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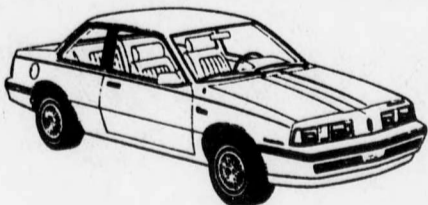
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120 Years Proud - Welcome Back

Dear Brunswickan Alumni/ae:

Welcome back to UNB, scene of your early journalistic endeavours. No matter how many reunions you've attended in the past, this one most certainly will be special as you recreate the days when the newsroom was your domain and Bruns deadlines dictated your schedule.

The American humorist Will Rogers once claimed, "All I know is what I read in the papers." While one might question this approach to knowledge, it is certainly true that The Brunswickan has always been and continues to be a barometer of student opinion on campus. Over the years it has, on various occasions, confronted the issues, clarified the issues and, occasionally, it must be admitted, confused the issues. It has been, at times, an agent of change and, at others, an instrument of inertia. But it has survived, and it remains an important aspect of every UNB student's experience. By and large it is, I believe, a credit to our institution and to your efforts over the years.

I hope to have an opportunity to meet you during the reunion.

Yours sincerely,

James Downey
President

Dear Brunswickan Alumnus:

On behalf of the Associated Alumni of the University of New Brunswick I want to welcome you to the 120th anniversary reunion of the establishment of the Brunswickan student newspaper at UNB. You might be surprised to learn that there are over 1,000 living alumni who worked for the Brunswickan newspaper during their student days.

Brunswickan alumni built one of the most successful student newspapers in the country and after graduating many of them went on to play leadership roles in alumni activities across the country and beyond. They have generously supported their university financially and in a host of other ways.

We hope that on this special reunion weekend that you will

strengthen your loyalties to the University of New Brunswick and that you will take the first steps to organize a Brunswickan Alumni Chapter to promote fellowship and to foster support for your alma mater.

Sincere best wishes for a great reunion celebration.

Arthur T. Doyle
Director of Alumni Affairs

Dear Brunswickan Alumni:

As Editor of the Brunswickan, I would like to extend the warmest of greetings to those returning to the world of student journalism.

For many of you, it will be the rekindling of emotions and memories thought to be locked away.

For my staff and I, they are emotions and memories yet to be tried.

Through the tireless efforts of Susan Manzer Morell and other alumni, we have the opportunity to fuse old with new, past with present, and experience with the fertile ambitions of energetic minds.

It has been with the greatest of anticipation that I have awaited this moment and I am sure that you share that spirit with me.

Let's make it a good weekend.

Sincerely, Ken Quigley

Dear Brunswickan Alumni:

As the University of New Brunswick is currently celebrating 200 years of honoured history, it seemed only fitting that this should be the year Canada's oldest official student publication also saluted its nearing 120th anniversary.

As members of the elite University Monthly/Brunswickan alumni, we should take pride in the progress the newspaper has made since its early beginnings, as each of us has played a role, however small, in its development as one of the nation's most respected student publications.

Without the assistance of a number of people this reunion would never have gotten organized. I want to thank my co-chairman Sarah Ingersoll (editor-in-chief 1977), who so

eagerly took up the cause when I approached her with the idea a year ago.

Special thanks also go to the UNB Alumni Director Arthur Doyle and his staff for wholeheartedly supporting the venture, not only in theory, but financially.

My appreciation to Moosehead Breweries, who as well as supporting the newspaper in the past, have financially donated to the 120th Anniversary Reunion.

A special salute to Calum I Johnston and Ken Quigley, two of this past year's editors, who offered services and that of the office and staff, which has resulted in this special edition Brunswickan, among other projects. Also to former editors and staff members listed in this paper's Masthead for their valuable assistance.

Lastly, I hope everyone enjoys this weekend as much as I will!

Welcome back to the Brunswickan!

Sincerely,
Susan Manzer Morell
Editor-in-Chief 1974-75
Chairman the Brunswickan
120th Anniversary Reunion



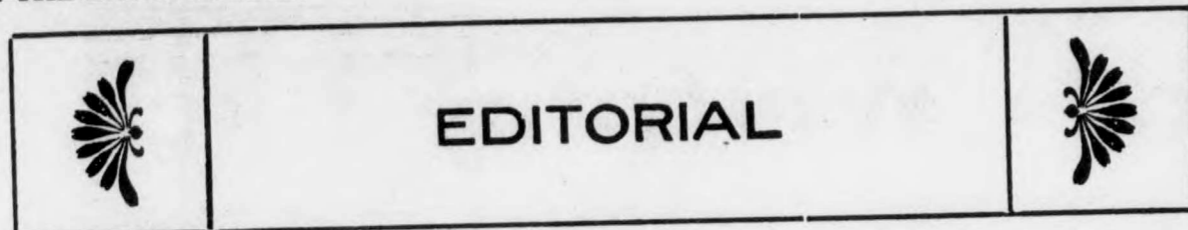
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Why a Brunswickan Reunion?

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.

* * * * *

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.

**

The Brunswickan

special 120th Anniversary Edition

Honorary Editor-in-Chief
Sir George Foster

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The Brunswickan, in its 120th year, is Canada's oldest official student publication. The Brunswickan's offices are located in Room 35 of the University of New Brunswick's Student Union Building, P.O. Box 4400, College Hill, Fredericton, N.B., E3B 5A3.

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All letters to the editor must be typed and double spaced, and signed along with phone number. Names may be withheld by request. The Brunswickan reserves the right to refuse publication of letters with libellous, sexist or racist material. Letters over 250 words may be edited for brevity.

Articles in the Brunswickan may be freely reprinted provided proper credit is given.

To Sir With Love

The Brunswickan's beginning steps to history

Dear Sir

I noticed your letter in the Telegraph-Journal and thought you might like to know how I came into possession of the only copy, known to exist, of the first Canadian University Newspaper, the forerunner of the Brunswickan. At the time that I became the first professor of History at UNB, in 1938, there had become public concern as to how this province had fared under Confederation, and for discovering the influences that had shaped the development of New Brunswick. I planned a series of graduate theses on the subject which I planned to publish in the interest of public information. Unfortunately, there was nothing to work with. This province was the only one in Canada without a public archives. I therefore set out developing a collection of sources as a basis for a programme of graduate studies at UNB. When I became head librarian I transferred the collection to the Library as the Archives Department. At a conference of the Rockefeller Foundation in the U.S. I gave an address on the needs of New Brunswick which led to grants to support research in local history, the first grants the University ever received for research in the social sciences and humanities.

I was very anxious to collect old New Brunswick newspapers as one important source of information, and advertised in the press with that in view. A Mr. Clark, who lived on Charlotte Street, responded, I went to his house, and bought several old papers from him. He said "I have something that might interest you", and he brought out the first college paper and made a present of it to me. It was called The University Monthly and was dated September 1867. I afterwards gave it to the University and it is now in the Archives of the Harriet Irving

Library. Mr. Clark was well over ninety years of age and said that when he was a boy of seven he had helped his father set the type for it.

I am not sure that the present generation of students know to whom they owe the honour of having the oldest college newspaper in Canada. The enterprising editor was a boy called George E. Foster. He later became professor of Classics at UNB; then a member of the House of Commons, Minister of Finance in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet for thirteen years, was said to be the greatest orator in Canadian parliamentary history, was knighted by King George V, and was Canada's representative on the League of Nations. I heard him speak on two occasions and visited him in Ottawa not long before he died. He was chairman of the committee that raised the funds for building the Memorial Hall in circa 1922-23.

The Editor-in-Chief of the Brunswickan in 1925-27 was R.R. Henderson who now lives at York Manor. I was Verse Editor in those years, trying to revive the literary tradition of the University that had produced Bliss Carman and Sir Charles G.D. Roberts.

I hope these remarks may be of some interest.

Sincerely,

Alfred Bailey
Professor Emeritus

Mr Eaton sends his best

Dear Sir:

I spent many happy hours with the Brunswickan, reporting and writing columns, but never any serious writing like some of my dedicated classmates.

I do hope that your Reunion is a smashing success. Best of luck!

Yours Sincerely,
Fredrik S. Eaton
President, Chairman, and
Chief Executive Officer
Eaton's
Toronto

Enjoy the issue.
Sincerely,
the staff of the Anniversary
Issue.



Members of the Brunswickan 120th Anniversary Reunion organization committee, and we are certain, members of our alumni, extend their sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr. Tom Foulkes, Editor-in-Chief 1925-26. Until very recently, Mr Foulkes had intended to take part in the Brunswickan Reunion festivities, as well as his own 60th class reunion, but could not do so for health reasons.

Mr. Foulkes was the first former staff member to officially request to become a chartered member of the proposed Brunswickan Alumni Club. We wish him all the best.



The Anniversary issue staff salute Sir George Foster

Dear Sir,

One hundred and twenty years ago you forged the way to student journalism at UNB. Today, an anniversary issue celebrating 120 years of tradition that has touched countless lives is the result of your actions.

Bottling the intangible elements that surrounds the Brunswickan and has seen us all through the years of euphoria and turmoil could never be our goal in producing this special edition.

We wouldn't even try.

In putting together this paper the contributors, listed in the masthead, helped drum up the spirit that serves to remind us of just what we're here celebrating.

Yet, we're not so blind as to not appreciate the efforts of the UNB Alumni, specifically Art Doyle and his staff. We hope that their involvement will not end here and we look forward to their participation in future Bruns Alumni Club events.

