THE BATTALION College Station, Texas Thurs

CADET SLOUCH

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by Jim Earle Dear Editor,



"I've given this course all I had! I've laughed at his jokes, asked flattering questions, had two office visits, sat on th' front row—I've even considered studying for th' final!"

To Marry Or Not! That's A Question

A few days ago I happened to thing The growling of my stomgo to one of those movies that ach further induced me into glamorized marriage that I left determined to take the vows myself. It was one of those foreign movies where Elke Sommer and Sophia Loren give happiness to some lucky husband for the rest of his life.

I was hooked and looked both left and right for suitable material to spend the rest of my life. On the way back to the campus I happened into the College View area where I was shocked out of my idealistic ideas. One hubby was hard at work pushing a lawnmower; another was hanging out enough laundry to fill out four laundry slips; in front of one house ran 17 squealing brats, nine of which were crying and the other eight fight ing over the one swing which hung in an old dead tree.

The shock was too much. I looked aghast much as I imagine Edgar Allen Poe looked when he first encountered the House of Usher. I fled from the scene swearing never to be married while there was an ounce of blood left in my veins. Reaching my dorm I said a solemn prayer for the hopeless husbands of the world, but began to reconsider yet I shall return to the movie after entering my room and seeing the past two weeks' laundry that will straighten me out. on the back of a chair along with

By HERKY KILLINGSWORTH deed marriage might be a good thoughts of returning every night to a cute little wife who had a hot meal waiting. I was sold, and once again began my diligent search for a spouse.

But wait! In placing a Playboy magazine aside to find my bed, I catch a glance at what could be waiting for the runabout-town who has yet to marry. Would it be worth the wait? Could I ever reach that smoothness that makes that man about town? Of course I could, right after I make that first million. Forget about marriage. Why settle for one female when there's a whole world of women just waiting to be picked off of that great money tree in the sky. Now I was determined. No fancy talking, sweet smelling female for me. Let the other suckers take those fatal vows.

Lookout world, here I come! Lookout, a pair of feline figures pass my window. My bachelor dreams snap, and utter confusion enters my mind. Should I marry or should I? Should I begin my search for a mate today or wait until tomorrow? In complete turmoil I now decide to enter a male convent. Or better where the mess began. Maybe

ON Thursday, July 14, 1966 — Sound Off -

The Battalion,

Ping, ping, ping! Thet's the you reely thinks she likes me. make maps like they use to. Gee, I hope so. I ain't never be- Anyhow I's got to go 'n com fore had no one to like me ex- my lookin'. Also I thinks I's ceptin' my Ma 'n my Pa, 'n goin' to have to study a little for Aunt Bess every once in a wile. But they's don't count cause they's kinfolks 'n are dootifly supposed to like me.

Missy Prissy sez I's terrific. Shucks, I's jest doin' whut comes naturally. She's also sed thet's shes "ape" over me, whutever thet means. I reckun thet's one of them typergraphical arrows the paper makes once in a wile for I's can only reckun it's suppose to be "date." She went date

over me. I's sure would like to meet this girl and everyone knows I's trying. Why even those three juniors in my dorm is helpin' me look. We's gone over every map of Texas tryin' to fine Tunis 'n I still ain't fines it yet. Thet probly means she comes from a small town like Sneedville where I's spent my whole life. She's

one of my own kind. And about thet box of hers. I's written there three times allready but my letters allways comes back to me. I's jest can't underthose typergraphical arrows but the part of the post guys.

Whut I can't understand is why she calls me a "country hick." I's in the big city now and goin' to a big University or College or whutever it is. I's realize thet I use to have a little country in me but I's allways owned it up to heritage and somethin' by Byology teacher calls geens, not germs but geens. Thet's whut your Ma gives you through a oombiblical card allthough I's can't for the life of me remember gettin' it.

Anyhow, back to Missy Prissy. I hopes she don't get away for I's comin' sometime in the future. With those three juniors helpin' me it shan't be long before Tunis is found. Why we's thinkin' of gettin' out the Missin' People Department Store to help us, or



Country Gentlemen

somethin' like thet. Thet's one of the juniors idea.

I's also looking for a Twu on way my little ole heart went the map but thet don't seem to be aftern I's read thet letter last there ether. Is it close to A&M week from Missy Prissy. Does or Houston? They's jest don't Anyhow I's got to go 'n continue

my finals or it'll be finals for me (thet's a joke, finals for me). Adios for now. Thet means good night in English.

Sincerely, Cyric Hayseed '70

* * *

dere etiture The Batalun

You has shore made me feel et home this here semustur by lett'in thet brillunt ole riter sound off in yore paper. He has got the stile i like and it shore is lots easier to reed his stuff. i jist thot mebe you culd use anuther riter like him since he has a stile simulur to mine. i ain't had too much sperience at ritin, but it don't take no genus to see he has got whut it takes to make yore papur.

Do you thank you culd use anuther staff member with a simulur stile to his'un. i git round the kampus too and i have saw a few thanks thet he's missin. have saw this here gurl he has in stand it. It could be another of his 6;00 klas and it don't take no genus to see he ain't too gud more likely its jest a mistake on at undercuver wurk. like rite off i knowed she wus married, she jist don't ware no rang. You see, she's tryin to fool guys like him into askin fer a date so she kin brag to her husbin about how them pore aggis is so lonesum and needs to raise there egos (i lurned this here is sycologie). it means whuts inside thet nobudy else kin see, but you kin feel, sorta like when you spel a wurd kerect and how gud it makes you feel, or when i gets this rere letter printed in yore papur.

I shore am anxus to meet you how to make a dollur go fer'um and talk about goin to wurk fer you. I have uncovered sum reel instrustin facks sinc i have been kin git a gooder meal in any kaffa nere as old as cyric either, around than you kin git at sibeeser, fur lots less muney. i ain't no millunares sun and i knows

some stupid guys i have saw eatin three meals a day there. Sumthin shuld be investurgated about on this here kampus, like you them high prices. (p.s. i aint noticed he is '70.) everlovin yores, clide ketchup, '40

Charles F. Johnson '62 College Master Representative Fidelity Union Life 846-8228

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We Need **USED BOOKS**

The Aggie's are expecting us to supply them with as many used books as possible.

We have contacted several college stores and have bought every used book we can get to meet this demand.

If you have any used books I would sure appreciate an opportunity to buy them; if I'm going to give my money away I would rather give it to good Aggies.

Loupot's North Gate



Remember



