

HOOP PLAY UNDER FIRE

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W'KEND



BRUNSWICKAN

CANADA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PUBLICATION

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U.N.B.

UNB Drama Production Receives High Praise



A sneak preview of tonight's goings-on as Joyce Ramey and Dawn Bell don Continental costume in preparation for Friday's Apache Dance, winding up the week's Co-Ed activities.

Apache Dance Marks End of Co-Ed Week Festivities

With the Apache Dance being held tonight in the Boxing Room of the Gym, Co-Ed week will come to a scalp-tingling conclusion. Admission to the stomp will be 50¢ per couple, and dancing will be from 9-12:30. A three-piece orchestra will supply the music, and decorations will, as usual strive to simulate the atmosphere of Gay Paris.

HURRY! HURRY!

Get Your Winter Carnival
Tickets Now.

On Sale at SRC office

11 a.m. - 1 p.m. Daily

Co-Ed week started off on Monday with a Bring and Buy auction held at the Residence, in which the town girls joined with the Residence girls. The following night, Tuesday, movies of last year's Red 'n' Black and Winter Carnival were enjoyed at the Student Centre.

Wednesday evening brought a Skating party at the Rink, complete with refreshments. Thursday night was the annual WOLF night, when most of the Co-Eds took their dates to one of the local theatres!!

(For further details see Pages 2-3.)

Library Stacks to Open Evenings to Upper Classmen

Junior, Intermediate and Senior students of all faculties will be permitted use of the Library stacks in the evenings effective January 21 the Library Committee reported to the weekly SRC meeting on Wednesday night. A letter was read from Dr. A. G. Bailey stating that the new arrangement is on an experimental basis and will remain in effect until further notice. Students wishing to use the stacks must deposit their Student Passes at the Librarian's desk upon entering and reclaim them when leaving.

The proposed train to the Mount A Winter Carnival in February will not be run representatives of the Business Administration Club told the Council. They felt that it would be highly improbable that enough students wishing to attend could be found to make the train economically feasible.

An improved plan of registration procedure at the Rink for next fall was recommended. In order to ensure that all students obtain passes it will be necessary for them to pass through SRC territory before reaching the Bursar.

A limited number of UNB pennants will be on sale next week and if enough persons are interested more will be ordered.

Preliminary budgets of various student organizations were brought forward with final budgets to be presented next week.

POLITICAL NOTES

U.N.B. delegates to the Annual Progressive Conservative Student Federation Meeting to be held in Ottawa Jan. 31 to Feb. 2, inclusive, were chosen at a regular meeting of the P.C. Club in the Oak Room last week.

Chosen by almost unanimous ballot were George Bastin and Club president Dick Steeves.

Highlights of the meeting will be an address by Hon. Sidney Smith, Secretary of State for external affairs, the banquet Saturday evening at which Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker will be speaker, and the dance afterward in the Ballroom of the Chateau Laurier.

A meeting of the Liberal Club will be held Tuesday, Jan. 28th, at the Students' Centre in the Conference Room starting at eight o'clock. Miss Joan Proudfoot will give her report on the National Liberal Convention. The Liberal platform for the Model will be arranged, and many matters pertinent to the Model Parliament will be discussed.

UNB PLAYERS PERFORMANCE TERMED "SUPERB" BY CRITIC

Richard West, British-born actor and director now in the midst of a cross-country adjudication tour, told a large audience at Charles Fawcett Memorial Hall in Sackville that the UNB production in the 1958 N.B. Drama Festival had been "a superb play, extremely well-acted and skillfully directed." Two members of the all-male cast received special praise— Michael Gordon, who took the part of a British Army Captain with rapidly crumbling nerves, and Patrick Blake, his close friend and second-in-command.

The UNB Drama Society followed their rivals on the stage on Tuesday night with "Journey's End" by R. C. Sherriff. The adjudicator praised the choice of play, the lighting and make-up, the direction and the fine teamwork of the actors, finding fault only with the lighting and the positioning of the final scene. The performances of Mike Gordon as Stanhope and Pat Blake, rising magnificently to the occasion as Osborne, were excellent. Phil Reynolds once again established himself in his delightful comedy part, and Mike Pick, John Gellard, and John Drew, as the three Second Lieutenants in very contrasting roles were also praised for their scenes. Iain Barr, the C.S.M. was good, and Bob Miller, Frank Good, and Robert Ferguson completed a cast which lacked a week link as the Society put over its best all-round performance of this play—the effective atmosphere being helped by the choice of interval music, yet counteracted by the undesirable clankings of the curtain every time it was drawn.

