

As soon as Jimmy got a job I studied hard again,
Then busy at me turret-lathe a year or so, and then
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them:
"Kids, your mother was an engineer!
You owe it to the kids to be a lady,
(Dainty as a dish-rag, faithful as a chow)
Stay at home, you got to mind the baby;
Remember you're a mother now."

Every time I turn around there's something else to do.
Cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or two.
Listen to the morning show — it makes me want to spew.
I was gonna be an engineer!
I really wish that I could be a lady;
I could do the lovely things that a lady's s'posed to do.
I wouldn't even mind if only they would pay me
And I could be a person too.

But now that times are harder, and my Jimmy's got the sack,
I went down to Vickers, they were glad to have me back.
I'm a third-class citizen, my wages tell me that,
But I'm a first-class engineer!
The boss he says, "I pay you as a lady.
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a man.
With you I keep the profits high as may be.
You're just a cheaper pair of hands!"

Well, I listened to my mother and I joined a typing pool.
I listened to my lover and I sent him through his school.
If I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool
And an underpaid engineer!
I been a sucker ever since I was a baby,
As a daughter and a wife, as a mother and a dear.
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady.
I'll fight them as an engineer!

Young Munro

It was on a Tuesday evening
Just at twelve o'clock at night,
I espied a handsome fair maid
Sitting by the candle light.

CHORUS:

*Young Munro be Charlie agans,
Young Munro, I do love you!
Young Munro be Charlie agans,
Handsome Charlie, young Munro.*

With the candle on the table
And the basin on the stand,
With a towel around her elbow
Like an angel she did stand.

Listen, listen, I will tell you
The first time I saw Munro,
Walking o'er the plains of Italy
Viewing of his Highland Co.

His shoes were made of Turkish leather
And his stockings made of silk,
Everything so neat about him,
And his skin as white as milk.

If you see that handsome fellow
With his red coat trimmed with blue,
Tell him if he loves another
My poor heart shall break in two.

If I had an Indian treasure,
Forty million in great store,
I would give to the Forty-Second
For the sake of young Munro.
(*VERBATIM*)

GEORGE JOHNSTON

**Margaret Laurence
1926-1987**

Tell no longer
stories of our women,
how they make with their men
their young, their selves.

Lived in them,
spoke through them
and for them

as she spoke for us.
Our sister, Margaret,
spared herself nothing.
Was spared old age.

CALL FOR PAPERS

Interdisciplinary Research Ventures is the title of a conference being convened at the University of Windsor from June 1-4, 1988. Sponsored by the Canadian Association for Research in Home Economics, the conference will focus on research links between areas within home economics; with the social, behavioral, physical, or biological sciences; and with business, government, community, and educational settings.

Theory, empirical research, reviews of literature, methods, and position papers are sought in the areas of: Consumer Studies and Family Management, Family Studies and Human Development, Human Nutrition and Foods, Clothing and Textiles, Design and Housing, and Home Economics Education/Studies. Abstracts (300-500 words) must be postmarked by 30 January 1988.

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