POET'S CORNER



NICK TELLER

HEATHER

I've never been to the country Where the heather grows Strong and fair for miles; I can sense the smell of the heather And the heat of the sun burning over the hills, The softness: warm to the touch, The ground asking to be kissed. Time wouldn't matter, and God! I'd be happy there.

Some I know have been there, But the living heather Cannot have lived with them.

Some day . . . who knows?-Perhaps we'll be together, And then, I swear, the heather Will live, and live again.

PRAYER

The tall grass bent beneath her And I prayed to God That I might remember the moment forever. I stood with feet apart, hands outstretched The warmth of the wind touching Skin and bone and soul. The fields of cane away below, The church and steeple and beyond The line of surf The solid coral underneath my feet My own nakedness And the moment froze.

The velvet of her hair and softly pale the grasses; Her eyes were closed but she was smiling And her arms lay stretched above her shoulders, Free and smooth were her breasts and I could feel them

Against my cheek and lips: Anticipation, and my body shook As her thighs quivered silently and quickly When she moved so slightly. Motionless I stood with burning eyes As I thought of the day when I would be alone When I would inevitably dream When I would search for that very moment.

The tall grass bent beneath her, And I prayed to God.

PLATTER MATTER

One side worn smooth with Playing. One side all the time and It's everywhere. They come and go but always One side does the job And it'll be like that always. Mostly slapping rhythm sour lemons. Just leaves a bad taste.

One side More often bewitching, light and shadow of a Difference. Smooth sounds, entrancing in their entirety, Kindling a deeper flame that Burns with a fierce heat.

Nick Teller, our featured poet in this issue, is a business administration graduate of the class of 1958.

Nick was born in England, but he now calls Barbados, British West Indies, home. He came Up the Hill in the fall of 1954, and in his four years at UNB, maintained a high scholastic record, as well as being a valuable asset to many campus organizations. He was an ardent and often argumentative member of the SRC, and a does the confusion of student member of the varsity swim team. At one time or another during his college years, he took active roles in the "Red 'n' Black", the Winter Carnival, and the Film Society.

Last spring, Nick received a Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarship and is now pursuing his studies at the London School of Economics.

For the six poems appearing in this edition, Nick shared the 1958 Bliss Carman Memorial Scholarship with John Stockdale.

ALIEN

Frightened, almost unbelieving, He paces the concrete sidewalk. Sour smell of a city oozing Gold and horsepower, The unfamiliar cold, People eye him. He feels alone and small And sad.

He dreams of the soft white coral sand, Of the swaying, rustling, fields of cane; Of his wooden shack and paraffin lamp And the girl he loved.

Now this sea of glass and steel: Utopia! He wishes he were either home Or white.

WITHOUT END, AMEN

Hailstones, sheets of rain Pelting, Streets almost deserted, naked Except for the odd form huddling in a doorway Sheltered.

Room cold, strange emptiness, no heat In the pipes rusty and old, Window stained, rain-swept, Wallpaper flaky yellow, sick, One bulb no shade glaring Motionless.

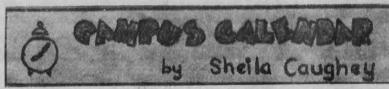
Toe playing with the threadbare carpet, Swinging: the laddered stocking, Greasy counterpane, crumpled, sagging, Tired cigarette feebly hanging; Through the wall strains of a blatant Saxaphone.

Filthy rubbish-laden water Drains, drains, Through an endless chain of sewers.

FOOLED

Always used to think that Pink ribbon Looked sweet on silly hats or kept Lids on chocolate boxes; Something young girls or old women Bought on Saturday afternoons So they could spend all Sunday Snipping, sewing, threading needles, And being good.

Not any mora. Not any more, because I've met a girl Who winds pink ribbon round And round Her sweet and naked middle And uses the ends to keep her stockings up. a lecture if you're starving!



wickan is used to coordinate cam- group has conflicting plans.

As the university grows so activities. To prevent a duplication of meeting times and places, the Students' Representative Council each year appoints one person through whom all proposed events can be cleared.

This year the campus coordinator is SHEILA CAUGHEY who can be reached by phoning GRanite 5-9091 at the Maggie

If you want a good turnout at your meeting or social get in touch with the campus coordin-

HARD TIMES PARTY: for at the Hanwell Road, transportation leaving from the Lady Beaverbrook Res. and the Maggie Jean at 8 p.m. Friday, 25¢.

COURSE CHANGES: Saturday is the last day to change your course.

FOOTBALL: UNB vs. Mount Allison, College Field, 2 p.m. Saturday

SOCCER: UNB vs. Moncton Soccer Club, College Field, 7.30 p.m. Saturday.

GOLF: Faculty-Student Annual Golf Tournament, Fredericton Golf Club, 1.30 p.m. Sunday (contact Pete Kelly, Athletics

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SHIELA CAUGHEY . . . the girl to see

STUDENT CHRISTIAN Arts Society members, to be held MOVEMENT: Student Centre 3 p.m. Sunday.

> NEWMAN CLUB: St. Dunstan's Hall, 8.15 p.m. Sunday.

> CANTERBURY CLUB: Cathedral Hall, 8.15 p.m. Sunday.

> FORESTRY WEEK: Begins Monday.

CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF FORESTRY CONVENTION: begins Monday. Buffet supper for members, 7.30 p.m. Monday, Student Centre.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY MEETING: Room 104, Civil Building, 7 p.m. Monday.

Events listed above in this issue occur today through Monday:

ARTS SOCIETY ANNOUNCES PLANS

given the Arts Society a new out- support your own society. look on the future. In previous years the Arts Union was virtually unknown on the campus but, for this semester, the new executive has announced ambitious

The first item on the agenda is a Hard Times party to be held at the Hanwell Road tonight. It promises to be an evening of fun,

LAST CHANCE FOR STUDENTS

Saturday, October 4, marks the last day - for what? The people with the time table troubles - you may be the one; inconvenient afternoon classes (absolute nuisances), or a full morning with not one muchneeded cup of coffee? That fateful day draws nearer, so hurry to the registrar to make all the changes.

Of course, it's well known that you can't always take the courses you want, but if they're considered easy, and you get the free periods you want, does it really matter? To some it does, but this doesn't concern them. This is intended to mention a few facts that some students (using the term loosely) might have overlooked.

One more item: watch those noon lectures; you can't enjoy

A new name has apparently so get out there Artsmen, and

ARTS WEEK

The biggest event that the Society will undertake is an Arts Week — to be modelled along the lines of the Forestry and Engineering Weeks. There will be a banquet followed by a formal, which will be exclusively for Arts people. A Sports Day is also planned. This should be of great interest because the Arts faculty includes the students of Physical Education.

Continued on page 3



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FALL FORMAL COMING OCTOBER 31

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