

VARSITY HOOPSTERS DOWN SAINT JOHN 39-28

U. N. B. Forwards Click in Second Stanza;
Varsity Defence Spectacular

Starting a bit tremulously, the Varsity basketballers moved into their second win in as many games, coming out on the long end of a 39-28 count over the Saint John Y Seniors. Rogers opened the scoring within twenty seconds of the opening whistle. The U.N.B. forwards stormed the visitors defence continually, but poor shooting hung over them like a tent. Saint John took a slight lead and held it all through the first quarter. The Varsity had four shots to every one of the strangers yet somehow the basket seemed elusive. Halfway through the second quarter things began to settle down and Varsity took the lead. The pace quickened and the Red and Black defence displayed its wares. It was spectacular. Newcomer "Ed" Mitton was one of the outstanding players of the evening. Watch this boy. At halftime the score stood 15-11 for the Red machine.

Opening fast the second stanza saw-sawed until at the three minute mark Lockhart, McClintock, Rogers & Co. made the twines sing tunelessly. Saint John employed ye olde blocke play with good effect several times but their threat was stopped cold as the Varsity shooting improved. The old vim and vigor returned with a slam and the issue was no longer in doubt. Stothart scored. Clark dropped a beautiful long one in. Mitton rushed up, picked a loose ball under the basket and sank it. Saint John rallied with Sadlier looping one from right center for a clean basket, then Ganderton, but Lockhart-Rogers-Clark rolled the count up to 30-15. The lines changed and Saint John increased their pressure although they were never able to muster a scoring threat. This second half showed nice basketball. A few more practices and the points should come rolling home.

Familiar faces showed in the opposition. Norm Smith, former Varsity Captain made his debut on the glossy floor together with popular dusky Elmer Sadlier.

"If things go as planned and the weather holds, we'll have the best year in U.N.B. ski history, from the standpoint of the average skier." So stated "Bud" Smithers, newly elected president of the Ski Club in an interview with your sports reporter. Chosen to assist Smithers were Enid Bruce as Vice prexy, and Marty French who will take the notes and handle the cash.

In a few weeks the Downhill, Slalom and Jumping will be run off at the Royal Road. Prizes will be ski crests. Medals will be given to first and second place in the combined four events.

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JUNIORS SUBDUE FROSH IN SENSATIONAL MOVIE UPSET

Tony Lashes Would-be Losers

Coming from behind in what seemed almost certain defeat, the Junior pucksters forced a jubilant, victory-sensing Frosh team to eat humble pie in a sensational movie upset. Outskated and outplayed by a fast moving, hard hitting frosh team, the upperclassmen were in desperate straits. Their plays refused to click and the frosh defence baffled them. The neat combination attack of their opponents drew their ordinarily stellar defence of Danny McMillan, Pete Morrison and Larry Harris into thin air and then proceeded to stymie McNab, who stood in the twines.

In the eyes of the many spectators, the ice seemed to swarm with Freshmen. Mulherin, Cyr, Stothart, Adamson, Anderson and Stewart played heads up hockey and they all played together. During the first period both Bishop and Adams slammed the little black

pill past McNab. Gregory checked and backchecked well and Brewer showed his gameness. For the few minutes that he was on, Ayers shone. The play was fast throughout the whole game yet the Juniors seemed unorganized though they did not lack guts. Again and again the frosh came bowling down the ice giving the Juniors the old brush-off. Fightin' Fred Hubbard fought like a fiend but somehow could not crack the frosh defence. No less full of fight were Depow, Carrol and Art Murray who rose to the attack like a trio with the hot foot. Tricky Howe and Elgee galloped up and back as the wound up. Yet with all this steam, Bunker in the net for the frosh had little to do. Then, like a puck out of the blue, it happened.

In fact, no hockey team could have stopped the Juniors after the between period pep talk and advice of the one and only Tony Pelletier.

So confident was Tony that the Juniors would overcome their two goal handicap that he offered to take all comers. The frosh laughed at him. They soon stopped laughing. The Juniors were like men inspired. They broke the frosh defence like an axe going through an eggshell. In the space of ninety seconds Rogers rifled the tying shots past Bunker. A bit of an argument ensued, tempers flared and the net was knocked over. Whether this action was deliberate or not we can't say. However, ref. McAllister stuck to his decision and the game was tied up. The managers agreed to overtime. With but four minutes of overtime left Dalton let fly with a shot that had Bunker beaten all the way. Now the frosh were desperate, but it was too late. Rogers came flying in for his third score of the fracas and the fans went wild. The game was over.

