

● **Erma Fiste**

# notations

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## Open letter to Effie, my Royal portable:

Well, here we are Effie, winding up another year together with nothing lost but your ribbon and my 16 credit hours that I sacrificed in sheer devotion to you. But it's been worth it, Effie. It really has! Sure, we've had our ups and downs . . . . your temperamental moments when you thumbed your shift lock at me and refused to budge your space bar in my favor, but then, who are old friends like us to split an infinitive over that.

Remember the night you gave birth to Notations. And after the ordeal was over, how proud you were when the editor patted you on your keyboard and said, "Listen you tin-built melting pot. You miss another deadline and you're salvage bait!"

But you didn't miss another deadline, Effie. No siree. You gave me a scare on that Mother's Day column when you got a kink in your carriage. I guess I got pretty mad at you that time, didn't I? They told me I even threatened to trade you in for a pen that writes under water. It's a good thing I don't do my writing in a dixie cup or you'd have been a goner that night.

You know, Effie, if you wouldn't bury yourself in eraser dust all the time, you'd hear what UD kids have to say about your brainchild in the NEWS. Of course, due to rigid censorship, I can't tell you everything they say, but it seems like every rainy day your Notations is protecting someone's pompadour from the rain, or on the campus you are between someone's anatomy and the muddy earth, or sometimes you even caress the interior of prominently placed refuse collections.

Oh but Effie, the way I feel about it is if you made one—just one—person chuckle a little bit or forget about himself for a moment, you've more than re-paid your 25c week rental installments. You know, I've known people who don't know how to laugh, Effie, and I feel sorta sorry for 'em. But you've been fortunate though. The kids at UD have gone whole hog to adopt your offspring. Come to think of it, with my touch system and your magic margin, we could go places—you and I.

Speaking of going places . . . . ugly rumor has it that this is your last appearance in the NEWS. If I were writing this column instead of you, I'd say thank you to the nice people who inspected Notations before she went into print, thank you to the faculty and their liberal sense of humor and thank you to the student body who graciously threw you verbal corsages.

Well, Effie, I guess this is it. Maybe we'll spend another year together. Effie! You've got to control yourself. Your oil drops are streaking the keyboard!