

Hits Pinch Homer

chips were stacked high on the validity of 3 of the Blues' first 4 victories. And, for that matter, on the future of the remaining games in the Seashore League itself.

No one else volunteered, so the league official with the most intestinal fortitude, Secretary Neal Lewis stepped forward and asked the key question. This was a question that had been simmering on the back boiler of the Hot Stove League ever since the Seashore played its first ball game of 1976.

QUOTH HE, THE GUTTY Neal Lewis: "The signatures on the contracts of all four pitchers of the Eastern Blues appear to bear a certain similarity — a similarity, in fact, that makes one wonder if the same individual didn't sign more than his own." Blues' right-handed ace, Richard Arthur's fate hung in the Seashore balance.

A David Belasco could hardly have improved on this explosive drama. The last similarities that come to mind were depicted in the key court-martial scene of "The Caine Mutiny" — or perhaps the be-

wigged climax to the Charles Laughton barrister role in "Witness for the Prosecution."

Joe-Boy Willis has clouted some mighty home runs. And don't let his current batting average fool you. He still packs a whole lot more in that lethal Louisville Slugger of his'n. Don't think for a moment that Joe-Boy doesn't hope to top every hitter in the league by season's end.

BUT, MEANWHILE, BACK to the Moment of Truth in the Courthouse Annex. Once again, The Honorable Mr. Willis, diplomat deluxe, took stage center. He hit perhaps his mightiest home run, certainly his most weighted circuit clout of the oratorical league.

"Since when did you qualify as a handwriting expert?" That was the telling Willis thrust that killed all further comment.

Neal Lewis, in his shining hour, bowed out of the proceedings. He had carried the

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