



# The Rio Grande Rattler.

WELCOME  
GOVERNOR  
WHITMAN.

SPECIAL  
ARTILLERY  
NUMBER

Published in the Field by the New York Division

VOL. 1.—NO. 13

HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 15, 1916

8 PAGES

PRICE FIVE CENTS



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



## TEXAS "NORTHER" VISITS CAMP McALLEN

### Guardsmen Shiver as Boreas Blows Upon Camps and River Outposts

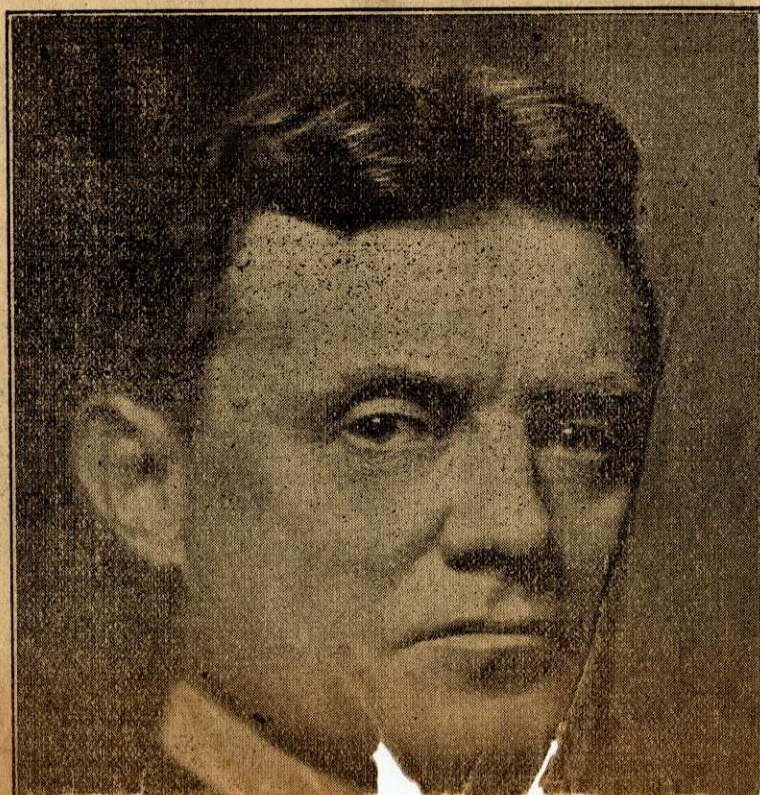
### OVERCOATS WOULD BE WELCOMED

A sheer drop of fifty degrees in the temperature within five hours ushered in the norther that made the entire New York Division start shivering and shaking early Monday afternoon. A cold drizzling rain set in on Monday evening and continued to fall intermittently all Monday night and all day Tuesday. Teeth-chattering weather swept down on the Magic Valley, and according to all accounts and predictions is here to stay for some time. To the guardsmen sheltered at McAllen and Pharr, the cold weather brought shivering discomfort as they huddled together in the kitchens and wondered when those tent stoves that Washington had ordered would arrive. It was indeed a hardy, courageous soldier who braved the marrow-piercing Texan Zephyrs for the sake of a freezing shower bath.

But the men in pup-tents at the La Gloria Range and on outpost duty along the Rio Grande suffered the most from the rigors of the "norther." Reports from San Juan Hacienda and La Flores Ranch state that both the officers and men were so chilled

## GOV. WHITMAN ARRIVES

### Will Review 6th Division Tomorrow



## COMBAT FIRING IN- TERESTS INF. BRIGADE

### La Gloria Field Range Course Both Instructive and Enjoyable

### MAJOR CHANDLER RANGE OFFICER

With the completion of the combat firing problem at La Gloria by the First and Second Brigades of Infantry, a record has been established of which the whole New York Division should be proud. Never before in this country has a combat problem of the size of this one been accomplished either in respect to the number of men who have shot over the range (about 5000) or the amount of ammunition used totaling approximately 200,000 rounds. The rifle range was designed by Major Fred M. Waterbury, Division Ordnance Officer, and was built by the 22nd New York Engineers. The Range Officer is Major George E. Chandler, adjutant of the First Brigade and Lieut. Percy E. Barbour of the 22nd Engineers is assistant Range Officer.

The First and Second Brigades of Infantry have fired the problem, each man using forty rounds of ammunition. The troops which are going from Canada to Europe have only forty-five rounds per man shooting before going into action on the big battle line. All the troops concede that the La Gloria

## LOOKS LIKE WILSON ON LAST RETURNS

### The Rattler, Like Other Big Newspapers, Announced Hughes Last Week

### COUNTRY VOTE DECIDES ISSUE

While it now looks as though the Hon. Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President of the United States, it is by so small a margin that the final official count can alone settle the matter, although last returns are decidedly in the President's favor.

Early returns on election night were so decidedly in favor of Charles E. Hughes that after the big Hughes vote had been reported in the principal cities, and it was learned that New York, Illinois and Indiana had gone for Hughes, all the leading metropolitan, and other papers of prominence in the country, flashed "Hughes Elected."

The Rattler in true newspaper style had kept its special wire and staff of reporters busy all evening at Headquarters and the motorcycle experts had rushed the copy to the Mission printers so that everything was in working order for our Special Election Number. We are sorry our forecast was wrong, but feel that no apology is necessary, considering the fact that even the dyed-in-the-wool Democratic press of Democratic Texas "said the same thing."

## COL. N. B. THURSTON IS WELCOMED BACK

### Royal Reception and Review Tendered by All Buffalo Troops.

### A DANCE CONCLUDES FESTIVITIES.

On Friday's noon train Colonel N. B. Thurston, affectionately known to his friends and associates as "Peggy" returned to Pharr to reassume command of his old regiment, the 74th infantry, of Buffalo, after having been absent on a two-month sick leave. Colonel Thurston, who has been critically ill at his home for some time, has now sufficiently recovered his health and strength to take over his military duties. He was accompanied from New York by Major W. C. Montgomery, Surgeon of the 74th Inf.

The Colonel was received at the Pharr station by Lieut. Col. White and the other officers of his regiment, and Lieut. Col. H. S. Sternberger, Major J. Leslie Kincaid, Major Edward Olmstead and Major Fred M. Waterbury of the 6th Division Staff. The Colonel was greatly touched by the warmth of his friends' greetings and remarked that he was indeed happy to be "getting back into harness." The 74th Regimental Band struck up a welcoming tune and the Colonel was escorted in royal style to his quarters in camp.

4 o'clock

# LOOK

New additions to our store give us more room for cots, mattresses and necessary camp furniture.

Be comfortable! Get a mattress for your cot, or a comfortable.

Either one will last you through the winter--if you need it that long.

Get acquainted with the big store.

We have what you want in this line.

## Gregory & Cardwell

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## Hall's Grocery

The Home of Clean, Well Handled Groceries

Investigate our stock of groceries, fresh and tasty, at

Special  
Reduced  
Prices

## DIVISION UNIT NEWS

### 1ST CAVALRY

The time is 4 a. m. The place is the high bank of the Rio Grande which flows serenely under the blue light of a full moon with only an occasional swirl, accompanied by a sucking sound as of a bottle removed from a mouth to indicate the strength of the current. The weather is exceedingly cold.

