

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 Wilma Sansom

Sebastian Buttercup awoke with a shiver of excitement. He had had that dream again. He looked down at his powder blue nylon pajamas with a little giggle of embarrassment. He really shouldn't be dreaming things like that... why, if mamma knew she would turn over in her grave... but then she would never think him capable of such... such... well, such indiscreet behaviour. Riding pink clouds indeed! Sebastian gave himself a little shake... and what was worse... riding them with a member of the opposite sex. Strange! When mother was alive he had never even thought of another woman, but lately, ever since he had seen that new widow hanging out clothes next door, he hadn't been able to keep her out of his dreams. She made him do the most outrageous things! He felt quite annoyed with her for a moment and pushed her firmly from his thoughts.

He hurriedly finished dressing and looked at himself in the mirror with satisfaction. Didn't look forty-two, he thought complacently, still had quite a bit of hair with a nice wave in it, and his figure... well, it was rather neat... the stomach a bit rounded perhaps but definitely not protruding. He hated protruding stomachs. His features were certainly all right, small and regular, set off by a small fluffy mustache. Mamma had always said he had the face of a true gentleman. Mamma! She had been so careful of his upbringing, so concerned about his weak chest, so eager to shield him. He remembered how pleased she had been when he took the pledge and joined the church... her expression when he had gotten his job... tasting tea in the biggest importing firm in the city... such a gentlemanly occupation she had said... so right for her boy with his delicate senses. Well, he had risen to the top: it was his decision that made or broke a pound of tea. Only last month Mr. Appleby had presented him with a silver mustache cup and tea pot for his twenty years of service.

It was time he was settling down and getting married... goodness knows he was old enough now and with mamma gone it was lonely. It would be nice to have someone to play checkers with again.

The coo coo clock struck eight and Sebastian started from his reverie and walked quickly downstairs and into the blue and white kitchen. While he was having his melba toast and warm milk his thoughts again turned toward marriage and from marriage to the widow next door. What was her name... Mrs. O'Hearn... Gloria... Gloria Buttercup... Mrs. Sebastian Buttercup... he experimented for a few minutes, tasting the combination of names on his tongue.

Suddenly he made up his mind. He would ask her out. He would prepare the way. He thought about it on the way to work and his step was a little more brisk. He thought about it all morning and there was something terribly jaunty about the way he crooked his little finger around the cup handle... he felt younger than he had since mamma's death. There was a purpose in the way he sipped his tea: firmly and briefly with no nonsense about it.

"You seem awfully cheerful this morning", said a fat, red faced man sitting next to him. "You expecting a raise or something?"

Just then the dinner whistle blew in the docks. Sebastian rose slowly, collected his coat and hat and turned toward the man. "My dear sir", he said, "I am considering extending a proposal of marriage." He walked out with great dignity, gracefully twirling his walking stick.

Sebastian had dinner by himself in the dining room and gazed thoughtfully at the empty chair across the table. There was a mist before his eyes. First his mother's stoutly corseted figure seem-

ed to gradually materialize. Her big white wings flapped once as she settled onto one arm of the chair. Then another figure began to form and to his startled eyes the blond Mrs. O'Hearn drifted slowly to the other arm. The two apparitions gazed steadily at one another, and then, with a sigh, mamma firmly clutched her halo and disappeared. The other figure waivered for a second, then slipped into the chair, and with a brief smile in his direction faded into the wallpaper.

Sebastian clutched the sugar bowl. "A sign", he cried, a sign! Mamma approves!"

He could hardly wait to button his spats before he called next door. His finger shook as he pushed the bell. His throat constricted when the door opened and his dream, his vision stood looking at him with a faintly quizzical expression on her round shiny face.

"Well?"

"Heh", said Mr. Buttercup. "I, I, I am Sebastian LeRoy Buttercup, your next door neighbour. Madame, it would—it would", he coughed behind his glove, "would give me great pleasure if you would care to join me over the checker board tonight. I realize this is very presumptuous of me but I have excellent references... if you would care to enquire... I'm sure the bank manager would..." His voice trailed off and he blushing looked at his feet.

