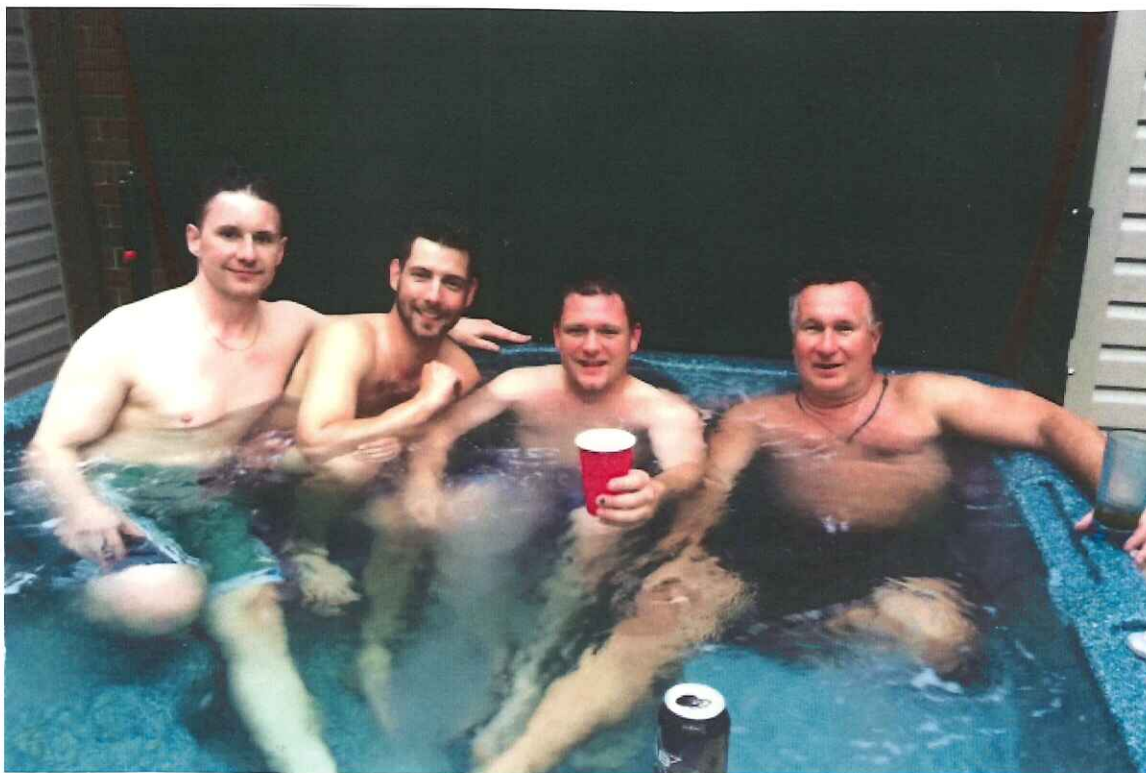


200th Issue !



When we think of the 200th issue of the St. Felix we think of 'four guys in a hot tub having harmless fun'. These four guys, the past (Stevie) the Future (Rocky) The committed (Chico) the Player (Crow)...here it all is in a nut shell. If not for the Windsor Tomcats and the St. Felix, would these four guys be in a hot tub together, at any other time, in their lives ? The St. Felix was designed to keep the players, 'floor hockey' interest in the summer, to have them come back in September....and here it is...200 issues later....we think it has done its part....enjoy!

Editors, St. Felix
November, 2014

The St. Felix had asked for contributions for this issue from the past and the present, the wives and the daughters, please take the time to scroll through it. It all started with one page and lots of spelling mistakes, to several pages with lots of spelling mistakes, to colour pictures and quotes galore.

The idea behind the St. Felix was to keep the guys interested over the summer, we never thought it would grow to 200 issues. Thanks for reading the past 199, here is the 200th and the nice thing about this one, is that it comes from you the reader, the player, the fan.

Enjoy!

St. Felix Editors, Photographers, Reporters

Dear Tomcat Organization,

I thought it might be worth my wild to share with people of your ilk, how the Tomcat Organization has changed my life. Please take this with a grain assault, for all intensive purposes, I thought I minus well give you my point of you. Let me start by saying that I used to dread Tuesday knights. I would spend the entire day curled up in the feeble position thinking I was star craving nuts. You're probably thinking that this is an old wise tale or supposedly a pigment of my imagination.... but it's not. The Tomcats have changed me.

I am now on the straight and arrow and have a new leash on life. People no longer use me as a scrapegoat. I am no longer like a bowl in a china shop.

One of the french benefits of playing Tuesday knights, which I never take for granite, is the huge muscles and dashboard stomach I now have. I don't mean to put the cat before the horse, and I'm no pre-maddonna, but I just want to tell you my story from my vintage point. It never ceases to amaze me how being a Tomcat has allowed me to sew my wild oaks. Now don't get your nipples in a twist because you're not gettin' any. Let me tell ewe, my never regions are always in the throngs of passion. It's almost like having an outer body experience. I don't want to make you squirmish, but the Razors' nightly conquests can't stop screaming as they go from one body shaking organism to another.

