

# Southfield springs into cage semifinals

By Tom Baer  
staff writer

Southfield started like a house afire and reduced Sterling Heights Stevenson to ashes last night in the state Class A high school basketball quarterfinal at the University of Detroit's Callhan Hall.

In Southfield's '84-'88 blowout of Stevenson left the Blue Jay fans chanting: "We want The Judge! We want The Judge!"

Another Southfield fan shouted, "It'll be Spring's (Southfield's Michael McCaskill) versus The Judge (Detroit, Southwestern's Antoine Joubert)." Those two standouts and their respective teams will square off at 3:15 p.m. tomorrow in the Class A semifinal at Michigan State University's Jenison Fieldhouse.

Coach Greg Sitwka's Southfield squad, now 24-2 on the season, used a quick start and big scoring nights by stars McCaskill and Joey Walton to put down the Stevenson team. The Jays jumped to a 24-10 lead at the quarter and were never headed.

McCaskill, the Jays' 6-foot-4 senior, impressed an array of college coaches by scoring 14 first-quarter points and finishing with a game-high 24. He also played a big defensive role with eight blocked shots and 11 rebounds.

Walton, a 5-11 spark-plug guard, scored eight points in the opening quarter on his way to 16 for the night.

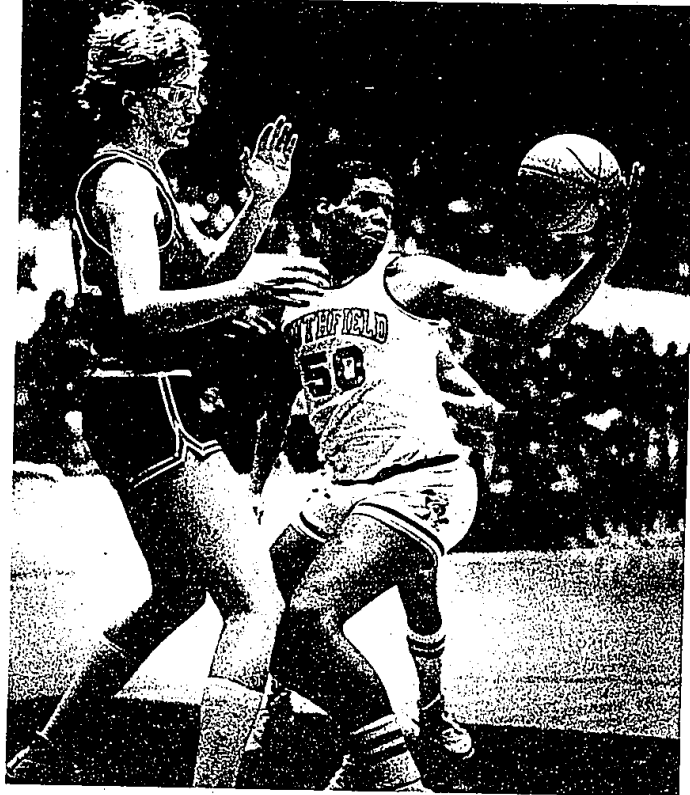
Jeff McCool, Stevenson's sophomore scoring machine, had trouble getting the ball in the early going, but finished with 16 points. Ray Borkowski scored 18 points to lead Stevenson, which bowed out with an 18-8 record.

Southwestern and Joubert advanced to the semifinals by beating Lansing Everett in last night's quarterfinal at Charlotte.

Last season, Southfield advanced to the East Lansing semifinal only to lose to Flint Central on a 40-foot miracle shot by Mark Harris at the buzzer.



Joey Walton (10) pumps in two of the 16 points he scored in Southfield's victory over Sterling Heights Stevenson. That's Stevenson's Ray Borkowski (22) guarding Walton.



Southfield's Lorenzo McCaskill (50) pulls in a loose ball during Southfield's 64-48 drubbing of Sterling Heights Stevenson in quarterfinal action Wednesday at Callhan Hall. Lorenzo's brother Michael had a game-high 24 points for Southfield.

MINDY SAUNDERS/staff photographer

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## Madness reigns on NCAA trip

You haven't experienced March Madness until you've been to an NCAA basketball tournament.

I had the privilege and the pleasure last weekend, joining a cast of characters that would rival the "Still the Beaver" group. Some came as far away as Illinois and Washington D.C. for the annual ritual of spring.

The destination was Louisville's Freedom Hall, a mammoth structure that can house any convention group or concert imaginable.

The card for the Midwest Regional was entertaining. Georgetown, Memphis State, Iowa and Missouri. There was also a couple of lesser knowns — Alcorn State and Utah State.

The trip started in Plymouth at the residence of the tournament toastmaster, better known as "Delph" or "Hagler."

Our vehicle of transportation, a cross between a van and a motor home, was primed and ready to go at 7 sharp Friday morning.

The man responsible for getting us there was a guy called "Digger," a cross between a Teamster truck driver and Digger Phelps.

