

THE GOAL THAT UNITED CANADA



**72 AMAZING STORIES
BY CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST**

**WITH MEMORIES FROM
BOB COLE • PETER MANSBRIDGE • BLUE RODEO
WALTER GRETZKY • DENIS BRODEUR**

FOREWORD BY DON CHERRY

BY SEAN MITTON & JIM PRIME

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The '72 Project ~ What's Your Story?

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Foreword

By Don Cherry

It was the greatest tournament ever played in sports. There's no doubt in my mind about that.

It certainly united our country. We were so behind Team Canada at the time that it didn't matter if you were from the east or west or wherever – as long as we won. That was the main thing and I don't know as we've ever been that way since, I really don't. I know in the Olympics we are a little bit, but nothing like 1972. To me, even the Olympics can't compare to this. Everyone knows exactly where they were when Paul Henderson scored that goal. You can't say that about many things – when Kennedy was shot and that's about it. That's the only other time that I remember as vividly.

I think we were never again as smug as we were before the Summit Series. The way we started out the series, we thought this was going to be a runaway. I think it was a combination of being out of shape, and of scoring two or three quick goals right off the bat. That got us in a bad frame of mind for the whole thing.

And then they come roarin' back, so I did think that after that we started to get into better shape. See, in the old days – and I don't know if it was bad or good – but we used to go for three or four weeks to get in shape. In a way it was a lot better because it took us that long before our first exhibition game whereas now they have the first exhibition game three days after you get there. I say that's why we have so many injuries, you can practice off-line training and everything else. Now we train twelve months a year – which certainly wasn't the case back then. I knew we were in trouble when I first saw the guys because we were definitely not in shape – or ready for them. The Canadians made a joke

of the calisthenics and stuff like that. We didn't make fun of their stuff after that!

The line of Ellis, Clarke and Henderson was probably in the best shape of any of the Canadian players. They were "mean tryers" as I call them. They were in the best shape and in the right frame of mind. Sure, they were young but I really think those guys were in pretty good shape anyway, if you know what I mean. They were the types who didn't carouse too much and they are pretty straight-and-narrow guys if you know what I'm talking about. That's one of the reasons. I always liked those "mean tryers." They give it their all, all the time.

The famous photo of Paul after scoring the winning goal captured the joy and happiness on Paul's face. You could just feel it right through the picture. And it's as alive today as when he did it forty years ago. When Paul's at a banquet or even walking down the street people still really want to hear about it. And so they should.

To me, there's no comparison between Paul's goal in '72 and Sid Crosby's at the Vancouver Olympics. Crosby's was a great goal, don't get me wrong. I congratulate Sid the Kid and all that, but I'll tell you one thing: they're going to forget that goal long before they ever forget Paul's. Canadians are never ever going to forget Paul Henderson's goal. And I'll never forget it either.

We had no idea what we were up against and to think that we went over there to their country and beat them at their game with everything against us! Everything was going against us. They even said that if the game ended up tied, we lost. We had army guys around us, so to think that we went over there and beat them...

There will never be another series like that. Ever!





Introduction

By Sean Mitton

It's rare in a country's history when people can recall exactly where they were when a long past event occurred. It's rarer still to be able to recall, often in great detail, how they felt and what the event meant to them. Sometimes those recollections are hardwired into our memories during shocking tragedies, like 9/11 or the Kennedy assassination. But if they are powerful enough, positive moments can also take up permanent residence in our hearts and minds, moments like Terry Fox's Marathon of Hope and more recently, Sidney Crosby's Golden Goal that help unite our great country. Some forty years later, the same could be said for the '72 Summit Series.

In the past, stories from the Summit Series have been told either from the point of view of Team Canada players themselves or from the media. The players can certainly offer unique insights, but they are delivered from observers who were at the very eye of the hurricane and therefore often lack perspective. It is the job of the media to add that perspective, but their analytical accounts sometimes fail to reflect the kind of authentic, grassroots passion that enveloped our nation at the time.

This book contains insights from a wide spectrum of Canadians from every province and from a variety of backgrounds. Some were actually involved in the series in one way or another; some attended games in Canada or traveled to Moscow to cheer on their heroes. Some names will be immediately recognizable to you. Most memories are from average Canadians who watched the games on TV or listened to them on the radio. Some younger contributors did not see the series at all but were captivated by it nonetheless. In many ways, those hockey games offer a

great opportunity for generations to connect through hockey, a chance to share what life was like back in the early 1970's and reflect on the impact that series has had on the Canada we now live in.

When I explained the concept of this book to friends in the US, they couldn't understand how people were going to be able to recall a sporting event that happened almost forty years ago. In actual fact, collecting memories about the '72 Summit Series has not been a challenge at all. The real challenge has been cutting the stories down to seventy-two. I told the skeptical Americans that Canadians either have really good memories – or this series and this goal *really* meant something to them.

We've tried to select stories that are visceral, show emotion and provide behind-the-scenes insights that you may not have read about elsewhere. It's been interesting to interview people who, back in '72, were not the celebrities we know today. Before Blue Rodeo was a great Canadian band, before Glenn Howard won multiple Brier's, before Terry Fox became a national hero.

For Canadians, hockey has an amazing way of connecting generations and families. I will always remember what Denis Brodeur said to me in regards to rescheduling a call for the next morning. 'My son has a hockey game tonight.' He was referring to his son, Martin Brodeur who was about to play the New York Rangers in the NHL playoffs! If I hadn't known the difference, that comment could have come from any Canadian parent of any hockey player at any level of competition from Pee Wee on up.

When people talk about the series, the first thing that comes to mind is Paul Henderson's goal, a goal that has been replayed time and time again. This book is a tribute to Henderson and all members of Team Canada and their families who made this series a truly memorable one for an entire nation

I can only hope you enjoy reading this collection of stories as much we have enjoyed collecting them.

(Editor's Note: We have tried to present the stories as they were presented to us, with as little editorial intervention as possible. The result is a genuinely representative cross section of Canadian voices.)





