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Michigan Basketball Team 4/12/89 [OA 6347]

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# Improbable Day of Roundball

## Seton Hall, Michigan Clear Tough Hurdles

By PAUL ATTNER  
National Correspondent

SEATTLE—Let's say for the sake of argument that, prior to the start of the Duke-Seton Hall semifinal game in the NCAA Final Four, we said the Blue Devils would take an early lead of 18 points.

And for the sake of argument, let's say that in the Michigan-Illinois game the score is tied in the final moments and there's a missed shot, resulting in a scramble for the rebound.

Based on past performances this season, it would seem logical to think that pressure-tested Duke would have romped to victory over the Pirates and that the jumping-jack Illini, who thrive on the boards, would have gotten the rebound against the softer Wolverines.

But that's what makes sports so fascinating. As often as not, form doesn't seem to hold. That is certainly what happened during a intriguing afternoon April 2 in the Kingdom.

It's difficult to say which was more impressive: Seton Hall's marvelously gutsy comeback against such a talented opponent that resulted in a stunning 95-78 victory, or Michigan's ability to neutralize Illinois' rebounding, ultimately highlighted by Sean Higgins' last-second rebound basket that gave the Wolverines an 83-81 triumph.

As well as Seton Hall had played entering the Final Four, there still was no reason to think any opponent at this stage of the season could fall behind Duke by 18 points, yet still be good enough to overcome the talents of Danny Ferry and the coaching of Mike Krzyzewski. But Seton Hall simply proved it is a superior club peaking at exactly the right time, possessing the ability, defense, depth and guts to make such a determined rally.

"It was a disaster," Seton Hall guard Gerald Greene said of the opening nine minutes, when Duke jumped out to a 26-8 advantage. "I thought it was all over."

But it was Greene, the lithe point guard from New York City, who chewed out his teammates during a timeout. His motivation: "I didn't want to get embarrassed on national television."

Duke was playing one of those textbook games that coaches dream about, but rarely see. After both teams got off to horrible starts, Duke turned to Ferry, who scored 14 of his first 26 points. Seton Hall wasn't shooting well, and the Blue Devils' defense was forcing the Pirates out of their set offense.

But after a timeout with 8:47 to go, Greene scored nine of the Pirates' final 25 points of the first half and added two assists and two steals as the Pirates pulled within five points, 38-33. Now it was Duke that was struggling, especially playmaking guard Quin Snyder. Krzyzewski's world already was crumbling, although his team was still ahead.

Forward Robert Brickey, a strong rebounder and inside de-

fender, suffered a thigh injury when he was fouled by Greene in the opening minutes. He wound up playing only 11 minutes and scoring two points, 10 below his NCAA Tournament average. Then, in the second half, centers Christian Laettner and Alaa Abdelnaby picked up their fourth fouls within four seconds of each other. Against a team with a superior inside attack, Duke was left with a weak interior defense. The Pirates kept pounding, using their depth and composure to overwhelm the Blue Devils.

"Their physical maturity wore us down," Krzyzewski said. "They aren't going to be in awe of too many situations where they get behind. They have confidence in their defense that they can come back. It was a game of interruptions for us. Injuries and fouls got us out of our normal flow, but they were too difficult to handle."

Krzyzewski likened Seton Hall to a heavyweight fighter, not running a lot, not wasting motion, but always stalking. The Pirates never panicked, never rushed their offense, never tried to catch up too quickly. And their second half was spectacular. They shot 71 percent in the last 20 minutes, with 16 of 22

baskets coming on layups. Their defense limited Duke to 35 percent accuracy over the same span. The Pirates took the lead for good, 57-55, on a layup by Anthony Avent, and they methodically pulled away against their struggling opponent.

If Ferry had received more support, things might have been closer at the end. But Laettner (13 points) was the only teammate playing well, and fouls took him out of the game when Duke was trailing, 65-61. Ferry wound up with 34 points and 10 rebounds, but was laboring in the last 10 minutes. Phil Henderson missed 12 of 16 shots, and no one off the bench contributed.

"They were a lot better than I expected," Ferry said. "It felt very frustrating. We couldn't stop them on defense, and we had to work so hard on offense to score. I didn't think we'd blow an 18-point lead like we did."

It was a particularly galling defeat for Ferry, who leaves Duke without a national title despite three trips to the Final Four. The irony of the loss to Seton Hall was that the Blue Devils fell to Kansas in the semifinals a year ago after trailing early, 24-6. This time, they played extremely well at the start and still lost.

The Seton Hall-Duke game matched old coaching friends. P.J. Carlesimo (formerly at Wagner) and Krzyzewski (formerly at Army) joked that they became buddies because they were the only ones in New York who could both spell and pronounce their last names. Until this year, Carlesimo also spent the Final Four "walking up to Mike and shaking his hand and wishing him good luck in the games."

But now it was Carlesimo who was still playing and his friend who was watching. Yet Carlesimo was no more an unlikely participant in the NCAA final than Michigan interim coach Steve Fisher, who didn't take over until the eve of the tournament, when Bill Frieder resigned as head coach to move to Arizona State.

But Fisher's mark on the Wolverines was readily evident against Illinois. Under Frieder, the Wolverines had lost twice to the Illini this season, including a 16-point home-court embarrassment to end the regular season. In both losses, the Wolverines were outrebounded and outshotted, and Fisher all but said that his players had not been mentally tough enough to handle Illinois' constant pressure.

The third time around, this was a different Michigan team. Fisher asked Loy Vaught, normally a consistent scorer, to become a rebounder. He asked huge Terry Mills to prevent the smaller but quicker Illini from embarrassing him on the boards. And he asked the entire team to play hard and intelligently.

Fisher's players responded, and it still almost wasn't enough. Illinois' work ethic is as good as any team's in the country. The Illini should have been physically over-matched against an opponent as strong and large as Michigan, but



Michigan virtually neutralized Illinois' rebounding through the semifinal matchup.

until Higgins' winning basket, it seemed as though the Wolverines still were not as good as their opponents.

"We've been able to win because we outwork opponents," said Illinois Coach Lou Henson. "But this time, that wasn't enough."

The difference had been Michigan's size. The Wolverines, with Vaught getting 16 rebounds and Mills nine, controlled the boards, 45-39. Illinois beats opponents because of all the second and third shots it gets, but Michigan limited the Illini to 13 offensive rebounds.

Michigan still gave up plenty of easy baskets. The number of baskets Illinois got off its press was one reason Fisher was upset at halftime. He figured a one-point lead could have been 10 points larger if his team had been less charitable. Fisher told his players that they should be able to win going away—if they wised up.

It didn't happen that way because of Illinois' Kenny Battle. He slashed and maneuvered for 18 second-half points, including seven of the final 11. His acrobatic, 10-foot fallaway jumper tied the score at 81-81 with 50 seconds left.

Fisher decided to forgo a timeout and have the Wolverines run a double screen for either Glen Rice or Higgins. But playmaker Rumeal Robinson, who had done a brilliant job most of the game directing the offense, penetrated too deeply on the left side of the basket. With time elapsing, however, Robinson spotted Mills open near the right

side of the key. Mills was strong and large as Michigan, but he was not as good as his opponents. As he released the ball, he heard Fisher yelling, "No, not that shot." "I really didn't have a choice," Mills said. "I had to shoot. I should have been inside, and Sean should have been out taking the shot. It was a mess. The shot bounced off the rim. Higgins, who quickly put up a winning basket. Illinois had second to get off a final shot couldn't.

"I never had a game-winning shot before," said Higgins, a former high school hotshot who played every minute and died the ball on virtually every session, yet made just five over.

"The first two games, they really doubled teamed me a lot," Henson said. "But for some reason they didn't do it this time. I know why, but I'm glad. It's things easier for me."

Still, Michigan proved what Henson has been saying for weeks: "Size is important," he said. "Otherwise, people wouldn't cruit it. And size is what beat this one."

### NCAA Semifinals

(April 1 at Seattle)  
SETON HALL (95)

Gaze	FG	FGA	FT	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F.	Pts.
Walker	6	9	7	7	6	0	1	26
Ramos	3	8	3	3	12	1	3	19
Greene	5	9	6	6	5	8	1	17
Morton	4	8	5	6	2	2	4	13
Gooper	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	3
Avent	3	4	0	0	1	0	1	6
Volcy	1	2	0	1	1	1	1	4
Wright	2	1	0	1	1	1	0	3
Wigington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Long	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crowley	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Katsikis	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Montesern	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Rubins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.	-	-	-	-	4	-	-	-
Totals	33	61	23	27	40	16	23	95

DUKE (78)

Brickey	FG	FGA	FT	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F.	Pts.
Ferry	13	29	7	11	10	2	2	34
Laettner	4	5	5	7	7	1	5	13
Henderson	4	16	5	6	5	5	3	13
Snyder	3	10	0	0	0	0	1	6
Smith	1	4	3	4	6	0	0	6
Abdelnaby	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Koube	0	3	0	0	2	1	2	0
Davis	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	2
Buckley	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Palmer	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Burgin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.	-	-	-	-	5	-	-	-
Totals	26	72	22	32	43	15	25	78

3-point field goals—Seton Hall 6-12 (Gaze 4-9, Greene 1-1, Katsikis 1-1, Morton 0-1); Duke 4-16 (Snyder 2-5, Smith 1-3, Ferry 1-5, Henderson 0-1, Koube 0-2).  
Halftime—Duke 38, Seton Hall 33.

MICHIGAN (83)

Rice	FG	FGA	FT	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F.	Pts.
Mills	12	24	2	2	5	1	1	28
Rice	4	8	0	0	9	0	4	8
Vaught	5	13	0	0	16	3	2	10
Griffin	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	2
Robinson	6	13	2	5	1	12	4	14
Higgins	4	5	1	1	6	1	3	14
Bardo	5	12	3	3	3	1	2	14
Caip	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0
Team Reb.	-	-	-	-	4	-	-	-
Totals	36	77	8	11	45	23	20	83

ILLINOIS (81)

Anderson	FG	FGA	FT	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F.	Pts.
Battle	10	17	8	10	3	1	1	17
Hamilton	5	14	1	2	9	0	0	11
Gill	5	9	1	1	4	0	1	11
Bardo	1	7	4	4	6	0	0	7
Smith	3	5	0	0	2	1	0	6
Small	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Liberty	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.	-	-	-	-	4	-	-	-
Totals	30	67	19	23	39	14	16	81

3-point field goals—Michigan 3-8 (Rice 2-4, Higgins 1-3, Robinson 0-1); Illinois 2-8 (Battle 1-1, Bardo 1-3, Smith 0-1, Anderson 0-1, Gill 0-2).  
Halftime—Michigan 39, Illinois 38.  
Attendance—39,187.

# Memorable Day of Roundball

## Michigan Clear Tough Hurdles

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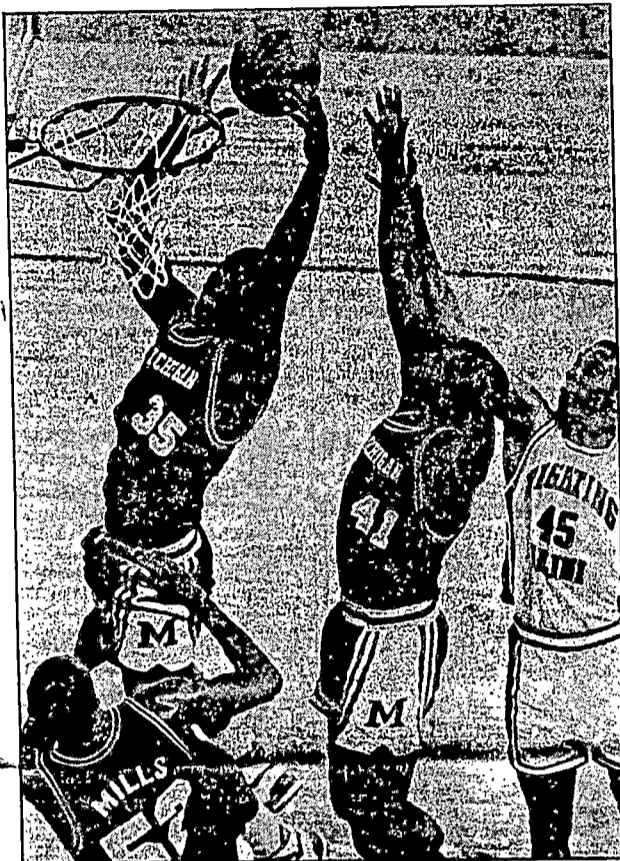
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in three-point land when he shot. As he released the ball, he heard Fisher yelling, "No, not that shot."

"I really didn't have a choice," Mills said. "I had to shoot. But I should have been inside, and Glen or Sean should have been outside taking the shot. It was a messed-up play."

The shot bounced off the rim to Higgins, who quickly put up the winning basket. Illinois had one second to get off a final shot, but couldn't.

"I never had a game-winning shot before," said Higgins, a former high school hotshot whose playing time has increased under Fisher. "This makes it a dream come true."

Illinois lost despite doing a decent job on Rice, who had been beating opponents almost single-handedly. He finished with 28 points, but didn't break out on one of his scoring bursts that gives Michigan such a lift. But the Illini didn't do as well against Robinson, who played every minute and handled the ball on virtually every possession; yet made just five turnovers.

"The first two games, they usually doubled teamed me a lot," Robinson said. "But for some reason, they didn't do it this time. I don't know why, but I'm glad. It made things easier for me."

Still, Michigan proved what Henson has been saying for weeks.

"Size is important," he said. "Otherwise, people wouldn't recruit it. And size is what beat us in this one."

### NCAA Semifinals

(April 1 at Seattle)

SETON HALL (98)

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Gaze	7-14	2-2	4	3	2	2	20
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Ramos	8-3	3-3	12	0	1	3	9
Green	5-9	6-6	5	8	1	1	17
Morton	4-8	5-6	2	2	4	4	13
Cooper	3-4	0-0	0	0	3	3	6
Avent	3-4	0-0	1	0	0	0	6
Volcy	1-2	0-0	1	1	4	4	2
Katsikis	1-1	0-0	1	1	1	1	2
Wingington	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Long	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Crowley	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Monteferri	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Rebimbas	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.			4				4
Totals	33-61	23-27	40	16	23	95	

DUKE (78)

	FG	FTA	FT-FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F.	Pts.
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Henderson	4-16	5-6	5	5	3	3	13
Snyder	3-10	0-0	0	5	4	4	6
Smith	1-4	0-0	0	6	0	0	2
Abdalnaby	0-1	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Koubek	0-3	0-0	0	2	1	2	0
Davis	1-2	0-0	0	0	0	0	2
Buckley	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Palmer	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Burgin	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.			5				5
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Griffin	0-1	0-0	0	1	3	2	0
Robinson	6-13	2-5	1	12	4	4	14
Hughes	4-5	1-1	6	1	2	3	13
Higgins	5-12	3-3	3	0	0	2	14
Calip	0-1	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.			4				4
Totals	36-77	8-11	45	23	20	83	

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Bardo	1-7	4-4	6	8	3	3	6
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Small	0-0	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Liberty	0-1	0-0	0	0	0	0	0
Team Reb.			4				4
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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

# Wolverines Complete Mission

## NCAA Championship Caps off Wild Ride for 'Michigan Man' Fisher

By PAUL ATTNER  
National Correspondent

SEATTLE—After Michigan had squeezed out an electrifying, 80-79 overtime triumph over Seton Hall for the NCAA basketball championship April 3, interim coach Steve Fisher stood by himself on the sideline as his players celebrated at midcourt. He soon was walking around holding his two young boys in his arms, a fitting picture for this quiet family man who heretofore had spent his college basketball years as a silent, behind-the-scenes assistant.

As much as he wants to tell everyone he had very little to do with Michigan's shocking rise to the national title, don't believe him. He gave the Wolverines much-needed direction and firmness, and his nearly daily conferences with his best players gave them a clear sense of their responsibilities in each game. As a result, they are now celebrating an NCAA crown that a month ago even they couldn't possibly have thought they would win.

Until the eve of this tournament, this was Bill Frieder's team. A brilliant recruiter, Frieder had assembled the kind of talent in Ann Arbor that most coaches could only dream of signing. His latest squad had everything: Enormous size, depth, quickness and so many good shooters that the Wolverines led the nation in field-goal accuracy.

But despite seven straight 20-victory seasons, Frieder could never get the Wolverines to a regional final, much less the Final Four. Then, after the end of this regular season, he signed a lucrative contract with Arizona State and Michigan Athletic Director Bo Schembechler decided he wanted a "Michigan man" to direct the team, and that definitely wasn't Frieder. So Fisher, a seven-year assistant and a self-described loyal Michigan man, took over.

This was such an unlikely pairing, an interim coach who had never guided a college team before and a bunch of former high school All-Americans who had spent their time at Michigan failing to live up to lofty expectations. This was a team that couldn't finish better than third in the Big 10 Conference this season, a team that was blown out by 16 points at home by Illinois in its regular-season finale, the game that ended Frieder's career at the school. But Fisher's gentle touch turned all those disappointments into one night of wonderful triumph for the Wolverines.

Michigan needed everything Fisher could give them in the Kingdome because Seton Hall was just as good and just as gummy. The Pirates, who rode to the title game on the strength of gritty defense and scoring balance, rallied from a 12-point deficit in the second half and sent the game into overtime on John Morton's three-point basket with 24 seconds left.

Only two foul shots by Michigan's Rumeal Robinson with three seconds remaining in overtime prevented Seton Hall from winning the championship. Instead, it was the Wolverines to cherish.

Perhaps Fisher's best move before the championship game was when he talked to forward Glen Rice and told him he had to play harder, that he was virtually placing the team's future on his talented shoulders. From then on, Fisher would say Rice was his first option in every game, on every possession.

Rice already was what he called a "man on a mission." Following a last-second loss to Indiana that virtually eliminated Michigan from the Big 10 race, Rice told his teammates that everyone "was going on a mission." Said Wolverines center Loy Vaught after the Seton Hall game: "For as long as I can remember, we've had a lot of critics. So we decided to go on this mission, and now the mission has been accomplished."

Rice simply was sensational throughout the tournament. "Once I get on a roll, I feel like I can't miss," said the 6-7 senior, who went on a 2-1/2-week roll. He finished with 184 points in six games, breaking Bill Bradley's NCAA record (177 in five games for Princeton in 1965). Rice also became the Big 10's all-time leading scorer with 2,442 points, eclipsing the league mark (2,439) set by former Michigan player Mike McGee.

Rice had 31 points against Seton Hall, including a couple of NBA-distance 3-pointers that almost won the game in regulation. He was an easy choice as the tournament's most valuable player.

"He loaded all of us up and took us to the Promised Land," said

Fisher. No one could argue with that assessment.

Yet Fisher also needed a large assist on the final night from Rumeal Robinson, perhaps the closest of all the Wolverines to Frieder. Robinson, who had been recruited out of Boston, had been a Proposition 48 victim his freshman year. But with Frieder's help, he said he benefitted from his season of ineligibility, maturing into a strong, determined playmaker and turning from a shy youth into an outgoing man.

Robinson's 14 first-half points carried Michigan to a 37-32 lead at intermission and then, at the end of overtime, his willingness to want to be the guy who could win the game resulted in the Wolverines' ultimate triumph.

This was the setting in those hectic final seconds: With seven seconds left, Seton Hall's John Morton twisted down the lane against Rice and tossed up an airball from six feet. Fisher had already told Robinson not to call a timeout, no matter what happened on the Pirates' possession. So Robinson dribbled the length of the court and penetrated down the middle. With three seconds to go, referee John Clougherty called a blocking foul on Seton Hall guard Gerald Greene.

"I didn't want to put the burden on anyone else's shoulders," said Robinson. "I've been hiding on last-second shots. I decided if anyone took it, I wanted to be the one. I was either going to shoot or get fouled."

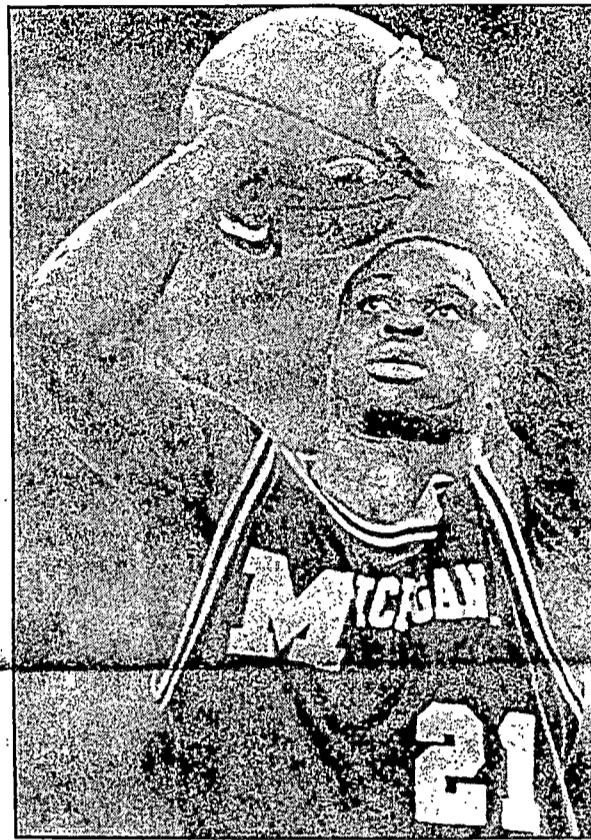
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Michigans Rumeal Robinson launches the winning free throw in the NCAA championship game.

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out on the shot clock, but his six-foot footer didn't reach the rim. The set up Robinson's game-winning free throws, the last of his 10 points.

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### Wild Rice

(April 3 at Seattle)

MICHIGAN (80)						
	FG	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F. Pts.	
Rice	12-25	2-2	11	0	2	31
Mills	4-8	0-0	6	2	2	8
Vaught	4-8	0-0	7	0	2	8
Griffin	0-0	0-0	4	3	0	0
Robinson	6-13	9-10	3	11	2	21
Higgins	3-10	3-4	9	2	3	10
Hughes	1-1	0-0	2	0	2	2
Carlip	0-2	0-0	0	1	3	0
Totals	30-67	14-16	45	19	20	80

Field-goal percentage—44.8; Free-throw percentage—87.5; 3-point field goals (6 of 16, 37.5)—Rice 5 of 12, Higgins 1 of 4, Blocked shots (4)—Mills 3, Higgins 1, Steals (3)—Mills 2, Vaught 1, Turnovers (14)—Robinson 5, Griffin 2, Mills 2, Rice 2, Vaught 2, Higgins 1.

SETON HALL (79)						
	FG	FTA	Reb.	Ass.	F. Pts.	
Gaze	1-5	2-2	3	3	3	5
Walker	5-9	3-4	11	12	2	13
Ramos	4-9	1-1	5	1	2	9
Greene	5-13	1-3	5	5	3	13
Morton	11-26	9-10	4	3	3	35
Cooper	0-0	0-0	2	0	1	0
Avent	1-2	0-0	3	1	0	2
Volley	0-0	0-2	1	0	2	0
Wigington	1-1	0-0	0	0	1	2
Totals	28-65	16-22	36	14	17	79

Field-goal percentage—43.1; Free-throw percentage—72.7; 3-point field goals (1 of 23, 30.4)—Morton 4 of 12, Greene 2 of 5, Gaze 1 of 5, Walker 0 of 1, Blocked shots (2)—Cooper, Ramos, Straits (4)—Greene 2, Gaze 1, Ramos 1, Turnovers (11)—Morton 3, Gaze 2, Greene 2, Walker 2, Cooper 1, Ramos 1.

Halftime score—Michigan 37, Seton Hall 32.  
End of regulation—Michigan 71, Seton Hall 71  
Attendance—39,187

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Wolverines Complete Mission

Championship Caps off Wild Ride for 'Michigan Man' Fisher

Only two foul shots by Michigan's Rumeal Robinson with three seconds remaining in overtime prevented Seton Hall from winning the championship. Instead, it was the Wolverines to cherish.

Perhaps Fisher's best move before the championship game was when he talked to forward Glen Rice and told him he had to play harder, that he was virtually placing the team's future on his talented shoulders. From then on, Fisher would say Rice was his first option in every game, on every possession.

Rice already was what he called a "man on a mission." Following a last-second loss to Indiana that virtually eliminated Michigan from the Big 10 race, Rice told his teammates that everyone "was going on a mission." Said Wolverines center Loy Vaught after the Seton Hall game: "For as long as I can remember, we've had a lot of critics. So we decided to go on this mission, and now the mission has been accomplished."

Rice simply was sensational throughout the tournament. "Once I get on a roll, I feel like I can't miss," said the 6-7 senior, who went on a 2-1/2-week roll. He finished with 184 points in six games, breaking Bill Bradley's NCAA record (177 in five games for Princeton in 1965). Rice also became the Big 10's all-time leading scorer with 2,442 points, eclipsing the league mark (2,439) set by former Michigan player Mike McGee.

Rice had 31 points against Seton Hall, including a couple of NBA-distance 3-pointers that almost won the game in regulation. He was an easy choice as the tournament's most valuable player.

"He loaded all of us up and took us to the Promised Land," said

Fisher. No one could argue with that assessment.

Yet Fisher also needed a large assist on the final night from Rumeal Robinson, perhaps the closest of all the Wolverines to Frieder. Robinson, who had been recruited out of Boston, had been a Proposition 48 victim his freshman year. But with Frieder's help, he said he benefitted from his season of ineligibility, maturing into a strong, determined playmaker and turning from a shy youth into an outgoing man.

Robinson's 14 first-half points carried Michigan to a 37-32 lead at intermission and then, at the end of overtime, his willingness to want to be the guy who could win the game resulted in the Wolverines' ultimate triumph.

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Wild Rice

(April 3 at Seattle)

Table with 6 columns: Player, FG-FGA, FT-FTA, Reb, Ast, F. Pts. Rows include Rice, Mills, Vaught, Griffin, Robinson, Higgins, Hughes, and Calip.

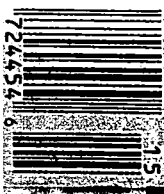
Totals ... 30-67 14-16 45 19 20 80
Field-goal percentage—.448; Free-throw percentage—.875; 3-point field goals (6 of 16, .375)—Rice 5 of 12, Higgins 1 of 4, Blocked shots (4)—Mills 3, Higgins 1, Steals (3)—Mills 2, Vaught 1, Turnovers (14)—Robinson 5, Griffin 2, Mills 2, Rice 2, Vaught 2, Higgins 1.

SETON HALL (79)

Table with 6 columns: Player, FG-FGA, FT-FTA, Reb, Ast, F. Pts. Rows include Gaze, Walker, Ramos, Greene, Morton, Cooper, Aveni, Volcy, and Wigginton.

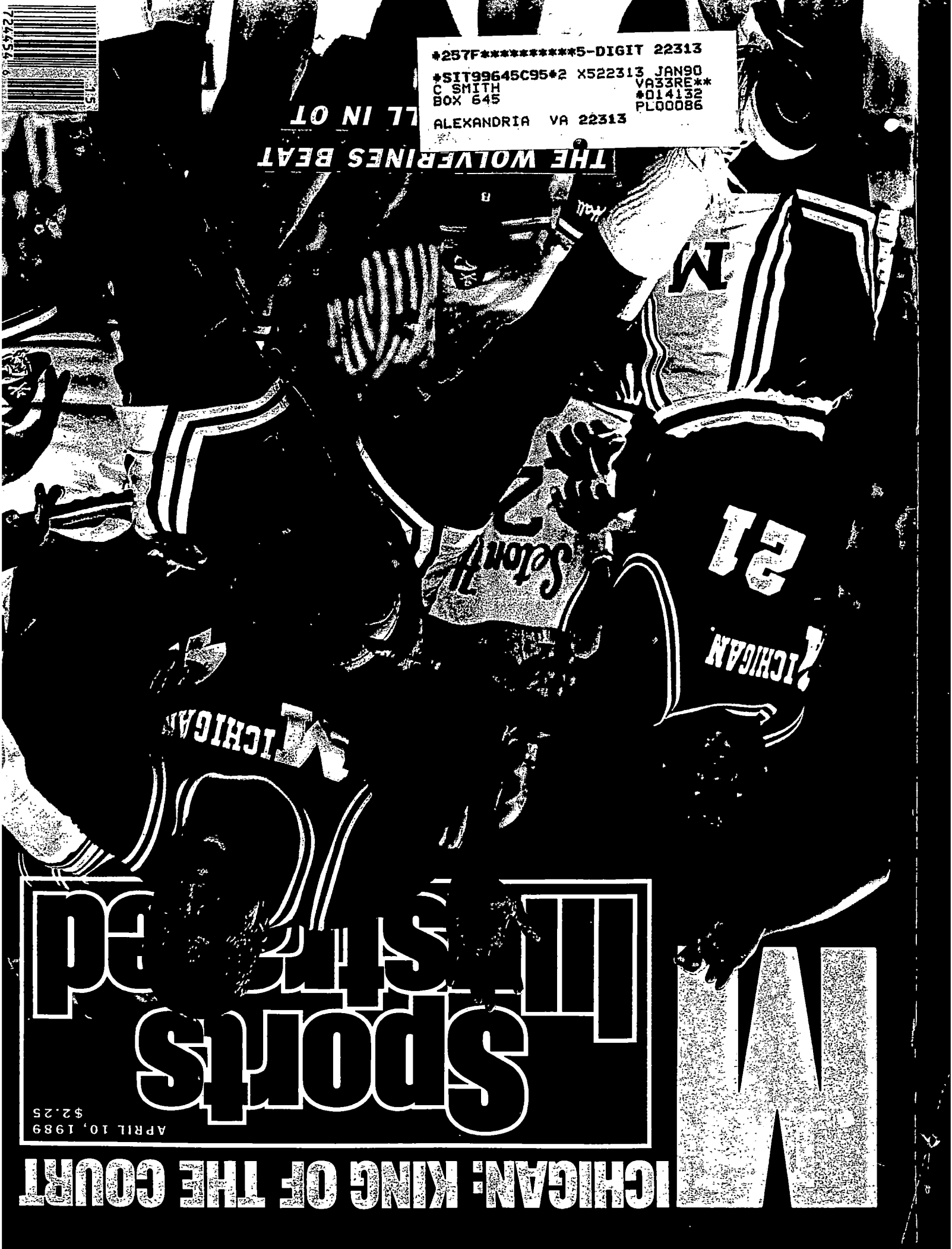
Totals ... 28-65 16-22 36 14 17 79
Field-goal percentage—.431; Free-throw percentage—.727; 3-point field goals (1 of 23, .043)—Morton 4 of 12, Greene 2 of 5, Gaze 1 of 5, Walker 0 of 1, Blocked Shots (2)—Cooper, Ramos, Straits (4)—Greene 2, Gaze 1, Ramos 1, Turnovers (11)—Morton 3, Gaze 2, Greene 2, Walker 2, Cooper 1, Ramos 1.

Halftime score—Michigan 37; Seton Hall 32.
End of regulation—Michigan 71, Seton Hall 71.
Attendance—39,187



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TO NI 77  
 THE WOLVERINES BEAT



SPORTS  
 THE STREETS

M

MICHIGAN: KING OF THE COURT

APRIL 10, 1989 \$2.25

# MISTER



*With the NCAA  
championship  
on the line,  
Rumeal Robinson  
converted this  
free throw with  
three seconds  
remaining to  
play in overtime  
to give Michigan  
an 80-79 victory  
over relentless  
Seton Hall*

# GLITCH



**Sports  
Illustrated**

APRIL 10, 1989

JOHN W. McDONOUGH

# “I ought to retire right now. Steve Fisher is unbeaten, untied and the happiest man alive.”

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

**I**N THIS PRESIDENTIALLY DECREED ERA of a kinder, gentler America, it's ironic that a football school would win the national championship in basketball. Furthermore, that university, which gave us Jerry Ford on the gridiron, risked all on the hardwood with an interim coach who looks like Jimmy Carter, and it was led by a player named Rice—no, not Jerry (of the San Francisco 49ers) or Tony (of Notre Dame), both of whom also were named MVP in a couple of fairly huge events this year, but Glen, who scored 31 points. Another guy from that university, name of Rumeal Robinson, who looks and plays like a fullback and normally shoots free throws like one (he converted 64.2% of his foul shots this season), stepped up to the line at the Kingdome in Seattle with three seconds left in the first overtime NCAA title game in 26 years and fluttered up two of the softest feathers anybody had ever seen so that his Michigan team could beat Seton Hall 80-79.

Maybe it was because all these goings-on were so mind-boggling that the Wolverines—specifically, Michigan football coach Bo Schembechler, who moonlights as athletic director—still hadn't decided as of Tuesday morning whether to let 44-year-old Steve Fisher have the coaching job permanently. Win a Rose Bowl, as the Wolverines did in January, and you feel as if you can conquer the world—or at least send out a team of headless basketball horsemen, as it were, and conquer the NAAs. Maybe Bo was waiting for Pete Rozelle to volunteer for the job.

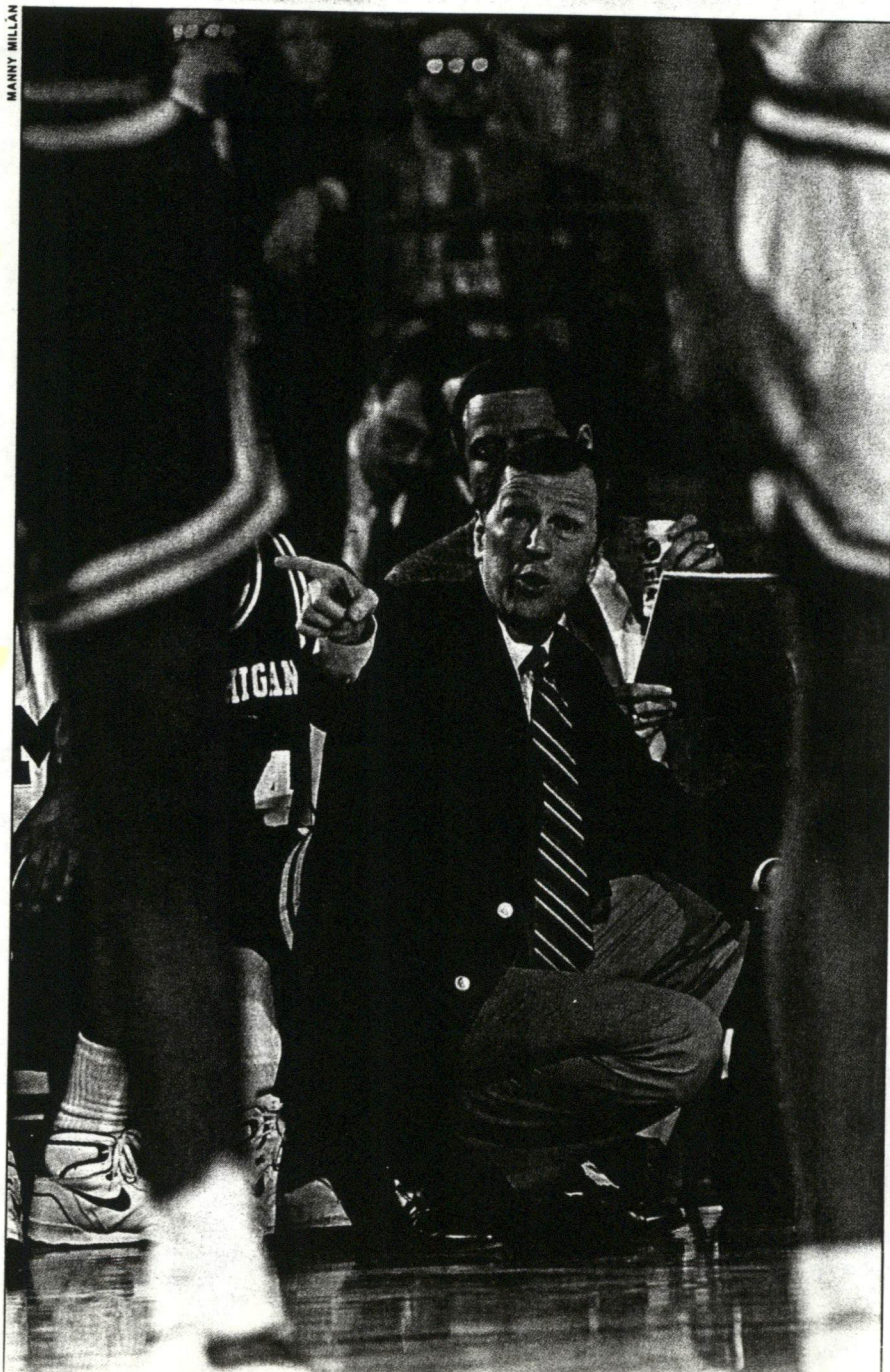
However, as this latest in a decade-long series of tingling championship games (the average margin of victory in the 1980s was 4.1 points) proved, it doesn't seem to matter who's playing in the thing, not to mention who's coaching. This time it was P.J. Carlesimo—a guy with a beard—and a Hall of a team picked to finish seventh in its own

league against the RRR boys: Rice, Robinson and Replacement (Fisher). Fisher must have felt even stranger when a local lawman nearly arrested him for being in the Michigan locker room without a credential before the final. Hey, a quintet of furniture refinishers could be playing the Kumquat Growers' Co-op, and if the NCAA put its logo near center court on a Monday night in April, we would still probably get something approaching:

- Michigan's brilliant senior forward, Rice, kiting in three-pointers from out near Mount Rainier. He finished with 12 baskets, 11 rebounds and those 31 points against the Pirates, and his 184 points in six tournament games broke Senator Bill Bradley's 1965 scoring record of 177.

- Seton Hall's senior guard John Morton whirling through the lane, acrobatically carrying the Pirates from 12 points behind. He had 22 second-half points—35 for the game—including all eight of the Pirates' points during one span to cut the Wolverines' lead to 61-59 with 6:19 to play.

- Forty-four of the dizziest defensive seconds this side of Roller Derby. That



Morton's late scoring heroics rallied Seton Hall from 12 points down and gave Fill-In Fisher (right) a taste of overtime coaching.

F I N A L F O U R

stretch brought the Pirates from a 66-61 deficit to a 67-66 lead with 2:13 remaining—snap, crackle, pop, just like that. Surely, Michigan would fold, just as Indiana, UNLV and Duke had earlier in the tournament against the Hall's frenetic second-half pressure. But no. Rice was still steaming. After a Pirate free throw, Michigan was behind by two, 68-66, with 1:12 to go. Did this splendid shooter, whose toughness had been questioned—he once said his proudest

accomplishment at Michigan was "never getting injured"—wilt? Hardly. He waited for all of six seconds before drilling a three.