Furthermore, to those who are not in attendance at this reunion, we urge you to feel free in making suggestions to the Club.

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Brunswickan's personal reflection

80's

by KATHRYN WAKELING
MACMILLAN
EDITOR 1979-80

I joined the staff of the Brunswickan during my first year of university. I was hooked on the place from the moment I stepped through the door.

I spent the next couple of years writing for the news department and pitching in on Wednesday layout nights. During my second year, I became Offset Editor - I was off and running....

Nothing could have prepared me for the role of Editor-in-Chief. I wanted the challenge - and that is exactly what I got. Luckily for me I began my term as Editor with a full staff. Not many Editors can say they started off the year with all editorial positions filled. We really had a great bunch of people; people that really knew about their respective departments. Anne Kilfoil headed up the Photo Department with great ease, while her brother Joey was the News Editor. Joe was always experimenting with new type styles as well as experimenting with layout techniques. We always had professional looking pages - we just had the hardest time keeping him out of the layout tables! Gord Loane as Advertising Manager

was a great asset, but if you didn't warn him he would have tried to sell the entire paper as advertising space!

When I think of all of the people who contributed to the paper I can't help but wonder what we would have done without the help of Sheenagh Murphy as our typesetter. Sheenagh had been Editor-in-Chief of the Brunswickan the year before and when she decided to return to Fredericton and take on the job as typesetter we definitely thanked our lucky stars. She was always there to give us advice or cheer us on when the SRC crew upstairs began to get a little out of hand.

Yes it was a good crew to help me (the novice) pull through the year. We all worked hard each week to put the paper together and yet we always seemed to be in a panic by Thursday afternoon as the deadline would come and go. I am sure all past editors (and present) can remember those moments when you realize the paper should have been on its way to press hours ago. Even though we had changed printers in 1979-80 from Moncton to Woodstock, which meant only a one hour drive, the paper always seemed to be getting out late. I don't think that scenario will ever change!

It was an eventful year for the campus in 1979-80. After a long and often controversial search, Dr. James Downey was named as the new president of the University of New Brunswick. It was also the year that CHSR had made its application for an FM license and

was anxiously awaiting for news of their CRTC hearing. Within the four walls of the Brunswickan office, the decision to purchase a new computerized typesetter had been made, and a committee was established to research and purchase the machine that exists in the office today.

One of the highlights of the year was a visit to the Brunswickan office by the Right Honourable Joe Clark. Clark was given a full tour of the offices and seemed quite interested in our operation, having been involved in a campus newspaper during his own university days.

In the first couple of years that I was associated with The Brunswickan, I was captivated by the zany atmosphere, as well as the camaraderie of the newspaper staff. I had had aspirations of becoming a journalist then (a far cry from the world of accounting that I now enjoy) and I was hoping to learn as much as possible through the Bruns to help me prepare for a future as a news reporter. I did learn a lot of the aspects of a newspaper but more importantly, I learned about people, and made friendships that still exist today.

by MICHAEL MACKINNON
EDITOR 1983-84

Being editor in 1983-84 meant that I was lucky enough to have to deal with the student apathy at UNB - something that caused Abby Hoffman to declare that campuses were "hotbeds of social rest".

I first joined the Bruns in 1977, a year I would like to forget because although I contributed a great deal I was forgotten about on a weekly basis - not once did I make the masthead.

"Students no longer seemed to care about anything..."

Things had died down considerably on the campuses of North America by that time. No longer were students out protesting and all they seemed to care about was where the next beer was going to come from. Much the same could be said about the year I took over as editor, only it was worse. Students no longer even seemed to care about drinking. Whereas I could go to three pubs on any given night in 1977, in 1984 there were one or two pubs on a weekend. To me, this seemed to be a sad commentary on the state of affairs at UNB. Students no longer seemed to care about

anything.

Of course, this was reflected in the turnout on production nights. Initially, I had thought things were going well. There seemed to be a good number of people coming out to do layout and I thought the year was going to be a fairly good one. Wrong! As I was soon to discover, the interest of new staff usually lasts about two or three weeks and then they no longer show up. Not even the offer of free beer on layout nights was enough. (I admit it, I was desperate.) Very soon we were down to the editorial board and one or two staffers doing the layout.

There was one thing that kept this core of people dedicated and hard working - John Bosnitch.

As much as I resented all that he did that year, I should thank him for giving us a common cause. John and his cronies attacked everyone and anyone. On one occasion he wanted to submit a letter to the editor accusing a past president of various infractions and misdeeds. The letter seemed libelous to me (which I verified by contacting a lawyer) so I decided not to print the letter. Accusations of censorship started to fly and the battle of who owned editorial control of the paper had begun. At one point, the Student Union claimed only they could edit material submitted to the paper. The end result was that we retained editorial control and an even stronger dislike of Bosnitch.

This dislike was channelled toward a good cause - the year end spoof issue. The resulting product was somewhat overzealous in parodying John and his companions (no one was safe) which in turn resulted in several threats of libel suits. They were simply that though - threats.

In the six years I spent at UNB I came to realize that college humour lacks somewhat in subtlety and that of the Brunswickan spoof issues was no exception. In fact, most times it touched on tasteless. Such was the case with a parody ad of the Cosmopolitan. It would not be appropriate to describe here just what the ad said but suffice it to say it was a crude spoof of the club's reputation at that time. This resulted in an exchange of letters and yet another threat of legal action. This too was resolved to everyone's satisfaction.

The years I spent on the paper contained many such highlights and are years I will always remember fondly. It is unfortunate that there weren't more students who decided to become involved with the

Brunswickan. They will never know what they missed out on.

by KEN QUIGLEY
Editor 1986-87

Keeping a spirit alive is never easy, especially one that has lasted a hundred and twenty years.

This year's high staff turnover served only to hinder our efforts to grow and mature the seeds of journalistic integrity and innovation.

The position of Editor-in-Chief, a veritable hot potato, was assumed at different times by four people: Richard Hutchins, Brenda Paul, Cal Johnston, and finally myself, Ken Quigley. These transitions exemplify the undeniable frustrations felt around the office.

Furthermore, we were beset by van accidents, impeachment attempts, conniving Student Union presidents, denial of honourariums, vandalism, incompetent financial management by our publisher

"Drove us forward where sanity would have hesitated..."

(who often did not feel obliged to make out our bills and payments), a St. Thomas newspaper staff being forced to migrate to our humble workplace, and of course the perennial plight of fiscal shortcomings.

But, for a hundred and twenty years the Brunswickan has fended off similar hardships without ever yielding to the abominable defeatist route of copping out.

This may be the intangible bind that has seen the publication into its sixth score and it may be the very thing that drove us forward where sanity may have hesitated.

With regards to our news section, this year we can take pride in being, if nothing else, a vehicle for humility. The staff that composed this section delved into campus news and social issues with an intensity that produced results, much to the shagrin of those with something to hide; they posed questions that not only produced stammers from their targets but shaken convictions of those who may have subscribed to something other than the truth. We used this forum to highlight and scrutinize campus celebrities, bringing to light issues foreign to other

