



On the ball

The McGibbon Hawks and the Midas Top Guns squared off in a Senior ball hockey game during regular schedule action recently, with the Hawks taking a narrow 3-1 decision. The league plays games Tuesday evenings at Memorial Arena. (Herald photo)

GMHA bingo on May 19

A total of \$10,000 in prizes will be at stake at the Georgetown Minor Hockey Association's Bingo night on May 19 at the Alcott Arena. Action gets under way at 7 p.m. with a grand prize worth \$3,000 waiting to be won.

The GMHA has also announced its annual rep teams awards banquet will be held on Saturday, May 14 at the GDHS cafeteria beginning at 1 p.m.

Other GMHA projects in the works include the possible hosting of the Toronto Maple Leafs slo-pitch team tentatively set for June 8. GMHA officials were still working on the details of the proposed event at press time.

Wins award

The sixth Annual Stompin' Tom Trophy was presented on Saturday, April 30 to Mr. Adney Gray of Scarborough, Ont., who racked up a season's total of 125 points playing "45's", a popular card game from Prince Edward Island, now gaining widespread acceptance in Southern Ontario.

The 45 CLUB now has Chapters from Georgetown in the west to Uxbridge in the east and this year held its Awards Banquet in Scarborough at the Country Nugget where Mr. Gray was Guest of Honor.



B'ball winners

Local lady hoopsters were honored at the Georgetown Ladies Basketball League awards banquet on April 27 at the Squire's Inn. Kelly Forsyth (left) was named the "most improved player", Anita Stankus (middle) won the scoring crown and Judy Thomson was honored as "most sportsmanlike player". Absent was MVP winner Chung Kim. (Herald photo)



Top bowlers

These Georgetown Golden Age bowlers will compete on May 12 in the provincial five-pin final and could advance to the nationals here in June. From left to right are VI Hewitt, Betty Doyle and Friede Zander. (Herald photo)

A tribute to the trout fisherman



LOON TUNES and OUTDOOR NOTES by Len Landry

Let's go back... It is 1968. It is the "merry, merry month of May." Why so happy? Well, you are in Heaven.

You've worked many hours for the privilege to get up at four in the morning, your hard-working hands now juggling the coffee mugs, cream, and the (don't-let-Doctor-Mac know), sugar. You have to avoid all that clatter and clangor though.

After all, you have to let your wife sleep. Poor soul; she works so hard, and she looks so pretty, asleep with a smile on her face, and every bit as beautiful as the bride she was for you forty-one years ago.

You sneak past the family dog, and the animal acknowledges your presence by raising his eyebrows and opening one lazy eye and then snorting with confident recognition of the owner. You could swear he was smiling too! Smart ace!

You sip your coffee and wonder why you always make it so bitter. Now, your wife... well, she can make real coffee, but she's sleeping, poor soul, so you'll have to settle for your own concoction.

"Bitter, bitter," you mumble, but your spirit is suddenly elevated by the sight of your outfit for this brisk morning.

Your pants, jacket and vest are nicely topped off by your otherwise sad-looking hat, now cheerfully adorned with your favorite self-made fishing flies.

"The wife again... so organized... why she even remembered my waders and an extra pair of socks..."

You check your watch. 4:30. You have to hurry up a bit. You have to be on the water at five. It's a good thing that you don't have very far to travel. After all, is not the very best speckled trout fishing just a step outside of your own home, in that beautiful brook that bubbles through Stewarttown?

Recognizing your prejudice, you realize that you do have some time yet. You nestle up to the May, 1965, Field and Stream journal that you dug out for last night's inspiration: Arthur Glowka writing about "The Best Trout Stream in the East!"

"Hah! The best trout stream in the world is just outside of my front door! I wasted 35 cents on that magazine..."

You tug on your hat with determination, say a last, quiet goodbye to your wife, and in an instant, you're out the door. You lovingly pat your dewy-wet Ford Falcon. "Rest today, baby. We're on our home turf," and you walk down to the stream.

You proceed to have an excellent day on the water. You play the pools and the riffles, the shallows and the ripples with the exquisite touch of an artist.

You've matched the hatch to perfection and your flies actually seem to be alive, landing ever so lightly on the water, twitching a moment, then promptly being gobbled up by the voracious brook trout.

You are constantly amazed by the brilliant colors of these fish and you know that they really aren't trout at all, but actually a type of char. Yes, but don't tell anybody.

Arthur Glowka can keep his browns in the Adirondacks; the brookies in Stewarttown satisfy you perfectly.

You have four beautiful specimens in your shoulder-slung basket, including a brilliant ten incher, and you can almost taste them already, simmering in hot butter, lightly salted, a tender delicacy.

Then you suddenly hear the sound. There, on the bridge ahead... that ugly Rambler American (how could anyone design a car like that?). It can only be those boys again. Perrott and Landry, you think... smart alects...

"Hey, old-timer! Why not try for some real fish? Hey, we use bait bigger than those fish you're catching!"

Just wait until pickerel season opens! Then we'll show you some really big ones."

"Boys, you've missed the boat..." you say to yourself. "Anyone can hook-and-worm it. And besides, it's not pickerel you're talking about; it's walleye. Anyone can catch walleye..."

A decade passes. It is 1978. It is May, and May will never be quite as merry.

Your coffee seems forever bitter, but you don't need any more reminders of your wife's passing on a few years ago.

God, how you miss her! You are reassured by the knowledge that she's simply gone to a better existence, and that you'll see her again.

And you know, there are still some things that'll make you smile, and bring back that twinkle in your eyes... things like the antics of that frisky new puppy you bought... things like that sound outside your front door, bearing testimony to an awkward presence.

No, old friend, as you've already realized, it's not a bear, or an intruder. It's really just a couple of peaceful loons! Perrott and Landry, you think, still trying to catch those elusive brook trout of Stewarttown...

SHORELINES: For those of you who like 'pike' as much as we do, remember that the season opens for this fish, and for walleye, a week earlier in Region 8 (Picton, West Lake, etc.) than in most other parts around here. That means you can start this Saturday (May 7)! While you're at it, why not try the Trenton-Kiwanis Fish Derby (May 7 and 8)? Call (613) 392-9203 for more information... Millbrook, Ont., has a Trout Fishing Derby this Saturday. For this one, call (705) 932-2105.

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