

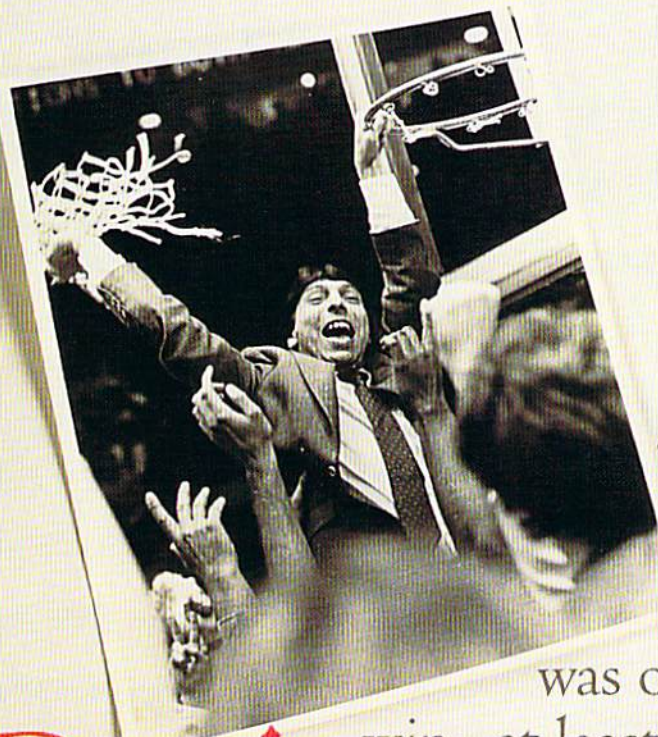
FOR ALUMNI & FRIENDS OF NEW JERSEY'S STATE UNIVERSITY

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The toughest battle **Jim Valvano** ever fought was one he couldn't

win—at least not in his own lifetime.
“Don't ever give up.”

Good Neighbors ♦ The Ex-Files ♦ Renaissance Rules



Jim Valvano had a talent for leading the underdog—including the NIT-bound 1966-67 Scarlet Knights squad—on to victory, a fighting instinct that drove his yearlong battle with cancer. The late coach was inducted this year into Rutgers' Hall of Distinguished Alumni.

THE LEGACY OF JIMMY

On or off
the basketball court,
Jim Valvano
never gave up. So
when cancer struck,
he turned to family and
friends to continue
the only fight
he couldn't win.

By Bill Glovin

Bob Lloyd (RC'67) takes a lingering look around before he boards the plane in sunny Maui. Just as he's done each February for the last six years, he's traded his swimming trunks for a winter coat, his golf clubs for a briefcase, and he's ready for the long trek to the Big Apple. In a scant 12 hours, he'll be dealing with a New York City winter: grime-greyled slush, bone-chilling wind, and the freezing temperatures that he once endured on an annual basis. The very thought is enough to make him turn tail and head for the comfort of his backyard Jacuzzi and its view of the Hawaiian sunset blazing over the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. But then he remembers his friend, Jimmy Valvano (RC'67)—basketball coach, sports broadcaster, irrepressible mischief-maker—and the promise he made to him. Lloyd ducks his

head and slips his still-lanky six-foot, one-inch frame into the plane.

"Bob has rededicated his life to Jimmy's dream: that a V fellow will find a cure for cancer,"

says Kay Lloyd, who accompanies her husband each year to the three-hour board meeting of the V Foundation for Cancer Research.



Timed to coincide with the ESPY sports-awards show at Radio City Music Hall, the annual pilgrimage allows Lloyd, the chairman of the foundation, to shake hands with donors and give a personal touch to the business of raising money in the name of Jimmy V, a business that Valvano himself set in motion shortly before cancer cut his life short in April of 1993.

