

News Sent in by Our Division Units

22ND REGIMENT ENGINEERS

A Co. had its severest hike during the maneuvers of last week. The company was attached to the blue army. The outfit left for Pharr Sunday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and camped in this town for the night. At 4 a. m. Monday morning they commenced activities of the day. The hiking was started at 5 o'clock. After several hours of maneuvering the outfit camped for the night on the banks of the Rio Grande, situated about three miles from Hidalgo. Upon arrival the company started the building of a base line raft.

The company started on its return trip to McAllen Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. At Pharr, Capt. William A. Ross treated his command to fresh sandwiches and ginger ale. The food and drink were appreciated by the company and the distance from Pharr to McAllen was made in record time.

The company hiked about 38 miles during the maneuvers. Most of the trip was made with packs. Twenty miles was rolled up the last day.

Spregel, Spiegman, A. Co., is the Eddie Foy of the engineers' mounted squad. His original capers are getting laughs from all including Capt. Guy Bates, the efficient, but sober instructor of the horsemanship.

Mess Sergeant John Kent, A. Co., is going to become a real genuine "Wild West" movie actor upon his return to New York, according to rumor. This explains our general mess sergeant's actions while on the faithful mule "Bones." We understand actors don't eat.

Spencer D. Abrams, official photographer for A. Co., obtained excellent photographs on the three recent trips of the company. He is distributing the views among the company.

Private C. A. Ballard is feeling happy these days. He hears from Lillian very frequently. While on the subject of girls it is in order to tell about the 1 pound box of candy Corporal Greisen received from his little sweetheart "Pat." The company is enjoying the sweets.

Corporal Hocking and Private Weinschenk earned the thanks of A. Co. by acting as song leaders on the last five mile lap of the company during the maneuvers the first part of last week.

Private Frank Maston, Cornell 1901, is A. Co.'s new cook. With Cook Nagel in the same kitchen, A. Co. is in line for some scientific dishes.

The following fight bill will probably be arranged by A. Co. in the near future: Sergt. Devins vs. Private Jackson; private Weinschenk vs. Private Weinburg; Private Johnson vs. Private Abrams. The challenges were issued recently.

Corporal Rost, manager for Sergeant Cosseno has issued a challenge to the effect that his man will meet any 102 pounder in the division.

Private Harold Reilly won his wrestling bout against Private Koslowski, of same company last week. Reilly threw his opponent in 12 minutes.

The bout was divided in 10 minute periods. During the first period the

"Pole" cleverly eled out of many tight places. He was on the defensive during the entire period.

Reilly, who defeated the champion of the 2nd and 10th regiments while his outfit was at Camp Whitman, is willing to meet any man at 170 pounds on the mat. Reilly weighs 158 pounds.

Our newly re-organized Non-Commissioned Officer's Staff is composed as follows: Regimental Sergt. Major, Patrick J. Waters; Regimental Color Sergeants, George Patterson and Chas. Karageosian; Regimental Supply Sergeants, Louis Wedemeyer and Edward A. McLaughlin; Regimental Q. M. Sergt., Wm. Hoyt; Regimental Sergt., Burnett Broziak; Regimental Sergt. Bugler, Thomas Coffey.

Battalion Sergt. Majors, John B. Fitch and Chas. Schuetler.

The New Master Engineering Staff is as follows: Wm. H. Knierim, Daniel R. MacDougall and Tristram Tupper, Senior Grade; Harry Elkan, Edward Pagan, James Fogarty, John Gross, Reg. Steel and Norman Richardson are Master Engrs., Junior Grade.

The mounted detachments have proven their worth in speedy advance repairs accomplished during the maneuvers.

And last, but not least, the 22nd Engineers want it known that we are one regiment that is getting good grub, have the best of officers, and are ready at any time and emergency to do their bit, same as they always have been. So call us up when there is hard work to be done and we will be ready.

1ST BATTALION, SIGNAL CORPS.

SPARKS FROM RADIO ISLAND.

Last week company B participated in the field maneuvers south of Pharr. Major Hallahan, who was control officer, reported a lively engagement with a mosquito fleet while camped for the night along a grassy road.

Company A spent two days last week solving a field problem with outline troops north of Sharyland and Mission. The cold dawn blew a very emphatic Reveille.

Sergeant Fay has succeeded Sergeant Denner at La Gloria, and Sergeant Denner has gone to Mission, to take the place of Sergeant Flynn, who returns to McAllen for duty with Company A. Sergeant Van Ripped is still writing hoof numbers on the dusty roster when he makes out the company details, and he is besieged for the "KP" these cold mornings.

