

Sports

FOOTBALL

So you think you want to be a QB?



Hamilton Tiger-Cats defensive end Justin Capicciotti (94) makes a tackle on BC Lions quarterback Travis Lulay (14) at Tim Hortons Field.

PHOTOS BY JOHN E. SOKOLOWSK/USA TODAY SPORTS

Regis grad Lulay has endured ups, downs during his CFL career

Bill Poehler Salem Statesman Journal
USA TODAY NETWORK

Millions of young boys grow up dreaming of playing quarterback for a professional football team. The lure of the glory of being the face of a football franchise, being named the best player in the league and hoisting a huge trophy after winning a championship is awesome.

Travis Lulay has had all of that. But he's also experienced the downsides of being a quarterback in his 13 years as a professional like being repeatedly seriously injured, being released by a team to which he's been loyal and being benched for a younger quarterback hailed as the future of the franchise. Since graduating from Stayton's Regis High School in 2002, Lulay



Lulay attempts to advance to ball against the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

has ridden the carousel of football through almost every conceivable up and down. He's been the starting quarterback on a playoff Montana State team as a freshman, the Canadian

Football League's Most Outstanding player after winning the Grey Cup in 2011 and a week ago assumed his starting quarterback spot for the B.C. Lions for the first time in 10 months.

But he's also been released three times by NFL teams, trekked through three professional leagues in search of a job and had three major surgeries: One on his right shoulder after playing for the Berlin Thunder of NFL Europe in 2007, another on his right shoulder in 2013 and the right knee in September of 2017. "I'm essentially playing on the shoulder I had surgery on, dislocated, had surgery on and dislocated again," the 6-foot-2, 217 pound Lulay said. Lulay was a free agent before this season and with Jonathon Jennings seemingly the next face of the B.C. Lions franchise under center, some expected new general manager Ed Hervey to let Lulay go. Instead Hervey took a chance by signing the 34-year-old, who was still recovering from his third major surgery in nine years, to a one-year contract. "As my injuries came around, the club believed that I still had good football in me," Lulay said. What may be the most difficult

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Teacher enjoys demonstrating outdoor skills



Fishing
Henry Miller
Guest columnist

NETARTS BAY – At a certain point in life, if you're lucky, you come to the realization that you enjoy teaching outdoor skills to others more than you like doing it yourself. Case in point: Salem resident Jeanne Doyle-Goodwin, who with her husband, Paul, was one of the dozen or so participants in a "Clamming the Oregon Coast" workshop at Netarts, just south of Tillamook. The leader was Jon Yoder of Salem Environmental Education. I was something of an adjunct clamming coach and fifth wheel on the expedition. Doyle-Goodwin was a first-timer. It became apparent that given the huge crowd of clammers turning the sand into a cratered landscape that the best opportunity for novices would be

raking cockles rather than pursuing the larger but frustratingly deeply buried gapers. First lesson: A wide garden rake like the one that Jeanne brought will work, but the emphasis is on the word "work." So I lent her my cockle rake, a narrow long-tined implement designed for turning the dirt or working fertilizer or seed into the soil in the garden. But it also is da bomb for getting the tasty bivalves out of the sand and mud. In my capacity as assistant clamming coach, I gave her a few tips, and Jeanne began working her way across the sand. Ka-ching! The first one went into her bucket, small but eminently satisfying, as told by the grin on Jeanne's face. About 45 minutes of intense raking later, she had a limit. "Well, it was hard work, but it was fun. And I liked doing cockles more than clams ... because I had a good tutor, Henry," she said, then laughed. It was nothing, trust me.

And then the pupil became the teacher as Jeanne handed my rake off to Susan Russell, another workshop participant and the wife of a longtime YMCA buddy of mine, John. "So it's really pretty shallow, Susan," Jeanne said about her newly acquired cockle-raking technique. "He (meaning me) said just scrape at the top and maybe 1 (inch) deep." Susan began working the rake. "I think I just felt one," she said about a telltale thunk as the rake tines hit something solid. "I heard it," Jeanne confirmed. "And there it is," I said as the cockle made its appearance on the next pass of the rake. Susan smiled. "That's No. 2," she said. "I'm on a roll." Rake, rake, rake. Susan: "Did you hear that?" Jeanne: "Got another one." Thunk into the bucket. It takes a village to catch a clam.



First-timer Jeanne Doyle-Goodwin of Salem shows off the fruits of her newly acquired cockle-raking prowess. HENRY MILLER/SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN JOURNAL

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