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McAllen, .: Texas

## ORGANIZING MILITARY POLICE

### Lt. Col. McLean Establishes High Record of Efficiency

#### MAJOR BUTTON NOW IN COMMAND

Under the efficient command of the Lt. Col. Robert McLean of the 7th N. Y. Inf., the Military Police Force of McAllen, Pharr and Mission, have proven their ability in policing these three towns. When we take into consideration the number of men mobilized in these three towns and the amount of police allotted to each to keep law and order, it is beyond one's imagination to realize how so few men can control the actions of the soldiers coming and going into each town from their various camps.



Lt. Col. Robert McLean

Naturally the police force was made up of picked men from each unit of the division, not only for their physical ability, but their neatness, good judgment, and courteous treatment. At first the force worked under great difficulties, not alone in keeping the men in order and requiring them to live under certain rules and regulations, but as to the trouble in sleeping and mess quarters. The force at McAllen soon overcame these obstacles by building their own mess and cook shack, which by the way is one of the best erected in the Division. When cooks were detailed to the Military Police it was a signal for great rejoicing, as the men at times had to eat and pay for their own food at the restaurants.

Lieut. Edward C. O. Thomas, Co. D, 71st Inf., has handled the situation at McAllen in a very commendable manner. This is by far the largest encampment of the division. During the early part of his administration, the Mexican village was shut off to all enlisted men after 7:30 p. m., owing to the fact that a great many of the men were not accustomed to the habits of the Mexicans, but after having mingled with them for a few days, during the daytime, the village was opened to the men at all times, with very little trouble to the police force.

The greatest amount of trouble to the Military Police is the order which forbids the enlisted men from entering a place where liquors are sold. Men of the force were stationed at every snook, of which there are about eight in McAllen, to enforce this order. True to the traits of the soldier, they found the back entrances very convenient, and at times the Military Police made raids on the places delivering liquor to the men in the rear. All these raids were very effective, and this practice has practically stopped. As to the moral conduct of the men in these three towns, nothing can be said, as it is perfect. Mayor Archer and all other tradesmen in McAllen have time and again remarked about the efficient way the police has handled the thousands of men who visit the town during the night and day.

Thirty days having expired, Lieut. Col. McLean has been relieved from command of the police force by Major J. Scott Button of the 2nd N. Y. Inf., who undoubtedly will continue the efficient work of his predecessor.

William Jennings Bryan, late Secretary of State, Presidential Candidate, Colonel of Volunteers and aspirant for the noble peace prize, has a residence here in "the valley," but the report that all these doves flying around are peace doves turned loose by the Chattanooga spell binder in not true, as they are Mexican doves and know nothing whatever about peace.

## FIELD SERVICE EFFICIENCY

### War Correspondent Compares Personal Service With Present Observations

#### BIG PROGRESS MADE SINCE 1898

(By Isaac Russell)  
Staff Correspondent, The Evening Mail, N. Y., attached to the New York Division, First Field Army.

Standing on the bank of the Twelfth Infantry's main channel canal, while its first flood water was pouring through, a soldier of the Twelfth, tired of digging, delivered himself thus:

"What's the use of fooling around here? That's what I want to know. I enlisted to shove through to Mexico. If we're ever going there why aren't we on our way. That's me."

Now it just happens that when Admiral Dewey finished firing at the Spanish forts in Manila bay the first thing he did was to cable for soldiers to make up a landing force.

He got them. Those soldiers "went right through." They never stopped to pick up form and got everything together. They sailed away from San Francisco in as brief a period after mustering in as the Twelfth Infantry and Seventh and Seventy-first took to come down to McAllen.

So far, so good. But the horrors of that trip still make some of those that were in it look upon this camp here as a marvel of perfection by comparison.

Here it was travel ration on the trains for only four or five days before the field ration began coming out of the cook shacks in Hidalgo county. And then even there were cook cars.

The outfits that shipped to help Dewey seized the first steamships handy. They were freight boats, not passenger boats, in many cases. The travel ration of uncooked canned beef and hard tack, with canned tomatoes, didn't last on that trip for a few days. It lasted all the way over the Pacific. It lasted for forty days.

The cook outfit on one of those ships was just big enough for seventeen men, the freighter's crew. It took care of 700 men on their way to help Dewey.

Once in the hot Philippines they began to cook up the rations brought along. They were rations caught on their way to an Alaska garrison, and were the hottest of heat producing foods.

