

LONESOME?

Deserted Hearts Column

DESERTED BY AUTHORS

Are you having trouble keeping that wench on the line? Are you wondering if you are chump enough to have your present girl for companionship in your old age—and a means of support? On winter nights, when the landlord throws the coal at the furnace with the doors closed, will you have your love to keep you warm?

If you have been deserted, and your heart has a crevice in it big enough for a locomotive to roll through, send us a picture of yourself in a bathing suit. Paste picture face down on a top from one 50¢ box of Deserted Hearts Emotion Stimulation Preparation and send it to us immediately or not sooner, and we will tell you exactly what to do to cure your troubles. The Love Merchants are disqualified professors holding a L. S. T. degree (Love Science, and Tactics) from Barebelly U. at Bouncing-on-the-floor, Ida, and are establishing a Deserted Hearts Column in this magazine—much to the disgust of our unvoluntarily readers and editor.

Many a happy marriage has been wrecked on the rocks of sex ignorance. Don't let "not knowing" undermine your chances of wedded bliss—come to us for private interviews if this column does not satisfy your soul (with the rock and roll).

Following are some letters sent to us by a few superb suckers who wish to be enlightened on why they don't rate.

Squeaky Springs, Ark.

Dear Doctors:

Ever since I got hitched to that ole maid up here, I ben havin trouble. She is 14 yars ole and got sum of them new modern idears like my corn likker is going to ruin my stummick. Wot'll I do, tell that ole bag she's as looney as a day ole colt? Bein as how yo all air frum that thar A. & M., I think that yo all cud give me a sugeschuns on as to how I cud keep frum ruinin my stummick. I can't ruin my stummick—wot'll I eat with?

I. M. Corny

Dear Doused:

Wot the hell, it doesn't make any diff anyhow—your coat will cover your stomach up, and as far as eating is concerned—why eat when there is drink to be had? (Author's note—these all can't be good—hmmm, did we say all?)

College Station, Texas

Dear Docs:

I am madly in love with a nice, wholesome girl at T. S. C. W., but now I might as well visit the headhunters of Borneo as the hearthunters of Denton—I would have an equal chance of surviving since the recent skirmish. How could I see mine without being undermined?

Aggie-vated Aggie

Dear Grief Personified:

The situation is entirely out of our hands. We suggest you send in your application to the War Department, at Washington, D. C. for a battery of 75's and issue a call for volunteers to conquer your little world. No, on second thought, don't even got to see her. Forget about her—she probably has half the rest of Aggieland on her line anyway.
Holltight, Miss.

Dear Merchants:

My boyfriend who is a senior at A. & M. tells me I'm the first girl he has ever kissed. However, since he has that certain technique, I am doubtful. Do you suggest that I should believe him?

Distressed

Dear Distraught Damsel:

The next time you go riding with this snake in a uniform (quote from T. S. C. W.), take careful notice, and if he shifts gears from one foot, can use both hands without fumbling, and suggests silly things like going to see a show in the woods, then we suggest you doubt his integrity.

Somewhere in U. S. A.

Dear Merchants:

I have a new boy friend that I have known for about a month. I don't know much about him but he is going to graduate from A. & M. in June and will soon be making a lot of money, so he tells me. Now he wants me to marry him. What should my answer be?

Ima Nizewan

Dear Ima:

Haven't you heard the one about the Aggie and the innocent little college girl yet?

Hickman's Hock Hole
College Station, Texas

Dear Doctors:

Interest on your complete wardrobe is long overdue (24 hours). Must we remind you again that it runs to \$50.00—a loan of \$5.00 with \$1.00 a day interest.

Next time a threat,
I Take All (and then some).

(We just can't figure out how these things get mixed up in our files—the place is filthy with them!)

Bryan, Texas

Doctors:

For your information, I am engaged to "Aggie Alice," and I have been informed that you were seen at Kyle Field with her at night. Kindly call at my dormitory at 12 o'clock Tuesday night and make an explanation.

Hugh Gotter

Dear Hugh:

We have received the above copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.

We sincerely hope you have profited by these dolts' experiences. If you are not yet satisfied, suppose you write us of your own troubles, and we shall try to figure out the punishment for you and you but not you, you dope, you have halitosis.