

To The (Ouch!) Dentist

What makes strong men weep? The brave cower in corners? The most prominent among men to seek shelter?

It is not the thought of the hydrogen bomb. It is not Batman. It is a simple trip to . . . THE DENTIST'S OFFICE.

There is something about the threat of having to visit a gentleman of this profession that strikes a note of terror into just about everyone's heart.

Once they get started, regular visits, that is, people tend to shy away from them. If you really need sympathy, just those simple words:

"I've got a dentist appointment."

If you want the rest of the afternoon off, just say those magic words:

I had a dentist appointment this morning.

My teeth are not the best in the world. I think I either inherited the world's worst teeth or I use the world's worst toothbrush. Once every six months, the molars, bicuspid and what-have-you begin to resemble a swiss cheese. Of course I AM NOT at fault.

After 12 months, the fillings that I did have done at one time have all given up the ghost and fallen out. (This is painful after awhile, but it makes for good conversation at a restaurant when a meal is dragging. You can get the thing between your fingers and say something like, "Look at the hunk of metal that left in my food.")

I have always eventually given in and sought out a new dentist.

This is done because if there is anything worse than listening to a lecture for something once, it is listening to it twice for the same thing. I know that it is expensive, because each one of the guys have to make a complete set of X-rays, but somehow that \$15 to avoid a lecture is worth it all.

It is especially worth it if you have not been paying for it. However, I am about to step out into the cruel heartless world of business and there is nothing I can think of that would be worse to spend my hard-earned money on than a flock of dentist bills.

Therefore, I have set about getting my dental work caught up while the old man is still footing the bill (I have one month to go, and getting all my dental work done in that time is like trying to walk from G. Rollie to Architecture in 10 minutes—it just isn't done).

I have had my first visit and there was nothing but cleaning and my first lecture. Somehow, I don't think the rest will be as nice. Yet, they could cut my tongue out and the loss of it would probably not be great enough to get me to brush after every meal like that kook on TV.

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Where Else, But LOUPOTS? North Gate

Hotard's Holler

By John Hotard

There's now a new movement on campus.

SCOFF. It was organized last night and will gain tremendous momentum before the month is ended. Due to the size of the expected crowds, all rallies will be held on the Easterwood Field instead of Kyle Field as originally planned.

By now some of you are wondering just what SCOFF is. Others won't care. They're the ones who will join because it's a campus movement, which means it's against the administration, whether it be federal, state or university.

I hate to disappoint those who think this way, because this movement is not against any administration.

It's against one man. Call it persecution if you want. (That'll attract a few weirdos.)

SCOFF is the Student Conference On Flunking Flippo. Walter Flippo is his name. He's a graduating agronomy student and in May he'll pack up his potted plants and leave this fair community. Actually SCOFF could care less. We're glad to see him go.

But when he leaves, he will take his wife with him, and that is the dirtiest, sneakiest, trickiest, meanest lowdown thing that an Aggie could do to 100 fellow Aggies, and we're out to flunk him for it.

Mrs. Flippo, better known as Judy (sigh when you say that, podnuh), is the secretary in the Department of Journalism. At least, that is how she is carried on the university payroll. To all journalism students she's a sweetheart, mother, confidant, sympathizer for Dean John recipients, a soft shoulder to tell your troubles on, a coffee maker, cake maker, cookie maker, typist, supply clerk, ditto and offset press operator, librarian, telephone answering service and Playmate of the Year all rolled into one.

She is the epitome of what a secretary should be.

Her office is next to that of the head of the department — in the darkest corner of the basement of Nagle Hall, which, when you stop to think about it, is an excellent place to put department heads, but not Judy. Actually, the students prefer this.

a good thing, the better for those who do know, I always say.

But perhaps you've caught a glimpse of her on campus between Nagle Hall and the MSC on her way to coffee, or else in the parking lot waiting for her husband. Someone like her you don't miss unless you're blind as a bat.

Judy has certain qualities which some secretaries on campus need to obtain. For one thing, she speaks to Aggies in a down-to-earth, pleasant voice, which is rare among secretaries on campus. In fact, just speaking to Aggies is a rare quality. She is always there, Monday through Friday, with a big smile for anyone who enters the office, which is a tremendous picker-upper to journalism students who don't function too well at 8 in the morning.

Judy is SCOFF's entry in the Battalion's "Secretary of the Year" award. Unfortunately, rules limit the number of entries to one. If you have a worthy candidate, too bad.

But if you feel you have a secretary who matches ours, you can do one of two things: write a letter to the editor, which will be read before being thrown away, or else get into a department which controls a newspaper and retaliate.

But before you make a move, you'd better hop on down to the "J" department and take a peek at Judy, just to see what you're up against.

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