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WE NEED A SECRETARY

When two characters have literary talent they can become writers. However, if they can't type, they have troubles. Therefore, we have troubles, and I've been looking for a secretary. It's pretty tough these days — everybody wants their tripe typed and there just aren't enough typists.

I was sitting in the library the other day wondering how I was going to get "Stewin' Brew" typed — some girls do it for 10c a page but who's got that kind of money? (Yeah Brew is treasurer of \$14,000.00, but there's about as much of a chance of getting 10c out of "Soft-Hearted John" as persuading Fleabody Peabody to marry a non-Bostonian).

Suddenly a cute little thing walked in and I surveyed her closely. One of the Brunswickan's real stalwarts. Never does a story, never does anything, just drops around every two weeks or so to pop her bubble gum with the girls and let the fellows see her in her new sweater. As usual off came her coat and there was the sweater, red and black this time. Ouch! Very interesting. The girls glared jealously and continue popping their gum. The fellows ogled and started to close in.

I thought fast. I would put her to work, get my column types and stop what looked like a promise of disrupting the library's golden silence. Quickly I ran over and grabbed her by the hand. "Come over to the corner. I want to talk to you." Over in the corner she said, "What's the matter? You scared the dickens out of me." "So did you," I said. "How about putting your coat back on?" She did. I said, "Now look, have I ever asked you for a favor?" Before she could answer, I said, "I'm asking for one now." She said, "Oh" as if pleased, and started to remove her coat again.

I was getting angry. "Stop pulling the routine on me. Sweaters don't interest me. I'm a man of morals, and besides I'm not trying to date you up for Friday night. I already have a date." She gave me another "Oh". ("This one of curiosity"). "I've got an article in my pocket written in longhand. It's got to be typed in half an hour. I can't type. You can. You're going to type it for me like a good little girl."

Then she got difficult. "Is that what you dragged me over here for — to do your dirty work for you. You've got a lot of nerve. Type it yourself." I had to win out. "Look sweetheart if you do it for me, you can take off your coat, and I'll just sit and stare." She agreed, took off her coat, and went to town. Red and black sweaters. Bah! She popped her gum contentedly and hammered away.

I was satisfied — about getting the article typed I mean. Then a couple of guys from the sports staff came in and started horsing around. One of them looked her over and whistled encouragingly. The other smiled approval. Then both saw me staring and descended on me as one. "Looking over the scenery eh?" I nodded. "Well don't believe everything you see, pal," remarked the one with a sweatshirt. I tried to keep a straight face. The little typist blushed, just a wee bit.

"Maybe you'd like to put your coat on again," I offered. She looked at my two grinning colleagues and shook her head. "If you want the article typed the coat stays off." "Okay sister," I said. "But if you're not careful you'll marry young." "I'm trying hard enough, she said, and handed me the finished copy.

(Thanks to Bob and the "Campus Cat")

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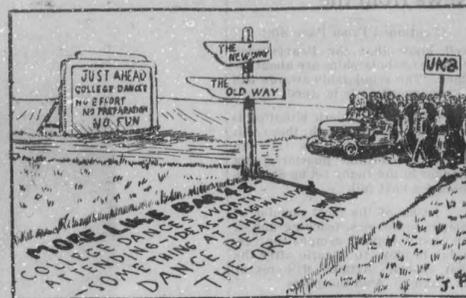
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WHICH WAY ARE WE GOING

A picture is worth a thousand words but perhaps a few more won't be out of order.

The above depicts the situation just about as it stands. The Juniors have shown just how enjoyable a college Saturday night could be (and should be). If you weren't there just ask anyone who was and you'll find they had a helluva better time than they've had for sometime.

We installed the above cut for the benefit of you Sophs and Freshmen. You'll be the ones next year that can make or break college activities. They'll just be exactly what you make them. If you don't — no one else will, so let's get the bit in our teeth and promote college affairs that are what college should be.

AMEN.

HOW TAGO

The foresters really got in the groove last week with a bang-up "Brunswickan". It was the most entertaining issue we've seen in a long time. Let's have more like it. Thanks to Editor Bill Martin and his staff who deserve a lot of credit.

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