

# SPORTS

## A major embarrassment

York's Athletic Injuries Clinic is still in limbo

Jules Xavier

As you enter through the large expanding doors of the Metropolitan Track and Field Centre, an empty room to your left sits silently collecting dust.

Three years ago the track centre opened to the public and York's community, but between then and now, the proposed Athletics Injuries Treatment Clinic has remained vacant—an empty expanse of wasted space.

### The gravy

Dan Thompson, manager of the track facility, was unable to comment on the status of the clinic, but added, "We need it. The clinic would be the gravy of this centre."

The clinic, financed by a \$90,000 Bobby Orr (former NHL star) donation which was later matched by Wintario, was supposed to open this past

September according to statements made by William Farr, vice-president of student services, in an article published in the *Toronto Sun*.

### Serious objective

Farr said in the *Sun* article, "I consider it our serious objective to have it (the clinic) opened by next fall (Sept. '81). A fall opening is more practical because the university population increases as students start back to school."

Yet, the clinic remained closed while York's administration negotiated with various doctors interested in setting up shop at the Centre.

*Excalibur's* James Carlise first investigated the unused facility early in 1980 and was told a dispute between the proposed director, Dr. C. Bull, and the university prevented its opening.

The whole problem in opening seems to have stemmed from the question of who would take responsibility for depreciation on equipment that had been installed in the Centre.

Unfortunately for York, Dr. Bull, a highly touted surgeon and leader in sports medicine, became disenchanted with the York situation and chose to head the Willodale Fitness Institute Sports Medicine Clinic.

The desire for such a facility—especially with the increased involvement in sports—makes the clinic both useful and practical.

An assistant athletic therapist for the past seven years in the Tait injuries clinic (a relatively small scale operation), Michael Cachia believes the still closed clinic's opening would take pressure off his own facility.

"There's been at least a 50% increase in use by our patrons," Cachia confessed. "The increased traffic, especially this year, has forced us to limit the use to the York community. We really can't handle the flow—we've been going crazy."

