

Writers Workshop

In this column are printed selected samples of the best from among the short essays produced by the students of Dr. Pacey's "Creative Writing" Class. They are selected on basis of their quality and genuine representation of the students' work. It is hoped that they at once give notice to the creative talent at work on the campus, and add to the feature material that is carried in The Brunswickan.

(By BOB GIBBS)

The rippling breeze, streaming back to her face from the open window, brought with it a faint, musky odour of wet ground. It tinted her mind with the fawn colour of shaved fields in November. It pulled forward a long, thick strand of her smooth hair blew it over her face. She felt its fine tickle and smiled comfortably to herself. Her hair was alive, almost apart from her, more a part of the breeze from the open window and the night, rushing under the wheels of the bus. Nobody who could see her now would call her bookish and old-maidish. They would see that she was drinking in life as well as they.

That distinguished looking young man across the aisle was looking at her. She felt his quiet gaze out of the corner of her mind, and she bent her head forward, even more into the rushing air. It was gracefully done, she felt that, and her beautiful hair would be given entirely to the motion of the night.

The bus was crowded with warm, dark figures and their friendly murmur. Only one light was on, the one at the emergency door, across the aisle. It was like a room at night by kerosine lamp. She was a part of the room, one of these, comfortable people, being rushed away to romantic lands. The soft yellow of the light and the warmth of the murmured conversations glowed through her mind like a restful sleep. She pushed her feet further up on the footrest and let her body slip down into a more relaxed position. She felt as she did sometimes when she had lain in the waves at the edge of the beach at home and surrendered herself to the fall and rise of the breakers. She had been a little girl. Why hadn't she ever done that since she had grown up? She let the question slip away into the night. Hours and hours of night she still had to travel in the cosy glow and warmth of the bus. Hours and hours the breeze would stir, alive through her living hair, and she would live in the motion and rush of the wheels.

Why couldn't she live like this all the time? She would be perfectly happy to rush on and on through space forever in this bus, with these people. These were

such warm, friendly people, not at all like the people she knew, Jessie for instance. Hadn't Jessie acted strange and cold when she heard about her trip? Always, since first they had met, she had felt that Jessie was jealous of her. In fact all the teachers at the school were jealous of her. She could feel it when they looked at her, just by the way their glance would shift up and down her face. It was comforting that they were jealous. Of course, she was no better than they, but she did have more ability. They thought she felt herself above them, because she had gone farther, but that wasn't it at all.

Why, why couldn't she meet people like them, and talk to them openly and naturally? What was the black wall that reared itself in her brain when she was faced with strangers? Why had she never got acquainted at the school? Her throat would be pulled and pulled to a tight, hard lump, and her eyes would smart and feel red. Then
(Continued on Page Seven)

Purr Verse . . .

Feeling feline? or distraught? or sage? The following space has been set aside for the practice of poetic license, so that contributors, having bethought themselves to poetry, may see printed their own cryptic, caustic or just plain clever comment for all to look at. If you have contrived a cute, curt lyric, or have a favourite zesty couplet, you should contribute.

AU CONTRAIRE

"Waddy go to college for?
The farmer's voice was burning
With strong contempt
... The young co-ed
Slightly smiled
And coolly said,
"Why I'm pursuing learning."
"Wal are ye now!" the farmer said,
"Then I've been misconstruin'.
Because it always
Seemed to me
Gals go
To University
Just to learn pursuin'."
—Sheaf.

A. M. and D.

by

ANNE SANSOM

Before we begin 1951 with hope and resolution, I would like to clear up some unfinished business left over from the old year. My gift list was slightly late in the making due to an organization known as the U. R. P. However, it has always been better to be late than not at all. Therefore may I present to the world my suggestions for New Year's gifts to some of our old friends.

Mary Goan—a 8 x 10 photograph (autographed) of Stan Jobb.

Stan Jobb — Post as Honorary Vice-President and a life membership in N. F. C. U. S.

Bob McGowan—a contract to succeed Andrew Allan as producer of the Stage Series.

