

FREDERICTON-DEVON JUNIOR SEXTET SWAMPS U. N. B. JUNIORS HERE AND WIN RIGHT TO MEET PONTIACS TONIGHT

Deciding Play Was Long-drawn With First Series Ruled Out; Overtime Failed to Settle Sudden Death Fixture; Game Last Night Decided It

The Fredericton-Devon juniors won the right to meet the Saint John Pontiacs in the New Brunswick junior playoffs when they defeated the U. N. B. junior team by a score of 4 to 0 in the Arctic rink last night. Four games were required before the representative of this district in the junior playoffs was decided.

The University of New Brunswick junior team won the decision last week when they took two straight games from the Fredericton-Devon team but the series was ruled out when it was found that two U.N.B. players and one Devon player were over the age limit and therefore ineligible for junior competition. Bob Burgess, varsity player, and Gordon Gaulton are the U.N.B. players who were ruled out and Neil Mills of the Devon team was also declared ineligible.

As a result of this the two teams played a "sudden death" game last night and an overtime period failed to break a four-all deadlock. It was decided to play again tonight as the winner of the series must meet the Pontiacs in Saint John tomorrow night.

The Fredericton-Devon team got an early lead on the U.N.B. juniors and scored four goals before the end of the first period. McIntyre, flashy centre ice man, scoring two and Cameron and Wade each counting.

The second period went scoreless with teams obviously tired from the long series. The Red and Black pressed the winners hard in the last stanza in an attempt to score but were unable to penetrate the Fredericton-Devon defence. Lutes and McIntyre came to blows near the end of the game and finished out the game in the penalty box.

The Fredericton-Devon team will leave for Saint John in the morning and will play the Pontiacs in The Forum tomorrow night.

Manager John Nell will accompany the team and the full line-up will be carried, it is expected.

The Lineups:
U.N.B.—Goal, Roberts; defence, Stuart and Logie; centre, Lutes and Sutherland; left wing, Ritchie and Gammon; right wing, Perley.

Fredericton-Devon—Goal, Peterson; defence, Killeen, Brown and Wade; centre, McIntyre and White; left wing, Cameron and Miles; right wing, F. Neil and Seymour.

READY FOR GAME
The Saint John Pontiacs were ready last night to take on the Capital-Devon six in the next round of the N. B. junior playoffs at Saint John tonight. The game will get under way at 8.30 o'clock.

The Pontiacs will ice the same lineup that disposed of McAdam.

Maritime Rinks Have Little Chance In Curling Classic

TORONTO, March 2—The favored Manitoba rink won its fifth straight game in the brier tankard tonight and was alone at the head of the standing as British Columbia's hitherto undefeated champions fell to the surprising Saskatchewan entry of Dr. M. I. Humphries.

With victory over the 1937 Canadian champions from Alberta earlier yesterday, Ab Gowanlock's Manitobans took undisputed possession of first place in the round-robin series by defeating New Brunswick 13-7 while Saskatchewan beat British Columbia's Bill Finlay 13-10.

C. W. Durant's Halifax curlers brought Nova Scotia its second straight victory of the trophy tournament last night, outscoring J. R. Walker's Northern Ontario four 13-11.

Other Maritime rinks did not fare so well, New Brunswick falling before Manitoba's late comeback to take a 13-7 loss and Prince Edward Island going down for the fifth consecutive time to Quebec, 11-7.

Baseball's widest smile is Al Schacht. The funny man spread out over 32,000 miles last year in carrying his antics to the fans.

The Pittsburgh Pirates have decided to keep the Waner boys and not replace them with Whoop and Holler, a couple of guys they thought they wanted back in mid-winter.

Hunting For Material For English Hockey

MOUNT ALLISON WINS MARITIME COLLEGE TITLE

Defeated Acadia Six In Sudden-Death Scrap To Cop Championship

TRURO, N. S., March 2—A relentless Garnet and Gold squad from Mount Allison University last night defeated Acadia 4-3 in a "sudden-death" playoff game for the Maritime intercollegiate championship, held last year by St. Francis Xavier.

