

sports

MEN'S SCHEDULE

Sat. Sept. 18 FOOTBALL — U. Windsor 2:00 pm
 Sat. Sept. 25 at Carleton U. 2:00 pm
 Wed. Sept. 29 — U. Toronto 8:00 pm

Sat. Sept. 18 RUGGER at Laurentian 2:00 pm
 Wed. Sept. 22 — McMaster U. 5:00 pm
 Sat. Sept. 25 at Queen's U. 12 noon

Sat. Sept. 25 SOCCER — Guelph 11:00 am
 Wed. Sept. 29 at Ryerson P.I. 2:00 pm

Sat. Sept. 25 CROSS COUNTRY Guelph Invitational 2:00 pm
 Fri. Sept. 24 TRACK McMaster Invitational

WOMEN'S SCHEDULE

Fri. Sept. 24 TENNIS at McMaster (Exhibition)

Interceptions key to Yeomen loss

Yeomen drop opener to Ottawa 21-0

By ROB ROWLAND

OTTAWA — For the first time in three years, the York Yeomen football club is a team. A series of reverses and a sputtering York offense gave the sloppy University of Ottawa Gee-Gees a 21-0 victory over the Yeomen at Lansdowne Park on Saturday. It was the first league contest for the Yeomen in the new Ontario Universities Athletic Association.

In 1968 the Yeomen were a brand new team who saw themselves as potential giant killers. Veteran Yeomen still around from that year look back to the time when they won several exhibition games.

Inexperience was again the Yeomen's greatest burden. So far there are only eleven veterans playing although a couple more are expected to try out this week. Headcoach Nobby Wirkowski again has the problem of whipping into shape a team of rookies and a few veterans. Twenty-four newcomers dressed for the Ottawa game. Larry

Iaccino, last year's starting quarterback, was in training camp but was unable to play Saturday.

The same problems that were seen in the early part of last season were again in evidence. The offensive line is weak but looks better than last year. The punt return defence was unsure of itself. The offensive unit was unsteady. A rash of broken plays was blamed by several players on a new huddle formation. Some claimed they could not hear the quarterback calling plays.

The defence, as always, was York's bastion against a romp. They were on the field, due to the reverses, for well over half the game but held up to both the legitimate and cheap-shot hitting from the Gee-Gees. The line, although slow on some occasions, was sharp but up against an experienced offensive unit from Ottawa. The Gee-Gees, despite the loss of many players by graduation, are bolstered by refugees from Buffalo.

Those York veterans who have

returned appear to be prepared to play ball seriously this year and to let their experience help the rookies in producing. John Harris and Doug Pepper have improved with the year's aging, while Rob Panzer gave his usual 100 per cent from the linebacking slot. Steve Ince, a wide receiver, was the leading rookie catching two passes for sixty one yards and had two other possible long gainers just pulled from him by Ottawa players. Both Brian Love and John Rosenbaum showed that the ground game, although held to only 23 yards, can improve with practice. The Yeomen are strong in the punting department with rookie Bob Cohl who kicked nine for an average of 35 yards. Newcomer at the pivot's spot, Gerry Verge was a cool performer when he took over after Rick Frisby got into trouble.

It seems traditional that York start off strong in the early part of their first game. It happened against Windsor in 1969, Toronto in 70 and Ottawa in 71.

After receiving the opening kickoff York advanced on passes from Rick Frisby to Steve Ince and John Reid to the Ottawa 34. From then on the Gee-Gees dominated the half, although sloppy themselves.

The York offense's greatest problem was reverses, they gave up five interceptions and two fumbles. The Yeomen defence collected two interceptions, one by Pete Mukts, the second, in the end zone, by returning veteran of the 69 season Marek Dzieduzycki. Ottawa who is traditionally the Dirty Dozen team was no different this time and aided York with 13 penalties for 170 yards.

After the game coach Nobby Wirkowski was cautiously optimistic. He pointed out that the team played a lot better than they had last year but intends to work hard to make sure that the mistakes made by the rookies are cleared up. "We were hurt badly by the reversals," he said, adding that he is confident that the team will improve

steadily as the season progresses.

Carleton Raven's 12-3 upset of the Toronto Blues has already shown that the new league will respect no old master and holds a few surprises. If fortune smiles, York may be one of those surprises.

Yeomen Yardage: Ex-Argo Danny Nykoluk has joined the Yeomen as a line coach and has already brought new life to York ... Gee-Gee's home, Lansdowne Park will probably have Tartan Turf next season. . . York will still have Ye Mud and Ice Palace. . . there should be bleachers for Saturday's game against Windsor at 2 pm. . . Many people including some on the team don't know what a Yeoman is; it's an old English freeman who had the right to sit on a jury or to vote, later a member of the army who was a freeman and a member of a Yeomen Force, now the Yeomen of the Guard at the Tower and Buckingham Palace.

