

# Gridiron Dust

All hail to our champions!

Mississippi A. and M. are our next adversaries. It will be Farmer against Farmer.

Montgomery is the greatest end in the South. The game he played in Houston Monday was brilliant, to say the least. Three touchdowns out of four is going some.

Cushman played a star game at center. Never a time did he falter in passing the ball.

Do you know of a better coach than ours? You could never make this corps believe it.

Hard practice was resumed again Tuesday evening.

Bowler received a badly injured knee in the game with the Sooners, which will keep him out of the game a while. He deserves great credit for the grit which he displayed by remaining in the game so long after being hurt. Our "steam roller" will be missed indeed.

Our chief executive is some enthusiastic rooter. No doubt his speech caused a winning spirit to come over all. His cheering was as much help as another corps.

Coach Arbuckle of Rice Institute has developed a great team for that institution. They have defeated all comers, and now have secured games with some T. I. A. A. teams.

Without Courtwright the Sooners would be greatly disabled. He is certainly a great player.

Coach Moran has a coming star in Crow at tackle.

"Hig" certainly played a great game at full Monday. He took the place of Vesmirovsky, who was injured.

Wrinkle Lambert says he cried at the beginning of school because he was afraid he could not come back to dear old A. and M. But he is here just the same and with dry eyes.

It takes more than Oklahoma and the Houston street car company to down A. and M.—Bryan Eagle.

The A. and M. victory at Houston was right along in the Woodrow Wilson class.—Bryan Eagle.

Our goal line still remains uncrossed.

Kern nobly redeemed himself for that fumble in the early part of the game. His cool and masterful leadership at all times, his long runs, his great defensive work behind the line, were features of the game. It was too bad that he failed on that drop kick for goal. The ball went true enough, but did not have sufficient force to carry it over the goal post.

Bateman was himself again last Monday. His magnificent runs were only equalled by those of the brilliant Courtwright. Only allow Batey to get past the line of scrimmage, and he is good for at least ten yards. In

downing him one has to undergo all the many and varied experiences of tackling an old-style walking-beam engine, and is attended with about as much success. In the distance there is looming up an All-Southwestern back.

A few more halves of games similar to that of last Monday will help wonderfully toward allowing the grim reaper to triumph over the stork. The carnival people should have refunded each and every spectator's admission fee with about 2000 per cent interest. If you remember Tommy Moran's jumping around on one foot while Courtwright was preparing to kick a third goal, then you have an infinitesimal idea of what the delirious fan was undergoing—and he didn't have any freedom of motion either. Truly indeed, a football game is no place for weak hearts.

That game started off in just the same manner as the games with Varsity did in days before the war. A. and M. can come back all right.

The Post's statement that Bowler shook off his tackler like a Newfoundland shedding water was correct indeed. Old Jumbo is never down unless three or more huskies are sitting on top of him.

Now that we have won, it will not give us the rep of being howlers if we bring to light some of the misfortunes that befell our bunch. One can readily understand the state of Moran's mind when he learned that Vesmirovsky was seriously injured. It is said that the coach simply wilted away. The bad start we made and the laying out of Bowler were enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

That snake dance between the halves brought back very forcibly to mind the former performances that students of years gone by were accustomed to pull off, and the beauty of it was the fact that Governor Colquitt's aides were participants in the glorious event.

Enough has been said of Monty. He has won his halo and is now wearing it with becoming dignity.

