**AIRLINE** 

JEFFI

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## Is The Registrar Real?

There is a popular misconception floating around campus that needs to be cleared up immedi-

Being a graduating senior is not all fun. In fact it can be downright disheartening at times.

Most of these times center around those occasions when the trar!! I know my rights, you graduating senior (referred to can't push me around. I help pay from here out as the GS) realizes the vast power invested in that asking to see the Registrar, I am unseen majority known as the Registrar.

Everyone knows about the power wielded by the Registrar. But has anyone ever actually seen the Registrar?

It all begins when the prospective GS makes his first trip to the Registrar's Office to see whether or not his nine years in school are about to reward him.

GS: "Howdy, Miss. I'm a GS," he says, casually flasing his senior ring (class of '64) through

Receptionist: "Glad to meet you, GS. Can we help you?" GS: "Well, I've been a GS for

five years now." Receptionist: "Oh, well have a seat over there and we'll be with you in a minute."

GS: "I'd rather not. You see, five years ago today I took a seat over there and I was just wondering if I had been forgotten."

Receptionist: "You must be patient. These things take time sometimes, you know. Who would you like to see?"

GS: "I want to see the Regis-

see the Assistant Registrar, the has Selective Service printed in Associate Registrar, the Assistant to the Assistant Registrar of the Associate to the Associate Registrar but NO ONE sees the Regis-

GS: "I want to see the Registhe bills around here. I am not demanding it," he says as a sly grin slowly crosses his face.

Receptionist: "Did you say you WERE graduating?"

GS: "I want to see the Assistant Registrar."

Once inside, the records of the GS are examined and the courses studied by the Assistant Registrar (known for the rest of this column as the AR).

GS: "Well, AR, is everything in order?"

AR: "I can't seem to find your degree plan in here."

GS: "My degree what??" AR: "Perhaps we should start

with first things first. By the way, what is your major?" GS: "What do I have the most

hours in?" Once the few minor technicalities are straightened out, the GS leaves the office content in the knowledge that in just a few weeks he will be able to skip his

finals legally.

That is when phase two begins. It is known as the letter or correspondence phase of graduating.

There are two types of letters which leave the GS in a virtual

Receptionist: "Sorry. You can state of shock. The first of these the upper left-hand corner while the second has the words Registrar Office occupying this space.

In the first letter received from the Registrar, the GS is merely informed as to how many hours and grade points he needs to graduate. It goes something like:

"If you pass your current load of 25 hours (24 of which are needed for graduation) with a total of only 99 grade points with 22 of those hours and 88 of those grade points coming in your major, you will be eligible for graduation at the discretion of the Registrar."

This warning must then be signed by the GS and returned to the Registrar IMMEDIATELY. Once this is accomplished, there is nothing to do until the second letter, that most feared of all memoranda, finally makes its way into the hands of the GS.

It is a short and simple five word statement. The power of the awe-inspiring office leaps from the sentence:

"Report to the Registrar immediately."

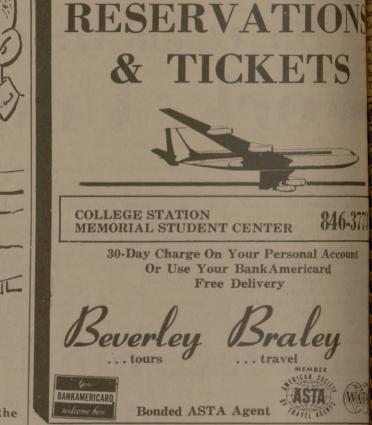
When a GS is told to report to the Registrar, he reports. When a GS is told to report to the Registrar immediately, he reports immediately.

Now that the power has been defined, it sure would be nice to find out if the Registrar really exists, or if he is merely, in fact, a figment of the AR's imagination



CADET SLOUCH

"These are the difficult days-too early to leave for the holidays and too late to get involved with studying!'



Listen Up

## the batt forum

Editor:

Mr. Earl Rudder:

On behalf of my wife, my family, and myself, I wish to express my gratefulness for the many sympathies and condolences that were extended to us by the faculty, staff and student body of Texas A&M University during our recent bereavement.

