

.. PATRONIZE ..

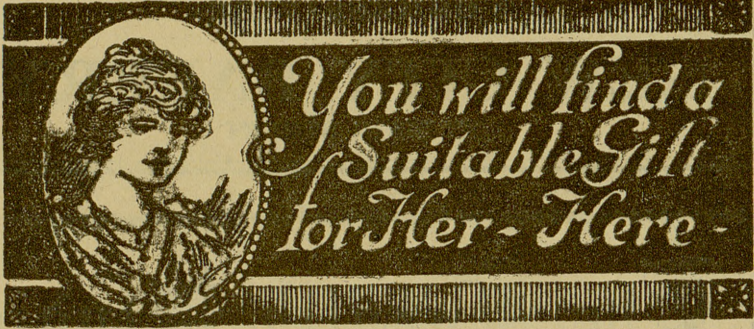
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"GAME TO THE END" or "Fish Bass Takes to the Woods."

Turning back in the book of Time for only a few sheets, one may find a page that is blurred and blotted with tears that gushed from my own eyes with the inundating effect of a cloud-burst. And to think that the day was Christmas eve!

While the remainder of the world's populace were rejoicing in and celebrating another Happy Yuletide, I was being plunged into the very depths of utter abandon and it seemed as if my mind, reeling and tottering upon its throne of sanity, would loosen from its moorings and that I would float helplessly down the rapids of mental disruption into the maelstrom of Apostasy.

Had not my best girl been given (in matrimony) as a Christmas present to some guy who had a few oil-wells in his back-yard in place of shade trees? If I had not paid my full tuition to Mr. Wiprecht, probably I would have gone down the above-mentioned rapids to Apostasy, but as that was out of my way, I decided that I could find solace and balm on a hunting trip and also, probably, a few squirrels. Anything to shun and avoid the wiles and subtle charms of perverse femininity.

I bought two boxes of shells at the hardware store and on attempting to pay, received my first shell-shock since my discharge from the S. A. T. C. I received my shell-shock in the Mess Hall, but that is getting off the subject because this is not a treatise on poultry.

This paragraph finds me out in the woods, but, as yet, I hadn't found a thing to shoot.

Try as I might I could not erase the indelible mark that an untrue woman had stamped upon my mental machinery. Had I not known her for three long weeks? Did she not tell me with her own sweet voice that I was a wonderful dancer? Had I not been true to her from the very first up to that dark, dank, doeful, dismal, and dreary day when some other guy commenced paying her board bill? Bah! Frailty, thy name is Woman!

I was on the point of losing my mind then, luckily, I changed it. I then sat down on a fallen tree. I was so nervous and eschewed that I took out my lunch and decided to end it all. Between bites I would think of the woman who had played me false, but I didn't have much time to think. A lump was in my throat, but fortunately, the brook wasn't dry. Changing the course of the brook, I swallowed the lump in my throat.

I was still sitting—or rather, I was sitting still—when suddenly I heard a swamp squirrel scamper from his lair and pounce on a live peanut vine. Quickly raising my gun I shot and missed him; then I shot again and hit him in the same place. When the smoke cleared I missed him without even pulling the trigger. Walking over to the vine I searched, probably, for thirty-one minutes and didn't find a dozen ripe peanuts.

I tried to forget how I missed the untrue girl and the unknown squirrel by plunging deeper into the dense forest. I had not penetrated the thicket very far before my eye stumbled over some fresh rabbit tracks, etc. This put me on my guard so I quietly pulled a blind out of my hip-pocket and hid behind it. I also placed two easter eggs out in an open glade as decoys. Then I pulled out my rabbit-call and blew it. This grew tiresome so I hung it up and let the wind blow it. Suddenly I heard foot-prints and peering from behind the blind, I saw a span of rabbits hop up to the decoys. They did not linger long because the decoys were hard-boiled. However, when they heard me listening they stopped and sat down on their—oh, yes!—haunches.

Something went wrong with my gun and I could put the shells in the magazine only periodically. I guess that was because they were paper shells. Twice the rabbits started off and I had to call them back with my rabbit-call. At last I fixed the gun and fired into the air to see if it was working right. It was, and when I drew a head on the rabbits they were not there.

Again I gave a few blasts on my rabbit-call and again the two rabbits single-footed into sight with a neighbor rabbit I had never seen before. It was a shame to shoot them where they were sitting but my aim was not as good as my intentions. I killed two of them and skinned the other one. I later skinned the other two. Quickly counting them, I stuffed them into my pocket and hastened to a nearby creek where I knew a few ducks would be ducking. I reached the creek about ten minutes ahead of time and, without delay, pulled my hip-boots out of my hip-pocket and hid myself in them. I let myself down into the water and waded out to where my vest pocket would have been if I had worn my vest.

