Next Week SPECIAL ELECTION NUMBER

The Rio Grande Rattler.

THE Special Infantry NUMBER Interesting Photos

Published in the Field by the New York Division

HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 1, 1916

VOL. 1.-NO. 11

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PRICE FIVE CENTS



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



NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMEN PROVE SUPREMACY WITH THE RIFLE

State Team Gallops Away With Honors, Trophies and Prizes at Jacksonville---Furnishes Most Percentage Men on Service Team

FAMOUS HILTON TROPHY RETURNS TO NEW YORK STATE

(Special to The Rio Grande Rattler)

The New York Division has every eason to feel proud of its representa-ive, the New York State Team in the ational matches just concluded at the

How the fifty-five competing

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	Nat.	Gd.	953	1068	927	2948
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46 Nevada civ 929	910	785 2624						
47 Penn. civilian. 856	907	852 2615						
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COMPULSORY SERVICE BILL A WINNER?

Chamberlain Measure Endorsed by Regular Army, Guard and Prominent Citizens

DEC. SESSION MAY SEE PASSAGE

NOVEMBER TRAINING FOR N. Y. DIVISION

Gen. O'Ryan Prepares Schedule for Troops to Follow During Month.

WORK CONTINUES AT LA GLORIA

The only really Metropolitan Hardware Store in the Valley

Gregory & Cardwell MAIN STREET MCALLEN



Come herefor shotguns of all kinds. We have models for every kind of game and every Price.

Get a mattress for your cot. It's worth the cost to get a good night's sleep See our line today.

You know our Store,

When they want milk shakes well made, they go right to The Palace.

When they want fountain drinks well served, they go to The Palace.

Who are "they"? "They" are the boys of the New York Division.

The Palace

McAllen's Creamiest Fountain

News From Division

IST BATTALION NEW YORK SIGNAL CORPS.

"Sparks from Radio Island."

Early last week, just as the Signal Corps were completing the reconstruction of the border telegraph and telephone line from Mission to San Juan Hacienda, a very nice assortment of several hundred iron poles were delivered at Radio Island, together with insulators, wire, etc., and this week the Border line system from San Juan Hacienda to Donna Pump is being reconstructed, the old wooden lance poles having served their day.

We welcome the return of Sergeant Callaway, who has been spending several days at the Camp Hospital. He reports that the care and food are excellent.

It is strange that we see Private Bishop in the kitchen so frequently and Corporal Baker is seldom seen

here.

Company B is proud of its basketall record, probably because it has
wo Goodwins and a little Braun.

Private Nee has been promoted to
irist Class Private, and is in charge of
the Hospital Corps during Sergeant
sest's vacation.

Best's vacation.

Sergeants Strider and Droste and Corporal Baker have organized a Winter-in-Texas club, and expect to have a large membership by the first of the year. Send in your applications immediately, as the choice places around the club fire will be allotted in the order of election to membership. We have not been advised as to the dues and by-laws, but the same will be furnished upon application. The club reports that Sergeants Wadelton and Childs are expected to join any minute. Private Evans has joined the buzzer operating staff at McAllen station, while Private Keener is visiting Sergeant Conner.

THIRD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

The 3rd is back on detached service duty again. That's good for two reasons, one being that we like the work, the other that it makes more news for us.

McCormick is now assistant cook, Go to it, "Mack," you're taking your course of cookery under a good coach. We understand that Cohen has also been decorated with the prominent title of K. P.

First Class Private Moore has been transferred from his place of driver to

liso been decorated with the promiient title of K. P.
First Class Private Moore has been
ransferred from his place of driver to
i place on the pack section, his seat
in the ambulance being now occupied
by First Class Private Wilson.
Huh, What d'ye know about this?
Twin beds in tent 9! Wonder where
Austin and Driscoll got the idea?
Several of the fellows have been
heard to remark that it seems
good not to see the officers' mess look
so lonesome these days.
Lieutenant Pickhardt is now home
on on a sixty day leave of absence, his
place being filled by Lieut. Silleck.
The impression gained by the notice given the 1st Ambulance Company on its leavetaking from the Border, that the motor traction and ambulance trailers were in charge of that
command, is erroneous. This motor
train was turned over to the "3rds""
command on its arrival and his been
operated by them since that date.
The reason first call was sounded
five minutes late a few mornings ago
was this: Musician Gaillard, on arising, was shocked to find one leg missing from a certain garment, which he
had hung out to dry the evening previous, preparatory to wearing the
same the next day. Consequently five
minutes were lost in borrowing the
necessary pair. Gaillard was later
heard to remark that "Tracy might
have done a good job while he was at
it."—D. E.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Well, no one volunteered for the job of Headquarter's correspondent after we advertised last week, so little Willie-with-the-typewriter will punish the keys again and add fame to the names of a few of our members. First of all comes Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey is the smiling guy who says, "Here, take two slices of toast," and, "Sorry, dear, we're all out of butter." In other words, he is major domo of the kitchen, and consequently is a man to be feared. Only we don't fear him. We're used to Chauncey by this time.

Mister MacWilliams is still looking for new worlds to conquer, new faces to punch or new clerks to discipline. You've done well, Mac old top. And by the way, let's have that dinner at Delmonico's. Make it next Tuesday, Mac.

ports that the care and food are excellent.

Private Lind has been transferred from Company B to the Medical Department.

Sergeant Gorman and Corporal McGraw have at last become acquainted with pyramidal tents, large and small. First Class Privates Hallenbeck and Young have set up light 'nousekeeping in the telephone exchange.

Private Kloth has lise real that one of his mules is a trick mule. His last trick was to report for duty to the M. P.'s at McAllen. Perhals he was thirsty, as he retained recently from the lost and found bureau.

Private Snow has oeen advised that his namesake viits the Rio Grande once in a while, and hus even been seen at Point Isabel in past winters.

Sergeant Cole is trying to collect enough wood to keep the camp warm this winter.

Sergeant Childs informs us that we have royalty in our midst, for he delivers letters to a King in each company, one of whom is near the great Scott.

It is strange that we see Private Bishop in the kitchen so frequently

We are gradually coming to what

Jack Butler is accepting dinner invitations again. Fred Stott is saving money.

We are gradually coming to what is probably the model camp of the Division. It hasn't been easy, because when you get infantrymen, eavelry, artillery and quartermaster men living together you get forty-nine varieties of side-arms, haversacks and saddle-bags and junk in each tent. No easy job to police a tent, and inspections are no joke at headquarters. But Lieutenant Molyneux told us the other day the camp looked fine, and when the "Loot" says so, you know it's at least half true.

This Mexican buffet service is fine stuff, but it fell through the day Brownie left his mess kit for the "spig" Loupe to clean. Loupe sprained his digestion smoking Hiscox's cigarettes and didn't show up. Result: Brownie was the little Gold Dust Twins of the crew for the two sunny days following. Frank Leach has bought Navajo blankets and rugs for all his friends and now is trying to work the q-m for an extra O. D, blanket to cover his poor little self.

Corporal Max Wooster left hurriedly Friday night for a business trip to Rochester to insure a few thousand

Corporal Max Wooster left hurriedly Friday night for a business trip to Rochester to insure a few thousand lives. When he gets enough cash in hand to stand a few more months of border life, Max will trot back to Mc-Allen and spend the rest of the winter here. We hope he's a poor prophet.

