

It's a matter of confidence and concentration

The common factor

Number 34: desire and confidence

by Elliott Warnock
Sports Editor

Publicity Book
Personality Chart

I am all men he said, and I am one man.
One man is all men.
And so they are, they are all men. They are small Monte Towe sitting back in his large, soft blue chair, smiling at all the questions thrown at him as if they were passes for easy lay ups; David Thompson sits with his back to the door of his room, crouched over his desk writing letters.
Bobby Jones sits on the desk in his room, slouched-shouldered, as outside his door a water fight is brewing among the players out in the hall; Darrell Elston flits in and out of doors, picking up his laundry and disappearing down the hall; Walter Davis is a thin freshman shadow, pausing to listen to some recorded comments by David Thompson about his ability, then disappearing as quickly as Elston.
Ray Hite is a round face peering out from behind his door at a microphone thrust his way and soon hits the reporter with two unerring shots of water. Mickey Bell is running up and down the hall, goosing everyone in sight with a fork that he has taped to the end of a long stick.
Downstairs is Ray Harrison, looking for someone who has two nickels to trade for a dime; at the same time, Darrell is finishing up his laundry.
John O'Donnell sits in his room, eating a hero sandwich, watching the late night news on channel eleven.
They are all men, drawn together by the inevitability of the athletic contest which will place them on the same court Tuesday night in Carmichael Auditorium.

He was probably normal once.
"He's the quickest 6-9 man I've ever seen."
—Neill McGeachy
but now he is doomed forever to the admiring glances and giggles of young girls who will rush back to the dorm to tell their friends that they saw Bobby Jones.
"There's no doubt in my mind that he's an All-American."
—Dean Smith
"You know, maybe it's really egotistical of me, but I used to think I was going to have to do it all, the whole game, forty minutes, or we wouldn't win, but now that's different; I know that's not true. This is a completely different team from the past two years, it's so amazing; I can sit on the bench and watch, cheer them on, like in the Duke game; I only played twenty-eight minutes. We've got so much manpower; I'm sure we can beat anybody."
—Bobby Jones

Birthdate: December 18, 1951
Hobbies: sleeping, fishing
Post school ambition: pro basketball
College major: psychology
Favorite star: Barbara Feldon, Susan St. James
Favorite food: MacDonald's hamburgers, Blackie's steaks, Lexington barbeque.
Best book read: Bible
Favorite sport (besides b-ball): tennis
Sports star you admire most: Dave Cowens

Harrison prepares for test of quickness

by Steve Levin
Sports Writer

There is usually one particular player on a team that nobody likes. Take Bill Walton. The writers love him. Coach Wooden adores him, but face it; almost everybody hates him. He's just too good.
Then there is Tommy Burleson. How can you like someone who breaks into pinball machines? Besides, he's too big, and to most people he seems to be in his own world.
How about John Roche and the former hatchet teams at South Carolina under Frank McGuire? How about the state of South Carolina in general?
But people usually have a favorite player also. This year, in this area, it has to be Monte Towe. Monte, that cute little scooter that always seems to hurt a team somehow. Monte, the darling of all the coeds, the pet of the Wolfpack announcers (they call him Little Monte), and the hero of every grown man under 5'8".
You almost have to like him, darting here and there; scoring here, stealing there. Against Carolina, his fans urge him on to greater heights (?) in order that they may enjoy another victory over the hated Tar Heels. Tonight Monte gets another shot at UNC, but it will be tough for him.
Why? Well sir. Mr. Ray Harrison will be guarding Monte, and that's a positive factor in anyone's book. Harrison, though he towers a full seven inches over Towe, is just as quick, just as mobile, and just plain as good as anyone around.
"Yeah," said Harrison, "Monte is extremely quick. He can break any press, but besides that he's a good outside shot."
"Last time we played (the Big Four Tournament) I tried to make him shoot from the outside and take the bad percentage shot because his strength is driving inside and dishing off to someone."
During the Big Four, Harrison worked this strategy to near perfection as he hounded Towe into a 3 for 9 shooting performance and a nine-point game. During that game, Harrison was basically able to pressure Towe enough so that he didn't break the press too often.
Although Harrison's 6'2" frame is the usual size for most of the guards in the ACC, it is a disadvantage against Towe.
"Because Towe is so short, he can reach a lot and steal the ball," explained Harrison. "He gets away with a lot of things like charges and that's important to his team. When I handle the ball, he's right down there; it's easier for him to reach the ball."
Harrison scored 10 points against the Wolfpack in the Big Four Tournament while Towe guarded him, and played a sparkling floor game. The only trouble was that State still won.
"I don't think we have a complex about playing State," he said, "but it just seems like we aren't getting any breaks against them. They have played us real well, but we should have won some of those games."



