

By MRS. H.E. MARSHALL  
MARY (MCMENAMIM) '41

Congratulations on your special issue and I hope this note arrives in time.

My period as Editor came about due to the war and not Women's Liberation - when Bill Smith (Prof. W.Y.) and a number of the staff joined up we just carried on.

It was a great experience being hailed the first woman editor of the Brunswickan and I was so green. I had a very good staff to rely on - Colin MacKay as News Editor among them.

At that time the most important article was likely to be "Scoop by Snoop". Since the campus was a very small close-knit community it was not uncommon for freshmen to know Seniors and profs to call all their pupils by name.

The Special issues were a lot of fun to prepare - the pink for girls co-ed issue (in which the Sissy Senior Foresters always took a beating), and the April Fool edition of the Brunswickan.

I married my college sweetheart - an engineer and spent our early married life in Halifax, Saint John and Chicoutimi, P.Q. before settling down in Fredericton. There my interest in UNB continued through alumni participation.

We have four children two of whom graduated from UNB another third is in the process.

At the moment my husband and I are living in Botswana on a Canadian International Development Agency assignment. Hal is general manager of the Power Corporation or as Jim Dineen said "bringing light to Botswana".

Living in one of the newest nations is most interesting - the people are very kind and friendly and so polite. I am becoming very lazy - with a cook, maid and gardener - home was never like this.

I have written this very hurriedly in order to catch the return air mail - Best of luck to you and your staff.

-30-

By F. W. Davidson  
Assistant Comptroller Bell Canada

It is a pleasure to respond to your recent request for material for your anniversary issue of "The Brunswickan". I find reference to the 105th year of publication a little strange for we published the 62nd volume in 1942-43 when I was editor which should make this the 91st year of publication. The masthead in 1942 indicated the paper was established in 1880; all of which makes me curious as to how you arrive at the conclusion that this is the 105th year of publication.

Many years have passed since I last read "The Brunswickan", but if you have now achieved the status of a 28-page weekly tabloid, you are to be commended. It is certainly a major responsibility and in years to come each editor will reflect on the valuable experience it has provided.

My association with "The Brunswickan" was rather short, but challenging and interesting. After a brief introduction as a cub reporter in my freshman year I found myself, a sophomore engineer, having accepted responsibility as editor-in-chief for Volume 62 in 1942-43.

# the war and after years

We had a good year, thanks to the support of a number of competent staff - at least one of whom, Bob Nielsen, went on to a full time career in journalism. Space prevents mentioning names, but the Vol. 62 masthead will include the various editors.

Certainly a lot of credit should also be extended to Prof. E.A. McCourt of the English Faculty for his help and guidance during the early stages of the paper in the fall semester. Incidentally, I wonder how many noticed and read his article, "Ed McCourt's Canada" in the February issue of MacLean's Magazine. It's worth reading and makes a lot of good sense.

To answer your question as to how I became a staff member of "The Brunswickan" is difficult because time has blurred the real reasons for becoming involved. What I do remember, however, is that it was a real challenge at the time, and as I reflect now it occurs to me that I derived as much or more from that experience as from many others in my college career.

A comparison of the environment, then and now, would be difficult for someone like myself who has been away from the university for so long. But one does not have to read very much to suddenly become aware of the tremendous change that has taken place. We had our problems to be sure, and they were relevant to us. They ranged from what we thought were real needs for improved facilities for students, requests for greater involvement in student affairs, concern over the place of students in a wartime environment and so on. With a smaller student body a closer fellowship pervaded, I'm sure, than is possibly with the number currently enrolled.

But communications have changed so many things for the nation and the student as well. Campus life has assumed a more dominant role in society, as a lot of student activities attest. Some actions have been constructive and some destructive. Your task is to try to chart an editorial policy that will direct student energies to constructive ends. You do not have an easy task.

Best of luck in your anniversary and succeeding issues.

-30-

By DALTON K. CAMP

I came out of the army in the autumn of 1945 and became a columnist for the Brunswickan and the next year assumed the title of editor-in-chief. Looking back on it now, I wonder that the Brunswickan got published each week, but I would go down town to the printing shop on Front Street and there would be sheafs of spiked copy, galleys of proof which I sometimes read, and page proofs with news stories, features, photographs and advertisements.

This weekly miracle was largely the creation of the associate editor, Charlotte Vandine, and the business manager, Garnett Wheeler, and a number of diligent people unknown to the editor-in-chief. The campus, in those early post-war years, was flooded with veterans, but the paper was staffed largely by younger non-veterans. As a veteran, an old married man, I did not find my own paper all that interesting, most of the stuff in it being about campus social functions, student non-politics, endless games of one sort or another, and all the small beer of small town, small campus life.

I wrote the editorials, many of which were purely personal reflections and one or two of which were about national politics. These latter pieces were read, incredibly, by local powers in the Liberal Party who were impressed by them - probably more by the style than content - and as a result I began moonlighting as a columnist in the provincial Liberal Party house organ. This, I have no doubt, launched me into a career in party politics.

The Brunswickan had its offices - or office - in a recycled army H-hut which the university authorities had relocated on the grounds just below the old arts building. The building was considered an eyesore and referred to as The Blot.

The Brunswickan of 1946-47 had its moments as a crusading newspaper. When a local policeman arrested a student, and beat him up, having apprehended him urinating in a dark alley at two o'clock in the morning, the Brunswickan went to war against police brutality, a dim and distant augury of things to come, and very likely the first. The policeman was quickly brought to trial and suitably punished. The Daily Gleaner, as I recall it, reported the trial but not the original incident.

On another occasion, when Arthur Smith came to the campus to lecture on T.S. Eliot, the Brunswickan published his entire scholarly address, taking up all of the front page and filtering through the advertisements throughout the remainder of the paper. This reduced the sports coverage to the absolute minimum and greatly displeased the campus jocks. For one week, at least, the Brunswickan had become a literary journal, a tour de force which pleased the editor-in-chief as much as it dismayed others.

I doubt that anyone would claim the Brunswickan was an outstanding example of college journalism in that year, but it enjoyed its own distinctive tone and style, which was calm, casual, and editorially capricious. But at least it was seldom pretentious; only rarely did it take itself seriously.

The paper was supported by national advertising - cigarette and insurance companies, and chartered banks - and by local merchants. I do recall standing in the printing shop, as we were going to press, and throwing out national ads because they were taking up too much space. At the end of the year, we were surprised to discover the Brunswickan had made a profit.

On reflection, the Brunswickan was probably a mirror of the times. The student body, as I have said, was made up, in the majority, of older men returning from the war. They were serious about their work and little else. Campus politics was left largely to those who came to the university directly from the high schools. Sports and games were only mildly interesting. The administration was benevolent, determined to process the veterans into graduates as painlessly and as quickly as possible. UNB was a transit camp for returning soldiers waiting to be shipped out to civilian life.

The next year, when the Brunswickan changed managerial hands, its new editors devoted much of their effort to promoting the interests and causes of the CCF (now the NDP). The printers on Front Street were replaced by printers on Brunswick Street who were themselves CCF supporters. After that ideological spasm, the paper was never the same again. Very likely since, and forever more, the Brunswickan has become a better campus paper, but I doubt that it is as much fun putting it out as it was in the days when I ran it.

-30-