

POOR

Bound

What the Bruns means to me

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out this door if I wasn't good could they?

So I mustered my courage and walked up 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 Bruns 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 we 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 Bruns 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 Bruns 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.

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 the 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 and Student 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 what type, if any, of job I have got in 1977 if I had the question way back in terms of beanies, shoe-shines and frosh activities.

I met people too -- different types of people could get together and something despite the opinions. Regardless of what I said or thought the paper still come out every Friday and still remember the time I came back late from the

Even if you do not become a journalist, or have no particular plan anything, still try join Brunswickan. You will find wickan people turning where - look at the government, UNB's politics, business, writing and elsewhere.

The friends you make be people you will occasionally hear about in contact with for years future. Former Brunswickan from as far back as 50 years have walked through door and were impressed.

If you want more than years in class and an trip to the tavern and expanded social and life, not to mention a relation, join The Bruns.

WELCOME FRESHMEN * * *

and welcome back to upper classmen

for your convenience

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