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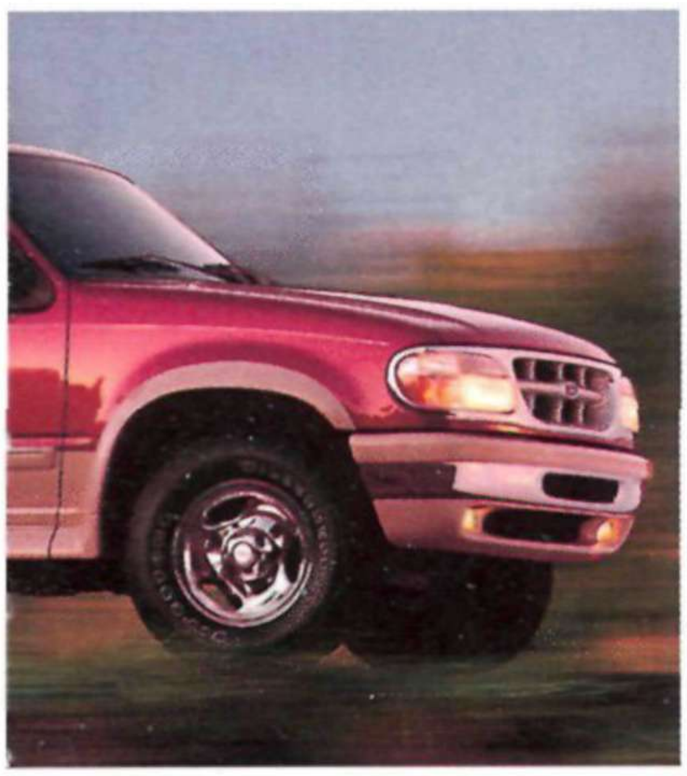

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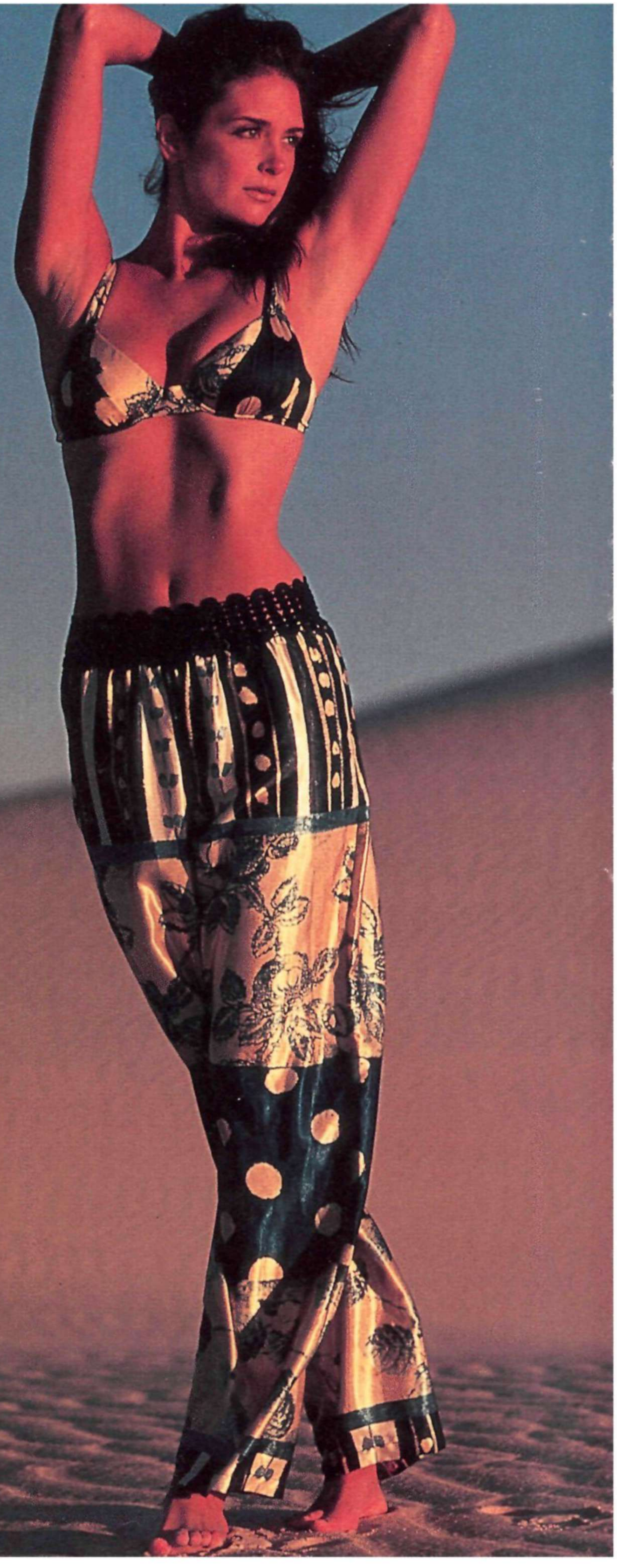

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RALPH LAUREN
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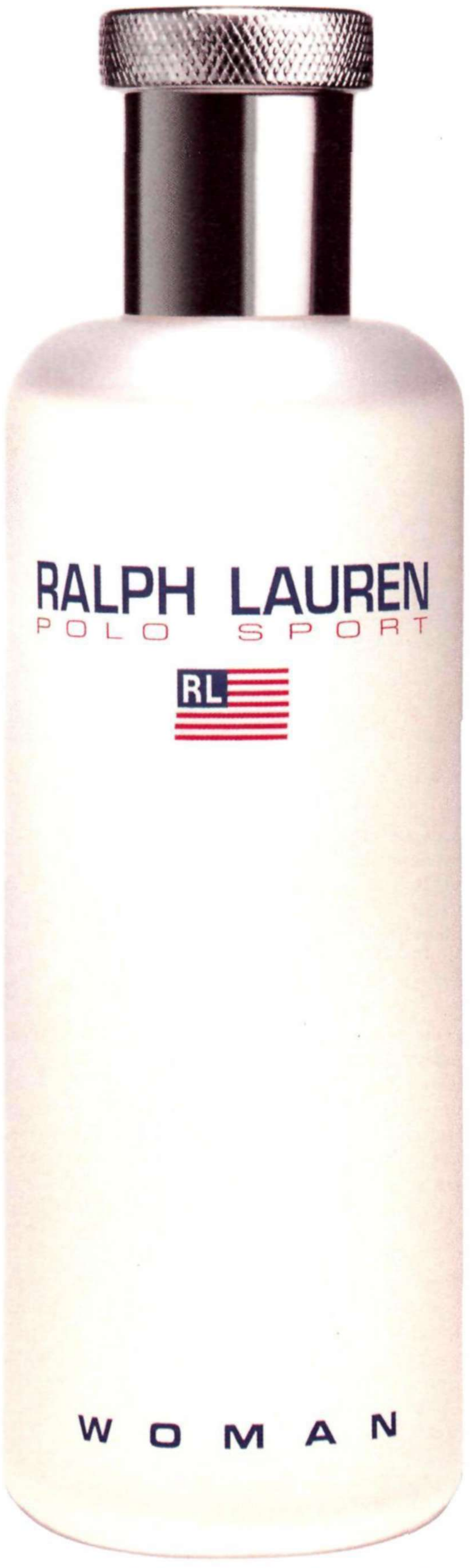
F A B E A U T I F U L B O D Y



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SKIN FITNESS LINE BY RALPH LAUREN

PAM GEIGER

THERE ARE days when senior editor Jule Campbell has wondered if maybe she shouldn't be working on a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED raincoat issue. Rain has been a recurring problem during Campbell's 32 years as the driving force behind SI's annual swimsuit issue, but this year was the topper.

While shooting was under way last fall in South Africa's Kalahari Desert, which often receives barely more than a thimbleful of precipitation each year, it rained on the SI crew twice. Rain also fell throughout the two days the crew spent at its final stop—in Sun City, for goodness' sake. Says Campbell, "I'm getting to be known as the rain goddess."

"Affectionately, though," adds her assistant, Joan Truscio.

This week's issue marks the end of Campbell's rain, and reign. Having shepherded the swimsuit issue from its humble beginnings as a winter filler, when there wasn't much going on in sports, to its current status as a highly anticipated publishing event each year, Campbell from now on will let someone else worry about the weather.

She and her husband, Ron, raised a son, Bruce, but after all these years with the swimsuit issue, it's almost as if Campbell had raised a daughter, too. "I've watched her grow up, and now she has a life of her own," Campbell says. "As for myself, I want to go on to other things. I want to turn the page and start a new chapter."

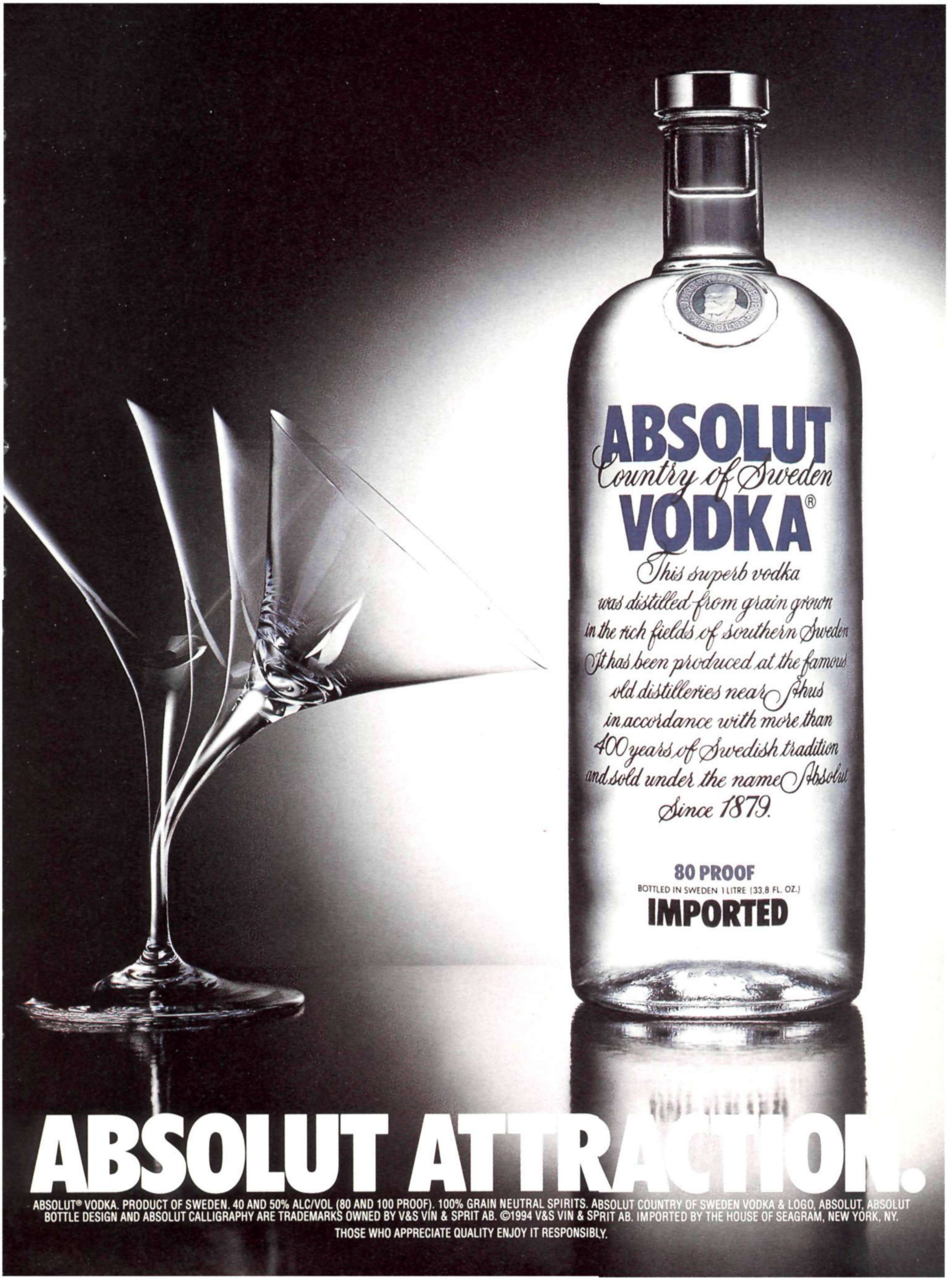
But she won't soon forget the adventures from her three decades of traveling the globe for SI. All of her photo shoots, which usually take place over the course of about two months in the fall, have been eventful, and this year's was no exception. Campbell and Truscio spent nine weeks working at 10 locations in South Africa with three photographers and nine models. And several lions.

Campbell (right) and her crew—(from left) Truscio, Valeria Mazza, Manon von Gerkan and Walter looss Jr.—had to work undercover.

In the Mala Mala Game Reserve, as the team was driving back to its quarters after a shoot, a pride of lions passed within a few feet of the SI vehicle, which had no roof or windows. "We could have reached over the side of the Land Rover and touched their manes," Campbell says. Wisely, no one did; the group had received strict instructions to remain seated. But model Kathy Ireland got a little overeager when the group later saw the pride feeding. Subject of many photos—and three SI covers—over the years, she couldn't resist standing up to snap a few shots. Truscio quickly coaxed Ireland back into her seat, and the SI team left the lions to eat in peace.

Campbell hasn't lost a model yet and, in fact, has discovered quite a few. "I've watched them grow up from kids to supermodels—Cheryl, Christie, Paulina, Elle, Kathy, Vendela, Ashley," she says. "They're all one-name girls now. That's how famous they are."

Campbell has made a name for the SI swimsuit issue as well. "For 32 years Jule has been the first lady of swimwear fashion," says SI editor Mark Mulvoy. "She's taken a little five-page section and made it into a rite of winter, and she's discovered more talent than anyone in Hollywood." That's what Campbell will remember, much more than the rain.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Sprint PRESENTS A SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

Keeping In Touch

The 1991 and '92 NCAA Champion Blue Devils

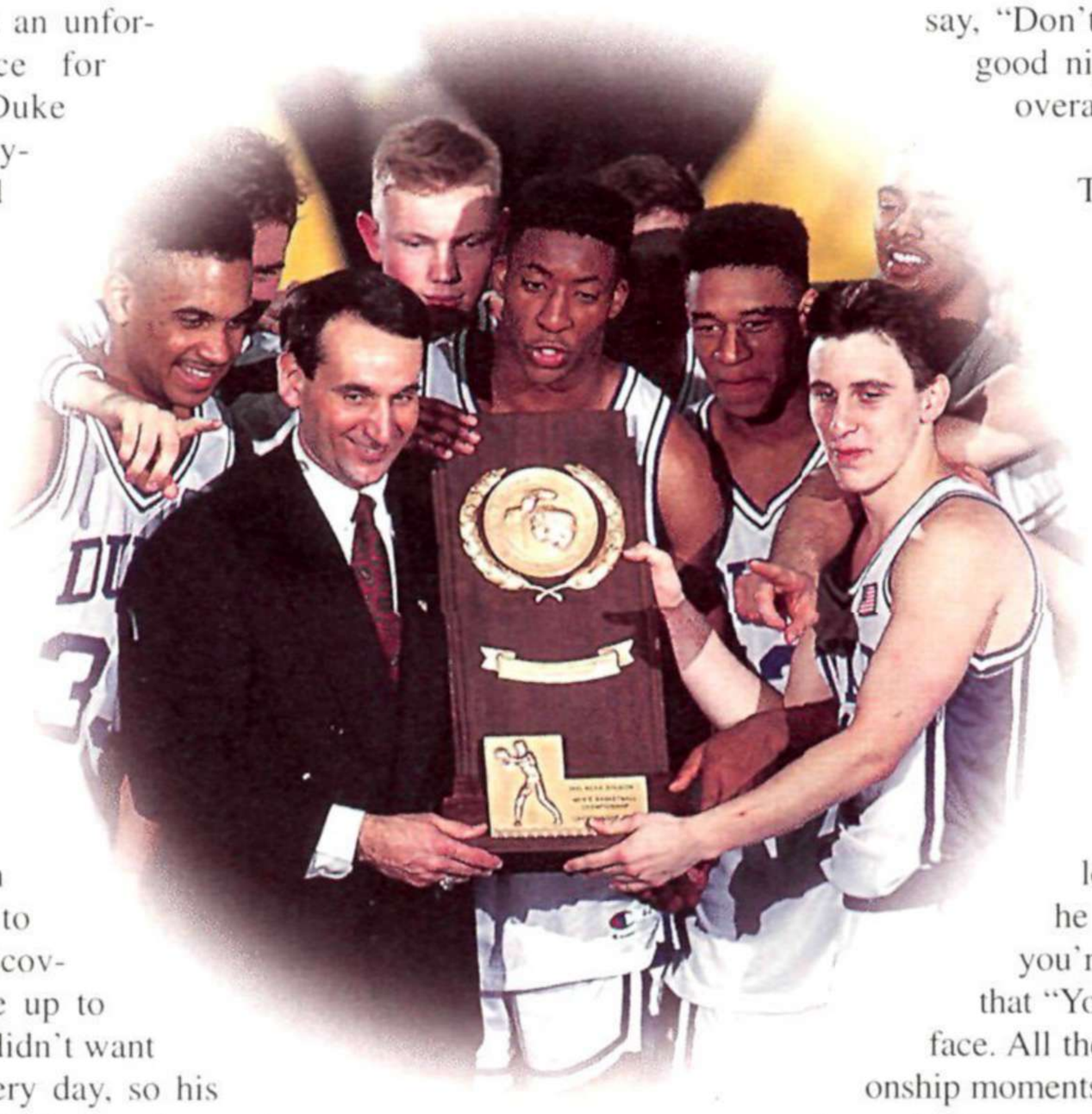
By MIKE KRZYZEWSKI

Winning back-to-back national championships was an unforgettable experience for everyone associated with Duke basketball. The bonds the players and I forged in 1991 and 1992 can never be broken.

I'm never too busy to talk with any of those guys. We're like a big extended family. When I was recuperating from back surgery last year, my wife, Mickie, was flooded with messages of love and support. I can't tell you how much that meant to me.

And when Bobby Hurley was injured in a car accident a few years ago, I flew to Sacramento to let him know I was counting on him to pull through. All during his recovery, Bobby's parents kept me up to date on what was going on. I didn't want to be a nuisance and call every day, so his mom, Chris, did a great job of letting me know when Bobby needed to hear from me, or when I could do something to help.

Bad times bring us closer together, but we keep in touch in good times, too. Except for the guys who were playing in Europe, everybody came back to Duke for our Legends Weekend in September. I talk to our NBA alumni quite a bit. If Grant Hill has a triple-double, I'll call him to say, "Hey, I guess you don't need any advice from me tonight." But if he looks tired and has a bad game, I might say, "Don't let it get you down. Get a good night's sleep and don't try to overanalyze what happened."



They do the same for me. They know this is a tough year for us. We don't have the manpower we have had in the past. Christian Laettner, who really understands the game, tells me this season's Duke team reminds him of his Minnesota Timberwolves, because we both have to do everything right to win. Christian thinks like a coach, just as he did when he was at Duke.

Bobby called after we lost to Michigan. "Yo, Coach!" he said. "Tough loss. I hope you're all right, man." When I hear that "Yo!" it brings a big smile to my face. All the great moments, the championship moments, flash through my mind.

I look forward to hearing their voices more than what they say. Bobby's Jersey accent. Grant's softer voice, Christian's determined voice. My college coach, Bob Knight, has an authoritative voice, and I check in with him now and then to hear it. He and I share the belief that a player-coach relationship ought to last a lifetime.

"I'm never too busy to talk with any of those guys. A player-coach relationship ought to last a lifetime."

Former Michigan State coach Jud Heathcote recalls his '79 champions in the Feb. 12 issue.

1988-1989

Advanced to Final Four
Lost to Seton Hall in semis
Record: 28-8, Ranking: 9
Danny Ferry: National Player of the Year

1989-1990

Advanced to Final Four
Lost to UNLV in final
Record: 29-9, Ranking: 15
Laettner:All-America (3rd team)

1990-1991

Advanced to Final Four
Beat Kansas for title
Record: 32-7, Ranking: 6
Laettner:All-America (2nd team)

1991-1992

Advanced to Final Four
Beat Michigan for title
Record: 34-2, Ranking: 1
Laettner: Player of the Year;
Hurley: A-A (3rd team)

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Congratulations to Troy Aikman for being the exception to the rule that nice guys finish last.

EMILY ELSESSER, ARLINGTON, TEXAS

Mr. Right

Great article on Dallas quarterback Troy Aikman (*Mr. Lonelyhearts*, Jan. 15). It's good to see a man with fame and fortune who can keep both feet on the ground. Aikman is a class act.

DAN CIAMBOR, *Bowie, Md.*

I am glad to see SI jump on the profitable sideline of running personal ads. Please accept my ad for next week's publication:

SWM, 32, 6 feet, 190 lbs., swimmer, triathlete, seeks female, age 27–35, for romantic fun. Not a millionaire, but I do quite well as editor of an on-line magazine on the World Wide Web. This brown-haired, brown-eyed, handsome bachelor is an accomplished cook who gives fantastic back rubs and sends cards and flowers for no reason. Eligible females should be fit, tall and as comfortable in hiking gear as they are in an evening gown. Interested?

Who knows, if you can get Aikman a date, maybe you can do the same for me.

THOM GABRUKIEWICZ, *Dallas*

If Aikman thought he had problems meeting women and having weirdos pursue him before his personal ad/article was published, he can be assured that his difficulties will only get worse.

WILLIAM H. MORRIS, *Hillsdale, Mich.*

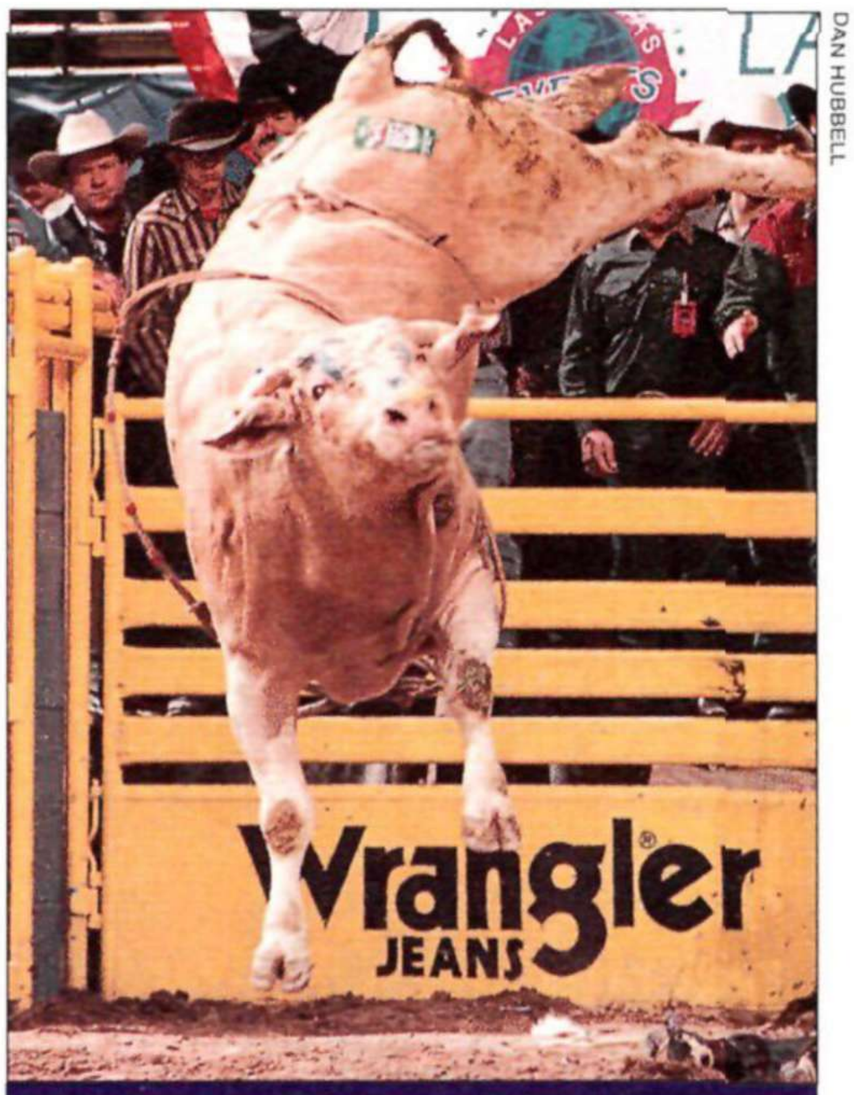
Teacher's Pets

Does Peter King hold a grudge against the Seattle Seahawks? He found a way to deny not one but two Seahawks places in his postseason honors (INSIDE THE NFL, Dec. 25–Jan. 1). He gives rookie of the year to Curtis Martin of the Patriots over Terrell Davis of the Broncos, with no mention of Seattle's Joey Galloway, who scored nine touchdowns and averaged 48 yards per touchdown. One of Galloway's scores this year was the longest run from scrimmage in the league, 86 yards, and a second was the longest punt return in the NFL this season, 89 yards. Galloway was also only the 10th rookie ever to post more than 1,000 yards receiving.

King calls Martin the third-best back in the league, behind the Cowboys' Emmitt Smith and the Lions' Barry Sanders. The Seahawks' Chris Warren averaged almost half a yard better per carry than Martin en route to his fourth consecutive 1,000-yard season.

Both Galloway and Warren were instrumental in the Seahawks' drive for the playoffs after an off-season full of well-publicized turmoil.

BEN WILSON, *Seattle*



DAN HUBBELL

No Bull

I was pleased to read your SCORECARD item about the retirement of Bodacious *(above)*, the fierce rodeo bull (Dec. 25–Jan. 1). Rodeo remains one of the few true sports of our time. The contestants pay their own entry fees, drive from rodeo to rodeo on their own and receive prize money only if they place. The sacrifice and dedication of these athletes should not go unnoticed.

ROCCO DAMIANO, *Mill Valley, Calif.*

The inclusion of Herschel Walker on King's All-Underachiever Team (INSIDE THE NFL, Dec. 18) is nothing but a cheap shot at a classically misused athlete. King gives 31 carries in 14 games as his rationale. Walker is not the offensive coordinator for the New York Giants. The media have bought into the self-hype of players like Deion Sanders instead of recognizing a real role model like Walker.

Let's give a little more respect to the athlete who ranks fourth on the NFL's alltime combined-yardage list, despite perennially being misused. The only active player ahead of Walker on the list is Marcus Allen, who has had four more years in the league and yet has only 70 more yards.

SHAWN MCWILLIAMS, *Indianapolis*

Puzzle of the Patches

While watching this year's bowl games, my girlfriend and I noticed curious additions to team uniforms. As we watched Northwestern take on USC in the Rose Bowl (*Poof!*, Jan. 8), my girlfriend noticed a black-and-white patch on the left breast of the jerseys of the Wildcats that read BIG SIX. At first glance we thought it was their conference, but we had never heard of the Big Six.

Also, what is the story behind the sticker on the helmets that some of the Nebraska players wore in the Fiesta Bowl that read BLACK SHIRT?

MICK WILSON, *Marietta, Ga.*

• The patch that was worn by the Northwestern players was in honor of Marcel Price, a redshirted freshman whose jersey number was 6 and who was shot and killed last summer. The black-shirt helmet stickers were awarded to Nebraska's top defensive players.—ED.

Letters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer. They may be mailed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. E-mail may be sent via CompuServe, or through the Internet to Letters*SI@cis.compuserve.com.

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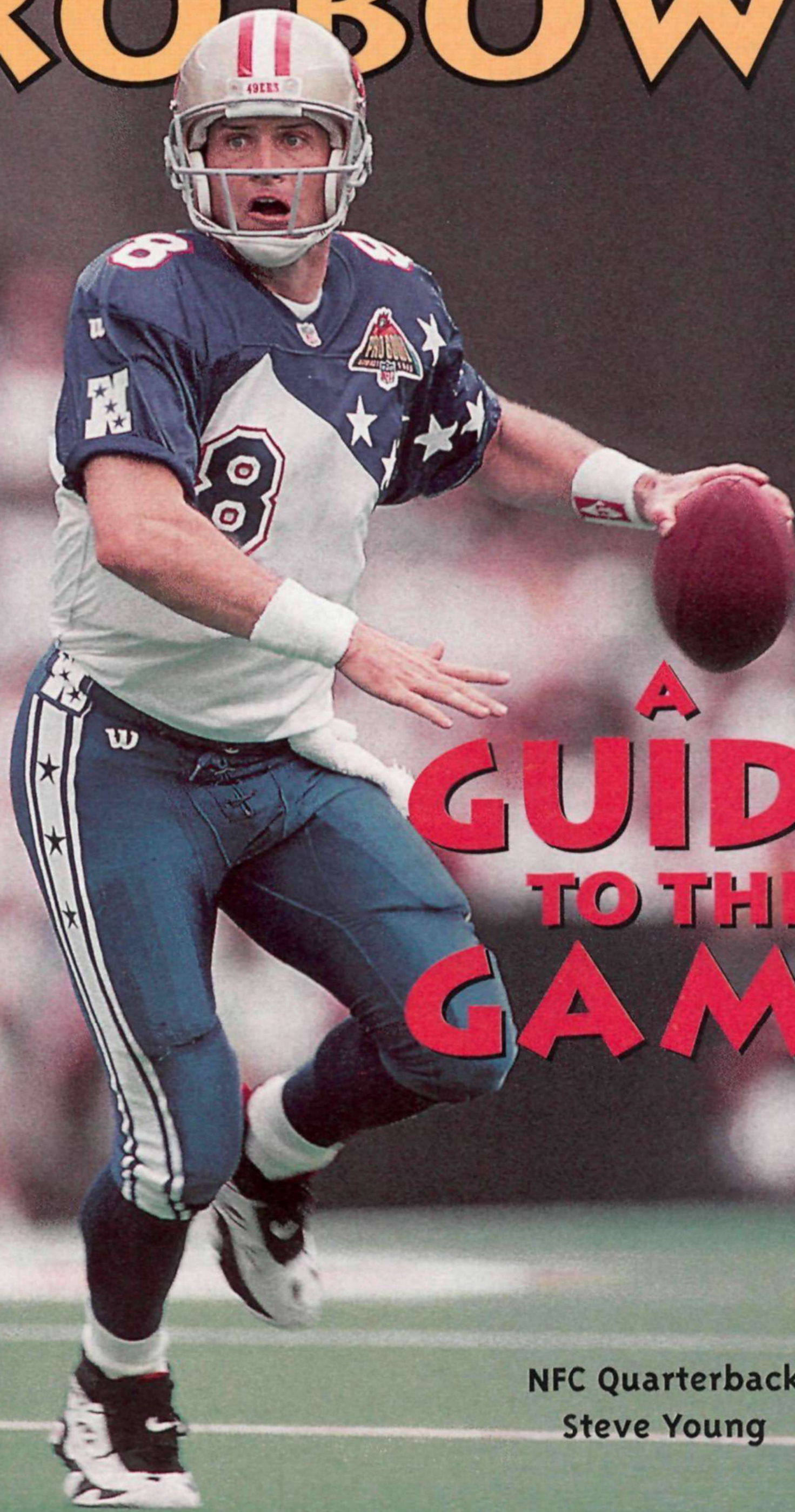
PRO BOWL

A GUIDE TO THE GAME



NFC Quarterback
Steve Young

BEFORE DRIFTING OFF FOR SOME rest and relaxation, the NFL's best players will huddle up in Hawaii on Sunday, February 4 for the 26th AFC-NFC Pro Bowl (ABC, 6 p.m. EST). The inter-conference all-star game is being played at Honolulu's Aloha Stadium for the 17th consecutive year. ★ NFC champion Dallas placed a league-high 10 players on the NFC roster, including Emmitt Smith, the NFL's leading rusher. San Francisco receiver Jerry Rice and Green Bay defensive end Reggie White are due to appear for a record-tying 10th time. AFC champion Pittsburgh landed four spots. The AFC squad also includes Miami quarterback Dan Marino, who

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

#	NAME	POS.	TEAM	PRO BOWLS
1	Jason Elam	K	Denver	1st
2	Darren Bennett	P	San Diego	1st
4	Jim Harbaugh	QB	Indianapolis	1st
8	Jeff Blake	QB	Cincinnati	1st
13	Dan Marino*	QB	Miami	9th
22	Glyn Milburn	KR	Denver	1st
23	Blaine Bishop	SS	Houston	1st
26	Curtis Martin	RB	New England	1st
27	Steve Atwater*	FS	Denver	6th
28	Marshall Faulk	RB	Indianapolis	2nd
29	Darryll Lewis	CB	Houston	1st
34	Dale Carter*	CB	Kansas City	2nd
36	Terry McDaniel*	CB	Oakland	4th
37	Carnell Lake*	SS	Pittsburgh	2nd
38	Kimble Anders*	FB	Kansas City	1st
42	Chris Warren*	RB	Seattle	3rd
51	Bryan Cox	ILB	Miami	3rd
53	Mark Stepnoski	C	Houston	4th
55	Junior Seau*	ILB	San Diego	5th
58	Derrick Thomas	OLB	Kansas City	7th
63	Dermontti Dawson*	C	Pittsburgh	4th
67	Will Wolford	T	Indianapolis	3rd
68	Will Shields*	G	Kansas City	1st
69	Keith Sims*	G	Miami	3rd
76	Steve Wisniewski	G	Oakland	6th
77	Richmond Webb*	T	Miami	6th
78	Bruce Smith*	DE	Buffalo	8th
79	Bruce Armstrong*	T	New England	4th
80	Carl Pickens*	WR	Cincinnati	1st
81	Tim Brown*	WR	Oakland	5th
82	Yancey Thigpen	WR	Pittsburgh	1st
83	Anthony Miller	WR	Denver	5th
84	Shannon Sharpe	TE	Denver	4th
87	Ben Coates*	TE	New England	2nd
89	Steve Tasker	ST	Buffalo	7th
90	Neil Smith*	DE	Kansas City	5th
91	Leslie O'Neal	DE	San Diego	6th
92	Chester McGlockton*	IL	Oakland	2nd
94	Bryce Paup*	OLB	Buffalo	2nd
95	Greg Lloyd*	OLB	Pittsburgh	5th
96	Cortez Kennedy	IL	Seattle	5th
97	Dan Saleaumua*	IL	Kansas City	1st

Starters designated by asterisk. Gary Zimmerman (T, Denver) and Bruce Matthews (G, Houston) were selected but will not play due to injury. Rosters are subject to change.

AFC-NFC PRO BOWL RESULTS

YEAR	SCORE	PLAYER(S) OF THE GAME
1971	NFC 27, AFC 6	Mel Renfro, Dallas (NFC) Fred Carr, Green Bay (NFC)
1972	AFC 26, NFC 13	Jan Stenerud, Kansas City (AFC) Willie Lanier, Kansas City (AFC)
1973	AFC 33, NFC 28	O.J. Simpson, Buffalo (AFC)
1974	AFC 15, NFC 13	Garo Yepremian, Miami (AFC)
1975	NFC 17, AFC 10	James Harris, Los Angeles (NFC)
1976	NFC 23, AFC 20	Billy Johnson, Houston (AFC)
1977	AFC 24, NFC 14	Mel Blount, Pittsburgh (AFC)
1978	NFC 14, AFC 13	Walter Payton, Chicago (NFC)
1979	NFC 13, AFC 7	Ahmad Rashad, Minnesota (NFC)
1980	NFC 37, AFC 27	Chuck Muncie, New Orleans (NFC)
1981	NFC 21, AFC 7	Eddie Murray, Detroit (NFC)
1982	AFC 16, NFC 13	Kellen Winslow, San Diego (AFC) Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay (NFC)
1983	NFC 20, AFC 19	Dan Fouts, San Diego (AFC) John Jefferson, Green Bay (NFC)
1984	NFC 45, AFC 3	Joe Theismann, Washington (NFC)
1985	AFC 22, NFC 14	Mark Gastineau, N.Y. Jets (AFC)
1986	NFC 28, AFC 24	Phil Simms, New York Giants (NFC)
1987	AFC 10, NFC 6	Reggie White, Philadelphia (NFC)
1988	AFC 15, NFC 6	Bruce Smith, Buffalo (AFC)
1989	NFC 34, AFC 3	Randall Cunningham, Phila. (NFC)
1990	NFC 27, AFC 21	Jerry Gray, Los Angeles Rams (NFC)
1991	AFC 23, NFC 21	Jim Kelly, Buffalo (AFC)
1992	NFC 21, AFC 15	Michael Irvin, Dallas (NFC)
1993	AFC 23, NFC 20	Steve Tasker, Buffalo (AFC)
1994	NFC 17, AFC 3	Andre Rison, Atlanta (NFC)
1995	AFC 41, NFC 13	Marshall Faulk, Indianapolis (AFC)

broke NFL career passing records for yardage, completions and touchdowns this season. ★ The rosters were filled by a vote of fans, players and coaches. Green Bay's Mike Holmgren will direct the NFC, while Ted Marchibroda of Indianapolis leads the AFC. ★ Although the NFC holds a 14-11 advantage, the two conferences have split the last 10 games. Last year the Colts' Marshall Faulk ran for a Pro Bowl record 180 yards to propel the AFC to a 41-13 win. Faulk won the Dan McGuire Award, which goes to the player of the game. ★ Frank Gifford, Al Michaels, Dan Dierdorf and Lynn Swann will call the action for ABC. Jack Buck and Hank Stram will do the radio for CBS.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

#	NAME	POS.	TEAM	PRO BOWLS
4	Brett Favre*	QB	Green Bay	3rd
5	Morten Andersen	K	Atlanta	7th
8	Steve Young	QB	San Francisco	4th
9	Troy Aikman	QB	Dallas	5th
10	Jeff Feagles	P	Arizona	1st
20	Barry Sanders	RB	Detroit	7th
21	Eric Allen	CB	New Orleans	6th
22	Emmitt Smith*	RB	Dallas	6th
25	Eric Davis*	CB	San Francisco	1st
28	Darren Woodson*	SS	Dallas	2nd
30	Brian Mitchell	KR	Washington	1st
32	Ricky Watters	RB	Philadelphia	4th
35	Aeneas Williams*	CB	Arizona	2nd
36	Merton Hanks*	FS	San Francisco	2nd
37	Elbert Shelley	ST	Atlanta	4th
38	Larry Centers*	FB	Arizona	1st
46	Tim McDonald	SS	San Francisco	6th
50	William Thomas	OLB	Philadelphia	1st
51	Ken Norton	ILB	San Francisco	2nd
53	Kevin Glover*	C	Detroit	1st
54	Lee Woodall*	OLB	San Francisco	1st
57	Ken Harvey*	OLB	Washington	2nd
58	Jessie Tuggle*	ILB	Atlanta	3rd
61	Nate Newton*	G	Dallas	4th
64	Randall McDaniel*	G	Minnesota	7th
66	Bart Oates	C	San Francisco	5th
71	Mark Tuinei	T	Dallas	2nd
73	Larry Allen	G	Dallas	1st
75	Lomas Brown*	T	Detroit	6th
77	William Roaf*	T	New Orleans	2nd
80	Jerry Rice*	WR	San Francisco	10th
81	Cris Carter	WR	Minnesota	3rd
84	Jay Novacek*	TE	Dallas	5th
85	Herman Moore*	WR	Detroit	2nd
88	Michael Irvin	WR	Dallas	5th
89	Mark Chmura	TE	Green Bay	1st
92	Reggie White*	DE	Green Bay	10th
93	John Randle*	IL	Minnesota	3rd
94	Charles Haley*	DE	Dallas	5th
95	William Fuller	DE	Philadelphia	3rd
96	Dana Stubblefield	IL	San Francisco	2nd
98	Eric Swann*	IL	Arizona	1st

Starters designated by asterisk. Ray Donaldson (C, Dallas) was selected but will not play due to injury. Rosters are subject to change.

INDIVIDUAL PRO BOWL RECORDS

MOST GAMES PLAYED, CAREER
10 Lawrence Taylor, N.Y. Giants, 1982-91
R. Lott, S.F./L.A. Raid, 1982-85,'87-92
Mike Singletary, Chicago, 1984-93

MOST POINTS, GAME
18 John Brockington, G.B., 1973 (3 td)
15 Garo Yepremian, Miami, 1974 (5 fg)

MOST TOUCHDOWNS, GAME
3 John Brockington, G.B., 1973 (2 r, 1 p)
2 accomplished seven times

MOST RUSHING YARDS GAINED, GAME
180 Marshall Faulk, Indianapolis, 1995
127 Chris Warren, Seattle, 1995

LONGEST RUN FOR SCRIMMAGE
49 Marshall Faulk, Indianapolis, 1995 (td)
41 Lawrence McCutcheon, L.A., 1976
Natrone Means, San Diego, 1995
Marshall Faulk, Indianapolis, 1995

MOST PASSING YARDS GAINED, GAME
274 Dan Fouts, San Diego, 1983
242 Joe Theismann, Washington, 1984

MOST RECEPTIONS, GAME
8 Steve Largent, Seattle, 1986
Michael Irvin, Dallas, 1992
Andre Rison, Atlanta, 1993

MOST RECEIVING YARDS GAINED, GAME
125 Michael Irvin, Dallas, 1992
114 Wes Chandler, San Diego, 1986

MOST FIELD GOALS, GAME
5 Garo Yepremian, Miami, 1974
4 Jan Stenerud, Kansas City, 1972
Eddie Murray, Detroit, 1981

LONGEST FIELD GOAL
51 Morten Andersen, New Orleans, 1989
49 Fuad Reveiz, Minnesota, 1995

LONGEST PUNT
64 Tom Wittum, San Francisco, 1974
61 Reggie Roby, Miami, 1985

LONGEST PUNT RETURN
90 Billy Johnson, Houston, 1976 (td)
86 Wally Henry, Philadelphia, 1980 (td)

LONGEST KICKOFF RETURN
62 Greg Pruitt, L.A. Raiders, 1984
61 Mercury Morris, Miami, 1972

MOST INTERCEPTIONS BY, GAME
2 Mel Blount, Pittsburgh, 1977
Everson Walls, Dallas, 1982, 1983
LeRoy Irvin, L.A. Rams, 1986
David Fulcher, Cincinnati, 1990

MOST POINTS BY A TEAM, GAME
45 NFC, 1984

FEWEST POINTS BY A TEAM, GAME
3 AFC, 1984, 1989, 1994

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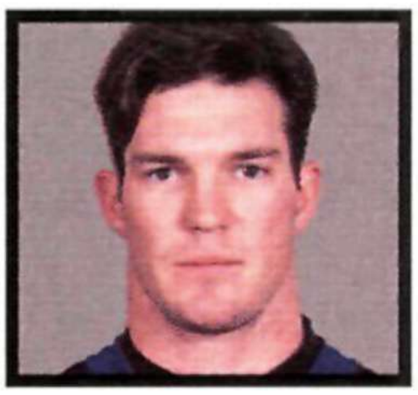
THE LEADING PASSER.

Professional football leagues aren't the only ones with leading passers. Among sport coupes, it's the Mitsubishi Eclipse GS-T. Just consider its stats: a turbocharged and intercooled dual overhead cam 16-valve 210-horsepower* engine, 0 to 60 in 6.5 seconds, the standing quarter mile in 15.3 seconds, and for serious rushing – a 130 mph top end.† All to be enjoyed from the comfort of an ergonomically advanced cockpit dedicated to the sheer pleasure of performance. And, unlike passing for a pro team, and being stuck with team colors, you can choose from eight great colors. If you'd like to be a leading passer, call 1-800-55MITSU for the dealer nearest you. Mitsubishi. The New Thinking in Automobiles.™

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

*205 hp with automatic transmission. †Performance figures from *Car and Driver*, June 1994. Mitsubishi does not advocate exceeding speed limits.

FACES IN THE CROWD

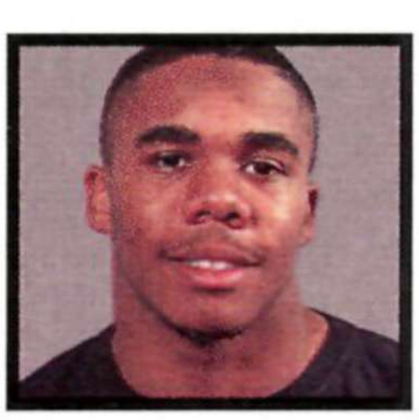


KEITH SAVEALL

Brian Barnett

PANHANDLE, TEXAS

Barnett, a senior outside linebacker and a team captain at Central Arkansas, won one of two NCAA Division II Postgraduate Scholarships. Barnett, who is also a two-time All–Gulf South Conference pick, led the Bears in tackles for three consecutive seasons, and he has a 3.94 GPA in physical therapy.



STEPHEN ALDRIDGE

Marcus Reaves

FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.

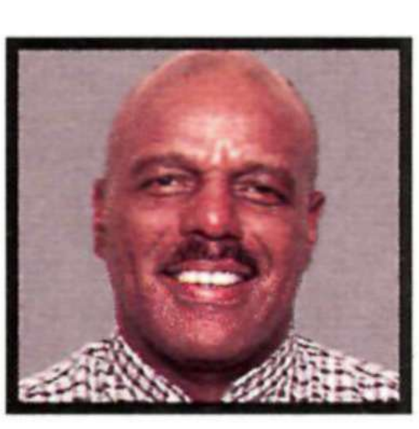
Marcus, a senior tailback at Douglas Byrd High, rushed for 2,330 yards and 31 touchdowns this season and was named the Associated Press's Player of the Year in North Carolina. He ranks sixth on the state alltime rushing list, with more than 6,000 yards.

MICHAEL PRICE

Craig Kusick

APPLE VALLEY, MINN.

Kusick, a senior quarterback at Wisconsin–La Crosse who led the Eagles to a 14–0 season and the Division III national championship, won the Melberger Award as the nation's top Division III football player. Kusick completed 397 of his 662 career attempts for 5,792 yards.



EDWARD M. PIO RODA

Buck Godfrey

ATLANTA

Godfrey, 52, the coach of Southwest DeKalb High, led the Panthers to a 14–7 win over Parkview High and his first Class AAAA state football championship. In Godfrey's 13 seasons Southwest DeKalb High has missed the state playoffs only once. He has a career 139-30-1 mark.

JIMMY DORANTES

Chris Claiborne

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

Chris, a senior running back and linebacker at J.W. North High, led the Huskies to a 14–0 mark and the Division II state No. 1 ranking. As a back he rushed for 1,923 yards on 235 carries and 30 touchdowns this season. Chris also led the team in tackles in '95, with 117.

STEWART BOWMAN

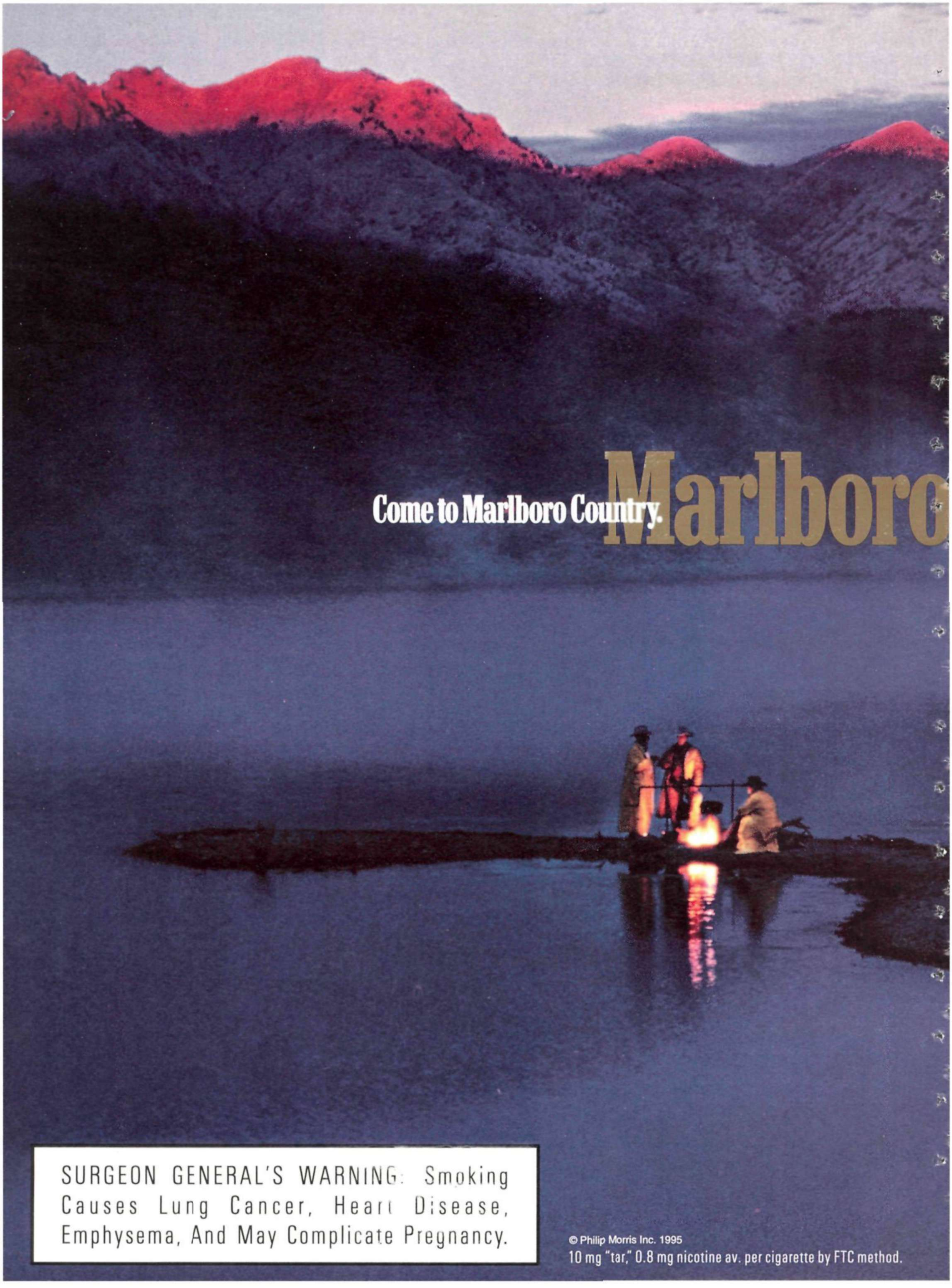
Patrick Harris

RADCLIFF, KY.

Patrick, a senior high school running back at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, ran for 6,840 yards on 622 carries to break the national Schools for the Deaf career rushing mark. Patrick ran for at least 100 yards 31 times and also rushed for 97 touchdowns.

"Apparently, Mr. Jenkins misread the Swimsuit Issue entry form."

How refreshingly distinctive.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Lights

AIRWALK GUIDE TO

CANINE CRUISING

- fat wheels
- dog(s)
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Scorecard

EDITED BY JACK McCALLUM AND KOSTYA KENNEDY

Unify the DH Rule

The baseball owners' vote to begin interleague play in 1997 was good for the game because it was good for the fans. New rivalries will develop, and stadium-goers will get to watch stars they had previously seen only on television, if at all. "It's a kick baseball needs," says Brewers manager Phil Garner. But before Garner or the owners get too heady, there's one thing they should do—make the designated hitter rule universal.

The idea that American League pitchers hit in games played in National League parks while National League teams use a DH in American League parks—the existing World Series regulation—is absurd. And it's unfair that the scheduling of five three-game interleague series, which is the proposal for teams in the East and Central divisions, requires some American League clubs to play nine games without a DH while others in their division play only six.

There are some American League owners willing to dump the DH, but any proposal to that effect would meet great resistance from the players' union because several highly paid designated hitters could lose their jobs. And with all the strife of recent years, another union-ownership conflict is the last thing baseball needs. The easiest solution is for the National League to adopt the DH. As Orioles general manager Pat Gillick points out, "The only two places in the world where the DH isn't used are Japan and the National League."

There is obvious validity to the traditionalist argument that baseball is purer when the pitcher bats, but in today's climate tradition isn't enough. Baseball lost its remaining purity when wild cards were introduced to the playoffs last year. Now interleague play's time has come, and so has the designated hitter's.

The Antihero on Ice

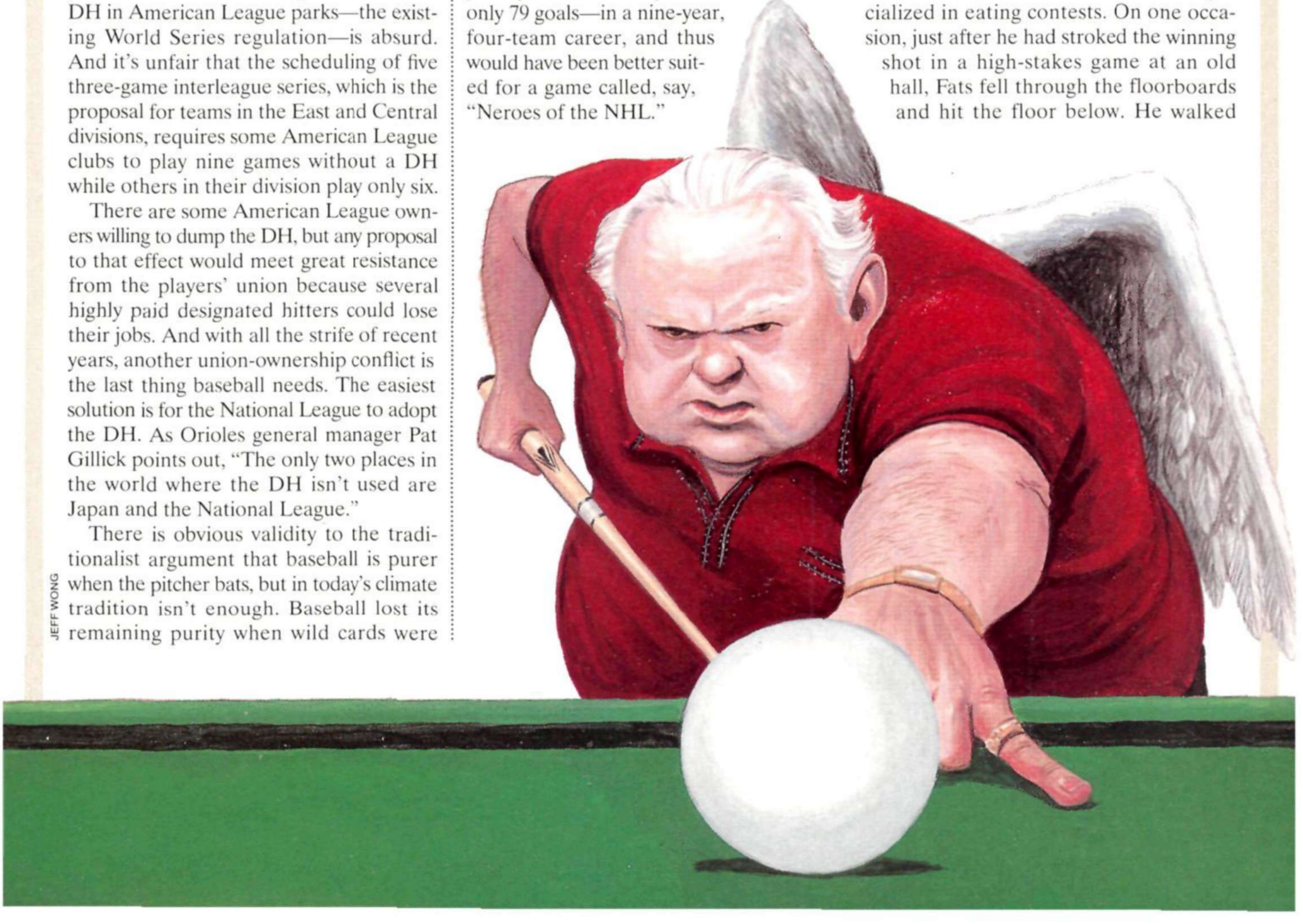
The Old-Timers' Game played last Friday during the NHL's All-Star weekend was dubbed a "Heroes of Hockey" contest, and participants such as Gordie Howe and Phil Esposito certainly fit the bill. A less likely "hero" was Dave Schultz, the former Philadelphia Flyer who made his living causing bloody terror on the ice. That Broad Street Bully totaled 2,294 penalty minutes—compared with only 79 goals—in a nine-year, four-team career, and thus would have been better suited for a game called, say, "Neroes of the NHL."

The Benevolent Hustler

Minnesota Fats had a word for the hustlers and sharks, the true characters who gave the game of pool a kind of grimy elegance—*legendaries*, Fats called them. And no one was more of a legendary than one Rudolph Wanderone Jr., whom most knew as Fats or the Fat Man. Wanderone died last week of congestive heart failure in Nashville, where he had lived off and on for much of his life.

Fats was not the Babe Ruth of his sport, for he was never even close to being its most skilled practitioner. But he was certainly the sport's most identifiable character. A native of New York City, he was known as New York Fats in 1961 when Jackie Gleason portrayed a character named Minnesota Fats in *The Hustler*, and, presto, Wanderone adopted the name. Gleason's character was not actually based on Wanderone, but Fats was fond of saying it was, and that's what stuck in the minds of most. In the end, that's what most people thought, and Fats never corrected the impression.

Wanderone, who stood 5'8" and weighed as much as 300 pounds, certainly did not possess the corpulent class with which Gleason glided through the movie role. In truth, he was rather a slob and specialized in eating contests. On one occasion, just after he had stroked the winning shot in a high-stakes game at an old hall, Fats fell through the floorboards and hit the floor below. He walked



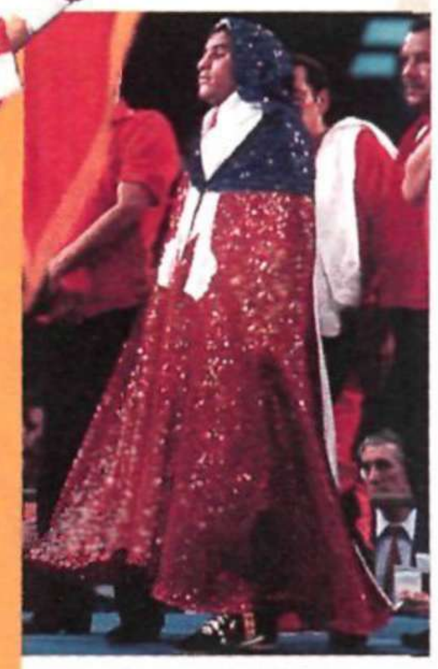
JEFF WONG

Jan. 16, 1996
vs. Sal Lopez

May 20, 1995
vs. Homer Gibbins

Sept. 12, 1992
vs. Julio César Chávez

June 13, 1986
vs. Edwin Rosario



Aug. 10, 1985
vs. José Luis Ramírez

Too Much Macho

Welterweight Hector Camacho has always turned prebout introductions into one-man Halloween parades, but the knight costume in which he preened before his fight with Sal Lopez on Jan. 16 reached a new level of wretched excess. The fight ended in a technical draw after the fighters butted heads and Camacho suffered a deep cut. A brief look (which is all we can stomach) at some of the Macho Man's ring raiment:

Against Gibbins, Camacho couldn't decide if he wanted to be King Tut or Groucho Marx, but he still won a lopsided decision; the earflapped, caped crusader should have stayed in the dressing room against Chávez, who pummeled him in 12 rounds; surprisingly, Camacho was not arrested for flag defamation before his split-decision win over Rosario; and after the Macho Man beat Ramírez, he went on to win the Judy Garland Look-alike Contest.

up the stairs and collected his winnings.

That's how legend had it anyway, and legend usually had it when the subject was Fats. His true talents were schmoozing and self-promotion. Fats rarely beat his dapper rival Willie Mosconi, who won 15 world titles—15 more than Fats, whose bluster was better than his bank shots. But after they began a series of matches on *ABC's Wide World of Sports* in the '70s, the viewing audience would invariably remember more about Fats's running commentary than Mosconi's nonpareil talent.

Fats died one day before what most people believe would have been his 83rd birthday. No one ever knew just how old Fats was, but it doesn't really matter—legendaries, after all, are somehow ageless.

More Trophies, Less Allure

On April 29 the Indiana High School Athletic Association board of directors will meet to decide whether to eradicate one of the great traditions in American scholastic sports: the single-class state basketball tournament in hoop-crazy Hoosierland. In the single-class format, high schools from the smallest towns in Indiana can face powerhouses from Indianapolis. The new plan calls for a three-class tournament, which would pit schools of similar size against one another, the system used in most other state tournaments. Proponents of change like a multiclass system primarily because it would provide more teams with the honor of being champions.

Opposing the change is a formidable group of Hoosier immortals who played in the traditional format, including John Wooden, Oscar Robertson and George McGinnis. And Bobby Plump is against it too. In Indiana the name Plump is every bit as big as the others. He's the player who made the winning basket for tiny Milan High when it beat powerful Muncie Central in 1954, the inspiration for the 1986 movie *Hoosiers*. "I've had people say, 'Bobby, you're just trying to hold on to your old glory,' " says Plump, 59, a businessman in Indianapolis. "But that's not it. If we have separate classes, there can never be another Milan."

And that's where the real loss occurs. While it's true that no small school has won it all since Milan, every year there are major upsets early, in the sectionals, which are the focal point of the Indiana tournament. Besides, high school sports are supposed to be about dreams, and that's why tradition should not be discarded for the sake of handing out a few more trophies.

The Skin Games

By some standards SI's swimsuit models *(beginning on page 58)* are overdressed. Membership in the American Association for Nude Recreation (AANR) has doubled to nearly 50,000 in the last 10 years and there are some 200 U.S. clubs and resorts where guests are permitted to do their thing.

The word *naked*, as every gym rat ought to know, derives from the Greek *gymnos* (the literal translation of *gymnazein* is "to train naked"), and its presence in sports dates at least to the first Olympics, in which athletes competed au naturel. Though the nude pentathlon is pretty much a lost art, a recent AANR survey of 1,200 nudists exposes some intriguing facts about which sports are most popular among the clothing-free. In addition to predictable responses like swimming and walking, there were billiards (22%), horseshoes (12%), darts (9%) and baseball or softball (8%). "Most people find they like nude activities when they try them," says AANR president Leonite Moore, who practices nudism in Tulsa. "It eases mental stress to be out on the grass with the sun and breeze on your body."

Sounds great. But how to explain the 156 survey respondents who favor snow skiing?

(FROM LEFT) ALAN DIAZ/AP; JOHN IACONO; RICHARD MACKSON; TONY TOMSIC; MACKSON

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Perspectives on a Word

Sports have always provided rich soil for the growth of clichés, but we think we've found—if you'll pardon a cliché—the granddaddy of 'em all. When the going got tough over the past few weeks, an array of coaches, athletes and even one guy in a white pants suit simply tried to keep everything in. . . .

THE SPEAKER	THE CRISIS	THE P-PHRASE
Green Bay Packers defensive lineman **Reggie White**	The head injury to Packers assistant coach Gil Haskell	*"It put some perspective on life."*
Massachusetts basketball coach **John Calipari**	The collapse of his star center, Marcus Camby	*"An incident like this puts things into the perspective they should be in."*
Buffalo Bills guard and former Pitt star **Ruben Brown**	Returning to Three Rivers Stadium for an AFC playoff game	*"I've got to keep it in perspective."*
Former Arizona State football coach **Frank Kush**	The pressure-laden season endured by his good buddy Nebraska coach Tom Osborne	*"I think he keeps it in perspective in terms of what college athletics is all about."*
Northwestern football coach **Gary Barnett**	The pressures facing his players in the Rose Bowl against USC	*"They've learned to handle the excitement and keep the game in perspective."*
Northern Illinois basketball coach **Brian Hammel**	The loss of two starters because of academic difficulties and an injury	*"Perspective is everything, and the mark of a champ is the ability to recover quickly."*
Elvis impersonator **Steve Davis**	The possibility of getting swallowed up by the King's legend	*"We should keep our perspective. You have to recognize that which is Elvis and that which is you."*

Cash and Parry

Barnett looks for perspective.

Further proof that big-time boxing has slipped completely into the abyss of promoting, overpromoting, money and more money was evinced as much by a fight that was called off last week as by any of those pay-per-view charades that actually unfold. Promoters spent months blustering about a rematch between heavyweights George Foreman and Michael Moorer that was to be held on Feb. 29 at Madison Square Garden. The showdown was set up to honor the 25th anniversary of one of the most memorable bouts from the last golden age of heavyweights: Joe Frazier's stirring 15-round title defense against Muhammad Ali.

But after Foreman and his trumpeters—Bob Arum and HBO—jousted repeatedly over both how to promote the fight and how to divide the multimillion-dollar take, they spiked the bout, citing irreconcilable differences that came down to one thing: cash. Not that Foreman vs. Moorer II, which had none of today's contrived titles attached to it, was worthy of being linked to Ali-Frazier I. At the time of that classic bout, Foreman was a lean, very mean and extremely talented heavyweight readying himself to take the title from Frazier in '73. Today he's a big ox in a barren division, looking to trade in on his charisma for a few more paydays.

But then who in boxing isn't angling for a payday? Consider that Frazier, when he was asked earlier this month about the proposed tribute, referred inquiries to his son Marvis. "How can I have an opinion," asked Smokin' Joe, "if he's the man who writes the checks?" Marvis, meantime, hinted that his father would participate in any forthcoming promotions—if the price was right.

Bacon's Rebellion II?

Wild pigs have always inhabited parts of Berlin, where about one sixth of the city's 883 square kilometers are forested, but they've never gone as hog-wild as they've been going recently. Since the Berlin Wall was torn down in 1989, the *Wildschweine* have had more room to roam, and they have been lumbering out of the woods and onto the streets, searching for food in ever larger, ever bolder groups. While many Berliners have taken a shine to the insurgent swine, city officials are going full bore trying to quell them—a record 936 wild pigs were killed during the 1994–95 hunting season, which ended March 31.

Yet it hasn't been easy. Traps often net domestic dogs and cats, and hunting rules are strict because the pigs live in areas frequented by walkers, joggers and homeless people. Hunters hide in trees and wait for pigs that are on their way to forage freshly watered gardens or to chew up a golf course or two. Some of the animals have moved into abandoned buildings, and others like to gather near restaurants, where employees and customers tend to treat them exceedingly well. "We urgently warn all citizens to refrain from feeding the pigs," says Berlin's senator of the environment, Volker Hassemer. "It is a misguided effort to show love for the animals."

The beloved boars have bitten people unwilling to share their fare, and last summer a group of pigs hammed it up during morning rush hour by ambling across a major thoroughfare and bringing traffic to a halt. "We feel our lives are endangered," says Lieselotte Pertek, 62, whose dog was bitten by a pig. "The pigs sit impudently in front of the door and won't even let us out. This can't go on."

But it will, says Elmar Lakenberg, head of Berlin's Grunewald forestry office. "These pigs have lost their natural fear," Lakenberg says. "And they will pass that along to their offspring."

For the record, mating season is well under way.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

TWO RECENT basketball games involving National Christian University in San Antonio were terminated before the final buzzer, the first because one of the team's players brandished a chair and threatened a referee, and the second because of a bench-clearing brawl.

They Said It

Phil Martelli

The basketball coach at St. Joseph's, on the difference between his basketball program and the one at Arizona, which recently canceled a game with the Hawks: "They recruit McDonald's All-Americans. We recruit guys who eat at McDonald's."

JOHN BIEVER

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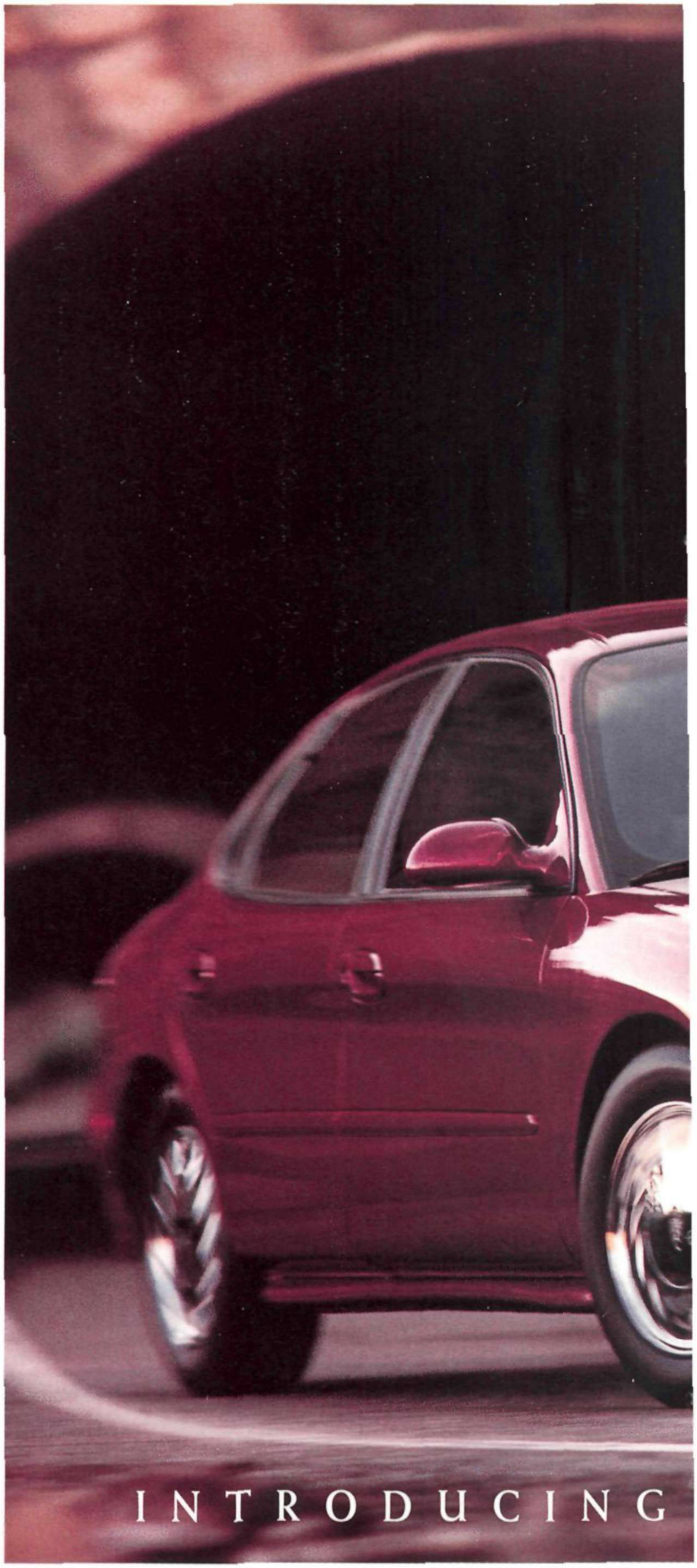
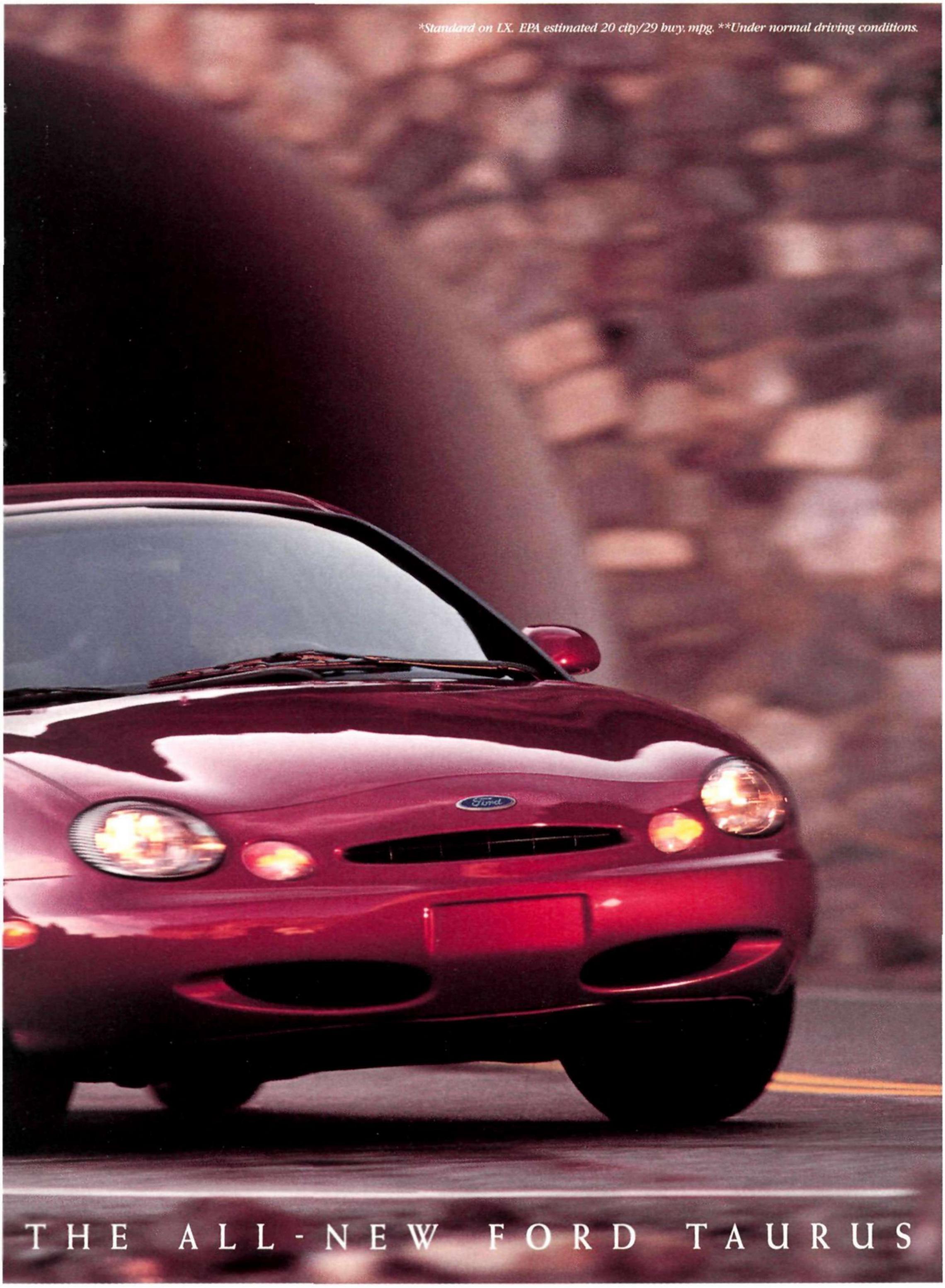
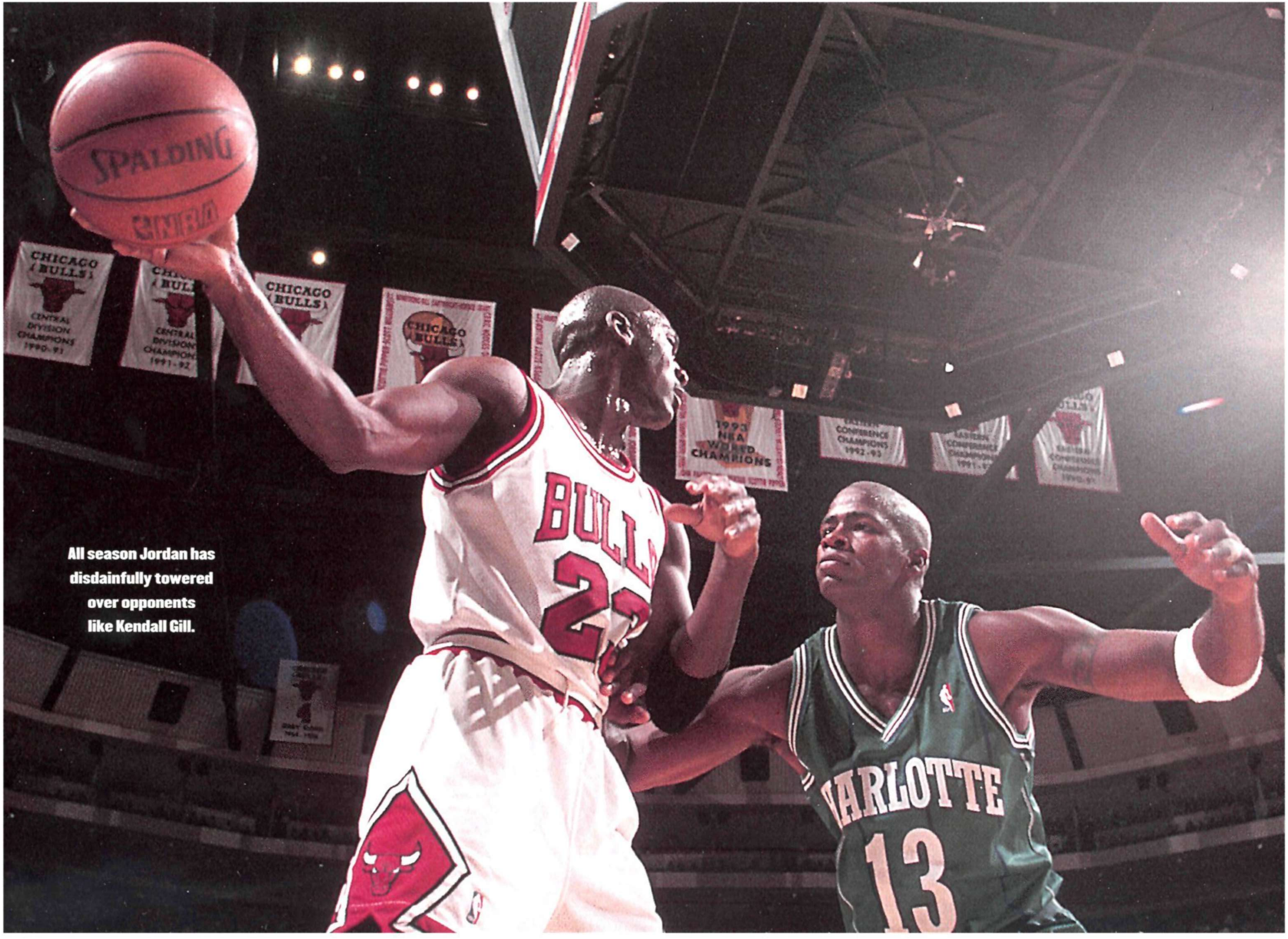


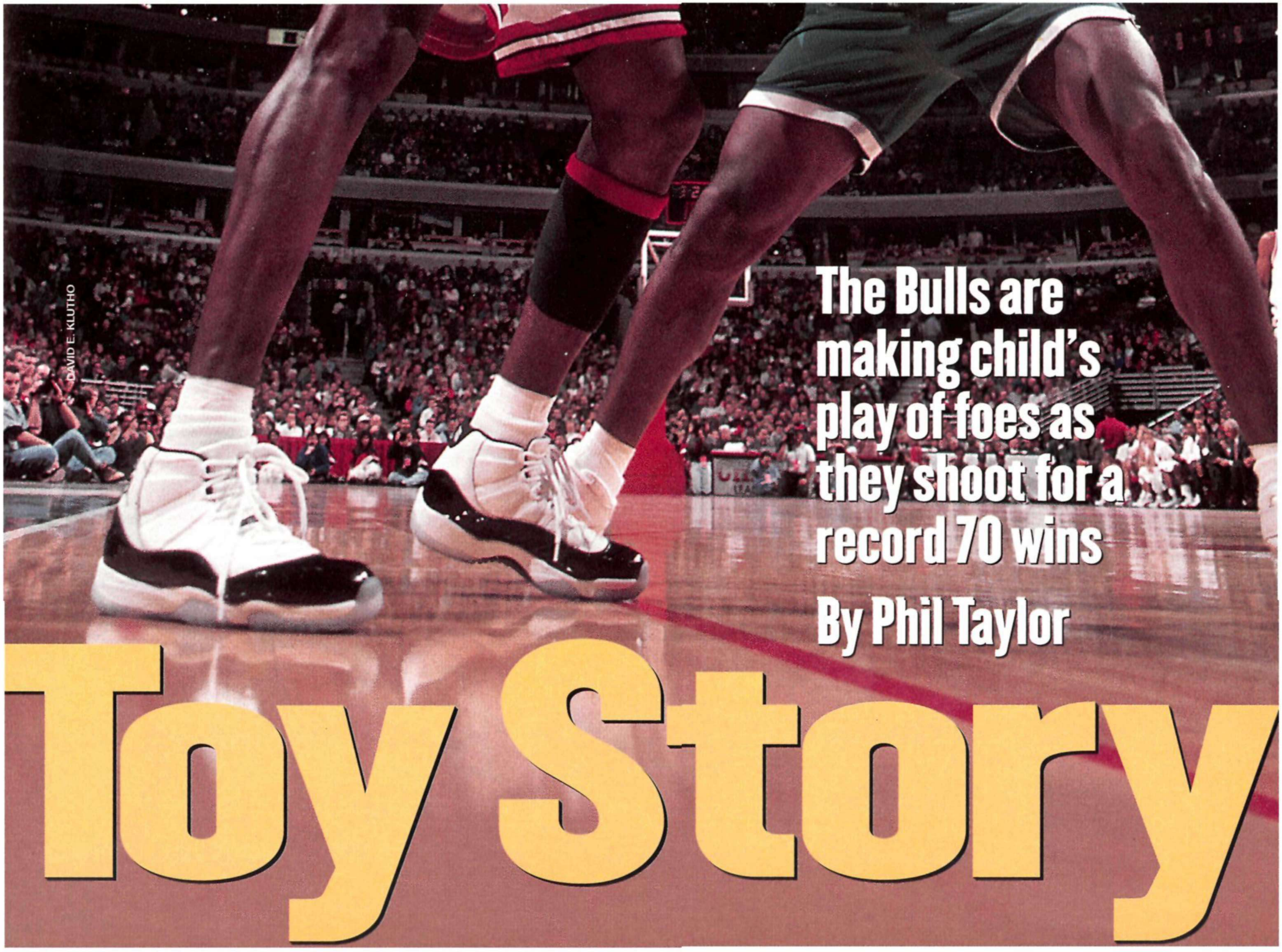
**Standard on LX. EPA estimated 20 city/29 hwy. mpg. **Under normal driving conditions.*



THE ALL-NEW FORD TAURUS



All season Jordan has disdainfully towered over opponents like Kendall Gill.



