

Port Perry perfidy



LOONTUNES and OUTDOOR NOTES
by Len Landry

"Sorry, fellas, but you can't park here," the policeman said, just as I turned off the ignition to my truck.

"They're doing some important work up the road, and no traffic is allowed on Main Street today. Sorry."

I looked at Barry, and we both sort of shrugged.

For sure, Main Street in Port Perry wasn't exactly a hub of activity on this day. Apart from a small group of people gathered around a couple of trucks further up the road, the place looked abandoned. I've seen more hectic happenings in the hayfields and cow pastures in Speyside... in the middle of the night... in December...

"Now that's weird," Barry grumbled. "You just pulled off a perfect parallel park... much to my surprise, may I add..."

"Aw, it's not too hard when there's nobody else around," I interjected, a little confused myself.

"Anyway, my point is, Len... if I may make my point perfectly clear, sir," Barry continued in his own inimitable fashion, "the point is, do these people want our tourist dollars, or not? I mean, we travelled all this way, in the middle of our busy day, might I add, to donate to the near-depleted coffers of their sport-fishing industry... and it looks like they don't want our money!"

"Relax Barry," I said, "look at that sparkling water, man. Lake Scugog - home of walleye, bass, and of course, the mighty muskie! So relax, there's a coffee shop around the corner," ... and there was too; my memory hadn't failed me; it was a neat little place, that greeted us with a sign: "Closed. Please Call Again."

"Man, this is really weird! Hey, it is Wednesday in Port Perry too, right? Wednesday, just goin' on 8 a.m. right?" Barry rambled. "No holiday, right? So where in Sam Hill is everybody on Main Street, on a Wednesday morning? And what's that group doin' up at the other end... looks like some kind of equipment they're workin' on..."

"I don't know, Barry, but let's check out the marina. We'll rent our boat, load it up, and maybe then someone will be ready to get us breakfast. Yep, the marina is just around the corner..."

And it was too, but all was quiet, and on the door was a sign: yeah, you guessed it, "Closed. Please Call Again."

"Seems nobody wants our business today, Barry. The lake sure looks good, though. See those marker buoys? Troll right between them, using big plugs... Swim Whizz, Believer... and hang on, baby... Muskie City! Forty pounder out there with my name on it..."

"Yeah, yeah," Barry agreed, "but first, we're gettin' breakfast, and we're findin' out what's goin' on around here. Park the truck... uh, please..."

So we got out and made our way, like a couple of gunslingers, heading toward that mysterious cluster of people at the top of Main Street.

About halfway up the road, we encountered an open entrance... a wide open door, and we made a detour inside to a very nice, quaint, but classy, restaurant.

"Breakfast, gentlemen?" the waitress asked with a wide smile. "You bet!" we said in unison, and we proceeded to gobble down one of the finest, first-of-the-day repasts ever: double servings of bacon, toast, eggs, home fries (and who ever heard of cholesterol); triple servings of coffee, some fruit cocktail. Now, this was service.

"Burrp... sorry, 'scuse me," I said. "Any more gentlemen?" the waitress asked, now accompanied by the smiling master of the house.

"Nope, that was great. Now, we'll just have the bill, please." "No sir," the well-suited boss man said. "For you, no charge."

"No... charge...?" Barry asked shyly, and then he nodded knowingly.

"No charge. That's right. We need more fellows, like you around here, you know. You help our town; you're good for our economy," the boss said as Barry and I raised our shoulders, sucked in our bellies and straightened our collars.

"So gentlemen," the boss continued, "how's the shooting going?"

"Um, we're not hunters, sir."

"Oh... ha ha, I know," he laughed.

"We're fishermen!" I said proudly, as Barry kicked me in the shin.

"Fi... fi... fishermen?" the waitress stammered as the boss' piano-wide smile lost some keys.

"We thought you were with the film crew up the road, at the end of Main Street. They're using our town to film some beer commercials."

