

F. G. CROW

Lumber Yard

We helped to build McAllen, houses, barns and buildings.

We have supplied lumber to all the troops stationed in McAllen.

Perhaps we've helped to make your Company more comfortable. What we build stays built.

For lumber for buildings of all kinds, either permanent or temporary, come to F. G. CROW. We have several carloads ready to fill your orders.

"Let Us Figure on Your Bill"
McAllen, Texas

Plaint of the Ragged Soldier Who Needs the Help of the Q.M.

If you look like a Bowery bum in his business suit—if your toes stick out of your socks and your socks stick out of your shoes; if your knees stick out of your olive drab breeches and your said O. D.'s are of wool; if your woolen O. D. shirt fits you like one of Caesar's cast-off tunics, or clings to you with the almost pathetic fondness of a late model in women's bathing suits; if your peaked campaign hat is warped into a shape resembling a futurist picture of a church and the tassels on the cord consist of a round piece of wool with fringe on them; if you wish pay day was near, so you could buy some underwear that won't get larger every time you bend over to tie another safety knot in your shoe string; if—well, if your "clothes" are in that condition and then somebody suggests that your "uniform" looks sloppy and ought to be cleaned up a bit—well, then—and not until then, mind you!—you may visit your Q. M.

If you have been to see this mighty gentleman once before, you approach cautiously, slowly, from the other side of the street, meekly pick your way to the door of his tent, peek in without making any noise, and behold before you, sprawling carelessly on the floor, a nice, bright, new pair of shoes, tied together by the ends of the laces—shoes as yellow and dazzling to your trample-like eyes as the fading sun of a Texas evening. You gaze at them longly, but only for a moment, for your attention is attracted by some big black letters on a tall packing case. They tell you that the case contains: "Cotton Breeches, O. D. sizes 3—". But the sun fades mighty quickly in Texas. So do shoes—especially the Q. M.'s shoes. A black, portentous shape appears before your eyes. After a moment of very, very deep thinking, you address the shape, with your eyes on your lank-out toes to give you courage, and with a voice like the bleat of a lambkin:

"I really need a new pair of shoes."

You don't hear the rest. You have heard it before. The only comfort you get is down the street. There is a fellow down there growling about his "uniform," who would look just exactly like you if it were not for the indisputable fact that you are short and stout and he is tall and thin. You stop and listen to him. He is saying:

"Oh, we've got the stuff all right. All we need is a quartermaster!"

You grin, smile, laugh aloud. Your troubles are all over. You chew the fat with the tall gink for a half an hour and finally exchange certain articles of clothing with him for the sake of further mutual comfort, and go your way with peace in your heart.

It took a New York tailor to say that clothes make the man and that may do very well for his advertising literature—in New York. It won't do for the National Guard in Texas. It doesn't fit any more than a rookie's uniform does—whether the uniform is as new as the rookie or as old as the Guard. But this is really neither here nor there so far as the quartermaster is concerned, for he doesn't care whether the uniform he hands out of his canvas cave of wonders is new, old or indifferent, so long as the man outside takes it. Generally the man outside that cavern takes anything he can get from the Q. M. with hands just blistering with thanks, because it's mighty seldom he gets anything from that place.

But softly, brother, softly. Keep on thy soiled and ragged shirt yet a little while. This seemingly soulless Q. M. will yet brighten your shreaded existence by giving out to you some raiment that will be as radiant as those very shoes you once so longingly gazed upon. And you shall have the nice, neat cotton O. D.'s, and even leggings that fit you and do not crumple up at the ankles. Your hat shall have tassels that are bright and new and the brim of it shall remain straight and stiff, after the fashion of your colonel's Stetson.

And what, pray, would you have done with these brilliant garments had you cut cactus in them and thrown the mud of many ditches upon their brightness? What would have happened to these clothes if you had had them before your camp was complete, before the rain streams were unable to get under your head and carry it down to the Rio Grande at the rate of fifty miles per hour? The optimist exhorts:

"O thou faithless one, have patience! And pity the poor Q. M. who got his orders same as you! Give him a chance to get his invoices and his orders before you accuse him of 'holding out on you! You are not the only one! (Poor devil) Old Uncle Sam still loves you and is proud of you for ever coming down here to this misery. And you'll not only look pretty, but you'll be strong. And until such time, curse not the poor Q. M. neither publicly nor secretly, for he is not to blame."

R. W. F.

Gregory & Cardwell

HARDWARE, McALLEN

Look along the fence-rails, look on the farm wagon in McAllen, and you will see the name of Gregory & Cardwell.

