

WALTER GRETZKY STREET HOCKEY TOURNAMENT



Walter Gretzky

BRANTFORD
ONTARIO  CANADA

V.A.S.H.L Teams 2013





What is the definition of the word winner? Merriam-Webster's dictionary defines it as one that is successful through praiseworthy ability and work, a victor in games and sports, or one that wins admiration. In the View Askew Street Hockey League, the word winner and everything it encompasses can be defined in a single word... Vulgarian.

In 2009, Kevin Smith's Puck U team lead the charge into the 3rd Annual Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament, bringing the Monroeville Zombies, Leonardo Reapers, and View Askew Vulgarians alongside him. The Vulgarians would go on to dominate the group of View Askew teams, on their way to claiming the inaugural VASHL Cup.

The success of the 2009 tournament brought world record breaking numbers to the 2010 Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament. A massive expansion of the View Askew Street Hockey League would soon follow with the additions of the LA Mings, View Askew Girls, and Funployees. The Vulgarians would find themselves the targets of back room scheduling and would drop one game and tie another to teams from outside of the league.

The 2011 Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament would be the true test of the View Askew Street Hockey League's heart as news that Kevin Smith's Puck U team would not be in Brantford. Not only did the heart of the league still beat, but there would be enough interest to further expand the league and the Red State Raiders were added to the ranks. The Vulgarians would yet again dominate the competition, reclaiming their title and becoming the first ever two time VASHL Cup champions.

The Vulgarians started the 2012 Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament under a cloud of rain ... but not even water from the skies could stop the Big Red Machine from a convincing 10-3 victory over the Monroeville Zombies. In the second game of 2012, the bloodshed continued as the Funployess didn't have too much fun watching The Vulgarians roll along with an 8-1 win. Next up was the View Askew Girls, and they didn't fare any better as the Vulgarians cruised to a 9-1 victory. The 3-0 record and #1 spot in the standings set up a playoff game with the Hit Somebody Hitmen. The new kids on the block came away with a 4-3 shootout victory, sending the Vulgarians to the sidelines and starting a fire in the belly of each and every Vulgarian.

2013 is the year of the Vulgarian... 2013 is the year we regain the VASHL CUP.

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May 31st-June 2nd 2013

Watch Darryl
'The King' Clarke &
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as they battle it out
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**ARE YOU DOWN
WITH THE CLOWNS?**



- 7 MICHAEL McCUTCHEON (C)
- 9 TJ SANTIAGO
- 11 LOGAN STORMONT
- 17 PAUL SAUNDERS (A)
- 19 KEITH BOARDMAN
- 22 DARRYL CLARKE (A)
- 73 TOM TYRELL
- 81 ANGEL SANTIAGO
- BILL WASIELEWSKI



ARE YOU DOWN
WITH THE CLOWNS?

