

TWO MORE BOMBERS ARE HURT

BUTCH BOUCHARD, JOEY GEORGE JOIN PHIL BIRD ON INJURY LIST

Saturday, for the second straight week, provided UNB Red Bombers with a NBCRFU credit and some crippling injuries. This last Saturday saw Bombers outscore Saint John Wanderers 19-11 and lose the services of flashes Butch Bouchard and Joey George, maybe for the remainder of the season.

Bouchard, a frosh sensation, was in top form in the quarterback slot as he hauled off a 40-yard hike in the dying minutes of the first half only to be hit hard and shipped to hospital with a slight concussion. At press time, it was uncertain when he would be back in Red and Black.

George, a tough luck performer in past years, suffered a torn cartilage in the second half and team officials fear he is through for 1955. Previous to his misfortune, the ace fullback steamrolled around left end for his third TD of the year, to total on the local side.

Their loss set Bombers back on their heels and the defending provincial champions were brought to a standstill in the second half after piling up a 19-point margin. It wasn't as close as the score indicated because the final Wanderer major came on the game's last scrimmage — but it was close enough to cause some wondering in the UNB camp.

UNB Meets Tommies Saturday

The side-lining of Bouchard and George brings to three the number of UNB backfield stars put out of action in two games. In Bombers' opener, which was won over Coverdale Navy-Trojans 32-0, Phil Bird suffered a broken ankle and was forced into premature retirement for the fall.

All this makes Bombers' next task against St. Thomas University in Chatham this Saturday more difficult than normal. UNB's arch-rival always proves a rugged assignment and, with men like Bird, Bouchard and George probably out of action, the picture now takes on an even more threatening hue.

Bombers' third tilt will be something of a paradox. Although the NBCRFU's regular season crown will be at stake, the contest actually doesn't matter too much since all four entries in the fold are to take part in the post-season playoffs. It's more of a prestige effort.

A loss, however, might hurt the Red and Black in the morale department. Bombers, conceivably, could be hurt mentally by a loss to the Tommies of Vance Toner. And that sometimes is as bad as being beaten mathematically.

To Be In Tilt Up To Hit

UNB coach Gerald (Moose) Flemming isn't making any predictions as to the outcome but he does say his charges will be in the tilt up to the hilt all the way and, if Tommies do manage to win, they'll at least know they were involved in a real grid game.

"But lose three guys like we have and you can't be sure of winning anything," the coach adds ruefully.

Against Saint John at College Field, Bombers really went to town in the first third of the tilt before injuries disrupted the impressive victory march. In the first half, Bombers outscored Wanderers 30-55, outdistanced them in the first-down category 13-4 and ran up three touchdowns, two converts and as many rouges.

Mike O'Connor led the UNB scoring with a touchdown, two converts and a rouge. He cradled a 50-yard heave from Bouchard in the Saint John end zone for the first major four minutes after the kickoff by UNB.

Saint John had received and, after four plays, Pat Barry punted to the UNB goal line and Ian Watson wormed his way back to the home side's two. Leading the march back, Bouchard got two yards on a plunge; Guy Dolron, a standout all day, bulled his way over the left side of the visitors' line to the 30, Watson moved to the 43 on a lateral, Joey George carried twice and Dolron once to give UNB a first down on the Wanderers' 42. Then Bouchard faded well back and cocked his arm, hitting O'Connor in the pay dirt to the right side of the uprights.

March 103 Yards On 7 Plays

O'Connor then stepped up to convert the TD and Bombers led 6-0. They had needed only seven plays to move the required 103 yards.

Not long afterwards, Wanderers were forced to boot once more and UNB started out for pay dirt once more, this time from the losers' 42. Bouchard picked up seven, Watson skirted right end for 20 and George completed the scoring series with a 15-yard dash around left end with O'Connor adding the convert for a 12-point bulge.

Before the first quarter closed, Bouchard and O'Connor toed rouges and Bombers changed ends

with a 14-0 edge. The second quarter was 10 minutes old when Bouchard called signals on a first down on the Saint John 43. It was his last play of the day.

The fleet quarterback took the snap from centre, ran behind the line to the left and then broke downfield in a dazzling display, and it started to look as if he'd go all the way. In the race for the goal line, Bouchard took to the sideline and was hotly pursued by Wanderers' Barry. They met with a violent crash on the five-yard line and Bouchard left the game on a St. John ambulance stretcher. Bouchard's place at quarter was filled by another freshman, John Courtice, who played adequately though perhaps not as spectacularly effective as his predecessor. Anyway, UNB lost the ball, regained again on Saint John's 22 with George carrying twice to the two and Watson finishing off the drive. No convert was made on a bad pass back from centre and that was the way the first half ended, 19-0.

