

IT HAPPENED IN GOODWIN HALL

(Continued from page 14)

Jimmy were already in bed when taps began. Fish Jones turned off the lights but he didn't get in bed. Fifteen minutes passed very slowly. He got up, went to the triple-deck bunk and shook hands with his room-mates.

"Wish me luck, fellers." His voice shook only a little.

"Yeah," said Jimmy.

Turning at the door, he saw two heads leaning out of the bunks, watching him in silent sympathy. His throat tightened.

He went up a flight of worn wooden stairs, turned left and knocked on the third door.

Someone said, "Come in—res."

He went in. The room was cozy with smoke and full of laughter and talk. It seemed to him that every senior in the company was there. "Red" White, a diamond man, was talking to Tommy Walker, the company hell-raiser. They both spoke to Fish Jones, but the others seemed not to notice him. Mr. Stephens, he noticed, was standing on the other side of the room, with his back to the others. Fish Jones sat down on the floor in a corner. He looked around.

There was a study desk in the center of the room, and on it was a large ham, full of cloves. Several luscious pink slices had already been cut. Potato chips, bread and olives surrounded it, and a chocolate cake was the center piece.

Fish Jones sat and watched them eat. In spite of nervousness and emotion, he was getting very hungry. He furtively looked around for boards, but there were none in sight. He supposed they were behind that big trunk across the room.

"Fish Jones," Mr. Stephens turned and spoke suddenly.

"Yes sir," he said.

"What are you sitting there on your bird-dog for? Get up and help yourself."

Fish Jones got up slowly. He made a sandwich out of some of the ham. It was very good, but he choked up on the third bite.

"Fish Jones!"

"Yes sir."

"Fish Jones, what in the hell are you doing out of your hole at this time of night?"

"I -- I don't know, sir."

"Well, get back to your room, pronto. You can finish that sandwich down there. Here, take along a

chunk of this cake. Your room-mates might be hungry."

"Yessir. Thank you, sir. May I be excused?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Mr. Stephens," His face was nearly out of control.

"Yeah?"

"I want to—oh nothing." He gave it up and turned away.

"Good-night, Fish Jones."

"Good night, sir."

When he opened the door two drowsy heads bobbed out of two bunks. He turned on the light.

"Fish Jimmy," he yelled.

"Huh?"

"Where in the hell did you put that neck-tie?"

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after the big bank robbery.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went on into the vault room with revolvers drawn?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And a moment later a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye put down my mop."

"Yes, but then what did you do?"

"Vell, aye say to myself, 'dis banc hell of a way to run a bank!'"

The latest horse-racing dope is the guy who bets on it.

A girl's a minor until she is eighteen. Then she's a gold-digger.

It is one of our pet theories that when a girl is asked for a kiss, she can't think of anything to save her neck.

A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as a life guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

—Owl

Once upon a time, two Scotchmen were standing at a bar, each one waiting for the other to offer to buy the drinks. After a long, embarrassing pause the first Scotchman said to the second, "I want to tell you about a hunting experience I had in Africa last year. I was hunting lions one day when I had a feeling I was being followed. I started to run for camp but I soon discovered that a big lion was rapidly overtaking me. The only thing to do was to shoot it with the one bullet I had left. Standing perfectly still, I waited until the lion sprang and then I shot him right between the yurs." "What's yurs?" said the second Scotchman. "I'll take a whiskey and soda," was the quick reply.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

	Page
Adams-Franks Ins. Agency	3
Aggieland Studio	3
American Steam Laundry	2
Bryan Motor Co.	1
Bryan Nursery & Floral Co.	24
Camel	I.F.C.
Caldwell's Jewelry Store	5
Casey's	24
Campus Cleaners	3
Campus Variety Store	1
Chesterfield	B.C.
Dr. Payne	2
Exchange Store	I.B.C.
J. C. Penney Co.	2
Life Saver	20
Luke's Campus Grocery	1
Old Gold	3
Prince Albert	4
Publix Shirts	22
Raleigh	21
Vannoy's	5
Waldrop's	24
Wyatt's Flower Shop	3
Y. M. C. A. Barber Shop	2
Zubik's Uniform Tailor Shop	1