After Wolverine Sean Higgins converted two foul shots to put Michigan ahead 71-68 and Morton responded with his own clutch trifecta—"He was possessed out there," said Higgins of Morton—to tie the game with 25 seconds left, Rice had a chance to win it in regulation. Everybody from Rice him-

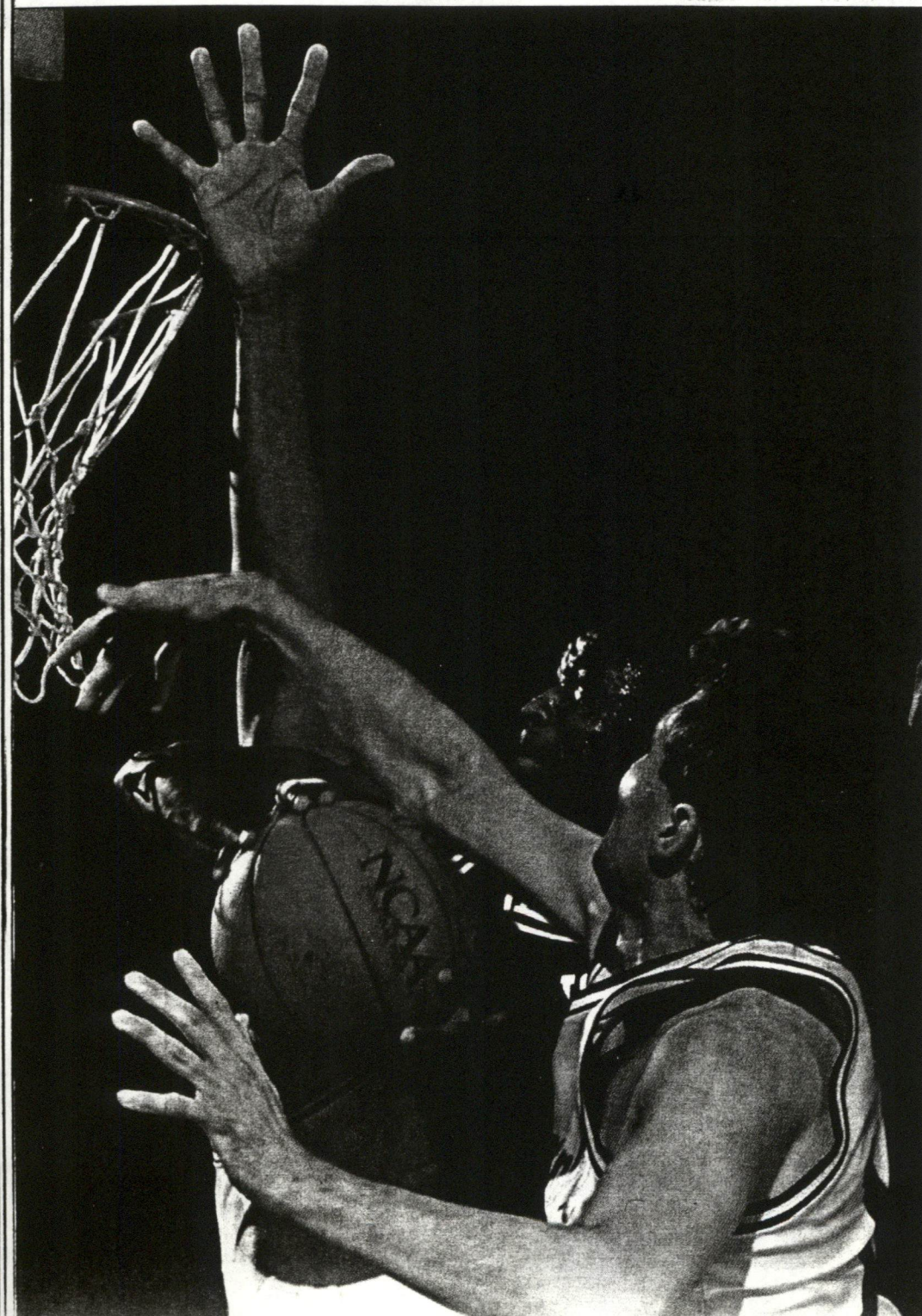
self to the Hall's Australian import, Andrew Gaze, thought he would. "I've never seen a release so quick," said Gaze, who has played in two Olympics. "What an incredible individual. I thought it was down. Every time Glen released, I thought it was down." However, with one second remaining and Gaze remaining in his face, Rice's shot bounced off the rim.

With 2:50 to go in OT, Morton's trey put the Hall ahead 79-76, but two Pirate possessions with that lead came up empty: "Avast, mateys, trouble to starboard." Sure enough, Wolverine center Terry Mills posted right of the lane, turned and bulled in a banker to narrow the Hall's lead to 79-78 with 56 seconds to play. Michigan, which wound up with a 45-36 rebounding advantage, had owned the boards all night, and the Wolverines took possession of number 45 after Morton missed in the paint with 12 seconds left. They then put the ball as well as the game into Robinson's hands.

Robinson, a 6' 2" junior, wanted the burden. "I've been coming down and passing the ball and hiding a lot on last-second shots," he said after finishing with 21 points and 11 assists. "This time I wanted it to be me. I was going to hit it if it was a free throw or not."

It was two free throws. Weaving across the lane with three seconds on the clock, Robinson collided with Seton Hall's Gerald Greene, an old friend from eastern playground days with whom he had been waging an unholy war all evening. Referee John Clougherty, who may be the best in the business—as Carlesimo would acknowledge later—blew the whistle that decided the championship. Perhaps Greene was guilty of nothing more than a simple hand check. Maybe the play should have been allowed to run its course; Robinson was about to pass. But the foul call might have been pure justice. Slightly more than a minute earlier Robinson had fouled Greene, but Greene had missed the front end of a one-and-one. Robinson didn't miss either of his chances.

On the Pirates' ensuing desperation pass, Greene collided with teammate Daryll Walker, whose rushed 21-foot shot had no prayer. "Maybe I ought to retire right now," said the semitempor-



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. HOOVER

**Robinson attacked the Hall down the middle while amassing 21 points and 11 assists.**

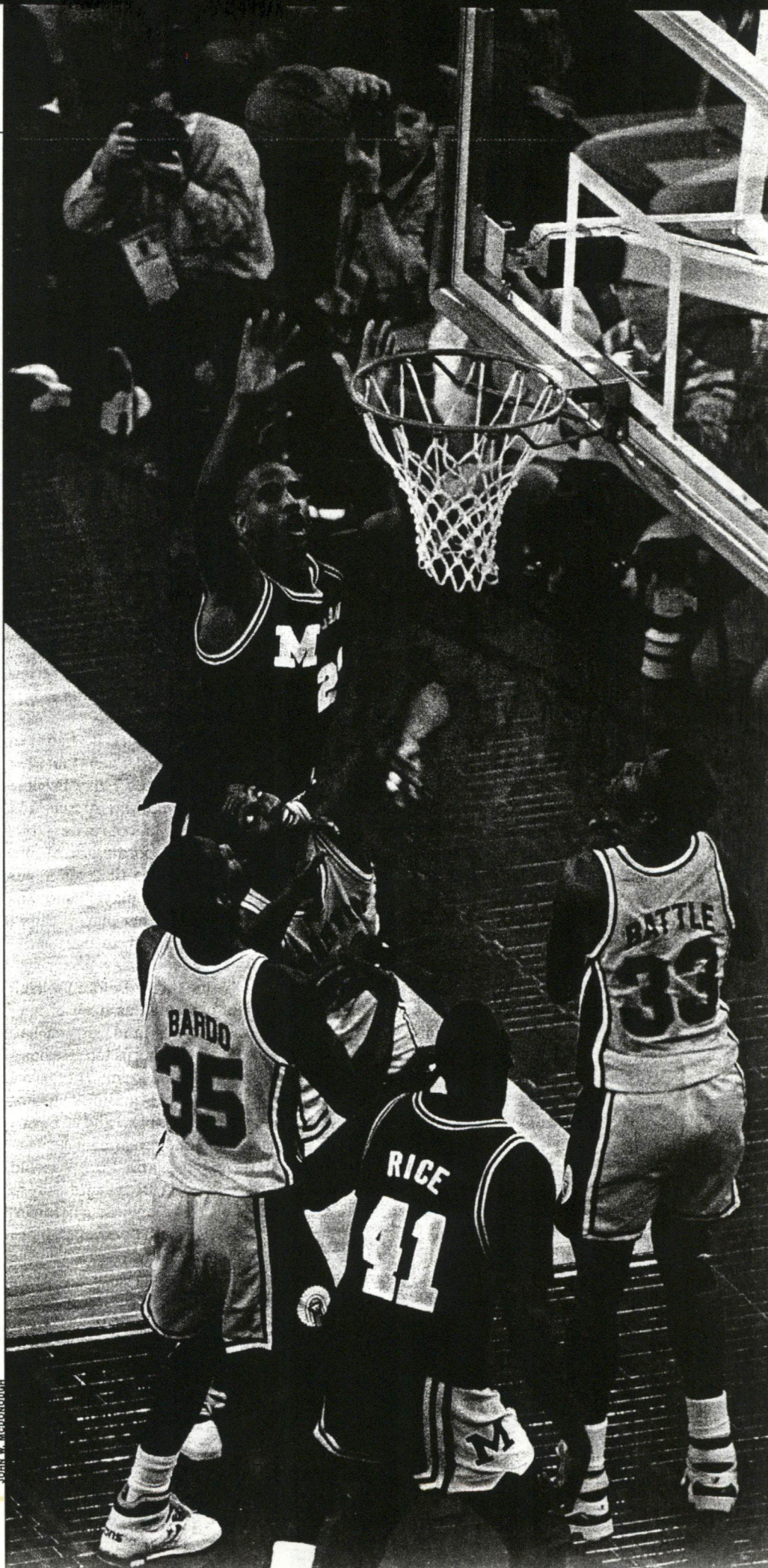
**Higgins rebounded Mills's missed shot and hit the last-second basket that sank Illinois.**

ary Wolverine coach, who kept referring to himself in the in-vogue third person. "Steve Fisher is unbeaten, untied and the happiest man alive."

There have been unlikely NCAA finalists before, but given the situations at Michigan and Seton Hall, there has hardly been a weirder pairing of coaches in a championship game than the one in Seattle. The Pirates had done enough losing as recently as last season to cause the Seton Hall student senate to call for Carlesimo's resignation. An alumni faction, concerned about Carlesimo's bachelor life-style, had expressed misgivings as well. During those trying times young P.J. (for Peter John)—who's 39 when wearing that russet shag of a beard he grew on a trip to Australia in the summer of 1987 but only 19 when clean-shaven—called up Big East commissioner Dave Gavitt to inquire if his whiskers had a bearing on his job security. "Both you and I know you're a helluva coach," said Gavitt. "If *you* like the beard, then — 'em."

Which is how it happened that the Final Four was graced not only with the first bearded coach in its history but also with its first substitute teacher. "My biggest moment?" said Fisher, who took over the Wolverines the day before the tournament, after Bill Frieder had announced he would be relocating at Arizona State. "I coached a high school team [Rich East] in Park Forest, Illinois, that once won a prestigious Christmas tournament down in Centralia. Gosh, for a guy like me, they're all big."

By sundown on Saturday—after Fisher had made all the right moves, after Michigan had come from behind 17 times to avenge two regular-season losses to Illinois, after Fisher had ordered his wandering-on-the-perimeter pseudoguard, the 6' 9" Higgins, to stay inside so that he could eventually put back the rebound that would give the Wolverines an 83-81 victory and advance them to the championship game for the first time since 1976—after all that, everyone who had neither been living under a rock nor taking part in spring football practice at Ann Arbor was wondering why in heaven's name Schembechler hadn't made Fisher the permanent coach. Then again, Saturday



JOHN W. McDONOUGH

was April Fools' Day, not to mention Schembechler's 60th birthday. Happy birthday, Foo . . . uh, Bo.

Truth is, these new body-by-Fisher Wolverines bear no resemblance to the uptight, gagging Wolves of years past, or even to the ones who flat-out loafed in their most recent loss to the Illini, an 89-73 laugh at Ann Arbor in the regular-season finale. "The only things looser in Seattle are Boeing's cargo doors," wrote *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* columnist Art Thiel about the Wolverines.

As Michigan and Illinois entered the last 3½ minutes of their semifinal tied 74-74, Illini coach Lou Henson inexplicably removed Kendall Gill from the game. Free of Gill's oppressive defense, Robinson slashed down the pipe to feed Mark Hughes for a dunk. Robinson then stole a pass and dished off to Rice for another dunk. The basket was Rice's 12th of the game, but Michigan's 78-74 lead was hardly safe with the Illini's Kenny Battle, who had a game-high 29 points, still rattling around somewhere in the upper reaches of the Kingdome. With 2:28 to go Battle made Illinois's only three-pointer of the second half, and 1:54 later he put in another of his angled lefty jumpers to tie the score at 81.

Twenty seconds remained when Robinson rushed the ball up the court. With Rice stuck in a pilaf of defenders, Robinson passed to Mills, whose shot from the right corner with six seconds to play hit the front iron and bounced into the hands of Higgins, who has been connected to NCAA investigations of both Kentucky and UCLA. "I finally got my butt in the right place," said Higgins, whose simple rebound flip at :03 finished the Illini.

"We didn't think they would play that hard that long," said Illinois's Larry Smith after the Wolverines had held the Illini to 13 offensive boards and had out-rebounded them 45-39. "I've never seen a Michigan team play that way."

If Michigan is a team with a new-found love of labor, Seton Hall is traditional drudge and grind, as the Pirates proved by overcoming that 12-point deficit on Monday night and by coming from 18 points behind in their semi against Duke. After 11-plus minutes, the Blue Devils led 26-8. At this point the Dookies could be excused if they thought they had the tournament's best player in Danny Ferry, who ended up

with 34 points; its deepest bench; the firmest will; and the longest staying power. But one out of four ain't good enough. Over the next 28-plus minutes, Seton Hall scored *e-i-g-h-t-y s-e-v-e-n* points. The final score of 95-78 seemed a cruel price to pay for Duke, which had beaten the old Big East beast, Georgetown, the week before, only to run into a brand-new one.

Afterward, Blue Devil coach Mike Krzyzewski said the Hall would have "more guys on the cover of Muscle Magazine [than we would]." Indeed, early on, Greene, who's 6' 1", 175 pounds, smashed Robert Brickey, Duke's 6' 5", 210-pound forward, to the floor on a breakaway, rendering him virtually useless and destroying the Blue Devils' fragile rhythm. "I tried to hold him up," said Greene, whose 17 points, eight assists and disdainful penetration broke down the Duke defense. "I'm sorry he was hurt, but when you're going for the national championship. . . . It was a big-time play."

By halftime Seton Hall had cut Duke's lead to 38-33. Then the Blue Devils came apart. Even Ferry became frustrated, chewing out the referees and once barreling into a court-side table, causing the NCAA coordinator of officials, Hank Nichols, to tip over in his chair. "Ferry's a great player who was still trying while the other players didn't seem like they wanted to play anymore," said Greene.

Can you blame them? Before the Hall was through, it seemed as if all nine of Carlesimo's brothers and sisters had joined the defensive chorus too. He has a nickname for each of them: Tutu, Cool Guy, Big Ed, Little Ed, Binky, Mumford, Big Boog, Pebbles and Cougar. Don't ask which ones are the guys.

As it turned out, the Pirates could have used a few Big Boogs and maybe even a Binky or two against Michigan, whose journey to Seattle was even more unlikely than their own. Frieder-free Michigan? Or Mission-igan? "We re-dedicated ourselves going into this [tournament]," said Higgins. "We thought we could win it. That's what the mission was all about. Mission accomplished."

Just wait till this team gets a permanent coach. ■

**The valiant Ferry was a one-man gang for Duke, scoring 34 points in his college finale.**

MANNY MILLAN

Suggested Remarks  
Patrick Ewing Award  
April 24, 1985

Coach Auerbach, Coach Dreisell, Patrick Ewing, Bob Faris, Fred Hetzel, Jan Rus--my fellow Cornell alumnus. Ladies and gentlemen.

I want to thank you for the privilege of being here.

In particular, I want to express my appreciation for that glowing introduction. I think some of the sentiments in it were, perhaps, overly generous--but then, as a golfer I'm always grateful for a good lie.

Let me, first of all, congratulate tonight's three inductees into the Metropolitan Washington Basketball Hall of Fame.

Second, I want to say how proud I ~~AM~~ to present the first Red Auerbach Award.

There are so many things, Red, I've admired about your career...your ball clubs... your strategies and enthusiasm...but most of all, your <sup>facility</sup> success with cigars. In fact, I'm thinking of following your example... ~~as I keep <sup>battling</sup> doing battle with the Congress,~~ I'm about ready to take up smoking.

Coach Auerbach is just one of the many sports notables I'm delighted to see at tonight's head table. Surrounded by all these household words, I feel like I should be recycling my autograph book.

But frankly, I'm also pleased to see that one sports notable is missing--I guess he couldn't make it down here from New York.

John Thompson knows this man as his favorite sparring partner.

We know him by the name of Brent Musberger.

Now, it's nothing personal, you understand--it's just that if Brent had been with us this evening, I was afraid he was going to install a shot clock on my speech.

Since he's not, if you don't object too severely, I'm going to take my time. I only wish I had enough time to fully describe what tonight's recipient of the Red Auerbach Award as the Player of This Year has meant to Georgetown University and all of college basketball over the past four years.

But first, you know, I got to thinking today how much we <sup>public servants</sup> ~~politicians~~ and sports figures have in common.

No, I don't just mean ego...or lack of privacy...or our legendary...fondness... for the press...Did I say "fondness?"

It's just that sometimes, we have a hard time being understood.

After all, it was Yogi Berra who said of a recent State dinner: "How could you get a conversation started in there? Everybody was talking too much."

It was, actually, Houston basketball coach Guy Lewis who first said, even before Yogi did: "Nobody goes to that restaurant any more. It's too crowded."

And it was Danny Ozark, the former manager of the baseball Phillies...(turn to

John Thompson)...coach, the Philadelphia Phillies, who unearthed a Burma Road of malapropisms.

Once, during a long losing streak, Danny waxed philosophical. "Oh, I know we're having trouble," he said, "but that's nothing new. Even Napoleon had his Watergate."

Several weeks later, as the Phillies' losses mounted, Ozark was asked about the state of team morale. As usual, Danny was ready with his response. "Morality," he huffed, "is not a problem here."

Of a ~~Phillie~~ second baseman, Danny noted, "His limitations are limitless."

Of a quarreling shortstop, Danny said, "He and I have our indifferences."

Of a surprising three-game sweep by an opposing ~~ball~~ club, Danny mourned, "Those games were beyond my apprehension."

Of his players, he stated, "Contrary to popular belief, I've always had a wonderful repertoire with them."

Finally, of his inability to give a straight answer, Danny protested, "What do you mean? Don't you know I'm being a Facist? You know, a guy who says one thing and means another."

See what I'm getting at? Danny Ozark may not have been facetious--but memorable he was.

Well, in an entirely different way, tonight's recipient of the First Red Auerbach Award as the 1985 National College Basketball Player of the Year has also been memorable. But unlike many of us, his meaning and achievements could not possibly be misunderstood.

Patrick Ewing is, quite simply, in the words of Washington Post columnist Kornheiser: "The gem of his college generation."

In Patrick's too-brief career at Georgetown...I'm sure, Coach Dreisell, you'd disagree with my choice of adjectives...his Hoyas won 121 games--more than any college team in any four-year period, ever. Three times, they advanced to the NCAA Final Four. Their record in post-season play was a glittering 15 and 3. Last year, Georgetown won the national championship. This year, the Hoyas won 35 games. Perhaps Al McGuire's pal, Billy "Loose Lips" Packer, said it best: "Because of Patrick Ewing and the team's depth and speed, Georgetown ranks with the finest college ball clubs in the history of the game."

You know, someone once told me that youth is when you wonder if your watch is too fast. Middle age is when you wonder if your calendar is.

Well, I'll admit it. I've been around long enough to see the truly great basketball teams. When I was in college in Cornell, I followed Hank Iba's clubs at Oklahoma State... later, those marvelous late 40s and early 50s Kentucky squads of the Baron of the Bluegrass, Adolph Rupp...then, in 1955 and '56, the Bill Russell-led University of San Francisco... and finally, John Wooden's ten NCAA titles in 1964 through '75--the greatest dynasty in sports history.

Now, I'm not reciting this as a trip down memory lane--but rather, to merely say: I agree with Billy Packer...something, incidentally, Al McGuire has never been able to do.

In my opinion, Patrick Ewing's Georgetown teams were on a par with any of these teams. And the reason is simple: Today's players are quicker, bigger, smarter: The Game itself is better; its popularity has never been more immense. It was Coach Iba himself who said last year: "You've had more outstanding athletes in basketball in the last six seasons than in the whole history of basketball." And for the best evidence of how right he was, we need look no further than Number 33.

It is not simply that Patrick Ewing averaged more than 14 points this year, or grabbed off nearly 10 rebounds per game, or shot more than 62 per cent from the field. It is not merely that he was a consensus All-American, or is the leading rebounder in Big East history. It is not even that he was named, justifiably, the Naismith, the Associated Press, and The Sporting News Player of the Year.

Those facts are telling, yes--but Patrick Ewing's worth--both as a player and as a person--goes far beyond the bare and statistical.

He has been--and remains...an example: Of how to win...how to accept defeat...how to compete and, ultimately, prevail.

He has been--and remains--in Coach Thompson's words, "the period that ends all sentences at Georgetown."

He has been part of a program which has graduated 96 per cent of the four-year athletes that Coach Thompson recruited...one which, yes, even Mr. Musberger has termed "a model program both on and off the court."

He has evoked pride and self-respect, and shown--yes, like Red Auerbach has ~~shown~~ <sup>by</sup> that if one strives and is dedicated and plays the rules, one can climb as high as his talents take him. X

Patrick, you have used those talents to climb to the very top--and tonight, as a personal admirer and as a basketball fan, I salute you:

--First, as an athlete;

--And moreover, as a man.

It is my pleasure and privilege to present you with this first Red Auerbach Award as the 1985 National College Player of the Year.

stuffed copy

(Smith/Blessey)  
April 10, 1989  
Draft Two  
MICH

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MICHIGAN BASKETBALL  
WASHINGTON, D.C.  
WED., APRIL 12, 1989

Coach Fisher, Bo Schembechler, Wolverine Players and Staff,  
Friends.

Let me recall, first, that this was once the home court of a Michigan alumnus. Well, this morning, I received the following telegram: "Michigan basketball, like America, is truly Number One! Sincerely, Gerald R. Ford."

Second, let me welcome you to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. For nearly 200 years, this has been the People's House. Well, in 1989, you have become the People's Choice.

It was Yogi Berra who once said of a State dinner at the White House: "How could you get a conversation started in there? Everybody was talking too much."

My friends, today much of America is talking. They are talking about you, and your incredible championship. They're calling it Wolverine Wonder. Or the Michigan Miracle. Or basketball's Impossible Dream.

The 1989 Wolverines indeed had it all -- depth and quickness, shooting and intelligence, and that strength of character which embodies a champion.

For example, there's Terry Mills and Loy Vaught and Mark Hughes, who combined for 27 points in that great semifinal game against Illinois. Or Sean (SHAWN) Higgins, who scored the winning basket against the Fighting Illini . . . and, yes, Bo, you did get Illinois!

Then, there's Rumeal (Ruh-MEAL) Robinson, of whom Sports Illustrated said . . . and Jerry Ford would love this . . . "he looks and plays like a fullback." Against Seton Hall, your two free throws with three seconds left won Michigan's first-ever national basketball championship.

Don't worry: I'm not forgetting Glen Rice. This year, he became the Big Ten all-time leading scorer and the NCAA tournament's Most Valuable Player. And, Glen, in the tourney's six games, you scored 184 points to break the old record held by a guy who now works just down the road from here . . . yes, Princeton's Bill Bradley.

Finally, there's Steve Fisher . . . Michigan's new permanent coach. Steve, compared with you, Walter Mitty's was a hum-drum existence. Of your success, even Ripley would disbelieve.

In three amazing weeks, you became the first rookie coach to win a national basketball championship. You helped Michigan become the first school to win the Rose Bowl and NCAA basketball title in the same year. And last Monday night, surrounded by your wife and two boys, you showed that Nice Guys Can Finish First.

Six weeks ago, following a last-second loss to Indiana . . . forgive me, but Vice-President Quayle insisted I mention that! . . . Glen Rice said that every Michigan player was "going on a mission." Well, last week, in Steve Fisher's words, that mission reached basketball's "Promised Land."

Today, schools from Syracuse to North Carolina to UCLA salute your story. And, today, "Hail to the Victors" is No. 1 on basketball's hit parade. Mission Impossible? My friends, yours has been a Mission Achieved.

Thank you for coming here, God bless you, and God bless America.

# # # #

(Smith/Blessey)  
April 10, 1989  
Draft One  
MICH

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MICHIGAN BASKETBALL  
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*Holly is chilling w/ Andy*

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*Pres. House*

It was Yogi Berra who once said of a State dinner at the White House: "How could you get a conversation started in there? Everybody was talking too much."

*Patrick Ewing for Sam Pierce  
4/24/85*

My friends, today all of America is talking. They are talking about you, and your incredible championship. They're calling it Wolverine Wonder. Or the Michigan Miracle. Or basketball's Impossible Dream.

*S.H.*

*"It is a dream come true  
"The dream lives on."*

*Steve Fisher*

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looked

You know, surrounded by all these household names, I feel like I should be recycling my autograph book.

*The Sporting News*  
4/10/89 p. 47  
S.I. p. 22  
4/10/89  
Mark  
For example, there's Terry Mills and Loy Vaught and Hughes. Together, in that great semifinal game against Illinois, you contributed 27 points. Or Sean (SHAWN) Higgins, who scored the winning basket against the Fighting Illini . . . and, yes, ~~Bo~~, you did get Illinois!  
Schenkelly

*Sports Illustrated*  
p. 19, 4/10/89  
Dec  
SIS 747-2583  
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*The Sporting News*  
4/10/89 p. 19  
S.I. p. 19  
4/10/89  
The Sporting News  
4/10/89 p. 15  
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*S.I. p. 19*  
4/10/89  
Mary Lukens  
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U.M.  
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The Sporting News  
4/10/89 p.15

U.M. info sports  
0/19/89 in Indiana

The Sporting News  
4/10/89 p.15

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Thank you for coming here, God bless you, and God bless America.

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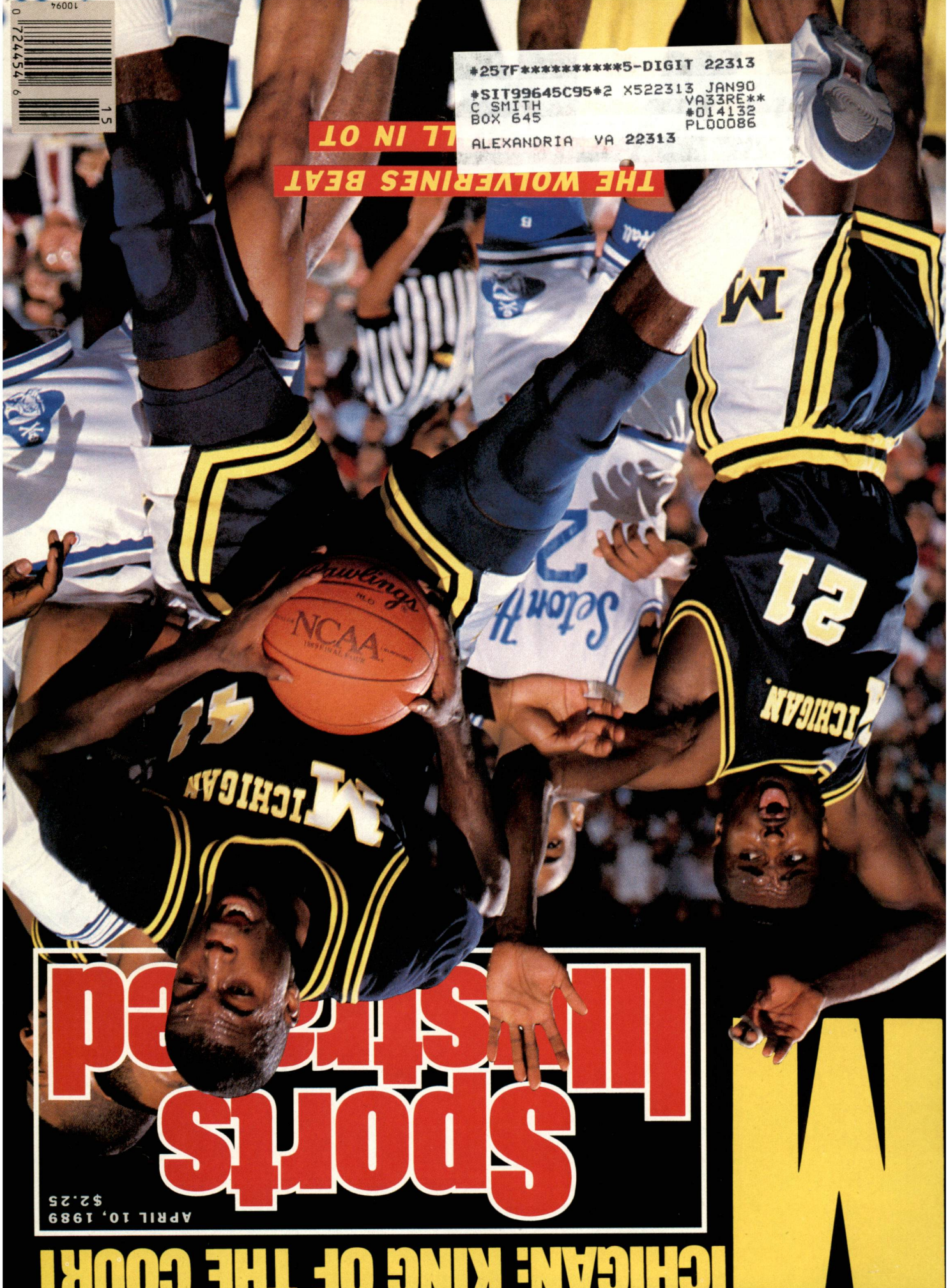
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ICHIGAN: KING OF THE COURT

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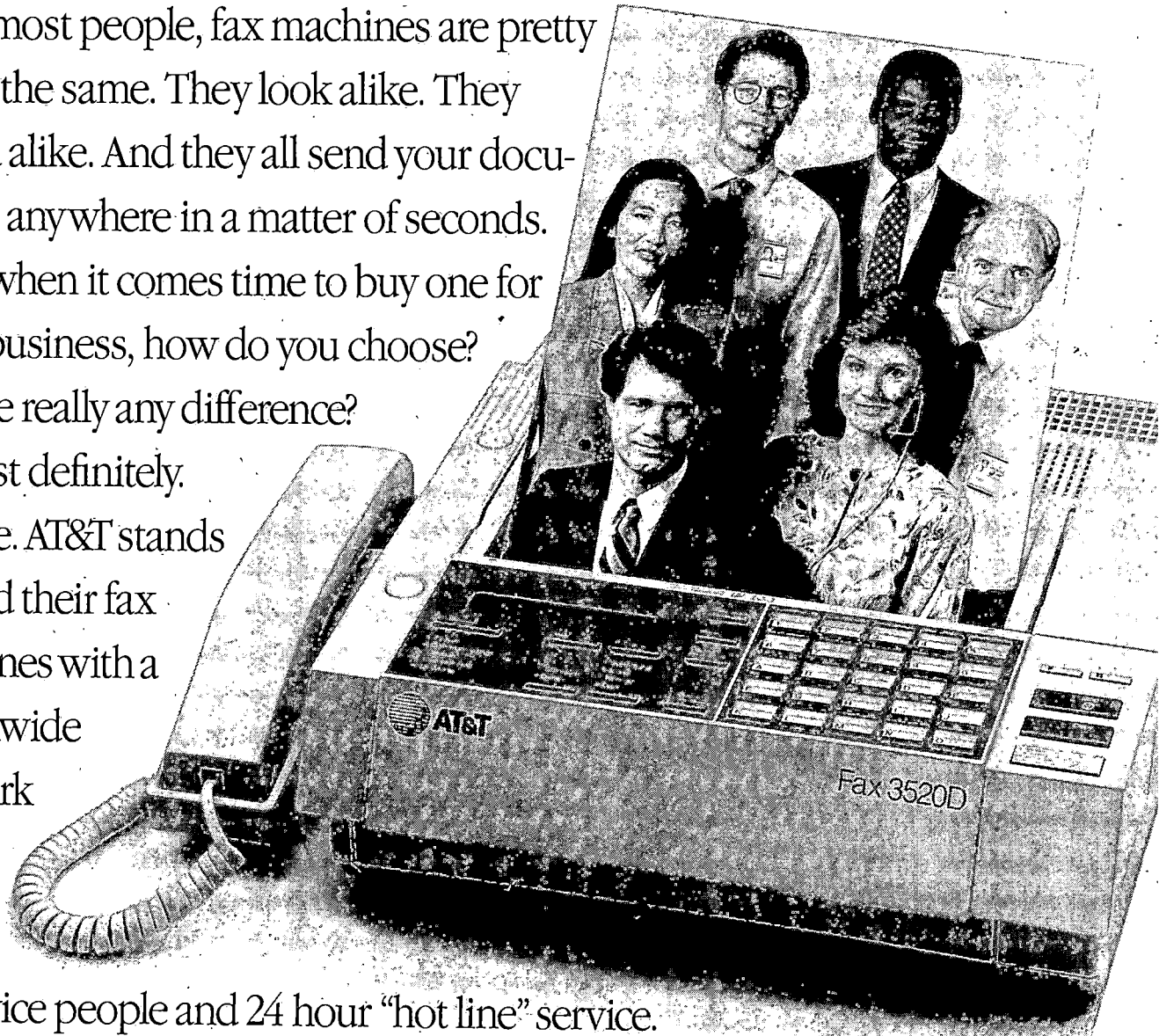
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# Sports Illustrated

April 10, 1989

Volume 70, No. 16

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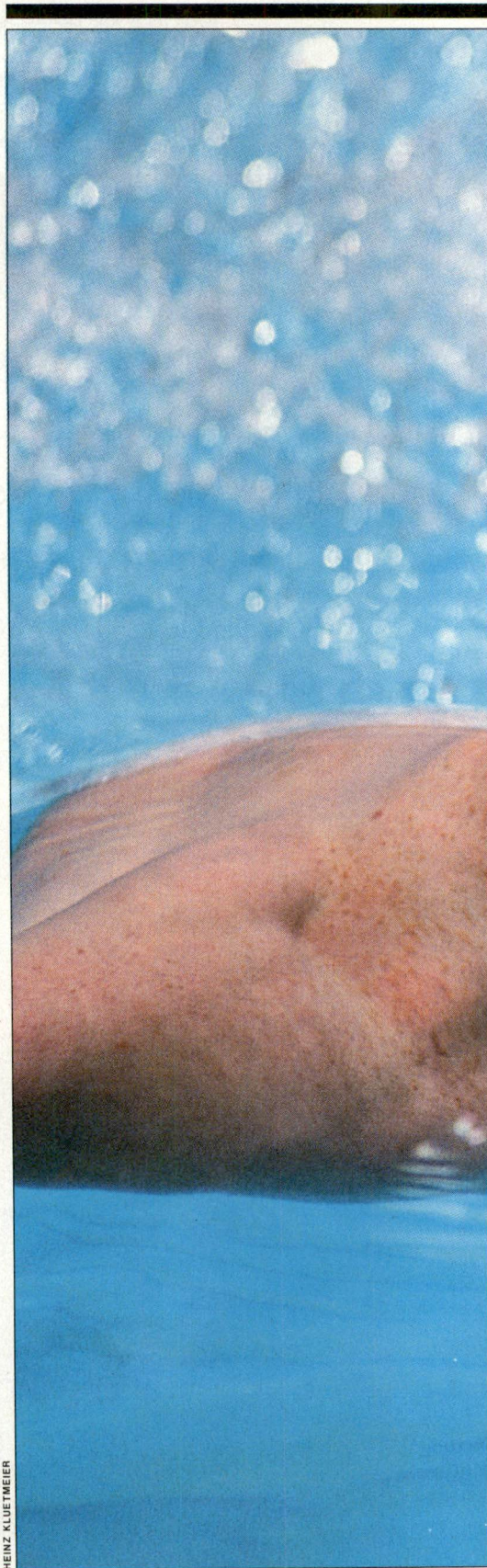
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Cover Photograph by John W. McDonough

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HEINZ KLUETMEIER



**A MONSTER FROM THE DEEP**

No, that's not the creature from the Black Lagoon; it's Tennessee's Raymond Brown just before breaking the surface on the breaststroke leg of a 400 IM heat at the NCAAs (*page 82*).

## FROM THE PUBLISHER

**R**OBERT WIEFERICH'S EVOCATIVE WATERCOLORS OF THE Par-3 Contest, played at Augusta each year the day before the Masters begins (page 56), represent not only many hours in the studio but also some impressive legwork. The first step came in February 1988, when Wieferich, who lives in Gaithersburg, Md., packed up his portfolio, caught a train to New York, and walked into the office of SI design director Steven Hoffman. "They had told me just to send slides," says Wieferich, 38, who had never been published in a major magazine, "but I wanted to show the originals."

What he showed were 15 large watercolors, some of which measured three by five feet, of baseball spring-training scenes. "They were huge impressionistic paintings," says Hoffman, "and they had this wonderful sense of light, of spring and of the outdoors."

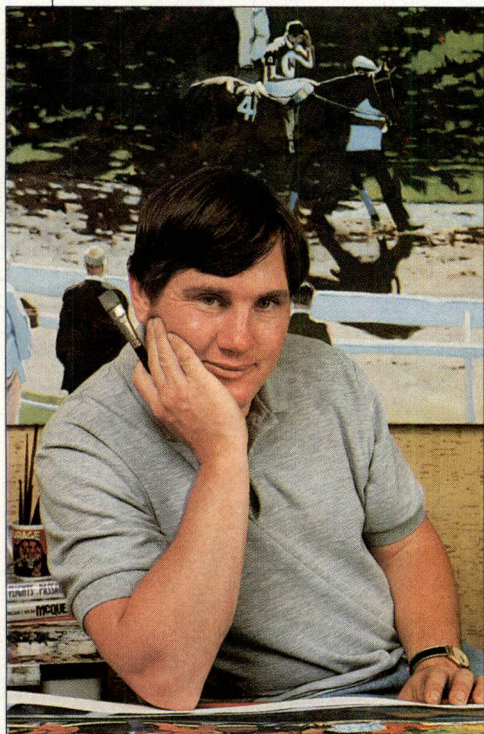
A month and a half later Hoffman and deputy design director Peter Herbert were looking for an artist to undertake the Par-3 picture essay when, says Hoffman, "Robert and his paintings popped into my head. The relaxed atmosphere of spring training reminded me of Augusta. I felt Robert could capture that feeling again."

A longtime sports fan, Wieferich was thrilled with the assignment. There was just one catch. A week after visiting the magazine he had had surgery on his left leg, and he was still on crutches. "But I was not about to pass up the trip," he says.

So on Wednesday, April 6 of last year, Wieferich found himself propped up at the first tee, his camera around his neck (he paints from photographs), facing an especially tough nine holes at Augusta. Then came the rain—intermittent downpours throughout the day. Says Wieferich, "I remember thinking, The contest will be rained out and that's it—no paintings."

But play was completed, and Wieferich, along with Herbert, made his way around the course, battling the hills, the water hazards and the crowds. "I was exhausted at the end of the day," recalls Herbert. "But Robert was still out there, walking all over the course on those crutches."

Wieferich returned to his studio with almost 100 photographs. Six months later, the crutches long gone, he walked into Hoffman's office with another packed portfolio. This one contained the paintings that appear in this issue. Wieferich has been in good standing with us ever since.



Wieferich suffered for art's sake at Augusta.

*Donald J. Barr*

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## ■ UNFIT KIDS

Robert Sullivan's comments (SCORECARD, March 13) on the "Unfitness Boom" of the '80s are timely. As a student in the '60s and a physical educator today, I have been concerned about the reduction of physical-education requirements in the public schools over the past 10 years.

There will come a time, in the near future, when our lawmakers will rediscover the importance of having a healthy and fit population. The impetus will come not from a cold war with the U.S.S.R., as it did in the late '50s and '60s, but from the threat of a nation bankrupted by skyrocketing medical costs.

BILL WORSHAM  
Beaumont, Texas

## ■ AGASSI'S ACTIONS

I enjoyed the article on Andre Agassi (*Born to Serve*, March 13). My uncle, who is 79, and I are both big fans of this

hard-hitting court jester, so it isn't just the little girls who like to watch Agassi in action. I thought it was odd that you used quotes from John McEnroe to describe Agassi's court conduct—and hypocritical of McEnroe to make the critical statements he did. We all have had to suffer through years of Mac's crybaby antics, although it has been worth it to watch him play. I hope Agassi sticks around long enough to win many more tournaments.

ERIC AGNEW  
Jacksonville

Your story on Andre Agassi should have been stamped: WARNING: THIS IS A HATCHET JOB. Since when is John McEnroe the arbiter of proper tennis behavior? And how can Ion Tiriac decry the turning of tennis matches into "shooting contests" when his own protégé, Boris (Boom Boom) Becker, hits every shot in cannonlike fashion? I suspect that the real reason for Curry Kirkpatrick's vit-

riolic pen emerges three quarters of the way through the article: Agassi wisely refused Kirkpatrick's request for an interview.

ANITA STORK  
San Francisco

## ■ STANDING TALL

Three cheers for Chuck Nevitt (*Stretch*, March 6). I live in Houston and follow the Rockets faithfully. Many a time I have muttered under my breath that Nevitt doesn't get enough credit. He always comes through for his coach, and that is not easy to do when you're sent into the game—sometimes for your first playing time in a week—in the fourth quarter and asked to perform miracles.

