

The Rio Grande Rattler

Published in the Field by the New York Division

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"The Strength of the Wolf is the Pack, but the Strength of the Pack is the Wolf"

STARTING THE MOVEMENT TO STATE CAMPS

Three Regiments of the New York Division off for the North This Week.

COMMANDING OFFICERS PLEASED WITH SERVICE

On the night of Wednesday, August 30, the War Department issued orders for the return to their state mobilization camps of 15,000 National Guardsmen now on the Mexican border. General Funston was directed to return three regiments from New York, two from New Jersey, two from Illinois, two from Missouri and one each from California, Oregon, Washington and Louisiana. Earlier in the day the department had ordered to their home stations 6,000 regular coast artillery men who have been serving as Infantry on the border.

with troops now in their mobilization camps in the several states. Department officials think that the force now on the border is ample to secure proper protection and with the gravity of the Mexican situation constantly lessening, it is not considered necessary to strengthen General Funston's command. At the present time, it is the policy of the government to give all the regiments called to the colors an opportunity to see service on a war footing along the international line. This will probably be done as much to train the troops as to protect the border. The men of the New York Division who want to go home, can draw comfort from the fact that soon after the opening meeting of the Mexican-American joint commission at Portsmouth, N. H., scheduled to take place September 4, General Pershing's troops will probably be withdrawn from Mexican soil and used to reinforce the border patrol. This move, many officers believe, will lead to the early return home of all the guardsmen, as Pershing's troops, added to the regulars already on the border would make the patrol sufficiently strong unless some new trouble should develop. Division Headquarters expects additional orders for further troop movements in the near future, and the bugbear of Christmas dinner for the militiamen on the border seems to be strangled for good.

Reports that the recall of the regiments was inspired by the threatened nationwide railroad strike, are discounted by officers who are in a position to know. Now that the strike order has been revoked by the leaders of the Brotherhoods and no orders have been issued, the movement north, it may be confidently stated, of the entire National Guard will soon be returned to their own states and there mustered out of the federal service.

Later The 71st Infantry entrained at McAllen, Texas, and are on the way north. The 14th Infantry are scheduled to leave Mission today and the 3rd Infantry to leave Pharr tomorrow.

All will go to the state mobilization camp in New York State.

The Brownsville Sentinel, in yesterday's issue says: "Early in October the militiamen stationed in the Brownsville patrol district, and doubtless those stationed along other sections of the border, will leave for their state mobilization camps to be mustered from the federal service. Preparations for the demobilization will commence at once. Although no official information as to the proposed moving of the militia has been given out at district headquarters, the reports come from a high source and are direct from the Adjutant General of the Army."

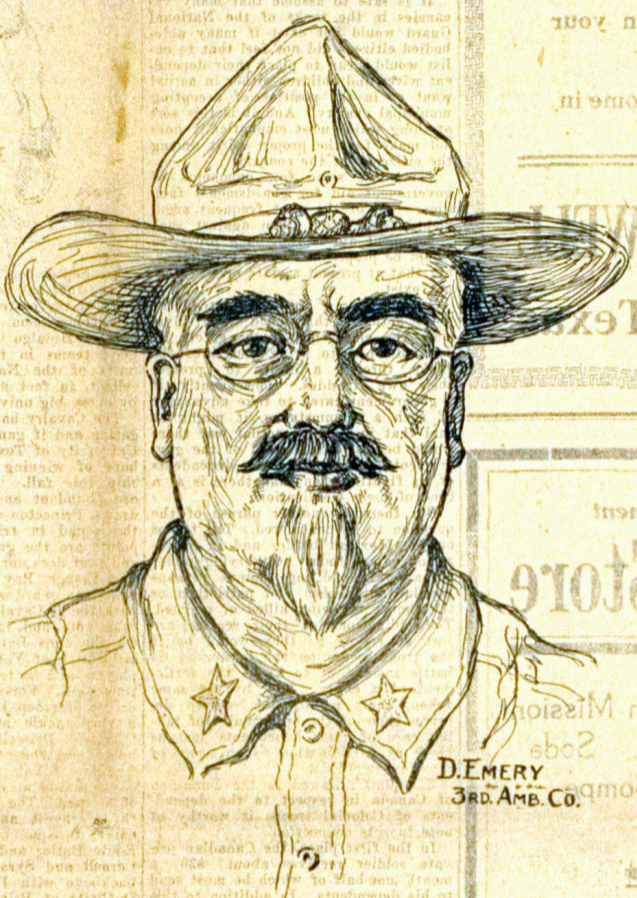
BASE BALL LEAGUE OPENS. The 1st Cavalry base ball league got away with a flying start with a pre-season game between Troops C and D. Might better have called water polo, but anyway base ball is base ball, whether played in 100 in the shade or at the north pole. After a short fighting practice, the slaughter began. "As skirmishers" the teams lined up and Troop D did a manual of arms with a bat, but after porting arms three times were called to quarters. This happened for several innings while C made the most of their chances and killed off the team running to bases. It developed that there were many players on each side who had never played in the big leagues. Lieutenant "Ham" Barnes held down third for D, and on close plays demanded that he be saluted, naturally C thought something was being slipped over on them; so put in Captain Backhaus. The watering trough in center field played a star game. C Troop insisted on sliding to first after getting their base on balls, D claims that this is not good base ball. Well, you know what Sherman said about war, that was mild to what C did to D, not a mere run in inning; as many as twenty in one inning. Indesparation, Lieutenant Barnes sent word for the Captain to call the troop for watering, but the call came too late. With an adding machine the score was rumored to be about 30 to 3.



Col. Bandholtz Notices Col. Bates that the 71st Will Entrain for the North

News that entraining orders had been received at headquarters spread quickly through all the camps of the New York Division. Even those regiments who were far afield on their ten-day hikes soon learned that three commands were to be picked to return home. The rumor had the same electrifying effect in all encampments, especially as it was bruited about that the lucky regiments had not yet been designated. The official order as transmitted from Southern Dept. Headquarters to the commanding general of the New York Division, directed the return to mobilization camps of three infantry regiments, two of them to be New York City Regiments, and one from the northern part of the state. General O'Ryan designated the 3rd from Pharr, the 71st from McAllen, and the 14th from Mission. These three regiments were then in their permanent camps. The reason for their selection was that each of these regiments had completed its field work, while the other six comprising the Infantry strength of the division were still in the course of their hikes. As the order required the regiments to be "prepared to leave without delay," the three encampments were instantly astir with the work of packing up and generally putting themselves in readiness for departure. All tentage will be carried with the troops, but the wagons and horses will be left behind in charge of the Supply companies, who will remain in camp until further orders.

Gathering of sufficient rolling stock to transport the various regiments located at widely distant points along the border is the task confronting both Army and Railroad officials at the present time. Although the problem of bringing troops to the Mexican border from almost every state in the Union was a great one, it is even a more difficult proposition to arrange for their transportation home. Upon issuing the order for the return of the troops, Secretary Baker said: "In view of the fact that substantially this number of troops who have not done patrol duty on the border are now on their way there, it is felt that this number can be spared. In a few days, if the transportation facilities remain undisturbed, the Department intends to order home some more regiments and possibly to replace them



Brigadier-General James W. Lester Commanding 1st. N. Y. Infantry Brigade, N.G., U.S.

U. S. INSPECTION OF NEW YORK DIVISION

Departmental Officers Working at McAllen, Pharr and Mission

FITTING CLIMAX TO TRAINING

Under the general direction of Lieut. Col. Eli Helmick, Inspector General's Department, ten regular officers arrived Monday evening from department headquarters to inspect the N. Y. Division.

Of the party Col. Helmick, Capt. T. C. Musgrave and Capt. John T. Chapman, stopped at Pharr to inspect the troops stationed there. They are being assisted by Major George H. Jamerson, on duty with the 3rd Brigade.

Maj. H. A. Smith, Capt. Chas. A. Thais, Capt. Jas. G. Boswell and Capt. Wm. C. Whitener, are inspecting the troops at McAllen, while Lieut. Col. Paul A. Wolf, Major Frank E. Bamford, Capt. James Blythe and Capt. J. H. Cowan are inspecting the troops of the 1st Brigade at Mission and vicinity.

The 3rd, 14th and 71st Infantry having been designated for return to mobilization camps, were the first to be inspected and they will be followed in rapid succession by all the remaining units of the Division.

VERMONT TO AID ITS SOLDIERS

Special Session of Legislature Provides Additional Pay

WILL ALSO VOTE ON THE BORDER

Montpelier, Vt.—Vermont's citizen soldiers who were called to the colors by the recent crisis on the Mexican border are provided for and provision is made for their dependents in bills passed by the special session of the legislature recently and signed by Governor Gates last night. In addition, a bill was also passed by the senate providing means for the registered voters now on the border to vote in the September primaries and the November elections. This was referred to a house committee and was expected to be passed and signed in time for adjournment today.

Dependent mothers and fathers, wives and children not over fifteen years of age, may secure financial relief from the state to the amount of not exceeding \$35 monthly to a family according to one measure signed by the governor. Where a wife only is in need she may receive \$20 a month.

Another bill provides state pay of \$10 a month for the enlisted men in addition to their federal pay of approximately \$15 a month. There was a difference of opinion on the question of mileage for the soldiers. The house passed a bill providing a rate of 20 cents a mile one way, but the senate amended this to read ten cents a mile and the bill was taken up by the house.

FOR PRATT INSTITUTE MEN. Graduates of the School of Science and Technology, Pratt Institute, are asked to communicate with Mr. F. Behar, M. G. Co., 12th Infantry, President of that school's Alumni Association, who is thinking of organizing a reunion of the Pratt Tech men on the border.

WE THANK YOU

What some of our more prominent competitors say about us: Buffalo Courier: "The Rattler is splendid, up-to-date—a real newspaper and full of interesting news."

ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL

The Rattler is a credit to our soldier boys, and demonstrates how readily they can turn their hands to anything when called upon.

MISSION (TEXAS) TIMES

The Rattler is an unique and remarkably well handled newspaper. The management deserves great praise for the excellence of the first issue.

NEW YORK SUN

The Rattler is a lively publication with not an amateurish line in its eight pages. The editorials praise the work of the Active Service Auxiliary, denounce irresponsible newspaper correspondents, express sincere appreciation of the agricultural and commercial possibilities of that section of Texas and last, "roast" the Vintnersburg "veterans" unmercifully, and it must be admitted, skillfully.

McAllen (Texas) Monitor: The Rattler looms up exceptionally well, its first issue bespeaks for its continuous success here's hoping a long and happy life for the youngsters.

Albany Times Union: "The Rattler is a rattling good newspaper."

Syracuse Post-Standard: "An excellent newspaper."

We regret that space will not permit the publication of all telegrams of congratulation we have received.

The Kodak Studio on the 71st parade grounds, Camp McAllen, has to announce that the central national regiment civilian help, thus making it possible to give quick and efficient service in the developing and printing of films. It will be the policy of the studio to accept only so much work daily as can be turned out in a completed condition within the following 48 hours. Preference in this matter will be given to pietre postal portraits of the men, the studio is specializing in this work.

WARNING In writing letters to "Her" describing the terrible hardships of army life be sure that some other soldier with less imagination but more straightforwardness is not also on her mailing list.

EXPERIENCE THE ONLY TEACHER

Colonel Bates Tells Things Learned by Regimental Hike

BATTALION COOK WAGONS LIMITED

Colonel Wm. G. Bates of the 71st Infantry in speaking of his impressions and conclusions drawn from the experiences of the Regiment in their recent hike, reiterated with emphasis the axiom that experience is the best teacher. "Up to the hurricane of Friday night at Sterling's Ranch," said the Colonel, when interviewed by a representative of The Rattler, "the work of every unit and man was entirely satisfactory and the morale and discipline of the entire regiment left nothing to be desired. The tremendous storm, however, broke down the latter somewhat, and they were not recovered entirely until the arrival at Laguna Seca. The march across the desert from Sterling to Laguna Seca was hard for all of us, but was of tremendous educational value both to officers and men. If nothing else has been accomplished by that march, it will be of lasting value to every man in the 71st Regiment in driving home forever that cardinal precept: "Husbands your water." Had each and every man been issued emergency rations before leaving Sterling that day, I have no doubt that the greater portion of the haversacks would have been empty long before camp was pitched. The experience with the water, however, should teach us also to be careful with rations of food in an analogous situation. And experience in that respect has taught the men a lesson they will never forget.

The Colonel spoke of the change from battalion cook wagons to individual company messes at some length. "The three battalion cook wagons," he said "were designed by Captain Tevy to care for four hundred men each at a time when the regimental strength was about a thousand men. They were bought and are owned by the regiment, which is the only unit in the United States so equipped. The recruiting of the regiment to war maximum has necessitated demands upon the wagons which were never contemplated when they were conceived and constructed. The addition of from seventy-five to one hundred men to each battalion has required that the food be cooked in such large quantities as to seriously impair its value. Cereals especially being oftentimes scorched and half-cooked in the same receptacle.

"The solution of this difficulty seems to lie in company messes, where the food fare will be more satisfactorily cooked under more intensive supervision."

"When are the cook wagons to be abandoned, sir," he was asked. "Not at all," responded the Colonel, "there is absolutely no abandonment of the principle. The European war has demonstrated its soundness. There is no intrinsic superiority of the company mess over cook wagons. If we had three more wagons we could accomplish as good if not better results, than with the changed system. But we are in a permanent camp, and the battalion wagons were primarily designed for maneuvering. I will take this or any other regiment to Whittman or Peekskill for a few weeks. The conditions there demand special preparations to properly cope with them."

