

# Dorn glides into spotlight at tailback, set to become latest 1,000-yard man

By MIKE BERARDINO  
Assistant Sports Editor

It didn't take Torin Dorn long to get comfortable in his role as the next great North Carolina tailback. As a matter of fact, it actually took just two plays midway through the third quarter of last Saturday's season opener against Illinois for Dorn to convince the last remaining non-believers.

A pair of flashy, nearly identical, runs of 56 and 67 yards did the trick. Each time, the 6-1, 195-pound sophomore from Southfield, Mich., took the pitch from Mark Maye and scooted around left end. And both times Dorn seemed to switch on an invisible afterburner which enabled him not only to turn the corner with relative ease, but to manufacture big gains where average backs would have been satisfied with a mere first down.

Let's get this much straight right now: Torin Dorn is no average back.

Average backs don't rush for two touchdowns and 165 yards in their first college start. Average backs don't possess the 4.4 speed of a sprinter, while at the same time having the ability to outmuscle would-be tacklers. Average backs don't get the opportunity as 17-year-old high school seniors to welcome Bo Schembechler and Terry Donahue into their home, much less say no to the scholarship wooings of Michigan and UCLA.

The subject of an intense nationwide recruiting battle his senior year in high school, Dorn eventually chose North Carolina because "I had heard a lot of good things about the school."

That may be the case, but the legendary stable of runners UNC has put out to pasture was probably a factor as well in Dorn's decision. Names like Amos Lawrence, Kelvin Bryant, Tyrone Anthony, Ethan Horton and Derrick Fenner — 1,000-yard rushers all — surround the man

who dots the North Carolina "I" with the twin helpings of tradition and pressure unseen anywhere else this side of Southern Cal.

Pat Crowley, UNC's starting left guard, smiles knowingly when asked about Dorn. "You should have seen the run Torin had in our scrimmage the other day," he told reporters several days before the opener. "He had this unbelievable run of 50 or 60 yards where I think everybody on our defense got a hand on him. They just couldn't bring him down."

That was pretty much the case last December 27 in the Aloha Bowl, when Dorn came off the bench to rack up 101 yards on just seven carries in North Carolina's 30-21 loss to Arizona. Most memorable in Dorn's onslaught against the usually stingy Wildcat defense was his 58-yard touchdown run late in the third quarter.

Nevertheless, Dorn doesn't term his performance in Honolulu a "watershed" in his career, substituting instead the description "pretty decent game."

His unwillingness to dwell on the Aloha Bowl extends beyond his misfortune of, ahem, involuntarily clearing his esophagus of some excess pineapple before the unblinking sideline TV cameras ("My family videotaped that and my brother likes to play it back over and over to bother me.")

The thing Dorn remembers most about the Aloha Bowl is the pass he dropped at the Arizona goal line that could have pulled the Tar Heels within two points late in the game.

"I really muffed up the receiving part of the game," he said. "It's just a matter of concentration. That's something I've been working extra hard on."

An impressive spring practice helped the UNC coaches erase Dorn's dropped pass from memory. Today, queasy stomach aside, Dorn is draw-

ing raves for his toughness, raves from no less an authority than Tar Heel coach Dick Crum.

"He's a tough nut," Crum said. "This spring, Torin had a bad ankle and look at what he did (113 yards and three TDs in the spring game). A lot of guys wouldn't have gone on it (a bad ankle), but Torin did."

Crum is also impressed by Dorn's open-field instincts. "When Torin gets into the secondary, he's very tough to bring down," Crum said. "His change of direction is great."

That ability came into play on Dorn's 56-yard TD run against the Illini. After running at full speed for the first 25 yards of his jaunt, Dorn slowed to a near-halt at the Illinois 30, surveying the remaining path to paydirt for a second before proceeding. The split-second decision was to cut back toward the middle of the field, a move which enabled Dorn to cruise the rest of the way home.

Dorn's 100-yard performances in his last two games have the Tar Heel linemen talking confidently about springing the school's 19th 1,000-yard rusher.

