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BUNNIES BURNED BY BARBARIANS!

By IAN MACDONALD

The twentieth annual 'Media Bowl' took place on Saturday, but from what I'd heard about last year's game, I thought they might rename it the 'Beat the Bunnies' Bowl. In the last match-up between the Brunswickan Barbarians and the CHSR 'Bunnies of Death', the Bunnies were trampled by 40 points.

However, the Barbarians were not able to repeat their outstanding performance. Although the Bunnies DID lose (Againl), the final score, far from a shutout, was 44-23.

Walking towards the Physical Plant Field, I tried to decide whether this was going to be a news or sports article. I finally came to the conclusion that it was neither; the outcome predicted was hardly

'new' and could what they were playing be considered a sport?

The game was already underway when I arrived at the field; the score being 16-0 for (who else?) the Barbarians.

"kill the Brunsies! Don't let them walk off the field

alive!"

Having scored twotouch downs and a safety, the question on the Barbs' minds was "We know that the '16' will go up - can the Bunnies make it to at least '1'?!"

Knowing as much about tackle football as nuclear physics, I - the prejudiced spectator - sat down in the Barbs' end zone, munching on



Athletes of the Week



Bruns Barbarians

Todd Daley, Ken Jones, Matthew Henderson (Captain), Bill Train, Michael MacKinnon, Mike MacKinnon, Gary Jones, Jeremy Earl, Tim Steves, Ken Quigley, Steve Boyko, Sandy MacGillavery. Seated Ernie Dunphy, Carole Doucet.

popcorn. After several fumbles and out-of-bounders, the teams changed their lines.

As Melynda 'Scoop' Jarratt tried to take a picture, Karen 'Frig you' Mair flipped her famous one-finger 'OK' sign.

The Barb's midget captain, Matthew Henderson, was also there wearing an over-sized sweatshirt and waving a hammer around, mumbling something about 'bunnies' and 'feet'.

Fifty minutes into the match, the game paused so that everyone could refill their (gas) tanks. Seizing a prime opportunity, the Bunnies tried to practice.

Back on the sidelines, when asked by the Bunnies where Laura Lee MacLean (our sports editor) was, a Barb replied, "We wanted to keep the (our) score out of the hundreds."

After halftime, among those taking the offensive for the Bruns were 'Fast' Ernie and Jamie 'Flash' Aitken, who spent his off-field moments trying to snap some pix. It must have been hard trying to play with that \$200 camera, Jamie. Several members of both teams sported now-famous headbands in assorted colors. A CHSR Techie, wearing an Express sweater, appeared to be confused as to what sport he in all my life." was playing. Mike Hall, also of CHSR, dressed in a Union Jack T Shirt and knickers, was positive he was playing rugby. A stroke of luck for the Bunnies, as they managed to score a safety (2 points). Within 5

16-9 as the Bunnies scored a touchdown.

Over on the Bunnies' sidelines, the spectators went wild. One of the few female Bunnies sounded more like a refugee moose, blowing on some kind of horn and screaming "Kill the Brunsies! Don't let them walk off the field alive! Kill! Kill!!"

As the game progressed, two touchdowns for the Bruns were scored by Ernie. The Bunny watchers shouted, "Let's see some teamwork! You've got eight people out there - use 'emll" to which 'Moose' promptly added, "Yeah! Give it (the ball) to Cairon!!"

The Bunnies soon scored two TD's for themselves as the score closed to 30-23. The chant changed to "Kill Quigley!!!" as the Barbs scored another seven pointer.

"Can the Bunnies

non, who ran effortlessly into the end zone. Jeremy broke into 'Dancing on the Ceiling' while 'Clutch' assured me that he only uses half a bottle of stickum.

The Barb's, at one point so furious at giving up so many points, screamed "Kill the REF!!" However, both teams showed good sportsmanship as they formed a congratulation line.

And now for the awards:

- M.V.P. - Most Volumous Player - Ken "Mutant" Quigley, our retiring editor-in-chief

M.B.S. - Most Boisterous Spectator - the Bunnies' 'Moose'

M.P.P. - Most Prominant Play - an interception by the Bunnies' thrown by

Ernie L.A.P. - Least Appealing

Player - Steve Seabrook, of

Field hockey player Michele Ives and soccer player David Foley have been chosen as UNB's top athletes for the week ending Sept. 28.

Michele was instrumental in maintaining UNB's success over the past week, scoring four goals over three games. She contributed one goal in UNB's 2-0 defeat of Dalhousie and a hatrick in the second half in the Red Sticks rout of Mt. Allison (8-0). UNB also defeated St. F.X. 6-0.

According to Michele's coach, Joyce Slipp, the 19-yearold resident from Sherwood, P.E.I., "is playing just like she never left from last season. She is really handling the ball well and is getting around the other teams easily."

Red Shirt Dave Foley is UNB's male athlete of the week for his four goals in three games and helping to maintain his team's unbeaten record this season.

Dave's play was crucial in UNB's 3-0 defeat of Mt.A. and their 5-1 success over Dalhousie. UNB also tied St. F.X. 1-1. Dave had at least one mark in each game.

He is a 20-year-old physical education student from Bloomfield, New Brunswick.

Make It To

At Least 1?"

With 5 minutes left in the game, poor Carol was dragged onto the field as the 'designated reciever'. Moments later, she returned, panting and bruised, saying, "I've never suffered so much abuse

"That's what you get for joining the Bruns!" replied Tom 'Daddy' Henderson. The score soon reached its final level of 44-23. The helpless Bunnies watched in awe as Jeremy 'Slime' Earl threw a minutes, the score advanced to pass to Mike 'Clutch' MacKin-

CHSR, for looking like he just arrived from Hawaii - and finally, the first-ever awarded MILTie, short for the Most Improved Losing Team, for the Bunnies.

(Maybe next year the Bunnies will change their name to the ball CHaSeRs, which is what they were doing most of the time.)

As I left the field littered with bodies and bottles, I spotted little Matt playing with his symbolic He-man doll. I asked him who had won, and he cheerfully replied, "I did!" But he didn't get his bunny feet. Oh well, there's always next year.