At the private adjudication Mr. West passed over one or two technicalities before saying that he had said all he wished to say about the play in public when he described it as "a superb play, very well directed, and most sensitively acted". He then went on to open up a discussion.

The Festival opened on Monday evening with the presentation of Noel Coward's witty and amusing "Present Laughter".

tv personalities . . .



Shown above are the Winter Carnival Queen hopefuls who appeared on TV Wednesday evening as guests of Jenie Wood on the Jene-ally Yours Show. The prospective candidates will compete for the regal post Saturday evening, January 31st. Left to right are: Loree Bremner, Science; Margaret MacLelland, Engineering; Biddy MacIntosh, Business Administration; Carol Anne Barter, Forestry and Jennifer Prosser, Arts.

BRUNSWICKANNE

MEMOIRS OF A CO-ED

I guess it all began that night we went to the four hour movie. As we left the theatre, the big electric clock in the lobby told us not only that the time was 11:50 but also that our midnight leave would expire long before we returned to the residence. The habit of having a coffee at the "Terrace" drew us in that direction like a magnet. That habit was probably our greatest downfall.

It was freshman year at a small eastern college and our first year in a college Women's Residence. I was one of 10 freshettes housed in an isolated part of the sprawling residence. I guess it must sound ridiculous to be isolated in a residence with 80 girls. But that is just about what we were.

We lived on the second storey of a 2 storey extension with its own private entrance. Our only connection with the main house was a door in the dining room beneath us.

That pretty well isolated us. It also threw us into a situation where we became better acquainted with each other than with the other residents. The only common factor that had caused us to be so housed was that we all held entrance scholarships. We all became fairly close friends, but we five in particular became closer friends as our year in "Frosh Den" advanced.

But to get back to the "Terrace". Over our coffee we momentarily discussed being late and found the prospects more humorous than disastrous. In our few months at college, not one of us had ever been late before. In fact we had never even slightly fractured a house rule as far as our record was concerned. This was immaterial to us. We weren't actually trying for a perfect record. Apparently as far as the rest of the residence was concerned we were. From their attitude toward us, we had quite obviously been labeled. To them we were a bunch of straight-laced scholarly squares, nice enough but too stunned to bother with. So no one bothered to venture over to our secluded "Den".

For some reason we didn't linger over a coffee as we usually did. It was only twelve-twenty when we got back to Winslow Hall. On our way back we joked about the possibilities of getting in the residence without any difficulty. We had all observed that "Peach" our house fellow, sometimes didn't come over until almost one a.m. She was a bridge addict and explained that she, "just couldn't break up the game until at least one good hand had been played". Besides, she didn't think we required a "boarding school babysitter". Might I add that the boarding school attributes of the Hall came from other directions.

Peach was there. She was sitting very stiffly on a straight-backed chair in the lounge. When we reached the top of the stairs, without turning down our volume she announced in a calm voice, dripping with sugar and concern, "Girls, you are very late. I have been waiting for you for twenty-

five minutes. Please sign in and go to your rooms quietly. I don't want you to disturb the other girls."

I signed in and went to my room. We all did. We all went to my room, that is.

The next day we didn't take our fate quite so lightly. At lunch the Dean announced that she would like to see us in our lounge. We were quite aware that the Dean wasn't in the habit of speaking to selected groups for complimentary reasons.

Dean Rockwell stood before us. From her vantage point of height, she glared down at us with her steel grey eyes narrowed and piercing.

I wasn't afraid of P.J.—that's short for pajamas. It's our nick name for the Dean who frequently parades through the halls clad in the same. I must admit I wasn't overjoyed at this point. The prospects of a round with the lashing tongue of authority isn't too appealing to any freshette.

Rockwell began by saying that punctuality was one thing she insisted on. I knew that. We were all quite aware that thirty seconds after the hour was considered late. She continued and in her abrupt manner came straight to the point. She considered twenty minutes to be in excess to necessity, consequently we were to be campused the following weekend. That was all. She left as abruptly as she had spoken.