In New York, Lloyd won't have a moment to spare. In addition to the V Foundation board meeting, he and fellow member Steven Bornstein, presi-

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dent of ABC, will make a fund-raising pitch to a corporate executive who controls a billion-dollar philanthropic budget. He and Kay will attend a reception for donors at the 21 Club and a post-ESPYS party hosted by Bornstein at Four Seasons. "The message is the same, whether someone's considering giving \$1 or \$100 million," says Lloyd. "Two of three people will have some form of cancer and virtually everyone will know someone touched by cancer in their lifetimes. The foundation keeps the overhead low and its priorities straight: 76 cents of every dollar donated goes to research. Medical science has made great strides in fighting cancer, but there's still a long way to go."

It's not easy for Lloyd to reminisce about his former teammate, former roommate, and lifelong friend. Tears well in his eyes and he pauses several times to gather himself as he recalls the months before Jim's death. But there are also happy memories: the holidays celebrated in one another's homes, or the day in basketball practice when Valvano playfully walked off the court in feigned umbrage that yet another play was being run for Lloyd, or the time Lloyd brought a clown

to the San Francisco airport in a misguided plan to embarrass Valvano. "Jim carried on to the point where the clown ended up embarrassed," says Lloyd.

Although their friendship spanned three decades, Lloyd, like millions of others, watched the two defining moments of his best friend's career on television. The first came in March 1983, when Valvano, head coach of underdog North Carolina State, led his team to a national championship at the buzzer and then, arms outstretched, ran like a madman through the crowd, looking for someone to hug. The clip, replayed each year during the NCAA tournament, has come to symbolize the sheer joy of athletic achievement. The second moment came a decade later, when Valvano, his body racked with tumors, hobbled to the stage at the ESPYS, accepted the first Arthur Ashe Award for Courage, and announced the formation of the V Foundation. "Don't give up...don't ever give up," he pleaded.

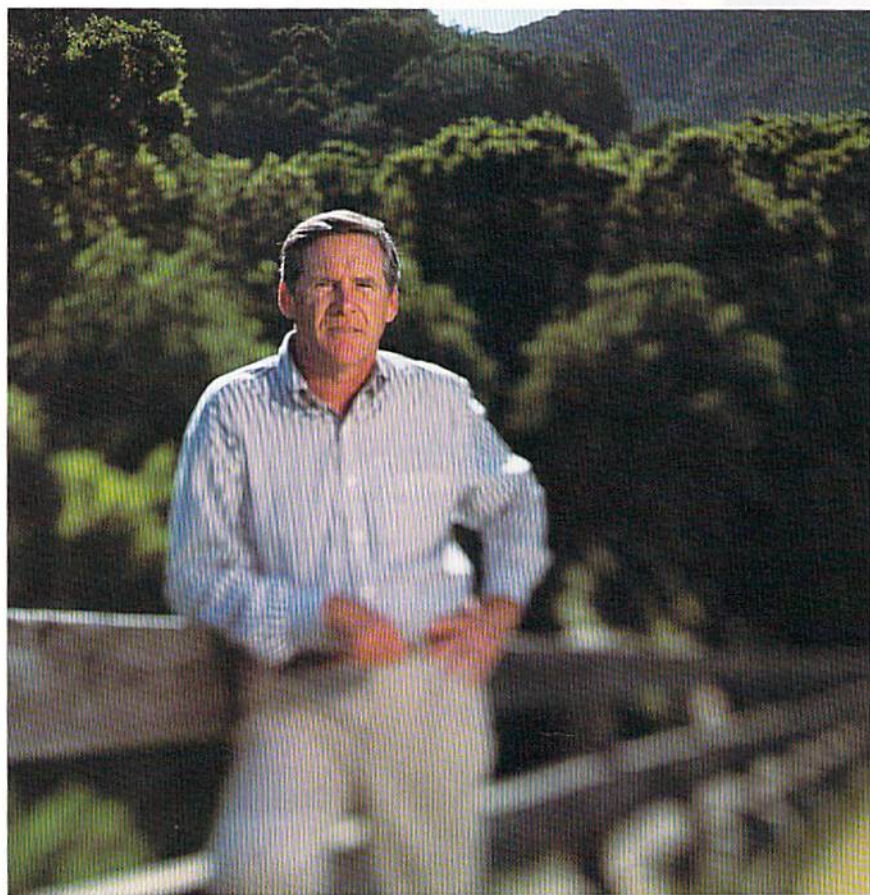
That clip, too, has become a symbol. Dick Vitale, ESPN's lead basketball commentator, introduced him that night. He will never forget helping Valvano, emaciated and weak from chemotherapy, climb out of his wheelchair and onto the stage. "Jim will be remembered more for his work to fight cancer than he will for his contributions to basketball or his national title," says Vitale. "His vitality, spirit, and zest for life were an inspiration to me and a lot of other people. His words that night came straight from the heart.

