

SPORTS

BASKETBALL TEAM IN TWO-DAYS SPOTLIGHT

Play Houlton, Scoudouc

This evening the Lady Beaverbrook Gym will once more come to life as U.N.B. students crowd into the bleachers to support the Varsity basketball team in the season's grand opening fixture. The game will see the hoopsters from Up the Hill lining up against a strong aggregation from the Houlton Air Base. It is hoped that Gerry Lockhart will be back in uniform this evening. The U.N.B. quintet was indeed a credit to this small college last year so we urge everyone to get out tonight and give the boys all the support the old lungs can muster.

Tomorrow night Manager Robinson has a second big show on the floor for the students. At that time Varsity will take on the Scoudouc R.C.A.F. base from down on the south shore. This team is one of the best senior squads in the Maritimes and will provide a real test for the Red and Black.

Remember guys and gals. You had not a good, but a marvellous team last year. Few men have been lost through graduation so what say we all get in there and push our boys this year, to another championship. Our objective—another crack at the Dominion basketball title.

INTERMURAL BASKETBALL

So proudly we hail the Intramural Basketball League, as it stumbles back onto the sport's page in this its third year of existence just as vibrant and slap-happy as in the days when it was only a gleam in Howie Ryan's eye. This year's bumper crop of players is the same old collection of has-beens, novices, punks and assorted riff-raff that pounded the gym floor in the bygone era, with only a few newcomers to bolster the aged.

In the opener on Monday night Syd Acker and his Black Widows crawled all over the Spitfire crew, in spite of weekend hangovers, and scored a clean cut 19-12 verdict. The second game went down in history as an upset, cause Johnny Baxter's sensational (on paper) team was trampled on by a thoroughbred herd of Mustangs owned and operated by one James Fettes Esq. Final score 30-21.

19 BLACK WIDOWS
Acker 6, Donahue 3, Scott 6, McEachern 4, Callaghan

12 SPITFIRES
Ramsey 4, H. Robinson 4, W. Baldwin 2, P. G. Robinson, Adams, McLean 2

21 HURRICANES
Adamson, MacKenzie 7, Martin, Baxter 6, Ayers 8, G. M. MacKenzie, B. Brown

30 MUSTANGS
Fettes 16, Bell 12, Mulherin 2, Powell, Evans

SLASH and BASH

Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening saw the bone crushing league roll on with four games being played during the week. At the end of two weeks of hockey two battle scarred teams have emerged in a two way tie for first place. Losing the lead they held at the end of the first week, the Juniors are now locked in fond embrace with the Frosh. What may happen next week remains to be seen. A prophecy has it that the Frosh are literally going to exterminate the Juniors and carry off the title this year. This is just a hot tip straight from the Frosh and any ear marks of a threat must be disregarded. The Sophs are still floundering about on the ice wondering why their great machine is still stalled, and the Seniors have ceased to wonder. They are still busy down in the cellar and have now reached the desperation stage. The team is completely demoralized and has gone haywire, to say the least. It is reported that Marie Duffie, the coed net minder, is now carrying on negotiations with "Slaughter house" Ramsey, and may appear with the Seniors on Sunday. This will release Turk Crowther, the whiz of the wing, who has been draped over the net for the past week.

On Sunday the Seniors screamed to a 4-0 defeat, courtesy of the Frosh. The burly bulls of the Frosh rearguard, Perkins and Murchie, clad in full battle order, slashed, bashed, bit and clawed everything in sight. Those guys are wasting their time at U.N.B. when they seem so expert in unarmed combat. In the second clash the Juniors emerged on the high side of a 4-3 score. Sophs of course being on the receiving end. "Scotty" Mulherin has delivered an ultimatum to the S.R.C. It seems he kind of had his Sunday trousers mutilated with his legs in them. Anyone wishing to visit him will find him in the "public" ward at the hospital. We're joking of course!