Allen and spend the rest of the winter there. We hope he's a poor prophet.

FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 3.

Among the latest organizations to reach McAllen is the 3rd New York Field Hospital of Brooklyn, which was organized by Major Arthur W. Slee. The company has gained a fine reputation while at Camp Whitman, N. Y., when the 14th Infantry, 71st Infantry and the 3rd Infantry returned to the moblization camp from Border duty. Over seventy-five cases were treated at that camp by the Brooklyn Hospital Company under Major Slee's direction. Lieutenant Robert J. Reynolds who is house surgeon of the Kings County Hospital of Brooklyn and Lieutenant Henry B. Smith, house surgeon of the Brooklyn Hospital, have treated many delicate cases and performed several operations while at Camp Whitman, N. Y. Lieutenant Read B. Harding, was formerly house physician at the Kings County Hospital and is a specialist in Dieteties. First Sergeant George W. Callow is an experienced guardsman, having served seven years in the 13th Coast Artillery of Brooklyn. The other Sergeants include Sergeant Bert Rankin, a Corpus Christi, Texas ald, Sergeant Don Einper and Sergeant Rube Meyersberg. Sergeants Suttliff and Richardson have been detailed to the Camp Hospital.

The boys all like McAllen and are looking forward with eagerness to a hike. The main attraction now is the breaking in of several "out-law" horses and mules.—B. R.

WHY GO OUT OF TOWN TO BUY ICE CREAM

when the finest cream in the Valley is made right in our own plant in McAllen

WE CAN HANDLE YOUR ORDER

No matter how many gallons you need or how particular you are, we can care for your business

Gall and inspect our new storage equipment.

McAllen Creamery McALLEN TEXAS

'Speaking of Lumber" means little to the average New Yorker

-But noW-



Lumber free from Crosse and Blackwell knots and blemishes, easy to work-lumber that is always good, brings Special sale to introduce to mind the name



F. G. CROW

McAllen

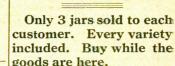
Lumber of Every Description for Every Use.

GROCERY

'The Grocery That Sell for Less' Just received a new and complete stock of

Jellies and Jams Put up in handy sizes for soldier's use

35 cent sizes for 25 cents



Come here for your candies 'The Grocer Who Sells For Less'

McALLEN, TEXAS

McAllen Drug C

It takes more than Drugs to run a drug store. It takes service, hard work and courtesy-all qualities which money cannot buy.

> We believe in courtesy and service. Ask the men who trade here what they think of us.

F. E. Osborn, M. D., Prop. Main Street, McAllen Texas

Look around your camp! We've walled in a good many tents for the boys already, and it never cost four million dollars either!

Hammond Lumber Co.

See us before placing your order.

McAllen,

Texas.

Get the Election Returns At DELMONICO, JR., CAFE

Special wire will bring returns from New York State and all over the country. Be the first to know who will be President. Win your election bets at Delmonico's.

Special chicken dinner made by our famous Southern chefs. Music all evening. Tuesday night. Come!

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McALLEN, TEXAS

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CAST YOUR VOTE FOR US!

Don't Over-Stock Your Exchange or 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 are open for inspection today.

OUR MOTTO---SERVICE

Now Serving Hot Drinks MISSION PALACE OF SWEETS MISSION

Come here on cold nights for a hot chocolate. Regular Ice Cream Drinks as well.

Don't Forget the Mission Ice Cream Co.

The Mission Ice Cream Company is the wholesale end of the Palace of Sweets. Give us your order for bulk ice cream, 90 cents a gallon.

DOUBLE DELIVERY SERVICE NOW

\$2.60 ONLY

Friday, November 3

Regulation Leather Leggins While they last for . . \$2.60

Hayes Sammons Hdw. Company

Mission and McAllen Stores

One Pair to a Man

COURT DECIDES **MILITIA MUST SERVE**

Refusal to Take Federal Oath Does not Relieve Guardsmen from U.S. Duty

RULING AFFECTS 40,000 MEN IN N.G.

The United States Circuit Court of ppeals at Boston has ruled that memrs of the State Militia were still in vice for Federal military purposes, twithstanding their failure to take

CONCERNING THE STATUS OF THE N. G. U. S. PERSHING'S CAVALEYMEN RECEIVE VALUABLE TRAINING

be reserve list of the New York Na-onal Guard expresses himself in no neertain terms on the legal status and outrol of the N.G.U.S. and also proph-ties for it a dismal future if the pres-tit system of enlistment and federal anagement continue.

In giving space in this paper to Gen. Butt's views The Rattler wishes it understood that its columns are open to both sides of the question. We feel sure that our readers will be greatly interested in what Gen. Butt has to say whether or not they may agree with him. General Butt says:

"The entire Native Countries of the says are with the says agree with the says are the says are the says agree."

minim to repel navanon and supposed related the politic of the State millist to sign a new en flattonst contract, and whether, in the millist of the state of 1916, being one of a tional defense," the opinion stid, and one for more effectual provisions of the state of 1916, being one of a tional defense," the opinion stid, and one for more effectual provisions of the state of the

General McCoskry Butt Declares State No Grass Allowed to Grow Under Support of Guard Illegal Horses' Feet While Waiting for Villa.

From Field Headquarters of the American Punitive Expedition to Mexico a correspondent writes to the Boston Transcript that "far from being a period of stagnation for the expeditionary troops, the hiatus during the

Appeals at Boston has ruled that members of the State Militia were still in service for Federal military purposes, notwithstanding their failure to take the oath under the National Defense Act of last June. This decision reverses a recent order of the Federal DistrictCourt. The case was considered a test of the application of the new law, on which disposition of similar asses in the other States will depend. The Court's opinion, from which alexander M. Emerican and Alfred P. Lowell, cavaltymen, were released from military custody. These two men with three other militainem obtained their release from the Massachusetts state mobilization camp last August through habeas corpus last August through habeas corpus last August through habeas corpus chaint the trooper be returned to the military authorities from whom he was laken. The cases of Emerson, who refused to take the new oath, and of Lowell, who asserted that he had subscribed to it under duress and threat, were considered by the court as one, the same finding being returned in each.

The general question involved, actoristic to the same organical of the same profile of the opinion, is whether the National Guard even in time of need war than have been dead of the same organical of the considered by the court as one, the same refusal to sign, the militar or repeals provisions of the Dick law, authorizing the President to use the organized State milita to repel invasion and suppress naurrections, whether it is left altocether at the option of the members of the State samulation, and the defense are refusal to sign, the militanen are mustered out.

"The act of 1916, being one of national defense," the opinion said, "and one for more effectual provisions of the Dick law, authorizing the president to use the organized State was the state of New York applied in command the provisions of the Dick law, authorizing the president to use the organized State was entered to the work of t

ments are index sineley, not a voice-being raised in command.

"Full advantage is being taken of the fact that there are four regiments of Cavalry at headquarters camp, a circumstance without parallel in Army annals for years. All the regiments being used, it is also observed, are being maneuvered at full war strength, as provided under the new Army Reorganization bill. This affords the first opportunity American commanders have had of handling troops of this size in maneuvers. Drilled from six to eight hours a day and performing duties which if not carried out might turn a healthy camp into a dangerous one, the expedition thus far has not stagnated."

