

Durham Bulls; a different kind of game

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"Play ball," the umpire cries. And like a great supporting cast in a musical, the chorus joins in. "Peanuts, Chipwich," and "Popcorn, get your popcorn here," are all inviting calls to the world of baseball.

This isn't the game of the century. This probably won't be the game of the season. But the action off the diamond of the Durham Bulls and the Hagerstown Suns game could make this the most memorable for those in the stands.

A vendor walks by, "Cracker Jacks," she chants. "Cracker Jacks," a mother with her mother and a hungry kid calls back. The vendor keeps walking. She finally spots her customers and returns.

"What's it take Travis?" a man in a Durham Bulls hat and suspenders angrily asks the pitcher. He has the look of a regular.

And make no mistake about it, this is a game for regulars. This is Single-A baseball; Hometown, USA. It's a game that smacks of North Carolina tobacco fields, not Shea Stadium. Sometimes the game is good, sometimes it's not. But the characters of these true fans are unflinching. They, like those players of the Atlanta Braves minor league team, the Durham Bulls, know that winning is not always everything. And the door prizes are just as important in the major league study of life.

The first prize winner is announced. People look down to check the numbers stamped on their score cards. An older man in a yellow mesh hat and a pink shirt walks down the aisle to the dugout to claim his \$10 gift certificate. A pack of Lark cigarettes peeks out of his pocket. He also has the look of a regular.

He whispers something to the college-age woman giving him the prize. "Go sit down," she says to him.

He playfully hits her on the head with a program, then returns to his friends in the stands. A minute later he's forgotten his moment of glory as his head follows the arc of a ball flying through the air. His mouth is wide open.

The umpire makes a controversial call on a ball. "Hey, you missed that one, Ump. Come back here when I'm talking to you," says a man in a red shirt and Duke hat sitting behind the \$10 winner. His long sideburns run along the edge of his jawline and a long-stemmed pipe is clenched between his teeth below his mustache.

Two college-age men with video cameras set up their equip-

ment behind the dugout. "Y'all slummin' tonight?" one fan calls.

An old man sitting near the \$10 winner grins broadly, exposing only gums. "You'll break it," he says to the cameramen.

One of the men quickly sheds his sport coat in an attempt to blend with the crowd. The other, wearing an orange T-shirt and jeans, begins filming.

"It's time for another lucky number," the announcer says. This time the prize is a car wash. The long-haired woman handing out the certificates leans on the dugout and flirts with the cameraman in the orange shirt while she waits for the winner to claim his prize.

"Strike three—you out," says a gray curly-haired woman wearing green polyester pants.

It's a game that smacks of North Carolina tobacco fields, not Shea Stadium.

One fan, an elderly man with a rim of white hair and large ears, munches on popcorn. The lower half of his face is involved in the process, and the spots of red on his cheek gives him a distinct resemblance to Santa Claus.

The crowd responds to a Bulls' single with loud applause and cheers. "It doesn't happen often," a young man explains.

The cameraman in orange trades places with the one who's been taking notes. The woman handing out prizes beckons him over and chats until she awards the next prize to a man in a Yankee hat.

The charge call sounds for the first time. The crowd seems to be getting restless, and the foxhunting call brings renewed interest in the game.

The crowd cheers as the next batter steps up to the plate. "C'mon Bob," several fans repeat.

After two balls, the charge call sounds again. Many fans stand up and cheer as Bob hits a homer and brings in three runs. The score is now Durham Bulls 4, Hagerstown Suns, 3.

A teenager carrying a bunch of orange helium balloons with a yellow one in the middle stops to talk to the cameramen. He continues his route in front of the stands and returns a few minutes later. He has the same number of balloons. He stops with three others and they hold a miniconvention behind the

dugout before he begins his rounds again.

Someone in the back stomps on a paper cup making a loud popping noise.

The next prize-winning number is called. As the winner returns to his seat after claiming his prize, his friends kid him, saying he bought two chances. At the sound of a cracking bat, he abruptly turns to see what's happening on the field.

The two cameramen pack up their gear. A dirty-looking man wearing a green Hawaiian-print shirt starts the crowd clapping—until the batter strikes out.

A "Let's Go Bulls" sign in red lights flashes across the scoreboard.

"Peanuts, get your peanuts," a hawker cries.

The winner of the \$220 cash prize of the night is announced. A new gift girl stands behind the dugout fanning herself with a manila envelope while she waits for the winner.

"C'mon Bob, hit another one, someone yells at the batter who hit the last home run. Bob hits his second homer.

A man with longish-brown hair and glasses wearing a red USA T-shirt approaches the girl. She calls the manager. The man who won the first \$10 prize comes down just to congratulate the big winner.

The manager appears and signs the check, muttering "I can't believe it." The winner replies "I can't believe it either," in a totally different tone of voice. The manager shakes USA T-shirt's hand. The winner scrutinizes his check on the way back to his seat.

A small girl with a Band-Aid on her right arm runs to her mother's arms in tears. She's cuddled and hugged until she stop crying and sticks her thumb in her mouth. "Mommy, can I have some Cracker Jack?" she asks.

A heavy woman eating the coveted Cracker Jacks shouts angrily: "Wait a minute, this is a replay of last night, let's do something. I don't want to see the same game twice."

The man with the big ears eating popcorn is now explaining the intricacies of the game to a woman sitting next to him. She continues to stare at the diamond, her chin resting on her hand.

The score is 9-4, Hagerstown, when the seventh-inning-stretch begins. *Thank God I'm a Country Boy*, plays over the loudspeaker.

The girl with the Band-Aid is rubbing noses and giggling with her grandmother. She's still trying to get her Cracker Jack.

A Bulls' pitcher hits the helmet of the runner at first base. The umpire warns him about throwing so close. The Bulls' manager comes out on the field shouting at the umpire. He grabs the mask clenched in the umpire's hand and is promptly thrown out of the stadium.

The \$10 winner has moved up to the top of the stands. He's getting a light from the manager who signed the check and chatting as if he sees him every night. His back is to the game.

Bob, the Bull who hit the two homers, is back at bat. The crowd cheers loudly. He hits a grounder and makes the second out.

The stands start clearing. Hagerstown hits a hot streak, and soon the score is 13-4. It may have been an off night for the Durham Bulls, but they aren't finished yet. One last homer brings them closer to Hagerstown. The rally fades and the Bulls finish another night; Hagerstown 13, Hometown, 5.

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Green From page 1

Three sets of fingerprints and palm prints will be taken—one for the FBI, one for the State Bureau of Investigation and one for the city-county bureau, Layton said. Two mug shots of Green will be taken, he said.

"Everything that's done to every other defendant will be done to him," Layton said.

Green's first appearance in court might be delayed for some time after he turns himself in. His attorneys could make the first appearance for him, Willoughby said.

Court officials were not expected to set any bond for Green, who was expected to be released on his own recognizance.

If his attorneys enter a plea of innocent, Green will be tried by jury in Superior Court. No trial date has been set. If convicted, he could receive up to 30 years in prison.

Green, who is expected to be a 1984 Democratic candidate for governor, refused to comment on the charges. He presided in the Senate as usual Monday night and Tuesday.

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