ARE YOU THERE? The thing of all things that has earned more individuals to success and more haste to victory is that quality known vulgarly but expressively as "guts." It is not mere enthusiasm, nor courage, nor persistence, nor valor, nor bravery. It partakes of all these things but it differs in some respects from all of them. It is the quality that took the ten thousand Greek mercenaries, hundreds of miles through a strange and hostile country, and made them sing and beat their shields as they fought and conquered a five fold enemy at the gates of Babylon. The intangible something that works sharply the distinction between men and mere human organisms, between kickers and backbiters and soldiers.

To the man with "guts" the transition from a pen to a pick is an incident; from a bed to a "hobnob" an adventure; from a walk on the avenue to a hike in the cactus, a pleasure; from a tea cart to a mess tin, a picnic. This life here breeds "guts" and red blood! Smile—and take hold as if you were here forever! "Guts" is a connotation that never failed man nor organization of men.

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McAllen, .: Texas

THE GUARDSMAN AND HIS FAMILY

How to Properly Protect the Families of the Citizen-Soldiers

FROM "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Current news reports concerning the conditions surrounding the recent mobilization of the National Guard, indicate that in every city a certain percentage of the families of the citizen soldiers was left practically destitute by the enforced military service of the bread-winner.

Each of the cities in which such conditions exist has come to the front with relief for these families, so far as has been possible.

But the condition only emphasizes the necessity of some provision by the government for a contingency of this sort.

It is safe to assume that many vacancies in the ranks of the National Guard would not exist if many able-bodied citizens did not feel that to enlist would mean to place their dependent wives and children either in actual want or in the position of accepting municipal charity. And it is this sort of thing which most emphatically does not make for the proper spirit among the citizenry of the country.

There are some few opponents of government aid for guardsmen's families. One of the most frequent arguments heard from them against such government aid is that such provision would be proper in time of actual war, but that at present a state of war does not exist.

As a matter of fact, if this country were actually threatened with invasion, the emergency might safely be counted upon to bring men into the ranks, through a desire to protect their own firesides. Consequently, if a government cared to take advantage of such a circumstance, it might be said that in time of actual war there would be less actual need of the government providing for the dependents of its fighting men than there is at a time of mere mobilization.

But there is another phrase of the question to be considered. The troops on the Mexican border and in mobilization camps today are serving under actual war conditions, minus perhaps popular enthusiasm and patriotism or the chance of being killed or maimed. The obligations of their service are just as strong as their would be if the troops were on the border to do battle instead of to await the settlement of a crisis. And, by the same token, their mobilization service deprives them of the opportunity of taking care of their dependents just as much as participation as an army of invasion would do.

The plan followed in the Dominion of Canada in respect to the dependents of Colonial troops is worthy of note in this connection.

In the first place, the Canadian private soldier receives about \$30 a month, one-half of which he must send to his dependents. In addition to this the government has provided what is known as the "Separation Allowance," which pays to the wife, mother or dependent family of every soldier \$20 a month. Unconnected in any way with this governmental provision is what is known as the "Patriotic Fund," made up of private contributions and administered by volunteer workers. From this fund every wife, mother and dependent child receives a minimum of \$5 a month, provided that no family receive in excess of \$50 a month. In this way, a dependent family may receive as much as \$85 a month while the bread-winner is performing military service.

UNTIDY PRIVATE PUNISHED

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever.

A brilliant idea struck the Colonel: "Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men to have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel and said in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sangfroid:

"Dhirstiest regiment I ever inspected, sorr."

Our open air entertainments are running more to music lately than exhibition bouts. But we should not worry as history tells us that music has put the punch in many a battle.

On the rifle range: "Did I hit anything?" "Sure you did!" "What does it count?" "Sh! They'll make you pay for the lumber; you nearly knocked the target post down!"

ATHLETICS



On September 16 the opening game of the foot ball season is scheduled for most of the eastern teams but playing conditions seem out of the question here in Hidalgo County. Material for good teams in the New York State units of the National Guard is excellent, in fact material to be envied by every big university of the country.

The Cavalry have the all star aggregation and if games can be scheduled, University of Texas might give up all hope of winning the state championship this fall. All-American players are abundant and even "Ham" Andrews, Princeton coach, is here to whip the squad in trim. The only weak points are the guards but the weight and beef does not jib with our military life though Ray Bigelow, the All-American guard of Yale is "simmering with the I. Cavalry. Eastern dopsters take note and look over the line-up.

On the ends Ballin of Princeton and Kilpatrick of Yale, both rattling good players and in trim to show their old time skill. Forsyth, the husky truck driver of troop H, 1st Cavalry played a star tackle at Syracuse, while "Mike" Driscoll of Williams could hold down the other side of the line. Bigelow of Yale and Ransler of Syracuse, guards at center, Granny Miller of Cornell. The back field should be the strongest and as a scoring machine, its equal would be hard to beat. Eddie Butler and "Red" Wilkinson of Cornell and Syracuse would form the backbone with Freeman of Yale and Doolittle of Princeton to help things along. Substitute players are plentiful, all corking good players with experience. Robb of Cornell. Ray, captain of University of Rochester this coming season, and Glass of Syracuse.

We are informed that Fred Gokenback, a heavyweight, serving with a machine gun corps in Texas, can whip Jess Willard. He probably could with a machine gun.—New York American. It all depends on the machine gun.

The latest indoor sports for privates is giving orders to the porter while en route home on a furlough.

J. Kaufman, better known in the fighting world as "Young Walsh," has still to meet his victor. Kaufman is with Battery A, First Field Artillery.

Saratoga wouldn't have a thing on McAllen if the Cavalry would start a series of horse races between the different troops. Why overlook such opportunities? Get busy.

Base ball is more or less losing its popularity in the different camps, but nevertheless President (Lieutenant) Gibbons of the 1st Field Artillery expects to start his season off this week with six teams.

It is rumored that water polo is to be played in the near future. Guess "in the near future" is the only place it could be played here. 1st Cavalry kick, they claim that they haven't even shower baths to practice in.

Send in your sporting dope, let's get together and start some real competition between the different troops.

AMMUNITION FOR MACHINE GUN PRACTICE

An expenditure not to exceed 3,000 rounds for each machine gun has been authorized by the Secretary of War for target practice among the machine gun units of the National Guards now in the service of the United States.

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Why do the officers and men come from Llano Grande, Pharr and McAllen to buy supplies?

Because our Stock is positively the largest in this Section of Texas and our Prices Right.

We appreciate your business. Come open an account with your Troop or Company today.

Mission, Tex.

We outfitted the new Base Hospital at McAllen, Why? Because we had the goods

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Mission Drug Store

Most prominent Drug Store in Mission Everything in the Drug Line. Soda Fountain. Quick and Competent Service.

Pharr Drug Store

The Store that makes the Boys Welcome. Catering to all the men of the Third Brigade

Visit us when in either Pharr or Mission.

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4 CHAIRS--MISSION

West side of Main Street

First class workmanship in both places.

NOTICE: We appreciate good order.

Palace of Sweets

Don't be so anxious to get back to New York, boys, where the temperature is 149 degrees in the subway. The Palace of Sweets at Mission has just installed a new freezer with a capacity of 600 gallons a day. Mr. Roberts invites all troops to help him keep it empty.

Mission Tex.

THE WHITE WAGON Cafe

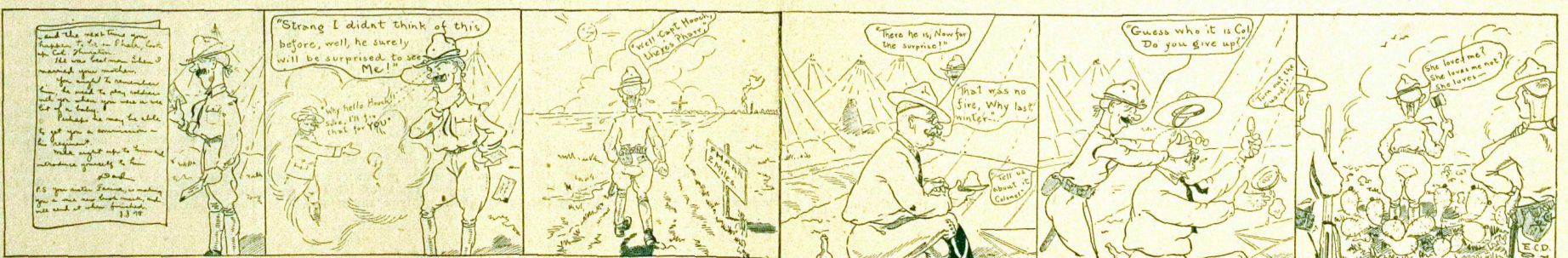
Opposite Palace of Sweets Mission,

Our 35 cent dinner is the biggest in town. Table and counter service. Catering to Mission and McAllen trade. Come in.

F. E. AUER, - - Proprietor

PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border

By Dreher



News Sent In By Our Division Units

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

What was probably the most pleasant experience the Second Field Artillery has had, as a regiment, since coming to Texas, took place recently before Col. Wingate's quarters on Prado Wingate. It was the first regimental entertainment that has been attempted and although the regiment has taken part in a number of other entertainments, this one was all its own. The command did well indeed, and the regiment applauded itself heartily and went to bed under the quiet canvas of a calm, starlight night with a sense of complete satisfaction. The regiment by virtue of its success felt itself to be a unit not a collection of batteries, a self-sufficient body of men in which was a collection of unprofessional talent that could be matched against any other on the border.

To see the dancing, the clog, the jig, the swift whirling steps of Russian toes and the quick rhythmic hammer of Irish heels; to hear the sweet tones of a cornet in the hands of a master, and the voices of men who love to sing some crude, others well trained—to hear them sing every kind of melody from simple humorous ditties to classic, and to laugh at the monologues, the imitations and take-offs, was pleasure indeed, pleasure that softens the labor of the day and makes men more willing. And then at the close, to join with a regiment—your regiment—in the old familiar and well-loved "Auld Lang Syne" was enough to make any soldier glad he was alive.

It was no wonder that there was enthusiasm over Regimental Supply Sergeant William B. Love's announcement that it was the Colonel's wish that these entertainments continue regularly and that all the talent of the regiment would be called upon to contribute to succeeding numbers.

Among the entertainers were Private Norton of Battery E, and Sergeant David Allen of Headquarters who started the evening with songs under the band's overture. The band leader and cornet soloist, Edward Zitman, interspersed plenty of instrumental airs between the numbers that followed. A monologue by Sergeant Sherlo of Battery E, was very well received. Shifty Doyle of Diamond A. Rauch, Supply Company, followed on the boards with some remarkable clogging that drew considerable applause and then Battery B's famous trio of Privates Diegen, Leufer, and Arthur presented several numbers.

A great number of the onlookers seemed to consider Private Schummaece of B. Battery the hit of the evening with his original song "On the Texas Border Line," which is sung to the chorus tune of "On the Old Fall River Line." Such verses as this one took down the house:

"On the Texas border line, where you're sick most all the time, We have a lovely hospital where you are treated fine. For a scratch, a kick, a bruise or cut, you're swabbed with iodine, And no matter what your ills may be, they feed you O. D. pills, you see—On the Texas border line."

Schummaece had had these verses put on a postal, such as that of "Hell in Texas." He has written another set of verses which wind up in this fashion:

We'd like to be right back at home, that would sure be grand, And when we spot dear old New York We'll yell to beat the band. We love our country and our flag, we'll defend it with our might. But the only thing that'll bring us back is WAR, or a d—d good fight.

Schummaece was followed by a cornet solo by Bandmaster Zitman, and then Private G. Hensel of Battery B gave a series of classic songs with great success. Private R. L. Cowles of E Battery was responsible for a cracker-jack monologue and a recitation of "Tin," the Rattler poem which has caused much comment. Corporal Tenny of A, brought the house with him in a song and dance act. Private Diegen of Battery B appeared for the second time with a solo, and the last number was by the Blackfoot Indian Chief of Diamond A. Ranch Supply Company, Woolworth, an Indian dance and song.

Thus the first entertainment wound up successfully. It was in charge and under the direction of Captain A. D. Washington and there will be more like it—unless the order to move east interferes.

For the next entertainment it is whispered, there will be a great event, a new quartette from headquarters, something fine. It will consist of Sergeants Joe De Silver, Hoffman, Love and Brodie. Virtue unsuspected.

Following are the changes that have taken place recently: Resignations and departures; Major Chauncey Matlock, Captain Adjutant, 1st Battery, Eugene Lohr; Captain Alphonse W. Wiener, Adjutant 2nd Battery, and Lieutenant Hathorna C. Green of Battery E. In their places will be Captain Adjutant De Witt C. Weld, 1st Battery, as Major; Lieutenant John D. Hutt, of Battery A, as Adjutant 1st Battery; Lieutenant Frederick De Figaniere, as Regimental Adjutant and Lieutenant Raymond Hoffman of Battery D, as Adjutant 2nd Battery.

The new building back of headquarters is now practically finished, and is the home of the commissary, quartermaster, postoffice and Adjutant's office. It is being used chiefly for the storage of supplies, but its space is so well divided that each department seems to have far more room than at first seemed possible.

