

SPOTLIGHT

ON SPORTS

A selection of the work of Layton Dodge
Cobourg Daily Star Sports Editor

— With a special introduction by Steve Smith —

Hoss Quigley



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of Layton Dodge
Cobourg Daily Star
Sports Editor

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THIS IS MORE THAN JUST A BOOK OF sports stories which appeared in a community newspaper over a period of time, although that is the principal reason behind it.

It is a book about people and changing times. And it is also about the individual who wrote all the stories, for collectively they provide an insight into the values and concerns that shaped him.

Much has changed in the world since Layton Dodge first put pen to paper in the mid-'50s to record local sports in his hometown of Cobourg. But Layton remains the same — from his demeanour to the fact that a bicycle is his preferred mode of transportation around town, regardless of the season. He may write his stories on a computer now, but if he had his way an old black Underwood would suffice nicely.

The newspaper has changed, too. It used to be called the Sentinal-Star and back then it was published weekly, later twice a week. Now it is the Daily Star and is published five times a week.

If anything, that has been a troublesome development of sorts for Layton and he'd probably be the first to admit it. Certainly he has additional newspaper space — although he constantly reminds us that he needs more — and there is much more sports to write about as well. Unfortunately there is less time per edition to do it.

Spotlight on Sports, the title of this book and of his earlier weekly column, is one of the victims of the changing times for that very reason. Many of

those early columns were of a quality that, aside from their very local content, would not have been out of place in the best of newspapers, large or small. They were rich in detail and written in that inimitable style that is the trademark of Layton Dodge then and now.

You'll recognize some of the characters from those early years, although their stations in life have changed, not the least of whom are some prominent merchants and the mayor of neighbouring Port Hope.

Preface

As well as the people who characterize the stories that follow, several individuals played significant roles in bringing this book together and warrant recognition.

Ben Veenhof, an aspiring young sports journalist and Cobourg native, read all the back issues and made the initial selection of prospective pieces. Another native Cobourger, copy editor Sharie Lynn Fleming, proofed all the copy and did much of the work of preparing the pages. Credit goes to General Manager, Cheryl McMenemy, for coming up with the idea of a book of Layton's work.

Finally, I chose those articles, of the many under consideration, that would appear in the book and edited a few of them lightly for length considerations.

That's one thing that will never change about sports and the Star.

Sorry, Layton, there's never quite enough space available for your work.

— J.T. Grossmith

AFTER THREE STANLEY CUP championships and a Canada Cup championship, one of my fondest memories is still a picture Layton Dodge shot of my first championship with the Cobourg Acme Aces at the age of four. I still have every word Layton wrote about me during my career and am very proud of each one of them.

Layton's support of the advancement of sports in the community has been second to none. I'll always have fond memories of my time spent with Layton. An honest, sincere and genuine man, Layton could always make

me feel good about my game with a kind word, no matter how I played.

I'll never forget his compassion, the love he had for his job and for the welfare of the community. Hockey, baseball, lacrosse or

bowling, Layton was always there to cover the story and make people feel

special about their participation. His support, concern and love for the people in his community will never be matched.

I feel fortunate to have been part of the Layton Dodge sports legacy. He is a true champion. I am proud to say, Layton, you are a special friend.

— Steve Smith

Introduction

The First Column

THIS BEING OUR FIRST COLUMN FOR the Sentinel-Star we want it to be known that your comments, criticisms and suggestions on local sports and this column will be welcomed with open arms. If you as a sports fan have any beefs that you would like to get off your chest concerning either sport in general or local sport in particular please drop us a line and tell us about it. We'll be more than happy to present your story to our readers.

MERCHANTS A REAL WINNER

Cobourg Merchants, minus several of their stars, continue to set the world on fire in the softball world. Two weeks ago they climaxed a great season by winning the Taylor Trophy, emblematic of softball supremacy in the Peterborough city loop in

which they cavorted all summer. Fifty per cent of the year's gate receipts was also a rich prize for the club.

Eliminating East City was anything but an easy task, and it took a solo homer by Burt Cleary in the seventh game to give the Cobourg boys the title by a score of 5-4. The team's victory was even more remarkable because of the fact Jim (Sleepy) Dawe, their ace pitcher, was bed-ridden most of the series with the

mumps.

Rollie Campbell took on the terrific task of holding back East City and he responded in sensational style. As of this writing Merchants were even at a game apiece in their exciting OASA playoff with Rockcliffe and Campbell again had proved their bread-and-butter man with two 2-hitters. Regardless of the outcome of the game played last Saturday in Kingston the team has been a winner in our

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books and in the mind of the fans.

The tremendous crowd on hand for the second game with the Air Force outfit a week ago Monday was a terrific tribute to the crowd-pleasing Cobourg Club and to Huck Matthews, who has been the man behind the scenes largely responsible for their success.

Huck faced trouble right from the word go when the original backer of the team could not come up with the needed cash. He went to work and in a very short time corralled 18 merchants into a joint sponsorship, a sponsorship which has netted these enterprising businessmen endless amounts of publicity.

Huck has molded together a scrappy band of ball players that refuse to give in under any circumstances. The popular veteran Jack Bevan and Chub McIvor have been sharing the backstopping duties and doing an excellent job, too. First base is no worry with big, reliable Jim Hart on duty there. The rest of the infield certainly presents no problem with Pete Boncardo at second, Dick Turpin at short and Leo O'Brien at the hot corner, all stars in their own right.

To patrol the outfield pastures Huck can call on any one of Red Alexander, Brian Hart, Burt Cleary, Scotty McSporran or Bev Rollings to

handle fly-chasing duties. Pitchers Rollie Campbell and Jim Dawe can be called on for outfield patrol. In reserve such men as Stan Edgell and Mort Donlevy can step into any position. With Boncardo, Rollings and Dawe on the shelf recently, the club fought that much harder to fill the slack.

However it has been the excellent pitching more than any other determining factor that is responsible for the club's fine showing. Jim Dawe and Rollie Campbell have provided the depth on the firing line that a good team really needs. If one or more of these men falter Chub McIvor is a more-than-adequate replacement.

All in all, Cobourg can be proud of the Merchants from the bat boy to coaches Matthews, Donlevy and Rollings. Congratulations boys, for you as a team are truly one of Cobourg's good-will ambassadors.

OBA BAH HUMBUG!

As an administrative body the OBA is a bust. Their resemblance to the OHA is remarkably striking.

Just recently Cobourg Rideaus were informed that they must drop Leroy Wannamaker and Billy Mitts from their roster for OBA playoffs (slated to start last Friday against Trenton) or step up to major A classi-

fication. The reason for this, they explain, is that since both of these boys hail from Trenton the combined population of Cobourg and Trenton must be considered as one and this would shove them up one notch from intermediate A.

The reasoning seems unfair not only to this reporter but to fans and the Cobourg ball club as well, not so much because of their reckoning but because many other teams playing in the OBA competition last year either came from towns over the required limit or drew players from the surrounding towns. Why Brockville, with a population of near 22,000, and Campbellville, who used players from Guelph and Galt, deserved to play in intermediate A company last year is a mystery. Yet the combined population of Trenton and Cobourg ranges slightly over 20,000 and Cobourg is given an ultimatum or else.

The loss of Mitts and Wannamaker seriously hurts the Rideaus both offensively and defensively since both are good hitters and very versatile in the field. Wannamaker has played first, short, third, catcher and outfield during the Lakeshore season while Mitts has cavorted as a pitcher, outfielder and has filled in at shortstop. Consequently the loss of two valuable men is bound to hurt. To top

everything off the two players are trying to get their releases to play for Trenton, the very team matched against the Rideaus in the first round. What next?

Cobourg might have hung on to Chuck Jones, their lanky righthanded fireballer, had they known at the first of the season they would be involved in this predicament. We suggest that the OBA should adopt a set of rules that applies to everyone and if they can't do the administrative job properly they should let men into the clique that can.

BUSY YEAR FOR BOWLING

Bowling, the sport for all ages,

swings back into high gear for the 1957-58 season soon with most of the leagues starting to knock over pins within the next two weeks.

This sport boasts more active participants than any other hereabouts as well as across Canada.

Cobourg bowlers are indeed fortunate to have 18 alleys at their disposal giving them unlimited opportunities to get back in the groove again before actual league competition begins.

Last year well over 100 teams were entered in various loops. The largest group was the men's with 34 teams and 309 bowlers.

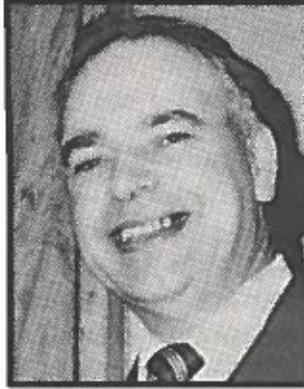
There were two leagues for the ladies, two mixed leagues, a Depot

loop, a bank league, league for General Foods employees, Matthew's Conveyers, a High School league and the Little Amateur League for kids bowling in Cobourg.

Speaking of the youngsters we learned from Harry Hayward, co-organizer of the clinic for youthful bowlers, that he and his partner Ralph Baker will be back as tutors this year at a new location, the King Street alleys, with classes on Saturday mornings beginning September 7.

We would be only too glad to print bowling scores, results and team standings for leagues, space permitting.

Drop your results into the Sentinel-Star and we will happily oblige.



Driving forces — Some of the leaders of the sporting community from the '50s to the '90s are (clockwise, from top left): Lionel (Tut) Gutteridge, founder of the Cobourg Legion Minor Softball program; John Ryan, champion baseball coach and baseball booster; Jerry Lawless and Del Dillon, longtime Phys. Ed. heads from CDCI West and CDCI East respectively; Ross Burgess, veteran hockey and baseball coach; Paul Currelly, promoter of girls' softball and coach and organizer of Harnden & King Angels during their heyday; George Spalding, founder of the Cobourg Baseball Association; Vern MacGregor and Clarke Sommerville, backbones of Cobourg Cougars junior hockey.



Diamond Dust

SOME FELLOWS KNOW THEIR ONIONS. Others know their stock market. Lloyd Huskilson, Cobourg town policeman, knows his baseball — from bat to battery, infield and out.

Known to his D'Arcy Street neighbors as a "quiet man" and to his fellow policemen as an "efficient officer", Huskilson is a veritable pepper-pot in ball cleats.

On the ball field the "quiet man" becomes a "big noise" with the hickory stick; the "efficient officer" turns base-stealer.

With the Cobourg Rideaus since 1953, the lean and lanky Huskilson is no rookie rundown artist. He's a seasoned veteran with a long-held talent for making the sports headlines.

Lloyd Huskilson first tasted the "diamond dust" on the corner sandlots of Lockeport, Nova Scotia -

the place where he was born. During his boyhood field trials he took a stint in every position from batting plate to back fence. By seventeen he had polished his diamond dander to professional standards.

On Saturday, September 18, 1936, Huskilson was a full-fledged member of the Sydney Steel City nine that took the Cape Breton Colliery Professional League championship. On that day the Steel City squad clinched their series with a Glace Bay pro team.

Huskilson was also a member of the well-known Dartmouth Arrows, a semi-professional team under contract with the Halifax and District Baseball League.

One unusual aspect of the Huskilson ball career is his ability to turn in a poised chore of pitching and a bang-up job of batting all in the same game. And, he's been doing it for twenty-seven years.

Generally speaking, pitchers are poor hitters and

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most heavy-weight batters avoid the mound as they would a black cat. Lloyd Huskilson is an outstanding exception to the rule.

During his amateur days, the man, Huskilson, pitched his way to an Eastern Canadian hurling record - five no-hit games. Later, he chalked up still another record for strikeout prowess — 12 consecutive batters mowed down. When it comes to putting “English” on a baseball, Huskilson knows the language well.

This summer the right-handed hurler came close to breaking his own long-standing strikeout record. While on holidays in the Lockeport area, during August, he filled in the hometown squad and struck out 9 batters in a row.

Another reason why the name of Huskilson still echoes in Maritime ball circles is Lloyd's enviable status as the only pitcher in Eastern Canada to beat the Boston Royal Giants at their own game. The Royal Giants — a top-notch colored squad — were possessed of an incredible games-won record in the traveling circuit field.

On the big bat side of baseball it is doubtful if many Canadian silver stars can match the consistent batting average credited to Huskilson.

On his coastal home grounds he took the coveted Dr. Brown batting trophy three years in a row. His

over-all average for the three seasons was over the .400 mark.

There have been seasons when the Huskilson batting average tipped and topped the .500 mark. The lowest seasonal average he has yet recorded was over .300.

Maritime sports writers made a regular habit of heralding Huskilson as “the best ball player” in the Shelburne County circuit. Lloyd would be the last man to claim this honor for the truth. He would be more inclined to give this distinction to some of his old teammates.

Among those who appeared on the same lineups with Huskilson were Fred Maguire of the Old Boston Braves; Del Bissonett of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Ed Fitzgerald of the Baltimore Orioles and Tom Carrol of the Richmond Virginians.

Although starring primarily as a pitcher-batter, Huskilson was raised in a team that prided itself on “all-around” players in every position.

Lockeport took its baseball seriously and so did the men who went out on the field to defend the town's diamond honor. Huskilson was no exception to the rule. He has donned the mesh muzzle for catching chores, served as short-stop and third base guardian and handled outfield positions. He made a habit of doing what must be done — and doing it well.

When Lloyd Huskilson came to Cobourg in 1952 he had decided to hang up his cap and cleat boots forever. The fact that this decision didn't stick longer than the time it took to make it is local sports history now.

During his first two years here, Huskilson served as playing-manager of the Cobourg Rideaus. In 1956 his high-flying squad took the Eastern Ontario cup, losing the All Ontario finals by a slim margin.

Although out of the management end due to police duties, Huskilson is still a “big bat” for the local team. In addition, he's a handy man to have when the going gets rough.

His main forte still lies in the pitching department. The Huskilson fastball is a sizzler and his tricky drop ball has sent more than a few opposing batters to the eye specialist.

Every year since he entered the local ball scene there has been talk of Huskilson relegating his interest to the grandstand seats. He keeps talking of folding up his gear but he never quite makes it.

Now with another season all but tucked away in Rideau annals, the same sort of speculation comes forth. However, for every fan willing to bet Huskilson will call it quits, before the 1958 season gets under way, there are 10 others willing to wager he'll be back.

That's Gratitude

SINCE HOCKEY SEASON IS JUST AROUND the corner we want to get ball cleared off the slate for this year so we'll say our piece right now and then move on to more timely, seasonal topics.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

Perc Macklin — car dealer, citizen, husband, sportsman. This

in a nutshell sums up one of Cobourg's most loyal sportsmen. This man came to the rescue of a dying ball club — Cobourg Rideaus — in the spring and stepped into the breach to save another ball team from following that all-too-frequent pattern of biting the dust in these money mad times of today.

Yes, Perc took command at the helm when the club was teetering on the brink of extinction and all he got in return was heartbreak, turmoil, setbacks,

non-co-operation and lousy support from the fans. Strife ruled the Cobourg camp on his arrival but he smoothed things out temporarily at least and started the season full of hope for the future. How was he to know what troubles lay ahead?

And troubles Percy encountered. On many occasions he had difficulty in scaring up nine bodies on the field for games. Players wouldn't come out to

practices, the club was financially unstable and a change of

managers was necessitated during the course of the summer. But Percy fought back in spite of the odds stacked against him in the only way he knew how. He brought in a new manager and he kept the Rideaus going with money out of his own pocket.

Then some of the players, who had pleaded with him in the spring for him to save the club, let him down. They often played lackadaisically with little team spirit. As a result they lost games right and left

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which they could have won and attendance sagged to an all-time low.

Perc took most of the blame on his broad shoulders. Cobourg fans reacted miserably to his gallant stand. They stayed away in groves from Rideau home games; yet these so-called sportsmen were his worst tormenters.

Moreover, if the team had folded the stay-at-homes would have been the first to grumble. You could count on the fingers of your two hands the faithful few who turned out for every home contest, supporting the team in good times and in bad.

We say 'shame on you' to the hundreds who should have supported the club but didn't.

The players can't be entirely blamed for the squad's so-so season. You can't expect a ballplayer to give out with his best effort when only a handful of spectators are interested enough to watch the games.

A ball team is a community organization and requires a little help from many citizens in the community in order to make it a success. How can a town be growing in every aspect, in population, in commerce, in industry, yet dying on its feet in sport? This is the question Perc must have asked himself a thousand times and got no adequate answer.

We've criticized the Rideaus on

occasions ourselves but only when we thought it was deserving. We also sang their praises when they played a fine game. We never blasted the management because we knew Perc was doing the work behind the scenes, asking nothing in return but a hustling ball club which commanded fan support.

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU

The Mitts-Wannamaker incident was a bitter pill to swallow. Perc came to a conclusion that they were a waste of time and what's more important a waste of money which the club not afford to waste. The two imports cost Rideaus over \$200. That's \$100 apiece on a couple of ungrateful ballplayers who, although useful on the diamond with hits and their versatility, had just the opposite effect at times when they failed to show for a game without warning.

They were not interested in the welfare of the club. Take the Mitts episode when he pulled out a bottle of liquor in the dressing room right in front of Perc before an important game and began guzzling that destructive liquid down his throat like a thirsty camel.

Perc treated the two well, too well we think, paying them for time off, their meals and transportation.

Yet as soon as Cobourg was forced

to turn them loose because of an OBA ruling which offered Rideaus the ultimatum of letting them go or moving up to Major A in the play-downs they became bitter, told Percy he had treated them poorly and Mitts even refused to hand over his spikes.. That just about topped the devil's cake with sour pickles.

GAME FOR WHAT IT IS

If Percy hasn't come to the conclusion of using local talent exclusively in future years, and we think he has, we'll personally go on the record as saying that fellows like Jon Fisher, Clarke Harnden, the Huskilsons, George Campbell, Stu Lingard, Ted Goody and Harry Twitchett are playing the game for what it is, not for what it offers.

With twice the fun and half the effort the Rideaus can have a good season in '58 without money-hungry outsiders and connections with the OBA to spoil things. We certainly hope Percy Macklin will lend a guiding hand in shaping this destiny and making this dream a reality.

The people of Cobourg owe Percy Macklin a debt of gratitude for his untiring efforts to the furtherment and preservation of baseball in this thriving town of ours. Perc, we salute you. We only wish there were more sportsmen like you.

A True Sportsman

GEORGE EDWARDS? WHO'S HEARD OF him? George Edwards will wager few in Cobourg are familiar with his name. But, speak of Bus Edwards and it's a different story. Everybody in Cobourg knows Bus. They know him as an all-round sportsman — skier, skater, curler, halfback, golfer and hunting enthusiast. They know him as the son of a once prominent Cobourg industrial family; as a nice fellow — quiet, unassuming and a top rate supporter of community recreational projects.