DAVID E. KLUTHO

Toy Story

The Bulls are making child's play of foes as they shoot for a record 70 wins

By Phil Taylor

The all-out, all-court effort of Pippen even has Jordan touting him as the league's MVP.

ALL YOU really need to know about the NBA season was captured in one brief and seemingly inconsequential sequence at USAir Arena in Landover, Md., on Jan. 15. Michael Jordan held the ball in his right hand, calmly surveying the court as Washington Bullets guard Brent Price gamely tried to harass him. Price was crouched low, working furiously on defense, but every time he slapped at the ball, Jordan simply held it farther away from him like a big kid teasing his little brother, a Globetrotter toying with a General. Jordan glanced down quickly at Price, and a slight smile crossed his face, as if he was amused by his opponent's efforts. Then he casually flicked a pass to a teammate.

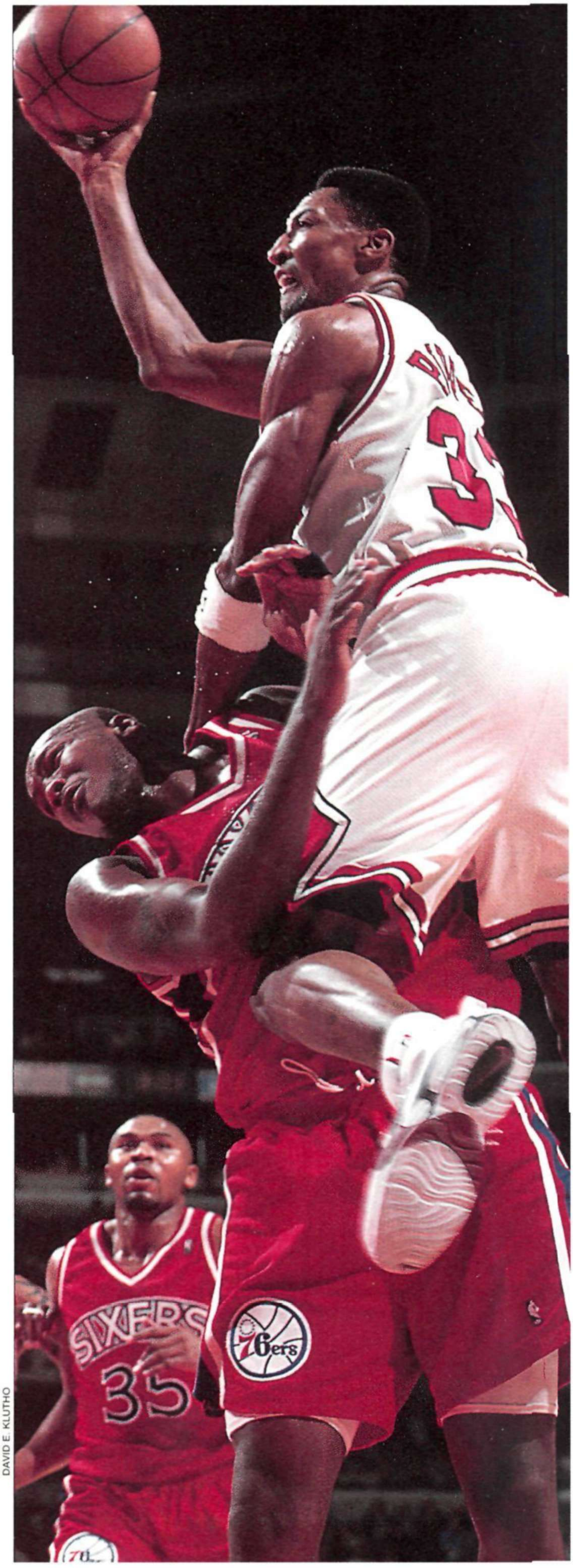
Jordan and his Chicago Bulls teammates—most notably, forwards Scottie Pippen and Dennis Rodman—have treated the rest of the NBA in much the same way, rampaging through the league as if the opposition was nothing more than a minor annoyance. Chicago's 34–3 record at week's end was impressive enough, but even more remarkable is the way the Bulls have been able to dismiss teams at will, apparently allowing foes to stay close until they decide to pull away. And they do pull away. After Sunday's 111–96 win over the Detroit Pistons, Chicago's average margin of victory was a stunning 11.8 points, which, if the Bulls can maintain it through the rest of the regular season, would be the third best in league history, behind the margins of the 1971–72 Los Angeles Lakers (12.3) and the '70–71 Milwaukee Bucks (12.2). Of Chicago's 34 wins, 24 were by nine points or more. And at their current pace the Bulls would finish 75–7, six wins better than the '71–72 Lakers, who have the best mark to date. "So far they've been running roughshod over the league," says Miami Heat coach Pat Riley. "It's a long season, but they certainly look like they're on a path to greatness."

Of course, there will have to be a championship at the end of that path for Chicago to be counted among the greatest NBA teams ever. But even a title may not be enough to convince some observers that these Bulls are anything more than a very good team with even better timing. As the possibility of a 70-win season for Chicago grows more plausible, there is the feeling around the league that such an achievement would say almost as much about the expansion-weakened state of the NBA as it would about the Bulls' talent. "I can tell you right now that they're not as good as the Boston Celtics teams of the '80s or the Lakers of the '80s, and they're not as good as the Chicago team that won three in a row," says Toronto Raptors coach Brendan Malone, referring to the Bulls' title teams of 1990–91 through '92–93.

Perhaps not, but so far Chicago has been far too good for the rest of the league. Coach Phil Jackson has sent his counterparts around the NBA back to the drawing board to devise ways of dealing with a team that may well be redefining the game. Chicago has little use for the traditional concept of positions, because the 6' 6" Jordan, the 6' 7" Pippen and the 6' 11" swingman Toni Kukoc are all skilled enough to play the point and big enough to post up defenders. "Just a bunch of small, versatile guys playing different positions," Jordan says, describing his team. "That's the way the game is going. The dominant center is starting to be eliminated. You haven't had a dominant center win a championship in eight years, and don't talk about [the Houston Rockets' Hakeem] Olajuwon. He's a small forward playing center."

The Bulls cause matchup nightmares. Do you double-team Jordan or Pippen? Whichever one you choose, the other will kill you, either by scoring himself or penetrating and creating shots for spot-up shooters like guard Steve Kerr. Do you leave Rodman in order to double-team one of the scorers because Rodman doesn't like to shoot? If you do, Rodman will snatch offensive rebounds like apples off a tree. Chicago has had an answer for virtually every

DANNY MILLAN



DAVID E. KLUTHO

defensive strategy opponents have tried. Plus, says Portland Trail Blazers general manager Bob Whitsitt, "they really play the team concept. They make the extra pass. They understand where they want to be on the court and what kind of spacing they want."

As explosive as the Bulls are offensively, however, their strength is their defense. Jordan, Pippen and Rodman are three of the best individual defenders in the game. Pippen, in particular, may have no peer. Says Orlando Magic assistant coach Richie Adubato, "Wherever you run a pick-and-roll, he's in the area. He double-teams the ball. He blocks shots, makes steals." Though the Bulls' team defensive statistics are not gaudy—at week's end they ranked seventh in the league in forcing turnovers and tied for tenth in opponent field goal percentage—the rankings are skewed by the extended garbage time in many of their routs.

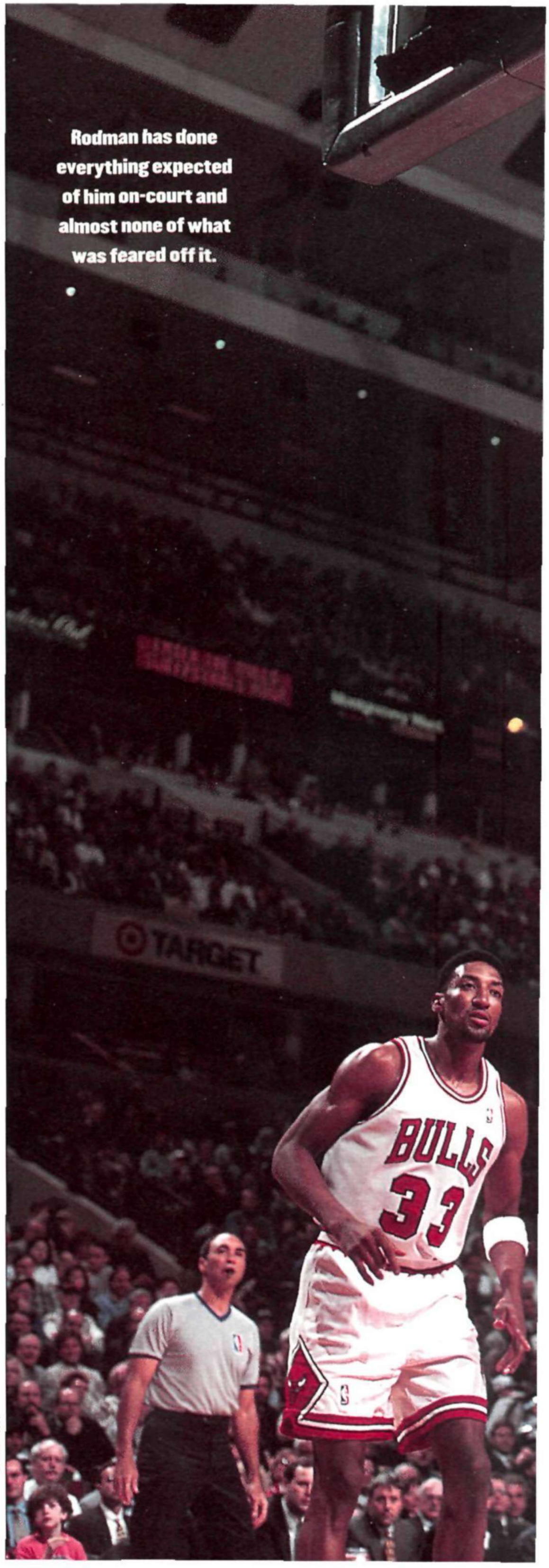
Still, there are those who question whether the Bulls are a team for the ages, and the skeptics would not get much of an argument from Jordan, at least not now. "We haven't won anything yet, even though this is the best we've been at this stage of the season," he says. "To compare us to our three championship teams is unfair. Back then we played as more of a unit. Here we've been able to scrap and find ways to win, but the continuity and chemistry aren't quite the same. But that's not to say we can't win a championship the way we're playing."

The Bulls don't need to convince anyone of that. At times their games are more performance than competition, with Jordan and Pippen taking turns doing spectacular solos. "No one is even challenging them," says Adubato. "Pippen and Jordan are like they're in a playground enjoying themselves." Pippen, who through Sunday was averaging 21.6 points (16th in the league), 6.5 assists (16th) and 6.7 rebounds, is having perhaps the best season of his career, which Jordan, who seems to have appointed himself Pippen's MVP campaign manager, has repeatedly pointed out. Jordan has gone so far as to call the Bulls Pippen's team. That may be a stretch, but Pippen has proved himself to be more than a mere member of Jordan's supporting cast. "I think Pippen could be an MVP candidate, but as long as Michael's there, because of his personality and confidence and competitiveness, there's nobody better," says Whitsitt. "I'd still defer to Michael, but it's 1 and 1A. It used to be 1 and 2."

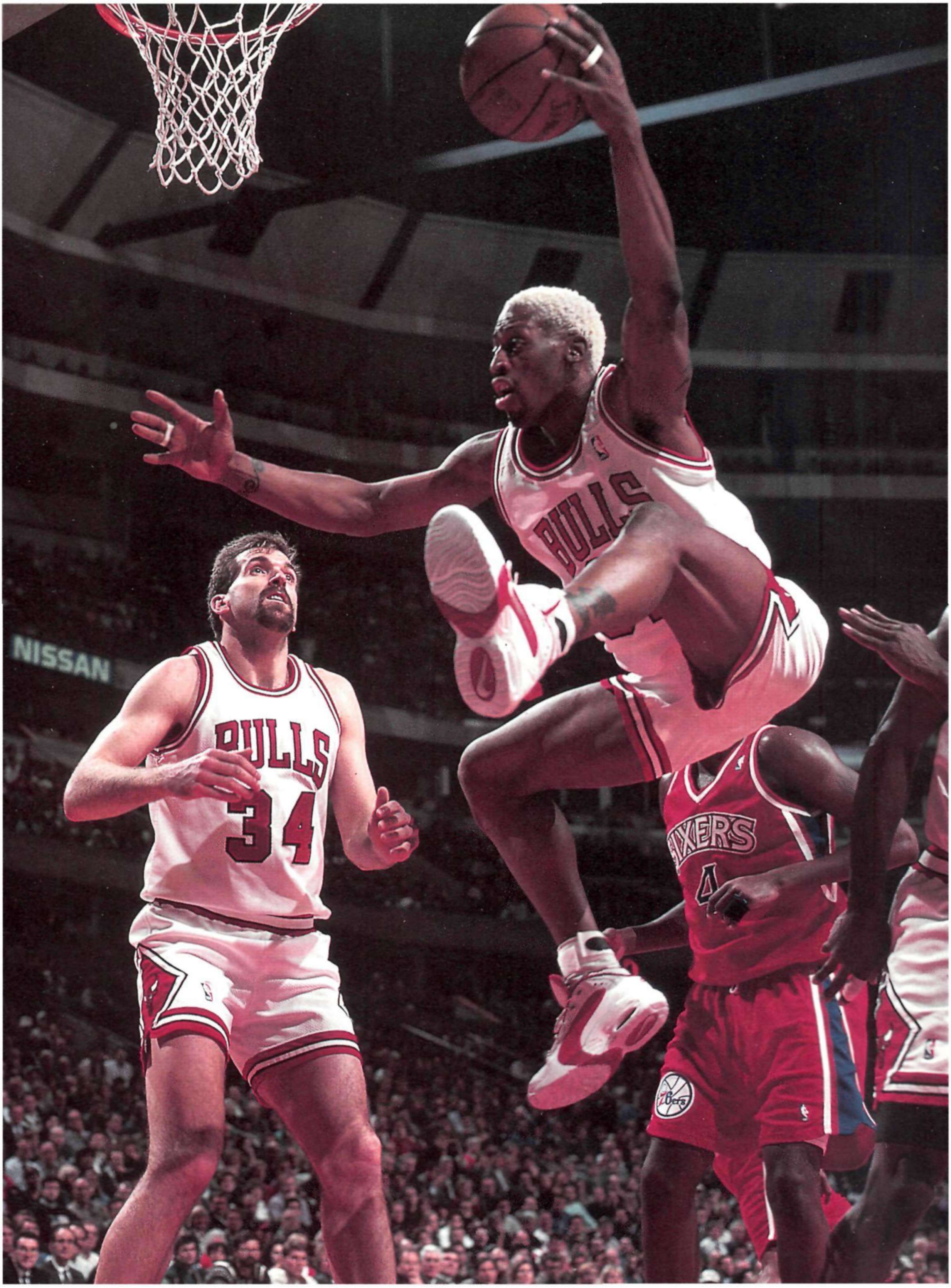
The only bumps during the Bulls' flight to the top have been losses, all on the road, to Orlando, the Seattle SuperSonics and the Indiana Pacers, but Chicago later defeated each of those teams in a rematch at home, thumping the Pacers (120–93) and the Sonics (113–87) especially badly. It is this simple: If Chicago continues at anything close to its present level, no other contenders need apply for the NBA title, not even the two-time defending champion Rockets or the Magic, last season's other finalist. At the moment the Bulls are competing against history more than against their contemporaries. Only those 1971–72 Lakers, who started 39–3, and the '66–67 Philadelphia 76ers (37–3) had more victories before losing their fourth game *(box, page 34)*.

Whether or not it is the best team ever, Chicago is certainly the team of the moment, at least among fans. No American sports franchise can match the Bulls' global popularity, thanks to the NBA's exhaustive international marketing effort and even more to Jordan's far-reaching appeal. The league generated $3 billion in merchandising sales last year, and although the NBA does not furnish statistics on individual teams, there have been informed estimates that the Bulls account for as much as 40% of that total.

The public can't seem to get enough of Chicago. After two mostly Jordan-less seasons out of the top spot, the Bulls are again No. 1



BILL SMITH


NISSAN
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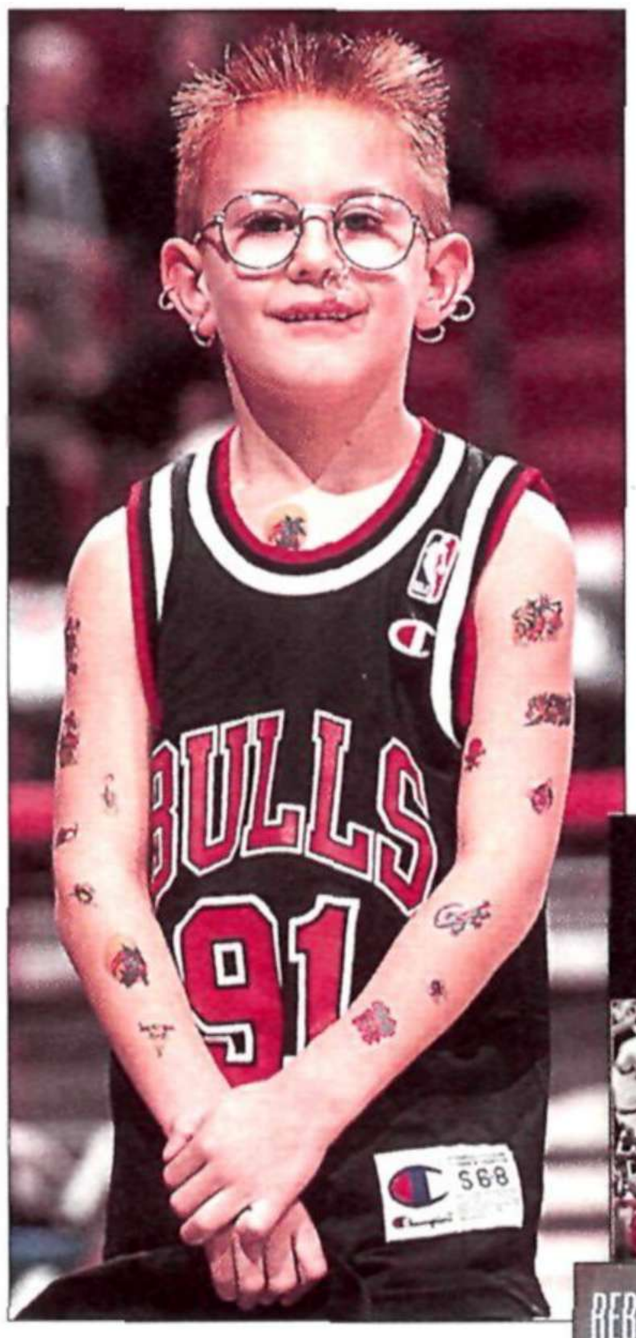
in the NBA in road attendance, averaging 20,889 fans a game. This season the ratings for telecasts that include Chicago are roughly double those for other games. And there have been enough books written by or about various Bulls to stock a library. Jackson, who likes to give each of his players a book to read on long road trips, could probably take care of his team's needs without straying from the Bulls' collection.

Beyond that, Chicago is different from other highly popular and successful teams in that hardly anyone seems to hate them. The likes of the Celtics, the Dallas Cowboys, the New York Yankees and the Notre Dame football team all have nationwide fan bases. But there are also large numbers of spectators who love nothing more than to see these teams lose. Just try to find a Bulls-haters club, though. "It's tough to play them in your own place and hear almost as many people cheering when they score as when you score," says Atlanta Hawks forward Stacey Augmon.

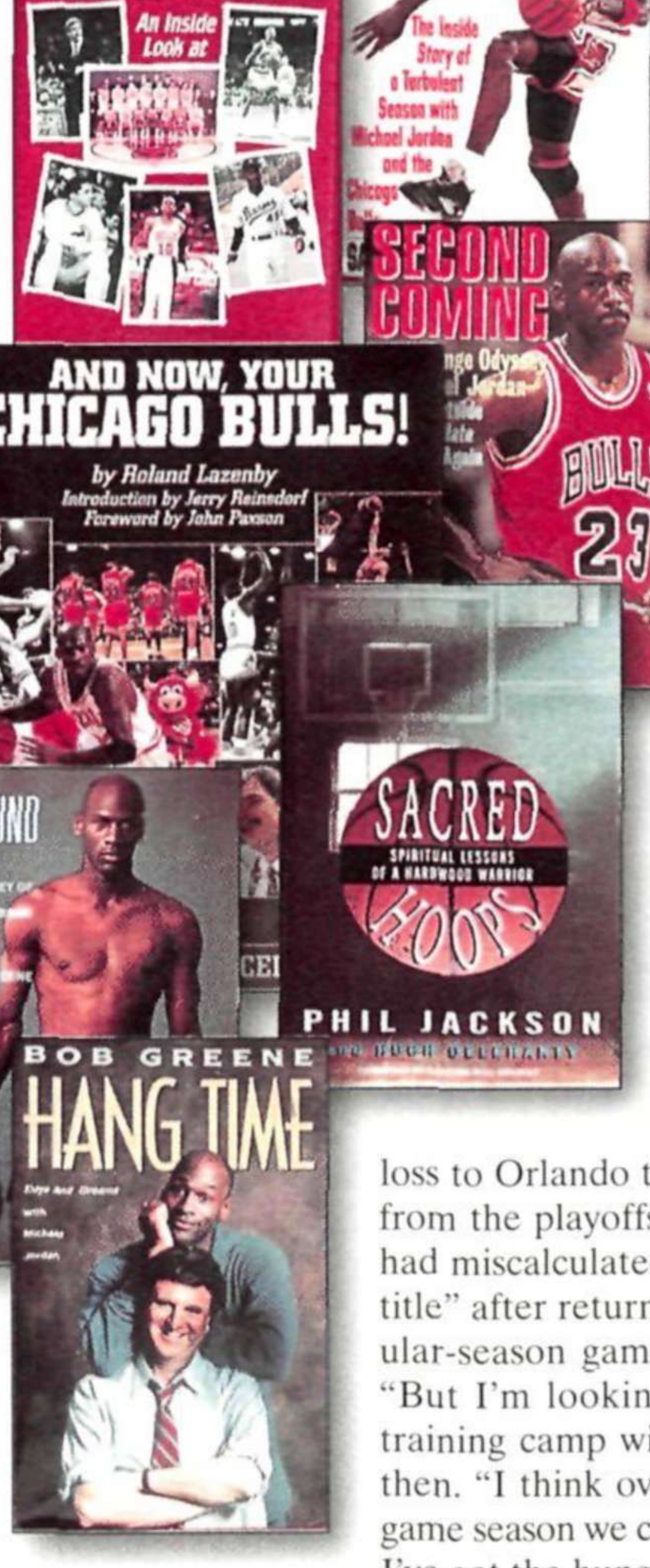


The Chicago players have remained as unimpressed by the adulation as they have by their success so far this season. They act like they just happen to be on a modest winning streak. Says Pippen, "We don't want to step back and look at what we've accomplished—because we've accomplished nothing."

That's not entirely true. The Bulls have established themselves as every bit as dominant as they were during their run of championships before Jordan's temporary retirement. But in the process, they have made the yawning chasm between the NBA's upper and lower echelons impossible to ignore. With the addition of the Raptors and the Vancouver Grizzlies expanding the league to 29 teams this season, talent is stretched more thinly than ever before. "The Bulls are an excellent team in what appears to be an increasingly mediocre league," says Jack Ramsay, a Hall of Fame coach turned TV analyst.

The Bulls ran off a 13-game winning streak in November and December during which only four of their victims, the New York Knicks, the San Antonio Spurs, Orlando and the Utah Jazz, were more than one game over .500. "Chicago is jumping all over teams, but it's doing it in a league with a dearth of talent that's been watered down even further by expansion," says former Knicks guard and current radio analyst Walt Frazier. "It has two of the best players in the game and one of the best defensive players and rebounders. And that could be enough in the NBA today."

Even the Bulls themselves recognize that the quality of the league is a factor in their remarkable record. "There are some teams out there who have no hope of beating the Chicago Bulls, and that's sad, that's really sad," says Rodman, who was on two championship Pistons teams. "We're not the best team in NBA history, we're just the best of what's out there right now."



Whether it's in books or looks, the market for Chicago merchandise has never been more bullish.

But some of the great teams of the past also benefited from expansion. Philadelphia's 68 wins in '66–67 came during the same season that the Bulls joined the league as the NBA's 10th team. The Lakers set the record with 69 wins the year after the league grew to 17 teams with the addition of Portland, the Buffalo Braves and the Cleveland Cavaliers. It's also worth remembering that Chicago lost a key player, guard B.J. Armstrong, in the expansion draft last June. And even if the Bulls are enjoying the fruits of expansion, they are playing against the same competition as the rest of the league, and at last check, no one else was 34–3.

The seeds of the Bulls' fast start may have taken root last season, when a humbled Jordan sat in front of his locker following the Game 6 Eastern Conference semifinal loss to Orlando that eliminated Chicago from the playoffs. He explained that he had miscalculated in his plan to "steal a title" after returning for the final 17 regular-season games and the postseason. "But I'm looking forward to having a training camp with these guys," he said then. "I think over the course of an 82-game season we can do something special. I've got the hunger back."

"I think losing the way we did last year focused him even more," says Pippen. "Michael's not used to being in the position of talking about why we didn't win, and I'm sure he didn't like

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JOHN BIEVER; BILL SMITH; MAUREEN GRISE

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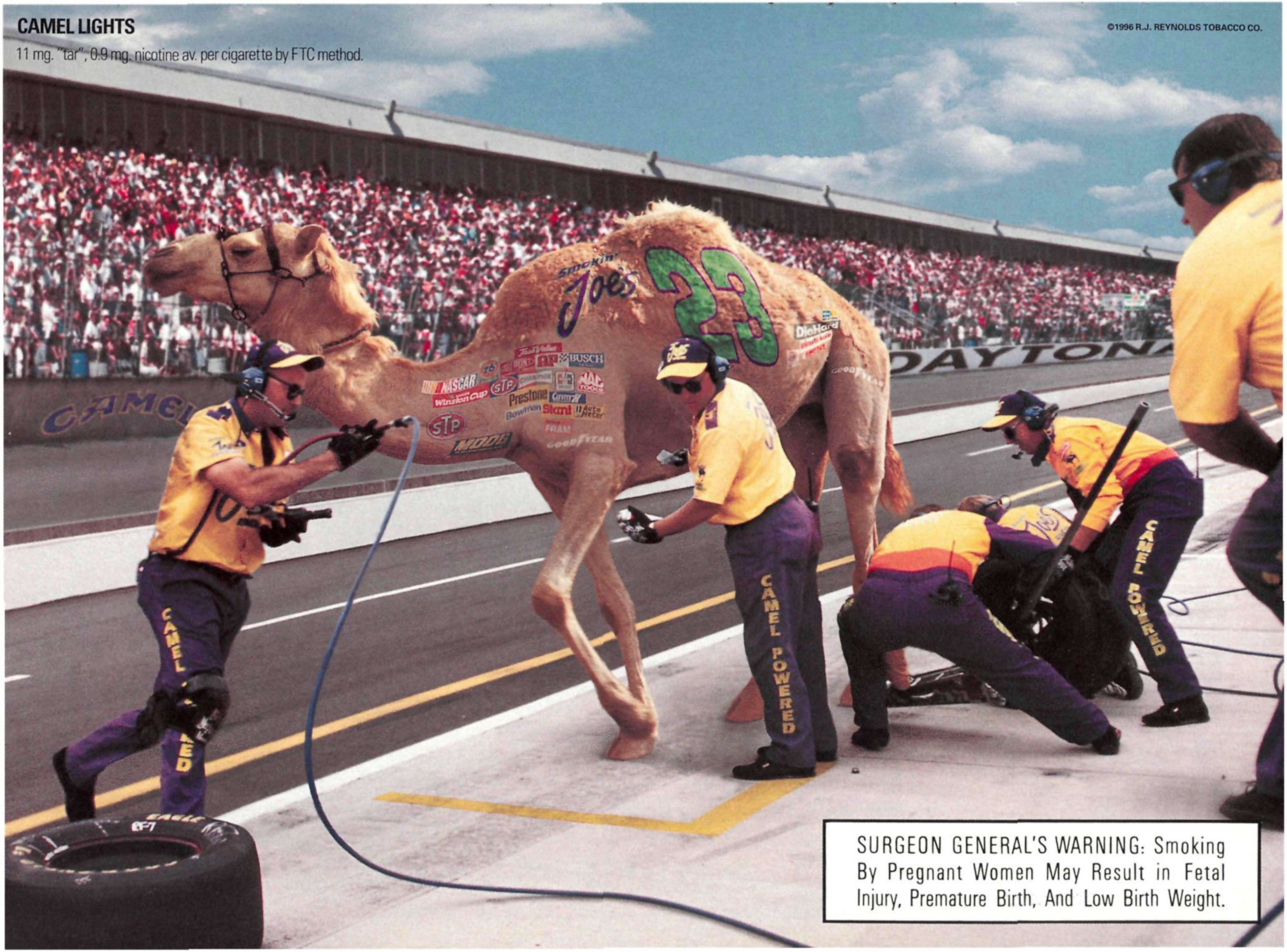

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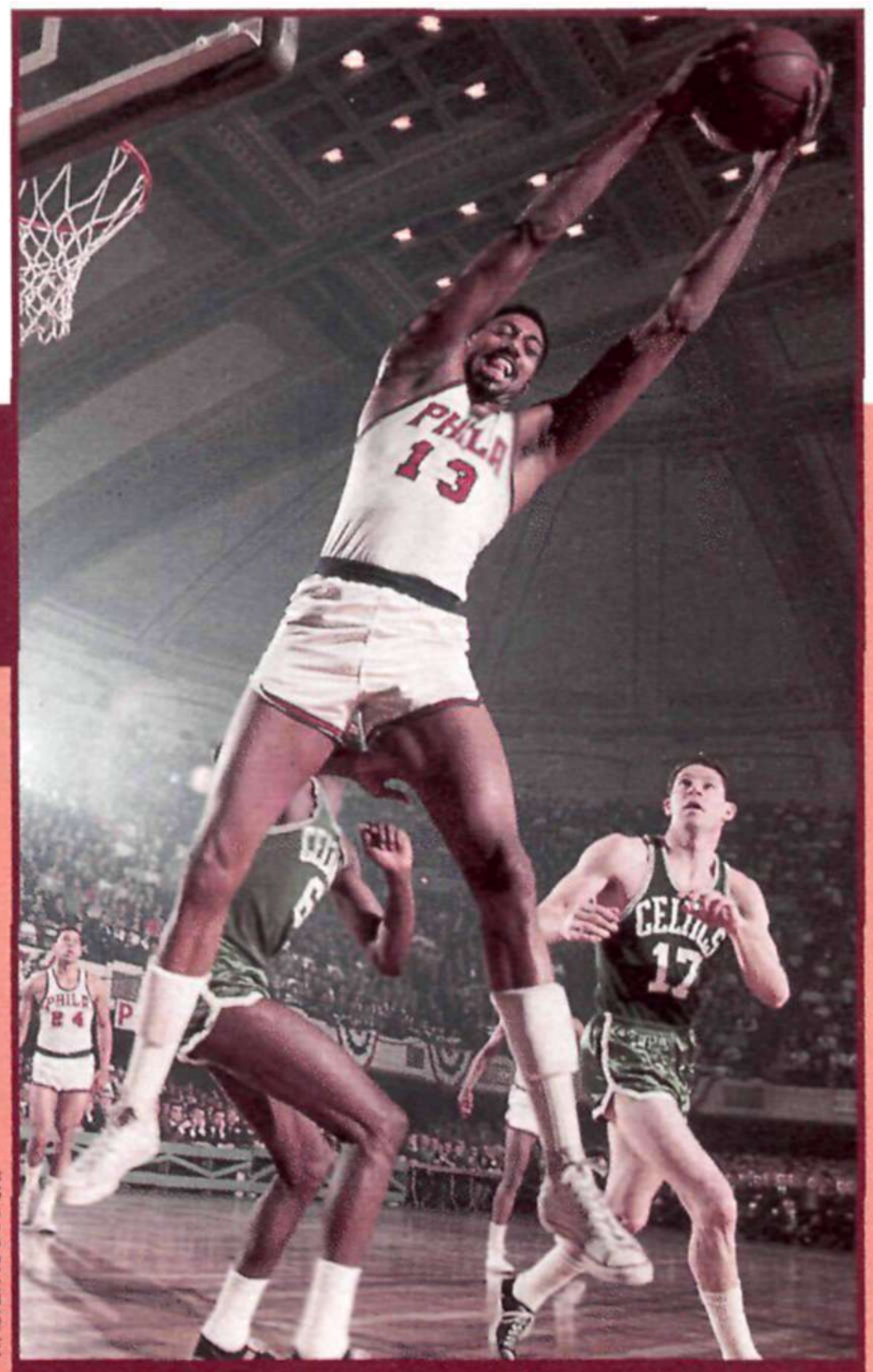
it. He came back this fall with a point he wanted to make."

That point seems to be that Jordan can accomplish anything he chooses on a basketball court. With a 31.7-point average (in 38.3 minutes a game) through last weekend, he is back on top of the league scoring list—he won seven straight scoring titles before he retired—and the uncharacteristic trace of self-doubt that he admitted to last season has been nowhere in evidence. "Will I lead the league in scoring? I don't know," he says. "*Can* I lead the league in scoring? If I want to."

Jordan's performance this season indicates that, while he no longer seems compelled to prove on a nightly basis that he's the best player, he's perfectly capable of providing a reminder to anyone who forgets. He took note, for instance, when Philadelphia rookie and fellow North Carolina alumnus Jerry Stackhouse was quoted early in the season as saying that the thing that had surprised him most about the NBA was "how easy it has been" and that no one had been able to stop him one-on-one. Jordan gave Stackhouse a 48-point lesson in humility in their first meeting.

Superlative as they have been, Jordan's and Pippen's performances were expected. It was Rodman, acquired from San Antonio in a trade in October, who had Jackson and general manager Jerry Krause crossing their fingers. So far Rodman has done exactly what they hoped: He has shored up the Bulls' rebounding (14.4 per game) while keeping his eccentricities



WALTER IOOSS JR.

In mythical matchups, Chamberlain gives both Philadelphia and L.A. the center Chicago lacks.

Best of The Best?

WHAT WOULD Michael Jordan do if he soared toward the basket and met the massive presence of Wilt Chamberlain, in his prime, waiting for him? *It's impossible* to know, just as it's ultimately impossible to determine how the 1995–96 Chicago Bulls would have done against the only two teams who started a season faster: the *1966–67 Philadelphia 76ers* (37–3) and the 1971–72 Los Angeles Lakers (39–3), both of which had the legendary Chamberlain at center. The guess here is that if you put Chicago on an imaginary court with either team, the Bulls would put up a good fight but in the end would probably lose a close one.

In a hypothetical Bulls-Sixers matchup, Chamberlain would give Philly a huge advantage at center, the Bulls' weakest position. That year he not only led the league in rebounding, with an average of 24.2, but he also was fifth in scoring, with 24.1 points a game, and third in assists (7.8). However, Wilt made only 44.1% of his free throws, which suggests that he would have been hacked early and often by his Chicago counterparts, Luc Longley and Bill Wennington.

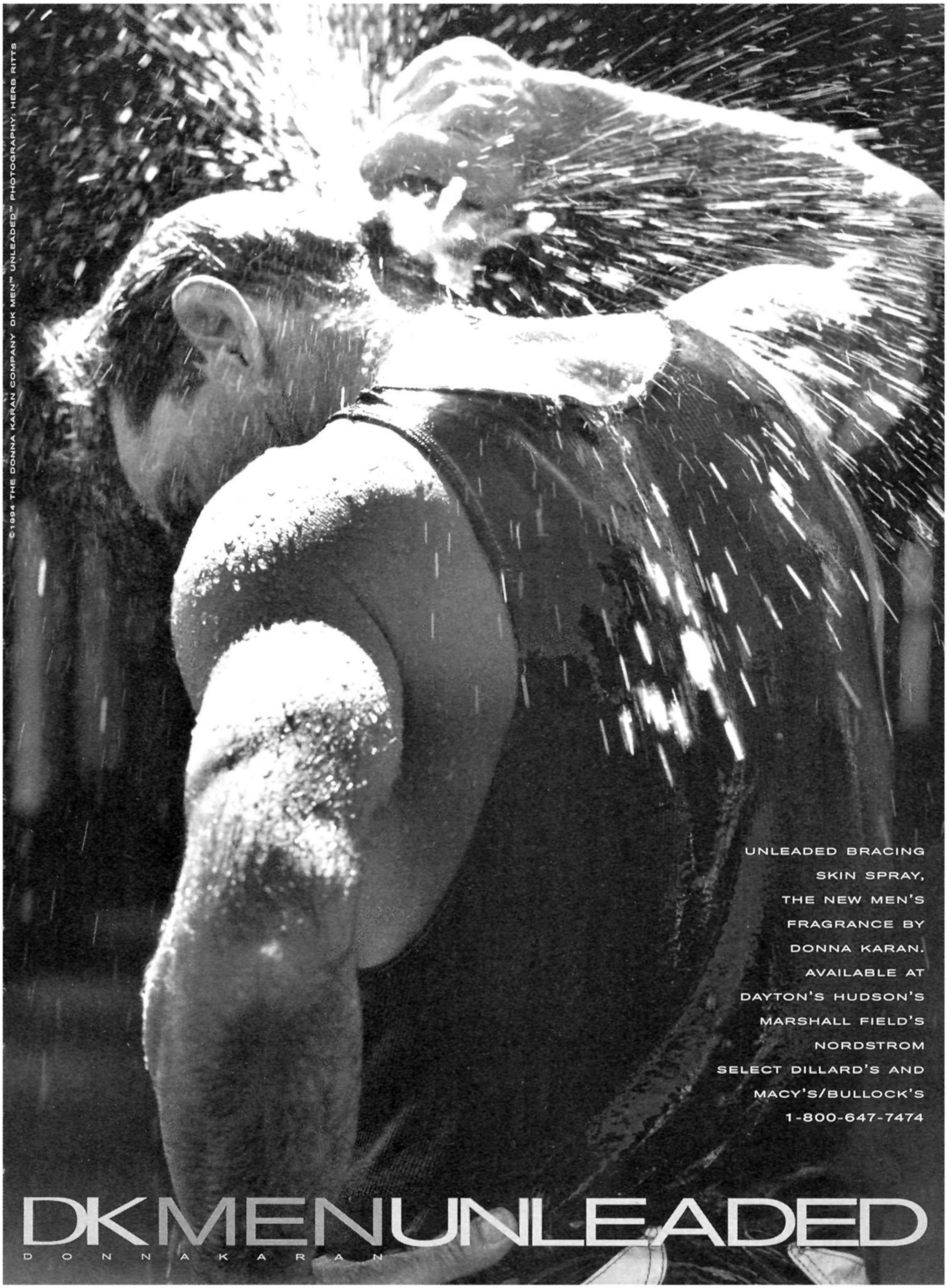
But that Philadelphia team, which finished the season with a 68–13 record, had two other Hall of Famers, guard Hal Greer and its sixth man, forward Billy Cunningham. They, along with forwards Lucious Jackson and Chet Walker and guard Wally Jones, gave the Sixers six players who had double-figure scoring averages. The Bulls have just three, Jordan and forwards Scottie Pippen and Toni Kukoc. "That Philadelphia team had much better balance than the Bulls do," says Jack Ramsay, the 76ers' general manager that season. "All of the players were pretty much in their prime and had years that were the best or among the best of their careers."

Jordan and Pippen would have had the edge in their matchups with Greer and Walker, but even a rebounder as extraordinary as the Bulls' 6' 8" Dennis Rodman would have been hard-*pressed to dominate the boards* against the 7' 1", 275-pound Chamberlain and the 6' 9", 240-pound Jackson. And Philadelphia's superior depth might well have been the difference.

Chicago probably would have had a better chance against the 1971–72 Lakers team that won 33 in a row and finished 69–13, the best record in NBA history. Chamberlain averaged "only" 14.8 points and 19.2 rebounds, but Los Angeles got plenty of scoring from guards Gail Goodrich (25.9 points) and Jerry West (25.8) and forward Jim McMillian (18.8). These Lakers would not have hurt the Bulls inside as badly as the 76ers would have. But like the Sixers, they were a deeper, more balanced team than Chicago, with a bench that included guards Flynn Robinson and a long-haired fellow named Pat Riley.

As for the quality of competition in the league then and now, it's logical to assume that the Bulls benefit from the effects of expansion. But in the 10-team league that Philadelphia dominated, only three clubs finished above .500—the Boston Celtics and the San Francisco Warriors were the others—and the Sixers had the advantage of beating the first-year Bulls eight out of nine times. This season Chicago will play the expansion Toronto Raptors and Vancouver Grizzlies a total of six times.

But perhaps it's unfair to compare this season's Bulls to any of history's great teams, not just because they haven't won the championship yet but also because they may not even be the best team in franchise history. The 1991–92 Bulls, the second of Chicago's three straight championship teams and one that included solid center Bill Cartwright, estimable power forward Horace Grant and clutch shooter John Paxson, got off to a 37–5 start and finished 67–15. "If we can do the things that that team did, I don't really care about history," says Jordan. "I'll be satisfied." —P.T.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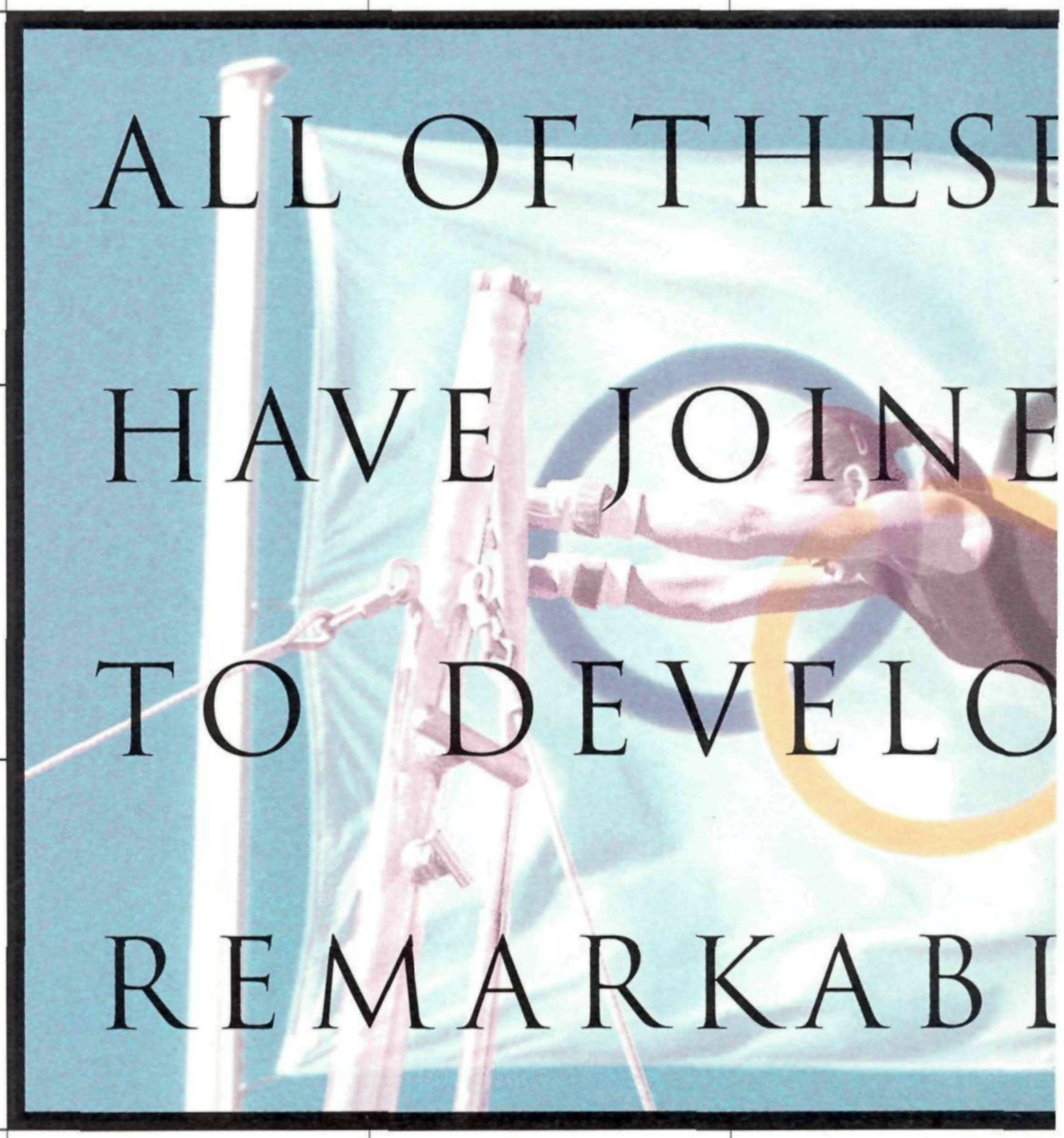

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Join us in thanking the companies who support our athletes and who are helping to prepare the greatest Olympic Games in history.

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John Hancock supports U.S. Olympic athletes with a national Speakers Bureau which brings athletes into local communities to convey Olympic values to children through speaking appearances and sports clinics.

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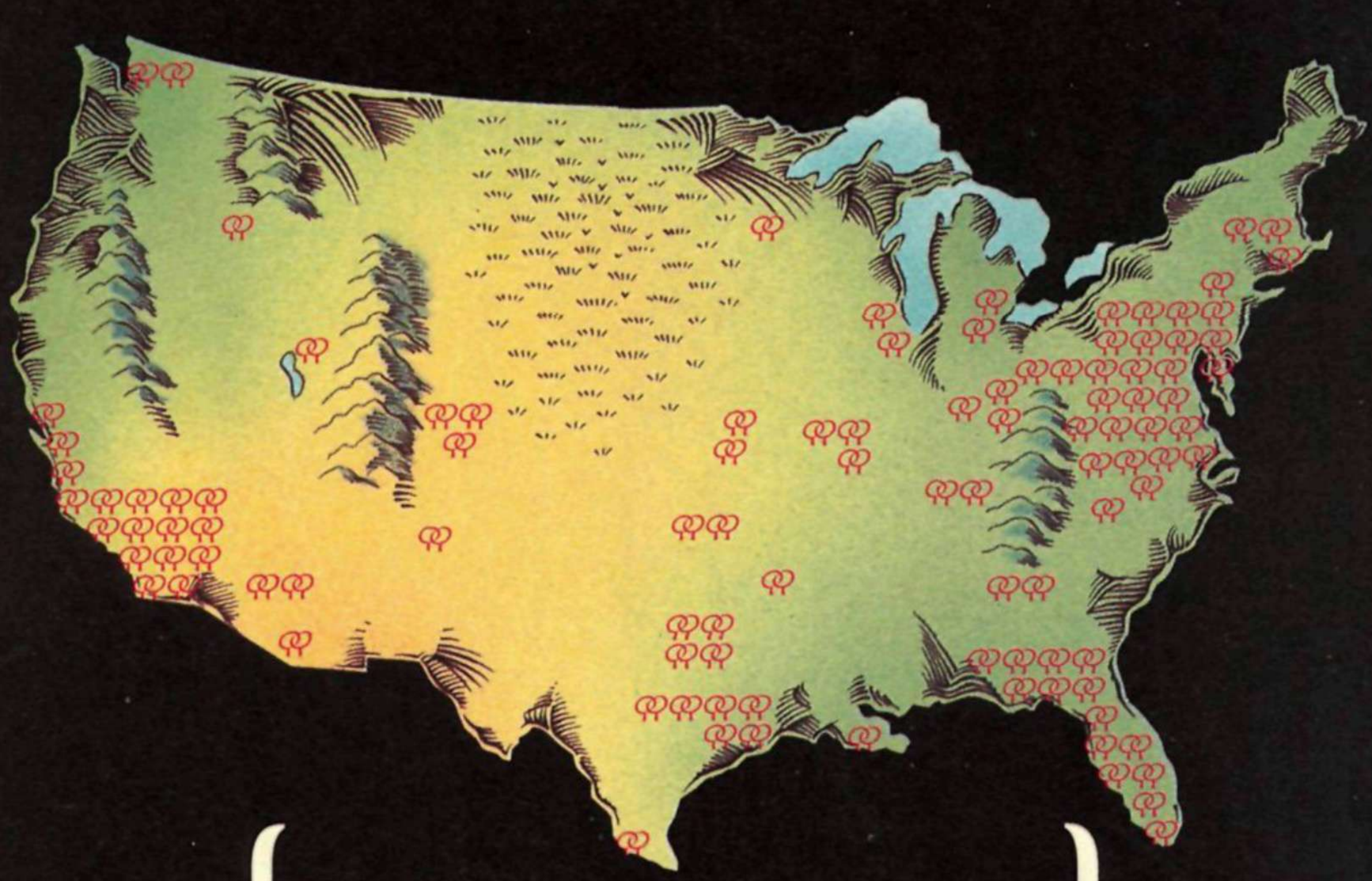
Using its extensive global distribution system, UPS will provide time-critical package distribution services to athletes, teams, organizers and suppliers in preparation for and during the 1996 Olympic Games.

Continuing its 23-year commitment to the Olympic Movement, Motorola will provide the engineering, turn-key design, installation and support of the largest wireless communications network ever created at the Olympic Games.

Where Does A 6'10", 380-lb. Professional Football Player Sleep?



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largely under control. It isn't that Rodman has suddenly started paying attention to his alarm clock; he has been late more than once this season. But the Bulls have handled him skillfully, quietly fining him for his violations without public comment. "In San Antonio everything was a big deal," Rodman says. "Here they just fine you $5 or whatever and move on."

Even while he and Chicago soar, Jordan refuses to say that these Bulls are the stuff of greatness.

Rodman has been ejected from only one game, although the sight of him tearing off his shirt and flinging it into the crowd after he was thrown out against Philadelphia last week was frighteningly reminiscent of his antics with San Antonio. But in his two seasons with the Spurs, Rodman was mostly well behaved—at least by his standards—during the regular season before acting up in the playoffs. Krause and Jackson won't uncross those fingers until the final buzzer of the final game.

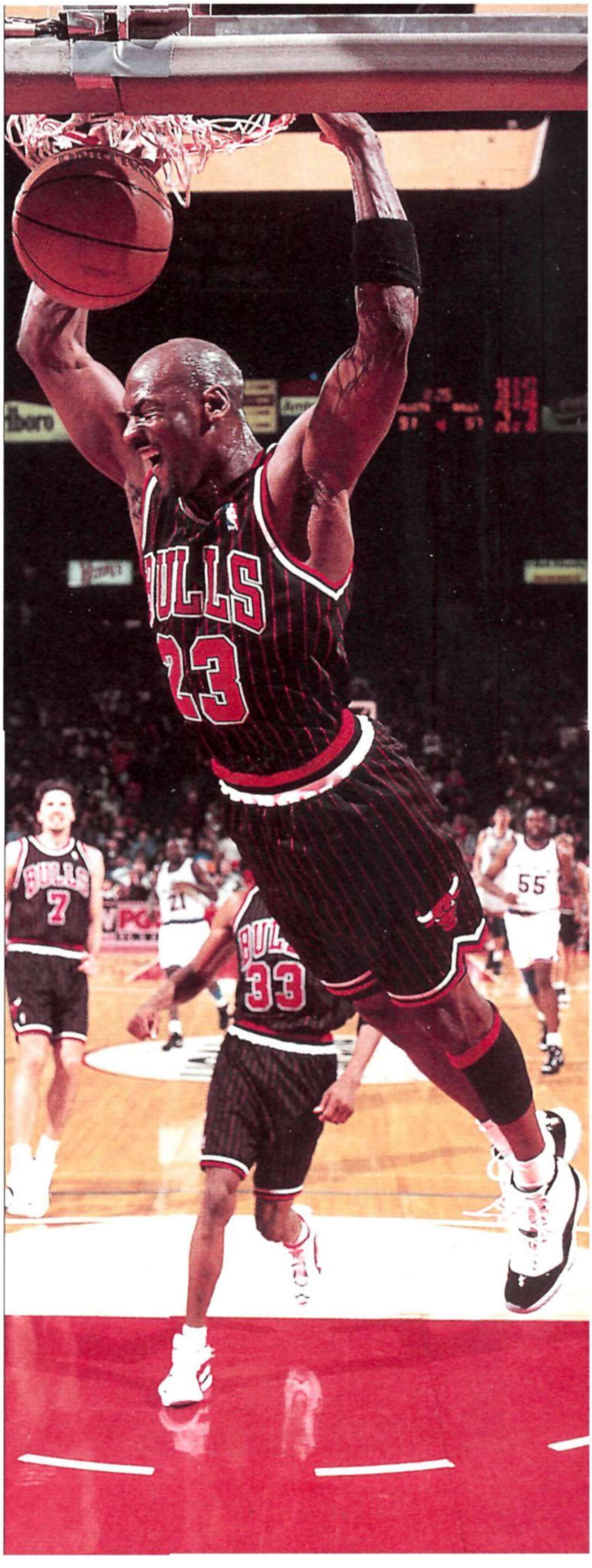
As long as Rodman remains relatively controlled, it will be the rest of the Bulls who make some observers reluctant to place Chicago among the league's alltime great teams. Kukoc (11.1 points) is the only Chicago player other than Pippen and Jordan with a scoring average in double figures, and though he has been an effective sixth man and is a fine passer, he hasn't developed into the star Krause envisioned when he brought him to Chicago three years ago. Instead, he has become the Bull most likely to take a tongue-lashing during the game. His hangdog expression and stated desire for more minutes (he was averaging 22.9 through Sunday) and a place in the starting lineup have made him the closest thing the Bulls have to a dissatisfied player.

With Rodman beside them under the boards, Luc Longley and Bill Wennington have combined to perform adequately at center, and Kerr has come off the bench and found a niche as the spot-up shooter so essential to a team with players who draw as many double teams as Jordan and Pippen do. But 32-year-old guard Ron Harper (7.2 points), who starts alongside Jordan, is no longer the dynamic slasher he once was. "I think the Bulls are basically a three-man team," Frazier says. "You look at the box scores and you see Pippen with 29 points, Jordan with 25 points and five guys with three points each. I think it's a tribute to Jordan that he's been able to carry the team like this."

But the load will only get heavier as the season progresses, and Chicago isn't even halfway home. The greatest obstacle to a 70-win mark may be the sheer length of the season. There are three months left for Rodman, always a time bomb, to explode. Then there is the age factor: The Bulls were the oldest team in the league based on the average age (29.9) of their opening-day roster. Thus fatigue is always a concern, especially for Rodman, who will be 35 in May; Jordan, 33 in February; and the 30-year-old Pippen. Fortunately for Jackson, Chicago's frequent blowouts have enabled him to sit his stars for long stretches.

And there's the flaw that won't go away: the Bulls' mediocrity at center, which could be exposed in the playoffs against a dominant big man, particularly Orlando's Shaquille O'Neal. "With Shaq, the Magic have somebody who can really hurt the Bulls inside," says Portland guard Rod Strickland. "Orlando has a lot of versatility"—including All-Star guard Anfernee Hardaway and long-distance shooting ace Dennis Scott—"but because of Michael and Scottie, I'd probably go with the Bulls in the playoffs. Still, the Magic is probably the team that can beat them."

Perhaps. That path to greatness Riley talked about is a long one, and the Bulls might just have enough supplies to make it to the finish. But instead of wondering whether or not they'll get there, maybe the thing to do is just sit back and enjoy the trip. ■



MANNY MILLAN

Photographs by Manny Millan

FIGURE SKATING

A Real Gem Dandy

A sparkling performance by Michelle Kwan and a jewel of a comeback by Rudy Galindo provided the highlights at the national championships

by E.M. Swift

ANYONE WHO thinks the sport of figure skating isn't a never-ending morality play should have been at the U.S. nationals in San Jose last week. Greed and complacency? Smitten with a righteous vengeance. Hard work and dedication? Rewarded with gold. Poverty, suffering and faith? Visited by a genuine miracle. There was even sort of a moral to the weekend: If you are offered a role in the *Nutcracker*, hang up the phone and get back out to practice, because it's the devil and he's after your crown.

Two new singles national champions emerged from the proceedings, both of whom skated virtually without error but arrived via far different roads. They were 15-year-old Michelle Kwan, the youngest ladies' winner since Peggy Fleming (who was also 15) in 1964, and 26-year-old Rudy Galindo, the oldest men's champion since someone named Chris Christenson won, at age 51, in '26, and the unquestioned star of the week.

Kwan's ascendancy had been long predicted. Ever since she arrived on the senior scene from Torrance, Calif., as a 4' 9", 77-pound 13-year-old, complete with her own agent, experts have heralded her as the champion-in-waiting. Kwan had all the tools: a topflight coach in Frank Carroll, uncommon grace and style, and the usual assortment of women's jumps, which is to say, everything but the triple Axel. Most important, she had the focus, discipline and work ethic of all the past U.S. greats, from Fleming to Kristi Yamaguchi.

So it was no great surprise that Kwan, who has matured into a 5' 2", 98-pound young woman polished in the application of makeup, won easily. She has been extraordinarily consistent in her performances all year.

But even the most fertile imagination would have had trouble foreseeing the sudden demise of the defending champion, 18-year-old Nicole Bobek. Chicago-born and raised by way of the four winds, Bobek is described beautifully by one skater as "Marilyn on ice." Blonde, long-limbed and unapologetically flirtatious, she is Kwan's philosophical opposite: a devotee of the Christopher Bowman–Tonya Harding School of Talent Disposal, with an almost religious aversion to training.

In the past nine years Bobek has been through nine coaches, the most recent change having come in December, when she left Richard Callaghan—under whose firm hand she won the 1995 national title and the bronze medal at the world championships—

In front of a crowd or a makeup mirror, the 15-year-old Kwan displays the steady hand of a mature artist.

for Barbara Roles Williams of Las Vegas, one of her previous coaches. Neither Bobek nor Callaghan was specific about their split, but Bobek's enthusiasm for training clearly had waned even further since last year. It showed last fall when she finished sixth in a weak Skate America field in Detroit, then third in the Nation's Cup in Frankfurt. Kwan won both events. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, Bobek starred in a 20-city *Nutcracker on Ice* tour, for which she was reportedly paid $90,000. It was in that period that she announced she was leaving Callaghan.

It was also in the midst of that tour that Bobek aggravated a tendon injury on the inside of her right ankle—the ankle she lands on when she jumps. A doctor told her the best therapy would be to take two or three weeks off. "Yeah, right," Bobek responded. "I have no time to take off."

The show must go on. Admirable if you are a showgirl, but Bobek was still masquerading as an athlete. After her *Nutcracker* stint, she continued to be troubled by the tendon. Roles Williams asked whether Bobek might be awarded a bye onto the U.S. team that will compete in the worlds in Edmonton if she was unable to compete at the nationals. Morry Stillwell, the U.S. Figure Skating Association (USFSA) president, advised Bobek to show up and skate.

When a bum right ankle shelved Bobek (below), Lipinski, 13, whirled her way to the worlds.

Bobek got it half right. She blew into San Jose, held a charming if disingenuous press conference—"I'm a woman," she purred when asked about the differences between her skating and Kwan's—and displayed a singular inability to land her triple Lutz at practice. During last Friday's short program Bobek touched down with her hand after landing the Lutz, a mistake that put her in third behind Kwan and 24-year-old Tonia Kwiatkowski. Afterward Bobek complained about the pain in her ankle but vowed to soldier on.

At the next morning's practice, she said, the ankle felt all right, but it began to swell in the afternoon. She tested it in warmups that night, felt it was tender and had Warren King, a Bay Area orthopedist, examine it minutes before she was to skate. By mutual decision Bobek, Roles Williams and King told officials Bobek would withdraw. Even as that decision was being made, Kwan was skating a brilliant and mature program that included seven triple jumps, two of which were in combination (with one of those a triple triple). Two good ankles would not have been enough for Bobek to surpass Kwan's performance. King's prognosis: With two or three weeks rest, Bobek's ankle should be fine.

Bobek has plenty of time to rest now. After the competition, the USFSA, ignoring its own precedents, refused to grant Bobek a bye onto the U.S. team. The top three finishers from the nationals will go to Edmonton in March: Kwan, Kwiatkowski and 13-year-old Tara Lipinski.

The message to future ice queens and fairy princesses was clear: This is the USFSA's show, and you play by its rules. (Remember Tonya and Nancy.) With all the opportunities now out there for both amateur and professional skaters, it's easy to lose sight of how the figure skating boom was launched. (Tonya and Nancy.) It wasn't the Hershey's Kisses Pro-Am Championships or the *Nutcracker* tour. It was . . . Tonya and Nancy, with the 1994 attack by associates of Harding on Kerrigan and the ensuing deluge of pub-

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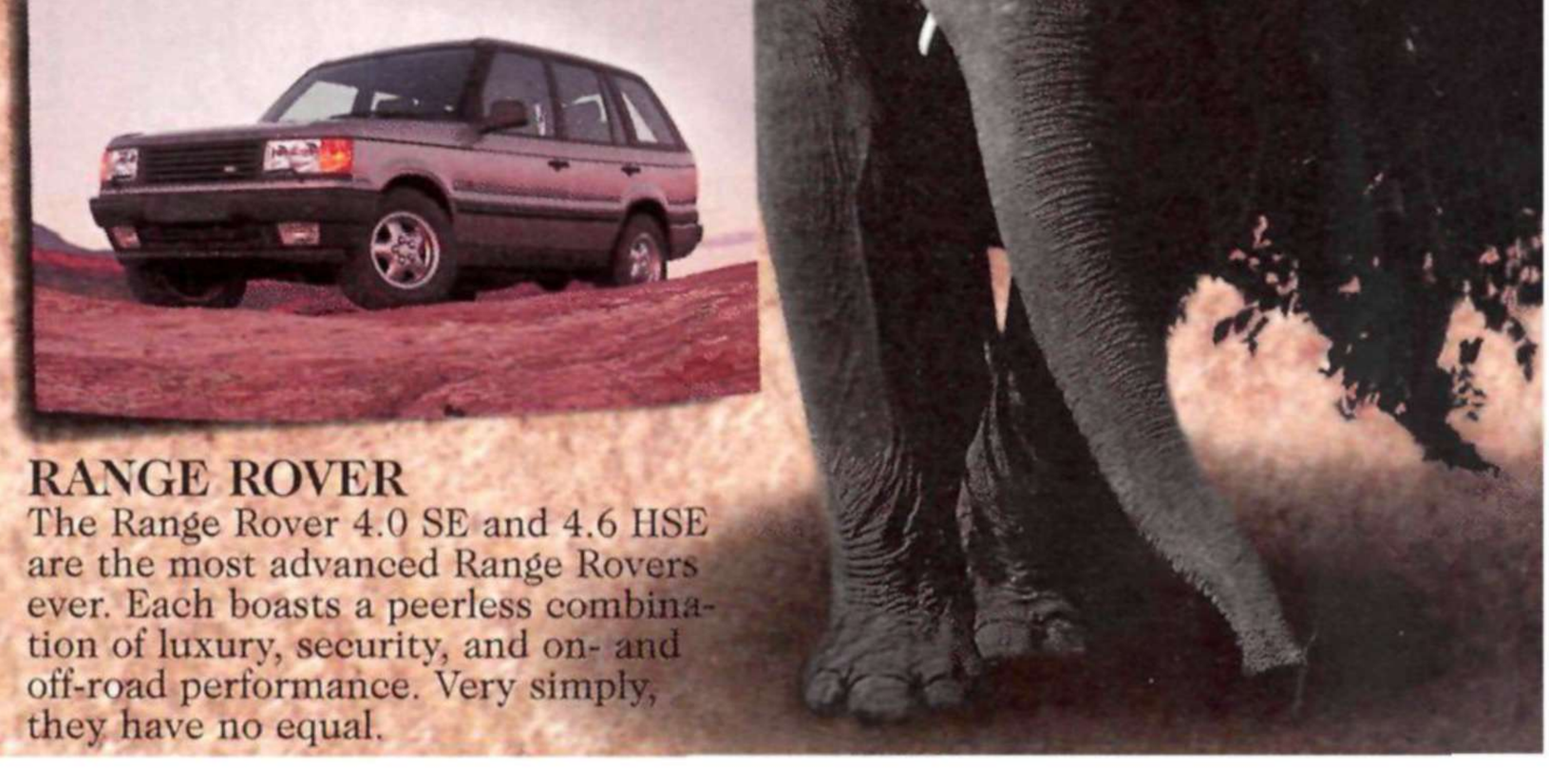

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licity. Now if competitors don't train properly, if the skaters practice till dawn for the Rock-and-Roll Skating Championships, where's that going to lead? (Tonya and Nicole?)

"In amateur skating we tend to lose our focus," says Kathy Casey, another of Bobek's former coaches. "With all these outside events and competitions, the skaters have improved their ability to perform to a crowd and entertain, but I don't think the level of amateur skating has improved. Where are all the triple-triple combinations?"

It seemed that they were all in Rudy Galindo's programs. He landed the two triple triples he tried, while defending champion Todd Eldredge, another member of the *Nutcracker* cast, landed, and attempted . . . hmm, let's count them . . . none. Same with Scott Davis, Casey's pupil and a former two-time national champion, who slid all the way to fifth—proof that not everything that went wrong in San Jose could be attributed to Tchaikovsky. Davis turned down an offer to tour with the *Nutcracker*.

Galindo, who lives in a trailer park in San Jose with his mother, had no such offers. As skating's star has risen, Galindo was all but left behind—until he provided the nationals with the most stirring men's performance in years.

Galindo is not a stranger to the winner's spot on the podium. He and Yamaguchi were U.S. pairs champions in 1989 and '90, before Yamaguchi gave up pairs skating to dedicate herself to singles. That was shortly after the start of a run of ill fortune that nearly drove Galindo from the sport. It began in '89, when Jim Hulick, the coach who put Galindo and Yamaguchi together, died of AIDS-related cancer. That was the first of four deaths that left Galindo wondering if he was cursed. In '93 his father, Jess, died of a heart attack and his 35-year-old brother, George, died of AIDS. Last year Rick Inglesi, Galindo's second coach, also succumbed to the disease.

Galindo is gay. He doesn't talk about it much publicly, in part because his outlandish costumes and effeminate manner have done him no favors with the staid figure skating establishment—the judges and USFSA officials—which prefers its gay male skaters and coaches to remain in the closet. Galindo could never say that his lifestyle cost him a medal, because his skating was never before consistent enough under pressure to make him a serious contender in singles. He was fifth in 1993 but fell to seventh in '94 and to eighth in '95.

For six months after last year's disappointment at the nationals, Galindo quit training. He was broke and disillusioned. No one in the skating establishment called to ask Galindo to give it one more try. No one offered him a spot on a tour. To raise money, he began giving skating lessons. But he believed in his art, still loved to practice and kept thinking that with the nationals coming to San Jose, how nice it would be to skate in a place where people were pulling *for* him rather than against him.

So during the fall he resumed training. He hired his sister, Laura—who came free—as his coach, and since he didn't have money to hire a choreographer, he created his own programs. From the start the training went well. Galindo has always been an artistic and imaginative spinner. But his jumps—rather, his failure to land them—had always been his undoing, especially during the short program.

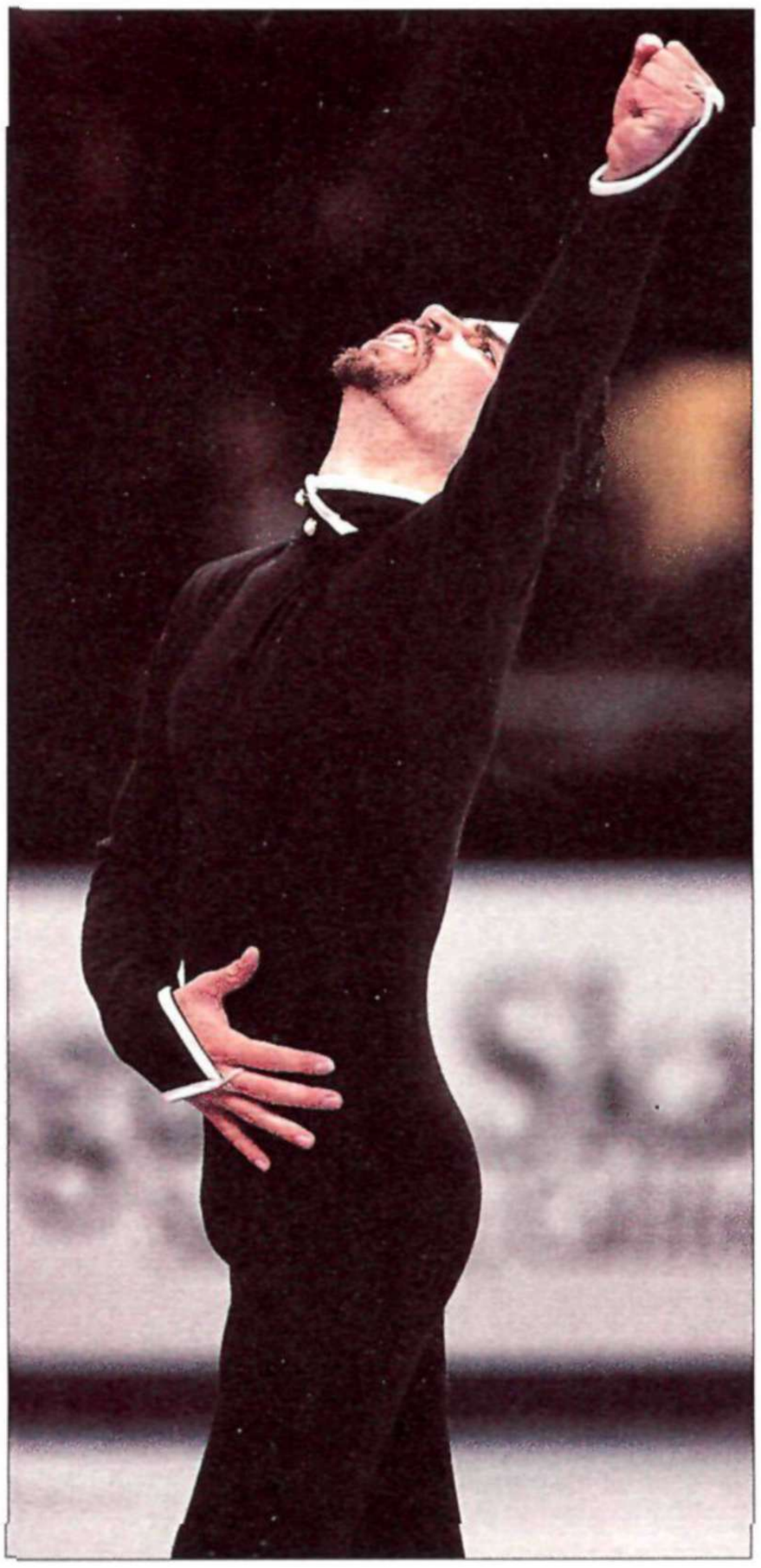
So it was something of a shock last Thursday when, wearing a judge-unfriendly goatee and earring, Galindo pulled off a flawless short program that included the only triple Axel–triple toe among the top three men. If he'd had a reputation with the judges, he might have placed first. As it was, Eldredge, who also skated without a mistake, earned the top marks. Davis, who touched a hand to the ice on a double Axel, was second, and Galindo was third.

Few observers expected him to hold his position. If he made the slightest error in the long program, the judges would surely hammer him. Then a funny thing happened: Galindo made no mistakes Saturday. And it was clear to everyone in the San Jose Arena that, on that day anyway, there was only one world-class skater in the bunch.

Long before Galindo had stopped his final, dramatic spin—whirling across the ice into a death drop, then contorting his body into something he calls the eggbeater—the crowd of 10,869 had risen as one to its feet. Galindo was now skating, not to *Swan Lake*, but to a roaring wave of noise, ever growing as he neared his conclusion. Clenching his fists over his head as he finished, he glanced skyward and crossed himself in prayer. It was all as Galindo had pictured the day before—coming off the ice with everyone in the arena standing. It was as if he'd done it all before.

The marks went up. There are no guarantees in skating, and even after Galindo's brilliance—eight flawless triples, including two breathtaking triple-triple combinations—many doubted judges would place him over Eldredge, the three-time champion. But perfect 6.0s for artistic merit from two of the nine judges told Galindo all he needed to know.

Tears welled in the eyes of many of his fellow competitors, and hair rose on the backs of reporters' necks. This was more than an underdog-skates-his-heart-out story, more than a hometown-boy-makes-good. This was, pure and simple, a miracle: a moment that years from now, coaches will point to when asking some down-at-the-mouth student to believe that no matter how badly luck and the USFSA seem to be conspiring against you, anything's possible if you will not allow yourself to quit. ■



For Galindo, the hometown finish was heavenly.

The East Is a Beast

The NHL, like the NFL, has one conference that keeps clobbering the other

by Michael Farber

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Ken Daneyko and the Devils thumped Detroit in the '95 Cup finals, the East's fifth straight title and 22nd in 28 years.

THE BIG weekend is here again. Americans take their minds off the minor mysteries of life, such as why Michael and Lisa Marie didn't just talk the whole thing out on *Oprah*, and instead turn to the Great Imponderable of Sports: Why is one conference so dominant?

Then at halftime of the Super Bowl, when viewers have seen all the new commercials and polished off that second bowl of chili and there is nothing to think about for the next 90 minutes except Deion's dance steps, some Americans—at least the ones who can follow a puck without the aid of Fox's blue-dot special—might turn to the Other Imponderable: Why is one NHL conference, the Eastern, so dominant?

"This is not an NFC-AFC thing," Philadelphia Flyers left wing John LeClair says. "The gap's not *that* wide."

Maybe not. The disparity between NFL conferences has become epochal in duration while the balance of NHL power probably still is cyclical (though five straight Stanley Cups and 22 in the last 28 years for the East make it the longest cycle since Richard Wagner's). In a midseason snapshot the East-West chasm looks as yawning as the crowd at Boston's new FleetCenter for the All-Star Game, which didn't turn vibrant until Bruins captain Ray Bourque scored with 37.3 seconds remaining last Saturday to give the East a 5–4 victory.

