

Those happy days, a memory sweet recall
 Of carefree hours, free as the winds that
 blow
 In mossy glades where scarlet leaves did
 fall;
 Where graceful birch and sturdy maple
 grow.

Wading through swamp, coarse grass and
 rushes slender,
 Through willows gaunt, long tentacles of
 grey,
 Thrusting through bush, the brambles think
 to hinder;
 A rocky knoll with moss; a stunted oak
 aslant.

Remember: we climbed that windy hill at
 dawn
 Where hand in hand I led you through the
 wood,
 When first the blackbird broke the silent
 morn,
 Faces aglow, and panting, in solemn silence
 stood.

When first the sun's rays stole o'er yonder
 hill —
 And pierced through slender beeches on the
 rill.



AUTUMN

And then the lake — long arms outspread;
 Of ruffled shallows, dark depths in a muddy
 bed;
 Agasp; drank in its splendour, a beauty to
 behold —
 Of shimmering waters, fringed with orange
 and gold.

And then we stumbled on, you fell,
 And I a crashing too
 Sprawled midst crag and fern, laughed at
 Heaven's blue.
 The startled duck rising with curving speed
 A cackling went, green-necked drake in the
 lead.

We plodded on through rushes thick; and
 slime
 Scaling the boulders round, the highest peak
 to climb.
 Weary and tired, but happy, we lay on the
 dampened ground,
 And resting awhile, did scan for miles
 around.

That mystic gift, the splendour, that nature
 does unfold,
 A melody of colour, pastel and brilliance
 bold.

Don Twomey

my friend and i

by bruce m lantz

i had a friend once. he was really very good to me,
 and so was i to him. in the good times, when the sun
 was always shining and life was an easy kind of joy, we
 laughed together at little things, enjoying all. often
 there were walks along the marsh or down a quiet
 street of trees, protected by the spears of light from a
 thousand bristling stars — they watched over us in our
 youth; we could feel them touching us, guiding toward
 the coming years. swinging from shadowed elms we
 would hide in the night — from a world we could not
 understand and sometimes from each other — but only

for a time. then, from a high place or a grey shadow,
 we would jump back to reality: landing softly, firmly,
 on curled-up toes, pivoting slightly at the jar, and then
 laughing as the night stretched out before us, drawing
 all and us along with it.

in the bad times, when our flexing world grew tight
 and close around us, we sought each other out and
 stayed together, clinging to our only log in a far-too-
 frantic whirlpool. sometimes we would perch on the
 floor of my room, our minds wavering in-out, in-out, in
 time with the wasping glow of a single fluttering candle
 flame. our minds bathed in combined confusion, we

ventured far in many directions, hoping that the road
 would be calm around the corner, hoping that the sea
 would stop its endless churning, praying to nameless
 anigods that we would make some sense of our lives.

after many times like these we moved apart, through
 different hopes and strange confusions. and when our
 wanderings bring us together now, when we hope for
 the simple moments of the past, there are only
 memories which we belabour. we dare not build anew,
 not even new webs of friendship, for fear of destroying
 that old foundation of dreams. we dare not try again for
 fear of failure — and we are left with nothing.

FESTIVITES

- Oct. 10 — Neptune Theatre — CBC Sunday
 Concerts
- Oct. 13 — Mount St. Vincent Academic Centre
 Opening Concert
- Oct. 14 — Mount St. Vincent Art Gallery
 Opening
- Oct. 15 — Dalhousie — Bill Deal and the
 Rhondells
- Oct. 16 — Mt. St. Vincent — John Hammond in
 Concert
- Oct. 17 — Neptune Theatre — CBC Sunday
 Festival
- Oct. 20 — Dalhousie — Lecture by Chief Dan
 George
- Oct. 20 — Mt. St. Vincent Film Soc. "Girl in
 Black"
- Oct. 20 — Dartmouth Community Concerts
- Oct. 21 and 22 — Contemporary Dancers at Dal
- Oct. 24 — Dal Film Society — "Don Quixote"
 Oxford Theatre

further information from central box office —
 424-2298 or consult cultural calendar.



People are needed to add spice to Onion Soup. If you write or draw or
 take pictures, why not consider a position on our staff? If you think
 critically about the arts, why not set your thoughts in print for others
 to share. Contact Steve Mills via Gazette.