

SHARYLAND A GARDEN SPOT OF FARMS AND HOMES AND PEOPLE

New York Guardsmen Surprised to Find a Model Settlement Here on the Border--Crops Include Grape Fruit, Vegetables and Everything But Corn Flakes and Army Coffee

THE STORY OF SHARYLAND, BY FRED B. BARTON, 1ST. N. Y. CAVALRY

We were just a few hours off the train and we wanted to go back. It wasn't that we had minded the long five day trip that brought us from the heart of New York City to the edge of the Rio Grande—not that. But some one had bungled in ordering us to Mission one day and back to McAllen the next, and already we were feeling the effect of the Texas sun which seemed that day hotter than it has ever felt since.

We were the First Squadron of the First N. Y. Cavalry, and Texas looked pretty poor to us. Our horses were car-sick and hungry for every blade of grass. "Walk your horses," was the order, and we did. "Route order" was passed along the line, and those that were lucky enough to have dry cigarettes lighted up.

It is only five miles from Mission to McAllen, but soft as we were, we halted twice on the way to cool off and rest the horses. We were right in the middle of the march when somebody called, "Look over there—there's a bath house." What's that the sign says?—SHARYLAND!

Whatever Sharyland was, we had no idea, neither then nor for weeks to come. It wasn't anything cool to drink or anything to sell at advanced prices to soldiers so we rather lost interest in it.

But I'm here to admit that on that day, July sixth, Sharyland looked mighty inviting to us of the New York Cavalry. Even from the road it looked well-kept, as if some one with ambition and organization had stepped in to make Sharyland the garden spot of the Rio Grande Valley.

When we came to know Sharyland better, we found this was exactly the case.

Climb into the Ford and let us make a tour of inspection.

30 Square Miles of Farms
Sharyland is a tract of land two miles wide and 15 miles long—20,000 acres in all. Running back from its frontage of two miles width on the Rio Grande it crosses the tracks of the Gulf Coast Lines and runs due north, for fifteen miles from the river, lying between and equally distant from McAllen and Mission.

Sharyland is the personal land development of John H. Shary, a man who knows Texas farm land as well as you know the game of dominoes. Mr. Shary forms the largest and most responsible land colonization concern operating in America. During the last ten years Mr. Shary has run special excursion trains to Sharyland, leaving Kansas City without fail the first and third Tuesdays of every month. The tourists who travel with him enjoy Pullman comforts and all meals, and are liberally motored through the Shary tracts by means of a fleet of forty automobiles.

Inside of two years Mr. Shary has taken over a forest of virgin cactus and accomplished these practical wonders:



The Pivotal Rio Grande River, of Which You Have Heard so Much, Forms the Southern Boundary of Sharyland. They can irrigate the whole 20,000 Acres of Sharyland without lowering the river.

—Cleared 12,000 acres and divided them up into 40-acre tracts, fronting on Shary-made roads.

—Brought 7500 people down to visit Sharyland and sold to them and others over two-thirds of the available land, in small tracts, of which 8,000 acres are now under thorough cultivation;

—Mapped out Shary Boulevard, running north and south centrally through the tract for fifteen miles, with traversing roads—good roads—every mile of its length;

—Set out 40,000 citrus trees, including grape fruit, Washington Navel, Valencia orange, Eureka lemons, as well as acres of shade trees along Shary Boulevard;

—Dug 90 miles of irrigation canals and built up an irrigation system second to none in the entire Rio Grande Valley;

—Invested four million dollars in developments which are already bearing fruit and which will make Sharyland actually the garden spot of Texas.

Maybe you think all this has been easy—that Sharyland grew of itself.

Well, you're nearly right. Things happen in Sharyland. Just get a gang of 500 Mexican "hombres," a few dozen teams of mules with scoops and wagons accompanying, add a few carpenters and engineers and quite a little brainwork in directing the whole—and in two years you can accomplish what would require six to eight years in any other part of the country.

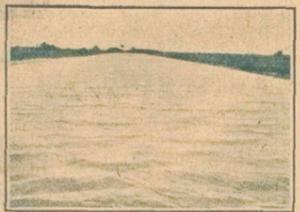
An astounding statement, but Sharyland proves it. You can buy a 20-acre farm in Sharyland at the modest cost of two hundred dollars up to a thousand dollars an acre, the price depending on location, watch it come out of the brush under the laborer's hand, and inside of a few months have a home and a farm that pays you a living.