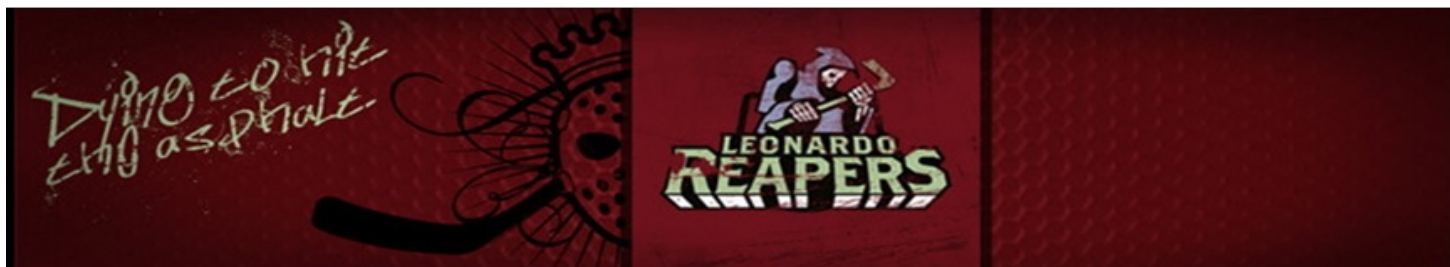


Playing in the Rain



The McCutcheon Brothers





Dehydration Love

By VASHL Champion Reaper Goalie – Mike Hoffman

When I came to, I was being told to stay still. My legs and back were cramping from the dehydration, and the room was still spinning, just slower now. I couldn't sit still and wait for an ambulance. Where am I? Canada. . . . I could tell because everyone was so nice and concerned. Why am I on the floor bleeding? Tougher question with a throbbing head from apparently hitting the wall . . . but I think it was because I either drank too little or too much, depending on your perspective and your choice of fluids to judge. Coming more clearly into focus at that point was the realization that I had let my teammates down through my own stupidity.

Once in the ambulance, I feared concussion from the fall, but I knew what caused the fall. This Vaso-Vagal response is one I had experienced before, in much more embarrassing circumstances. Passing out (presumed drunk) in a bar was much easier to explain than passing out naked in the shower at the YMCA. But I did that twice, because I dehydrated. But I had a lot to drink tonight. Yeah, I had A LOT to drink tonight. Shit. The alcohol was dehydrating my stomach and the rest of me, just like I learned freshman year in New Orleans. Lots of fluids with your alcohol and you stand a chance of enjoying the good parts of intoxication without those nasty side effects.

Remembering it all clearly as the ambulance pulled away. 3 hours sleep between two 10+ hour driving shifts to get to Brantford from New Jersey by way of Chicago (don't ask!), to suit up in hot goalie gear (with no water bottle – IDIOT) and play continuously for 2 hours in a practice game. Then shower and try to recover. Tylenol. . . . Canadian Tylenol. Yeah, that stuff works if you are sore. But in this case, terrible mistake, as it made me not feel my body's signals that it was suffering. Moonshine Cherries. Mistakes abounding and compounding. Pink Vex. . . . wow, tasty, but very alcoholic . . . I am hugging really cool lesbians!!! I must have a shot with them! Mistakes ROCK! How much BETTER could things possibly get?!?!?! The room is spinning, I love that feeling. Spinning too much, let's get up and head to the bar. WHOA! I should take a stay still, don't get up, the ambulance is coming.

The hospital had me sit in a hallway on a gurney for almost 6 hours with two, now lifelong, friends, who thought enough to call my wife on her cell and tell her what kind of idiot her husband is. The substandard treatment of the medical staff was only counteracted by the . . . I will call it what it was. . . love of my friends there with me. I was cleared to leave and play hockey at the crack of dawn (no not THAT Dawn!) and we made our way back to the hotel, exhausted and relieved.

With a marker and a hotel hand towel, mimicking our founder Kevin Smith's, announcement to the world, I posted a sign on my door. "Yes, I assure you, I am fine!"



I knew everyone was worried, and might knock to see if I was there. I really needed some restful sleep. And I got it. When I woke up, the tournament truly began. My roommate, whom I had agreed to let stay in my room, was gone before I got back. Apparently after Dylan puked near him, and I was wheeled out on a stretcher, he decided that Brantford became Mos Isely and we were the scum and villains to avoid. But he didn't stop there. His message to us was heard loud and clear. Hydrate. Be Excellent to One Another. And. . . Stop Partying On Dudes! In his defense, he cared for all of us, me especially, but it was received mostly as a joke.

I grabbed my goalie gear and headed for the rink in a fairly heavy rainstorm. Are we actually going to play in this. Once we were there for a few minutes, my question was answered. Um. . . fuck yeah!?! Soaked, I donned my newly painted mask, bearing my own motto for the tournament, becoming the Reaper . . . in the words made famous by Robert Oppenheimer "Now I am become Death, Destroyer of Worlds." I was ready to play. And we won.

And the next day, we won again. And then, we lost. In that loss, I got really angry at another player, who really got under my skin. The guy was playing out of our skill level and was playing far too aggressively for the group. He annoyed me because he was the antithesis of everything this group was about. Fun competition, and lighthearted rivalry but nothing malicious. I didn't believe that the group should have room for malice, as I was still feeling the love of my friends taking care of me after my fall. It ground at me and fueled inside me to play harder and better.

