

"In This Corner - - -"

By HARRY HOW

In a week or so the sporting faction at this august hall of learning will go to old man S.R.C. and cajole him into slicing off a major portion of the old financial mellon, seize it eagerly in their childish hands, and then hie themselves off to have a bit of sport. Elsewhere all Hell has been let loose, wars are raging, many former students have given their lives or are in the thick of the fight. Still we keep our antiquated policy of "sport as usual." Just last night it was announced that the National Golf Association in the U. S. had cancelled all national tournaments in that country "for the duration" because the association felt that traveling expenses and other costs entailed by such tournaments could better be spent to further Uncle Sam's war effort. But with us it is still "sport as usual." Of course it must be remembered that the great sportsmen around the campus each have some sort of axe to grind. They want to

have a trip somewhere or better still trips. Besides that they will receive free sticks, free tape for those sticks, skates sharpened free, pads, laces, etc. When they go on these very necessary trips you and I dear reader will bed them down at a good hotel, hang a tempting feed bag over their collective mugs thrice a day and generally impress upon our athletes (?) minds that Santa Claus still exists and that if they are real smart and shout and bluster enough the aforesaid Mr. Claus will surely bring them all the above-mentioned gifts. But there are a few people struggling up this hill that are beginning to realize that we fortunate citizens who have not felt the immediate effects of war are nevertheless in a most precarious and serious situation. These few people realize that Mr. Jap and Mr. Nazi menace the very right and left flanks of this continent and that at any time we may have to leave off our play and get down to business. Yes! get down to business end of a rifle. War demands money and men. The government has been more than lenient with the college student. It has said, in paraphrase, "although we need men and lots of them we will accord you the privilege of finishing your college course, only because we feel that by reason of the training you receive there you may be in a better position to take a more effective part in the reestablishment of Canada after the war." But if we are not asked to immediately enter the armed forces we are requested to do many other things. To begin with we are asked to save every cent possible and to despatch it as quickly as possible to a badly strained treasury in Ottawa. How have we at U.N.B. answered this call to save? Do we save anything when it comes to sport? I don't think so! We are bringing in bigger sporting budgets every term. Every other organization on this gorgeous campus will have to tighten its financial belt a whole lot this term because the way it looks from here the sporting wolves will present a budget that will compare in nice proportion with the war appro-

priation of the U. S. I doubt if Peebles and Co. will even be able to gather their usual monetary crumbs after this financial feast. Let's glance at some of our efforts. We have a Spitfire fund inaugurated with great ceremony but which gathers dust most of the time, and only after every other association has been liberally provided for financially, then someone remembers the poor Spitfire fund. Is it any wonder that the fund is so small? You can't expect to support hockey teams and Spitfire funds at the same time, or maybe some of U. N. B.'s financial wizards have figured out some way by which you can have your cake and eat it too! Do you know that in a "Self Denial" Week at the Fredericton High School the students denied themselves to the tune of well over a hundred dollars. Contrast that with our Penny Campaign. Our objective was \$110. dollars. We ended up with about thirty percent of said objective, and a big holler in The Brunswickan wondering where the U. N. B. spirit has vanished to! It vanished dear friends, into oversized football, basketball and hockey budgets. Oh yes, do you remember the brilliant piece of spending the Social Committee pulled off last year! The president of the committee figured out by a method known only to himself that it was better to spend a cool two hundred dollars on elaborate decorations enlarged orchestra, etc., for the fall formal, working on some mathematical principle that the generosity of the dancer increaseth in direct proportion with the number and costliness of the decorations. Les Simms strove vainly to show that by spending a bare minimum on decorations and dance equipment the social committee could divert a neat 150 dollars to the Spitfire fund. Would the S.R.C. consider that?—oh no! it was too sensible.

To get back to the sporting angle of this spending business I want to tell you that the four major universities of Ontario and Quebec have definitely banned all intercollegiate sport for the duration of the war. They all agreed unanimously to the following five points: (1) No inter-collegiate competition between Senior, Junior or Intermediate teams of McGill, Queens Toronto and Western universities, (2) All possible emphasis to be placed on intra-mural competitions in each university. (3) No interference through athletic with the students military or academic work, (4) No travelling by teams from McGill, Queens, Toronto and Western to outside points. (5) In addition to intra-mural programmes these university teams may enter local leagues with the permission and under

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SPORTS

Interclass Hockey Opener Played

Juniors Edge Seniors
10-3; '45 Trims '44

BLOOD BATHES RINK

Sunday afternoon—that poor unfortunate Sunday afternoon, saw the opening smasher of the Interclass Hockey League. During this horrible fracas the Dirty Shirt Juniors faced the outnumbered, out-gunned, outguessed Senior pucksters, and emerged with a close 10-3 decision.