The 13-team Eastern Conference, known as the Prince of Wales until 1993 when commissioner Gary Bettman decided Americans know even less about royalty than they do about geography, is strong from the top down to way past the middle while the Western Conference has three good teams and lots of filler. The West took six of seven Cups from 1984 to 1990; however, all but one of those were won by the dynastic Edmonton Oilers. In the past five years four different Eastern clubs—the Pittsburgh Penguins (1991 and '92), the Montreal Canadiens (1993), the New York Rangers (1994) and the New Jersey Devils (1995)—have won the cham-

pionship. At the All-Star break this season the Detroit Red Wings (32-9-3) had the league's best overall record, but the rest of the top five—the Rangers, the Florida Panthers, the Penguins and the Flyers—were from the East. And while Detroit had a winning record against the East (9-6-0), it was a gaudy 23-3-3 against the West. The only other Western Conference teams with winning records against the East were the transplanted Colorado Avalanche (7-6-4), who played in the Eastern Conference last season as the Quebec Nordiques, the Chicago Blackhawks (10-6-2) and the lowly Mighty Ducks of Anaheim (8-7-3). Overall the East, which had twice as many .500-plus teams (eight) as the West, was 102-85-25 head-to-head.

The Western Conference doesn't simply have fewer Cup contenders than the East. It also has all the really bad teams in the league, with the notable exception of the egregiously awful Ottawa Senators. Hockey's horrible include the disappointing San Jose Sharks, the dishwater-dull Dallas Stars and the Oilers, who have tried and so far failed to copy the success of the early 1980s when the young Oilers developed into one of the alltime great teams. The West—the far west, anyway—is a wasteland.

Here are four reasons why the East is the beast.

1) The Eastern Conference teams are bigger and tougher, and therefore better suited to the NHL's two-month playoff marathon.

The Red Wings cut a Visigothic swath through their 48 intraconference games in the lockout-shortened 1995 season, but their shortcomings were exposed in the Cup finals by the larger, grittier and equally quick Devils. If you blinked, you missed New Jersey's four-game sweep.

Detroit is every bit as talented this season but no tougher. Its top nine forwards give away on average more than two inches and 20 pounds to Philadelphia's, almost three inches and 19 pounds to Pittsburgh's and six pounds to the Rangers'. The thought of meeting the bruising Flyers every other night in June for the Cup, after getting through three preliminary playoff series, must be disquieting for Detroit. "Our team still could get tougher on the wings," Detroit center Sergei Fedorov says, "and we could use another tough defenseman."

"There are some great teams in the West, but in the East you see more big wingers, closer checking, no free ice, the way it is during the playoffs," says Brendan Shanahan, the Hartford Whalers' left wing who spent four seasons in the Western Conference with the St. Louis Blues. "Most Eastern teams don't have to adjust much to playoff style because they always try to play that way."

The distinctive styles exist, in part, because the Western Conference still suffers from an Edmonton hangover. The species has largely stopped evolving; the other teams in the West are still trying to match the Oilers' standards of speed and skill even though the Edmonton dynasty is dead.

"You build a team to win its conference, to beat the teams it plays all the time," says Harry Neale, the former NHL coach who is now a television analyst. "Most of the Western teams still have the mentality that they have to get quicker and score more. They're still not over Edmonton."

"That," says Vancouver Canucks general manager Pat Quinn, "is what happens when you have Wayne Gretzky in your conference."

"You're only as good as your competition, and here you gear up to be the best team in the East," says Flyers center Craig MacTavish, who won three Stanley Cups in Edmonton ('87, '88 and '90) and another with the Rangers. "You saw the result clearly last year when there was no interconference play. Detroit suffered. Eastern teams build around big, aggressive forwards. The Eastern philosophy is more successful right now—that's obvious."

2) The Eastern Conference has better talent. Or, as Calgary Flames right wing Theoren Fleury puts it, "The reason the East's stronger? Mark Messier moved out of the West."

The truth is, though, the talent in the Eastern Conference runs deep. With all due respect to Gretzky, Joe Sakic, Chris Chelios, Alexander Mogilny and Brett Hull, the five players who had the most profound effect on hockey during the first half of this season were all from the East. Messier scored 31 goals and made all the hits while carrying the

HARRY SCULL/ALLSPORT

The East's dominance starts in net, where Hasek, the top goalie the last two years, stars for Buffalo.

Rangers; Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux and Jaromir Jagr were playing hide-and-seek with the scoring title; Eric Lindros of the Flyers has become the 21st-century prototype, the mean, physical scoring center that every general manager wants to build a team around; and goalie John Vanbiesbrouck continues to be the foundation of the remarkable Panthers. The team with the best player—Gretzky in the 1980s, Lemieux in 1991–92, Messier in 1994—wins the Stanley Cup more often than not.

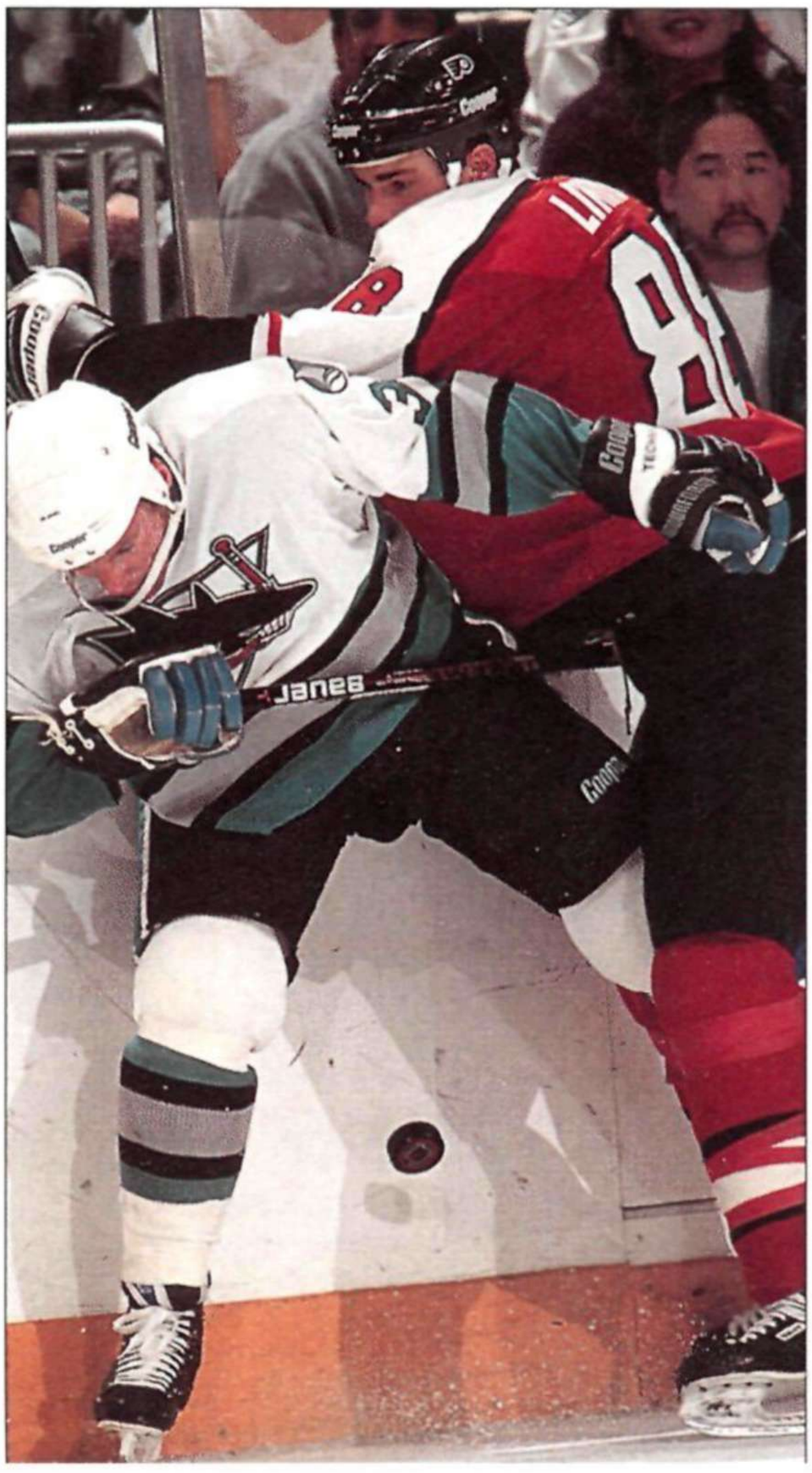
In the kaleidoscopic world of goaltending, where even legends fade in and out, the Eastern Conference boasts a still more striking advantage—and not simply because its goalies see fewer two-on-ones. Besides Vanbiesbrouck, the East has the Buffalo Sabres' Dominik Hasek (winner of the Vezina Trophy as the league's top goalie the past two years), Mike Richter of the Rangers and Martin Brodeur of the Devils. That's a more impressive group than Detroit's Chris Osgood, the Toronto Maple Leafs' Felix Potvin and the revitalized Grant Fuhr, who has started every game this season for St. Louis. The trade of Patrick Roy to the West (Montreal to Colorado) and Bill Ranford to the East (Edmonton to Boston) is a stand-off.

3) Travel puts the Western Conference at a big disadvantage.

The wide-open spaces in the West are not confined to center ice. While the Rangers, the Devils, the Flyers and the New York Islanders collect frequent Greyhound miles, Western Conference teams flit among four time zones for intraconference matches. The problems are less severe for a Central Division dweller such as the Blackhawks or teams that own planes such as the Avalanche, but the Flames will charter a flight just nine times this season, which translates into a lot of airport downtime.

"Travel is a far bigger factor than I thought it would be," Colorado coach Marc Crawford says. "The effects can strike you at any time. At the start of a road trip, at the end of a road trip, even at home—because guys start thinking about another long road trip that starts next week. You lose practice days

V.J. LOVERO



ROCKY WIDNER

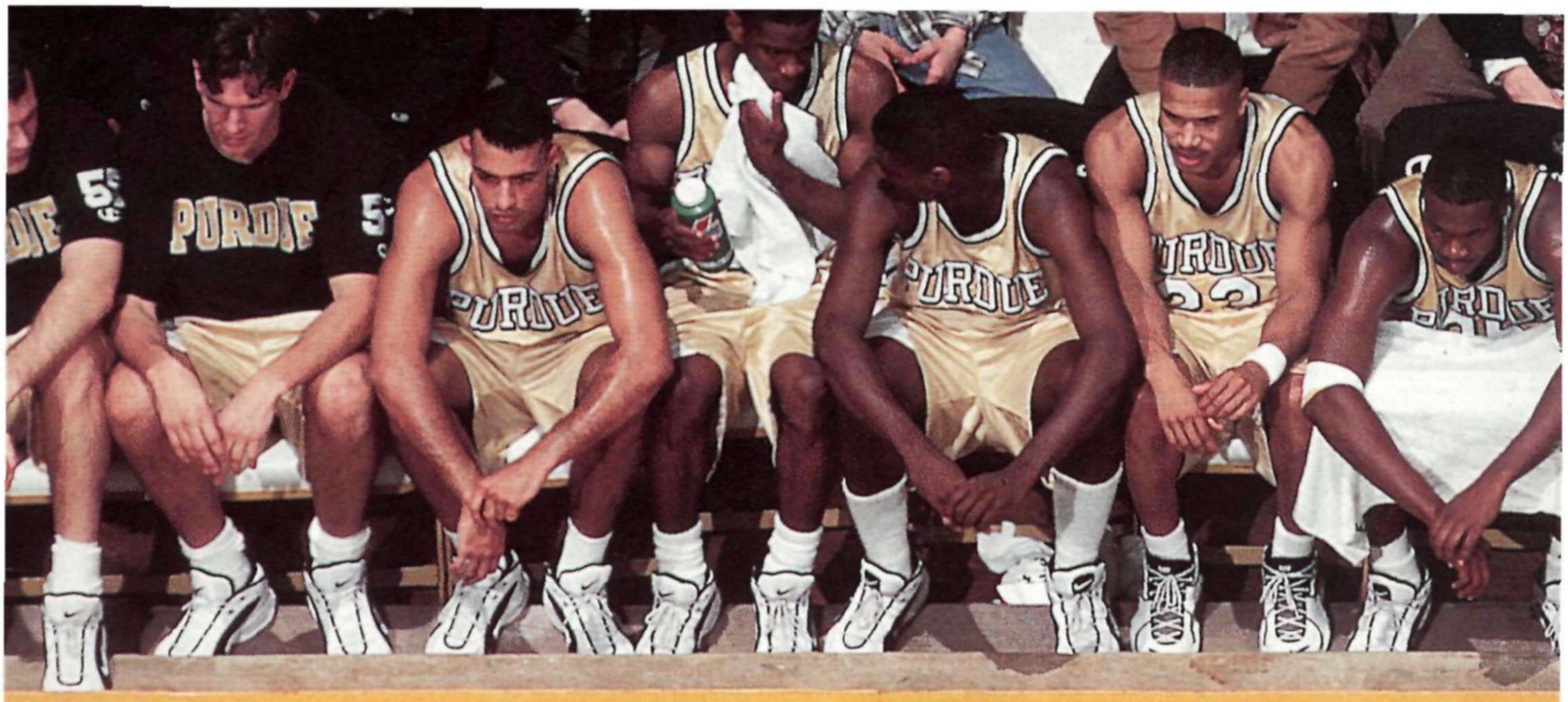
The five best players this season have been from the East, including Jagr (above) and Lindros (88).

to travel, but it also affects *how* you practice. You lose quality in your practices because of fatigue."

4) Money has tilted the balance of power.

Although only three of the top 10 payrolls in 1996 are from teams in the Eastern Conference, financial difficulties have sapped the strength of some good Western Conference teams. In Edmonton small-market economics forced the Oilers to scatter Gretzky, Messier, Fuhr, Kevin Lowe, Glenn Anderson, Marty McSorley and MacTavish throughout the league. Calgary, the 1989 Cup winner, still has stars like Fleury and Gary Roberts remaining from its good teams, but the cost of maintaining a winner was overwhelming. Checking center Joel Otto, 40-goal scorer Robert Reichel and dependable goaltender Mike Vernon are among those pricey players who are no longer with the team.

Maybe one or two mid-level trades that bulk up the Red Wings or the maturation of the youthful Avalanche will help reverse the Eastern dominance come Stanley Cup time. But right now the smart bet is to take the East against the spread. If hockey's balance of power is cyclical, the West is pedaling up a steep hill. ■



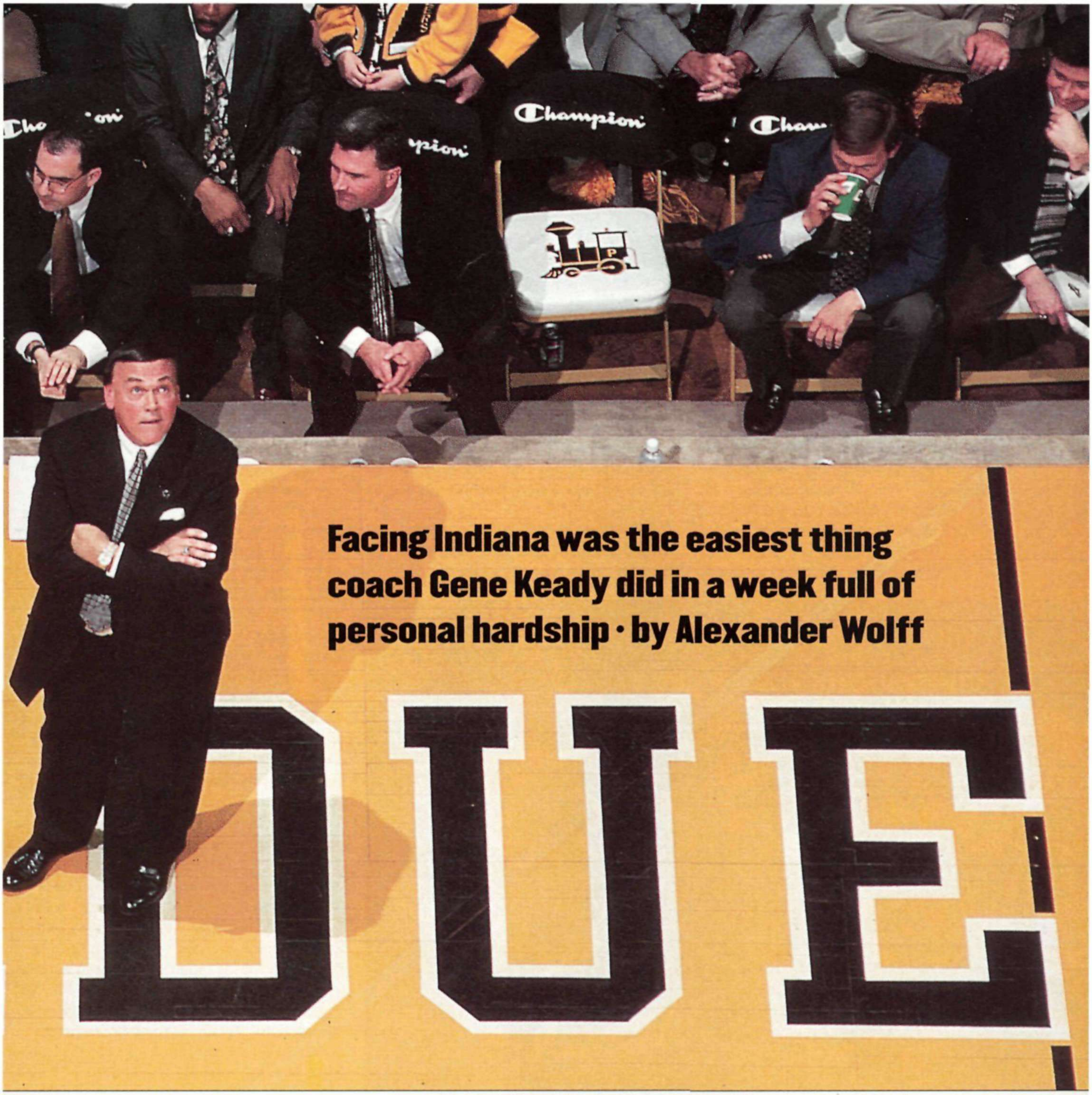
Trying Times at

PUR

IF GENE KEADY had his druthers, more people would know that Purdue has won two straight Big Ten titles and at the end of last week was tied for first place, with a 4–1 record, as it sought its third in a row. If the choice were his, parents of Indiana's best high school players wouldn't tell him again and again that they wouldn't think of sending their boy to play at Indiana for "that man," Bob Knight, only to send their boy off to "that man" just the same. If it were up to him, the NCAA wouldn't have assigned him over the years to such tournament sites as Memphis to play Memphis or Louisiana to play LSU. But when you coach basketball for a school Keady says non-Midwesterners mistake for "a poultry company," and you do it in the shadow of Knight, the druthers, alas, are often others'.

Keady is resigned to all that. But if he could change anything, it would be his life over the last two weeks.

Wednesday, Jan. 10. *Forty minutes before Purdue is scheduled to play Northwestern in Evanston, Ill., Keady is fetched from the Boilermakers' locker room to take an emergency call. His daughter Lisa, 30, has slipped in the kitchen of her home in Alpine, N.J., struck her head on the floor and lapsed into a coma. Doctors are performing brain surgery and are unsure of her chances for survival. A team manager drives Keady's wife, Pat, to O'Hare Airport for a flight to New Jersey, where she'll join their son-in-law, Glenn Sands, in the intensive-care unit at Hackensack University Medical Center. Only after coaching Purdue to its 67–51 victory does Keady tell the team of Lisa's condition. His players give him a hug and say a prayer*



Facing Indiana was the easiest thing coach Gene Keady did in a week full of personal hardship · by Alexander Wolff

DUE

before the drive back to West Lafayette, Ind.

As a high school sophomore in Larned, Kans., Keady was once struck in the head by a throw from a shot-putter during track practice. He actually kept on walking and didn't collapse until he got home. Keady has made light of the episode over the years—he says it proves he's literally a hardheaded Irishman—but he was rushed to a hospital and went into convulsions for three hours. A priest was brought in to perform last rites. "I've never been through what Lisa's going through, but that was close enough," he says. "There was no permanent effect, other than my being less cocky than I had been. You know how kids are: 'I'm gonna live forever.' "

Thursday, Jan. 11. *Keady catches a morning flight to New Jersey to join Pat, Glenn and Lisa, who is still in critical condition. Shortly after Keady arrives, his sister, Norma Raffety, calls to tell him that their father, Lloyd, 85, has died of respiratory failure in a Fair Oaks, Calif., convalescent home. The 59-year-old Keady comes as close as he ever has during his 18 years as a head coach to missing a game. But after thinking for a while about taking a plane to California, he spends the night in Jersey and on Friday afternoon heads to Newark Airport and boards a flight to Minneapolis. Because of a winter storm socking in the East Coast, it takes him 10 hours to reach his destination. Keady spends the wee hours going over scouting reports on Minnesota, the Boilermakers' opponent the next afternoon.*

Order up the ideal Purdue basketball coach, and the lab would deliver this: A gruff exterior, so as not to be taken as a cream puff by the state's red-clad majority, but a soft heart, the better to play off the

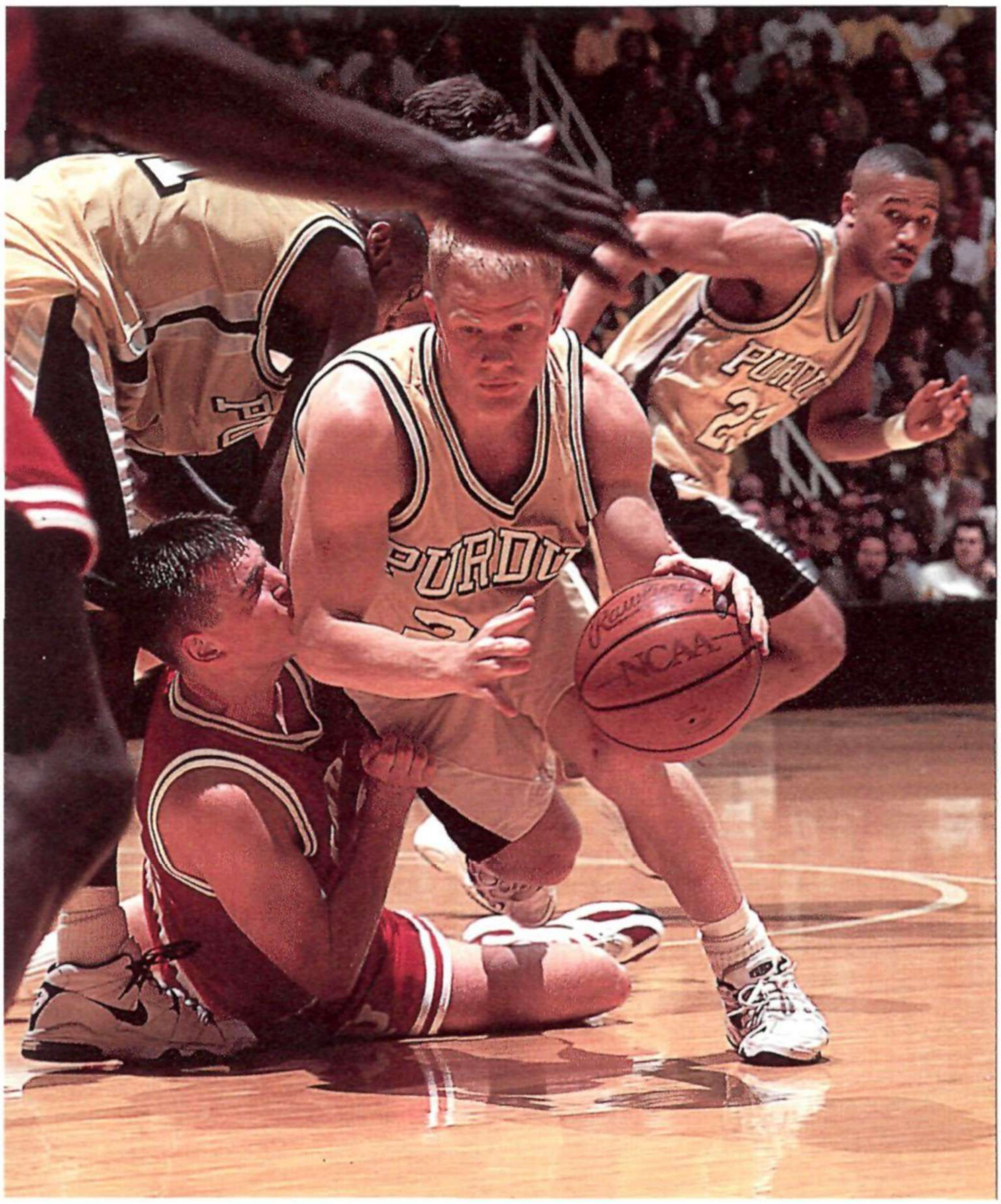
JOHN F. GRIESHOP/SCHWARTZMAN SPORTS

archrival's tyrannical leader. He would be a hellacious competitor—he would have to be to survive—but not so egomaniacal or insecure that he would let Knight or Indiana University–mania get under his skin. Most of all, he would have to be resourceful, because other than the occasional Kohoutek-like arrival of a Glenn Robinson, he would be left with the scraps that the Hoosiers pass on.

Keady is all that, and he has forged for himself an identity all his own: that of the basketball mentor as football coach. The Boilermakers were into weights long before it became trendy, and they thrived with bruisers like Jim Rowinski (class of '84) and Steve Scheffler ('90). They're always huddling up, then breaking on cue. Why, Keady calls his team's initial possession "the first play from scrimmage." Even his single professional failing—Purdue has never advanced beyond the Elite Eight of the NCAAs since he arrived there in 1980—may find an explanation of sorts in football, where coaches have always had an irrational aversion to a postseason playoff. Watching the Boilermakers make sacraments of defense and rebounding, and pounding the ball inside on their muscular way to the free throw line, you can't help but strain to hear the appropriate commentary—not from Dick Vitale but from John Madden.

In fact, Keady was a halfback at Kansas State and was drafted in the 19th round by the Pittsburgh Steelers in 1958. Cut by the Steelers too late that year to find a job coaching high school football, he took a position coaching basketball at Beloit (Kans.) High. From there he stopped over at Hutchinson (Kans.) Junior College (where, he points out, he wore a red sweater on the sidelines long before it became fashionable elsewhere), Arkansas (where his boss, Eddie Sutton, so respected him that Sutton calls Keady "the only assistant I let get technicals") and Western Kentucky (where he served as head coach for two seasons until the Boilermakers hired him).

The Boilermakers leveled Indiana with the kind of smash-mouth play that has been a Keady staple.



JOHN F. GRIESHOP/SCHWARTZMAN SPORTS

If Indiana University's higher profile really bothered him, Keady says, "I'd leave—I could have left lots of times." Numerous schools, and even the Indiana Pacers, all sniffed around him, yet always he chose to stay, reasoning that, deep down, he's happy. And he really is, notwithstanding his TV image as a snarler, with his eyes narrow and his arms folded so tightly across his chest that he seems to be giving himself the Heimlich maneuver. According to Keady, Mike Ditka once told him, "You got me off the hook, because I could always tell my wife, 'See, there's a guy worse than I am!' "

"I don't know if I'll ever change the image of looking mean," says Keady. "I don't *feel* mean."

Keady reaches his players with a message that's similarly upbeat. "He's of the you're-too-good-to-be-that-bad school of motivation," says Mark Montieth, a writer whose book *Passion Play* is for Boilermakers what *A Season on the Brink* was for Hoosiers. "His players all say he can chew your ass and make you like it."

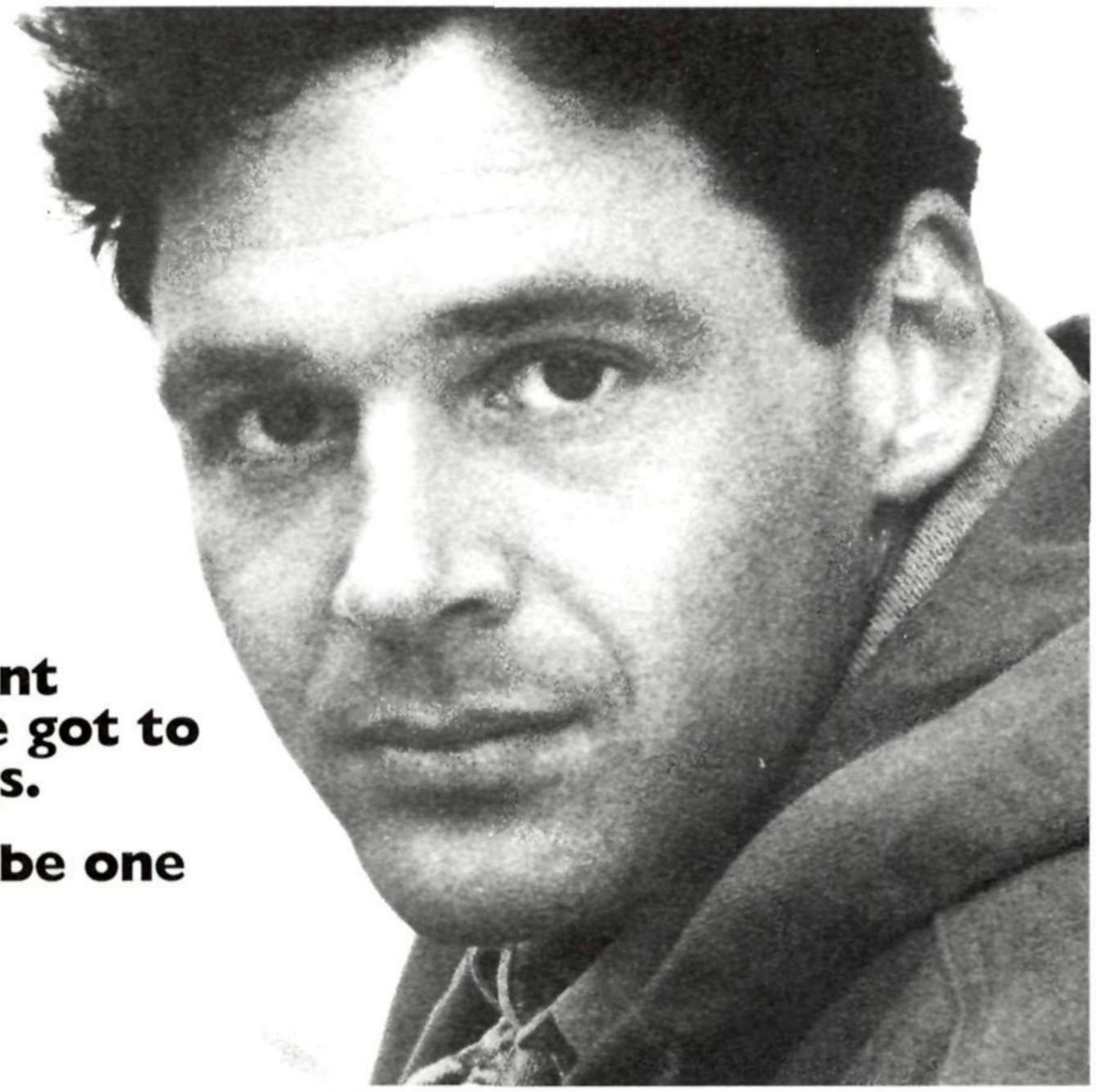
Saturday, Jan. 13. *Before the Minnesota game, the Purdue players inform the assistant coaches that they are dedicating their effort to Keady. "We told the guys, 'Now don't go dedicating the game and losing it,' " says assistant coach Bruce Weber. In the locker room after Purdue's 76–62 win, Keady thanks everyone for playing so hard and then breaks into tears.*

The seeds of today's Boilermaker basketball were planted in the Kansas greenhouse where Lloyd Keady worked for more than 50 years, growing and potting flowers that he sold to flower shops to support his wife, Mary Helen, and their two kids. During junior high Gene worked eight-hour Saturdays for his father, helping out in the shop, making change and serving patrons. "I learned early in life that the customer's always right," he says. "You learn to listen."

Thus there's communication at Purdue that wouldn't take place at Indiana. "Play till there's blood in your socks!" Keady likes to tell his players. And one day in practice a Boilermaker actually popped a blister and, scarcely believing his good fortune, came running. "Hey, Coach, guess what? I got blood in my socks!"

Sunday, Jan. 14. *Back in West Lafayette, Keady grabs a change of clothes and catches a flight to Sacramento. Norma meets him there, and they go over preparations for their father's funeral the next day.*

A Depression baby from the Kansas plains fits in snugly at Purdue, a throwback of a school where over the years Mackey



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Find out about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%) right now. For male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair. And taking the first step couldn't be easier. Just call us. We'll have a free Information Kit in the mail to you within 24 hours.

How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage. Having even a little more hair might make a difference *in how you wear and style your hair.*

Best of all, if you respond to treatment with *Rogaine*, the change is gradual. Since natural hair grows slowly, over time, you won't get the immediate change in your appearance – or the unwanted attention – of a toupee or a hair weave.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those on the placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

So why act like there's nothing you can do about your hair loss? Call **1-800-952-2525** right now and ask for your confidential free Information Kit. We'll get it in the mail to you immediately. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine,*** we'll also include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon. It's something you *can* accept... with our compliments.

Call now for your Free Information Kit and a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

1-800-952-2525

Or visit our World Wide Web site at http://www.igroup.com/rogaine

Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

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Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. A temporary increase in hair shedding may occur 2 to 6 weeks after starting treatment with ROGAINE as some hair follicles shift from the resting phase to the growth phase (as new hair growth begins, old hairs are released). An increase in shedding should not last more than a few weeks. If it does, your physician will need to rule out other causes. Successful hair regrowth can only be evaluated after continuous, twice-daily treatment for 4 months or longer.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use in the package.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis – 7.38%. **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis – 7.16%. **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting – 4.33%. **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness – 3.42%. **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains – 2.58%. **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases – 1.53%. **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity – 1.27%. **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain – 1.24%. **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo – 1.17%. **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching – 0.91%. **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis – 0.80%. **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms – 0.47%. **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue – 0.36%. **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia – 0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include: eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

Can ROGAINE Topical Solution cause unwanted hair growth?
Facial hair growth has been reported with the use of ROGAINE, particularly by women. The cause is unknown but may be related to continuous, unintentional exposure of the face to the medicine or to hair follicles on the face that are extremely sensitive to very low levels of medicine absorbed from the scalp. To minimize the chances of hair growth on the forehead or temples, wash your hands after applying ROGAINE and be careful not to transfer the medicine from your scalp to other parts of your body.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related, that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.

Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.

Problems breathing: especially when lying down, a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.

Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

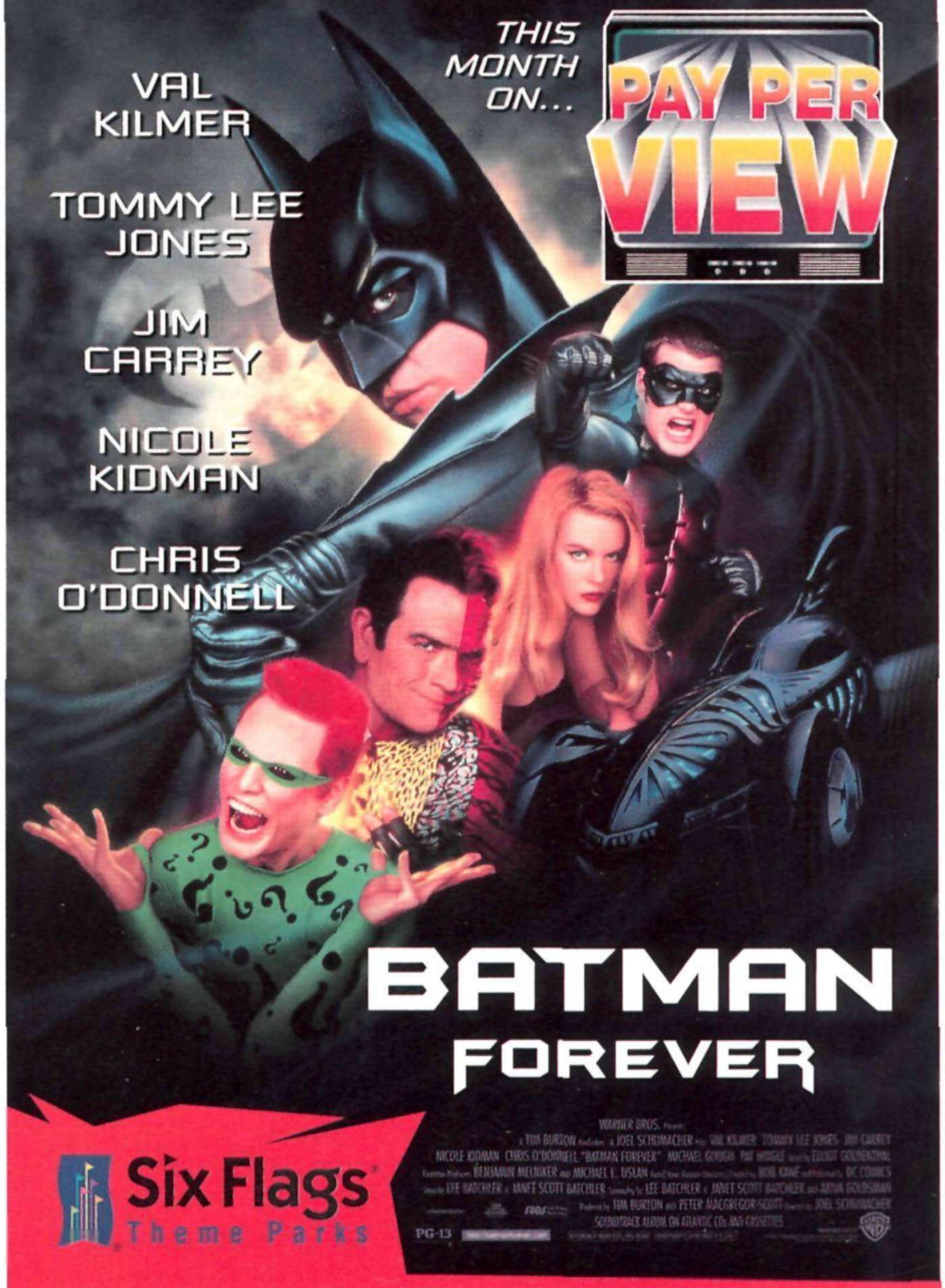
Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-6-S

THE YEAR'S BIGGEST HIT



Six Flags Theme Parks

WARNER BROS. Presents A TIM BURTON Production A JOEL SCHUMACHER Film VAL KILMER TOMMY LEE JONES JIM CARREY NICOLE KIDMAN CHRIS O'DONNELL "BATMAN FOREVER" MICHAEL GOUGH PAT HINGLE Executive Producers BENJAMIN MELNIKER and MICHAEL E. USLAN Based on Characters Created by BOB KANE and Published by DC COMICS Directed by JOEL SCHUMACHER Screenplay by LEE BATCHLER & JANET SCOTT BATCHLER and AKIVA GOLDSMAN Produced by TIM BURTON and PETER MACGREGOR-SCOTT Directed by JOEL SCHUMACHER

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Arena has echoed with that venerable pop standard, *K-K-K-Katy,* in honor of the coach. This season Mackey is festooned with signs reading 3-PETE, a nod to both lantern-jawed school mascot Boilermaker Pete and Purdue's chance to become the first school to win three straight outright Big Ten titles since Ohio State did it in the early '60s. Keady won National Coach of the Year honors two years ago. He won them last season, too. Admit it: You did not know that. K-K-K-Keady—the only c-c-c-coach that they ignore.

Monday, Jan. 15. *Keady looks after family matters in Sacramento and then attends the funeral of the man who "taught me how to work and not watch the clock. If you watch the clock, time goes slow. If you work hard, time goes fast." He leaves Sacramento on a red-eye to Chicago, where a team manager picks him up at O'Hare after midnight for the 2½ hour drive back to West Lafayette. Indiana will be in town in a few hours.*

In 1981, during Keady's first trip to Assembly Hall in Bloomington, Knight shoved to the side a referee who had the nerve to obscure his line of sight. When the officials failed to call a technical, Keady erupted. "In Kansas, if you touch a referee, they'll shoot you!" he screamed. In the process of giving Keady a technical, an official told him he wasn't in Kansas anymore. "If you have any guts, you'll throw his ass out of here!" Keady yelled. While giving him another technical, the official told Keady he didn't much care for his having ventured onto the court to press his case.

Knight got a win that day, but he learned not to trifle with the new coach at Purdue. Over the years Keady has had cordial relations with his professional nemesis. Once, when Pat had to go into the hospital for surgery, Knight sent her a bouquet—red and white carnations arranged around a black one and a gold one. And before one Indiana-Purdue game in West Lafayette, Pat, aware of Knight's fondness for chocolate, gave him a batch of her homemade fudge.

Purdue won that night, and there's a story that as the Hoosiers made their way back to Bloomington, Knight ordered the team bus to stop. He disembarked, took Pat's fudge and flung it disgustedly into the Indiana night.

Tuesday, Jan. 16. *Keady gets home at 4 a.m. and naps for two hours. A Learjet is supposed to fly Pat back from New Jersey for tonight's game and take Gene back to his daughter's bedside after it. But after descending to within 200 feet of the runway in West Lafayette, the pilot has to divert to Cincinnati because of fog. Pat misses Purdue's 74–69 defeat of Indiana.*

Typically, during a first-half run in which Purdue opened up a lead it never relinquished, the 11th Boilermaker to get into the game—a freshman guard named Alan Eldridge—scored seven points in barely a minute. Typically, too, at week's end no one on Keady's team was averaging more than guard Chad Austin's 11.6 points a game. Purdue is so balanced that it had spread leading-scorer honors among seven different players this season.

"I don't really think it's the players," says one of them, guard Todd Foster. "It's the coaching staff. And their scouting reports. What IU did tonight—that's what the coaches told us they'd do. And if we'd have lost, it would've been our fault."

Keady is just as intense as his cross-state rival, Knight, but he's neither as rude nor as acclaimed.

BOB ROSATO

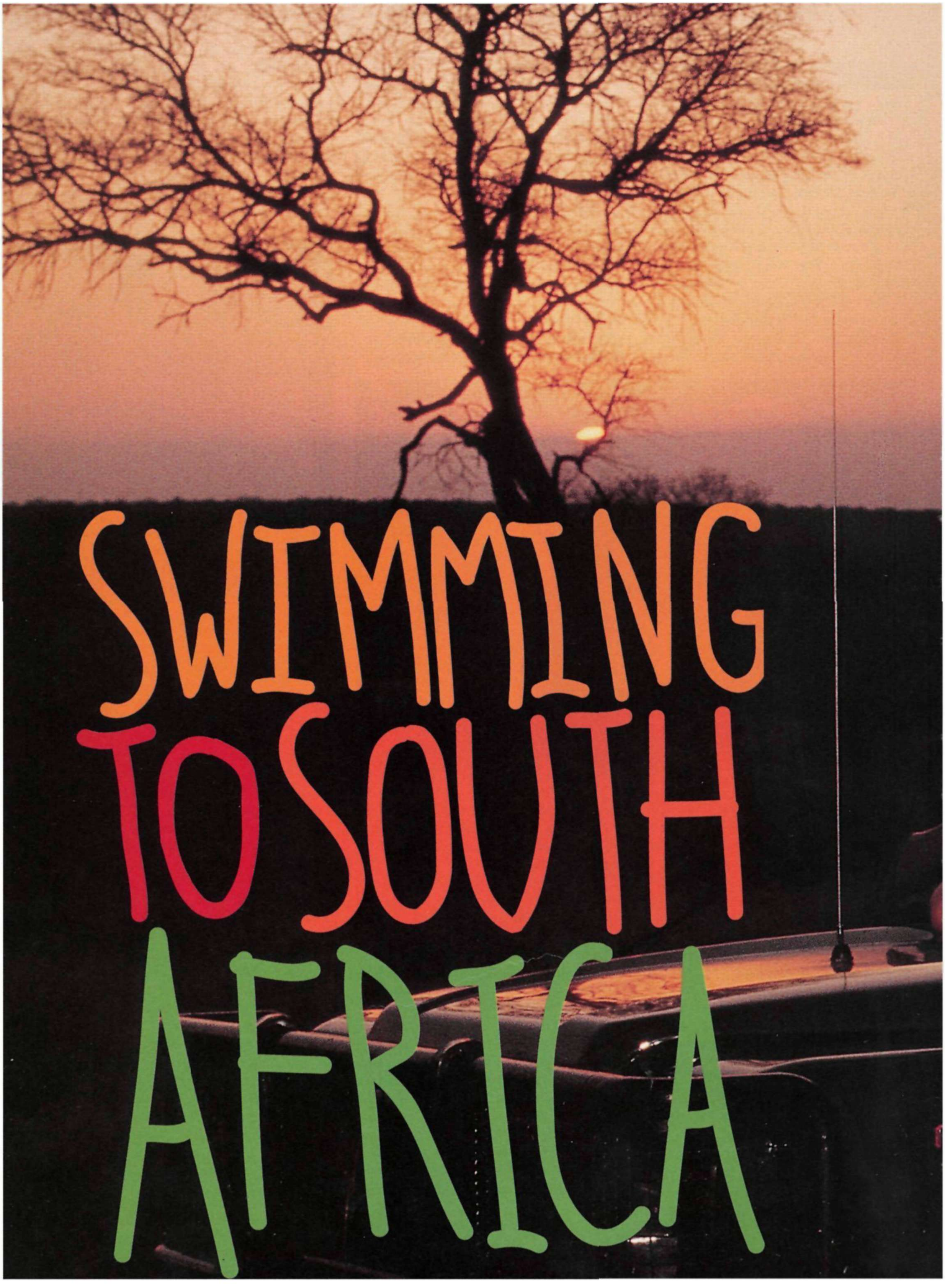
Wednesday, Jan. 17. *Gene and Pat catch a 6 a.m. flight back to New Jersey. By noon they're again with Lisa, who is still in a coma. The doctors see "normal progress": She responds to muscle stimulation, and her blood pressure rises with the sound of voices around her. But even if she comes to, there will be a new range of questions.*

JOHN BIEVER

"You can see me in an intensive-care ward where there are comas, can't you?" Keady says. "You know, Mr. Patience? So it was not much fun this week."

Keady did make it back to Purdue for Saturday's 71–67 loss to Illinois, which ended the Boilermakers' Big Ten winning streak at 10 games and left their record at 14–3. But as of Sunday night Lisa still hadn't regained full consciousness, and even Gene understood the absurdity of getting indignant at the trifling unfairnesses meted out by Big Ten referees. "Lisa has brought us back to that point [Duke coach and former exhaustion victim] Mike Krzyzewski talked about, of realizing what really counts," he says.

Gene and Pat Keady and Glenn Sands do not stand vigil alone. In Lisa's room there's a stack of cards and faxes and telegrams. Flowers are everywhere. And after that game against Indiana, Knight told Keady he would be sending a bouquet of his own. A kind gesture, thinks Gene Keady, a man who knows what it takes to grow a flower. ■


SWIMMING
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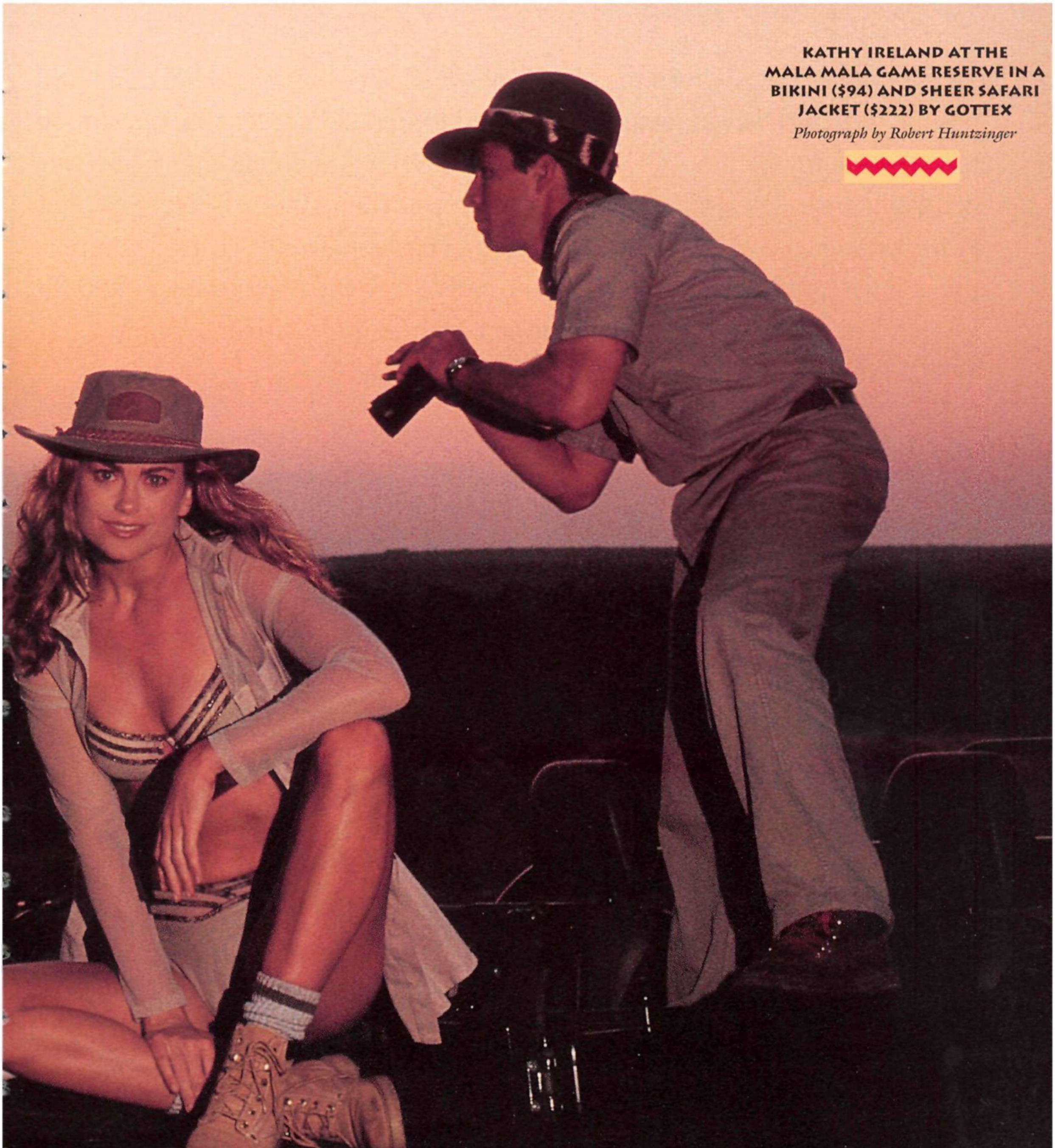
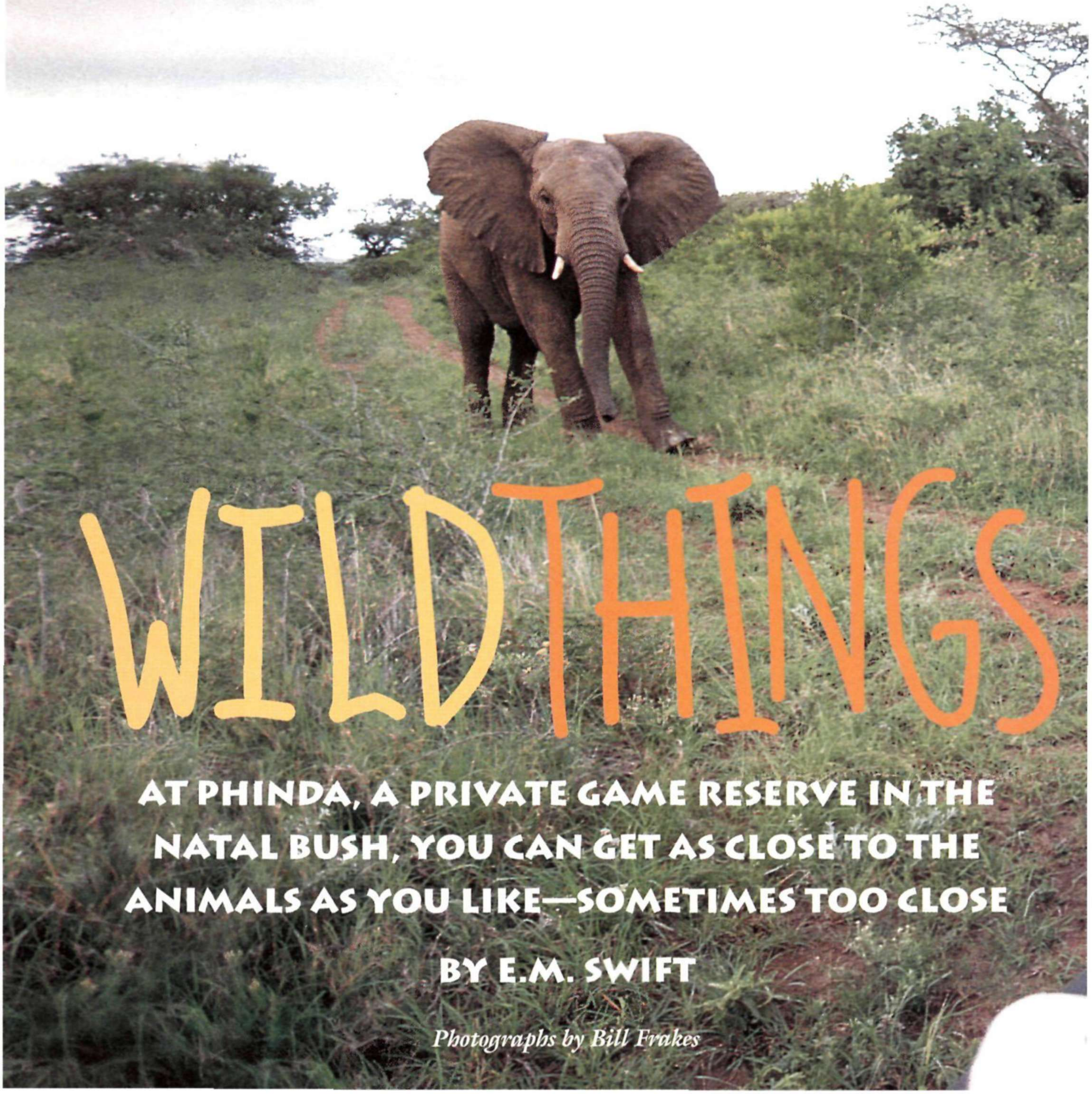


KATHY IRELAND AT THE MALA MALA GAME RESERVE IN A BIKINI ($94) AND SHEER SAFARI JACKET ($222) BY GOTTEX

Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS AS WE SET OFF ON A THREE-PART ADVENTURE IN THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA: A DARING SAFARI IN A PRIVATE GAME PARK, A SWIMSUIT TOUR FROM THE CAPE PENINSULA TO THE KALAHARI DESERT AND A SEARCH FOR PROMISING YOUNG ATHLETES IN THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST TOWNSHIP, SOWETO

I HAD a hunch that given the choice between shooting the black rhino and holding fire as the beast charged and tried to impale me, Joseph, our armed tracker, would not shoot the rhino. It was nothing personal. There are only 2,200 black rhinos left in the wild—and fewer than 70 at Joseph's place of employment, the Mkuzi Game Reserve in eastern South Africa—whereas there is an endless supply of U.S. tourists. I was the expendable asset. So I looked around for a tree to climb in case the underbrush exploded.



WILD THINGS

AT PHINDA, A PRIVATE GAME RESERVE IN THE NATAL BUSH, YOU CAN GET AS CLOSE TO THE ANIMALS AS YOU LIKE—SOMETIMES TOO CLOSE

BY E.M. SWIFT

Photographs by Bill Frakes

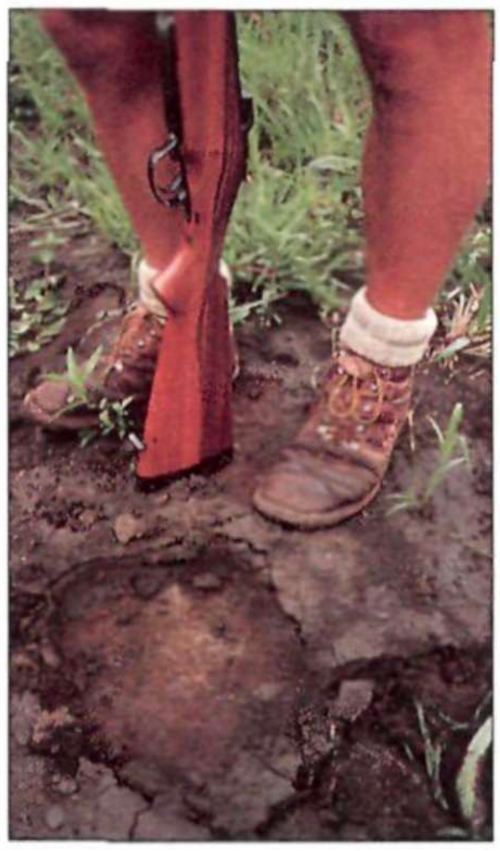
There was no tree to climb. We had tracked this rhino on foot to an almost impenetrable thicket where the tallest tree was little more than a brier—five feet high, spindly and covered with thorns. This was exactly the sort of place a black rhino retreats to when it feels threatened, and exactly the sort of place we'd been warned to avoid. Joseph, who speaks only Zulu and bears more than a passing resemblance to an out-of-shape Walter Payton, signaled for our unwieldy group of seven to take shelter anywhere we could find it. Cocking his .375 Magnum rifle with a distinctive *ker-chuck*, he started cautiously into the brush, from which, moments before, had come an unwelcoming guttural snort.

I knelt behind a gnarled Lebombo wattle, hoping to be made invisible by its four-inch trunk. Peter Hammond, a hulking Australian who happens to be my brother-in-law, had his eyes on the same spot. "No worries," he said, shouldering me aside with his best Crocodile Dundee cockeyed grin. "Plenty of room."

I decided Peter afforded better protection than the thorn tree, so I circled behind him. "That wattle will be a big help when the rhino runs right over it," I whispered. Black rhinos, bad-tempered animals that weigh about a ton, have keen senses of hearing and smell but terrible eyesight. We'd been told to lie still if one charged. "I'm going to be doing jumping jacks behind you," I told Peter.

It felt unnervingly as if *we* were the ones being hunted, and our senses had come alive in a way they never had while viewing game from our Land Rover. A claylike smell, reeking of decay, permeated the thicket. The breeze, barely discernible,

was in our faces, for Joseph had been careful to keep us downwind of the rhino. I found myself continually scanning the grass for snakes. A staff member at the neighboring Phinda Resource Reserve, the private game park where we were staying, had been sprayed by a Mozambique spitting cobra in his bed the previous week. He survived, but he had to have several skin grafts on his shoulder. These incidents leave an impression on the paying guest. We'd already seen one baby cobra during that morning's walk, and with every rustle of wind I imagined I could hear things slithering through the grass: black mambas, gaboon vipers, cobras.



RHINOS' MAMMOTH FOOTPRINTS AND SHARP HORNS SEND THE SAME MESSAGE: KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

The light, rapid crunch of Joseph's retreating footsteps interrupted this pastoral reverie. He burst into the clearing and waved his free arm in a gesture that was unmistakable: He wanted us to get the hell out of there. Bruce Pitt, the 22-year-old ranger from Phinda who had organized this tracking expedition, had a brief talk with Joseph in Zulu. "Too dangerous," Bruce translated. "No trees."

The black rhino, a male, was just 50 yards away, and he was aware of our presence. Once aroused, black rhinos are very aggressive. If one charges, it is not for show. A rhino will chase its quarry up a tree, wielding its horn like a pitchfork. Stories abound of rangers being treed by black rhinos. Bruce recently had been forced to lie against the trunk of a tree for 40 minutes, ants crawling all over his face, after he'd helped his last guest ascend and then discovered there was no more room at the inn. The rhino was scurrying around, looking for them, and all Bruce could do was lie still and pray the animal didn't pick up his scent. One ranger friend of his, in a similar pickle, hadn't been so lucky; he was skewered and carried 50 yards on the rhino's horn before being tossed, still alive, into the bush.

So after tracking this particular rhino for more than an hour, following his trail through open savanna and beneath sprawling umbrella trees, past Ilala palms, under yellow-barked fever trees, around water holes and, finally, into this fearsome swatch of scrub, we were turning back without so much as a glimpse of the beast. "We'll try to find another one," Bruce said.

Rare as black rhinos are, I had every confidence that Bruce and Joseph would find one, because ever since our group had stepped off the plane at Phinda's gravel airstrip, we'd been lucky. We hadn't proceeded 200 yards from the plane before we came across five cheetahs, which are endangered in many parts of Africa, sprawled in regal welcome in the tall grass, digesting a meal of freshly killed impala. By the end of the first evening's game drive, we'd seen a pride of nine lions, a half-dozen white rhinos, several giraffes and scores of nyalas, impalas, zebras, warthogs, duikers and wildebeests—all from only yards away.

One male giraffe had amused us for a quarter hour by playing with a piece of bone he had picked up off the ground. He worked it and worked it in his mouth, his elastic lips contorting sideways, then up and down, his face scrunching like a hand puppet. He looked like a scrawny-necked, big-eared kid trying to choke down an outsized jawbreaker, and his expression—the giraffe never took his eyes off us—seemed to ask, What are *you* looking at?

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PHINDA

Phinda is a good-news story in wildlife conservation. And it isn't the only one in South Africa, a country that, despite its sorry history of apartheid, has for the past 30 or so years made the most successful wildlife conservation and restocking efforts on the African continent. White rhinos, whose number in southern Africa had dipped to fewer than 50 in 1898, the year the immense Kruger National Park was created in Transvaal province, have staged a huge comeback. There are now more than 7,000 of them, despite continued pressure by poachers who shoot them for their horns, which are ground up and sold to Asians as aphrodisiacs. "They might as well use old toenail clippings," Bruce told us. "The horns are made of the same stuff."

The white rhino population is now stable enough for South Africa to export a few of these animals each year to other countries. Meanwhile, the beleaguered black rhino has been on the decline everywhere except in South Africa, where antipoaching efforts have stabilized the population at 600 to 700. Still, the number is perilously low.

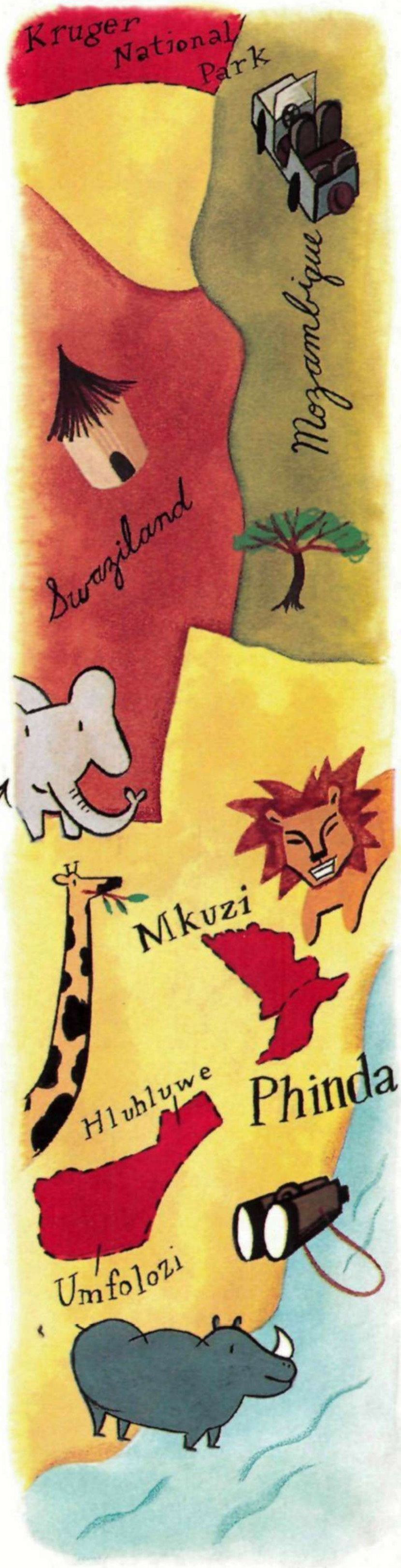
Elephants, lions, zebras and various species of antelope, which by the 1870s had been virtually eradicated from South Africa by agrarian European settlers, have been reestablished in hundreds of locations throughout South Africa's nine provinces. Kruger National Park, Hluhluwe Game Reserve and Umfolozi Game Reserve are the best-known public parks for viewing animals, but much of South Africa's success in wildlife conservation and management is attributable to the restocking efforts of private reserves such as Phinda, of which there are at least 350.

The name Phinda—pronounced PIN-da—is taken from the Zulu phrase *phinda izilwane,* which means "return of the animals." Six years ago the 42,000 acres in Natal province that make up Phinda were a hodgepodge of farms, most of which raised cattle. The Johannesburg-based Conservation Corporation, a private company operating luxurious for-profit game lodges, purchased the farmland and began reclaiming it, tearing down fences, removing 175 tons of scrap metal that was scattered about and clearing the acacia thorn bushes that had covered the savanna during decades of overgrazing. The entire property was then fenced, and wildlife was reintroduced. More than 1,000 animals were moved to Phinda, including cheetahs, elephants, lions and white rhinos. The process continues. Last year a herd of Cape buffalo was purchased for Phinda's stocks. Total investment in the property and its animals exceeds $25 million.

Guests at Phinda have their choice of two spectacular places in which to stay. The Nyala Lodge, which opened in 1991, overlooks a vast hillside of umbrella acacias and the distant Ubombo Mountains. The Forest Lodge, which opened in 1993, is tucked in a lowland sand forest of Lebombo wattles and giant torchwoods. Between them the lodges can sleep 72 guests, who are catered to by a staff of more than 300, most of whom are Zulu. That makes Phinda a far more significant contributor to the local economy than the farms it replaced.

Conservation Corporation officials hope that in the near future the fences will come down, and the private land of Phinda and public land of the 84,000-acre Mkuzi Game Reserve will become open range. The animals of each park would then roam freely back and forth, as wildlife does along the 21-mile fenceless border between Kruger National Park and the private Sabi Sand Game Reserve. Ultimately the dream is to see the fences in the entire eastern part of Natal torn down, so Phinda might become one small portion of something called the Greater St. Lucia Wetlands Biosphere: a tract of 741,000 acres that would stretch from Umfolozi east to the Indian Ocean and north into Mozambique's Maputo Elephant Park. Wild animals would be free to migrate among a half-dozen public and private reserves that now operate independently.

Even if the grand plan fails to come to fruition, Phinda stands beautifully on its own. Any notion I had that the property was little more than a large, expensive zoo was dispelled when I learned that in 1993



YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO CLIMB A TREE, ESPECIALLY WHEN AN ANGRY RHINO PROWLS THE VELD

a lion had killed one of Phinda's guests and mauled her husband. The woman was returning to her bungalow after dark for a pair of sneakers. Lions have superior night vision and become emboldened after sundown. As a consequence, anytime we ventured outside after dark at Phinda, we were escorted by guards carrying flashlights and two-way radios. I had assumed that they carried guns, too, but Bruce set me straight on my third and last night there. "They're just supposed to keep you from running," Bruce explained. "Then they'll radio for help."

None of the guards looked big enough to keep me from running from a lion, but it was instructive to know how I was supposed to behave as an item on the buffet table of life. *Do not run or otherwise call attention to your freshness.* For someone whose boyish features make him look about 16, Bruce is a pretty handy guy to have looking after you in the wild. He served on a crack antipoaching patrol in Umfolozi as a teenager but joined Phinda when he heard about the grandiose biosphere plans. Committed, idealistic, knowledgeable, he speaks with missionary zeal about the project. Bruce is also something of a hero at Phinda, having saved a celebrity from a lion a few months before our visit.

Dan Aykroyd's wife, actress Donna Dixon, and her friend Elana Ryan had been watching the stars one evening after a game drive with Bruce. They were lying on blankets a few yards from their Land Rover when Elana heard something coming toward them through the grass: *pum-pum, pum-pum, pum-pum*. Elana looked up and saw an animal silhouetted against the night sky. She thought it was a wildebeest. What Donna remembers is the animal's distinctive odor. "I'll never forget that smell," she says. "It was so pungent. Then suddenly there was total chaos, and Bruce was yelling, 'Get back in the Rover! Get back in the Rover!' "

Bruce had heard a noise, too, and he'd hopped onto the hood of the vehicle to shine his spotlight into the darkness. A few feet away from the two women, crouched low in the grass, was a male lion. The light froze him. "I got up on all fours," Donna recalls, "and three arm's lengths ahead of me, looking at me eye-to-eye, was this lion. He, too, was rising up. It was like looking into the mirror."

Donna and Elana took two long strides and leaped into the Land Rover, which Bruce jammed into gear and promptly drove straight into a ditch. But the lion, after pausing to look down on them, turned and disappeared into the night. "Bruce definitely saved our lives," Donna says.

On our second evening at Phinda we had an encounter with that same lion. A giraffe had died of natural causes on the property a few days before we arrived. The carcass hadn't yet been scavenged, but it was smelling pretty ripe, and the rangers checked now and again to see if hyenas or lions had found it. When we drove up to the dead giraffe that evening, the lion that had given such a fright to Donna and Elana was asleep in the road, a hundred yards away. It was the dominant male on the property, a seven-year-old that weighed some 400 pounds and had a beautiful tawny mane. The sound of our approach woke him up, and he eyed us sleepily, without rising. Our ranger on that ride, 24-year-old Andrew Ewing, turned off the engine so we could watch without disturbing him. As long as we stayed in the vehicle and remained quiet, Andrew assured us, the lion wouldn't recognize us as human. We were no more threatening (or appetizing) than a large, smelly hunk of metal.

A gentle rain was falling, and the lion shook its mane. We were so close we could see the droplets fly off in an arc. When the lion sneezed, we saw the spray. Still waking up, the lion yawned once, twice, each time displaying a fearsome set of canines. To my astonishment, Peter and his wife, Diana, yawned back in sympathy. Traveling with those two was like traveling with a couple of chimps.

GIVE HER YOUR HEART.
AND SOMETHING TO MAKE IT BEAT A LITTLE FASTER.

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VALENTINE'S DAY AT
VICTORIA'S SECRET

PHINDA

The lion seemed oblivious to our presence. He rose, stretched and then ambled toward the carcass of the giraffe. I was struck by how big the lion was—his head stood at least four feet off the ground—but how narrow he appeared from behind. Muscle and bone. His paws were huge, "like pudding plates," as Bruce later described them. When the lion neared the giraffe, he sniffed, but instead of feeding he began to mark his territory by spraying several surrounding bushes with urine. He circled the carcass, then returned in our direction and marked a bush within eight yards of the Land Rover. Then he plopped back down in the road.

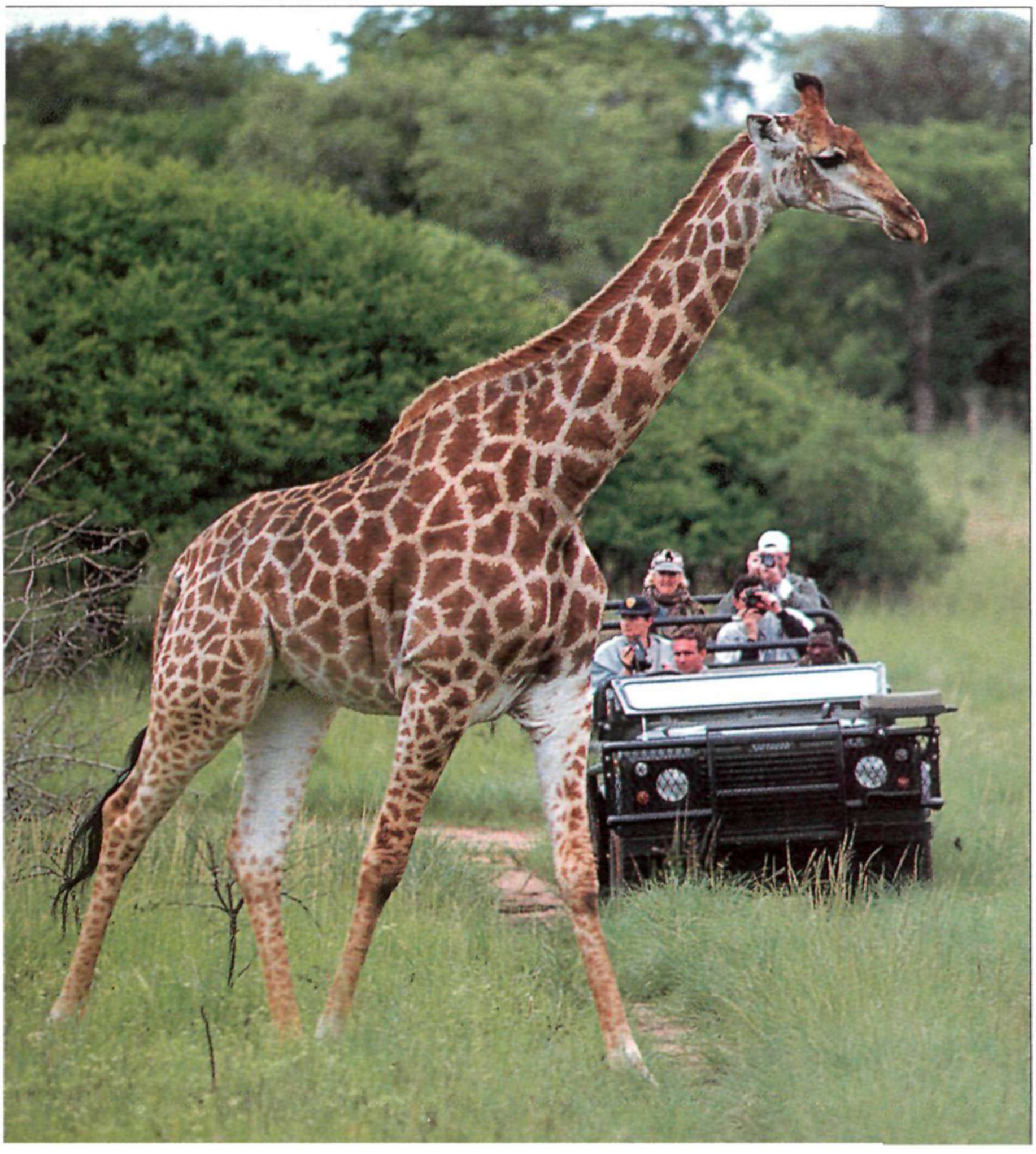
BIG GAME IS SO ABUNDANT AT THE RESERVE THAT YOU CAN ORDER A LONGNECK ANYTIME YOU WANT

The lion might have stayed there until dark. He looked very settled. But when we began snapping pictures, something, perhaps the motor drives of the cameras, irritated him. He rose and, as if taking note of us for the first time, came toward the vehicle. I avoided making eye contact, remembering that some animals—gorillas and dogs are two—consider eye contact a direct challenge. The lion was standing in front of the Land Rover, looking in. Andrew's rifle was still in its case—no good to anyone. Then Diana did a peculiar thing. She snorted.

She later claimed she was paralyzed with fear and was merely trying to get oxygen to her lungs. Some people whimper when they're afraid. Others cry. Diana snorts. The problem is adenoidal. But the resulting noise is a nearly perfect imitation of a warthog, which happens to be one of the lion's favorite meals. We froze, not breathing, as the lion circled within five feet of Diana. Her face had lost all color.

No matter how many times you are assured that a lion will not attack you in a Land Rover, it's a difficult notion to accept. It's still a lion. You're helplessly exposed. If, just this once, the lion decided to smack that large, loud, smelly hunk of metal, particularly now that it had snorted, who could blame him? Andrew made one move toward his rifle case but gave up the effort as hopeless. It was the lion's call. He sniffed in the direction of Diana, then ambled back down the road. At the nearest tree he stood upright and began to scratch the trunk, nine feet off the ground, to clean or sharpen his claws. Finally he trotted out of sight. We had just begun to breathe again when the lion began to roar—12 to 15 deep, savage blasts that raised the hair on the back of my neck.