And we did. We won against another team and didn't have to play that guy's team again, and I was thankful, because I couldn't express exactly why, at that point, he had upset me so much. By the end of that night, we had won our semi-final matchup and were scheduled to play in the finals the next day. Better yet, our assistant captain, playing for another team, scored the most unlikely and unexpected shootout goal in VASHL history. Gavin . . . a stay at home defenseman and self-defined "funbassador" lined up to take his penalty shot . . . and scored on the crazy clown himself, Artist Jim. And thus the Ever-Aging Vulgarians were out. Off the most unlikely of sticks. In the most unlikely of circumstances. And I knew we could win. The other team was tough and stacked and they were truly a team.



I looked around at the Reapers, at my guys, at my teammates, at my friends, and I knew what I had to do. I had to do the best I could possibly do out there. I had to fight every shot and make every effort for them, because they would do the same for me. We had no quit. But we did have humor. On the way into the hotel, I turned to the defenseman for my opponent the next day and said right to his face “Verdone, you suck cock.” And I smiled and he was either confused or amused, but either way, he got my point. There was no HATE, only pleasant rivalry.

That night I sat down in a quiet empty hotel room with that new mask and I made two additions to its’ back. First, on the back of the headguard, I wrote the names of my kids. They would be there in my heart, helping me succeed in the face of adversity. Under each of their names, I put their birthdates. And second, at the top, I put the date 6/6/04. My wedding anniversary. Without love, without my wife’s support and encouragement, I am nothing and I know that. She was behind me even when I was an idiot. She supported me when I fell, and she was the hand that helped me back up, from 1000 miles away. She has always been my angel. And my wife and kids would be there, in that championship game, guiding me.

When Crandall brought our team together to discuss strategy, I asked for a minute to say something. Everyone got quiet and looked at me. “Gentlemen, it has been an honor and a privilege to play with each and every one of you. I intend to go out there and leave nothing to chance. I am going to play my hardest for each and every one of you, because I know you will do the same for me. Lets win this!” And there wasn’t a cheer. Just a confident nod from each of them. They were feeling the exact same way.

The game was close throughout. I let in some bad goals, but I stopped some amazing shots from my adversaries. Down one goal late, our opponents were pushing hard. Jeff, in particular, was playing his heart out. I just happened to have his number all weekend. With seconds to go, Crandall and Jeff took a spill into the corner and as the buzzer sounded, Crandall arose bleeding, and Jeff, well, didn’t get up. He was writhing in pain and Crandall was over him making sure he was alright. Both teams went to that corner, to my left, to check on Jeff. His injuries (and Crandall’s bloody knee) capped off a hard fought battle, but a clear win for the Reapers.

Once it was determined by all that Jeff would be alright, the celebration ensued. Handshakes and hugs to every member of the other team. I was crying and everyone saw it. I didn’t care. It was such an emotionally charged weekend. Starting in the ER, ending holding up this cup. I let the tears flow, took off my mask, and kissed each of my kids names and my anniversary date. They were there with me. In my heart. They led us to victory. We moved off the rink and continued celebrating. While the vex on Thursday night was sweet, nothing will ever taste as glorious as that drink of pink champagne out of the VASHL cup.

Through the battles, the friendship, the love, the alteration of minds and souls that occurred that weekend, I would always remember that you never give up. Even when you think you have done something to destroy yourself and your team, get up, hydrate and believe in yourself and your teammates. Believe in the love around you and the love inside you. Remember that it is an honor and a privilege to battle and love with friends. When the Reapers did that, we changed things, we did what no one (us included) would have ever expected. A photo of me, after the win, standing beside the car, said everything that needed to be said about the tournament. I was standing up, a champion, and my heart was full. (A year later as I write this, my VASHL Cup continues to overflow – with love for these crazy folks. See you soon!)



The Leonardo Reapers are one of the Original 4 View Askew Street Hockey League organizations. Established in 2009, the 2013 Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament marks the 5th year of participation in the tournament for the Reapers. We are proud to be the reigning and defending VASHL Cup Champions.



