

# POWER **Meanwhile...**



N o m i n a t e d f o r f o u r J e r e m y A w a r d s

Fall '92

Issue #5

Price: \$2 (may not reflect actual value)

## **PENALTY BOXES**

### **The Weird, Underground World of Hockey-Fight Videotapes**

A few winters ago, I personally met Lyndon Byers, then a brash, young forward for the Boston Bruins. Byers, a one-time Boston cop, was never known to avoid a good fight on the ice, and when someone in the room asked him to expound on the topic of hockey-fights, every guy in the room did an E.F. Hutton-take and turned silently to listen.

What -- we wanted to know -- is the sequence of events that turns ordinary hockey play into a violent brawl? And what -- for Pierre's sake -- are the two players always yammering at each other just before they go at it?

To the best of my recollection, Byers' answer went as follows: first, a guy gets, say, slammed against the boards, and to the guy who did it he yells, "Fuck you." Then, the guy who did it replies, "Fuck you." The victimized player then retorts, "Yeah? Fuck you." Upon which the guy who delivered the slam answers conclusively, "Fuck you."

Finally, one of them takes a swing, and at that point the conversation is over.

This is the inside skinny. This is how it's done by professionals. I think it's worthwhile to know, because fights are undeniably a major element of pro hockey. Any

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connoisseur of the sport would be remiss if he did not have a certain body of knowledge in this facet of the game.

More than that, understanding the world of hockey fights serves a greater purpose. Hockey fights are, by their nature, completely unnecessary and useless. They are little more than controlled explosions of naked male aggression, cubes of testosterone thawing out before our eyes. To understand how these confrontations develop and reach resolution is to come face-to-face with the caged animal that lurks within us all.

Fortunately, there is an entire underworld of illicit activity devoted to helping you and I better understand our human nature while simultaneously advancing our hockey-fight expertise. There are people on this continent painstakingly assembling videotapes that consist strictly of hockey fights, one violent battle after another, carefully editing out parts of hockey games that do not contain fights. Many of these tape-makers do it for love and educational purposes alone. They trade compilations with other collectors across the United States and Canada. Others prepare tapes professionally -- photocopied catalogues of them -- for resale to average fans. This practice is illicit because it's not legal to use the events, descriptions or accounts of a hockey game with out the expressed, written consent of the National Hockey League, the local TV station, the teams involved, and other organizations that are supposed to be making a profit off the spectacle. But the tapes can be had.

Calling the number in a small ad in the the back of *Hockey Digest*, I ordered the *Fists of Fury* catalogue. Its 40 stapled-together pages each describes the contents of one tape. Each tape's fights are listed individually, as if they were tracks on a record album. For example, a particular 45-second

(continued on page 8)



## From The Editors

### Habeas Humerus

In this issue of **POWER Meanwhile...** we are proud to bring you our first cartoon written almost entirely in Latin. And now the usual collection of unrelated sentences:

Horrifying things you'll be saying to your grandchildren, #17: "You know, when MTV started, it was a television network."

New statistics from the Department of Energy confirm what we've long suspected: four percent of America's oil is now used to coat muscle-magazine cover models.

Bad marketing and promotions ideas for new-age musicians, #6: "Enya is *ENYA FACE!*"

### THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE OF EXISTENTIAL THOUGHT:

"The unexamined life is not worth living." - Socrates  
 "I think, therefore I am." - Descartes  
 "To be? Or not to be?" - Shakespeare  
 "I yam what I yam." - Popeye  
 "I am, I cried." - Diamond  
 "What I am is what I am." - Brickell  
 "Who am I? Why am I here?" - Stockdale

The days grow shorter around this time of year. Daylight begins to recede after the year's "longest" day, known as the Autumnal Equinox. Personally, I prefer the Vernal Equinox. *Knowutimean?*

### Post-holiday Banter Starters:

Halloween "Halloween's over, take off your mask."  
 Thanksgiving "Thanksgiving's over, take off that hat."  
 Chanukah "Chanukah's over, take off that hat."  
 Christmas "Christmas is over, take off that sweater."