Outlined against the skyline on the top of the bank, stands a figure closely wrapped in a blanket. To the moving picture fan it is suggestive of Sitting Bull brooding over the last lands of his people. As a matter of fact it is Private Bing who has just been awakened from his rather chilly sleep to take his trick of river guard.

According to instructions of the lieutenant in charge of the night patrol this particular section of the river is about to become the scene of a very active traffic in Mexican bad men. Private Bing has been told not to shoot these men if possible, doubtless to keep the shore from getting littered up and minimize policing as much as possible. Instead boats are to be allowed to cross without challenge. Immediately they are sighted Private Bing is to awaken the other two members of the guard. One is to rush back to camp for reinforcements while the other accompanies Private Bing to the ford. Here the boat party will find themselves cleverly infiltrated by two springfields immediately they set foot on shore. They are then to be hurried to Hidalgo.

Two things puzzle Private Bing as he glances across the river at Mexico where the barren sandy shore runs back to the line of chapparal for fifty yards. If there is any crossing made the parties must carry their boats on their backs for there is no sign of any floating things for half a mile in either direction.

Concluding, however, that this might be a bandit custom or that they use water wings, Private Bing turns to the second puzzling point, namely that of getting the prisoners quickly to Hidalgo. Through the jungle of mud and chapparal behind him as he found it hard enough to get through alone. Hampered by a boat load of prisoners it is asking too much, particularly for fifty cents.

A wild goose near the opposite shore quacked loudly and Private Bing turned quickly for his rifle leaning against a handy post. He moved back into a thicket realizing that his silhouette must be exposed to careful fire from the opposite shore. In doing so he becomes aware that the thicket is full of thorns and steps quickly back into the open.

As the minutes multiplied Private Bing's sense of romance gave way to a sense of cold. After all a chance bullet would place him in an enviable future if not present position. Private Bing amused himself by composing a suitable lead for the inevitable newspaper story. As this progresses it be-

### 74TH INFANTRY

In the past week the Seventy-fourth has had the good fortune to welcome back to the regiment its commander Col. N. B. Thurston. Col. Thurston left Pharr about two months ago very ill but is now restored to perfect health. On Friday, November 10, the day of his arrival, Col. Hand of the Third Artillery brought his command to Pharr and a joint review of the 74th and the 3rd F. A. took place in honor of Col. Thurston's return.

In the evening the officers held a ball in Col. Thurston's honor. Maj. General O'Ryan and Mrs. O'Ryan honored the affair by their presence. There were also personages of note from McAllen, Edinburg, San Juan and the surrounding country present. The affair proved to be a happy and festive occasion.

Maj. Pooley has returned from his furlough to Buffalo and is once more in command of the second battalion.

Major Wood of the third battalion is leaving shortly on furlough to Buffalo.

On Saturday, October the 28th, the 74th journeyed to Hidalgo via motor trucks and played Company G, United States Regulars of the 28th Inf. and handed down one of the biggest defeats given them by any team on the Border, in quite awhile.

The battery for the 74th team was composed of Parker and Clark, the former being one of Buffalo's famous "Spit Ball" artists and his superb pitching, as seen in the last game landed him a berth on the regular staff of the Regimental Team. He had 16 strike outs to his credit.

The all round playing of the infield featured the game, they having three double plays, which showed snap and qualification.

Manager M. J. Mulligan has now rounded his team into the pink of condition and as they are out every day practicing very hard they are quite a machine to beat.

While again on Sunday they again showed their superiority by defeating the 29th U. S. Truck Drivers of McAllen on the 74th grounds.

The battery for the 74th was McDougal and Clark while Rice and Gatzek took the firing and receiving for the 29th.

All honors are due the Speed King, McDougal, of the 74th, who had 20 strikeouts to his credit and allowing but two hits.

Loose fielding during the 6th inning allowed their only tally to cross the rubber.

While the delivery of Rice was not up to his standard, as will tell from the box score, the 74th getting him for 17 safties.

We now can boast of the best class A team in Texas and any one wishing to dispute this claim can accept our challenge which is issued for all, for any amount side bet on any grounds. Any teams who wish a game will kindly communicate with Manager M. J. Mulligan.

## D. Guerra's Sons

General Merchandise--McAllen

"What a big store," they say when they see D. Guerra's place. Yes, and we have everything that soldiers want and soldiers need.

### A FEW SPECIALTIES:

BLANKETS  
FRUIT  
CLOTHING  
CRACKERS  
CANDIES  
NAVAJO RUGS

Prompt and efficient service, backed up with courtesy, have won us many friends among the New York troops.

## No Use Talking!

Crow's lumber MUST be good.  
Why?

Because we've nearly sold out that whole train load we got a month ago. Sh-h-h-h-h!  
We'll get some more pretty soon

Frank G. Crow

# Hungry? Then Head for Helen's Palm Cafe

On the corner of Main Street and the Railroad, McAllen. Prices reasonable, Food perfect. Just opened a new pie-parlor. Baking more pastry than ever. Did you get yours yesterday? A dinner eaten at Helen's is a dinner thoroughly enjoyed. Prove it!

## Wholesale and Retail Post Exchange Supplies Marston & Williamson

Manufacturers of Army and Navy Souvenirs, Pillow Tops, Handkerchief Cases, Pen-nants, Silk Flags, etc. Fobs, Medals and Pins, Souvenir Post Cards. Buy from Manu-facturer and save money.

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OUR MOTTO---SERVICE

## CELEBRATING ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Fourth Ambulance Company  
Enjoy Feast and  
Eloquence.

### MESS SERGEANT HANGS UP RECORD

With a menu that rivaled the repasts served in the hotels of old Syracuse, with men distinguished in the National Guard ranks as guests of honor and speakers, and with, in short, all the essentials that go to make a successful banquet, the 4th Ambulance Co., of Syracuse, celebrated its first anniversary under arms in the field on the Mexican Border—the only militia unit in the New York Division to do so, and the only guard organization in the United States to be able to boast that of its first year of existence, five months have been spent in actual service.

Mess call for the supper prepared under the direction of Mess Sergeant R. D. Glahn, by Cook Walter Schindler and his force of assistants, was blown by bugler "Shorty" Stevens at prompt 7 o'clock. The men filed into the mess hall to find that usually barren structure as elaborately decorated as though the banquet was in the Salt city rather than 2500 miles from there in what was, prior to the Fourth's arrival, a cactus field.

The Fourth's Guidon and American and red cross flags featured in the decorations. The mess tables had been arranged in rows, and for the first time since the ambulance men left home they were not required to form in line and have their food apportioned. Instead they were served at the tables by volunteer waiters.

The menu included everything from soup to nuts. Clam chowder formed the first course and was followed by breaded veal cutlets, with tomato sauce, cold boiled ham, mashed potatoes, bread and butter and cheese. Ice cream, cake, coffee, cigars, cigarettes and nuts completed the bill of fare. Music was furnished by a string orchestra, composed of men from the signal corps, the 3rd Ambulance Co. of New York City, and the 2nd and 3rd Field Hospitals, the former of Albany, the latter of New York.