DIGGER's son tagged along as well as Whitey, Sprout and the Whale. They were joined by four others and myself as we headed down I-75 to Louisville.

A table was set in place as a big Euchre game unfolded.

There were some minor disputes along the way. Digger's son accused Whale of giving signals to Sprout.

Meanwhile, a guy named Norm Cash, sitting up front, was setting up some betting pools for when we got to the arena. And nobody dared to sleep because Whale always had a prank up his sleeve.

But everybody was united on where to stop for lunch. It had to be Gold Star Chili in Middletown, Ohio.

Whale ordered all newcomers to get the Five-Way, a combination of noodles, onions, chili, cheese and beans.

Of course, I tried the Five-Way and ordered a Cheese Coney on the side. That held me over for the rest of the seven-hour trip.

"It doesn't get any better than this," said Sprout.

OUR TOASTMASTER, Delph, greeted us at the Executive Inn. It was only two blocks away from the Exposition and State Fairgrounds (Freedom Hall).

The rooms were lavish and the prices were cheap. The food was fine. Both Iowa and Memphis State had set up quarters.

The place was crawling with Iowans. Guys like Olson, Stokes and Carline were their Gods.

We got to Freedom Hall in plenty of time for the Friday night double-header. Our seats were in the end zone, but it didn't matter. We moved around a lot and found better vantage points.



Brad Emons

Louisville fans, anticipating that their Cardinals would be playing at home, bought up all the tickets — 15,000 to be exact. And when the NCAA shipped their team to the Evansville regional, everybody was in a foul mood.

Dann Kirk, the Memphis State coach, was even booed during a television interview during halftime of the second game. It wasn't his fault they were in Evansville, but the Card fans let him know who was boss. Both schools play in the Metro Conference.

Louisville fans were paying scalpers in Evansville \$250 per ticket to watch their beloved Cards.

Meanwhile, tickets at Freedom Hall were easy to come by.

Georgetown, Utah State and Alcorn all had small followings.

But the Hawkeyes seemed to have everybody in attendance.

"We're going to fight, fight, fight for Iowa," chanted the troops.

NATURALLY, I always root for the underdog. Alcorn put up a fight, but Ewing was too tough. Utah State didn't have a player above 6-foot-7, but they gave the bigger Hawkeyes all they could handle.

A freshman named Grant, a lefty, played like a senior for the Aggies. He was above and over the rim all night long.

On Saturday, the crew killed some time by playing basketball outside at a nearby local high school. Lunch at Gold Star followed. Later that evening, the crew headed for a delicious cuisine at Cliff Hagen's, owned by the former University of Kentucky great and current athletic director. Steaks were the main attraction.

After a trip to Phoenix Hill, a popular nightclub of rock-and-roll and country-and-western, the group returned to the lobby and were greeted by more Hawkeyes and Memphis State Tigers.

Whale thought I was going to get in a fight when I told a Tiger fan that the Big East Conference, which includes the Georgetown Hoyas, was the best in the nation. He then said Dick Vitale was full of baloney and that really struck a raw nerve.

I later told him I was for Memphis anyway and he became my friend.

"I think it's great you came all the way from Detroit to see this," he said.

SOMEBODY THEN ASKED what and the heck a Hoyas was. A Tiger fan came over and pulled out a card which explained

where the name of the rock originated. He had gotten it from a Georgetown cheerleader.

On Sunday afternoon, the crew found better seats and cheerleaders for Memphis State, mainly because of their Pom-Pom squad, the national champs.

While they stole the show during halftime and timeouts, Keith Lee, a skinny 6-10 forward with long arms and processed hair, was putting on his own production on the floor, leading his team to victory.

The second game was all Iowa and their fans appreciated the performance even more.

"If their was a puddle in the way and Lute Olson (the Iowa coach) had to cross the street, somebody would lay their coat down," said one Iowa native.

During halftime of the Missouri-Iowa game, I spotted former Michigan great Rudy Tomjanovich smoking a cigarette in the concourse. He's scouting for the Houston Rockets now.

DIGGER, our steady man at the wheel, meanwhile, started another marathon euchre game under a high stakes format.

The game started at about 6:30 p.m. and didn't end until 2 a.m. There were some anxious moments when Sprout and Whale had to pay up after being beaten soundly.

"You guys don't have to get so serious," chided Whale. "This was just a friendly game."

By that time we had already hit the blizzard around Fort Wayne and crawled home at about 35 MPH the rest of the way.

Through it all, Digger remained cool and calm. He battled the ice on the windshield and the hard-charging diesel trucks roaring carelessly to the side on the slick interstate.

WE ROLLED into Plymouth somewhat tired around 5 a.m., but spirits were still high. Our toastmaster, who traveled with another group on I-75 through Ohio, made it back about 2:30 a.m.

I caught some sleep and headed into the offices at 8 p.m. Monday. Driving back I reflected on my March Madness experience. It was a blast.

I'd do it again. How does next year in Milwaukee sound?

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