

once again.... kamp kanawana's
3rd annual street hockey blow-out

5-HOLE SAM'S
2006



STREETHOCKEY JAMBOREE

IN MEMORY OF LEGENDARY NET-MINDER, 5-HOLE SAM, who's peculiar style of goaltending earned him the admiration of all who tried to get the puck past him.

saturday, sept 9th

12 - 6 pm, easton ave. montreal west
behind royal west academy

A riveting street-hockey TOURNAMENT AMONG 4 QUALIFYING TEAMS

KK Camp Staff, KK Alumni, 2 Teams of Sam's Friends
2 PLAY-OFF GAMES; ONE FINAL GAME for the Trophy

raffle prizes sausages
corn-on-the-cob
t-shirts

A CHANCE TO MEET UP AGAIN WITH KAMPERS & counselors - Bring your friends - Bring your family -
Bring anyone loves hockey, knows what it is to be a "fan" and needs to have some fun.

All proceeds from this event go to the YMCA Kamp Kanawana Sam Lazarus Fund. This fund was created in Sam's name to give disadvantaged children an opportunity to experience the splendor of the great outdoors in a caring and supportive environment. Sam's love of children and his unique way of relating to them made him a special presence at camp and a wonderful mentor to those he worked with. We hope this fund will keep his spirit and values alive at Kamp Kanawana for many years to come.

THE LEGEND OF 5-HOLE SAM



On occasion, an athlete appears peddling a heady dose of talent, perseverance and gamesmanship previously thought unattainable. As with Ruth, Gretzky or Jordan, these figures can achieve an almost god-like status- capturing the hearts and minds of millions, and forever changing the face of their respective sport. In other instances, however, innovators are hidden from the public eye- neatly stowed in the troves of those few, appreciative souls lucky enough to have encountered their mythical talents. Such is the case with the West-End street-hockey league's late and great goalie, *Five-Hole Sam*.

Born of the streets, and not of the ice, Sam's virtuosic abilities were entirely self-taught, if not somewhat unorthodox. The playful moniker of "Five-Hole" was handed to him early in his career, on account of his lone weakness in goal: a large, gaping cavity between his legs, where balls gently rolled, unimpeded, to the back of the net.

Despite this singular failing, Sam could stymie his foes with sheer determination. In order to save even the simplest of shots, he would often resort to the most dramatic means at his disposal. Arms a-flailing, legs akimbo, torso twisted in dubious contortions- these were the wily wares of *Five-Hole Sam*.

Whether fielding the blasts of *Klubber Kip*, or the fluttering wrists of *T-Bone Tom*, or simply poking aside the dexterous dekes of *Left-Eye Louis*, *Sam's* domain was safer than any, and could often appear impenetrable. Orange balls whistling past his ears, careening off his mask, welting his chest and back- no challenge, it seemed, could be slid beyond this young master... unless, of course, it was directed at the space between his legs.

By the end of a hard day's work, *Sam's* opponents were routinely robbed of both dignity and pride, and left in a rueful state of disbelief. Nevertheless, the damage was always done with a wide, warming smile. A champion of camaraderie and benevolence, no act of kindness or generosity could ever be put past this king of the sun-drenched pavement... unless, that is, it rolled toward the space between his legs.