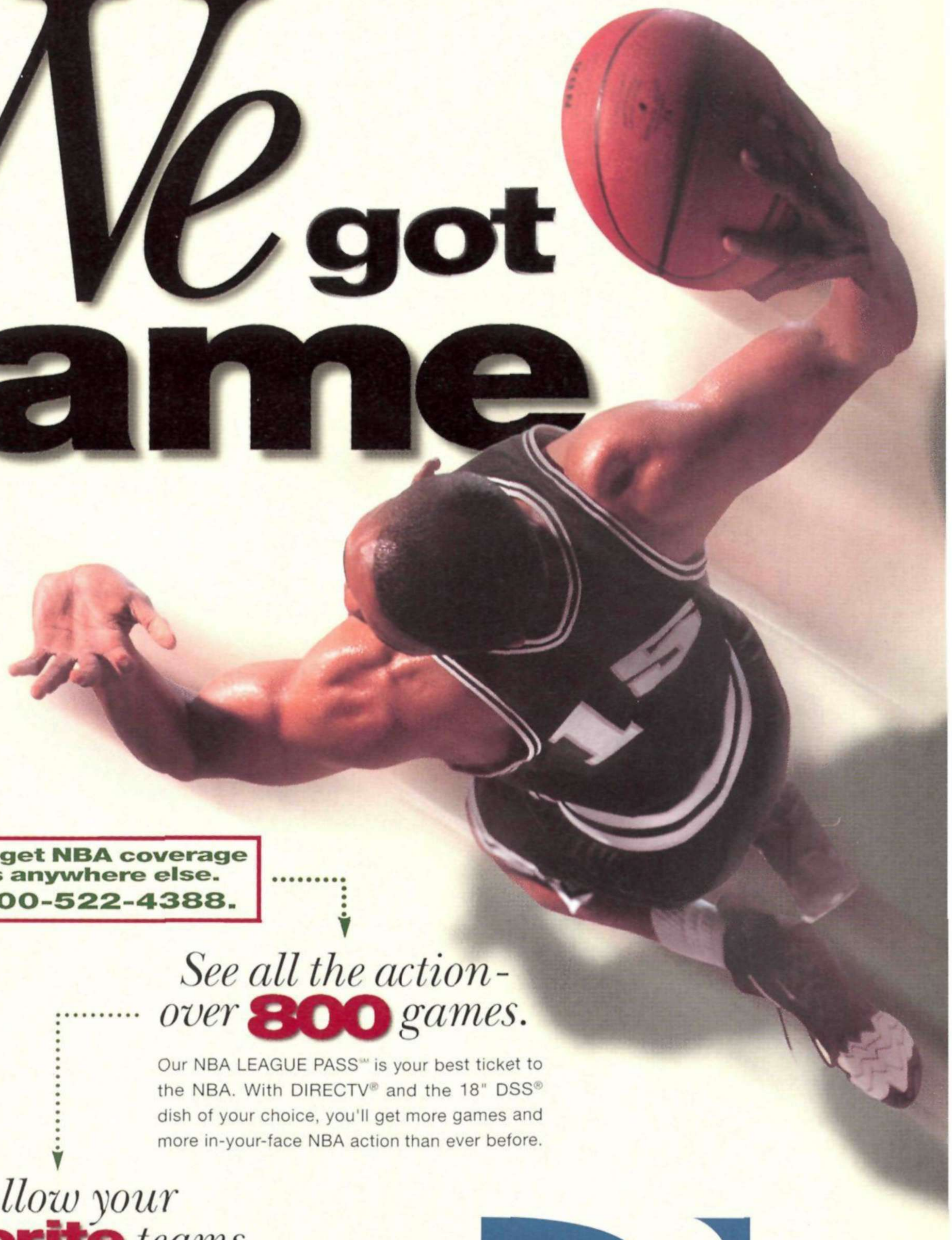
It was great stuff. Curiously, that lion never returned to feed on the giraffe. Nor did any of the other lions in the reserve, or even the hyenas. The best guess any of the rangers could make was that the giraffe had been diseased, and the animals could tell. That didn't stop the white-backed vultures, though. On our last morning at Phinda, a hundred or more of them descended on the carcass. Scrabbling and fighting grotesquely among themselves, they picked it clean.



We also had a bit of an adventure with three bull elephants. Phinda's elephants—there are 58 of them—have all been moved in from Kruger National Park and from Zimbabwe within the last four years, and they're still unsettled. The adage that an elephant never forgets apparently is true, because of all the animals at Phinda, the elephants, Bruce explained, display the most obvious signs of homesickness. At night we could hear them bugling forlornly, presumably for lost relatives. All the elephants were skittish around the vehicles. They were difficult to find, choosing the most wooded areas of the reserve in which to hang out—and, when spotted, they were difficult to keep in sight. It is amazing how quickly a grown elephant can make itself vanish in a forest of moderate density.

Still, Bruce took us into an area where three bulls were

We got game



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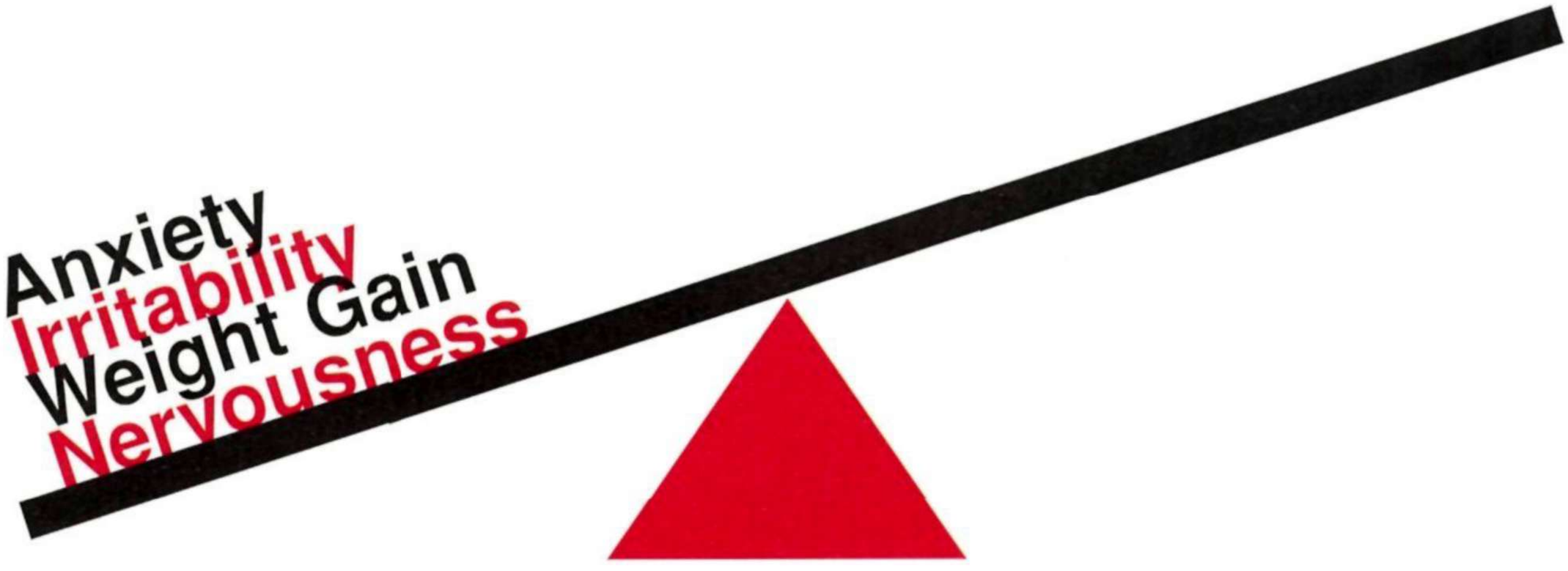


Stopping smoking can be a burden for you.

When you stop smoking, you're likely to feel tense, nervous, irritable, anxious — even eat more. You may think it's purely psychological, but it's also physical. It's caused by your body craving nicotine — *physically* craving nicotine. And Habitrol can help relieve those cravings.

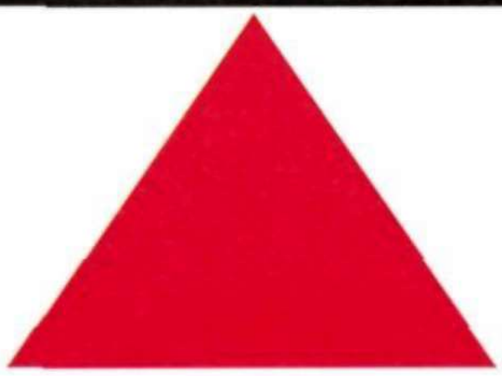
Habitrol is a nicotine patch, available only by prescription from your doctor. It replaces some of the nicotine you're not getting from cigarettes and helps lessen the effects of your withdrawal symptoms. When used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program, Habitrol has been clinically proven to increase the chances of quitting smoking in the critical first three months. That's when the nicotine withdrawal symptoms force many people back to smoking.

Remember how stressed out and anxious you felt the last time you tried to quit? And how you thought it was purely psychological and there was nothing that could help you? Well, now you know it's also physical and there is something that can help you. Habitrol.

Important Information You Should Know

Habitrol is a drug indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Its effective-

Anxiety
Irritability
Weight Gain
Nervousness



Habitrol® helps lighten your load.

ness has been established only as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. It won't work for everyone. In studies during the first 3 months after quitting, Habitrol has been shown to increase the chances of stopping smoking. Long-term studies of Habitrol haven't been conducted. It shouldn't be used for more than 3 months.

Habitrol, like cigarettes, contains nicotine, so stop smoking completely before starting Habitrol. And do not smoke or use anything with nicotine while on it. If you're pregnant or nursing (nicotine could cause fetal harm) or have heart disease, or other conditions, ask your doctor about other ways to stop smoking. If you're taking prescription medicine or under a doctor's care, ask your doctor about the potential risks of Habitrol. Habitrol hasn't been studied in pregnant women or in patients under 18. Used and unused Habitrol systems should be kept out of the reach of children and pets.

Turn page for additional important information.

Habitrol®
[Nicotine Transdermal System]

Habitrol ®
(nicotine transdermal system)

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

BRIEF SUMMARY. FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION SEE PACKAGE INSERT.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Habitrol treatment is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Habitrol treatment should be used as a part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. The use of Habitrol systems for longer than 3 months has not been studied.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

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

WARNINGS

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

Pregnancy Warning

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

Safety Note Concerning Children

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

PRECAUTIONS

General

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

Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions).

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

Allergic Reactions: In a 12-week, open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Habitrol systems, 22 of 223 patients exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, 3 patients exhibited mild-to-moderate contact allergy. Patients with contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. In the efficacy trials, erythema following system removal was typically seen in about 17% of patients, some edema in 4%, and dropouts due to skin reactions occurred in 6% of patients.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Information for Patients

A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Habitrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Habitrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets.

Drug Interactions

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

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

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

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

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

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

Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS)

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

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

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

Teratogenicity

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

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

Other Effects

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

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

Labor and Delivery

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

Nursing Mothers

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

Pediatric Use

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

Geriatric Use

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

ADVERSE REACTIONS

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

Topical Adverse Events

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

Probably Causally Related

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

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

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

Causal Relationship Unknown

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

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

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

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

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

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

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

OVERDOSAGE

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

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

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

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

Overdose From Topical Exposure

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

Overdose From Ingestion

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

Management of Nicotine Poisoning

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

Safety and Handling

Habitrol systems can be a dermal irritant and can cause contact sensitization. Although exposure of health care workers to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be minimal, care should be taken to avoid unnecessary contact with active systems. If active systems are handled, wash with water alone, since soap may increase nicotine absorption. Do not touch eyes. KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN.

Disposal

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

How to Store

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

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

The use of this product is covered by U.S. patent No. 4,597,961. #66503A.

CAUTION: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

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ONE LINK IN THE FOOD CHAIN: VULTURES EAT GIRAFFE CARRION PASSED UP BY OTHER SCAVENGERS

known to be feeding. We'd driven for a half hour on a little-used road, nearly washed out in places, across a rugged hill that was overgrown with acacias. Bruce turned off the engine and waited. After a few minutes I saw a distant tree start to shake. The gray of one bull elephant's head came into view; then, much closer, a second head appeared, and, farther away, a third. The nearest elephant was browsing in our direction, feeding on a tree that shielded us from his vision. His trunk, amazingly dextrous, curled around the top of a 15-foot acacia and bent the branches into its mouth. The elephant was eating the tree from the top down, as a child would a popsicle. After a few minutes he moved past the tree, coming still closer. He yanked a branch off another acacia. Bruce explained that as each tree was browsed, it secreted a tannin that was bitter to the elephant. But the secretions took about five minutes to kick in. It was nature's way of preventing the elephants from destroying a primary food source.

The nearest bull was no more than 30 yards away when he spotted us. He continued feeding for a minute, then stopped. Bruce started the engine. The elephant, unhappy that we were directly in his path, put his ears out from his head and made a mock charge. Bruce revved the engine and kicked the metal door on his side of the vehicle, making a racket but holding our ground. The elephant pulled up short, 15 feet from the front of the Land Rover, his long white tusks bobbing up and down in some sort of display. Moments later he moved off to browse in a different direction.

The other two bulls behaved in exactly the same manner. Each one, when it spotted the Land Rover, came closer, surveyed the situation and made a mock charge. Bruce had anticipated this hostile reception. He was far more nervous around these elephants than Andrew had been around the lion. Elephants are less predictable than lions, and one helluva lot bigger. Elephants have been known, at other South African reserves, to tip over Land Rovers and even stomp on them.

It was with the greatest care that Bruce followed the three bulls as they retreated through the woodland, and his caution proved well founded. The largest elephant, fed up with our intrusions, turned and charged us with ears flapping, closing from a distance of 75 yards to 10. At that point Bruce had one hand on his rifle, the other pounding on the side of the door, while his foot revved the accelerator until it screamed. The ruckus finally persuaded the bull to pull up, and he turned away with a menacing wave of his trunk. But this had been an impressive display. My photographs of the episode are wildly blurred—evidence that the elephant had me convinced of his bad intentions. But Bruce later told us that as long as the bull's ears were out, away from his head, the charge was a bluff. When an elephant really means business, its ears lie flat against its skull, and its trunk is curled beneath its body, so only its tusks protrude.

A much calmer, more peaceful sight awaited us that evening when we went out in search of a leopard that had been spotted earlier in the day. Leopards are shy, solitary animals. This one, a female, had been discovered when a ranger followed the markings of a fresh kill she had dragged through the grass to her den; otherwise we might not have run across her in a million years. She had two young cubs, and her den was in a dense thicket well away from any trail. We wove our way through the bushveld in the Land Rover, arriving at the thicket at dusk, but we could get no closer to the animals than 40 yards. The mother leopard was so well camouflaged that even with binoculars she was difficult to see. Finally a paw took form. Then a tail. Then her majestic head. The cubs remained hidden from view, but their mother was placid and seemingly

unconcerned with us. She eventually got up and moved, literally disappearing without a sound. Later, after dark, we could hear the eerie sounds of the family chewing on the bones of the kill.

It was the black rhino, however, that I most wanted to see. I was infatuated with its rarity. Had I ever seen a creature of which just 2,200 remained? I doubted it. But I was also intrigued by the process of following this animal on foot: examining the ground for tracks, looking for fresh signs of browsing, staying downwind, moving quietly through the veld. Then, if one were lucky, scrambling for safety in a tree. We rose at 4:45 a.m. on our last full day, and by 8 o'clock we had already given up on that first rhino, the male we had tracked for an hour. Now Joseph directed us back into the Land Rover and took us to another location. He knew rhinos frequented it because of a dung pit he'd found. Ten minutes later Bruce pointed toward an open area on our right. "White rhino," he said, nodding toward a cow and a calf grazing in the middle of a clearing.

We'd seen a number of white rhinos already. The name does not refer to the animal's color, which is light gray. Rather, it is a bastardization of the Afrikaans word *wyd*, which means "wide" and refers to the rhino's flat, square upper lip. By contrast a black rhino, which is smaller than its cousin and sometimes appears darker, has a hooked, almost triangulated upper lip.

"Stop," Joseph told Bruce in Zulu. Bruce pulled over, and Joseph picked up the binoculars and zeroed in on the feeding cow and calf. "No—*black* rhino," he said excitedly in English. "Black rhino! Black, black, black." He was beaming, his entire face alive. He could not believe our luck.

We climbed out of the vehicle as quietly as possible, but the mother rhino, grazing about a hundred yards away, had heard the engine and was looking our way. She had a huge front horn, with a defined point, and ugly hooded eyes. The calf was half her size and less than a year old. The mother knew something was up, and she didn't like it. She began moving away from us, the calf at her heels.

Joseph signaled for us to crouch lower. There was a patch of woods to our right, and he quickly led us in that direction so the trees would hide our approach. The wind

TOURISTS SHUDDER AT THE SIGHT OF A LION'S FANGS, BUT HUMANS AREN'T REALLY ON HIS MENU

was right, and the cow and calf, still wonderfully exposed in the clearing, stopped their retreat. The cow raised her head and sniffed. Her ears, one of which was missing a chunk, were pricked forward. Hearing nothing, she resumed grazing.

We kept slipping closer, stepping slowly to avoid breaking dry branches. Five minutes later we had reached the edge of the wood. The rhinos were still grazing, no more than 50 yards away. Joseph tugged on my arm and pointed to a six-foot-long and three-foot-deep depression at the edge of the field. It was teeming with huge beetles, and it smelled powerfully. "It's called a midden," Bruce whispered. "It's a dung pit. It's almost like a daily newspaper for the rhinoceros. Whenever one comes along, he uses it, so the next rhino knows who else is in the area."

One small acacia stood between us and the two black rhinos. Bruce asked us to climb into a nearby tree, a smooth-barked marula, which bears a figlike fruit from which South Africans make a liqueur called Amarula. Five of us scrambled up quietly. But photographer Bill Frakes wanted to sneak closer. So he, Bruce and Joseph, creeping low, moved into the field, toward that lone acacia, keeping the tree between themselves and the rhinos. When they reached it, they were no more than 40 yards from the cow and her calf.

When Bill started taking pictures, however, the mother rhino turned, her ears alert, and without further warning started her charge, keeping her head high in the air. Joseph cocked his gun—*ker-chuck*—while Bruce tried to give Bill a hand into the acacia. But the first branch Bill grabbed on to broke with a loud *crack,* and the rhino stopped dead in her tracks. She looked around, found the calf and then wheeled and started running in the other direction.

Joseph jumped into the open and put his hand to his mouth. He gave a high-pitched, mournful cry—*"Cawwww . . . awww"*—which, he later told us, was the distress call of a rhino calf. The mother slowed when she heard it, but when she saw her calf close to her flanks, she continued with purpose. The last we saw of them—and may God grant them speed in fleeing all poachers—they were loping into the bush, their tails straight up, their long, curved horns in the air. ■

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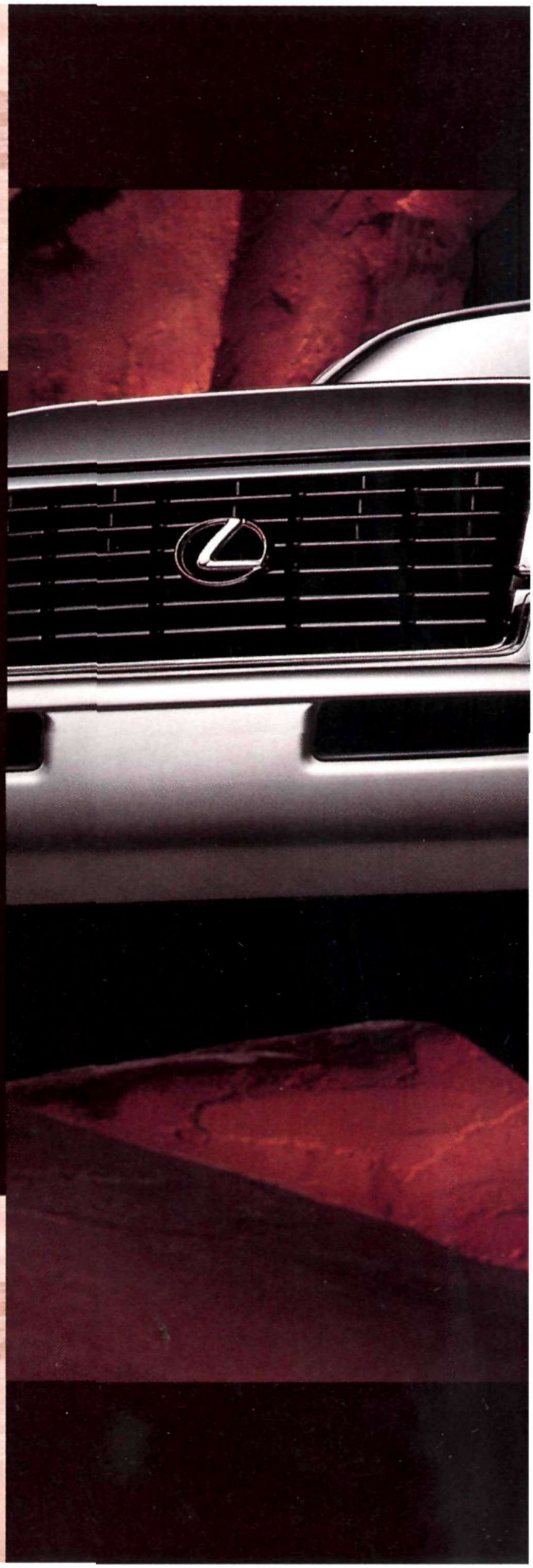

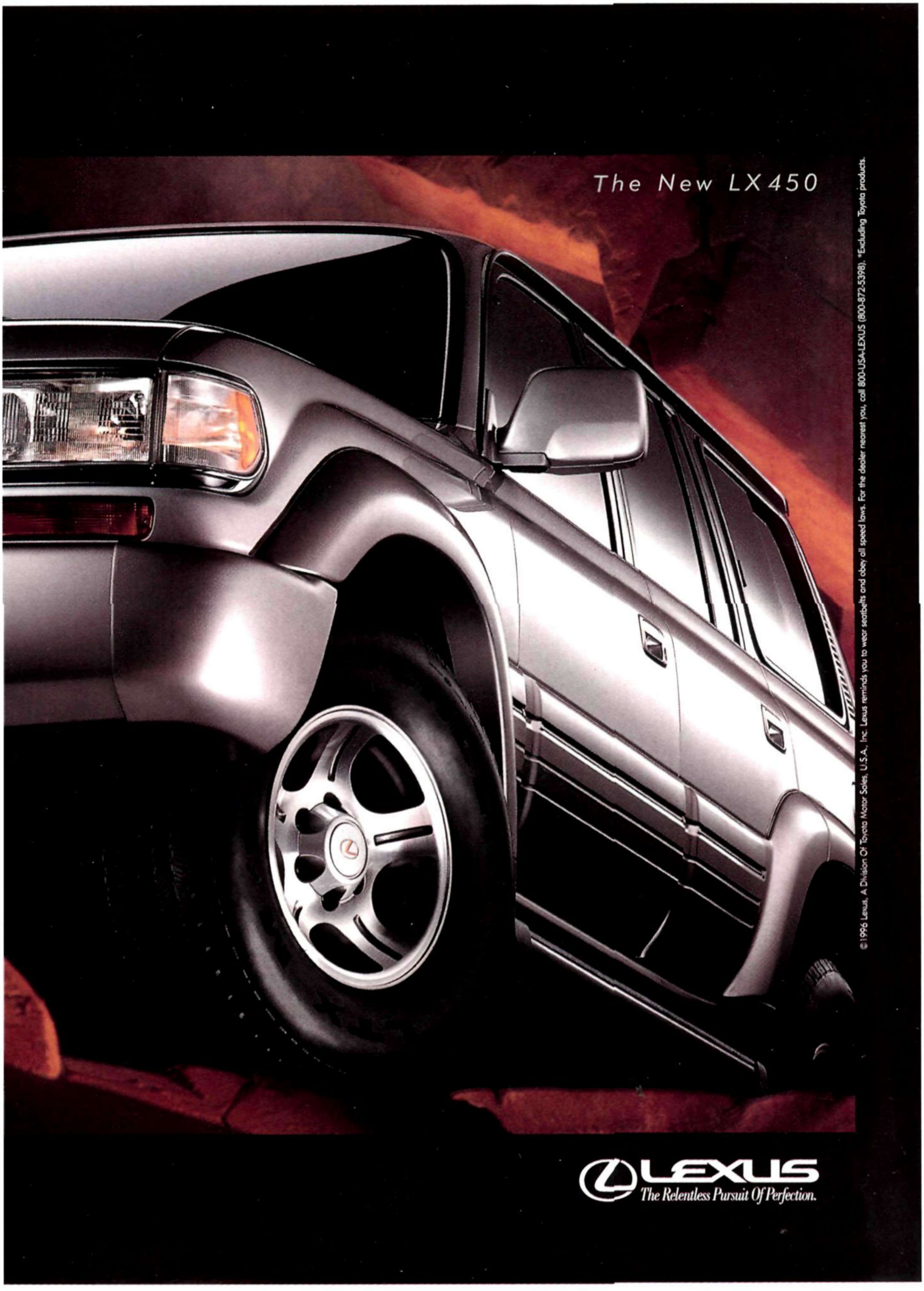
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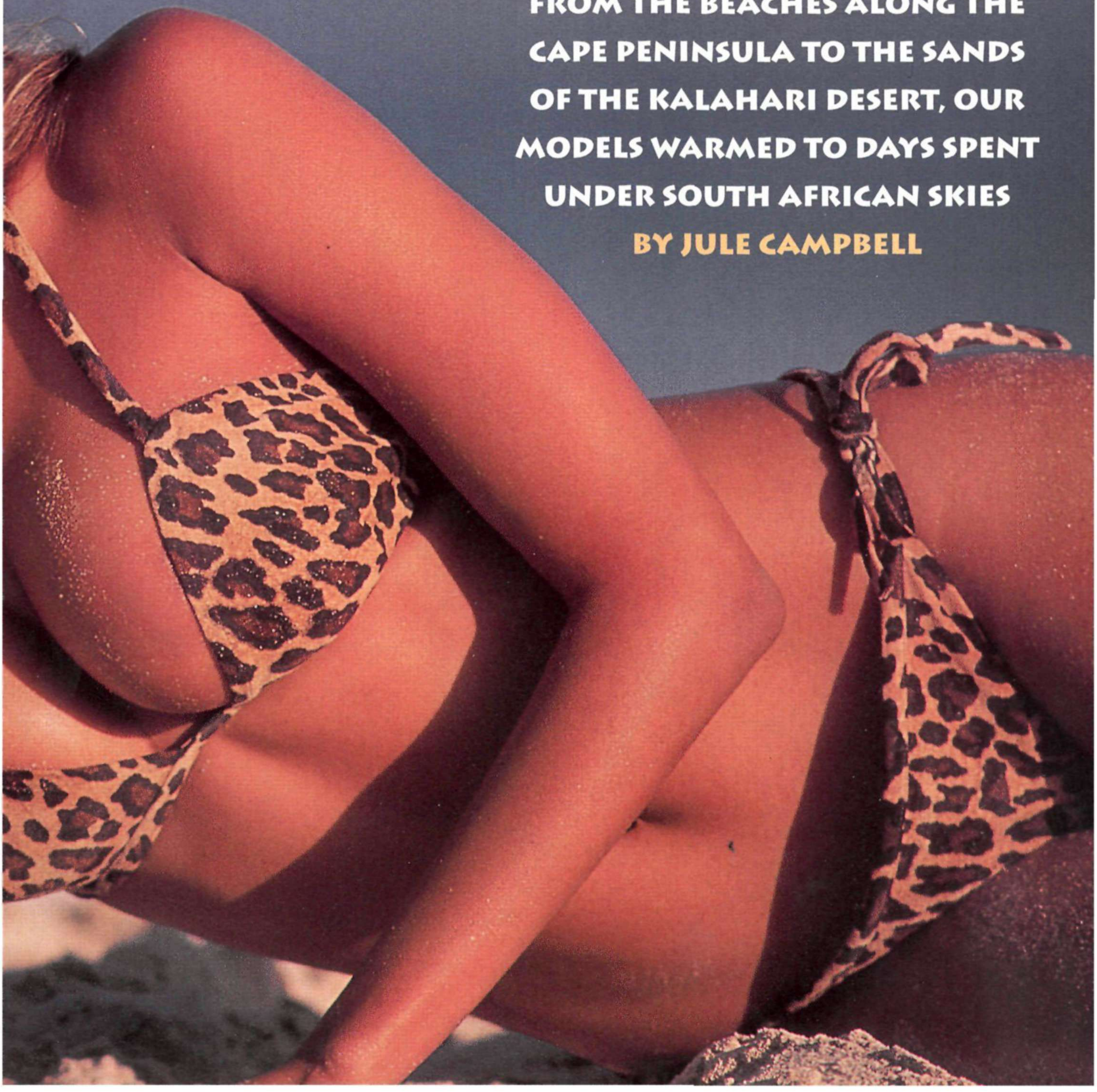
TYRA BANKS
SANDOWN BAY, KLEINMOND
OMO NORMA KAMALI NYC ($200)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Hair and makeup by François Ilnseher, Pam Geiger for MCM Salon and Tracy Y. Crystal

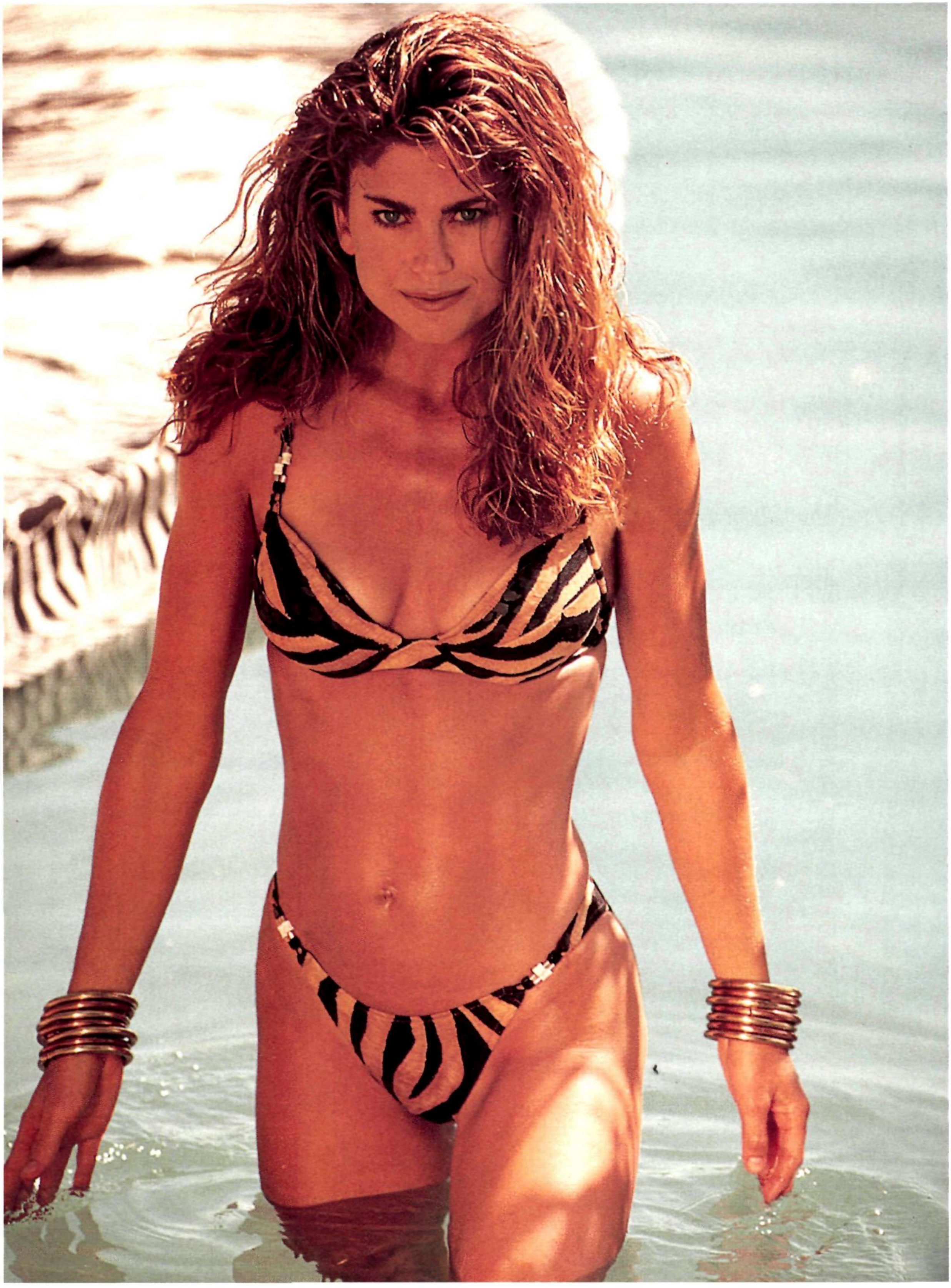
HOTSPOTS

FROM THE BEACHES ALONG THE CAPE PENINSULA TO THE SANDS OF THE KALAHARI DESERT, OUR MODELS WARMED TO DAYS SPENT UNDER SOUTH AFRICAN SKIES

BY JULE CAMPBELL



KATHY IRELAND
NDEBELE TRADITIONAL VILLAGE,
EAST OF PRETORIA
OMO NORMA KAMALI NYC ($265)
Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

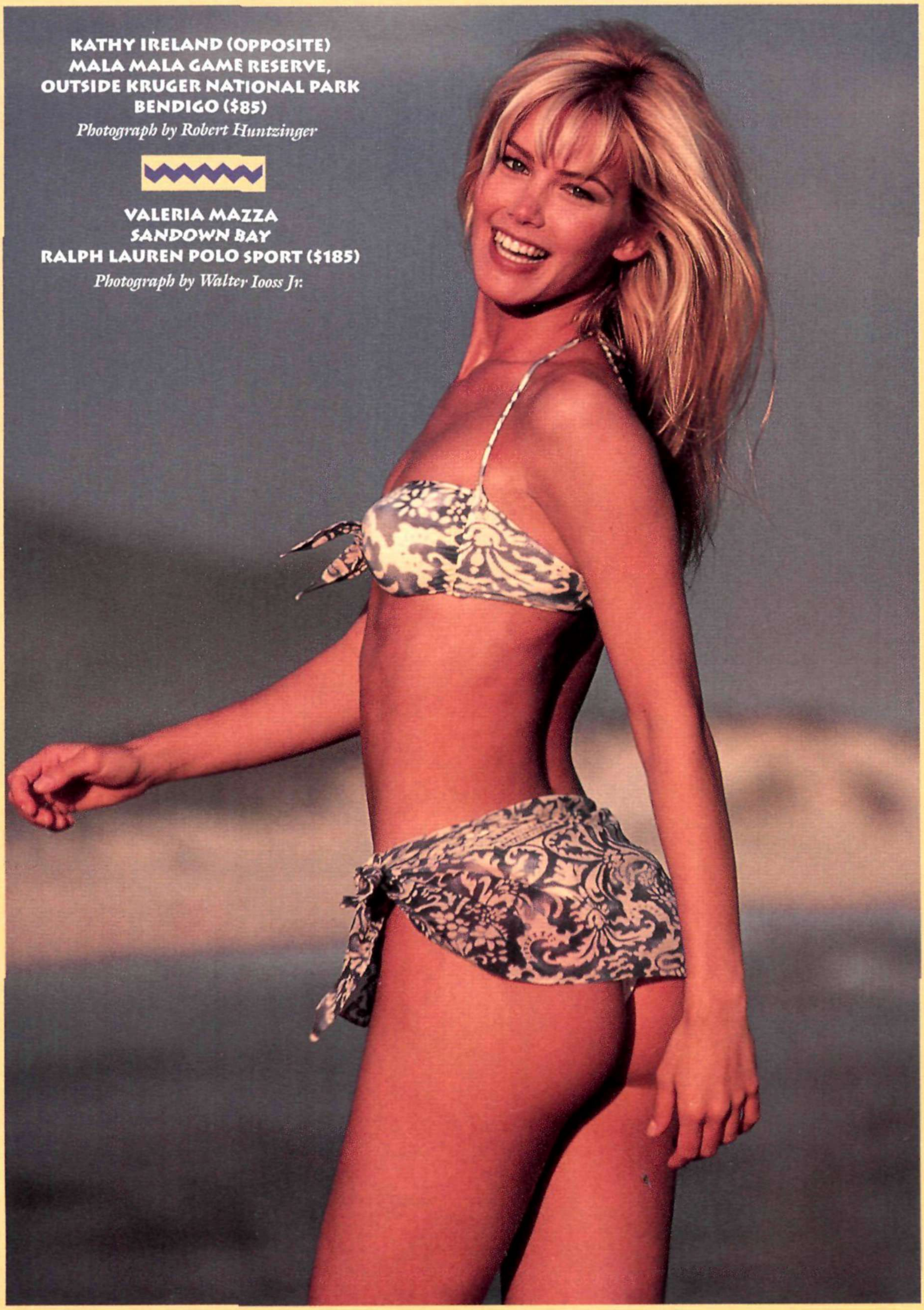


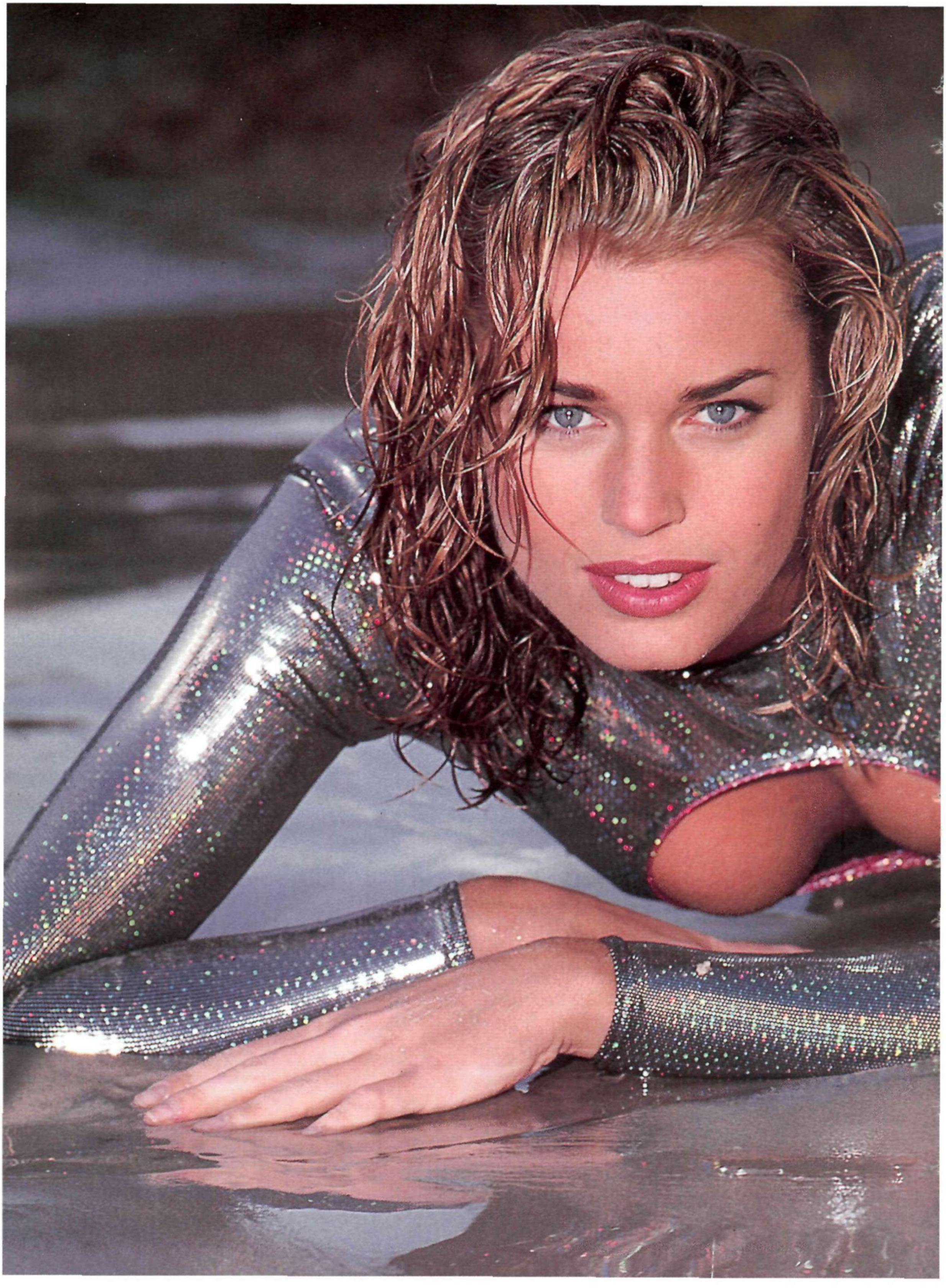
KATHY IRELAND (OPPOSITE)
MALA MALA GAME RESERVE,
OUTSIDE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK
BENDIGO ($85)

Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

VALERIA MAZZA
SANDOWN BAY
RALPH LAUREN POLO SPORT ($185)

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.



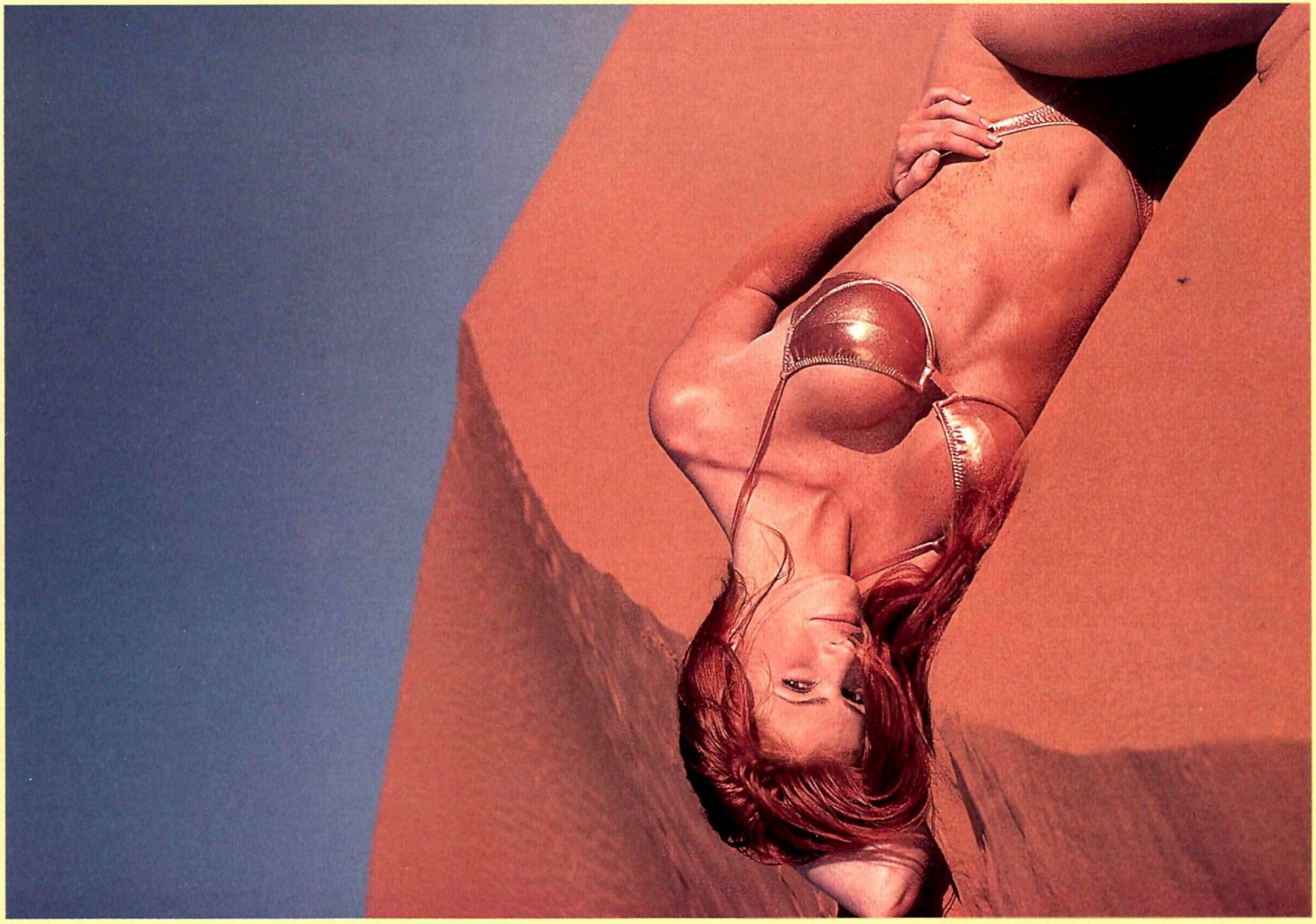


REBECCA ROMIJN
THE BOULDERS, CAPE PENINSULA
CAZIMI ($350)

Photograph by Marco Glaviano

MANON VON GERKAN
ARNISTON
NORTHEAST OF CAPE AGULHAS
DARLING RIO ($68)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

ANGIE EVERHART (OPPOSITE)
KALAHARI DESERT
DARLING RIO ($60)
Photograph by Marco Glaviano



REBECCA ROMIJN
SIMONSTOWN, CAPE PENINSULA
ROBIN PICCONE ($100)

Photograph by Marco Glaviano

STACEY WILLIAMS
ARNISTON
CALVIN KLEIN SWIM ($118)

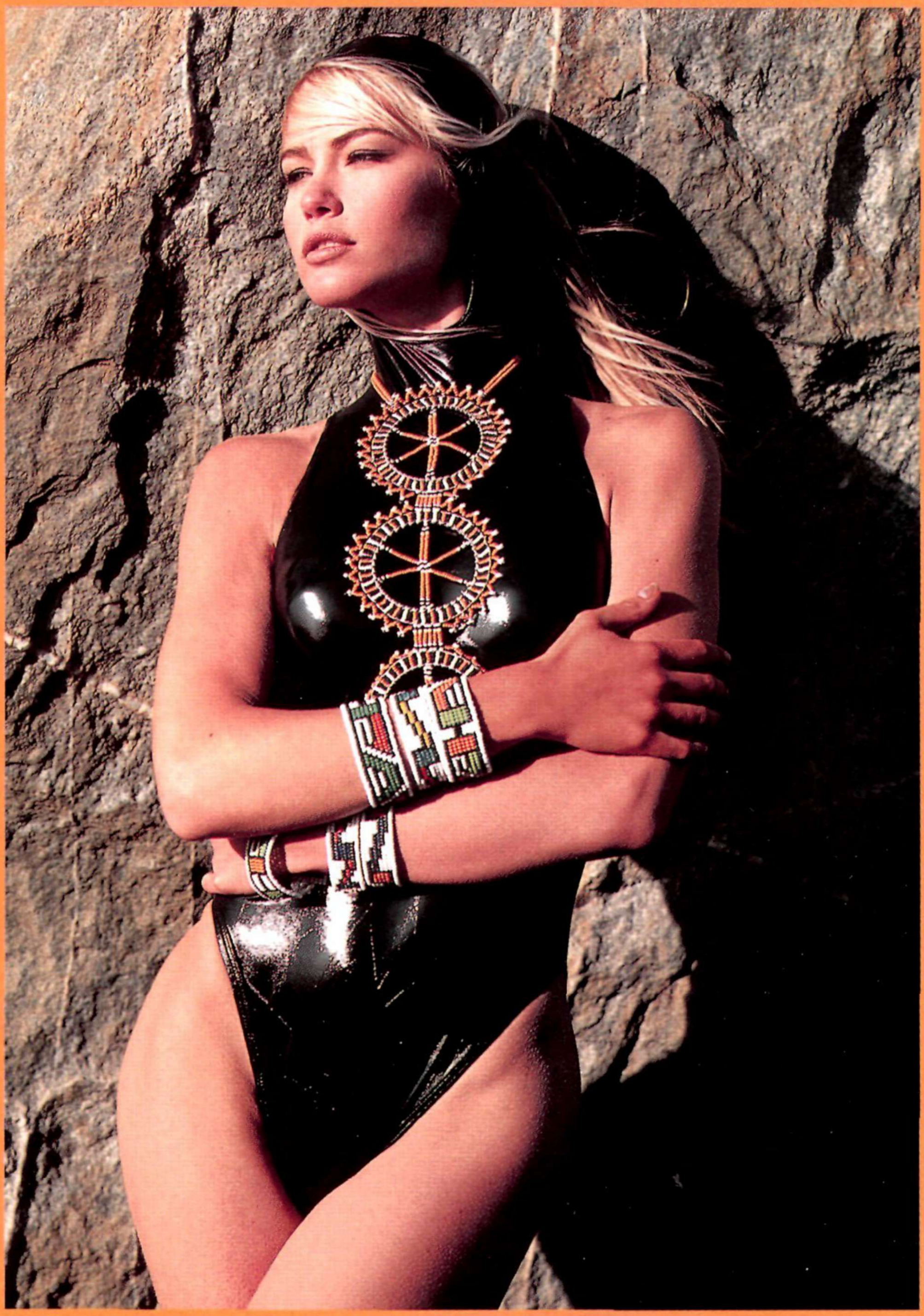
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

REBECCA ROMIJN
THE BOULDERS
KEIKO ($128, INCLUDING THONG)
Photograph by Marco Glaviano

REBECCA ROMIJN (OPPOSITE)
ST. JAMES BEACH, CAPE PENINSULA
TYR SPORT ($50)
Photograph by Marco Glaviano

MANON VON GERKAN
ARNISTON
SHAN ($116)

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.



VALERIA MAZZA (OPPOSITE)
SANDOWN BAY
TYR SPORT ($195, EXCLUDING
ZULU BEADED NECKLACE)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

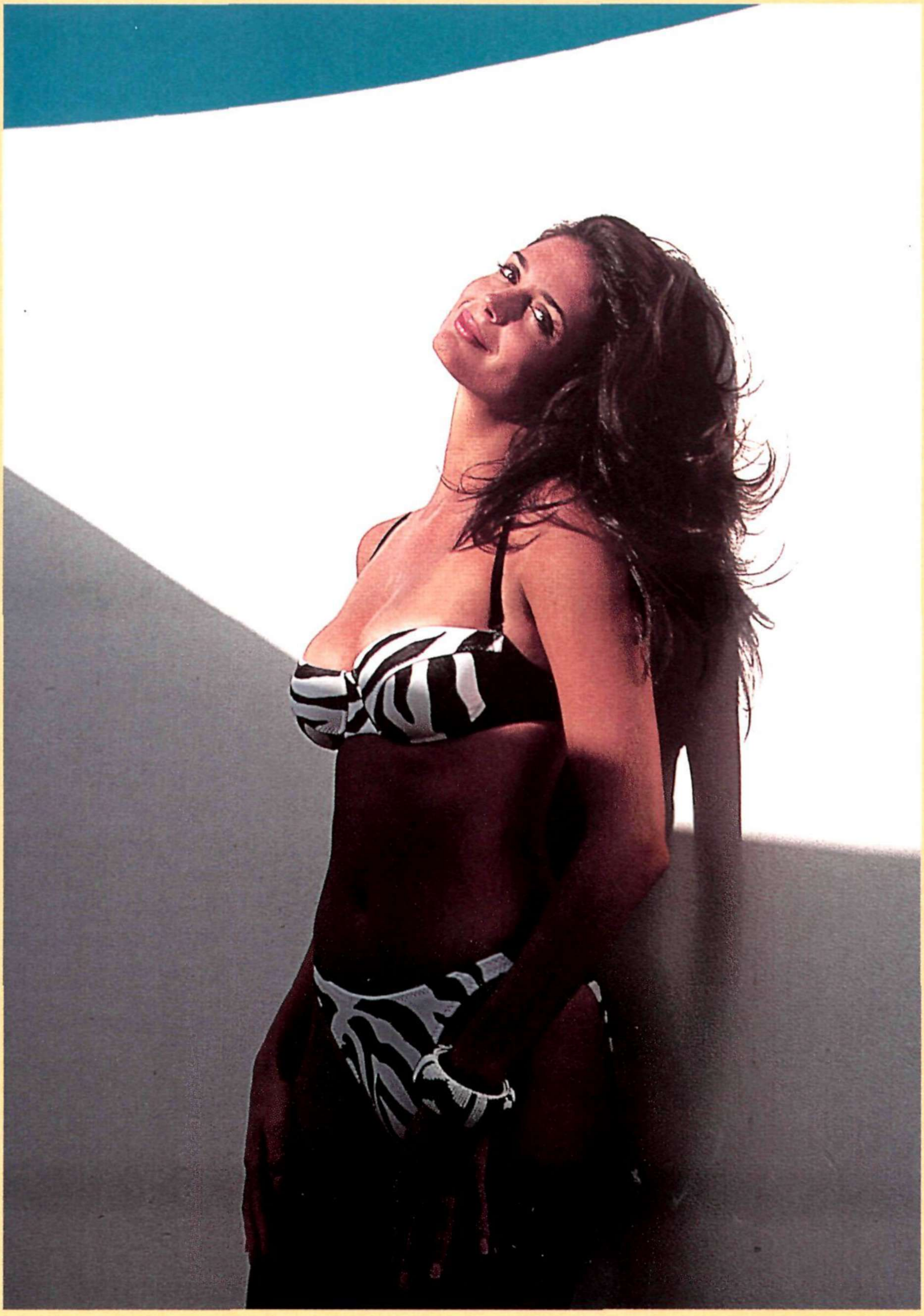
GEORGIANNA ROBERTSON
MALA MALA GAME RESERVE
SWIM NEW YORK LTD. ($110)
Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

STACEY WILLIAMS
LOOKOUT BEACH, PLETTENBERG BAY
GIDEON OBERSON
($98, BIKINI; $114, PANTS)

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

MANON VON GERKAN
ARNISTON
DARLING RIO ($90)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

STACEY WILLIAMS (OPPOSITE)
LOOKOUT BEACH
MALIA MILLS SWIM WEAR ($122)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

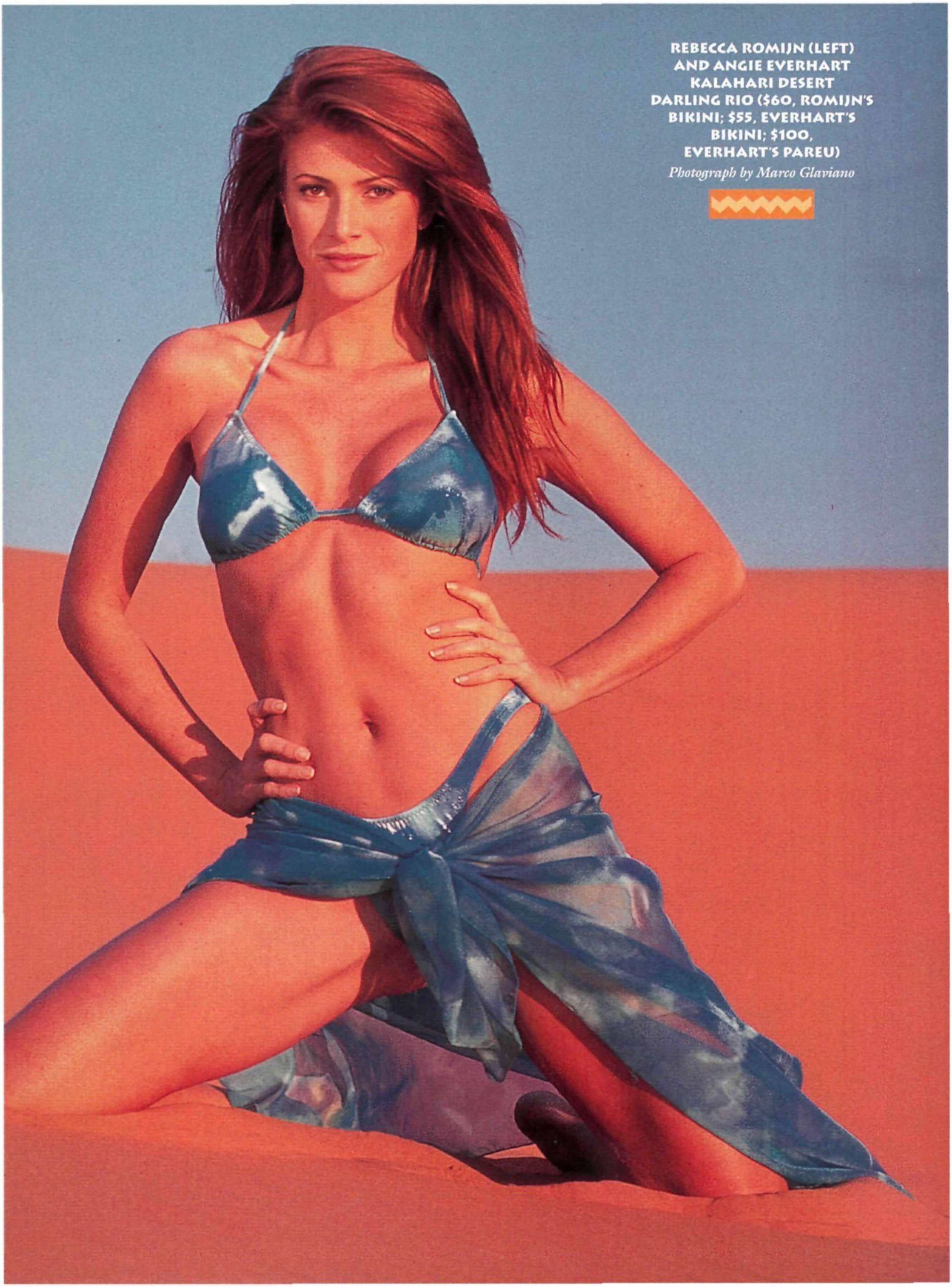


INGRID SEYNHAEVE
THE BOULDERS
RALPH LAUREN POLO SPORT
($189, BIKINI; $175, SARONG)

Photograph by Marco Glaviano

MANON VON GERKAN
(OPPOSITE)
KEURBOOMS,
PLETTENBERG BAY
OMO NORMA KAMALI
NYC ($200)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

ANGIE EVERHART
THE PALACE, SUN CITY
BILL BLASS SWIM ($124)
Photograph by Marco Glaviano



REBECCA ROMIJN (LEFT) AND ANGIE EVERHART KALAHARI DESERT DARLING RIO ($60, ROMIJN'S BIKINI; $55, EVERHART'S BIKINI; $100, EVERHART'S PAREU)

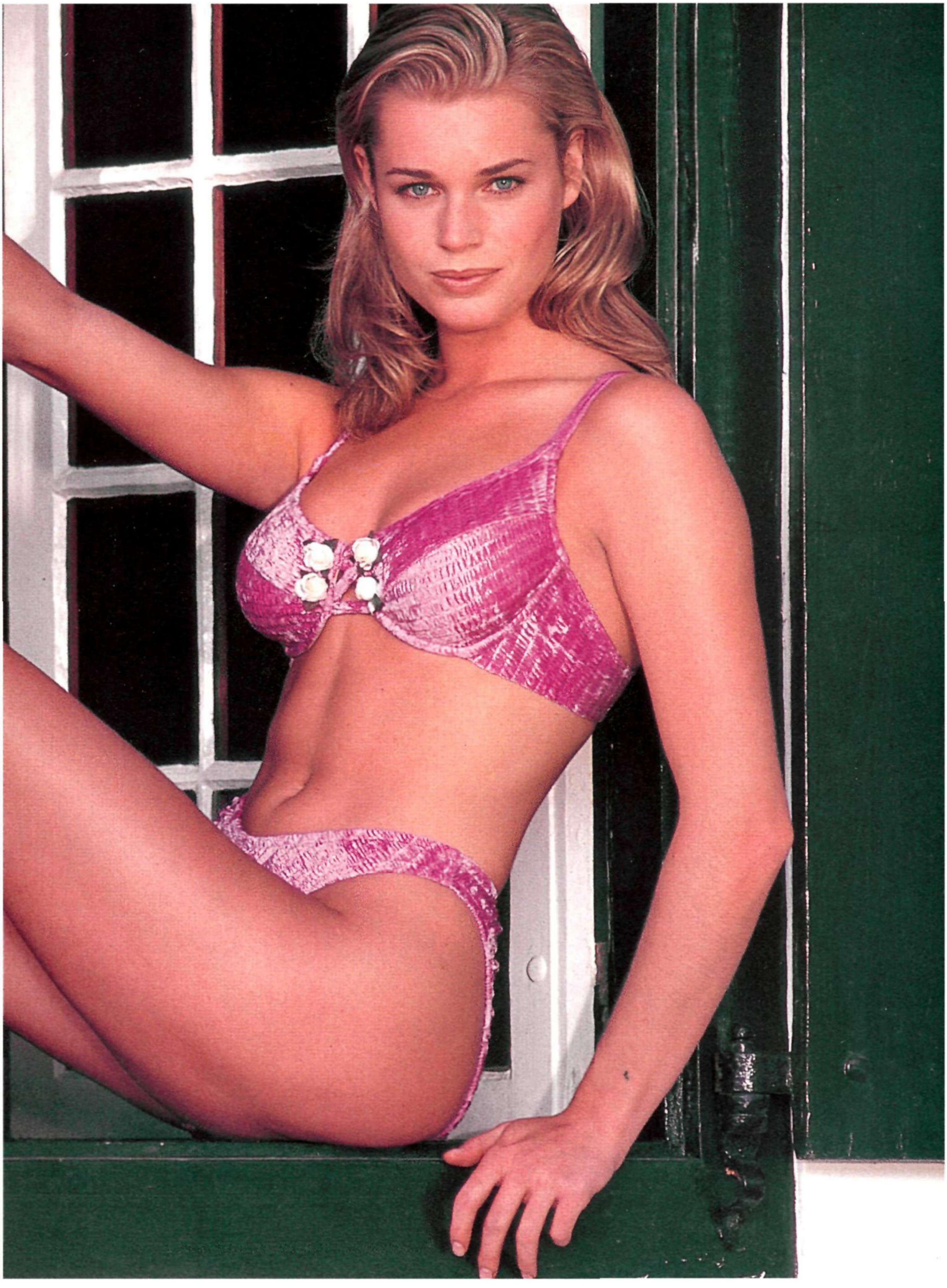
Photograph by Marco Glaviano

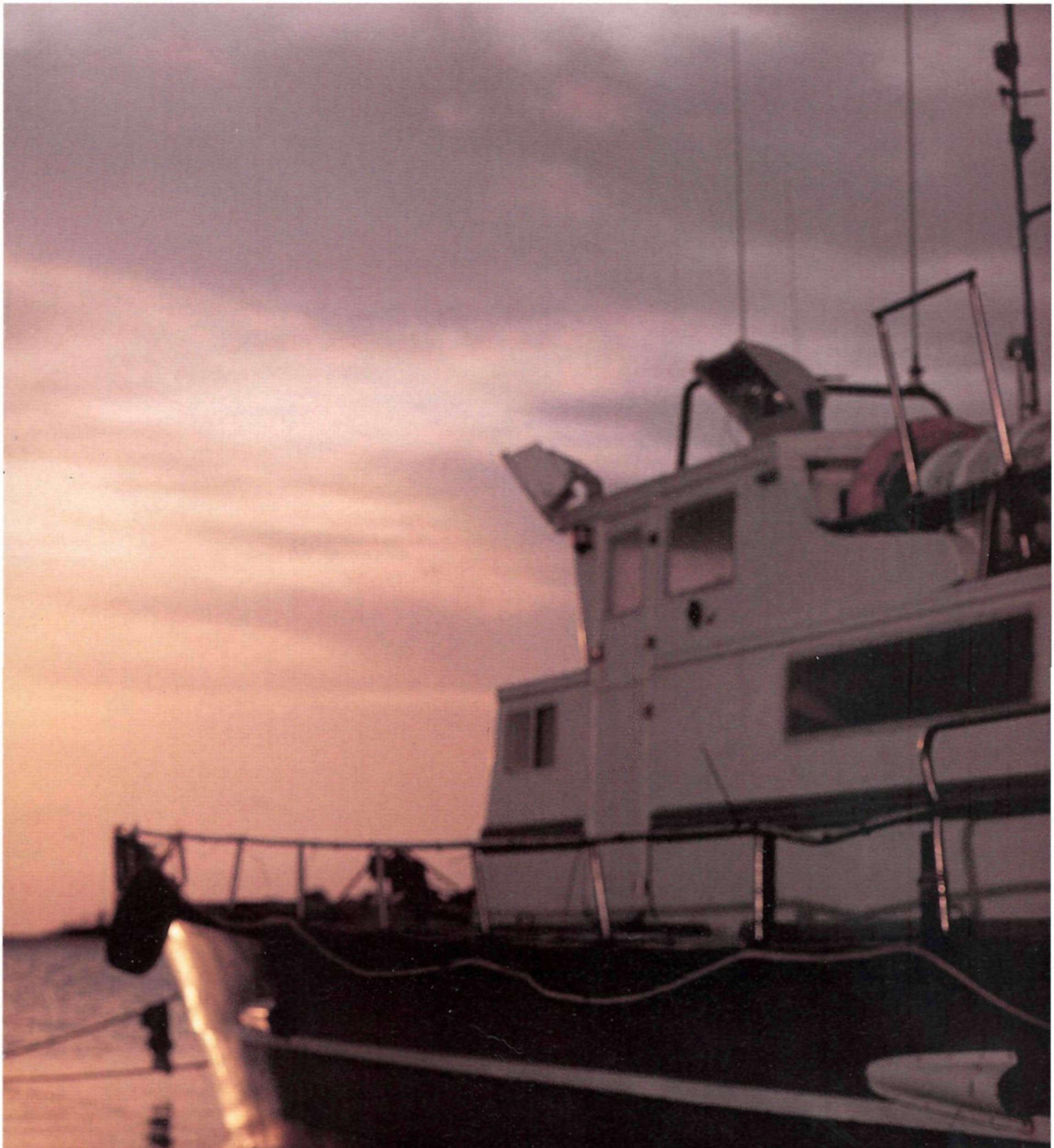
GEORGIANNA ROBERTSON
MALA MALA GAME RESERVE
GOTTEX ($272)

Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

REBECCA ROMIJN
LA PROVENCE WINE ESTATE, FRANSCHHOEK MOSSIMO ($70)

Photograph by Marco Glaviano

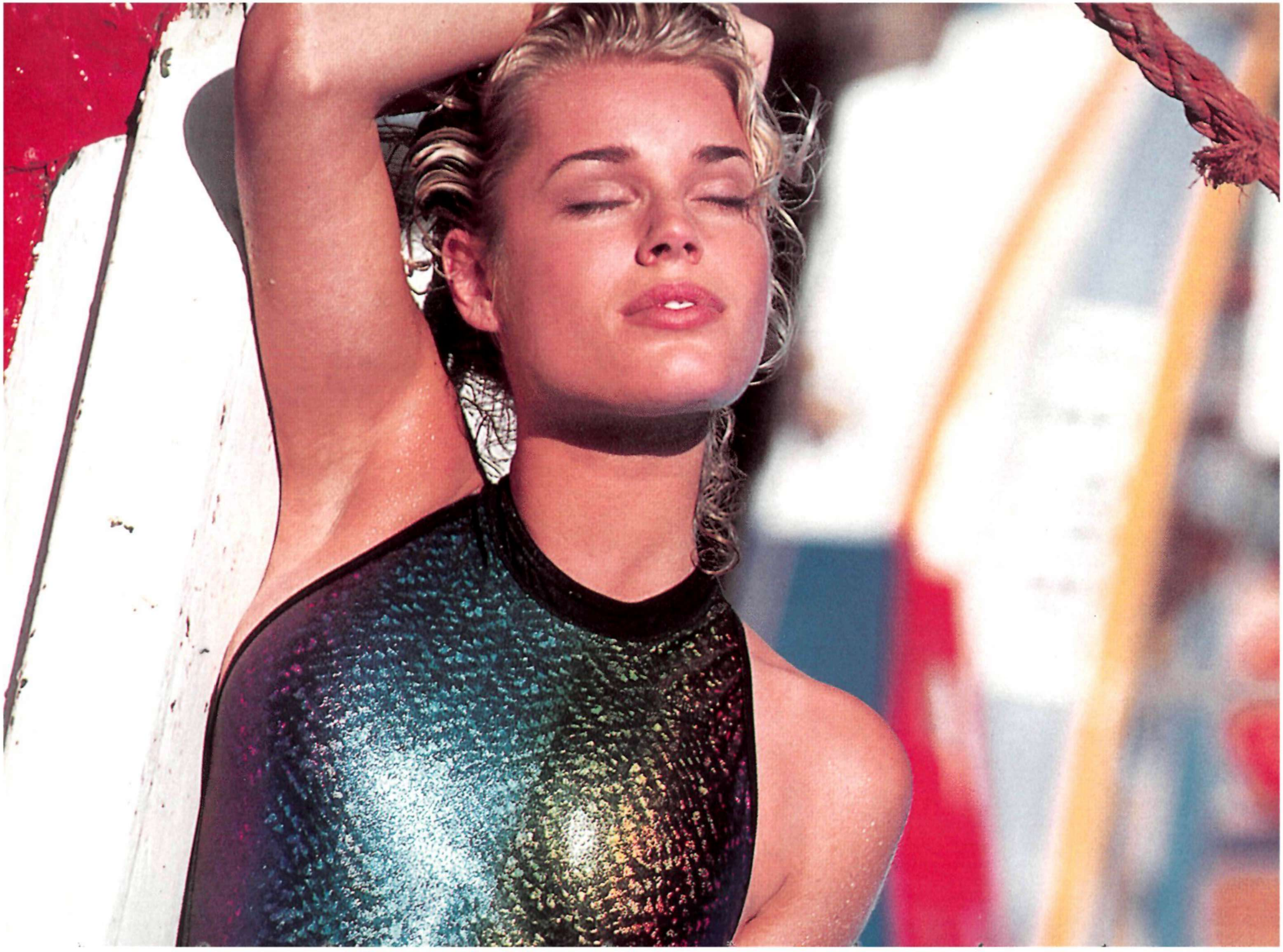




STACEY WILLIAMS
THE LAGOON AT PLETTENBERG BAY
NICOLE MILLER ($185)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr:

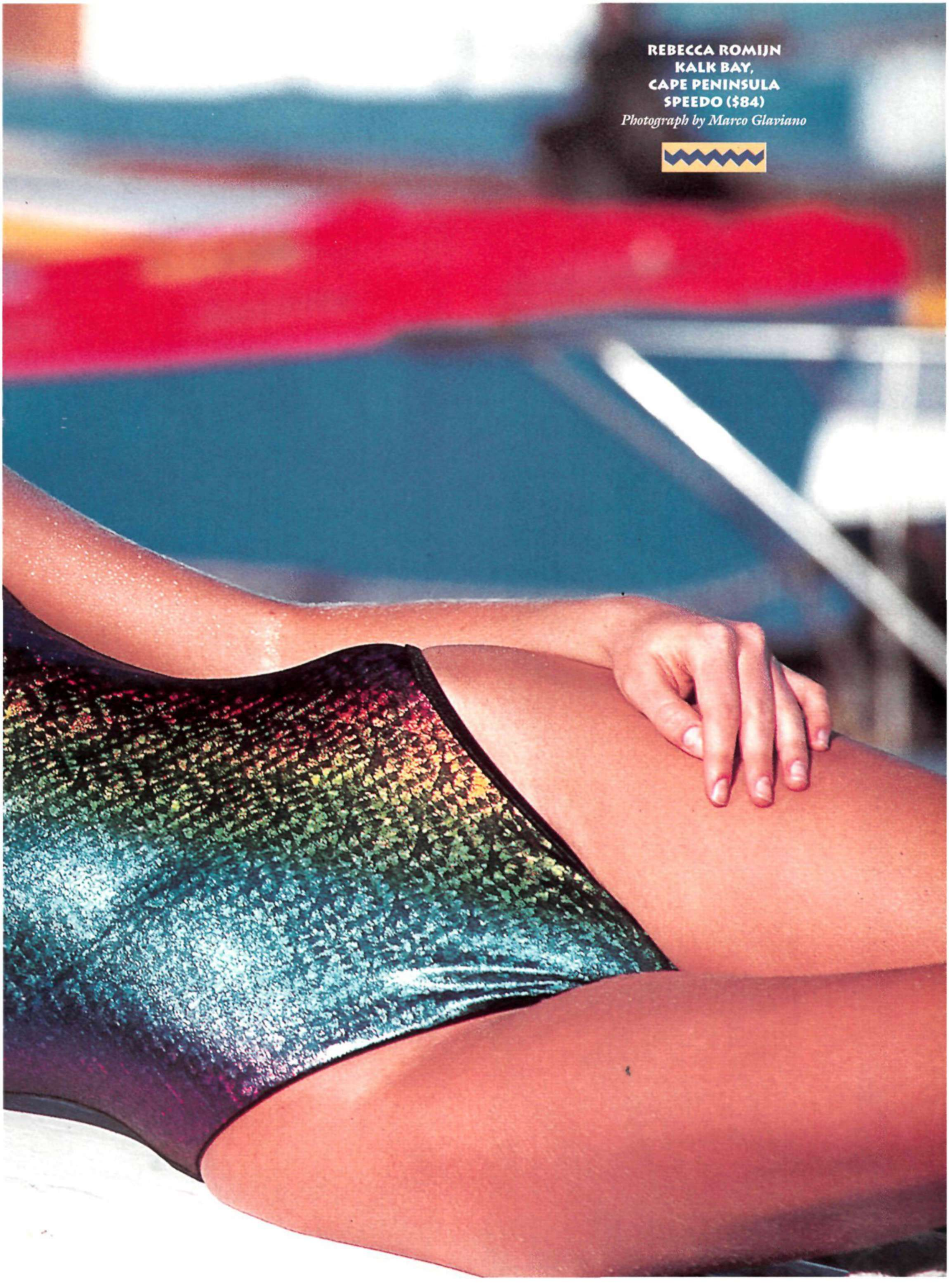
STACEY WILLIAMS
(OPPOSITE)
LOOKOUT BEACH
SHAN ($80)
Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

INGRID SEYNHAEVE
NOORDHOEK BEACH,
CAPE PENINSULA
KEIKO ($160)
Photograph by Marco Glaviano



REBECCA ROMIJN
KALK BAY,
CAPE PENINSULA
SPEEDO ($84)

Photograph by Marco Glaviano



GEORGIANNA
ROBERTSON
KWANDEBELE VILLAGE,
EAST OF PRETORIA
GOTTEX MONOKINI
THONG ($50)
BODY PAINTING BY
FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER

Photograph by
Robert Huntzinger

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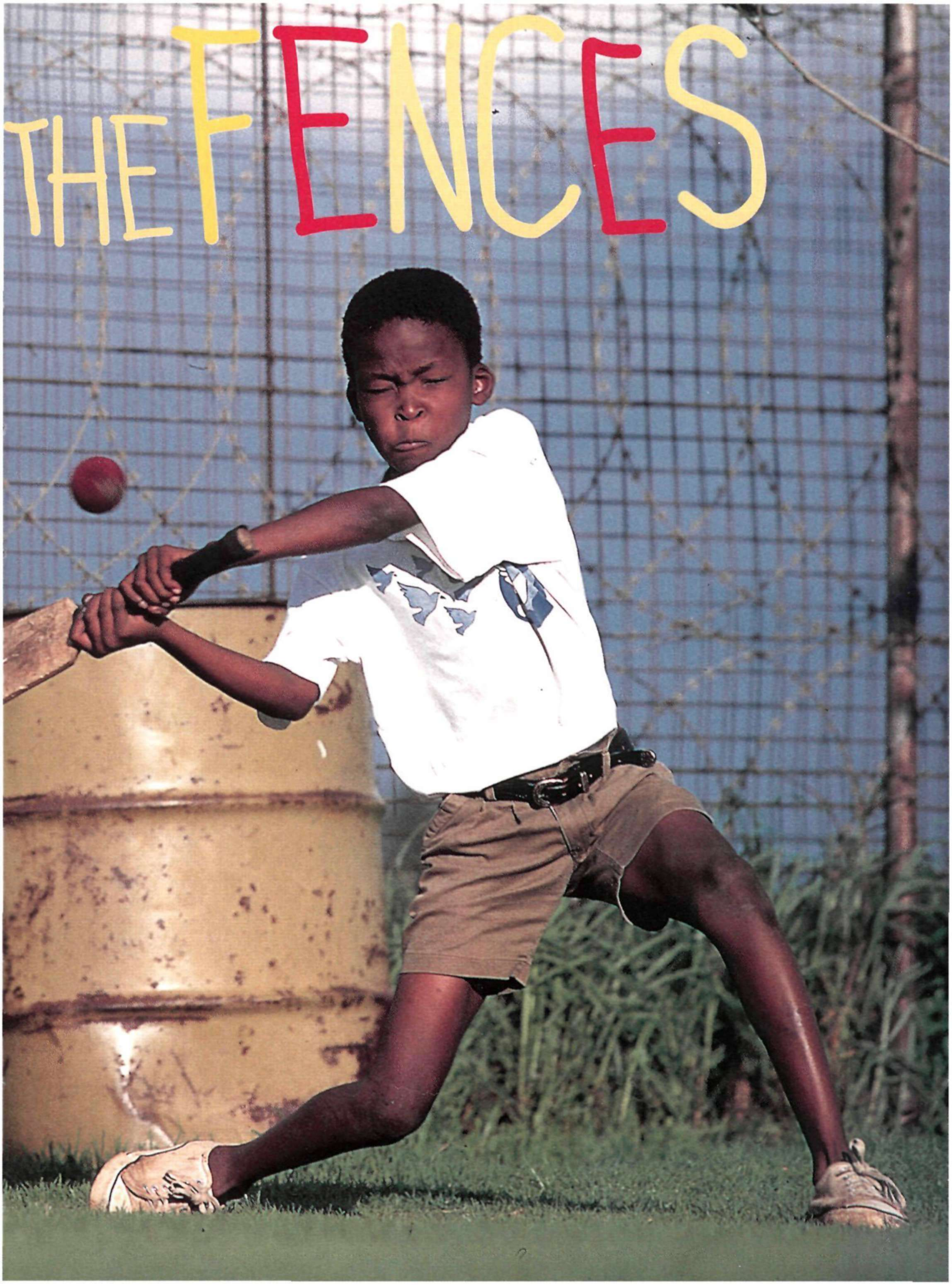
SOWETO'S TALENTED YOUNG ATHLETES ARE STRIVING TO EXCEL, BUT THEY ARE HINDERED BY THE LEGACY OF APARTHEID

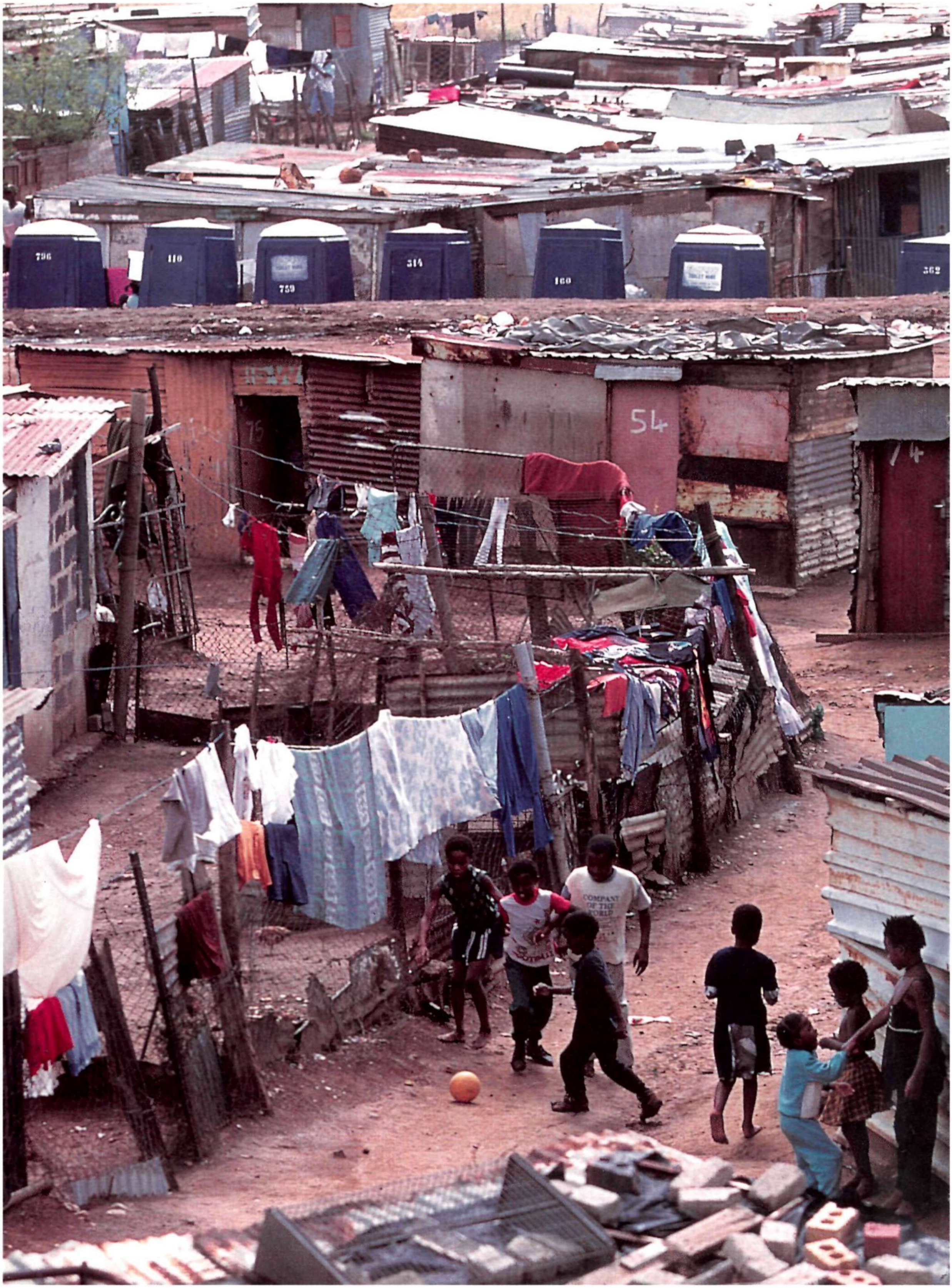
BY RICK REILLY

Photographs by Bob Martin

BEHIND THE CITY'S UBIQUITOUS BARBED WIRE, A NEW CONVERT TO CRICKET TAKES A SHARP CUT

THE FENCES

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14

ALL DAY Percy would drive us, dutifully, silently. He would drive us into Soweto to see the coiled barbed wire and the kids. He would sit mute as our guide gave us the dry facts of life in that impoverished, overcrowded, violent ghetto. Then we would leave the guide outside his office, at the parking lot with the coiled barbed wire, before the sun got too low and the car hijackers got busy. And then Percy would come on like a radio alarm clock.

