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The Projector
December 24 1975

DEC 24 19[illegible]
[illegible] OF EDUCATION
[illegible] Community College

AS A HOLIDAY PUBLIC SERVICE . . .

Here's How To Tell When You've Had Too Much To Drink At Parties . . .

You've Had Too Much To Drink When:

1. You notice your tie is sticking out of your fly.
2. Someone uses your tongue for a coaster.
3. You start kissing portraits on the wall.
4. You see your underwear hanging from the chandelier.
5. You have to hold onto the floor to keep from falling off.
6. You strike a match and light your nose.
7. You take off your shoes and wade in the potato salad.
8. You hear someone say "Call a priest".
9. You hear a duck quacking . . . and it's you.
10. You complain about the small bathroom after emerging from the coat closet.
11. You refill you glass from the fish bowl.
12. You tell everyone you have to go home . . . and the party's at your place.
13. You ask for another ice-cube . . . and put it in your pocket.
14. You yawn at the biggest bore in the room . . . and realize you're in front of the hall mirror.
15. You pick up a roll . . . and butter your watch.
16. You suggest everyone stand and sing the national budget.
17. You're sitting at the dinner table, and ask the hostess to pass a bedpan . . .
18. You take out your handkerchief and blow your ear.
19. You tell your best joke to the rubber plant.
20. You realize you're the only one under the coffee table . . .

by LINDA McBURNEY

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

OUR COVER
Well, Projector cartoonist Dan Daulby has said it, and this is our opportunity for the editorial staff to say it. We'd like to pass on Season's Greetings, and wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

projector

Editors
Robert Jankiewicz
Roy Tonn
Entertainment Editor
Don Walters
Sports Editor
Susan Philip
Production Staff
Greg Cox
Linda McBurney
Contributors
Norm Richards
Suzi Schroeder
Mark Silbermann
Tom Milroy
Janice Wlasichuk
Chris Cariou
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Advertising Manager
Dan Smith

The Projector is published every second Wednesday during the school year by RRCC Students' Association and by Alpha Publishers. Printed by Derksen Printers. Circulation 3,500. Projector office number is 786-6275. Advertisers and contributors for 1976 first issue should phone 786-6375. Letters are welcomed, but only signed correspondence will be published. Editorial content is entirely the responsibility of the editors. Humbug! Bah!

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Mailbox

A.B.E. Letter Brings Flurried Criticism

Dear Sirs:

This is in response to a letter to the editor written by Jim Macdonald Assistant Program Director. In his letter, Mr Macdonald expressed his negative feelings towards ABE (Adult Basic Education) participation in RRCC's yearbook. His argument against? He feels that the $2.00 per month paid by ABE students is not comparable to that of the $10.00 per term paid by full time students. Well . . . the average stay (approximately) of the ABE students is 6 months, which means the Students' Association harvests $12.00 per student. These fees are used to help finance Students' Association activities as well as the salaries of the SA executive. (Yet they cannot be included in our student yearbook??)

I could understand the SA's position if they were under financial pressures and were forced to make major decisions as to the allocation of funds. But!! On page 6 of the last Projector an article written (coincidently) by the yearbook, was headlined: **"Enormous Cash Surplus Leaves SA Dumbfounded".**

A little ironical don't you think?. . . on one page Mr. Macdonald complains about the additional cost of including ABE students in RRCC's yearbook and on the next page we find our Students' Association is looking for ways to spend excess funds. HA!

It's about time the SA started recognizing the ABE students as part of our student body. And what better place to start than with yearbook pictures.

Sincerely
Helen Martin

An Apology

Dear Sirs;

In the last issue of the Projector, I was responsible for a letter entitled: Recognition or Reorganization. The letter, pertaining to A.B.E., was perhaps a little strong, and reactions were even stronger. Since this time my eyes have been opened to various aspects of the Adult Basic Education program of which I was previously unaware.

The purpose of this letter is to apologize to the students and faculty of A.B.E., as well as the RRCC Students' Association. The letter became involved when, by some error, an SA title was affixed to my by-line. The letter was on behalf of myself, not the SA.

Further, I would like to say that the letter in fact did have its better side. Following its publication, both the SA and A.B.E. got off their rear-ends and began talks which may eventually lead to unification of the two.

Again, I would like to apologize to the people affected by the letter, including Lila Larson and Mark Silbermann.

To error is human, to forgive is devine.

Sincerely
Jim MacDonald
A concerned student

Dear Sirs;

So, A.B.E. thinks they should have individual pictures in the RRCC Yearbook? You bet they do!

In reading the letter "Recognition or Reorganization" in the Projector's last issue, it seems as though Jim Macdonald likes to step on toes, without putting too much thought into how he does it. Perhaps if he had been a little more honest in his methods, while forming this rather pompous opinion, a truer perspective would have been put to his idea of what the A.B.E. program is all about, what it means to the students, and what it more often than not, leads to—namely, RRCC courses, as full time students. This means that the A.B.E. program is very much a part of the college. In fact, more so, since people in A.B.E. and courses that are "merely extensions of the campus" are, by the very definition of the words "Community College", right in the community and are aware of it. A little equality in considerations and opportunities within the college would go a long way at this point.

Why, we ask, is it so hard to understand that A.B.E. would like to be recognized as individuals in the yearbook? The answer is simple and obvious, at least to A.B.E.! — We *are* important! We do belong! So, *you* think about it!

p.s. We wonder what the many former A.B.E. students think about this, now that they're on campus and into their courses and don't have to hassle the yearbook issue at hand.

Yours and Meaning It,
CONCERNED A.B.E.
STUDENTS
St. Marie Center
29 Des Meurons

Dear Sirs:

Re: Letter titled **'Regognition or Reorganization'.** Dec. 3/75 issue, written by Jim MacDonald.

First of all I wonder who Jim MacDonald thinks he is!! Furthermore, before he accepts the job of Assistant Programme Director, I feel he should know what he is talking and writing about, and get his facts straight about one of the largest departments in RRCC, namely Adult Basic Education.

By reading his Letter to the Editors in the Dec. 3 issue of the Projector, it seems evident to me that Mr MacDonald could use a few months in the math programme offered by A.B.E., because basic knowledge in math would show him that students in A.B.E. pay the same student fees as the "full time students". If Mr MacDonald had checked, he would have discovered that a significant number of A.B.E. students are on course for up to twelve months! (Their annual fee would be $2.00 x 12 months equals $24.00)

Mr. MacDonald says: "You get what you pay for". If that is so, I feel the A.B.E. students have been drastically cheated in terms of recognition and service from the SA. My answer to the yearbook question would be that perhaps 25 pages in the yearbook wouldn't be asking a whole lot from a student body as large as the A.B.E. department. Mr. MacDonald might make himself aware of the cash surplus written about in the same issue of the Projector (page 6, 'Enormous Cash Surplus Dumbfounds SA'). Perhaps this surplus comes from the student fees of the A.B.E. students who have been on campus for the past seven years?

I would also like to inform Mr. MacDonald that the A.B.E. students do have a student association and that particularly in the extension centres the associations have been very active in staging socials, sales, athletic events, etc. Although they pay the same student fees as other members of the RRCC student body on campus they have had to practically beg for any type of recognition or service (not to mention participation in the yearbook) from the SA. In view of the way people on the SA inform themselves and handle affairs of the student body, it might be wise for Ms. Larson to steer them away and encourage them to run a student association properly!

In closing, I would also like to point out that a large number of students in all departments of the college are indeed ABE graduates. Furthermore, when ABE students enter their training programme, part of that programme includes the "regular" courses at RRCC. Therefore they indeed end up paying student fees for up to two and three years! If anyone on the SA including Mr. MacDonald would like to meet with students in ABE they are welcome to talk to them by dropping in at the Elmwood Extension Centre at 265 Grey St. Thank you.

Yours Truly,
Brian Ranville
Coordinator
Elmwood Extension Centre

Official SA Reply

To all concerned:

Re: Letter titled "Recognition or Reorganization" - December 3, 1975 written by Jim MacDonald.

I am not criticizing Jim for writing the letter, but I do feel that it was bad judgement on his part and/or on the part of the editors of the Projector for putting in his title—Assistant Program Director. This gave many people the impression that the views expressed in the letter were representative of the views held by the Students' Association Executive and Council. This is definitly not the case. The letter was written as a personal viewpoint, and is in no way representative of the view held by the Students' Association.

Since the writing of the letter I have met with Lila Larson (ABE instructor and spokesperson), Mark Silberman (Yearbook Editor), Dan Smith (Publications Director), and Mr Waris Shere (staff advisor for the yearbook), and we came to a mutually satisfying solution to the yearbook problem.

In closing, I would like to apologize on behalf of the Students' Association for any misconception that may have developed as a result of the letter, and hope that the A.B.E. students find the solution equally acceptable.

Yours truly,
Harley Shuster
Vice-President
R.R.C.C. Students'
Association

A Christmas Story

Dear Editors:

Here's what one letter to Santa Clause says:

Dear Santa Clause,

Please send me a case of Bourbon and a case of Scotch this Christmas.

Signed
Dean Martin

P.S. And when you find out what makes Rudolph's nose turn red, send me a case of that too.

Dave Nagy

He's Still a Mystery to Me

Dear sirs:

I understand that many of the staff at the college need clothing. I am willing to offer my services.

While we are on the subject I notice that drugs on campus are becoming more popular. Particularly in the Bidette tech. department. I frown on this and something had just better be passed around.

Buffalo Place continues to serve its fine meals to its staff in the back room.

The sports department has a lot of winning teams this year among are . . . well . . . there is the . . .. maybe there aren't any.

CMOR keeps us all happy and jumping between four o'clock and eight a.m. every day.

I want to thank the editors of the Projector for printing this garbage and my letter too.

Hello,
Clerio Profetta

FRUSTRATION FORUM

by NORM RICHARDS

People.

Anxiety pains have set in before the yuletide season is upon us. Most students I have talked to lately say that the most dominating thing on their minds nowadays is to get the pre-X-mas drinking started.

Jim Macdonald is walking around feeling a little down lately because few people will talk to him. It does take guts to put something in print that you know will get a few people excited. Poor Jimmy!

