WHAT UNCLE SAM OVERLOOKS

in the hardware line is usually just the personal items that make the difference between hardship and comfort. The wise soldier invests his money in a mattress, comfortable, flash-light and the thousand other things we carry for your comfort.

Complete line of

FURNITURE

See what 2 or 3 dollars will buy

Gregory & Cardwell

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Nuts are Going Up!

If you want English walnuts for your Thanksgiving dinner, don't wait; give us your order. We are here for all winter. Look over our stock of winter edibles and you'll find something you want.

Hall's Grocery

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Post Taylor Shop

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We make a specialty of altering uniforms

We call and deliver all work.

Prompt Service

Peterson

You know him.

TEXAS BANKS

are probibited by law from cashing

OVERDRAFTS

This protects the bank and the bank's other customers.

Never let your balance here run below one hundred dollars. We appreciate your co-operation in this direction.

First State Bank of McAllen

R. E. HORN, Cashier
C. R. ZACHRY, Asst. Cashier.
J. R. GLASSCOCK, Asst. Cash.

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF BORDER SERVICE

I have set a herculanean task for myself. I am going to write about something which will probably interest few of my readers, but which is of vital interest to myself. And there, you will undoubtedly say, be you a critic of literature, that I have grievously erred. But as this, which I am about to write, is not literature and as I am frank in admitting the subject to be of slight interest to anyone but *my humble* self, perhaps I may crave and gain your forgiveness before the literary crime is committed. On the other hand, since we both are in a mood to argue by this time, why should I write of anything which does not interest myself? I am not recompensed with any monetary consideration for the writing of this paper. I was not even asked to write it—therefore, I volunteer and q. e. d. will write what I am going to write. So be it. My introduction is finished.

I purpose to call this essay, this dissertation, this treatise, this thesis: "Random Impressions of Border Service." You may call it what you will when you finish reading it and if you have struggled along this far it is your own fault. I will call it just what I have called it, and further than that, I care not.

Before I chose my title I skimmed through an Unabridged Dictionary. Titles are weighty things I have found and one must be sure that their meaning is clear to oneself before inflicting *them on one's* readers. I trust I make myself clear on this point. Mr. Noah Webster goes still further. He defines the adjective **random** as a **"going by chance; acting, done or made, at hazard or without direction, aim, or purpose."** And there I had it. The word was wonderfully well suited to the topic I had *in mind*, "*Border Service.*" And I would write my "Random Impressions" on the same. I am trying my best to do it now, but my single-track mind persists in shuffling off on a weeded-over siding my express train of thought.

Perhaps if I were a futurist author with a cubist head on my squared shoulders I would succeed in imparting some degree of verisimilitude to *my work.* If I were all that, I would describe my impressions of Border service thusly: "Cactus, thorns and much pain—and dust in the eyes. A blind, a groping, an unseeing in the sight—a cactus thorn and tender ouch. Hikes and largeness of feet, a length, and yet more—a dreary weight and wait, heaviness all, the uncovered sun. A blazing forth and a few drops, as you were. Time without end and a crunching and biting, hip, hip, hikes—la, la. A burning, a ravaging and hot tamales no spikka Ingles. Cigarette-butts and stoop, stoop, the stones, the thorns, the little bits of wood. Attention and many tin-pails. Oh, the sun! A waste, a wretchedness and a blowing hither. Drenching, digging, doughboy, shovel, shovel, hey shovel! Hurry, wait, blackties, on, off, on, off, on the line, men, but no—a creeping, crawling, a where are we, mud—Mud—MUD. Good night."

But I would hardly do my subject justice. No, it needs good plain English, with certain reservations for commanding officers and others who issue general and special orders, to give my impressions of Border existence during the past four and one-half months.

I came down on the Border, exalted in spirit and afire with patriotism. Every time I saw an officer I would cheer as I saluted. My elbow had not then became lame from frequent crooking in an attempt to execute the right-hand salute in a respectful and soldierly manner. I have *suffered from lame* elbows before, but they were crooked in a far worthier cause. I do not cheer as much now as I used to. In fact I didn't think I had a cheer left in my system until the orders burst over camp last *Friday afternoon* like a "Jack Johnson" over Verdun. I repeat, I was afire and eager when I arrived in Texas. After laying pipes and building roads for a few weeks, I was not so eager. But the fire remained, both within and without. The sun deserted Mexico, the Panama Canal and all the banana plantations in Central America in order to give the now important hamlet of McAllen proper attention. And over fifteen thousand guardsmen took a fresh grip on the pick-handles and thought of tall glasses and tinkling ice within sight and sound of the rolling surf. Then it was that the far-famed General Order No. 7 *came into existence.* The Rattler has frequently talked about it editorially. It has also been the subject of conversation among the O. D. day-laborers, not in any editorial sense, however.

