

# THE SPORTS PAGE

## Checking facts at SI

By KAREN ROSEN

How much does the Ayatollah Khomeini weigh — and why does *Sports Illustrated* want to know? In his story about the World Wrestling Championships, Craig Neff referred to the Ayatollah, "that old tk-pounder." In fact-checking terms, "tk" means "to come," or as Neff included in parenthesis, "checking test for intern reporter." The managing editor thought Neff's little joke was a wonderful touch, but I was not amused. It was my hardest task of the summer — harder than asking Buck Belue how much money he makes, or hailing a New York City cab at 6 p.m. on a Friday.

The Time Incorporated library files spell out what food the Ayatollah eats and how often he prays, but there is no book called "Weights and Measures of World Leaders," or stories explaining just how gaunt Khomeini has become. The CIA wouldn't comment and the State Department Iran Desk wasn't open. But the intern reporter has her sources. Shaal Bakhsh, a Princeton professor, received my frantic call at 10:30 that Sunday night. He had a good laugh, then estimated 140 pounds. To add to its scoop on Don Reese, NFL drug addict, *Sports Illustrated* had the scoop on Khomeini, aspiring welterweight.

Not all *Sports Illustrated* reporters have to unearth such obscure facts about non-sporting figures. A golf story about Jan Stephenson said her mother fixed her favorite meal every day. The reporter had to call Jan to find out if it was for lunch or dinner. And was Tampa Bay Buccaneer Cecil Johnson's pet duck named Donald or Skipper? A reporter's job is to guarantee that every fact in a story is red-checked, which means putting a scarlet slash through every word and noting the source. Every time a change is made, the copy of the story has to go through a copy editor and then up to the Time Inc. computer. Two hours later, it comes back. One Sunday night Baseball Week came up short at 2 a.m. The writer scribbled a couple of extra lines in the margin. At 4 a.m., bleary-eyed, I looked it over one last time. The story said that Texas beat Oklahoma. It should have said Oakland. That's called a catch, more satisfying than an unassisted triple play.

At *Sports Illustrated*, you don't make a mistake unless some know-it-all reader writes a letter to the editor challenging you. Reporters don't like readers. Readers make us lose our jobs. All they want is to get their name in the magazine. During one of my first weeks, a copy editor asked, "Did you hear about the *Discover* reporter who hanged himself? He made a mistake." She added, "Ob-

viously he had other problems."

Reporters have a pretty good life except on Friday morning when copies of the letters are passed around. Some letters are more ludicrous than publishable. At least a dozen readers pointed out that Quintin Dailey was "giving readers the finger." Three people were offended because Denver Bronco Tom Glassic, while modeling a Napoleon costume, seemed to have forgotten to wear underwear.

By Friday afternoon, reporters settle into their normal routine of waiting for their story to arrive. Once reporters are assigned a sports beat, they travel to select events. Golf reporter Bambi Bachman went to Troon, Scotland, for the British Open. Boxing reporter Paula Phelps saw the Cooney-Holmes fight at ringside in Las Vegas.

Jill Lieber promised to take me into the Yankee locker room, but we never made it because George Steinbrenner still was upset at *SI* for printing that he was a felon. Jill said Dave Kingman called women reporters "sluts." So we avoided the Mets locker room. I did get to go to a luncheon honoring Ralph Sampson, where a member of the elite New York press corps, promptly ripped off my wallet.

I worked with most of the *SI* reporters and editors this summer, and only Joy Duckett insisted upon calling me "rookie." I met the writers who actually set foot in their offices, or at least peeked inside. Dan Jenkins has captions under the pictures on his wall. I saw Frank Deford once, but he wasn't around long enough to autograph a book as a birthday present for the intern at *Young Miss* magazine. She was a rich girl from Oklahoma and received an oil well instead.

The staffers were always willing to pull a phone number off their Rolodex if I needed to find out how many games Kareem Abdul Jabbar lost in high school or if George Allen would really coach in the USFL. I sent queries to London or Bonn when I needed to know the mileage around a foreign racetrack and jogged to the U.S. Tennis Association office for a list of Billie Jean King's victories. Yet I learned more about office gossip than about archery. Franz Lidz, who once appeared on the David Letterman Show with his singing parrots, got into trouble because he listed \$850 on his expense account for one night's entertainment. He says he took the Tampa Bay Buccaneers out for a drink. Between softball games in Central Park and watching the lunar eclipse at the Hamptons, I was bold enough to ask how everyone got started at *Sports Illustrated*.

