

Tales of Old A&M

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Editorial Note: These items are a legacy of my time at Texas A&M University. For those who aren't aware of it, a student at Texas A&M is called an Aggie. Female students were, and maybe still are, called Maggies. Female students who were willing to "put out" were called Baggies.

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The Paint of Diminishing Returns

One time an Aggie got a job painting stripes on the roads for the Brazos County highway department. When he reported for work on the first day, the boss gave him his paint brush and his bucket of white paint, and said, "Aggie, Foreman Joe'll take you out to tha end o' that road, in tha pickup truck. He'll pick ya up at quittin' time. I want you to paint lots of miles of road today!"

"Sir! Yes Sir!" saluted the Aggie, and ran out the door.

That evening, when the Aggie returned his brush and bucket, the boss asked him how many miles of stripes he'd painted.

"Sir! One and one half miles! Sir!"

"Well, that ain't great, but considerin' it's your first day, we'll let it go. Try harder tomorrow."

"Sir! Yes Sir!"

The next day the Aggie took his brush and bucket and set to work with a will. When he returned at the end of the day, he was a tired Aggie.

"Well, Aggie, how'd you do today?"

"Three-quarters of a mile," he panted.

"Uh, sir," he added.

"Only three-quarters of a mile? Why shit! You did better'n that your first day! You better whup it up, Aggie, or you won't last long around here!"

The third morning, the Aggie took his brush and bucket in grim and silent determination. All day long, he worked like a witch. He painted like a fiend. When he turned in his bucket and brush at the end of the day, he was nearly paralyzed with exhaustion. He was so tired that he could barely talk.

"Well," asked the boss, suspiciously appraising the Aggie's condition, "how'd it go today, Aggie?"

"It — huff, puff, — I got - pant, pant —"

"Well, fer Christ sakes, spit it out, Aggie!"

"Hunnerd yards — huff, huff — Sir."

"What! You got — did you say one hundred YARDS?!?"

"Wull — pant, pant — Sir ."

"Holy Mary's Mother Maternal Grandmother of Jesus! A hundred YARDS?!?"

"Wull — sir — gasp, wheeze — tha further I go — pant, pant — the further it gits from the bucket to the end of the stripes!"

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Q: Why do Aggie dogs have flat noses?

A: From chasing parked cars.

Did you hear about the plans for a new zoo at College Station, Texas? They're going to put a fence around Texas A&M University.

Did you hear about the time they had to close the library at Texas A&M University? Somebody stole the comic book.

Did you hear about the Aggie who was so dumb that even his class-mates noticed it?

The Fast Lane

Late one evening, the Brazos County Sheriff's patrol stopped a man who was running, naked, down Highway 6. Understandably puzzled, they asked him to explain why he was doing it. This is the story he told.

The Aggie said his name was Jock. Earlier that evening (he told them), he'd been in a bar, a little place called Pipe Down, near the Brazos County line, just across from the Dew Drop Inn. The cops were familiar with both places. Anyway, Jock said that he was minding his own business, drinking with his friend Bob Edward Earl Roy, who everybody called Beer, for short.¹ Beer was just telling about the time he'd fooled his dad with a ventriloquist prank when a lovely blond babe strolled into the bar. She looked around like she knew exactly what she was after, walked over to the table where Beer and Jock were drinking, sat down, and asked for somebody to buy her a drink.

Jock bought her one and Beer, taking the hint, excused himself to "the little girls room".

The lovely babe visually sized up the Aggie, then boldly reached over and squeezed his biceps. "That's a real hefty arm, Aggie," she commented, "I'll bet you're a real competitor."

Jock wasn't sure exactly what *competitor* meant, so he just said, "Wul ma'am, I git by."

"I'll bet you do." she said, and smiled.

About then, Beer left the men's room and headed for the exit, throwing Jock a "thumbs-up" and a wink along the way. Jock felt a little uneasy, and to cover it he offered the gorgeous lady another beer.

She smiled, and said, "Aggie, I can tell that you really are a competitor, and I believe that we should have a little contest."

"I'm not much good at testin', ma'am."

1 Beer's Mama used to work at the K-Mart. There were four managers there and she named her son Bob Edward Earl Roy just to make durned sure that she named him after his Daddy. When she named him, she hadn't thought about what the initials would be.

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She laughed and punched him playfully on the shoulder. “You needn’t call me ma’am,” she said. “Call me Babe. Everybody else does.”

