etings or sponsorould not

an event be of instudent myself, I will publicize give me

nese artiay night. ed in or nswickan

r co-ope-nay help ation.

tend

IT r's

K 2.95 st

9.95

'S



An abstract expression such as "mentally tough" may suggest a variety of meanings to the layman but to a football player its significance is vivid and vitally clear. It is an expression which frequently appears as a component of a coach's inspirational "pep" talks. Its value to a team is immeasurable, as mental strength is an integral unit within the intangible "esprit de corps" so necessary to a team's success. Mental touchness so necessary to a team's success. Mental toughness cannot be masured in terms of standard quantities but its presence is imposing as it generates from locker room spirit. Mental toughness is the driving, unseen, but always present force that makes a player know that he is suprior to his opponent.

A coach will say that the initial contact in a game is the determining factor as to which of two opposing players will dominate the other during the course of the game. The player who is able to dominate is mentally tougher than his opponent. Physical conditioning is primary in superiority but mental conditioning runs it a close second.

I have discussed the position of mental toughness with regard to the football player but I feel that it's Im-portance does not cease with the team. It is equally important that the student body, as well as the football team, be convinced of their superiority to the opposing school. The students can give a team a tremendous life confidence is inspirational to the team's efforts. It encourages the team to unbelievable heights.

Therefore, as a student body, you see that what I am asking is not impossible. I only ask that you support your football team with all your energy and cheer until your face is blue and your lungs are dry. Cheer with vigor until the final gun. Make your presence felt to the utmost within the realm of good sportsmanship in the finest tradition of U.N.B. Remember, the spirit of the students manifests itself in the play of the Red Bombers. If you come through, Mount A. does not have a prayer.

## FOOTBALL CAMPing

by a MARITIMER Lend me an ear fellow maritimers, you fishermen, farmers and woodsmen of these fine Atlantic provinces, and I will tell a simple tale of how one of your fellows began to learn something about that upper Canadian game called football.

Football for one of us Maritimers is quite an experience and it begins simply by going to a thing called "football camp". Just how anyone can call the gymna-sium a camp, with beds and meals in the centre is beyond me, but anyway that's what these fellers call it.

Having checked in and went to see some of my

#### EMPLOYMENT Officials and supervisors are required for the following activities:

1.	Softball referees
2.	Soccer referees
3.	Water Polo referees
4.	Hockey referees
5.	Basketball referees
6.	Touch Football referee
7.	Gymnasium supervision
8.	Bowling: Pin Spotting
9.	Swimming pool super
	vision
The second second	Construction of the second of the second of the second second second second second second second second second

Please register at the Athletics Department, General Office, Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.

you try to break his shell as he crawls along on the bottom of me uncle's boat. Yep, we knocked heads and a week later my head still felt as though I had had a quart of 'shine.

Fellow Maritimers when you see a football player you see a man covered with cuts and bruises, suffering from pulled muscles, a constant headache and living in an atmos-phere of linaments and bandages. I've worked with miners, loggers, fishermen, farmers and people from all walks of life in the Maritimes, but one of my greatest experiencs to date has been to work with these football players. For them it's sweat, tears, guts and determination. If you are looking for glory there are easier ways than

#### BRUNSWICKAN September 25, 1963

# U. N. B. CROSS COUNTRY SCHEDULE FALL 1963

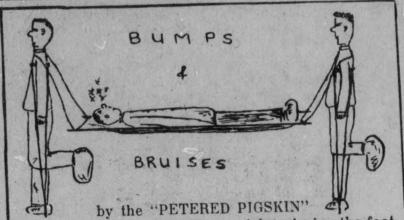
The second se	
Sept. 21 McMaster U.	at U.N.B. 4:00
Sept. 21 Memaster C.	
Sept. 28. Husson & Ricker	
Oct. 5 U. N. B.	at mener
Oct. 12 U. N. B.	at Bangor, Husson
000.12	& Maine Maritime 2:00
IT N D	
Oct. 19 U. N. B	at 0. 111 manino 0.00
Oct. 26 N.E.C.C. Mee	at month
Nov. 2 Mar. Open Champ	at U.N.B. 2:00
Nov. 2 Mar. Open Champ	00.0
Nov. 9 M.I.A.A. Champ	. at st. 1

### **Intramural** Softball

Intramural Softball Meeting was held at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday, September 18, 1963.

Due to insufficient representatives at this meeting, it was decided to schedule another meeting to be held Wednesday, September 25th at 7:30 p.m. in the Trophy Room of the Gymnasium.

All teams that wish to enter must have a representative at this meeting.



In future issues of the Brunswickan during the football season the "Petered Pigskin" will present inside information to the student body regarding the personalities connected with the football team.

football, I can assure you. I'm an addict now, in spite

of it all. I hope you will be too and really support these wonderful guys.





found a bed in the bar-racks (that's what it looked like) I was next direct-ed towards the equipment ed towards the equipment room for the gear these fellows wear. The lad there began to fill out a form for all this parapha-nalia and I anxiously stood there bewildered, picking up such things as hip pads, rib-guards, a helmet and I guess a lot more of this stuff stuff.

Perhaps I should tell you about the first time I put on a helmet. It was quite an experience or better still, a helluv'an experi-ence. No wonder a lobster sheds a shell, because I sure shed that helmet in a hurry. Even though foota nurry. Even though loot-ball is played in the out-doors, it still is no place for anyone with claustro-phobia. After I had wrig-gled and pulled and squeezed and almost lost my ears, I had the damn thing on, only to find that it was too small and I was like a peanut in a shell. But this shell was too tough to break. I soon wriggled out of it and after stretching my ears to about twice their length I found one that fit well.

old buddies. On returning at night I walked into a morgue or what looked like one. It seems that while I was gone they had a practice and some of the a practice and some of the fellows found it a little tough. There was a few Yanks there, a few Upper Canadians a few French-ies and God knows who the other stiffs were, I saw one chap lift his legs one at a time into bed and one at a time into bed and, amid moans and groans, fall into bed. Once he got in there he looked like a codfish that had been caught in the morning and laid in the sun all day limp and beat. He also smelled, but not like a fish - more like mints we used to buy at the corner store when we were just young 'uns.

Then there was the training and, dammit, I never worked so hard since I last threw fish around in me uncle's fishin' boat. Actually the work wasn't too hard, the run-ning and that, but when them little black flies get up a fellow's pants he can really run like hell.

Then the coach said we were going to get real mean I soon piled this stuff and tough and knock into one of those metal Heads. Now I know what boxes, called lockers and a lobster feels like when