

Larry Sullivan's

SPORT SIDE

We Americans Are Besei By Winning

Touching All The Bases: We Americans, in general, aren't satisfied with merely winning. We want only the best when it comes to our athletics. Consider, if you will, the recent Pan American Games.

You heard every little boasting about the U.S.'s total medal-producing effort, one that resulted in the host country finishing with more than twice the number of runner-up team Cuba. With the games being staged in Indianapolis, the U.S. fashioned a showing that earned it 369 total medals in the 321 total number of events. Second-place Cuba, with 175, and third-place Canada, with 162, were the only others in the 27-country field that finished with double-digit productions.

America led the field in all three medal categories, winning 168 golds, 118 silvers, and 83 bronzes. Cuba was next in golds with 75, and Canada was second in both silvers, with 57, and bronzes, with 75.

With that kind of a domineering presence, we should be jumping for joy.

But despite these facts and figures that proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that we sported the best collective talent in the Olympic Games warm-up, all you heard and read about was our disappointing showings in men's basketball and baseball.

Beat us in basketball, whether it be in international play or in the backyard, and we bleed. Plain and simple.

The heavily-favored U.S. team literally cruised through the qualifying rounds of the Pan Am Games, being involved in only one real test. But in the gold medal contest, unheralded Brazil, a country that puts basketball second to soccer for Pete's sake, overcame a 20-point deficit to claim a 120-115 win, marking perhaps that nation's most celebrated victory ever.

Headlines blarneyed that Americans were embarrassed over the loss. Columnists and sportswriters penned how Denny Crum, the U.S. coach, and several of his players, namely all-Americans David Robinson and Danny Manning, choked down the stretch. In short, we were saying that second place just doesn't sit well with us. It's the gold, or nothing.

Though not as much as dear ol' basketball, we still like to think of baseball as our game. After all, we do call it our national pastime.

At the Pan Am Games, all we were really shooting for was a medal, one that would earn us the right to qualify for one of the eight berths in the '88 Olympics in Korea. The mighty Cubans, who hadn't suffered a Pan Am defeat in 20 years, were rated as lofty favorites.

After we beat Cuba, 6-4, in the preliminary round, a gold medal was within our reach. We failed to grab it, though, as the Cubans avenged that earlier loss with a 13-9 triumph in the gold medal game.

One more time, we had failed to reach expectations in a major sport.

This is one heck of a sporting attitude, don't you think? Is it any wonder, then, why you see a recreational level coach ran-

ting and raving at some poor six-year-old because his 30-foot attempt at kicking a soccer goal was off a bit to the right? Don't you better understand now why the father-coach slaps the bill of his son's baseball hat after a strikeout?

Winning is imbedded in our blood. It's gotten to the point now where we can't accept anything less. We have become so accustomed to it, we now detail it to include not so much particular events, such as the overall Pan Am Games themselves, but each individual sport within them.

Because of this attitude, losses in basketball and baseball have taken away the pride we should be feeling after all but dominating the field in general.

I like a lot of things about the so-called "American Way," but I'm not sure if this is one of them.

A League After My Own Heart: I'm too young to remember ever seeing Bob Cousy play basketball. I have heard more than my share of stories, though, about the magic he performed when the ball was in his hands. Now comes word that he is involved in generating a new sports league that, should it work, will serve to make him an even closer personal study.

Cousy's name appears on the masthead of the proposed plans for the International Basketball Association. The only difference between the IBA and the NBA, besides that first initial, will be in those playing it. No player taller than six feet, four inches can play in the IBA.

There are reports that the league will christen its first season as of next May with a dozen teams. Some of the cities being listed as franchise bases include Washington, New York, Los Angeles, Orange County, Calif., Vancouver, Dallas, Chicago, and possibly Boston. A \$600,000 salary cap for players has already been established.