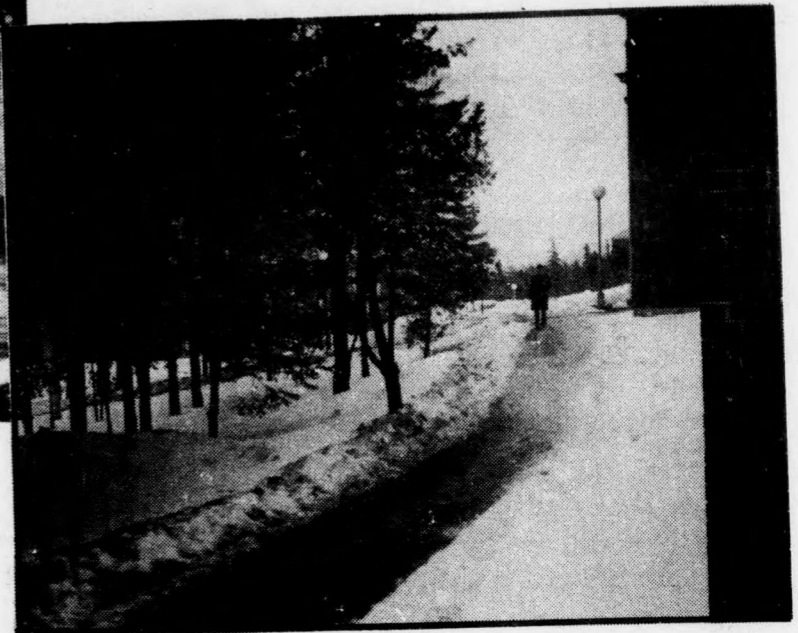
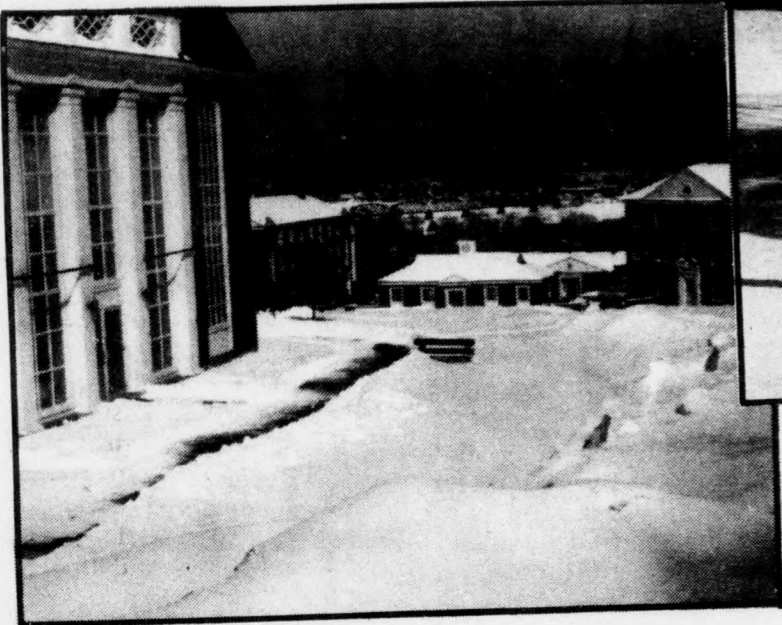
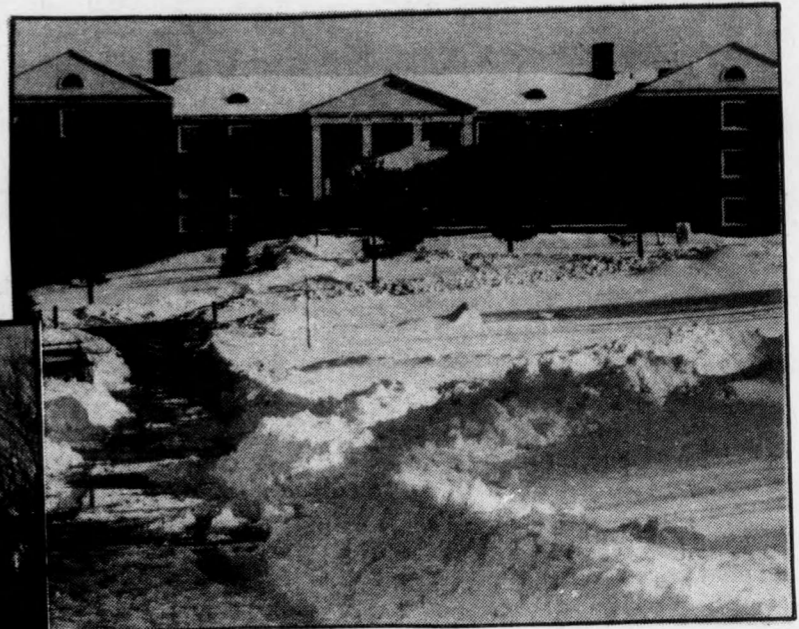
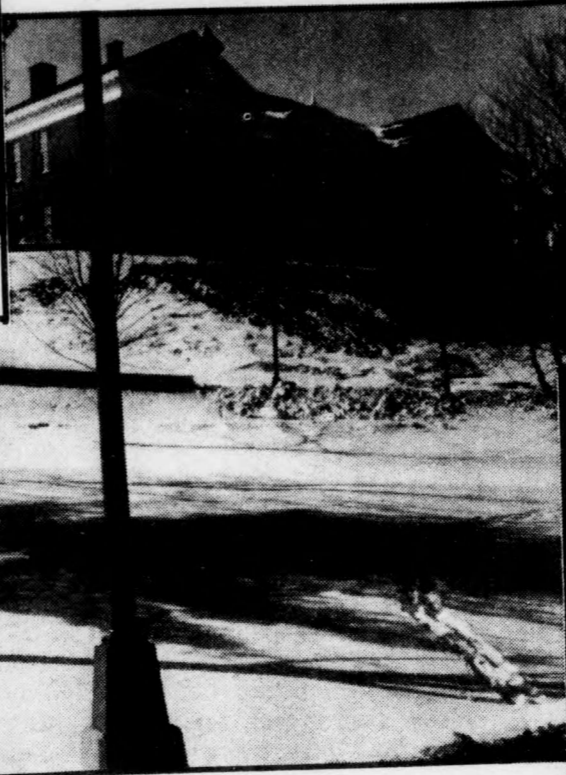
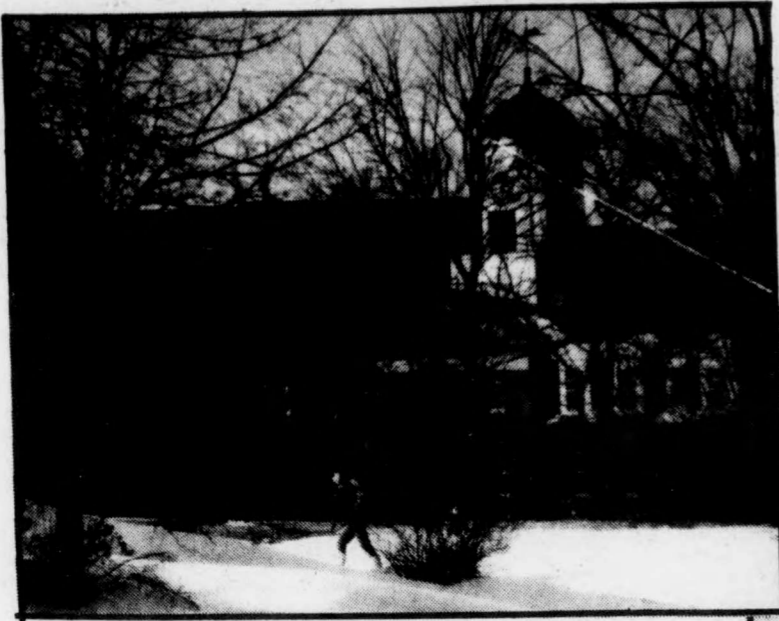
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*The Club Cosmopolitan
extends its warmest wishes
to the Brunswickan on
its 120th anniversary!*

*Good Luck to the
Graduates of 1986!*

See you at the Club!

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

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*wishes The Brunswickan
the best of luck!*

20% off all sneakers

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Continued from p. 9

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

Continued on page 11

The Carousel Flower Shop

Owned and Operated by
BRYDEN BROTHERS LTD.
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Flowers and Cards
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Congratulations
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on your
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Continued from p. 10

overhearing a little-louder-than-usual conversation between newly elected editor-in-chief Edison Stewart and a fellow reporter concerning the publishing date for the first Brunswickan for 1972-3, I heard the fatal words, "Susan and I are going to put out the first issue..." Did I stand a chance?

I was installed as news editor before I could utter a single protest. In all honesty, however, the ensuing years became probably the most challenging and rewarding of my academic career. Working with Edison could be trying at times, but NEVER boring.

Following a stint as managing editor with Chris Allen in the driver's seat, I found myself next in line for the reins of the infamous Brunswickan in 1974-75.

After working two years with a large percentage of staff members who had worked for commercial newspapers, my year as editor-in-chief held the challenge of a new and often untrained staff. But what they lacked in experience, they made up for with enthusiasm and hard work.

Our first major story broke during the November SRC

"We were progressing through the years of women's liberation."

elections, when a student manning a polling station was accused of ballot stuffing, the first such incident ever recorded at UNB.

The accused claimed he was just destroying the ballots before depositing them, and although the act cost the Student Council funds for another election, the student disciplinary committee charged the defendant the grand sum of \$25.

There was some outcry as to the leniency of the fine, but it was also realized there was a

need for more organization of the voting system, which included registering and monitoring the number of ballots sent to each station and the number of students voting, as well as training the workers.

We followed that story with a difference of opinion we had with the Forestry faculty and the SRC. It had been the Brunswickan's editorial policy for a number of years not to print pictures of faculty queens, as we were progressing through the years of women's liberation. The Foresters were outraged by the decision, but we did point out that they could have their pictures run by obtaining advertising space through the SRC, as we had no control over advertising material unless libelous.

The SRC's forestry representative brought the matter to the attention of council, who discussed, as our publishers, forcing us to change our editorial policy.

Since the Brunswickan constitution states that the publisher may not interfere with the running of the paper in this manner, managing editor Tom Benjamin, news editor Kathy Westman and I stated our intention of resigning should Council impose its authority over us.

Realizing it did not have legal grounds to change the editorial policy, at that time, Council reluctantly backed down.

A general survey on campus done by a member of the Brunswickan staff showed most of those opposed to the paper's policy were male.

Looking back, what had started out as a difference of opinion became a question of the SRC's control over the newspaper. (A battle which was recently fought between the St. Thomas University SRC and the "Aquinian".

A debate, which showed that times were changing, was the issue of "open rooms" for women's residences; visiting hours for male guests would no longer be restricted. An initial trial period of Friday and Saturday nights was suggested and defeated by the Board of Governors. Later, Senate agreed to the open room policy for the 1975-76 year with each

house allowed to decide its own policy in consultation with the dean of women's residences.

On the provincial scene, Malcolm Bricklin was hailing his gull winged car as the "best auto ever built", and Premier Richard Hatfield agreed.

The Brunswickan, itself, saw a couple of changes and successes in 1975-75. The Bruns 'Red Herrings' (no, the fish on the current flag is not a shark) won the media bowl challenge (an annual tag football classic against the CHSR radio types from upstairs) and the championship dynasty continued...

"Working with Edison could be trying at times, but never boring."

...we implemented a scheme, first suggested by Edison Stewart, to have 'old', no 'former' is a nicer word, editors sponsor special annual awards in certain categories to be presented to outstanding staff members (beats waiting for a Pulitzer Prize)...