“Yes ma’am, Babe,” answered the Aggie. “I’m Jock.”

“I can see that,” she said getting to her feet. She grabbed the Aggie’s arm, pulled him out of his chair and headed across the barroom toward the exit.

“Where’s we agoin’,” asked the Aggie.

“My place.” answered Babe.

“Yer place?”

“Yes.”

“What fer?”

“That’s where the contest court is, and how are we going to have a contest without a court?”

“Wul gosh, ma’am, er, Babe, I’m not much up on this here testin’ stuff. More of a jock, ya know.”

“Don’t worry!” laughed Babe. “You’ll do just fine.”

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When they got to Babe’s place, she led him in and said, “Now it’s contest time, Aggie, and I’ll bet that I’m a lot faster than you are!”

“Fast? I thought this was a test.”

“No! Not a test! A CONtest! It’s like a race to see who’s fastest.”

Now, Jock might not have been real bright, but he was fast, and right away he started to feel better.

“Why ma’am, if it’s uh race, you don’t gotta chance. I don’t see no way a little bit of a thing like you could be faster than me!”

“We’ll see,” she said, “and now it’s time for the first, uh, race! I’ll bet any money that I can take off my blouse and bra faster than you can take off your shirt! Go!”

“Wul, shit, that ain’t no kinda contest that I ever heard —” but by then she was just standing there looking at him. Sort of four eyed, if you get my meaning.

“Beat ya, Aggie!” she hollered, and he said, ‘But golly, ma’am....’

“Babe!” she corrected, as she undid the buttons on his shirt.

“Oh. Right. But anyway, this don’t seem like no kinda —”

“Now don’t complain!” she chided. “I won fair and square.”

“But ma’am —”

“Babe!”

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“Right. But I didn’ know what we was agonna do! You started before I wuz ready!”

“Then I’ll give you another chance. Maybe you can win this one. I’ll bet I can take off my shoes faster than you can take off your boots.”

Jock started to complain that a lady can get out of a pair of slippers a lot faster than a guy can pull off a big ol’ pair of boots, but before he could get started, she hollered, “Ready, Set, Go!” and flung her shoes across the room!

As fast as he could, he tugged off his boots, but he still thought the race was rigged.

“Now wait a minit, ma’am, this here ain’t no fair contest. You done figgered out how ta win it ever time!”

“Third time’s a charm!” she yelled. “I’ll get my skirt off before you can get out of your pants! Yippee go!”

The Aggie just couldn’t keep up with the pace of things, but he was trying hard. He started shucking clothes like he was an ear a corn, but she still beat him. She cheated, though. She wasn’t wearing anything under the skirt.

Racing done, Babe stood panting, waiting eagerly for the Aggie to finally get out of his socks and shirt, which were left over from previous races. When he was done, she said breathlessly, and with a little squeal, “Now come on baby, let’s go to town!”

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The cops, who’d been patrolling Brazos County for a long time, were familiar with Aggies. They didn’t doubt a word of his final exasperated complaint. He’d been beaten three times, and he was determined to win. “Wul,” complained the Aggie, “that Babe must be faster’n greased lightnin’, ’cause I know this here’s tha road ta town. I lit out tha door as soon as she said where we was agoin’, but I ain’t caught up ta her yet!”

Q: Do you know why it’s so difficult for Aggies to get anybody pregnant?

A: Because they always wait for the swelling to go down.

The Aggie Sex Manual: Step by Step Instructions

Step 1: In.

Step 2: Out.

Step 3: Repeat if necessary.

You Can’t Judge A Book At All

Jock barged back into the dorm late one evening, chortling. His good ol’ buddies were all bagged out, but couldn’t ignore the chuckles and snorts. Beer took the initiative. He had a little more sense than the others, who considered him to be a little weird. He’d actually passed the Physical Chemistry class.

He rolled over, and grumbled, “S’late. Watn hellsa funny!?”

Jock chortled, “Ya know Dean Tiller?”

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“Sure I know ‘im. Ah played with his kids! My mom and him — ”

“Naw, I mean ya know who he is!”

“Hell! He’s tha goddam Dean. Acourse I know who he is! Like ah said, my mom and him —”

“Wul, everbody over there’s naked! They’s a naked swimmin party goin’ on!”

Three Aggies rolled over and sat up, as a man.

