

I had asked Al if I may present a founders' award to pay homage to a former player whose play reflected certain positive aspects of a successful hockey player. He said sure, if I was buying the awards – "so I did", as Mick would say! (if the older players could explain to the younger players who Mick Jagger is that would be great).

So this award will be named after a former player for the way he played hockey. To be sure, you must still possess some degree of hockey skill in addition to the other positive attributes prescribed to be eligible. For example that would automatically disqualify myself during any portion of my career. Also due effects of aging, No Stocklet, and no Marko or Aldo me Amigos. Dave saw Danko at the Food Banko, so sadly there will be no Cinco del Danko celebration this year. They are going to have to reset the Mayan Calendar.

But this is a serious award. It may be best encapsulated in a true story, exactly like I heard it (not the Tom Sawyer short story which I also recommend to all readers especially the Blue Hens whose moniker is used by the main character therein.)

This true story took place in this very establishment. The team had celebrated here that night after a hard fought win against a superior First USA team. There were but two players left among the guests. These two young but experienced hockey players sat in a corner booth basking in the glory of the night. Each knew as he looked at the other that the victory would not have been possible without either one of them on the ice. As they sat in the darkening room, one of the 2 had an epiphany, and he – otherwise so hardened and abrasive – had become melancholy. Is that a gleam of greatness that glances from his eye? It soon resolves itself into a single tear trickling down the tough guys face – he addresses the other, using his forefinger to point at his subject as he is wont to do when in earnest, whether on the ice warning an opponent of their impending doom, or in such a case as this – says He: "if I only had your heart, determination and hustle – I would be in the NHL!". He then partook of a long draught of beer, obscuring his Countenance while emptying its contents. Paul Pipke swallowed his beer as he swallowed his pride.

There was nothing left for it, but for the other – he of the large heart, determination and hustle- Todd Serpico, to also take a final long drink at his beer and the sound of the glasses slapping together on the table rang in unison and echoed through the bar. No further words were spoken. They rose, embraced and jointly took their leave of this establishment through yonder door and neither has been seen round these parts henceforth! Thus we have the Todd Serpico award – which goes to the player who shows through skill combined with constant hard work, determination and heart the most important aspects of being a "Hockey Players'" hockey player.