

Peewee B's bow out to Milton

The Georgetown Weldwood Major B Peewees bowed out of their OMHA playoff series with Milton, but not before the team gave their opponents "a bloody nose" in game three.

In that game, on Milton's own

home ice, Weldwood jumped into an early lead, and never looked back, for a 5-2 victory.

As with most games this season, Georgetown is a different team when they score the first goal. Ryan Hay did just that. With 2:19

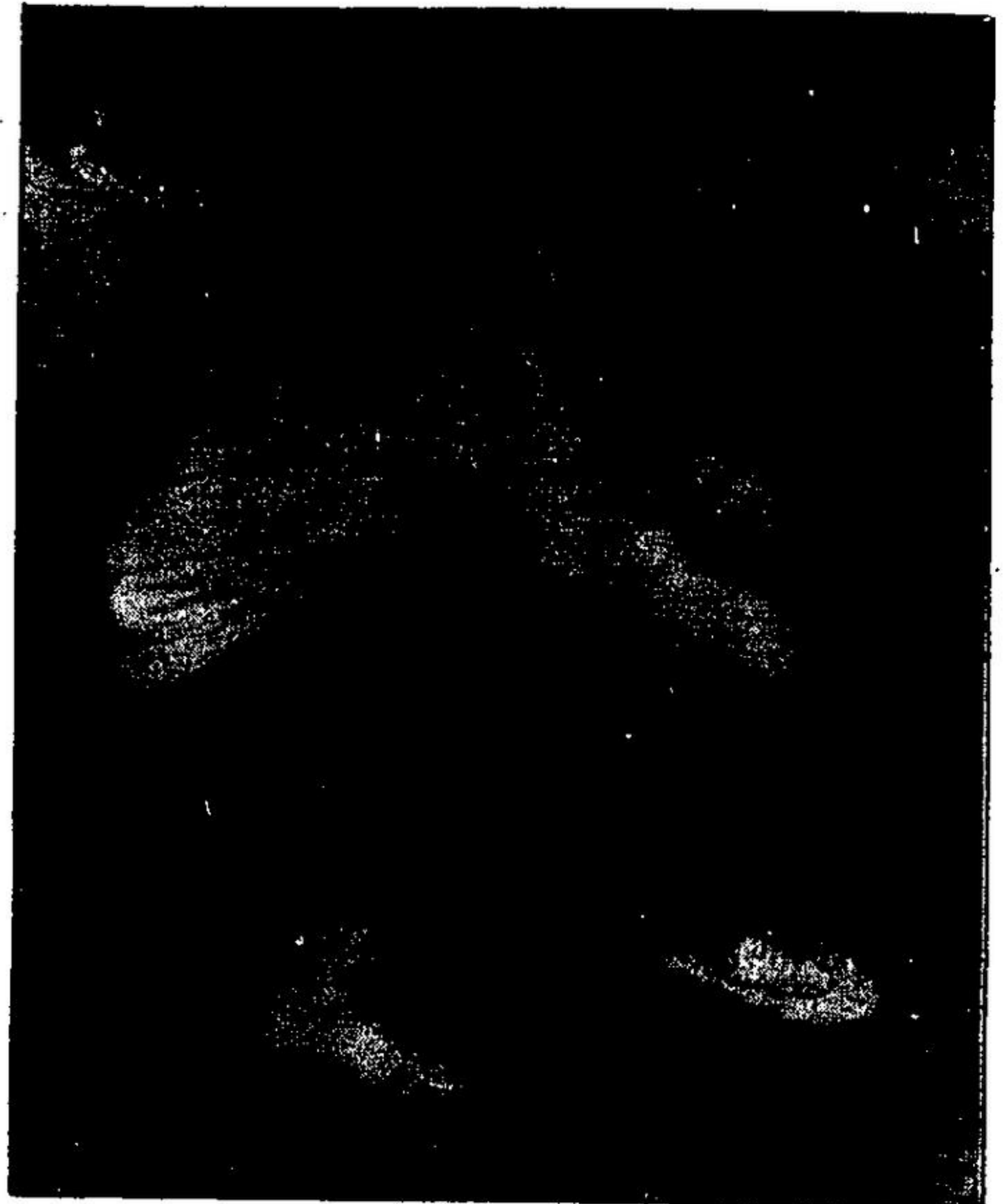
remaining in the first period, he and Shannon Morris broke in on a two-on-one. Hay took it himself and fired a backhand shot high into the top corner of the net. Then, only 36 seconds later, Matt Anderson and Andrew Marshall engineered another two-on-one. Anderson took the shot, and Marshall slipped the rebound under the goaltender to make it 2-0. Ken Brown earned an assist on the first goal, and Michael Travers on the second.

