

Bearded Hoopsters Chalk Up Their Fourth Straight Victory

A capacity crowd at the Lady Beavenbrook Gym witnessed the opening game of the Varsity basketball season Friday evening when the U. N. B. squad entertained the touring House of David team. The bearded cagers made it their fourth straight victory over Maritime competition.

The visiting hoopsters put on an outstanding display of ballhandling, sharp shooting, and breath-taking tricks. Flooring only five players, they not only showed vim throughout the game, but they also put on mock exhibitions of football, baseball, and other similar stunts during halftime and time-outs.

"Toss" Heavner led the House of David in their 42-30 victory by scoring 16 points. "Moose" Shannon and "Deak" Chorn each contributed 10 points. Bobby Roth, manager of the team, led them in their classy ballhandling and comical stunts. At half time the House of David was ahead 24-9.

The Varsity team dressed 14 men for the game. From these the intercollegiate team will be picked. George Buchan and Gerry Bolton, both members of last year's team, led the U. N. B. offensive with 15 and 6 points respectively. Next Saturday U. N. B. will play the Aroostook team.

Lineups:
House of David: "Moose" Shannon 10, "Toss" Heavner 16, "Deak" Chorn 10, Bobby Roth 2, Cooper 4.
U. N. B.: Smith, Bolton 6, Valentia, Stairs, Glass 3, Hanusiak, Shepard 2, Manson 2, Garland 2, Buchan 15, Russell, Simpson, Little, Patterson.

Varsity Drops Two First League Starts In Week

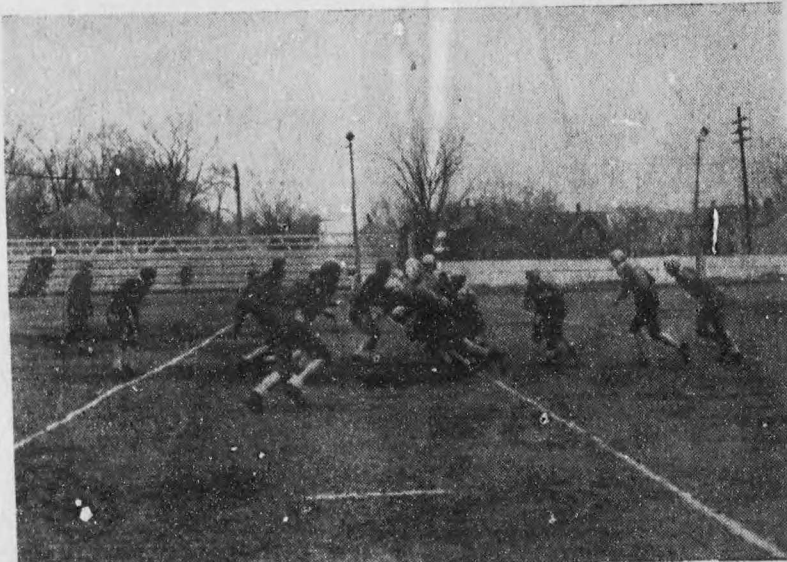
The U. N. B. hockey team ran into some tough opposition last week in the Southern N. B. Hockey League. Tuesday night they suffered a 5-2 setback at the hands of the Fredericton Capitals and Thursday night they lost a 6-3 decision to the Saint John entry. The games however were much closer than the scores would indicate. In both affairs the U. N. B. squad showed a definite lack of scoring punch.

The first game played against the Caps was a fast, rough affair with 25 penalties being handed out by referees Smith and Bishop. The Caps opened the scoring early in the game on a play by Pike and Menzies. A few minutes later Snow tied it up on a pass from Donkin. About mid-way through the period the Caps went ahead to stay with a goal by Wade from MacTavish. In the second period neither team

scored. The Caps sewed the game up in the third period with three quick goals made by Bennett, D. Sewell and Pike. With less than a minute to go Kennedy scored for U. N. B. The third session featured a minor brawl with all the players involved with the exception of the goal keepers.

