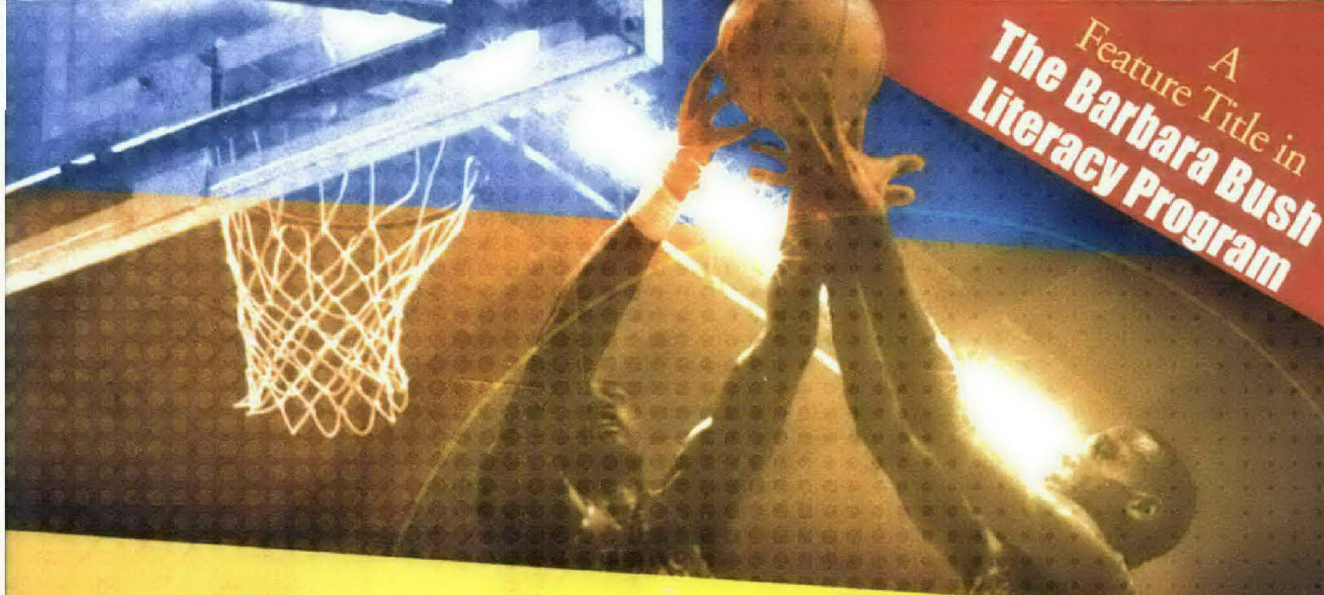


EXHIBIT B



A
Feature Title in
**The Barbara Bush
Literacy Program**

SLAM DUNK *to* **GLORY**

The **Amazing True Story**
of the '1966 NCAA Season
and the **Championship Game**
that **Changed America Forever**



David "Big Daddy D" Lattin
Foreword by **Clyde "The Glide" Drexler**

SLAM DUNK TO GLORY

*The Amazing Story of the 1966 NCAA Season
and the Championship Game
that Changed America*

**DAVID
“BIG DADDY D”
LATTIN**



WHITE STONE BOOKS
LAKELAND, FLORIDA

All scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible: New International Version*®. NIV®. (North American Edition)®. Copyright 1973, 1978, 1984 by International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved.

12 11 10 09 08 07 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Slam Dunk to Glory
The Amazing Story of the 1966 NCAA Season
and the Championship Game that Changed America
1-59379-117-8

Copyright © 2006 by David Lattin
Published by White Stone Books, Inc.
P.O. Box 2835
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Printed in the United States of America. All rights reserved under International Copyright Law. Contents and/or cover may not be reproduced in whole or in part in any form without the express written consent of the Publisher.

But he had not acknowledged me for my play with this team. No, he remembered me from an earlier team, from a single game in which I had played—from my moment in history.

We left after 20 minutes or so, but I was still in awe. I had come a long, long way from the streets of Houston, Texas.



Bobby Joe Hill, the other great star of the 1966 championship Texas Western Basketball Team, and I often talked about writing a book about that season. When he died unexpectedly a few years ago, I put the idea aside until I was approached to play a bit part in the motion picture *Glory Road*. I knew that the movie, and the companion book by Coach Don Haskins, would draw enormous attention to the game and surrounding events. It is a compelling story. I should know; I was part of it.

Bobby Joe Hill was no longer there to take part, but I could still write about what it was like for us, for those athletes who actually played the games that season. No one but the black players on the team knew what it was like for us as we entered the all-white Cole Stadium for the championship game; how we felt looking at the all-white referee crew, white reporters, white scorer's table, white cheerleaders, and nearly all white fans. Bobby Joe's brother and a small but very spirited group from his hometown of Highland Park, Michigan, were there to cheer us on.

Winning the NCAA championship that year was the crowning achievement for Coach Haskins, but the victory did not mean to him what it came to mean to us. It could not possibly, since he did not walk in our shoes or come from our neighborhoods. As good a man as he is, and as great a coach as he was, he did not suffer the constant reminders of the inequalities in America

that we faced on a daily basis in our schools, public accommodations, and in almost every facet of our lives.