Tuesday evening Turk Crowther played a game not to be compared with any others of his long career. The Sophs smeared the old man 11-2 and when last seen, Turk was sitting in the goal crease, weeping silently. The end of an outstanding career! When all the Seniors and broken sticks had been removed from the ice the Frosh blasted home an 8-1 victory over the Juniors. Gerrish and Finnegan got out their double-runners and bashed around a bit. It is really amazing how fast these Juniors are at times (on ice incidentally).

See you all next Sunday at College Park when the fists start flying.

Grow up as soon as you can. It pays. The only time you really live fully is from thirty to sixty.

Sporting Spotlight

This week your sports editor takes over the column once more in an attempt to clarify another situation which appears to have arisen. I will first say that my remarks are not directed at the Mounties but to St. F. X.

Earlier this week we received a letter from a U.N.B. Grad. It was a very disturbing letter and we are glad to know that our Grads are maintaining such close contact with the Alma Mater regarding sports.

It seems that this person was rather overwhelmed by a number of strong statements coming from members of the above mentioned institution of higher (supposedly) learning. In the course of a conversation regarding football, this U.N.B. grad, being puzzled over the fact that while U.N.B. had been declared N. B. champs, St. F. X. had still won the Maritime title, asked for an explanation. Very simple, stated the St. F. X. man. U.N.B. was afraid to play St. F. X. What do you think of that explanation? Sounds more like a bunch of kids in grade school than college students. This statement was what disturbed the writer.

From here yours truly will attempt to take over. I have heard this same rumour from more than one source since last fall, but frankly it never occurred to me that a man in college could adopt that attitude. Being myself a member of that team, I will now present my views.

The U.N.B. team realized that they would be in line for just such a blast if they did not play St. F. X. We did not play in a league last fall and on Nov. 7 our season was over. The N. S. playdowns were not over for at least three weeks, following our final game. It was suggested that we play St. F. X. and a meeting was called. The team voted to call an end to the season, mainly because there would be no games in the intervening period, and also due to the fact that the Christmas finals commenced on Dec. 9. Yes St. F. X. possibly we were "scared" but not of taking the field against your team. We also are attempting to graduate in engineering and deeply regret not being able to devote all our time to athletics.

We would suggest that next year the great Nova Scotia rugger squad show a little consideration. If it can be arranged that the N. S. playdowns end a little earlier, I may assure you that the U.N.B. team will not be huddled around the stove in the clubhouse, with knees trembling at the thought of facing such an outstanding aggregation.

We have heard lots of the "Master race" but never before realized that the Maritimes possessed a master football team. Don't forget St. F. X. the Maritimes still includes N. B. and with a fair arrangement next year it remains to be seen if the lads from Up the Hill will cover before the might of the Xaverians.

Varsity Humbles Army

U. N. B. 13 ARMY 5

It was a clear, wild night when the 1944 edition of the Red and Black took the ice against Army in the first hockey fixture of the current season. It was the initial appearance of the squad which has been undergoing rigorous training for the past three weeks and when the final whistle went the Varsity pucksters were out in front with a smart 13-5 victory to their credit.

The game got off to a fast start and rolled along at top speed throughout the three periods. In the first period Clark started with his Bell, Simpson, Scofman line and after 2 minutes of play Bell sagged the twice on a pass from Simpson. At 6 minutes Wade, burly Varsity rearguard, split the Army defence and with the aid of Doug Simpson shoved the score up another notch. Near the end of the period Bell again scored on a pass from Simpson.

In the second stanza Whittingham was replaced by Martin between the uprights at the U.N.B. end and after 5 minutes of play Thibodeau flashy Army wingman notched the Army's first tally. Soon after this Reno Cyr, a Varsity newcomer, scored a pretty goal from Stuart. The second line of Ross, Stuart and Cyr showed up well and Stuart, a Friesbie from St. Andrews, displayed some real hockey brains. This boy is slated for big things in Varsity hockey. The next tally came in a mixup in front of Martin, when the puck was deflected from the skate of a U.N.B. man into the twines. This boosted the Army score up another point. Other scores during the second period came from Simpson with Bell on the assist, Ross with Stuart escorting, Stuart from Ross and in the dying seconds the Simpson-Bell com lifted the disc by goalie Byers of Army. A third Army counter was made by Thibodeau toward the end of the period.

