

WHAT CAN YOU DO

By WILLARD PARKER

What can you do, when you're all alone,
And you have no friends, and you have no home.
What can you do, when your love's been untrue,
And your whole world's turned to blue.

You can cry a little bit, die a little bit,
Cry, die, and ask yourself why,
But the only answer that you'll get,
Is cry a little bit some more.

What can you do, when you've found someone new,
But you're oh so afraid this love will fall through.
What can you do, when this love is so strong,
But you don't ask for fear something will go wrong.

What can you do, when you want her to stay,
But you know she can't, for she lives so far away.
What can you do, when you need her by your side,
And all you can do, is hide the tears you know are inside.

You can cry a little bit, die a little bit,
Cry, die, and ask yourself why,
But the only answer that you'll get
Is cry a little bit some more.

It is so crowded
You go through shrouded
With noise and din, confusion and roar.

When I get out
I'll let a shout
For joy forever and ever more.

A GIRL IN SAINT JOHN
By RICK HATT
I saw her first in a white room
Where even the walls and floors seemed sterilized.

Then, alone, she'd tell me
How she once swallowed ten sewing needles
Because she wanted to die.

Often she was even younger than my eighteen,
But sometimes we were both older than twenty-six.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS DURING BORING LECTURES

Imagine yourself on a bright fall day
Out in a field of wind swept hay.
In the middle there's a garden patch,
The potatoes must be put into the sacks.

Watch the plough share turn them out,
The tractor moves slowly down the row,
Ones that were missed the fork will rout,
To the cellar bin they all now go.

The turnips will come some other day
They're not quite ready, someone will say;
There's Peas and beans and potential Squash Pies,
We'll not starve this winter, so say my eyes.

How far one feels from mankind's troubles
At times like these.

Miscellaneous poems

ON WATERGATE
There was once a Yankee,
And man he was a dandy,
But, Oh, what he did,
He let loose the lid,

OLD BUILDINGS
This building is two hundred years old,
It's pretty beaten and fallen down,
The old folks tell tales of what happened here.

ON LITERATURE
In libraries and archives and microfilm files
Men's deeds are chronicled, reported and stored,
The Illiad, Domsday Book, Parliamentary wiles,

FICKLE DEE DEE, FICKLE DEE DA
Man's a fickle beast,
Woman's fickle still,
But nothing's fickle more
Than a party or a feast

By LORNA PITCHER
was emphasized the most was that
UNB's council was very isolated

Representation
day meeting this
lack of quorum, 11
the council, the

But there will be no room for the people, my good man
Chronicled humanity will cover the land,
We're going to run out of room to store our folklore.

We progress forward, outstripping days of yore,
The literary and historical heritage of humanity.

The Illiad, Domsday Book, Parliamentary wiles,
Men's deeds are chronicled, reported and stored,

In libraries and archives and microfilm files
In the stacks of the Harriet Irving Library

Where good times elude you so
Than a party or a feast
But nothing's fickle more
Woman's fickle still,

Man's a fickle beast,
But nothing's fickle more
Than a party or a feast
Where good times elude you so.

The BRUNSWICKAN - 21
The Camera Club has compe-
people that UNB "exists" and to
presently doing and still fulfill all
responsibilities of being VP. He

by Derwin Gowan
Winter-Berger explained, the
Nathan Voloshen, in return, would have an
personal alle

Action Corps is coming back in
Kingsclear and St. Mary's School
BY LORNA PITCHER

Various fragments and text from the left edge of the page, including "SEPTEMBER 27, 1974" and "WHAT CAN YOU DO".