

Field Hockey

## Jewer looking for national medals

by Peter J. Cullen  
Brunswickan Sports

Tammy Jewer has played field hockey at UNB for the past four seasons. This year, the Sussex, NB native has secured herself the position of co-captain as a result of her determination and success on the field. Possessing traits of leadership and modesty, Jewer should prove a veritable asset as the team strives for the CIAUs this year.

Originally beginning her field hockey career in junior high, Jewer currently operates in the midfield position. The 22 year old comes across as a very confident, yet humble person. She played down the importance of her recent Athlete of the Week award, stating that she was not sure why she was chosen over the others. "A lot of players played really well [the past weekend] so it was a pretty tough decision," she said. "We had two really good games and I had a couple of assists, but no goals." The role of team captain seems to suit her, but she pointed out the added pressures accompanying her new title. "You're more in charge of a lot of things," she explained. "You have to take charge of practices and you're more responsible on the field for the conduct of the other players and your coach. So you definitely have a little more responsibility."

Jewer will complete her degree in Biology this year, which also means that her UNB field hockey career concludes at the end of the 1995-96 school year. However, she will still continue with the sport. "This is my fifth season so I'll be



Tammy Jewer  
photo by Peter J. Cullen

done this year. But I'm also playing Seniors, which is more or less for fun; it's not the same competitiveness as the university level," she said. To add to her recreational activities, Jewer has also accepted coaching duties for the summer. "I'll be coaching for New Brunswick provincial teams," she stated. "I'm helping out in co-coaching the under-14 and under-16 teams."

In Jewer's opinion, the V-Reds field hockey team stands a very good chance of winning the AUSA again. "There are only three teams in the conference, and right now we've beaten both of them each time we've played them," she said. "Hopefully we'll make the CIAU's.... Last year we lost a lot of big name players but ... we have a very strong chance of winning a medal at the CIs [CIAU championships] again this year."



Famed 'hothead' Morton Mooers in a not unfamiliar role, receiving yet another yellow card. photo by Mike Dean

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that game at home with a friend despite the fact that he was a Yankee fan. After Dent hit his three run homer to put the Yankees ahead (for good, or bad, as it turned out) I kicked my friend the hell out of the house. Of course, this was not the only proof of the pathos of the Red Sox to occur in that game. At one point Fred Lynn of the BoSox cracked a line drive to right field where present Seattle Mariner manager Lou Piniella stood in blissful ignorance of the ball's location. Unfortunately, the ball landed in front of him and he was able to spear it, stopping it from rolling to the wall, where it would have plated at least two runs and probably given the Red Sox the win. On such pitifully small things are a Red Sox fan's heart broken.

The last grief is recent enough that the wounds are not yet completely healed. I still say that it was not Buckner's fault, that it was Stanley's wild pitch/passed ball which truly ended the series. Two whole years after that series I occasionally found myself lying in bed staring at the ceiling wondering how it could have happened. Game seven wasn't even necessary. Even the rain out which allowed Bruce Hurst to play in that final game was simply overkill. We knew. Fate had spoken. Even for a Red Sox fan belief was finally impossible.

Every Red Sox fan knows that the Red Sox were put here for just one purpose. They are here to torment us, and they do this job well. Still, if the true pain of losing is in almost winning, then it is also true that through pain comes love, for no team in the history of sport is so well beloved as are the Red Sox. Not even Babe Ruth can stay mad forever. Go Sox.

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