As the sound of her steps receded, I observed that the shocked expressions on the four faces I could see began to dissolve into an infuriated realization which matched my exact sentiments.

The silence was broken by a confusion of the sounds of mild cursing, a hand falling full force on the coffee table, and a book slamming against the far wall.

The demonstration was caused by the realization that a grossly unjust sentence had been issued against us. In the first place it was customary for a resident to be punished only on the third infraction of the 'leave' rule. Campusing was a measure taken only after the person was late repeatedly. Secondly, campusing usually meant that a person would be confined to the residence after seven P.M. for four nights to be chosen at the convenience of the offender during the following week. Lastly, and most bitter of all, the weekend in question was the weekend of the Invitational Basketball Meet. To even a dumb freshette this meant guests, games, parties, and dances.

That was only Tuesday. Well, by Thursday afternoon we had talked ourselves into a legal means of relieving the harshness of our sentence. We were determined that we would attain a slight liquid glow just to make the long evening more enjoyable.

Since the consumption of alcoholic beverages is definitely not allowed in the residence, we took a friend into our confidence. At this point not even our five "co-denners" were in on our scheme.

Promptly at five-thirty on Fri-

day afternoon, Montgomery, who had kindly donated his car as a party room and himself as Chauffeur, arrived at the door.

By the time we had parked on the most secluded lane of Elm Park on the outskirts of the city, we had discovered that the one ordered bottle had been supplemented by another bottle, compliments of Montgomery.

The interlude in the Park was brief but effective. At six forty-five we were back at Winslow Hall and not even Montgomery was too stable. As for us, well, two bottles had proved too much for our first endeavour of consuming hard liquor.

We staggered up the stairs, half dragging a weaker member of our party who flaked at the top. It didn't take long for the sober half of the "Den" to realize what had taken place. My foggy brain just couldn't understand why one of my pals was unconscious and in bed, two were in the bathroom taking turns being violently ill, and a third sat soberly in a comfortable chair. I had never felt happier in my life. In fact I was so happy I laughed. For fifteen monotonous minutes I laughed.

The dumbfounded observers decided to take a hand. However they were completely inexperienced in the care and welfare of drunks so a conference ensued. The general consensus of opinion was that I should be in bed in case our Housefellow decided to return.

After considerable verbal persuasion and physical force I was finally in bed, a position which I periodically maintained. Feeling as gay as I did I just couldn't remain horizontal. So I would bound out of bed and give a great defensive oration in which I invariably maintained that I was not drunk but just pleasantly plastered.

I guess it was about 8:30 when the Housefellow returned. Through my open door she noted that I was in bed and the room was full of people. She stuck her head in the doorway and asked if I wasn't feeling well.

One quick thinking protector replied "No, I guess it must have been the fish-cakes. A couple of the other girls aren't feeling too well either."

To this "Peach" conveyed her half-hearted regrets and went to her room. I sat bolt upright and exclaimed in an unhusbed tone, "Fishcakes . . . But I had cold cuts for supper."

Peach must have been within hearing range. At any rate, being of an inquisitive nature, she returned to the room within a few minutes on some false pretense. She quite obviously made a closer investigation into the nature of my illness.

Apparently satisfied yet disturbed with the results of her investigation she disappeared in the direction of the main house.

Peach returned shortly, accompanied by the Dean and two other staff members. They had a card table with them which they placed in the middle of the lounge. Then began a card game which lasted long into the night.

This rather abruptly ended my

party. I have since been told that P.J. asked in an informative tone if my friends wouldn't like to take a walk in the fresh air, adding that she thought some sleep would greatly improve my condition. — with emphasis on CONDITION.

I wasn't in a mood for sleeping. I laid in bed for a few minutes and tried to weigh the "Pros" and "Cons" of getting up. I couldn't think of any "Cons" so, I got up. I wandered into the lounge and surveyed the card game. They intentionally ignored me and I didn't go for that. I asked "Ish anyone interested in knowing that Dean Rockwell hash four aces in her hand." She turned and stared at me. I decided to ignore her stare and try flattery as an approach. I complimented her on how well her knee socks matched her sweater. She couldn't have been impressed for she stood up and, taking full advantage of her 5'11", glared down at me. I mumbled "Good-night" and went to bed.

