

as to his real coaching ability as yet. Coach Arbuckle has always put out a strong team but can not be classed with the Bible.

Secondly, the Texas Aggies have a squad of muscle and brawn from which eleven men are selected to start a game. Nearly all of these men have been developed to the extent that they are all about equal to each other; therefore a relief of one man in the game would not have any harmful effect upon the winning power of the team. The Aggie line so far this season has been impregnable and men equally as good as Blalock and Tynes have been stopped and isn't it most natural that they will also be stopped—we think so! The Bears have a good defensive line but lack decidedly on the offense, chiefly speed. The Longhorns have a fair line only in places; the same holds true for S. M. U. In backfields, the Aggies have two complete sets of backs of about equal calibre and best of all, speed unequalled. Frankly, our backs are faulty in several respects but there are none in the conference who are perfect, for instance, Baylor has a one man backfield, and without him they would be paralyzed; the Texas backfield doesn't have the punch and drive that will win against close competition. S. M. U. has a backfield somewhat similar to the Aggies. They run very good interference and do well on end runs but not one of them can call themselves plungers of note.

Thirdly, the Texas Aggies have a STUDENT BODY that is behind them to the last note of the whistle, in the rain, in the sunshine, in the daytime, in the night—in fact, ALL the time. This one factor has brought victory from defeat for the Aggies—last Baylor game for instance.

Fourthly, the boys on the Aggie team play the game for the SPORT of the game, for the great benefits it has in store for them, for the sake of keeping up the traditions and good name of the College, for the Student

Body, and, lastly, for the good to themselves.

We do not claim to be infallible, whatsoever, but if anyone can prove to us where our placing is incorrect as to the present condition of all the teams involved please tell us where.

THE LORE OF FISHIN'.

Boys, before we begin this unanimous tale we might so well as introduce ourselves as that might give some light to our remarks. We are Hunka and Tubba of Agg'land, and if you don't know us we thank you for the compliment but want to press the opinion that you must have about 24 hours of H. E. per day.

Well Tub and Me (he calls me Hunk for short) planned ourselves a fishin' trip for last Saturday evenin' and fer a fact, boys, such a many stringent proceedings happened that we got ourselves together for to rival old Kipling hisself. Our poles, sanes and canned minners wasn't none too tight and so we was stepping along at a good gate toward Bullfrog Byoo when Tub, laffin' like he does with his eyes shut, stubbed a stump and jumped a gofer. As we'd left Ol' Trusty at home, Tub picked up the biggest rock he could set eye on and heaved it at him. That pebble whistled away mighty true, but just as it was gonna drop to his head Mr. Gopher stopped short to pick a grass bur from his foot, letting said pebble drop just in front of him. I hove a few cast iron remarks at not gettin' this game, but as we approached the spot, Tub yelled and grabbed up the dead gofer. Nothin' about him was bruised, however, so we figured that the country being so dry, that rock raised a cloud of dust and smothered him to death. This was game No. 1 and when we had 'im skinned I cut off his tale and put in in the worm can for bate.

This catch elevated our spirits but on the contrary we wished we'd had some spirits to put down, until a strange category bisected our attention. An egg dropped into the bag of my minner sane. Looking up to see from whence she came, we spied two squirls up on a limb playin' catch with eagle eggs. They got to chaterin' over the loss of their egg so Tub says to me: "Them's gonna be our second game."

But the little devils wouldn't get together fer a good bullseye so among ourselves we planned this manipulation: I was to toss the egg up to them whence they would grab for it and Tub could tap them with a boulder. All ready, I held my coat to shield Tub as he picked up his missive, and then tossed up that little wood-be eagle to friend squirls. They fell for our rouge but stayed up there and just as Tub planned, both made a pass for it. 'Bout that time Tub's boulder took off and fer a dastly shame missed them about 4 millimeters. The effect, however, was astounding. The suction behind that clod skinned them squirls alive and upon looking at each other, they fell down dead and let fall the two eggs which were now hard boiled. "Game No. 2 and 3," I yelled, demonstratin' the skinned squirls and eggs. We now hit it up fer the Byoo.

Arrived, the first thing Tub done was to put on his rubbers. Good thing too, for laffin' again as usual, he stepped in a crawfish hole, and man let me tell you, crawfishes spouted out of the next hole like a geysey. Extractin' he backed them into my hands where with convulsions I finally

**Good Things  
To Eat and  
Drink ..**

**A Complete Line of  
Tobacco**

**CASEY'S  
CONFECTIONERY**

IN THE "Y" BUILDING

got their tales decapitated and put them back so another tale could grow. This made game No. 4. I bathed it and put it away in our canteen fer the purpose.

Tub now took out the canned minners, put them in the revivin' solution and when they started to wiggle, he hooked one and started to reel out. Just then one of those bugler flies thinkin' he had a crip seized the bate. Some half asleep bullfrog hearin' the buzz, made a leap for them and then one of those big channel cats up an' mealhounded the trio. The speed of events rattled Tub so that instead of letting a shark grab on he heaved away and threw the prize up against a tree knockin' down a pale of wild duckberries.

Well boys, things were so strange that Tub and me didn't trust ourselves any longer, so we collected games No. 5, 6, and 7, for the return. That return boys, it passed strange adventures and characters, but this is enuf now or you won't believe us so we'll conclude with the disposition of our game. The gofer and squirl made us that good vegetable soup Sbisa

served the other day. Those eagle eggs and crawfish tales supplies us all next week with shrimp salad, and although only seniors got stakes off that fine blue-tale cat, that pale of gooseberries (mistaken fer duckberries) diluted down furnished us of the South wing with some of our last reel old stutitute. We shot the bullfrog to Doc Francis for dissection, and boys, when he returns the compliment, we'll all be visitin the Byoo for more.

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HUNKA & TUBBA.

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