

Brunswickan a springboard to bigger things (Continued from page

By EDISON STEWART

Edison Stewart joined the *Brunswickan* in 1970 and became news editor a few months later. The following year 1971-72, he was managing editor. He followed this up by being editor-in-chief the next year as well as for the first half of the year after that. His first professional writing job was in the summer of 1971 when he worked for the *Moncton Free Press*, a weekly. From 1971-1973 he freelanced for the *Montreal Star*, the *Toronto Star*, the *Daily Gleaner* and the *Telegraph Journal*. He began working on a regular part-time basis for the *Daily Gleaner* in the fall of 1973, and spent the following summer with the *Vancouver Sun*. From October 1974 until May 1975 he landed a job with *Canadian Press (CP)* and covered the New Brunswick region for some time. He was recently transferred to CP's Ottawa bureau.

I can remember it as if it was just yesterday. The first thing The *Brunswickan* ever did or said that really got my attention was buried somewhere on an inside page, surrounded by a black border, and, looking back, really nothing much.

The paper, like they're probably doing again this year, was pumping for help -- any kind of help. "We take anybody," the ad said, "we take anybody."

I made up my mind almost as soon as I saw it. Take anybody? Well hell, they couldn't throw me out this door if I wasn't good could they?

So I mustered my courage and walked up to The *Brunswickan* office in the SUB (first floor in the west wing if you're looking) and presented myself. Me, who had written only essays and other crap before, me who couldn't type (to this day, nine years later, I still type with only two fingers) me who was so wet behind the ears I could have carried a mop and bucket.

But what the hell. They said they'd take anybody.

My memory is a little fuzzy over who met me at the door. But they were true to their word and took me. It wasn't long before I was into the Stewart hunt-and-peck typing system (patent pending) and not too much after that I attended my first *Brunswickan* party.

It flopped miserably. My first story was on the New Brunswick student aid program, my first interview, the student aid director. I took notes furiously. (I didn't know shorthand and I still don't).

I think I wrote and re-wrote that story until my arm wore

out. (I was literally writing, rather than typing at this stage, you see). And then I took it to Dave Jonah, a fatherly kindly pipesmoker, who was editor. (I took the pipe for a sign of maturity. It was) And re-wrote the story again.

Great fun. Which, with making new friends quickly in a strange town and getting into university life was really all I was there for.

My real goal in life was to work for Air Canada and I was in Business Administration so the *Brunswickan* was really a sideline.

In time, though, it became the central point in my life and joining it, one of the best decisions I've ever made. And, as the old maxim goes, I didn't let university get in the way of a good education.

The *Brunswickan* -- and the great people in it -- taught me a lot. About news, yes. But about friendship, dedication and life too.

And when one business professor - Maher's his name and he's still there - told me I had to choose between the *Brunswickan* and his course, well the choice was already made. I've never regretted it.

I'm not suggesting you need to get that involved. But you'll learn a lot about the campus, you'll feel a sense of accomplishment, you'll meet a whole circle of new friends quickly and you'll have a great time if you want to give it a try.

And if you're keen, it could be a real boost if you're trying to land a job in journalism some day.

No talent is required. They still take anybody.

And the parties are a helluva lot better.

By DERWIN GOWAN

Derwin Gowan joined the *Brunswickan* when he started attending UNB in the fall of 1973. He became news editor in December of 1974, a position he held until the end of the 75-76 school year. In his final year at UNB, Derwin served as managing editor of the *Brunswickan*. About a month before graduating he began working for the *Telegraph Journal* as the weekend Fredericton area correspondent. Upon graduation in May of 1977 he began reporting full time for the *TJ*, covering the Fredericton and surrounding area. He was then transferred to Woodstock to provide coverage for that region, and recently transferred to Saint John.

Gowan tells it all . . .

Arriving in Fredericton in the fall of 1973 - fresh from high school and a summer spent at cadet camp and raking

blueberries - I could still hear the ringing in my ears from family, guidance councillors and others telling the advantages of getting a university education.

In fact, taking all things into consideration, it was probably a wonder that I got by first term, let alone graduate with a joint honors degree.

What happened was one in a chance series of events that led me into journalism and where I am now -- I asked our frosh squad leader Steve Mulholland by name, if I, one time editor of a high school newspaper could get on the student newspaper.

"Sure," he said. I took him up on the offer and showed up at room 35 in the SUB, walked in, saw who I later found to be Ed Stewart and asked if I could join.

"You must be the person from St. Stephen," Ed said, him and Mulholland obviously having conspired. They let me look around the office and told me to come to a staff meeting.

From that point on I was stuck.

Of course, I still went to classes, and the library and went to the tavern with the boys in residence, but the *Brunswickan* was really where I belonged.

The parties were great (and still are) and getting to know something of the intrigues of student government and the university administration was a trip all its own.

I got to interview the president of the university, I became addicted to keeping weird hours, and despite a lot

of things that never quite turned out the way I wanted, I never once regretted becoming part of it.

I spent as much time in the *Brunswickan* office sitting through Senate Representative Council meetings, arguing editorial policy, chasing leads, and while I was at it, learning how to write, as I spent on school work.

Still I fooled people and got my degree nonetheless.

In fact it is extremely doubtful what type, if any, of job I would have got in 1977 if I hadn't asked the question way back in the days of beanies, shoe-shines and other frosh activities.

I met people too -- a lot of different types of people who could get together and work on something despite the differing opinions. Regardless of what was said or thought the paper had to come out every Friday morning. (I still

remember the time the printer came back late from printers.)

Even if you do not want to become a journalist, or me, have no particular passion about anything, still try joining the *Brunswickan*. You will meet Brunswickan people turning up everywhere - look at the provincial government, UNB's administration, certainly in journalism, in politics, business, writing poetry and elsewhere.

The friends you make will be people you will know and occasionally hear about and keep in contact with years in the future. For Brunswickan staff from as far back as 50 years ago have walked through the office and were impressed.

If you want more than four years in class and an occasional trip to the tavern, want an expanded social academic life, not to mention real education, join the *Brunswickan*.



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