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The news column of March 27th also reports the results of a number of referenda in which the students participated. One of them, which failed, would have had the SRC join the Canadian Federation of Students at a cost of five dollars per student. When I was Brunswickan editor, we waged a campaign to have the National Federation of Canadian University Students, CFS's earlier manifestation, thrown off the campus for reasons which now escape me. The campaign peaked during an emotional debate at the SRC in which I played an improper - some might even say, offensive - role, with the result that the SRC rallied behind NFCUS and its local chairman. "Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature", as Dr. Johnson reportedly observed about someone else.

This year, the students also voted down a proposition to charge themselves an extra $10 a year to support the return of football. Football has been gone now for only about six years, but somehow, it seems much longer. Thirty years ago, it was popular, although not tested in the student's pocket book, as Physics 2000 was not. In the event, toward the end of a dismal season in 1957, the Red Bombers beat their traditional rival, Mount Allison, at College Field. The fans were happy and on the front page of our edition of the following Tuesday, there appeared an enormous photograph of a

"In a spontaneous show of grief and anger almost the entire student body and faculty marched through the town in silence."

violent episode of the game, together with headlines which shrieked RATS ROUTED, BOMBERS WIN, or words to the effect, laid out in the glorious tradition of the New York Daily News, along with a fittingly florid story. The reference to 'rats', incidentally, was not a gratuitous insult, but an allusion to the sobriquet, 'Marsh Rats', by which Allisonions were sometimes affectionately known.

Students at that university did not share the unaffected enthusiasm which greeted the Brunswickan treatment of the game at UNB. Indeed, so positively indifferent were they that they reproduced the offending page in their own newspaper, together with a stern editorial which talked of irresponsible and yellow journalism. They carried indignant letters from faculty members. We were, of course, desolated.

No doubt, it would have rested there, had there not been the annual meeting of the Atlantic division of the Canadian University Press in the offing at UNB. A majority of the editors of other university papers prepared and submitted a motion of censure of me and the Brunswickan, which might have carried the day, had they not forgotten that I was chairman.

The University of New Brunswick that I attended doesn't look much like the UNB of today, which is hardly surprising, but it is the sort of fatuous statement that is expectied in articles of this sort. For one thing, there are a great many more buildings, although just how many more is hard to say. This is because some of the buildings have two names. Lots of roads connect all these buildings and entrances and parking lots; so many, in fact, that they have been named, like streets, after old professors. When I was at UNB, there was one road connecting everything and the old professors were all teaching.

The year I became Editor-in-Chief, 1956, we decided to publish twice a week on Tuesdays and Fridays, which, of course, doubled the work and the staff. It also doubled the advertising revenue, making the Brunswickan relatively independent, financially, of the SRC and contributed to my losing my honours, or at least, that is how I like to think I lost them. We worked in the luxurious Students Memorial centre which had opened only a year earlier. It is hard to remember what it was like at UNB before the Students Centre, when there was no place to drink coffee, smoke, play bridge, eat, gossip, assignate, play politics, etc. We had to do it all in the Library reading room.

The Brunswickan had the idea of holding a competition for a UNB song, the type which rises, unbidden, sentimentally, from an excess of drink, particularly after you are no longer at university. We were unsuccessful in finding one, not from want of entries, but

"a majority of the editors of other university prepared and submitted a motion of censure of me and the Brunswickan..."

from want of quality, and the judges declared no winner. This annoyed the contestants, particularly those who were faculty members, who had taken an unaccountably enthusiastic interest in it. As far as I know, UNB continues to manage without its melody.

I should not leave the impression that everything that I remember about then was trivial. There was the Hungarian revolution, for example, which, although it did not take place at UNB, deposited a lot of very interesting Hungarians here. Sputnik went up and I managed to get an interview with Lord Beaverbrook about how the West was losing the space race. Lord Beaverbrook himself was here part of each year. He took an active interest in the university and could be seen often, hunched slightly, as he trudged across the campus where he liked to be recognized. 'Trudge' is not a word that springs to mind for the indefatigable President Colin MacKay, who fairly flew around, often in his three wheeled Messerschmidt. He seemed to know every student by name, which was usually good but sometimes not.

Lord Beaverbrook was very good at getting interesting honourary degree recipients. Not one of them had ever been a radio host. There was David Low, for example, the British cartoonist, and Jack Kennedy, a senator from Mass.

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