

Revealing Glimpses Into The Memoirs Of A Strudel Student

By Martha Ann Kennedy

The following excerpts are taken from the diary of Rosemary Bliggett, which she kept during her first term at Strudel College.

September 16, 1954

Dear Diary,

At last the long-awaited day has come! Here I am at Strudel! It is beautiful, conveniently located and does have modern facilities in traditional setting, just like the catalogue said! Even though I miss Mother and Daddy and Hornbeak High something terrible, I know I am going to love it here.

My roomie, "Cuddles" Ruzulo, is the greatest! She lives at Covehead Beach in the summer, has her own car, and is pinned to a Pi Lamuda Nu at Carolina. Oh, Diary, will I ever attain such heights of glory?

I am dead tired tonight—all the frosh have had to attend meetings and lectures today. They were all very interesting and helpful, especially the one, complete with slides and demonstrations, given by a senior, called "Your Professors' Idiosyncracies". I do hope that I can remember them all . . .

We also had interviews with the school analyst and I was thrilled with my report. It seems that I am above the average in my number of complexes, both superiority and inferiority, and have absolutely no potentialities for leadership! Think of it, Diary, someday I may even be paranoid . . .

I must stop writing and go to bed. Everything at Strudel is different! We even have sleeping mats instead of beds — and mine looks so inviting lying there on the cement. My big, red, fuzzy, stuffed mongoose gives it quite a frivolous air, though . . .

October 19, 1954

Dear Diary,

I am shaking with excitement. Today began Rat Week! It was established in 1719 at Strudel and gets better and better with the years. Today, we rats ran through a preliminary of the rest of the week. We painted Academic Hall,

Here and There

(Continued from page two) was negotiating a "friendship pact" with the U. S. S. R.

In Tel Aviv, after a new border clash, the U. N. truce chief, Canadian Major General E. L. M. Burns, said: "The irreducible minimum conditions" provide no common ground for peace talks. There is no doubt that this is the new area of Communist aggression in our troubled world.

Asia: Representatives of 17 nations gathered in Singapore to take stock of the Colombo Plan's first five years and to decide its course for the next six years. This plan began as a mutual self-help scheme among British Commonwealth nations, and it has since expanded to nearly all free Asian nations, producing in five years an interchange of two billion dollars' worth of economic development.

The U. S., not in this group from the beginning, has gradually began to mesh its aid programs to the plan and by last week had spread almost \$1 billion of help beneath the Colombo Plan's broad canopy. In Singapore they tried to find out how much more aid they could expect from the U. S. However, there has been no statement of the U. S.'s intentions concerning further aid to this group of nations.

laid a new floor in the gym, and constructed foundations for the new boiler plant. At first, it was kind of hard, lifting the two-by-fours, but it was all in the traditional fun and that's what it is—FUN, FUN, FUN!

I can't wait for tonight because we get our elementary torture charts, that have been so eagerly anticipated. Thumbscrew is first, with Red-Hot Iron saved 'til last!

Must run now, Dairy, and finish up the last of the eleven term papers for sophs. I have until tomorrow evening at seven. I was lucky to get eleven, because some girls got only nine . . .

November 6, 1954

Dear Diary,

I have just returned from my first weekend at State. It was truly divine—every living, breathing ecstatic moment of it! All the entertainment was well-organized and varied. Here is a brief run-down:

- 6:00 Arrival
- 6:15 Beer at Frat House
- 6:30 Delightful supper of Nabs and Beer
- 7:00-9:00 Formal Beer Party
- 9:00-11:00 Informal Beer Party
- 11:00-1:00 Game among Boys: "Making Milwaukee Famous"

- 12-3 Tour of campus and briefing on which frats rate besides Pi Lam
- 3-6 T. V. Program with refreshments (Beer and Pretzels)
- 6-8:30 Charming supper — Beer and Saltines
- 8:30-12 Organized Beer Drinking
- 12-?? Disorganized Beer Drinking

What an ideal weekend! But, Diary, the best thing of all—it has happened. I am recklessly, desperately, head-over-heels in love! His name is "Yoyo" Rasmussen, and he is wonderful . . . words cannot describe. Our minds are in complete harmony. He loves only my inner self and I, likewise. He is 4'3", and has gorgeous blond ringlets, a Buick Century, and a precious Adam's Apple—and he is a Pi Lam! Oh, Diary, do you think I will ever stop loving him?

I will conclude my scribbles, for I must enkindle the "Moi Pasha" Incense I bought today to go beside his picture. It is really a

sweet pose—he's in his regulation State motorcycle team jacket. The jacket is sumptuous — thirty-six zippers in all—I counted them!

December 15, 1954

Dear Diary,

I can hardly believe that the time for Christmas vacation has rolled around. Seems as if I registered at Strudel only yesterday. Guess I haven't noticed because I have been so engrossed in work on my term paper. I handed it in this morning. It was hard to relinquish it, but it must be shared. The title was: **A Study of the Elements of, and/or, Pertaining to Carbonation Found in Brownie Soft Drinks.**

I know I will get an "A" on it because since Wednesday, I have consumed: sixty-eight cups of coffee, a bottle of No-Doz, three anti-hay fever pills, and have smoked

thirty-six packs of cigarettes. But the fact that I have only had forty-six and a half minutes of sleep cinches the grade. Oh, Diary, when will there be another assigned, so that I may, again, taste the true essence of the Life of a College Girl?

I have everything packed in my knapsack and am ready to start the journey back to Hornbeak in the morning. I wonder if everyone will notice my maturity and broader outlook on life? I have forgotten a lot from this first term of Strudel—but, best of all, I can prove it to my mother and daddy.

I certainly have plenty to show for it: my nicotine-stained finger, half-finished sampler, Dirk's Secret Code Ring, three pairs of half-finished argyles in assorted colors and sizes, eighteen overdue slips, a polo coat, my coffee nerves, and marvy skill at bridge. Finally, I have two pairs of socks left! Won't they just die of happiness!

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