The easiest way to get a job at *SI* is to go to Princeton. Ten staff members have what amounts to an incestuous relationship with the Ivy League school. If you want to finish your four years at UNC



Karen Rosen leafs through an issue of *Sports Illustrated* ... She worked as an intern for *SI* this summer

and figure that working on a sports staff somewhere will do the trick, guess again. One of *SI*'s newest acquisitions, Vick Boughton, was an anthropology major at Wellesley before she became an editor at *Working Woman*. I had to explain to her that there is such a thing as a free safety in football, but since she was hired for her creative writing ability, knowing who won the World Series in 1963 is irrelevant. According to office lore author Kurt Vonnegut once applied to *SI*. One version says he was shut into a little room with a typewriter and told he had 10 minutes to tell why he wanted to work at *SI* and what his goals were in life. He tapped out, "Who needs this shit anyway?" and left. Maybe he decided that working Saturday and Sunday wasn't worth the hassle.

*Sports Illustrated*'s weekend is Tuesday and Wednesday. Sunday night, when most of the stories are finished, often stretches into Monday breakfast. While waiting for copy, reporters stay awake by watching "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine" or "Interludes After Midnight," a nude talk show. Although HBO is headquartered in the same building, we didn't get it.

To compensate for the all-nighters, reporters are allowed to take three-hour lunch breaks, when many run through the park. Changing back into work clothes isn't an immediate requirement for reporters — unless they smell. But

you had better be around when the phone rings and a voice says three words to quicken the heartbeat and cause even the most seasoned reporter to spring down the hall: "Gil wants you." Gil Rogin, the managing editor, reads every word that goes into the magazine and works closely with his reporters since he rose through the ranks. All *Sports Illustrated* reporters are encouraged to write small pieces so the editors can get a taste of their writing style.

I wrote a piece that was printed in *Scorecard* about a 10,000-meter (33-foot) road race in which the slowest person won. It became the week's sketch piece, so I received the original drawing. But that's not my only reminder of the summer. I have 200 sheets of *SI* stationery, two packs of Time Inc. pencils, and enough anecdotes and memories to pull me through some all-nighters, Carolina-style. Besides, I can't read an article without noticing what facts had to be checked by a beleaguered reporter.

*Time* magazine made a whooper of an error in a recent issue. In a story on Jane Fonda, *Time* said she had two daughters. Any Fonda fan knows that she has a daughter and a son. Some fact-checker messed up. Of course, it's not a mistake unless somebody writes a letter.

Karen Rosen, a senior economics and journalism major from Auburn, Ala., is glad she didn't go to Princeton.

## Connolly scores two goals in UNC's home soccer win

By MIKE DESISTI  
Staff Writer

Aided by the sure foot and positioning of Chris Connolly, the strength of David Helwig, and the take-it-to-them style of play exhibited by the entire side, the men's soccer team opened their home season with a 3-0 victory over UNC-Wilmington Saturday on Fetzer Field. The Tar Heels boosted their record to 4-0-1 in handing the Seahawks their first loss of the season.

Helwig, from West Chester, Penn., twice received second-man assists in the first half. The sophomore stopper back paired first with Connolly and then with Tony Johnson to net goals off a set throw-in play the Tar Heels often use.

Eight minutes into the game, Helwig tossed a long throw from the right touch line to the near post, where Johnson flipped the ball backwards with his head across the goalmouth. Connolly promptly ran in from the left side, and leaping to meet it in the air with his instep, pushed the ball through the outstretched arms of Seahawk goalkeeper Billy Ireland for the first and winning goal.

Helwig acknowledged the predestined nature of the play. "I'm supposed to hit the skim man (Johnson, in this case), and he flicks it into the center," Helwig said. "From there, people are just supposed to crash the goal."

It was this same play from the same spot that again proved successful and gave UNC a two-goal advantage just fifteen minutes later. Only this time Johnson got the goal and Tim Ensley received credit for the assist.

Ensley's nod of Helwig's throw didn't go unchallenged like the previous score, and the ball bounced around for a moment at the near post. But the result was the same — a goal — as the ball settled home in the right side of the net, Johnson having knocked it in.

The second half saw the Tar Heels apply a tremendous amount of pressure, only to be continually frustrated by the Seahawks' Ireland, a begrudging goalpost, and their own lack of execution in the penalty area.

"We created a lot of great scoring opportunities, we just didn't have the killer instinct in the box," UNC Coach Anson Dorrance said. "We didn't concentrate in the box like we have and I know we can."

Striker Mark Devey agreed. "I thought we brought the ball into the offensive third beautifully, we just struggled finishing," he said. "We were killing them, we just couldn't put the ball away."

