

Brunswickan



Established in 1867, The Brunswickan is published Tuesdays and Fridays by and for the students of the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, N.B. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Students' Representative Council. Subscriptions are available to non-students at \$3.50 a year. Single copies 10 cents. Authorized as second class matter, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Member Canadian University Press

OFFICE: Memorial Student Centre

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Play Ball!

There's a new sphere in the skies above Florida these days. But it isn't something that has been fired from the steel launching pad at Cape Canaveral. No, this missile has been thrust into the air from something more like a hickory launching platform. Further, this latest object does not contain a centre of delicate instruments but rather has its core made up of ordinary stuff like cork and woolen twine. Still in doubt? Well, it's a baseball and the occasion is, of course, the annual spring training sessions in Florida.

It's funny how the baseball season sort of sneaks up on you. From late November until March, you exist in sub-zero weather, plow through snowdrifts, bank fires, turn up thermostats, and then, one day in late March, you're driving home from the office through six inches of wet, slippery slush when the voice of a sportscaster suddenly comes through the car radio bringing those wonderful sounds of an early spring training game across the miles. There isn't a wisp of green grass anywhere; in fact there isn't a wisp of grass of any colour to be seen, but all of a sudden spring seems very near. It's a nice feeling. Won't be long now before Dad will be out in the back yard having that first catch with Johnny and as a result having his creaking muscles tell him that he really is a year older. Won't be long now before you'll be out there in the bleachers at the ballpark soaking up the sun and the smell of the freshly-mown outfield grass, and of the peanuts, and the hotdogs, which comes floating up to your nostrils. Boy, it feels good.

Baseball, or at least baseball broadcasts from Florida, are sort of a herald for the spring season. They precede the first robin in this clime by easily a full month, the disappearance of snow by two, and the first official day of spring by six weeks.

It re-routes the trend of conversation. All of a sudden Krushchev, "H"-bombs, missiles, and interplanetary flight are seeded second. They are replaced by, "Will the Braves and the Yankees repeat? or, "Do you suppose the Red Sox have a chance?" These are the topics of the day now and they are scheduled to remain so, with perhaps slight variations, for another six months.

For the old-timer, there's always just a little bit of nostalgia connected with spring training. The tired, rugged old veterans who have become perennial fixtures at the training camps are gradually replaced by young, fresh, new faces. But it isn't like it used to be. No longer does the awkward rookie show up at the training camps in a woolen suit with ankle-length trousers, carrying a battered suitcase, and with a very-used ball-glove dangling from his belt-buckle. Now, they drive south with their families in a convertible.

Gone are the days of ball-players like Babe Ruth, Pepper Martin, Dizzy and Paul Dean, and the others, who turned spring-training into one long frolic of hilarious antics before they got down to the semi-serious business of playing out the regular schedule. Nowadays, ball-players are more like calculating businessmen. They hold out for more money because their batting average was three points higher last year than it was the preceding one, or because some sportswriter has called them the most valuable players on their teams. Baseball has become a serious, big-time business. Now when the players assemble with their respective clubs in the spring, they do so for the purpose which spring-training was always intended — to get in shape for what has become a gruelling, 154-game schedule. Everything is very organized now. Even while in Florida, the teams play in a league, the Grapefruit League, in which each club plays a series of exhibition games with the others. Even though these games mean nothing in the standings at the end of the year, almost all of them are broadcast back to the home cities of the teams. Some of these exhibition games are even televised.

But all this just goes to proclaim the fact that baseball, and
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'Summer' In Mid-March

The title of the UNB Drama Society's forthcoming production, **The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll**, may seem to some to be a rather puzzling one. For seventeen years two Australian cancutters, Roo and Barney, have spent the summer lay-off season with their girl-friends in the south. Every year they present the girls with a kewpie doll. The play tells the story of one of those summers—the seventeenth. To say more would be to give the story away. University audiences will be able to see it themselves on March 12, 14 and 15 at Memorial Hall Theatre on the University campus.

Walter Learning, as Roo, has proven himself an able and versatile actor, having in the last two years played parts ranging from a married-woman-chasing author in **The Seven Year Itch**, to an irate father in **The Moon is Blue**, to a volatile Italian immigrant in **A View from the Bridge**. His performance in **The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll** once again testifies to his talent and versatility.

