

Off The Cuff Stuff

BY BRUCE HOPKINS

How I Met My Ironing Lady

It was a difficult decision, but I decided to say goodbye to Mary forever. I could no longer rely on her. I had to learn to be independent. Besides Mary was too expensive. And she'd only iron five shirts a week. Anything more, and she'd overcharge. Yes, I had to learn to do my own laundry. I was going to cast Mary Macintosh Laundry Service out of my life forever.

This was easy to say. And my first week here, I had no trouble at all doing my laundry—I took it home with me.

The second weekend was a bit more difficult. I had to go to the laundramat. Fortunately, my roommate had had experience at that sort of thing. He kind of helped me along. He stopped me from putting the bleach in with the colored things, and reminded me to remove the kleenex from my pants pocket, and so on. He instructed me in operating the unusual washing mechanism, and introduced me to the lady (we think) who manages the laundramat. Ironing was easy this time because I only washed underwear, and perma-press items. I did wash some socks, but I figured I could wear them wrinkled. I had no trouble at all.

Last week was a different story. Larry was working Saturday morning so I had to wash the clothes myself. But I was confident in my abilities. All I had to do was think everything out.

I did quite well actually. I was extremely proud of myself. I washed them, dried them, and carried them back to the dorm without any dif-

ficulty at all. All I had to do now was iron my shirts and pants. I had 5 shirts, and 1 pants. I decided I would do them later that night. I hadn't gotten over the shock of washing them yet.

Night fell. I gathered my ironing together. Now, the ironing room in South Hall was not as yet finished which meant I would have to travel to North Hall. Now, in order to iron in North Hall, one must either bring one's own iron, or sign out with the proctor to use the dorm iron. As I did not have my very own iron, I had planned on using the dorm iron. But the Fates were not with me. There was no proctor on duty.

"No proctor?" I said to myself. "No proctor?! Well, isn't that enough to steam your iron!"

However, all was not lost. Knowing full well that my friend and neighbor Ed McNertney had an iron, I immediately returned myself to South Hall to call upon Mr. McNertney, who I knew would, being a kind-hearted and generous soul, would permit me to borrow his ironing mechanism. Ed was out. His room was locked.

"Well, Hop," I said to myself using my more personal nickname, "looks like we do our ironing tomorrow."

Although the Fates seemed to have turned against me, I was merely witnessing the darkness before the dawn. Hope was just beyond the horizon.

Hope shown through at dinner on Sunday. As my regular weekday group does not eat on Friday and Sunday, I was eating with our new-

ly formed regular Friday and Sunday group. For a lack of anything better to say, I told the highly interesting story of my ironing, and was bemoaning the fact that I still had those wrinkles to get rid of.

"I'll do it for you," Joyce said. The world stopped. Bells rang. I could hear a chorus singing in the distance. She had to be kidding.

"You're kidding," I said, aghast. "No, seriously," she replied, "I don't mind ironing. Bring it down after dinner."

I took it down after dinner. "When do you want it back?" she inquired.

"Oh, no rush. An hour or two."

"You know, take your time," I kidded.

"Okay, it'll be ready before supper."

I picked it up a few hours later. It was beautiful. Superb! Just like Mother used to do. I insisted on paying her. I told her I would not leave unless she took something for it. She refused. I left. (A person can only argue for so long).

And that's how I met my ironing lady. Of course, I informed her that I wouldn't let her do it all the time unless I donated a little something toward the labor. "Don't worry," I told her when she started to argue, "Oh, no rush. An hour or two."

Howard Olver, Senior At Robert Wesleyan

Howard Olver, Davenport Street, Dallas, began classes at Roberts Wesleyan College in Rochester, N.Y., on September 18. He is son of Herbert and Grace Olver. Registration and orientation activities preceded the opening of the college year. The annual convocation was held on

September 19, with Dr. Edgar B. Jackson, professor at Marquette University as special speaker. This is the senior year at Roberts Wesleyan College, now in its 102nd year, is a liberal arts college with 700 students. The campus is in North Chili, just eight miles from Rochester, and President Ellwood Voller confirms the fact that the College is most concerned about the individual student, in his personal future, and his service to the community to which he returns.

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She is an absolute whizz when it comes to ironing. And she even mends pockets. It's almost like having your mother on campus. Hmmm, I wonder if she can cook? SEE YA!

TWO LOCAL BOYS ARE FRESHMEN AT BUCKNELL

Twenty states and several foreign countries are represented in the class of 660 freshmen who began their studies at Bucknell University with the start of the college's 122nd academic year September 13.

Selected from a total of 4,481 applicants, the class includes 31 Merit Scholars Of the 435 men and 230 women in the class, 54 have been designated as Bucknell Scholars in recognition of prior achievements and potential for leadership.

Included in the class of 1971 are two residents of Dallas; David F. Lacy, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Prentice

Lacy, RD 4, and Robert B. Parker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Parker, RD 1, Westminster Drive.

Mr. Lacy is a 1966 graduate of Wyoming Seminary and was a Rotary Exchange Student at Vredenburg High School, South Africa 1966-67. He is studying for the five year Engineering degree.

Mr. Parker is a 1967 graduate of Dallas Senior High School. He is also studying for the five year Engineering degree.