There was a group in the Tower Lounge last week called "Hence", who almost blew the building up two floors causing an addition to the building. I figured something was up when I noticed the lead guitar's amplifier stood a couple of feet higher than he did. It would be debateable as to who is louder, them or "Uriah Heep". The staff on the seventh floor had to take sea sick pills to recuperate, and I understand that the co-op Credit Union manager is still in the safe. Good band though, lots of balls.

Many people have been talking about a need for individual study room in the L.R.C. because it is so hard to study in there with all the noise. Beds would be nice as well.

One of the most frustrating events to happen this year was the failures of the hottest boogie bands in Canada to show. On Fri. Dec. 12, "King Biscuit Boy" led by Harpist Richard Newell, and Kelly Jay, formerly famed lead singer from "Crowbar", got lost in the storm coming into Winnipeg and caused one of the most disappointing evenings for sometime to come. I had to work that evening and afterwards I rushed home through the storm, picked up my wife, plowed my way through the snow, and got to the front door of the gym only to have Terry Lindell of the SA tell me I wasted my time.

I must close on a positive note and wish everyone the very best in the new season and don't merry Christmas, just celebrate it! Bye now.

Revised Program Puts on Squeeze

by DON WALTERS

The development of a revised curriculum for the Industrial Arts Teacher Education Program has put a squeeze on space in Industrial Technology and will hinder long range planning for the new program, says Lou Judt, Chairman of Teacher Education.

The new program has been running since September, involving the clustering of the old program into four main areas — manufacturing, graphic communications, construction and power and energy. Room has been found for all areas of study except the construction program, which has been fitted in Industrial Technology.

"We have the minimally acceptable amount of space right now but the future will always be uncertain because we can never know when to schedule time to use the building construction area," Mr. Judt said.

He explained that the program's needs are dictated by the change in the program coming about in the high schools. These needs have brought the Teacher Education Program into conflict with the Industrial Technology section in which the construction area is located. This means the teacher education program must timetable itself into any space that is left after the timetables are set for the building construction students.

"When you have a faculty of your own you can plan and co-ordinate your activities instead of following another timetable. It means we always have to wait for someone else to make up their timetable," Mr. Judt said.

"The administration says that the college is open until 10 o'clock and we can use the facilities until that time but the students have other classes and they wouldn't want to be here all day and into the night as well. Also, many of the students have families and parttime jobs in the evenings. This would make it impossible for them to take the program in the evening," Mr. Judt said.

He added that the administration is sympathetic with the space problem and he realizes that they can't assign space that isn't there to a program.

"We'll have to adjust ourselves to the situation because there isn't going to be any new building construction on campus for years to come," Mr Judt said.

That adjustment may just mean using the building construction area in the evening, says Cy Howard, assistant director of support services.

"The Industrial Arts Teacher Education Program is not likely to get more space," he said.

Mr. Howard suggested the departments work more closely together in timetabling students so that time can best be used.

Time Forces Dinner Cancellation

by SUZI SCHROEDER

Lack of time has forced cancellation of the SA-sponsored senior citizens' dinner, held for the first time last December as a centennial project and an effort towards community involvement.

The college was approached again this year by the Age and Opportunity Bureau, and was set to go ahead on the dinner which would have involved 300 senior citizens.

Hotel Administration students were to have arranged the event, to have taken place in the Voyageur Dining Room.

However, students had too many other things going. SA Public Relations director Heidi Langelotz said she'd rather cancel than put on a rushed event and risk embarassment of the college.

Instead, senior citizens were invited to RRCC's free showing of Mandrake the Magician, November 25. Since budgeting is no problem, an event for senior citizens may be held in the spring.

The Christmas dinner has not been made a yearly event, and, since the college had not promised to repeat the event after last year, no one has been disappointed.

Students May Promote 4-West

by MARK SILBERMANN

The possibility of having Creative Communications students doing public relations work for the 4-West sports tournament was discussed last Wednesday by Roy Pollock, head of the sports department, Tony Simmons, from the Graphic Arts department, and Creative Communications instructor, Audrey Morton.

This idea was initiated by Mr Pollock, who said, "I would like to draw in the people who are experienced in this field to do the promotion of this event." He also said due to the lack of time the people in the sports department have, that it would make the quality of the promotion "less professional".

Mr Pollock also said that this project has received approval from Dave Williamson, head of the Applied Arts department.

Mr Williamson said, it is "better to do a project that is within the college, rather than do make-believe projects."

The 4-West Tournament begins Feb. 15. During that time it is hoped that CreCom students will promote the sports banquet, set up television interviews with the athletes and make pamphlets and posters for the event.

Audrey Morton said that if this project get underway, that it will count for marks for the students who do it. She also said that there is nothing definite in this project.

SA Provides Car Booster Service

The Students' Assocation will be providing a "car boosting" service for anyone in need of it this winter. This service will be run by the students in the Diesel Mechanics course.

The cost will be one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50). To indicate that you are in need of assistance, lift the hood of your car. There will be a serviceman circulating around the parking lots between the hours of 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. If the serviceman is not immediately there, call this number: 786-6214.

NOTE: This service is only available between the hours of 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

Apathy Kills Elections

by TOM MILROY

The word apathy has become a cliché around this school, but once again apathy is the only word appropriate concerning the recent "elections".

How many students knew there was an election last month? How many students know there were 13 positions to be filled? And how many students know that only one position was filled? Jim Howell was the only person concerned enough to run, but he didn't have to run, no one was chasing him.

Harley Shuster, vice-president of the Students' Association, said it is hard to say why no one seems interested in school politics. "Some of the courses are only five months long and maybe the students can't afford the time, but most of the people just don't care."

Mr Shuster said there was certainly enough exposure because there were ads on the radio station and in the Projector.

SA secretary treasurer Terry Lindell and Mr Shuster did a survey on the election and they asked students if a rebate on their student fees would entice them to vote or even-run, and 31 per cent of 98 people surveyed said "yes" it would make them vote.

Mr Shuster agreed that he couldn't pin the lack of involvement down to one reason, but thought most students are here for one reason: an education.

"I think that serving on council is one hell of an education, but I don't think those who care should go unrepresented, so they can come to me with any problems," he said.

Shere in on Yearbook

For the first time in six years there will be staff participation in RRCC's yearbook.

Waris Shere, an instructor in the mathematics technical division will serve as staff advisor for the production of this year's publication.

Mr Shere has been teaching at RRCC since 1965. He was the first yearbook staff advisor and co-ordinated the first yearbook. He has also served as a member of the Director's Advisory Council.

For $5 you can have voting rights in a million dollar financial institution.

That's about all it takes, five dollars, to become a member of a credit union.

Once you're a member, you have full voting rights in the affairs of your credit union.

You and your fellow members on a one person, one vote system decide who the Directors of the credit union are to be.

Members therefore indirectly control almost every single policy of the credit union.

And membership control has been a part of credit unions in Canada ever since they began.

A group of employees or neighbours pooled their money, borrowed from each other, and paid each other interest on their savings.

As a result of this co-operation, they usually drew better interest on their savings. And borrowed at a lower rate. Than at almost any other financial institution around.

And today it's the same. Whether it's better rates or membership control.

That's why we say your credit union is where you belong. And it all belongs to you.

CO-OPERATORS CREDIT UNION

Eye On Council

By Robert Jankiewicz

The best line of last week's student council meeting came from publications director Dan Smith, and it could very well be an indicator of what this year's Students' Association is all about.

It came after a lengthy period of discussion over adoption of a new salary scale for the SA's bookkeeper, Jan Warsaba. Simply, the council couldn't decide whether or not to go with an entirely new pay scale and place Jan in the second pay level, or place her in the third level.

After a lot of mumbo-jumbo that saw even SA secretary-treasurer Terry Lindell misunderstand the personnel committee's proposal to adopt the scale and place Jan in the third level, Lindell pushed forth a motion that when read back later didn't make any sense.

Frustrated with all the confusion around the scale and cost-of-living ripoffs, which somehow entered the discussion, Smith broke into the talking.

"I don't see how a motion can be presented before council when the people presenting it don't know what they're talking about."

To this, SA business manager John Coy added: "I think the boy's right," with SA sports director Bruce Wood saying he thought the whole thing was "silly."

Well, it was more exciting at the council meeting, but you get the gist. The whole matter was then shelved until the executive committee could have a look-see at it.

Living in a Hospital?

The only other exciting part of the meeting came when, after informing council about where the student housing co-op stood, John Coy's eyes lit up at the suggestion that the SA buy the old Concordia Hospital, now standing dormant on Desallaberry.

It's a novel way to approach the problem, and could be quite an accomplishment for RRCC if they managed to set the place up as a student housing complex. That item should continue to be interesting for some time. John Coy's eyes don't light up too often, so you know the idea has some merit.

Council gave approval in principle to a number of combined endeavors with the city's two universities. Included are: combined advertising, maybe the back page of the city's two dailies for a couple of runs as well as coverage on the air, a central registry, purchase of older homes and the building of an apartment block.

Jets to Montreal

Council approved about $800 for Projector editors to fly to Montreal for a Canadian University Press conference and New Year's festivities.

The SA is seriously considering joining the press organization, which promises benefits like articles of general student interest in the newspaper, more efficiency in the way it's being run and consequently, lower production costs, as well as more of the Montreal-type conferences in the future.

Speaking of Jim

While we're on the subject of Jim MacDonald, who has raised quite a storm with his views on ABE students, and who resigned recently from his post as assistant program coordinator, probably for totally unrelated reasons, council started talking about him.

Anyway, SA president Kim Capar (it's about time I got around to him) said that MacDonald resigned for academic reasons, those being heavy course loads. There are other conflicting reports.

But MacDonald himself, in an earlier conversation, said the reasons were purely personal, not meaning academic, and he didn't want to elaborate.

Doesn't mean much, right? Right, but you have to wonder what's wrong with the executive telling council the truth, even if it is false. They'd just find out anyway if any of them cared.

Another Raise

Jan Warsaba isn't the only SA employee to get a raise. John Schillinger, Crazy Ox manager, can expect a five per cent raise retroactive to Sept. 15. This moves him above his present salary range of $800 - $1,000, and still includes bonus clauses.

Just to nicely offset the matter, a council member raised a complaint that the Ox is quite often opening late, and often has only one cashier working at lunch, a peak business period.

SA public relations director Heidi Langelotz said the latter was okay, because the lines move fast. Heidi has more patience than most students.