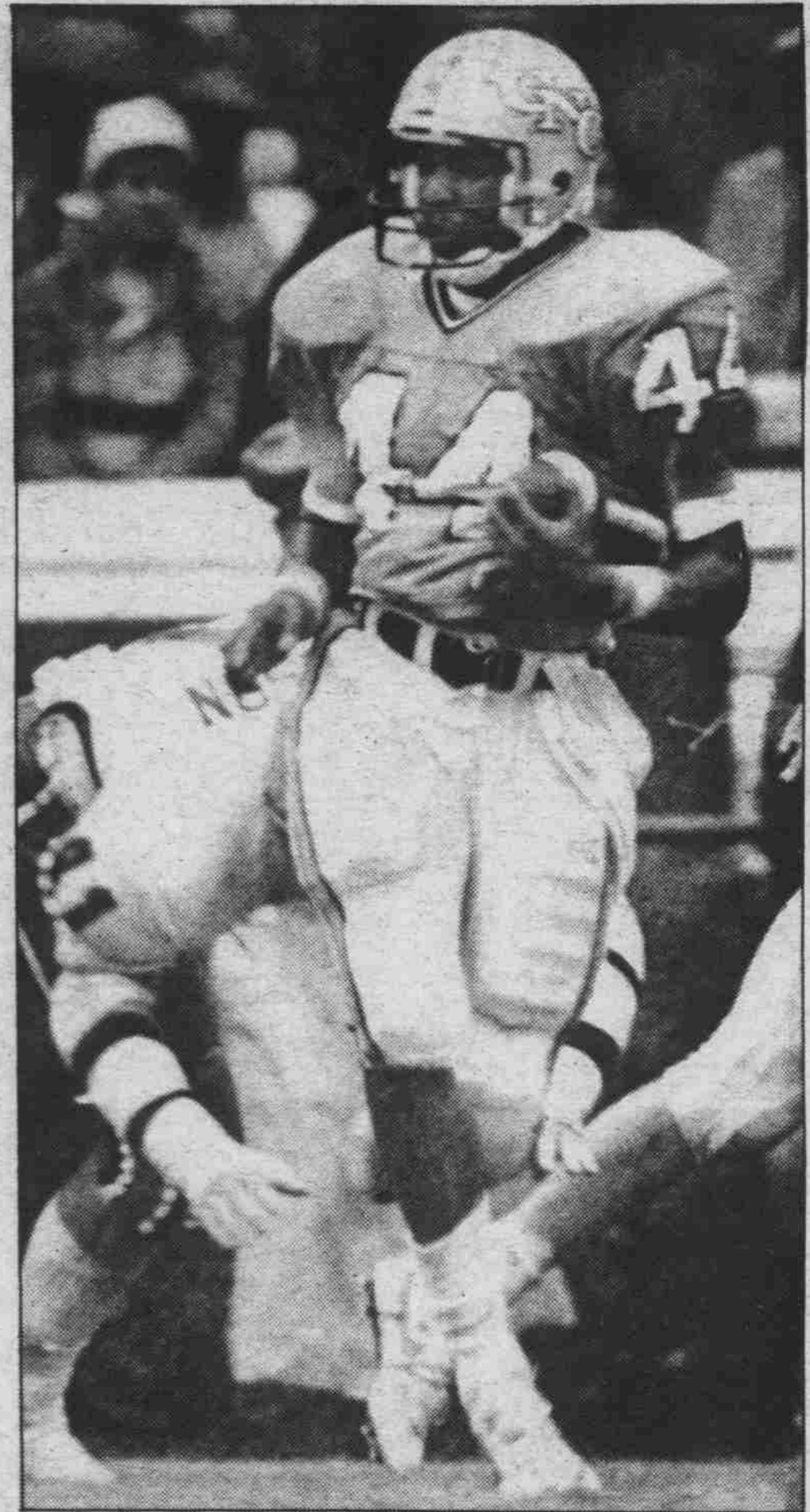
"We're definitely looking to get Torin over the 1,000-yard mark this season," Crowley said, speaking for the entire offensive line. "But even with a mediocre line, I think Torin could get his 1,000 yards. Anywhere."

The one person no one is talking about anymore is Eric Starr, who gained just seven yards on five carries against Illinois.

Dorn's partner in the backfield is fullback James "Hulk" Thompson, 5-11, 232-pound junior who terms himself "a runaway dump truck with the brakes broke." Thompson rushed for 341 yards a year ago, basically by mowing through anyone in his path.

"He's a man," running back coach Lawson Holland said.

Maybe so, but Dorn is the man.