...unfortunately, we ended the year on a very sad note, with the sudden accidental death of our Atlantic Region Canadian University Press field worker, Dave McCurdy, of Memorial University, Nfld. The field worker's job is to travel to universities in his or her region to lend a hand, offer advice, evaluate the system, and help iron out any problems the papers may be having. Dave was a hard working, well respected individual and it grieved us that he, after agreeing to stay a day longer to attend our year end celebration, was killed in a motor vehicle accident leaving UNB to head to a college in Nova Scotia...

...so we had our bad times...but, fortunately, we had more good ones, and I am so pleased that on the occasion of the Brunswickan's 120th anniversary that we had an opportunity to share them...

...by the way, I was surprised and pleased at the end of my year to receive a motion passed by council to congratulate me on the job I had done (I sure appreciated it). It passed 19 for, 0 against, and 1 abstention - you guessed it, the forestry rep...

by 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 in the mirror. One of the first things to catch my eye

was a Bruns ad appealing for new recruits.

No experience necessary, it proclaimed. "We take anybody," it added for emphasis.

Right there I figured I had them. They either had to take me on or face a suit for false advertising.

Dave Jonah was the editor then, a pipe-smoking thoughtful-looking type who occasionally appeared in three-piece suits, did freelance work for the Telegraph-Journal and to many of us, appeared smooth enough to coax molasses up hill. He was certainly able to coax more all-night efforts out of us than I would have imagined in signing up.

I must have been bitten by the news bug immediately because it quickly took over my life. Within weeks I rose to the lofty position of news editor, not because of any overwhelming talent, I should add, but because they couldn't find anybody else.

Our goal was simply to put out the best paper we possibly could, to improve it steadily, and at all times to have a lot of fun doing it, which we did. We liked to boast that we had the best parties on campus.

But we had our troubles, too. One new editor in chief somehow got off on the wrong foot (the details escape me now), came in one day to find the entrance to his office barricaded by overturned chairs, and was impeached a few days later, the plot having been hatched in the bar then located downstairs.

There was also the constant struggle to safeguard the freedom of the press.

We went to the wall, for example, to try to maintain our right to block out the teeth of Miss Dominion of Canada in a 1972 photo contest, but the SRC threatened to close us down (I kid you not), so we gave in (though, in true political fashion, we said we weren't giving in, just changing our policy).

Free speech, of sorts, also got us in hot water in 1973 when, after I became editor, we decided to invite prominent speakers to the campus for a series of Brunswickan-sponsored lectures.

We wrote to John Diefenbaker, Farley Mowat, Ted Kennedy and a bunch of others, but the only affirmative response, as I remember it, was from Xaviera Hollander, otherwise known as the Happy Hooker, and she wanted money (of-course).

The local Baptist clergy was outraged. They needn't have been. The 800 or so students who packed the gymnasium to hear her 'lecture' would have been more turned on watching grass grow.

Ah, memories. President

John Anderson called us impertinent when we notified him we were about to run a story on the \$11,000 of renovations to his office during a period of austerity and asked for his comment by 5 pm that day because we were going to press.

K.C. Irving lent us his corporate jet to fly several ink-stained wretches to Montreal for tours of the Gazette and the Star.

And there was our proud boast that we were "New Brunswick's largest weekly newspaper".

But the Brunswickan, for me, was far more than this. It taught me more than the university itself ever did, it gave me a career and a life I had never dreamed of, and life-long friends to boot.

I will be forever grateful to the balding and bespectacled accounting professor who called me into his office one day to review my frequent absences and tell me sternly I had to choose between his course and the newspaper. I have never regretted my choice for an instant.

50's

by BARRY TOOLE
EDITOR 1956-58

I picked up the March 27th edition of the Brunswickan in the hope that there I might find some inspiration for this article. The lead story was about John Bosnitch. As a press issue, Mr. Bosnitch would surely have had to be invented, if he had not occurred naturally. Unfortunately, we had no one like that when I was editor of the Brunswickan. The closest we ever came to savaging the SRC was when I tried to become president. There were about 1300 students at UNB; and in one of the larger turnouts in history, 80 of them

"As a press issue, Mr Bosnitch would surely have had to be invented, if he had not occurred naturally."

voted for me and the remaining 1200 did not, which was a triumph for common sense. I was surprised that I had eighty friends.

The SRC was an important institution to the students then. But, evidently, it was nothing like it is now, if a controversy about it can be kept boiling this late in the year, when students should be stretched out in the sun instead of studying.

Continued on page 15

Raggs' - N - Riches' Club

Exhibition Grounds
Fredericton, N.B.

Congratulations to
The Brunswickan on your
120th Anniversary

Brunswickan female editor first in Canada

by SUSAN MANZER-MORELL
Reunion Chairperson

The year is 1940. War rages in Europe. At home, classes begin early so the boys 'up the hill' can participate in reserve training. Some are enlisting but day-to-day campus life carries on...on Fridays, the Brunswickan is still eagerly awaited by the student population, and there is much news to write about, including the fact that the Brunswickan, Canada's oldest official student publication, has its first woman at the helm.

Mary McMenamon Marshall not only carries that distinction, but was also the first female editor-in-chief of any college newspaper in the entire country.

Yet today, she smiles modestly about the accomplishment.

"I remember Manzer (Bunker) and Colin (MacKay) talking me into it! Women's liberation had nothing to do with it," she explains. "You were going to get a job done and that's all there was to it."

Mrs. Marshall also feels that the war had little to do with her position. True, many of the boys were leaving, but she was going into her senior year and, as she describes herself, "I was always the willing horse, whether good, bad or indifferent!"

As the first female editor-in-chief, Mrs. Marshall says that because she was a woman she did not feel she had to excel in the position.

"I did not have to prove myself; I was accepted for myself. Women only have had to prove themselves in the 50's and 60's," she claims. "We all felt too fortunate to be able to be at university, that we wanted to give something of ourselves. Everyone was in the same boat. Money was short, and everyone was scraping by. We were a very fortunate class to even be there at all."

Despite her modesty, Mrs. Marshall's editorship did draw some national attention. Katie Broad,



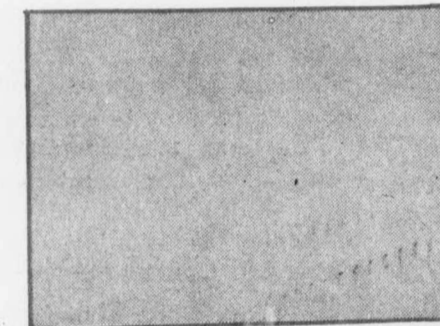
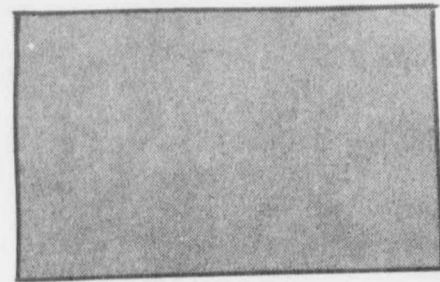
COLIN B. MACKAY '42

an editor at the Telegraph Journal in Saint John, expressed her enthusiasm over the appointment.

As well, Mrs. Marshall received a wire of congratulations from the Toronto Telegram.

"I was very excited about that," she reminisces. "In those days, you just didn't get a telegram very often."

As editor-in-chief of a weekly college paper, Mrs. Marshall was responsible for approximately 22 staff members in all. However, unlike today's



MARY T. McMENAMON '41

staff, which spends its hours, including production time, in the office, the staff of 1940-41 wrote its articles in long hand "anywhere they could find a spot to sit a piece of paper."

"Oh, we had an office across from the ladies room on the second floor of the Old Arts Building," she says, "which, I think, had an old typewriter from the 20's, but we did not use it that much. Our time was spent at the printer's, where we helped do everything from scratch."

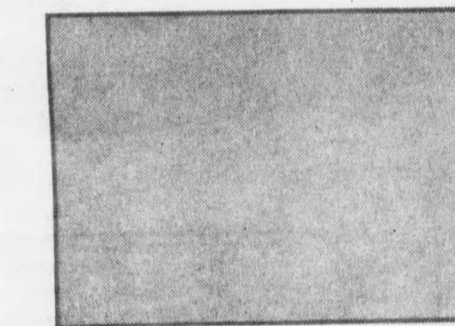
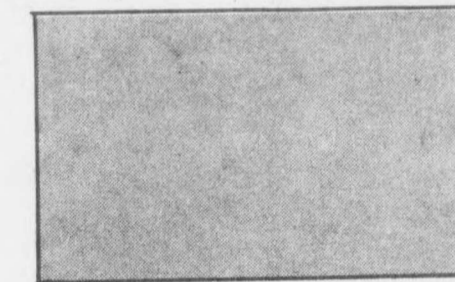
The Brunswickan, in those days, was printed by McMurray's, a stationary shop on Queen Street where the former Metropolitan Store was located until very recently. And without the dedication of its resident printer, a Mr. Morrell, the Brunswickan would "never have been printed in a million years," she says.

For all the hours put into production, Mrs. Marshall does not feel the staff in her day was as closely knit as they have been in recent years. Or, at least it was not so much the paper itself that brought them together.

"You couldn't help but become involved because the campus was so small; you saw everybody everyday. You tried a bit of everything, the paper, drama, the debating club. It's hard to describe for people to understand because they have such a large campus today. Now individual groups like a residence or the Brunswickan bring people together. In my day, we were already closely knit because we were so small."

