

Raider reveries rehashed

The Georgetown Pontiac-Buick Raiders open regular season Central Ontario Junior "B" Hockey League 1989-90 action this week, with the team's home-opener scheduled for Saturday, 7:30 p.m. at Gordon Alcott Memorial Arena, against Oakville Blades.

Over the weekend, I was rehashing some memories with friends, from my earlier reincarnation as the Herald's Sports Editor and we were reminiscing about the Intermediate Raiders and their exploits at Memorial Arena on Mill Street.

One story kept cropping up and I happened to be the central character when the Raiders were forced to cancel a scheduled game because of a bomb scare in late 1974.

I dug through the Herald's archives and lo and behold, found the original story. I had only been in Georgetown about a month and... well, I'll let the column tell the story.

This story was going to remain under wraps. However, due to circumstances beyond and in my control—sobriety tops this list—I have decided to divulge to the community at large what actually happened two Fridays past. Similarly, since this is "The season to be merry," I thought perhaps something penned in a lighter vein might contribute to the fun. Believe me, I wasn't laughing at the time. I'll be the first to admit that the story has little, if anything, to do with sports but I feel I should confess all.

The Friday in question began normally enough; stories to be finished, stale sandwiches to be excoriated from the nether regions of my desk and I was looking forward to enjoying a typical Friday night. Typical that is for a sports editor. I had planned on taking in the Raiders game and then sauntering over to the "Booster Club" for milk and cookies. Little did I know what evil lurked in the minds of men.

About six o'clock I received a phone call which was to decidedly change my plans. I was informed by this voice that a bomb had supposedly been planted in the arena and was due to go off at 9:30 p.m. Being a novice journalist, I began hatching plans to make my name a household word the length and breadth of the land.

I would call the Globe and Mail and ask if I could cover this incident as their man in Georgetown.

I would call Lloyd Robertson and give him an eyewitness account for the 11 o'clock news.

Recalling my journalistic training, what little there was of it I decided to verify the story. Sure enough, it was true. I then called a colleague at the Herald and inquired how to take pictures at night, but of more importance, how to take pictures of an explosion. The answer to the first part was simple; I should have thought of it. Use a flash. Unfortunately this circumstance didn't come up in my course. In his answer to my second question, I thought I detected a bit of sarcasm, he suggested I close my eyes.

With these two pearls of wisdom tucked safely in the back of my mind, I set off for the arena. I quickly returned to my abode however, to retrieve my camera and notebook. Both essential when covering a story. I had visions of Guelph Street being blocked off by police and firemen; everyone passing by being searched



"As I See It"

Colin Gibson
Sports Editor

To my surprise as I turned in towards the arena, all was quiet.

"Aha," I surmised. "They have dug foxholes and bombshelters and a thousand men will be ready to leap into the fray when the explosion occurs." Still, the silence was a bit eerie but as this was my first bomb scare I took it as just part of the ritual. The calm before the storm. There was no one on the street but I saw several lights burning in the arena. Also, there must have been at least ten cars parked at the side and rear of the building. Lloyd Robertson, the Globe and Mail flashed through my mind. I decided that if someone was in the arena then it was only fair that I as a journalist, albeit a sports editor, be present. At least to write their obituaries. Funny, I never thought who would write mine, should an explosion occur.

I tried the front doors; sealed up tight. The side doors were similarly locked. I ventured around the back. Again no luck.

My fruitless search at an end, I was about to return to my car when a voice, calm and clear, ordered me to stop where I was. I turned slowly and this figure emerged from the shadows. It was big and dressed in blue with my quick mind I surmised it to be a policeman. I was right. He asked me to walk towards him slowly, all the while training his flashlight on me. As I approached him, he hitched his coat over his hip to reveal his holster. I realized later that both my hands were buried deep in my own pockets.

When I reached him, he asked me to state my business. Having seen Kolchak and the Mary Tyler Moore Show, I confidently and with some relish I must admit, told him I was a reporter.

He didn't believe me and asked me for some identification to prove my contention. I explained that my paper didn't issue press cards but, while fumbling in my pockets, in some haste, came up with my library card. Needless to say this revelation caused him to politely request that I join him in the patrol car. I finally produced my licence but it had my Burlington address on it. I had visions of being stripped of my typewriter and drummed out of the press corps.

Another car pulled into the parking lot and out stepped a Criminal Investigation man. He assured the constable that he had never seen me before and the constable politely but firmly suggested we go to the police station. At this point I was going to ask if I might return to my place to pick up my pyjamas when a photographer from a rival newspaper appeared on the scene and identified me to my captor. I made a vow never to put that paper in a birdcage again. I was allowed to leave and promptly retired to the "Booster Club" where I consumed enough milk and cookies to keep Mr. Dare and the Dairy people in business for quite some time.

Youth activity nights

Basketball, volleyball, floor hockey, movies, video productions, trips and special events are just some of the activities you can do with your friends at this special program. Students in Grades 6, 7 and 8 are invited to sign up now! For more information contact the Town of Halton Hills Recreation and Parks Department, 873-2600 ext. 268.

Duplicate bridge

The Monday afternoon Duplicate Bridge upstairs at the Legion will resume play Oct. 16 at 1 p.m. sharp. Partners are available, and refreshments are served free of cost. For further information call Elsie at 877-2475 or Norma at 877-8918. Plan to set aside Monday afternoons for Duplicate Bridge at the Legion.

Local talent night

The Eighth Annual Library and Cultural Centre Anniversary Celebration is scheduled for Oct. 10 to 12. Local Talent Night will be held Thursday, Oct. 12 at 7 p.m. Application forms may be picked up at the Recreation and Parks Department Office, 1 Halton Hills Drive, Georgetown or the Acton Indoor Pool. For more information please call 873-2600 ext. 276.



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