

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Riding the waves

This summer, I've been out in a boat only twice, but each was memorable in its fashion.

The first time, old friends called and told us to be at their cottage sharp at noon next day. They were entertaining friends from the States and wanted us to join them for a special scenic ride by chartered boat.

It sounded interesting. And it was. We drove 50 miles to their cottage. Light refreshments and we all piled into two cars and drove 15 miles to Tobermory.

The boat's skipper was an old friend, Archie Simpson, and we exchanged, "Long-time-no-see's."

Everything went swimmingly. It was a beautiful afternoon, our host had provided all the trimmings, the company was pleasant and the scenery superb as we cruised along the rugged north shore of the Bruce Peninsula.

Then the breeze freshened. We began to wallow a bit. Nothing serious, but two of the party began turning a pale green. Should we go on or turn back? It was decided to press on, pull into Wingfield Basin, and wait for the breeze to drop.

It didn't. It became a wind. The skipper said it would be a rough trip back. The ladies looked longingly at the shore. After two hours, our host, stout chap, borrowed a dinghy and rowed 500 yards to the lighthouse, made arrangements, and rowed back, without even suffering a coronary.

We went ashore. Two cars were available. We would drive to Tobermory, pick up our own cars, and drive back to the cottage. But who was going to drive the two cars back to the lighthouse?

That was only the beginning of the complications, too involved to relate here. Both cars broke down. The rear end went on one just as we reached Tob-

ermory, and the other crept into the village sans brakes.

The ladies, grimy but glad, took one of our own cars and went back to the cottage. My host, another chap and myself spent two hours and drove about 80 miles, organizing the return of the borrowed cars.

But it all ended pleasantly, with hamburgers at the cottage about 10 p.m. Midnight found me arguing racial problems with a big, dumb Norwegian lawyer from Chicago. He's so dumb he has only three million dollars to his name. And we still had to drive 50 miles home.

A memorable boat ride. Ten miles by boat and 250 by car. But good clean fun all the way.

The other boat ride was a typical Smiley event. Kim and I went out in her uncle's boat, after a three-minute period of instruction. She insisted on driving, though she'd never steered anything more powerful than a canoe.

We staggered about the lake, she grinning wildly, I rigid with fear in the bow. Four miles from the home dock, we hit bottom.

"Drop the anchor! Man overboard! Hard astern!" I yelled these and a few other salty, sea-going terms. Too late. We had sheared a pin, whatever that means.

I spoke silently to myself for about five minutes, head bowed as if in prayer. Then I reached for the paddle. No paddle. We made it ashore in 40 minutes, using our hands as paddles.

She stuck with the ship. I waded rocky shoreline and clambered, bare-footed, through poison ivy, seeking help. Three hours after we had set out on a 15-minute whirl about the lake, we got back to port. Mama was waiting.

If you're planning a boat trip, perhaps you shouldn't ask yours truly along.

GOLF NEWS

The Terrace Bay Junior Championship Golf Tournament for the Costa Trophy was held on Tuesday, August 16th. Fifteen youngsters took part in it under three categories - ages 12 and under - 15 to 16 and 13 to 14.

The winner, Pat Spadoni, with a 94 was anticipated due to his long ball, continual improvement and a burning desire to become a good golfer. It is our opinion that a great deal will be heard about Pat in the future.

Runner up and another enthusiastic youngster was Butch Speziale. Butch also hits a long ball and will be a threat in future competition.

In the 13 to 14 year old class the winner was Marvin Koski with 106 and runner up (tied) was Paul Evans-Smith and David Duncan.

In the 12 and under class Ricky Stokaluk won with 112 and Dan Stokaluk and K. Hanley tied for runner-up.

Everyone in the Junior Tournament received a prize due to the generosity of Waghorn's Ltd., D. Rafalant, Robinson Stores, S. Kolesar, R. Gaudet, Don Laporte, Caccamo's Ltd., Emil Stokaluk, Soughton's Ltd. and Joe Adamo.

Congratulations to Al Pattison who won the handicap tournament in Marathon last Sunday. Al loves golf and we are sure he is thrilled with this performance. Among the ten golfers from Terrace Bay who attended the tournament was Jack Thomas who narrowly missed coming in for a prize.

Defending Champion Emil Stokaluk led the front nine with 38 in the pro class but finished second at the end of 27 holes. Emil realized the bugbear of all golfers--a bad hole. Bill Gordon of Chapple's Course in Fort William won the pro event.

Last Friday's mixed tournament sponsored by Molson's was a huge success and everyone enjoyed the get-together held in the curling lounge later in the evening.

The Molson Awards went to Dave Whalen and Rita Bennitz. First runner-up went to W. McMicking and Dot Koski and second runner-up to Chas. Koski and Isabel Ferrier. Other winners were:- 1st low gross - Bill Duncan and Peg Wellings; runner-up Gale Savoy and Helen Farrell; 2nd runner-up (tie) - John Ferrier and Marie Edmunds and Bob Adamo and Marge Stephen; low hidden hole - Al Pattison and Dene Clancy - high hidden hole (tie) Bill Hanley and Olga Adamo - Joe Adamo and Jean Whalen; consolation - Ned West and Ollie Chapman.