

Memories from past year a mixture of great times

This one's always a challenge. After all, there are so many wonderful memories from what I'll remember as a truly great year: 1989...a year of opportunity and appreciation of how lucky we are; the last year of a decade when I experienced the greatest gift of all: being a parent for three wonderful children.

But, this is an outdoors column after all, so kids, you'll have to sit back and be patient...but just for a while, as you'll see.

There were many outstanding personal moments in 1989, and I'll cherish each one.

I'll always remember setting off from Murdy's dock on Kasshabog Lake on a mission of mercy, if not medically good judgement. Amy Murdy simply had to have a cigarette and the nearest tobacco vendor was at the marina on the other side of the lake. Luckily, I took some muskie gear along with me and, using a lure affectionately nicknamed Pontiac, I managed to land two beautiful, legal-sized muskie within an hour, both of which were safely released to swim again. It was a personal record.

The second fish that day was particularly rewarding because the battle was witnessed by my entire family, who cheered the action from Murdy's beach. Amy? Why, I couldn't tell if she, like me, was shaking from excitement, or from nicotine withdrawal.

Yep, and 1989 will be personally marked as one in which I rediscovered the simple beauty of fishing from a dock with a hook and worm during the midnight hours. This approach yielded many a fine walleye and smallmouth bass over the summer, and God bless John Minns and his crazy solar tables.

Would I drive six hours for five hours of fishing...in the middle of the night...off of a dock? You bet I would!

This fact convinced my wife that, indeed, she had married a nut....



LOONTUNES and OUTDOOR NOTES by Lea Landry

Oh, I could go on and on...about Reed Burton and that "bleddle-bleedle-bleedle" fish-finder of his; and Grady the girl-dog who out-fished yours truly one day on Fairy Lake. I'll remember the fishy feed with Jerry Jones, the World's Greatest Waiter, and those words of wisdom from Roy Whetung, an old Indian guide on Stony Lake who made me think of a man called Pappy, my grandfather. I vowed revenge on the gladiator muskie of Head Lake and I gave thanks for the co-operative Kosh Lake bass that provided so much sport for the kids....

And, speaking of children, we come to our very special moment of the year, the one that shines above the rest in its' own unique way. We take you back to the early summer of 1989, and our family, I recall, was on the way up north for some rest, relaxation and of course, fishing, courtesy of the hospitality of Don and Ethel Murdy.

We were getting hungry after the long preparations....

"Okay, kids...So where, uh, do you guys want to eat?"

Famous words are these, uttered countless times by fathers of vacationing families over the span of generations.

"There, Daddy!" shrieked Zachary, in a high-pitched three year old voice. "There it is, Dad! Squish Alley!"...and we all laughed, of course.

Our daughter Sulla bellowed the loudest in that surprisingly hoarse baritone for which she is known.

"It's not Squish Alley, Zac!" Sulla advised solemnly, and poor

little Zac pouted just a bit upon learning of his error.

"It's Swish Allay!" Sulla continued proudly. "Mmm...I'm gonna have chicken and fries, okay Mommy?"

Lennon, our eldest, wore a confident smile, for he knew just a little bit better. He had finished Grade One, after all.

"It's not Allay, Sull," Lennon lectured seriously. "It's 'Chalet'. It means kind of like a little house or cottage."

"Very good, Lennon," I remarked.

"Yep. And Swish people run it," Lennon continued. "That's why they call it Swish Chalet."

Rita and I simply smiled.

And, you know, it made me realize that raising children and fishing for sport are similar in one very important way. The most amazing and funny stories are always that ones that really happened....

Joanne Bingham lauded for play

Georgetown native Joanne Bingham was instrumental to the success of the Western Michigan University volleyball team in 1989.

Bingham averaged 5.29 kills per game, fifth-highest in the AVCA rankings, and earned All-MAC honors for a second consecutive year. She was the MVP of the Mid-American Conference post-season tournament.

This season she set WMU records for kills in three-game match (24 vs. Northwestern, 11-14-89), kills in a four-game match (31 vs. Eastern Michigan, 11-24-89), and kills in a five-game match (38 vs. Eastern Michigan, 10-27-89). She also holds the season record for kills with 611.

WMU was 18-13 (7-1 MAC) and closed its season with a 10-15, 14-16, 3-15 loss to Texas in the first round of the NCAA tournament. It was WMU's eighth straight trip to the NCAA tourney.

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Deadline approaching for turkey hunt

The last day to submit applications to the Ministry of Natural Resources (M.N.R.) for the 1990 wild turkey hunts is January 10, 1990.

"Sportsmen have 10 wildlife management units to choose from when applying for the hunts, which is four more units than in 1989," says Dr. Terry Quinney, Provincial Coordinator of Fish and Wildlife Services for the Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters (O.F.A.H.). The hunts are scheduled for the first two weeks of May in the areas of Trenton-Belleville; Cambridge; Lindsay-Peterborough; the Niagara Peninsula; Barrie-Alliston and Simcoe.

All hunters selected in the random draw for 4,000 validation tags must attend, or have previously attended, a wild turkey hunter education seminar sponsored by the O.F.A.H. The seminars are also open, free of charge, to all interested nonhunters who register

in advance by calling (705) 748-6324.

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