Sharyland claims to have the richest soil in the whole Southeastern part of the country, and again results tell the tale. Crops here have a natural advantage of one to two months over crops grown elsewhere in the state.

And such crops! With the exception of a few special grains, you can grow practically any crop you want in this soil, and reap your harvests twelve months out of the year.

Corn, broom corn, cotton, sugar, alfalfa, Sudan grass, millet, vegetables—these are the staples. In addition you get the tropical fruits, lemons, oranges, dates, figs and bananas, and grape fruit. The citrus fruits grown in Sharyland orchards are pronounced the equal if not the superior of those grown anywhere in the country. Imagine picking oranges off the trees!

Two to three crops a year are the rule in Sharyland. Moreover, because of the wonderful richness of the water from the Rio Grande, which deposits a heavy layer of silt over everything it irrigates, Sharyland soil never needs a fertilizer.



The 100-foot Main Canal that Waters Sharyland. This makes a Veritable Lake in Itself and is used by the Good Folk of Sharyland for Swimming.

Naturally enough a farm in Sharyland spells prosperity.

Two Months Out of the Brush
I saw a farm in Sharyland which two months ago was as wild a cactus grove as any on the Border of Mexico.

A simple frame shack, of the same architecture as the tar-papered garage, serves as the house and will probably continue to serve until the owner takes the leisure to have his home built—probably in two or three months. Meanwhile, why should he worry about shelter, when the pleasant Texas air never gets colder than to make one blanket or at the most two comfortable? Ten thousand National Guardsmen within a few miles of his farm sleep all year round in a tent with no discomfort.

As for heat—well, Mr. Shary himself comes down to Texas from Omaha to spend the summer. He says that it is cooler here, for the simple reason that all of the Gulf Coast is freshened by a wonderful sea breeze which seldom fails, even on the hottest days in August.

I watched this farmer drilling a well—a two-and-a-half day job. It will be only a few weeks now before that farm becomes as comfortable and attractive a living place as Mr. Shary's model farm itself.

There is this about Sharyland which you cannot help but admire. It is a place, not of one man's prosperity, but every man's. Everybody makes money here—if he works. Why one of the most successful farmers of the community is a retired banker from Illinois, who knew nothing about farming until he settled here.

With the experience that Mr. Shary and his assistants have gained and placed on file in their office, you don't have to know anything about farming to make good here. Expert engineers survey your land and indicate where the ditches should run to gain the greatest advantage from the natural contour of the land. Mexican "hombres" clear the land, dig the field ditches to connect with the big company canals, build the fences and plow under the surface—all at a cost of about \$15 an acre. You give your orders to a Mexican contractor who speaks English better than you talk "Mex" and the hombres do the work.

Take a look at these Mexicans. If you have come to believe that all Mexicans are a bunch of bandits, more familiar with big-bladed knives than hoes and shovels, you are badly mistaken. Mexicans are quiet and efficient laborers. They work for 75 cents a day and board themselves, where a northern farmhand would require \$35 to \$40 per month plus board and washing. They do not puff, are even-tempered and have a wonderful ability to work in the sun.

We of the N. Y. Division did just enough of ground-clearing ourselves to appreciate how hard the hombres do work. After that we were satisfied to sit back and watch them clear the camp site. An army private gets only 50 cents a day and a Mexican gets 75, but we didn't object. We rather felt they were worth it.



A Tiny Snapshot of a Big Thing. Sharyland Pavilion and Offices, and Mr. Shary's Private Car, "Colon," which he uses as a Hotel. The Field in front is Planted to Green Peas.

The Mexicans do much toward making life in Sharyland profitable.

How to be an Irrigation Farmer.
The chief joy of irrigation farming is that somebody else does most of the work.

A dollar an acre floods your land when you want water. Dry seasons never interrupt your schedule, for the pumping system never fails to work. Even during the fourteen-month drought which burned up the rest of the state, Sharyland had plenty of water.

In constructing the irrigating system, Mr. Shary made the main canal a hundred feet wide and the laterals extra large in proportion. One of the super-

iorities of Sharyland is the abundant sufficiency of water. The whole thirty square miles can be flooded at once without visibly lowering the Rio Grande, which is the water supply.

