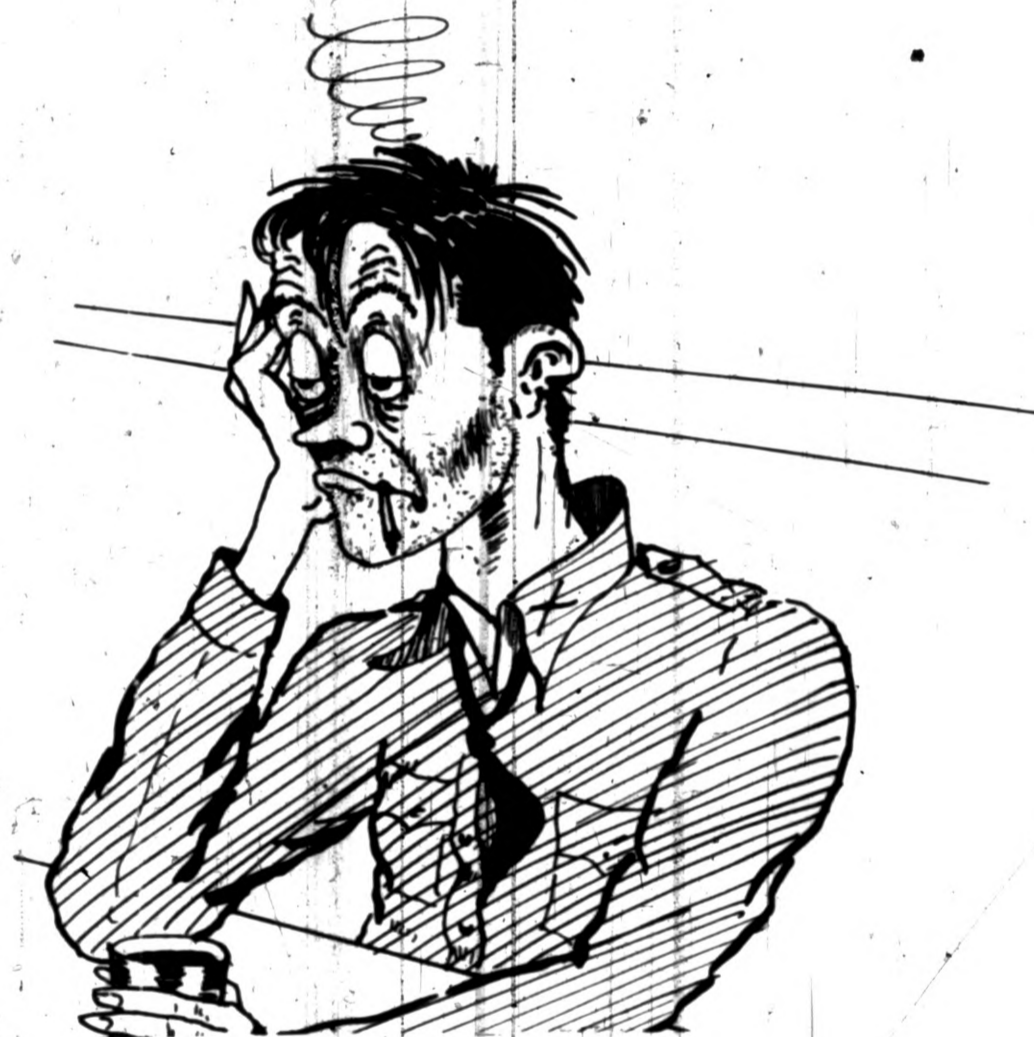


The Stra  
of

# DR. HYCKUP

Jack Ash



James Arbuckle Hyckup

**JAMES ARBUCKLE HYCKUP** adjusted his sleeveless doctor's jacket and strode into the operating room of the Vet Lab. Jimmie was not a doctor but he had aspirations of some day being a great horse M.D. For this reason he took only three things into consideration in his life to

the exclusion of all others, especially women. These three things were wine, horse-doctoring and song.

At the same moment that Jimmie entered Vet Lab, John Henry Jive, Jimmie's "old lady," finished that last sweet problem in calculus and that last horrible

sip from a "Bottle of Pearl." Now as much as Jimmie liked booze and singing, Johnnie liked dancing. As much as they each liked the other, they both detested females.

When the two roommates went out to make a night of it, Jimmie always got drunk and called himself Doctor Hyckup. Johnnie would dance him home. In order to stay out of the clutches of the women (the wolves) around the campus, the two would go to Ed's every night, and they didn't "bust-out" either. So we find the heroes of the case.

About this time a new Prof had arrived on the campus and with him had come a family. The most important part of this family was a female of the species, Pat, who was as cute as Jimmie's idea of Hades. Pat was about five-feet-six with big round eyes, like a mistreated freshman, clear complexion, like Snow White's, and an "oomph" form like that of a blonde waitress. All this the boys did not know.

As it would happen, Johnny was dancing Jimmie home one night and they stopped once to get their breaths. When they stopped, along came Pat on the far side of the street.

"Just another skirt," said Johnnie.

"Jus' nozzle shirt," agreed Jimmie with a nerve-racking, "hic!"

"Looks all right but you never can tell," rumored Johnnie.

THE BATTALION