

SCHREIBER - Cont'd from page 15

Gerard Cosgrove is now in the Compensation Hospital in Downsview, Ontario.

Mrs. June Sisson, Sharon Scott and Leslie Ray Thompson (of Terrace Bay) successfully passed their Grade 1 written theory exams set by the Western Conservatory of Music. They all received first class honours.

Carol Lalonde has returned to Winnipeg after visiting with her mother.

JUNIOR LEAGUE HOCKEY ACTION

The third game of the North Western Ontario Junior Hockey League Finals was played in Schreiber on Sunday, and the Schreiber North-Stars fought from behind to tie the game with a 6-6 score at the end of regulation time, and went on to win in the 2nd overtime period on a sudden death goal by Butch Speziale. Series now stands at 2 games to one for the Nip-Rock Rangers, with the next game to be held in Schreiber on Friday.

The penalty filled contest was watched by almost 600 screaming fans. Dan. MacDonald shot Schreiber into a 1-0 lead late in the 1st period, only to have the Rangers knot the count at 1-1 on a goal by Smeltzer. The 2nd period saw the Nip-Rock team score two fast goals by G. Boudreau and Celinski, to jump into a 3-1 lead. The North-Stars captain Bill Webb cut the lead to 3-2, then Nip-Rock defenceman Smeltzer blasted in his 2nd goal to make the score 4-2 for Nip-Rock. Speziale scored for Schreiber to end the period 4-3 for the Rangers.

The Rangers appeared to break the game open in the 3rd period with Smeltzer adding a 3rd goal for a Hat Trick and Celinski scored his 2nd before Webb deflected shot past Wawia to make it 6-4 for the Rangers. Then, the chippy team threatened to get out of hand as Schreiber's Ken Ross engaged, first, Marcel Boudreau, then Kowalick, in a spirited display of fisticuffs. This sparked the North-Stars, and with 4 minutes left in the game, Christianson capped an end-to-end rush, putting the puck behind Wawia, and Dave Bromley tied the game at 6-6 to end the regulation time. The 1st overtime period was scoreless, and in the 2nd period, after Hemming in the Rangers, Butch Speziale knocked in a rebound and gave the N'Stars the victory 7-6.

Bantem Hockey Action - (cont'd on page 13)

**by Bill Smiley****Smiley the hustler**

A funny thing happened on the way to the proof-reader's, a couple of weeks ago. My column appeared, headed "Gloom and Doom." It was riddled with quotations by experts, allusions to economics, references to the stock market and all sorts of similar portentous fulminations.

I imagine bewildered readers shaking their heads and muttering to their spouses, "Here, Mabel. What's come over young Smiley. He sounds learned, intelligent and as though he'd lost his last friend. Completely out of character."

What happened was that the headings were inadvertently switched on my column and that of Ray Argyle, an old friend who writes a perceptive column on current affairs.

And his readers must have been equally baffled, asking, "What in the name of all that's ridiculous has happened to Argyle this week? Pure drivel. Never knew him to write such puerile nonsense before." Oh well, the allies made bigger boobs than that and won the war.

At any rate, it may be of some comfort to you to know that this weeks column is not only mine, but is being written by the undisputed Russian Billiards champion of the local curling club. I'm not much on the ice, but I'm a heller on the pool table in the basement.

It shook a lot of the denizens of the billiard room, but none of them as much as it shook me. Knocked off three opponents, including one bird who tried to oneupmanship me by bringing along his own private cue, to make the finals.

Should have seen the tiger I faced then. Six feet four, 20 years younger than me, fine golfer, hawk-eyes of the outstanding hockey goalie he is, and the hottest pool shark in town. Now don't panic, mum, I beat him.

It was best three games out of five. He took the first two so fast that all I had a chance to do was chalk my cue and spot the balls he kept knocking in. Isn't this exciting?

Well, as we old fighter pilots put it, there I was at 30,000 feet, upside down, out of ammo, and three straight games to win. I knew that only sheer brilliance and naked

courage would save the day.

So I gave him the old reverse treatment. Instead of making points, I kept losing them. You can do this in Russian billiards. Pretty soon I was 28 in the hole. He was about 30 in the clear, a difference of 58.

He got over-confident and careless, started knocking the balls around, losing points, and I craftily crept out of the hole, a few at a time. Suddenly he realized this old duffer might beat him, got desperate, and I had him on the run. Nothing to it, really. The thought of the shame if I beat him destroyed his confidence and he was a sitting duck. That's my story, anyway, and there were no witnesses.

Speaking of games, never play them with women. I found out years ago that the only game you can play with them is the love game, and even there you have about as much chance of winning as you have with a slot machine.

Women are completely devoid of sportsmanship, hate to be beaten and turn cold or hot with rage when they are. Knowing this, I foolishly took part in a mixed curling bonspiel the other day. The girls haven't changed. They played as though the six-dollar prizes were solid gold Cadillacs.

Still on sports, the winter carnival season is in full swing. I guess they're a good thing. Give people a chance to get stoned to the eyeballs or roar about on their skidoos, releasing their aggressive tendencies. The height of something occurred at one of these events the other day. Winner of the ice-fishing contest collected a free holiday in Nassau. The winner? A 4¼-inch perch.

And a last word on games. The Liberal leadership marathon is on and the pack is off and running. But the bulldogs, greyhounds and just plain mutts are all looking over their shoulders at that darned French poodle coming up fast.

My suggestion: call the race off and ask Dief to take over as leader. Winston Churchill crossed the floor of the House and look how far he went. And wouldn't the Old Chief have a lovely time ripping into Stanfield?