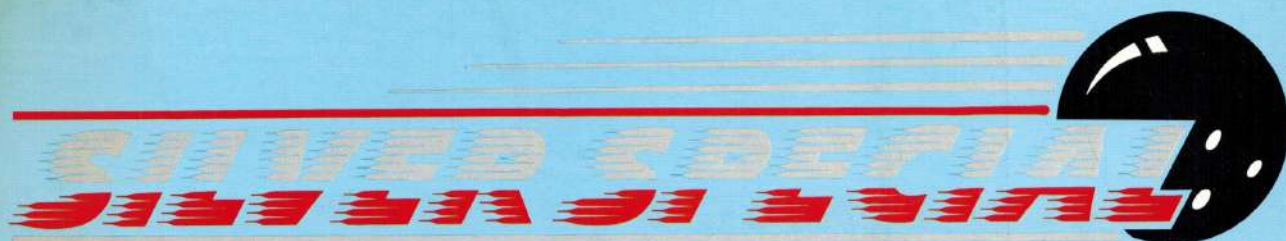
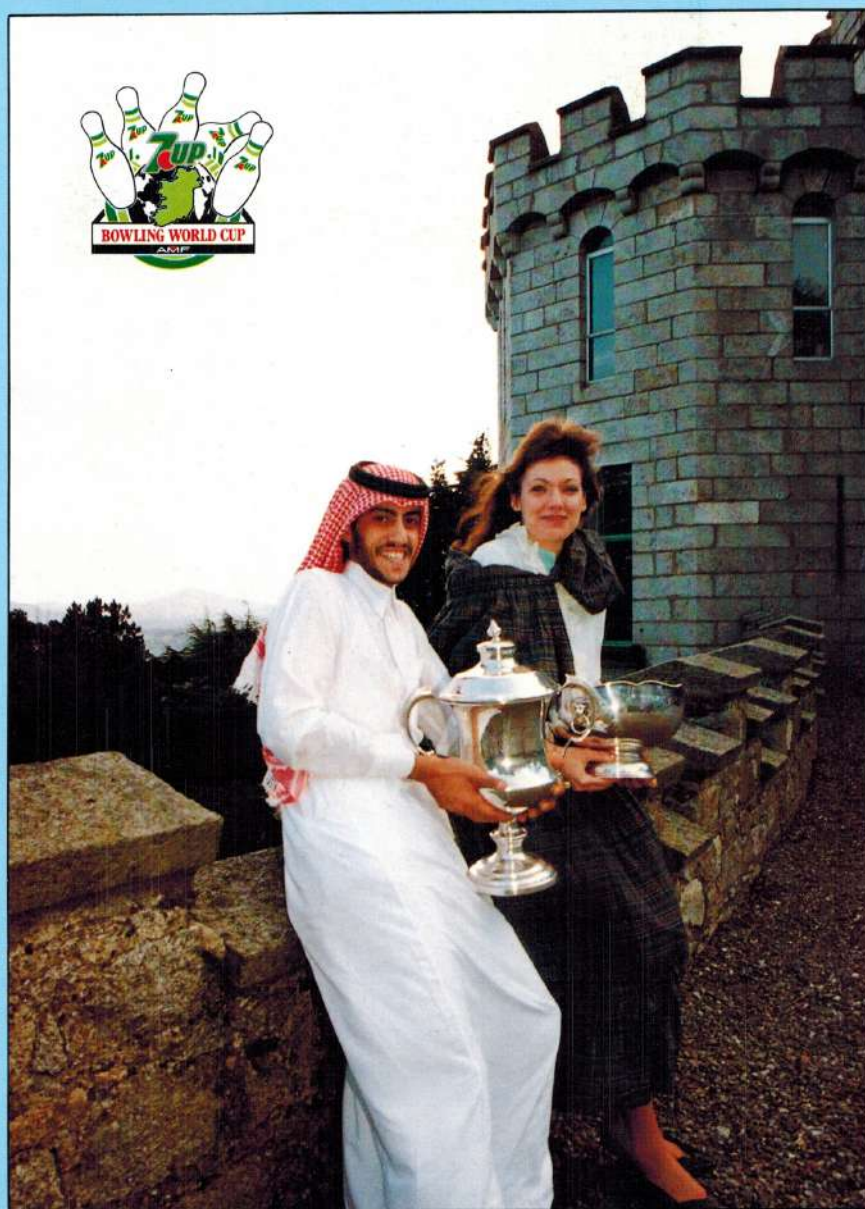


25th AMF BOWLING WORLD CUP



ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



WELCOME TO A SPECIAL OCCASION...

This is a special edition of the AMF International Bowling News to mark the Silver Jubilee of the Bowling World Cup, an event that has played a major role in bowling's global development.

The magazine is written by BARRY JAMES, a British journalist, who has

attended all 25 World Cups. He says: "I felt that the 25th BWC should not go by without full recognition and I'm delighted that AMF agreed to go ahead with the "Silver Special." The historical section of the book, dealing with the years 1965-88, is written in the first

person. Apart from collating the facts and figures, the difficult part was avoiding too many "insider" anecdotes and I hope I have struck the right balance. If you are entertained and informed, I will be a happy man."

AMF's WIDE OPEN WORLD

•As Executive Vice President of AMF International, BENT PETERSEN spends a large slice of his working year on the road to Singapore, Paris, Hong Kong, or wherever. In this revealing open message, he explains the AMF philosophy of staying loyal to its customers, providing an unmatched service globally—and staying ahead of the game.

MY AIMS are simply to develop and service the markets we are in, and keep working at introducing bowling into new countries.

In my view, it is important to stress to anyone who will listen that the potential market for this game of bowling of ours is really hardly touched.

There are very few countries in the world you can consider mature and saturated in terms of new bowling centres. Most of the world is wide open for expansion.

Even such countries as Germany, France and the UK, where bowling is well established, have less than one lane per 20,000 of population. This compares with 1,500 in the US and 4,000 in Japan.

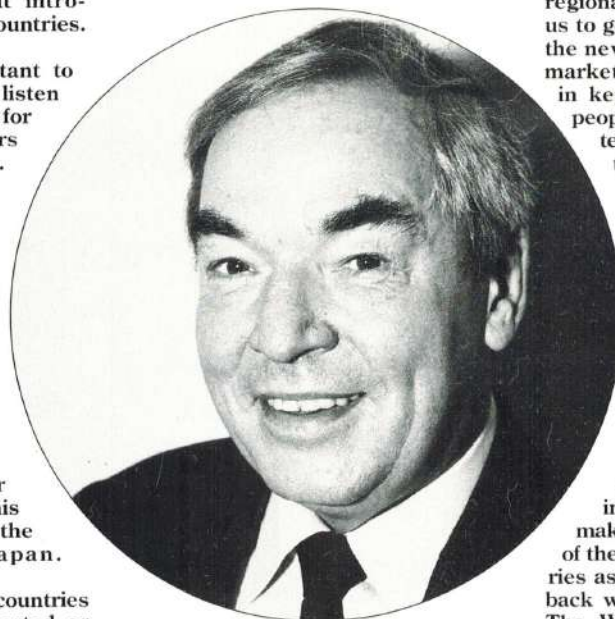
Then we have all the countries where bowling has just started, or the countries still waiting for their first centre, and this is a very exciting part of our business.

When I became responsible for all of International, I made a pledge that besides serving the markets where bowling is well developed, I would keep working on entering new markets. My personal target was to open one new country per year. We did not quite make it, but 7 in 10 years is not too bad!

Of course, you don't simply knock on a presidential or prime ministerial door and announce that you are about to start up bowling in that country. Such a sortie demands research, early groundwork with

embassies, financial houses, cham-

bers of commerce and local authorities. It all takes time.



• Bent Petersen

For example, it took us ten years to make the breakthrough in Korea. Now this is a booming market.

I joined AMF nearly 30 years ago and was first based in Sweden. As a Dane, it gave me tremendous pleasure to be involved in introducing AMF into Denmark. I then moved to Japan, where I spent 11 years during the Japanese boom, then on to London and New York, before moving back to England, where I am now based.

However, we all know that there have been sporadic downturns in the building of new bowling centres, but AMF has always stayed right on in there. It is a

loyalty to the customer that counts.

This loyalty means that we have reaped the benefits of a revival in regional fortunes. This has enabled us to get to a 70 per dominance in the new global bowling equipment market. We have kept key people in key areas around the world, people who have become respected and trusted by their customers.

My role in this has been, still is, to keep these links active and positive, while opening new markets.

There can be no denying that the Bowling World Cup has been a tremendous selling tool for AMF and the sport itself.

In all its 25 years, only once has its future been in question. We decided to make a survey on the impact of the event and canvassed countries as to their opinions. The feedback we received was unanimous. The World Cup MUST carry on, they said.

Meanwhile, I think the most exciting market that lies before us is Eastern Europe. This is a huge, untapped field and I think we shall eventually see some startling developments in this region.

Happily, I think bowling is now moving with the times. New centres have become fashionable and vibrant.

You can be sure that AMF will stay in the vanguard of this renaissance.

COVER PICTURE

King, and queen, of the castle ... Salem Monsuri and Patty Ann, the new champions, taste the high life on the lofty battlements of Ayesha Castle, at Killiney, County Dublin.

BARRY JAMES, editor of the *Silver Special*, has asked me to do a piece describing the impact of the Bowling World Cup on the international bowling scene.

I wish all of my assignments were so simple, and appealing

Because it is virtually impossible to over-emphasise the importance of the World Cup.

It has been far more than an athletic competition.

It has been the engine that has driven bowling's relentless spread around the globe.

Let's break that rather sweeping statement down to the essential components.

COMPETITION: This is what sport is all about, after all. Until the World Cup came along, there was really no serious singles competition. The Federation Internationale des Quilleurs had done a terrific job, but its tournaments lacked the intense nose-to-nose battle that brings out the best in an athlete.

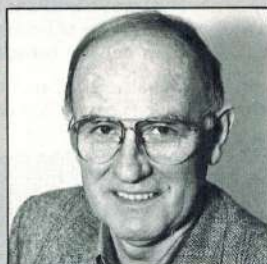
Because of the sheer number of games, the World Cup demands stamina. The complex series of cuts quickly eviscerates the faint-hearted. And the stepladder finale exerts diabolical pressure on the surviving contestants.

There's only the tiniest element of luck in the World Cup. Nobody ever drifted into the title. That's why the tournament is so revered by bowlers worldwide.

MEDIA EXPOSURE: Bowling folks are always complaining that their

IT'S A POTENT CUP INDEED

by **Mort Luby**, publisher of the *Bowlers' Journal*, World Cup correspondent for 25 years



• *Mort Luby*

sport gets short shrift in the media. The World Cup gets expansive exposure on all the international news wires. Dozens of reporters from all over the globe file extensive stories. The rich tapestry of races, cultures and costumes creates plenty of photo opportunities too.

Combine all of these ingredients and you have the recipe for an unstoppable media event.

STATUS: Bowling has always had an inferiority complex. Derision from the media and neglect by corporate sponsors have made the industry defensive and hesitant.

But the World Cup projects such a strong image that it intensifies pride and gives bowling the imprimatur of a genuine sport. This pays off in many subtle ways, not the least of which is sponsorship. The World Cup has attracted such blue chip backers as Coca Cola, Seven-Up, Tuborg, to mention just three.

MARKETING: AMF showed the industry how to use a tournament as an international merchandising tool. Without exception, the World Cup always generated fresh interest in the designated tournament site.

It's easy to dismiss this as pure commercialism. But market expansion always led to improved bowling facilities, better competition, heightened media exposure, and other noble side-effects.

Sometimes, I wonder if my personal involvement in the World Cup prevents me from being totally objective. After covering this tournament for a quarter-century, is it any wonder that I get dewy-eyed when I recall all those terrific days and nights in places like Bangkok, Paris and Singapore with people who've become lifelong friends?

But even the most severe pragmatist would have to agree that the World Cup is the Everest of all annual international bowling tournaments.

I can't imagine what bowling would be like without it.