Sergeants Stider and Schutta, and Corporal Fox, have turned the Adjutant's office into very comfortable winter quarters, with flooring, desks, shelves and cabinets.

Last Saturday Lieutenant De Barun interrupted his role as "Count" Lewis to take the part of a judge at the Divisional Field Day games.

The detachment under Sergeant McLean installed a telephone system for the rifle range at La Gloria last week.

Sergeant Holton claims to have the finest four-line team of mules south of the Arkansas border, and believes he can walk away with the prize at the

Cavalry horse show next Saturday.

Sergeant Allen has taken charge of the Pharr station of the Border telegraph and telephons line.

Last week the Battalion enjoyed some luscious California fruit for which we are very grateful to Mrs. Hallahan, who started them on their journey to McAllen.

Privates Kaelber and McCann still relish a ride now and then, despite their strenuous duty with Company A on its hike last week.

Sergeant Best and Private Nee are still advertising for customers in their "Pill Department." Private Doyle is engaged in perfecting an invention whereby brakes can be applied direct to mules. Sergeant Holton says this can only be accomplished after years of patience and ceaseless effort.

Sergeant Childs reports no new rumors from "authentic" sources, but he "has it straight" that the troops will be ordered home before the snow flies here.

Private Johnson tries to find leisure time between Retreat and Reveille to develop the many films he has taken of the Signal Corps in action.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

"What does that red, white and blue armband mean," people used to ask us, and it didn't mean much to their young lives when we answered that we belonged to the Division Headquarters detachment. You see, this is the first time that Headquarters ever took the field, and they had to start at the bottom and build up a detachment to do the clerical work, the orderly work and a dozen other kinds of work that the big chiefs at Division Headquarters have to handle, including daily letters from General Funston's headquarters and application for furloughs and discharge. It was hard digging to mold this detachment into military shape, since many of the boys jumped into the Quartermaster corps just about train time back in New York and never saw O. D.'s or a gun until they got here. But we have a top Sergeant now Walter Lee, who keeps the boys cheered up and gets results, and today we have some system. Most of the credit, however, goes to Lieut. "Bob" Molyneux of the 1st Cavalry, who is the General's Aide and also commanding officer of the detachment. He knows the soldiering game well enough to get what he goes after, and today the detachment is enjoying a mess shack, short order meals, and the other incidental comforts that most of the companies in the Division got long before we ever dreamed of getting them.

But speaking of that patriotic armband, let's expose the superstition that just because we're headquarters men we know all the latest news, such as when we are going home. The sad truth is that the Major-General doesn't take us into his confidence a bit, and we can't build rumors without material of some sort. As a matter of fact, we don't begin to hear the rumors of the day until we get over in the 7th or the cavalry camp.

Eighteen members of the detachment have volunteered to show First Class

Sergt. Melick the manual of arms. Melick has not accepted the invitation as yet.

We are learning tropical gardening. When you come down to Headquarters and see the five rows of palms, think of the lads who have poured two buckets of water on each of them every night for the past two weeks.

Headquarters now has the two finest picket lines in the whole camp. Drop in and look them over, just behind the mule corral on the Hidalgo road. See Stable Sergeant Kamna or Corporal Wooster.

We have received a shipment of comfort bags from the good-hearted Red Cross ladies of New York City. These included such indispensable soldier comforts as a package of Bull, buttons and thread, wash rags and soap, playing cards, pajamas and flesh-colored talcum powder. Bully for the Red Cross!

4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

Sergeant William J. Chase is today acting first class sergeant, Sergeant A. H. Smith, acting quartermaster sergeant and Private A. J. Farnsett and Arthur Gwynn acting duty sergeants of the Fourth Ambulance Company of Syracuse as the result of the absence on leave of the unit's two first class sergeants, Bert Gifford, who is at Hot Springs, Ark., and C. J. Nickles, who is at Syracuse, called there by the recent death of his son.

To Sergeant Farnett belongs the distinction of having been the first man to use hypnotism medically in the United States Army. As student of the science of Mummies for years, Mr. Farnett today is probably one of the best informed men in that branch of research in the United States today.

Not only, while at Camp McAllen, has he successfully treated men in his own company, but also those of other medical units as well as patients in the First Field Hospital. In one case in particular, Mr. Farnett accomplished what appears on the miraculous. The patient was obsessed with the desire to commit suicide and declined to eat. After a treatment, the desire to kill was gone and the man on his own initiative requested food. Medical officers, both of the Guard and the Regular Army, have attended the demonstrations, which closely resemble clinics at the universities back home.

