

### News Sent In By Our Division Units

#### 1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

The Signal Corps Battalion, under Major William L. Hallahan, is busy maintaining communications with the outside world in addition to its function as the Division signal troops, in keeping the "hikers" in touch with Division Headquarters.

Not only official messages are sent to and from District and Department Headquarters, but since the recent "West Indian Storm" put the commercial telegraph lines out of business, press dispatches have been sent out by wireless and field wire lines to "some-where" inland in Texas, where they have been relayed to New York papers by the commercial lines.

Storm warnings, of both the recent "big winds," were received by the Signal Corps, and notice delivered to the other troops at McAllen. The camps at Pharr and Mission, and the troops on "hike," were advised by wire and radio of the approaching storms.

When the Signal Battalion first arrived, its camp became known as "Thousand Islands," on account of the marked similarity after a rain. Now the "big ditches" that surround the Signal Corps camp drain completely the hardest rains—though the sticky, thick mud still visits the camp—and the name has been changed to "Radio Island."

In addition to their other duties, the signalmen have been exercised in trenching, holding down tents, building mess, bath and other shacks, and are now almost qualified as excavators, masons, carpenters and plumbers.

The Signal Corps holds the pistol record at the Division Range. Corporal Naylor, Company B, made 182, with Sergeant Fay, Company A, a close second with 178.

Company B, the Wire Company from Brooklyn, worked out its first field problem with outline troops, south of the camp, but the Small Arms practice of the Artillery in the late hours of the night caused a shift in the scene, and the Battalion Commander is making the problems to be solved north of McAllen. Company B, has just spent several days solving one in the vicinity of Edinburgh, the county seat of the "Free State of Hidalgo." This company also maintains a wire line between the New York camps, and connects with the Border wire line of the Regular Signal Corps.

Company A, the Radio Company from New York City, keeps its wireless mast erect through most of the storms, and maintains radio communication between the New York camps and the outside world through relays by the Regular Signal Corps radio stations. It also keeps the camp at McAllen in touch with the troops out on practice marches.

The signalmen are satisfied with their lot—some even hope for a prolonged stay, that their lip adornments may grow to visibility before they march back through 34th Street. One officer has been noticed training his "down" to the trot and gallop.

Captain Robert B. Kennedy, the Battalion Surgeon, wanted to be a dashing cad. One Sunday he went for a ride on one of the "picket line hounds" to Edinburgh. Within a week the Surgeon was able to sit down, and is now satisfied to be a humble pill dispenser.

The Surgeon notices that each radio detail, as it is relieved from generator work, desires to be marked "sick in quarters, Lumbago." Senders of messages should take a tip from "Off again, on again, Finnegan."

#### 7TH INFANTRY

The Seventh Infantry camp is indeed a deserted and desolate spot since the regiment marched gaily away on its ten day endurance test. The boys they left behind are far from feeling gay for they know they are missing something. Just how much fun they are being deprived of they will not learn until their comrades come swinging back through Post No. 1. But it's the sting of being out of the running that hurts. No one wanted to stay in camp, but sentries must be maintained and the new mess shacks must be roofed and finished, so there they are a small and disconsolate band, who sit around in front of their tents after dark and wonder what the boys in the field are doing.

Mourning sentries patrol their posts in a disinterested manner as if they didn't care whether camp kept or not. A few scattered mules down on the picket line hang their heads and weep mulish tears for they miss the endearing phrases and loving words of their drivers. Now and then, at infrequent intervals, a forlorn appearing officer who vainly attempts to assume a jaunty pose, wanders down the silent company street and steals into his own tent, there to rail against the fates that decreed he should be one of the home-guard. It is a veritable encampment of Lost Souls.

And the Regiment itself! By now they are far afield, bivouaced among the spiny cactus and the Spanish Bayonet, eagerly on the alert to guard their camp against the dangerous woolly-bug and the wurra-wurra fly. For they are out on the Border of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. On Wednesday, August 23rd at 7:29 a. m., they started out with flags flying and drums beating. Their feet were tender but their hearts were stout and every last man of them was prepared to live up to the traditions of the Seventh and be a game sport or succumb in the attempt. They were there to back up Colonel Fiske's proud statement that "they can't walk the Seventh off its feet or break its fighting spirit."

The first night's encampment, located one quarter mile south of Mission, was reached at 9:19 a. m. There was only one stop made en route, of twenty minutes duration. The actual marching time was 1 hr., 30 min., and the distance covered was about five miles, which is equal to the marching time of the regular army.

The same rate of march was continued on the preceding days when the regiment hiked out to Sterling's Ranch. At the time of writing they are in bivouac at Laguna Seca and authentic report has it that all the men are in good condition and excellent spirits—for such is the Seventh Infantry. A complete account of the hike will be printed in next week's Rattler—written by one,

who went along with the boys. Your correspondent stayed at home.

