

College football

In Saturday's edition of the Journal, Wayne Overland, sports columnist, wrote a rather critical article concerning Canadian College Football. The gist of the article was that Canadian College Football had "no class". For the pinnacle game of the year, to the Grey Cup Game, only 3,000 people were in attendance. This was surely an embarrassment to the Canadian game, implied Overland, because across the border Ohio-Michigan states attracted 105,000 fans to their game, a mere difference of 102,000 fans. Also, he implied, the Canadian college coaches were not very polite, for after being invited to a C.F.L. coaches press conference, they turned around and blamed the C.F.L. for all the woes of the college game. Overland's conclusion was that the college teams should grow-up, come out of their ivory tower, and instead of blaming the media and sport promoters for lack of recognition in their game, they should search in a mirror for the reason, "few sports fans are interested in their game."

What prompted Overland to write such a prejudicial article is bewildering. It seems, he was deliberately trying to chastise Canadian College football and amateur football, because at the pro press conference the

amateurs were not acting in a prim and proper way or in other words, the amateurs put on a bush league performance. Well Mr. Overland, let's just examine the situation under a little more impartial light, to see just who actually is operating in the bush-league - you or amateur sport in Canada.

The Ohio-Michigan game attracted 105,000 fans and the Canadian College Bowl only 3,000, true. But the U.S. game was played in Ann Arbor Michigan before a partisan Michigan crowd whereas the College Bowl was played in neutral territory, at distances much too far for even the loyalist fans to travel. This was one reason for the low attendance in Toronto. Secondly, can you imagine the publicity the Ohio-Michigan game received from the news media. They must have been promoting that game for two weeks straight, with personal interviews, statistics, photos, and histories of the two teams from the past 20 years. Obviously, this professional media promoting was also a major cause for the large attendance. But what about the Canadian College Bowl, Mr. Overland? How much publicity did our Canadian media give that game? Indeed, Mr. Overland, how much

press coverage did you give the game? I realize how difficult it is for you to pull yourself away from writing about the Eskimos and the Oilers but you could have condescended for a while to give a little ink in support of the College Bowl. Or, then maybe you think Canadian College Football is poor football. Well, whether you or others think that, such is not the case. In fact our game is getting better and more sophisticated all the time. Just ask Greg Barton. The ex N.F.L., Toronto Argonaut, quarterback thinks that Canadian College football is great and already sees that there are 4 coaches in the Canadian universities that could coach anywhere in the U.S. But you missed this little tid-bit of news. You and your paper also missed a press release that appeared in the *Albertan*, the same day you wrote your unfair account of Canadian College Football. The headline read, "Colleges Want to Play Pro Champs." and went on to state how the Canadian colleges coaches are trying to promote Canadian College Football by arranging an exhibition game each year between the College all-stars and the annual winning Grey Cup Team. Now why did your paper not print this story? It surely would have promoted amateur sport more than that glaring picture of Terry McDonald of the Kamloops Chiefs beating up Oil King's Rocky Maze. A terrific photo for young kids to see and tremendous moral responsibility exhibited by your paper. But of course, sensationalism and money are the order of the day, not moral responsibility, eh Mr. Overland?

Your next article should be on Bill Hunter to enable him to inform you and the public about what big games his teams are going to play and how fans should get out and buy their tickets soon because they're going fast. Heck, the television and radio stations are giving him free publicity, so why shouldn't you.

In conclusion Mr. Overland, as you so colloquially expressed in your article, Canadian College coaches are not in the "ivory tower". They're down with the ordinary folk who are trying to promote amateur sport in their country. It is men like yourself, who continually publicize the pros and who find it difficult to write down-to-earth stories about good, clean sports, who are truly in the "ivory tower". As Gary Smith, sport sociologist has gone on record saying, Mr. Overland, maybe you should go and write in the obituary section of the paper.

by Terry Valeriotte

Reprint

Here we go reprinting someone else's editorial again. Now, I, or George Mantor, or any of the *Gateway* editorial staff could rant and rave about student apathy till hell freezes over, but I doubt if it would do any good. So I figured that maybe if you--all 18,000 or you--were embarrassed by a member of the community across the river, you might decide to just drag yourselves to the polling booths on January 11 and VOTE.

