

What I Did This Summer

EDITOR'S NOTE: Perhaps I left you all wondering just what this column was designed for, in the absence of any explanatory note last week. I hasten to absolve myself from any blame to negligence by proceeding to explain. The idea was suggested to me by the former feature editor, to run a series of articles which would serve to acquaint the students with the different kinds of summer jobs undertaken by the students. I liked the idea, and decided to carry it out in a series of four articles. Each article will be written by the student who held the job and each article will tell of a distinctly different type of employment. No names will be affixed due to the expressed wish of the authors.

What did I do this summer? I worked, but gosh, I don't know just exactly what sort of a job you would call it. It was a mixture of jobs. I worked in the office of a yarn factory and they didn't tell stories all day either.

First I guess I should tell you why I took the job. That's very easy. I went to Selective Service and after I proudly stated my many (?) qualifications they offered me three jobs. One was as supervisor of a children's playground, the second was in the office of the aforementioned yarn factory and the third was in a laundry. Well, I didn't think I would be a very good supervisor and although the laundry angle looked new and interesting, I decided it would be rather hot in the summer so I concentrated on the lesser of three evils, I hoped—the yarn factory.

The following Monday I reported for work, not without a few qualms when I thought of my very rusty typing and shorthand and also of my lack of experience. Things weren't half as bad as I expected however, and I soon graduated from the knee-stocking stage.

After I'd been there a day or so, I began to see dimly what I was

supposed to do. Since I was just going to be there for the summer, I was to be a sort of Handy Andy. My duties were varied to say the least. First and foremost I was a messenger—I would take messages to the upstairs office and also out to the different departments of the mill. Every day I had to go up-town and do the banking and besides this, I did odd typing and clerical work, and used to fill in for the different girls as they went on their holidays.

Did you ever sit in front of a dictaphone and wonder by what miraculous means you were going to be able to get the recording on the machine and then type the letters? If not you haven't lived. Elsie (the girl who was on her holidays) had given me minute instructions but I would have given a pair of nylons to have been a thousand miles from that dictaphone. Somehow I got through the day and at the end of the week I returned once again to the land of the living. I even sent Elsie a post card upon which I wrote in my now shaky scrawl—"Having a wonderful time! Wish you were here."

The next thing I had to do was assist in the First Aid Room. This also lasted two weeks. By this time I felt I could do anything and thinking of my First Aid Courses in C.R.C.C., I started out quite happily. Thank goodness they had a St. John First Aid Book in the First Aid Room. Even now I don't feel comfortable unless I have that book within my reach. For the first few days I went around in terror for fear someone in the mill would have an accident. I lived through that two weeks however, my most serious case being a sprained wrist. At least I think that was what it was, and I managed to convince my unfortunate patient that my diagnosis was correct.

The best was yet to come. Due to shortage of help, the factory was getting behind with its orders. The bottleneck seemed to be in the

Let's Get Acquainted



M. EILEEN CROTTY

This week let's get acquainted with the most important woman on the campus, Eileen Crotty, President of the Ladies Society.

Three years ago Eileen decided to come "up the hill" after having spent a year at Normal School, and U.N.B. was indeed fortunate to receive her for she has always proved a source of unlimited energy.

In her Freshman year she held the position of Vice-President to her class; her second year saw her debating at Acadia as a member of the Delta Rho, of which she acted as secretary-treasurer for that year; last year a variety of activities demanded her attentions such as: secretary-treasurer to the Dramatic Society, Proof Editor of The Brunswickan, the representative of the junior girls to the S.R.C., and she was a member of both the Social and Year Book Committees; this her senior year, finds Eileen still hard at work, being the President of the Ladies Society and Editor-in-Chief of the 1943-'44 Year Book.

For a co-ed with so much extra-curricular work, she invariably produces first class marks. Eileen has always been and ever will be popular and well-liked wherever she goes, and U.N.B. will have to look hard and long to find such an energetic, friendly person to take her place, after she goes down from "up the hill".

drawing department and the office staff volunteered to learn to run the machines and work some evenings to help the drawing department catch up with the rest of the mill.

I can't begin to tell you how complicated the machine I was to learn proved but believe me, when I say it was complicated, it was complicated. The operator who taught me was swell. Her name was Ida and she had a wonderful Scotch brogue. In fact she was so Scotch I couldn't understand most of what she said, even if I could have heard her, which was quite impossible because the machines made so much noise. Every once in a while she would yell something at me and I would nod and grin weakly. We practiced an hour each day. Mine, thank goodness, was from 4 to 5 and then, when the five o'clock whistle blew I had just enough energy left to stagger home in my dazed condition and, after a hasty meal, to crawl into bed.

Anyway though I may never get back to normal, I had a wonderful time, and will never forget the swell people I worked with in the summer of '43.

My apologies are due the girls of '47. I believe I denied, in last week's Brunswickan, your legitimate right to being the largest class of girls to come to U.N.B. in the last four years. The present junior girls were only twenty-two originally plus three Freshie-Sophs, while you are twenty-three plus two Freshie-Sophs. Know that I am truly penitent for trying to dim your distinction of being the largest as well as nicest-looking class of girls within that period of time.

FUNNY BUNNY

Wabbits is a funny wace, Their pwivate life is a disgwace, Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew The awful things what wabbits do, And often, too.

Verdant Verses

by Jay Elby

Ut Pluckibus

Going . going . going . gone . .
Idlers, sups and failures spawn:
Allah praise
Hella raise
Revel in our college daze!

Miss a lecture, skip a lab,
Ignore all problems: stupid, drab.
Parades dismiss
With shrug remiss
Were college ever aught but this?

Youth must serve to save the nation,
Let all promote this flunk inflation —
Exeunt papers
We'll be apers
Enlist to do our K.P. capers.

Sunday, Monday,—Then Reno

Woncha tell me when
We'll feel this way again —
Sunday, Monday — or next week-end?
Gee, we sure had fun
But those things we mighta done,
Sunday, Monday — or that time.
Don't seem to matter now
Whichever way I turn,
SKOL didn't do the trick
And baby, how I burn!
Now what am I to do,
I'm burning up for you —
Sunday, Monday — or could I stood it again?

(Jeez, do they call this stuff Jazz?)

Some Other Time

Let us softly kiss my dear
Some other time.
Whisper sweet somethings in your ear
Some other time.
I'd love to hold you tightly
Or chatter with you brightly
But you're so darn unsightly
I have to screech it nightly
"Nix, Sister, why doncha try
Some OTHER GUY. " " "

Your Paper

The Brunswickan has now entered upon the 63rd year of its existence. The policy of the paper has always been for "Closer relationship between undergraduates, faculty and alumni." The extent to which this has been carried out has depended for the most part, upon the support both morally and financially, which the paper has received from its readers. Graduates of "up the Hill" and general readers, may we include your name in our regular mailing list?

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1943

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