Movie idea: *Death and Taxes*. It's 1997, and the IRS, confronted by an increasingly mainstream tax revolt, has resorted to desperate measures: short of manpower, the agency conjures up spirits of the dead -- ghosts and zombies -- to help track down tax evaders.

Another movie idea: *Death and Taxes II: April Ghouls Day*. The success of the government's unusual tax-compliance program inspires the IRS to recruit mummies for its operation -- with disastrous consequences.

*The Editors*

**POWER Meanwhile...** is the quasi-quarterly, in-house newsletter of the Red Rocket Packing Co., a leading developer of clear fluids designed to replace dyed ones. Contents under pressure.

This newsletter was originally recorded in analog format and may reveal hiss and other anomalies that exist with analog publications. You may bring your own beer and wine.

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Vance Lehmkuhl (drummer boy & sequitur cartoons), Paul Karon (Bostitch), Don Steinberg and Steve Steinberg (the rest). Body copy in other type-styles is obviously snipped from well-known publications and carjacked beyond recognition.

Please address correspondence to:  
 55 North Third Street, Apt. 41, Philadelphia, PA 19106.

This issue's phone-in survey:  
 Who would win in a fight, the Supreme Court or the Grand Jury? And what would the fight be named if they showed it on Pay Per View?  
 Vote by calling 1-(900)-EAR-BURN.



"Maybe...you could NOT play the drum, and THAT can be your gift to the baby Jesus."

### Meanwhile... in the News

Meanwhile, the tabloids happily reported, Madonna (no stranger to recontextualized Christian symbols) told The Irish Times: "I think there is a better way to present her ideas rather than ripping up an image that means a lot to other people."

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard said Rushdie had been forced deeper into hiding because of increased death threats in recent weeks. The novelist has been in hiding for nearly four years since Ayatollah Khomeini called

# Reviews

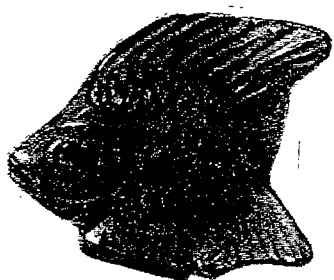
## Painted Glass Fish Pet Shack, \$3.95 ea.

"Come here...I have to show you something *really neat*," my dad declared when I entered his home recently.

This proposition always scares me. Generally, it means he is about to demonstrate the latest gizmo he has added to the menagerie of merchandise that overflows his den, attic, basement, garage and garden. Sometimes it will be a biggie, like a fully operational lunar module. Other times it's less showy, like his electronic megaphone. The megaphone not only amplifies your voice to inscrutable levels when you pull its trigger but also can play a selection of pre-programmed "music" (try to imagine a car alarm playing "You've Got to be a Football Hero").

"Hey, I could use the megaphone if I'm stranded on the boat," dad argued in his defense. Okay. It is conceivable that the crew of a passing crab troller might take the faint sound of a college fight song as a cry for help. But this doesn't explain why the megaphone has been sitting in its original box, in a closet, for four years. My father is why they call it "disposable income." So as he led me into his living room, past the old-fashioned gumball machine and the six-foot, plexiglas-encased steamship replica, I began to tremble imperceptibly.

He hovered over his newly christened tropical fish tank and twisted a knob, and a dim fluorescent light blinked awake. At first, the fish population inside looked pedestrian. But then I noticed them. Whipping back and forth at the rear of the aquarium were the most brightly colored fresh-water fish I'd ever seen. He turned to me and let three words sink in: "*painted...glass...fish*."



I'd remembered glass fish from the tanks of my youth. Glass fish were translucent. Light would shine right through them. If one sat in front of you in a movie, no problem. But *painted* glass fish added a dimension: these were outlined in today's

hottest colors -- neon pink, fluorescent lime, Day-Glo orange.

