

Pitt wins canoe grind despite fractured ankle

Bill Pitt was hobbling around the Mississauga Canoe Club scene looking like a two-crutch Long John Silver. His broken left ankle was wrapped tightly in a stretch bandage and the foot was carefully kept off the ground.

As the paddlers gathered around this ace single-blade expert of the Western Division, Canadian Canoeing Association, there was a great deal of sympathetic tongue clucking, gentle pats on the shoulder and layers and layers of tough-luck-old-boy comments.

They might as well have saved their tender thoughts. Bill hobbled down to the dock on the bank of the Credit River, put down his crutches, struggled into his Canadian-type craft and won a hard 1,000 metres race in his specialty in the stifling 90-degree heat.

This victory added eight points to his Mississauga club's total and helped them to an 189-point aggregate that easily won the Indians the first burgee of the 1966 season. Balmy Beach was a struggling second with 84, West Rouge had 79 and Burlington Mohawk was last with 19.



Bill Pitt

West Rouge girls piled up 27 points to top their section but the crafty legislators have ordained that the girls' racing points must not figure in the burgee figures.

Best time of the regatta was displayed by Elaine Lamp of the Mississauga war canoe. She won a watch for being chosen Miss Mississauga and will compete with other beau-

ties for the Miss CCA crown at Ottawa.

This was to be the year of decision for Pitt.

"I'm 26 years old now and I have to find out how good I really am," he said, hunched over on his crutches.

"I left the Burlington Mohawks this spring to join Mississauga so I could get on the Credit River water early and really get in top condition. I've been getting fine coaching and the earlier start here gave me a jump on conditioning over anything I've had before."

How did he break the ankle? The accident happened as he was striving to improve his fitness.

"I was running on the track at the YMCA in St. Catharines. Decorators were in the building and I jumped from the track to avoid bumping into a painter who appeared suddenly. I trod on what looked like a flat tarpaulin, but a thick board was under it. I twisted my foot and the bones cracked. Only trouble I had in the boat was at the start" he said. "But I was going well at the finish where it counts."

Will he be in harness long?

"One doctor said six weeks and another said four. That last one seems like a much smarter doctor to me."