#### 1ST FIELD ARTILLERY

Since the First Field Artillery constructed a regulation boxing wing, elevated sufficiently to allow everyone an excellent view, the various batteries, I refer to Battery E and F in particular have shown marked improvement in the development of new pugilistic material. An excellent illustration was furnished by Private Yerks who introduced a new style of boxing to the amusement of the spectators attending the entertainment last Saturday night when the Second Field were our guest.

Private Jacques of Battery B, who was scheduled to box three rounds with Simpson Battery A, Second Field, knocked out his opponent in the second round after doing some clever work in the first. The fighting was fast and furious while it lasted, Jenks outclassing his opponent in every way. A prize of ten dollars was offered to the winner of each bout. Kid McCoy was official referee and his decision of a draw in the bout between Carnegie of Battery F, and Patterson of Battery A, Second Field was enthusiastically applauded by everyone.

Bud Anderson of Battery F, won ten dollars by default as his opponent did not put in an appearance. He offered to fight any one his weight, 128 lbs., for the purse but no one volunteered.

Private John Clark of Battery E, who has figured in one of the recent boxing exhibitions was to have taken part in last night's entertainment but owing to slight attack of bronchitis was prevented from attending.

The entire series of bouts were noticeable for the clean cut manner in which they were fought and the friendly spirit that prevailed throughout.

"At the close of the boxing, Sergeant Battle recited a very amusing monologue. He was followed by several other clever entertainers bringing the entertainment to a successful close.

Battery E, has organized a baseball team and in their first practice game with Battery C, of four innings last Sunday won by a score of four to three. The outlook for the team is very promising. C. M. W.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE TWELFTH

In the first place, the reader is notified that this is not written in a mood of grievance or grouch or grumbling—because that would not be anything like the Spirit of the Twelfth.

Neither will any apology be made, any boasts uttered, or any other outfit attacked. The only purpose of this communication to the Rio Grande Rattler is to let the men of other organizations get a little straight dope from an old-timer about which, if they are not well acquainted with it, they have referred to either as the "Dandy Dozen" or the "Dirty Dozen." You see, that's the trouble—it's pretty hard to qualify our regiment. It has nothing peculiar about it. It is neither dashing nor dull; it is by no means delicate but on the other hand it is not desparate, and the inevitable custom that insists on military organizations being nicknamed picked out the handiest Ds without regard for accuracy, as adjectives beginning with that letter would do, though if it were to describe its personnel, "diversified" would hit the mark.

I've been trying to think of the right adjective ever since the day after we entrained, when The New York Times referred to us as "The once famous Boverly regiment." Now, our armory may have been situated around that well-known thoroughfare at the time of the Civil War, but then the Boverly was quite different, and it did not have such an unsavory connotation. It might be well to explain that the reason why this name is still used at times is because at the time of the Jamestown Fair our band played "The Boverly, The Boverly!" as we passed Gov. Hughes in the reviewing stand, and was made much of by the reporters.

As a matter of fact you will find all classes, all walks of life, pretty nearly all white races, represented in The Twelfth. Some of its enlisted members could, had they chosen to, have joined any other National Guard organization in Great New York, but they elected the Twelfth and not only do they like it now that they are in it, but they re-enlist when their time is up. Of these, quite a few have friends in other outfits, who "kod" them a good deal, but they remain loyal admirers of the Twelfth and refuse to be transferred.

Why? Because they realize that they benefit from contact with their comrades in ranks. Because they know that while no questions are asked of applicants as to social position, education, nationality of parents, accomplishments or other non-military data, there is one strict requisite—manhood. Because they know that the place where a yellow streak is detected sooner than anywhere else on this side of the earth is the old armory at the corner of Sixty Second Street and Columbus Avenue—or wherever the Twelfth happens to be encamped.

All this is saying something about the effects of the Spirit of the Twelfth, but not describing it directly. To do that would require a mightier pen than one now wielded, but one characteristic may be pointed out, which has manifested itself strikingly ever since we left New York. It is one which affords joy and pride to those who are conscious of it. At the same time it would disappear completely if too many of us became aware and appreciative of it. (However, there is no danger of that) I refer to "naturalness."

Such or such outfit is known for its Hibernian character, this for exclusiveness, that for assumed combativeness, another for the number of celebrities in its ranks, and so on. Naturally, the members of these organizations, in the public's eye and even among themselves try to act in accordance with their traditions—an effort which sometimes results in a forced attitude and consequently misery on the part of the actor and scorn or antipathy on the part of witnesses. In the Twelfth there never is any such endeavor to conform to a stereotyped standard. The "spirit de corps" of our regiment is a product of evolution, the resultant of the natural out-

flow of spirits of all its members, unhampered by artificiality, and therefore strong, permanent and impressive.