But perhaps you don't care to be an irrigation farmer. Perhaps you just want a winter home, with enough soil to grow grape fruit on, and a place to boat and swim and shoot.

Mr. Shary foresees that. Take a look at Shary Lake.

A 1917 Winter Resort.
Three miles from the railroad Mr. Shary has dug an artificial lake of over one hundred acres in size which will serve as a reservoir for water during the bulk of the year. If you visit Shary Lake in about three months you will find a special swimming pool built in the lake at a spot where a rock crusher now stands, and a New York-looking club house on the edge of the lake.

You can run your car around a two-mile macadamized road surrounding Shary Lake. You can go duck-shooting or hunt the deer within a few miles of Shary Lake.

If your ambition leads you that far, you can buy a home fronting on the edge of Shary Lake. Special acre and half acre lots are being sold along Shary Lake at this time.

But perhaps Mr. Shary can tell you better about this proposition than I can. He has some handsome literature regarding Sharyland while I am sure he will be glad to send to any interested parties who write to him at his home office, Omaha, Nebraska.

What I want to do is to tell you about Mr. Shary himself. Please understand that I am writing this as a National Guardsman, interested in Sharyland and Mr. Shary only because the proposition makes me naturally enthusiastic. I believe it will be of interest to Rattler readers.

A Builder of Communities.
John H. Shary is a man who collects people from miscellaneous parts of the country and concentrates them in tidy corners where they can do the state and the country some good.



A Year Ago, a Forest of Cactus. Today, a Home, a Garage and a Farm that Grows Luxurious and Profitable Crops. Such is the Story of Sharyland.

Ten years ago he helped populate certain districts of the Corpus Christi country surrounding that beautiful Gulf city about 150 miles from McAllen. During the last decade he has been instrumental in settling a quarter of a million acres of Texas land.

In spite of the enormity of his interests, there is nothing about Mr. Shary to suggest the Wallingford type of so-called "land promoter". He is quiet and modest in his bearing, a hard worker, and has an eye that suggests straightforward honesty.

Mr. Shary spends nearly half of each month to Sharyland, where he dons the free swinging clothes of a Texan and lives the life of a native, using his private car "Colon" as a hotel. Several of his chauffeurs confided to me the fact that, as an employer, Mr. Shary is "a prince".

I think myself that Mr. Shary is a man of remarkable vision, of keen and practical management, and a man to whom the future of a community and its citizens could well be trusted.

He has done a wonderful thing in building up Sharyland. The families who form this new community are truly the best people in the country, and already a community spirit has grown up which augurs well for the future. There is a brown school-house in Sharyland, as well as graded and high schools in McAllen and Mission which are especially good, as are all the schools of Texas. There are also churches of every denomination in town. Sunday services are held in the Sharyland pavilion as well.

The Shary Organization.

Mr. Shary is assisted by men of clean-cut character who are experts in their individual fields. These men reflect the spirit of purpose and progressiveness in their departments which is the basis keynote of Sharyland.

First of all is Judge D. W. Glascock. Judge Glascock entered the field of irrigation years ago when it was yet a silent issue, foreseeing that this industry must some day become an important factor in the development of Texas and the Southwest. He is the author of the bill recently passed by the Legislature of the State of Texas and known as the General Irrigation Bill. By the clauses of this bill, irrigation is placed upon a sound legal basis in Texas so that owners of irrigated lands, such as the land owners of Sharyland hold a definite assurance that water will be furnished them at all times without interruption, and those who invest capital in the irrigation enterprise are assured of its safety.

The value to Sharyland of having a man of the calibre of Judge Glascock in charge of all irrigation matters is evident. In addition, Judge Glascock is a leading attorney, is President of the State Bank of McAllen and has other important interests as well. He is devoting all his experience and effort, in connection with Mr. Shary, to making Sharyland a model of success.

We Won't Forget It.
Sharyland is a revelation to the visiting New Yorker as showing how a growing state like Texas can be developed. We have seen how a frontier community can grow out of nothing at all but opportunity and will-power—and money.



Broom Corn Forms a Dependable and Satisfactory Crop for Sharyland Farmers. The Corn is Threshed of its Seed and Baled on the Spot. Note the Length of the Fibers.

As for the money, it has cost approximately four million dollars to bring Sharyland out of the ground. The money has not been wasted. The improvements which have been made here are permanent, such as roads, well constructed canals and ditches, roomy buildings and well laid farms.