Ichi Evening

Kim Capar looked for a few minutes through messy handwritten notes for a motion that was put to the executive committee so he could pass it on to council. It concerned Christmas bonuses for SA employees.

The SA's seven fulltime staffers will get a night on the town with their spouse or a friend in one big group. Total cost allowed will be $50 per couple, or a total of $350. So far, the Ichi Ban looks like a shoo-in.

Work Hurts

Moving on to another "minor money matter", council approved a $1,710 expenditure to the workman's compensation board to cover all SA employees. Council seemed greatly concerned that a typewriter would "fall on someone's foot", and the expenditure seems worthwhile.

And Then There Was Bruce

And last but not least, let's get around to Bruch Wood's money matters. Poor Bruce, just when he managed to convince the executive that he should get 80 per cent of the King Biscuit Boy social gate, it turns out to have more problems than the building's foundations. He'd be great on the investment market.

But Wood did manage to get some money out of council anyway. Approval was given to a motion to allow part of the $3,000 that was in the sports budget before recent cutbacks were announced to be once again used for sports purposes.

But Wood better be careful, because the motion includes a clause that the executive committee arbitrate just how much of that three grand is to be used for sports, and it was only after a lot of hassle that Wood got to where he was.

35 Last Words

Before rushing out with a few ham salad sandwhiches at the end of the meeting, I heard something about another loan going to someone for curling trophies. The hairdressing course must be happy about that.

MANPOWER NOTES

On Feb. 16 the first company representatives will be coming on campus to interview June graduates. The Canada Manpower Centre on Campus will keep you advised by placing schedules in the Projector and by posting bulletins throughout the college. The first Projector issue of 1976 will provide you with information of those employers that will be recruiting on campus from Feb. 16. Subsequent issues of the Projector will keep our recruiting schedule updated.

A number of employers have requested that students complete and return applications for employment prior to their actual recruiting date on campus. This procedure is being followed so that employers will be abe to pre-screen applicants. Because of the holiday season, your examinations and mid-term break, we are listing the names of those employers now.

You are requested to have your applications completed and returned to the Canada Manpower Office, C-211, before the date specified in order to allow us to comply with the employer's request. Job descriptions and applications are available at the Canada Manpower Office.

We ask that all prospective graduates that need our assistance in seeking permanent employment register with the Canada Manpower Centre, C-211, immediately, as you should be registered with us before the recruiting period begins.

Andy Gaskin

GRADUATES - Permanent Employment

Name of Employer	Discipline	RETURN APPLICATIONS BY:
Imperial Oil	Bus. Admin. . Admin. . Mktg. . Acctg. Chemical Technology	January 23, 1976
Jasper Park Lodge	Hotel & Rest. Admin.	January 9, 1976
Bank of Nova Scotia	Bus. Admin. . Admin. . Mktg. . Acctg.	February 11, 1976

UNDERGRADUATES - Summer Work

Name of Employer	Discipline	RETURN APPLICATIONS BY:
Imperial Oil	Bus. Admin. Electrical Mechanical Chemical Sec. Science	January 23, 1976
Jasper Park Lodge	Hotel & Rest. Admin.	January 9, 1976
Public Service Canada (Federal Govt.) careqr-oriented	All Diploma courses	January 31, 1976

THIS FRIDAY

La Retourne Triumphante du Cinema Medicale

8:00 PM — **Passions of Anna** — a Bergman classic
Night of the Living Dead — finest horror film ever made

10:00 PM — **Night of the Living Dead** — finest horror film ever made

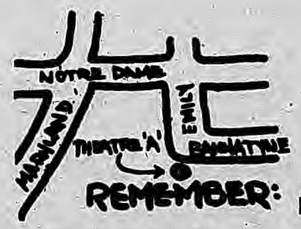
MANITOBA MEDICAL STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION · THEATRE APPLE PRODUCTIONS

Coming Up...

Jan. 2: **Jeremiah Johnson** — starring Robert Redford
Persona — another Bergman classic

Jan 9: **State of Seige** —
— Costa Gavras frightening portrayal of the roots of political repression in South America

WR Mysteries of the Organism (Misterije Organizna) — if you see any, see this:



Admission: $1.25
THEATRE 'A' MEDICAL SCIENCE BUILDING
Emily at Bannatyne (New building – west of General Hospital)
FREE PARKING IN ADJACENT DENTISTRY LOT

REMEMBER: IF YOU CAN'T COME AT 8, COME AT 10

Sound Off

Sound Off provides readers of the Projector with an opportunity to comment on matters of topical concern and of interest to the general student body. This issue, second year Creative Communications student Janice Wlasichuk "sounds off" on the present system of competition for marks in school, what she calls the "reach for the top" syndrome.

I am a victim of the structured school system. During my primary years, and probably all the way through to high school, I was under the hand of a competitive school system. Marks! Marks! I can remember the chorus that followed assignments and tests; "What did you get? Did you pass? Hey, she got a good mark, she must be smart! -or- He failed-What a dummy!" Often, the child who fails is subject to ridicule during these formative years.

All through school, children are forced into this competitive "reach for the top" syndrome. They are taught that their marks and this alone, serve as the single measure of their intelligence and ability. Often, a child who brings home a poor report card is in for punishment. On the other hand, children must be disciplined to a certain extent or they would not bother trying to learn at all. This has become evident in some of the new "open-area" school system that have developed in the past couple of years. But, children have to be inspired to learn, not scared or forced into a competitive-type atmosphere!

Elementary school teachers separate students into groups for different subjects, according to their intelligence level. While making it easier for the teachers and students, fast and slow students are able to move at their own speed, an emphasis is also being placed on "who is smart and who is dumb?" in the words of the students. I remember when I was in elementary school and placed in a low arithmetic group, my best friends were placed in the higher group. I felt the difference! We think of little children as being so sweet and innocent. However, they can carry strong prejudices. I felt the difference being in a low Maths group because, come recess I couldn't play skipping with my best friends because they were playing skipping with the "smart" kids and, probably feeling secure in this position, didn't want to bother with me.

The system has spent many years training the child to work for the teacher, and by the time the student reaches high school he is so conditioned into "trying to please teacher" that he forgets how to do things for himself. When a student is asked to write an opinion piece, or perhaps simply state an opinion, often, he will write not what he actually feels, but instead what he feels the teacher wants to hear. This is not always true in oral communications, however. Spoken opinions don't always count.

"What can I write to get a good mark?" will always be on the student's mind. And more often than not, the student, knowing what the teacher wants to hear, will present ideas favorable to the marking teacher, and be credited with a high mark. That is to say, a mark higher than he would have gotten had he written something that the teacher didn't agree with, even though his work had been of good quality. But is this right? Who is to say what is good and what is bad? What is right and what is wrong? This is especially true in opinion pieces. If a teacher is asking for an opinion, he can't grade it low simply because he doesn't happen to agree with it. Yet it happens all the time because teachers, while saying, "Write me what you think, not what you think I want to hear", are actually contradicting themselves. Objectivity in marking is next to impossible. Tests have been done where different professors, unknowingly, have graded the same student's paper. The resulting marks ranged from A to F. Even mathematics, which is supposed to be the most precise subject, was put under the same test; the results being identical-marks ranging from A to F. On the other hand, objectivity is difficult because we are all human and subject to prejudices. What a teacher thinks of a student in terms of his personality, appearance, morals, and attitudes, will in turn reflect the teacher's opinion of the student's work and how he/she chooses to grade it.

Well, perhaps I have presented a worthless argument. Perhaps it isn't even an argument at all; maybe just two sides of a prevailing problem. Perhaps it is just a problem in my eyes. We are all so conditioned to this thing that we hardly realize the consequences of it. I realize there is a need for competition of this sort at Red River Community College, because we are preparing ourselves for the business world, but I live in a household that is very quickly paced and competition-oriented, and I think perhaps, I've just grown tired of the whole damn thing.

INTER-VARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

We are a group of Believers who meet every week for Bible study and prayer. Our group is part of an international organization that supports meetings on campuses around the world. We will be having singing groups coming to the college and are organizing socials during the year.

MEETINGS:

Every Tuesday, D-207
11:00-12:00 and 12:00-1:00
Bring your lunch and your mind and your Bible.
For more information call Brian Reimer, 475-5018.
Look for our posters around the college.

Sports

Sports

Shorts

by SUSAN PHILIP

Phys-Ed's Jack Kaplan will be offering a program of ski exercises on Monday, Dec. 22 in the Black Lecture Theatre. If you want to be better prepared for the slopes and avoid injuries be there at noon for a copy of the program along with explanation and demonstration.

The Women's Basketball team is still looking for recruits to back up its squad. If you're interested check the blackboard in the North Gym for practice times.

Women's Volleyball is shaping up with an eye on March 4-West competitions. They beat 'Wings' three games straight on Dec. 14 in MVA senior women's league play.

In intramural volleyball 26 teams will be involved in men's and women's playoffs. They include teams with such interesting names as Burlies Girlies, Old Folks, Sweat Hogs, Freudian Slips and B.P. Queens. But what's in a name?

Intramural curling is running well although there have been a couple of defaults. A curling bonspeil is still planned for March at the Granite and will be open to all students in the college on a first come basis. The Manitoba universities and the other colleges will be invited to send up to two teams each to participate in the four events. All teams must have at least one female curler. More information will be available in March.

Table tennis is dying. Nearly 50 per cent of the people involved in the intramural program have defaulted their games. A 'playoff' round will probably be scheduled for the remainder, and if the event is run again, the default deposit will be raised.

Hockey will be played in two rounds. Teams who do not write exams in January will play then, and the rest will be scheduled for February to eliminate facility problems. Women's teams will play at noon – men's after four.

June Graham said she's prepared a simple solution to any violence thay may develop in hockey or floor hockey in the intramural schedule . . . The events will be cancelled.

Broomball will be co-ed in February and will probably be run on improvised sheets near the rink.

Athletic Report

Fall activities are now well set with all of our college teams playing in their regular leagues and competitions. The curling and badminton teams have as yet not been chosen but are practicing faithfully. Hockey, volleyball and basketball teams are well into their yearly competitions.

There is only one glaring problem and that is the lack of student support. Past issues of the Projector have mentioned a person named Richard McApathy. Unfortunately he seems to be present in the sports program, as well.

