



### A sweep day

Members of a Midland rink sweep their rock toward its target during the Midland Curling Club's Business Girls Bonspiel Saturday. Rinks from

Midland made up most of the competition in the event, but squads from Barrie, Orillia and Penetanguishene made it a tough day for the hostesses.

# Kings keep within reach

The Penetanguishene Kings stayed within a heartbeat of the Georgian Bay Junior C Hockey League lead with a 7-5 decision over the Haliburton Huskies Friday at Penetanguishene Arena.

The Kings remain two points behind the league-leading Bracebridge Bears. They were to travel to Parry Sound Sunday for a crack at a share of the lead, but the game was postponed due to bad weather conditions.

League-leading scorer Carl Cowan led the way for Penetanguishene with three goals and three assists, including an empty-net goal.

Other Kings marksmen were Dave Robillard, with two, Brian Norwood and

Doug Gillespie. Gillespie also picked up three assists.

Kings netminder Kevin Steele faced 31 shots and his team-

mates pelted 38 at the other end.

Penetanguishene collected only seven minors while Haliburton were nicked for 15

minors and one game misconduct.

Next outing for the Kings is slated for Friday in Gravenhurst against the Indians.

## Bombed 16-7

# Centennials caught short

The Midland Centennials were caught short of personnel in their Georgian Bay Junior C Hockey League game last Friday in Midland -- and that's no way to be when you're facing the league-

leading Bracebridge Bears.

The Bears picked apart Midland's skeletal roster for a 16-7 bombing.

The loss kept the Centennials in sixth place in the eight-team

loop -- a scant three points away from the bottom.

Midland coach Tom Garner had decided before the game to axe major penalty-getter Ed Cooper. And he did.

Unfortunately for Garner, Frank Dance and Noel McEachern -- both Collingwood natives, as was Cooper -- decided the pre-game cut was somewhat rash and refused to dress for the matchup.

That left the Centennials with only eight forwards and four defencemen. Then, just into the second period, Midget affiliate Gary Beausoleil was thrown out of the game for fighting.

By that time, however, the game was long lost to the Centennials. Goaltenders Brad Bumstead and Dwayne Latondress were bombarded by the Bracebridge forwards, particularly on the power play.

The Bears scored seven of their first nine goals on power play efforts. One of the other two was shorthanded.

The rookie Midland line of John Walter, Dwayne Story and Brian Cadeau counted for five of the Centennials' goals, with Walter notching three himself. Other Midland marksmen were Rick Rever and Terry Cameron.

Paul Hahn and Travis Bonneville were out of the lineup with suspensions, and Steve Tumber couldn't make the game.

Garner says he expects McEachern and Dance to be back for the Centennials' next game, Friday in Oro against the 77's.

"I think they were just upset -- it was just an initial reaction (to cutting Cooper)", Garner said yesterday. "Dance said he'd be back next game and I'm sure Noel will be back with him."

## Sidelines by Garry Forbes

# Hire an athlete, but watch the clime

The great thing about skiing is that you don't even have to ski to get in on the real action.

You just buy yourself a little windburn-style facial tanning at your local body shop, lay out a buck for a Porsche key chain, slip on the right gear, make sure the labels are turned at precisely the right angles, park your sleek form by the chalet bar and mutter vaguely about moguls, wax and Vermont.

Though this is a riot, it's just plain wrong. It's like throwing a bucket of pucks on the ice when Gretzky is in full flight on a breakaway attempt for a new scoring record. Fun, but it's not right.

### The working skier

Besides, says slippery-board enthusiast Guy Thibodeau, the ski-bum act can't be carried out in real life (the stuff that's rumored to go on outside of chalets).

This wise Guy does a filler-feature for CK-BB radio, the station which has done more than its part in making boredom the leading cause of death in several Central Ontario counties.

Thibodeau (I hope the name's spelled right - nobody at CKBB seemed to know) says that real skiers are separated from mere mortals by the way they do everyday things -- like work.

In a recent broadcast, Thibodeau told his snow-covered disciples that employers should hire skiers (genuine ones) because little things like blizzards and taller-than-life snowdrifts don't get them all ruffled.