Your canteen has the new Rattlers or sale every Wednesday before nine a.m Send a copy to the folks back home.

To Business

Men

Just as a convenience draw a hundred dollars or more from your New York account and open an account

Talk with Mr. Horn

First State Bank of McAllen

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

OPALS

We have 'em, big and little sparklers.

Mexican Drawn Work

We have papers to prove it's genuine.

SOUVENIRS, TOO

The Stamms

Souvenir Stand

Tent in front of McAllen Hotel

Special **Election Day** Dinner

Turkey and everything that goes with it. WHERE? At

Helen's Palm Cafe

Opposite Hotel and Wells Fargo

MCALLEN

THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

Published Weekly at Odd Places in Texas. By the
New York Division, United States Army
with the authority of
Major General John F. O'Ryan
Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz
Chief of Staff

Letters and news items from the camps along the Border are solicited.

Advertising Rates

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Managing Editor Major Franklin W. Ward, Asst. Chief of Staff

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Lieutenant James L. Baker, 3rd Tennessee Infantry
Priv. Edward Streeter, 1st Cavalry
Private A. F. Jenks, Jr., Troop A, Squadron A,
Corporal Manoel F. Behar, 12th Infantry
Corp. Joseph T. McMahon, 7th Infantry

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Asst. Circulation Manager

Associate Editor

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1916

GENERAL O'RYAN'S ADDRESS AT THE Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening Major General O'Ryan addressed a large gathering of soldiers at one of the Y. M. C. A. buildings at McAllen. His subject was "The Making of Soldiers" and the features he specially dwelt upon were the development in the soldier of those manly virtues which make men not only dependable but likeable.

There is so much misconception in our country concerning the ideals and customs of the military service, especially among those good, but misguided citizens who cause themselves to believe that military training works for love of might, and contempt for right, that a resume of the General's points will not be amiss here.

Having referred in complimentary terms to Colonel Johnston's address of the week before, in which the Colonel reminded his hearers that "God never made anything finer than a good soldier" General O'Ryan stated that this was true and added that it was also true that "He never made anything more dreadful than a bad soldier—the man of laziness, selfishness and lust—the man without ideals except the animal desire to satisfy the passions of the moment and without restrain except as the efficiency of the military law imposes it upon him."

the animal desire to satisfy the passions of the moment and without restrain except as the efficiency of the military law imposes it upon him." It is not my purpose," said the General "to paint the ideal good soldier as a holier than thou individual, who takes an unnecessarily solenn view of life, or an ascetic who wears a hair shirt possessing the hospitality of the cactus plant. The good soldier is a very human type of individual. He makes mistakes, he has his off days, and, in fact, is a regular fellow. But you will find in his character those fundamental qualities which we greatly admire in others, whether we possess them or not—generosity, courage, he habit of truth-telling, respect, and the sense of responsibility. The world has always admired the good soldier and it always will admire him, while me and women have hearts and ideals. And I say to you that the very people at home who call themselves pacifists, and who profess to see in you a menace to peace and happiness, do not dare permit themselves to know you as you are, but must continue to base their farst upon the picture they paint of you. The picture needless to say is that of the bad soldier. Were they to come here and see you as you are they would become infected with admiration for men who are practicing what they and others are preaching—courage, self-denial, respect for authority and truth telling."

The General then told of a soldier of the Headquarters detachment who was out after taps. The following day the General told him that the men of the detachment were expected to act as examples of the rest of the Division in the observance of regulations and asked him whether on the previous evening he had violated the regulation and wiolated the rule. The soldier prompily answered. "Sir, I did drink one glass of bere last night." It was the first drink he had taken since good so had the provision of the Boreston and the prohibiting men drinking any form of intoxicating liquor. The soldier was very an expectation and wiolated the rule. The soldier

result of a biological and psychological process, and that such compared with the mere acquisition of manual dexterity, is slow. He mentioned that the hikes developed the good material and weeded out the weaklings. The rigid rule against liquor, while it safeguarded the health and morals of the Division to an extent that is difficult to appreciate, performed a most valuable service in the is difficult to appreciate, performed a most valuable service in the development of morals, in that it stimulated self-control and pride

development of morals, in that it stimulated self-control and pride in individual accomplishment.

He said that it taught men to regard themselves as composed of a dual being—the commander and the machine, that when a man's stomach pleaded for a "beer," and the man had developed enough morale to say to his stomach "shu up, I am running this machine, nothing doing with the beer," he knew he had developed a MAN, a good soldier who would command his legs and keep them moving on the hike when they pleaded to fall out. Such training he pointed out was the best kind of fire training, because when the nerves of the body wildly telephoned to the head their fears in battle, his command over the body would dominate and insure a proper performance of over the body would dominate and insure a proper performance of

duty.

These are the fundamental principles which have guided the training of the N. Y. Division for the past few years, and that training has been intensified during the past four months with results

Although the prodigal son was regaled with choice veal cutlets he found no brass band at the station to meet him. We expect to make sure of our reception by taking ours right along with us.

ANOTHER MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION

Special Dispatch to The Rio Grande Rattler by Frank A. Tierney of The Albany Times Union.

Editor Asst. Editor Sporting Editor Art Editor.

Special Artist

Associate Editor

ways welcome whatever scandal we can get.

We know you are all a great credit to your country and we hope you will find whatever service is to be done there congenial to your taste, to the end that ninety nine per cent of your fellow citizens, praising our valor and your patriotism, may feel certain of staying home and enjoying it!

We are sticking loyally to you here!

Some of our most eminent statesmen who are too old to fight and too ignorant of what war with any foreign power would really mean to this country, are busy abusing your distinguished Precident because he has not thrown the country bodily into a war which you would fight and they would reiticise.

RATTLER STAFF THE GUESTS

OF MRS. JAMES WATSON

do not are the dreams of wild and wooly life in Texas. Gone are the display of the many interestive of the selepless, tossing nights when we wondered if we had any friends left in the printed from time to time in the printed from time to time in the printed from the immediate shores of the printed from time to time in the printed from the more discount of the dollar and manager of "The Mission Times," who has for these past six weeks, proved herself a good friend of the boys in khaki, rose to the occasion last week, and taking the editorial staff of The Rattler unaware, commanded them to forget their military and journalistic duties for one night at least and be her welcome guests at a theatre and supper party on the Border! It sounds too good to be true. But the night was Friday, October 27, and somewhat in a daze we brushed up our O. D.'s and forgetting the worries of writing editorials, selling ads, and collecting subscriptions, we marched to Mrs. Watson's home in Mission, keeping close together for protection.

And when we got there, we found alarge number of pretty girls in white and pink dresses and affable young business men in mutti. There wasn't even a bandit. Here were regular people, who seemed glad to see us, and who didn't look as though they lived in terror for many nights when the bad Mexes rode advanced and when the ordinary folks of Mission and the soldiers in eamp were preparing to retire, the party proceeded to the Electric Theatre where a special and we like Mission folks—and we'd like ow write six columns about that real Border party.

The right to votes does not guarantee ou the right to knock the Gort. Wait will be retty tough eating Thanksgiving tup-tile tour the right to knock the Gort. Wait will be retty tough eating Thanksgiving tup-tile tup to the following the process of the following the province of the following the

PERSONALS

All hail our gallant men on the Border!