Every student pays into the Students' Association which in turn makes money available to athletics. Our teams provide a good level of competition and you can see it FREE. No student with a valid ID card is charged to see any of our activities. We do not feel that you should have to pay twice for anything.

On the other hand we feel that you should be interested in seeing where some of your money is being used.

We also feel that the teams deserve your support. While you are bending your elbow at one of the local pubs, our teams are working hard at practices or games. Show them you do care by coming out to the games.

We would like to remind all students in the Business Administration and Secretarial Science courses that they can take Physical Education for credit. New courses will be starting in February and it would be to your advantage to talk to the Phys-Ed staff prior to registration time.

Tennis and golf will be our major activities, but we will supply activities on demand if enough students request them. See us now so we can plan to serve you the best way possible.

Roy Pollock
Department Head

FROM THE SPORTS DESK

I hope that you will print this letter as way of an apology for the mess which was made out of the King Biscuit Boy social on Friday, Dec 12.

This social was sponsored by the Athletic Council and as its representative I must accept responsibility. The King Biscuit Boy band was not heard from all Friday or Friday evening, though earlier the booking had been confirmed by telegram.

The nature of the agreement was that the band would play four forty minute sets and due to the storm outside they could have come in at ten set up, played four straight sets and fulfilled their agreement. Therefore we could not cancel before hand because if the band had showed up we would have had to pay them.

Instead, we tried to get a local band to fill in. We refunded full ticket prices to all those who did not wish to wait for the local band. We offered a dollar fifty refund to those remaining. Many stayed and listed to tapes while we ran around the city in trucks to get the band set up. Finally we got the band on at about one o'clock, they played one set and then packed it in.

It is to their credit, and we wish to thank all the students who remained and gave us no trouble at all, we would also like to thank Charles Baker Harris for coming out at such ridiculous notice and finally a thanks to Lynn Johnston who worked very hard (as usual) to try to keep the night from becoming a total failure.

Bruce Wood
SA Sports Director

Men's Volleyball Team: Who's Who?

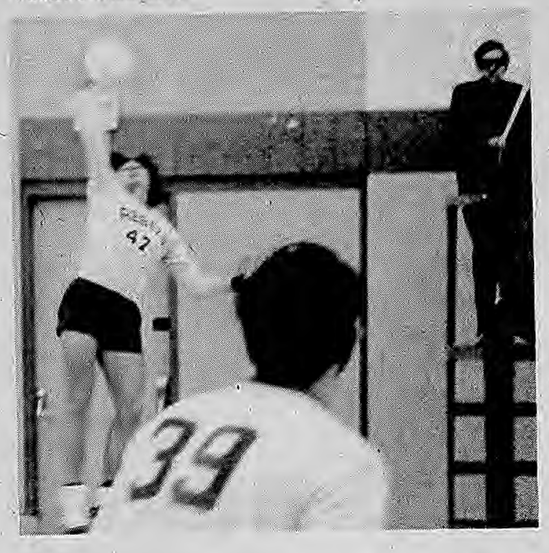
by HELEN MARTIN

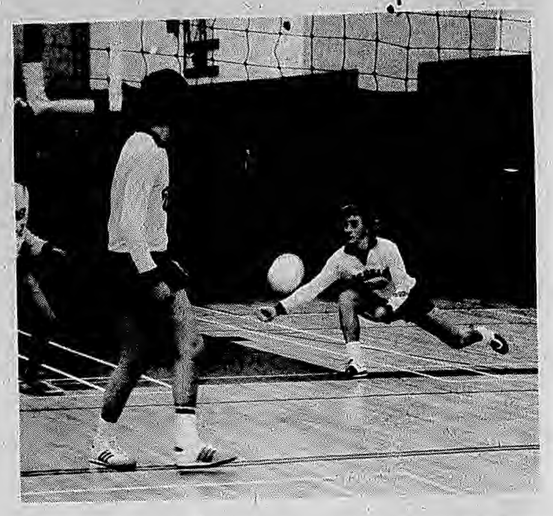
The best way to say something about a team is to tell you who the players are and something about them. So.....introducing.....the men's volleyball team.

Neil McLean - wears a white football jersey with his name on it...has curly black hair and thinks he's handsome. His favorite song is "I am so beautiful."

Geoff Bell - also's "Alice". What can you say about a guy who has everything? He was supposed to help me with this article but he suddenly dissappeared.

Stu Thompson - We used to see a lot of Stu, then he met someone from the women's volleyball team. I think he's on the women's team now.





Cam Bell - has a nice cookie duster under his nose. Takes care of brother Geoff on the weekend trips.

George Hill - Alias "Blue". Ask George anything he knows. Oh...sorry! that should be George Hill the fourth.

Ken Gibson - quiet, shy, you don't know that he's there till he takes out his front two teeth...then you wonder who the cute guy is!

Vic Doerksen - actually he wrote this article so don't blame me for it....anything you want to know about him - ask his wife....on second thought...don't.

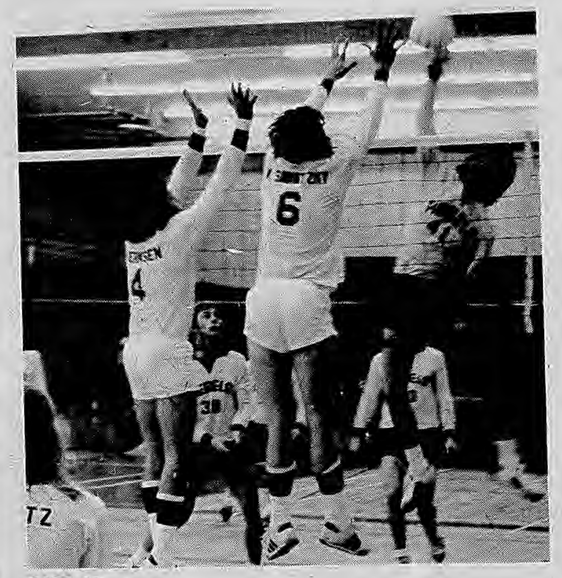
Jeff Hudson - Alias "Little Jeff". Ask him why his watch doesn't work. He said it was waterproof so Jeff threw it in the swimming pool at Duluth.

Doug McMillian - you've heard of that tall dark and handsome fellow? Well that's not him....nickname "Shorty".

Ken Berg - "Cramps"...the older member of the team.

Peter Issac - "Fish" drives a VW...but don't hold that against him.

If you're interested (or even if you're not)come on down on Monday nights to cheer these gifted members of the athletic world. Although they are great already it sure helps when you have some fans there to cheer you on...right guys??



Varsity Schedules

If you've got free time over the holidays, there's lots of good sports action to take in.

Dec. 21 Rebels Hockey vs. Winkler at Stony Mtn. Arena 7:30
Jan. 3 Men's Basketball vs. Sr. League Team time/place TBA
Jan. 3 Rebels Hockey vs. Winkler at Winkler
Jan. 4 Rebels Hockey vs. Altona at Stony Mtn. Arena 7:30
Jan. 5 Men's Volleyball vs. Wild Oats R.R.C.C. 7:00
Jan. 7 Men's Basketball vs. Brandon at R.R.C.C. 6:45
Jan. 8 Women's Basketball vs. Jr. Bisonettes at R.R.C.C. 7:30
Jan 8 Rebels Hockey vs. Altona at Altona TBA
Jan 12 Men's Volleyball vs. CMBC at R.R.C.C. 7:00

HOCKEY

Pilot Mound Tops Rebels

Red River's Rebels were topped 8-6 by Pilot Mound in a recent hockey game.

The first period was very close and hard hitting. Red River goal tending (Igor Petrycky) was sharp as he was blasted with shots and stopped one break-away. Finally at 13:46, Pilot Mound scored a power-play goal to get on the scoreboard.

Red River then applied the pressure. After hitting the goal post twice, and several scrammblers in front of the visitors net, Red River capitalized when Pat Wozney scored. The period ended 1-1.

The second period was all Pilot Mound. They scored after only 36 seconds of play and followed up with four others before Mike Pellick of Red River answered. The Rebels stopped skating and checking while their goaltender became shell-shocked. The period ended 6-2.

The third period again started on a bad note as Pilot Mound scored quickly at 1:49. But the Rebels wouldn't quit. After a change in goalies, new life seemed to be restored to the players as they dominated play throughout the period. The replacement goalie, Sandy Stiffe, played superbly and was beaten only once. The Rebels come-back attempts were marred by penalties at crucial times. Still they managed to score four goals before time ran out on them. Red River scorers in the third period were Doug Conn with two, and Tom Best and Rick Englot with one apiece.

Each team served nine major penalties throughout the game, and Pilot Mound received one major with a misconduct for fighting.

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Intramurals Donate $$$ to Board

This year, Red River has a 'Sportman's Corner' of its own. Get your intramural team together and help us reach a goal of $600 for Winnipeg's Christmas Cheer Board.

June Graham in GM19 will be accepting donations until the break but would prefer to have them all in by Friday, Dec. 19.

The fund, said Ms. Graham, started off really well, but then "Kind of came to a stand still."

All proceeds will go to the Christmas Cheer Board via the Winnipeg Free Press and Tribune funds. Red River's contribution, as this was written, fell just under $200, but if everyone who has participated in intramurals so far this year gives only $1, the $600 goal should be easily within reach!!

"The Good Sports":

Carpentry C	5.00
Child Care Service III	5.25
C-5 (1st term Civil)	20.00
Major Appliance Servicing	16.50
B.A. 1-10	10.00
L.P.N. A and B	5.00
Electrical A and C	10.00
Sec. Sci. 1 - 2	8.00
Med. Lab. A	5.00
Sec. Sci. 3 - 1	5.00
Sec. Sci. 1 - 3	13.30
Medical Records	5.25
Teacher Ed. III	13.25
Arch. Drafting	11.17
Photo. Tech.	25.10
Machine Shop	3.80
Equipment Counter	16.00

"He mentioned something about, I don't tell you how to score goals, you don't tell me how to stop them."

Ski Sets Available

The Phys-Ed. department has 16 sets of cross country ski equipment available for student and staff use. To offset equipment expense, a rental fee of $1.50 will be charged for overnight use or $3.00 per weekend, in advance.

