MAURY WHITE



Two once-large figures in the world of sports left us this week. Former Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes' death attracted widespread attention. Arthur D'Arcy Locke's demise in South Africa brought relatively tiny newspaper coverage, particularly in this country.

Yet, I suspect Russ Dickinson, Mel Gicoff, Bill Wires and Stewart Framness - 17-year-old Des Moines residents all in 1947 — probably still look back on a very brief meeting with Bobby Locke as one of the high points of their lives.

For some years after World War II, when the Des Moines Tribune sponsored the City Junior golf tournament, it was my du-

ty to run it and

write it. Seeking a

little pizazz, I ar-



ranged for our semifinalists to play those from Minneapolis. The site would alternate annually, with the first matches at Interlachen. Our heroes found quite a LOCKE few of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes in los-

ing, then we stayed over to see one

day of the St. Paul Open. The big attraction was Arthur D'Arcy "Bobby" Locke, now considered by many experts as the greatest putter ever. Virtually unknown outside his native land, he came to America on the advice of Sam Snead in 1947 and won seven tournaments. although playing only part of the PGA Tour. He was a formidable, frosty-looking man who played in knickers, white shirt and tie, but my charges vowed they would do good deeds the rest of their lives in return for having their pictures taken with golf's newest comet.

A Minneapolis Star photographer agreed to help. Getting Bobby to pose was going to be something else, for he'd be gobbled up by officials and the gallery. The solution was a surprise attack. My quartet crouched alongside the 18th green. Almost before his final putt hit the bottom of the cup, the kids raced out to flank Arthur D'Arcy Locke, the shutter snapped and four dreams came true.

Bobby did seem sort of startled, but he survived the "raid" nicely, going on to win four British Open titles during a World Hall of Fame career.

WOODY HAYES spent 28 seasons with the Buckeyes before committing coaching "suicide" by slugging a Clemson player in the final minutes of a nationally televised 1977 Gator Bowl loss. Temper tantrums came often to this multifaceted man, and he'd survived many.

This time, there were too many witnesses and too many TV replays of a shocking incident for school authorities to pretend it hadn't happened. Because he was fundamentally a caring human, a great coach and a genuine presence upon entering any room, the public allowed Wayne Woodrow Hayes to regain his dignity and most of his popularity.

Good for the public. It won't see another quite like Woody for a long time. Some of his former assistant coaches tell unbelievable tales. He'd stalk in for a meeting, lecture 'em for being too fat and lead exercises for 15 minutes. Next day he'd roar in, lecture 'em for being too dumb and spend an hour bringing them up to date on foreign relations.

An assistant with hands in pocketsduring practice stood in danger of having pockets ripped off. One day, a watch fell out of such a ripped-off pocket. After staring in horror at the potential clock-watcher, Hayes commenced vigorously jumping up and down on the watch.

"He's killing time," finally concluded one impressed onlooker.

HE WAS FASCINATING, boring, caring, tyrranical, philanthropic, hard-working, extremely well-read and his heroes included Ralph Waldo Emerson ("I'd let him give a pregame talk)," Abraham Lincoln, Gen. George Patton and Richard Nixon. His favorite war was the Civil.

One of Woody's trademarks was striding the sidelines at games wearing only a short-sleeved white shirt on his upper body. Many November days, his arms wound up blue. He started doing it, he claimed, to show the kids they should ignore the discomforts of cold weather.

The late Si Burick of Dayton, a veteran writer of Buckeye sports, used to laugh about that. Si insisted Woody had first bared his arms in public at Iowa in 1956 after a fuss because Ohio State wasn't provided sideline heaters, then continued the practice for showmanship. So I checked.

"Woody took such flamboyant measures to inspire his gridders in the late going that he took off his coat and tie and started throwing punches like a shadow-boxing fighter," The Register's game story said.

