

Tiger obit

I knew of - Tiger Goldstick long before I began working at CFRN. Everyone did, that is if you watched television. Tiger hosted a segment on CFRN called “Tiger’s den” and talked about safety, but he also had big sports stars on that segment.

By the time I joined the sports department at CFRN in 1978, Tiger was kind of doing special assignments for the news division. Quite often they’d ask him to go downtown with a cameraman and do “Streeters.” That was when you stopped someone down on Jasper Avenue and asked them to answer a question of the day. Two things stand out from those – Tiger had developed a bit of a shake in his hand by then, and at times we thought he was going to knock out someone’s front teeth with the microphone. The other memory was of the out – takes – they were classics. If he didn’t like your answer, he’d often argue with you. Those never made it to the 6 o’clock news, but we enjoyed them.

Speaking of Tiger's outtakes – well they often made the yearend highlight reel that the news division put together.

Tiger loved hanging out at the baseball park and probably one of his last assignments was at the park. He was standing along the first baseline, while the game was going on, trying to shoot a stand up (that's where he talks into the camera – kind of sums things up in a story). Tiger must have done about 10 takes, each time when he'd mess up, he curse. Finally 10 or so takes in, he's on a roll, he's almost to the end, got it made – going great – then you hear a crack of the bat and Tiger suddenly bolts from the camera to avoid the ball coming his way. I'm not sure he ever completed that standup.

Every year, during Klondike Days, they'd ask Tiger to go out to the exhibition grounds and do a story on the new rides. Dressed in his Klondike finery, Tiger got on some ride, I think it was the spinning tea cups, that go around and slightly up and down. Tiger wasn't shy, and never ran out of things to say, and that particular year, he talked through the entire two minute

ride. Told you how exciting it was, how it went up and down and around – I think the news editors put that on the outtake tape every year, it was just so darn funny.

Tiger was feisty. He was never one to back down, perhaps that's how he got his nickname. He apparently never went to a Grey Cup without getting into a scrap, and he attended some 30 Grey Cups – not always going to the actual game, just the festivities. When he'd return and I'd ask him about his annual scrap, he'd tell me, oh someone tried to pick pocket me so I turned around and punched him.

My first road trip with him was in 1979 to the Winter Games in Grande Prairie. We met for breakfast and he had a black eye. I said, Tiger, come on, this isn't the Grey Cup, what happened. Oh he said, the night light on the wall over his bed came crashing down and decked him.

It took a lot more than a night light to knock him down. As the years went by and his body started to fail him, he continued to attend Oiler

hockey games. In fact both the Oilers and Eskimos continued to give him press passes, long after he retired, and the Trappers had a reserved seat for him the stands. And Tiger never lacked for rides, he had always done so much for so many, many friends took him to the games – probably many are here today. Getting to the press box for an Oiler game is no easy feat, especially when you're ailing, but the Oilers staff and Northlands staff helped him climb the stairs to the catwalk. He quit going to games when his eyesight went, but then he always had a radio. He would listen to Rod Phillips and Bryan Hall call the Oilers and Eskimos games.

Body gave out – but big heart..

Tiger had a real soft spot for sport and for kids. In the 60's he began collecting sports equipment and giving it out to kids and families, who couldn't afford to buy things like skates. Years later Tiger would revel when people would come up to him and thank him. They were adults, professionals, business people – all had received something from Tiger when they couldn't afford it, and all remembered his

generosity. Tiger was honored about 20 years ago at a dinner – the room was filled with hundreds of Tiger fans, many of them recipients of his generosity. When he got too old to carry on playing Santa Claus with sports equipment, the Edmonton Sports reporters proudly carried on his tradition, teaming up with Sports Central for the annual Tiger’s drive. There are still collection bins around town, with a caricature of Tiger on it.

Memories are a funny things. Reading about the closure of the Sidetrack café in it’s original location this week – made me think of Tiger. He loved going there for lunch and was a regular with his many friends. It was there in the caboose, we celebrated his 80th birthday, about 30 friends and him.

Well today there are more than 30 of us here to celebrate your life Tiger. You would always say to me “you’re a nice girl – you know”. Well Tiger – you were a very nice man , thank you for all that you have done for so many of us.