Cousy indicates there is no shortage, pun intended, in player talent. Damn, as one who can reach six feet in height on tip-toes in high tops, I was hoping for perhaps a shot at making a roster. I see also where Atlanta's 5-6 Spud Webb and Washington's 5-3 Tyrone Bogues are two players Cousy would like to see in his league. That puts me right back in my place, overshadowed once again by my lack of ability. Oh well, at least I can dream. And while I may never be able to relate to the giants of the NBA, I can at least see eye-to-eye with a few IBA players.

Pennant Fever, Catch It: September's here, and that means we've got one solid month of major league baseball remaining. Normally at this time in the season, two or even three of the divisions are all but locked by teams familiar with being there. Fortunately, such is not the case this time around. It's safe to say that races are still alive in all four divisions, setting the stage for perhaps one of baseball's most dramatic finishes. The widest margin enjoyed by any divisional leader in just at five games, and with intra-divisional play dominating action during this remainder of the season, even that cannot be considered a safe cushion.

The two West divisions feature the tightest fights, with four teams alive in the American League's, and three within reach of each other in the National's.

Minnesota and Oakland, both of whom have been there before but were too young to remember, as well as Kansas City and California, two clubs who have shared the AL West limelight, all look to stay alive right through the stretch drive. Games between them will wind up determining the division's survivor.

In the NL West, San Francisco, yes the Giants, are riding on top, but only by a handful of games over both the Houston Astros and fast-fading Cincinnati Reds. Pitching will make the difference in this division, and the nod appears in favor of the Astros. But the Giants are sentimental favorites, as it's been a while for them as well.

In the AL East, hopes here are that Detroit and Toronto keep battling to the wire while New York tumbles by the wayside. The last several weeks of the season features a number of games between those three, so expect pressure to mount on a day-by-day basis.

Over in the NL East, St. Louis was everybody's pick at the All-Star break, but since then, the Mets and Montreal have fueled their respective fires. The Mets' pitching is the key, but the Cards look to have enough offensive aces to pull it off.

In general, we should be treated to some true doses of pennant fever as the 1987 season begins winding down. Personally, I can think of no better illness to contract.

The Season's Ride Has Begun: Buckle those safety belts and get ready for the rides of the season.

The 1987 high school football season, although already a week old, begins in earnest for Mooreville's Blue Devils and South Iredell's Vikings this weekend.

In kicking off the extended Labor Day holiday, Mooreville makes its debut at home against schedule newcomer Mt. Pleasant Friday night, while South Iredell bows on the road at annual foe Charlotte Country Day.

The price has been paid by the players during pre-season practice, and tickets have been punched.

Let the rides begin.



Batting Champions Of The Youth Recreational Leagues

For the godfathers of the respective youth baseball and softball leagues catered through the Mooreville Recreation Department this summer, these are the key members of their all-star hit list. With each of them assured of getting a hit once out of every two trips to the plate, and in most cases even more often than that, these are the players who finished as batting average leaders within their respective age-level leagues. The batting champs, their league, and what they hit are, from left: Kyjuan Beatty, Pee Wee, .737; Charron Walker, Minor League, .500; Steve Krahenbuhl, Midget League, .500; Lafonda Griffin, Midget Softball, .593; and Josh Smith, T-Ball, .888. Each of them were presented with the trophies they are proudly displaying last week by Wanda McKenzie, athletic director at the recreation department.



