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Girls leash Bulldogs



KEIZERTIMES/Eric A. Howald

Celt Jaylene Montano sprints around a pair of Bulldog defenders in the game Friday, Feb. 5.

By ERIC A. HOWALD
Of the Keizertimes

In a loss to South Salem High School's girls varsity basketball team Feb. 2, the McNary High School Lady Celts had trouble finding a hot shooter.

In the team's follow-up game vs. West Albany High School Friday, Feb. 5, the Keizer team had no such problem. Over the course of the 67-28 win, no fewer than three hot shooters — Kaelie Flores, Madi Hington and Sydney Hunter — rose to the fore.

"We've definitely tried keeping our heads up and

being bigger leaders. Having Madi pick me up when my shots aren't going in has helped me and we're trying to do that for everybody," said Hunter.

The renewed focus on being the best teammates possible was, in part, due to a visit from Celt alumna Taylor Jones, one of the playmakers on a talented McNary team that made a run at the state title in 2009.

"We've all been really encouraging about not getting down on ourselves. If you keep shooting, the shots will fall eventually," Hington said.

While the outcome of

the game was never really in question — McNary had a 15-6 lead after one quarter — a barnstorming third period allowed the team to put the game away.

The Celts outscored the visiting Bulldogs 29-5 to end the third period ahead 61-22.

"If someone was off a little bit they went and picked up their teammates. If they get more responsible through holding each other accountable, we're going to see more quarters like we had tonight," said Derick Handley, McNary head coach.

Please see GIRLS, Page A11



KEIZERTIMES/Eric A. Howald

McNary sophomore Chandler Cavell eyes a shot from three-point range in the game Friday, Feb. 5.

Kid Cavell sparks rally

By ERIC A. HOWALD
Of the Keizertimes

McNary High School's boys varsity basketball team was left reeling after a 53-52 loss to South Salem High School last week.

"It was a draining, emotional loss because the ref called a foul with six seconds left in the game that sent them to the line," said Ryan Kirch, McNary head coach. "They hit both shots to give them the win. We did everything we needed to win, we just got hit with a bad call."

McNary senior Trent Van Cleave said the team executed well throughout the game, but the final result was taken out of Celtic hands.

While it was a bitter pill, the team returned to practices the following day with a new set of priorities.

"I definitely think there was a lot more focus

in practice and we were coming in with more energy," said Celt Chandler Cavell, a sophomore.

Unfortunately, the energy in practice didn't translate into the opening quarter of the Celts' match-up with West Albany High School Friday, Feb. 5.

McNary started the game with a 4-0 lead after two quick buckets by Harry Cavell, but found themselves trailing 10-9 after the first frame.

"We wanted to put pressure on them and force the tempo. But, in the beginning, we started out pretty slow," said Van Cleave.

McNary remained in the doldrums until the younger Cavell came in off the bench midway through the second period.

Please see BOYS, Page A12



KEIZERTIMES/Eric A. Howald

McNary's Jon Collins wrenches down on an half-nelson in a match with Forest Grove's Isaac Graham.

Mat squad 2nd in GVC

By ERIC A. HOWALD
Of the Keizertimes

The McNary High School mat crew finished their season in second place in the Greater Valley Conference after losing to Sprague High School Thursday, Feb. 4.

The Celts had two dual meets that evening and split the results with one win and one loss. McNary beat Forest Grove High School in commanding style with a final score of 48-15.

The Keizer team then took on the Olympians with the two teams being the only ones in the league still undefeated. McNary lost 57-7, but 10 of the 14 matches went the distance and ended in decisions.

"They had a few matches where they came

up with some tactical ideas that made the matches go their way," said Jason Ebbs, McNary head coach. "Those surprised us when they happened, but we understood it after the fact. We'll be making changes for when we see those guys again at the district competition."

The Celts will wrestle for the district title Feb. 12-13 in Forest Grove.

Match winners in the Forest Grove contest last week were: Enrique Vincent in a 11-6 decision; Sean Burrows by pin in 4:36; Jon Phelps by pin in the 2:59; Brayden Ebbs by pin in 2:33; Wyatt Kesler by pin in 1:06; Jesse Gomez by pin in 1:08; Kyle Bonn in a 4-2 decision; and Keifer Smith by pin in 1:29.

Please see MAT, Page A12

Bear crushes Dad

Going grouse hunting with Dad in the Blue Mountains of Northeastern Oregon. We're talking pristine snow-capped mountains with elk, mule deer and black bear.

Best of all, hunting with Dad. My folks moved to Oregon from the southwest while I was in a far away country with Uncle Sam.

I have never seen a grouse. Dad says they are big and dumb. "Sometimes you can walk right up to 'em," he explains. "They fly up and land in the closest tree. I just limb sluice 'em."

"What's limb sluicing?" "You know, when you shoot birds on the ground, call it ground sluicing? I limb sluice."

Dad has never been into wing shooting. "That stuff is for dudes in tweed and smoking pipes," he adds with a grin.

I grew up hunting bobwhite quail. I figure, hitting a big grouse with a 12-gauge should be about as easy as running a



On the Wild Side

by G.I. Wilson

dating service for Victoria's Secret.

The 350-mile drive to the Blue Mountains passes quickly as we get caught up on events of the past few years.

We decide to camp along a clear, snow-fed stream roaring out of the Anthony Lakes country near Sumpter. This is magnificent country. Our camp is in a grove of majestic fir and tamarack. It's September and the tamaracks are dressed in brilliant yellow. Maple leaves, orange and gold, come swirling down like giant snowflakes.

Dad has purchased one of those umbrella tents with a telescoping center post, and metal arms that extend to the four corners. I recognize it as one of McManus' purchases from Grogan's War Surplus

Store. Erecting the old, used tent—without directions—presents a challenge for our "getting reacquainted."

I climb inside this dark, musty smelling pile of canvas that weighs at least 100 pounds. My challenge is to insert the telescoping pole—with folding metal arms—into the center of the roof, and lift to a hernia threatening height of six-plus feet, while Dad squares up the sides and secures the corners.

Dad has never pitched a tent, but is soon barking orders like a drill sergeant, as I stagger around—in the dark—trying to balance 100 pounds on the end of a pole. Dad seems to forget my name; "Hold still, dammit," he yells. "To the left, dammit!"

Please see WILSON, Page A11