Not until the last 10 minutes of the game, at least. It was then that right back Joe Maher found himself with the ball in the right corner of the area. Maher

launched a bending shot to the far post with the outside of his foot, having Ireland well beaten. In typical second-half fashion, the ball caromed off the metal and bounced out towards the center of the field. But it traveled little more than six yards before it met up with Connolly, again in the right place at the right time, and he slipped it past the fallen keeper for his second goal of the night and third in the last two games.

The freshman midfielder from Miami had an explanation for his timeliness.

"Coach was a little mad in the first game, I should have been there (far post) a few times and I wasn't," Connolly said. "But we've worked on it a lot in practice; I tried to be there as much as I could and it paid off."

Though the majority of the half was played in the Seahawks' end of the field, UNC-W had its share of opportunities as well.

"I was pleased with our second half," UNC-W Coach Calvin Lane said.

Ireland saw the second half as being more productive as well.

"True, (it) was played in our end," the goalkeeper said. "(But) we were able to counter them and put some pressure on them."

Tar Heel goalkeeper Bruce Talbot continually fended off counterattacks with aggressive play in the nets. At one point midway through the period, Talbot charged out to the edge of the penalty area to make a sliding save on a Seahawk forward, who was running uncontested toward the net. The shot deflected off Talbot's chest and arms to the right side of the area where another UNC-W player made a run at the goal. Talbot quickly regained his feet and again made the save.

"We're always on the attack, always on the go," Talbot said. "When we do get beat, I'm off the line — no problem."

With UNC-W fresh off a win over 1981 Division III champion Glasboro State (N.J.), Dorrance stressed the significance of the victory.

"It was an important win," he said. "Outside of the ACC they're probably our greatest rival. You could sense the intensity of the game."

## For the record

Because of typographical errors, a paragraph in the UNC-Pittsburgh football game story Friday ("Pitt defense contains UNC as Panthers grab 7-6 win") should have read: "With Marino's 6-foot-4 frame peering over the rush like a periscope, UNC's linebackers and secondary had the job of stopping his airborne torpedoes." The *DTH* regrets the error.

## Pitt loss doesn't spell the end of UNC season

By LINDA ROBERTSON  
Sports Editor

"Is there a game or something tonight?" the flight attendant asked three stadium-bound passengers on Thursday's plane to Pittsburgh.

They must have wondered how long her head had been in the clouds. Surely everyone had heard about the thrilling showdown between No. 1 Pitt and No. 5 North Carolina. Heisman Trophy contenders Danny Marino and Kelvin Bryant had been the subjects of more photo spreads than Brooke Shields. And they'd be out there racking up all kinds of yardage on national television. The game was Foge Fazio's debut and UNC's chance to burst into a new era in football. It would be a spectacular game.

Well, it wasn't. That flight attendant had the proper angle on a game that didn't live up to its great expectations. The referees seemed to be on camera more than anyone else as they

penalized both teams 18 times for 230 yards. The Milwaukee Brewers have regularly scored more runs than the 13 points Pitt and UNC managed to eke out in their opener.

While Marino and Bryant, not to mention Herschel Walker, struggled on television, Stanford's John Elway quietly completed 29 of 37 passes for 333 yards and four touchdowns in a 35-14 win over Purdue.

But Elway didn't have to wade through the pre-game pressure and publicity that engulfed the UNC-Pitt contest. That accounted for much of the nervousness on both sides of the line of scrimmage.

Any potential for finesse on offense was cancelled by errors and rugged defensive play. It was only fitting for CBS to name Pitt defensive tackle Bill Maas and UNC linebacker Mike Wilcher (five tackles, three sacks, one interception) the players of the game. Aaron Jackson, Willie Harris, Bill Sheppard and

Walter Black also had outstanding performances. UNC's secondary was not the sieve it has been in the past, and the line held Pitt to 72 yards rushing. In fact, UNC had 247 total yards to Pitt's 197.

"That was the best defense we've ever faced," Pitt's All-American offensive tackle Jimbo Covert said. "When we didn't stop ourselves, they certainly did."

There were other bright spots for the Tar Heels. Rob Rogers, David Lowe and Brooks Barwick erased any doubts about the kicking game. Rod Elkins, although shaky, moved the ball effectively when Bryant didn't. A few UNC players were even smiling in the locker room after the game. They had reason to be proud.

Finally, it's time to listen to what Dick Crum has said over and over again.

"It's only one game out of 11," he said. "We still have a whole schedule to play."