I guess the only down side of living the Tomcat lifestyle is having to attend Alcoholics Unanimous. It's worth it.

Thanks for changing my life,

Internally Grateful,

Razor

“When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished by how much he'd learned in seven years.”

– Mark Twain

TOP TEN 200'S IN TOMCAT HISTORY

By George 'The Turk' Metulynsky

10. The number of times per year Stevo say's, "I'm not having fun."
9. The number of times per night Snowpants falls down.
8. The number of times in Tomcat history the Turk has used the "n-word" to shock and amuse.
7. The number of times per night The Rake swings his s tick in the corner battling for the ball.
6. The number of women and/or under-aged girls bedded by Junior in his stellar career.
5. The number of shots (not the booze kind) the Mayor would take on any given night, no matter where he was on the floor.
4. The number of welts and bruises Tomcat goalies would get before we discovered pads.
3. The number of times per year The Legend would throw up his hands and drop his stick while the nearest Tomcat grabbed his ankle in pain.
2. The number of times Rex would say "I'm getting too old for this" on a typical Tuesday night.
And the number one 200 in Tomcat history?

200 EDITIONS OF THE ST. FELIX!

Tomcats Join Twitter!

The Tomcats are pleased to announce that they have joined the 21st Century, and are now an active member of the Twittersverse! You can now follow us @windsortomcats for all the up to date information. Those that are new to Twitter and what it encompasses, this is basically a 140 character place to share your thoughts, plans, concerns or whatever else we want. I've figured this would be an awesome place to market the strength of the Tomcat brand so that we can leverage this for future Corporate Sponsorship opportunities. We all know that Bell Canada has been in talks with our senior management team for the advertising rights, and having a social media presence will fill a void that was identified by more than one other sponsor. Rogers Media will be showing @windsortomcats during the broadcasts of the games, and we may even be able to display it for the outdoor game, or the tournament. A great strength of Twitter will be the marketing of Snowpants Escorts. Updated images and pickup locations are displayed and links to images may also be available.

So give us a follow, and catch up with the rest of the world. It won't be long until the likes of Rihanna, Jennifer Lawrence, Selina Gomez, Kate Upton and other ladies are checking out our updated Tomcat News.

Chico!

A Tidbit from your Minister of Golf:

Every year the Tomcats plan to get together during the hockey offseason. No, it's not the NHL Draft, it's the Annual Windsor Tomcat golf tournament.

Another time to see everyone come out, have fun and laughs and hone their golfing and non-golfing skills on the links. The past couple of tournaments have been held at Seven Lakes but plans are in the works to see if we can change the venue as a change of pace.

As your organizer for this event, it gives me great pleasure to continue having this traditional event and hope we can attract more and more fellow Tomcats and friends each year. There's no question, it's all of you that make this event truly special and fun, especially Stevo who has undoubtedly assisted with the planning.

I can't begin to recount all the memories and times we all share at this event. From fireworks blasting off to golfers sporting some unusual and colourful attire to the times we have back at Hollywood's for dinner and drinks. For the past couple of years, Hollywood and his Lady Di have graciously hosted the party afterwards. The Tomcats say thank you for all you have done.

As we continue to plan for next year, I welcome any and all your ideas and suggestions to making this event better and better each year. Next year as indicated earlier, we may be playing a different course and hope to arrange to have dinner on site. The date tentatively set for next year is **Friday June 12th, 2015**. Please arrange to keep this date available on your calendar as we hope to have as many Tomcats participating.

Until next year ... *Snowpants*



Nick Lelyk and the Turk, George Metulynsky, across from them, Billy Meeke, 2 behind Spanky is Hollywood. Bulldog can also be seen in the picture and 4 behind Spanky is the Hurricane.
St. Felix 1991

A Daughter's Perspective

The printing press of the St. Felix is a small windowless room in the basement of 216 Cada Crescent. Its hours of business are indicated not in a sign at the door, but by the yellow glow of the desk lamp and the man sitting in his chair, hunched over stacks of pictures, permanent markers, glue sticks, and an open Microsoft Word document. These are the tools of the craft.

For how many years I have wandered down to find my dad laughing at a quote he had assigned to one of the players, concentrating as he glued article and picture down against paper, and his smile at the finished product. You, the reader, have held this finished product many times, and have now come to find it on the new website. But the best part of the St. Felix for the daughter of its creator was the process. It was finding my dad in his office where he would let me sit and watch, or he would let me read and I got to help with the grammar. My father is no saint, but he has breathed life into the St. Felix for many years. It has been a pleasure to be the daughter of the St. Felix and the Windsor Tomcats.

Alexandra Hillary Jaworiwsky

Sheep Dog Speaks

Last year I was invited to come out on some Tuesdays and play some ball hockey. Hockey and beer? I was in, two of my favourite things.

Well over the weeks I got to learn everyone's unique nickname, figured out players' skills, and got to hear some great stories after the games on the stage whilst enjoying a cold one. I can now say, "I've seen the inside of Purple's". (Scratch that off my bucket list.) I have even enjoyed some of the famous Tomcat parties. Some I remember, some I don't ...

As my second season approaches I can tell you the one thing I look forward to most is hanging out with a solid group of guys.

