

GRAPHIC ARCHIVES

THE MAGAZINE

AUGUST 2021





"Knucksie"

Doing my best imitation of Phil Niekro, the legendary Braves Knuckleball Pitcher whose statue brings back fond childhood memories as he was the first Major League Game Pitcher I got to see play live at Atlanta Fulton County Stadium in 1978. The Ticket Stub is there as well as I collect many sports memorabilia for keepsake. This issue is devoted to Sports and how integral it has become to my own career in Art. Having been so immersed in sports as a child, I have always been a fan of so many teams and athletes. I enjoy the competitive nature and feel victorious when my team wins and am in agony when they lose. It's a vicarious sensation, but helps to propel my own inner sense of setting some goal for myself to achieve. That is what make it all special...when there are athletes you cheer for and feel as much a part of their spirit in competition. I hope you enjoy this issue as it relates to many of my own experiences and brings that same spirit to your own collective memories.

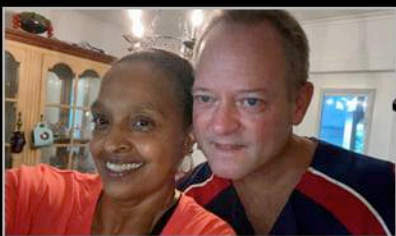
GRAPHIC ARCHIVES

THE MAGAZINE • AUGUST 2021



Sports Fanatic

A collective Memory of some events I've seen live.



King and Queen of the Court

Middle School Basketball with a Friend and Teammate.

GPB SPORTS
FOOTBALL FRIDAYS
IN GEORGIA

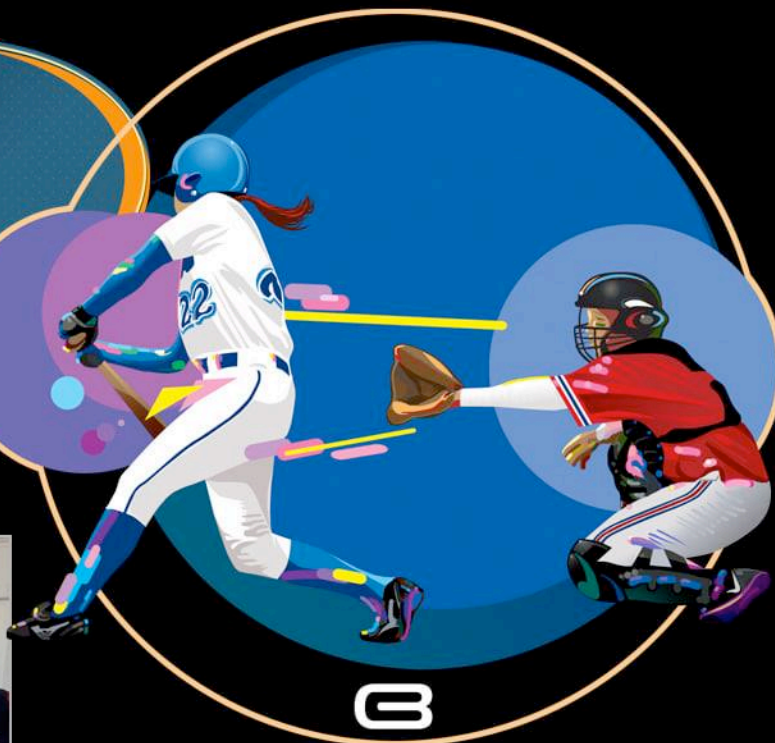
Football Fridays in Georgia

An inside look at GPB Sports with High School Football.



The Stopper!

My High School Pitching Career.



An Illustration created to promote Girls Softball. One of many to help generate interest in High School Sports for GPB Social Media.

The Rundown

Cover: An illustration created for Football Fridays in Georgia for Social Media to help drive interest.

4: Introduction

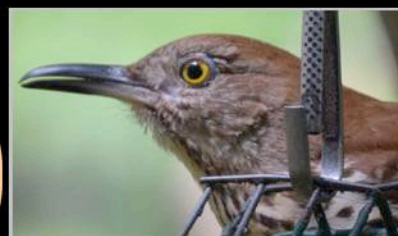
Art and Sports intertwined throughout life and this issue is dedicated to both my career and as a fan of the games.

Extra! My Major League Baseball Scorecard from an inter-league game between the Atlanta Braves and Baltimore Orioles during Cal Ripken, Jr's final season. He hit 2 Home Runs during the game!

22: Perspective: West Central Mustangs!
The Greatest Team Ever!

23: Literature: "Reach For the Summit." Pat Summitt's book exploring the "Definite Dozen" that applies to much in life as it does in sports.

Back Cover: Homage to Tommy Palmer. His passing last year was hard on all those that considered him a member of the GPB Family.



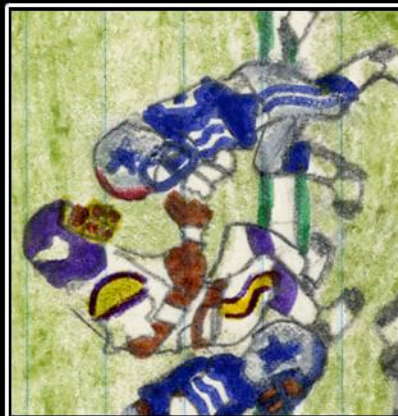
Brown Thrasher

The Bird that ruled Georgia and Atlanta's Thrasherville!



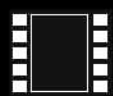
Take Me Out to the Ballgame

Supersize Your Weiner Major League Style! Some tips from the Gourmet Gallery!



