

THE PRODUCT OF A CIMN
STATION MANAGER'S FANTASY

how cimn made me a millionaire

by Henry Dapuncda -- All my life I wanted to be rich. Everything I did was towards that goal. As a child I sold smuggled milk to babies. While in grade school, I sold gum scrapers to the teachers (it is the secret wish of all teachers to have the neatest classroom in the school). My summers were kept quite full forming an amalgamation of shoe-shine corporations. These enterprises aided me in my goal to be a millionaire, but still left me far short of that magic seven digit number.

While resolving early in life to become filthy rich, I also decided an education was necessary so I could take my rightful position among the elite. That is where UPEI entered the picture. Because I wanted a first-rate education, I went to a first-rate university. As a matter of fact, in most journals, UPEI is ranked not only as a first rate university,

but as the very, yes, the very best university in the entire province.

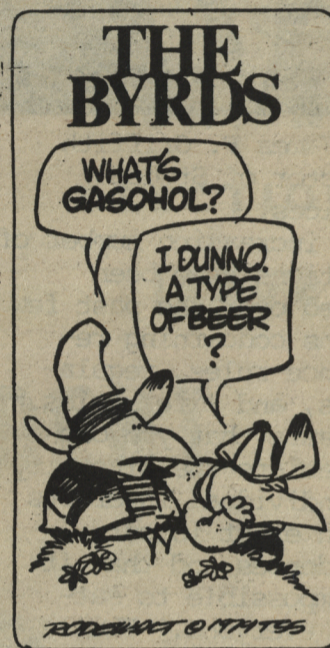
There is one aspect of my personality that I have neglected to mention thus far. I love music, all music; rock and roll, pop, easy-listening, and at times, I can even tolerate disco (please don't gasp). With new albums selling for \$8.98 apiece, it isn't hard to see how this love of music could stand in the way of my becoming a millionaire.

That's when my roommate (I live in residence, of course. It's cheaper. Do you have any idea what gas is selling for now?) told me about CIMN. He told me that they play the best music twenty-four hours a day. When he said that, I just sort of looked at him real funny-like. I wasn't sure if he was an undercover radio recruiter or if he had just swallowed CIMN promo. Then he said, "Henry, you are an intelligent person" (I noticed

his sanity was returning) "why not listen for yourself and make your own decision". I still wasn't quite sure. Then came his argument clincher. "It's free... I'll let you listen on my radio."

I now listen to CIMN continuously. But all my worldly ramblings may have distracted you from the reason I am here in the first place - to tell you how CIMN made me a millionaire. Before I went to visit CIMN's studio on the fourth floor of Main Building, I checked my bank account. There was a balance of \$999,999. I approached the people at the radio station and told them that for one dollar I would write this week's advertisement for the Sun. They accepted on the spot, saying it would be well worth it to get rid of that bother. (don't take the wrong interpretation from that). Right there, in the main lobby of CIMN, I was handed a crisp one

dollar bill and became Canada's newest millionaire. If you doubt the validity of any of my statements, you can check with the people at CIMN. Call them at 892-8980, or better yet, pay them a visit on fourth floor Main. They'll tell you exactly the same story I just told you... Well almost the same.



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