PRIDE-IT TAKES SOME BEATING

“Since the early days, I have seen the role of World Cup tournament director in two ways. One as purely directional, the other as a catalyst. This is explained by the quality of manpower from year to year. It would be a miracle if it was great every year. Obviously this doesn't happen. The biggest factor is to appeal to national pride. Stress this factor and you get a fast response.

Indeed, I would go as far as to say that national pride is the key element in this tournament and the reason for its success down the years.

People want to make their effort the best yet. I can't really recall any World Cup not having had total commitment from the local organising committee. Which is as it should be, of course. Of course there are difficult years. Take Tehran ('76) and Bogota ('78). You might say these posed a few problems.

Let's look at Bogota. Three weeks before the tournament was due to take



• *Paul Lane has been actively involved in the AMF Bowling World Cup since 1970. He had a five-year break from the event until Guadalajara in '88. Now he's very much back in the driving seat and his view of the World Cup for the nineties is emphatically upbeat. The event's tournament director says:*

place, I received a telex saying the event was postponed until the following February! Bear in mind that just one of the small fall-outs from this message was that all the airline tickets had already been bought!

We overcame that problem with a combination of diplomacy and hard-nosed legal threats.

Yes, we have certainly had our hassles but I don't believe in losing control. I suppose I'm philosophical and, in any case, other dedicated people around seem to do the shouting. That's not to say I'm unemotional. I just believe you have to take a pace backwards and see whether we really are facing a calamity.

It's something of a pleasure to me to recall that I have introduced bowling associations to countless countries. Helped set them up, if you like, and FIQ were good enough to recognise this contribution in the 1978 World Cup final.

Fact is, though, that I always believed that if AMF did, for any reason, pull out of the BWC organisation, someone would come along, pick it up, and run! That was years ago. Now I truly believe the World Cup will get even bigger. ♣

In the beginning.....

1965 DUBLIN: Competitors from 20 nations flew into the (then) homely Dublin airport - and were well outnumbered by the number of newsmen covering the inaugural International Masters, as the AMF Bowling World Cup was then named.

Most of the journo's were from the UK national and provincial press, invited by the tournament's founder Vic Kalman, AMF's promotions man in London.

All the newsmen made the trip courtesy of Kalman, or rather AMF. There's never been a promo man like him since, which goes some way to explaining why somebody said "I don't want to be rich. I just want to live like Vic Kalman."

Among the writers attending that never-to-be-forgotten opener was a fresh-faced Bowlers' Journal editor, Mort Luby Jnr, as opened-mouthed as the rest of us at the money-no-object launch.

Luby wrote afterwards: "Several nations have bid for next year's Masters. It's a healthy sign that bowling's newest international pageant is here to stay."

He could hardly have dreamed - nor could any of us - just how long it was to stay and just how indelible its mark on the world of tenpins would be.

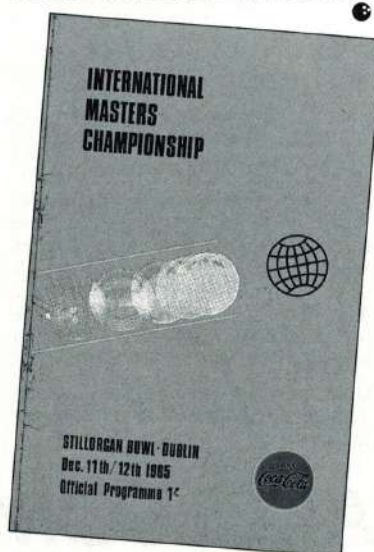
And it could only happen in Ireland, couldn't it? Came the opening ceremony and guess who missed the parade? Why the Irish representative Frank Duffy, of course. Apparently he'd overslept and his place was taken by one Des Murphy who was to play a significant part in subsequent World Cups.

Tom Hathaway, a lean, good-looking chap from Los Angeles was pre-tournament favourite. After all, he looked like a champion. In the end, though, it was an unknown dental technician from Helsinki who became No. 1. Lauri Ajanto it was who stayed the 38-game course played under the vagaries of the Petersen points system.

In the end it was a four-way battle between Ajanto, Hathaway, the extrovert Aussie Richard Hall and Italian Vittorio Noveletto and it was a last-frame strike for a modest 181 which pushed the Finn to the top of the heap.

It was the world-famed Abbey Tavern, north of Dublin, that hosted the first victory banquet. It was a brilliant bash with awesome quantities of Guinness, Beamish and Cork dry gin consumed.

It would set the pattern of fun, frolics and friendship for the next 25 years...



PROGRAMME No 1... A modest production for the Dublin opener.

How a great event hit the road

1966 LONDON: Britain's capital city was in the grip of Swinging Sixties fervour when the second International Masters jamboree swept into town to play at the handsome Wembley Bowl.

And, once again, the Press came in hordes from countries as far apart as Hong Kong to Mexico. This time the number of competing nations had risen to 24.

As always in those days, though, the big money was on the American, one John Wilcox, a strapping 19-year-old from Williamsport, Pa.

And this time they were right. It hadn't appeared so for much of the event, though, when the American lay in the 13th position.

Lauri Ajanto was back to defend his crown but never looked like getting among the front-runners and floundered to 17th.

When it came to the final two-game duel, Wilcox led by 241 pins and was already making plans to celebrate on a shopping spree in Carnaby Street.

Vittorio Noveletto (Italy) looked dead. Yet he still won 233-181 and 202-167 to ultimately fail by only 54.

It was Wilcox's crown - but it had been awfully close.

London town, even in early December, still has a magical touch about it and the bowlers careered around the famous sights of Buckingham Palace, Tower of London and Regent Street, plus excursions into the dubious pleasures of seedy Soho where the ultimate rip-off was probably spawned and prospers to this day.

The Kalman-Coca-Cola team had pulled off another coup and it was announced that the delights of Paris would beckon for the '67 edition.

It is inevitable that the name of Kalman recurs during this era of the event.

He was a brilliant ideas man, who would make a good stab at eating his cigarette, take a snort of Johnnie Walker Black Label, and send his sidekicks Sally Crinean, Jock Caie and Alan Mole to do the business.

Kalman and his crew had made a memorable stab at making Dublin and London milestones in the world of tenpins.

Who would have dreamed that there were even greater riches to come?...

THE FINAL RECKONING '65

1. Laurie Ajanto (Finland)	8,604
2. Tom Hathaway (USA)	8,550
3. Vittorio Noveletto (Italy)	8,525

THE FINAL RECKONING '66

	Pts
1. John Wilcox (USA)	11,151
2. Vittorio Noveletto (Italy)	11,097
3. Roberto Ocampo (Mexico)	10,780

1967 PARIS: The British European Airways Vickers Viscount transported me in old-style luxury to Le Bourget Airport, north of Paris. I felt a tremendous sense of excitement. The City of Light, even in November, the third International Masters, it was going to be very special wasn't it?

It surely was.

Headquarters was the Hotel Scribe, at Place de l'Opera. It had a certain decadent, fading grandeur in those days. It was very French.

The tournament venue was, and still is, I believe, one on its own. Bowling de Paris, set in the verdant Bois de Boulogne, was, quite simply, elegant, like its owner Michel Chollet, the quintessential Parisian.

Paree was indeed gay before the adjective took on a more sullied meaning.

The tournament had that tingling feel, too. Luxurious though it was, Bowling de Paris had only 12 lanes so the format of the two previous years went out of

From gay Paree to magical Mexico

alphabet. Bowling is his bag."

Would the recipient of this breathless reverence do his stuff on the lanes? He would indeed.

Coasting along with a 200 average, the all-American boy nailed the No.1 berth in the finals. Rene Ferrie (France), Lino Bragieri (Italy) and Kazou Hayashi (Japan) were the finale contenders and it was the Japanese who stepped up for the final confrontation.

After all the good stuff that had gone before, it was a messy showdown with Connaughton scratching out a 195-172. But, boy, was it tense and the packed gallery went bananas afterwards. It was Paris, you see.

you stepped into the fragrant gardens of the hotel, you knew it was going to be worth it.

It was. A hundred times over.

Everything that had gone before in the Masters had been great. Guadalajara was sensational. The mix of mariachis, Margaritas, sunshine and cervezas, bowlers and bonhomie, girls and good times. It was all quite intoxicating.

But we were there for business, too, particularly as I would also be reporting for world-renowned news agency Reuters for the first time.

I was also playing "minder" to the British representative Jon Reeves, although I have the feeling that sometimes the roles were reversed.

No 1 seed Jim Kramer (Canada), Fritz Blum (West Germany), Sweden's George Andersson and the colourful Mexican Benny Corona finally fought out bowling's biggest singles prize. Benny bopped the Swede comfortably enough (190-171) but was blown away like some desert tumbleweed when managing a miserly 151 against Blum.



PRESS BRIEFING... The expansive Vic Kalman (left, standing) gives the "noos" to pressmen at El Bol, Guadalajara.

the window and the 29 nation field was split into three divisions.

Once again, we turn to the pages of the respected *Bowlers Journal* to give us the feel of the leading contender, an American, naturally, one Jack Connaughton.

Mort Luby wrote: "In this era of switched-on flower children, Jack Connaughton is unique. He bathes regularly; his feet are not shod in sandals; and he is known to frequent barber shops. His manners are impeccable. To Jack, LSD are just three letters in the

1968 GUADALAJARA: In the late Sixties before cheap air travel, remember, the prospect of spending ten days in Mexico was somehow unreal, most especially for Europeans and Asians.

Small wonder, then, that we stepped on to the BOAC 707 at London's Heathrow in a somewhat dream-like state due in only a small part to the pre-flight gin and tonics.

Seven hours later we were in Bermuda, paradise. Two hours later it was the heat and humidity of Nassau before stepping trance-like into the heat of the night of Mexico City. Sleep did not come easily in our hotel on the Paseo de la Reforma and it was bleary-eyed that we stepped aboard the spanking new DC9 next morning for the final leg to Guadalajara and the Masters headquarters, Camino Real.

It had been a long haul but the moment

So up stepped Kramer but he needn't have bothered. In the two-game shootout he struggled to make 334 as the big German shot 205 and 180 for a 385.

At least the American stranglehold had been broken and it would be another four years before they would stand atop the winner's podium.

Midnight swimming, endless mariachi music, dancing under the orange trees, keeping the cerveza brewers in business for the next six months all highlighted the post-tournament party.

Would there ever be another like it? You'd better believe it!

THE FINAL RECKONING '67

1. Jack Connaughton (USA) 195
2. Kazou Hayashi (Japan) 172
3. Lino Bragieri (Italy)

THE FINAL RECKONING '68

1. Fritz Blum (W Germany) 385
2. Jim Kramer (Canada) 334
3. Benny Corona (Mexico)

1969 TOKYO: It was the year that the International Masters became the Coca-Cola World Cup - and as we flew into teeming Tokyo, many of us had that smug air of veterans. We'd seen it all before, hadn't we?

No, we emphatically had not. Japanese culture, food, tradition were added to one's education as were the sights, sounds and smells of the infamous Ginza district in downtown Tokyo.

And many of the competitors and officials would fly back via Hong Kong and Bangkok with two-day stopovers in each, exotic locales that would never be erased from the memory. Bangkok, for example had not become commercialised then. Even the incredibly beautiful Thai girls seemed to have a certain innocence.



CHAMPION ... Graydon Robinson

What had become clear, however, as the bowlers previously did their stuff at the spacious Sugamo Bowl in Tokyo, was that the World Cup had become the Friendly Games.

Previously, bowlers had been a little uncertain as to their rivals. Now the event had become whole, an event to meet old friends, make new ones. It had heart - which still beats as strongly today.

On a personal note, I had my own soul-mates - Bowlers Journal publisher Mort Luby and Belgian sports editor Herman Verbaet.

Little did we know it then but Luby, an enormously gifted writer and a thoroughly nice person to boot, and myself would go on to cover all the World Cups to the present day.

THE FINAL RECKONING '69

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Graydon Robinson (Canada) | 379 |
| 2. Ut Lenevat (Thailand) | 373 |
| 3. Jose Damian (Panama) | |

Tokyo gets to the heart of things

As for the Tokyo tournament, it once again underlined the formidable emergence of Asian bowlers as a world force. Thailand's Ut Lenevat, with silky style and dead-eye accuracy, averaged 208 over two days and went to the final with Graydon (Blondie) Robinson as red-hot favourite.