Collective Memories

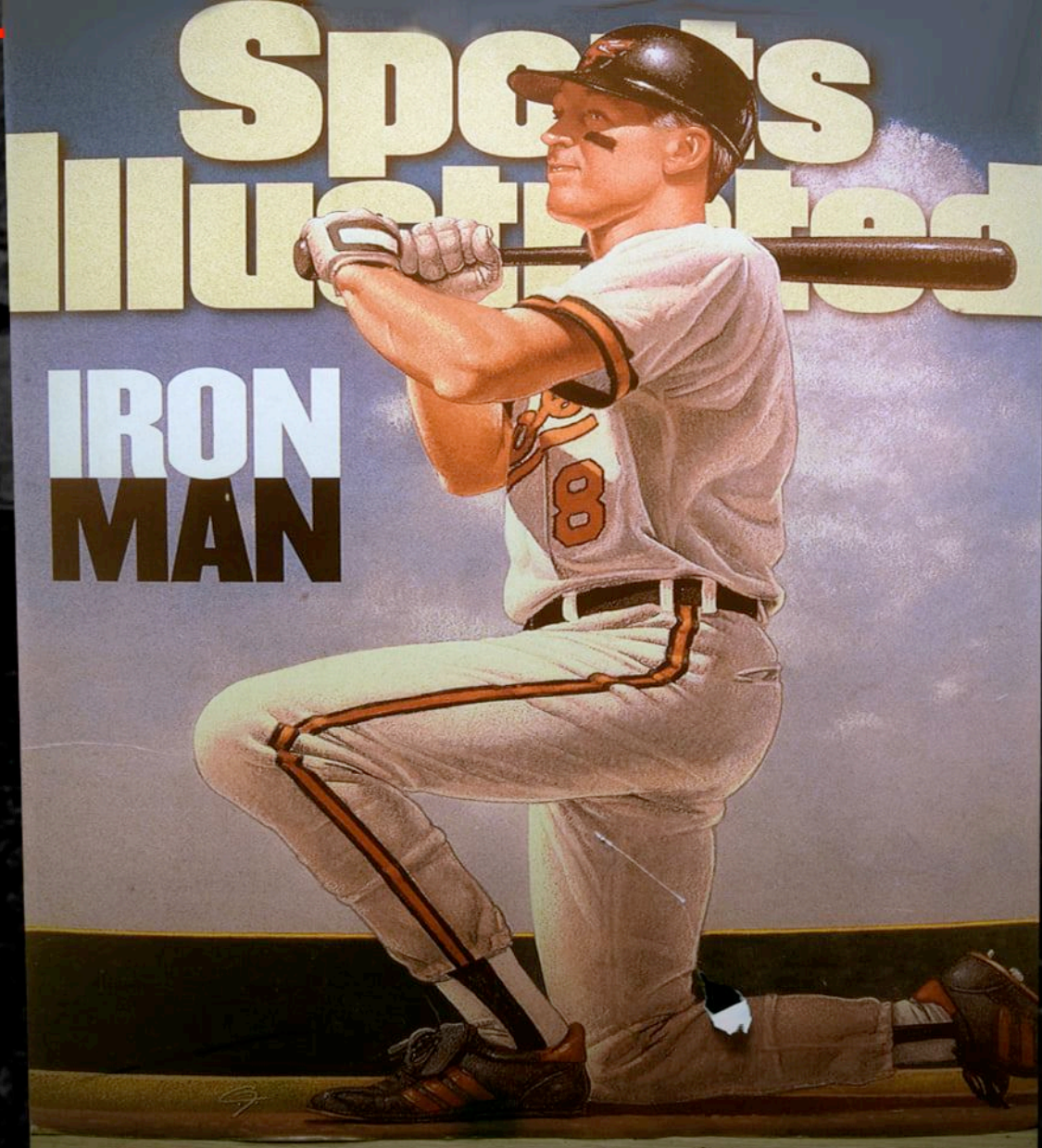
Sports and Childhood memories that had a deep impact.



Sporting my *FOOTBALL FRIDAYS IN GEORGIA* cap while at my computer desk working on a graphics project.

An issue devoted to Sports as most of my life has been captured by that spirit of competition that has filtered through a career in the arts. It has been a blessing as it is as much a passion from a fan through a means to create graphic elements that have proven to go the distance in a career involving many varieties of sports interests. From CNN Sports Illustrated to CBS Sportsline to GPB Sports and Football Fridays in Georgia, there has always been that element which seems as if I were as much a part of the game as much as the athletes down on the field. It's been fun although a hard work ethic of enthusiasm helps to create a practice that strives for perfection. I continuously go through the motions to generate a better game for myself.

Art and Sports have so many commonalities and I think that is the one thing I want to deliver with this issue in that there is a link between the two entities. A quote I heard from the late Hank Aaron sums it best in that he expressed that "If he only knew then what he understands today, he could've been even better." I think that is true for everyone in that it takes a lifetime of experience as you begin to lose something through age of that energetic quality that provided enough spark to get you through the challenges during youth. A few stories of my own along with projects I've worked on and sporting events I've had the opportunity to see, but I hope everyone enjoys the perspective of an artist whose life has been surrounded by sports since childhood and how it has had a major impact on life, art, and a career. Love and Wishes!

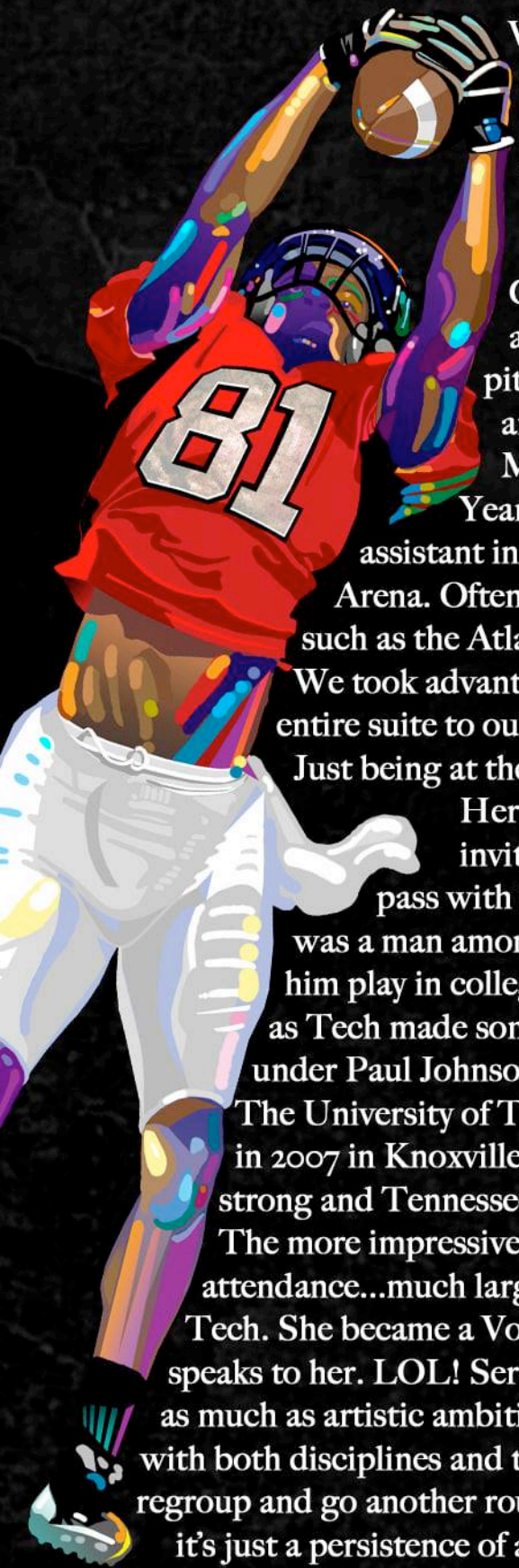


SPORTS FANATIC

Four days after an Amazing display of athletic skill in the Major League All-Star Game in 2001, Cal Ripken Jr. and the Baltimore Orioles were to play the Braves at Turner Field in Atlanta. I was there with a coworker to witness yet another amazing performance from the Iron Man. Although I was a Braves fan as a team, I often gravitate towards individuals who become iconic heroes through performance and endurance. Cal Ripken Jr. was certainly one who exceeded all expectations of an athlete and I wasn't going to miss that game for the world. I even kept a scorecard of the game as I wanted to take note of all the action.*

I have been fortunate to go to many sports events and watch many of my favorite athletes in action throughout my life as it inspires me as much as any fan in the excitement of the game as if YOU are living through their actions and performances. Sports competition is a healthy means of going through every emotion within the limitations of the game results.

* See the Extra Pages at the end of this article for the Scorecard.



While working at CNN Sports Illustrated, an executive manager came into the room with an offer to go to a Braves game that evening. Of course, my coworker and I were interested and took advantage. We had seats second row from the Braves Dugout near the On-Deck Circle. It was the closest to a Major League Baseball Game I had ever witnessed. So much more to see as Chipper Jones appeared to be a Giant and within reach of an arms length. The special treat that evening was Greg Maddux pitching performance. He had a No-Hitter through seven innings and everyone had their fingers crossed for a perfect game. The Mets spoiled it late, but it was another great performance!