Captain Kuntz, who has charge of the mail situation, is certainly satisfied with his quarters in the new office, and so is his right-hand war-whoop, Sergeant Brodie of Regimental supplies. It may have been noticed that the Brooklyn papers gave Edward W. Brodie an excellent, first-class write-up lately. He has been twenty-seven years with the New York Postoffice department, ten years of it in civil service. He has been sixteen years with the Second F. A., and can tell you all about the Old Third Battery on Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, where the whole dingbusted business started. His

assistant in the postoffice for the Regiment is W. I. Kidd, also a city P. O. man. Kidd is some "kid." He handles over 20,000 pieces of mail a day for the Regiment and never blinks an eye from Reveille to Taps.

It is an understood fact in Battery C that this is gala week at Camp Scorpi, as Sergeant Campbell insists upon calling the place. So many people have actually succeeded in getting Mr. Lelini to cut their hair, which saved the McAllen barbers' wives a lot of funeral expenses, by the way, and such a stimulus of spirits has been created by the movement of the dough boy regiments, and the really, truly fact that Quartermaster Sergeant Johnson is honestly going to give a hand-out soon, that the Battery can't contain itself; and then also Brodie has finished his or rather C's mess shack. But greatest of all in Camp Scorpi is the Johnson hand-out. The other things have precedent, but that none whatever.

Top Sergeant "Al" Van Brackle, of Battery E, says we are going home the first—the first opportunity. Probably he means the first of Novanuary. However, he is content with some things—food for instance. Had asparagus, creamed, and creamed smoked beef a la Mess Sergeant Ed Bernius. Top says that two meals a day ought to be enough for the men down here and he recalls the hike through Massachusetts about seven years ago when the battery couldn't get bread and each section appointed a cannoneer for a grub soubot on the way.

Battery A sent forth its mighty champions last week to battle with Battery C. A man of the First Field, the new rig erected near the headquarters of Brigadier-General McNair. Four bouts took place. The first between Patterson of the Second and Carnegie of the First was called a draw by Kid Me Coy who refereed. Yerkes of the first and Behrens of the Second went a good bit until Behrens proved his superiority with some telling punches, and took matters in his own hands. Ruwe of the Second and Sailor Brown of the First followed and the Second clearly out-matched. Simpson of the Second matched up with Jakes because of the absence of the original boxer and stood some severe punishment because of his condition. He took the count exhausted after putting up a splendid exhibition of nerve and cleverness.

The presence of Gen. O'Ryan made the evening a large event and the music and singing furnished by the Artillery men was very excellent. The General's smile betrayed his approval of both fights and entertainment.

Battery E had an accident on the last hike, down around Sharyland. One of the pieces, while going into action at a gallop, struck a stump and overturned. Privates Mayer and Duffy were picked up underneath the piece, but although taken to the hospital, were not hurt very badly. They will be back on duty this week.

Furloughs of one month have been granted Privates Fred Nehring, Harold Learkin and McDevitt, Mechanic Farrell, Corporal Esper, and Cook John son were caught in McAllen with their sleeves rolled up by General O'Ryan and the result was a two dollar fine apiece.

Battery B's First Sergeant A. A. Farrell, and Clerk N. E. Humbert, are mourning the loss of Clerk Tarleton, who left for home Sept. 3, but they are thankful that he remained long enough to give valuable aid in making up the pay-rolls. The whole Battery joins them in regret, and is also sorry to learn that Private Steve Scammacee, song writer and actor, who wrote "On the Texas Border Line," will leave soon, too.

Horseshoer Fitchette has another burro. He, without doubt, is the champion mascot collector of the camp, having now a total of two burros, a rabbit, a cat, a lizard, a horned toad and a whip snake. Captain Fox may object to the addition to the mess bill.

First Lieutenant Samuel E. McRickard of Battery F has been recalled to Washington to resume his official duties as Government Railroad Appraiser. Lieutenant McRickard is the Senior Lieutenant of the regiment, having served in the capacity for twelve years.

—R. W. F.

69TH INFANTRY

Co. K.—A letter printed in the Evening Post of New York has caused no little comment among our friends in the city. The writer refrained from signing his name to the communication but chose to dub himself "Anti-Molly-codde."

The letter in itself proved beyond a doubt that the composer was an able master of the art of subtle sarcasm and at the same time illustrated the fact that he had not the ability to grasp the true state of affairs. His comment as to the attitude of the members of the National Guard was insulting to the men who have sacrificed so much in answering the call to arms.

All possible honor should be accorded those who responded so promptly to the call to mobilize—at the time it looked very much as if there would be war in Mexico. Under the act of Congress of June 3, we were forced to decide quickly as to whether we would take the oath or not. If we did, we became members of the regular army. Again in this instance the urgency of the situation prompted us, almost to a man, to sacrifice business and home interests and respond to orders to defend our country.

Now that we are here at the border it is perfectly clear that it was never intended that the National Guard should be a body of regular soldiers! Its membership is represented by civilians engaged in commercial and financial interests, with no intention of choosing the life of a soldier. Today we are making very few complaints, but enduring much; we are existing under great aggravation in military camps under such conditions as warrant criticism of the system that makes our stay on the border necessary. We are led to believe from advices from Washington that there is to be no war with Mexico. Is it not then a monstrous injustice to keep the militia at the border.

Many among us, even though their salaries are paid, are mindful of the

dangers of permitting others to fill our places during our enforced absence from business. It seems that we are now justified in our desiring to return home instead of continuing camp life. Have not the majority of us proven our willingness and ability to serve our country? It does not seem then feasible that our President will keep the militia in Texas much longer and then send thousands of men home, without work, their old positions filled by someone not an "Anti-Mollycodde" nor overflowing with patriotism.

We are mastering our drills and camp routine. Some claim we have mastered the details assigned to us but just now we shall not be so vain as to accept this compliment, though we do not deny it.

However, the one feature of military life we do profess to be superior in is "Company Co-operation." In this we are able instructors though it is with some regret that we find few of our neighbors calling on us for our book of instructions.

Naturally at first this co-operation was lacking. Our attempts to become "regulars" were met at every turn by some unknown obstacle. This could not go on for long so our officers sought a solution to the problem. It is needless to say that they have found it.

Our details have been finished in short order, there is more snap to our drilling and the morale of the entire company has improved one hundred per cent.

More of this work and the improvement of companies will make excellent battalions and this in turn will materially benefit our regiment until we have an outfit second to none on the border.

Let us try this out. Company K can be counted on to render every possible assistance to its last man.

Our new Mess Sergeant has proven himself an able protégé of Sergeant Hunt and the men are boosting our far famed "bean suppers" which originated from the culinary art of Kid Bean.

Though we can't re-fight the battle of Bunker Hill we can and have thrashed out the attack of Lobo Mountain in the Philippines. Private Murtha better known to his fellows as "Luzon Pete," has taken charge of the historical squad and some remarkable progress has been made in ascertaining the qualities of both forces.

It is our sad duty to report a very serious accident to Artificer Jas. McCoy. Joe is a past master of the art of ducking, having ducked all drills so far by working various schemes. Having reached the end of his rope in concealing excuses as to why he should be excused, he was compelled to hike out with the company last evening. Selecting what he thought was a soft spot, he dove head first for it. But poor Joe's eyesight is not what it was back in New York, the result was what he thought was a nice pillow, happened to be a mesquite stump. He appeared cheerful when told by the Medico his thumb was broken, as he says it finishes his drilling during the Mex. invasion.

Rumor has it, our genial Mess Sergeant, James Cannody, is about to be appointed instructor of the culinary artists of the 1st Brigade. It is said he is the only chef in said Brigade who can purchase a feed out of the rations supplied. He will impart the secret to other chefs.

Sergt. Burke, the Senior Right Guide of the State of New York says the drill regulations are all wrong, as he has found from an experience of eighteen years that it is much better to guide his Co. with his eyesight, travel in circles, or zig-zag his way all over the drill field. It gives the men more exercise and gets the skipper so jumping mad that he cannot speak, thereby saving himself a call down.

Of all the Non Com's in Company C, the one most thought about, is our very able supply Sergt. T. The men look after his every little want in camp, his wants in town are generally looked after by the provost.

So far only two members of the Co. have been "cast in durance vile." I must apologize for such a poor showing for a company, when we become properly acclimated we may do better.

The night was dark, but not stormy. The Texas atmosphere, coupled with the vivid imagination brought about by the first night on guard on the border, made the command "halt" heard quite frequently throughout the night. Back at the foot of Co. C St. there is located a small cemetery, and it was covered by post eleven and twelve. Two doughty N. Y. warriors, Hoban and Welsh covered these posts. At that most unearthly of all hours, 3 a. m., Private Hoban observed a form moving, sneaking toward him, sometimes high up, and then again dropping low to the ground, a tremulous halt! issued from his 42-inch chest, but still the form advanced. Welsh, by this time also observed this advancing form. In doubt for protection, or perhaps singly they were going to come in and report it. Coming together must have stiffened them up, neither wanted to confess his fear to the other. A counsel of war was held, there was no doubt of it being an enemy. They proceeded to load their rifles, the order to fire was about to be given, when a Corporal with the relief appeared, and saved the 69th from paying the price of a \$1200 white faced cow.

Requisition has proven an evil word to our Q M Sergeant. The little slips were passed around a few days ago and filled in. It was then the trouble started. To the unsophisticated, a thirty-eight chest is an easy matter to understand but the government figures which have been substituted for the sizes stand out like Greek. With his tent the image of a Sixth Avenue pawn shop, Sergeant Magill met many difficulties, and to make matters worse, an army of red ants invaded his quarters and put to flight any thoughts of sleep entertained on the part of the Q M squad.

Private Halton has been appropriately dubbed "Kid Rumor," and is willing to defend his title against the world. As far as we are concerned, he has earned it to the extent of keeping us awake nights preparing for those orders to "entrain for the north." We have yet to find anyone capable of creating so much ferment upon so little provocation as our brother soldier who

is good for a "wire from headquarters" at least twice a day.

The entire company is endeavoring to emulate the regulars but as yet have failed to conform exactly to the model set by our first Sergeant.—C. A. S.

1ST CAVALRY

The long doubted camp site for the 1st Cavalry has at last become a reality. The ground looks like the start of a new city during the gold rush of '49. Our new home will be west of the 12th Regiment, and about a quarter of a mile south of the Mission road. It is being built on one of the highest pieces of ground in the vicinity, and when it is not raining one can look across the muddy Rio Grande into Mexico.

The streets of the new camp will run east and west. The prevailing breezes blow from the officers quarters through the camp and down to the picket line (when there are any breezes) this is hard on the flies, who will have the option of beating up against the wind from the picket line to the cook shack, or taking an extended hike to Mission. It is impossible, however, to satisfy everyone.

At the end of each picket line there will be a corral for watering the horses. After watering for six weeks in troughs, which threaten to float away in soupy mud, the men who own white footers are trying to find the person who thought of this scheme in order to send him a case of something.

Everything in the new camp will be uniform from the dressing of the hat cord to the construction of the kitchen and mess halls. The Sunday supplement Saturday night will have as much chance of finding his own street as the owner o Boston brownstone.

Certain troops who have erected elaborate mess shacks and other splendid public buildings will have to put them down to profit and loss unless they can find some Mexican family in need of a summer home.

The plans for the camp have been drawn according to U. S. Army specifications. This of course leads to the rumor that the camp when completed will be turned over to nomad bands of regulars who are doubtless being housed during the interval in goat corals and fed on mesquite beans.

The new site is in charge of Lieutenant Raldris of K. Troop. It is estimated that the work will be completed in between two to three weeks.

Recommendations have been made by General O'Ryan for the reorganization of the 3rd squadron, the so called milk squadron.

At present the squadron is composed of M of Avon, I of Buffalo, and L and K of Brooklyn. The reorganization as recommended will place the four upstate troops of Buffalo, Avon, Rochester and Syracuse in one squadron. Up to the present the major of the 3rd squadron has had the difficult task of keeping in touch with four troops from the two extremes of the state.

The proposed change will cause H. of Rochester, D of Syracuse and the two Brooklyn troops to change their letters. There is weeping and gnashing of teeth among the quartermasters who must needs take their little stenciling outfits and work every piece of equipment over again.

The horses who will have to have their hoofs remarked also consider it a rum deal, and of course the troopers do on general principles, and the dear old homefolks will have to twist their tongues around a new letter; the old troop songs, describing the superiority of the singers on the "meinself ind Gott" plan, will have to be used as fuel for the Franklin stove, and the old guidon cut-up for oil rags.

The only ones who don't care are M and I, who have received the order "as you were."

The change will be made when we get settled in our new camp. It is rumored that H will become K and D will be come L. Whether or not the two Brooklyn troops will take the vacant letters, or whether they will be a further reassignment of letters in order to bring the five Brooklyn troops together is not known at present.

Of course L and K claim that the milk squadron is being badly skimmed, but that was to be expected.

The schedule of the regimental base ball league is drawing to a close. The 3rd squadron has completed its games, troop D defeating troop M 3 to 1 in a well played game. In the 2nd Squadron, Troops H and F are left to play off for the Squadron championship. The game was scheduled for Saturday, Sept 2. Troops A and B will have decided the championship of the 1st Squadron before this goes to print. The drawings for the finals will be held when Troops F and H play their Saturday game. One of the three Squadron winners will draw a bye and play the winner of the game between the remaining two for regimental championship.

Troop K having solemnly buried eccentric ol' General Rumor, are now going at things with both feet. Sergeant John L. Van Winkel of Troop L, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, has been appointed to the Troop as Sergeant Instructor. He refers to the men as "Rookies," a name, which up to this time the troop has felt that even the Kaiser and his staff would hesitate in using.