Through the long and storied history of the Reapers there have been many a player who has donned the Reapers colors, but none have done so with as much pride and passion as our goalie Mike Hoffman. Mike is the backstop of the team.

The old adage that defense wins championships was very evident in our run to the cup last year. Leading our defensive corps this year is Drez Peregrina and returning players Warren Stanley and Trevor Graf. Drez, Warren, and Trevor will be looked upon to maintain the high standard The Reapers expect from their defense. Gavin ap'Morrygan is an Original Reaper and has played every year with Leonardo. He is truly the heart and soul of this team. He can be plugged into the lineup on defense or offense and you know he will get the job done.

Offensively this team is led by Trevor Cherewka, the returning Tim Visentin, and the captain Mike Crandall. Trevor has the distinct honor of scoring the winning goal in the VASHL Cup game last year and came to play on every shift. It will be great to have Tim back on the rink with the Reapers. Being one of the original Reapers Tim has found a way to put the ball in the back of the net many a time and dominates with his speed and athletic ability. Mike is also an original Reaper and has played all 5 years with the team at the tournament. He took on the captainship from Frank Ciampi and is proud to serve as such. He is known as one of the premier scorers in the VASHL. Just ask opposing goaltenders.

There are three new players joining the Reapers squad this year. It should be exciting to see what David LaFayette, Kris Gonzalez, and Mike Brandeo bring to the team.

The team is hungry for poutine and to prove that their championship win last year was no fluke.

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24 MIKE HOFFMAN
31 WARREN STANLEY
35 TREVOR CHEREWKA
37 GAVIN AP'MORRYGAN (A)
42 TREVOR GRAF (A)
55 MIKE CRANDALL (C)
88 TIMMY VISENTIN
DREZ PEREGRINA
DAVID LAFAYETTE
KRIS GONZALEZ
MIKE BRANDEO

Dying to hit
the asphalt.



Dying to live
the asphalt.





"It started in 2009. What others would negatively dub "the zombie apocalypse," we simply called "morning." And while those same others ran in fear of our very existence, we felt pretty good about our prospects. Ample food everywhere, confusion, fear... it was Paradise, and we figured we had it good. I mean, we may be hard to understand, borderline unintelligible, but not unintelligent.

The reality, however, is that it hasn't been as smooth sailing as we imagined when the supposed "Age of Zombies" began. Our years have often been more famine than feast. Our original group has changed frequently, as our zombie brethren dropped off or just disappeared, never to be seen or heard from again. Those of us who remain from that original pack have changed too. Our once hulking zombie soldier is now half the zombie he used to be in size, and one of us has even lost his leg (side effect of being undead and moving around a lot, I'm afraid).

Still, just as in every year since 2009, those of us in the zombie horde of Monroeville are making our trek back into Canada in search of a big, brainy meal. It's my job to save the brains, and not let any food get by me. I'm not always successful, but remain hopeful that the feast we've been waiting for is within our shaky, decaying grasp. If not this year, then perhaps the next. We're zombies; no matter how long it takes, we'll get our meal."



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- 11 MIKE DUYN
- 16 STEVEN ATTWELL
- 17 STU GILLANDERS
- 19 CHRIS WILSON
- 23 JOHN CARTMEL
- 24 CLAYTON HERNDEN
- 29 CHRIS CHARTRAND
- 42 ROBERT LAVIGNE
- 69 MARK BELL (C)
- 69 MIKE VAN ECK
- 87 CHRIS CIRILLO
- 95 JODIE GAUDET



Line Change in the Rain



Ready to Attack



MADERED



Brought to you by the brilliant (if not somewhat twisted) minds of super-friends KTCV and Dawn 'Bun Bun' Authier, I give you The View Askew Girls.



The View Askew Girls, more commonly known as the VAG, were conceived in 2009. They joined forces to play like a sexy Voltron for the first time in 2010. Their roster is often changing, but one thing stays constant:

THEY PLAY HOCKEY AND HAVE FUN!

After spectating in 2009, KT and Dawn thought it looked like a good time and decided to round up some friends to join the fray. They rallied together a team of eager ladies and gained sponsorship from one amazing Jen Schwalbach. In 2010, these bad ass chicks hit the rink in black and pink. Lots of bruises, blood and rocks to the eye later, they emerged from their first tourney weekend hungry for more. And more they got.