With Darryl Casselman providing solid goaltending for Weldwood, despite playing with a stick borrowed from the Milton team, the team continued their opportunistic play in the second period. Half way into the period, Jeremiah Fendley dug the puck out of the corner to Jason Quinn. Quinn's shot was stopped, but Keith Tipped pounced on the rebound to make it 3-0.

A few minutes later, Georgetown scored two goals in the space of only six seconds, to really confound their opposition. First, Quinn took a shot which rebounded to Charlie Snook, who put it away. Then Hay got his second of the day on a nice solo effort which he capped with a low shot to the corner. It was 5-0 after two periods.

In the third period, Weldwood played a more defensive-minded game and Milton was able to notch two markers, but it was not enough. Final score was 5-2.

Defensively, Brown led the team in takeouts, with five. Michael Bahr and Derek Ruffolo blocked shots, and Casselman stopped 37 shots on goal.



Spinout!

This neat sit-spin doesn't appear to be dizzying to 12-year-old Carrie Morris of the Georgetown Figure Skating Club as she practises her routine at a recent club training session. Club skaters are currently in training for late season competition. (Herald photo)

Old time hockey at "Speyside Gardens"



LOON TUNES and OUTDOOR NOTES by Len Landry

"where did you get those ol' skates?" Kenny asked, as I plunked down a pair of goalie blades.

"A garage sale, I bet! Yep, a garage sale, for sure," Kenny exclaimed, his eight year old face fairly beaming with a broad smile of big teeth, with freckled cheeks, and sparkling eyes, all topped by a tuft of straw-colored hair peeking out from his touque.

My son Lennon, now six, was silently holding and admiring his own new skates... his very first pair.

"A garage sale, right?" Kenny yelled as he excitedly pulled on his own nice pair of Bauers.

"No, no Kenny. I got these goaltender skates 'brand-new' They just look old because of all the great saves I used to make, back when I played hockey... back when my knees were a little younger. Each mark, each scratch you see on these skates... well, each one was from a save... some great saves, for sure..."

I mean, what was I supposed to tell the boy? Was I obliged to inform him that the only reason I played goal was because I was always such a miserable skater? At least in net, I could hold myself up by leaning back onto the cage's crossbar... and after a warmup skate, hardly anybody noticed that I could only turn to my left; I never could get that left leg to comfortably cross over the right, so navigating to my starboard side, on ice, was kind of like sailing a craft into a stiff wind: slow... and take what you get...

"Ah, c'mon..." Kenny pressed on. "You weren't never a goalie, were ya?"

Before I answered, I asked Lennon how his new, first-donned skate felt.

"Fine, Dad... It seems tight, though..."

"Skates were supposed to feel a bit tight. You'll see. Okay, this is your helmet. You need this for your head, and the mask goes with it. Here, let's get the other skate on..."

"No Dad, I'm going to try this one skate first. It's my first time you know... Let me just try one skate first..."