The Saturday morning that followed was not unusual. We didn't have headaches but admittedly felt rather dopey. Combined with that was the uneasy feeling of anticipation. But morning faded into noon but no word from the Dean, our spirits rose.

The prospects for the coming evening were dull. However we decided to make the best of the situation and take in a movie that afternoon.

Mid-way through an interesting feature, the grey clouds over our heads turned black and fell frighteningly lower. I was paged to the phone to accept a very important phone call. I shuddered as I recognized the voice on the other end of the wire as that of the Dean. When she told me her reason for phoning I just looked blankly at the receiver.

All she said was that the President would like to see us at 3:30 that afternoon in his office. I don't know how long I looked at the phone before I absently dropped it and automatically wandered to my companions. I remember very little of what happened between then and when we reached the College. We left the theatre in a daze and except for a few nervous bursts of conversation we said very little. We were solemnly silent when we reached the President's outer office. That's where I am now.

Of Interest to Gals and Guys

An Intramural Badminton Tourney, open to both men and women shuttlecock enthusiasts, will commence at 9 am Friday, Jan 31. Deadline for entries for the tournament, in which there will be singles doubles and mixed competition, has been set for Thursday Jan. 30. However, a limited number of post entries will be accepted Friday morning. Anyone interested should contact Ted Jack (5-5655).

Going . . .

Going . . .

Gone . . .

To the lady in the back row! This was the cry that rang through the Maggie Jean on Monday night when the Ladies Society auctioned off everything they could collect (from pickles to girdles to Peyton Place). Incidentally Peyton Place that 50¢ American pocket book sold for \$2.40 so if you haven't read it check with the co-eds about the contents? The evening was a success although many moans were heard from those impetuous buyers who later discovered that size is important. It is hoped that the money raised will be used for charity but this will be determined at a general meeting to be held later in the term.



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Vive La Difference!

The Brunswickanne commemorates Co-ed week, that time 'when no holds are barred' for the usually subtle female pursuants.

We tried to model our issue on the Forestry and Engineering Brunswickans but ran into difficulty since, except for Co-ed week, the co-eds are a heterogeneous mass who may be found in all but one faculty and in all but a few of the campus organizations. In the past we wrote of emancipation or sex but as of now we can discover nothing new to say about either subject.

Instead we present a summary of the week's events, an original story and some long repressed complaints from several members of the fairer sex. All in all we have come to the conclusion that except for a few basic differences Co-eds aren't so different from their male counterparts.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

Lilliput Revisited

It is a well known fact that during the reign of Queen Anne a sea captain named Lemuel Gulliver accidentally discovered the country of Lilliput. It is a little known fact that in 1954 Lilliput was rediscovered, this time by a renowned scholar known to her colleagues as the "Great Grey Mother".

Although the geographical location of the country and the tininess of its inhabitants showed that the land was unquestionably Lilliput, the "Great Grey Mother" found that the people of that country had changed greatly since Gulliver's time. Lilliput was now peopled exclusively by females. It was a long while before the "Great Grey Mother" was absolutely sure of this fact, for a small group of males from neighbouring countries seldom left Lilliput. The presence of these intruders was cherished by a few but despised by the majority and the "Great Grey Mother" ascertained that they were merely squatters and not regular citizens.

Although Lilliput was governed to the satisfaction of the inhabitants by a president and executive committee, the "Great Grey Mother" felt that a more dictatorial rule was necessary. By virtue of her superior size and learning, she established herself as absolute monarch. To maintain her position she frequently issued proclamations catering cleverly to the supposed mental inferiority of the Lilliputians. To see that order was maintained and that no one escaped to neighbouring male-inhabited countries, she barred the gates of the main cities of Lilliput, established strong lights above these gates, and personally patrolled the streets.

The "Great Grey Mother" found many of the customs of the Lilliputians strange and distasteful. They had a disinclination to go to bed at night. Instead, they would gather in one home and talk, or they would congregate in a public meeting place and play a game with fifty-two pieces of coloured cardboard and drink a hot, brown beverage.

The eating habits of the Lilliputians were a puzzle to the "Great Grey Mother". Often they would look at the food that was set before them, turn a strange colour, and depart rapidly and in poor spirits. The "Great Grey Mother" had an insatiable appetite and found little fault with the food.