Years later while working for CBS Atlanta, my girlfriend was an assistant in the Sales department and the TV station had a suite at Philips Arena. Oftentimes there were tickets available for the many sporting events such as the Atlanta Hawks basketball and Atlanta Thrashers hockey games. We took advantage of those tickets when clients declined and often had the entire suite to ourselves as not much was happening in sales at CBS Atlanta. Just being at the games to watch the action was thrilling for the both of us!

Her family was closely aligned to Georgia Tech and I was often invited to watch a number of their sporting events, including a pass with faculty and administration for all the perks. Calvin Johnson was a man amongst boys and I knew he was going to the NFL as I got to see him play in college. Those were some good games at Bobby Dodd Stadium as Tech made some adjustments afterwards to go with the Triple Option Offense under Paul Johnson. I had to make an impression and take her to another level...

The University of Tennessee Vols! I bought tickets for the Vols vs Georgia game in 2007 in Knoxville where Georgia was expected to win. The Big Orange came out strong and Tennessee won that game under QB Erik Ainge and RB Arian Foster.

The more impressive thing about the game were the more than 109,000 fans in attendance...much larger than those that could fill Bobby Dodd Stadium at Georgia Tech. She became a Vols fan afterwards and that may be why her family no longer speaks to her. LOL! Seriously, sports has always been as much an inspiration for me as much as artistic ambition. The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat are synonymous with both disciplines and the key is to just get back up after you've been kicked down, regroup and go another round. Whether it's a physical challenge or a psychological mindset, it's just a persistence of ambition that drives you to reach some goal, whether a clear victorious shot at the buzzer or a simple gratification that you've turned a new corner for some self-imposed will. Either way, it's a sporting event.

My father took me down to Stokely Athletic Center as the NCAA Basketball Regionals were taking place in Knoxville on the UT campus when I was going through school. The Indiana Hoosiers were just finishing practice when Bobby Knight began to walk in our direction.

cool is that!

Dad saluted him with complimentary remarks and Coach Knight took interest. I got to shake hands with him and he and dad had a brief conversation, but it was a moment in time that still has an impression on me..shaking hands with one of the greatest coaches in college basketball.

Other fond memories from childhood are obviously watching dad's teams play on Saturdays. Back then, the schools would have a weekend game and there would be games throughout the day. There was always excitement during the games and cheers from the crowds that began to build some fascination within my sense of self. Teams...Cheers...Excitement! Those became some foundation for my inner soul.

My parents would take me to see the Knoxville Smokies, which soon became the K-Jays at Bill Meyer Stadium. Those were fond memories as well. Minor League Baseball was the closest Knoxville could come to professional baseball and we always had a grand day watching the action. Too many incidents to write about in this article, but I was a Pirates fan at the time and wore my Pirates hat to a game when a couple of friends walked past and one said, "See There, Man... He Knows What Time it IS!" in reference to me being a Pirates fan. From there on it became a running joke amongst my family when they would often ask me "What Time Is It?"

Timing is a factor in much of life and the one regret I have with sports is the 1996 Olympics held in Atlanta. A coworker had a couple of tickets to one of the events and gave them to me because I was new. I had just moved to Atlanta and felt intimidated by the traffic and wasted the opportunity. I still have the tickets as a reminder of how fear and intimidation often get in the way of something that could've been a great experience.

Less than six miles away from my home is the Gwinnett Arena in Duluth, Georgia. The SEC Womens Basketball Championship was held there for many years and I finally bought tickets to the event. Pat Summit was the Lady Vols coach and was closing in on the all-time record for the most wins at the Division I level for mens and womens basketball. I bought two tickets, but had to go alone as my date had other plans, but I got to see the SEC Championship game as the Lady Vols beat Kentucky to win yet another conference title. It was the first time I saw Pat Summit on the sidelines coaching her team and it made quite an impression. The game was close throughout as both teams were highly competitive, but Tennessee came out victorious and I went back home thinking that was the most amazing sporting event I had ever witnessed!

I am fanatic about sports in how it is reflective of life itself. The excitement of the game, the strategy and preparation that goes into an event, and the unexpected consequences in which teams make adjustments are those very elements that I find fascinating. The X's and O's of a game strategy are often the template for success, but life has a way of throwing curveballs in which adjustments are needed. I see that in my own career as nothing can be carved in stone when new ideas go beyond what has been established as a rule.

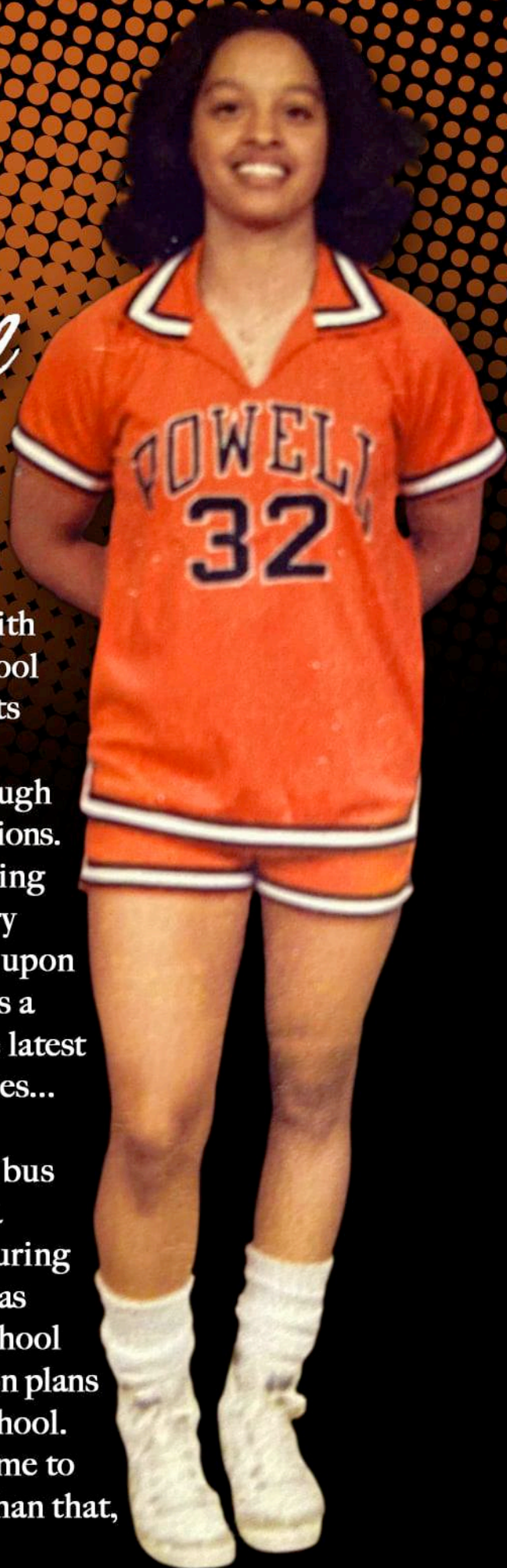
I was given tickets to the first Atlanta Thrashers hockey playoff game. It came full circle for me in that I was there when the team revealed their logo at the CNN Center (Read more about it in my NATURE article.) I met with a client wearing my Thrasher jersey and wutbessed a hockey game played at a whole new level. Both teams were going at it hard-core, but Jaromir Jagr was impressive as he had been playing the game for many years. His experience was the difference. If I only knew then what I know now...Experience in life and sports becomes victorious!

