

1942 ATHLETIC DISTINCTIONS AWARDED

AN EDITORIAL

This is the last time this page will appear under the present regime. Maybe some of you will like that. Maybe some won't. But whether you do or you don't, this is goodbye to all the nice guys and a great big kiss to all the lippy guys. When our typewriter becomes a heap of junk we will still remember all the lippy guys, the embryo Knute-Rockners, the super-patriots, the don't-give-a-damn boys and the brother-don't hurt their feelings jerks.

Now don't get us wrong. When you're trying your darndest to get a decent page out and so busy that your back is always turned, those people will always be there to give you a hand. Yes sir, they'll always be there with the knife in one hand and a keg of salt for the wound in the other. They're nice people and we'll miss them, LIKE HELL.

Most editors, including those who imagine they are related to God, (college editors) don't like sport pages. They know they're necessary but still they don't like them. Son, an editor is a worrisome thing who'll lead you to sing that sport pages are second only to general news pages in importance; yea, on some days more important. So listen son, yes, you—the future sports editor—whatever you are, you are the guy, the only guy, who can keep the student body in the know. When it smells like fish—the fish will be debunked—IF the student body is aware of the facts that cause the smell. And son, don't be afraid if some bum sidles up to you and talks out of the corner of his mouth (like torpedoes in movies) saying that a certain element disagrees with your written point of view. Call him Al or Dutch or Muggsey. Make like you think he's a hard guy. Then when the next issue comes out, hit them harder.

Sounds like we're in a bullpen, son, but s'help me, several campus gorillas had words with us during the year. Yipe, were we shaky. Remember son, as small as this paper is, it still part of the great Free Press. Write to keep things straight. Don't get mixed up with a clique trying to run the campus. The guys in it might look like hale and hearty fellows but in reality they're just little men. Little men trying to be big men. You've seen them around.

Above all son, don't get wrong ideas. Just as sure as you're reading this now, there will be a bunch trying to cut sport out next year. Don't listen to the tear-jerkers. They'll howl and cry but that's all. Just howl and cry. Keep your eye on the managers too. Theirs is more than a position and a crest. They have a job. Try and keep in touch with them. Watch them to

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Manzer Bunker, Boxing, 4 years.

Bob McLaughlin, Football, 2 years, Boxing, 3 years.

Arnie McAllister, Hockey, 3 years, Football, 1 year, Track, 1 year.

Doug Simpson, Football, 2 years, Hockey, 2 years, Track, 1 year.

Letter Winners

BASKETBALL—Doug Rogers, Gerald Lockhart, George MacClintock, don Sears, Gordon Baird, Ed Mit-Clarence Clark, Dave Stothart, Gordon, Mac Cliff, Bob Smith, Harry Grant.

LADIES' BASKETBALL — Betty Ritchie, Frances Murray, Enid Bruce, Pat Anderson, Mary Murray, Pauline Cunningham, Eileen Wright, Mary McLean, Frances MacLean, Joyce Levine, Betty Page Sheila Lemont.

Brown, Blake O'Brien, Arnie Mc-

HOCKEY — Alec Baptist, Bob Allister, Colin Marquis, Andy Anderson, Ralph Lockhart, Eric Bell, Doug Simpson, Lloyd Myers, Tony Pelletier, Nelson McNab.

BOXING—Don MacKinney, Charles Bunker, Manzer Bunker, Bob McLaughlin, Boogie Young, Ray Finnegan.

FOOTBALL—Elgee, Bell, Lockhart, McLaughlin, Spicer, O'Brien, G. Simpson, D. Simpson, Myers, Marquis, Morrison, Mackay, Cole, Willis, Watson, Spence, Murray.

Male Animal is Hale and Hearty

EDITOR'S NOTE—Due to the fact that there was no available space in the news section we include this reprint story for the benefit of the dramatists.

Pm Reviews — **THE MALE ANIMAL**, a Warner Bros. picture with Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, Jack Carson, Eugene Palette, Herbert Anderson, Joan Leslie, and Ivan Simpson; adapted from the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent play by Julius and Phillip Epstein and Stephan Morehouse Avery; directed by Elliott Nugent.

By John T. McManus
The movie millenium is at hand. You can see the portents yourself in the Male Animal, the wiest and funniest movie in many a moon. You can see the Ohio State student body (or a Warner Bros. facsimile of it) tossing caps and freshmen in the air, staging a regular homecoming pep rally, and riding one of their profts proudly on their shoulders because he had the guts to say nuts to Red-baiting trustees and read the writings of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the martyred liberal, to his classes.

That's progress! It's progress for no other reason than that at least one Hollywood studio spotted something else in the play of a couple of seasons back besides Gene Tierney, the curvesome co-ed. Twentieth Century Fox, I think it was, got Gene Tierney. Warner Bros. got the play's idea, which may prove more serviceable in the long run.

The idea, of course, is intellectual freedom, and how stout-hearted

see that they carry out their own ideas and not somebody else's.

So we're walking down the street now. Going to press for the last time. Maybe some of you will like it. Maybe some of you won't. Whethe you do or you don't here's good bye to the nice guys and to—with the lippy guys.

men must be to stand up against those who would curb it. In **THE MALE ANIMAL**, the would-be curbers are the university's stadium building trustees. They have been running a Red purge among the professors.

"We haven't any Reds," the old dean protests.

"Well," barks Gene Palette, as the arch trustee, "if you can't find any Reds get after the Pinks!"

One of the "pinks", it turns out, is a young professor of English, Tom-Turner (Henry Fonda), who has announced his intention of reading to his classes, a Venzetti letter written when he and Nicola Sacco were in prison in 1927, awaiting death. Turner's battle with the trustees and public opinion over this mere mention is woven so slickly into a brilliantly satirical yet understanding campus comedy that **THE MALE ANIMAL** is rousing entertainment no matter what degree you hold.