The toast list opened with a prayer by Acting Sergt. A. J. Farnett who presided. In introducing Colonel William Terribury, Chief Surgeon of the Medical Department of the 6th Division, Mr. Farnett explained that the office of toastmaster had been thrust upon him when Sergeant A. H. Smith, who had been previously unanimously elected, pleaded press of work and declined to serve.

Col. Terribury, in opening, referred to the fact that he was present just one year ago when the Syracuseans were mustered into the National Guard and contrasted the great change the militia training had wrought in the

with you in thought at least. Wishing you good luck and a speedy return."

William D. Kerr, a former member of the Fourth, sent this telegram:

"Congratulations to the officers and enlisted men of the 4th Ambulance Co. of the New York National Guard on their first anniversary."

There was also one other "telegram," but its authenticity is not guaranteed. It read: "Syracuse Pill Battery: Congratulations. Hope to see you soon.—F. VILLA."

Following Captain Latta, Lieut. W. E. Truex of the Fourth, who dubbed himself as the "Company Growler," spoke. He gave way to Lieutenant S. B. Schwartz, better known to the ambulance men as "Togo," who in turn was followed by Lieut. F. S. Wetherell. Acting First Sergeant W. J. Sullivan, Sergt. Harry Fish and Sergeant Grover Cleveland Johnson, all old timers in the militia service, together with Sergeant Leslie Farrance and Privates Walter Chaskel, Richard Harrison and Walter Keller, completed the toast list.

### ENTRAINING PRIVATE MOUNTS

November 8, 1916.

The Rio Grande Rattler, McAllen, Texas. Editor: For the benefit of many National Guardsmen now on the Border, I should like to make a suggestion through your paper, if you think it worth the while.

In every branch of the service, especially so in those where mounts are used, there are guardsmen who have bought horses, etc. These are their personal properties, and they naturally desire to take them home. The government allows no such facilities as will satisfy their desires. Therefore, I suggest that the wishes of these men be satisfied if possible.

If I am rightly informed, it is possible for the men to hire out a car, attached to their train, at a very nominal price. A car holds a score of animals, which means that the expense would have to be met by twenty guardsmen. And although the men would have to look after their horses and pay for the food, the total expense to each individual would be such a trifle, as it would enable all of them to realize their wishes. As it is, most of them, if not all, are forced to sell their properties practically for nothing or give them away as presents at the last moment.

A report could be gotten of all those interested, and leaders chosen for their respective units.

Hoping that the suggestion will be considered, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
PVT. FRANK DI PASQUA,  
Battery C, 2nd Field Artillery, N. G.

### BUSINESS BITS.

There's a clerk in the Palace of Sweets, Mission, who earns his fifty cents a day thinking up new combinations of soft drinks for his patrons. A new one is "Rochester Raffle." This consists, as we remember it, of vanilla ice cream in a glass, jammed full of chocolate syrup and chopped pineapple and girded with bits of banana. Very dressy. But of course you can't judge by the name.

She read "The Rattler" a week or so

## BORDER SERVICE LOOKING BACKWARD

What Soldier Boys Who Have  
Returned to New York  
Think About It.

### ELMIRA COMPANY IS INTERVIEWED

This gives an idea of how Border Service looks, after they vet back to New York. The Elmira, (N.Y.) Herald procured personal statements from many members of Co. L, 3rd Infantry upon their return from Pharr.

A few of the comments follow:  
It was a great experience, but I am glad to get back.—E. M. Connelly.

We had a warm reception on the Border, and we had one at home, so I will say we had a hot time.—Corporal R. M. Dennis.

I can do anything now from shining shoes to waiting on table. I'm a Jack at all trades.—John S. Parke.

It is a fine place for a young man to buck against his own resources.—Mess Sergeant R. L. Edwards.

If you have a couple of weeks to spare next summer, take a trip to Pharr, Texas. Scenery wonderful. Landscape magnificent.—H. W. Robinson.

We all had some trip and I guess every man sure enjoyed it for I know I did.—Fred A. Bacon.

We went through many hardships, but every man played the game like a true soldier.—E. W. Randall.

Greatest trip of my life. Wouldn't have missed it for the world.—Sergeant John C. Mosier.

Our trip to the Border and back was fine. We feel well repaid for all the hardships we went through.—Sergeant W. N. Arnold.

This trip has been worth my weight in gold, but again, in time of peace, I'll take the gold.—Howard N. Karr.

Texas was great; but I would have enjoyed it more if there had been a few more blondes at Pharr and not so many senoritas.—C. B. Bosworth.

Two familiar sayings while on this hike: "Ten miles to the next windmill and wash out your mouth and take one swallow."—Cook.

The trip was delightful, work hard, but nevertheless I have no regrets.—George L'Amoreaux.

My experience in Texas has been one of great benefit which will be of great help in the future. I am very glad I went.—W. H. Youmans.

It was a wonderful experience with many sound lessons. I am very glad I have been with the boys.—L. R. Newell.

A great experience for anyone. Would do it again.—Sergeant H. F. Seeley.

Our tour of Border duty, although filled with a great many unpleasant features, was something that very few of us will regret.—R. B. Hammond.

As a regular says, "It could be worse."—C. D. Spencer.

Enough work to make it fun.—Fred Woodhull, jr.

# THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

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By the  
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with the authority of  
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Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz  
Chief of Staff

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1916

## THE OPPOSITION TO THE NATIONAL GUARD

That there is a sentiment hostile to the National Guard, the Guard itself is well aware. That was made clear during the debates in Congress when it was made to appear from matter fed to the press that the Guard was playing politics; that it cared nothing about the country's defensive interests but was concerned solely with getting on a Federal pay roll. To the officers and men of the Guard who had contributed not only of their time but of the best that was in them and of their means, for the advancement of efficiency of this arm of the nation's military power, these charges were ridiculous. To the New York Guard in particular, which had for years opposed any Federal compensation for Guard troops, and who modified their views only when they realized that better discipline, property accountability and attendance at drills were dependent upon this measure, the charges seemed so absurd as to need no answer. The Guard made no answer and its opponents had full swing in their campaign of misrepresentation.

An interesting example of painstaking effort affecting the alleged shortcomings of the Guard is a two column news article in the New York Times of October 29. This article is headed "500 Guard Officers Quit in 3 Months. Border Units Held Men. Advo-

## ON SEEING MY BROTHER HIDE AWAY TO MEXICO

By Bruce Barton, Editor of Every Week

At 5 o'clock in the morning I went over to the armory to see a troop of New York's Cavalry march away. My brother is a member of the troop.

They are just boys, in their twenties. Most of them have been members of the troop less than a year. They have ridden twice a week at the armory. A hundred times, perhaps they have been on horseback.

Brave they were; eager to be at the front; but unhardened, unequipped, and unprepared.

The pity of it, I thought—that we who pride ourselves on our efficiency in business, who spend more on life insurance and fire insurance than any other people in the world, should be so woefully inefficient in providing that life insurance called national defense.