As sick as he was, the fact that he was able to stand for 10 minutes, much less make the speech of a lifetime, was a miracle."

To those who knew Valvano, the impact of his speech was no surprise. Pam Valvano, his widow and high school sweetheart, still gets at least one letter a week from someone who has found hope in her husband's plea. "All these years later, Jim's speech is still a huge factor for donors and for people trying to overcome not only cancer, but all kinds of afflictions," says Lloyd. "That speech touched everyone, not just basketball fans. Afterwards, Jim got a call from Johnny Carson, who said that in his 40 years in television, he had never seen anyone light up a screen like that."

The day Jim died, Bob announced that he was retiring to work for the V Foundation," says Lloyd's wife, Kay.

At the time, he was chairman and CEO of a \$500-million-a-year software company in the Silicon Valley.



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Months earlier, Valvano had told Lloyd about his idea to raise money for cancer research. "Jim knew he had the contacts to really create something that could make a difference. He was determined to get an executive board in place while he was still able," says Pam, who has served as the foundation's chair. (Jim's brother, Nick, is the CEO; two of the Valvanos' daughters are full-time employees, and the third is a volunteer.)

Before Valvano died, he made sure the foundation's pieces were in place. He recruited many of his high-profile and influential friends for its board: comedian Bill Cosby, Nike founder Phil Knight, Duke basketball coach Mike Krzyzewski. But Valvano knew that a foundation had to be run like a business: The key was an experienced corporate executive to play the lead role. When he asked Lloyd to take on the role of running the foundation, his friend never hesitated.

"The day Jim died, Bob announced that he was retiring to work for the foundation," recalls Kay. At the time, Lloyd was chairman and CEO of Software Toolworks in Silicon Valley, a \$500-million-a-year company. Says Lloyd: "Rising through the corporate ranks all those years, I had focused so much of my time on my associates, shareholders, board members, Wall Street types. I had enough money. When Jim died, I asked myself, 'Why not spend more time with my own family and begin living for myself?'"

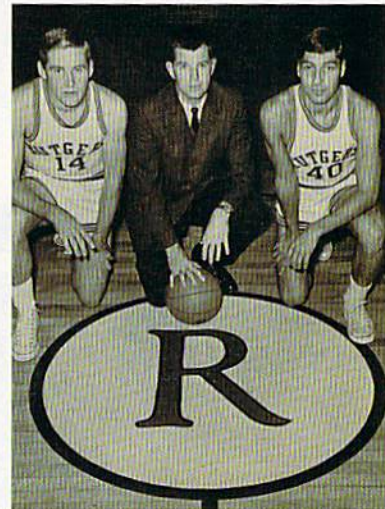
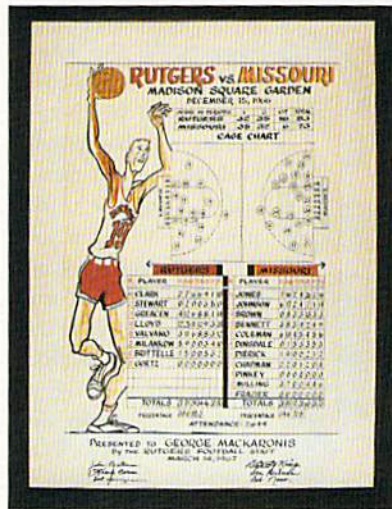
Back home in Maui, Lloyd took his 26-year-old son, Scott, on a day trip up Haleakala, a dormant volcano. Driving the winding roads to the mountain's summit, they talked about Scott's plans for his future and his three older siblings. More than 10,000 feet above the earth, they finally came to their destination: the sleeping crater that tops the volcano. From this vantage point, Lloyd gazed out at the Hawaiian Islands spreading before him. He realized that he would not be here, standing above the clouds with his son at his side, if not for his friendship with Jim Valvano.

