

News Sent In By Our Division Units

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

What was probably the most pleasant experience the Second Field Artillery has had, as a regiment, since coming to Texas, took place recently before Col. Wingate's quarters on Prado Wingate. It was the first regimental entertainment that has been attempted and although the regiment has taken part in a number of other entertainments, this one was all its own. The command did well indeed, and the regiment applauded itself heartily and went to bed under the quiet canvas of a calm, starlight night with a sense of complete satisfaction. The regiment by virtue of its success felt itself to be a unit not a collection of batteries, a self-sufficient body of men in which was a collection of unprofessional talent that could be matched against any other on the border.

To see the dancing, the clog, the jig, the swift whirling steps of Russian toes and the quick rhythmic hammer of Irish heels; to hear the sweet tones of a cornet in the hands of a master, and the voices of men who love to sing some crude, others well trained—to hear them sing every kind of melody from simple humorous ditties to classic, and to laugh at the monologues, the imitations and take-offs, was pleasure indeed, pleasure that softens the labor of the day and makes men more willing. And then at the close, to join with a regiment—your regiment—in the old familiar and well-loved "Auld Lang Syne" was enough to make any soldier glad he was alive.

It was no wonder that there was enthusiasm over Regimental Supply Sergeant William B. Love's announcement that it was the Colonel's wish that these entertainments continue regularly and that all the talent of the regiment would be called upon to contribute to succeeding numbers.

Among the entertainers were Private Norton of Battery E, and Sergeant David Allen of Headquarters who started the evening with songs under the band's overture. The band leader and cornet soloist, Edward Zitman, interspersed plenty of instrumental airs between the numbers that followed. A monologue by Sergeant Sherlo of Battery E, was very well received. Shifty Doyle of Diamond A. Rauch, Supply Company, followed on the boards with some remarkable clogging that drew considerable applause and then Battery B's famous trio of Privates Diegen, Leufer, and Arthur presented several numbers.

A great number of the onlookers seemed to consider Private Schummaece of B. Battery the hit of the evening with his original song "On the Texas Border Line," which is sung to the chorus tune of "On the Old Fall River Line." Such verses as this one took down the house:

"On the Texas border line, where you're sick most all the time, We have a lovely hospital where you are treated fine. For a scratch, a kick, a bruise or cut, you're swabbed with iodine, And no matter what your ills may be, they feed you O. D. pills, you see—On the Texas border line."

Schummaece has had these verses put on a postal, such as that of "Hell in Texas." He has written another set of verses which wind up in this fashion:

We'd like to be right back at home, that would sure be grand, And when we spot dear old New York We'll yell to beat the band. We love our country and our flag, we'll defend it with our might. But the only thing that'll bring us back is WAR, or a d—d good fight.

Schummaece was followed by a cornet solo by Bandmaster Zitman, and then Private G. Hensel of Battery B gave a series of classic songs with great success. Private R. L. Cowles of E Battery was responsible for a cracker-jack monologue and a recitation of "Tin," the Rattler poem which has caused much comment. Corporal Tenny of A, brought the house with him in a song and dance act. Private Diegen of Battery B appeared for the second time with a solo, and the last number was by the Blackfoot Indian Chief of Diamond A. Ranch Supply Company, Woolworth, an Indian dance and song. Thus the first entertainment wound up successfully. It was in charge and under the direction of Captain A. D. Washington and there will be more like it—unless the order to move east interferes.

For the next entertainment it is whispered, there will be a great event, a new quartette from headquarters, something fine. It will consist of Sergeants Joe De Silver, Hoffman, Love and Brodie. Virtue unsuspected.

Following are the changes that have taken place recently: Resignations and departures; Major Chauncey Matlock, Captain Adjutant, 1st Battery, Eugene Lohr; Captain Alphonse W. Wiener, Adjutant 2nd Battery, and Lieutenant Hathorna C. Green of Battery E. In their places will be Captain Adjutant De Witt C. Weld, 1st Battery, as Major; Lieutenant John D. Hutt, of Battery A, as Adjutant 1st Battery; Lieutenant Frederick De Fagniere, as Regimental Adjutant and Lieutenant Raymond Hoffman of Battery D, as Adjutant 2nd Battery.

The new building back of headquarters is now practically finished, and is the home of the commissary, quartermaster, postoffice and Adjutant's office. It is being used chiefly for the storage of supplies, but its space is so well divided that each department seems to have far more room than at first seemed possible.