Burly Blondie looked cooked when he trailed into the second decider but the Thai missed the two simplest of spares and the Canadian promptly banged home five strikes in a row to catch the title by six pins.

The gallery went crackers and there were yet more celebrations far into the night.

The tournament marked the end of the road with AMF for the founder Vic Kalman. He went off to have a flirtation with Bahamas tourism and development. His aide, Sally Crinean, decided it was time to get back to family life in North London.

It was the end of an era - but their founding efforts into the World Cup live on to this day.

1970 COPENHAGEN:

The sixth year, a record field (now 43 nations) and a new organising team, Gerry Belton and Paul Lane. Sponsorless, too, after the pull-out of Coca-Cola. Nevertheless, the tournament provided the best bowling seen so far.

Klaus Mueller, of West Germany, averaged 205 to take the crown from Singapore's Henry Tan, emphasising once

again how the World Cup was growing in stature year after year.

The tournament centre at Rodovre was an admirable venue and the same centre would play host to the finals 14 years later.

I wrote at the time: "In the past, there have been too many no-hopers in the World Cup, men who have had it easy to the finals. There are still a few of them about but, overall, the Copenhagen event produced standards which easily surpassed previous years."

Tournament headquarters was the cosy SAS Globetrotter Hotel. It had an intimate atmosphere that the bowlers loved so the result was another friendly event on and off the lanes.

Those were the days, remember, when Copenhagen was, shall we say, rather sinful and there were the odd visits to a



CHAMPION ... Klaus Mueller

couple of clubs which demanded a rather strong constitution.

Apart from the blur of the bowling, sightseeing, partying and whatever, I have one abiding memory of the Copenhagen fest.

For some reason, our flight home was not due out of Kastrup until around midnight.

As we consumed our rations of "probably the best lager in the world", I was struck by the tall, imposing Nordic figure, complete with goatee beard, making significant inroads into his own lager ration.

He left before we departed for the airport. I saw him again when we landed at Heathrow - descending the steps of the aircraft in his captain's uniform...

THE FINAL RECKONING '70

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Klaus Mueller (W. Germany) | 651 |
| 2. Henry Tan (Singapore) | 581 |
| 3. Frank Lu (Tapaie) | |

1971 HONG KONG: The memories of this particular World Cup live on as vividly as yesterday - for very good reasons.

The actual tournament was preceded by six days lazing around in Thailand, three of them at the then virtually undiscovered Pattaya Beach.

The incredible buzz of Bangkok and the serene sunlit days at Pattaya were followed by unforgettable Hong Kong.

It was there that I was stricken with the most horrendous bug ever to infiltrate my system.

I lay on my hotel bed and feverishly wondered how they would get my body back to the UK. What a place to slip away to that great bowling centre in the sky...

To this day, I still don't know what it was that made me have to crawl on all fours to reach the door for the doctor.

Chinese potions and nearly three days in bed left me just enough time to see the closing stages of the event I'd flown 7,000 miles to see.

The final stages were pulsating with Roger Dalkin (US), Benny Corona (Mexico), Rene Reyes (Philippines) and Klaus Mueller (West Germany) fighting it out for glory.

It was nerve-tingling stuff and it obviously took it out of the two finalists. Dalkin's 150mph delivery obviously suited the conditions because it was his name that was etched on the trophy but it had taken



FAST CAT ... America's Roger Dalkin bowled an express ball and took the 1971 title.

THE FINAL RECKONING '71

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Roger Dalkin (USA) | 542 |
| 2. Benny Corona (Mexico) | 524 |
| 3. Rene Reyes (Philippines) | |

NOW THE LADIES TAKE A BOW...



HISTORY MAKERS ... the first women's competitors in the Bowling World Cup enjoy their moment of glory. Standing are Oy Sri-Saard (Thailand) Mexico's Irma Urrea, the first female champ and Anne Bailey (Hong Kong) seated is Japan's Yoko Matsushita.

him only 542 pins to do it while Corona was scratching his way to 524.

Now recovered and raring to go again, I joined the rest of the group for the victory party which, along with Sydney (1984), was probably the most memorable I have ever attended.

How could it have been otherwise? We boarded a floating restaurant in Hong Kong Harbour and steamed back and forth all night with the millions of lights of Hong Kong and Kowloon as our backdrop.

The cabaret was spontaneous and hilarious with Iran's Kambiz Kiani making a memorable dive over the side in his Y-fronts.

I wonder whatever happened to him?

1972 HAMBURG: Another milestone, again for many good reasons. This was the year that AMF's Paul Lane decided that the ladies should take centre stage, too. And why not? It was a natural progression from "the Masters".

It was also the year that my broken leg was encased in plaster. How would I ever walk up and down the notorious Reeperbahn? Well, with a little help from Luby and Verbaet we got by.

It was also the year when the bowling skills at the packed Astra Bowl at St Pauli were at a peak, except once again, in the actual final. German champion Bernd Baule blasted the highest game in the event's history so far when he shot 297; eventual champion Ray Mitchell, of Canada, averaged 207 over the final stages and Iranian Kambiz Kiani went even better, shooting an average of 216 before slumping to third.

Mitchell, an articulate and perceptive sort of fellow, faced Filipino policeman Loreto Maranan and was clearly peeved afterwards at shooting only 550 to his opponent's 532. Happily, there was rather better stuff in the women's final when the homely Mexican lady, Irma Urrea, carved herself a place in bowling history by becoming the first BWC women's champ. Her rival was Oy Sri-Saard from Thailand whose last-game 150 let her down.

For sure, the World Cup had taken on a new dimension with the introduction of the women's division.

I make no excuse for saying that it was nice having them around. Still is.

THE FINAL RECKONING '72

- | MEN | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Ray Mitchell (Canada) | 550 |
| 2. Loreto Maranan (Philippines) | 532 |
| 3. Kambiz Kiani (Iran) | |
| WOMEN | |
| 1. Irma Urrea (Mexico) | 591 |
| 2. Oy Sri-Saard (Thailand) | 537 |
| 3. Anne Bailey (Hong Kong) | |

1973 SINGAPORE: This was the steamy setting for a show-stopper. Organised with considerable flair and panache by the remarkable Herbie Lim and his able lieutenant Ee Fook Choy, the tournament was sited at the handsome Jackie Bowl alongside Singapore's famous Orchard Road.

With AMF's Paul Lane still in overall control, the event was to provide the most dramatic final in its history.

The figures who were to take centre stage were slimline Londoner Bernie Caterer - whose fashionable length of hair was the cause of some consternation when he flew into the airport - and bespectacled Canadian, Glen Watson.

It was the strict Singaporean government's decree that men's hair should not be longer than the neckline and it took a great deal of persuasive diplomacy to get the Britisher through customs.

Caterer was plainly unaffected by the controversy and proceeded to make his way through the rounds with a minimum of fuss, although his deliberate style of delivery, some would say time-consuming, clearly upset a few.

Came the final day and he and Watson finally faced each other in the three-game shoot-out. It was an agonisingly tense affair full of hot scores and drama. Indeed, it all came down to the last two balls when Caterer converted the 6-10 in the tenth. He needed nine pins with his last delivery to become Britain's first BWC champ. He rolled ... and down went nine pins with the 10 staying put. He was king by 643 to 642.

It was a moment that will live with me forever because, in the excitement, first I fell off the chair on which I was standing, and then, as a Brit, I wept with joy.

On to the women's and Thailand's near-misses of recent years were forgotten when Kesinee Srivises took the title from Mele Anaya of Mexico.

For sure, the bowlers there would never forget Singapore.

In later years, the city would become somewhat "sterile" with its high-rise hotels and shopping malls. But in '73 the place still had a colonial style to it - and the best open-air eating stalls in the world!

THE FINAL RECKONING '73

MEN	
1. Bernie Caterer (Gt Britain)	643
2. Glen Watson (Canada)	642
WOMEN	
1. Kesinee Srivises (Thailand)	569
2. Mele Anaya (Mexico)	495

HOW BERNIE MADE SINGAPORE SING!



CONGRATULATIONS ... to Birgitte Lund after her Caracas success from the then FIQ President, the late Kauko Ahlstrom.

1974 CARACAS: Vibrant Venezuela and the year when the ladies dominated the show, the year when we had the first women's "personality" winner in Denmark's bubbly Birgitte Lund.

Caracas was a fascinating mix of welcoming, friendly people, pleasantly warm weather (in November) and Kamikazee drivers.

AMF's Alison Driscoll made her "debut" on the organising team and was to stay on, playing an increasingly important role, for another 11 years.

Prados del Este, the host centre, was packed out for five days and the big gallery was rewarded when the two women's survivors stepped up for their day of reckoning.

Australia's Dale Gray was rated favourite because of her experience in comparison to Lund, just 20.

Sure enough, the Aussie eased ahead with a 211 to 202 but she went into a nosedive in the second with a meagre 161 to her opponent's 185. Lund kept her composure and finished on top with 573 to 565. She was a worthy champion.

The men's showdown featured the totally unknown Jairo Ocampo of Colombia and Belgian veteran Louis Wildermeersch, making his fifth BWC outing.

Wildermeersch should have cleaned up but was devastated by his ineffectual role in a pedestrian final which saw him lose out by 587 to 563.

Ocampo, a fairly anonymous sort of character, was not a particularly popular champ but he had underlined yet again that the World Cup is all about making the successive cuts and coming good in the matchplay.

For Mort Luby and me, after-bowling hours were marked each night by mad-cap drives from the bowl, which was situated way out in the boonies, in a hired Renault 16, trying to reach the Reuters and AP offices before they closed at midnight (the bowling ran very late that year).

When we were finally hopelessly lost in downtown Caracas (I was navigator), one could always ask one of the many ladies of the night the direction to "Toro del la Prensa". Funny, most of them wanted to take us elsewhere...

THE FINAL RECKONING '74

WOMEN	
1. Birgitte Lund (Denmark)	573
2. Dale Gray (Australia)	565
MEN	
1. Jairo Ocampo (Colombia)	587
2. Louis Wildermeersch (Belgium)	563

THE 1989 ACTION SHOW

The spirit of Dublin

MAYBE it was because Christmas was in the air. Maybe it was the restorative properties of Irish whiskey and Guinness. And not forgetting the sponsors' own product 7UP!

Whatever, there was emphatically a goodwill spirit in the air for the 25th Silver Jubilee edition of the AMF Bowling World Cup, sponsored by 7UP.

Dublin took the World Cup bowlers to its heart and, equally, the bowlers embraced Ireland's historical capital to theirs as they soaked up the sights and played hard on the lanes, too.

For sure, none of them could have complained about any aspect of the organisation at the handsome Stillorgan Bowl. Under the dual guidance of

AMF's Paul Lane and organising committee chairman Bernard Gibbons the whole show rolled smoothly and, just as importantly, it rolled with panache and style.

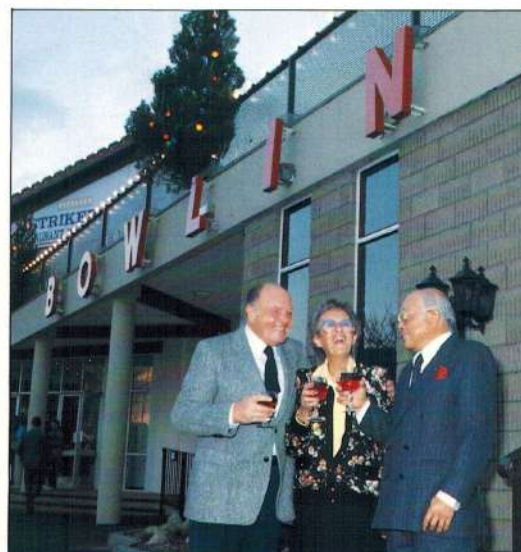
It was, quite simply, a triumph for a brilliant team effort.



• **TOP TASTERS ...**
Earning their spurs as whiskey tasters at the Irish Distillers Whiskey Corner museum are a happy mix (left) of journalists and officials including Hazel McLeary, Bruce Pluckhahn, John Calley, Ad Ophelders and Jock Caie.