With a smaller (slightly scarred) but still supa hardcore roster, the VAG has played every year since. They have grabbed some ringers to fill out the team at times, but this year, in 2013, they once again have a full roster of ladies. The View Askew Girls are happy and proud to play in the Walter Gretzky Street Hockey Tournament.

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Eat or be Eaten.



- 1 AMY COX DOUGLASS
- 6 SARAH HERNDEN
- 11 MICHELLE BRUNETTI
- 13 KATIE SEAVY (C)
- 14 MANDIE MARRON
- 33 KAREN THOMSON
- 52 JULIE BELL
- 71 DAWN AUTHIER (A)
- 79 SANDRA DUYN
- 88 GILLIAN FREDERICK
- 95 PAULINE BELL
- 99 AMY TOWNSEND

Eat or be Eaten.

VAG



Eat or be Eaten.



The FUNployees

The FUNployees have the distinctive pleasure of having one of their players paint a fellow teammate, an innocent Flyers t-shirt and the floors of the Brantford Quality Inn with his puke. It was a move of complete disrespect towards the Philadelphia Flyers.

In all seriousness, though, the FUNployees may demonstrate the underdog values of the VASHL best. For a team that had to endure the hottest jerseys ever and then the most ramshackle jerseys ever, not to mention numerous dropout players, they haven't done so bad for themselves. That lays in their ability to evolve to the seemingly never-ending series of changes they face. While other teams have maintained a consistent lineup since they began, the FUNployees have always welcomed new players to their team and been able to accommodate them.

Though the FUNployees have yet to reach to finals, they still managed to stand their ground against their fellow VASHL teams, especially when some betting has come into play. Their strong team camaraderie, sense of humor and willingness to work under any situation has made them a trademark team of the VASHL.

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i'm hittin' that.



- 3 SHERMAN BARRINGTON
- 5 DYLAN GONZALEZ
- 12 RICHARD LANTZ
- 13 CHRIS FENOS (C)
- 23 KYLE MILNE
- 28 JAEMEEL ROBINSON (A)
- 42 KIERON HIGGS
- 76 MAT LASKOWSKI
- 93 STEVE WRIGHT
- 98 MARCEL LEGEAULT
- 00 DAVE TILLY

i'm hittin' that.



i'm hittin' that.



I LOVE THE SMELL
OF COMMERCE
IN THE MORNING!



MALLRATS

Let me tell you about a team with an identity crisis: The Eden Prairie Mallrats.

Now you may be asking who are the Mallrats? Well, let me tell you. This is a team that has evolved many times and it is survival of the fittest, baby!

It began with a dream. It was more of a daydream really but I'm sure you understand. This dream was to play ball hockey with Kevin Smith and all of his amazing friends.

Following the formation of the View Askew Street Hockey League in 2009, there were many Kevin fans who wanted to be part of it. The problem was they had no idea where to start. They weren't members of the message board and they had never played poker at the stash. They had no juice whatsoever.

The following year, a small group of eager beavers from southern Ontario decided to pursue their dream of becoming VASHL champions. Unfortunately, there was no room on any of the teams at the time. This band of hopefuls were not discouraged. Instead, they played anyway in the tournament's recreation division as "The Laffs". They finished with a disappointing record of 0-2-1. They couldn't even afford real jerseys and had to resort to red, yellow and black ice hockey sweaters with a demented cyborg cat as their crest. Although they got their asses kicked, they did get their first taste of the sweet pudding that is View Askew. They got to meet a lot of great people and had a blast.

For the 2011 season, the group formerly known as "The Laffs" continued on their quest to become VASHL players. They were recruited in tandem with other long-time VASHL players by our legendary Commissioner, Darryl Clarke. Under his guidance they formed a new mash-up franchise known as the "Red State Raiders", in honour of Kevin's upcoming film. They wore red and white with stylized euro-trash advertisements. The team was co-captained by Clarke and Gavin ap'Morrygan. They played their hearts out but finished with a record of 1-3 in round robin. It didn't matter though. They had popped their cherry. Nobody was laughing at the "Laffs" anymore. They were now living their dream.