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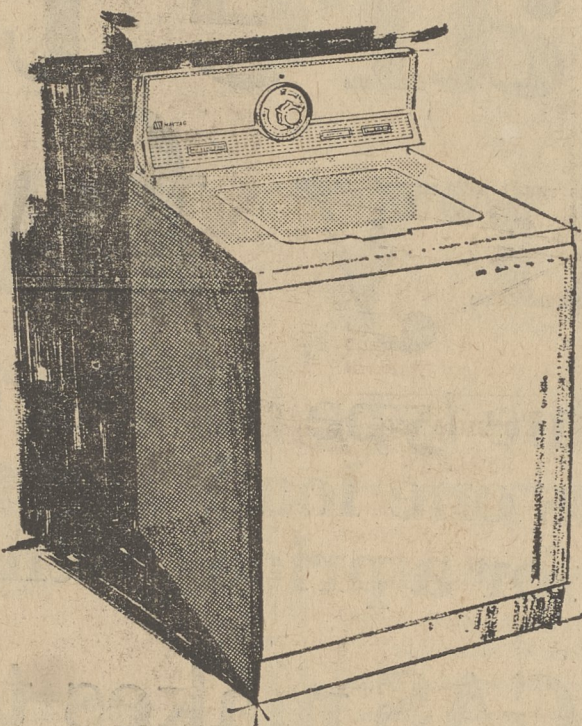
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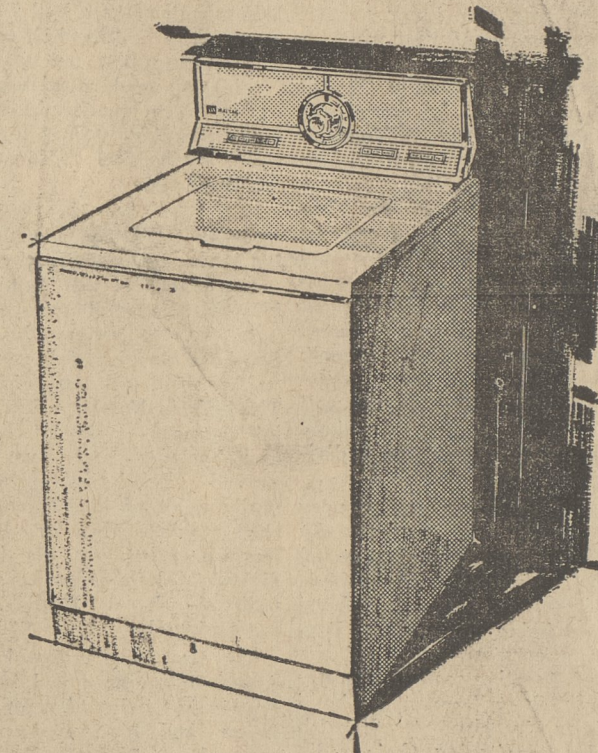
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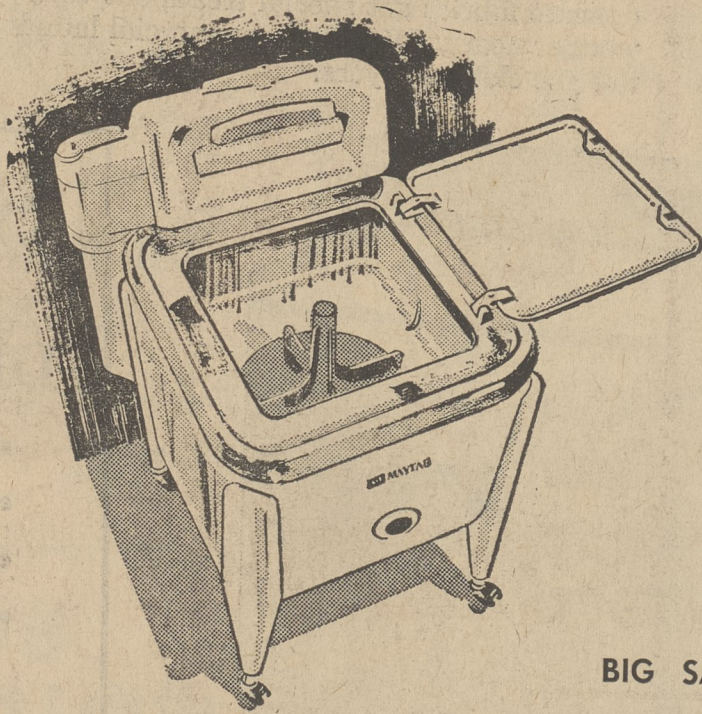


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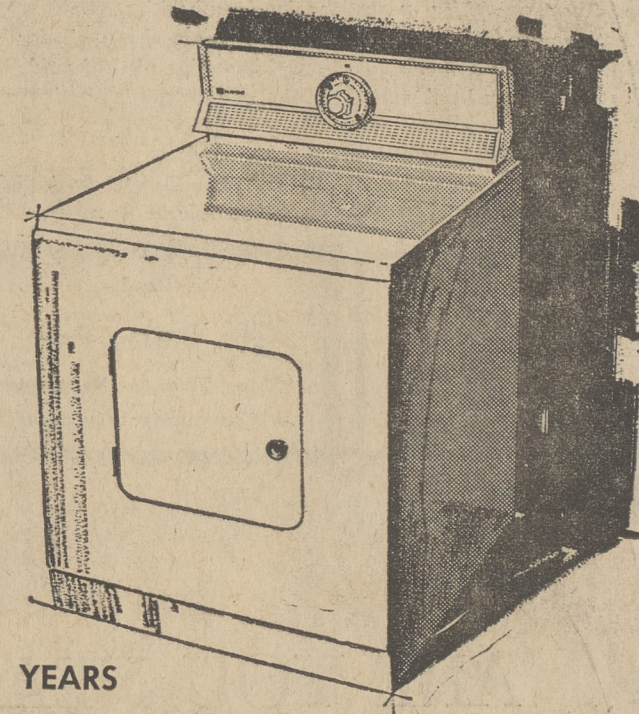
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