• **PRECIOUS CARGO ...**
Handling a case of Paddy whiskey with care are British journalist Keith Hale (below left) and Roger Tessman, president of FIQ.

• **HERE'S TO '65 ...** World Cup founder Victor Kalman (left) toasts the Silver Jubilee edition with, appropriately, Dr Joy Murphy widow of the Stillorgan Bowl founder Jack Murphy, and World Cup veteran proprietor Herbie Lim adds his good wishes. It was a particularly memorable moment for Kalman and Mrs Murphy, who have watched the event blossom beyond their wildest dreams.



(DUBLIN WORLD CUP PICTURES BY TERRY CHAMBERS, LONDON)

MAKING FRIENDS...



• **IN THE PICTURE** ... and what a pretty one. Brazil's Walter Costa makes very sure he gets the most appealing angle on his wife Jacqueline on their visit to the state apartments at Dublin Castle. They were a great man and wife team on the lanes, too.



• **ARCH OF HONOUR** ... in Dublin Castle for India's Charanbir Oberoi, Jaimie Mercera, of Curacao, Walter Costa and partners.

AMF



• **PRETTY AS A PICTURE** ... and was a sofa ever more charmingly draped? Patty Ann, the US champion, takes her ease during the special welcome reception at Dublin's Mansion House. Little did she know it would be flowers all the way later in the week...

...SEEING PLACES



• **IRISH CONNECTION ...** It was a reel Irish night when the BWC bowlers and officials were honoured with a civic reception at Dublin's Mansion House. Looking suitably impressed in their grand surroundings are Irish bowlers Philip Dunne and Karren Vard with the Lord Mayor, Senator Alderman Sean Haughey, and Paddy Gibbons, president of the Irish TBA.



• **THEY'RE THE WORLD'S BEST ...** The men's and women's champions line up for their big photo opportunity before swinging into action for their big week, probably the biggest in their lives for many of them.



Such a Grand Opening



• **GRAND OPENING** . . . and never was the phrase more deservedly appropriate. The Stillorgan opening ceremony was dignified, exciting, and will never be forgotten by the people who were there. Audio-visual effects were skilfully used as Dr Joy Murphy, proprietor of the bowling centre, welcomed a distinguished gathering. Interestingly, the audio-visual scenes underlined the supreme versatility of AMF's AccuScore system.



• **UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE** . . . and not a bad package, either! Lighting up our picture are the sponsors' Jim Butler, Edward Leong (Malaysia), Karen Vard (Ireland) and Dean Lightbourn (Bermuda).



• **SWEET MUSIC** ... well performed at the opening ceremony by folk group Conhaltias Ceoltoiri Eireann it surely was, but the bowlers had to have their bit of fun, urged on by World Cup official photographer Terry Chambers no doubt!

MONSTER MESSAGE FOR MOHAMMAD



• **HAPPY BIRTHDAY ...** had an extra-special meaning for Mohammad Khalifa (UAE) when he received this giant-sized card to mark his 24th birthday. It was a tribute to a popular performer from all those at the World Cup. It was a special day, too, for young John Gibbons, son of the organising chairman Bernard and wife Patrice. John was 11 on the same day.

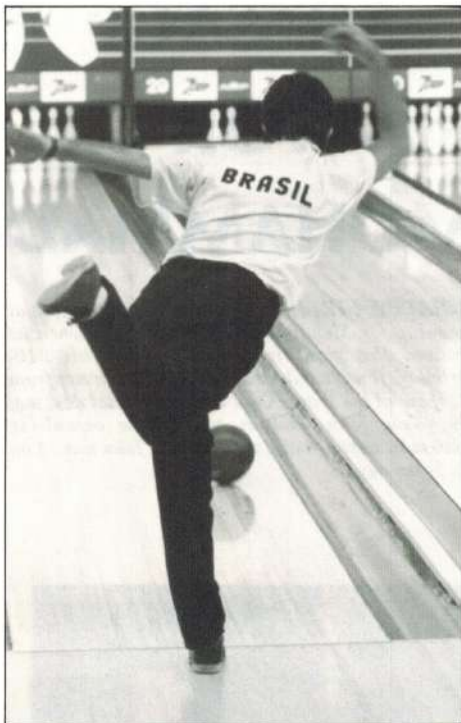


• **TRIBUTE TO HARRY ...** At the successful World Bowling Writers' annual meeting held at Whiskey Corner museum, courtesy of the Irish Whiskey Distillers' Association, Harry Dallton received the WBW's Golden Quill award for his work in promoting the sport in Ireland for 20-plus years. Here, he gets the prize from British journalist Barry James, flanked by WBW chief Mort Luby and Bernard Gibbons.



• **ALL ABOARD ...** A clutch of Bowling Writers' members board the bus to take them to their annual meeting for which there was a good turn-out and some interesting word-pictures on zone affairs from Dave de Lorenzo (US), Robert Tan (SE Asia) and Bernard Gibbons (Europe). Another prize presented at the meeting was the Distinguished Service Award to Finland's Timo Suveranti for his tremendous promotional work in Scandinavia.

Getting in the picture...



• 15th, Walter Costa, Brazil

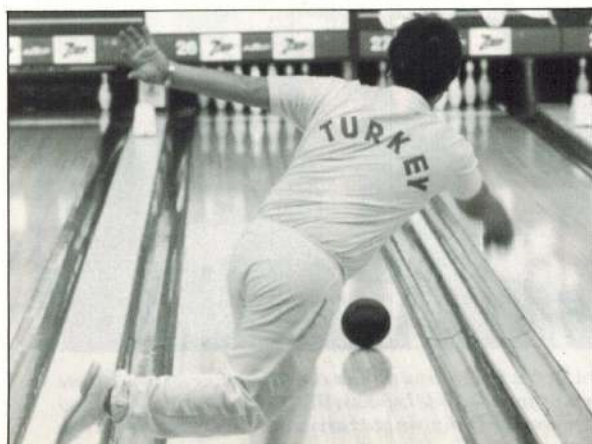


• 38th, Sevgi Bayraktar, Turkey

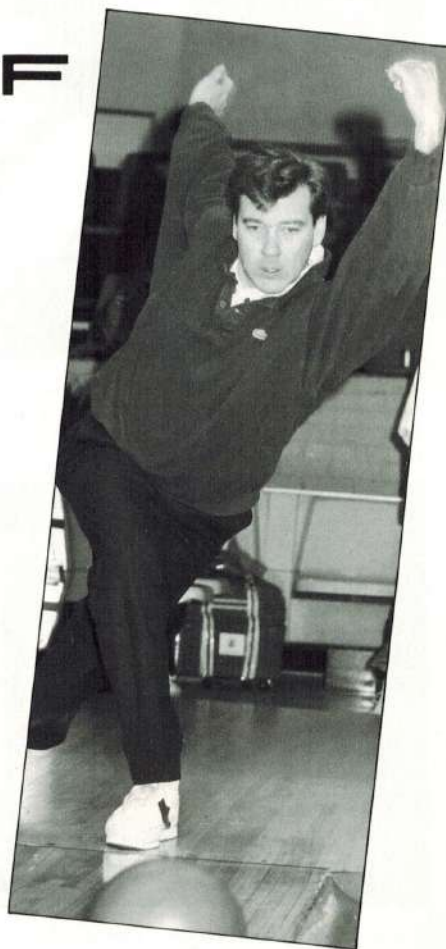
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• 5th, Daniela Lana, Italy

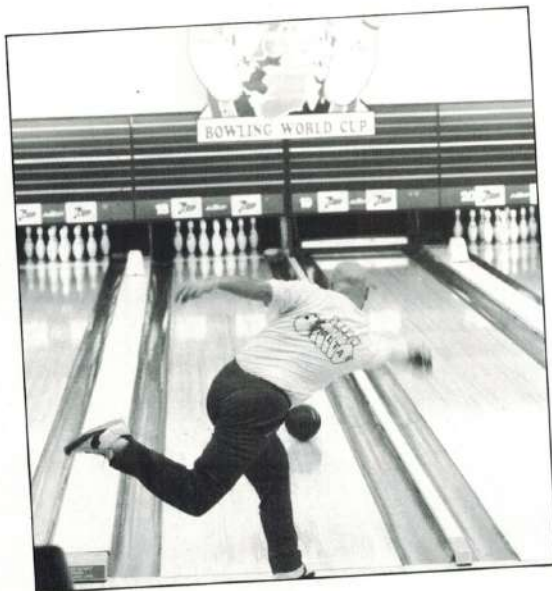


• 42nd, Recep Cinar, Turkey



• 3rd, Bernd Bauhofer, West Germany

...Whatever the style!

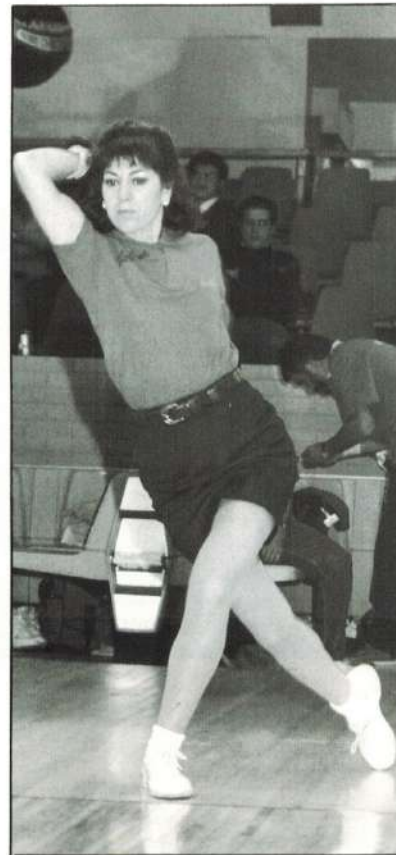


• 30th, Silvio Anastasi, Malta

WHEREVER the Bowling World Cup, no matter how superb the organisation and it was certainly that in Ireland — it would never happen, obviously, without the bowlers.

Uncannily, every year of the event seems to produce goodwill galore. Is it, perhaps, because the bowlers realise that for most of them it will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience? Probably, but there is no doubt that, mercifully, the World Cup has been almost free of "incidents" in its long 25 years.

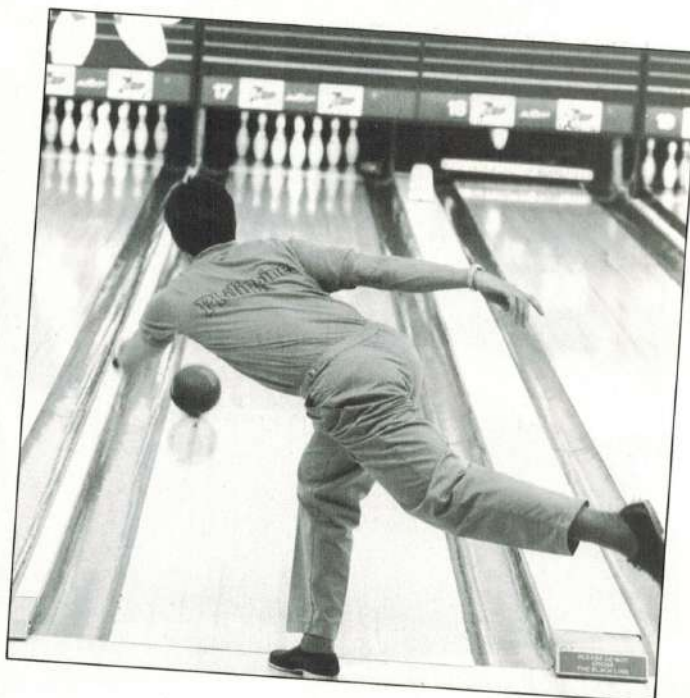
That says a great deal for the players and here we feature just a small selection of individuals who played their considerable parts in ensuring that 1989 was another festival of great times and great friendships.