And, all things considered, this seemed to make sense, as I watched Lennon skate - boot, skate - boot, skate - boot, right across the natural rink that had formed in our backyard; we had finally found something useful about that problematic pond that always collected in spring and fall alongside the back deck. Freshly but fully-frozen, it became our very own Speyside Gardens, big enough to play host to a game of hockey, and to memories of a bygone era...

"Now, you weren't never a goalie!" Kenny repeated.

"Hey Kenny," I said firmly. "Do you know anyone named Kenny Sproule, or Darrell Westwood, or Niner, or Dave Reynolds, or Art?" I asked, trying to remember anyone who scored three or more goals on a single shift against me during my goalie days... "Do you know Don Williams, Ron Appleyard, Larry Schertzl, Al Studdard, Frank Valk, or anyone named Charlie? Especially Charlie... do you know anyone named Charlie?"

"No," Kenny said.

"Good!... Then, I was a goalie... Lennon, Kenny, let's play hockey!"

I was amazed at how quickly Lennon established his balance this being his first time and all, but he had a good teacher...

"Just try to walk at first, Lennon," Kenny said. "Then push off a bit..." and there were tumbles, to be sure, but before you knew it, we were ready for hockey. Lennon, tiring a bit now, and in fine family tradition, opted for net.

"Put the toboggan on its side, Lennon. That's your net, okay? It's you and Kenny against me! My net is the whole other side of the rink," I said smugly. "I'm Montreal. You're Toronto..."

"Aw," Lennon objected. "Maple Losers... that's what we call 'em at school. I don't want to be the Maple Losers."

"Not nice, Lennon. But remember who bought this puck... and your skates... you're Toronto..." and I tossed the sponge, play-puck on the ice, and the game was under way.

Back and forth and on and on we went. Young Kenny was an unexpectedly accomplished skater, and Lennon tended his net well... again in fine Landry tradition...

It was Toronto 9, Montreal 8, game up to 10, when I retrieved the puck in my own end... and suddenly, over two decades of time melted... melted away... for I wasn't a struggling skater at all... I was Henri Richard, No. 16, Montreal Canadiens, with the puck...

"Look at Henri go... circling, circling... oh how he can turn to his left!" I imagined Danny Gallowan exclaiming...

And suddenly, it wasn't the cold Speyside wind in my ears making that roar, but instead, it was the crowd... the crowd of the Montreal Forum, packed to capacity... and those weren't little rough edges in the natural ice that Henri was avoiding...

"Richard gets around Horton... and Allan Stanley misses him! Richard is in all alone..."

And suddenly it wasn't Lennon protecting a toboggan, his face a picture of tongue-protruding pure joy; no, it was that smiling robotic mask... that image of Terry Sawchuk, guarding his domain.

I aimed the little sponge disc for an unprotected corner of the toboggan... er, net... and Lennon... er, Sawchuk... stuck out a skate...

"Great save Sawchuk!" Gallowan would have exclaimed. Kenny scooped up the loose puck and blasted it into the Montreal net.

