

Activitus Leaps, Meets And Eats

"And to take an all-round active part in campus activities one should join in such extra-curricular activities as these various clubs; dramatic groups..." Activitus listened raptly (she was a freshman and all freshmen listen raptly). Inspired with hope and a promise of better things to come, she signed up (little did she know) for the organizations in which she was interested.

Two weeks later, Activitus sat at the first meeting of the Basic-Fundamentals-of-Bridge-Club. It must be admitted; she was rather proud and happy, having just been elected assistant-vice-recorder-to-the-secretary, she felt that her career had had a beginning. In the midst of her reverie, she realized that the Art-of-Careful-Concealment-of-Pajamas-Club would be meeting in five minutes. As chief-issuer-of-pins-to-keep-pajama-legs-from-rolling-down (on Sundays she issues adhesive tape), Acti just simply could not

afford to miss the meeting. Silently (only knocking down four chairs) Acti crept out.

Upon arriving at Room 1005684, Acti remembered that the club had changed its meeting place, but—to where? She was frantic... Dashing from room to catacomb, Acti was finally informed by a bored senior that today was Tuesday not Wednesday. Rather relieved, she decided to study for the ten minutes left before the regular weekly meeting of the How-to-get-the-proper-amount-of-sleep discussion group which would meet at 11:15 in the basement of Heatless dormitory.

Finally at 1:30 a. m., our heroine staggered to her room on eighth floor Weak dorm and collapsed into her unmade bed.

Radiating good will, Acti stumbled into the dining hall at 8:14 the next morning. Today she was to

meet with Miss Fisherman to arrange her schedule according to needs.

Some time later, said Acti came out of her conference smiling confidently, (what about is beyond me). Glancing over her weekly plans, she saw that she was fortunate enough to be able to get to supper on Monday's, Wednesday's and Friday's. Acti simply put out of her mind the thought that she would only have baths three times a month, feeling confident that a few showers could be slipped in after daily hockey practice.

The moral of our story is:

"Nowhere so busy a child there was, And yet she seemed busier than she was".

(Courtesy of Chaucer, English lit. and Miss Byrd).



Patsy Leads Parisian Life, Meets Dutch Boy In Japan

Liz Leland

"Yokohama and Baltimore are my favorite cities" says bright-eyed Patsy Michael, who has lived in too many cities to count. In answer to that popular question "where are you from" Patsy blithely says Winston-Salem, to avoid confusion, of course.

Entering the freshman class was no novelty to Patsy, for Salem is the fourteenth school she has attended! In Yokohama Patsy went to St. Josephs College, a French school, where she was editor of the year book, and a very active member of the senior class. As all of her classes were in English, Patsy didn't attempt to learn the Japanese language. However, she can write her name in Japanese.

The year Patsy spent in Japan was full of exciting experiences. She skied, ice skated, and went

swimming all in the same week, she had tea with the emperor's brother, lived in a Japanese home, and met people of every nationality, only to mention a few of her experiences. It was in Yokohama that she met "Jerry", her man, who is Dutch and in the diplomatic corps. Jerry is still in Japan but Patsy grimly maintains that distance makes no difference!

Patsy's social life in Japan was very active. Every Saturday night she attended a dinner dance held at the commissary in Yokohama, and on Sunday nights this same commissary held informal banquets. When she wasn't in school, she was having tea with new acquaintances, or visiting old acquaintances in different sections of Japan. Her bulky scrapbook is full of invitations, corsages, and party snapshots, as memoirs of a gay and almost Parisian sort of life.

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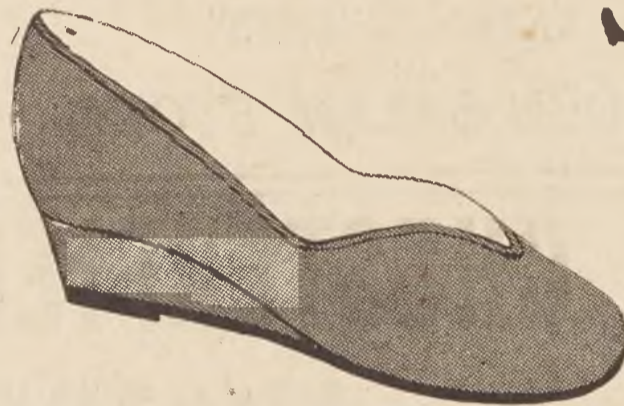


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