All hail The Rio Grande Rattler!
All hail Martin Green and all of the other newspaper correspondents who have been having lots of fun and getting paid for it!

We in our peaceful pursuits, enjoying the comforts of our homes and families and feather beds, salute you and thank you for doing a great patriotic duty which we don't have to do. It is great and grand of you all! Here at home we are doing our duty loyally!

Everytime here is a preparedness parade we go out in it!

Every time our beloved Stars and Stripes go by in procession, we doff our bonnets to it!

We make patriotic speeches as often as we can and continue our loyalty to our country by hearing and reading as many others as our convenience will permit.

We know you are all a great readit to your country and we hope you will first every time had a great treedit to your country and we hope you will first every time to the total and then that all of the boys on the Border are well and comfortable, and we always welcome whatever scandal we can get.

We know you are all a great credit to your country and we hope you will the country and we h

The special Infantry photographs in this number of The Rattler were taken by Private Charles J. Klauberg, our official photographer. Private Klauberg now serving with the Seventh Regiment, is one of the firm of C. Klauberg and Bros. Ine. the well-known cutlery and kodak concern of New York City. Their big store in the Woolworth Building is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Private Klauberg has secured many interesting views of camp life in Texas which will be printed from time to time in this paper.

The right to votes does not guarantee pretty tough eating Thanksgiving turner the news editor, just to prove to him intil you're out of the army.

The guardsmen who thinks it will be pretty tough eating Thanksgiving turner the news editor, just to prove to him that at least the Psi U's read "The Incinerator."

The Other Man.

7th He I'm here on the Border a-serving the Flag, I'm a soldier of old Uncle Sam;

In the dust and the heat from "First Call" to retreat I'm doing my bit as I am.

The Other Man sits in some gay cabaret,

Where there's Wine, and there's Woman and Song, And he laughs at the cares that a poor devil shares; While the hours of the ev'ning grow long.

I hike through the cactus and thick chapparal, In the wind and the sun and the rain;

But the other man rides, tangoes, one-steps or glides, As he squanders the ripe Golden Grain.

He knows not the thrill of the glorious East, When the sun sets a torch to the sky; For the dawn of his morn finds him weary and worn,

Till the roseate hours slip by. He knows not the sweat of an honest man's toil; He has never yet shouldered a gun; Though his country may call he'll be deaf to it all,

For his Soul and his Body are one. Though weary the days and though weary the nights, Though the Wherefore is not understood, Would I barter my lot for the things that he's got?

Would I rather be him? Sure I would!

The Incinerator

Who know you are all a great condition of the congression of your activity of the congression o

Cheer up. We'll get home by de-rees. Saying which, we've probably eached the Zero of Humor.

PSI U DINNER TONIGHT.

H. I. Y. Sir: Do they call them puptents because we're supposed to be leading a dog's life?

Wrong again, Phillip, a dog has a day for himself now and then.

Our brief sojourn in the land of jouralism convinces us that the shy little

Sentry on post giving instructions Sentry on post giving instructions to relief. "This is Post No. 1. Men are allowed to enter here without pass up to 9:45 p. m. after that they'll have to sneak in through the Y. M. C. A."

Forgotten Phrases.

Like unto the Peace of God is a Diplomatic Victory.

Oh, certainly. Don't you ever listen to the Chaplain? "The Peace of God passeth all understanding."

Danish West Indies swept by storm causing \$2,000,000 loss and rendering two-thirds of islanders homeless.

—News Item.

It would have been a bad bargain, after all. But it's a fiscal pity there isn't a mortgage now for Uncle Sam to foreclose.

General Crowder says that conditions here are those of actual war. True talk, indeed! We agree with him and with Sherman. We must be at war with someone, else why would we, who have been away from home and business for four months, be looking forward to a Texan winter. Only war could keep a force under arms that is from ten to twenty times the size of the roving brigand bands across the restless Rio. Perhaps a crisis has developed between us and Patagonia. It is a very complicated problem. Sometime, someone will explain to us just what is all about, this war with the sun, the rain, the mud, the dust and —Home Hunger.

Cheer up. We'll get home by degrees. Saying which, we've probably reached the Zero of Humor.

Villa seems to have arrived at the Boiling Point. "Out of the frying pan..."

The Rattler may be the official organ of the New York Division, but when we pulled out the tremulo stop and prepared for a sympathetic rendition of "Home, Sweet Home" someone confiscated all of our sheet music.

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME.

The recruiting officer at San Francisco has secured the services of a dozen, ultra-attractive young ladies to assist in the Bigger Army program.

IT SOUNDS RATHER FAMILIAR H. I. Y.

Sir: What do you think of this one? An iraseible Irish colonel was leading a regiment on a long and difficult march in Belgium. Fagged and worn out, they halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on the colonel gave the order peremptorily, and still there was no move. Then his temper was at a white heat, and he thundered out:

"If you don't get up and start at once, I'll march the regiment off and leave every damned one of you behind."

They started at once.

E. S. N.

FSI U DINNEE TONIGHT.

How fortunate the linotype man didn't nod and omit the phrase "the

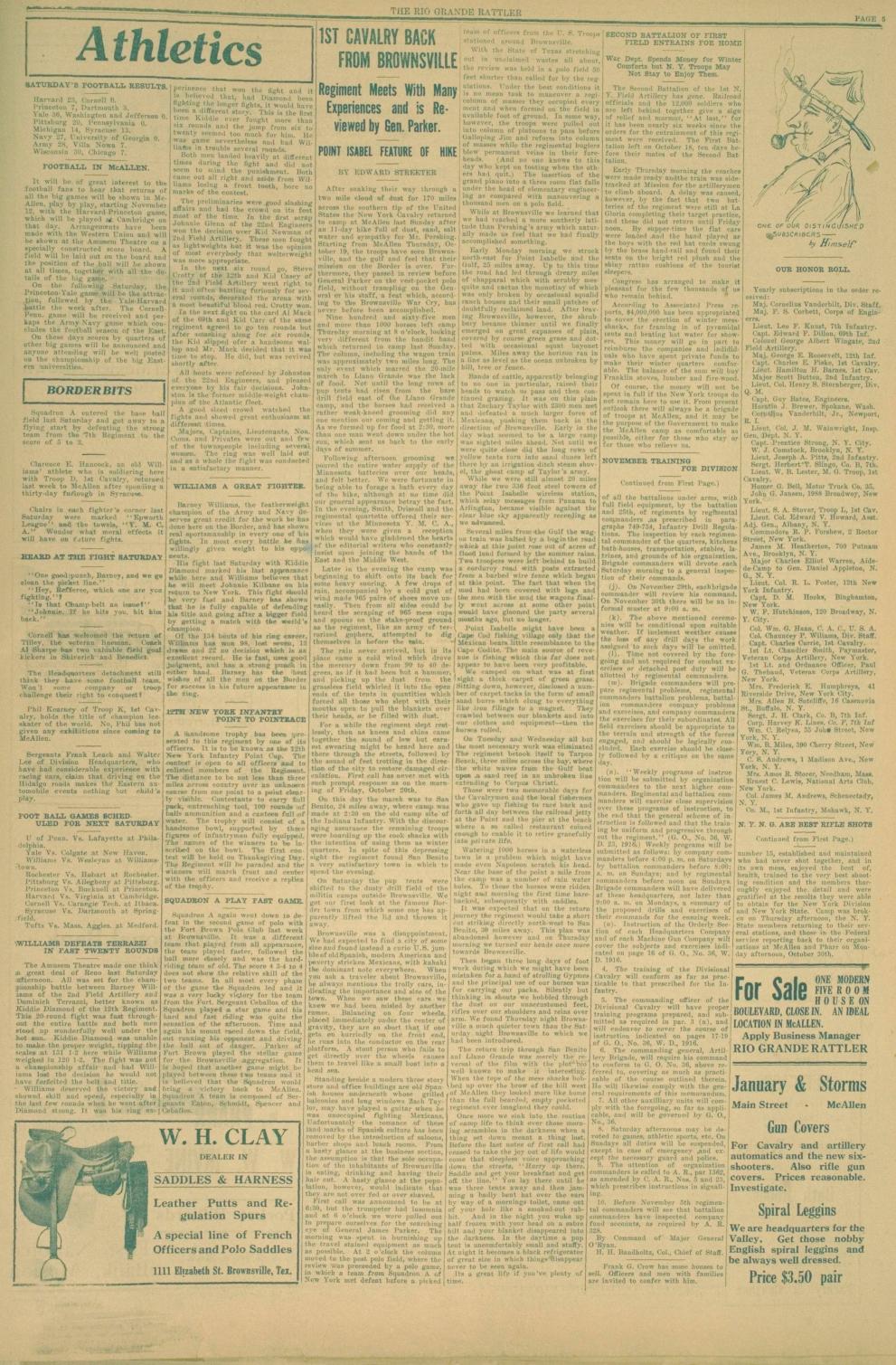
"This schedule is subject to change without notice."

