

Men's volleyball Tigers tamed in Fredericton

BY CARMEN TAM

The Dalhousie men's volleyball team had better keep an eye on their own backyard in their quest to represent the AUAA at Nationals next month in Calgary.

Fresh from recently winning a silver at the prestigious Dalhousie Classic, the Tigers let their intensity drop a level at UNB last weekend, which proved costly. The Tigers split a pair of conference matches in Fredericton in what was supposed to be an easy two-match romp for the nationally seventh-ranked Tigers.

Intending to repay a December loss to unranked UNB on Saturday night, a confident and determined-looking Tiger squad posted a 15-5 first set and looked ready to cruise by the Reds. Mental lapses in the second set gave UNB a brief 6-4 lead, however, the Tigers regrouped to win the second set 15-11. That game also marked the appearance of First Team All-Canadian Terry Martin — still recovering from

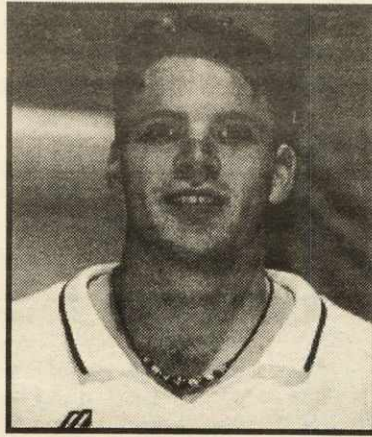
ankle injuries — who celebrated his first match in seven weeks with one kill and two blocks.

Dave Cox, Chris Wolfenden and Jason Trepanier, who sparkled for Dal in the first two games, were a non-factor in the third when five mistakes by Dal gave UNB a 5-0 lead in a matter of minutes. Unable to overcome this deficit, the lead eventually translated to a 15-4 win for UNB. In the fourth, the Tigers' lack of coverage of the back court gave UNB another large jump, this time a 7-0 lead that UNB held to win the set 15-10, forcing a fifth set to be played in rally points which Dal won 15-11.

Player of the Match honours went to Dal captain John Hobin who had 8 kills, 6 digs and 6 blocks, while Trepanier had 19 kills and 13 blocks. Jeff Byrne amassed 21 kills and 7 digs for UNB.

On Sunday afternoon, the Tigers played like garbage and UNB took out the trash with a 3-1 (15-4, 8-15, 15-3 and 15-9) win. Playing

even better than Saturday, the Reds managed to frustrate every player on the Dal side by digging almost every Dal attack. UNB came out



John Hobin

strong in the first set (15-4) and the Tigers rebounded 15-8 on the strength of Trepanier's play, deflating UNB's morale with his commanding performance. Wolfenden put a kill past three UNB blockers to end the game.

The Tigers failed to build on the

momentum and were shut down 15-3 in the third. With UNB up 13-9 in the fourth and Trepanier serving for his fifth consecutive point, a questionable call by the referee gave UNB the side-out and serve. The resulting two points allowed the Reds to take their second victory over the Tigers this season, indicating that their previous win may not have been a fluke.

Top performances for Dal came from veteran Trepanier with 17 kills and 11 digs while Wolfenden totalled 14 kills and 8 digs. UNB's Scott Munro was Player of the Match with 22 kills and 10 digs, while Byrne added 20 kills and 11 blocks.

Dal, who was unbeaten last season in league action and went on to win CIAU silver, was out-hustled and outplayed by UNB who produced a team-high 62 digs for the match compared to Dal's 51. The Tigers will go back to the drawing board to find the intensity and effort that they showed at the Classic.

"We were lucky with the first win," said Dal's Matt Hartlen. "They are a tough, unorthodox squad and this is the best UNB team I have ever seen — much better than we expected. They are a legitimate top ten team."

The Tigers currently sit at 6-2 in conference standings while UNB is at 4-2 in the three-team league. The Reds are expected to easily win a pair of matches against Memorial (0-6) this weekend, thus tying Dal's record going into the AUAA Tournament which the Tigers host February 13-15. The current situation will give this year's upcoming tourney some meaning as the two battle it out for the right to host the AUAA Championship the following week.

Dal, a much more talented and experienced team, must increase their level of intensity and improve their mental game when the two rivals meet again, Hartlen says.

"We can't let [UNB] demoralize us when they make a dig; we just have to block that out."

Like Dal has done for many years, UNB has started to compete in some out-of-conference tournaments and found success in two exhibition tourneys this season. At the Guelph Tournament in November, the Reds had a solid showing, highlighted by an upset victory over Ball State in round robin action. Ball State was a Final Four competitor last year in the NCAA. Early this year the Reds also captured a silver in a Tournament hosted in Quebec City.

