

the struggle goes on ...

By J.D.B. Harrison '24

48 Years Ago

The only copy of the Brunswickan in my possession is marked Vol. 43 No. 5, for March 1924. The masthead shows that the magazine was published in seven numbers during the college years. The writer was listed as editor-in-chief and there were two assistant editors-in-chief, nine editors of departments, a business manager, an assistant business manager and a circulation manager. Altogether, quite a staff for an issue of forty-four pages plus seventeen pages of advertising!

The University's own advertisement listed the faculty - twelve professors, three part-time lecturers and one emeritus professor. I suppose the teaching staff today is more numerous than the whole student body of 1924.

Most of the advertisements were inserted by local firms and some are amusing now. For example, John J. Weddall and Son addressed a message to the "Young Ladies of the University" who "will find the best assorted stock of jackets, blouses, wool vests, ready-to-wear skirts, Corsets, flannellette and cotton underwear". It does sound cosy.

The leading editorial in my copy was contributed by Arthur Wishart, who was until recently Attorney-General in the Government of Ontario. Also, there is a poem by Alfred Bailey, who became Dean of Arts.

After Vol 43 No. 7 was safely "put to bed" the writer graduated in forestry - then a very young profession in Canada. Jobs were scarce but a few were available in government services or in the pulp and paper industry. Up to that time the sawlog industry had not seen any good reason for augmenting its staffs of experienced logging bosses and hard-bitten camp foremen with young men who had frittered away four years of their lives reading books or listening the professors who probably could not sharpen an axe, let alone a cross-cut saw.

In the woods the new graduate was likely to find himself alone professionally speaking, and he was sure to encounter attitudes varying from amused tolerance to thinly-veiled hostility. Experienced camp foremen or forest rangers were proud men and with good reason. It took a lot of ability to direct a logging crew and the men who could do it did not always welcome newcomers who were supposed to possess training that they lacked.

In the circumstances the new forester had to place more reliance on tact and good humor than upon his technical knowledge. In short, he had to be able "to get along with folks". And, in those days, UNB was a good place to learn how to do just that. I hope it still is.

By LESTER G. HOAR
News Editor,
The Telegraph Journal

Perhaps your deadline has long since passed for material for the anniversary edition of the Brunswickan, but I do not want to let the occasion pass without sending you, as I do, best wishes for the success of this endeavour and for the future.

With little experience in newspaper writing, I was fairly catapulted into the editorship of the Brunswickan at the start of my Sophomore year. I spent two hectic but enjoyable years on the paper before resigning to run for the presidency of the SRC. Since I had been hammering the Council in editorials, I thought it only right to try to practise what I had preached.

Your facilities must be vastly improved from those of my time. The so-called Brunswickan office was located on the second floor of the Arts Building, opposite the Ladies' Reading Room. Our office was devoid of equipment except for a typewriter or two and some ancient furniture. On the wall was a picture of Nelson, whose connection with our activities I never was quite sure. Perhaps the picture was a relic of the days when the Arts Building served in part as a men's residence.

Of course, the real work on the paper was done downtown at the McMurray Press. The foreman there was very indulgent while I and a varying number of our staff wrote, talked, changed our minds and wrote again from Monday to Friday. It was a grand refuge from the lecture rooms 'Up the Hill.'

We published an April Food edition and other special editions. These included, as I recall, one put out by the Engineers and a Co-Ed edition which the gals printed on pink paper. During my time as editor, the Canadian University Press was founded and we were very proud that the Brunswickan was the first paper to be named to the vice-presidency for the Maritimes.

Business manager for the Brunswickan during this period was the present Professor George A. McAllister of the law faculty, and I was succeeded as editor by the present Professor William Y. Smith. He previously had been news editor. William F. Ryan also was a member of the staff and later, Colin B. MacKay.

