

Letters from the editors continued

almost blushed in the mirror. One of the first things to catch my eyes was a Brunswick 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 uphill. 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 Brunswick-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 inkstained 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.

**Fred R. Drummie
Editor 1955**

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, telephones, 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 Sept.

The Editor-in-Chief had been an ex-officio member of the SRC 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 umbrella 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, hailed 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.

**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 chad 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 on 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 scout.

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 Wagner, Jud purdy, Pete and Bob (and anyone else I've inadvertently left out) remember it with kindness.

**Fred Davidson
Editor 1942-43**

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 emotions: some happy to see their names in print, a few critical that some groups (residences in par-

ticular) were favorite targets, others disappointed their names were omitted. Perhaps it 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".

The staff were an innovative group, as we experimented with new approaches to feature articles, including short-story contests, new mast-head 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.

A clap of thunder - and I remember well the story of Initiation week, when as Sophomores we had our opportunity 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!"

While many things have changed for the better with improved facilities, rapid communications and advance 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.

**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.

A number of our editorial staff are

still around in the persons of Rainsford Henderson who wrote College World and many others.

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.

The early Twenties were exciting times for the university of New Brunswick and the Brunswickan. Increased enrollment 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.

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

**C. Miles Burpee
Editor 1918-23**

I was closely associated with the production and publication of The University Monthly and the The Brunswickan from 1918 to my graduation in 1923; when undergraduate registration was approximately 120 and nine professors made up the teaching staff (1920).

My writing included short stories, articles and editorials, everything except poetry. As a 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 lead to the installation of an adequate fire protection system.

