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Mark Spector

Seems the fat dame has sung

The time has come for me to write my first ever **last-column-at-this-paper** piece, and I beg your indulgence as I thank the people who have made my two year tenure here so pleasant.

In fact, if you're the type of person who laughs at those jokes when they roast the old **sports characters**, this may be your only chance to hear some stories that will most certainly improve with age.

I guess that it wasn't until the first year was nearly over that I learned famed sports writer **Dick Beddoes** did my job some 40 years ago.

I figured I should stay for another year just so I could tell people that I took over Beddoes' job once. **Cam Cole's** too; I guess I'm in good company. I don't know how Beddoes did it, but I know for sure that cracking the old master, **Clare Drake**, surely had something to do with Cole's rise to the top so quickly.

Clare Drake is like a monument when you first meet him. You've never met him, but you have so much respect for him that you're afraid to say anything. Then it's two months later, you're on your third road trip with the team, and he calls you **Sam**, or **Scott**, or worse yet, **Howie**. Then you know he's accepted you like one of his players — whose names he also forgets at first.

That's probably been the biggest challenge and the most fun — reporting on and being accepted by the players and the athletes. The **Panda gymnasts**, whose yearly delivery of Milk Duds from their California tour was a welcome sight, were one team that always was friendly. Big **Dean Peters** from the hoop Bears, whose **horn-rimmed glasses** I've seen fly 20 feet across the court, and then back on his face the next day — unbelievably, in public!

The first beat I ever covered was with the **Pandas basketball team** in 84-85. **Coach Debbie Shogan** had an extra ticket for me to travel to **Bishop's University** in **Lennoxville, Quebec** for the CIAU's. You haven't lived until you've had **Debbie O'Byrne** and **Shelaine Kozakavitch** carry you out of the bar where the locals all keep Hawaiian clothes in lockers to dance to the **Hawaii Five-O** theme at midnight.

I hope I've been just with the criticism that I have often leveled towards the administration over in the **Butterdome**. **Bob Steadward**, **Dale Schulha**, **Jim Donlevy**, you've all been more than fair with me. I hope the feelings are likewise.

I've landed a summer job at **The Journal**, and then it's back to being a student again next year. I'm on the five year Arts degree plan, you know. If you can believe it, I'm a considerably worse student than a writer.

I know I have learned much here though. And to all of you who have taken the time to read under my byline over the years, thank you.

Sports

Hoop Bears lose one more

Assistant Roth climbs to provincial post in Regina

by Mark Spector

As if Don Horwood's basketball Bears don't have enough holes to fill, one more gap opens next Wednesday as assistant coach Steve Roth leaves to take a job on the provincial level in Saskatchewan.

"For me to go further in this profession," states Roth, "I have to leave here." He's not looking forward to the jump to Regina though, in many ways. For one, he and his wife purchased a house just three months ago. The fact that he's been at the University of Alberta for 10 of the last 13 years is sort of saddening too, but it's nothing that a healthy raise in pay won't cure.

Roth, 30, has sat in the familiar courtside chair beside his idol in many ways, Don Horwood, for four years. Under that tag-team the Golden Bears have improved steadily, holding the number one ranking for four weeks of the season before losing out to archrivals Victoria in the semis.

A Camrose, Alberta boy, Roth has nothing but respect for his head coach. Maybe the reason that the two coaches have proved so compatible is that Horwood is from a borough named Carbonear, a small fishing village in Newfoundland.

"We used to ask how they expect two guys from Carbonear and Camrose to put together a winning program in the big city," laughs Roth.

With the Canada Summer Games slated for Saskatchewan in 1989, Roth will spearhead a Junior Men's provincial team that will hopefully be ready to earn a gold medal for the wheat province in '89. "It's a program called Sask-First, and basically it's designed to help Saskatchewan win the Summer Games," he explains.

A qualified C.A. who also has his Phys. Ed. degree, Roth is looking forward to the challenge of working year round as a head coach. He may even end up on the sidelines



Steve Roth (blond) and Don Horwood in the early days. They're both head coaches now.

with the University of Regina Cougars, serving time as an assistant under coach Ken Murray, in his spare time.

