

How you too can pick six

By DAVE HALL
Staff Writer

The joy and nostalgia that often come when reflecting upon athletics at UNC are sweet indeed. Often, however, these joyful reminiscences dissipate when one is forced to confront the problem of getting tickets for the next great athletic event.

The ticket distribution policy for football and basketball home games remains essentially unchanged from last year.

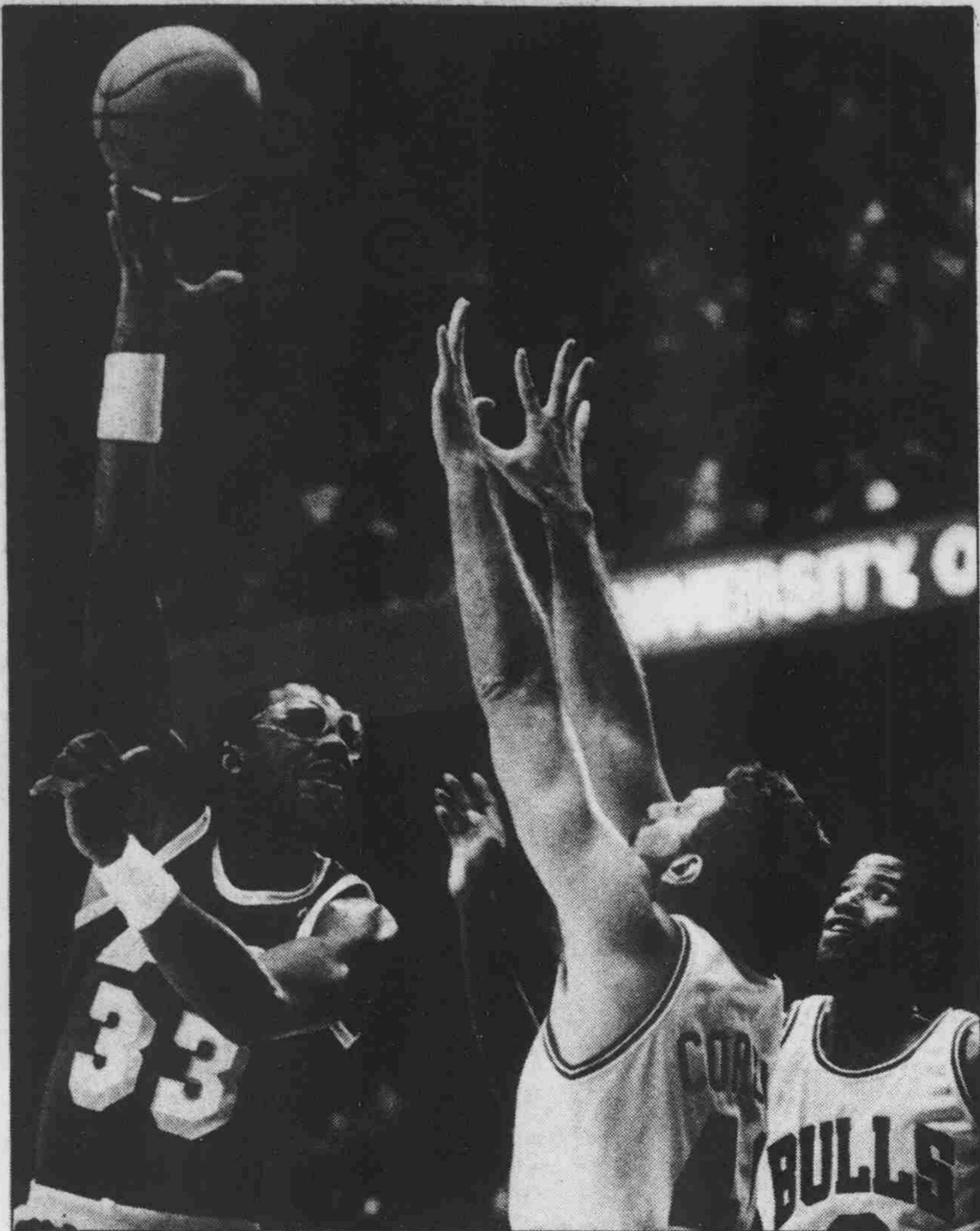
Block tickets for football, comprising groups of 20-100 seats, are distributed by having a block representative take each individual's athletic pass to the Smith Center ticket office between 8 a.m. and noon on the Monday preceding home games. After a drawing for the seats, the results will be posted at the Smith Center and in the Student Union.

As of this moment there are no plans for group seating at basketball, according to the Smith Center ticket office.

Individual tickets for football games are distributed on a random basis the Wednesday before home games. From 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., one person may obtain as many as six tickets by presenting the athletic passes along with the necessary student IDs at the Smith Center ticket office.