Lloyd ignores the bleating horns and wailing sirens outside his midtown Manhattan hotel room as he recalls the first time he and Valvano crossed paths as freshmen. "We lived across the hall from one another in Clothier, and Bob Brill, the starting guard on the freshman team, brought me over. Jim was full of opinions, very funny, and had an enormous amount of energy. I remember returning to my room, closing the door, and thinking, 'This guy could be Henny Youngman's son.'"

Both had taken circuitous paths to Rutgers. Valvano, who played basketball for his father, Rocco, and starred in three sports at Seaford High School in Long Island, chose Rutgers because he liked his chances of making the Scarlet Knights as a walk-on. Lloyd, an All-State performer at Upper Darby High School near Philadelphia, didn't need



Surrounded by Princeton defenders in 1965, Rutgers' Bob Lloyd looks to go around fellow All-American Bill Bradley (left). The following season, Lloyd led the Scarlet Knights to their first NIT appearance—an 83-73 victory over Missouri—memorialized in this keepsake (below left).



Rutgers coach Bill Foster—who recruited Lloyd and gave Valvano his first coaching job—tagged along on one of Valvano's chemotherapy sessions and watched him cheer up other patients (above right). Thanks to the play of Lloyd, Valvano, and center Phil Robinson, the team's fortunes improved dramatically in 1965 (left).

The Legacy of Jimmy V



to worry about landing a place on the team. New Rutgers head coach Bill Foster had personally come to the state tournament at the Palestra to talk him out of attending one of the basketball powerhouses or an Ivy League school.

But Foster had first approached Lloyd's older brother, Dick. "I had played for and coached with Foster at Bloomsburg State. I thought he and Bob would make a good fit," says Dick Lloyd (GSEd'68), alumni relations director at Rutgers. "I also knew that Bob would base his decision on a school's academics, basketball, and the kind of financial assistance it could provide." Athletic scholarships weren't yet an option at Rutgers, but Foster helped Bob become the first basketball player to receive a Sahloff scholarship, originally endowed for football players. Bob's tireless work habits in practice and study hall made him like a favorite son to Bill (RC'30) and Margaret (DC'32) Sahloff, who were childless.



Valvano's climb up the coaching ladder—which had begun in 1967 at Rutgers—ended at North Carolina State, where he led the team to a national title before falling from grace in 1990. In one pep talk to Rutgers' freshman team, he referenced his idol, Vince Lombardi: "Gentlemen, we'll be successful this year if you can focus on three things, and three things only: Your family, your religion, and the Green Bay Packers."

Since NCAA rules prohibited first-year students from playing varsity, Lloyd started with the freshman team. Valvano's hunch proved correct when he made the squad as a reserve guard. The walk-on's hard-nosed defense impressed Foster, who often assigned him to cover Lloyd in practice. Elevated to varsity as sophomores, Lloyd averaged 25 points a game and Valvano became the defensive stopper; the team improved to 12-12. Off the court, Lloyd, an economics major, took his school work more seriously than his teammate. Rick Sinding (RC'67), who was sports editor of the *Daily Targum*, recalls that he and fellow English major Valvano were both on academic probation that semester. "Jim was worried that he would miss basketball time and

shaped up in a hurry," says Sinding. "He often played the clown, but he was very well read and often astounded people with his literary references."

Lloyd and Valvano grew closer when they rented an off-campus apartment at the beginning of their junior year. "Bob and Jim were the classic case of opposites attracting and gaining from the relationship," says team manager Neil Shuster (RC'67). "Bob's work ethic rubbed off on Jim, and Jim helped Bob loosen up." Says Lloyd: "We were like the *Odd Couple's* Felix and Oscar—I was neat and he was messy. My shelves were full of trophies and mementoes; his were empty. Jim had the nerve to make fun of me because I placed my pants over my dresser so they wouldn't wrinkle. When I tried to study, he constantly interrupted and drove me nuts. I often threw stuff at him to shut him up so I could get my work done."