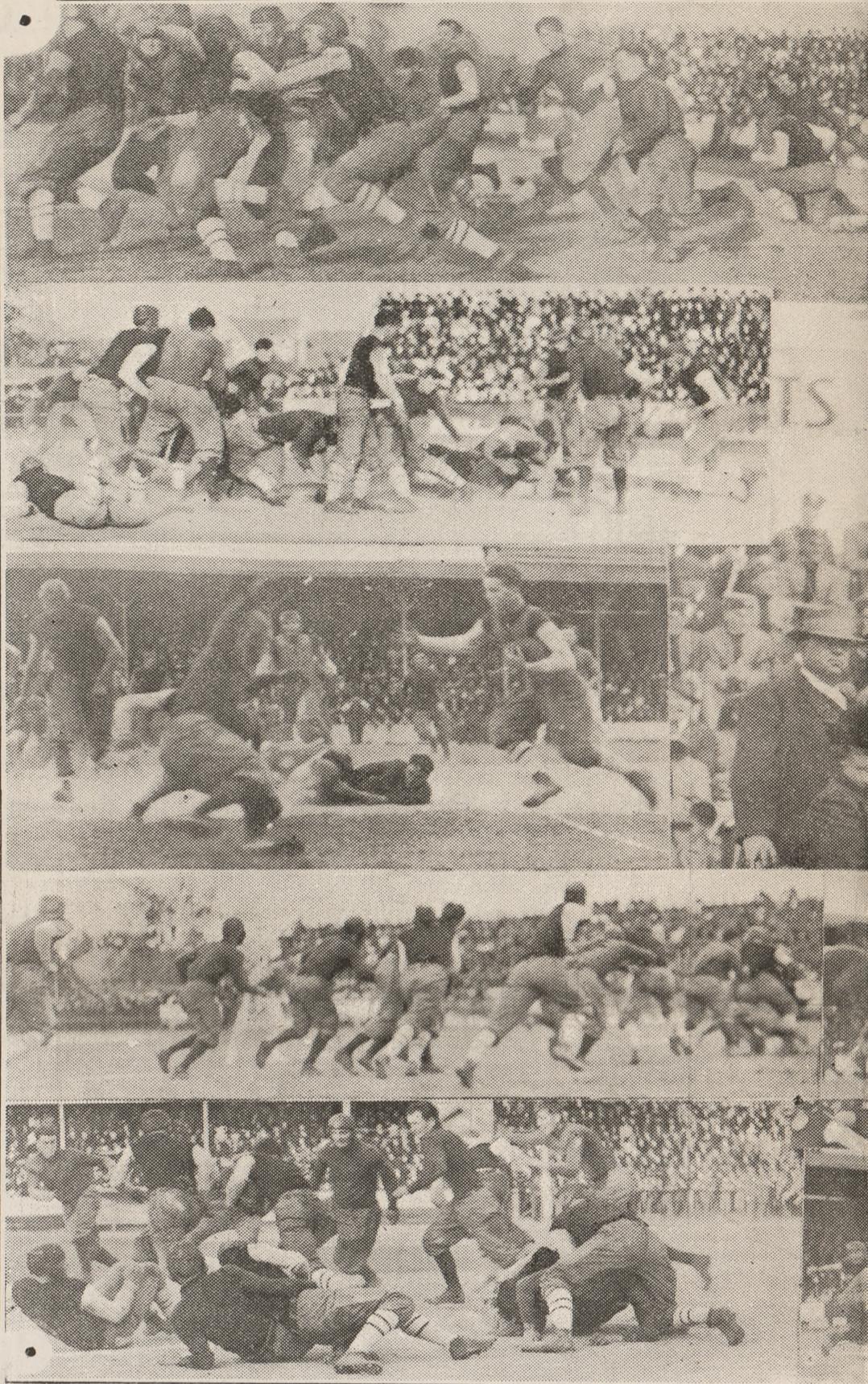
We are keeping tab on the words that are escaping from Noisy Miller, in our effort to ascertain whether he is more renowned than his elder brother "High." Already we have ten chalked up to his credit.

Wilson the next president of the grand old U. S. A. and A. and M. champions of the Southwest. Verily, the followers of the fortunes of the Red and White will in years to come relate to the coming generations the story of these great events of 1912.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the majority of the teams that we have met this season have been arrayed in colors similar to those of our men wear. Trinity, Austin College, Arkansas and Oklahoma have all gone into their games in fiery red, while the Kansas Aggies and Miss. A. and M. will be similarly equipped.

Pep has returned to our rooters. Marching five miles along the dusty highways to Bryan is evidence enough of the spirit the boys possess.

We would like to know something of Messrs. Waddell and McFaddin, who announce that they will endeavor to cut off all appropriations for A. and M. if she will not give up the noble



Courtesy of Houston Post

game of football. Is the former the guy the Post accused of eating turnips on Main street? Wonder who left the gate open!

21 to 6 and 28 to 6. Small wonder it is that some of the Varsityites who saw the Houston game were thanking their stars that they do not play A. and M. this year.

Moran is like concrete. The older he grows the better he becomes.

The statement of Coach Owen after the game was very characteristic of that well known little genius. Was the weather too warm? Was the team tired after its long trip? Was his bunch in foreign territory? Weren't there substitutes enough? Were his men handicapped by injuries? NO. "The best team won." Benny, we take off our hats to you.

We still have some hard games to play, so let's not get overconfident. Remember what happened last year.

## FOOTBALL SHAKESPEARIAN.

[Boston Transcript.]  
 "Down! Down!"—Henry V.  
 "Well placed."—Henry V.  
 "An excellent pass."—The Tempest.  
 "A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.  
 "I do command you to their backs."—Macbeth.  
 "More rushes! More rushes!"—Henry IV.  
 "Pell mell; down with them!"—Love's Labor o'Lost.  
 "This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.  
 "Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbeline.  
 "Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.  
 "'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Anthony and Cleopatra.  
 "I'll catch it ere it come to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have blo cracked crowns."—He  
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 iolanus.

"It's the first time t  
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## GOVERNOR HE

In Speech to Corps R  
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