1972 Nostalgia

Population (Estimated)

Canada 22,219,000
Soviet Union 241,000,000

Government

Prime Minister: Pierre Elliot Trudeau
Governor General: Roland Michener
U.S. Watergate Scandal involving President Richard Nixon

Hockey

The Boston Bruins Win the Stanley Cup
Launch of the WHA (World Hockey Association)
Bobby Hull signs first Million Dollar Hockey Contract

Sports (General)

Montreal Expo Bill Stoneman throws no-hitter (October 2nd, 1972)
Hamilton Ti-Cats Win the Grey Cup
Mark Spitz wins Seven Gold Medals at the 1972 Munich Olympics
Eleven Israelis are killed during 1972 Munich Olympics Terrorist Attacks
World Chess Championship, Bobby Fischer (U.S.) defeated Boris Spassky (Soviet Union)

Entertainment

Movie of the Year: The Godfather
Song of the Year: Don McLean's American Pie
Launch of City TV in Toronto (September 28th, 1972)
Canadian Series the Beachcombers first episode (October 1st, 1972)
First Arcade Video Game: Pong

Business

Toronto Stock Exchange Closed at 1,165
Dow Jow Industrial Average Closed above 1,000
Royal Bank of Canada Launches test of 13 ATM's in Toronto, then called 'Bankettes'
Gas was 36 cents per Gallon (estimated)

Notable Births

Canadian Olympian Clara Hughes born on September 27th, 1972
Martin Brodeur born on May 6th, 1972

Team Canada Roster

Coaches: Harry Sinden and John Ferguson.

Goalies: Ken Dryden, Tony Esposito and Eddie Johnston.

Defencemen: Don Awrey, Gary Bergman, Jocelyn Guevremont, Bobby Orr, Brad Park, Serge Savard, Rod Seiling, Pat Stapleton, Bill White, Brian Glennie and Guy Lapointe.

Right Wingers: Wayne Cashman, Yvan Cournoyer, Ron Ellis, Rodrigue Gibert, Bill Goldsworthy, Mickey Redmond and Dale Tallon.

Centers: Red Berenson, Bobby Clarke, Marcel Dionne, Phil Esposito, Gilbert Perrault, Jean Ratelle and Stan Mikita.

Left Wingers: Vic Hadfield, Paul Henderson, Dennis Hull, Frank Mahovlich, Pete Mahovlich, Richard Martin and Jean-Paul Parise.

USSR National Roster

Coaches: Vsevolod Bobrov and Boris Kulagin.

Goalies: Vladislav Tretiak, Viktor Zinger and Aleksander Sidelnikov.

Defencemen: Aleksander Ragulin, Vladimir Lutchenko, Victor Kuzkin, Aleksander Gusev, Gennadity Tsigankov, Valery Vasiliev, Eugene Poladyev, Yuri Liapkin and Yuri Shatalov.

Right Wingers: Alexander Bodunov, Alexander Maltsev, Alexander Martynyuk, Boris Mikhailov, Vladimir Vikulov and Yevgeny Zimin.

Centers: Vyacheslav Anisin, Vladimir Petrov, Vladimir Shadrin, Vyacheslav Solodukhin, Vyacheslav Starshinov and Alexander Volchkov.

Left Wingers: Yuri Blinov, Valery Kharlamov, Yuri Lebedev, Yevgeny Mishakov and Alexander Yakushev.

'72 Summit Series Scores

Game 1: September 2, 1972
Montreal Forum, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Team	1	2	3	F
USSR	2	2	3	7
Canada	2	0	1	3
W: Tretiak (1-0-0) L: Dryden (0-1-0)				
USSR: Zimin (2), Petrov (1), Kharlamov (2), Mikhailov (1), Yakushev (1) Canada: P. Esposito (1), Henderson (1), Clarke (1)				

Game 2: September 4, 1972
Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Team	1	2	3	F
USSR	0	0	1	1
Canada	0	1	3	4
W: T. Esposito (1-0-0) L: Tretiak (1-1-0)				
USSR: Yakushev (2) Canada: P. Esposito (2), Cournoyer (1), P. Mahovlich (1), F. Mahovlich (1)				

Game 3: September 6, 1972
Winnipeg Arena, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Team	1	2	3	F
USSR	1	3	0	4
Canada	2	2	0	4
T: Tretiak (1-1-1), T. Esposito (1-0-1)				
USSR: Petrov (2), Kharlamov (3), Lebedev (1), Bodunov (1) Canada: Parise (1), Ratelle (1), P. Esposito (3), Henderson (2)				

Game 4: September 8, 1972
Pacific Coliseum, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Team	1	2	3	F
USSR	2	2	1	5
Canada	0	1	2	3
W: Tretiak (2-1-1) L: Dryden (0-2-0)				
USSR: Mikhailov (2, 3), Blinov (1), Vikulov (1), Shadrin (1) Canada: Perrault (1), Goldsworthy (1), Hull (1)				

Game 5: September 22, 1972
Luzhniki Ice Palace, Moscow, USSR

Team	1	2	3	F
Canada	1	2	1	4
USSR	0	0	5	5
W: Tretiak (3-1-1) L: T. Esposito (1-1-1)				
Canada: Parise (2), Clarke (2), Henderson (3, 4) USSR: Blinov (2), Anisin (1), Shadrin (2), Gusev (1), Vikulov (2)				

Game 6: September 24, 1972
Luzhniki Ice Palace, Moscow, USSR

Team	1	2	3	F
Canada	0	3	0	3
USSR	0	2	0	2
W: Dryden (1-2-0) L: Tretiak (3-2-1)				
Canada: Hull (2), Cournoyer (2), Henderson (5) USSR: Liapkin (1), Yakushev (3)				

Game 7: September 26, 1972
Luzhniki Ice Palace, Moscow, USSR

Team	1	2	3	F
Canada	2	0	2	4
USSR	2	0	1	3
W: T. Esposito (2-1-1) L: Tretiak (3-3-1)				
Canada: P. Esposito (4, 5), Gilbert (1), Henderson (6) USSR: Yakushev (4, 5), Petrov (3)				

Game 8: September 28, 1972
Luzhniki Ice Palace, Moscow, USSR

Team	1	2	3	F
Canada	2	1	3	6
USSR	2	3	0	5
W: Dryden (2-2-0) L: Tretiak (3-4-1)				
Canada: P. Esposito (6, 7), Park (1), White (1), Cournoyer (3), Henderson (7) USSR: Yakushev (6, 7), Lutchenko (1), Shadrin (3), Vasiliev (1)				

Canada wins series 4-3-1



The Goal That Saved A Marriage

Paul Henderson ~ Toronto, Ontario

As you can imagine, I've gotten a lot of stories over the years. One of the most satisfying came in a letter that was sent to me at Christmas time in 1972. It was from a lady and she wrote that on September 28th her husband came over to where she was living and they were going to sign the final divorce papers.

