

# Sports

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667-3201

## Sweat and trembling at Humber

# Power-drunk ping-pong ace meets Wolfman

By PETER HSU

I don't know what madness possessed me at that moment, but I plunked down my \$2.75 to enter my first table-tennis tournament, section D of the Ontario Open at Humber Collegiate last weekend.

Perhaps I was drunk with power, after slaughtering the "hackers" at the Vanier College games room the previous night. At any rate, the basement crown was not enough; I had to reach out for newer horizons and greater glory. But that was a mistake.

From the outset of the tourna-

ment, the section D players dissected my back with their stares before a quick slaughter—apparently the organizers had mistakenly seeded me first. (Although if the players had taken time to read the faint pencil scribbles under the title, they'd have known that the event was a mixed draw—nobody was seeded.)

The Wolfman strode over to me, and stroked my genuine woollen jacket with his paws. I tried to tell him that I wasn't really seeded, and that this was my first tournament.

"Oh, come now," he growled. "The brother of little Gloria Hsu

must be very good." The Wolfman slunk away to sharpen his blades. "I'm playing you next," he hissed.

Sweat poured down my face, drenching my sweatband. It was true that Gloria was a rated and well-known player who participated in the World table-tennis championships, but the last game I played her was months ago, when I slithered to a 21-1 creaming.

Earlier on I watched Gloria, her arms flailing like a harvesting machine, smash, loop and topspin her way through the sectional favourites to clinch the men's C title. It was odd that they allowed the women to play in the men's sections but barred the men from the women's.

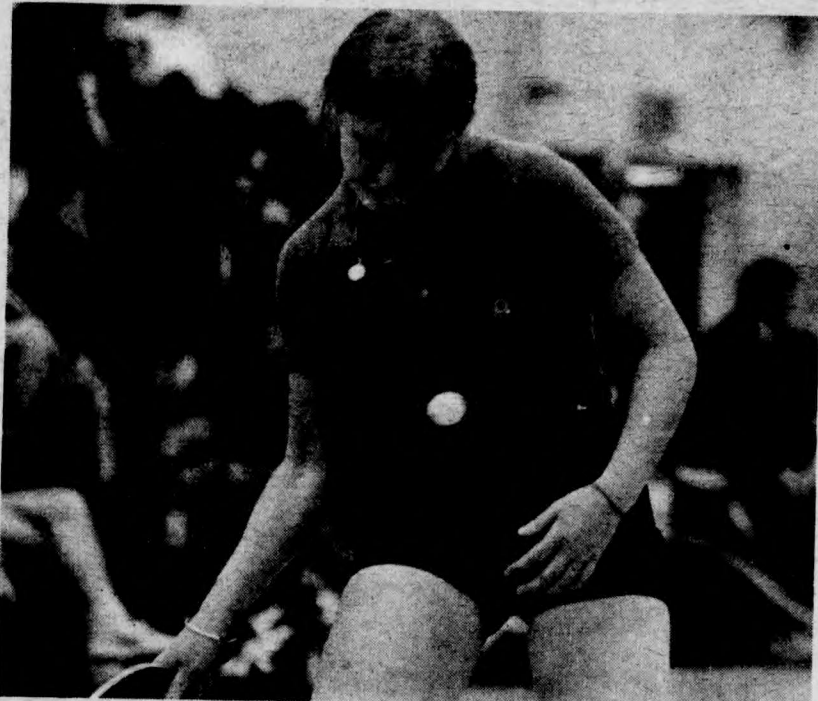
I was angered by this form of discrimination—I had longed to enter the women's section.

I snuck into the washrooms for some body exercise. If the exercise did not improve my reflexes, I thought, I'd at least impress them all with a trim figure.

