

Corporate sport at its best

Team NHL — or hockey in Brazil?

by Doug Mitchell

Well, the roofs have been replaced on most of the local taverns, flags have been put away, and scoresheets will soon begin to yellow. Team NHL, while having a little trouble finding overdrive, finally let the clutch out and showed the world what the game of hockey is all about.

Or did they? Just what is the game about? Is it having the head of the Player's Association work like a dog to set up the series, and then grabbing up the television rights for the two star members of his stable?

Is it having a feudal lord named Weston Adams attempting to keep his players out, because they might be injured, which would put a slight flaw in his key to the mint?

Is it telling Bobby Hull, Derek Sanderson, and J. C. Tremblay they can't play, because it isn't enough just to be a Canadian?

For some odd reason, I have my doubts. I don't really think that when that group of people got together for a game of ice shinny back in the 1800's, they really had any idea of what they were starting. But then, we really can't blame them. After all, they just wanted to have fun.

Could they possibly have foreseen the corporate empire that is hockey today? A corporation with 85% of its offices in the United States, but which keeps its head office in Montreal for the sole purpose of evading anti-trust laws in the country in which most of its business is done. A corporation with its very own serfs. A cor-

poration that has persuaded the Canadian taxpayer to pay for the processing of their raw materials, export them to the United States, and then pay exorbitant prices for the privilege of seeing what they have created.

A corporation that is as Canadian as tea and crumpets at the top, yet as Canadian as Flin Flon, Manitoba at the bottom.

Almost three thousand Canadians followed Team NHL (patronizingly re-named Team Canada) to Moscow, while close to twenty-two million followed them through Foster Hewitt or Fred Sgambatti. The ones in Moscow tried their best to elevate the roof when singing "Oh Canada," while those watching at home felt a tingling sensation running down their spines.

When Paul Henderson and Phil Esposito worked their magic with thirty-four seconds left, the country sank a few inches when forty-four million feet came crashing down.

And yet, every single person who cheered because Canada won the series was deceived. Canada did not win in Moscow, American capitalism did. If hockey is part of Canada's heritage, then we have had a piece of our heritage ripped out from under our noses.

The NHL's sole reason for existing is to make money, and if they could market hockey in Brazil for more money than in Montreal, then you can bet your bottom beaver pelt that we could say good-bye to the Montreal Canadiens.

As a matter of fact, now that the courts have found a benevolent dictator, in the person of Harold Ballard,

guilty of income tax evasion, then that idea may not be so far fetched after all.

If Canadians want the game not the business, then they'll have to work to get it. We will have to tell the NHL in no uncertain terms that there is no place for the type of butchery they dare to call hockey. We will have to provide a place in this country for hockey players to make a good living. And we shall have to start a Team Canada that serves as the pinnacle for talented Canadians — not talented NHLers.

Canada gave birth to the game of hockey, we nursed it, fed it, burped it, and put up with its adolescent years. Then, after it reached maturity, we invited others in to share the bounty, whereupon it was promptly stolen. Being of good British stock we kept a stiff upper lip, and invited the insatiable giant back for dessert and coffee, which he promptly took, with seconds of each. Now, all of a sudden, we are beginning to realize what has happened, and for that we owe Russia, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Allan Eagleson, and NHL Board of Governors our undying thanks.

Eagleson and the Board of Governors certainly never tried to open our eyes. It was only because of their own arrogance and blindness that the Series even came about in the first place. If they had felt that there was even a smidgen of a chance that the Russians weren't going to roll over and play dead, they would have locked the door and thrown away the key, but they didn't. So thank you one and all, for it is always quite an experience to watch a giant commit suicide.

S.U.B. culture, Pub culture

New entertainment plans in Triple Room

by Gregg B. Perry

One of the objectives of the Student Union this year is to cater to a much broader spectrum of tastes when it comes to entertainment and leisure time. It is with this objective in mind that the Triple Room in the S.U.B. has been re-designed, re-decorated, and re-designated. Its intended function now is, at least, two-fold:

1 — a pub-type lounge for three nights a week featuring folk and jazz artists, and probably some of the professional artists that will be performing at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, if they have the right appeal.

2 — a party and banquet room for student groups who wish to reserve it.

Student Council Arts representative, Peter Dwyer, in charge of the new project, says one ambition regarding the Triple Room is to create "a totally different atmosphere,

not only for the university, but, to some extent, for Halifax." The wood panelling, the sconced wrought iron lanterns, and the deep purple carpet provide an excellent setting for this atmosphere, a quiet, peaceful, low-key ambience, a place for friendly conversation while sipping a beer. The major problem, according to Dwyer, is "finding a good repertoire of art-type entertainment."

This may be a rather optimistic outlook in view of some of the decisions that yet remain to be finalized. One such decision concerns the type of liquor license for the S.U.B. At the present time, the Jazz and Suds and Pub Stop operations function under a "special occasions" liquor permit. Both these and the Triple Room's "licensed" evenings will continue to operate under this classification (which must be renewed for each occasion) pending an amendment by the

Nova Scotia Legislature to the Liquor Licensing Act, expected sometime in November. Under this new legislation, student unions could obtain a special license to provide bar services when required.

If accepted by Council, this new license will undoubtedly save paper work and make alcohol in the S.U.B. more readily available. However, there is a clear disadvantage with respect to the cost of alcohol.

Caterplan has, by contract, exclusive rights to bar service in the S.U.B. and, under the "special occasions" permit, they charge the Student Union a flat rate of thirty dollars for their services, and the minimum price as required by law for the drinks. Under the new license (again, if accepted), they must, by law, charge at least seventy-five cents for beer and ninety cents for hard liquor, at the same

time declining the thirty-dollar flat rate.

Another problem arises in the design of the facilities. After an output of \$8,000 for renovations which Dwyer considers ("exorbitant") there are no adequate facilities for electrical equipment needed by entertainers. Also, there has been no provision made for even the simplest means of lighting the performing area.

On top of these difficulties, there still seems to be some doubt about the intended use of the premises. Dwyer, Council President, Brian Smith, and most of the Council see the Triple Room as a place for a quiet drink without the fear of having beer spilt all over

oneself by an immature inebriate.

Others, especially one crass member of the Entertainment Committee, see it as someplace to shovel the overflow from Jazz and Suds and Pub Stop. In the latter case, it may be foreseen that the furnishings will last no more than three months, and that the S.U.B. will be without an alternative choice for those students who wish something more than the dubious pleasure of an inexpensive alcoholic stupor.

The Triple Room will be opening soon. We may anticipate something different at least, and, at best, something delightful.

Dal Wrestling

The Tiger wrestling team will be starting its 1972-73 program in the first week of October. If you are interested and weigh anywhere from 119 lbs. to infinity please contact Wolf Novak, % The School of Physical

Education, or drop down to the lower gym, 5:30-7:00 any week day except Friday.

Initially no experience will be assumed and instruction will begin with basic objectives and rules.



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