Equipment can only be taken out from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. and must be returned by 9 a.m. the next regular school day. Between 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. cross country outfits may be taken out without charge for use near the college.

To help speed up any difficulty in signing out equipment, anyone planning to rent this winter is asked to come down to the North Gym during the day and try on boots. When renting, it will then be possible to ask for a specific pair.

Renters are cautioned that they will be charged for any excessive wear, breakage or loss of equipment.

Only one set will be issued per person. This program is for the use of staff and students of the college and is not intended to equip entire families.

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HUMOUR

Dubowits's Believe it or Else

by DWIGHT DUBOWITS

Anthony Scott, of Hamilton, Ohio, was arrested and charged with holding up a beer parlour – with a toilet seat. As the bartender was entering the men's room, Scott reportedly grabbed a broken toilet seat and forced him to open the cash register.

Two Detroit policemen were staked out in an unmarked van in a parking garage where several cars had been recently burgled. As they watched through the one-way glass in the van, two men entered and broke into two cars. Then using a crowbar, the men walked up to the van itself, pried open the doors, and began to rummage around. The police then drove directly to the station.

*****

Residents of a trailer court near Carmichaels, Pennsylvania may not be too happy about it, but Dorothy Walters may have set a world record. State police said Walters, 23, picked off **63 mailboxes** while driving along Pennsylvania Highway 21. The woman sheared the boxes off their perch on a rail just outside of the trailer court. She was arrested for reckless driving.

*****

Officials of the Metropolitan Safety Agency in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, are still blushing over this one. A couple of Fridays ago, thieves broke into the agency's own offices. The only item that was reported missing was one large Doberman Pinscher patrol dog.

James Jeffers said 'goodbye' to his date in the early hours at her apartment in Nashville, Tenn., jumped into his new convertible and started to back up. And all four wheels fell off. "Someone had taken all 20 lugs off the wheels," he told reporters. "I had to wait until a parts store opened before I could get my car together."

*****

Carol Miller, of San Luis Obispo, California doesn't let food prices bother HER any more. She and her husband have found the perfect solution – they eat bugs. "There are many practical ways of looking at dining on bugs," she said, "They're rich in protein, and with one million species to choose from, the list of creative insect dishes is endless." Every day the Millers feast on the crawly little creatures. They munch on grasshoppers, bees, crickets, and beetles, to name a few. "My favorite are termites," Carol said. She said she uses insects in soups, stews, and bakes grasshopper and termite cookies. . . AAhh-yes, I can see it now; A&W Beetle burgers, larvae under glass, and caterpillar pie – with coffee, of course. One fly or two?

On that yummy note, I'd like to wrap things up by wishing everyone a MERRY CHRISTMAS and have a HAPPY NEW YEAR, or at least a mediocre one. See you in '76.

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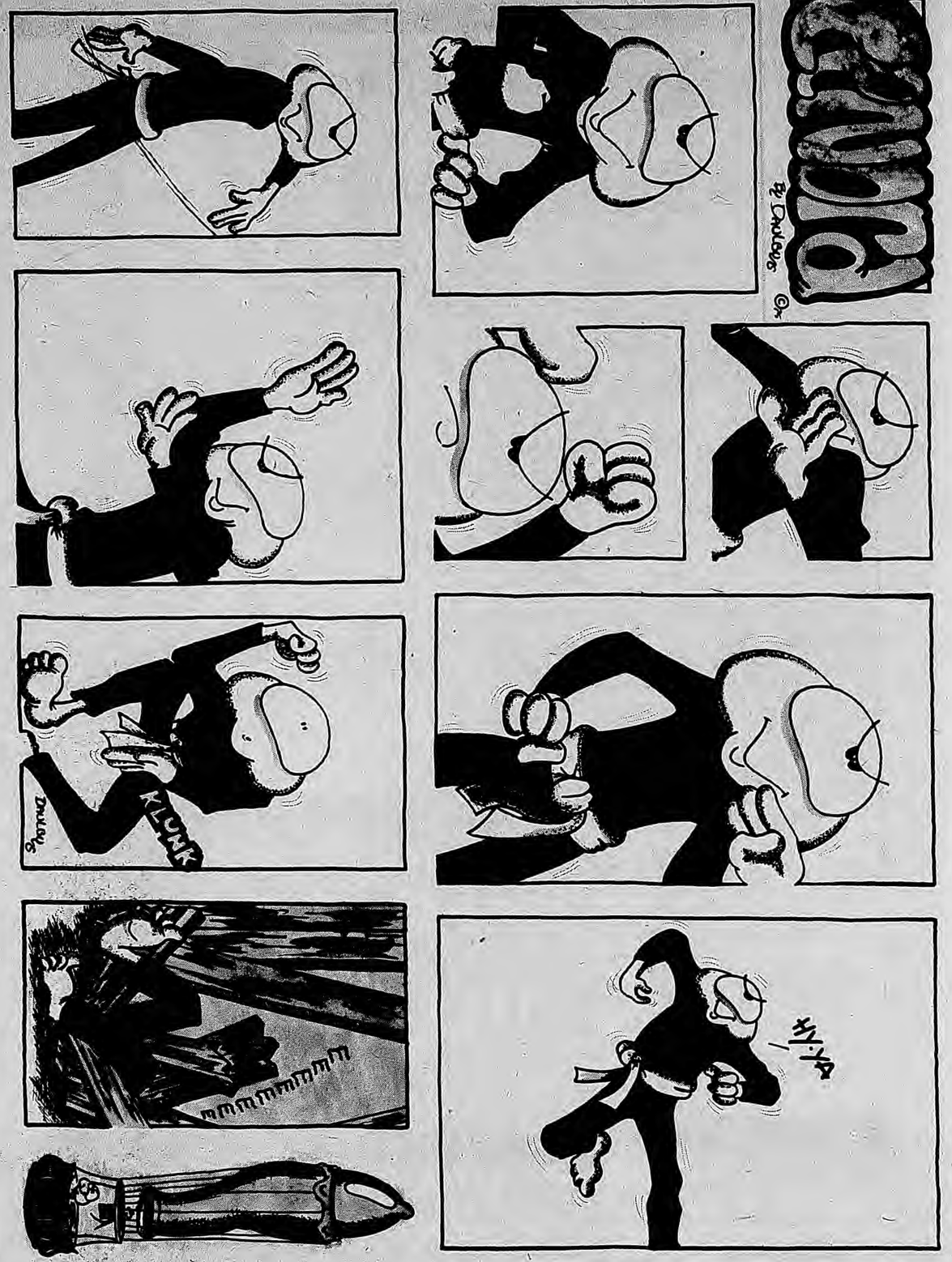
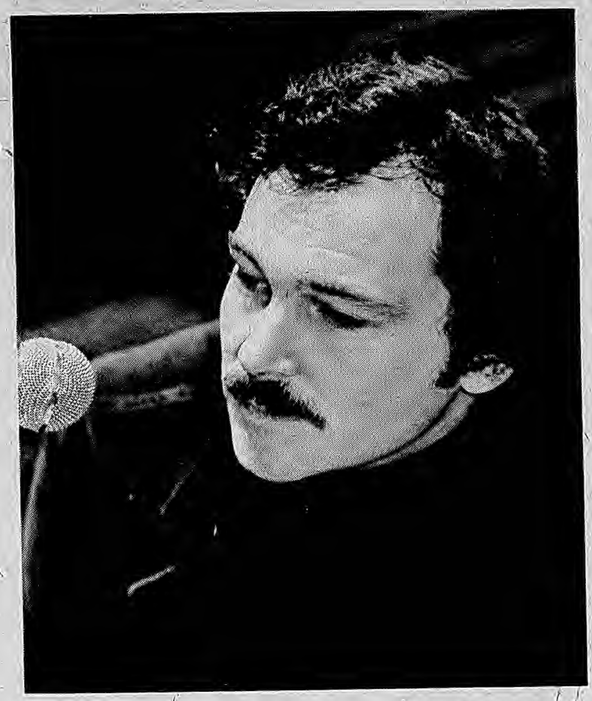


ENCOUNTER

Sean Kelly, National Lampoon Editor

Anything Can Be Funny

by Dan Smith



The man just doesn't look like a person who could deliberately affront every race, religion, nationality and social group he can think of.

He doesn't even appear degenerate.

Shouldn't an editor of the magazine reputed to be North America's most offensive, depraved publication look at least a bit discreditable?

Sean Kelly, one of four editors of National Lampoon magazine, looks disturbingly like any man would with a severe hang-over.

The problem with meeting Sean Kelly is his seeming normalcy. After waiting to meet an ogre who shouts insults at everyone in sight, greeting a short, slightly-built, almost quiet man is out of context.

It's not fair.

Kelly, 35, has been editing National Lampoon for two and-a-half years.

He's the poor Canadian boy who made it rich by going to the United States and offending Americans, along with everybody else.

He was at Red River recently, giving a lecture and several encounter sessions, after a night "of bar-hopping across all of North Dakota."

He doesn't think there's any group the satire of National Lampoon hasn't offended.

"We're not particular. The Congress of Racial Equality, the Knights of Columbus, the B'Nai B'Rith, the American Nazi party, all the gay liberation and women's movements...hell, I guess we've heard from everybody."

National Lampoon's main editorial policy is, says Kelly, "to make people laugh. Other than that, we're wide open. It's just that to make people laugh you have to deal with 'taboo' subjects, and the public doesn't like that. You just aren't supposed to talk about holes in the body, or a homosexual vice-president."

The magazine started five years ago, after two editors of the Harvard Lampoon, a Harvard University humour quarterly, wrote Bored of the Rings, a financially-successful parody of J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings.

When Bored of the Rings proved so popular, it was decided to attempt a national humour magazine. The two Harvard editors switched to the new monthly, after renting the name "Lampoon" from Harvard.

National Lampoon is published in New York, and has a circulation of "around a million."

Though it has no special Canadian-produced section or Canadian advertising, Kelly says it has more readers per capita in Canada than it does in the United States.

"Canadians are on the outside looking in, so to speak, so it's generally easier for them to laugh at the Americans," said Kelly. "Certainly the Americans have an enormous talent for ignoring their own silliness. That's why we have a large percentage of Canadians on staff—to keep things in perspective."