Unfortunately, 21 years later, one of those punches actually landed on a young man named Charlie Bauman, a nose guard who had intercepted an Ohio State pass to put the game on ice for Clemson.

Too bad, wasn't it, Woody didn't stick to boxing shadows?

REGISTER PHOTO

Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes spent much of his career embroiled in controversy

Memories of Woody Hayes: The crusty, old curmudgeon who won hearts, minds of young men

By JOE FALLS

Casey, Yogi, Woody. We get only one. If Knute Rockne was Notre Dame, Woody Hayes was Ohio State.

The old coach of the Buckeyes was larger than life. He was larger than his whole university. Sometimes he seemed larger than the whole universe.

He was one of a kind in a profession where personalities prevail. He was great box office.

"Boy, could he sell tickets," Don Canham, the Michigan athletic director, said Thursday when he learned of

Hayes' death in Columbus, Ohio, at the age of 74. "I remember the first time I saw him. I was standing at the entrance to the tunnel in our stadium and Woody had just taken his team out on the field. I watched mothers and fathers come down out of the stands and take their children as close to the sidelines as possible. They were pointing to Woody and saying: 'That's him - that's him over there!' I remember thinking to myself as I stood there in the tunnel, 'Oh, my, have we got

something here.' "Coaches are the stars of college football . . . and nobody — not Bear Bryant, not John McKay, not Joe Paterno, not Ara Parseghian . . . not any of them - was a greater star than Woody Hayes. He was the No. 1 man

in our business." Wayne Woodrow Hayes.

He was two men, really - the bold, arrogant, egotistical, combative, volatile general who was in command of everything and everyone on the football field, and the soft, gentle, caring, kind and considerate man who went out of his way to help others in private life. Not many knew of the second Woody Hayes; nor did

they care to know.

The plump and pompous Fat Man was far more fun to them. Many liked to laugh at the Fat Man. He was very easy to laugh at. He invited ridicule. He was a cartoon character in the business of sports.

His wife, Anne, used to make grand fun of her husband in public speeches. She would get paid for it, too. They asked her if Woody was a great lover. She replied: "I don't know - he's never awake for me to ask him."

Yet she was fiercely protective. If anyone else tried to poke fun at him, they'd get a phone call within the hour. She knew him he would leave their home in the middle of the day and wander about the campus and say to students, "Why aren't you in class?"

He would sit in the student union and ask them what they were reading. He asked if he could be any help. None of them were 275-pound tackles, either.

One time, on a rare scouting mission into Michigan, he was walking through the halls of Saginaw Arthur Hill High School when he saw a classroom of students

Joe Falls is a columnist for the Detroit News

slumped over in their chairs as the instructor droned on with his lesson.

Woody went straight into the classroom and said, 'Why don't you sit up straight in your seats?" Then he walked out.

The students had no idea who he was, but it didn't matter to Hayes. You don't slump over in your seat when the teacher is teaching.

Once, on a visit to Vietnam, Hayes got the name of every soldier he could find from Ohio. He visited every one and later wrote a personal letter to each of their families.

It was hard to believe that this could be the same man who punched out players and photographers and threw tantrums from Columbus to Pasadena.

His impact was so strong that the kid he slugged at the Gator Bowl game in 1978 — Charlie Bauman, the Clemson linebacker — finally had to change his name to keep people from asking him about the incident. Today, he works as a bartender in a small Florida

Woody never apologized for punching poor Charlie. He said Ohio State had every right to fire him for the incident, but he never said he was sorry.

Hayes stayed at Ohio State, working out of a small office. As the years passed, the public took a more charitable view. What the people saw now was the soft and considerate Woody Hayes, a man growing old and enfeebled by two strokes, a heart attack and major sur-

When they operated on his liver, the doctors mistakenly left a sponge inside his body and had to go back in and remove it. "That's OK," he said. "Everyone makes mistakes. I think the doctor must have been from Michigan."

Who wouldn't want to love a man with that kind of humor? Or, at least, forgive him?