It means something for you to buy your hardware at the most firmly established hardware store in the Valley. We carry everything, big and little, and our quality is always right.

Remember the name Gregory & Cardwell and drop into our big store on the west side of Main Street, McAllen.

Palace of Sweets

"The Place that Gave Mission its Reputation"



We freeze 250 gallons of ice cream a day---chocolate, vanilla and strawberry.

Price 80 cents a gallon at the store 90 cents delivered in McAllen.

Get the Palace of Sweets Habit.
Elliott B. Roberts, Prop.

Too busy to write an ad this week--and that's some busy. But we always have time to talk to customers.

McAllen Hardware Co.
E. D. CABLE, Manager

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"

There was a bullet that flew close over the town of Pharr the other night. The buildings there are not tall ones, either.

"Bang! ee-EEEE-ee-ee!" That's the way it sounded, just about time for "Taps," and right out of a stillness so thick you could cut it. Clouds were covering the moon. There were some men in town on late passes and every mother's son of them testifies that the others all ducked for a doorway or started to claw clay dust like they had orders to intrench. A 23rd officer, with his nose to the path, said nervously, "How much change did that last fellow give me? I thought I dropped a nickel." A staff man started to strike a match. "Don't, Gawd sakes, I got it!" exclaimed the owner of the money.

At the command of a superior officer a timid one advanced "by thin lines" to ascertain the cause of the shooting. He had not far to go. Out in the gloaming he discovered a disturbed young officer who was just after admonishing a guard relief, a member of which had been trying the mechanism of his rifle without first looking to see if the contraption was loaded. Unfortunately the malfactor was not connected with this brigade and his end was not learned.

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 P. 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.
- Lieut. Col. Henry S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.
- Capt. Guy Bates, Engineers.
- Horatio J. Brewer, Spokane, Wash.
- Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Newport R. I.
- Lieut. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Insp. Gen. Dept. N. Y.
- Capt. Prentice Strong, N. Y. City.
- W. J. Comstock, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Lieut. Joseph A. Pitts, 2nd Infantry.

BRIEFS

Some of the war newspaper correspondent, Messrs. Hadley of the N. Y. Sun, Kidd of the N. Y. Evening Journal and Russell of the N. Y. Mail and Express, enjoyed a game dinner with the officers at Division Headquarters Wednesday evening.

Brigadier General Parker being an "overnight" guest at Division Headquarters last Friday, the 1st Cavalry put on an especially fine entertainment in his honor at our own "Airdome Theatre."

A company of Engineers are working at La Gloria building a special range of 100 field targets for combat practice for Infantry and Cavalry. Many interesting field firing problems will be marked out.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Shary of Sharyland presented Division Headquarters with "the makings" for a game dinner last week. It was greatly enjoyed and the game, like other Sharyland products, proved to be par excellent.

GENUINE SOUVENIRS AT LAST.

Don't worry because all the armadillo sewing baskets are sold out and "she" wants a souvenir which is genuinely Mexican. Rodriguez and Co., the little confectionery store back of the big Rodriguez department store, have just received a shipment totaling several hundred dollars, which young Mr. Rodriguez bought personally last week in Mexico City. These goods are now on display in the confectionery store, one block west of the bank.

The shipment includes some genuine curiosities, such as miniature figures representing a bull-fight on a field the size of a silver dollar, also cocanut shell rings and silver jewelry of remarkable fineness among other things. The goods are warranted genuine and Mr. Rodriguez anticipates a ready sale, as many of the so-called souvenirs sold around town are made in Colorado instead of Mexico and genuine Mexican goods are hard to get.

Add to Border Atrocities: A shave by the Point Isabel barber.—Illinois Cavalryman, also add a hair cut by a McAllen barber.

HALL'S

GROCERY

ASKS YOU THIS QUESTION

Why go out of town to buy Groceries when we have everything needed for your commissary? Wet and dry groceries, vegetables canned goods, foods of a flavor.

We have the cleanest store in town, and the most convenient store for you to patronize. Come here to trade. We appreciate it.

THE GROCER WHO SELLS FOR LESS

A. P. HALL
McALLEN - - - TEXAS

First New York Cavalry

N. G., U. S.

HORSE SHOW
Saturday Oct. 7

Entries Open to All Horses Used in the Service

PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border

By Draher



Model Pharmacy

McAllen, Texas

We carry pure drugs and druggists' sundries of all kinds, Soap, tooth brushes, talcum powder, sponges--call on us for all toilet articles like these.