Enthusiasm gone - pro sports become business bore

By Nick Martin

You would never have expected George Sauer to quit football. He was the product of a football family, honing his skills as a pass receiver under his father's coaching at the University of Texas, a Mecca in a state where football is a religion and athletes are men who walk with gods. He turned pro with the New York Jets, teaming up with a brash quarterback named Namath to tear apart the Baltimore secondary for eight catches and 133 yards in a Super Bowl game that wrote football history. At the age of 27 he stood atop the heap, one of the two or three best receivers in the NFL, with many more years of glory and financial rewards to come.

And this summer George Sauer turned his back on it all, calling pro football childish, he walked out on the New York Jets. Sauer was not the first athlete to quit, and he will not be the last. He is the latest in a series of prominent athletes who are walking away from the sports that have given them every material advantage available, walking away at the peaks of their careers.

They bred them differently in the old days, when players clung to every precious second in the big leagues, then drifted down the ladder from one minor league to the next, unwilling to admit their fastball, football, or skating ability was lying dead with their youth that had passed on twenty years before. Those men played for the love of the game, men like Iron Man Joe McGinnity who hung on in the National league until he was 37, never giving up the ghost until he found himself in the Mississippi Valley league at 54.

But somewhere along the line it all stopped being a game. Better educated players demanded a greater share of the money the owners were raking in; the players unionized, got agents to negotiate the contracts, put down the Sporting News and picked up the Wall Street Journal. Sports became a business turning out gray plastic heroes who become more faceless with each passing year.

Who but the dedicated fanatic could name the starting nine for the San Diego Padres, the backfield of the New Orleans Saints, forward line for the California Seals? The individual is rapidly disappearing, increasingly becoming a stereotyped statistic, a .250 hitter a 20 goal scorer who is good in corners, a six foot three inch 240 pound tackle who does the 40 in 5.1 seconds. There are as many good athletes as there there were before but now the parts are so interchangeable that it is only when an athlete far exceeds the specifications of the mould, a Bobby Orr or a Vida Blue, that anyone knows his name.

In the old days when they talked about colourful athletes they were talking about uninhibited flakes like Dizzy Dean and legendary characters like Bobby Layne. Today they search desperately for colour and all they can find are Joe Namath and Derek Sanderson. Today colour is an extra inch of hair. Surely athletes had discovered girls before Namath came along.

There was room in sports in the past for every desperate type of personality, from the fun-loving country boy to the friendless loner. But now sports have become so scientific and pressurized that every cog must turn precisely in its place, and for the man who hears a different drummer, there is no place.

And so George Sauer walks away, unable to understand the pressures and the importance imposed on a boys' game by a nation of grown men, unable to understand how a game of touch in a vacant lot could evolve into a life or death crisis for millions of people.

Ken Harrelson walked away, leaving behind \$75,000 a year from the Cleveland Indians to start at the bottom of the pro golf tour, where a few fellow blithe spirits like Lee Trevino still survive.

Bernie Casey, a magnificently gifted receiver with the Rams, turned instead to the peace and introspection of painting. Dave Meggesey and Rick Sortun, unable to relate pro football to the problems of the world, deserted St. Louis to work for radical causes. Chip Oliver, a bone-crunching

Oakland linebacker, found his peace in a vegetarian commune. He tried again this season to reconcile his two worlds, but after five days returned to the commune.

Brian Conacher said no to the 'win at any cost' credo of the NHL, sentiments that Jim Krulicki echoed this spring when he gave up a promising career at 23.

You don't hear many of the reasons, but Tony Horton, a budding Cleveland superstar, is not playing ball this year. The few rumours that have reached the papers sound sadly reminiscent of Mike Walton's troubles last winter.

