

Continued from p. 7

local mediums, making the Brunswickan a place to turn for in depth reports.

In entertainment we chose to gear the section to reviews and columns concerning local productions and movies. The fact that entertainment has a history of adopting noncontroversial stands did not affect our writers the slightest. With teeth glimmering, our staff nibbled, gnawed, and tore at the feeble efforts that saw their way to Fredericton, trying to pass as worthwhile entertainment. Their lack of restraint often led to an influx of letters to the editor, phone calls, and verbal complaints, all from irate people who could not appreciate our frank and voracious assessment of the productions in question.

It is the faint, not nearly so loud, applause deep in the background, from those who read our reviews and hesitated in wasting their money, that we serve.

The sports section this year wielded the largest staff in the Maritimes and expanded its coverage to places such as Georgia, Montreal, and Kitchener. The twenty writers we had enabled the department to focus with an unparalleled comprehensiveness on UNB's great sports people and teams. They, as well, viewed their duty to inform and promote to the students all the fun and fitness to be had around the city and campus with the utmost of determination.

This was also the year that Jacques Hebert and myself saw the demise of the Katimavik program as a precedent towards youth rights in this country, one that we felt could not go unavenged. So in an effort to shed light on that in-

justice we went on hunger strikes. The fasts lasted 16 and 21 days, his being the longer. During that time I witnessed good intentions twisted and perverted by manifest cynicisms that grew more and more abundant as the protest went on.

**"I witnessed good intentions twisted and perverted by manifest cynicisms..."**

I began doubting the convictions that saw me take such actions, not due to the validity of my opposition's arguments, but rather the opposition themselves. Expecting my enemies to crawl out of the woodwork and have their poke at the cause and what Jacques, I, and others stood for may have weakened my defences from those who were close to me. Friends and family alike began voicing their disapproval, even distaste, toward my actions. It is not surprising then that in reflection, the easiest part of my sixteen day hunger strike was not eating for sixteen days.

In summing up, our goals for next year are many. Our aspirations are indeed lofty, some extending to the liberation of this historic publication. These are, of course, rallying cries that we've all heard and grown weary of through the ages but now we have evolved past the state of them being mere pipe dreams. For the first time in memory we have a student council sympathetic to the desire of autonomy for the Brunswickan.

We're going for it.

## 70's

A LOOK BACK AT THE BRUNS

by SHEENAGH MURPHY  
EDITOR 1978-79  
Interjections by SARAH INGERSOLL  
EDITOR 1977-78

The Greek God strode on limber limbs into the organized chaos of the paper strewn office. His careless grace and perfect carriage were fitting complement to the swept-back ebony of his blue-black hair, the flashing darkness of his eyes and the god-like assurance of his demeanour. In his wake, worshipping cohorts scattered, trailing camera wires and cassettes and wearing an expectant air.

Nonplussed, the Greek God gazed at the site of his destination, indeed, at the two heads with whom he was to meet. The heads were all he could gaze at, as the remainder of the bodies were not in evidence. Sarah Ingersoll and Sheenagh Murphy grinned. Their two heads sat squarely on the desk top seemingly unrelated to any nether limbs. Sarah smiled, that peculiarly angelic smile, so misleading to the uninitiated...then burst into maniacal laughter, shortly joined by her sidekick. And so the short-lived, ill-fated UNB Video club was introduced to the Bruns staff.

The laughter, more than anything else, is what remains of the memories which each Bruns staffer carries about for the rest of his or her life. For apart from the very real benefits to be derived from apprenticing on Canada's oldest student newspaper - many Bruns staffers have gone on to bigger (if not better!) things - the Bruns was, and no doubt still is, above all, fun....

....Fun - there was plenty of that at the Bruns....the fun of meeting new people, the fun of running a story that we just knew would get the SRC's and/or the administration's dander up, and especially the fun of Wednesday's layout nights, which, as we all remember, somehow got more bizarrely funny as the night wore on. Of course, many of these hilarious late (or early, depending on how you looked at it) moments never seemed quite as funny the next day. By the same token, some things that were not so funny at the time, possibly even embarrassing, provide us today with some of our brightest and fondest memories....the day I listened to myself being interviewed on the campus radio station, CHSR,....the only problem being, I was busy

typesetting madly to get the paper out and not talking to anyone (highly unusual, I know). I must say, however, that Tom Best did a highly entertaining imitation of me. Or the time I typed some letters for my first editor, Susan Manzer Morell, and in my enthusiasm to get them out for the mail pick-up, I neglected to get her to sign them...Having been at the Bruns for only a short time, I was sure Susan would fire me (tyrant that she was).