The third period of the game was just starting and he asked her if he could sit down and watch the game. Now remember, they were definitely going to get divorced and she was going to sign the divorce papers that very day. Well, they start watching the final period and Esposito scored and they cheered. Then, Cournoyer ties it up and they cheer a little more and loosened up a bit. Well, when I scored they went nuts. They were very proud Canadians, and they found themselves hugging each other. He looked into her eyes and, to make a long story short, they had a talk and decided they were not going to divorce that day – and that they really did love one another.

This was at Christmas time and she wrote, 'Paul, thank you for giving me the greatest Christmas present you could have given me, because you saved my marriage. I know that if you would not have scored, my husband and I would have signed the papers, he would have walked out and it would have been all over. Because you scored, we went crazy and we realized we loved each other.'

It doesn't get any better than that!





Union Vote Delayed

Jake Bartlett ~ Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

Back in '72, I was with the Public Service Union in Charlottetown, PEI, and the various provincial government service unions across Canada thought it might be a good idea to combine to form a national union. So the meeting was held in Toronto at the same time as the conclusion of the Summit Series. The last day of that meeting coincided with Game Eight. That very day we were to vote on whether we would have a national union or not.

The debate in the morning revolved around whether we should rush the vote or delay it. Officially, the motion wasn't so that everyone could watch the hockey game that afternoon, but that was really the ultimate purpose of it. So any decision about a national union was put off for a year, really so everyone could watch the game.

That afternoon we went back to the hotel and got together in various rooms to watch the hockey game. I was with a number of others from the Island. We all tried to order room service for food, but no one would answer the phone. Anyone who did actually get the order phoned in, I don't think they ever got it. Not only were all the hotel guests watching the game, but also the hotel employees!

When Henderson scored there was a lot of hoopin' and hollerin' throughout the hotel! Then it was off to celebrate at the bars on Yonge Street. A great day for sure!





Ice Dreams

Blue Rodeo (Greg Keelor & Jim Cuddy) ~ Toronto, Ontario

There are some stories that catch you off guard...because they're so remarkable. That can be said of the story from vocalist Greg Keelor of the great Canadian band Blue Rodeo. After describing what the '72 project was all about, I asked him if he was a hockey fan. 'Yeah, I like hockey,' he said casually. After listening to his story, I had goose bumps.

In 1972, I was trying out as a goalie for the Toronto Marlies and we practised at the historic Maple Leaf Gardens. At the end of the tryout, I was the last guy on the ice collecting pucks from around the boards. Team Canada '72 would be the next team to practise. At the end of the rink, the great Bobby Orr steps on the ice. He was injured and didn't play in the Summit Series, but was on the roster. Orr's out there kind of goofing around and taking shots on me. A few minutes later, the Big M, Toronto Maple Leaf Frank Mahovlich, joins in. We played for about 30 minutes. What a memory!

— Keelor

Long before Blue Rodeo was on the music scene radar, Jim Cuddy and Greg Keelor both attended North Toronto Collegiate Institute (NTCI). At that time, Jim knew of Greg through football as an acquaintance. He also knew he was a 'hockey guy.' Little did they know that forty years later they would be inducted in to the Canadian Music Hall of Fame.

Growing up, I was a Toronto Maple Leafs fan and I believe Greg liked

the Canadiens. The guys I cheered for included Frank Mahovlich, Davey Keon and Carl Brewer.

The day of the eighth and final game of the Summit Series, the school let everyone go early. So we went to my friend Donald Wilkin's house for a party to watch the game. There were probably between 50 and 70 people there, including Greg. We all crowded around the TV and celebrated when Henderson scored!

— *Cuddy*





The Photo

Denis Brodeur ~ Montreal, Quebec

It is one of the most iconic and instantly recognizable photos in Canadian history: Paul Henderson, arms extended above his head in celebration and exultation written on his handsome face, embraced by teammate Yvon Cournoyer as Vladislav Tretiak lies helplessly in the goal crease and a downcast Soviet player skates past. For the photographer, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and not one, but two Canadians captured it for future generations. Denis Brodeur was one of them. He also owns a bronze medal as a member of the 1968 Canadian Olympic team for whom he played goal.

I went to Moscow to cover the '72 Summit Series as a freelance photographer. Months before I left, we had our fifth child, Martin (Martin Brodeur has gone on to become one of the great goalies in NHL history). I did a lot of work for the Montreal Canadiens and the *Montreal Gazette*, but for this series, I was working under five different contracts, including one for a magazine, one for John Ferguson, and one for an upcoming book.

One of my concerns going to Moscow was how was I going to develop the negatives in order to get the pictures out? Well, during the beginning of the series, I made friends with a Russian photographer and he helped me get them developed. That was pretty significant as I had over 100 film cartridges. We remained in touch up until the '74 Summit Series, then I never heard from him again. I even tried to connect through Tretiak once.

For the first three games of the series, I shot with a colour and black and white film. For the last game, I didn't want to take any chances, so I just shot in black & white.

I remember the last game we're trailing 5-3 going into the third period and I thought that things weren't looking very good. I was down by the boards between the blue line and the net. One of the photos that I didn't have was of the Russian coach so I vacated my location to get the shot.

Next thing you know Canada scores to make it 5-4, then scores again to make it 5-5.

I had to hustle back to my spot. During the series, I formed goodwill with the Red Army guard by giving him chocolate bars and bubble gum, so I knew that he would look after my spot.

When it came time for the Henderson goal, I had 19 shots left in my camera and used them all for the goal! (*Editor's note: Ironically that's Henderson's number*) I've missed a lot of good pictures in the past by watching and not taking, but I knew that I had this shot! The hockey gods were with me.

Back then you manually had to focus the camera, so I was anxious to see if the photos came out clear. An oddity about the last role of film was that typically you have 36 shots per roll, but on the Henderson goal there were 38 shots.

