

In Target

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needs with no tip-off clue in his motion, field his position and pitch to spots. Fast-balling Mike Dudley gave the Greys just 7 hits himself, but faulty support by the Greys cost the Coastal League its first defeat against a single opponent.

SO, THANK HEAVENS, for manager Grady Willis and his 1977 model Carteret Tides. They refuse to give up and concede even a single hot spot to the alarming march of the Greys.

The Tides unveiled another impressive array of depth in flogging the Salter Path Braves, 9-2, Sunday in Vinson. The winners came up with another dazzling mound import in Billy (Dusty) Rhodes, an upcoming senior from UNC-Wilmington by way of Havelock.

This strong-armed right-hander hurled a 2-hitter and fanned 8 in his 5.1 inning stint to gain the victory. John Burnage, possibly the Tides' eventual ace in the hole, finished with his customary all-around polish.

FLETCHER POULK PACED the 9-hit Carteret barrage with a 3-for-4 performance, including a double. Ace catcher Andy Raynor drilled a homer to left-center for 2-for-3 at bat, scored 3 runs and completed a theft of home on the front end of a double-play.

But the pity of it all lies in the plight of the Braves, best symbolized by the heart-breaking pitching loss charged to Keith Waters. This 1976 Jacksonville High ace hurled his way onto the Campbell College (Buie's Creek) varsity starting staff this spring.

WATERS DIDN'T DO IT with errors, either. He has the raw courage of a Green Beret, unerring control and, according to his Campbell Coach Sam White, "thinks he can win every time you hand him the ball. He has what it takes: A tremendous attitude."

But Keith needs more than the kind of support Salter Path could muster for him with just nine able bodies Sunday. He connected for one of the 5 brave hits himself.

Donald Willis, the burly Braves' catcher, unloaded the only real offensive hope for the losers with a rifle-not home run into the tennis courts in the 6th.

But hang in there, ye Braves, Red Sox and Greys. After all, we still have a head of us a Long Hot Summer.