What most people don't know is that George Edwards and Bus Edwards are one and the same.

Bus Edwards first came to Cobourg in 1927 to work during summer school vacation at Edwards and Edwards — a tannery owned by his father and grandfather. The original tannery site at Wood-

bridge had burned down the year before and the elder Edwards men had decided to move the operation to an empty plant site in Cobourg. The result was that Bus Edwards spent every summer vacation, until his graduation from Queen's University, learning the leather tanning process and the mechanics of plant administration.

Born in Toronto, educated at Lakefield Preparatory School and Upper Canada College, Bus Edwards gradu-

ated from a university course designed to prepare him as a business administrator. He completed his course in 1934 and in 1935 went overseas to serve in an English plant also owned by his family. A year and a half later he returned to Cobourg and has remained — a much respected citizen of the town.

However, the Edwards business associations are secondary in the minds of most Cobourg residents. The townspeople tend to link sports, recreation and

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Bus Edwards together. Wherever there are sports and recreation the man is bound to be.

In 1936 and 1937 young Bus Edwards came to sporting prominence as an agile halfback for the Cobourg Red Raiders. He was a staunch team man, approved by coaches and supported by the fans. During his first two years at university he wore Queen's colors on the football field. Next came a year and a half overseas army service. In 1946 he joined the illustrious ranks of the famous Galloping Ghosts of Cobourg — "the best small town football team Canada has ever known"; consistent champions in their field. It was with the hard-hitting Ghosts that Bus played his "swan-game" and relegated his football interest to the business end of the club.

As he was bowing out of football, Bus took interest in the Northumberland Ski Club. He helped to organize local skiers and served as a club director for some seven years. Still another Edwards interest was preparation for the erection of a new Cobourg ice arena. He served as a chairman of a temporary Cobourg Memorial Rink and Recreational Centre Committee until construction was completed. In 1949 the Cobourg

Skating Club was organized and Bus Edwards was an ardent worker.

The centre was built primarily to provide winter recreation facilities for Cobourg children and annual carnivals, spotlighting local ice talent, were arranged to offer encouragement for the youngsters and to enlist support from their elders.

Since 1953 Bus Edwards has been active in the Skating Club carnival committee. Last year he served as carnival chairman and this year will be co-chairman with Don McKim.

"The skating club has been highly successful," he states, "We have approximately 150 members. I believe 83 of them are youngsters; 70 intermediates and 25 are adults". Bus promises the 1958 carnival will be "the most successful ever staged".

"The quality shown by local performers is improving every season," says Bus.

As a judge for preliminary skating and figure tests here and in other nearby centres Bus is in a position to make this assertion. He says continued success lies partly in the hands of the Cobourg public.

The Cobourg Waverley Curling Club is another top interest on the Edwards list. Both Bus and his wife, Muriel, are curlers and during the

past two years Bus has been a member of the Board of Directors. As chairman of the committee in charge of laying the curling rink ice, Bus also played an important part in renovating the curling rink and in organization of a strong curling club.

In keeping with this the two Edwards daughters, 10-year-old Gwen and seven-year-old Jill are enrolled with the Skating Club.

During the Summer months Bus confines his sporting interest to golf and water skiing. In the fall he goes deer hunting — when he has time.

"My wife is a better golfer than I am," he admits, "but I can top her on water skis and at the skating rink".

When it comes to quiet relaxation and a chance to think, Bus takes to the garden and his "green thumb" is well known to friends and neighbors.

In the town of Cobourg the spirit of sport and the name of Bus Edwards are synonymous. As one associate says, "I don't know any George Edwards, but Bus Edwards is the best friend Cobourg sporting circles ever had.

Because he never 'blows his own horn', few people realize just how much time and energy this man has devoted to the development of better recreational facilities".

Ontario Title

COBOURG JUVENILES BROUGHT THIS town its first provincial baseball championship in memory Sunday as they defeated the defending champion Port Colborne East Side Athletic Club 8-1 at Port Colborne to win the Ontario juvenile "A" crown two games to one.

Victory climaxed a four year drive by the team under the direction of Jim Munro, starting in the bantam age bracket. Two seasons ago the same Port Colborne club ousted locals in midget finals and last fall erased Cobourg for the juvenile title. The win was sweet revenge for an inspired Cobourg club that never looked back after dropping the opening game of the series, roaring back to square the series a week ago Sunday and then coming through in spectacular fashion in the showdown test.

Officials records are not available but several local sports oldtimers believe this to be the first time in 50 years a Cobourg team has captured All-Ontario baseball honours.

The reigning champs staged an impromptu parade Monday, marching through the streets of Port Hope and Cobourg in celebration of their long awaited triumph.

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Juveniles had to take the laurels under the most difficult circumstances on distant soil. They defeated Port Colborne and Brockville right in their own stamping grounds and previously went the limit in downtown Belleville in first round play.

The game itself was a dazzler from a Cobourg standpoint. Bill Wakely, one of three players on the squad from Port Hope and the hottest playoff pitcher on the Juveniles' staff, was magnificent in handcuffing the Western Ontario aggregation. The

starry 17 year old fashioned a neat five-hitter, never allowing the opposition more than one hit in a single inning. His control was excellent, walking but 1, and he struck out 15 batters in a great clutch performance.

When the fireballing flinger whistled the final strike past the last dazed Port Colborne hitter, elated Cobourg players swarmed on the field, mobbed their ace pitcher and carried him on their shoulders to a noisy welcome in the dressing room.

The winning hurler received maximum support from his mates who poured out 12 hits and made 2 terrific defensive gems to preserve the win. Left fielder Garnet Harris saved Cobourg's bacon in the 5th stanza when he raced back and flagged down a hard hit ball with a great

over-the-shoulder catch. Fly hawk Al Richards also scampered miles to his right to rob Jim Haun of an extra-base blow in the 6th frame.

Gary White and Mike Longwell shared mound duty for the losers, but couldn't stall Cobourg's march. They dished out 12 safeties, issued 3 free passes and struck out 12.

Winners jumped into a 2-0 lead in the 4th inning when Dave Greenaway dropped a triple just inside the right field line and scored on a throwing error giving Al Richards a life. Richards came across on Fred Maybee's infield rap. Cobourg added a pair in the 6th for a 4-0 margin. Greenaway singled, stole second and romped home on a pair of Port Colborne miscues. Richards, aboard via a bobble, rode home on Gary Sharpe's

bunt single.

Losers tried to come back in the 7th as Bob McGowan singled in Duff Winger who had walked. With runners on 2nd and 3rd, Wakely got Fretz to line out to Harris in left field to end the threat.

The champs clinched it in the 8th with 4 insurance tallies as the Port Colborne defence continued to suffer from a severe case of fumbleitis. Singles by Al Richards, Allen DeChamp and a two-run one-bagger by Bob Arnew highlighted the uprising.

Five Cobourg players shared the batting spotlight with 2 hits each. Arnew, Greenaway, Sharpe, DeChamp and Harris garnered a brace each. McGowan singled twice to pace the dejected Westerners.

Dear Concerned

March 24, 1960

To Whom It May Concern,
Grafton, Ontario.

DEAR CONCERNED —

What's all this nonsense we hear about a few of you dear old ladies of Grafton telephoning Jim Munro on a peaceful Sunday afternoon to complain that your favorite son, Len Ferguson, was slighted in the past junior puck series with Picton in favor of goalie Dave Ewart because Ewart's father paid Munro off?

This charge is so ridiculous that it causes us to laugh. Ha, ha! We're sure Mr. Munro could use the money but we have a sneaking suspicion that Cobourg's most honorable town clerk, Jack Ewart

to be specific, is hardly in any position to be throwing away his earnings so frivolously.

Besides, that would be payola and people just don't do that nowadays unless they want to be called to Washington.

Coach Munro chose to start Dave Ewart in goal in the playoffs because past performance charts showed conclusively that Ewart had played his best

hockey against Peterborough and Picton.

Ferguson was sharpest against Trenton and Belleville. Both had played equally well against Kingston.

Because Cobourg played Picton, and not Belleville, Trenton or Kingston in playoffs, it was only natural that Ewart would draw the starting assignment.

Once Ewart was given the job, he proceeded to play so spectacularly that Munro dared not tamper

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March 24, 1960

with a winning combination. If you need proof of Ewart's unbelievable puckstopping feats, and you insist that Munro and this scribbler are full of hot air, allow us to quote from the column of Ron Sivel, Picton Gazette sports scribe. "The Picton Merchants club officials should ask the labor regulations board for a full investigation with regards to the Cobourg Junior's goalie, Dave Ewart, to ascertain whether or not he is working as a magician with a magician's union card." Sivel also refers to Ewart as "the best amateur in this area, the amazing Mr. Ewart, that man again and starry Cobourg netminder." Needless to say, Munro's selection was a good one.

Your accusation that Cobourg would have won the series with Ferguson between the pipes is absurd. The best junior B goalie in the coun-

try couldn't have saved Cobourg from its inevitable fate. Anybody who saw all seven games of the playoff can tell you that our team would have lasted just five games had it not been for Ewart. He was that fantastic. By that we do not mean to cast aspersions that Ferguson would not have played well. "Ferg" is a fine netminder who performed miracles many nights over the season but he never got a chance in the playoffs because Dave Ewart was too hot to be sitting on the bench.

A strange thing is that in our own limited observation, no player ever sobbed himself to sleep over one of Munro's decisions. Most have some maturity in these matters. That's why we find it hard to swallow your statement that Munro broke Len's heart by not playing him. Disappointed, perhaps, but not broken-

hearted, Ferguson knew the score. He had been told he would play most of the games in the Lindsay series. Juniors were reasonably confident at the outset of the Picton playoff they would get into the next round. It never materialized.

Consequently, it was sound hockey judgment and a series of unforeseen circumstances that kept Ferguson on the sidelines. Nothing more, nothing less. So please, girls, don't try to stir up a lot of ill-feeling that just doesn't exist. Stick to bingo or hopscotch and leave the hockey masterminding to the men.

These are the facts, ma'am, just the facts.

Yours distrustfully,
LAYTON DODGE

P.S. — And don't think Mr. Munro paid us to write this.

Athlete of the Year

BILL RYAN, A 13-YEAR-OLD, 9TH GRADE student at CDCI, has been selected by a panel of sportswriters and sportsmen as Cobourg's outstanding athlete of the year.

Bill, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan, Bagot Street, won the award for 1961 and the Cobourg Credit Union Cup that goes along with it for his prowess in baseball, golf and hockey.

Bill's greatest triumphs were on the baseball diamond. He was the ace pitcher of Cobourg Legion Pee Wees who won the Ontario Pee Wee "A" championship for the second straight year. The team captain hurled 34 victories against only 2 defeats including 3 no-hitters, leading the club in batting with an astronomical .725 average during the regular schedule. Bill also won the most valuable player

award for the team and was voted as the most outstanding player of the 1961 Lakeshore all-star game.

The winner was equally at home on the golf course.

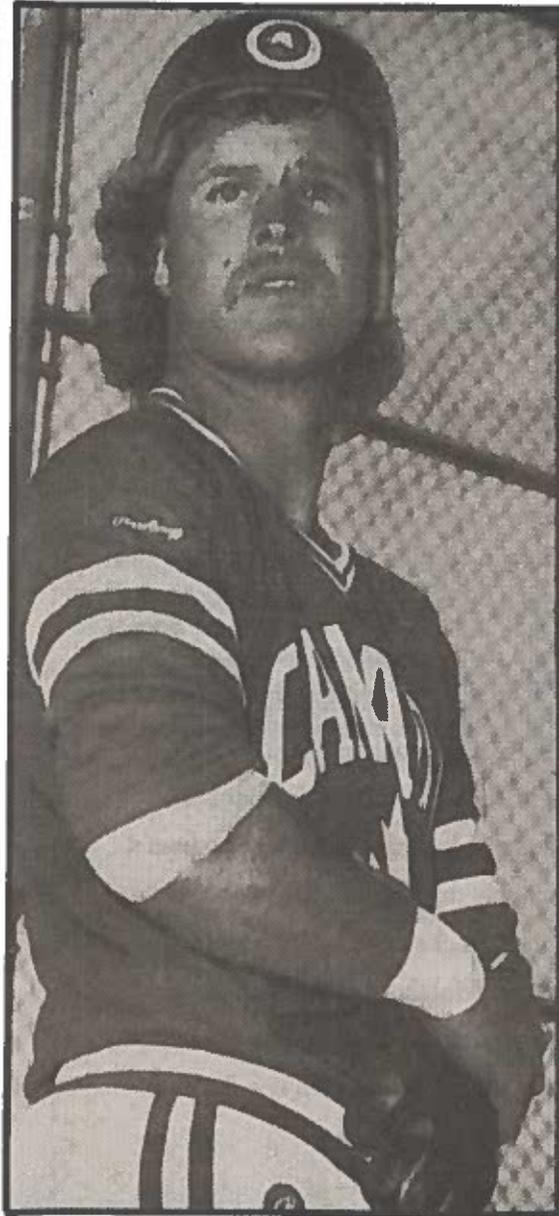
He captured the Cobourg Golf Club championship, finished first in the Bantam class of the local Junior tournament, placed first in the Bantam group of the Ontario junior district eliminations in

Belleville, tied for the lead in his age class in the Oshawa

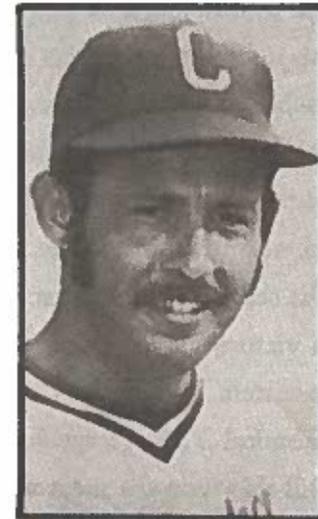
junior tourney and finished 10th in the Bantam division of the All-Ontario finals in St. Catharines.

On the ice, Ryan was captain and top scorer of the St. Peter's Bantam hockey club which won the Church League title in March, leading pointgetter of any Bantam defenceman and 5th in the overall scoring list. Bill also played defence on the Bantam all-star team.

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December 27, 1961



The boys of summer —
 Clockwise from left: Grafton's Marty Kernaghan, the area's finest fastballer, who played for both Canadian and American championship teams; Tom Savage, dedicated long-time Legion softball coach and executive; Ross Quigley, outstanding softball player and, later, a progressive leader of minor softball for youths; Bill (Cowboy) Elliott, top-notch catcher for decades; Pat Doherty, colourful field manager of numerous Cobourg baseball teams.



Hank's Harrier

STEVE BRETT RACED ACROSS THE finish line in a time of 21 minutes, 48 seconds to win CDCI's second annual 3-mile harrier race here last Thursday.

The race has been dubbed as "Hank's Harrier" in memory of its originator, Henry Henshall, who passed away minutes before the start of last week's race following a long illness.

Steve Harold and Jerry Mays, also Bantam boys, took the runner-up and show positions. First Junior over the finish line was Gord Stevenson in a time of 21 minutes, 9 seconds, good for fourth place in the over-all standing. Tim Kerr, in 20 minutes, 29.5 seconds was the leading Senior in 9th place.

CDCI West defeated CDCI East by 287 points to 178 to retain the Sommerville Trophy which it

won last year. Points were allotted to the first 30 finishers according to their positions. Of the first 30, 12 were Bantams, 13 were Juniors and 5 were Seniors.

A record number of runners — 194 — were entered. Eighty-two were Bantams, 90 were Juniors and 22 were Seniors.

The Top 30 were: Steve Brett (B); Steve Harold

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October 10, 1962**

(B); Jerry Mays (B); Gord Stevenson (J); Brian Surerus (J);

Richard Harnden (J); Frank Learmonth (B); Dave Barlow (B); Tim Kerr (S); Harold Balesic (J); Paul Herriot (B); Brian Davies (J); Brian Davis (S); Glen MacLean, Doug Daye (J), tie; Bill Abraham (B); John Hawryszko (J); Allan Watson (B); Ron Quigley (B); Danny Frei (J); Al Davis (S); Ross Quigley (S); John Brett (S); Larry MacDonald (J); Bob Staples (J); T. McMurdo (B); Laird Murray (J); Ford Blow (B); Al Harris (J); Jack Herriot (B).



Hockey heroes — Clockwise from left: Steve Smith, Cobourg's pride and joy, who has realized a Canadian boy's dream and become a National Hockey League star defenceman; Gordie Brooks, another product of the local minor hockey system, who made it to the pro ranks; Pat Briand, a coach and referee of long standing in the Cobourg Community Hockey League; Ken Petrie, Mr. Everything in the CCHL for three decades; Mike Gibson and Mike Carr battle along the boards during the Cobourg Mercantile League's more prosperous times.



All-stars

READING ABOUT THE MAJOR LEAGUE'S all-star baseball game the other day prompted this observer to speculate who, in Cobourg Men's Softball League this season, deserved all-star billing.

There are no \$1,000 cheques attached to being named to either of my select teams, no guarantee of softball immortality or no merit badges — only that satisfaction that at least one close follower of the softball scene considers the nominee a polished performer at his position.

Surprising even myself, Dairy Queen players dominated the following lists with 7 included in the 20 players chosen.

First Team

Dick Turpin, Sommervilles (.600) — catcher

Walt Pashnicki, Man's Shop (.222, 7-1) — pitcher
Russ McGivern, Depot (.136, 6-5) — pitcher
Pat Doherty, Depot (.351) — first base
Bob Thompson, Dairy Queen (.375) — second base
Ross Quigley, Sommervilles (.356) — shortstop
Leo O'Brien, Sommervilles (.408) — third base
Fred Maybee, Dairy Queen (.323) — left field
Winston Marsden, Alderville (.377) — centre field

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July 17, 1963

Dick Robinson, Man's Shop
(.362) — right field

Briefly, here are reasons for my choices:

Turpin — league's best hitter, expert receiver, lightning fast on bases and behind bat, good arm, team leader

Pashnicki — poised at all times, excellent control, rise ball best pitch

McGivern — hard worker, hustler, inspirational leader, tough in clutch

Doherty — almost flawless afield, thinking all the time, dangerous hitter, superb bunter

Thompson — overcomes lack of speed by playing hitters well, heady player, can hit long ball

Quigley — excellent range, like an extra fielder on those in-between hits to shallow outfield, surprising power for 155-pounder; leads league in homers

O'Brien — knows how and where to play batters, consistent hitter, very tough out with men on base, top RBI producer

Maybee — fine judge of fly balls, strong arm, batting average very respectable

Marsden — can pick 'em up and lay 'em down, all-round player, gets on base frequently

Robinson — speed to burn, reliable

catch, bunt threat at bat

Second Team

Garry Sharpe, Dairy Queen (.356) — catcher

Allen DeChamp, Sommervilles (.378, 5-2) — pitcher

Dave Stewart, Dairy Queen (.178, 8-5) — pitcher

Stu Lingard, Dairy Queen (.281) — first base

Paul Mitchell, Man's Shop (.321) — second base

Earl Dobkin, Dairy Queen (.250) — shortstop

Don Waite, Dairy Queen (.390) — third base

Bud Coulthard, Depot (.300) — left field

Jim Lewis, Man's Shop (.191) — centre field

Gerry Hastings, Man's Shop (.377)

— right field

Although Gerry Hastings has not played right field, I put him there because he's too good a ball player to ignore completely. He's played so many positions and played them so well this year that I'm sure he won't mind being shifted again. Actually, his versatility kept him off the first team.