"You want to know about sports in Soweto?" he would ask us, his eyes fixed on the dusty road. "I will show you: It is hard."

And he would show us things in the dusk: the tennis center where the money ran out, the nets were stolen and weeds now grow through cracks in the courts; the vacant lot where a recreation center—the first in a city of about five million people—was supposed to have been built and where now trash piles up; the swimming pool where on summer days 3,000 kids pile in, elbow-to-elbow, skin-to-bones, with just room enough to cool off for a moment.

Percy never quite seemed to understand what we were looking for, but he always found it. We would say, "Look, the idea is, now that apartheid is dead and the international boycott of South Africa is over, won't Soweto rise up and become a world giant in sports? Soweto's children are so talented and so hungry to achieve—sports should just take off, don't you think?"

And Percy would shrug and say, "Let me show you something."

One dusk he pulled our rented van over by a shantytown of corrugated tin shacks, its sea of wrinkled roofs held down by cinder blocks and old logs and treadless tires. "Right here," Percy said, "was the field where we used to play softball."

Here?

"Yes, yes. We came to practice one day, and a family was living on third base. It was their home. Within one week there were 50 houses on the field. Within one week! Now there must be 200. Me? I played rightfield and pitched. Rightfield is over there. See?"

Soweto is a shameful vestige of the old apartheid system, which herded black South Africans into squalid settlements called townships. Soweto is the largest township of them all, a teeming city that spreads over 35 square miles on the southwestern edge of Johannesburg. More than half of

A DUSTY LANE IS A SOCCER PITCH AMID THE WRETCHED SHANTIES OF SOWETO'S KLIPTOWN SECTION

Soweto's population is under the age of 18.

One day we visited the Lekang primary school in White City, one of the most dangerous parts of Soweto. To call one section of Soweto more dangerous than another is to really go out on a limb, since half of the residents are unemployed and the township has been called "the murder capital of the world." Three out of every 10 cars are hijacked at gunpoint. Even the *Sowetan*, the township's daily newspaper, doesn't keep its offices in Soweto.

On Lekang's outdoor basketball court, more than a hundred kids were gathered in two layup lines—one for shooting, one for rebounding—sometimes waiting 10 minutes for a brief flirt with the basketball. Another hundred kids sat beyond the sidelines, waiting to go on. The court surface was good, but one of the rims looked as if it had been used in a chin-up contest. The free throw line was only nine feet from the rim, and the three-point arc was only 15 feet out.

We asked the volunteer coach if he didn't have more basketballs for all these players. "Oh, yes," he said. "We have many basketballs. We just don't have any needles to inflate them."

Percy shrugged. This business of becoming a world sports giant is a very complicated thing.

Outsiders come to Soweto, see the barbed wire and the kids—that's what you take

TOWNSHIP KIDS ARE SO ADEPT AT IMPROVISING THAT THEY TURN BEDSPRINGS INTO TRAMPOLINES

from the township, the memory of those unsinkable children playing against a backdrop of dread—and they can't wait to help, can't *help* but help. But the visitors' money rarely seems to get all the way through the wire to the kids. Patrick Ewing, Alonzo Mourning and Dikembe Mutombo visited South Africa in 1994 with an NBA goodwill contingent that pledged money and licensed equipment for children in underprivileged areas. But for the five million people of Soweto, there are still only about 20 courts: 40 hoops, almost half of them bent.

"The infrastructure was never there for sports," says Junior Ramovha, head of a volunteer organization called the Soweto Sports Council. "These townships were like prison camps. The white government felt no need to build sports facilities. That's why we excel only in soccer and track and boxing. For those you need so little."

But there are sprigs of change cropping up. There is a young wannabe sports czar named Larry Gresham, who quit his job working for his father's Johannesburg record-producing company and decided he would become the Dr. Naismith of township basketball. So far, working with *funds from Nike and Coca-Cola, Gresham* has built five courts in Soweto. He says he was almost killed doing so.

It happened at Lekang, actually. It was a Saturday, and the sun was getting low, and that is almost never good for a white man in Soweto. But Gresham needed to oversee things. The previous time he had built a court he returned from lunch one afternoon to find that laborers had planted a basket pole smack in the middle of the center-court jump circle.

Anyway, late that Saturday, Gresham looked up to find himself surrounded by three men and a handgun. They took his car, his cellular phone, his plans and his wallet. He called friends in Johannesburg on the school's phone, but the friends wouldn't come to get him out of Soweto. The cops wouldn't come, either. Finally Lekang's principal gave him a ride home.

Yet Gresham stays. He comes back to Soweto every day—including weekends—to build more courts, to bring organized basketball to one of the greatest untapped pools of talent on the planet. We saw some good players in the township. The best of them might make only average junior college players in the U.S., but they ran and jumped so gracefully, you couldn't help but see the possibilities. They need work on their trash talk, though. They speak in their tribal tongues, except when they woof.

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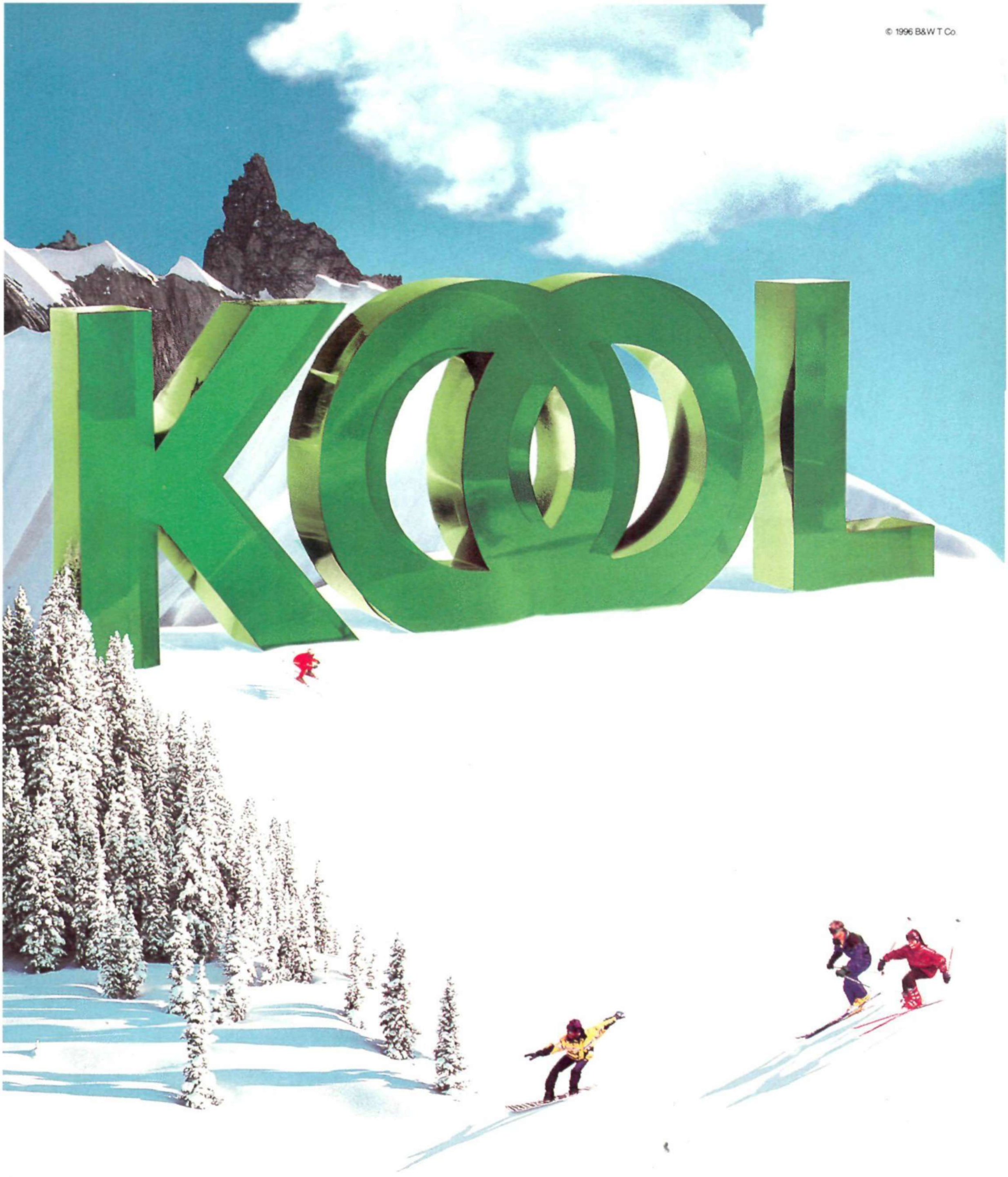

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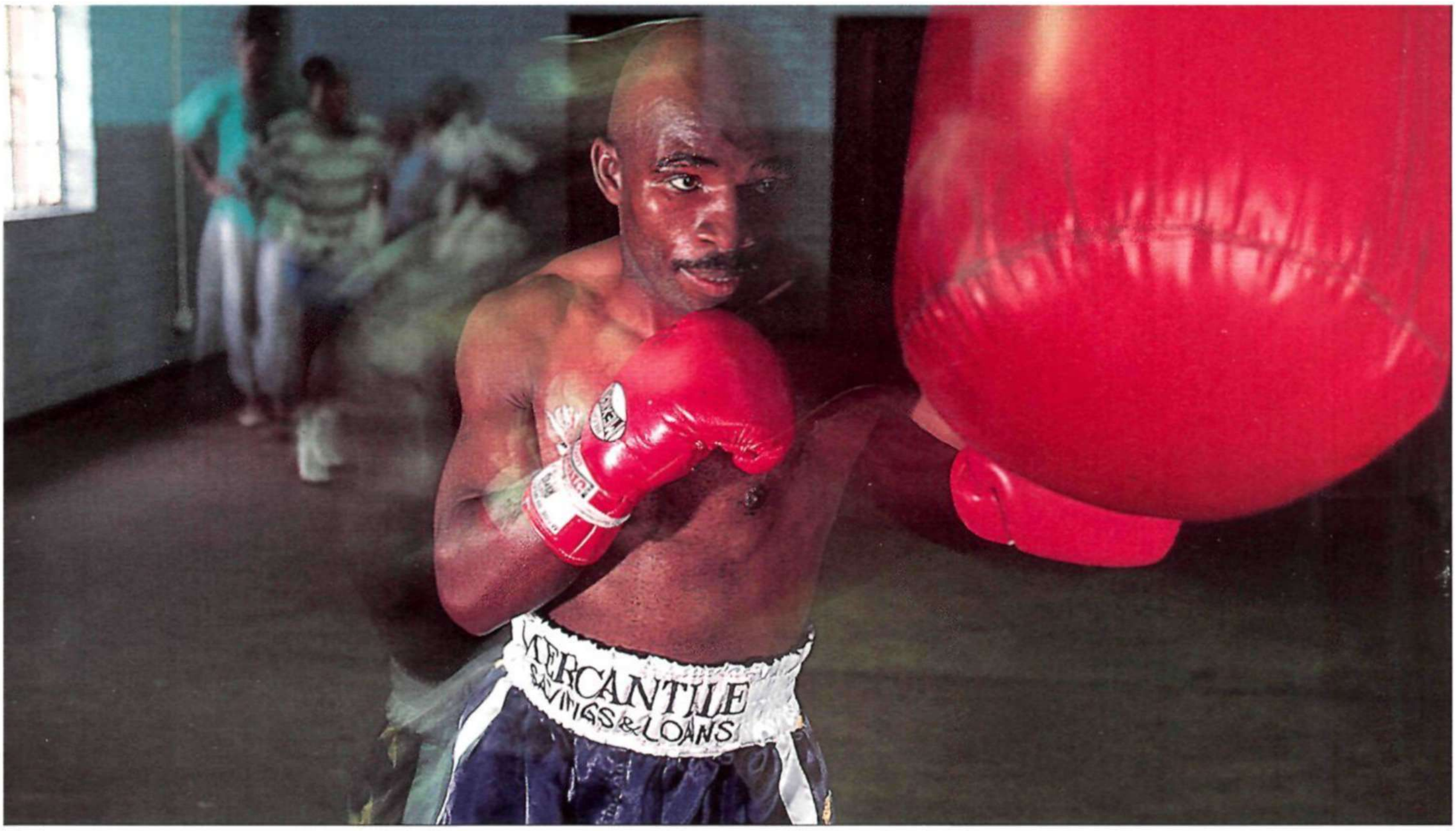


WORLD CHAMP MATLALA IS SOWETO'S LITTLE BIG MAN, BUT NOT TOO BIG FOR HIS OLD GYM

"I am going to drop you down," said one skinny 13-year-old in English as he dribbled against his man.

"Oh, no," replied the defender politely. "I am coming for you, sir."

"Soweto can be a hotbed of great players," says Gresham, 25, who has never had an idea he didn't love. "Sometimes I walk up and see kids dribbling like they were born with the ball in their hands. . . . We've got a chance to do here what they did in America a hundred years ago! . . . My dream is to have all the players in my professional league come from my school leagues. . . . I told Nike, 'If you control the school leagues now, it will save you problems later on.'

"Do you know David Stern?" he asks finally. "I'm going to be bigger than him!"

You think Stern ever had to search for needles? In Soweto every step is uphill. Down the dirt street from Lekang, turn right at the corner where the kids are bouncing on a tossed-out trampoline with half the springs missing, drive past the median where children have turned the torched chassis of an old truck into their play fort, ride past the unused velodrome that Raleigh, the bicycle company, built 20 years ago and that hasn't had a wheel on it in at least a decade (the bikes wore out), and come to a wonderful little building just oozing dreams.

It is the 15-by-60-foot gym of Baby Jake Matlala, 34, the WBO junior flyweight champion. It was once a nursery by day, a dance studio in the afternoon and a gym in the evening, but now it is a full-time sports shrine. This is because Baby Jake, all 4' 10" of him, still trains there, even though there is no ring, no air-conditioning, no dressing stall and no shower.

Matlala crowbars himself in with the 25 other fighters who crowd the narrow blue room, trying not to get floored by a right cross earmarked for somebody else. That chiseled giant over there, for instance, is a good one to avoid. He is training in a pair of dress shoes and ripped dress slacks. He is Siphiwe Nzimande, and he is said to be the South African amateur heavyweight champion. He says he doesn't mind the gym's chaos. If it is good enough for Baby Jake, it is good enough for him. The little windows fog over from the heat generated by the fighters, so the kids looking in from outside can see nothing. Still, they stay.

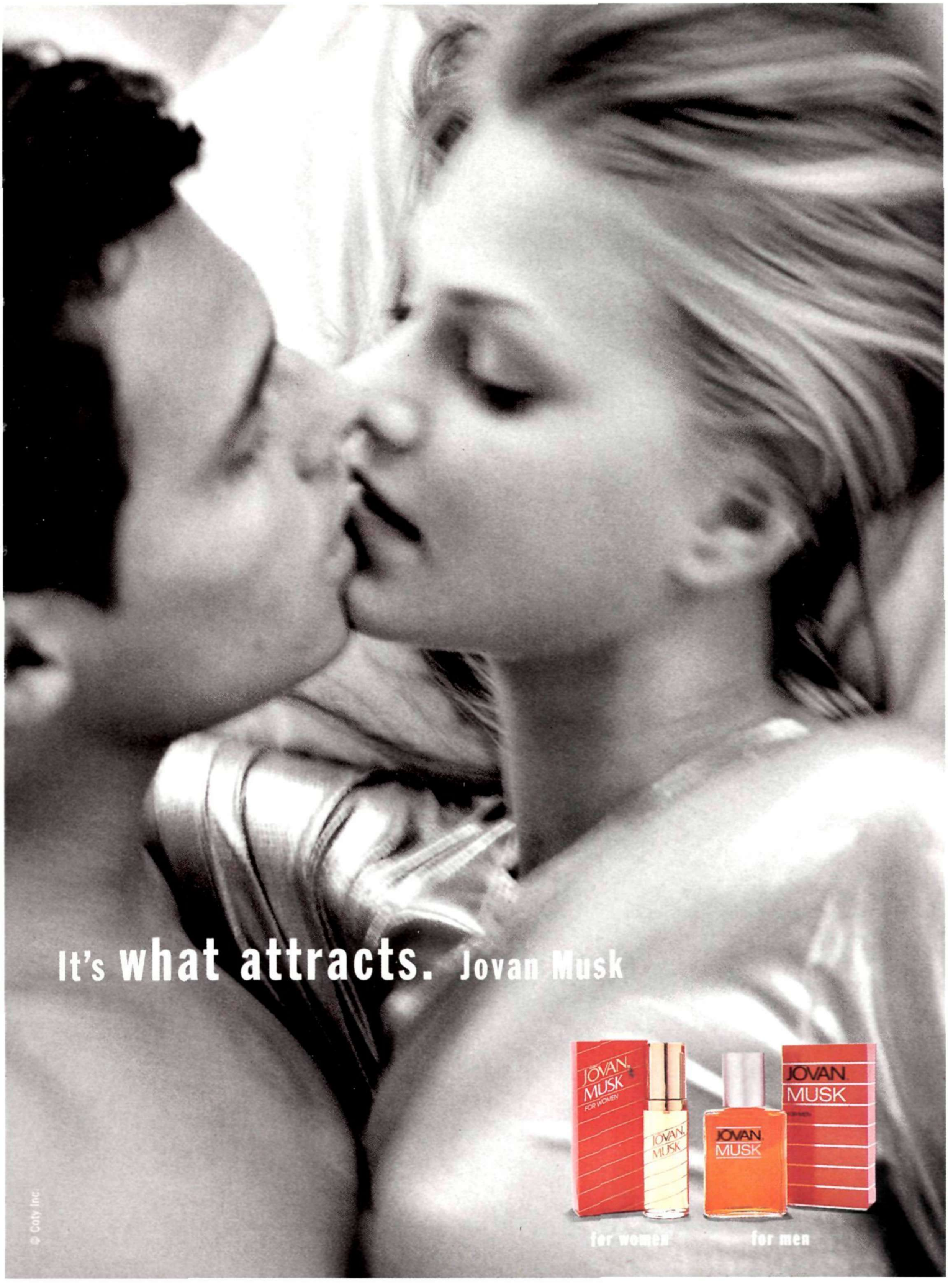
"Baby Jake is their hero," says Matlala's manager and trainer, Theo Mthembu. "He is one man who will never be hijacked. He has his name painted on the side of the car. They would never hijack Baby Jake."

Leaning against a wall, the pug with the bittersweet expression, that's TNT. He was a top super featherweight contender in South Africa in the '70s, but he never got to fight the white champion. If you can't fight the whites, you can't make money. TNT, whose name is Ben Lekalake, fought for almost nothing, grew angry and, like many other young Sowetans, became militant. He joined the antiapartheid underground, was labeled an insurgent and lived in exile for many years in Botswana and Zambia, among other countries. After Nelson Mandela was released from prison in 1990, TNT returned to Soweto, and now here he is, watching Baby Jake show the kids his championship belt. Baby Jake's success doesn't bring TNT much peace. "This gym had many Baby Jakes," he says. "It's just that nobody ever knew."

Muhammad Ali has been to Soweto. He visited in 1993 as part of a fund-raising delegation to help "the underprivileged" of the South African townships. And for several years Riddick Bowe has been helping black South African boxers; in 1993 he donated $50,000 to help fund their training and promotion.

Baby Jake's gym has received no foreign money. "We want to build a new gym, a nice one, a recreation center," says Mthembu. "If we had any money, we'd be much better off than we are now."

There are some in Soweto who say that money donated to sports development in the township has a funny way of disappearing. As Ramovha puts it, "People seem to have pocketed money for themselves." But it is impossible to prove.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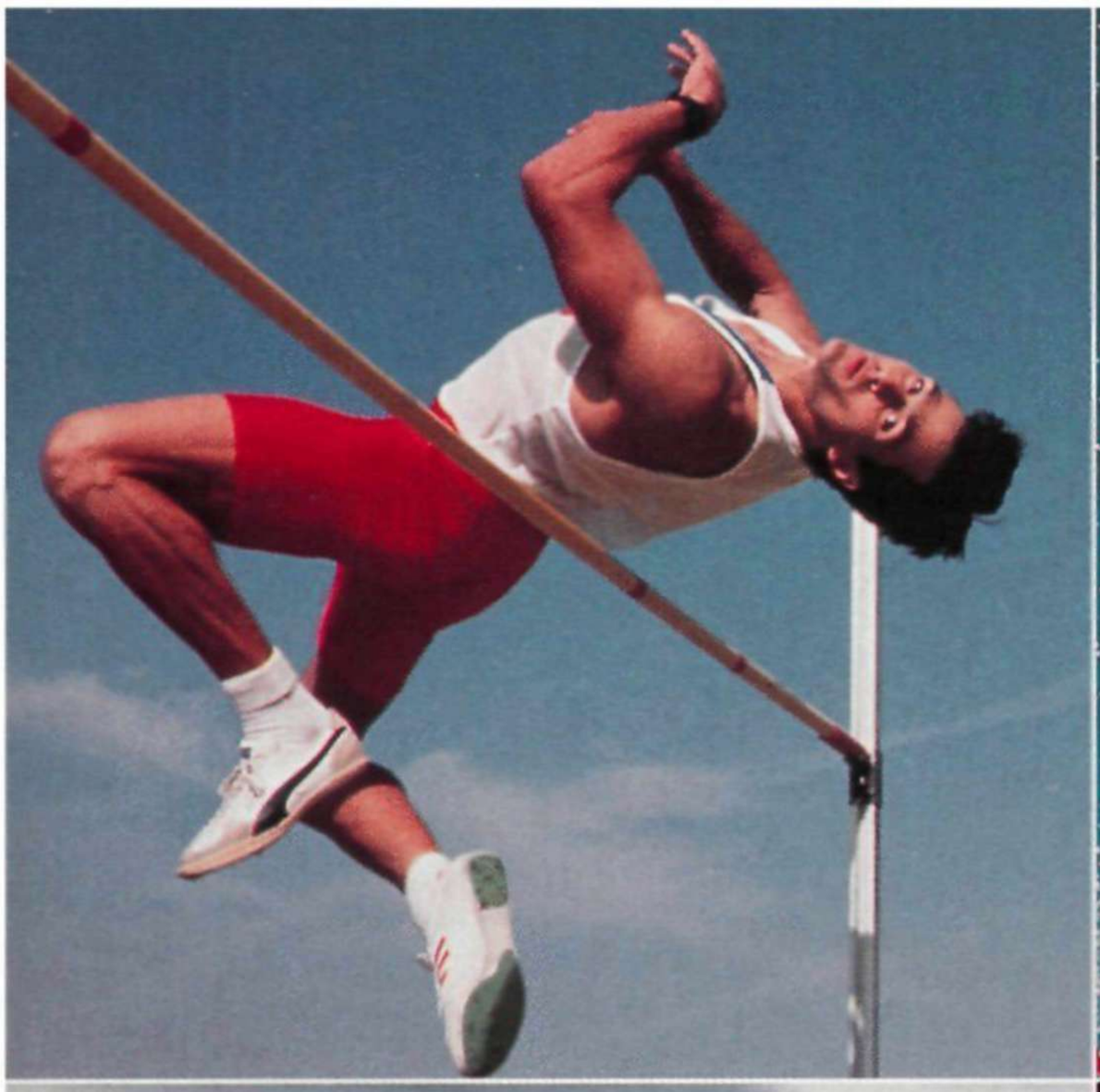

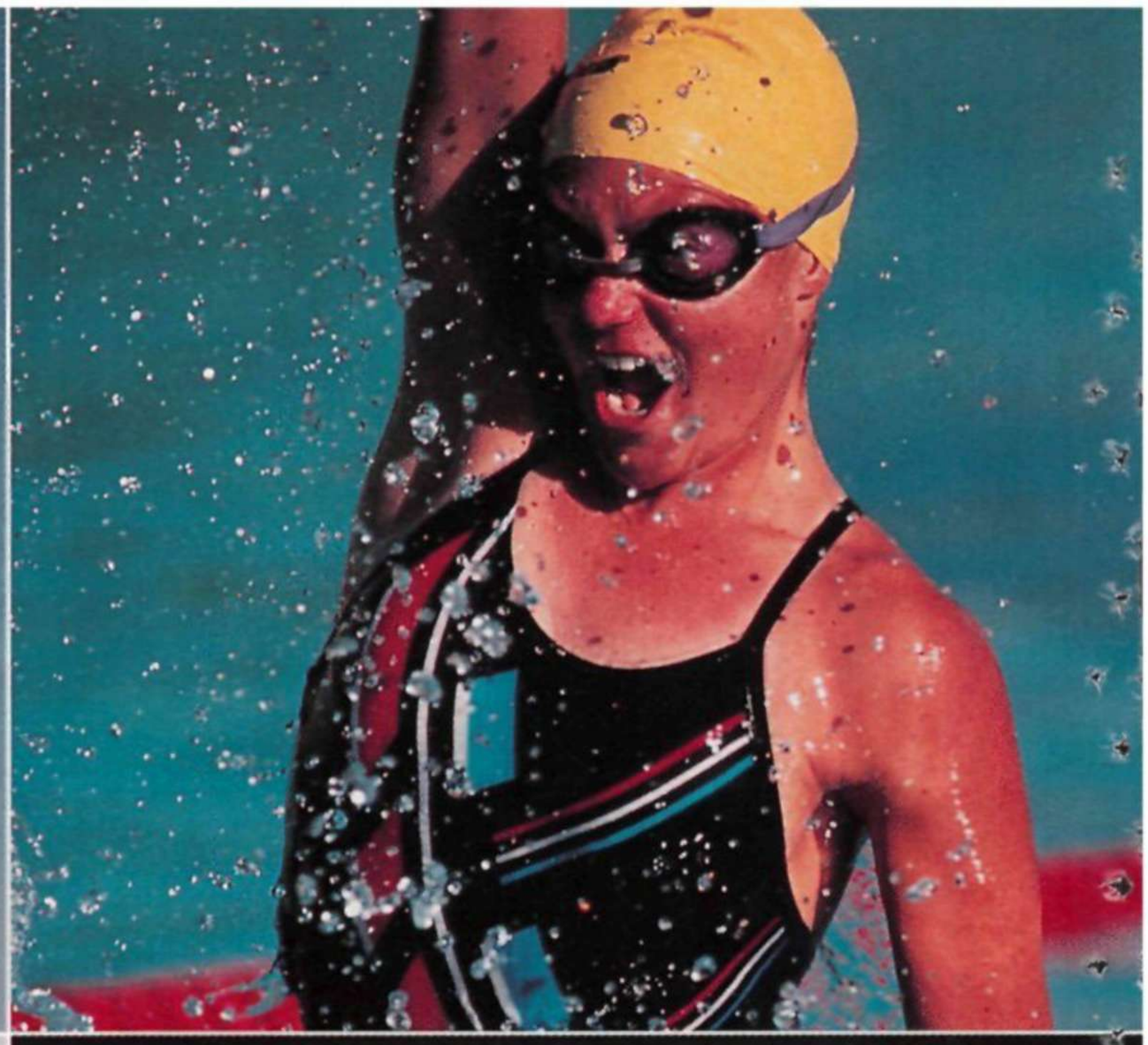

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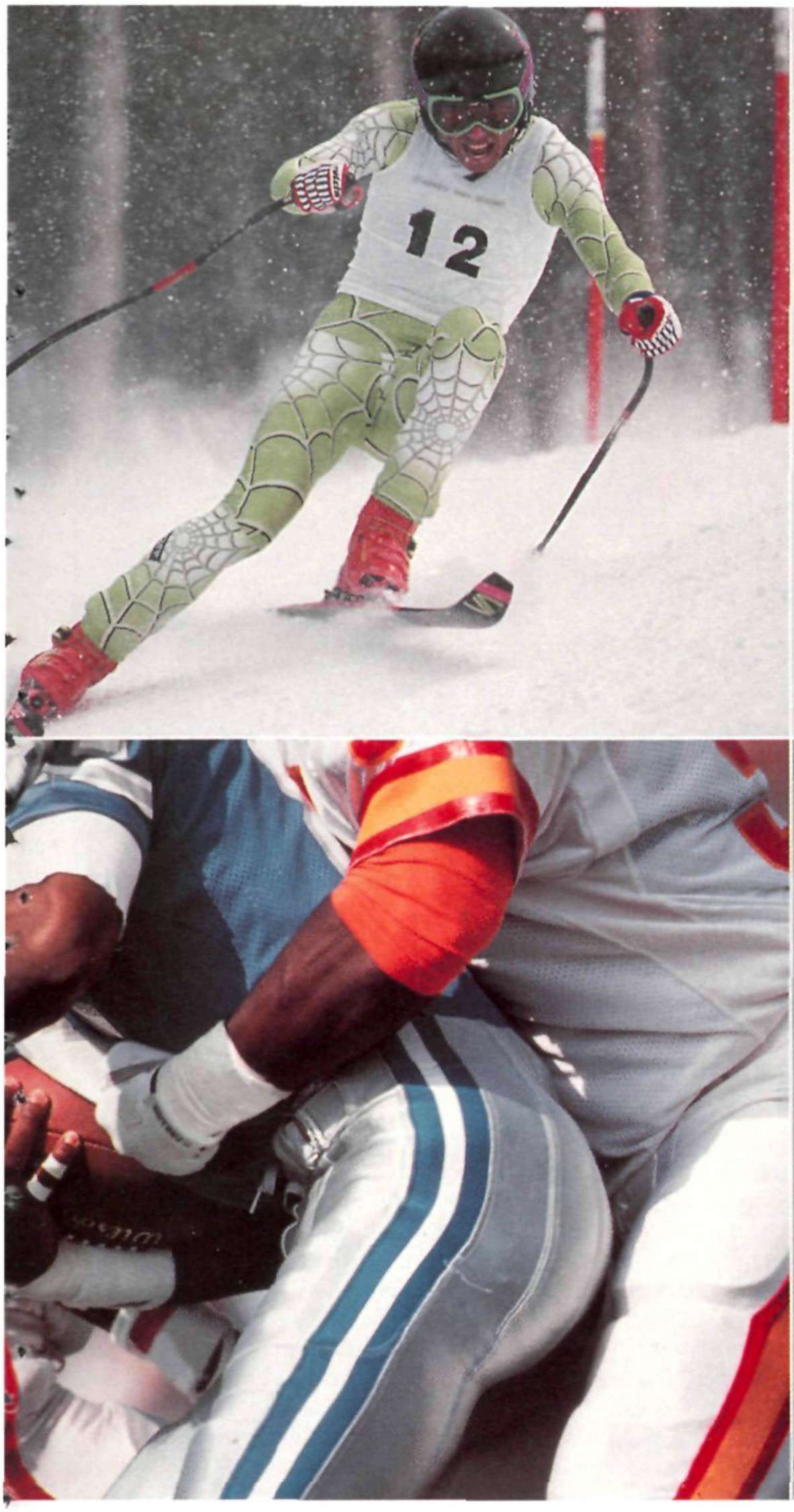

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Not that Baby Jake's gym is without improvements. "Look," says Mthembu, pointing to the wall. "We finally have hooks for our jackets."

We were beginning to understand.

"No, you don't understand," Percy said one night, his eyes ever ahead. "You do not understand how it was. I will show you something."

He pulled up in front of a small, neat house. He said, "A man died on my front lawn."

When? "During the rioting in 1976. We were throwing rocks at the police, and they chased us. He was not a man I knew well. I was merely seconds into my house when he was shot behind me. We thought everything was fine until we looked out and saw him lying in the yard."

Until now Soweto has had few true kids. The generation of teenagers and young adults you see now was not allowed to be kids. So many were preoccupied with political activism, fluent in the ways of protest, demonstrations, civil disobedience: the struggle against apartheid. And they were fearful of crime. They were not athletes. "I have been protesting since I was seven years old," Percy said.

In fact, the protest that changed everything involved township kids. In June 1976 schoolchildren and their parents marched against a new government policy that ordered all schools to teach certain courses

AT THE LEKANG SCHOOL, HAVING NO SNEAKERS IS NO OBSTACLE TO LEARNING TO SHOOT OR REBOUND

in Afrikaans, the language of the Dutch white settlers. Sowetans wanted their children to learn in English, which was useful, and their tribal languages, which gave them pride. The number of protesters was huge. Violence erupted. The police opened fire, killing hundreds of demonstrators and setting off the worst riots in Soweto's history. Much of the city was torched. The uprising spread to other South African townships and accelerated the process of political change that would culminate in the abolition of apartheid in 1991 and the election three years later of Mandela as South Africa's first black president.

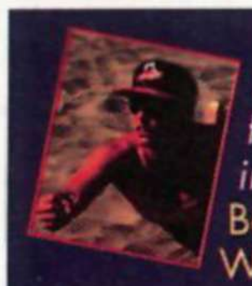
"These kids were not concerned with sports, they were concerned with politics," says Timo Smouse, of the Moroka Area Sports Committee, which represents one of 32 areas in the township. "This has slowed our development of sport." Besides, even if they were good at sports, what was the point? There were no Olympics for South Africa, no soccer World Cup, no Rugby World Cup. Until the Barcelona Olympics in 1992, no South African team had been to the Games in 32 years. As it is, it will probably be the year 2000 before a Sowetan has a decent chance to win a medal.

Five years ago rugby was hardly discussed in Soweto. It was a white sport; soccer was black. It was not illegal for a black person to play rugby, but it was practically unheard of. We mentioned the sport to TNT, and he screeched, "Rugby! You did not try to play rugby in Soweto!"

Percy's eyes narrowed at the mere mention of rugby. To him, attending a rugby game would be Uncle Tomming of the worst sort. "I won't be seen attending a game, not even now; some fans wave the old flag there," he said, referring to the orange, blue and white banner that flew over South Africa during apartheid and has since been replaced by a flag that incorporates the green, black and red of the African National Congress. "They sing the old national anthem. I never took time to learn the words. No, man."

South Africa's Springboks are now the rugby world champions, and they have one nonwhite, Chester Williams, on the team. But Williams is not a big hero in Soweto. He is from Cape Town, and he is not black but colored—that is, of mixed race. (Apartheid divided South Africans into four racial categories: white, black, colored and Indian.) In Soweto they put up rugby posts in the park near the old velodrome, but kids use the field for soccer when they use it at all. Horses graze there.

We called a man named Nelson Botile, of the Soweto Rugby Club, who told us to



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HAMILTON LED SCHOOLMATES IN DOING MAINTENANCE CHORES AS WELL AS IN PLAYING CRICKET

come watch the club play a game on a Saturday morning. "You will see," Botile said. "The old days are gone. In two years time, you'll have Sowetan players on the national team. We will have more than one Chester Williams, don't you worry."

We showed up. Two kids were there—and no game. "You can change the laws," Percy said, starting the engine again, "but it is another thing to change the people."

Golf? What could be whiter than golf? One day we stumbled on a course that had been willed to life at the intersection of two freeways and an off-ramp on the edge of Soweto.

Down an embankment four men were walking through a wasteland of rocks and mud and weeds that sits in the huge triangle between the freeways. It is the kind of ground that seems to have gone untouched since the roads were constructed. And yet, as we looked, we saw it: a four-hole "course" being played by the four caddies who built it. We skidded down the embankment to see it. A hole was nothing more than a buried can that had once held beans. A flag was a red handkerchief tied to a tree branch stuck in the earth. The green was a circle 10 feet in diameter where the weeds had been pulled out and the dirt had been flattened as best it could be. The holes ranged in length from about 120 to about 450 yards The whole golf course was an unplayable lie. Nevertheless, the men said they play it every day, nine times around, 36 holes.

So we asked to play it. On the 2nd hole we were about to hit from the tee—where the weeds have been cut down to, say, two inches—when David Shuping, the leader of the group, said, "No, no, no." He pointed to another circle 10 feet behind. "You must play the championship tees." But of course.

David said he hopes to have a job in golf someday, and he has the swing for it, lovely and smooth. He could use an Ashworth contract, though. He wore threadbare gray slacks with a brown, orange and white flannel shirt, blue-and-red socks, black dress shoes with holes in them and a blue-and-white baseball cap with nothing written on it. He played out of a ripped Wilson bag that carried six mismatched irons and one splintering wood. He used split golf balls he'd pulled out of a pond. Still, he played his course every day.

What do you call it? we asked.

"St. Andrews," he said, grinning.

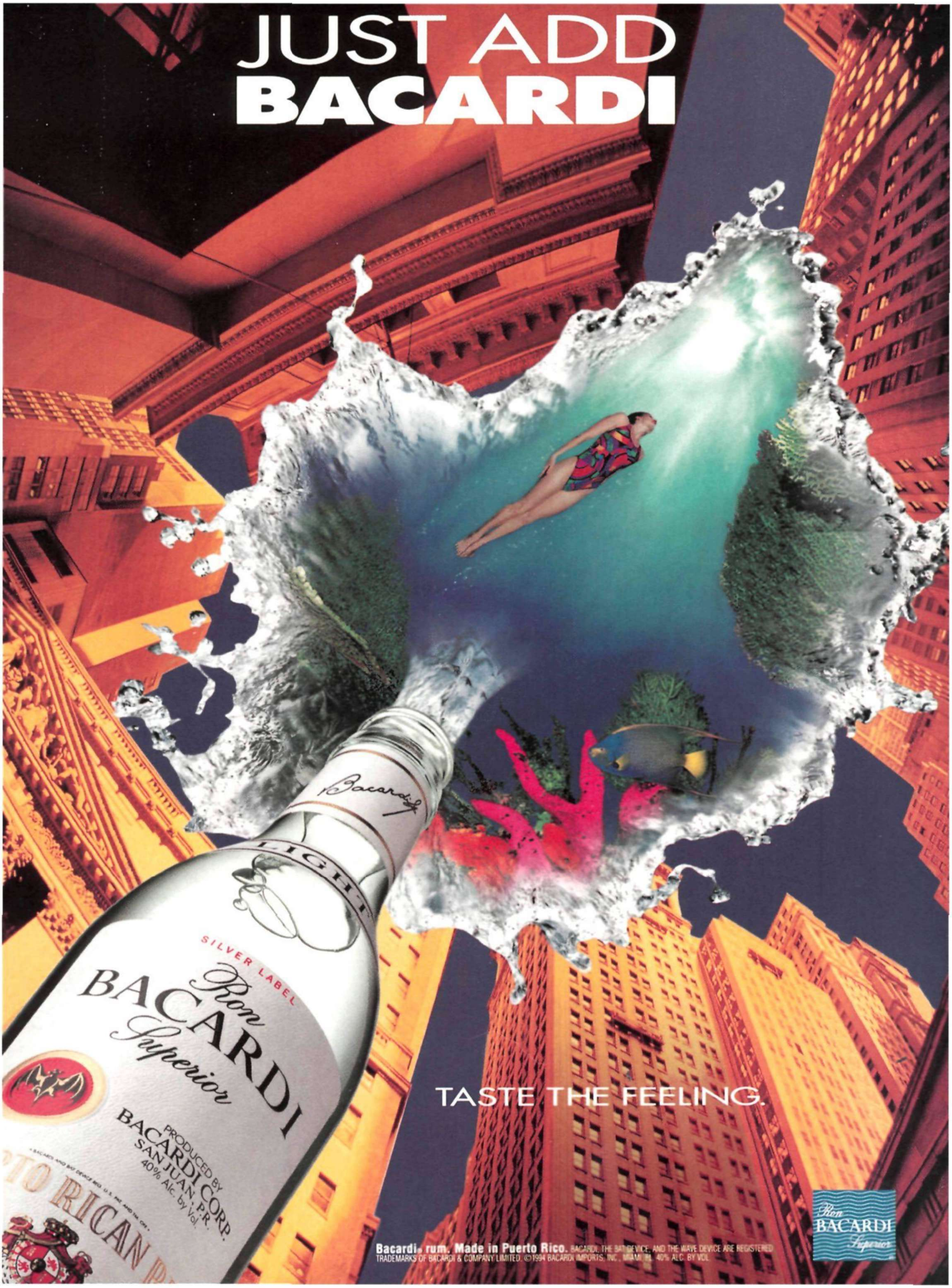
The township has only one other golf course, the Soweto Country Club, and it has a wonderful feature. You can drive the fairways—in your car. This is because the place has declined since somebody broke in and stole all the pipes for the sprinkling system. So the club put up a coiled barbed-wire fence. That was stolen, too, raising the possibility that the fairways will deteriorate to the level of those at "St. Andrews." But for three South African rand (90 cents) on weekdays, you can live with it.

Tennis is worse. In the 1970s Arthur Ashe made several visits to Soweto and helped establish the Javabu Tennis Complex in the township. Over the years it has fallen into disrepair. The eight courts still stand, but rackets and balls are too expensive for the kids. So the center sits there like a vagrant, a good example of how many things can go wrong in Soweto before there is the slightest step forward.

The sports world's boycott of South Africa meant that in the late '80s and early '90s there were no international tennis tournaments in the country to help generate development funds, and few visiting stars to act as role models. You could barely find a tennis coach in Soweto. And until 1991 South Africa had three national tennis organizations—one for whites, one for blacks and one for coloreds.

Black, white, colored and Indian: Every man, woman and child was forced into

JUST ADD BACARDI



one of these groups and, once in a group, made to live only in areas with like shade. But how did the government decide if you were black and not colored, or colored and not white? Try cubbyholing people on any street in Los Angeles into those groups. A minister we met asked us to take pencils out of our bags. He put the pencils in our hair, just above the ear. "One way was the pencil test," he said. "If the pencil stayed perfectly still, you were black."

Now that legal segregation of the races has ended, South African whites are more fearful than ever of blacks. Tension in Johannesburg is at an alltime high, with car hijacking epidemic and often accompanied by murder. Drivers who are alone at night simply slow down at red robots (as stoplights are called) and go through if the way is clear.

But hijacking is even worse in Soweto. The first time we drove into the township, the very second we crossed the border, Percy reached down and unsnapped his seat belt.

Why'd you do that?

"Uh, well," Percy said. "Just to be more comfortable." We asked him two more times, and the answers never made sense. Why ride with the belt off? One dusk we asked him again. "When you are hijacked, you must get out of the car immediately," he said. "You do not want the hijackers thinking you are reaching for your gun when you reach for your seat belt button."

THE MOST DEDICATED GOLFERS IN SOWETO PLAY EVERY DAY—ON THE COURSE THEY BUILT THEMSELVES

Crime is everywhere. But the youth of Soweto do not have a lot of options. Jobs are scarce. There are three movie theaters in the township. There is no indoor gym. There is no indoor recreation center. A decent new park has not been built in the township in years. The sprawling Moroka district does not have a single library or swimming pool. At Kentucky Fried Chicken the food is passed out through steel bars.

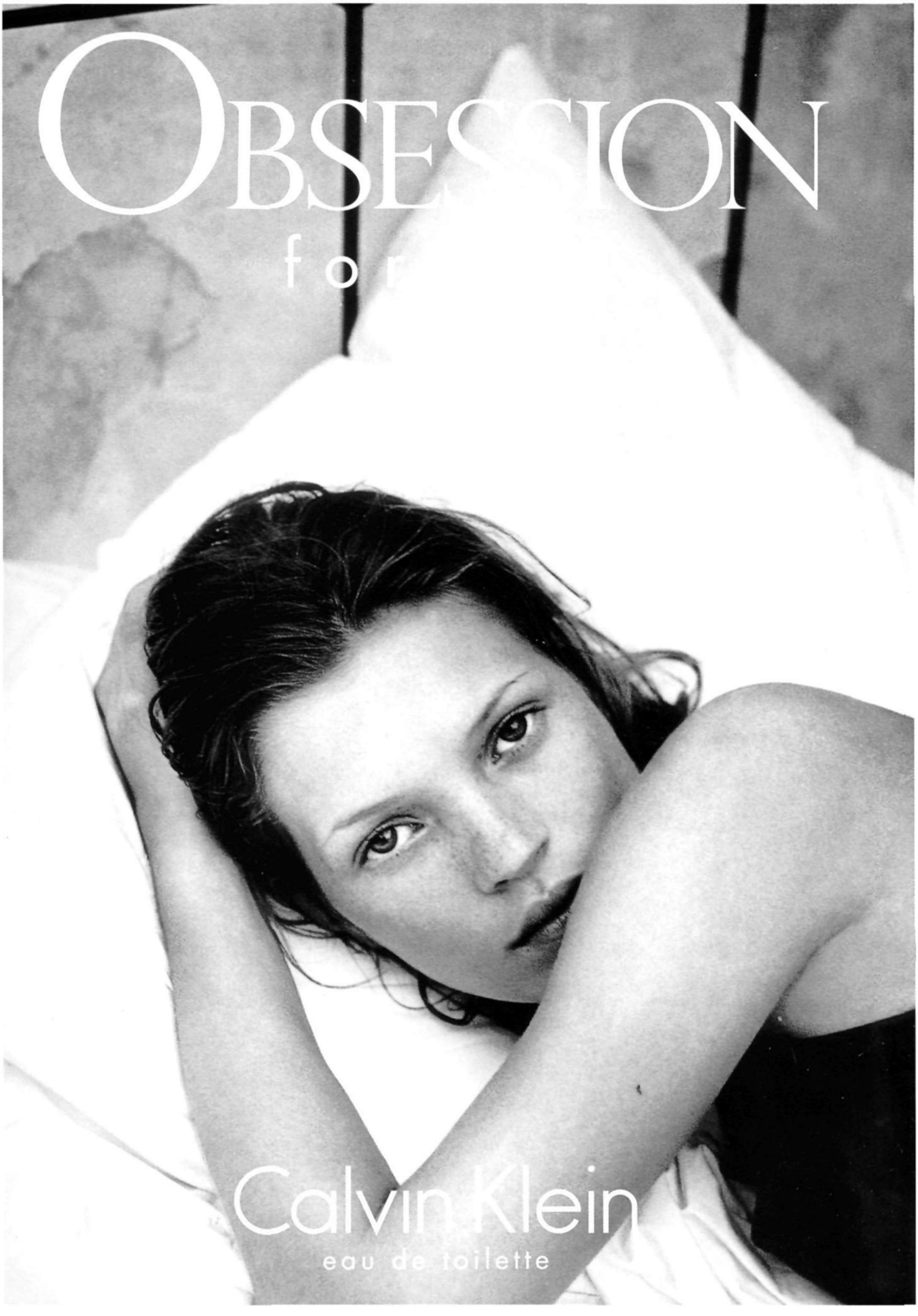
To make matters worse, high unemployment makes it hard for black families to pay their rents. And rent money in Soweto goes toward the township's maintenance and services. With little money coming from residents, nothing is getting built—no softball diamonds, no soccer fields, no rec facilities. Says Smouse, "It boils down to this: What can the kids do?"

Percy, who is training to become a reporter, says he almost tried crime himself. "For five years I had no job," he says. "I would just roam the streets, the way you see these boys doing. I would read the want ads: 'Whites only.' There is no industry here, no market. I was sitting with some guys one night and they said, 'We rob this shop tomorrow.' They asked me if I would do it with them. I told them yes. I wanted some money. But when they came to pick me up the next day, I chickened out. I hid."

Where are those guys now, in jail? "No, no! They are here, man! I see them driving BMWs. Most of them now have established businesses."

Just as we were thinking that every dark cloud in Soweto had a darker cloud inside it, we happened upon cricket. At Elkah stadium, amid the desperate poverty of the township, stood one of the loveliest cricket pitches you ever laid eyes on. Surrounded by five-foot-high fences coiled with barbed wire, it was still a thing of beauty, a captured paradise. It held the greenest grass in Soweto, carefully mown. There were freshly painted bleachers and a first-rate locker room. And it was all paid for with funds raised by Dr. Ali Bacher, managing director of the United Cricket Board, who has given up his medical practice to devote himself full time to the sport.

Ten years ago practically no one played cricket in Soweto. Today, thanks to Dr. Bacher, the Soweto Cricket Club fields a killer team. Its youth squad, whose players range in age from 15 to 24 (except for the 40-year-old captain), became the first black South African cricket team to tour overseas. It went 7-5-3 in England. If there's any one sport in which the township is ready to make like a giant, it is cricket.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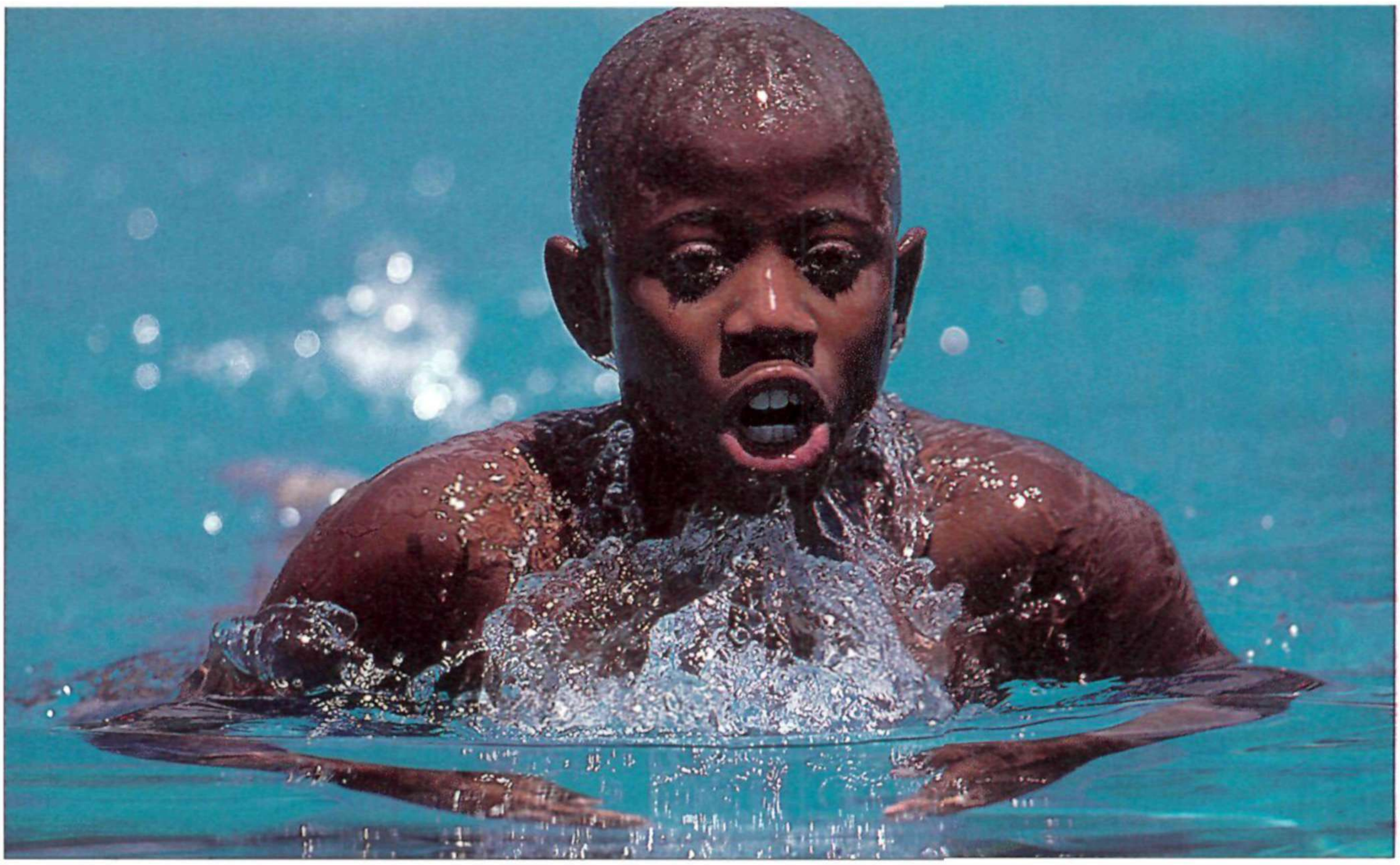


MPUMELELE MAGAZI, 13, WAS ONCE AFRAID OF THE WATER BUT NOW DREAMS OF SWIMMING TO GLORY

One boy on the pitch showed amazing bat handling skills. His name is Hamilton Kgeola, and he is 12 years old. He came to the pitch one day three years ago because he heard that free cookies and Coke would be offered after a cricket clinic. Hamilton played for the first time that day, and he kept playing because he was promised a T-shirt. Now he loves the sport, excels at it, even though his father glares at him whenever he brings it up. "He criticizes my sport," Hamilton says. "He wants me to play soccer."

But what can his dad say? Hamilton's grades are good, he was elected a prefect at Isaacson Primary School, and now he has been offered free room and board to play cricket and study at a mostly white school called Parktown Boys in Johannesburg. Hamilton will leave the four-room house in Soweto where he has lived with his father, a grandmother, two brothers, an aunt and her husband, and his dad's girlfriend and their baby. The house has no indoor bathroom.

Is Hamilton scared to go live with whites?

"No, I am happy to be having white friends," he said.

Won't he miss home?

"No," he said, crinkling his nose as though he had been asked, *Care for a tetanus shot?* "I am glad to be going. Here the gangsters can shoot you and take your money."

Besides, he said, he has dreams: "I want to play for my country."

Something about Hamilton making it has brightened everything. Or maybe that's because it is Friday afternoon in Soweto, and there is a liveliness in the air. There are more adults around. A kid finally has a hand to hold.

"Tomorrow there will be funerals and weddings all over," Percy says happily. "And festivals. You will see 50 of them or more."

Why? "Because people die all week, but their families work for whites, and whites won't let them out to go to a funeral. So we save all our funerals, and our weddings, for the weekend. For each wedding and each funeral, a cow will be slaughtered."

Those tiny sprigs of promise continue to pop up. We hear about an American named William Redd, of Richmond, who has been to Soweto twice. When customs officials inspected his luggage, all they found were rackets and balls. He was a friend of Ashe's and is trying to rebuild the late tennis star's center.

We hear of a South African mobile phone company, MTN, that has pledged 10 million rand to the national tennis program over three years, with an emphasis on developing the game in disadvantaged communities.

We also meet twins in Soweto who have become promising squash players by practicing on a muddy court that is a kindergarten half the day. Better yet, Soweto schools are sending kids by the hundreds to pools to learn to swim. And it seems you can't throw a bucket of birdseed anywhere in the township without hitting the basketball entrepreneur, Gresham.

The change is slow. It is slower than ketchup in a new bottle, but it is starting to flow. How can you doubt it when caddies build a golf course out of roadside rubble, and boxers train to become champions in a broom closet, and cricket-loving doctors start sporting revolutions?

"There was a time," says Hamilton's grade school principal, Thulare Bopape, "when people here did not play sports. It was during the time of protests and uprisings. Our children were preoccupied. The people were preoccupied. Now on Sundays, you walk along and see people playing soccer and cricket and basketball. I think sport is a uniting factor for us, a way to reach out to people of other colors. It can be done through sports. People who play together can learn together."

Driving back to the hotel that night, Percy says, "Let me show you something."

He hands us back a picture of his four-year-old son. "His name is Sifiso."

What does that mean?

"Hope." ■

Hometown Heroes

Atlanta 1996

ROSE MAGERS-POWELL, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

"The girls' enthusiasm keeps me going. There are always fresh new faces eager to learn about my experiences and how they can get better."

After starring in college, earning silver with Team USA at the 1984 Los Angeles Games and playing nine years in Japan's pro league, Rose Magers-Powell "retired" from volleyball three years ago. Yet she's still getting her digs in at the gym five days a week, all year long, spiking interest in the sport she loves.

From November to May, Magers-Powell directs the non-profit Rocket City Volleyball Club, a Junior Olympic program with 120 girls, ages 12-18, from around Huntsville, Ala.

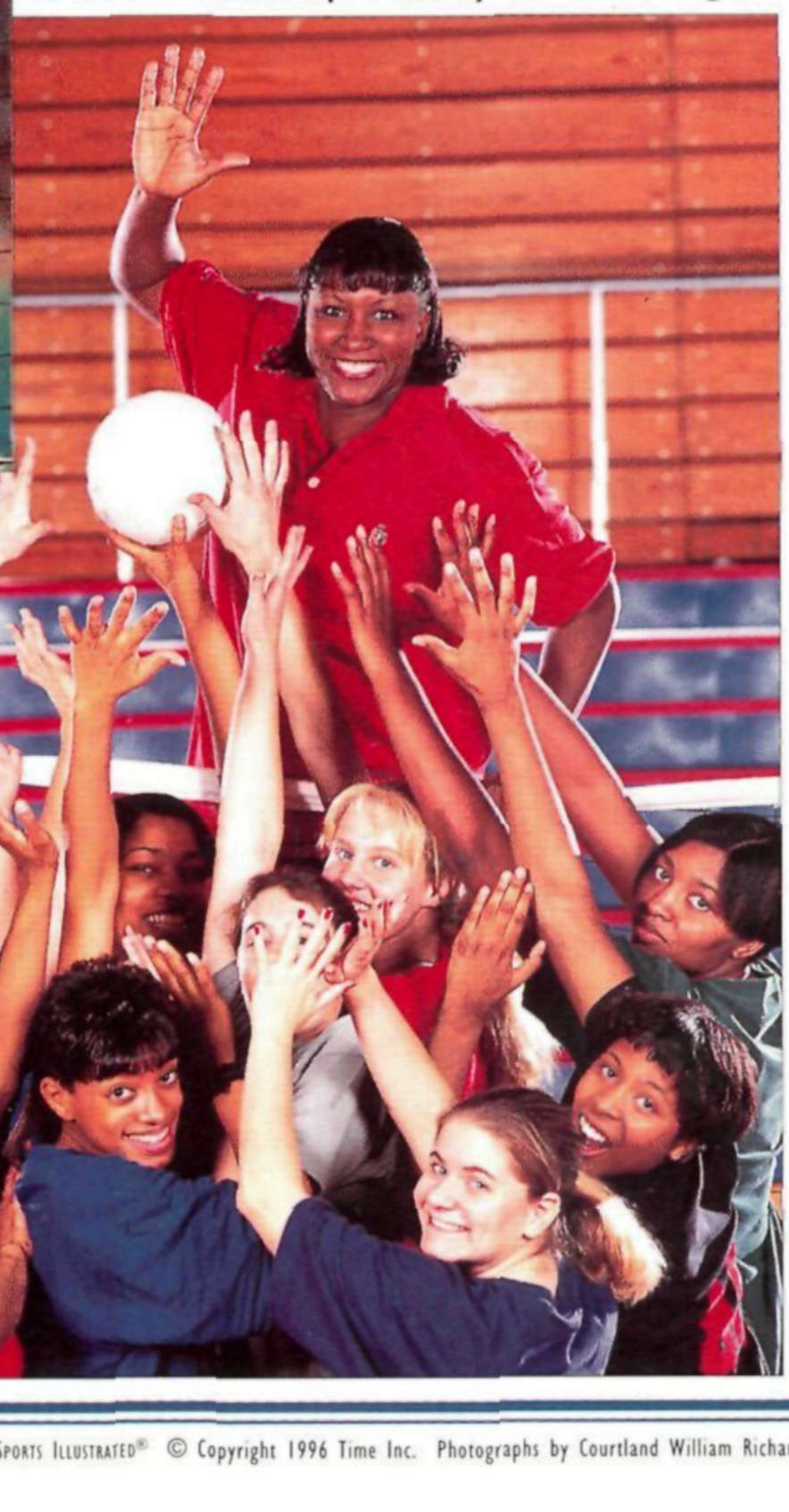
During the summer, she runs the Just Say No camp, where 100 girls, regardless of ability, learn lessons about volleyball and life—such as the value of good nutrition, exercise and handling peer pressure.

To round out the year, in the fall Magers-Powell coaches the top-notch Lee High School girls' squad.

"I played many sports as a child, but volleyball had a special place in my heart," says Magers-Powell, 35, who grew up (to 6′2″) in Big Spring, Texas. "The girls' enthusiasm keeps me going. There are always fresh new faces eager to learn about my experiences and how they can get better."

It's working. Alex Bush was a top player at Huntsville High, but she credits her two years with the Rocket City club for her full scholarship to Lee College in Tennessee. "To see another woman play the way Rose does is motivation in itself," says Bush, a sophomore who was named her conference's top player. "She taught me a higher level of the game. She always brought something new to the table. I really miss playing under her."

Magers-Powell was an imposing figure during America's silver showing in 1984, but her players are more impressed by her heart of gold.



The Rocket City program consists of 10 teams in three age groups. The level of talent varies, but the instruction is consistently excellent.

"All of the major volleyball coaches in the area made themselves available," says Jim Bush, Alex's father and former club board member. "Rose's charisma just pulled people in."

Ted Compoc was happy to lend his four decades of coaching experience. "Rose loves the kids," says Compoc. "I've worked with many coaches over the years, but none can match her demeanor and commitment. And no one benefits more than the kids."

Magers-Powell's work doesn't end on the court. More than once she has responded to a late-night call for assistance.

"If it's boy problems, or if they are stranded without a ride home, I want them to let me know," she says. "Even if I have to get out of bed to pick them up, at least they'll be out of trouble."

Magers-Powell now has her own child to mind—16-month-old William—but she's still a big sister to her girls. Says Alex Bush: "You can always go to Rose if you need anything."

And you can easily find her. Just check the gym.

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Do Not Disturb

Roberto Alomar, the Orioles' exciting new second baseman, keeps a low profile off the field

by Tim Kurkjian

THE BEST Puerto Rican baseball player since Roberto Clemente had just finished lunch and was standing on the front porch of a Chili's restaurant in San Juan last month. Roberto Alomar, who was hours away from agreeing to a three-year, $18 million contract with the Baltimore Orioles, was dressed in running shoes, short pants and a green Chili's polo shirt that a waiter had given him during the meal. When an elegant woman wearing a long dress slinked out of the restaurant and saw him on the porch, she approached and handed him a white ticket. "Can you get my car, please?" she asked.

Rich, handsome and on track for the Hall of Fame, the 27-year-old Alomar is not only the premier second baseman in baseball but also one of the most eligible bachelors in Puerto Rico—yet the woman thought he parked cars for a living. After politely informing her that he was not the valet-parking attendant, Alomar looked at the ticket and giggled. "I could buy this place," he whispered to a companion, without a hint of pretentiousness. "I could take all these cars home."

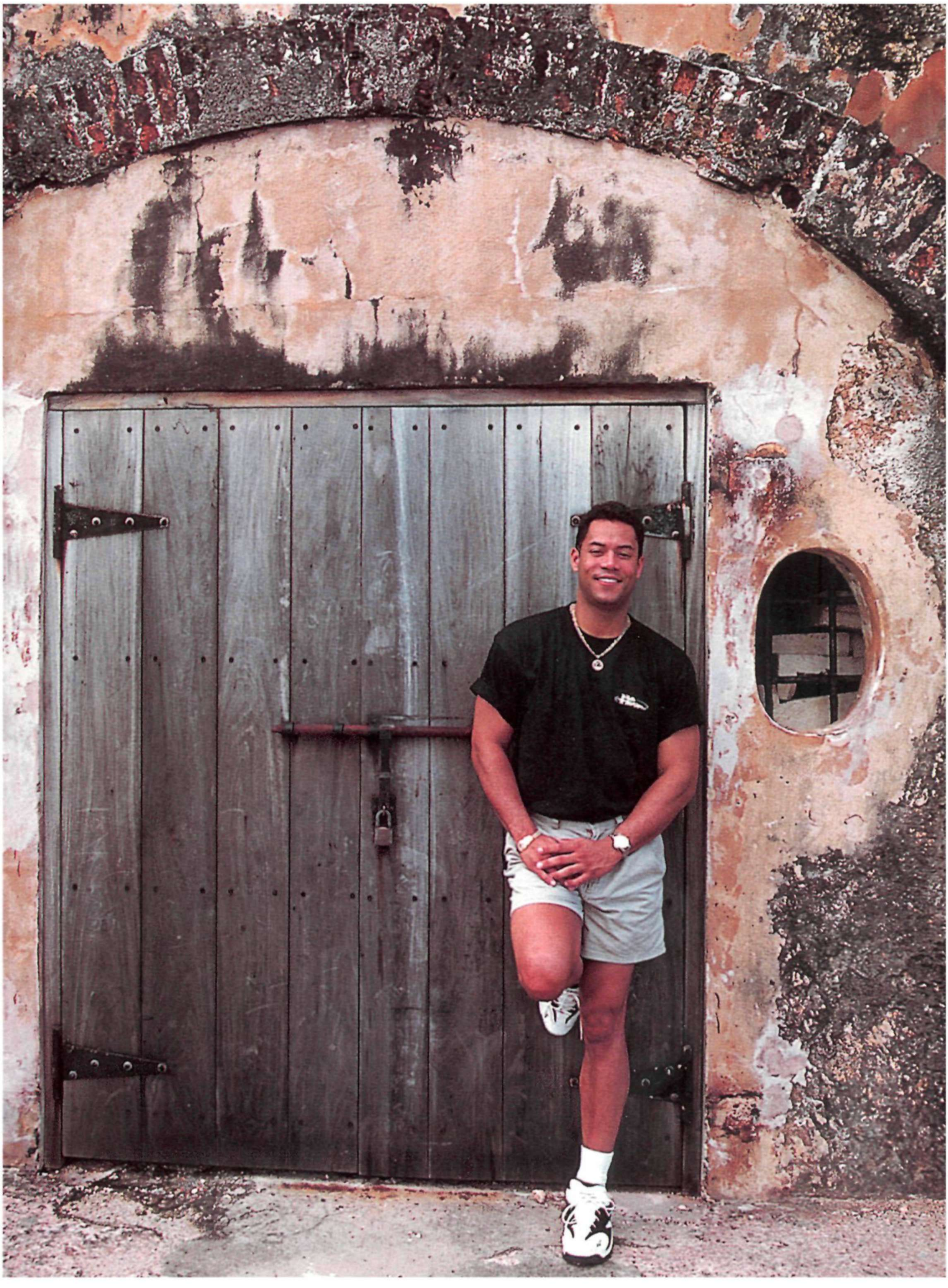
Instead he climbed into his own black Lexus and headed for Old San Juan. Stopping at El Morro, a 16th-century fortress, Alomar started walking unobtrusively around the tourist spot and said, "I bet Cal Ripken can't even get out of his car in Baltimore."

Obviously Alomar has no such problem in his hometown. While he's loved and respected by his countrymen, he isn't mobbed wherever he goes in San Juan as he was in Toronto, where he helped the Blue Jays win two World Series during his five years with the team. "Here, people don't bug you," said Alomar, who was stalked by an armed female fan in Toronto last season. "The people have big egos here. They don't think anyone is above them. That's why I like it. I live a normal life. I don't like the spotlight."

He's an introvert, unlike his brother, catcher Sandy Alomar Jr. of the Cleveland Indians, or popular second baseman Carlos Baerga of the Indians. "Robby is like [Seattle Mariner DH] Edgar Martinez; he's private," says Luis Mayoral, who does public relations work for the Texas Rangers and serves as an adviser to several Latin big leaguers. "That's how Clemente was; he had

The walls that Alomar erects to ensure his privacy are as substantial as those of El Morro.

Photographs by Chuck Solomon



to be. Clemente built a wall around himself. Robby's wall is as thick as Clemente's."

That invisible wall protects Alomar from those who want to take his money, or endanger his livelihood, or compromise him; he knows that Cooperstown frowns on troublemakers. Being standoffish distinguishes him from some other Latin stars, like flamboyant Rangers outfielder Juan Gonzalez, who, at 26, has already been married three times and is currently dating merengue star Olga Tanon.

Alomar, according to Mayoral, "is a millionaire many times over. He's very aware of the value of a dollar, but he isn't stingy." Alomar's sister-in-law, Christie, a CPA, helped him invest his money. "Our family knows what it's like to be down and up," said Alomar, whose father, Sandy Sr., was a journeyman infielder who played for seven teams in 15 major league seasons. "My parents had a hard time at the beginning. The bank repossessed our house. So I don't throw my money around."

And nothing gets in the way of baseball, including endorsement opportunities. While he has done spots for Mennen Speed Stick and Doritos and will be on Kellogg's Corn Flakes boxes sold in Puerto Rico beginning next month, "I don't like to do too many because it takes away from my focus on the game," he says. "I'm a player; I'm not the commercial type."

In the script for the Doritos spot, Alomar was supposed to slide headfirst into second to break up a double play. But the correct way to slide in that situation is feetfirst, and Alomar wouldn't play his part until the script was changed. That's typical Alomar. Whatever he does, he must do right—that's what his parents taught him. His car is spotless and his apartment, says Mayoral, "is the cleanest I've ever seen." He dresses impeccably. (When he signed a clothing deal with Puma a few years ago, he wanted to help design the products.) He doesn't wear pounds of jewelry the way some players do, just a gold necklace bearing his number, 12, and a rosary.

But at times this need to achieve perfection, coupled with episodes of immaturity, causes him to be moody off the field. He sulked for days after the Blue Jays traded ace David Cone to the New York Yankees last July. "But," says former pitcher and Toronto teammate Dave Stewart, "he's a good kid." And he's good *with* kids. The wall comes down for them.

During the 1993 World Series, Alomar took Steven Boggs, the 11-year-old son of his marketing agent, John Boggs, in a limousine to lunch. As they ate at a Chinese restaurant in Toronto, a line of autograph seekers soon formed at their table. Alomar asked the waiter for privacy so Steven's special lunch would not be ruined, and screens were set up around the table.

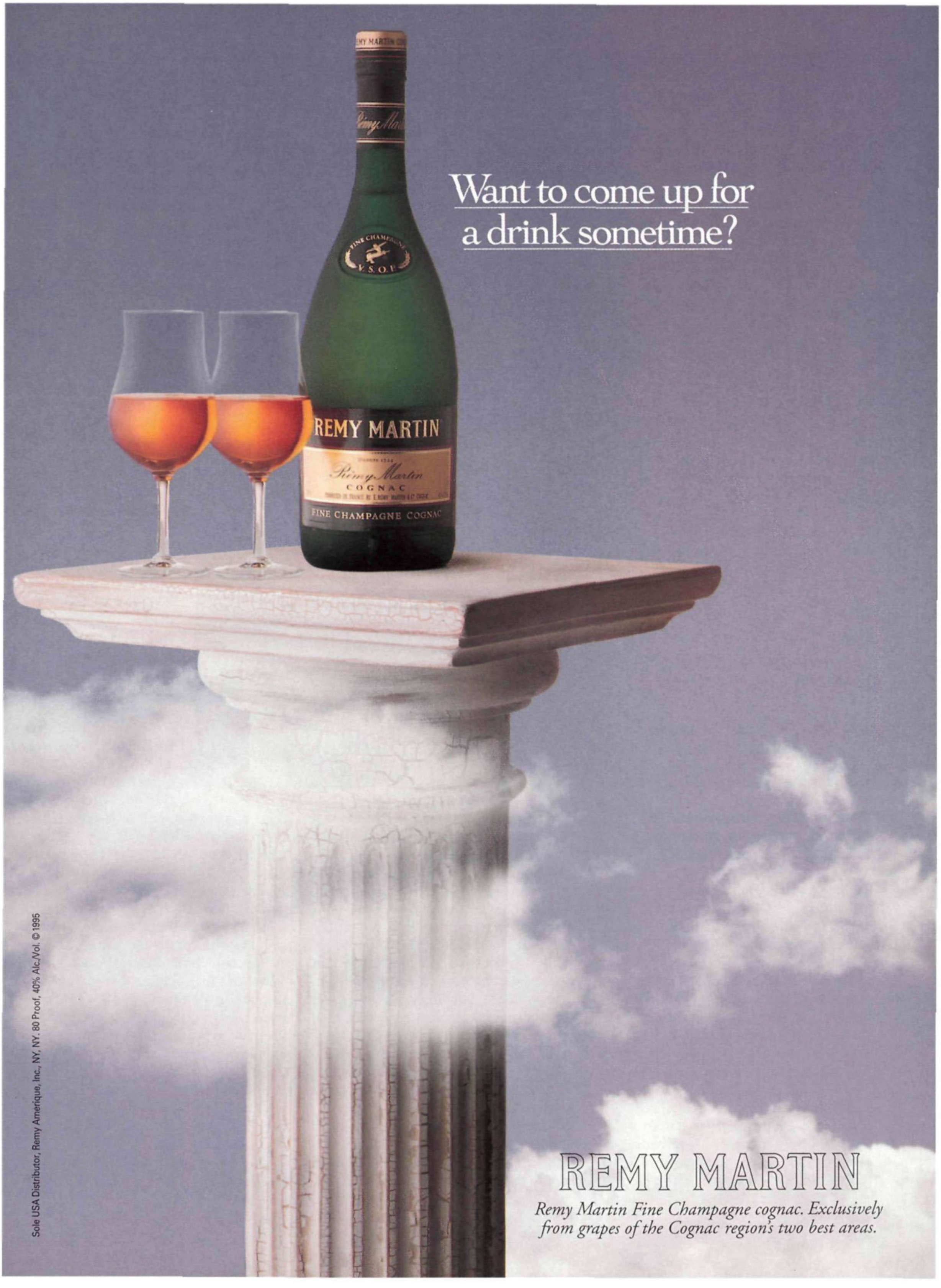
Alomar does love to go out, though; it's just that the places he frequents are as low profile as he is. When he plays golf, he plays miniature golf. "And he cheats," says John Boggs, a frequent opponent.

"I have my own scoring system," says Alomar.

"He cheats at everything—dominoes, Ping-Pong, backgammon," says Sandy Sr. "Winning is everything to him."

That's true even in winter league baseball, which for most Latin major leaguers is an easy way to stay in shape and perform for their fans in Puerto Rico. When San Juan played Caguas on Dec. 20, it was a typical

Alomar batted .362 to win the Puerto Rican batting title, a distinction his father earned in 1970–71.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night in the Puerto Rican league. The big leaguers congregated around the batting cage before the game would have made a formidable All-Star lineup: Baerga, Martinez, outfielder Bobby Bonilla of the Orioles, catcher Ivan Rodriguez of the Rangers, shortstop Rey Sanchez of the Chicago Cubs and, the best of them all, Robby Alomar. San Juan won the game 10–7, behind Alomar's two doubles and three-run homer. He also made a signature defensive play, back-

After accepting Baltimore's offer, Alomar tipped his new Orioles cap to Sandy Sr. (left) and Martinez.

handing a ball behind second, leaping and making a perfect throw to first. He plays all out in the winter, just as he does in the summer. "I was put on this earth to play baseball," he says.

There was never a doubt that Alomar would be a major leaguer. "A scout with the Cardinals saw him play pepper when he was six years old, and he said to me, 'I want to sign your son right now,' " says Sandy Sr. "He was determined to be a player. He always told me, 'I'm going to be better than you.' That wouldn't take much."

Sandy Jr., who is nearly two years older than Robby, signed with the Padres in October 1983. When San Diego reached the '84 World Series against the Detroit Tigers, Robby taped the Series and watched it over and over again. "He'd tell me, 'I'm going to play in that ballpark [Jack Murphy Stadium] someday,' " says Sandy Sr. Robby signed with the Padres the following February.

In his first spring training Alomar immediately impressed the Padres' All-Star rightfielder Tony Gwynn when he hauled a bag of balls to a back diamond and hit off a tee for an hour—a commitment to hard work that has not diminished over the past 11 years. In 1988, at 20, Alomar was the starting second baseman for the Padres. Two years later he was an All-Star, but in a December 1990 blockbuster, he was traded with outfielder Joe Carter to Toronto for first baseman Fred McGriff and shortstop Tony Fernandez. Alomar was the least celebrated player of the four, but on the day of the trade Montreal Expos manager Buck Rodgers said unequivocally that Alomar was the best player in the deal. Chicago Cubs scout Hugh Alexander said Alomar someday would be better than Cubs second baseman Ryne Sandberg, and he predicted Alomar would eventually make more money than anyone in baseball. He could turn out to be right on both counts.

