

sports

Soccer bears win opener

by Michael Skeet

The Golden Bears soccer team got the 1981 season off to a good start in Calgary Saturday. Playing the second half short-handed, the Bears hung on to defeat the University of Calgary Dinosaurs 2-1. In fact, the second, and winning, Bears goal was scored with the team at a disadvantage.

Steve Aldred potted both Golden Bear goals, and keeper Peter Snider was particularly sharp between the pipes. Coach Bruce Twamley praised an overall team effort, especially in the second half, following Rudy Bartholomew's ejection on a red card. Coach Twamley pointed out the play of his defense and midfielders, who were hard-pressed to stop the aggressive,

physical Calgary attackers.

The rain which fell throughout the province last week resulted in a rather heavy pitch, but all in all, Coach Twamley felt the weather to have had a very limited effect on the outcome of the game.

The win must have been particularly gratifying for the returnees from last year's soccer squad. After a slow start, the Bears roared back into playoff contention, only to be robbed of a second consecutive Canada West soccer title by a loss to and tie with Calgary in the final two games of the season.

In other Canada West soccer action, the University of Saskatchewan Huskies firmly established themselves as the

league's doormats. Losers to Calgary in the season opener, the

Huskies lost twice on the weekend: to Victoria on Friday and the University of British Columbia on Saturday. Following the weekend's play, the Bears, the Vikings and the Thunderbirds all sport 1-0 records, the Dinosaurs are 1-1, and the Huskies are 0-3.



photo by Vic Marchiel



The weather didn't allow for much scoring Saturday, but football Bears prevailed anyway.

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I have discovered that the dens wherein the worship of the grape is promulgated are ideal sites for research into a particularly obnoxious aspect of human nature, namely sportswriters, of the genus *hackus rewriticus*.

Being no stranger to either this loosely-knit group of loosely-wrapped individuals or to iniquitous inebriation, I have even gone so far as to frequent such nouveau-trendy spots as The Point After and The Sports Page in search of these scruffy scribes.

It was on one such visit below the depths of Jasper's subway stations that I encountered a former colleague from the sporting airwaves (and there are so many individuals peddling professional sports over radio and TV as to almost make you forget the sins of their ink-stained companions).

This poor fellow did not recognize me right off. At first I thought it was because I looked so different without the pallor (and the poundage) carried by most sports journalists. Reluctantly (because many of those pounds are still with me), I came to the conclusion that my former ally in alliteration could not recognize me because he was piss-drunk.

Now, being twenty-seven sheets to the wind is not an unusual state for a sports journalist, but in this instance there was something frightening about the way this poor wretch tossed back his Creme de Menthe and Cherry Jack chasers.

"Chuck!" I called (I called him Chuck, rather than Larry, which is not his real name either). "Hold fast, old man! Tell me, what's wrong?"

"I've been canned!" he sobbed. "Let go, and in what would have been the prime of my career in any business but this one!"

"Tell me about it," I soothed placatingly, taking out my notebook.

"It used to be," he whimpered, "that I was one of the best in the business. There was no one quicker with a platitude when there was butt to be kissed. I had all 187 sports cliches memorized, and could even spout them in order. I knew that 'stretched the twine' was better than 'scored a goal', and that something even more obscure was even better. I never doubted for a moment that the prevarications of a group of highly-paid athletes was the most important subject that a humanoid could ever want to study. Until..." and here he noisily blew his nose on someone's jacket.

"Until what?" I casually asked, feeling that now we were approaching an Epiphany that Joyce would have ignored anyway.

"Until one day I was sent to a news conference to cover a real news story. A news conference! Would you believe it - they didn't even have a bar? There was no free lunch, no pretty women - just a pot of coffee and a couple of guys talking about something like the future of civilization."

"Imagine that."

"Well, I was stunned, I tell you. I went to the bar with the guys after work, but my heart wasn't in my drinking. These guys didn't need free food and booze to sell their story! Suddenly, I felt like I was being bribed, like I was nothing more than a hack pumping press releases for football teams and hockey teams and soccer teams and tennis and boxing and wrestling promoters. And then I committed the cardinal sin."

"You didn't!" I gasped. "You didn't criticize a player?"

"Worse!" he sobbed. "I questioned the whole philosophy of our sports coverage. I asked the boss if all that fawning reportage was really necessary. And that was the end."

He stared at the table-top, at the 187 glasses heaped in emptiness atop it.

"I'm through in this business, and I'm not qualified to do anything else. Where do I go?"

"All is not lost, spheroidal bozo," I comforted. "You may have lost one measly job, but think! You've grown a conscience!"

"Fine," he blubbered, slipping under the table. "Can you eat it with Kraft Dinner? That's all I can afford these days..."

