

Terry Salutes His Conquerors

DETROIT, April 3 — When a hard hockey series ends suddenly the fierce animosity of the gladiators is gone. Terry Sawchuk, the goalkeeper who had played so brilliantly for Detroit, was into the Toronto dressing room even before some of the Leafs arrived. He picked his way through the bags of equipment, his face set in the strained expression with which he ends almost every hockey game, including, sometimes, the one he wins. Shook hands with the ones tearing off their sweaty uniforms, and with the one sitting and staring or pulling on a bottle of pop. One or two who were hunched over working at their skates didn't see him coming and when he touched their shoulders they looked up and then stood up quickly to shake hands, looking very much as if they knew how he felt, and were glad that they didn't have to feel it themselves right now.

When he got to the end of the line a photographer yelled to him. Sawchuk turned once, in the act of shaking hands, but he wouldn't hold it for more pictures, as the photographers implored. Then he was gone back to his own dressing room, through the crowd that had been yelling cheers at Red Kelly, the old Detroit hero, throughout the game, and near the end had been calling sardonically to Gordie Howe that he would be traded to Toronto next year. Leading Mrs. Jack Adams, sitting behind the Toronto bench, to call back to some of them, "wouldn't they love to have him."

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He was one of the fiercest competitors in this game, turning a tide time and again when it seemed swinging entirely toward Toronto, and finally did.

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PIERCE—and yet the way he operates in this game had some reflection in an incident with five minutes to go in the third period and the Leafs leading by a single goal. He crashed into Johnny Bower near the Leaf net, hit him hard, and as the puck and play swirled away but not out of the Leaf zone, Bower was on his knees in the crease, shaking his head, obviously dazed, foggily trying to follow the puck; then up on his feet still watching while the Wings, perhaps sensing that a shot now would have a good chance, whacked and battered and checked to get that shot.

But Leafs got it out and at the next whistle a linesman poked to Bower and he went to the Leaf bench briefly for a swallow of water and then came back, all right—all right enough to fling his stick high in the air when Dick Duff got the clinching goal two minutes later.

"Hurt?" said Bower in the dressing room a few minutes after the game. "I sure was."

He was alone at that instant. The Leafs had swarmed around to pat his back on the ice. Punch Imlach, the coach, had gone to him in here and put his arm around his shoulders and thanked him, and directors had come by to shake his hand.

"But when Gordie was coming in he was yelling, 'Look out, Johnny,'" he said. "Good thing he did because even though I ducked he hit me pretty hard." It was Howe's knee across the right side of Bowers head, a stunning blow. But without the yell of warning it might have been a knee in the face, and good night for Mr. Bower.

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One of the most difficult goals of the game to see properly was the winner—the third goal for Frank Mahovlich in the series, each one to win a game. It went in with Mahovlich flat on the ice at one post. Sawchuk was out of his net and flailing at the other.

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LITTLE Len Haley was diving so that it seemed he had carried the puck into the net, where he ended up, with the puck.

In the Detroit dressing room Haley, naked, a hard and dark small man, went by his coach, Sid Abel, and said, "Sorry, Sid."—but it was for the club not winning, and for not managing to stop that winning goal, that he was apologizing. Not for putting it in. Abel clarified that, and Haley expanded on it.

He had left the side of the goal and headed for the point, looking for a pass, when he glanced back and saw the wild pileup in the goalmouth and dashed back in. Saw the puck batted across the goalmouth and then hit someone and bounce back, with Sawchuk out of the net. Took off in a flying dive to try to knock it out of there—"But just as I took off, the guy lying down swung at it and just the end of his stick hit it and it was in."

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Mahovlich said that when he was knocked down at the side of the goal, he twisted to have a look. "Terry was out and as I looked the puck was right on my stick and I whipped it in." Haley, a good man in this series, was that fraction of a second late—or they could be playing yet.

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BUT not likely. In this game alone of all the six, Leafs seemed to me definitely the superior team. They had gas in the third period when Detroit, winning, suddenly could not keep up. Howe said it later: "The difference was Bower and Kelly. Bower was terrific and I've never seen Kelly play as aggressively as he did in this series."

So now, once again, it is on to Montreal.