Every Sharyland farmer has a feeling of pride in his farm. One man was introduced to me with the statement, "He owns one of the best looking farms in Sharyland." The man's face gleamed as he shook my hand. They say that the first few settlers who came to Sharyland, were very lonesome the first year. Mr. Shary himself admits it.

"But," he says, "the lonesome days are past. A man who settles in Sharyland today has neighbors of the same stock as himself. He has a telephone, if he wants it, and rural free delivery to his door."

In a few months Sharyland will be enjoying 24-hour electric light service from the new Ice, Light and Water Plant at Mission.

And yet some people up north pretend to pity the poor settlers who live here on the Mexican Border.

Shary's True Hospitality

The big pavilion by the side of the railroad, which houses the administration offices, is a meeting place for all the good people of Sharyland. Especially is this true in the winter. Then the big excursion trains from the north bring an army of visitors twice a month, and the Sharylanders join the newcomers in a get-together party in the big pavilion.

During the long stay of the 28th Infantry in Mission, special band concerts were given at Sharyland for more than a year.

The N. Y. Division has held several dances at Sharyland during the summer and the bath house which Mr. Shary erected for the use of his guests has been turned over to its officers and men every night.

When We Go Back.

Eighteen thousand men of the New York Division, have come into temporary contact with Sharyland and its founder. We have enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Shary's bathhouse and pavilion, have shot on the rifle range at Sharyland, and have felt indirectly as if we were personally Mr. Shary's guests.

We are going back to New York, and most of us go happily. But the happiest part of our whole experience here on the Texas-Mexican border is that we have seen a new part of the world which has broadened our outlook.

A few months in New York and the memories of our camp life in McAllen



You Could be Comfortable in Sharyland. No Stone in the Soil, Palm Trees Flanking the Road in Front, a Comfortable House to Live In—Who Wouldn't Envy This?

will sift themselves, the pleasant memories coming to the top, the unpleasant memories dropping out of sight. Some of us will be glad, very glad, that we came to Texas.

Those of us who have had the opportunity to meet Mr. Shary personally will remember this as an experience in itself.

The complete story of Sharyland cannot be written here in an army camp, with only a few snapshots at hand to tell the story. We are too close to it to appreciate its importance and its size.

But if we broken down New Yorkers ever want a place to live and be comfortable, where summer runs all the year round, where the nights are cool and the oranges grow right in your own yard, then perhaps in a year or two we'll wish we had settled in Sharyland. See if you don't.



John H. Shary of Omaha, the Creator of Sharyland. Mr. Shary has made many friends among the N. Y. Division, including Major-General John F. O'Ryan.

3RD BRIGADE
Headquarters 3rd Brigade, N. Y. Div., Pharr, Texas.—Being now sort of acclimated from long residence in this district and having mostly picked out likely spots in which to take their sestas, the men of the 74th and 23rd N. Y. Infantry are not so much in evidence about town as when they first arrived. This, coupled with the fact that the 3rd N. Y. has actually rolled up its tents and gone back to Camp Whitman, in York state, for a while gave the town something of a deserted appearance. Now, however, with the 2nd N. Y. Infantry occupying the camp site recently vacated by the north-bound 3rd and the strangers, late from the rural districts at Sterlings ranch, busily reconnoitering along the main streets and shopping district at Pharr, the place has again assumed quite a Fair day air.

Colonel Jenning's 3rd N. Y. packed its duds on hurry up orders and then sat around on its haunches for a week, waiting for a train to ride home on. Eventually the train came along and the 3rd got away with a roar, its three sections leaving at noon, and at three and six o'clock in the evening, respectively.

The night before, the regiment retired at "taps" as usual and prepared to sleep in the open, all the canvas having been packed that day. There were some men, it seems, who were actually glad they were going home. These talked so continuously in their sleep that the camp that night was in what might be called a muffled uproar. About noon, by the moon, one of the sleepers set up a rooster crow. This so excited the remaining fowls in the neighborhood that the mules on the picket line were awakened and began to sing for breakfast. Then there was a real noise.