• 25th, Montse Badia, Spain



• 16th, Karren Vard, Ireland



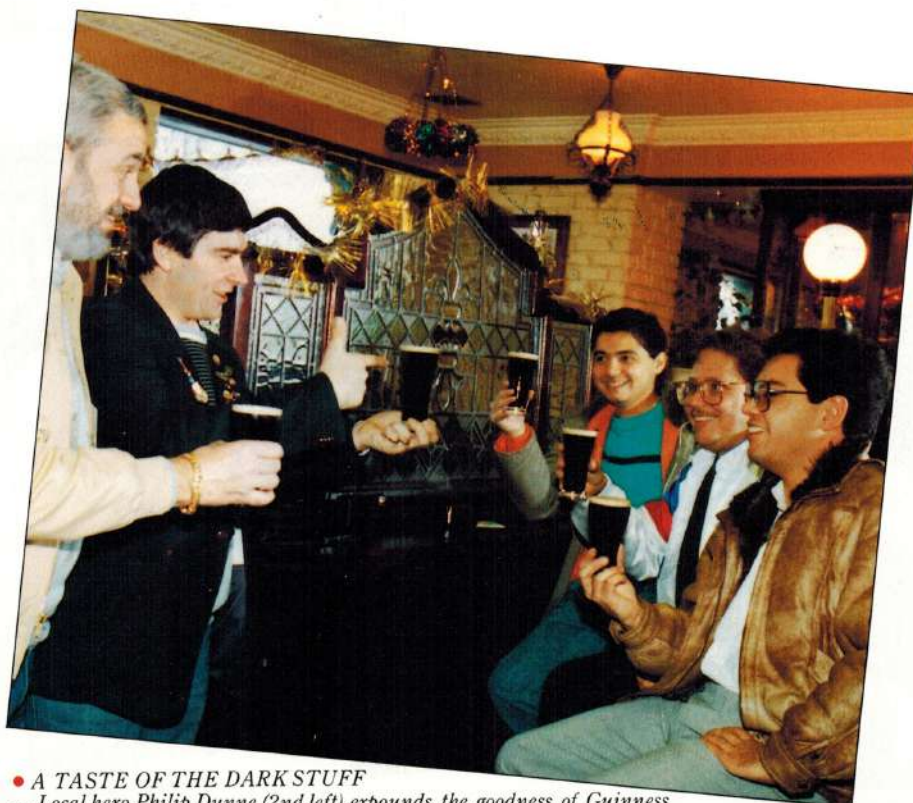
• 5th, Paeng Nepomuceno, Phillipines

Going up in the world...



AMF

• THE GRAND 25 official photographer would have needed the group of bowlers special the Stillorgan Bowl. It on an open-top bus a impressive shot (left, a ladder (right).



• A TASTE OF THE DARK STUFF

... Local hero Philip Dunne (2nd left) expounds the goodness of Guinness to Alberto Cruz (Panama), Marco Odio (Costa Rica), Fico Perez (Puerto Rico) and Mexico's Daniel Falconi.



• GOING FOR A RIDE Park are Silvio Anastasi Recep Cinar.

...Marking 25 great years



Bowling World Cup
Chambers claims he
of a helicopter to have
effect of the XXV (25)
osed on the car park of
difficult to get it right
he still managed the
) ... with the help of a



sorts in Killiney
ta) and Turkey's



• DEFINITELY NOT CRICKET
... It must be an Irish version being practised alongside
Dublin Bay by Malta's Mellisa Abela and partner Silvio Anastasi, plus Recep Cinar.

LET'S SALUTE THEM...



• **THE PROUD ONES...** and why not? Enjoying their moment in the spotlight are a section of the World Cup's organising committee under the auspices of the Irish Tenpin Bowling Association.

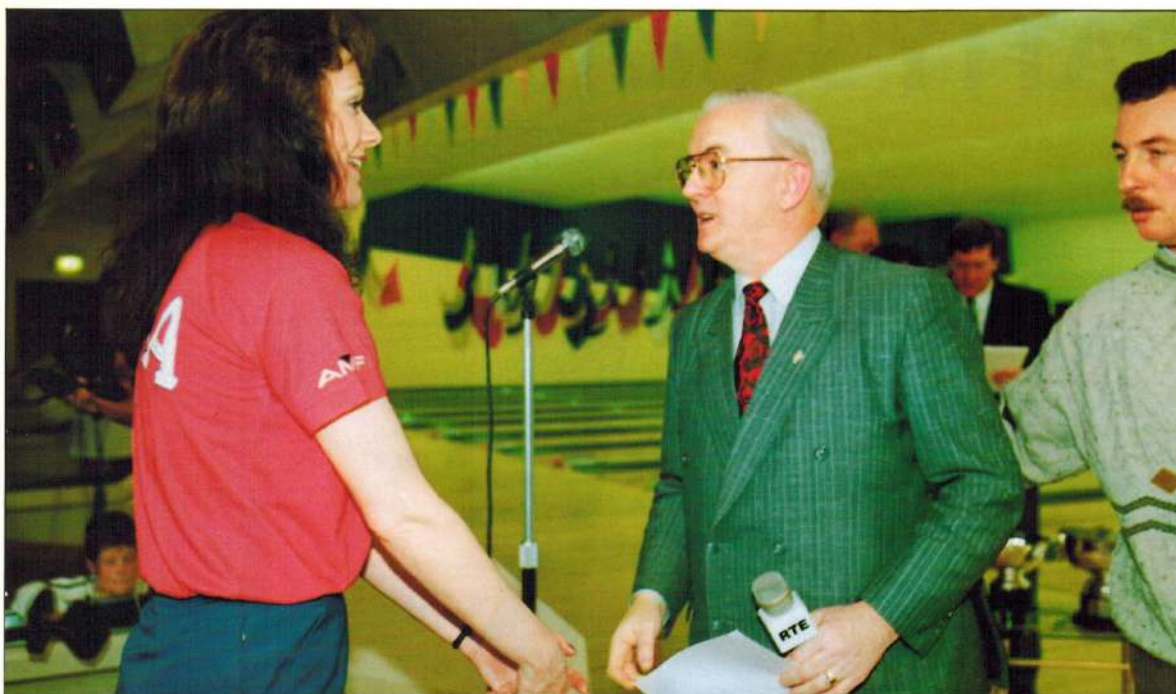
In the group (left to right) are: Gerry Dignam, Patrice Gibbons, Hilary Gall, Sven-Erik Skoglund, Jim Fitzgerald, Christie White, Michelle Agnew, Des Gall, Harry Dalton, Eddie Gahan, Bernie Gibbons, Gerry O'Reilly, Paddy Gibbons, Angela Horne, Cliona Magee, Ray Farmer.



• **MARVELLOUS MURPHY LADIES ...** Pictured at the cocktail party at Dr Joy Murphy's home during the cup are the Murphy girls, Joy's daughters. It was their late father, Jack, who was bold enough to take the plunge by staging the inaugural event back in 1965. Surrounding their mother are Hilary, Antonella and Patrice, with a little support from Singapore's Mr Entertainment, Herbie Lim.



• **SPECIAL PRESENTATION ...** from the United Arab Emirates' representative Ali Ghuloom (7th left) to World Cup workers are Barry James, Mort Luby, Paul Lane, Roger Tessman, Paddy Gibbons, Joy Murphy, Jimmy Magee, Sven-Erik Skoglund, Bent Petersen and Bernie Gibbons.



MOVING THE MEDIA...

• **MEDIA MILEAGE** ... Press, radio and TV coverage of the 25th Bowling World Cup was impressive in Ireland. RTE, Eire's national TV station, gave good showings to both the men's and women's stepladder finals and, in our pictures, America's Patty Ann and Qatar's Salem Monsuri, the respective champions, get the TV interview treatment from RTE's seasoned broadcaster

Jimmy Magee.

There was a good representation from the international press, too, with the major wire services, AP and Reuter, being served by Mort Luby and Barry James respectively, as in previous years.

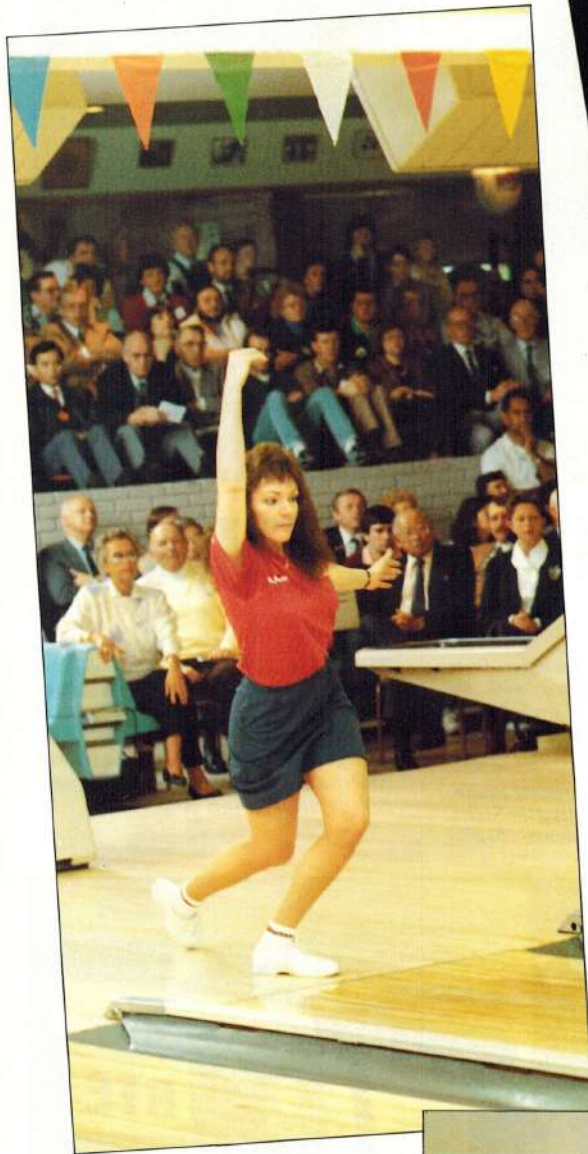
But there was also an impressive contingent from elsewhere including the States, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, France

and South East Asia.

The World Bowling Writers took the opportunity to hold their annual meeting at Whiskey Corner, a very special museum, where revealing presentations were given by Dave de Lorenzo (North America), Bernard Gibbons (Europe) and Robert Tan (SE Asia).



PATTY'S CLASSIC COUP



• CLASSIC STYLE . . . some may say old-fashioned when compared with today's professionals but it was certainly effective for the United States Patty Ann (above). And (top right), the sheer joy of Patty's triumph is captured beautifully by official World Cup cameraman Terry Chambers. He's a champion, too! Then comes the crowning, with the help of AMF International Executive Vice-president Bent Petersen and sponsoring 7 UP's Jim Whelan.



BOWLERS and officials had their share of the good times in Dublin, despite the ferocious prices!

The enormously popular Dubliner bar in the handsome Jurys Hotel, the tournament headquarters, was always the first watering hole after the day's endeavours - and usually the last!

Packed to the gunwales though the bar might be, the staff always had a cheery word and your drink was there in a flash - unless it was Guinness!

The memorable party times included the prestigious AMF dinner at Beaufield Mews restaurant and in the picture (*below, top*) tournament director Paul Lane (*centre*) pays tribute to Vic Kalman on his appearance at the 25th after founding the event back in 1965. In support is AMF International Executive Vice-president Bent Petersen.

Another milestone at this dinner was the presentation of a magnificent tan-

talus (drinks rack) apiece to journalists Mort Luby and Barry James to mark their having covered every one of the World Cups, the only pair to have done so.

And then it came to the always memorable victory banquet which this year included a spontaneous and hilarious "cabaret act" led by Philip Dunne, the Irish champ, and Mohammad Khalifa

of the UAE. Bowlers' delivery styles will never be the same again!

Then there was the extra special presentation (*bottom*) to Serge Beaulieu of Canada, and Mexico's Maria Martinez de Cuerva, voted sportsman and sportswoman of the tournament.

SO LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL ...