I hope Nevitt is one Rocket who doesn't take off. His great attitude and soft shooting touch may be just what Coach Chaney needs to bring the team rings this season.

ELIZABETH A. HEYN  
Houston

How nice to read a feature about someone who doesn't have to be psychoanalyzed, tolerated, detoxed, renegotiated with, investigated, explained or apologized for. The story was as refreshing as Nevitt himself.

DONALD R. SUTHERLAND  
Guilford, Conn.

## ■ DURABLE CHAMP

I salute Roberto Duran's remarkable and unprecedented achievement of four titles across 17 years (*Stonehands Rules Again*, March 6). Unlike Sugar Ray Leonard, Duran has remained a genuine warrior—ducking no one, taking on the best anytime, anywhere and earning every title he has won.

Roberto Duran, whose name, appropriately, means "gleaming fame that endures," stands alongside the real Sugar Ray—Robinson—as the greatest of all time.

TONY SCOTT  
Phoenix

## ■ MEMORABLE COACH

Your picture of Oregon State basketball coach Ralph Miller (*COLLEGE BASKETBALL*, March 6), who is retiring, was typical of him. He never could sit still. I recall a photo you ran (*Cry Havoc from the Bench*, Dec. 7, 1964) of him gesticulating from the sideline during his first season at Iowa (*left*).

Incidentally, it was in that same 1964-65 season that coach Miller's previous team, Wichita State, made its only Final Four appearance. Although the Shockers were then coached by Gary Thompson, Miller's former assistant, they were Miller's team all the way. He recruited them and taught them how to play. Thompson even used Miller's style of play. Coach Miller might not be eager to claim that team, though, because Princeton's Bill Bradley scored a Final Four-record 58 points against Wichita State in the third-place game, which the Tigers won 118-82.

LARRY W. CRACRAFT  
Spencer, Ind.



RICH CLARKSON

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## A FORFEITED CUP

There's no arguing that the best-of-three America's Cup series between Michael Fay's challenger, *New Zealand*, a 133-foot monohull, and the San Diego Yacht Club's defender, *Stars & Stripes*, a 60-foot catamaran, last September was a mismatch. Skimming across the surface like a water bug, *Stars & Stripes*, skippered by Dennis Conner, trounced *New Zealand* in two straight races. The question before New York State Supreme Court Judge Carmen Ciparick last week was whether the San Diego Yacht Club, in responding to Fay's monohull challenge with a catamaran, had acted in accordance with the Cup's 102-year-old trust document, the Deed of Gift.

Ciparick ruled that the club had not. She declared that the use of a catamaran against a monohull violated the deed and ordered the San Diego Yacht Club to hand over the Cup to Fay, thereby dealing a blow to both the club and the city of San Diego, which had hoped to reap as much as \$1.2 billion by hosting a 1991 Cup defense. "[The club] was well aware of the risk it ran when it chose to follow the unprecedented course of defending in a catamaran," wrote Ciparick in her decision. "Barely paying lip service to the significance of the competition, its clear goal was to retain the Cup at all costs so that it could host a competition on its own terms."

While Fay broke out champagne in Auckland, officials in San Diego seemed to be stunned. Claiming that Ciparick had changed her course from a literal reading of the deed to an interpretative one, Tom Mitchell, a race-management spokesman, said, "If we had known she would rule on fairness, we might not have sailed the catamaran. We didn't worry about spirit or intent; we worried about what the deed

said. Now she says spirit was more important." The yacht club will appeal Ciparick's decision.

In truth, the judge gave equal weight to the wording of the deed and the intent of its author, and San Diego lost on both counts. While Fay must bear some of the blame for the mess the 1988 America's Cup became—he opened the can of worms by challenging San Diego in a boat different from the 12-meter yachts used in Cup races



A judge ruled Stars & Stripes' two hulls were too many.

since 1958—it was San Diego's decision to abandon fair competition that created the mismatch and tarnished the reputation of the world's oldest sporting trophy. Mitchell's words revealed more than he probably intended about the spirit in which San Diego approached last year's races: *If we had known she would rule on fairness, we might not have sailed the catamaran.*

The judge reminded both sides that the defender of the Cup "is bound to a higher obligation than the victor of the Stanley Cup or the Super Bowl." That obligation, simply put, is to play fair.

Now as the defender, Fay must keep the playing field level for the next challenger. To say he will be watched closely is an understatement.

## THE FIGHTER

Western Carolina relieved Bob Waters of his football coaching duties last week and reassigned him to the newly created position of associate athletic director. Waters, 50, whose 116-94-6

record over 20 seasons makes him the Catamounts' winningest coach, was diagnosed four years ago as suffering from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), or Lou Gehrig's disease, a paralyzing and usually fatal neuromuscular disorder (SI, Aug. 24, 1987). Waters vowed to beat the affliction, but even as his resolve held strong, his health declined. Last season he had to coach from a wheelchair, using a portable respirator to help him breathe and a microphone to amplify his whisper of a voice.

Waters was in the middle of spring practice when university chancellor Myron Coulter informed him by letter of his reassignment. Coulter said Waters was no longer providing the team with "the necessary level of leadership and instruction" and noted that last year, when Western Carolina fell to 2-9, the Catamounts didn't play "good, tough, hard-nosed football." Waters argued that he was fully capable of continuing as coach for at least one more season, but the university's board of trustees supported Coulter's decision.

Even if Western Carolina wins a few more games this fall, its football program won't be the same without Waters's courage and inspiration. "Bob is a fighter, and one of the reasons he has fought to stay alive is to be coach of this football team," says his wife, Sheri. "Now he has to find another reason to fight for his life."

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## TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Credit the San Diego Padres and San Francisco Giants for keeping pace with the wants of their fans. The Padres will offer sushi at their concession stands this season, while the health-minded Giants will serve up yogurt, salads and tofu hot dogs. Both teams have done some family planning, too: They have installed diapering tables in the restrooms—men's and women's—at their stadiums.

## A SEMIOPEN FIELD

The NFL's limited free-agency program turned out to be a success after all—a limited success, that is. Of the 619 players declared unconditional free agents in February, 229 switched

as the league's competitive structure can possibly bear. But the NFL's free-agency plan was fundamentally unfair: The best 37 players on each team—the ones who would command the highest bids in an open market—were put on a "protected" list and were not eligible for free agency. In effect, they were punished for being too good.

Which raises a question: When the top 1,036 players have virtually no freedom of movement, how free can the league claim to be?

## PART OF THE PROBLEM

CBS basketball analyst Billy Packer should never be mistaken for a journalist. In past years he has, as a part of his job, helped set up games for the network through his friendships with

Packer told the *Herald-Leader*. "The newspaper's been a major part of the problem, if not *the* problem. It serves no purpose to the university. . . . The constant repetitive articles. . . . It seems I've been reading that crap for a whole year."

The *Herald-Leader* won a Pulitzer Prize in 1986 for its college-basketball investigations, and it has continued to report on alleged wrongdoing at Kentucky in the face of anonymous threats to its staff and property. Even university president David Roselle last week distanced himself from Packer's remarks, indicating in comments made privately to a *Herald-Leader* reporter that he considers the paper's work fair.

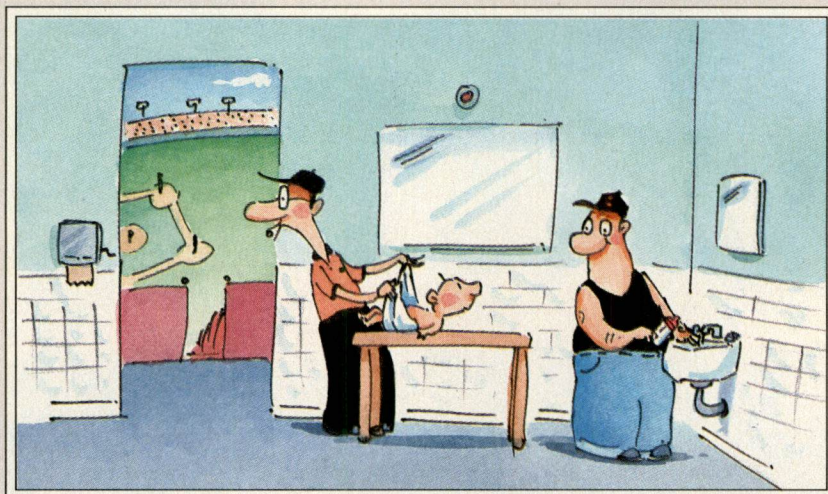
Packer had a brush with the media back in 1980 on the subject of improprieties in college sports. Unaware that reporters were in the audience, Packer told the Williamsburg (Va.) Sports Club that as an assistant coach at Wake Forest in the 1960s, he had altered a transcript to get Charlie Davis, a high school star with poor grades, into a prep school program so he might eventually play for the Demon Deacons. "I was good at cheating," Packer went on to say. "I would have made a great head coach at an outlaw school. Was I ashamed of it? Hell, no. I always thought the bottom line was I could help [high school prospects] out.

"I was always proud of what I did for guys like Charlie Davis. I know a lot of guys who weren't too smart, and they're doing pretty well for themselves now."

Those remarks created no small stir at the time, and Packer issued this clarification: "What I [said] could be true. But [it has] no business appearing in a newspaper." Packer has since maintained that his comments about Davis were just a joke. His attitude toward sports journalism might be characterized in much the same way.

## THEY SAID IT

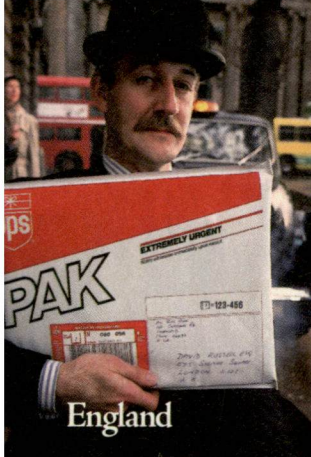
- Bob Froese, New York Ranger goalie, after fans at Madison Square Garden showered the ice with plastic mugs given to them as a promotion: "I'm just glad it wasn't Machete Night." ■



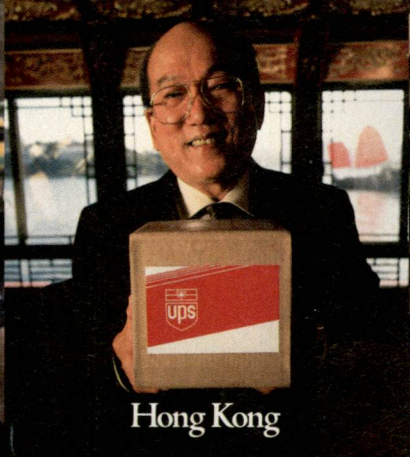
teams by the April 1 signing deadline. The average salary of the first 100 who changed teams jumped from \$146,500 to \$259,300, not including incentives; figures on the later signees were not immediately available.

Some of the league's weaker teams took full advantage of the free-agency plan. While AFC champion Cincinnati took on no free agents, woebegone Green Bay signed 20 and Kansas City 17. NFL owners will surely cite all these numbers when the antitrust suit filed against them by the NFL Players Association comes to trial in U.S. district court in Minneapolis, as it is expected to this fall. The owners want the court to believe that NFL players have as much freedom to switch teams

coaches—a considerable conflict of interest for someone expected to comment on games frankly and critically. CBS says that these days Packer lends only his expertise, not his connections, in the area of matchmaking, but Packer, like many other sports announcers, is still basically a promoter. When asked the other day by the *Lexington* (Ky.) *Herald-Leader* what he thought the future might hold for Eddie Sutton, who resigned on March 19 as Kentucky's basketball coach, Packer assailed the *Herald-Leader* for its investigations into payments to players and other NCAA rules violations allegedly committed in the Wildcat program. "The people of the state of Kentucky ought to boycott your newspaper,"



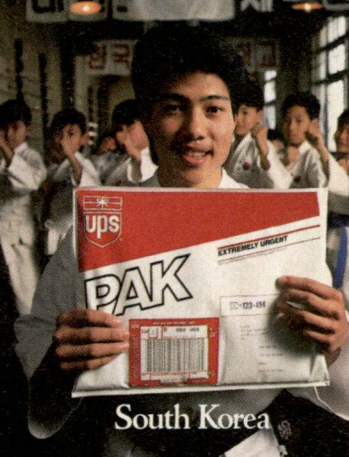
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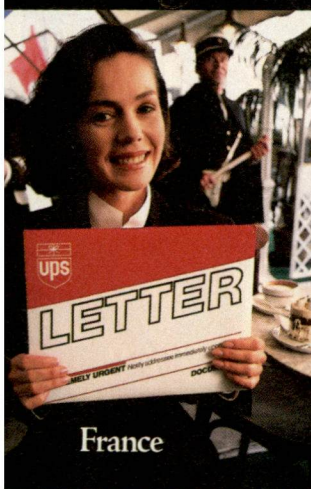
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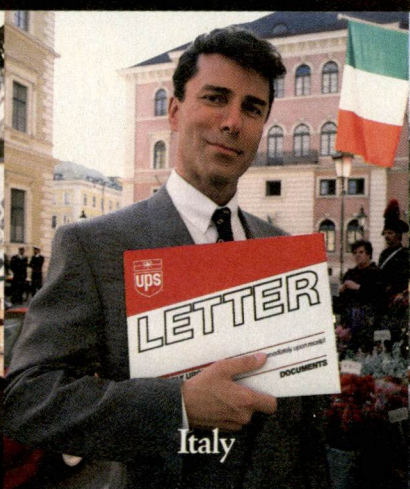
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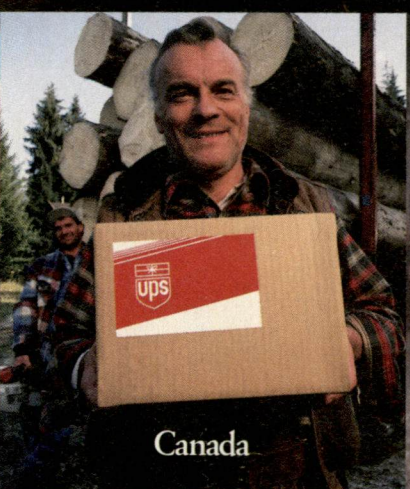
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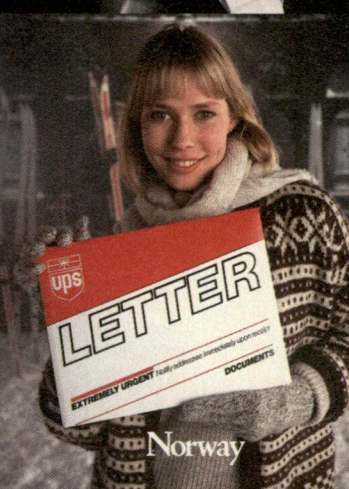
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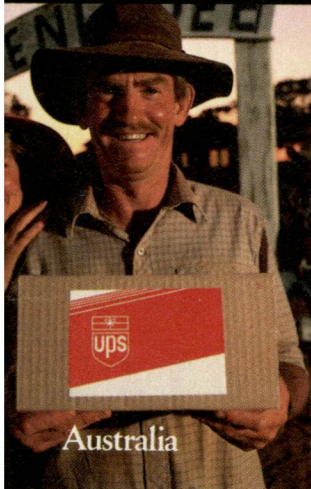
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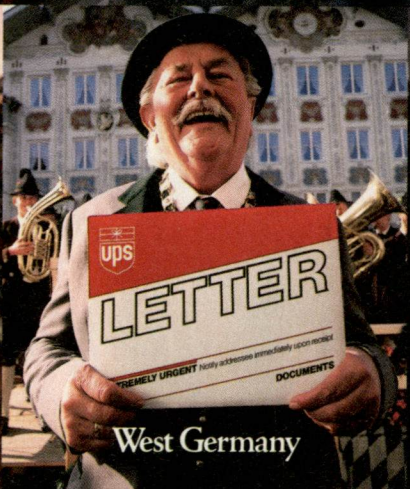
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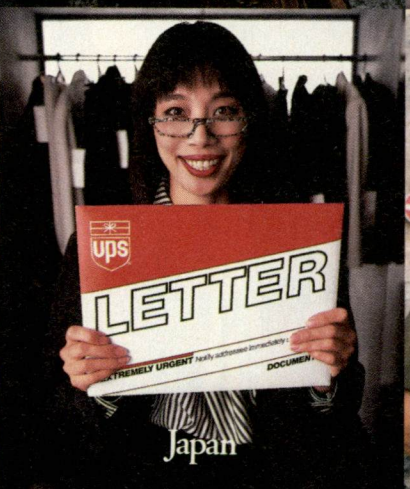
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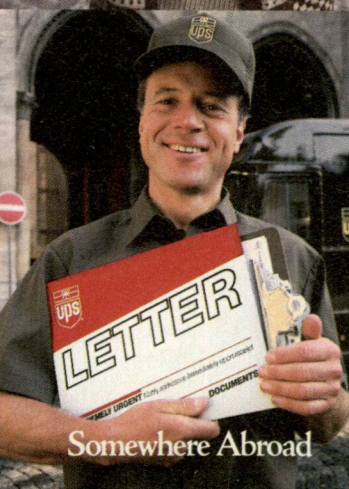
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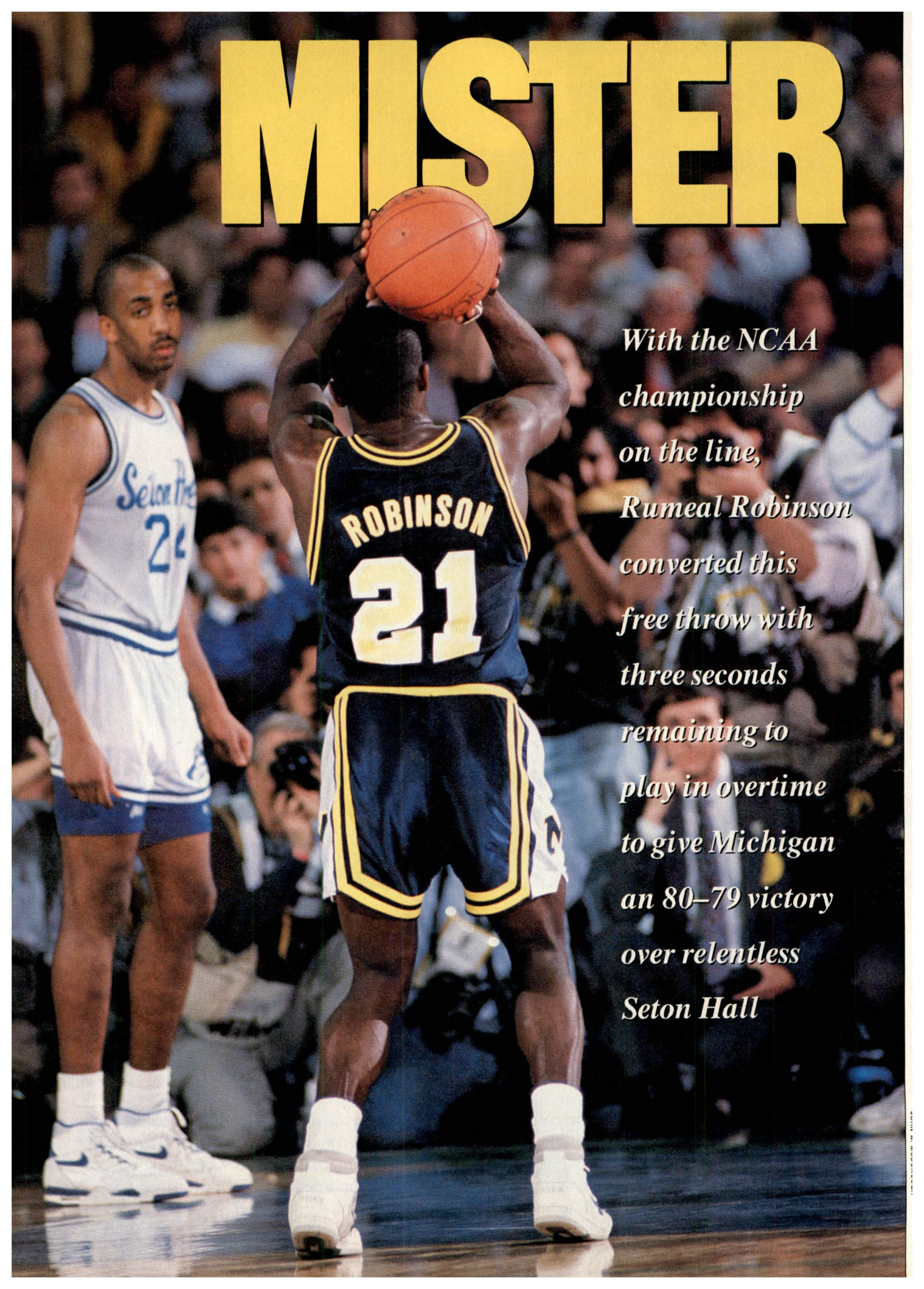
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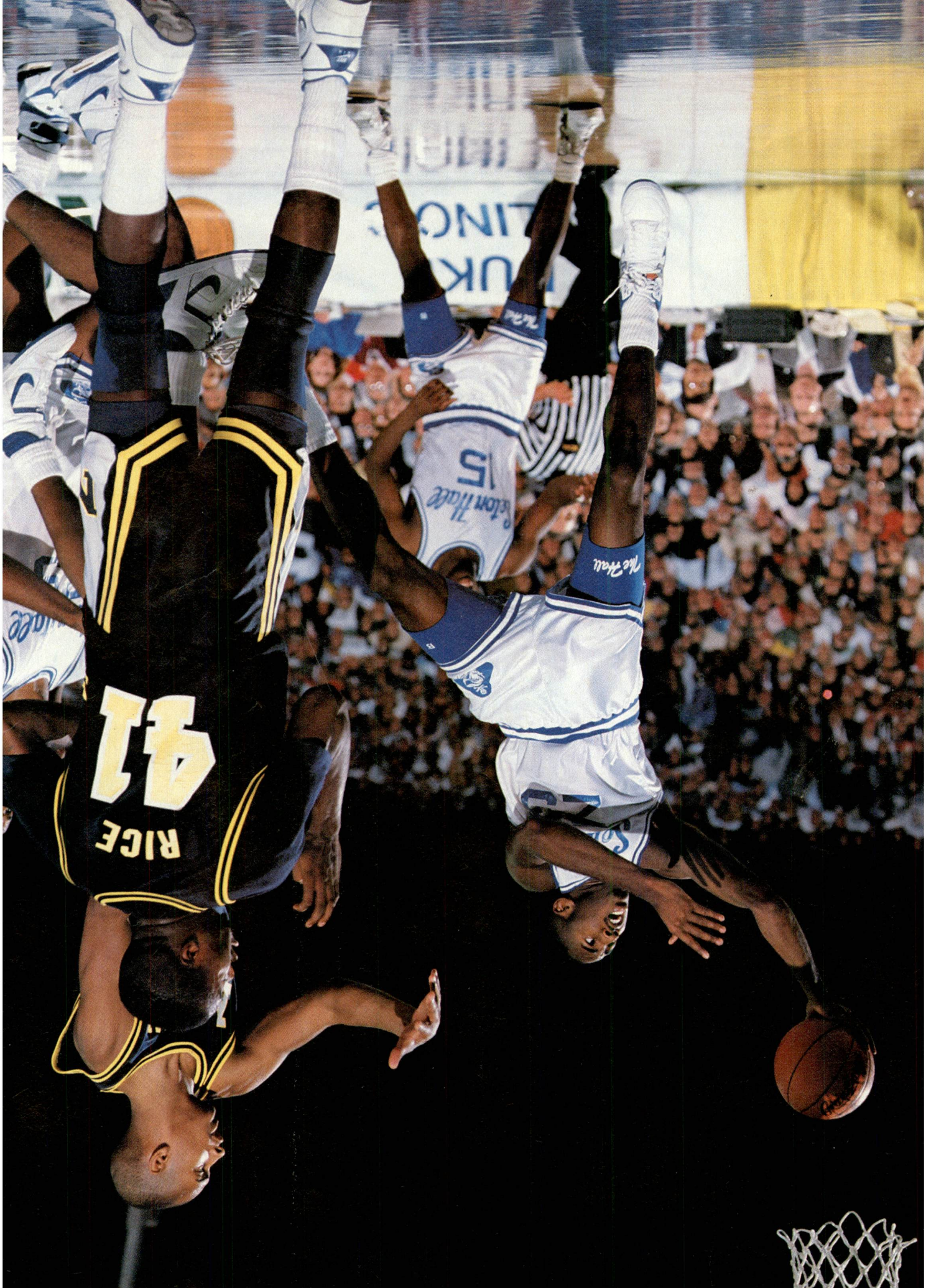
*With the NCAA  
championship  
on the line,  
Rumeal Robinson  
converted this  
free throw with  
three seconds  
remaining to  
play in overtime  
to give Michigan  
an 80-79 victory  
over relentless  
Seton Hall*

# CLUTCH



**Sports  
Illustrated**

APRIL 10, 1989



# “I ought to retire right now. Steve Fisher is unbeaten, untied and the happiest man alive.”

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

**I**N THIS PRESIDENTIALLY DECREED ERA of a kinder, gentler America, it's ironic that a football school would win the national championship in basketball. Furthermore, that university, which gave us Jerry Ford on the gridiron, risked all on the hardwood with an interim coach who looks like Jimmy Carter, and it was led by a player named Rice—no, not Jerry (of the San Francisco 49ers) or Tony (of Notre Dame), both of whom also were named MVP in a couple of fairly huge events this year, but Glen, who scored 31 points. Another guy from that university, name of Rumeal Robinson, who looks and plays like a fullback and normally shoots free throws like one (he converted 64.2% of his foul shots this season), stepped up to the line at the Kingdome in Seattle with three seconds left in the first overtime NCAA title game in 26 years and fluttered up two of the softest feathers anybody had ever seen so that his Michigan team could beat Seton Hall 80-79.

Maybe it was because all these goings-on were so mind-boggling that the Wolverines—specifically, Michigan football coach Bo Schembechler, who moonlights as athletic director—still hadn't decided as of Tuesday morning whether to let 44-year-old Steve Fisher have the coaching job permanently. Win a Rose Bowl, as the Wolverines did in January, and you feel as if you can conquer the world—or at least send out a team of headless basketball horsemen, as it were, and conquer the NCAAs. Maybe Bo was waiting for Pete Rozelle to volunteer for the job.

However, as this latest in a decade-long series of tingling championship games (the average margin of victory in the 1980s was 4.1 points) proved, it doesn't seem to matter who's playing in the thing, not to mention who's coaching. This time it was P.J. Carlesimo—a guy with a beard—and a Hall of a team picked to finish seventh in its own

league against the RRR boys: Rice, Robinson and Replacement (Fisher). Fisher must have felt even stranger when a local lawman nearly arrested him for being in the Michigan locker room without a credential before the final. Hey, a quintet of furniture refinishers could be playing the Kumquat Growers' Co-op, and if the NCAA put its logo near center court on a Monday night in April, we would still probably get something approaching:

- Michigan's brilliant senior forward, Rice, kiting in three-pointers from out near Mount Rainier. He finished with 12 baskets, 11 rebounds and those 31 points against the Pirates, and his 184 points in six tournament games broke Senator Bill Bradley's 1965 scoring record of 177.

- Seton Hall's senior guard John Morton whirling through the lane, acrobatically carrying the Pirates from 12 points behind. He had 22 second-half points—35 for the game—including all eight of the Pirates' points during one span to cut the Wolverines' lead to 61-59 with 6:19 to play.

- Forty-four of the dizziest defensive seconds this side of Roller Derby. That



MANNY MILLAN

Morton's late scoring heroics rallied Seton Hall from 12 points down and gave Fill-In Fisher (right) a taste of overtime coaching.

stretch brought the Pirates from a 66-61 deficit to a 67-66 lead with 2:13 remaining—snap, crackle, pop, just like that. Surely, Michigan would fold, just as Indiana, UNLV and Duke had earlier in the tournament against the Hall's frenetic second-half pressure. But no. Rice was still steaming. After a Pirate free throw, Michigan was behind by two, 68-66, with 1:12 to go. Did this splendid shooter, whose toughness had been questioned—he once said his proudest

accomplishment at Michigan was “never getting injured”—wilt? Hardly. He waited for all of six seconds before drilling a three.

After Wolverine Sean Higgins converted two foul shots to put Michigan ahead 71-68 and Morton responded with his own clutch trifecta—“He was possessed out there,” said Higgins of Morton—to tie the game with 25 seconds left, Rice had a chance to win it in regulation. Everybody from Rice him-

self to the Hall's Australian import, Andrew Gaze, thought he would. “I've never seen a release so quick,” said Gaze, who has played in two Olympics. “What an incredible individual. I thought it was down. Every time Glen released, I thought it was down.” However, with one second remaining and Gaze remaining in his face, Rice's shot bounced off the rim.

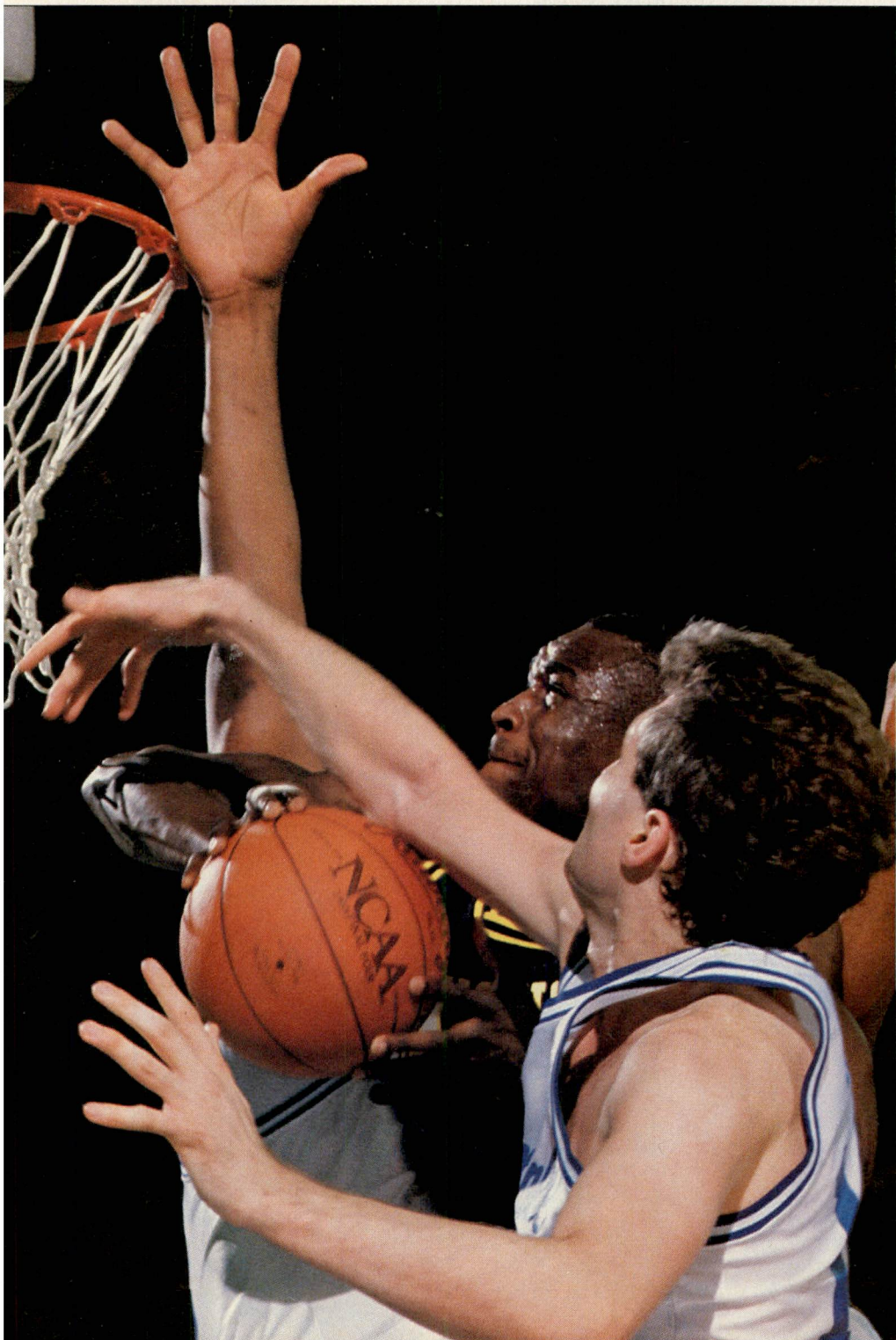
With 2:50 to go in OT, Morton's trey put the Hall ahead 79-76, but two Pirate possessions with that lead came up empty: “Avast, mateys, trouble to starboard.” Sure enough, Wolverine center Terry Mills posted right of the lane, turned and bulled in a banker to narrow the Hall's lead to 79-78 with 56 seconds to play. Michigan, which wound up with a 45-36 rebounding advantage, had owned the boards all night, and the Wolverines took possession of number 45 after Morton missed in the paint with 12 seconds left. They then put the ball as well as the game into Robinson's hands.

Robinson, a 6' 2" junior, wanted the burden. “I've been coming down and passing the ball and hiding a lot on last-second shots,” he said after finishing with 21 points and 11 assists. “This time I wanted it to be me. I was going to hit it if it was a free throw or not.”

It was two free throws. Weaving across the lane with three seconds on the clock, Robinson collided with Seton Hall's Gerald Greene, an old friend from eastern playground days with whom he had been waging an unholy war all evening. Referee John Clougherty, who may be the best in the business—as Carlesimo would acknowledge later—blew the whistle that decided the championship. Perhaps Greene was guilty of nothing more than a simple hand check. Maybe the play should have been allowed to run its course; Robinson was about to pass. But the foul call might have been pure justice. Slightly more than a minute earlier Robinson had fouled Greene, but Greene had missed the front end of a one-and-one. Robinson didn't miss either of his chances.

On the Pirates' ensuing desperation pass, Greene collided with teammate Daryll Walker, whose rushed 21-foot shot had no prayer. “Maybe I ought to retire right now,” said the semitempor-

**Robinson attacked the Hall down the middle while amassing 21 points and 11 assists.**



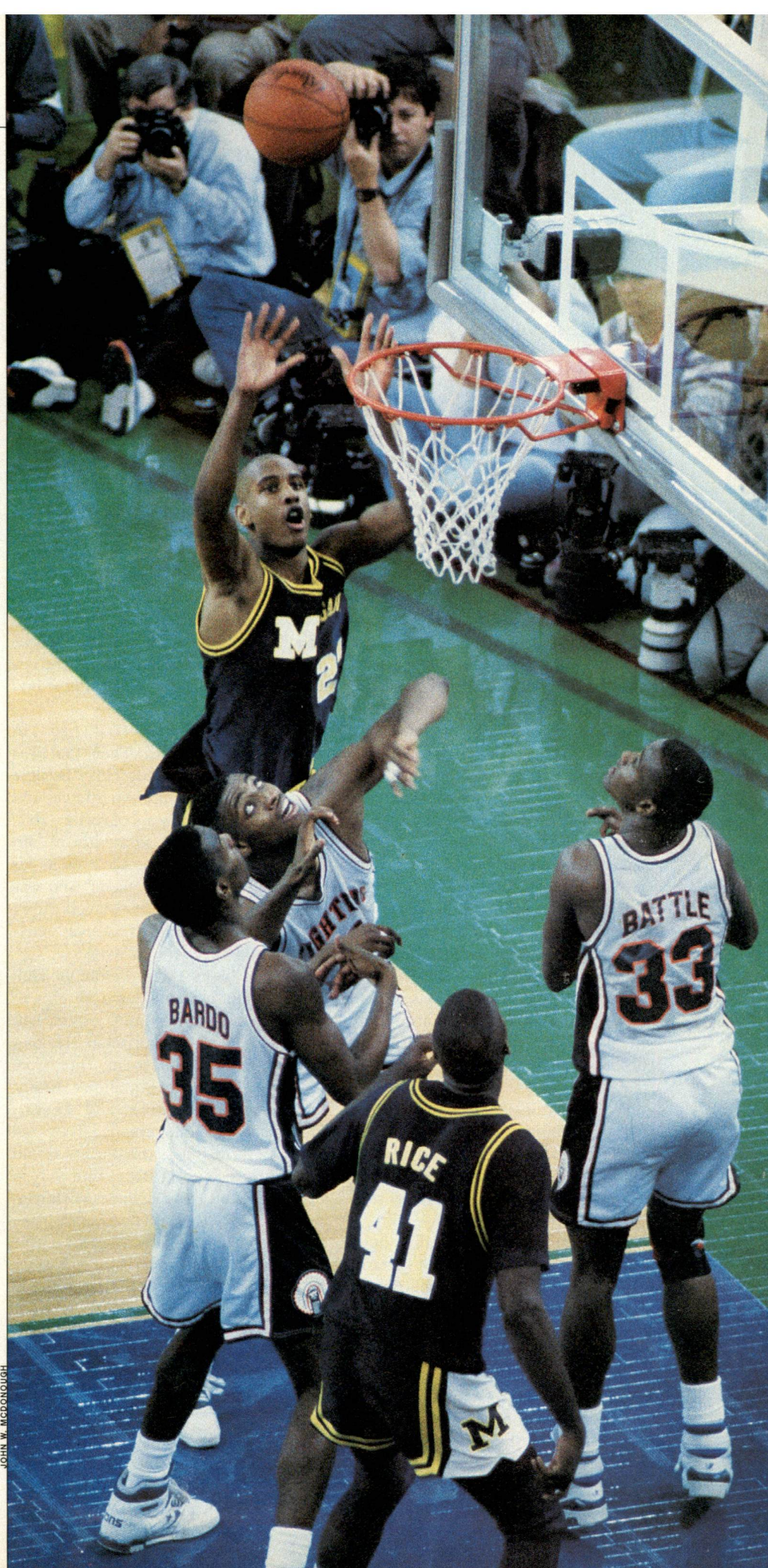
**Higgins rebounded Mills's missed shot and hit the last-second basket that sank Illinois.**

ary Wolverine coach, who kept referring to himself in the in-vogue third person. "Steve Fisher is unbeaten, untied and the happiest man alive."

There have been unlikely NCAA finalists before, but given the situations at Michigan and Seton Hall, there has hardly been a weirder pairing of coaches in a championship game than the one in Seattle. The Pirates had done enough losing as recently as last season to cause the Seton Hall student senate to call for Carlesimo's resignation. An alumni faction, concerned about Carlesimo's bachelor life-style, had expressed misgivings as well. During those trying times young P.J. (for Peter John)—who's 39 when wearing that russet shag of a beard he grew on a trip to Australia in the summer of 1987 but only 19 when clean-shaven—called up Big East commissioner Dave Gavitt to inquire if his whiskers had a bearing on his job security. "Both you and I know you're a helluva coach," said Gavitt. "If *you* like the beard, then — 'em."

Which is how it happened that the Final Four was graced not only with the first bearded coach in its history but also with its first substitute teacher. "My biggest moment?" said Fisher, who took over the Wolverines the day before the tournament, after Bill Frieder had announced he would be relocating at Arizona State. "I coached a high school team [Rich East] in Park Forest, Illinois, that once won a prestigious Christmas tournament down in Centralia. Gosh, for a guy like me, they're all big."

By sundown on Saturday—after Fisher had made all the right moves, after Michigan had come from behind 17 times to avenge two regular-season losses to Illinois, after Fisher had ordered his wandering-on-the-perimeter pseudoguard, the 6' 9" Higgins, to stay inside so that he could eventually put back the rebound that would give the Wolverines an 83-81 victory and advance them to the championship game for the first time since 1976—after all that, everyone who had neither been living under a rock nor taking part in spring football practice at Ann Arbor was wondering why in heaven's name Schembechler hadn't made Fisher the permanent coach. Then again, Saturday



JOHN W. MCCOY/OUTLINE

was April Fools' Day, not to mention Schembechler's 60th birthday. Happy birthday, Foo . . . uh, Bo.

Truth is, these new body-by-Fisher Wolverines bear no resemblance to the uptight, gagging Wolves of years past, or even to the ones who flat-out loafed in their most recent loss to the Illini, an 89-73 laughier at Ann Arbor in the regular-season finale. "The only things looser in Seattle are Boeing's cargo doors," wrote *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* columnist Art Thiel about the Wolverines.