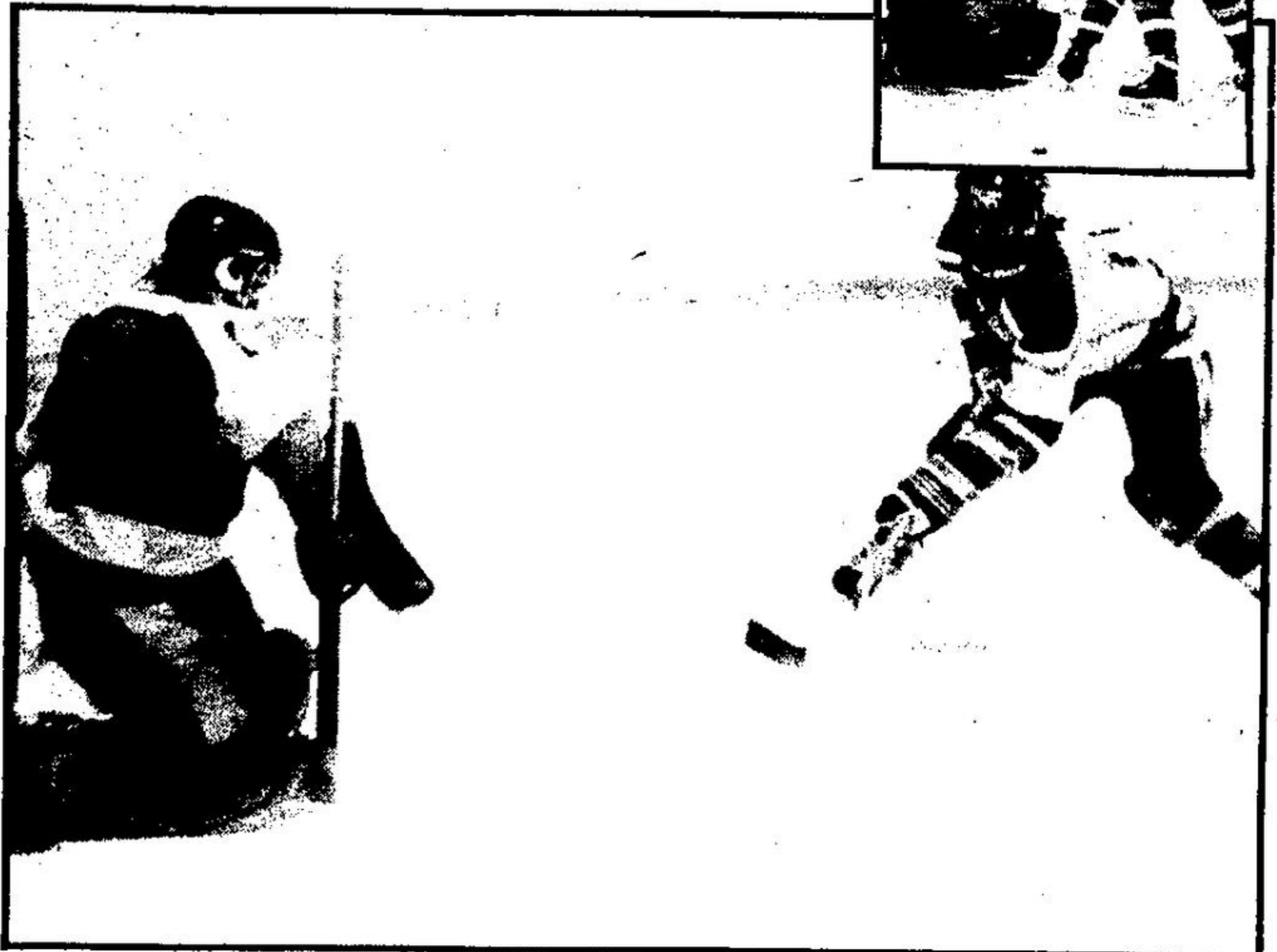
"Armstrong scores! George Armstrong scores for the Maple Leafs! And they win! Armstrong is being mobbed by his team! Keon, Ellis, Kelly, Stankowski, Shack, Baun, Pappin, Pronovost, Mahovlich, Hillman, Pulford... hey, even Johnny Bower! They're all mobbing George Armstrong, who has scored for the Leafs! What a great game! Even this Montreal crowd admits it..."

And as I watched two young boys congratulating each other on their victory in Speyside Gardens, I realized that time can't erase all memories... Henri Richard always had trouble against Terry Sawchuk, and the rest of the Toronto Maple Leafs... but boy, could he ever turn to his left...

SHORELINES: The Metro East Trade Center in Pickering (Highway 401 and Brock Road) hosts the Ontario Fishing and Sportsmen's Show, Feb. 22-25. Don't you dare miss it... Call (416) 563-7333 for information.

ON THE HORIZON: Another angling adventure, we hope... See you in two weeks.

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