Tent seven of Troop K is known as the lawyers tent, chiefly because it is composed of members of the bar (legal). In spite of the codicals and amendments to the military law which are drawn up daily by Walter Kuhn, they still continue to shift fertilizer from place to place and scrub the pots and pans. Like true lawyers, they always object to reveille, and when over-ruled, have an exception noted.

A week or more ago we were bustled through the cactus in regimental review with the understanding that there was to be a divisional review the following day before General Funston. The General apparently had no stop over on his ticket from Brownsville, for he has not appeared yet. We had been going around with our belts pipe-clayed and our buttons madly shined, until we can't stand the strain much longer. The divisional review has been played for all it is worth by the rumor mongers who tell us, may their

(Continued on Page Eight.)

HALL'S

GROCERY

People who have shopped around in the Valley come to us because our store is clean, our stock fresh and well handled, and our service attentive at all times.

Let us handle your next order of groceries and vegetables. We carry all standard packaged goods, also the exclusive Folser line of COFFEES, EXTRACTS, TEA, BAKING POWDER, etc. I groceries we sell it.

GROCER WHO SELLS FOR LESS

A. P. Hall McAllen, Texas

We Fed Most of the 7th Regiment on Their Hike

And we are feeding many other regiments too.

We have a complete stock of groceries of all kinds, including crackers and canned goods. Guess our sardines and canned soups must be extra good - - We sell so many of them.

Ask any of our regular customers about us. You will be satisfied when you buy here.

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The Best 40,000

Acre Ranch

In the Magic Valley

FOR SALE

An abundance of grass. Artesian water from four artesian wells on the property. Also 16 shallow wells for stock. Never dry.

Ranch contains 25,000 acres open prairie, now carrying about 5,000 head of white faced and poled cattle. Exceptional opportunity for investment. If sold at once can deliver for a ridiculously low price.

Get into communication with E. W. Keyes, Box 112, Mission, Texas.

THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

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Private Donald Emory, 3rd Ambulance Co. Art Editor
1st Lieut. Ernest C. Dreher, 7th Infantry Cartoonist

September 6, 1916.

SENATOR LEE OF MARYLAND AND THE N. G., U. S.

One of the strongest champions of the National Guard in the Senate of the United States is the Hon. Blair Lee of Maryland. From the commencement of the movement for the so-called Federalization of the Guard, Senator Lee has been a leader of those who have believed in adequate Federal control and in the dependability and efficiency of the National Guard as a Federal Force.

The record of the N. G. U. S. on the border has fully justified the faith of its friends and it must be remembered this record was based upon the old law and the old conditions with their many handicaps, for the new law did not become effective until after the President's Call.

Senator Lee in a recent debate in the Senate said:

It is a constitutional question, in the main, of the greatest importance. Here we have a group of men who have gone out from their homes and are now, more than 100,000 of them, receiving instruction that the militia of Switzerland get in their first military experience. The militia of Switzerland are given sixty-five days, every one of them, as a preliminary military experience, and after that they are given an annual and complete mobilization ten or fifteen days in camp every summer. Now, our National Guard has been called by the president, and they are getting a military experience that this committee was never willing to give them before. It has come about as a kind of accident, and I may say it has come about in spite of the military policies of the committee, for the committee has never been willing to develop the National Guard of this country as the national militia of Switzerland has been developed. When we are doing this kind of work and stammering out on a new kind of military policy I think it is the duty of the senate to follow the precedents of a Republican form of government. I think it is the duty of the senate to respect the historical experience and constitutional tendencies of this country, and when we are to adopt any form of military development of a republic like Switzerland, rather than to adopt the concentrated military powers of the more imperialistic forms of government. That is why I am so strongly for the development of the citizen soldiery of the United States on the National Guard basis. It is a great constitutional crisis in this country, and I believe that the enemies of the National Guard and the friends of centralized military power for they are the same group—have received a blow that they never expected to receive, and will be a long time in recovering from it in this mobilization and patriotic action of the National Guard of the United States. It has been a great epoch in our history, and it has an infinitely more significant meaning than most people understand. The characteristics of a free people that maintain their liberties are in the hearts and nature of those people. The young men of this country answered the call of the president, jumped clear over all the obstacles the new law put in their way, because the new law put more obstacles in their way than it helped to remove. They were able to render their states and their country, and went down to the frontier leaving their homes and their business without a question to answer to their country's call. Far from being reflected on by the intimation of the senator from Colorado, (Senator Thomas), that they will not go over the river unless their pay is guaranteed in advance, they should receive his congratulation, admiration and applause.

WORK

We feel it essential to emphasize at this time the activities of the N. Y. Division since its arrival on the Border. The expression "waiting in a semi-permanent camp," might indicate to the civilian at sitting about of officers and men, with little to do but speculate on the probable outcome of the Mexican imbroglio. That such has not been the case is a fact well known to every officer and man of the Division. The troops of all branches have been trained and hardened along practical lines. Recently they have undergone the test of endurance developed by long marches. They have had small arms practice, limited "sit true," but sufficient to teach recruits the method of loading and aiming; of fire discipline and fire control, essential in the training of soldiers.

The staff departments have been thoroughly exercised in the practical work of administration incidental to a division in the field.

The cavalry has been carefully trained in all the tricks of the trade of modern cavalry and could be depended upon for any of the numerous duties required by that branch during active campaigning. This is also true of the engineers whose activities have extended from road building to ponton bridge construction.

The field artillery has been worked over all the territory adjacent to the front covered by the Division. Up to this time they have not had opportunity for any extended field firing.

These activities coupled with the manual labor required in the establishing of the camps, and the regular routine duties of guard, police and sanitation, have kept both officers and men busy from daylight until dark.

Certainly the expression "soldiering," as applied to a person who makes a pretense of working is a misnomer so far as the personnel of this division is concerned.

Now that the arguments of the National Guard's carrying credits have been knocked into a cocked hat the effective mobilization and the proven ability of the militia in the field there is nothing for them to pick on—except of course that the Guard would have been completely demoralized and demobilized had it been sent across the line into Mexico.

The Rattler has pleasure in publishing its acknowledgments to Alfred Laurens Brennan, Esq., the distinguished New York artist, for his donation of the "heading," now used by this newspaper. The generosity of Mr. Brennan is equalled only by the artistic excellence of his work.

"We're in the army now" but at least we still have with us some of the discomforts of home—taxi rates to and from camp and restaurant prices.

Box 112, Mission, Texas. An ounce of experience is worth a ton of literature.

PERSONALS

There are some things in Col. Bates' interview, appearing in another column that every officer should cut out, and paste in his hat.

The new camp hospital, which has been constructed at McAllen, under the personal supervision of Lt. Col. William S. Terberry, Division Surgeon, will be opened as soon as the twelve Red Cross nurses arrive from Washington. This will make it unnecessary for the forwarding of so many patients to the base hospital at San Antonio.

The citizens of Pharr are becoming alive to the advantages of advertising in our columns. Well, it's better late than never.

Our fellow townsman, Capt. James T. Lovier, Q. M. Corps, is handling the Quartermaster problem at the field supply station, Monte Cristo, in a manner that calls for congratulation by the entire Capitol district.

We have received the following from our old friend, Martin Green, of the New York Evening World: "During my recent pleasant sojourn with the soldier boys on the border, I noted in McAllen, Mission, Pharr and other towns a scarcity of soup. The restaurant menus were completely lacking in the matter of soup. The natives appeared to entertain what amounted, almost to an aversion to soup. The territory along the Rio Grande, as I observed it, was practically soupless. Since my return to New York, I have given this condition considerable thought. Often I have asked myself why the natives of the Texas border are never surrounded, as it were, a savory plate of soup. Not until today did the answer occur to me. And now I know the reason. It is practically impossible to convey soup to the face with a knife. We are always delighted to get letters from old friends, particularly when they contain plenty of news from home."

Lt. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Inspector-General's Department, N. Y., who has been representing Governor Whitman with the New York troops on the border, has returned to camp after spending eight days "on hike" with the various infantry regiments. He brought back a lot of fat and a good appetite and reports that "it was fine soldier experience, and he enjoyed every minute of it."

One of the busiest officers in camp is Lieut. "Mike" Kerwin of the "Peerless Pay Fleet" of Albany. Speaking of "Peerless," Colonel Andrews lead the "Peerless" Second by Division Headquarters, Friday morning in close order with marching music at 6:30 a. m., finishing his hike in good condition.

Captain H. F. Jaekel of the Q. M. Corps has received a leave of absence to attend to important business matters at home. His genial presence and snappy repartee will be missed around Division Headquarters. The "Moon Club" will lose an enthusiastic member in the evening member, but the Owl Committee will have one less kick shouted at them from his cot across the way.

Captain "Noisy" Humphries, Gen. O'Ryan's popular aide will soon become a Major of Engineers.

The Rattler extends congratulations to Major "Bill" Donovan of the Cavalry.

Our amiable companions of the early days, Lieutenants Louis Montant and Warren Barbour, of General Dyer's staff will accompany their chief to the eastern front. With them go our hopes of "the big drive."

Even our old West Virginia "bunkie," I. V. McGlone, who was never known to read any newspaper but The Sun, asks to be placed on the subscription list. A check for \$2, Maek, would make the request more interesting.

We note with deep regret the retirement of Major Albert E. Denison, 12th Infantry. Like his father, Major Denison, served many years in the Albany Battalion. His retirement is a distinct loss to the service. It is lamentable that one Albany newspaper should have made his retirement an excuse for po-

Uncle Mort's Observations

I delight in telling what I think—I shall go on just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see. Emerson.

New York has a habit of reaching out after big men. It has just secured one of the brightest and brainiest military men of the Regular Army, to be chief of staff of the New York Division on the Mexican border, and I rejoice in it because the officer in question is an old friend of mine. I refer to Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz, who hails from Michigan. Colonel Bandholtz was graduated from West Point about twenty-six years ago and was assigned to the Sixth United States Infantry as a Second Lieutenant. He was one of the keenest, cleanest young men that ever came from the historic military establishment on the Hudson. My acquaintance with him began on his graduation. It so happened that in military and social service we were thrown much together and we became firm friends. With all his military activities and social requirements, he never forgot God. He was one of the finest christian characters I ever knew, and I have always been proud that I numbered him among my friends.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he spoke with me regarding an appointment in the Volunteer Service, and through the influence of Representative Burrows, of Michigan, his native state, Lieutenant Bandholtz was appointed Major of a Volunteer Regiment. He served in the Santiago Campaign, and was sent to the Philip-

litical mud slinging. On June 19, 1916, the National Guard of New York passed into the Federal service, becoming the National Guard of the United States.

This newspaper is an example of what may be done without the aid of any beverage except WATER. We hope this meets the eyes of the Hon. Lewis F. Pilcher, of New York.

REAL NEWSPAPER MAKING

Many of our professional newspaper friends, while wishing us all good fortune, seemed to think that the new famous Rio Grande Rattler would sing its swan song in its first issue. We admit that at times the difficulties which have beset our staff were sufficient to have made us feel that the day our scheme was conceived was indeed one of great misfortune for us. Perhaps at some later time we may publish the "inside facts," and tell the true bold story of the difficulties of publishing a newspaper in the desert. Such trifles as that of learning that a dependable member of our editorial staff was in the guard-house, for being out "on tape," the blowing away of considerable of our manuscript during a recent editorial office during our absence, or the breaking down of the only press, worthy of the name in the "Magic Valley," are not worth mentioning.

Other little details such as the ordering of practically our entire editorial and circulation departments into the desert on tea day "likes," the howls of correspondents whose copy is cut or deleted, the insistence of our friends to become yearly subscribers, and several other trifling difficulties, would at least furnish amusement for many of our professional brothers.

However, we feel bigger and stronger than ever, and with this issue we send assurances to our readers that The Rio Grande Rattler will continue to rattle 'til the last galoot's ashore."

OUR HONOR ROLL

- Yearly subscriptions in the order received:
Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
Maj. Scott Button, 2nd Infantry.

BUT HOW ABOUT THE ARTILLERY

Who rises in the night and ere he feeds on a dozen muddy steeds, Must manure a dozen muddy steeds, Who grooms and drills and grooms and grooms and drills, and steps on a regimental pills, The Cavalry, the Cavalry!

Who is it who each day with city rags Must polish guns and boots, and saddle bags, at the Cavalry, the Cavalry! Also sabers, saddles, spurs and canteen rings, and brushes and tails and manes and sheath blades and bed sacks and seventy dozen other things, at the Cavalry.

Who rises in the night and promptly feeds, And through the day cares only for his needs? The Infantry.

Who lies for hours beneath the teens sylvan shade, Ragaling innards with cold cones and lemonade? The Infantry.
Who it who gets up at noon, Then is begged not to get up too soon Has his meals brought to him at the table, And only works when he feels able, Nobody.

The Desert Saint

Written especially for The Rattler by FREDRIC T. CARDOZE, Author of "The Desert Saint"

Shy was Bijou, Santoechez, the half-caste, Spanish belle, Her frequent blushes, and her downcast eyes, as well as her talk, was low and tender. In the midst of scenes of war, we'd strain our ears to listen to her. When she murmured, "Senor," to the troops of his kind! Ornaments that tinkled soft in the breeze, we set a trap for him; his eyes were strung about her throat, his silver buttons dully shone in the night. Upon her little coat, secure and out of sight, and when we heard her Spanish songs, until we heard Mahoney's step, they echoed in the night, and they made us think of lovin' when out of sight, like a Villa-band, more than Uncle Sam and fight, just like a Villa-band, more than Uncle Sam and fight.