UNC tailback Torin Dorn will be the next to wear the 1,000-yard mantle

# City boy Bailey is still acting tough on football field

By JAMES SUROWIECKI  
Sports Editor

Once you belong to the city, it's tough to escape. The inner city in America is a hard place, and the shackles it places on its inhabitants are difficult to shatter. Stripped of the traditional ethnic and religious ties that once held neighborhoods together even in the face of misery, residents of the inner city find themselves forced to live life on their environment's terms. Urban existence is one without ease, without compromise. The lessons it teaches are quickly learned.

UNC nose guard Carlton Bailey knows all about urban existence.

"It's pretty rough," he said about life in his hometown of Baltimore. "You have to be like a tough guy. If you don't act tough enough, you're the one that gets pushed aside and taken advantage of."

For many, the city presents only two alternatives. You either use or else you are used. Bailey wanted a third way, a way out of the cage-like streets and the endless blocks of rundown buildings. He found it on the playing fields, on those rare islands of green jutting out of the sea of concrete.

"I didn't really get to play organized football until high school," he said. "Now, I see it as something that

the younger guys in my neighborhood can look up to and say he worked a little bit harder, and he got out. Maybe they'll realize nothing's impossible if you work hard enough."

Bailey should have been able to translate that ethic into success at college, both on the field and in the classroom. But it is only now, as a fifth-year senior, that he has matured and seen his labors rewarded.

The road to 1987 has had its share of potholes for Bailey, who had academic troubles early in his UNC career. He seems to have become finally comfortable in class, to have learned the lessons that a university community can teach, lessons radically different from those he picked up on the streets.

"School is really hard, and I had to learn to discipline myself," he said. "I think both football and my studies are equally important. I realized two or three years ago that you're going to need both of them."

Like most converts, Bailey is fervent in his defense of the cause, and is sensitive to the stereotypes that have sprung up about football players in the classroom.

"I don't usually like to wear paraphernalia that identifies me as a football player," he said. "People perceive people as dumb, when we're really not. We've got a graduation



Carlton Bailey

rate of something like 75 percent, and they still say we're dumb jocks. I hate that. We're here to get an education."

Bailey's growth as a student parallels his development as an athlete. At 6-3, 245, Bailey is small for a defensive lineman, which limited his options and restricted him to being a part-time starter. Last year he started just three games.

Even so, Bailey finished sixth on the team in tackles, with 77 hits, and also had three sacks. What the coaching staff called his versatility enabled him to play everywhere along the Tar Heels' eight-man line. But it also prevented him from ever getting comfortable at one position.

And then the gospel of the "50" was heard, preached by its apostle Marc Dove, and Bailey was saved, catapulted into the spotlight at nose guard. The success of UNC's 50 defense depends on the front line. More explicitly, it depends on Bailey.

"In our defense, the two defensive ends and the nose guard are the anchors of our defensive structure," Dove said. "And I think Carlton Bailey is as fine a nose guard as there is in the country."

Bailey is as pleased with the 50 as Dove is with his play. "I'm really looking forward to playing this defense," he said. "The nose guard has to control from sideline to sideline, and he has to keep the blockers off the linebackers. It's going to be a big responsibility. It's going to be tough, but I feel I can meet the challenge."

There is an irony in that confidence, of course. For what Bailey is confident about is his ability to smash into opposing ball carriers, his ability to establish himself as one of the best

in a sport that ultimately is about violence. And yet Bailey is a Christian, who says, "I base most of my life on my faith in God."

Bailey is mindful of the irony, but has resolved it by separating his life on the field from his life off it.

"It's really hard," he said. "There are always people who talk junk to you, hit you after the play, try and spit on you. It's like you have to have two different personalities."

One wonders if it isn't the same for Bailey when he goes home to Baltimore. Coming to college is a huge adjustment for any student, but to Bailey, Chapel Hill was a different world.

"It sounds strange, but one of the biggest things was that in Baltimore, when you walk down the street, you don't talk to anybody and no one speaks to you," Bailey said. "You just go about your business. Then I come down here, and everybody's speaking to me. It took me two or three months to get used to these people, white, black, it didn't matter what, saying hi to me."

Bailey is no longer bothered by people greeting him on the street. Five years in Chapel Hill have eliminated the need to be always tough. And perhaps those years have also liberated him. Perhaps now he is free of the city.