For basketball games, tickets are given on a random mix of upper and lower level seats, excluding the top five rows of the upper level. One person may get as many as two tickets upon presentation of the appropriate number of athletic passes and student IDs.

Tickets for the two NBA games are now on sale to the student population and the general public. The first game, to be held on October 24, will pit the world champion Los Angeles Lakers against the Cleveland Cavaliers.



Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Lakers will return to Chapel Hill in October

Tar Heel file photo

While the Lakers highlight their normal cast of stars including UNC alumnus James Worthy, the ageless Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and MVP Magic Johnson, the Cavaliers will feature Brad Daugh-

erty's return to Chapel Hill.

The second matchup, on October 31, will pair the Chicago Bulls and the Dallas Mavericks. The Bulls are led by NBA scoring champ and UNC great Michael

Jordan, who will battle the Mavs and ex-teammate Sam Perkins.

Student tickets are now on sale on a first-come, first-serve basis at the Smith Center ticket office. The price is \$12.

On walking the fairways of an old Scottish course

Painting the Corners

James Surowiecki

At first glance, the sky is gray, but then I see there is nothing bland, nothing featureless about it. Hanging low and close, streaked with scudding clouds, dancing with soft purples and whites I've never seen before, it brings to mind a Monet painting. Scotland is where the Impressionists should have learned to paint.

We're in early July, but the wind off the sea makes me glad I'm wearing my blue Choate sweater. The sweater has already traveled through Ireland with me, has already been consecrated at the best courses that the land of Guinness could offer. For me not to have worn it here, the final stop on my journey, would have been almost sacrilegious.

It doesn't feel like July, but then I've been overseas eight weeks and there have only been two days of summer. I'm standing on the putting green at Royal Troon on the west coast of Scotland, waiting for a group of tourist golfers to get off the first tee so I can get on. I called down here yesterday and asked if there was any way I could play today. The starter asked me what my handicap was and then told me, in this lovely Scottish burr, to come by "back of nine" and he'd put together a foursome. So here I am. It's back of nine.

The starter walks up to me as I'm tying my well-worn brown Dexters. He's big, barrel-chested, his face weathered red by the sea air. Living here, it's certainly not weathered red by the sun. He's accompanied by the caddy, a short, square man with a tweed cap on his head. "You're next on the tee," the starter says, and introduces me to my three partners.

It's funny. You travel across an ocean and end up on the edge of a little Scottish town, and who do you end up playing with but three guys from North America. One of the three is from Florida, another from Alaska, and the third from Canada. Making this even more bizarre is the fact that Bob, the guy from Alaska, is traveling with a woman from Chapel Hill.

Mike, the Floridian, points at my sweater and says, "Did you go to Choate?" Turns out he prepped at Hotchkiss. "We used to call you Choke Choate," he says. "We thought you were just a sports school because you would always crush us when we played you." When I was at Choate, we thought the same thing about the Kissies. Curiouser and curiouser.

The first few holes go by in a blur. Short, flat, par-4s, they seem more suited to an inland course than a links layout. We're hitting driver and wedge into the rolling, bumpy greens. Well, in most cases we are. On the first hole, Mike pulls his tee shot into the long grass, which on a Scottish course means long grass. He asks his caddy for a pitching wedge. The caddy shakes his head and says the 9-iron is the right club. Mike takes the pitching wedge and leaves it short

in a bunker. "All right. From now on, I listen to you," he tells his caddy.

There are two reasons to have a caddy in Scotland, and not having to carry your clubs is not one of them. A caddy is invaluable for spotting your ball as it bounds into the thigh-high rough, and he is also important for the stories he tells.

Mike, though, is the only one of us with a caddy. His caddy, Paul, is 17 years old and a junior member of the club. I ask Paul what it means to be a junior member. "I get to play the Old Course once a year, and when I turn 18 I can join the club," he says. Once a year. The rest of the time the junior members play the Portland course, an easier, flatter layout. The Portland course is not in the British Open rotation. It's still tough, though. And I suppose playing Portland while the Old Course lies right around the corner helps build the patience that is essential to playing golf well.

We come to the short eighth hole, the infamous "Postage Stamp." Gene Sarazen aced this hole in the 1934 Open with a punched five-iron. I hit a pitching wedge, hit it well. It lands on the green and bites, thirty feet short. As I line up the put, Mike says, "It breaks a little to your left." I shuffle my feet and drain it. Birdie.

Troon starts off slowly, but the deeper we get into the course, the farther we move from the staid old clubhouse, with its lockers unobtrusively tagged with their owners' names and its members-only dining room, the clearer becomes its greatness. From the seventh through the 16th, it is a truly magnificent test of golf, and though I play from the forward tees, it demands the use of nearly every club in the bag.

On the 11th, I drop a drive into the center of the gorse-lined fairway and then coax a four-iron into the center of the green as a yellow ScotRail train roars by on my right. The 11th, fittingly enough, is the railroad hole.

