



**EXCITING ACTION**

This was part of the action at the recent Russell Lions Tournament between Harrington and Kemptville. Kemptville won the game 1-0 to capture the Intermediate finals. Turpin Pontiac defeated Lacroix Sports to take the Senior title. Photo by Rowsell.

**Russell A's win town league tournament**

Winning fastball tournaments is becoming a habit for the Russell A's Johnston's Holdings. They started out the year by winning tournaments at Osgoode and Leitrim. Last week they were at it again, this time walking off with the championship trophy and \$200 at the Winchester Town League Fastball Tournament. The opening game proved easy with a 10-2 romp over Marionville. In the second game a stubborn B & D—Don's team finally succumbed to the A's by a 2-0 score with

Daryl Ross gaining the shutout. In quarter final action Russell defeated the Marvelville Z's, for the third time this year, by a score of 6-1 with Ross once again the winning pitcher. Game number four proved to be a thriller and was probably the best game of the Tournament. Trailing 3-1 going into the sixth inning against Union Auto Todd McLaren homered and before the inning had ended the A's had taken a 6-3 lead. Union tied the score in the seventh with Todd McLaren getting the

side out after relieving Bryan Cochrane who had started the game. Kevin Cochrane scored the winning run in the seventh to give Russell the victory 7-6 and move then into the Championship game.

The final game against South Mountain proved to be no contest with the A's winning 12-2, scoring 10 runs in the first inning. Daryl Ross won his fourth game and was selected as the tournament's MVP.

**White water rafting**

**Screaming is a constant companion**

by Mike VanDusen

The rumble of the rapids wakes you from your midday reverie and you shift position to listen more intently. The next thing you see is the trailing running shoe of the person who used to be sitting in front of you, as it passes over your head.

Once again the screaming that has been almost a constant companion on the day long voyage, rings across the raft and you're tempted to laugh until you realize that your own voice is part of the chorus.

As quickly as it came the wall of water passed and you're surprised that there are still the same number of people left in the raft as there were when you started.

This is white water rafting—one of those elusive thrills that you see on TV but never think seriously of trying.

Wilderness Tours is a group of young men who for \$30 to \$40 take you to a hair-raising reunion with this wild side of nature. They're located near Pembroke, Ont. and every day between fifty and seventy people take a ride down the most turbulent waters of the Ottawa river.

The voyage begins quietly enough. There's a lot of clowning around as you try to empty the occupants out of the other rafts. Then comes the briefing and you realize that there is more to this than meets the eye.

The guides who accompany each raft instruct the newcomers on the techniques to be followed throughout the day. When we hit the rapids there are certain orders barked out from the guide's steering position at the back of the vessel, hopefully these, if carried out will ensure safe passage along the river.

A hydraulic, we're told is a wall of water formed when a hole is dug in the river bed by natural currents. The water, in seeking a

level, fills this hole with undercurrents brought violently upstream against the flow. The first one we encountered threw one of our members into the swirl as the bow of our twenty-foot rubber raft was tossed towards heaven. He was grabbed by a rugged looking companion and amazingly scrambled back in without battering himself on the rocks.

Throughout the afternoon the rapids come at different levels of difficulty and length. One of the highlights for me was body-surfing—with a life jacket of course—down a roller coaster series of large waves that ended in a warm eddy of sparkling clean water.

Lunch is anchored to the floors of the rafts in water proof containers. Around 2:00 p.m. we stopped on a small island to eat the sandwiches and chocolate chip cookies. Hunger had been neglected in the excitement and now rose up to conquer us.

Easing out on full stomachs we spent the next hour diving off natural rock formations or just lying in the sun and floating

downstream.

During the course of the day you realize how much each individual is dependent on the others. Paddling has to be a group effort or the raft gets carried off in any direction that the river chooses. Another facet of team support come to light whenever we struck rapids as the only way to stay in the craft was to brace yourself with the person sitting opposite you. There are no straps, no seats, no strings attached. I found myself wishing more than once that the seat belt laws applied to rafting.

The last leg of the trip we spent floating on our backs, carried between different islands by the currents.

White water rafting is something that appeals to the adventurer in all of us. It's relatively safe but there's always the chance that before you know it you'll be in the water reaching for the hand of someone you barely know, and hoping that for a brief second, they'll forget about holding on themselves and reach down to pull you in.

Jack McLaren  
**Sports  
Ramblings**



**Yankees in Deep Trouble**

The New York Yankees is not one of my favourite teams in professional sports. Their performance on and off the field in the past few years has left a lot to be desired. The Yankee teams of the Fifties and Sixties played with a great deal of pride and dedication, truly a credit to the game. Since current owner George Steinbrenner has been operating the club there has been nothing but dissension within player ranks and his hiring and firing of managers could top any comedy routine by Steve Martin. In order to stay near the top he has spent millions of dollars acquiring free agents from other teams who are unwilling or unable to pay the price. Now, one can argue that his efforts have been successful since his team won the World Series last year. Not so, the fact is that the Boston Red Sox blew the No. 1 position late in the season. Had they not been hit by numerous injuries (at one time as many as eight regulars were hurting) the Yankees would never have made it in the stretch drive. So after winning the World Series the team was once again one big happy family.

Mr. Steinbrenner, not content, went out during the off season and signed free agents Tommy John and Luis Tiant, two of the best pitchers in all of baseball. The owner had once again assured himself of another World Series victory. Not quite. Along come the Baltimore Orioles in 79 with a group of average ball players, no superstars like Reggie Jackson but with a manager who knows how to mold a winning club. Their won-lost record is the envy of both major leagues and they show no signs of letting up.

Of the current Yankee players the one who gained the respect of every sports fan was catcher Thurman Munson. He has been plagued with injuries throughout his career but always gave it his best shot without much fanfare. Like so many sports greats Munson's career was ended prematurely last week when a small plane which he was piloting, crashed, killing him instantly. The baseball world has lost a very real superstar.

I keep hearing that a few Yankee fans in the area are still hoping for a miracle and one or two who are willing to risk a couple of bucks on their slim chances. A team racked with dissension, too many overpaid superstars and an interfering owner can only stay on top for so long—the trip down has already begun.

Football Fans Deserve More

Once again it appears that Canadian Football fans are in for a ho-hum year if the early games are any indication of what we can expect in the remainder of the season. The only team capable of generating any offense thus far has been the Edmonton Eskimos with every other team relying on their field goal kicker for points. The latter method may win a few ball games and while it certainly has a very important place in our game it should not become the dominant scoring route. Professional football should be entertaining—this means moving the ball offensively and putting a lot of points on the scoreboard.

Already we know which three teams in the East will make the playoffs and which team in the West will miss. With exception of Edmonton and possibly Calgary most teams will have trouble scoring. But then that's to be expected. Strong defence is the name of the game. Teams will try and get by with average players on the offensive line, something they would never attempt on defence. The NFL used to play this way but not anymore. Their game is much more offensively-minded in the last few years—it's about time the CFL followed suit.

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