Two of its comedy scenes simply must not be missed. One is Gene Palette greeting his favorite football hero, Twirler Joe Ferguson (Jack Carson), with a loving flying tackle right in Prof. Turner's liver's "male animal" lecture to the ing room. The other is Prof. Tur-campus editor as our horn-rimmed hero buoys up his resolve with Scotch highballs to sock the Twirler for making love to Mrs. Turner (Olivia de Havilland).

Deftly played by everybody and adroitly directed by Elliott Nugent the **MALE ANIMAL** has never a dull moment. And the screen adaptation by Julius and Phillips Epstein though it includes an epochal Big Ten Football game and a climatic marital spat in the Turner household, manages things so that in spite of everything else, the real climax of the Movie is the ultimate reading of the Venzetti letter — a martyr's epitaph in broken English.

Frosh Pulverize Varsity Uppers

(By Jim Fettes)

Youthful boasts and supreme confidence resulted in one of the year's most interesting tilts on the floor of our gym. The Freshmen tossed in a challenge to the upperclassmen of Varsity fame. Without hesitation, the seniors snapped up the impertinent offer and the stage was set. The outcome was quite unexpected by the, supposedly unbeatable, letter-men, or perhaps, the challenge would have been left to mere words.

The game got underway with the frosh pressing from the very beginning trying to gain an advantage while they were fresh. The seniors, old campaigners, were holding back waiting for opportunities and conserving their zip for the home stretch. The end of the first half saw the youngsters on top with the score 18-7.

The third quarter came in with a bang and the seniors snapped in eight neat baskets in the opening minutes. Frosh spirits began to lag at this point and a feeling of defeat was evident in the fast tiring squad. Both teams had only five men dressed for the occasion and the pace was blistering. It seemed as though the seniors had the right idea in holding off at the beginning and were now cashing in on their strategy. But the Chub could be heard rallying his warriors to the cause. Tempers began to fray a little and there was no let-up in the hard checking that featured the entire game.

With renewed effort the frosh began to creep up to an equal footing on the score board as Big Ed Mitton, Seedy Stothart, and Chubby Clark got back into their old passing form and baskets were dropping regularly from Chub's long angle shots. With three minutes to go the frosh were leading by one lone point and it was still anybody's game. Seedy, who had been a little off in his shooting all along came thru' on the kill by sinking two quick baskets to put the game on ice. Final score, Frosh 32, Varsity 27.

It was a hard one to lose for the seniors and a real thriller for the first year men, but it was a great game and the crowd was on its feet from beginning to end. Gerry Lockhart was counted on for a lot of points but Mack Cliff paired with Crusher Fettes had him well bottled up all along the route to the tune of two lonely baskets. Coach Ryan made it tough for the lads with his tricky play-making; ably helped, of course, by those two flashes, Red McClintock and Doug Rogers. Baird, on the senior guard, proved a difficult pillar to move around, but Big Ed managed to get by the hard checking defence-man to drop in a nice percentage of the total points. The seniors played a smart, heady game but they were more than matched, elbow for elbow, by those hard fighting, hard trying freshmen. A return match was suggested by the victors, but the seniors knew when they had

NICE TRIP, ANYWAY

"Did you ever write anything before?" asked the young man.

"Oh, yes. I wrote a confession story once," replied the pretty girl.

"Did the editor send it back?"

"No, he came all the way from London to Glasgow to meet me."

enough and declined as gracefully

Sporting Spotlight

SO LONG to Alec Baptist. A good all around man (and we do mean all around) Alec leaves for Brockville after C.O.T.C. camp. Badminton, squash, boxing, the Residence the women and other sports will suffer.

CONGRATULATIONS to Howie Ryan for the amazing gym display scheduled for tonight. This is something to see. Brother, you'll even be astonished. Nothing could wind the sporting season up with more action, color and downright good entertainment.

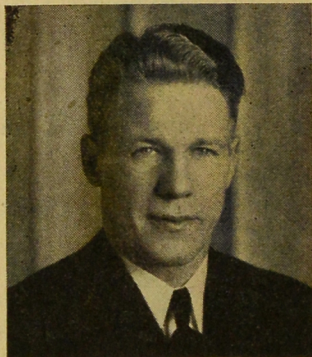
NOTICE to Intra-Mural basketballers. The last game before the play-offs will be played Saturday afternoon at two. Come one and all. See the Reds lose again. It's SENSATIONAL!

HAPPY were members of the sporting fraternity Wednesday nite. The banquet was held in the I. O. O. F. hall, recently renovated after being demolished by the Wassails. We weren't there (plug)

TRACK is underway. Ryan will give P. T. for conditioning. By the time the boys begin to round into shape the track should be dry.

PROPHECY: We pick the Yanks and Dodgers again, with a shade of doubt on the Yanks. Yeh, you heard me. Wanna bet?

Physical Director



HOWIE RYAN

U. N. B.'s first Physical Director "Howie" Ryan, who to-night will stage the first gymnastic display in the history of the University.

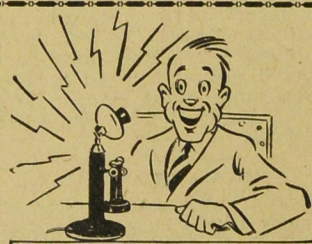
CLEAN PEOPLE

Mistress "You place a finger bowl at each corner of the table, Mary. I suppose they used finger bowls at your last place?"

Mary: "Oh, no, mum! They always washed before they came to the table."

as possible under the circumstances.

IF
IT'S
NEW
We Have It
SCOVILS



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CONFECTIONERY, PIPES
CROWLEYS

Pasteurized Dairy Products

Milk Cream
Butter Ice Cream

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