

Student advises: "Only get sick on Tuesdays"

By Wayne Atherholt

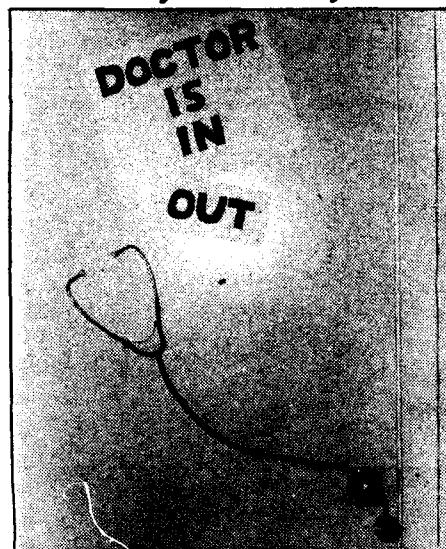
I've often thought it would be interesting to go back in time. I finally did it this term when the night nurse sent me to Dr. Conrad's office.

After five days of being on my deathbed it was time to demand something more than Coricidin 'D' and throat lozenges. Those treatments insulted my illness. So on my third visit in five days to the nurse's office I got a bottle of Robitussin PE and a note to see the doctor that serves the campus every Tuesday. This being a Friday I had to go to his office in Middletown. I was real excited about the prospects of living a full life so I went to the office at 1:15 p.m. Since the clinic opens at 1 p.m. I thought it wouldn't be too busy.

I now know what Ford officials felt like when they said the Edsel was the car with a future. I was wrong. I stood by the door not really knowing what I was getting myself into. I stood there for the better part of two hours. After a seat became free I was half reluctant to sit for fear that my back had permanently frozen in an upright position. I didn't think that they could treat rigor mortis.

But during my time of Statue of Liberty practice I kept my ears and eyes open. The whole trip took me back some thirty or forty years. The decor matched the building—old and reconditioned.

There was no receptionist to take my name so I had to remember all the people who were before me. Suddenly from the big wooden door (one that I'm sure Charles would have loved as a protective door to his castle) came a muffled noise. After someone got up and walked in I realized that nobody had expired. The noise was just the 19th century intercom system.



The doctor had yelled "next."

I couldn't take this educational experience much longer. I noticed a sign hanging on the doorknob it said THE DOCTOR IS IN please be seated. I'm certain that it would fetch more than a dollar or two at a Christies auctionhouse.

One woman kept talking to another patient. I later found out that they had never met before but listening to the conversation you would never in your wildest dreams think this.

Between learning about latch hooks and "modern methods" employed by local quilting bees (I kid you not) a woman named Ethyl walked to the corner shop for her paper. I heard all about Ethyl from the incessant talker. She was 75 and had just paid \$70 to get her dog put to sleep. She told me more but I just can't remember all the juicy details.

About three hours after I arrived it was my turn.

I shuffled into the office and the doctor told me to have a seat. I sat on the paper covered examination table soaking up all there was to see. Rows of antique bottles lined the white procelain shelves the way they probably did when Ike was President. I was then told to sit on an old stool in the corner. I was amazed at how old, yet antiseptically clean, everything was. No sooner had I sat down then the doctor told me to hold

my head back. Terror! A tube went up my nose like a monster out of "Alien." Something squirted out of it. Before I knew it this treatment was over.

I was thankful for no leeches but I didn't find the nostril tube much fun. After the obligatory chest listening he told me I could go. He phoned in a prescription for me. Yes, there was a phone in the office — nothing fancy — just the basic black desk type. Cost of the visit: nothing. This was great. It almost made the trip worthwhile.

I'm still alive and I'm now glad I had the experience. It has made my education at Capitol fully rounded. By the way I feel much better now. And if you ever get sick...do it Tuesdays when the doctor comes to campus.

Editor's note: By-lined articles reflect the view of the author.

Letters

Dear Editor:

When did the **Capitol Times** become a sex primer? After all the protest of showing an X-Rated film on campus last term, I was personally shocked and degraded at the latest issue of **Capitol Times**. To look at the cover and to read the headlines of the articles, one would think that the activities here at Capitol Campus are nothing but sex, alcohol abuse, venereal disease and devil worshiping. This is hardly the type of publication that I could show to my parents as a sample of our student journalism.

Even though the publication is free to the students, I won't bother to read the next issue of the **Capitol Times** and I'm sure many others feel the same way.

Michael J. Palla

Dear Editor,
Lately, I have noticed a big improvement in our Campus paper **Capitol Times**. In my opinion, it has become an excellent paper, professionally prepared and has been the best I have seen it since I joined Capitol Campus in 1971. Keep up the good work.

Sabir Dahir
Professor of Engineering

Dear Editor:

This letter is in reference to the article, Take the "Scenic Route" at your Local Pub, in the February 14th issue of **Capitol Times**.

The article is a well written piece of fiction, and if it is fiction, it should be stated as such. We as students here at Capitol, and personal acquaintances of the author, are shocked at our names coincidentally appearing in the article. As outgoing and well-liked students here on campus, we have been asked by many, if we had actually been interviewed for the article. It is very uncomfortable having people think the only reason we go to our local pubs is to pick up men. Why we go out is our own business. If the author feels that woman act as they are depicted in the article, why didn't she use her own name?

Thank God no "fictitious" names appeared in some of the other tasteless articles in this issue.

Mary Ford

Editor's Note: The author has said names in the article "Take the Scenic Route" that do not refer to specific individuals.

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