Sean Kelly, who also writes for National Lampoon, comes by his trade honestly. Born near Montreal, he has worked as a newspaper reporter, an ad copy-writer, a television script-writer, and has acted in a number of CBC radio dramas.

Prior to joining the National Lampoon staff, Kelly was a teacher of children's literature and medieval english at Montreal's Dawson College.

"I jumped at the chance to join Lampoon," he said. "I'd been contributing articles for a while, and working for the magazine was something I'd always wanted to do. I'd rather live in Canada, but like so many others I had to move to the States to pursue my career in a profitable fashion."

He commutes between Montreal and New York several times a week to be with his family.

"I guess I'm a dependent sort. I have to be with my wife and kids. My kids fascinate me, as all kids do."

Kelly, who hopes to write children's books some day, thinks children are in a much better position to appreciate simple satire than adults are.

The evening before his seven-hour stop in Winnipeg, Kelly met a man in North Dakota, who represents what he feels his job, and National Lampoon, are all about.

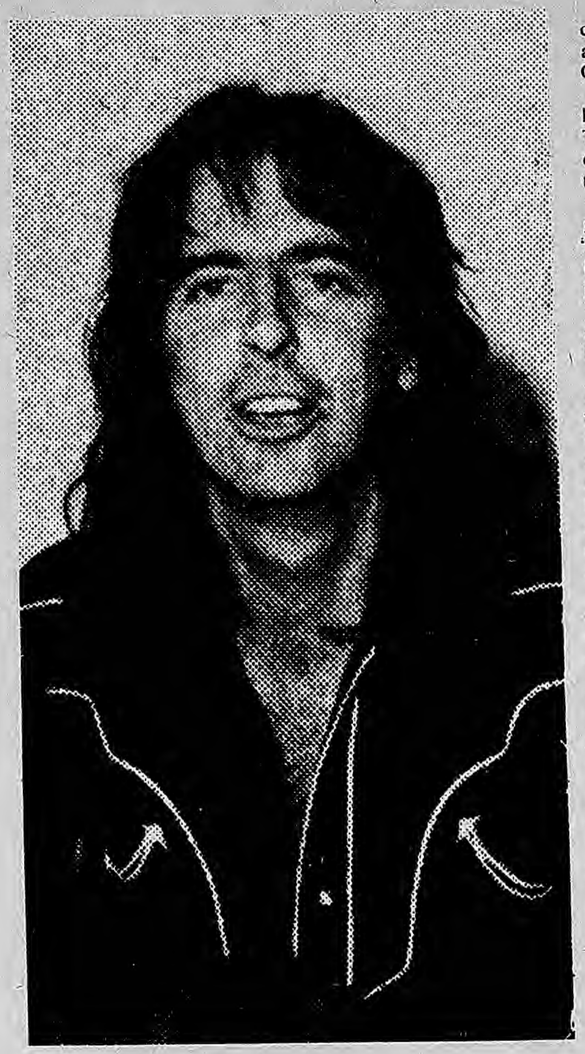
"This guy was blind, and was joking with me about an article we did as a spoof on the handicapped. A friend had read him the piece, and in it we said people don't like to look at the blind **because their eyes don't sparkle. We then recommend the blind** sew fire-flies to their eyelids, so their eyes would sparkle, and people would look at them.

"This blind man said the article was extremely funny, and he wished he could find a copy of National Lampoon in braille."

WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE — Alice Cooper

Record, Movie, Live Performance All In One

by Linda McBurney



"Some people wake up screaming. Alice Cooper spends his days that way. If nightmares were nice, they would be dreamed by Alice. And they would look and sound like WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE, a television special and the latest album by the "King of shock and Rock."

Welcome to my Nightmare is Alice's most carefully planned project, first conceived over two years ago when Alice became fascinated with the demonic visions that appeared in his dreams. Realizing that his own nocturnal emissions were only a handful of the billions being dreamed around the world, Alice decided to present a set for everyone to share.

After choosing some of his most horifying visitations for the concept, Alice began pre-production work for the soundtrack in association with guitarist Dick Wagner and composer Alan Gordon at Alice's Los Angles home in the spring of 1974.

Tracks like "Some Folk" and "Cold Ethyl" are blistering hard rockers in the tradition of "Eighteen" and "School's Out." There is also "Department of Youth," Alice's anthem for the children of the world who made him the symbol of their generation.

But don't forget the nightmares! "Steven" is a spellbinding glimpse into the mind of Alice's newest psychotic boy-man, and "Black Widow" is an enchantingly hideous production enriched by the voice of film star Vincent Price. As in all nightmares there is "The Awakening," and for Alice, at least, "Escape."

Some people wake up screaming. Alice Cooper spends his days that way..If nightmares were nice, they would be dreamed by Alice.

The composition of the lyrics and melodies on Nightmare spanned three continents and were written in some of the most exotic cities in the world, including Paris, Rio De Janeiro and New York. By autumn of 1974 Alice and a host of rock and roll's finest musicians moved to Nimbus 9 Studios in Toronto to where master producer Bob Ezrin began work on the project. Extensive recording, over-dubbing and sweetening continued at the Record Plant West and A&R Studios in New York. The massive project was finally completed five months later in January of 1975 at a cost of over $200,000.

Nightmare presents yet another musical facet of Alice Cooper; a more diverse, melodious and haunting side to the master of macabre and mayhem. "Only Women Bleed," for example, is Alice's first pure-bred love ballad.

The show itself was filmed in London, England, in Albert Hall. The audience went wild for most of the proformance, especially the hit song "The Department of Youth." One ardent fan ran up on the stage and tried to grab Alice. Alice's streak of humor showed up and he silently smiled and laughed to himself. Alice did a few things some people might call "gross", but the audience loved it. Young people that were interviewed labelled him as "The greatest", topping all well-known stars. A few elderly people could be seen among the youngsters and seemed to be caught up in all the excitement and near-rioting. The audience portrayed themselves as "miniature Alice's wearing his make-up, hat, cane, shirt and button. To say the least he was "highly praised" by the British fans.

On a warm July 2 evening, Alice Cooper was warmly welcomed by Winnipeg and out-of-town fans. The Winnipeg Arena was packed, holding from 10 to 12 thousand people. The air was filled with the odor of weed and hash and with tobacco smoke. The atmosphere could be described as tense and people were constantly waiting for the climax of the performance.

Acting was tremendous and the timing was perfect. Dancers were: Eugene Montoya, Uchi Sugiyama, Robyn Blythe and Sheryl Goddard. The lighting and sound came through good and the pace was set perfectly for getting stoned or feeling stoned. The audience kept things moderately cool and seemed to fit in nicely with the Nightmare.

For the encore, the audience lit matches and lighters subtly lighting up the entire arena until Alice re-appeared. The back-up group, James Gang, opened with hot and heavy sounds causing the audience to get in the mood before Alice appeared.

Generally, it was a good performance, most enjoyed by all.

RECORDS

SPARKS — Indiscreet

Can't Keep A Good Band Down

by Dan Holm

Four years ago a group of California boys secluded themselves somewhere in the southern United States for a year, so as not to be influenced by any of the musical styles and nuances flourishing at that time.

They emerged as a slightly offbeat band called Sparks with a to say the least, unusual album entitled simply "Sparks". It went nowhere, except maybe into the hard-to-find assortment bins.

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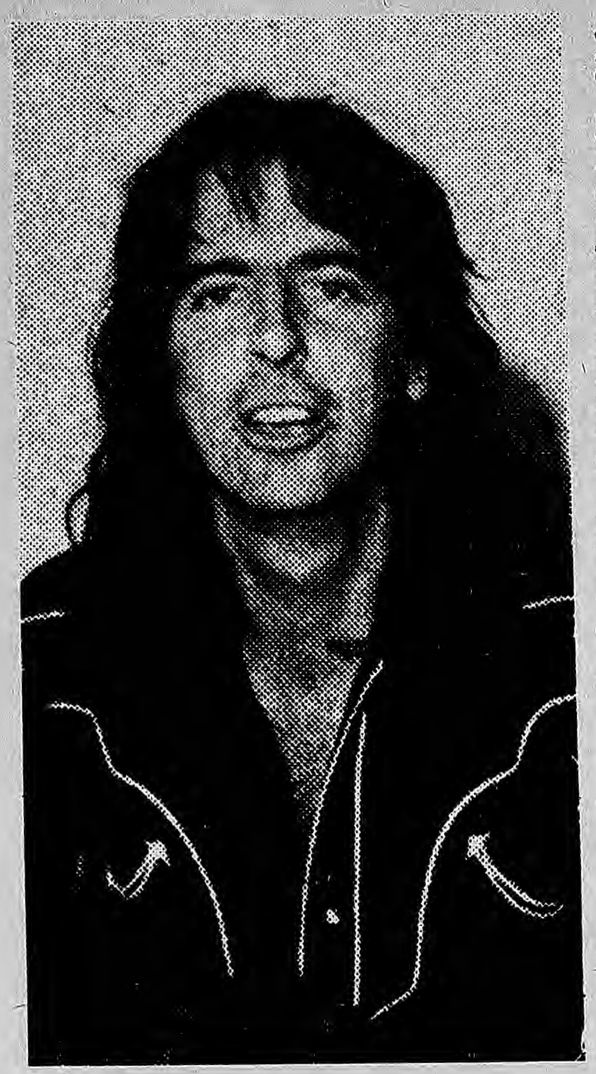
WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE — Alice Cooper

Record, Movie, Live Performance All In One

by Linda McBurney



"Some people wake up screaming. Alice Cooper spends his days that way. If nightmares were nice, they would be dreamed by Alice. And they would look and sound like WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE, a television special and the latest album by the "King of shock and Rock."

Welcome to my Nightmare is Alice's most carefully planned project, first conceived over two years ago when Alice became fascinated with the demonic visions that appeared in his dreams. Realizing that his own nocturnal emissions were only a handful of the billions being dreamed around the world, Alice decided to present a set for everyone to share.

After choosing some of his most horifying visitations for the concept, Alice began pre-production work for the soundtrack in association with guitarist Dick Wagner and composer Alan Gordon at Alice's Los Angles home in the spring of 1974.

Tracks like "Some Folk" and "Cold Ethyl" are blistering hard rockers in the tradition of "Eighteen" and "School's Out." There is also "Department of Youth," Alice's anthem for the children of the world who made him the symbol of their generation.

