Had the Cavaliers played the rest of the schedule like Friday night's 100-95 victory over the 76ers in morgue-like Wachovia Center, they'd have a lot more than their league-low total of 15 losses. Turnovers, missed free throws, an addiction to the long shot and a lackluster defensive effort combined to give the lowly 76ers the lead midway through the fourth quarter and kept matters in doubt long after they should have been.

But you don't get to be 51-15 without knowing how to win ugly. Thanks to a dynamic bench, a deadeye performance by Mo Williams, a series of critical defensive plays late, and if for one night, sporadic brilliance by LeBron James, the Cavaliers figured out a way to get another precious 'W' in the books- and a little more insulation against the raging inferno down Orlando way.

First, the Bad: And there was plenty of it in this game, especially on defense. Nobody's idea of a great offensive team, Philadelphia hovered over 50 percent from the field for much of the night. The 76ers hammered the Cavaliers with 66 points in what Hubie Brown calls "the painted aree-er" and out-rebounded their guests 54-45. Despite getting precious little energy from the Wachovia Center crowd (the quietist I've seen so far this season) Philadelphia displayed more aggression and more energy than the Cavaliers for long stretches of Friday night's action.

Chuck 'n Duck: Cleveland's own supine attitude on offense was a big part of Philadelphia's points-in-the-paint bonanza. The Cavaliers fired up 31 three-point attempts (hitting only 10) with long misses leading to long rebounds and 76er run-outs. They took more three's than frees (23) and compound their sin of imbalance with dismal free-throw-shooting: just 14-of-23 on the night. Seven of Cleveland's eleven turnovers came in the third quarter, when the 76ers took what should have been a dead issue and made it a live firefight. Five Cavalier miscues fueled a 14-6 run that turned their 70-63 lead into a 77-76 deficit late in the period.

Work in Progress: Leon Powe got his first start since the final game of 2008-09 when he was a Boston Celtic- and it didn't go particularly well. In a little under 15 minutes Powe took one shot (which he missed), missed two free throws and finished scoreless with a pair of rebounds. Athletically he's a long way from being back- he can't muscle his way to loose balls and the less said about his gait from baseline to baseline, the better. He shouldn't be playing, frankly, and wouldn't be if this team, so ridiculously deep up front when healthy, was complete.

LeBron's Line: 23 points on 7-of-18 from the field, 3-of-10 from downtown and 6-of-12 from the line with 10 assists, 6 rebounds 3 blocked shots and a steal. The shot selection was poor, which was understandable given he's a little banged up. The free throw shooting was not. And although he did have some highlight blocks on the defensive end- including a stuff of Elton Brand with 2:24 left and the Cavaliers clinging to a 96-92 lead- LeBron's meat-and-potatoes man-on defense was suspect. He was letting guys turn the corner all night and got flat-out used by Thaddeus Young on a couple of occasions late in the game. Not one of the man's better efforts, although he still put up the requisite monster stat line.

Mo Rill Dilly in Philly: 10-of-31 isn't a very good percentage from any area on the floor, including three-point country. But you can't blame Mo Williams for his contributions to the total. The Mississippi marksman drilled a solid 4-of-8 from downtown- and even better, he went into the paint for extra scoops of scoring goodness. Mo ended the night with 21 on 8-of-13 from the field and his three-pointer with 8:41 to play touched off the 20-10 Cavalier rally that finished off the game.

WV 44: The usual suspects in any Cleveland bench surge are Delonte West and Anderson Varejao. Friday night they were again, superlative. Delonte attacked for 17 points on 7-of-12 while Varejao rolled up a double-double 12-and-12 on 6-of-9 with 3 assists and the usual possession-saving hustle plays that characterize his game. They weren't an army of two, either. Jamario Moon had 9 points, 4 rebounds and 3 assists in 18 minutes; his three-pointer with 6:23 gave Cleveland the lead for good at 88-85. With Jawad Williams adding 6 points, the Cavalier reserves combined for a full 44 percent of the team's scoring total and outscored the Philadelphia bench by 18.

Welcome to the Party, Pal: Cleveland's defense drew the line in the fourth quarter. The 76ers scored 16 points and committed six turnovers in the final stanza as they let a five-point lead turn into a defeat. After a Varejao tip-in extended Cleveland's lead to 96-90 with 3:18, the offense shut it down: the Cavaliers didn't hit another field goal the rest of the game. LeBron's block of Brand and steals by Moon and West helped seal it. Marty Schottenheimer would have been proud of the way Cleveland sat on its lead Friday night. Prevent basketball worked against a 76er team that wasn't good enough to provide an answer to it.

Feeling Right at Home: Back in the dark days before LeBron, when Allen Iverson was riding high, Philadelphia was a house of horrors for the black-and-blue-clad Cavaliers. No longer. Cleveland has now won seven straight in the City of Brotherly Love dating back to the 2005-06 season.

Oh, Them Again: There is still distance between them in the standings but Cleveland should feel Orlando's pursuit like pinpricks of headlights in the rearview mirror. The Magicians have won 19 of 24, including seven straight, and at 46-20 they were only four-and-a-half games behind the Cavaliers with 16 left going into Friday night. A team can give up a lead that size with that many games remaining. Cleveland is going to have to keep winning, because with the way Orlando's schedule sets up down the stretch (only eight playoff contenders out of those final sixteen) there's no guarantee they won't. The Cavaliers match up with the Magic considerably better than last year, but they don't want to give that team home-court in a potential Playoff series. The margin for error isn't big enough.

Next: Sunday afternoon at 3:00 when those geezers from Boston drag their tired bones into the Q for a nationally televised matinee.