MY FIRST PAYING JOB
BY Joyce T.

When I graduated from High School in 1947 at age 16, I needed to find a job to earn money to go to college. My family was unable to provide funds for full-time college so I found work at a Dental office for $75 per month and attended school at night. Because I knew nothing about dentistry, I stood by the dental chair for the first month just observing. There were two Dentists there. The Dentist that I worked for was nice and very accommodating, but the other one was much older, had gruff mannerisms, and taunted me about my ignorance. Every time he looked at me, I cringed inside.

One day as I stood watching a very interesting procedure, he came by and just glared at me. I blacked out and fell to the floor. They brought me to and asked what happened. I told them that I didn't know. I couldn't tell them that this man scared me. My father was very authoritative and instilled in me that I should always obey the men in my life, do what they said, and never argue. After the 3rd time of fainting, they sent me home and said that I should have a checkup with a doctor. I had no money for a doctor, so just stayed home. While at home, I did a lot of mental therapy telling myself that I would never let him intimidate me again. After a month, I went back to work and I never fainted again.

In the second year of my employment, the old Dentist died, the office moved to another building, and I spent the next three years in a pleasant environment.