



cole's notes

Football falls prey to metric system

Can't you just picture it? Next year, when all the football fields are converted to the metric system, it's going to be a whole new ball game.

"Well, Giffah," we'll hear Cosell say, "yuh know what they say. It's a game of cennametahs."

"It's first down," Bryan Hall will drawl, "and...uh, 9.14 meters to go, wait, they're tacking on a 4.57 meter penalty, so it will be first and 13.71 on the Calgary 14.33-meter line."

That will be hard enough to adjust to - but, when they throw in the metric time system, and we hear, "There's not much time remaining on the clock. Eskimos have the ball on the London 12.45 meter-line, just 44 micro-poots left..."

The manager of the U of A Quaffing team, Phil LaGlass, is just bursting with pride (at least, I think that's pride) over his team's runaway victory over the upstart NAIT Guzzelles.

The competition, involving the top six athletes from each institution, featured six head-to-head matches, followed by a playoff round. Competitors were given points for volume consumed in the allotted time, for manners (i.e. was pinkie extended?), and points were deducted for slopping beer on clothes or opponents, and for disorderly conduct (the line here was drawn just short of raping barmaids or defecating on the bar.)

UA captain Oleh Viyannah won the individual competition, after judges upheld his appeal of charges by the NAIT team. The Guzzelles had claimed that urinating into an opponent's beer was tantamount to defecating on the bar, and that Viyannah should be disqualified.

Judges ruled, however, that Viyannah's opponent was in no condition to taste the difference, in any case (?).

Peter Best, *Gateway's* football fanatic-writer, bounded into the office last week, rather pleased with himself.

"I won two one-on-one basketball contests over in the Gym just now!" he yelled. "Wow! Was I great?!"

Upon further investigation, it was learned that the opponents Peter had bested were nothing to be proud of. One was a convalescing cripple - he had recently got his broken arm and broken leg out of their respective casts, and was limbering up flaccid muscles by horsing around in the gym. The other was but a gangling high-school student, easy prey for the man with no pride.

Pshaw, Peter.

All levity aside, though (is that what that was?) - Thanx, Chuck, and all the rest of the people in Athletics for making it a good year for sports. See you later.

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A living legend retires

Defending provincial snooker champ Ernest Hebert announced his retirement from the tables Friday, after 12 years as Alberta's top hustler.

Hebert, the 24-year old marvel from Bonneville who first captured the crown at age 12, cited "personal reasons" for his abdication, although a source near to the champ claims Hebert just wants to "quit while he's the best."

Dr. Ray Kelly, Hebert's personal physician, who treated the champ's chronic "8-ball elbow" injury, says Hebert probably would have had only "a couple of years, at the most" before the joint would be completely useless to him.

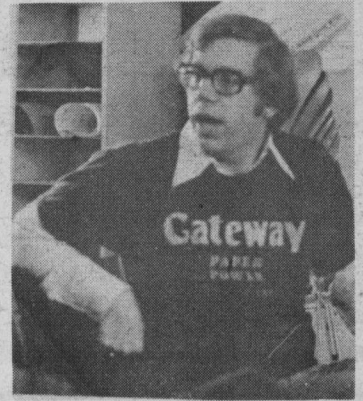
The saga of Ernest Hebert is full of legend and folklore, but it has been one of the truly remarkable sports stories of the last half-century.

Born Ernie *Klebanowski* in the largely French and Indian settlement of Bonneville, he was labelled an outcast, so he changed his name to Hebert.

He attended school until he was nine, at which time he decided he wanted to make his fortune at snooker. He stole his

first cue, but had won enough money to buy his own personalized stick by the time he won his first Alberta championship in 1963, defeating "Wimpy" Ofrim for the title.

Since then he has defended his title 37 times, most recently earlier this year against J.Q. (Cueball) Horcoff, who will likely succeed to the throne left vacant by Hebert's retirement.



Hebert talks with reporters.

Peter Best

Pros after Barros

by Jack Faraday

The U of A Golden Bears' top defenceman has admitted being approached by pros on several occasions in the weeks since Bears won the Canadian College crown, defeating the Toronto Blues in a best-of-three series.

Ross Barros, a unanimous choice to the Canada West All-Star team and an All-Canadian defenceman for 1974-75, says, "I don't have an agent, yet, so they have been approaching me personally, at home and

even between classes here on campus."

The sudden flood of offers from the pros, according to Barros, was "undoubtedly caused by my frequent appearances in the sports pages and on television recently.

Barros declined to divulge the names of the pros involved. He would only say, "They're all nice young ladies."

"I don't really mind," he allowed, "as long as they are willing to pay."



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