



SPORTS



U. N. B. CO-EDS BATTLE MT.A. GIRLS TO-NIGHT

Varsity Squad Play Co-ed Hockey on Army Ice

Canucks and U.N.B. battled to a 9-9 deadlock in an exhibition game Saturday afternoon. The game, which was slowed down by wet ice was staged at the Training Centre Rink.

Taking the lead in the first frame, the U.N.B. sextette failed to rally in the second. The Canucks tied the Collegians at the beginning of the third period and two quick goals gave them a two point edge. U.N.B. matched them with a pair in quick succession and each team added another to tie it up at the final whistle.

It was a nice little tea-party sort of game with the boys slightly sleepy from the sticky weather (?) Little ponds of water lined the boards which made falling slightly icky. (ask Marky, he'll tell you)

It was the best exhibition of co-ed hockey ever put on by a group of boys. Even the pile-up in front of the nets was perfectly engineered. Maybe the boys fell down in their fall technique because they really didn't sprawl, but certainly the flying sticks and slightly off-color curses were authentic.

Bell was top scorer for the Varsity team and played a good game, but seemed a little slow and sleepy. Penalties were light and the only casualty of the game was a dislocated shoulder suffered by Doug Simpson.

Line-ups:
U.N.B.—Goal, Whittingham; defence, Wade, Fleming, O'Brien; forwards, McAllister, Bell, Marquis, Spicer, Cyr, Simpson, Dougherty, Ross.

Canucks—Goal, Hawkins; defence, Y. Cormier, Nixon, Mahard; forwards, Drisdale, MacFarlane, J. Cormier, Steeves, Poirier, Kelly, Richard.

The door of the ladies' hairdresser's shop opened and in came a meek-looking little man twisting his hat nervously in his hand.

"What can I have the pleasure—" she cooed.

"Er—could you spare a blonde hair for my shoulder?" he stammered. "I want to make my wife jealous."

Everyone calls the Scotsman's daughter, "Third Rail", because she can't be touched.

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Girls Win

U.N.B. Girls Basketball Team defeated the Fredericton High School team by a score of 26-16, in the High School gym, Wednesday afternoon.

The game was fast moving and the forwards were right in there sinking their shots, sparked by Mary Murray, centre. Both guard lines played a close checking game, too close in many instances according to Mr. Hashey, the referee, since many fouls were called—and sunk. The U.N.B. guards played a good game—this time catching on to switching so that they were not left flat-footed on screen plays.

High School had its usual vociferous cheering section although U.N.B. spirit was noticeably lacking. Even the High School teachers were there, yelling for their team.

The U.N.B. team was defeated in their last meeting with the High School, which took place "up the hill" but showed decided improvement coming through to win, although hampered by the smaller High School court.

SNOOKER SNATCHES

I cannot sink the Pink.
I generally hack the Black.
And better I should be dead than pot a red and sewer off the bloor.

The Green is mean;
the Brown will not go down.
I take up my stick and chalkit;
and the cue ball lands in the palkit.

I'm still a youth that's callow when confronted by the Yellow.
And just at the end of the match With the Black in perfect alignment
I scratch
With refinement.

That ball that's rolling across the floor gallumphing under the table is costing me four and what is more I'm fond of Betty Grable.

Soph: "Lend me a five, old man, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you."

Freshman: "Yes that's what I'm afraid of."

"Narrow minded people are like narrow necked bottles—the less there is in them, the more noise they make pouring it out."

Close Game Expected On U.N.B. Home Floor

Friday night will see the Girls' Basketball Team meet the Mount Allison Co-eds in the Lady Beaverbrook Gym. The game is scheduled for 7.30 P.M. and it is hoped that everybody will turn out to cheer the girls to victory.

With two games to their credit this week the co-eds are flying high and so are the bets. Although the Mounties beat our team last time the U.N.B. squad feel they can hold their own on their own floor. Sheila Lemont, the captain states, "We hope to win but at any rate it will be a close game."

Line-ups:
U.N.B.—Lemont, Wright (Mgr.), Murray, Dow, Delong, Cunningham, Page, Ritchie, Law, Gillis, Morrison.
Mt. A.—Reid, West, Richardson, Godfrey, Irish, Anderson, Evans, Fleming, MacDonald.

NO GAME

The game with the Scoudouc Basketeers is off! Too bad, because according to reports from that part of the country, they are really swish, and could offer our Varsity team a real work-out. Manager Bill Thompson and the U.N.B. boys are very disappointed as they looked forward to licking the Maritime Senior Champs.

A practice session with the Scoudouc team, in Moncton, two weeks ago, saw the teams evenly matched and feeling running high.

It is hoped that the Champion Team will be able to come at some later date, so that the boys can show what stuff they are really made of. Practice games have been keen and the team remains undefeated.

The U.N.B. Varsity Basketball team is certainly making a name for itself with no losses this year and but one last year. Keep up the good work boys!