The fans also missed Woody. It was a great thing to be a football fan in Columbus when he was coaching. You could laud it over a lot of people, especially those misguided souls from Ann Arbor.

Hayes made an art form of intimidation. He would buy cheap watches and smash them to the ground whenever things weren't going right in practice. He'd also loosen the stitches on his baseball cap and tear the cap to shreds whenever he didn't like his players'

One day his assistant coaches double-stitched his cap. When Hayes tore it from his head and tried to pull it apart, he couldn't do it. He twisted and turned the cap but it wouldn't come apart. His players stood there trying to keep the smiles off their faces.

Hayes finally stormed off the field, leaving like a petulant child who couldn't get his way. The laughter didn't start until he was inside the locker room.

Today, there are only tears in Columbus.

When big money talks, some agents will sqawk

By TOM WITOSKY

For established sports agents, last week's disclosure that two New York City entertainment agents paid college football players to become clients apparently wasn't all that star-

"You get into this business in just two ways. You take your time to build up your reputation and get the referrals that you need to get a good clients. Or, if you don't want to wait or you want to be successful right way, you go out and buy it," says H. Jackson Mills. The Boulder, Colo. agent and lawyer represents former University of Iowa football standout Chuck Long, pro golfer Hale Irwin and Washington Redskins running back George Rogers. But that doesn't make it more acceptable, he adds.

New Tarnish

Mills and other established agents like Bob Woolf of Boston have been attempting to put a little polish on the image of agents by projecting themselves as professional labor negotiators and lawyers.

But in one set of disclosures, agents Norby Walters and Lloyd Bloom apparently have managed to add so much new tarnish that it may take years to wipe away. And, the two men maintain they have done nothing wrong, even though their actions could result in two Big Ten Conference stars - Ohio State wide receiver Cris Carter and Michigan State running back Lorenzo White - being banned their senior season.

Bloom acknowledged Thursday he and his partner paid former Hawk running back Ronnie Harmon more than \$54,000 beginning in his junior year at Iowa. Such payments violate National Collegiate Athletic Association rules. The disclosure of the payments to Harmon, which have been made public as a result of a dispute between Harmon and his former agents, has prompted University of Iowa officials to investigate.

"Jealousy"

Bloom says agents who complain about their tactics are simply jealous of their own quick success. "We already represent a large number of entertainers and we have expanded into the sports field," Bloom said.

Bloom, who is registered as an agent with the National Football League Players Association, claims he and Walters have signed more than a dozen first-round draft

"They are just jealous of our getting a lot of the top-paid young players," Bloom said. He also said payment to athletes while in college violates no criminal or civil laws, just NCAA rules.

"If one of these kids gets a disabling injury during their college career, do you really think the school or the NCAA will do anything for them?" Bloom asked. "Those rules are just too old-fashioned."

Tom Witosky is a staff writer with the Register.

Mills and Martin Rausch, Harmon's current agent, disagree.

"Payments may not violate the law per se, but they violate the NCAA rules, the NFLPA rules and every other amateur athletic code I know of," said Rausch, who has been representing athletes for 10 years.

Mills said there is an indication such behavior is prevalent in college - and even into high schools for players considered to be can't-miss pro prospects.

Mills says it's difficult to protect kids when in college or high school because many see only the money and not the potential consequences. "After they are out of school," he said, "the players association has rules to protect them from that kind of abuse."

He also said that many established agents had been circulating the word about Walters and Bloom for months. "I heard a lot of rumors about what they were doing and now we all know about it," Mills said.

Not surprisingly, at stake in all of this is big money. Players association rules allow agents to be paid up to 10 percent of the client's annual salary in the first year. The agent collects a smaller percentage in succeeding years until the contract is renegotiated and extended. An agent could collect \$100,000 if he or she negotiates a \$1 million contract.

