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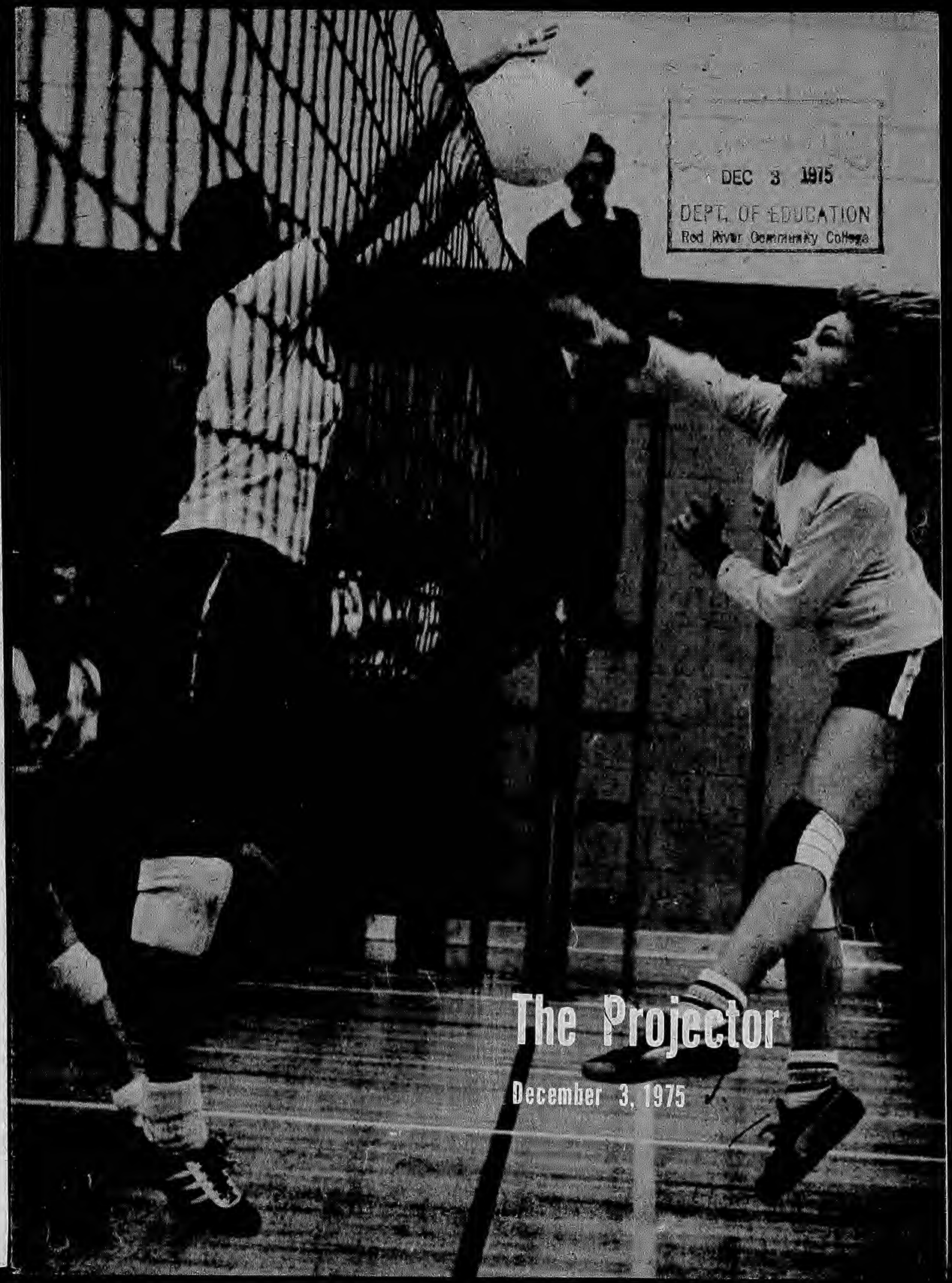
DEC 3 1975
DEPT. OF EDUCATION
Red River Community College



The Projector

December 3, 1975

Are you smarter than this man?*

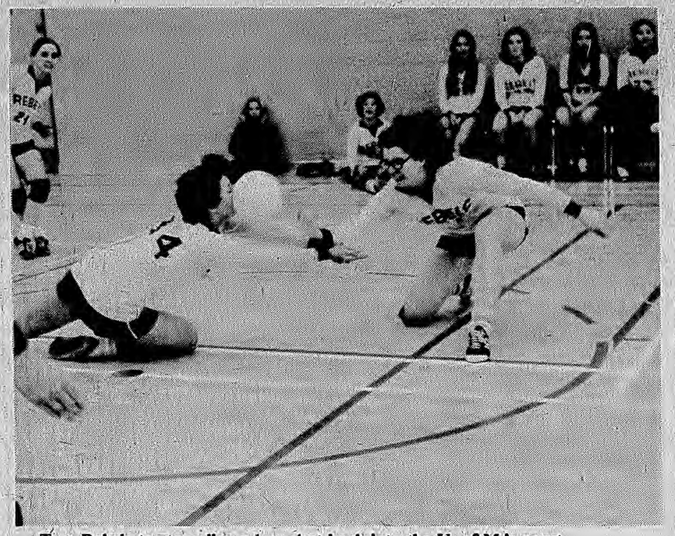
APPLICATIONS ARE NOW OPEN FOR THE POSITION OF EDITOR OF THE PROJECTOR NEWSPAPER. CONTACT THE S.A. OFFICE. THOSE INTERESTED MUST BE IN FIRST YEAR OF A TWO-YEAR PROGRAM. PREFERENCE WILL BE GIVEN TO THOSE WITH PRIOR EXPERIENCE. THE POSITION IS TO BE HELD THROUGH TERMS TWO AND THREE OF YOUR EDUCATION.

*The person pictured above is outgoing editor of the Projector.

"Sure, being editor was a great experience," "but it is but one of many things I would like to do with my life."

And with that, he ran off to the playground.

OUR COVER
A University of Manitoba Bisonette blocks a Red River Rebel's attempted spike during RRCC's Invitational Tournament, while the referee watches closely.



Two Rebels try to volley a low shot back into the U. of M.'s court, but it was to no avail as the Bisonettes came away with the crown. See story on page 12.

projector

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Robert Jankiewicz
Sports Editor
Susan Philip
Entertainment Editor
Don Walters
Production Staff
Mark Silbermann
Linda McBurney
Greg Cox
Rick Pressy
Contributors
Mark Perry
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Nola Buhr
Tim Spencer
Byron Gislason
Dave Nagy
Penny Lyons
Scott Smallwood
Cartoonist
Dan Daulby
Photography
Jack Kaplan
Advertising Manager
Dan Smith

The Projector is published every second Wednesday by RRCC Students' Association and by Alpha Publishers. Printed by Derksen Printers. Circulation 3,500. Advertising and contributor deadline for Dec. 17 issue is Dec. 10. Projector office number is 786-6275. Letters are welcomed but only signed correspondence will be published. Editorial content is entirely the responsibility of the editors.

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Projector Story 'Well Reported'

Sirs:

The article in the November 5th issue of the Projector concerning the recent turnover of staff in the Learning Resources Centre revealed a number of reasons for the resignations such as the low salaries for librarians and library technicians and the inequity of salary and fringe benefits between instructors and librarians considering their similar responsibilities and qualifications. By and large these were well reported.

However, I would like to state that the opinions about Mr Miah, the chief librarian, expressed by the two clerks who resigned recently do not in any way reflect the feelings of the staff in the LRC nor the others who have resigned. Many of the staff have worked under Mr Miah for several years and have always experienced his support for their efforts. The high level of collection development and services available in the LRC would not have been possible without the good morale and hard work of the staff under Mr Miah's leadership and direction.

Yours truly,
Patricia Bozyk
Public Services Librarian

Recognition or Reorganization?

Dear sirs:

The A.B.E. students want their pictures in the yearbook. There have never been A.B.E. pictures in an RRCC yearbook, but this year they want to change all that.

For those who are confused by the letters A.B.E., they stand for Adult Basic Education, an upgrading program offered by RRCC. The length of the courses in the program varies from two to ten months.

Lila Larson, an instructor in the program and spokesman for the group, feels that they should receive benefits equal with full time students. In other words, full recognition in the college yearbook.

Ms. Larson feels that the two dollar per month student fees assessed the students in the program, as compared with the $20 figure paid annually by full time students, is enough to warrant their recognition in the yearbook.

Mark Silbermann, editor of the annual publication, felt that such steps would lead to a consumption of an additional 20 pages in the yearbook. The cost of this would be great, and add heavily to the estimated figure of $16,000.