We especially express our deepest appreciation to Justino's "Aggie Buddies" at Milner Hall, who not only send flowers and cards, but offered 11 masses at St. Mary's Catholic Church in memory of Justino. Our appreciation is also extended to Mr. Don R. Stafford, Associate Dean of Students, who informed us of the Aggie "Farewell" given to Justino by the campus of A&M. We would also like to thank Mr. Fred J. Benson, Dean of the Engineering Department, who along with their sympathies send flowers and cards. We thank the who also expressed their sympathy for the loss of our son. Most appropriately we thank the

flowers that were sent for Justino's funeral on the 21st of Octo-

Justino, Jr. was very proud of being a student at Texas A&M University. He felt it an honor to be referred to as an "Aggie." Justino valued an education and he chose A&M as the college to some magical powers that profurther himself and to attain his degree in Civil Engineering. Words cannot describe his pride in being an "Aggie."

Now that Justino is gone, we

are reserving for you a future "Aggie." Our youngest son has decided, for himself, that Texas A&M University will be his sions. choice for receiving a college education. Since he is just a freshman in high school, he will not be attending until, hopefully, 1974. He is contemplating the thought of entering the engineering department. We have another son who will be graduating from high school this coming May. As of yet he has not completely come to a final decision as to what his choice of college will be, although he has given thought to Texas A&M.

I ask you, Mr. Rudder, that you please convey to the faculty and student body of Texas A&M University of our warmest appreciation for all the acts of kindness that were bestowed to us in our recent hour of grief. There is no way or manner in which I can best describe our Civil Engineering Wives Club emotional gratefulness and appreciation to you and your campus. I personally assure you that defend themselves. your sympathies, prayers, and Student Body of Texas A&M for acts of kindness will not be for-Justino D. Reza

upon entering Sbisa Dining Hall series of cat calls, woops, and longer than usual hair must have people. As a freshman I have

during these months I have been

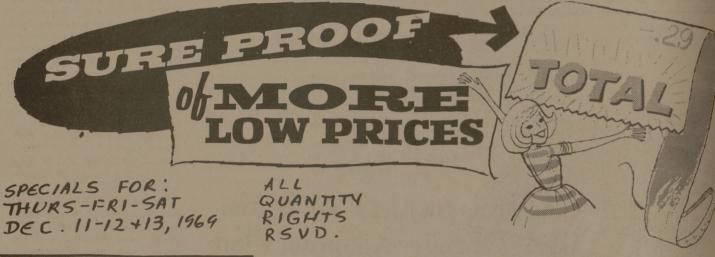
treated with contempt by hun-

dreds of people. I have been called every possible name and wooped at on a numerous occa-

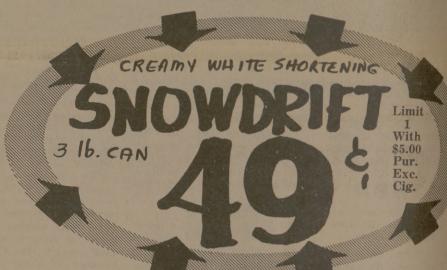
I can ignore verbal abuse, but the contempt last Thursday did not stop with words. A fellow (?) Aggie faked an accident and dumped a full glass of milk squarely on top of my head. After dumping one glassful on my head, he continued his stumbling act and spilled another glassful on the floor nearby. It could not have been an accident because he made no effort to apologize, and the milk dumped on my head was such a direct hit that a friend of mine sitting next to me did not get a drop on him. Active contempt for such an unreliable indication of ideas as appearance shows that many students are so narrow-minded that the smallest suggestion of different ways of thought frightens them to the point that they resort to animal woops, verbal abuse, and baptisms by milk to

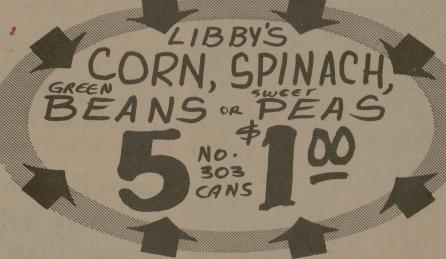
Active contempt for simple things like appearance breeds the October Moratorium a black arm band and long hair provok-I was one of the Aggies who ed some Aggies to the point of violence. When I wore a black last Thursday was greeted by a arm band, the people I talked to first approached me with conaccusations of homosexuality. My tempt, but after we discussed the problems in Vietnam, many of them were surprised that I was vokes vocal contempt from many not a wild eyed radical. My appearance is an invitation to share been here only three months, and new ideas and is not a justification for a person's contempt.

Robert W. Kieras



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