Mrs. Marshall admits it is hard to look back 45 years ago and remember details, but she estimates they probably put out about 350 issues of the paper each week.

One thing she is sure of, however, is that the



Brunswickan was popular among the students.

'Scoop by Snoop' was a gossip type column very popular on campus, she says.

"It was a fun thing. People contributed to it and, although the staff knew who 'Scoop' was, the students didn't, although they accused a lot of people," she grins.

Mrs. Marshall feels they were, in many ways, covering "much the same type of stories" as today.

"We also put out some special editions, like the



WILLIAM F. RYAN '41

Business Manager

Co-ed edition, which was usually a color like pink or pale green. There was also the April Fool issue and a special one on the opening of the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.

"During Co-ed week," she continues, "the boys in the Beaverbrook Residence (the only one at that time) use to hang a sign from the building. I remember one said, 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.'"

Of all campus events covered by the paper, Mrs. Marshall recalls one which actually occurred before her editorship.

"The King and Queen visited in the spring of 1939 and had lunch at the Lady Beaverbrook Residence. On the flag pole out front flew the Royal Standard.

"In September, the flag pole was taken down and put up at Lieutenant Governor Clark's residence on Waterloo Row, next to McNair's.

"Now the kids in the residence decided they would get it back and so, with John McNair keeping guard to make sure his father didn't wake up, they slipped out in the dead of the night, dug it up and set it in concrete in front of the residence. The next morning every boy was up to raise the flag. Lt. Gov. Clark was livid and demanded it back. The students were told to take it down with the help of the janitor, but when they did it broke."

One enterprising student, she says, sold numbered pieces of the flagpole for 25 cents each and a draw was made during the fall formal that year.

"The winner, I think, was Howie MacFarlane(d) who received a miniature version of the flagpole. All the money collected was donated to a fund to help buy a Spitfire. The sum was about \$500-\$600 which may seem inconsequential today, but that was a lot of money then."

Mrs. Marshall says that the Brunswickan was a member of Canadian University Press in her day, but aside from some different stories and columns it provided, the organization was "just there". We didn't go to any meetings or anything, in fact, at that time I'd never been to "Upper Canada."

On the national level, however, Mrs. Marshall says they felt, at the time, they were putting out a paper comparable to the small universities across the country.



MANZER L. BUNKER '42

Editor-in-Chief

Mrs. Marshall is certain the Brunswickan will continue to flourish in years to come.

"Students still have the job every week and people are still cooperating. I don't think people change all that much, just situations.

"I don't see why the Brunswickan won't be around for a long time. It serves a useful purpose. Nothing can take the place of the newspaper on campus. It's like a small city and the newspaper is its means of communication. The radio, you might hear it and you might not, but the newspaper, you can always sit down quietly with a cup of tea or a beer, and there you are."



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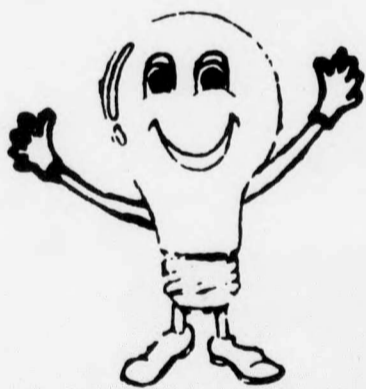
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Continued from p. 11

The news column of March 27th also reports the results of a number of referenda in which the students participated. One of them, which failed, would have had the SRC join the Canadian Federation of Students at a cost of five dollars per student. When I was Brunswickan editor, we waged a campaign to have the National Federation of Canadian University Students, CFS's earlier manifestation, thrown off the campus for reasons which now escape me. The campaign peaked during an emotional debate at the SRC in which I played an improper - some might even say, offensive - role, with the result that the SRC rallied behind NFCUS and its local chairman. "Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature", as Dr. Johnson reportedly observed about someone else.

This year, the students also voted down a proposition to charge themselves an extra \$10 a year to support the return of football. Football has been gone now for only about six years, but somehow, it seems much longer. Thirty years ago, it was popular, although not tested in the student's pocket book, as Physics 2000 was not. In the event, toward the end of a dismal season in 1957, the

Red Bombers beat their traditional rival, Mount Allison, at College Field. The fans were happy and on the front page of our edition of the following Tuesday, there appeared an enormous photograph of a

"In a spontaneous show of grief and anger almost the entire student body and faculty marched through the town in silence."

violent episode of the game, together with headlines which shrieked RATS ROUTED, BOMBERS WIN, or words to the effect, laid out in the glorious tradition of the New York Daily News, along with a fittingly florid story. The reference to 'rats', incidentally, was not a gratuitous insult, but an allusion to the sobriquet, 'Marsh Rats', by which Allisonians were sometimes affectionately known.

Students at that university did not share the unaffected enthusiasm which greeted the Brunswickan treatment of the game at UNB. Indeed, so positively indifferent were they that they reproduced the offending page in their own newspaper, together with a stern editorial which talked of

irresponsible and yellow journalism. They carried indignant letters from faculty members. We were, of course, desolated.

No doubt, it would have rested there, had there not been the annual meeting of the Atlantic division of the Canadian University Press in the offing at UNB. A majority of the editors of other university papers prepared and submitted a motion of censure of me and the Brunswickan, which might have carried the day, had they not forgotten that I was chairman.

The University of New Brunswick that I attended doesn't look much like the UNB of today, which is hardly surprising, but it is the sort of fatuous statement that is expected in articles of this sort. For one thing, there are a great many more buildings, although just how many more is hard to say. This is because some of the buildings have two names. Lots of roads connect all these buildings and entrances and parking lots; so many, in fact, that they have been named, like streets, after old professors. When I was at UNB, there was one road connecting everything and the old professors were all teaching.

The year I became Editor-in-Chief, 1956, we decided to publish twice a week on Tuesdays and Fridays, which, of course, doubled the work

and the staff. It also doubled the advertising revenue, making the Brunswickan relatively independent, financially, of the SRC and contributed to my losing my honours, or at least, that is how I like to think I lost them. We worked in the luxurious Students Memorial centre which had opened only a year earlier. It is hard to remember what it was like at UNB before the Students Centre, when there was no place to drink coffee, smoke, play bridge, eat, gossip, assignate, play politics, etc. We had to do it all in the Library reading room.

The Brunswickan had the idea of holding a competition for a UNB song, the type which rises, unbidden, sentimentally, from an excess of drink, particularly after you are no longer at university. We were unsuccessful in finding one, not from want of entries, but

"a majority of the editors of other university prepared and submitted a motion of censure of me and the Brunswickan..."

from want of quality, and the judges declared no winner. This annoyed the contestants, particularly those who were faculty members, who had

taken an unaccountably enthusiastic interest in it. As far as I know, UNB continues to manage without its melody.

I should not leave the impression that everything that I remember about then was trivial. There was the Hungarian revolution, for example, which, although it did not take place at UNB, deposited a lot of very interesting Hungarians here. Sputnik went up and I managed to get an interview with Lord Beaverbrook about how the West was losing the space race. Lord Beaverbrook himself was here part of each year. He took an active interest in the university and could be seen often, hunched slightly, as he trudged across the campus where he liked to be recognized. 'Trudge' is not a word that springs to mind for the indefatigable President Colin MacKay, who fairly flew around, often in his three wheeled Messerschmidt. He seemed to know every student by name, which was usually good but sometimes not.

Lord Beaverbrook was very good at getting interesting honorary degree recipients. Not one of them had ever been a radio host. There was David Low, for example, the British cartoonist, and Jack Kennedy, a senator from Mass.

Continued on page 17


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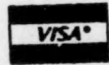
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Continued from p. 15

The Students Memorial Centre manager, Stan Cook, was killed by a train at the crossing below the MacLaren Gates. In a spontaneous show of grief and anger, almost the entire student body and faculty marched through town in silence. Signal lights were installed very soon after, which did not help Stan, of course.

I am slightly apprehensive about something I did read in the March 27th edition. It is Viewpoint, which would be on page 9, if someone had not forgotten to number the pages between 5 and 14. The question is 'What is your favorite quotation?' The answers, with the exception of Frank Wilson's, who speaks unexpectedly of the advantages of hard work, are, for the most part, so depressingly cynical - 'if you can't learn to do it well, learn to enjoy doing it badly' or 'We can't all be heroes - someone had to sit on the curb and clap as they go by' - as to make you wonder whether pollution and nuclear war are the only things we should worry about when they grow older.

by FRED R. DRUMMIE
EDITOR 1955-56

Lord Beaverbrook told me I could not call myself an Editor-in-Chief or the Brunswickan a real newspaper until we had been sued. I chose to ignore the Fleet St. school of journalism and aim for less expensive but, I think, more positive achievements. By any measure, the Brunswickan had a big year in 1955-56.

We left the "temporary" huts and occupied fully equipped offices in the new Memorial Student Centre. It

was a joy to have space, light, heat, desks, toilets, and new typewriters.

In the budget discussions during the previous spring I gave the undertaking that with adequate financing a full year of 20 editions would be produced. Such promises had been made before. There were times when we wondered, but the objective was met including the production of the first Freshman Edition in early September.

"It was a joy to have space, light, heat, desks, toilets, and new typewriters."