The blond suddenly laughed and swung her hair over her face.

"Gee, I'm sorry", she said. "I got to read to my aunt tonight. I always read to her Wednesday nights. Poor dear's goin' blind."

"Ta, ta". She waved her hand airily and shuffled back into the house.

Sebastian gazed after her for a moment then closed his mouth and pattered down the walk. How beautiful she is, he thought, and how kind. So self-sacrificing and so noble. What a comfort she must be to her poor aunt. For a moment his spirits fell as he thought that there would be no cozy twosome over the checker board tonight. Oh, well, he would ask her again Saturday. Perhaps she would like dominoes better. Yes, he would ask her for dominoes Saturday.

That afternoon he walked into work confidently, ignoring the stare of the fat man. He worked steadily all afternoon, concentrating as he had never concentrated before. He had a purpose now. But at five his steps lagged as he thought of the cold empty house awaiting him. He abruptly made a decision. He would have his egg-nog at a drugstore. Anyway, he had to pick up his copy of "Woman's Home Companion". Mother had always read "Woman's Home Companion".

He walked into the store, bought his magazine and sidled up to the fountain.

The clerk turned from his conversation and asked "What'll it be?"

"An egg-nog, if you please," said Sebastian. "And will you please see that the egg is whipped lightly, not beaten, just whipped lightly."

The clerk winked at his friend and started to make the egg-nog.

"Anyway, as I was tellin' you, it seems this little jerk comes trottin' over before she's hardly outa bed this mornin' and starts makin' passes at her. Wants her play checkers with him tonight. But that ain't the worst. Guess what his name was. Buttercup... Sebastian Buttercup. Ain't that a riot?" The clerk guffawed. "Gloria got a great kick outa it. Called me up right away to tell me about it."

"She goin'?" his friend asked laconically.

"Don't be a jerk. She and me's been goin' steady ever since her old man fell off the bridge. We're goin' to the Pavilion. They got the door prize on tonight."

The clerk turned suddenly. "Hey, what's the matter, don't you want your egg-nog? I didn't beat the egg."

A. M. and D.

by

ANNE SANSOM

The agenda for the next few weeks is just crammed with interesting events. U. R. P. is giving a program on New Brunswick traditional folksongs to be followed on the 31st by its major production "Fall of the City" by Archibald MacLeish. This latter promises to be definitely worth hearing.

The Taming of the Shrew is also scheduled for the near future. I haven't been to any of the rehearsals, but from the costumes I have seen lying around the Ladies Reading Room, it looks interesting. Personally I am very eager to witness the play, never having seen a bare stage performance before. It is quite a worthwhile experiment and let's hope it proves to be the very best.

The Red 'n Black Revue is still rousing out. Sadly, however, my snooping has been of no avail. I haven't discovered anything about it. However, with Dan MacArthur as Emcee, the show should be well up to the old standards.

Sad as it may seem, the Art Centre is having trouble with its record player. It seems that the wires got crossed somewhere, so now, Messrs. Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven have a terrific humming sound to compete with their music. However, there is always a silver lining—it seems that three energetic engineers are working on the problem and hope to have it solved in time for this week's Pops Concert. May they succeed.

My guardian angel is gently tugging me by hand in hopes that I will say something pleasant for a change. Sadly, though, the muse us some where else at the moment, and so this little article will have to come to an

none."

Sebastian didn't answer. In fact, he didn't hear him. He was stunned. His eyes filled with tears and clutching his magazine he struggled through the door and ran into a lamppost. He stood swaying, his thoughts whirling, his world shattered.

She had betrayed him. She had been laughing at him all the time. His idol! She had dared to make fun of his name. Why the Buttercups had been United Empire Loyalists... the family were

(Continued on Page Seven)

POX—FOP

— A STUDENT FORUM —

There is a line from one of Shakespeare's plays containing the words... "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing", plus a further interpolation on idiots. It would almost seem from this that the timeless playwright had seen a Students' Representation Council in his 16th century.

