

Welcome to Fredericton

(Advice to the Frosh and those who can't remember)

By PATRICK O'BRIEN

By now, most of you should be well settled in; that is, if you have found a dwelling of some sort to live in. University students are basically a Nomadic type, living in the same place twice in a row is a rare occurrence.

If you live on campus, you've discovered by now that your roommate has odd little idiosyncracies. I once lived with a guy who collected skulls; I don't really know if he was into medicine or grave robbing - it seemed wiser not to inquire.

Besides the drunken clamouring in the halls, living in residence has an advantage over off campus living in that your meals (?) are provided.

If you live off campus; prepare for the big rip off. Food is

exorbitant these days, and the rent ridiculous. Some of us are living in apartments that you would not believe. It's a drag when it's nice to get home to the ghetto, because there at least you know the cockroaches by name.

At any rate, wherever you live - welcome to Fredericton. "City of Stately Elms".

There are a few things you should know about Fredericton; (this is mainly for Frosh, who have found the location of the taverns by now, so they are not included here. This being the capital of New Brunswick, we are fortunate to have several attractions lacking elsewhere in the province. The Parliament buildings and the courthouse are open to the public. (unless you are carrying suspicious boxes and wearing a peculiar smile.) Please visit both - it's

worth the trip. Especially try to make it to the courthouse if you're expected there. They get uptight if you don't make trial dates. Avoid getting busted. When you get drunk please don't destroy houses, property or especially people. It's bad for the student image.

Besides the bureaucracy, there is an excellent art gallery down by the river and near to the Playhouse. You should all make an appearance at both of the above. We are fortunate to have such facilities and they should be appreciated.

Fredericton has several fine parks with tennis courts etc. Wilmot Park is of interest to the athletic freaks; while Odell park is reserved for equestrian riding and ambling. Odell park in the fall is magnificent - something you nature lovers should not miss.

The St. John River has a nice bank to relax on, watching the rainfall drift back to the sea. It's good for sailing - but do not attempt to jump off the Princess Margaret Bridge. It has been done before, but by someone who will not attempt it again. Also please do not attempt to pick off cars from the bridge. It is very distressing to the drivers, especially if you use large cement blocks. Remember my advice about the courts.

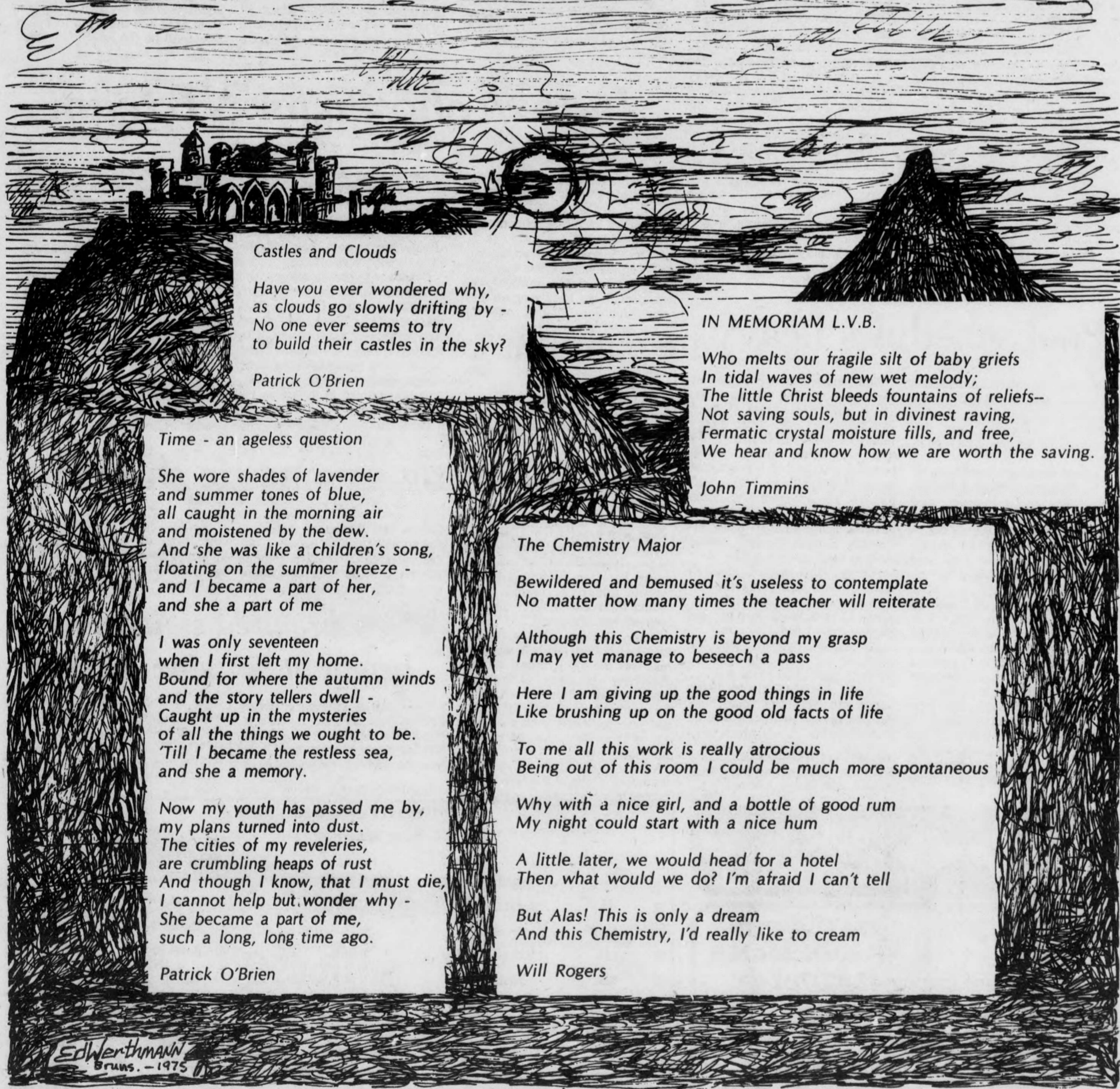
So for all you Frosh, take it cool, chances are your prof. could be insane or a genius - we have both species. Do not avoid the library, it is inevitable that you make use of it, and the staff here offers excellent assistance with any problems.