Why should an upgrading program designed to bring the individual to a desired level of education, but not into the post graduate level, be given the same privileges as those involved in regular college studies. Are the regular day students to subsidize such a proposal? I would find this extremely unfair. Besides, many of the courses are merely extensions, and are not even held on the RRCC campus.

Why not allocate a section consisting of three or four pages to A.B.E.? They could get a few group shots, write-ups and the like in this space. In turn, the ratio of their financial input would be better balanced with the space given them. You get what you pay for, and as far as I can see, the A.B.E. people are trying to get more.

A proposal which A.B.E. may benefit by would be the forming of their own Students' Association. Seeing as they want to be recognized, why not find recognition amoung themselves. If Ms. Larson is truly interested in the welfare of these people, why doesn't she help them form this association?

I am sure that many of the students in the A.B.E. program would indeed like to see themselves in a yearbook. Here is your answer. Form your own Student's Association and print your own yearbook. Think about it.

Jim Macdonald
Assistant Program Director

FRUSTRATION FORUM

by Norm Richards, Business Administration

Did anyone see those really sharp posters around the hallways and bulletin boards last week about lower bus fares for students? Harley Shuster, vice-president of the Students' Association doesn't think so. He has been working extremely hard for people to get lower bus fares and even went so far as to get the three city councillors most influential in the transit system decision making to come to a panel discussion in the south gym on Tuesday, November 25, 1975. The news media were there to report on the proceedings over the noonhour, but no one showed up! Students that is. The councillors left crying in their beer and when they looked back, you could still see the white foam on their mustache's as they left, disgruntled and feeling dejected. Then things went back to normal. . . "Apathetic". Don't get me wrong, a good many people were sitting in the Tower Lounge enjoying Mandrake the Magician perform amazing feats. It is a question of priorities I suppose . . . Most of the Business Administration students of third term mentioned that the work load is tremendously heavy right now. What they can't seem to figure out though, is why the workload did not get more evenly spread out. The first two months of this year, little was done in the way of assignments. All of a sudden in November the hammer fell on everyone's head. Besides studying for tests, working part time, and doing just regular work these large assignments must be done as well and they're worth a lot of marks. Business Administration grads do work hard in the business world no doubt, but somehow I wonder if its necessary to be pressured this way in order to prepare for the outside world. I myself, work part time in a downtown retail store to help finance coming to school. This takes up a good part of my evening hours and especially right now with the store open every night this month until Christmas. By the time I get home at night after work, it's bedtime because those eight o'clock classes come early. After lectures most of the day, some time is left and I say some time, is left to do assignments.

This is not a plight in search of sympathy nor am I going to ask anyone for special favours, but I hope I can justify the low marks I might end up with at the end of this year to a future employer or forever join the unemployment ranks. I guess I could always write a column in the Moose Jaw Tribune for a few shillings a week. My wife might not agree but however, that's life! . . . It is simply amazing that nothing was mentioned about the Diploma Nurses Social on Halowe'en. It was a success by the way, for the nurses.

I suppose everyone who came believed it was a good cause. 'Cause many were high! The band, Bentwood Rocker, a newly reformed group with the original singer Eileen Murphy formerly from The Spice, was terrific. The nurses were happy, the band was happy, but however, the lead guitar (my little brother) told me he had a headache that night. I told him to go backstage and loosen his pants, which he decided helped to relieve his frustration as well as his headache. . .

Beer and Skits was last week, and it can be said with countless frustrations taking place. But first of all a good word must be said for those people who put a lot of work into their skits. "GOOD WORD"

Many were frustrated because of the length of the skits. It was unreal, because by the time the band came on about 11:00 it seemed people were probably ready to do a good polka just to loosen up instead of dance to rock beat. Skits seemed like vaudeville gone dead by the end of the night. By the time the judges went up to talk about the skits and announce the winners, no one wanted to listen. The skits were long but most done well. The CKWHY! Skit took almost an hour to run but the delay was strictly through costume changes between scenes. After all the hard work that went into getting these skits set up, one of the Students' Association executive members had the audacity to say, "If I were in charge of skits, I would have just cut your skit off." Everyone had a good time though, all in all. . .

. . . The lost colemn I wrote had spaeling erorrs not corrected befor printing, Mr. Editor. How am I supposed to read my own ritings?

. . . Buy Now
Norm Richards
Business Administration

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Enormous Cash Surplus Leaves SA Dumbfounded

by MARK SILBERMANN

The RRCC Students' Association has built up what can only be called an enormous cash surplus and is now faced with the problem of spending the excess funds because of a law that prohibits a non-profit organization, such as the SA to carry such a large surplus.

Terry Lindell, secretary treasurer of the SA, said the reason for the surplus is because of the lack of planning for future projects that would be of use to RRCC students and staff.

Mr Lindell has formed a cash surplus committee as a solution to determine the use of the extra funds. The committee is accepting ideas for projects that are of benefit to the students and staff. These suggestions will be considered by the committee at the first meeting on Dec. 3, 1975. Mr Lindell has requested that all suggestions be forwarded to the SA office, and added that suggestions will be taken from anyone.

"The money has to be used to the maximum benefit for projects, because if we don't use it now, we'll get less out of the funds in the future because of the inflation," said Mr Lindell.

He also said he wants to make students aware of the surplus because there are many possibilities for the use of the money. Among the ideas already presented to the SA are added sports facilities, like tennis and an enclosed skating arena.

Mr Lindell said that projects such as the sports facilities would hopefully be a joint venture with the provincial government.

There have been other ideas submitted to the SA, such as typesetting and printing facilities, a student operated fast food outlet, and a housing cooperative.

Student Survey Questions Cash Surplus

A survey of student opinion as to how the Students' Association cash surpluses should be distributed has been devoloped and will be conducted shortly.

The Students' Association feels it needs "basic information so we can better identify students needs," said Kim Capar, Students' Association president. Special forms will be distributed.

The surpluses will be distributed to committees according to established needs.

Several other student surveys will be conducted throughout the year concerning better lounging facilities, music rooms, pubs, and other needs of the student body.

Plugs On For the Winter

The plugs in the parking lots are now providing power to cars, and those using them should not use inside car warmers unless necessary. They were turned on Monday, Nov. 24.

A meeting of Students' Association with Department of Public Works administration people on Thursday, Nov. 20, resolved that the plugs would be turned on when the daily temperature was averaging -10C. (About plus 14 F.) DPW wanted the plugs to remain off until the temperatures were about -20C (-4F), to keep the electric bill down.

The main concern is not for the conservation of energy, but to hold down costs. Cy Howard, Assistant director of educational support services, said last year's bill for parking lot lights and power was $188,000. He remarked that people "did abuse" the power service, noting "about 50 per cent of cars" in the lots were presently drawing power for both block heaters and interior warmers.

Mr Howard remarked that some people might be fooled by the Celsius number.

F.C. Thody, automotive instructor said any normally functioning car would have no trouble starting at -10C., unplugged. (The warmer a car is, however, the more fuel is saved in starting and warm-up.)

SA president Kim Capar said that since students were paying parking fees, students should be allowed power at -10C.

A block heater draws 400 watts alone, and in addition an interior warmer draws 750 watts. The circuits can handle this load, said Mr Howard, but it raises costs.

The plugs are now on for the winter, and not on a day by day basis according to temperature, as was thought by some persons. When it gets warmer in the spring the power will then be shut off.

ABE Won't Get Single Shots

by BARBARA ROSS

The word from Mark Silbermann, yearbook editor, is that ABE students will not have individual pictures, as do regular day students.

Mr Silbermann said that ABE students "will be recognized in the yearbook, but not by individual pictures, because we don't have the space."

He said the yearbook would probably include "some candid shots of ABE students with captions identifying them as such."

There are about 1,000 ABE students taking courses, both at RRCC and in extension centres.

Although it was reported in the last Projector that ABE students have never had their pictures in RRCC's yearbook, Mr Silbermann said that pictures of some ABE students did get into last year's publication.

He said the pictures were probably unknowingly included in the yearbook which he termed "screwed up". Their pictures were mixed in with those of other students listed as "We Didn't Know Your Course."

He added that not all ABE students had their pictures taken.

Mr Silbermann also said there may be a meeting with himself, the SA, and ABE instructor Lila Larson, but "nothing definite" has been decided yet.

Glover Takes Top Tech Award

Four third-term technology students were recipients of two awards each Friday when RRCC held its annual technology awards luncheon at the college.

A total of 40 awards were presented by representatives of business and industry to students in recognition of outstanding academic achievement. Industrial and Technology division principal R.A. Dunham chaired the presentation ceremony.

Mechanical Technology student George Glover of Winnipeg received the Pritchard Engineering Co. Ltd. bursary worth $300 as well as a Manitoba Society of Certified Engineering Technicians and Technologists scholarship for $100. Structural Technology student Caryl Malcolm of Winnipeg also received a Society scholarship and an Underwood McLellan and Associates Limited scholarship, each for $100.

Chemical Technology student Susan Epp of Winnipeg was the recipient of a $200 Shell Canada Limited Centennieal award and The Roning Group Award of $100. The fourth two-time winner was Mechanical Technology student Laurie Borlase of Winnipeg, who won an International Nickel Engineering Technology bursary worth $100 plus the $50 Robert Morse Corp. scholarship. As winner of this scholarship, Borlase also received the Manitoba Chapter American Society for Metals handbook.

OTHER AWARD WINNERS WERE:

WINNER	TECHNOLOGY-COURSE	AWARD	AMOUNT
Raymond E. Lawson, Grandview, Man.	Surveying	Association of Manitoba Land Surveyors	$100.00
Quinton, Moyer, Winnipeg, Man.	Surveying	Association of Manitoba Land Surveyors	$100.00
Terry P. Elias, Winkler, Man.	Building	Bird Construction Company Limited	$200.00
Thomas A. Berry, Winnipeg, Man.	Building	Bird Construction Company Limited	$100.00
Jim Beattie, Selkirk, Man.	Mechanical	Bristol Aerospace Limited	$100.00
Frank Friesen, Winnipeg, Man.	Electronic	Bristol Aerospace Limited	$100.00
Danillo Cecchini, Winnipeg, Man.	Design & Drafting	Building Technologist Assoc. of Man. Inc.	$50.00
Barbara Scarth, Winnipeg, Man.	Chemical	Chemical Institute of Canada	Book Award
John Cronk, Winnipeg, Man.	Chemical	Chemical Rubber Co.	Book Award & Scroll
Gordon A. Runions, Brandon, Man.	Civil	Chevron Standard Limited	$300.00
Rich Brenko, Winnipeg, Man.	Electrical	Chevron Standard Limited	$300.00
Val Harvey, Winnipeg, Man.	Chemical	Fisher Scientific Company Limited	Book Award
Gerry Korosil, Sandy Lake, Manitoba	Instrumentation	Griffin Steel Foundries	$200.00
Daryl Rothwell, Oak Point, Man.	Computer	International Business Machines Co. Ltd.	$200.00
Don Bartos, Winnipeg, Man.	Structural	The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.	$100.00
Kathy J. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.	Chemical	International Nickel Company of Canada	$100.00
Ernest Knels, Winnipeg, Man.	Design & Drafting	International Nickel Company of Canada	$100.00
Peter C. Czehryn, Winnipeg, Man.	Structural	International Nickel Company of Canada	$100.00
John G. Schmidt, Winnipeg, Man.	Computer	International Nickel Company of Canada	$100.00
Robert G. Helmes, Winnipeg, Man.	Electronic	International Nickel Company of Canada	$100.00
Ray DuMontier, Winnipeg, Man.	Instrumentation	M.A.N.S.C.E.T.T.	$100.00
James H. Wood, Dryden, Ont.	Electronic	M.A.N.S.C.E.T.T.	$100.00
Garry Stokes, Lac du Bonnet, Man.	Electrical	Manitoba Electrical Association	$100.00
Richard M Maryniuk, Winnipeg, Man.	Electrical	Manitoba Hydro	$100.00
Gary Fundytus, Pinawa, Man.	Mechanical	Manitoba Sugar Company Limited	$100.00
David G. Kellas, St. Andrews, Man.	Electronic	Manitoba Telephone System	$200.00
Glenn Klassen, Winnipeg, Man.	Instrumentation	Shell Canada Limited	$200.00
Karl A. Thiessen, Winnipeg, Man.	Civil	Templeton Engineering Company	$200.00
Stanley Wolfe, Winnipeg, Man.	Structural	Templeton Engineering Company	$200.00
Arnold W. Palisniuk, Birtle, Man.	Civil	Underwood McLellan & Associated Limited	$100.00
Ho Kei Yeung, Winnipeg, Man.	Structural	Underwood McLellan & Associated Limited	$100.00
Robert R. McConnel, Hamiota, Man.	Electronic	Xerox of Canada Limited	$250.00

Show Goes On Without Stage

by SUSAN McCREA

The Student's Association has been considering the feasibility of purchasing a portable stage to host band performances.

Lyn Johnson, SA activities programmer, said that some bands stipulate in what is called "riders" that a specified area of stage space is required.

A portable stage was rented to accomodate Downchild Blues Bands' latest performance at the college. An agent for the band had indicated that this would be necessary. When Downchild appeared to set up their equipment they found this stage to be inadequate. The stage was dismantled. Downchild performed on the existing stage and the SA suffered a loss of $45.00 for the rent of the stage.

In 99% of cases, band members said, a group could adjust without the stage.

The stage that hs been under consideration is made up of three 4x8 sections with folding legs. These sections can be joined together.

John Coy, SA business manager, estimated the cost of the stage to be about $500.00. A similar stage is available for rent at $80 a night.

RRCC has a portable stage that is used exclusively for graduation, however the Dept. of Public Works considers it unsafe for band performances. The stage is supported by wooden horses.

For the meantime the SA has decided not to purchase the stage as it does not appear to be required by most bands. The SA will reconsider this decision, however, if stage space presents a problem in the future.

Fludd Will Appear In Spring

by LINDA McBURNEY

The spring thaw will bring along with it the regular flood and an extraordinary group called "Fludd".

Cancellation of the group's December 16 engagement at Red River Community College was a disappointment to many students.

The Eastern-based group, Fludd, were given ten days off in December, so decided to cancel appearances in the West and return East.

They apologized for the cancellation and promised Lyn Johnston, Student's Association activities programmer, they'd come back in the spring for what will be a (licensed) concert.

Student's Association business manager John Coy said a sell-out had been expected, netting five or six hundred dollars. However, there was no actual financial loss, since there was no contract due to the mail strike.

There will be no replacement for the date.

ABE To Get Student ID

Tom O'Brien of the registrar's office says in a note from administration that as of Nov. 18, 1975, all ABE students will be issued ID cards as soon as the registrar's office receives an RRCC application form.

Students who are sponsored through the course have their student fees paid for, but those who are paying their own way will be expected to pay student fees themselves before ID cards will be issued.

ABE students now will be able to make use of the LRC and gyms and attend various functions sponsored by the SA. This will apply to ABE students who are attending classes on campus or in any of the four extension centres.

THIS FRIDAY

La Retourne Triumphante du Cinema Medicale

8:00 PM — THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR — (A Pety Jezdec Je Strach) — a fine Czech classic

10:00 PM — LITTLE MURDERS — written by J. Feiffer, directed by Alan Arkin

MANITOBA MEDICAL STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION presents ANNUAL THEATRE APPLE PRODUCTIONS

COMING UP...

Dec. 12: **SAVAGE MESSIAH** — Ken Russell's film of a sculptor
THE SALAMANDER — Alain Tanner's Swiss masterpiece

Dec. 19: **SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY** — Glenda Jackson in a equilateral love triangle
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR — Resnai's recollection of Hiroshima

Admission: $1.25
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Sports

Shorts

by CHRIS CARIOU

The RRCC Rebels hockey team, under the direction of coach **Cam Brock** played an exhibition game against the **Transcona Turbos** at Roland Michener Arena November 23. . . Although the team lost 5-4, they were up against the only team to beat the Warroad Lakers last season . . . Statistical results were unavailable . . . There was a very poor showing of RRCC fan support at the contest; as a matter of fact, there was next to nothing . . . I thought you were dead Mr. McApathy . . . Don't quit now Rebels,we'll try to drum up some support . . .

The intramural athletics program is working out quite well . . . Volleyball is very popular right about now . . . **Jack Kaplan** is finally getting some of the women in the hallway off the college floors and onto the gym's two trampolines . . . It's a fun thing and more people should try it . . .

Plans are in the works for a cash curling bonspiel to be held this spring sometime . . . It will consist of three or possibly 4 events . . . More details were not available, but will be forthcoming as soon as possible. . .

June Graham the College's Intramural Athletic Director, has quite a good idea . . . Donating any small amount of money is a good way to get into the Christmas spirit, and will give our school a good name . . . Not that Richard MacApathy cares, but anyway. . .

Intramural sports at the College are booming and it appears that the number of participants is increasing every year. There have been 33 flag football teams, eight soccer teams and 79 volleyball teams entered in various competitions so far this year, making a total participation figure of well over 900 people.

Each year **Jack Matheson,** sports editor of the Winnipeg Tribune and **Maurice Smith**, sports editor of the Winnipeg Free Press set up Christmas Funds whereby they accept donations from individuals and groups in Manitoba to help the needy at Christmas. This help is distributed in the form of hampers and although each newspaper has its own name for the fund, all donations are eventually turned over to the Christmas Cheer Board for the purchase of food for these hampers.

June Graham, Intramural Athletics Director, will be accepting donations up until Friday, Dec. 12, at which time the total amount will be turned over to the Christmas Cheer Board via the sports departments of both newspapers.

Those interested in donating can contact their class Intramural Athletics Rep, or take their donations to the North Gym, to Mrs . Graham's office.

RRCC Ski Trip Planned

If you happen to be in Vail, Colorado, during mid-term break, check and see if you can spot any RRCC students on the slopes.

At the time of this printing, 36 people had shown interest, which is eight short of maximum availabilities.

"That's amazing for this school," said Bruce Wood, SA sports director.

The excursion will be of a week's duration and cost a mere $169. A $50 deposit is all that's needed for your ticket to fun and "frolic".

"The only bad thing about it," says Wood, "is that there aren't enough women going, so far."

A hotel has been booked with four people sharing a room.

SA Sports Gets Cases

by CLAUDE LAMBERT

It took five long months to materialize but now the waiting is over.

The acquisition of three display cases for the purpose of sports advertising has sent Bruce Wood into a series of cartwheels.

Wood, SA sports director, said that the cases would be used for sports messages only and that he personally would use them.

The cases were obtained from the department of public works and cost "zilch".

The glass containers are in fine shape although they are used ones. They will help save time and money that would've been spent in making posters but there are still lettering costs involved.

ATTENTION ALL ATHLETES AT RRCC

You are being screwed.

You are being screwed by the government, the SA, and ignored by the general student body.

The government does not see athletics at the college as being important enough to sponsor an adequate program.

The SA does not see the student athlete as important enough to help in the face of the government cutbacks.

The general student body does not care whether intercollegiate teams represent the college.

Instead, you play for second class sponsored teams for no thanks all year and if you lose you take a lot of crap for it from people who suddenly have become sports enthusiasts.

Something must be done. Attend the meeting on Thursday, Dec. 4th, in the north gym at 4:00 and be in on the decision. If you cannot make the meeting leave any thoughts you have with Bruce Wood in GM20.

This meeting is closed to everyone except athletes, coaches, and the athletic council.

— **Bruce Wood**
SA Sports Director

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Teacher Education Marketing Program

Yearbook Submissions

Anyone who has pictures of any kind, and would like to have them printed in the yearbook, is more than welcome to do so.

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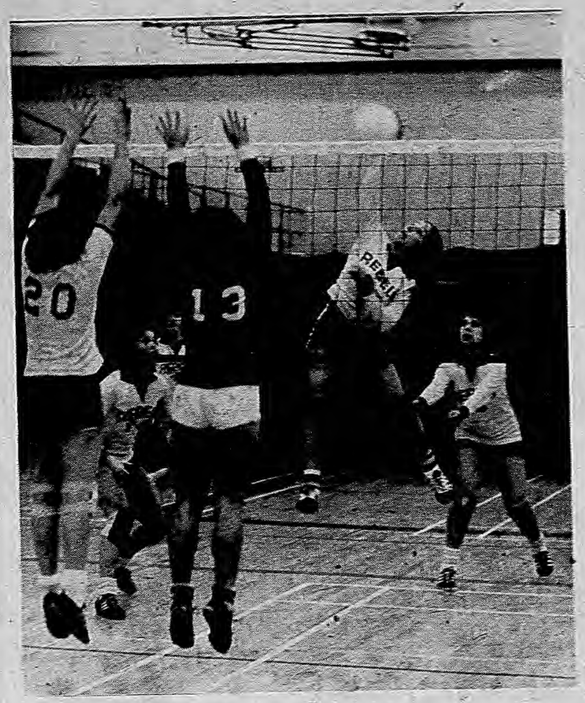

by CHRIS CARIOU

The RRCC Rebels women's volleyball team took second-place honours at their invitational tournament Nov. 23 when they finished first on the B-side of the competition.

The University of Manitoba Bisonettes won the A-side of the event.

Ten teams entered the competition, with six teams going to the A-side and the remaining four on the B-side.

The Rebels finished third in regular play, but upset the Windsor Park and Junior Bisonettes teams in the finals to win the B-side.

This was the first time that a women's team has won anything at the college, according to the women's player-coach Faye Finch.

Rebels, B-side winners, front row, left to right: Joanne Phillips, Marion Yeo (manager), Margaret Cowan. Middle row, left to right: Linda Wreggitt, Kathy Petty, Irene Struck, Barb Polson. Back row, left to right: Faye Finch (coach), Susan Philip, Matha Hulecki, Kris Pabianek, Pat Best, Donna Hunt.

University of Manitoba Bisonettes, A-side winnners. Sorry, girls, but we couldn't get your names.

NOON HOUR IN THE TOWER

Dec.	3	Encounter Sean Kelly
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1 TROPHY & PRIZES

Dubowit's Believe It or Else

by Dwight Dubowits

This note was attached to a five-and-a-half-foot toothbrush when, after its mysterious disapperance, it was returned to a dental display at Fort Tiley, Kansas: "I would like to thank you for the use of this gargantuan and most magnificent green toothbrush. Little do you know how I suffered from the pain of tooth decay before finding a toothbrush of significant dimensions. Sincerely, Jolly Green Giant."

*****

A holdup man in Auckland, New Zealand, found there was only one cashier on duty in a bank and was able to get away with $100,000. Turned out the other two cashiers were away attending a course—on crime prevention.

*****

A late-night caller to the Eureka, California, police station directed officers to a street corner where a noisy, drunken man was creating a disturbance. The caller described the nuisance as six feet tall, about 190 pounds, with blue eyes, wearing a white hat and red coat. The patrolman responding to the call found a drunk swaying in a phone booth awaiting his arrival. The officer said the man described himself quite accurately.

*****

Remember Big John's Pork & Beans? Well, a couple of years ago, Hunt-Wesson Foods, of Toronto, wanted a new French label for their product to sell in the Quebec market. Now, **Big John's** in French is **Grand Jean,** but the company's ad agency felt that Jean was an urbane name and didn't convey the strong, lumberjack image Hunt-Wesson wanted to project. So they came up with **Gros Jos,** and everybody was happy—except a female clerk in the agency's Montreal office, who wrote to Hunt's president asking if anyone in Toronto was aware that, in Quebec, **Gros Jos** was a colloquialism for "big tits". The product was renamed **Grand Jos.**

*****

Employees of a branch of the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal have mixed emotions on deciding whether one Friday was a good or a bad day. At first the employees were overjoyed to receive written notices from the head office that each was to receive between $150 and $200 for "schock money" to compensate for distress suffered during a recent holdup. Then, just as they were reading the notices, two armed men held up the bank, getting away with an undisclosed sum of money.

*****

In London, England, Lucia Ankram, 27, drove her new car away from the showroom as the salesman gave one final wave. The next thing the salesman heard was a loud crash and the sound of shattering glass. Miss Ankram had managed to get only about 25 yards in 10 seconds of travel time. Police reported that she turned the wrong way onto a one-way street. Realizing her mistake, she quickly struck the no-entry sign and crashed through the window of a dry-cleaning shop.

You may be pleased to know that Prof. R. Keith Farrel, of Washington, has just been granted Patent 3,916,143 for discovering a method to brand fish with a laser beam. This is the best piece of news I've heard in a long time. God knows those fish need a branding every now and then. Nuff said.

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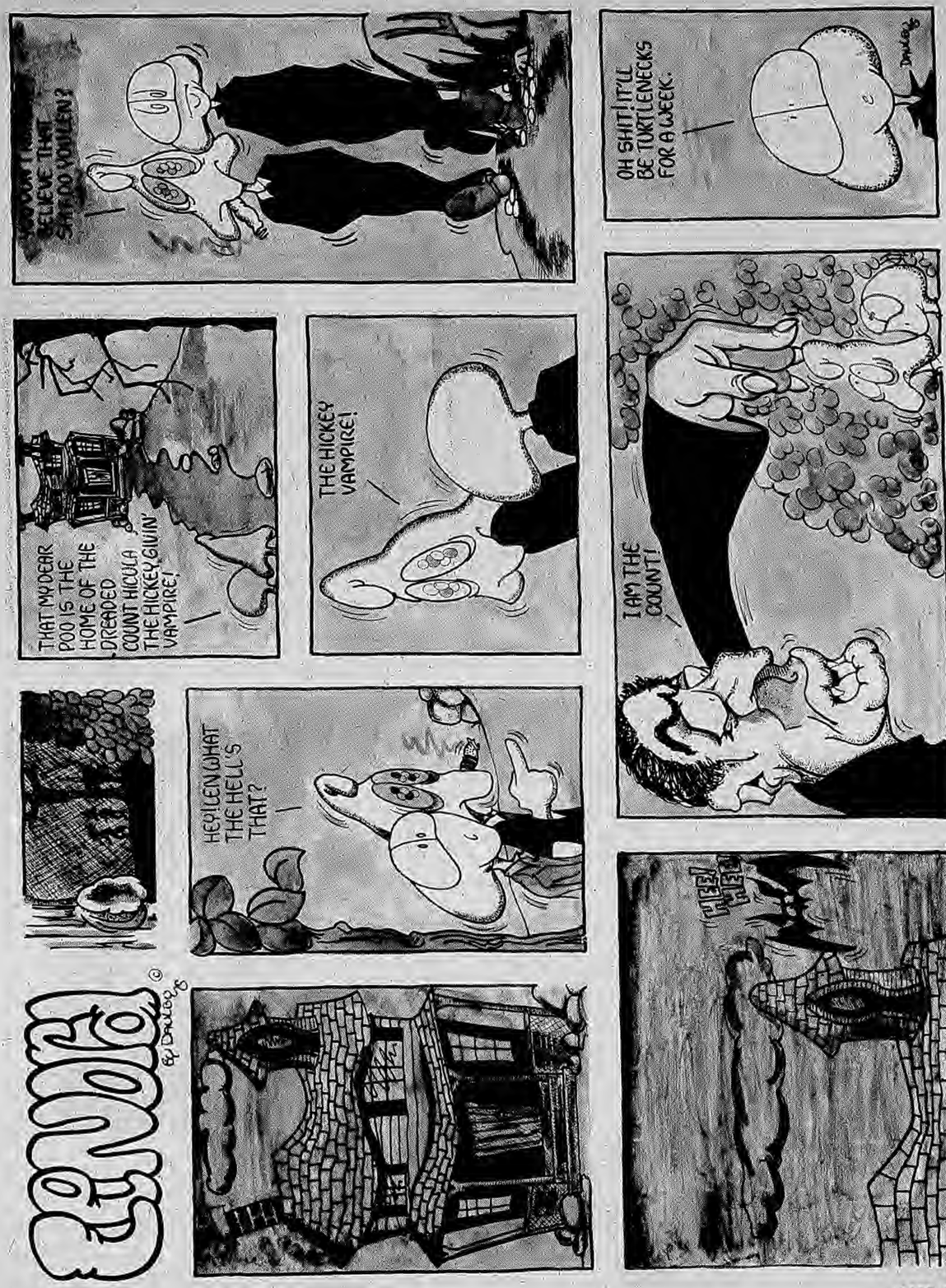

MOVIES

Old Dracula

Nothing Saves This Horror Flick

by Claude Lambert

Someone must have bitten the director in the brain for him to put out such trash.

The movie is a completely humourless take-off to that of Mel Brook's "Young Frankenstein".

If your thing is watching talentless playmates walking around looking cute, and paying $3.25 to see it, then go see this movie. (You poor suckers.) Yes, it's that bad.

I've seen more humor (for instance on all-star wrestling) and better horror (Chiller) on the old idiot box; and it's free. Which doesn't say much for the flic at all.

Teresa Graves plays Dracula's revived "Vampire", who after fifty years of preservation receives a blood transfusion, but does not turn into a female coquasion; the way she was previously.

Even the polished acting of David Niven (who plays Count Dracula) cannot save this film.

Second rate actors make it just that, film-wise. I got ripped off. Don't you. A student doesn't have too much money to start off with.

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MUSICOMANIA

Assorted Folk and Blues News

by Greg Cox

Leon Redbone will be in Winnipeg in January along with Roosevelt Sykes, at the Playhouse Theatre. If you are planning to see the concert, buy your tickets soon as it is bound to be very popular.

Redbone is a ragtime blues singer who smokes cigars and plays fantastic guitar. He sounds like a 78 r.p.m. record and W.C. Fields. He looks like a combination of Groucho Marx and Bob Dylan. He looks 35 and says he's 300. An elderly blues singer in Toronto swears he used to play with him in the twenties. One year his name was Redbone, the next it was Redford and now it's Redbone again. No one knows where he came from and if you ask him he won't say.

I might be interviewing Leon Redbone after his concert, which should be interesting.

Blues fans will be happy to hear that the legendary Muddy Waters will be playing in Winnipeg next month. Muddy Waters is sometines referred to as the father of the Chicago blues style. Blues artists Buddy Guy and Junior Wells learnt blues under Muddy Waters.

Next summer's Winnipeg Folk Festival may be having some big names. Festival organizers are planning to have Arlo Guthrie and Peter Seeger.

Tickets for the third Winnipeg Folk Festival may be slightly higher in price due to increased prices in plane fare, lodging, and food. The increase will be kept to a minimum, an organizer told me.

When you think about the ticket price for the Mariposa Folk Festival ($22), what you get at Bird's Hill is well worth it. The 1976 festival will be July 8, 9, and 10.

The Winnipeg Folk Festival planners are having a few fund raising projects to raise money for the festival. Along with the folk concerts throughout the winter, there will also be a raffle. The grand prize is a 1976 Datsun. If you are interested in seeing the folk festival flourish, you can get tickets for the raffle ($1.00) at the Folklore Centre on Osborne.

Right now there are some interesting things happening down at the Folklore Centre. An informal series of workshops taking place on alternate Sunday afternoons, 2:00 to 3:30.

There have been five workshops already. The last one in this series will be Sunday. The theme will be old time stringbands. Fiddles, banjo, guitar, bass, mandolin, autoharp, and spoons will be looked at and the progression of the first stringbands, (fiddle and banjo) to more expanded groups. The workshops will start again in January.

Bob Dylan's tour seems to be going well. He is travelling with Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell and other folk musicians. The show is called The Thunderbolt Revue. So far they have played in Niagara Falls, N.Y., and in the New England States. They will also be playing in Toronto and Montreal. The tickets go on sale a few days before the concert date in hope of getting small audiences. Ten Thousand showed up for the Niagara Falls concert, so the idea of getting small crowds doesn't seem to be working to well.

By the way, I got hold of Dylan's phone number and address, so you might be reading an exclusive interview in this column. Even if I get hold of his answering service, it would be better than nothing.

Watch for Dylan's latest album expected to be released around Christmas. He is supposedly back to doing what some protest music, which I think is what he does best.

Valdy fans will be interested to know that he shaved his beard off last summer. But don't fret, he is now growing it back. Valdy may be coming to RRCC after Christmas.

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THEATRE

The Collected Works of Billy The Kid

Wild West on Stage at Warehouse Theatre

reviewed by Nola Buhr

Billy the Kid is at large. After seeing the performance of THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BILLY THE KID at the MTC Warehouse Theatre, I'm convinced that Billy the Kid lives on. This play was written by Michael Ondaatje and won the Governor General's award in 1971. The play has no definite timeflow and is therefore somewhat difficult to follow. The play jumps around in the memories of Billy the Kid and those who knew him. Billy the Kid is often found to repeat lines and rethink a scene. Any confusion is quite valid though for the play is not the biography of Billy the Kid rather it is designed to present the moods of Billy.

There are seven actors in the play, many of them performing more than one role. Each of the actors has a clear sense of who they are portraying.

Billy the Kid is played by Des McAnuff who does a commendable job. He captures the moods of Billy very well; his agony, his happiness, and his anger. Trudy Cameron as Sally Chisum does an excellent job. She has the task of playing a sensitive person in the midst of rough and tough characters.

I enjoyed Claude Bede as John Chisum. He has perfected the broadness and mannerisms of Chisum to a hight point. Peter Jobin who plays Pat Garret was well cast. He fits the part beautifully. Guy Bannerman, Larry Davis and Patricia Hamilton all do a good job of Billy's friends.

Throughout the whole play there are numerous scenes of blood and guts. The director, Arif Hasnain used the ketchup tricks and he uses them very effectively. All the gun shots in this play are accompanied by flashes of light and loud bangs. Thus the many incidents of shooting are very realistic.

There is one scene in particular where Billy is in jail and breaks loose. He puts his gun down the throat of the guard and makes him say ahh. At this point I thought that he wouldn't go through with it and shoot. But I was cheated and Billy shoots him with all the appropriate effects.

But the play is not all blood and guts. It deals with the good times of Billy the Kid and it deals with the bad times of Billy the Kid. It shows him with his friends Sallie and John Chisum and with Angela Dickinson, his girl.

Amusing scenes are created such as the scene when they've all had too much to drink one night. There is the inevitable line-up and fight for the bathroom. Billy can't wait any longer so he goes outside to be sick. The first thing he says after he's been sick is "No Henry, don't eat it." (Henry is the dog.)

Billy's desires of the flesh are also shown. There is a bed scene that might offend some people.

The play has music along with it. The lyrics were written by Michael Ondaatje but the music was written by Des McAnuff (Billy). The music suits the various moods well and is well placed. The music gives the play an additional emotional charge and an air of "remember when."

The Warehouse Theatre is an intimate place as it only seats 220 people. When the various characters narrate parts of their past you get the impression that you are sitting right there in the kitchen or on the veranda with them. There is a fair amount of on and off stage movement which can be tricky at times. However the play ran very smoothly in this respect. The play was tight and directed well.

There are some brilliant images used which are presented through the media of poetry. There is one piece of poetry in particular that is recited by Billy. It describes how he feels after he has been chained to a horse and left to ride in the hot sun for five days. You can't help but share his agony. Listen carefully to his narration. You probably read parts of the play before in books of poetry.

One leaves Billy the Kid feeling wow, that is how it really was. Perhaps the play is difficult to follow, perhaps its difficult to know what's happened but that's justifiable because that's what a memory is like.

For one evening you are imersed in the old west. You leave with a better idea of who a Billy the Kid would be. It is an evening of real entertainment. See THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BILLY THE KID and see a real piece of the wild west. You have until December 13.

THE PRICE by Arthur Miller

MTC's Latest Offering Worth Seeing

reviewed by Tim Spencer

The Manitoba Theatre Centre's newest effort, **The Price** by Arthur Miller, is a strong and commendable production of a very entertaining and emotional play. In his script Miller uses tenderness and humor, resentment and anguish to form a dramatic work of tremendous impact.

The play involved the meeting of two brothers, Walter, a successful surgeon, and Victor, an ordinary policeman, brought together after many years by the need to dispose of their parents' property. The meeting leads them to examine the events and quality of their lives and the final painful confrontation sees them trying to close the gap that has opened between them. Their personalities, values, and lifestyles have become so very different that they find it nearly impossible to communicate.

In the Theatre Centre's production the director, Robert Bilheimer, has chosen a solid cast who are at all times equal to the emotional demands of the play and two cast members give performances which are particularly memorable.

Milton Selzer will, I'm sure, permanently endear himself to Winnipeg audiences with his funny and beautifully human portrayal of Gregory Solomon, an 89 year-old furniture dealer and philosopher. It is a beautiful role for an actor to play. Throughout the play, the character saves the audience from the pain and tension between the two brothers. Selzer is a good actor who uses wit and a keen sense of timing to take full advantage of Miller's humor.

Angela Wood, appearing for the first time at the Theatre Centre, gives a very subtle and sensitive performance as Esther, Victor's wife, who tries to pressure him into accepting his brother's money and influence. Wood is an actor who is very natural and comfortable on the stage. She seems to be in complete command of her role and it is this careful control that gives her performance in **The Price** its real beauty.

Roland Hewgill and Robert Benson, as the two brothers, also give solid performances, although Hewgill seems to lack control and his passion tends to get away from him.

The production is interesting and totally entertaining throughout and Selzer's performance alone makes it well worth seeing.

If the Manitoba Theatre Centre can maintain the standard it has set with its first two productions (**'Cyrano de Bergerac'** was the first), this season is sure to be very successful.

The play runs until Decmber 13th.

BOOKS

MARATHON MAN by William Goldman

An Above Average Thriller

reviewed by Dwight Dubowits

Most any novel available on the rack these days usually accomplishes what the author has intended it to do. That is to say, provide an interesting plot, good characterization, and hopefully it is written in a style that won't bore the eyeballs out of the reader. Once in a while you'll find a novel that is capable of doing more than that; a novel where the reader is no longer a spectator but actually a part of the story.

Marathon Man is one of these novels.

Goldman has taken a rather different approach in constructing this thriller. Instead of using a show and tell form of story telling that is typical of most novels, Goldman uses a movie format, switching from scene to scene keeping the pace at a full gallop right through to its chilling climax. The results are fascinating. The reader begins to feel what the characters feel — love, pain and for the most part, fear.

To describe the plot would be unfair to the potential reader for that is what makes this novel so engrossing — trying to piece together a strange chain of events that occur in the first half dozen chapters. This is not to say that the reader doesn't know what is happening; he knows and yet he doesn't know. The element of the unexpected is what this novel is all about.

Goldman has peppered Marathon Man with all the right ingredients — violence, torture, humour, and even madness. There are times when the reader will actually wince in reaction to the brutality of this novel, and then there are times when laughter is prevalent, along with fear, anxiety and sorrow. But at all times the reader will enjoy the experience of being a part of one of the most exciting novels written to date.

RECORDS

Pink Floyd — WISH YOU WERE HERE

High Calibre Maintained With Latest Disc

by Rick Pressy

Pink Floyd has been around for a long time. Except for the replacement of Syd Barret by Rodger Waters in 1968 the group has remained intact for almost 10 years. Syd had to be replaced because he went to the insane asylum, but that is another story altogether.

The album **"Wish You Were Here"** is a musical masterpiece. For Pink Floyd it is a culmination and combination of their last two albums "Meddle" and "Dark Side of the Moon". The album is not meant just to be listened to, it is meant to move you.

Dave Gilmor again proves that he is one of the finest guitarists in the world of contemporary music. It is his style that sets him apart from the others. HE makes his guitar so clear, so, clean, each note standing out before it fades.

Even with a musical force as Gilmor playing, he is not the crux of their music. Pink Floyd plays as a single being with four minds, it is this group effort that makes their music.

Nick Mason on percussion and Rick Wright on organ and synthesizer provide the background music that I could feel rather than hear. A music that fits so smoothly into the theme that you must listen deeper in order to hear them play as no one else.

Rodger Waters wrote all of the words and most of the music. He is a poet, philospher and music writer who compares to the expressive minds of Dylan and Hendrich. You must listen to him. It is Waters with the haunting voice that sinks deep to implant his message upon your mind.

The album cover itself has a message; it represents the four basic elements of life-earth, fire, wind and water. The words and music of the album tell of a boy/man, star/child musical genius who uses his musical ability to seek truth and the eternal secret. The story moves from his beginning to his life riding the steel breeze and finally the inevitable end.

This Pink Floyd album is not without it's surprise of a visit to another dimension of space and time as I was wisked away in a future vehicle of unknown dimensions and gently dropped off at a party filled with the gaiety and laughter of many people.

"Wish You Were Here" is a good album, very good. If you listen closely I am sure that you will catch their act and find a thrill. My main music man Jerry tells me that Pink Floyd has split up. I hope not, I really hope not.

Mott — DRIVE ON

Commercial Hit But Artistic Failure

by Byron Gislason

"Hunter has crossed the Atlantic ocean and Aerial Bender has been replaced on guitar, Verden allen is through and Mick Ralphs is a straightshootin' star".

And so goes the revised ballad of **Mott the Hoople** for now they have changed their name in search of fame to find the Midas touch with only two remaining original members, Overend Watts and Dale "Buffin" Griffin to carry on that band's crazy musical tradition. The band has a new name, **Mott** and the new album is called **Drive On.**

Overend Watts, the group's bassist has taken over as leader of the group writing all the songs except "Takes One to Know One" which drummer Griffin wrote and "I'll Show you the Way" which he co-wrote with Griffin.

But unfortunately, the band that was once an inspiration to me is no more. Ian Hunter's departure from the band last winter has left an aching void although I still hold sympathetic affections towards the band that now exists. The truth still remains, however that without Hunter's unique vocal styling and his mind bending poetic lyrics the band has lost its originality.

Nigel Benjamin, the singer that replaced Hunter sounds like Steve Marriot and did not contribute any material to the album.

Overend Watt's lyrics are not deep obervations of the mind or soul but literary scrapings off the street which is fun if you like that sort of thing.

"We can go and see her at the same time, nothings wrong with that in fact she'd think it's fine" is just one example of where the songs are at.

The songs he has written bear the catchiest riffs this side of Brown Sugar. Watt's song Born Late 58 off "the Hoople" is a direct example of what you will find on this album. "Especially," By Tonight", "Monte Carlo", and "She Does It" which find Ray Major's guitar and Nigel Benjamin's vocals at their finest.

Watts does find time to reflect on the times when Hunter left and they were a rhythm section left stranded on the rock n' roll wasteland to wither away with their dwindling royalty cheques on the song "Stiff Upper Lip". But their determination to make it and pressure from their record company has helped the band survive. "The Lyric" from Dale Griffin's tune pretty well sums up their position with the record company.

"Times are gettin rougher and it's harder to survive when there's a lot of people around that want to see you alive. They take you to the cleaners and leave you in the gutter to bleed when they get what they need."

Rock n' Roll may be a loser's game but Mott is going to win commercially with this album. BTO better take up cheerleading because Mott's going to "Drive On" over them.

The Sensational Alex Harvey Band — LIVE

Good Cross Section of Alex's Best

by Dave Nagy

This album is the best way to get an idea of what the **Sensational Alex Harvey Band** really is. Although the choice of songs is not thrilling, the total selection is the tightest, most violent cross section of the band to date.

One disappointment just by looking at the listings is not seeing Sergeant Fury. After Fanfare (Justly, Skilfully, Magnanimously), why couldn't the last of the teenage idols keep the instrumentation for a classic? Maybe he won't be asociated with Rod Stewart's idea of a whole string section on stage, if in fact he is using an orchestra to bring him on. (No evidence for it exists elsewhere on the album.)

The first number is a surprise; "Faith Healer", a fuller-laden cut from "Next" has been reworked so it sounds less boring than on the band's second album.

Alex Harvey — LIVE wouldn't without the institution Vambo. Now we know who (or what, maybe?) he (it) is:

"Vambo . . . a cross between Santa Claus and Spider Man . . ."

Throughout the numer one can imagine Alex disappearing from the stage to do his traditional crash through the (brick) wall across which "Vambo rool" is scrawled.

Cleminson's work is superb — the absolute best he's ever put onto an Alex Harvey album. Lick for lick its the hottest instrumental the band can boast of.

While Alice Cooper turns to his band and asks, "Who's got the power?", to be replied, "Donny Osmond," Alex Harvery sings Delilah, commonly known through Tom Jones (pass the barf bag please). The latter's version a joke as it is, is indescribably funny as images of Alex Harvey hop-scotching his way about the stage are too obvious — that is, if one isn't overcome by hysteria.

The final picture is "Framed' at the end — the opening and title cut off the bands first album.

One question is still unanswered — why weren't any of the band's title cuts written by members in the group — Hail Vibrania.

TELEVISION

TV Learning: Bronowski's Best — Kotter's Worst

by Scott Smallwood

Probably one of the most interesting television shows to be seen on any channel over the last few weeks has been Jacob Bronowski's continuing series THE ASCENT OF MAN, which is piped in at 8:00 p.m. Tuesdays on KFME-TV Cable 3. This is Public Television from Fargo, and though sponsored briefly during station breaks, is virtually commercial free.

It's an excellent format for the Ascent of Man, as the material delved into in the series requires the undivided attention of the viewer. This series has given me, over the past weeks, in depth looks at such subjects as Einstein's Theory of Relativity and Newton's Laws.

The narrator of the series seems, as he talks, to be barely suppressing his excitement with his topic, and this has the effect of transferring some of the excitement to his audience. It definitely makes the viewer sit up and notice, and it also makes the principles much easier to grasp. The show doesn't try to pass on too many details, but it does tell in layman's language how some of the greatest scientific discoveries were thought out. It also reaches into the human sides of the thinkers, and shows us that they were logical, but sensitive people. It's just a shame more education isn't like this.

Speaking on education, WELCOME BACK KOTTER, seen on Cable 11 KTHI-TV Tuesdays, and CBWT Channel 6, Cable 2, is a good spoof on it. The jokes are funny, the acting is good, but the show seems to be lacking something. It seems aimed at the deficiencies of North American education systems, but some of the scriptwork is too unbelievable for it to be taken as serious criticism. It does have the effect of giving me a sore stomach though, because it is vaguely reminiscent of some of my own high school experiences.

One of my favourite habits is watching news documentary shows. The 24 HOURS news show on CBWT weeknights at 6:30 p.m. ranks high in my book as a completely responsible journalistic effort. John Harvard is noted in Winnipeg for being an instigator of many top local politicians; some of whom are in dire need of the occasional embarrassment. Best of all, he plays a fair game.

I can only remember being disappointed once by 24 Hours, and that was just recently when it treated the issue of poorly constructed faoundations in buildings. The disappointment came when it missed getting in a cut at the people who built Red River Community College's Applied Arts building.

CBWT's POINTS WEST shown on Monday's at 7:30 p.m. was somewhat of a disillusionment. I felt as though I had been promised by the show's title and theme a look at Western Canada. What I got was a local copy of an older show . . . MARKETPLACE. I don't know whether it's intended, but the show occasionally came across as a little one-sided for a discussion on contemporary issues.

Something I'm sure a lot of people would like to see on TV would be a show that actually did look into the geographic, social, economic and cultural environments of Western Canada. It would certainly fulfill the CRTC's Canadian content rules. Too bad nobody's doing it.

Honorable mention has to go to CKND, Channel 9, cable 12, for the televising of two of the best movies that ever hit the screens. If you don't know what I'm talking about, you've probably missed the two-part showing of DOCTOR ZHIVAGO on Saturday, 22nd and Monday, 24th, as well as GOODBYE, COLUMBUS on Friday, Nov. 28.

Short Story

BLACK FIRE WHITE HEAT

by JIM MACDONALD

Stepping up to the large oak door, he read the polished brass nameplate fixed at eye level. Franklin A. Milhouse, Battalion Commander, it read. Rapping gently on the door, he reached for the handle, and entered.

"Perkins, Charles C., reporting for duty sir," the man spoke, stepping in front of the Commander's desk.

"Yeah, we been expecting you Perkins. Sit down here boy, and we'll get things in order," the Commander said pointing to the chair in front of his desk.

Reaching for a file on a corner of his desk, he withdrew a pair of wire framed glasses, and began to scan several sheets he found within.

"Lemme just get a few things down on this here paper. For the records ya know," he said, looking over his glasses.

The Commander spoke freely, smiling broadly as he took pen in hand. The smile seemed familiar to Perkins. The smile so many white people wore when they spoke with him.

"Okay, that's Perkins, Charles C., right. Age?"

"Twenty-three."

"Hell, this is screwed up. Why don't-I just get you to fill it out. Save us both some time. Here you go boy," the Commander handed him the paper and pen.

Perkins took these, and began filling out the simple questions on the forms. The Commander leaned forward and spoke as he wrote.

"Well, to start, I suppose I should welcome you to the force. Funny thing though, we ain't never had a coloured fella here before," he stopped, pondering his last statement.

Perkins looked up from his writing. The smile was gone from the Commander's face. Looking somewhat concerned, he leaned back in his chair, brushing a hand through his greying hair.

"Don't take me wrong though. The City seems to think it's a good idea, and who am I to disagree. Well anyway, welcome to the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth, Atlanta's finest," he said, smiling once again.

"Thank-you sir," Perkins said, handing him the completed forms, "I'm glad to be here. I know the situation, but I'm willing to do my best," he extended his hand.

The two men shook hands, the Commander laughing weakly.

"Atta boy. You'll probably work out fine," the Commander said rising from his chair. "Besides, it's time we had some of you people on the Force. You're good workers, wish I had a dozen more like you." The Commander gave Perkins a friendly slap on the back as he spoke.

"Well come on in here, and I'll show ya around," the Commander said, turning towards the door. "Y' gotta meet the boys. They're a good ol' bunch," he said, opening the door.

The Commander gave Perkins the grand tour of the building, expostulating on each piece of equipment much like a guide in an art gallery. He spoke informatively, the many years experience guiding his words. Much of the equipment was new, the firehall itself not being more than ten years old. It's construction had been a necessity when Atlanta's suburbs had expanded so greatly that existing facilities had become over-taxed.

There were four trucks in all. One pumper, a snorkel, utility and rescue vehicles made up the foursome. Their bright red bodies shone dully, chromed fixtures reflecting the dim lights of the firehall.

"And over here's the lounge," the Commander said concluding the tour. "Come on in and meet the boys," he said opening the door.

Perkins entered, only to find a strange silence. There were a dozen or so men scattered about the room. Each appeared as if to have been involved in some activity, until his entrance.

Dart players held darts in check. No cards were played at the card table, and the balls on the pool table remained untouched. Instead, only dissaproving stares awaited Perkins. A wall of hatred almost tangible.

"Boys, want ya all to meet our new man here. This here is Charlie Perkins," the Commander smiled nervously, waiting for someone to speak. When no one did, he continued. "Charlie, this is Bob, and Gordy, Doug, Paul, and. . ." he continued until each man had been named.

None of the men acknowledged their names, or offered to speak. Only sharp-eyed, cold-hearted, stares cut through as an almost too clear form of communication.

"Well, why don't I just leave you all here to get acquainted then." The Commander wrang his hands together and stepped to the door.

"Yeah, do that then," one of the men spoke.

Perkins stood silent, a few steps inside the door. His well formed body covered with the official uniform of the Atlanta Fire Department. The men continued to stare. However, the man the Commander called Gordy, moved forward, front and centre. His broad form filled his uniform somewhat tighter than the other men present. Hands rested on his hips, he eyed the dark skinned figure before him.

"Well, whatta we got here?" his voice drawled. "You must be the one them there city planners told us about. Shit, I shoulda knowed they'd send us a nigger," he jeered.

The others present mumbled inaudibly in the background, however, the dark figure focused his attention on the man speaking. Standing silent, Perkin's mouth tightened.

"You're from that there program they put together to get you minority people into high paying civic positions, aren't you boy.

Perkins said nothing.

"Sure you are," Gordy continued. "I remember reading all about it in the Journal."

The men in the room nodded agreeably, commenting among themselves.

"Why couldn't we have got a Chinaman or somethin'? At least they can cook."

Laughter broke the nervous silence. The laughter of all except Perkins, that is.

Charlie Perkins had indeed been the child born of a special City project to put more people from minorities into positions of civic importance. Increasing pressure from minority groups had forced the Georgia legislature into suggesting that Atlanta take steps to see that this situation become a reality.

Charles, or Chuck, as his friends called him, had been working in a service station as a gas jockey when he had heard of the project. A white customer had talked to him about it, and suggested it to him as a favor for Chuck fixing a minor engine problem, free of charge.

The thought of working for the City appealed to Chuck. He had heard that the money was very good, especially in the essential services branch. He decided then and there that he would take a day off work and check it out.

During his interview at City Hall, the people in charge of the project, mostly whites, had suggested that he might apply as a fireman.

"What the hell," he had thought, "why not?"

His acceptance to the project did not come, however, until about six months after his initial application. Hopes and dreams had long faded to be replaced by the harsh realities of pumping gas. The memory of his mother's proud reaction and his own overwhelming joy when his letter of acceptance finally did come, seemed very far away as he stood before a room full of white hate.

"Bobby," the voice of the big man spoke again.

"Yeah Gordy," one of the men answered.

"Show Perkins here his locker. Oh, and Bobby, make sure it's not too close to mine."

In the locker room, Chuck found his gear. A thick black raincoat, rubber boots, helmet, utility belt and other vital pieces of a firemans' wardrobe. He sat on the bench in front of the locker and pondered his situation.

In the lounge, the Commander had returned.

"Can I see you a moment Gordy," he spoke from the doorway.

Gordy, somewhat puzzled, followed him to his office. He was several inches taller than the Commander, and many pounds heavier. Looking more like a barroom bouncer than a fireman, he had acquired a somewhat paunchy stomach over the years. The two men entered the office, the Commander shutting the door behind them.

"Gordy, I want you to take Perkins on your truck," he spoke, sitting behind his desk.

"Begging your pardon sir, but if you don't mind, I'd rather not have a black on my truck," the big man spoke sincerely.

"That's an order dammit," the Commander shouted, slamming his fist on his desk.

"Yessir."

"I'm sorry Gordy," he said, regaining control, "but I have to put him with someone. Cigar?" he averted Gordy's attention with the box of Havana's on his desk.

Taking one, Gordy leaned forward to use the Commander's desk lighter.

"I understand your situation Frank," he spoke in more familiar tones, "but what the hell are people gonna think. I mean this battalion covers the East End. We handle Pinegrove, and Lakeshore Heights, and the twenty blocks north of Waterloo. The only blacks in those neighbourhoods are kitchen help and cleaning women." Gordy stopped to exhale a stream of blue cigar smoke.

Rolling the cigar to the side of his mouth, he continued. "Why didn't they send him to the Thirty-Second or the Fifty-First. I mean they're serving colored folk down there. He'd fit right in."

"I don't have an answer for that Gordy, you know as well as I do how the City operates. If it makes sense, then it can't be right."

"Well if he's gonna ride my wagon, he'd better not foul up," Gordy said, clenching the cigar between a pair of yellowed teeth.

"He's in your command as long as he rides your truck Gordy. Do what you must, but don't forget, the City's got a lot ridin' on that boy."

Gordy got up to leave. Pondering the Commander's last statement, he stopped.

"Yeah, well as far as I'm concerned, there's a lot too much of that coons hide gonna be ridin' on my truck."

The day's end found Chuck wandering through the firehall, becoming acquainted with its layout. He might have been alone in the building, for the others did not speak or even acknowledge his presence.

His shift finished, Chuck headed for his battered Chevy. It was a '61, but it ran well. Starting the engine, he wheeled towards home.

Home for Chuck, as well as thousands of Atlanta's blacks, was the West Central district. Those forty blocks from Forty-Second Street to Westchester Boulevard. This district was simply referred to as the Skids, or Bugaboo Town, by some of the white population.

There were no white pillared estates in the Skids, like one might find in Pinegrove or Lakeshore Heights. The streets were not lined with Dogwoods, nor the houses trimmed with gardens of blooming Magnolias. Instead, there was concrete. Concrete and brick; dirt and pollution; poverty and crime, and other realities of American black districts.

Pulling in front of his apartment, Chuck stopped the car. The block was old, but comfortable to its' residents. A place some twenty black families could call home.

"How did things go for you on your first day Charles?" his mother asked him anxiously as he entered the apartment.

"Good. Fine. Supper ready?" he said, stepping towards the bathroom.

"Yes, your favorites. Fried chicken, sweet potatoes, corn bread, and peaches. But tell me more about your day, son." She knotted wrinkled hands in a stained and tattered apron.

"There's not much to tell ma. I just wanna wash up. Okay?" he said stepping into the bathroom and closing the door behind him.

During supper more questions followed. Chuck did not wish to worry his mother.

"How are the men you work with?" she asked him during the meal.

"Oh fine. Just ordinary guys," he lied.

"Nancy phoned," his mother told him, clearing dishes from the table.

"Nancy. Omygosh, I forgot all about it. I said I'd go over tonight."

Drinking the last of his milk, Chuck bolted from the table and grabbed his jacket.

"Night ma. Lock the door before you go to bed," he said opening the door.

Nancy was Chuck's girl. His steady for the last two years. She lived in a small apartment in the City's North End. They had looked for a place for her together. He did not want her to stay in the Skids. The apartment was cheap, and in a better neighbourhood.

Stepping to her door, Chuck knocked gently.

"Who is it?" he heard her voice inside.

"Atlanta Fire Department ma'am. We have a report of a red hot woman on these premises."

The door opened. "Step inside fireman and we'll see if there's any truth to that rumor."

Closing the door, he embraced her. Their lips met in a lasting, passionate kiss.

"Looks like the report was right on," he said winking.

She laughed. "I'm just making some coffee. Want some?"

"You bet."

"Sit down and tell me all about your day," she said walking to the kitchen.

Chuck sat on the coach, but said nothing. A moment later, Nancy appeared from the kitchen carrying the coffee. Handing Chuck his coffee, she sat down beside him.

"Well, go ahead. What was it like?" She nestled closer.

He said nothing. Staring into the blackness of the coffee, he gave a deep sigh.

"Well honey, to be honest, it was worse than my wildest dreams. I mean I had no idea that when I signed on for this deal that I was going to be the subject of racial tensions." he stopped to take a sip of his coffee. "Nancy I want this job. I need this job. I need it for ma, I need it for other guys in the Skids who didn't get the breaks I did, and most of all I need it for us."

"Oh Chuck. Was it that bad. I mean what happened."

"What happened is that I'm black and they're white, and that's all that needs to happen for them. I mean there's not a guy in that place who wouldn't rather wipe his feet on me than work beside me."

"Chuck," she paused, as if not sure how he would react to her statement. "If it's that bad, and you don't think it'll get better, why don't you get out? Do something else with your life. Don't let them walk all over you Chuck. I hate to see you like this."

To be continued next issue