The Editor-in-Chief had been an ex-officio member of the Students Representative Council which restricted editorial policy through real or apparent complicity in the debates and decisions. I proposed a constitutional amendment and withdrew from the council. The financial umbilical cord remained but I did feel a little more independent and a little more responsible. Which was just as well, since the Canadian University Press ranked the Brunswickan as only number two in a survey on the extent of University censorship and interference. Former Editor-in-Chief and then President, Colin MacKay, hauled me on the carpet to explain why we were not number one. I subsequently complained to CUP and we were given our rightful place, sharing the honour with UBC.

By the end of the year the plans had been laid to go to twice weekly editions, we had

a big enough trained staff to do it, and with Barry Toole, Steve Fay, Jim O'Sullivan, et al to carry on I happily left for Oxford.

It had clearly been a lot more fun than being sued, and we produced a real newspaper anyway.

by BETTY LOU (VINCENT)
LEE EDITOR 1952-53

I started in a small blaze of glory when the university issued a press release dubbing me the first woman editor of The Brunswickan.

That was doused by a subsequent story in the Daily Gleaner, headed Mother of Two Says No to University Story. Seems another coed had been editor during the war.

One of the major responsibilities was getting staff, since the pattern was for the editor to recruit friends, who left when he/she did. Staff was shanghaied with the same finesse as the 19th century British merchant marine.

I wonder how many took a lifetime vow of non-involvement in journalism after those weekly scrambles the night before deadline to get copy in some sort of order for the printers.

It became easier for everyone to find the Brunswickan office tucked away in "temporary buildings" behind the Arts Building when someone got the bright idea to make a vat of creme de menthe to reduce the cost of an upcoming formal. When the floor got so sticky it threatened terminal entrapment, we opened a branch office in Club 252.

There was one battle with the administration so memorable I can't recall the issue. It was a "town-gown" one, since the editorial was headed Autocrats Under the Elms, and I was called to President Truman's office when the printers at The Gleaner building notified him of it. It was probably libelous, certainly intemperate, and I was "persuaded" to withdraw it.

In high dudgeon, I debated running a blank space with a "Censored" banner across it, but opted instead for appropriate excerpts from Milton's Areopagitica. Galley copies of the editorial made their way to assorted bulletin boards, ensuring it more readers than it would have got in the paper. And we changed printers.

The clangers are easier to remember. A handwritten appeal to form an old scants club I found out too late was really a message to former scouts.

Pete Murphy and Bob Hatcher told a joke in Slabs and Edgings about a forester who killed his wife with an axe. He gave her arsenic. They promised a diagram in the next issue for those who didn't get it, so of course we got about a dozen

requests for one.

And those heads! Why can't I forget Newmanites Plan Trek to Quebec? Or the enraged sports fan who pointed out your team is not "clobbered" when it loses 4 to 3?

It was always hectic, often heady, occasionally hilarious.

I hope Jim Henderson, Paul Girard, Frank Walton, Bill Cockburn, Al Hugill, Mary Lou O'Brien, Kay MacCallum, Ray Roy, Bill Good, John Wagar, Jud Purdy, Pete and Bob (and anyone else I've inadvertently left out) remember it with kindness.

40's

VOLUME 62 ('42-'43): HALF-WAY SOJOURN TO THE VICTORIAN ERA!

by FRED DAVIDSON
EDITOR

Yes, think of it. If Dr. Bailey had asked students in 1942-43 to comment on events in the latter years of Queen Victoria's reign they would have rushed to their history texts or the Library. Now yours truly is being asked to write about the queens of the campus and other historical items pertaining to The Brunswickan of forty-three years ago when I have difficulty recalling the name of someone I met last week.

Remember "Rouge et Noir" and Scoop? Everyone grabbed the paper and before they read anything else turned to "Rouge et Noir" to see if "Scoop" had caught up to them. What a mixture of human emotions: some happy to see their names in print, a few critical that some groups (Residences in particular) were favourite targets, others disappointed their names were omitted. Perhaps if the Editor has room the true scribe can be revealed

at the end of the article.

We were fortunate. Voted by the Canadian University Press as the best Canadian university paper of the year for 1942-43 says a lot. And we did have a good year.

It was my pleasure to be blessed with an excellent staff of columnists and editors. While few that I am aware of entered journalism, our Sports Editor, Robert (Joe) Nielsen, went on to distinguish himself with the Canadian Press in Toronto, the Ottawa Press Gallery and London, England. After his return from London he became Editor of the "Toronto Star". Joe was ably supported by Colin Ramsay, "Doc" Fleming and C.D. (Dave) Stothart.

News stories were edited by Horace Jacobson and Jim Belyea. Norwood Carter was Canadian University Press Editor. Features were edited by Joyce Mavor, assisted by Connie Murray. Eileen Wright was Women's Editor and Eileen Crotty, Proof Editor. Putting it all together and worrying about spacing and headlines was Ralph

"Voted by the Canadian University Press as the best Canadian university paper of the year for 1942-43 says a lot."

Crowther's responsibility. Throughout the year the business end of the paper was well managed by our Business Manager, Ron Miller, Advertising Manager, Doc Fleming and Circulation Manager, Dave MacDonald. Names have changed I know, but because of lack of research and fear of

Continued on page 19

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ROUGE ET NOIR

Scoop by "Snoop"

And there was Grace singing her new song-"All the nice girls love a sailor-"
.....

There just seems to be so many new songs on the lips of co-eds this week. Mavis has been giving vocal utterance to this lovely tune "-You're easy to dance with."
.....

Ted has finally got (g)Owen(s) with Marion.
.....

What attracts Jack Webb to the Rat Race on Sat. night? Could they be burlaps?
.....

According to Ruth Peterson, Ryan should always spell his first name Howard and not

Howie. Try pairing them off sometime-you'll see!
.....

Johnny B. nimble, Johnny B. quick-but watch out eh Mick?
.....

"While the cat's away the mouse will play"-Joe took advantage of that proverb on Saturday night.
.....

And then there was that man buzz(ing) around looking for a plaid suit.
.....

Quote-I can take out any co-ed I please unquote. Well Johnny we're waiting.
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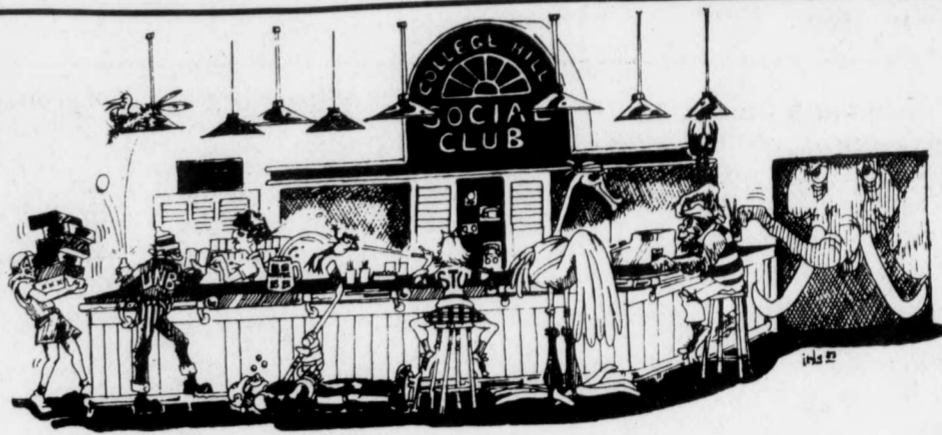
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Continued from p. 17

using incorrect names I've stayed with those on the masthead. One who has attempted to change his name but with difficulty is 'Doc' Fleming. Today, to those who think they know him, he is Paul, but we know better!

Our Faculty Advisor was Prof. Ed McCourt, a calm and stabilizing influence, who helped us over a number of problem areas.

The staff were an innovative group, as we experimented with new approaches to feature articles, including short-story contests, new masthead and a suggestion box. Special editions by Co-eds and Engineers were continued. For the first time the Foresters published a special issue of their own.

"Two sophomores were fingered by the local constabulary in an effort to curb the hoopla of the annual Freshman snake dance."

This article began in the Florida panhandle while my wife Eleanor and I were vacationing with classmate Arn Gerrish and his wife Jackie. The weather was a nice respite from the snow and cold of Canada, but we did have one day of thunderstorms and heavy rains. This was a good time to reflect on the moods and experiences of forty-three years ago.

A clap of thunder—and I remember well the story of Initiation Week, when as Sophomores we had our oppor-

tunity to organize the traditional snake dance down Queen St. Remember the headline "Students Thrown in Local Bastille!"? Two sophomores were fingered by the local constabulary in an effort to curb the hoopla of the annual Freshman snake dance. Perhaps you have forgotten—but the two individuals will no doubt long remember the episode of the visits from the local vermin cell mates as related by Editor Horace Jacobson.

A bolt of lightning—and it brought to mind the indifference of many students of the time towards involvement in extra-curricular work. Not only "The Brunswickan" but several organizations experienced it - as written in an article towards the end of the college year. The country was at war; several classmates had left to join the armed forces, while those who remained wondered whether they were doing the right thing by staying. The mood was one of indifference to the usual college spirit. Footballers lamented the lack of an organized cheering section. Hockey fans, not blessed with the comfort of the indoor arena, were chilled to the bone as they cheered the Red and Black. After the first football game and in response to our Inquiring Reporter, Paul Oland quipped "There are too few college spirits!". Basketball with Howie Ryan as Coach seemed to provide the most excitement for the student population at that time.

