

# Brownsworth is back

By JONATHON BLANCHARD

I was falling about the University Club in a scotch-induced haze trying to fathom the reasons behind the fact that my column was

noticeably missing from that paper of papers, that Flagship of free thinking in Futonia, and the oldest official student publication in Canada; The Bruns.

As I tumbled over the Fu fu, the club cat, it came to me; the bar stool that is, not the question of the day. To Brownsworth, the intellect upon which the sun never

sets, den mother to all members of the above mentioned University Club and bartender of her smoking room, came over and pulled by now floundering frame from its life and death battle with the stool, which by that time had managed a half nelson of sorts around my legs.

Upon a quick re-read it occurs to me this week's Brownsworth is all ship shape and well enough for the older regular readers, (hope you all had capital summers) however, any new readers would be awash. For example:

"I was falling about the University Club"

New Reader - University Club?

"Why my column was missing from that paper".

New Reader. - what column? and/or So what? and/or Paper of papers?

I tumbled over Fufu, the Club cat"

New Reader - Fu Fu?

"Brownsworth, the intellect upon which the sun never sets".

Well you can see the situation, pretty heady stuff if you're out in the cold. However, Brownsworth readers as a bunch are a nice lot, ready and willing to lend a hand wherever possible, so older readers will not mind if I take a paragraph and give a brief summation. I would suggest you older readers go out and have a smoke or watch the sun set or whatever, this should only take a minute or two.

Now, to be brief, I gave up proficient speaking for writing and used the book on it for a door stop. Feeling that I had no desire to starve in a one room hovel in New York and write depressing novels on the human condition, I came to University - (a cleverly disguised chain of health spas and started to write Brownsworths. Much to everybody's surprise, not the least my own, Brownsworth caught on! Brownsworth is my bartender, confidant, guide in all matters, and, if not official, Captain of H.M.S., University Club, in which I am now a three year man; which, at long last, affords me access to the Club's private wine cellar. (I will report reg. on the different vintages to be had in there, in what is considered by

many to be up for shrine-hood..) Fu fu is the aged feline that de-mouses the above mentioned private gentlemen's club, and gets in the way of indoor golf play. Brownsworth and I dealt with such important and thought-provoking topics as: proficient speaking, indoor golf, the importance of Pumpkin sacrificing, Infantal Blottous Addictous, the Reign of Bodfish, the Drunken Debachery Society and its good works, ladies are not always gentelman, the present infestation of oggers, and Acamile Addictous among law students (for which we are still screening candidates for the Acamile Addictous poster child, any wishing to apply, may do so to me through the "Bruns".) With that, any new readers may come to know and love as; Brownsworth.

Well, as I way saying, a peticularly deadly stool had me down for the count when Brownsworth came to the rescue.

"Good afternoon sir, could I possibly be of service? You seem to be in shallow waters."

"Brownsworth, ah, "Things are going well I trust, ah there, free at last to go about your merry way and all that."

"Thanks Brownsworth, and no, things are not going well at all."

"How very distressing sir, can I get you a martini?"

Even to the meanest of intellects, like mine, this meant that Brownsworth was all ears, as it were, and to be frank this was one of those problems that a number of eminent poets, essayists and leaders of men throughout the years had described as a Brownsworth-problem.

"Well, sir, what seems to be the trouble?" said Brownsworth as he served a martini worthy of praise beyond my capabilities.

"They haven't published my colume yet this year!" I sniveled, I believe is the term.

"There there sir, buck up things are not as bad as all that. I'm sure there is some explanation, a number of members have noted it's lost and believe the public is behind you. Why do you think they omitted you?"

(Continued on p. 24)

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