King and Queen OF THE COURT

Middle school was a transitional phase for me as with most while Powell had just built a new Middle school to accommodate the growing population of students that filtered in from various other school systems. I had shared the same building with my father through most of elementary school until the new accommodations. Entering Sixth grade in the new building was exciting and far more modern than the old school elementary architecture with the red bricks and wooden floors upon the basketball court. The Middle school's court was a new PolyTurf surface that was smooth and was the latest in advanced flooring for indoor recreational activities... such as Basketball.

The one cool thing back then was early morning bus room included physical activities before classes as a supervising teacher would allow students to play during the morning while waiting for school to begin. I was always an hour early and had to wait as I rode to school with my dad, who liked to get to school early for lesson plans and other tasks before the kids came rolling into school.

Enter Alicia Lattimore. She was another that came to school early and we quickly became friends. More than that, we became a team together.



Powell Middle prided itself in its physical education initiative and that was one of the reasons we had early morning physical activities and so when Ernie Israel showed up to supervise...it was GAME ON! Alicia and I teamed up for Two-on-Two in morning basketball and we were King and Queen of the Court! it was rare we ever lost a game. Alicia was one of dad's players on his team, but we had a league of our own before class would begin. Typically, it was two-on-two and the first to get ten points was the winner. The winner remains on the court to face another challenge and we probably played 20-30 games each morning. I can only remember one loss. We looked at each other in the eyes and it was as if we were thinking the same thing, "How did that happen?"

That took me to another level and we never lost another game. It was as if we had one mind shared between us on the court, knowing what the other was thinking. Alicia scored, I scored, Alicia scored again and again and game over! We dominated!

The bell would ring for classes to begin while we ruled victoriously! Truth to tell, she was the better athlete as my dad's starting point guard and had all the talent and aggression for the sport. I was just good enough to make the team. Together, we were one. We were unstoppable. We had a true bonding unlike any other I have never had in sports or any relationship.

I think back to those days with a great sense of pride and confidence. It was such a boost for me at a time when everything else seemed skeptical. It gave me a great sense of confidence...or should I say Alicia helped me overcome some personal demons that were dragging me through Hell.

We were winners. There would be a line halfway out the door just to play against the two of us because we were the Champions of the Court. It was like the old west where you wanted to oust the famous gunslingers! It takes a lifetime to reflect upon how someone enters your life and helps create something magical and you may not even be aware how much impact that may have at the moment, but Alicia was one to help build confidence in myself at a time when I wasn't sure about my efforts. Both of us were perspiring and dripping with sweat as the bell rang to go to class.

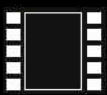
We both continued to play basketball throughout Middle and High School and Alicia went on to college playing for Walters State on an athletic scholarship.

After 36 years since we've seen each other we plan to have a One-on-One to see if we still have what it takes to rule as King and Queen of the Court!



I just happened to be scrolling through the channels on television when I came across some familiar faces. There was Jon Nelson and Mark Harmon hosting a show called "Sports Central" on one of the Public broadcasting stations in Atlanta. Both were recent colleagues I worked with at CBS Atlanta and I was heavily involved with "CBS Sportsline," which was where I was still employed. It would just be a matter of time as CBS Atlanta decided to get rid of their sports department personnel and I guess I was their next target. Months later I would join Jon and Mark at Georgia Public Broadcasting as they were preparing to showcase the High School Football Championships in 2010.

The Championship games were always a huge ratings marker and GPB had the rights to air through the GHSA. It would be just the beginning to something much larger on the horizon as next spring led to a meeting about preparing for a full season of showcasing High School Football in which we would present a full production each week on television. Football Fridays in Georgia!



Jon Nelson and Mark Harmon during the PreGame Show before the action on the field for *Football Fridays in Georgia*.

I was given the task to create the graphics package for Football Fridays. There were three artists initially that contributed in a variety of ways. Myself, Rashad Christopher, and Mark Bradway. We were the team assembled to take on the challenge of creating all the graphic production needs. From Open Animations, Transitions, Segment opens, and Chyron Font Operations...we worked together to bring the production to a higher level than what had been expected. Good vibes within our group as we each had something to contribute and IJ Rosenberg gave us all complimentary remarks after the first game aired from the Corky Kell Classic in the Georgia Dome on August 20, 2011.

GPB was onto something special and it soon became a monster production with so many resources to help provide all the necessary needs. Corporate underwriting soon began to filter into the system as regional and national companies wanted to support the weekly games that reached so many viewers. I was glad to be a part of it all as it was building into a larger audience than I expected. I think we were all surprised to see how the idea of High School Sports could help build such a following.



A couple of athletes from the Marietta Blue Devils posing for me as I made my rounds taking behind the scenes photos and action shots during the game.

Working dynamics would change as new ideas and graphic elements were needed. There was often a new segment or underwriting that would be introduced and that always kept me busy with workload. From mid-July throughout the season, I would be swamped with preparation for the next game production as it included team specific matchups in which I would re-create logos to build from scratch to implement into a 3D program I often use for animations. My work is just the beginning as everything needs to be loaded in for Production during game night.

The Production is well beyond any standard as there is a limited crew, but the quality is on par with any cable television presentation. I felt a need to be more a part of it all and offered to come out to the games on Friday nights to help out in any way I could. I took my camera just in case. That led to my need to capture some behind-the-scenes photos as well as taking action photos during the game. It was as if I never left childhood in that I was at home in my element doing something beyond my wildest expectations. Never mind the work involved throughout the week that was needed...Football Fridays in Georgia were my time to fulfill ambition.



