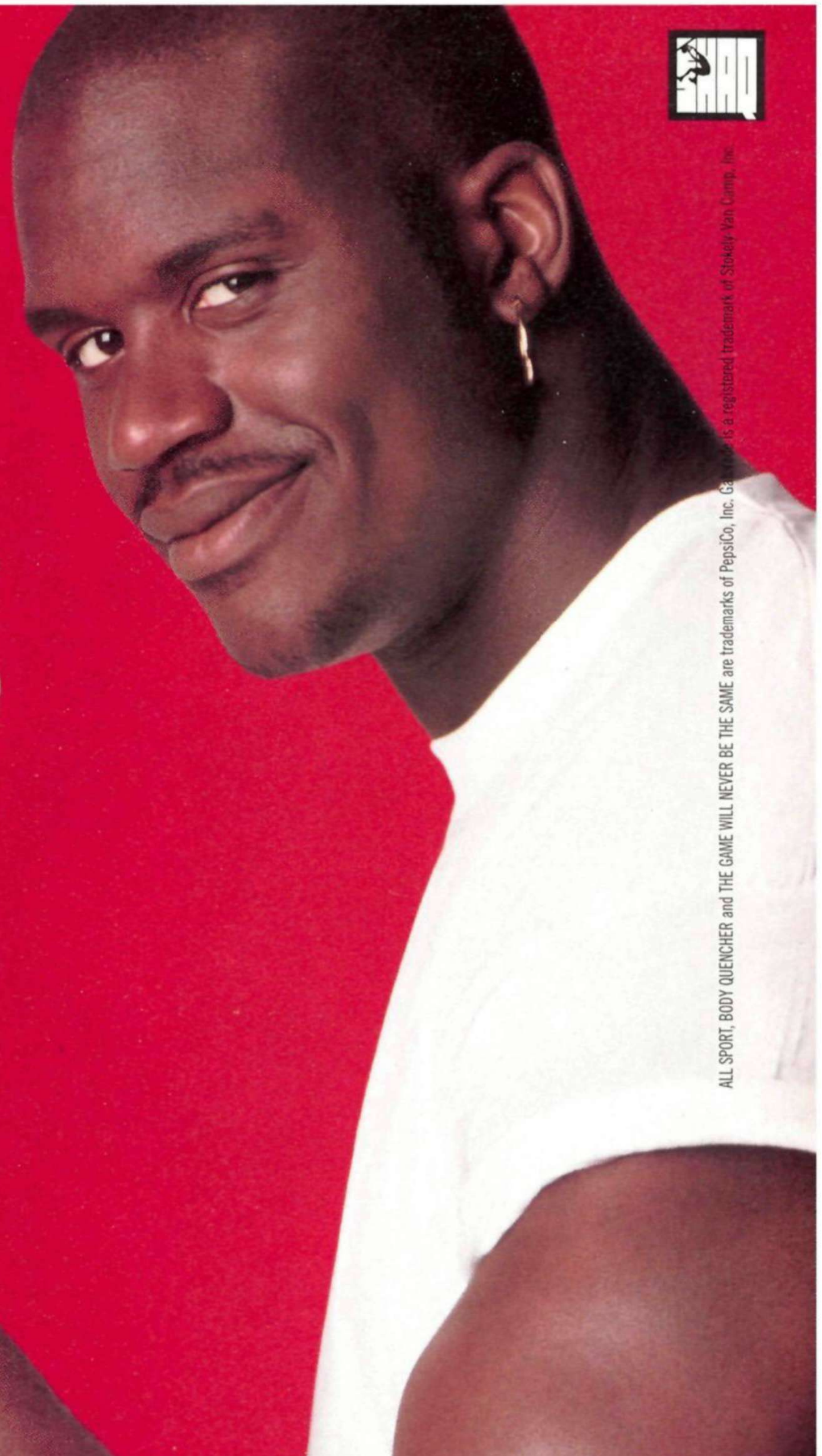

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