Athletics

1ST CAVALRY BACK FROM BROWNSVILLE

team of afficers from the U. S. Troops | SECOND BATTALION OF FIRST stationed ground Brownsville, FIELD ENTRAINS FOR HOME

War Dept. Spends Money for Winter Comforts but N. Y. Troops May Not Stay to Enjoy Them.



A VISIT TO THE D. Q. M

THE STORY OF THE HIKE .. By Lieut. Col. Reginald L. Foster, .. 12th New York Infantry.

Arthur Balfour once said, "The supremist sensation I know is the feel of the golf club just as you hit the ball far and clean and true."

Quite so. But there's another, just a shade nearer the aeme of supremity. It's to hike a hundred miles under the unrelenting Texas sun—through hurricane, rain, heat, dust—and then, when you've trudged to the very end, to look back at the tail of your regiment and see the last squad of the last company closed up as compactly on the column as the drill book specifies—40 inches.

There's a sensation for you! And you're glad you belong to the bunch from Columbus Avenue and Sixty-Sec-

Tom Columbus Avenue and Sixty-Second Street.
Yes, you're glad you're of the Mexican border with the Twelfth Infantry,
whose home habitat is New York
City's heart. But you're gladder the
hike's done.
Every New York Regiment on the
border, down where the glinting Rio
Grande takes its last bend for the
homestretch to the Gulf, has duly made
its hike. "Weather conditions permitting" is not in the bright lexicon of
the citizen soldier. You do your bit,
no matter what Old Sol and Jupiter
Pluvius, acting in wicked concert, dole
out.

Pluvius, acting in wicked concert, dole out.

If the mercury sizzles up to 125 or 128 in the glare, you walk just the same; and just as fast as the march table prescribes, 2% to 3 miles an hour. If the wireless S. O. S.'s from Brownsville "Hurricane coming," you walk and hope that you can reach camping ground before it lights upon the devoted regiment.

When the military powers that be laid out the route of the "big hike" for the New York troops stationed along the border at Pharr, McAllen and Mission, they figured on no pienic stroll. None but the fittest would go. So a comprehensive circle was lined out on the map, the regiments to follow a day or so behind the other. They were to make ninety-four miles in eleven stages, short ones at first and getting longer, so that the last four days the boys were to do more than they did in the first seven.

The longest day's stage was fifteen

longer, so that the last four days the boys were to do more than they did in the first seven.

The longest day's stage was fifteen miles (some maps make it eighteen) and the shortest five piles. The route lay through the Texhs waste—eactus and mesquite and more cactus from McAllen to Mission to Alton to Sterling's Ranch; then to La Gloria (raided by bandits and burned down last year) and back next morning; a bivouace where the individuals from Colonel down cooked each his own food; then from Sterling's again to Laguna Seca and on next day to Young's Ranch; back to Laguna Seca once more and a third time to Sterling's, now the big fifteen miler to Edinburg, twelve miles on the final day to McAllen.

Ever hear of "Schdule A?"

Not Then be apprised that it is the

on the final day to McAllen.

Ever hear of "Schdule A?"

Nof Then be apprised that it is the soldier man's Vade Mecum. Hoyle's Games and the Ten Commandments all rolled into one. It is that part of the Field Equipment Manual, United States Army, which says just what individuals and organizations may and may not have in possession at any and all times. It is the the thing skinned down as fine as possible—one baggage wagon to each battalion of four companies, and one combat wagon. On the baggage wagon may be the cooking utensils and 50 pounds of baggage per officer, no more: on the combat wagon 1,200 rounds of amunition for every ten men seven litters, eight axes, eight shovels and eight picks (for entrenching); and a box of reserve surgical dressings. As for the buck private—he carries everything he owns on his back—8.6 pounds of rifle; I pound of bayonet; 29 pounds of pack, which contains blanket poncho, shelter half, tent pins, extra clothing, rations and mess kit. When you count the filled canteen, entrenching tool, belt filled with ammunition, first aid packet and everything, including the clothing he wears, the soldier lugs from 58 to 61 pounds, no matter whether he is 5 feet 4, and weighs 125 pounds: or is a 180-pound six-footer.

The boys from Columbus Avenue lived up to "Schedule A," no more, no less.

less.
So they started.
It was a brave sight—a regiment of a thousand hammered down soldiers, Zachry &

Cawthon **A Military Dry Goods** Store

Announce a new line of **SUITCASES**

Handy for the boys on furlough. Look 'em over.

Steamer Trunks

Special Prices

Bath Robes

Get one for that morning shower.

Don't forget a warm blank et or comforter. Worth the

Zachry & Cawthon

fiery of face and lean of waist, setting out as if in the enemy's country. Counting the distance taken up by the advance and rear guards, and the long, winding wagon trains of food for the men, and forage for the patient horses and mules, Col Johnston's command stretched more than a mile along the road and took twenty minutes to pass. In that wagon train were three days' food for 1,000 hungry men, 12,000 pounds—mostly tinned beef and great sides of sow-belly; a ton of hard tack, jam, 1,000 pounds of coffee, half a ton of chocolate ,oatmeal, prunes, sugar, condensed milk, rice, potatoes and canned tomatoes. So much for food.

Now, something more important.

Water.

"Every man must have enough left in his gauten at the god of the deal.

"Every man must have enough left in his canteen at the end of the day's march to wash his feet"—that was the

order.

This was training for the desert.

Nothing to drink at all (remember the sixty pounds on each sweating back and the 125 degrees in the sun) for the first two hours. Then one rinse of the month. Later on a half, four swallows

the month. Later on a half, four swal-lows.

