

Monday, July 26, 1976

On Target

By Sturgis Hedrick



FRIDAY NIGHT'S weekly deluge rained Mike Dudley out of the Coastal Grey's pitching box and your scorekeeper into the Carteret Tides' dugout in the first inning. The weather may even have provided an assist in the Carteret Tides' 11-9 Seashore League baseball victory.

Ron Fernandez supplied an umpire's view of a writer's importance in the officiating chain of command. Asked permission to sit in one of the dugouts, should rain drench the scorebook, rough-tough Marine Fernandez replied: "Sure, go ahead, if either team will have you."

That hardly gave this unworthy a carte blanche entry permit, but the hospitality of the Tides helped soften the blow to the scorekeeper's ego.

WHAT THE INTIMACY of the humid dugout did afford was a zoomar-lens focus on some of the Tides, West Carteret High School Coach Donald Leatherman in particular.

Donald gives his teammates perhaps the best morale-boosting whoop-and-holler guy in the league. He fascinated an observer with his Heaven-sent gift to keep a running fire of go-get-'em chatter interspersed between he-man size chaws of Carolina's best tobacco.

In fact, this never-say-die Tide coach has a sure-fire career in his successful future, should he ever seek a second front from his teaching profession. He most assuredly ranks with the very best of the tobacco auctioneers.

LEATHERMAN SUPPLIES the evangelistic fire and the laugh-relief that welds together any true team of champions. Playing most of the time these days as a designated hitter, Donald finds it difficult to keep up the .320-or-better batting pace he has always maintained in the past.

But he hardly finds himself alone in this handicap. Most of the DH stars of the American League grumble and moan on the same frustration.

Let's face it, a dedicated ball player wants to play ball, to share in every play, if possible. That burning desire applies in particular to a once-upon-a-time in-on-every-play catcher like Leatherman at Methodist College.

THEN THE TIDES county heav on their literate, cheery Manag Rodney Kemp. A journalism major when he's not coaching, Rodney has a special knack for inspiring would-be writers.

His score-keeping find of last year, Mimi Outlaw, contributed an important role in boosting the advertising income of West Carteret's fine newspaper, *Ye Olde Town Crier*. Rodney has the genius combining money-minded go-getters with ambitious journalists.

Junior Chamber of Commerce Teacher-of-the-Year Kemp in 1975 may have outdone himself this baseball season in uncovering a plaureate who doesn't even start freshman year until this fall.

RODNEY'S LATEST find goes the name of Tom Doyle, perhaps Morehead City's latest brain to succeed Cecil Harvell, just retired editor-in-chief.

One would hardly call young Tor shrinking violet. He passed the hat Friday night's ball game and almost shocked Umpire Fernandez' wife into contributing with his *Oliver Twist*-like plea, "Care to help the umpire m'am?"

In the literary field, Master Doc offers this contribution as second nicknames for the Seashore's boys: Tom's alliterative suggestions folk.

Eastern Blues, Elite Bun, Newport Red Sox, New Rising Star, Coastal Greys, Coming Great, Carteret Tides, Chewin' Tobacco, Salter Path Braves, So Playful Boisterous.

WHEN IT COMES to serious writing, however, The Master himself, Ernest Hemingway, once visited a forum of Ketchum, Idaho schoolboys as follows:

"You fail every day if you're

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