While I was mimicking and imitating the ducks I slipped up on a log and down on myself. When I came up I looked like Jonah and for the ducks. I found a few dead ones that

had laughed themselves to death when I slipped down accidentally. I didn't fall down on purpose because the rabbits were in my hip-pocket.

I was just about to leave when I heard a duck quack under his (or her) breath, and looking over my shoulder on the left hand side, I saw a whole covey of ducks paddling around in the water. Stepping behind a wild tamale bush I lifted my trusty shot gun to my shoulder and thirteen ducks bit the dust—I mean fourteen because it was a lucky shot. They bit the dust, however, because it was a dusty creek. In fact it is so muddy that, on a still day, duck-tracks sometimes float for miles down the creek.

Pulling off my hip-boots I found a nice mess of fish, and stuck them in my hip-pocket. One of them weighed seven and a half pounds by his own scales.

Now, gentle reader, do you suppose by that time I was thinking about the girl? Not on your life! I pulled a match out of my hip-pocket, struck it and lit out for home.

PIONEER CITIZEN OWNS SOUVENIRS OF EARLY TEXAS HISTORY

On the eve of the battle of San Jacinto two soldiers of Sam Houston's forces visited the tent home of a pioneer party camped unknowingly on the border of the famous old field. With them they brought lead and bullet molds and sought a means of melting the metal to prepare ammunition for the morrow. Two young girls at the pioneer encampment obtained an iron bread spoon, melted and poured the lead for these young Texans. One of these girls was the grandmother of Colonel J. B. Dunn of the Wheelock vicinity, the community receiving its name from her father. The spoon had been brought along with other household goods from the Illinois home. Colonel Dunn now has the spoon which played such an important part in the early days when Texas history was in the making. A senator has stated that the old relic is worthy of an honored place in a museum but until the present time it has remained as a valued family possession.

A few days after the battle of San Jacinto, the family of Colonel Dunn's grandfather was visited by a wounded soldier. With him he brought a Sheffield knife, taken in the battle, and which he had reason to believe belonged to Santa Anna himself. The knife with its shining double-edged blade, engraved silver handle and silver decorated scabbard, was of much interest to Colonel Dunn's father, a mere youth at the time. Becoming very friendly with the wounded soldier, a wager was made between the two, the soldier staking his knife, the lad his rifle, the bet being that the boy would not kill a sand-hill crane at a considerably long-ranged shot. The crane was killed, the lad won the knife, and upon his death, it became the property of Colonel Dunn. The blade at this date is razor sharp and has been used in other days to finish up and skip many bear, deer, and other large game. The handle is engraved with the Mexican thistle. The firm which manufactured the blade in old England was incorporated 125 years ago and it is supposed that the knife must be very near a century and a half old. The original leather scabbard has been lost, the "new" one being made thirty years ago.

THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY CLUB DANCE.

The Rio Grande Valley Club gave its annual dance at Shary Pavilion on the night of December 27, and everyone pronounced it a great success. The hall was beautifully decorated with A. and M. colors and pennants besides many scores of palms and the usual holiday decorations. Everyone said that the pavilion was the most beautifully decorated that it had ever been and they had to admit that the A. and M. boys had an eye for beauty. The programs were very unique and printed in maroon and white. Downstairs those who did not dance played forty-two and "hearts." The music was furnished by Stewart's Orchestra and it is said that more pep was shown that night than ever before. The A. and M. song was a big hit and was received with cheers and much applause and they enquired it so much that the orchestra finally had to just start in with the next number. The dance broke up about two o'clock after a most enjoyable time. Everyone hoping that they would have an opportunity to attend the one which the club will give next year.

THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY CLUB DANCE.

This dance and reception was given in honor of the Senior Classes of each of the Valley High Schools and thus the club members were able to get better acquainted with the High School students and to urge them to come to A. and M. next year. This dance and reception did more good than can ever be estimated in showing the people that the A. and M. bunch

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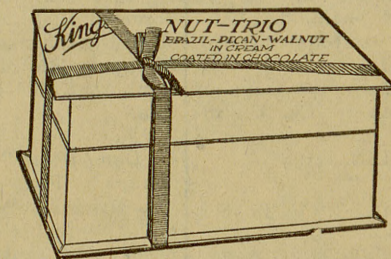
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