Spare water was taken along, just as the food was. One wagon lugged a load of fifty gallon cans, a can for each company, and at the tail of the pro-cession chug-chugged a big grey one and a half-ton auto truck carrying a tank filled with 800 gallons of the precious fluid, for those stops in the sun-withered waste where no water was.

Mission was the first halt.

we have our own paymaster in the Division.

There they are, fixed comfortably for the winter, or two winters, or (pardon) as long as "this emergency shall require." In the event of the Division or any part of it moving across the Border, the Depot Quartermaster remains at his post, next to the railroad, and dispatches by trucks, wagons or pack mules the necessary supplies of the day. But that doesn't worry the D. Q. M. It's all part of his year's work and like the boy who eats green apples and gets sick, he expects it.

Step into the D. Q. M.'s office and meet the force. For heaven's sake don't slam the door.

Sergeant C. B. Francke will probably be the first man you meet. He is chief clerk and he has 23 years of active service, 20 of them spent in quartermaster work.

Col. W. M. Bertsch is Denot Quarter.

Mission was the first halt.

Of a sudden the column resolved itself into fifteen separate lines—the twelve companies, band, hospital and supply outfit. The wagons seemed to park themselves; the tired horses ambled to their well-earned hay and a sup of water in the makeshift corral, and up sprung a little city of dog tents—500 of them, two men to a tent. Then the train came up, and out piled the cook stuff; pots and pans went on quickly built fires, and the makings of a dinner were in evidence. Camp had been pitched.

And now the great treat—a cup of water. Each company formed, marched a bit and lined up where the motor tank stood, every man, cup in hand. Yes, he had used up the leavings of his canteen for his feet, and the captains had made foot inspection. Every pair of pedals had been gone over—plaster here, iodine there; a blister pricked scientifically, a corn shaved. That's how men are made to hike day after day without going under.

"Nowhere to go but out!" You remember this line when you make and break camp day after day, and walk through the same dust and past the same mud holes and into the same thorn bushes.

But all the while you are learning what soliders call "march discipline." You learn the tricks of the road—the tenminute halt at the end of the first forty-five minutes to adjust packs; the five-minute halt at the end of the first forty-five minutes to adjust packs; the five-minute halt at the end of the column moving instantly to the right hand side of the road and sitting down by order; the opening out of the column to get air down the middle; the timing of the pace to get from 102 to 108 steps a minute, so that the miles may be reeled off every seventeen or eighteen minutes; the call of "message!" and a hand shot up to attract attention and the word passed from company to company by the Sergeants, sending orders from the Colonel anywhere along the column to his Majors at the head, rear and midway.

Among a thousand men there is always some one "off his feed." Somebody takes his gun; an officer

lagging heart or to put one more punch into rebellious muscles.

Then the day of days, the last! Only twelve miles to home. In the distance McAllen looked like fairyland, the permanent camp a city of delight, your own tent a palace.

In they swung with the regular army inspectors at their heels, the 1,000 hearties, skinnier than ever, hot, sweaty, doused with dust, but all there. The ambulance held one man.

So it was "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" from a thousand throats as the long column wound itself home, its duty done. And say, you New Yorkers hats off to Charley Bajart, who carries the Twelfth's national colors. He had hiked every inch of the way, toting his flag. And the surgeons wouldn't let him go to the Spanish war with the Twelfth, because he was too old then—eighteen years ago. teen years ago.

THETA DELTA CHI.

Many of the Theta Deltas in the New York Division have suggested that an oldtime banquet be held on election night at "somewhere in Texas," Of course it will be "without" as Lieutenant Dean Nelson, 2nd Field Artillery, M. P., is one of the committee. It is requested that those Thetas who desire to "give the hours the tether," notify Arthur L. Howe, Sigal Corps, McAllen, Texas, not later than Saturday noon so that the Committee may make suitable arrangements.

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CONSCRIPTION IMMINENT

IN CANADA

It is being predicted that universal military service will soon be adopted in Canada. While Canada has made a splendid record in enlisting volunteer system if it is to raise 500,000 men as proposed by the Canadan government. Several of the large cities have petitioned the government to pass a law for conscription on the lines of that which was enacted by the British House of Parliment. Canada is having the same experience in raising troops as all other countries that have depended upon a volunteer system.

Just the same, The Rattler is a splendid reaval and remove the month of this policy by Canada, only the United States and China will be clinging to the volunteer system.

Just the same, The Rattler is a splendid reaval paragraph which may give the date to many not on the Border.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

My Dear Rattler: May I express my pleasure in receiving you cach week and my pleasure in reading you.

Le provention the best of the trange may be entitled to the considered perfects and received the p

THE ARTILLERY RANGE Office of Depot Quartermaster the Busiest Spot in Division. AT LA GLORIA

> First and Second Field Enjoy Target Work Under Actual Service Conditions

STIRRING DAYS OF SHOT AND SHELL

There are those who go to war or Texas armed with guns and bayonets or sabre or side-arms. Some go armed with typewriters and indelible pencils and memorandum books of the U. S. A. There's a man that thinks that the clerks of the Depot Quartermaster's corps are, in their own way and their own place, more important soldiers than the faithful boys who plunge ahead with drawn bayonet and breathless cry to carry a trench or put fear into the enemy's heart.

For the soldier works at his maximum only in an emergency, while the clerks in the Depot Quartermaster's office, Lord help them, have been sweating over books and requisitions 15 hours a day during a long hot summer.

Imagine coming to Texas and working, in a soldier's uniform, at a typewriter or a desk, or superintending the movement of trains and cars. Imagine handing out forage by the load day after day, and never seeing any scenery but the wall opposite and a road which is alternately ankle deep in dust and knee deep in mud.

Who is the Depot Quartermaster' In the first place, the D. Q. M. isn't just a man. It is an institution. Like a Trust Company or a railroad, the work is departmentalized and systematized so that, unless you know the workings of this station, you could pass the new D. Q. M. office at West McAllen and hardly know it was there.

But inside that renovated barn sit the men who direct the influx of food-stuffs and forage for the entire 12,000 men of the Division. Here is the new Division Paymaster. We don't have to wait for Brownsville to pay us now, we have our own paymaster in the Division.

There they are, fixed comfortably for the winter, or two winters or frage. Now that the 1st Field Artillery has e returned from La Gloria, having completed its range firing with the three-inch guns, and the 2nd Field is hard at it pounding away at the little targets hidden in the brush, Rattler readers here and at home will want to have some idea of what such a range is like, and of what it means to stand behind a gun.

"Going into action" connotes a great of deal to an artilleryman. He acts and thinks more quickly in those few moments of excitement than at any other time in his life as a soldier. The drivers strain every musele to bring their thorses up to the greatest possible effort—to run, to wheel, to stop—so that each gun and each caisson of the battery may be brought into the desired position as quickly as possible, and the position as quickly as possible as quickly interest position as quickly as possible as quickly interest position.

the gunner and his men may get their orders for range and deflection and put them into effect in time to catch a rapidly moving enemy force or protect the advance of their own infantry or cavalry. It is hard work. It is dangerous work, too, in a way, and requires nerve and skill.