Anyway, the 3rd finally went away and there was hope for a few night's sleep for the outfits left behind. Nope. Slam, boom, bang! a battalion of Colonel Andrew's 2nd N. Y. rolled into camp with a band, one morning about two o'clock. They came from Sterlings ranch, where the regiment had been at target practice during an isolation period for paratyphoid. The trip to Pharr had been made in 42 two-ton trucks. The 2nd and 3rd battalions of the regiments followed, but mercifully arrived by daylight and the band was already here. It was worth while to witness the long column of big gray trucks, loaded with men and baggage, come swirling along the pike and disgorge at the camp site.

The 74th and 23rd regiments have each been planning to go into camp at Sterlings, 23 miles northwest of here, for a week's rifle practice. The troops will be moved by the Motor Truck company of the division.

Lieut. Col. W. A. Taylor of the 2nd N. Y. Infantry has been made Camp Summary Court Officer to succeed Major J. B. Tuck of the 3rd who was relieved to go north with his regiment. Lieutenant Fuller of the 2nd N. Y. succeeds Lieutenant Johnson of the 23rd, who for the past two months has been in charge of the Military Police at Pharr.

The 74th N. Y. Minstrel Troupe played to crowded houses on Friday and Saturday nights, the first to the Pharr public at the local "Movie" show enclosure, in appreciation for courtesies extended to the troops, and the second to the men of the regiment at the Y. M. C. A. hall of the 74th. The efforts of the men were worthy and well appreciated. Music was furnished by the regimental orchestra, Joseph Switzer leader. The ends were Privates Graham and Churchill, Co. G, and Private Sidman, Co. I, tambors; and Corporal Johnson and Privates Dailey and McKay, Co. G, bones. Messrs. Dobmyer, Co. D; Goss, Co. F; Haub, Co. E; Shyrer, Co. M and Crumlish, Wallenberger and Morin of the M. G. Co. composed the chorus.

The interlocutor was H. E. Steer of the Y. M. C. A. The number which made the house rock and sing was "My Own Iona" by private Sidman and the chorus. Corporal Haug stepped a pretty clog and Sergeant Wallenberger's rendition of Rube songs, in an unaffected way, was a side splitter. Private Metcalfe's "Mother Machree" and Sergeant Goss "Asleep in the Deep" were also well worth hearing. Prominent Pharr folks and the officers of the 74th were not spared by the end men. Private Erling of Company C, impersonating a dancing girl, brought back visions of Carmencita and the palmy old days of Koster and Bials on 23rd street. There were cornet solos by Sergeant Bolton of the band and, as a special feature, a duet by little Miss Anita Gawthrop and Master Oland Reed of Pharr. The merchants of Pharr donated the stage handouts and furniture and the electrical men of the regiment. One of the features of the entertainment was a hypnotic act by Professor Lawrence of the Machine Gun Co.

BERT SLINGO, DOCTOR

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed a grey-jacket over in the Seventh Regiment one day as he heard the cooks invitation to come and get it. "The doctor ordered me to eat tea and toast, but the company is messing on corned beef hash and they ain't got no toast."

"What's that?" overheard Qm-Sgt. Bert Slingo. "Come with me and I'll get you some toast."

Right there the 7th Regiment Diet Kitchen was started, and now every day a score of sick-listed men flock to it for a dainty diet of digestible delicacies, of which Harry Newton is the designer and executioner.

Two diets only were served, the first being tea and toast without change, the other containing eggs and other convalescent dishes. Admission to the diet is by doctor's orders only.

Since the Diet Kitchen was started three weeks ago, Sergt. Slingo has had the satisfaction of seeing many men graduate from sickness to health and return to their company mess. The Rattler has personally inspected this proposition and begs to report that Cook Newton's cooking would make even a Philadelphia sit up and take notice. Especially the shrimp salad, Eh, Newt?

Capt. Howe Signal Corps told Lt. Col. H. S. Sternberger Div. Q. M., that he had lost a mile an asked how he should carry him. Lt. Col. Sternberger answered "carry him absent without leave."

THE STAFF OF LIFE, STAFF OF THE ARMY

Good Bread Essential To Good Soldiering—Our Division Has It.

CAPT. MILLARD'S BAKERY A CREDIT

One of the most important branches of the service, and one which seems almost forgotten by the press until something goes wrong with it, is the Field Bakery. Good bread is most essential to the general health of an army while in any extended period of service where it is possible to supply it, and to the troops now at McAllen, one of the unnoticed blessings of their daily life is good bread. Occasionally it is true some one has a kick to make concerning the bread, and perchance now and then when it is too fresh from the oven, it is soggy, but throughout the camp and throughout the sojourn of the New York troops in Texas, it has been excellent both in quality and supply.