Pam, who married Jim soon after graduation, contrasts her husband's Beatles haircut and disheveled look with Lloyd's perfectly parted hair and unflappable demeanor. Despite their differences, they seemed to slip seamlessly into one another's worlds. Pam recalls that Bob once took Jim home for a holiday meal and the Lloyds asked their guest to say the blessing: "Jim begins, 'Hail Mary, full of Grace, four balls, take your base.' Bob's mother almost fell off her chair laughing."

On team road trips, Valvano provided entertainment in the back of the bus. "Jim had a story about every Long Island Rail Road stop, made up obscene lyrics to songs, and had half the bus singing them out loud," remembers center Bob Greacen (RC'69). "Bob was just as happy to sit quietly up front and get his work done." But once Lloyd and Valvano stepped on to the hardwood, they were on the same page. "Everything changed for Rutgers basketball when the 1965-66 team beat a very formidable Princeton team on their floor," says Sinding. "In the season's last game, we beat Penn State and six male cheerleaders lay down in the middle of the floor and spelled out 'N-I-T.' I literally felt the College Avenue gym shake."

Although their 17-7 record electrified the campus and had students camping outside the gym for tickets, it did not gain the team a bid to the NIT. Still, their success served as a welcome distraction to the tensions caused by sit-ins, teach-ins, and protest rallies over the Vietnam War. Says Sinding: "The changes taking place in the country hardly affected the players' status. They walked the campus like kings."

Shut out of the NIT as juniors, Valvano and Lloyd came back for their senior year with a vengeance—and an even keener sense of how to push one another's psychological buttons. With a second left and Rutgers down by a point in one of the season's final games, Lloyd—who was leading the nation in free-throw shooting—missed one of two foul shots. A few minutes later in overtime, he was back in the same situation. "I'm ready to shoot, and Jim comes up behind me and whispers, 'Lloyd, you got us into

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this mess, now get us out.' " Lloyd hit them both.

The 1966-67 team finished 22-7 and won the long-coveted NIT bid. At the time, the 16-team NIT—played at Madison Square Garden—was the tournament of choice for many coaches. After winning their first- and second-round games, the Knights were seconds away from taking the floor for the semifinal against Southern Illinois when Foster, in his pre-game pep talk, told the team to forget the 20,000 fans in the Garden and pretend they were back in the College Avenue gym. "Everyone touches hands in the circle, and Foster says, 'Okay guys, let's be loosey goosey,'" recalls Lloyd. "Jim pulls his hands away and says, 'Coach, can I be duckie wuckie?'"

Their amazing run ended in that game. Although Valvano's nine for 10 shooting propelled Rutgers into half-time with the lead, a rising young star named Walt Frazier took over the second half for Southern Illinois. In the consolation game against Marshall, Lloyd scored 44 points as Rutgers won 93-86 and finished third in the tournament.

Over his career, Lloyd averaged 26.5 points a game and scored 2,052 points, second all-time in Scarlet Knights history. He was named a First-Team UPI All-American as a senior and was the first Rutgers basketball player to have his number, 14, retired. "Bob's accomplishments are even more outstanding when you consider there was no three-point shot and he did it all in just three years of eligibility," says Rutgers Court Club founder George Mackaronis (RC'48), proprietor of Lloyd's and Valvano's favorite restaurant, the Town House on Albany Street.

Although Valvano was named Rutgers Senior Athlete of the Year and ended his career with 1,122 points, then the sixth-best scoring figure in Scarlet Knights history, Lloyd's accomplishments overshadowed his teammate's contributions. Lloyd credits Valvano's unselfishness, passing ability, and defense in practice with making him a better player. Recalls Mackaronis: "Jim would always say in an affectionate way: 'My job is easy; get the ball to

When Jim was hired at Bucknell, I predicted that he would be remembered as a

coach," says Lloyd. "Jim understood the flow of the game, knew how to motivate, and had that dynamic personality."