Those soldiers, in a climate just as fierce as that at McAllen, Pharr and Mission, never dreamed, even, of O. D. stuff, and khaki stuff had yet to be thought of. They went in the thickest and most closely woven army blue. Prickly heat infested whole brigades. I have seen only a small amount of it here.

I watched the conical tents and the pyramidal tents stack up against the morning sun. I remembered that part of every gun section in the artillery battery I was in, had to sleep out all through the campaign against Manila. We started out short on tents and never did catch up.

An old campaigner came along the same canal bank of the twelfth. He talked of the price paid for speed made beyond the point of taking needful things.

"It's God's mercy," he said, "they didn't have to rush right through."

He marvelled at the things present here to make a campaign a success that were lacking in the earlier rushes, and he marvelled at the great machine being built up—the divisional machine of infantry and cavalry, artillery, engineers and signal, truck trains, ambulance trains, mounted messengers and motor cycle men, all being worked into shape to supplement each other, support each other and make an efficiency, in the end, much greater than the personal efficiency, in which each soldier now feels a just pride. It is a wonderful privilege for a newspaper writer to stand by and see this machine of men, munitions and transports grow into being.

### HELP WANTED

Male

WANTED—Sporting editor—also live reporters in Pharr and Mission especially. Address Business Manager, Rio Grande Rattler, McAllen.

WANTED COOKS—Several cooks wanted. Steady employment. Corporal's pay. Must have experience. Address, Box 69, Rattler Office.

WANTED—RECRUITS wanted for the National Guard. For particulars apply to Commanding Officer, Depot Battalion at any armory in the State of New York.

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WANTED—Stenographer, typists, book keepers, clerks, telegraph and telephone operators, nurses, salesladies, cashiers and waitresses; state married or single, experience, reference and salary desired. Address H. S. S. Rattler Office.

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McALLEN, TEXAS

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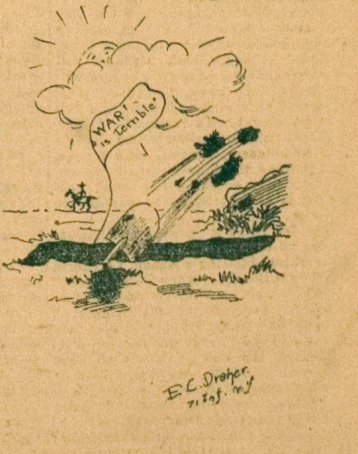
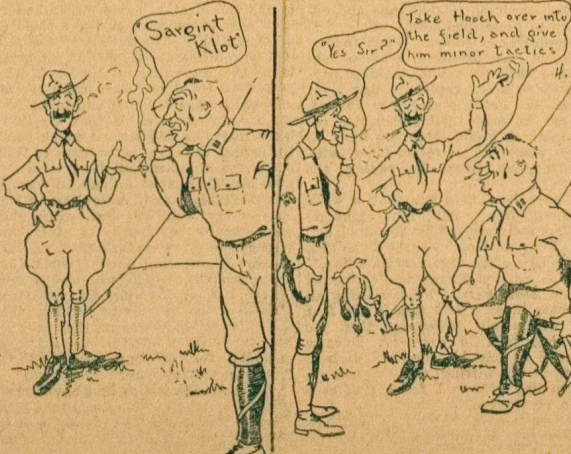
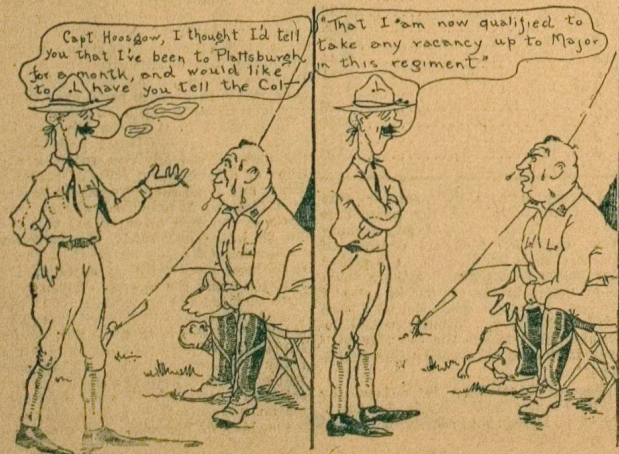
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Mission - - - - McAllen

## PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border

By Dreher







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**SQUADRON "A" SEES RANCH COUNTRY**  
Grave Hardships Experienced Through Shortage of Tobacco

**BY CORRESPONDENT SQUADRON "A"**

With the dawn of a perfect Texas morning coming up like thunder over the picket line, Squadron A Cavalry pulled out of camp for their first five day hike to the ranch country. We were laden, so to speak, to the gunwales, the violent protests of the horses to the contrary notwithstanding; our saddlebags replete with what little comforts of home could be smuggled within the weight limit and our canteen overflowing with the clear and sparkling water for which McAllen is so justly famous.

We struck across country for Sharyland and thence to Mission where we anticipated a long halt and a full meal at the largest hotel (provided of course by the government) but we marched through Mission same as if there had been no town there at all and it was only after we had left it far in the distance that we halted to water the horses. Some of the men believed themselves more in need of watering and one recruit went so far as to say he thought the men were more important than the horses anyway!

Now, for the doughboy, work stops when his march is over and his camp is pitched. For the cavalry it just begins. There is a picket line to be put up, wagons of hay to be unloaded and sprinkled among horses who try to kick and bite their benefactors, and all the duties prescribed by the slogan "horses first—the men can wait." So there were no beans until nine o'clock after which we crawled into our pup tents and, to all intents and purposes, died.

The next morning was devoted to a military problem. The camp was divided into two sections; Troops C and D got up at four, being careful not to wake the others and were out of camp by six, trotting through the jungle along a blazing trail, in and out among cactus ten feet tall, and remarkably thorny, and mesquite, and the skeletons of cows who had died of thirst and been picked clean by birds. The desert we traveled through is quite unlike the McAllen country; the growth is much higher and thicker and more difficult to travel through. Troops C and D rode for five miles and stopped at another ranch where they immediately prepared for the attack of the other three troops. Two men climbed the windmill to act as observers and spent their spare time turning the mill so that the men below could drink.

The machine Gun Troop was the first to arrive and was successfully routed. Troop A met the same fate. Troop B was observed to be lost in the jungle. The men on the windmill could see their guidon wandering about among the brush, but Troop B could not see the windmill, and consequently did not appear until late in the afternoon. After their defeat the entire enemy was welcomed in camp and we were all given an afternoon to ourselves during which there was a general discussion of the maneuver and a talk on the work of the hike by Major General O'Ryan.

We got up at four the next morning and rode to McAllen's ranch where we stopped for mid-day mess and an hour's rest. The country we rode through was much more pleasant than any we had seen. The road was fringed with grass, there was less of the cactus, and more, and higher mesquite. We rode along a road of soft, red sand—more like a road in New Jersey, than the usual Texas hard pan, and the whole aspect of the land was greener and brighter and less thirst provoking. We ran through two storms which were very gratifying for they cooled the air, and the wet dried off immediately when the sun came out again.

Food was served in painfully small quantities and late that afternoon the effects of the lack began to show on the tempers of the men. The horses had had even less than the man, because of the difficulties of transporting oats over the bad roads and they were displaying their emotions in various ways. Sarcastic remarks passed down the lines between the troopers and the horses were cursed in six languages.

Young's ranch was our destination and when we arrived the men immediately downed their sorrows in a large concrete swimming pool which was thrown open to us. This was the first recreation—not to mention bath—we had had on the trip and was probably the best thing that has happened to us since we left New York.

Shelter tents were pitched for the night and outposts placed, whereupon there came down a genuine Texas flood. It was as if a whole sky full of water had suddenly turned inside out, and with it came a wind that made short work of all the shelter tents, and the curses, screams and groans drowned the thunder and cannot be given space in The Rattler because the self-respecting compositor would not set them up.

A drenched, stiff and sleepy bunch of men greeted the dawn and pulled out of camp without stopping to revisit the pool. But the Texas sun will dry anything and the men soon forgot everything except the pool and the yellow daisies, and the cool shade of Young's ranch. It is quite the finest place in Texas and the Squadron vote is that if one must live in this state, Young's ranch is the place to stay, rain or shine. In the next days ride, the only event

was a lonely Mexican who stood by the wayside with thousands of boxes of crackers—fig newtons, Zu Zu's and every sort of comfort for the yawning inner man. He sold them at respectable prices and is now living in a white marble palace on the palm boulevard of Mexico City with fourteen footmen at his beck and call.

