

Bunyan

om Moscow a couple claimed that a chap Slohovitch invented to keep the record like to tell you that Bunyan's invention; w it all happened. they were logging up ree Mountain. This so big and steep that ver climbed it so the the top had a chance ull growth — 600 feet und to their first clear hard pine about ousand years old. d that a nice match- that would look good of the drive so he set em.

early start and by had those two pines mmed. Then he stood his right foot on one eft foot on the other, ow to get them down n. Just then a bliz- and gave him a push him moving.

in his boots gave him o Paul decided to ride wn to th camp. He and pulled up a couple year old saplings to up his balance and that began.

out fifty or seventy- own to the camp, and n were as smooth as tips curled up a bit, n that ran out of the the first wax. A big up in his path but he that by inventing the He would have invent- wplow and tem turns ould have slowed him uch. There were other he didn't bother about -tows and chairlifts but ant to go back up the nyway. He had invent- dhe figured that was gh day's work even for

it bother publicizing sport for several re- e of the men thought roar of Paul's descent d of the world's and ven went so far as to edge. Besides it didn't un to those watching around on a couple of ood. It still doesn't ex- kler. What's more Paul ued on Page Eight)

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 Fred Butland

The sharp sting of ammonia fumes hit his nostrils and he jerked his head back. Black whirlpools faded away from his eyes and the blurred faces of Bert and Packy on each side of a hot blinding light met his gaze. Bert's mouth was moving but all he could hear was an unintelligible high pitched garble of words under the heavy roar that hurt his eardrums and aggravated the stabbing pain in his head. Packy's white face stared vacantly back at him and he

could feel something jabbing at the leaden weight pressing down over his right eye.

Hands held him and tilted his head back. Two gnarled detached hands twisted a large sponge over him and cool water poured down into his burning eyes and open mouth. It tasted salty. The mouth of a bottle was pressed to his lips and a tasteless liquid ran down his throat and choked him before he could throw his head forward to spit. A horn blew. Thick clumsy fingers pushed something into his mouth and he bit hard. The hands held him again and then let him go. Whatever had been under him was gone and he became aware of his tired aching body. He was on his feet.

A bell rang. The darkness around the glaring lights began to fall away and in its place hundreds of distorted howling faces appeared on all sides. He began to perceive what was going on and where he was. Across the ring the muscular negro boy jumped up and leaped out to finish him off before he shook the cobwebs. He instinctively stepped in and caught the boy around the waist, pulling his steaming sweat-shiny body close into a clinch. The musky smell of the heated negro enveloped him. His sides burned as the boy smacked punch after punch into his aching ribs. He wanted to vomit. He hooked at the sides and back but was tired and could feel his fists taking no effect. The negro tried to pull away and he dug his chin into the boy's gleaming dark shoulder. That panicky voice that raced through his head everytime he got in trouble cried "Clinch! Clinch! Keep him close! Tie him up!" Rough commanding hands came between them and the referee clad in a gleaming white shirt pushed him back. He missed with a high left hand and felt a hard painful blow sink into his

stomach. The ring ceased to be a square but slipped into the shape of a diamond and began to tilt crazily first one way than another. He fell back against the ropes and held on.

Two stinging jabs snapped his head back. A shrill fiendish voice screamed in his ears over the roar of the crowd. "His eye! His eye! Go for his eye!" He brushed off a left lead and then lightning exploded over his right eye. He became aware of something heavier than sweat rolling down his right cheek. The salty taste of blood in his mouth freshened him. He lashed out viciously at the shadow. The faces were gone and he was alone under the blazing lights with his weaving, bobbing, black body that seemed to be everywhere. The boy was quickly and quite methodically cutting him to pieces. He stepped back from a fainting left and saw for an instant the cocked right hand. The impact threw his jaw to one side before his body could catch up. It sent his mouthpiece followed by a shower of spittle flying into space. He tried vainly to cover up. He saw the low right hook start up. He froze. The ceiling fell in.

