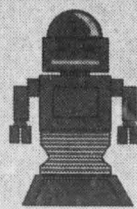


The Front Row

by Sam Morgan
Not So Sports Savvy



While Miss Paisley is currently working on matters more pressing, such as an almost due assignment, she has graciously allowed me to fill in for The Front Row.

When I was a kid I'll have to admit, I wasn't really the athletic type or even the scholarly type but I played road hockey like every other kid on my block. Every guy and girl who would play would keep their points in the back of their mind. It wasn't uncommon for one of us to have 312 goals and 457 assists. If our goalie had a goals against of 12 or less a game, Hell they were the next Patrick Roy.

On my tenth birthday my parents decided to surprise me with a Pac-Man board game of my very own and a CCM hockey stick. It was a proud stick, a manly instrument of the ice. I slowly surveyed the stick from its white taped butt, along its red metallic taped shaft to its black taped blade. The only downer to the whole stick deal was that for some odd reason my parents in their wise parental discretion gave me a left handed stick. Of course they had no idea what way I shot with and frankly, neither did I but truth be known over the course of the year, I developed one wicked backhand.

I was slightly disappointed because I wanted a red Titan stick with Mike Bossy's autograph. Bossy was my hockey god, not that young upstart flash in the pan Gretzky. Besides Bossy was winning all the Stanley Cups—4 of them in a row.

The very next morning after my B-Day in my eagerness to try out my new stick, I headed to the makeshift outdoor rink that the Nackawic Fire Dep't half assedly put together in an hour. I took my pathetic left handed stick and I tried to pretend I was in Nassau Coliseum high-fiving Billy Smith after he brutalized an opponent with his giant Koho. Basically the rink was for all those Gretzky wannabes who couldn't be bothered to wake their daddies and take them to the arena downtown. Unfortunately that left the lesser talent such as myself and the other two indi-

viduals that patterned themselves after Guy Lafleur to fight for all the ice time we could get before the Gretzky crew came out of the snowbanks.

On this particular day, this sort of snowbank kid came to spoil my rigorous workout of trying to put a foam rubber puck between two orange Fanta cans. He was outfitted in all the current rich boy stuff, you know like Cooperalls and that funny ribbed helmet that only the Czechs wore at the time. God he looked like a weenie.

He took exception to me practicing on "his" ice, after all I only had my hockey stick and my puck. You can forget skates, skates only limited me because I couldn't skate that well. Maybe that's why I had such a short hockey career.

Well after a few words about territory and first come first serve rights, it doesn't take an Einstein to know that all kid disputes are always settled in a cognitively simple way. Either get someone bigger than your rival to help them reconsider their ways or beat the tar out of them yourself.

I had to stand up for my rights, it was me, the Bossys of the world, the determined hard worker, the common man if you will, against the establishment of the evil Gretzkys. I formed a sword-like grip on my trusty CCM and whacked his tender digits. He quickly crumpled into a white, horrible clutch of pain. On hindsight I don't think hacking the guy was a real bright move but hey, it's only two minutes in the box. By the time he had dropped to his Cooperalled knees his sister decided to step in, I whacked her too. I thought neither one of them would ever be able to pick up a hockey stick again. Thank goodness I was wrong because the last I heard of this guy he played a little hockey in the city here. He did fairly well. He was recruited by a college somewhere in New England and actually got drafted in the later rounds by a really fowl NHL team. Now if that isn't poetic justice for all the Gretzkys in the world I don't know what is.

Ironmen begin spring training



The UNB Ironmen Rugby Football Club has begun their spring training to prepare for the upcoming season.

The Ironmen had a successful season last year and are looking to continue in this vein.

The club has begun indoor practices at the South Gym on Saturdays from 1 to 3pm. It is not necessary to have any experience playing the game as the focus at this time is conditioning and fundamentals.

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PHOENIX 2

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University of New Brunswick
Student Union Building
Fredericton, New Brunswick

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Convention starts at 7:00p.m. today, Doors open at 6:00p.m.

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