

Eddie's Dad Cheered While Jim's Dad Coached

Fathers Spurred Both Fogler And Delany On To Success

History is chock full of famous sons who approached manhood with a fatherly hand caressing their shoulders. Despite the grip—whether loose, directing or tight—all dads to date have usually been concerned foremost with their children's welfare.

The Bible tells of Joseph, sold into Egyptian slavery by his jealous brothers, being pursued by his father, Jacob. Then came George Washington, who thanks to fatherly influence couldn't tell a no-no after he accidentally axed the old cherry tree. Even today, when fellows like Graduate Benjamin find parental guidance a little too strenuous, are fathers still dedicated to the proposition that no son is created equal.

Our society is structured in such a way that only a few fortunate fathers can be publicly recognized for their guidance. But they should represent all other dads that have initiated father-son relationships leading their kids successfully into manhood, whether it be a milkman, salesman or spaceman.

There are many types of kinship, but all seem to have a universal purpose in mind. Tar Heel twins Ed Fogler and Jim Delany are capping off similarly productive college careers in which they became teammates, close friends, roommates and then fraternity brothers.

They enjoyed, however, ironically contrasting parental relationships during their adolescence.

Eddie Fogler, for example, is often more of a brother to his father than a son, although he's well aware of the limitations involved.

"We're brothers alright," jokes Eddie, "until I step out of line and then he becomes my father again. I guess you could consider us brothers as long as it's understood that the big brother dominates."

Jim Delany, on the other hand, has played against high school teams his dad coached and enjoys more of a defined relationship.

"We get into some pretty deep raps," says Jim, "but they are concerned more with philosophies and ideologies than personal experiences."

One thing the Fogler and Delany households have in common abundance, though, is mutual respect. In almost all cases, the fathers make their own decisions and the sons do the same.

"My father was very anxious for me to stay in New York City and play college ball," Fogler recalls. But the final decision to come South was mine alone. When I thought of transferring after my sophomore year, he still favored my return home. But again my father let me have the final say and I came back to Carolina."

'Aggressive Influences'

Delany's dad was a top prep coach at Southside (N.J.) High School for many years and naturally tried to steer Jim towards athletics. But, as Delany tells it, they determined early who would decide the nature and extent of Jim's participation.



Eddie and Dad in Washington
... 'Peace' From 'Big Brother'

"My grandfather, father, and brother had all been captains of basketball and baseball at my high school (St. Benedict's)," explains Delany. "So understandably, my dad wanted me to play baseball, too. I had decided not to go out for the team my sophomore year and my father became a little annoyed that I was limiting my interests to basketball."

"He was pitching batting practice to me one afternoon and noticed my lack of concentration," Jim continued. "So he brushed me back with a pitch. I lined the next one off his ankle, and he's never said a word about baseball to me since."

When it came time to decide between his numerous college offers, Delany also made the choice himself.

"I went to my father for intellectual advice on schools because he's an educator," the All-New Jersey State pick said. "But he wanted me to be happy above all and thought I'd have the most success determining my own school."

The scrappy, aggressive play of Delany and Fogler in the Tar Heel backcourt is also somewhat related to fatherly influence.

Frank Delany, a thin, soft-spoken man, coached for many years in the rugged Newark City League. Among a diversity of player types, he long preached the art of clean, aggressive play while putting out 100 per cent every minute on the court.

The sight of young Delany, himself, diving on the floor or into the seats for loose balls or stalking his man from baseline to baseline is reminiscent of the style his dad favors.

"Ever since I began playing organized ball I have been a very competitive player," says Jim. "I've always believed that being aggressive and not holding back leads to doing everything else to the utmost."

Fogler adheres to much of the same philosophy, although his father's guidance was not always restricted to the basketball court.

Manny Fogler is a short, robust character who hasn't been slowed a bit by a heart attack several years ago. He's an energetic fan who is not bashful to verbally disagree with an official's call or anything else he disfavours.

A former cab driver in New York that now owns an insurance agency, Mr. Fogler is a Jewish man who has taught his son never to back down from the challenges a member of a minority group might encounter in the tough City.

Although Eddie's high school fame made him, an unlikely target for the normal attacks of racism, Fogler's play on the hardwood reflects the very philosophy his father opines.

"Despite who you know," says Eddie, "sooner or later someone calls you a dirty Jew. Then you decide how to answer the challenge and you react."

All of Fogler's answering has been on the court where he was a two-time All-New York City selection with the likes of Lew Alcindor, Mike Maloy and Charlie Davis.

He played prep, after-school and summer leagues with all the big names in college basketball today and then decided to accept the scholarship offer to North Carolina.

Through it all, his dad has been his best and most loyal fan. Following the Maryland game at College Park, Mr. Fogler was standing nearby Terrapin Assistant Coach George Raveling, formerly a Villanova aid.

"Villanova scouted Fogler and said he would never play college ball," he bellowed proudly within earshot of Raveling. "Never play, they said, never play."

'C'mon Three; Baseline'

Few intimate father-son relationships are without those humorous events that can be retold time and time again.

Fogler once fouled out of an important high school game his senior year after scoring 30 points and nearly engineering an upset over a heavily favored opponent.

Upon leaving the court, Eddie was greeted with a thunderous ovation from the partisan home crowd that had watched his magical antics for three years. When the applause subsided and the gym grew quiet, Ed's father said his piece.

Mr. Fogler rose from his seat in the bleachers and removed his glasses.

