



Why a Brunswickan Reunion?

Not surprisingly, the initial ideas stemmed from a desire to see old friends...but, just as important is that bond that has made those former fellow students, 'old friends'.

The Brunswickan's first female Editor-in-Chief, Mary (McMenamon) Marshall, best describes it in a feature article running in this special anniversary issue. In her opinion, it is the size of the campus itself that has made staff members so closely knit in recent years. The student population is so large that it is the individual organizations like the Brunswickan that develop friendships. In Mrs. Marshall's day, in the 1940's, the campus was so small that you knew everyone and participated in a number of activities together. It wasn't necessarily the organizations that made you friends but the fact that there were so few students in your class.

However, this does not mean that the fond memories or the affinity for the paper have necessarily increased in recent years.

It has always been a group of dedicated individuals who have put in long hours to ensure students had their University Monthly or their Brunswickan to keep them well informed. Whether hustling down to the printer's shop to help put the paper to bed or on production night in the modern, well-equipped offices of today, each and every staff member remembers the feeling of accomplishment upon seeing their efforts in print. For some of us, there is even a strong conviction that, while the newspaper continues to grow successfully, no one can do it quite like we could.

Each member of the paper's staff over the years has played a major role in the development of one of Canada's most respected student publications and has helped set the standard for those who have followed. It seems only fitting that these people should have an opportunity to finally meet and what better opportunity than the celebration of 120 years of student dedication and perseverance.

This reunion, as well, has allowed some of us to delve into the past and to piece together, more officially, the paper's long and interesting history.

From this research, and with the help of informative letters from staff members all over the world, came the idea for this special edition Brunswickan, which will stand as a permanent record for this 120th anniversary and our salute to it.

Our research has garnered a complete-as-possible collection of staff members' names from 1910 to 1986, but will be completed from the beginning for the university archives. We will also encourage future editors to update this list each year, and so, we will be officially recorded for all time.

Organizing the reunion has given us the opportunity, as an entity, to award permanent presentations to the university, representative of our past and promising future. Dalton Camp, Editor-in-Chief 1946-47, former national president of the Progressive Conservative Party and well-known columnist, has accepted the invitation to prepare a testimonial to the Brunswickan, which he will present at the alumni dinner this weekend. There will also be a gift to the university of a framed still life poster-style photograph depicting the past and present life of the newspaper in relation to the university. Finally, Dr. Downey will accept the first Honorary Life Editorship awarded posthumously to Sir George Foster, our founding editor.

Our direct contribution to the printed word on campus may now be a thing of the past and, aside from our activities this weekend, perhaps we would like the opportunity for continued input (ie the Brunswickan Alumni Club), which conjures up all kinds of possibilities for future increased involvement.

A number of suggestions for objectives for such an organization have been offered and we hope more will arise at the organizational meeting this weekend.

That list of possibilities includes: more honorary life editorships to be awarded annually or when the occasion arises...supplementing the meager honoraria of staff members...financial help under special circumstances...special awards for staff...a support group, in the sense that our current or past careers may offer areas of expertise for the paper; the most obvious being journalists giving seminars organized through the club...endorsing a stand on such issues as the workload carried by certain staff members being recognized academically...and, on a grander and more ambitious scale, if the club proves popular and with our large numbers, working toward the establishment of a school of journalism at UNB, as the facilities are already in place through the Brunswickan's modern equipped offices and CHSR's FM studios...

We hope others, who were not able to attend the reunion this weekend, will want to respond with their own suggestions via the Brunswickan editor who will forward the information to the pertinent people.

In conclusion, there are so many people, too numerous to mention (although many of their names appear throughout this special edition), we have to thank who have contributed to whatever successes this venture will have seen. However, we especially want to thank our official sponsors, Moosehead Breweries and the UNB Alumni (director Art Doyle and staff) for without their financial and moral support, NONE of this would have been possible!



Mugwump Journal

By EDISON
STEWART

Good day. Nice to see you found the place after all these years, however long in the tooth you may have become.

I suppose you've turned to the old Mugwump for the usual batch of mayhem and vitriol, wherein we call the student council president a liar, rail against an incompetent administration or a university president who spends \$11,000 of your (mostly-borrowed) student fees redecorating his office.

Well no sirree, not today. I've graduated to much more important matters. Now I work on Parliament Hill so I get to write about people who call Brian Mulroney a liar, ministers who can't smell rancid tuna until it's too late and an administration that takes a \$37,000 public opinion poll to determine that, yes indeed, most people do think Crest is a toothpaste.

You can see that some things in my life haven't changed a great deal.

I am told it hasn't changed a lot at UNB either. Heck, SRC president John Bosnitch has been in and out of office so many times in the past four years they've installed a revolving door. John Turner and Joe Clark, take heart.

But, as the aforementioned prime minister would say, that's not what this is all about.

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What this is about is the reason we're all here, and whether we can, or should, do anything further.

You probably know by now there will be an attempt this weekend to organize a Brunswickan alumni club, which as I understand it would be a fairly small-scale group to try to keep track of us all, presumably hold future reunions, and stuff like that.

So far, so good. Given that there's never been any such organization before and it took a lot of hard work from Susan and her merry troupe to get this effort off the ground, just founding a Brunswickan alumni club is therefore a major accomplishment.

Susan, however, has been thinking out loud about whether we should try to do more than that, and I want to say I agree with her.

If we had a little money, for example, maybe we could help our successors in some concrete fashion, either by sponsoring awards for excellence, supplementing the hard-working editor's meagre honorarium (at least it was meagre when I was there), or encouraging those who might be interested in making a life in journalism.

Now we come to the tricky part. How much is reasonable? I don't really know. I guess I'm open to suggestions but it shouldn't be so high that it discourages most of us from contributing, and it shouldn't be so low as to be useless. (In the event of the latter we may as well just stick with the basics, a club that keeps us on a mailing list and not much more.)

I would offer one final suggestion. The newspapers of this province, both daily and weekly, have benefitted directly and I'm sure unceasingly from the training and enthusiasm many of us learned right here. Perhaps now they would be willing to contribute something to a scholarship, a fund for training or some similar project.

I know K.C. Irving and the boys lent us their private jet 10 years ago to fly a bunch of us to Montreal for a less worthy cause - a one-day visit to the Star and the Gazette that must have cost them thousands. It can't hurt to try for something a little more down to earth.

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