

THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT!

By Dreher



News Sent in by Our Division Units

12TH INFANTRY

The Regiment left on the ten day hike Tuesday morning, leaving behind the Machine Gun Company, Capt. J. L. Scott, who was given command of the camp. Details were also left behind by each company for guard and other necessary work. The total number of men, according to a muster taken Friday evening, was 217, but this was augmented by the arrival on Saturday of thirty three recruits in charge of 2nd Lieut. Juffe, who was recently commissioned from Sergeant in the Regular Army. First Lieut. Kluge, superintends the detail work, which consists of putting no showers building the new incinerators and completing the mess shacks, besides a hundred and one other little jobs. With all this going on, the camp looks far from deserted, and in fact is busier than usual. The usual camp noises are replaced by the sounds of hammers, saws, trowels, etc. All is not quite finished at the time of writing, but it probably will be when this issue of The Rattler comes out, and surely by the time the regiment marches in on Friday, proud of having added another laurel to its collection.

And it certainly looks as if the Dandy Dozen will make a splendid record on the hike. Up to this time, not a single man has dropped out; not a single soldier has straggled. True, several men have had to be sent back, one accidentally wounded in the foot, another suffering from a very bad case of chafing, etc., but none has quit. In a large measure this is due to the spirit existing among the companies. The desire to make the best showing is very strong, and the enthusiasm of every man is at as high a pitch as it would be were the hike an athletic contest and the companies teams. Another contributing factor is the presence of the band, under bandmaster Huescher who has a great faculty for picking just the tunes to which the men take best and march best. But above all is a wonderful revival of the old esprit

de corps, which the dreary routine of details in a semi-permanent camp failed to extinguish, though it naturally made it less apparent. The Rattler correspondent followed out and visited the outfit in the field, and even his sanguine expectations were exceeded.

But we must do full justice to all, even to such a circumstance as weather conditions. However, it may simply have been another case of the Twelfth Regiment luck that no rain was encountered until the afternoon of the fourth day. And the luck seems all the more remarkable when you learn that before that, it had been raining all around the place where the regiment was.

On the first day of the hike, the regiment marched from the McAllen camp to Mission, a distance of six miles. The next morning, Alton, seven miles further, was reached, and on Thursday morning, the seven miles to Sterling Ranch were covered in two hours and a half. Up to that point the roads had afforded fair footing, but from Sterling Ranch to La Gloria and back, and especially to Laguna Seca, sandy and muddy trails were encountered. The La Gloria camp was made Friday evening, a brigade review having been held before the start by Major General O'Ryan, as reported elsewhere in this paper. The first downpour of rain encountered by the regiment had made it a wet place and bred millions of mosquitos and goats which made sleeping difficult.

The regimental Chaplain, Monsignor Connolly, visited the regiment in the field on several occasions. He does a great deal to keep the men in good spirits. Many of the boys always make it a point to meet him personally. He is accumulating a fine collection of snapshots, most of them taken while their subjects are unaware. His preference is for ordinary camp scenes such as men performing usual duties, and this is probably the best selection when the future is thought of, because extraordinary scenes burn themselves automatically on our mind. Mgr. Con-

nolly also supervises the distribution of the mail. In connection with this we are able to report a bully-story—and not a cock-and-bull tale either, but a Ford-and-bull anecdote. Riding to Sterling's Ranch last Thursday in a regimental car in charge of Mail Sgt. William Green and heavily laden with mail, we were stopped a little below Alton by a herd of cattle nonchalantly browsing and chewing their cud in our path. We shooed them all away in five minutes, except a gigantic bull who stood about six feet in front of the radiator. Noises and waving of hats had no other effect on him but to dilate his eyes and nostrils until he looked about to charge upon our little Ford. John Tiernan, who was driving, was about to reverse when the engine suddenly stalled. The Rattler correspondent, trusting that his Bovine Nibs would not execute a rear attack, got out to crank 'er up, which, of course required a great deal of spinning. This done, again we tried to drive away the obstructive ruminant but in vain till Sgt. Green, imitating a cow's contralto suddenly threw—not the bull but his voice like a ventriloquist, whereupon the tobacco advertisement picked up his ears and moved away. Then Jack threw—not the bull but the clutch into low, and we were off, throwing—not the bull but our chests.

Talking of throwing, Joseph Giardina of the Mounted Orderlies, has not been thrown since we arrived in McAllen, although he has been active in breaking bronches. Can any other regiment produce his equal?

Also, our neighbors, the Seventy-First Infantry, throw joy into our hearts by their preparations for a real departure. They likewise threw cots and other luxuries away, to our advantage. The Machine Gun Co., being nearest them, threw themselves with ardor into the work of carrying here many useful articles.

