

News Sent In By Our Division Units

1ST CAVALRY

Payday starts out as the red letter moment in the week's history. It at least broke down the rumor that the government was going to let us keep our identification tags in lieu of money. The principal gainer was the regimental canteen, but although we are still bankrupts we are bankrupts on a smaller scale. The government evidently has a line on who is doing the work down here for more than one private staggered away from the table with \$8.25 while his corporal staggered after him with \$7.70.

Joe, the truck driver of I Troop, who has been walking around with his pockets inside out for a month, had a messenger boy stand in front of the pay tent for several hours so that he would be first in line. When that time came there was only a glassy stare for Joe. Immediately after the bunch disappeared. It is rumored that he sold it in McAllen for \$3.80, refusing to take more than was coming to him from the government.

Following on the heels of payday we were given a physical examination, doubtless to find how we had stood the shock. The examining officers, a hospitable crowd, asked us how we were. We replied fine and hoped they were enjoying the trip. An exchange of cigars completed the formality.

"We are still just about to move camp. We have been crouched like a panther ready to spring until our backs ache. A detail went out this morning to lay out the new camp site. Their labor consisted of watering their horses, smoking a few packages of cigarettes over a few more rumors and returning to mess. Under these conditions we are giving credence to stories about 1917 and expect great things from our new home.

"Most of the regiment know the handsome Brownie, well known mule valet. It is a privilege to sit beside him on the box of his open carriage and increase one's knowledge of the language of the beast (but not the flowers). Meeting in the middle of the bridge near the Division dump the other day with Mr. Roberty, a cursory discussion followed which was only terminated by lack of breath. Whereupon Brownie whispered confidentially to the trooper at his side. "The trouble with that—Roberty is that the— ain't got no natural refinement."

"Sergeant Jeff Richardson who has recently been appointed Mess Sergeant of Troop "I" wishes to have it stated that he is boarding at Jack's Restaurant, McAllen and wishes his mail sent there.

"A baseball league series was started on August 16th. Troop C defeated Troop I 18-9 in a game featured by Butler's twirling and C's heavy batting. As finally arranged the schedule provides for each squadron to play off for its individual championship and for the winners of the various squadrons to compete for regimental championship. The schedule is as follows:

Wed. Aug. 16—"C" vs "D."
Thurs. Aug. 17—"E" vs "F."
Fri. Aug. 19—"A" vs "B."
Sat. Aug. 20—"G" vs "H."
Mon. Aug. 21—"I" vs "K."

"When the series is completed the squadron winners will draw for opponents in the semi-finals. It is hoped that the Machine Gun Troop will enter a team providing four teams in the final contest. The game between "E" and "F" was cut short in the 5th with "F" leading 16-6. Both teams played well considering the heat and lack of practice. "M" and "L" played 6 innings, "M" winning by a score of 12-4. Menges was the batting and fielding star of the winners.

"The hurricane broke up the schedule until Monday August 21st. When "I" and "K" met in the first of the upstate vs. downstate matches. The game was shortened because no one wanted to be called out on the first of our few rare paydays. Troop "I" playing steadily won by a score of 9-3 in a featureless game.

"The winning troop has been challenged by the Squadron A team and by the champions of the 7th Infantry league. It has been suggested that the officers form a team and challenge the winning regimental team.

"Cook Hungler, (the L is silent) Troop "M" is now installed in his new fly proof kitchen. He has asked permission to be allowed to cook out of doors so that the flies may at least have a chance to take side trips once in a while. Cook Hungler picked up his fly swatter the other night and stalked 9 little flies who were sitting on the edge of his kitchen table swarming lies. Swat there were eight, swat! another raisin for the pudding. Swat! now six, now five, four—three. Great drops of sweat stood out on his face and he determined to let the other two go until morning. When morning came there were 3,000 flies on the table.

"A rumor went round the camp the other day that one of the Machine Gun Troopers had succeeded in assembling a gun. The matter was reported to the Officer of the Day who realized the danger but could find nothing about it in the guard manual. The tension was relieved when it was found in the assembling, a piece of string had been used to get the thing together.

The Machine Gun Troop leads a life of nomadic luxury. Unencumbered with tents, mess hall, cooks or any of the other military milestones which drag us down, they wander genially from troop to troop, picking up a meal here and a cot there. If this condition continues a fund will be raised by the regiment for the erection of a permanent Asylum for Homeless M.G.'s and other wandering organizations.