Although the professed occupation of the Lilliputians was the pursuit of learning, there were those among them who ignored this noble ambition and, in its stead, dedicated their time to the search for small sparkling gems. Occasionally a Lilliputian would acquire one of these treasures and an hysteria of congratulations would follow. The "Great Grey Mother" was widely suspected of being in sympathy with this minority and it was feared by the Lilliputians that only upon her acquisition of this revered gem would she leave Lilliput.

CO-EDS AND SPORTS

The co-eds are here to stay—at least as far as the university's athletic department are concerned. These busy little creatures with their enthusiasm, pleasant smiles, pep, vim and vigour are active from registration day until the last gun fires to end the athletic season.

In the fall one small group—better known to you as the cheerleaders—in their white sweaters and red and black kilts can be found on the football field leading the crowds in their cheers for the Bombers. The drum majorettes made their debut on the campus this fall and next season the students will have a chance to see them in their new snappy, white with red and black trim, uniforms as they precede the band at athletic events.

Long before most students start to think about winter sports the co-ed swimmers and divers are hard at it. The pool resounds with their laughter and splashing. But before long they will settle down to serious practice under the coaching of Amby Legere and will stop at nothing to bring the Maritime Intercollegiate Championship to UNB. Last year the title was rightly theirs and they intend to keep it this year even if it means breaking their records. Competing in the Maritime Open meet last year they also took top honours.

On the courts of the Lady Beaverbrook gymnasium the badminton bird also gets a rough going over by the co-eds. This is the first year that a serious practice schedule has been in operation and the girls should make a good showing in Maritime Intercollegiate competition.

While swimming and badminton require individual achievement the basketball team demands team-play. Two former co-eds of UNB and graduates from last year's team which won the Maritime championship, Iris Bliss and Sally Scovil, are passing on their knowledge to this year's team. The girls are off to a good start and are displaying good playing ability. The championship should be theirs again this year.

FLASH !!

Get your tickets early for the Winter Carnival



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

From "Canada", as they call it, come hordes of sports-minded young men, ready to conquer the Maritimes. Though attending the University of New Brunswick, they continually disparage the university, its activities, and its co-eds, regardless of the fact that they are attending this university, supposedly of their own free will.

The most noticeable characteristics of the Upper-Canadian male are his perfect manners which are sufficient, in his opinion, to make him God's gift to the poor, ignorant, backward Maritime women.

Their days and nights are spent reminiscing about "the good old days in Canada", the abundance of beautiful women, the fabulous parties, and the free-flowing liquor. Old school ties, jackets, rings and pins are displayed until our eyes are weary of the sight.

Well-travelled people have said that Maritimers are more friendly than Upper-Canadians, and that class distinction found in Upper-Canada is not found here.

After this, boys, instead of calling down Maritimers, take a lesson from us! With our slower paced society, we will last a lot longer for we realize that life is not just one big party.

People who have moved from Upper Canada to the Maritimes seem to like us. Why don't you?

—A disillusioned Maritimer

SNOW SHOEING — NOTICE

If there are not sufficient applicants (10 - 12) for snowshoeing events at Winter Carnival, these events will be cancelled. Apply to Tom Doyle (GR 5-8045) not later than Saturday night, January 25 at 8:00 P.M.

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DEVILS-DAL. MEET TONIGHT

The UNB Red Devils will meet the Dalhousie University Tigers in an exhibition intercollegiate hockey game at the Lady Beaverbrook Rink, this evening at 9.00 p.m.

Dalhousie will be icing a powerful squad, one which went to the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate finals before bowing out to St. Francis Xavier, the eventual Maritime Intercollegiate champions, last year. The Tigers have nearly the same team that whipped the Red Devils 4-3 in an exhibition game last March in Halifax.

Facing the Red Devils in a gold and black uniform will be former teammate and goaltender, silent Claude Brown. Brownie was the key figure in the Red Devil's march to the Maritime finals last season. He was the best netminder in the NB-PEI Intercollegiate League, with a goals against average of 2.5 per game and one shutout, that a 5-0 whitewash of Mount Allison. His addition to Dalhousie's roster cannot help but strengthen that squad.

The Tigers' defense has three

returnees from last years team, Dick Snow, Dave Gardner, and Rolly Perry. Snow is a former Red Devil and Fredericton Capital defenseman. George Clark and Bill Buntain round out the blueline brigade.

