

York braves the briny deep

by Dominic Di Lallo

Rain, snow or shine, the motto of the York Rowing Crew is, "Never Give Up". Things were looking quite grim the night of Tuesday, Sept. 24. Lake Ontario was slashing its waves against the breakwalls of the Argonaut rowing course. Overhead drifted ominous black clouds. But we couldn't cancel the rowing; the regatta was only one and a half weeks away.

Consequently, the heavy crew manned their shell and the light crew followed. Our course was due east past the CNE.

As soon as we began rowing it began pouring. Luckily, the wind was with us. Nevertheless there was the problem of keeping the boat balanced, especially when we hit the gaps leading out into the lake. Alas! We made it through the gap to the narrows.

We kept on rowing for one half mile and then misfortune struck. The light crew couldn't turn their boat because of the strong

currents and waves! Fortunately the coach boat was nearby to lend a hand.

Now that the shell was turned, the crew had to face the challenge of rowing against the current, wind and rain. This was really a struggle and at times we were barely moving. The water in the narrows had by now become very turbulent. The suspense and sighs were mounting and were at their height when we started crossing the gap at the end of the narrows.

Could the gap be conquered? The crew gave it all it had. Gigantic waves crashed and roared.

Oh! here they come (waves)! The next thing we knew the shell was full of water. The crew jumped out of the boat with the wild idea of holding on to the side of the shell.

This did not last long, mainly because the shell cracked in half.

The thing to do now was to swim to shore and try to salvage what was left—half a shell; the

other half was floating away down the narrows.

When the light crew finally got back to solid ground we were chilled and exhausted. We were trying to catch our breath when a man charged in and screamed, "What the hell you doing standing there when nine guys are fighting to stay live!?"

Oh no! we thought. But yes; somewhere in the mist, the torrential rain and the tempestuous waters, the other crew was desperately trying to hold on to their capsized shell—pardon me, "shells". It was in about a hundred pieces.

What to do? Finally someone phoned the police who didn't arrive till we were all out. In fact, when they did arrive, they came in all their splendour—a paddy-wagon and two cars. Frantically, all eighteen of us crammed into the paddy-wagon.

Behind us lay the treacherous water—churning our lost shirts, socks and shoes like a giant washing machine.

Dripping, we were driven back to the club in the paddy-wagon. We got many suspicious looks—people probably thought we must have ravaged some pleasure craft.

This is one of York Rowing's credible feats. Wait till you hear about the incredible.

The loner from York

On Sunday Bob Brooks defended the name of York. He did a marvellous job.

McMaster held its Invitational Track Meet Sun. and Bob was York's only entry. With an outfit donated by Nobby, Bob went to the meet and walked away with a good share of the spotlight. He finished first in the 440 race with a time of 49.3 seconds and second in the 220, registering a time of 22.3.

How about that you bunch of pus-heads? Out of over two hundred participants only one from York. Is that the fault of the administration or the students?

Soccer team bombed

There is an oddly subdued atmosphere in the environs of York University this fall. The usual profusion of No. 1 signs has not been in evidence and the normal air of *braggado cio* among the citizenry has been replaced by an unaccustomed and rather becoming attitude of modesty.

The reason is that York's faith in the superiority of the soccer team was shaken last Thursday,

and no one really has enough enthusiasm left over to start beating drums for an unbeaten year or a championship. The wounds of Thursday—the day that was to have been all York's—have not yet healed.

They don't make polite, elegant thrilling soccer players any more, but York seems to have a team full! The jittery York team (which has no name yet) was steam-rolled 11-0!