Standing beside me at the game was Frank Lennon, a photographer for the Toronto Star. He also has a shot of the Henderson goal which is almost identical to mine. Even though we covered for Toronto and Montreal papers, there was never any rivalry. We were friends. (*Editor's note: Lennon passed away in 2006*)

My two favourite shots that I've taken over the years are the Henderson goal and when I was on the ice for Marty's first Stanley Cup. Marty has a framed picture of the Henderson goal in his trophy room, autographed by Henderson. It says something like, 'I'm glad I didn't have to score against you!'





Greatest Tournament Ever Played In Sports

Don Cherry ~ Kingston, Ontario

Cherry is best known for co-hosting “Coaches Corner” on Hockey Night in Canada. Cherry was voted the 7th greatest Canadian on CBC’s special, “The Greatest Canadian.”

I was coach and general manager of the Rochester Americans and we were playing that night of Game Eight. We had a morning practice and we were out on the ice skating and the trainer came out and said, ‘It’s tied, you’ve gotta come in!’ We all ran in the dressing room in our uniforms and here we are, these grizzled American Hockey Leaguers, listening to the radio, eh? When Paul scored it was really funny. We were still in our uniforms and we were jumping around as if we’d won the championship! In our Americans uniforms! It was really something.

Actually, I saw the team just before the series and I knew we were in trouble. I went up to Toronto and they were at the Hockey Hall of Fame, and I saw that they were not in shape. You know how the hockey players keep in shape twelve months a year now? These guys, I don’t think half of these guys had even skated! I knew we were in a fix and I figured we were going to have problems. The way we started out confirmed it, but the feeling was even worse after Vancouver. Vancouver was the low point of it all, when our own people booed us.

The final result was redemption, I tell ya. It was a really tough series and boy what a relief. I think we were more relieved than happy, if you know what I mean. When you’re in hockey all your life – I mean we

were *dedicated* to hockey – and all of a sudden the Russians are beating us!? And especially a guy like *me* who was so pro Canadian, you know? And we were getting it from all over. Like from our *own people* we were getting it! ‘We’re not as good as we think we are’ and all that. So it became more than a hockey game – it became their way of life and our way of life. It was the greatest tournament ever played in sports. There’s no doubt in my mind.

This is thing that got me. As I said, we weren’t in very good shape when we got started, but the more we played the better we got. I think if we’d played another five games we would have been even better. That’s what I think happened. The Canadian spirit came through and that’s what many of the Russians have said – in fact their head guys have said it: ‘We can skate as good as them, we can stick-handle as good as them, we can do everything as good as them – but somehow or other we don’t have that Canadian heart that refuses to lose.’ And that’s comin’ from a Russian!

A good word for the Russians is robotic. They had a style coming out of their end, they had a style for everything and they didn’t deviate from that style, whereas if you look at how we scored the goals – Esposito bangin’ the puck and goin’ over to the boards. We innovated. We did it as it came along. It was spontaneous and, you know, Paul – bing-bang and everything like that. So they had their way of coming out of their end – and they’ve changed now – but back then they were like an army coming out of their end. Well, they *were* the army, whereas we could innovate.

I talked to many of the guys – including one of the trainers, Frosty ForreSTALL, who was an American believe it or not, but he was the trainer for us. He said you just couldn’t believe the tension in the place – with the soldiers and Jean-Paul Parise when they gave him the misconduct. It was a war and I think the guys were awfully happy to get out of there to tell you the truth. It was like a war and I know some people who were over there. They say it was unbelievable, the feeling in the building when we won.

To me it’s absolutely ridiculous that Paul is not in the Hockey Hall of Fame. A lot of people think he just scored the one goal. Well he had three winners and seven goals, and he was the outstanding player of the whole thing, and to have the guy in the Hall of Fame who *lost* the last four games and *let in Paul’s goal*...he’s in the Hall of Fame and Paul’s not in the Hall of Fame? Nobody can understand it! Everybody in hockey that I know of, we just can’t figure it out. I don’t know what they’re smokin’

when they do that, I really don't. I don't know. I wish I had an answer for it but I know everyone in Canada thinks he should have it. You couldn't get anyone better to represent a Canadian than Paul.





The Cole Call

Bob Cole ~ St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador

We all know the Foster Hewitt call, if not verbatim then darn close. But there was another call of Paul Henderson's Summit Series' winning goal in Game Eight. This one was on radio, and the voice would one day become the voice of Hockey Night in Canada for another generation of Canadians.

'Cournoyer steals it. A pass in front, Henderson...was upended as he tried to shoot it. Here's another shot. HENDERSON RIGHT IN. HE SCORES! HENDERSON! The team pours over the boards. They're mobbing Henderson. They're hugging Henderson. And Kenny Dryden...I've never seen a goaltender do that (inaudible) from one end of the ice to the other, over 200 feet, all the way. And team officials are over the boards. Henderson has got to be the hero of the entire nation now...34 seconds left. They have a 6-5 lead. Can they hang on?' (CBC Radio transcription)

I remember being in a broadcast booth that was not very high up. Compared to the Toronto or Montreal press boxes, it was about 40 per cent as high. The booth that I was announcing from was enclosed with glass. I didn't like that because you couldn't hear the whistles and the sounds of the game. Russian security said they didn't have time to make the changes. Before the game, I loosened the screws, and then Dick Beddoes (*Hamilton Spectator* sports journalist) began to jimmy the glass out. It wasn't long before five or six members of the Red Army were there

– and they weren't going to let that happen. For the final three games, however, the glass was removed.

Every day there was one bus for the media and we all traveled together. Our guide was a Red Army lieutenant. I think her name was Raisa. We always had the feeling that we were being watched.

After the final game everyone was pretty exhausted. It was the end of twenty-seven days, and it was an intense evening. We returned to the lounge at the Intourist Hotel in Red Square. I recall that Foster Hewitt was there with his wife and they had only been recently married at that time. I remember Peter Mahovlich and a few of the other players came by. The win was a tremendous relief.

Meanwhile, we had the feeling that there would be celebrations back home, but we didn't know. There were a lot of telegrams that were sent and they lined the walls by the Team Canada dressing room, so we knew there was a lot of support.