My father once said to me, "A man is judged by the friends he keeps." I am proud to say I'm a Tomcat and lucky to have become friends with all of you.

Cheers!
Jamie Lamb

How I See It, By Doc Brewin

The WINDSOR TOMCATS! What can I say that hasn't been said before? I guess the only perspective of a Tomcat experience would be to give a perspective of a year in the life of being able to be a Tomcat. It seems to never end but it actually begins with the emails starting in late August when the hype of the new year begins. The anticipation is slow to begin but by this point you start realizing what's really at stake. The friendships the comradely the fun of the sport of chasing that little orange ball around a simple gymnasium that sits beside the St. Vlad's church for which we all know as the Kapusta Cow Palace! It always seems like a slow start at the beginning of the season but I think that's mostly out of fear from everyone knowing that the first few weeks there is going to be 'sucking wind', big time after all those summer BBQ's and BEERS!

Once we all settle in for the season and find our groove we look forward to those Tuesday nights, It's like when most people look forward to "HUMP DAY" except our day comes one day earlier!

Then throughout the year all the extracurricular activities of Christmas Parties, Hockey Pools, Purples visits, Annual Tourney, Golf tournaments, Road trips, Volleyball tourney..... and it goes on and on. Then it all seems to come to an end far too quickly by June. Yes it is nice to have a break from Tomcats over the summer but I am sure there are more than a few of you out there that actually go thru withdrawals! You start to realize after you play your first or second season how fortunate you are to be associated with such a great group of guys they actually become more of brethren. That's easy to say but when it push comes to shove you know this fine group of guys will always be there for you. It's an honor and a privilege to be able to be associated with such a great group of guys! I know most outsiders would likely consider this tight knit group to be somewhat of a cult but I say Hey! we don't drink Kool Aid! we drink MGD, the official beer of the TOMCATS!!!

Doc,

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to share my memories towards the 200th edition of the St Felix....A lot of blood, sweat and beers , championships won and lost were had at the Kapusta Palace. I would like to see the Legend's dressing room transformed into a Gondola Sports Bar overlooking the Tomcats floor hockey rink with the Official Tomcats Plaque hanging over the bar that reads..."If it smells like fish eat all you wish...if it smells like provolone leave it alone". Chicken Wings and MGD on tap would be on the main menu available for all Tomcats on the house. It would give us retired alumni such as the great Sea Lion Connelly, Rex Brennan and the Legend a place to go to get a front row seat and cheap beers while critiquing all the up and coming Tomcat wannabees.

A little after the game pole dancing supplied by Silvers, Cheetahs and Studio54 dancers would also serve as a great incentive to take the edge off...anything short of that would be uncivilized and would warrant a draft by all freedom loving Tomcats to join the Ukrainian National Army to fight those unruly Russian invaders or we would just send a delegation of the finest Tomcat all-stars and challenge the Ruskie to a game of floor hockey winner take all – naturally we would win!!!

From one Tomcat to another...may the Tomcats St Felix be blessed with another 200 editions...

Later
The Legend
Tomcats Forever...

Foot Note: it should be noted that the Legend's dressing room is now the Tomcat room, so it is being put to good use, but it would be nice to see chicken wings and MGD served in there!

The Addition of the Minx "The Better-Half Division" Jodi a.ka. The Cleaver

As all good stories begin this one involved a few glasses of wine, a hot tub and a couple Tomcat wives looking to spice things up!!! In the winter of 2012 the Minx were conceptualized and in the summer of 2013 the idea was made a reality with the First Annual Tomcats Vs Minx Volleyball Tournament and after-party!!

First formed by Chico's wife Dijana (known as Schneider), and me, Jodi (now known in the Tomcat world as The Cleaver) and the Minx took the Tomcats by storm and left them wanting more.....especially at the after-parties!!

The Minx are widely known as "The Better-Half Division of the Tomcats", and after 2 years of Minx festivities; I think we can all agree that this slogan is true!!

The Minx plan to grow and expand their organization in the coming years. Another annual volleyball tournament is planned for 2015 along with a Minx Wine and Cheese night this coming winter. So if you are tired of your wives bitching to you about how much time you spend with the Tomcats.....pass their name to The Cleaver and Schneider so they can join in the Minx fun!! Don't worry boys, we won't corrupt them to badly!!

Jodi, a.k.a. The Cleaver

*You miss 100 percent of
the shots you don't take.*

Wayne Gretzky

From the Matador

Since starting with the tomcats four years ago, I've enjoyed nights after hockey drinking beers with the boys. The hard fought games, stories shared on stage, and many laughs are things I enjoy the most. One of the funniest things I find about being a Tomcat is how I still after 4 years I still do not know all the guys real names.

Everyone has a nickname and it's rare to hear someone called by their first name! Well here's to many more beers on stage with some of the best guys I know!

Stay thirsty my friends!

El Matador!

*One man can be a crucial
ingredient on a team, but
one man cannot make a team.*

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

I want to congratulate The St. Felix, the many contributing writers, editors and the entire Tomcat Nation on the 200th edition of the St. Felix. Few publications, other than perhaps Mad, rival the unique contribution the magazine has made to not only floor hockey enthusiasts but also medical science especially the field of Neuropsychology.

