

Dear Robbie

I remember when I thought I was a pretty good Masters squash player, having finally beaten Paul Wilson to win the Ontario Masters 55+ championship, only to discover the next year that some "unknown" from South Africa had arrived in town and was beating everybody in the same manner as Gerry Shugar used to do. I remember playing you in the first of our many confrontations and you arrived at the court with Avis and your full gallery of family supporters. Of course, this gave you an unfair advantage, which you didn't need, as you thumped me without breaking a sweat. Unfortunately, for me, this was a foretaste of things to come as I never managed to get past you in a competitive match. It was very good of you to decide not to compete for the past few years - some feeble excuse about bad knees - and thus allow me to pretend I am at the top of the (local Canadian) heap in my age category. It is very good for my fragile ego, for which I shall be eternally grateful to you.

I remember an outstanding match you played in the Canadian Nationals against Howard Armitage, which you eventually won in a very long five games. It was remarkable. You left Howard in such bad shape that the next day, I was able to win against him for the only time in my life.

I hope with the new PAR scoring you will come back to active competition in the provincials and nationals. I miss our tussles, even if I always end up congratulating you.

The very best wishes as you join me in a new decade.

Vinnie