I saw the brave Seventh march away, as it had marched in 1861 to meet the Confederates at Bull Run. "Two armed mobs," Count von Moltke called the forces at that battle. "Armed mobs"—it is with armed mobs that we have fought all our wars.

I saw the Seventh go away. One third of the men did not have even khaki uniforms.

We would not foresee the need of khaki: we would not prepare.

Two decrepit machine guns I saw at the Cavalry camp—of antique pattern, almost useless.

If the war in Europe has taught nothing else, it has taught the need of machine guns. But it takes more than a world war to teach us.

Unbroken, untrained horses, rushed on from the West—and eleven men in the hospital, kicked by horses.

We have shipped thousands of horses to France, but our own need of horses we would not foresee.

Only a part of the men had been inoculated against typhoid—the anti-toxin had given out.

At any minute in the past four years we might have been called to typhoid-infested Mexico; yet no one had foreseen the need of typhoid anti-toxin.

Not enough uniforms. Not enough guns. Not enough ammunition. Not enough blankets. Not enough medicine. Not enough food.

Once before we went to Mexico. We called for 50,000 volunteers. Our total force was 104,284.

But it took almost a year to get the volunteers equipped and trained. By the time they were prepared their term of enlistment had expired and the men went home.

I quote from Huidekoper's standard work:

"As a result of this loss coupled with the detachments necessary to guard the line of communications and a large number of sick, Scott's army was reduced to 5820 effective men. In the midst of a hostile country, and only three days' march from the capital, with virtually no enemy to oppose him, Scott found himself unable to budget for three months. . . . The Mexicans, in the meanwhile had gained

## Our Honor Roll

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.  
Maj. F. S. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.

Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.  
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf.  
Colonel George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.

Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.  
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.  
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.

Major 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.  
Sergt. Herbert T. Slingo, Co. B, 7th.  
Lieut. W. B. Lester, M. G. Troop, 1st Cavalry.

Homer G. Bell, Motor Truck Co. 35.  
John G. Jansen, 1988 Broadway, New York.

Lieut. S. A. Stover, Troop L, 1st Cav.  
Lieut. Col. Edward V. Howard, Asst. Adj. Gen., Albany, N. Y.

Commodore R. P. Forshew, 2 Rector Street, New York.

James M. Heatherton, 700 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Major Charles Elliot Warren, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Daniel Appleton, N. G., N. Y.

Lieut. Col. R. L. Foster, 12th New York Infantry.

Capt. D. M. Hooks, Binghamton, New York.

W. F. Hutchinson, 120 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Col. Wm. G. Haan, C. A. C., U. S. A.  
Col. Chauncey P. Williams, Div. Staff.  
Capt. Charles Currie, 1st Cavalry.

1st Lt. Chandler Smith, Paymaster, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York.

1st Lt. and Ordnance Officer, Paul G. Thebaud, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York.

Mrs. Frederick E. Humphreys, 41 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Mrs. Allen B. Sutcliffe, 16 Casenovia St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sergt. J. H. Clark, Co. B, 7th Inf. Corp. Harvey K. Lines, Co. F, 7th Inf. Wm. C. Relyea, 55 John Street, New York, N. Y.

Wm. B. Miles, 390 Cherry Street, New York, N. Y.

C. S. Andrews, 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Amos R. Storer, Needham, Mass.  
Ernest C. Lewis, National Arts Club, New York.

Col. James M. Andrews, Schenectady, N. Y.  
Co. M., 1st Infantry, Mohawk, N. Y.  
Major Edwin W. Dayton, 1st Brigade, N. Y. C.  
Army and Navy Club, N. Y. C.  
Chas. J. McKenna, N. Y. 7th Regt. Assn. of Chicago.  
James C. Nolan, Albany, N. Y.  
Lt. Col. Lorillard, Spence, Military School to Gov. Whitman.  
For Louis H. Eller.

# THE NATION'S GUARD

By Howard Irving Young.

"Hell with the National Guard! It will never amount to anything."  
—Extract from article in last week's Rattler.

"One hundred thousand men to guard the flag,  
"One hundred thousand men with arms," the call  
Resounded o'er the land, and far and wide,  
They heard and heeded, answered one and all  
The country's youth, its pride, the Nation's Guard,  
Forsaking home and workshop, in the hour  
Of need they gathered, glad to bear the cause  
Of liberty and truth—Columbia's power.

The Nation's Guard! Untrained and unequipped,  
Yet filled with fire and vigor, unafraid  
To bid farewell to love and life down there  
Upon the country's Border. Thus they played  
The Game. But not for them the hero's role,  
And stirring conflict with a gallant foe;  
But dust and sun and dreary days to wait.  
A soldier's lot? Ah, yes, they deemed it so.

But in the waiting they have built anew  
The sinews of the Nation's strength—and Peace.  
Unfaltering courage linked with brawn and skill  
America's pride and safety will increase.  
Who dares to call them worthless now? Who mocks  
And jeers these stalwart sons? What trait'rous tongue  
Blasphemes their name and honor? What man sneers  
At these who gave their all—by Fame unsung?

Let that one face the hundred thousand men  
Who sacrificed their own to higher needs,  
And let him say their labors are for naught  
Because no bursting shell marked heroes' deeds.  
Then would he cringe who scorns the Nation's youth,  
And sensing their devotion, understand  
Their future is America's. Their name  
Is "Regular"—These Guardsmen of the Land.

# The Incinerator

Sober reflection, the only kind possible in the 6th Division, convinces us that possibly we were a bit premature with our last line last week. Perhaps it should have read, "Wilson—That's All." However, we still withhold our congratulatory telegrams.

What an ad for the safety razor people.

It surely was a close shave for His Excellency.

Our cautious contemporary the San Benito "Oklasodak" special extra-ed on Wednesday, "New York State vote to Decide the Presidency." It really

Maybe Mabel would be sorry, and maybe Elsie and Fay and the others would be, too. But Jim wouldn't and neither would I if he were shot entirely instead of half most of the time, especially when he writes me letters or sends messages and things. But it was cold in that pup-tent. Don't see why they call them pups, when they ain't big enough for a kitten, not even a small one.

Sunday: This may be a day of rest some places, but not on Border Patrol. Stood guard again. It wasn't so lonely by daylight, but it wasn't like a picnic in Mt. Vernon either. No one crossed the river while I was on post which was a good thing for me because I wasn't thinking of the river but about

# Athletics

By Stuart J. Saks

## BASEBALL BOXING FOOTBALL

### PITTSBURG AND BROWN

#### MAKE GREAT SHOWING

The turning point has been reached in the 1916 football season. All the major elevens have completed what they regard as the preparatory work for the championship games which are to be played during the remainder of the season.

Last Saturday marked the first of these clashes when Harvard defeated Princeton in a close game 3-0. Dartmouth and Pennsylvania playing to a tie and Yale going down to defeat to the plucky team of Brown.