As Michigan and Illinois entered the last 3½ minutes of their semifinal tied 74-74, Illini coach Lou Henson inexplicably removed Kendall Gill from the game. Free of Gill's oppressive defense, Robinson slashed down the pipe to feed Mark Hughes for a dunk. Robinson then stole a pass and dished off to Rice for another dunk. The basket was Rice's 12th of the game, but Michigan's 78-74 lead was hardly safe with the Illini's Kenny Battle, who had a game-high 29 points, still rattling around somewhere in the upper reaches of the Kingdome. With 2:28 to go Battle made Illinois's only three-pointer of the second half, and 1:54 later he put in another of his angled lefty jumpers to tie the score at 81.

Twenty seconds remained when Robinson rushed the ball up the court. With Rice stuck in a pilaf of defenders, Robinson passed to Mills, whose shot from the right corner with six seconds to play hit the front iron and bounced into the hands of Higgins, who has been connected to NCAA investigations of both Kentucky and UCLA. "I finally got my butt in the right place," said Higgins, whose simple rebound flip at .03 finished the Illini.

"We didn't think they would play that hard that long," said Illinois's Larry Smith after the Wolverines had held the Illini to 13 offensive boards and had out-rebounded them 45-39. "I've never seen a Michigan team play that way."

If Michigan is a team with a new-found love of labor, Seton Hall is traditional drudge and grind, as the Pirates proved by overcoming that 12-point deficit on Monday night and by coming from 18 points behind in their semi against Duke. After 11-plus minutes, the Blue Devils led 26-8. At this point the Dookies could be excused if they thought they had the tournament's best player in Danny Ferry, who ended up

with 34 points; its deepest bench; the firmest will; and the longest staying power. But one out of four ain't good enough. Over the next 28-plus minutes, Seton Hall scored *e-i-g-h-t-y s-e-v-e-n* points. The final score of 95-78 seemed a cruel price to pay for Duke, which had beaten the old Big East beast, Georgetown, the week before, only to run into a brand-new one.

Afterward, Blue Devil coach Mike Krzyzewski said the Hall would have "more guys on the cover of Muscle Magazine [than we would]." Indeed, early on, Greene, who's 6'1", 175 pounds, smashed Robert Brickey, Duke's 6'5", 210-pound forward, to the floor on a breakaway, rendering him virtually useless and destroying the Blue Devils' fragile rhythm. "I tried to hold him up," said Greene, whose 17 points, eight assists and disdainful penetration broke down the Duke defense. "I'm sorry he was hurt, but when you're going for the national championship. . . . It was a big-time play."

By halftime Seton Hall had cut Duke's lead to 38-33. Then the Blue Devils came apart. Even Ferry became frustrated, chewing out the referees and once barreling into a courtside table, causing the NCAA coordinator of officials, Hank Nichols, to tip over in his chair. "Ferry's a great player who was still trying while the other players didn't seem like they wanted to play anymore," said Greene.

Can you blame them? Before the Hall was through, it seemed as if all nine of Carlesimo's brothers and sisters had joined the defensive chorus too. He has a nickname for each of them: Tutu, Cool Guy, Big Ed, Little Ed, Binky, Mumford, Big Boog, Pebbles and Cougar. Don't ask which ones are the guys.

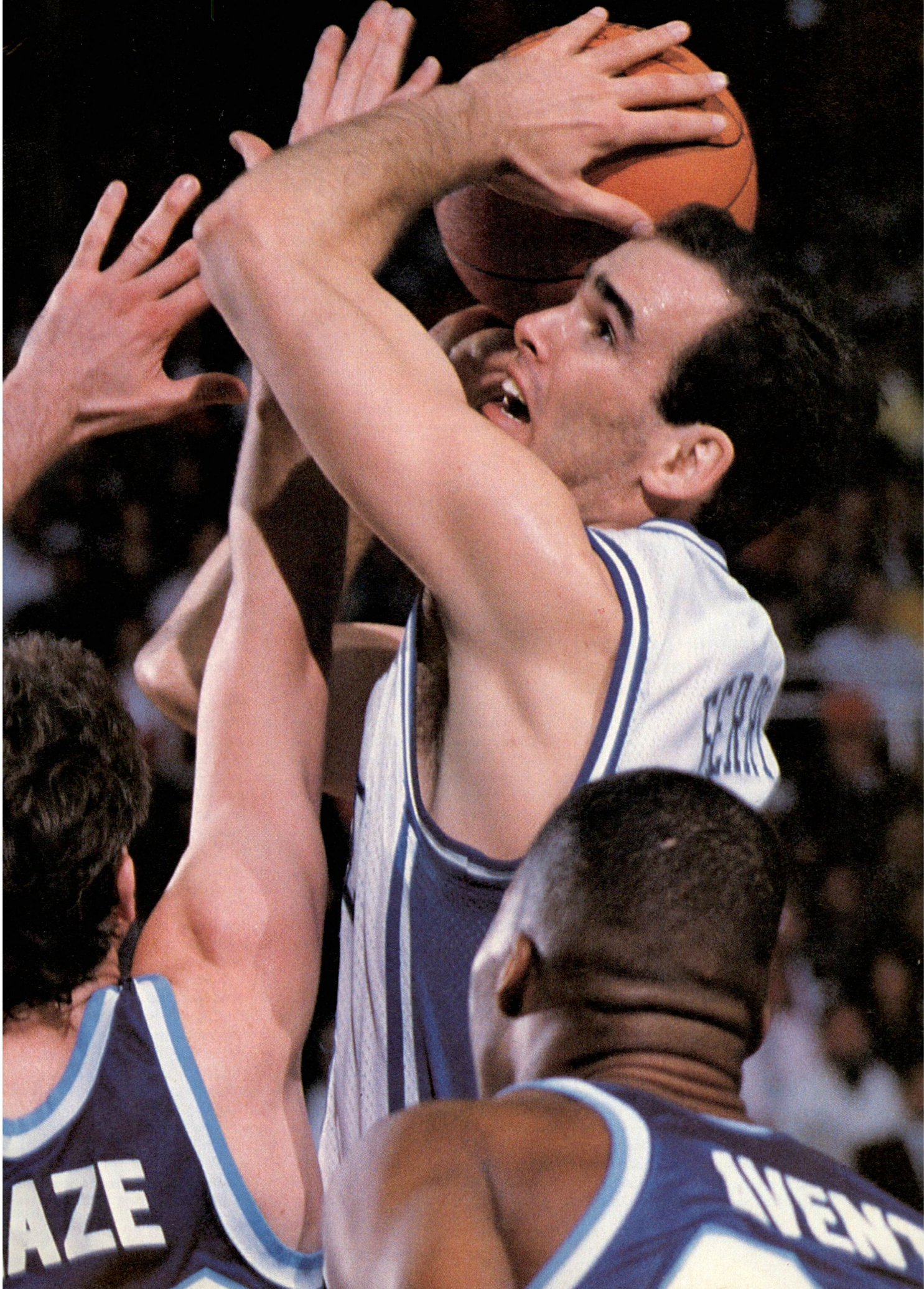
As it turned out, the Pirates could have used a few Big Boogs and maybe even a Binky or two against Michigan, whose journey to Seattle was even more unlikely than their own. Frieder-free Michigan? Or Mission-igan? "We re-dedicated ourselves going into this [tournament]," said Higgins. "We thought we could win it. That's what the mission was all about. Mission accomplished."

Just wait till this team gets a permanent coach. ■

**The valiant Ferry was a one-man gang for Duke, scoring 34 points in his college finale.**

MANNY MILLAN







BARRY SANDERS

# BARRY BREAKS AWAY

*Dad said take the NFL money and run, and Barry Sanders, the Heisman winner, obeyed*

BY WILLIAM NACK

*I'm the brokest black guy in Wichita today, and last year my son won the most prestigious award in college sports. Does that make sense?*

—WILLIAM SANDERS

**T**HE LONGEST WAIT OF WILLIAM Sanders's life officially ended at 3:50 last Saturday afternoon, when his son Barry, a junior running back at Oklahoma State and the 1988 Heisman Trophy winner, rose to confront a passel of microphones at the Westin Hotel in Denver. The wait was supposed to have ended at 1 p.m., but the press conference at which Barry was to announce whether he would forfeit his final season of college eligibility and seek entry into the NFL draft had been postponed. Barry had missed his flight to Denver that morning after his 1980 Pontiac blew a clutch on I-35, the highway linking the Oklahoma State campus in Stillwater

and the airport in Oklahoma City. That the nation's most celebrated college football player was driving an old Pontiac with a bad clutch partially explains why he was heading for Denver in the first place.

By then, of course, practically everyone in the country knew what Sanders was going to do. Oklahoma State officials had already spilled the beans to the press. He had hired two agents, Lamont Smith of All-Pro Sports and Entertainment in Denver, and David Ware of Atlanta, who handles a number of NFL players. With Smith and Ware, who together will oversee all aspects of Sanders's business affairs, at his side, Sanders faced the cameras and microphones and said:

"I've come to the conclusion that it would be in my best interests and my family's best interests to renounce my last year of eligibility and pursue a career in professional football. This decision was based, in part, upon the financial hardship that my family and I are faced with, and I just wanted to relieve some of those pressures."

Money wasn't the only factor, though. In January the Cowboys were placed on NCAA probation, meaning that if Sanders had returned to Oklahoma State, his achievements would not have been witnessed on television and he would not have been able to perform in a bowl game. In addition, none of the Cowboys' starting offensive linemen from last season are returning. Already a prime target for knee-busting linebackers by virtue of his extraordinary year in '88, Sanders would have had to depend on untested protection. Finally, he says he has encountered academic problems because the post-Heisman hoopla has distracted him from his studies. "I'm still trying to finish up finals from the first semester," says Sanders, a business administration major. "It's been kind of hectic the last few months."

NFL rules preclude a player from entering the draft until he has exhausted his collegiate eligibility, but exemptions have become common. In the past 20 years, the league, wary of defending its draft rules, which are of dubious legality, has never denied a player's petition. The decision on Sanders will be made by NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle. According to Ware, if Rozelle turns thumbs down, Sanders is prepared to challenge

the decision in court on the grounds that the NFL would be guilty of a "group boycott" and restraint of trade under antitrust laws. Rozelle is expected to grant Sanders's application and avoid the court fight.

William Sanders is counting on that. He came out of the press conference in tears. "I feel wonderful," he said. "I feel like a king."

A 52-year-old carpenter and roofer who has never made much money, William felt strained by his son's indecision. "Why is he taking so long to make up his mind?" William kept asking. Even more exasperating, to William's way of thinking, was Barry's intention last month to attend spring practice at Oklahoma State. Why should he risk those legs of gold for nothing? William thought. "You go out for spring ball, I'll break your legs myself," he told Barry. Shortly thereafter, Cowboy coach Pat Jones exempted Barry from spring drills, saying, "He was excused to explore his NFL options."

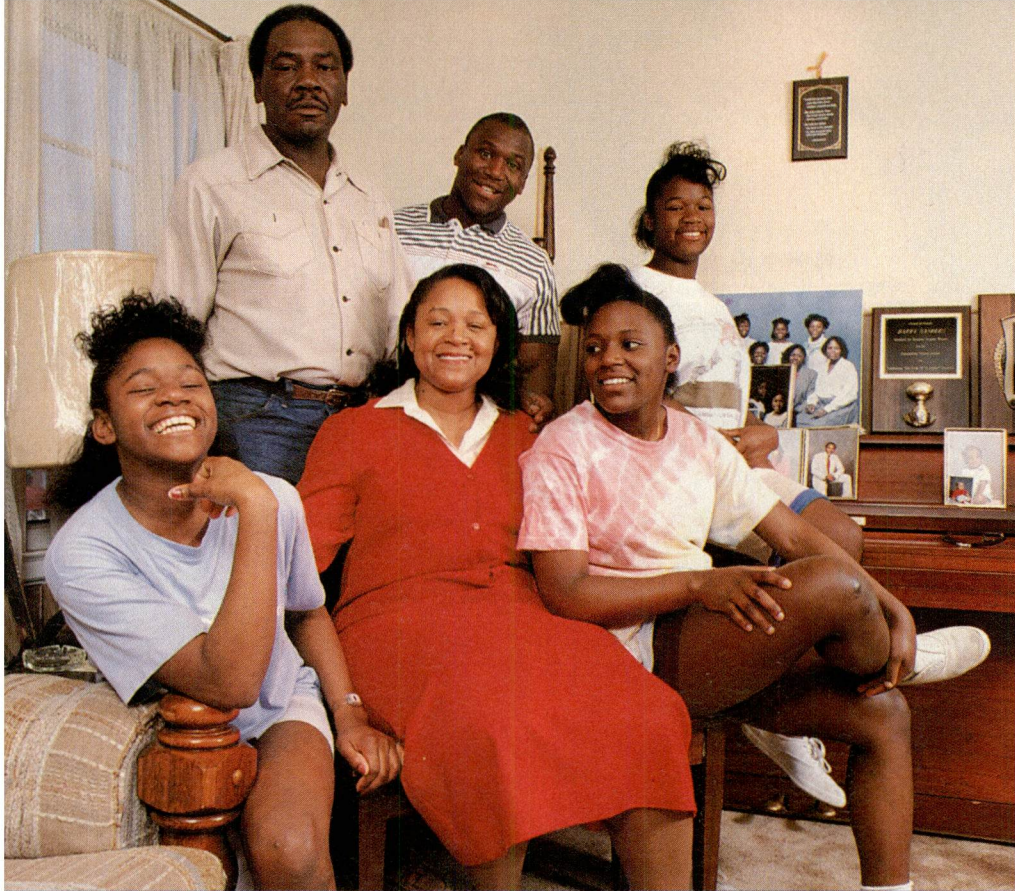
It seemed only logical, especially to William, that Barry would seek admission to the draft. The father of 11 children—eight girls and three boys—of whom Barry is the seventh-oldest, William has always been an outspoken, toe-the-line disciplinarian. "My dad always shot straight," says Barry. "Didn't beat around the bush."

With the April 10 deadline to apply for the draft looming, the time for beating any bushes was long past. So two weeks ago William called his three sons together for a meeting of the family men at the Kansas City, Mo., home of his oldest boy, Boyd. Barry came in from Stillwater, and Byron, a senior running back at Northwestern who's hoping to be a midround draft pick, came down from Evanston, Ill. William stacked the deck by not inviting the Sanders women. His wife, Shirley, wasn't convinced that Barry should drop out of college, and most of Barry's sisters either wanted him to stay in school or thought he should be left alone to make up his own mind.

Barry was torn between his desire to finish his education, thereby pleasing his mother, and his wish to begin earning millions in pro ball, thereby pleasing his

**Before his press conference, Sanders had let his feet do the talking for the Cowboys.**





LANE STEWART

father. When the Sanders men settled into Boyd's basement den over coffee and oatmeal cookies, William came at Barry from all directions—at times angrily. “You want to be a football player?” William remembers asking. “Get your ass away from that school and pursue a football career. You can't do another damn thing down there for that school. The people there don't care one way or another about you. All they want to do is make money off of you. You don't owe them a damn thing. You got to start thinking about Barry Sanders. What's best for Barry Sanders? You can always go back for an education.”

William implored his son to act now, not next year: now, right after winning the Heisman Trophy and gaining more rushing yards (2,628) and scoring more touchdowns (39) in a single season than any other college player in history. Now was the time to leave, William said: “You go back to school and gain 2,000 yards and score 20-some touchdowns, and they're going to say, ‘Barry didn't have the year he had last year; something must be wrong with him.’ Your marketability is higher now than it's ever going to be.”

William also implored Barry to hire a black agent, but on this issue Barry, who spoke infrequently that afternoon, took a softer line. “It's not a black and white issue,” he said.

**William (left, rear) and Byron urged Barry to turn pro, but (from left) Gina, Shirley, Krista and Lynn thought the men pushed too hard.**

“Let me tell you something,” said William. “All the white guys in this world who play football, how many of them you ever seen with a black agent? Somewhere in this life blacks have got to give blacks a chance. There are black agents out there, and blacks have to stick together.”

And William urged Barry to grab some signing-bonus money so he and his sons could open a family real estate business in Wichita. He suggested that they could begin by using Barry's money to purchase the building that houses Geor-

gio's Restaurant, in northeast Wichita, a predominantly black area. Georgio's is William's favorite hangout and the place where many of Barry's football trophies, including the Heisman, are displayed.

William's main argument that afternoon in Boyd's den was that Barry was suddenly capable of making more money with one stroke of a pen than the family had ever known. William pressed that theme, telling his son, “We can have money in our family for generations to come—for your kids and your kids' kids.”

Again and again he hammered on that point, saying, for example, “You'd be crazy to go back and play at Oklahoma State. Why play 11 games for free when you can play 16 games for millions of dollars? Get out of school so we can all get on with our lives!”

Barry, who's as quiet as his father is voluble, hasn't let on how heavily that meeting weighed in his decision. All he said before Saturday's press conference was: “It had an effect on me. You have to consider the family members in a thing like this.”

To be sure, the entire family had participated in the debate over Barry's decision. At home in Wichita one evening last month, William and Byron were alone among five Sanders women as Shirley and four of her daughters prepared to attend a revival meeting at the Paradise Baptist Church. Shirley, who earned a degree in nursing at Wichita State after raising her children, said she feared Barry would never return to col-

**William keeps Barry's Heisman Trophy at a restaurant owned by his pal George Moore.**



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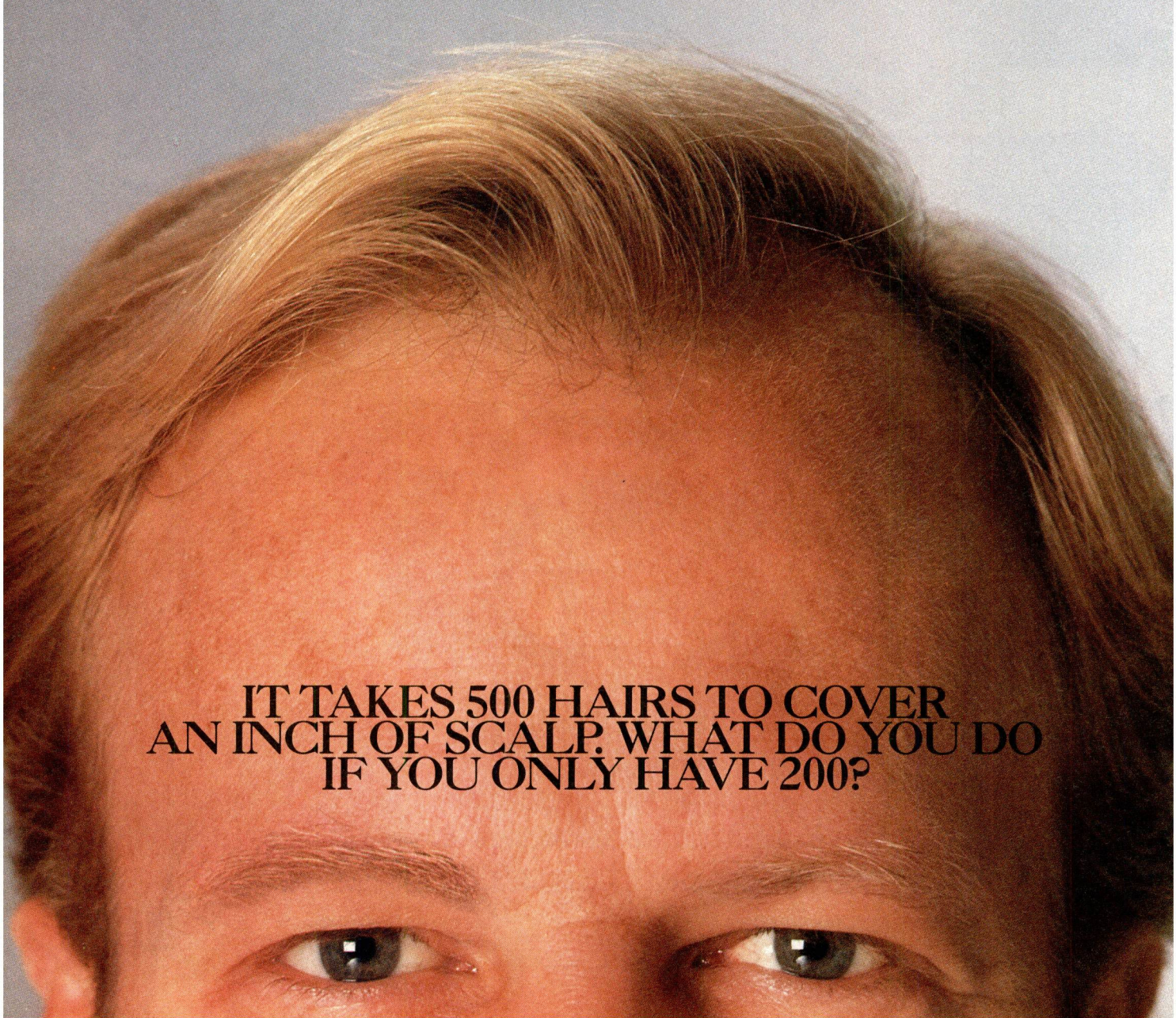
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lege once he dropped out. "Time goes by, years go by, so many things can happen," she said. "It's hard to go back to school when you leave it."

William sat on the living room couch and defended his position against all comers, made jocular threats against his children when they challenged him and groaned when they wavered in their opinions.

"What do you think, Gina?" he asked his 16-year-old, as she sat down next to him on the couch.

"I still think he should go back to college," said Gina.

William smiled. "I ought to break your skinny neck," he said to her quietly, shaking his head.

Donna, a freshman at Langston (Okla.) University, was sitting on the fence. "I think he should consider the pros and the cons," she said.

Her father rubbed his face and pondered the ceiling. "Oh, God," he moaned. "He's only 20 years old!"

"He's capable of making a rational decision on his own," said Donna.

"No he isn't," said William. "He's only 20."

"I don't believe wisdom comes from age," said Donna, leaving the room.

"Where do you think it comes from?" he called after her. But she didn't answer.

The kids kept coming at him, in



**Says William, "I'm still going to do my own roof, but that's going to be the last one."**

waves. "He should stay in school and finish his education," said Krista, 14. "Money's not the most important factor to Barry."

"If money's not an important factor, he shouldn't go to college," said William. "You go to college to get a good job and make a decent living. That's the purpose of going."

"Not necessarily," said Shirley.

William sank further in his seat. "I don't think my family wants to see mon-

ey in the family," he said sadly. "Really. I think they're afraid of money. I think they enjoy seeing me broke. They enjoy getting up in the morning and asking me for lunch money."

"But it's Barry's money, not ours," said Lynn, 15. "You're trying to influence him too much."

"It's O.K. if Pat Jones talks to him," replied William. "If Pat Jones thought anything about Barry Sanders, he would escort him out of that school and back to Wichita, because he knows that all Barry can do is hurt his stock by going back another year."

"He shouldn't let Pat Jones influence him either," Lynn said. "Too many people want to influence him."

"I'm his father," said William. "I'm only going to give him *good* advice."

By then, though, no one was listening, and a few minutes later the family was pulling away in Shirley's car en route to the revival. All his life, William said, he has lived in the Wichita ghetto, scuffling to make a living, to feed the kids, to find a way out of the gray shadows of life. "It's not that I'm going to have a new car," he said. "I'm not going to buy a big house on the hill. It'll get me off those rooftops and take the hammer out of my hand. That's enough."

Last Saturday, William got what he wanted. Not only had Barry decided to turn pro, but Smith and Ware are both black as well. "This is a great day in my life," said William. "Barry took me off the roof. I'm still going to do my *own* roof, at home, but that's going to be the last one I do."

## A SHAKEUP AT THE TOP

**B**ARRY SANDERS COULD CHANGE THE FACE OF THIS YEAR'S DRAFT," SAYS SAN Diego Charger general manager Steve Ortmyer. If the NFL approves Sanders's petition for eligibility in the April 23 draft, he could be the third player selected, after UCLA quarterback Troy Aikman and Michigan State offensive tackle Tony Mandarich. The Detroit Lions, who have the third pick, will have to choose between Sanders and Florida State cornerback Deion Sanders, who's not related to Barry.

Dallas figures to take Aikman with the first pick, and Mandarich should go to Green Bay. Whichever Sanders slips past the Lions will probably go to Kansas City on the fourth pick. Most scouts prefer Barry to Georgia's Tim Worley, the top-rated runner before Sanders declared, though the 6' 2", 216-pound Worley is bigger than Sanders (5' 8", 195).

"Barry's a terrific back," says Dick Steinberg, the New England Patriots' director of player development. "Size is his only negative, but it's not all that important."

"Everyone in the Big Eight was pointing for him," says Washington G.M. Bobby Beathard, "yet he consistently had his best games against the best teams. He's the best."

—PAUL ZIMMERMAN



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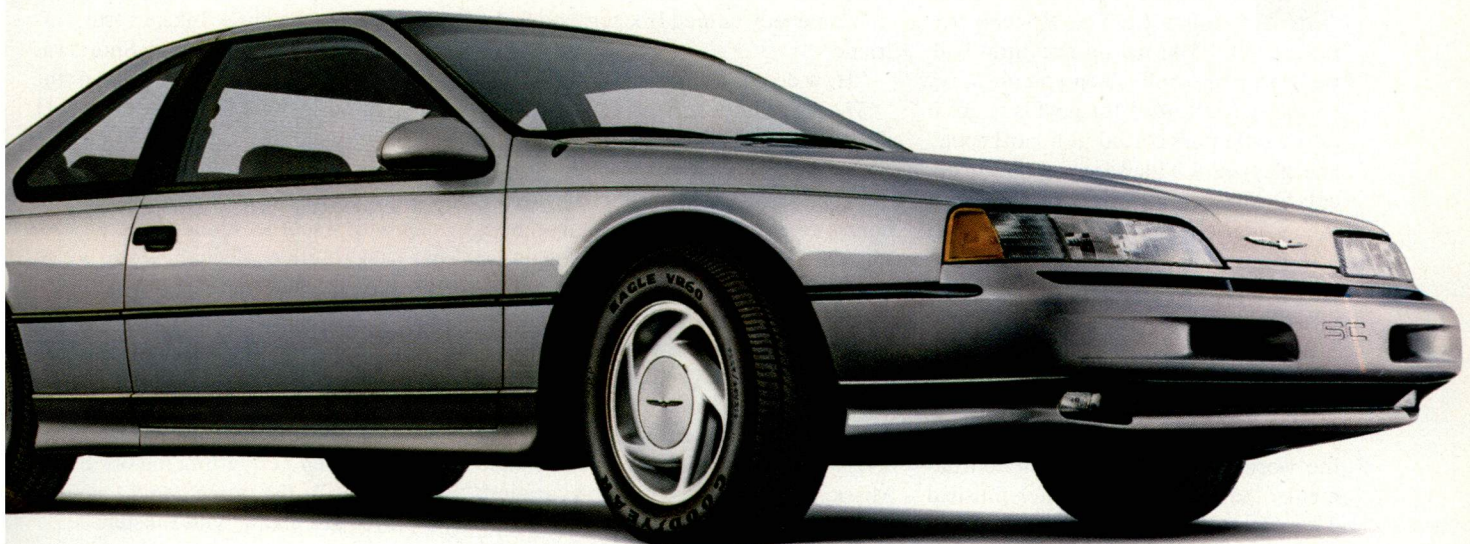
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# BEATING THE DEVIL

*Juli Inkster changed putters and played like an angel in the Dinah Shore*

**BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

**G**OLF IS A STUPID GAME," JULI Inkster remarked last Friday afternoon as shadows lengthened over the Mission Hills Country Club in Rancho Mirage, Calif. "You tee up this little ball, really this tiny ball. Then you hit it, try to find it, hit it. And the goal is to get it into a little hole placed in a hard spot." She plopped a Titleist into a soft-drink cup to illustrate golf's perverse nature, then said, "No one has ever conquered this game. One week out there and you are God, next time you are the devil. But it does keep you coming back."

Inkster knows whereof she speaks. Before last week's Nabisco Dinah Shore, the crown jewel of women's golf, her performance in 1989 clearly had been the work of the devil: In four tournaments, the 28-year-old Inkster finished 34th, 41st, 19th and 37th, and she missed the cut in a fifth. Her least embarrassing performance came at the Oldsmobile LPGA Classic in Boca Raton, Fla., which she skipped. In truth, she wasn't playing as well as her miserable record

would indicate. Three weeks ago she shot a horrendous 81 in Tucson, and her putting was ghastly. To top it off, she arrived in Rancho Mirage with a cold.

No wonder one onlooker, seeing Inkster on Sunday, inquired, "Who's that?"

"Somebody named Inkster," replied a friend.

"How do you say it?"

With admiration—now. For at the Dinah Shore, Inkster shot a 66 in the first round, six under par, which put her in a perfect position to bury her opponents. She did that with subsequent rounds of 69-73-71 for a 279, nine under par. Tammie Green and sentimental favorite JoAnne Carner, who turns 50 this week and who hasn't won a tournament since 1985, tied for second five shots back. Neither mounted a challenge of any substance. In achieving her impressive wire-to-wire victory, Inkster made Mission Hills her private playground. "Plus she has great legs," said Dinah Shore, the ageless doyenne of the event.

Inkster's success is bad news for the rest of the golfers on the LPGA tour. The book on her has been that she is at the very top in talent, but that inconsis-

**After sinking a big 20-foot par putt on 12 Sunday, Inkster birdied 16 and 18 (above).**

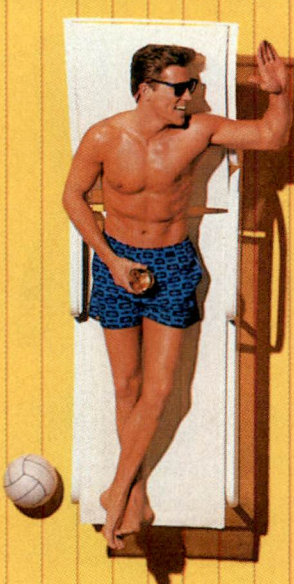
tent play has kept her out of sentences containing names like Lopez, Stephenson and King. Last week may be looked back on as the time Inkster truly arrived. It's true that the Dinah Shore was her 12th victory since she joined the LPGA tour in 1983, but the previous 11 went largely unnoticed.

That's mostly because, while her putting has usually earned high marks, her play with the other clubs has often held her back. Until the Dinah Shore, which Inkster also won as a rookie—though that victory had the air of beginner's luck about it—there were whispers that she was somehow winning tournaments with only half a game. After last season she worked hard to improve the other half, and then her putting fell off. But at Mission Hills her game came together. "I played just great," said Inkster.

A key reason for her dramatic improvement was, ironically, a new putter. In Phoenix a fortnight ago, she became so exasperated with her Arnold Palmer Personal putter, which she had used for



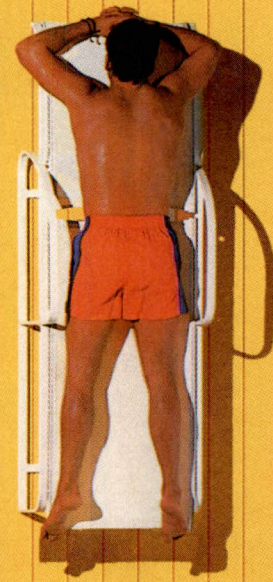
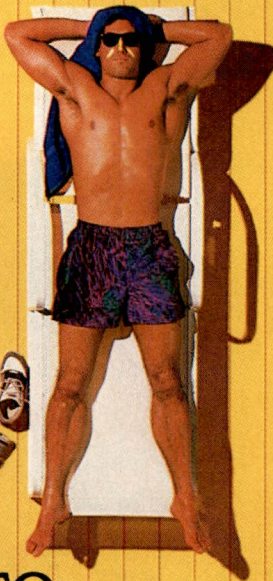
# SEAGRAM'S 7 AND 7<sup>TH</sup> HEAVEN



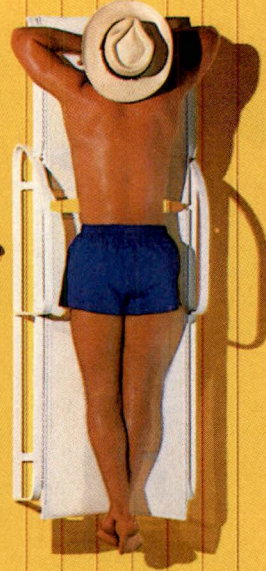
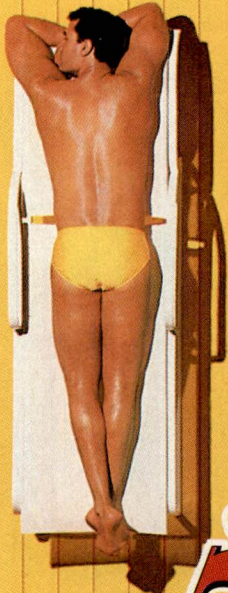
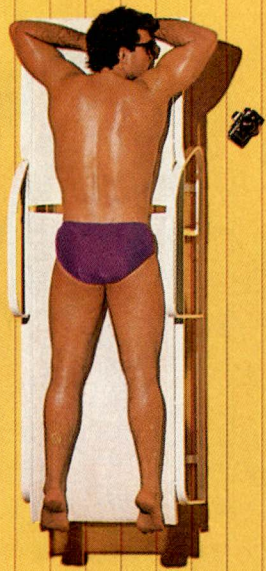
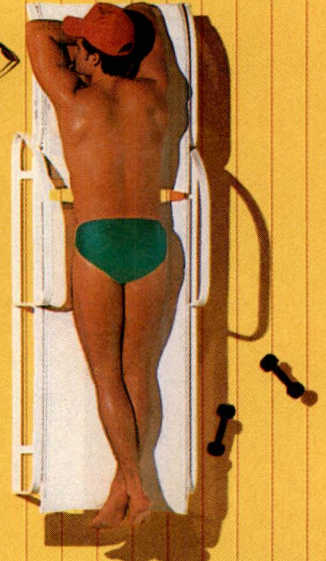
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Seagram's Seven Crown



America's Good Time Spirit.

11 years, that she switched to a Ping. "I never blame my equipment," says Inkster, "but I kept missing three- and four-foot putts. So I told myself, Hey, you have got to make a change. I didn't get rid of my old putter. I just put it on probation."

For now, she's getting much better behavior from the Ping. According to her husband, Brian, the pro at Los Altos Country Club, 45 miles south of San Francisco, she was not getting lined up properly for her putts with the old putter. A common malady, of course, but a desperate situation for a golfer who generally lives off her putting prowess. No wonder Inkster had groused on Thursday, "The key to my game is putting, and I'm really struggling with that." Brian, who has been teaching her since 1976, says, "She would line up, then keep adjusting her hands. What she had to do was just get lined up and hit it." The new putter, which has a heal-toe weighted head and a thin line on top to make it easier to line up putts, helped correct that problem and win her the Dinah Shore. Of course, Inkster's hands also had something to do with the victory.

She started Sunday's final round with a whopping five-stroke lead and apparently had only to keep breathing to win. But trouble cropped up on the par-5 11th, the second-easiest hole to birdie on the course. Inkster got a sloppy bogey, and Carner birdied, and all of a sudden Inkster was only 3 up. "Just hit the fairways, hit the greens," said Brian quietly to himself.

The situation got hairy on the par-4 12th, which has a large trap on the right and a menacing stand of trees on the left. Inkster drove her three-wood down the middle, leaving herself 137 yards to the pin. It was an easy eight-iron or a hard nine. She tried the nine and pushed it left into the rough. Then her chip barely made it onto the green, giving her a difficult 20-foot left-to-right putt with a three-inch break for a par. Carner was putting for another birdie, and it looked as if Inkster might lose two more strokes—not a good position to be in against Carner, who has 42 tour wins and a seemingly pressure-proof swing.

So what did Inkster do? She drained the putt, which is how it works when the

**Green shook a leg and tied Carner for second place, but she wasn't able to menace Inkster.**



angels are on your side. "From the day I started playing," Inkster had said earlier in the week, "if I had a 20-foot putt for a par, I knew it would go in." How prophetic. Carner missed her birdie try, and school was out. "That putt brightened her day," she later said of Inkster.

Heading for the 15th tee, Brian mumbled, "Come on. Finish like a champ." Juli did. Her putting turned aggressive, and she birdied both 16 and 18. "I don't know why putting can be so hard," she said later. "I guess it's because I expect them all to go in."

For her part, Carner, third on the all-time money list with \$2,244,593 (Inkster is 16th with \$1,091,061), took the defeat with her usual grace. "I'm tickled to death," she said. "I made enough money to go fishin'." Assuming, of course, that



**When Carner made her move on the back nine on Sunday, it was just too little too late.**

\$34,000 will cover bait and sandwiches. Quipped Inkster of Carner's four rounds of 71 each, "JoAnne played very well—for an older lady."

Inkster's competitive drive won her \$80,000 and renewed her confidence. She is so competitive, in fact, that when something needs to be done at home—taking out the garbage, for instance—Juli insists on flipping a coin with Brian or playing some other kind of game to determine who will do the chore.

Inkster got interested in golf when she was 15 and used to go to the Pasatiempo Golf Club in Santa Cruz, Calif., because, as she puts it, "that's where the boys were." The primary focus of her interest turned out to be the club pro—Brian Inkster. "She was just one of the kids hanging around chipping and putting, so I don't remember much about her," he says ungallantly. Somehow, she got his attention, and in 1980, just before her junior year at San Jose State, they were married. Two weeks later, she won her first of three U.S. Amateur titles. Says Brian, "She was nothing until she became an Inkster."

Whatever, she's quite something now. After Sunday's victory, Juli reflected on her immediate future: "I want it all right now. I want a birdie every hole. I feel like I have a lot of catching up to do." If she continues to play the way she did at Mission Hills, her competitors could be in for a devilish time. ■

# A RED-LETTER DAY

*The Soviet Union's Sergei Priakin made his NHL debut with the Flames*

BY CROSBIE COTTON

**F**IFTEEN SECONDS AFTER SERGEI Priakin stepped onto the ice and made hockey history in Calgary last Friday night, Winnipeg Jet center Dale Hawerchuk had the newest Flame player exactly where he wanted him: deep in the Calgary zone, head down and ready for the slaughter. Welcome to the NHL, you job stealer. Hawerchuk launched himself at full bore and slammed Priakin to the Sad-

dledome ice with a clean but oh-so-violent bodycheck.

Twenty seconds later Priakin was at the other end of the ice, perfectly setting up rugged linemate Tim Hunter, who was alone 50 feet in front of the Winnipeg net. Although Hunter flubbed the pass, the point had been made: Priakin, the first Soviet allowed by his country to play in the NHL, can handle the pain.

"It was a case where I was in a good place to hit him, and that's our game," Hawerchuk said. "I know it is a touchy

thing to say, but I don't think it's a good idea to have the Soviets play over here.

"He's taking a job from North Americans. If this leads to league expansion, then I'm for it. If not, I don't like it."

Priakin, 25, the former captain of the Soviet Wings of the U.S.S.R.'s Elite League, shrugged off the Hawerchuk remarks, much as he did that first hit. "I thought the game would be more physical than it was," he said. "I expected the game would be somewhat faster, but perhaps that can be explained because



Winnipeg won't be in the playoffs."

Take that one, Hawerchuk. How about another?

"This is like a great holiday for me," said Priakin. "The rink is packed with people [a sellout crowd of 20,002 watched his debut]. It is great to play under conditions like that." Priakin is used to performing before fewer than 2,000 spectators in Moscow.

As for the accusation that he's putting North American hockey players on the breadlines, Priakin said, "I don't want to talk politics. I am here to play hockey. I think it is hockey that will benefit from having Soviets in the NHL."

For the record, Priakin played 14 minutes and four seconds on Friday; he

**Priakin (16) survived a rough opener in which his name was battered too (right).**

had no goals, no assists and no penalties, and had one shot on goal in the Flames' 4-1 win. On Sunday against the Oilers, he had one penalty in a 4-2 Calgary victory. The Flames do not plan to use him extensively in the playoffs.

Priakin, who plays right wing, is no superstar back home in Moscow, where he plans to marry a Russian-language teacher named Larissa in June (she will be allowed to join him in Calgary next fall). In 43 international appearances with the Wings, dating back to the 1983 world championships, he has scored four goals and 11 assists.

But don't let the numbers fool you.

"I'll guarantee you he'll get 20 goals in this league easy, maybe a lot more," said Edmonton Oiler coach and general manager Glen Sather, who watched the performance of the 6'3", 210-pound Priakin from the press box. "Everybody would love to have a few Soviets. They come from a strong, disciplined background. They're rugged."