By this time cigarettes and "the makins" were reduced to almost nothing, and it was only over a man's dead body that you could borrow tobacco in any form. To ask for a cigarette was an insult for which duels were fought. The falls centred round cold-drinks and rich food and everyone tried to recall the most tremendous meal he had ever eaten, and describe it to his suffering fellows. And at the end of the day came beans, and this time plenty of them, and everybody was happy and forgot beefstake dreams and went to bed under the stars with full stomachs and contented souls. The blue vault of heaven was our only covering that night for the tents were in the trucks and the truck was up to its ears in mud out among the waters of the cactus and coyote in the lonely desert of the borderland.

In the morning we were loth to leave the beautiful pasture in which we had slept, and return to the hum-drum of McAllen camp, but the thought of cigarettes and a canteen lured us up during the twenty mile ride that brought us home in time for our mid-day mess.

Now hikes have their hardships and hardship and cold canned beans, but no one in the squadron who went on that hike will ever regret the experience. A hike at least savors of soldiering and is more to the taste of the average trooper than digging drainage ditches and screening mess-shacks. So here's hoping for more of them.

**AMUSEM THEATRE OPENS**

Those of us who feared that in coming 2117 miles from New York we had lost the "movies" were pleasantly reassured when the canvas covered "Amusem Theatre" opened up outside the camp lines in McAllen recently. The 7th Regiment discovered them first and cheered a Pathe Weekly of the big preparedness parade which showed the 7th Regiment band passing the Washington Arch and the Platoron building.

The hurricane of two weeks ago put the canvas top temporarily out of business, but T. R. Logan & Co., the management of the "Amusem" Theatre, has come back in fine style. Beginning today, Mr. Logan will show a combination Universal and Triangle program, including a Bluebird and Red-Feather feature and two weeklies.

The admission price has been fixed at 10 cents, and there will be a star program every day. A full announcement of each day's program will appear in these columns next week and regularly thereafter.

**MISSION CLEANS HOUSE**

After seeing the 2nd, 14th and 69th Infantry regiments "police" their camps for many painful days in succession, the city of Mission decided it was its turn to clean house. Three days were dedicated to the purpose, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week.

The military police of Mission assisted in the vigilance work, which was executed by the Mission Civic League and the members of the Mission Chamber of Commerce, Secretary Burnett presiding. General Lester, 1st Brigade, lent some wagons and Captain Rodden, Chief Sanitary Inspector of the Brigade, made a military inspection of stores and the business section.

Considerable brush and rubbish was removed. While the benefits of this particular "clean-up campaign" will be felt more particularly by the residents of Mission themselves, it is expected that Mission will be a more delightful place for the troops than before.

**REGIMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE**

The Rio Grande Rattler asks the co-operation and help of every unit of the Division in obtaining the news of each individual organization.

Space limits compel us to allow each regiment about one-half column or approximately five hundred words.

Lieut. C. R. Baines, news editor, requests that the authorized regimental correspondent procure the news items from the various company correspondents, whip it into shape and forward as soon as possible.

The Rattler asks every organization to co-operate by appointing their correspondent at once.

Copy should reach Division Headquarters not later than the Thursday night preceding date of publication.

**NO FLIES ON ENGINEERS**

There is no need in the camp of the Twenty-second Engineers to raise the traditional cry of the corps, "Heads Up!" so far as flies are concerned. Flies are as scarce as tarantulas in the camp, and tarantulas are scarcer there than any place else on the division reservation. When the second battalion settled on the site west of the Hidalgo road it had its full share of flies. It would have them yet, perhaps, if Captain George H. Johnson, of H. Company, hadn't sent his mess sergeant into town for some disinfectant.

The sergeant came back with a compound of carbolic acid (name to appear in these columns when the makers' advertisement does, this being a newspaper that rises above all business office considerations) designed for use as a stable and corral dip. He brought as well, a big tin atomizer and sprayed the clustered thousands along the ridge pole of the company kitchen. He sprayed the other thousands about the incinerator and the sink, and the fly then there ceased to be a problem with H. Company.

Through the rest of the battalion the word spread, and by the time the First Battalion moved in on August 6, there weren't flies enough to supply a museum, and there are fewer still now. When the spraying began one company of the engineers had fourteen men on the sick list. Two weeks later in the entire battalion there was but one, a private in quarters because of the kick of a mule.