At the end of the year, through the astuteness of our business manager in watching our finances, we were able to hold the annual Brunswickan dinner dance. This rather exclusive social event, taking place off the campus, was itself a help in staff recruitment! As the time drew near the editor was besieged by those who suddenly had developed an interest in journalism.

And so, with these few recollections, I again wish the Brunswickan and its staff a happy and prosperous future.

By WILLIAM Y. SMITH

THE BRUNSWICKAN AND UNB 1939 - 1940

I was the editor of the "Brunswickan" from the beginning of the academic year in September 1939 until I left university to join the army in February 1940. I had been involved in newspaper work since my high school days. At Saint John High, I had been high school correspondent for the Saint John "Daily Citizen" and worked full-time as a reporter during the summer vacations.

I found working for the "Citizen" an exhilarating experience. The staff were all very young, very high-spirited and had a great love for newspaper work. Many have made highly successful careers in Canadian journalism: - Charlie Lynch, John Fisher, Bob Hanson of the "Montreal Star", Bert Burgoyne of the "Telegraph-Journal". I joined the "Brunswickan" immediately on coming to UNB as a freshie-soph in September 1938.

The staff of the "Brunswickan" in those days was very small. No more than six people were actively engaged in putting the paper out each week. There was a one-room office in the Old Arts Building, but it was never used. The paper was printed by MacMurray's on Queen Street. Each afternoon during the week, the staff gathered in the printing shop, wrote out their copy in long-hand and fed it directly to the lone linotype operator. Many of my colleagues on the "Brunswickan" continued to be associated with UNB long after graduation. President Colin B. MacKay, Dean George McAllister of the Law School, and the Hon. Mr. Justice David M. Dickson, who was a member of the University Senate for many years.

In the late nineteen-thirties, the student body was very small. The enrollment in September 1939 was approximately four hundred. There was a close and intimate relationship between faculty and students. By the time one reached the junior year, one had come to know most students on campus. Students seldom wrote letters to the editor. One was simply stopped on campus and given hell for the deficiencies of the last edition of the "Brunswickan".

At that time, there were many great characters on the faculty. Men who had been at UNB for decades and whose foibles and eccentricities were well-known to practically every living UNB graduate. Many students contended that Prof. Pugh, who lectured in French and German, took top honours for eccentricity. In class, it was impossible to understand him in any language, including English. The great "Tubby" Keirstead was, in himself, the central core of the Arts faculty. He was the complete Renaissance man who could, with ease, lecture on any subject from economics to ethics. Dr. "Blinky" Stevens was the dominant personality in the engineering department. He was a great individualist. He taught in his own way, dressed in his own way, and punctured humbug and pretension in his own way.

At the top, the university was presided over by Dr. "Davy" Jones. No man ever looked more like the classic idea of a university president than did "Davy". He was tall, had a magnificent shock of gray hair and brown eyes that seemed to bore into one through pince-nez clasped to the bridge of his nose. He was regarded by most undergraduates with a mixture of affection and awe. When angry, he could be forbidding and formidable.

I recall being called to his office. He was much offended by the risqué nature of some of the material appearing in the paper. For twenty minutes, with great vigor and directness, he lectured me on my inadequacies as the editor of a college paper. I left his office feeling I had let down not only UNB, but, without doubt, Western civilization.

I went over the copy for the next issue with the greatest of care. I thought when it went to press that it was as clean as a hound's tooth. Unfortunately, I missed a filler that, at the last minute, had been inserted on the front page. It consisted of a joke that far exceeded anything that could be considered acceptable in that non-permissive age.

Over the next week, I anxiously awaited the summons to the president's office. It never came. He was a man of great perception. Undoubtedly, he had studied the paper carefully and could discriminate between a mistake and deliberate provocation.

After the war, I decided to become an economist rather than a journalist. I believe, however, that a few years of newspaper work are of the greatest value to almost anyone. One learns to work closely with others, to meet deadlines, to write quickly and clearly, to accept criticism. These are valuable lessons for any career one may ultimately follow.