"Outrageous" Charges

One new agent, Larry Pope of Des Moines, calls those kind of charges "outrageous, abusive and unneces-

"The only fee that should be. charged is an hourly fee and that's it. There is no justification to charge anything but for the time you put in," said Pope, a Drake law professor and former state lawmaker who is working with Robert Helmick, in representing college football players.

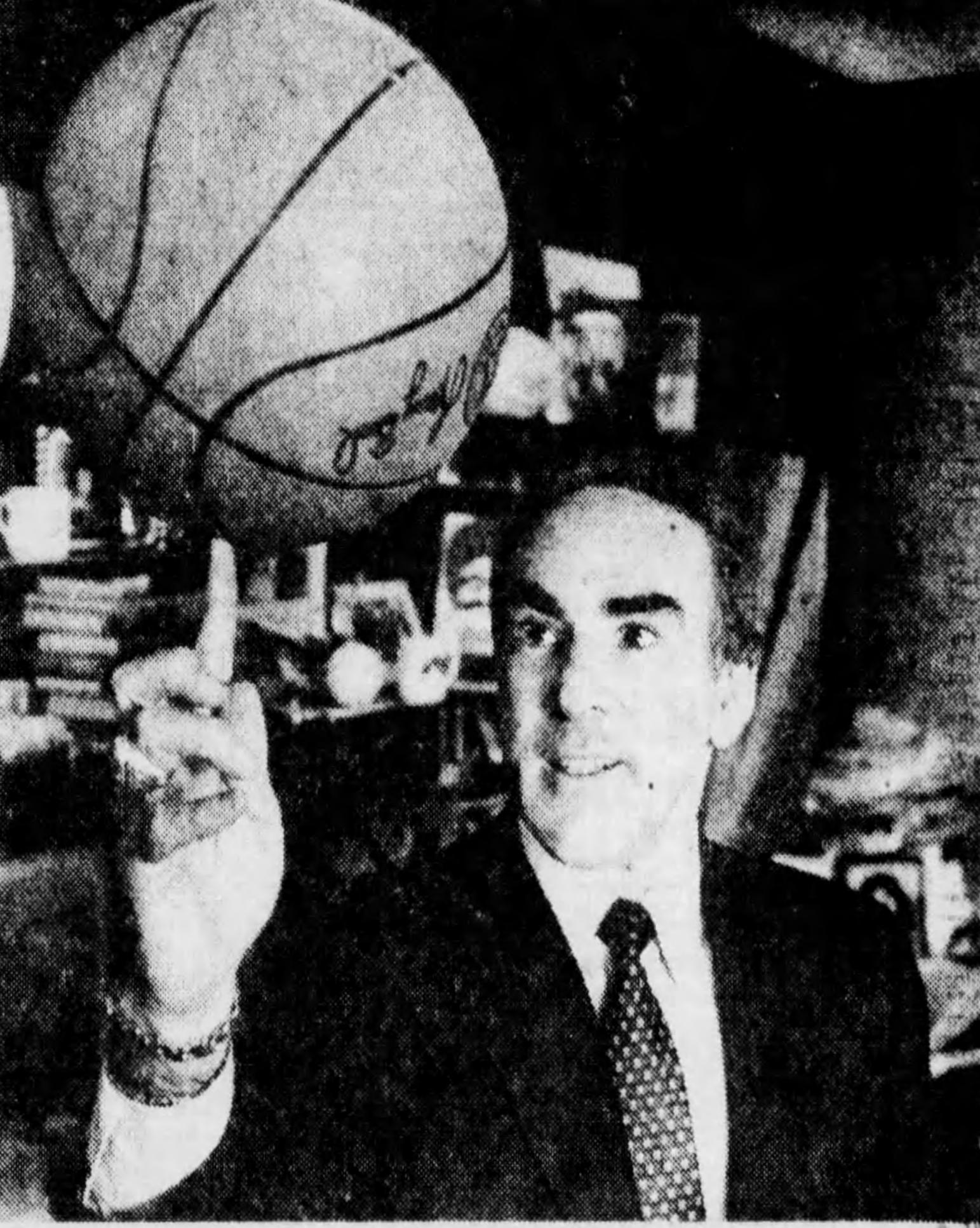
Pope and Helmick, a Des Moines lawyer who also is president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, represented former Iowa football players Hap Peterson and Bill Happel last year and negotiated free-agent contracts for both men. Both men failed to make their teams, but Pope said representing them was a good start.

