

FULL TIME JOB

I think I will go home  
As the weather is fine  
And there is lots of time  
To ramble and roam.

But, alas, another job,  
I forgot to placate  
Another week I'll have to wait  
And now again my time's been robbed.

D.N.G.

ON THE GOOD LIFE

There is so much to do  
And so little time  
And so many people  
To guide you through  
This earthly climb  
To the top of the steeple.

D.N.G.

BOREDOM

I'm all alone with nothing to do,  
and everything around has a ghastly hue,  
I think that I need a definite change,  
Anything will do from the broadest range  
Just something to fill the long hours in,  
Music, or dance or a drinking binge,  
It sure beats staring time in the face,  
Or coming first in a one man race.

D.N.G.

RECANTATION

I do not think that I  
Shall let you let my body sing;  
Your beauty, cold, is far too pure,  
Too fine for such a reckoning.  
And having won you [do I dream?]  
The victory's a bit too new--  
So dress and leave, dear,  
If you please, dear;  
The world's bitter  
Stage--no tease, dear--

And I, attending your removal  
Am eager to begin anew,  
[Without fears of praise or disapproval]  
The life I've lost in loving you.

John Timmins

SOMETHING TO NOTHING

We thought we had something good  
All we had to do was try  
But all we did was destroy  
Now nothing is good anymore

Just when everything seemed so right  
It all went wrong, so wrong  
The long walks, the midnite talks  
Was it all for nothing?

For me it was something  
So beautifully special  
For you it turned to nothing  
But baby, ain't that the way life is?

Maybe I fooled myself thinking it was love  
I really thought I wanted you  
But miss you or long for you, I don't  
I guess we were both wrong to hang on for so long.

Too bad, it could have been beautiful.

Lili Rioux and Ronny Muckler

BOY ON A BRIDGE

The railway bridge was a shorter cut  
Than the main bridge,  
And so he took it.

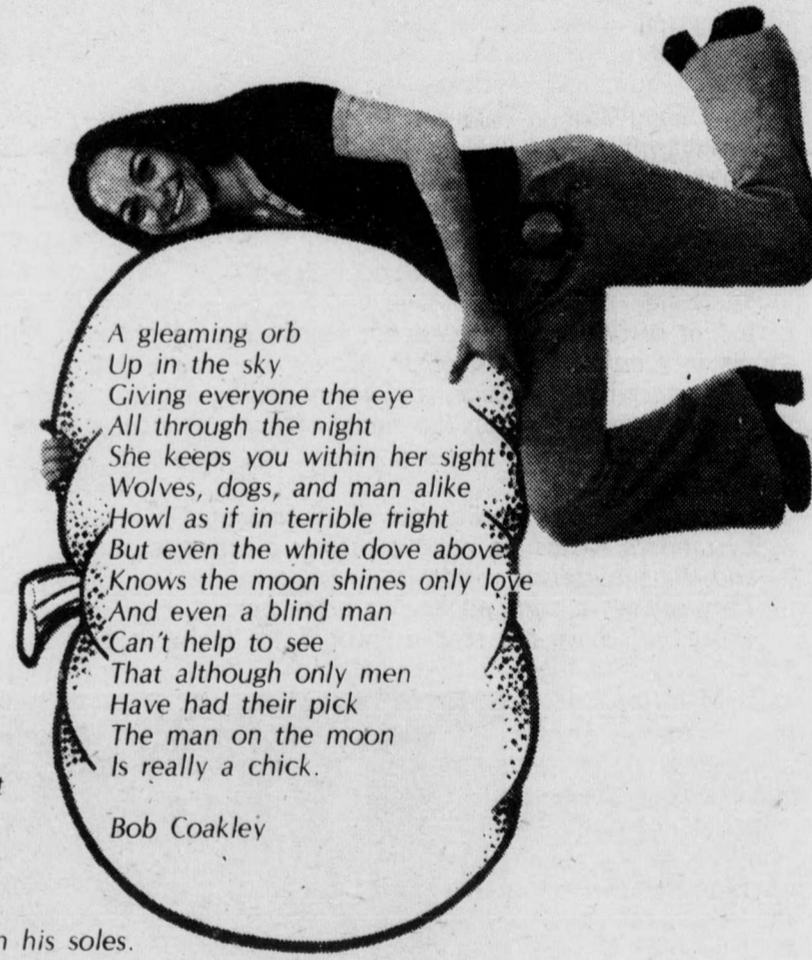
Beneath his feet  
The wooden beams were warm upon his soles.  
The steel was cool to touch.  
His skin was hot and sweating.

The boy had crossed half way  
When he looked behind.

A train was steaming closer, coming fast.

His body turned cold,  
Like meat the slaughterhouse would let defrost.  
Like butchered flesh growing soft in the heat.  
Like a mass of hamburger ground limp under the wheels.

By RICK HATT



A gleaming orb  
Up in the sky  
Giving everyone the eye  
All through the night  
She keeps you within her sight  
Wolves, dogs, and man alike  
Howl as if in terrible fright  
But even the white dove above  
Knows the moon shines only love  
And even a blind man  
Can't help to see  
That although only men  
Have had their pick  
The man on the moon  
Is really a chick.

Bob Coakley

Nort

The western do  
the Brier curlin  
tion came to  
Saturday, Mar  
Bill Tetley's N  
ario entry def  
foundland 8-6  
round draw.

Tetley's win  
speculation of  
three way tie  
foursome and  
the Territories

A tie would h  
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Tetley is no  
1971, he lost  
Winnipeg's D  
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The win g  
Ontario a 9-2  
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each of the 12  
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A loss wou  
critical for  
would have  
into a three-  
place. Don T  
ies rink fro

Bill Tetley  
Curling

Conc  
comp