

Red Shirts tie close one with U de M Blue Eagles

By ROBERT PAQUETTE



Photo by Ron Ward

Four UNB players converge on the ball in AIAA soccer action played at College Field last Saturday in which U. de M. tied UNB 1 - 1. Red Shirts from left to right are John Msolomba, Bob Paquette, heading the ball Dave Pottin, and Emmanuel (Zeke) Ezikiel.

The game was not a total disappointment for all those hardy soccer fans that turned out last Saturday, despite a fierce cool breeze, to watch their own Red Shirts tie the University of Moncton Blue Eagles 1 - 1 in a match that should have gone in favour of a talented UNB squad. But the Shirts just didn't seem to have the ol' whatever it takes a club to get up and move.

From the opening kickoff, both teams controlled the ball, but UNB more so than the Blue Eagles, for the play was in the Moncton end of the field for a greater majority of the time. However, bad passing, ill-timed shooting, and miscarrying the ball plagued the UNB offence. Action in the first half saw the Red Shirts being awarded a penalty kick, halfback Mike Atkinson taking the honours. Atkinson scored on the shot making the score 1 - 0. The second half commenced with UNB having a slight wind and sun advantage. But it seemed to no avail as the Red Shirts mounted little offence along with the Blue Eagles. Most of the play in the end of the first half

and whole of the second half was concentrated between the two thirty yard lines. Few shots found their mark on the net except when, on a miscue by the UNB defence, Moncton came back to tie the game on a beautiful head goal. The game ended up in a 1 - 1 tie.

The Red Shirts suffered a tragic loss in fullback Jim Campbell in Saturday's match when Campbell was injured, sustaining a severe ankle injury and sidelining him for the remainder of the season. His disappearance from the UNB backfield will be felt. Campbell has played tough outstanding soccer for UNB and he is to be congratulated for his fine performance up until Saturday's game.

Results of other AIAA league games show now that UNB must win their three remaining games to be playoff contenders. The Red Shirts travel to Swampland next Saturday to play a "punchy" Mount A squad. Any UNB'ers who'll be in the Sackville-Moncton area next weekend are encouraged to come out and cheer their team to victory. Game time is 4:00 at the soccer pitch on campus.

Keep The Tempo, Shirts!!!

A look at 'savage art' of rugby

Some perspicacious observations on the savage and primitive variations of the manly art of football known as rugby.

by an impartial observer

Football, as we all know, has a sense of order and precision which provides dignity and control while permitting an observer, even with little orientation, to understand and enjoy it.

It is a sport for rational gentlemen, for red-blooded sportsmen who thrive on the thrills of accomplishment that can only come with crushing physical combat, with the razor-sharp edge of competition, the glory of victory, the bittersweet pain of defeat. It is for the rough-hewn and lusty pioneer who relishes the heat of battle and the subsequent opportunity to enjoy a post-conflict draught of liquid cool.

Football is mother and apple pie and old glory and what our boys are fighting to defend. It's good and true, strong and brave.

Rugby is none of this.

I have seen a game of Rugby, and I feel obligated to provide my readers with a detached, highly intelligent and thorough analysis of the game, and its gross shortcomings.

In the first place, many, if not most (and perhaps all), Rugby players are foreigners — people who are not Americans. The few who speak our language do so with atrocious accents, not Southern or Mid-western, or New York, already, but absolutely foreign. Some, I understand, are even English.

These people use strange words all their own. They're often ill-shaven and usually need haircuts. They wear short pants. And they sweat.

They are not the Gallahads of the Gridiron, the Pigskin Princes whose gentility graces the American scene when the autumn leaves turn to gold. They are thick necked savages, booted brutes bent on battering, breaking and bashing.

They are not the kind of people who represent motherhood, apple pie or especially the American flag.

In the second place — and this may be even more important than the first place — the game itself is all screwed up.

To begin with, they have too many players. It is impossible to conduct an orderly sports event with 15 men on each team, as we all know.

So everybody's running all over the place, falling down and screaming foreign obscenities.

Every now and then, they all put their arms around each other, bend over in a swarm of bodies and start grunting. Someone throws a ball into the swarm to keep them occupied, but they seem to reject it immediately. They start kicking at the ball, and at each other, and then the ball dribbles out of one end and they're off and running all over the place again.

Although they are brutal savages, they lack the courage and will to win which we all associate with our football players. For example, when a ball carrier is tackled, he throws the ball away, hoping, I'm sure, that the opposition will vent their rage on whomever is unfortunate enough to pick it up. It's not very encouraging to watch a seven foot monolith throw away the ball as if it were a hot potato just when he should put his head down and plow ahead to the goal.

This failure to hold onto the ball is one of many indications of the gross lack of team spirit and unwillingness to help which seems to characterize the Rugby player. As another example, we might cite the absolute absence of down field blocking. Instead of getting out

ahead of the man with the ball to protect him in any way possible, the offensive team players mangle behind. No wonder the ball carrier shirks his responsibility.

As I indicated, during most of the game, all these people are running pell mell all over the place. There is none of the discipline which makes football an exciting and precision sport. Except for the arms around each other's shoulders swarm that I mentioned before, there are no decent formations. They never all line up at the same time, so you never are sure of who's where. It is an impossible game to watch.

And, instead of taking four downs to advance the ball like gentlemen, it's every man for himself, with the ball changing teams at random, and with every brute pushing and shoving and cursing in foreign tongues. It's an appalling spectacle of hairy legs and sweating bodies.

One could proceed ad infinitum with lurid examples of the strange habits and inferior aspects of this most incomprehensible and reprehensible substitute for a sport. They do not believe in shoulder pads...or helmets...or shin guards...or substitutions. They don't even believe in the forward pass, and probably dislike hotdogs.

I can only hope that responsible parents will not allow any impressionable child under 45 to see such violence and disorganized mayhem (let them watch television instead), and that the peace loving football fans of this nation will do all that is legal, just, fair and humanly possible to assure that the scourge of Rugby does not spread beyond the areas which have thus far been infected.

We must preserve mother and her apple pie.



Photo by Ron Ward

Nothing like a good head stop by UNB goalie Abbey Akinyemi to eliminate a U. de M. drive in a close match.

Win 22-3

Ironmen dominate

Last Saturday the UNB Ironmen whipped the team from St. Thomas by the score of 22-3 in New Brunswick Rugby football. It was a hard fought game, in which the Ironmen showed the same fast and highly co-ordinated attack that they have shown all season.

The Ironmen started quickly, and by the half-way point of the game led 22-3. There was no scoring in the second half, in which neither team could seem to get into the opposition's endzone.

The UNB squad was led by the performance of Dave Kent who scored two touchdowns. Other

touchdowns were scored by Terry Flynn and Trevor Morris. Bob Papenberg scored three converts to round out the day's scoring.

Tomorrow the UNB second team takes on the Fredericton High School squad at twelve o'clock at the Wilnot Downs Raceway. The Ironmen then take to the Raceway field at 2:00 p.m. to challenge the Fredericton Loyalists, who they defeated 17-0 their first time out.

Both teams will be out looking for a win, and to improve their records even more.

Keep up the hard work teams!!!