"It is really brutal to get started the right way, but that's the only way Bob Helmick and I can operate," Pope said.

He added that college players must become more aggressive and professional about their futures as athletes. "These kids who receive large contracts are no different than a young doctor or a young businessman who will be receiving large amounts of money," Pope said. "These kids have to begin to see themselves that way or they will continue to pay out a lot of money for nothing."

Pope described the actions of Walters and Bloom as "sleaze and a good indication of what's wrong with some agents."

"It's very doubtful the money paid to some athlete to sign came out of the agent's pockets," he said. "More than likely, the money has come out of the fees paid by other clients who are being overcharged."



Bob Woolf: A respected (and high-priced) agent

LETTERS

Tournament topics

Once again, the Iowa High School Athletic Association should be commended on an outstanding state wrestling tournament. This year's tournament showcased some of the finest talent in the entire country.

It is unfortunate however, that some of the top individuals had to meet in the early rounds. The casualties of these matches had to settle for the lower-place finishes and fans witnessed a few less-than-exciting championship matches.

If the IHSAA does not wish to expand the tournament with double elimination or more wrestlebacks, a limited seeding criteria should be considered. Perhaps the top three

place-winners from the previous year or anyone entering the tournament with a perfect record could be separated into different brackets.

Not all weight divisions need to be seeded and we don't have to seed all 16 wrestlers. let's separate the superior wrestlers and improve on an already exciting state wrestling tournament. — Ron Swanson and Dennis Harms, Wrestling Coaches, Estherville High School.

The |Des Moines| metro area media will probably feed us an overdose of the fact that three of their teams advanced to the State Tournament for the first time. Let me point out that three teams, Palmer, Pom-

eroy, and Pocahontas, all within 12 miles from each other, advanced to State in the smaller two classes. A fourth team, Laurens-Marathon, also in Pocahontas County, came within a couple of points of going to State as well. I just want to point this out in case it goes unnoticed. . . . - Dean Pederson, R.R. 1, Rolfe.

Congratulations to the NCAA Tournament Committee for once again not disappointing me. The previous two years [it] managed to put Purdue, a Big Ten member, on opponent's home courts in the opening round. This year they have managed to nail the Big Ten again by placing three teams in a position where in all likeli-

hood they will be playing an opponent on their home court in the second

By some coincidence, no ACC teams were placed in this position by a committee which just happens to be headed by the Athletic Director at the University of Virginia, an ACC school. As I say, it's just a coincidence. - Robert S. Cooper, 5201 S.W. 9th St. Apt. 60, Des Moines.

Magnificent Seven

thoroughly enjoyed Wayne Grett's feature on Buzz Levick and Wartburg College's "Magnificent

The team is symbolic of the heart and determination that exists in Division III athletics. The true spirit of

the student-athlete in collegiate sports lives in Division III, not Division I.

It is so much more refreshing to read about Wartburg's "Magnificent Seven" than the drug problems, recruiting problems, or the basketball team having a rumble with the wrestlers that seems to run through the core of Division I athletics.

I congratulate Grett and The Register saluting one of the best entertainment values for your dollar in collegiate sports. Let's face it, Division I teams like Iowa, Iowa State or Indiana are simply minor-league pro teams. The real student-athletes play in the Iowa and Midwest Conferences. - Randall L. Schroeder, P.O. Box 241, Blakesburg.