The following season, Clarke in his ultimate wisdom, decided to re-brand the team. This time going by the name "Hit Somebody! Hitmen" in anticipation of a Kevin Smith movie that was never made but could possibly one day be a miniseries. This time the team wore red, white and black. Clarke then recruited Dave Mader, one of the original "Laffs", as his co-captain - possibly marking one of the greatest decisions of his storied career. The Hitmen finished with a record of 1-2 in round robin. They would advance for the first time to the playoff round of the tournament, and won the semi-final in a shootout against the Vulgarians with a magical goal by ap'Morrygan. The Hitmen would go on to lose in the final to the Leonardo Reapers in a close 4-3 game.

Clarke then ceded the captaincy to Mader, who did a little rebranding of his own, and renamed the team once again as the "Eden Prairie Mallrats" inspired by the 1995 Kevin Smith movie and Eden Prairie, Minnesota, where it was filmed. Paying homage to the Minnesota North Star made a lot of sense and the team now wears green, yellow, white and black. This years alternate captains include Jim Edelson, Gerry McRae and Jeff Mader - each bringing their own unique talents and leadership to this organization.

Part of the dream has been realized. The next step in this journey is the championship cup and it is so close they can taste it. They now have juice.

I LOVE THE SMELL
OF COMMERCE
IN THE MORNING!



MALLRATS



Pictured from left to right, top to bottom: Jeff "The Sniper" Mader, Gerry "The Yankee Ball Buster" McRae, Andrew "The Cabbage Roll" Lewkowicz, Kyle "The Welder" Richardson, Matt "The Hockey Insider" George, Dave "The Rave" Mader, "Speedy" Steve Wilson, "Slim" Jim Edelston, Mike "Don't Caputo Me Twice" Caputo, Ryan "The Iceman" Verdone, Sean "McKenna" McKenna, Gavin "The Shootout Hero" ap'Morrygan (honourary member)

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MALLRATS

- 7 JEFF MADER (A)
- 9 GERRY MCRAE (A)
- 11 ANDREW LEWKOWICZ
- 19 KYLE RICHARDSON
- 24 MATT GEORGE
- 25 DAVID MADER (C)
- 43 STEVE WILSON
- 55 JIM EDELSTON (A)
- 72 MIKE CAPUTO
- 93 RYAN VERDONE
- 95 SEAN MCKENNA

I LOVE THE SMELL
OF COMMERCE
IN THE MORNING!



MALLRATS



Hitmen become Mallrats



Before and After Hockey Fun



When Mandie Sees KT. .



What their teammates think will happen.



What Dylan's mom thinks will happen.



What society thinks will happen.



What every auv is thinking



What?!?!?!?



What KT and Mandie are both looking forward to.



Gavub's Shoe

Jersey Hockey



Maxwell and the Mallrats



Talking about Brantford

Walter and The VASHL



Walter and The VASHL

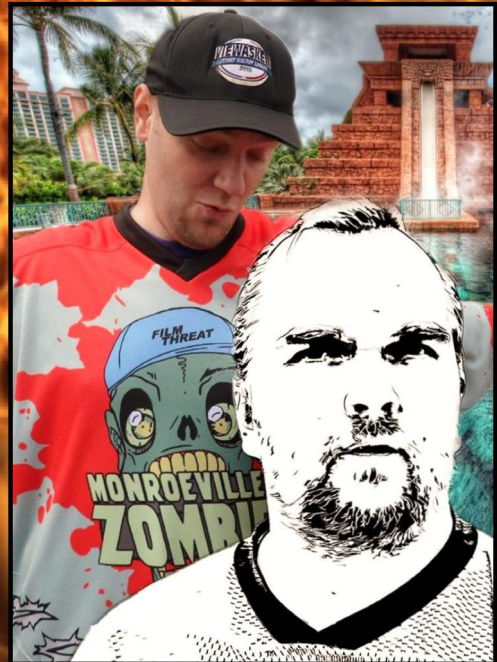


The Adventures of SquiggleCrandall



An innocent conversation... Or Is It !?!