He was ten feet tall, big on top and narrowed down to a point at the bottom. The law of gravity must have its way and being top heavy he swayed for a moment and then began the long straight fall. He felt giddy. He had to fall. There was nothing to hold him up. No use fighting it. The aches and pains were gone. He started to laugh and it hurt his chest. It was nice falling straight down on the cushiony air. He kept falling.

His heart beat faster and the sound of it became unbearably loud. He kept falling! He was parallel now and he kept falling! He looked down. There was nothing there! There was nothing anywhere! He stopped giggling and tried to scream but nothing came out. Why didn't he stop falling? He wasn't big or top heavy any more. He was like himself again but still falling with arms and legs flailing wildly about. Why didn't he stop falling? Why didn't he stop falling?

The sound of his own voice asking him this insane question grated in his ears. He tried to open his eyes. His right one refused to budge. A blurred image began to fill the left one. He was flat on his back throwing his arms and legs about madly. A white ceiling quickly fell together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle behind the vague shape that hovered over him. He saw that low right hook coming at him. He started to move when the blur sharpened into the coarse ugly features of Silverman, the club manager. "You stopped falling at 2.07 in the second round, McKenny. You're through in this club." He knew it had been said in a tired listless monotone but he heard it as the quick hysterical jabberings of an idiot. His heart beat faster and he had to fight for

Varsity Drops Two

(Continued from Page Four)

fence, Wager, Ouellette, Snow, Smith; forwards, Lorimer; B. Bliss, T. Bliss, Kennedy, Kenny, Keith, Thompson, Wilson, Donkin.

Capitals — Goal, Roberts; defence, Wade, Yeomans, O'Brien; forwards, McIntyre, D. Sewell, N. Sewell, Malone, Pike, Menzies, Bennett, MacTavish, MacAloon.

Referees—Smith and Bishop.

First Period—1. Capitals, Pike (Menzies) 1.48; 2. U. N. B., Snow (Donkin) 4.05; 3. Capitals, Wade (MacTavish) 12.22. Penalties, Malone, Kenny, T. Bliss, D. Sewell.

Second Period—No scoring. Penalties, Pike, O'Brien, Wager (2), Wilson (2), Snow, MacIntyre, Donkin.

Third Period—4. Capitals, Bennett (MacAloon) 3.05; 5. Caps, D. Sewell (N. Sewell, MacIntyre) 4.46; 6. Caps, Pike (Menzies) 5.33; 7. U. N. B., Kennedy (Kenny, Ketch) 19.50. Penalties, Kenny.

his breath. The lusty insane laughter in his head grew louder.

O'Brien, N. Sewell minor and major, Smith, D. Sewell (3), T. Bliss, Kennedy, Yeoman.

Second Game

U. N. B.—Goal, McLelland; defence, Wager, Calquhoun, Snow, Ouellette; forwards, B. Bliss, T. Bliss, Lorimer, Kennedy, Kenny, Ketch, Wilson, Thompson, Donkin.

Saint John—Goal, Allen; defence, MacDonald, Plumber, Lynch; forwards, B. Cooke, D. Cooke, Colwell, Larable, O'Toole, Butler, Garey, Edwards.

Referees—Smith and Bishop.

First Period—1. Saint John, Garey (Lynch) 4.32; 2. U. N. B., Wilson (Thompson) 7.27. Penalties, T. Bliss and Garey.

Second Period—3. Saint John, Garey (Butler) 4.59; 4. U. N. B., T. Bliss (B. Bliss, Lorimer) 8.28; 5. Saint John, B. Cooke (D. Cooke) 14.43. Penalties, Plumber, Lynch.

Third Period—6. U. N. B., B. Bliss (Ouellette, Lorimer) 5.09; 7. Saint John, Garey (Butler, O'Toole) 13.28; 8. Saint John, Larable (MacDonald, B. Cooke) 15.38; 9. Plumber (Butler) 19.04. Penalties, T. Bliss, MacDonald, D. Cooke, B. Cooke, Donkin, Snow.



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