AMF

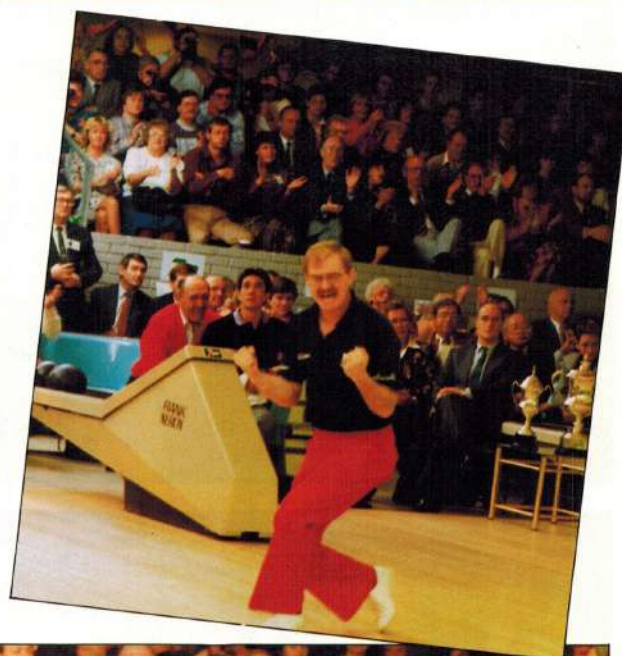




SO TOUGH, SO TENSE



• **TOUGH AT THE TOP...** The pictures tell the story of how tense a stepladder showdown can be with Qatar's Salem Monsuri and America's Darold Meisel urging their ball to deliver the goods. And later came the hugs of congratulations and commiserations for Monsuri and Swedish runner-up Kenneth Andersson.



OH, THE JOY OF IT ALL!

• **JOYOUS MOMENT** ... for the new champ as she gets the wholehearted congratulations from Stillorgan Bowl's Joy Murphy. West Germany's Martina Beckel (right) can only look on - and wonder what might have been.

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• **MORE JOY** ... for Qatar's Salem Monsuri (left) as he holds aloft the coveted cup. And Patty Ann gets a youngster's attention, too (bottom left) in the lovely shape of Lisa Gall.

• **AND SORROW** ... for Finland's Sari Yrjola whose face tells the whole story after her stepladder exit.



THE FINALS STORY...

FROM the impressive welcoming cocktail party to the grand banquet, the 25th AMF Bowling World Cup, sponsored by 7UP, was a winner all the way.

Warm tributes have, quite rightly, been made elsewhere in this magazine to the magnificent organisation of this historic event.

Not for a minute, though, should we forget the tremendous efforts of the bowlers. The men's stepladder finals, for example, were quite brilliant with ferocious pressure and equally hot scores.

For the second year in a row, a Gulf

States bowler underlined the dramatic upsurge of bowling standards in that region. Qatar's Salem Monsuri is the new champion, following on the heels of Mohammad Khalifa (UAE) from the previous year. In a cliff-hanging finish, the 23-year-old University of Qatar student just defeated Sweden's Kenneth Andersson by 226 to 223.

Seeded No. 1, Monsuri sat it out as the four other survivors battled it out for the right to meet him in the decider. And what a battle it was.

The tension was almost painful when Darold Meisel (USA) met Andersson, the Swede getting home by a solitary

pin, 236 to 235.

The womens' shoot-out was equally tense in parts. How about Martina Beckel (West Germany) 181 to Jennie Hertrick (Australia) 181? Beckel won the two-frame roll-off before facing Patty Ann of the United States.

More drama was to follow when the US champ struck out with her last delivery to clinch the title.

Tremendous stuff and the 35-year-old Bloomington, Illinois, bowling director was home by 202 to 191.

Men's Stepladder Final

Name	Num	Country	Game	Versus	Name	Num	Country	Game
Match Number Four								
Salem Monsuri (First Place Qualifier)	137	Qat	226	V	Kenneth Andersson (Winner of Match Three)	140	Swe	223
Match Number Three								
Bernd Bauhofer (Second Place Qualifier)	145	FRG	180	V	Kenneth Andersson (Winner of Match Two)	140	Swe	218
Match Number Two								
Kenneth Andersson (Third Place Qualifier)	140	Swe	236	V	Darold Meisel (Winner of Match One)	144	USA	235
Match Number One								
Paeng Nepomuceno (Fifth Place Qualifier)	135	Phi	200	V	Darold Meisel (Fourth Place Qualifier)	144	USA	226

Ladies Stepladder Final

Name	Num	Country	Game	Versus	Name	Num	Country	Game
Match Number Four								
Martina Beckel (Winner of Match Three)	191	FRG	191	V	Patty Ann (First Place Qualifier)	190	USA	202
Match Number Three								
Martina Beckel (Second Place Qualifier)	191	FRG	181&29	V	Jenni Hertrick (Winner of Match Two)	152	Aut	181&27
Match Number Two								
Jenni Hertrick (Winner of Match Four)	152	Aut	218	V	Sari Yrjola (Third Place Qualifier)	162	Fin	205
Match Number One								
Jenni Hertrick (Fifth Place Qualifier)	152	Aut	226	V	Daniela Lana (Fourth Place Qualifier)	173	Ity	179

1975 MANILA: Everything about Manila was a thriller. The climate, the people, the food, the hospitality, the organisation and the bowling.

I knew it was going to be the right sort of trip when I flew into Manila at some god-forsaken wee small hour, jet-lagged and liverish, I was greeted by two Filipino maidens who draped garlands around my neck, and ushered me to my chauffeur for the week (appropriately, his name was Gabriel) who whisked me off to the Inter-Continental for a dreamy night's rest.

But how would we meet in the morning? "I'll be here, sir," said Gabriel simply. And he was.

I walked out of the hotel lobby around 10am and there he was, Gabriel, my angel. It was to be that way for the rest of the trip. First-class.

As the two major wire-service newsmen for AP and Reuters respectively, Mort Luby and I even had our own Manila police wagon on the car park of the bowl waiting each day in case we were in a hurry to file copy at our respective downtown offices.

Somewhat overwhelmed and embarrassed by these boys in blue sitting around with nothing to do all day, we decided to give them some meaning to life on about the third day of the tournament. Indeed, after a late finish, we were in somewhat of a hurry.

Smiling at the thought that they were actually going to do some movin' and shakin', the police switched on the red light, set the siren wailing, and we were off, courtesy of the ever-reliable Gabriel following in their wake. I have never carved my way through traffic so easily in my life.

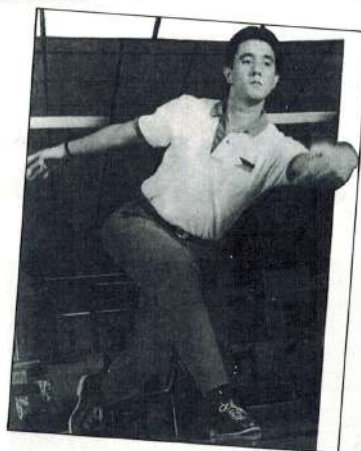
A small book could be written about our adventures in Manila. The curfews, at the height of the Marcos regime, our visit to the presidential palace for a get-together with Ferdinand, the sensational hospitality of centre owner Popit Puyat and all his staff.

I have since been asked many times how Manila worked under the rule of President Marcos. How can I be an expert in just ten days?

I will say this, though. As a fairly keen

Manila - it really was a thriller

observer of local conditions in foreign climes, I can honestly say I saw no signs of poverty and deprivation while in Manila. I have certainly seen much worse conditions, say, in Latin America.



CHAMPION STYLE...from Paeng Nepomuceno, the 1976 winner in Tehran.

I am sure that corruption was rife but the Filipinos are such an open, smiling people that they seem to handle any adversity better than most.

Oh, there was the bowling, of course.

Canada's Cathy Townsend took the ladies' crown against the lovely Hattianne Morrisette from Bermuda and Lorenzo Monti became the first Italian winner when he beat Carlos Lovera of Venezuela, who was to fall at the final hurdle the following year.

As a smashing person, bubbling with personality, Hattianne would probably rate as about the most popular lady to grace a BWC final. Ah, well. Someone has to be a loser.

1976 TEHRAN: Another memorable milestone, mostly for the wrong reasons!

Pre-revolution Tehran was notable for its teeming traffic, clogged streets, the odorous air, wailing bazaars, and the pictures of the Shah and his royal family adorning the walls of virtually every establishment one visited. Come 1979, I wonder whatever happened to all those pictures?

We were driven to desperate lengths to get any decent food.

After sitting in a "typical" local restaurant, watching the bugs climb the wall behind us, we hastily retreated to a nearby Kentucky Fried Chicken House. It was to be our gastronomic retreat for the next seven days, with the help of the only half-decent bar in town called Michelle's.

As usual, the bowlers took the problems in their stride and had a thoroughly good time because, for most of them, it was the sort of trip they would make probably only once in their lifetimes.

The tournament was marked by two differing but fascinating finales.

In the women's division, Lucy Giovinco became the first ladies winner from the States and also helped herself to a new BWC single-game women's record. It all began so unpromisingly when she scratched a 160 first line against the homely Doris Gradin of Sweden, who replied with 188.

Then the American collegiate set the Persopolis Sports Bowl alight with her record 266 against a 166. Gradin was left floundering when she followed with a miserly 150 which gave her opponent the title by 620 to 504.

The men's showdown saw the exciting emergence of a young bowler, only 18, who was to become from that day one of the world's most accomplished performers.

Rafael (Paeng) Nepomuceno, from Manila, it was, who set our pulses racing when he dispatched the seasoned Carlos Lovera from Venezuela.

Lovera began well enough with a 200 to Paeng's 181. Then the Filipino blasted 222 to 188 and the scene was set for a classic finale. It didn't work out that way with the tension getting to both bowlers. But Nepomuceno hung in by his fingertips to snatch the crown by 571 to 567.

And so Tehran would now also be remembered for the right reasons!

THE FINAL RECKONING '75

WOMEN

1. Cathy Townsend (Canada) 540
2. Hattianne Morrisette (B'muda) 509

MEN

1. Lorenzo Monti (Italy) 561
2. Carlos Lovera (Venezuela) 544

THE FINAL RECKONING '76

WOMEN

1. Lucy Giovinco (USA) 620
2. Doris Gradin (Sweden) 504

MEN

1. Paeng Nepomuceno (Ph'pines) 571
2. Carlos Lovera (Venezuela) 567

1977 LONDON: Christmas lights a-glitter, London town was tinsel city as the champions from 39 nations flew into frenetic Heathrow for the 13th edition of the Bowling World Cup.

Based in fashionable Kensington, the bowlers seemed to take the Christmas crowds, snarled traffic and the half-hour journey to suburban Tolworth and the Charrington Bowl in their stride.

The organisation and enthusiasm of the Charrington centre committee was to prove a revelation to those who believed that the word "service" was ancient history in England.

It was also the year the first global bowling journalists' group was formed with the birth of the World Bowling Writers.

It was a somewhat tentative beginning and of the first dozen participants, no one was really sure whether it would last.

Twelve years later it stands as a respected organisation with nearly 300 members world-wide.

On the lanes, there was plenty to keep the scribes busy and no more so than when the men's rounds reached their climax.

The final featured hunky Arne Stroem from Norway and Parisian Philippe Dubois, who was to go on to appear in two successive finals after that.

Apart from the Singapore joust, it was to prove to be the tensest shoot-out on record and the most psychological.

The opener went 206-203 to the big Norwegian but when Dubois shot another 203 to 183, it looked all over.

But Stroem then seemed to enter another world. He psyched himself up with every delivery, seeming to take ages to throw the 16-pounder down the lane. The tactics clearly unsettled the exuberant Dubois and he lost out by just three pins, 609 to 606.

It was Norway's first success in the World Cup.

Stroem's triumph hadn't been pretty to watch but as a display of big-match temperament, it was a classic.

Canada netted another title in the women's division when 33-year-old

THE FINAL RECKONING '77

WOMEN	
1. Rea Rennox (Canada)	570
2. Lauren LaCost (US)	542
MEN	
1. Arne Stroem (Norway)	606
2. Philippe Dubois (France)	603

teacher Rea Rennox defeated US student Lauren LaCost 570-542. Over the five days, Miss Rennox averaged 188 and finished atop the world looking as cool and fresh as when she started 47 games earlier.

STROEM PYSCHES AND STRIKES



BOGOTA SURVIVORS...Despite the altitude problems, Samran Banyen and Lita de la Rosa triumphed in the end.

1978 BOGOTA: This was one on its own. While the Colombian cocaine wars had yet to get into their stride, there was still plenty to occupy the attention of the competitors from a record 45 nations on the streets of Bogota. Like daylight robbers.

