

VIEW OF LONE WOMAN NOT CRAZY ABOUT FOOTBALL

Aunt Lulu's gout is worse
and TV an extra cross to bear
 since her grandson broke an
 ankle and lives before the set
Brutal game, big money
 she reminds him often
 Them owners try to give their
 teams names that sound like
 American Poetry
Cowboys — Buffalo Bills — Forty-Niners
 Why don't they call all of 'em
 Greenbacks
 and stop trying to fool the
 public

THE BREAKING POINT

Uncle Bart is a sound Baptist. Totally temperate. He has not touched a drop of alcoholic beverage since his conversion at seventeen. His manner is charitable and his speech was remarkably pure until our cousin Wendell received a grant to study Chaucer at Oxford University. The boy didn't talk of anything else for two months before he left for England. Day after day, at every meal.

It finally got to Uncle Bart just after Aunt Dicie served the bread pudding. He clenched his spoon and said, "Chaucer, or saucer, I'm gettin' damned tired of him" and he filled his mouth with bread pudding. Probably to keep from saying more. Wendell wasn't fazed. He said, "Dad, watch your language, You are a deacon in the church." And to Aunt Dicie, "Mom, where is my old corduroy jacket? It gets cold and foggy in England, sometimes even in the summer."