"But," the boss interjected, "we try to provide excellent service for all of our clients, even... ahem... fishermen. I'll reduce your tab. You pay only for the small single breakfast."

Well, it was a deal all right, but next time, I fish out of Port Perry. I'm bringing some Molson and Labatts fishing caps... my Jack Nicholson sunglasses... might even shave... nice clean sport shirt...

Select soccer squad shines

On July 22 and 23, Grimsby Soccer Club hosted their 6th Annual "Grimsby 200" Soccer Tournament. The first game against Brantford saw Georgetown Select Girls down quickly by a goal. Wendy Padillo replied quickly with a timely goal - set up by hustle from Taysha Brankiewicz and Joanna Miller.

Andrea McNeily scored a great goal on a breakaway to leave the score at 2-1 for Georgetown at the

half. Brantford scored in the second half to tie the game. Padillo slammed the ball into the back of the net (her second) to give Georgetown the 3-2 win.

A great effort by the whole team against one of the best teams in Ontario.

The second game against London saw a different, slow, lethargic Georgetown team lose 2-0. Little enthusiasm and only occasional individual efforts allowed London to score on identical shots that just dropped under the cross bar. Goalie Leanne Inglis (who was playing extremely well) didn't have a chance on either.

The third game on this very hot and humid day, pitted Georgetown against mighty Burlington. Georgetown led 1-0 on a quickly released ball by Joanna Miller set up by a hard-working Melanie Booth. However, Burlington tied the game at 1-1 when the hesitant Georgetown midfield and defence allowed a great shot from Burlington's striker. (Luck was on Georgetown's side as a Burlington penalty shot hit the goal post).

With four points on the day, Georgetown met West Rouge on Sunday - in the semi-finals.

In a very exciting contest, with two extremely well-balanced teams - the difference was an opportunistic goal by Joanna Miller, who raced down the left wing, released a left-footed shot that the Scarborough goalie should have had. However, the goalie slipped on the dry grass - and watched helplessly as the ball rolled across the goal line. Georgetown hung on for a 1-0 win and a trip to the finals.

At 3 p.m., in the stifling heat, a full 90 minute final had Georgetown against London (who had beaten Georgetown 2-0 the day

before). Georgetown attacked effectively, with midfielders Janet Scida, Taysha Brankiewicz, Tracy Fowler, Jennifer Chantler, Cathy Paul and Darby Erler controlling a lot of the play. A great lead pass by defence Kim Mizener left a streaking Joanna Miller on a breakaway. Making no mistake Miller cleanly beat the London goalie. Once again a penalty shot against Georgetown for a hand ball.

A determined Leanne Inglis stopped not only the first shot but dove to stop the rebound. Joanna Miller clinched the victory and therefore the tourney win with her second goal of the game (fourth of the tournament).

Courageous goalie Leanne Inglis secured her second consecutive shutout. Constant attacking by forwards McNeily, Miller, Padillo and Booth - and great defending by Mylene Benito, Michelle Boulanger, Michelle Doyle, Kim Mizener, and the always steady Lisa Vogt, helped to secure Georgetown's second consecutive tournament championship.

Hoosiers humbled

The Halton Hills Firestone Hoosiers ruined an otherwise fine effort with one bad inning and allowed Burlington to avenge their Sunday loss by besting the Hoosiers 7-3. Burlington scored four unearned runs in the fifth inning to seal the victory.

Burlington had built up a 2-0 lead over the first four innings. But Firestone got things rolling in their half of the fourth. Shannon Morris led off with a sharply-hit single throughout the hole between third and short. Sherie Peacock followed with a long fly to deep centre field which went over the centre fielder's head to drive in Morris. Peacock also scored on the play, when the throw to the catcher was dropped.

In the bottom of the sixth, the Hoosiers got one run back. Again it was Peacock driving in Morris, who had singled. However, the Peacock triple was the last show of power by Firestone. Burlington added a single marker in the seventh inning, to make the final score 7-3.

Morris took the loss, allowing five hits, two earned runs over seven innings, while striking out 10.

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