But don't forget the nightmares! "Steven" is a spellbinding glimpse into the mind of Alice's newest psychotic boy-man, and "Black Widow" is an enchantingly hideous production enriched by the voice of film star Vincent Price. As in all nightmares there is "The Awakening," and for Alice, at least, "Escape."

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The composition of the lyrics and melodies on Nightmare spanned three continents and were written in some of the most exotic cities in the world, including Paris, Rio De Janeiro and New York. By autumn of 1974 Alice and a host of rock and roll's finest musicians moved to Nimbus 9 Studios in Toronto to where master producer Bob Ezrin began work on the project. Extensive recording, over-dubbing and sweetening continued at the Record Plant West and A&R Studios in New York. The massive project was finally completed five months later in January of 1975 at a cost of over $200,000.

Nightmare presents yet another musical facet of Alice Cooper; a more diverse, melodious and haunting side to the master of macabre and mayhem. "Only Women Bleed," for example, is Alice's first pure-bred love ballad.

The show itself was filmed in London, England, in Albert Hall. The audience went wild for most of the proformance, especially the hit song "The Department of Youth." One ardent fan ran up on the stage and tried to grab Alice. Alice's streak of humor showed up and he silently smiled and laughed to himself. Alice did a few things some people might call "gross", but the audience loved it. Young people that were interviewed labelled him as "The greatest", topping all well-known stars. A few elderly people could be seen among the youngsters and seemed to be caught up in all the excitement and near-rioting. The audience portrayed themselves as "miniature Alice's wearing his make-up, hat, cane, shirt and button. To say the least he was "highly praised" by the British fans.

On a warm July 2 evening, Alice Cooper was warmly welcomed by Winnipeg and out-of-town fans. The Winnipeg Arena was packed, holding from 10 to 12 thousand people. The air was filled with the odor of weed and hash and with tobacco smoke. The atmosphere could be described as tense and people were constantly waiting for the climax of the performance.

Acting was tremendous and the timing was perfect. Dancers were: Eugene Montoya, Uchi Sugiyama, Robyn Blythe and Sheryl Goddard. The lighting and sound came through good and the pace was set perfectly for getting stoned or feeling stoned. The audience kept things moderately cool and seemed to fit in nicely with the Nightmare.

For the encore, the audience lit matches and lighters subtly lighting up the entire arena until Alice re-appeared. The back-up group, James Gang, opened with hot and heavy sounds causing the audience to get in the mood before Alice appeared.

Generally, it was a good performance, most enjoyed by all.

RECORDS

SPARKS — Indiscreet

Can't Keep A Good Band Down

by Dan Holm

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SUPERTRAMP — Crises? What Crises?

Talent? What Talent?

by Dave Nagy

They say that if anything can possibly go wrong, it will, and at the worst possible moment.

Supertramp's new album proves this bland remark. In fact it is the only way to justify it, there's no other reason for the absolute trash which the group has taken a year to release.

Of course, this should have been obvious as Crime Of The Century became popular. That album's musical and lyrical messages have never been surpassed in their conciseness, except of course on the group's first album.

Supertramp has been a traditionally inward-looking group. Their first album of 1970 was too advanced for any level of rock critism: the Indelibly Stamped Album was only remotely similar, marking the group's shift to a progressive rock-and-roll format. And Crime Of The Century, well, ask anybody: a plain masterpiece.

Crises? What Crises? seems like it's meant to please everybody, and chances are, it might . . . everybody but Supertramp buffs. It's too pretentious.

None of the imagination that Hodgson and Davies put into the first three albums shows here, but production-wise, Crises? What Crises? is comparable. The problem is the only thing that hides the rest of the album.

Considering these factors, the front cover makes sense: the peculiar toothpick-like fellow with dark glass, sunning himself amidst the world's confusion, apparently taking no notice. He must be what the group considers a typical rock fan (if such creatures exist), listening to the album.

In this context, Crises? What Crises? is now worse an insult to anybody's intelligence than are Trooper (the band that was scraped off Randy Bachman's shorts), and Bruce Springsteen (when he's singing, he sounds like a drunken Neil Diamond). Elton John, you've got some friends.

BOOKS

RED SHIFT by Alan Garner

Fantasy At Its Best

reviewed by Dan Smith

The English have a knack for writing the best fantasy in the world. Perhaps it comes from living in a land with so much legend and sense and antiquity. Whatever the reason, Alan Garner, an Englishman, is an adept in the art of writing fantasy. Great fantsy.

Garner has written five novels, all of them 'juvenile fantasy'. There's nothing juvenile in his writing. He wields his words like a machette, laying bare the bones of emotion, capturing a sense of raw power in a way that is quite unlike any other writer.

The man lives in legend, in the belief that the old powers and forces still exist. In his work they do come alive, in a tremendously frightening way that commands respect for what this man can do with his craft.

All of Garner's work is excellent. His first novel, The Weirdstone of Brisingamen, proved very popular in Britain, and his next four novels were only more so.

Red Shift was released in 1973, and is his fifth work. It has just been released in paperback for the first time, and it is an uncompromising tale of love and bitterness, and the realities that keep getting in the way of our popular pretenses of romantic love.

The story leaps throughout time in a bizarre manner that is a bit disturbing at first. The whole book is simple, yet enormously complex, at the same time. It's sort of a modern Romeo and Juliet, with an added dose of fear, fantasy, and cynicism thrown in. It's delightful.

Jan and Tom are lovers, in a modern English setting. Most of the book consists of the strangely blunt dialogue between the two, or their composites back in time. The ruin of Roman Britain, and the time of the English civil war also have their own Jan and Tom, and the book flits in and out of all three relationships in a rather confusing fashion.

All three couples, in three completely different periods of history, are tied together by the thunderstone, an ancient ax-head of incomprehensable power, and Mow Cop, an ancient ridge, which is the dominating element in all three related relationships.

In some unfathomable way the thunderstone, and Mow Cop, release an element of unreality and stark fear, which affects Tom and Jan, plus their counterparts in time. They explore their feelings and emotions with a lack of embarassment which is terrifying in the extreme. But also, most entertaining, and fascinating.

Garner is a craftsman. Much of his work in Red Shift is almost poetic, both in form and the resultant emotions it demands. It is a bitter, very harsh style, one which demands close-reading and full attention.

Red Shift is totally innovative, very daring, and most ambitious. Whether it succeeds is up to the individual reader. But regardless of how you like it, the power of the novel can't be denied.

Red Shift is published by Amanda Lions Paperbacks.

COLLEGE HAPPENINGS

About The Dance Marathon

by Bruce Wood

The same reason that drove man to jump off of cliffs flapping a pair of flimsy wings and plummet straight to the rocks below, the same desire that made him climb five-mile-high mountains at threat of pain and death to plant a flag and come back, the same logical motives that made him spend years to reach the moon to collect dust and leave garbage all over the place, drove about 30 totally insane people to attempt to dance for 50 hours three weeks ago at the college.

The dancethon was put on for two very good reasons. The first was to gain pledges for the Society for Crippled Children and Adults, and the second was to satiate the blood lust of Lynn Johnston the college program Coordinator. Both goals were achieved.

The entrants were forced to dance to live music, records, tapes, and assorted moldy oldies from a Jukebox dredged up from a nearby graveyard. As they could not stop dancing at all, they also danced to bad jokes, public announcements and one anothers' humming.

A principal problem encountered by these idiots was boredom. Some fought this by playing cards, others by talking with friends who came down to cheer them on or laugh at them, while others (this reporter included) played assorted word games (do you realize how many cities and countrys end in the letter 'a'?).

Everyone was permitted 10 minutes out of every 60 to rest, and as the evening (and morning and afternoon and evening and etc.) wore on, this 10 minutes was becoming shorter shomehow, probably due to some trickery of Lynn Johnston's, while the dancing time was becoming longer.

The winning couple, number seven on your card, were Paul and Lisa who went until six in the morning on Sunday when their feet rose up in protest and demanded a rest.

The final event to Nostalgia week ended quite sucessfully and all contestants (except one) said they would do it again next year. The men in the little white coats are now rounding them up.

Pub Nite

Dancing, Games and A Good Band

by Linda McBurney

Skarecrow played, boats raced, and dancers kicked off a marathon jig at Pub Nite, Dec. 5.

First prize winners of the Dance Marathon (50 hrs.) were Lisa Osborne and her partner Paul. They were awarded $200 by the Students' Association and sponsored by Labatts'. The marathon was held to raise money for the crippled children.

Lyn Johnston, SA Program Coordinator said "couples raised $500. She very sincerely thanked the people for participating and the money would go a long way to help the group.

She ended by thanking them for holding the marathon and said she really appreciated it.

The boat race winners were; Val Szumtanski, Brian Gylytuik, Sid Johnson, Kent Wood and Barry Schmidt finished in three minutes and three seconds. The second group finished in three minutes and sixteen seconds. The third group finished in four minutes and ten seconds. Prizes were given by Molson Canadian.

Rules were to drink a beer as fast as possible and then pound a 4-inch spike into a wooden log with one hand, the other behind their back.

At 4:00 p.m., Skarecrow, the Toronto group, played several sets keeping the audience "alive and well." Most of their songs were '50's music (good to jive to) and were done well. They also got into heavy folk, jazz and rock music. Songs included Leonard Skinnard's "Sweet Home Alabama", "Flim, Flop, and Fly" by Downchild Blues Band, "Brother Louis" by Stories and many others. They did a good job of the Rolling Stones big hit "Brown Sugar". A superb job was done on "Smoke on the Water," Deep Purple's smash hit.

Members of the band all write original songs which will be heard on their new album appearing in January. Hit songs "Wrong This Time" and "Four Minutes After Nine" will be recorded. The record will be recorded by Canada's "Goat Record Company."

They said the colleges PA system was not working well, and that's why the sound was not as good as it should have been.

The band portrayed lots of spirit and were dressed in satin with lots of show make-up. They were given a good response by the audience of close to 300 people.

They've never been here before and plan on coming back. They also said they liked Winnipeg, but commented on the miserable cold weather.

BLACK FIRE WHITE HEAT

by JIM MACDONALD

continued from last issue

"That's not the answer Nancy. Besides, there's too much at stake here. The City took a big chance when they hired some poor black from the Skids, who didn't even make it to high school, to do one of their 'white' jobs. If I don't make it, who's to say they don't just scrap the whole thing. No way. I'm not gonna blow the whole thing because a few white boys don't think I fit into their colour scheme. I need this Nancy. Like I've never needed anything before."