On the way home, we flew from Prague to London and then Montreal. Prime Minister Trudeau was there to greet the players as they landed. Some of the Canadiens got off the plane there – like Cournoyer, Dryden and Mahovlich. *(Editor's note: Some people estimate there were 25,000 people waiting to greet Team Canada at the Dorval airport)*

I was asked to introduce the players as they got out. Afterwards the PM asked when I was heading home to Newfoundland. I said tomorrow morning. Well this was during an election year, and he said to his secretary 'Vic, get Bob's bags, he's coming with us tonight to Newfoundland.' So the Mounties grabbed my bags and I traveled first class with the Prime Minister home. I was the first off the flight and was greeted by many of his Liberal supporters.

It was a really big series to announce, but it was a big series for a lot of media back in '72. With all that was happening politically and hockey-related, I don't think this series will ever be replicated.





Canada's Wake-Up Call

Gary Doer ~ Winnipeg, Manitoba

Gary Doer is the 23rd Ambassador of Canada to the United States of America. Prior to taking up his current position in Washington, Ambassador Doer served as Premier of Manitoba for ten years.

I was with my buddies watching the final game at one of their houses. I had attended Game Three in Winnipeg. I remember we were down. We thought that, 'Boy, they had a great recovery in some of the losses they had in Canada and this is potentially a bad way to end this great, great hockey series.' But Canada came back and got the tying and the winning goal, and we were all very excited about it because the series certainly didn't start off the way Canada expected!

It was a good wake-up call for Canada. It showed what they had to do to be what we consider the best hockey country in the world. But it was also a good wake-up call for the Soviets at that time in terms of realizing the kind of grit necessary to go to the next level. Of course they won the World Hockey Championships recently, but and I stress the word but, a lot of Canadians were still playing in the NHL playoffs at that time. We'll see in the next Olympics as we still hold the gold medal.

It was a very memorable event for all Canadians!





Waving The Flag For Canada

Lauri Ravello Gallaway ~ Cape Breton, Nova Scotia

This is the story of how an 11 year old girl from Cape Breton, NS, was responsible for Canada winning the final 1972 Summit game against the Russians.

This will be a short story, as my memories about my life then, even earlier that day, and what happened after, really don't exist.

But on that day, September 28, 1972, I remember the game, and I remember the goal, and how I was personally responsible for the win that day...or so I thought!

I've been asked, 'Why do you remember it?' 'Were your parents hockey fans?' 'Was your brother a hockey player?' No, they weren't. But I do remember that I loved hockey, and I loved my favourite team, the Montreal Canadiens, and I remember the rivalry on the school bus during hockey season about what team was going to win what game. I remember arguing with a girl that her team, the Minnesota North Stars, or as I called them, the Minnesota Door Knobs, were never, ever going to win the Cup.

I guess it was my overall love for the game that had me sitting on the living room floor that day, by myself, glued to the TV, with my little Canada flag in my hand. I watched the whole thing, my stomach in my throat, and in that last period. I started waving my flag. And I didn't stop. I knew that if I did, Canada would lose. And so I waved, and I waved and I waved.

And then it happened. Henderson scored that goal, and the joy and pride of that moment lives on in me like it was yesterday. And, of course,

I knew that it was because of me that we won the game. That was quite an accomplishment for an 11 year old girl from Cape Breton, now don't you think?





Wired For The Game

Richard & Leslie Galpin ~ Coldbrook, Nova Scotia

I had just started working as a lineman for Maritime Tel & Tel (now Bell Aliant). On game day I realized I had no chance of finding a TV 40' in the air...so when I got up in the morning I thought I should take a radio to work...at least then I could hear the game! I then realized the only transistor radio I could find belonged to my girlfriend. This radio had been a gift to her and I was doing my best to take good care of it. When the game started that afternoon, I climbed a pole on Young Street in Truro (NS), over top of the railroad tracks. It was near the end of the game, and I had to keep yelling the highlights to my partner who was on the ground.

Then...the unbelievable happened and Henderson scored! Just as he scored, I reached over to grab the radio that was hanging from a bolt, and in all my excitement it slipped out of my hands, and went crashing down onto the railroad tracks! The end of the game and the end of the radio! When I got down the pole, the radio was in 100 pieces, but it was all worth it, as Canada had won!

You could hear horns blowing everywhere and every car that drove by rolled their windows down to let us know we won! These moments I'll never forget!

Oh yes...my girlfriend must have forgiven me, because we've now been married for 39 years!

— *Richard Galpin*

I actually DO remember where I was during the game.

I was working for the City of Halifax at the time and one of my duties included filing – in what was usually a very quiet room. I arranged my day so I could take a radio to the file room when the game was on, and, as you can imagine, I had so many visitors, I barely got my work done... and yes...the filing room was much noisier that day! When Paul scored the winning goal, the entire department was in the filing room and everyone was cheering!

I later learned that my future husband Richard was up a pole. As for him destroying my radio, it died in a good cause!

— *Leslie Galpin*





To Russia With Paul

Eleanor Henderson ~ Streetsville, Ontario

As we arrived in Moscow, down in the series, my mindset was that we had something to prove. Not just in hockey, but for our country and systems. We can't go home losers now! I felt we could come back in the series, but you could really feel the pressure and the intensity.

I vividly remember landing in Russia on the tarmac and seeing the Red Army with their guns. I was thinking, 'We have three babies back home. Get me back into the air, I'm not getting off here.' That was the old mentality of the Iron Curtain.

They were not the friendliest bunch and when they took our passports, again I thought, 'What are we doing here?' It was very scary. Many emotions came into play, the fear of the unknown. As far as I know, we were the first professional team to come to Moscow.

Taking the bus to the hotel, I remember the bleakness. It was gray and dull and uninviting. People didn't look happy whatsoever. People were standing in line and we didn't know what they were in line for.

It was stressful and unnerving and you never knew what to expect, because the Russians would throw the unexpected at you. When we had the schedule, there would always be something that came up that would change it. For example, one day we were supposed to have steaks and somehow the steaks disappeared. You never knew what was going to happen next.

Then at the end, the Russians were going to declare themselves the winner if we didn't win based on scoring more goals. Well, where did that come from!? You just never knew what was going to happen.

During that series, Paul was in a different zone. We had been married several years at that time and I had never ever seen this intensity – of him rising to this occasion, to be so absorbed in this whole series.

It all came down to the last period of the series. The intensity! It was *Oh my god, guys you've got to do it! We have to pull this out!* All the wives were a little uptight. You don't want to think doom and gloom, but your palms were a little sweaty and your stomach was in knots. I remember thinking I don't care who scores, just somebody turn that light on.