### Double the size

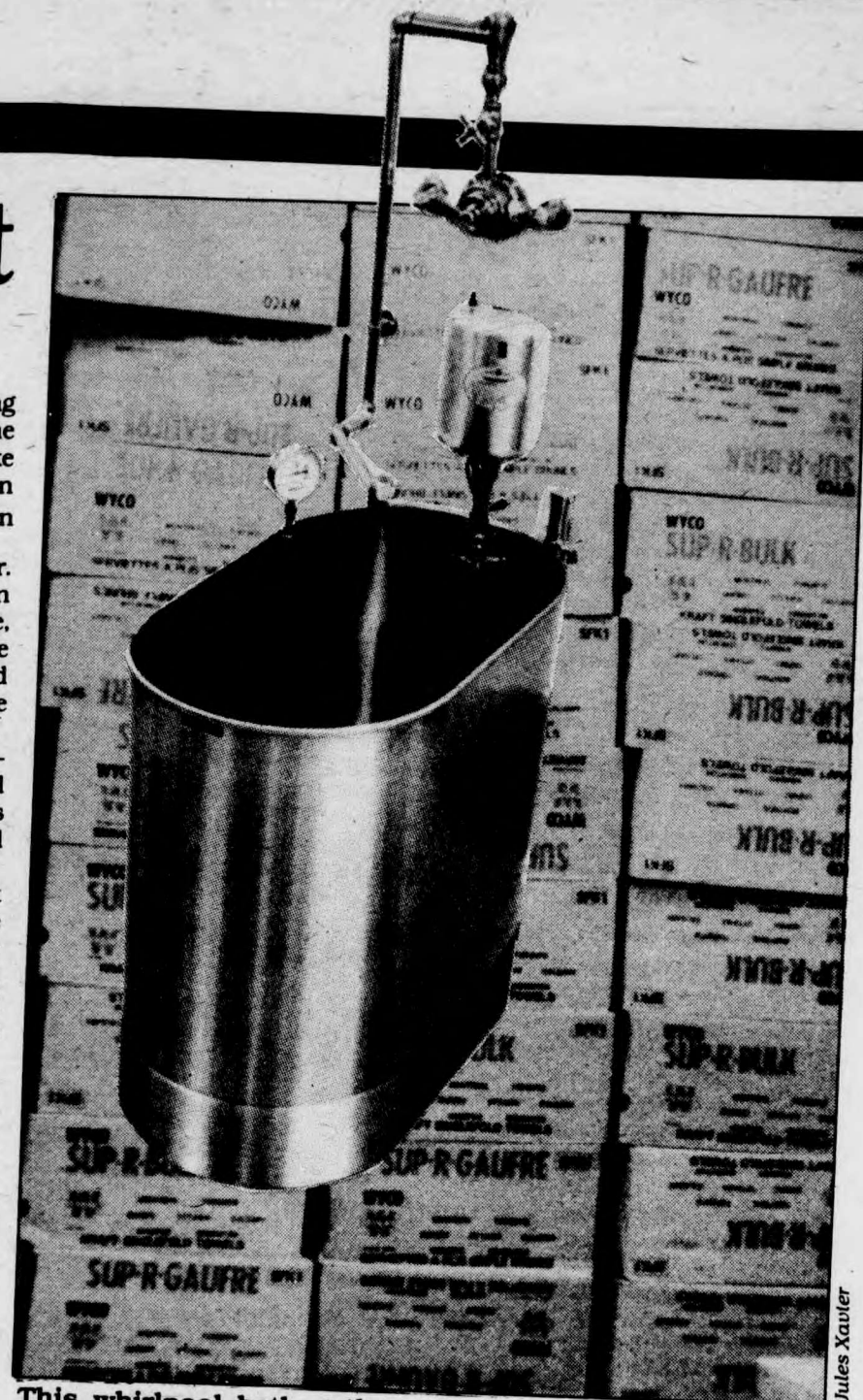
"It would be ideal if we could double the size of our room. We don't want to turn the public away, but we have to."

The question which now concerns the athletic community is why the delay in the clinic's opening? The problem existing is still unclear.

*Excalibur*, seeking the answer to the long-standing question contacted both Farr and North York Controller Robert Yuill, Chairman of the Metropolitan Track and Field Centre Operating Committee.

### An embarrassment

Yuill said York has been negotiating to get a suitable doctor, but "there's been problems."



This whirlpool bath gathers dust as the injuries clinic substitutes as a storage area for Sup-R-Bulk towels.

Yuill further stated, "My committee isn't responsible for the clinic. Our concern is the track facility. We are disappointed about it though. It's (not opening) is an embarrassment."