To the rapidly decreasing number of students who still go to S. R. C. meetings, the night of January 17 must have represented a climax of sorts. In the usual gaseous and blatant atmosphere in which that exalted gathering operated most efficiently (?), business of an incredibly vital nature was being thrashed out. It was the preliminary budget meeting, and rampant confusion in the form of estimates put forward by the various societies were being further entangled through the efforts of Ciceronian foresters and Engineers.

There were young girls there; there were whiskered old men. The most obvious impression that one could have taken away was one of discordant, malicious dissonance; it was as if the gathering had one and all been injected with an activating lie-serum, until a sharp ring of the gavel now and then brought a chorus of "Is" out of the Babel.

Over this chaos hung only one certainty: the budget must be cut!

Actually, the cuts were skillfully administered in a number of ways. The first intelligent approach followed a confusion of the cuts (engravings) intended for the Year Book with the cuts for the budget. Someone suggested that individual pictures of the entire student body be put into the

Year Book, reasoning that perhaps in that manner we could so sink ourselves in debt that we could declare ourselves bankrupt.

And there were others, equally brilliant: that N. F. C. U. S. be made to pay the Council's passage to Florida, after we had refused to pay annual dues; that Stan Jobb conduct a poll as to whether a legal suit carried against the U. N. B. Library Cartel appears lucrative; etc.

The reader should not get the impression, however, that nothing was accomplished simply because nothing constructive was. The executive was magnificent.

Apparently to confirm their long suspicions that foul play was being done, they called upon the Brunswickan and the Year Book to prepare detailed business reports. Immediately on hearing this the villainous editor, Warner and his skulking henchman Fingers Roy, fell atrembling while the Year Book editor who had already been uncovered by a clever cross-examination looked more desperate than ever.

Warner attempted to forestall his fate by posing obstacles to this stroke of justice. But the inquisitors were too clever for him. They had provided themselves with a fool-proof argument for demanding the statement. With a flourish of oratory worthy of Demosthenes, they cut him down with this irreproachable logic:

"It is our prerogative to demand it!"

The Council is in many ways reminiscent of Shakespeare. There is the scene with Lady MacBeth, now mad, attempting to wash the red from her fingers...

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT
HERBY'S MUSIC STORE
306 Queen Street
FREDERICTON'S BRIGHT AND CHEERY MUSIC CENTRE



"I expected you to run out of gas but not out of Player's!"

PLANS

Stevenson Says Opportunity Offered

"The University Commission... It was excellent religious but just dispirited and problems to think about at one other."

That is how a student University described the University Christian Mission two weeks ago. The description it is hoped students will find their Mission from F.

The University Commission which will be campus in the first year is the result of a committee of students and faculty resenting as nearly factions and groups. This representation has in all its deliberations mind what it was the age U. N. B. students in such an undertaking. The students were gestions for topics during the Mission. tions received were considered and the Prmittee was greatly suggestions in the Mission program.

"How can you aity to your job?" Christianity and Mind?" "What about the political Those are samples to be discussed a will have an opportunity does not pre often you will adm

This is something planned for the st University. I hope dents will justify the organizing com in them and will of the opportunity Mission presents.

Ronald

Writers Wor

(Continued from descendants of the ed, his momentary forsaken him. Lity before him... something drastic stand it. He though rejected it as too tall... that's what he would drink a devil with everyone

He straightened and started up d... you had to d something called heard the men a talking about on this street. Louis Ah, that must be i

He walked in a down on a stool, twitching.

The bartender kept on polishing

Sebastian search the name of a co seen some adver board once when day School con York. Martini! t... he would ha Mrs. O'Hearn cou... his courage fa in a mud puddle.

He slapped the Companion" defie ter. "Whistler's back at him so cover.

His face pale whispered. "Moth... Well, what's y bartender indiffe Sebastian look "Tea", he said cup of tea."