There's been some pain And I've sensed the lies In telling that your sorrow Lies fate to all tomorrow's.

... Never cried for want of crying, To feel washed out and clean and Fresh to try again Never worked with love,

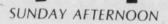
Only with distaste, to eat a Bitter food, only feeding half a hunger. Never gave all you had, and

Received with measured gratitude What you thought was your deserving Never realized your freedom, But worshipped and desired it And wore it like a chain. But you've got all the hours

In the days still left to you. A limited time And yet you love that which is limited!

[And then I grin, Like a blind man, sure of every step; To see within my mind, this truth, Lost to people I will never know.]

T.J. Murray



The book gained weight within its leaness While shores of crystal thought crept in my mind To leave the lazy imitated world, to here and now. Embracing clover of forgotten fields, finding Cross's shadow in a melting of time, of how -And why became the bee's soft body to a seas

And why became the bee's soft body to a sea In which the lemming runs so swift to seek A truth in man so feared but loved in word Shores fold back in time and we are there Again in more than youths half yelling soul But less the dream of future in us now, For we are both and so unfolds the need In every human heart to find the truth On sides which have all walls to climb. Salty dog sees sea sick image from His Ahab's bow but then he falls to find The sea's thick floor on which he walks In hand and rolls with joy.

The Saviour is not here but Wipe those decks, your captain plays His hope in you and you have in him, no style.

Christmas came with gifts of sorrow's Soothing prophecy to come but we forget The daily celebration, as if one day is-all Suffice to pity and thank thyself for being. -Easter fills a basket with its warping eggs Of dreamy colours in hope that chocolate Will not melt beneath His sunny sky.

-Lavour Day defies the dummies strings to Pull that day in which the other promised Us such hope, Eat another egg, you rave In snow too deep for solid dreams of Truth which need more blood in His Name but cannot You feel their pain.

S.J. Vasseur

Flushed arms and chest, the muscled sea waits still As, plaster-faced, the athlete takes his rings. Sinews shine; the startled splendour springs To serpentining life. Strength sans refill: The fleshy breakers strain and self-consume; His pitching moves disguise their eveness; Water-obscured, his face expressionless. He seems the light source of this fecund room Of stench and grunt not his, and bleachers thin, That yet can deafen with his victory din.

John Timmins

ONCE

Once, the sound Of youthful laughter Brightened dreams Of long ago ...

Now, time lingers on In the dusty old schoolyard; Where rusty dreams Have died.

Doris Girouard

I caught whisps of it, at peculiar times, As I stared at scarlet sunsets;

As I laid in bed, enclosed in perfect dreams;

As I tossed and tickled my little brother;

As I boldly hugged my mother or winked at my father; As I clasped my sisters' feeble hands

to lead the way across a brook; As I helped a friend with a problem And as they all responded to me Through smiles, smirks, teases, or caresses.

In church or in depthly prayer I felt it fully, streaming from God. It secured me...helped me...baffled me.

All this was wonderful and I believed... was truly convinced-sufficient. Except at times I would awake from my enclosing dreams loving...loving who? Something besides nature, relatives, friends or God.

It scared me. Did I love a void?

Then you came into my life. Oh...sogently into my sight Yet so violently into my heart. Somehow filling that void...or was there ever a void?

Have not I always known you? Were not we always mutual friends, lovers, teachers, clowns...

Have not you always been a part of me and I a part of you.

Yes, I have felt whisps of it And at times I have felt it streaming from God. But from you and to you, it is endlessly there, stable.

It pleases me, secures me, fortifies my love for others, perplexs me, and sometimes frightens me.

But it is here, not in whisps or in rushing streams It is here always...our united love.

Beth Carter

NOVEMBER 21, 1975

Capturing 1.

If this weekend's tourna results are any indication, Judo Club coaches Samson C and Don Glaspy are turning ou of the best groups of competito the club's history.

UNB fights took home individual trophies and two to trophies at a tournament held the South Gym last Saturday. UNB contingent consisted of men and five women, who took i first places, five seconds and th thirds.

Nine clubs participated in tournament including one fr Shearwater, Nova Scotia. Althor the number of fighters was high, the quality of competit was among the best seen in the area for a long time.

With the exception of trophies taken by UNB, the home

were evenly distributed through the clubs.

The men's competition beg with the white to green b categories, with the under 139 slot being run first. UNB had to fighters entered. Marcel Moren finishing third and John Woo worth was eliminated in t knockout rounds

The under 154 lb. division sa Mike Hethrington return to h winning ways in a tough categor Jean-Claude Parise lasted until ti second round where he succumbe to the eventual third place winne

Colin MacDougall acheived third place finish after a long spe of poor luck in previous tournaments. In his first tourney action Ron Ward was eliminated but the experience he received should prove invaluable

UNB had no one entered in th under 205 lb. division in either belt catagory.

Tom Best re the under 139 lb. blue to black bel division. Chung and Glasp finished one-two in the under 154 lb bracket. Their final match was somewhat an anticlimax after seeing them decimate the opposi tion on their way to that clash. Bill Smith also competed in the under 154 lb. category

The final of the under 176 lb division pitted Gerry Peters against a far more experience opponent. Peters performed admirably although the decision went to the other competitor. Heavy weight action in the

white-green belt category pitted 'never-say-die' Myles MacAlistar against a former N.B. teammate, Ian Barry, who surprised everyone in throwing the big man in their preliminary match. MacAlistar came back to win the next fight but lost to Barry in the final.

Fred Blaney kept the top spot in the heavyweight blue-black belt division.

The UNB women saw action in all five weight classes, a rarity in New Brunswick tournaments. Glenna Smith again dominated the under 135 lb. division while Tina Hicks and Linda MacRae finished second in their brackets. Lucie Bertin did a fine job in her first tourney, taking a third place in the under 115 lb. division.

The women's team of Smith, MacRae, Hicks, Terese Michaud and Bertin defeated the Saint John team in one of the most exciting team matches ever. The women's team competition is a new concept but the results of the new category should lead to its inclusions in future tournaments.

The men's team was pitted against the talented Nova Scotia squad of Soares, Barry, John