

sports & outdoors



Nice pants. But, can you fish?

PHOTO BY JILL SANDOLE

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

I was in town recently, doing my thing down at the post office, when I was immediately confronted with some sure-fire signs that the season is finally changing to a more friendly one. First off, I had to wear sunglasses. Always a good sign, that. Sunglasses mean sun. Sun means warmth. Warmth means approaching summer. Score one for the good guys.

The next thing that I couldn't help but notice was less euphoric, but nonetheless a definite sign of spring. There was a friendly neighborhood police officer walking around with a big chalk stick. Yep, kids, it's parking enforcement time again. And while I despise parting with my hard-earned \$25 (plus the usual five for late payment), I allowed my distaste for the expenditure to be cancelled out by the fact that parking tickets usually mean summer. So we'll call that one a push.

And as I stood there nonchalantly and discretely wiping the chalk off my tire, I saw her. That unmistakable stride that I'd recognize across the state, let alone across the street. That endearing scowl-crossed-with-a-faint-smile that you're never totally sure how to take. Is she silently cursing your existence, or just happy to see you? Whatever. It doesn't matter. I knew it was her. And regardless of her feeling at the meeting, I was ecstatic to see her.

It was my girl Mary Malavese.

Why, you might be asking yourself, was I so psyched to catch a glimpse of Mary? Glad you asked. You see, kids, Mary was out advertising the upcoming Nantucket Garden Club Daffodil Show. This year's show will again be held at the Coffin School on Winter Street on Saturday, April 26, and Sunday, April 27. The funny thing is that those dates happen to correspond exactly with the Chamber of Commerce's little salute to all things yellow, the Annual Daffodil Festival Weekend. I tell you what,

people, you've gotta' get up pretty early in the morning to get one past me. But I digress.

Seeing Mary reminded me that this weekend is, in fact, Daffodil Weekend, which means a few things in the world of Spencer. First of all — and, incidentally, most importantly on many levels — is the fact that I get to break out the infamous Lilly Pulitzer “monkeys riding horses” pants. Being the fashion maven that I am, I religiously follow the laws of haute couture: no linen or seersucker before Easter (the rule all we Southern boys know), and come Daffodil Weekend, the monkey pants come out of the closet (a lesser-known, but equally important fashion rule). At last year's parade — and this is the God's honest truth — as we were driving up Main Street on our way to 'Sconset, I heard from outside Even Keel, “That's the guy with the pants!” Seriously. They're that cool.

In addition to the monkey pants, Daffodil Weekend means that spring really has sprung and that daffodils are popping up all over the place. Now, daffodils are awfully pretty sitting there alongside Milestone Road, but they're meant to look at, not to pick. And you know what that reminds me of?

The bluebonnets in Texas.

That was what my grandmother used to call a “false segue.” You get a good one about every ten years, and it's usually a sign of one last cold blast before the real one.

Bluebonnets are the state flower of Texas and, when they're in bloom, it's truly a beautiful thing to behold. But God help you if you pick one. Ironically,

though, it's not technically illegal. Apparently this is an urban legend we're all taught from birth down there and it is so ingrained that if we even think somebody is considering picking one, they get the beat-down of their lives. So in a sense, it's kind of a self-policing thing, where fellow flower admirers allow the flowers to remain in place for others to enjoy at their leisure. And you know what that reminds me of?

Catching schoolie stripers on Nantucket.

Yes. That was the real one. It really is spring on Nantucket now.

Friends and neighbors, the schoolies are in the waters off Cape Cod, according to reports, and there are rumors circulating

that some of the little critters are even making appearances on the southern edge of the Vineyard. Now these reports could just be of bass that wintered-over, but it's getting close to the time when they should be in the area, so I'm going to go ahead and err on the side of optimism. And all that adds up to the fact that they should be along the Nantucket shores any day now.

But remember that these are wee-little-fish and need to be approached and treated as such. Little fish means little mouth, so think lightweight tackle. And, in the most obvious example of overstatement I can find, little fish mean little fish, which mean illegal-sized fish. Minimum size for keeper stripers is 28 inches, kids, and please don't bother with the “hooked too badly” or “it's just one fish” nonsense. Save the pats on the back for June, when the bigger fish show up. Just like the daffodils, these little fish are meant to be enjoyed by all, so catch-and-release only. And, unlike the bluebonnets, this is an actual law that is enforceable with things like fines. So just because you think you're out of sight of anyone else on the beach, don't forget that the dunes have eyes. And for any of you risk-takers out there that want to think about keeping one, I'll stick Mary on you. That'll cure you of wanting to keep illegal fish real quick-like.

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to get back into my running routine. I need to shed a few pounds if I want to fit into the monkey pants. ■

Tight lines.

TIME OUT
WILL MARTIN
BY SAM TOOLE

On Lacrosse

S: How is your season going?

W: It has its ups and downs. We are 4-3 right now. It can only go up from now.

S: What position do you play?

W: Attack. I've been playing attack since freshman year. I like to score basically.

S: What's been the top highlight for your career to date?

W: Scoring the game winner last year against the Vineyard. It's always good beating the Vineyard.

On School

S: What has been your favorite class this year?

W: Ceramics with Mr. Leone because it's a nice break from my acad-



emic classes.

S: Who has been your favorite teacher your high school career?

W: Ms. Phaneuf because she has prepared me for college and she has improved my writing and reading skills in general.

S: What are your college plans?

W: I'm going to UMass Amherst. I'm going to study business management.

S: What event are you most looking forward to during your senior year?

W: Graduation because it's graduation.

On Will

S: What's on your playlist right now?

W: I listen to Lil' Wayne, the new Wu-tang CD 8 diagrams, and Method Man.

S: What was the last good movie you saw?

W: The Departed because it's the last movie I saw.

S: What are your other interests?

W: Golf, skateboarding, getting ready for college. ■