Mexico: Sun, Fun, Mitzi Repeats Herself

Chuckles and Tom Mitzi Repeats Herself

By Harry Hope

Dear Diary,

Well, here we are in good old Acapulco, and Tom and I have just settled down in our hotel room at the beautiful Hotel de La Conquistador de los Virgins (whatever that means). Tom decided that he wanted to go for a swim, but the minute he got his trunks on, there was a furious knocking at the door and I didn’t believe it, and neither did Tom, but Jim Dickey was knocking on the door. Jim Dickey walked in wearing an ermine swimsuit, Ho Chi Minh sandals, and that stupid black hat. He was carrying a bottle of Tequila and sucking on a lemon through his overgrown throat.

"Hey, Tom, good buddy, what’s all this about here? Hu?”

Tom really looked disgusted, but Jim told him that he did. I just left the hallowing halls of USC. You know those archaeologists? Well, they found a set of false teeth which they swear up and down belong to Wade Hampton. Really.

Tom just looked at him. Then he went into the jowls and came back out a little later wearing his Bermuda shorts, flowered shirt and bowtie. He was really giving Jim the cold shoulder. So I decided to be sociable and asked him how he found us.

"Well, funny thing, you know. I was hanging around the Pendleton Building yesterday just shootin’ the breeze with Chuckles Witten, and he told me that you all were coming down here. Well, we decided that since it was a good afternoon for sailing, why old Commodore Witten and me would just jump in the old sailboat and take off. So here we are."

Tom was aghast. "Do you mean to tell me that Chuckles Witten is here? Right here, with you and the Mexicans and everything?"

Jim gave us the old grin and said "Yeah, but he’s all right. I told him not to drink the water or smoke anything funny. Matter of fact, I left him a few blocks ago. He said he was going to buy a few trinkets to take back to the wife and kids.”

Tom gave me a wild-eyed look and said "We gotta go find him quick.”

So we all wandered out into the street and spent an hour looking up and down every alleyway and honky-tonk we could find. At last, Jim found Chuckles by the water, sitting solemnly by the beach eating a watermelon.

Well, when we got closer, we were flabbergasted. Because there was the vice-president for student affairs at the University of South Carolina eating a watermelon, his tan planted firmly in the sand, and his feet shackled in police chains.

"Hi, How y’al? Don’t worry about me. Just go into the fiesta a little too much.”

"How much?” asked Tom.

"Well, they tell me that I was transporting pyrotechnics over the border. Hell, it was nothing but a Red Man chewing tobacco. Can’t tell these people nothing. Absolutely nothing.”

Tom whispered to me "Come on” and told Jim and Chuckles that we would be back in a minute. We hurried back to the motel, packed our bags, and we are just about to check a plane for Mexico. If hope Dickey doesn’t find us there.

All for now,
Mary,

Dear Mitzi Vivaldi,

Is there any other way to get rid of a roach other than by eating it?

Bernie Tung

Dear Bernie,

Have you called Orkin?

Mitzi.

Dear Mitzi Vivaldi,

I have not had a girl friend for at least three months. Now my German Shepherd is really beginning to look good. What can I do?

Yeast Infected.

Dear Yeast,

Have you called Orkin?

Mitzi.

Confidential to "FG"

Who put the boom in the boom-boom-be-boom who put the ram in the ram-a-lama-ding-dong?

Mitzi.

Dear Mitzi Vivaldi,

Have a problem? Write Mitzi Vivaldi c/o the Gamecock, Drawer A, USC. (And be sure to put the whole address—if you don’t, judging from former experience with campus mail, your problem may be seen by anyone in the Athletic Department, and that’s not one of Mitzi’s favorite hangouts.)

Sincerely,
Scott Padgett

Letters Assail

Gutenberg, Hope

To the Editor:

Well! Look who can dish it out but can’t take it! I always thought it a great quality of a satirist (or any other writer, for that matter) to be able to take criticism in stride. But, then again, maybe I’ve misjudged Mr. Hope’s qualifications as a satirist.

Oh, well...live and learn.

Robert W. Ives

GAMECOCK

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