

The chase

A member of the Midland Indusmin Minor Bantams is chased around his net by an Elmvale opponent during recent Georgian Bay Minor Hockey League play at Midland Arena. This

weekend, there'll be plenty of this kind of action as the annual Midland Silver Stick Regional Championships get underway and continue through Jan. 2.

Haughton nets 29 in 46-31 MSS win

Rarely can it be said in basketball that a player won a game all by himself.

But Glenn Haughton of the Midland Secondary School Senior Boys' team almost did just that, ammassing 29 points in his team's 46-31 victory over Ecole Secondaire Penetanguishene Secondary School last Friday at MSS.

In other games of the tripleheader, the Midland Juniors edged Penetanguishene 42-37 and the Midland Midgets clobbered their local rivals 60-33.

Next-highest Midland shooter in the senior game was Jerry Richard with eight points.

Jerome Ladouceur had 12 for ESPSS and Paul Balabuck contributed 11.

Top shooters for the Midland Juniors were Drew Varley with 11, Daryl Burns with eight and Sloan Campbell with six.

Mark York had 13 for the ESPSS Juniors and Carl Weber chipped in nine.

Shawn Davy led the MSS Midget pointgetters with 12, Jeff Bales added 11 and Jim Faragher came up with eight.

Penetanguishene high-scorers were Perry Beausoleil with 12 and Andy Bayfield with six.

SIDELINES

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here's a bear and a guy with a badge on his lapel that looks like maybe they're supposed to be known, greeting everybody like politicians on the last day of a close campaign. Or maybe there's a secret society of Schnapps worshippers. Maybe. I had only just joined.

The next thing the Bear and I knew the game was over and we were mysteriously teleported to the corner of Yonge and Gould.

There's not nearly enough space here to get into all the things that happened from that point on. There was our encounter with -- and trouncing by -- the Real People-famous Polish expatriate and certified eccentric chess hustler Josef Smolij. There was our long global politics-and-hockey debate with an old, bearded Russian exile in John Anderson's Hamburgers. There was a stroll past historic Ford Drugs' omnipresent bevy of hookersone of whom took mild but emotional exception to the Bear's exception to her synthetic fur coat. There was a long bus ride north on Yonge and, at 4 a.m., a long bout of door-knocking at the apartment of a certain Countess of High Fashion Sportswear in the hope of attaining some much-needed lodging. (She eventually let us in, whereupon the Bear inhaled all her beer.)

To put it mildly, there was plenty of potential for misunderstanding in all this. Yet there was none, with the possible exception of the shiny-coated call-girl.

The game? It was, as far as the Bear and I could determine, pretty bad. There it was, five feet in front of us, and it completely failed to hold our interest. The only high point, in fact, was when the Bear deflected a tube of Chapstick tossed from on high right out onto the ice near Sevigny.

Otherwise, the Bear snarled and growled and yawned. And he was right. Leafs games aren't fit for Bears or humans.

If there's a moral to this story (pumping a "moral" out of a tale like this is like searching for pearls in an alligator's mouth) it must be this:

If you're going to get Schnapped, don't go to watch the Leafs. As a matter of fact, don't watch the Leafs at all. Better to scalp the tickets, buy a lawn chair and a good scarf, and settle in for an evening of peoplewatching on Yonge.

Right, Bear? "Snort."
Pass it along.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:
"Merry Christmas."

-Garry Forbes

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