

Tudor was the local 'Casey at the bat'

This column is about an old friend who loved baseball. His name is Rupert "Tudor" Beaumont. No one called him Rupert, only Tudor. It was a nickname he carried all his life in Georgetown and when someone mentioned Tudor everybody knew who they were talking about.

Back in the late 30's Tudor was a great player for the old Georgetown Intermediate baseball team. He played first base and batted clean-up. He could hit like 'Casey at the Bat'. Tudor was a very big man and blessed as he was as a hitter, he wasn't exactly a Jackie Robinson or a Maury Wills on the base paths.

Speed was not his greatest asset. Hitting was. When Tudor, after a long hit, had to run the bases a triple was diminished to a double, a double to a single, because of his lack of speed.

Teammates of the day like Bungy Ward and Andy Ritchie were the speedsters, the smoothies who could field, run and hit.

They were two of Tudor's teammates and when Tudor was about to bat they would kid him with "come on twinkle toes, unload on one," and after he did.

He enjoyed the game and the fans were always excited when Tudor's turn in the batting order came up.

In a way, I was a teammate.

It was an honor to be the local bat-boy. Every sports-minded kid in town envied my job. I rubbed shoulders with Andy, Bungy and Tudor and did their bidding with willingness and dispatch.

If it was water a perspiring player asked for, I supplied it and



Have You Got A Minute?

Stories by W. Steamer Emmerson

ran to refill the jug. If a ball had been hit foul I was off like a rabbit to retrieve it quickly. Lost foul balls were spirited away by nimble kids whose parents could ill afford such a luxury so you had to be quick. If not, the wrath of the umpire and team manager (Herb Scott) would descend upon you and your stature as bat-boy might be in jeopardy.

This was a time when the "dirty 30's" were nearing their ugly end. This was a time of high unemployment, relief vouchers and often the loss of family dignity when rent and bills went unpaid until work of some sort turned up to provide meagre wages.

Saturday afternoon baseball in the old park was popular. Lack of money did not deter the fans. Those that could paid a quarter and those that couldn't just climbed over the fence.

There was no point in charging for kids. They didn't have a dime.

The cash box receipts at the end of the game never balanced with the crowd, and don't think the crowds were small: When Acton with Minute Walters, Dude Lind-

say and Bobby Anderson came to take on the local nine the rivalry was there. Those from Acton who were fortunate enough to own a car and had enough gas would come to add sizzle to the steak and didn't they love to get on Tudor when he appeared in the batting circle. Strong words were hurled at him.

"Don't step on the ump, you might squash him with your big feet, strike out tangle foot, twinkletoes tap dance for the crowd." Tudor took it all in grace and often gave as good as he got.

Those long, lazy Saturday afternoons provided some great hardball and an hour or two of pleasant relief from those despairing days of depression times.

Oh the years rolled on and from time-to-time I would meet Tudor in town but it seemed as we grew older those exciting afternoons grew more distant and out meetings less.

Intensive care had me incarcerated, and hospital routine was not my idea of a perfect day.

Nurses fussed over me, scolded me when I needed it, encouraged me when I needed a boost. They were terrific. Midge McKelvey, Janet Page, Laura Audrey and I could go on.

Someone had told me Tudor was in the hospital and had been in A-4 for months. Deep down I thought when I get untangled from these monitors I'm heading to see my old friend Tudor.

Imagine my surprise when I was paroled from that restrictive environment of healing to hear I was being put in A-4 with Tudor.

The transfer from I.T.U. to A-4 took place quickly and I was glad to see my 80-year-old friend.

First glance at my old teammate told me lots. He had lost a step, you could easily see. He shuffled around his bed to shake my hand. His grip was nothing like the one I knew when he was grasping a bat back in those days long before the Blue Jays.

Beside him was his little radio pre-set on the dial for upcoming games.

We started to reminisce immediately. Those long lazy summer afternoons were unfolding in our memories of the hardball team of a long time ago, unlikely to be discarded lightly.

Ward A had their hands full with us. We didn't make it easy. Medication, meals, blood pressure checks were back-burner items when we got rolling. What funny incident I had forgotten, Tudor hadn't and vice-versa. If fun-filled memories helped in speeding recoveries we had it by the ton.

Shortly after arriving in A-4 and getting settled in bed, Tudor asked me what my problem was. I told him "the doctor told me I've got six months to live, Tudor." Tudor asked what I was going to do and I told him I was going to move to Acton. It would be the longest six months of my life.

Tudor roared. He insisted every visitor be told this old vaudevillian joke and responded with a great laugh at the punch line.