So far it is still very hard to select the champion, but from all appearances Pittsburg seems to have the call. Not only have Pittsburg completed the first part of their hard schedule without defeat, but have easily won over such strong teams as Pennsylvania, Syracuse of the Navy. Pittsburg will undoubtedly go through this season without defeat, making the wonderful record of having gone through two seasons without loss.

Brown also has a remarkable record for this year. So far their slate is clean and it was not at all surprising to the critics when they overwhelmingly defeated Yale.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton must continue their fight only for secondary honors. The next few games will clear up the situation somewhat, and should Yale defeat Harvard and Princeton, the whole affair will be most baffling to the dopesters.

Indirectly, Pittsburg has shown superiority over the so-called "Big Three." The eleven from the smoke city ground out a 20 to 0 win over Pennsylvania, who in turn held Dartmouth to a 7-7 tie. Princeton just squeezed out a 7-3 victory over Dartmouth. The games scheduled between Yale-Princeton and Harvard-Yale will bear close watching.

#### POINT RECORD OF COLLEGE

##### TEAMS.

Yale.	
Carnegie Tech	25 0
Virginia	61 0
Lehigh	12 0
Virginia P. I.	19 0
W. and J.	36 14
Colgate	7 3
Brown	6 21
Totals	184 7

##### Harvard.

Colby	10 0
Bates	26 0
Tufts	3 7
North Carolina	21 2
Mass Aggies	47 0

### SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS

Harvard 3, Princeton 0.  
Penn. 7, Dartmouth 7.  
Syracuse 42, Susquehanna v.  
Colgate 35, Rochester 6.  
Brown 21, Yale 6.  
Cornell 21, Michigan 20.  
Pittsburg 37, W. & J. 0.  
Army 17, Maine 3.  
Navy 50, N. C. Aggies 0.  
Lafayette 32, Allbright 0.

### FOOTBALL RETURNS CALLED OFF

The returns of the Harvard-Princeton football game which was to be received at the Amusem theatre was called off on account of the Western Union being unable to supply the service. It was a great disappointment to the large crowd which turned out and it was regretted by everyone.

A large field was laid out on a score board with all the lines marked off, with a sliding ball, the position of the ball on the field could be shown at all times and full details of each play.

The board may be used this coming Saturday for the Yale-Princeton game and if the service might be procured, a big following of the football classic of the East will turn out.

### BORDER BITS

A miniature bowling team of the 1st Cavalry defeated a near team of Squadron A at Corpus Christi last week, 597 to 583. My how news travels.

22nd Engineers baseball team defeated the McAllen team last week 10-9, also scored a victory over the 3rd Field Artillery 3-2.

There was an old demon named Nail, who played in the back field for Yale. When the outlook was grim they would have called him if they weren't dead sure he would fall.

Fullback Driggs, of Princeton scored the touchdown that defeated Dartmouth when he intercepted a forward pass and ran 65 yards for a touchdown.

Still the footballs continue to fly over the company and troop streets, but as yet we hear nothing of any games being played.

The long expected Cavalry track meet is coming, but when, no one seems to know. Horse-back riding seems to hold the troopers' attention.

Lieutenant Loeser has charge of the 7th Regiment athletics, and games can be arranged through him. Corporal Hobart is the official scorer.

### TWELFTH INFANTRY.

The river patrol work continues to be the most interesting topic. Last Friday the Second Battalion marched out in the morning to relieve the Third which marched in several hours later, having spent ten interesting days along the Rio. Many men say that they learned more about real soldiering in these ten days than they could have learned in ten months if the regiment had remained in New York; and although our homes still look good to us, we are all getting to feel that our stay here is making us very valuable to Uncle Sam, whose greatest need today is for trained men.

A great help in the work has been a set of notes on the establishment of outposts and performance of patrolling duty along the Rio Grande, compiled as the result of years of experience by Regular Army Officers in this region, and furnished to the 12th New York infantry by District Headquarters at Brownsville. The information they contain is inestimably profitable to anyone engaged in Border duty.

It was a proud lot of men that returned from the school of instruction in Machine Gunnery at Harlingen to the 12th Infantry camp at McAllen last Saturday afternoon, in their five Ford trucks. Though the newest unit in the regiment, the Machine Gun Company refuses to be eclipsed by any other. It may not have such picturesque characters as some of the members of the Supply Co., nor has it gone through such thrilling experiences as some of the companies on river patrol, but from the moment when the Lewis guns and Flivvers arrived, it buckled down to real work, and by now every man is thoroughly familiar with the mechanism and operation of their weapon.

While at Harlingen, several obstacles arose—not of the company's making—which prevented adherence to the schedule, and it had to remain several days longer than had been planned. In spite of all difficulties, however, the men, under Capt. Julian Scott and Lieut. Junkin, achieved what the army officers in charge declared to be the best record, considering certain handicaps, and judging proficiency in all phases of the work. The aggregate scores were better than those made by any other company at Harlingen so far, whether equipped with the Lewis, Binet, Maxim, Colt or Hotchkiss guns. Corporal William Harriman's wonderful shooting, together with his good work in other respects, won him a Sergeancy; and Thomas (Babby) Malone also "Squirted the hose" in marvelous fashion. The official report is now in course of preparation, and we may give some extracts from it next week.—M. F. B.

### 2ND AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Promotions and changes have been in order in the 2nd Ambulance Co. during the past week.

Sergeant James H. Fowle who holds an instructorship at the East High School at Rochester, N. Y., has left for that place on a furlough. His place is being filled by Acting Sergeant

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Wednesday Nov. 22 nd.

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## News From Our Division Units

### 4TH AMBULANCE CO.

If asked upon their return to Syracuse on that "some day"—be it in the immediate future, or at the end of their enlistments—just what the most interesting experience of their Border life was, the members of the 4th Ambulance Co. will answer in unison, "The Trip to Fort Ringgold." The trip personally arranged by Major General John F. O'Ryan of the Sixth Division as a reward for efficient service, fully came up to the proudest expectations of the Salt City boys, affording as it did, their first real taste of life in the field.

The start was made from McAllen, the Fourth's home, at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning, practically the entire company going. The first halt was a brief one, but 15 minutes, at Mission. Resuming the march, the column moved to Chihuahua, the official railway designation of the ranch of Ramon Vela, arriving at about 1 o'clock.

With the clockwork mechanism of regulars, camp was established, the work being marked by a total absence of the confusion that generally distinguishes the militia outfit. In one half hour the ambulances had been lined up, the mules unhitched, watered and fed, the mess tent pitched and dinner started, the dressing station established and both the officers' tent and the line of pup tents pitched. In another 15 minutes the men were dining on vegetable soup, bread and jam, and lemonade. The remainder of the day was devoted to the score of recreations of the men in khaki—hunting, mapping photos, etc. The hunting blue ribbon went to Private Herbert Meyer, who brought down a six-pound jackrabbit. Taps blew at 9 o'clock.

The stars were still shining brightly when the first call blew in the morning and promptly at 7 o'clock the line of march was resumed. The only departure from military etiquette was a series of hearty cheers for Senor Vela, who reviewed the company from the upper veranda of his magnificent modern ranch house. Enroute to the next camp site at Los Ebanos, the Fourth passed through Vegas, a town wholly Mexican, and Sam Fordyce, the railroad terminal, also a station of the Twenty-eighth Infantry.