Lloyd.' Those two guys complemented each other so well and were so much fun to watch. They put Rutgers basketball on the map."

The winning tradition that they sparked continued for more than a decade. "With those guys, my role was to set picks and catch the ball as it came through the net," says Greacen, who was two years younger. The season after their departure, "Greek" lit up Colgate for 46 points. "People forget that two years later we were back in the NIT with a 21-4 record." In 1976, when the Scarlet Knights went 31-2 and made their first and only appearance in the Final Four, no one felt more pride than the roommates who had laid the program's foundation.

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Rather than enter the draft and risk going to Vietnam, Valvano and Lloyd joined the National Guard together at the end of their senior year. On the day of their Rutgers graduation ceremonies, they were suffering through basic training at a hot and dusty military base in Texas. For the next six years, they fulfilled their military-service commitment around their basketball and business obligations. "Jimmy had to be one of the worst soldiers in the history of the military," says Lloyd. "His carefree and comedic attitude that went over so well on the bus didn't tickle our drill sergeant's fancy."

That fall Foster hired Valvano as Rutgers' freshman coach; Lloyd played for the New Jersey Americans of the new American Basketball Association. "Unless you were a superstar, there wasn't great money in pro ball in those days," says Lloyd. "I missed the camaraderie and atmosphere that made basketball such a great experience in college." Before Lloyd's second season, new owners bought the team, renamed it the Nets, and declared a one-year contract policy.

Lloyd found himself mired in a contract dispute and weighed his options. With Sahloff's encouragement, he enrolled in an executive-training program at General Electric; within months, he was offered a position in the location of his choice. "I made the hard decision to leave my pro basketball career behind," says Lloyd. "I remember sitting in a business meeting thinking, 'What am I doing here? I'm a basketball player.' When I quit, I did it cold turkey and didn't touch a ball for two years."

Around the time that Lloyd headed for a GE sales office in California, Valvano got his first head coaching job at Johns Hopkins. In 1972, he was hired at Bucknell, where he spent three years. Valvano then moved to Iona College, where he led the team to two NCAA tournament appearances in five seasons. In 1980, North Carolina State of the prestigious Atlantic Coast Conference hired him as head coach. At age 37, "V" reached the pinnacle of his profession when his team won the 1983 national title against a

powerful and heavily favored University of Houston.

Throughout the tournament, Valvano preached to his troops: "Survive and advance," a philosophy embraced today by many coaches. He also employed a strategy that worked to perfection against Houston and is now commonplace: With his team behind in a game's final minutes, he flouted convention and had his players foul, putting the ball back in his team's hands. "When Jim was hired at Bucknell, I predicted to a reporter that he would one day be remembered as a coach," says Lloyd. "Jim understood the flow of the game, knew how to motivate, and had that dynamic personality that is so important when you're in a living room trying to sell a program to a kid and his parents."

While Valvano moved up the coaching ranks, Lloyd climbed the corporate ladder at GE and later at two sporting-goods companies. With Silicon Valley at Lloyd's doorstep, he moved into the burgeoning computer and high-technology field as president and CEO of Data East, a \$100,000 video-game company. In seven years, Lloyd had turned Data East into a \$100-million powerhouse and earned a reputation as a corporate-turnaround specialist. In 1990, he took over Software Toolworks, which grew in sales from \$125 million to \$500 million in five years.

In the years after college, Valvano and Lloyd often talked by phone and periodically spent time together. Shortly after V's N.C. State team won the national title, the roommates returned to the New Brunswick campus for a reunion and visited their Louis Street apartment. "Two guys came to the door and we asked them if we could have a sentimental look around," recalls Lloyd. "They absolutely flipped that Jim, whose team had just pulled off one of the biggest upsets in college basketball history, was at their doorstep. I think he was embarrassed by how much they were gushing over him, and he bent over backwards to tell them that I had been a Rutgers All-American. They couldn't have cared less."