But why Calgary, and why Priakin? Why not star defenseman Vyacheslav Fetisov, for whom the New Jersey Devils have offered Fort Knox?

"I just can't answer those questions, because I don't know," said Flame president Cliff Fletcher, who negotiated the deal—a hard-currency, no-trade, no-cut, fully guaranteed contract for the balance of this season, plus two more seasons. Although details have not been released, insiders indicate getting Priakin will cost Calgary more than \$500,000 total. He will get only a percentage of the money; the largest portion will go to the U.S.S.R. Ice Hockey Federation.

"Priakin is on a budget," says Roman Dacyshyn, executive vice-president of Intercan Sports, the Canadian company that represents the Soviets. "The Flames pay the money to [Intercan] three times a year, and we divide it up. He gets pocket money. He gets a clothing allowance. Obviously, he needs more money for clothing now than he will later. We have to protect him. He can't go into a store and buy four suits just because the clerk says he needs them."

Fletcher says that solid drafting and a little luck landed Priakin. "We took an educated guess last year that the first player to come out of the Soviet Union would not be a star," he says. "We looked at the middle level and decided



Priakin was a likely player to release if they released anyone."

As the 1988 NHL draft ground to a halt last June, the Flames announced Priakin's name. The son of a Moscow chauffeur, he was the 252nd and last player taken in the draft.

Sather has a theory about what happened: "I'm told he's a cut above the rest in terms of presentation. He dresses well, he acts well, he has a good image. I think he was released because he'll make a good ambassador."

Flames public relations director Rick Skaggs has another theory: "What the Soviets have to fall back on are their superstars. If Priakin does well, they can say, 'Now you want our superstars, get out your checkbooks.'"

When he arrived in Calgary from Hamilton, Ont.—where he was on tour with the Soviet National Team—Priakin's first stop was at a clothing store. Dacyshyn says, "I get a call from my son Greg, who's going to travel with Sergei for a couple of weeks, and he's saying, 'Dad, he's trying on a Hugo Boss suit and it's \$850.' I tell him to look at suits a little more conservative. They settled on one a couple hundred dollars cheaper. Heck, the kid's got to look good."

Upon arrival in Calgary, Priakin did some more spending as soon as he learned where the players like to shop. "He has great taste, but expensive tastes," says Greg.

Such is the cost of *glasnost* in the NHL. ■

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# On the Money

*As baseball's commissioner, Peter Ueberroth used his uncanny powers of public relations to generate unprecedented profits*

BY DANIEL OKRENT

SOMEDAY THEY'LL WRITE CASES ABOUT HIM at the Harvard Business School: about the businessman who took on a new job in a new field, tamed the raging egos of his 26 bosses, turned his industry's losses into unexpected prosperity and did it all while keeping his public image shining as bright as a new penny.

If baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth, who keeps the tally of his accomplishments as close at hand as Wade Boggs does his hitting statistics, were to write the case himself, it would read something like this: 21 money-losing teams when he took office, none as he leaves four years later; a doubling of national television revenue, which will mean an average of nearly \$15 million annually for each team over four years; a 16-fold increase in licensing income from merchandise related to Major League Baseball.

And, he would probably add, a few nonfinancial benefits, too: only one day's games lost to strike, lockout or other work stoppage during his tenure; a sharp decline in headline-making drug cases; ticket prices increasing at a rate less than inflation's; soaring attendance (including two seasons, 1986 and 1987, when *every team* drew at least a million fans); industry-wide attention focused on racial imbalance in front-office hiring. It's true: Ueberroth, who stepped down as commissioner on April 1, can even take credit for the fallout from an aging general manager's foolish comments on late-night TV; Peter Ueberroth knows how to turn almost any situation to his own advantage.

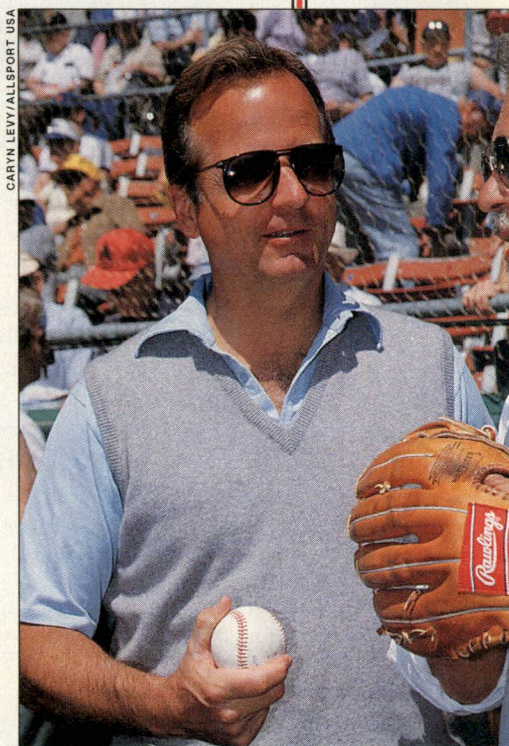
Fortunately, what was to Ueberroth's advantage over the past four years—ever since he rode into baseball on the handsome white steed acquired during the Los Angeles Olympics—was largely to baseball's advantage, too. To a job previously occupied by the ineffectual (Bowie Kuhn), the invisible (General William "The Unknown Soldier" Eckert), the inconsequential (Ford

Frick) and the incomprehensible (Happy Chandler), Ueberroth brought an authority, an effectiveness and a public visibility that matched those of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the man for whom the job was invented in 1920.

Like Landis, who embarked upon his job when baseball was reeling from the scandal of the Black Sox, Ueberroth entered office at a time when the game was in a desperate state. In fact, it was his artful—and necessary—manipulation of this desperation that made nothing Ueberroth did during his entire term so meaningful as what he did before he even assumed control in 1984. For 23 months, Kuhn had been twisting in the wind, his re-election blocked by a small handful of dissident owners. Kuhn agreed to extension after extension of his contract, all the while making it clear, to anyone who asked, that the game's very structure made it impossible for any commissioner truly to rule. "Baseball can't restructure until it has a commissioner," Kuhn said, "and it might not be able to get a commissioner until it has restructured." The game's system of governance had become a management expert's nightmare, with the ostensible boss—the commissioner—at the bottom of an inverted pyramid, crushed under the various whims of the 26 team owners.

While Kuhn lingered, Lee Iacocca, Al-

"BETWEEN THE WHITE LINES," UEBERROTH'S GRASP WAS LIMITED, BUT NOT ON THE BOTTOM LINE

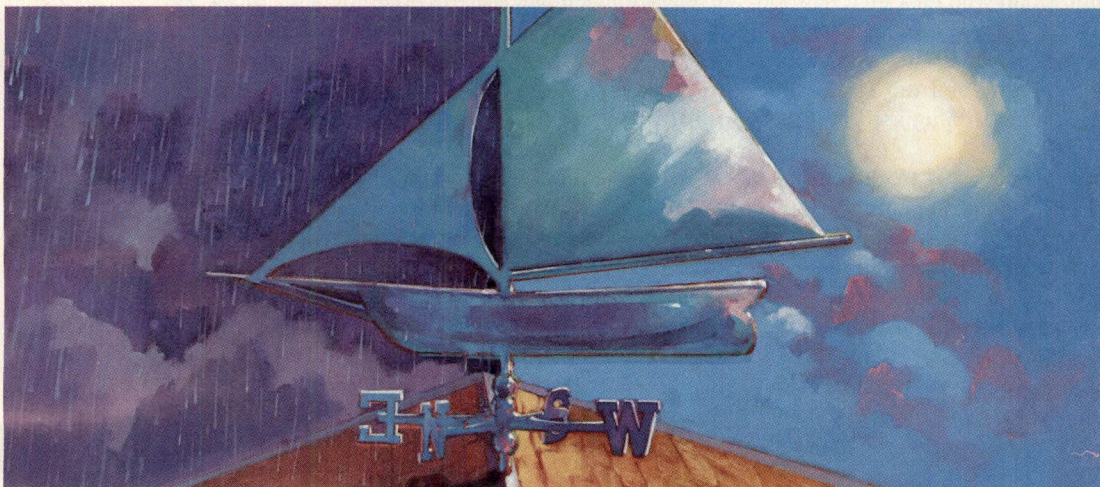


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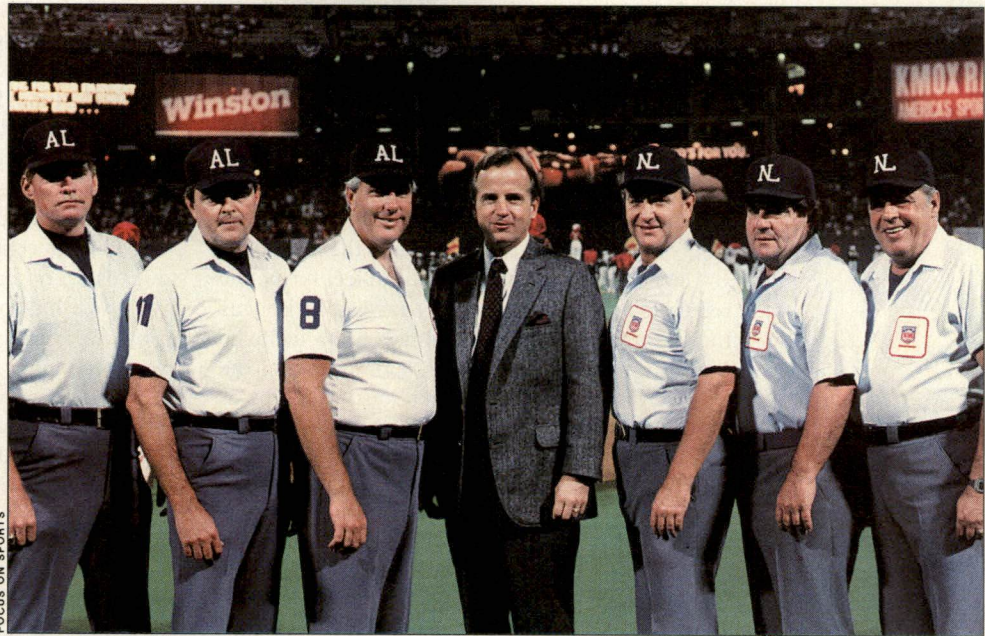
exander Haig, James Baker and Jack Valenti, among others, surfaced in the press amidst speculation concerning his possible replacement. But the cry for Ueberroth as the game's only possible savior became a crescendo. It was a cry fostered by such enlightened owners as the search committee chairman, the Milwaukee Brewers' Bud Selig, who had seen his friend Kuhn eviscerated in his effort to hold on to the job. It was a cry abetted by the press coverage that had made Ueberroth a national hero following his success with the Olympics (he was TIME's Man of the Year for 1984)—coverage all the while brilliantly manipulated by Ueberroth himself.

As masterful with the press as he was frequently disdainful of it, Ueberroth made it publicly clear he would only take the job if the pyramid was turned right side up and full authority was placed in his hands. He insisted on having all baseball departments report directly to him, on having the subordination of the league offices to the commissioner's office and on having an expansion of the commissioner's protection from legal action brought by the clubs. He was the prettiest girl in the senior class playing hard to get. After the long public courtship—during which it became clear that failing to meet Ueberroth's list of demands would establish that the owners were not serious about hiring the man who was obviously the best candidate—the owners finally gave him everything he wanted.

"Ueberroth knew how badly baseball wanted him," Chicago White Sox board chairman Jerry Reinsdorf said at the time, "and he would have been dumb if he hadn't demanded the right to dictate the terms under which he would accept."

His detractors have called Ueberroth many things—arrogant, abrasive and motivated only by self-interest, for three—but no one ever called him dumb. Within hours of assuming the job on Oct. 1, 1984, the new commissioner set out to establish his independence from the men who had begged him to take the job. As his first act in office, he gave the umpires' bumptious union chief, Richie Phillips, a fat settlement to end the wildcat strike that threatened that year's playoffs. Ueberroth awarded the umps—to the accompanying yelps of the owners—more than double their previous compensation for postseason work.

He slapped errant clubs with unheard-of fines,



FOCUS ON SPORTS

and almost every time it happened news of the fine somehow leaked to the press. Publicly he suggested that the owners had been both backward and unfair in their dealings with the Players Association, and he made a habit of reminding interviewers that many of the owners didn't like him. "I think he liked to exaggerate how he was making a lot of enemies," one prominent player agent said recently, "but the pose didn't hurt." And like so many of the stratagems he deployed, the tactic worked. Ueberroth was able to separate himself in the public mind (and even in the players' minds) from the owners' worst tendencies, and he increased his strength at each juncture.

More than any of his other acts in office, it was his two interventions in the labor strife of 1985 that cemented both Ueberroth's freedom from the owners and his authority over them. "If Peter thinks he can settle this like he settled the umpires' strike," a general manager told SI at the time, "he's smoking something." But Ueberroth's grip on reality was unassailable, and by then he knew precisely how to pull baseball's strings. First, he ordered the owners to open their books, a move that earned him the players' gratitude and simultaneously established that, while 21 of 26 clubs were losing money, the owners were not in nearly the perilous condition they had claimed to be.

Later that summer, as the players prepared to walk off the field, Ueberroth entered the negotiations by his usual vehicle, the newspapers. At a press conference he called the owners' latest offer "frivolous," chastised them for asking the players to solve management's problems and offered his own settlement suggestions. "He double-crossed us," one owner told *The New York Times*, as if the very idea seemed impossible.

**AFTER HE MADE  
THE UMPHS HAPPY,  
UEBERROTH  
EMPHASIZED HE  
HAD MADE THE  
OWNERS MAD**

When the strike was settled the day after it began—on terms remarkably close to those Ueberroth had proposed—the commissioner declined credit. “I want you to know very clearly that I had no role,” he said at the time. But the images on the evening news spoke louder than his denials: The man on the white horse, it seemed, had knocked together the heads of the greedy players and the stingy owners and brought peace to the land.

Ueberroth’s nearly supernatural feel for public relations enabled him to deny credit precisely as the world showered it upon him. It was a tactic he used throughout his term as commissioner: the artful creation of public perceptions, with ripples that carried behind closed doors. Not only did he boast about the enemies he had made in ownership, but he also praised the Players Association

Ronald Reagan was going to make him the drug czar; he was a possible Republican vice-presidential candidate for ’88; he was going to bring to this or that Fortune 500 company the same Midas touch he had bestowed upon the L.A. Olympics. Ueberroth didn’t need the baseball job, each rumor established, and he certainly didn’t need it if the owners were going to make life hard for him.

At the same time, no one could question his stewardship on economic grounds. Early on, he gave up on his one unattainable goal—full sharing of local broadcast revenues, which would have created economic parity between the major-market New Yorks and the small-scale Cincinnati of the baseball world. But the same owners who, in 1985, projected cumulative losses of \$420 million by 1988, saw losses evaporate and some \$209 million in profits accrue instead.

Even if only inferentially, the fans came to share in the profits, too. If the millions of us who follow baseball don’t really care whether or not Gene Autry gets richer, we can at least appreciate that ticket prices remained relatively stable. If our sensibilities were offended by the seemingly ceaseless penetration of the game by commercial sponsorships, it was certainly worth the price if it helped bring labor peace. And even the stubbornest troglodyte among the owners couldn’t complain *too* much about Ueberroth’s private abrasiveness or his shameless



PATRICK FAGAN/CBS SPORTS

**UEBERROTH, HERE WITH LAURENCE TISCH OF CBS, STRUCK IT RICH WITH THE NEW TV CONTRACTS**

whenever he could (to this day, he ascribes to the players and their leadership the sharp decline in drug problems inside the game). Most notably, Ueberroth and his staff perfected a technique that might make him more qualified for public office than even his greatest boosters would think: the controlled news leak, which time and again enabled him to fight his internal battles with public opinion on his side.

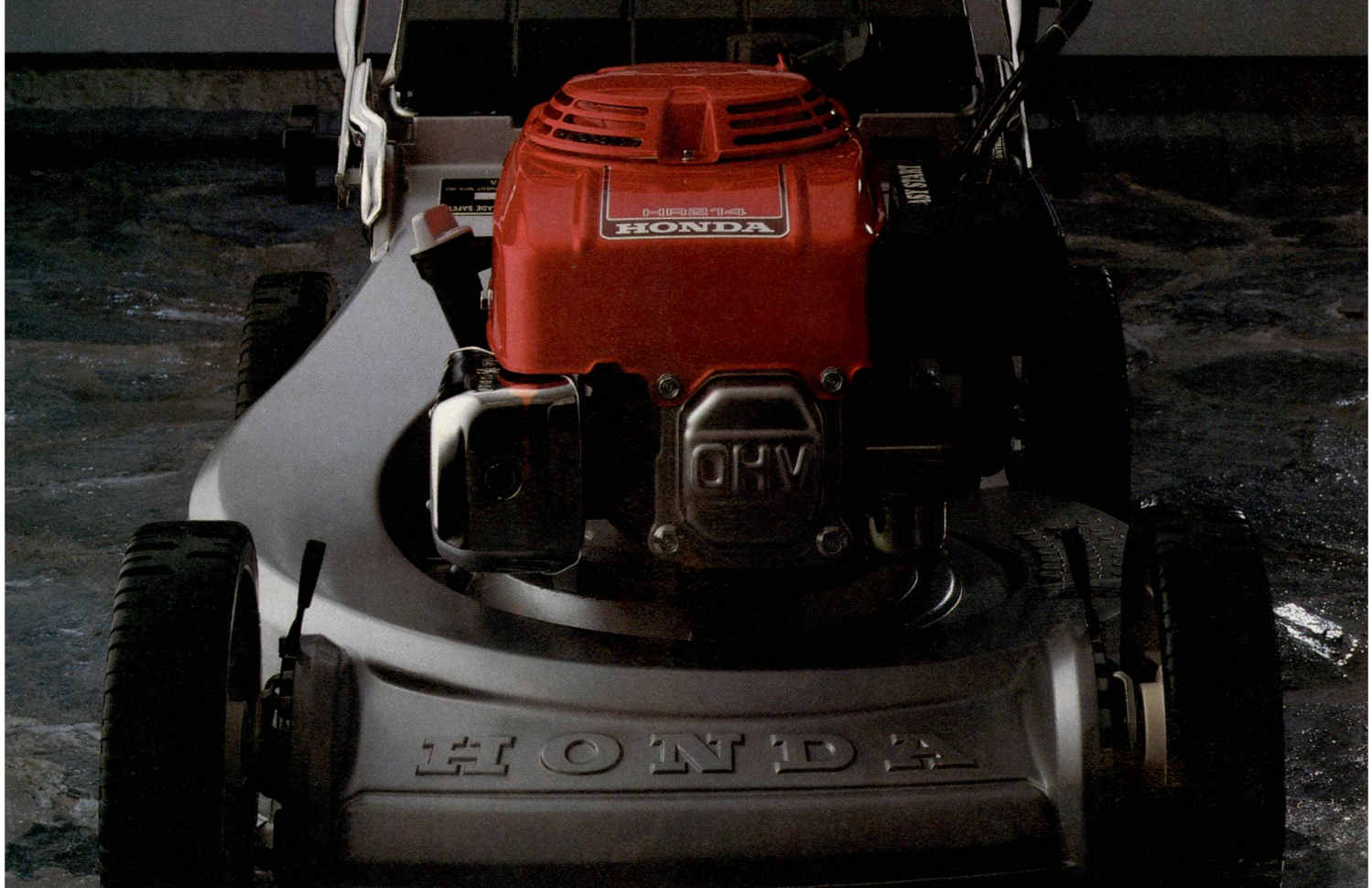
All along, what Ueberroth was fostering was the notion of go-to-hellability. If the owners didn’t like what he did, he would publicly pack his bag and walk away from it all. Imagine the headlines—COMMISH BLAMES OWNERS FOR MESS; the stories that might have followed, as the owners had good reason to fear, would have made a Hollywood kiss-and-tell look tame by comparison. It also didn’t hurt that throughout his tenure, press speculation about Ueberroth’s other opportunities ran rampant, a constant reminder to the owners that they didn’t hold the leash. He was going to run for U.S. senator in California; President

use of the public stage; after all, the man did have an alchemist’s knack for turning red ink black.

But that didn’t necessarily mean Ueberroth could have stayed in the job if he had wanted to. “I think a lot of the owners tired of him,” one who is close to baseball’s inner circle said a few weeks ago. “He became, if anything, more difficult the longer he was there.” The price of having things your own way—the tariff on go-to-hellability—is that you can’t kill your parents and then ask for mercy because you’re an orphan.

Then again, one general manager who has no love for Ueberroth says, “No, I don’t think he had the votes to stay. But I’ll tell you this—if he had *wanted* to stay, he would have found a way to get those votes. It’s not always pretty to watch, but this guy knows how to get what he wants.”

There are two singular blots on Ueberroth’s record, and the mention of either of them makes him bristle. Not only does he not accept blame for the charges of collusion by the owners (confirmed by



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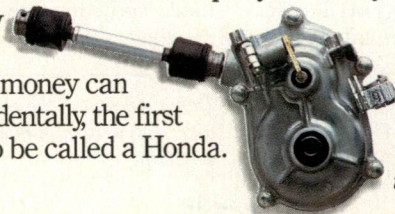


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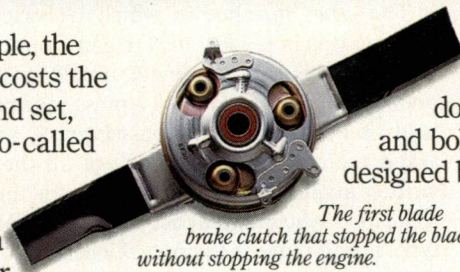
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two arbitrators), he does not even acknowledge that collusion took place—a stance worthy of the Flat Earth Society. No one who wasn't a member of ownership between 1985 and 1987 knows exactly what was said about free-agent salaries at baseball's private conclaves. Still, not only did a severe case of caution seem to afflict every single club while stars like Jack Morris, Andre Dawson and Tim Lincecum went begging for offers, but an examination of figures released by the commissioner's office also reveals that during the very years Ueberroth was leading the game to record profitability, players' salary increases somehow decelerated to their lowest rate in the free-agent era. In fact, during a year when Ueberroth says the owners were not colluding, player salaries defied economic gravity; they went down.

agents—independent capitalist buccaneers like himself—would rank high. “Our side will miss him,” says agent Randy Hendricks of Houston, who with his brother Alan represents Boston Red Sox ace Roger Clemens, Toronto Blue Jay outfielder George Bell and Minnesota Twins reliever Jeff Reardon, among other players. “We knew we could talk to him.”

But as the consummate independent capitalist rides this week into the California sunset, he should be forgiven for his apparent “aloofness from what's between the white lines,” as one general manager puts it. For in establishing the commissioner's dominance over the owners, Ueberroth has built an ideal throne for his successor, A. Bartlett Giamatti. No one can ever doubt Giamatti's passion for the game, and if he uses

the power that Ueberroth left him, he might embody the two best personalities one could ask for in a commissioner: a baseball dictator and a baseball poet.

In fact, as Ueberroth leaves for one of the various futures reportedly beckoning him—savior of Eastern Airlines, governor of California, CEO of MGM/UA—he may have just made a valedictory contribution as momentous as the one he engineered when he took the job. On March 8, two days before the owners held their last meeting of the Ueberroth Era, the Associated Press reported that not a single major league

franchise lost money in 1988, and that collectively the 26 teams earned a single-year operating profit of \$100 million. And this is *before* the monster new television contracts with CBS and ESPN begin to kick in.

The AP story implied that the number came from an unauthorized leak (if you believe *that* . . .), but Ueberroth was more than happy to confirm the figure at his press conference the next day. As he did, one could nearly hear the blood vessels popping in the brains of the hard-line owners. Greed and simple bullheadedness notwithstanding, it will now be very hard for ownership to claim poverty when contract talks with the players begin this winter. Even as he was ostensibly saying a quiet goodbye, Peter Ueberroth made sure that the owners were still under his thumb. ■

*Daniel Okrent is the editor of "New England Monthly" and has written numerous books and articles about baseball.*



PETER READ MILLER

**WHEN IT CAME  
TO WORKING  
THE MEDIA,  
UEBIE HAD  
FEW EQUALS IN  
THE ANNALS  
OF SPORT**

The other instance in which Ueberroth was wanting was in his feel for the game on the field. Here, too, his combativeness, usually banked in public, comes to the fore. At a press conference he held in Fort Lauderdale on March 9, someone asked the commissioner what, of all the things written about him, had bothered him the most. “The folks who said that because I am a corporate type, I didn't love the game,” Ueberroth intoned. Then, more snappishly, “That simply is not true.” Yet it's difficult to find anyone in the operational ranks of baseball—general managers, farm directors, scouts—who would offer that the buttoned-down Ueberroth had any more feel for baseball than the average guy in a suit whose company owns season tickets to a pair of boxes behind the visiting dugout. (At the Fort Lauderdale press conference, Ueberroth actually boasted about the increasing number of Sunday night games.)

Indeed, if one were to list the people in the game with whom Ueberroth got on best, player

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While Sam Snead's golf career is remarkable for its longevity, his claim to fame goes far beyond the championships he won. The colorful Virginian is also remembered for his sense of style.

Snead's natural attributes included rhythm, timing, and a powerful, graceful swing. Slammin' Sammy Snead won the Masters and PGA titles three times each and the British Open once. He still holds the PGA Tour record with 84 official career wins. But he did encounter his share of nerve-racking "yips." Never one to admit defeat, Snead developed an unconventional "sidesaddle" putting stance to keep his scores in line.

Snead's illustrious career mirrors the growth and development of big time golf in this country. His first tournament victory in 1936 began a record streak that produced wins in six different decades. At 67, he became the first player ever to achieve a score lower than his age. Snead was still gracing the greens on the Senior PGA Tour in 1988 at the age of 76—coconut-straw hat and all. As he once said, "Quit competing, and you dry up like a peach seed."

Illustration by Steven R. Cusano



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# The Spoils Of Victory

*For Florence Griffith Joyner, Olympic prowess and smashing looks have been lucrative, but at the cost of her running*

BY KENNY MOORE

**L**AST SUMMER FLORENCE GRIFFITH Joyner was eking out \$18,000 a year by filing invoices for Anheuser-Busch, Inc. in Van Nuys, Calif., and braiding the hair of friends. Then at the U.S. Olympic Track and Field Trials in July, coated with purple Lycra except for one leg left artfully bare, she obliterated Evelyn Ashford's 100-meter world record of 10.76 with a time of 10.49.

Not long afterward, at the Lumley Castle Hotel near Gateshead, England, Griffith Joyner and her husband, Al, the 1984 Olympic triple jump champion, met with Gordon Baskin, their new personal manager. Baskin, 65, is a small man with a voice of oil and sweet reason. Now he looked as if he had on saddlebags, so overflowing were his suit pockets with balled-up phone messages.

"The offers are rolling in to run, to do commercials," Baskin told them. "If you race in the European meets in late August and do spot endorsements along the way, why, in two-and-a-half weeks you can make several hundred thousand dollars. But if you do, you'll cut into your Olympic focus. So, which is it to be?"

"That gold," said Al without hesitation, "is fool's gold."

"Let's go home and train," said his wife.

Six weeks later in Seoul, Griffith Joyner won the Olympic 100 and 200 meters (the latter in a world record 21.34), ran on the U.S.'s winning 4 x 100-meter relay team and anchored the U.S. to silver behind the Soviet Union in the 4 x 400 relay. With that last, unexpected effort—she was

not scheduled to enter the event—Griffith Joyner surpassed Wilma Rudolph and Valerie Brisco to become the most decorated female sprinter in U.S. Olympic history. Then she and Al unleashed Baskin to make them rich.

"I gave them a cautious estimate of how much they might make by the end of 1989," says Baskin, who, instead of parting with the actual figures, resorts to elliptical teasers. "That amount was exceeded a full year early." Baskin will add only that the Joyners are set for life.

We'll get to the recent, hectic living of that life in a second, but obviously this continuing jackpot would not have been possible had Griffith Joyner not touched a chord in a great many people. She was not the most publicized athlete who competed in Seoul—poor pilloried Ben Johnson was—but she seems to have emerged covered with commercially useful fame. Her midrace rejoicing, her exotic beauty and her elaborate stylishness fired more imaginations than did the thoughtful balance of Matt Biondi (who has yet to strike a major endorsement deal), the puppylike normalcy of Janet Evans (who has forsaken commerce for school), the courageous control of Greg Louganis or even the unflinching sweetness of Griffith Joyner's sister-in-law, Jackie Joyner-Kersey.

No black female athlete has ever been in Griffith Joyner's position. None has come close to the endorsement millions thrust on Mark Spitz in 1972, Bruce Jenner in 1976 or Mary Lou Ret-

**Among Flo-Jo's myriad products is a doll that could give Barbie a run for her money.**



MARK HANAUER



AGFA AGFA  
AGFACOLOR AGFACOLOR  
MAXI 24-33 MAXI 24-33  
XRC 100 XRC 100

AGFA AGFA  
AGFACOLOR AGFACOLOR  
MAXI 24-33 MAXI 24-33  
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AGFA AGFA  
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XRC 100 XRC 100



C-38  
bafflewin  
TAPING TAPE  
C-Type (国定用)

bafflewin  
プロテインヒット  
プロテインヒット  
NO.0-16 NO.A-16 16ピース

bafflewin  
プロテインヒット  
プロテインヒット  
NO.0-16 NO.A-16 16ピース

ton in 1984. Rudolph won the three sprint golds in Rome in 1960, was leggy and attractive and had overcome polio in her youth. Yet she found no commercial avenue at all. Twenty-four years, a civil rights revolution and a women's movement later, Ashford and Brisco did little better after the '84 Olympics in Los Angeles.

Yet Griffith Joyner has connected with such a wide audience that she seems a cultural phenomenon. The lesson seems to be that pure sporting attainment is not enough to make a black woman a star; athletic achievement must be accompanied by something else. Over the years the idea that sport is unfeminine was only slowly worn down, first by comely tennis players, swimmers, gymnasts and—almost by sequined definition—figure skaters. Later, runners and basketball players expanded the range of sports that didn't necessarily kill femininity. Aerobics helped. Yet as 1988 began, plenty of that old tension between traditional demure ladyhood and high performance remained imbedded in the American consciousness. Then Griffith Joyner painted her nails, put on a white lace body stocking and won the Olympic trials 200 in 21.85.

In those 22 seconds of glitzy glory, the message beamed by the streaking Griffith Joyner was: You can dress like Madonna and run as fast as O.J. Simpson and nobody will laugh. Hers was a crossover triumph. Griffith Joyner's 1,000 fan letters a week show her to be about equally admired by the *Cosmopolitan-Vogue* fashion crowd and by little girls who hunger for her to coach them.

Griffith Joyner is quick to point out that she didn't choose her racing styles to revolutionize anybody's view of women. She has, since childhood, simply pleased herself by wildly altering her appearance. She took the Olympic 200-meter silver medal back in '84 running with six-inch, bloody-scimitar nails. But that pales in comparison with the stylish and stunning performances of last summer that made Griffith Joyner a heroine to all women who struggle to reconcile feminism and glamour—and for everyone who wants to find those women and sell them something.

Japan grabbed her first. A commercial for a temporary employment company begins with a shot of Griffith Joyner's peacock nails. Then, as she sprints across the screen, a male Japanese voice intones, "To overtake your

dreams, energy is important now." Next, Griffith Joyner says, "I love myself. Love yourself." Her smile is a little crooked, as if acknowledging how goofy this sounds as a pitch for office help.

"In Japan, English, even if it's only partially understood, has a charm all its own," says Tokyo journalist Nancy Matsumoto, apropos of Mitsubishi Electric of Japan's ad showing Griffith Joyner running around the L.A. Coliseum track while her voice is heard explaining in English how beauty, fun and breaking one's own record go together. No translation is offered. "One way or another," says Masahiro Suekuni of Mitsubishi, "people will understand."

That hope has also moved Mizuno Corp. to hire Griffith Joyner to design and promote running shoes, and Nichiban Corp., a bandage and pharmaceutical manufacturer, to put her in commercials for its sports-related goods. Baskin has just concluded a licensing agreement with another company (he doesn't want to give its name yet) for a Florence Joyner line of upscale Japanese sports clothes and accessories. These are not to be confused with Mizuno's By Flo-Jo label. These five Japanese deals, according to a probably conservative source close to the Joyner camp, have brought Florence on the order of \$2 million.

U.S. businesses have taken a little longer to come around. One reason: Advertisers are afraid of having their products linked with an Olympics marred by the Johnson drug scandal.

Griffith Joyner's feats came under two specific attacks. Carl Lewis, apparently thinking he was speaking off the record to University of Pennsylvania students in December, indicated that he believed Griffith Joyner took steroids. "I know from some very reliable sources," said Lewis. "I really don't think we should blame Florence. I think it's the situation of her former coach [apparently Bob Kersee—though Lewis's manager, Joe Douglas, later insisted Lewis was not referring to Kersee]. I think he should be out of the sport, because I believe he tries to put everyone he knows on drugs."

Then in March, during the Canadian government's inquiry into drugs and sports, which is still in progress, Johnson's coach, Charlie Francis, testified that many track world records had been set with the aid of steroids. He did not

**Griffith Joyner's white-lace wedding of athletic success and style at the trials (below) was celebrated with four medals in Seoul.**



GEORGE TIDEMANN



PETER BEAD MILLER



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

**Flo-Jo flashed her winning smile for Bob Hope at Christmas, but she broke down when she announced her retirement in February.**

accuse Griffith Joyner by name, but he illustrated his case with a graph showing the improvement in the women's 100-meter mark.

Griffith Joyner calmly and repeatedly denies drug use. She leaves the real fulminations to Baskin. Of Lewis, he has said, "[Carl] is trying to rob the children of the world of a role model who has achieved this athletic excellence through diligent, tenacious work rather than steroids."

Recently Baskin said, "And Charlie Francis was part of a conspiracy of conceit. He's a drug dealer who put kids in a situation they'd never be in except for his persuasion. Why should a guy like that be believed? He picked Florence to drag down because she stands the highest."

Baskin still has the distracted air of a man who has calls to return, because a healthy number of American and European businesses have decided that Griffith Joyner is all right. She has contracts with Proxy shoes, Agfa film, Toshiba America copiers, Sally Hansen nail products and LJN Toys, Ltd. These deals, together with the Japanese endorsements, have lifted her income since the Olympics into the \$4 million range.

This summer, LJN plans to introduce a doll called Flo-Jo, which will have press-on decal nails, hair that can be styled and a one-legged sprint suit. Naturally a dozen Griffith Joyner-designed outfits will be sold separately. "LJN wants to compete with Barbie," says Baskin. "Last year Mattel did \$470 million in Barbie sales."

Baskin fades out for a moment while the mind gets its breath back after being hit by such a number. "LJN is a wholly owned subsidiary of MCA/Universal,"

he says. "The strength of this deal is the promotion that can be done by MCA."

The strength of this deal is that there is a half-billion-dollar market for a doll. "There was money up front, of course," says Baskin, "but the real value of this contract is the percentage she gets from every doll sold. And the more dolls sold, the *higher* her percentage."

LJN has told Baskin that market tests and toy fair responses have been good and that the company will be pleased if the Flo-Jo doll approaches 10% of Barbie's take. That would be \$47 million. If Griffith Joyner has even a 10% royalty, that would be \$4.7 million. A year.

"Florence wants the doll to have her values and interests," says Al, expressing the hope that a real role model can outdraw a fictitious fashion plate. "Where Barbie has dull old Ken, Flo-Jo has sweet, lively Al."

And she takes him everywhere. Florence has been a traveling fool since Seoul, filming ads, making speaking appearances for as much as \$20,000 a pop, doing guest spots on TV shows, taking screen tests, starting a bicycle race in West Germany and accepting honors, including the Jesse Owens Award as 1988's outstanding track and field athlete and the Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete.

LORD, GRANT ME THE PATIENCE TO ENDURE MY BLESSINGS says a sign over the sink in the Joyner's small town house in Newport Beach, Calif. "I've been sleepy for five months," says Griffith Joyner. "I used to get to a hotel and go work out, no matter what time it was. It was a *rule*.



RON TOM/NBC PHOTO

Now all I want to do is sleep."

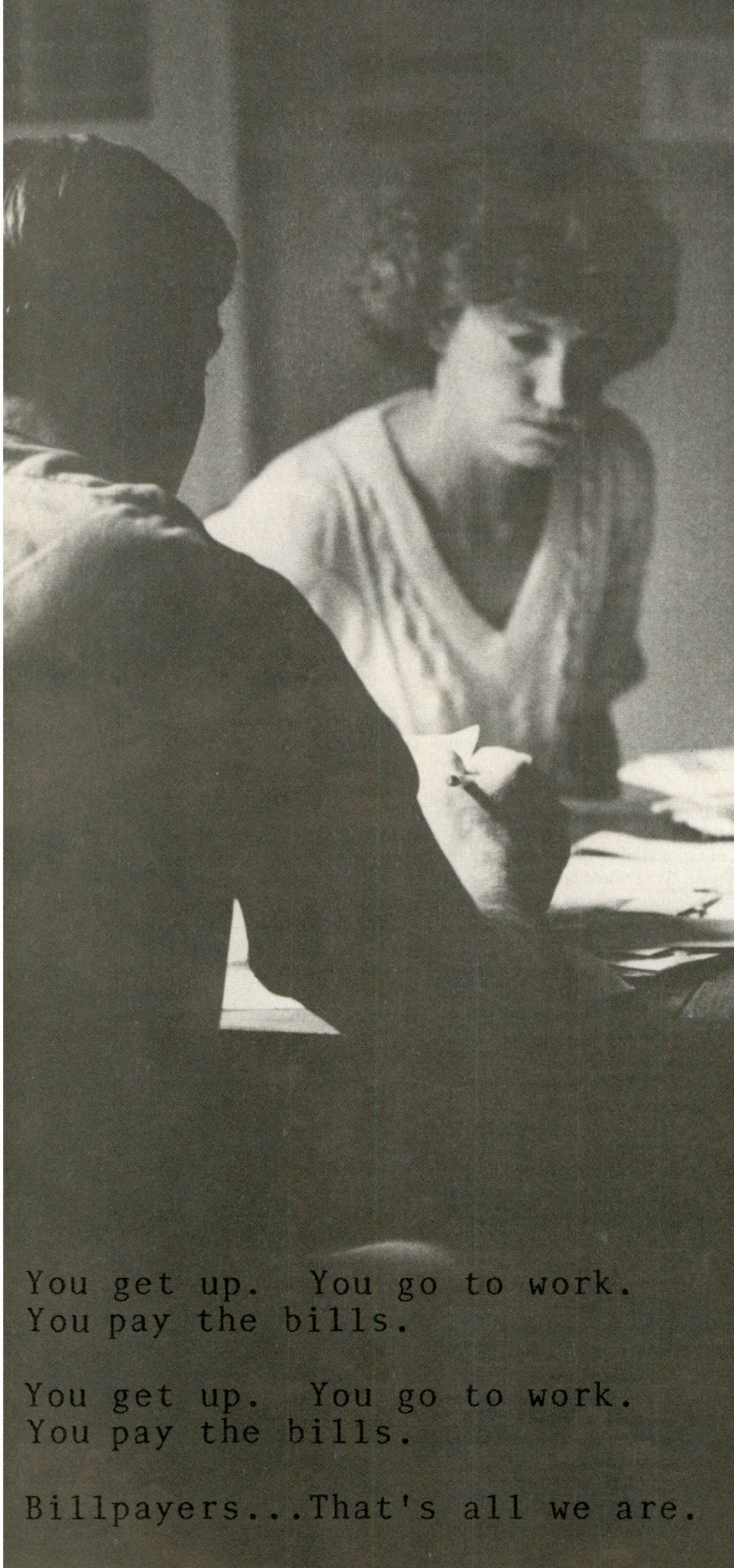
She had vowed to attack Marita Koch's 400-meter world record of 47.60 this summer, and through the winter she did many brisk strides up and down hotel corridors past quizzical guests in evening dress. Inevitably, however, the truth began to dawn. "I was denying reality," she says. "I refused to believe I couldn't get in shape on the road. After the Jesse Owens Award, I realized I had to decide. I cried about it, but I decided."