“A what?” (In trio)

“No bathin suits. Not a one. Everbody there’s awearin’ they birthday suits in tha pool!”

“Dean Tiller?” “Whaw!” “No Shit!” “How’d ya know? Ol’ Army’s goin ta Hell!”

“I snuck up an’ peeked over tha fence!”

“Ya saw ‘em?” “When?” “How’d ya know they was havin’ a skinny dippin’ party?”

“Did ya see Miz Haltings? Does she got knockers?” “Did ya see anybody playin’ grabass?”

Jock basked in the sudden attention, savoring notoriety while it lasted. For him, praise was a rare thing. He was so dumb that even the other Aggies noticed it.

“Wul, was they men er women?” asked Beer.

“Wul, I don’t know!”

“Wadda ya mean ya don’t know? Ya looked over tha fence, didn’ ya?”

“Wul, yah, but how’m I sposed ta tell?”

“Wul, Jee-zuz Key-Ryst! Ya tell by lookin’!”

“But ah already told ya, they wasn’t wearing clothes! That’s how ya tell! Pants or skirts, you dummy!”

Q: Why did they put Astro turf in the stadium at Texas A&M University?

A: To keep the cheer-leaders from grazing.

Texas A&M University guarantees that a graduate of any one of its degree programs will have a vocabulary of at least 1000 words after graduation. Of course, this will fall to about 25 words in polite company.

On The Down Low

When Jock went home at semester break, he was more than a little puzzled. Some things had happened that he just didn’t understand. He’s always depended on had father for advice, and as soon as possible, the took Dad aside for a little chat.

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“Dad,” he began, shuffling his toes around some cow plop in embarrassment, “Dad,” he continued, shuffling his toes around some more cow plot in further embarrassment, “Uh, Dad —”

“You already said that, son. What’s your problem?”

“Well, Dad —”

At this point Dad took a deep breath, and the expression on his face motivated Jock to get on with his chat.

“There’s this, uh, well, she uh, you know, blond an’ she’s got, well -”

“Ahhh!” said dear ol’ Dad. “Son, say no more. I know just what you need. First, here’s the keys to the extra car. You’re gonna need ‘em. Now sit down here on this waterin’ trough, don’t fall in, and let me tell you just what you gotta do.”

“Now first, where do ya meet this young lady.”

Jock didn’t want to mention that he’d already been to her house. The story seemed too complicated to try to explain. Somehow it hadn’t occurred to him that Dad might ask something he’d want to avoid, and he was caught off guard. Fairly normal thing for an Aggie.

“Pipe Down,” he said.

“What?” asked his father, in uncertain anger.

“I meet her at Pipe Down.”

“Oh, yah. Seems like a coon’s age, but I remember tha place.”

“You been there?” asked Jock in amazement.

“Well hell! I was an Aggie, too, when I was your age!” Dad stuck his chest out in pride, and Jock began to feel a new kinship with his father. Two of a kind.

“O.K., son, you just walk up to her table —”

“She walked up to mine.”

“What? Oh, well, modern women. Anyway, ask her if she’d like to go dancin’. She’ll say yes. Then take her anyplace she wants to go. If she wants to eat,” Dad handed Jock his Diner’s Club card “feed her. If she wants to see a show,” Dad handed Jock his American Express card “take her to a show.”

Jock was overwhelmed with all this sudden generosity. “Just want to make sure you get what you need, son!”

“Now the next thing is real important. When you take her home,” Jock blushed, “don’t go straight home. Go home the looong way. Don’t worry. She won’t say anything. Go way out in the country, along some long, dark, deserted road. She’ll just ride along and not ask any questions.”

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Jock thought about Babe, and decided Dad was probably right. Then he wondered where Dad learned all this. Then he had a very strange thought about Mom. But Dad was still talking.

“... when you pull over and stop, she won’t say a thing. She’ll just sit there. Now, son, you just slide over next to her, put your arm around her shoulders, rub her gently on the belly, and say ‘I love you.’”

Dad stopped talking and looked slightly embarrassed for the first time. He said, “Well son, I don’t need to tell you what to do next. She will. You just do whatever the lady tells you to do.”

Then Dad remembered that he’s left the milking machine running, and left in a hurry.