The Model Pharmacy offers you the most complete stock of any drug store in McAllen, and a stock equal to any store in the Valley. Our fountain is at your service. Try it.

For Best Service and Pure Materials, go to
Model Pharmacy

Rankin-Hill Co. Inc.

Branch office--McAllen

Just across the tracks at the Station

Are You Going Home Soon?

Don't Over-Stock Your Exchange Commissary

Phone your wants in the morning and receive them before night by express or the next day by freight.

We have what you want in stock

Our store and stock is open for inspection today.

OUR MOTTO--SERVICE



Fall Mornings

bring the hunger call in this great South West just about the same as in other parts of the big domain--wherever men go forth to the day's work.

One of the greatest starters for a winning day is

Grape-Nuts

This splendid food is made from whole wheat and barley and supplies the entire energy building properties of the grain, including their wonderful mineral elements, so essential to well-balanced health of body and brain.

Grape-Nuts is a delicious food. It "eats" fine and digests quickly. It is a concentrated, nourishing, man-size food, and comes ready to eat in wax-wrapped, air-tight packages that keep it fresh and tasty and protected from insects and dampness.

Every army man should have a daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

News Sent In By Our Division Units

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

The almost daily hikes of the Second Field are beginning to be so much of a customary affair with each battery that everybody is enabled now to appreciate the humor of the many little incidents along the wayside. Instead of being so busy sweating dust and cussing the army and Texas, the boys look upon these little jaunts more as an agreeable part of the routine of life, rather than as an unavoidable evil, and consequently find plenty to talk about when they return. For example there is a story told of a certain sergeant of a certain battery who had a bit of trouble with his horse on a recent hike. He was thrown into a cactus bush and when the dust had settled he found himself unable to get out without adding about a thousand needles to the collection he had already made.

"Cannoneers--dismount!" he ordered. The battery halted. The sergeant laughed. The battery cussed--and that is all there is to the story, except that it is necessary to add the fact that the cannoneers did not dismount.

As a matter of fact hiking has become such a pleasure with some of the fellows that many of them take little side trips all their own whenever opportunity offers. Corporal William Schermerhorn, Percy Millsbaugh and "Jim" Cullen of C. Battery rode out into the country a few days ago bringing with them a half day's rations and feed. They camped out near a rancho from which they obtained fresh milk to drink and water and they found that it is quite possible to cook a very tasty meal out in the lonesome chapparal. Of course they enjoyed the trip and found many things of interest in a little Mexican settlement through which they passed.

Corporal Mitchell of C. Battery has a trick horse. The horse, by the way, is a mare. Her name is--well, Trxie Friganza will do. It is something on that order anyway. Mitchell tells everybody who wants to ride her not to "mount her on the bit." "Everybody" always forgets not to "mount her on

"argument" with all the snap and skill of Broadway blackface performers, and were well backed by their chorus. The chorus and arrangements committee follow:

End Men--Corp. W. J. Kelly, Corp. H. Tenny, Corp. P. I. Millsbaugh, Pvt. W. F. Purcell.

Chorus--J. V. McCabe, A. J. Williamson, A. Heckman, V. Carlin, J. Murphy, Geo. Adrain, W. Murray, G. Benze, G. Monarch, J. Doyle, E. J. Diggs, Jr., G. A. Hubert, LeRoy Clune, R. H. Adams, Geo. Bishop, W. Smith, J. Martinez, H. Mander, H. Hennessy, J. Willard, E. Gallagher, R. Naldrrett, L. Jacobi, A. C. Brauning, F. Duffy, G. H. Fitchette.

Arrangements Committee--Sheridan Ogden, Chairman; W. F. Purcell, W. V. Vazale, J. Briggs, P. I. Millsbaugh, J. Churio, H. Tenny, J. Deucher, J. Morris, W. J. Kelly, A. Phillips, D. Allen, T. Hicks, J. Kelly.

Oscar Hane and Jack Hanley of Battery F of the First Field claim distinction in the matter of hiking because of their trip to La Gloria a few days ago. They started out afoot without fears about ten o'clock in the morning and reached their destination at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Some going of course they did not carry muskets, but in fact were loaded down considerably more than the infantry man in regular marching order. Jack carried a ten pound can of malted milk besides his sidearms, and Oscar lugged a haversack full of medicines for the hospital at La Gloria.

