

JJ's

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Tom Best, assistant personal involvement Recreational Sports comments are important of the SAA.

Is the Student Athlete seems to know for trouble. So far this year three or four people

The SAA was designed of input into the athletic the proposed new system students will have a lot that two councils or one for intramural-number of students

A system of this type students involved in In an interview earlier indicated that there a I-R program at UNB the student population number, only a few

The varsity program and as a result, many recreational basis. The relatively small budget teams which was to be members of this team they protested to the the Athletics board. varsity status. Without such as this might require coaches on the varsity

I for one don't feel that far it looks like this course loads have been students to participate effort should be made

Seems there's a problem the intramural program with buddies in the saying no can do.

Why?
In the Women's Program team to participate that the organization sophisticated than a can't the men off campus. If these guys want same faculty, then the system. And they can't. Could this be a students? If so, why?

Congrats to the Rowing over the University. Managed to catch some that seems typical of One guy said "I've points, let alone win. You'd be surprised come up with this year

Speaking of Monday something to behold was impressed by the when it is, it will Provinces, for sure. The most fascinating full size tennis court. Too bad UNB couldn't be nice.

UNB fans, although before they meet the around the area. Most strong vocal support silence for the most. The final football display of what UNB tucked away until volleyball and hockey support too. Try it, you'll like

DOWN TO EARTH

Down to earth, the doves they fluttered,
Their beauty magnificent by the glittering sun.

These creatures, the ground they touched,
And aloft they went again.

Up they flew, towards the clouds
The sky, it was their only limits

Then something happened, their life grew short
Man stepped in and lowered the sky.

But this was not all, the earth was shrunk
Yet, with this, he did not stop.

Life for man became an obsession of death
But not for him, or at least not right yet.

Man went on for more... and more he got
Yes he got what he wanted, and more besides
Death was fought, by man, with what he had
Life, Glory, Love, for he thought he was human.

But then fate had turned, and faced man in the eye,
At which at first, he did not blink.

Then it happened, what man feared most
And never again would he cause war and death

Our planet earth, it got slightly changed
And the doves? ... they died.

Roger Winsor

PETER AT THE GALLERY

From Turner to van Loo,
Selection old, exhibit new,
I cull the critics' sweet
And stud the gems before the feet

Who smiles, frowning slow,
Gives what the vain but hope to know,

Considering each frame,
Peering wonder at each name

That I recite as prayer:
Art's Litany, or How to Care

From masterpiece to fraud
I damn the tools, the kings, applaud-

He only sees and says
The "like", "displays" of highest praise

And melts the witty shield,
My doting quoting quite revealed,

He passes me, the dull,
From Dali on to Constable.

John Timmins

NEVER TO FORGET 1973

A fearless mindless creature wandered in the wood,
Its random rambling pace a steady glee
To, where the sunken forest river understood
Engulfing mirrored forms in absent inhumanity.

So at last I came to know its wondrous being:
So primitive its lack of common sense
To lick wet my storied hand while never seeing
Why it should fear and shield from me its tender innocence.

So I came to love it as songbirds love a tree,
And held my silent hand upon its long
Sleek shining neck although it never spoke to me,
Nor gave a thought for pride within a song.

One day upon that river bank it came no more
To stand and trace the birds that waft and glide,
For one day through the autumn's scanty-shielding store
It caught a thought within its heart and died.

And autumn primps herself again, again, again,
And though my heart fell with that creature's fall,
Time has made acceptance within the trough of pain,
And while this soothes, it pains me most of all.

P.D.P.

THE BEAUTY OF AUTUMN

As I walk along
The wooded path
Near the lake
The dry leaves
Kept falling on my head
All red, yellow, and green
And for a moment
I could see the sun
Peering at me
Through the trees
And the water
In the lake gleamed
With sparkling colors
Of autumn

Verna Peters

THE HIKER

He stands on the road
With a load on his back
He's got a song in his heart
A smile on his face as he
Travels from place to place.

He's an explorer of a discovered land
He's a sailor of a well tamed sea
He's free, not like you or me
He knows not where he's going
Nor less he care, just as long
as he's going somewhere.

Levi DuJohn

I WAS

I saw a dead seagull this morn'
It noticed me for sure; It stared!
Cold dry eyes, it cried, breath least warm:
What I was, no one knew or cared

Joey Kincaid