At the time, there was an average of 187 street robberies a day. Oh, yes. The Bogotans were world champions all right. The nearest contenders were in Karachi with a mere 85 per day.

Add to this the rarified atmosphere of a capital city lying nearly 9,000 feet above sea level and you had all the ingredients of a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

First victim of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't syndrome was British competitor Tom Marshall.

A young gentleman made an uninvited attempt to snatch Tom's watch. In the unseemly melee that ensued, Tom broke the robber's arm.

The police shrugged their shoulders and looked the other way.

Burly Swedish journalist Gosta Zellen was not so fortunate. Walking out of his hotel at mid-morning, he was relieved of \$500 from his money pocket. He hardly knew it happened.

When it came to action on the lanes, the scenario was equally fraught.

Lack of oxygen in the high atmosphere had bowlers swooning all over the place during the first couple of days. A medical team was constantly on hand reviving competitors amidst the spectators' benches.

Imagine what it was like just mounting a few stairs for an overweight British journalist with a penchant for Benson and Hedges!

The scores told their own story as to the conditions. After the first day, the men's field was led by one Lionel Garnier from, of all places, New Caledonia, with 1,556 after eight. The day had also seen the collapse of Inger Levhorn of Sweden. She was simply unable to continue and flew home early.

As the week wore on, however, the players became more acclimatised. While there were some extremely talented girls in the field that year, such as Ruth Guerster (Australia), Irene Gronert (Netherlands), Tove Walstad (Norway), Nikki Gianulias (USA) and Birgitte Lund (Denmark), it was two relative unknowns who made the final.

Pauline Cafolla was Ireland's first lady to make it thus far but she managed only 497 as Lita de la Rosa (Philippines) shot 564.

The men's shoot-out was a terrific affair with Philippe Dubois again in the last stage, this time against Thailand's Samran Banyen.

All the "wise money" was on Dubois. We should have known better. The 218-184 first game to Dubois was to be misleading as the Thai blasted 227-183 and followed with a glorious 242 and record 653 series.

THE FINAL RECKONING '78

WOMEN	
1. Lita de la Rosa (Philippines)	564
2. Pauline Cafolla (Ireland)	497
MEN	
1. Samran Banyen (Thailand)	653
2. Philippe Dubois (France)	582

1979 BANGKOK: Often looked upon as simply a sin city, Bangkok does offer much more than the notorious Patpong district which houses girlie-bars where the goings-on would make a world-wise sailor blanch.

A friendly people, generally lovely weather, glorious temples, fascinating river-life and imaginative, cheap food are just some of the ingredients which help to make Thailand's capital such a special place.

Everything about this '79 edition was right from the super Sukhumvit Bowl, the organisation, to the bowling itself.

It all came to a thrilling climax in the women's final when the sweet-smiling Bong Coo from the Philippines fired in games of 254, 190 and 205 for another record-breaking 649 series. Her injured opponent, Hattieanne Morrisette from Bermuda, performed valiantly but her 587 was never going to be good enough in this particular final.

The men's last stage posed one big question: Would Frenchman Philippe Dubois finally break his jinx after finishing No. 2 for the previous two years?

The Parisian never got up any real head of steam but he always looked in control as he ousted home-town hope Montree Vipitsini 567 to 549.

After the pyrotechnics of the women's finale, it was fairly pedestrian stuff but Dubois had stayed the devilishly demanding course and no one would deny him his accolades.

Earlier in the week there had been high, old excitement when Italy's Loris Mambelli shot 11 strikes in a row and stepped up for his final delivery and, perhaps, the magical 300 game.

The magic went missing as the Italian left the 8-10 pins but his 298 was yet another best for the BWC. ●

THE FINAL RECKONING '79

WOMEN	
1. Bong Coo (Philippines)	649
2. Hattieanne Morrisette (W Ger)	587
MEN	
1. Philippe Dubois (France)	567
2. Montree Vipitsini (Thailand)	549

1980 JAKARTA: Another highly-talented field flew into this steamy capital of Indonesia.

They were thrilled to bits when they discovered that the tournament headquarters, the comfortable Kartika Chandra Hotel, had its own bowling



ON TOP OF THE WORLD...Philippe Dubois (France) and Bong Coo (Philippines) after their triumph in Bangkok.

When Bong made Bangkok boggle

centre where the event would be fought out over the next seven days.

Even in November, Jakarta was hot (like the food!) and I quickly discovered that the local thieves were in a rather more sophisticated mould than their cousins back in Bogota.

The trick there was for a couple of young bucks to speed past you on a motorbike as you were crossing a busy thoroughfare and snatch bags, camera, whatever, from your hands.

One duo tried just such a neat trick on me. Unfortunately for them, my documents purse was strapped to my wrist. One of them snatched, and nearly came off the bike as I stayed put and so did the purse.

For some reason the failed thieves sped off shouting and waving their fists at me!

Ah well where would the World Cup be without such little adventures?

There was going to be plenty of adventure on the lanes too. The men's final was to produce bowling of the most exciting and highest order - plus more records.

First there was the women's final which also had its hallmark of quality when Jean Gordon ensured that the Canadian maple leaf flew proudly above the winner's rostrum once more when she defeated West Germany's Hannelore Hoplttschek - and say that one when you've had a couple of beers!

The opener was 223-200 in favour of Gordon and she stayed ahead of the race, finishing 602 to 557.

The big question before the men's final was whether Filipino Paeng Nepomuceno would be the first player to win two World Cups. He would - superlatively.

He faced seasoned Alfonso Rodriguez of Mexico in the final and the result was a classic which will never be forgotten by those who were there.

The scores tell the story. Game 1 - Paeng 218, Alfonso 222; Game 2 - Paeng 235, Alfonso 201, an open frame in the last letting him down. Game 3 - Paeng 223, Alfonso 240. Final score 676 to 663.

Never has a finalist been so cruelly robbed of glory. Never has a winner been more deserving.

What an end to what a week. It had started with the late Soetopo Jananto president of the Indonesian Bowling Congress, hosting a lavish party for Mrs. Jananto. Strangely, beer was unavailable, but there were gallons of Johnnie Walker Black Label whisky! ●

THE FINAL RECKONING '80

WOMEN	
1. Jean Gordon (Canada)	602
2. Hannelore Hoplttschek (W Ger)	557
MEN	
1. Paeng Nepomuceno (Ph'pines)	676
2. Alfonso Rodriguez (Mexico)	663

25th AMF BOWLING WORLD CUP

SILVER SPECIAL

1981 NEW YORK: Go to Noo York with an open mind and you'll love it, despite the horror stories.

Millions of words have been written about the Big Apple. I thrilled to it. Must have done because I actually took in the sights, an activity I normally eschew with enthusiasm.

My good lady, who accompanied me, couldn't believe that I was willing, for example, to visit the top of the Empire State Building with hundreds of other trippers or take the famous Circle Line ferry around Manhattan.

Yes, it's a special town.

Very appropriately an American won the men's title and much to my personal delight, Pauline Smith, a Londoner, became the second Brit to triumph in the BWC.

The men's stepladder was very much a mixed-bag affair with Bahamian Glenroy Saunders beating Puerto Rico's Eddie Garafola before falling to Manny Magno of the Philippines. America's No. 1 seed Bob Worrall watched and then pounced, easily overpowering Magno by 221 to 179.

It's always exciting when a bowler starts at No. 5 and steams through the stepladders to become champion.

It's good 'noos' all the way...!



DUTCH TREAT... The World Cup Press corps got the treatment in the Scheveningen press room. The writers (left to right) are Gosta Zellen, Mort Luby, Bernard Mora and Keith Hale.

As was the venue, none other than the legendary Madison Square Garden. We were all ensconced just over the road at the (then) Statler Hotel. As always, the fine travel arrangements of the World Cup had been looked after by a lovely character called Norman Wilkes. Norman managed the BWC travel arrangements for more than a decade before he and his wife were killed in tragic circumstances at their London apartment three years later.

The Garden was a perfect stage for the world's greatest amateur bowling event. Trouble was, Noo Yorkers seemed singularly unimpressed. The bleachers were virtually empty each day except for the finals. This didn't prevent us from seeing some rather special bowling.

Which is precisely what Pauline Smith achieved. Her first opponent was the formidable Bong Co. Except that Bong was clearly out of sorts, losing 213-156. Next up, Anna Greta (Sweden) didn't get a look-in either as Pauline rattled in a 202.

So it was down to Japan's Miyuki Motoi to stop the Brit's gallop. Well, she made a pretty good stab at it but in a hyper-tense finale she lost out 202-195. With a three-game total of 618, no one could say that Smith was not a true queen.

A study in tense concentration throughout the finals, Pauline's mask suddenly cracked. She wept buckets. Oh, the joy of it...

1982 SCHEVENINGEN: Anything but an exotic locale, yet this Dutch seaside resort, down the road from The Hague, produced one of the most satisfying and downright enjoyable weeks in the event's history.

Maybe it was the warm welcome from the friendly Dutch people; maybe it was the tournament headquarters, the splendid Kurhaus Hotel on the beach;

maybe it was the cosy bowling centre alongside; maybe it was the superb organisation. Maybe it was a combination of all these things.

In short, the week had a warm, embracing feel to it, despite the keen winds whipping in from the North Sea.

Somehow, some time during an evening, there would always be a group of bowlers bumping into each other in the tasteful Kings Arms club-pub next to the hotel. And somehow, some time, there would be journalist Mort Luby tinkling the ivories in the bar, producing his own Gershwin-style melodies to a suitably-impressed clutch of mates.

On the lanes was to emerge one of the most striking champions the event had yet seen

Australia's Jeannette Baker (now Baker-Flynn) became the world's No. 1 amateur bowling queen and she did it with style, verve and dedication. These qualities would show through a year later in Mexico City when she became the first BWC champion to win back-to-back.

And Norway's Arne Stroem paraded his considerable talents to good effect again when he became a two-time winner, following up his success in '77.

Stroem blasted Kru Somsak, of Thailand, and Baker put paid to a Scandinavian double by ditching Sweden's Inger Levhorn.

With all due respect to Stroem, it was Baker's performance which electrified the Dutch audience. Her sheer will to win and her showpiece body language were stunning.

THE FINAL RECKONING '81

WOMEN		
1. Pauline Smith (Gt Britain)		202
2. Miyuki Motoi (Japan)		195
MEN		
1. Bob Worrall (USA)		221
2. Manny Magno (Philippines)		179

THE FINAL RECKONING '82

WOMEN		
1. Jeannette Baker (Australia)		212
2. Inger Levhorn (Sweden)		166
MEN		
1. Arne Stroem (Norway)		233
2. Kru Somsak (Thailand)		195

1983 MEXICO CITY: Back to the land of the mariachis, margaritas and fiestas. Only this time it was slap in the middle of downtown Mexico City, the Sheraton Hotel, the Paseo de la Reforma and the "Zona Rosa" (pink zone).

It was also the year of the "helicopter" bowler when Taiwan's You-Tien Chu "choppered" his way to the title to the amazement of just about everyone there. And then came Jeannette Baker's startling, super second successive triumph.

It was also the year when AMF's Alison Driscoll took complete control of the event for the first time. It was to be a difficult debut.

Friendly and as helpful as they were, the Mexicans never quite managed to make it all gel. "Manyana" is a oft-used expression to describe Latin-American temperament, and not usually very worthy of the speaker.

But things did seem to get a little bogged down in Mexico.

Yet the hassles are quickly forgotten in the mists of time. There was never a better truism than that of remembering only the good times.

And there were plenty of these. Visits to ancient burial grounds, open theatre under the stars, elegant dinners "a la fresco" in the Zona Rosa and cheap, cheap shopping.

And that's the point: There are always so many redeeming features about any World Cup event.

Michael Chuah (Malaysia) and Gisela Lins (West Germany) were the two to lose out in the stepladder finals as the TV cameras generated their own heat and tension.

It was, it has to be said, not a memorable year for the actual bowling but unorthodox as he was, You-Tien Chu had done the business as they say in London's East End. You must be doing something right if you chip away for six days in strange conditions and finish top of the heap.