The third period saw Simpson with 3 more scores to his credit, all assists going to Bell. Wade crashed through for a final point near the end of the game. For the Army this smart wingman Thibodeau rounded up two more scores, giving him a 4 goal record for the game. He was next high man to Simpson in the race for scoring honours. In the third stanza Moffet pushed the rubber aside for U.N.B. For U.N.B. it would be unfair to pick any individual stars. The entire team deserved a wealth of praise as well as the coach. Not sharing in the scoring, but playing top hockey for Varsity on defense were O'Brien, Fleming and Bond.

"Merals are sovereigns, but no government is so."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"It is sometimes wiser to cross the road than to stand in the middle."—Dean Inge.

HOOPSTERS WIN

In a very unimpressive basketball game last Friday evening, last year's Dominion finalists muddled through to a win over the Army, by coming out on the top end of a 46-20 score. This score was far from a good indication of the showing made by U.N.B. Playing an obviously weak team they showed none of their old fight and with the exception of Ed Milton, ianky Varsity guard, the U.N.B. squad was of little better calibre than an inter-class team. The most impressive line of the evening was the Frosh trio of Worthen, Cummings and Haines. The kids were not up in the scoring honours but showed great form on the floor. The team obviously missed Gerry Lockhart, captain, an outstanding performer. He was unable to take the floor because of illness and his absence appeared to have a rather demoralizing effect on the first string. Last year's Junior Varsity line of Brooks, Elgee and True seem to be in line for the second string position on Varsity this year. Like the first string they were an absolute disappointment to all, last Friday. The Red and Black barrier of Milton, Owens and Art Demers, another Frosh product, was the only comforting factor of the game. They played good ball and Milton wound up with 17 points to his credit.

The Army floored a rather makeshift team composed of the old timers, Ted McLean, Paul Eldridge, Atcheson, Williams plus some newcomers. This team showed obvious possibilities last Friday and will undoubtedly show a marked improvement in the future. The boys from Up the Hill are not to be criticized too freely and now that they have one poor show tucked away, we will expect some of the old U.N.B. spirit in the double header coming up this weekend.

Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the product is poor. If the current causes a precipitate of lys, tin, arsenic, iron, slag and alum the whiskey is fair. If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.

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Scattered

Revelat
On fire I stood, as often I had
Upon the world's first edge wit
But now my soul sat judging at
(My guilty eyes! That had so
And yet seen nothing . . .) Sp
Upon the firmament, spilling o
Bathing the shuddering hills w
The deadly travail of earth and
Brought forth the sun. And I,
Stood amidst a client univers
Alone . . . and when I looked u
(While from afar a muttering
Wakened in my ears . . .) I sa
They, too, were red!
Hiding my face before th
That now, at last, had needle
I wept. And all my tears me
Than sea-salt unto drowning to
Though I were swaddled in a f
But I wept no more, for m

Collick Ho

Collick Hoomer!
Soph: Gee but that freshman's
dumb he can't even tell Firestone
from gallstone.
Junior: And who was Gallstone?
* * * * *
A girl who slaps her sweetheart
may not want to hurt his feelings
as much as she wants to stop them.
* * * * *
Blake: Do you serve shrimps?
Walter: We serve anyone.
* * * * *
C. O.: Now I want you to get your
directions straight. This is an
important mission. Facing this
way what's on your right hand?
Frosh: A wart.
* * * * *
A flirt is a woman who believes
its every man for herself.
* * * * *
Rookie: Say Col. I figured out a
way to keep the men in the front
rank from being killed.
Col: How?
Rookie: Put them in the rear rank.
* * * * *
Boy: What did you do when you
discovered electricity?
Benjamin Franklin: Nothing. I
was too shocked.

8 delicious
nouris
2—LIQUID BUTTERCR
2—LIQUID BUTTERCR
2—LIQUID BUTTER
2—LIQUID CREA
Neilson
LIQUID
FOUR F
Neilson