If it were not strong and permanent, if it did not at once impress itself upon the average recruit, the older men would have feared the rapid influx of newcomers during the last few stirring days of mobilization. We would have felt deep misgivings concerning our ability to absorb and assimilate in so short a time a number of recruits almost equal to our own enlisted strength on June 19. But we entertained no such fears. Not only did we enroll enough rookies to double our number, but these were put through the "awkward squad" in a shorter time than ever before, and most of the drillmasters were of necessity non-coms with little experience in handling the varied human material that streamed into the regiment. Most remarkable of all, these rookies were at no time "lectured," and no one told any of them, unless he first asked, anything about the history of our regiment or any other of the things the Twelfth prides itself upon.

Not a word was spoken about it, but every rookie knew that he was being signed up; and at the same time he was learning much more with his eyes and ears constantly open than he would have if he had been lectured. Now, I'm not against a recruit being told what a fine outfit is honoring him by accepting him, but reader knows, if he is an old-timer, how many young fellows have been spoiled by the "glad hand," how too much fuss over them gave them such a sense of importance that they lost the best kind of incentive and the most desirable trait in a soldier; the ambition to be as good a soldier as one can, in drilling, shooting, horsemanship, attendance and every possible way.

That is another characteristic of the Spirit of the Twelfth—its silent operation. It does not exist in our mouths, but it is deeply impressed in our hearts. That's why I, for one, am proud of it though well acquainted elsewhere.

That's why when Captain Gordon Johnston was detailed from his busy desk in the sunny room adjoining the office of the commander of the Eastern Department, whose Aide he was, to the Coloneley four regiment, his heart was touched by the Spirit of the Twelfth, and fill with pride in the organization that produced it.

M. F. B.

#### 3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY

It may be of interest to the boys in camp as well as to the folks "back home" to know something of the treatment accorded the more serious cases of illness which are bound to occur in an encampment of this size.

When it is learned that a man is too sick to remain longer in the Field Hospital, he is turned over to the care of a sergeant and three attendants selected from the ranks of the 3rd Ambulance Company, together with such other cases as may be considered fit for Base Hospital treatment. The number of patients going at one time occasionally reaches as high as ten.

The patient is taken in one of the "3rd" Field ambulances to the railroad station where due provision for transportation and sleeping car accommodations have been made. If either part or all of the patients are unable to sit up, due provision is made for handling them on litters by competent men experienced in this work.

On arrival at San Antonio, they are sent by the necessary number of motor ambulances of the latest type to the Base Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, accompanied by the 3rd Ambulance Company's detail and carefully watched and cared for by them until safely and properly turned over to the Hospital authorities. They are then taken care of in the best and most thorough manner possible, their clothes are checked to avoid loss or misplacement and they are supplied with adequate hospital clothing such as pajamas, bedroom slippers, bathrobes, etc. Those who are able to be up and about are allowed the freedom of the corridors, reading rooms and immense open air parlors. An immense mess hall, open all around and thoroughly screened, is now finished and in use, where the best of meals are served those who are not on special diet or confined to beds.

It is much to the credit of the N. Y. Division that its ambulance companies and Field Hospitals are not only splendidly equipped but have a personnel of excellent men.

#### ENGINEERS HIKE TO BORDER

Co. B., 22nd New York Engineers, Capt. H. C. Woodward commanding took a hike to Hidalgo Saturday Aug. 12 and returned Sunday. Dinner was cooked on the way down and consisted of bacon, coffee and hard tack. Before it was finished a heavy Texas shower drenched everybody and everything except the spirits of the men. It made the marching very heavy. However, the river was reached in due time, and the Mexican outpost on the opposite bank in plain sight furnished an interesting sight and food for reflection.

Capt. N. M. Green and Lieut. C. I. Crockett of the regulars on duty there extended many courtesies to the visitors. Some of the newspaper croakers up north about the attitude of regulars toward National Guard would have been much disturbed by the cordiality of this reception.

Corporal Sency and private Fenebach of the Engineers measured the river for the Intelligence Officer, using a prismatic compass, paced base line and table of logs and sines and made the distance 624 feet.

This distance was checked by Lieut. Barbour of the Engineers by triangulation using a 300-ft. measured base line and the distance scaled 625 ft. A remarkable check; thereby making a hit with Lieut. Crockett.

Lieut. Crockett made an inspection of the company despite the fact that the previous day's march had been made in mud and rain, every rifle was in perfect condition winning favorable comment which was especially gratifying as Lieut. Crockett is the finest type of soldier and gentleman.

Captain Jaekel, Q. M. Co., is trying to get enough tarantulas to make up a fur coat to exhibit in his Fifth Avenue store this winter.—Adv.

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