"Nobody knows how they get 'em this way," my father continued. All he knew was they were double the price of regular glass fish, and he'd bought three.

Mom suggested that "painted" was a figure of speech. These animals attained their coloration in the hands of sophisticated breeders, she said. After all how could they be

painted? The paint would never dry under water. Dad nevertheless insisted the fish were externally decorated by fish designers. The idea that someone would paint an animal for profit didn't bother him. It just mystified him.

Call me obsessed. Call me Ishmael. But I had to get to the bottom of this fish story. Perhaps within it lay the secrets of man's relationship with nature. Maybe it would lay bare our quest to shape the world around us. Maybe the answer would fly straight in the face of Darwin, asserting that the evolutionary process of natural selection really can produce the colors of bicycle pants.

Or maybe, "it's a little oriental guy painting 'em. On an assembly line in the Far East." This is what the manager at Aquarium City told me. But he wasn't really sure. "That's the way I always pictured it," he added revealingly.

More calls to more pet stores, and pieces of the puzzle began to fit together. The Far East theme played repeatedly. And drugs were involved. Glass

Fish, I learned, are removed from the water. Then they are mildly drugged and painted by hand. This is all happening in Taiwan. Or maybe Singapore. Or -- no -- they're not painted. They're injected. With syringes. Taken out of the water, drugged motionless, and given spinal injections of glow-serum. Oooch.

Finally, Michelle, manager of the Pet Shack, supplied the answer I'd been seeking.

"They're injected by prisoners in Thailand," she explained. "I guess they don't have enough license plates to make over there." She actually told me this.

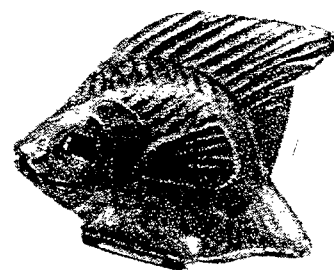
The color only lasts four to six months before fading, Michelle said. The fish fade pretty quickly, too. After the trauma of becoming Day-Glo, they can't survive long.

Other breeds of fish are being painted too. "We had some painted sharks, but they died," she lamented.

Later, as I sat at home wondering, *if I were a mixed-drink, what kind would I be*, the phone rang. It was Michelle from Pet Shack. She had double-checked her facts with her distributor and had a new report to offer.

"The glass fish *are* from Thailand," she confirmed. "But students in colleges inject them, not prisoners."

Students injecting fish? In Thailand? Hey, you can travel all over the world, but kids will always be kids. †



## REVIEWS

### BOSTITCH B2000 desktop stapler

reviewed by Paul Karon

Ever since a drizzly Long Island day in October when I was about five and for reasons now unrecollectable I attempted to staple the forefinger of my left hand, I have known that staplers were the fanged serpents of the office supply world.

It was years after that incident before I could return to the stapling life. But when I did I found that the trauma left me with more than a temporary case of lockjaw tetanus and a disfigured fingerprint: it gave me something positive, too. If to understand the hammer you must first understand the nail; so, too, true comprehension of stapling requires that a student take the place of the paper, as I have.

Stapler history is largely an American story. Though an early drawing from Da Vinci's notebooks shows what could be the design for a stapler prototype, it may in fact be a helicopter. Benjamin Franklin almost certainly did not invent the stapler. He did, however, make the first staple -- out of wood -- during a lull at the first Continental Congress when aides were busily collating documents. "Show me a man who uses staples instead of paper clips," Franklin whispered to a colleague, "and I'll show you a man who can count his fortunes properly, and is wise enough to...unify...er...paper." Aaron Burr brought the stapler we know into wide usage.