Known throughout his Rutgers career as "the other guard," Valvano playfully made sure that everyone he knew heard about the incident. Both men saw it as their public lives having come full circle. For the next several years, Jimmy V's legend continued to grow. He was a popular guest on television talk shows, earned thousands of

Millions of television viewers shared Valvano's most memorable moments: the thrill of an NCAA national basketball championship, his repartee with broadcasting colleague Dick Vitale, and his dramatic acceptance of the first Arthur Ashe Award for Courage.



The Legacy of Jimmy V

dollars from speeches and endorsements, was among the most respected coaches in America, and even took on the additional responsibility of athletics director at N.C. State.

In 1989, the book *Personal Foul* accused Valvano and his staff of fixing grades, hiding drug-test results from authorities, and paying off players with cash and automobiles. The eight-month NCAA investigation that followed found two punishable offenses—players had sold complimentary tickets and sneakers. N.C. State was put on two-year probation and declared ineligible for the 1990 NCAA tournament. Next came allegations that star forward Charles Shackleford had been involved in point-shaving a few years earlier. Although nothing was ever proved, Valvano resigned in April 1990 in an avalanche of bad publicity.

ABC and ESPN helped him pick up the pieces by hiring him as a college basketball analyst, where he made a flock of new friends, among them Vitale and ESPN studio host John Saunders. "I know it sounds corny, but I had never met anyone before who had such a positive impact on so many people," says Saunders, another V Foundation board member. "When you were with Jim, he made you feel like you were the only one in the world. When he walked into a room, people stopped their conversations to hear him carry on." Saunders thought so much of his colleague that he named his daughter after him.

Broadcasting seemed to agree with Valvano. Not only was he good at it—he was honored with an ACE award for excellence in cable-television sports analysis—it also gave him more time to spend with his family. He began to enjoy long dinners with Pam, an occasional poetry reading, and movies with his daughters, who were then 12, 20, and 23. He even turned down an offer to coach again. But in 1992, just as he was beginning to put his N.C. State problems behind him, he felt an ache in his groin while playing golf. He visited a doctor and learned it was cancer.

At first, the doctors didn't know what kind of cancer he had; they offered the far-from-helpful opinion that he would know his illness was getting worse when the pain did. Valvano was shocked. How could so little be known about a disease that kills half a million people each year? In his crash course on cancer, he learned that the government spends 10 times more on AIDS research than on cancer research. He read books and articles and talked to researchers about experimental drugs. At cancer hospitals around the country, where he received chemotherapy between his sportscasting gigs, he saw waiting rooms filled to capacity and heard of too many cases that ended tragically.

Although he couldn't prove it, Valvano believed that his cancer and many other cases were tied to stress and a lowered immune system. His life now was so much easier, but the problems he had experienced just a few years before at N.C. State had torn him apart

inside. When the tumors on his spine spread and the pain kept coming, a doctor finally diagnosed his cancer as metastatic adenocarcinoma and told him that he might live two more years.

Lloyd was devastated. He put time, distance, and the responsibility of running a

Bob and Jim had such a special relationship and admiration for one another," says Dick Vitale, Valvano's colleague at ESPN. "Bob has really worked behind the scenes to make the V Foundation work."

corporation aside and, once every three weeks, visited his friend wherever he was—at his home in North Carolina, on the road, at ESPN headquarters. Pam Valvano recalls one visit vividly: Lloyd and her husband met in a hotel room, embraced, and cried for several minutes.

In Valvano's final months, the former teammates had several "what if" discussions. Valvano's biggest regret was not slowing down sooner to spend more time with his family. Says Lloyd, "With everything else on his plate, I asked Jim why he had run around the country for years giving speeches. Jim said, 'When we were sitting on a couch back in New Brunswick, did you ever think that someone would be willing to give me \$10,000 for a speech?' " But it was more than sheer indulgence: Valvano also knew that fame would help his recruiting efforts. "I set out very calculatedly to become known," he once said. "The only thing I maybe miscalculated was how easy it would be."