Bears batter Bisons

by Bob Kilgannon

It didn't start or end as a classic, but it was a sound technical football game. That may sound like a fancy way to say Saturday's game against the Manitoba Bisons was boring but it wasn't, at least not from a purist's viewpoint. The game was highlighted by excellent defense and even better special teams for the Golden Bears.

Those special teams and the defense continually gave the offense good field position while giving away almost nothing to coach Dennis Hryciako's Manitoba Bisons. In fact, the Bisons only managed 12 first downs and 245 yards of net offense. The Golden Bears, on the other hand, racked up 307 yards (253 of them through the air) as they defeated the Bisons 11-3 in Winnipeg last Saturday.

The weather conditions were horrendous with cold temperatures, high winds, and rain which plagued both offenses. Neither team could score many points in the first three quarters, mostly because of those weather conditions.

The prime focus in the first three quarters was a battle for field position, a battle that the Bears had the upper hand in although they trailed by a 3-2 count with a quarter left to play. The Bison points came on their only real drive of the game when Darrel Batt kicked a 27 yard field goal. The Golden Bear points came from the toe of Reg Gilmour on singles off missed field goals in the first and third quarters.

The Bears did most of their scoring in the final quarter when the weather let up somewhat. At 1:43 of the quarter linebacker Mike McLean recovered a fumble at the Manitoba 45 yard line. "We were playing man to man defense and I saw my man fumble in the backfield. I just jumped on the ball," McLean said later.

Once the Bears got the ball they wasted no time putting some points on the board. Quarterback Jaimie Crawford engineered a four play, 45 yard scoring drive mostly with the passing game. The touchdown came at 3:26 on a nine yard pass to Peter Eshenko. The convert was good and Rick Magee kicked a single on the ensuing

kickoff to give Alberta a 10-3 lead. Dave Brown rounded out the scoring with a 68 yard single later in the quarter.

Head coach Dennis Hryciako of the Bisons summed up the play of the Bears quite well. "Alberta played a good tough football game and took advantage of our mistakes." Hryciako went on to explain what he considered to be the key mistakes made by the Bisons. He cited two mistakes — (1) when Doug Futz fumbled (the fumble recovered by Mike McLean) and (2) earlier in the game when the Bisons intercepted a pass but had it called back due to a roughing the passer penalty.

Jim Donlevy, the Bears' head coach, also felt that his club played well but he put it in a little different perspective. "We're showing signs of maturation and the only way to get maturation is to play. We showed some jam. We played well in spite of the weather and a lot of other things."

The win keeps the Bears in second spot in the Western Intercollegiate Football League, *more on p. 17*

Runners fine, but field hockey stumbles

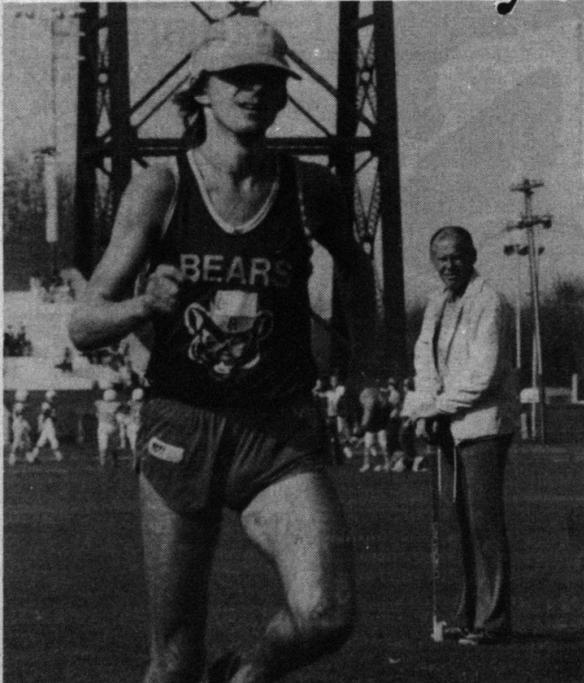


photo by Tom Freeland

The U of A Cross-Country team began defense of its national title on Saturday.

A weekend trip to Saskatoon held mixed blessings for this year's university athletics teams. A commendable showing by the cross-country teams has to be balanced against the humiliation endured by the field hockey squad.

The Mens' Cross-Country Team placed third in the Sled Dog Invitational, opening the cross-country season; the meet was won by the host University of Saskatchewan Huskies. The Bears, who had six runners competing in a field of 60, finished with 100 points. (Keep in mind that only the five top runners qualify, and that, as points awarded correspond with the order of finish, the fewer points a team has, the better.)

Top finisher for the U of A over the 8000-metre course was Adrian Shorter, who came in ninth. Other runners were Chris Judge (16th), Kevin Maser (22nd), Martin Dawson (25th), Chris Nicol (27th) and Dave Benoit (34th).

Only one woman entered the 4000-metre run on behalf of the U of A. Sue Krausent finished 8th in a field of twelve. *continued on p. 17*