

RED HOCKEY MACHINE INTIMIDATES BEAVERS

U. N. B. vs MT. A. TONIGHT

Howie Ryan's unbeaten contingent of artillery is massed and ready to set Mount A. back on its oversized fanny tonight. Fresh from battling two of Saint John's toughest teams the Varsity eagerly anticipates tonight's tussle. Biggest game of the year, tonight's antagonists celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of basketball together with the commemoration of the Basketball Hall of Fame. For benefit of tear jerkers and super patriots, tonight's proceeds will be invested in War Saving Certificates which at the end of the guerre will be contributed to the Memorial Gym in Springfield. Preliminary bout will feature Fredericton High vs Woodstock High. Surprise package in form of riotous comedy act between halves of big game. This is sport's night in a big way.

U.N.B.	MT. A.
Mitton	E. Tucker (capt.)
Baird	Hatsch
Rogers (capt.)	Fraser
Lockhart	McLeod
McClintock	Hipson
Smith	Hunter
Grant	Crudge
Cliff	H. Tucker
Sears	Moffat
Clark	MacLennum
Stothart	White
	Marshall

HALL OF FAME

The Temple of Basketball will not only be a permanent monument to court game as baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, bears to the diamond pastime. And it will have the same commemorative significance in regard to the founder of the game as the Walter Champ Memorial at New Haven has for the father of American football.

The Temple of Basketball will not only be a permanent monument to Dr. Naismith, but in its Hall of Fame will be perpetuated the names and accomplishments of the game's foremost players, past, present and future. Deposited and safeguarded in the Temple of Basketball will be documents, curios, souvenirs and records of the sport. And enshrined each year in a suitable manner will be the names of the recognized annual All-America basketball teams.

The committee feels that it is fitting that a sport which has captured the imagination of millions of people, young and old, of both sexes, should pay united tribute to the man who was its founder. The Temple of Basketball will be more than a memorial to Dr. Naismith. It will be a permanent monument to the youth of the world, to American idealism, to the joy of sportsmanship, fair play and a wholesome game.

Nothing will do as much for basketball, down through the years, as the HALL OF FAME. Not only will it tie up the loose ends of the sport, but it will lend substance to

The
Imperial
Fredericton's
Leading
RESTAURANT

Machine Leaves For Mt. A. and Victory

A hockey team bent on victory boarded the early train bound for Mount Allison this morning. Confident and eager, the ice-men threw their duffle aboard the choo choo in apparent nonchalance, the spectre of Mt. A.'s garnet and gold ice machine holding little, if any terror for them.

Our spies report the following re the garnet and gold. The Scoudac Airforce sextet beat them 7-4. A pleasant fact. Unpleasant is the knowledge that they tied the Moncton Maroons, 5-5. All in all it looks like a fight such as the fans haven't witnessed in a long time. Yet somehow, after the magnificent defeat delivered by the Beavers, we're not afraid either.

Said assistant manager Joe Metcalfe—"What's gonna happen Friday nite? You mean how much are we gonna beat them by?" And they will.

the All-America teams, which at present are merely mythical. Once the names and records of All-America players are listed in the Hall of Fame, they become permanent and significant.

A National Jury of qualified leaders in the sport will be appointed to pass judgment on all candidates for the Hall, and only those worthy of the honor will be nominated for distinction. Players past and present will be given careful consideration.

The enviable distinction of winning permanent recognition in basketball by being nominated to the Hall of Fame will prove a strong incentive to players throughout the country, and will be a boom to the sport. Mythical teams will take on a more concrete form when enshrined in the Temple of Basketball, and what is now a passing interest, namely, the All-America team, will become an important reality each year.

The Hall of Fame, a long-hoped-for dream of basketball authorities, will finally be realized. And in it the game will have a permanent home where the immortals of the game will be forever honored.

Basketball

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B. team outskated and out-manoeuvred the city team for the greater part of the game, fighting valiantly, although inferior in weight and experience. It was the story of a fighting, unconquerable spirit, which was not dampened even in defeat. Let a certain sports editor realize this and let that same gentleman, in the future, give a fighting, outside team the breaks and publicity it deserves.

Beavers Alarmed But Lucky Score Wins

By Joe Metcalfe

Sparked by Coach "Bun" McLennahan, Tommy Hughes, and Johnny Kilburn, the Varsity Squad was barely nosed out by the reputedly strong Saint John Beavers last Friday night to the tune of 5-3.

Playing heads-up hockey, and displaying determination, stamina, and power, the college team provided the Foggy City Club with one of its best matches to date. Any ideas that the Beavers were "taking it easy" on the U.N.B. team were dispelled by the very nature of the gruelling battle which took place. It was a rough, tough, body bruising contest, the fan-pleasing variety—tension was high, tempers occasionally flared, heavy checks were dished out at random.

The first period opened with a bang. The pace was fast and furious. McAllister, Marquis and Anderson, held the famed Butler line in check, while the "old-master's" line of McLennahan, Hughes, and Lockhart held a decided edge in play over Keating and Company. It was easy to see that the teams were evenly matched; neither side was to make the red light flicker, until McLennahan put his charges ahead by blasting the puck past Giggey on a neat break-away. The period ended with the score 1-0 for the Red and Black.

