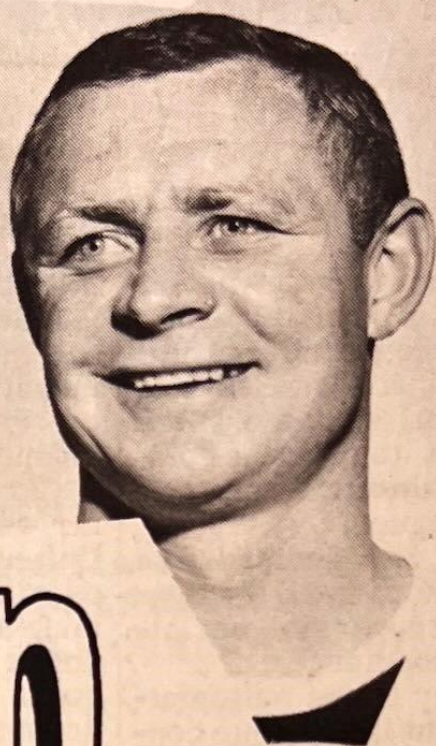


JOHN McKENZIE
RIGHT WING — BOSTON BRUINS

and the **Esso**

Hockey Caravan



are coming to Vernon

30th St. and 32nd Ave. (Next to the Vernon Library).

from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., JULY 14th and 15th

Here is your chance to play the exciting Esso Hockey Game (the hit of last year's CNE) ... browse through the colourful hockey exhibit ... and find out what's new and better in MODERN HOME HEATING EQUIPMENT. All this is yours to enjoy when the big Esso Hockey Caravan comes to town. Be sure you attend and enter *your* name in the big Esso Hockey Trip Contest. It's the big event of the season ...

DON'T MISS IT!

**SCORE WITH THE
ESSO HOME HEAT
TEAM!**

Win a
one-week
trip for 2
to any one of
the 12 N.H.L.
cities of
your choice!

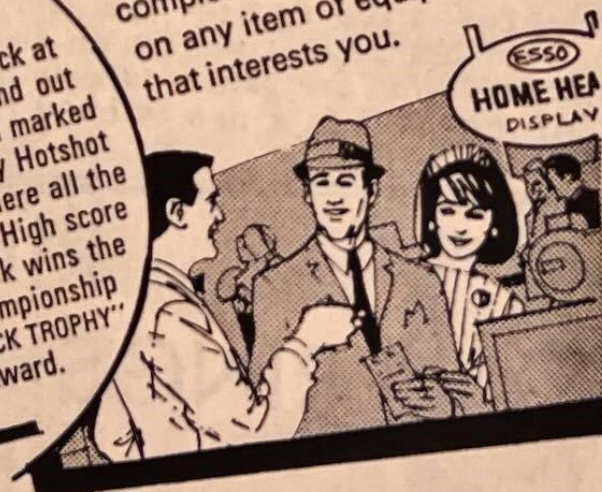
**Be an ESSO
"HOCKEY HOTSHOT"**

See how fast you can shoot the puck at the net! Here's your chance to find out and get your speed marked on a Hockey Hotshot badge where all the gang can see! High score of the week wins the championship "GOLD PUCK TROPHY" Award.



**See what's new in MODERN
HOME HEAT EQUIPMENT**

and meet your Esso Home Heat Team, who will give you complete information on any item of equipment that interests you.



details at the **Esso Hockey Caravan**

YOUR ESSO HOME HEAT TEAM

E. (ELDIE) JAMIESON

ESSO AGENT

PHONE 542-4223

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ESSO HOME HEAT DEALER

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denis

FESER

We sat over coffee, the refrigerator repair man and I, and among other things, discussed his latest bill.

"I'll flip you for it," he suggested when the girl placed the steaming mugs before us.

"No, you'll pay," I said, referring him to his last episode with my refrigerator.

He only raised the cup to his lips, took a long sip, and then offered, "Your problem is just that you worry too much. Nobody in their right mind, I'll bet, not even Odie Lowe, is worried about the Blades . . . yet."

"So, who said I was worried?" I countered, my stomach turning as he shook catsup all over the inside of his bacon and tomato sandwich. And all over the outside of the sugar bowl, the salt and pepper shakers and the ashtray. "I only said 'I wonder how the Blades will do this year,' I didn't say I'm all broken up about it."

He gazed across the table at me, retrieved a screwdriver from his pocket, and used it to tuck a piece of lettuce back around the bacon, forming a camouflage for his unsuspecting cavities.

He pointed the business end of the tool at my nose.

"I'll bet you're not. I've heard from my friends that you openly attacked a few of the players in your stories. That what little you did say about them at all this year was derogatory. That it was getting so bad you were receiving letters telling you to get off of their backs."

I was just about to ask him who his "friends" were, but decided against it when he zeroed in on the cream custard pie, almost before the waitress could remove her hand from the plate. Instead, "It's true I wasn't too impressed with some of the Blades last year, and I don't mind telling you."

"But you've had a change of heart this year? You're going to back the Blades one hundred per cent?"

"No, that's not it."

"Then why all the fuss?" he exclaimed, tossing his hands into the air for what I figured to be a show of impatience with me, but which was

really a motion to the waitress to bring him a milkshake.

"Well, first of all, the Blades aren't even sure that they'll have a franchise next year," I outlined.

"It's just a formality, isn't it? The other teams in the Okanagan Junior Hockey League said that they'd either all be admitted or none would join?"

"Yes, but it seems that all this was agreed upon before teams bidding for franchises sent applications back with 'certain questions' left unanswered."

"No?"

"Yes!"

"They can do that?"

"They did."

He drained the last of the milkshake, started at me for a moment, and finally asked, "what happens now?" a clear-cut look of defeat on his face.

"Nothing," I said, a matter of factly.

"Nothing?"

"Yes, nothing," I said again. "George Stoll, who is the junior hockey representative to the BCAHA, postponed franchise announcements for a month, and now all anybody can do is wait and see what develops."

"Isn't anybody worried?" he asked, stuffing the screwdriver into his back pocket.

"I'm not," I answered.

"Maybe Odie Lowe, or president Dave MacKay should be worried, but I'm not."

"You know," the refrigerator repairman started to rise from the table. "It's probably true what they say about you. I mean, I always knew you'd never pay your bill, but to run down anybody whose only aim is to better hockey in the valley, you should be worried."

"Well, I'm not," I answered. "Hey, where are you going? . . ."

The outside door slammed and he ran towards his truck, his stomach not that full he couldn't find ample room to roll around a little laughter, and from the corner of my eye I saw the waitress move up to the table.

"Bacon and tomato sandwich, cream custard pie, two coffee . . ."

He had done it again.