



Discus thrower Wilkins (left) and shotputter Feuerbach were the hosts with the most guest muscle during happy hour at their Santa Cruz hideaway.

A BIGGIE OF A MEET AT MAC AND AL'S

Was it a party? A protest? Serious competition? There were elements of all three at the Two Big Guys Mountain Games when Mac Wilkins and Al Feuerbach invited some friends in to throw their weight around **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Sports are for kids, spectators and officials, or perhaps for Nielsen ratings, but hardly ever exclusively for athletes anymore. Last week, on the side of a precipitous mountain looming high above San Jose, Calif., things were different. Howard Cosell, the Goodyear blimp and Robert Conrad were nowhere to be seen. Sitcom stars were not jiggling on the sidelines, and dour track officials in blazers were not flashing ribbons. In terms of human warmth as well as sheer bulk, Al Feuerbach and Mac Wilkins were proving that they are two very big guys by providing an arena in which to honor friends and legends, repay old debts and, most of all, to celebrate the prowess of their own kind.

Shotputters like Feuerbach and discus throwers like Wilkins often find themselves occupying the third ring of a three-ring circus, competing in the distant in-

field at track and field meets while milers and sprinters dazzle the crowd. Thus the Two Big Guys Mountain Games, the name Feuerbach and Wilkins bestowed on their gathering last Saturday. Attendance was by invitation only, and perhaps never has so much sinew and brawn been grouped together for such sheer fun and exuberance, to say nothing of so much food, drink and conviviality. "This is a great gathering of the male chauvinist pigs," chortled Parry O'Brien, the two-time Olympic gold medal shotputter, overlooking the fact that Wilkins and Feuerbach had provided discus and shot events for women as well.

Nevertheless, one could understand O'Brien's sentiment. In manners and deportment, throwers do have a reputation that tends toward the unrefined, *Animal House* behavior of John Belushi. But if anyone thought that this group was go-

ing to get out of control at the party that followed the competition and engage in such gross-out activities as food fights and body slams, they were totally mistaken. Well, almost totally. The day's activities proved that if shotputters and discus throwers are going to commit bodily harm upon someone, it is not going to be upon each other. Oh, true, that blithe spirit, Brian Oldfield, did almost skull a fellow competitor with a 16-pound shot, but that was an accident, and he did playfully hurl another shot at a photographer, but that was good fun, and a woman competitor did lose her warmup pants for a moment, but that was unplanned. Still, certain precautions had been made. Parking in the driveway of Feuerbach's and Wilkins' retreat was prohibited, a reasonable rule since five kegs of beer were ready to be tapped and the driveway has a 200-foot chasm on one side.