I recall being thrilled in the old days when comfortably settled in an easy chair within reach of an enameled *push-button. I read stories of how* the brave soldiers going into battle always dug themselves in. Just fancy. Now I have begun to realize the full meaning of that ominous phrase. During July and most of August I dug myself in. So did everyone else, unless he were a corporal who realized the importance and dignity of his office. We certainly must have got ourselves in all right for we dug far enough. But we didn't know then how deep we WERE in. I smile sadly now as I recall how I used to suddenly electrify my squad at night just before taps by shouting. "We'll get our orders before August 5th." We did. We got our orders to shut up and dig that sink a foot deeper..

Then came a great change in my personal fortunes. Remember, dear reader, I warned you *at the beginning* that these were MY impressions. I am talking about myself, a personage in whom I am greatly interested, and of whom I expect big things. After using the editorial WE for the last three months, I have at last tossed it overboard and now stand revealed as "I," a complete and separate individual entity. Besides satisfying my own vanity, it will show you that no one else is implicated in the statements I am about to make. "WE" rather serves *to drag in the whole* editorial staff, and I'd rather they would not be dragged anywhere. At least, I do not care to do the dragging.

The sudden change in my mode of living occurred when The Rio Grande Rattler sprang, like Minerva, into full-grown being. I joined the staff. Some of my confreres still insist that I "horned my way in." I told them I was a newspaperman, and if they wanted one, and they did, why there I was, so why not take me? I was adopted after my worthy Colonel was convinced through several expositions, that it was almost a military detail. I have a confession to make. I am not a newspaperman. The nearest I ever got to a printing press was outside the *plate-glass windows at Herald Square.* I did not tell my new friends on The Rattler Staff. They found it out all by themselves—about after the first issue.

But they allowed me to stay, more out of pity than scorn. And I had a wonderful time, getting covered with ink every Tuesday night and generally messing up the office. I had dug my last ditch. I found that a fountain pen was lighter on the hands than a gun, although some have classed it as a lethal weapon. I had my shoes shined every day and sometimes ate ham and eggs at the McAllen Hotel and learned again that a napkin should not be tied on behind the ears. I made very few hikes, except when I missed *the train to Mission and had* to carry copy to the printers. However, they "allowed" me to wear a uniform and draw fifteen dollars from the U. S. Treasury every month.

And now I am nearing the end of *my Border "Service."* I *expect* to go home with the Seventh, of which I am very proud. And, naturally, I wanted to make a few remarks before I left. These are the remarks. Usually, when an assistant editor severs *his connections with his paper, he is* not allowed to express himself in print. It wouldn't look well and the police might object. But I conducted a column and am supposed to have privileges. I have had them and enjoyed them.

Honestly, I am just a little bit sorry to go. The Rattler will still rattle on, but I won't be there to help nail the extra button on its tail. Fourteen of them now—how tempus does fugit *sometimes. Yes, I'll miss The Rattler* and the ahem-ings of the Judge Advocate when he read the column on Wednesday mornings. But I had a lot of fun and now it's "au revoir." Sometimes, when snugly ensconced in a *feather-bed I'll dream of McAllen and* Border Service—unless I swear off rarebits and late lobsters. My random impressions have wandered far afield, but I'm going still further—and I hear the whistle of our Tourist Sleepers as they pull through West McAllen..

Just to be neutral, this time we'll make it "Auf Wiedersehn."—H. I. Y.

When you kick about the cold weather we're having remember there are no coal bills for you to pay this season.

STOP!

Getting Ready for Thanksgiving?

Buy those little extras in the food line at D. Guerra's.

Our groceries are always fresh and tasty. Our prices are right.

Stop in at the big store on the corner, three blocks west of Main Street. You will be surprised at the completeness of our stock.

D. Guerra's Sons

General Merchandise--McAllen

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Over the price you paid for that lumber You might have been able to get it cheaper or better at Crow's Lumber Yard. Call on us for wood of all kinds If it's something to drive nails into, we have it.

Frank G. Crow

McAllen, Texas

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Dine Here Saturday Afternoon and Hear the Returns, Play by Play, of the last Big Foot Ball Game Harvard vs Yale. Special Dinner

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Of course, there are no STONES in the Magic Valley, but at least we have plenty of bricks and

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Put up specially for officers' use. All flavors

No Interruption

to our fountain service. Hot chocolate always on tap.

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