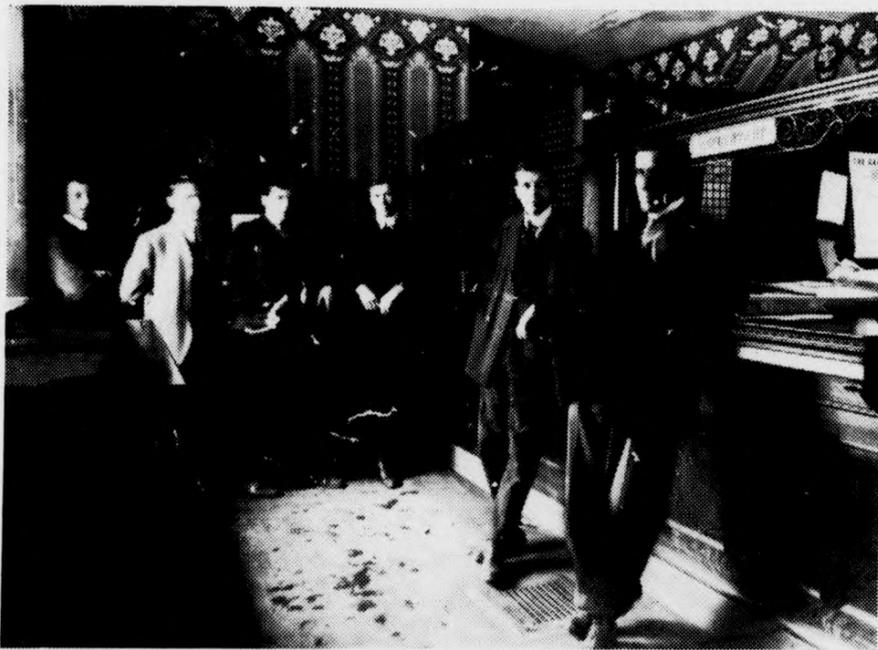
Student faculty soccer

Coming up this weekend is one of those Faculty-Student soccer games that provide so much enjoyment for us all.

These games divide up into teams with respect to age, so that last week's team of the antiques (over 25) used their superior guile and intellect to quash the juniors.

So out of respect to the aged, the age limit will be raised to 30, in the hopes of providing some decent opposition. All interested are most welcome, if they show up on the field just before 9:30 a.m. Saturday.

Faculty are urgently needed to carry stretchers and flasks. Also anyone interested in acting as referee, please show.



Ladies warmly welcomed at Toronto-Dominion.

Glendon Campus Branch
Toronto-Dominion Bank
Open Tuesday & Friday

York Campus Branch
Toronto-Dominion Bank
Normal banking hours

by David Henry

Speaking on sport

When the university bigwigs huddled last spring and chose to field a football team in 1968 they decided to do it in a grand style.

They hired one of the big names in Canadian pro football in the last two decades as head of interuniversity athletics and primarily as head football coach.

At that time there were cries of dissent from within the athletic offices. But York's brain trust was serious. New football equipment is expensive. The cost of outfitting a team from scratch is close to \$50,000. Medical supplies and general maintenance of players and equipment add another \$17,000 per year to that figure.

So here we are, autumn of 1968, with a football team that has played two and lost two, was never out of either game, a team that will win one before this season is over. And York is on the college football map, thanks to the faith and courage of a few who weren't afraid to sacrifice some cash in exchange for some of that good ole college spirit.

But even the best champagne goes flat if it's left unattended.

Canadian college football is the sport of the future and, to paraphrase a famous coach, the history of football at York lies in the future. What is needed, undoubtedly, is a stadium of the future.

The stadium proposed for the York campus by 1970 will be a relic of the past.

The plan is for a reinforced concrete structure complete with dressing rooms and an all-weather track with (get a load of this) a seating capacity of 2,000 — total cost \$426,000.

Campus planning indicates there will be possible expansion of seating to 4,000. But surely those concerned can look further ahead than that. The reason given for such inadequate seating facilities is that Metro Toronto will build a large stadium somewhere in Downsview available to York sometime in the future.

A few facts will shed some light on this dead-end street. When Toronto lost the bid for the 1976 Olympics, Metro Chairman Bill Allen stated he would still like to have a domed stadium near the CNE (ten miles from Downsview as the crow flies) by 1976: seating capacity — 50,000-60,000. Since, Allen has eliminated the 1976 deadline and plans grow hazy.

But York plods steadily ahead with its own plans for a stadium that will be obsolete before it is completed.

Fact number two. University of Guelph played an exhibition game against York last week. Close to 3,000 fans attended the game, packed the 800-seat stands and overflowed onto the sidelines. 400 of them were York students. All this in the pouring rain.

Even the conservative CBC is confident in the upsurge of college football as a major spectator sport, having signed a ten-year contract to televise CIAU football.

By 1980 York will have approximately 23,000 students. If our cross-town rival U of T is any indication, close to 10,000-15,000 will want to watch football at York. This figure does not include a sizeable number of alumni who will be following the fortunes of their alma-mater plus a hard core of fanatic fans who just love the game.

When autumn rolls around, the smell of burning leaves, the brisk nip in the air is incomplete without the sound of foot on the ball, the crash of helmets, and the core of fans in a packed stadium.

Let us look to the future. Let's slow down for a minute, think and complete with class that which has started so well. To fail to do so would be bush.

EXTRA POINTS:

Rumor has it that the CBC paid the CIAU \$100,000 for ten years, for exclusive rights to televise college football . . . cheap price for such a valuable commodity.

. . . Mickey Whinton, York's diminutive defensive halfback (5'10" - 160 lbs.) is one of the hardest tacklers in the York team . . . shades of Jimmy Dye . . .

. . . How about "Titans" as the name for York teams?

. . . York's football squad will be shut out when eastern standard time returns. There are no lights on the practice field.

. . . And what about some capes for the squad who were drenched in the rain at Guelph.

. . . The stragglers you may see stumbling along after the cross-country team during evening practice runs are prospective members of the 1968-69 York basketball squad.