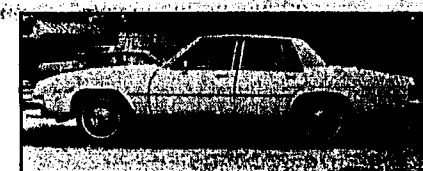
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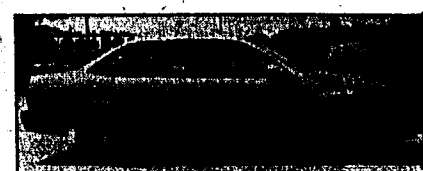
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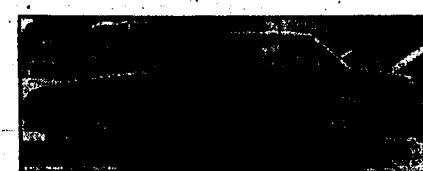
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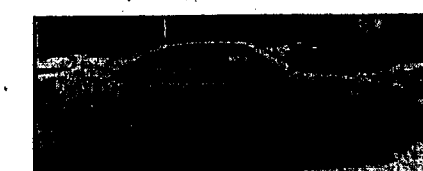
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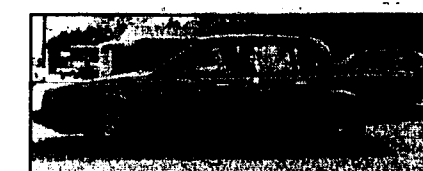
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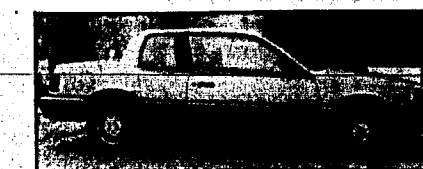
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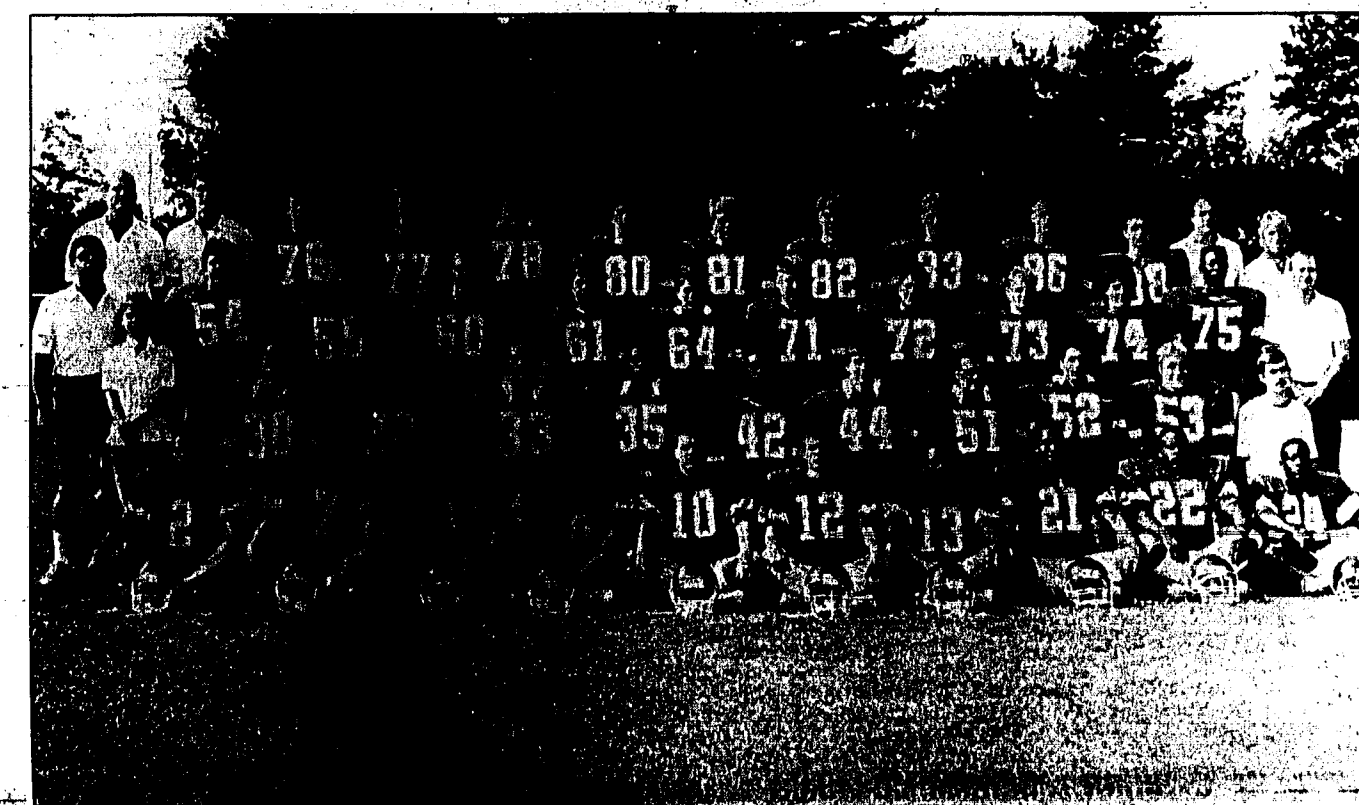
Vs.