Hampered by Bad Harness and Night Before—Dance

Mustered in front of the Gym last Saturday afternoon for the Cross Country Race was the cream of the college ski crop. This race was the inaugural event of the Inter-class Skiing Competitions. A grueling two and one half mile course, designed to break the hardest of the Hickory huddlers was laid down by Bud Smithers and his confrere Jim Fettes. These gentlemen also acted as official starters.

Bob Evans was the first to break the starting line but his stamina stingily faded on the home stretch. Art Mears, skiing gift from New Hampshire's White Mountains was the second competitor to be sent careening up the trail by starter Smithers. He overtook the Tiger and romped across the line in the remarkably fast time of 17 minutes. A minute later Pat Clair, a Frosh entry, started with Marty French and Colin Ramsey hard on the tails of his skis. These Sophomore hopefuls failed to catch the fleet footed Freshman and pitted themselves against each other.

Hot on their tails came handsome Robert Coffyn, the Plaster Rock ski specialist closely followed by a bat out of hell, Jim Dosne, who blazed around the trail in the winning time of 16 min. 11 sec., handicapped as he was by a faulty harness and a dance the night before. Staggering in after Dosne came Jack Vermeeren and Earl Morrison, the only Senior entrants. Earl nursed a bleeding nostril and claimed he had donated a pint of blood to an anemic snowbank a mile back on the trail. Jack soulfully promised to get into better condition but soon, Paul Oland took the wrong turn in the course and it was a babe in the wilderness for an hour.

Contestant	Time
1. Dosne	16.11
2. Mears	17
3. Vermeeren	18.03
4. Coffyn	18.10
5. Clair	18.22
6. Morrison	18.55
7. Ramsey	18.58
8. Green	19.27
9. Evans	19.45
10. French	19.48

Anderson move as smoothly as ever, and between me, you and the goal post, this line has possibilities. Myers' shooting has vastly improved. Simpson is smoother and faster on the ice.

If the team is able to find suitable competition in New Brunswick, this year's sextet will be an aggressive, smooth stick handling, fast skating team, a team which those laddies still interested in sport may be justly boastful.

"In This Corner - - - -"

By HARRY HOW

Did not know 'till last week that some of the presidents of Maritime Colleges held a seance. College sport it seems was discussed thereat. All agreed to two away games for each college team. However, by a neat substitution of the word "exhibition" for "intercollegiate" there is still technically no "intercollegiate" sport. From this angle it looks like "rats in a silk hat" or "nothing up the right sleeve, nothing up the left" or what have you? Any game between two college teams is still an intercollegiate game no matter if any title or piece of silver is at stake or not. Why the presidents seem to have fallen over backwards to eliminate the word "intercollegiate" is not clear. Ah! but perhaps it was to save the Mount A. face. I recall how about a year ago from over Sackville way came the announcement that henceforth no Mount Allison team was to engage in any intercollegiate sport. I admired their stand. I have since lost all respect for them because they have done nothing but seek loop-holes through which they might escape from their self-imposed restrictions. This is a time to be honest with ourselves and to speak plainly and bluntly, not to be performing feats of leger de main with the King's english.

Reg Johnson charges us with attacking him personally in last week's column. I defy Mr. Johnson to point out one instance in that column in which any reference was made to him personally. Perhaps Mr. Johnson considers himself so synonymous with hockey that it's a case of "if you touch my dog you're touching me." Or perhaps Mr. Johnson just can't differentiate between a reference to his budget and a reference to himself.

Interclass produced a pair of surprises Sunday. Seniors overpowered Sophs handily while Juniors, even though minus the services of "handsome" R. W. B., came from behind in the last heat to snatch a 4-2 victory from a very smart Freshman team.

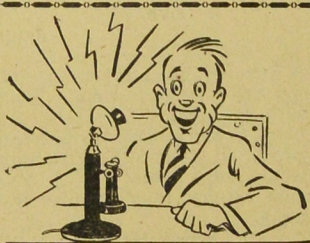
Varsity Hockey

With several practices under the belt, the Hockey machine is rapidly reaching Coach "Bun" McLennan's expectations. The turnout has been large and encouraging with every indication of a future formidable line-up.

Pelletier, Baptist, Brown, Marquis, McAllister, Myers, Anderson, Lockhart and Simpson, all of last year's squad, are on top for further service. Three missing stars are Conacher, Lutes, and Perley, but among the newcomers are several pucksters who seem to have the ability and stamina to sit in on the vacant positions.

Ayers, Bell, Fleming, Willis and Spicer are eyeing forward berths. Sweet, Spence and O'Brien look toward bumping jobs. Competition among these chaps is keen, every practice featuring an all out effort on the part of everyone—pointing to the possibility of a nice team rounding out.

Pelletier looks better than ever. Baptist and Brown are fast and aggressive. McAllister, Marquis and



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