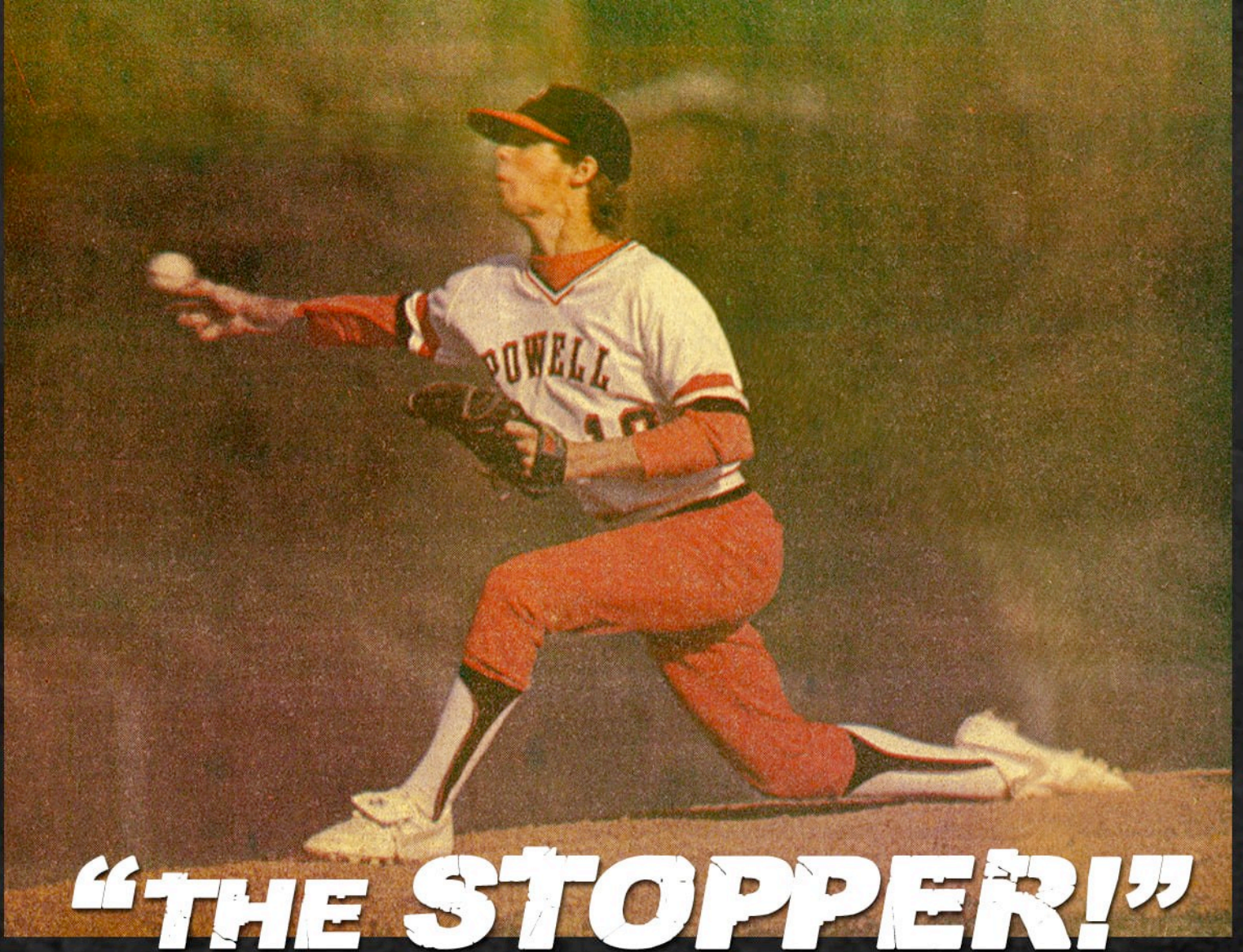
Kelin Johnson and Trey McDaniel with the Football Fridays in Georgia game coverage.

Fanatic Kids posing in the TV Prop. ►

After the game, I would go back home and transfer my photos from my camera's memory stick to download onto my computer. I would filter through 300-500 photos each game to pick out the ones that were best representative of the night's event. I would be up all night and into the next morning around 4-6 am editing and color-correcting photos to share as soon as I would finish with the production crew. It was insanity, but I was driven to keep the magic brewing and I knew many of the photos I would take would come in handy down the road. Yes, those photographs became imperative to new graphic developments and additional sponsorships.

Ten years later, GPB Sports has grown in many ways and new corporate underwriting helps drive the funding that goes into production. It's been a remarkable journey for the media as a whole. Social Media is now a large aspect of what we do in addition to television broadcasting. I was helping to promote Football Fridays on Facebook long before we even had a social media department. Dynamics change as that has become such an integral part of the nature of the business.

The past two seasons have been impressive as I've delivered so many graphics for so many needs as Football Fridays continues to grow. We just renewed our relationship with the Governor's Office of Highway Safety and others to continue our production efforts. It's a blessing to us all as we are committed to providing those interests to the state of Georgia whom all turn to GPB for **FOOTBALL FRIDAYS IN GEORGIA!**



“THE STOPPER!”

April 10, 1985. I was on the mound pitching for my high school baseball team early in the season against South-Young. “Smokey” came to the plate and we all knew the damage that could be done with one swing of the bat, so it was suggested I pitch him on the outside edge of the plate so no harm could be done. I pitched side-arm and had an impressive slider that would curve away from right-handed batters and inside against lefties. The only problem was that I was not yet at a level of total control with my pitches. I would often take a deep breath and spit out a juice of Red Man tobacco to intimidate opponents and then I would wind up and release. The ball went right down the middle of the plate and Smokey knocked it into the next county! Fortunately for me it was a foul ball, but my coach, Danny Maples came out of the dugout to shout a few profanities. That’s just how it was with Powell Panthers baseball in that you take the punishment and criticism for anything that goes foul.

I wind up and throw another pitch and it’s almost dejavu all over again in the famous words of Yogi Berra as the ball flew so far away it had it’s own flight attendant! Again...fortunately for me it went foul. More cursing to endure and I could sense frustration amongst my teammates as the catcher hurled another ball back to me that could’ve been clocked at 100 mph!

The team had nicknamed me “The Stopper” because I stopped the opponents from a chance to advance or gain momentum. I took another deep breath and stepped onto the mound with more focus as the odds were in my favor. I had two strikes and no balls and Smokey was looking for a wasted pitch outside that he figured would be chasing a pitch.

“Strike Three!” was the call on the outside corner as I struck him out with only three pitches! That was perhaps the most miraculous moment in my entire sports career as we won the game 9-0 (with a 10-2 season record thus far) as I had a fourth shutout performance win with nine strikeouts! It was one of many fond memories in which I got the chance to perform for my school and the experience gave me great confidence in myself learning to bond with others in competition.

I was at my best physical condition that year as I went on to eleven more wins and only one loss. Statistics can be deceptive because although my I was in prime physical condition, my mental condition was suffering. I often reflect about my unhappiness and sense of loneliness during my Senior year, and I think for the most part it was due to misconceptions and unrealistic expectations that were at the core of my emotions. Even though my body was fit, my mind continued to live within the “Strike Zone of Pessimism.”

I had only myself to blame in that I had placed barriers of negativity and had an arrogant attitude working against my true ambitions. Call it a phase of adolescent maturation, but I was “Stopping” myself from becoming who I wanted to be. Some may relate to a time when your mind seems to be radically different than expectations. That was me back then.

We went to the Sub-State Finals that year and I was the starting pitcher. I had “Butterflies” and that is often a sense of anxiety that comes with pressure. It was predetermined that I would face the first round of batters and there would be a pitching change to confuse the opponent. It made some sense to me in theory, but the game often evolves on it’s own accord. Long story short, we lost the game, but had made a remarkable comeback as I distinctly remember Jimmy Miller hitting the ball that looked as if it would go yard and over the fence for another Panther victory. It fell just short and was caught for the final out. of the season. Life can be a game of inches and yet I take great pride in just being part of that special team. It was memorable for a lifetime! There was a inal awards ceremony that celebrated our success for the season, but I was not in the frame of mind to attend. I was honored the “Fireman Award” for pitching and the memories are far more precious than the trophy as I got the chance to play with some great athletes that are still my friends today!





Brown Thrasher

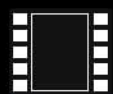


Photo of a Brown Thrasher upon my Suet Feeder in my backyard tree.

Spring 1999. A crowd had gathered in the CNN Atrium as I was on my way to lunch from my daily graphic duties. I stepped into the mix of patrons to see what the buzz was all about when it became clear Atlanta had a new franchise professional hockey team. The media was there to cover the unveiling of the logo. The Atlanta Thrashers!

From that point on I took an interest in hockey. I was never a fan of the sport, but now it had taken on new meaning as they would be playing games just next door in the newly-built Philips Arena adjacent to the CNN Center. I became a fan just because I was witness from the beginning and hockey had come back to Atlanta.

The logo was typical of many modern logos with sharp angles and curves reflective of an iconic symbol suited for a team of destiny. The Thrashers would become a team to contend as they proved themselves worthy of competition in the NHL.

The Brown Thrasher is the State Bird of Georgia. Funny enough, before they decided upon a name for Atlanta, it was called "Thrasherville."