1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

Wig Wags from Radio Island--The birthday of Major William L. Hallahan, Chief Signal Officer, New York Division, was celebrated in well-known McAllen style, with a banquet at the famous local hostelry. Major William H. Steers, Captains George E. Schenk, Arthur L. Howe, Robert W. Maloney and Robert B. Kennedy, and 1st Lieutenants Herbert L. Watson, Jerome B. Sullivan, Lewis H. De Baum and Gordon Ireland, gathered around the festive board, to join in congratulating the Major upon his well-deserved success, and



Col. George Albert Wingate, Commanding 2nd. N. Y. Field Artillery

to wish him continued happiness. Major Steers, on behalf of the assembled officers, presented Major Hallahan with a small token of their esteem and love. Major Hallahan has served with the Signal Corps most zealously and efficiently for almost fifteen years and the Battalion is proud of their Major.

Company B, under Captain Schenk, was in charge of the field line communication during the recent maneuver problem south of this camp. Company A, under Captain Maloney, has extended its radio field by obtaining another radio set and takes messages from San Antonio, as well as from its radio stations at La Gloria and "elsewhere in Texas."

The efficiency of the local station on the Border telegraph line is not to be wondered at, for Master Signal Electrician is superintendent.

The two reviews last Friday and Saturday mornings were quite a welcome change from the routine duties of the Battalion and gave opportunities for Battalion drill.

If you have any difficulty with your telephone, such as having the combination transmitter and receiver fall down or getting rain or sand inside the instrument, or breaking a telephone pole by trying to throw a horse who does not want to use the telephone, just telephone to Signal Texas Central, and Sergeant MacLean's chief assistant, Private Frederick Smith will shoot the trouble before you hang up the receiver. The telephone department's motto is "Efficiency."

The Battalion cooks, Hoffman, Miller and Fisher and Lovell, must be still satisfied with their lot in the Magic Valley, for the mess continues to maintain its high standard of months ago.

Privates Kaelber and McCann think there should be a regular manure nurse attached for the Headquarters horses, while Private Doyle agrees with them, so far as it concerns mules, but admits that the latter show, at any times, some signs of gratitude for kind treatment.

The Signal Corps basket ball court is nearing completion, and the Signal team will be glad to arrange for games with other teams of the Division. Company B says it has the best basket ball team in Texas. Company A doubts this, but has been unable to prove it. Are there any other doubters?

Lieutenant Watson, who at home is a Civil and Electrical Engineer, for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and in his spare moments designs structural steel work is becoming famous in McAllen as a builder of wooden bridges, frame shacks and all sorts of stuff. Lieutenants Sullivan and De Baum burn the midnight oil in figuring out their ration savings accounts, to discover whether they lose or the Quartermaster Department wins. Lieut. Ireland, who was imported into the Magic Valley, because he speaks Castilian, and not Mexican, continually kills the joy of life by criticising our purchases of blankets, and other souvenirs made in New England. His one criticism is, "It may have been made here by a native, but here is the manufac-

urers address stamped on it--Lynn, Mass."

Sergeant Denner is taking a vacation at La Gloria with his radio section.

Buzzers From Buzzerville.

During the recent Brigade maneuvers near Hidalgo, Private Nealis was as busy coupling up field wire as a New Haven conductor collecting fares between Grand Central and Mt. Vernon (why do all correspondents speak of New York?). Sergeant Twining prefers acting as referee between two scrappy mules (one of whom he counted out), rather than have another experience as operator at K.O., while the Field Artillery and 7th Infantry rearward operators of the Signal Corps struggled for possession of the same line during the heat of battle. He got caught in a cross-fire during the maneuvers. His left wrist still suffers from an excess of "9's" ("9" in Signal Corps cipher means "Beat it").

The work of Company B, during last week's maneuvers was highly commended by General Lester as well as by Colonel Fiske and Colonel Johnson, commanding the right and left columns. The Chief Signal Officer, Division, accepted the verdict with some pleasure, and congratulated Captain Schenk and Lieutenants De Braun and Ireland.

Major William L. Hallahan visited Brownsville last week on official business in connection with the Border system of communication. As a result of his visit the radio station at Hidalgo has been moved to the camp of this Battalion at McAllen, and is maintained there by Company A. By arrangement with Major F. E. Hopkins, District Signal Officer at Brownsville, all the radio messages for the New York Division will be handled direct between Ft. Sam Houston at San Antonio and McAllen, by Company A, under Captain Malone.

The Signal Battalion is constructing a lance-pole telegraph and telephone line between Mission and McAllen, to complete the Border system. The line now connecting McAllen and Hidalgo will be discontinued when the new line is completed.

Major Hallahan and Captain Howe, Battalion Adjutant, accompanied by Sergeant MacLean, made an inspection of the Government lines between Mission and Los Ebanos on Sunday, September 24th, preliminary to extensive reconstruction of the same.

The duty of Orderly to the Battalion Commander is much sought after, since the latter's recent 40-mile dash from McAllen to Sterling's Ranch and return between meals and during rainstorms. Private D. R. Cathart says he is willing to "stand" on his record. The Battalion Commander says the orderly finished strong, despite the heavy going occasioned by the three-hour rainstorm encountered. Stable Sergeant Van Riper O. K'ed both mounts upon their return.

M. S. E. Baker, Company A, is renewing his youth dispatching messengers, foot, mounted and motorcycle, here, there and elsewhere, with buzzers and radiograms. His latest task is speeding up official telegrams at the McAllen station. Old "Pepe" still sets the pace for Signal Corps "pen" and spirit. Long may he move--his being his thirty-fifth year in the game. His original enlistment was in Company D, 7th New York Infantry, in 1876.

Lieutenants Watson and De Braun are offering for sale, without success, a quantity of second-hand, fancy, tropical shirts. They have encountered a bear movement. (See Bulletin 13, N. Y. D.)

Major Hallahan this week received the following letter of commendation from the Chief of Staff, New York Division:

NEW YORK DIVISION
McAllen, Texas,
September 20, 1916.
To Commanding Officer, 1st Bn.,
From: Chief of Staff,
New York Signal Corps,
Subject: Signal detachment on duty at Mission, Texas.

1. Referring to communication forwarded by you on the 12th instant, relative to the prompt action of signal detachment on duty at Mission, Texas, in responding to night alarm, I am directed by the Commanding General to inform you that he is highly pleased with this additional proof by men of your organization of the high efficiency which characterizes your command.

2. The Division Commander feels that whenever any duty is assigned First Battalion New York Signal Corps, it will not only be well done, but will be done as efficiently as could be under the circumstances.

(SGD) H. H. BANDHOLTZ,
Colonel, Chief of Staff.

Captain Arthur L. Howe, our hard-working Adjutant and Quartermaster, disclaims the authorship of the verse appearing in last week's "Rattler." The author is believed to be one Lt. Gordon Ireland, of Company B. Captain Howe's denial is not prompted by any desire to deny the merit of the lines, but he states that his duties as Quartermaster interfere to seriously with his duties as Adjutant to permit his indulging in the frivolities of poets. The Battalion motto is "Take your troubles to the Adjutant." Sometimes the Adjutant is out, but the Quartermaster is in.--The Signalman.

A PLACE TO DINE

Hold on, boys--how about a little chicken a la King, served on a plate with a victrola orchestra to speed you up? That is the latest treat offered by the Delmonico Jr. Cafe of McAllen, the big test restaurant just beyond the Commercial Hotel where Allison and Alison, father and son, do a S. R. O. business three times a day.

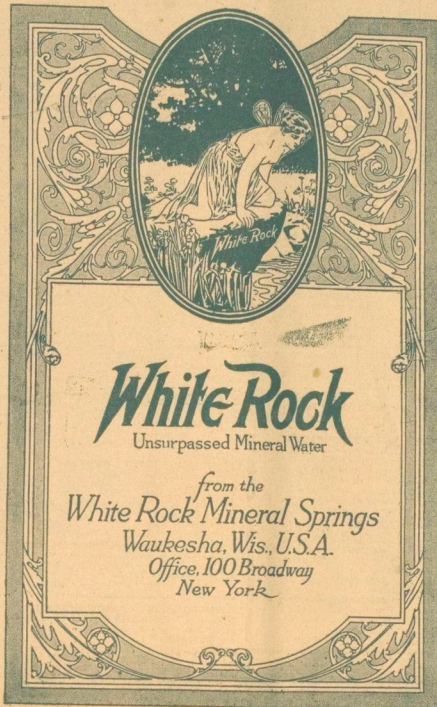
There's no joke about that chicken. The only tip is, come early and get yours.

OIL YOUR GUN.

"We sell lots of linseed oil to the enlisted men these days," says the Hammond Lumber Company of McAllen. "The men use it to oil the stock of their guns."

The Rattler is glad to pass on this information for what it is worth.

Regimental Correspondence should reach the Editor not later than Saturday morning.



Many of the officers and men now at McAllen and other encampments are drinking *White Rock* exclusively.

Avoid the deleterious effects of the local strongly alkaline water by drinking *White Rock*

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.

DRINK

White Rock
"The World's Best Table Water"

News Sent in by Our Division Units

(Continued from Page 6)

Great interest is being displayed by the regiment in the coming horse show. It should indeed prove to be a gala day. Those in charge of the entry lists report most interesting progress.

