Around

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a man in the house when she had
made the reservation, she knew it

was the right house, so she said, "Is your wife at home?" The old man glared at her—"Nope." Silence, then—"Been dead 16 years."

After nearly fainting, Becky told him she was sorry his wife was dead. To this, he had another short answer—"I'm not." Becky, still hoping to find the woman she had talked to, managed to ask him, "Is your sister at home?" Another glare and another "Nope." Another silence, then—"Never had a sister."

Becky was speechless and seriously considering running when the little old man told her to "Come in, come in. Get off the front porch." He led her into the living room, said "She'll be here in a minute." and started reading the paper. And sure enough, she came—and asked Becky if she'd met her "friend"— Before Becky had a chance to apologize for not calling Saturday, the little lady winked at her—"I bet I know why you came. Jim told you to call me and you forgot! Don't worry—I won't tell. It'll be our secret."

At this point, all Becky could do was nod "yes." Forty minutes later, after listening to the woman explain about being president of the WCTU (Women's Christian Temperance Union-) and the convention she was going to next week (rooming with the Grand Secretary!), Becky was finally able to leave and went screaming down the street. So take heed, ladies, take

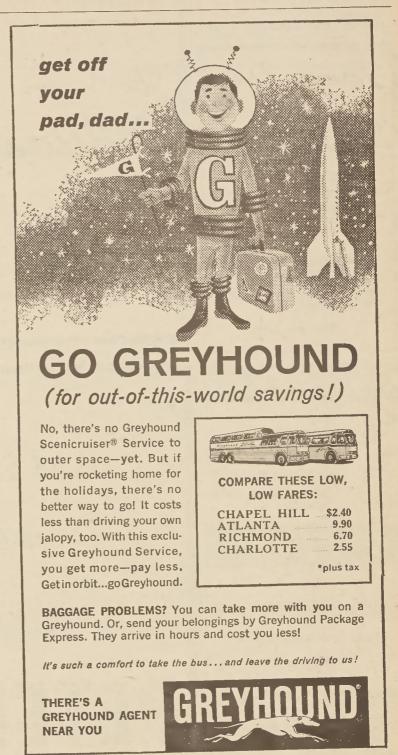
The Wesley Foundation held a planning retreat at High Rock Lake over the week-end. Water skiing was great—but sunburn hadn't been included in the schedule—ouch! The Westminster group spent Sunday afternoon at Davidson.

I hate to say it, but it seems that room drawing brings out the beast in us—but now that everyone has a place to lay her head and park her books next year, perhaps things will return to a "civilized" state. Troubles will be forgotten in the rush of beach parties, Germans, May Day—and Exams!

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