Not for privates in the ranks and then we knowed the reason why. Were her engaging smiles, and her common ease— She wanted better quarry, and a taste of roughneck grub. As the victim of her wiles, I'd like to have a human canner. All her burning glances went to Mahoney's clothes assay, He supervised the fodder for the commissary's tent, with Bijou Santoechez.

Mike Mahoney had his points— Out there where the cactus grows He used to bear the howl of the Lives Gomez Gamitapp, His face, the beauty experts said, was Lazy, long mustached and black. Was like the wrath of God, and contented, rich and dapper. Before he chose the soldier game, Where fine preserves is sold, he made his divin' posin' to Gringo soldiers 'cross the ditch. As the only missing link, for twice their weight in gold. Feed get growing worse and worse— And Bijou Santoechez sits by the boys, were near a strike, the mistress of the shack— And things were breakin' roughly, for since Mahoney got the hook, for everyone but Mike, she never wavered back— He seemed to live in clover, a diamond on her heathen paw, and grew fatter every day, that near puts out yer eyes. Besides a corner in the smiles, she purchased with the profits of Bijou Santoechez, that was made from our supplies.

Phony rations got our goat, her glance is bold and brazen, for for dainties never came to her talk is coarse and loud. And we grew to hate Mahoney's book, you wouldn't take a second look. Though we love the twilight sound, she was in a crowd. We'd see him in the twilight sound, and though the rookies think she is, seek the Senator's house, in sniffling, I know in fact she ain't. A sneakin' past the sentry-box, nor never will be, never was. With a bulge beneath his blouse, no such a thing as saint.

The Incinerator

As we leap exultingly to press it seems that the Hegira has started at last— by the numbers, so to speak (3, 7, 14). Of course there'll be a lot of puffing, chugging, squeaking and groaning before the army machine is cranked up, gassed up, lubricated and oiled, but we have worn all the red tape of the cylinders, and will be rolling lickety-split along the great highway to old Manhattan, the Bronx and Martini, and we aren't weeping much at the thought of leaving the Magic Valley forever. The only thing "Magie" about it as we can see is the way that five dollars grow where but one sprouted before. The Democratic administration has certainly brought prosperity to Texas. But we are willing to wager six bits that the horn of plenty will soon be blowing "Taps" as far as the Cactus Cities are concerned.

It's a long cry from McAllen to Manhattan, but it won't compare to the lingering howl that will be heard from the rank and file if the 5:15 to Broadway is two months late.

Just when Mission had ordered a great white way of its own. Well, well, let's send them a postal of our own twinkling lights once in a while after we get back.

THE WARNING IS UNNECESSARY. H. I. Y. Sir: Do you know that outside of Mission a sign says "City Limits, Go Slow!"—J. B. G.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it had stopped with the employers sending down notices to the effect that salaries had been revoked, but when it comes to the point where every mail contains at least twenty-eight engagements rings— then its time to call "quits."

Rumor hath it that some of the boys are planning a big dinner to Irving Berlin on their return to celebrate the composing of his touching little ballad, "It's a Shame to Steal a Soldier's Girl." When a Soldier's Boy's Away, it's safer than than after-wards, out of national pay (and food).

ARTICLES OF WAR. Shovels, picks, axes, mules, hammers and cigarette stubs, or such punishment as the court martial may prescribe.

MAD-WAGGERY ON THE BORDER. H. I. Y. Sir: As we were digging the ditch and laying down the new 6-inch main, up speaks Albert and says, "Aha, the piping times of peace."—Gussie.

MILITIA THOROUGHLY TRAINED BY BORDER SERVICE. At least we're trained to work for fifteen a month when we get back and find that fresh fellow who used to be out on the road has a 99-year lease on our old desk.

HIS DIARY. Thursday: Lay late in my cot until the Sergt. pulled me out on the line by my feet. Sergeants are awfully rough. Was dreaming that the fellow next door was practicing on his cornet, trying to play Revellé. Wonder who wakes the buglers up. Hope they over sleep tomorrow. Somebody came rning down the street shouting that regiments were ordered home.

Perhaps if the International Commission held its deliberative meetings on the cactus fields of McAllen instead of the beach at Portsmouth there would be more action and less deliberation.

The McAllen Monitor wishes "The Rio Grande Rattler" a long and happy life! Just when we've been rooting for its short life, but a gay one.

JANUARY & STORMS
Gents' Furnishings
Headquarters for Spiral Leggings
Cleaning & Pressing
MAIN STREET
McAllen, Texas

Your doctor tells you to drink **ROOTBEER**
I tell you to buy it here

ROOTBEER
ROOTBEER
ROOTBEER
ROOTBEER
ROOTBEER

Healthful--cooling--always delightful.
Our own exclusive product.

Royal Ice Cream Parlor
S.P. Keith, Proprietor
Mission, Texas

"Quedara satisfecho todo Mundo"
Buy your groceries and clothing supplies from

Rodriguez & Co.

One block this side of Main Street, McAllen. Our big sunny store contains fresh fruits, bananas, tan shirts, socks, towels, underwear and hardware. Prices low. We speak English.

Right across from Grow's lumber yard.
Come in, you will be pleased.

Armstrong & Scott sell shirts, underwear and socks to many men in the First Brigade. We are the newest store in Mission, and already everybody speaks a good word for our service.
Men drop in on their way thru Mission on a hike and are surprised at the stock we carry. Come ahead, drop in.
Next week we hope to have chevrons for everybody. Read our ad in The Rattler.
Armstrong & Scott
Haberdashers
You Know Our Store in Mission

EFFICIENCY SPELLS CONTENTMENT
Soldiers Have Comforts in the Field if Their Brains and Hands Work

BATTERY A. 2ND, SPEAKS TO YOU

It is very obvious that an army in the field must be self-sufficient, or as nearly self-sufficient as is physically possible. While it relies upon a supply train from the source of its food, it must rely upon itself in all other matters of life in the field—its necessary buildings, its engineering work, its system of food distribution and of mail distribution, its medical service and all things of this sort. The only way to solve these problems of the officers who are responsible for the welfare of a large number of men under their orders, and guidance. The best officer is he who is able to meet an emergency and find a way out promptly and efficiently. And way down in the ranks a trained observer sees one man taking care of himself and his belongings, and, right along side of him, another who seems to be fated with continual trouble, trouble with his uniforms, trouble with his tent, trouble with his supplies. Nine times out of ten it is the latter who complains that the officers and non-coms of his particular outfit are "rotten," and are always "picking" on him, while the other fellow seems to be comfortable all the time.

Sergeant Shagnon in charge of the Signal Section of Battery C, Second Field, furnishes a handy example of the man who can run a tent full of ten men and that is certainly a tent full— and although there are many others whose tents may be called model, his domicile rivals any in all McAllen, his dome rivals any in all McAllen, and made one. Now anyone who has lived under a piece of brown canvas, 16x16 with nine other fellows, knows that he has to be neat in order to be able to find his "this and that" when he wants it. If he can't get a two-foot box in a one-foot space, one way, he can get it in another, and he soon discovers how valuable a box is, and that it holds a big pile of stuff. Lots of men have boxes, but not all of them can put their hands on any specified article in that box without spilling everything else topsey turvey, and it isn't every man who is energetic enough to put shelves in his box and utilize it as his mother does a closet at home. But in Sergeant Chagnon's tent there are "cabinets" which contain everything required for daily use.

Moreover the Sergeant, like a number of other fellows in C, has a writing table, which consists of a long board and a support which lets down along side of his bed, and folds up when not in use. When his men want to write a letter, they don't have to fret and stew around looking for a pen or ink, and a place to write. And there are many other ways in which this tentful of men are self-sufficient. They don't bother their neighbors, needless to say.

Battery C is self-sufficient in another particular. The hair cuts the boys have been getting at McAllen have been anything but satisfactory. For five and fifty cents for a hair-cut is a lot of money, and after the barber is through with you your head looks like the coat of a mummy dog. You wonder if it isn't time for the barber to retire on a physical disability discharge. Hence, Private Felny, Battery C, runs his shop under a tree at the end of C street and advertises "Ocean Breezes." While you have to wait on a long line when your hair is cut, you feel like taking a stroll down Fifth Avenue, without a hair, rather than hiding your head by the nearest water pail. The barber is not a barber by trade, but he says his opportunity to make a bit of spare cash and a little brains did the rest. He asks no odds of McAllen barbers and charges one-third as much. Battery C doesn't have to rely on outsiders in order to keep from looking like a band of Apaches, any more than it has to rely on outsiders for its carpentering work, which is in charge of Mechanic Brophy. C's new mess shack is sufficient evidence. And there are many other ways in which the Battery shows its originality and the quality of its individual members, that quality which overcomes obstacles by its own force and ingenuity in things trivial as well as important. Perhaps it is this very quality in its leader, Captain Hamilton, which makes him not only liked, but boasted about, and his tenants in the field. Gilmore, McSweeney and Floore and Top Sergeant Gittinger enjoy the same kind of popularity with the men.

And it is true that such spirit prevails throughout the Second Field Artillery and throughout the Division of New York Troops. The air about McAllen has been lighter of late, and there seems to be more joy in it. Perhaps it is because so many of the recruits have found out how they can make themselves much happier than they have been in the past.

3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY.
Those interested in the field work of the sanitary troops will perhaps search the columns of The Rattler for some record of the work accomplished by the first unit of that division to arrive on the border, namely, the 3rd Ambulance Co., which arrived at McAllen on the afternoon of July 5.

The outfit completed its journey in seven days with all its animals in perfect condition and without a case of severe illness among the men. It has handled between 800 and 1000 cases of illness calling for ambulance work in McAllen and surrounding camps, up to August 14, when the other ambulance company received its assignment of mules. The 3rd Ambulance Co. has been successfully transported to the Base Hospital at Fort Sam Houston 249 cases of serious illness, with the loss of but a single case. One or

more of the 3rd's ambulances have been with every detachment of infantry and cavalry sent out on hikes either for one day or for ten days. It has established a permanent milk station at which fresh milk may be had at all times, and which has proved a source of help to all organizations of the 2nd Brigade, as well as to the entire Sanitary Division.

Private Reynolds, formerly of the Engineers, has been instrumental in bringing this about. All the horses with which the 3rd left New York, as well as all the horses and mules added to that number since arrival here, are alive and in perfect physical condition save one, and that was killed by an unavoidable accident. The welfare of the animals is considered a remarkable record in view of climatic conditions, unsettled weather and other difficulties. Due credit should be given the men in charge of this detail, namely, Sgt. Robert Bondfather, ex-polo player and formerly of Squadron A, and Farrier, Frank Winston.

During the height of the 3rd's transportation activities one-third of the command was on detached service. The camp routine was efficiently carried on by the details under 1st Sergeant Thomas Wilson.

To the officers of the organization, Captain Sheerer and Lieutenants Prekharit, Seillik, Siley and McGuire is due full credit for this well-trained and well drilled outfit.—D. E.

The 3rd has also furnished from its ranks an art editor for The Rio Grande Rattler, the N. Y. Division's Camp newspaper which is receiving much favorable notice in the columns of the great dailies of New York. Portrait sketches drawn by Private Donald Emory of the 3rd Ambulance Co., appear on the first page of each edition.—(Ed.)

4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

The return of the 4th Ambulance Company N. Y., U. S., to Syracuse, its home station from the Mexican border, will be the signal for the division of that outfit and the organization of the 4th Field Hospital, N. G., N. Y. by the Ambulance Company's Commander, Captain Jefferson B. Latta, it was officially announced today to the Rattler's staff correspondent. The proposition was quietly discussed prior to the departure of the unit for Camp Whitman, but did not receive official sanction until today. From the expression of sentiment, Captain Latta will have the enthusiastic support of every man in the 4th, and its depot unit at home in the undertaking. New York states at present has three field hospitals and four ambulance companies. Until last October there were but three ambulance units, located respectively at Binghamton, Rochester and New York City. Until shortly before the calling out of the National Guard, there were but two field hospitals—one at New York and the second at Albany. Last Fall, Captain Latta, then in command of the Medical Reserve Corps, organized the Fourth Ambulance Company, the former unit being mustered out. Late in the spring the Third Field Hospital was organized at Brooklyn and arrived at Camp Whitman just prior to the departure of the Fourth for Mexican service.

The forming of the Fourth Field Hospital will give the New York or Sixth Division its full quota of sanitary units. The Fourth Ambulance Company would then in all probability do the ambulance service while in camp or in the field for the proposed outfit. This would be a great advantage, for both units would enjoy the privilege of dealing together while quartered at home. Should there be a vacancy in the office of commander of the Fourth Ambulance Company, this would undoubtedly be filled from one of the present four lieutenants—Drs. William E. Truax, Frederick S. Wetherill, Ralph H. Dunning and Seymour B. Schwartz. Lieutenant Truax is the senior lieutenant.

It is highly probable that one or more of the other officers will assist Captain Latta in organizing the field hospital.

We Want

Your Business
on

- Rubber Boots
- Lace Boots
- Regulation Shoes
- Pajamas
- Sheets and Pillow Cases
- Oil Cloths
- Mosquito Netting
- Shirts
- Underwear
- Wool Sox
- Black Neckties
- Handkerchiefs
- Coat Hangers
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Zachry & Cawthon
McAllen, Texas

Goods at Fair Prices
We give courteous treatment to all
We specialize in dishes and Blue Belle enamel Ware, and Diamond Edge cutlery and tools. Also all kinds of pipe and fittings.
Saddles and spurs for officers use.
Everything in our store is new. Although only three weeks in business here, our friends number hundreds. That is because we sell good goods at fair prices.
McAllen Hardware Co., McAllen
E.D. Cable, Mgr.