Looking back at the last minute, it was surreal. I go back and think: How? Why? When he scored I don't think the joy hit right away, it was more relief.

There's a great picture of Paul after the game. He was one of the last guys in the dressing room and he's sitting there in his long johns and he's just spent! It was one of my favourite pictures of him. He gave it his all!

I think back to after the game. We were on the bus going from the arena to the reception, I think the two of us rode in complete silence. It was just such a relief, and to know that he was the one to come through three games in a row. As I said, he was just in a different zone for that whole series.

We really didn't get a sense of the celebrations till we got back to Canada. I came home to signs lined all over our front lawn and all over the house. At that point, you could really get a sense of how much it impacted our country. The impact was far greater than you ever thought it would have been.

Then when the fellas came home, we went to the airport to meet Paul and then went to City Hall for the big reception down there. It just poured rain, what a wild night. Afterwards, when we turned the corner coming down our street, it was just lined with cars and people. It was just such a warm welcome! We couldn't believe the gratitude of the people. The support for the players was amazing.





Worlds Apart

Jim Herder ~ Aurora, Ontario

Where was I when Paul Henderson scored that epic goal in 1972? Seated about twenty rows behind Ken Dryden who was in the Canadian net.

I heard about the Air Canada/Aeroflot trip to Russia late in August, a few days after several of my friends in St. John's, Newfoundland had signed on to go. As a result I was assigned a seat on Aeroflot while they were on Air Canada. At the time I was disappointed not to be with them, but, looking back, I had a completely different experience than they did – and I am glad of it.

We landed at Sheremetyevo International Airport late at night and met head-on with the officialdom of the Communist mentality. Two hours of intimidation, officials searching every one of our bags, checking papers and other manufactured delays led to frustration and created a tension that was unnecessary – but that would stay with us for the full ten days in Moscow.

The bus that took us to Game Five in Moscow was full of highly charged emotion. We started the cheer 'Da Da Canada – Nyet Nyet Soviet' at the top of our lungs and we were ready for anything – or so we thought. As the bus entered the grounds that led to the Luzhniki Sports Palace we looked out the windows in disbelief. Standing shoulder to shoulder were hundreds of soldiers of the Soviet Army. The bus got eerily quiet as it travelled the mile or so in the park leading to the arena. Most of us had probably never seen so many soldiers in one place. It was sobering to say the least. We learned a bit later that it was to protect the

General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Leonid Brezhnev, who was attending the game.

That was not all. In the rink, posted at the end of each row of seats in the section reserved for the Canadian fans, were more soldiers, and they were occupying the seat of the unlucky Canuck who held that particular ticket. As the seats were individually marked on bench type seating, as opposed to individual seats, the Canadian fans simply got that ticket holder to come into the row, then we all pushed against the soldier until he fell off the end of the row. Problem solved.

It seemed the Russian fans seated around and across from us were all dressed in black winter coats. We were wrapped in our flags. Once the action started, the bugles, trumpets and whatever noisemakers we had came out to urge our boys on. The Russian soldiers must have sensed impending revolution, as they waded into the rows to try and confiscate the offending horns. Being inventive, we Canadian fans simply passed the horns up, down and around and frustrated our tormentors.

The fans were coming together as a team. We came from small towns, cities and rural areas from all across our great land. 3,000 of us taking on the Russians. Phil Esposito described it as a war on the ice. And that it was. It was happening right in front of our eyes, and we were the only ones who could help our team.

The Aeroflot travelers were given rooms at Moscow University, as the downtown hotel rooms were all full. Many hockey fans had come from other countries as well. I won't complain about the university food, but it was not great!

One off day, a group of us went exploring around the university campus. We went into the main building and by happenstance ran into a student who spoke perfect English. He offered a guided tour and we gladly accepted. He took us to the top floor to see the sights from the observation deck.

When the elevator door opened, there was another comrade from the military waiting for us. A heated discussion took place, and the student turned to us and said, 'He says there is no observation deck.' We didn't want to get the young man in trouble, so we left. To this day I regret not asking him to join us for a coffee and talking about what it was really like in Russia during the Cold War. I also regret not writing about my experiences for my hometown newspaper, *The Evening Telegram*, where I worked in sales, but it was long before email or faxes, and the

thought didn't cross my mind until I was over there, far too late to get press credentials.

My roommate was working with the CBC, and he must have likened himself to James Bond, because every morning when we left the room, he would arrange his belongings in a certain way to see if they had been tampered with during our absence. I kidded him about it at first, but then the proof was in the pudding as the contents of our clothes drawers and closets, were examined every day.

Another time a friend I had made on the plane, Hugh Graham, a postal worker from St. Andrew's, NB had his camera ripped out of his hands on Red Square after he took a picture of the Kremlin. The plainclothes policeman opened the back of the camera, tore out the film and uttered the now familiar "Nyet."

Worse, we were down on the ice, and now faced the daunting task of winning three consecutive games to escape Moscow with a Canadian win. Nobody gave us a chance, the Russian Bears were growing with confidence, and all that stood between them, ultimate victory and world domination – were 20 hockey players and 3,000 frustrated fans, who would ultimately rid themselves of their growing exasperation in the rink.

Henderson had scored the winning goal in games six and seven. Canada 3 wins, Russia 3 wins, 1 tie. Game Eight was for all the marbles. It is the end of the second period: Russia 5 Canada 3. Heads were down in the stands and in desperation someone yelled, 'Next goal wins.' We knew that at 5-4 the Canadians would be energized and all hell could break loose, however if the Russians scored the next goal to make it 6-3, we were toast. So when our players came onto the ice for the third period we all started chanting, 'Next goal wins!' Thirty years later, I ran into Phil Esposito on his way to a reunion the players had at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto.

I asked him, 'Did you hear that chant?'

'You're damn right we did,' he said.

Who scored goal four? Phil.

When I read about the ending of Game Eight some years later, I was amazed to learn that Henderson was not even supposed to be on the ice as the clock wound down, but he spotted Peter Mahovlich running out of gas near the Canadian bench and Paul screamed at him to come off, and jumped on in his place.