I have always felt in order to retain a youthful spirit and guarantee longevity one should escape from reality whenever possible and for as long as possible. During my earlier years Tuesday nights at the Kapusta Palace provided me with yet another opportunity for that escape.

I can recall my compatriots performing at the highest levels of professional floor hockey. Good memories and great times with such legendary players as Bobbo the Legend, The Mayor, George the Turk, Nick, Louie, Dan, Bulldog, and of course the spiritual leader of the Tomcat Nation Steve. The list of players goes on and on but just too extensive to name everyone. Thanks to all.

Congratulation again on this milestone. Please keep the flame burning as I sing the proud words of Tomcats Forever.

Garnet Albert a.k.a. Rex. #4

Hurricane Insight (eye of the storm)

I was amazed last year that the Tomcats celebrated 25 years. Now, it is the 200 hundredth edition of the St Felix!

I never could have dreamed this would happen. Who really could foresee it? I can remember clearly Stevo wanting to do something to keep the fellows interested.

So he spent many a midnight shift in his police cruiser thinking of ideas, articles, interesting stories, tidbits etc..

Steve would then go home and write the paper.

However, not only was Steve the reporter, he was owner, managing director, editor, photocopier and mail room boy. He would write it, print it, photocopy it, address envelopes, affix postage and then mail them! That's dedication.

What's even better, the format has never changed, even with it online. What a comfort it is to open it on the website and see that familiar page outlay and jagged handwriting of Steve's.

I don't think of the St. Felix as just a newsletter. All those editions are a historical record of the team and its player history. It has captured all the good, the bad and the ugly. Over those 200 hundred editions, players have come and gone, marriages have come and gone, affairs have been had, new Tomcats have been born (both in and out of wedlock), Tomcat field trips chronicled and special events promoted. The game itself has changed, with wooden sticks, goalie pads, timed games and mini tournaments but the St. Felix has remained the same.

What sticks out the most over those 200 hundred editions? The anticipation of reading it, and the, warm, fuzzy feeling you get if your name is mentioned.

I sure hope I am playing when the 300 hundredth edition is published.

Hurricane Hann

A trophy carries dust.

Memories last forever.

Mary Lou Retton

From Coach Connelly.....The Sea Lion Speaks:

I want to share some thoughts on my career and experience with the Tomcats. I was introduced to the Tomcat organization in the mid 1990's by Dave "Hurricane" Hann. I was new in Windsor and had no social network. My initial impression was this was a good group of guys to hang around. I certainly did not possess a lot of floor hockey talent (just ask Crispy 'cause to this day the best pass he ever received for a game winning goal was fed to him by me...too bad he was on the other team). The lack of talent really didn't seem to matter to the Tomcats and I certainly loved to play. What struck me most was the tireless energy Stevo put into the organization, being a leader arranging for Tomcat swag, hockey tournaments, nights at Purple's, Christmas parties, golf tournaments, etc., and how the guys came out and supported all the activities. The floor hockey was the excuse to get together but it was all the other stuff that really solidified the group and would make you feel you were part of something special.

I'll never forget being captain of the Tecumseh Stingers which was a huge underdog team in the tournament. I don't think we won a game in the round robin; we tied them all which got us to the finals. In the final minutes of the game we were tied, and I scored a goal that ended up being the winner and the Tecumseh Stingers won the Stanley's. The euphoria of that event spilled over to the Stanley's Cup parade with me and Mrs. Sea Lion sitting on the back of Stevo's blue 1979 Corvette waving to the huge crowd (at least 2 teenagers sucking face and 3 others having a smoke) behind Tecumseh arena.

In a Essex 99r's / Belle River Bucko's tilt, I managed to score the winning goal for the 99'rs to take the series. This some of you may recall, is now the famous line of Finner's who said, " we just got beat by a bunch of pig farmers from Tilbury".

I also will never forget a Tomcat golf tournament where it seems I just couldn't get enough alcohol. In those days you would have a can or bottle of Pepsi and you would spice it up with alcohol of your choice. This was known as a "Belle River Pepsi". That night I had several laced with rye. Towards the end of the evening I said something which was the first and only time I ever doubted my Tomcat brethren. I said to Stevo, Crispy and Mayday, "There is no rye in this Belle River Pepsi". Well apparently there was 'cause I don't remember much for about 16 hours after that until I awoke on my bathroom floor with the flower pattern from the tile floor tattooed to my face. Funny how Mrs. Sea Lion reminds me of this from time to time.

When I retired from playing I was offered the Head Coaching position for the Tomcats. What a thrill to still have a part in the organization. I was asked by a reporter from the Windsor Star what it felt like to be an ex-Tomcat. I smiled at him and told him that he didn't understand the team at all- you are never an ex-Tomcat, you are a Tomcat for life. He went on to ask, "What is different now versus the Tomcat early years". I told him some of the faces change but the camaraderie, friendly competitiveness, antics, talent, generosity and the essence of the Tomcat spirit lives on as strong as ever!

