

SPORTS & OUTDOORS

WORKIN' AT THE CARWASH

During the past few weeks, there's been a coating of sorts on my car, a kind of yellow film of heaven-sent dust that has blanketed everything that it comes in contact with. I did a little investigative work of my own and found, compliments of my own dear, sweet mother, that the source of this offensive plague is pine trees. Apparently the yellow stuff is actually pine pollen. And, as you all well know, my mother is always right, so I kind of let it go.

But then I got to thinking about it, and you people know that's always a dangerous thing. I started thinking and I started researching, and I found out that pollen is actually a powder composed of something called microgametophytes, which is a big word that means "small pollen grains." And what hurts even more is the knowledge that some really smart person no doubt got a building named after him for coming up with that bit of wisdom. So anyway, these clouds of microgametophytes fly around between the stamens of one flower to the pistils of another flower, with a lengthy side-trip to visit their relations covering every conceivable square inch of my car.

And it seems that this substance has a purpose beyond irritating me and discoloring my car. Apparently this is also how flowers make baby flowers and trees make baby trees, and I didn't even have to take Captain Tom's sex ed class to learn that one. Now I'll be the first to admit that what the flowers and trees of the world choose to do in the privacy of their own homes is certainly none of my business. But when they choose to bring it to my house, to my driveway and, most importantly, to the surface of my car (and, just to add insult to injury, in the open windows of my car), then I'm getting involved. And that's just what I did.

That's right. I washed my car.

It wouldn't have been such an issue if my car were yellow, as then the pollen would have more-or-less blended in. It's kind of like my mother's theory about dogs. She wants a dog that's dirt-colored so it won't show the dirt quite so much. But she's got a golden retriever and I've got a red car. Dirt shows up pretty clearly on the dog and pollen shows up pretty clearly on the car. So I brushed and soaped



PHOTO BY JILL SANDOLE

Don't look up, Andrew, that pine tree's ready to blow.

and rinsed and dried. And lo and behold, when I'd finished, the previously red car with the yellow film all over it was now a red car sans any yellow film.

Now you might think that having the outside of the car clean was enough. Ordinarily, I'd say you were right. Especially if it weren't actually my own car we were talking about. But this one's mine, for better or worse, so just keeping the outside clean doesn't quite do it. I'm also pretty much a stickler for making sure the parts under the hood are clean and working properly, too. That's why I take my car out to Chris Witte and let him do what he does best whenever it starts making funny noises or acting strangely. I trust him to do what needs to be done because, unlike me, he actually knows what he's doing when he looks at a car engine. I just kind of stare at it and scratch my head a little, but Chris actually knows what these

things all do and how they're supposed to work and how to actually fix them. And he keeps that car humming along like it's new.

And you know what? The same thing is true about fishing reels.

You might not ever get rich, but let me tell ya' it's better than diggin' a ditch. There ain't no tellin' who you might meet — a movie star or maybe an Indian chie f— workin' at the segue wash.

Friends and neighbors, I've been cleaning a lot of reels lately, a lot of reels that needed it badly. The problem is, though, you can't just look at the reel to see if it's in desperate need of cleaning on the inside. Nope. You've got to open it up in order to see what's going on in there and how much cleaning is called for. And the truth is, I've seen plenty of reels that look almost new on the outside but that look like something you wouldn't wish on your worst enemy on the inside.

Think of your reel a lot like you might think of your car. You can use it—even abuse it—and it'll still keep going, so long as you take care of it. Rinse it out with fresh water every time you use it. That's a good start. But if you find that it's not reeling quite as well as you'd like it to—maybe it sticks a little, or you find that you're getting some resistance to reeling—do the same thing you'd do with your car. Take it to someone who knows more about it than you do and let them clean it out and properly lubricate it for you. There's moving parts inside that thing that need to be cleaned and greased at least once a year. Try it. You'll be amazed at how much better it works. And trust me when I tell you that it's well worth whatever small amount they might charge you. Just like getting the oil in your car changed.

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go. I'm working on cleaning out the garage so I can fit my car in there. I've got to get it done before the cranberries start doing their thing. Pine trees have got nothing on those things when it comes to pollen. ■

Tight lines.

U12 girls to host championship game this weekend

BY LINDA WILLIAMS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Last Saturday, in front of a large and enthusiastic home crowd and over 30 visiting Westport fans on a perfectly manicured turf, Nantucket's first place U12 girls team battled Westport's fourth place squad in an epic duel in the sun. With both teams splitting possession throughout 60 minutes of regulation and then another two ten-minute overtime periods, the end result was in doubt right up until the final whistle blew.

On June 9th, Westport had defeated Falmouth in a tough, 1-0, match to earn the semi-final berth against Nantucket, who had protected home field advantage with a 3-0 shutout of Taunton. In what was to prove to be the toughest game of the girls' season, it was everything a semi-final game should have been, "a nail biter" according to assistant coach Louisa Crosby. Nantucket had not faced Westport during the regular season but was prepared to fight it out until the end to get to the first championship game ever played on Nantucket this

coming weekend against second place Dighton-Rehoboth (7-0-1) who beat Wareham, 2-0, last weekend. At this point it looks like it will be a Saturday morning game.

Play went back and forth for the whole first half with no score, with both teams having their chances. Intense shots were fired on goal from both teams, bouncing off the cross bar, the posts or missing wide by an inch as the excitement built. There were audible gasps and groans emanating from the sidelines from both sides with each shot on goal.

Nantucket was uncharacteristically flat-footed during regulation, possibly due to nerves, and rather than building up insurmountable leads as they have done all season, the team found itself having to scramble just to keep pace with a very determined Westport team. It was Nantucket's luck that Westport's best field player, Felicia Medeiros, who came to be known as "that Number 15" in the second half, was also their first half keeper and made every stop to keep the game knotted at zero. On the other half of the field,

keeper Kate Freed, was dominant in goal, also fending off every attempt by Westport to score.

With both teams having deep benches, there were fresh legs on the field at all times, so it was not until seven minutes into the second half that Nantucket's Isabella Day, with an assist from Sabrina Dawson, was able to fire one past the Westport goalie from the neat to far post just curving it in. Nantucket then began to watch the clock as the minutes ticked down, holding onto the slim, 1-0, lead against a team that turned it up to get the tie and force overtime. With only nine minutes to go in regulation, Westport tied it up when Medeiros beat out Nantucket's defense and buried the ball into the corner past a diving Freed.

Westport had one more quality try to take the win when Medeiros came down again and sent a bullet up from inside the 18 that looked like it was headed just under the crossbar. Freed, who had 16 saves at this point in the action, jumped up and just got her fingertips on the ball and sent it skidding off the crossbar and out of bounds.

In the first ten minute OT period, which is not played as a sudden death but as a full ten minute period, the teams again traded goals. Nantucket went up seven minutes in on a shot by Dawson, off a perfectly set up passing play from Grace Jensen, who had been a thorn in Westport's side all day, to Cara Garufi, who had the distinction, besides Alexa Crosby, of being able to outrun Westport's players all day. Medeiros again evened it up with one minute left, sending the teams into the second OT period deadlocked at 2.

The final ten minute overtime treated the overwrought crowd to seesaw action with both teams firing off shot after shot and with Nantucket marking Medeiros' every step to keep her away from the goal. Nantucket's pace picked up finally and they began taking the game to Westport, stepping up their accurate passing game up the field. Cara Garufi was finally able to nail a shot at six minutes in to give Nantucket the uncomfortable lead. Nantucket pulled its midfield and defense back and fended off a hard

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