Where do all those dogs that are continually trailing about camp come from? Private Wilton Copinger of A Troop, it is said, has taken accurate count of them. If the number should increase he will become a strict vegetarian.

Private Phil Kenney of K Troop has returned from the hospital at San Antonio feeling fine. Sporting writers and M. Bustanoby please note.

George Bacher of L Troop finds it hard to combine advertising with such soldierly duties as picket guard and kitchen police, but he manages to edge in a few advertising layouts for The Rattler from time to time to keep his hand in. Bacher is responsible for those snappy snapshots we printed in our page written by Sharyland in the last issue of the Rattler.

7TH INFANTRY.

We're beginning to feel much like Robinson Crusoe must have felt as he sat staring at P. 459 of his voluminous diary and wondering what he would chronicle there that might be of interest to someone besides Friday and the goat. (On second thought we feel more like the latter than we do like B. C.). Of course we are vitally interested in all that takes place within our lines and a great deal that doesn't take place outside but it's ten to one that the great world without doesn't care a continental being more interested in ante-world-series dope. We have found from observation that the only ones who read this particular column besides ourselves are a few misguided girls who send us fudge once in a while and an occasional postcard. You can't blame them much for the postcard thing as a fellow in hand is worth six on the Border.

The 7th. is still going about its own cheery way, eating three meals a day and standing guard ever so often. One week is much like the rest in McAllen and the passing days bring little novelty by way of diversion. Some days we hike out into the cañons and after spying the "enemy" in force, entrenched in yonder thicket, proceed to deploy as skirmishers and think of pretty things to say about guats, cactus, Spanish lay-onet and Second Lieutenants. Other days we joyfully scramble aboard auto-trucks and go forth in great glee to unload 2x4's from side-door Pullmans or pile bricks in a large heap on one side of the road and then carry them back again for some cross-eyed Sergeant who started growing a beautiful grouch soon after the Crimean War. Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken, as the dancing master remarked when they fastened a rope around his neck.

You'd have to go a long way to find a better equipped camp than ours. Every man has a cot; every tent has a board floor; every company, a mess shack; and every battalion, a shower bath. Now that we have been supplied with a few of the comforts of home, we are beginning to forget the two

months we spent without them. It isn't so much what you didn't have then, it's what you've got now. But again rumor hath it that as soon as the goat season is over and the bugs of yellow hue and crimson disposition have returned to a more friendly climate, the greatly esteemed government will supply us with screens for the tents. Contrary to general expectations the extra blanket per man was issued soon after the nights began to take on an unaccustomed chilliness. The only explanation we can furnish is that the blankets were being held in neighboring storehouses for next Summer's use and some officer had the courage of his shivering convictions. Ours not to reason why!

Last Wednesday the 7th. marched forth to do battle with the Green or the Red or the Blue forces, we forget which, and although the events of that day and the one following are still confused and hazy as to details, we haven't the slightest doubt but that the regiment covered itself with glory. It remains for someone whose range of observation was greater than the width of a battle-sight to specify with what special sort of glory we covered ourselves. Whatever kind it was there was scarcely enough thickness to it to render the one night on the field less chilly.

As to news, Private Soandso has left on a furlough and Lieutenant Whatsisname is visiting New York on a leave of absence. About the same number of men have adopted burros, goats, scorpions or snakes as pets and an equal amount have received a large number of letters from certain young ladies—and all that sort of thing.

Somewhere the bright lights are shining, attentive waiters are hovering, appetizing dishes are waiting, pretty girls are sweetly smiling—but not "somewhere in Texas." H. I. Y.

COMPANY I ON BORDER DUTY.

The first unit of the New York Division to do actual border duty, Company I, 7th. New York Infantry, discharged its mission efficiently and conducted itself with such decorum that the residents of Madero, where the pumping plants, were reassured of their safety and expressed regret when the company was relieved.

The order for the moving of the company from the post at McAllen came through on the afternoon of September 11 and in less than an hour all rolls were made and cots and baggage packed on the motor trucks which left with the first squad about 5:30 o'clock. The recent rain made the going so heavy that a delay in returning for the company seemed inevitable. In order to reach their destination promptly the first platoon hiked to Mission before they met the returning trucks. The time, one hour and five minutes, was particularly commendable.

Owing to the heavy roads the 2nd. platoon was delayed in leaving until the next morning. On their arrival they found tents pitched and camp made inside the breastworks, which had been occupied by the 2nd. Texas troops, and the regular duties of the

outpost were assumed immediately. Guards stationed on the river protected the two pumping plants and the approaches from either side.

