

Women finish first, men find faster foes

by Paul Rafuse

The Dalhousie women's swim team emerged victorious this past weekend at the first AUA meet of the season, held at Mount Allison University. The women recorded 132 points, eighteen better than second place Mount A. The men had to settle with second place at 120 points as a vastly improved Memorial team accumulated 139. Other teams participating at the meet were Acadia and UNB.

Leading the women's squad was third year veteran and new team captain, Susan Mason, with wins in all four of her individual events; the 400M free, 100M butterfly, 100M free and 400M IM. Mason was also successful in qualifying for the CIAU championships in

each of her swims. Also with wins for Dalhousie were Susan Bennie in the 50M free and Louise Deveau in the 800M free. Second place finishes were had by Carol Flynn in the 800M free and Dawn Suto in both the 100M and 200M backstroke. Dalhousie won the 400M medley relay and the 800M free relay while placing second to Mt. A. in the 400M free relay.

The men's team was shocked to find they have serious competition this year. Memorial took many of the top finishes leaving Dalhousie with two wins by team captain Brian Jessop in the 1500M free and the 400M IM as well as a first in the 200M backstroke by Donald Pooley. Jessop swam CIAU qualifying times in the

400M IM, 200M butterfly, and 400M free. Respectable times were recorded by Ron Stegan, Arthur Rennie and Stuart McLennan in the sprint freestyle events. Dalhousie won the 400M medley relay and placed second to Memorial in the 800M and 400M free relays.

Although it was an early season meet, many of the swimmers from Dal, and the conference in general, recorded very fast times. This was especially apparent in the men's events. With Dalhousie's new talent and fresh look at the competition, we should see quite a successful season for the Tigers. Dal's next league meet is at the Dalplex on November 8th with UNB and Memorial providing the opposition.

Verbal Diarrhea

Them post-season blues

by Greg Dennis

For the past week I have been the victim of the annual depression that affects millions of North Americans. I feel strung-out, like a junkie undergoing cold turkey; bored like a New Yorker in Moncton; empty like a drained beer bottle.

I got them post-baseball season blues.

And because of the sensational season that was laid to rest last Tuesday, when Willie Wilson struck out on a Tug McGraw screwball, the depression, the void is very deep.

What a season it was! Three tight division races. George Brett's flirtation with the .400 mark. A most entertaining post-season. What more could a ball fan ask for?

Baseball is a great sport. The unknowing dismiss it as boring; an insipid, methodic kid's game played by overpaid adults in baggy pants and funny socks. A pox on those ignorant heathens! In what other sport can you enjoy the relaxation of sitting in a sunny park, sipping a cold one, watching professionals ply their trade? Where else can you find a single play as exciting as a triple steal? Can the drama of the Philadelphia-Houston series be equalled in another sporting event? Where else can power and grace be exhibited so regularly? Where else can the antics and humour of a Mark Fidrych or the afore mentioned McGraw be found? Nowhere, but in baseball.

Yes, it was quite a year; one that almost ended before it barely began. The major league owners and the players association were at odds over, among other things, compensation for free agents. The owners wanted a roster players instead of an amateur draft pick for any player they lost in the free agent market.

The players, fearing this would hinder teams from bidding for free agents, walked out during the last week of spring training and threatened to strike on May 23 if the owners stuck to their demand. Fortunately for me, and all baseball fans, a compromise was reached at the 11th hour — the issue is still unsettled — and the season progressed gloriously.

For the second year in a row four new divisional champions were crowned — New York and Kansas City in the American League and the Phillies and Astros in the National. Also for the second straight year, the National Expos finished a short hair's length behind the eventual World Series winner. For the first time ever Philadelphia won a series and all ball parks attracted over 1,000,000 fans. Also unprecedented, the Toronto Blue Jays failed to lose 100 games.

As usual there were milestones. Oakland's Ricky Henderson broke Ty Cobb's A.L. base stealing mark. Expo hurler Bill Gullickson set a rookie record by with 18 strikeouts in a nine inning game. Dave Concepcion of the Reds, who was Bob Gibson's 3,000th strikeout victim in 1974, was at the plate this year when Nolan Ryan of the Astros equalled the feat. Ken Landreaux of the Twins had a 31 game hitting streak. Milwaukee's Robin Yount became the youngest player ever to reach the 1,000 hit plateau. Expo manager Dick Williams won his 1,000 game. Boston captain Carl Yastrzemski had 100 hits for the 20th year in a row, a shot of Hank Aaron's major league mark. Reggie Jackson, the stick that stirs the Yankee drink, slugged his 400th home run. Cincy's Johnny Bench surpassed Yogi Berra's home run record for catchers (afterwhich Yogi said, "I knew that record would stand until it was

broken.")

Typically, loony happenings were abound in the 1980 baseball year. The salesman-punching, dirt-kicking Billy Martin led the usually lethargic Oakland A's to a second place finish. Jerry Coleman came down from the broadcast booth to manage the San Diego Padres. Fifty-seven year young Minnie Minosa batted twice for the Chicago White Sox. Pete Rose introduced the spike to baseball. And Blue Jay shortstop Bob Bailor pitched two-and-one-third innings of runless baseball.

Medically, things this year were somewhat strange. The Royal's Darrell Porter and Dodger's Bob Welch were rehabilitated for alcoholism problems. Houston fireballer James Rodney Richard suffered a stroke which ended his year and almost his career. The topper, of course, was the attention, ah, piled upon poor George Brett who will likely be more remembered in 1980 for his World Series hemorrhoids than his .390 batting average.

Alas, the year is history. Sigh. What does a fan do now? There's only one thing to do — wait 'til spring. What else?

Consider the options. Take hockey, please. The poorly aligned, mismanaged National Hockey League generates as much excitement as a Halifax municipal election. The Canadian Football League will finish in December to everyone's apathy while below the border, U.S. football will occupy a few Sundays but only until its culmination in January.

Oh, February. The coldest and loneliest of months. But wait, fear not. February has but 28 days this year and you know what March brings! Spring training. Then before anyone knows it, an umpire in Cincinnati will be throwing out the first ball of the 1981 season...Jeess, I feel better already. Where's my ball hat?

LORD NELSON BEAUTY SALON

5675 Spring Garden Road

Lord Nelson Arcade

Halifax NS

Catering to all needs in all phases of Hairstyling

423-6551

ask for:
Shannon or Cathy

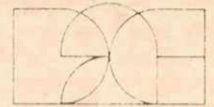
424-6532

DAL-ADS

424-6532

The Advertising Department For Dalhousie Student Union

Dalhousie Art Gallery



CHARLES HILL

Curator, Post Confederation Art
National Gallery of Canada

will present an illustrated lecture
entitled

"Schaefer and the Art of the Thirties"
in conjunction with the Carl Schaefer exhibition
currently on view

Thursday, 30 October, 8 p.m.
Everyone is Welcome
Admission is Free

Days of Wine & Vinyl

**Buy Sell & Trade
New & Used Records**

423-7684

2186 Windsor Street

Halifax

3 Blocks from Quinpool



Facing the weather
in great style...

with the
Autumn
Wool Classic

Foreign Affair

1705 Barrington St.
429-1407

Easy Street

5686 Spring Garden Rd.,
429-5013