At Los Ebanos camp was established upon a plaza now used as a parade ground by detachments of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry and of the Twenty-second New York Engineers. Lined upon the plaza is a wagon train of the engineers bearing a full pontoon bridge ready for instant throwing across the Rio Grande, a grim reminder that, in the words of the Fourth's song, "We're here for business." The regulars at Los Ebanos are established in the ruins of an old brick kiln, a semi-fort, which commands a view of the Rio Grande and surrounding country. S. B. Schwartz carried a 7th Infantry man's

to line were posed for by the "Scalpmalive Motion Picture Company," composed of these "noted thespians, Fred Wells, Bob Clark, Clair Kompe, Walter Coolidge, Bert Moss, Ed Stevens, Charles Woodruff, Ray Lavoy, Thomas Halloran, George Jones, Herbert Meyer, C. C. Clearwater and "Director" C. B. Bahn.

At Fort Ringgold, the Fourth's men met two Syracusans, Major John Miller and Private William Young, both of the Twenty-eighth Infantry. The visit of the Fourth gave many of the regulars their first glimpse at an ambulance company, of which there are only eight in the United States Army, and only five in the United States proper.

The last leg of the trip was started with a call to arms at 2 a. m. at Chihuahua. With rumors of Border unrest flying for the previous few days, and the men under orders to sleep with guns and ammunition at their sides in the pup tents, the alarm had all the thrills of a call to arms in actual warfare. The first notes of the bugle brought every man to his feet, and when assembly sounded almost immediately the company to a man was in line and ready for the inspection of revolvers.

This was followed by the orders "strike dog tents, hitch ambulances and prepare to march." In just one hour and fifteen minutes the company was on the march, a remarkable record when it is considered that the call to arms was entirely unexpected, that the entire camp had to be struck, and the site cleaned, blanket rolls made, etc., all of this work being performed in the inky darkness or by lantern light. It was just 7:05 o'clock when the column moved into its home camp at McAllen. Since its return, the Fourth has celebrated (on November 10,) its first anniversary of its first year of existence, five months having been spent under arms in the field.

### 7TH INFANTRY.

The Seventh, fulfilling its part in the new program of augmented patrol along the Rio Grande is now living partly on the banks of the river and partly in McAllen with all the self-consciousness of a munitions millionaire with new town and country houses. Grim-visage Mars frowns his approval on the bronzed nephews of Uncle Sam as they sturdily swing out of their comfortable camp with shower-baths and canteens and set their shoulders resolutely as they start off down the road on their 8-mile hike to their outposts along the restless Rio. And as this is being written the 1st Battalion is serving flag and country within stone's throw of the enemy's lines—but no one is allowed to throw stones. Who knows what grave dangers may beset them there? Who can foretell the terrible consequences that would follow the forced forcing of the

### FIRST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

To the Editor of The Rattler. Sir: Wednesday, October 11, Mr. Hooper, who drives one of the Packard transport fleet, started from McAllen for Donna Pump with Private McCann and myself. For several days previous, contrary to the usual conditions in Texas, the dry season was interrupted by a steady downpour of rain. The road between Hidalgo and Donna Pump, were in condition only for snakes, frogs, toads, and in some places a boat might have afforded some pleasure.

On Monday of the same week Hooper succeeded in making the trip from McAllen to Llano Grande and return via the main road in less than five hours. This record pleased Major Hallahan to the extent of allowing McCann and myself to make the trip to Donna Pump presumably in the same length of time. Wednesday morning was clear without a cloud in the sky, and we figured not more than five or six hours for the trip. Our equipment consisted of the clothes on our backs and one canteen filled with the usual cold water fresh from the faucet.

Leaving McAllen our first stop was Mission. There the trouble began, when we took on a load of iron poles. Lieut. Hoff of the Texas Militia with Privates Amerman and Hart of the Regular Army Signal Corps were waiting for us with a second truck. About 10 a. m. both trucks started for Hidalgo. We arrived at Hidalgo in time for noon mess, which was the time we allowed for the whole trip. At 1 p. m. with fifteen miles to go, we headed for Donna Pump along the river road. Both drivers were making remarkable progress when suddenly we noticed the wild gesticulations of a dark-skinned native. Regardless of the fact that our Spanish vocabulary was limited to "Boenis dies" we realized that he was making every effort to warn us against the mud holes in our path. We stopped while Lieut. Hoff made a careful study of the road and possible detours. The combined forces of both trucks finally pulled through. This was a mere beginning, and for several hours all took part in an old-fashioned game of football consisting of line-bucking only. To gain five yards, it was necessary to fall back three and then plunge. We played four quarters of one hour each and no intermission.

Lieut. Hoff, believing in preparedness, brought with him a signalling outfit, and as he decided that we could not make Donna Pump, tapped in on the military line. It was an agreeable surprise to all to be allowed to order our evening meal by telephone while we were surrounded on all sides by cactus plants and mesquite trees. We drank the water left in the canteens and started on, when a rumbling in the distance warned us against an approaching storm. A storm never traveled so fast and lasted as long as this one. In less than ten minutes we were drenched. Luck was with us, however

Allen. Major Hallahan ordered a guard to be placed over the abandoned truck while the fleet commander sent out at once a rescue truck.

At 2:30 the next morning McCann and myself were awakened by Hooper. the rescue truck had pulled our truck out of the mud and brought it back to camp with the guard. Both trucks were waiting not far from our tent, to take us back. After arousing Lieut. Hoff to gain his permission to leave, this, by the way, was a very diplomatic move, we all started at once for Donna. At 6 a. m., after a rough journey, we passed through Donna. The balance of the trip was easy sailing along the main road and both trucks were in McAllen at 7 a. m.

After a hearty breakfast at Delmonico's, McCann and I pulled into camp, much to the gratification of Major Hallahan.

(Signed) PVT. J. KAELBER.

### 3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Four inspections in six days! Some record, and more to come we understand. Maybe they just happened to remember about some Ambulance Companies being in the Division, and they're making up for having neglected us so long. We appreciate the compliment (if it's not over done,) but we wonder what it is all about, and whether it means New York or Mexico.

Musician Tracy, Newfield, F. Sabater and DeLiso were chosen to fill the duties of inspectors of election last week by the 3rd's voting men, Tracy and Newfield representing the Democrats and DeLiso and Sabater the Republicans. Newfield was chosen by the other three to act as chairman.

Rose is back from his studies at the hospital, (he was taking up domestic science if you remember,) and says he expects to remain over the holidays. We hope he means in the "3rd" and not Texas.

Bill Logan changes occupations faster than we can keep up with him. He is now driving one of the motor ambulances attached to the camp hospital.

The pack section, under the command of Sergt. Tracy, enjoyed the novelty of a hike to Donna and back one day last week, loaded with coin of the realm; the whole distance of twenty-five miles, covered in about four and one half hours shows this detail to be in splendid condition, and ready for actual field service if necessary.