Coach Dan "Sea Lion" Connelly

*Do you know what my
favorite part of the game is?*

The opportunity to play.
Mike Singletary

*It is not the size of a man
but the size of his heart
that matters.*

Evander Holyfield

BELLE RIVER BUCKOS – AN ERA

By Nick Lelyk

Girard, Finnerty, Lelyk, Morris, Goob Durocher, Ditty, Matton, Jameison, and Jennings or otherwise known as Chrispy, Finner, Daddy, Goob, Sauce, kid (Ewe – Tomcat name) The Buckos were a powerhouse of legendary proportions in those days.

You either played for the Buckos or wanted to play for the Buckos. It is a fact that most, if not all Windsor Tomcats had conditional offers on houses for sale in the Bucko territory. Tomcats houses from Amherstburg to St. Clair Beach had for sale signs on their front lawns.

What happened? Why are all Tomcats not from Belle River? Until recently, the answer to this question remained a mystery. Not even media whore TMZ could scoop the storey. It turns out that Bucko Morris bought every house for sale in Belle River during that time because he was a multi-millionaire player at the time and he didn't want any of those guys playing for the Buckos, with the exception of Stevo.

Due to editorial space constraints, I will try and give you the straight goods on the guys who could *dipsy, do, dangle, shoot, pass, fight, sing kareoke* and last but not least, have a great time hanging out away from the rink. I will do a mini profile on the super stars that changed the floor hockey game, were marketing success stories and fan favorites. These guys redefined the game.

Bucko Morris

He was best described as a hard-nosed two way player who could pass shoot, score not to mention play net. This guy redefined the goalie position and was literally a 3rd defenceman. He set up and scored many goals while playing net. He wasn't crazy about going in net but he was good at it. As a position player, he could be a spoke in the wheel or the whole wheel. He is best known for throwing one of the few punches in Tomcat History in a scuffle with Junior. There are many Bucko stories but my personal favorite is when the City of Windsor CAO came out for what amounted to a cup of coffee with the Tomcats. He pissed Buck off, and Bucko tossed him about 5 feet and last I heard the former CAO was hiding out in Inisfil, ON and has retired from hockey. Are you wondering what Bucko is doing now? After he retired from hockey, he worked in the private sector. His shrewd business acumen has paid off with a position in upper management with an undisclosed firm. Chris Girard, who works for the same firm as Bucko was contacted for a comment and asked if this was indeed true? Chrispy replied, "Yup, Bucko is a shooter now". Chrispy was asked if Bucko forgot where he came from. "No comment, but he is still a Bucko", said Girard. Bucko was recruited by Chris Girard, perhaps the greatest Tomcat of all time and certainly, the best Bucko of all time.

Chris Girard

Number 6. Inducted into the Sports Hall of Fame in Wallaceburg for baseball. He cried at the tender age of 12 when Finner, a stud baseball player from Riverside busted up Chrispy's no hitter. And 25 years later, had the newspaper article printed on a coffee mug and gave it Chrispy for his 40th birthday. (I know the math doesn't add up Louis so shut up). Recruited by Nick Lelyk, Chrispy enjoyed a long career with the Tomcats and was a fan (and ladies favorite. Funniest Tomcat moment. "When Danny came late to the Leafs vs redwing game, jumped on the floor and passed me the ball up the middle and I scored the winning goal. Daddy and Stevo were weeping on the stage", said Girard laughing as he recalled the moment. Chrispy, the inventor of the Belle River Pepsi, recalled the party when Danny exclaimed, "there is no rye in this Pepsi". The story goes that Danny spent several hours on the ceramic tile in the john after that party. What is Chrispy up to now after his retirement? He models women's medium golf shirts, holds down a full time job at an undisclosed firm and camps a lot. When asked what was the strangest thing anybody ever said to him, Chrispy recalled the time when the rake asked him, "Chrispy, if you ever were camping and you work up with a condom hanging out of your ass, would you tell anybody"? Chrispy, bewildered and shocked at the question replied "No". The Rake says, "You wanna go campin"? Since that time Chrispy never discloses where he vacations in the summer.

Nick Lelyk

An original Tomcat. Former point guard with the Fabulous Thunderbirds. Stevo and the Father of modern day floor hockey, Dewey Cantagallo figured out in short order that playing professional recreational basketball was a buzz kill, so they founded the Windsor Tomcats. Nick and Stevo go way back to Toronto WSIB days. Lelyk is one of Stevo's most trusted advisers. What is he doing now? After being traded to the Sault Ste. Marie Beagles for and 18 year old Swede, who turned out to be a bum, Lelyk is back full time with the Tomcats and loving it. Lelyk is a doctor of occupational disease in Sarnia, Ontario and his clinic is world renowned. Best quote. "Why the fuck didn't you tell me the guy had rods in his back. Maybe I could have saved Danny's hat"

Gerald 'Finner' Finerty

Another Girard recruit. In his gambling days, Finner would pop by the garage on Friday afternoons to drop off his football picks. He would show up at about 5, drop his picks off and immediately leave by 10. In a Belle River Bucko's vs the Essex 99ers game, the only loss the Buckos ever experienced, Finner barked at the boys, "We just got punked by a bunch of pig farmers from Tilbury". The ride on the Belle River bus was awful for the team as Finner dressed the boys down with a barrage of verbal abuse that resulted in a garage team meeting and many Belle River Pepsis. The guys did some soul searching after that loss and never lost again. What is Finner up to now? He is running one marathon a week and is a slick Wall Street stock broker." I have all this cash, but I will only fly Porter", said Finner.