Encouraged by their initial success, the U.N.B. lads put on the pressure in the second period, and seriously harassed net-minder Giggey time and time again. Peletier, on his part, was threatened many times by the brilliant plays of Sher-

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BASKETBALL

IDES OF MARCH

The gym lights gleam like a beacon beam

And a million motors hum
In a good will flight on a Friday night;

For basketball beckons, 'Come!' A sharp shooting mite is king tonight.

The madness of March is running. The winged feet fly, the balls sail high

And field goal hunters are gunning.

The colors clash as silk suits flash

And race on a simmering floor. Repressions die, and partisans vie

In a goal acclaiming roar. On Championship trail toward a holy grail,

All fans are birds of a feather. It's fiesta night and cares lie light

When the air is full of leather.

Since time began, the instincts of man

Prove cave and current men kin. On tournament night the sage and the wight

Are relatives under the skin. It's festival time—sans reason or rhyme

But with nation-wide appeal. In a cyclone of hate, our ship of state

Rides high on an even keel.

With war nerves tense, the final defence

Is the courage, strength and will In a million lives where freedom thrives

And liberty lingers still. Let dictators clash and empires crash

'Neath a bloody victory arch! Let our boys tread where hate is dead,

In this happy Madness of March!

—H. V. Porter

Golden Jubilee

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of basketball. In the short period of half a century, this truly American game has flourished not only here in its own country, but has found favor in virtually all the far flung places of the world. Quietly and steadily it has enlisted a vast army of millions of players and innumerable enthusiasts, until today it is the most popular sport in the entire category of competitive athletics.

Basketball, even in its crude beginnings, was a friendly game, easy to play, yet difficult to master. It appealed to large and small, fast and slow, adept and clumsy, regardless of age or sex. Small wonder it caught the fancy of youth the world over, and spread the wholesome doctrine of fair play and good sportsmanship among its heterogeneous adherents.

Because of the popularity of the game, its far reaching influence on youth, and its importance in the American scheme of things, the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of basketball by Dr. James Naismith at Springfield College in 1891 will be observed in a year of international celebration.

The focal point of the celebration will be the city of Springfield, Mass., and it is from there that the Naismith Memorial Committee has arranged to direct the activities of the Golden Jubilee of Basketball on the widest possible scale. The United States, Canada, Mexico and the South American countries will take part in the memorial celebration.

No better time could exist than right now to pay homage to one man who brought so much joy into the hearts of people without worldly benefit to himself, while elsewhere about us other men are exploiting humanity for their own selfish gain. Basketball is part and parcel of our way of life. It exudes the wholesome healthy, free and fair competitive spirit which is one of the features of our way of life. That is what we fight for. Take it away and you would have an empty spot that nothing could fill.

Tonight we face our traditional rivals. For every red blooded fan this should be the game-of-the-year. It will be. And it will not only be a game. It will become a memory. It will be all the color and motion of two fighting teams in action backed by the realization that this game means not merely a triumph for a team, but a triumph for a college. Our college.

Wait a few hours and see.

INTERCLASS UPSETS

"Seniors beat Juniors. Sophomores whitewash Freshmen. Upset. Upset."

These were the cries which greeted our ears Sunday eve after an eventful day at College Rink. A heavy snowfall nearly cancelled the weekly frolic, but due to the energy of Rink Manager Baptist and his able crew, the ice was cleared off in record time, and play was started.

First Game:

In the opener, the Stately Seniors took the jolliness out of the Jolly Juniors by trouncing them 3-2 in overtime. Neither team was up to par, but the Dirty Shirt Juniors were decidedly the worse. The Seniors got off to a flying start by ramming home two goals past the unprotected, protesting MacNab. Ross and Coombs were the snipers, and believe you me they were snipers, for it takes plenty of "stuff" to detour the disk past the wily Nelson.

In the second period, the Junior machine tried hard to even things up, but that big blond menace Harry Wall, and those gruesome Grants Harry and Bob, were too much for the panting Juniors to beat.

In the dying moments of the last game, the Junior machine mechanics, Elgee and Thompson, managed somewhere, somehow, to badger R. B. Grant into letting them score. No further scoring resulting in the remainder of regular time, both teams agreed to overtime. Play was even for the first few minutes, then Barney Ross, on a mad solo dash, pried open the exhausted Junior defense, and piloted the puck past helpless MacNab. (Continued on Page Five)

"Listen Fans"

Sports Editor,
Brunswick Office
Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Sir:

One night last November a badminton meeting was held and a badminton committee formed, from which came wonderful ideas on how to make badminton a roaring success at U.N.B. The manager and the committee made a plan to hold numerous tournaments and foretold the story of how badminton would be one of the leading sports of our College. But; we can see now that these ideas and plans were merely the pipe dreams of minute men.

From good turnouts we have gone to the stage of a few enthusiasts, still trying to keep the game going, and among these we don't find the manager nor his committee. The main reason for this is, lack of birds; six is the present ration for twenty people, and these are so dry they will last for only a few points.

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IF
IT'S
NEW
We Have It
SCOVILS

For a Younger Slant on Life Get Into One of Our

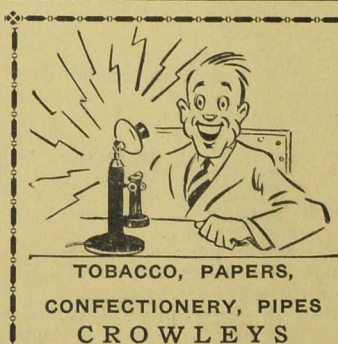
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