Mr. Farnett is a Psychologist having studied the human mind in its development and phenomena and uses Psycho Therapy including hypnotism and animal or personal magnetism for therapeutic purposes. He has refused offers from the largest carnival companies in the U. S. to travel and give public demonstrations and prefers to confine his work to the alleviation of human ills.

TO-MORROW

(Idle verses of the Fourth Ambulance Co. Laureate.)

To-day may be gloomy and leaden
With clouds that so sullenly lie,
Like convicts whose memories deaden,
Or outcasts whose memories die.

The present may bring some gray sorrow,
Some swampland through which we must grope,
But ever the Land of tomorrow
Is painting a landscape of hope.

The past may rise in our slumber,
The past with its pitiful scroll--
Its human mistakes, without number,
Its steps and their merciless toll.

The past with its revels--
Its whirling of day and delirious night--
Tomorrow, is ever unfurling
A page that is spotless and white.

The past is gone with its sorrow,
The present, it flits like a wraith--
And ever we bow to tomorrow,
The shrine of our hope and our faith.

The past cannot loan if we borrow,
The present is dancing away,
But dreams of a spotless tomorrow
Will whiten the page of today!

McALLEN MILITARY POLICE.

Under Lieut. Charles N. Morgan of Troop B, 1st Cavalry, the M. P. at McAllen have developed into an effective and efficient force and on numerous occasions have proved their ability to take care of themselves and the general peace of the community.

Of late the boys have had frequent opportunities to exercise their talents of suppression and discretion, once when four or five Mexicans looked too long upon the red, red, wine; once when some soldier visitors from down the line thought it would be fun to start a riot on Main Street--and many times when our boys at McAllen became a little too hilarious after a long tour on guard duty or hiking exile. But on all occasions Morgan's men were on the job and succeeded in quelling the disturbance without an undue use of the sawed-off billiard cue.

True to the tradition of the "finest" Gaelic names are in the majority on the roll. We have our Bradys, O'Briens, Fitz Simmonds, and Ferris'. There will be jobs on the N. Y. Police Force open for the boys on duty here when they get back home and after a few months' practice they will be able to pinch peanuts from the dago on the corner as well as any New York "copper."

Sergeant Mike Brady of the 12th can already give any roundsman back home pointers on the game. But it is in diplomacy that Mike excels, for he has subdued many an incipient troublemaker with his ready tongue and keen wit and his stern query of "Will ye come along peaceable now?" has rarely met with a negative reply.

Corporal O'Brien from the 7th, who generally escorts all unwelcome visitors from McAllen back to their own camp, has won a reputation as a detective second to none. The Corporal can tell at a glance whether a stranger in olive drab is from Iowa, Indiana, or Illinois and also, his comrades claim, can figure to the hour on how long the man has been away from his camp and how long it will take him (the Corporal) to

carry him back there.

Richard Croker Fitz Simmonds, who knows every bluecoat in Manhattan by his first name and every judge on the bench by his middle name, was a logical candidate for the force. Fitz came down with the 7th on the lookout for a scrap after tiring of turning out the lights along Broadway every night.

When the Mexicans side-stepped and passed the buck Fitz applied for details to the M. P. in the hopes that some Mexican would get gay and try to take his shillalah away from him. Rumor has it that he had his wish a few days ago. At any rate there is a new Mex. patient at the Base Hospital.

We record with regret the fact that Private James T. Ferris, 12th Inf., lost his eight months old baby back in New York through infantile paralysis. Private Ferris, universally liked by his comrades, is one of the veterans of the M. P., having served longer than any man now on duty. He has the sincere sympathy of all in his recent bereavement.

"Raidemall" Corp. Sidney Sands, formerly of Co. B, 7th Inf., and now Roundsman Extraordinary and guiding spirit of the Strong Arm Squad, had a startling experience last week. The Corporal, as many have cause to sorrowfully remember, has a keen ear and a keener nose and received the sobriquet of "Raidemall" for his activity in enforcing General Order No. 7 in McAllen Tenderloin. A few days ago he was standing on a street corner in McAllen, dexterously swinging his club (watch any M. P. to see how this is done) and casting a suspicious eye at every Mexican and artilleryman that passed.

