

Dal sets the pace

Game still friendly

by Brian Miller

Attending a Dal basketball game is becoming a little like a homecoming. You see the same old faces and the conversation is rather chatty because of the light hearted approach to the evening. No high pressure college basketball here. Much of the crowd appears to be former athletes who stand around before the game and again at half-time reminiscing about past games.

The type of crowd is very important to the nature of the game. On Saturday night against Mt. Allison the rather impartial, analytical type again constituted most of the audience. This means that the crowd imposes no stress on the players, as happened Saturday night, and each individual sets his own pace.

An example happened in the first half of the game. There was a scramble under the Dal basket. As Dal got control of the ball and

moved it quickly upcourt, a Mt. A player was injured and fell to the floor. Bruce Bourassa, instead of following the play, walked over to the Mt. A player and checked to find out the condition of his opponent. The play was completed with Bruce and the Mt. A player still at the other end of the court.

It is encouraging to note that along with some compassion, the quality of play Dal exhibited improved from Thursday evening. They played aggressively on defence and stole the ball frequently; shot far more accurately and rebounded well. Peter Sprogis with 24 points played his best game of the season.

The end result was an 84-53 victory for the Tigers. Hopefully the team will meet with similar success on their exhibition tour to the United States over the Christmas Holidays.

Parson objects

The Editor:

Journalism is a lot of things to a lot of people, but to the Gazette, journalism has different meaning. (If that sentence was a little confusing, check the Dec. 3 edition of the Gazette, page 8).

To the Gazette, it would appear that it is an opportunity for a few middle class children to play crusading journalists, revolutionary or poet without getting their lily white hands dirty outside the ivory tower complex, in the "real world". At the same time, of course, our young heroes are preparing themselves for a comfortable spot in bourgeois society by studying to be psychologists, teachers, political scientists, — oh yes, and even (God forbid!) — lawyers.

But more about the revolution later. I understand that tickets for part one of the Revolution are now on sale at the Capitol Theatre box office — proceeds are to go to the women's caucus who are sponsoring a seminar entitled, "Even a nice white middle-class girl can have her very own minority group".

To get to the main reason for writing this note to the illustrious editor of the "People's Gazette", I would like to comment on an article about me, Trevor Parsons, in the Dec. 3rd issue of this — ah — newspaper (choke). I must admit that, on first reading the article, I gave the Gazette the benefit of the doubt; I thought, perhaps, that you had gotten the tape of my interview mixed up with the tape of an interview with an ex-bullfighter whose only experience in college sports was that he had fallen in love with a basketball once and been rejected.

I particularly enjoyed the caption beside my picture: "I was shown ways to break my opponent's back." Wow! Isn't that sensational? Isn't it won-

derful how the Gazette was able to shaft those dumb jocks — just by changing and rearranging a few words of what Trevor had really said.

The entire article contains so many misquotes and is so distorted that I find it difficult to comment at all. It appears that the writer was attempting to make it look as though a big time superstar was denouncing all association he ever had with varsity athletics. This is not the case. At one point you say, "At the last university Parsons played for . . ." Sounds impressive. How many universities did Parsons play for anyway?

The fact is that I occupied a spot on the bench of a varsity team in my Freshman year before transferring to Dal and I quit the team before the regular season opened.

On giving the interview, I had assumed that any comments I made concerning college sports would be considered in this light. Unfortunately, the writer felt, for expediency's sake, that it would be wise to omit these facts.

I'd really like to go on, but I just read the article again — "The pros invade basketball" — and I'm cracking up. This is just too much. I'm having difficulty holding my pen steady. What is this shit? — "Sports is a lot of things . . ." I can't go on. I'm . . .

Trevor Parsons
Editor's Note: None of the quotes attributed to Mr. Parsons were changed to the extent that a different meaning could be implied. The story was not written with the objective of creating a 'sensation', but rather for the purpose of relating the story of colleges being 'professionalized', and Mr. Parsons' experiences being used as a good example. The Gazette sincerely apologizes for any embarrassment it might have caused.



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June 8, 1970

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With my best wishes,

Sincerely,

Mr. Peter Kump
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