Up the middle, Dal have experienced centres in Donny Hill and Murray Dewitt. John Lemay is the third pivotman. Doug Cudmore, a top scorer, John Graham, Walt Fitzgerald, Pete Corkum and John Hamm will be skating out of wing slots.

Coach Pete Kelly has a few changes planned for tonight's game. Tommie Jarrett will be back at his center position. The McCarthy, Mockler, Coombes line has been functioning smoothly and will be left alone. There will be a shake up of the other two lines.

Coach Kelly has his choice of either Lynch or Bassett to face the Dalhousie snipers. He will make his goalkeeping choice shortly before game time tonight.

Tomorrow night the Red Devils will travel to Sussex where they will take on the newly formed junior team.

Husson Drubs Raiders 85-59

The University of New Brunswick Red Raiders lost their fourth game in five starts since the New Year, when they dropped an 85-59 contest to Husson College last Tuesday. The win for the Bangor squad left them in first place and, in addition, enabled them to continue the undefeated record they have had in Northeast College Conference league play during the past two years. UNB now have a Conference record of three wins and four losses for the current season.

Husson opened up an early lead on their Canadian rivals and were never headed in the rough, loosely-played contest. Shortly before the end of the first half, the Raiders closed to within three points of the Bangorites, but a sudden spurt gave the Indians a 36-26 lead at the halfway mark. UNB were never in contention in the second half, and Husson had no trouble building up their lead into a twenty-six point victory.

Referees Ed Cameron and Bill Reid called a total of sixty fouls in the very rough game. Husson made a total of 21 points from the free throw line, while the Red Men scored 17 of their tries.

Dick Moore and Dan Dow lead the Indians to their overwhelming victory. Moore led all scorers in the game with 21 points, while Dow earned 12 markers for his efforts. Howie Kirkpatrick scored 14 for the Red and Black and Don Bryant netted 12 points.

This weekend the Raiders travel to Maine. They play Fort Kent tonight and meet Aroostook State in Presque Isle tomorrow.

In a preliminary game the UNB Junior Varsity defeated the Ford Edsels of the City League, 73-51. Collin scored 21 points for the JV's, while McHugh netted twenty. Wayne Sullivan notched 24 points for the Edsels to earn scoring honours.

UNB: Manzer 2, Taylor 2, Bryant 12, Casey 4, Gorman 6, Wightman 4, Kirkpatrick 14, Hodgson 3, Vaughan 4, Petrie 2, Kelly 6.

Husson: Bower 11, Moore 21, Dow 12, Burleigh 9, Gross 8, Richards 11, Vachon 2, Hill 6, Haskell, Kelly 3, Dill 2.

INTRAMURAL CURLING RESULTS

In Intramural Curling to date the following skips have remained undefeated: McNutt, Kilburn, Brownell, Sherwood, Jamison and Foster have each won two out of three games. A new series of matches has been scheduled for the coming weeks prior to the Maritime Intercollegiate Bonspiel

CAPITALS TOP REDMEN 7-5

The Fredericton Capitals defeated the University of New Brunswick Red Devils 7-5 in an exhibition hockey game at the Lady Beaverbrook Rink last Monday night. Red Devil right winger Pete Coombes was the individual star of the encounter, scoring a hat trick. Center Bob Soward and speedy left winger Bud Pearson picked up the other UNB goals. Darrell Seymour and Bob Mabie paced the Caps with two goals each and Clark, Yeomans and Chase picked up singletons.

Both goaltenders had a busy night with the Red Devils outshooting the Caps 34 to 29.

Burly Cap defenseman, Dick Clark, opened the scoring at the 2.00 mark of the first period, on a slap shot from the blueline that found the lower left corner of the net. Coombes tied the score with 36 seconds remaining in the period, when he sank a loose puck that MacTavish failed to hold.

Seymour put the Caps ahead after only 20 seconds of the second period. Ex-playing coach, Tim Bliss's shot was deflected by Seymour into the top left hand corner of the net. Soward tied the score some four minutes later when he golfed a loose puck into the net. The Capitals then racked up three goals in three minutes when Seymour on a play similar to Soward's golfed a rebound in, Mabie slid a shot under a falling Bassett, and Charlie Chase finished off a passing play. Pete Coombes narrowed the gap, notching his second goal with only one second of play remaining in the period.