Henderson skated into Canadian history, picking up Esposito's rebound and burying the puck behind Vladislav Tretiak with just 34 seconds left. I put my head in my hands and prayed that they would not find a way to attack us once more.

Game over.

We sang *Oh Canada*. I started to leave the arena, only to see a young Russian boy in tears, with his mother trying to console him. I wanted to stop, and try to explain – but I couldn't. We were worlds apart.





A Brother's Influence

Anne Klisanich (Barilko) ~ Timmins, Ontario

Anne's brother, Bill Barilko, was a 5'11," 180-pound defenceman from Timmins, Ontario who lived a short but dramatic life. Fittingly his career began in Hollywood, California, a PCHL affiliate of the Toronto Maple Leafs. A hard checker, he advanced to the Maple Leafs and played in Toronto for five seasons, four of which resulted in Stanley Cups. In 1951, he scored one of the most famous goals in NHL history in OT of Game Six of the Stanley Cup finals. Later that year he died in a plane crash in northern Quebec. The Tragically Hip later wrote a song honoring Barilko called Fifty Mission Cap.

I've been a hockey fan since I was a little girl growing up in Timmins, Ontario. My brother and I used to play floor hockey with a ruler and marbles and we used to listen to Foster Hewitt and the Maple Leafs games on Saturday nights. That's what we did as youngsters.

On February 4th, 1947 we got this phone call. Billy phones home and says, 'Oh Anne, I'm going to play hockey for the Leafs! Ship my clothes to the Westminster Hotel in Toronto.' I knew what the Toronto Maple Leafs were, but I didn't know what the NHL was. They made a big fuss about my brother in Timmins after that. He was in the paper. I said to my friend, 'What's the big deal about Billy playing hockey in the NHL?' He says, 'Anne, you're gonna hear your name on the radio!' I said, 'You mean Foster Hewitt?' and he says, 'Yeah!' I told my mother, 'We're going to hear our name on the radio every Saturday night!'

Of course, we're glued to the radio every Saturday night and I keep

getting all these articles from kids who got the newspapers, because we couldn't afford to buy them, so I started making a scrapbook for my brother. What else is there to do in the winter in Timmins? After that I knew what it was all about.

Bill looked after my mother and me and we would come down to Toronto by train to watch some of his games. So that's how I got hooked on hockey. I continued to follow hockey after Bill died and I was always a Leaf fan.

Like Bill's goal, I also remember the excitement of the '72 Summit Series. I'll never forget that time. I was working for the City of Etobicoke and we listened to the games on the radio.

I felt sorry for the Canadian team. They weren't getting the support from the news media and the hockey fans. I remember Phil Esposito and Frank Mahovlich saying, 'What's the matter with you hockey fans? You're not backing us.' So they probably said, 'We'll show ya!' and they did!

It wasn't just our office that celebrated when Paul scored, it was the whole building. I was so happy that Paul did that for our country. I was especially pleased because he was a Toronto Maple Leaf at that time.

It was a wonderful celebration. I agree with so many people out there, that there should be a special place for Paul at the Hockey Hall of Fame. I don't know if it will ever happen, but he doesn't make a very big deal about it. He's very humble, like my brother Bill. He's a wonderful man for people to respect.





Hard To Be A Journalist That Day

Peter Mansbridge ~ Winnipeg, Manitoba

In 1971, Mansbridge moved to Winnipeg as a reporter for CBC Radio, and in 1972, joined CBC Television. He became chief correspondent and anchor of The National in 1988.

I was a young reporter in Winnipeg at that time and had just been in the business a couple of years. I remember that day pretty clearly because I was assigned to go out and visit a few schools and watch them watching the game. And so I did that and I had to come back to the studio, and those were the days of film where you had to get the film to the lab to get it processed before you could edit the story. For that reason, we'd left before the game was over and I can remember being in the newsroom for the third period and the sort of sag in the newsroom because they were losing at the beginning of the third period. And then how they kind of caught up, and then how Henderson who was probably the most unlikely of candidates because you usually think in these big games, the hero of them will always be some superstar. Henderson was known but he was not a superstar.

Then, as you know, he had the winning goal in the last three games and that remarkable last minute when he scored. I mean it was just like... people were screaming and yelling and it was crazy. And this kind of feeling that everybody in the country had and the kind of pride...

It was hard to be a journalist that day because people were so caught up in it. It was such a unique championship in a sense because we'd never played the Russians on that level as pros and we were used to always

losing at the amateur rounds to them. But we thought we were going to thump them, and then suddenly it was unbelievably tight and we were coming back and it was just an amazing story.

It kind of united the country. One of those things that hockey does for Canada is that you suddenly find out, around certain things like the Stanley Cup often, but certainly at that time, where you could pretty well point to anyone across the country and you knew they were all watching the same thing. That doesn't happen very often in our country, as big as we are and as diverse as we are. But on that day, they were, and whether it was in a little school in Winnipeg or somewhere else in the country you knew it was that kind of feeling. That's my story.





Radio Days

Marilyn Mitton ~ Georgetown, Ontario

When I was a child living in rural New Brunswick we had no electricity. I remember sitting around the radio on a Saturday night to hear the hockey broadcasts in the days of six teams and well-known players. One's imagination was alive and vivid!

Now it's September 28th, 1972 and I'm the mother of two young children on that momentous day. Even then it was not the TV, but the radio that was turned on to get the buildup and hype to that final game of the Canada-Russia Series. I had kept abreast of the previous games through newspaper, radio and TV news, but on that day, there was no question...I was going to listen to the game on the radio.

I would describe myself at that moment, not as a hockey fanatic but a cheerleader for our hockey team and for Canada, full of hope and expectation for a thrilling outcome. Totally into the game, picturing the dynamics through the announcer, I paced the floor, listened for the children to wake from their afternoon naps, tried to putter in the kitchen with supper preparation...and in short, was a nervous wreck. I remember at one point near the end of the game where I thought I was going to have to shut it off, I was in such a tizzy with a crazy racing pulse and heart beat!

Then, the moment!!! At the peak of my emotions, I jumped up and down and immediately started weeping...for joy! I couldn't stop crying! I thought Paul Henderson was the most famous human being in that instant! Then, I recall thinking that I had to talk with or tell someone, so I ran out the back door to my next door neighbour, scarcely able to tell

her what had happened. I'm sure she thought I was crazy! I don't think I had ever experienced such a euphoric sensation in my whole life to that moment.