THE PALACE

A New York Soda Fountain in McAllen, Texas
Six clerks behind the counter insure prompt fountain service at all times
We serve the best ice cream we can get

Fresh fruit flavors, ales and all fountain drinks. Patronize the Palace.

We have the biggest Fountain in The Magic Valley
McAllen, Texas

CITY DRUG STORE, MISSION, TEXAS.
The place you like to come to. Eat your ice cream at a table. Magazines, Tobacco, etc.

Stop
Half way to town at the Amusement Theatre
Right Behind the 7th Camp, McAllen.
Two shows each night—come early or late and see the best program in the whole big state.
We show a feature program every night. Come and smoke in our big comfortable air dome. Comfortable seats, good pictures well displayed.
"The best movies in the state for a dime."
T. R. Logan & Co., Proprietors

Delmonico Jr. CAFE--McAllen
Best place for eats
Try our Steaks
Three doors south of Commercial Hotel, McAllen.
Allison & Allison, Props.

CORPUS CHRISTI
Get the Habit
Go to
Loving White Clothing Co.
MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS
CHAPARRAL ST.
CORPUS CHRISTI

Special Auto Service
from
West McAllen Depot
(Camp McAllen) to
Pharr Military Camps

SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS roundtrip 75c. Cars leave each point every half hour.

When in Pharr be sure to buy your cold drinks and ice cream at our soda fountain just south of the moving picture show.

POST BROS. & KREIDLER
Look for this sign on the cars TO PHARR

First State Bank
Mission, Texas
GUARANTY FUND BANK

Your Account Solicited

DIRECTORS OFFICERS
L. H. Smith, L. H. Smith, Pres.
R. Boyd, Willard Ferguson, V. P.
Joseph Bisher, T. M. Midlen, Cash.
Marvin Evans

The First National Bank
As Near a Good Bank As Sincere Effort Will Make it

The First National Bank
No. 10050
Mission, - - Texas

FIRST STATE BANK OF McALLEN
(A GUARANTY BANK)

Resources one quarter million
We are glad to place our facilities at your disposal and assure you of courteous and intelligent treatment.
We solicit accounts of \$100 and over.

FIRST STATE BANK OF McALLEN
McAllen, Texas
R. E. Horn, Cashier
D. W. Glasscock, Pres. F. G. Crow, V. P.

MOBILE HOWITZERS WILL RIVAL WORLD

Army Ordnance Experts Working on Weapon of Great Size

LARGER THAN EUROPEAN GUNS

Word comes from Washington that army ordnance experts are at work on designs for huge field howitzers as large or larger than the German 42-centimeter guns which wrecked forts in Belgium and France early in the war. They will be at least 16-inch caliber, with a range of 12 to 15 miles, hurling a projectile weighing more than a ton and carrying a huge amount of high explosive.

In addition to placing several of these mammoth weapons along the coast line for mobile defense against a naval attack, army officials now are considering the creation of a special regiment, equipped with six of the howitzers to work as a unit of the mobile army. The problem confronting the designers in that regard is to distribute the enormous weight of the gun and carriage in such a way that it can be moved over any good road.

That difficulty is a determining factor in American heavy artillery designs. Near a few of the largest cities well ballasted roads which would support the weight of the huge guns can be found.

Boston Post Road from Boston to New York, it is said, has many sections so lightly built that the great weight would crash through. For those reasons it is planned to build the new howitzers primarily for transportation by rail on special cars.

It is stated by good authority that the Watervliet Arsenal is being fitted out to build the new 16-inch army guns. The first gun of this type will be placed in the new fortifications at Cape Henry. Later some of them will be installed in the Panama fortifications. The projectile of the new gun will weigh about 2,400 pounds. The new gun is to be a 50 caliber rifle and the longest coast defense gun in the world. The range will depend largely upon the mounting of the gun. It can easily have a range of 50,000 yards, or 30 miles.

WHAT NEXT, BOYS.

Here's good news for all. Just as soon as two carloads of puttees, rubber boots, pongee shirts, wrist watches, bath towels and other supplies arrive from somewhere down East, the new Division Camp Exchange will be ready for business. Up to the present time, Manager O. K. Schwind, has been able to get only a few incidentals, such as tobacco and groceries, although the trim exchange building back of Division Headquarters has been open more than three weeks.

In addition to his regular stock of army goods, Mr. Schwind plans to open a tailor shop in the near future. This will be the only shop in the Valley where officers can have uniforms made and altered. The management also contemplates a fair business in sewing on chevrons of newly-made non-coms, as there will necessarily be many promotions during this period of service.

"That isn't all," Mr. Schwind said. "Tell the boys that a head barber from 42nd Street, near Fifth Avenue, is coming down himself with ten barbers to open up a shop here. He will occupy a new building next door to the Exchange. Later on, a high priced laundry specialist from Houston will open an automatic laundry here."

We wanted to ask Mr. Schwind if there would be lady manicurists in that barber shop of his, but we didn't dare. Perhaps he had promised enough as it was.

DIDN'T YOU GET YOUR RATTLER?

Have a little sympathy with our Circulation department if your copy of The Rattler last week was a little delayed or maybe strayed into the hands of some "other fellow." This week we hope to publish enough, and The Rattler will be on sale at every regimental canteen and all six Y. M. C. A. buildings, in Mission, McAllen and Pharr. Arrangements have also been made to handle The Rattler at the Mission Drug Store, City Drug Store and Palace of Sweets Mission; McAllen Drug Company and souvenir stands in McAllen; and Pharr Drug Store, Pharr.

The adventures of our circulation department last Wednesday and succeeding days reads like the *Sainted Stories* of Sinbad.

Leaving McAllen early in a regimental fiver, Corporal Barnhill "made" Mission and delivered a thousand copies to the canteens of the First Brigade. McAllen received its allotment of copies the same day.

An effort was made to sell copies to all regiments in the field. The 7th Infantry, bivouacked at Mission, absorbed seven hundred easily, and the 2nd Infantry, camped a day's march further out, bought all it could with a few souvenir nickles and pocket-worn pennies, the paymaster having neglected to pay them before The Rattler was issued.

A special delegation, under Lieut. elect. M. O. Bradley, 14th Infantry, late of the Headquarters Hospital detachment, covered the 23rd's camp in Pharr in glorious style, emptying the tonneau of a big touring car in 45 minutes without outside interference. Before he had a chance to report on this performance, Mr. Bradley's papers came through from Washington and The Rattler lost a good circulation booster.

By Friday night the question was raised, "Where have all The Rattlers disappeared to?" Inquiry developed the fact that several cautious canteen managers, realizing that there would be a demand for the paper when their regiments returned from the hike had "bunked" several hundred copies behind counters and under cracker cartons. These copies were rescued and redistributed to the selling agents, where they quickly became converted into nickles.

This week we are printing several

thousand more copies, which we trust will supply the demand. Remember, The Rattler cannot be reprinted; also, on account of the high cost of print paper and its great scarcity, we will print each week only as many copies as we can reasonably expect to dispose of.

"Don't wait! And when you get it, 'send a Rattler hime.'"

WIRELESS IS ALRIGHT, BUT WE MUST TALK

"Hello! Long distance? Private Hooch at McAllen wishes to speak to Miss Flossie Footlights at the Knickerbocker. Yes, yes, I'm calling New York City, Central!"

All of which sounds like a pipe dream of a Sunkist Soldier but promises to be a blissful reality if the work of the 22nd Corps of Engineers can be accepted. For several weeks past a telephone line to connect all the camps of the New York Division has been contemplated and at last the work of carrying out these plans has commenced. The course of the line is marked out, the Divisional camp mapped and the actual erecting of the poles is well under way. What at first was taken to be a joke is now accepted as a fact for where telephone poles are planted currents and wires will soon grow.

The work of connecting the encampments by telephone is under the supervision of Sergeant Donald McLean, Co. A, 22nd Engineers, who at home is an engineer of the New York Telephone Company. Sergeant McLean has promised us that within a few days we can drop into a pay station at the head of our company street and for a small monetary consideration, say several months' salary, become connected with a certain telephone in a certain apartment not far from Central Park and then converse with a certain young lady.

The Sergeant did not see whether the New York Telephone Co. would send down some of their "Hello" girls to take charge of the switchboards and we didn't have the nerve to ask him. You can't expect everything when you're in the army.

PROMOTIONS IN THE 12TH INFANTRY.

Col. Gordon Johnston has nominated for promotion the following officers of the 12th Infantry:

Major Reginald L. Foster to be Lieutenant Colonel.

Captain George E. Roosevelt to be Major.

1st Lieutenant M. L. Waltz to be Captain.

The nomination of these officers meets with much favor by the entire personnel of the regiment, and we may say of the division as well.

Col. Foster enlisted in the 7th Infantry in 1893. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in the 12th Infantry in April 1900, and has held the commissions of Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel in that command. When the Regiment was mustered into the federal service, he voluntarily accepted a majority for military reasons. Colonel Foster is a graduate of Yale University, and is a journalist by profession.

Major George E. Roosevelt was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the 12th Infantry in January 1911. In December of the same year, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He was commissioned Captain in December 1913. Major Roosevelt is a member of one of New York's oldest families and is a cousin of the ex-president. He is a banker by profession. He graduated from Harvard University, and was professor of mathematics at Cambridge for nearly six years. He is a member of the Metropolitan, Knickerbocker, Manhattan, Harvard and other prominent New York clubs.

Captain M. L. Waltz is the son of Colonel Millard Waltz, U. S. A., at present post commander at Fort Sam Houston. Captain Waltz was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the 12th Infantry in 1914 and promoted 1st Lieutenant in the spring of this year.

THE "SCREEN-OFF-RESTORIO" OF TEXAS

Texas and New York City may have their hotels, restaurants and cafes of prominence and popularity, but right here at McAllen, Division Headquarters maintains a mess, second to no table for the excellence and variety of its food. This is mainly due to skill and untiring work of the chef, Edward Dobarb, who was the assistant chef at Hotel Rice, Houston, Texas, when Division Headquarters came down to the border. He got the "soldier fever" and wanted to follow the boys and the flag right into Mexico, so when he heard that the New York Division headquarters wanted a cook, he dropped his "working tools" at the Rice and got aboard. Confidently he has informed us that it is more fun and greater satisfaction cooking food to be served in a "ground garden" where he can see the patrons enjoying his efforts than working for those eating on a "roof garden," whom he never sees. He's some cook, too, and can show doubting soldiers what a small field range can do! He turns out a seven-course dinner for twenty-five as easy as the "folks at home" would cook a steak and potatoes for four. He makes biscuits, pies, bread, rolls and cake just like "mothers," in fact he's some chef.

HE HAD THE RIGHT KIND.

A private in the infantry recently asked his commanding officer for a furlough for thirty days to return to New York.

"Why do you wish to return," asked the Captain.

"Well, I haven't seen my wife for over two months," was the reply.

"But my man," said the Captain.

"I haven't seen my wife for over six months!"

"That may be all right," replied the soldier, "but me and my wife aint that kind of people!"

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes Jimmie, Why?"

"Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning."—Life.

Knicker: The campaign issue will be Mexico.

Bocker: But the President himself does not know whether Mexico is an issue or an outrage.—The Sun.

IMPRESSIONS

For two weeks I have served with the New York Troops and have had an excellent opportunity of observing their work, and getting acquainted with them and appreciating their spirit.

I have learned of the sacrifices many of them have made to come to the border, and realize the effort of self-control exercised by them in sticking to their posts in spite of the fact that it has not been possible to give them a definite idea of the "why and wherefore" of their stay here, and I find cause for gratification in the fact that so few applications have been made for release from the service.

The non-commissioned officers of the New York National Guard compare very favorably with those of the regular establishment in ability and instruction. The men's mess is good, and they do not by any means suffer by comparison with those of the Regular Army. The officers, the equipment, proficiency in drill and combat exercises, personal neatness and the rapidity with which they have absorbed the method and spirit of their profession as soldiers has been an increasingly beautiful surprise to me.

It is my firm conviction that this service, if it does no more for them, will have repaid every one for the sacrifices in several ways: By putting every soldier in an enviable physical condition, which will go back with them back to their shops, and leave them better equipped for the strenuous effort required of civilian workers, than are their comrades at desk and bench, who have remained behind; second, they will have acquired a new perspective, which will give each of them a full appreciation of things as they are, and tend to connect the one idea-ness that is induced by unbroken routine in daily business life.

Above all of these personal benefits, whether or not the soldiers of the New York Division are called upon to cross the muddy stream that forms a part of our southwestern frontier they are rendering a great and worthy service to their country.

Their presence here has effectually stopped invasions into American territory by bands of outlaws from the Mexican side. It has ended an insipient revolution in South Texas that was assuming alarming proportions, and above all, the presence of the militia is lending weight to the President's negotiations with Mexico at a time when it is absolutely necessary that those arguments be backed by visible force.

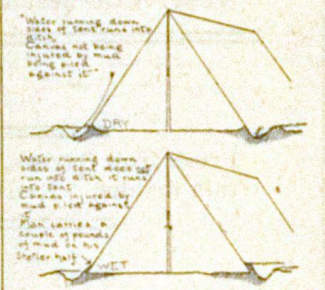
Remember that the soldier that does not growl is a poor soldier, and do your little bit of that as well as you do your bit along other lines.