Many other players were considered but didn't qualify because they hadn't appeared in enough games or they fell into the good field, no hit category, or vice versa.

A suggestion I propose here would match all the aforementioned players against an out-of-town club in a special attraction, all proceeds being turned over to minor softball. How about it?

Off to Camp

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD ROSS QUIGLEY OF Cobourg has accepted an invitation from the New York Rangers' organization to attend a four-day rookie camp in Kitchener beginning August 25.

He will be one of 70 hopefuls handpicked from all the province at the sessions. If he impresses officials, he will be invited back to the Kitchener junior 'A' training camp late in September.

Kitchener is the new home of the old Guelph club. Other teams in the OHA junior 'A' setup for the coming season are Peterborough TPT Petes, Montreal Canadiens, St. Catharines Black Hawks, Niagara Falls Flyers, Hamilton Red Wings, Oshawa Generals and Toronto Marlboros.

Ross was interviewed Sunday at his home by Les Moore of Whitby, the same scout who recom-

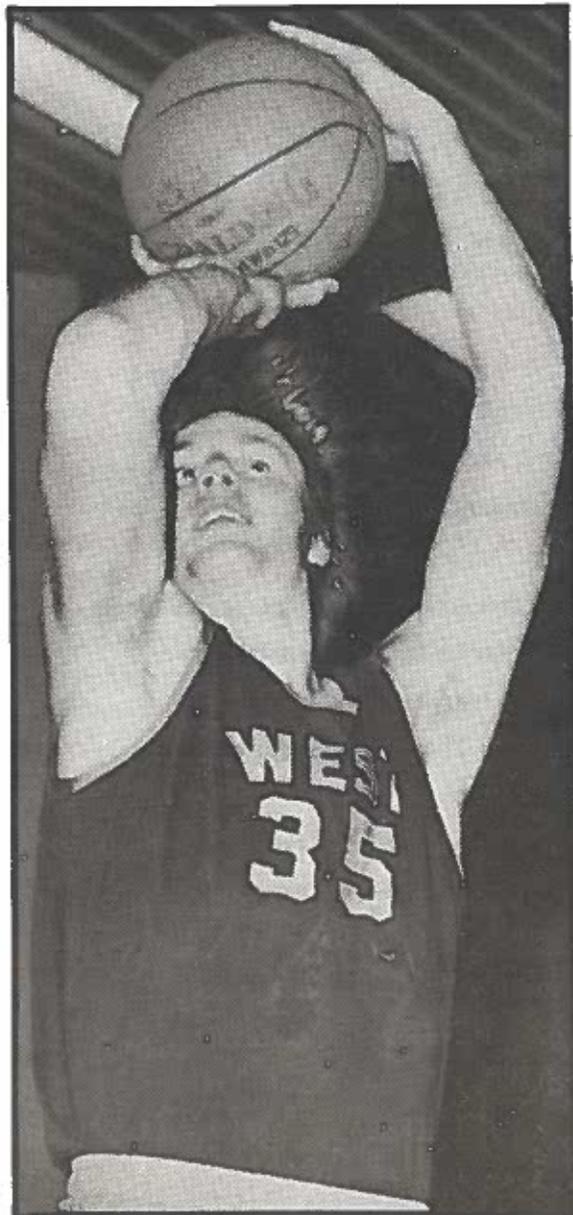
mended Leonard Bazay, another Cobourg boy, one year ago. Bazay was one of Guelph's regular defencemen last winter.

Quigley, with two seasons of junior hockey left, played centre for Cobourg's junior 'C' squad in 1962-63.

Although he was not a high goalscorer, he, nevertheless, was one of their leading performers because of his hustle, skating and checking. The 155-pounder packs a hard shot in his arsenal too.

Now a forward, Quigley was a fine goaltender at one stage of his hockey development (Bantam and Midget days.)

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August 14, 1963



Athletes in action — Clockwise from left: Scott Greer, one of CDCI West's top basketball players; Joan Fawcett raised a racquet on the tennis courts before stepping into the political arena; Lynn Bottoms, the ex-pro player who made football at CDCI East a powerhouse as a coach; John Leguard swam up a storm for the Cobourg Y summer team and later became the coach.



Mr. Football

ONE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND most successful sportsmen this community has ever known is dead. He is Fred Dufton, Cobourg's Mr. Football of a glorious bygone era.

For thirteen years — five before the war and eight after it — Fred was the colorful manager of Cobourg's renowned intermediate clubs which became a legend of the gridiron by winning three Dominion championships and numerous provincial titles.

Roy "Scotty" Black, the excellent trainer of the team from the day it was organized in 1935 as the Red Raiders to the day in 1937 it was renamed the Galloping Ghosts by John Hayden, the present-day CDCI administrator, until that fateful day in 1953 when it folded, reminisced upon hearing of Dufton's death that the deceased was known affec-

tionately as "Ferocious Fred" in his heyday because he was a perfectionist himself and demanded nothing but perfection from his players.

Scotty recalled that the Red Raiders didn't win a single game in their inaugural season but improved greatly in 1936 to earn one victory, that made possible when George 'Bus' Edwards scored the decisive touchdown in Belleville. However, with the

hard work of defeat came experience and the club annexed

ORFU intermediate 'B' titles in '37 and '39 and an 'A' championship in '38 before the world was turned into a battleground by a German dictator named Hitler.

Seven years later, the club was revived. It was a dynamic, prolific renaissance, making the Ghosts nationally known and a household word locally. They marched to Dominion championships in 1946 and 1948, losing nary a game in the process,

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September 25, 1963

added another in 1950, grabbed provincial runner-up honors in 1947 and 1949 and copped Ontario intermediate 'B' crowns in 1951 and 1952. Scotty swears that the greatest team of them all was the 1950 aggregation. Fred Dufton, who thought likewise, played no small part in achieving this remarkable string of successes. He was, as one admiring player put it, "the whole show."

Home field for the club over the years was at Horseshow Park (later changed to McClelland Park and more recently to Donegan Park) except for 1946. Ghosts won their first Canadian championship on the fifth hole of the Cobourg Golf Club that year.

Galloping Ghosts were known far and wide as the best equipped intermediate football team in Canada. They were the first team in Canada to wear aluminum cleats and the second team in the land to wear white

uniforms. Their boots were especially made in Montreal with leather supplied by Edwards and Edwards, the club's financial benefactor. It was a standing rule that players had to be bandaged properly and their shoes shined before they trotted out for each game. Yes, the Ghosts did everything on a first class basis or not at all.

Players such as Chuck Henderson, Archie Spooner, Ken Cooper, Milt Benson, Charlie Schrum, Tom Brewster, Tommy Bulger, Alec Pratt, Bill Woods, Chuck Johnston, Joe Dufton, George Dufton, Jack Newton, George Galbraith, Hank Haynes, Bob Lucas, Robert Brown, Reg Stuart and Gus Bambridge of the old guard and Bob Cooper, Glen Connor, Eagle Hircock, Homer Seale, Bill Jamieson, Marty McGuire, Gord Burdick, George Campbell, Bill Irvine, Art Jones, Ken Medhurst, Red Alexander, Bob Bevan, Junior

Hoselton, Tommy Lewis, Paul Currelly, Jack Jamieson, Bernie Flesch, Darcy Campbell, Jim Irvine, Boyd Hendry, Vern Lees, Jim Poynton, Chub Downey, Art Brandwood, Rye Holman, Bill Jarvis and Bill Douglas of the post-war regime were just some of the names on the honour roll of Cobourg's most famous sporting fraternity.

A few of them are gone now but those who remain must have felt a twinge of nostalgia on learning that Mr. Dufton had crossed the goal line for the last time.

Fred Dufton, a one-time Cobourg intermediate baseball manager; Fred Dufton, a past president of the ORFU; Fred Dufton, a former coach of Cobourg's intermediate hockey team; Fred Dufton, a championship rose grower; Fred Dufton and the Galloping Ghosts, names synonymous with the very best in football, gone now but not forgotten.

Happy New Year

NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO BID farewell to nineteen hundred and sixty-four, and to a part of Cobourg's sporting life that has gone forever.

The triumphs, the defeats, the joys, the tragedies, have finished for 1964 and nothing we can do can enhance their delight or diminish their sorrow. Few would want it any other way, for the memories and friendships of 1964 have enriched each one of us and will not soon be forgotten.

Who knows what surprises, both pleasant and shocking, await Cobourg sports figures in '65? Whatever their destiny, let's hope it is at least as rewarding as the year that has gone before!

Speaking for myself, I've enjoyed every minute of my association with sports in our town in 1964,

but I look forward even more anxiously to the twelve months which lie just ahead.

In this, my final editorial offering of the year, I take the liberty of poking fun at some of the people whose company and personality I enjoy, wishing a very Happy New Year to ...

Charlie Raymond, student editor of the CDCI East yearbook, who keeps insisting the '65 edition will defy tradition and be finished early for a change. Early

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July, Charlie?;

Dick Robinson, the native Brockvillian who made good as a Cobourgite;

Wayne Graham, who's just dying to make another trip to Flesherton so that he can renew acquaintances on the way back with that waitress he's been drooling over all year;

Bill Ryan, Mr. Slapshot of the Cobourg Midget Hockey Club, Mr. Fireball of the Cobourg Midget

Baseball Club and Mr. Wonderful to a certain young lady on Campbell Street;

Noreen, my adopted mother-in-law; to Tom, the engraver; to Walter, the bowler; to Leo, the bettor; to Merrill, the cucumber king; and to Grandpa, the lovable 81-year-old rascal, at the Sentinel-Star office;

"Wick" DeChamp and his wonderful world of wisecracks;

Gord Stevenson, John Sherwin and Ross Quigley, Cobourg's juicy contributions to Trenton's Apple Kings;

Gord Kelly, one of the midgets of the Cobourg Midgets, who may some day grow tall enough to see over the dashboard of his father's car; until then, you'll be alright, Gord!;

Phil Keeler and Bob Finkle, two likable tanglefoots;

Bill "We have to break that team up" Turk, to his wife and her new image;

Vern MacGregor, who can breathe easier now that the infrared heating system guarantee at Cobourg Arena has expired;

Gino and Jack of the Big Four;

Scotty Hume, the manager, recreation director and refrigeration man of Cobourg Arena, who has been in the holiday mood for weeks now by ringing his jingle bell;

Gus Bambridge Jr., whose sights are not on target these days on the hockey rink but whose eyes are set on a prettier sight in Gore's Landing;

Rapid Robert Neill, the full-time Irishman who, when not peddling his wares, is a part-time politician, postman, justice of the peace, needler and sports booster;

Wally Hoey, the fun-loving broom-ball referee, hot dog king and trainer;

Murray Etchells, the eternal optimist for his IUE hockey team;

Jean Kelso, the acrobatic goal-keeper who works so hard for girls' shinny in these parts;

Mike Markle, who is for the birds (pigeons specifically);

Dick Raymond, who gets a charge out of baiting officials whether the game be hockey, football, softball or tiddlywinks;

Joe Dunn, Parry Sound's Chamber of Commerce, Boston Bruins' publicity agent and distributor of Toronto Maple Leafs' hate literature;

Robert Lucas ("The Governor") whose war deeds (cutting out pictures of boats) are legend and are immortalized in Sentinel-Star files, and to his charming, chained-to-the-kitchen-stove better half;

George Campbell, the Precious Corners' comptroller, who remembers the day 1,800 people attended a

baseball game in Donegan Park;

George Spalding, my timekeeping buddy, who wants action on the long-overdue repairs to the penalty box at the rink and a heater to keep his tootsies warm;

Jack Sherlock, a pro at upholding the true meaning of "amateur" in sports;

Bob Lake, the coin catcher for the Cobourg Church Hockey League and the Men's Softball League, who aspires to be a top notch puck catcher one day;

"Shorty" Brain McAuley;

Bill Hessin, who is getting his second wind as a hockey player in '64 and, with considerable assistance from his wife, God and the government, will get his first baby bonus cheque in 1965;

Clarke Sommerville, who keeps making those decisions around the Coke cooler; and to Dick Turpin, who just drinks Cokes;

My boss, who put up with all this tom foolery;

And to all my other friends, foes, or just plain readers, who bothered to write, to read, to wonder, to praise or to criticize my work during 1964, I offer my sincere wishes for a Happy New Year.

Soars Like Eagle

TORONTO ARGONAUTS HAVE EAGLE DAY but CDCI East Senior Comets coached by ex-Argo Lynn Bottoms have John Gray.

Right now, at least, it's unlikely coach Bottoms would consider swapping quarterbacks. If he did, he'd probably be strung up in effigy and the school burnt to the ground in protest.

Gray, only half as old as Day, played with almost as much poise as the CFL veteran last Wednesday afternoon in his debut on a Cobourg gridiron, directing the rebuilt Comets to a stunning 55-13 victory over CDCI West Vikings in the opening game of the Kawartha district's southern conference football league season.

The multi-talented 17-year-old, who moved here with his family several months ago from Campbellford, had quite an act to follow stepping into the

shoes of highly regarded Bruce Ravensdale, Comets' star signal-caller for two years who's now attending university in the United States.

It took John only two-and-a-half minutes to make Comets' fans forget all about his predecessor. He quickly proceeded to demonstrate he's going to be every bit as valuable as Ravensdale ever was by engineering two touchdowns the first two times

Comets scrimmaged the ball.

Before the afternoon was over,

Gray directed the East Collegiate Seniors to five touchdowns and set up another with an interception, leaving little doubt he deserves the first string quarterback's job with a superb display of passing, running and ball handling.

That's no slam either at backup QB Jim Bradford who was more than adequate at the controls. It's just that Gray looked that impressive.

Quarterbacking isn't the only department he

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excelled at. John starred as a linebacker on defence and as a placement kicker. He converted 7 of 8 attempts. He can play flanker with aplomb, too.

Don't get the impression this was strictly a one-man show. The entire East team looked great, particularly in the first half. Their blocking on end sweeps was especially devastating.

Explosive Doug Hurley was terrific as a power runner. He was a pass threat on the halfback option as well. Bob Brennan and Bob Rowe also ripped off sizable gains. With Robbie Williams, George Foote and Doug Campbell to catch passes, Comets present a formidable offence.

Comets shot into a 14-0 lead. On the first play from scrimmage, Gray threw a surprise bomb to Williams who got in behind the Vikings' defence for a quick TD.

The play covered 56 yards. They scored again the very next time they got their hands on the ball, Hurley

galloping 66 yards around the right side untouched. These two majors ruined Vikings.

In the 2nd quarter, Don Swanson recovered a Viking fumble 20 yards from pay dirt.

Four plays later, after Gray, Hurley and Brennan had lugged the pigskin, Bob Rowe bolted over the line from 3 yards out. The conversion made it 21-0.

Gray intercepted Tim McMurdo's pass and ran it back 20 yards to the West 12 to set up the fourth major. With Bradford at the helm, Rowe barged for 6 yards, Hurley crashed to the 1 and Rowe dove over.

When the snap was bad on the convert attempt, Gray picked up the ball and turned it into an extra point anyway.

The running of Hurley and Brennan accounted for another touchdown before intermission.

After Brennan had dippy-doodled for 33 yards, Hurley romped the remaining 12 yards on an end run.

Vikings, badly outplayed up to this point, improved considerably in the second half.

They got on the scoreboard after punter Dan Gadbois rambled 30 yards to the East 31. Quarterback Steve Harold bootlegged for 20 yards but a penalty put the ball back on the 28.

Then, Bill Ryan charged for 9 yards, Harold got first down yardage and Gus Bambridge plunged for another 9 before Ryan knifed the last 6 yards to make the score 35-6.

Comets went to the air to pile up the count in the 4th quarter.

Brennan snatched an 11-yard flare pass for a TD in the early moments, George Foote hauled in an 11-yarder in the end zone, and Doug Campbell closed out the scoring on a 27-yard pass and run play started by Bradford. Harold, Vikings' top offensive performer, capped a downfield march to score the West's final 6-pointer. It was converted, in soccer style, by Dan Gadbois.

Mr. Nice Guy

COBOURG'S SPORTING FRATERNITY gathered over sixty strong at the Lions Pavilion the other night to pay tribute to a man who, in six years of service to this community, accomplished more, worked more and won more admirers than most of us will ever manage in a lifetime.

The guest of honor was Richard C. Robinson, sportsman extraordinaire. The testimonial was arranged to say good-bye and thanks to Dick for his devoted, unselfish contribution to the town's sporting scene prior to his departure next week for Clinton where he'll assume partnership in an established fuel oil business.

In every municipality, there are citizens who live in the town, citizens who live off the town and citizens who live for the town. Few live up to the rigid

requirements to be included in the latter select group. Dick Robinson undoubtedly qualified.

Mayor Jack Heenan probably summed up how the assembled throng felt about Dick Robinson when he lauded, "It isn't the streets, it isn't the sewers that make a town great. The only thing that makes a town is the people ... and it seems the ones we don't want to lose, we always lose. We're going

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June 7, 1967

to miss your fellowship, guidance and interest in the community at large."

I can think of no one in the last decade who has left Cobourg with such a favorable mark in athletic circles as Dick Robinson. He was president of the Figure Skating Club for two years and pulled it through the worst financial crisis in its history. Had it not been for his never-say-quit leadership then, the skating club might only be a memory today. He's run the gamut in the Church Hockey

League — house league coach, all-star coach, ticket taker, governor, referee, executive.

He organized and managed the successful juvenile softball team here in 1964 and has continued in that capacity until the present. He's willingly refereed mercantile hockey, umpired girls' and boys' softball, and officiated at high school football games. In the last year or two, he's even served actively on the Recreation Commission and on the volunteer fire brigade.

Yet, managing Cobourg Cougars for two years was, in my humble estimation, his most genuine labor of love. He has been the Juniors' friend, their counsellor, their defender, their critic, the butt of their pranks, the

one they turned to for help, the man who treated them as his own, as equals, as individuals. The players, in their own special way, respected and revered him for it.