Skiers, he reasoned, are more than happy to see all that ugly precipitation. The whole time our acres are transformed into frozen wasteland, these people are in a constantly giddy state of mind, and, it's strongly hinted, are more dependable as a result of their tippy-toe joy.

### Not the only ones, though

Okay. We'll play along with that, right? Sure. And now we'll finish the logic.

If this were an area prone to, say, floods, we'd have to advocate the mass hiring of swimmers. They love getting wet. No ten feet of water is going to stop them from making their way into work. No siree.

Sleet? Freezing Rain? Ice storms? Roads slicker than Ron Bellisle's pate? No problem. Fire absentees and get on the horn to the

most ardent local hockey players. They'll just slap on the blades and skate like the wind to that old time clock and punch it like it's never been punched before.

And for all employers who find themselves short-staffed every time there's an earthquake, why, just take on a lineup of football players. They can handle the bumping and grinding of major earth tremors. They're used to unsure footing. They'll just start out in a three-pointer on the porch, power forward with head down and shoulders square and, upon arriving with all the speed and balance you could ever want, will do a little knee-shake, hip-twisting jig. Very entertaining, and darn good for morale. Watch they don't spike the coffee pot, though.

Tornadoes, cyclone and hurricanes would never stop the wheels of industry from turning, either, if personnel departments had the sense to make skydiving or handgliding backgrounds a prerequisite for employment. After all, these high-fliers think nothing of getting tossed about in uncertain winds. They feel closer to nature or something. And they never whine about getting expensive hairdos all messed up.

### All for efficiency

It's obvious, you see, that everybody should know their athletic interests and only apply for jobs in the climate for which they're best suited. And employers should take more care to check out applicants' hobbies and recreational preferences.

It's all in the name of efficiency. Our North American economy would blossom.

So remember: never, ever impersonate members of an athletic endeavor which you're not much interested in yourself. Especially skiing. You could wind up without a job after giving yourself away by not doing cartwheels every time there's a freak snowstorm.

A final note...

A couple of weeks ago I was driving south on a snow-covered, slippery Highway 400 Extension. Visibility was poor as I passed the Horseshoe Valley cutoff.

Just then I spotted a little import sneaking up behind me. As it approached, and passed on the shoulder at about 85 miles an hour, I noticed the rack of boards on the back and realized it was just a load of hardy, winter-loving skiers.

At the time, as they whipped by my door about four inches away and left my car in a

wake of slush and heavy snow, I figured they were all bombed.

Now I can see that they were just eager to get to work.

Thanks again, Guy, for helping me to understand.

### WHY NOT A BIKE-A-THON IN PALO ALTO?

While we're still on the subject of frost-bitten forms of frolic, I'd better get into an item which deals with another activity that's about as dear to my cold, cold heart as a permanent pox.

It's snowmobiling.

I'll be taking part -- and probably taken apart -- in the Whipper Watson Snowarama for Timmy on Jan. 30.

I hate cold weather. I hate snow, and I especially hate brutally cold weather in impossibly deep backwoods snow.

I haven't driven a snowmobile since I bent one into a house about 10 years ago. But there I'll be, spritzing through 60 miles and three solid hours of local drifts.

Call me negative. Call me surly. I only wish you could call me collect in Maui.

I'm as charitable as the next guy, I suppose, and I'm going to go through with it. I'm still not sure, though, whether I deserve a slap on the back or a slap in the face.

Anyway, I'm committed (or, perhaps, should be). And the only thing that'll make the trip any warmer is if I can hustle up a lot of sponsors to make it all worth my teeth-chattering while.

I'm going to go for the big grab here and plead for team sponsorships. Maybe somebody from your club could snag a sponsor sheet from me and send it around the locker room.

I'll give a big honorable mention to all contributing teams and slap a full-squad photo in this space of the gang coming up with the best total.

Deal?

I am, of course, expecting a better response than I got for the sports joke contest. One reply will beat the hell out of that project. And, after all, this is a good cause.

So open up, you humorless bags of energy. Get a collection from your collection.

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Darryl Sittler says the top brass at Maple Leaf Gardens is a door knob."

—Tom Rivers, CHUM morningman

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