



# Letters from the editors



Reprinted from The 120th Reunion Edition

by Sheenagh Murphy  
Editor 1978-79

Interjections  
by Sarah Ingersoll  
Editor 1977-78

The Greek God strode on limber limbs into the organization chaos of the paper strewn office. His careless grade and perfect carriage were fitting complement to the swept-back ebony of his blue-back 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.

Non plussed, 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 other 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 carried 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 so 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 being at the Bruns for only a short time, I was sure Susan would fire me (tyrant that she was).

The Brunswickian 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 treacherously SUB coffee, we would gather round in an informal group, there to discuss what issues would 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 banded 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 Brunswickian, 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 Brunswickian, 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 discoursing 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 idealist, 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 when Jean-Louis Tremblay, French-Canadian accent piquant and moving, said at the end "when the dragon, it gets too big, you cut off its head," it was she who led the applause that followed... and the Bruns led the way for what became almost a mass desertion of CUP.

My God, what a saint I am... I feel now is the time to explain just how this story was written. Wanting to write our article together, but being 900 miles apart, I suggested that Sheenagh write her part and having mailed it to me, I would add my two cents worth. Sheenagh, of course, knowing that I would be reading this, while stating the facts as they were, had spiced things up a bit, I suspect, for my benefit... Hell, I may not be a saint, but I must say, it was damned clever of me, don't you think.

things up a bit, I suspect, for my benefit... Hell, I may not be a saint, but I must say, it was damned clever of me, don't you think.

Also, at this point, I would like to tell you, who do you know me, just how profoundly the Bruns affected me. Out of work and having absolutely no luck in finding any, I heard from a friend that the university newspaper was looking for a typesetter. I didn't even know what a typesetter was, but desperate times call for desperate measures, so I applied, and, surprisingly got the job. Thus I was initiated into the world of student journalism. Immediately, I fell in love with a) the job, b) the students at the Bruns and c) most of all, the hectic pace in that office. Although I was officially listed as Secretary/Typesetter, my job description was unofficially also composed of making sure certain staffers got to certain classes at certain times (and, sometimes having to fib a little

about whether a certain someone was the lass or not); my shoulder doubling as a pillow on those mornings-after-night-before; contending with a caller who seemed sincerely concerned with the condition of my buns; and even being on the receiving end of a questionable serenade by Steve Fox. (Glenda Turner certainly enjoyed that one.) In short I was a jack-of-all-trades (and master-of-one, I might add) and loved every minute of it!

I soon found myself at the office on my nights off, getting completely caught up in the madness. After three years of initiation (during which I wrote my first story... a movie review of Andy Warhol's 'Frankenstein' - still disgusting after all these years... laid out my first pages... and joining in the social activities), I had found my niche. So when, at an awards party, Dave Simms approached me and suggested I run for editor, it took me several seconds to decide what I was to do. I quit my job became a student (debatable, not would say) and entered into a year which will always be, to me, the craziest, most bizarre, most exhausting and most enjoyable year of my life. Although there were times I would have gladly packed it in, I managed to hang in there, mostly due to the never-ending help of my partner-in-crime, Sheenagh Murphy. The only thing I regret today is that I wasn't there for her the following year.

As for me, well, my year as editor did not go unremarked. My staff, so loyal and fiercely independent, giving me as good as I got, yet always supportive. Like the time when I as editor, almost got kicked out of school for writing the truth about missing science equipment... when all were against me - including other student media - it was the staff who together agreed wholeheartedly to stick by their facts. It was incidents such as these which exemplified the spirit of the Bruns. For together we would decide on how we stood on an issue - following with passionate conviction the democratic process - then follow through to the best of our ability. Bruns staffers sought the truth and if the truth was sometimes unpalatable, we had, my reasoned, a sacred duty to nonetheless expose it to our varied audience.

Not that we were always so stern and single-minded. After all, you didn't win the Media Bowl game year after year without knowing how to play the game - face that our football expertise was practically non-existent was irrelevant. Warming up at the Arms, and then removing to the September rain - swept field on the University, there to soundly trounce the upstart CHSR's... if our playing was somewhat erratic (yes, Jack Trifts, hiding the football under the coat is not, perhaps, mentioned in the CFL rulebook), it was always enthusiastic.

And our team on those occasions, rag-tag and varied, was merely a reflection of the voices and faces which were the guiding light behind the Friday morning appearance of our student paper. From our advertising people - Judy Orr and Harold Doherty to the Wednesday night regulars who

religiously offered a few much appreciated hours each week, they were the Bruns. The names change, as do the faces, but the ideals remain (although most editors don't try to kill off their staff at the end of year, like the time I wrecked the van taking staff members to see the paper printed - sorry again guys).

What, after all, does any editor remember of the Bruns? Laughter and tears, fights with the SRC, philosophical discussions at 1:00 in the morning, quick visits to the Social Club, angry phone calls from disgruntled readers... and best of all, eager hands reaching for the Friday morning edition. We remember layout night, Wednesday nights blurred and softened with time, clouds of cigarette smoke, gallons of black coffee and waxy fingers. We remember that wonderful heartfelt relief Thursday mornings as the last flat was shot and sealed into the battered orange box.

... Some of us will remember the time when, in their enthusiasm to get on the road, some particular staffers forgot to take the box of pictures with them and we, with no other recourse, sent the pictures in the front seat of an RCMP squad car, whose driver, feeling quite devilish, chased our van down with lights flashing and siren wailing... causing, one would guess, severe heart palpitations.

We remember rides in bucking, creaking cargo vans and long, dark narrow New Brunswick roads, our headlights tracing patterns in the driving snow. We remember most of all, Friday mornings, drawn and tired yet quietly elated as we delivered the final product of all our hard work.

What is the Bruns? It is living as we never lived before and probably never will again. It is feeling and experiencing life to the fullest... before the harsh slap of reality makes ideals burdensome and causes stark primary colours to fade to an indiscriminate grey. It is believing in something and seeing that belief created anew each Friday. It is pictures and copy and the first weak fluttering of an as yet undeveloped talent. It is seeing your name in print and your picture in black and white. The Bruns was, above all, learning to live with people, learning beyond the obvious and learning how to question. It was learning to accept, as well, other personalities, things you couldn't change and perhaps most important of all, yourself.

... I couldn't have said it better myself... and I won't even try.

The Bruns is, well... the Bruns, and there is nowhere else quite like it.

P.S. We hope wherever you are, Ariel Ford, that you remember the Bruns with fondness... and that you've kept in touch with John Hamilton.

Edison Stewart  
Editor 1972-73

I don't think I'll ever forget my arrival at UNB. I was fresh out of high school, so wet behind the ears I squished when I walked, so shy I

almost blushed the first things Bruns ad appealed. No experience claimed. 'We for emphasis. right there I figured either had to be for false advertisement. Dave Jonah pipe-smoking who occasional piece suits, die Telegraph-Journal appeared smolasses uph to coax more than I would help. I must have a bug immediately took over my to the lofty post because of an should add, to find anybody. Our goal was best paper we prove it steal have a lot of did. We liked best parties. But we had new Editor on the wrong me now), can entrance to overturned a few days hatched in the stairs. There was a to safeguard. We went to try to maintain the teeth of M in a 1972 ph threatened (not), so we political fashion giving in, just Free speech hot water in came editor prominent a series of lectures. We wrote ley Mowat, of others, response, a Xaviera He as the Happy money (of The local B They need so student sium to have been more grow. Ah, memerson called notified his story on his office and asked that day press. K.C. Irving fly several Montreal the Star. And there we were