The mutual admiration society never was more conspicuous than last Wednesday when a delegation from Cougars presented Dick with an engraved silver tray and two pewter mugs. "Of all the organizations I've butted into," he said, "Cougars were one of the best. I just won't forget these guys." And they, in turn, I might add, won't forget him either.

Noting that this was his 14th move in 14 years, Dick, choked with emotion, later confessed, "The biggest concern I had was leaving Cobourg

... I enjoy sports and I enjoy young people ... I wanted to do all these things here."

Privileged to consider him a friend, I can honestly state that being in his frequent company has been a rewarding experience. I often have disagreed with his opinions but I never have stopped liking him.

I'm sure I echo the sentiments of all Cobourg sports when I extend best wishes to him, his pretty and understanding wife Joyce, and their six children in their new environment.

Dick Robinson will miss Cobourg and be missed by sportminded Cobourg people who had to good fortune to know him.

So long, pal!

A Special Teacher

THE END OF ANOTHER SCHOOL TERM IS a rather appropriate time, I think, to pen a few kind words about a unique teacher who ranks in my book as the undisputed leader in the physical fitness field in Cobourg.

High school students of the last ten years readily will agree that the man who deserves that billing is Jerry Lawless, head of the PE department at the West Collegiate.

There is no teacher I know who is more admired and respected in our town than the same Mr. Lawless. Boys and girls alike have only good things to say about this man. In fact, in all my dealings with secondary school people, I've never heard any student utter a harsh word about him. That's a remarkable endorsement for a teacher whose job it

is to instruct and discipline sometimes temperamental, often critical teenagers.

Jerry Lawless is one of a kind, in my estimation, because of the unparalleled rapport he has established with the students while still maintaining control. There are no know-it-all airs about him. He talks their language, so to speak. He sometimes needles. He often prods. He treats students as young adults rather than as puppets.

Like an older brother, he punishes when it is deserved and praises when it is their just due. In return, the boys, most of whom are looking for direction and respond to it when it is properly channeled, do for him what they wouldn't normally do for somebody else.

Ask almost any CDCI West boy which teacher he finds the friendliest, which one he can tell his troubles to and which one he knows best and chances are the overwhelming majority will single

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June 14, 1967

out Mr. Lawless.

The collegiate gym is the hallowed grounds of basketball, wrestling, volleyball and gymnastic school teams, inter-form teams and inter-class teams. It is the arena of emotions, the informal classroom of the school.

The campus is a training ground for track, soccer, lacrosse and football. In these domains, you generally find Jerry Lawless — spurring a boy to a more concerted effort, passing along a pointer, demonstrating proper technique, organizing a game, running a practice or assisting another teacher in instructing.

He freely gives up countless off-duty hours to pursue these tasks.

Teenage boys listen and pay heed to Jerry Lawless because he knows what he's talking about.

He is familiar with the basics of every high school sport and extremely knowledgeable in the finer points of many. What's more, he's

not a "do-what-I-say-and-not-as-I-do" instructor. Usually, he can demonstrate the correct procedure himself.

Moreover, Jerry is ever conscious of the athletic capabilities of his students, their whims and their idiosyncrasies.

I know him to be an excellent analyst, too, able to pick out the flaws in a performance quickly and accurately. Significantly, he judges excellence by performance, spirit and the will to achieve, not by victory alone.

Enthusiasm and desire distinguish the great teacher from the ordinary one. Jerry Lawless is abundantly endowed.

He obviously wants to work with boys and doesn't mind spending extra time to do it.

For instance, he's one of three coaches taking 47 athletes from the COSSA area on a 5-day expedition to New Brunswick for a schoolboy track meet in St. John on July 1.

Despite the lack of certain facilities (such as a track and a football field), with which other area high schools are blessed, and the obvious disadvantage of a comparatively small male student population, CDCI West boys have more than held their own in athletic circles in recent years, outdoing their more numerous, more favored East Collegiate counterparts in this regard.

From this observation post, Jerry Lawless deserves a good deal of the credit for this phenomenon.

Many years from now, however, CDCI West graduates will not remember Jerry Lawless for the number of winners he produced, directed, assisted or just encouraged. They'll remember him for the kind of person that he was.

And that, I suggest to you, dear reader, is undoubtedly the finest compliment they could ever hope to pay him.

The First 10 Years

WITH THIS ISSUE, SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS celebrates its tenth anniversary as a member of the Cobourg Sentinel-Star family.

Now, this revelation may not be significant to you, pal, but it means a great deal to us. So, on the occasion of this personal milestone, we beg your indulgence just this once as we deviate from objectivity to write subjectively.

Learning, living and loving — that sums up our happy 10-year association at The Sentinel-Star.

In that decade, we have been labeled as prejudiced, sarcastic, interfering, nosy, immature, anti-social, anti-everything. We have been called Scoop, a trouble-maker, a meddler, a needler, a stinker, a dictator, a creep, a sadist, and even Jesus without a beard. We have been accused of running the

Cobourg Church Hockey League (sheer tripe, of course, although we like to think we've contributed) and the Men's Softball League (fortunately, for us, not so).

Despite the insults and the insinuations, we've tried our best to call 'em as we saw 'em, giving praise when it was due and criticism when it was justified. We've come to expect to be damned if we do and damned if we don't.

We've deliberately been opinionated in this weekly offering because we believe that's what a column is all about. Elsewhere on the sports pages, we've attempted to report the local sports scene comprehensively, informatively and accurately. You, dear reader, must be the judge, of course, whether we have succeeded or not.

We've been guided all these years by the advice contained in the first letter we received from a Sentinel-Star subscriber ten years ago. "Your column

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augers well for the future and if you can maintain (or better) the material and volume of your first effort, it will be a good thing for sport in general in our town," the letter-writer said.

"Call the shots the way you see them, and don't pull your punches for anybody.

The day you fall for compromise is the day you cease to be a responsible journalist. You will probably make enemies.

There are those who cannot stand the truth about themselves, but my

experience has been that this type make better enemies than friends, so you should not let this worry you."

No doubt about it, we've loved nearly every minute of our marriage to the "Old Lady On Division Street." It has been a crowded, satisfying, rewarding ten years which have sped by all too quickly.

Our employer has given us complete freedom to come and go when we want, and carte blanche to cover and write whatever we please.

We trust we haven't abused the

privilege.

In the past, we have had one irreplaceable goal: to add to your sports entertainment and information and, hopefully, to chronicle sporting events in our town more professionally than has ever been done before. Our promise for the future remains the same.

And to you regulars who scan pages 6 and 7 of Canada's oldest weekly with remarkable tolerance, let me add that your continued tolerance would be appreciated.

Colorful Character

THE MAN BELIEVED TO HAVE INTRODUCED soccer-style kicking to Canadian football is dead. Roy Black, known by his legion of friends as "Scotty", succumbed to cancer last week.

Scotty perhaps is best remembered by district sportsmen as the colorful and volatile trainer of the famous Cobourg Galloping Ghosts from the time of the

football team's inception in the mid 1930s to its demise in 1953. During that glorious era, the stogie-smoking Scot was as much a trademark of the Ghosts as its peerless leader, Fred Dufton, also deceased.

A Scottish schoolboy international soccer player in his youth before coming to Canada, Black was goaded, so the story goes, into demonstrating his side-of-the-foot kicking ability during a Ghosts'

practice one day prior to World War Two. He amazed them with the distance he achieved, so much so that he took over the kickoff job for the team. It was not uncommon, Bob Lucas recalls, for Black to boot the ball over the crossbar and between the uprights of the goalposts on kickoffs.

On hearing of Scotty's passing, Ken Medhurst said he was the most colorful character he had ever

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November 29, 1967

met in sports. He related an incident, still clearly etched in

his memory, which took place a few years ago when the local soccer team was forming. Scotty, well up in years at this time, boasted that if they could take the ball away from him, he'd consider them soccer players. No one could. To top off his little exhibition which proved he still hadn't lost all the skill he once possessed, Scotty hoofed the ball into the lake.

Bernie Flesch, another former hockey and foot-

ball standout in his day, paid Black this tribute: "Scotty was liked by just about everybody. He was one of the biggest sideline figures in Cobourg sport off and on for over 30 years with ball, lacrosse, hockey and football teams. He was a driving force with the Galloping Ghosts."

Black also was trainer for Cobourg intermediate hockey teams for years during their era of immense popularity.

One ex-intermediate recalls him entering the Port Hope dressing room prior to a game and tossing pepper into the pot belly stove to make the players cough and their eyes water so as to upset them and make it easier for the Cobourg skaters to beat them on the ice.

Scotty always did have a trick or

two up his sleeve.

My personal recollection of Scotty Black doesn't go back quite that far but I do remember him constantly sassing hockey referees and giving visiting players a tongue-lashing from his perch at the end of the bench when I was a boy attending intermediate games strictly as a spectator.

I wondered then how he managed to avoid being tossed out of the rink more often than he was.

I got to know Scotty better in the latter years through his attendance at Cobourg Arena watching his grandson play Church League hockey and at local soccer fixtures. It soon became evident that beneath that gruff, grumbling exterior was a warm, happy-go-lucky interior.

He occasionally travelled to

Toronto to watch the touring international soccer sides in action and frequently invited me to come along.

For one reason or another, I never took him up on it. I should have. It was always interesting to hear him ramble on about his experiences in his lyrical Scottish brogue, especially those regarding the Ghosts and his longtime associate Fred Dufton.

Scotty was buried Monday, ironically 30 years to the day after the Ghosts under Mr. Dufton won their first Ontario title.

The Sentinel-Star reported in 1937 that "Roy Black is about the best man in town for his job and without him the team would have been lost."

Now, by divine Providence, Fred and Scotty have been reunited again on the greatest gridiron of them all.

Oops

THE YEAR, 1967, HAS HAD A SHOCKING ending with yours truly being accused of using an obscenity in a November 29 account of a Cobourg-Peterborough junior B hockey game.

The mind boggles at the mere suggestion of a reporter uttering profanity in print in a family journal read by sweet, gentle, virtuous John Q. Public. Egad, such a contretemps is quite as improbable as a British lieutenant-general swearing in the presence of Queen Elizabeth at a Buckingham Palace garden party. Yet, there it was for all to see.

If John Q. Public had interviewed yours truly after the ghastly experience, his report might have gone something like this:

Upon first learning of the typographical error, Dodge reeled down the main street, in a state of

shock. Massive sedation was prescribed at the Sentinel-Star office and Dodge, walking like a man in a trance, was helped to the British Hotel where he inquired about purchasing a one-way ticket to a forsaken spot in South America where he could wait out the storm in peace. Imagine his chagrin when he was told a "cuss" man was not a bus man.

Denied an escape route, he wandered aimlessly around the town for days, trying to go about his business and

pretend nothing alarming had happened. In doing so, he only subjected himself to constant ridicule, sarcasm and holier-than-thou glares.

At CDCI West, Dodge heard loud guffaws from the boys and tee-hees from the girls. How ridiculous, they ascertained, for a naughty man of his age to return to school to take a crash course in spelling! Obviously, he was beyond help and redemption now.

Originally published
December 13, 1967

One lady, after recovering her teeth which fell out upon scanning the goof of the year, offered some sound advice. Contact Art Hobbs, she said, and he'll devise an appropriate verse. An outraged gentleman telephoned, blamed him as if "it" was his fault and opined the image of Cobourg had been smeared.

Respectable citizens, asked to tell unsuspecting souls what caused such commotion, were overheard to mutter: "Never, never! I shan't repeat those words while carrying my wife's picture in my wallet." Pocket book dealers, meanwhile, implored Dodge to desist forthwith since it was hurting business. Why invest in a lurid novel when you could read it in Canada's oldest weekly?

The consensus seemed to be that Dodge should tuck the word — which he actually intended in column 7, paragraph 2, line 8 of page 6 — into the back of his vocabulary and never restore it to usage again.

You'll be consoled to learn that Dodge has arranged a Monday morning appointment with two psychia-

trists who will attempt to ascertain how deeply his soul has been scarred by this public humiliation.

"This may be the end of the line for Dodge," said one close friend. "Dodge is very sensitive. He wants to be loved by everyone. Invariably, he is crushed emotionally when someone says something unkind to him. I'm afraid that this horrifying experience will drive him right out of public life — he's likely to join the Trappist order and spend his remaining years producing Oka cheese and honey."

Even Cobourg Cougars, who have never been known to utter an uncouth word, were stunned when they heard the charge against Dodge.

"My goodness gracious," said a Cougar player, who preferred to remain nameless because he didn't wish to damage his image. "It's difficult to imagine any reporter using profanity in print, least of all Dodge. He's probably the politest person in the racket. I've been checking him for years and he's always saying things like 'excuse me' and 'oops —

so sorry' when he commits a faux pas. I've never heard him say anything more provocative than 'oh, fudge'. Even when he cuts you with a verbal dart, Dodge always is offering you a band-aid so that you won't bleed to death."

The proof-reading slip has had a deleterious effect on Dodge's career. You will notice he has some gray hairs just above his ears. They appeared the very next morning after "it" was detected. In addition, his back has been troubling him ever since that day. He's been in hospital several times, being treated for muscular spasms at the base of the spine. The doctors can't find any evidence of physical injury. The doctors believe that it's psychosomatic — they feel he was bruised by his own blushing.

Seriously though, folks, "it" was my most embarrassing moment in the newspaper business. I really didn't mean to be an "infamous purveyor of pornographic literature." I shudder to think that my most quotable quote may turn out to be one which was never intended. Pity!

The Famine Ends

COBOURG PEE WEE ALL-STARS MADE hockey history over the weekend by capturing an unprecedented provincial title at the Ontario Little NHL tournament of champions in Thorold.

Veteran observers claim it is the first Ontario championship ever to be won by a Cobourg hockey team. It is a matter of record that it is the first Church League

squad to annex all-Ontario Little NHL honors since the CCHL started entering teams 14 years ago.

The Pee Wees, with coach Vern MacGregor and manager Tom Lewis at the helm, brought an end to the famine on Friday by defeating the host Thorold club, 7-1, for their third consecutive victory.

In becoming the new 'B' series champions in the AHL division, Cobourg thereby earned possession

of the E. Walker Trophy.

The champions qualified for the final with a pair of dramatic 3-1 wins over Aurora and Collingwood on Thursday.

To demonstrate that they were, indeed, the class of the tournament, Cobourg went out Saturday and added the grand championship to their list of achievements. A 5-1 shellacking of Durham, the 'BB' champions, left no doubt of their marked superiority.

Throughout the memorable tournament conducted in the dingy, antiquated Thorold Arena, the entire Cobourg team played and behaved like champions. On the ice, they skated tirelessly, checked tenaciously, played their positions beautifully and passed the puck around as if it had a string on it.

The most anxious moment for the players and their followers occurred in the Collingwood game. The teams battled to a 1-1 tie in regulation time and

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duelled ten minutes of sudden-death overtime without breaking the deadlock.

That forced a shoot-off, a pulse-pounding system devised to break ties in tournaments whereby three players from each team, in turn take penalty shots.

Terry Lewis, Eddie Clarey and Garth Beer were chosen to shoot for Cobourg.

Mass hysteria erupted when both Lewis and Clarey scored on their tries and goaltender Ramon Jones coolly turned aside two Collingwood attempts to swing the decision in Cobourg's favor.

Rob Dunn, a recent addition to the team, fired Cobourg's only goal in regulation time on a setup from Paul Bevan. Ring replied for Collingwood early in the second period.

Garth Beer, Terry Lewis and

Danny McBride dented the twine against Aurora earlier in the day, wiping out a 1-0 Aurora lead erected via Hampton's goal.

Thorold presented fewer problems for Cobourg in the 'B' series championship contest. Terry Lewis was the sparkplug with a goal and 4 assists, Eddie Clarey bagged 2 goals while Brian Connor, John Donaghey, Garth Beer and Pat Kelly netted 1 each. Bessey was the Thorold triggerman.

Durham, victors over Applewood and West Rouge in 'BB' games, didn't belong on the same rink as the inspired Cobourg team in the grand championship final on Saturday.

Garth Beer gunned a high slapshot home at the seven-minute mark to start the winners on their way. Durham tied the score briefly when Danny McBride accidentally cleared

the puck into his own net but Ed Clarey restored the Cobourg advantage at 15:58, whipping Beer's relay from a faceoff into the Durham goal.

Cobourg ran up the count in the closing chapter. Terry Lewis slapped a slider home from 12 feet after accepting Kelly's relay, then cashed a Kelly lead pass five minutes later by deking the goalie. Beer cranked another slapshot into the twine before the game was over to complete the carnage.

Captain Brian Connor accepted the Walter J. Pady Trophy at the concluding ceremony.

Eastern Ontario's other two representatives also hit the jackpot. Bowmanville Novices swept the Junior A championship and grand championship while Port Hope Bantams took NHL consolation and grand consolation laurels.

Taste of Defeat

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN end eventually — even for Eric Buttar, the quiet and unassuming young pitcher of Hillier's Juniors with the fierce competitive spirit.

While it lasted, Buttar compiled a fantastic record which may never again be equaled. He went 28 straight decisions in the Cobourg Men's Softball League without suffering a defeat.

The invincible streak dates back to July 18, 1966, and covers league and playoff games.

Until Sommerville's snapped his string last Wednesday night by virtue of a 4-2 upset victory over the Juniors, Eric had racked up 24 wins and 4 ties since his last loss almost two years ago, ironically to Hillier's Texaco 1966 entry.

The pressure of trying to maintain and pad his

record appeared to be getting to Buttar in recent outings. Now that it's just a fond memory, he may be able to relax.

Sommerville's win, however, was well-deserved and certainly no fluke. They pounded Buttar for 10 base hits, most of them coming in the final two innings when they scored all their runs.

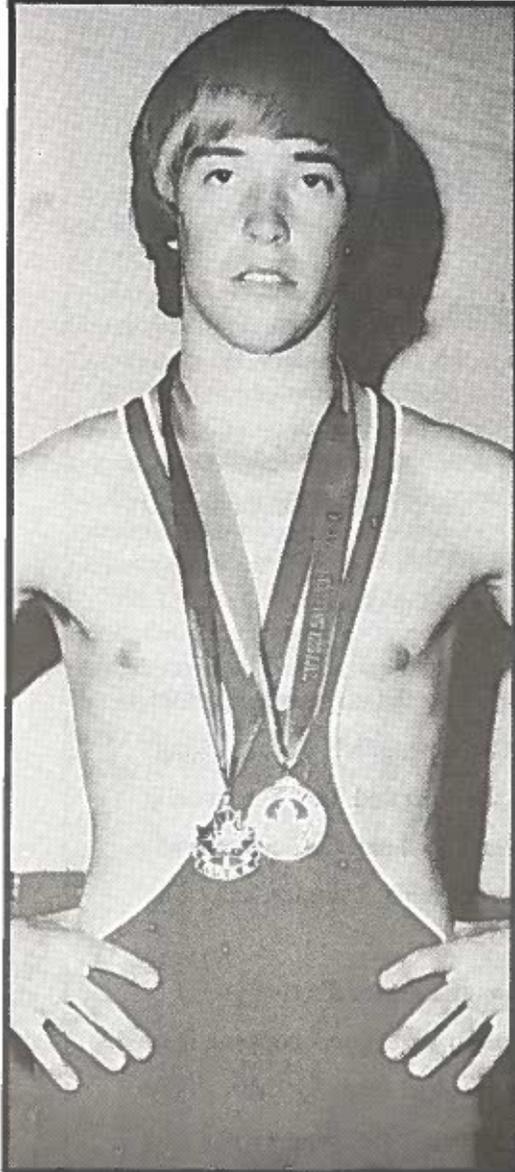
The defeat of Buttar was somewhat overshadowed

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by the scintillating effort of Sommerville's Ross Quigley.

