



### Blades blueliner

Readying for action this Saturday night with the Kelowna Buckaroos is Vernon Blades defenseman Glen Baron. Baron, one of four youngsters to make up the Blades rearguard alignment, will be looked to, along with Graham Elliott, Alan Southward and Ken Polen, to halt the destructive scoring power of the present league leaders. Starting at 8:30 p.m.

## the dull edge

... by Denis Feser, Sports Editor

KELOWNA — It is an old scene. It is deathly quiet and the sun has just topped the wagon-wheel sign over the last-Ditch-Stand Saloon and the dust is rising in the high warmth of noon.

Up the street a dirty, sneaky, low-down, conniving, swindling (and also some of the bad things in a man) person, twitches the trigger-finger on his right hand and wipes the cold sweat of fear from his forehead.

### Somewhere, a gasp

Down at the other end of the dusty road, slowly and particularly, the white stetsoned hero moves with a wry smile on his lips, not showing any visible signs of being afraid.

Suddenly, a gasp amazes from the crowd of the until then quiet observers as the bad guy goes for his gun. Our hero doesn't sweat it because he knows he is going to win. (Nine out of every ten people polled say so.) He keeps his well adjusted cool until he sees no other way but to fight and then he comes out with both barrels blasting.

"I wasted six shots," he explains later. "I knew I could kill him with the first one." He puffs at the

whisper of smoke from his shooting irons and turns abruptly on his heel, saying, "let's retire to the saloon," his work-day complete.

These days there is no sunshine, no Last-Ditch-Stand saloon and very little dust on Kelowna streets. Furthermore, its too darn cold to wrestle around outside.

Memorial arena is where the action is.

There, the fight between the good guys and the bad guys goes on.

What makes the good gang's job even tougher, is that the bad guys aren't as bad as they are made out to be. Yes they're tough alright, but not really bad.

### Bring back the time

They are good bad guys. Their bad days are behind them. When they were younger (and, some say, a lot more foolish) they were rough and rugged and displayed a "devil may care" attitude which earned tumultuous roars from the on lookers. Now, they just want to be left alone.

Once the difference between good and bad was cut and dried and a member of the crowd yelled his lungs out for the good or bad guy of his choice, in fact this whole business of morale support took a dive when the bad guy stopped going into the corners to attack the good guy with the look of a head hunter written all over his pan.

There became less individuals and the whole mess that was everything a bench boss hated in hockey players, suddenly became a well-oiled and tuned-up click, click, click machine.

Today they pass the puck instead of eating it or hold onto it while some forwardless forechecker goes

through the motions of sweepchecking. The puck is treated with extra special care. It is tossed around from player to player more often and, it is done so much more accurately.

No blood is spilled anymore and weapons are not always held at the ready as when the players were younger. They are out for the fun of it. For laughs, for kicks. Because they can play the game without the fear of losing their teeth hanging over them.

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