

LADIES CURLING NEWS

Congratulations to E. Zwir, E. Shivas, A. Farrow and D. Rafalant on winning the Molson Trophy, and to J. Ratchford, I. Ferrier, M.C. Kennedy and A. Packalen who were runners-up.

Don't forget the annual windup on Saturday, May 13th.

BOWLING NEWS

The Mixed Couples Tournament was held Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon with twenty-two couples participating. The bowling was good with Doris and Paul Gagnon taking first place with grand total of 2035. Second place was won by Hilda and Lloyd Hiebert - 1954. Ladies Hi-Single - Anne Churney 258, Men's Hi-Single Paul Gagnon 352. Paul also had a 307. Pat Falcingo had another good game with a 300. Bonnie and George McKay placed third with 1927.

The Youth Bowlers - 8 to 13 years will commence at 9 a.m. Saturday, April 29 for girls ending at 10.30 a.m. Boys will start at 10.30 a.m. until 12 noon. Because of the tremendous response to the youth league, the change in schedule had to be made in order to assist the bowlers with their games and fitting shoes.

CURLING NEWS

The curling season came to an end last Tuesday evening with the following teams emerging successfully - A Event - Winner - H. Gusul, G. Churney, G. Gusul, J. Szpak. Runner-up - L. Crockford, B. MacDonald, E. Belliveau, G. Dakin. B Event - winner - H. Hamilton, D. Kenney, E. Kenney, W. Adamo. Runner up - C. LeBlanc, R. Gavin, R. Le Blanc, D. Wills. C Event - Winner - T. Olsen, A. Chisholm, R. Cotton, J. Gunn. Runner up - B. Hayes J. Clancy, P. Rochon, R. Dysiewicz.

The Semi-Annual meeting and election of officers for the Terrace Bay Mens Curling Club will be held in the club lounge at 7.30 p.m. on May 4.

We expect to have a sports film for this occasion and refreshments will be available (a limited supply on the house). This will be a members only meeting

The annual wind-up Banquet and Dance will be held in the Moose Hall May 13. Members and guests welcome. Tickets are available from Rocky Gavin and must be reserved by May 3 so caterers can be advised the number planning to attend.

Roy Coran's orchestra will provide dance music. Tickets are available from club members or at the door. Plan to attend.....

by Bill Smiley**Thank God it's over**

We have just gone through the most relentless winter I can remember. Deep snow and deep cold, day after day, month after month. I don't know about you, but it took more out of me than four years of World War II did.

But there are signs that the annual two-day phenomenon known in this country as Spring, is almost upon us, and it is with considerable satisfaction that I look back and sneer at the blizzard on March 21st, laughingly known as the First Day of Spring, and those 15-below temperatures just before Easter. I've made it again.

Like many Canadians, I am in a state of suicidal depression by the middle of March. But those good old signs of spring catch me just before I plummet into the pit, and there I am, forced to give it another whirl.

The signs of Spring in these parts are not quite what they are in some parts of the world, but they're just as welcome. No larks sing, but is there anything sweeter than the first raucous call of a crow? The flowers don't exactly come popping out but those hardy annuals, the picnic tables, rear their brave heads through the snow in the yard.

And there's color everywhere. Brown mud, yellow grass, green wine bottles on your front lawn, tossed there by some poor soul fighting mid-winter madness. And the lovely off-white of about three tons of sand and salt thrown onto said lawn by the snowplow.

But you'll hear no complaints from me. In fact, I feel so good when I kick off the old galoshes and hang up the overcoat for the last time that I might just burst into song. Here are the words. It might go to the tune of "There's a Tear in My Eye".

There's a hole in my boot,
In my best rubber boot,
But I don't give a hoot
'Cause it's spring.

There's a smell in the air
Like an old she-wolf's lair,
But I don't really care
'Cause it's spring.

There's a squealing of tires,
And the smell of grass fires,
And the poets are liars,
But it's spring.

There are masses of mud,
And my cellar's in flood,
But I know in my blood
That it's spring.

There's romance in the air;
All the boys have long hair,
And the girls have a flair
In the spring.

There are gamboling lambs
And fat Easter hams
And beautiful gams
In the spring.

It's no wonder a guy,
Even an oldie like I,
Gets a look in his eye
In the spring.

A remarkable thing
That you feel like a king
When you get in the swing
Of the spring.

And that will be quite
enough of that doggerel, thank
you. But it's all true, and I
hope the longer days, warmer
sun and softer winds have
cheered you up. Even though
that old, cold Receiver-General
is lurking just around the corner.

One can't help feeling that
the natives' sanity is saved by
the signs of spring, such as
they are. Three people smiled
at me this week, for no reason.
Today, a fellow motorist, who
would have driven straight at
me, snarling, a month ago,
stopped and waved me through
an intersection, when he had
the right of way.

It's not all roses. There's a
lot of hard hacking ahead to
clean up the estate, which I
didn't quite manage last fall.
The Old Lady has that wild
spring decorating gleam in her
eye. And my daughter flunked
her Physics exam.

But when I drive past a
black, burbling trout stream,
and long for Opening Day, or
when I see the flags go up at
the golf course, I realize that
there's still a little steam in
the old boiler, and that spring
has done it again.