

Choosing a career**Eenie, meenie, minie, moe**

Ever felt like your education is nothing more than a burning bridge. Think of the numbers. How many have found themselves caught looking forward to a career that they found they wanted no part of, and only after a large investment of time and money into years in a university.

It's unfortunate, and a waste, but it happens. No one knows for sure how many feel this way but everyone must have asked themselves whether they're into the right Faculty at one time or another.

Those genuinely afflicted, I prefer to think, probably hang on to the years they've already put in, and finish their degrees.

Some will quit and take on a lesser job than they might have had, and I'm not speaking of those that don't continue because they can't make it academically.

Others, far fewer, may start again from year 1 and get into what they have found themselves really wanting to do. It takes a lot of courage, and a good idea that you're not repeating the same mistake twice.

The origin of the problem perhaps lies in the young gaining

Memories memories..

Thing's sure ain't what they used to be.

Without too much effort, one can easily conjure up the good old days of 12 cent comics, 10 cent candy bars and movies that only cost one dollar. And without even blinking an eyelash, most students on this campus can almost remember the era of Saga steak night.

Back in the old days, steak night was generally held once a week, usually on a Thursday night, when most of the students with meal cards could take advantage of it. Albeit, the steaks may have been tough as leater, burnt to a crisp, or still chewing it's cud but they were steaks and they did provide a happy break away from the ordinary dishes that seem to pervade all cafeteria menus.

So much for our trip down memory lane. This year, in a time

(post secondary) education before they've ever gotten out of the incubator that any school provides them.

Working a year between high school and university may tune many into what they want to do with their lives. It does also cause many to lose 'momentum' with respect to education and subsequently to never return to it.

There's no shortage of reasons

why students and graduates find themselves 'hating' the choice of career they took in their green years.

During the 2nd World War the young found themselves fighting and waiting for the day they went 'home'. The waiting must have provoked a lot of planning because when the vets came home they knew what they wanted to do, and did it. This

sureness became a part of several factors that drew the country out of a depression.

We don't even have a depression, but we didn't just have war either.

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of fiscal restraint (to use a well worn phrase), Saga has decided to change some of its philosophies. Some of the familiar Saga sights, sounds and smells have gone the way of the dinosaur.

This year Saga has decided to hold steak night on Friday or Saturday and apparently not every week. This means that Saga does not have to cook as many steaks as it would have to if the night were held during the week. Many residence students go home on the weekend (probably to escape Saga) and many more are travelling with the various athletic teams. It hardly seems fair that those who are away on the weekend have to pay for their steaks, for they are included in the price of the meal ticket, and

then not be able to enjoy(?) a steak.

Steak night is not the only area in which Saga has cut back. The cafeteria at the STUD was traditionally the lunch time watering spot for many of the students at the lower end of the campus. Many of the Phys. Ed., Engineering, Forestry and Biology students appeared more content to dine there than to trek all the way up the hill to the SUB. The atmosphere in the STUD was one that was quieter and more conducive to relaxation than the SUB can ever hope to be. Many of the Science students who ate there would be able to discuss their work with professors and classmates in an environment did not include 1000 other students, who were bumping into their table or interrupting their

conversation.

These things, which are the stuff of academic life are no more. The cafeteria has fallen to the blows of Saga's restraint axe.

Professors who would wish to discuss some theory or other would probably go to the STUD and eat lunch with some of their students in such an atmosphere but they would hardly be expected to do the same at the SUB in the midst of so much noise and confusion. Perhaps next year Saga will decide that the cafeteria in Marshall D'Avray Hall is no longer worth the bother and give that the chop too.

It is up to us, the students and professors, as members of the academic community of UNB to seriously question the motives and philosophies of Saga Foods and how it relates to our lifestyle.