"It is rumored that the Q-M's of the various troops are going to take away the uniforms of the men consigned to the Machine Gun Troop. This will leave them with their underclothes only for a few months. They are very game about it, however, and claim that this will give them more freedom of arms and legs for packing mules. Packing the mules is one of the most serious things in the life of those careless fellows. This work has been suspended until an extra supply of chloroform can be obtained.

Rafts have been provided for posts number four and five of the interior guard. This will eliminate the necessity of the sentinels on these posts hanging from the mesquite trees whenever it

rains. Before we received orders to move the camp it was planned to purchase a Ford motor-boat for the guard to be used in posting reliefs. In this way men who are unable to swim would be made eligible for guard duty.

"Trooper Baldy Orr of "I" Troop submits the following. This is not characteristic of the man and should not be used against him in a general court martial. He claims to have slipped one over on the government by passing his physical examination before he wrote it. Orr's family will doubtless be much grieved when they learn what he has done.

Subject: Why Is a Horse?
1. Remember always that the horse is an intelligent animal although he has no brains. The horse ranks next to the sponge in the animal kingdom.

2. Never strike the horse with a foreign implement as a rake or a field anvil. Reason with him. If necessary carry a short length of lead pipe in your hip pocket for this purpose.

3. Never allow hard objects to get under your horse's blanket. After you are through saddling always unsaddle again to make sure that there are no rifles, mess-kits or tin cans under the blanket to irritate the skin.

4. If your horse shows signs of weariness on the march, relieve him of the weight of the saddle and pack by carrying them yourself and riding bareback.

5. If the horse continues to grow tired, make a sedan chair with another trooper and carry the horse. Long troopers are always taken on long marches for this purpose.

6. In mounting, use the left foot for placing in the stirrup. Do not place the right foot or both feet in the stirrup. This is the swaboda system of mounting and is not recommended for beginners.

7. During a halt, always look at your horse's feet. Do not do this from the saddle. The best view may be obtained from a distance of 30 paces. A horse may be trained to lie on his back and hold his feet in the air for inspection.

In such cases a camp chair, carried in the blanket roll may be placed on his stomach and all four feet observed without moving.

8. As every ill of man is cured with pills, so is every ill of a horse cured with iodine applied internally or externally. This remedy will be found infallible with sunburns, hardening of the arteries, chapped lips, heartburn or housemaid's knee.

9. When applying iodine externally use a broom, mop or white-washing brush. Paint the horse thoroughly from head to foot.

10. Serve internally in the form of a capsule. Place on the end of his tongue and force it gently down his throat with a rake handle. If he refuses to swallow, bite his ear until he cries, the tears running into his mouth will wash down the capsule unnoticed.

11. If all these methods fail, break the capsule and apply externally where it will probably work just as well.

12. When feeding a horse always force the nose bag over his nose so tightly that he cannot breathe. In this way the horse gets the full benefit of his oats, absorbing a few through the nostrils, and sprinkling the remainder over his back like a shower bath. This is highly beneficial for the skin.

13. In grooming care should be taken to distinguish between lumps of mud and corns, on the horse's leg. Removing a corn with a grooming brush is slow and irritating to man and beast.

(Next week:—Field Hygiene by a Well Known Beauty Doctor.)

The members of Troop "L" are arranging a benefit for "Mike" Sullivan, sometime member of the great and glorious hospital corps and now major-domo of the troop cafeteria. Mike volunteered as first assistant to cook Pete Gordon when Jack O'Connor went home on a married man's discharge. They do say as "L" is getting good home cooking now.

Sergt. Edgar Shaw of "L" gets the second largest medal which will be cast from aluminum provided there is any metal left when the troops gets done putting dead man's identification tags on all the troop horses. Edgar stood guard all alone during the night of the big hurricane. The other non-coms of the troop thank him for the good night's sleep they got as a result.

Corp. Jim Lynch, Joe McIntyre and Harry Hart of "L" got a hankering for line work and tendered their resignations as members of the stable squad. They got away with it, too.

Troop "L" has a handsome flicer which was given to it by a loyal veteran member back in New York. Quartermaster Sergt. Sheppard and Mess Sergt. Jack Greason make daily trips to Mission to load up the troop commissary. The advertising manager of The Rattler is hoping they will put their car on a schedule as he is tired of hiring a "muchach" to hold his horse when he trots over to Mission to sell a few ads.