Get Your **Fatigue Uniform**  
From C. P. WRIGHT, Main St  
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Everything in the clothes line for "off duty." Pants that "fit." Clothes that wear like your old O D's but as cool as cotton khaki. Bandannas, cool underwear, etc.

Non-commissioned officers, come to us for your Chevrons. We can help you sew them on, too. Shipments coming next week will make this store the leader in soldiers supplies in town. Watch for our announcement in the next issue of the Rio Grande Rattler.

**C. P. WRIGHT**  
Mens' Furnishings  
Main Street  
Mission - - - Texas

Get The **PALACE OF SWEETS HABIT**  
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Mission, - - - Texas

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The New Mission Grocery and Meat Market that is making History in this locality

We Sell Groceries in bulk at Jobbers' Prices

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Can fill your order on fruit, eggs, butter and vegetables. Phone or call to see us before buying elsewhere.

We can fit your company out with better food at the same price. Come to us before starting on that hike.

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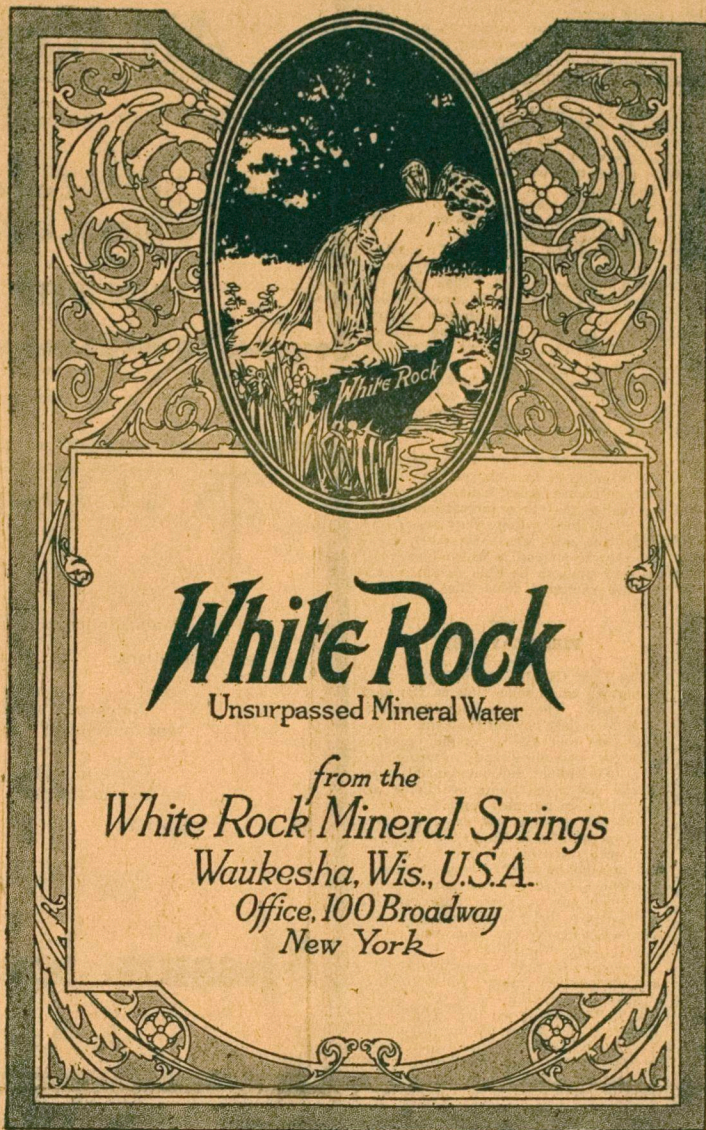
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McAllen, - - - Texas  
D.W. Glasscock, Pres. F. G. Crow, V. P.





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*White Rock* with a dash of lemon will instantly quench your thirst.

*White Rock* is grateful to a deranged stomach.

By drinking it you avoid the bad effects often induced by over-indulgence in pop and other soda-fountain preparations, especially if they be served under untoward conditions.

We are receiving many orders from home-friends of the officers and men now on the Border for *White Rock* to be delivered directly to them, at their camps.

*White Rock* freshly bottled at the Spring, is procurable of all the grocery, drug and bottle trade in all the encampment points.

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***White Rock***  
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