Suddenly upon the Corporal's trained ears came the buzzing sound of many muffled voices. On the instant he was alert, striving to ascertain the direction from which the voices had come. An open window on the second floor of a house near by attracted his attention and as he covertly watched several men in uniform strolled down the street and slipped quickly into the building. Surely he heard the clinking of glasses. The ever-vigilant Corporal did not need a text book from the Hawshaw Correspondence School to know that here was a regular "blind-tiger" running full blast. In a trice he wound the thong of his club around his wrist and dashed into the suspected house and up the rickety stairs. At the top his entrance was barred by a figure in khaki. Nothing daunted, the "tough" Corporal flung the guardian to one side and with two lusty blows burst into the room where a meeting of the members of the Masque Order, N. Y. Division, was being held, a Lt. Colonel presiding, with a pitcher of ice water at his elbow.

3RD TENNESSEE.

Although none of the members of the 3rd Tennessee Infantry is yet making any plans to make the Texas Border his permanent abiding place, most of them are finding life on the Border more pleasant than their first impressions made them believe it was going to be. And although most of them would probably be ready to pack up and start back to Tennessee, if the order should come, they are going to make themselves contented as long as the war department thinks best to keep them close to the Rio Grande.

While there have been some pretty hot days in Pharr since the Volunteer state regiment replaced the 2nd New York at that place, the weather hasn't been as hot and hasn't told on them as they believed during the first day or two it was going to do, and they are getting pretty well acclimated.

The 3rd Tennessee has been on the Border about ten days now, and the men are comfortably fixed, much more so than they were back in their mobilization camp at Nashville, and the khaki they wear is much better suited to this climate than it was to the crisp nights they were experiencing back in Tennessee when the 3rd started for the Border.

The men of the Tennessee and New York regiments with which it is brigaded are getting along famously, and have already struck up many friendships. There isn't any Mason & Dixon line down in this part of the country. One of the agencies that has led to making the Tennessee outfit "solid" on the Border is its band. The 3rd boasts an excellent band, and the concert this organization gave in the Pharr park Wednesday night was thoroughly enjoyed. As an appreciation, some of the townspeople sent the leader a handsome bouquet. During the concert, some of the auditors tried to get the leader, I. R. Somers, to play "Home Sweet Home" for an encore or a "chaser." Somers agreed to play it on condition that he be given a machine gun company for a body guard, for he feared to play "Home Sweet Home" to a band of homesick soldiers would have them all chasing him.

Because of the two changes made in the 3rd regiment's destination while en route to the Border from Tennessee, the mail for the regiment went almost to the four winds, and it was several days before the regiment got it straightened out. First, members of the regiment ordered their mail forwarded to Eagle Pass, then to McAllen and finally to Pharr. As a result, it traveled over many out of the way miles, and was many days late getting to its destination. As a result, many of the boys went several days without word from home, and some of them were so anxious for news from the home state that when one of the soldiers received a bundle of Tennessee papers Friday night, the first received in the regiment since its arrival on the Border, and started crying them, there was a grand rush to get to him.

The officers of the 3rd Regiment received a visit from their division commander, Major General O'Ryan, Tuesday night. The general was accompanied by Colonel Bandholtz, and the officers of the regiment were present. Led to them by Colonel Spence, the regimental commander. Both visiting officers made talks, the General telling the Tennessees that he welcomed them as a part of his family. He also gave them some instructions and advice

about their stay on the Border, which he had gathered from nearly three months' service on the Border, and which he said he thought would help the Tennessees to reach by short cuts the same ends that the New Yorker had gained by the rocky road of experience. General O'Ryan also explained how the famous "G. O. No. 7," against the use of booze, came to be issued, and asked the co-operation of the Tennessee officers in "playing the game" to the limit during such time as they may be on the Border and may be in his Division. He and Colonel Bandholtz were liberally applauded by the Tennessee officers at the close of their talks, and their visit was much appreciated by the Southerners.

The Tennessee regiment headquarters is expecting an order looking to the selection of a team to represent the state in the national rifle tournament to be held at Jacksonville, Fla., during the latter part of October. The team will be picked from the 3rd regiment, and the 1st, which is at Eagle Pass. The Tennessees hope for permission to go to Jacksonville a bit in advance of the opening of the shoot, in order to get in some practice, as they have not had an opportunity to go on the range this year.

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY.

The hike of the 2nd Field Artillery to Sterling Ranch, a few days ago, furnished a splendid example of the excellent condition of the troops of this branch of the service, for there was but one calamity--the loss of one horse, and the horse did not die until after the return "home." It was a long pull and a hard pull. Texas could hardly boast more disagreeable weather, with a hot sun and a slight sultry breeze that seemed to forecast a big storm and the dry season that has been in vogue now for some weeks had made the roads dusty and sandy, so that the wheels of the carriages sank deep in the ruts. The desert tracts beyond McAllen were anything but pleasant to pass through and gave the men a real taste of what Mexican travel would be should the possible "break" ever come. Horses became grey with the dust. The faces of white men were turned black. Water was at a premium higher than ever before.