As we approach the 13th green, a soft rain kicks up again. It rained first, and rained hard, back on the fifth hole. It's just a drizzle now, enough to make us feel like we're really in Scotland. I pick up two more pars on the way to the 18th, where I slap a drive into the short rough.

The imposing clubhouse is directly behind the 18th green, standing forebodingly, its windows eager to catch a misstruck Titleist. I have a pitching wedge in my hands. Swing easy, swing slow. I catch the ball thin and it seems to race toward the clubhouse, away from its intended target, before it lands, on the green, and rolls onto the fringe. I get down in two for a par.

After everyone holes out, we stride slowly away from the green. It isn't like an ordinary day at the local course. I shake hands with my partners, and tell Paul maybe we can play together when I'm back again. I go into the bar, and look out the window. The course is still there, stark green against the sea behind it. The sky is still gray, still beautiful, and I am reminded of something Joyce wrote of a day like this, "A day of dappled, seaborne clouds." And of dimpled, windborne golf balls.

Soccer

from page 1B

in two games. "She did a remarkable job for us last year," said Dorrance. Gebauer had 10 goals and 26 points overall.

Second team All-American Birthe Hegstad, who earned that honor as a back last year, will be moved to

forward because of her offensive skills. She had 16 points last fall. Senior Carrie Serwetnyk (10 goals in 1986), and impressive sophomore Julie Guarnotta (10 goals, 23 points), complete the offense.

The Tar Heels begin their title

defense Sept. 1 against Berry at 2 p.m. at Fetzer Field. Rivals George Mason, whom the Tar Heels eliminated in the NCAA semifinals last year, and Central Florida come to Chapel Hill for the Tar Heel Invitational beginning Sept. 5.

"We took some off of our schedule from last year," said Dorrance. "The summer was really hard for them, and with this year's team we have to be concerned with burnout."

Sure, losing Heinrichs and McDermott will hurt the UNC women's soccer team. But Dorrance, who has lost only seven games in the seven years women's soccer has been a varsity sport, remains calm about this year's team.

"Our ambition is to be the best. We're interested in winning," Dorrance said. "That's a tradition we don't want to change."



Lunch and Dinner

Sandwiches are served with your choice of one of our tasty side orders: Blackeyed peas & corn, potato salad, corn chips, cole slaw, pinto beans, or buffalo chips (prepared in all vegetable oil)

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- Willie's famous Chili** 2.75
Homemade beef and bean chili in a flour tortilla shell, topped with onions, celery, and aged cheddar cheese. Served with corn chips.
- Leghorn's Chicken Sandwich** 3.75
Fresh boneless chicken breast, lightly marinated, dipped in a beer batter, cooked crisp and served on a toasted poppy seed roll with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise.
- Grilled Chicken Breast Sandwich** 4.00
Our marinated chicken breast, grilled and served on toasted oat bread with aged Swiss cheese, lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise.
- Cajun Grill** 4.00
New Orleans spices and our fresh chicken breast grilled. (A great combination.) Served on toasted oat bread with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise.
- Wild Turkey Sandwich** 4.00
Turkey breast roasted in our ovens, sliced, served on toasted oat bread with cucumbers and a cream cheese and tarragon dressing.
- Chicken Salad Sandwich** 3.25
Old fashioned chicken salad made fresh with almonds, celery, and special seasonings with lettuce on oat bread.
- Tuna Salad Seattle** 3.75
Chilled homemade albacore tuna salad, served in a flour tortilla shell with corn chips and garnished with lettuce and tomato wedges.
- Spring Garden Salad** 4.25
A tossed green salad with fresh vegetables, roasted turkey and lightly smoked ham, aged Swiss and cheddar cheeses with our homemade herb vinaigrette, served in a flour tortilla shell with corn chips.
- Vegetables only 2.50 Vegetables & Cheese only 3.00
- New York Frankfurter** 2.25
An authentic New York frank, grilled, on a whole wheat bun with mustard, chili, cole slaw, and onions or mustard and sauerkraut.
- A La Carte Side Orders** (each) .75
Choose any of our delicious side orders a la carte: blackeyed peas & corn, potato salad, cole slaw, pinto beans, corn chips, or salsa.
- Buffalo Chips** 1.50
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Our own Häagen Dazs coffee and chocolate ice cream pie, topped with Hershey's hot fudge.

All menu items are available for take-out — Call 929-2708. Main & Weaver Streets. The Flatiron Building in Downtown Carrboro.



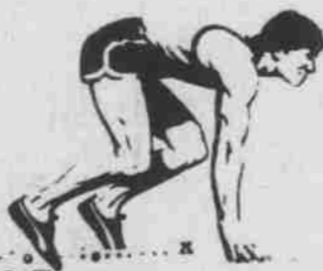
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