She ran her fingers down his muscular arms. "I love you," she said kissing him on the cheek.

"Alright Perkins, let's get a few things straight here boy," Chuck heard Gordy's voice the next day as he entered the firehall. "You're on my rig, and what I say goes. Clear?"

Chuck nodded.

"Good. Now for starters get yourself a broom and give this place a good going over. And Perkins," he paused, "I want the place lookin' real white when you finish. Ya hear?" Gordy laughed as he walked away.

Chuck was sweeping when the bell rang. Its meaning was clear. The clamor of men and equipment broke the silence of the previously quiet hall. Dropping his broom, he ran to his truck.

"It's a warehouse on Delgrove," he heard Gordy shout, running to the truck.

His coat only half on, Chuck grabbed the back of the truck as it sped through the doors. The truck was already speeding north on Peachtree Boulevard when he managed to finish getting his gear on.

In the distance, huge clouds of black smoke billowed skyward, covering the usually clear view of the Blueridge mountain peaks. The wailing line of trucks turned the corner onto Delgrove Crescent, and pulled up to their objective.

"Perkins. Grab them hoses and line 'em to that hydrant over there boy. And be damn quick about it," Gordy yelled in Chuck's direction.

Picking the hydrant key from the utility box, Chuck grabbed the ends of the bulking hoses, and dragged them towards the nearest fire-plug. With well practiced actions, the heads to the water connection were quickly removed and four hoses soon snaked from the recepticles. Turning the top connection with the key wrench, the hoses rolled thick with the pressure of the water.

The black smoke was now tinted white from water being pumped into the source. The flames which had been, until then, visible high above the roof, now shrank back to their origin.

"Perkins," once again Gordy's voice bellowed, "Get your ass over there and take that hose from Randolf."

Chuck quickly did so, taking the straining pressure of the hose into his own arms. The steady stream of liquid arced over the roof of the building, falling into the intense heat of the blaze.

"Get closer boy." Gordy's voice boomed from behind him. "Get to the heart of the matter."

Moving himself forward, Chuck lowered his hose to a window on the wall. In a second it was gone, imploding under the force of the pressure. The stream now found the heart of the inferno.

"Get in there boy, don't be shy. You can't win a game without going to the ball park," the familiar drawl overrode the din of men and equipment around them.

He moved still closer, keeping low to protect himself from the blasting heat. His eyes watered freely now. The smoke seered his lungs with every breath. His vision blurred, Chuck found it hard to keep his water on its mark.

"You're drifting Perkins. Keep it down boy." Gordy had noticed too.

The words seemed muffled to Chuck, however. He felt dizzy, weakened. The pressure of the hose seemed to increase with every passing moment. The stream continued to wander.

"Billy. Grab that dumb nigger's line." Gordy shouted to one of the other men.

In a moment a pair of hands relieved Chuck of his straining nozzle. With his now free hands, he cleared his eyes of tears, and walked shakely towards his truck.

"'S matter boy? Smoke bother you some? Maybe you're in the wrong line of work," Gordy said following him back to the truck.

Chuck did not answer, breathing heavily to clear his lungs.

"You all had best stay here and let us firemen handle this one," the big man said, turning towards the warehouse.

Looking up, Chuck noticed that the fire was now under control. Clouds of white smoke and steam now rose from the charred frame of the building. Axes tore through weakened walls, allowing eager hoses to vanquish the last of the remaining flames.

Removing his helmet, Chuck wiped a coating of grimy sweat from his forehead. Standing up, he shook off the last of the dizziness.

"Shit." he said, walking back.

It was late afternoon when the red machines found their way back to the firehall. No longer were the engines racing, or sirens wailing. The last of the trucks pulled up the drive-way into their stalls. Men and equipment were quickly unloaded, to be readied for their next use.

"Well Perkins, I think I've got a job that suits you just fine boy," Gordy said stepping towards Chuck. "You see them hoses there?" he pointed, "Well they all gotta be hung to dry, then rolled. So get to it."

This was a job Chuck had become familiar with as a cadet. After each use, the hoses had to be dried carefully in a temperature controlled room. This procedure kept their fibre linings from stretching and breaking under the pressure of the water. It was a job no one liked doing, especially alone. The hoses were extremely heavy, especially when wet. As a cadet, they had done this as a group.

Looking at the great heap of sogging hoses, Chuck's face drew tight. "Screw him," he thought. "One of them bastards can give me a hand."

He took several determined steps towards the locker room, where Gordy and the others were, then stopped. Once again he looked at the hoses, then at the door to the locker room. Giving a deep sigh, Chuck removed his helmet and coat, and began the job.

It was late when Chuck's Chevy found its' way through the narrow streets of the Skids to his home. The hominy grits and corn bread his mother had prepared for supper, had been warming in the oven for some time.

"You're late tonight Charles," his mother seemed anxious as she spoke. "Is everything alright?" she said, stepping to the door to greet him.

"Yeah, fine ma. Any mail?"

"Yes. Here it is," she handed him several envelopes.

Thumbing through the stack, he shook his head. "Three bills and some damn thing saying I might already be a winner." He tossed them onto the coffee table.

"Charles. Has somethin' been bothering you lately son? Aren't things going well at work?" she asked in worried tones.

"Nah, it's alright."

"Now son I know when there's somethin' wrong. Your my son, and I'm your mother. Don't you want to talk to me about it?"

"Listen ma. Maybe things aren't the best. But I can handle it. There's no use tellin' you all about it, 'cause you'll only fret."

"Alright son. I won't push you. Maybe if your father were alive he'd have the answer. He was always one for solvin' people's problems." her face glowed at the memory of her husband.

"Don't worry ma. I'm a big boy now. I can handle myself. I'll be alright." he said embracing her.

"I know son, I know," she said, her tears dampening his shirt.

Chuck had just finished packing the last of the hoses from the drying tower into the utility truck when the bell rang the next morning. The clamour of men was instantaneous.

"Apartment block on Wicklow Street, Gordy. Looks big." the commander called, stepping from his office.

"Gotcha skipper," he acknowledged climbing into the cab of his truck.

The large electric doors of the firehall lifted themselves, and four red machines bolted from their stalls, as if animals freed from their cages. Once again Battalion 125 was rolling.

Gordy's truck was first to arrive at the fire. The block was a small one, about five or six stories. The fire, being centred on the first two floors, was beginning to spread upwards.

"Alright Perkins, grab them hoses boy. Move your ass." Gordy yelled, jumping from the still moving truck. "Alright you people get the hell back," Gordy furthered, his attention averted to the gathering crowd around the burning building.

The hoses would have to be hooked through the pumper truck in order to get extra pressure for this fire. Chuck grabbed the heavy connecting pieces and hoses, straining with the burden, he hurried to ready the water lines.

The connections quickly made, he opened the hydrant, and with the help of the powerful pumping unit, tearing jets of water soon found their marks.

"Perkins, grab a mask and an axe boy. The manager here says they got some people in there. Better check it out," Gordy shouted at Chuck.

Waving acknowledgement, the dark skinned figure ran to the utility truck. Fitting an oxygen mask over his face, he picked up an axe, and followed the large figure of Gordy into the smoked filled entrance.

"Ah figure I can use ya to break down doors or somethin'," Gordy's voice was muffled under his mask.

Inside, the heat became almost unbearable. Only the cooling effects of the water raining on them from persisting hoses allowed their continuence. Walking down a smoke filled hall of apartments, Chuck's axe pounded the first door to the ground. Inspection of the apartment yielded no signs of life. They continued.

Moving to the next apartment, Chuck noticed Gordy stumble. The stumble became a fall, and the big man was on his knees. His hands clutching for his throat, he fell to the floor, unconscious. Chuck grabbed his arm and tried to help him up, but his body was limp.

Dropping his axe, Chuck grabbed his felled comrade's arms, and lifted him to his feet. Tucking an arm around his waist, and wrapping Gordy's arm over his shoulder, he half carried, half dragged him towards the exit. Chuck's knees almost buckled under Gordy's weight. The heat made him feel weak. Passing through the smoke filled hall, he made his way to the exit.

Almost carrying him now, Chuck got Gordy as far out the door as he could. Laying him on the pavement, he pulled the mask from the victims face. It had turned bule. Removing his own mask, he leaned over and put his mouth to Gordy's.

"Hey it's Gordy. He's hurt." Chuck heard Bobby yell, running to his stricken friend.

"What the hell are you doing boog?" he questioned in a panicky voice.

Chuck did not answer. He continued to force his own breath into the big man's lungs. Slowly the color in Gordy's face returned to normal. After several minutes, he moaned and moved slightly.

Two of the men from rescue had now appeared. They lifted Gordy onto a stretcher. One of them placed an oxygen breather over his face. A bear-like paw of a hand brushed the mask away, but it was quickly reattached.

"What the hell happened in there Perkins?" Bobby turned to Chuck as the rescue wagon sped away.

Chuck bent and retrieved Gordy's oxygen mask. "This," he said, "It failed." He pushed the mask into Bobby's hands and walked away.

"Charlie," Bobby spoke. "Those people you went in there after."

"Yeah," Chuck stopped.

"They found 'em. Seems they were visitin' or somethin' and weren't home at all."

Chuck stared for a moment, as if not believing what he had just heard. Shaking his head, he turned and walked towards the truck. He noticed several people had witnessed the incident. A few newspapermen approached him, but he pushed them away.

"I've got work to do," was all he said.

Several hours, and several thousand gallons of water later, the trucks of Battalion 125 returned to their home.

Chuck began to unload the sogging hoses. Once again the drying tower would be filled with dripping lenghs of fire-hose. Reaching for the water lines, he noticed Bobby approaching him. Grabbing a hose, he silently began to help Chuck in his task.

Billy was next to join them, then Doug and Paul came over as well. The drift continued, until all of the men had joined in the work. In about half an hour of silent work, the force had completed the job. Standing in a sweat-soaked T. shirt, Bobby was first to speak.

"Well, thank Christ that's over with. I'm not sure which is worse, climbing into burning buildings, or hanging them goddamn hoses."

The men laughed, Chuck included.