Last week we made mention of a remarkable repetition of names in the Hospital Corps. The Supply Co., beats

that. If you were to shout "Hey Mac" when that small company is assembled, there would be eight to answer; but of course not one would do so.

The Supply Company, by the way, eats wonderful meals on the hike. It is compelled to dine after dark, for fear of an attack by the rest of the regiment if what they eat became known. The theory, as set forth by Lieut. Chabourne, is that if it cannot provide for itself it cannot supply the regiment. And is making good in that respect.

Saddler Robert H. White rides Jinny a coal black mule whose tail he has trimmed like a tassel, so that when he wants to find his mount in the dark, all he has to do is go down the picket line and pull every animal's tail until his fingers recognize the artistic shape of Jinny's caudal appendage. Jinny vaulted a five-foot fence the other day, with the saddler on at the take off. The saddler was not on when Jinny landed.

Bill Donnelly, of Co. H, made quite a hit in McAllen where he walked his post as a member of the M. P. for several days, swinging his club and raising himself on his heels and toes alternately, just like a New York "cop" does. And when the test came he acted with the heroism of one of Gotham's "finest." The occasion came when he heard about fifteen shots fired. Jumping into an automobile with Mike Brady, also of the Twelfth, he rushed to investigate, and found two regulars under the influence of alcohol. Arresting them proved a man's job, and was done in New York bluecoat style.

his heels in the air he finds himself watered and tied to the picket line.

The new showers at the foot of the battery streets are a source of comfort. It is now possible to strip, take a shower and report for duty in less than five minutes. Previous to the installation of the showers it was necessary to walk to the pumping station, wait in line for your bath and return by the hot dusty road to camp.

Battery D. has installed wooden floors in all their tents. The remaining batteries of the First Field are preparing to follow suit.

The mules and horses along the picket line as well as every bunch of cactus and mess shack not only in the First Field but along the line have been photographed repeatedly. The craze for taking pictures seems to have taken on the camp by storm. The writer spent one afternoon in the photographers shack of the 71st Regiment and they were forced to close up the place for idability to handle the rush orders.

An amusing incident occurred last week when a member of Battery E, purchased from a citizen of McAllen a half-starved Mexican pony. Those of the Battery immediately named it Hat Rack. The pony was resold the same day to another member of the Battery who endeavored to fatten it up, but after five days gave it up as waste time. The pony was then resold to a rookie in Battery B. At the time of writing, word was just received from the Colonel that the animal had been condemned. The present wrathful owner is endeavoring to secure his money from purchaser No. 2, while No. 2 is trying to collect from No. 1. It is a matter of conjecture who will eventually own the horse.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," which reminds me the skeleton frame of Battery E. mess shack has been ornamenting the street for the past two weeks while the members of the Battery look with longing eyes at the pile of boards beside it. We presume they were originally intended

to obscure the rays of the blinding midday sun at mess time and wonder when the mechanics will begin work.

Some ambitious baseball fans are endeavoring to start a league along the following lines. Each Battery of the First Field to organize a team; the winning team to represent the Regiment and to play against the 71st. The chief difficulty so far encountered is time. To overcome this, it has been suggested to play four innings instead of nine. Sunday afternoon is the time chosen to play the matches.—C. M. W.

OARSMAN, A SOLDIER

Walter Glass, captain of the Syracuse crew, which won the inter-collegiate championship at Poughkeepsie, is a member of Troop D, First Cavalry. Glass joined the troop on his return to Syracuse from the races after the order of mobilization came. His home is in Duluth, Minn., where he was prominent in athletics before entering Syracuse University. After our last race, Walt said he would suggest to the board of stewards of the Poughkeepsie Regatta to transfer the races to the Hidalgo road. Not only a better course, but just think of having such a sporting event right in our midst next June.

TO TEST THE FEDERAL OATH.

A writ of habeas corpus has been issued for the release of Alexander M. Emerson, of Boston, who was detained at the Farmingham Mobilization Camp, upon his refusal to take the federal oath. When the writ was heard in the United States District Court in Boston, Emerson's release was ordered. To make a test case of the matter, with a view of definitely establishing the stand which may be taken by the government in the matter of such refusals, it is understood that the government is preparing to appeal.

Which is worse, to be broiled slowly under a mosquito netting or to be eaten raw by the mosquito;

All along the Border-

New Post Toasties

Have sprung into popularity because of their wonderful flavor and wholesome nourishment.

Toasties are mighty good eaten direct from the package—or with cream or milk.

If you and your rations don't agree, try New Post Toasties—you'll find 'em a man's size dish, with flakes big and firm enough to chew on.

Every package tightly sealed in wax paper—proof against dust, moisture, and insects. At stores, commissaries and town restaurants.

Tomorrow's Good Breakfast