

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GAME.

A line that was drunk with fight! There is the whole story of that Sewanee game in a nutshell. D. X. must have poured in on them before they took the field for they were the out-fightingest bunch that ever played at Fair Park. When those Purple backs would hit the center of the line, little "Crack" would be at the bottom, "Bull" about halfway up and Jim Fergason would have hold of the man's head and shoulders to keep him from falling forward. Once the whole left side of the line sifted through on the passer and "Dick," "Puny" and "Bull" hit him at the same time.

The tackling of the Sewanee team was excellent. Several times Neely or Fay would get loose from the line and have the secondary defense fairly well scattered but every time they were cut down by a long tackle.

Sewanee either didn't know their signals or they were afraid that we did. After the first quarter they would go back and hold a conference behind closed doors before they would run a play. That was one reason they had such a hard time gaining; a little time out will do wonders toward helping a defense.

Sewanee man sitting next to me said that "their field is carved out of a mountain top and is nearly solid rock." He claimed that their men were seldom laid out of a game because they were accustomed to falling on this porphyritic limestone or intruded granite or whatever it is that mountains are made of in Tennessee. Just the same several of those boys came out of there looking like they wished Tennessee had harder rocks to practice on.

There were about a dozen or so Sewanee men a row or so behind the press box and when the Tigers came out on the field, these old grads got up and cut loose with a yell that lasted about five minutes. It must have been a good one (the corps was giving "Farmers Fight" at the time and we couldn't hear the Sewanee yell) for they were red in the face when they got through.

AGGIES SWAMP SEWANEE.

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drive on Sewanee's 45 yard line. This time, however, the Tiger line held in pinches and Bill Pinson, who had replaced Knick, was forced to pass. He did the passing himself, and got off a beauty to Gill who side-stepped 35 yards for a touch down only to be called back for off-side.

During the fourth quarter the Aggies drives were beginning to tell on the Sewanee forwards and frequent substitutions were necessary. The Aggies took the ball from their own 30 yard line to the shadow of their opponent's goal but they chose to try for a score by the touch-down method. A pass to Neely fell short of making the necessary first down, and the Tigers kicked out of danger.

The Line-up.

A. and M.	Position	Sewanee
Wilson, T. F.	Left End.	Miller
Wilson, R. O.	Left Tackle.	Millard
Johnson (C)	Left Guard.	(C) Litton
Du Bois	Center.	Stivers
Fergason	Right Guard.	Shook
Dansby	Right Tackle.	Kent
Evans	Right End.	Perry
Knickerbocker	Quarter	Powers
Neely	Right Half.	Harris
Pinson, Clem	Left Half.	Powers, G.
Gill	Full.	Mahoney

Substitutions:

Sewanee: Backer for H. Powers, H. Powers for G. Powers, Gibbons for Mahoney, Sanders for Shook, Beaty for Litton, Baird for Barker.

A. and M.: Fay Wilson for C. Pinson, B. Pinson for Knickerbocker, Bradford for DuBois, Hanna for Fergason, Putnam for B. Pinson, Rawlins for Putnam.

Touchdown: Gill Fay Wilson.
Try-for-point: Knickerbocker 2.
Officials: Referee, Sweeny, (Bethny); Umpire, Rix, (Dartmouth); Headlinesman, Dyer, (Texas).

* SAY BO! DIDJA? *

Say Bo! Didja ever want to go to That football game so badly that The very rocks seemed to cry Out, "It's In Dallas?" Everybody

Is making ready to take off, and Here you are with the old Proboscis To the Whetstone because of all that Work; Past, Present, and Future.

A thousand Demons (including your "Ole Lady") bid you go, and only That Wee Small Voice, heard faintly Thru the static, cautions you to

Stay. A hundred times you decide To go, and as often you veto the Decision. The mind becomes warm From much changing, and the smell

Of that neighbor's suitcase haunts You, but you decide to make the Supreme sacrifice and stand by the Guns. You sell the old ticket to

The game with a sinking heart, and Gladly lend those best breeches to The guy next door. Yell practice Comes and you feel like the "Man

Without a Country". You picture the Old Team fighting there without Your help, and you feel like a Slacker. But you go back to the

Room with plumbic tread, and insert The old beak between the pages of That C. E. book. The bean fails to Function, and Portal Frames

Look like goal posts.—WHAM!— Reason abdicates. You kick that Six Dollar Folio across the room And dash out in quest of Rainment

To the time honored tune, "The Ravens Will Provide."

SAY BO! DIDJA?

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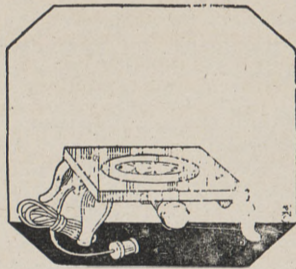
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