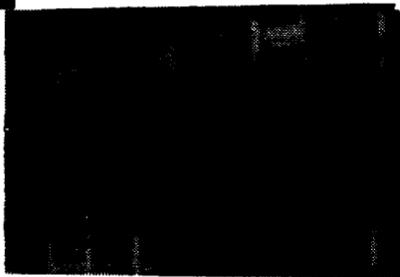


The Coach



A CLASSIC TEAM

I miss the N.Y. Knicks team of the late 60's and early 70's. Willis Reed, Dave Debuschre, Bill Bradley, Walt Frazier, and Dick Barnett. Those were the days. What a magnificent team! And, I stress the word team. In those days, teams didn't seem to be intent on playing this one-on-one type of basketball we see nowadays. The Knicks were great on defense and intelligent on offense. They were truly a team's team.

I miss listening to marvelous Marv Albert calling the play-by-play and his patented "YES" when a Knick hit a shot.

The Knick moment that I miss the most was the seventh game of the 1969-70 NBA championship series with Los Angeles. Willis was down with a severe knee injury from which he would never recover completely. Dave Debuschre would be called on to play center and cover Wilt Chamberlain who in the last game had scored 41 points. The Garden was filled to capacity, but the fans knew that their chances were slim in defeating L.A. without the services of Willis. How would they defeat Wilt, West, Baylor, and Company?

Both the Lakers and the Knicks had finished their pre-game warmups and were ready for the player introductions.

Suddenly, a buzzing started throughout the Garden. It changed to cheers which became louder and louder until the entire partisan crowd was standing and cheering, looking towards the Knick players' tunnel. Here came Willis, his hulking figure clad in his usual home whites, limping to the New York Knick bench. The cheers were deafening now as the Lakers looked on in disbelief. How could Reed stand, let alone walk out to the court? The Lakers were stunned. Willis had dominated them earlier in the series, and now he was back.

Willis started the game. He hit his first two attempts from the field and played only three minutes. However, three minutes was enough and the Lakers were done. The Knicks were the NBA champions.

A team's team. A classic team. One I'll never forget.

THE COACH SENDS A LETTER

Dear Mr. Katz,

Why? Why did you do it? Why? Why have you signed Darryl Dawkins? We all know he's not worth it. How inconsistent can one owner be?

Just a few weeks ago you were ready to shell out big bucks when you were begging Wilt Chamberlain to come out of retirement. Promising a huge salary, no playing away games, and bonuses that have never been seen before by humans. But, Wilt said, "No thanks," and you were left with "Double D." I hate to break the news to you, but, Moses Malone will be available at the end of the season. You wouldn't have had to pay him the catastrophic salary that Wilt would have commanded and be afraid of Moses collapsing from exhaustion.

Granted, Moses doesn't play great defense, but who does in the NBA? Think what you'd be getting. A quiet, conservative, down home, hard-working center who would average 11-15 rebounds and 20-25 points per game. A game, mind you, not every once in a while. Does big Mr. Double D, Mr. Lovetron, Mr. Fadeaway 20-footer give the Sixers that? Darryl lacks the most basic fundamentals needed to succeed in the NBA. When I say succeed, I don't mean dominate in the NBA, something Darryl has the potential to do. Double D has not been educated with the basic fundamentals needed to play great basketball. Yes, he gets by with his sheer physical attributes. Darryl is quick and has excellent leaping ability, but, for example, lacks the defensive fundamentals that would eliminate his careless fouls.

Mr. Katz, why don't you just burn Double D's contract and wait for Moses? He could be Philadelphia's savior. Imagine this: Dr. J, Bobby J, Mo Cheeks, Lionel H and Moses...

THE COACH SHOTS BACK

Dear Anthony,

Your letter in the last issue of this paper was the typical holier-than-thou response to an anti-hunter's criticisms of your so-called sport. I loved the part when you said that "a church lector can be a hunter, a scout master can be a hunter, a past C.C. Reader Sports Editor can be a hunter, a person who just likes other people can be a hunter." It made me want to stand up and either cry or salute the flag.