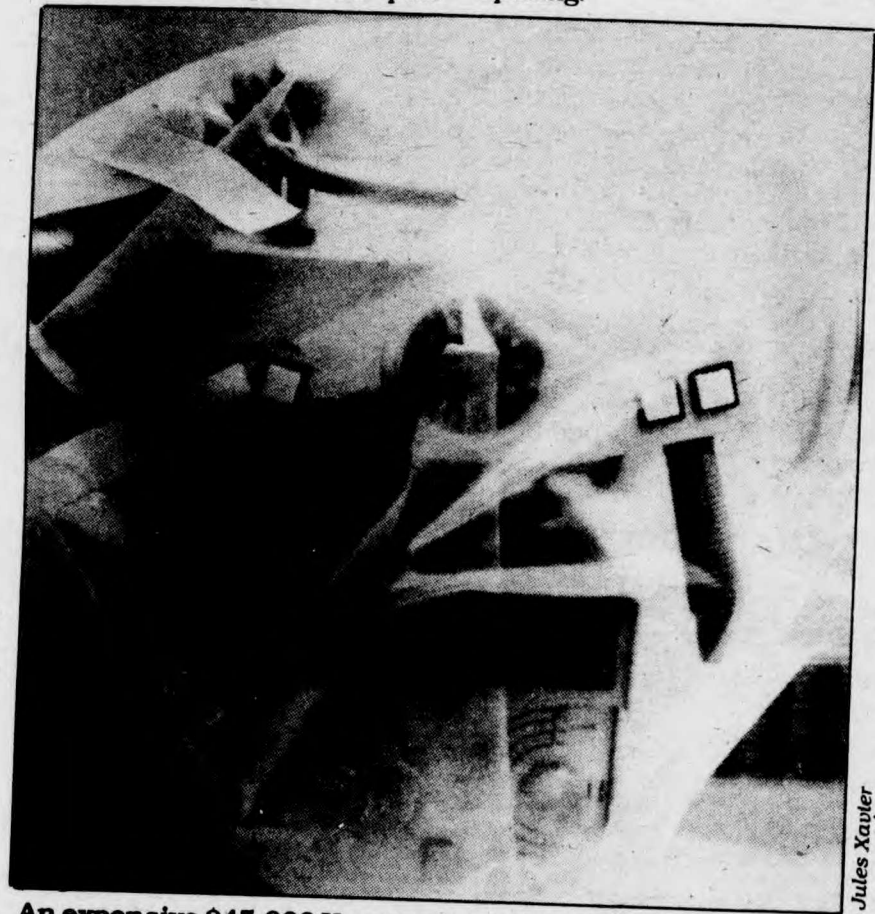
"It's the responsibility of York to get moving on the project. It's been so long now that somebody has to do something. York should find some other use for the clinic...perhaps give Orr's money back."

When contacted yesterday, Farr's secretary indicated that he had nothing he could release. "He hasn't anything to say right now—perhaps at some other time," she said.

Perhaps the *Toronto Star's* 'Other Side of Sports' reporter Al Sokol best sums up the total frustration in the turmoil surrounding the clinic.

### Like a ghost

Earlier this year, Sokol said in his column, "This reporter has always felt it was a blunder to locate the track and field centre in the least accessible location in Metro. The \$4.3-million complex is more like a private club than a community centre and its one saving grace, the sports medicine clinic, is a ghost of what might have been under more sensitive administration."



An expensive \$45,000 X-ray unit sits unused—still wrapped in its original protective cover in the injuries clinic.

## The rituals of springtime

Al Locke

*Excalibur Special*

Springtime, when thoughts turn to romance, celebration and for thousands of Torontonians, affectionately known as "punters", the thoroughbred racing season.

The day dawned bright and cold at *Greenwood Racetrack* this Saturday past, and I was there, a previous nights perusal of "the Forum" (the trackman's Bible) fresh in my mind. My strategy—aside from making a lot of money—was to check out this unique combination of sports and entertainment.

### Out of contention

The first race saw my money go on the "Boy From Bray"—one of the co-favourites: it fell out of the starting gate. Out of contention early, my money horse finished a dismal fourth. The first ticket of the year was ripped into a thousand pieces.

I hoped the second race would be different as I wagered my money on "Undisputed", a long shot.

At the start of the race "Undisputed" was fouled and the jockey fell off. All around me people cheered and urged their bets "home". My horse galloped over the finish line last, its rider standing in the backstretch screaming he'd been fouled.

Good fortune definitely was not on my side. Heading into the third race I placed two dollars on "Sum Funds"—at that point I needed them—but that horse was interfered with by stupid, uncontrollable "Santina's Riviera", and that put the horse out of contention. Out of a seven horse field, "Sum Funds" was sixth.

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The rest of the day was better. Horses that I'd bet on actually overcame interference, bad luck, and whatever jinx, to cross the finish line first. I even had two exactors (correct order of finish of the first two horses.)