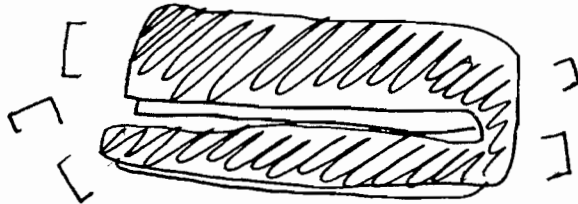
Little has changed since. The only metal product still manufactured in this country, staplers today look like they were drawn up by the same Flint, Michigan, design team that gave us the 1966 Buick Riviera. In fact, one of the best and most common of standard staplers -- the Swingline 767- - is decorated (I guess you'd call it) with fake woodgrain plastic side trim -- ironically, not unlike the vehicle we had at the time of my childhood accident.

Now, two hundred years into that great experiment in democracy we call stapling, the Fastening Systems Division of Stanley-Bostitch Inc. has unveiled a stapler that looks like it was meant to be part of the space age (which, by the way, ended, along with most other things, in 1989).

All curved, gray-metal edges, molded rubber, and pointlessly striated-plastic "hinge accents," the Bostitch B2000 is the Ford Taurus of the desk. Unfortunately, despite the B2000's Eurotrash matte finish and the "fully rounded Comfortwrap base pad...oversized for added comfort and design appeal," little is new under the hood.

The B2000 uses traditional open-jaw, wide-flange loading, accepting your basic 210-count strip of standard staples. I found strip drop-in awkward, fumbling several times before achieving proper seating. I would not want to have to load this stapler while crouched in a Vietnamese swamp, in total darkness.

Head-strike impact-force -- the primary element of comfort in the working relationship between human and stapler -- is rather stiff in the B2000, at nearly 10 psi. But much depends on stapling style. As a high-impact stapler, I wasn't bothered by the B2000's firm moment of inertia. But those who prefer the slow crumple method might be disappointed. In slow crunch tests, the B2000's mainspring emitted a rusty, labored squeak. And though the low-tech sound does not seem to in any way indicate subpar performance, I just can't help wishing that the Bostitch designers had opted for the smoothness and silence of a flexible steel strip, like their competitors at Swingline.



Still, judging any new stapler is an essentially academic task. Few people other than members of the fastening-systems trade press have actually purchased staplers in stores. Most of us procure our first professional grade staplers through a method best expressed by an unpronounceable Polish word that roughly translates as, "little items liberated from your office that you're betting no one will miss."

But the majority of staplers are just there, sitting in a desk drawer, having apparently come into existence through a method similar to that which places in your parent's basement all those old wooden tennis rackets with the anti-warp presses. ✖

## MARK YOUR CALENDARS

**ALL HATS DAY** (November 15) The day to pick out the hat that will shape your hair for the upcoming winter.

**THANKSBUYING** (Friday after Thanksgiving) - The man and woman with the best parking spaces are crowned King and Queen of the mall and get bottomless Orange Juliuses.

**COMEUPPANCE** (December 10) - Tradition holds that you are allowed to sucker-punch or dope-slap the one person who you feel deserved it the most over the past year.

**COAL FRIDAY** (December 18) - Honored as a day of relaxation, spent loafing around the office and complaining bitterly about the Christmas bonuses this year.

**BOWLIANA** (celebrated Monday after the Super Bowl) - Traditionally the day is spent on the annual empty-bottle-return ritual, and vacuuming dip out of rug. Cards are sent to book-makers thanking them for another season of service.

**MediaNoche**  
media and entertainment

## FALL TV LINEUP

### Courier and Ives (Fox)

A bicycle courier and an unemployed butler become unlikely roommates as they seek success together on New York's lower East Side.

### Locke, Stock and Barrel (CBS)

As punishment for cheating on board exams, three Ivy League law grads must set up their practice in a backwoods Southern town filled with quirky residents.

### Judge, Jury and Hangman (NBC)

Veteran court stenographer Phil Hangman fights corruption and uncovers the seamy underbelly of today's judicial system.

### Bedd and Breakfast (CBS)

Retired police detective Harry Bedd's all-night diner is the ideal place for former colleagues to gather each morning and rekindle their greatest moments.