THE FINAL RECKONING '83

WOMEN

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Jeannette Baker (Australia) | 233 |
| 2. Gisela Lins (West Germany) | 194 |

MEN

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| 1. You-Tien Chu (Taiwan) | 213 |
| 2. Michael Chuah (Malaysia) | 180 |

1984 SYDNEY: What an incredible 20th edition this was to be. After a highly-enjoyable two-day stopover in Singapore where the bowlers relaxed and played in a

On top of the job Down Under



specialty-staged representative match at Jackie's Bowl, we flew Quantas into Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport at 6.30am and faced seemingly never-ending queues through immigration.

The frustration and irritation quickly wafted away as we checked into the Rushcutter Lodge headquarters, situated all of 20 yards from the bowling centre!

Warm, southern sunshine, an inviting outdoor pool and Bondi beach a short taxi ride away quickly suggested that this was going to be one of those extra special World Cups. It surely was.

With the irrepressible Aussie Steve Mackie, of AMF, playing a major part in the organisation, the tournament was a dream in its progress and arrangements.

But before the serious business began, we had to taste the famed Australian seafood and wine so we careered down to a famous waterfront watering hole and dipped into the finest prawns, rock lobster and turbot that you'll taste this side of heaven. The chilled white Australian wine played its considerable part too.

Even World Cup official photographer Terry Chambers (it was his eighth event) who works and plays at about 100mph, was somnolent, reflective as we gazed over the harbour water. Very much a wine buff, he was in paradise, too!

But we had come to report a tournament, hadn't we? And in this respect, we could not have had a more helpful and friendly liaison than that with the Aussie press. People like Bob Cooke and Dennis Booth, to mention just two,

extended an open hand that was gladly picked up.

So everything was sweetness and light, except on the lanes where the bowlers found the Rushcutter conditions difficult in the extreme.

There was one exception on the opening day when Britain's Shelagh Leonard rolled a new ladies high of 277.

Although only 21, Jack Jurek from New York state, added to America's impressive BWC record, ditching Nakeesatit Katha 204 to 168 in the men's final. Showing considerable coolness, all things considered, Jurek was a worthy champion but there was some surprise when virtually unknown Eliano Rigato (Italy) took the women's crown from Annie Francois, the French girl, by 192 to 171.

And so on to the victory banquet at the plush Regent Hotel.

Memorable victory parties jostle the senses. Some are almost forgotten, some are a blur.

Sydney was a stirring triumph with the whole scenario punctuated by a stunning audio-visual presentation which began with a picture of the famous Ayres Rock transformed into a Bowling World Cup logo. It was all terrific stuff and, yes, many of us wept a little because we knew there would never be another quite like it...

THE FINAL RECKONING '84

MEN

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 1. Jack Jurek (USA) | 204 |
| 2. Nakeesatit (Thailand) | 168 |

WOMEN

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Eliano Rigato (Italy) | 192 |
| 2. Annie Francois (France) | 171 |

1985 **SEOUL:**
The capital city of South Korea was always going to be a "different" venue. The country that spawned the ever-running, ever-popular M.A.S.H. 4077 squadron was in the grip of Olympic fever and highly inflammable student unrest.

Time after time, as we travelled in police-escorted convoy from our supremely-comfortable Sheraton Walker Hill Hotel to the curiously-named Bang Ten bowling centre, we witnessed groups of students, wearing face masks, sizing up to formidable packs of police. It was not a pretty sight.

And yet our Korean hosts could not have been more welcoming, more polite and they did try very hard to get the organisation right.

It's funny, though, when you're thousands of miles from home, how little things become a crisis. Our Press room at Bang Ten was nearly always freezing and I can see as though it were yesterday Parisian journalist Bernard Mora crouched over his typewriter in fur hat, fur-lined jacket, occasionally shrugging his shoulder in that Gallic way.

And, blow me, you could bet your last glass of Korean beer that when the time came to file stories, the telex girl was always at lunch, or wherever.

One of the big bonuses of Seoul was the incredible shopping experience in the Itawan district. Leather, skins, knitwear, baubles were all good and cheap.

I bought my good lady a beautiful eelskin handbag that still looks as new today. It cost around \$20. I curse that I never did buy a three-quarter length leather jacket for little more than \$100.

The bowling was climaxed by a totally unexpected Irish success in the women's final. Unknown bar-hostess Marjorie McEntee gave a quite remarkable performance when ploughing through the stepladder final before facing the highly-fancied Briton Judy Howlett.

McEntee reached the shoot-out in heart-stopping fashion as the scores 212-204, 203-198 and 169-168 (!) indicate.

Howlett had not become No.1 seed by chance. She was fit, dedicated and totally committed. Yet all this seemed

THE FINAL RECKONING '85

WOMEN

1. Marjorie McEntee (Ireland) 401
2. Judy Howlett (Gt Britain) 344

MEN

1. Alfonso Rodriguez (Mexico) 206
2. Eric Kok (Netherlands) 193

21st party goes with a bang

to go out of the window and she got blasted 205-196, 177-167 for 401-344.

It was Ireland's first BWC triumph - and richly deserved.

There was another reward for guts, too, when, after years of trying, Mexico's Alfonso Rodriguez became the men's No. 1 defeating another World Cup veteran, Eric Kok of the Netherlands.



HEART STOPPING... Mexico's Alfonso Rodriguez on his way to the men's title in Seoul.

And so it was so long Seoul. My last abiding memory of the place was just as the final boarding call was made for our 16-hour flight over the Pole.

Having arrived with only minutes to spare, it was a blow to discover the bank had closed.

How on earth would I get rid of \$300-worth of Korean Won currency?

Airline and airport officials scampered round, dragging US dollars from pockets, drawers, here there and everywhere. As they were about to close the doors of the Korean Air 747, an official plonked \$294 in my hand. That's what I call real friendly!

1986 **COPENHAGEN:**
This was the year of the Swedes and probably the finest sustained performance from a title-winner in the history of the event.

Sweden's Peter Ljung took the men's crown in a beautiful final against Paeng Nepomuceno while Malmo's Annette Hagre annexed the women's crown from another Filipino, Rebecca Watanabe.

Only once, over six long days, did Annette slip from pole position - and that by a single pin in the first leg of the final!

An unassuming housewife, Annette was a tigress on the lanes and her relentless 200-plus average left many a worthy opponent in disarray.

In the showdown, nerves apparent for the first time, Mrs Hagre managed only 180 against her opponent's 181 but both touched the heights in the decider with Watanabe closing with four strikes in a row for 212 but the Swede had done the business earlier in the game and two final strikes gave her a 225. A super champion.

As was Peter Ljung, only 19, but showing tremendous coolness against his worldly-wise final opponent.

What a thrilling start there was to this clincher with Nepomuceno shooting 201 against a 200.

An open frame in the seventh sealed Nepomuceno's fate in the final line. He managed only 191 against a 213 and so history was again written with the World Cup titles going to the same country for the first time.

The Rodovre was again a first-class venue, as it had been in '70. And there was another memorable victory bash, this time in the sponsoring Tuborg's brewery.

Not unnaturally, a fair gallonage of lager was consumed as was kilos of raw herring and other tempting seafood. It was to be tournament director Alison Driscoll's swansong.

She deserved every plaudit she received from an appreciative audience. ☺

THE FINAL RECKONING '86

WOMEN

1. Annette Hagre (Sweden) 405
2. Rebecca Watanabe (Ph'pines) 393

MEN

1. Peter Ljung (Sweden) 413
2. Paeng Nepomuceno (Ph'pines) 392

1987 KUALA LUMPUR
Back to Asia - and what a marvelous experience the Malaysian capital would prove to be. "Green, clean, civilised and friendly: KL's a cracker!" That's how I summed it all up on my return to the UK when writing for the Executive Travel magazine.

We were headquartered at the plush Hilton where the service was usually five-star, *without* the prices to match!

The obligatory palm-fringed pool, set amidst lovely gardens, was a terrifically popular "rest station" for bowlers and officials alike in between stints at the nearby Mirama Bowl.

Taxis were ridiculously cheap, the food was great, and shopping was a steal. The people were welcoming and the mix of ancient and modern architecture in verdant settings worked enormously well. Oh, and the sun shone and shone - with the occasional tropical downpour.

Strangely, the relaxed atmosphere seemed to have an adverse effect on the bowlers' performances. By and large, the stepladder finals were bewilderingly indifferent.

How else to explain Venezuela's experienced Carmen Aguilar shooting only 139 in the first match of the women's? Even more bizarre was Finland's Heidi Lind winning the highly dubious distinction of being easily the lowest scorer in a final when she scratched and fretted a 116.

The men's top five fared little better and I wonder whatever happened to Remo Fornasari, the eventual champion?

There was also a sad, little cameo for Britain's representative Phil Scammell, widely regarded as being among the top six bowlers in Europe.

THE FINAL RECKONING '87

WOMEN

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Irene Gronert (Netherlands) | 181 |
| 2. Heidi Lind (Finland) | 116 |

MEN

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Remo Fornasari (Italy) | 225 |
| 2. Wu Shin-Bin (Chinese Taipei) | 172 |

He failed to make the top eight cut by just one pin - which is precisely what he had done in Copenhagen the year before!

However, I was delighted to see Netherlands' Irene Gronert finally become the women's No.1 after ump-teen years of World Cup appearances. A super award for a super lady. ●

KL - IT WAS A CRACKER!



MIX 'N' MATCH...the old and new do blend in Kuala Lumpur.

1988 GUADALAJARA:
Just 20 years on, we were back in Mexico's second largest city, same bowling centre, same hotel. Very much a case of *deja vu*.

The Hotel Camino Real, with its five pools, verdant gardens and orange trees strung along its winding pathways, is certainly a place to unwind.

It was all the sweeter as you laid in the pool under a warm December sun and realised that Christmas was just two weeks away and were they having bitter frosts and snow in England?

The event also marked the return to the tournament helm of AMF's Paul Lane.

He could be found almost invariably each morning, sitting sipping coffee, planning the day's events with the minimum of fuss. The man's a bit of a genius like that, as is his Scandinavian sidekick Sven Erik-Skoglund, whose lugubrious exterior masks a humorist and lover of life.

The official opening of the tournament was truly spectacular, as it had been 20 years earlier.

Bowlers were paraded in horse-drawn carriages through the streets of the city before the formal ceremony staged in the splendid Teatro Delgado.

It was an occasion that the bowlers will tell their grand-children about.

It is spectacles like this which make the World Cup more than just another bowling tournament. It is a world stage, often a stirring occasion, which is why just about every serious amateur bowler around the globe wants to be part of it.

The tournament itself held a surprise up its sleeve with the emergence of the Gulf States as a true bowling force. For it was a strapping chap from the United Arab Emirates who was to become the men's No.1.

Mohammed Khalifa won a gritty final with conviction against Pedro Carreyo, of Venezuela, while America's Linda Kelly was a worthy champ against Diana Tanlimco from the Philippines. As 1989 has proved, Khalifa was no here-today-gone-tomorrow winner, and although this is written before Dublin, he seems likely to have a big shout in the 25th. ●

THE FINAL RECKONING '88

WOMEN

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Linda Kelly (USA) | 199 |
| 2. Diana Tanlimco (Philippines) | 170 |

MEN

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Moha Khalifa (UAE) | 246 |
| 2. Ian Bradford (Australia) | 197 |

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BY THE EDITOR

Producing this Silver Jubilee edition of the International Bowling News was an interesting exercise in tilting the windmills of my mind from 1965 on.

Yes, one could remember that the World Cup party of '73 stayed at the Hotel Phoenix but, who the heck finished third in the men's field?

And therein lay the problem because, unfortunately, definitive records of the World Cup no longer exist. So it was time to call in favours and the response was marvellous from: Bowlers Journal, Tenpin Monthly, World of Tenpin, ABC, Terry Chambers, AMF, Stillorgan Bowl and my good lady, Ann, who for weeks endured World Cup memorabilia being scattered throughout

my home at 111 Ramon Terrace



● IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY ... The 1989 champions Salem Monsuri and Patty Ann meet up with sweet Molly Malone, the one who "wheeled her wheelbarrow through the streets broad and narrow!"

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