

Reader Writes

# Writer Revives Seashore Baseball League Fuss

Pine Knoll Shores, N.C.  
Oct. 13, 1976

TO THE EDITOR:

Maybe what happened just swept over the men involved as a moment of thoughtfulness, one of those incredible impulses that engulf savage competitors every now and then.

I'd like to think so, because I've tried to play on their side of the baseball diamond for quite a long time; quite a long time, as I measure my residence in Carteret County.

They both have been mighty good to me. I can't deny that, nor that we've shared a lot of thrills and laughs together along the Seashore League trails and the long, winding trails that lead to Roxboro.

I still think Wilson Davis and Joe-Boy Willis qualify as great leaders. But I wish something that happened the other day just hadn't happened. I wish it more than I can say. Because I think two comparatively mild in-

cidents touched off the beginning of the end of Seashore League baseball as we all have known it.

These two Eastern Blues know the sharp words to which I refer. I can take them in stride and already have. These sad moments join a succession of might-have-beens that shouldn't have been.

Good will can erase most anything one says or does in the heat of competition. It appears, however, that Wilson and Joe-Boy believe in sticking by their guns. It would come as a staggering surprise, should their attitude toward me and more than half the Seashore League change.

I had hoped against hope that the Oct. 5 meeting of the Seashore League would mend all the broken fences that well-intentioned words and moves had torn asunder. That's why I absented myself from the historic meeting. To me, baseball is a game, to be played on a diamond.

My love-affair with baseball fails to

include intramural squabbling. The Eastern Blues claimed the championship. So be it. They proved themselves the better team, with the best record over the long haul, the regular season.

But it hurts to be misunderstood. Columns have appeared in this space that some people think should not have been written. But a writer never gets that chance. When the presses start rolling, that stamps the type in permanent black and white.

I'm stuck with every word I've written and, frankly, I wouldn't have it any other way.

A writer always likes to second-guess himself. If he had it to do over again, he would cherish the chance to talk things over with the guys and get their point of view.

But, when you write a Sunday game for a Monday paper, you just never can afford that luxury. That is, you cannot, unless the player or manager co-operates.

If he gives you the 15 or 30 minutes it takes to talk things over in an honestly-intentioned exchange of ideas, he might give you a whole new understanding of what transpired.

But when this same gent or gents tell you, in effect, "go get lost," that's most generally the time to head for

your typewriter. That's when a writer finds himself left with egg on his face and his only outlet his typewriter — to tell it like it is, or at least the way said writer thinks that's the way it is.

You miss the manager or player's inside view of the over-all picture. His expertise could help you. But it takes two to tango. And, apparently, I specialize in following the beat of my own drum.

A manager or a coach gets no second-guess. He has to call his shot — bang, bang — right on the spot. But what some field leaders fail to understand is that the writer finds himself in the same plight.

When you read what you have written, all you can say, really, adds up to, "This is my best." What more can you do?

All I can say about every word I've written about the Seashore League can be summarized in those four words: "This is my best."

A Red Smith, a Furman Bisher, maybe a Wilson Davis or a Joe-Boy Willis would write the same story in far different words. But they, too, can say no more — when the presses begin to churn — than, "This is my best."

All I can say with reasonable certitude is that the sun shall rise tomorrow and tomorrow might be better. But, as for today, all I can

state is the best interest of Seashore League baseball.  
This is my best.

STURGIS HEDRICK

(Mr. Hedrick is sports writer for the Seashore Baseball League. The "incidents" he refers to are not explained. Squabbling within the league, which involves Mr. Hedrick as well as several Seashore teams, resulted in cancellation of the 1976 championship tournament during the Oct. 5 meeting he mentions. — The Editor.)

## Bettie Church Announces Its Homecoming

The Welcome Home Free Will Baptist Church, Bettie, will have its annual Homecoming service Sunday. Sunday School will begin at 10 a.m. Morning worship at 11 a.m. will be followed by lunch served on the newly-acquired church property.

After the lunch hour, there

will be a service dedicating the new church property, which is paid for, and ground will be broken for the new church. The congregation will then reassemble in the church for a special singing service by the visiting churches.

The pastor, the Rev. Jerry Rowe, and members of the

church invite all former pastors, families and friends to attend throughout the day.

In June, 1940, President Roosevelt transferred 50 World War I destroyers to Britain in exchange for leases on air and naval bases.

ELECT  
**BOB GRIFFITH**  
Republican  
Candidate  
for  
Board  
of  
Education

"Education Above Politics"  
Paid for by Friends to Elect Bob Griffith

Patriot Girls  
Grab Coastal