



poet's corner

The Battle of Dunn

Once the cornerstone was laid . . .
There did pervade, rumours of a raid.
It seems that Hairy Jones and Neville Neill
Were "achin" to cross the Bridge with zeal
To greet the ladies, who from town did run,
"Up the Hill" to the House of Dunn.

The ladies were practically all done in
After moving up from Fredericton.
Still they were all done up to meet; the occasion,
Having no idea of the planned invasion.
Yet that evening when the day was done,
The way was prepared for some fun in Dunn!

Not realizing the seriousness of the situation,
The ladies had no time for capitulation.
The doors were undone—a shriek was heard—
And none could stop the stumbling herd.
The invaders advanced from every side;
The ladies — stunned — were forced to hide.

It seems the Dunn ladies their windows had left open,
Not knowing this was what the men were hopin.
For things in town had been quiet and still
As contrasted to what was done on the hill.
The ladies' motto—"None Ever Undone"—
Was shattered and ruin'd by the boys in their fun.

The halls were silent; the herd had retreated;
The ladies KNEW they were defeated.
But with a smile on their lips and a small shy grin,
A new motto arose in Lady Dunn Inn—
"We've been done and was it fun"!!

And so the story did come to an end.
It's hoped there was none it did offend,
For the tale was prompted only by fun,
To make a pun on the House of Dunn.

Who Dunnit

Dialogue

Let us be reasonable, we said;
so, we sailed our kayak words through
all the right logistics, touched on
all the cold statistics—
while frozen at our poles.

We chanced to hit on Venus
whilst her cupped hand supped clam high,
and wishing not to switch the bit
we spried around on porches
flicking bandy-words at bantam livers;

Pausing only for the feel of bodies
clutching (of a sudden) feel of floating
skin on butter,
afloat upon each other,
dissolving.

Reaching up with limbs to hang
a kiss on famished mouths,
crew-wise we were and mutinied together, as
savage parent ship was left astern,
our oars acast, and seas for long slow drink, adrift.

Eric Thompson

The Sad State Of Poetry Today

Poetry today is a fast dying animal. Mortally wounded by the slings and arrows of outrageous poets, it isn't even allowed to die in peace. As an 'art form', it is being hounded to death by the deadly dullards of the classroom, the pedants; banded about like slightly ripe olives by the cognoscenti on the cocktail circuit; and pummelled unceasingly by the gods of Madison Ave. ("Winston tastes good like . . .").

Forty years ago, at the birth of *The Wasteland*, modern 'poetry' came of age. 1922 was an auspicious occasion; it signalled the beginning of the war to end poetry. T. E. Eliot, the author of *Wasteland*, showed how easily it could be done. Originality wasn't required, for all one needed to do was to crib the best lines from other 'great' poets.

Then came his imitators. Increasingly, poetry became the weapon of the social satirists, most of whom were inverted snobs. Eliotean "gentility" almost killed poetry in the thirties, as the unemployed pacifists, fascists, communists, et al, churned out their 'deathless' verse in a vain attempt to prove the pen is mightier than the sword.

In more recent times, the jingle-ists and the anthologists have begun their assault. As a tool in the hands of the effete—either 'poetry lovers' or advertising hacks—poetry has lost almost all the dignity it ever had. It has become a mere status symbol, of a very low order. Further, it has suffered loss of meaning at the hands of misguided 'artists' who, believing that technique is all, have no technique at all.

A good example of the very able crucifiers of poetry is the 'Beat' school. Their kind of non-poetry, and its acceptance by the public, demonstrates just how low critical taste has sunk. Beatnik poems, such as *HOWL*, are long narcissistic wails, wherein the poet bemoans his 'fate', blames everyone but himself for his 'misfortunes', and seldom, if ever, is accurate about the kind of people or institutions he attacks.

Poetry today, then, suffers a debilitating malaise. The product of feeble-minded alienates, it cannot help but reflect their psychotic problems. Meanwhile, the ivory-tower critics hark back to the past, yawn over present problems, and allow the flow of poetry verse to continue unabated.

THIS IS FORESTRY WEEK

Below is a brief description of the main events of Forestry Week '62. As usual, their success depends primarily on the participation of the members of the faculty—with one notable exception—the Bushman's Ball. In past years, this dance has proved to be one of the top social events of the year, to which the whole campus is invited.

Monday saw the annual grudge soccer game against the Engineers with the Foresters trying to regain the trophy, which the Engineers claim they won last year.

Tuesday night saw the Foresters competing against each other in various tests of skill and strength appropriate to their calling, such as the Axe chop, the log decking and the cross cut saw contests.

Tonight is the Forestry Social, an informal dance at which the candidates for Forestry Queen will be introduced to the members of the Forestry faculty. There will be a movie, and the labs and equipment will be on display. Punch and refreshment will be served.

Thursday night, the Foresters take on the co-eds in a game of water polo in the LBR pool, beginning at 7:30.

On Friday night is the annual Bushman's Ball, the informal formal social event of the year. There, the Forestry Queen will be crowned by last year's Queen, Janet Maybe. Also the two-bitted axe will be presented to the "Bull of the Woods"—the forester who showed the most skill at the field events on Tuesday night. Music will be supplied by Ralph Campbell and his orchestra.

Saturday night, (of course) is set aside for Hammerfestivity that annual gathering of Foresters in the woodlot for the purpose of exuding good will and friendship, and ingesting "good" beer and chop suey.

Throughout the week, tugs-of-war will be held at noon hour, the winning class receiving an extra quart of beer at Hammerfest.

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