In late February, she announced her retirement from racing. She swears it's final. "I'm not going to think about all the what-ifs," she says, as if ordering herself. "No regrets. Mom said it's good. Dad wanted me to retire in '84."

She's quiet for a second and continues, "I miss it more than I ever thought I would. Within five years I'm going to be running a marathon. To win."

Al, who plans to run the 110-meter hurdles this season, laughs in horror at this last pronouncement and inquires into how many children they will have by then. "O.K.," she says, "but when I have the time to put in the mileage. . ."

When she has the time. That's the phrase of the year. When Griffith Joyner lists priorities, her more reflective yearnings take precedence. "Writing is first," she says. She has hired two of her sisters to deal with fan mail and a third to help her prepare illustrations for her series of children's books. "The writing is there," she says. "It's the pulling it all together that takes time."



Dick and Grace Pantano  
Age 38, 40  
Dependent Parent

<u>Income/Assets</u>	
Salary	\$45,000
Condominium	\$80,000
Automobile	\$8,000
Time-share	\$20,000

<u>Liabilities</u>	
Care of elder parent	\$12,000
Mortgage	\$15,000

Needs:  
Financial planning  
Long term security

Answers:  
John Hancock Personal  
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Some of Griffith Joyner's Japanese sponsors were startled by her retirement. "We are disappointed," says Yoshio Asahi of Nichiban. "It was so sudden." Says Masato Narita of Mizuno, "It's very unfortunate. We would have liked her to persevere a little more." Baskin placates them by pointing out that her ads have markedly boosted their sales.

Griffith Joyner's fame has removed her financial incentive to run. She's worth more as a symbol. "The Tokyo track meet [on May 14] has offered her more for coming and smiling than she would have gotten for performing," says Baskin.

That this development might have a melancholy aspect seems lost on Baskin, whose true sport is business. "He's amazing," says Al. "He enjoys negotiating. It's fun to him."

For almost six years Baskin negotiated such sensational race-appearance fees for hurdler Edwin Moses that meet promoters sometimes wailed that they had no money left to pay his opposition. Al was impressed, and when he and Florence decided last summer to leave their coach and manager, Al's brother-in-law, Kersee, they sought out Baskin.

Baskin and Moses operated with only a handshake agreement (the Joyners and Baskin have

an ironclad pact stretching into eternity), but according to Moses, part of that agreement, which Moses says he stressed late in 1987, was that Baskin handle no one else. "With the Olympic year coming up," says Moses, "it would take too much of his time."

"Before Gordon took us on," says Al, "he said he had to ask Edwin."

"First," says Baskin, "I had made no agreement not to represent anyone but Edwin. But I went to where he was working out on the Irvine [Calif.] track and asked what he thought. He said

something like, 'I really don't care.'"

But Moses says he did care. "It came as a shock," says Moses' wife, Myrella, "when we read in *USA Today* on the plane to Europe [in August] that Gordon had gone with her."

The trouble came "at the most inopportune time," says Moses. Twice the Olympic 400-meter hurdles champion, he did not run his best race in Seoul and finished third. "It wasn't personal with Florence," he says. "It was business, strictly business."

So in this messy fashion, the Joyners

check after signing it. The Joyners' travel plans for each month are charted on a single calendar page, which he consults and amends and folds until it falls to pieces. "That man sent us all over the world to the wrong places at the wrong times," says Myrella. "We learned to reconfirm our appointments." This the Joyners already do.

But Baskin rightly points out that he is far from crucial to Griffith Joyner's success. "Lots of people could do what I've done," he says. "I'm just a conduit for the demand." Dropping Norman Lear's and Stephen Cannell's and Sidney Poitier's names all over the kitchen, he speaks of TV pilots, ideas for children's shows and Agent 007-type parts. To date, though, Griffith Joyner's screen career has been limited to a few TV guest appearances.

But Griffith Joyner can pick up new things in a hurry. Take skiing. Baskin lives in Incline Village, Nev., and in February he invited the Joyners up for five days on the slopes. Neither Al nor Florence had ever skied. "We had a teacher," says Florence, "and Al, uh, needed extra attention, so I went on up to the higher slopes. I fell a couple of times and didn't hurt anything. Down below Al fell, what, about 300 times?"

"Three hundred fifty," he says.

"So I went even higher and faster," says Florence.

By the second day she was plunging straight down the steepest inclines without poles, barely missing trees and cliffs, while Al futilely screamed warnings at her. "I love the speed," says Griffith Joyner. "I'd have skied a long time ago if I'd known it was that fun. It wasn't cold at all. It was the opposite of what people told me it would be."

From this, she extracts the lesson that will carry her from here: "When anyone tells me I can't do anything, why, I'm just not listening anymore." ■



Griffith Joyner plans to expand her storybook career with a series of children's books.

gained an agent as colorful in his way as Florence is in hers. Baskin came late to sport. A 1948 graduate of UCLA, he has been a commercial banker and a hotel owner. In 1987, Baskin collected a \$2.7 million judgment from several former partners, including Johnny Carson, whom he had sued to recover his share of the profits from the sale of a Las Vegas TV station.

For all his success and contacts, Baskin can sometimes project an air of near-comic distraction, as when he absentmindedly pockets a restaurant

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THE PAR-3 CONTEST, A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON EVENT THAT HAS ITS OWN  
COURSE AND ITS OWN TRADITIONS 🍷 *Paintings by Robert Wieferich*

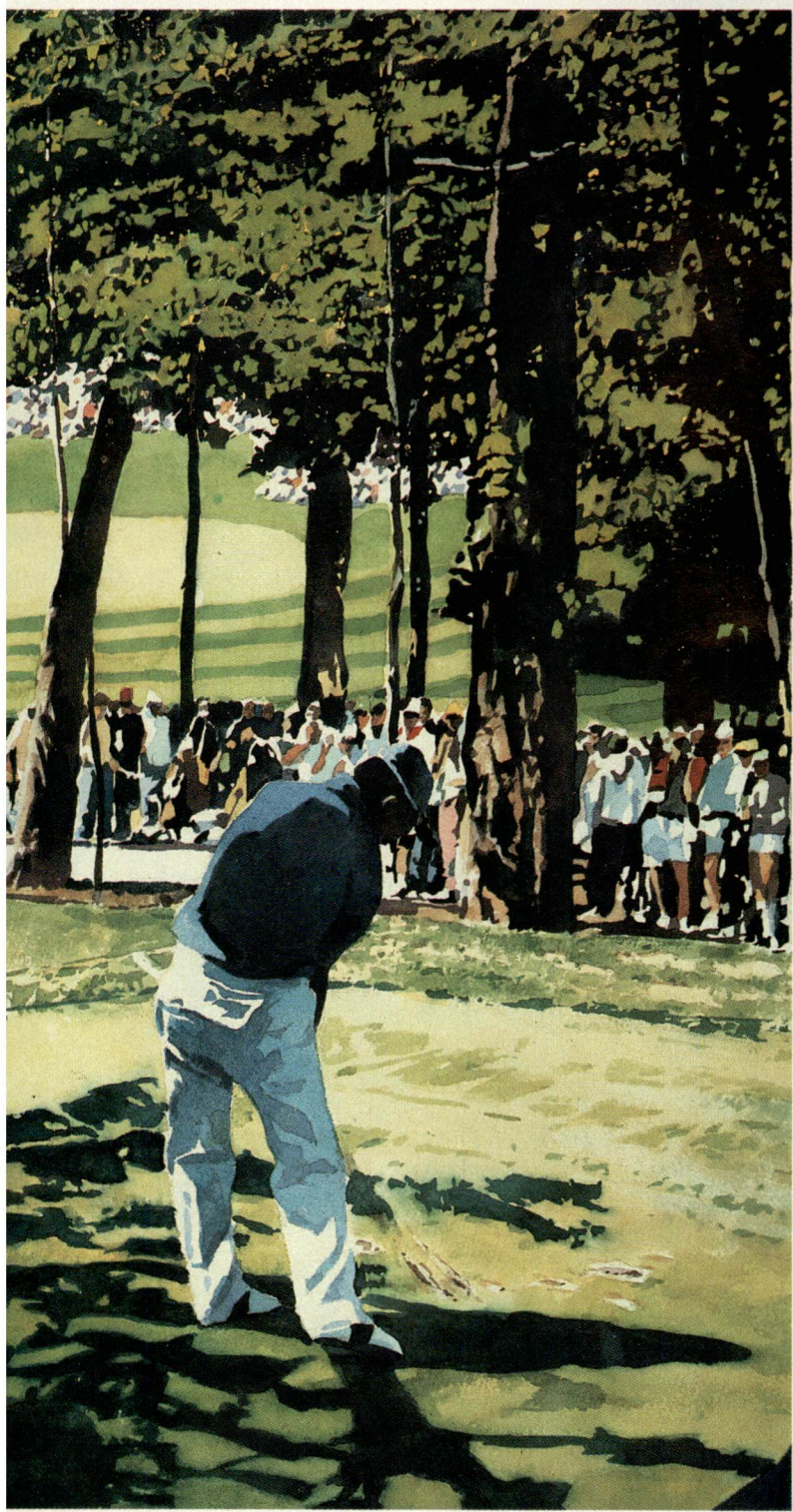




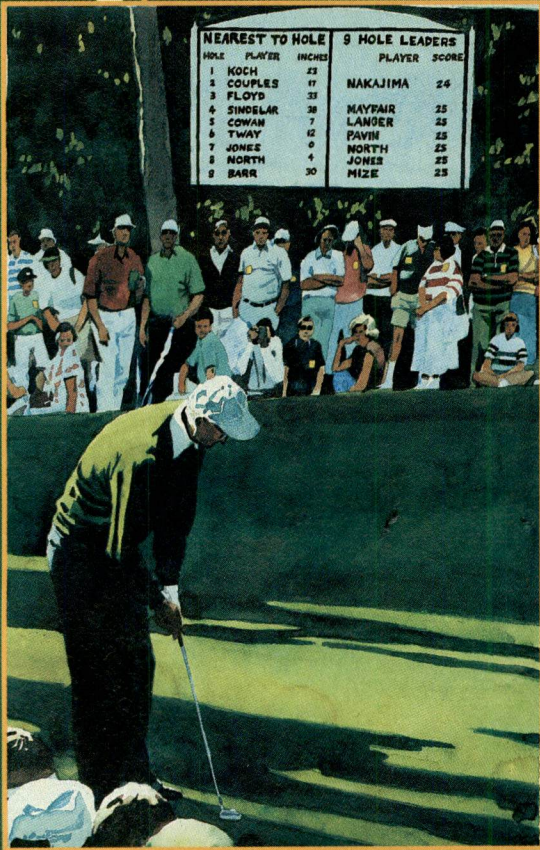
RAINS BRIEFLY HELD UP PLAY AT LAST YEAR'S PAR-3, BRINGING

FORTH A KALEIDOSCOPIC ARRAY OF FANS' AND GOLFERS' UMBRELLAS





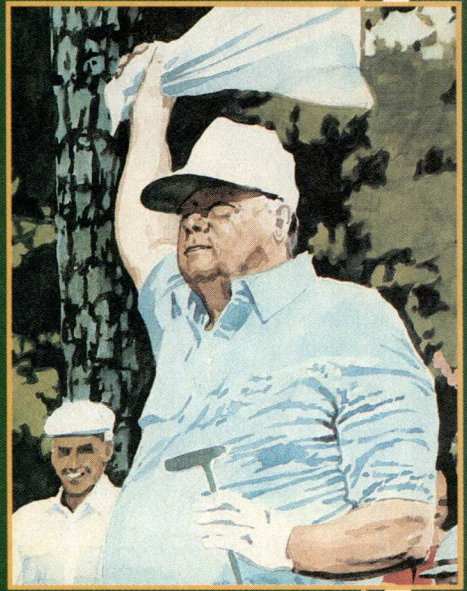
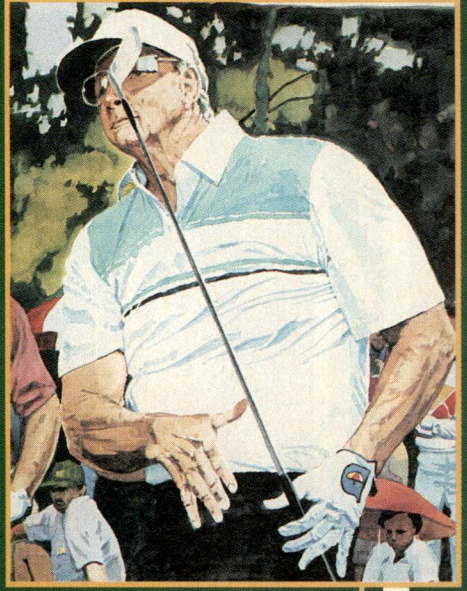
THOUSANDS WATCHED AS TOM-  
MY NAKAJIMA, WINNER OF THE  
1988 EVENT, TEED OFF ON THE  
135-YARD 9TH HOLE. THE FIRST  
CONTEST, IN 1960, WAS WON BY  
SAM SNEAD (ABOVE), WHO FIN-  
ISHED ON TOP AGAIN IN 1974



THE SMALL COURSE GIVES  
 SPECTATORS A CLOSE VIEW  
 OF THE ACTION. PRIZES GO TO  
 THE OVERALL WINNER AND THE  
 PLAYERS WHOSE TEE SHOTS ARE  
 NEAREST TO THE PIN ON EACH  
 OF THE COURSE'S NINE HOLES







THE 9TH HOLE PLAYS ACROSS
IKE'S POND, NAMED FOR THE
FORMER PRESIDENT. MASTERS
CHAMPS ARNOLD PALMER (TOP),
WHO WON THE PAR-3 IN 1967,
AND BILLY CASPER ARE PEREN-
NIAL WEDNESDAY FAVORITES



IS THIS BALL CLOSER TO THE HOLE THAN THE ONE BEFORE IT? A

GREEN-CLAD CLUB OFFICIAL CHECKS THINGS OUT ON THE 7TH HOLE





JERRY WACHTER



ANDREW O. BERNSTEIN

# A Master of Intimidation

*Rick Mahorn, who this season has shelled out \$11,000 in fines for rough play, is the baddest of the Bad Boys in Detroit*

BY RALPH WILEY

**N**O, THE DETROIT PISTONS AREN'T to be confused with Welcome Wagon. And their power forward, Rick Mahorn, isn't Gandhi. This noted, let us go back to an important Central Division game in Cleveland on Feb. 28 between the Cavaliers and the Pistons, the teams with the two best records in the NBA. Mark Price, Cleveland's All-Star point guard, was fighting past a pick Mahorn had set near the top of the three-point arc. Mahorn, who's not much for manners on the court, unloaded an elbow to Price's head. Price went to the floor, got up, stayed in the game for a short while and then headed for the bench. He had suffered a concussion that would sideline him for two games, including a rematch between the Cavs and Pistons. (Cleveland won the first 115-99; the Pistons, the second 96-90.)

"I don't see how he could have had a

concussion," says Mahorn. "I barely brushed him. In the hole that would be considered a love tap. Hey, I don't have anything against Price."

That assessment of Mahorn's blow might surprise Price, and it definitely would surprise Rod Thorn, the NBA's vice-president of operations, who fined Mahorn \$5,000 for his love tap. The fine was Mahorn's third this season for playing too rough—total cost: \$11,000—and it only enhanced his image as the NBA's chief bully. "I'll play, I'll help us win, if it kills me. If it kills you," he says.

Mahorn's buddy, Detroit center Bill Laimbeer, is another roughneck. Recently the two were jawing in the training room at the Pistons' new home, The Palace of Auburn Hills. Laimbeer watched the 6' 8½", 252-pound Mahorn receive treatment for his back. Mahorn, who can play forward or center, had undergone surgery in July for a ruptured

disk and since has had flare-ups of pain. The consensus among the Pistons—and even among some reputable NBA sources outside the state of Michigan—is that they would have beaten the Los Angeles Lakers in last season's championship series if Mahorn, not to mention the sore-ankled Isiah Thomas, hadn't been ailing. Mahorn was in such pain during the series, which Detroit lost in seven games, that one night he slept curled up in the corner of his room at the L.A. Marriott, because he couldn't find a comfortable way to sleep on the bed.

"Coach Horn, what were you last year anyway, 30 percent?" said Laimbeer. Mahorn's reply was a grimace. Later, he grimaced again while tying his shoes. He was in pain, but he hadn't received a flood of sympathy cards from other NBA cities. If good villains make good theater, Mahorn is one of the league's headliners.



The 30-year-old Mahorn has had run-ins, scowl-offs and dustups with the best of them, including Akeem Olajuwon of the Houston Rockets, Larry Nance of the Cavaliers, five Chicago Bulls and their coach, Doug Collins, all at once, and even (*gasp!*) Michael Jordan and Larry Bird. Who can forget the Mahorn hip that sent Bird sliding across the Silverdome floor in 1987? Certainly nobody who follows pro basketball. "Rick's thing is intimidation," says Steve Jones, who broadcasts NBA games for TBS. "The kind that wears on you. He wants you so agitated you forget the game."

New York Knick center Patrick Ewing, who played pickup games against Mahorn when Ewing was at Georgetown and now has to face him as a pro, says, "He's a great defender. He knows all the tricks. He can push you out, then pull the chair and make you fall flat on

your butt. Until this day, when I play Rick Mahorn, I know it's going to be a war."

"My reputation is unfounded," says Mahorn. "I can play. I wouldn't have been in this league for nine years if I couldn't play. Thug this, enforcer that. I take 48 minutes very seriously, that's all. When you consider who I have to guard. . . ."

Mahorn takes the opposition's low-post scorer. "That means Ewing, Kevin McHale, Charles Barkley, Moses Malone and Mailman Malone—every night," says Mahorn. "You know anybody who wants that?"

"Rick brings a maturity, unselfishness and a glue to our club," says Detroit coach Chuck Daly. "We need that defensive rebounding, and we really need that low-post D."

Indeed, from Jan. 27—when Mahorn returned to the Pistons' lineup after hav-

**Mahorn went eyeball to eyeball with (from left) Bird in '87, Michael Cooper in February and Magic Johnson in last season's finals.**

ing missed 10 games because of a recurrence of back pain—through last weekend, the Pistons went 27-5 and overtook the Cavaliers for the best record (53-17) in the league. "We have our game," says Laimbeer, who has been fined \$6,000 for rough stuff this season. "We cut a place in this league."

They certainly do, which is why Laimbeer and Mahorn have such deserved reputations and why the Pistons are known as the Bad Boys around the NBA. "Rick protects me," says Laimbeer. "There are a lot of guys in the league who might want to fight me, but they hesitate when they see Rick there."

While the 6' 11" Laimbeer is grateful for Mahorn's protection on the floor, he thinks Mahorn's notoriety is unwarrant-

ed. In fact, Laimbeer will tell you that Mahorn is just a big teddy bear away from the court. "Rick is one of the warmest people," says Laimbeer. "There's nothing he wouldn't do for a friend or a person in need."

Mahorn is from Hartford, Conn., where he and his older brother, Owen Jr., and his sisters, Audrey and Pam, grew up in an apartment with their mother, Alice. One day, when Rick was eight months old, his father, Owen, who was a dock manager at a local milk plant, walked out. "He was always well liked," says Alice. "He had other things on his mind. Responsibility wasn't one."

When Alice went off to do what she called "day's work" in the finer houses of Hartford, she would admonish Owen Jr., who is five years older than Rick, to be his brother's keeper. Owen was an athletic kid, but Rick was fat and weak as a youngster. "As soon as she got out of the house, he'd beat me up," says Rick. "But when I couldn't take care of myself, when the boys would say, 'What are you doing here, fat boy?' my brother took care of me. 'I can beat him up,' he'd tell them, 'but you will leave him alone.'"

Owen later played basketball at Fairfield University, while Rick grew from 6' 1" to 6' 7" during his 16th summer. He became a tight end and defensive end at Weaver High but didn't start for the basketball team until his senior year. He could take care of himself by then. Although he received far more scholarship offers for football than for basketball, he decided to play basketball.

"It was my second year in college before I finally beat Owen in one-on-one," says Mahorn. "That was the sweetest feeling in the world. Now I'm living Owen's dream. He doesn't know he could never be as proud of me as I am of him."

"Ask Horn about being institutionalized," says Laimbeer with a laugh. Mahorn grimaces at Laimbeer. "I'll get old Lame Butt for that one later," says Mahorn. Laimbeer has the role of the weak little brother now. Mahorn can beat him up, but he won't let anyone else do it. As for being institutionalized, Mahorn went to college at Hampton Institute. By the

time he graduated, with a degree in business administration, he had become the most successful basketball player in the history of the school.

The Washington Bullets picked Mahorn, the first player from Hampton ever drafted by the NBA, in the second round of the 1980 draft. A year later the Bullets signed 6' 11", 275-pound Jeff Ruland, who had been playing in Spain, and for four seasons he and Mahorn formed an intimidating inside tandem,



Mahorn wishes he saw more of Moyah, who lives in Hartford.

one that Boston Celtics announcer Johnny Most dubbed McFilthy [Ruland] and McNasty [Mahorn].

"If anybody is my beef brother, bruise brother, whatever, it's Ruland," says Mahorn. "We had the same kind of dog—black Dobermans. Our kids were the same age. His license plate was GTM 677. And by coincidence, mine was GTM 877. We were the same kind."

And they played the same kind of game. While Owen Jr. had to protect Rick and while Horn has to look after Laimbeer, Mahorn and Ruland were equals. "Rick and I talk all the time," says Ruland, who is now retired.

In June 1985, Washington traded Mahorn and the rights to center-forward Mike Gibson to Detroit for for-

ward Dan Roundfield. "I was shocked," says Mahorn. "I learned the game from Wes Unseld, alongside Jeff Ruland. I felt at home in Washington."

Says Unseld, who now coaches the Bullets, "I was shocked, too, but it happens. He had endeared himself to me. Ninety-nine percent of the guys don't want the job Rick has. A lot of people have problems with the way he plays. I have no problem with it. If you come in there weak, Rick will make you pay."

Mahorn lives in a spacious, nicely decorated apartment in the Riverfront development in downtown Detroit. The rest of the Pistons live near The Palace, a good 25 miles north of Mahorn's digs. During the off-season, he sometimes stays at his mother's place in Hartford. "Rick came by one day and said, 'Mommy, I want you to see this house,'" says Alice. "I thought we were looking for him." Mahorn bought Alice that house—all 22 rooms of it.

Only two pictures are on display in Mahorn's apartment. One is of his mother. The other is of his six-year-old daughter, Moyah, who often spends time with her father. (Mahorn is estranged from Moyah's mother.) "Not enough, though, never enough," says Mahorn of his desire to see his child. "She's my heart, my light, my life."

So yes, when Mahorn isn't getting fined for passing out love taps, he really is just a big old teddy bear. He recently befriended a young un-

wed mother and bought her a few outfits of clothing merely because Leon (The Barber) Bradley, the Pistons' self-designated No. 1 fan, had asked him for help. Mahorn also donates time to the South Arsenal Neighborhood Development programs for kids in Hartford, and with respect and affection, he sends Alice a Father's Day card every year.

"At one time the things said about my son bothered me," she says. "Not anymore. If anyone takes the time to know Ricky, they'll see what kind of man he is. Ricky has a job to do." She pauses and continues, "He has his day's work."

Mahorn's day's work is twofold. He gives the Pistons a chance to win a championship, and he gives the crowd someone to boo. After all, he is a good villain. ■

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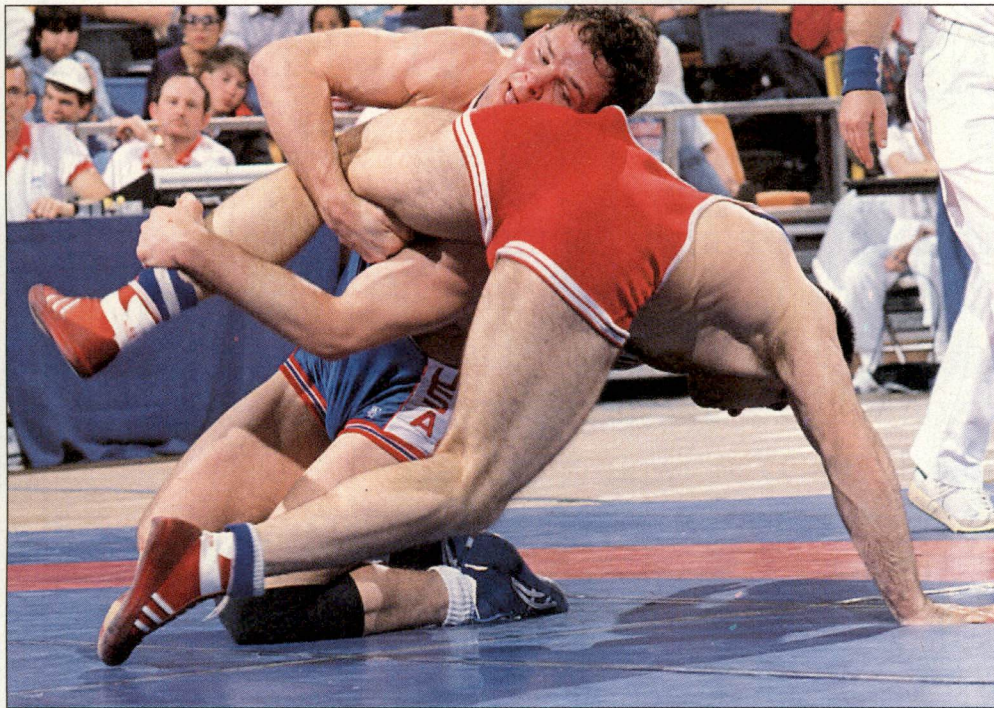


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Scherr's dramatic win over Khadartsev (in red) helped him forget his '88 Olympic disappointment.

## SCHERR DETERMINATION

*Jim Scherr's victory spurred the U.S. over the Soviets*

**BY BRUCE ANDERSON**

Jim Scherr spent his spring break in Toledo. He arrived there from Northwestern—where he's completing work toward an MBA—just in time to share a stuffy, overheated room with a bunch of sweaty guys. Hardly a remake of *Where the Boys Are*. But Scherr, the nation's top freestyle wrestler at 198 pounds, has a history of bad timing. Two years ago he reached the finals of the world championships but had to forfeit because of a knee injury. Last year he was less than a minute away from making the Olympic finals when he was pinned.

On Sunday, in one of the closing bouts of the five-nation World Cup tournament in Toledo, Scherr put those frustrations behind him and knocked off the Soviet Union's Makharbek Khadartsev, a magnificent wrestler who was previously undefeated in international competition. Scherr's victory sparked a comeback that gave the U.S. an improbable 19-18 victory over the Soviets, who, like the Americans, had fielded their

strongest team. The U.S. had eight Olympians; the U.S.S.R., six.

The two wrestling powers met in the final dual meet of the two-day, round-robin tournament after both had defeated Cuba, Canada and South Korea with little difficulty. Despite losing to the Americans, the Soviets won the tournament 117-109, outscoring the U.S., which had suffered more individual defeats against Cuba and South Korea. "We didn't lose and then we lost," said Rico Chiapparelli, the 180.5-pounder for the U.S. "That's crazy."

So was everything else about the U.S.S.R.-U.S. match: Four Olympic champions lost and upsets were routine. The tumult started early when America's Tim Vanni beat Sergei Karamatchev 5-3 to win the 105.5-pound division. Vanni had lost all seven of his previous meetings with Karamatchev.

The U.S.S.R. won the next two bouts, but the U.S. had a formidable middle of the order in John Smith (136.5 pounds), Nate Carr (149.5) and Kenny Monday (163). Smith and Monday had won gold

medals in Seoul, and Carr had gotten a bronze. Smith faced Stepan Sarkissian in a replay of the Olympic finals, which Smith had won 4-0.

Sarkissian has had a difficult time since Seoul. He saw his hometown of Kirovakan flattened by the December earthquake in Armenia. Sarkissian lost relatives in the quake, and members of his immediate family had to move to a tent, where they are still living. When Sarkissian wrestled at a dual meet against the U.S. in Tempe, Ariz., in December, he seemed with-

drawn. But last week he was his gregarious self, sporting a colorful pair of jams, which he boasted of buying for only \$7.

On the mat Sarkissian stayed out of jams, colorful or otherwise. He thwarted Smith's famous single-leg takedowns and won 2-1. Smith was confounded by the new international format, which has replaced two three-minute periods with a single five-minute session. "I didn't wrestle well the whole Cup," he said. "I felt clumsy. I'm not comfortable wrestling the five-minute period yet."

Carr got his long-awaited meeting with Arsen Fadzaev, the four-time world champ and an Olympic gold med-



# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

On March 24, in the early morning hours, a disastrous accident happened in the waters of Prince William Sound, Alaska. By now you all know that our tanker, the Exxon Valdez, hit a submerged reef and lost 240,000 barrels of oil into the waters of the Sound.

We believe that Exxon has moved swiftly and competently to minimize the effect this oil will have on the environment, fish and other wildlife. Further, I hope that you know we have already committed several hundred people to work on the cleanup. We also will meet our obligations to all those who have suffered damage from the spill.

Finally, and most importantly, I want to tell you how sorry I am that this accident took place. We at Exxon are especially sympathetic to the residents of Valdez and the people of the State of Alaska. We cannot, of course, undo what has been done. But I can assure you that since March 24, the accident has been receiving our full attention and will continue to do so.



L. G. Rawl  
Chairman



## WRESTLING

alist who also was undefeated in international competition. Carr had hoped to wrestle him in Seoul but lost a controversial 3-2 decision to South Korea's Park Jang Soon. Fadzaev dropped out of the meet in Tempe, claiming an injured rib. Carr wept. This time there were no tears, but Fadzaev won 5-2.

In the next bout, Gamzat Khazamov shut out Monday 2-0. The loss was the fifth straight for the U.S., and the Soviets had clinched the tournament. But the Americans had a chance, albeit a slim one, to win the head-to-head meet: They had to win the last four matches.

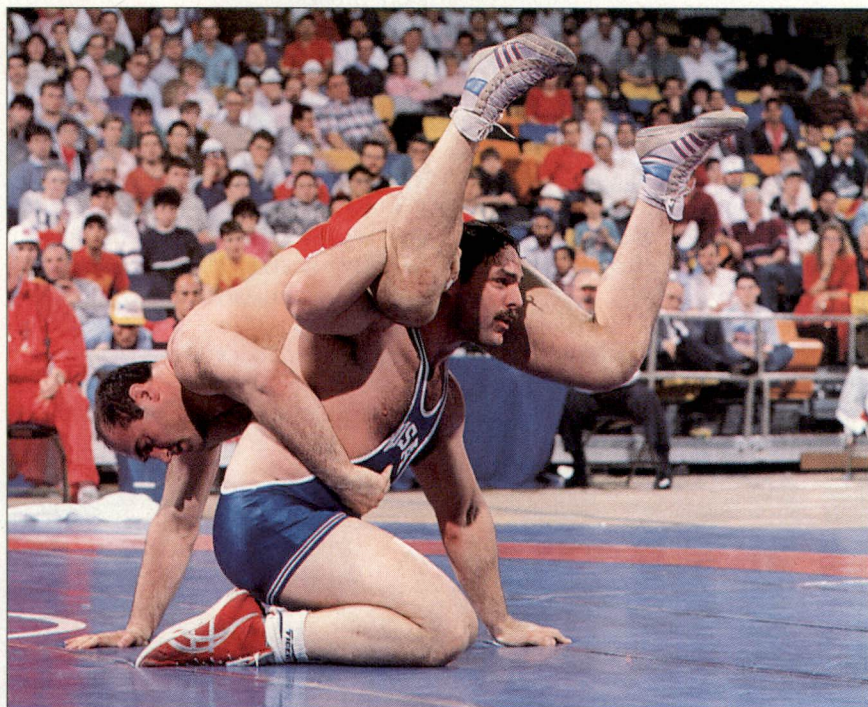
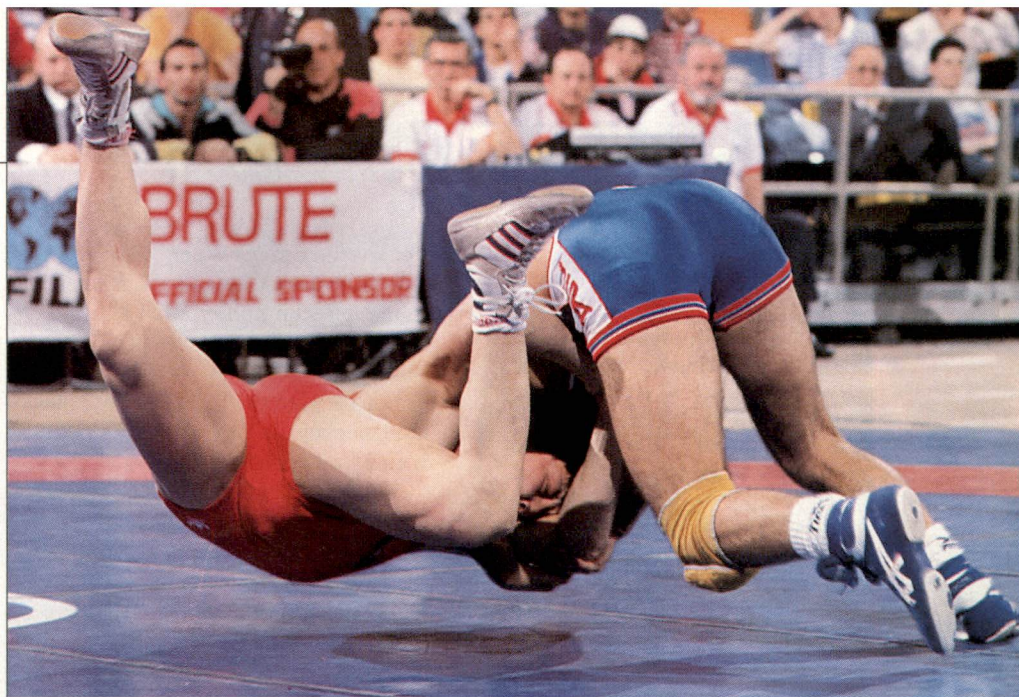
Chiapparelli beat Yuri Vorobiev 8-4. Then came Scherr and his identical twin brother, Bill, who got a bronze in Seoul. As he warmed up on Sunday, Jim, who finished fifth at the Olympics, heard Whitney Houston's *One Moment in Time* played over the P.A. "I thought, I didn't get that at the Olympics," said Jim, who was leading Japan's Akira Ota 8-1 with 54 seconds to go in Seoul when he missed a single-leg takedown and was pinned. "I told myself, I can have that moment today."

It was a big order. Khadartsev had won the world championship in 1986 and in '87, when Jim withdrew from the finals, and had breezed through the Olympics last year. "He and Fadzaev are the pillars of the Soviet team," said Bobby Douglas, who coached the U.S. team in Toledo. Khadartsev, who is preternaturally strong, had defeated Jim in their three previous bouts.

Scherr stayed with him, though, and they battled back and forth: 1-0, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2. With the match nearing its end, Khadartsev tried to force Scherr out of bounds to gain a caution point. "He didn't want it to go into overtime," said Jim.

As he tried to force Scherr out, Khadartsev, who was down on his knees, reached too far, leaving himself without leverage. Scherr whipped Khadartsev onto his back for three points. Only two seconds remained. "I had a lot of doubts going into the match today," said Jim. "This erases some of them. Now I know I was right in thinking I was close to being the best in the world."

He had little time to reflect on his victory before turning fraternal cheerleader. Bill had his hands full with 1980



**Vanni (top, in blue) got the U.S. off to a flying start in the 105.5 division, and Baumgartner clinched the 19-18 victory in the last bout.**

Olympic champ Sanasar Oganisyan in the 220-pound division. Down much of the match, Bill tied the score at 3-3 with 20 seconds left. Then, about 15 seconds into overtime, Oganisyan received a third caution for passivity and was disqualified.

The U.S. now trailed 18-16. For the Americans to win, Bruce Baumgartner would either have to pin Szaza Turmanidze or shut him out. Baumgartner, the '84 Olympic champ, has been a particular thorn for the U.S.S.R. From 1961 to '85, the Soviets owned the super-

heavyweight division, winning every world and European championship. Baumgartner ended the string in '86, when he won his first world title. He had beaten three different Soviets to win three previous World Cups. On Sunday he beat a fourth, Turmanidze, 8-0.

So in the end the Soviets had the Cup and the U.S. had a head-to-head win over the U.S.S.R. All that was clear was that these are the two best teams in the world. "At this level, there is just this much difference between people," said Jim Scherr, holding his middle finger and thumb nearly together. "It's why you can't mail anything in. It's a short five minutes." ■

## HOCKEY

# MINNESOTA FACES WERE CRIMSON

*Harvard defeated the Gophers in overtime to win its first NCAA team title*

BY AUSTIN MURPHY

Here's a switch: People were being condescending to Harvard last week. On a visit to Minnesota, the Crimson hockey team learned that 1) the state's lakes are outnumbered only by its hockey snobs and 2) winning the NCAA championship before 16,000 of one's most vociferous critics is an excellent way to shut them up.

Minnesotans have long looked down their noses at eastern hockey, which is alleged to be an effete, watered-down version of the game. Eastern schedules are shorter; eastern players are smaller

and, well, *softer*. When Harvard defenseman Josh Caplan took a slap shot to the left shin and crumpled to the ice during the NCAA final last Saturday, he was booed. *Suck it up, pansy!*

For us, goes the thinking in Gopherland, hockey is a way of life. For them, it is an extracurricular activity.

This year's NCAA Final Four On Ice was held in St. Paul, which was being billed as Hockeytown, U.S.A. And for the fourth time in as many years, coach Doug Woog's Golden Gophers were in the Final Four. Here was another chance to win his first title. The Gophers last won the NCAAs in 1979, under Herb Brooks.

The Harvardians, for their part, were seeking their first NCAA team title ever—the NCAA does not hold a squash championship. While they were at it, they would debunk a few myths about eastern hockey.

Chief among the debunkers was junior left wing Ed Krayer. Emboldened by his two goals in Thursday night's 6-3 semifinal win over Michigan State, Krayer indulged in a bit of postgame woofing. Yes, Maine would be an easier opponent in the finals, but Krayer would rather face the Gophers, he said. Why? "Beating Minnesota would be

sweeter," he said. The Gophers routed Maine the next night 7-4, and Krayer had his wish.

A close, clean match was predicted for the finals. Woog and Harvard coach Bill Cleary are hockey purists, both favoring speed and skill over clutching and grabbing. Indeed, Saturday's game was mainly a montage of dazzling rushes, playmaking and goaltending. After 60 minutes, the score was tied 3-3.

At 4:16 into overtime, Krayer pounced on a rebound and kicked it across the slot, drawing Gopher goalie Robb Stauber out of his crease. Seizing his moment, Krayer backhanded an anemic shot that meandered past Stauber's skates—"It took 15 minutes to go in," Krayer said later—and over the line, ending the game.