Not only did he pitch the win and limit the usually hard-hitting Hillier's team to 4 safeties, he enjoyed a perfect night at bat as well with 3 singles, a double and 2 RBIs.

Quigley's rise ball was his most effective pitch. The Juniors were hitting under it and popping it up in the air. Fifteen outs resulted from fly balls, in dire contrast to 3 outs via ground balls. Ross struck out 2 and walked only 1.



Stars — Leo Reyns, wrestler extraordinaire; Chris Markle, dominant Dalewood golfer; Vic Foxhall, champion lawn bowler

Out of Line

THE PORT HOPE BEAVER ATHLETIC

Association may have bitten off more than it can chew in the now celebrated case defined here simply as the Smith-Racine affair.

In a monumental hockey blunder which would do the Russians justice, the BAA — through its ill-advised refusal to grant releases to defencemen Ron Smith and Paul Racine of Cobourg's junior B Cougars and its three-month waiting period before bring the matter to a head — has managed within a very few days to anger, amaze and alienate a sizeable portion of the sensible-thinking sporting populace in both Port Hope and Cobourg. Regrettably, the BAA has only succeeded in giving itself a black eye.

According to reliable informants, certain factions within the BAA began to whisper when Cougars

collected \$300 for Dennis O'Brien's release to St. Catharines and didn't see fit to hand over part of that amount to the minor hockey group with which O'Brien served the bulk of his apprenticeship.

Privately, they fretted that Cougars would reap all the dividends if O'Brien, or any other Port Hope boy on Cougars' roster, eventually was drafted by

the NHL. Obviously, they were unfamiliar with the new

pro-am agreement.

Some BAA officers became even more disenchanted, it is reported, when they learned Cougars had donated \$400 to the Cobourg Church League for player development and gave them none. So it seems the BAA's original gripe was strictly monetary.

Yet the BAA sat on its discontent and let the issue slide — until January when less than a quo-

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January 22, 1969

rum of the executive finally decided it treasured the players more than peaceful co-existence or cold cash. Only then did the blissfully unaware Cougars learn of the BAA's unrest and friction.

Indeed, if the BAA had blown the whistle on Smith and Racine back in October and sought financial reimbursement at that time or even to retain the boys' playing rights, it might have won a debatable point and gained some needed capital, with comparatively little fuss.

The BAA's latest grievous error occurred nine days ago when it rejected — for selfish, stubborn reasons — to negotiate with Cougars after junior B manager Clarke Sommerville offered to pay for Smith and Racine's releases.

By refusing to come to the bargaining table, the BAA again passed up an opportunity to salvage some self-respect and save face. If it had jumped at the chance, the whole controversy would have been quickly forgotten.

Instead, the rebuff by the BAA apparently infuriated Ron Smith's father, Bob, who now lives in Toronto. Mr. Smith, a former tower

of strength on the BAA executive who organized several successful Young Canada Nights in Port Hope in the early 1960s, hired lawyer John Bowles, an associate of Alan Eagleson, in an effort to get clearance for his son and Racine. Bowles is an ex-executive member of the Ontario Hockey Association.

The conflict burst into province-wide print on Saturday in a six-column story published in the Toronto Star. In it, Smith went to bat for the pair of 16-year-olds but suggested no legal action was planned unless "all other avenues are exhausted."

BAA president Aubrey Austin refused to comment on the affair other than to say "this is going on all over the country."

However, I defy Mr. Austin to pinpoint one other instance where a minor hockey group waited until the boys in dispute had played two-thirds of a season before bringing up the matter of releases.

In the article, Bill Hanley, OHA business manager, accepted the blame for passing Smith and Racine's certificates without releases. He advised that the boys should appeal to the

Ontario Minor Hockey Association, a governing body which previously had indicated no appeal could be lodged.

Hanley even went so far as to telephone Sommerville Saturday morning to clear up the confusion in this regard.

For an organization that spawned two professional players in less than a decade, the Port Hope BAA has shown shocking short-sightedness and stupidity in pouncing on a technicality resulting from an incredible series of unfortunate mistakes and using it to try and stall the advancement of two native sons up the hockey ladder.

I'm sure Jim Roberts and Paul Terbenche would be the first ones to admit that any player worth his salt doesn't remain in midget hockey when he can make it in junior.

The fact is Cougars need Ron Smith and Paul Racine now.

The fact is Smith and Racine are most unlikely to want to play for Port Hope Midgets, regardless, now.

The fact is the Port Hope Beaver Athletic Association is away out of line now.

So Sorry

IN THE INTERESTS OF COBOURG

Cougars' Junior B Hockey Club in general, and defencemen Ron Smith and Paul Racine in particular, this reporter, after considerable soul-searching, hereby issues a public apology to the Port Hope Beaver Athletic Association and to three of its officers — namely George Cawker, Aubrey Austin and Andy McLauchlan — for published remarks regarding the recent controversy about releases for the two aforementioned players.

Now that this “so sorry” business is out of the way, I feel an explanation is in order.

The reason for the retraction is simple. It was a stipulation laid down by the Port Hope BAA at a January 23 meeting. Only after I signed a letter promising to print a public apology would releases

for the two boys be forthcoming. I did just that last Friday, and Smith and Racine were in Cougars' lineup on Sunday. Upon learning of this unreasonable, rather outrageous demand, my first inclination was to tell the Port Hope BAA to go to hell. But that wouldn't have helped.

So I swallowed my integrity and pride and agreed to apologize because: (a) it was for the sake of the

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January 29, 1969

boys and for the benefit of the junior B club; (b) it shows that BAA executives (there are a couple of exceptions) were more concerned about their own image than they were about the players' welfare; (c) I don't think the BAA really expected me to do it; (d) I didn't want it said Layton Dodge stood in the way of a settlement. Undoubtedly, it was the toughest decision I've ever had to make as a sportswriter in 11-and-a-half years on the job. I only hope I did the right thing.



Perennials — One of the best Harnden & King Angels teams, led during their heyday by Paul Currelly and Jim Morrow.

A Sweet Skunk

TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MOST hockey referees. I thought so. Try something I can print.

In today's society where almost anything goes, there's virtually no esteem left at ice level for a man in a striped shirt. He's farther down the totem pole than Lake St. Clair fishermen.

A referee often is heckled, harassed, insulted or slandered publicly. He can be stripped of his pride and his self-respect. Coaches actually are allowed to tell partisan fans what a clown, jerk and robber he is. Players can miss open nets throughout a game and flub their assignments all night but if a referee misses one infraction or signals one that is borderline, everybody says it's his fault if that team loses.

Because of this distressing trend, there are

increasingly fewer first-rate officials who will incur the risks and put up with the wrath associated with bearing the badge of authority. Too many irresponsible players and irrational spectators look upon those who wear the OHA and OMHA referee's crest as skunks ... which, honest to goodness, folks, isn't often the case.

Believe it or not, referees are people like you and

I, except that most are infinitely most dedicated, more

impartial, more observant and more knowledgeable than their critics.

The reason I mention all of this now is that Oshawa's Ivan Locke, the dean of referees in this area and a man I'm proud to call a friend, officially has hung up his whistle after approximately 15 winters on assignment for the OHA and OMHA.

Those who know him best realize, of course, that Ivan has been retiring annually for the past few

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April 15, 1970

years. The only difference is he means it this time. He confided as much to this agent two months ago but asked that it be kept a secret until the season was over.

I first met Ivan Locke early in 1957 — under rather unforgettable circumstances — on the shameful night of the infamous Lakefield-Cobourg riot in an intermediate A playoff game here.

He had the misfortune to be the referee that night. I was working my first OHA game as a penalty time-keeper.

With the mutilated face of Alex McKeen as a grim reminder of the donnybrook, Locke had to decide whether to call the rowdy game or to carry on with it.

Sensing the fury of the rebellious

crowd and warned by both coaches that they would not be responsible for the actions of their players, Ivan wisely suspended the game at that point.

Few who witnessed the bloody pier-sixer could dispute Locke's verdict. Yet ironically, the OHA held it against Ivan for not finishing that game. He, in turn, never forgave the OHA for not backing him up.

Locke later defected to the OMHA and became one of the organization's most respected and competent referees in the province, instructing at referees' clinic for years all over Ontario and practising what he preached on the ice in crucial playoff encounters.

It was during these happier days that I really started to admire the personality behind the whistle.

Ivan Locke taught me the intricacies of delayed penalty situations. I delighted in trying to break me up while I was announcing lineups, in calling me "King" because I sat high over the penalty box and ruled over its domain. In return, I constantly reminded him of the occasion he stepped on the ice here and went flying because he had forgotten to remove his skate guards, or of the good old days when a former Cobourg Arena manager supplied him with free hot dogs and drinks. These are but a few of the lighter moments I remember most about Ivan Locke.

His humor, his kindness, his camaraderie and his efficiency will be missed by this minor game official of the hockey beat in the years to come.

Well Done, Dude

ONE OF THE STAPLES ON THE SPORTS page of the Port Hope Evening Guide will disappear following Friday's edition.

That's the day the familiar "Roaming the Hills" column becomes a part of the past and its author, Frank R. (Dude) Hills, officially steps into voluntary retirement as sportswriter of the newspaper he served so faithfully for 21 years.

Dude has had his finger on the pulse of sport in Port Hope so long that, to his legion of readers and friends in the Port Hope-Cobourg district at least, it just won't seem quite the same not being able to scan his ramblings, written in his own distinctive style.

Since I've been a member of the journalistic lodge, it has been a personal observation that Dude

concentrated almost exclusively on the positive side of sport. If he couldn't write something nice, he generally didn't write anything at all. The exceptions when Dude did see fit to criticize were rare and justified.

During our association, I can say in all honesty that we never have exchanged an angry word nor engaged in a single feud in print. That was all to his

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April 29, 1970

credit. Certainly as an outspoken correspondent, I often gave

him the opportunity to disagree. He never did.

But that's the kind of guy Dude is. He's the count-your-blessings, don't-rock-the-boat type who'd look at a bottle and chuckle, "It's half full." In contrast, I'm labeled as the worry wart, never-satisfied type by my critics. There's a ring of truth to that tag, too. I'd probably look at the same bottle and exclaim, "It's half empty!" That's the difference, they tell me, between an optimist and a pessimist.

Dude first started writing sports for the Guide on a part-time basis in 1944 but was dismissed in 1951, apparently for not giving bowling the coverage the publisher thought it deserved. Five years later, Dude became a regular contributor again. His column has been a daily feature ever since.

A reporter of the old school, Dude knows Port Hope and its sporting environment by education, by experience, by example.

Ball, hockey and lacrosse are listed on his playing credits, including a 1936-37 stint with Cobourg Junior B's when Roy Goody coached the hockey club.

He was umpire-in-chief of the Lakeshore Intermediate Baseball League for 17 years, head umpire of the Port Hope Mercantile Softball League more than once and even arbi-

trated games for Bus Cane's Cobourg Pavs that lost out in Ontario intermediate ladies' softball finals in the mid-1940s.

An excellent story-teller and after-dinner speaker, Dude is capable of keeping listeners amused for hours with his yarns. His recollection of how pitcher Bill Ryan and Cobourg Legion Peewees influenced his decision to retire as a baseball umpire is a classic I never tire of hearing. Dude also is known throughout Ontario by countless veterans as a result of serving 13 years in the provincial Command of the Royal Canadian Legion, terminated by 4 years as provincial sports officer.

As he grows older and more satisfied with his worldly goods, Dude has found the sports writing workload increasingly demanding on top of his regular job at the Port Hope

Post Office. He confided last week that he intends to enjoy his leisure time more fully from now on, living several months of the year at his cottage retreat on the south shore of Rice Lake and relaxing on his 22-foot cruiser. As Dude himself might phrase it, "all roads lead to" Halstead's Beach.

In response to a query what was and wasn't needed in Port Hope athletic circles, Dude opined, "I'm definitely against a full-time recreation director in regards to where it pertains to sport. I've also preached for 25 years that what organized hockey needs in every town is a coach to coach the coaches."

As Dude Hills prepares to lay down his pen and put aside his typewriter, I can think of no more appropriate sentiment than one he often used: "Well done."

The Big 'Sleep'

I NOTICE JIM (SLEEP) DAWE INKED A playing certificate for Orphans of the Cobourg Men's Softball League the other day.

To anyone familiar with Jim's background, this is no guarantee he'll ever throw a pitch again. Dawe always has been too unpredictable for accurate assumptions. Thus, his signature on a piece of paper does not automatically indicate his intention to come out of retirement.

Mindful of his history of turning out when he was least expected and disappearing when he was being counted on the most, his signing raises an interesting possibility just the same — and rekindles many memories of his pitching feats among veteran softball observers.

"Sleep", who turns 36 on August 25, hasn't

thrown competitively for over two years. A bad back at that time reportedly forced him to give up the game in which he starred for so many seasons.

Still, such is his reputation that, even yet, Dawe is in demand. Oshawa Tony's supposedly were interested in acquiring his services this year. But, as always, the catch is not what teams are interested in him but whether he's interested in them.

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July 1, 1970

Of course, that's been the one rap against Dawe. Everybody conceded he had talent to burn. Few figured out how to bring the desire out of him.

The story is that Jim generally seemed more interested in pitching when someone made it worth his while. When he pitched for Belleville and Peterborough teams, hard-to-believe sums of money were bantered about to get Dawe to throw in his lot with them.

Huck Matthews, who managed Dawe for several

seasons here, once claimed the righthanded ace invariably pitched his best whenever he complained of a sore arm or of not feeling well.

As I recall, if you didn't hit "Sleep" in the early innings, you didn't hit him hardly at all. Once he warmed to the task, batters rarely got a good piece of a Dawe delivery. Frequently, it was an infield bleeder or a blooper over the infield which spoiled a classic performance.

More often than not, Dawe was a one-man show when he went to the mound in his heyday. Never blessed with hard-hitting teammates, he lost numerous heartbreakers because his Cobourg colleagues didn't support him at bat or in the field.

Dissatisfied with the setup here, Dawe reputedly stated in 1963 that he'd never pitch for a Cobourg team again.

He relented in 1967 when Joe Spring coaxed him out to play sporadically for New Dunham Hotel in the Town League, ending a 10-year absence from the league where he

originally developed into one of Eastern Ontario's finest hurlers. Jim never did extend himself to my way of thinking that year and thereby looked ordinary by his standard rather than extraordinary. Still, he tied the modern-day league strikeout mark of 17 one August night against Sommerville's.

Built along the lines of a Greek adonis or champion weight lifter, Jim Dawe looks indestructible. Actually, he's been plagued by bad luck intermittently during his chequered career.

In 1957, for instance, he contracted mumps during Peterborough City League playoffs. Fortunately, Roly Campbell, Dawe's longtime pitching partner, picked up the slack and hurled the best ball of his life to win the title for Cobourg Merchants. That same season, on the very day Cobourg's intermediate B entry was to begin South Ontario finals, Dawe and Campbell were both involved in a car accident and injured. Catcher Chub McIvor was forced to fill the

gap, and although he pitched valiantly, Merchants surrendered two straight to Walkerton.

I remember "Sleep" battling the fabulous Ray Judd to a scoreless stale mate in an exhibition game at Port Hope; I remember him being on the verge of pitching Cobourg to the Belleville City League championship, only to be foiled by an eighth inning error by import shortstop Gary Goyer in the deciding seventh game; remember Dawe no-hitting Port Perry for 11 innings, striking out 25 en route, but losing the OASA game, 1-0; I remember several stirring pitching duels between Dawe and Bobby Hull.

In 1964 and 1966, Jim pitched Monsen's and Georgies respectively to Peterborough City League championships.

Will Jim Dawe try to add one final glowing chapter to his life story in softball? The guessing here is that he will not. But don't hold me to it. "Sleep" has been known to cross up amateur pundits before.

It's Unanimous

AMATEUR BOXING RETURNED TO Cobourg after a long absence Tuesday night. It was an instant hit.

Nearly 200 curious fight fans turned out at Cobourg Pavilion for the seven-bout card promoted by Fred Richardson of the new North-East Athletic Club.

They were not disappointed.

The fourteen boxers responded with rousing matches that always made up in action what they may have lacked in finesse.

If crowd reaction was the sole judge, the semi-final bout between Cobourg's John Taylor and Toronto's Luis Reed rated the headliner of the evening.

Taylor, in only his second fight, became the first North-East AC member to savor victory when he

scored a unanimous and popular decision over the fancy-stepping Jamaican.

In his first scrap before his hometown fans, the 167-pound Taylor really won the crowd and the bout when he caught Reed with a booming right uppercut in the second round and knocked the Toronto boxer on the canvas.

Following a close opening round, Taylor opened

up in the second and controlled the fight thereafter. A flurry of

punches by Taylor midway in the second round took most of the starch out of Reed and put him on the defensive.

The Cobourg boxer had Reed in trouble again in the third round, staggering him twice with several combinations.

In the main event, 125-pound Tom Bland Jr. of Toronto Pioneer Club earned a unanimous verdict over John Biel of Oshawa.

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November 20, 1970

The loser didn't quite belong in Bland's class, although he did show an ability to absorb punishment well.

Biel did land several solid blows in the bout but wound up with a bloody nose in return. It marked the second straight win this month for the 23-year-old Bland.

Three other Blands also appeared on the card in preliminaries.

Fourteen-year-old Jimmy won a split decision from Curtis Redman Cress, posting his fourth consecutive victory in the process. Albert Bland, 21, dropped a split decision to Joe Rumundi of Toronto in a welter-weight bout.

David (Spider) Bland was overpow-

ered by 17-year-old John Riley of Toronto. Riley stopped Bland with a solid right and was awarded a TKO at 1:25 of the first round.

Riley, who outweighed his opponent by 11 pounds, is trained by Bill Felstein, brother of Bob "Pretty Boy" Felstein, contender for the Canadian heavyweight championship.