It's absurd, absolutely absurd to try and reduce Bobby Jones to a two-dimensional world of newsprint and ink; a 6-9 senior from Charlotte, especially such a mobile 6-9 senior, just will not fit onto the printed page.
No media will ever be able to capture and present the drive that motivates him. "It's sorta' in the back of my mind, always," he says, perched atop his desk in his room at Granville Towers, like some giant bird of prey waiting on a ledge for his next chance to fly. "I know we're good. I think we're a great basketball team, but it's like we gotta' prove something. We won't feel we're good enough until we've beaten a team that's as good as State."
He casts his eyes around the room, looking for the right words, rubs his palms together, and continues, "You know, sure we've won 12 games now, but none of them were in the top five in the nation. We've just got to prove we can beat them."
Jones has already proven so many things: the Olympics, the U.S.-U.S.S.R. series last year; a Carolina and ACC record setter; other things. There are just so many. "It was sort of characteristic of last year's team that we didn't get the breaks like we did against Duke," he says, staring down at his bed, "but I think this year's team has the ability to change things. I'm sure that we can get the breaks this time."
"What happened at Duke was a good example," Jones states. "We were down at the half, but suddenly got a streak. We came from six down to even in a short space of time. That gives us a lot of confidence."
"You know," he says looking up, his words coming a little faster now, "that's the difference between a freshman and a senior. It comes down to three years of confidence that you get from playing. It's really great. The more you play, the more confident you get in your ability."
Confidence notwithstanding, Jones is keenly aware of something that has been brought up time and again this season in conversations and articles about the Tar Heels: a lack of a certain instinct, an aggressive desire to finish off an opponent.
Jones suddenly becomes a sphinx on the matter, he knows the question and the problem, but somewhere deep inside him is the answer that refuses to come off the lips. It's not that he won't tell, he can't tell. It's an intangible, abstract situation.
"We haven't exploded all year," Jones finally finds the right words to describe the indescribable sensation of a team's collective feelings. "It's like part of the problem we had in '72: there's a lag somewhere along in the games, there's a lack of killer instinct."
"Now it seems we're satisfied with a 12 point win," he continues, "sometimes when we're ahead we seem to sit back and wait for the four-corners because we know we can win with it. It's been unbelievable how successful we've been using the four-corners. I think most teams are scared of it now because they know how well it works, so they'll leave a good, big-man to close off the back-door pass."
Feeling he could improve on his own play, Jones says, "I should play smarter, hustle a lot more on defense. I just want to go back to basics and play better basketball. It all goes back to concentration; you've got to play without concentrating too much on it. If I had been wide open for that last shot against Duke, I probably would have been really thinking about it and missed. I had to swing around and put it up without really thinking, so it went in."
So Jones sits on his desk, smiles, and is assured.
"In all the years I've played, I have more confidence in this year's team than any before. I'm confident we'll get the breaks."

GO PEP BAND GO.

RICHARD'S



Walter Davis works his quiet magic

by Elliott Warnock
Sports Editor

Walter Davis is the darkest shadow of a star-lit night, intouchable, intangible, but belonging to a singular breed of athlete whose natural abilities are unmistakable.
The one-handed shot, palm upwards, as he hovers above an opponent; the long, lanky arms that can tangle an offensive player into a sea of madness; the instinctive gutsiness, unafraid to drive down a lane mobbed with a defensive zone; and above all, the ability to find the open man on a pass, characteristic of all Dean Smith teams.
No, contrary to popular belief, Walter Davis is not Charlie Scott, nor Bill Chamberlain, nor Robert McAdoo, not even David Thompson.
No... he's just plain Walter Davis.
Walter Davis from Pineville, N.C., who played high school ball at South Mecklenburg, in fact played on three state championship teams there.
Davis did nothing to discredit the large doses of publicity laid in his path of arrival at Carolina, fitting in immediately to Dean Smith's game plan.
"Walter plays with a lot of poise," says Smith, "he certainly has improved on defense since he's been here and really helps with the rebounding when he's in the game; he has learned to keep his man from making the

rebounds, by keeping him away from underneath the boards. That's something he never had to do before coming to Carolina. We are very pleased with his progress and the nice thing about him is we know he's going to continue to improve."
Improve? Good Lord... it seems sort of hard to believe, but after watching Davis in each of the games he's played in, watching him pick up more confidence with every shot that falls flawlessly through the nets, never hitting the steel rim, watching him grow stronger on defense every time he steps on the court, one has to agree: he will continue to improve.
Davis seems to take it all in stride, quietly smiling at compliments from opponents and teammates alike.
Bobby Jones says Davis is "absolutely amazing, an unusual character; he's one of the most sincere people you'll ever meet. He congratulates you when you make a good play; he takes criticism well. He just does everything right... he's unbelievable."
Still remaining the unobtrusive freshman, Davis is a dark blue moving quickly and quietly down the halls of Granville Towers so as not to bother his teammates, but pauses occasionally to exchange brief comments.
Davis is more than aware of the upcoming game between North Carolina and North Carolina State.
"I know all the guys want to beat State real bad, so do I; I do think a little about that first game

sometimes," says Davis, still quiet and reserved. "I had a lot of shots that were coming in the first half which didn't come in the second half. I just hope I can get open for some in the next game."
Slightly concerned with the fact that State might have become more aware of his shooting and marked him in the second half of the Big Four Tournament game, Davis says, "the thing was that I got a lot of picks in the first half, in the second half I didn't get any. I think they might have marked me, but I sure hope not."
Davis considers the one point victory over Duke one of the most important of the year for both him and the team as a whole.
"I think it's real good that we were down at the half," he said afterwards, "it was the first time we had been down like that this year, and we came back to win it. I know that's going to give us a lot of confidence for the State game. It makes me more confident."
Looking back at State, he says, "you know, it seems to me that State has gotten all the breaks every time we play them. They got all the breaks last year; they got all the breaks at the Big Four; I think it's our turn to get some of the breaks now."
So Walter Davis remains just plain Walter Davis: a freshman from Pineville, North Carolina who says, "they tell me this is the 'big time,' well, welcome to the big time. I'm here to stay."

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