

# The trophy drought has officially ended

After 38 years on this planet, 30 of which have included playing sports of one kind or another, I have finally attained the pinnacle of athleticism.

No, a \$30 million a year contract hasn't come my way nor have I been invited to the next Olympics. I've got something better.... way better.

My first trophy. It may not be much to look at (it only stands 7 inches tall and part of it is made of plastic) but this is my own personal Stanley Cup and was achieved through determination and teamwork.

Let the record books show that in the 1996 Georgetown Chamber of Golf tournament yours truly, Independent & Free Press publisher Ken Nugent, Emma Rock of the Georgetown BIA and Town of Halton Hills representative Christine Campbell were the best low grossers of the day.

Er, perhaps I should rephrase that. Our foursome tied for top spot with a combined best-ball total of 68 at the Georgetown (River's Edge) Golf and Country Club recently. In other words, we kicked butt.

And our solid teamwork (actually the two ladies saved our bacon on most of the holes even though my boss will tell you it was his putting)



resulted in us winning trophies for the best mixed low gross score of the day.

For many people trophies are a dime a dozen, but when it comes to wining one I've had two kinds of luck— bad and none.

Bowling, softball, hockey, golf... you name it, and I've usually found myself on the losing end. Remember the kid picked last for schoolyard games? That was me. Or the kid who only got to play when his team was ahead by 20 runs? That was me.

Even when I won I lost.

One year in peewee softball our team actually won the championship (I played in about eight games that year but led the league in calling opposing players rude names).

However, my hopes for a championship trophy were dashed

when the coaches opted to give us jackets instead of trophies. For three years— winter and summer— I wore that D.H. and B Janitorial Services jacket until it literally disintegrated.

Through seven years of youth bowling I managed to collect enough crests and badges to decorate an army regiment but, alas, no trophies came my way.

Three years ago, as part of the Georgetown Headcrushers Mixed Softball League (an office league) I did manage to win a trophy for Rookie of the Year. Unfortunately, I was one of only two people eligible for the honor and I won because the other candidate only showed up for three games.

Let me tell you, it's not easy growing up trophy-less when everyone around you is winning trophies. My parents had trophies from their days in sports and my brother even had handful from drum and bugle corps competitions. What's so damn hard about marching straight that it warrants a trophy, I always wondered?

However, now that I have my prize possession another dilemma has arisen.

Where exactly does one put a seven-inch gold figurine with a plastic background?



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