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LAST SEEN: Paul Owen's desk, Gateway Office
3-04 SUB on 8 November, 2006

We have received correspondence from Frank's captors with attached photos. Any information on the suspect "Keyser Söze" or Frank's whereabouts will be useful in his safe return.

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These movies satisfy when the real games—like the Grey Cup—are lacking

GATEWAY
SPORTS STAFFGroup
Commentary

As the Christmas movie season hits, there are several prominent films about sports set to open on the silver screen or be released on DVD. From *Gridiron Gang* and *Invincible* on DVD to *Rocky Balboa* (*Rocky VI*) and *We Are Marshall* ready to be box-office disasters, we at the Gateway thought it a good time to look back at some sports movies that didn't completely suck.

Paul Owen

Rocky Balboa is the greatest of all the American heroes. A nobody from Philly that dreamed not of winning a heavyweight title, but merely of going the distance in battle, Rocky won hearts with his losing ways in the first of his self-titled films, made those hearts sing when he finally managed to win in *Rocky II* and justified himself as a legend when he defeated the evil, Mike Tyson-esque Clubber Lang in *Rocky III*. But never has Rocky been better than when he single-handedly ended the Cold War in *Rocky IV*.

In *IV*, Rocky embarks on a vengeance-filled mission to beat Ivan Drago after the Russian killed Rocky's rival-turned-trainer, Apollo Creed, in the ring. Rocky trains in the remote Siberian mountains (filmed in the Canadian North), chasing chickens, climbing hills and pounding slabs of beef, while Drago, portrayed by the immortally wooden Dolph Lundgren, trains in a lab where he takes steroids, registers punches at 8000 psi and utters phrases like, "I will break you," in poor English.

In the end Rocky beats Drago, good triumphs over evil and Rocky ends the Cold War by winning over the crowd—despite the fact the match takes place in Moscow—and informs them, "If I can change and you can change, everybody can change." Rocky gets a standing ovation from an audience that includes the politburo and wins the heart and respect of yet another nation. If only Sylvester Stallone had that sort of power in real

life, maybe *The Contender* wouldn't have been cancelled so quickly.

Andrew Renfree

There are only two moments in a man's life when it's okay to cry: when he gets kicked in the nuts and at the end of *Rudy* when the whole stadium is chanting, "Ru-dy, Ru-dy" in hopes that the Notre Dame coach will put the pint-sized football player into the game. *Rudy* is the best sports movie ever because it follows the formula to a T: athlete (or team) faces adversity and overcomes that adversity to become the hero(es).

Rudy follows the true story of Rudy Ruettiger, who dreamed of playing for Notre Dame's football team since he was a young boy, despite his small size. He wasn't overly athletic, smart or physically prepared to play college football, but he made up for his shortcomings with a healthy dollop of tear-inducing heart. In his last game of eligibility, the coach lets Rudy dress at the insistence of his teammates, and with the crowd chanting his name he finally gets to play—getting carried off the field when the game is over. It's an inspirational story about facing obstacles head on, never giving up and dreaming big, and has even more significance because it's not a Hollywood product but a true story. Now if you'll excuse me I have to get some Kleenex.

Ross Prusakowski

When it comes to movies, everyone likes at least one that's either pure cheese, or held in disdain by friends, family, peers, and that creepy homeless guy who lives behind your house and watches your TV through the window. For me, that film, *The Replacements*, also happens to be my favourite sports movie.

However, while most people can only see an implausible yet oddly predictable storyline, a cast full of B-list actors and yet another wooden performance from Keanu Reeves, I see an underdog story that rivals *Rudy*. But instead of one player having to overcome massive odds to become a hero, *The Replacements* has a full team of heroes in waiting, who only get their shot because of a players' strike.

I'll admit, *Miracle* or *Hoosiers* it ain't, but what *The Replacements* has going for it most is that, when a bunch

of spoiled prima donnas who're used to having everything their way go on strike, a bunch of never-weres get their shot. A cheesy, overplayed storyline to be sure, but somehow, the film and its eclectic cast of characters makes it work. Besides, any film with John Madden playing himself and a tagline that reads: "Pain heals, chicks dig scars ... glory lasts for ever," has to be good, right?

Nick Frost

Most people tend to agree that watching golf on television is about as boring as eating a dinner of fried boreasaur with a side of boreatoes covered in bore-sauce. For the most part, I'd tend to agree with that sentiment; about the only thing less interesting than watching Phil Mickelson taking practice swings to the delightful sounds of monotone commentary is watching Bob Tway do the same.

However, golf can be made both interesting and hilarious—case-in-point the 1980 comedy, *Caddyshack*. Apparently the trick to making golf more appealing to the masses is to add comedians—like *Saturday Night Live* alumni Chevy Chase and Bill Murray, and Rodney "No Respect" Dangerfield—and then throw in numerous subplots to accent the sport itself—including, among others, a story about a young man (Danny Noonan, played by Michael O'Keefe) in search of college funding, a battle of wits between socialites and blue-collared folk, and a memorable feud between a sexually-deprived obsessive-compulsive (Carl Spackler, played by Murray) and a wiley gopher puppet who roams the course and cannot be killed.

This film is considered to be not just one of the best sports movies ever, but also one of the funniest—it ranked second on Bravo's "100 Funniest Movies" list. It also contained numerous memorable moments, including Spackler taking a bite out of a chocolate bar once perceived to be a piece of dookie, and Noonan's final putt during a high-stakes round of golf, which teeters on the cusp of the hole, before being nudged in by the reverberation of detonated explosives meant to kill the gopher. Just thinking about it makes me want to watch it, but Bob Tway's on the TV, and I'm not sure I'll make it to the couch without falling asleep.



HE JUST KEEPS SPINNIN' AND SPINNIN' Trail rider Ryan Leech impressed at the United Cycle bike expo Saturday.

PETEYEE