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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

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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.

Love and Kisses,
SNOOP.