The second half belonged to Saint John. For one thing UNB lost the use of George after only four minutes had gone by, and coach Flemming said this seemed to demoralize the home squad. And for another, Saint John mentor Barry benefited from a stronger defence, good enough for him to call the last 30 minutes the best his squad had registered in three full games.

Wanderers got their first touchdown on 20-yard pitch by Barry to end Jake Stephen. The convert attempt was unsuccessful.

The Saint John squad completed the scoring on the game's last play. With the clock running out and the Wanderers sitting on their own 30, Barry fired a long 40-yarder to Bubby Mills who gathered it in, sidestepped the lone UNB defender and raced the distance. The convert, a drop-kick by Bill Keleher, counted.

QUICKIES—The UNB line certainly was a pillar Saturday against the Wanderers. The linear crew starred both offensively and defensively. Rumors are running around the campus about new

Lord Beaverbrook Attends The Game



In the left picture, UNB's great benefactor and sports-minded Chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook, is seen entering the College Field stands at last Saturday's football tilt. As he greeted his appreciative audience with a warm smile, the band (right picture) played "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." On Lord Beaverbrook's left can be seen Pete Kelly, UNB's Sports Director; directly behind him is Jack Ernst, SRC President; and to the right is Dr. Colin B. Mackay, President of UNB. Long interested in the sports life of the University, Lord Beaverbrook just lately proved this fact by donating the nearly-completed Hockey Arena to the school. The recently-formed football band owes its existence



mainly through the generosity of the Chancellor, who supplied the majority of the instruments. It was apparent from the applause as Lord Beaverbrook arrived that the students will never forget what he has done to provide adequate facilities in both sporting and academic fields at this University. A great deal of credit must be extended to the newly-formed band also. These students, spending precious hours to perfect and learn new pieces, proved Saturday that before long they will be second to none. Congratulations fellows, and keep up the good work. It's good to see someone with a little more spirit than the average student at this university.—Wallace Jones

Great Britain And Halifax Report:

Football Means Different Things To This Boy And Girl

By Rocky Knight
My first duty to the readers is to run up my colors. I am newly from England and have been weaned on soccer, rugby, and of course, cricket. This, then, is not a report, but an impression, my first impression, of Canadian Football. I must, therefore, beg indulgence for any misinterpretation I might make of the game.

Having seated myself in the midst of an obviously experienced crowd, if judged by the advice liberally offered to the referee, I waited for the appearance of the players. With the crowd, I stood at the entrance of the Red Bombers' dressing room. On they ran, padded as if ready to shoulder an avalanche, and helmeted to protect the cranium from undue damage. Many seemed to have lost their heads in their shoulders.—Did Darwin predict this? I was puzzled by what appeared to be the numerous black eyes being sported — obviously badges of courage honorably won in previous encounters.

Strewn With Bodies
The kicking of the ball opened the game and from then on I could find little justification for the name Canadian Football. Hands and shoulders seemed to take control. Within a few minutes, the field was spattered with bodies, knocked down for no apparent reason except that they had the wrong colored shirts on. I was so sadistically enthralled by this clash of human flesh that I completely lost track of the ball. So I settled down to follow its passage. This proved my undoing—where did the ball get to? There is a cluster as



if one uncouth player had decided to tell a risqué story on the field. Then they all break up; one fellow shouts a lot of numbers (reminiscent of a Wall St. teller), and then —bwmph!, everyone runs in a different direction, the ball completely disappears, the referee waits until at least six players are piled on top of each other and then blows his whistle.

After an agonizing process of unravelling bodies, the ball is wonderously found to be underneath the bottom man. After leaving so many men spreadeagled on the ground, the commentator reports it a First Down. Everyone shouts jubilantly, if, of course, one of our men has fallen down first.

During lapses in the game, I managed to acquire bits of information regarding the rules. In short, it seems to come something like this. "Well the idea is to take the referee out of the game, convey the ball for 10 yards." And then you "skin his alive" and get a first down.

"Oh yes," I replied, "what then?" "Then you start over again." I asked if you could only convey the ball 10 yards at a time. My friend was obviously not interested in my lack of knowledge. So I was left to my own imagination. I listened to the conversation very intently. "One down and six to go." "Does this refer to the players or the ball?" I asked.

No answer.