I'm near your crotch and, this is crazy, but I am made of squiggles, so call me maybe



BFF's on Vacation

Will Dawn be Ok ??.. OH NO SQIGGLECRANDALL!!!

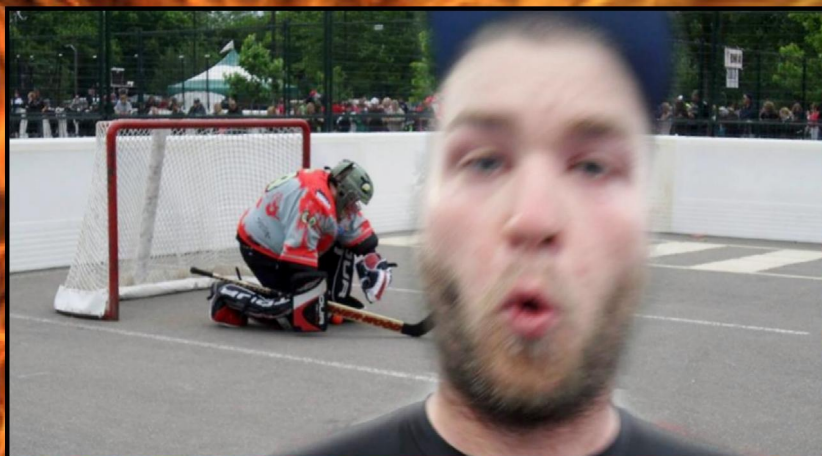
Blurry Mader is .. Everywhere



Screw you Not Blurry Mader

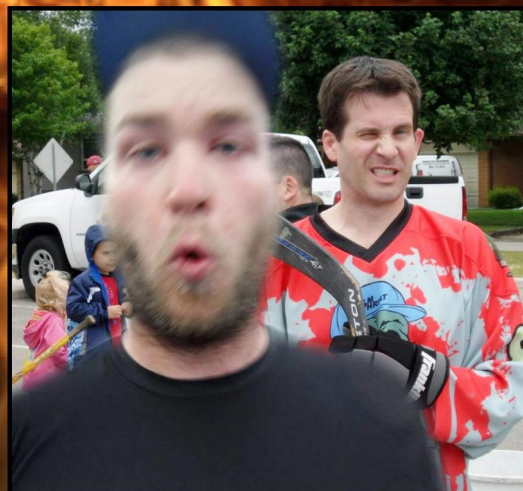
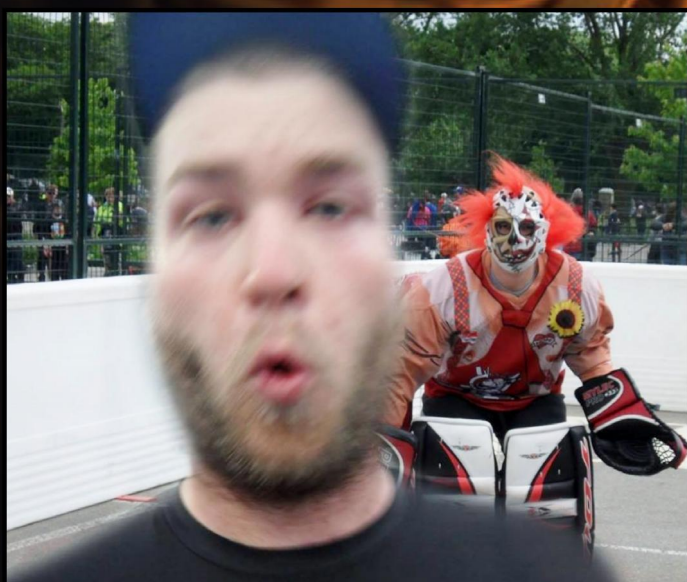


Its not the "Blurry Mader Street Hockey Tournament"



Get out of my mind and picture Blurry Mader

Another picture ruined by Blurry Mader



Blurry Mader pissing off Brad

Blurry MADER is the reason ARTISTJIM.COM is not playing this year