### Change of luck

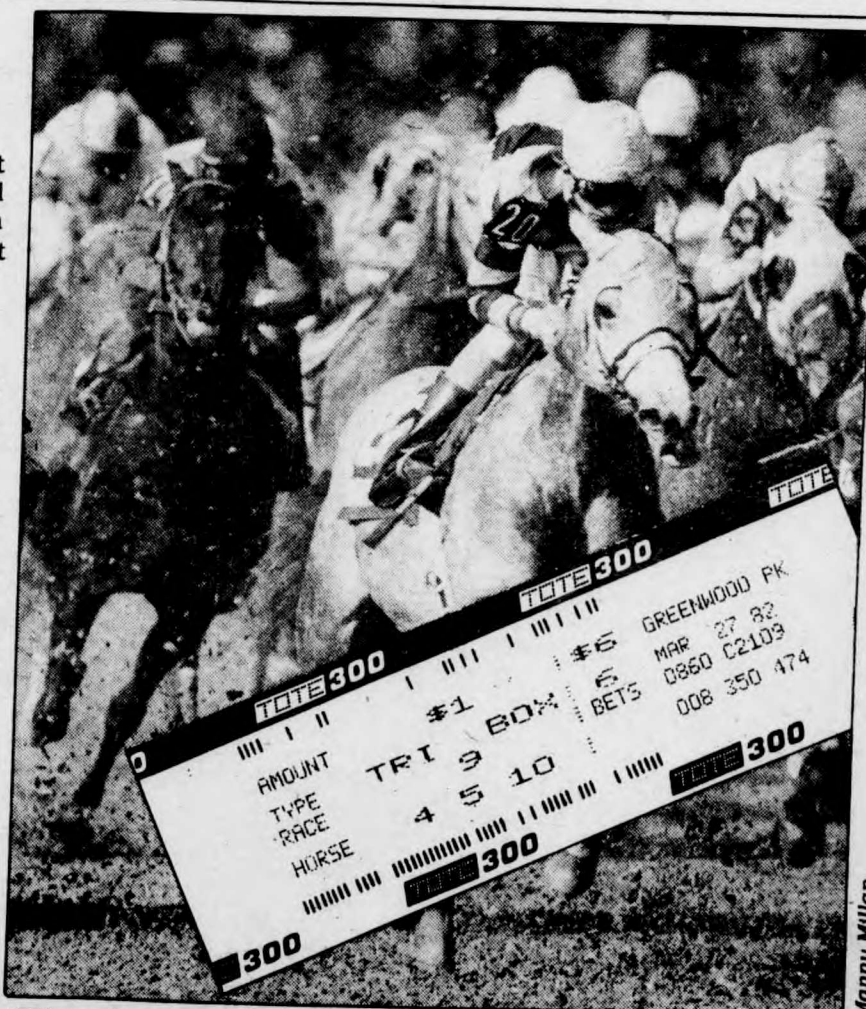
Why the sudden change of luck? Superstition attributed it to a "Paddock Burger"—a huge hamburger meal, not chopped old Ned—obtained from *Greenwood's* newly opened Fanfare.

My "day at the races" turned out to be an inexpensive afternoon. It was four hours of excitement, concentration, anger, joy and sorrow. As much as you'd find at any other good entertainment spot.

At the same time however, it's the beauty and power of the horses, going all out, racing toward the finish line—with money on their backs. When your horse takes the lead in the stretch, there is a loud, almost cathartic sound, of your own voice, rising above the crowd, urging your horse to victory. You predicting the outcome of events, like a Prometheus.

### Release of emotion

Horse racing is a great release of emotion, one that makes all the studying, trials, and tribulations of betting worthwhile. And unlike any other sport/entertainment, you're guaranteed excitement, and the opportunity to return home, well-fed and exuberant, with more money in your pocket than you started with.



They're at the post—and they're off—so near, yet so far. The winning bet in the tractor box was 4-5-9. Entertainment Editor Al Locke just missed winning by one.

Jules Xavier

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Manny Millan