In the second game against Saint John the Varsity squad definitely had the edge in the territorial play but their lack in scoring was more pronounced. Time and again they missed on good chances as they appeared to be outplaying their more experienced opponents. The score was deadlocked until the last five minutes of the final session and then Saint John opened up to score three before the game ended.

Summaries:
First Game
U. N. B.—Goal, McLelland; de (Continued on Page Five)



Some of the championship form which captured the provincial title for the U. N. B. Red Bombers a week ago is caught by the photographer in the above shots. The top photo shows MacGregor successfully converting the first of the three touchdowns, early in the first half, which paved the way for the lop-sided 17-0 win over the heavier Coverdale Navy Squad. In the second shot, taken in the second half, the Bombers line is stopping the weighty Navy attack dead in its tracks, with much crushing of nautical bones and no yardage. The Bombers took the round 28-5, and won the Burchill Cup for their efforts.

A Fable of Pitfalls

Frequently a boy from the country learns that the University of New Brunswick will teach him how to be a genuine professional, bachelor, woodsman. Usually this idea appeals to him much more than the thought of working for a living. He may have to trap foxes or raise hogs for a year or two but eventually he heads for U. N. B. in his new blue serge and clashing necktie.

What we country boys lack in sophistication we make up in zeal. We figure that it takes less than a kick with a frozen boot to smarten us up. Well, I had an idea when I got to U. N. B. that I could handle almost any situation. However, as you will see, I found things at U. N. B. that would baffle even a high grade moron.

Immediately, in my ignorance, I committed the most gorgeous sin known to Forestry. I wore a tie. My swearing colleagues were not slow in educating me on this point of etiquette. Since then I have resolutely suppressed any urge to dandyism. It is not my ambition to be a non-conformist. My tie is in storage at Wilson's and I plan to wear it when I get out of the bush to celebrate my golden wedding.

Forestry students should be warned that it is risky to begin managing the old man's woodlot before they reach fourth year. When I heard of selective cutting I believed and preached it to my relations. Some of them were convinced. Now I find that it can become a cycle of deterioration ending in a blueberry patch. So, if I cannot switch them back to clear-cutting I shall have to burn down all their trees very stealthily or be recognized as a false prophet.

Photo-ocular cruising was another masked battery. You can hardly imagine my joy when I heard of it. I sold my boats to a student and returned the case of fly-dope; and bought a horn-rimmed stereoscope. Then next summer I did line plots in a region that was not photographed. This was all Fleiger's fault and its lucky for him that he's away.

When they sent me down to Rae Brown's office to investigate the life cycle of the increment borer I was not fooled. I knew that it was an instrument, not an insect. However, I did ask him whether the borer had been invented by a Swede named Inkerman or by

M'sieur Increment of France. (You may notice that I once had a split lip.)

Co-eds were a disturbing influence for awhile. They still are as a matter of fact. I have been reliably informed that they realize that a forester is most eligible, if only because his wife will have fewer shirts to wash than the wife of a bank president or prime minister.

Some people are born sadists. When, in my innocence, I enquired about the tube running from the anemometer atop the Arts Building to the Forestry Building an artisan told me that it was a wind supply. That, my friends is hideous slander. Even if it was true, what use could we make of wind from that building. Lately I have been hoping to find out what forestry is, in order to sound learned by spouting definitions to the inquisitive. I don't like to answer them by saying that it is five years in college, a degree, a pair of snowshoes, and a one way ticket to the Hudson Bay watershed. I have discovered that usually a forester doesn't live long enough to see the results of his labours; that financial limitations prevent correct forestry methods; that we must educate a public which resists forestry education; and that there are very few final answers of any kind. My past experiences have made me cautious about committing myself to any new theory; so these new discoveries have had the effect of leaving me up a tree, so to speak.