Mark 'the Eagle' Jennings.

The Eagle invented the Eagle breakout play. Defenceman behind the net, quick look, quick pass to the centre circle, shot on net. Only the highly skilled Buckos could and can still run that play and get away with it. Junior has been practising that play for years, but it usually results in a grenade up the middle for a scoring chance. The Eagle's dad, Mr. Jennings, who was a professional soccer player in the English Premier League was a regular at Tomcat tournaments and helped the team out by being scorekeeper/timekeeper before Hollywood invented the Electronic score clock that was built by Sparky. The Eagle acted as a DD for the boys to keep them out of trouble in those days. What is the Eagle doing now? He owns 100 car dealerships in Ontario and is busy.

Goob, Sauce, Ewe, and Ditty also toiled serious time for the Buckos. Solid guys. Ditty once streaked around the gym after a tournament. Ditty also sponsored the Tomcats in the Landau Gage days. Those nice jackets are long out of style but are still seen being worn or sold around the Windsor area. Great guys and a lot of stories.

The Buckos were successful because they were solid guys who clicked playing hockey. The Buckos brand also was established for a professional recreational ice hockey tournament team. These guys were ambassadors and many friendships continue to this day because of hockey. Say what you will about the Buckos, but not one Bucko ever thought they would put the screws to Stevo when they retired and moved on. Unlike many other players who played for the Tomcats.

When I was doing the research for this article, I asked the guys what current Tomcat player would fit in as a bonafide Bucko. The unofficial survey suggested that Crow would be a decent enough candidate, but he doesn't drink enough.

Tomkittens as I Live and Breath By William Morrison Meeke

Settle back Tomkittens and pay attention. This Tuesday night cult to which you devote your mind, muscles and livers has a storied history, much like the early days of the Original Six. Only a few of the seasoned veterans remain, staggering onto the floor at the venerable Kow Palace of Kapusta Hills in hopes of reliving a glimmer of the glorious past. What started as a bunch of fancy boys in pink T-shirts playing basketball under the name "The Fabulous Thunderbirds", evolved into the multi-million dollar organization you cherish today. It was Dave "Dewey" Cantagello, who after an abysmal, inaugural basketball season offered the infamous suggestion: "Fuck this...let's play floor hockey." From plastic sticks and bare-assed goalies, to the state-of-art game played today, cult-leader and spiritual guide Stevo has devoted a large part of his life-energy into creating this dream of hockey utopia a reality. So much so, the line of Tomcat clothing and accessories now boasts a larger selection of items than Calvin Klein. The many trips and golf outings spawned from cat comradely over the years has created a volume of business that rivals Sun Quest Travel.

The Tomcat history is rich and littered with a cast of characters better suited for the back-lot at a Hollywood film studio, than sweating on the perogy parquetted floor. Your humble scribe's alcohol idled mind can only now see ghosts of memories, leaving much of the detail adrift in a faulty memory. But why let the facts get in the way of a good story! And what a story. Any tales are best told by those who lived in those glorious moments. Not read, but rather recanted like Indian elders to young warriors around the campfire. Besides, most of you illiterate rubes have a difficult time reading the instructions for your blow-up dolls, so I won't over-tax your feeble minds with historical ramblings. But rather, let us explore Tomcat lore with a series of "talking points", that after a spirited campaign in the arena and while enjoying the elixir that gives most of you your so-called personalities, you can engage in hearing the "living" history of the Cats. From Stevo, Turk, Hurricane, Bandura, Sea Lion, the Rake, Bulldog and Spanks. The tale lies in the telling kittens.

Here's a few prompts that will help you nudge a salty yarn out of the old cats:

- 1) What's a Ukrainian shower?
- 2) What did Dewey hurl in Bad Axe?
- 3) Who said "Did I do all you guys last night", after waking up in a Battle Creek hotel room?
- 4) How many times did Bandura hurl on the golf course?
- 5) Why did The Legend's bandana pop straight off his bald pumpkin like the head of a rock'em, sock'em robot; which lead to the declaration: "No Hats!"?
- 6) Why the Saint Felix?
- 7) Just ask about any Mayor story.

That should be plenty of conversation starters for even the most socially retarded of you lot.

"Sto lat" Tomcats...may this live on for another hundred years!

SPANKS

A Tale.....ALL Tomcats can relate to...

By Rocky Comartin

It was a cold, snowy morning in the Rocky Mountains. The air was crispy as day light started to take over from the cold winter darkness...the forecast called for sunny skies. Little Stevo set out to tackle his chores on his families' hillside ranch. The snow covered ranch sat high upon the mountain, and the roof peaks of the Danish-styled chalet looked straight out of Denmark. With all the fresh snow that had fallen, Little Stevo needed to put on snowpants and his Doc Martins before heading out.