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It worked pretty much the way Dad said it would. He even had to go to her table. It seemed like she was ignoring him, but when he walked up and asked her if she wanted to go dancin’, she thawed a little and said yes. After dancing, she wanted dinner, and she got it. She wanted a show, and they saw one. On the way home, he went way out in the country, and she never said a word. She just sat there looking dreamy, starin’ out the window. When he started slowing down, along a dark deserted stretch of road, she messed with her make-up, and didn’t seem to notice what was happening. When he stopped, she looked at him with big, soulful eyes, and took a deep breath. When he slid over beside her, and put his arm around her shoulder, she snuggled against him cozily. He (not without certain misgivings) reached out and gently rubbed her stomach. He said (in a voice just a little higher than he’d expected) “I love you.”

“Ohhh,” she said, “Do that lower!”

Intent upon satisfying her, he said (in his best deep masculine voice, as low as he could make it), “I love you.”

Duck Blind

Early one morning, Beer went duck hunting. He had good luck, and bagged two fat mallards. Walking home, he met Jock, who asked, “Where ya been, Beer?”

“Hi, Jock. Been duck huntin’.”

“Git any?”

“Yah, ‘n if ya kin guess how many they is, ya kin have both of ‘em.”

Jock looked keenly at the bag, and guessed, “Three?”

Horse Sense

Beer and Jock each had a horse. To save funds, they decided to keep them both in the same pasture. However, they were afraid that, with both horses in the same pas-

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ture, they might not be able to remember which horse belonged to Jock and which horse belonged to Beer.

They thought about it for a while and decided to ask Jock's dad, who'd helped with Jock's date with Babe. Jock's dad suggested that they shave the mane off of Beer's horse. That way, they'd know that the one with the mane belonged to Jock. That worked for a while, but after about a year, the mane grew back out on Beer's horse and then they had the same old problem all over again. They talked about it in the dorm one evening, and decided to shave the tail off of Beer's horse, instead of the mane.

They shaved the tail off of Beer's horse and, for about a year, they didn't have a problem. But as you probably guessed, after a year or so the tail grew back and they were back where they started.

One evening they were down to the Pipe Down, wondering what to do about their horses. Babe was sitting over in the corner, looking lonely and depressed, and she listened to a while as they discussed their problem. Then, she got up, walked over to their table, asked for a beer, and suggested that they measure the horses. She figured that the size would stay the same. If the horses were a different size, then they'd always be able to tell them apart.

Bright and early the next morning, before class, they met out at the barn where they rented pasture and stable space, and measured the horses. And sure enough, Babe was right. After measuring the horses, they'd always be able to tell them apart. The white horse was taller than the black one.

The Sheep of Things To Come

Johnny was a bit smarter than either Beer or Jock. This is a story about the time that Johnny came home from his first semester at college with a big plan for a joke to play on his father. He hadn't told anybody that he'd learned how to be a ventriloquist. He didn't say a thing about it while Dad was driving him home from the Greyhound.

When they walked up on the front porch, there was Ol' Blue, happy to see Johnny as only a dog can be. Johnny knelt down by Blue and decided that it was the perfect time to begin his joke.

Blue said, "Damn, Johnny! I'm sure happy that you're home. Maybe you can take some better care of me. Dad doesn't do much of a job. He gives me that dry dog food and doesn't even put any water in it. He makes me sleep outside, even when it's cold and wet. Will you talk to him about it?"

Dad was astonished. He'd never had a clue that Ol' Blue could talk. Johnny patted Blue and said, "Sure. I'll see what I can do".

Blue said, "Thanks, Johnny!"

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Johnny strolled around the house, very pleased with himself. Dad didn't have a clue that Johnny was a ventriloquist. Dad followed, too astonished to even say anything.

The walked into the barn and there was Dolly, in her stall. Johnny walked over to a feed bin, scooped up some rolled barley, and offered it to the cow. When she'd finished her snack, she said, "Thanks Johnny. Dad never does anything special like that. Not only that, he never warms his hands before he milks me. Do you have any idea what a shock it is to have your teats grabbed at four in the morning by ice-cold hands? No, I guess you don't."

Johnny said, "I'll talk to him about it."

Dolly said, "Thanks, Johnny. It's good to have you back."

Johnny, very much pleased with his joke, turned toward the next stall, where there was a sheep.

Suddenly Dad began to sputter, grabbed Johnny by the arm, and yelled, "Now just you wait a durned minute, son, no matter what that dad-blamed sheep says to you, don't you believe a word of it!"

Maybe I'll add some more stories later.

—editor

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