Definition of a baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibilities at the other. —Queens Journal.

He: "Come into the woods. I hear a nightingale."

Co-ed: "Yeah, let's go, it sounds like a lark."

Friend: "Did you bet on a fast horse?"

Gambler: "No, I outdistanced a furious husband."

We know a woman who is so cross eyed that when she cries the tears from her right eye fall on her left cheek.

Medico: Your teeth look bad. Do you brush them often?"
Stude: "I brush them religiously, sir—every Sunday morning!"

Leslie (hearing his father grumbling about the high price of coal): Why buy it?

Father: "What do you mean?"

Leslie: "Well, we only burn it, daddy!"

Co-ed Squad Play Varsity Hockey on U. N. B. Ice

Men's Basketball

Monday night, the gym was the scene of another evening of bone-bruising, Intra-Mural Basketball Wolves, Tigers, Wildcats and Lions were on hand and all were determined to come out on top, to break a four-way deadlock in the League standing. Feeling ran high and with the leniency of the referees, the play was as rugged as the general conception of "Basketball" would allow.

The first game saw Colin Ramsay's Lions and Jim Fettes' Tigers come out snarling and snapping, eager to start the tussle. The first half saw the teams well matched but in the closing half the Tigers faded as they were out-lucked around the basket. Final score, 24-15, in favor of the Lions.

In the second carnage Harry McEacheron's Wildcats and Bob Smith's Wolves took the floor to clash in the other half of the night's doings. This little party proved to be even less gentle, if possible, than the first and in the opening two periods they were evenly matched. At the half the score stood tight at 9-9. From the beginning of this last frame, it was evident that the Wildcats had been just pacing themselves and in a series of well set-up plays went ahead to outscore the flagging Wolves to the tune of 25-9. Freshman Rogers showed well, both on the defensive and offensive and it is our opinion that he could well replace anyone of three of our Junior Varsity men.

All in all, it was good ball to watch and our thanks to Messrs. Stothart and Garland for turning in a fine job of handling the combatants.

LEAGUE STANDING

	W	L	Pts.
Lions	2	1	4
Wildcats	2	1	4
Tigers	1	2	2
Wolves	1	2	2

Andy Anderson

Name: Lunenburg
Ambition: To be afloat
Sport: Poker
Favourite Saying: "Got any money?"
Chief Work: Eating
Favourite Food: Codfish
Night Life: Secret
Best Friend: Earlo
Pet Aversion: Mathematics

Patterson: "I guess I'm just a little pebble in your life."
Beatrice: "You ought to be a little boulder."

No one should destroy a tree unless he has some use for it or for the ground it occupies.

Some softwoods are harder than some hardwoods.

their great athletic prestige when they pinned a rousing 12-3 thumping on an all-star sextet of professors in the annual Co-ed—Faculty hockey game last evening.

The contest was played on a fast, smooth sheet of ice covered by six inches of water. This moist film gummed up the clever passing attack of the co-eds and was no doubt largely responsible for keeping the score down to a lone dozen.

The "Bomber" line of Wright, Mavor and Bell carried the play from the opening whistle only to be foiled in the first 20 minutes by the vicious bodychecking of "Sluggo" McCourt on the Faculty defence and the dazzling display of scientific goalkeeping by "big Al" Boone in the Faculty nets. Boone was practically unbeatable as he computed angles of reflection, retardation and final velocity of the rubber with lightning speed. Only twice in the initial canto was he guilty of error in adding logs on two shots by the fast-skating Mavor. Meanwhile, the redoubtable "Scraper" Jones tallied three times for the profs. on fast breaks. The co-eds hotly disputed all three goals on the grounds that Scraper had illegally lifted the puck. Ref. Stothart upheld all three goals, however, and the profs walked off the ice at the end of the period sporting a 3-2 lead. The highlight of the game came at the 10-minute mark in a rousing fist-fight between "Masher" Murray and Howie Ryan after the latter had been violently boarded. Both drew majors, and Ryan protested in such abusive language that referee Stothart was compelled to remove him from the presence of the shocked females with a match penalty.

At the start of the second, coach "Doc" Fleming resorted to a brilliant stratagem. As he left his post behind the faculty cage after a brief and apparently innocent discussion of atomic physics with Prof. Boone, a dark strain was seen diffusing through the water in the vicinity of the goalmouth. As the physicist frantically thumbed his handbook in a futile scratch for the index of refraction of inked water, the co-eds quickly seized their opportunity and poured ten shots past the unhappy netminder, with Wright, Bell, Lemont, Murray and Dougherty

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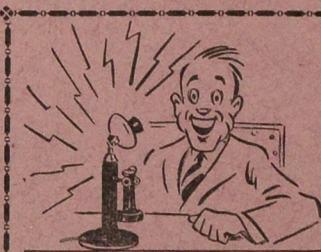
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