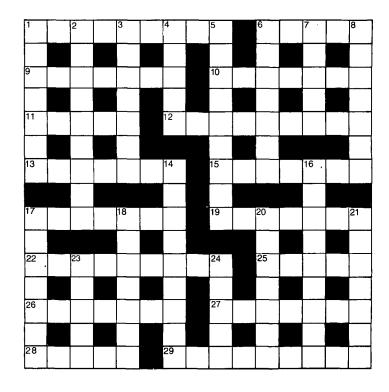
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



ACROSS

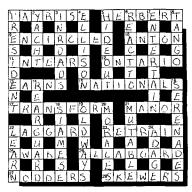
- 1. Facility building subject of intense Senate scrutiny. (4,5)
- Take in physician fluid. (5)
 Plains family displays crest around Arkansas. (7)
- 10. Notices posted for part of class. (7)
- 11. Diets carefully placed. (5)
- 12. Feeble dice a team threw. (9)
- 13. Icon disturbed going around disturbed going around. (7)
- 15. Wandering hero met a proposition. (7)
- 17. Computer type puts 1,000 in restored depots. (7)
- 19. Should physician reverse water shortage? (7)
- 22. Great event shattering places, etc. (9)
- 25. Studio furnishing put on lease. (5)
- 26. Movie alien took in verse about high point. (7)
- 27. Disorderly gulpers go off on a spree. (7)
- 28. Fruity appointments? (5)
- 29. Acts with another, cooks iron specs. (9)

DOWN

- 1. Democratic candidate approaches hole in Wyoming. (7)
- 2. Same third mishandled depression. (4,5)
- Went certain way to deter North Dakota unfairly. (7)
- 4. Scattered sweat is severe environmental problem. (5)
- Began once more to clumsily arrest Massachusetts Senator. (9)
- 6. Plastic made cult die horribly. (7)
- 7. Do it carefully around one simpleton. (5)
- Mink god resurrected for major division of natural objects. (7)
- 14. Fortunate ice pact company reorganization. (9)
- College official cooked rare grits. (9)

- 17. Did bring nets up inside? Swell! (7)
- 18. Child takes rest fitfully and almost falls. (7)
- 20. Channel el vapor to have something in common. (7)
- 21. Farmers determining ship courses? (7)
- 23. Choose oral vote's predecessor. (5)
- 24. Directions only for German industrial city. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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ON POLITICAL BOOKS

What The Washington Post Could Learn from Sports Illustrated

(And vice versa)

by Matthew Cooper

If you haven't read John Feinstein, you're missing a lot of fun. He's one of those writers who loves something so much, and talks about it so vividly, that you can't help but find yourself caught up in the excitement. This kind of infectious enthusiasm has made him rich in acclaim as the country's best college basketball writer. It's made him rich, too. *A Season on the Brink*, his story of Indiana University coach Bob Knight, rode the *Times* bestseller list for 25 weeks.

This time Feinstein takes on a broader subject an entire season of college basketball.* By weaving together profiles and you-are-there accounts of games into a diary, he tries to capture what he calls the unique "culture" of the game. During the 1987-1988 season, Feinstein went native. He hung out in motels and locker rooms with officials like Rusty Herring, whose license plate reads "Luv2ref." He went court-side with lesser players and with stars like Steve Kerr of the University of Arizona whose

Matthew Cooper is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

*A Season Inside: One Year in College Basketball. John Feinstein. Villard, \$18.95.

father, the president of American University in Beirut, had been assassinated; the 22-year-old then had to endure chants of "PLO, PLO" when his team took on rival Arizona State. He studied how Danny Manning's metamorphosis from great player to *great leader* took the Kansas Jayhawks to victory in the national championship.

But while Feinstein lauds what's lovable about college basketball, he barely mentions what ails it the abysmal SAT scores; the abysmal graduation rates; the drugs; or the insidious effect that big money has on 18-year-old kids and dollar-starved colleges. It's not that Feinstein is blind to the seamy side of college ball. He covered it for 11 years at *The Washington Post* and is currently a special contributor to *Sports Illustrated*. But here he's chosen instead to celebrate the sport rather than give it the warts-and-all treatment.

Even if it is a one-sided view, other journalists, including those beyond the sports desk, can still find a lot to learn from Feinstein's dogged reporting, lively style, and, perhaps above all, his acute sense of organizational culture. These qualities are what mark top-notch sportswriting like his—a genre too quickly dismissed by other writers. The condescension toward sportswriters as a gang of good-timin', would-be jocks found typical expression recently in

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