Roth would never say it to you, but two years working as Sports Information Director for U of A Athletics can be a harrowing experience.

He took the job when A.D. Bob Steadward moved in, and has seen much happen as this administration has taken its course.

"Horwood will be over the hill in four or five years, and I'll come back here," he jokes. "He'll have to find someone else to take the

losses, though, now that I'm gone."

But in the next breath he'll tell you that any coach that doesn't line up for the opportunity to learn from Horwood is crazy.

Good grapes make fine wine, and the Golden Bears have just lost a case of it to Saskatchewan.

It's the summer of review for the CIAU

by Tim Enger

It's the fall of 1972. The world is still in shock over the tragic massacre of 11 Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. Canada is reeling in ecstasy over Paul Henderson's dramatic series winning goal against the Soviets, and the Golden Bear Football team wins the Vanier Cup.

Now, for those of you who have lived in or around Edmonton for at least 20 years, which of those events do you have trouble recalling?

Bad example? Too far back you say? OK, let's pick something more recent. (Roll the teletype sound effect.)

It's the spring of 1980. The U.S. and Canada announce their plans to boycott the Moscow Olympics. New York goes nuts after Bob Nystrom's overtime goal wins the Stanley Cup for the Islanders. The Golden Bear hockey team wins its third straight national championship.

Of course you have no trouble remembering names like Pierre Trudeau, Jimmy Carter, Mike Bossy, and Billy Smith, but do the names Jack Cummings, Dave Breakwell, Dave Hindmarsh and John Devany

do anything for you?

Now you're saying that the '72 gridiron Bears and '80 puck Bears winning it all is hard to remember because they weren't as significant as those other events mentioned.

I hate to draw comparisons to the United States, but people in Chapel Hill, North Carolina would be hard pressed to remember who won the NBA Championship in 1957 or the name of the first man-made satellite launched that year. But they can go into detail about how their Tar Heels upset Wilt Chamberlain and the Kansas Jayhawks to take the NCAA Basketball Championship.

So what's the problem with people in the Great White North? The common argument is that supporting university sports is just not a part of the Canadian culture. Maybe, but there's bound to be more than just that.

Let's look at the packaging and selling. Until TSN came along, the only time you would see a Canadian College game on TV would be for the championship game of football, hockey, or basketball.

For football, this meant watching two teams wallow in the perennial

mud of rickety old Varsity Stadium in Toronto. How can the C.I.A.U. ever hope to enter the big time when they can't even remove snow off the field before the big game? Hell, Edmonton high school teams manage to get rid of the snow. Why can't they?

Broadcasts of the hockey finals have shown some hope, but you know what has to occur before the games ever get off the ground — the host team has to participate in the final.

It's a sad commentary when people will not come out to watch the national championship of the all-Canadian game unless the home team plays. But that's the way it is, like it or not.

Witness the difference between the 3000-plus who watched the 1986 final between the Bears and Trois-Rivieres in the Agricom, vs. the 900-plus who sat through the 1987 final between Saskatchewan and UQTR at Varsity Arena.

The basketball final used to be played in gyms complete with lines for volleyball, badminton, etc. A casual viewer might mistake it for a high school game. Nowadays the game is played in Halifax on a floor

with no extra lines, but many empty seats still give it that Indoor Soccer League look.

In recent years the C.I.A.U. has realized that they have to clean up their act in order to compete in the big money world of sport today. Unfortunately they may have missed the boat. The '80's aren't as conducive to developing a following in sport as the '70's were, where the NHL grew up, and the NCAA Final Four in basketball became the stuff legends are made of.

Today's world demands three things to be successful in sports: promoting, tradition and exposure. While the C.I.A.U. has a ton of the former, it can't let that fact be known without the latter two, which it won't get until they can convince the media that they have the former, which won't happen until...

This could go on forever, but something's got to give soon. It's the spring of 1987, Calgary's preparing to host the XV Winter Olympics. The Stanley Cup play-offs are starting, and it's decision making time for the C.I.A.U. before next September rolls around.