In the third period, Pearson caught MacTavish flatfooted with a low corner shot from 20 feet out. Mabie got that one back just 23 seconds later when he picked the right hand corner on Bassett. Dick Yeomans finished off the Caps' scoring during a scramble. Bassett was down and out after making two stops and a third try went in. Pete Coombes finished off a nice passing play with McCarthy and Morrow to close out the scoring.

It was a fairly mild and clean game as compared with other Fredericton, UNB matches. Five penalties were handed out, 3 to the Caps, Timmy Bliss picking up two of these, and two to the Red Devils.

One glaring offensive fault of the Red Devils was their passing. It was pretty sloppy on occasion and the forwards were not looking where they were passing. Hedley Savoy was the only defenseman able to lug the puck out of his own end with any degree of success.

Summary

First Period: 1.57- Caps- Clark (Stuart). 19.24- UNB- Coombes (Mockler, McCarthy). Penalties- 1.22- Bliss (highsticking), 19.26- Mockler (palming the puck).
Second Period: 0.20- Caps- Seymour (Bliss, Sewell). 4.28- UNB- Soward (Beadesly). 14.35- Caps- Seymour (Yeomans) 15.20- Caps

at Sackville. Results of games played on Jan. 19: Matiece 4, Sherwood 5, Lalonde 1, Justice 10, Debrule 2, Geale 6, Coles 1, McNutt 5, Caughey 9, Foster 0, Bell 1, Jamieson 10.

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SPORTS REVIEW by RON MANZER

On Tuesday night the Red Raiders lost their fourth game in five starts in the 1958 half of the current season. With the present edition of Red and Black hoopsters predicted as one of the strongest aggregations to be assembled "Up the Hill" in recent years, basketball fans are beginning to wonder just when the Raiders are going to live up to their pre-season press clippings. The questions deserve an answer, inadequate though it may be.

So far in 1957-58 the Raiders have a pitiful record. They are presently sporting a three wins-four losses standing in overall play, including two exhibition contests. UNB floor play in their home tilts against Ricker, Dal, and Husson has given fans a rough idea of how the Red Men are performing both on the local courts and on the road. Only in the 66-64 triumph over Aroostook have the Raiders indicated that they are capable of a better brand of ball than they are now playing.

The initial step in our analysis should be to rule out two "red herrings". The favourite whipping boys, for both players and fans alike, are most often the referees. While the local officials are admittedly not of number-one rating, nevertheless it would be ridiculous to blame them for the plight of the Red Raiders. A bad call may turn the tide in a close game, but most of the UNB losses have been so decisive that the officiating made no great difference.

Other critics prefer to second-guess the coach of the team, for, after all, he is ultimately responsible for the five men on the floor. Yet no coach can have a winning ball club unless his players are producing for him. Certainly the Raiders are not producing for Coach Nelson, so the fault can hardly be laid at his door.

As for the Raiders themselves, on defense I don't think that they have ever looked better. It is when the Red and Black five moves on the attack that the great weakness appears. In the two games against Dal and Husson, undoubtedly everyone in the Gym was aware of the disorganized, helter-skelter offence that the Raiders used. There was absolutely no sign of any systemized attack whatsoever, and yet, believe it or not, our team does have a planned offence. The boys are just not working it (and I am one of the biggest offenders).

What the squad seems to need is a man to take charge once the team is on the floor. Jim Milligan handled this duty very capably last season, but so far this year the team has lacked a leader, a guy who coordinates and fires up twelve individuals into a single unit. Meanwhile, what about that "best team on paper" bit? Well, as one of the boys said, "I'm beginning to think that perhaps we just can't play basketball". Know what? I'm beginning to agree with him. One thing for sure, things can only get better.

On the skiing front the Red Falcons, having enjoyed two weekends of perfect snow conditions, are hoping for clear sailing for the Winter Carnival meets. It is hoped that teams from Mount A, Dal, and Saint FX will make the trip to Fredericton for the Intercollegiate and Open championships which will be held in conjunction with the snow festivities at the end of the month. The Falcons, by the way are the present tri-province champs.

Finally, a good-luck note to the Devils when they meet Dal tonight.

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