Once outside, Stevo took in a deep, chest filling breath of the fresh mountain air. A nature lover at heart, little Stevo stood momentarily to appreciate the glorious sounds of nature...the fierce call of the falcon, or was it an eagle, possibly a crow?? A little bunny hopped ever so stealthy across the smooth, fresh powder. It was as if Stevo was momentarily mez-merized by the raw nature surrounding him. Regaining his focus, Stevo made his way to the old shed. Inside, he called for his beloved dog. Bubbles was a great companion to Stevo and was found wandering aimlessly in the foothills of Alberta years ago. When Stevo's family took in Bubbles, they weren't really sure what breed of dog he was...he looked to be a mix of many...part sheepdog, part bulldog, and seemed to have husky eyes.

Quickly, little Stevo started on his chore for the day...cleaning the shed. He grabbed all the yard tools that were left astray from the summer and arranged them neatly along the shed wall...first the shovel, then the hoe, then the rake.

Suddenly, something in the driveway grabbed his attention. First, the sound of wheels creaking through the untouched snow, then the beep of a horn that was clearly from the Chevy mail truck. Could it be the belated birthday gift from his uncle? As the driver rolled down the window, the sound of music began to fill the quiet morning with the tunes of Richie Valens' La Bamba...an odd jingle Stevo thought.

Turning off the music and the annoyingly loud windshield wiper, the driver greeted Stevo, "Top of the morning to ya young bucko...I have a package for ya." Stevo quickly snarled the package from the man's hands and searched for the label...sure enough, it was from his uncle. "Thanks Mr....ah...Mr...hmmm ... Sorry sir, I don't know your last name," Stevo said embarrassingly. "Bundura...I am Mr. Bundura," replied the driver. "Thanks Mr. Bundura," said an excited Stevo.

Stevo ripped open the package to find a note from his uncle. It read:

Dearest Stevo,

Your Aunt and I wanted to send you a birthday care package to help you through the cold winter. We know it is tough up there compared to where we live in Hollywood. Sure, we have to deal with earthquakes, wild fires and the occasional hurricane, but those are simple compared to the freezing cold of the Canadian mountains. To help keep you warm and well fed, we have sent along some of you favorite American items you enjoy when visiting us...Skippy peanut butter, Big Turk candy bars, Junior Mints, Flintstone vitamins, famous Burrito Brothers ready-to-eat fajitas, and a jar of Big Ragu Saus. Also,

since you are a growing boy, we have sent along your first razor so you can start to shave the peach fuzzy that is sprouting on your chin.

We hope you are enjoying yourself this winter and look forward to seeing you soon.

Sincerely,

Uncle Chico and Aunt Lovie

On his way back across the yard to put the package in the house, Stevo stopped dead in his tracks. Not more than 20 feet to his left, beyond the rickety fence along the driveway, stood the most vicious animal in the mountains...the bearcat badger! This ferocious animal was known to be an aggressive killer, especially in the winter months when other food sources are scarce. The legend states that this animal dates back to pre-historic times and that a pack of bearcat badgers once killed a t-rex. While that may be a fictional tale, Stevo himself watched a You Tube video of a bearcat badger tear apart a sea lion in a matter of minutes!

Stevo was frozen in fear and did not know what to do. The badger was transfixed on Stevo like a bull focuses on a matador. Stevo wished he could call out for help...a may day call if you will, but there was no one around to help. Stevo wondered if he could make a run for the house, knowing full well as soon as he started to move, the badger would attack. After mustering enough courage, like a kamikaze pilot, Stevo darted with all he could towards the door. Fearing for his life, Stevo lunged for the door handle and was able to pull it open, slide through and close just as the badger got there. Narrowly escaping with his life, his youngblood pumped furiously through his veins as he lay on the floor trying to catch his breath.

Unfortunately, Stevo realized he lost his gifts trying to escape the badger. He looked out the window and saw the badger ripping into all the wonderful treats. "That's a damn shamus," Stevo thought to himself. Having just spent all his energy, Stevo decided to forego his shed cleaning chore and just relax in front of the fire and television.

Stevo scanned the channels for something interesting to watch. He checked out MTV Cribz, then reruns of Miami Vice, followed up with some old-time shows, Lunch with Soupy Sales and that show about those kids named Alfalfa and Spanky. He even spent some time on TVManila, watching a closed-captioned Philippine version of Family Feud, hosted by Ogie Alcasid. He became so bored, he spent time watching local access cable where the mayor, Bernie Finner, talked about his latest efforts to end wasteful spending in the mountain town of Mount Zaba. Elected just 3 years prior, Mayor Finner, nicknamed "The Bernanator" for his direct get-things-done approach, hosted a weekly talk show to discuss his plans for the small town.

Finally, Stevo found a channel airing recent matches from the Canadian Wrestling Foundation (CWF). He had turned to the channel just in time to see the battle between two former heavy weight champions...Johnny Spinner and The Irish Zoomer. Both wrestlers were known for their acrobatic moves off the ropes. The Irish Zoomer ultimately prevailed but only after the referee missed the fact that the Zoomer's manager, JJ UK, hit Johnny Spinner with a folding chair when the referee's attention was diverted.