The Mounties scored all their goals in the second period after Acadia had tallied a lone counter in the first 20 minutes—and then fought off a powerful last period drive by the Nova Scotia college team.

Red Bertelsen diminutive Grand Falls, N. B. Dane paved the way for the majority of the Mt. A. attacks on the Acadia citadel and scored one goal himself.

Don Archibald picked up Cohen's pass to slam the first goal of the game past Baker with only 15 seconds of the first period left.

The lead was short-lived, however, Johnson scoring for the Mounties at 3.55 of the second. Copp got an assist on the play.

Archibald came back with another score three minutes later, combining again with Cohen, and sent Acadia into the lead for the last time.

Sweeping down the ice in well organized attacks, Johnson, Bertelsen and Copp countered before the period ended to send Mt. A. ahead, 4-2.

Acadia battled desperately in the final 20 minutes but it was 15.56 before Parlee took Cohen's pass and scored with a hot shot that gave Baker little chance. From then on the Mounties back-checked like fiends and ward off every Acadia threat.

The fishing season is over for the football coaches. The biggest fish was caught by Lynn Waldorf of Northwestern.

About this time every year the Dodgers try to look like something else, resembling a porcupine trying to grow feathers.

Clint Benedict Needs Four Canadians For Teams In London

"Come in, old chap," said a muffled British-accented voice. "I'm just about to get up..."

Clinton Benedict, still 15 pounds underweight, the six-foot goal-keeper who carved himself a niche in hockey's hall of fame by wearing the widest leg-pads ever known, is in Canada searching for four hockey players for his two teams in London.

In London, where seven amateur teams draw 10,000 fans a game all winter, where there are 16 bars and a rinkside restaurant in the Wembley arena, Mr. Benedict is running a hockey school for teen-aged boys who don't even know how to skate.

"In five years," said Mr. Benedict, "England will produce its own hockey players. But until then, Canada's where the hockey timber grows and I'm going prospecting for four clean-living boys who can play hockey and would like to go to England. I'm spending a day or two here to see a couple of people and make sure I don't poach on anyone else's hunting grounds."

It was 10 a.m. when a Star Weekly reporter visited Mr. Benedict in his room in a Toronto hotel. The temperature was 15 degrees above zero. Outside a chill wind was knitting, but Mr. Benedict's windows were wide open, the radiators were turned off and he wore pyjamas.

"Three years in England," he said, "have made me a real honest-to-goodness Englishman. Can't stand this central heating, you know. Too hot and stuffy. Take your coat off and sit down a while."

Eighteen Years a "Pro"
In 1920 Clint Benedict who played 11 years with Ottawa and seven seasons with Montreal, hung up his skates and turned to coaching in the Maritimes in the days when the Moncton Hawks won two Allan cups.

For three years now he has been associated with the Wembley Ice Hockey Club, which controls two hockey teams known as the Wembley Lions, under the nominal direction of Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, the Wembley Monarchs, whose president is Sir George MacLaren Brown.

Over all is an entity known as the Empire Pool and Sports Arena, Wem-

bley, which stages and promotes the tennis matches, the soccer finals, the boxing matches; in short, everything that is "big league" in sport.

"They just call me the professional coach for hockey," said Mr. Benedict. "I come into the office by the side door, so to speak. I'm a pro, you see. On the ice, the teams are actually guided by Eddie Murphy of Ottawa and Gordon Dailley of Winnipeg. All the players, of course, are Canadians, but they're amateurs."

"Oh, yes?" said the reporter, meaning "Oh! No." "Well," admitted Mr. Benedict, "they're sort of playing their way through college. But we don't say too much about that, you know."

"How can you coach two teams that play in the same league?" "You're asking me a tough question. I don't serve two masters—I don't coach two teams—I run 'em. They're showmen first in London. Showmen all the time. I've known showmen in Canada and in the U.S. but never one to touch these London johnnies."