Captain Kuntz, who has charge of the mail situation, is certainly satisfied with his quarters in the new office, and so is his right-hand war-whoop, Sergeant Brodie of Regimental supplies. It may have been noticed that the Brooklyn papers gave Edward W. Brodie an excellent, first-class write-up lately. He has been twenty-seven years with the New York Postoffice department, ten years of it in civil service. He has been sixteen years with the Second F. A., and can tell you all about the Old Third Battery on Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, where the whole dingbusted business started. His

assistant in the postoffice for the Regiment is W. I. Kidd, also a city P. O. man. Kidd is some "kid." He handles over 20,000 pieces of mail a day for the Regiment and never blinks an eye from Reveille to Taps.

It is an understood fact in Battery C that this is gala week at Camp Scorpi, as Sergeant Campbell insists upon calling the place. So many people have actually succeeded in getting Mr. Lelini to cut their hair, which saved the McAllen barbers' wives a lot of funeral expenses, by the way, and such a stimulus of spirits has been created by the movement of the dough boy regiments, and the really, truly fact that Quartermaster Sergeant Johnson is honestly going to give a hand-out soon, that the Battery can't contain itself; and then also Brody has finished his or rather C's mess shack. But greatest of all in Camp Scorpi is the Johnson hand-out. The other things have precedent, but that none whatever.

Top Sergeant "Al" Van Brackle, of Battery E, says we are going home the first—the first opportunity. Probably he means the first of Novanuary. However, he is content with some things—food for instance. Had asparagus, creamed, and creamed smoked beef a la Mess Sergeant Ed Bernius. Top says that two meals a day ought to be enough for the men down here and he recalls the hike through Massachusetts about seven years ago when the battery couldn't get bread and each section appointed a cannoneer for a grub soubot on the way.

Battery A sent forth its mighty champions last week to battle with Battery C. A man of the First Fieldbon, the new rig erected near the headquarters of Brigadier-General McNair. Four bouts took place. The first between Patterson of the Second and Carnegie of the First was called a draw by Kid Me Coy who refereed. Yerkes of the first and Behrens of the Second went a good bait until Behrens proved his superiority with some telling punches, and took matters in his own hands. Ruwe of the Second and Sailor Brown of the First followed and the Second clearly out-matched. Simpson of the Second matched up with Jakes because of the absence of the original boxer and stood some severe punishment because of his condition. He took the count exhausted after putting up a splendid exhibition of nerve and cleverness.

The presence of Gen. O'Ryan made the evening a large event and the music and singing furnished by the Artillery men was very excellent. The General's smile betrayed his approval of both fights and entertainment.

Battery E had an accident on the last hike, down around Sharyland. One of the pieces, while going into action at a gallop, struck a stump and overturned. Privates Mayer and Duffy were picked up underneath the piece, but although taken to the hospital, were not hurt very badly. They will be back on duty this week.

Furloughs of one month have been granted Privates Fred Nehring, Harold Learkin and McDevitt, Mechanic Farrell, Corporal Esper, and Cook John son were caught in McAllen with their sleeves rolled up by General O'Ryan and the result was a two dollar fine apiece.

Battery B's First Sergeant A. A. Farrell, and Clerk N. E. Humbert, are mourning the loss of Clerk Tarleton, who left for home Sept. 3, but they are thankful that he remained long enough to give valuable aid in making up the pay-rolls. The whole Battery joins them in regret, and is also sorry to learn that Private Steve Scammacee, song writer and actor, who wrote "On the Texas Border Line," will leave soon, too.

Horseshoer Fitchette has another burro. He, without doubt, is the champion mascot collector of the camp, having now a total of two burros, a rabbit, a cat, a lizard, a horned toad and a whip snake. Captain Fox may object to the addition to the mess bill.

First Lieutenant Samuel E. McRickard of Battery F has been recalled to Washington to resume his official duties as Government Railroad Appraiser. Lieutenant McRickard is the Senior Lieutenant of the regiment, having served in the capacity for twelve years.

69TH INFANTRY

Co. K.—A letter printed in the Evening Post of New York has caused no little comment among our friends in the city. The writer refrained from signing his name to the communication but chose to dub himself "Anti-Molly-codde."

The letter in itself proved beyond a doubt that the composer was an able master of the art of subtle sarcasm and at the same time illustrated the fact that he had not the ability to grasp the true state of affairs. His comment as to the attitude of the members of the National Guard was insulting to the men who have sacrificed so much in answering the call to arms.

All possible honor should be accorded those who responded so promptly to the call to mobilize—at the time it looked very much as if there would be war in Mexico. Under the act of Congress of June 3, we were forced to decide quickly as to whether we would take the oath or not. If we did, we became members of the regular army. Again in this instance the urgency of the situation prompted us, almost to a man, to sacrifice business and home interests and respond to orders to defend our country.

dangers of permitting others to fill our places during our enforced absence from business. It seems that we are now justified in our desiring to return home instead of continuing camp life. Have not the majority of us proven our willingness and ability to serve our country? It does not seem then feasible that our President will keep the militia in Texas much longer and then send thousands of men home, without work, their old positions filled by someone not an "Anti-Mollycodde" nor overflowing with patriotism.