"He has a killer instinct," Felstein pointed out after the bout in reference to Riley. "I have to take some of it out of him and teach him how to box. For Riley, who's been lifting weights since he was 12 and looked every bit the part, it was only his second fight.

Despite a lack of conditioning and

training, heavyweight Ralph Mill of Cobourg stepped in against Oshawa's Tom Bouckley and gave excellent account of himself, even though beaten on a split decision.

Lightweights Paul Ferguson and David Quinlin, both of the North-East Athletic Club, flailed away for rounds in another bout. Appropriately, the match ended in a draw. Both boys tired noticeably in the first round.

Cobourg officials for the fights included judge Glen Dafoe, who fought 55 times as an amateur; and timer Jack Henning, former Canadian middleweight champion in the 1920s.

Pride of the Plaza

PAUL (TUT) GUTTERIDGE WASN'T around for the last few minutes of the third game of the Plaza-TSH series and Engineers probably wish he hadn't been around for the last few minutes of the fourth game either.

Gutteridge, who was ejected from Sunday's contest for objecting too vigorously over a minor penalty, scored a power play goal with just 48 seconds left in regulation time Wednesday night to give Orphans a 4-3 triumph and a berth in Cobourg Mercantile Hockey League finals.

The Hotelmen thus captured the best-of-five play-off three games to one.

They now await the winner of the Gore's Landing-Jim's Variety round. OMC's currently lead that series two games to none and could wrap it up

with another victory Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock. If they do, the finals will get under way Monday night at 9 p.m.

Ironically, the player with the hardest sounding shot in the league scuttled Engineers with a drive that more than made up in accuracy what it lacked in velocity.

Gutteridge, who wastes many fine scoring opportunities because of wild shots that rocket off the glass or

boards, took a rink-wide pass from Roger Barrett just inside the TSH blueline in the last minute of the third period, moved in and let a drive go which nicked the post on the short side on the way into the net. Paul had hit the post on three earlier occasions.

Like the rest of the Orphans, Gutteridge was flying up and down the ice in this game. When he's tramping like that, Paul is one of the premier per-

Originally published
March 3, 1972

formers in the league.

Rather surprisingly, Plaza didn't appear to tire in the latter stages, despite the fact they had only three spares.

Engineers seemed to be dragging their feet in comparison.

TSH scored first in the game, Dennis Smith deflecting Garry Sharpe's point blast behind Bill Elliott late in the first period.

It stood up until Plaza's Barry Dawe leveled the count early in the second.

Then Ross Quigley took a perfect blind pass from Bruce Nicholas and pulled away from Francis Harnden for a breakaway, drawing Bob Lake out of his crease before depositing the rubber in the net at 7:39.

A triangular pass play involving Doyle and Smith resulted in Mike Smith batting home the equalizer a couple of minutes later.

The tie lasted until Quigley canned Dawe's rebound in the closing minute of the second.

Engineers finally succeeded in drawing even again with 4:44 to play in the match. Smith pulled the trigger with a low, screened 35-footer.

Referee Gus Bambridge, subjected to physical abuse in the previous meeting between these two teams, accidentally was struck in the face by a flying puck in the second period and retired for repairs.

President Bob Spooner replaced him for the balance of the game in which just nine minors were assessed.

Jack of all Trades

NOW THAT ANOTHER COBOURG Church Hockey League season is over, with only the players' banquets next week to come, I feel compelled to acknowledge the above-and-beyond-the-call-of-duty contribution of one certain CCHL executive member.

I suppose you risk offending other conscientious volunteers when one individual in an organization as large as the Church League is singled out and praised.

No matter! This guy's dedication and ambition was so impressive, I'm willing to live dangerously in order to give him a deserved pat on the back.

Jack Greer is the man of whom I speak. In my opinion, he has to be the best rookie to crack the CCHL executive ranks in years.

In all honesty, I wasn't sold on Jack as a good

candidate when he first offered his name for nomination about a year ago.

While personally liking the man as a coach, I privately suspected that Jack sought office because he had an axe to grind over a suspension which had been handed out by the CCHL rules committee; on account of this skepticism, I don't mind admitting now that he didn't get my vote in the balloting for

the vice-presidency.

Fortunately, enough people had faith in him that he got elected. That was a big break for the Cobourg Church League.

Whatever, Jack Greer quickly earned the trust of his colleagues and learned the ropes of an executive by pitching in and tackling all sorts of jobs.

In addition to his regular duties as vice-president, he took on two important assignments — that of ice chairman and of all-star governor. He had to line up and keep track of all ice time allotted to CCHL

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April 12, 1972

teams, a monumental task in its own right.

Only very rarely was there a slipup, a testimonial to his efficiency and thoroughness.

As the contact man between the all-stars and the Ontario Minor Hockey Association, he frequently was in touch with the OMHA's "Great White Father" Gordon Hawes in Whitby re disciplinary action, game arrangements, ad infinitum.

Both the ice chairman and the gov-

ernor's jobs were time consuming and full of headaches.

It must have seemed there was never a dull moment but Jack stood up under the strain most admirably.

That was more than enough to keep the ordinary guy occupied, but Jack didn't stop there.

He served as chairman of Young Canada Night, drove buses to out-of-town games, compiled statistical data of these games for this reporter, became an accomplished timekeeper by working games in Cobourg and

helped out in countless other ways.

Really, I can't say enough about what a fantastic job Jack Greer has done for the Cobourg Church League in his first season as an executive.

I can only wish that he'll be around for a few more years to continue the fine work. In the meantime, my admiration for him continues to grow.

Hopefully, in some small measure, this unsolicited testimonial will even the score for my misjudging his intentions last April.

Goldie

COBOURG SOON WILL HAVE A NATIVE son on the professional wrestling circuit.

He's Dave Sherwin, the strapping 21-year-old offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Sherwin, 729 Burnham St.

Sherwin, who'll probably be dubbed with a ring name once he steps through the ropes for his first official match, already has been granted a pro wrestler's licence following more than six weeks of intensive training three nights a week in a Toronto gym with Phil (Whipper Watson Jr.) Watson's stable of young pro prospects learning the tricks of the trade.

Dave expects to wrestle in his first official bout sometime next month. Hopefully, local fans of the sport will be able to see him in action on a show planned for Port Hope later this summer.

At 5'9-and-one-half" and 227 pounds, Sherwin is built along the lines of a wrestler with impressive measurements of a 47-inch chest, 17-and-a-half inch arms and a 36-inch waist.

"I've always liked wrestling from the time I was a kid, watching it on TV and seeing it in person occasionally in Cobourg, Oshawa and Toronto," he said.

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June 23, 1972

About two months ago, he went to Frank Tunney's office at Maple Leaf Gardens to find out how he could become a pro grappler. Tunney wasn't there but Norm Kimber referred him to Phil Watson, who promotes shows in Southern Ontario.

"Phil says I take the bumps with the best of anyone," Sherwin noted with a certain amount of pride. Part of the course involves how to fall properly without hurting oneself but Dave didn't need much instruction in that aspect of the game.

In 20 matches held in the gym, Sherwin owns an enviable record of 17 wins, 2 losses and 1 draw.

He favors the "sleeper" as his submission hold, recollecting that he's won four of his matches in the gym with it.

"It can be a very dangerous hold," he cautions. "If it's applied the wrong way, it can break an opponent's neck. The idea is to cut off the blood supply to the brain briefly to leave the victim unconscious."

He warned that permanent brain damage could result by applying pressure too long or by not knowing how to revive the victim.

Another of his pet manoeuvres to finish off an opponent is a "scoop body slam coming off the ropes," followed by an airplane spin, another body slam and a "splash" for the pin.

Sherwin rejected all suggestions that pro wrestlers were stuntmen

who put on a good act.

"When I first started, I thought it was phoney. I thought I was going to be a star overnight but I soon found out different. I almost quit the first night when I came home with two cracked ribs.

"All the holds hurt. Anything you want to achieve in the ring, you have to attain it yourself."

He went on to explain that "resisting often only results in injury. You're better to take a fall. You're free of broken bones that way."

"It's something like amateur wrestling — with color," he concluded.

As to the query whether he intended to be the hero type or a meanie, Sherwin avoided a direct answer by commenting "I don't want to be a bad guy."

Dave left school three years ago after completing Grade 11 at CDCI

West and has been working here and there since then.

Presently employed at the British Hotel waiting on tables in the beverage room, he plans to give up the job in the near future to pursue a pro wrestling career on a full-time basis.

While he expects to apprentice with a travelling show for the next couple of years, Sherwin's ultimate aim is to wind up in the main event at Maple Leaf Gardens opposite the Sheik.

Since the Sheik has gone undefeated there over three years now, that possibility cannot be ruled out.

"The Sheik isn't my idol," Dave admitted, "but I admire him just the same. He's one of the dirtiest wrestlers around but he has a lot of endurance and ability."

"I guess I like The Stomper, Ben Justice and The Executioner the best because they all use the sleeper hold."

Moving On

EFFECTIVE TODAY, FRED RICHARDSON is moving his large family and the base of his small North East Athletic Club operations to Oshawa.

Father of 11 children and the revival of amateur boxing in this area, Richardson is returning to live in the city where he formerly had a gym and a boxing club on Court Street.

"I'm not moving because I don't like it here," Richardson emphasized. "It's the traveling I want to cut down on," he noted. Fred has been commuting from his residence at RR3 Baltimore to work at General Motors for more than two years.

"I'll have my roots in Oshawa but, for sure, I want the boxing club to carry on here," Richardson told the Sentinel-Star on Wednesday. "Whatever I can do to help, I'll do it and there are ways," he said.

The North East AC will be continued in Oshawa. Richardson expects to have a gym in Oshawa and to join forces with the Oshawa club's Ron Cyr with whom he's been closely associated in the past anyway.

Heavyweight Ralph Miller, who has been an active member of the North East AC almost from its inception more than two years ago, is expected to travel once a week to Oshawa for sparring sessions.

So is Roy Sanders, a middleweight.

The two boxers, who'll likely work out here on their own, could be joined by Danny Washburn. In any event, Richardson intends to use the Cobourg district fighters in his monthly boxing promotions in Oshawa starting October 17.

The switch to Oshawa will be yet another stop for the North East AC. It's operated at one time or another out of Fenella, the Lions Scout Hall in

**Originally published
September 12, 1972**

Cobourg and out of Richardson's basement where he had his own home-built ring and bags set up.

Boxing never really caught on here in a big way. Many boys and young men tried the sport but few stayed at it for long. It's a game requiring mental and physical toughness only a minority care to bear.

Richardson was disappointed that fine prospects like John Taylor and Mike Boyle didn't pursue boxing further but he never became overly discouraged.

MoHe always maintained that the number of boxers who trained with him was higher than in most centres of comparable size.

Richardson promoted several shows here. Only the first at the Pavilion and the one held at Cobourg Arena in May of 1971 could be termed successful at the box office. He took a financial bath in his latest endeavor this summer.

"Oshawa and the North East AC

will work as a unit, especially in promotions and in training together at least once a week," assured the ring veteran who's been connected with the fight game for nearly 14 years.

"You probably haven't heard the last of me," Richardson exclaimed. "I'll come back, I hope, and it's only a hope at the moment, to promote a show here before Christmas."

DAN WASHBURN FIGHT

Danny Washburn of the North East Athletic Club will climb through the ropes for his second amateur fight next Monday night on a boxing card in Toronto.

The 16-year-old CDCI East student, who lives at RR1 Castleton, will trade punches with Glenn (Rocky) Broadley of the Clairlea Boxing Club.

Both boys have just one bout under their belt, so neither will have any edge in ring experience. Washburn will carry 118 pounds on his 5-

foot-5 frame into the match.

Danny will weigh in lighter than for his previous bout in which he battled back in the third round to earn a draw with his Toronto opponent. While acknowledging the fact that he's dropped almost 12 pounds in recent months, Washburn feels the weight loss has not sapped his strength.

Washburn almost gave up the sport before he engaged in his first scrap.

He trained under Fred Richardson for quite a spell but then stopped. Richardson talked him into turning out to train again at a Centreton ball game this summer and later lined up his first fight for him.

"He has the makings of a boxer, no two ways about it," Richardson said of Washburn this week. "Danny has the guts. He will mix it up and he will train. It remains to be seen whether he has the stick-to-it power."

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Hot Stuff

FROM A FIREFIGHTER TO AN ARSONIST

in a matter of hours — that was the course Bill
Cane followed on Sunday.

A member of the Baltimore volunteer fire
brigade, Bill spent the wee hours of the morning
helping to extinguish a large livestock barn blaze on
a farm near Centreton.

Yet, when 11 a.m. rolled
around, the 23-year-old public school teacher was
on duty as usual on left defence for Plaza Orphans
and he proceeded to light a fire under the Hotelmen
to direct them to a 9-1 Cobourg Mercantile Hockey
League victory over Marbon Chemicals.

The 170-pound Cane, developing into one of the
league's premier rearguards because of his heady and
steady play, set up no fewer than six goals in the
game while establishing himself as the most promi-

nent player on the ice.

Not a flashy hockey player, Cane nevertheless is a
valuable performer for the Plaza because he rarely
gives the puck away, he places team goals ahead of
personal glory, and he hardly ever strays out of
position.

Considerably improved over his rookie year in
the league when he ended a self-imposed retirement

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from the game, Bill acknowl-
edged after his finest hour as a

Mercantiler he's "feeling better every time out."

Possessing built-in puck sense and a low, accurate
shot, Cane also is an effective checker who doesn't
need to resort to illegalities to get the job done and
to prove his worth. He's a thinking man's defence-
man in the true sense of the word.

Cane participated in the game's prettiest goal
midway in the third period. Bill trapped a
Marbon clearing attempt at the blueline

and slid a perfect layup pass to Roly Campbell perched on the edge of the crease.

Roly promptly rerouted the puck to Carl Stacey stationed on the opposite corner of the crease and Stacey put it home to complete the dazzling, professionally executed pattern.

Stacey wound up with a hat trick and two assists for his efforts in the game while Campbell picked up two goals and arranged another pair.

Bruce Nicholas, Ross Quigley, Paul Gutteridge and Mike Marshall rounded out Orphans' total.

Goalie Bill Elliott could have won this game in a rocking chair, so few

shots did he have to handle, but he did let a third-period ice-hugger by Elwood Fenton slip past to cost him a shutout.

Elsewhere, West End Variety pulled away in the closing chapter to trim Team Cobourg, 9-4.

Mike Caine triggered three goals, all in the final 20 minutes, and added an assist for a four-point afternoon to lead West End.

Scotty Dowle contributed two goals in support while Tom Manley, Lyle Manion, Dave Doyle and Mike Moore added singles.

Paul Brooks notched a pair of goals for Team Cobourg. Paul Massey and

Pat Cork supplied the remainder.

In the last game of the tripleheader, Kelly's Hotel moved into a first-place tie by trimming Jim's Variety, 8-4. It was the second time this season Bill Simpson's skaters had been made to look ordinary by Kelly's.

Paul Herriot was the big shooter for Kelly's with three goals and four helpers. Gord Kelly was second in command with a hat trick and two assists. Bob Weekes and Eric Buttar produced the rest.

John Provost fired a hat trick in defeat, Bob Young claiming the other goal for Jim's on a second-period breakaway.

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Best, Barr None

HEAD COACH LYNN BOTTOMS HAS
maintained for the past two years that Glen Barr is
the finest football player ever developed at CDCI
East.

Few who have watched the six-foot, 205-
pounder in action on a regular basis would dispute
the claim.

Last Friday afternoon, Barr
was given the green light to demonstrate his versa-
tility against Cobourg West Senior Vikings and he
responded with flying colors.

Normally a tiger on defence as a middle
linebacker, Barr got his chance to show he can do it
all in the course of the Senior Comets' 69-1 lark
over their outclassed Cobourg opponents in South
Kawartha League action.

The 17-year-old Barr, now in his fifth football

semester at the East Collegiate after learning the
rudiments of the game in Montreal, caught passes,
threw passes, called the offensive plays, ran over
people and even kicked off during the romp.

But this was not so much a one-man show as a
one-sided show, especially in the second half when
Vikings lost heart against hopeless odds.

Comets ad libbed with their lineup in the last 20
minutes of the ball game. Glen
Barr took over as quarterback,

Jim Hendry became a pass catcher and Paul (Gau-
cho) Sweet a ball carrier to mention just a few of
the improvisations.

One should not be too critical of Vikings. Despite
missing four of their players, they did give evidence
of improvement in the first half, even though the
score of 33-1 by the midway mark hardly reflects it.

Thin in talent, Vikings did sustain two offensive
drives but netted only Dan Lloyd's single to show

Originally published
October 17, 1973

for their sorties into Comet territory.

The play of Tim Hill, Leo Bissonette, John Krolczyk, Marcus Thomas and quarterback Phil Krauter was commendable in the first 30 minutes.

As for the rather gory details of the game itself, Comets matched 53 yards in 5 pass plays for a touchdown the first time they got their hands on the ball.

A screen pass and run by Barr was the big gainer, putting the East knocking on the doorstep. Geoff Lawson gathered in Jim Hendry's throw for the six-pointer.

A patented Gary Lees runback of a punt resulted in TD No. 2 for Comets.

Lees reversed his field and won the 85-yard foot race to the end zone.

Lawson split the uprights for a 13-0 quarter time lead.

Lees galloped 65 yards for another major early in the second period, breaking loose from the pack at the line of scrimmage and leaving two Viking defenders in the secondary mesmerized. Lawson again converted.

Pat Harp's interception of a Krauter aerial instigated another East drive. Gord March received Hendry's pass for 12 yards before Lawson tossed a strike to Lawson for a 32-yard gain and a touchdown. Geoff left-footed the extra point.

Brian Connor blocked Dan Lloyd's attempted punt, picked up the loose pigskin and scampered to paydirt for Comets' fifth major of the half.

Comets intercepted four more Krauter passes in the wacky second

half. Two plays after March picked off a Viking bomb, Hendry spotted little Ken Gallant wide open in the end zone and arched a 34-yarder to him. Lawson's toe was true on the convert attempt.

Bill Stone's interception regained possession for Comets. Passes to Stone, Dave Calnan and Lawson featured the drive, capped when Mike Harold carried the ball over from the four.

With Barr at quarterback, Comets moved 44 yards in two plays to score again.

Glen bootlegged 26 yards, then pitched to Lawson on the next play for the TD run in the dying seconds.

Comets now have won four straight games while Vikings are winless in five.

Action Jackson

AGE 21, WEIGHT 160 POUNDS, HEIGHT 5-foot-8. Those vital statistics belonged to Tom Jackson on Tuesday.

Tomorrow, when he competes in the Ontario university intermediate championships in London, his age and height will be the same but his weight will have changed dramatically. He'll be at least 10-and-a-half pounds lighter.