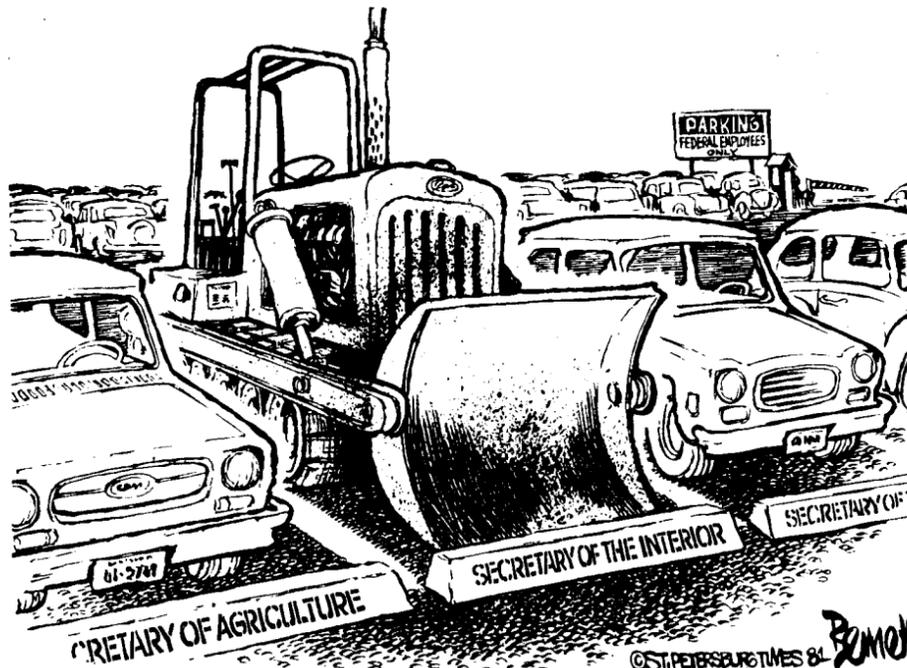
You have missed my point.

You are not hunting to get nourishment. You are hunting to kill something. You are not hunting to survive, you are hunting because you enjoy the proverbial "kill."

Just once I'd like to give the animals some guns and a day, say March 15 (that would be appropriate) and let them roam the streets and yards in search of a good kill.



THE CLEVELAND CAVALIERS' TEAM BENCH



The World's Great Golf Courses

By Matthew Smith

•Editor's Note: This is the third of a four-part installment of articles about great golf courses Mr. Smith has played.

THE MERION GOLF CLUB

Perhaps no golf course in the world has produced more stirring memories than the Merion Golf Club. It was here in the 1916 U.S. Amateur that 14-year-old Bobby Jones made his debut. It was here that Jones completed his "grand slam" of golf at the fabled 11th "Baffling Brook" hole. It was at Merion that Ben Hogan, who only six months before had been in a near-fatal auto accident when doctors said that he would never walk again, burned a one iron to the 18th green and made two putts from 40 feet to tie Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio. Hogan defeated both of them the next day. And it was here in 1960 that a 20-year-old named Jack Nicklaus played a superb four rounds in 269 strokes, leading the U.S. team to victory in the World Amateur Team Championship.

The Merion Golf Club is located in Andmore Pennsylvania. Unlike most championship courses that are 7,000+ yards, Merion is only 6,528, but it is the longest 6,528 yards in all of golf. Merion is truly a course on which the golfer must hit all the clubs in his bag.

The Merion Golf Club was designed by Hugh Wilson. He was given an odd L-shaped plot of 120 acres of land (which had a worked out quarry included). The soil was bad, the terrain rocky, and there were two little brooks that seemed to serve no purpose. Despite these problems, Wilson managed to turn a poor ugly girl into a gorgeous glamorous Cinderella. Wilson was so successful that he is recognized as the most gifted golf course architect that ever was.

There are a number of famous holes. The first hole is generally considered the definitive opening hole. A 355-yard par-4 hole that seems easy, but stray your drive or approach and you're in trouble. The 11th hole is the famous "baffling brook" hole in which Cobb's Creek cuts in front of the green and then twists behind it. On the 16th, the 430-yard "Quarry Hole," the deep, old, worked-out quarry must be carried on the second shot to reach the green well above the fairway. Merion's 17th hole is the highest rated par 3 hole in America per-stroke average. Once again the quarry must be carried to a two-tier green found well below the tee, surrounded by trees and the famed "white faces of Merion."

Merion finishes with what is probably the toughest finishing hole in golf—a 458-yard par 4 down a chute off the tee (trees on both sides of that tee), onto a right-to-left dipping fairway.

How did the author perform? I shot an 86 on this fabled layout. Considering all of Merion's hazardous features, I didn't think that that was too bad.

SAVE your VISION
WEEK  MAR. 7-13