

DR. HYCKUP AND MR. JIVE

from page 13

pure. Pat ignored the two, thinking them too drunk to notice her.

"I hate women," said Jimmie with false disgust, and continued to sing like a bachelor in a bathtub.

"I hate 'em too," agreed Jimmie with like disgust, "but she might be different."

At this Jimmie feigned disgust and even stopped singing but he couldn't stop hiccuping. Johnnie walked and dragged him to the dorm. On the second stoop, at twelve o'clock on Tuesday night is no place to begin a lesson in oratory, but Jimmie decided they needed a mental "toast" to take their minds off women. He raised his voice to a miraculous pitch and quoted:

"Here's to Hell: may the stay there be as gay as the way there!"

Abruptly ending his soliloquy, he passed out flat and Johnnie carried him off to bed.

On Wednesday morning Johnnie had a class and Jimmie had a headache. He recuperated

quickly though, when he answered the phone in the hall and heard Pat's voice. As it happened she thought she was talking to the electrician and was so excited she didn't know she was talking to Jimmie. Jimmie didn't change her mind.

"Come over quick," she said, "my tubes need fixing—I'm missing the 'Early Birds'."

"O. K." answered Jimmie misunderstandingly, and dashed off for Pat's house, singing (but not hiccuping this time):

"I ain't no radio repair man, nor the radio repair man's son, but I can test your set, till the radio repair man comes."

Just as he finished his lyric Pat opened the door and in walked Jimmie without a word and without breaking his step. On the inside of the room he stopped.

"In trouble?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Pat. "Can you help?"

Without a word Jimmie began to work on her set (radio). Now tell me, have you ever seen a Vet

student who could fix anything but a case of the "heaves?" Well, Jimmie's ability didn't trouble him. In fact nothing troubled Jimmie. He went to work with a zest that would flatter any E. E. man.

"Your tubes are all right," Jimmie said with a sly grin.

"Please hurry!" Then, with nervous generosity which the love-sick Jimmie did not see through, "I can't keep you here much longer; you have to go to a class, I know!"

"Your condensers look good, too," Jimmie speculated disregarding Pat. Then his finger touched a little bit of innocent-looking wire and the radio gave out with "... for that school girl complexion."

"All's well!" cried Jimmie happily.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Pat with a glorious sigh, "Now scat!"

But Jimmie wasn't to be brushed off like that, so he placed himself in the most comfortable chair he could find, and continued to examine her tubes?

FRESHMEN! HERE IS YOUR STORE

Regulation . . .

KHAKI SLACKS
TRENCH COATS
SHIRTS, SOCKS
TIES, BELTS, CAPS
COLLAR ORNAMENTS
COVERALLS

Everything An Aggie Needs—At Fair Prices

We Sew Patches On Shirts

FREE

AGGIE CLOTHIERS

North Gate

Aggieland's Favorite

CASEY'S

"In Old Y"

For Over 20 Years We Have
Served the Aggies With the
Best

Eats

Drinks

Smokes