

"La premiere etoile... Da firs'tar..."

by Tim Enger

What is it about those two words that causes 1200 people on this campus to give up their studies for a couple of nights a week to become scaled down versions of their hockey heroes. Is it the thrill of victory? Is it the agony of defeat? Or is it something else?

Last Thursday, a friend of mine asked me if I'd fill in for a couple of guys in a second division game that night. He obviously hadn't seen me play. The last time I played organized hockey, the Montreal Canadiens were Stanley Cup Champs. "What the hell," I said to myself. "It will give me a chance to experience, firsthand, the phenomenon of the most popular intramural sport on campus."

"Sure I'll play... When?" I said. "10:45 tonight," my friend replied.

10:45! Get serious! I'm usually comatose in bed on weekdays by that time. But, then again, nobody said the life of a reporter was easy. Sacrifices had to be made! So there I was, putting on equipment I hadn't touched in seven years at the ungodly hour of 10:30 p.m., eagerly awaiting my first intramural hockey game.

My team, Old Scona 1 (no, I never attended Old Scona, but neither did 3/4 of the team so it was okay), was made up of a wide variety of hockey players. There were no superstars, but there were some guys who seemed to possess some semblance of ability. On the other side of the spectrum, there were guys who were to ankle skating what Barishnikov is to dancing. Basically, we had every type of hockey player that was conceivable... except a goalie.

I knew something was wrong when I skated out on the ice a minute before game time and my team was firing warm-up shots into an empty net.

"Where's our goalie?" I asked. "Oh, he's always late," replied one of my teammates, "we'll just

play with six skaters until he gets here."

OK, so that's how we started the game, six skaters against five guys and a goalie. And I found myself where I spent most of my hockey career... on the bench.

Finally, one of the boys got tired and skated over to the bench for a change. I threw myself relentlessly into the action. It was all coming back to me, the blazing speed, the Gretzy-like moves.

Suddenly, I found myself in front of the net with the puck on my stick. I jabbed at the puck and watched as it flipped slowly into the corner of the net.

'Hey, this game is easy,' I thought to myself as I skated back to the bench to the accolades of my teammates.

I seemed to be living a charmed life as the next time I was out on the ice, I scored again. The goalie had slid out of the net, blocking my teammate's original shot, so all I had to do was push in the rebound.

"They don't come any cheaper than that!" howled one of my

opponents. "Jealous," I thought to myself as I headed for the bench listening to the sounds of 17,000 wildly cheering fans in my mind.

My team got another goal and, all of a sudden, the team without a goalie was up 3-0. Then trouble appeared.

Our goalie showed up. With him in the nets, my team let in five straight goals. It was ALL coming back to me now.

The exhaustion, the frustration, the sore ankles. After those first two goals, I had visions of being a first round draft pick. Now I was thinking a bit more realistically, like maybe waterboy with the New Jersey Devils. Just as I was about to give up hope and pack the equipment away for another seven years, the unpredictable nature of the game came into play.

We started to catch up. Slowly but surely, until we tied it up with 58 seconds remaining. The 17,000 fans in my mind were going wild. Then, with 20 seconds remaining, their goalie threw his stick, which caused the referee to call for a

penalty shot - the most exciting play in hockey.

After a bit of hassling along the 'I don't want to take it, you take it' lines, it was decided that the person who the goalie threw the stick at would take the shot.

That left Stephen Kazowski standing at center ice.

Since their goalie had a habit of going down too early (like before you crossed the blue line), we all implored him to 'deke the goof'. Sure enough, that's what he did, depositing the puck in the back of the net for Old Scona's first victory of the year.

It was then that I realized what intramural hockey was all about. It's not whether you win or lose, it's not even how you played the game. It's that you got to play at all.

Most of us grow up on hockey and have played it at sometime in our life. But when we get to university, it seems impossible to play because of homework and because we have nowhere to do it. Campus Recreation supplies us with the place and times to do it.

This way even the most inexperienced player can play the "game of our lives" and dream about the hockey heroes he had growing up. Dave Keon, Yvan Cournoyer, Paul Henderson, Guy Lafleur, they're all out there on the ice with you in front of a packed Montreal Forum. This is the key to intramural hockey, that the dream lives on for as long as you want it to.

This was evident in my incredible desire to skate back onto the ice after our game shouting "La premiere etoile... Da firs'tar..." You know what I mean?

There is no recognition in it. You'll never read about the ice hockey exploits of the Eric Lunds or Darryl Schmidts of the world, but that doesn't matter. They're just happy to get the chance to play the game and, as they say, "It's great, if you don't take it too seriously."

I don't care if the next game is at 1:00 a.m. I'll be there. They may laugh at my skating, but I don't care. When those 17,000 faithful in mind go crazy when I score, it makes it all worthwhile.

Campus Rec shakes

by Barry Willing

Campus Recreation is once again holding its Year End Social, April 4th, 1986, starting at 6:30 p.m. in the Lister Hall Banquet Room. All students and staff that have participated in Intramural, Staff Fitness & Lifestyle, and Non-Credit Instruction courses are welcome to attend.

In addition to the dinner and dance, various awards for participation in the intramural program will be presented for both team and individual sports. If you have participated in a Campus Recreation program you may be eligible for an awards certificate. Check the listings in the lower hallway of the Physical Education Building to see if you qualify for an award and then plan to attend the Year End Social. Tickets are available for \$10.00 per person at both the Green and Gold Offices.

On Wednesday, April 2nd, Campus Recreation will once again hold their Team Triathlon competition. This mixed triathlon will consist of a 5 km. cycling, 2.8 km. run and a 500m swim. The start time for this year's event will be 5:00 p.m. in front of the Physical Education Building. Last year's event was a great success and this year's event looks to be even more successful. The entry deadline for this competition is Wednesday, March 26th at 1:00 p.m. at the Campus Recreation Green Office. Get your team in early and join the fun.

Thursday, March 20, 1986



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