

LETTERS To the Editor

Dear Sir:

In view of the recent exodus of Co-eds to their new stomping grounds up-the-hill, and their consequent near extinction in the lowlands of Fredericton, I propose that a statute be erected commemorating the species, so that when future generations ask what it all means, grandfathers can tell them.

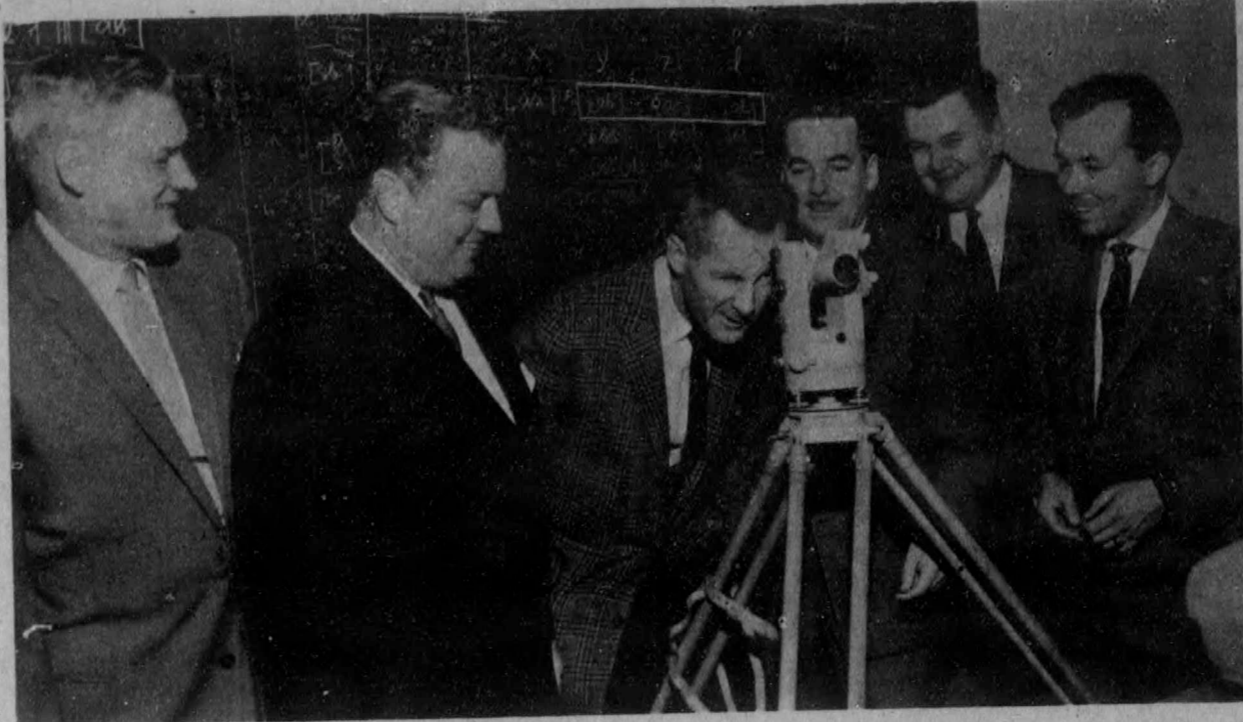
"They're gone now, son . . . vanished. But I remember when the whole long plain called University Avenue was alive with their surging bodies — great mass of them, far as the eye could see—big groups, noisy and restless — small knots, huddled together against the cold, and a few hurrying stragglers. All tramping in the same direction—drawn by some great destiny in their regular migrations.

Here and there the hunters, skirting the rumbling mass stopped their steeds, waiting until several shaggy forms turned, broke from the herd, and with frenzied bellowing charged the solitary rider.

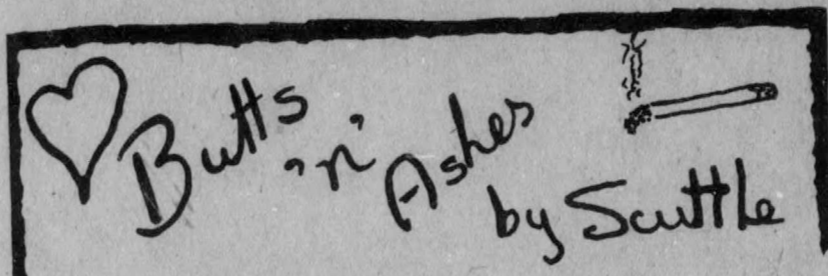
But the hordes are gone now son, only the wind remains blowing across the deserted flat-lands pitted still with their foot-marks—the last traces of the past, and the native driving his steed relentlessly, back and forth, searching with weary eyes for the quarry he knows he will not find.

