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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 not 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 in class or not); my shoulder doubling as a pillow on those mornings-after-the-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 joined 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, most 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

"when the Dragon, it gets too big, you cut off its head..."

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, we 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 - the fact 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 flutterings 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.

by SUSAN MANZER MORELL
EDITOR 1974-75

My last ambition, in all truthfulness, upon entering the halls of higher learning at UNB, was to join the staff of the Brunswickan. I already had all the journalistic endeavours I could handle, working as a 'correspondent' for the Daily Gleaner.

It wasn't until the summer before my second year, that I learned, by accident, of my destiny. A colleague of mine on the summer staff of the Gleaner showed horror that I had attended UNB for one whole year and hadn't once crossed the threshold of the Brunswickan office.

A short time later, upon

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