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overhearing a little-louder-than-usual conversation between newly elected editor-in-chief Edison Stewart and a fellow reporter concerning the publishing date for the first Brunswickan for 1972-3, I heard the fatal words, "Susan and I are going to put out the first issue..." Did I stand a chance?

I was installed as news editor before I could utter a single protest. In all honesty, however, the ensuing years became probably the most challenging and rewarding of my academic career. Working with Edison could be trying at times, but NEVER boring.

Following a stint as managing editor with Chris Allen in the driver's seat, I found myself next in line for the reins of the infamous Brunswickan in 1974-75.

After working two years with a large percentage of staff members who had worked for commercial newspapers, my year as editor-in-chief held the challenge of a new and often untrained staff. But what they lacked in experience, they made up for with enthusiasm and hard work.

Our first major story broke during the November SRC

"We were progressing through the years of women's liberation."

elections, when a student manning a polling station was accused of ballot stuffing, the first such incident ever recorded at UNB.

The accused claimed he was just destroying the ballots before depositing them, and although the act cost the Student Council funds for another election, the student disciplinary committee charged the defendant the grand sum of \$25.

There was some outcry as to the leniency of the fine, but it was also realized there was a

need for more organization of the voting system, which included registering and monitoring the number of ballots sent to each station and the number of students voting, as well as training the workers.

We followed that story with a difference of opinion we had with the Forestry faculty and the SRC. It had been the Brunswickan's editorial policy for a number of years not to print pictures of faculty queens, as we were progressing through the years of women's liberation. The Foresters were outraged by the decision, but we did point out that they could have their pictures run by obtaining advertising space through the SRC, as we had no control over advertising material unless libelous.

The SRC's forestry representative brought the matter to the attention of council, who discussed, as our publishers, forcing us to change our editorial policy.

Since the Brunswickan constitution states that the publisher may not interfere with the running of the paper in this manner, managing editor Tom Benjamin, news editor Kathy Westman and I stated our intention of resigning should Council impose its authority over us.

Realizing it did not have legal grounds to change the editorial policy, at that time, Council reluctantly backed down.

A general survey on campus done by a member of the Brunswickan staff showed most of those opposed to the paper's policy were male.

Looking back, what had started out as a difference of opinion became a question of the SRC's control over the newspaper. (A battle which was recently fought between the St. Thomas University SRC and the "Aquinian".

A debate, which showed that times were changing, was the issue of "open rooms" for women's residences; visiting hours for male guests would no longer be restricted. An initial trial period of Friday and Saturday nights was suggested and defeated by the Board of Governors. Later, Senate agreed to the open room policy for the 1975-76 year with each

house allowed to decide its own policy in consultation with the dean of women's residences.

On the provincial scene, Malcolm Bricklin was hailing his gull winged car as the "best auto ever built", and Premier Richard Hatfield agreed.

The Brunswickan, itself, saw a couple of changes and successes in 1975-75. The Bruns 'Red Herrings' (no, the fish on the current flag is not a shark) won the media bowl challenge (an annual tag football classic against the CHSR radio types from upstairs) and the championship dynasty continued...

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...we implemented a scheme, first suggested by Edison Stewart, to have 'old', no 'former' is a nicer word, editors sponsor special annual awards in certain categories to be presented to outstanding staff members (beats waiting for a Pulitzer Prize)...

...unfortunately, we ended the year on a very sad note, with the sudden accidental death of our Atlantic Region Canadian University Press field worker, Dave McCurdy, of Memorial University, Nfld. The field worker's job is to travel to universities in his or her region to lend a hand, offer advice, evaluate the system, and help iron out any problems the papers may be having. Dave was a hard working, well respected individual and it grieved us that he, after agreeing to stay a day longer to attend our year end celebration, was killed in a motor vehicle accident leaving UNB to head to a college in Nova Scotia...

...so we had our bad times...but, fortunately, we had more good ones, and I am so pleased that on the occasion of the Brunswickan's 120th anniversary that we had an opportunity to share them...

...by the way, I was surprised and pleased at the end of my year to receive a motion passed by council to congratulate me on the job I had done (I sure appreciated it). It passed 19 for, 0 against, and 1 abstention - you guessed it, the forestry rep...

by EDISON STEWART
EDITOR 1972-73

I don't think I'll ever forget my arrival at UNB. I was fresh out of high school, so wet behind the ears I squished when I walked, so shy I almost blushed in the mirror. One of the first things to catch my eye

was a Bruns 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 up hill. 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 Brunswickan-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 ink-stained 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.

50's

by BARRY TOOLE
EDITOR 1956-58

I picked up the March 27th edition of the Brunswickan in the hope that there I might find some inspiration for this article. The lead story was about John Bosnitch. As a press issue, Mr. Bosnitch would surely have had to be invented, if he had not occurred naturally. Unfortunately, we had no one like that when I was editor of the Brunswickan. The closest we ever came to savaging the SRC was when I tried to become president. There were about 1300 students at UNB; and in one of the larger turnouts in history, 80 of them

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voted for me and the remaining 1200 did not, which was a triumph for common sense. I was surprised that I had eighty friends.

The SRC was an important institution to the students then. But, evidently, it was nothing like it is now, if a controversy about it can be kept boiling this late in the year, when students should be stretched out in the sun instead of studying.

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Raggs' - N - Riches' Club

Exhibition Grounds
Fredericton, N.B.

Congratulations to
The Brunswickan on your
120th Anniversary