



The above ad ran in the 1967 edition of the BRUNSWICKAN in an attempt to draw in more staff. The man in the middle is none other than the present president of the SRC, Stephen MacFarlane. There was a lot of spirit in the office in those days. The paper was always short of staff.

What sort of a man works on the Brunswickan

Cool, suave, debonair, a man who works on the Brunswickan is a person who likes to be on top of the news. He has an interest in what goes on in the university. A Brunswickan staffer gets ahead in more ways than one. If you want to participate in our exciting and dynamic publication drop into the office. Attend the important staff meeting on Tuesday at 7:00 and above all phone us if you ever get any hot tips - 475-5191.

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mobbed delivering papers by anxious readers intent on seeing what those "radicals" were saying next. Although the present Brunswickan is more representative of popular student opinion and is more responsible, it is quite safe to circulate the papers now since the Bruns, for all intents and purposes, borders on the dull side.

Sensationalism sells papers whether they be sold for nothing or by price.

The paper made enemies but didn't care. It made friends and cared less. However, the paper did say a lot and it said it well. The cream of student intellect on campus worked for the paper, not academically top students in some instances, but those who did were unrivaled in their social conscience and devotion to radicalism.

To be 'respected' in 1968 meant you opposed the right things, said the right things, and laughed hard at the struggling Students' Council. It was still engrossed in internal matters while the world came to our doorstep to observe the 'Strax Affair', as someone named it. The Strax Affair dominated this newspaper. One incident would spark a main story and at least five sidebar stories. This phenomenal approach to news coverage and the professional layout was achieved in many ways by one person.

Frank Goldspink, or 'Spink' drifted into Fredericton from Ontario working as a Versa Foods cook. A university dropout who had spent his university life in one of Canada's better student newspapers began working nights in the Bruns office at John Oliver's insistence. Finally he quit cooking and began to set fire underneath the Brunswickan.

"The Bruns Had Ceased To Be A Jock Paper"

Working for \$4.00 a page, he averaged \$32.00 a week salary, with deductions, and brought an element of professionalism in design to the paper. If anyone could get blood from a stone it was he, and for the first time in years the Bruns was intense, dedicated and campus stories increased in number.

The Bruns had ceased to be a jock paper.

Spink became my mentor and educator and he taught me to doubt everything in the world. He understood power and people and his critical eye left no plot uninvestigated.

As the months progressed Spink made more decisions as Oliver leaned heavily on his advice. Oliver gradually lost control of the paper and finally resigned his term early, noted as a weak editor. He moved on to an undistinguished career as a book store operator, and is now a reporter for the Vancouver Sun.

The paper faltered momentarily and then tore on through the new term presenting critical accounts of campus life.

Late in the spring of 1968 the lid finally blew off the latently boiling kettle (campus) with the threat of censure and the protest demonstrations that accompanied that threat. Special meetings began, publicity committees were formed, and polarized moderate students began to react. Even the SRC began to grapple with the problem in an effort to catch up with the events on campus.

The approaching exams were forgotten by many who risked academic standing for academic freedoms. The activity among those who planned and plotted pressure displays to create an awareness in the Administration by this time reeling from the increasing volume of attacks, created a false sort of life.

It was similar to a period of war when normal life seemed suspended in limbo. Those of us involved in organizing a fight against the 'blacklisting' of UNB by the CAUT spent our waking hours in combat consuming coffee and plotting demonstrations. It was an exciting time to live and to work within the Bruns. A time that has never been equaled.

Apathy disappeared for awhile and every SUB conversation revolved around the topic of UNB's uncertain future due to the threatened censure.

"Campus Unrest Provided The Newspaper With A Continuous Supply Of Copy"

Student leaders of that time such as Mike Start, newly elected S.R.C. President, Brian Sullivan Comptroller, ex-Brunswick Sports Editor Bob Hess, Ex-SRC Vice President Alistair Robertson and Dave MacMullin met and composed articles outlining the effect of blacklisting by the national body of university professors.

Late one Sunday evening, the Bruns was asked to put out a special 4 page flyer provincial issue. Ferguson, Goldspink and myself worked continuously from midnight that Sunday producing the special edition which appeared on Tuesday morning.

The spring of 68 was a time of little sleep.

This was the milieu on the campus during that period and provided the newspaper with a continuous supply of copy.

An example of what havoc the Bruns could cause was the picture of President MacKay and a group of vocal radicals carrying on what the president affectionately used to call dialogue. Our cutline read "... and President Colin B. MacKay using his typical double-talk and double talk ..."

Unluckily, I was assigned to get his reaction to another matter for a news story. I was told that the President would not see me, but that I was to go to Registrar Dugald Blue's office. He received me cordially enough but suddenly MacKay exploded through the door and for the next fifteen minutes I sat stunned as the President gave violent vent to his frustrations with the paper and the students.

From that day I knew we were right in pushing for his departure, he had made the tragic mistake of administrators who stay with an organization too long. A criticism of the corporation became a personal insult to his feelings. He could no longer cope, for the university had outgrown his grasp and he tore himself and university apart in an attempt to regain his throne.

UNB had become a multi-university, diverse in nature and an end had to come to paternalistic administrating. No one cared if the President had trouble remembering the name of every student for that was a throwback to the past.