

**DERE RUMMITT**

Oil Can, Oklahoma,  
Pigenhole 419.

Dijer Rufus:

Son, I feel about as useful as "Bo" McMillin's wife was to him when he tried to skirt our ends in our lil' practice game with the "Praying Colonels" the other day in the Dallas Stadium. "Bo" was fashionable, to say the least, for his end run skirts were short. Next to seeing you and collecting those three berries that was the happiest moment in my life since I passed calculus.

My only regret is that I didn't get to use my Spring and Fall ticket but the wall around the Stadium is like Casey's thick malteds—too high and hard to get down.

One of these birds up here told me before I caught the side-door Pullman for Dallas that A. and M. didn't have any more chance with Centre than a snowball in H— (short for Havana) and I told him if that was the case I would give up the desire to die with my boots on—snow shoes would be more appropriate.

Of course, Centre will give some reason for losing the game but I know of twelve reasons, myself; eleven of them had on maroon and white jerseys, and one of them hasn't got any hair on his head.

I think "Bo" made a mistake in marrying before the game because then no matter how good his back-field may have been he would always have a better half on the sidelines. Still, the longer "Bo" is married the more his "line" will improve. Of course, Rufus, you understand that "Bo" couldn't play his best just after being tied up for life.

And, Rufus, I shall never forget our little celebration after Bible's machine stopped on Centre! Never before was I full of such good spirits but I could well afford them then—this O. P. kind (other peoples). Of course, I am in favor of Prohibition and would like to put liquor down forever, but I suspect that is hoping for too much. Candidly, fuf., there are only two occasions when I imbibe "Anti-Volstead"—when I'm alone and when I'm with someone.

But getting back to business my oil company had some hard luck the other day and just to impress upon you the frailty and vacuity of human nature I'll tell you of the misfortune our company suffered the other day.

Our driller had drilled down some 2500 feet when he (I mean his tools) encountered a gas sand, which by the way is a good indication of oil. After penetrating the gas sand to a depth of nine feet the gas pressure increased to such an extent that the drilling tools were blown out of the hole tearing the rig up and continuing up nine hundred and four feet six inches (actual measurement) in the air, and forty-three minutes later (mountain time) landed vertically in a poultry farm one-half a mile away and drilled in thirty minutes what you might call a wild cat well. This is said to be the quickest well ever drilled and had an initial production of 500 barrels per hour. The Rig builders are sore at us for drilling without a rig; the teamsters are striking because the tools were not hauled to the new location; and

on top of this the owner of the poultry farm has brought suit against our company for damages. His grounds (and the well is on them) are that an oil well on his property destroys the hens incentive to lay eggs while they (the rough necks and not the domi-necks) are laying 6" flow lines and, if this be true with eggs selling at the present market price our Company will be liable to a big outlay. Can you beat it? If you can, you're a bigger liar than I am.

Well I suppose you can understand what caused the deep furrows you saw in my brow when we met in Dallas.

Well, I will hang my close on this line.

Yours,  
William.

P. S. The Bryan Girls must not be getting much of a rush this year for I understand that Cop Forsythe can get a date most any night.

**GOLD FOOTBALLS WILL BE GIVEN BY DALLAS CLUB**

(Continued from Page 1)

for the Aggies. Speeches were made by many important men among whom were the mayor of the city, Pres. Bizzell, Referee Quigley, Charlie DeWare, Coach Bible, Tyree Bell, Johnnie Garrity, Weir, Wilson, Sanders and several others.

The A. and M. Club of Dallas is perhaps the most wide awake organization of its kind which the College has supporting it. Its action in making this gift to the team is highly appreciated by every member of the entire student body.

**Resolutions of the Sophomore Class Upon the Death of Mrs. J. S. Mooring.**

We, the members of the Sophomore Class, submit the following resolutions on the death of Mrs. J. S. Mooring, the mother of our companion and fellow student, Ward T. Mooring.

Whereas, in His infinite wisdom it has pleased the good Father to call unto Him the mother of our beloved classmate, Ward T. Mooring,

Therefore, be it resolved by the members of the Sophomore Class that our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies and condolence be offered to the family of Mrs. J. S. Mooring.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolutions be sent to her family and relatives, and that a copy be furnished The Battalion, and the publication of her home city, Bryan, Texas.

(Signed)

W. S. NICHOLSON, Pres.,  
A. J. EVANS,  
E. B. DARBY,  
J. M. FOUNTAIN.

666

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