Valvano had always used index cards to help him remember a new play, a speaking engagement, or a phone call he needed to make. A few days before his death, Pam found an index card in the drawer of his hospital room. It read: "Learn to paint. Learn to play the piano. Find a cure for cancer." After a year-long battle, Valvano died on April 28, 1993. The cause of death was listed as bone cancer.

Valvano had told Lloyd that if he couldn't beat his own

(Continued on page 44)



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cancer, he would find a way to help others beat theirs. He asked his doctors, friends, and several of his ESPN colleagues to join the foundation's board. Bornstein, who was president of ESPN at the time, had lost his brother to cancer. He took a leadership role and committed a portion of the television revenues from the ESPYs and the Jimmy V Basketball Classic to the foundation. The two annual events gave the new foundation some initial operating revenue and important national exposure.

The foundation officially ran out of ESPN offices in New York before opening its own offices in November 1995, near the Valvano home in Cary, North Carolina. Lloyd, who lived in northern California, constantly worked the phone and fax machine. Pam credits Lloyd and her daughter, Jamie, with keeping the foundation's door open in those first few months. Says Kay Lloyd: "Bob claims that he only spends a day a week on the foundation, but I'd say it's more like half a day every day since Jimmy died."

Vitale, who spoke passionately about Valvano and the mission of the foundation to the sold-out crowd at the V Classic in the Meadowlands this year, knows Lloyd from their work on the board. "Bob and Jim had such a special relationship and admiration for one another," says Vitale. "Bob's been a great catalyst for the foundation, one of the people who has really worked behind the scenes to make it work."

Besides an annual-giving campaign, funds are raised through summer golf tournaments that are sponsored by outside organizations. The foundation, with about eight full-time employees, sponsors its own celebrity golf classic each August near foundation headquarters. In its first year, 1994, the tournament raised \$300,000. Last year's tournament attracted 1,000 volunteers and 38,000 spectators, many drawn by the presence of Michael Jordan. It also raised \$1 million, the largest sum to date.

The foundation is always looking for new and creative ways to attract funds: sports memorabilia auctions, softball tournaments, concerts by Hootie and the Blowfish. Jimmy V neckwear—ties that feature the designs of sports celebrities

like Darryl Strawberry, Mark McGuire, and Kerri Strug—brought in \$400,000 this year. In recent months, Lloyd has been hard at work on a new project: the Jimmy V Wine Celebration planned for July 30 and 31 in Napa Valley.

A committee led by two cancer specialists who sit on the foundation's board has distributed about 40 \$100,000 grants to young researchers at university and cancer centers throughout the country. Funds have built a research lab at the UNC Lineberger Cancer Center in Chapel Hill, and construction is under way on the Jim Valvano Day Hospital, an outpatient facility at the Duke University Medical Center. The foundation has raised a total of about \$8.5 million, and although "it may sound like a relatively small amount of money," says Lloyd, "in our estimation, it funds some very important research."

He knows there is still much work to be done. The good news is that in the last three decades, the cancer survival rate has increased by 17 percent. The survival rate of children suffering from leukemia has skyrocketed from 5 percent to more than 70 percent. Huge strides have also been made in fighting prostate, testicular, and almost every other form of cancer. But more than 8 million cancer survivors in the United States know that the disease is far from defeated, and, until it is, Lloyd will do anything he can to create a lasting legacy for his friend.

In his hotel room, Lloyd dons formal evening wear for a party at the 21 Club, the V Foundation's annual reception for donors. Much of the night will be spent swapping stories about Jimmy V—he may even hear one he hasn't heard before. Lloyd gives his bow tie a final tug, then checks his wallet for the newspaper clipping he always carries there. Near the end of his life, Valvano, the cheeky kid from Long Island, had told a reporter, "When my eyes open each day and my feet touch the floor, I thank God for the day I have and say, 'Let's go get 'em.'" Lloyd tucks the wallet into the breast pocket of his tuxedo jacket and heads into the bluster of a New York winter. □

Senior editor Bill Glovin would like to dedicate this story to his friend Ken Strauss.