We are mastering our drills and camp routine. Some claim we have mastered the details assigned to us but just now we shall not be so vain as to accept this compliment, though we do not deny it.

However, the one feature of military life we do profess to be superior in is "Company Co-operation." In this we are able instructors though it is with some regret that we find few of our neighbors calling on us for our book of instructions.

Naturally at first this co-operation was lacking. Our attempts to become "regulars" were met at every turn by some unknown obstacle. This could not go on for long so our officers sought a solution to the problem. It is needless to say that they have found it. Our details have been finished in short order, there is more snap to our drilling and the morale of the entire company has improved one hundred per cent.

More of this work and the improvement of companies will make excellent battalions and this in turn will materially benefit our regiment until we have an outfit second to none on the border.

Let us try this out. Company K can be counted on to render every possible assistance to its last man.

Our new Mess Sergeant has proven himself an able protegee of Sergeant Hunt and the men are boosting our far famed "bean suppers" which originated from the culinary art of Kid Bean.

Though we can't re-fight the battle of Bunker Hill we can and have thrashed out the attack of Lobo Mountain in the Philippines. Private Murtha better known to his fellows as "Luzon Pete," has taken charge of the historical squad and some remarkable progress has been made in ascertaining the qualities of both forces.

It is our sad duty to report a very serious accident to Artificer Jas. McCoy. Joe is a past master of the art of ducking, having ducked all drills so far by working various schemes. Having reached the end of his rope in concocting excuses as to why he should be excused, he was compelled to hike out with the company last evening. Selecting what he thought was a soft spot, he dove head first for it. But poor Joe's eyesight is not what it was back in New York, the result was what he thought was a nice pillow, happened to be a mesquite stump. He appeared cheerful when told by the Medico his thumb was broken, as he says it finishes his drilling during the Mex. invasion.

Rumor has it, our genial Mess Sergeant, James Cannody, is about to be appointed instructor of the culinary artists of the 1st Brigade. It is said he is the only chef in said Brigade who can purchase a feed out of the rations supplied. He will impart the secret to other chefs.

Sergt. Burke, the Senior Right Guide of the State of New York says the drill regulations are all wrong, as he has found from an experience of eighteen years that it is much better to guide his Co. with his eyesight, travel in circles, or zig-zag his way all over the drill field. It gives the men more exercise and gets the skipper so jumping mad that he cannot speak, thereby saving himself a call down.

Of all the Non Com's in Company C, the one most thought about, is our very able supply Sergt. T. The men look after his every little want in camp, his wants in town are generally looked after by the provost.

So far only two members of the Co. have been "cast in durance vile." I must apologize for such a poor showing for a company, when we become properly acclimated we may do better.

The night was dark, but not stormy. The Texas atmosphere, coupled with the vivid imagination brought about by the first night on guard on the border, made the command "halt" heard quite frequently throughout the night. Back at the foot of Co. C St. there is located a small cemetery, and it was covered by post eleven and twelve. Two doughty N. Y. warriors, Hoban and Welsh covered these posts. At that most unearthly of all hours, 3 a. m., Private Hoban observed a form moving, sneaking toward him, sometimes high up, and then again dropping low to the ground, a tremulous halt! issued from his 42-inch chest, but still the form advanced. Welsh, by this time also observed this advancing form. In doubt for protection, or perhaps singly they were going to come in and report it. Coming together must have stiffened them up, neither wanted to confess his fear to the other. A counsel of war was held, there was no doubt of it being an enemy. They proceeded to load their rifles, the order to fire was about to be given, when a Corporal with the relief appeared, and saved the 69th from paying the price of a \$1200 white faced cow.

Requisition has proven an evil word to our Q M Sergeant. The little slips were passed around a few days ago and filled in. It was then the trouble started. To the unsophisticated, a thirty-eight chest is an easy matter to understand but the government figures which have been substituted for the sizes stand out like Greek. With his tent the image of a Sixth Avenue pawn shop, Sergeant Magill met many difficulties, and to make matters worse, an army of red ants invaded his quarters and put to flight any thoughts of sleep entertained on the part of the Q M squad.

Private Halton has been appropriately dubbed "Kid Rumor," and is willing to defend his title against the world. As far as we are concerned, he has earned it to the extent of keeping us awake nights preparing for those orders to "entrain for the north." We have yet to find anyone capable of creating so much ferment upon so little provocation as our brother soldier who

is good for a "wire from headquarters" at least twice a day. The entire company is endeavoring to emulate the regulars but as yet have failed to conform exactly to the model set by our first Sergeant.—C. A. S.