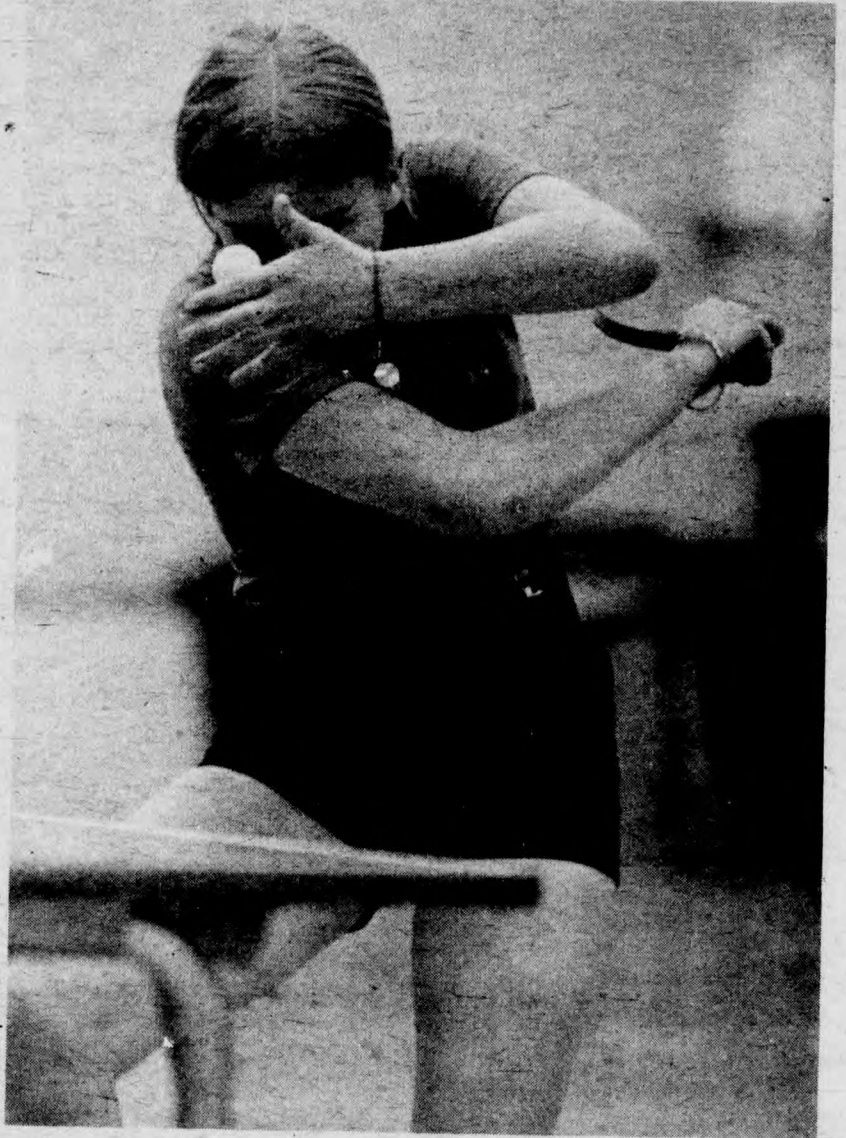
My time with the Wolfman finally came. Eyes glowering and mouth slobbering, he served the ball. I retaliated with a vicious forehand drive, learned from Johnny Leach's Table-tennis for Beginners handbook, and missed completely.

The Wolfman took the three games quite easily and eliminated yours truly from the event. The referee was cheating consistently for the Wolfman's benefit, because they were relatives. I know, because the referee wagged his tail every time the Wolfman scored.

Prepare yourselves, you basement hackers—the king has returned.



As hundreds of thrilled spectators watch, Birute Plucas prepares to volley in the table tennis mixed doubles at Humber in last weekend's tourney.



Peter Hsu photos

Unseen behind Birute Plucas is Excalibur graphics editor Peter Hsu, who is under the impression that this is a lawn tennis tourney and has brought a tennis racket.



To the left of Birute Plucas is Peter "Ping Pong" Hsu (not seen), battling opponents like the Wolfman, the Net and the Stopwatch.

## Visual arts bake-off eyes upper crust apple pies

By GORDON THOMAS

It was the first day of spring.