It was interesting to review SRC budgetary data. Total projected expenditures for the spring and fall terms were just in excess of \$7500 for all activities. Seems to me that was the year Alex Baptist as Rink or Hockey Manager in defence of

a proposed expenditure for large and small snowplows quipped "Big plows were for big snowfalls and small plows were for small snowfalls" With that deft response his whole budget passed. I suppose that the sum today would barely cover one sport or one intercollegiate game. Times have surely changed!

While many things have changed for the better with improved facilities, rapid com-

munications and advanced knowledge, students of today would be hard pressed to have a better time, enjoy the social structure of a small campus and be on a first name basis with most of the student body and faculty.

And the sport scene has probably changed as well. We endeavoured to cover all intramural competitions as well as the bigger intercollegiate games. There was an oppor-

tunity for anyone to find a game or activity to suit his or her level of interest and competence. And you knew the participants. Could a UNB student of today make the same claim?

This reflection has been fun. And I hope the reunion provides an opportunity to renew some of the fun things that happened half-way back

Continued on page 21

Editors of the past

1986-87	Ken Quigley	1933-34	Don Jamer		C.D. Richards
1985-86	Richard Hutchins	1932-33	Fred W. Fenety		J.D. McCarthy
	Brenda Paul and	1931-32	J. Dudley Kingsley	1902-03	J. MacNaughton
	Cal Johnston	1930-31	Jack Limerick		A.T. Firth
	(resigned)	1929-30	A.W. Slipp		R.St.J. Freeze
	Ken Quigley	1928-29	D.H. Smith		P.R. McLean
		1927-28	Burton Kierstead	1901-02	F.E. Jordan
		1926-27	R.R. Henderson		W.O. Raymond
		1925-26	Thomas Foulkes		H.S. Devlin
		1924-25	Randolph B. Lutz		C.B. Martin
		1923-22	John D. Harrison		A.T. Firth
1984-85	Dave Mazerolle	1922-23	C. M. Burpee	1900-01	R.St.J. Freeze
1983-84	Mike MacKinnon	1921-22	A.C. Holman		J.E. Page
1982-83	Christie Walker		K.B. Seely		D.W. Hamilton
1981-82	Susan Reed	1920-21	N.D. Cass		Milton Price
1980-81	Bob MacMillan		Joseph Sears		H.S. Devlin
	Joey Kilfoil		J.G. Bruce	1899-1900	W.O. Raymond
1979-80	Kathy Wakeling	1919-20	A.D. Foster		W.H. Clawson
1978-79	Sheenagh Murphy		C.R. Townsend		W.H. Harrison
1977-78	Sarah Ingersoll	1918-19	J.A. Hanebry		G.F. McNally
1976-77	Ed Werthman		G.T. Christie	1898-99	J.E. Page
	(one-half term)		G.T. Mitton		J.H. Sweet
1975-76	Tom Benjamin	1917-18	J.F. McIntosh		Peter J. Hughes
1974-75	Susan Manzer		G.F.G. Bridges		W.J. Johnston
1973-74	Edison Stewart		M.B. Dunn		W.H. Clawson
	(resigned)	1916-17	D.G. Willet	1897-98	W.H. Harrison
	Chris J. Allen		W.A. Haines		G.R.E. MacDonald
1972-73	Edison Stewart		C.H. Turner		Geo. K. MacNaughton
1971-72	Peter Collum	1915-16	J.P. Mooney		Fred B. Hill
1970-71	Glenn Roberts		F.C. Cronkite		Melvin Baldwin
1969-70	Dave Jonah		M. MacC. Baird		J.H. Sweet
1968-69	Ian Ferguson	1914-15	G.C. Marr	1896-97	C.C. Jones
1967-68	Allan B. Pressman		W.A. Mersereau		J.M. Robinson
1966-67	Sharon Wyman		A.R. Stiles		J.A. Allen
1965-66	Gary Davis	1913-14	R.M. Murray		G.R.E. MacDonald
1964-65	Roger Mills		K.A. Baird		Geo. MacNaughton
1963-64	Russell Irvine		H.A. DeVeber	1895-96	B.R. Armstrong
1962-63	Edward Bell		J.A. Duffy		F.R. Taylor
1961-62	Jack Oliver		J.B. Hipwell		S.H. McKee
1960-61	Gordan Howse	1912-13	A.N. Carter		C.C. Jones
1959-60	Dave Folster		A.C. MacKay	1894-95	J.M. Robinson
1958-59	James O'Sullivan		A.M. Nason		Frank Allen
1957-58	J. Barry Toole	1911-12	E.R. MacNutt		Frank Baird
1956-57	J. Barry Toole		R.M. Smith		T.E. Powers
1955-56	Fred Drummie		J.T. Hebert		B.R. Armstrong
1954-55	Dave MacDonald		E.R. MacNutt	1893-94	S.H. McKee
1953-54	Neil Marsh Oakley	1911-12	J.T. Hebert		A.B. Maggs
1952-53	Betty Lou Vincent		R.M. Smith		C.H. Elliott
	Neil Oakley		G.F. Baird		S.W.C. Downey
1951-52	Eric Godwin	1909-10	J.W. Estey		T.E. Powers
	Betty Lou Vincent		Chas. J. Jones	1892-93	W. Cowperthwaite
1950-51	Al WQarner		W.G. Firth		Stephen G. Ritchie
	Eric Godwin	1908-09	A.L. Dysart		H.H. Hagerman
1949-50	Ralph Hay		L.L. Theriault		F.C. Green
	Al Warner		J.W. Estey		T.E. Powers
1948-49	Murray Jones		C.J. Jones	1891-92	S.W.C. Downey
	Ralph Hay		W.H. Morrow		F.P. Yorston
1947-48	Vernon Mullin	1907-08	P.R. Hayward		Van B. Thorne
1946-47	Dalton Camp		G.C. Martin		E.S. Ruel
1945-46	Henry B. Durost		F.A. Jewett		S.G. Ritchie
1944-45	John H. Lawrence	1906-07	W.C. Machum		H.H. Hagerman
1943-44	Ralph F. Crowther		G.H. Maxon	1890-91	D.L. Mitchell
1942-43	Fred W. Davidson		P.R. Hayward		W.A.H. Van Wart
1941-42	Colin B. MacKay		H.W. Lunney	1889-90	F.L. Christie
	E.R. Erskine	1905-06	F.C. Squires	1888-89	J.B. Sutherland
1940-41	Manzer Bunker		H.M. Manzer	1887-88	C.J. Milligan (Jan. edition)
1939-40	Mary T. McMenamon		G.H. Maxon	1886-87	W.K. Hatt
			F.A. Jewett	1885-86	Geo. A. Hughes
1938-39	Lester G. Hoar		J. ManNaughton	1884-85	W.J. Clarke
1937-38	J. Harrison Thurrot	1904-05	J.W. Hill	1883-84	H.D. Fritz
	Lester G. Hoar		E.C. Golding	1882-83	F.St.J. Bliss
1936-37	Horace Block		Fred E. Jordan	April 1882	W.C. Crockett
1935-36	Horace Block	1903-04	J.W. Howe	1867	Sir George Foster
1934-35	Bill Morrissy				
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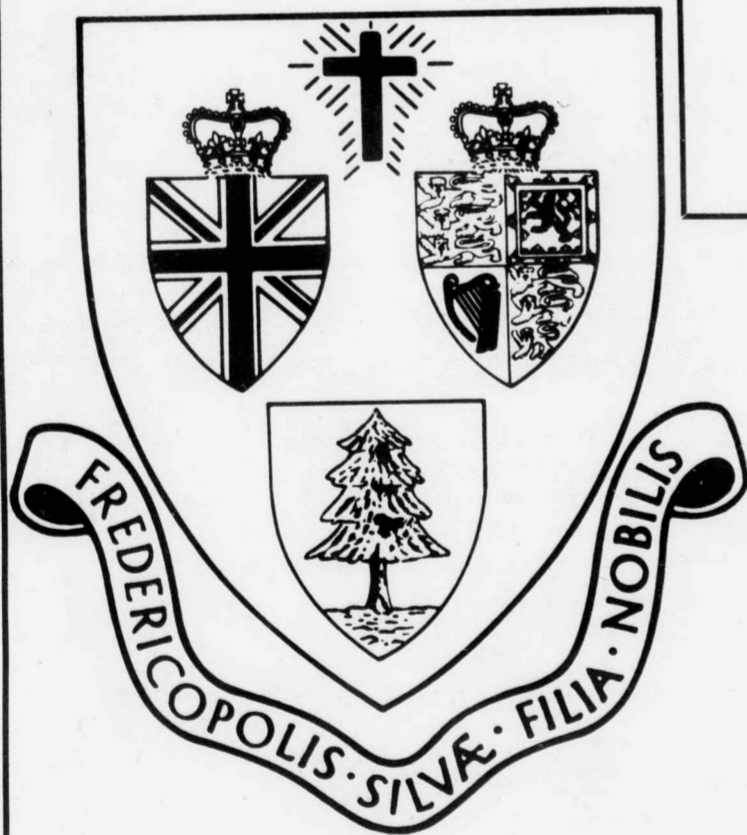


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Continued from p. 19

to 1900! Sorry the editor had to chop the last paragraph - you'll just have to wait for "SCOOP" to reveal his/her name at the reunion.

20's

by THOMAS FOULKES
EDITOR 1926

No television, little radio, computers and word processors unknown, offset printing still to come, but somehow we managed to publish seven issues of the Brunswickan in '25-'26.