### Bacon and Ex (ABC)

Playwright Frank Bacon has worked under tough conditions before, but wait 'til he meets his new editor -- the woman who divorced him!

### Nuts and Bolts (Fox)

Released from a psychiatric hospital due to overcrowding, four patients set up shop as general contractors in Florida's booming real-estate market.

### Cash and Carrie (NBC)

Beloved Detroit Tigers slugger Norm Cash teams up with a disturbed, telekinetic girl in this issue-oriented round-table discussion program.

# Television

## NEWS & TALK SHOWS

*Regis & Kathie Lee:* Stepfamily horror diet.

*Maury Povich:* Children who kill Political satirists;

*Sally Jessy Raphael:* Women sexually exploited by the boy who misspelled potato for Dan Quayle.

*Donahue:* Erotic pumpkin carving

*Good Morning America, ABC:* James Stockdale baby photos.

*Jenny Jones:* Couple fears exorcism will alter the legal status of the marriage.

*Jane Whitney:* Vampires seek natural parents.

*Vicki!:* Jekyll-and-Hyde tell how they coped with change.

*Home, ABC:* Public Enemy re-doing a closet.

*Geraldo:* How a woman can prove a husband is Transsexual.

*Doctor Dean, NBC:* When relatives fall in love with Wilson Phillips

*Oprah Winfrey:* Woman is accused of ruining economy.

*Montel Williams:* Swingers ignore Foreign policy.

*Joan Rivers:* Adult Honeymooners films

*Entertainment Tonight:* Forced Voyeurism.

★ ★ ★ ★

## IF JAMES DEAN HAD LIVED...

What would have happened if James Dean didn't die in a fiery car crash in 1955. Until now, no one knew. Now, experts from the psychic world and the entertainment industry have been brought together to provide some real answers.

If Dean hadn't been tragically killed in 1955, he would have spent the next several years making three more movies, say experts. Then he would have died in a motorcycle accident in 1959. If he hadn't died in the motorcycle accident in '59, he would have lived until 1961, at which point he would have succumbed to a tragic drug overdose.

But what if that overdose never happened? Dean would have lived for several more years before experiencing another fatal car accident in 1965. Then in '67 he would have disappeared and been presumed dead. In '68, he would have died from another drug OD, and in '71 he would have fallen to his death in a Hawaiian cliff-diving accident. In '75 Dean re-emerges from his 1967 disappearance. He is okay. But then he dies again in late '78, killed by a deranged fan.

In 1982, during a comeback, he again is murdered -- this time anonymously in an attempted mugging. Other than that, thanks to a reclusive lifestyle through most of the Eighties, Dean would be alive today and living in Wyoming.

# COMPUTER SOUNDBITE TOP 40

When personal computers want to make noise, they aren't limited to annoying beeps anymore. Many Macs and PCs are now equipped with gear that lets them play annoying digital soundbites recorded from other sources.

Below is a list of sound "files" available by modem from America Online, a commercial computer service. Each sound file has been uploaded by a subscriber and may be freely downloaded by anyone else for playback on a computers. The number of times each file has been downloaded by subscribers is listed publicly by America Online. But nobody until now ranked them in (reverse) order:

<u>sound file</u>	<u>downloads</u>
title line from song "Everybody Dance Now"	10
title line from Hammer song, "U Can't Touch This"	11
"a great burp"	22
soundbite collection from movie <i>V.I. Warshawski</i>	22
<i>Mission Impossible</i> theme	34
<i>Star Trek</i> sounds collection	42
title line from Bryan Adams song	
"Everything I do, I do it for you."	43
Alvin the chipmunk: "Oh no!"	54
title line from Billy Ray Cyrus song	
"Achy Breaky Heart"	77
Chris of <i>Northern Exposure</i> : "Anybody got a cow they need flung?"	91
Steve Martin: "Excuuuuse me!"	135
<i>Looney Tunes</i> theme	179
from <i>Cool Hand Luke</i> : "What we have here is a failure to communicate"	194
Homer Simpson: "Everybody out the window."	252
Cryptkeeper's laugh from <i>Tales from the Crypt</i>	268
Bullwinkle: "Hey Rocky, watch me pull a rabbit out of my hat."	287
from <i>Ren &amp; Stimpy</i> cartoon: "You fat, bloated idiot!"	297
Roadrunner: "Meep Meep"	322
Robin Williams, from movie:	
"Good Mooooorning Vietnaaaam!"	331
<i>Bill and Ted</i> , from movie: "Excellent!"	382
Clint Eastwood as <i>Dirty Harry</i> :	
"Go ahead, make my day."	390
Bart Simpson: "Eat my shorts."	438
<i>Twilight Zone</i> theme	494
Arnold Schwarzenegger in <i>Terminator 2</i> :	
"Hasta La Vista, Baby"	609
"I've fallen and I can't get up," from TV commercial	621
Porky Pig: "Th-th-that's all, folks!"	825

## **TECHNO-PROJECT: MAKE YOUR OWN BOOKS ON TAPE** *Avoid the Bookstore Hassle*

Thanks to modern technology, it is now possible to make books-on-tape in the relative comfort of your own home. What better holiday gift is there than a recording of a loved one's favorite novel, as read not by Burgess Meredith -- but by you! Throw in audio flourishes that your listener will hear on no store-bought book-on-tape, and you can turn your recording into a keepsake that will continue to give pleasure long after you personally have stopped doing so. Here's what you'll need:

**TAPE:** Cassettes are the tape format that allowed books-on-tape to flourish (there were no books-on-eight-track-tape), so use these. But remember: some novels may take more than 90 minutes to read. It's a well-kept secret that many over-the-counter books-on-tape are abridged to fit on a reasonable number of cassettes. We are not bound by such commercial limitations.

**BOOK:** Try to choose a title not otherwise available in audio form, thus minimizing the risk of duplicating something already on the shelf of your recipient's books-on-tape library. This also skirts the inevitable comparisons between your version and the professionally done one. After all, do you really want to go up against James Earl Jones?

For book selection, there are no steadfast rules. Successful BOT categories have been fiction, biography, self-help and business management. Whether you stick with these proven genres or wander into uncharted waters is your call. It wouldn't make sense to try the kind of dense philosophical treatise for which constant re-reading is necessary to gain even the most superficial comprehension of the subject. But maybe a cookbook would work.

Always avoid books that rely heavily on illustration, photography or mathematical equations. Sure, everyone would love to have an audio version of the children's book "Where's Waldo?," but it's not physically possible.

**EQUIPMENT:** Portable tape recorders are ideal if you want to record passages of your selected book during spare moments in your everyday business. Telemarketer-style headsets can come in handy, freeing hands for page-turning and other duties. If someone at work spies you reading a book into a telemarketing headset and asks what you are doing, you can simply reply: "I'm reading a book!"

**COPYRIGHT CONSIDERATIONS:** In making this tape, you are entering a legalistic gray area. Modern book copyrights prohibit unauthorized reproduction of their text in any form. Penalties are so severe that even street-corner bootleggers who openly display duplicated musical tapes will not sell bootlegged books-on-tape. It's too dangerous. However, since your recording will be strictly for personal use and not made for profit, it's unlikely that you will be prosecuted. Actually it's unlikely that anyone will find out.