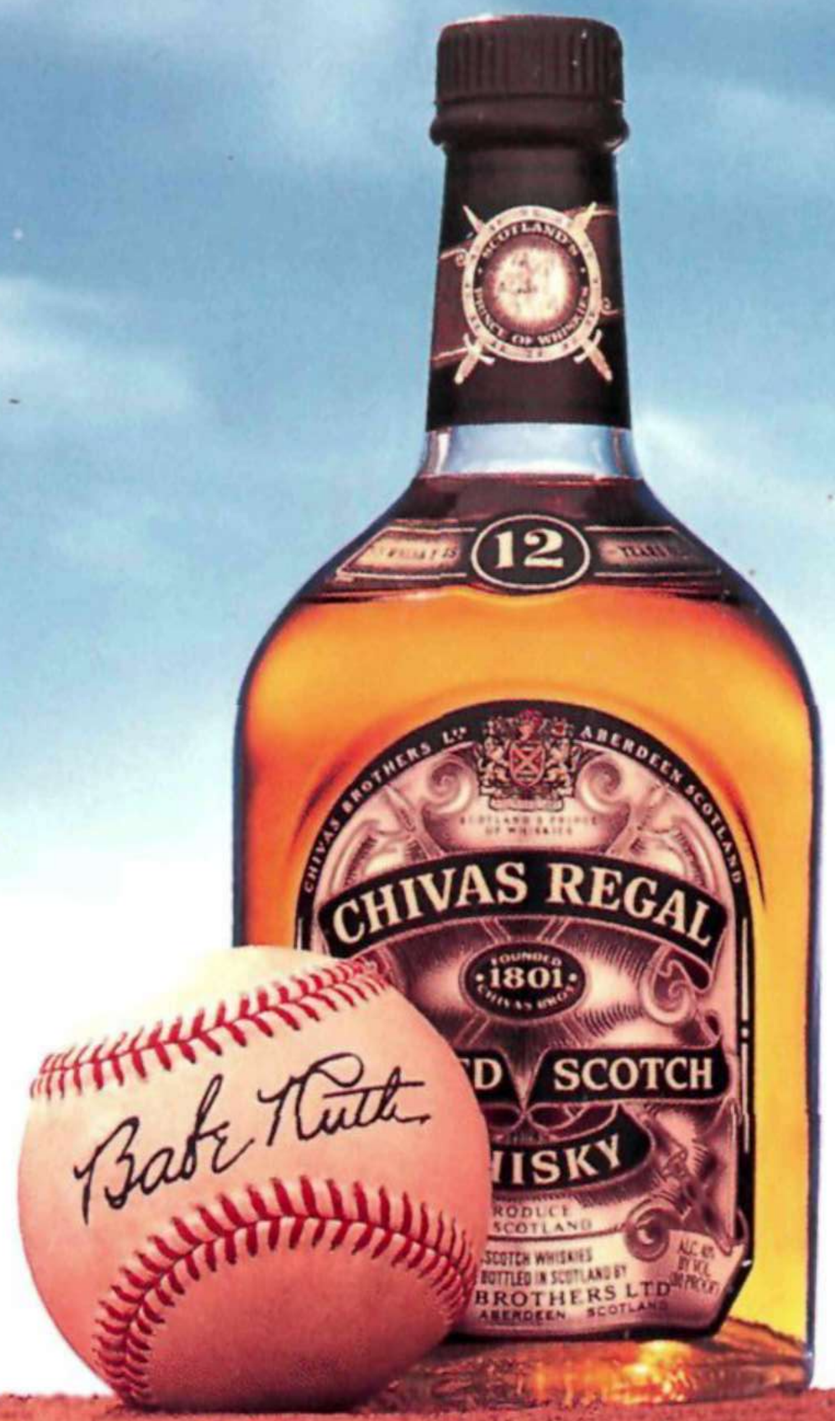

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