Dal will be in Quebec this weekend, participating in their last out-of-conference competition at the Laval Tournament where they will challenge Laval, Montreal, Sherbrooke and Western for first place. This will also be the Tigers' last opportunity to move up in the national standings.

"Our goal is to stay healthy and be right in there," Hartlen said.

This weekend's huge moral victory for UNB will certainly make competition in the AUAA interesting for the future as the Reds gain confidence knowing that the Tigers are beatable. Dal will have a battle ahead knowing that the only way that UNB comes out on top is when the Tigers beat themselves.

"It's all for the rush"

BY EUGENIA BAYADA

The Dalhousie Parachute Club is not a new phenomenon, but it has been inactive for a while.

Its current president, Dave Williamson (pictured), was a member of the club during its previous existence. He has been instrumental in successfully reviving the organization, along with fellow executive members Wanda Watts (vice president) and Chris Shiki (treasurer/secretary). The club aims at getting people interested and involved in the sport of skydiving.

"We're trying to go out as a group from the university," said Williamson, a Dalhousie alumnus.

The club currently has 40 people on its e-mail list. Club membership is pretty straightforward: members must have completed the first jump course.

"It's all for the rush," says Watts when asked what would possibly possess someone to fling themselves out of a plane, but she admits that it's become a bit of a cliché lately.

The club will be running a first jump course on Feb. 4, at 6:30pm in room 307



of the SUB, with first jumps expected to take place over Munro Day weekend. They will also have a booth at the Jan. 29

society fair.

For more information, e-mail dropzone@is2.dal.ca.

Tears were shed and kidneys were lost

Where exactly were the prostitutes during Super Bowl XXXII?

Sunday the 25th of January. The big one. The granddaddy of all bowls and believe me I've seen some big ones. The Super Bowl.

My manservant Godfrey and I had been anxiously anticipating this day for two long weeks. Green Bay was heavily favoured to win this contest, this brutal ballet on the grid iron.

In keeping with the spirit of the event, I had wagered heavily with my local bookmaker, Señor Alvarez. Like the fool that I am, I dismissed any possibility that Denver and their aging superstar, QB John Elway, would manage to snap the AFC's 13-Super-Bowl losing streak. As the wise man once said, never bet against a streak. Or was it never bet on a streak...? Or was it never bet on a streaker...?

4:00pm. Godfrey was growing restless. Deep in his eyes I could tell he suspected me of wagering his vital organs again in an attempt to even the ledger with the dreaded Alvarez. Together we watched another hour of pre-game drivel and knocked back boiler makers. Little did Godfrey know that this might be the last hurrah for his remaining kidney. I also feared that he saw me as the real conspirator in the unfortunate trip to Portugal which resulted in the theft of the other.

Feeling somewhat relaxed by the drinks, I slipped into my lizard-skin coat and headed down to the Grawood hoping for a good time, victory for the Packers and maybe

a liaison of sorts with a couple of co-eds.

Godfrey and I continued to knock back blushing brides and scotch old fashioned as kick-off approached. Feeling the hunger pangs that only an afternoon of substance abuse can produce, I ordered twenty wings. The spiciness of the wings had me hallucinating almost instantaneously. I turned to Godfrey who had suddenly transformed into a Giant Purple Dinosaur. Not knowing what to do, I delivered a blinding blow or two where I supposed a Dinosaur's reproductive organs would be. Everything went black for a moment and, when I came to, Green Bay was up by seven and Godfrey was decidedly down. It was to be the only time in the game that the Pack would lead.

Tyrell Davis dominated all game long. Three touchdowns later and I was still astounded that a man with a head injury could perform so well when most men with self-induced head injuries fail to perform at all, myself included. The bar exploded every time Davis crossed into the endzone. My beeper shook in my pocket like a junkie going cold turkey. I knew it was Alvarez. Things did not bode well for Godfrey's remaining kidney.

Two minutes remaining and the Pack have one more chance to even the score. I ravenously finished my chili dog and began preparing plans in my now-clouded head on how to

drug Godfrey if things didn't work out for Brett Favre (unlike Portugal, there is a surprising shortage of Catholic prostitutes in this bar). To my unbelieving eyes, pass after pass was missed, the only highlight being an impact between a couple of Broncos so forceful that everyone in the bar winced simultaneously as stocks in neck brace manufacturers rose and Godfrey instinctively covered his groin lest I be gripped by another apocalyptic vision of children's programming.

Failure, the Packers lose, however it was perhaps one of the better Super

Bowls. Elway snapped his losing streak and, on the whole the Grawood seemed to rejoice, bastards. I felt the beeper in my pocket jump to life once more. I walked out the door behind Godfrey, smashing him over the head with my black jack, preparing him for surgery.

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