



# Baseball Tigers seek third fall Classic title

BY CARMEN TAM

One of the best kept secrets around is that there are university baseball teams doing battle for the right to represent the Atlantic Conference at the Canadian Intercollegiate Baseball Association championships. This year, the championships will be held at Memorial Park in Kentville from Oct. 23 to 25, and Dal is once again a favourite contender.

The Dal baseball club are the defending champions for the third consecutive season, and with a 13-1 drubbing of St. Mary's last Sunday, they have only been sharpening their claws on the opposition.

But Tigers coach Cecil Wright is cautiously optimistic.

"We have an excellent nucleus to our ball club," Wright said. "Traditionally, we've been a hard hitting team with strong pitching

and defence. This squad continued the pattern, but we need to keep our focus and intensity for seven innings. There are some very good teams in the conference, so we don't look past anyone."

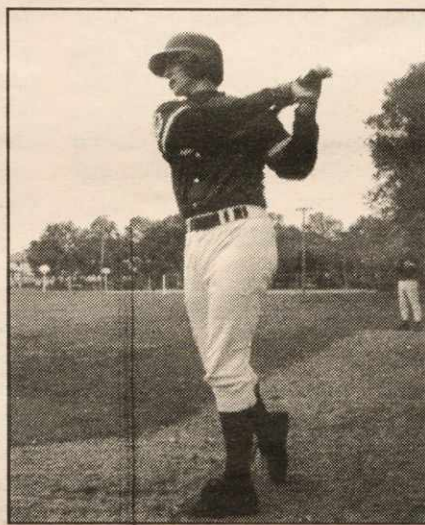
Wright stressed the importance of having reliable veterans, something Dalhousie is in no danger of lacking.

"We have some veterans back who I rely on to keep things loose and enjoyable. Players like Brian Clarke, Curtis Falls, and pitchers Jeremy Drumm and Eric Hemphill have been with us a few years and have valuable experience at previous national tournaments."

But this team also has a few pleasant surprises to compliment the crop of veterans.

"Catcher Mike Swim has really opened a lot of eyes with his bat this year and Trevor Butler has

played well everywhere we've inserted him. But it's the rookie players that I take special delight



in bringing along, and we have some outstanding ones this year," says Wright.

"Pitcher Mike MacInnis,

Adam Sarginson, outfielders Clinton Thomas and Chris Ward and infielders Jeff Locke, Marc Grenier and Brad Hefford have all made significant and timely contributions already this year."

But Wright asserted that, despite their dominance, the Tigers won't take any teams for granted.

"Not as long as I'm around," says Wright.

"SMU is a dangerous team. They have some great players over

there. UNB has already shown that they can hit as well as anyone in the league. Acadia is their usual never-say-die selves and we haven't seen UCCB yet."

Dal is a serious contender for representing the Atlantic conference at the Nationals in Kentville, but the competition is fierce. Coach Wright is confident, but stresses work ethic.

"We'll only get there if we take it one day at a time."

### Atlantic Baseball Division Playoffs Weir Field — Sackville Thursday, Oct. 15

Dal vs Acadia @ 7:30pm

### Saturday, Oct. 17

Dal vs UCCB @ 10:00am

Dal vs SMU @ 7:00pm

### Sunday, Oct. 18

Dal vs UNB @ 10:00am

Championship Game @ 2:30pm

### Dalhousie Athletics Upcoming Events

#### Men's soccer

Friday, Oct. 16 Dal vs SMU 6pm @ Wickwire Field

Saturday, Oct. 17 Dal vs ACA 3pm @ Wickwire Field

#### Women's Soccer

Friday, Oct. 16 Dal vs SMU 4pm @ Wickwire Field

Saturday, Oct. 17 Dal vs Acadia 1pm @ Wickwire Field

#### Men's Hockey

Saturday, Oct. 17 Dal vs Acadia 7pm @ Memorial Arena

# Overcoming the fear

*Running with the bulls in Cape Breton's Meat Cove*

BY KELLY BALLAS

Recalling how I spent Thanksgiving weekend in 1997 still sends shudders through my soul.

I find myself shivering regardless of where I am and flashbacks of hiking in Meat Cove, Cape Breton run rampantly through my mind. Yet Saturday morning I found myself once again headed up the Cabot Trail to Cape Breton's northeast tip. My psychiatrist had suggested the trip to overcome my fears and end the nightmares. Fortunately I had enticed eight other members of the Dalhousie Outdoors Club to join me, so I was not alone on this journey.

Spirits were unusually high on the trip up. I believe this had to do with the fact that aside from one other person (who was returning to Meat Cove for the same reason as I — we have the same shrink) no one had been to northern Cape Breton before. They were expecting to see sharp, jagged coastlines combined with the serenity conveyed by the fall colours as the sun illuminated off the Atlantic Ocean.

Meanwhile visions of hurricane winds and hail the size of marbles was all I could muster. Not wanting to frighten the others, I joined in their laughter and allowed myself to become disillusioned once again.

It became easier to fool myself as the morning continued. The music of Ani DiFranco and the Indigo Girls helped ease my tension and the sighting of Pilot whales just outside of Cheticamp had me

convinced that this time the gods were on my side. However, upon our arrival I began to slip back into my paranoia.

The entrance to Meat Cove paralleled my recession. What began as a paved road turned into gravel into clay into a trail. As the quality of the road decreased my palms became clammy and sweat beads were forming on my forehead. I began to question the advice of my psychiatrist and debated turning the car 180 degrees and high-tailing back to Halifax.



Like last week, a new group of campers discover there is absolutely nothing to do in the wilderness.

Everyone else seemed quite excited about our near-arrival so I continued besides my better judgement.

We were greeted at Meat Cove by two men in bright orange reflective gear with camouflage ATVs. They were sporting rifles. Silence filled the car as I once again fell back into Thanksgiving '97. Hunters gathered for days in

advance to prepare for the opening of moose season; fit-full sleep as the four wheelers roared by during the night and the apprehension of being mistaken for a moose made for a long last night. Would history repeat itself?

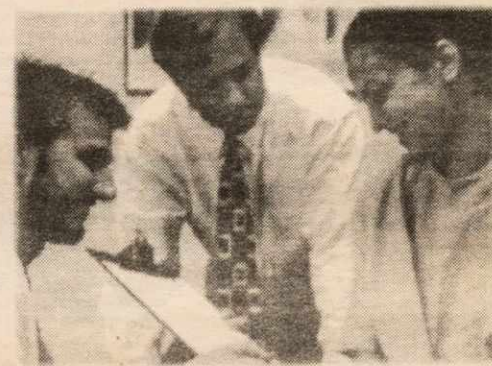
We loaded up our gear and headed out on the trail. I couldn't help but notice the backward glances and the fear in everyone's eyes, but we continued with a brave front. Thirty minutes later we entered the field and set up camp. It was comforting to see that not much had changed from last year

except for the addition of two moose skulls, one which still had the antlers attached. I believed this to be a good omen and for the first time began to think my shrink may have been right.

Morning came quickly and I awoke to the sweet smell of campfire smoke and fresh pancakes. Upon opening the tent

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