

# Capturing 1 Judo C

If this weekend's tournament results are any indication, the Judo Club coaches Samson Cl... and Don Glaspy are turning out of the best groups of competitors the club's history.

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

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

With the exception of trophies taken by UNB, the honours were evenly distributed throughout the clubs.

The men's competition began with the white to green belt categories, with the under 139 lb slot being run first. UNB had two fighters entered. Marcel Moren finishing third and John Woodworth was eliminated in the knockout rounds.

The under 154 lb. division saw Mike Hethrington return to his winning ways in a tough category. Jean-Claude Parise lasted until the second round where he succumbed to the eventual third place winner. Colin MacDougall achieved third place finish after a long spell of poor luck in previous tournaments. In his first tournament Ron Ward was eliminated but the experience he received should prove invaluable.

UNB had no one entered in the under 205 lb. division in either belt category.

Tom Best remained winless in the under 139 lb. blue to black belt division. Chung and Glaspy finished one-two in the under 154 lb bracket. Their final match was somewhat an anticlimax after seeing them decimate the opposition 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 experienced 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 tournament, 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

## THE RINGS

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

... 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

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The book gained weight within its leanness  
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.  
-Labour 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 serpentine life. Strength sans refill:  
The fleshy breakers strain and self-consume;  
His pitching moves disguise their evenness;  
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 deeply 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, perplexes 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