If you cannot find anything to kick about, kick anyhow and don't let anything settle on your chest, and give you a grouch.

Although there are many rumors about going home the first, take my advice and study Spanish, its a great pastime, and "It's a long way to Mexico City."—Jennings U. Catton, Corporal Co. I, 4th U. S. Infantry, detailed with 23rd N. Y. Inf., Pharr, Texas.

PROPER AND IMPROPER SHELTER TENT PITCHING

At a suggestion of the Divisional Commander, The Rattler is pleased to publish these cuts showing the proper and improper methods of attaching shelter tents.



On the recent marches, the Commanding General observed that recruits in several of the organizations failed to comply with instructions, and attempted to keep water out of the shelter tents by banking earth against the outside of the tents, and the result was the water ran down the sides of the tent, underneath the earth into the tent.

This improper method of attaching also resulted in impairing the efficiency of the canvas, and leaving it in a wet and muddy condition at the time of breaking camp in the morning. Men with such canvas impose upon themselves, not only in inconvenience of wet tents, but also the burden of carrying on the following day an additional weight of mud caked on the canvas.

The cuts given here should forcibly illustrate to the recruit the different results which follow proper and improper attaching of shelter tents.

DAILY TIME TABLE

Following is the schedule of trains between Pharr, McAllen and Mission:

Leave Pharr for McAllen and Mission 10:35 a. m., 12:35 noon and 6:40 p. m.

Leave McAllen for Mission 10:50 a. m., 11:00 p. m. and 6:57 p. m.

Leave Mission for McAllen, Pharr, Brownsville and points east at 8:05 a. m. and 4:55 p. m. and 1:25 p. m. Leave McAllen for Brownsville at 8:15 a. m., 1:45 p. m. and 5:10 p. m. Leave Pharr for Brownsville at 8:23 a. m., 2:03 p. m. and 5:20 p. m.

Extra service is running on this railroad since August 16th.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for \$5 I can insure my house for \$1,000 in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you \$1,000."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office.—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."—Everybody's Magazine.



White Rock

Unsurpassed Mineral Water

from the
White Rock Mineral Springs
Waukesha, Wis., U.S.A.
Office, 100 Broadway
New York

U. S. medical officers, the finest in the world, condemn the use of highly flavored pop and other artificial drinks. All speak a hearty word for the benefits of *White Rock*

White Rock is always welcome to the palate, especially where heat and local conditions make pure drinking water a problem. *White Rock* cuts an alkali thirst every time. When taken with limes or lemon juice, *White Rock* forms a drink which is wonderfully cooling and always refreshing.

Serve it with a tinkle of ice, in a fountain glass or mess kit cup. *White Rock* invites the palates of officers and men alike.

A case of *White Rock* in the tent provides well for the occasional rainy night. Order at all groceries in McAllen, Mission and Pharr.

DRINK

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT!

By Dreher



News Sent in by Our Division Units

12TH INFANTRY

The Regiment left on the ten day hike Tuesday morning, leaving behind the Machine Gun Company, Capt. J. L. Scott, who was given command of the camp. Details were also left behind by each company for guard and other necessary work. The total number of men, according to a muster taken Friday evening, was 217, but this was augmented by the arrival on Saturday of thirty three recruits in charge of 2nd Lieut. Juffe, who was recently commissioned from Sergeant in the Regular Army. First Lieut. Kluge, superintends the detail work, which consists of putting no showers building the new incinerators and completing the mess shacks, besides a hundred and one other little jobs. With all this going on, the camp looks far from deserted, and in fact is busier than usual. The usual camp noises are replaced by the sounds of hammers, saws, trowels, etc. All is not quite finished at the time of writing, but it probably will be when this issue of The Rattler comes out, and surely by the time the regiment marches in on Friday, proud of having added another laurel to its collection.

And it certainly looks as if the Dandy Dozen will make a splendid record on the hike. Up to this time, not a single man has dropped out; not a single soldier has straggled. True, several men have had to be sent back, one accidentally wounded in the foot, another suffering from a very bad case of chafing, etc., but none has quit. In a large measure this is due to the spirit existing among the companies. The desire to make the best showing is very strong, and the enthusiasm of every man is at as high a pitch as it would be were the hike an athletic contest and the companies teams. Another contributing factor is the presence of the band, under bandmaster Huebscher who has a great faculty for picking just the tunes to which the men take best and march best. But above all is a wonderful revival of the old esprit

de corps, which the dreary routine of details in a semi-permanent camp failed to extinguish, though it naturally made it less apparent. The Rattler correspondent followed out and visited the outfit in the field, and even his sanguine expectations were exceeded.

But we must do full justice to all, even to such a circumstance as weather conditions. However, it may simply have been another case of the Twelfth Regiment luck that no rain was encountered until the afternoon of the fourth day. And the luck seems all the more remarkable when you learn that before that, it had been raining all around the place where the regiment was.

On the first day of the hike, the regiment marched from the McAllen camp to Mission, a distance of six miles. The next morning, Alton, seven miles further, was reached, and on Thursday morning, the seven miles to Sterling Ranch were covered in two hours and a half. Up to that point the roads had afforded fair footing, but from Sterling Ranch to La Gloria and back, and especially to Laguna Seca, sandy and muddy trails were encountered. The La Gloria camp was made Friday evening, a brigade review having been held before the start by Major General O'Ryan, as reported elsewhere in this paper. The first downpour of rain encountered by the regiment had made it a wet place and bred millions of mosquitos and goats which made sleeping difficult.

The regimental Chaplain, Monsignor Connolly, visited the regiment in the field on several occasions. He does a great deal to keep the men in good spirits. Many of the boys always make it a point to meet him personally. He is accumulating a fine collection of snapshots, most of them taken while their subjects are unaware. His preference is for ordinary camp scenes such as men performing usual duties, and this is probably the best selection when the future is thought of, because extraordinary scenes burn themselves automatically on our mind. Mgr. Con-

nolly also supervises the distribution of the mail. In connection with this we are able to report a bully-story—and not a cock-and-bull tale either, but a Ford-and-bull anecdote. Riding to Sterling's Ranch last Thursday in a regimental car in charge of Mail Sgt. William Green and heavily laden with mail, we were stopped a little below Alton by a herd of cattle nonchalantly browsing and chewing their cud in our path. We shooed them all away in five minutes, except a gigantic bull who stood about six feet in front of the radiator. Noises and waving of hats had no other effect on him but to dilate his eyes and nostrils until he looked about to charge upon our little Ford. John Tiernan, who was driving, was about to reverse when the engine suddenly stalled. The Rattler correspondent, trusting that his Bovine Nibs would not execute a rear attack, got out to crank 'er up, which, of course required a great deal of spinning. This done, again we tried to drive away the obstructive ruminant but in vain till Sgt. Green, imitating a cow's contralto suddenly threw—not the bull but his voice like a ventriloquist, whereupon the tobacco advertisement picked up his ears and moved away. Then Jack threw—not the bull but the clutch into low, and we were off, throwing—not the bull but our chests.

Talking of throwing, Joseph Giardina of the Mounted Orderlies, has not been thrown since we arrived in McAllen, although he has been active in breaking bronches. Can any other regiment produce his equal?

Also, our neighbors, the Seventy-First Infantry, throw joy into our hearts by their preparations for a real departure. They likewise threw cots and other luxuries away, to our advantage. The Machine Gun Co., being nearest them, threw themselves with ardor into the work of carrying here many useful articles.

Last week we made mention of a remarkable repetition of names in the Hospital Corps. The Supply Co., beats

that. If you were to shout "Hey Mac" when that small company is assembled, there would be eight to answer; but of course not one would do so.

The Supply Company, by the way, eats wonderful meals on the hike. It is compelled to dine after dark, for fear of an attack by the rest of the regiment if what they eat became known. The theory, as set forth by Lieut. Chabourne, is that if it cannot provide for itself it cannot supply the regiment. And is making good in that respect.

Saddler Robert H. White rides Jinny a coal black mule whose tail he has trimmed like a tassel, so that when he wants to find his mount in the dark, all he has to do is go down the picket line and pull every animal's tail until his fingers recognize the artistic shape of Jinny's caudal appendage. Jinny vaulted a five-foot fence the other day, with the saddler on at the take off. The saddler was not on when Jinny landed.

Bill Donnelly, of Co. H, made quite a hit in McAllen where he walked his post as a member of the M. P. for several days, swinging his club and raising himself on his heels and toes alternately, just like a New York "cop" does. And when the test came he acted with the heroism of one of Gotham's "finest." The occasion came when he heard about fifteen shots fired. Jumping into an automobile with Mike Brady, also of the Twelfth, he rushed to investigate, and found two regulars under the influence of alcohol. Arresting them proved a man's job, and was done in New York bluecoat style.

his heels in the air he finds himself watered and tied to the picket line.

The new showers at the foot of the battery streets are a source of comfort. It is now possible to strip, take a shower and report for duty in less than five minutes. Previous to the installation of the showers it was necessary to walk to the pumping station, wait in line for your bath and return by the hot dusty road to camp.

Battery D. has installed wooden floors in all their tents. The remaining batteries of the First Field are preparing to follow suit.

The mules and horses along the picket line as well as every bunch of cactus and mess shack not only in the First Field but along the line have been photographed repeatedly. The craze for taking pictures seems to have taken on the camp by storm. The writer spent one afternoon in the photographers shack of the 71st Regiment and they were forced to close up the place for idability to handle the rush orders.

An amusing incident occurred last week when a member of Battery E, purchased from a citizen of McAllen a half-starved Mexican pony. Those of the Battery immediately named it Hat Rack. The pony was resold the same day to another member of the Battery who endeavored to fatten it up, but after five days gave it up as waste time. The pony was then resold to a rookie in Battery B. At the time of writing, word was just received from the Colonel that the animal had been condemned. The present wrathful owner is endeavoring to secure his money from purchaser No. 2, while No. 2 is trying to collect from No. 1. It is a matter of conjecture who will eventually own the horse.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," which reminds me the skeleton frame of Battery E. mess shack has been ornamenting the street for the past two weeks while the members of the Battery look with longing eyes at the pile of boards beside it. We presume they were originally intended

to obscure the rays of the blinding midday sun at mess time and wonder when the mechanics will begin work.

Some ambitious baseball fans are endeavoring to start a league along the following lines. Each Battery of the First Field to organize a team; the winning team to represent the Regiment and to play against the 71st. The chief difficulty so far encountered is time. To overcome this, it has been suggested to play four innings instead of nine. Sunday afternoon is the time chosen to play the matches.—C. M. W.

OARSMAN, A SOLDIER

Walter Glass, captain of the Syracuse crew, which won the inter-collegiate championship at Poughkeepsie, is a member of Troop D, First Cavalry. Glass joined the troop on his return to Syracuse from the races after the order of mobilization came. His home is in Duluth, Minn., where he was prominent in athletics before entering Syracuse University. After our last race, Walt said he would suggest to the board of stewards of the Poughkeepsie Regatta to transfer the races to the Hidalgo road. Not only a better course, but just think of having such a sporting event right in our midst next June.

TO TEST THE FEDERAL OATH.

A writ of habeas corpus has been issued for the release of Alexander M. Emerson, of Boston, who was detained at the Farmingham Mobilization Camp, upon his refusal to take the federal oath. When the writ was heard in the United States District Court in Boston, Emerson's release was ordered. To make a test case of the matter, with a view of definitely establishing the stand which may be taken by the government in the matter of such refusals, it is understood that the government is preparing to appeal.

Which is worse, to be broiled slowly under a mosquito netting or to be eaten raw by the mosquito;

All along the Border-

New Post Toasties

Have sprung into popularity because of their wonderful flavor and wholesome nourishment.

Toasties are mighty good eaten direct from the package—or with cream or milk.

If you and your rations don't agree, try New Post Toasties—you'll find 'em a man's size dish, with flakes big and firm enough to chew on.

Every package tightly sealed in wax paper—proof against dust, moisture, and insects. At stores, commissaries and town restaurants.

Tomorrow's Good Breakfast

News Sent In By Our Division Units

(Continued From Page Three.)

longues be slit if it is not true, that by the time the last horse kicks his heels at the General, the 4th Company of Infantry will be fighting for seats in the north-bound day coaches.

Several changes have been made in the regiment since the last edition of the Rattler came off the press. Adjutant R. R. Molyneux of the 3rd Squadron has been detached as aide to General O'Ryan. Captain W. J. Donavon is acting Major of the 3rd Squadron, while awaiting his official appointment to a majority. Lieutenant Col. McLean has been put in charge of the regimental veterinary department. It is hoped that a field may be found near the camp site suitable for back events.

Statistics recently compiled by the war college, show that one machine gun crew is equal to 100 ordinary soldiers. This may be true, but it is getting tiresome when offered daily as an excuse for seconds by homeless, wandering, kitchenless and kitless machine gunners.

L Troop started to offer up a prayer for a birthday last week, but before they could get their faces trained heavenward, their wish was granted. Though not a birthday party Sergeant Rudkin saw to it that all the essentials were there. The troop jitney carried two loads of very fine eats to the coolest corner of the drill field, where we went, "right in line," before the come-and-get-it-tray. We didn't start with soup, but besides chicken, there was ice cream and cigars. So L Troop was happy and blessed. "Maude!"

We understand that we are being paid for acting as Wilson's police. In consideration of our work on the picket line, wouldn't it be better to pay us in Wilson's white wings? The name is so catchy.

There's something devilish about the Y. M. C. A. He carries the Princeton colors; he wears horns, and he drops down between your collar and neck, where he sticks his pitchfork into you—and they have asked us to refrain from profanity.