Final advice, keep several things in mind: stay cool, it's not that

difficult to get by. Treat people kindly, spread your love evenly, and it will be returned. (V.D. perhaps, but returned at any rate.) Don't be afraid of any of the University service; such as the "Rap Room" "Health Center, the "Gym" etc. Feel free to roam about the campus at will, there are many exhibits hidden here and there. Don't ignore Memorial Hall - you can find plays, art exhibits and strange graffiti in the washrooms. Don't forget to kick the roaches, and make an effort to go to classes. It can't hurt.

See you at the pubs - and keep in mind the words of the humble sage Zeke Lirette who once spake unto the crowd gathered to hear him play and sing his songs of subtle rhyme.

"What the hell am I doing here?"



Castles and Clouds

Have you ever wondered why,
as clouds go slowly drifting by -
No one ever seems to try
to build their castles in the sky?

Patrick O'Brien

Time - an ageless question

She wore shades of lavender
and summer tones of blue,
all caught in the morning air
and moistened by the dew.
And she was like a children's song,
floating on the summer breeze -
and I became a part of her,
and she a part of me

I was only seventeen
when I first left my home.
Bound for where the autumn winds
and the story tellers dwell -
Caught up in the mysteries
of all the things we ought to be.
'Till I became the restless sea,
and she a memory.

Now my youth has passed me by,
my plans turned into dust.
The cities of my reveleries,
are crumbling heaps of rust
And though I know, that I must die,
I cannot help but wonder why -
She became a part of me,
such a long, long time ago.

Patrick O'Brien

IN MEMORIAM L.V.B.

Who melts our fragile silt of baby griefs
In tidal waves of new wet melody;
The little Christ bleeds fountains of reliefs--
Not saving souls, but in divinest raving,
Fermatic crystal moisture fills, and free,
We hear and know how we are worth the saving.

John Timmins

The Chemistry Major

Bewildered and bemused it's useless to contemplate
No matter how many times the teacher will reiterate

Although this Chemistry is beyond my grasp
I may yet manage to beseech a pass

Here I am giving up the good things in life
Like brushing up on the good old facts of life

To me all this work is really atrocious
Being out of this room I could be much more spontaneous

Why with a nice girl, and a bottle of good rum
My night could start with a nice hum

A little later, we would head for a hotel
Then what would we do? I'm afraid I can't tell

But Alas! This is only a dream
And this Chemistry, I'd really like to cream

Will Rogers

Ed Werthmann
BRUNSWICK - 1975