The foyer of the fine arts building was crowded with over 100 voracious onlookers, held in place by a trio of dedicated visual arts students—Gordon Piukkala, Wendy Hendershot and Paul Campbell.

And there, under the lights, were the contestants. The 26 wedges of flavour submitted to the first annual visual arts apple pie-baking contest.

### STAGGERING

The variety was staggering. Entries had been submitted from as far away as 50 miles, in a wide assortment of styles.

Considerable latitude was also evinced in the cooking method, with entries emanating from the microwave oven in the Ainger coffee shop, the ceramics kiln in the sculpture studio, and the faculty lounge stove in the fine arts building.

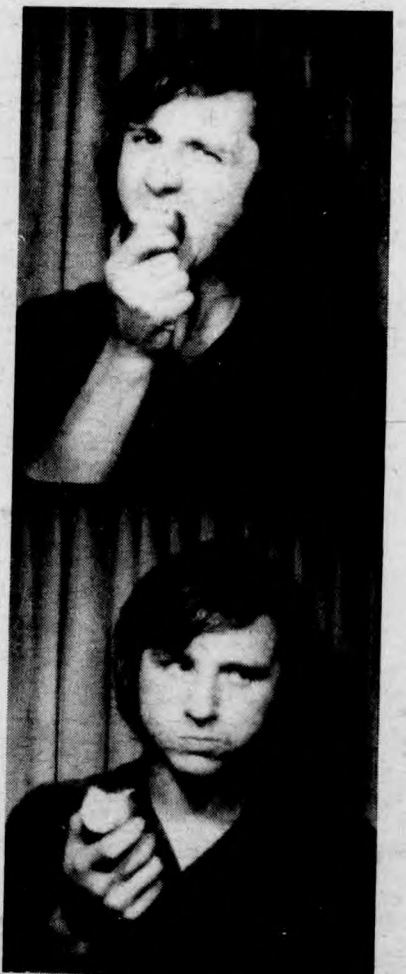
When it was all over, judges Morris the Buttonman, Ronald Bloore, and Vera Frankel had presented red, blue and white rosettes to the three winners, and Morris had especially endeared himself with his presentation of honorable mention buttons to three entrants that just failed to make the grade.

### COPPED ROSETTE

Wendy Pickard and Janet Heath copped the third prize rosette, while David Turney made off with second.

But the creator of the top-seeded piece, a triumph of texture, flavour and form, is as yet unidentified. All clues to his or her identity are being followed with great assiduity.

In the aftermath of the event, the dance department has proposed a baked Alaska contest, and it is rumoured that a rhubarb pie meet sponsored by the music department will follow.



One of the contestants whose apple surprise didn't win at the bake sale was Richard Bagshot. But he got his photo in Excalibur.

## Sports briefs

### Kathy Lane wins Taylor award

Last Monday night, York's synchronized swimming and diving teams performed before a small but enthusiastic crowd at Tait MacKenzie in a post-season exhibition.

Both teams had fared well at the Ontario championships earlier this month, and both the divers, under coach Mike Boyd, and the swimmers, under Pat Murray, put on a good show.

Highlights of the evening were beautifully interpreted solo routines by Debbie Campbell and Lorna Griffiths, and the unexpected debut of an overzealous "spectator" (Boyd) as he plummeted from the three-metre board into the pool below.

Anyone wishing to find out about summer synchronized swimming seminars for coaches and athletes can find it at Tait.

### Eager crowd watches swimmers

At the annual York women's intercollegiate athletics banquet, 120 varsity athletes congregated to honour their colleagues.

Kathy Lane received the Bryce M. Taylor Award for her outstanding overall contribution to York athletics, and awards of merit went to Doreen Magerman, Margaret poste, and Norma Schriit. Athletes of the Year were fourth-year gymnast Patricia Bain, and second-year volleyball player Shaughn Renehan.



The Excalibur sports department will fold up its tent after the April 3 issue. Any wrap-ups or partial scores should be slipped under the door at room 111 Central Square by Monday noon.

Peter Hsu graphics