But the esprit de corps of the regiment never faded into that state of total unhappiness that makes for mutiny and the homeward trail, although perhaps hotter and dustier and dryer than the outward journey, was covered with as much lightheartedness. When the column was nearing Sharyland and the last lap of the journey along the Mission road, a stop was made for feed and water. As a Battery pulled up one of its horses dropped in traces but in a short time was sufficiently resuscitated to continue to camp.

Just before the "Shary Bathing Beach" (see article in the Rattler of September 20th) was reached a canal invited a stop and investigation. Horses and men did not stop for any consideration but speed, and man after man plunged from caisson and gun horse into the stream. One of C Battery's horses caused a bit of trouble by refusing to discontinue his bath when the call to proceed was sounded, but finally was persuaded that home and a picket line offered sufficient inducements. And the men, when they had finished, had removed most of the traces of the coal-heaver's trade from their faces and were much relieved.

At Sterling Ranch the officers were very pleasantly received by Mr. Sterling, and after dinner, Colonel Wingate sent for the band. Music and dancing filled an evening of enjoyment and relief from the toil of the day.

In but one respect was the trip a failure. Many of the boys fully expected that they were on their way to La Gloria to shoot, an experience the rookies have been looking forward to with great expectation of sport, and the older men in the service with a more seasoned anticipation. Things did not go as expected, however, and La Gloria, with its windmill and an oil tank and the range has just as many targets as it had before the 2nd started to invade it.

Camp life in Texas, after all, has been just a series of expectations. Every day somebody expects to go home. Every day somebody is disappointed and loses some money. Beyond the now dissipated mysteries of the Texas plains, and the destroyed hope of going into Mexico, there has been little but expectation to relieve men's minds from the dull routine. Whereby General Rumor has gained victims.

7TH'S DIET KITCHEN

CONTINUED SUCCESS.

The 7th N. Y. Infantry's Diet Kitchen, now in the fourth week of its service, has proved over and over again its value for more than one man in the regiment has been materially benefited in health by its operation. In the past many men, who had not been sick enough to send to the base hospital, were kept in camp and nursed back to health as best they might be on the regular mess.

Realizing that the soldier who is ailing requires a different diet than that supplied his healthy comrades at the company kitchen, Dr. Gray, of the Medical Corps, and Lieut. Col. McLean decided to inaugurate a kitchen where specially cooked food, following a scientific dietetic menu, might be supplied to patients. This was the beginning of the 7th's Diet Kitchen.

The beneficial results were numerous from the start. Men who were slightly "off feed" were enabled to return to duty in a short time, while others who were more seriously ailing showed remarkable improvement under this new system of careful dieting.

The medical officers of the other regiments have inspected the Diet Kitchen and it is predicted that before long every unit in the Division will start one of its own. The kitchen is in charge of Harry Newton, Co. B, 7th Inf., who personally prepares the menus for the invalids. The expense of conducting the Diet Kitchen is borne equally by the company messes of the 7th Infantry.

Do You Spend Money in McAllen?

MY lasting memory of McAllen is one of a hot and crowded ice cream parlor with clerks working at fever heat; of perspiring waiters rushing vainly to fill twenty orders at once; of hardware and grocery clerks worked to the point of exhaustion, and lumbermen and bank clerks and express agents tired out.

Let's admit that McAllen has earned the money its soldiers have brought it. Army trade is exacting, insistent, unreasonable. We have owned the town, and the townspeople have fought sickness and weariness to care for our daily trade.

THE RATTLER speaks for an attitude of fairness toward the following enterprising firms of McAllen:

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| F. G. Crow, Lumber | Hammond Lbr. Co. |
| A. P. Hall, Grocery | Rankin-Hill Co |
| McAllen Drug Co | Model Pharmacy |
| Zachry & Cawthon | Gregory & Cardwell |
| Delmonico Jr. Cafe | McAllen Creamery |
| Louis Gerlts, M'Al'n Hotel | January & Storms |
| Rio Grande Public Service Corporation | |
| The Palace | Jack Madison, Barber |
| Rodriguez & Co. | East Side Hotel |
| Columbia Theatre | Amusem Theatre |
| | Division Camp Exchange |
| Wells Fargo & Co., Express | Valley Mercantile Co. |
| McAllen Bottling Works | D. Guerra & Sons |
| Gulf Coast Lines | First State Bank |

FRED B. BARTON,
Business Mgr., THE RATTLER