The bird is abundant in the Eastern, Central and Southern United States as well as prominent in Canada. Often confused with the Wood Thrush, which looks fairly similar...the difference can be seen in the yellow eyes. It's diet consists of insects, fruits, and nuts... but it can often be seen upon my Suet feeder. Indeed, the Brown Thrasher rules the roost when it comes to feeding. No other birds come near when it wants to feed. They are highly defensive and will attack humans if they get too close to their nest.



The "Thrasher" name derives from Ancient Greek and Latin that is descriptive of an arching mouth. Thrashers have a distinctively short-lived life. Most never survive past 3-5 years and the chances they continue to become exposed to cold weather limits their ability for a life of longevity. Although considered an aggressive bird, they are quite reserved and hide in the thick bushes when threatened. They typically fly low to the ground to evade larger predators. Mate-Switching occurs from those who have done extensive research, but there is no specific reason as to why this occurs. As they are territorial, it may be that the female decides to take opportunity to find a more comfortable home.

The Brown Thrasher has over 3,000 vocal song phrases containing melodic tones iterated no more than three times. It has been noted that males often sing together in winter months, perhaps as a ritual to themselves entertained.

The Brown Thrasher is still widespread and common in many eastern states and there is another western version that is prominent. Although they have declined in number in recent years, their status is listed as vulnerable. Their largest predator are other birds that infiltrate their nests, such as catbirds, snakes, birds of prey and cats.

I love seeing the Brown Thrasher on my Suet as they take center stage and no other bird dares to chase it away. They are a dominant bird that is reflective of many that want to survive, despite the circumstances.

<https://graphicasyllumweb.shutterfly.com/pictures>



I was fortunate to get tickets to Braves Baseball games that were distributed to Turner employees as a perk for employment. I used those to invite family members for an outing once a year to a game of interest...usually an interleague game between the Braves against the Red Sox or Yankees. Good times with family and friends as I wandered through Turner Field with my uncle to grab something to eat.

One particular stand stood out from the rest. It was a collection of hot dogs from all over the Major League Parks. The varieties from Wrigley Field to Fenway Park was the attraction and you could order a similar treat from the many options.

I went with "The Wrigley" as it had much on it I desired. A hot dog with onions, jalapeno peppers, cucumbers, bell peppers, pickles and tomato slices. That was good enough to eat!



That was just one of many inspirations driving my need to generate a cookbook on how to put forth a creative project to help others go to bat for themselves as I had to learn as well. The Major League hot dog stand impressed me with so many options and I wish I had stolen a base menu, but the very idea of it encourages me to think for myself in what is possible. I save every recipe of interest in hopes I can replicate that magic.

It begins with a brat on the grill. Sometimes it is just a hot dog, but whatever you desire is sufficient as I then toast the bread with a little butter and some seasonings, such as garlic salt, black pepper, and parsley. I then swipe on the mustard and horseradish because I love the two flavors together (They combine the two in many grocery stores these days!)

A chopped Red Onion with sliced Jalapeno Peppers, Pickles, Olives. Bell Pepper, and Cucumbers add to my favorite Major League Brat! Others may include a Chili mix with Sauerkraut, which is another favorite. It just depends on what you have and the willingness for your potential taste buds. You can have your plain dog with mustard and that is OK with me, but I like to believe I'm in the Major League and need some extra innings to win in the game of flavor!

For more recipes from my "GOURMET GALLERY" eMail me at:

graphicasylum@yahoo.com

DALLAS VRS MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA



Collective Memories

If you were to take a journey through a time machine when I was a child you would find my parents living room carpet outlined with masking tape that were the boundaries of the current seasonal sport. I would put out all my ball cards I collected, and others I created for myself to have a complete team and imagine the game happening at the moment. It was my playtime and sports was the one thing that seemed more than an interest...it was a passion. Looking back, it was spontaneous creativity that trained me through some measure in which sports was the foundation of entertaining my own sense of development.

As far back as elementary school, I was drawing and coloring with crayons a simple field view of some sport as the action was happening. Art became another outlet for me to express myself as a child. My parents had to keep buying me magic markers through the years because I would run dry with certain colors. It was just an expectation that I would get a new set for Christmas!

My childhood was surrounded by sports as my father coached basketball and I was often at the games to witness the fans cheering on their teams. It was always an atmosphere of excitement and I think that was the key to why I've gravitated to sports through artistic endeavors.

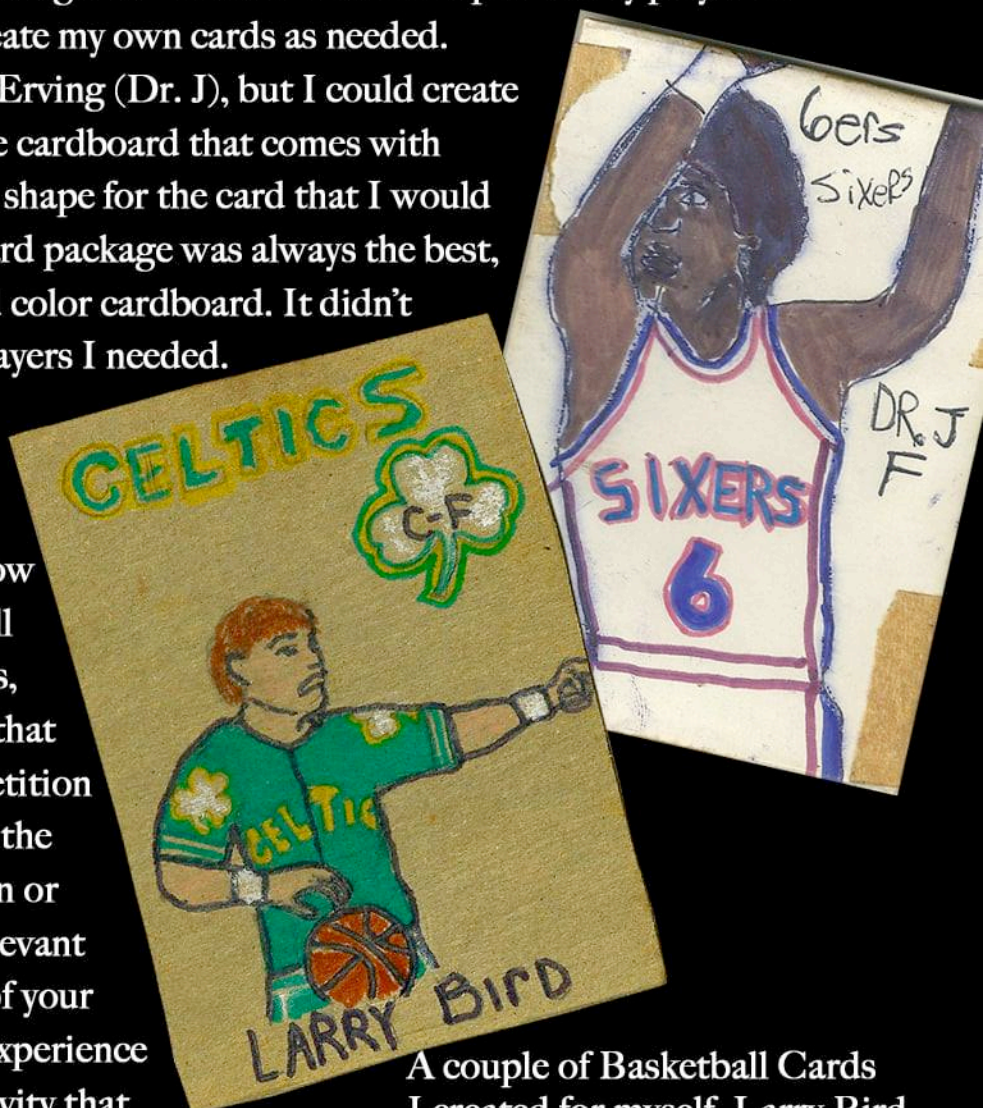
In many ways, I've never grown up since childhood as I'm still doing much the same today as I did when I was young. It's the Peter Pan Principle in that doing what you love keeps you young at heart. I am lucky, but I still have those adult responsibilities to manage. Much changes through a lifetime, yet I always find my way into some aspect of sports enthusiasm through artistic ventures.

