

A MEMORABLE FOOTBALL GAME

By - John F. Eaker



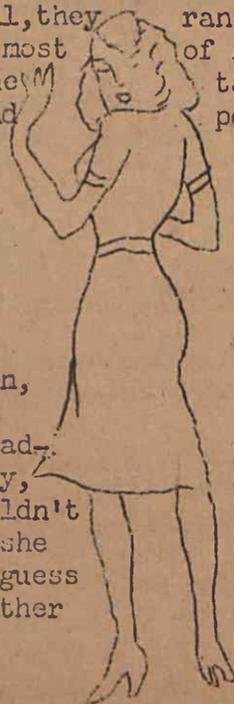
I just wanted to tell you boys about an experience that I had about a certain football game that I went to several years ago. So much happened before I got started that afterwards the game seemed almost like a dream.

When my youngest son, Ralph, was a student at Wofford College, in Spartanburg, S.C., he wrote me and told me there was going to be a football game on a certain Saturday afternoon. Knowing that I enjoyed football games, he invited me to see it as his guest. Naturally I accepted the invitation and thought things were looking up for me. He said he would get me a ticket so I wouldn't be bothered with that little detail. I felt pretty good over having some one to pay my way to a game, but that was before I knew the ticket was being bought with my own money. You know boys don't go to school to make money. They go to spend it - and how!! I was working hard trying to pay the bills at home and the bills at Wofford, also. Thursday of that week my good luck changed. Ralph came home and asked me to let him take my car back with him to Wofford Friday before the game. On Saturday he had been away from home and we were all glad to see him and hated to say "No" to anything he asked for. Sometimes we Daddies say "Yes" when we ought to say "No," and lots of times wish we had said "No." Now, I expect since you boys have been away so long that we will never reach the place where we can say "No" to any of you again.

But getting back to the trip to the game, I muttered about Ralph taking the car, as my wife says I always do, after they are gone. But Ralph was very good and thoughtful because he provided a way for me to get to the game, he said I could easily come down on the bus. Now, wasn't that real nice of him. I thought so, and I told him that was just fine - that I was glad for him to take the car. All the time though I was hoping that something would come up so he wouldn't take it.

It seemed that every thing started going backwards from the time Ralph left with the car. Saturday morning finally arrived. I bought a gallon of molasses and the bucket was plum full. I got ready to start to the game - I put on my Sunday clothes, polished my best shoes real good, and I thought I looked pretty well, but, of course, my wife didn't think so. While waiting for the time to start to the bus, I thought I would pour some of the "lasses" out in a glass tumbler and taste them before leaving. It wasn't long til I had all the "lasses" I wanted. Josie (that's my better (?) half) had just fixed the table with a nice clean table cloth. I started to pour the "lasses" from the bucket and, it being so full, they ran down the side of the bucket to the bottom, and I missed the glass with most of it. I jerked the bucket up, turned the glass over and knocked it off the table, caught it before it hit the floor, turned the bucket sidewise and poured "lasses" all over the table. There I was with my Sunday clothes on, ready for the game, my arm stretched out, my fingers spread with "lasses" running off all my fingers. I looked down and saw I had "lasses" all over my nice shoes and I couldn't move without getting the sticky stuff all over the kitchen, so there there was nothing to do but call for help. I called my wife, dreading what she would say and do. Lowsy, I dreaded for her to come, but I couldn't stand there always. To my surprise, she stopped when she got to the door. I guess she figured she couldn't get any farther

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