The final issue, Vol. 45, No. 7, issued in May 1926, was the Graduation Number. It carried comments on all the graduates including the Law School, and was our "Year Book".

In the Poet's Corner we published early efforts from Alfred Bailey, Kenneth Sheldrick and others.

A number of our editorial staff are still around in the persons of Rainsford Henderson who wrote College World; Dorothea Cox, Personals; Paul Fraser, Engineering; and

"Ella left us in no doubt about how she wanted the copy..."

Donald Fowler, Rouge et Noir.

Our publishers were the McMurray Press. The contact person was usually the Linetype Operator, a Miss Rosborough, whose brother had graduated in Arts in '93.

Ella left us in no doubt about how she wanted the copy but was meticulous in making corrections when we returned the galley proofs.

Our "Personals" editor reported that the Alumni were founding "UNB Clubs" across the nation and mentioned meetings in Ottawa and Vancouver.

The early Twenties were exciting times for the University of New Brunswick and the Brunswickan. Increased enrolment and the construction of the Memorial Building brought new life to the "College on the Hill". The building was dedicated at Encaenia 1925 to the memory of the UNB people who gave their lives in the 1914-18 World War.

Electrical Engineering, Physics and Chemistry moved to the new building, leaving the Engineering Building for the use of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Laboratories and made possible the addition of the Hydraulics Laboratory.

Student enrolment in '25-'26 was at a high of one hundred and ninety four of whom forty eight were coeds. There was only one car on campus,—we walked, but enjoyed student activities, the Highlights being "The Con", Mock Trial, Mock Parliament and Student Union meetings in the old Library on the top floor of the Arts Building.

In 1925 our athletes captured the Maritime Inter-collegiate Championships in football, hockey and basketball. The football team travelled to Montreal and won the McTier Cup emblematic of the English Rugby Championship for Eastern Canada.

Radio Station One-D-O

In the autumn of 1925 Dr. A.F. Baird, with help from the Senior Electricals, erected an

aerial on top of the Memorial Building and with the help of some donated and some borrowed equipment we were ready to broadcast over Station One-D-O.

"There was only one car on campus..."

Radio receivers in those days were powered with heavy and expensive batteries, vacuum tubes were comparatively new and transistors unheard of. Sets were few in number.

Canadian National Railways had several stations including one at Moncton. The strongest signals came from WGY in Schenectady or KDKA in Pittsburgh and reception was best in the evening.

Station One-D-O had a radius of one hundred miles, but was very strong in the vicinity of Fredericton. We received a mixed reaction to our music and talk broadcasts as our signal was strong and on many receivers the tuning was not precise.

Other duties prevented regular broadcasts but the dance music from the "The Con" was broadcast -primitive by today's standards but interesting.

10's

C. Miles Burpee
Brunswickan 1918-1923

I was closely associated with the production and publication of The University Monthly and The Brunswickan from 1918 to my graduation in 1923; when undergraduate registra-

tion was approximately 120 and nine professors made up the teaching staff (1920).

My writing included short stories, articles and editorials, everything except poetry. As sophomore I edited 'College World' and 'Exchanges' as a Junior.

After being elected editor-in-chief at the end of my junior year, I headed a drive to produce an identifying title to replace "The University Monthly". We announced a contest and offered a small cash prize for the winner. Among the several suggestions the committee selected "The Brunswickan" together with its accompanying layout which had been submitted anonymously. To this day, I have not learned the name of

the successful contestant.

To me, my most satisfactory writing for the Brunswickan was a series of editorials that exposed the total inadequacy of the university fire protection system. One of Saint John's dailies picked up the story, gave it prominence in a following issue and up shot UNB's fire insurance premiums. I was the occupant of a very hot seat for some time. My final effort included appropriate remarks in my valedictory address at Encaenia...all of which eventually led to the installation of an adequate fire protection system.

My very best wishes for a successful reunion! Sorry I shall not be able to attend.

The Brunswickan Reunion staff wish to express their heartfelt THANKS! to the staff of CFNB for all of their help with this issue.
THANKS!

The organizers and staff of the Brunswickan's 120th Anniversary Issue would like to extend their gratitude to Peter Allison and Moosehead Breweries Ltd. for all their help in making this reunion a success.

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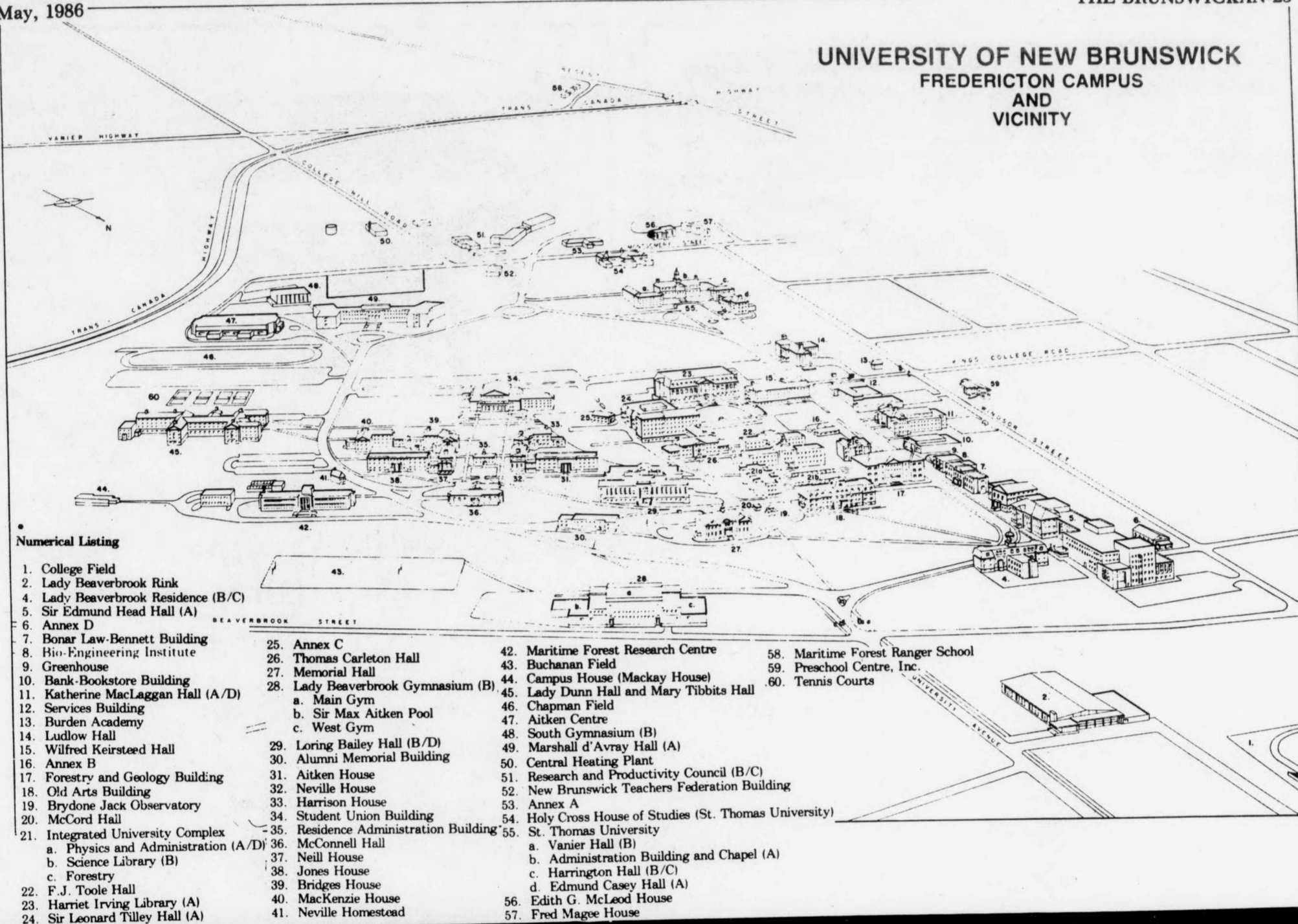
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**SCHEDULE OF EVENTS
BRUNSWICKAN REUNION**

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1986

Registration
Lobby of Alumni Building
9 am - 5 pm
VOLUNTARY registration fee of \$5.00 (to help defray Alumni mailing costs)

Get Acquainted Reception
Blue Lounge
Student Building
Hors d'oeuvres
Cash Bar
5.30 pm compliments Moosehead Breweries

Following
Alumni Lobster Boil
Student Union Building

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1986

Tour of Brunswickan Offices
Room 35
Lower level of SUB Annexe
9 am
Hosted by current Editor-in-Chief Ken Quigley

Organizational Meeting of Brunswickan Alumni Club

12 pm
Colter Room, Aitken Centre
Luncheon compliments of Moosehead Breweries
Cash Bar
Chaired by Edison Stewart Editor-in-Chief 1972-73

Reception
Colter Room, Aitken Centre
5 pm Cash Bar only

Following
Alumni Dinner
McConnell Hall
Testimonial written and presented by Dalton Camp Editor-in-Chief 1946-47
Presentation to Dr. Downey (UNB) in honour of 120th anniversary
Lifetime Honorary Editorship presented posthumously to founding editor Sir George Foster
Dance following

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1986

Farewell Hospitality Room
Tartan Room, Alumni Building
8 am to 10 am
Coffee and Doughnuts compliments Moosehead Breweries



From one tradition to
another...

Congratulations to

The Brunswickan
on your 120th anniversary.

informative

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