Basketball season was special. There was always excitement, but my parents never used their dining room table because that's where I had my basketball court and cards ready to play. I went to extreme measures...I even created my own advertisements that I placed around the edges. I used plastic bottles of Brut aftershave as a structure to place a cardboard goal hinged on wires for a basket. I was so involved in my creativity that I kept records of scoring during the games.

I remember having a timer in which I had to pressure myself to go through my ballcard game before the alarm sounded. It was **SERIOUS PLAYTIME!** I can laugh now, but I was driven to find something progressive that was equally entertaining. TOPPS came out with basketball cards one year that were twice the size as normal cards and I was angered because all my cards had been the standard size and it wasn't fair for me to play with those larger cards. I was pissed! How dare they change format and size! That went against all that I had developed for my playtime.

It didn't matter because I could create my own cards as needed. I never collected Larry Bird or Julius Erving (Dr. J), but I could create those cards for myself. I often used the cardboard that comes with packaged grocery items to cut out the shape for the card that I would then draw and color. A white cardboard package was always the best, but most were the typical brown-hued color cardboard. It didn't matter as long as I could create the players I needed.

Fond memories from childhood playing with ball cards and drawing images of sports that somehow led to a career. It's a bit more complicated now with sophisticated 3d programs and all that goes into full graphic productions, but the inspiration is still the same in that sports becomes the measure of competition as much as an exciting experience. In the end, it doesn't matter whether you win or lose...the thing that becomes most relevant is that you play the game to the best of your abilities with all the knowledge and experience and in the end...it's a passion of creativity that fulfills the heart and soul.



A couple of Basketball Cards I created for myself. Larry Bird and Dr. J, Julius Erving.

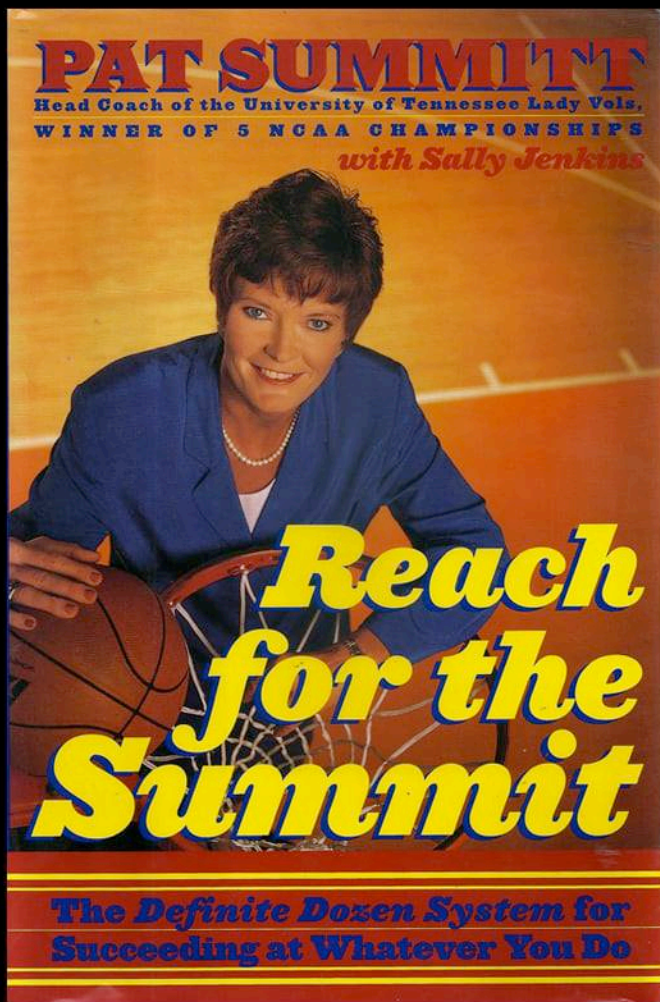


There have been many basketball dynasties throughout history since Naismith invented the game and great players who have made such incredible contributions to their team's success...Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, Larry Bird, and Dr. J to name a few. So it begs to consider, what was the best team ever? I have the answer...The West Central Mustangs in 1974-75.

We Kicked Ass! We dominated each and every game winning by double digits. It was unfair to other teams, but then again...life can be unfair at times! It was my first year playing recreational ball and we had all the talent on one team. I was Point Guard and all of us got plenty of playing time on the floor. Some games were called early as we had such a wide margin lead.

Yet, for everything glorious, there is a back-handed weakness in that we never struggled nor faced adversity. There was never much pressure to playing the game and at such a young age, you begin to build expectations that you will win every game in dominant fashion. The next season would be quite different as the more talented players were divided amongst various teams.

West Central had all the opportunities for recreational sports in Knoxville and I was fortunate that my parents signed me up to play. So many fond memories through the years and the kids I played with and against, I would later see go on to bigger and better athletic conditions. I am back row on the left next to our coach in the photo.



My father and I share only one common team favorite, the Lady Vols Womens Basketball from the University of Tennessee. We're both fans of Pat Summitt and I was fortunate to see the Lady Vols win the SEC Championship game vs Kentucky in 20xx at the Gwinnett Arena in Duluth, just a few miles away from my home. Dad collected newspaper articles that he would pass onto me after reading as he knew I had a collection and then suggested I read her book that was written during her prime. "Reach For The Summit" was a revelation! Being a fan for so many years was only scratching the surface of what I now think was one of the greatest coaches of all time. The book goes beyond the sport to virtually every aspect of life in breaking down the the essential properties of what makes you better and how to avoid the pitfalls.

Pat's Definite Dozen System helps you to succeed at whatever you do and provides a solid foundation for improvement on any level. Of course, the book is filled with details and specifics of those teams from 1987-1997 as the Lady Vols had won 5 National Championships during those years and would go on to win three more with Pat Summitt as Head Coach,

but the stories are compelling and you don't necessarily need to know the specifics to get the messages she reveals to the reader that could easily be transcribed through your own experiences. Once I began reading this book, i literally could not put it down. What's next? I couldn't wait to turn the pages to discover not so much a history or documentation, but rather those concepts and themes that pertained to my own world by comparison. I have read numerous books related to coaches biographies and sports athletes, but this one took me over and beyond the summit!



NEXT:

Black and White

For September, I thought it would be an interesting challenge for myself to create an entire edition of GRAPHIC ARCHIVES Magazine simply in Black and White. Nothing political or racial in content, but an artistic theme devoid of color to showcase how art is not always a fully-painted canvas with a variety of colors. Let me know what you thought about this issue by sending me an email or message. I like getting input from others as it often enhances my own perspective.

email: graphicasyllum@yahoo.com

[illegible]

MORA

GIBBONS

RICHARD.

