



GOOFY GINK SAYS

Well, I reckon you all saw that letter that "Duncie" got somebody to hep her to rite. I don't no who hepped her, but they shore could rite sum big wurds. I couldn spell sum of them, an me a lookin atem. But I betcha I no of a feller what can spell an reed any big wurds that they can think up, and that is Bob Forney.

When Bob went to kollege he tole them to start gitten his sheepskin, an he got throo before they got the sheep skinned.

When Bob went in the Army the sarge was a callin the role, an he said private Bob Forney, and when Bob didn't ancer the

sarge looked an he had on korp'al stripes, an then the sarge said korp'al Bob Forney; an about that time Bob walked over all dressed up in a Lootennents soot, an he grabbed that role book out of the sarges hand an tole him to git over thar in that line.

Well fellers, I went to see the first fute ball game in my hole life last satidy; but they didn't play none fur fiten. "Duncie an Azzie" give me enuf money to go on, an when I got thar they had the place all pastered in. But at last I found the gate an got in. Hit waz a place that looked sorta like a gravy dish, with a hole lot of planks up on the sides fur to set on. Hit woud've ben a rite purty place if a gang of skool youngens hadn't got in thar an messed hit all up with chalk marks.

They waz to gangs of fellers, one gang waz dressed up in red soots, an one gang waz dressed up in Blue soots, an they all had soup bowls on their heads.

I thot they waz a gona git to play one time, they waz all lined up the red soots on one side an the blue ones on the uthern; but one of the fellers on the blue side let his foot slip, an he hit his nose against one of the uthern sides ends, an that started a fite that lasted fur about two hours. They got one poor ole feller down, an I thort they waz a gona stomp him, but two polocceman come a runnin out thar a blow in their whistles an made them git offen him. An then all the blue ones ganged up in a little wad an all the red ones in an other little wad; an I knowed they waz a gona be more fiten in a minnit, an shore enuf one feller throwed that ball an hit a nuthern, an then an other big fite started.

They waz two big dressed uppish lookin fellers a settin close to me an I herd one of them say that he waz a gona try to git them quarter backs. An I jest spoke up an said, if they never air agona play no fute ball I am a gona git my quarters back. But they didn't pay me nary bit of tenshun a tall hardly.

About that time a feller in a blue soot done a dirty trick; he stole that ball an went up across that paster jest a flyin, an all the other fellers waz atter him, but he outrun the hole gang. An the last time I saw him he waz a goin out at the fur end of the paster. That shore did make everbody mad as fire, fur they waz a jumpin up an down, an a hollern an a poppin their fists. Hit made me so mad that I got out of thar an come home. I didn't git to see nary fute ball game nur I didn't git my quarters back nuther.

(Continued on next page)