The Brunswickan is a place not often seen in this world, a place of dreams and hopes, of ideals and of aspirations. Within that first floor office, passion and youthful zeal rule supreme and never was this more clearly demonstrated than at Monday afternoon staff meetings. Clutching lukewarm styrofoam cups of treacly SUB coffee, we would gather round in an informal group, there to discuss what issues should be attacked that week. Arguments and shouting matches often ensued, sparks would fly as ideal clashed with ideal, priority with priority. Yet through it all, a warm thread of belonging ran, a sense that together we were all working towards something we believed in, as only teenagers and young adults can believe. No matter it was simply a student paper - in its own way it was life, life as it was meant to be. Largely black and white because grey was something we were only learning. It was joy lurking behind the black and white print of our beloved, editorials tempered with youthful idealism, softened by human understanding and pride in the black and white perfection (to us) of our first photograph. Each of us hugged close the knowledge that as journalists we were looking beyond the harsh reality of corporate might and company-controlled media to what we understood to be the essence of freedom. Freedom of the press - words bandied about and glibly spoken by man today, yet to Bruns staffers, something sacred. Something lived, breathed and passionately real...

Freedom of the press... something that all of us at the Brunswickan, at one time or another, in one form or another, had to defend. Not only did we have to fight the SRC and the administration on certain issues, but also individuals, including students, at various times. And I think I speak honestly when I say that each time we defended and justified our running a particular story, there was that thought when we wondered, if only for a fleeting moment, if what we were doing was right. Did we have all the facts?

Were we being totally unbiased in our reporting? But one of the great beauties of the Bruns was that if there were doubts, no matter how slight, we discussed it and inevitably arrived at the right decision. In my four years tenure and in the years before and after, the Brunswickan, to the best of my knowledge, has never made a wrong decision...journalistically speaking, of course.

What made the whole experience so memorable was that each staffer had, to a lesser or fuller extent, that same spark, that same soul-searching belief that life was something to be lived to the fullest. Something meant to be experienced with zest and with everything your heart could pour into it. What made the Bruns so particularly wonderful was that others, like yourself, existed. Within its sometimes cramped and always messy space came people of all types. The shy, the bold, the funny, the ambitious. Came too the politicians, the anarchists, the conformers and idealists. One and all they came and together found a cause, a focal point, a forum wherein their varied and often diametrically opposed viewpoints could be aired, argued and expanded...and then in between there was always SUB coffee to drink, the Social Club to visit, and friends with whom to gossip.

"Typical Montreal bitch" was Sarah's first thought on seeing me, who, far from kitch and kin, following a fond mother's dictates 'never let people know you're scared' walked into the Bruns office, nose in the air. Ed Werthman was editor then, and he, blond locks flying was discouraging to an enrapt audience with the peculiar intensity so his own. In the way of the Bruns, I was welcomed and before long Sarah and I were fast friends. Sarah, with her irreproachable sense of justice, leavened by an absolutely brilliant - if twisted - sense of humour, her discerning eye and exacting standards. It was Sarah, more than anyone who brought the paper to the point of being not only the paper with the best content, but also the best looking student paper in Canada. It was she who counselled restraint when restraint was needed and action when action was called for. Sarah was editor when The Bruns took the big step of leaving Canadian University Press. A motley crew, with our fair complement of idealists, politicians and fun-seekers, off we went to Dalhousie, there to debate the finer points of that outdated institution. Yet it was Sarah who had us listen, who insisted that a fair decision could only be based on a fair hearing. And

Continued on page 10

**Neill's Sporting  
Goods (1970) Ltd.**

*wishes The Brunswickan  
the best of luck!*

**20% off all sneakers**

**386 Queen Street**