Anthony DeLiso is back from his pre-election duties on the Republican State Committee, and is again busy with camp duties. The "Count" says "the next time there is a presidential election his vote is going to count—and it won't be at Mack-Allen either." The bunch were about to begin counting "Money, Money Everywhere, but not a Cent for us!" When the welcome paymaster blew in one

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## Why I Am An Artilleryman

If you were to ask me why I am not a doughboy, I would tell you its because I'm too lazy to walk. If you were to ask me why I'm not a Cavalryman, I would tell you what a friend of mine said to me at the time that I first thought of enlisting in the army, which used to be going into Mexico. He said nice things like this: "Remember, your horse comes first;" "If there's a night attack you go right out and scare them away;" the Cavalry always goes out ahead of the rest of them and gets shot at so as to warn the rest of them that the enemy's there;" "If your horse wants your blanket, he gets it;" "A saddle makes a dandy pillow except when there's tarantulas around and there's lots of them in Mexico." All of which made me decide emphatically that I would have been an artilleryman. Best branch of the service anyway, goodness me! I couldn't be a doctor. I couldn't be a baker. I couldn't be an engineer. I couldn't cook. I couldn't signal corps. So what else could I do but be an artilleryman. I know now that I ought to have been a quartermaster—but now it's too late. I gaze at the tear in the left knee of my O. D. wools and sigh and wonder why they didn't call them B. C. wools. Anyway, I'm just an artilleryman.

But I am writing about why I AM an artilleryman and not about why I became one. There's a difference. When I became an artilleryman, I didn't know anything about soldiering at all. Some people seem to think that I know less now, and they do not hesitate at all about telling me so, but I can't help that. I don't believe it, myself—only I wish they would tell some body else so that I could get a discharge for mental disability. It's awful hard on a man, after he's been chewing Texas dust for four months, to have somebody tell him he doesn't know anything. They might at least concede that I know enough not to visit McAllen again.

But now to begin with, I want it very well understood that I am not trying to lower this branch of the service in the eyes of anyone who may be successful in wading through this chatter of mine. I'm not kicking about being an artilleryman at all. In fact I am very proud of the red guidon. I love to see it. I love to see it waving in the breeze. I'd even love it better if I could see it waving in the breeze on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

No, it isn't the red guidon that bothers me. It's the fact that I have to follow it around—just as if I didn't have any more intelligence than a bull. And when it comes to places like Texas, I think it just ought to be ashamed of itself. The idea of bringing a fellow to a place like this!

But speaking of Texas reminds me that there's a lot of very brave boys down here. Very, very brave boys. Why, they came down here to die for their country, they did, and now half of them even wish they WERE dead! Just think of it, how brave!

Yes, Texas is a mighty peculiar place to be in. But it's particularly peculiar when a fellow has to get out and take the mud off a gun or a horse. Texas mud is worse than

bones. Not so with the artilleryman. He not only has his horse to work over, but he must give much care to that three-inch piece before he can wander off into the land of sweet forgetfulness where all is peace and labor a dream.

Yes, the follower of the red guidon gets all the routine of soldiering, and besides gets a tall lot of work that other branches miss. On his hikes, the doughboy carries himself and his pack, if he can, but if he thinks riding a gun is a lovely, comfortable thing to do, he'd better get on a gun seat going across a cornfield at a gallop or bump all day along these parlor-floor roads of Texas, or ride the boulders of Tobyhanna. And if the cavalryman thinks the red hat-cord boys can't ride, he'd better try a green team with two other green teams, hitched to a gun, and try to keep his traces stretched instead of tying them up in a bowknot. Perhaps he'll concede that he's green himself by the time he gets through.

And when it comes to drilling, the other fellow don't have to know half as much as the other boy of the scarlet runner. He must know the close order drill on foot as well as the mounted drill. Besides he must know his gun-drill. He must be able to take any position of the gun squad. It he is sitting in a puddle under his caisson listening for the range and the "ups" and "downs" of his corrector and is suddenly ordered to jump into the gunner's job he must be able to do it,—and do it moreover, with the alacrity and precision that means success for his commander's fire. If in actual warfare he fails, it's the doughboy and the cavalryman who suffer the consequences. They may think they are self sufficient, but they are not. The artilleryman must know his gun as he knows the alphabet. That three-inch piece is a demon of technicality and cannot be overcome in real action until every man of its crew understands the whole of it and makes himself a precise automaton, never failing by so much as a hair's breadth, never late, never ahead, always sure.

And the drilling and the grilling that it takes to attain to this state, is something only the artilleryman knows. To think of firing a gun so perfectly as to put 248 out of 250 shrapnel bullets from bursting shell into a target! That is something worth while. It was done recently by Captain Albert S. Hamilton, commanding Battery C of the Second Regiment at La Gloria. When the firing officer knows he has worked his problem correctly and his trial shots have given him almost exact knowledge of range and burst, then he can be sure of his game if (the big IF) he can rely upon his gun crews. He can pin a hostile battery to one spot, attack and destroy it at will with shells. It cannot escape him because he can immediately cover it with shrapnel so thickly that its cannoneers are unable to move from behind their gun screens. But without the precision and rapidity necessary on the part of his men this same commander is helpless.

Yes, I'm an artilleryman, and I'm

## REAL FIELD ARTILLERY TRAINING AT LA GLORIA

### First Regiment Has Finished and Second Field Artillery Now On Range.

#### COL. WINGATE'S REGIMENT EFFICIENT

(Lieut. E. A. Holmes.)

"The sole reason for the existence of field artillery is its ability to assist the other arms, especially the infantry, upon the field of battle.

To enable it to render effective assistance upon the battle field, artillery must be able first, to march rapidly and in good order, and to establish itself promptly and without confusion, in such positions as will best utilize the available terrain; second, to deliver an effective and overpowering fire upon any designated part of the enemy's position."

In the foregoing, the Field Artillery Drill Regulations of the United States Army, 1911, has said much in a very few words. Little did the board compiling those few words realize and fully appreciate the depth to which our Regimental Commander, Col. George A. Wingate, would take them to heart, and instill in all his officers the full meaning and purport and the amount of study and application necessary for National Guard officers to reach a degree of proficiency in the conduct of fire that would reflect itself in the fire discipline of the batteries.

Little did we appreciate how soon we would be brought face to face with everything short of actual warfare, and how soon we would be putting our theoretical into the practical. As we approached our officers examination table, month after month, in the armories last winter, how we approached that "Room of Despair" with sharpened pencils, trepidation and palpitation of the heart, how we repeated, time and time again, as we ascended those stairs, those pet rules that the parallax of the target or aiming point is the angle subtended at the point in question by the wroth of a platoon front at the Battery, or that rule V says the deflection of the right piece is equal to the angle from aiming point to the target, increased algebraically by as many times the convergence difference as there are platoon fronts in the interval between observing station and right piece or D equals A plus N (P.T.)