1ST CAVALRY

The long doubted camp site for the 1st Cavalry has at last become a reality. The ground looks like the start of a new city during the gold rush of '49. Our new home will be west of the 12th Regiment, and about a quarter of a mile south of the Mission road. It is being built on one of the highest pieces of ground in the vicinity, and when it is not raining one can look across the muddy Rio Grande into Mexico.

The streets of the new camp will run east and west. The prevailing breezes blow from the officers quarters through the camp and down to the picket line (when there are any breezes) this is hard on the flies, who will have the option of beating up against the wind from the picket line to the cook shack, or taking an extended hike to Mission. It is impossible, however, to satisfy everyone.

At the end of each picket line there will be a corral for watering the horses. After watering for six weeks in troughs, which threaten to float away in soupy mud, the men who own white footers are trying to find the person who thought of this scheme in order to send him a case of something.

Everything in the new camp will be uniform from the dressing of the hat cord to the construction of the kitchen and mess halls. The Sunday supplement Saturday night will have as much chance of finding his own street as the owner o Boston brownstone.

Certain troops who have erected elaborate mess shacks and other splendid public buildings will have to put them down to profit and loss unless they can find some Mexican family in need of a summer home.

The plans for the camp have been drawn according to U. S. Army specifications. This of course leads to the rumor that the camp when completed will be turned over to nomad bands of regulars who are doubtless being housed during the interval in goat corals and fed on mesquite beans.

The new site is in charge of Lieutenant Raldris of K. Troop. It is estimated that the work will be completed in between two to three weeks.

Recommendations have been made by General O'Ryan for the reorganization of the 3rd squadron, the so called milk squadron.

At present the squadron is composed of M of Avon, I of Buffalo, and L and K of Brooklyn. The reorganization as recommended will place the four upstate troops of Buffalo, Avon, Rochester and Syracuse in one squadron. Up to the present the major of the 3rd squadron has had the difficult task of keeping in touch with four troops from the two extremes of the state.

The proposed change will cause H. of Rochester, D of Syracuse and the two Brooklyn troops to change their letters. There is weeping and gnashing of teeth among the quartermasters who must needs take their little stenciling outfits and work every piece of equipment over again.

The horses who will have to have their hoofs remarked also consider it a rum deal, and of course the troopers do on general principles, and the dear old homefolks will have to twist their tongues around a new letter; the old troop songs, describing the superiority of the singers on the "meinself ind Gott" plan, will have to be used as fuel for the Franklin stove, and the old guidon cut-up for oil rags.

The only ones who don't care are M and I, who have received the order "as you were."

The change will be made when we get settled in our new camp. It is rumored that H will become K and D will be come L. Whether or not the two Brooklyn troops will take the vacant letters, or whether they will be a further reassignment of letters in order to bring the five Brooklyn troops together is not known at present.

Of course L and K claim that the milk squadron is being badly skimmed, but that was to be expected.

The schedule of the regimental base ball league is drawing to a close. The 3rd squadron has completed its games, troop D defeating troop M 3 to 1 in a well played game. In the 2nd Squadron, Troops H and F are left to play off for the Squadron championship. The game was scheduled for Saturday, Sept 2. Troops A and B will have decided the championship of the 1st Squadron before this goes to print. The drawings for the finals will be held when Troops F and H play their Saturday game. One of the three Squadron winners will draw a bye and play the winner of the game between the remaining two for regimental championship.

Troop K having solemnly buried eccentric ol' General Rumor, are now going at things with both feet. Sergeant John L. Van Winkel of Troop L, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, has been appointed to the Troop as Sergeant Instructor. He refers to the men as "Rookies," a name, which up to this time the troop has felt that even the Kaiser and his staff would hesitate in using.

Tent seven of Troop K is known as the lawyers tent, chiefly because it is composed of members of the bar (legal). In spite of the codicals and amendments to the military law which are drawn up daily by Walter Kuhn, they still continue to shift fertilizer from place to place and scrub the pots and pans. Like true lawyers, they always object to reveille, and when over-ruled, have an exception noted.

A week or more ago we were bustled through the cactus in regimental review with the understanding that there was to be a divisional review the following day before General Funston. The General apparently had no stop over on his ticket from Brownsville, for he has not appeared yet. We have been going around with our belts pipe-clayed and our buttons madly shined, until we can't stand the strain much longer. The divisional review has been played for all it is worth by the rumor mongers who tell us, may their (Continued on Page Eight.)

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