All on the Level
"Even if it is all a show, the hockey's above board. There's no angling about it, it's honest as the day is long," he declared. "I wouldn't bet a shilling—a dime, I mean—on any hockey game. The teams are evenly matched and they play hard, clean, fast hockey."

Hockey was imported into England about a decade ago by resident Canadians who wanted to play. The scratch teams of that era, which represented the old country, and regularly lost to expertly coached and trained Canadian teams, were soon replaced by deliberately imported and well taught players from Canadian amateur leagues.

"Naturally," said Benedict, "the Canadian coaches and team officials, and consequently the league directors did not like this milking of their hockey cow, so to speak, and they put certain restrictions upon the movement of players, with the consent of the British Ice Hockey association."

"Our legal playing strength is held down to 12 players a side, but we use only 10—we may use 12 next year, but that's a different story. The point is we can't get players who are good enough, who aren't on the 'negotiation list' of some N.H.L. club in Canada."



"All right, Mr. Referee, Let's Go!"

At the end of the second period, with the score 6-5 in favour of Essex Centre, Mr. Picobac realized with a sudden shock that his pipe was empty and cold. He refueled it for the final period leisurely, with frequent pauses for post mortems on the course of the game so far.

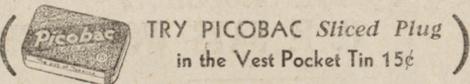
"Picobac is great stuff at a hockey game," said he, tamping the Burley flakes firmly into the bowl. "It's a steady burner, and a mild . . . cool . . . sweet smoke in the time of stress. But with a score of 6-5 a man's pipe burns under forced draught."

He was searching his inner clothing for a match when the teams came back on the ice. He was still searching when they lined up for the face-off.

"Hey," yelled Mr. Picobac desperately, "somebody give me a match!"

Somebody passed him a box. The delicious fragrance of fresh-lit Burley spread through the air and Mr. Picobac's tension relaxed. His pipe was lit.

"All right, Mr. Referee," he shouted. "Let's go!"



"It DOES taste good in a pipe!"

Picobac

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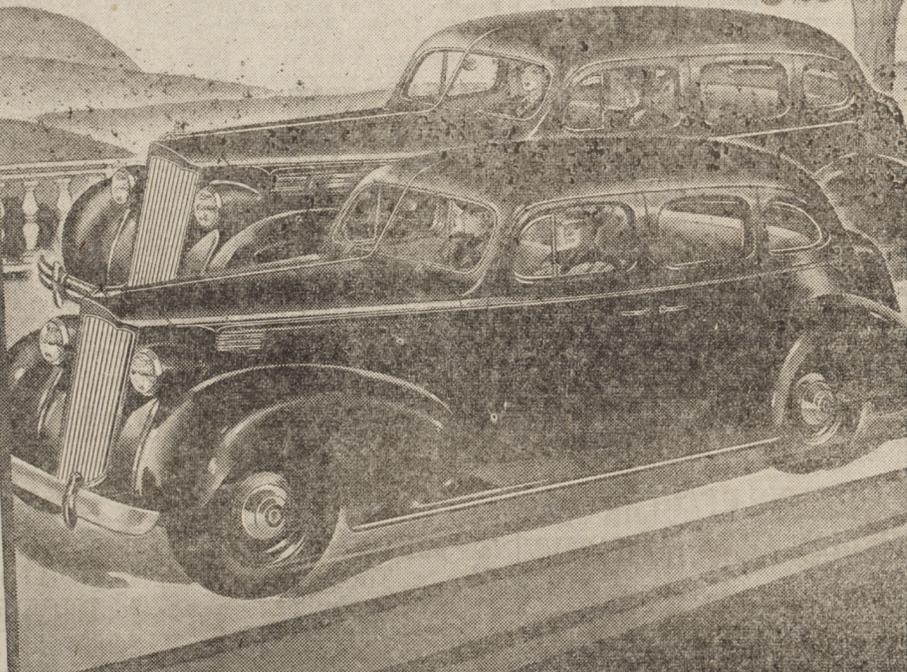
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