Benny Protector of "K" troop announces that he has ben on "Hard Luck" as a permanent detail. His theory is that life is what one makes it. The resulting K. P. service has won him the title of "Lord Kitchen."

We are beginning to wonder is all the officers have their birthdays in the winter time.

The First Cavalry is accumulating some excellent picture postals which show how delightful the bathing is along the Maine coast.

The Rochester troop says it will move back into a new army when the "war" is over and the five SBrooklyn troops expect the new Squadron C Club to be all ready for their reception when they get back. The ivy ought to be in bloom by that time, too.

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

New mess shacks and shower baths and the handsome new type of latrine disturbing the sky-line. Some energetic person starts an eight page, nickel weekly called the Rattler so that a lot of other people, not so energetic, have to rattle the keys of a typewriter.

But speaking of going home there's a man in Battery A who refuses to go home. He is private Jack Akerou, recently returned in good condition from hospital at Brownsville where he was operated on for appendicitis. At the base hospital he was offered a discharge and refused to take it. Says he'll go back with his battery or in a

pine box and he doesn't look as if he would have the luck to do the latter. He'll probably have to stretch his legs the other victims. That won't be so bad though—going East. Incidentally he says that the feeling in Brownsville over the Mexican situation is rather intense which is a rather pleasing thing to note while talking of going home.

It has been suggested by some Battery D men that a good sort of punishment for such as this Mexican would be to have his teeth extracted by Dr. Oeder assisted by Lieutenants McGroan and Cox. This trio recently withdrew a troublesome molar from Capt. H. E. Sullivan's upper jaw, after two hours of laborious and painful work. Wonder which of the four people concerned suffered the most pain.

Life in Battery D, by the way seems to be rattling along at a high rate of speed. What with a mess sergeant Tullington protesting he never handled a gun in his life. With Corporal Terrill and Private Friederich killing five-foot rattlers; with Sergeant Willson importing Canadian O. D. handkerchiefs and Serbeant Ryan having the extremely hard luck of being unable to turn in his stripes—with these and many more people getting into trouble and out of trouble, buying rattlesnakes and fighting, and running laundries and so on, the battery street is an interesting place.

Battery B distinguished itself recently by giving a farewell dinner to Major Matlock. Captain Lohr who has gone also and Captain Fox, Lieutenants Albrecht, Miller, Brennan and Hereth entertained royally with the essential aid of "Louie." Louie is the new chow dispenser. Besides this event the Battery has derived considerable pleasure betting on whether or not Private Harry Ogdien's new baby wild cat's mother ever walked the back-fences of dear old Brooklyn.

Walter Burke, stable sergeant of Battery F, has a boast to make. He has lost but one horse since going into camp. This sets the mark for lowest mortality rate in the regiment and probably for the artillery as a whole. Battery E has lost three which is a small number considering the terrible storms. The last storm was a mighty bad one, and as a result there has been a new drill command put into effect: "Under the Pieces—Crawl In." There is a certain sergeant who has been practicing it lately, with great success.

Battery C, senior of the regiment, has other worries than the storms. The resignation of Major Matlock presents an important problem and is the signal for Old General Rumor to get on the job. Who will be the new major? R. W. F.

The stable sergeants of the Second Field Artillery are justly proud of the fact that in the whole regiment only 17 horses have died or have been shot because too sick to live, since entraining at Van Cortland Park. The regiment has approximately 475 horses all told. Considering the extremely poor conditions of, traveling and the encampment directly following in an entirely strange country, absolutely strange so far as concerns climatic conditions, the sergeants are considered to have done very excellent work.

"Al" Schermerhorn, the Battery C Sergeant, who has soldiered with the regulars all through west and south-west, reports the loss of four horses from unavoidable causes such as gangrene and the development of cancers. Battery A, has also lost four according to stable sergeant Rehil. William Bender of B, gives the number for that battery as three. In the Bronx batteries the loss has been slightly smaller, F, Battery boasting the record of only one horse. Stable sergeant Walter Burke is a very old hand at the game of shipping horses and before he came with the outfit transported horses in large numbers from St. Johns, New Brunswick to Brest, France, with great success. On one trip he claims to have turned over 673 horses out of the original 680. He soldiered with Battery D, of the 3rd U. S. Field Artillery and at Fort Mever with the 15th Cavalry. Battery E, lost three horses according to sergeant Hesse's report and Dan J. Mahoney of D, gives the number as two.



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