It was not to be repeated again until the Canada Winter Olympics final Canada-USA game and the other famous goal, by Sidney Crosby.

Oh yes, I remember it well!





It's A Canadian Thing

Jim Prime ~ New Minas, Nova Scotia

*Prime is the author of several sports books including **How Hockey Explains Canada** which was co-authored with Paul Henderson.*

I was driving an American colleague to the Halifax International Airport where he was catching a return flight home to Minnesota. I resented having to drive him because I was unable to watch Game Eight. But I was able to listen to it on the radio and the more I listened the more nervous I became.

As I approached the airport, Paul Henderson scored the winning goal. Not only did I have trouble controlling the car, but also I immediately got a nosebleed. There I was one hand on the steering wheel and one pushing Kleenex into my nose. My American colleague gave me a puzzled, slightly bemused look. 'It's a Canadian thing,' I said proudly.





Henderson's 'Hat Trick'

Carol Ann Simon ~ Toronto, Ontario

I remember the '72 Summit Series well. I was in the eighth grade attending the Homeland Sr. Public School in Mississauga, Ontario. Being a figure skater, we didn't always get along with hockey players due to scheduling ice time and ice conditions, but I was excited about the '72 Summit Series.

They played all the Russian games over the PA system except the eighth and final game which they showed on TV in our home room.

It was 5-3 heading into the third period and people were freaking out. Paul Henderson scored the game winning goals in Games Six and Game Seven, so we were hoping that we could will him to do it again for the final game.

I remember classmates saying, 'I'll eat my hat if Henderson scores.' Another commented that he would eat his ruler.

Well, he did it again, and we all celebrated and my classmate mockingly chewed on his ruler.

It was the most excitement in my young life. I'm not sure much more was done at school that day!





Passing the Torch, Henderson Cheers Crosby's Goal

Paul Henderson ~ Streetsville, Ontario

This is the story of where Paul Henderson was during the Sidney Crosby 'Golden Goal' that occurred during the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympics Gold Medal Game between Canada and the United States.

Eleanor and I were speaking at a marriage conference in Victoria, BC. We missed the first period of the game and then we had a break and I got to watch the next two periods. The game is winding down and I'm looking at my watch and I think I'm going to see Canada win and then go back to speak.

Well, (Zach) Parise scored with just a bunch of seconds left...oh no! So Eleanor and I had to go back to speak. I said to the couples, if any of you have a radio or anything...because we had talked about the game and what we were going to do...I said if the US scores, don't say a word, but if Canada scores, please just yell it out.

So about 15 minutes into the talk, this lady stood up. 'Canada scored! Crosby scored!' The whole place went nuts! I started, just spontaneously, to sing *Oh Canada*. Everyone stood up and we all sang *Oh Canada*. Unbeknownst to me at that point, we had six American couples in there! They were so gracious, they understood our enthusiasm.

That's the only time I've led the singing of *Oh Canada*!



About The Authors

Sean Mitton

Sean Mitton has interviewed many hockey legends including Paul Henderson, Wayne Gretzky, Sidney Crosby, Yvon Cournoyer, Darryl Sittler, Mike Bossy, Eric Staal, Marc Staal and Jordan Staal.

He is the Founder of the Canadian Expat Network (CEN), the leading website for Canadians living abroad. CEN provides e-newsletters, news of upcoming events and stories of interest for Canadians living abroad.

CEN has also published a Curling e-Resource Book in partnership with USA Curling, promote Terry Fox Runs internationally and has worked with Labatt Blue on a program called “Hockey Night in the U.S.” CEN is proud to have RBC Bank as a sponsor in the U.S.

Sean grew up in Georgetown, Ontario.



Jim Prime

Jim Prime is the author of fifteen sports-related books and has contributed articles to various magazines and newspapers. He has co-authored books with Canadian hockey icon Paul Henderson, baseball immortal Ted Williams and baseball philosopher Bill “Spaceman” Lee.

Jim is a rabid fan of the Boston Red Sox in baseball and the Montreal Canadiens in hockey, and points to Ted Williams, Jean Beliveau, and Paul Henderson as his sports heroes.

Jim grew up in Freeport, Nova Scotia and lives in the beautiful Annapolis Valley with wife Glenna. They have two children and two grandchildren.



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A moment in time.

It's rare for a person to remember exactly where he or she was at a single moment in time, some four decades past. It's rarer still for an entire nation to hold a collective memory of such a moment. This kind of hardwired retention usually results from group trauma — the shock of assassination, large scale tragedy, or natural disaster.

Occasionally, the event that galvanizes a population is a happy one. Such was the case when Paul Henderson scored the memorable goal in '72, that won the game and united Canada.

This book contains 72 stories that revolve around the '72 Summit Series between Canada and the Soviet Union. Viewed separately, they are very personal, even intimate in nature. When they are strung together they begin to tell a larger story, a uniquely Canadian story of love for our country and its game.

The Summit Series becomes the focal point for Canadians to express themselves. Their comments are sometimes funny, sometimes poignant, often passionate, and always engaging. Some saw heroism, some patriotism, some a kind of coming-of-age for Canada. Some saw or heard Game Eight from the tops of telephone poles, others in coal cars or cardiac care units. Some were lucky enough to see games in person, either in Canada or Moscow. But the physical vantage point didn't matter as much as the viewpoint they brought to the event and the one they came away with. It's a diversity of thought and opinion that reflects the best of who we are as a people.

"It was the greatest tournament ever played in sports. There's no doubt in my mind about that." — Don Cherry

"We sang Oh Canada. I started to leave the arena, only to see a young Russian boy in tears with his mother trying to console him. I wanted to stop, and try to explain — but I couldn't. We were worlds apart." — Jim Herder

"That didn't even come to my mind — that I was a descendant of the Russians. I never ever thought of it. It was just 'I'm a Canadian and we won! We beat the Russians.' Absolutely no mixed allegiances!" — Walter Gretzky

"...you could pretty well point to anyone across the country and you knew they were all watching the same thing. That doesn't happen very often in our country, as big as we are and as diverse as we are. But on that day, they were, and whether it was in a little school in Winnipeg or somewhere else in the country you knew it was that kind of feeling." — Peter Mansbridge