That might seem like quite an assignment to most weight watchers but Tom didn't seem concerned in the least when interviewed.

"No sweat" he said, obviously sounding like a man who had been through it many times before. He quickly amended that by noting he'd meet his fighting weight alright, but he'd have to perspire the pounds away by running and running some more

in warm surroundings while we sweat clothes.

Tom runs quite often during the season, between four and six miles early in the season in an effort to

His wrestling coach, Glen Leymer, miles a day rain or shine, he maintains a tremendous physical condition b

Originally published
March 1, 1974

Jogging is common in Western, ac

but local people obviously aren't because many motorists figured when they spotted him out run

When school is in session, Jackson's town house with four other units is about one-and-a-half miles off campus in his second year of a four-year phys.

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Action Jackson

AGE 21, WEIGHT 160 POUNDS, HEIGHT 5-foot-8. Those vital statistics belonged to Tom Jackson on Tuesday.

Tomorrow, when he competes in the Ontario university intermediate championships in London, his age and height will be the same but his weight will have changed dramatically.

He'll be at least 10-and-a-half pounds lighter.

That might seem like quite an assignment to most weight watchers but Tom didn't seem concerned in the least when interviewed.

"No sweat" he said, obviously sounding like a man who had been through it many times before. He quickly amended that by noting he'd meet his fighting weight alright, but he'd have to perspire the pounds away by running and running some more

in warm surroundings while wearing tight-fitting sweat clothes.

Tom runs quite often during the wrestling season, between four and six miles a day and especially early in the season in an effort to round into shape.

His wrestling coach, Glen Leyshon, still runs five miles a day rain or shine, he mentioned, and is in tremendous physical condition belying his 45 years.

Jogging is common around Western, according to Jackson,

but local people obviously aren't used to seeing it because many motorists figured he was slightly daft when they spotted him out running the other day.

When school is in session, Jackson lives in a town house with four other university students about one-and-a-half miles off campus. He's in his second year of a four-year phys. ed. course.

Western is highly regarded as a wrestling school at the university level on the basis of having won

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more Ontario intercollegiate championships than either Guelph, the 1974 winner, or Waterloo, generally its chief rivals.

For this reason, Jackson has a hard time cracking the lineup of the Western team, having to take a back seat a number of times to teammate Clive Llewlyn, Canadian university champion in 1973 in his weight class.

Llewlyn edged Jackson 2-0 in a wrestle-off for the right to represent Western in the Ontario university title meet on February 15.

Jackson, who would be a first stringer at practically any other university, finds his toughest competition is in his own backyard, so to speak, but still has managed to get in quite a bit of wrestling in open and invitational meets.

He won his first university title earlier this year by cleaning up in his weight class at the Ryerson Invitational. He pinned an American wrestler from Ohio in the final after the American had upset Llewlyn.

Tom was plagued by misfortune in his rookie season at Western and only got to wrestle about 15 times in 1973.

He got a cauliflower ear, sprained his ankle four times and was gashed for 15 stitches across the nose by a stray hockey stick in a pickup game at Millbrook. To make matters worse, he was in a car accident traveling

back to London one weekend.

Most of this past summer was spoiled, too. Fooling around on a trampoline at CDCI East early in June, Jackson broke the scaphoid bone in his left wrist and it was in a cast for two months. It wasn't until late September that he regained mobility and flexibility in the wrist.

He took track and field in his first semester at Western this past fall and, combined with a bit of weight lifting, strengthened the wrist. Gymnastics in his second semester also helped. He's had the wrist taped most of the wrestling season for the daily two-hour training sessions as well as for his matches.

Asked what basic differences he's detected between high school and university wrestling, Jackson claimed the coaching and calibre of competition are considerably superior at university. High schoolers are getting better every year though, he's noticed. To illustrate the point, he said his younger brother, Ted, already knows as much in his second year of wrestling as he did in his fifth.

"You learn to use more of your body at university," meaning the legs in addition to the upper part of the body.

"I have improved a heck of a lot," Jackson commented, but confessed he could improve considerably as far as "mat sense" was concerned. "I think

I have the physical equipment, but much of it is mental. You really have to have the desire to win. I have the strength over the rest of them but that isn't always good because I tend to rely on it too much." As a result, a smart wrestler with good moves has put Jackson in jeopardy in a few matches.

At the moment, Tom intends to keep wrestling until he completes university.

He said there are occasions he feels like giving it up, like when things aren't going right, when he's hurt or when the regimen of practice forces him to sacrifice time he doesn't have to spare. Yet, there were instances when he went to a workout feeling lousy and finished the session feeling tired but great.

While Jackson admitted he sometimes thought he could do without wrestling, he usually got the urge to get back at it after a few days of inactivity. Tom hasn't ruled himself out of trying to qualify for the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal.

Wrestling however, isn't Tom Jackson's only love. In fact, he plans to marry his first love, Debby Harris, of Gore's Landing on August 24. By that time, he may have enough solo hours in to qualify for the pilot's license he's seeking so that he and his bride can fly off together into the sunset on their honeymoon.

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Champs at Last

FIRST OF ALL, ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?

Be careful who you tell this to (for instance, Wally Scott in Lindsay is liable to take an overdose of his "Sour Grapes" concoction), or they'll think you've been drinking.

On Monday night, the canary ate the cat. The mailman bit the police dog. The minnow chased the shark out of its waters. The missionaries swallowed the cannibals. The rowboat rammed the battleship. The mouse roared, and the lion jumped up on a chair and began to scream for help.

But hang on to your hat. If you think that's a shocker, wait 'til I get to the punchline.

The — stand back and let me shout this — the Cobourg Cougars won the Ontario championship of junior 'C' hockey. Cross my heart! To both the

uninformed and unimpressed, let me dangle this further piece of information in front of your eyes. It's the first provincial title ever captured by a Cobourg team in the 84-year history of the Ontario Hockey Association.

There is something called guts situated under the rib-cage of all successful athletes and the 1973-74 Cougars were more endowed with that intangible

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commodity than any other
Cobourg team to lace on skates

in the 17 years I've covered the local sports beat.

Cougars gave away size and weight to almost every playoff foe they faced but, with the exception of one game in Kingston, they never got scared out of any rink. Most often, Cougars "little" men stood tall in the fearless department, handed out punishment of their own when it was necessary and sometimes when it wasn't.

They played a total of 62 games this season, a

club record, en route to grabbing that coveted brass ring which has eluded so many Cobourg predecessors. Cougars won 48 of those starts, including 20 of 28 playoff matches.

Cougars were written off a few times by the media which followed their fortunes religiously during their playoff run to glory (I confess I was guilty of just that when they fell behind three games to one to Bradford in semi-finals), underestimated innumerable times by their rivals, and given up for dead on a few memorable occasions by many pro-Cobourg supporters.

Fortunately, the four-letter word "quit" was not included in the vocabulary of the players.

Cougars skated with pride, passion, poise, perseverance and pain much of the time, played with frustrating unpredictability part of the

time, and came up with a big goal or a big game every time it was absolutely demanded of them in their climb to the pinnacle in the province.

Cobourg's championship-starved and remarkably loyal hockey populace filled "the house of doors" Monday night, sensing the end of the long famine was in sight and ready to engulf Cougars in unabashed adoration.

The entire sensation couldn't help but lodge a lump in each player's throat he would carry as a remembrance of this shining hour for the rest of his life.

And while the players justifiably deserve the lusty salutes, ovations and accolades reserved for champions, congratulations are also in order to head coach Vern MacGregor, his behind-the-scenes confidant Bernie Flesch, manager Clarke Sommerville

and the entire hard-working Cougar executive headed by the one and only Jon Fisher.

For Cougars, this year was their year, a year like no others, a year in which they were not to be denied. It was a great season, an exciting season and an exhausting season all rolled into one. But most of all, it was the season when Cobourg hockey finally shed its inferiority complex.

Personally speaking, I've sat in stoic, sometimes smouldering silence in penalty boxes since 1957 trying to maintain an attitude of impartiality while secretly yearning for a Cobourg OHA or OMHA team to achieve the ultimate. Well, it finally happened and, believe me, the warm glow of satisfaction was well worth the wait. It ranked right up at the top as the greatest thrill I've experienced from sport.

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The Joker

IT IS DIFFICULT, IN THE WAKE OF THE
profound shock we feel, to even contemplate what
Cobourg sporting life will be like without John
Choiniere, who answered the calling of The
Almighty Friday afternoon. Certainly, it will be a
little sadder and emptier.

Wherever one traveled to
take in a sporting event, John

Choiniere was liable to be there, dispensing his own
special brand of warmth and wit as he watched.

He was such a wonderful practical joker and
kindly "put-on" artist, it was impossible not to like
him. Literally hundreds in the Cobourg-Port Hope
area enjoyed his company.

In his last years on this earth, John was an
ardent golfer, fisherman, harness racing buff and a
frequent interested observer of hockey and baseball

games wherever they were played. He and his
charming wife, Esther, always made a point of
watching their children at play if at all possible.

The John Choiniere we knew and admired was
fun to be around. Forever trying to get a "rise" out
of you or pulling some devilish prank, he succeeded
more often than his friends might readily admit.

Once, he called this reporter "collect" after mid-
night.

Having seen him earlier in the
day on Cobourg's main street we thought it must be
vitaly important for him to call "long distance from
a few miles away" at such an hour and so we
accepted the charge.

Only then did we discover he was telephoning
from Quebec for no good reason. He never let us
forget the \$3 it cost us for that conversation, enjoy-
ing many a chuckle at our expense as he related the
incident to others.

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August 23, 1970

Port Hope Evening Guide sportswriter Bill Johnston got to know John Choiniere one night. John and Vern MacGregor devised a scheme at a Port Hope junior 'C' game to plant a bottle on Johnston and then have police officer Vern (Dixie) Lees frisk him. It took a red-faced Johnston a while to compose himself after that one.

Ask harbormaster Joe Dunn to what lengths Choiniere would go to

tease a friend. John once phoned Joe at 2:30 in the morning, disguised his voice and pretended to be an angry citizen complaining about the foghorn keeping him awake.

One could hardly walk into Cobourg Arena when John was around without being drawn into a coin toss to determine who bought the drinks at the canteen. Often, you'd lose and he'd then let you know you were obliged to buy for

those six guys over yonder to whom he'd lost just before you arrived. Then he'd break out laughing at your astonishment as you realized you'd been had. Those happy times are what I'll remember most about John Choiniere.

To Esther, Jackie, Doug, Phil, Jane and Paul, we join a multitude of others in offering our sincerest sympathy. We shall cherish the memory of "their man" and our friend.

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Angels In Haloes

AN ONTARIO CHAMPIONSHIP IS AN Ontario championship is an Ontario championship. That's the way Cobourg's Harnden and King Angels should look at Tuesday evening's clinching clinker which unfolded at Victoria Park.

Angels won that game, 13-1, over Hillsburgh

North Stars with almost embarrassing ease to sweep the anti-

climactic final series in two straight and become Provincial Women's Softball Association junior 'B' titlists for the second year in a row.

While the visiting North Stars didn't belong on the same field as the Cobourg team, Angels proved themselves deserving of top honors once again on the basis of several sparkling fielding plays alone.

Joanne Jackson enjoyed a super game at second base for the winners. Joanne made a couple of daz-

zling catches on fly balls among the eight chances she handled flawlessly and also threw a strike to the plate in the fifth inning on a "cutoff" from the outfield to gun down Hillsburgh's Sharon Marshall who was trying to stretch a triple into a homer.

Centrefielder Judy West was the batting heroine for Angels in the rout. She reached base five straight times, driving in five runs in the process.

The last victory was achieved so easily by Angels, most of the

girls took the provincial title attached to it pretty much in stride. Oh, there was the inevitable breaking open of the bubbly and the customary ride on the fire truck, all right, but somehow the whole shebang didn't measure up to the excitement generated a year ago when Angels won their first title.

But then, outside of "rookie" Tracey Bourne, maybe it's becoming somewhat routine for Currelly and Company.

Originally published
August 27, 1976



Best in Ontario — Cobourg Wholesalers claimed OMHA provincial bantam BB championship in 1980.



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End of an Era

THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN ON A 20-season run of CDCI East senior football on Friday in Cobourg.

It was great while it lasted — right 'til the very end. The 1979 Senior Comets went out with a touch of class as they humbled Thomas A. Stewart Griffins, 32-14, in the final game of the Central Kawartha Football League regular schedule.

Comets had to win in order to retain any hope of catching a berth in senior 'AA' playoffs. While they accomplished what they set out to do, it was to no avail because Crestwood Mustangs defeated Kenner Rams in Peterborough to leave Cobourg East on the sidelines.

The East Seniors that Lynn Bottoms, Don Swanson and Bob Schultz built finished the season with

a 3-3 record. In retrospect, turning in such a clinker against Adam Scott Lions — a team they should have beaten — hurt them more than they ever realized at the time.

It's virtually a certainty the East Collegiate will not field a varsity football team in 1980, perhaps never again. If football survives at all at the school, it's more likely to be at the junior level where

Comets could start even-Steven with their opposition in the important area of experience, or rather the lack of it.

Coach Bottoms and his aides have known for some time that senior football was doomed here, ever since the elimination of a junior team as a matter of fact. Consequently, many players with the varsity team didn't have any background in football. That put Comets at a distinct disadvantage against a school with a junior and senior program.

Originally published
October 23, 1979

Thomas A. Stewart Griffins made a game of it Friday in the first half, trailing only 8-7 at intermission. However, Comets blew them out of the ball park thereafter.

A rock 'em and sock 'em affair, not of the friendly persuasion in the fourth quarter, Comets pulled away with 17 unanswered points in the third period.

Comets played it tough defensively most of the way, though their pass defence looked rather suspect at times. East gridders rushed TAS quarterback Brad Robinson more effectively than in most of their outings this year.

The slashing runs of Chris Pogue, who picked up the East's offence when he changed from civies to football gear after the game was underway, and the powerful explosions of Steve Witt proved too much for the visitors. Pogue played in spite of a couple of cracked ribs.

There was no scoring whatsoever in the opening quarter. Comets marched in from 40 yards in the second period for the game's first touchdown. Witt pranced outside for nine yards, Gord Burdick picked up three

yards inside to move the sticks, Pogue got loose for a 17-yard gain, Witt crashed to the 3 and Burdick went over on a dive. Mike Hubicki, more accurate with his kicking toe than with his throwing arm this day, booted the convert.

Griffins battled back to tie it up. After a Gord Birken's 38-yard TD romp was called back due to a TAS penalty, Dave Driscoll was allowed all the freedom he needed to grab Robinson's 20-yard pass at the goal line for a major. Steve Whitehill added the extra point.

The East squad moved ahead 8-7 in the dying seconds of the half on a single by Witt. A field goal appeared to be the logical play, considering the kick came from directly in front of the goalposts.

Beginning of the end for Griffins was an electrifying 88-yard kickoff return for a touchdown by Witt to open the second. Harold Mann provided Witt with the running room by twice flattening a TAS defender with thundering but clean blocks.

Comets executed the short kickoff perfectly thereafter with Gord Burdick (the best player on the field)

making a super catch of Hubicki's controlled nubber to allow Comets to maintain possession. Burdick took a screen pass and ran to the Thomas A. 27. Griffins were penalized for roughing, then Witt bulldozed to the 6. From there, Hubicki kicked a field goal for an 18-7 Cobourg lead.

Pogue capped a CDCI East drive with a 23-yard scamper to paydirt, just reaching the end zone inside the pylon. Great blocking sprang him loose. Hubicki's conversion raised the count to 25-7.

Griffins put together one final march in the fourth quarter. Rebuffed once by a penalty, stocky Andy Watson barreled over from one yard out. Whitehill converted.

When Robinson of Thomas A. Stewart overthrew his intended receiver a few minutes later, Chris Pogue picked it off and returned the ball 45 yards downfield. Witt bulled for 15 yards in heavy traffic, ran for another 10 on the succeeding play before Burdick galloped the remaining distance for his second major score of the day. Hubicki toed the pigskin through the uprights and over the crossbar again.

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Steve Smith

STEVE SMITH OF COBOURG IS READY

for his big moment.

The 17-year-old Smith, a resident of 37 Meredith Crescent, reports tomorrow to the training camp of London Knights of the Ontario Major Junior A Hockey League.

Smith has been looking forward to this tryout since the

end of June when he was drafted by Knights at the Can-Am junior 'A' training camp held at Guelph University.

Steve was one of 72 applicants accepted at the Can-Am camp. He must have looked impressive because he was the second player selected, as well as one of just five picked by Major Junior A clubs.

Markham of the Provincial Junior A League also drafted him off his showing in Guelph. Apparently,

Markham already has guaranteed him a berth on their team if he doesn't fit into Knights' plans.

A defenceman, Smith has size on his side. He stands 6-foot-3 and scales 187 pounds.

Steve played last season for Cobourg Scotiabank Major Midgets and later in the Juvenile house league operated by the community hockey League.

Smith should be in shape when he reports. Steve

has been following a program laid out by the London team.

Six days a week, for the better part of July and August, he hoisted weights to upgrade his general body strength and ran about four miles daily to build up his endurance and leg power. Once a week, he cycled up to 10 miles.

Smith's parents are sports-minded people. Mary, his mother, is on the CCHL executive as representative of the Ladies Hockey Auxiliary. His father, Rae, feels more at home on the soccer field.

Originally published
August 27, 1980



Softball surprise — Cold Springs Cats, Ontario senior A fastball champions, who represented the province in the Canadians.



Springs Cats, Ontario senior A fastball champions, who represented the province in the Canadians.

The Cats Meow

NOBODY REALLY COULD HAVE ASKED for more!

Even though their impossible dream didn't quite become a reality, Coldsprings Cats justifiably are carrying their heads high after an outstanding performance at the Canadian senior men's fastball championships which came to an end over the weekend in Saskatoon.

Cats did themselves, their fans and Ontario proud. Playing against elite representatives from nine other provinces coast to coast, the Yukon, Northwest Territories and the host city, they finished with a 4-2 record in the national event.

Consider the evidence. No team won more games in the preliminary round than Coldsprings. Six clubs had 3-1 credentials and the tie had to be bro-

ken by comparing the runs for and against differential.

Winnipeg Colonels, representing Manitoba, earned first place with a plus 9. Cats, who scored 10 runs and yielded 5 in the round-robin for a plus 5, wound up fifth. That's how close the competition was.

Camrose (Alberta) Merchants were classed second, New Westminster (British Columbia) Terminal Pub third, Brookfield (Nova Scotia) Elks fourth and St. John's (Newfoundland) Capitals sixth. Rounding out the field making the elimination round were Saskatoon Arnie's Angels and Saskatoon All-O-Matic A's.