And when the battery is placed, and the horses and carriages have retreated to the rear, those all important orders come flashing at the gunner and his five or six men within so brief a space, piling one upon the other in quick succession, that it sometimes seems next to impossible for the men to hear them and carry them out accurately. Speed is important, but without accuracy it means nothing. This idea may be hackneyed, but nevertheless it is perhaps truer of artillery fire than of any other work in the world. And so the gunner toils, unmindful of heat, and sweat, and dust and all the turmoil about him.

Although none of the New York boys we know of have ever seen actual fighting in the artillery, those who go to the range at La Gloria get a taste of what real action means. At the very least they get an insight into the problems which their commanders must face when they come to direct the fire upon a human enemy force. At La Gloria there are targets to shoot at, targets which the swiftly flying shells must find and burst over full and fair, and there are moving targets which must be caught as they go. This sort of work is decidedly different and more difficult than that of aiming at some imaginary object when your gun is resting quietly and cooly in the battery's back-yard. It is hotter work, too, but above all, it calls out the best effort from every individual guardsman at the guns, for it presents something worth while striving for, instead of a purely mechanical labor, made dry and stilted and uninteresting by continual practice. The dull, deadly boom of the gun at a man's cotton stuffed ear awakens his spirit almost to fighting pitch, and gives his true soldier's will a far greater impetus to serve his nation, than ever did, o clerk and he has 23 years of active service, 20 of them spent in quartermaster work.

Col. W. M. Bertsch is Depot Quartermaster. Assisting him is Captain L. M. Purcell, in charge of the personnel of the office force, and finance. Lieut. Sidney A. Storer directs the handling or transportation, receiving and shipping freight, etc.

Property comes under the ken of Capt. F. M. Conklin, who also cares for the construction of new army buildings and the management of the water supply.

Capt. J. O. Steger is the man who handles material and questions pertaining to subsistence.

Who is the paymaster? Meet Lieut. Franklin Kearns, who now pays all the men in McAllen and Pharr.

A necessary corner of the D. Q. M. work is the repair shops, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Robinson. Here are blacksmith, wheelwright and saddlers' shops.

Every horse in the Division receives diers' shops.

Every horse in the Division receives daily 12 pounds of oats, and 9 pounds for a mule. Both receive 14 pounds of for a mule. Both receive 17 Policy hay a day.

Your daily bread and Karo cost the government anything up to 29.52 cents a day. Goods are computed in money values, and your company supply sergeant feeds you either beans and bacon and roast beef out of this small but necessary sum.

Soldier's will a far greater impetus to government anything up to 29.52 cents a day. Goods are computed in money values, and your company supply sergeant feeds you either beans and bacon and roast beef out of this small but necessary sum.

Contrast this 30 cents with the current prices in a McAllen restaurant and give Uncle Sam credit for feeding his soldiers wisely if not too well even in Texas:

Tenderloin steak—60 cents (potatoes extra.)

Ham and eggs—45 cents.

Hot roast beef sandwich—30 cents.

Hot roast beef sandwich—30 cents.

Home made pie (doubtful)—15 cents.

That affairs have run smoothly in the ranks of the Depot Quartermaster station is due to the experience and storoughness of a few veterans such as Captain Steger and Captain Purcell and Sergeant Francke, for in the first few weeks when every train dumped a thousand more troops into McAllen. there was plenty of work to do but few trained men to do it. Gradually a few soldiers and civilians clerkswere schooled in the difficult and technical work of the corps, so that today the D. Q. M. as tation is equipped for permanency and efficiency.

A great help to the expeditious handling of the work was the erection of new stores and the present offices at work and the chances are that he will do it.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

PHARR DRUG **STORE**

Your Business Appreciated EASTMAN KODAKS TOO

Folsom Hardware Co.

The finest line of Mexican drawn work in the city.

Hardware for the carpenter-soldiers. Blankets for everybody. Chairs for your tents.

"If we haven't got it, we'll get it for you"

The Brightest Spot in Pharr is LINESETTER'S

Palm Garden

Adjoining Pharr Hotel Best Cuisine

Orchestra Music With Every Meal

Best Service--Colored Waiters Best Surroundings Reasonable Prices

Dinner Here! Your Enjoy

> PUT YOUR MONEY IN THE

First National Bank Of Pharr

"As Safe as Safety Itself"

We Sell The Rattler PHARR W. IRVINE

Those who can bank here will find courteous treatment coupled with every facility for the careful handling of your business

Pocket Billiards

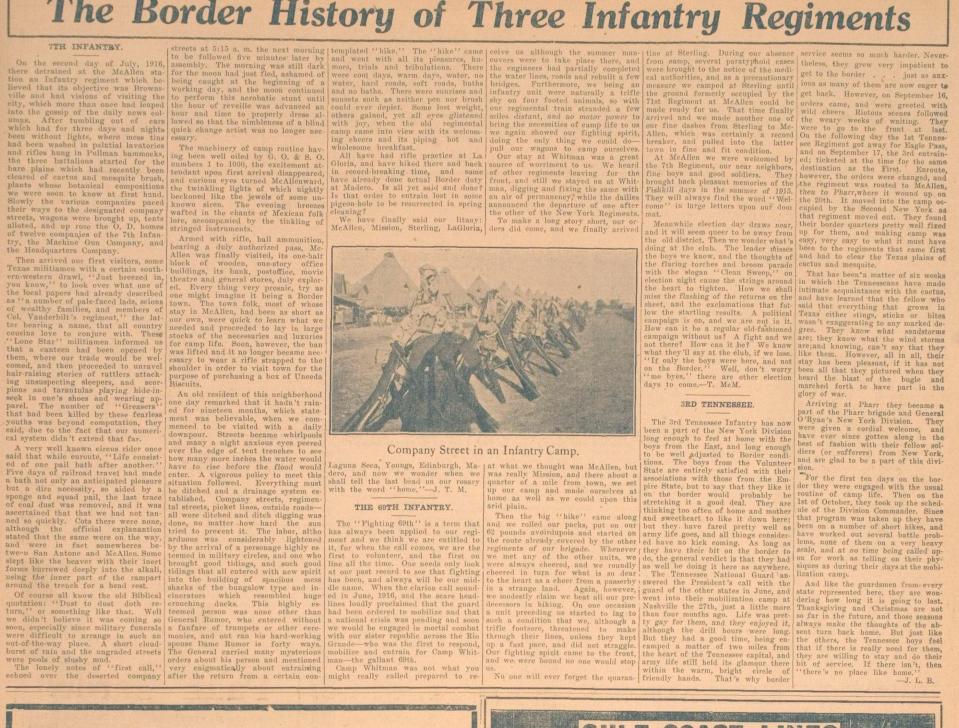


2½c. a Stick

First National Bank, Mission

Ask the boys for our address Fred H. Morgan, Cashier

The Border History of Three Infantry Regiments



The National Drink

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

A T canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's.

PHE individual "Junior" bottle sellsforten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

SEE THAT IT IS COLD.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY, Westfield, N. Y.





Round trip to Corpus Christi, week-end special, \$5.00. Friday to Tuesday limit. For a one-day trip, see Brownsville. Shops of all kinds for souvenir hunters. Nearest point to Mexico. Leave 8:16, back by 6:57. And-THE ROUND TRIP FARE, SATURDAY AND SUN-DAYS, IS ONLY \$1.80.