In five seasons in Toronto, Alomar hit a combined .307 and won five Gold Gloves to go with his two World Series rings. With Toronto rebuilding after back-to-back losing seasons, Alomar, this year's prize free agent, jumped to Baltimore, where he will play alongside Ripken, one of his idols. Alomar's other heroes are his father and Joe Morgan, the Hall of Fame second baseman. Alomar had Morgan sign one of his Gold Gloves, and he had former Kansas City Royals second baseman Frank White sign another one because White "never missed a ball."

But neither Morgan nor White could make the amazing defensive plays Alomar does. He has as much range as any infielder in baseball, and he might have the best infield arm in the majors, though he rarely has to cut loose from second base. "Ask [Blue Jays first baseman] John Olerud about my arm," Alomar says. "I almost killed him with a throw."

The combination of hitting, defense and speed (296 career steals) has positioned Alomar to reach his ultimate goal: induction into the Hall of Fame. In the meantime he strives for modest achievements, such as the one he accomplished this winter. He got nine hits in his last 15 at bats for San Juan to win the Puerto Rican batting title, which his father had once won. The Alomars and the Cepedas, Pedro and Orlando, are the only father-son tandems to have won batting titles in Puerto Rico.

"He's what great players eventually become, but he's been that way since he first stepped onto a major league field," says Stewart. "Defensively, it's like there are five or six of him out there, not one. My only problem with him is the game's so easy for him, sometimes he gets bored."

But that may change this season, now that he's in Baltimore, back with a contender. Alomar begins this new phase of his career in his prime, at the peak of his skills and with a rich, new contract. Life is great. As he walked beside El Morro, with the ocean behind him, a photographer asked him for a big smile. Alomar raised both arms, looked skyward and said, jokingly, "I am God."

Then he laughed the laugh of a man who has it all. ■

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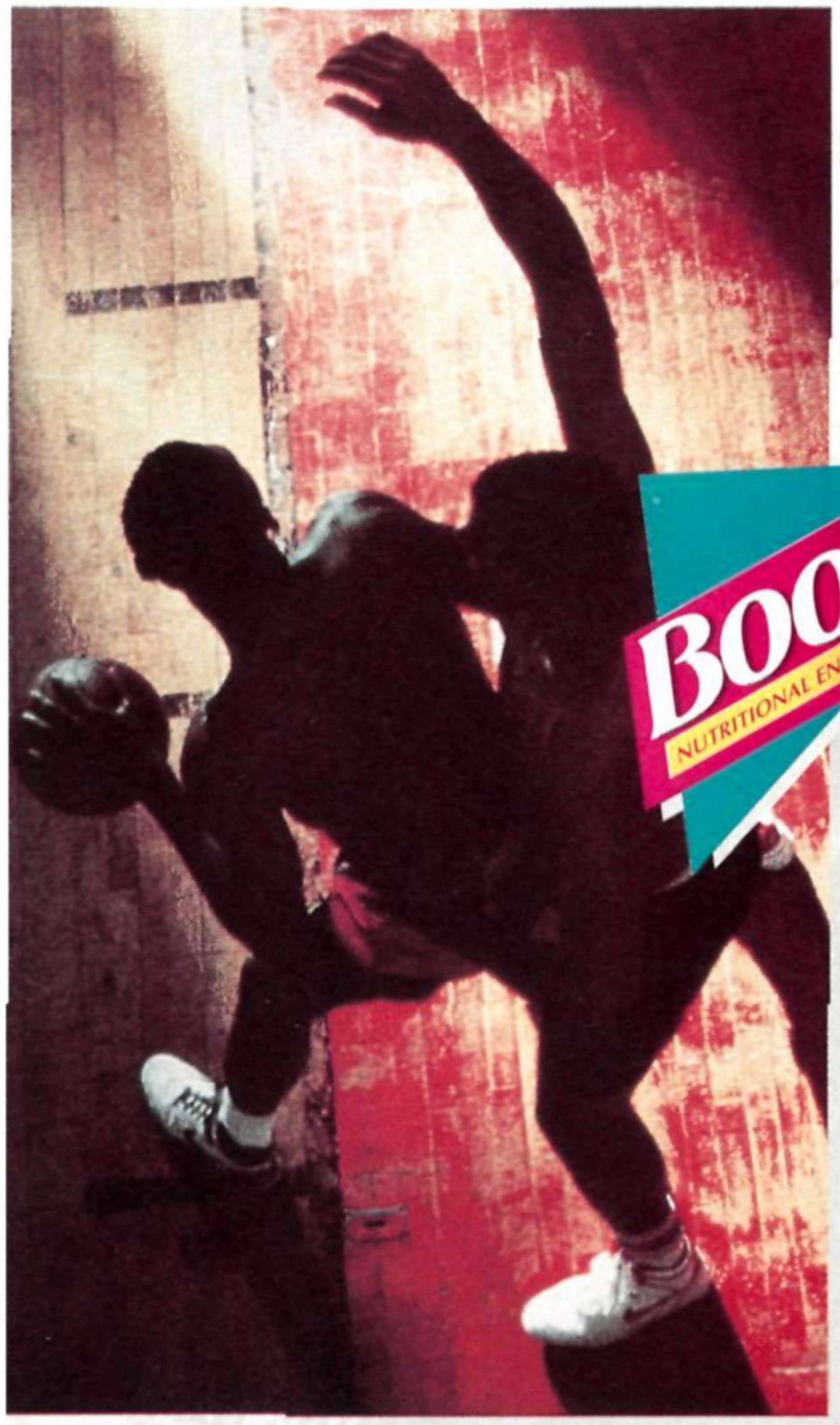

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INSIDE

The NBA

BY JACKIE MACMULLAN

Weighting for Derrick

The Sixers practice patience with Coleman • Sizing up the Anderson trade • Our All-Star reserve choices

ON NOV. 30 the 76ers acquired Derrick Coleman, the immensely talented yet exceedingly frustrating power forward who tormented the Nets for five seasons by alternately showcasing his considerable skills and his considerable petulance. Sixers coach–general manager John Lucas, who has made a career of trying to salvage the reputations of wayward ballplayers, was convinced a change of scenery would turn Coleman around. "Don't worry," Lucas told Philadelphia owner Harold Katz. "He'll be different here."

Now, nearly two months later, Coleman hasn't challenged the 76ers' dress code, blown off team meetings or refused to enter a game, all lowlights on his New Jersey résumé. That's because since the Nets traded him, along with Sean Higgins and Rex Walters, for Shawn Bradley, Greg Graham and Tim Perry, Coleman has suited up only six times.

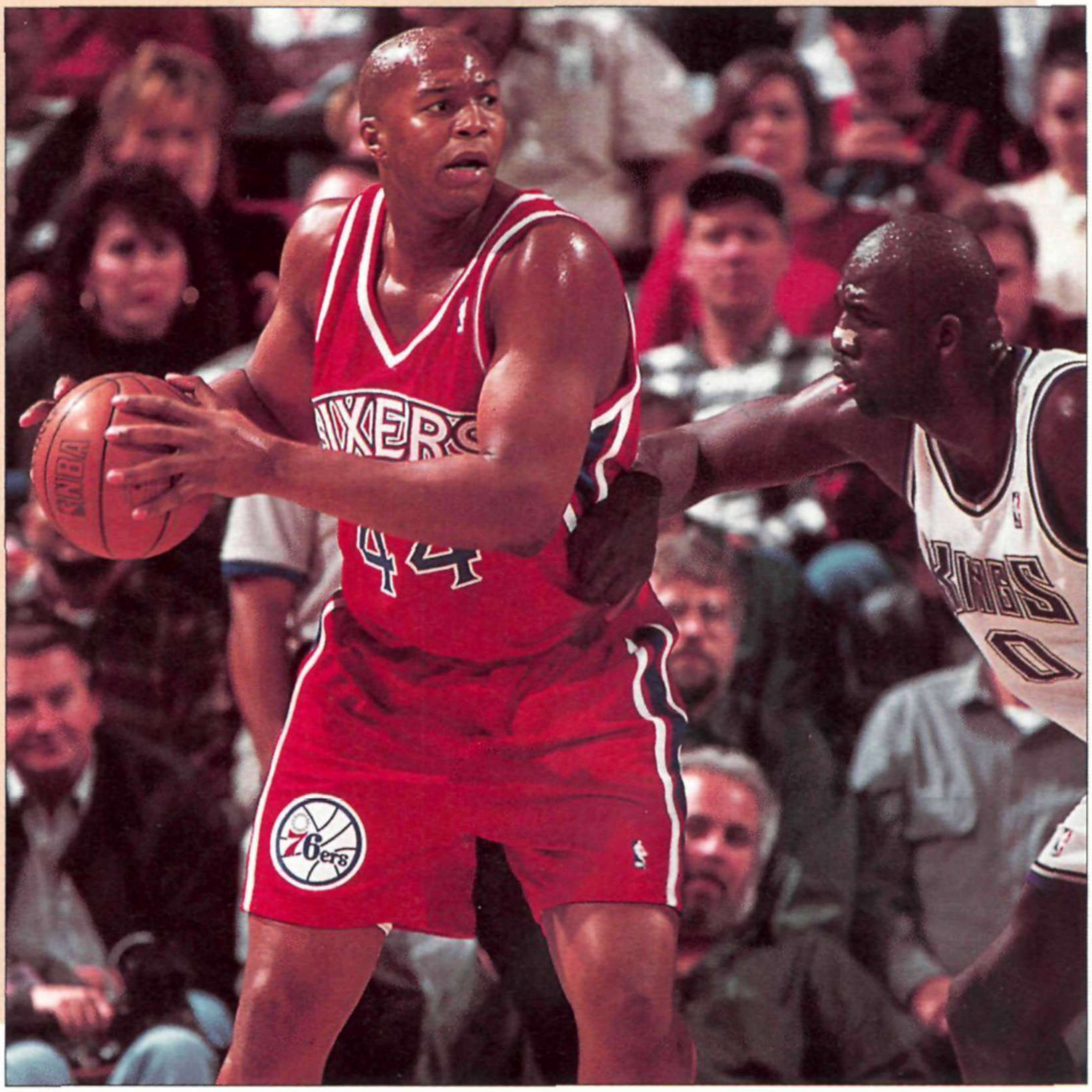
On Dec. 9, just three days after whetting the appetites of his new employers with 17 points and 11 rebounds in his Sixers debut, a win over the Mavericks, Coleman landed awkwardly while lunging for a rebound against the Celtics, spraining his right ankle. Originally Coleman was expected to miss 10 days, but as of Sunday he remained on the sidelines and the reeling Sixers were 7–30.

The mercurial Katz has kept quiet in public. Yet privately, team sources say, he has sought assurances that his new star isn't dogging it. According to Lucas the injury is painfully real. "The ankle would have been better off broken," says Lucas. "It's so severely sprained it's going to take forever to be right." As coach, Lucas may not have forever; last week the 76ers were talking with former Celtics coach Chris Ford as a possible replacement.

Coleman tested the ankle against the Kings on Dec. 29 but experienced considerable pain and did not play in the second half. He tried again on Jan. 3, against the Warriors, with similar results. Lucas then persuaded Coleman to see a foot specialist. His ankle was placed in a cast on Jan. 10, and even though the cast was removed a week later, Lucas vowed he would not rush Coleman back into action. "We've tried him at 60 percent," Lucas says. "It's no good for him, and it's no good for this team."

Though Lucas refuses to fault Coleman for his injury, he is upset about his weight, which ballooned to as much as 280 pounds. Coleman has since made some dietary adjustments and, according to Lucas, is down to 269 pounds. But after taking that step forward, Coleman took another step back when he returned last Thursday from a visit to his hometown, Detroit, 24 hours later than Lucas had requested. Mark down Jan. 18 as the day Coleman logged his

Philly coach Lucas says that only when the Sixers see less of Coleman will fans see more of him.

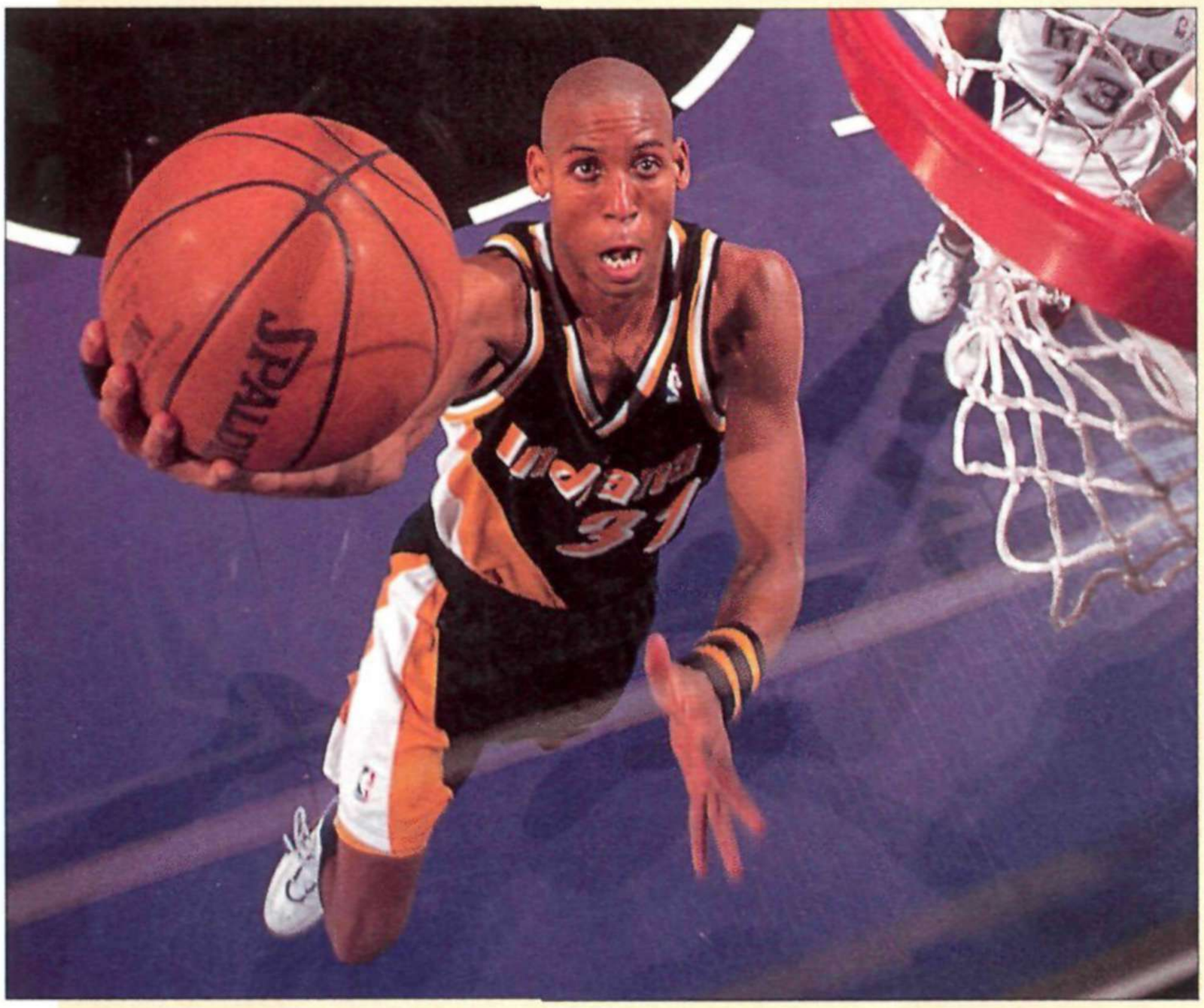


Photographs by Rocky Widner

first official fine with Philadelphia. Said Lucas, "He's the leader of this team, and I expect him to act that way."

There is also a new condition attached to Coleman's earning minutes with the Sixers when—or, more ominously, if—he returns this season. "I will not allow Derrick Coleman to go out there again until his weight is down to 260," says Lucas. Does Coleman know about this? "He will when he reads this article," Lucas answers.

a delicate psyche. New Jersey management insisted it had to trade Anderson—who had refused an offer of $40 million over six years—or face losing him to free agency next summer and getting nothing in return. But in this case, nothing actually might have been preferable to the alternative. The reasoning: With the best crop of free agents in NBA history about to become available, the Nets would have had Anderson's $3.9 million to spend if they had stood pat and watched Anderson walk away in July.



Net Loss—or Gain?

When Butch Beard accepted the Nets' coaching job at the beginning of last season, *his starting lineup included Coleman* and then All-Star point guard Kenny Anderson. Now, after New Jersey dealt Anderson and Gerald Glass to the Hornets for Kendall Gill and Khalid Reeves last Friday, he has neither. (The trade was put on hold Saturday after the Nets asked for more medical tests on Reeves, who has been suffering from a sprained ankle.) When asked if he would ever have guessed that both his franchise players would be dealt in less than a two-month span, a somber Beard answered, "I would have told you it would never happen."

So what does Beard have now? Six guards and a starting center (Bradley) with

Miller would prefer to stay contractually up in the air rather than re-sign with the Pacers now.

The Envelope, Please

Results of fan voting for the NBA All-Star squads were scheduled to be announced late this week, and unless there was some last-minute ballot stuffing from some overzealous city (don't laugh—it has happened), the starters were set as of last weekend. Coaches will then vote to fill out the seven remaining spots on the Eastern and Western Conference teams, choosing two guards, two forwards, a center and two at-large players.

Here's one person's view of who should suit up in San Antonio's Alamodome on Feb. 11.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Starters (voted by the fans)
G: Michael Jordan, *Bulls*
G: Anfernee Hardaway, *Magic*
F: Grant Hill, *Pistons*
F: Scottie Pippen, *Bulls*
C: Shaquille O'Neal, *Magic*

Reserves (voted by MacMullan)
G: Terrell Brandon, *Cavaliers*; Reggie Miller, *Pacers*
F: Vin Baker, *Bucks*; Larry Johnson, *Hornets*
C: Alonzo Mourning, *Heat*
At large: Patrick Ewing, C, *Knicks*; Dennis Rodman, F, *Bulls*

Toughest Omissions: Guard Derek Harper is having another exemplary year for New York and is a sentimental favorite here, but Brandon gets the nod for overcoming a fractured right tibia, brilliantly replacing Cleveland legend Mark Price and leading the talent-starved but unexpectedly successful Cavs at both ends of the floor. Guard Nick Anderson and forward Dennis Scott have been important to Orlando, but they cancel each other out. Bullets forward Juwan Howard was difficult to overlook; Knicks forward Anthony Mason was not, because of his me-first approach. Hornets swingman Glen Rice and Bucks forward Glenn Robinson received consideration, but this voter puts a premium on defense, and those two come up short.

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Starters (voted by the fans)
G: Clyde Drexler, *Rockets*
G: Jason Kidd, *Mavericks*
F: Charles Barkley, *Suns*
F: Shawn Kemp, *SuperSonics*
C: Hakeem Olajuwon, *Rockets*

Reserves (voted by MacMullan)
G: Mitch Richmond, *Kings*; John Stockton, *Jazz*
F: Sean Elliott, *Spurs*; Karl Malone, *Jazz*
C: David Robinson, *Spurs*
At large: Dikembe Mutombo, C, *Nuggets*; Rod Strickland, G, *Blazers*

Toughest Omissions: Portland forward Clifford Robinson is having another superb season, and I was about to put him alongside Malone as my other West forward. But then I double-checked and noticed that he was shooting 43.1%—too low for an All-Star frontcourtman, even allowing for his numerous three-point attempts. Besides, Elliott (49.1% shooting through Sunday) has been an all-everything for San Antonio.

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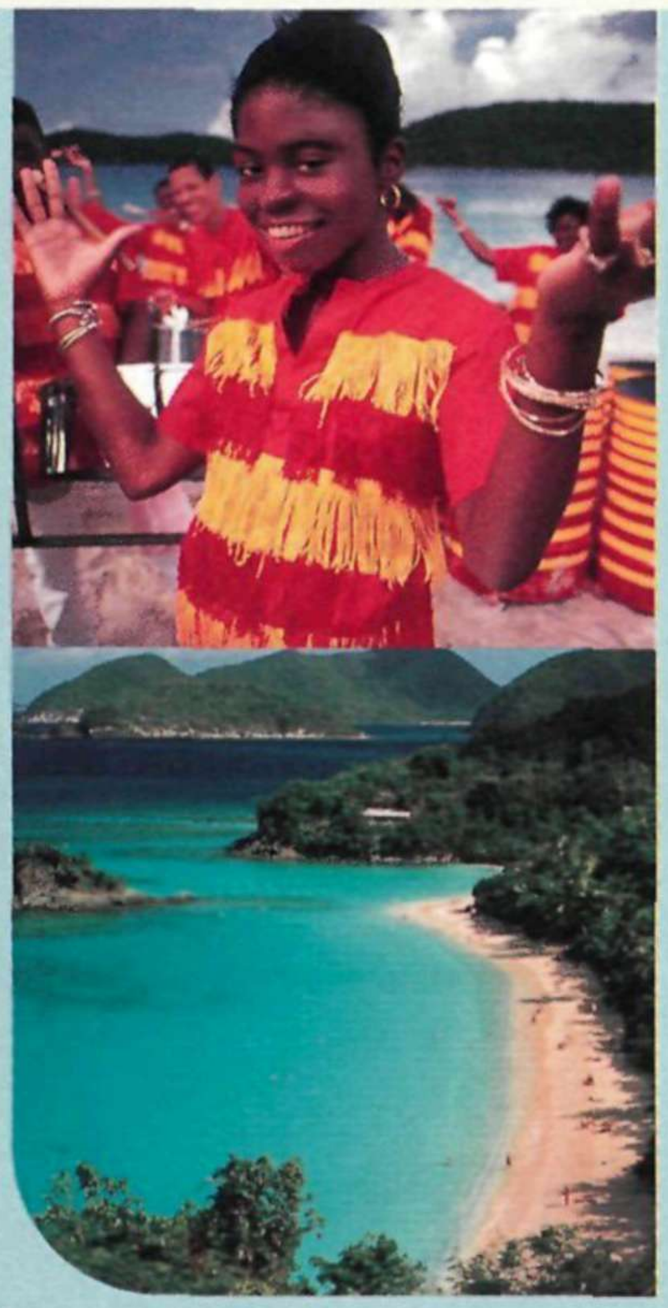

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Seattle guard Gary Payton should be there somewhere, particularly because he's so active defensively, but Strickland has been a better distributor. Denver guard Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf is having the best season of his career, but should he take the at-large spot of teammate Mutombo, the league's best shot blocker? No way.

Reappearing Act?

Magic Johnson worked out with the Lakers last week, again fueling speculation that he would be making a comeback. While Los Angeles executive vice president Jerry West says Johnson decided against a return, other Lakers sources say Magic seriously considered rejoining his old team and may again consider doing so before the season is out.

Count L.A. coach Del Harris among those who think a Johnson comeback would be marvelous. This is the third time Harris has been teased with a possible Magic return. When Harris was hired in May 1994, the Lakers were hoping to have both Magic, who had retired in '91 following his revelation that he was HIV positive, and free agent Horace Grant draped in the purple and gold. But Grant signed with the Magic, and Johnson's interest in a comeback faded. During this past preseason Harris again dreamed of Johnson as the NBA's most lethal sixth man, but again Magic balked. "It wouldn't be out of the realm of possibility for him to do it," said Harris late last week. "He brings such joy for the game to the court. And his body looks as solid as a rock."

Line of the Week

Rocket swingman Mario Elie, Jan. 17 against the Nuggets: 17 MIN, 5–5 FG, 0–0 FT, 13 points, three assists. Elie, who has been invaluable to Houston this season, was in the midst of yet another relatively quiet yet effective evening when he crashed to the floor after being fouled by Jalen Rose on a fast-break dunk. Elie broke a bone in his right wrist on the play and might be out for as long as 12 weeks, a big blow to the defending champion Rockets. After the game, Houston players questioned the way Rose had bumped Elie from behind, though Rose insisted he meant no harm. In the six previous games Elie (career average: 8.5 points) had averaged 16.0 points.

Around the Rim

The Pacers have two key players, Miller and forward Antonio Davis, who will become free agents this summer; a third, Dale Davis, also a forward, intends to exercise an escape clause in his contract. Miller is Indiana's top signing priority and sources say he has been offered a five-year package that would average close to $6.5 million a season, but he has not yet accepted it. Dale Davis is in the second year of a five-year, $22.5 million deal, but his agent, Steve Kauffman, says he'll test the market anyway. The rugged Davis is not a scorer and his rebounding numbers aren't gaudy, which make him a tricky sell. "I'm not saying 29 teams understand what Dale is worth," says Kauffman. "I'm sure they don't. But it only takes one." . . . Asked for a comment on former Nuggets coach Doug Moe, who will coach him in the All-Star rookie game, Denver's Antonio McDyess admitted he didn't know who Moe was and said, "Somebody told me he curses a lot." This might be of concern to the 21-year-old McDyess, who, upon learning he had been named to the rookie squad, exclaimed, "Dang!" ■

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INSIDE College Basketball

BY JOHN FEINSTEIN

Cincy's Tower of Power

Danny Fortson is a bear of a Cat • Texas Tech stands atop the Southwest • New orders from Patton

CINCINNATI FORWARD Danny Fortson smiled wearily as he sat in the tiny visitors' locker room of creaky Cincinnati Gardens on Jan. 17, after the then third-ranked Bearcats had hung on to beat a too-young Xavier team 99–90 in one of the last of college basketball's great intracity rivalries. While his teammates spewed clichés about respecting all their opponents and giving 100% every time out, Fortson refused to join that inane chorus. "No *way* did I want to lose to Xavier," he said. "If there's one game you don't lose at Cincinnati, it's against Xavier. Lose to Xavier, we hear about it all year. I didn't even want to think about having to put up with that."

Fortson had just made certain that he wouldn't have to put up with anything by scoring 40 points and grabbing 17 rebounds, both career highs. He may be only a sophomore and not yet 20 years old, but on an experienced, talent-rich team, he is the man in charge. "Next to him on the court, everyone looks like a kid," says junior guard Damon Flint of the 6' 7", 260-pound Fortson. "If you don't guard him exactly right, forget it."

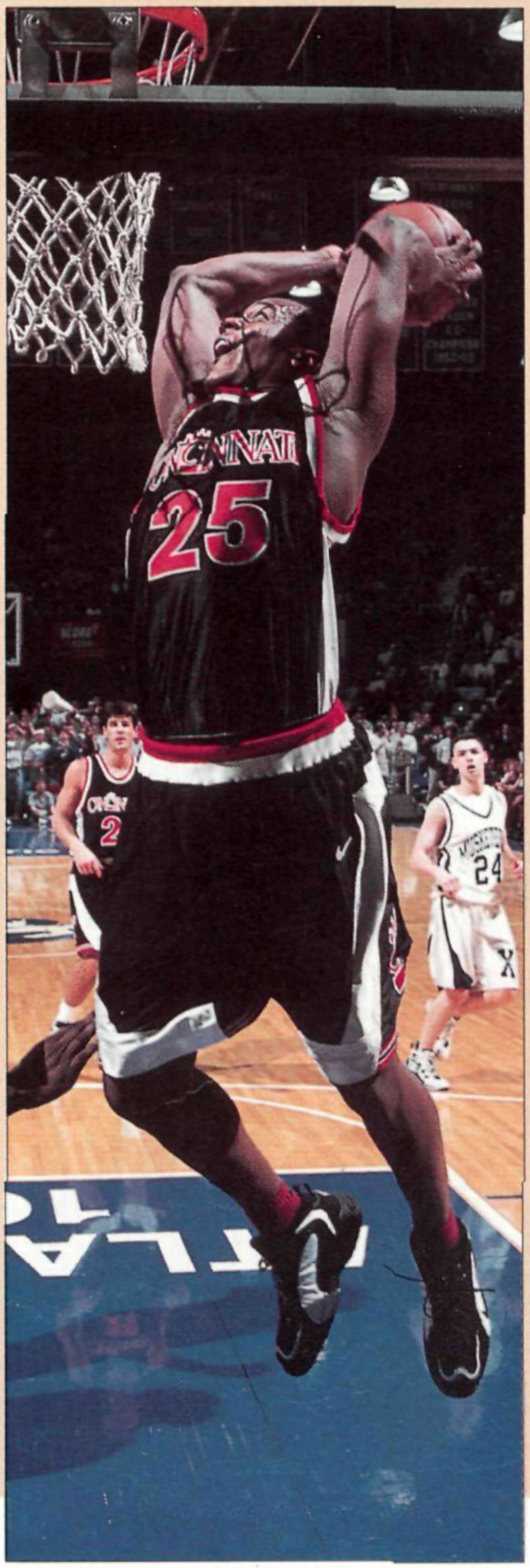
Teams have tried just about everything to stop Fortson this season. Xavier coach Skip Prosser, for example, double-teamed him in the post after Fortson had scored 19 first-half points. Fortson patiently kicked the ball out to Flint and junior guard Darnell Burton, who combined to hit 6 for 6 from three-point range. When the Musketeers tried to quicken the pace late in the game, Fortson overwhelmed them inside. "Once he catches it down there, it's two points," Prosser said after Xavier lost. "He either scores or you foul him."

Fortson's emergence is hardly a surprise. After Cincinnati won a recruiting battle with Michigan and Massachusetts for him, Fortson averaged 15.1 points per game as a freshman. But at the end of the season, he told Bearcats coach Bob Huggins that he felt as if he had been pushed around inside and had to get stronger. "He knew what he needed to do to get better," Huggins says. "He worked all summer in the weight room, and he worked on improving his footwork. He's stronger and more mobile now. That's a pretty good combination."

Fortson went from a strong 245 pounds to an immovable 260. Yet he appears light on his feet, runs the floor well on the Cincinnati fast break and can step outside and shoot the jumper. "He has great offensive skills," Huggins says, "but he's still learning to play the whole game."

Even though Cincinnati was 12–1 after Sunday night's 70–68 upset loss at Alabama-Birmingham, Huggins often sounds mournful when talking about how these Bearcats can't play defense the way his 1992 Final Four team did. He was so disturbed by their inability to stop Xavier in the second half, when the Musketeers cut a 17-point deficit to six in the last six minutes, that he kept the locker room door shut for 15 minutes after the game. "I'm not a believer in the theory that you learn by losing," he says. "You make mistakes when you win, and you should be able to learn from them, too."

Some of Huggins's players have made mistakes that have nothing to do with basketball. Starting center Art Long, who attended three junior colleges before enrolling at Cincinnati, pleaded no contest to a charge of selling marijuana to an undercover police officer while at Dodge City (Kans.) Junior College in 1993. Last spring Long and Fortson were involved in a bizarre incident with a mounted police-



BOB ROSATO

Fortson made sure he wouldn't have to take any guff from his crosstown rivals at Xavier.

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man that ended with Long's being charged for assault—on the *horse*. He was later acquitted, but that didn't stop two Xavier fans from showing up for last week's game in a horse costume. Long also had a domestic-violence charge against him dropped last fall when he agreed to undergo counseling.

And then there's Burton, who was supposed to sit out the season after "violating athletic department rules" last spring. According to published reports, that violation was a positive result for marijuana in a random drug test. But this fall the Cincinnati administration amended its substance abuse policy, reducing the penalty for a first-time offense from a whole season to 10% of a season. That meant Burton had to sit out four games—two exhibitions and routs of Wyoming and North Carolina–Wilmington. "I learned my lesson," says Burton.

The Bearcats continue to learn on the court, too. Xavier, which starts three freshmen, threw everything it had at Cincinnati in the second half, but the Bearcats did what they do best down the stretch: They got the ball to Fortson. "If it's close, you want an open layup or the ball in Danny's hands," Flint said. "His touching it is just about as good as the open layup."

Fortson is, after all, the go-to guy, money in the bank, the step-up guy, the main man. . . .

The Last Raid

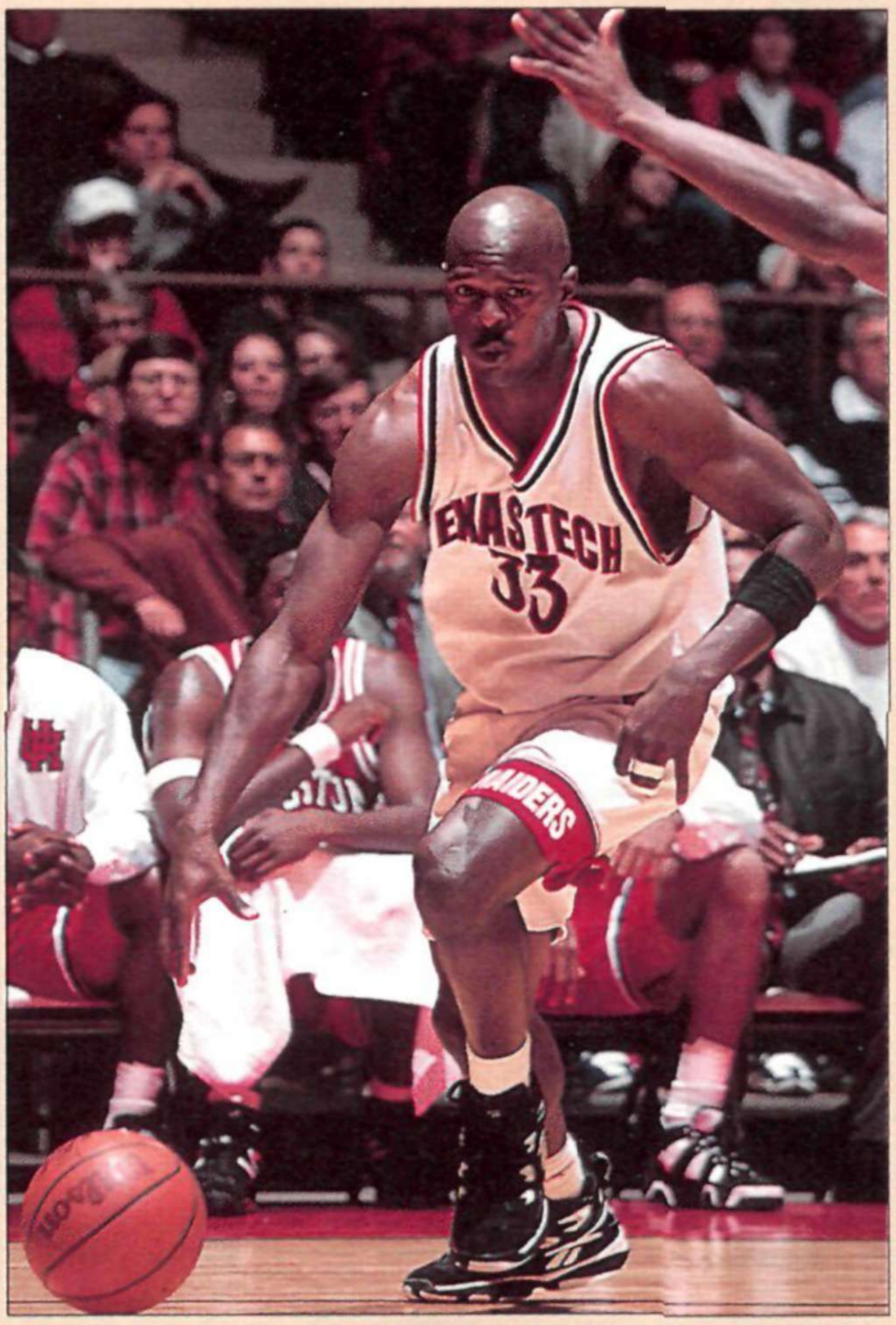
This is the final season in the 81-year history of the Southwest Conference, four of whose schools will join the Big Eight next season. One of the four, Texas Tech, is hoping to leave the Southwest in style. The Red Raiders, who last week were ranked in the Top 25 for the first time since 1985, stayed unbeaten in conference play with a 95–76 win over Houston last Saturday, raising their overall record to 14–1, the best start in Red Raiders history. All of this has been achieved by a team whose coach, James Dickey, didn't have a guaranteed parking spot a couple of years ago and whose star, Jason Sasser, was nicknamed O.C., as in Out of Control.

Dickey, 41, was an assistant on the Kentucky coaching staff that was canned after the 1988–89 season because the Wildcats had gotten into trouble with the NCAA. He was out of coaching for a year and then was hired as an assistant on Gerald Myers's staff at Texas Tech for the 1990–91 season. Dickey got his first shot at being a head coach when Myers was forced out after that year.

Just in case Dickey got carried away with his new status, the city of Lubbock was there to humble him. His assigned parking space outside the Municipal Coliseum was next to a dumpster. Often, sanitation workers would leave the empty dumpster sitting in Dickey's space.

Dickey took that slight in stride and has built a solid team. Last year, after tying Texas for the regular-season title, the Raiders lost the conference tournament final to the Longhorns in OT and missed out on an NCAA bid despite a 20–9 record.

But this year, with four seniors back, Texas Tech looks like a lock for the NCAAs. The best of those seniors is Sasser, a 6' 7" forward who had so much trouble handling the ball at times in his first couple of years in Lubbock that Red Raider broadcaster Jack Dale started calling him O.C. Now O.C. is I.C. more often, and the results have been impressive. Aided in part by the improved outside shooting of Koy Smith and Cory Carr, Sasser had scored in double figures in 77 of his last 78 games through Sunday. "We're more balanced this year," Dickey said. "That should help Jason down the stretch."



PHIL HUBER

The Raiders' once erratic Sasser has gone from O.C. to A-O.K.

General Patton

Former Colorado coach Joe Harrington resigned last week after five-plus years in Boulder, taking with him a reputation as perhaps "too nice" a guy, one whose players walked all over him. That doesn't sound as if it will be a problem for his successor, Ricardo Patton, a Colorado assistant who was named interim coach. Last Friday evening, before the Buffaloes were to face Big Eight power Kansas the next day, Patton had his troops watch *Glory*, the Civil War movie about a unit of black soldiers who marched into battle and perished together. Then Patton had his players spend the night sleeping on cots on the basketball floor at the Coors Events Center. The Buffs put up a valiant effort before succumbing 80–78, eliciting this reaction from Patton: "I don't accept moral victories. I told our guys that in the game of life, there is a first place and a second place. And second place is dead."

Tip-ins

Pity the poor folks who came out in high winds and rain for Maine's home game against New Hampshire last Friday night in Orono. The game was about to tip off at 7:30 when the power went out in Alfond Sports Arena, delaying the start by an hour and 16 minutes. Then the game went to four overtimes. It was just after 11:30 when the visitors finally put away the Black Bears 106–103. But that wasn't the longest game Maine coach Rudy Keeling ever saw. He was an assistant coach at Bradley in 1981, when the Braves went an NCAA-record seven OTs in a loss to Cincinnati. . . . Quote of the week: Kentucky coach Rick Pitino after his Wildcats' astonishing 129–97 rout of Louisiana State, which included an 86–42 margin at halftime: "Our blocking out could've been better." ■

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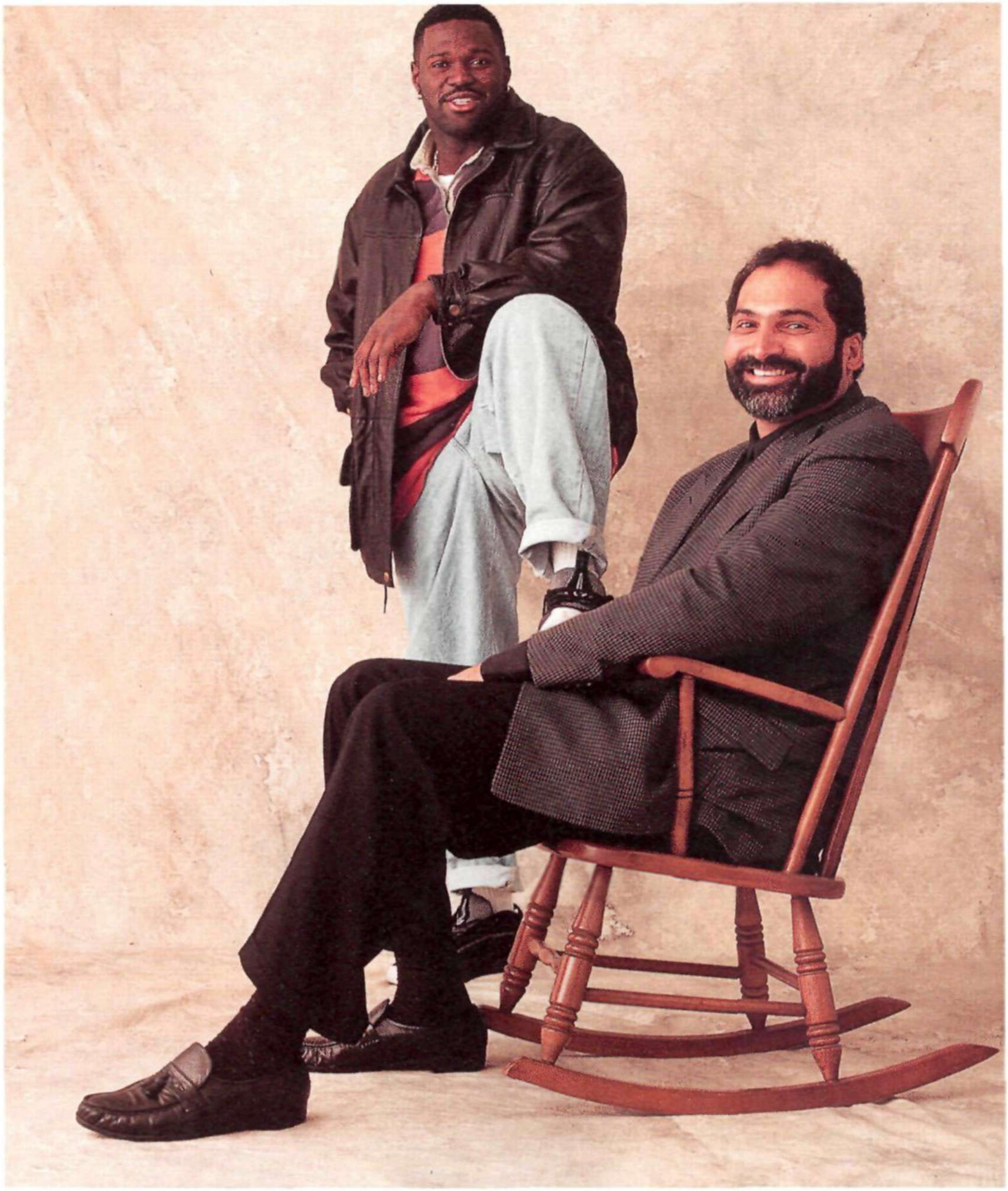


BAM MORRIS &
FRANCO HARRIS

"We had our time. Now this is theirs," says Harris, Pittsburgh's alltime leading rusher and the MVP of Super Bowl IX. Of Morris, whose TD won the AFC title game, Harris says, "I'll keep my eye on him, make sure he makes the right cuts."

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

The Cowboys and Steelers of today are heirs to a championship tradition that includes a combined 11 Super Bowl appearances

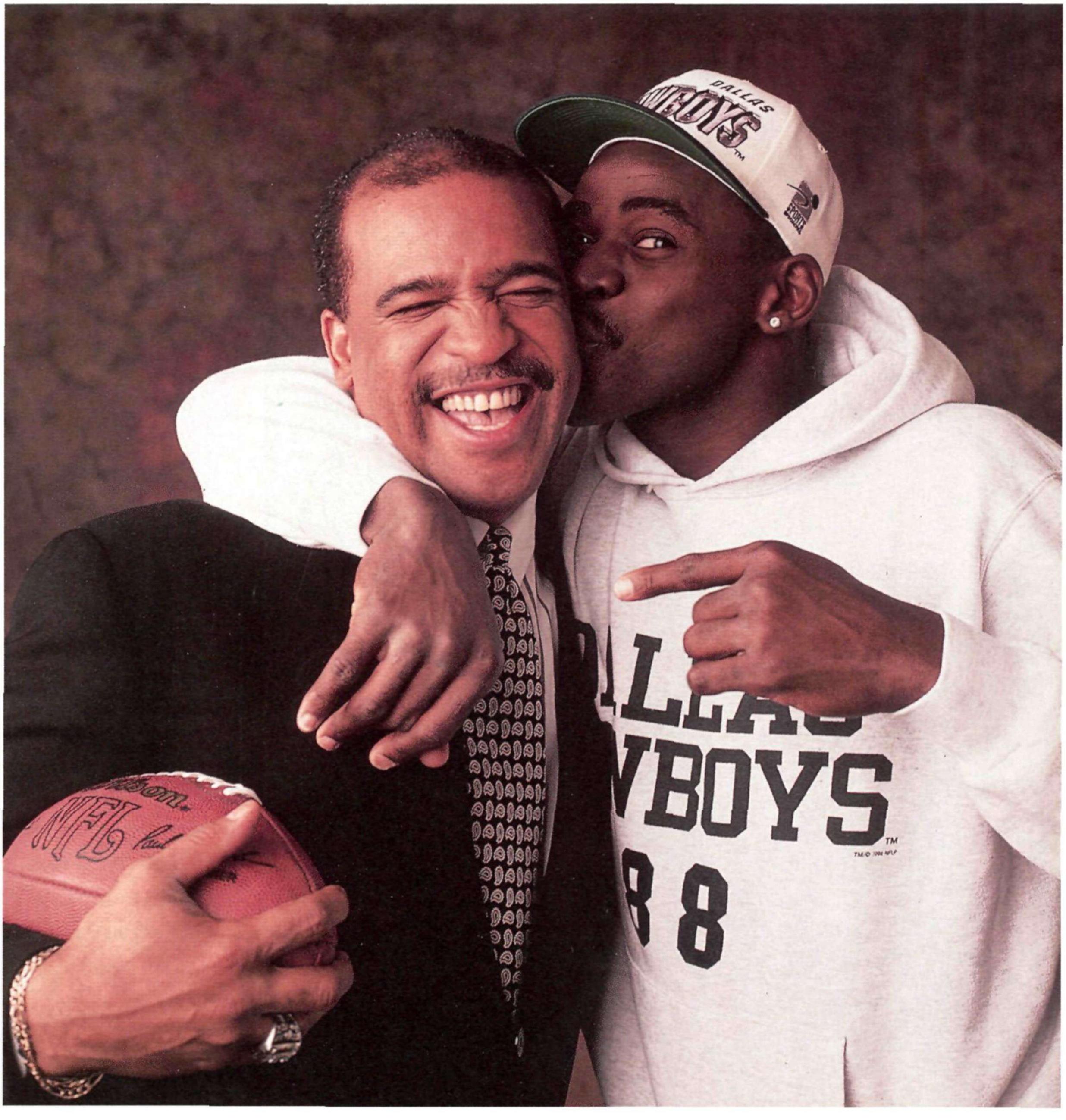
Cowboys photographs by Danny Turner

Steelers photographs by Burk Uzzle

DREW PEARSON &
MICHAEL IRVIN

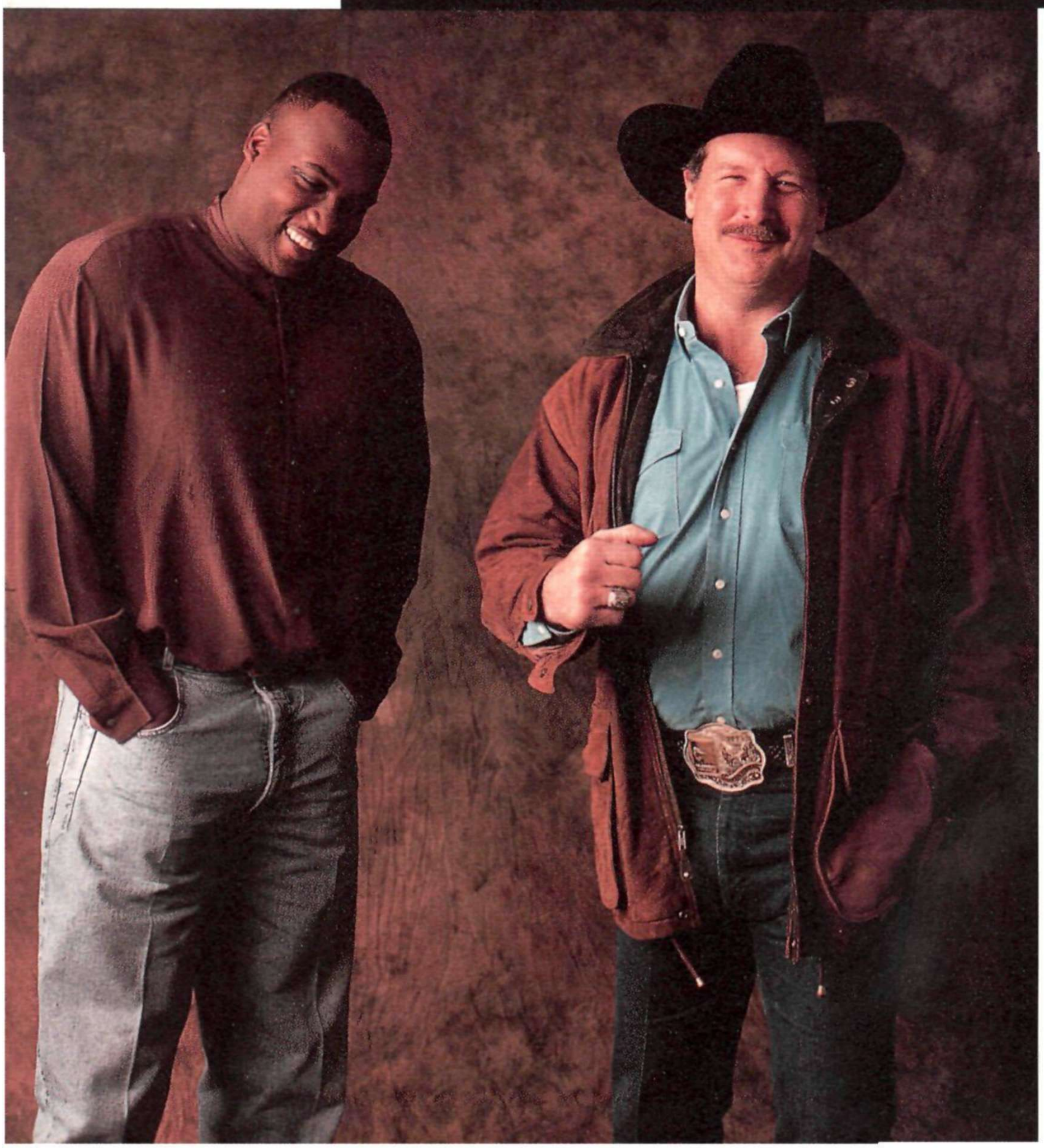
This season Irvin broke Dallas's career reception mark, passing Pearson, another number 88, who says, "I told Michael once, 'Great game: You remind me of myself.' "

SUPER BOWL XXX PREVIEW



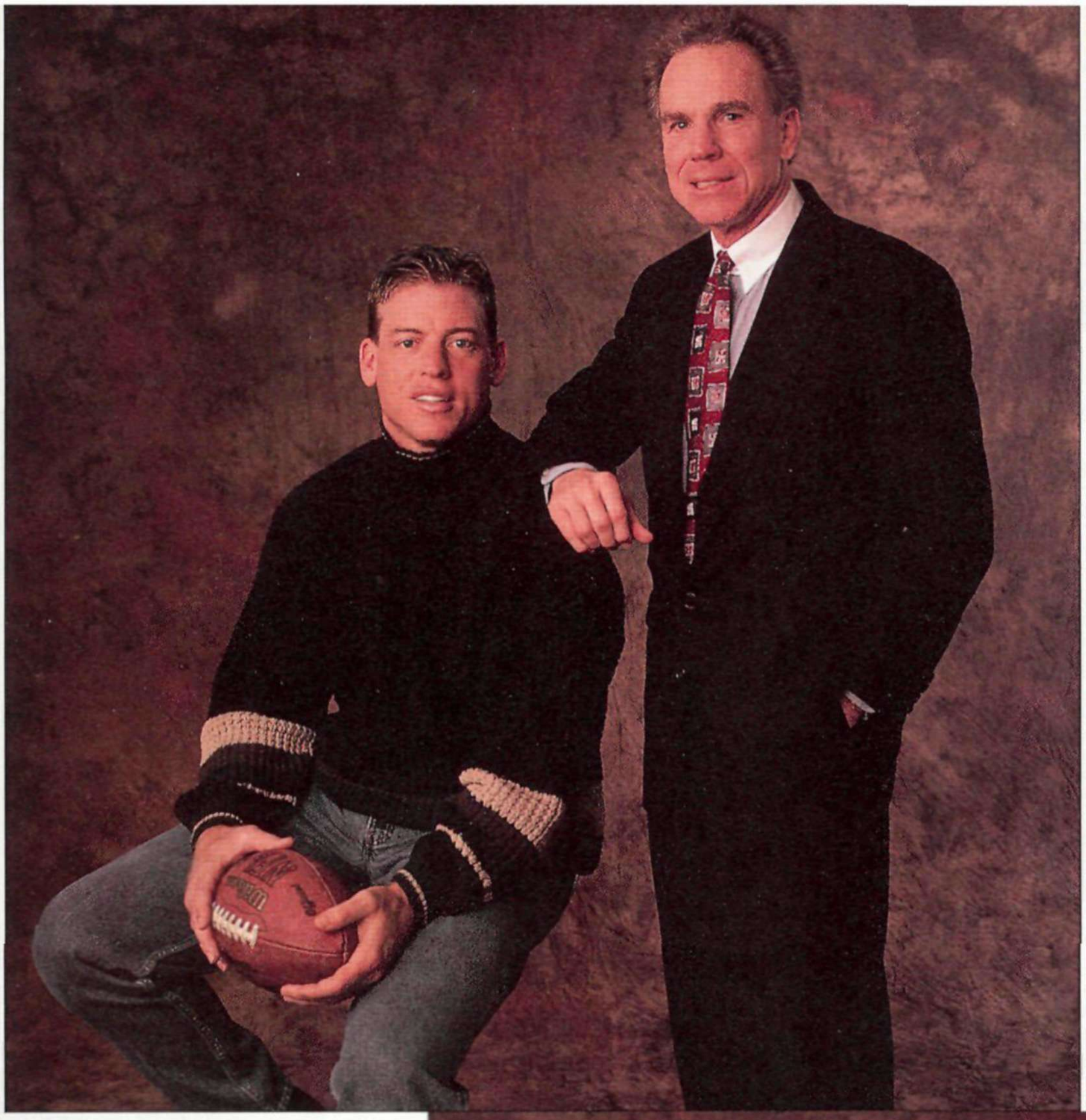
Erric Pegram & Rocky Bleier

Bleier returned from Vietnam in 1970 to play a decade at running back for the Steelers. "Bring home a victory," he says to Pegram, Pittsburgh's leading rusher in '95. "You got it," is the confident reply.



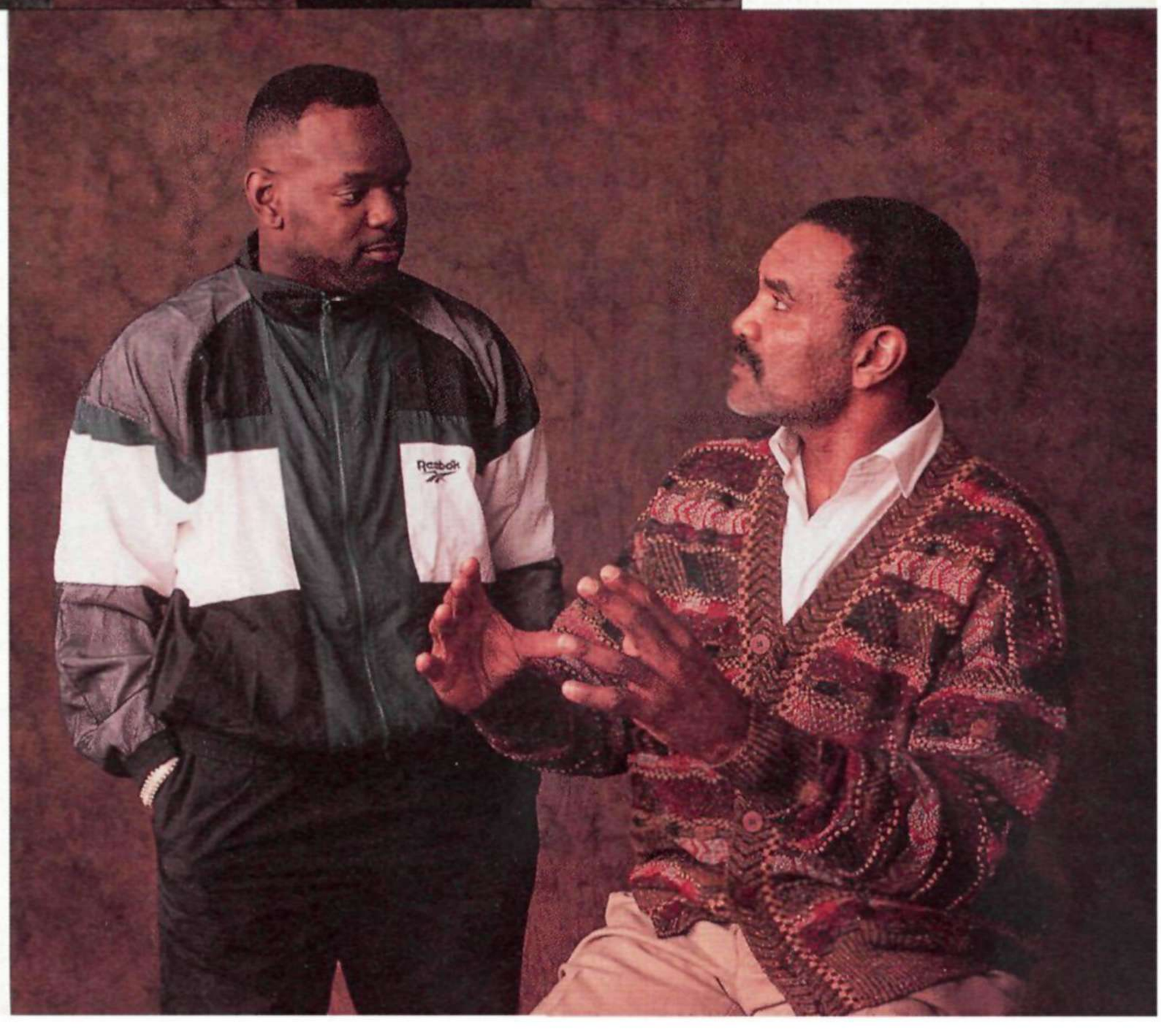
Leon Lett & Randy White

Between them these Cowboy defensive tackles, present and past, have played in five Super Bowls. "I hope they beat 'em bad," says White, "so they can be champions, not for revenge on the guys I lost to 20 years ago."



Troy Aikman & Roger Staubach

"It's important for me to stay in contact with these guys, as it will be for Troy," says Staubach, Dallas's quarterback for 11 years. "No way," says Aikman. "I'll be on a beach somewhere." Says Staubach, "No, Troy, you'll see; you'll be here."



Emmitt Smith & Calvin Hill

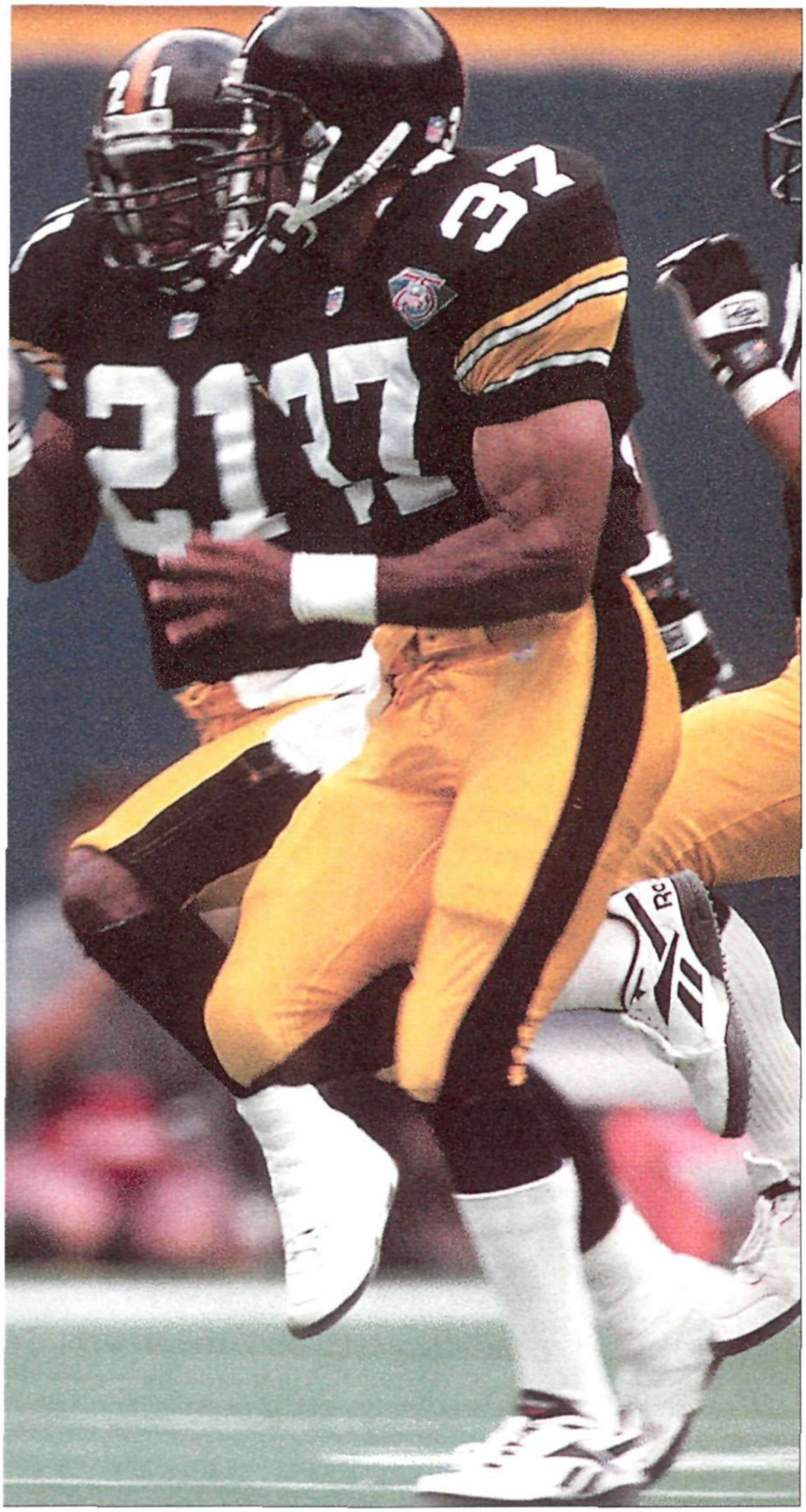
Hill was a Yale grad before he was a Cowboy running back; Smith left Florida early to turn pro. Now Smith is rich from endorsements and a cinch for the Hall of Fame. Says Smith, "Guys like Hill paved the way for where we are today."

If Dallas's offensive line can spring Smith, Pittsburgh will spend the day playing catch-up.

SUPER BOWL XXX PREVIEW

The Cowboys' punishing offense will tear through the Steelers' defense, and Dallas will win in a ...

RUN



JOHN BIEVER

By Peter King

ONE THING we know for sure about the Dallas Cowboys as they approach Super Bowl XXX, the team's third NFL title game in four years: They thrive on big games, love being onstage. In fact, this season the Cowboys seemingly had to be confronted with a big game before they could perform up to their ability. "It's where we belong," says Dallas wideout Michael Irvin. "It's where we're at our best. It's where we need to be."

Opponents, of course, always view the Cowboys as the big game on their schedule, and that was the case for the Pittsburgh Steelers in their 1994 season opener. Dallas was coming off its second straight Super Bowl win and was playing its first game under coach Barry Switzer. But the Steelers thought they were more than ready for the Cowboys that day, having devoted each Monday throughout training camp to attacking Dallas schemes and dissecting tendencies. Plus there was the added incentive of playing in front of their rabid fans at Three Rivers Stadium.

The final score was Dallas 26, Pittsburgh 9, and the game wasn't that close. The Cowboys outgained the Steelers by 316 yards. Dallas had nine sacks; Pittsburgh had none. The Cowboys scored on six of eight full series. And the outcome of that game provides a glimpse of what will happen this Sunday at Sun Devil Stadium in Tempe, Ariz.

Dallas has lost only four of the 24 starters from that Steelers game, and two of the newcomers—cornerback Deion Sanders and guard Larry Allen—are among the best in the game at their positions. Recent history tells us that unless the Cowboys self-destruct (as they did in their five-turnover debacle against the San Francisco 49ers in last year's NFC Championship Game), it doesn't matter how well prepared the enemy is.

Opponents have tried various ways to beat Dallas: If we can stop Emmitt Smith, they say, or if we can blitz Troy Aikman, or if we can run up their soft gut. . . . Forget it. Beginning in 1992, the Cowboys are 9–1 in the month of January.

On Jan. 13, the night before the Green Bay Packers played Dallas for the NFC championship, Packers coach Mike Holmgren didn't seem too concerned about Smith. "He's done most of his damage late against us, when they already have a lead and they're trying to hold it," Holmgren said of the Cowboys' tailback.

AWAY!

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Having played in two Super Bowls gives Irvin (88) a decided edge over Steelers like Carnell Lake.

The next day Smith ripped through the Pack from the opening whistle to the final gun, gaining 150 yards and scoring three touchdowns on 35 carries. Green Bay had hoped to control the clock, but the Packers had possession for all of 21 minutes and lost 38–27.

Three years ago, before Super Bowl XXVII, Buffalo Bills defensive end Bruce Smith said, "We've got to get pressure on Aikman and break his rhythm." The Dallas quarterback completed 22 of 30 passes for 273 yards and four touchdowns in a 52–17 rout.

For the Steelers, who haven't made a Super Bowl appearance since the 1979 season, any hope of beating the Cowboys and ending the AFC champions' 12-year losing streak to the NFC champ emanates from their improved offense. Pittsburgh averaged six more points per game this year than it did last. The Steelers' rejuvenated passing attack gives offensive coordinator Ron Erhardt the variety he needs to keep his team in the game. And Erhardt knows something about rising to the occasion in the Super Bowl.

Five years ago, in Super Bowl XXV in Tampa, the underdog New York Giants were about to face the Bills' juggernaut when Giants coach Bill Parcells gave his offensive coordinator, Erhardt, a simple command: "Shorten the game." The Giants set a Super Bowl record for time of possession, 40:33, that may never be broken. Erhardt's unit wore down the Bills' defense while keeping the ball away from Buffalo quarterback Jim Kelly and running back Thurman Thomas as the Giants won 20–19.

The Steelers will have to do likewise against Dallas, by having tailback Bam Morris pound away at the Cowboys' lone area of vulnerability—their run defense. If Erhardt can play clockball against Dallas, Pittsburgh might have a chance. But far more likely is that Super Bowl XXX will be a desert version of that 1994 Steel City rout, for the following four reasons:

1. *The Dallas offensive line will dominate the game.*

Against Green Bay the Cowboys ran the ball 43 times, and the best front five in football put on a drive-blocking clinic, wearing down the Pack with a display of sheer strength. Again and again the Dallas linemen moved the Packers five yards off the ball with all the finesse of a road grader.

In December, at the team's final weigh-in of the season, left tackle Mark Tuinei was 310 pounds, right guard Allen was 327, right tackle Erik Williams was 329, center Derek Kennard was 331, and left guard Nate Newton rounded out the heaviest line in NFL history at 334 pounds. Cowboys insiders say that Newton and Kennard have topped 350 by now, and Allen has put on 10 pounds or so. Add a few postholiday pounds to the other three, and the Dallas front five probably average 335 pounds.

Pittsburgh's defensive front seven average 267 pounds—10 pounds lighter than the Green Bay unit that spent most of the game against Dallas on its collective rear end.

"Sumo wrestling is a great illustration of what happens in line play," says Dallas offensive line coach Hudson Houck. "The guy with the bigger mass wins. And a great offensive lineman is one who beats his opponent when they're both dead tired." Against the Packers in the fourth quarter, Smith and fullback Daryl Johnston ran the ball 10 times for a combined 58 yards.

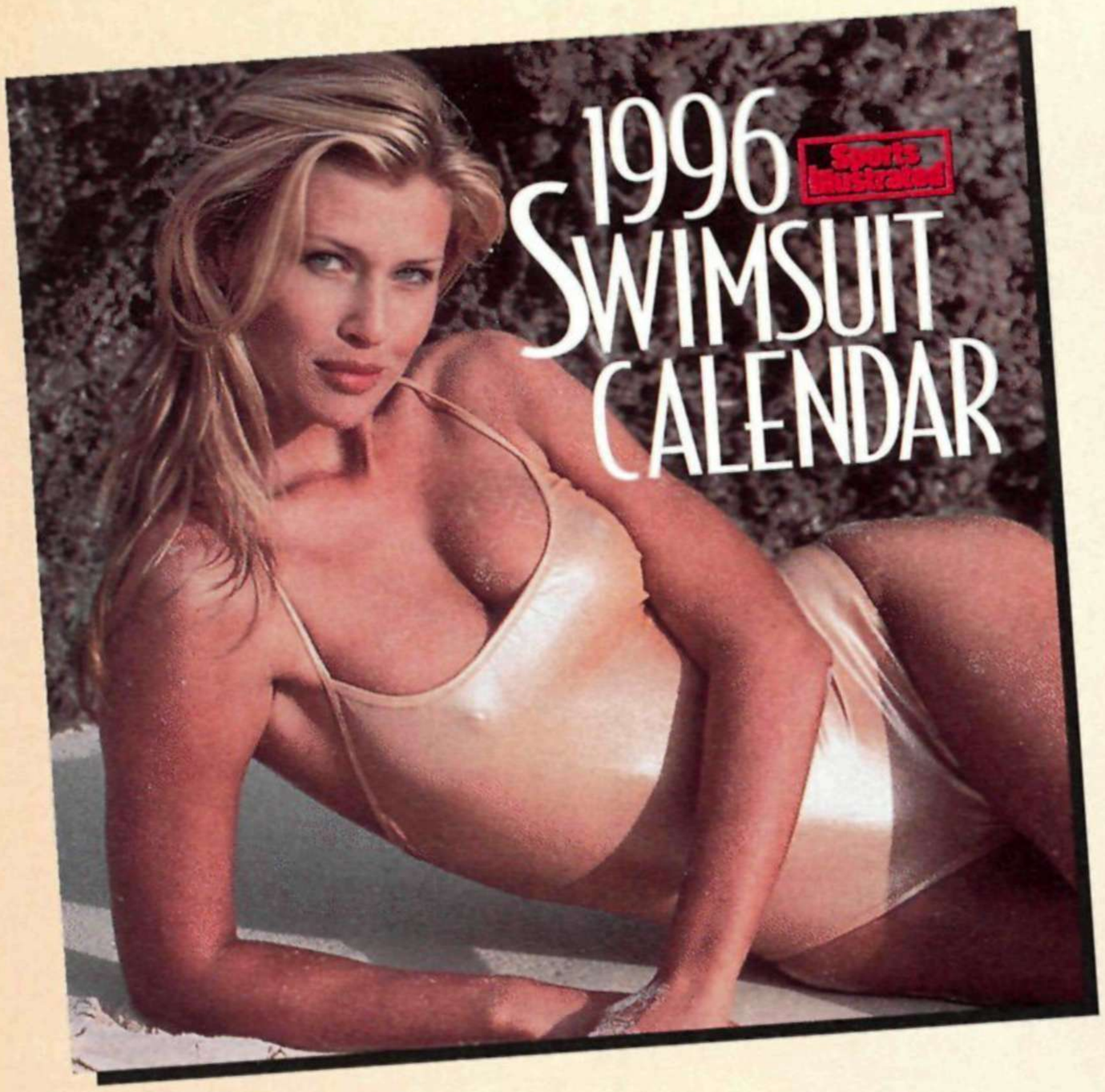
The Cowboys expect to see a lot of stunting and movement along the Steelers' defensive line, a tactic that worked for the Minnesota Vikings when they played Dallas in Week 3. The Vikings' defensive front gave the Cowboys fits before Dallas pulled out a 23–17 win in overtime. "The Vikings stunted so much, it was hard for us to get into a rhythm, and you never look very good when you can't get into a rhythm," says one Dallas coach. "You become less aggressive. And we need to be aggressive."

Green Bay tried the Vikings' approach in the NFC title game, but this time the Cowboys were ready. They neutralized the Packers' stunting with their running game and were on their way to Arizona.

2. *The Cowboys are healthier than they've been in years.*

Looking back on last year's NFC Championship Game at San Francisco, Dallas trainer Kevin O'Neill says, "We had so many guys hurt, we took over a hotel suite and turned it into a trainers' room. We were working around the clock, patching guys together just so they could make it onto the field for that game."

Smith was suffering from a pulled left hamstring, and he received more than 70



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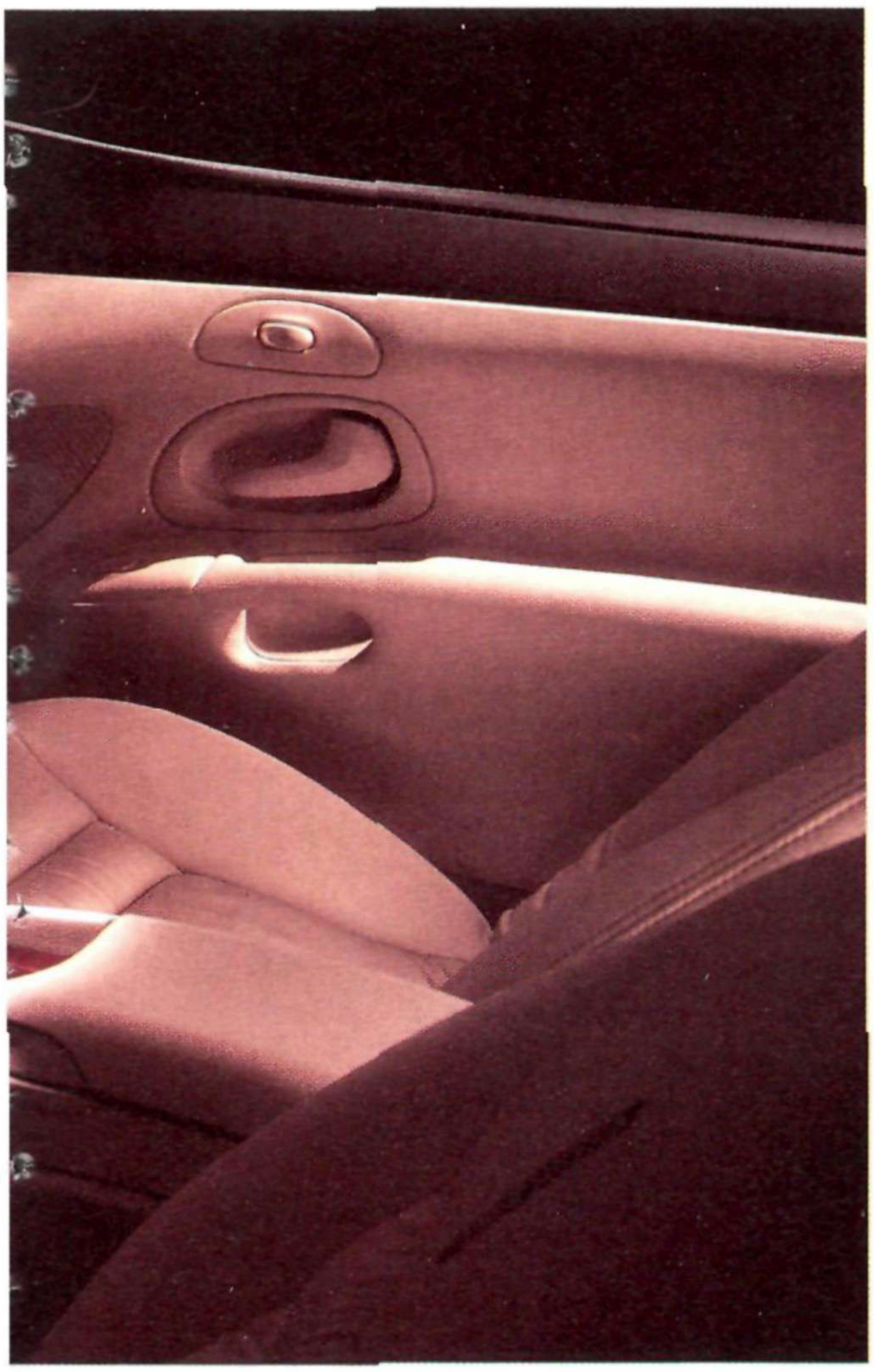

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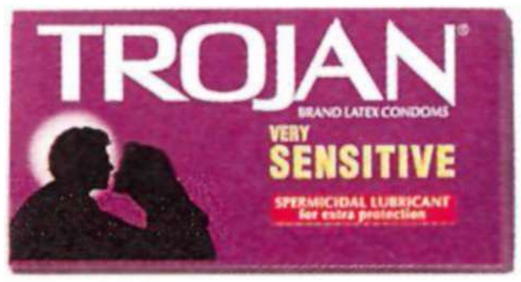

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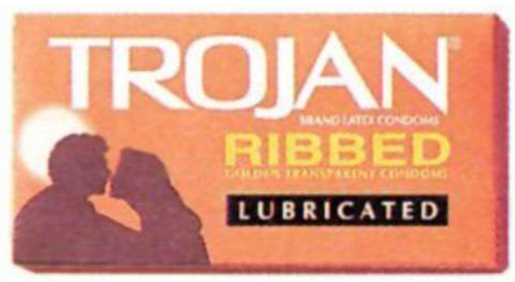

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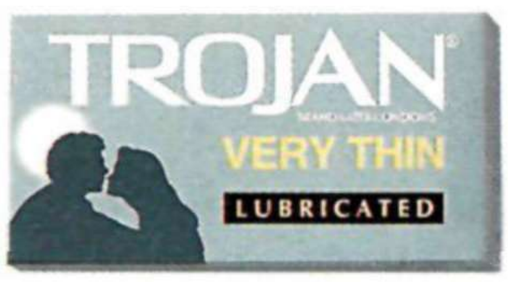

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home remedies from fans, including something called Topozone, a skin oil that is purportedly good for everything from headaches and hemorrhoids to gout and parasitic worms. Eschewing the Topozone, Smith struggled for 74 yards before popping the other hamstring. Going into Super Bowl XXX, Smith is virtually pain-free. After 433 carries in 18 games, he just has a little tightness in his right calf.