Cats were the only team in the entire tournament to beat the eventual Canadian champions from Nova Scotia. They nipped Elks, 2-1, in an extra inning on Friday in their final game of the prelimi-

Originally published
September 2, 1980

nary round.

Roger Cole authored a 5-hitter for the victory. The key blow was supplied by Al Burnham. He cracked a double in the bottom of the 8th inning to score Terry Lewis from second base.

The irony of that situation was it cost Cats to be the home team in this case. Two men were on base when Burnham delivered and both would have scored on the blow had the game not been over as soon as Lewis crossed the plate with the winning run. If Cats had been the visitors, both runs would have counted, elevating them into the top four in the standings. That would have qualified Coldsprings for the double knockout elimination round rather than the single knockout section.

Cats played three games all in one Friday night in the spectacular opener of the elimination round. After four hours and 41 minutes of pressurized softball, Coldsprings scuttled the host Arnie's Angels from Saskatoon, 1-0, in a 21-inning epic.

Seven Canadian senior records

were set and three others tied in that memorable marathon. Included were the longest game played both in time and innings, most strikeouts by two pitchers in one game, and most putouts by a player.

Catcher Bill Elliott, the most popular player of the well-liked Cats, judging by fan reaction, established the latter mark with 22 putouts.

Steve Virag, the pitcher Coldsprings picked up from London specifically for the Canadian championships, and Dale Gunderson of Saskatoon Angels both hurled the 21-inning route, each fanning 19 men.

Al Burnham again was the hitting hero. His base hit with one out drove in Steve Mitts from second base.

The fielding was phenomenal in the classic. Just ask Steve Mitts. He was robbed of a base hit on more than one bid. Phil Solomon of Cats prolonged the issue in the 13th inning by gunning down a Saskatoon player trying to score from second on a hit.

Manitoba's Winnipeg Colonels, the lone club to defeat Coldsprings, knocked Cats out of contention Saturday by a 6-0 KO punch. Cats had little left to avoid being collared by Winnipeg's Steve McGillivray. Roger Cole and Jim Burkitt shared pitching duties for the Ontario team.

All in all, not a bad showing for a potpourri of amateur ballplayers based in a tiny hamlet of less than 200 people.

CAT CHAT

Bill Elliott got a standing ovation from the crowd on his last trip to bat. He walked... Paul Goodfellow was lost to the team during the tournament with cracked ribs... Terry Lewis shone on defence when he was in the lineup. Don Elliott was efficient in spot duty... The failure of Jim Burkitt to win a game and of Mike McIvor to supply the long ball were disappointments... The umpiring was not of the calibre one might expect for national finals... Cats arrived home from the west yesterday afternoon.

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were set and three others tied in that memorable marathon. Included were the longest game played both in time and innings, most strikeouts by two pitchers in one game, and most putouts by a player.

Catcher Bill Elliott, the most popular player of the well-liked Cats, judging by fan reaction, established the latter mark with 22 putouts.

Steve Virag, the pitcher Coldsprings picked up from London specifically for the Canadian championships, and Dale Gunderson of Saskatoon Angels both hurled the 21-inning route, each fanning 19 men.

Al Burnham again was the hitting hero. His base hit with one out drove in Steve Mitts from second base.

The fielding was phenomenal in the classic. Just ask Steve Mitts. He was robbed of a base hit on more than one bid. Phil Solomon of Cats prolonged the issue in the 13th inning by gunning down a Saskatoon player trying to score from second on a hit.

Manitoba's Winnipeg Colonels, the lone club to defeat Coldsprings, knocked Cats out of contention Saturday by a 6-0 KO punch. Cats had little left to avoid being collared by Winnipeg's Steve McGillivary. Roger Cole and Jim Burkitt shared pitching duties for the Ontario team.

All in all, not a bad showing for a potpourri of amateur ballplayers based in a tiny hamlet of less than 200 people.

CAT CHAT

Bill Elliott got a standing ovation from the crowd on his last trip to bat. He walked... Paul Goodfellow was lost to the team during the tournament with cracked ribs... Terry Lewis shone on defence when he was in the lineup. Don Elliott was efficient in spot duty... The failure of Jim Burkitt to win a game and of Mike McIvor to supply the long ball were disappointments... The umpiring was not of the calibre one might expect for national finals... Cats arrived home from the west yesterday afternoon.

Back on Top

THE MOST DOMINANT PLAYER IN THE history of Dalewood Golf and Curling Club is back where he belongs — on top.

Chris Markle, 25, of Cobourg earned his fifth Dalewood club championship Sunday with a seven-shot victory over defending champ Bob Laronde.

When all the 'A' Flight contenders had completed the final round of the 72-hole competition, Markle was first with a total of 292.

Laronde, who played in the same foursome as Markle, had led the field by one stroke at the halfway mark of the championships two weekends earlier but Markle pulled ahead on Saturday to carry a two-shot advantage over his chief rival into the final 18 holes.

"I was still up after nine and I was four up after

10," said Markle in discussing the closing round. Laronde faded out of the picture on Sunday to wind up second at 299.

Ironically, Markle wasn't driving the ball up to par but he scrambled out of trouble effectively to make the shots he needed the most.

"I was way in the rough sometimes but I hit the greens," Markle remarked.

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Markle, who maintains golf shoes are not for him and wears running shoes instead, is happy with his game these days. "I'm playing good golf right now and I'll be travelling more and entering other golf tournaments."

Andy Murray was a distant third at 309. Pete Fitzsimmons posted 310, George Brackenbury Jr. 313, Don Roy and Tim Haynes 314, Bob Finkle Jr. 319, Glenn Miller 321, Garth Miller 322 and David Davies 329.



Blast from the past — Left: Roseneath's Dave Waldie, hockey star from atom to major Junior A, who set many CCHL scoring records, won the Central Ontario Junior C rookie of the year award and went on to play in the OHL with Cornwall Royals. He capped his junior career with Portland Winter Hawks of the WHL. Above: Cobourg town politician Ray Bowen, affectionately known as Mr. Soccer, welcomes players and fans to the Cobourg Minor Soccer Club's international tournament.



Blast from the past — Left: Roseneath's Dave Waldie, hockey star from atom to major Junior A, who set many CCHL scoring records, won the Central Ontario Junior C rookie of the year award and went on to play in the OHL with Cornwall Royals. He capped his junior career with Portland Winter Hawks of the WHL. Above: Cobourg town politician Ray Bowen, affectionately known as Mr. Soccer, welcomes players and fans to the Cobourg Minor Soccer Club's international tournament.

Making History

IF HISTORY WERE SOMEHOW MADE AT the 13th Commonwealth Games — which concluded this past Saturday in Edinburgh — it would be very likely that it didn't show up on Canadian television.

Cobourg's Dan Milligan had a part in making history — without it being known by most Canadians — at the recently completed games when he captained the Canadian men's four team to a silver medal in the somewhat obscure sport of lawn bowling.

For Canada this had to rank as one of their biggest achievements at the games, considering that this country hasn't placed in the medals in lawn bowling for the last 32 years and in the men's fours a medal has not been had for 56 years.

Milligan's wife, Brenda, who stayed home with

their two children while he competed, saw only a smattering of lawn bowling coverage on the Canadian broadcasts and incorrect results in news print, leaving the bowls games almost uncovered in this country. In fact, Milligan wasn't even awarded a medal according to some of the bigger papers that printed final results of the competition.

North America has long been known for enthusiasm and recognition, particularly media hype, in only a

handful of spectator sports. Lawn bowling has to be at the bottom in terms of recognition, as they remain buried under a number of sports that are still struggling after good showings at world calibre competitions, to gain coverage.

"The game in Canada is thought to be, by most of the public, more of a leisure style of game for older people than a serious competition", said Milligan, who at 32 years of age found himself to be one of

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the older competitors of the 11 teams that took part at the games.

"The average age of players on the teams at the Commonwealth Games was somewhere around 28, Milligan added, and that shows movement in the sport toward a more competitive game."

Milligan is no newcomer to the international greens of lawn bowling, as he has competed throughout the world in such far off places as Australia. In November Milligan will once again be off to a world class lawn bowling competition, this time it will be in Hong Kong.

Besides his silver medal from the Commonwealth Games, Milligan also has a bronze in his expanding collection which he picked up two years ago in the Gateway Masters Tournament held in Worthing, England.

For the sport of lawn bowling to get any recognition on a larger level they must have corporate sponsors to sink money and advertising into the game.

"The Gateway Building Society, which is a mortgage and trust company in England, sponsored all 11

team's trips to the games and they have a vested interest (sponsors of the Gateway Masters) to help promote the game," said Milligan.

"In Australia Gateway is creating tournaments with purses of \$10,000 or more for the winners."

In fact, the sport in Australia has grown so much that there are an estimated 500,000 people playing bowls.

As for the games appearance on television Milligan says that singles games of bowls would be more appropriate and easier to cover, because in the fours there are just too many bodies surrounding the ends.

Three other Canadians shared the medal podium with Milligan when he received his silver. Lead on the team was Dave Brown of Vancouver, Dave Houtby of St. Catharines was the vice and Vancouver's Dave Duncalf was the skip.

Unlike a lot of the other athletes who represented Canada in Edinburgh, the bowls players stayed on the outskirts of the city and competed on an average of eight hours a day leaving little time aside from their games.

"The sprinters may have come over here and competed for a couple of days, ran three or four times and then went out and partied in the village," Milligan added with a grin. "But we (the bowlers) were at it on just about every day of the competitions and we finally got around to having a drink at the end of the games."

Milligan and his Canadian team finished the competition with a record of seven wins, three losses and a tie, while the gold medal Wales team won eight games, lost four and tied one. Northern Ireland finished third for the bronze, winning seven and losing four.

Canada came close in their final game, which happened to be against Wales, but they lost in the final end costing them the gold medal.

"That's the kind of game it is, after playing every day for over a week it all comes down to one end," reflected Milligan.

"The Commonwealth Games were everything I expected them to be and more. It was great," said Milligan.

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Defying the Odds

MAX BEVAN HAS BEEN TAKING

chances and beating the odds most of his life. He's not about to change now that he's masterminding Cobourg Cougars of the Central Ontario Junior 'C' Hockey League.

Eight years ago, doctors told Bevan chances of his recovery from a brain aneurysm were 60-40 against him. Not

only did he survive that crisis, he admits it had a profound influence on his entire outlook. "I got my priorities straight," he admitted during a conversation the other day after being named the new coach of the Cougars.

Before he suffered the aneurysm, Bevan was a holy terror as a defenceman in the Cobourg Mercantile Hockey League — frequently suspended and often hated and berated by opponents and specta-

tors alike. "Max the Axe" was the handle not so affectionately hung on him back then, and he came by it honestly.

When he ultimately resumed playing the game locally following his brush with death or disability, Max had been magically transformed into an orderly individual on the ice.

Bevan's hockey-playing days also included an undistinguished stint with the Cougars back in 1970-71 the

first year they entered junior 'C' ranks (he never got to play much and withdrew of his own volition) and a stay in a Kingston men's league. Currently, the 35-year-old keeps in touch with the playing aspect of the game as a forward with Northumberland Tire Dunlops in the Cobourg Oldtimers Hockey League.

Just last winter, Bevan defied the percentages again. On his first two visits to Cobourg Arena to

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watch the Cougars in action, he won the 50-50 draw on both occasions.

Four years ago, encouraged by John Wright to do so, Max first took up coaching in the Baltimore Minor Hockey Association. It's a decision he's not regretted.

"I love coaching," this steamfitter and welder at Darlington remarked during the interview. That's understating the case. After all, who else do you know who's coaching three teams (Baltimore Avco Bantams of the UCHL, Sommerville's Sabres of the CMHL and Cobourg Cougars of the 'C' circuit) at the same time?

Sold on the NCCP, Bevan is only a Level 2 coach now but he's aiming, in due course, to be a Level 3, 4, 5 in the future.

"I want a career in coaching," he stated emphatically. Don't look for him to walk out on the Cougars, though, for quite a while. As long as they want him, he's prepared to stay for the rest of this season, for the

1988-89 campaign and probably the year after that before exploring other opportunities.

This is not just idle talk on his part. To prove just how keen he is in learning the ropes, Max spent six days at his own expense in Vancouver back in July of this year attending a hockey coaches seminar. Ten pro coaches, including Jean Perron of the Canadiens, Tom Watt, formerly of the Canucks, and Jacques Demers of the Red Wings discussed their strategies and philosophies. Bevan was especially impressed by Perron.

Originally and ideally Bevan wanted to wait two years before moving up to junior company. But when Ron Johnson quit the Cougars and nobody else came forward to take his place, he decided to test the water now and seek the position.

Getting all the players in shape and getting them to play defensively as a team when they don't have the puck are among his first objectives.

Don't expect wholesale changes in personnel just because there's a new man at the helm. Other than adding two or three players to the roster to bring Cougars up to strength in numbers that every junior team must have to cover virtually any eventual-ity, he feels the nucleus already is here and there's a pretty good group of players to work with.

"I'm not flying in a lot of players," he pointed out. "These guys stuck it out and they're the ones who are going to play."

From Max Bevan's perspective, the team concept is paramount. There's no room for cliques. "All my life, I've been a team man," he explained. "We've gotta have the edge in conditioning, team play and thinking we can."

The jury is still out on the new coach, of course, but if first impressions mean anything, Cobourg Cougars may just have stumbled onto the right man at the right time.

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'Sleep' on the Job

JUST CALL HIM "RIP" (VAN WINKLE) for short — but just to be on the safe side, better ask for his permission first.

Him is Jim Dawe, Cobourg's snowy-thatched legend of fastball firing finesse, who's been "Sleep-in" for 20 years between pitching assignments.

When Bill (Cowboy) Elliott formed The Cleaners from the

geriatric set this year and entered them in the Cobourg Men's Softball League, the real sleeper in the lot was Jim (Sleep) Dawe, arguably the most gifted and celebrated homespun hurler to perform his magic in these parts back in the '50s and '60s.

Dawe, whose age now is in the mid-fifties, was supposed to do a little coaching and take the occasional at-bat for old times' sake.

Few imagined they'd ever see him back on the

pitching rubber again.

Well, believe it or not, Dawe made his initial appearance as a pitcher in two decades last Thursday night, relieving Ray Bickle who had shut out Clarke Bros. Sharpies for six innings in his first chucking chore in '89.

And you know what! While Dawe's stint was shortlived, it also was spotless. He retired on

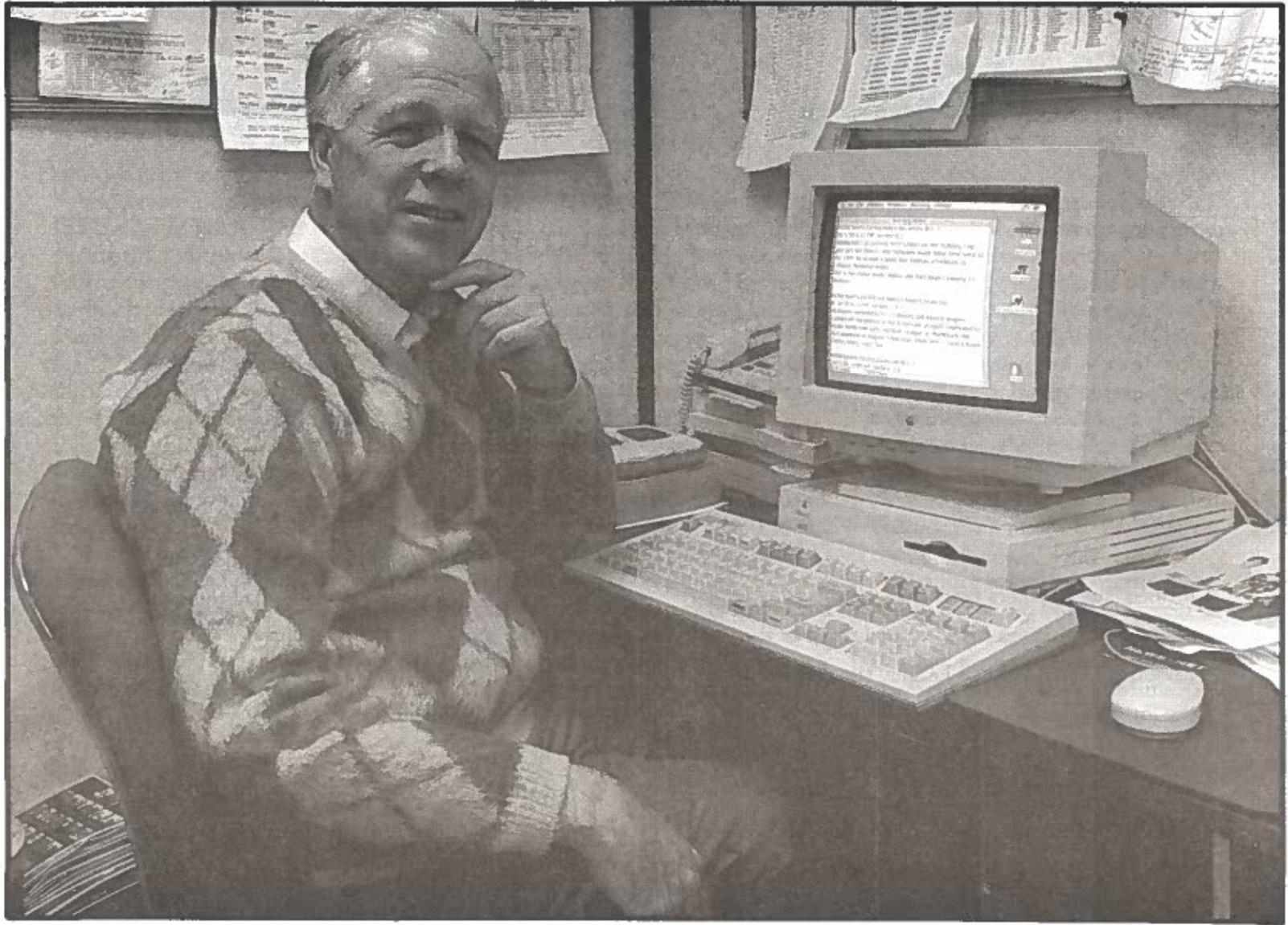
ground balls the minimum three batters he had to face in

the seventh inning.

After the game, Dawe recollected that the last time he had pitched was in a 1969 softball tournament at Oshawa.

To put that in perspective, those were the days when the pitchers threw from 40 feet rather than 46 feet, when there was no such thing as a pitching circle or a pause, when aluminum bats either hadn't been invented or weren't in use locally.

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Brief respite — Keeping up with Cobourg and area sports has kept Star Sports Editor Layton Dodge busy for 38 years.

Photo by Ted Amsden

Spotlight on Sports

A selection of the work of Layton Dodge
Cobourg Daily Star Sports Editor