Yeah, January 11 is a long way off, more than a month, but this is our last issue for a few weeks, and spouting off now gives you lots of time to think about what you stand to lose by not voting.

Voting doesn't hurt. It takes a little less than 60 seconds of your valuable time. It's free. Your ID card gets some wear and you feel so good when it's all over; you feel like a part of the campus community. So, come on, gang, do it.

(By the way, the editorial below is reprinted with permission.)

Allyn Cadogan

Minitorial for Tuesday, November 27, 1973

We have heard the term that our young people are the leaders of tomorrow. Indeed, most of us have used it at one time or another. The younger society has asked for increasing opportunities to display their maturity.

That's one reason why 18 year olds can now drink in this province; while 14 year olds can drive motorbikes; and 16 year olds can drive automobiles. It is also why 18 year old Canadians can now vote in Federal elections and most civic and provincial elections.

Mano of our younger citizens have been critical along the way of the poor voting record of Canadians in elections of paramount interest. And I have agreed with them completely.

But students at our University of Alberta have hit an all time low in apathy. This particular university was among those which brought the Canadian Union of Students to its knees in 1969.

The National Union of Students was spawned as a result. Last Friday saw U of A students vote on whether or not they wished to affiliate with the NUS. The results are shocking. Oh, I do not mean the fact that they disapproved by a slim majority of joining the NUS.

The shock came from the fact that only 681 University of Alberta students cared enough to vote on this extremely important issue. That's 681 students out of 18,000 eligible to vote. That's a turnout of 3.8%. In other words, 96.2% of the U of A students could not have cared less, and didn't vote.

The examination mark for U of A students on this test of involvement and concern is a big F for Failure.

Bruce Hogle, CFRN Radio

The Gateway

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editor-in-chief Allyn Cadogan
 managing editor Carl Kuhnke
 news Brian Tucker
 news ass't. Nadia Rudyk
 arts Walter Plings
 advertising Lorne Holladay
 production Loreen Lennon
 photography Sandy Campbell
 features Setya Das
 sports Paul Cadogan

STAFF THIS ISSUE: Belinda Bickford, Allan Bell, Peter Best, Dave Borynec, Bernie Fritze, John Kenney, Darlene King, Harold Kuckertz Jr, Jim MacLaughlin, Balan Matthews, Doug Merrill, Greg Neiman, Evelyn Osaka, Sheila Thompson, Margriet Tilroe.

editorial

Merry Christmas

I've heard so many people say they dislike Christmas, dread Christmas, hate Christmas. Christmas is a bummer, a bore, humbug. Maybe I'm eccentric. I like Christmas. As far as I'm concerned, Christmas is probably the very best time of year.

(This is the part where we get all soppy): It's a time for enjoying the company of loved ones, relatives and close friends. More than anything, Christmas is what you make it.

At home, we always had a definite ritual for Christmas. We'd go to Midnight mass (Mom was Roman Catholic, us kids weren't but we sort of got off on the carols or something) and after, to our grandmother's for a light meal and to open presents. Granny opened her gifts on Christmas eve, so we went along with it, but we thought it was a bummer since it left absolutely no excitement for Christmas morning.

When we got a little older, we learned to sleep in just a little bit on Christmas morning--then we'd get up and open our stockings. Stockings are a custom our family retains to this day even though we've all moved away or married--we send stockings to each other along with the other gifts.

Then we'd have breakfast--home made bread was always the best part of the meal. Then we'd choose one person to hand out the gifts. The rest of the day was spent visiting or being visited, with an enormous meal coming in mid-afternoon.