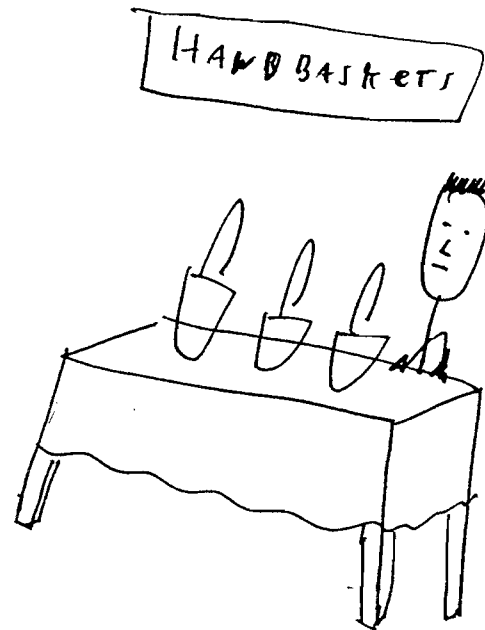
In the final analysis, here's how your costs might break down: one TDK high-bias SA90 cassette five-pack (if you read quickly), \$9.99; a remaindered copy of "Under Fire," by Oliver North and William Novak, \$3.99; color photocopies (for the tape boxes) at \$2 each. Grand total: \$23.98. One way to recoup some of the costs is, when you're done reading the book, sell it back to a used book store. This may hurt if it's a book you owned beforehand, but the pain is often far outweighed by the pleasure of giving a unique gift.

# WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

(AND OTHER SWERVING VEHICLES)

A Quarterly Digest of Real Reports From the Nation's Trade Publications

**A**ll bottled waters are not alike. But the two latest from Le Bleu Corporation are identical, except for their packaging, according to *Beverage World* magazine. The Advance, NC., company is about to introduce a bottled water just for stock-car racing fans. Winston Cup Drinking Water, marketed under a license from cigarette manufacturer R.J. Reynolds, will be advertised as "The Coolest Thing in the Pits." The Winston Cup is a popular NASCAR racing series. Separately but with the same water, Le Bleu will sell a more upscale brand called Le Bleu Drinking Water, whose bottle will feature a copy of "the classic Blue Ridge Water Wagon painting" rather than a stock car.... Another amazing fact from the Kinsey Institute, as reported in the October 12 *AIDS Weekly*: eight out of ten gay men have had sex with a woman at least once. Funny, I don't know eight out of ten straight men who have had sex with a woman at least once...October's issue of *The Parking Professional*, official magazine of the Institutional and Municipal Parking Congress, is a special pre-election edition. Its cover illustration depicts George Bush and Bill Clinton, driving convertibles, racing toward a parking space marked



"RESERVED FOR THE PRESIDENT." Inside, an article by publisher David Ivey promises to analyze the candidates' positions "on a variety of topics pertinent to the parking profession." But Ivey's essay is disappointing, dealing only with conventional issues like the deficit and abortion (a matter of grave concern to parking managers). \*

### LEST WE FORGET

GREAT MOMENTS IN CORPORATE PHILANTHROPY  
Three Years Ago Today

**PRESS RELEASE:**

**Clorox donates products  
for earthquake relief (10/29/89)**

OAKLAND, Calif.-The Clorox Company Foundation Friday announced grants of \$100,000 each to the American Red Cross and Salvation Army for their earthquake relief efforts in the Bay Area, including Santa Cruz.

The foundation also said the company is beginning to ship products to the two earthquake relief agencies. The first product shipments on Thursday included 1,000 10-pound bags of Kingsford charcoal and cans of Kingsford charcoal lighter and 1,000 one-gallon containers of Formula 409 all-purpose cleaner.

Additionally, about 1,000 cases of Clorox liquid bleach, Soft Scrub liquid cleanser, Tilex mildew stain remover, Formula 409 (22 ounce size), Hidden Valley Ranch salad dressing, and Salad Crispins mini croutons have been shipped.

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## **Giving 110 Percent: the sports & gambling page**

### **HOCKEY (cont.)**

segment of videotape might be titled "K. Muller Suckers Gordie Roberts" or "T. O'Reilly Pulls Brian Hextall Jr. Hair" or simply "L. Byers vs. G. Odjuck." There were 90-minute tapes dedicated to single players. But the tape that caught my fancy was a team feature: "Vintage Bruins Fights, 1969-80."