One nurse patiently waiting for the punch line responded curtly "I live in Acton." To Tudor that made it funnier. Deep down I thought to myself he's getting a lick or two in for those good-natured taunts from those active Acton fans of long gone Saturday afternoons when baseball was the only game in town.

One day the nurse came in and asked Tudor if he had had a B.M. that day and Tudor without a moments hesitation said yes. I moved to Acton. The nurse joined in the laughter and for days the added dimension of the old joke was told and retold.

Delly Beaumont, a nephew and his lovely wife Ethel came every day or evening to visit. Ethel made him take his medication, utilities were paid, etc., and provided him with clean pyjamas, etc. His affairs were being taken care of by a couple I had known a lifetime.

Tudor, widowed and with no children, had strong allies in Ethel and Delly. Both of them straight and true so I knew my friend was as the ad says "in good hands."

I felt good knowing my old teammate was getting great nursing and family care.

Just before the Blue Jays broadcast one night when my pal was resting after a poor day and Delly and Ethel were preparing to go, I started to recite Casey at the Bat with Tudor replacing Casey. I threw in Tudor when I came to "they'd put even money now with Tudor at the bat." A sideward glance revealed a smile on his face as I went on.

Tudor was in the late innings of his life. Delly, Tudor, Ethel and I knew it. For a moment or two I felt he was back in the batters box in the old park ready to show Acton he could still hit.

That famous poem that night made me feel like I'd given him another chance to bat.

I didn't recite the last part where mighty Casey has struck out because he already had two strikes against. I wanted him believing he'd hit another homer.

When I look back on that night now in A-4, Tudor, Delly and Ethel were the best audience I ever had.

Halton Cable Systems

Program Listings for Halton Community Television Cable 4

MONDAY, JULY 23

- 5:30 - TV Storytime, No. 3
- 6:00 - Cinderella
- 7:30 - Anatomy of the Human Mind, No. 5
- 8:00 - Document
- 8:30 - Halton Hills Health Spot
- 9:00 - Vocational Training
- 9:30 - Closing

TUESDAY, JULY 24

- 5:30 - Pentecostal Presence No. 1
- 6:00 - George's Country Jamboree
- 7:00 - Literacy in the 1990's
- 7:14 - The Red Cross In Action
- 7:26 - Carmanah, Something Wild
- 7:30 - Path To Nepal
- 7:52 - Canada's GST
- 8:00 - Centennial Alumni Choir
- 9:33 - Closing

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

- 5:30 - Wetland News
- 6:00 - TV Storytime, No. 3
- 6:30 - Glimpses Into Medicine
- 6:54 - P.S.A. No. 8
- 7:00 - Wilderness Will, No. 3
- 7:30 - Israel Review
- 7:52 - Canada's GST
- 8:00 - Anatomy of the Human Mind, No. 5
- 8:30 - A Taste of Wine, No. 2
- 9:28 - Closing

THURSDAY, JULY 26

- 5:30 - Imprint On The Land
- 5:52 - Out Of The Shadow
- 6:00 - Document
- 6:30 - Fishing In Ontario
- 6:56 - P.S.A. No. 10
- 7:00 - Pentecostal Presence, No. 1
- 7:30 - Earth News
- 8:00 - If You Love This Planet
- 8:26 - P.S.A.
- 8:30 - The Acton Library presents Craig Douglas "Juggler"
- 9:12 - Canada's GST
- 9:20 - Closing

FRIDAY, JULY 27

- 5:30 - Money In The Bank
- 5:58 - P.S.A.
- 6:00 - Regional Council

Kasual Katering
by Geri & Lori Kentner

Steamed Mussels

Fresh mussels (8-10 per person for appetizer, 10-15 per person for entree).

- 1 medium sized tomato, chopped
- 1 small spanish onion, chopped
- 1 lemon

Method

1. Remove beards from mussels and rinse in cold water.
2. Pour 1/2 cup dry white wine in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Place mussels in simmering wine and cook 2-3 minutes until shells open (if they do not open this means they are bad - throw them out). Remove from pan. Only put a few mussels in at a time, do not pile them up.
3. Once all mussels have been cooked, add the rest of the wine, tomato and onion and cook until tender.
4. Place mussels in serving dish and pour hot broth over top. Serve immediately with fresh lemon wedges.

Handy Hints

When buying lemons to go with your seafood, weigh them in your hands. The heaviest one is usually the juiciest. This applies to all citrus fruits - limes, oranges, grapefruits.

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