Get your furlough, up to five days. See Mr. Pinnick at McAllen

J. S. PYEATT, Pres. and Gen. Mgr., Houston C. W. STRAIN, Gen. Passenger Agent, Houston G. M. McCLURE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Houston



Buzzard's-eye View of McAllen and Outlying Camps

THE INFANTRY

'All Hail, the Infantry—the Queen pedal extremities that the Infantry stands and hikes.

of Battle."

Which, although borrowed from the editorial sanctum, is my idea of a "snappy" beginning to the learned treatise on the greatest arm of the service, which I am about to write.

There is distinction and class to that pithy phrase. Perhaps you recall the issue in which the editorial appeared wherein the Infantry was hailed and hailed again. It was the special Cavalry number of The Rattler.

But this is The Infantry number and you can take my word for it, there is no article printed in this issue lauding the Cavalry, unless it be that first-page story of their memorable Brownsville hike (performed on horses, dear reader) and was written by a Cavalry-man, Mister, or rather Private, Edward Streter than whom there is no more mirth—provoking contributor. I still chuckle as I think of his droll description of Cavalry life in Texas, featured in that special issue. Cavalrymen are always funny, but Streeter is the funniest one I have met. But I must relative to my muttons, the Infantrymen. As I stated at the outset, this is to be an erudite dissertation on the Infantry. Yes, indeed.

I am an Infantryman—therefore, I can write with a certain assumption of commendation and amused me. I would lie in we read and an Infantrymen are always funny, but Streeter is the funniest one I have met. But I must return to my muttons, the Infantrymen. As I stated at the outset, this is to be an erudite dissertation on the Infantry. Yes, indeed.

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I am an Infantryman—therefore, I can write with a certain assumption of knowledge concerning my subject. When I praise the Infantry, you may be certain that they are entirely deserving of it. Now that we fully understand each other, I will proceed.

I joined the Infantry for two reasons. The first was that a horse is a mysterious creation whose inner workings are far beyond my ken. He is an unreasoning creature over whom logical and forceful arguments have no avail. I have tried sitting on top of a horse and politely asking him to take me somewhere, but my pertinent and gentle request was unvariably misunderstood by the cussed animal, for I was always transported to some distant point where I had neither expressed a desire to go nor given him the slightest

As a small child I remember that my feet often amused me. I would lie in my cradle and wiggle my toes for my own intimate satisfaction and amusement, the while I laughed and cooed delightedly as I looked at my two little pink feet.

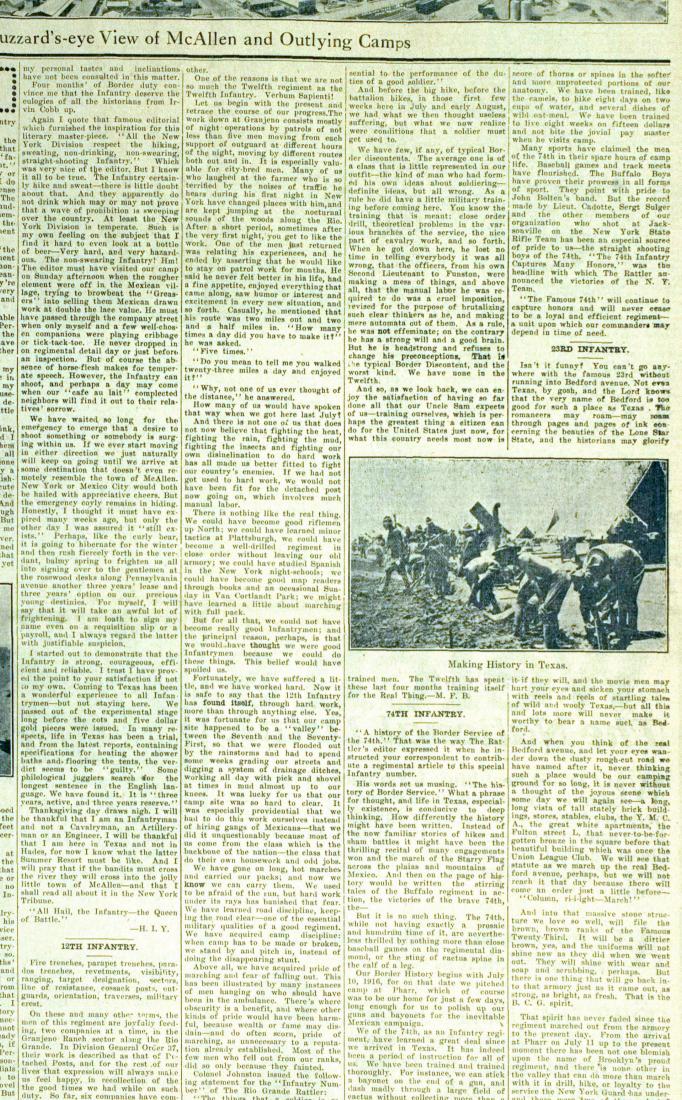
siline of resistance, cossack posts, ontguards, orientation, traverses, military
crest.

On these and many other terms, the
men of this regiment are joyfally feeding, two companies at a time, in the
Granjeno Ranch sector along the Rio
Grande. In Division General Orcer 37,
their work is described as that of Petached Posts, and for the rest of our
lives that expression will always make
us feel happy, in recollection of the
the good times we had while on such
duty. So far, six companies have completed their tours, each set of two companies remaining there four days.

It is the most interesting work that
has been assigned to the regiment since
that furnace-like day of July 5th when
we arrived on the plains of McAllen.
It calls for good eyesight, good hearing
presence of mind, a lot of common
sense, and above all good health, a
vigorous physique and almost unlimited
capacity for hard work.

It is probably on account of these
last requirements that we did not have
such work before. Now we are beginning to understand the scheme of our
training, and to realize how difficult it
is to become a good infantryman, and
how long it must take.

This "Infantry Number" of the Rio
Grande Rattler appears, therefore, at
just the right time, when we doughboys can look back not only with a clear
conscience, but with pride in our record
in our progress, in our spirit, in the
way we stood the tests one after the



tales of the Buffalo regiment in action, the victories of the brave 74th, the—

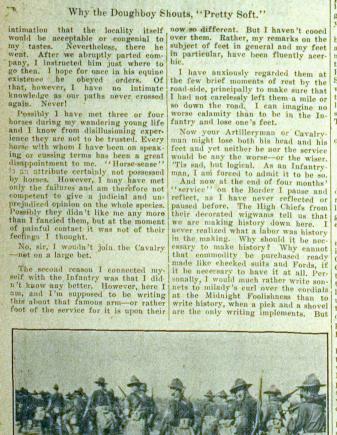
But it is no such thing. The 74th, while not having exactly a prosaic and humdrum time of it, are nevertheless thrilled by nothing more than close baseball games on the regimental diamond, or the sting of cactus spine in the calf of a leg.

Our Border History begins with July 10, 1916, for on that date we pitched camp at Pharr, which of course was to be our home for just a few days, long enough for us to polish up our guns and bayonets for the inevitable Mexican eampaign.

We of the 74th, as an Infantry regiment, have learned a grent deal since we arrived in Texas. It has indeed been a period of instruction for all of us. We have been trained and trained thoroughly. For instance, we can stick a bayonet on the end of a gun, and dash madly through a large field of cactus without collecting more than a



The Rio Grande-River of Doubt.



Why the Doughboy Shouts, "Pretty Soft."

The Hiking, Sweating Infantry.