The victory was, as Krayer foresaw, sweet. Especially for Cleary, who in his 18 seasons at Harvard has won everything but a national title. It may have been sweetest of all for Krayer himself. All season, as the Crimson skated to a 24-2-0 regular-season record, Krayer's was one of the team's few unhappy stories. After playing two solid seasons for

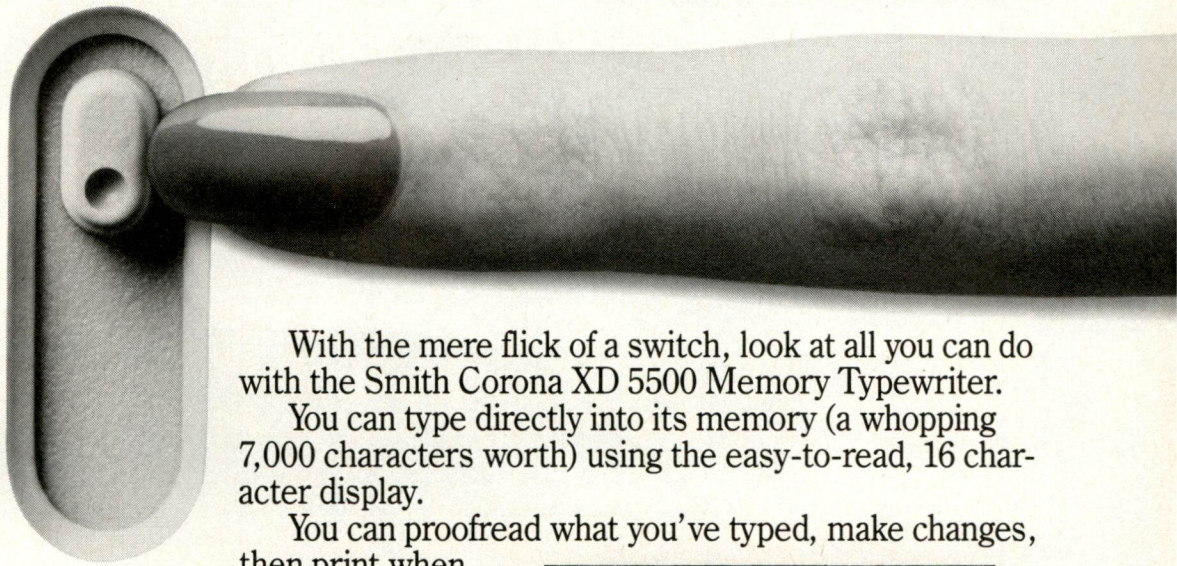
**Donato opened Harvard's scoring in the final when he sent this slap shot ripping goalward.**



DAVID E. KLUTHO

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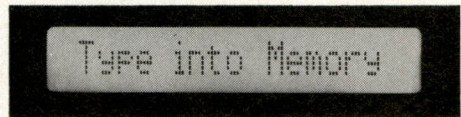
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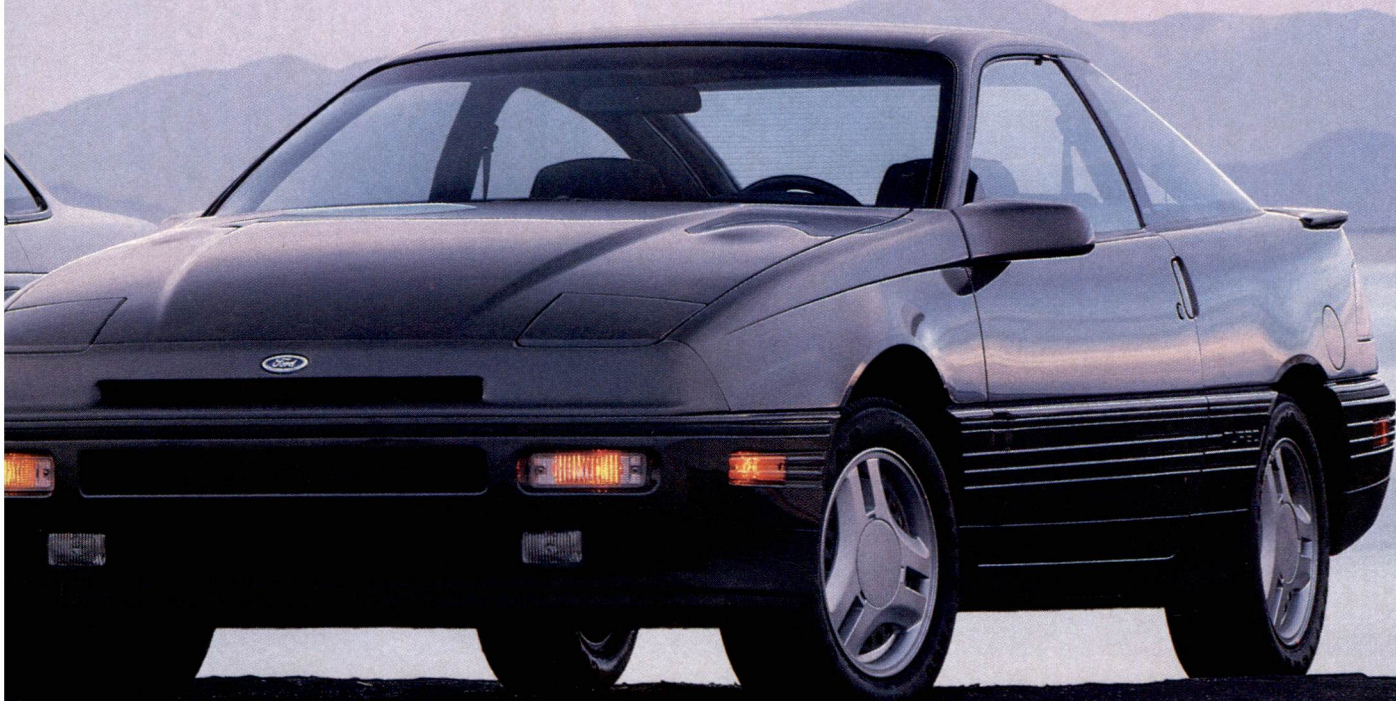
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**Tod Hartje and his spirited Harvard mates made rush after dazzling rush.**

the Crimson, he had taken 1988 off, leaving school to sell real estate and "do some growing up," he said. Upon his return to Harvard, Krayner could not shake the rust: At the end of the regular season, he had just 14 points and little confidence.

But as the playoffs approached, his teammates noticed a change. In practice, everything he touched went into the net. And in Harvard's two-game sweep of Lake Superior State in the NCAA quarterfinals, Krayner scored two goals.

The Crimson made it a clean sweep of the weekend's awards when, on Sunday, captain and left wing Lane MacDonald was named the winner of the Hobey Baker Award, college hockey's Heisman Trophy. Ironically, MacDonald, fellow 1988 U.S. Olympic teammate Allen Bourbeau and C.J. Young—Harvard's vaunted Line of Fire—were actually the Crimson's third-best forward line in St. Paul. Besides Krayner's timely awakening, sophomore center Peter Ciavaglia had a goal and three assists against Michigan State, and third-line left wing Ted Donato scored three goals and two assists in St. Paul.

It was Donato's shovel job past goalie Jason Muzzatti that put the Michigan State game out of reach. Donato then stayed near the crease and treated the Hometown U.S.A. crowd to an arm-pumping victory celebration. Brash? Unquestionably.

Crimson goalie Chuckie Hughes made Donato look downright modest. Hughes and fellow freshman Allain Roy had split netminding duties all season. But when Hughes came down with the flu last month, Cleary asked him if he would mind sitting out a start. Calculating rapidly, Hughes determined that if he did miss a start, and if Harvard swept its opponent in the NCAA quarterfinals—which, indeed, is what happened—he would be in net for the



DAVID E. KLUTHO

championship game. "I guess it's O.K., Coach," he said.

As the Gophers took the ice on Saturday, a thunderous ovation rose from the overwhelmingly hometown crowd at the Civic Center. Still, Hughes, in net, could be seen grinning hugely. "I just loved it," he said.

And how did he feel after yielding the first goal of the game? "Confident, as usual."

Donato's second goal against the Gophers gave Harvard a 3-2 lead with just seven minutes to play. Instead of erupting in celebration, he was uncharacteristically stoic. "This one's not over," Donato yelled as his teammates mobbed him. He was correct: 3:41 later Gopher right wing Peter Hankinson scored on a power play, and the game went into overtime.

The Gophers blasted two quick shots at Hughes to open the extra session, one of which clanked off the right pipe. "I wasn't worried," deadpanned Hughes afterward.

Sure enough, minutes later the Harvard players were throwing their equipment rafterward, while the Minnesota players were seemingly paralyzed with grief. For four years running, Woog and his Gophers have left the Final Four empty-handed. "Just don't call me Bud Grant," said Woog afterward. "He's taller and richer than I am."

As the Gophers accepted their runner-up trophies, a scattering of Minnesota faithful remained in the stands to applaud them. The majority, however, couldn't bear to watch. Almost immediately after the winning goal, the fans streamed silently out of the arena, disappointed, yes, but perhaps with a grudging respect for eastern hockey. ■

**Effete easterner Kevin Sneddon was ready to prove otherwise.**



DAVID E. KLUTHO

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

# TENNESSEE WALTZES IN TACOMA

*The Lady Vols' money players lived up to their billing, but not without losing some loot*

BY JOHN GARRITY

Rich. That's how Tennessee's Lady Volunteers looked on Sunday as they made their last deposit of the fiscal year—a 76-60 win over Auburn—at the NCAA Final Four drive-up branch in Tacoma, Wash.

Tournament MVP Bridgette Gordon, who's known for wearing 48 pieces of gold jewelry to class, donned a few baubles before climbing a ladder to snip a piece of victory net. The band played the team's fight song, *Rocky Top*, and Lady Vols coach Pat Summitt and her bank-vice-president husband, R.B., beamed. It was a fitting payoff for a team that billed its seniors as money players and promoted itself with a media guide that featured Lady Vols hanging out in a bank vault, surrounded by money bags.

The glittering Gordon was a member

**Summitt, with the Lady Vols, has reached the top twice and the Final Four 10 times.**



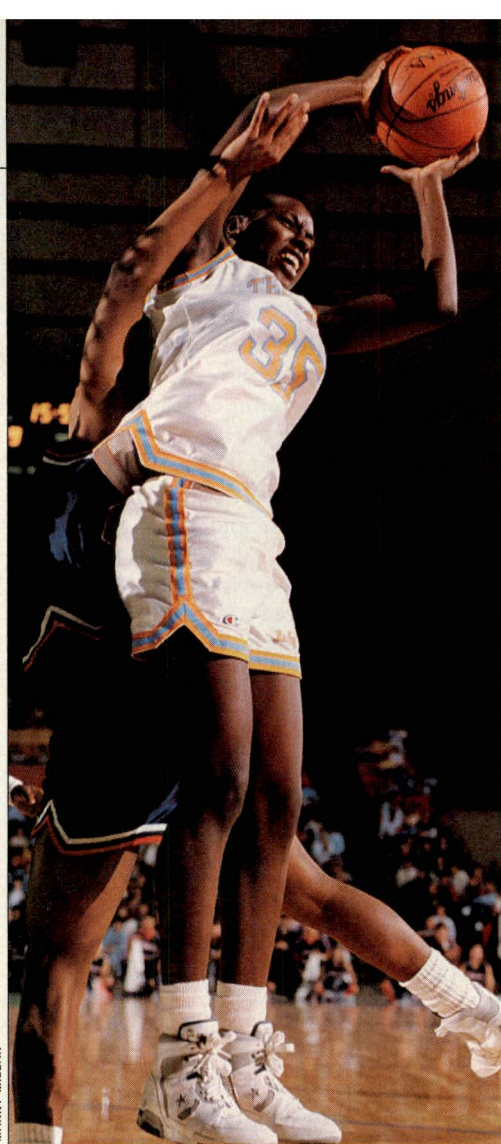
PETER READ MILLER

of last year's Olympic championship team—she keeps the gold she earned in a safe-deposit box, natch. She dominated her last college tournament with fierce rebounding and deadly baseline shooting. In Friday night's semi-finals, Gordon made her first seven shots en route to scoring 24 points in a 77-65 defeat of Maryland. On Sunday, before a crowd of 9,758, she bedeviled Auburn's box-and-one defense with 16 first-half points. When the Lady Tigers pulled to within three in the second half, Gordon slammed the vault shut with three straight jumpers. "You might notice that every now and then I talk to myself," she said afterward, toying with one of the nine rings she wears on her left hand. "When I saw that score, I told myself I had to do something."

Gordon, who finished with 27 points, wasn't the only hero for Tennessee. Center Sheila Frost, who used to be castigated by Summitt for "hiding" in big games, had 31 points, 25 rebounds and eight blocked shots in Tacoma. She also set the tone of the final by stealing the first two passes to Auburn's star, center Vickie Orr, who was held to 16 points. Dena Head, the Lady Vols' point guard, scored 19 points, and guard Melissa McCray, the senior defensive specialist, contributed six rebounds and 10 assists.

So omnipotent was Tennessee in its two victories that most of the drama was packed into Auburn's semi with Louisiana Tech, the defending national champ. Pregame hype had the Lady Tigers seeking revenge for their two-point loss to the Lady Techsters in last year's championship game, but Auburn coach Joe Ciampi insisted that his team was merely "motivated" by that memory. Either way, the Lady Tigers overcame an eight-point deficit in the second half to dethrone Tech by a score of 76-71. Two days later, though, Ciampi again had to explain how it felt to finish second. "Did you ever lose your dog?" he asked. "Or get hit by a car? It's tough."

For Tennessee, which has won the



MANNY MILLAN

**McCray helped Tennessee outrebound Auburn 45-30.**

national title in two of the last three years, the only tough thing was the lesson in economics that came with the championship. The Lady Vols' trip to Tacoma cost \$60,000, but the women's Final Four teams will get only an estimated \$35,000 apiece from the NCAA. By contrast, Tennessee's men's team will receive \$250,200 for losing in the first round, and each team participating in the men's Final Four will take home a cool \$1.25 million.

When asked on Saturday to comment on this year's experiment of playing the women's tournament in the same area as the men's Final Four, which was held 30 miles away in Seattle, Summitt, the banker's wife, said, "We've been pleased with the media coverage. If we could just get the men to share as much money as print, it would be great."

Don't bank on it, though. Tacoma proved that while Gordon and her teammates may have glittered, the women are not yet playing for real gold. ■



**Bud**  
KING OF BEERS

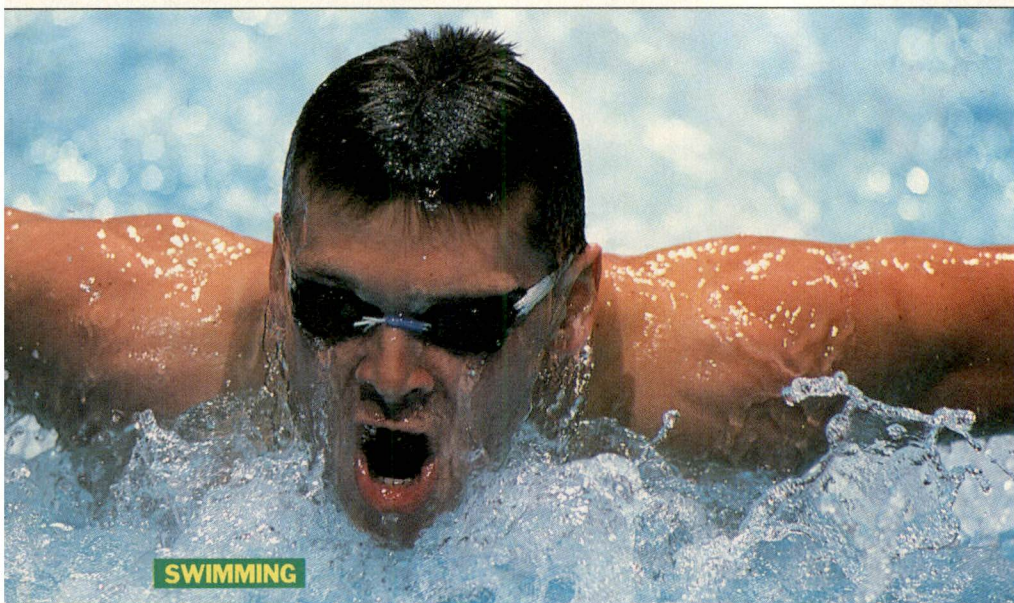
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SWIMMING

HEINZ KLUBERTMEIER

After a record swim in the 200 IM, Wharton, here in a heat, burst to victory in the 400 IM.

## HE HAD 'EM GOGGLE-EYED

*David Wharton was a sight to see in the 200 IM*

BY MERRELL NODEN

Southern Cal sophomore David Wharton kicked into the freestyle leg of the 200-yard individual medley last Thursday night in a familiar position: playing catch-up. Though he had won a silver medal in the 400-meter IM in Seoul, he had failed to make the final in the 200 IM. So he had come to Indianapolis for the NCAA men's swimming and diving championships hoping to redeem himself by breaking former UCLA champion Bill Barrett's American record of 1:45, which had stood for seven years. With a little over 50 yards to go, however, Wharton was more than a second off Barrett's pace, but he was also a yard behind Cal senior Ron Karnough, who had beaten him badly at the PAC-10 championships three weeks earlier. Forget the record, Wharton had a race on his hands.

The freestyle leg had always been Wharton's forte, and at Indy, as he said later, "I put all I had into the final 50." He caught Karnough at the turn, opened up a lead of more than a second in the final 25-yard lap and touched in 1:44.70. There was more to come. The next night Wharton swam away with

the 400-yard IM (3:44.69), and on Saturday he finished third in the 200-yard butterfly (1:44.98). In the end Wharton was named NCAA Swimmer of the Year for the second year in a row.

But such heroics could do nothing to deter Texas's steady drive to a second straight team title. "We have what I like to call good depth," said Texas coach Eddie Reese. "We don't just get a lot of guys to qualify, they place well, too." The Longhorns won only two individual events—junior Kirk Stackle took the 100 breaststroke, sophomore Shaun Jordan the 100 free—but the team won four of five relays, setting an American record in the 200 (1:18.44). After trailing briefly on the first day, the Longhorns rebounded to beat second-place Stanford 475 points to 396.

The only controversy at the NAAs was the addition this year of two sprint relays, the 200 free and the 200 medley. This was meant to enhance spectator appeal, but the strategy may have backfired. Surely it was no coincidence that while records fell in the first three events—to Wharton in the 200 IM; to Texas in the 200 free relay; and to Iowa freshman Artur Wojdat in the 500 free, in which he cut .82 of a second off the

U.S. Open record—nobody set any national marks on Saturday. "We'll have more people against these relays after the meet," predicted Reese, "because it's killing the young guys off. They're swimming too many races as it is."

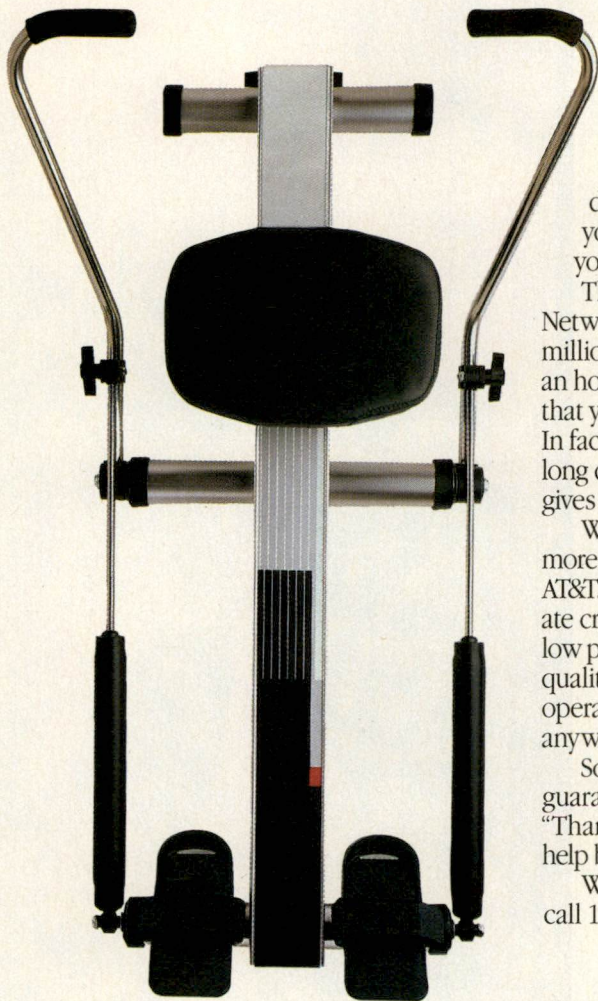
One swimmer who stayed clear of controversy was Harvard senior David Berkoff, who caused a stir last year when he used a 35-meter underwater start in the 100-meter backstroke to break the world record three times. Berkoff's unorthodox start attracted many imitators and the concern of FINA, the international governing body of swimming. But Berkoff didn't win Olympic gold—he finished second to Japan's Daichi Suzuki—and shortly after the Games FINA announced that backstrokers would have to limit their underwater starts to 10 meters. The NCAA, however, has no such rule, so in Indianapolis Berkoff put his sights on breaking the 47-second barrier and leaving behind a record that would stand for years.

Berkoff stayed under for almost the entire first lap. In all, he took just 32 strokes, about half the number of a conventional backstroker. He reached the wall in 47.02, hacking .31 off his own American record. "I made a very conservative touch," he later explained. "Maybe that cost me. I guess I left something for somebody else to do."

He now has the six fastest times in the event and is a whopping .92 of a second ahead of Stanford senior Jay Mortenson, the event's second-fastest performer. Perhaps even more remarkable, Berkoff's time in the 100 back was faster than Mortenson's winning time in the 100-yard fly (47.14), the first time that has happened at the NAAs since 1957, when the dolphin kick became legal in the butterfly. Said Reese, "I doubt Flipper ever timed one that fast."

Berkoff may soon get a chance to prove Reese right. Later this year he intends to visit the Bahamas, with Olympic star Matt Biondi, to swim with the dolphins there. "I wonder what the dolphins would do if I was splashing around with them?" mused Berkoff. "With flippers on, I think I could go pretty fast." ■

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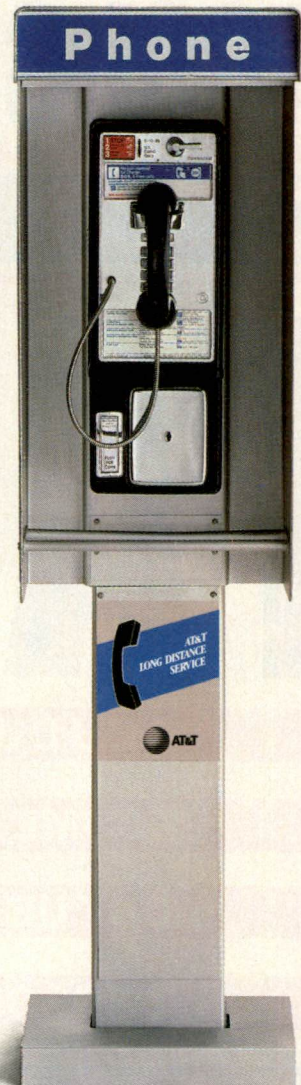
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# LOU DUVA



THE FACE SEEMS TO START SOMEWHERE DOWN around the gold jewelry that separates his belly button from the top of his head, with several formidable chins rising out of his chest in a great pink floe. Chins ooze over his unbuttoned shirt collar and grow steadily in size until at last they wash up onto the shoals of a jawline, the blunt prow of a head the size of carry-on luggage. His lips are thin and pink, and they, too, seem to move in a northerly direction, so that when his mouth is open—which is most of the time—only the brilliant hand-tooled grillwork of his upper plate shows. The eyes are heavily hooded with scar tissue and bracketed by thick black eyebrows that appear to ascend into a cloud of snowy white hair.

This fleshy eminence is Lou Duva's face, a bouquet of cauliflowers set in a bucket of blood. Oscar Wilde once said, "Intellect destroys the harmony in any face," but not even Duva could be *that* smart. Intellect and a lot of hard-knuckle guys named Vito account for this face.

On his left hand Duva wears a pinkie ring that says REAL



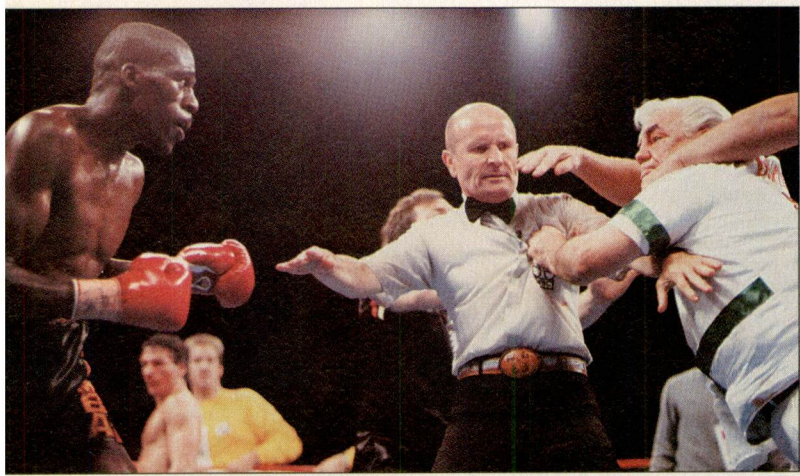
HEINZ KLUTMEIER

## AFTER PAZIENZA LOST TO MAYWEATHER ...

DEAL. Duva is the real deal: Accept no substitutes. His legs are short and bandy, not the sort of support structure you would expect for a body that *The Ring* magazine once described as having "the most recognizable profile since Hitchcock." Duva is everywhere, sometimes even when he is standing still. Two months ago he managed welterweight Mark Breland's victory over Seung Soon Lee of South Korea for the vacant WBA title in Las Vegas on a Saturday night, and then caught a red-eye to New Jersey so that he could be in Darrin Van Horn's corner the next day in Atlantic City, where Van Horn defeated Robert Hines for the IBF junior middleweight championship. "Nobody ever won two titles on opposite coasts within the space of 24 hours before," says Duva. "Sometimes this chubby little body's in demand."

Duva makes sure it stays that way by being an entourage unto himself. To the fighters he handles, he is spiritual adviser, deal maker, tactical guru, cut man and living proof of what can happen when you let yourself go. "In our organization, everybody has his job," says veteran cut man Ace Marotta. "It just happens that Lou does everything." And he does it for a dozen current and former titleholders. Among them are IBF

## ... DUVA TRIED TO EVEN THE SCORE BY PUNISHING MAYWEATHER FOR HITTING AFTER THE BELL



WILL HART



WILL HART

junior welterweight champion Meldrick Taylor, former undisputed cruiserweight champ Evander Holyfield and IBF lightweight titleholder Pernell Whitaker.

"Lou has more main-event fighters than anybody," says Ronnie Shields, a trainer who works for him. "Every time you turn on the TV, who do you see in the corner? Lou Duva, that's who. Maybe the reason people don't like him is they're tired of seeing his face."

Duva's face and body would probably be a lot less recognizable if they didn't keep barging into the ring every time he thought one of his fighters had been treated less than civilly. For instance, last November in Las Vegas, Duva nearly touched off a riot during the Sugar Ray Leonard-Donny Lalonde undercard by exchanging blows with WBC super lightweight champion Roger Mayweather. Mayweather had just won a unanimous decision over Duva's fighter, Vinny Pazienza, when Duva went barreling into the ring to have a word with Mayweather for having hit Pazienza several times after the bell.

Duva threw a flurry of wild punches at Mayweather, although he now says he merely lost his balance and was trying to right himself on the champion's face. Mayweather tried to help him up with a whistling right cross that caught Duva under the eye and sent blood coursing the long journey down his face. Duva seemed to be on the verge of losing his balance again, when several members of his corner wisely tackled him and dragged him away. The Nevada State Athletic Commission fined him \$750 and suspended Duva's manager's license until he apologized.

Duva was still largely unknown outside of New Jersey club-fighting circles when he threw his first nationally televised tantrum, on ESPN in 1981. In that one he shoved everyone, including his own son, who got in his way after his fighter, Diego Rosario, lost a controversial decision to Johnny Carter in Atlantic City. Duva caused pandemonium in Buffalo nearly three years later when he charged a referee who had stopped a bout between Gene Hatcher and his man Johnny Bumphus. The decision cost Bumphus the WBA junior welterweight crown. When Bumphus met Marlon Starling in 1986, Duva tried to charge Starling's corner during the fight. In Breland's bout with Starling the next year, Duva threw a punch at Starling's former manager, Donald Bowers, before the fight.



JOHN IACONO

#### DUVA'S HOPES FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE RIDE WITH HOLYFIELD

Duva's popularity actually grew after each new outburst, partly because he fit the image of the underdog battling the powerful, and partly because that's exactly what he was. His language was so vile that the television networks removed their microphones from his boxers' corners. "I'm cursing only in Italian now," says Duva. When Whitaker was deprived by the judges of the WBC lightweight title after having clearly outboxed José Luis Ramírez in Paris a year ago, Duva tried to



**LOU AND DAN (TO HIS RIGHT) RUN MAIN EVENTS AS A FAMILY AFFAIR**

course in French. When that didn't work, he leaped into the ring and—here's a surprise—nearly started a riot by trying to fight anyone who stepped into his line of sight. Soon after, he was sued by the WBC, for having suggested—in Italian—that the judges were on the take. The case was quietly dropped 11 months later.

Duva's most memorable eruption took place a year and a half ago in Atlantic City, moments after his first shot at a heavyweight title ended when Mike Tyson knocked out Tyrell Biggs in the seventh round. Promoter Don King was seated at ringside with other equally well-coiffed spectators, the Rev. Al Sharpton, Donald and Ivana Trump, and New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean. As the fight ended, King shouted something rude at Duva, who soon enough was hanging between the ring ropes like a sausage, screaming sulfurous blasphemies at King. Only after it became apparent that Duva was trying to climb through the ropes to hurl himself bodily onto King's head—as if it were a grenade about to explode—did security guards step in and drag Duva away.

"I've been fighting all my life, so I know what it's like to catch a punch," says Duva. "You don't think I got this face being a ballet dancer, do you?"

Which is not to say that the 66-year-old Duva won't dance. A few years ago he took a prospect to Allentown, Pa., to face a local club fighter whose stewardship had been undertaken by a specimen named Beer Can Joe. The referee's prefight instructions to the two pugs were picked up by the ring announcer's microphone and played on the public-address system. "Look, I don't need no instructions," snarled

Beer Can. "All I want to know is what corner my fighter goes to when he knocks this guy out."

"Oh, yeah?" Duva snorted.

"Yeah!" the Can replied.

Well, you get the idea. At some point during the exchange, Beer Can began backpedaling, and Duva started chasing him, threatening bodily harm. "The ring announcer wasn't quite sure what to do," says Dan Duva, Lou's eldest son. "He wasn't sure if this was all part of the instructions, so he was following my father and Beer Can around, holding the microphone out between them. The fighters just stood there with their mouths hanging open, while those three danced around the ring."

Until he and his family became one of the most important organizations in boxing five years ago, Duva spent most of his life managing no-hopers in places like the ballroom of the Allen-

town Holiday Inn, usually with several of his kids in tow. Lou and his wife, Enes, had five children and a tendency to stutter when they named them: Donna, Danny, Denise, Dino and Deanne. Dino was with his father on one of those nights in Allentown when Duva came face-to-face with the promoter's nightmare—a sold-out house and a local opponent who had taken a powder. The promoter asked Duva if he could think of a way out of the bind.

"My dad said, 'Don't worry, I got somebody,'" Dino recalls. Dino, who was 16 at the time and had never worn a pair of boxing gloves in his life, was about to learn, to his horror, that he was this somebody. "He said he would pay me \$200," says Dino, now 30. Duva finally thought better of the match, explaining to the promoter that even in the unlikely event that his son survived the bout, his marriage might not. A stand-in was eventually plucked from the audience, and he came

surprisingly close to upsetting the established pro. Dino spent the entire fight muttering darkly to himself that for \$200 he would have murdered the bum.

Duva has lived in the same house in Totowa, N.J., for 35 years. Even now, the kids, years after they moved out, drive over in their pajamas on Christmas morning to open presents together. Before the kids were married, their dates had to come over in pajamas too.

When Donna was divorced in 1980, she and her daughter, Casey, moved in with Lou and Enes and have never left. Since then, Casey, who is 14, has spent many an evening sitting around the kitchen table making matches with her grandfather. As a six-year-old she haggled with Duva over whether it

**AYALA WAS DUVAS FAVORITE AND HIS GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT**

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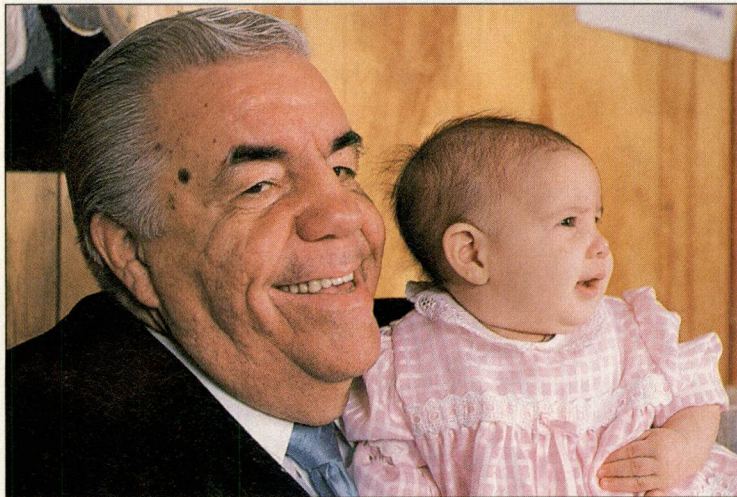




New Jersey Diamond Gloves *welterweight* amateur championship. "That was a hundred pounds ago," says Duva, trying to see his feet.

He learned to fight at 15, when he dropped out of school, forged a birth certificate that said he was 18 and went off to Boise, Idaho, to work in the Civilian Conservation Corps. "That's where I learned how to drive a truck, learned how to fight in smokers and learned how to shoot craps," he says, his point evidently being that a mind *is* a terrible thing to waste.

Once he returned to New Jersey, Duva's biggest problem as a fighter, the one that would account for much of the scar tissue that gives his face its distinctive ridges and valleys, was that he rarely had time to train. He worked every afternoon as a shoeshine boy on a Paterson street corner, and at night he set pins by hand at a bowling alley and peddled newspapers. While stationed Stateside during World War II, Duva began his career as a cornerman by managing the boxing team at what was then called Camp Hood, in Texas. After his discharge in 1944, at age 21, Duva bought a truck and eventually built a fleet of 32.



"I used to knock myself out trying to get the first load to the garment district [in Manhattan]," he says. "Then I'd work through the coffee breaks and lunch just so I could finish early and go to Stillman's Gym [on 8th Avenue and 54th St.] and watch the three-ring circus there. I'd watch the managers' moves, watch the trainers work, always studying. When I started, sometimes I'd make a \$5,000 profit in the trucking business, and then I'd blow it all on some boxing show."

After he married, in 1949, other jobs may have kept the wolf from the door, but their most important function was to provide him with enough money to put together his boxing shows in places like the Elizabeth (N.J.) Armory and what is now John F. Kennedy High School in Paterson. Still, Enes always encouraged Lou to stick with boxing, even when it was draining the family treasury.

**TOUGH GUY DUVA IS A PUSHOVER FOR GRANDKIDS (TOP, FROM LEFT) ALEX, LISA, NICOLE AND (ABOVE) AMANDA**

would be better to match Leonard against Roberto Duran or Thomas Hearns first. "She knows styles," says Duva. "I'll bring up a fighter, and she'll say, 'Grandpa, not him, he runs too much.'"

Duva always relied heavily upon his family to sustain him during the lean years. When his children were little, he often would come home from work, pile them into the family station wagon and roam New Jersey, hanging fight posters in shop windows and on bulletin boards in taverns and supermarkets. Even now, in an era of satellite broadcasts and global promotions, he believes that boxing matches should be promoted with those yellow posters that have the little oval pictures of the fighters' faces on them. "We can mount a \$5 million ad campaign," says Dan's wife, Kathy, "and he'll still come in and say, 'Where the hell are the posters?'"

Duva refined his knowledge of boxing with the help of his older brother, Carl, who was a Jersey club fighter in the late '20s and early '30s. Carl used to let Lou carry his gym bag and, on a big day, his spit bucket. When Lou was 17 he won the

While selling off his trucks in the early '60s, Duva began working as a bail bondsman. For 10 years he tracked down offenders who skipped town while awaiting trial. "I was a bounty hunter," he says, "which is another way of saying I was stupid." Duva once followed a bail jumper to an apartment in Puerto Rico, where neighbors in the building threw disposable household items at him as he fled with his quarry.

When Duva suffered a major heart attack in 1979, Enes knew him well enough to realize boxing wasn't what was killing him, so she suggested that he give up his day jobs and concentrate full-time on the ring. The job that had probably given him the heart attack was being president of Teamsters Local 286, which represented mostly minimum-wage earners in Clifton, N.J.

In 1972, Duva took over the stewardship of the small local, which had been controlled by Tony Provenzano, whose enemies had a habit of disappearing suddenly and permanently. In 1978, Tony Pro, as he was known, was convicted of having murdered a union rival 17 years earlier. Provenzano died in federal prison in December, while serving time for a previous

racketeering conviction. Duva acknowledges that he was friendly with Tony Pro and his brother Sal, who was also a Teamster official, but says they never asked him to do anything improper. "All I care about is what a guy does for my boxers," says Duva. "Outside of that, he could be the devil, I don't care."

Suggestions that Duva was involved in organized crime have always infuriated his family, mainly because they are based on nothing more substantial than his association with some shady characters. The family points out that while Duva was the head of Local 286, it was composed mostly of nursing-home and hospital workers. "Every now and then, Lou would get the nurses together and they would rough people up," says Kathy.

Duva says his real strength as a union boss lay in his ability to recruit new members, and it didn't hurt that he could swell the ranks by hiring members of his family. During a contentious nursing-home strike in 1980, Donna—not Lou—was arrested when she got into a fight on a picket line. Duva also used his position as a union leader to sponsor neighborhood sports teams. In fact, it was his Local 286 football team that was playing in the Paterson Touch Football League when Duva nearly sparked a riot by running onto the field to dispute a call.

When it came to boxing, Duva treated family members like business partners and his fighters like family. "There were times when his fighters' kids didn't have Christmas presents,"

says Donna, "so he would take ours and give them to them." Every Sunday, 15 or 20 members of Duva's extended family—many of them black or Hispanic—would show up at the Totowa house for dinner, and Enes would cook huge quantities of pasta to feed them all.

"He brought Hurricane Carter to the house for dinner once, and I almost died, he was so scary looking," says Dan of the former middleweight contender who served 19 years for murder in a celebrated case. "Until about 10 years ago, all the important boxing decisions had to be made around his kitchen table."

Shortly after graduating from Seton Hall Law School in 1977, Dan decided to move the family business out of the kitchen and, more to the point, out of his father's pants. "The first thing we had to do was stop the left pocket, right pocket accounting method," says Dan. He did that by forming a promotional company called Main Events, by renting a house in a residential neighborhood of Totowa to serve as the company's offices and by installing Donna as the office manager, Dino as the comptroller and Kathy as the publicist. The offices had partitions that didn't extend all the way to the ceiling, so instead of using the intercom system that had been installed, the Duvas communicated with one another the way any family does—by yelling back and forth at the top of their lungs. The only time they seemed to get tongue-tied was during strategy sessions, so Dan went out and bought a table like the one in



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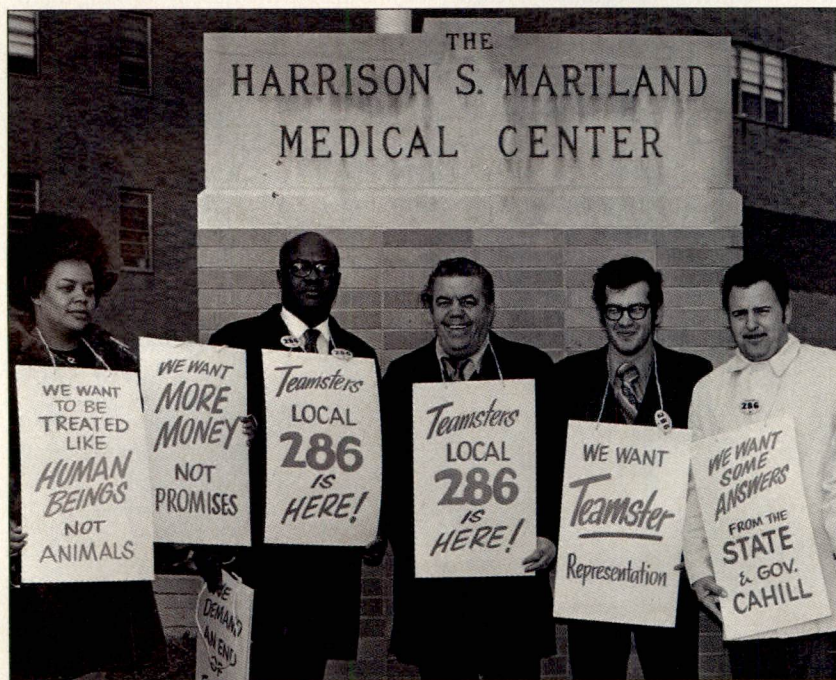
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ROB KINMONTH



ARISTOCRAT STUDIOS

**HE ONLY DABBLES IN THE KITCHEN OF HIS RESTAURANT, BUT AS A TEAMSTER IN THE 1970S, DUVA (CENTER) WAS ALL BUSINESS**

Lou's kitchen. They've been the busiest promoters in boxing ever since.