Captain Wade Hayes, in command, and 2nd. Lieutenant Beavers, who had been assigned to the company in the absence of leave of 1st. Lieutenant Nichols, kept the men busy repairing the stockade and buildings and building gabions to protect the entrances. This work, entirely new to the men, was executed as if done by veterans and received the commendation of Col. Finke when he made an inspection of the camp.

The installation of a telephone by the Signal Corps enabled Headquarters to keep in touch with the situation hourly and although nothing untoward occurred every detail which would enable the company there located to properly protect the plants and to receive assistance if necessary was worked out with precision.

The town of Madero is located about three miles directly south of Mission on the Rio Grande. Its population is practically all Mexican. The pumping plants are important as they furnish the water supply for Mission and Edinburg and for the irrigation of that whole section. It has been reported that shots had been exchanged across the river and when the Texas troops were removed there was fear of trouble. Very little effort would put the pumping plants out of commission and consequently the importance of the assignment to this post was great. Aside from a post of insects the stay of Company I was a pleasant change from the routine of camp life at McAllen. The work was instructive and the recollection of chicken dinners at neighboring houses, which a few were fortunate to indulge in, will always prove a pleasant memory.

Company I was relieved on Friday, September 17, by Company G, 7th. N. Y. Infantry, Capt. Nesbit commanding.

74TH INFANTRY.

After several days of preparation and rehearsals the 74th minstrel troupe made up of men from all companies of the regiment entertained the residents of Pharr and men from other regiments stationed at Pharr in the National Theatre, Friday night, Sept. 15, and Saturday night gave the same performance in the 74th. Y. M. C. A. At both performances capacity houses prevailed and many were turned away. All agreed that the boys gave a splendid performance and kept the audience in a constant furore with the antics of the endmen. Little Miss Anita Gawthrop and Master Olan Reed, both juvenile residents, assisted with song and dances. Following was the program:

FIRST PART

Overture, 74th Infantry Orchestra, under the personal leadership of J. Schwitzer, Opening Chorus, "Leading Up the Mandy Lee," by entire company. Baritone Solo, "Goodbye, Good Luck, Good Bless You" by Private Dohmeyer, Co. D.

Medley, Popular songs and chatter, by Machine Gun Co. Quartette.

Tenor Solo, "Mother Machree," by Private Metcalfe, Co. F.

Tenor Solo, "My Own Iona," by Private Sidman, Co. I.

Bass Solo, "Asleep in the Deep," by Sergt. Goss, Co. L.

Coon Song, "And they Called it Dixieland," by Corp. Johnson and Pvt. Churchill (Ends.)

Eccentric Clog Dance, By Corp. Haug Co. E.

Baritone Solo, "You'll Always Be the Same, Sweet Girl," by Corp. Shriner, Co. M.

Old Fashioned Rube Song, by Sergt. Wallenberger, Machine Gun Co.

Bass Solo, "When It's Twilight Neath the Old New England Hills," by Private Daily, Co. G.

Tenor Solo, "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You," by Graham, Co. G, accompanied by the "National Harmony Four" of Co. G.

Finale, Chorus of Medleys, by entire company.

Intermission—(Fifteen Minutes)... Overtures, 74th Infantry Orchestra.

SECOND PART

Olio

"Camp Life as Seen in Texas," by The National Harmony Four" of Co. G, Introducing Private Churchhill, Graham, Daily, Corp. Johnson in Harmony and Nonsense.

Cornet Solo, by Sergt. John Bolton, leader of the 74th Regimental Band.

Hypnotic Act, by "Prof." Lawrence & Co., Mach. Gun Co.

Minstrel, Dr. Frederick Strickland, That Lone Star Minstrel Favorite in Old Fashioned Songs and Stories.

Special Feature—(Local), Pharr's Greatest Juvenile Entertainers, Little Miss Anita Gawthrop and Master Olan Reed, in songs and dances De Luxe, accompanied by Miss Marie Gawthrop.

Vaudeville Sketch, Wolf Shriner and Dohmeyer, introducing ragtime Piano playing, singing, talking and dancing. Female Impersonation, introducing dancing of the highest quality, by Pvt. Erling, Co. C.

Motion Pictures.

Finale, Closing Selection by 74th Inf. Orchestra.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ends: Graham, Sidman, Churchhill (Tambo) MacKay, Daily, Johnson, (Bones.)

Interlocutor, Harold E. Steer, Secy. Y. M. C. A.