Finally, I decided to take the dilemma by the horns and put the question to the faculty philosopher. Barney was in his office reading the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. I could see him mentally running over the answers and finally selecting one. "Well," he said, "It takes the faith of a martyr and there is a hell of a lot of missionary work to be done. I guess we'll have to call it a religion."

The president of the Tennessee Hairdressers' Association wants to stop gossip in beauty shops.

A. V. Perry said his own employees try to be businesslike when a woman comes in for a hairdo. "When a woman starts talking about her friends, we don't encourage it."

How's it working?
"It's awful hard to discourage some of them," he said.

How Paul Bunyan Started Skiing

A report from Moscow a couple of weeks ago claimed that a chap called Igor Slohovitch invented skiing. Just to keep the record straight I'd like to tell you that skiing is Paul Bunyan's invention; and here's how it all happened.

One season they were logging up near Two Tree Mountain. This mountain was so big and steep that nobody had ever climbed it so the two pines at the top had a chance to get their full growth — 600 feet from the ground to their first branches—all clear hard pine about a couple of thousand years old.

Paul figured that a nice matched pair like that would look good at the head of the drive so he set out to get them.

He got an early start and by mid-day he had those two pines felled and trimmed. Then he stood there with his right foot on one log and his left foot on the other, considering how to get them down the mountain. Just then a blizzard blew up and gave him a push that started him moving.

The spikes in his boots gave him a good grip so Paul decided to ride the logs down to the camp. He reached out and pulled up a couple of hundred year old saplings to help him keep his balance and that is how skiing began.

It was about fifty or seventy-five miles down to the camp, and the logs soon were as smooth as glass. The tips curled up a bit, and the resin that ran out of the wood was the first wax. A big rock loomed up in his path but he got around that by inventing the jump-turn. He would have invented the snowplow and tem turns but they would have slowed him down too much. There were other things that he didn't bother about too, like ski-tows and chairlifts but he didn't want to go back up the mountain anyway. He had invented skiing and the figure that was a good enough day's work even for him.

Paul didn't bother publicizing this new sport for several reasons. Some of the men thought the terrible roar of Paul's descent was the end of the world and the bull-cook even went so far as to take the pledge. Besides it didn't look like fun to those watching him sliding around on a couple of hunks of wood. It still doesn't except to a skier. What's more Paul

(Continued on Page Eight)

SADIE HAWKINS

"And no two ways about that, either"

PROCLAMATION

KNOW ALL DOGPATCH MEN what ain't married by these presents, and specially Li'l Abner Yokum:
WHEREAS there be inside our town limits a passel of gals what ain't married but craves something awful to be, and
WHEREAS these gals' pappies and mummies have been shouldering the burden of their board and keep for more years than is tolerable, and
WHEREAS there be in Dogpatch plenty of young men what could marry these gals but acts ornery and won't, and
WHEREAS we deems matrimony's joys and being sure of eating regular the birthright of our fair Dogpatch womanhood,
WE HEREBY PROCLAIM AND DECREES, by right of the power and majesty vestde in us as Mayor of Dogpatch,

Saturday, December 2nd.

SADIE HAWKINS DAY

WHEREON a foot-race will be held, the unmarried gals to chase the unmarried men and if they ketch them, the men by law must marry the girls and no two ways about it, and the decree is
BY AUTHORITY of the law and the statute laid down by our revered first Mayor of Dogpatch, Hekzebiah Hawkins, who had to make it to get his own daughter Sadie off his hands, she being the homeliest gal in all these hills and no two ways about that, either.

GIVEN UNDER OUR HAND AND SEAL.

Prometheus McGuise

MAYOR OF DOGPATCH

In this column among the short "Creative Writing" quality and genuine hoped that they work on the camp carried in The Bru

The sharp sting fumes hit his nostrils his head back. Black faded away from his blurred faces of Bert on each side of a hot met his gaze. Bert's moving but all he co an unintelligible garble of words and roar that hurt his aggravated the stab his head. Packy's wh ed vacantly back at



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