Captain Tobin of Troop H was a dinner guest of Major Ward, our maraging editor, at Division Headquarters last Wednesday.

PERSONAL HYGIENE AND CARE OF THE EQUIPMENT

(The following suggestions compiled by an eminent veteran will be found of great value to the soldier in the field.)

1. During the hot weather take care to wear long winter underwear. The hotter the weather the longer it may be worn.

2. Wash your face freely except before and after meals in the morning and at night when it is injurious to the skin. Do not allow anyone to use your tooth brush. This is very unsanitary. Rather than allow anyone to use your brush throw it away and use some one else's.

3. Avoid perspiring. When you feel yourself about to perspire immediately remove the clothing and take a hot bath. If the exertion of dressing causes you to perspire again, get undressed once more and repeat the performance. Do this until you receive an honorable discharge or are put in the guard house.

4. Avoid sitting or lying on bundles of cactus. There is a good reason for this although the point may not be oblivious to the new man.

5. Before starting on a hike it is well to stock up with half a dozen helpings of pop and several cases of ice cream cones.

6. Should you wake to find a tarantula scuffling across your face remain perfectly still. The tarantula is a peace lover but will brook no interference with his morning exercises. Should he see your face for a rustic bench on which to rest and think, cease breathing. Above all forget the story about the man who shot the tarantula off his toe, this is most unhygienic.

7. A cup of water should be dashed over the body at intervals of not more than a week. To get the full benefit of this treatment the clothes should be entirely removed.

8. The hat should be worn well down over the nose and shoulders or removed entirely. It should be aimed to look as much as possible like a broken winded mule. A few burrs scattered through it helps to give the appearance of the real thing.

9. It is well to have two pairs of socks, wearing them alternately a week at a time. Remember that the sock needs rest just as much as you do. It is a serious thing to be caught on a hike with an exhausted sock.

10. Always wash the face on both sides with a dry towel directly after using.

11. Keep the feet dry at all times. This may be done by climbing up the tent pole or hanging from mesquite trees during the rainy seasons.

12. No work should be done between the hours of 5:30 in the morning and 6:00 at night. This period should be given over to the siesta or light lounging.

13. The appearance of the soldier at least should always be smart. Trousers should be worn right side to and both shoes should be worn at all formations. The ears should be buttoned carefully at all times and the hair rolled down.

14. A soldier's hat should always look as if he had made it himself from an old sponge. If it has any semblance of a normal hat when first issued (which is very rare) roll it into a ball and sit on it at every possible opportunity.

15. The hat should always be suspended, never worn. The three points of suspension are the nose, the left ear and the collar button. Always allow a lock of hair to escape from the front of the hat and fall carelessly across the left side of the nose.

16. Never leave scraps of food such as banana and orange peels, and bits of bread about after finishing a meal. The best way to get rid of such rubbish is to eat it.

17. Never use any of the division dump in their crude state. Prepare them first by flattening and cutting into patterns. The clover leaf and fleur de lys are both acceptable designs.

1ST AMBULANCE COMPANY

Under the 4th Ambulance Company heading in last week's issue of The Rattler, the company correspondent made the statement in no uncertain language that the 4th was the only medical unit coming out at the call to

colors at full war strength. With all due respect to the 4th, we wish to contradict this and for the enlightenment of the other troops and many readers of The Rattler we wish to call the 1st Ambulance Company to the mind of the 4th as it was not only at full war strength at the time of the call but had been for some time and when the 4th arrived at Camp Whitman we were one of the first to come forward to help them get into camp, something they could not do themselves, owing to the lack of stock.

Private Jones who has been under treatment at the Field Hospital at McAllen has returned to the company greatly improved.

Private Soudier is at the Base Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, and in writing to Sergeant Doyle says that he is getting the best of treatment and expects to be back with the company soon.

The first pay the company has received since being called out was received this week and it was a very welcome visitor.

The most important topic around the camp since the 14th has received orders to return home is when is the 1st Amb. Co. going back home. The Amb. Co., owing to the careful and efficient drilling given them by 1st Sgt. Doyle is now at a very pleasing height of efficiency and if there is any Military duty to perform here we would like to be at it.

Ambulance No. 3, with Privates Decker and Cooper who were detailed with the 2nd Regiment have returned.

Stable Sergeant Lillyman is now detailed as Post veterinary in the place of 1st Lieut. Ashe who has been sent to the Base Hospital for treatment.

Lieut. Whitbeck one of our most popular officers has resigned his commission and returned home. The inability to look after his rapidly growing practice was the reason given for retirement.

J. R.

22ND ENGINEERS

Lieut. Donovan of the N. Y. Engineers has the bug question solved. He let down his mosquito bar around his cot at night and lets all the bugs get in it, and then he goes to bed on the floor.

Major Wooten of the 1st U. S. Engineers, who has been with the N. Y. Engineers at McAllen for three weeks laying out a scheme of development work, has returned to his command at Brownsville. He was with the 22nd at Belvoir, Va., last year and has been very welcome here.

The 71st when on its hike to Laguna Seca had a shortage of water. Coming unexpectedly on a bunch of mules, being watered at a canvas trough, a thirsty private rushed to the trough for a drink. The following short dialogue took place: Sergeant (in charge of trough): "Ere, get away from that water. You ain't a mule!" Private (before continuing to drink): "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

ENGINEERS ENTRENCHING

The Engineers have dug a line of firing trenches in the field to the west of camp. From kneeling trenches, they were deepened to standing trenches; the parapets of one foot command have sand-bag revetment; and at each end of the line are machine-gun emplacements. Wire entanglements are to be erected in front of the trenches. Well to the front of one machine-gun emplacement, pits have been dug for a flare which is to be installed with trigger-tripping attachment to be set off solely by coming in contact with a wire across the line of advance.

This week demonstrations were made in front of the trenches. Star bombs were shot up, which burned white lights that were suspended in the air by parachutes for a considerable portion of a minute. Everything in a radius of a quarter of a mile was sufficiently illuminated to give good targets for both machine-gun and rifle fire.

ENGINEER DON QUIXOTES

The last hurricane that did us the honors of a visit played havoc with the windmills at Laguna Seca, which furnished the only water available for the hiking heroes of the division. Capt. Woodward, with a detachment from the first Battalion of N. Y. Engineers charged the windmills with true Don Quixote spirit, but with different tools and different results. The windmills were soon pumping water, some more or less reluctantly, and one recalcitrant one was belted by an ingenious contrivance to the jacked-up hind end of a packard ten-ton army truck and made to pump whether or not. A small detail will remain at the windmills until the last likers have passed. "Viva los Ingenieros!"

PIONEERS AND PONTONIERS

The various engineer companies have alternated with each other at the Lake Comstock about two miles south of camp for daily ponton drills, using the light canvas equipment of the advanced-guard train.

Company H left Aug. 20 for Sam Fordyce where the engineers have three complete divisions of heavy ponton equipment, comprising eight wooden pontons per division; each division capable of building 225 feet of bridge. These pontons are 37 feet long, by 5 feet, 4 inches wide of heavy wooden construction. They have suffered somewhat by weathering and are to be put in good repair after which the Engineers' edge for further ponton drill.

Various attachments and details from the Engineers have been sent out west and north repairing and remarking roads; some of these are out on detached service.

It is unofficially reported that once upon a time a certain distinguished gentleman died and went to hell, but was being shown considerable attention by his highness, the devil. At the inspection of the place, the devil was asked his opinion of his new abode. He said, "Why I'm much surprised. I didn't expect such a fine place, but good ventilation, business hours, and plenty of electric fans in short, I find none of the evils which hell is supposed to be invested in."

"Oh, well," replied the devil, "it used to be bad that way, but we have had so many engineers come down here lately that they have fixed the place

all up fine."
 So maybe the 22nd Engineers can make a livable place out of Texas, too.
 Quien sabe.

71ST INFANTRY

A regimental butcher shop and ice box has been constructed opposite the end of 3d street. The idea was conceived by Captain Trew of the commissary and contemplates the cutting of all meats for the whole regiment in a central, sanitary place. The shop is completely screened, and will eliminate a large part of the danger of contamination from flies. The refrigerator will be used as a temporary storage room for meats. The butcher shop was used for the first time on Wednesday, and promises to prove a most satisfactory innovation.

L Company has opened a company canteen, with reported success.

Private Waterman of Company L, has returned to New York on sick leave.

L Company made nineteen first-class privates on Tuesday.

From our Peeps August 23rd: This morning off from Sterling toward Edinburg, which they do say was a distance of fourteen miles and the same we made in two marches arriving at night-fall, at the noon halt yr. obt. ser. did gamble and game at the cards, and did lose one and one-half dollars, to his intense chagrin and mortification, having been previously more or less vainglorious at his powers at the noble game of draw. During the afternoon come abundance of rain which as saith the scripture fell alike upon righteous and unrighteous, holy and unholy. Edinburg, the county seat of Hidalgo county, consisteth of a very excellent and beautiful court house for those who do litigate; a hotel, seemingly from the movies; an unfinished school of pretentious proportions and outlook; two or three barber shops and several tap rooms; where the only thing Scotch about the hamlet is dispensed. In spite of abominations contrarivise, many did imbibe freely, much to their internal consternation on the following day's journey. There was encountered here a company of the 28th Regulars, who according to their custom, hid fearfully about 30-mile hikes, with full equipment and without water and the like.

August 24: Not so early away today, but as it was homeward, the men did hike spiritedly, and at noon, we had regained our camp at McAllen. Not more joyously did Xenophon and his ten thousand, homeward bound from Babylon, cry "Thalatta! Thalatta!" when they first came over the hills and saw the sea; than did our own Seventy-first greet the empty streets of Camp McAllen after the big hike.

COMPANY A. GIST

A good lot of the credit of Co. A's fine record on the hike is due to our noble auto driver, "Dashing" Harry Common who went ahead and secured water for the many parched throats.

Captain Hodgedon is very proud of the fact that Co. A was the only company that arrived at Laguna Seca with every man carrying his pack.

Thomas Ryan of the second squad we think was put on weight, owing to the splendid food he received on the hike.

The company had a swell photograph taken last Saturday evening with "Texas," our mascot, chewing tobacco, fed him by Lieutenant Lane.

We are in hopes that our young Germany (tooks, of course) will not have a revolution, as the following all claim to be chief chefs: Ludder, Greese and Weber. We know the saying, "Too many cooks spoil the pudding," and that spoiling pudding stuff don't go here, now.

Corporal Berger and Private Freeman will soon be paying income tax if they don't leave the little white cubes alone.

In the hurricane at Sterling Ranch, the dog tent, erected by Sergeant Herzog and Private Wathen, was the only tent that remained up. Pretty good, what?

McAllen is appreciated more than ever, even the following seem satisfied: Sergeants Thompson, Scudellarri and Wolfenden, third class privates, Simpson, Pagnaud, Hueter, Loomis and others, including "General" Thomas. On the hike every place excepting Mission was h—

All boxes of food that arrived here while we were on the hike were opened. Some people had a cinch.

Copporal J. Klax, continues to send us cigars and cigarettes, which are certainly appreciated. He has been extremely generous in the size of his packages of smokes.

One could imagine he was at the seashore the first evening we were in from the hike by the splashing of water in tubs of the first squad tent.

ON GUARD

It was pretty dark down around headquarters, and the thick clouds in the northeast threatened rain. Rookie Hooch paced his silent post, dreaming of ice cream cones and hot dogs by Coney's wind-swept isle, and mentally rehearsed his general orders. Meantime the soothing, sleep-producing notes of taps drifted down across the camp, and the visiting captain with his wife and daughter, bid their hosts adieu, and sped out into the gloom.

Hooch, always on the alert, heard the approaching foot steps. He challenged, nervously clutching his piece. The reply: "Captain Blank, with wife and daughter," came back out of the murky darkness.

"Advance Captain," says Hooch, and he recognized, wife and daughter and the wife—and the hurricane was upon them.

"I'm not kicking, understand," explained the Rookie, "but protecting the Border certainly requires a lot of work. I never dreamed a soldier was out for!"

WANTED—A man in each National Guard unit on the border to act as agent for "The Camp Toilet." Very liberal commission. THE CAMP TOILET, EFKIT CO. INC., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Welch's The National Drink

WELCH'S is healthful. It's a natural tonic. It is not a manufactured drink, not a make believe, but one of Nature's inimitable products pure and wholesome. The Welch Process is clean and quick and gives you the unchanged juice of premium price New York State Concord.

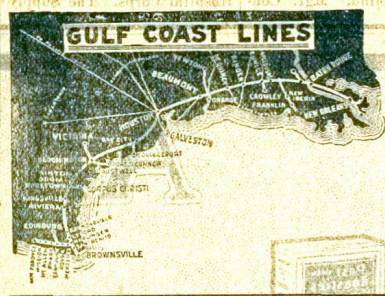
AT canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's

THE individual "Junior" bottle sells for ten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

SEE THAT IT IS COLD.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY,

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You 18,000 men---We brought you to Texas. We bring you your food and mail while here. When you are ready to go home we'll start you there.

We'll help you visit Corpus Christi, Galveston, New Orleans if you say the word.

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Oil Burning Passenger Service---No Smoke

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H. W. Pinnick, District Pass. Agent, McAllen

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A clean store where all drugs and candies are fresh and well handled. A soda fountain that serves cooling drinks in first class fashion.

A store that gives courteous service seven days out of the week

Go To McAllen's Model Pharmacy