RATISTA

B. ROBERTS (8)
HAIRSTON

RIPKEN

CONINE

W. ROBERTS



LUNAR

UMPIRES:

PLATE BELL

FIRST McCLELLAND

SECOND *BARKSDALE*

THIRD EMMEL

RIGHT FIELD**LEFT FIELD**

TOTALS

R

H

--	--

--	--

ORIOLES

4

3

1

1

BRAVES

4

4

1

WINNING PITCHER

ROBERTS

7

LOSING PITCHER

RURKETT

6

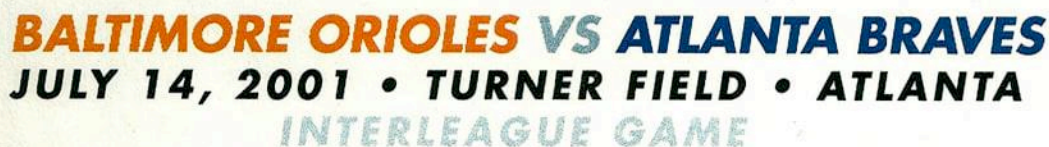
TIME OF GAME

2:55

ATTENDANCE

50,069

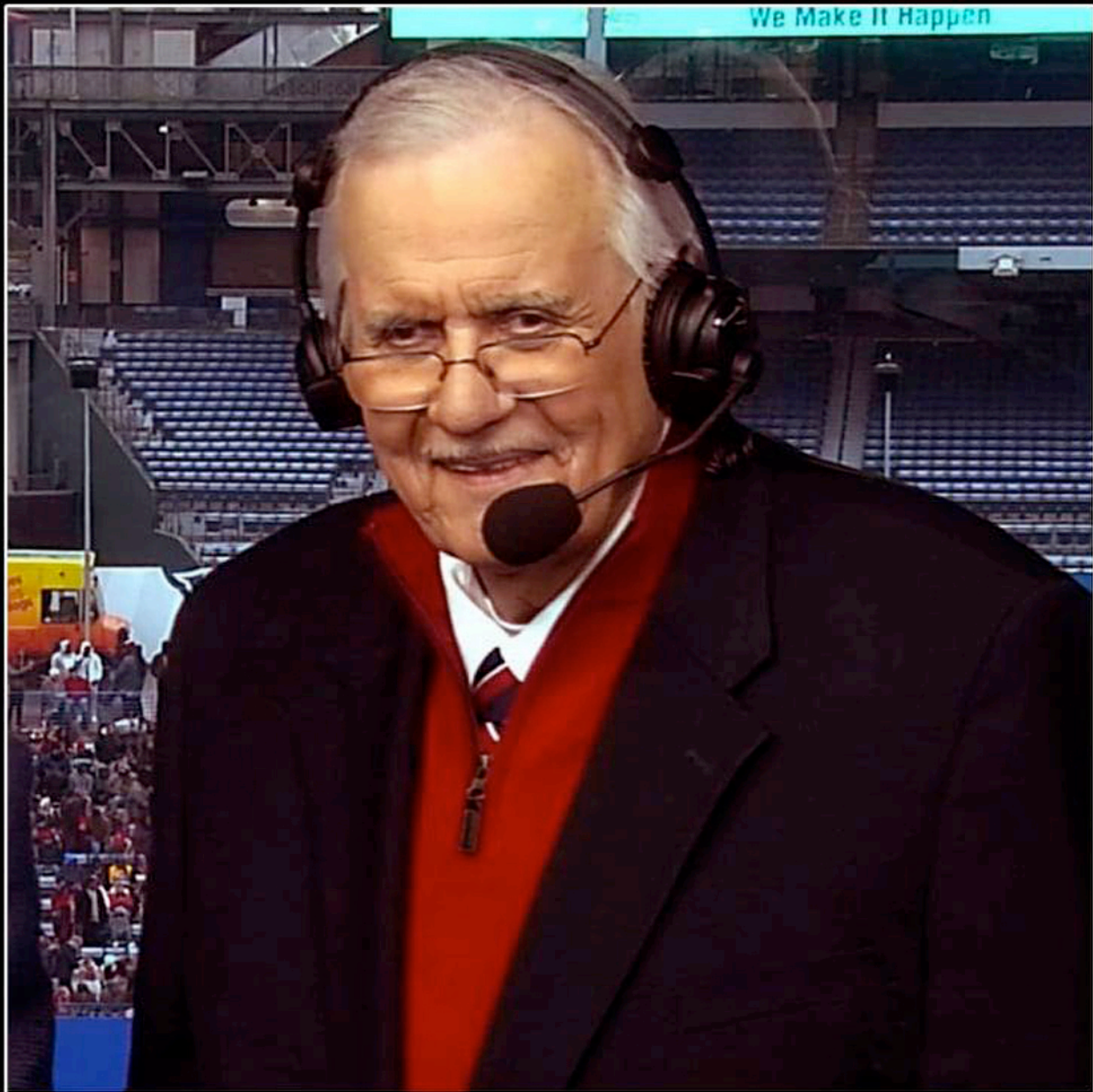
#	BALTIMORE ORIOLES	POS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	AB	H	R	RBI	
15	JERRY HAIRSTON	2B	FQ	G-3			F6	F9		G-3			5	0	0	0	
6	MELVIN MORA	CF	K		K		S-4 IB SB FC	F4			F9		5	1	0	0	
38	CHRIS RICHARD	RF			SB RB		FC		K		F5		4	1	0	0	
18	JEFF CONINE	1B	IB		K		BB		X		F8		4	1	0	0	
25	JAM GIBBONS	LF	4-3		F7		4-3		ZB 				4	1	0	0	
10	TOMY BATISTA	SS		BB		HR.		IB	K				3	2	2	1	
8	CAL RIPKEN, JR.	3B		BB		F4		HR. . .		HR.			3	2	2	3	
51	FERNANDO LUNAR	C		K		F8		E2		K			4	0	0	0	
37	WILLIS ROBERTS	P				K		K		K			3	0	0	0	
1	BRIAN ROBERTS	PH		3-4 sac		K		K		K			1	0	0	0	
		R				1		2		1			FINAL SCORE:				4
		H	2			1	1	2	1	1			TOTAL HITS:				8
		E						1					ERRORS:				1
		LB	2	2	1		2	1	1				LEFT ON BASE:				9



NOTES:

- CAL RIPKEN, JR. 2 HOME RUNS, 3 RBI, 2 RUNS SCORED IN HIS LAST APPEARANCE VS BRAVES AT TURNER FIELD.
- WP: ROBERTS (7-7); LP: BURKETT (6-7); SV: GROOM (1)
- CAL RIPKEN, JR.: 15-GAME HITTING STREAK (LONGEST SINCE 17 GAMES IN 1992)
- CAL RIPKEN, JR.: 20TH MULTI-HOME RUN GAME IN CAREER

GRAPHIC ARCHIVES



An issue dedicated to Tommy Palmer, one of our dear friends at Georgia Public Broadcasting who passed away last year. His insight into the many High School sports was a true service to the community. He is missed by all of those family, friends, and sports colleagues.

Be sure to watch the video that honors his career: "A Race Well Run"
www.gpb.org/blogs/gpb-sports-blog/2020/09/04/tommy-palmer-race-well-run