Forsook Rules
So I forsook the rules and stopped worrying about the fixed points of the game and settled back to watch men do battle to possess a little leather case and convey it towards their opponents' goal. Therein lies the essentials of the game and I settled for the essentials. Mind you I fully appreciated the thrills, especially in the form of the chorus-girl cheerleaders. This was an innovation which could very well be adopted by all English sports—well, maybe not cricket!

The band gave the afternoon a festive touch. And hunger and thirst could be satisfied by hot dogs and coke.

Yes, I settled back to enjoy the game. The ground passes, aerial passes and first downs became pleasantly mingled with the vocal voodoo of the commentator. The music blended with feminine cries of encouragement. I let my attention be absorbed by the cheerleaders—at least they weren't padded.

Ignoring my ignorance, I cheered whenever everyone else cheered, groaned when everyone else groaned, and in the second half, became so bold as to offer my own advice to the referee.

Indeed it is quite a transplantation from the land of the red leather ball and the gentlemanly willow to the home of the pigskin and the Grid Gladiators—but when next I go to a game, I shall make no attempt to appreciate the rules, follow the ball, I'll just have a good time like everyone else.

To Discuss Basketball Business

Members of the UNB delegation to attend the fall meeting of the Northeast College Basketball Conference Oct. 29 at Ricker College of Houlton, Me., will be announced shortly.

The delegation will be headed by P. C. Kelly, president of the conference and athletic director up the hill. Others to make the trip were not determined at press time. UNB Coach Gerard (Moose) Flemming is scheduled to take the meeting in but he may be prevented from attending by his commitments as varsity Canadian football coach.

Man, it's rough! How they ever come out alive is a miracle but they seem to. It's a great game if there is nobody you like playing, but if there is, everytime somebody goes down you hold your breath and hope it's not your guy.

Boys find the intricate details of play very interesting but to girls it's just a mass of bodies piles in a writhing heap, with the ball buried somewhere underneath. The girls like it when somebody gets the ball, breaks away and streaks down the field for a touchdown. That is something we can understand—but that mass in the middle!

A line plunge, an end run, a buttonhook pass, a rouge, a quarterback sneak—these and a few hundred other terms baffle us, frustrate us and make us feel very stupid; so we vow never again to come to a game with a grandstand quarterback.

Injuries—girls are inclined to be both bloodthirsty and highly sympathetic—really get our attention. The kickoff which has a kind of symmetry, like a squadron of jet bombers coming in for an attack, the kicks when the ball goes soaring in the air and the converts which we know—by the roar of the crowd—gets us more points, we understand; but the huddle, the quarterback's signals and the general melee after the kickoff render us back to the stage of babbling idiots again.

Half of Fun
Half the fun of a football game is the crowd and the weather, when the crowd goes wild, the band plays, and the sun shines, there is nothing finer.

The cheerleaders, the yells, the fanatical screams for murders and touchdowns from some spectators, the band's loud and effective renditions of such songs as "Bombers Away", "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", "Three Blind Mice" and now and then a few bars of various notorious songs of dubious reputation which somehow or other evaporation seems to know adds the vocal excitement of the day.

The girls love to see who is at the game, who is with who, what the other girls are wearing and who's drunk again — and, incidentally, the score. It is the whole spectacle, not the game, that the girls love.

Those red uniforms look wonderful. In fact, the whole football teams looks pretty good even to those who are immune to football players and there aren't too many of those.

SOCCER SATURDAY UNB vs. MOUNT A COLLEGE FIELD

Here's the Statistical Story

The statistical story of Saturday's triumph by UNB over Saint John Wanderers, compiled on a 19-11 basis, follows:

SCORING	
First Quarter	
1 — UNB, touchdown, O'Connor.	
2 — UNB, convert, O'Connor	
3 — UNB, touchdown, George.	
4 — UNB, convert, O'Connor.	
5 — UNB, rouge, O'Connor.	
6 — UNB, rouge, Bouchard.	
Second Quarter	
7 — UNB, touchdown, Watson.	
Third Quarter	
8 — Saint John, touchdown, Stephen.	
Fourth Quarter	
9 — Saint John, touchdown, Mills.	
10 — Saint John, convert, Keleher.	

	First Half	Game
	UNB	SJ
Yard rushing	305	430
Yards passing	55	107
Passes attempted	6	11
Passes completed	2	4
Passes intercepted by	1	0
First Downs, rushing	12	1
First Downs, passing	1	3
Kicks	8	5
Yard, kicking	307	189
Average kick	38.4	37.8
Kick runbacks by	37	70
Fumbles by	2	3
Fumbles recovered	2	2
Penalties, yardage	35	20
Number of penalties	5	3
Field goals attempted	1	1
Field goals made	0	0

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