Will they ever come back? Nobody knows, son, but I like to think of them roaming up there in the hills and I believe if we wish hard enough and long enough, they will return again.

Sincerely,
George Patterson



You're right! You CAN see in the Lady Dunn Hall windows from here!!



Dear Scuttle,

I have a very serious psychological problem — a guilt complex. At the first of this year, my freshette year, I loathed all of the sophs and now some are my best friends. I can't help feeling wretched for wanting to wring their necks as they made us duck-walk up and down the fire escapes or wade through the pond to kiss the beaver. And the cigarettes they were forever asking for — I pinpricked about one hundred just for the fun it gave me to see them puffing uselessly. I can't afford to see a brain-washer, but I do feel horribly about the situation. I'm afraid that this may mar my whole college life. What shall I do

A Freshette

Dear Freshie,

Don't worry about it — you don't need a head-shrinker! Just get enough clues to realize that next fall there will be a whole crew of freshettes loathing you too—things will balance out in the end.

Yours,

Scuttle

(For the information of the one or two of you out there who don't already know, Scuttle is Marianne Kirkland).



DUNN INNMATE

Terry's Last Toon

This was the year that — this column made its first appearance — that Peggy Blair was elected Frosh Queen — that Ed became pilot emeritus of T.C.A. — that we had a small insignificant pantie raid at the Maggie — that the co-eds moved into Dunn Inn — that some political radicals ran a little protest down town against the esteemed Brigadier — that Pauline Robinson was chosen Miss Winter Carnival '63 — that the *Brunswickan* had a few anxious moments — that the *Best* production, the *Diary of Anne Frank*, hit the stage at U.N.B. — that at the Fall Formal, people were getting their heads jammed in car trunks — that the football team had a shade quieter than usual — that the crypt looked like a barn yard, was a shame to Pete, Chris, and Di — that the Red 'n' Black party back memories to Pete, Chris, and Di — that the Red 'n' Black party That "the place on Pederson Crescent" was featuring Bermuda shorts and the occasional bathing suit — that the football team had a hay and all — that Winter Carnival proved tremendous — that U.N.B. went on the air seven days a week — that the football team had not too successful season — that Radio U.N.B. went trans-campus — that the S.R.C. had a bit of financial fight on its hands — that someone pulled a false alarm at Dunn Inn — that Ross got kicked out of model parliament — that Judy's electric blanket was ruined.

That comments in this column on Co-ed Week brought about a poster campaign — that a new bookstore and bank were opened on campus and that the bank fed most of the students for a couple of days — that the Christmas parties "up North" hit an all time high — that Jenny danced on the table tops in the student centre — that Butts 'n' Ashes made its debut in defence of the Co-ed — that Scuttle kept everyone guessing — that Prof. Shaw thought of hiring Ross to take 8:30 lectures — that the girls in the Hotel kept the messiest rooms in history — that Hope lost her \$5.00 bet — that I made oodles of friends through the gems of diplomacy in the "We hear" section.

Brunswickan Staffer

A well-known alumnus of U.N.B. has been selected Liberal candidate for York-Sunbury in the current election campaign.

The candidate David M. Dickson is a graduate in law with the class of 1947.

Mr. Dickson interrupted his studies at the University when as a member of the class of 1942 he enlisted in the Canadian Army in March 1940, one of the first members of the student body to do so. He was at the time on the staff of the *Brunswickan*, President of the Sophomore Class, President of the Arts Society, interested in football, hockey and track, and a member of the C.O.T.C.

At the conclusion of the war he was invalidated from the Army with the rank of Major at the age of 24.

Mr. Dickson then attended U.N.B. Law School from which he graduated in 1947. He was the leader of his class and also winner of one of the first Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarships. The next year he studied law, economics and politics at London School of Economics.

From 1957 to 1961 he was a member of the Senate of the University and a member of its executive committee. More recently he has been active on the Alumni committee organizing the 1963 Centenary Reunion.

A year or so ago he was one of those instrumental in the establishment of the Deutch Royal Commission on Higher Education in New Brunswick and at the present time is a member of the continuing committee of the University studying its future.

He continues an active interest in sports, notably speedboat racing and skiing and was one of the original directors of Crabbe Mountain Winter Park Ltd.



poet's
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