Chorus, Dohmeyer, Co. D, Goss, Co. F, Crumlish, M. G. Co., Haug, Co. E, Shriner, Co. M, Wallenberger, M. G. Co., Morin M. G. Co.

Band Leader, 74th Regimental Band, Sergt. John W. Bolton.

Orchestra Leader, Joseph Schwitzer.

OUR NEW FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT IS FIT.

Verily this is a year of preparedness. The military world "do move". To add to her record as the only state to send an entire and completely equipped Division to the Border, New York has organized and trained a new artillery regiment, known as the 3rd. Field Artillery. Formerly the 65th. Infantry of Buffalo, the 3rd. N. Y. F. A. assumed its present name and began training as

an artillery regiment, soon after the order for mobilization was issued last June. New York already possessed more than the required quota of infantry regiments and as artillery was deemed of the utmost importance in the conflict that was then imminent, the change was directed by Washington and was quickly made.

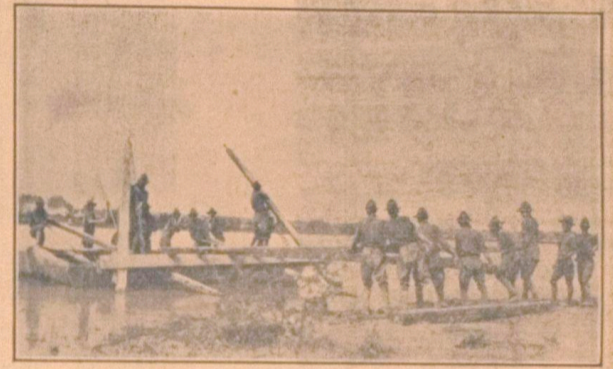
Col. D. W. Hand, U. S. A., was placed in command of the new field artillery regiment and under his direction the officers and men soon became proficient in their new line of duty. The regiment has been encamped at Peeks-kill all summer and has undergone its training under the keen eyes of regular army instructors.

The 3rd. F. A. is equipped with 47 howitzers, twenty-four guns in all to the regiment. There are four guns to a battery, three batteries to a battalion, and two battalions to the regiment. The 1st. and 2nd. N. Y. F. A. now on the Border are equipped with 3-inch guns. No field artillery regiment in the N. G. U. S. possesses guns of as large a calibre as those of the 3rd.

The strength of the 3rd. N. Y. F. A. is 769 officers and men. At the present time the entire command are eagerly awaiting orders to entrain for the Border where they hope to prove the effectiveness of the regiment. They are now at the mobilization camp, Camp Whitman.

OUR BUSY RAILROAD

Way back in the spring of 1916, when McAllen was just a village and not an army concentration point, it only took one station agent to sell all the tickets



Pontoon Building By New York Engineers.

that the two trains a day ever demanded.

But prosperity came with the arrival of the New York troops and now no less a personage than the General Agent of the Passenger Department himself greets you when you step up to the window to buy your excursion ticket to Corpus, price five dollars, or your two yards of stamped paper that carries you back to New York.

Mr. Harry W. Pinnick, the G. A. P.

OCTOBER 7TH FOR CORPUS.

This is a picture of Corpus Christi—not the whole town, of course, but enough to show you that it's green and cool and inviting. Corpus Christi is 150 miles from McAllen, which is just far enough so that the 9:45 bugle call to quarters isn't heard on the back piazza of the Nueces Hotel until several hours later, in case you prefer to spend the evening swimming.

Division Headquarters reports that many men are receiving furloughs for four or five days to allow them to visit Corpus Christi, which is aptly described as "the Naples of the Gulf." In most cases the furlough is readily granted, providing the application has received the necessary endorsements from the Company and regimental commanders.

Since the last excursion to Corpus of three weeks ago, many inquiries have been made as to when another special week-end trip can be arranged. At present, the movement of troop trains and the expected influx of visitors to McAllen for Frontier Day have interrupted the plans which the Gulf Coast Lines had made for the next excursion. It is expected, however, that this can be scheduled for Saturday October 7th, leaving McAllen Saturday around ten o'clock, arriving in Corpus Christi at 4 that afternoon, and returning at 10 Sunday night, after 24 hours in and beside the gulf.

The regular excursion fare to Corpus Christi and return is \$5., but a special rate of \$3.50 will probably be arranged for this day only. Watch the advertising column of the Rattler for full and authentic information.

The Division Camp Exchange

announces a fairly complete stock of military goods and camp necessities in spite of its large sales.

Located at the S. E. corner of Division Headquarters parade grounds.

McALLEN - - - TEXAS.