Sharing the male lead with Walter, is Michael Gordon in the part of Barney. Mike is no stranger to Fredericton audiences and will be best remembered for his moving performance as Eddie Carbone in **A View From the Bridge**. He has played in three previous Festival productions and each time has won the award for the Best Actor in the New Brunswick Regional Drama Festival, in **Dangerous Corner**, **Journey's End** and **A View From the Bridge**.

Another **View From the Bridge** veteran is Anneke Deichmann, as Olive, who has proven her ability by winning the Best Supporting Actress Award for her performance as Eddie's wife Beatrice. Sandra Kilburn, a Fredericton resident, plays her first major role in the part of Pearl. In this part she has shown herself to be an accomplished actress and she can be counted on for a polished and exciting performance.

Rounding off the cast are Jerry Scarfe as Johnny Dowd and Wendy Tidmarsh as Bubba. Although these are not big parts, they are important, for Johnny and Bubba are symbolic of a new and different generation. In the part of Emma, Olive's snappy, embittered mother, is Joyce Campion, an actress with a wealth of experience in the Irish repertory theatre.

The Summer of the Seven-

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THE HOTBED



And when the One Great Scorer, comes to Write against your name.

He cares not if you won or lost, but how you played the game.

These words. So beautiful. So oft repeated. So simply put. And so geared to instill in every player of every sport the idea that sportsmanship is of primary importance — winning of secondary importance.

These words. So beautiful — and so ridiculous and untrue that the very saying of them makes the stomach heave violently. The only reason for playing any sport is to win. This remains true no matter how many coaches claim that sports build character or no matter how many fans admire the player who huddles over an injured opponent.

The only reason for playing any sport is to win. This is the way it is. This is the way it should be.

Last week at the Lady Beaverbrook Rink we saw a fellow called Reed, playing for the St. Thomas Tommies, lift the puck into the mouth of Henri Girard. Pretty unsportsmanlike, but if Reed could have put Girard out of the game it would have helped the St. Thomas Tommies — to win. In fact every player on the Tommies went out for Girard which proves that he is a very fine hockey player, or they wouldn't try to flatten him. All to Girard's credit that he came back and still made a monkey out of the Tommies squad. In the afternoon we saw a different story. One of the Washington State basketball players fell. An Aroostook State player went back and helped him to his feet. Very nice of him — except that the Washington State player beat the Aroostook guy down the floor to score the basket. Who's the hero? — who's the chump?

And down in Squaw Valley the "world champion" (last year) — (and we use the word very loosely) hockey team gets knocked off their very high-horse pedestal because they are too busy being gentlemen and not busy enough being tough, dirty, rotten — winners. They now have a big trophy to bring home to Canada inscribed "Awarded to the nicest bunch of patsys in the Winter Olympics". The real trophy for winning went somewhere else. The members of the Canadian hockey team sure had their characters built up though. The desire to beat one's fellow man whether it be in sports, in business, in school, is a healthy desire. It matters not how one beats him — by fair means or foul — as long as he is beaten.

Possibly desire is the most important product on our hockey squad. Say that Andrea — Girard — Bolitho — McLellan — Soward — Ned Read — Parent — have not got burning, all consuming, desire to win and you will be telling a lie. They have this desire. That and that alone makes a great hockey squad. Character building — phooey. A hell of a lot of character building they would have done had they lost 5-1 the other night. Leave that bunk for the losing coaches.

Adolph Rupp, coach of the Kentucky U basketball team, and who has won 609 games while losing only 108 in the past 29 years, has this to say. "The hell with how they played the game. They still keep score don't they?" To this statement, a tip of the **Hotbed** hat.

teenth Doll was written by Ray Lawler, a native Australian playwright. His play was first presented in a small off-Broadway theatre, and created such a sensation that it was brought on to Broadway, where it was an immediate success. After its Fredericton presentation, the play
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THANK YOU!

To all of you who so generously gave me your support in the SRC elections last Wednesday, I extend my sincerest thanks.

Mary Jean McNichol

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