After that match, the lights went dark and the pounding intro music of the current CWF champion bellowed through the TV speakers. The spotlight came on and highlighted the entrance of CWF's most infamous and loved-to-be-hated superstar, Bill "The Bruiser" Butowski. The Bruiser was draped in his purple wrestling tights and matching cape, and was looking to defend his 3-year unbeaten streak. However, in today's clash of the titans, The Bruiser would have to face another CWF superstar, Sparky Spokane. Sparky was a beloved superstar who made a reputation by winning with class. The match got underway when suddenly...

Stevo was awoken by his wife, Michelle. Stevo looked around and realized he had fallen asleep in his chair trying to come up with another story to add to the 200th edition of the St. Felix...writing articles for 200 editions is no easy task so who can blame the guy for getting a little tired.

CONTEST – Be the first Tomcat to successfully identify all Tomcat nicknames used in this story to win a prize. Submit your answers to Rocky!

**We have almost come to the end....
of the 200th St. Felix...not Hockey**

HOLLYWOOD SUMS IT UP

Wow two hundredth issue of the St Felix, so my brother graduated from Mohawk College with a radio broadcasting diploma.

Who'da thunk doing news stories on CHOO country AM Durham Region would lead to the 200th issue of the St. Felix.

He still liked delivering the news, so he figured out how to utilize the St Felix as his creative vice!

Steve-O went to a psychic once. She didn't tell him that there were going to be 200 issues of the St. Felix.

I went to the same psychic, she told me a bunch of bulls#*% as well! Everybody probably recalls the early issues of St. Felix looked like terrorist letters with cut out newspaper letters.

With photos chopped out by scissors on photocopies of photos of different bodies.

My brother's biggest fear was printing out 50 issues of the St. Felix and nobody reading them, in fact he was scared people were using them to line their bird cages?

Do any active Tomcats have any pet birds? Not that anyone would admit to that!

Here are some things people always enjoyed reading, or seeing in the St Felix; Crispy's Mustache...the Sea Lion singing Karaoke...Detroit - Toronto specialty games team photos...Tomcats Calendar...Quotes from the Mayor... Tournament team photos...The Rakes seven layers of sheetrock in his basement, he almost has mastered taping and mudding...Tournament drinking out of Stanley's Cup... photos from the golf outings...issue 69, when beer appears on stage(whooahhh)!...people not getting the concept of call/text/email if you cannot make it?...Bucko's-99ers game...various tournament team names...61 Proof concert announcement...photos of a skinny Bulldog...photos of Sparky with hair...

issue 117Steve-O slamming stick to the ground screaming" this is supposed to be fun, and I am not having fun"...issue 64, Tomcats almost losing the Kapusta Kow Palace..

funny quotes from Steve-O "my brother will take over the Tomcats soon" Hollywood saying back "my brother will never leave the Tomcats to anyone, like Charlton Heston saying at the NRA meeting 'from my cold dead hands' "... Sparky's eighteen stitches...photos from year end parties...goalies wearing volleyball knee pads and a hockey glove for a blocker and a baseball glove for a trapper... Steve-O ponzi, gambling bout for spring jackets...the Legend singing Karaoke... Julian Gauthier getting banned for life...Kapusta Kow Bar and Grill Menu...Libby...Canada -Ukraine specialty games...Handsome photos of Spinner...Bunny's cartoons...Christmas party...New Christmas party...Spanky's St.

Felix(s)... Squeezebox plays eleven minutes total with the Tomcats...Hurricanes Tropical Depression...Muk Fluk Chuck Buck...Around the Boards...Tomcat Programs...Miami, Al and Rick...

Now, I know I missed a ton, but I am going to rest it there.

To all the Tomcats I missed, I apologize, I did not do it intentionally. I probably only looked at about one hundred issues of the St. Felix. Yes, I missed a bunch, but that leaves room for your imagination on what my brother concocted in all of those stories.

No doubt there were several stories about you, some true some made up, all in good fun!

A little known fact, the Turk has every issue of the St. Felix printed off , and in a special spot in the corner of his Magical Bandura room! Sparky used to enjoy getting the print out issue of St. Felix, he would read it on the hopper. He still does, only he takes his iPad with him.

I remember living in Oshawa, and my brother came to visit, we were in my laundry room, enjoying a beverage, and he looked over, and his face turned a cold milky white. He witnessed me utilizing a St Felix issue (#59) on my work bench, under a hot glue gun, with some glue gun drippings on the page! He was so disgusted and disappointed in me, questioned why I didn't use the Bible or something less important than the St. Felix under the glue gun?

So in closing, a recent survey taken by my brother (by all Tomcats) Hollywood was the only one who voted to eliminate the St. Felix because he thought it was passé.

But all kidding aside, looking forward to the next two hundred issues, spelling mistakes and grammatical error and all!

Well done Bruddzzher, Congratulations on two hundred issues of the St Felix.

I am sure everyone is happy it did not get eliminated!

"everyone wants to read the St. Felix Stevie, everyone wants the St. Felix!

Cheers

Hollywood 32



What the Tomcats do on a cold February in Saturday. How can you even think of missing this?



"I'm here, ready to have some fun"

What the Tomcats are all about



To all past and present readers, thanks for reading the St. Felix and making it what it is today. 200th complete, 200 to go!