I was thrilled when my tape arrived to learn that the Bruins fights it illegally reproduced were from original TV broadcasts. This meant they'd be described by announcers Fred Cusick and Johnny Pearson. Cusick and Pearson loved the Bruins and, like any hockey announcers, considered fighting skills to be a standard part of any complete player's tools. They were, of course, audibly excited whenever a fight would erupt.

Here, for example, is the verbatim call by Cusick of a scrap between Bruin Wayne Cashman and Blackhawk Keith Magnuson. "Bobby Hull shoots wide...Ravlich trying to move it out...deflects [sound of whistle] and here's Magnuson and Cashman going now! Look at that left!! *Look at that left* from Cashman! Cashman down!!! Look at Magnuson!! Oh, what a fight! Cashman *tremendous* here!! Oooohhh, that's one of the best fights you'll see anywhere!!" This was a fight that lasted about six seconds.

Pearson could become even more agitated. He would also call a fight everything but a fight: it was a "real wingding," a "brouhaha," a "donnybrook." When, in one early-1970s video clip, a round of preliminary groping by annoyed players failed to advance into a brawl, Pearson commented, disappointed, "that looks like a real *love-in* down there now."

One scene that somehow makes it onto the Vintage Bruins tape twice shows Terry O'Reilly sitting on the chest of aging hockey legend Frank Mahavolich, whose legs flail like a bug while O'Reilly pounds him incessantly in the head. As the Boston Garden crowd roars with pleasure, Pearson's nasal Canadian brogue sums up: "There's no doubt about who's the most popular player on the Bruins at this moment!"

Indeed, the most chilling aspect of watching this tape is seeing how wildly the crowd behaves during the fights. "And the fans *love it*," says Cusick, as Al Simmons absorbs some facial blows from Canadien J.C. Tremblay, just before a bench-clearing brawl erupts. Fans caught on camera have their faces pressed against the plexiglass safety wall. They're screaming hysterically, pounding each other on the back. They can't believe they're seeing this. Guys fighting!

These, remember, were the days before the Third Man In penalty, which now requires ejection of any player who joins a fight already in progress. Back then, you had goalies jumping onto huge piles of skaters, or entire teams ganging up on one man. One prolonged scene on the tape shows Buffalo Sabre Jim Schoenfeld exchanging blows with Cashman off the ice, in the runway where the ice-cleaning Zamboni machine is

# STEVE'S HOT STOVE

BASEBALL ANECDOTES

**While the Griffey's have received all the attention for becoming the first father-son combination to play together in the Big Leagues, let's not forget the infamous "father-son" pair who played in the fifties...**

As if the Yankees of 1951 weren't strong enough, the whole metro area was holding its collective breath, waiting for the major league arrival of 19-year-old Kenny Dowd, son of Yanks' back-up third-sacker Orville Dowd. On August 3rd, history was made when the two Dowds hit back-to-back singles against the Cleveland Indians. For the next month, the Dowds were the talk of Manhattan. They even met with President Eisenhower, *twice*.

Fame caught up to them, though, when a reporter for the *Times* discovered that young Kenny was not really Orville's son, nor was he even close to nineteen. As it turned out, "Kenny" was a fifteen year-old orphan. (Due to his age, his true identity was never revealed.) Orville, a founding member of the Man-Boy Love Association (MANBLA), confessed that he had fallen in love with the child while giving bunting lessons at a free clinic in Yonkers.

At a press conference before being released from the Bronx Bombers, Dowd maintained that his relationship with the boy was perfectly natural, citing the fact that the ancient Romans often spoke of relations with young boys. Hearing this, Yankee catcher Yogi Berra uttered what might be the most famous of his "Yogi-isms." The homely backstop smacked Dowd in the back of the head, saying simply, "This isn't fucking Rome, you sick, sick bastard." \*

stored, while Terry O'Reilly and Jim Lorenz lead a donnybrook taking place on the Buffalo bench.

"Fred," exclaims Pearson as the action finally wears down, "there's only one word for this, and that's gotta be...ridiculous."

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