

Glover Fumes Over 7-0 Rout

By JOHN PORTER
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Last-place hockey teams drive some coaches to drink. Fred Glover is considering suicide.

His consideration, it should be pointed out, isn't too serious.

"I think," said Glover, interim coach of the Seals, "I'll take a run in my car at a bridge. If I survive that, I'll know it's all right to take this team on the road."

The Seals open a three-game road trip Wednesday in Minnesota.

The second-place Philadelphia Flyers, who have done nicely on the road with four straight wins, took another run at the Seals and sprinted away with a 7-0 win at the Arena yesterday before 5,330 fans.

It snapped the Seals' winning streak at one.

"If I could give you an answer to that, I would be able to sleep at night," Glover said when asked how his club could appear great one game, lousy the next.

"These guys," he added, pointing to the Seals' dressing

room, "are in a complete fog when they go up against certain teams." Like Philadelphia, for instance?

"The Flyers are really big and physical. When you're that hard-working, it's bound to pay off no matter who you play," he said.

Philadelphia collected the win after its first goal, according to Seals goalie Marv Edwards, who played his first game in two weeks. Ross Lonsberry scored on a first-period power play.

"I won't say we weren't trying after that goal, but we weren't as aggressive after that," claimed Edwards, who had to contend with 47 shots in 60 minutes.

The Flyers had zero shots in the first eight minutes, while the Seals did everything right with the puck except put it into goalie Doug Favell's net. Later, Philly scored three times in 44 seconds to break its previous record, also against the Seals.

"It's great to have Doug

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back in form," said Flyers' Coach Fred Shero. "He came back to us about a week ago. He had a bad back, the flu and ... and I had a headache."

Glover wasn't reaching for aspirin, but there are a few choice locations in his office — the desk, the wall, the door, the filing cabinet — that bear the imprint of his wrath.

"I used to have this gold ring," he said, sticking out a ringless finger. "It became flat on one side from pounding the wall so much."

The score and the officiating, not necessarily in that order, provoked Glover this time.

"Here it is," yelled the coach, pulling the league's rule book out of his desk drawer.

"It's all in here in black and white," he continued, slamming the book down on his desk. "I can get in trouble with the league, but I don't care. Why won't he (referee Lloyd Gilmour) call it right?"

Gilmour dished out several penalties at 8:22 in the third period following a fight and a Flyers gang-up on Seals defenseman Bob Stewart. The

Seals were down 6-0 at the time.

Gilmour looked like the ring-master in a circus as he tried to report the penalties and keep most of the Flyers from attacking Stewart in the penalty box.

"They got away with stinking murder," shouted Glover. "They were hooking and holding the whole game. If the referee lets them get away with it, then they'll do it."

Shero wasn't impressed. "Stewart's supposed to be your tough guy," said the Flyers' coach. "I didn't see him come out of the penalty box when he was challenged."

"We're rough, but we're not dirty. There's a difference," he said.

Glover wasn't impressed. "I've known Freddie for a long time and if he saw a player hit another over the head with a stick for a 100 stitches, he'd call it accidental," said the Seals' coach.