



FOOTBALL BUSTIN' in the AGGIE CORRAL

BY "JED" OATES

Down Navasota way at corral number eight, about all any of Uncle Sam's young hands do is construct cigarettes and bum "snipes" and chaw about this tangled football season.

They have been playing that game nigh onto six weeks now and about half of the season is gone, but interest is still as high as 'twar juest before Corps Trip time.

One funny thing is that no one is willin' to 'low the championship to any team yet. Last year at this time everyone knew who was goin to win, but this trip they are all hopin', but are afraid to voice their hopes. Every one knows what the other is hopin' but they aint sayin' either.

Yeh, the Ags are playing good football this season and these big town sports bullers are doin' lots of talking and riting, but the A. & M. football team aint readin' about themselves in the rags. The only thing they read is how tough the other team is goin' to be.

I recollects a few year ago when A. & M. done went to the bowl of roses after playin their first game, but when the season was gone they war still asittin in the Brazos bottom.

This yar they done decided to look no farther ahead than the next game and not to look whar thar back war 'last week at all.

They aint been able to find a star anywhere on the rooster. They is all stars or thar aint a star to be found. Shoot, thar aint even a first string. They starts one bunch and they crack heads for awhile and then another team comes in and butts heads and then the rest of them decides to play awhile and they come in. When it is all over thar has bea about 35 of them to play.

Thar aint no hard feelings nowhere. They bull around most all the time, coaches and all. Law you aint ever seed the lack of old bald headed and gray headed men gettin out and swapping yarns with each other. They aint yarns no more, they simply get out an try to tell the biggest lie about somebody's granpaw gettin shot through the nose back durin the civilized war. The first liar aint got a chinks chance of winnin the windiest tale.

Shaks they are all just good ole country boys, but they say Hauser come from a sheep herdin place while the rest of em come from cattle and farmin country. Why lorzy goodnes thar aint over a couple of city slickers on the squad and they done been converted. They done de-