The fight was wide open from start to finish, offensive hockey being the theme of the entire game. (and brother, it was offensive) The Dirty Shirts drew first blood when handsome R. W. B. Thomson succeeded in waltzing the puck past Gruesome Grant, who tended the gate for the Seniors. Fortier, Rogers, Thomson and McLaughlin were outstanding for the Juniors while Paul, Duke Waring and Ernie "set 'em up again" Hamilton tried to stabilize the unstable Seniors.

The shining highlights of the game came from the thrills, chills and spills provided by Lil Abner Hubbard of the winners and Danny Demon Paul of the losers.

Great disappointment and gnashing of teeth was evident among the Senior rooters when Hurricane Harry Wall did not play his usual game. The game ended with groans and moans and cheers, as Gruesome Grant was proclaimed a star among polo players—a ten goal man.

I shoulda stood in bed.

Frosh Upset Sophs

The peace and security of the lull that followed the opening game was suddenly shattered by the shrill screams of the spectators as two mighty machines smashed head on. It was brute against brute. When the brutes left the ice the score stood at 6-2 for the Frosh. Both teams showed strong defence. The outstanding line of Sweet and Mackay dumped many an unfortunate Freshman. Rushing to the attack, this line would sweep the Frosh forwards like chaff before the wind. Then they would invariably lose control of the puck.

The Frosh came on the ice in a well organized rush and soon the Sophs were vainly trying to stop the bersek rushes of our high school graduates. The Sophs managed to break away once or twice, but naught came of it. Todie Willis had little trouble minding the Frosh net. Stothart took the black disc through Ayer and Old Mann, gave it to Anderson who in turn placed it in the Soph net for the first tally.

The second stanza held the laughs. The game became a checking contest. Mackay went bersek and several of the Frosh bit the ice. Then he fell on his head, at which the crowd cheered lustily. Gregory allowed several of the Sophs to knock themselves over by bumping into him. Anderson tripped Ayer and was promptly banished. During his exile the Sophs tallied twice. Mann and Ayer performed the honors.

During the third, the grueling



TOBACCO, PAPERS,
CONFECTIONERY, PIPES
CROWLEYS

Off the Backboard

by Jake

Elsewhere on this page is enuff to keep you howling for the next ten days but while the griddle is being warmed we thought we'd get a few more off the backboard. Rebounding pleasantly in our backs are your parts re the interclass mess we stirred up before the Xmas breather. Ill-timed as it was, we appreciate the plaudits. All we can say at this writing are prexy's words, and we quote—the student body has first claim on every piece of equipment and every available moment in the Gym—unquote. So here's a little tip—if you want intraclass, go after it.

We spoke to the pres. of the A. A. A. the other day and found that lo behold! there is a gentlemen's agreement of long standing regarding the fact that Varsity players shall not play in any league designated as interclass. We humbly suggest that the gentlemen's agreement be inscribed in the pamphlet bearing the legend constitution of th A.A.A. We also stumbled on Sec. 3, Art. 5 dealing with care of athletic equipment. It seems that the athletic executive "shall be absolutely responsible to the S. R. C. for all the property and equipment of the Athletic Association, and it shall be the duty of the president of the Athletic Executive to see that the adequate arrangements are made for the care and preservation of the same." Brother, when Beaverbrook Bunnies turn up with last year's hockey sticks that means there's something lacking somewhere. Now don't jump. This column isn't out after anybody's hair. We just want to see some organization put into effect. Right now the sports setup is far from perfect.

For years there has been an unending argument about uniforms. Why doesn't the S.R.C. adopt a standardized system for all teams for all time. Every budget meeting sees a squabble. Often the Council is verbally browbeaten into an aye and some team puts over a sharp deal. A definite stand on this matter will clear it up and the kicks and screams will end.

The rink manager and the assistant are doing a smart job. Congrats to them. Other rink managers in other years have done smart jobs. Long may they live. Yet time and time again, this year as well as last year ninety percent of the pretty girls using the rink came through the gate on a smile. Fifty percent of the outside males came over the fence. Under the present system nothing can be done about it. It could be stopped by wiring the fence and introducing a system of tags for paying identification of all non college skaters. The rink manager has a tough job. It would pay the S.R.C. to give him a hand by supervision of ticket selling. And while we're on monetary matters, why not an intensified advertising campaign downtown? More cash customers means less of a rink budget. Of course, the rink is primarily for college students, but

This has been a lot of gab about everything but actual sport but these are sporting matters and should be cleared up. Looking over this week's picture, we're glad to see Skiing get off to a fine start. See you Sunday . . . The City Badminton Competition looks good. A lotta fun. Prizes too. Your serve.

SPORT IN SHORT

Skating	Friday
Basketball Game	Friday
Cross Country Ski Race.....	Saturday
Badminton	Saturday
Interclass hockey	Sunday
Ski Bus	Sunday
Badminton	Tuesday

pace slowed somewhat and the spectators became bored and left.

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