Derek Wiggs—a 10 Vol. Thesis on Jurisprudence.

Alf Brooks—The contract for building the Chignecto Canal.

Al Warner—Job as copy boy on the "Globe and Mail". (Ed.'s Note: There are only a very few things to make me unhappy in my present position.)

Jim McAdam—a shovel, and a book of essays and short stories by himself.

Ron Stevenson—a budget not to exceed \$0.25.

Marian Gaunce—a bucksaw and a forester's compass-second hand.

Prof. Al Shaw — The complete works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Wilma Sansom—Siggie.

Bud White—an expense paid trip to Toronto to see Miss Bishop.

Prof. Al Tunis—Crowd noises off mike.

Turney Manzer—a robot to run the Red 'N Black.

Bob Sansom—The deed to Woodridge Cabins.

Betsy Hill—a copy of the book "How to Study".

David Vine—a job polishing Elwood Glover's shoes since Rawhide has stopped doing it.

Kay MacCallum—a copy of "Why you lose at Bridge" by Ely Culbertson.

Dick Ballance—a text on high pressure salesmanship.

Nancy White — "The Thing" since she asked for it.

Ron Davis—Das Capital by Karl Marx and the 1848 manifesto if he wants it.

AND if I were to give myself a present it would be of course a bi-weekly spot on "Critically Speaking" and (naturally) a carton of Players cigarettes.

Before we leave the old year forever I would like to give an orchid to Al Gordon. I took so long to say anything about his exhibition

POX—FOP

— A STUDENT FORUM —

The hybrid nature of our Canadian parentage is peculiarly illustrated in a number of ways, but in none so striking as in our most festive displays, the which, such as Hallowe'en, Christmas, etc., are all sub-ordinated at this university to the annual musical, the Red 'n Black Revue; for the composition of that celebration may be seen to link all the Creole corpulence of the New Orleans Mardi Gras, with the bathos of the Chinese Dragon Parade. To whit:

This year, like other years the people of Fredericton will be treated to a strutting spectacle. Imagine your own sentiments, dear reader, if you should suddenly be confronted by a great stomping uncoordinated monster, swinging a dozen limbs the size of ham hocks in your direction, apparently in a frenzy of agony

As this drunken centipede writhes its tortured way across the stage we are amazed to uncover the juxtaposition of its characteristics: no two pairs of its limbs to be the same size of length nor are they rising and fall-

ing at the same time; in fact so uncoordinated is this reptile that we wonder if its nerve centers have been paralyzed; every so often, to accompany itself in its thrashing, the beast breaks into a harsh, innervating croak. Sociologists who have heard this are divided as to its origin and correct interpretation: some say it translates a great suffering to which the animal has been subjected; others contend that it signifies a longing for its natural habitat, obviously a swamp in some wasteland.

The popular reception of the phenomenon also poses a question. Apparently the group mind has interpreted the diet most appropriate to the "Thing" consists of eggs vegetables, over-ripe fruit etc.

It is a testimony to the genuine quality of the participation in the super (or better praeter) natural display, that the most humane of the spectators have contributed more than enough of the above menu to creature's diet, and are expected to do so again this year.

for one reason: I am so used to saying nasty things about people that when it came to finding words to express praise, I was completely at a loss. Al's work is wonderful especially the wildlife. I hope that everyone will drop into the Art

Centre to see it in the near future. Well, that's it . . . Goodbye 1950, hello '51 . . .

Attend

the Pop Concerts, Sunday nites in the Arts Centre.

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Writer's Wo

(Continued from... her mind would halt over trivial things, lies, stupid inanities, weather or the war.

But she could talk, got home, in bed at night would speak, and it was most witty and brilliant. The inspector would be amazed; his eyes would smile to a brown twinkle, then she would smile to him, about his children, Jessie could do with such charm and there would be a moment of genuine sympathy, thought of talking to her without the red glare of the front of the pleasant.

There was a falter and an impediment in the night. Lights and strings flashed into and left yellow and red, bus was stopping, even more and let thrown violently for bus squealed to a stop and strength rushed

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