Again little did that same board realize and fully appreciate how those same National Guard officers would burn their midnight oil and bone and study to meet the requirements necessary (and insisted upon) to handle the highly technical proposition of firing a Battery of Field Artillery—but we knew, as we sat there, biting the end of a pencil, figuring the drifts, deviations for cross winds, slopes of fall, time of flight or maximum ordinate, or terminal velocity from the range tables or finding the factor from

he can best observe the effects of his fire, the position of the gun, cover for the limbers and the aiming point to be used; the battery is then brought in, and unless extenuating circumstances surround the situation, at a walk; but from the time that battery moves from the road, every manjack is busy and mighty busy, and from then on, there are things to be done surely, accurately, quickly and without confusion; there is firing data commencing to come in, the smallest error in which will seriously impair the laying of the guns. There is deflection, deflection difference, angle of site, corrector and range—every numeral of which means much to a gunner.

There is deflection to be set off and an aiming point to be brought into the line of sight, an angle of sight and range to be set off on the range quadrant, the correction and range to be set off on the fuse setter and the fuse to be "cut" if the situation demands shrapnel, the projectile is sent home and the breech block closes behind it. "Set" Calls No. 1—"Ready," sings out the gunner and up goes the arm as each chief of section swings round and faces the Executive Officer. "Fire comes the signal and from right to left they begin to talk. There is a discharge, the gun recoils, and goes back into Battery, and almost before the projectile goes screaming on its way, the breech block is swung open and the cartridge case is swung to the rear; there is a scream, as the projectile, propelled by the expansion of gases, caused by the burning of the nitro-cellulose, is traveling towards its target. A puff of smoke informs the Battery Commander of the position of the burst; at three second intervals now they are coming. Nothing in the terrain on which to range, fire to the right, and high bust for positive sensing, also too close, add 20, open by 10, down 5, same (add 20 mills to the deflection, open the sheaf of fire by 10 mills, come down 5 mills on the corrector, leave the range the same)

over comes the next salvo and in front of the target, the mind of the B. C. immediately says "Short," but his voice says 400 more (400 yards more on the range, (opening at 2800 yards, now firing at 3200;) again those white puffs, but lower, and a cloud of dust forms the pattern of the shrapnel balls. "over" (2800 short, 3200 over,) "200 less," comes over the phone, and again 4 more are on their way; again 33000 pounds per square inch of energy is expended by the burning of about 24 pounds of nitro cellulose, the gases from which is sending that 15 pounds of shrapnel on its way and for just 7.83 seconds that B. C. has his eyes glued on that target. He senses 2 on burst, 2 on graze, a zero height of burst—3200 over, 3000 short, a 200 yord bracket—"Battery one round," and before they have hardly left the gun, "100 more," and again "100 more," "100 less," "100 less," "cease firing," known as walking through the bracket."

So far, so good, but before those guns are fired, there is lots to be done. There is the breech blocks and breech mechanism, elevating and traversing gears, and its recoil mechanism, a most delicate and intricate contrivance containing its recoil springs, cylinders,

## Under The Red Guidon

Brigadier General William S. McNair, commanding the First, Second and Third Regiments of the New York Field Artillery, tells here the story of the Artillery Range, and makes plain many things concerning the range now in use at La Gloria. Incidentally he answers a number of the questions that are asked daily by both soldier and layman regarding the actual firing, and the general working plan upon which the artillery regiments are proceeding. The Second, now in action at La Gloria, is taken as a working model for the story.

"When the Second regiment of this brigade began firing at the LaGloria range, near Sterling Ranch, about two weeks ago, the regiment had an allowance of 1520 shrapnel and 120 shells. This ammunition was distributed as nearly as possible equally between the six batteries. A series of problems is given, each battery working out one problem under the direction of its battery commander, this being an instructive problem in which the element of time does not enter. After each shot or salvo the observed results are discussed and there is discussion also of the proper changes to be made in the firing data for the next shell.

After the preliminary problems are fired, each batter commander is required to fire three problems and each other officer at least one. The remaining ammunition is allotted to all the officers at the discretion of the regimental commander.

"Targets are as a rule only represented. A line of infantry, for example, is represented by wooden silhouettes merely to mark a line and to register as nearly as possible the effects of the shot. Battery targets are wooden shields, representing the shields of the guns and caissons.

"A variety of technical situations are assumed, and these are made more and more complicated as the practice proceeds, and as the success in lesser problems warrants. For example, an infantry target may be a trench, which therefore remains indefinitely in one place, permitting the officer firing to adjust his fire to narrow limits. In other cases infantry targets are assumed to be advancing. This requires more speed and therefore makes it necessary for the battery commander to give up the advantages derived from a narrow bracket. The idea in such a case is to get some effect on the target in a minimum of time rather than attempt to get the maximum effect with a chance of securing no effect at all.

"In the case of the battery target the firing battery first adjusts with shrapnel on the terrain occupied by the hostile battery and then is ready to prevent any movement—uch as the movements of the cannoneers amongst the carriages and the bringing up of horses to limber up and take a new position or get away. Shrapnel bullets have little effect on a battery in position. Having thus pinned a battery to a single position, the firing battery is then able to attack it deliberately with shell and effect the destruction of the guns and caissons.

can be efficient at any range, but at long ranges the probability of getting a hit is small, due to unavoidable dispersion of energy. In other words, it requires firing a great many rounds to get one hit, thus raising the question of whether the expenditure of ammunition is or is not worth while. It might be worth while in some cases to fire away a whole chest full of shells for one hit, but such business is generally too costly for target practice. Consequently, extreme ranges are not used.

"The ranges being used by the New York Field Artillery at La Gloria vary between 1000 yards and 4000 yards. This range is never known by the officer firing. He must find it with his gun. In order to assist him in his first approximation, he uses various expedients, such as range finders, maps, data obtained from other batteries which have been firing at targets in the vicinity of his own.

"The Second Regt. is firing two classes of problems. The first class is of short ranges where the battery commander handles his guns from a point near them. The other class is where he is unable to see the target from the vicinity of the guns and is compelled to find an observation station to the flanks or at the front. In such problems he has to rely upon the field telephone for communication with the battery and it is necessary for him to be familiar with geometry and trigonometry in order to be able to properly instruct his battery for opening fire. He needs to have a clear conception of these subjects, also, so that he can deal with the paralaxes which result from his position to one side of the line of fire.

"The terrain over which the Second Field is now working presents many new problem to them, since its training heretofore has been received at such places as Fort Sill and Tobyhanna, where the ground is not so covered with brush and where there is infinitely more opportunity for getting high points for observation stations. The regiment is receiving experience in firing over the kind of terrain which is typical of this part of the country, and their present experience is broadening their ideas by reason of the comparisons they are able to make between this kind of work over the bare prairies of Fort Sill, and the high rocky places of Tobyhanna."

#### REOPENING THE OLD WOUNDS.

When Tom Sharkey was in the heyday of his prominence as a heavy-weight contender he capitalized some of his popularity by opening an athletic club at Vallejo, across the bay from San Francisco. He hired Tim McGrath as manager.

For the opening night McGrath arranged a program of boxing bouts and a large crowd came to witness the sport. Tim was on the door, taking tickets. The owner lurked in the offing, keeping a general eye on things.

Presently there approached a sizable group of McGrath's cronies, and Tim, extending the hospitalities of the occasion, waved them in. Sharkey saw them pass the wicket and drew near