

OCTOBER 27, 1972

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Tell me what it's like to know
Just who you are
Just how you feel.

I want to learn about myself
What makes me laugh
What makes me cry.

Teach me all that's meaningful
That's right, what's wrong
That to believe.

To know that everything I say
Is what I feel
And understand.

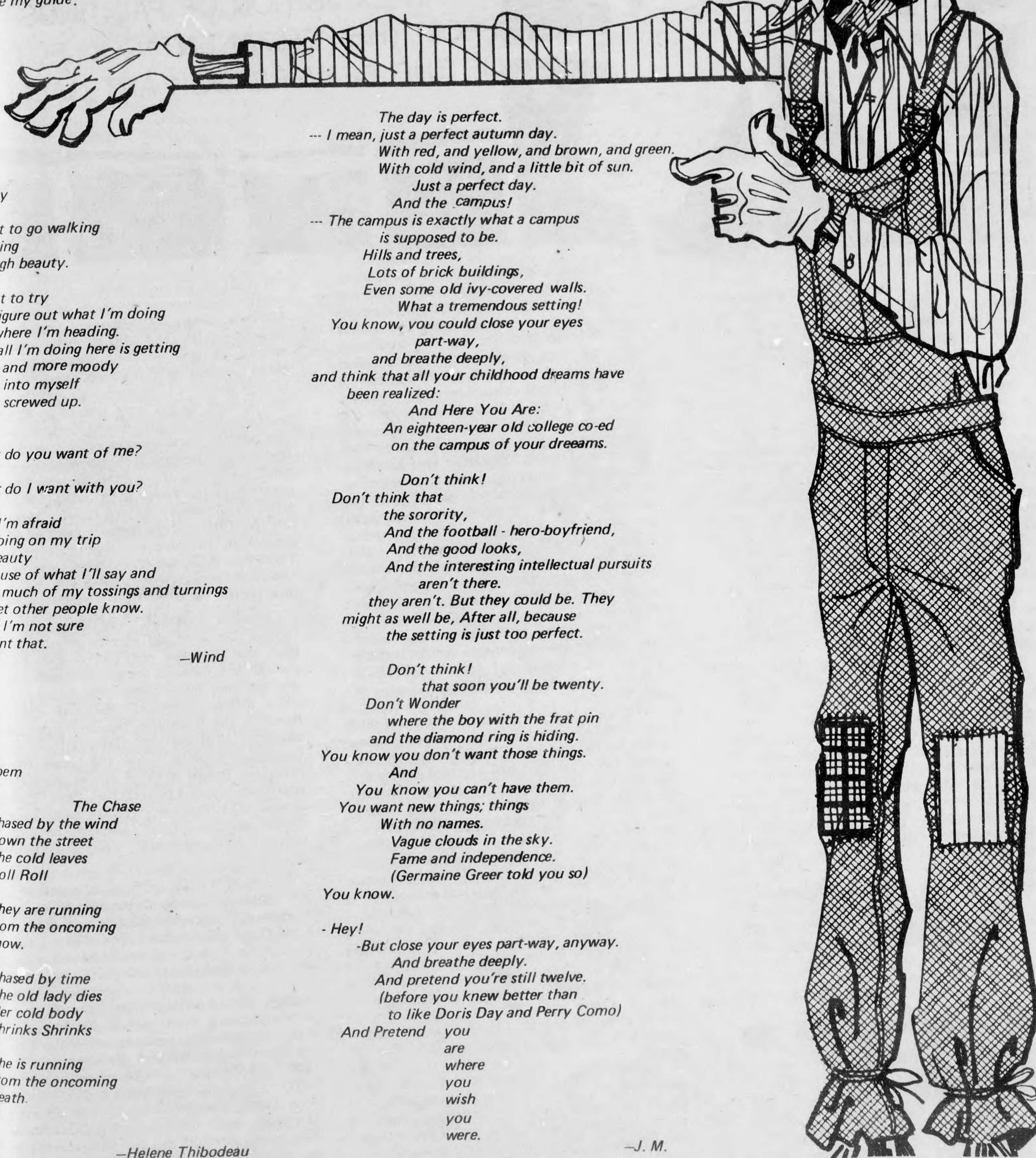
Help me to become Someone
Who laughs not cries
When something is wrong.

Please show me where I have gone wrong
Then set me straight
Guide me along.

Tread on my way through life
Take my hand
And be my guide.

Then someday maybe I will see
Just who I am
And how I feel.

-K. C.



The day is perfect.
-- I mean, just a perfect autumn day.
With red, and yellow, and brown, and green.
With cold wind, and a little bit of sun.
Just a perfect day.
And the campus!

-- The campus is exactly what a campus
is supposed to be.
Hills and trees,
Lots of brick buildings,
Even some old ivy-covered walls.
What a tremendous setting!
You know, you could close your eyes
part-way,
and breathe deeply,
and think that all your childhood dreams have
been realized:

And Here You Are:
An eighteen-year old college co-ed
on the campus of your dreams.

Don't think!
Don't think that
the sorority,
And the football - hero-boyfriend,
And the good looks,
And the interesting intellectual pursuits
aren't there.
they aren't. But they could be. They
might as well be, After all, because
the setting is just too perfect.

Don't think!
that soon you'll be twenty.
Don't Wonder
where the boy with the frat pin
and the diamond ring is hiding.
You know you don't want those things.
And
You know you can't have them.
You want new things; things
With no names.
Vague clouds in the sky.
Fame and independence.
(Germaine Greer told you so)
You know.

- Hey!
-But close your eyes part-way, anyway.
And breathe deeply.
And pretend you're still twelve.
(before you knew better than
to like Doris Day and Perry Como)
And Pretend you
are
where
you
wish
you
were.

-J. M.

Beauty

I want to go walking
or riding
through beauty.

I want to try
and figure out what I'm doing
and where I'm heading.
And all I'm doing here is getting
more and more moody
more into myself
more screwed up.

-Wind

Poem

The Chase
Chased by the wind
Down the street
The cold leaves
Roll Roll

They are running
from the oncoming
snow.

Chased by time
The old lady dies
Her cold body
Shrinks Shrinks

She is running
from the oncoming
death.

-Helene Thibodeau

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