

FROM A BARRACK BULL SESSION

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Al Ramirez

A huge custom-built Cord eased up to the Aggie bench at East Gate and even No. 77 gasped. Out stepped a husky looking brute. Who was he? No one but the famed Artnay McArtnay, the great Aggie football star of the class of '32.

It was the first time Artnay had been on the campus since A. & M. had changed regimes and now this famous Ex was anxious to know if even the Aggie Spirit had faded.

"Army," he yelled, "I wish I could take you all but my old crate is loaded down with some new suits and a few cases of Canadian Club—the whiskey that's easy on your throat. So two of you hop in and we'll be in Houston quick-like."

The first two men jumped in and immediately introduced themselves. "Wilson is my name," said one of them. The other was Stout from somewhere in the East.

"Wonder how these boys are classified," thought McArtnay. They were a trifle non-reg with their sleeves rolled up and without caps. "How long you boys been in school?" finally asked Mac.

"We just got here last June," answered the Yankee.

"Fish, huh?" said Artnay grinning.

"I guess that's what you'd call us," smiled Wilson.

"Damn, they must not even use handles any more," thought McArtnay.

All the way to Big H a big bull session raged. Both the boys had some good stories and of course the Ex wasn't outdone. They talked about football,

the war—and women. Old Art was greatly pleased with the boys. He figured they still had ways of keeping fish on the line. "But how they do it without the board I wouldn't know," he thought.

"You know, Army," he said, "no matter what they do to the old school they can't change the Aggies."

"You said it," agreed Wilson. "We think A. & M. is the best school in the world. We haven't been here long but it doesn't take long to find that out."

As they drove into Houston the very happy Artnay said to the boys, "Tonight everything's on me. I'll lend you my Buick convertible and get you a couple of cute babies. And anything else you want I'll get it for you. How about it?"

Both boys beamed and finally Stout spoke up. "Look, Mr. McArtnay, it's really swell of you to offer us all that but I think you've got us all wrong. You see—"

"Whatta you mean 'all wrong'?" interrupted Art. "I'll do anything for a good Aggie. You boys still have the spirit that makes A. & M. and I'm just trying to show you how glad I am." Old Mac seemed a little sore at the boys because they were refusing.

"Please don't feel bad, sir," apologized Wilson, "but I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Don't understand what?" roared Artnay McArtnay, cracking the rear view mirror. "Nothing's too good for Aggies."

"That's just it," they explained. "We're not A. & M. men, we're part of the Marines there at College."

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AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

It's awfully hard for an old flame to get a girl all hot and bothered.

★

"I've always been bald. My mother was frightened by a nudist."

★

She: "Hold me close, John."
John: "Whatdayu takin' yer close off fer?"

JUNE, 1942

Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happy, and bring you a host of friends.

Senior: I'll take a quart, and an option on another.

★

"Do you always look under your bed before you say your prayers?" the flapper asked the old maid.

"No, dearie, I say my prayers first."

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."

★

Flattery is 90% soap.
Soap is 90% lye.

★

We heard about a couple who worried because they had no children—in fact, they spent many a sleepless night over it.

7