Main Events did stumble, though, when Dan decided to diversify. In 1975, he decided that Main Events would promote a martial-arts show at Ice World, a converted skating rink in Totowa that seated 3,000 people. The exhibition drew 67 fans, and a lot of them might not have come had it not been for a typesetting error on the posters, which promised a "marital arts" show. But when Main Events stuck to boxing, the Duvas prospered. During one stretch, they sold out 18 straight monthly cards at Ice World.

Duva was finally a person of importance in boxing. "It took him nearly 60 years to find himself," says Kathy. "Not until seven or eight years ago could he actually support himself from the fighters."

To help make ends meet during one of the lean years, he worked a few shows for promoter Bob Arum. Duva says that

the relationship ended disastrously in 1977, when he paired a heavyweight from Wayne, N.J., named Lou Esa against John Tate in Las Vegas. "Esa would have given Tate a good fight," says Dan, "but he got arrested the day before the fight and didn't tell anybody. He spent half the night in jail, then got stopped in the third round." When Arum was criticized for promoting a mismatch, he blamed Duva and cut his paycheck to drive home the point. Arum claims the incident never happened, but Duva insists that he tore the check into pieces. In any case, he and Arum remain bitter rivals.

Duva's resourcefulness was frequently tested during his years at Ice World, which is now a Rickel Home Center. Esa made his pro debut there on a night when his opponent vanished after the weigh-in. Duva once again went into the audience, this time finding a retired New York City policeman who was willing to stand in, if not up. The cop, whom Duva dubbed Angelo Garafolo, was balding and overweight and had little boxing experience, so Duva told him just to dance around and try not to get hit. But Esa knocked Garafolo out in four rounds.

A reporter for the *Passaic Herald News*, Augie Lio, thought he smelled a 260-pound rat and started asking Garafolo questions—once he had regained consciousness. Duva told Lio that Garafolo was Italian and spoke no English, so Lio began questioning him in perfect Italian. Garafolo, whom by this time Duva had taken to calling Angie, just stared off into space because he spoke no Italian. Duva insisted that for generations the Garafolos had spoken only an obscure regional dialect. Lio finally threw up his hands and went to press with an account of his suspicions.

In the wake of Muhammad Ali's 1974 bout with George Foreman in Zaïre, Duva sensed that heightened awareness of Afro-American culture had created a demand for a fighter descended from African royalty. "Suddenly every black guy you met was from Zaïre," says Duva, who was looking for an opponent for an Irish pug he was managing named Christy Elliott. "I knew of a guy down in Camden who worked on a garbage truck and passed himself off as an African prince. He was fighting prelims, so I offered him a main event with Christy if he would fight as Prince Nitika Tarharcker."

The prince informed Duva that His Highness not only would take the fight, but he also would throw in the Tarharcker royal court—his bongo-playing brother, and his sister, who could dance up a storm. Duva arranged to have six bagpipe players march into the ring at the Teamsters Hall in West Paterson with Elliott. Irish fans turned out in force—dockworkers from Kearny, policemen from Parsippany—to sup-



**LOU  
DUVA**  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

port Elliott. Tarharcker's entrance lasted 15 minutes and was followed by an equally clamorous procession featuring Elliott and his wheezing entourage of bagpipers and leprechauns.

When everyone was finally in the ring, Duva played some music—he still doesn't know what it was—that he identified to the audience as the national anthem of Zaïre. The bell rang, and Elliott knocked the prince out with one punch. "People left the arena saying, 'What a great fight!'" says Duva, still as proud of that match as of any he has made for the big casinos and their TV pit bosses.

The Duvases might never have made it out of the world of upwardly mobile garbagemen and off-duty cops if they hadn't won the promotional rights to the Leonard-Hearns bout in 1981, thereby delivering a stunning blow to Arum and King, who had seized virtual control of boxing. "The only people the networks would talk to were King and Arum," says Kathy. "Before that fight we couldn't get them to return our calls."

Duva got \$13 million in financing by shrewdly forging an alliance with rock promoter Shelly Finkel, who got involved only after people who knew the fight business vouched for Duva's honesty, a scarce quality in boxing. "Scarce would be an improvement," says Finkel. "It's a rough sport, and there are very few honorable people in it. The people who control the limited quantity of champions want to keep it that way."

The Leonard-Hearns fight made \$34 million from the live gate and closed-circuit locations. At the time no other sporting event in history had grossed as much money. "The month be-

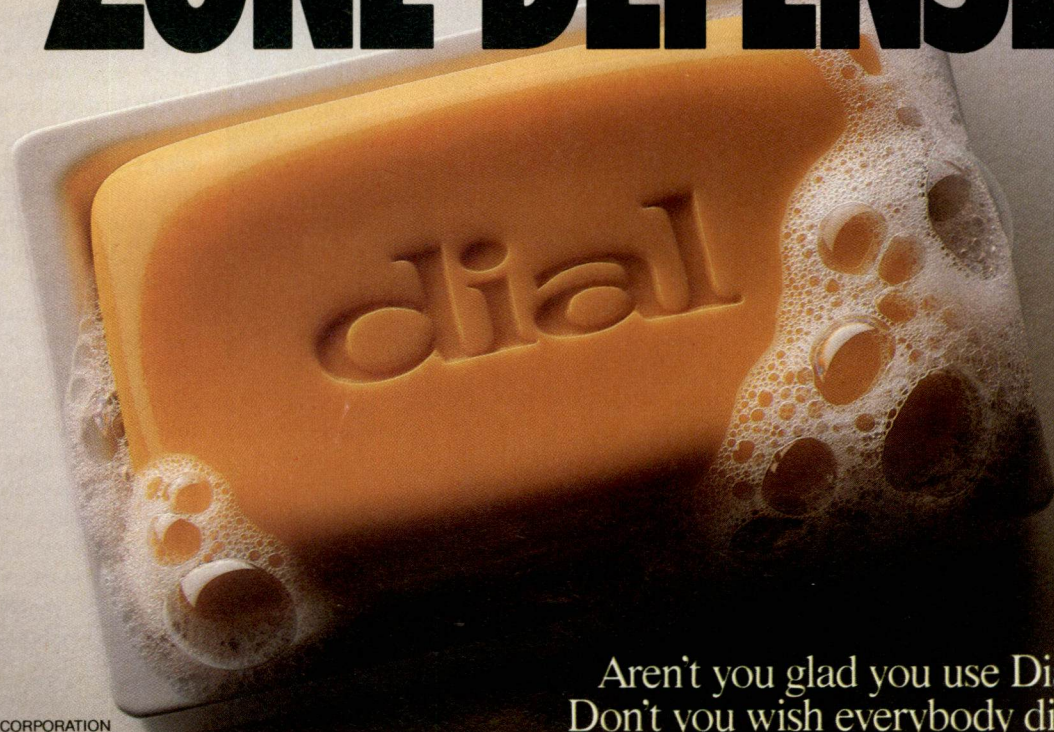
fore that fight and the month after it, we promoted shows at Ice World for \$20,000," says Kathy.

That first triumph was also one of the last Duva shared with his wife. Enes had been bedridden with multiple sclerosis for six years. Duva took her to see specialists at the Mayo and the Scripps clinics. He took her to any hospital that held out any hope of a cure. When it became clear that conventional medicine could not help her, he flew her to Miami for snake-venom treatments. "He spent every penny he had, taking her to see every doctor who supposedly had a cure for MS," says Dan. Enes died 2½ years ago. "She never deserved to be sick," says Duva, "and she never deserved to die."

When Enes died, Duva was already reeling from the loss of his first superb fighter, the one he says came closest to being like another son to him. Tony Ayala was undefeated and the top-ranked junior middleweight contender in the world when he was arrested for rape on Jan. 1, 1984. "He was my father's dream fighter," says Dan. "He was tough and mean, and he would do anything to win." Ayala was convicted of aggravated sexual assault and is serving a 35-year term in Trenton State Prison, in New Jersey.

"He always believes in the fighter," says Donna of her father. "The fighter can do no wrong. After Tony got arrested, he lived at our house for three weeks, with my daughter and me and my mother, who was bedridden at the time." Not until

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## LOU DUVA

after the trial did Duva accept that Ayala had been lying to him all along.

"That's what really hurt," says Duva. "I thought this kid was my son. I wanted to be part of his life. This was a kid I was going to *do* something for."

Duva has handled more than a dozen boxers who have been arrested or done time, but the Ayala episode was unusually painful. Duva hasn't spoken to Ayala since his conviction, and the family stopped inviting fighters to Sunday dinner. "After that we kept our distance," says Kathy.

Keeping their distance has helped the Duvas to run Main Events more like a business and to soften the blows they take from rivals about apparent conflicts of interest in both promoting boxing shows and managing fighters. When Main Events is promoting a bout, Duva will often be negotiating on behalf of his fighter with Dan. But Duva insists that all his boxers have attorneys and accountants, so, he says, there is no impropriety in his dealings with his son.

"Danny and I fight like cats and dogs sometimes," says Duva, "but I'm not going to lie and say I never talk to him [about the family business]. I participate in the decisions."

### THOUGH WEALTHY BY NOW, DUVA IS MOST AT HOME IN A MUSTY GYM

Duva comanages top-ranked heavyweight contender Evander Holyfield with attorney Ken Sanders, but Sanders negotiates all of Holyfield's contracts with Main Events. "If I'm negotiating with Dan Duva, I'm going to have an easier time of it than Lou because I can say no," says Sanders. "You *know* they're going to agree to something."

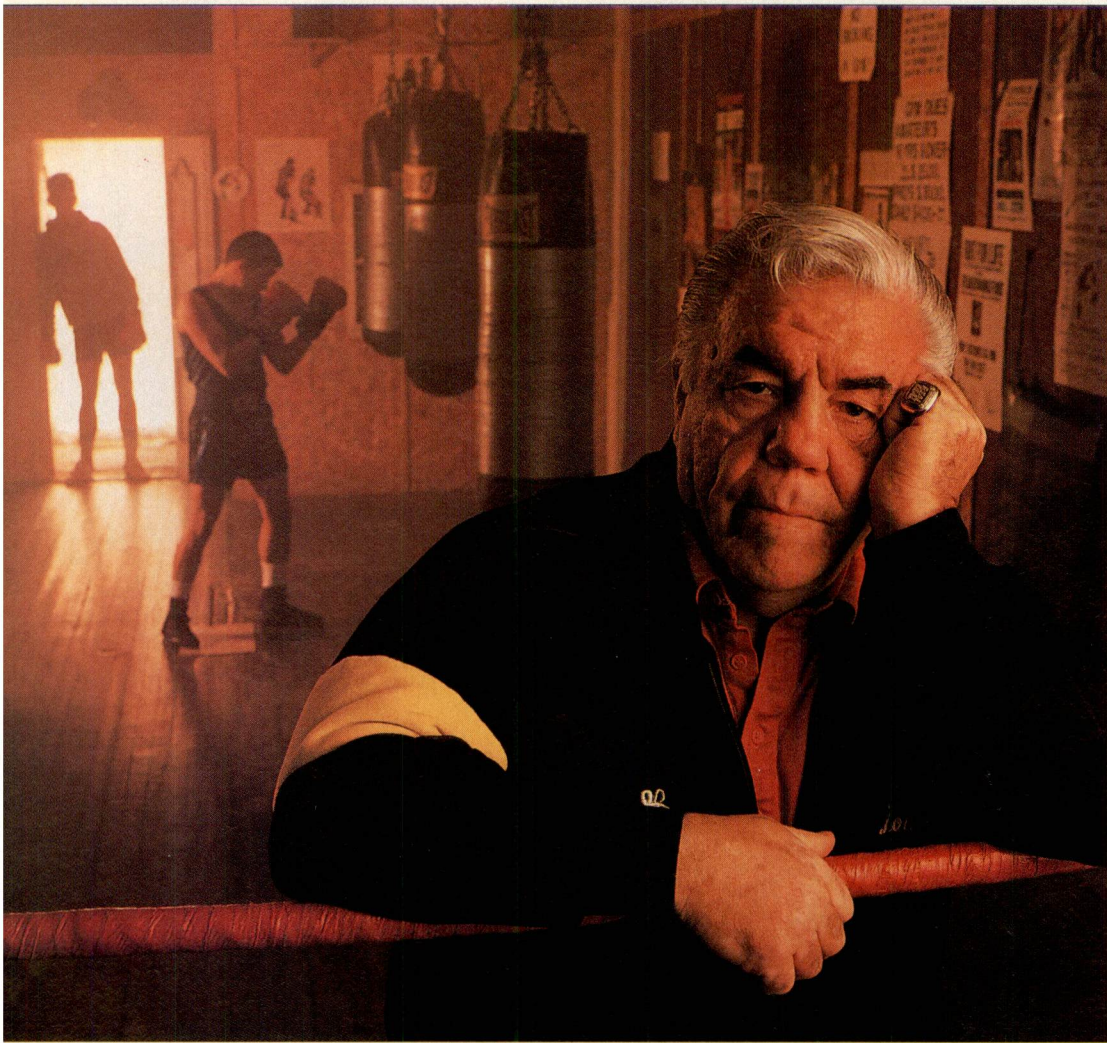
In the 1956 boxing melodrama *The Harder They Fall*, the press agent played by Humphrey Bogart delivers a withering description of boxing to a group of managers: "All you do is spot a strong kid, buy him a license for \$10, rent a towel for a dime and toss him in the ring. For that you grab a third of his purse. You steal another third by padding the expense account. Then you cheat half of what's left by giving him a fast shuffle. You're the managers, that's for sure."

Even though he is in an ideal position to give his fighters a fast shuffle, Duva can't do it. He's an old-fashioned alchemist, taking kids from the amateur ranks and transforming them into champions. He has spent the last two years trying to change Holyfield from a cruiserweight champ into a heavyweight worthy of challenging Tyson. The rest of the family has dubbed this mission the Omega Project, although Duva refers to it as the Amigo Project. Last month, Holyfield took a step closer to a date with Tyson with a brutal 10th-round knockout of Michael Dokes.

Whatever the outcome of the Omega Project, Holyfield will remain part of Duva's extended family. (He also has a restaurant, whose chef is one of his sons-in-law.) "I'm the patriarch of this here whole organization," says Duva. Of late, he has been squiring Darlene Baldinelli, the 36-year-old manager of a sports bar in Baltimore, but he says he still misses Enes too much to consider remarrying.

Duva doesn't come home as much now that Enes is gone. When he does, he spends most of his time dreaming up matches with Casey. When she was still small, she went to him one night and said, "Grandpa, tell me a story." Duva pulled her up on his lap and began.

"He said he was going to tell her the story of the Littlest Angel," says Dan. "We were all kind of amazed and pleased that they were finally talking about something other than boxing, so we tiptoed out of the room and left them alone. The next day Casey told us about the story. It turned out the Littlest Angel was Angel Ortiz, a bantamweight from Newark." ■



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# THE WHIZ KID OF BRIDGE

*Sam Hirschman is the game's youngest life master*

BY RICHARD DEMAK

Sam Hirschman, the youngest life master in the history of bridge, is in his bedroom at home in Southfield, Mich. The wallpaper is printed with images of Chewbacca, Luke and Han; Sam is reconstructing a metropolis on the top of his desk.

"It's Lego town," says Sam as he fiddles with one of the miniature police motorcycles before placing it in his tableau. "My sister destroyed it."

"I used to have Lego," the visitor says, seizing on the brightly colored plastic bits as a bridge across the generation gap between him and Sam. "But they were just bricks. They didn't have prefabricated trees and motorcycles."

"Oh, yeah, I saw some of those old Legos once," Sam says.

The reporter sighs and quietly says, "Yeah, Lego is great."

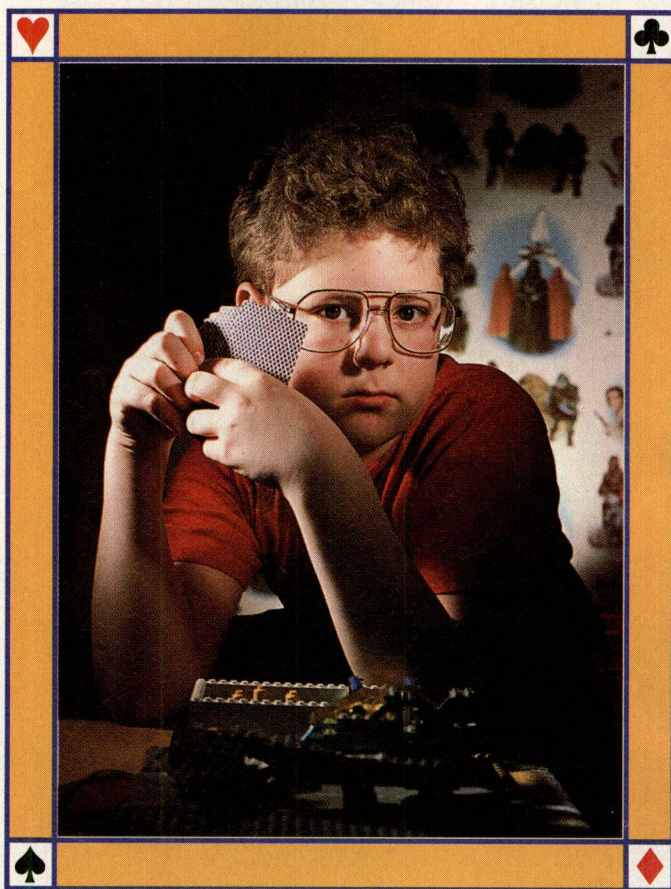
"Yeah, great," Sam says. "I've been building Lego forever."

Just how old is Sam? Twelve years, five months and 25 days. A precise answer to that question has been significant to the

Hirschmans ever since Sam began his quest to become the youngest life master in bridge about five years ago. On July 21, 1988, in Calgary, Sam won his 25th gold point in a tournament, giving him the number he needed to become a life master, as defined by the American Contract Bridge League. Sam was 11 years, nine months and five days old when he became the ACBL's 44,611th life master, which made Sam a month younger than Dougie Hsieh of New York City had been when he attained

that lofty title in September 1981.

Sam's victory tour reached its climax in Calgary, but it had started in earnest weeks before when Sam and his father, Martin, played a series of tournaments throughout the Midwest and Canada,



Now 12, Sam was a veteran player before he could hold a 13-card bridge hand.

collecting points in a mad race against the calendar. In the house in Southfield, Jenny, Sam's eight-year-old sister, says, "And me, my [other] brother and mother had to stay here."

But, Jenny, life on the bridge circuit isn't all that it's cracked up to be. The endless miles of interstates; the ice-cold java; the insolent roadies; the unforgiving groupies, who are always expecting you to perform at your best.

Sam, though, has had more than half his life to get used to the rigors of bridge.

He was about six when he was first able to hold the 13 cards of a bridge hand in one of his own small hands. He had learned the game three years earlier. Why bridge? "I had nothing else to do; I had a lot of free time," he says, referring to the year when he was three. Sam, now a seventh-grader at Roper City and Day School, has bridge in his blood. He was taught the game by his father, an attorney. Both his father and his mother, Marcy Abramson, a copy editor at the

*Detroit Free Press*, are life masters. Martin wasn't about to rush Sam into big-time bridge, however. "I waited until he wouldn't embarrass himself," he says. Or embarrass Martin, for that matter, who was Sam's partner on most of the tour. In fact, Martin has been involved in most of the points that Sam has won.

Sam earned his first fraction of a point at a club game in a Southfield tournament in the fall of 1984. He has won five sectional championships and has tied one since but is still looking for his first regional or national title. And though his record as the youngest life master seems safe for now, there is another Hirschman waiting in the wings. Not Jenny, who knows it's too late for her ("I don't like card games," she says), but Danny, 4, who has been learning bridge using card holders. "I'll break the record, then I'll be the youngest life master," says Dan-

ny, who would throw down the gauntlet if it weren't clipped to the sleeve of his snowsuit.

Undaunted by this fraternal challenge, Sam continues to work on his Lego town. He has time for one more question. So, what do you want to be when you grow up, Sam? "Either an actor, an archaeologist or an architect," he says. As long as it begins with *A*? asks the wise-guy visitor.

Sam says, "No, I *used* to want to be an astronaut." ■

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# FOCUSING ON HORSES

*Tony Leonard photographs equine greats*

**BY VEDA EDDY**

Tony Leonard has been standing behind his tripod for nearly an hour at Walmac Farm in Lexington, Ky., but he hasn't taken a picture. The sun keeps ducking behind a cloud, and the wind keeps playing havoc with his subject's mane. To top it off, the stallion, Strike Gold, a son of Mr. Prospector, is as fidgety as a five-year-old in a dentist's chair. Finally, on perhaps the 100th try, a groom positions Strike Gold's legs where the photographer wants them, and, miracle of miracles, the horse stands still, at least for the moment. All would be perfect if Leonard could get the animal to look alert. Standing just out of camera range,

Leonard's wife and assistant, Adelle, holds an umbrella waist-high, points it at the colt and opens it with a flourish. The stallion's eyes widen. His ears perk up. Leonard clicks away.

"Good horse," yells Leonard. Then he says, "Let's try it again." It takes another hour and

a tape recording of a mare whinnying—the umbrella having lost its surprise element—before Leonard is satisfied with the shoot and heads home to process the film.

"Patience is the key," says Leonard, 66, who is considered one of the world's premier thoroughbred photographers. His pictures have appeared in hundreds of magazines and on posters. They have been used as models by sculptors and painters and have been displayed in exhibits around the country. Many of Leonard's jobs, like the session with Strike Gold, are for conformation photos—side-view portraits showing all four legs of a horse. These pictures are used to advertise yearlings for sale or stallions standing at stud. According to Edward L. Bowen, editor-in-chief of *The Blood-Horse* magazine, a good conformation

photograph shows the physical structure of a horse in the clearest way.

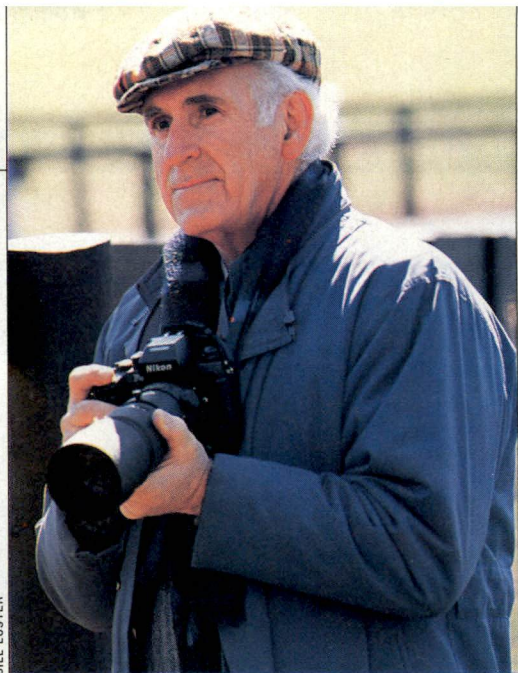
When Leonard is working for a breeder or an owner, his job is to capture the pose that maximizes the horse's good features and downplays his or her faults. "Tony's great talent is that he can size up a horse and know when he is standing at his best," says Bowen.

Photography was originally a hobby of Leonard's. He was a professional singer who often took photographs of other entertainers that he and Adelle, a dancer, met on their tours around the country. In 1961 a gig brought the Leonards to Lexington, where they decided to settle. There he turned his hobby into a full-time career and, this being Bluegrass country, horses were an obvious choice of subject.

Leonard says he would not make a good news photographer. "My first concern is always the horse," he says. "If a multimillion-dollar horse bolts, I'm not going to get the shot, I'm going to drop my camera and help catch the horse." Adelle confirms that her husband is a softy when it comes to animals. "He was at Belmont the day Ruffian broke down [in 1975]. All the other photographers ran to get the picture, but he ran the other way. He couldn't bear to look at it."

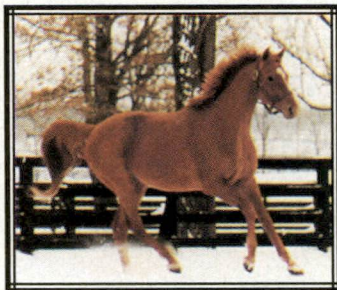
His most important assignment was for Queen Elizabeth II, who went to Kentucky in 1984 to tour a number of horse farms. Leonard received a

**Alysheba revisited the site of his greatest triumphs.**



BILL LUSTER

**The best have posed for Leonard: Secretariat (right) showed his form.**



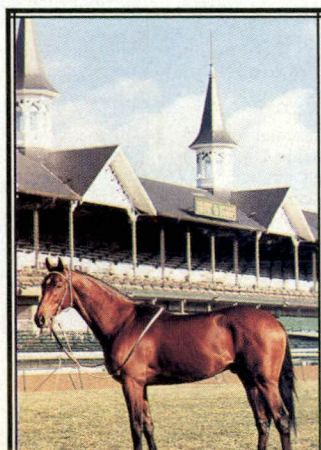
**A frisky Affirmed was shot in the snow.**

telephone call from the British embassy asking if he would be interested in chronicling the Queen's visit. The embassy official said Leonard had been recommended by a Lexington horseman, a polo-playing friend of Prince Charles's. There would be no compensation, but the negatives would be his. The Queen would select the pictures she wanted for her albums from contact sheets.

Leonard jumped at the chance to shoot the Queen's visit. Although there were several "photo opportunities" during her stay, Leonard was the only photographer on hand when she toured seven farms. He chose to use a telephoto lens at all times in order to be unobtrusive, a gesture he feels was appreciated. "Every once in a while, when I was standing back behind a tree or something, she would turn and wave to me," he says. "The aura about the woman was incredible. Even the horses seemed to behave when she was around."

Later, a British tabloid offered him big bucks for any unflattering picture he might have of the Queen, but he refused. Says Leonard, "I have too good a reputation to ruin it this late in life." ■

*Veda Eddy is a free-lance writer in Columbus, Ind.*



TONY LEONARD (2)

## FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week March 27-April 2 • Compiled by Roger Jackson

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL**—MICHIGAN beat Seton Hall 80-79 to win the NCAA men's championship in Seattle (page 16), and TENNESSEE defeated Auburn 76-60 in the women's title game in Tacoma, Wash. (page 80).

ST. JOHN'S defeated St. Louis University 73-65 to win an unprecedented fifth NIT championship, in New York City.

**PRO BASKETBALL**—The Pistons whipped Dallas 90-77 at home, then swept the Midwest Division-leading Jazz (108-104 in double OT), the SuperSonics (111-108) and the Clippers (117-101) on the road to maintain a two-game lead over the Cavaliers in the Central Division. Cleveland won three of four games, including a 109-100 victory over the Bulls, which ended a six-game Chicago winning streak. Michael Jordan had 37 points, 10 rebounds and 10 assists against the Cavs, and 28 points, 12 assists and 14 rebounds—his fifth straight triple double—in Chicago's 106-95 win over the Nets. The Mavericks snapped a 12-game losing streak with a 105-102 victory at Indiana, then nipped Miami 98-96 in Reunion Arena when Adrian Dantley, who had 25 points, hit a 19-foot bank shot as time expired. The Suns crushed the visiting Lakers 127-104 to clinch their first playoff berth in four years. Phoenix, which at week's end trailed pace-setting L.A. by 3½ games in the Pacific Division, improved its record at home against Western Conference foes to 26-0. The Atlantic Division-leading Knicks cruised to three victories in four games, but the one defeat—a 134-114 loss to the Warriors in Madison Square Garden—assured Golden State the distinction of being the only team to sweep a series from the Knicks in 1988-89.

**BOWLING**—MIKE AULBY defeated Jim Pencak 195-178 in the championship match to win a PBA event and \$100,000, in Edmond, Okla.

**BOXING**—At the U.S. Amateur Championships, in Colorado Springs, the winners in the 12 weight classes were, at 106 pounds, MARK JOHNSON, Washington, D.C.; 112, BRIAN LONON, Fort Hood, Texas; 119, TONY GONZALES, National City, Calif.; 125, FRANK PENA, Aurora, Colo.; 132, SHANE MOSELEY, Pomona, Calif.; 139, RAY LOVATO, Sacramento; 147, RAUL MARQUEZ, Houston; 156, CHRIS BYRD, Flint, Mich.; 165, RAY LATHON, St. Louis; 178, JEREMY WILLIAMS, Long Beach, Calif.; 201, JAVIER ALVAREZ, San Antonio; 201+, EDDIE DONERLSON, Camp Lejeune, N.C.

**FENCING**—COLUMBIA won the NCAA men's championship, with 88 points to runner-up Penn State's 85, in Evanston, Ill.

**GOLF**—MIKE SULLIVAN shot a final-round seven-under-par 65 for an eight-under-par total of 280 to win a PGA event and \$144,000, in Woodlands, Texas, by one stroke over Craig Stadler.

JULI INKSTER shot a nine-under-par 279 to win the LPGA Dinah Shore tournament, in Rancho Mirage, Calif. and \$80,000. She defeated Tammie Green and JoAnne Carner by five strokes (page 34).

**COLLEGE HOCKEY**—HARVARD defeated Minnesota 4-3 in overtime to win the NCAA title in St. Paul (page 74).

**HOCKEY**—The dismissal of Ranger coach Michel Bergeron, a move called unlikely a few weeks ago by general manager Phil Esposito, became a reality when Esposito fired the coach with two games left in the regular season. Esposito reportedly decided to fire Bergeron and install himself as coach while watching the Red Wings' 4-3 win over the Rangers, which assured Detroit of its second straight Norris Division title. Two nights later, the Penguins, who finished second in the Patrick Division, five points behind Washington, beat the Rangers 5-2 to spoil Espo's return to the bench and clinch the home-ice advantage in this week's Stanley Cup series against New York. The Canadiens, the Adams Division champions, skated to a 5-2 victory over the Bruins and beat the Sabres 4-2. The Flyers then tied Montreal 2-2 in the Forum to assure the Flames—who are the Smythe Division titlists—of the President's Trophy, given to the team with the best regular-season record. Calgary, which finished with 117 points, two more than the Canadiens, also signed Sergei Priakin, who on Friday became the first Soviet player permitted by his government to appear in an NHL game (page 38).

**INDOOR SOCCER**—Baltimore's drive to clinch the regular-season title hasn't been a blast. In a 6-3 loss to Kansas City, the Comets' Barry Wallace burned the Blast for three goals, while in Wichita's 6-3 defeat of Baltimore, the Wings' Chico Moriera scored twice. The Blast also played a doubleheader of sorts with the Comets, losing 6-5 in overtime in the resumption of a game suspended on Dec. 27 and then winning 6-4 in the regularly scheduled match.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—HARRY GANT drove an Oldsmobile to victory in a 500-mile NASCAR event in

Darlington, S.C. He beat Davey Allison, in a Ford, by 1.31 seconds to win \$65,035.

**SWIMMING & DIVING**—TEXAS won its second straight NCAA men's title with 475 points, 79 better than Stanford, in Indianapolis (page 82).

**TENNIS**—IVAN LENDL was declared the men's champion and awarded the \$111,750 first prize at the International Players Championship in Key Biscayne, Fla., after Thomas Muster, who was to have met Lendl in the finals, injured both knees in a car crash and had to withdraw. GABRIELA SABATINI won the women's title and \$100,000 with a 6-1, 4-6, 6-2 triumph over Chris Evert.

**MILEPOSTS**—AWARDED: To New Zealand, the America's Cup, by a New York State Supreme Court judge who ruled that the San Diego Yacht Club, the U.S. defender, violated the Cup's Deed of Gift when it chose to sail a catamaran against New Zealand's monohull in September's Cup challenge, which the U.S. entry won (page 11).

**DISMISSED**: As football coach at Western Carolina, BOB WATERS, 50, after leading the Cata-monts to a 116-94-6 record over 20 seasons, the last of which he spent in a wheelchair while battling Lou Gehrig's disease (page 11).

**NAMED**: As basketball coach at Indiana State, TATES LOCKE, 51, who had been an assistant at Indiana, replacing RON GREENE, 50, who resigned after leading the Sycamores to a 4-24 record in 1988-89; at Auburn, TOMMY JOE EAGLES, 40, who guided Louisiana Tech to an 87-40 record in four seasons; at Vanderbilt, EDDIE FOGLER, 40, who had a 61-32 record in three years at Wichita State; at Cincinnati, BOB HUGGINS, 35, who had a 97-46 mark in five years at Akron. He replaces TONY YATES, 51, who was fired after guiding the Bearcats to a 70-100 record over six years.

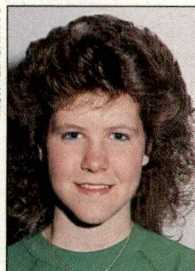
**RESIGNED**—As basketball coach at Wake Forest, BOB STAAK, 41; he had a 45-69 record in his four seasons with the Demon Deacons.

**TRADED**: By the Seattle Mariners, first baseman-designated hitter STEVE BALBONI, 32, to the New York Yankees for a minor league pitcher.

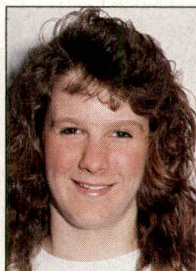
**DIED**: NICK BREMIGAN, 43, an American League umpire since 1974; of a heart attack; in Garland, Texas.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

MICHAEL CARLOS



MICHAEL CARLOS

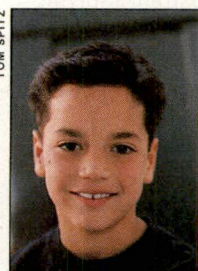


SARA BUSWELL  
HOULTON, MAINE

LAURA BUSWELL  
HOULTON, MAINE

Sara, a junior striker, and Laura, a sophomore goaltender on the Houlton High girls' soccer team, were named all-league, all-Eastern Maine and all-Maine for their performances this season. Sara, who scored 20 goals and added 10 assists, and Laura, who had eight shutouts, led the Shiretowners to a 13-3-1 record, which included a 1-0 defeat of Maine Central Institute in the Eastern Maine championship. Houlton lost 1-0 to York in the state final after Sara was injured in the first half.

TOM SPITZ



JAKE MARRUJO  
SPARKS, NEV.

Jake, 8, won 10 gold medals and broke five state records for his age group at the state short-course swimming championships in Las Vegas. He set records in the 25- and 50-yard back, 100 free, 25 breast and 100 individual medley.

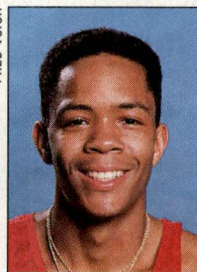
BOBBY OWENS/PHOTO MAGIC



GLENNA VANHOOSE  
PAINTSVILLE, KY.

Glenna, a senior forward at Paintsville High, had the state's highest basketball scoring average (boys' or girls'), with 40.4 points per game this season. She scored at least 50 points six times, including 54 in a 79-47 defeat of Menifee County.

FRED VUICH



DION BENTLEY  
VERONA, PA.


Dion, a Penn Hills High senior, jumped 26' 6½" at the Penn State Invitational to set a new U.S. indoor high school long-jump record by 4½ inches. At the Eastern States he jumped 26' ¼" to beat Carl Lewis's meet mark by 7¼ inches.

SEAN BRADY



MONA NARD  
PEORIA, ARIZ.

Mona, a junior pitcher at Cactus High, hit a two-out homer in the eighth inning to beat Agua Fria High 3-2 in the state Class AAA Division II softball championship. She had a 24-4 record with six no-hitters, 10 shutouts and a 1.39 ERA.



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# COACHES, AD NAUSEAM

*Too many mentors spoiled the NCAA hoops TV broth*

BY JOHN FEINSTEIN ■

**H**ERE'S THE SCENE: Iowa and North Carolina State are locked in a grueling double-overtime game with a spot in the Sweet 16 of the NCAA tournament at stake. The Wolfpack has finally opened a six-point lead with 17 seconds remaining in the second overtime. Iowa races the ball up-court, but suddenly the ball comes loose. Exhausted players from both teams dive for it, and. . .

CBS cuts to a shot of N.C. State coach Jim Valvano watching the scramble.

The viewers never did find out how Valvano's team came up with the ball, because all they saw was Valvano. Of course, the shot of Valvano was absolutely necessary. Without it, the fans would have seen him only 1,999 times during the telecast.

The point is this: Everyone—not just CBS—has gone coach crazy in college basketball. Call it the Cult of the Coach, call it Rock Stars of the NCAA, call it anything you want, but once and for all call a halt to it.

A shot at the end of the Seton Hall-Duke semifinal of Pirate coach P.J. Carlesimo greeting his proud parents was more than legitimate. However, we didn't need repeated takes of Angie Fisher, Mary Henson, Mickie Krzyzewski, and Mom and Pop Carlesimo on Saturday. How many times during the NCAA tournament did you hear Brent Musburger say something like, "And now Ferry will go to the line for [coach Mike] Krzyzewski"? Is that Krzyzewski U? Or the U of Krzyzewski?

Musburger's notion that the coach *is* the university isn't so farfetched. Is Indiana University as big as the Coach in the Sweater? Certainly, the university president isn't as impor-

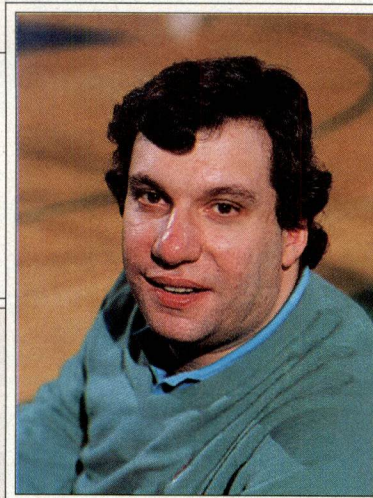
tant or powerful—or nearly as well-paid—as the coach at Indiana, Georgetown, North Carolina, Arizona or any number of schools where the basketball coach has been accorded the kind of hero worship once reserved for football coaches.

But shouldn't the stars of this NCAA tournament have been the likes of Glen Rice, Ramon Ramos, Danny Ferry and Kenny Battle instead of Steve Fisher, Carlesimo, Krzyzewski and Lou Henson? "I think it's a legitimate question to raise," says Billy Packer, CBS's top analyst. "Great players come and go in college basketball; that's part of its charm. But when coaches stay on top even with different players—guys like [Bob] Knight, [Dean] Smith, [John] Thompson and now Krzyzewski—we tend to focus on them. They become the product. They deserve a lot of credit, but lately we've probably gone over the edge."

Television is by no means the only offender. Print reporters tend to seek out coaches first because they are more quotable than their players. What's more, coaches want it that way. They make sure that they are accessible and that their players are almost impossible to find. And if you do find any players, more and more they sound like robots.

I call this El Deano Syndrome, in honor of North Carolina's Smith. He instructs his players as to what to say and, more important, what not to say: Never criticize anyone, always play up the seniors on your team, never give one individual too much credit, mention schoolwork at least once in every five sentences.

Then we have the Vitale Problem. I realize that Dick Vitale—bashing has become almost as much a cliché as camera shots of coaches' wives, but the man cannot get through a



RICH CLARKSON

telecast without: 1) telling us what great guys the two coaches are, 2) telling us that at least four of the assistants in the building are ready for head-coaching jobs and 3) speculating on several brilliant young coaches who will soon be moving up to "a big-time job." What is a big-time job anyway? Was Seton Hall's a big-time job when Carlesimo took it?

If every assistant Vitale deemed ready were hired, there would be 800 head coaches in Division I instead of 294. And the ones not already there would be en route to a big-time job. Some people may laugh Vitale off, but the fact is, when he talks—which is always—people listen.

What can be done about all this? First, get the TV cameras off the coaches. If a coach is going crazy, show him. Otherwise keep the focus on the ball—and the players.

Second, let's have no family shots except at the very end of a game, and only if it produces real drama. Third, instruct all the guys with microphones to stop telling the viewers what a great meal he had with the coach. Instead, let us know how many of the coach's players graduated the year before or how much money he's being paid by a shoe company or why he has signed three Prop 48 players for next season.

Finally, all of us in the press should make a resolution for next season: Give coaches credit where it is due, and quote them when they are informative or funny. Period. They are, without question, an indispensable part of the game. But that doesn't mean they *are* the game. ■

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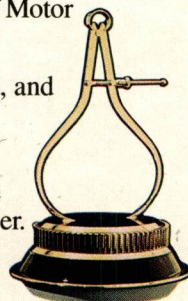
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