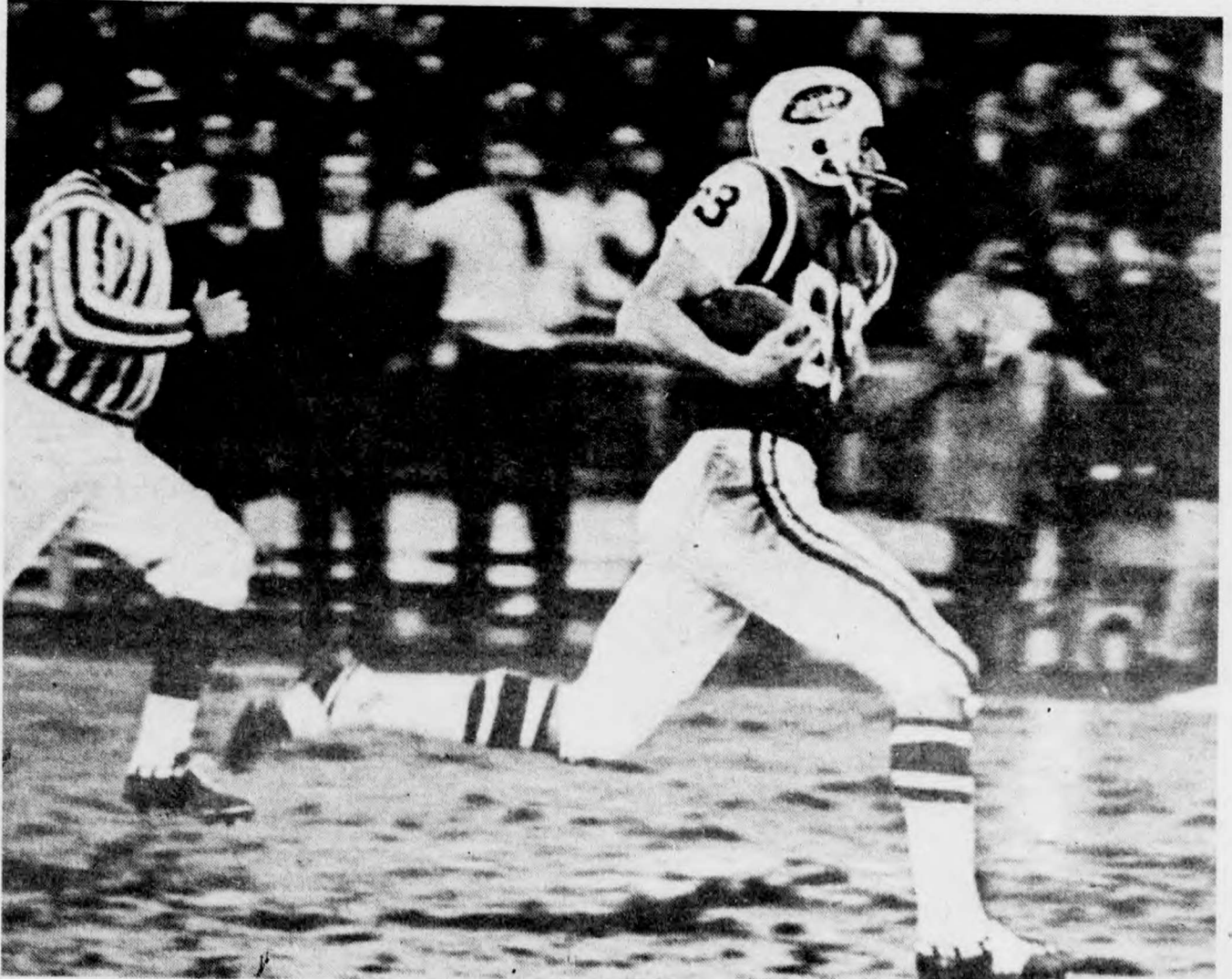
Others who would have lasted forever in simple times find the combination of relentless onfield and offfield pressures, of sudden wealth and overnight changing lifestyles, just too confusing to cope with. And so Curt Flood flees to Spain, Joe Kapp to the wilds of Canada, Tony Conigliaro to his parents' home. Duane Thomas bounces from the Cowboys to the Patriots who ship him back to Dallas. And now, in his second season, the brilliant rookie-of-the-year isn't playing for anyone.

A better athlete than any of these stars could be the next to go. In previous incarnations his name was Ty Cobb, Hal Chase, Rogers Hornsby, Ted Williams, a man who came and did his job and went his own way, a man whom no one ever really knew or ever tried to know, because he wanted it that way.

But they couldn't leave Alex Johnson alone to follow the beat of his own drummer. While teammates called him impossible to get along with, managers and owners called him hostile, newsmen castigated him for being unwilling or unable to bridge the gap between his private world and theirs, he drifted from the Phillies to St. Louis to the Reds and finally to the California Angels, where he languishes in suspension, his desire to play ball almost gone, his trade value practically nil. No one knows what unknown world Alex Johnson inhabits, for it is a world he opens only to his wife and children and the admiring kids who will accept him for what he is. Yet when they left Alex Johnson alone, there were few who could match him.

The whole problem became inevitable the day the first athlete was paid for playing a game he had loved to play for nothing. Sports were refined and computerized and blown out of all proportion until backyard games became life-on-death dollar wars, and warriors who would have been content in quieter times found themselves unable to adjust.

George Sauer walked away from a game he could play better than most men alive because it was no longer a game, and the years of pressure had pushed him beyond his limits. Other men will follow Sauer, leaving us with a few happy memories of great athletes on great days, and the tragic dreams of what greater glories might have been.



George Sauer speeds down the field carrying one of teammate Joe Namath's passes. Sauer left the pro football ranks of his own accord.