So here is my story as I lived it. I have drawn on a number of sources that have told this unique story from different perspectives. Among them is *And the Walls Came Tumbling Down: Kentucky, Texas Western and the Game that Changed American Sports* by sportswriter Frank Fitzpatrick, *Haskins: The Bear Facts* as told to Ray Sanchez, and many articles and other news coverage of the subject. I am grateful to all of the writers and authors.

Over the years, I have made a point to talk with the other players on that championship team, to understand what the game has meant to them. I thank all of them for their cooperation and feel a tremendous loss not to share this story in the flesh with my good friend Bobby Joe.

Finally, let me say this: Texas Western was not an all-black basketball team. We had several fine white players and one Hispanic, and without them we would never have made it to the NCAA championship game. None of them played that night, for reasons I will write about later. As part of our team, in a perfect world without overt racism, they would have played.

But ours was not a perfect world then, as it is not now. There were reasons why seven black players played that game against an all-white team, reasons deeply rooted in our history and in the times in which we played.

I am proud to have been a small part of bringing about positive change. This is my contribution to history.

Coach Haskins also trusted Hilton White, who had been stationed at Fort Bliss and knew El Paso. He understood the opportunity Texas Western could give young black men and knew that they would be treated well in El Paso. He supervised a playground in New York City where he coached teams and saw a lot of players who were off the radar of the big schools.

Coach Haskins' deal with both men was that he'd do everything he could to see to it that any players they brought to him got a good college education out of their athletic scholarship. The academic record of his players speaks for itself.

What Coach Haskins assembled was a team of enormous strength and potential, assets that had to be harnessed. It was a team about which Coach Haskins often expressed exasperation. "It was a battle, every day," he said later. "It was a strange bunch, I tell you." I can only agree. That we were.

But before this team was put together, Texas Western had to play the 1964-65 season without "Bad News" Barnes, and it was a struggle, as was to be expected. Coach Haskins had really hoped I would step up to fill that hole in the team, but I didn't until the next year.

Attending all-black Tennessee State was a mistake, I quickly realized. They'd honored their deal for my friends and given them scholarships, making it possible for them to go to college, but the school really didn't play that much of a basketball schedule, something I should have paid closer attention to.

What nagged at me were all those records set by "Bad News" Barnes at Texas Western. Breaking them there had meant more to me than I realized. By the end of that first quarter, I knew I had to make a change. This just wasn't going to work. I

them from city basketball courts, if necessary. Coach Haskins put on the court his five best players, regardless of race, and that meant they were usually black.

Attending Texas Western, though, was for me, for all the team, about more than playing basketball. We intended to get an education, to leave with a college degree. An athletic scholarship was the only way any of us could get one, so I didn't just play basketball. I majored in Communications and on Sunday night hosted a jazz program, the Soul Room, on the college FM station. With Dave Brubeck playing in the background, I would set up the next tune. I was known as Big D or Big Daddy D. Okay, I was a big man on campus. It was great.

The style of play I was taught there was new to me, though I'd always played center and been concerned with defense. Coach Haskins was *very* defense-oriented, and defense, frankly, is hard to play. It requires commitment and intelligence. It's much easier to dribble down the court, pass the ball, then take a shot. Much easier. Dropping back quickly, assuming a defensive posture, playing aggressive man-on-man, which is what we did, is demanding and difficult.

Before the start of that first season, something unusual took place, something I'd never experienced before. We were attending a dinner in a downtown hotel ballroom with some 500 boosters, the usual kind of thing you do before the season, a chance for the boosters to get close to you. We sat at a table up front and listened to the coach speak. Coach Haskins was apparently very pleased with us, which came as news to me. He said, "Listen, these guys are special. This is a special team."

The next year, I spent a season with the Phoenix Suns, then in 1969, began my play with the Harlem Globetrotters. In 1970, I signed with the American Basketball Association Pittsburgh Condors and played with them two seasons, then went to the Memphis Tams of the ABA, before returning to the Harlem Globetrotters in 1973 for three years.

In both the NBA and ABA, I missed playing with the Texas Western team. I missed the camaraderie, the cohesiveness, the self-sacrifice. I just didn't experience it at the next level. I did come away, however, with the firm belief that, if the NCAA championship team had a seven foot center, it would be good enough to win it all in the NBA. Coach Haskins was certainly good enough to have won at that level as well.

My years with the Globetrotters were the most enjoyable of my career. I played with Meadowlark Lemon and Curly Neal. This was a great experience, because for once I was trying to make people happy, to see smiling faces in the crowd. It was because of my play with the Globetrotters that I met the president face to face.

Though Coach Haskins had, from time to time, regretted the turmoil that surrounded that win, I personally never have. I'd prepared myself all my life to be on the public stage, and playing on the team that won the NCAA basketball championship put me there. All that work, for all those years, had been to that end.

So many lies have been told about us, for so many years, please allow me to set the record straight. We all went on to live fine lives: