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TREND HIRES ON AN ONGOING BASIS

In 1871, the people of Calcutta were so eager to find out which horse won the Epsom Derby—it was Favonius—that they had the results cabled to them from London. The message took five minutes to get there, and was the first instance of intercontinental electronic sports communication.

Write for Gateway Sports, and the only difference between you and that intrepid cable operator is that you'll also get a fancy press pass. That, and they've probably been dead for over sixty years.



GATEWAY SPORTS

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Snow Fling warms up trackletes

ROBIN COLLUM
Sports Editor

The Golden Bears and Pandas track teams are taking baby steps into the beginning of their season so that they can succeed at the leaps and bounds required next weekend when competition begins in earnest. The U of A sent only part of their roster to a recent early-season meet in Saskatoon and are warming up for the more serious Golden Bear Open (GBO) next week by hosting this Sunday's Snow Fling meet.

"It's just a little prep meet that we put together to start the year," Alberta head coach Georgette Reed said. "Because our big meet is the following weekend, we use it more as a tune-up, and other teams use it as a tune-up as well."

The Snow Fling, though primarily a friendly practice event with athletes ranging from elementary school to masters competition as well as CIS competitors, will be a chance for the Pandas and Bears to seriously assess their own progress and work out any kinks they noticed at the Varsity Duel in Saskatoon.

There, Alberta met teams from the University of Saskatchewan, University of Manitoba, and University of Calgary. Though the U of A sent mainly rookies to Saskatchewan, they still performed well. Reed was encouraged by the weekend's results, and believes it bodes well for the rest of the season.

"The competition is always strong: the University of Saskatchewan is always strong; the University of Calgary is still fairly strong. However, we're fairly strong too," she said. "[U of C], [U of S], and the University of Manitoba all had a lot of their top CIS runners there, and we didn't have hardly any of ours, [but] we still fared



FILE PHOTO: PETE YEE

HIGH HOPES The Bears and Pandas will show their skill at this weekend's meet.

within a few points in each of the duel matches against them, and one of the duel matches we won.

"If that's how well we can do without our potential CIS and Canada West competitors in the mix, I think we're going to be one of the stronger teams to beat [in Canada West]."

Reed has high hopes that her athletes will be able to go all the way and make a mark at nationals, hosted by this year by McGill.

"I really wholeheartedly believe that the Pandas can win Canada West, and that the men will be in the top two," she said. "In CIS, I think both teams could have a top-six result."

For that to happen, Reed will be

counting on strong seasons from both veterans, such as throwers Matt Doherty—who has already qualified for nationals based on his Saskatoon results—and Jenilee Way, and rookies like Matthew Cardoza, a long and high jumper with "phenomenal talent" who she predicts will be the best in the country if not this year then next.

"Between the tune-up meet this weekend and with the GBO coming up next weekend, I think we're going to see some really good performances and hopefully set the tone for Canada West finals a month later," Reed said.

The Snow Fling begins at 12pm in the Pavilion on Sunday.

There's just not enough blood for both

When watching sports, it's an epic battle between the brain and the bratwurst



MARC
AFFELD

Sports
Commentary

For the past year or so my brain and my penis have been engaged in a prolonged game of chess, à la *Seinfeld*, to decide whether or not I should continue to watch professional sports on television. While I maintain that watching sports isn't an inherently anti-intellectual pursuit, it seems as if every time I sit down on the couch to watch a game, my TV is yelling at me and undermining my ability to focus on one thing for more than three seconds.

While my brain was ready to sit down to start enjoying the most rewarding month of sports viewing of the year this October, it was blindsided by a penis-led attack: an ad for TBS's coverage of the MLB playoffs that featured "comedian" Dane Cook. Although I was already tuned in to watch the first series of games, MLB decided it was necessary to hire Dane Cook to shout "There's only one October" at me. My wang was intrigued. My testosterone wanted me to laugh at his pronunciation of "October" and high-five my non-existent frat-buddy friends for absolutely no reason—but my brain knew better. It knew that this was just

MLB making an attempt to attract the ever-important barely-literate Myspace junkie demographic.

This wasn't an isolated incident. Earlier in the year, the NBA made the perplexing decision to hire street wizard David Blaine to hock television coverage of their playoffs. This confuses me not only because of David Blaine's creepy monotone delivery and eyes that are as dead as those of the shark from *Jaws*, but mostly by the thought that there are actually people out there who are willing to take up an interest in professional basketball for the sole reason that a man who successfully fools twelve-year-olds for a living told them to. My brain was stunned and disoriented, but the chess match continued.

Dane Cook and Jessica Simpson are ruining professional sports.

I think, however, the exact moment my penis checkmated my brain occurred on 16 December while I was watching the Philadelphia Eagles defeat the underwhelming Dallas Cowboys—the Jessica Simpson Game. Don't get me wrong, I can see the appeal in repeatedly focusing the camera on one of America's favorite pairs of, *ahem*, acting talents. But there is also clear reasoning behind the NFL trying to draw in a non-football-loving audience by

creating some sort of celebrity relationship scandal—something I hope Tony Romo's fans are proud of. But doesn't the League care that the actual outcome of the game is taking a secondary role to news that there is apparently a feud on between Terrell Owens and the third-most talented star of *Employee of the Month*? The League might have been welcoming the added press coverage, but my brain decided that this was the last straw.

Dane Cook and Jessica Simpson are ruining professional sports. Watching it on television is not only demanding less and less thought, but demanding it more and more loudly. The line between sports and sports entertainment is becoming increasingly blurry.

If I want to see annoying assholes shout useless catchphrases and attractive, scantily-clad blondes in a sports-like setting, I'd just as soon switch the channel over to professional wrestling—though truthfully, I'd rather cover myself in broken glass.

Instead of allowing my penis to defeat my brain at a metaphorical game of chess and continuing to watch sports on TV while devoting my full mental capacity to things like Political Science 419 and tying my shoes, I'll make a change. My brain needs a break from the constant barrage of insults it has had to endure in the past year. My sports fix for the next while will have to come in the form of customizable Internet news feeds and vastly under-rated live varsity sports.

15

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