There are turned out 7500 pounds a day, in the McAllen station, which is Captained by Jesse C. Millard. The Mission and Pharr branches turn out smaller amounts for the supply of their troops. The McAllen station has seven ovens; there are three at Pharr and until the movement of the troops there were two at Mission.

Each oven constitutes a unit and four men make the unit. The output of each oven to one "run" of bread is 216 pounds which takes about one hour in the making. 5500 pounds of flour are used in a day. There are two pounds to each loaf and the issue to each man is one pound per day, so that each oven supplies approximately 1,100 men a day, which is a good "unit's work".

The bakery is now a detachment of the Division Quartermaster's Department, and a number of the men temporarily detailed to the bakery have become transferred to it as a department. Most of the men learn the baking business in the field under the tutelage of accomplished bakers such as Sergeant Schuller, the chief baker, and his assistant, Sergeant Nachbar. Herbert H. Herzog, formerly of Battery C, 2nd F. A., has been mess sergeant of the bakery for some time and is now permanently attached there. Sergeant Sherman J. Stone is in charge. The "crew" consists of the following men: Sergeants Carl A. Schuller, Sherman J. Stone, Henry J. Nachbar, Miles A. Reilly, Hazael L. Reynolds, Stephen J. Leather, Maurice Y. Barnett, Albert E. Epper, George Faconper, Fred Faconper, Jr., Emanuel Newman, Alfred S. Packer, Richard F. Skinner, John J. Smith, Jr., Thomas J. Fitzpatrick, Thomas J. Healy, Joseph J. Lang, Harry A. Brown, Corporals Chas. C. Crosssett, Frank Romino, Joseph VonGrimm, Lawrence Jonas and Alexander Measarius, F. S. Seymour, and Junior Medical Officer, Lester M. Greff of the 2nd Field Hospital.

TEXAS NOT SO HOT AFTER ALL

ALL THANK YOU
Perhaps your mother will be glad to read this letter too.

Dear Mother: "You have sympathized with me so often for being confined down here on the 'hot Texas' border that I want to write and tell you positively that you don't do the climate justice."

"Of course, summer is summer everywhere, but down here in Texas it isn't a bit hotter and more uncomfortable than any other part of the country where you're working in the sun and doing a man's work. Why, at Camp Whitman last year it was so hot that we couldn't exercise the horses more than an hour a day. I've seen farms even in Massachusetts where the sun was just as hot as Texas at its worst, and we didn't get any cool breeze off the Gulf there, either."

"Lots of people think we are undergoing every kind of hardship and indignity down here. Well, Mother, it's a fact that we lost weight the first few weeks we were here, so that none of our leggins would fit us, but we're tough and wiry now and a lot of us are actually fattening up a bit. Most every company mess has a regular army cook as instructor now, so that the food is a whole lot better than it was. Some of the companies are actually eating out enameled plates instead of the old pewter mess-kits. Imagine that for luxury, in an army camp!"

"You can be pretty safe in feeling that, the longer we stay here, the more comfortable our living conditions are going to be. We got along without shower-baths for quite a time, but that just makes us appreciate them more now that we've got them. We have a mess-hall too that would make you open your eyes. Not a fly inside of it, and we're betting electric lights and a phonograph for the corner. That makes a great place to read or write letters in the evening."

"You wrote me that you were going to the Catskills for a little vacation, because it's so hard to sleep in the City. Why, Mother, you ought to come to Texas if you want to sleep. Every night it gets cool so that we have needed a blanket all summer. That makes our sleep very refreshing, which is a big thing to be thankful for."

"There are some wonderful sunsets down here, and the stars are clear and bright. The sunrise here too is beautiful. Guess I never saw the sun rise before I started getting up with the bugle."

"Just laugh at them Mother, when you hear any body knocking Texas. I know this has been a big experience and a pleasant one for me. It will be a long time before I forget the summer I put in, in a military camp three miles from the Mexican border."

NOTICE
Entries for all field and track events for Frontier and Athletic Day, to be held September 30th on Parade Grounds near Division Headquarters should be sent in promptly to Sergt. M. A. Hart, Division Headquarters.

All enlisted men are urged to compete. A full list of events is printed in the sports column of this issue of The Rattler.