Sounds dull, doesn't it? But somehow my mother always managed to instill just a little bit of magic to it. Christmas day has always been very warm and loving.

Perhaps that's the most important thing: find a way to make the day a little bit magic.

About six years ago, twelve of us, all in our late teens, lived in an enormous house in the Kitsalano section of Vancouver. We seldom worked; we lived mostly on donations from home. When someone had money, we threw it into the communal kitty.

Christmas looked pretty bleak that year. Then someone went on a rampage through the house, shouting, "Hey, everybody, it's Christmas, let's get with it." So some of the guys went down the street and stole a tree. (No, I don't condone stealing Christmas trees, but this was at roughly 10 p.m. on Dec. 24; there were ten trees left on the lot; we thought it unlikely that anyone would be out to buy a tree in the morning, since the lot was shut down for the night, and god, was it an ugly tree.)

Someone's mother brought decorations which we strewed throughout house and over tree.

One couple had gone a few days earlier down to Hastings Street to talk to Major Halsey of the Salvation Army. "If I give you some money what will you do with it?" he asked. "We'll buy food for everyone in the house," they said. Major Halsey sighed, "Here's an \$18 food voucher and here's another \$18 for presents."

I can't remember what they bought for the girls in the house, but all the guys got two packages of tailor made cigarettes.

Everybody threw in their nickles and dimes for a special gift for a girl we regarded as a real honest to goodness fairy godmother. When she got her bi-weekly welfare cheque, she'd go out and spend it all on food and tobacco for us. She was living with a cousin and said she didn't need the money--she ate with us all the time, anyway.

But back to Christmas morning. When it came to present-opening time, we discovered gifts under the tree that we knew no one had the money to buy. When we opened them we found perfume, a mohair scarf, books, something for everyone, and each individually tagged for the person it was to go to.

We never did discover where the gifts came from, and it was just a little spooky having to believe in good elves.

What is Christmas about, anyway? Turn on the radio, or television, or take a walk through any shopping district and it looks like a get rich quick scheme for clever advertisers.

Well, you know, with a little bit of thought (all right in some cases, a whole lot of thought) you can beat the system. I utterly hate buying things for my mother-in-law, and it's slightly worse, buying things for my father-in-law. I mean, they already have everything. I'm sure most of you have someone like that on your shopping list. So what do you do? Something totally corny, that's what. We once gave my grandfather a silver handled belly button brush. He was thrilled.

For years I've watched my mother-in-law using tea towels to remove hot items from the oven. So one Christmas I made her about thirty potholders & oven mitts, all hand embroidered. I had a ball making them and she was tickled pink to get them.

My father-in-law is hurt if he isn't remembered at Christmas, but he will invariably toss the gift you've racked your brain over into the back of his closet. He tosses it gently, mind you, but into the closet all the same.

So one year we gave him something we knew would rot if put away for posterity--a 10-pound box of homemade cookies of every imaginable kind. And a bottle of port. Another year I made him a tie. He's worn it ragged. Last year, we hand hooked a throw rug for him.

I've always found the magic in gifts is in the giving. I have so much fun trying to think of gifts that people will really enjoy that I don't have time to worry about what someone is giving me. (Ask Paul--the question I hate most is, "what do you want?")

If you're undecided about what to give, stay away from "practical" things, especially for women. Instead of giving your mother that bun warmer, men, give her a sexy negligee. She'll be shocked and she'll love it. Oh, and if you're unsure about what size to get, get the smaller of the two you're contemplating. But make sure the gift is exchangeable first, just in case.

Christmas can be a good time, a warm time. It doesn't take money to make it good. It takes caring. Throw a dollar or two into the Sally Ann pots. Buy a toy for Santa's Anonymous. Tell your dad you love him(!) Work to make it magic.

And have a merry Christmas.

Allyn Cadogan

LAST ISSUE

THIS YEAR

for a good time:

see the Klondike

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