Defensive end Charles Haley, who underwent back surgery on Dec. 6, is the only hurting Cowboy, and he might well play half the game. The Cowboys could use him. He had four sacks in that 1994 opener against Pittsburgh.

When it comes to injuries, some teams just get lucky. The Cowboys played 18 games (including the preseason) on artificial turf last year and wound up resembling a M*A*S*H unit. They played 18 games on the plastic and concrete this year and came out almost without a scratch.

3. *Aikman will be Aikman.*

Throughout his seven-year career the Cowboys' quarterback has been a 63% passer in the regular season. In 10 NFC playoff games he has completed 68% of his throws. And in his previous two Super Bowls he has connected at a 71% clip. Aikman is helped enormously by having a running game that sets up a lot of second-and-three plays. Combine Aikman's postseason track record with the fact that the Pittsburgh secondary surrendered 24 touchdown passes this year, and Sunday's game could get downright ugly. Steelers cornerback Rod Woodson, who will attempt to play his first game since blowing out his right knee in the season opener, won't be much help in collaring wide receivers Irvin and Kevin Williams.

For Pittsburgh to keep the game close, linebacker Kevin Greene will have to harass Aikman consistently. The Steelers believe that the Cowboys may be vulnerable to the blitz, especially when Smith and Johnston leave the backfield on short-pass routes, and if inside linebacker Greg Lloyd *(page 174)* and Greene can steam through unblocked, Aikman could be in peril.

4. *Been there, done that.*

"I've walked through some big tunnels," says Irvin. "I've walked through tunnels for national-championship college games, for big pro games. Let me tell you, walking through the tunnel at a Super Bowl is a big deal. I'm a strong brother, but at my first Super Bowl, in Pasadena, my knees got weak."

There probably hasn't been a single player in that situation who wasn't in awe. "You never know how much it means until you stand in that tunnel," says former Giants quarterback Phil Simms, the MVP of Super Bowl XXI. "You may think tension before the game is overrated, but when you're waiting to run out for the game, you can smell it, taste it and feel it."

No starting player on the Steelers' roster has ever played in a Super Bowl, and that may be telling against the championship experience of the Cowboys.

Thus, Steelers coach Bill Cowher's mission is simple: Figure out how to penetrate the largest offensive line ever and stop Smith and Aikman, a pair of future Hall of Famers who are in their prime. Then he has to find a way for his offense to score in the high 20's against a solid Dallas defense, which is getting its best player back.

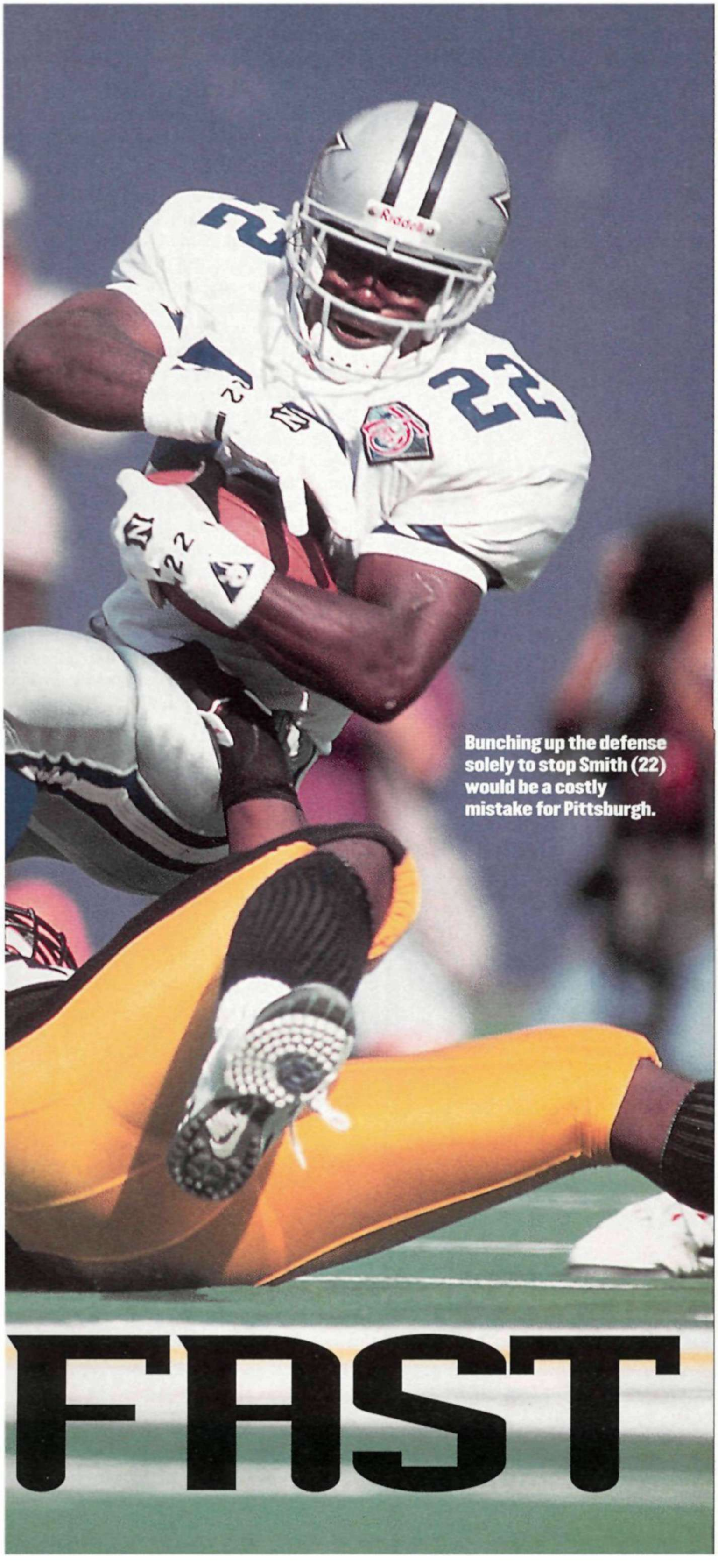
The call here: Dallas 30, Pittsburgh 18. ■

Linemen (from left) Williams, Allen, Kennard, Newton and Tuinei give Dallas a three-quarter-ton pickup.

BILL FRAKES

SUPER BOWL XXX PREVIEW

NOT SO



Bunching up the defense solely to stop Smith (22) would be a costly mistake for Pittsburgh.

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

FAST

IF THE Pittsburgh Steelers can put a rush on Troy Aikman, they've got a shot in Super Bowl XXX. If the Dallas Cowboys' quarterback has time to throw, forget it. It's another blowout.

There are plenty of peripheral elements in this game—the steady water-torture running of Dallas's Emmitt Smith; Pittsburgh quarterback Neil O'Donnell and his four- and five-receiver packages; the prospective meeting of Steelers passer/runner/receiver Kordell Stewart and Cowboys cornerback Deion Sanders—but the game will turn on Aikman, the pulse of the Dallas offense.

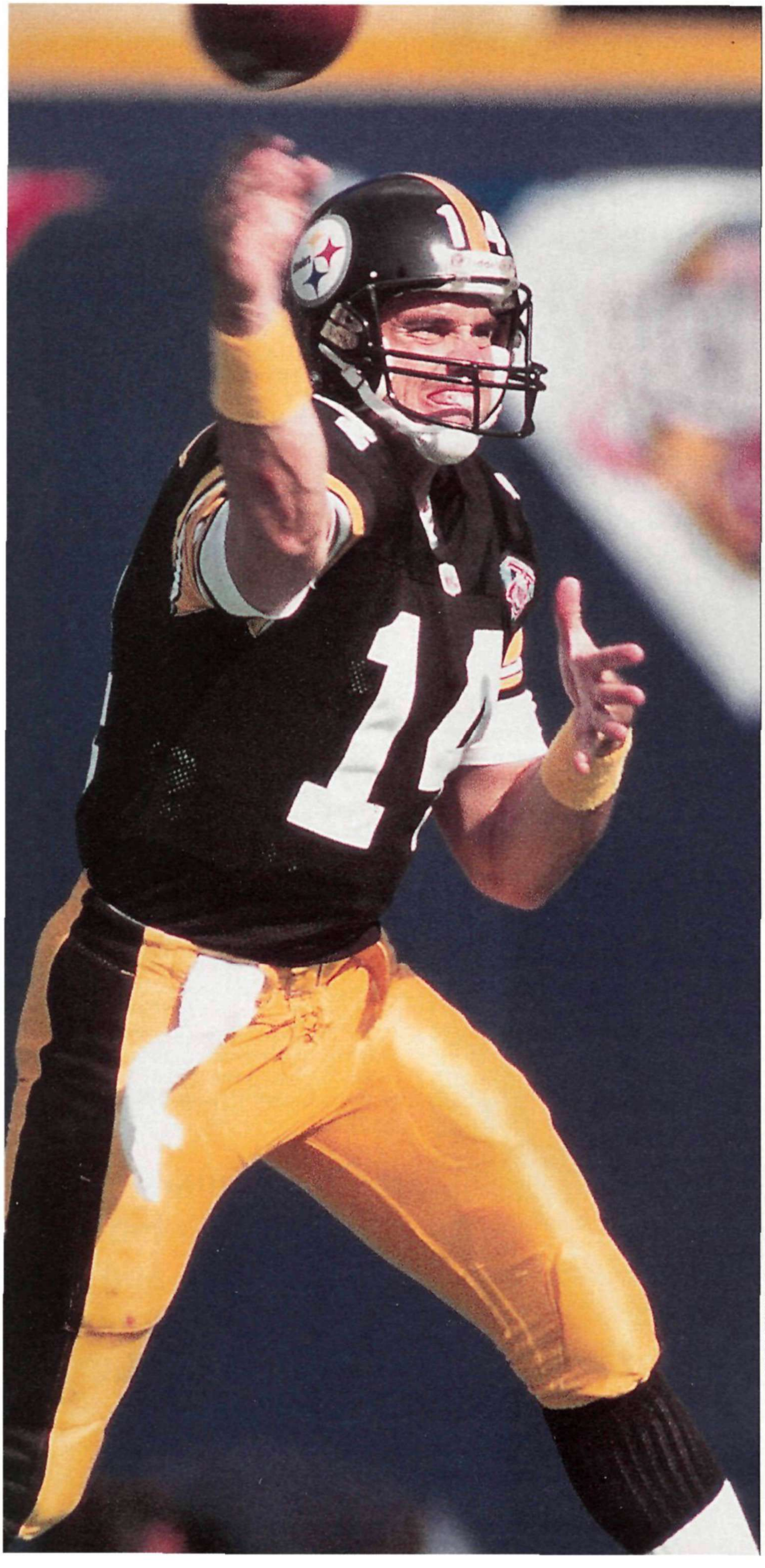
The Steelers must make that pulse beat faster. They must make Aikman throw before he's ready, or get him moving around in the pocket on the sore knees that have severely limited his mobility. On Dec. 10 the Philadelphia Eagles beat the Cowboys with a coverage scheme that took away Aikman's primary and secondary receivers. But a fancy coverage package isn't the Steelers' style. Their game is the blitz, mainly because they have so many people who are good at it.

"We've got new blitzes they haven't seen," says outside linebacker Kevin Greene, who led Pittsburgh with nine sacks this year. "We're going to be coming after them with everything we've got. We're not going to just sit back and react in some kind of lay-back zone. We'll leave our DBs in man-to-man, we'll put them on an island if we have to. We've got to get to Aikman."

That job will be more difficult for the Steelers if linebacker Chad Brown, another terrific pass rusher, is still hobbling around on his sore right ankle. And the Steelers are being coy about whether All-Pro cornerback Rod Woodson, who tore a knee ligament in the season opener, will play on Sunday. Deep coverage would be iffy for Woodson, but the Steelers could really use him as a blitzer. None of the Cowboys' 335-plus-pound offensive linemen are nimble enough to slide outside to pick

If the Steelers' defense can harass Troy Aikman and slow Emmitt Smith, Pittsburgh might upset Dallas

By Paul Zimmerman



DAMIAN STROHMEYER

O'Donnell benefited from a new willingness to go to the air in short-yardage situations.

him up. Woodson is that rarity among pass-rushing defensive backs—a guy with a mean streak, a punisher.

If Pittsburgh hopes to keep pace with Dallas, it's going to have to turn its aggression level way up, because when the Cowboys beat the Green Bay Packers for the NFC championship on Jan. 14, they were a nasty, anything-goes offensive team. The defense was driven by speed and finesse, but the offense was ferocious. "It was the most physical game I've ever seen the Cowboys play," says Cliff Harris, the free safety on Dallas's five Super Bowl teams of the '70s.

The Cowboys' second-longest play in that game, a 35-yard crossing pattern to Sanders that set up a first-quarter touchdown, was made possible by an illegal moving pick by tight end Jay Novacek on Packers cornerback Doug Evans. It was no run-of-the-mill pick, either. It was a teeth-rattler, a head shot under full steam that knocked Evans momentarily senseless.

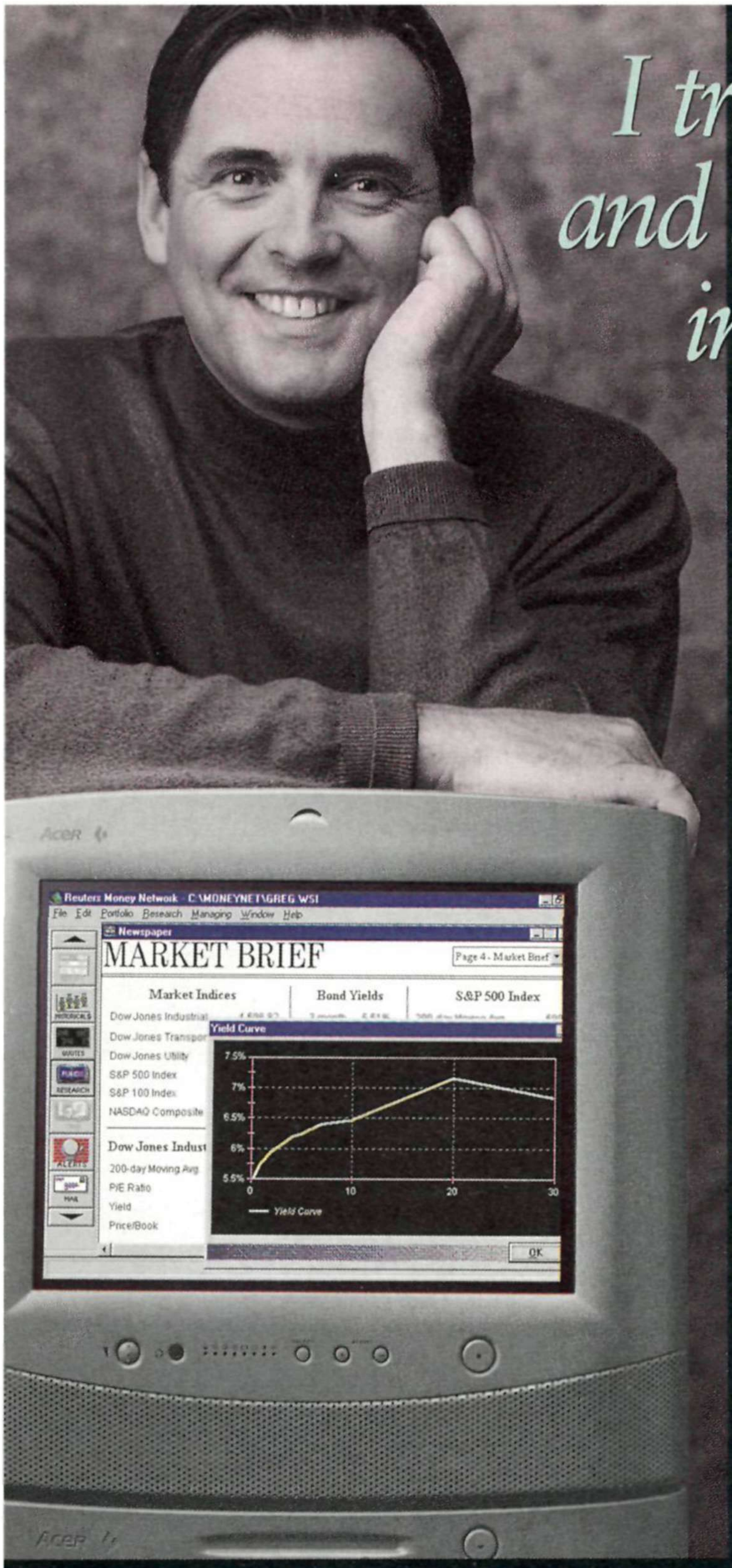
"It was the most significant play of the game," says Green Bay defensive coordinator Fritz Shurmur. "It got the Cowboys going. They hadn't done anything on offense up to then. It was as blatant a foul as I've ever seen, a horrible foul."

In the second quarter 329-pound Dallas right tackle Erik Williams trailed Packers nosetackle John Jurkovic and came down on the back of Jurkovic's left knee with a block that was technically legal but still vicious, a maneuver that many offensive linemen simply refuse to execute. Jurkovic left the game for good with a torn ligament. "That removed our most athletic defensive lineman, the guy who drops off for underneath coverage," Shurmur says. "When we lost him, all we had left were 300-pounders.

"There was a lot more," Shurmur continues. "[Defensive end] Reggie White got so frustrated from having hands in his face all the time—somehow I just didn't expect that from Dallas."

"The officials let the Cowboys get away with a lot, which is what happens with a good team," says free safety Merton Hanks of the San Francisco 49ers, who last year beat Dallas 38–28 for the NFC crown. "Every time I see them on TV, they get the breaks."

Hanks agrees that on Sunday the Steelers must pressure Aikman and should not be tempted into crowding the defense to stop Smith. "Which is worse?" Hanks says. "Emmitt getting his 100 yards or [wide



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The Senior Skin Game

Big-Money Battle On The Big Island

A YEAR AFTER WINNING THE RICHEST hole in Skins history, Raymond Floyd returns to Hawaii's Mauna Lani Resort to try for an unprecedented third consecutive title in the Senior Skins Game.

At the spectacular, windswept South Course, lined by lava rock and overlooking the Pacific Ocean, Floyd, 53, will again trade shots with legends Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus.

Newcomer Jim Colbert, last year's Senior PGA Tour earnings leader with $1,444,386, completes the foursome. "This is a tournament made for the stars," says Colbert. "I'm proud to be in the field."

A two-day test of skill and nerve, the $540,000 Senior Skins Game opens with nine holes, or "skins," on Saturday and concludes with nine on Sunday. The first six skins pay $20,000 apiece. The middle six are valued at $30,000 each. And the final six are all worth $40,000.

As the prize money rises, so does the tension. On each hole, the winner takes all. If two or more players deadlock, as often happens, the pot carries over to the next hole—and keeps carrying over until someone wins the cumulative amount.

In 1995, Floyd earned six skins and $130,000 on Saturday, building a $50,000 lead over the Golden Bear. On Sunday, each of the first seven holes was halved. The pressure was palpable as the group reached the 17th green.

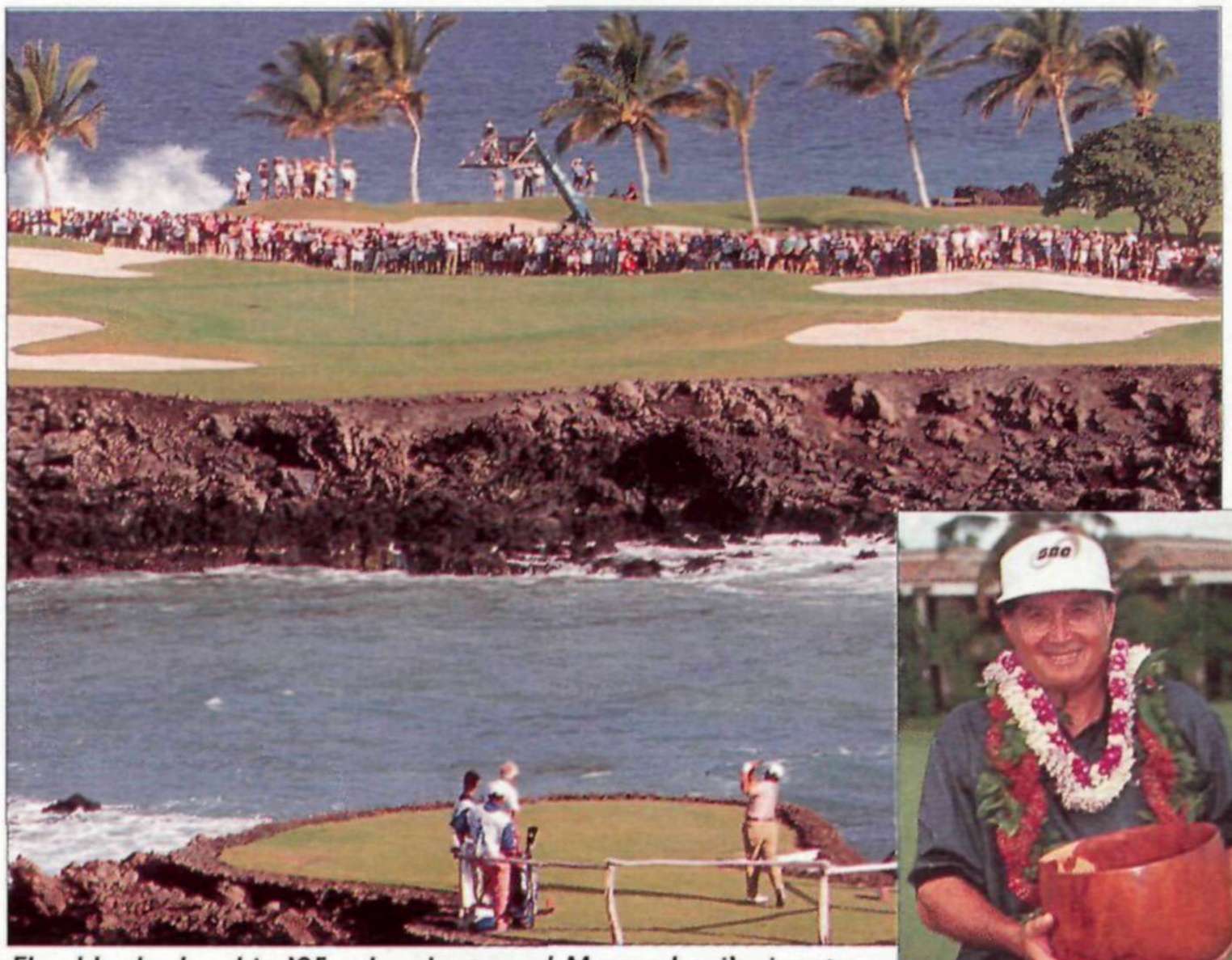
Three players went for birdie. First, Nicklaus came up short on a 15-foot putt, and then Palmer missed a 10-footer. That left Floyd, who deftly tapped his ball into the cup from eight feet away, winning a record eight skins and $290,000.

"I've never putted for that much money, ever," Floyd said after pocketing his unprecedented $420,000 share. "You try not to think about the money, but you just can't help it."

Nicklaus, 56, last won the event in 1991. A year ago he picked up the four skins Floyd missed, earning $120,000. Palmer, 66, was the Senior Skins champ in 1992 and '93.

"You have to make a lot of birdies to be successful," says Floyd. "You go out there with the attitude that every hole is basically birdieable. You can't win by making just three or four birdies. You have to make eight or nine."

Colbert, 54, joined the Senior Tour after earning $1,553,136 in 22 years on the PGA Tour. "The older I get, the better I play," he says. That's the idea.



Floyd had a bowl in '95, when he tamed Mauna Lani's signature 15th, an over-the-water par-3 that features a wicked crosswind.

TOURNAMENT AT A GLANCE

WHEN & WHERE: Jan. 27-28, 1996

ABC-TV SCHEDULE: Sat., 2:30-5 p.m.; Sun., 3:30-6 p.m.

COURSE: Mauna Lani Resort, South Course; Par 72

ALL TIMES EST. CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS.

CHRYSLER JUNIOR GOLF SCHOLARSHIPS

The Chrysler Junior Golf Scholarship Program recently awarded $1,000 college scholarships to 40 outstanding young men and women. PGA Tour pro Tom Kite and representatives of Chrysler and the American Junior Golf Association picked the winners from among 1,200 applicants.

Candidates for the 1996 scholarships should be ages 12-18, interested in golf and planning to attend college. For more information, call (800) 856-0764 or e-mail ChryJrGolf@aol.com.

Robert F. Eck IV
CANTON, OHIO

Robert, 15, is a ninth grader at Jackson Memorial High School. A straight-A student and an accomplished writer, he also plays on his school's golf team. "In golf, you can't get upset at yourself if you hit a bad shot or do something wrong," he says. "You just have to get up and try to do it better next time." A $1,000 scholarship will be sent to his college upon enrollment.

Armando L. Chavez
PUEBLO, COLO.

Armando, 16, is a sophomore at Pueblo County High School. A member of the Pueblo High golf team, he also plays the saxophone in the marching band, participates in a jazz ensemble and finished first in the 1995 Colorado State Fair Talent Search. He hopes to apply his $1,000 scholarship toward a double major in music and science at the University of Colorado.

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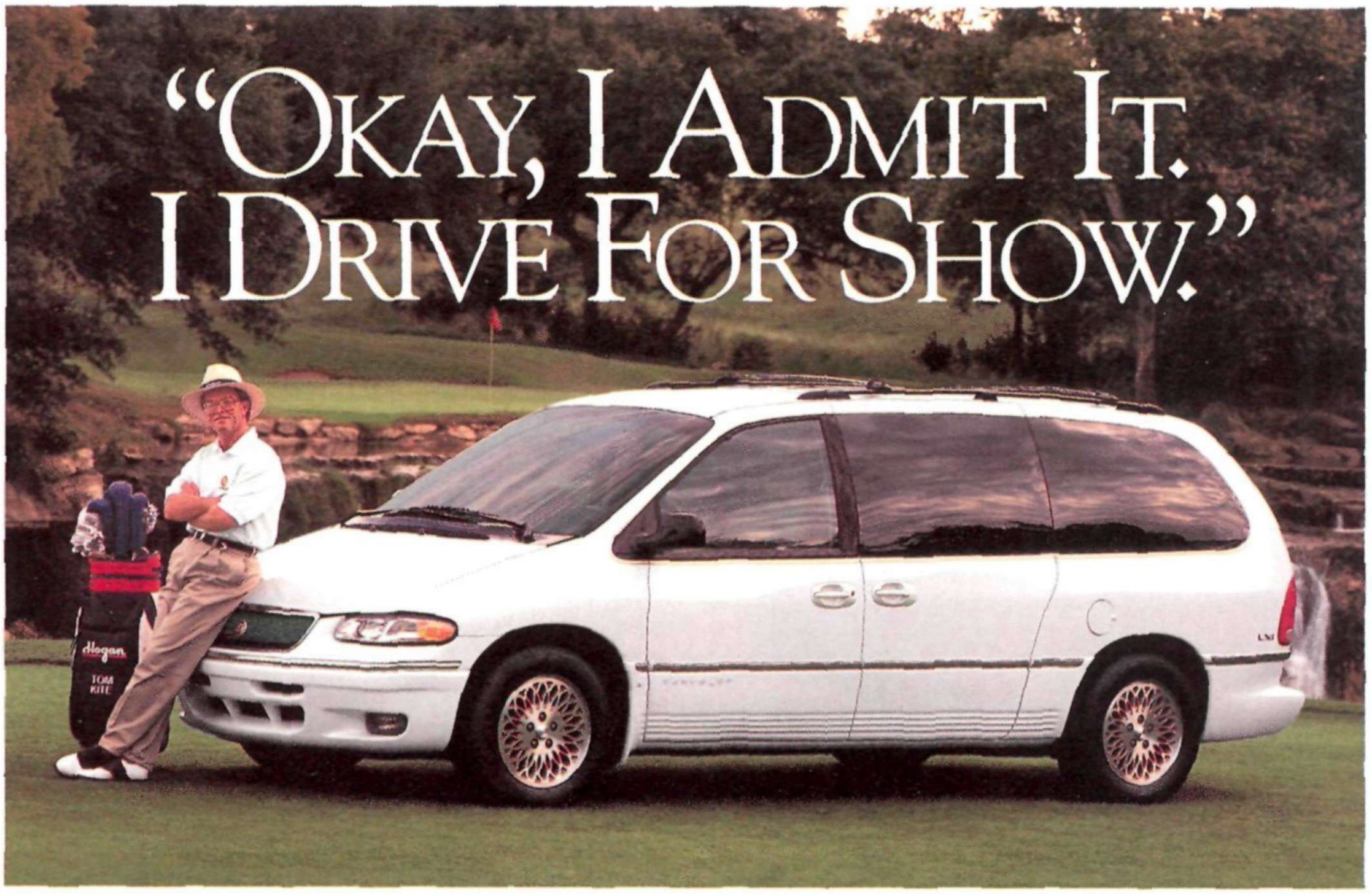
"Okay, I admit it. I drive for show."



A lot of pro golfers "drive for show and putt for dough."

But not Tom Kite. Except when it comes to showing off Chrysler Town & Country LXi's sleek new looks and luxury appointments, that is.

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Add in extras like standard ABS brakes, a much tighter turning radius for greater maneuverability, and enough room to carry six of Tom's fellow golfers, and it's no wonder that our friend has something to boast about. Golf game aside.

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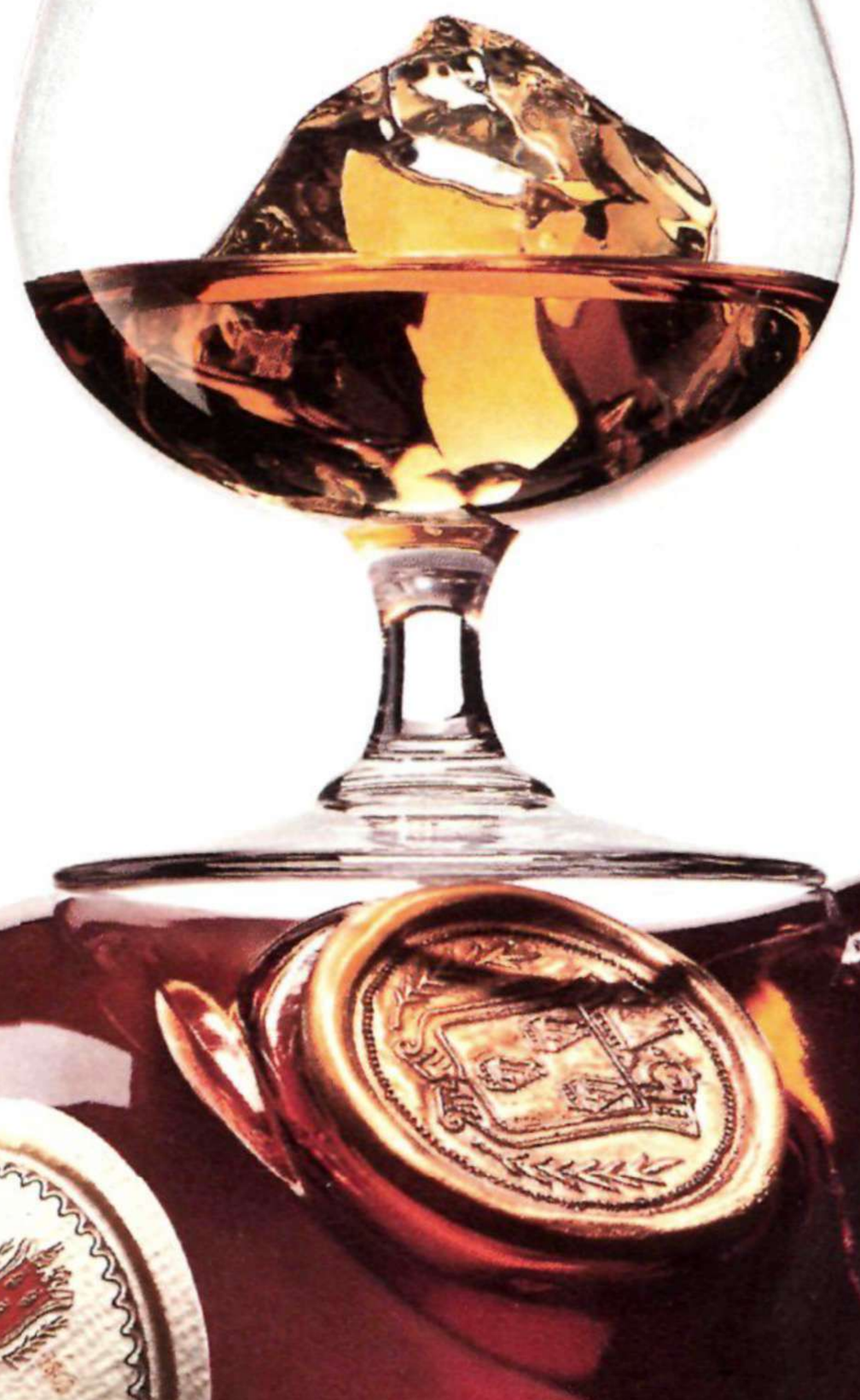

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Even at less than full speed, Woodson is the rare corner who can strike fear in passers like Aikman.

receiver] Michael Irvin making three big catches, all for TDs?"

Offensively, the Steelers will get their yards and their points. The Cowboys don't shut people down, they outscore them. In the Dallas-Pittsburgh game on Sept. 4, 1994, at Three Rivers Stadium, the Cowboys repeatedly chased O'Donnell out of the pocket and forced him to put the ball up for grabs. But things have changed since then. Cowboys defensive end Charles Haley is just now returning from back surgery, and he won't be nearly as effective as he was in that '94 showdown, when he had four sacks. And O'Donnell finally clicked this season with his corps of receivers, especially Yancey Thigpen, who caught 85 passes for 1,307 yards.

The Steelers still run the ball, but when they found themselves in short-yardage situations in their Jan. 6 divisional playoff against the Buffalo Bills, in came the wideouts. The following Sunday, in the conference championship game against the Indianapolis Colts, Stewart took the snaps on short-yardage plays, sneaking or running an option. In the old days Pittsburgh would have slammed an opponent with a big back.

The Steelers' four-wideout set has been especially effective on short and intermediate routes over the middle, and against Dallas that will be a sensible way to travel. "Pittsburgh should forget any play going to the corner," says 49ers offensive tackle Harris Barton. "The Cowboys are just too fast to the outside. You want them to have to defend between the tackles or over the middle."

"Deion doesn't like to cover crossing routes, where he has to chase through traffic," says Hanks, who played beside Sanders last season. "He'll take away an outside receiver all by himself, but he can't play a slot receiver. You don't want to throw outs on him. If the throw isn't perfect, he'll bring it back for six. You can't run go routes on him. He eats them up. You want to get him covering inside."

Finally, much has been made of the matchup between the two coaches—the hands-on approach of Pittsburgh's Bill Cowher versus the laid-back style of Barry Switzer. "Cowher is so emotional, so involved," says Harris. "He's going to get those guys so high that they'll exhaust themselves in the first quarter, and Dallas will blow them out. I could see another Buffalo-type Super Bowl here."

Sorry, but I can't. I can see a Steel Curtain reborn. The final: Pittsburgh 24, Dallas 20. ■

JOHN BIEVER

Lloyd's charitable work paired him with a boa for a '96 calendar shot.

SPITTIN' DENOM

When Steelers linebacker Greg Lloyd isn't leveling his foes with direct hits, he's flooring somebody with his tongue

By Austin Murphy

LYNN JOHNSON

THE MAN known as Just Plain Nasty steps into the players' lounge at Three Rivers Stadium and steps out of character. He shuts the door behind him, removes his sinister-looking sunglasses and lets his guard down. "See, I didn't even know I *said* anything," Greg Lloyd says. "They had to tell me what I said."

Lloyd, the Pittsburgh Steelers' five-time Pro Bowl outside linebacker, was referring to his nationally televised faux pas after the Steelers had beaten the Indianapolis Colts on Jan. 14. He was passing the AFC championship trophy to team owner Dan Rooney when he suffered a tiny lapse in judgment.

"This thing belongs to Mr. Rooney," Lloyd announced to everyone in the Steelers' dressing room—and to a national television audience. "Let's see if we can bring this damn thing back here next year, along with the f—— Super Bowl!"

(One commercial you won't see in 1996: *"Greg Lloyd, you just won Super Bowl XXX; what are you going to do now?"*

"I'm going to f—— Disney World!")

Stretched out on a couch in the lounge, Lloyd skims the story that this day's *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* has devoted to his blooper: LLOYD TURNS HEADS WITH XXX-RATED REMARK. Beneath that article is a smaller one, headlined: MALL SET FOR BLITZ BY SUPER STEELER. That night Lloyd would spend a couple hours autographing team calendars to benefit a football camp for deaf children. The stories neatly delineated the two sides of Lloyd: the Prince of Darkness and the prince. The latter is a devoted husband and father of three who contributes a lot of time and money to charitable causes, the former a snarling headhunter who

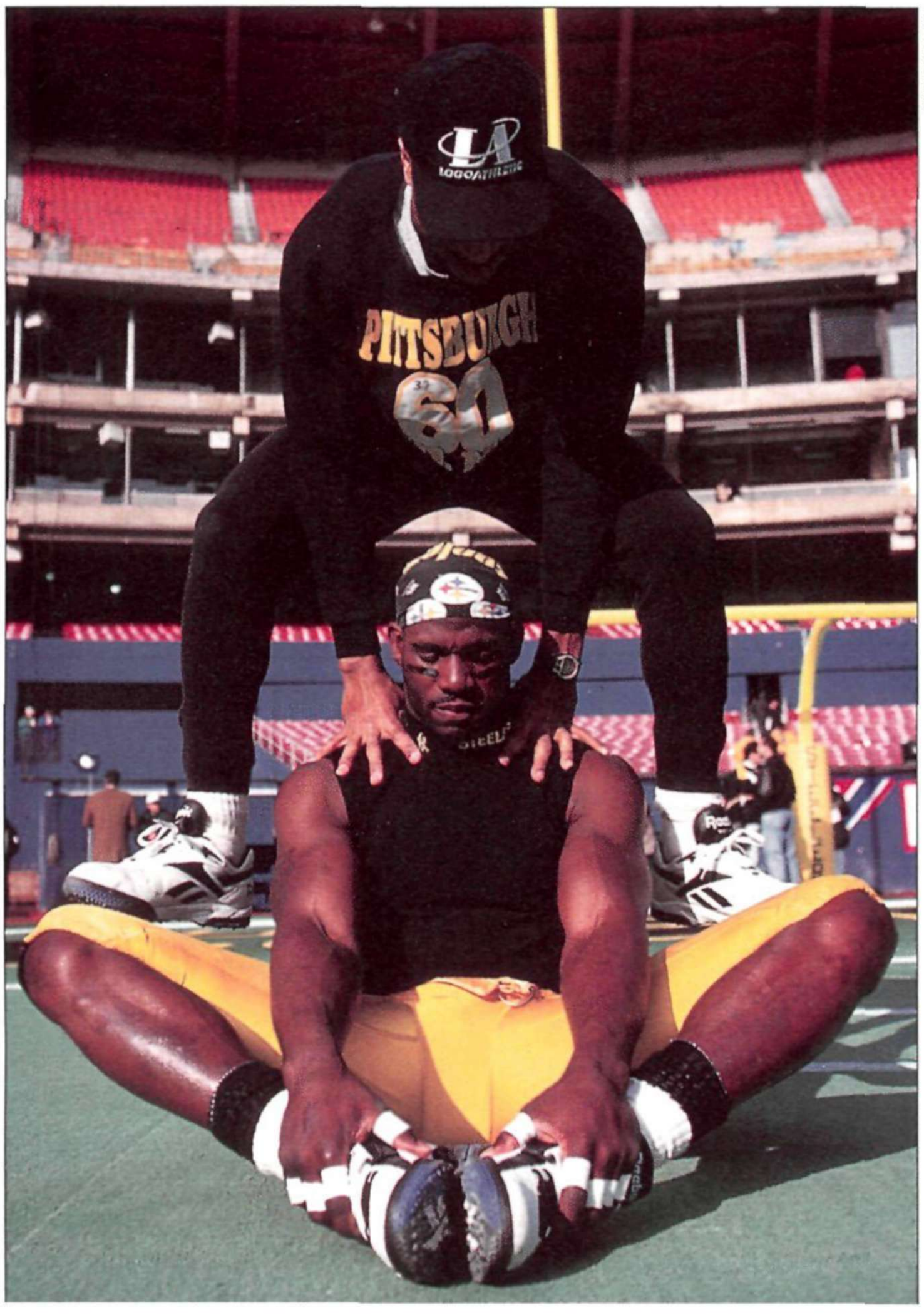
admits that when he hits a quarterback, his aim is "to take his ass out of the game."

At 6' 2", 226 pounds, Lloyd is at once one of the most undersized linebackers and one of the most feared players in the NFL. He bench-presses 470 pounds, runs the 40 in 4.52 seconds and has a second-degree black belt in taekwondo. Lloyd had 116 tackles and 6½ sacks during the regular season. He excels as an all-around player, moving to inside linebacker and dropping into coverage on passing downs.

While injured cornerback Rod Woodson has always been regarded as the best player on the Steelers' defense, Lloyd has emerged as the spiritual leader of the unit. His personality dominates the Pittsburgh dressing room, and he's the one present-day Steeler who is reminiscent of the mayhem-making Steel Curtain defenders of the '70s. "No question," says Rooney, with a smile, "he would have fit right in with those guys."

Lloyd, 30, speaks reverently of those Steelers teams that won four Super Bowls. "Jack Lambert, Joe Greene, Dwight White, Ernie Holmes—they played *football* then," he says. "All the rule changes weren't in effect then. Now the NFL wants it to be PBS. They want to protect the quarterback, but I'm not into it. It's a violent game, and I'm going to play it the way it's intended to be played."

If Lloyd isn't the meanest dude in the league, Green Bay Packers quarterback Brett Favre doesn't want to meet the guy who is. Lloyd blindsided Favre and knocked him out of a preseason game last August, giving the quarterback a concussion. "It was as if Favre had stepped on a land mine," says Steelers running back Fred McAfee. Even though no flag was thrown after the hit, Lloyd was later slapped with a $12,000 fine, the biggest in NFL history.



AL TIELEMANS

Lloyd still bristles at being fined so heavily, just as he fumes over what he considers the league's hypocrisy. "Come to a game early and watch the Jumbotron scoreboard," he says. "You'll see 'NFL's Greatest Hits,' with guys getting their helmets ripped off and [former Miami Dolphin] Nat Moore getting hit so hard he spins around like a helicopter. They're marketing that. Then I go and put a hit on a guy, and no flag is thrown. The ref says, 'That was a pretty damn good hit,' and the league says, 'We're going to fine you $12,000.' "

("I see his point," says Gene Washington, who doles out fines in his capacity as the NFL's director of football development. But, Washington adds, rules protecting the quarterback were enacted in recent seasons, whereas "some of these videos have been on the market five, six years. We can't go out and reclaim all of them.")

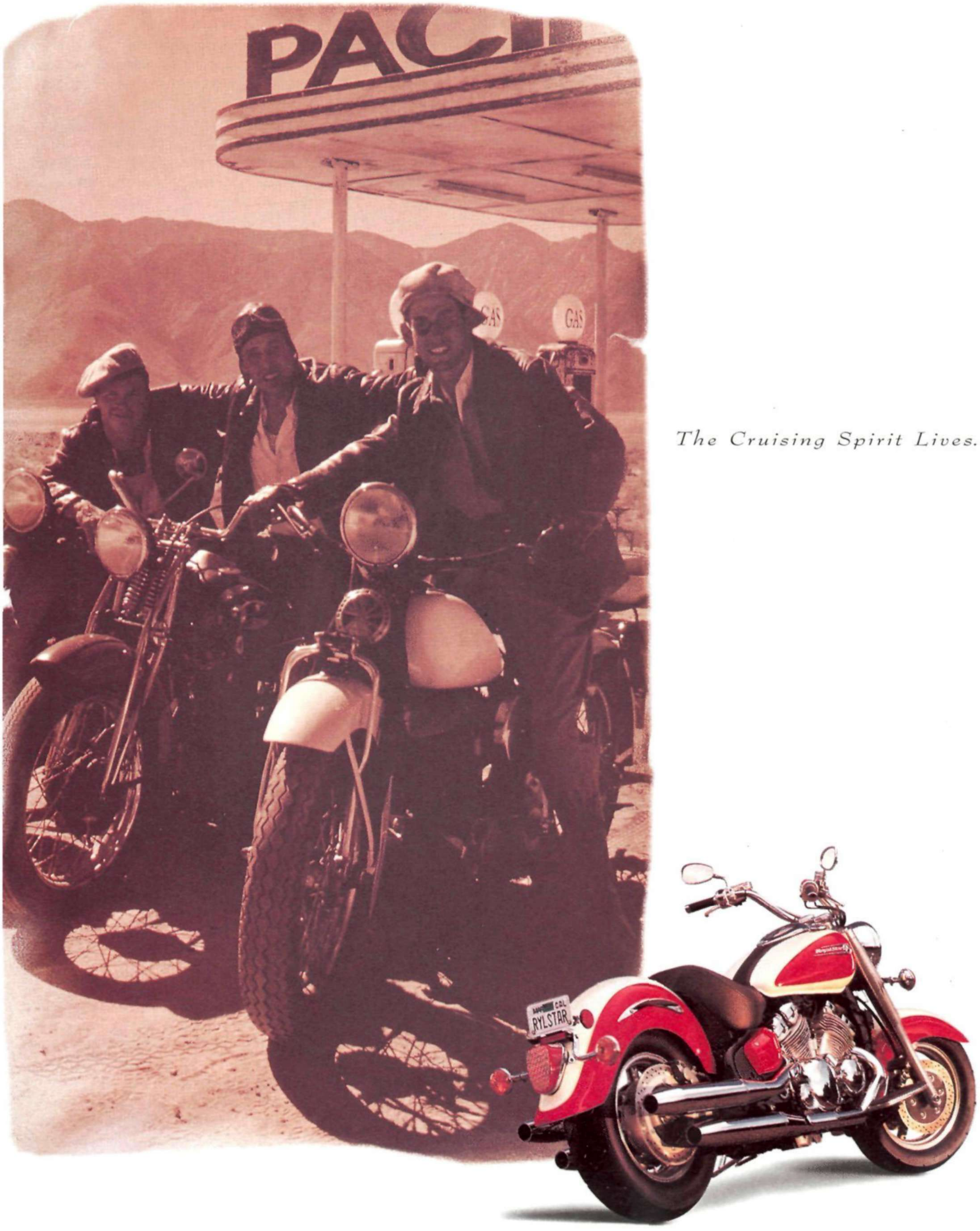
Lloyd abhors quarterbacks, isn't fond of league officials and doesn't care for reporters. (He has refused most interview requests since an uproar arose in September after he was quoted by a local paper, falsely he insists, as saying that in the Steelers' upcoming game with the Miami Dolphins he would knock quarterback Dan Marino "into next week.") He is also annoyed by autograph seekers who, he says, "don't ask the right way." On game day he can frequently be seen shouting at teammates and arguing with coaches. Steelers executives are not immune to his tirades. You consider all the energy Lloyd expends on anger, and you wonder, Who sneezed in this guy's corn flakes? What made Greg Lloyd so mad?

For starters, he never met his father. At age two Lloyd and five of his eight siblings were driven by their mother from Miami to Fort Valley, Ga., and dropped at the home of an aunt, Bertha Mae Rumph. For good.

There were 10 kids in all in Rumph's two-bedroom apartment. Throughout the seventh grade Lloyd wore the same shirt and pants every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday he wore his *other* outfit. "If you got anything dirty on Monday, you came to school with the same dirty clothes the next day," he remembers. "The other kids would say, 'You're stinky—you stink.' So that taught me humility."

Lloyd fought with rednecks and with anyone who teased him about his parents' not being around. "Back then, all you had

It's a wonder Lloyd stays uptight, given all the pains he takes to get loose before Pittsburgh's games.



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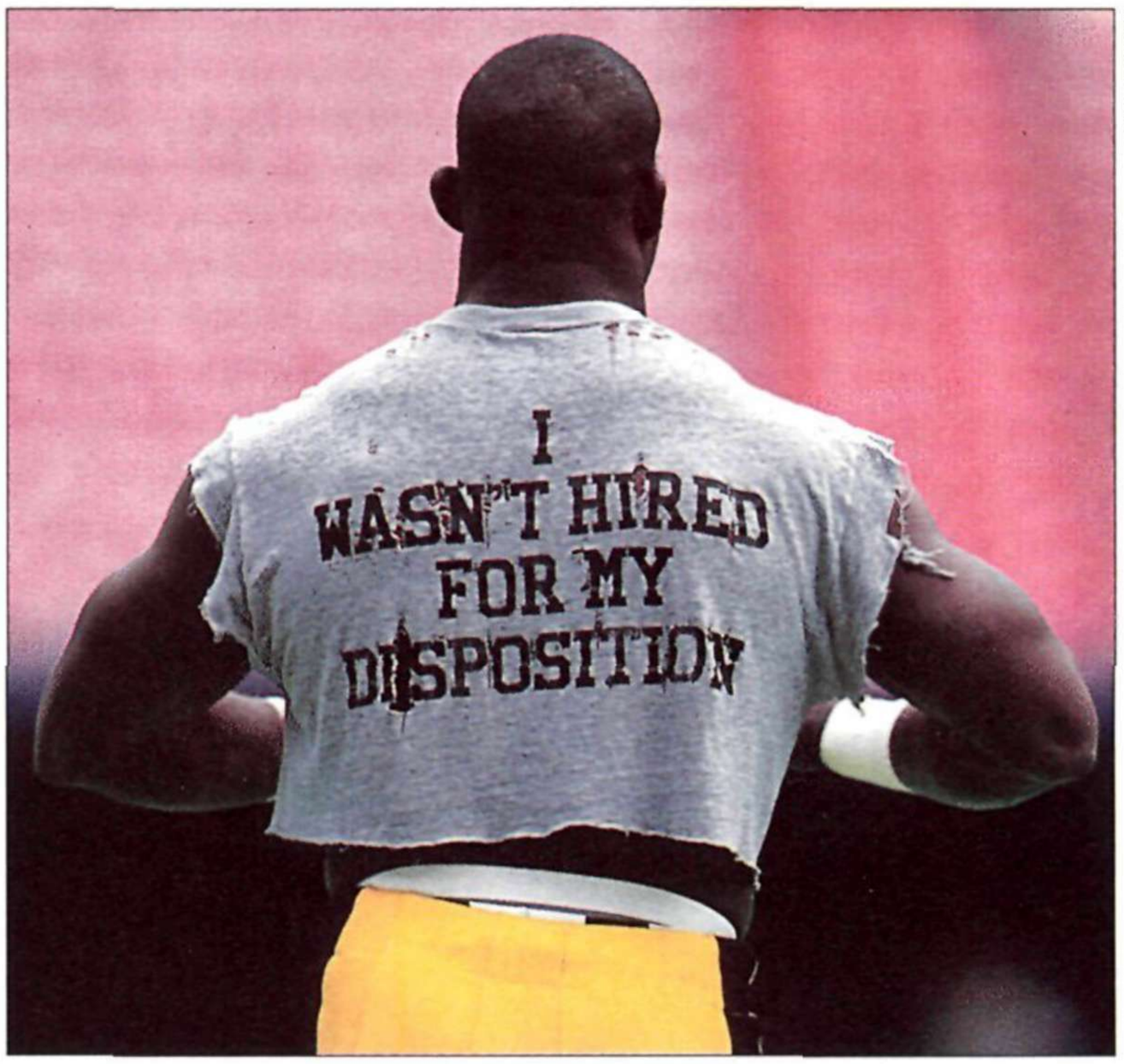
YAMAHA

to say to me was 'Your Mama,' and I was going to fight," he says.

Lloyd started playing football at age six. "It was a way to vent," he says. His first coach was a preacher named Billy Powell, who on the first day of practice knelt and had players run at him, one at a time. "He wanted to see who could hit," says Lloyd. "I knocked him over."

In high school Lloyd was a starter at fullback and linebacker. In his senior year he was ejected from a game for breaking an opposing quarterback's leg. After graduating, Lloyd accepted a football scholarship to Fort Valley State, a Division II college, where he was all-conference three times. Coach Doug Porter often held him out of non-contact drills. "*Non-contact* wasn't in his vocabulary," says Porter.

Lloyd earned a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering in four years at Fort Valley. Football scholarship or no, he was bound to make something of himself—Bertha Mae Rumph would see to that. Whenever he misbehaved in elementary school, she whipped him with an extension cord. Says Lloyd, "It didn't take a lot of those before you got yourself together."



RICK STEWART

A throwback to the Steelers defense of the '70s, Lloyd is Just Plain Nasty.

As a result Lloyd has felt compelled to teach some of his teammates about priorities. If a Steeler nods off in a meeting or giggles on the practice field, Lloyd gets in his face, just as he did with his Fort Valley teammates. As Porter recalls, "The players tended to listen to Greg. He was not bashful about backing up his admonitions."

He wasn't bashful, period. In his trigonometry class his freshman year was a beautiful, brainy Midwesterner named Rhonda Simmons. The school paper had run a story about her because, at 15, she had been named to the board of the NAACP. Lloyd made it his business to befriend her; they were married in 1988. "It's gotten better every year," says Lloyd. "We have three wonderful kids [Greg, 6; Tiana, 3; and Jhames, eight months]. It's been a blessing all around."

Lloyd was not invited to the NFL scouting combine after his senior season. However, he did play in the Heritage Bowl, which at the time was an all-star game featuring players from traditionally black colleges. When Steelers scouts watched a videotape of the game, they could not help noticing the linebacker who made plays from sideline-to-sideline, intercepted a pass and exhibited a bit of a mean streak. Tom Donahoe, then a scout and now the team's director of football operations, flew to Atlanta, drove the 2½ hours to Fort Valley, worked out Lloyd and returned to Pittsburgh impressed. The Steelers took Lloyd in the sixth round of the '87 draft.

Lloyd's pro career was almost over before it started. He blew out his right knee in training camp, rehabbed maniacally, returned a year later and then injured his *left* knee. He missed the first seven weeks of the '88 season. In his first NFL game he was ejected for punching Denver Broncos backup quarterback Gary Kubiak.

How appropriate. A recurring theme in Lloyd's otherwise brilliant playing career has been his consuming need to inflict pain on quarterbacks, the consequences be damned. In December 1989 he knocked the New York Jets' Pat Ryan out of a game. No penalty was called, but Lloyd was fined $2,000. In '91 Joe Namath, while working as an analyst for NBC, criticized Lloyd for a late hit against Seattle Seahawks quarterback Dave Krieg. "Joe Namath can go to hell, he can kiss Greg's ass," replied Lloyd.

Nevertheless, Lloyd has directed some of his most heated invective at his teammates. Until this season he often criticized the Steelers' inconsistent offense. Although he says his intention was to motivate, he more often created a division.

Lloyd the orator has shown signs of maturing. "Two years ago he'd rant and rave, and not a lot of people would listen to him," says Pittsburgh inside linebacker Jerry Olsavsky. "This year he's called the team together and said some stuff that's really made us think. He's really become a leader."

The turning point came after Pittsburgh kicker Norm Johnson's 24-yard field goal beat the Chicago Bears in overtime on Nov. 5. Temporarily misplacing his machismo, Lloyd found Pittsburgh quarterback Neil O'Donnell and bear-hugged him. That embrace was regarded as Lloyd's way of "making up" with the offense.

"People read too much into that," says Lloyd, still sitting on a couch in the players' lounge. "That was just me telling Neil he'd played a great game." If you didn't know better, you would think Lloyd was concerned that people might think he was softening.

He returns to the subject of his nationally televised expletive, blaming NBC for not halting its coverage when he asked it to. After all, he argues, what's said in the dressing room should stay there. The thought of all those viewers standing in judgment of him has begun to make him—what else?—angry. "They can think what they want," he says. "Just don't come up and say —— to me about it."

He says people in Pittsburgh are always probing him for some flaw. "The thing about it is, Pittsburgh wants to know me and I never let them know me," Lloyd says. "You can know all you want about number 95, but you don't get to know Greg. That's private."

A few minutes later, without warning, he stands, puts on his sunglasses, declares the interview over and walks out of the room. He is Just Plain Nasty again. ■

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ONE OF A KIND

The embattled Barry Switzer is doing things in his singular fashion as coach of the star-studded Cowboys, and he's silencing his critics in the process • by Michael Silver

HE HAS never put much stock in appearance, but some blemishes are too conspicuous for even Barry Switzer to overlook. When Switzer, the Dallas Cowboys' coach, saw his just-installed oak cabinets scuffed up as badly as his reputation, well, that was enough to make him snap.

The incident took place early this month, when anti-Switzer sentiment was running high. Switzer and his girlfriend of four years, Becky Buwick, were standing in the kitchen of the $500,000 home that he is having built a couple of miles from the Cowboys' Valley Ranch training facility. Surveying the cabinets Buwick noticed distinct scratch marks in numerous places. "I was sure vandals had done it," Switzer recalls. "I damn near blew a gasket."

Switzer calmed down the next morning after learning the culprits were not disgruntled Cowboys fans. In an effort to provide the "antique lodge" look that Switzer had requested, cabinetmakers had taken nails to the panels, and after several coats of stain and varnish are applied, the cabinets will supposedly possess great character. "In the meantime, they look terrible," Switzer said last week while showing the scratches to a visitor. "Can you believe they take good stuff and scratch it up?"

That's what many critics had accused Switzer of doing to the Cowboys since he succeeded Jimmy Johnson in March 1994. He has been labeled a clueless coach, a shameless slacker and a roguish renegade. In the wake of Dallas's Jan. 14 triumph over Green Bay in the NFC Championship Game, however, the Switzer-bashers are losing their voices—or at least are getting drowned out by the chorus of cheers, like those Switzer received following the 38–27 victory over the Packers at Texas Stadium. The odds against Switzer, 58, fretting over vandals have grown much longer now that the Cowboys are in Phoenix for a Super Bowl XXX showdown with the Pittsburgh Steelers next Sunday. Though no one is comparing him to Vince Lombardi, he has proved that he's no Ray Handley, either.

Handley, who succeeded Bill Parcells as coach of the New York Giants after their Super Bowl XXV victory in January 1991, went 14–18 over the next two seasons and was fired. A similar fate befell Phil Bengtson, who coached the Packers after the legendary Lombardi stepped down following his Super Bowl II triumph in 1968 and went 20-21-1 in three seasons before resigning under pressure. Say what you will about Switzer's fourth-and-one gambles and boot-stomping public outbursts, but give him this: He inherited the football equivalent of the *Mona Lisa*, and he was smart enough—and secure enough—to refrain from sketching in a mustache.

"Sometimes doing nothing is the right thing to do," says Michael Irvin,

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SUPER BOWL XXX PREVIEW

BILL FRAKES

Switzer is almost home in his bid for an NFL title, but he's several steps from finishing his new house.

Dallas's Pro Bowl wide receiver. "When you walk into a situation and everything's great, it shows more power and more intelligence to do nothing. Most coaches would have made you feel their power. They would have made a move just to make a move and would have screwed up everything."

If anyone symbolizes the change in perception about Switzer, it is Irvin, who in nationally televised comments at the NFC championship trophy presentation ceremony demanded that people give Switzer his due, purposely punctuating his remarks with a forbidden expletive. It seems now that the two chatterboxes are kindred spirits, but their initial interactions suggested otherwise. When Johnson and Cowboys owner Jerry Jones had their nasty split two months after Dallas's second consecutive Super Bowl victory, in 1994, Irvin vowed he would not play for Switzer. Approached by reporters during that wild week at Valley Ranch, Irvin hurled a trash can. Then, during a team meeting, Irvin became so incensed at Switzer's praise for Jones that he stormed out of the room.

But as he always seems to do, Switzer has won over many doubters, including Irvin. Although Cowboys quarterback Troy Aikman has never been outspoken in his support of Switzer, he did present the coach with a game ball after the NFC title game. Dallas players who thrived under the autocratic Johnson have come to appreciate the laid-back style of his successor. "He is unlike any coach in the history of football, and whatever it is he possesses, players rally to it," says Cowboys director of scouting Larry Lacewell. "They may not take to him at first, but eventually they buy into it." For one thing, Switzer makes no attempt to convince people that he is a master strategist. "But do you think Jimmy ever called a play?" he says. "Do you think [49er coach] George Seifert does? They did when they were assistants, but now they're overseers. Most people can't even define what coaching is. It ain't all X's and O's."

Switzer's charm lies in his unabashed sincerity and his disdain for self-promotion. Whereas Johnson thrives on the aura of authority he projects, often using it to motivate his players, Switzer, as they say on the street, is keeping it real. "I don't need credit," he says. "I don't have an ego, and I don't care if anybody believes that or not."

For that reason, says Jones, "Barry was as much the man for the Cowboys in 1994 as Jimmy was in 1989. If I was going to make a change, I really needed someone who could take the heat."

It didn't help Switzer, already a controversial figure from his days as the coach at Oklahoma, that much of the heat was generated by Jones himself. During the infamous night at the NFL owners meetings in Orlando when he triggered Johnson's departure, Jones asserted that 500 coaches were capable of guiding his talented team to a Super Bowl win. As an example he cited Switzer, who as an assistant supervising freshman recruits at Arkansas in 1961 had coached Jones and Johnson. Less than two weeks later Jones shocked the football world by bringing Switzer back from a five-year coaching exile. It was as if Jones was saying, "I can get *anyone* to coach this team and still win," and, as a result, everyone jumped on Switzer from the start. "There's no question that the way the thing evolved colored Barry in a way that wasn't positive," Jones says.

In fairness to the critics, Switzer has made several moves worthy of scrutiny. Last January, at a key juncture of the Cowboys' 38–28 loss to the San Francisco 49ers in the NFC Championship Game, he was assessed a 15-yard unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty for bumping an official. In November, Dallas looked ill-prepared in a 38–20 loss to the injury-plagued 49ers, Switzer's third setback in as many games against the Cowboys' chief rival. Then there were the hard times endured by Big D in December, symbolized by Switzer's infamous fourth-and-one call on Dec. 10 in Philadelphia. With the game tied at 17 and Dallas a foot shy of a first down at its own 29 late in the fourth quarter, Switzer elected to run Emmitt Smith rather than punt. Smith was stopped, but the play was nullified because the clock had reached the two-minute warning before the ball was snapped. So Switzer ran basically the same off-tackle play, and the Eagles stopped Smith again, setting up Philly's winning field goal.

It was hardly the soundest of football decisions, but the Cowboys have won four straight since, and Irvin points to the call as a key to the team's Super Bowl drive. "That made all the difference," Irvin says. "You have to understand, we were in a major slump. He was saying to us, 'I still believe y'all are the best in the world.' "

"Fourth-and-what?" Switzer says. "It's kind of insignificant today, isn't it? Look, I had the guts to go for it, based on the faith I have in my football team."

Slowly, the players have reciprocated that faith, especially after Switzer gave the best motivational speech of his pro career after the debacle in Philadelphia. In calling upon his players to confront adversity with toughness and overcome it with determination, Switzer recounted his own stormy upbringing: His mother committed suicide, and his father was a bootlegger who died after being shot by a girlfriend. The speech struck an emotional chord with the players, even those who flourished under

the atmosphere of braggadocio instilled by Johnson. "We don't have the [Johnson] swagger anymore," Smith told reporters earlier this month. "Now we're the bootlegger's boys."

Switzer, as is his nature, shies away from assuming any credit for his team's success. "Don't make coaching more than what it is," he says. "It's players going out and playing good, and whichever team's players can do that while making the fewest mistakes usually wins. It doesn't take 16 hours a day to figure that out."

Such proclamations rankle other coaches, many of whom take pride in their obsessive approaches. Switzer has eschewed the long hours favored by many in his profession and, commendably, has devoted quality time to his children: Greg, 27, an aspiring classical pianist; Kathy, 26, who helps her father manage his off-field responsibilities; and Doug, a quarterback at Arkansas–Pine Bluff whose games have drawn his father away from team meetings on the eve of Cowboys games, prompting criticism from Johnson and others.

This is not to say that Switzer professes to be a saint. He may screw up at times, but not maliciously. "He is so much like a kid in many respects," says Switzer's friend and attorney, Larry Derryberry. "He's unconcerned with how people perceive him."

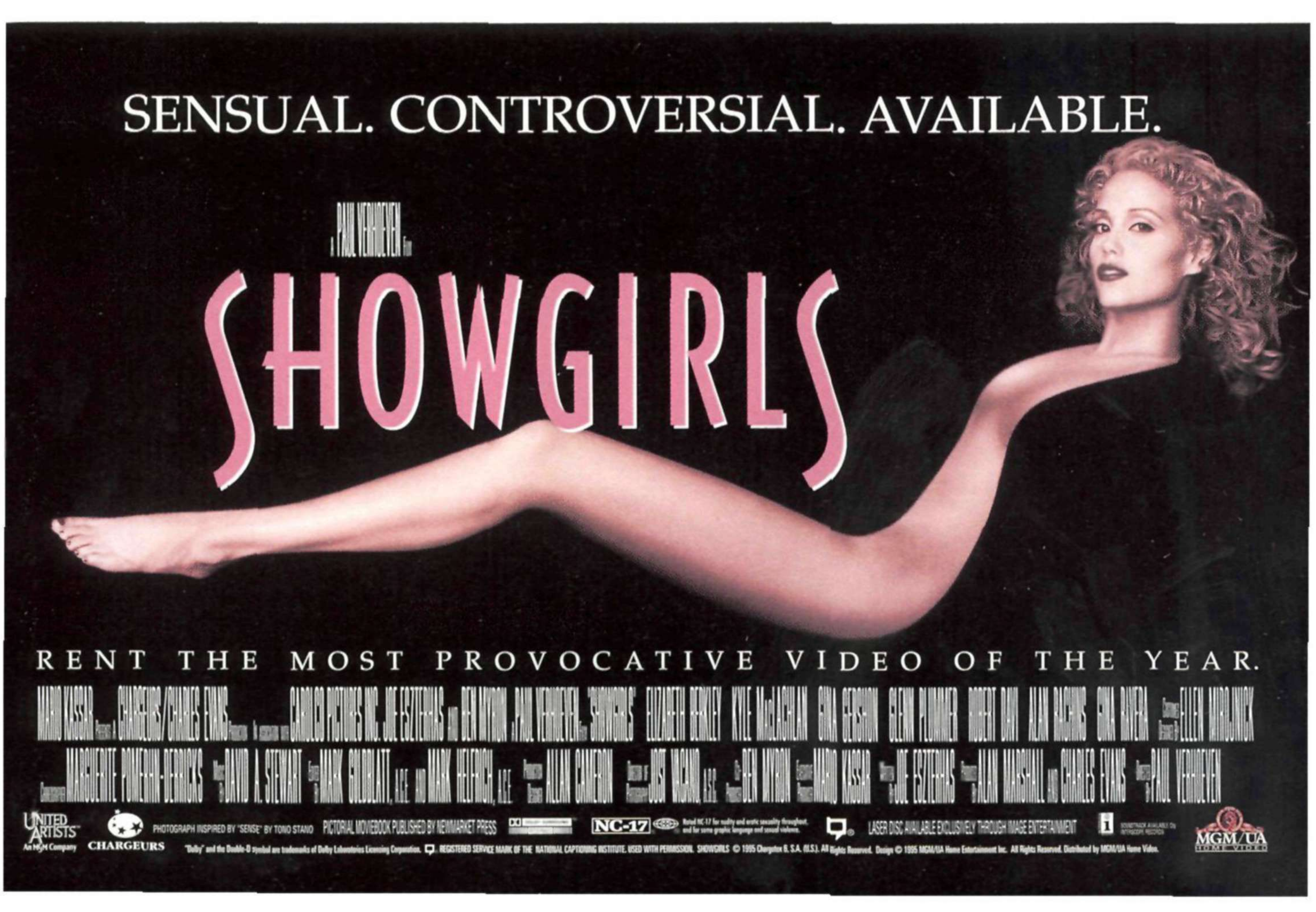
Jones recognized Switzer as a kind of endearing, naive rogue during contract negotiations that sometimes included Lacewell and Derryberry. (Consider that group for a moment: Larry, Jerry, Barry and Larry Derryberry.) "During those discussions," Jones says, "I learned that Barry had a $70,000 debt because he had signed a note for a friend who had defaulted on payment. He did it just because the friend needed the money. So I paid it off. Barry makes you want to do that, because he's so genuine and so eager to help people out."

Those qualities, combined with his credit-the-players approach, his openness and his fun-loving nature, make Switzer the antithesis of the stereotypical coach. "Barry is unique," says Derryberry, "and I think it throws the average American off a little. It throws his peers off a lot."

What seems to disarm Switzer's enemies is his ability to smile in the face of pain. Every few months he requires spinal injections to alleviate the neck and back pain that has plagued him for several years. He also suffers from attention deficit disorder, which is why he has a bottle of Ritalin on his office desk. It is mostly full. Switzer used the drug for two months last season but stopped because he felt it dulled his senses.

On Wednesday of last week Switzer was in hyperdrive as he cruised down MacArthur Boulevard in Irving to his weekly radio show. He was telling the story of the time in 1983 when, on a coaches cruise in the Caribbean, he jokingly set up ultrastraight Penn State coach Joe Paterno with a drug peddler. Switzer and a 20-something female companion were sitting in a thatched hut on an island beach, about 20 yards behind a group of coaches and wives, when an islander pulled out a bag and offered to sell him a joint. "I said, 'Listen, I've got all the dope I need, but see that guy with the thick glasses? He's been looking for some good stuff all weekend. He'll buy everything you've got.' Well, the guy goes up to Paterno, and I see him pull the bag out. Paterno goes crazy, and the guy looks up and points at me, and I'm laughing my ass off."

Switzer is laughing so hard at the memory that he becomes oblivious to the traffic around him and veers into the left lane before coming to a stop. Several drivers have to alter their paths. They recognize him. Not one honks his horn in anger. ■



As if waving tourists through, a cactus stands sentry at the approach to Squaw Peak Park near Phoenix.

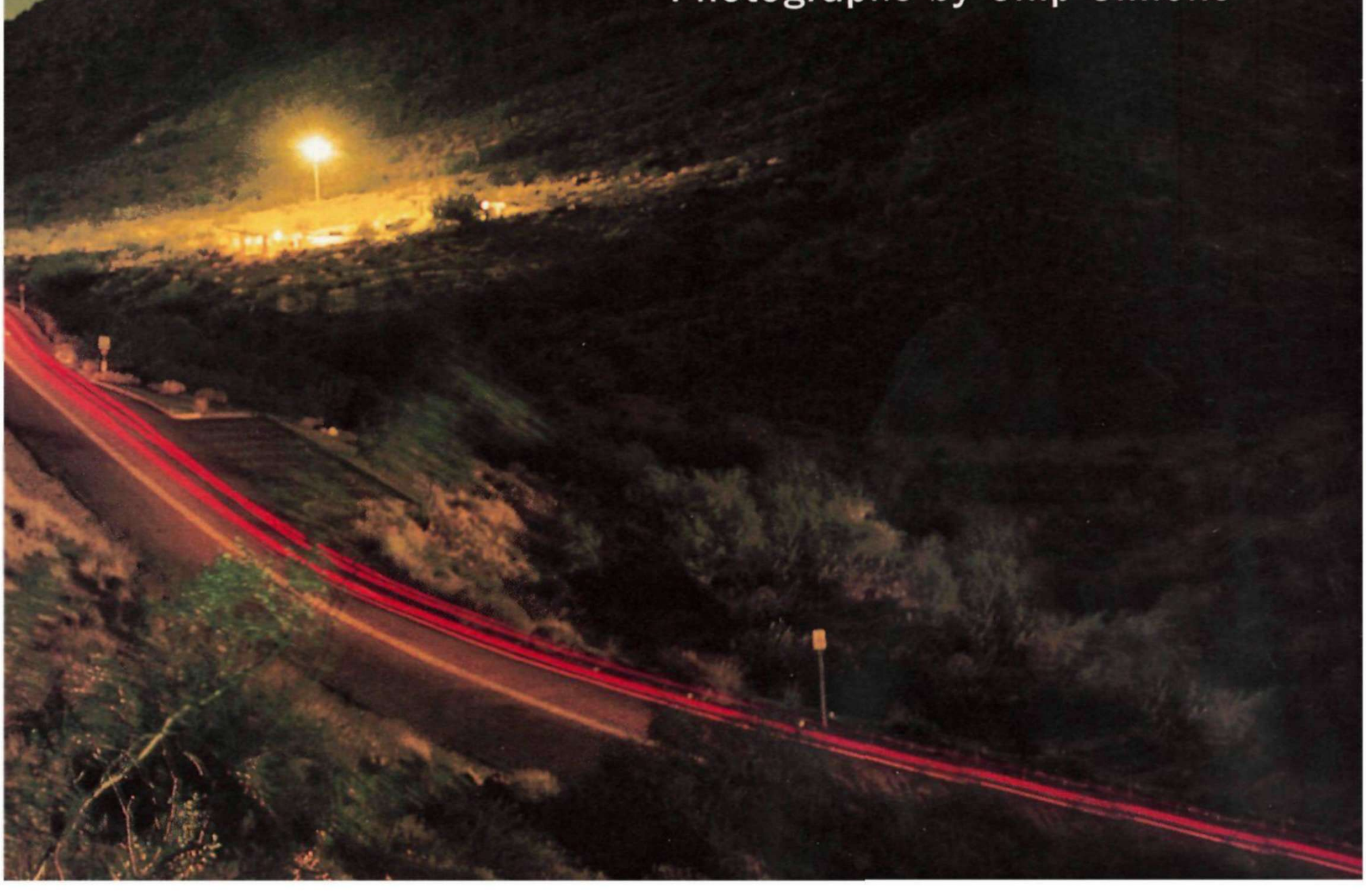
SUPER BOWL XXX PREVIEW

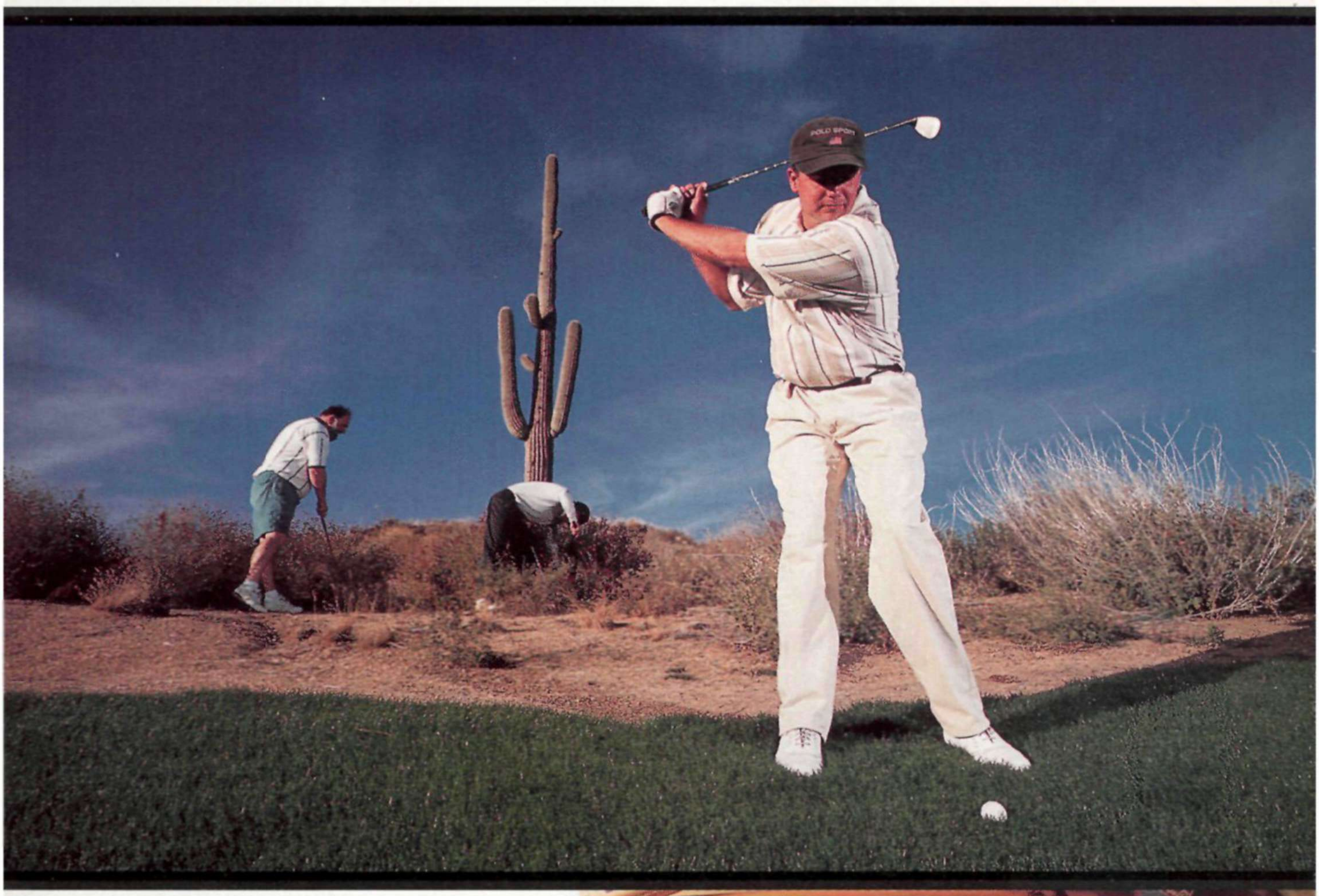
BRAZEN ARIZONA

Super Bowl host city Phoenix, like the rest of the 48th state, is sizzling, with more visitors, new residents and big-time sports events than you can shake a cactus at

By John Walters

Photographs by Chip Simons





It's hot here right now," says Jerry Colangelo, president and CEO of the Phoenix Suns. "Phoenix is very hot."