MT. PLEASANT
HIGH SCHOOL

8:00 P.M. FRIDAY SEPT. 4



Head Coach Young, Kneeling, Surrounded By Assistants, From Left,
Marsh, Karriker, Quinn, Bruton, And Harris.



Presenting The 1987 Edition Of The Mooreville Seibla High Blue Devils

1987 Varsity Roster

Quarterbacks	Wt.	Ht.	Class
7—Chris Sherrill	150	5'9"	Jr.
8—Jamie Caldwell	144	5'10"	Fresh.
12—Brad Warren	158	5'11"	Sr.
13—Nathan White	147	5'9"	Fresh.

Running Backs	Wt.	Ht.	Class
22—Tommy Blakeney	188	5'10"	Sr.
32—Johnny Redfear	161	5'9"	Fresh.
33—John Linker	190	6'2"	Soph.
42—John Pinkston	164	5'10"	Fresh.
44—Andy Phillips	179	6'2"	Jr.

Centers	Wt.	Ht.	Class
52—Tom Boyles	166	6'1"	Sr.
53—Cliff Powers	180	5'10"	Sr.
55—Brian Elkin	171	5'11"	Soph.

Tackles	Wt.	Ht.	Class
60—Robert Allen	203	5'9"	Soph.
71—Brian Childs	255	6'0"	Fresh.
72—Ricardo Vargas	217	5'11"	Sr.
74—Shawn Ramsey	200	5'10"	Fresh.
75—Matthew Gallman	184	6'2"	Fresh.
77—Scott Humphrey	211	6'1"	Soph.

Guards	Wt.	Ht.	Class
51—Ron Carroll	173	5'9"	Sr.
54—Chuck Linker	200	6'11"	Sr.
61—Jerry Hartwell	168	5'8"	Sr.
64—Jason Karriker	150	5'7"	Soph.
73—Matthew Hilton	173	5'10"	Soph.
76—Jim Tighe	187	5'11"	Soph.
78—Rodney Wilson	200	6'1"	Sr.

Tight Ends	Wt.	Ht.	Class
10—Tod Alexander	182	5'9"	Sr.
30—Ray Hipp	170	6'0"	Soph.
35—Eric Blackwood	161	6'0"	Sr.

Wide Receivers	Wt.	Ht.	Class
2—Anthony Harper	167	5'9"	Jr.
9—Jason Knox	142	5'9"	Fresh.
21—John Alexander	152	6'1"	Sr.
24—Chris McLaughlin	140	5'7"	Fresh.
80—Blaine Brawley	151	5'3"	Soph.
81—Lance Puett	140	5'7"	Soph.
82—Casey Mott	159	5'11"	Soph.
83—Brian Weatherman	158	5'11"	Sr.
86—Jason Bentley	179	6'0"	Sr.
88—Shannon Yerington	151	5'10"	Soph.

Specialists	Wt.	Ht.	Class
5—Frank Matthews	169	5'10"	Sr.
20—Jamie Gallimore	175	6'0"	Sr.

Coaches
Steve Young, Head Coach; Gary Karriker, Defensive Coordinator; Preston Harris, Offensive Coordinator; Barclay Marsh; Mark Quinn; Scott Bruton; Cheryl Crawford, Trainer.

*Denotes Southern District Seven Conference Game

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