"Hey, ref, you want to borrow these," he shouted, waving his specs to the rollicking pleasure of the fans. "I think you need them."

And then there was the time at the races—the two Foglers are frequent visitors at the track plus professional and college basketball games.

Father and son Fogler had spent an unproductive evening at

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Just before the last race, Eddie slipped away to the window and placed a few dollars he had left over for school on a longshot one-three combination.

"We watched the beginning of the race while walking from the grandstand," recalls Eddie. "My father was anxious to beat the traffic and wanted me to follow."

"Just before leaving I noticed that the one-horse had broken into the lead. To stop my dad I had to tell him about the bet. He looked at me disgustfully for a second and whipped around to yell, 'c'mon three, c'mon three!'"

"Sure enough the three-horse finished second and we broke even for the night."

But undoubtedly the most amusing story comes from the Delany clan.

Jim was a freshman sixth man when his St. Benedict's varsity played Frank Delany's Southside team.

St. Benedict's was holding its own against the powerful Newark squad when Jim entered the game with several minutes left in the contest.

Delany got the ball and drove past the Southside bench heading for his favorite move towards the baseline.

Well aware of his son's talents, Coach Delany yelled frantically to his defense, "Watch the baseline, watch the baseline!"

With the baseline now closed down, Jim quickly reversed left and threw in a right hand hook shot. On his way back past the Southside Coach, the young Delany smiled and shouted, "You don't know ALL my moves."

Indeed he didn't.



Fogler and Delany Pose
... With Frat Brother Rich Gersten



By Art Chansky

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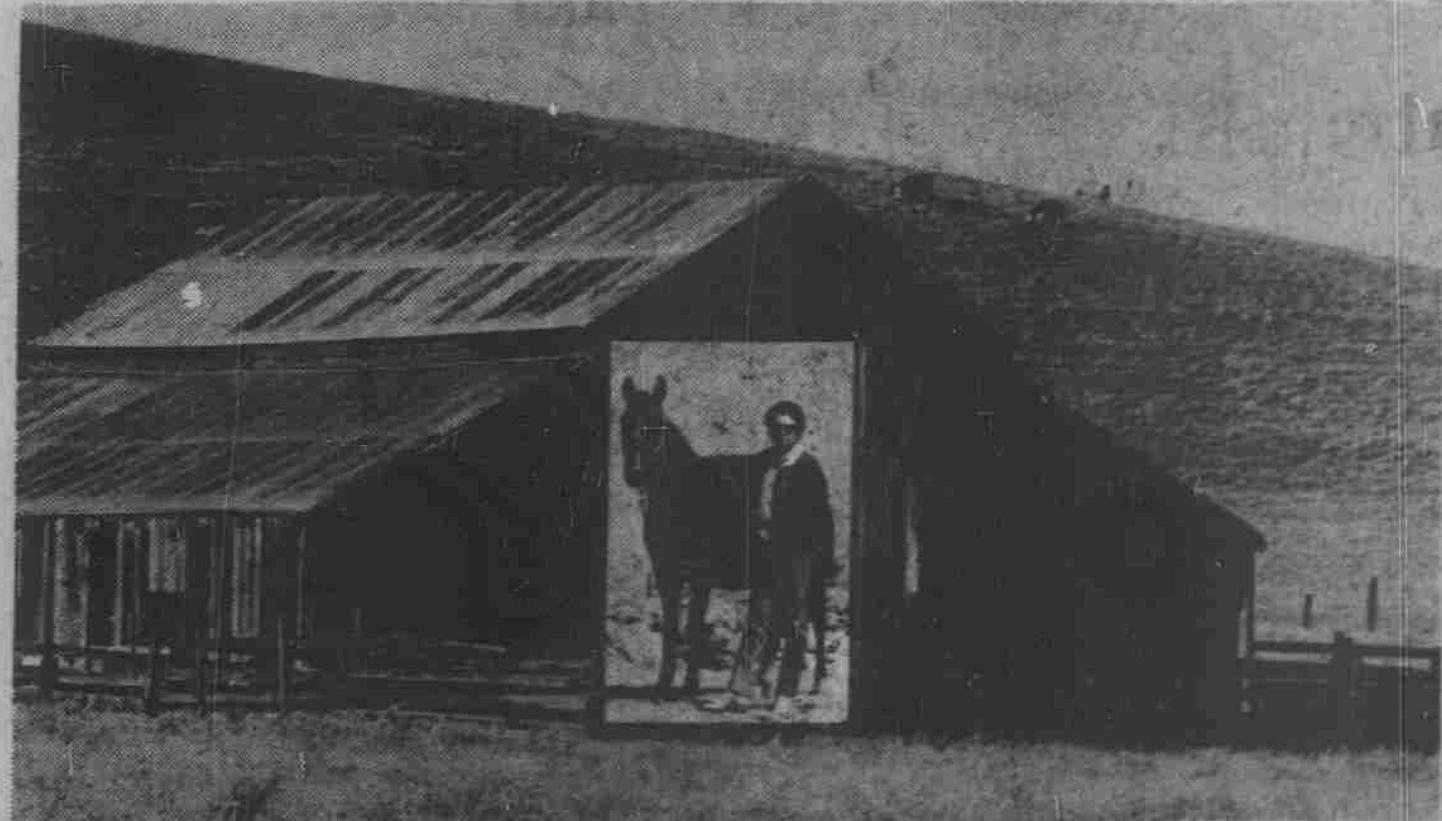
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