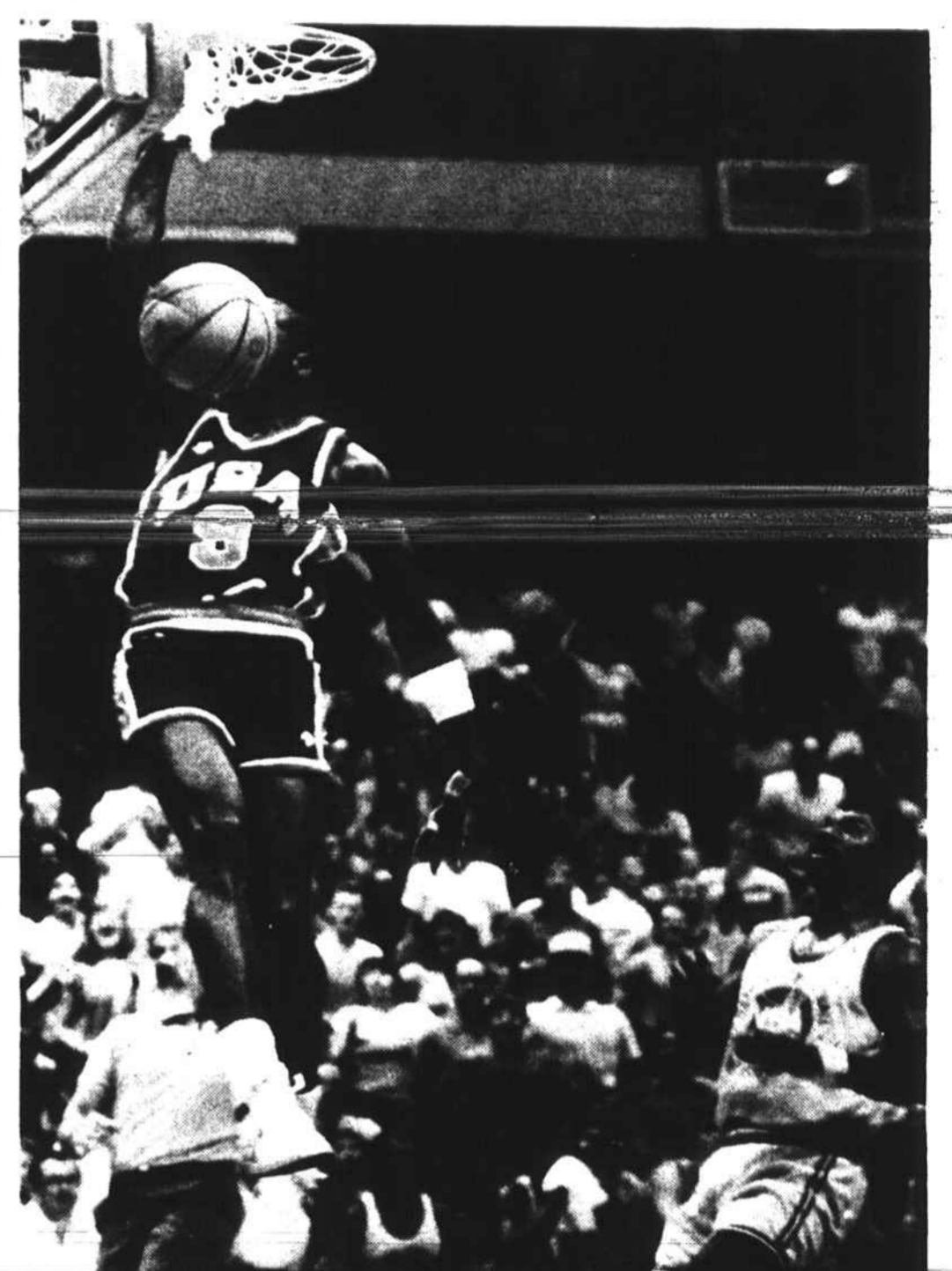


# SportsWeek

Section B

Scores, Standings, Columns, Features



## The Other Michael J. And His Thriller

While one Michael J. storms the country on concert stages, another plays to capacity crowds on the hardwood. His name's Jordan, not Jackson, however, and what he can do with an orange leather sphere is a sight to behold as he

showed during the U.S. Olympic team's victory last Thursday over a pro all-star team in Greensboro (photo by Joe Daniels).

## Baseball

### There's no longer a cloud over his future

By SAM DAVIS  
Chronicle Sports Editor

When the '84 Carolina League baseball season began, several question marks shrouded the future of Winston-Salem Spirits first baseman Sam Horn.

After missing 80 games last year as the result of a wrist injury, could the promising 20-year-old mentally and physically bounce back?

Would he develop into a budding star in the Boston Red Sox organization, or would he become another of the team's top draft picks to slowly fade into the past?

Thus far this summer, Horn has put the injury behind him and lived up to the expectations the Red Sox had when they drafted him in the first round in 1982. He currently leads the Spirits in home runs with 16 and runs batted in with 62. He also sported the team's highest batting average at press time (.310 as of Tuesday, July 17).

Within the last month, Horn has become the Spirits' big play man -- the player everyone looks to when the team needs a lift offensively.

More often than not, he delivers. Some players might look upon that responsibility as a task, but Horn relishes it.

"I like to be the man at the plate when there's two strikes, two outs and the bases are loaded," says the soft-spoken Horn. "When

you respond to situations such as that, you'll be in a position to make it to the major leagues quicker. I like to be under pressure because it makes you play up to your potential."

Although Horn has his sights on the big leagues, he hasn't set a timetable for getting there. "I'm taking it as it comes," he says of his long-range plans. "I'm going out every day to do what I can to help the team. If I continue to do as well as I have so far this season, I'll move up next season."

But he adds, "I don't know where that will be."

*"I'm taking it as it comes. I'm going out every day to do what I can for the team."*

While some players set statistical goals for the season, Horn says he doesn't concern himself so much with personal accomplishments.

He simply plays ball.

"God has blessed me with the physical tools to play baseball," says the 6-2, 210-pounder.

"I play for God because I've been given the ability to run, throw and hit a baseball. If more people looked to God for inspiration, they would be able to do more in life."

Horn signed with the Red Sox immediately

following his graduation from high school in his hometown of San Diego, Calif. Though he had already received a scholarship from the University of Southern California, he chose to try his hand immediately at pro baseball rather than compete on the collegiate level.

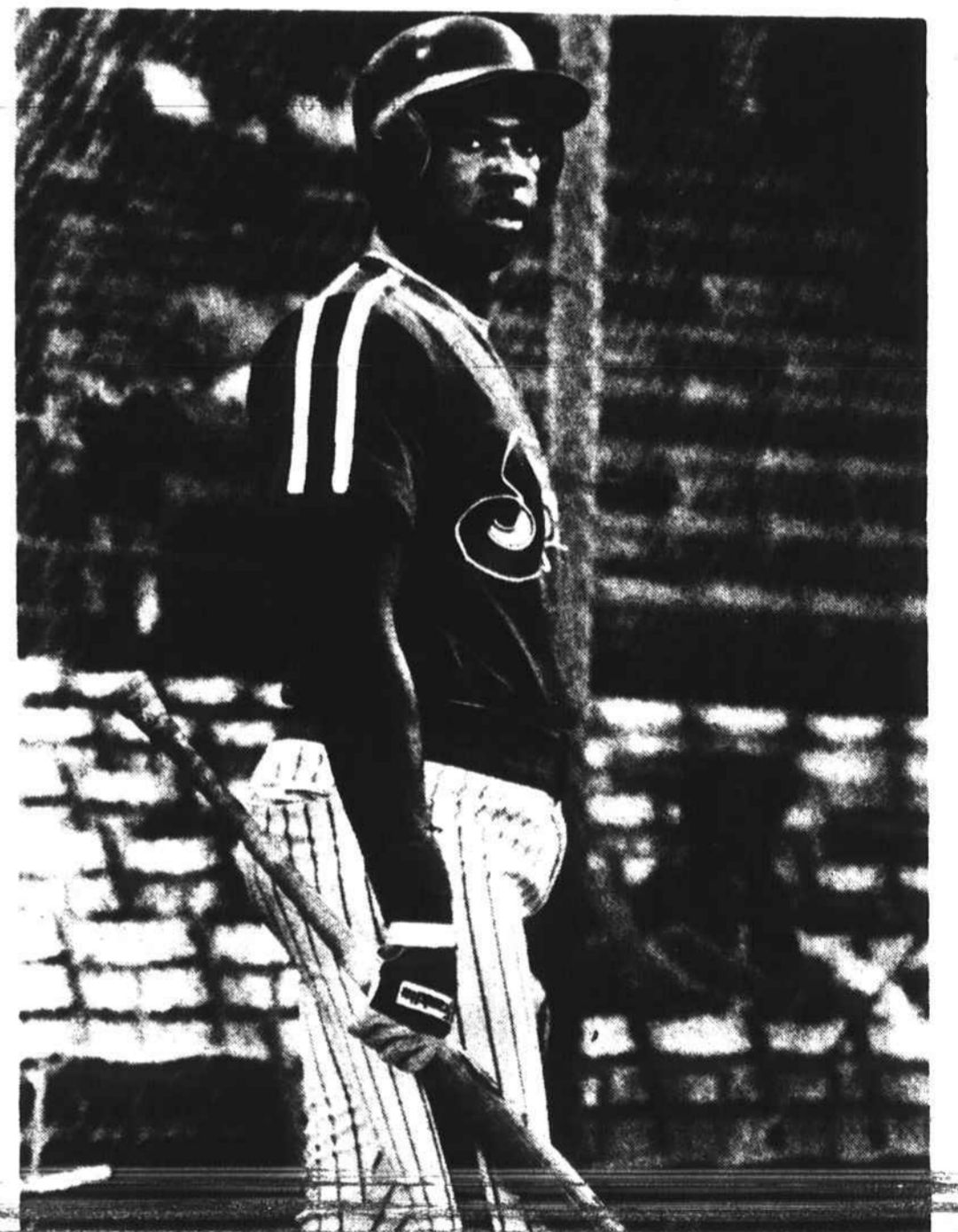
"I was all set to become a Trojan, but I said if I was drafted on the first round, I would go ahead and sign regardless of the team that drafted me," says Horn. "The way I looked at it, if I went to college, I'd still have to start out in the same place I would if I signed right out of high school."

"Also," adds Horn, "by signing a contract with the pros, I was able to give my family and myself some of the things we were never able to have. My family didn't have very much, so the bonus for signing looked really good."

Horn comes from a religious, closely-knit family of five (besides his parents, he has two sisters) and he applies his religious upbringing to his everyday life.

"Religion carries me over the tough times," he says. "I'm very thankful for the opportunities I've had and the accomplishments I've made."

And, if all goes according to plan, he'll join Carl Yastrzemski, Cecil Cooper and Dwight Evans as major league standouts who stopped over in Winston-Salem en route to stardom



Horn: Pressure makes him play up to his potential (photo by James Parker).

## Black College Sports

### Movie fame did very little for stock car racing's Wendell Scott

By BARRY COOPER  
Syndicated Columnist

Normally in this space we talk about matters that concern amateur athletes, more specifically, those athletes who play for small and predominantly black colleges.

Today, however, we will make an exception, for this is a story that deserves telling. It is about a man who is 62 years old now and can't hear as well as he used to. But that is understandable. Rather than pick out voices, Wendell Scott, a black pioneer on the white stock car racing circuit, most often has used his ears to detect the purrs of finely tuned engines.

He still listens to the roar of motors from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m., six days a week in Scott's Garage, a tiny place in Danville, Va.

His two sons, Frankie and Wendell Jr., help out as he fiddles on race cars and ekes out a living doing tuneups and oil changes for neighbors.

It was not supposed to be this way. Wendell Scott was supposed to be a rich man now. He was supposed to be invited to stock car races to serve as an honorary starter, or shell out a few thousand dollars to buy himself a private suite at the Indianapolis 500.

Maybe he would even entertain offers for a network announcing job.

At least, those are the kinds of things that

entered Scott's head a few years ago, when some slick movie producers swooped in from California with dollar signs dancing off their tongues.

"They told me, 'Mr. Scott, you are going to be a wealthy man,'" he says.

It did not turn out that way. The movie, "Greased Lightning," was filmed in 1976 and starred Richard Pryor as Wendell Scott and Pam Grier as his wife, Mary.

Though it reportedly grossed more than \$16 million and was one of the most profitable black-oriented films ever, not many of those dollars trickled down to Scott.

"I got ripped off," he says bitterly. "I am not going to tell you how much money I got, but I got

ripped off."

Just before the filming began, the producers shoved Scott a check for a few hundred dollars and told him to take it or leave it. Then he was paid \$125 a day for driving in the movie, "more if I had to spin the car or something."

If those movie producers indeed swindled Wendell Scott, then they were but a few in a cast of many. Throughout his colorful career -- which included everything from making midnight moonshine runs in Northern Virginia to racing against the likes of Richard Petty at Daytona -- Scott was tugged and pulled at by those who know more about money than he.

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