

Dallas Arthur Edges Tides With Big Pitch of Moxie

By STURGIS HEDRICK

"I DON'T care who wins. I just came out to see a good ball game."

The speaker was one of the older gentlemen who hark back to the Glory Days of the old Tidewater League. He's just one of the "New Breed" of Downeast baseball fanatics who have heard of the wonders of the Eastern Blues and wanted to see for himself.

WHAT HE SAW was a mighty fine contest, indeed. The Blues squeaked through to a 4-3 win over the Carteret Tides yesterday afternoon in Smyrna. A jubilant Father's Day crowd of better than 1,500 thrilled to the Easterners' tenth straight victory and their 24th without defeat in the two-year history of the Seashore League.

The Blues have their regulars, the fans in the 2-to-55-year age bracket who follow Manager Wilson Davis' warriors, day-in day-out, week-in week-out, wherever they go.

SOME OLDSTERS belong in that list of regulars, too. But this growing New Breed seems to spring from the 60-and-over age bracket. They remember the great baseball of yesteryear and have grown skeptical after seeing some of the overpaid, overly-touted talent on TV.

Well, sir, yesterday's tussle electrified the fans of all ages. This 1,500 crowd estimate, by the way, is more than an educated guess. It comes straight from the man who passes the hat in the Home of the Blues, "Snowball" Gaskill, one of the legendary Downeast athletes of his day.

AND THAT 1,500

generated noise decibels that would have drowned out the normal big league crowd of 20,000. Ooh, what fanatics! And, in a neighborhood where most everybody can walk to the ball park, the patrolling State Troopers must have counted more than 500 vehicles, from people-power bikes to 2¼-ton trucks.

As for the game itself,

you'd have to chalk up one more epic in the storybook career of Lefty Dallas Wayne Arthur. He pitched a three-hitter, walked three and only two of the three Tides' runs were earned. They scored their first when John Turnage walked and scored on three errors in the second.

MANAGER Rodney

Kemp's Carteret clouters took a 3-1 lead in the top of the third on two of the best-earned runs you'll see anywhere. Fletcher Poulk opened with a bullet single to center and Chuck Lewis followed with a 155mm rifle shot home run to right center. Veteran surveyors appraised it at 340-feet, but that drive would still be rolling, had it not been for the cozy haven of the stately pines.

Phil Moran drilled the Tides' third straight hit with nary an out to set the stage for possibly Dallas Arthur's finest hour. He slammed the door and pitched no-hit no-run baseball from there in.

AS A MATTER of Dallas started under qu handicap. His cou Richard, had received opening mound assignm but popped an injury in right elbow as he war up. Thus time curta Dallas' cranking-up proc Lefty Arthur has deceptive easygoi loosey-goosey style temperament. But showed all the moxie in world when he took charg the third. And, as usual helped his own cause wi base hit and some mi stylish fielding. He's off mound like a catnip-bent

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Sports News

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Frederick Nelson, left, and Chuck Lewis propelled two mighty home runs yesterday as the Eastern Blues remained undefeated in Seashore League baseball. But Nelson smacked the ninth-inning single that nipped the Carteret Tides 4-3 and that's why he's accepting the congratulations of Lewis. The Tides now rest in second place with 8 wins and 2 defeats, both to the Blues.

Seashore League

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RONNIE FULCHER fired a triple to right-center to open the first for the Blues. He scored on a Brad Piner wild pitch. Then Frederick Nelson's 340-foot home run, Dallas Arthur's single and Fulcher's single — all with none out — tied it at 3-3 in the fifth.

The 18-year-old Piner hurled fine baseball against the defending Seashore champions in his official debut against the big boys. But his dad, Jim Piner, Carteret pitching coach, decided to rest Brad and call on Poulk. The latter, moving in from shortstop, fired three-hit ball starting in the fifth, but lost a shattering heartbreaker.

HERE'S THE tragic picture. Poulk retired the first two batters with the score tied at 3-3 in the bottom of the ninth. Then Milton Scott singles to left. Brad Piner, now playing third, bobbles a ground ball to put Randy Grady on first and move Scott to second.

Next, home-run hero Nelson appears at the plate to exchange clutch glances with Poulk. Fletcher works the count to 3-2, but can't pull the big one past Cool Head Fred.

NELSON FOULS off six in a row and then slaps a single to left and that's your old ball game. Except for some mighty happy noise reaction by the Downeast fans that best resembled a college mob scene in the hero-worshipping movies of the 1930s.