When a man who lives in a city that roasts in 90° daytime heat for half of the year—not to mention a man who runs a team named the Suns—says it's hot, you listen. Phoenix *is* hot, as in cool.

Over the last five years the Phoenix metropolitan area has gained 330,000 residents, pushing its population to 2.4 million. Urban sprawl? Land in Phoenix is being developed at the rate of an acre an hour. And what the movers and shakers in the sports world see is a fan base that is growing like crabgrass.

In a one-year span culminating this Sunday with Super Bowl XXX, the Valley of the Sun will have welcomed, in chronological order: the NBA All-Star Game, a major league baseball franchise (the expansion Arizona Diamondbacks), the NBA Western Conference semifinals, an NHL team (the soon-to-be-relocated Winnipeg Jets), the inaugural World Championship of Golf (which offered a record $1 million first prize) and college football's national-championship game (the Fiesta Bowl). Oh, and the 150,000 out-of-state visitors who will have attended the events. How many of *them* will return to stay?

For the longest time—certainly until 1928, the year air conditioning made its debut here—Phoenix was considered a wasteland. As recently as 1970, the population was only 584,000. "I remember arriving at Sky Harbor Airport as a player in 1974," says former Suns coach Paul Westphal. "The baggage claim was located outside, and the Muzak was a turntable playing Waylon Jennings." Glen Campbell sang *By the Time I Get to Phoenix* in 1967, but even he didn't move here until '81.

At least he came. Thousands of others didn't. In a November

ARIZONA

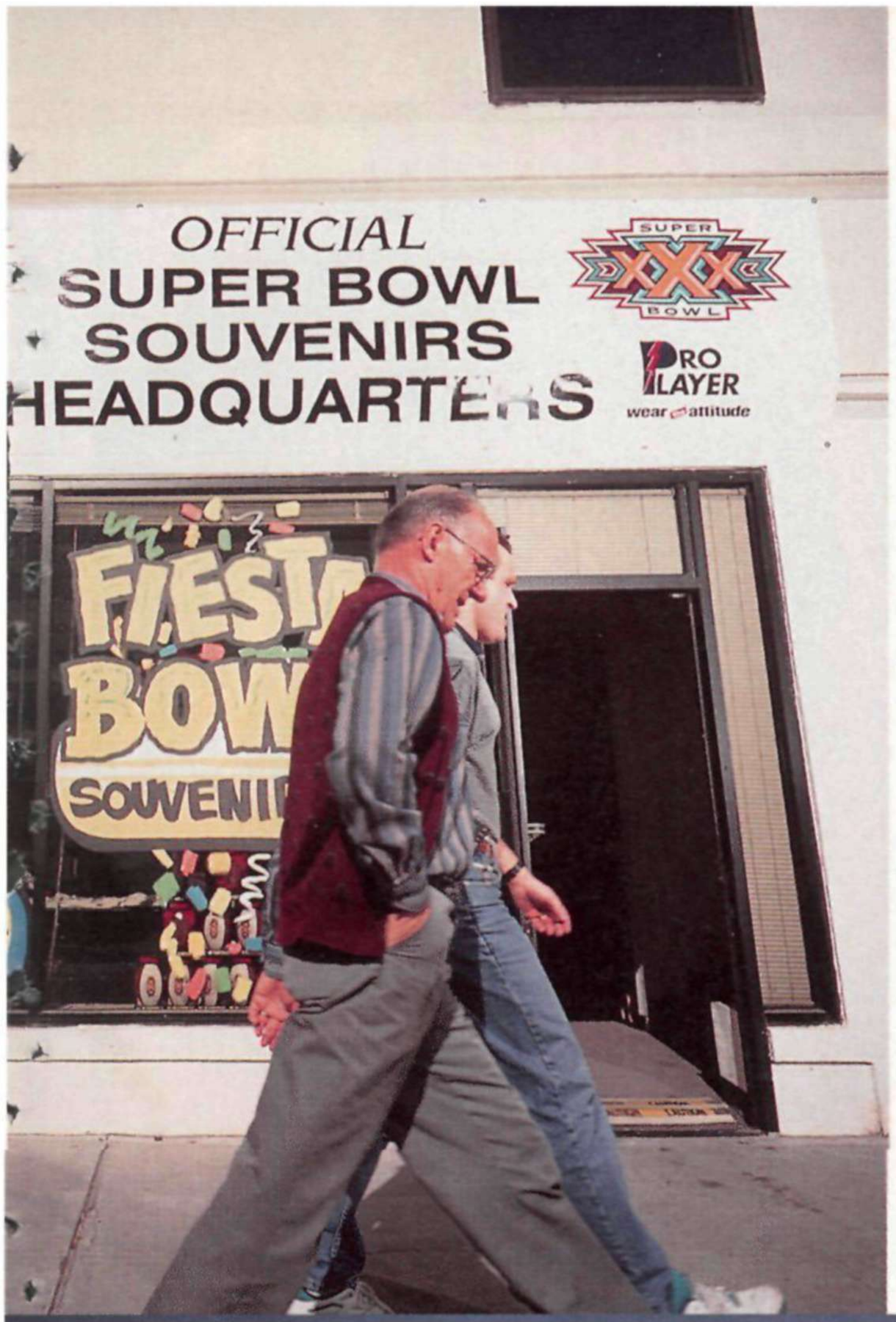
The desert sports scene: Busy fairways carpet the sand, Super Bowl souvenirs are triple-X rated, a Fiesta Bowl parade participant comes in from the cold, and a new baseball franchise, named after a snake, sheds instant memorabilia.

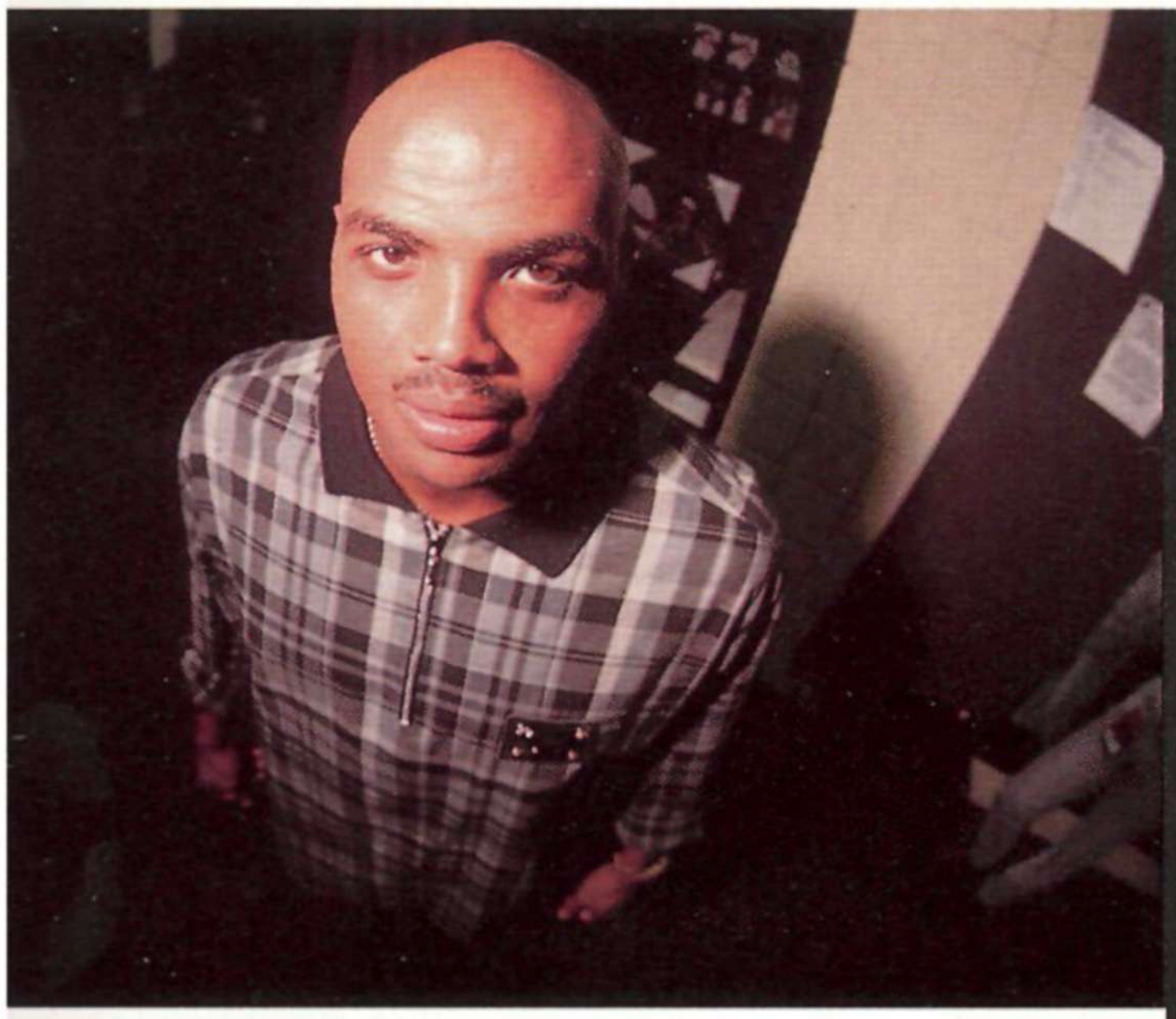
1990 referendum, Arizonans voted down a proposal to make Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a statewide holiday, thus branding themselves as racists in the eyes of many, who took their vacations, conventions and business elsewhere in protest. Phoenix wasn't hot then; it was out in the cold. A slew of college football teams, Mississippi and Virginia among them, spurned the Fiesta Bowl, which is played in the Phoenix suburb of Tempe and would have paid $2.5 million to each school. (Finally, Alabama and Louisville agreed to come.) The following March the NFL rescinded its invitation to Phoenix to host Super Bowl XXVII. Three months later baseball's National League expansion committee rejected a Phoenix group's bid to buy one of two new franchises, awarding the teams to Colorado and Florida instead. And the Harlem Globetrotters, basketball's self-proclaimed ambassadors of goodwill, avoided Arizona.

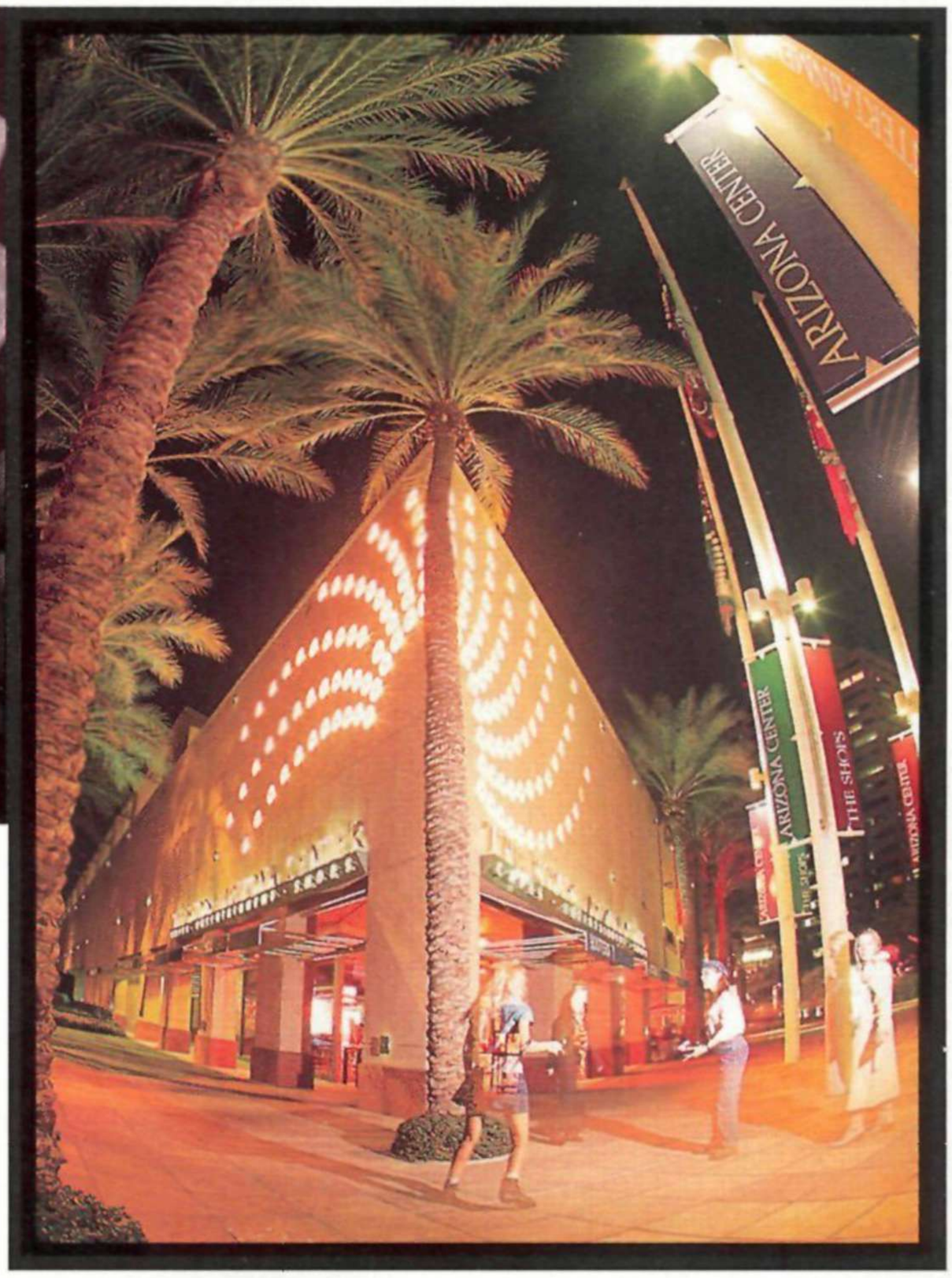
But a year later, after a new proposal for a King holiday was voted through, the sports and tourism boom was back on track. (The Globetrotters even moved their headquarters to the desert.) What's the expression? Rising like a Phoenix?

Arizona entered the union in 1912, becoming the last state in the Continental 48. Arizonans take pride in that distinction. "If you don't say anything else about Arizona," remarks Marshall Trimble, director of Southwest studies for Maricopa Community Colleges, "mention how independent and free-spirited its people are."

This iconoclasm, Trimble says, is personified by former U.S. senator and Republican presidential candidate Barry Goldwater,







ARIZONA

At America West Arena, you might catch Sir Charles just being Sir Charles; at Phoenix's Arizona Center, it's shoppers just being shoppers.

who is now 87. "Barry Goldwater is Arizona's favorite son," says Trimble, which makes Goldwater three years older than his mother. "Remember what he said during the 1964 presidential campaign? 'Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice.' "

Taking its cue from Goldwater, Arizona has gone to all kinds of extremes. For example, water: The state built the world's largest fountain, in the Sonoran Desert at Fountain Hills, 20 miles from Phoenix. The fountain spews water 560 feet skyward, a monument to—what, evaporation?

Laws: It is legal to carry a concealed weapon in Arizona but illegal to bad-mouth a vegetable. (Growers can sue if their products are maliciously defamed.)

Even time itself: The Grand Canyon State is one of only two states that do not observe daylight saving time. As if it needs to. Summer temperatures in Phoenix routinely dance above 110°. Sky Harbor Airport, now the world's 18th busiest, was forced to close in June 1990 when temps above 120° rendered cockpit instruments dysfunctional. It was so hot that, as one local put it, "patio furniture stood on one leg."

Which reminds us: If some cruel quirk of fate puts you in Phoenix in the summer, try the 10-Second Test. Place two bare feet on black pavement at 3 p.m., the hottest time of day. Try keeping them there for 10 seconds. For best results, use someone else's feet.

Fiscally speaking, the greatest outlaw in Arizona history has to have been Charles H. Keating Jr. His California-based Lincoln Savings & Loan Association bilked investors out of $2.6 billion in the '80s, a crime for which the 72-year-old former NCAA swimming (butterfly) champ is now serving a 12-year sentence in federal prison. Keating, who moved to Phoenix from Cincinnati in 1976, also had a sense of humor, albeit a cruel one. At The Phoenician, a five-star resort he built in the tony suburb of Scottsdale, the maids who turned down the beds left not only mints but also booklets titled *Stories for Bedtime*. These contained pearls of Keating's acquired wisdom, such as: *In today's uncertain and deceptive world, it's good to be a man of principal—and to put it in the right bank.*

But hey, that was just Charles being Charles.

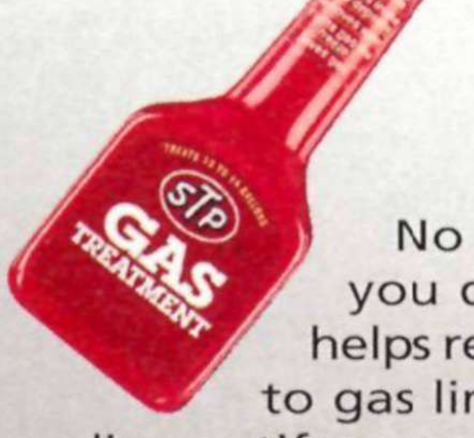
In Greek mythology the phoenix was a bird that descended onto a pyre and burned, then rose from the ashes to live again. Self-destructive, self-renewing. Sort of like sports in Phoenix over the past decade.

The descent can be traced to 1986, when, on his fifth attempt, Evan Mecham was elected governor of Arizona. His predecessor, Bruce Babbitt, had enacted a holiday honoring Martin Luther King Jr. by executive order. It was hardly a radical gesture, considering that 47 other states had taken similar action. Within a week of taking office in January '87, Mecham voided the holiday.

It was a harbinger of a governorship in which Mecham would display all the enlightenment and honesty of a used-car salesman—which he was. He insulted ethnic groups as if he were Archie Bunker (sample: "Japanese really like to play golf, and . . . when you say we've got over 200 golf courses in Arizona . . . suddenly they've got round eyes"), and his comments often found their way into the national media, sullying the state's image. Mecham was both a tyrant and a buffoon, and he was impeached in '88 for having used state money for his auto dealership and having hidden a campaign loan of $350,000. Babbitt, normally the most reserved of politicians, said, "Evan Mecham proves that Darwin was wrong."

Mecham was gone, but the damage had been done. On Nov. 4, 1990, two days before Arizonans would vote on the King holiday

Cool cars shouldn't have frozen fuel lines.



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for the first time, CBS broke the story that NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue would recommend to the league's owners that the 1993 Super Bowl, which had been awarded to Phoenix only six months earlier, be moved if Arizona did not approve the holiday. "When I saw that," recalls Fiesta Bowl executive director John Junker, "I thought, Oh, boy, that killed it."

The image of a diamondback rattlesnake, tightly coiled and with venomous fangs bared, applies here. Polls had shown that a favorable vote on the holiday proposal was a gimme. As it turned out, voters in Phoenix and in Tempe, where the Super Bowl would be played, in Sun Devil Stadium, did vote for the holiday, but the proposal was defeated statewide. To show how cussedly independent they can be, Arizonans essentially threw away the Super Bowl, by a vote of 50.8% to 49.2%.

"It was idiocy not to draft the holiday," says Colorado football coach Rick Neuheisel, an Arizonan familiar with narrow political defeats (his dad, Dick, lost the 1972 Tempe mayoral election by four votes). "A lot of people said no because they felt challenged: 'O.K., we'll show you what we got.' "

They made their point, but they would have to ratify a second proposal for a King holiday before Tagliabue would restore Phoenix to the short list of Super Bowl host cities. Phoenix is no more racist than other cities, perhaps just a little more vanilla-flavored. "I had only been in town a month," says Colangelo, who migrated to the Arizona capital from Chicago, "and the local Italian-American group named me Italian of the Year. Tells you how many candidates there were."

"You've got a winner in town." Who said that? Who, that is, besides former Arizona Cardinals coach Buddy Ryan, who went 12–20 in the two seasons after he uttered those words in 1994? Well, it seems to have been said by everyone who ever packed up somewhere else to make Arizona his new home: Wyatt Earp, former Arizona State football coach Frank Kush, the fictional Alice Hyatt on the TV show *Alice* (who warbled, "There's a new girl in town/And she's feelin' good!"), the Suns' incorrigible Charles Barkley, the incarcerated Charles Keating. . . .

"I do believe that we all get an opportunity in life," Colangelo says as he relaxes in his fourth-floor office at palatial America West Arena. Just outside his window, ticket scalpers in the nation's first legally zoned area for scalping practice their craft. "Like a lot of people, I found mine in the desert." In 1968 Colangelo brought, as he likes to say, "a wife, three kids and eight suitcases to a city deemed too Western" for an NBA franchise. He has fashioned an empire in the sand. Besides running the Suns, he is a minority owner of the NHL team that will move here next season and a managing partner with the Diamondbacks, who will begin playing in '98.

Since the 1988–89 campaign the Suns have won at least 53 games each season, and their 408 victories (as of Jan. 18) are the most in the NBA for that period. Only two years before beginning this run the Purple Gang had been riddled by a drug investigation (five players were indicted, though none was convicted) and the death of center Nick Vanos in a plane crash. It was then that Colangelo, the Suns' general manager, bought the team and purged it of all but two players, guard Jeff Hornacek and center Alvan Adams.

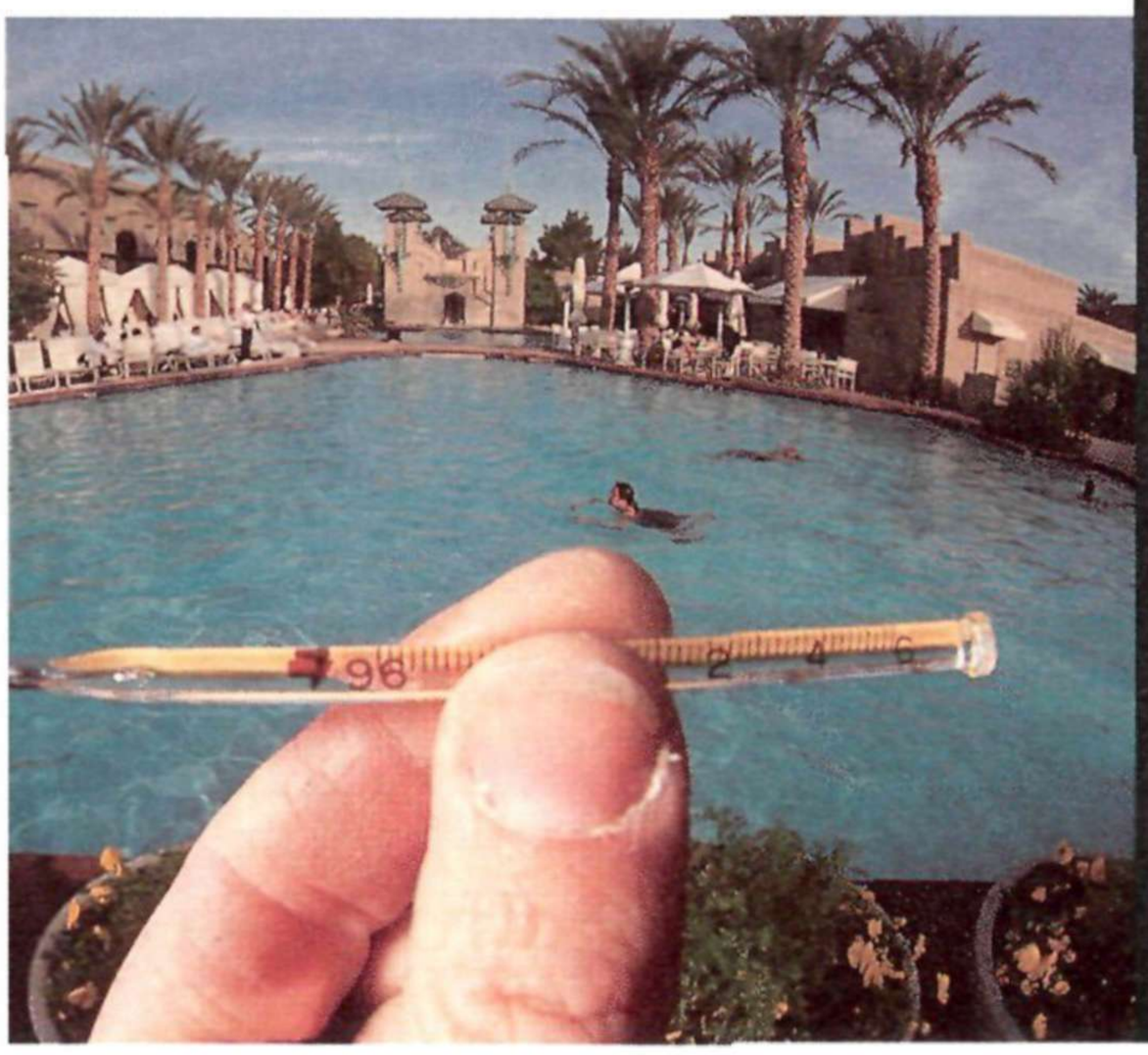
Today Colangelo, 56, is the most powerful sports personage in Arizona. He is tailored suits in a state that adopted the bola tie as its official neckwear. Some in the local media refer to him privately as J.C. Superstar for the manner in which he throws his weight around. Many citizens were not thrilled when Colangelo Jerry-mandered, without voter approval, a .25% county sales-tax increase to finance a domed baseball stadium and then sold the rights to the name of the facility to a corporate sponsor for $2 million a year. Even in Phoenix the name Bank One Ballpark (the BOB?) is not easy to warm to.

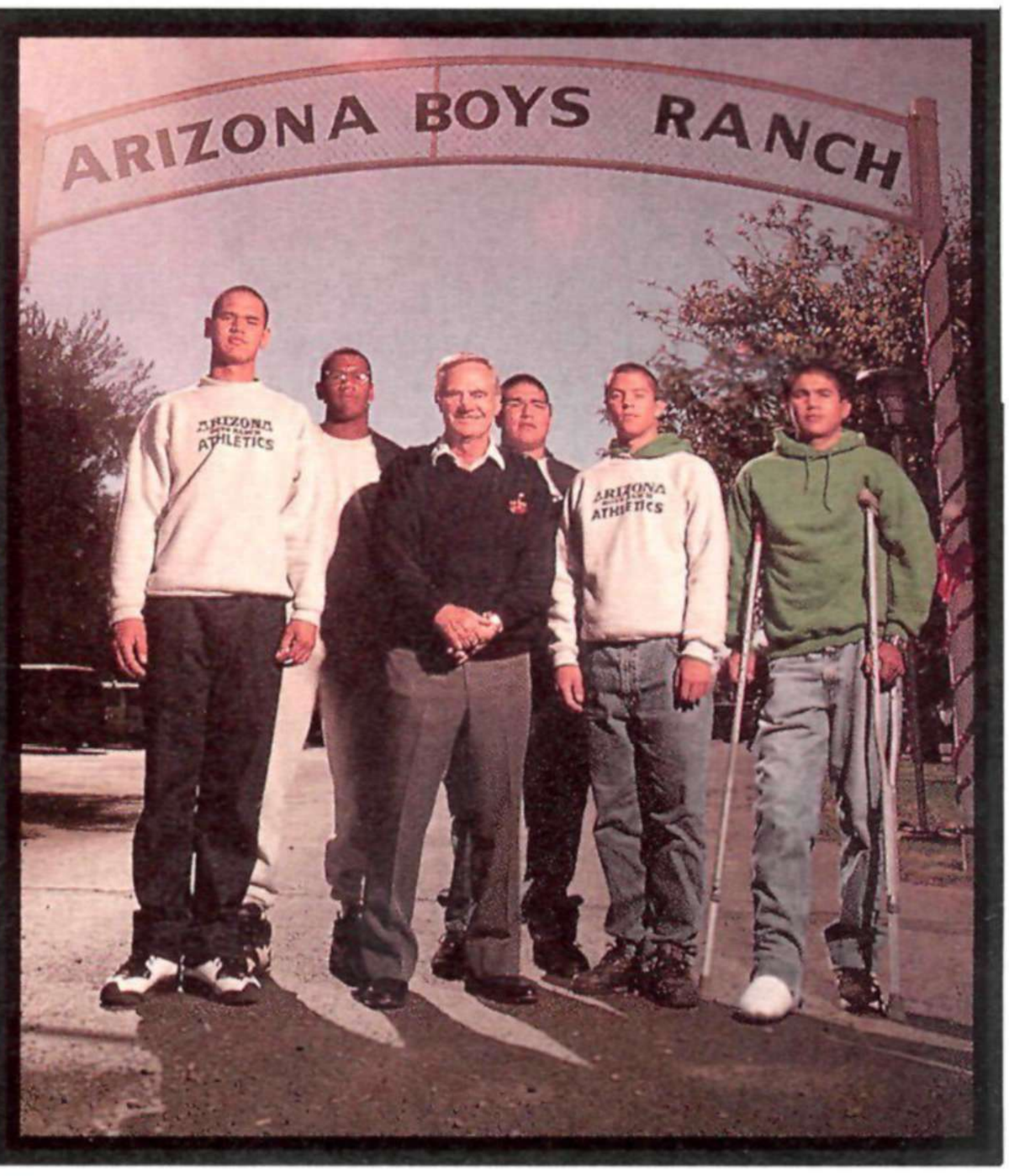
My motto is: Do it my way or watch your butts!
—NATHAN T. ARIZONA, in *Raising Arizona*

Nathan T. Arizona, the unfinished-furniture king and father of quintuplets in the 1987 film send-up of the state, boasted that his furniture chain, Unpainted Arizona, could beat anyone else's prices "or my name isn't Nathan T. Arizona." Actually his name was Nathan T. Huffheinz, but as he explained, "Would you buy furniture

ARIZONA

Mercury rising? Cool off in the Arizona Biltmore pool. Boys gone wrong? Send them to Kush (right, center), who will put them on the right path.





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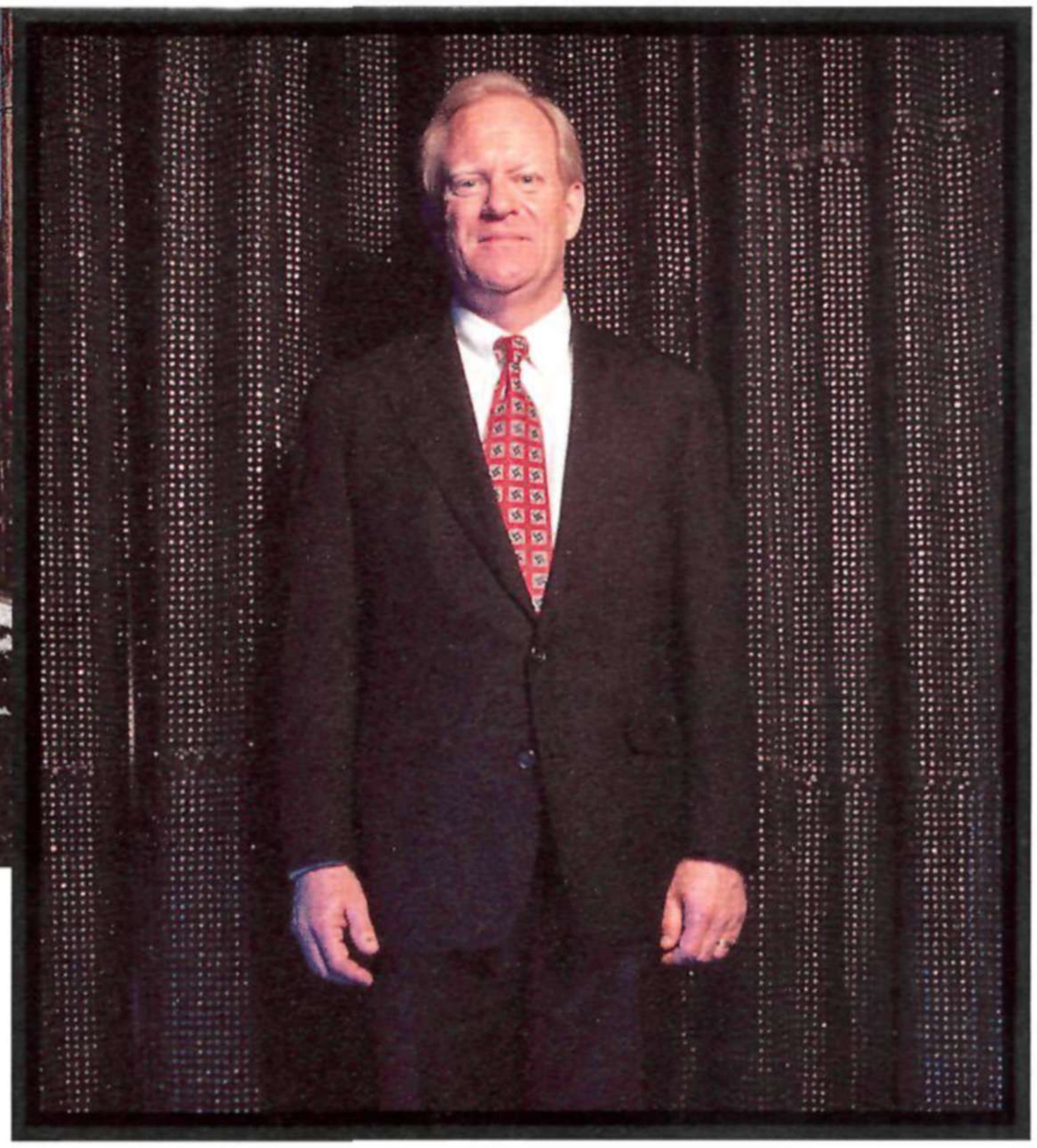
WHAT PREFERRED MEN PREFER. A MAN'S COLOGNE FROM THE HOUSE OF STETSON.



ARIZONA

When the federal budget impasse threatened to close off the Grand Canyon, Symington did not, like one Fiesta Bowl float, take it lying down.

from some place called Unpainted Huffheinz?"

A blustery braggart given to disingenuous proclamations—where have Arizonans seen that before? Buddy Ryan was not Cardinals owner Bill Bidwill's first mistake, simply the most conspicuously ill-tempered. After a 1994 game in which the Cardinals' three-time All-Pro offensive tackle, Luis Sharpe, was carted off the field with a season-ending knee injury, Ryan was asked to assess his team's overall health. "Ain't nobody out that matters," he said.

In '88, when Bidwill moved the team from St. Louis to Phoenix, Arizonans who had long pined for an NFL franchise were so happy that they forgave the owner for a then league-high $38 average ticket price. But they were not so quick to forgive him for the team's losing records the first six years, and season-ticket sales declined sharply. That's when Bidwill turned to Ryan, the Nathan T. Arizona of football coaches.

Ryan's misdeeds as Cardinals general manager and coach are too many to list here. One example will suffice: Last summer Ryan, who employed his sons Rex and Rob as assistant coaches, caused a brow or two to furrow when he signed free-agent tackle Larry Tharpe for $1 million to replace Sharpe. As a Detroit Lion in '94 a healthy Tharpe made $162,000 and did not play a down. "Larry Tharpe is a solid young player," Ryan said, and that turned out to be true. But Ryan could easily have gotten Tharpe for half the price. Or perhaps he was outnegotiated by Tharpe's agent: Rex and Rob's brother, Jim Ryan.

Buddy Ryan was fired on Dec. 26, three days after Tom Osborne and his Nebraska Cornhuskers arrived for their Fiesta Bowl showdown with Florida. At long last Phoenix had a winner in town.

Like Barkley and Ryan, Arizona is nothing if not colorful—canyons embossed in every shade of brown, orange and red. Arizona is bold blue skies and emerald-green golf courses and snowcapped peaks. It is *Arizona Highways*, a monthly magazine that since its founding in 1925, has relied on the state's roadside beauty for much of its content. Goldwater, it is worth noting, took the magazine's first color cover photograph, in 1946.

Long ago the editors of *Arizona Highways* must have realized that their beat is nature's freak show. Sixteen national parks and monuments are found in the state, the headline act being the 277-mile-long Grand Canyon. On Nov. 19 the federal government shutdown prompted the shutdown of the park, which Arizona's board of tourism had been touting as the Original Super Bowl. Governor Fife Symington, flummoxed by the closing of the world's largest opening, reacted in Goldwateresque fashion: He staged a raid.

Symington flew from Phoenix to the canyon, where he joined a posse of 76 state employees. "Arizona is about to make its world debut," Symington said, "and the Grand Canyon is the crown jewel of our state. There's no reason for it to be closed." National park rangers dissuaded Symington from storming the park's gates, but not before CNN's cameras had filmed him grandstanding. Impressed by Symington's zeal, if not his tactics, the Department of the Interior made a deal with him: As long as $17,625 in daily operating expenses was raised (through individual and corporate donations), the park would remain open.

"And that is why," boasted Symington, who while in college once actually saved Bill Clinton from drowning off Cape Cod, "the Grand Canyon was the only national park in the country that remained open during the government shutdown."

Within a two-hour drive of the canyon's South Rim, tourists can also visit:

- The Painted Desert, where mineral deposits have left a tableau of purples, grays and reds on the desolate landscape.
- The Petrified Forest—petrified as in oxidized to stone, not paralyzed by fear.
- Monument Valley, which has the sedimentary rock monoliths that are favorite Hollywood- and Looney Tunes—backdrops. See: *Thelma & Louise*, *Forrest Gump*, Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote.

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• Four Corners Monument, the only U.S. confluence of four states: Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah.

But the most popular sight is "as close as your own backyard," says Neuheisel, the Colorado coach. Just watch the sun go down. "Dusk is my favorite time of day here," says Kathy Kolbe, a Phoenix personnel consultant who works with the Suns. "To gaze at an Arizona sunset is to know you have a soul."

Arizona sunsets. Frank Kush does not look 66. He sits in his office at the Arizona Boys Ranch, 25 miles southeast of Phoenix, his glare as steely as ever. From 1958 to '79 he coached the Arizona State Sun Devils to a 176-54-1 record, including a 12–0 mark and No. 2 national ranking in '75. During that time Kush was just as well known for hurling expletives and bullying his players. Each August he would bivouac his team for a week in the remote Mogollon Rim pine country, 90 miles northeast of Phoenix, at a place called Camp Tontozona—a word that, loosely translated from the Spanish, means "land of fools."

"We had to put a barbed-wire fence around the football field," recalls Kush, "because cattle would come in and crap all over the place." Yes, there was a lot of crap to put up with, and yes, there was a barbed-wire fence, but many a Sun Devil disputed the source of the former and the reason for the latter. Said defensive tackle Kit Lathrop years later, "I hated Kush more than any other man on the planet."

The university finally had to fire Kush in 1979, after Sun Devils punter Kevin Rutledge alleged that Kush had punched him during a game at Washington the previous season. Kush's termination, the administration said, was due primarily to his attempt to cover up the incident. Observers outside the state saw the dismissal as another case of a martinet with a whistle receiving his just due. (Ohio State legend Woody Hayes had been fired just 10 months earlier for socking an opposing player.) But there were many Sun Devils players who thought otherwise, and they demonstrated their loyalty to Kush in a typically atypical display of Arizona defiance. Instead of waiting to carry their coach off the field after his final game the players carried him *onto* the field before the game.

Kush smiles at the memory and then hands over a brochure from his current place of employment. Founded in 1949, the Arizona Boys Ranch is a private, nonprofit home and school for troubled boys age eight to 18. For the last six years Kush has been the ranch's executive administrator, a role that requires him to serve as both the recruiter of and admissions officer for juvenile offenders. "These kids have committed every crime you can think of," says Kush, "and have had many crimes perpetrated on them. We've got rapists, armed robbers, murderers."

In 1994 the Boys Ranch was accredited by the North Central Association. Besides making the ranch's classes transcript-worthy, the accreditation opened the gates to interscholastic competition. And Kush thought, Why not football? His last in-state coaching job had been in 1986 with the USFL's Arizona Outlaws, and now he would go back on the gridiron with a bunch of. . . .

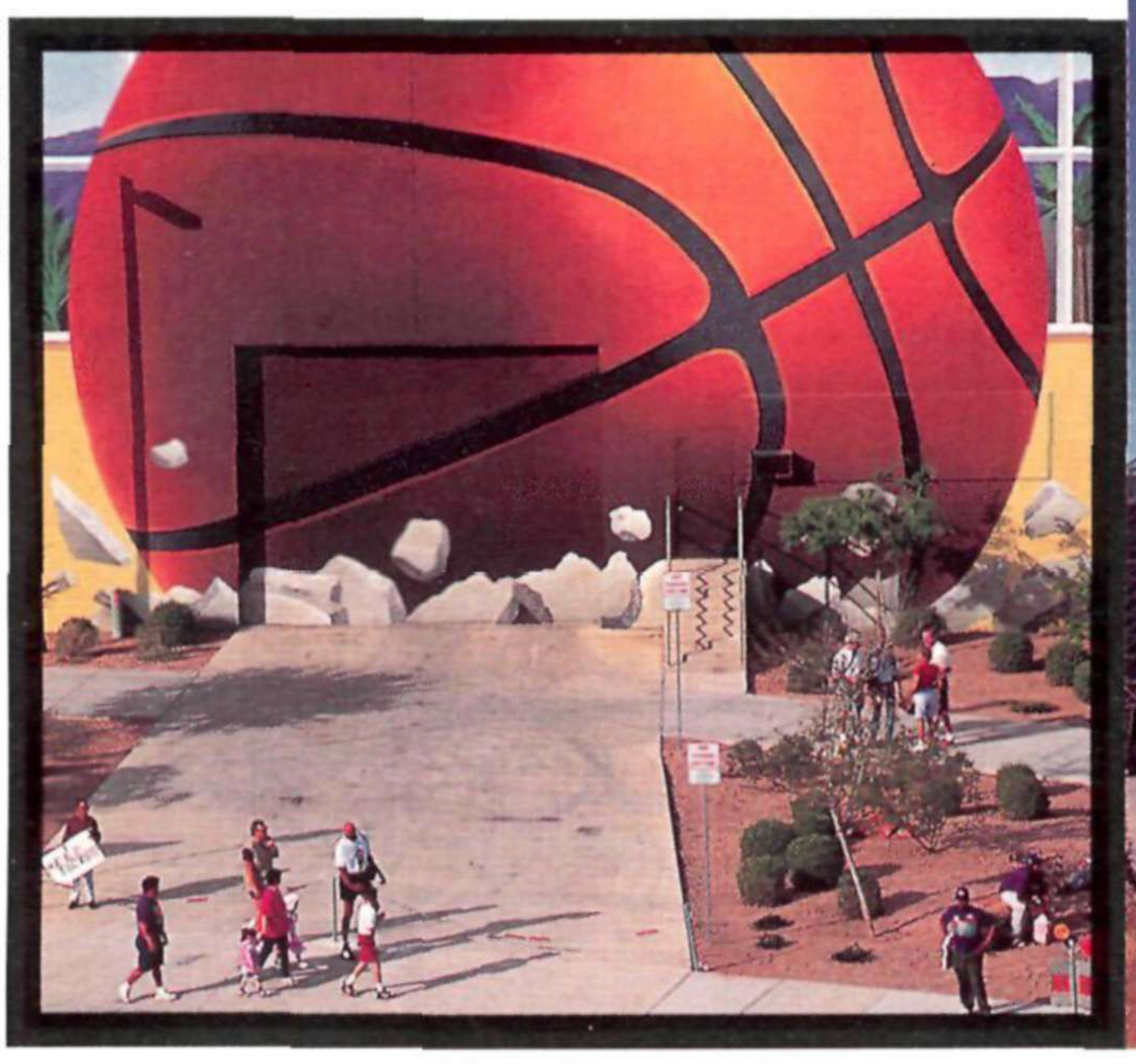
"Ironic, isn't it? But this is my element," says Kush, who was one of 15 children in a Pennsylvania coal-mining family. "I know what it's like to be poor. And I got in trouble. The difference is that unlike these kids, I was raised in a family environment. I had discipline in my life." Another difference: He knew how to play football, going on to become a lineman at Michigan State. "These kids had no concept of a shoulder block or catching a pass or long-snapping," says Kush, who designs all of the boys' offensive and defensive sets but has one of his former Sun Devils players, Richard Gray, serve as head coach. "I remember one kid asked me how many yards it takes to get a first down!"

Kush is not wanting for money. And his job holds little prestige. Why does he do it? "I might've ruined some kids in my early days by pushing too far," he admits. "Then again, I might've saved a few. That's the key to coaching: teaching discipline and perseverance, pushing kids beyond what they believe is their limit."

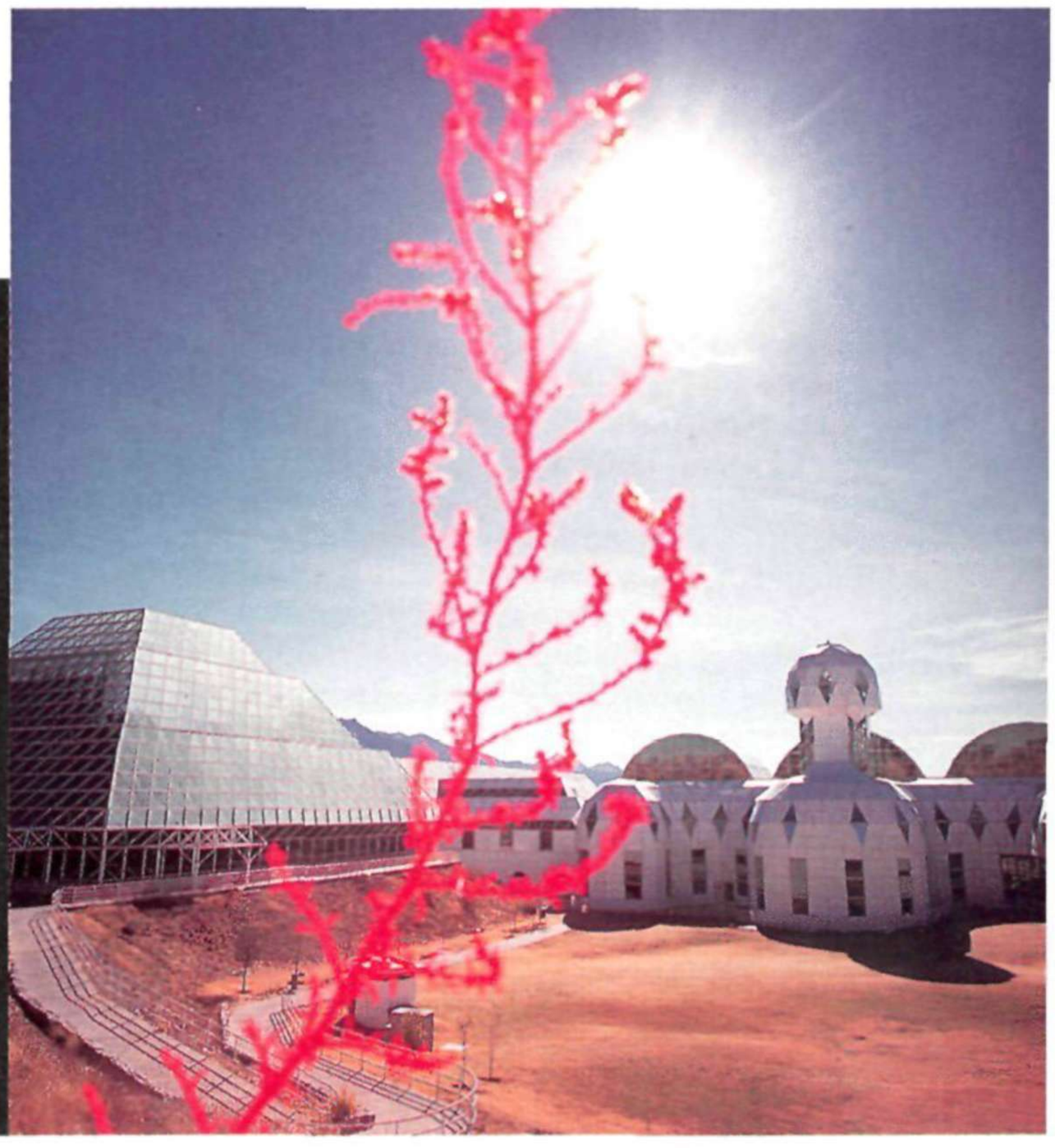
Last fall, in just its second year of football, the Arizona Boys Ranch went 9–4 and advanced to the state 3A championship game before losing to Blue Ridge 41–13. Kush, who three weeks later would

ARIZONA

Biosphere II thrives under the desert sun, but many Arizonans prefer to see their spheres being handled on the basketball court by the Suns.



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH



ARIZONA

A yard in Phoenix is apt to be as dry and crunchy as a certain chip that was drilled into our collective consciousness by the Fiesta Bowl sponsor.

be inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame, said before the title game, "This is one of the biggest games of my career."

Odd things happen in the desert. In 1973, Suns center Neal Walk had his club-record streak of 273 consecutive starts snapped when team trainer Joe Proski inadvertently locked him in the bathroom just before the tip-off. "I searched the bathroom, even bent down to look under the stalls," says Proski, "but Neal—and I'm not about to ask a man his size why—had his feet up."

Last year inmates at the Maricopa County Jail in Phoenix began smuggling out prison-issue boxer shorts to be sold. Hardline sheriff Joe Arpaio reacted by staging his own boxer rebellion: He ordered that prisoners be issued only pink underwear, a move hailed not only by taxpayers but also by *Penthouse*, which ran six pages on Arpaio. Naturally the pink shorts became even hotter contraband—among inmates and taxpayers alike. So just in time for Christmas, Arpaio started his own little business, peddling the boxers for $10 apiece (proceeds to be donated to charity) and showing up at malls to sign underwear—which, unlike bad-mouthing vegetables, is legal in Arizona.

But then, that was just Joe being Joe.

It was Westphal, the Suns' ex-coach, who coined the phrase "That's just Charles being Charles" as a way to explain the antics of Barkley, the All-Star forward who arrived in Phoenix after a 1992 trade with the Philadelphia 76ers. Now the phrase is an unofficial state motto, used to excuse everyone from Ryan to Arpaio to Dan Brennan, a Flagstaff High football player who last year was suspended from school for a day after eating a mouse on a $72 bet.

Barkley is another example of an odd fit in Arizona: a self-proclaimed " '90s nigger" in a so-called racist state. But just listen: "You know, I never liked fans until I came to Phoenix," says Sir Charles, who is planning to stay after he retires, as many former Suns have done. "But our fans are so giddy about us. Maybe it comes from being in the sunshine all day."

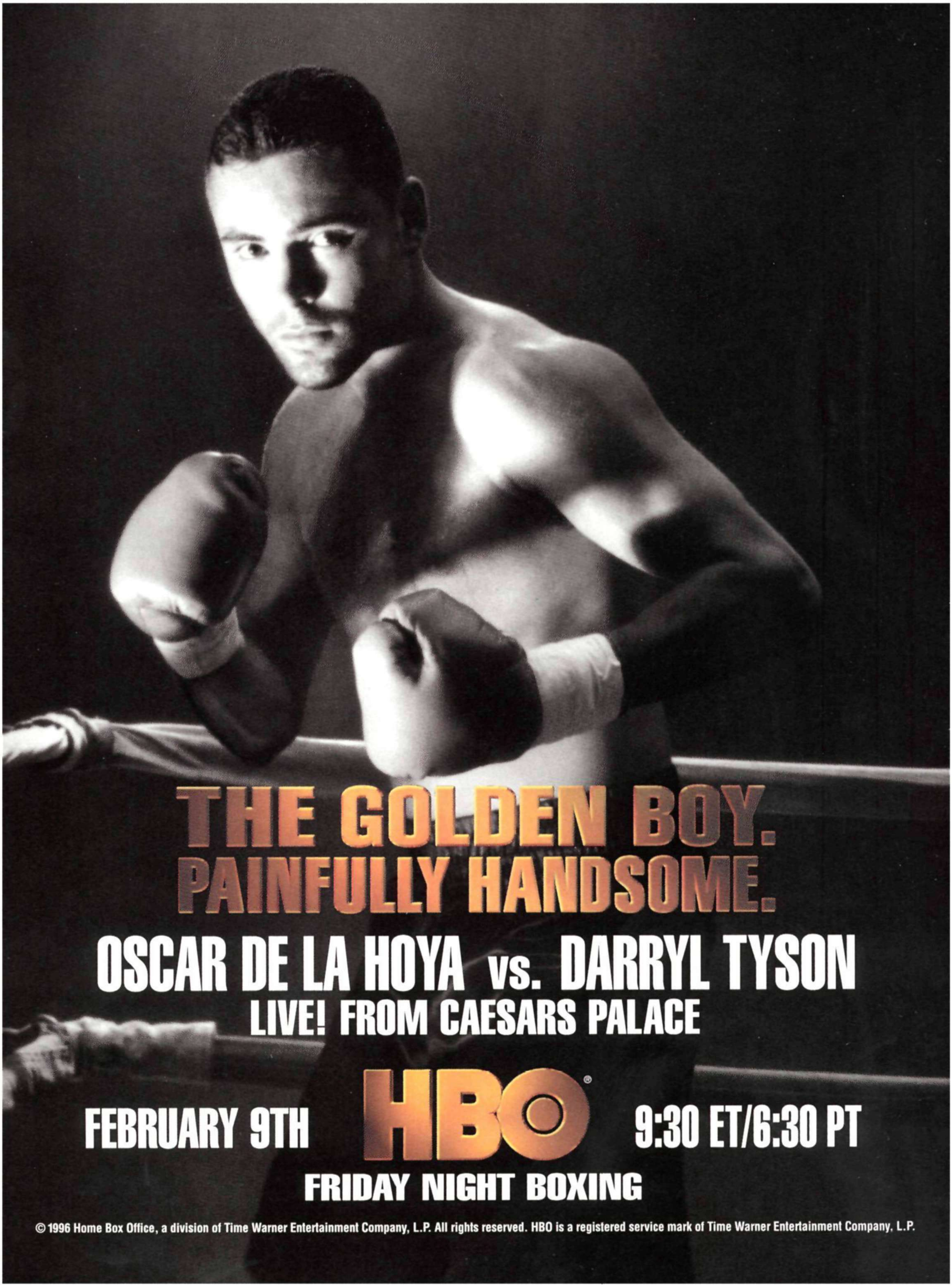
"Remember the day after we lost the ['93] NBA Finals?" says Westphal. "Three hundred thousand people stood outside America West Arena. In June. Three hundred thousand. That's one tenth of the state's population. I doubt that many people have ever been outside in Phoenix at that time of year without being in a pool."

The Arizona sun is too formidable to mention only once. The hottest temperature ever recorded in the state was 128°, in Lake Havasu City on June 29, 1994. On that day a robbery suspect, obviously unfamiliar with the 10-Second Test, fled barefoot from Lake Havasu City police and was apprehended when the heat blisters on his feet became too painful to bear.

"For a place that discovered Pluto [at Flagstaff's Lowell Observatory in 1930], Arizona has a love affair with mercury," says Trimble, the historian. "We say, 'It's a dry heat.' Bull! It's blazing! But you'd almost rather die than be known as a whiner."

In 1978 a member of Kush's staff told the 17-year-old Neuheisel that he was not good enough to play football at Arizona State. Neuheisel, who had grown up four miles from Sun Devil Stadium and quarterbacked McClintock High to a state championship, was crushed. Kush had been a boyhood idol of his, but instead of accepting the coach's invitation to walk on at Arizona State, Neuheisel walked on at UCLA. "I'd have had a better chance of playing at ASU," says Neuheisel, "but my pride was wounded."

Before Neuheisel's first start as a Bruin, against Georgia his junior year, the Bulldogs' mascot, UGA IV, vomited on his cleats. But a



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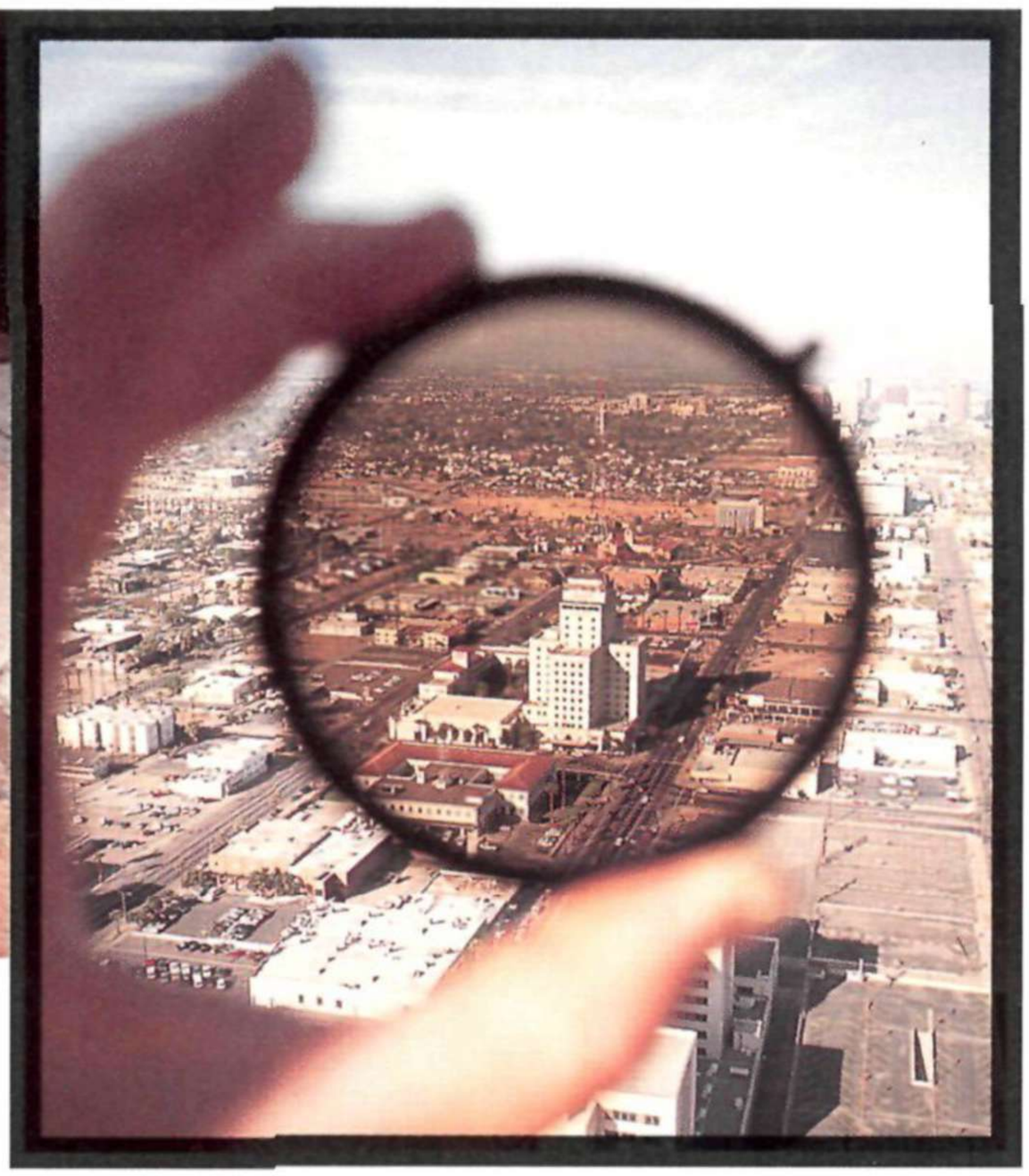

ARIZONA

If you are out of your element, it takes a thick skin—or air conditioning—for you to withstand the unfiltered rays of the desert sun.

year later Neuheisel was MVP of the Rose Bowl, having tossed four touchdown passes in a 45–9 rout of Illinois despite some pregame regurgitating of his own (he had food poisoning).

Like so many other Arizonans, Neuheisel is bright, cussedly independent and on the lookout for new horizons. "I'm very proud to have grown up in Arizona," he says. (His family moved there from Madison, Wis., when he was two.) "I don't know if that's why I'm so free-spirited—I believe I owe my parents that—but I do think living in Arizona encourages it."

He did things his way in his first season as Colorado's coach, last year, and his way was the opposite of Kush's. Neuheisel took his freshmen tubing down Boulder Creek and stopped practice to start snowball fights. And every week on his TV show the coach played the guitar. Three days before Colorado's game with Kansas State to determine the Big Eight runner-up, Neuheisel introduced "the new CU fight song," set to the melody of *Home on the Range*:

Home, home on the range,
Where the Colorado Buffaloes play,
We'll run and pass,
We'll blitz your ass,
And send you on your way

Not exactly *Hail to the Victors*.

"I promised myself when I took this job that I wasn't going to change who I am," says Neuheisel, whose Buffs finished the '95 season ranked fourth by the AP. "And I haven't."

"We were never allowed to leave the door open," says Bernd Zabel, mission leader for the second expedition of Biosphere II, in 1994. "This is a closed environment."

A 3.15-acre glass and stainless-steel space frame, Biosphere II (the earth is Biosphere I, and Barkley, presumably, is Biosphere III) was completed in 1989 in the Sonoran Desert 45 minutes north of Tucson. Conceived as an experiment in potential space colonization, its purpose is to create earth biomes in a self-sustaining environment. But why would anyone want to become an agoraphobic in the most sun-splashed area of the U.S.?

"You have to understand," responds Matt Smith, another member of the seven-person crew that spent six months in Bio II, "that I'm used to seeing a wonderful world beyond my window that I cannot be a part of." How is that? "I'm from Staten Island."

Regardless of its scientific integrity—it is widely considered the Milli Vanilli of the scientific world—Bio II is a reminder that the desert, far from being deserted, is booming. An acre an hour of new homes, strip malls and concrete will, thermally speaking, make the desert an even hotter place to be.

How many people huddling on couches in Buffalo or Duluth will watch Super Bowl XXX on TV and ask themselves, *Am I nuts?* If you're going to live in extreme temperatures, you might as well get a tan. Anyway, how bad could it be? In Scottsdale, city leaders have placed a sign at the foot of the Green Acres Mortuary that reads, WELCOME TO SCOTTSDALE, MOST LIVABLE CITY.

Growth is a way of life here—even inside Bio II. When Zabel walks a guest through his hermetically sealed universe, it feels just like being outside. "Over there are mangrove trees," says Zabel as he gropes through a rain forest on his way to a 25-foot-deep ocean. "If you look closely you can see the coral reef where some of the crew liked to scuba." He climbs up a cliff and onto a savannah, and then he makes off toward the livestock area. "Just about anything can live, can grow, inside this complex," he says.

But off in a corner, what is that? An overgrown area of unkempt weeds and shrubs resembling no distinct ecosystem at all. A melange of biomes. What exactly is that supposed to be? Zabel fidgets. "That's a desert that is not a desert anymore," he answers. "It became more of a shrubland due to. . . ."

He stops, sighs. He bows his head to something that is by design defiant and is defiant to design. "We just didn't have much success growing a desert." ■

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Having separated fact from fiction, Tampa Bay made a wise choice of a coach

by Peter King

I HAVE come to praise the Tampa Bay Buccaneers for hiring Tony Dungy, the former Minnesota Vikings' defensive coordinator, as their coach on Monday. And after this paragraph, I'm not going to mention his skin color again. That will please Dungy because over the years he has grown tired of being considered a black head-coaching candidate instead of simply a head-coaching candidate. There's a temptation to say that being an African-American has kept Dungy from his dream job. But I can't say with certainty that, in the three years since he emerged as a serious candidate, he was overlooked for any NFL head-coaching job because of his race.

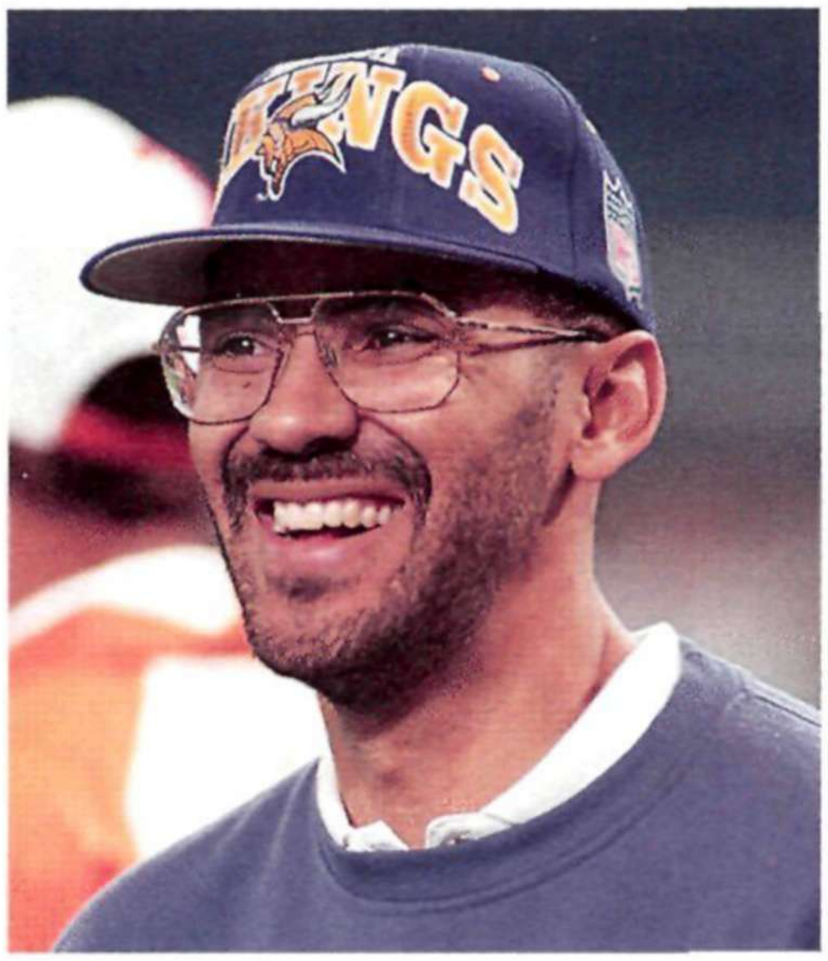
What I can say is that Dungy was held back by three knocks that are more fiction than fact and that the Bucs, who have made their share of pea-brained decisions over the years, did well to look past this conventional ignorance. Here are the bad raps and the facts that dispute them.

Knock No. 1: He has never been a head coach at any level, and you must be a head coach somewhere before you can do the top job in the NFL. This subject came up whenever Dungy was being considered, and he thought about pursuing a college job that he didn't want, with the University of Minnesota, just for the sake of enhancing his résumé.

Fact: Pro football's three alltime winningest coaches—in order, Don Shula, George Halas and Tom Landry—got their first head-coaching jobs in the NFL. The winningest active coach, Dan Reeves, also had never been a head coach until the Denver Broncos hired him.

Knock No. 2: He's not very good at yelling at people, and you have to be loud and confrontational to be a successful NFL coach. Exasperated after coming in second for the Jacksonville Jaguars' job—to some degree because the Jags' brass figured he couldn't give an inspiring pregame speech—Dungy vigorously tried to show the Bucs that he could get in a player's face if need be by citing examples of how he has handled players in the past.

Fact: Former Pittsburgh Steelers coach Chuck Noll won 209 games, yet most of his players can't recall him ever screaming at them. "If players can't get themselves mentally ready to play," Noll would often say, "then I don't want them." Mike Holmgren coaxed a spunky bunch of Green Bay Packers into the NFC Championship Game this year, and he's not a screamer either.



The football gods finally smiled on Dungy.

VINCENT MUZIK

Knock No. 3: He lacks charisma and coaching genius.

Fact: When you talk to Dungy, he looks you right in the eye, tells you exactly what he's going to do and then does it. "He's the most straightforward guy you could have as a coach," says Vikings defensive tackle John Randle. Also, look at what the Minnesota defense did in Dungy's four seasons as coordinator. Even though the Vikes lost three All-Pro defenders—tackle Keith Millard before the 1992 season, end Chris Doleman after the '93 season and tackle Henry Thomas after '94—their average finish in the defensive rankings was ninth during Dungy's tenure. Minnesota had the top-rated defense in 1993 and the next year allowed fewer rushing yards a game than any defense in the previous 30 years. "Every time we play the Vikings," Green Bay quarterback Brett Favre said last fall, "I see some things I'm sure we can take advantage of. Then the game starts, and they do something unexpected. Tony's schemes are the toughest I face."

So much for the X's and O's. Now for a dose of 1990s reality: The most important three months for an NFL coach are not October, November and December; they're February, March and April. That's when he determines which of his own free agents he's going to try to re-sign, which of the other teams' free agents he's going to pursue, which college players he's going to draft, what coaching-staff changes he's going to make and what new pages will be added to his playbook. And that's also when he teaches his system to his new players. What traditionally had been football's dead time is now a coach's critical period.

The Bucs don't know how good they'll have it this winter and early spring. Here they are with upwards of $14 million to spend on free agents, and they've hired a coach whom players want to play for. If you're a free agent and you want to play in Florida—which many players do—you first cross the Miami Dolphins off the list because they have no room under the salary cap. That leaves Jacksonville and Tampa. One day you sit across the desk from the militaristic Tom Coughlin of the Jaguars. The next day you sit across from the conversational Dungy. Opportunity's the same. Money's the same. It's no contest. You pick Tampa Bay.

Dungy has been blessed by the football gods. In getting the Bucs' job, he has been given a good young team, extra draft picks in the first and second rounds and room under the cap. After everything he has been through, justice was served. ■

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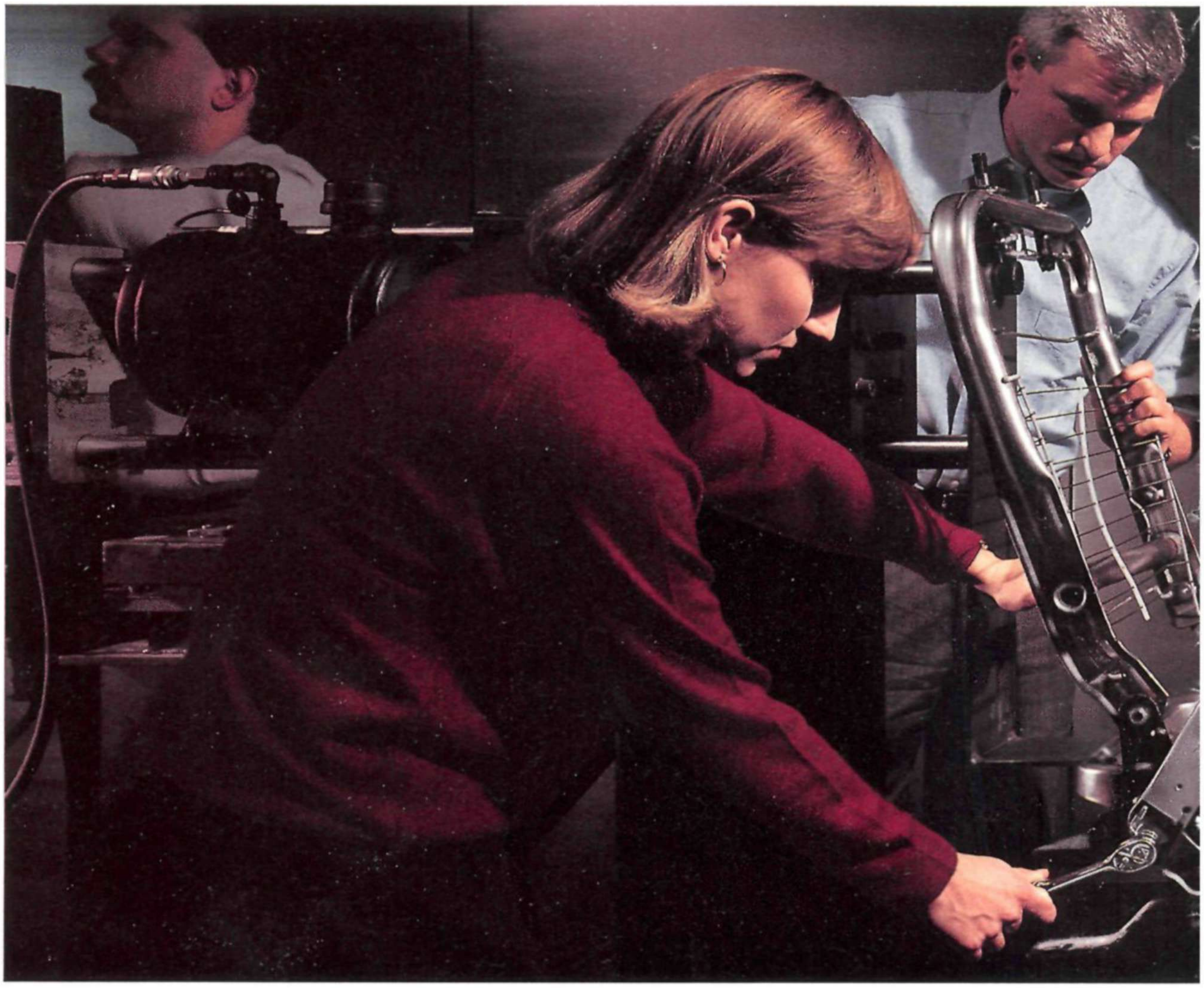
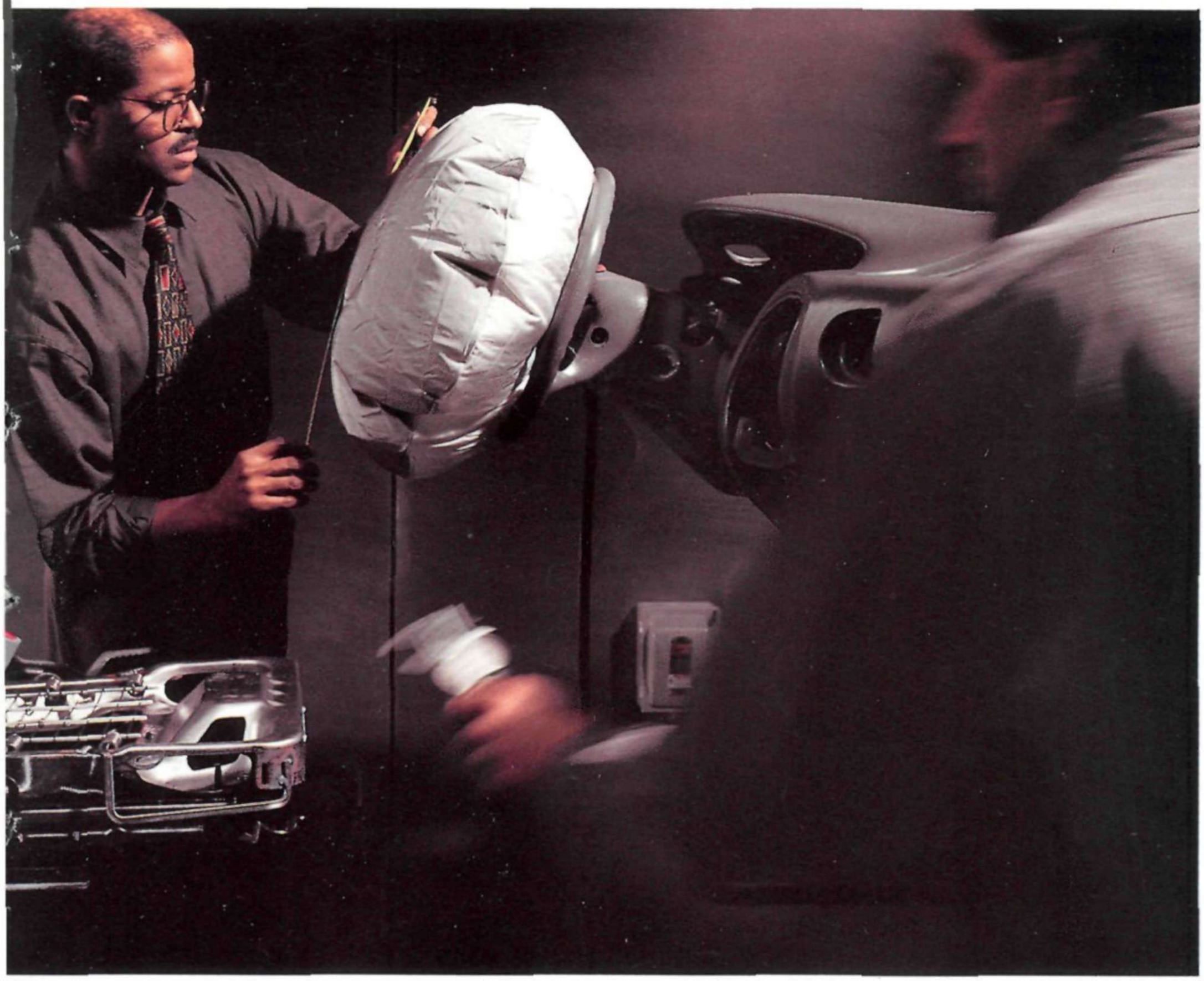
ONLY YOUR MOTHER IS MORE OBSE



Where would we be without our mothers? They take care of us, worry about us, protect us. So, we're proud to say, when it comes to safeguarding drivers, at FORD MOTOR COMPANY our maternal instinct becomes very apparent. You can feel it in our traction control system. And in our ANTI-LOCK BRAKES. It's why DUAL-AIR BAGS are standard on all our cars. And why our ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE is available 24 hours a day. We're also developing remarkable Intelligent Vehicle Technologies.*

*Always wear your safety belt.

SSED WITH YOUR SAFETY.



Ford Safety Engineers: Karin H. Przybylo, Steve Pingston, Mike Foster.

Like our Vision Enhancement System — to help drivers when "mother" nature acts up. All this might be considered a little obsessive. But at Ford Motor Company, we believe such commitments to safety and security will enhance the quality of all our lives. Besides, it's for your own good.

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QUALITY IS JOB 1.SM

For more information, contact us on the Internet at: http://www.ford.com

CHIVAS REGAL
PREMIUM SCOTCH WHISKY
12
You either have it
or you don't
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly