Athletics

FIRST CAVALRY TO HOLD INTER-TROOPIATE GAMES

No sooner is one sporting event over with than another is in the course of preparation. On the 22nd of this month the First Cavalry will conduct a set of games and field events between the different troops of their regiment. This event promises to be interesting and will bring out a big field of entries. Five points will be given for first, three for second, two for third, and one for fourth and the troop winning the most points will be given the track championship of the First Cavalry. The events are open only to the First Cavalry and consist of; 100 yd. dash, 220, 440,880, high jump, running and standing broad jump, shot put, 120 low hurdles, three legged race, sack race, obstacle race, a wheelbarrow race and a relay race in which each man will run 220 yards.

Prizes will be given for every event and plans are being developed to make this the banner event of the fall season. Captain Donovan has taken a great interest in the meet and aiding in every way to make it a success. A large cup will be given to the troop winning the most points.

Eddie Butler the old Cornell star, is at the head of the executive committee and is assisted by Jones of I troop, Miller of C, and Durky of H, on arrangements; Driscoll and Saks of Troop D on printing; Bausfield of L, Moore of I, and Hook of E, on entries; Capt. Backhouse of C and Capt. King of Troop D on prizes.

12TH INF. STAGES EQUIPMENT RACE

An athletic contest in the form of an inter-company full-equipment race was held last Sunday at the Twelfth Infantry. The distance was fifty yards and the conditions were that full equipment minus rations but including rifle and one hundred rounds of service ammunition in belt was to be carried, and that the start be from the prone firing position. Heats were run off by batallions, each company having previously held elimination trials so that it was represented by one man. The Machine Gun Co. man ran in the First Battalion heat. The winners were: 1st Bn, Pvt. Peter Wilkins of "D"; 2nd Bn, Pvt. George Mitchell of "E", 3rd Bn, Corporal Walter Freund of "L." Wilkins won the final heat in eight seconds flat, and received as prize a regulation trunk locker, Army style. The officials were: Starter, Lt. Wikersham; Inspectors: Lts. Koen, Cook and Frost; Judges at Finish: Major Bebee, Lts. Smith and Kluge.

FERRAZI TO FIGHT WILLIAMS

On October 22 there will be a twenty round bout at the Amusem theatre for the championship of the army and navy and the silver belt between Williams, of the 2nd Field Artillery, present champion, and Kiddie Diamond of the 12th. Both boys have fought several battles in the camp and are a good drawing card. Arrangements are being made to handle a large crowd and several thousand people are expected to attend. Both Williams and Ferrazi are clever fighters and with twenty rounds to go the outcome will be in doubt until the bell has clanged many times. Both are training for this event and will be in the best condition.

Saturdays Foot Ball Results

Princeton 29, North Carolina 0.
Yale 61, Virginia 3.
Syracuse 73, Ohio 0.
Tufts 7, Harvard 3.
Brown 42, Trinity 0.
Pennsylvania 27, F. & M. 0.
Navy 13, Georgetown 7.
Michigan 19, Case 3.
Dartmouth 47, Lebanon Val. 0.
Army 14, Washington & Lee 7,
N. Y. University 23, Rensselaer 0.

BORDER BITS

Among the different troops of the first cavalry, Troop D, carried off first honors in their horse show. Scoring five points for first place, three points for second, two points for third, and one point for fourth, the Syracuse boys piled up a total of 14 points. Other troops in the regiment scored as follows: B, 5; C, 11; E,7; F, 4; G, 3; H, 10; I, 1; K, 6; L, 1; M, 7; Squadron A with all its troops scored 11 points.

Bring out the dumb bells and get in condition. Here is notice of the first chess championship. 23rd Infantry defeated a team from the 74th in the Y. M. C. A. at Pharr last week. The 23rd team was quite a formidable aggregation. Evans, an ex-college player, Barker, champ. of the Ocean Hill Chess Club of Brooklyn and Montrose, ex-captain of Manual training High School and interscholastic champion of New York. The 23rd issues a challenge to all regiments in the Valley for a four board match.

Sergeant Marcus E. (Red) Wilkinson, all American half back last season, is still in the athletic game. Red is stable Sergeant of Troop D 1st Cavalry and says that this army life is the best of sport, especially when you can "cop" two blue ribbons.

Hurrah! the World's series are on, and it is with regret that the Rattler will be unable to send a representative or give the score by innings in front of our office building.

Frontier Days are now in vogue. The citizens of the hustling little town of McAllen are going to run, as they put it, a REAL wild west show and roping contest. This should be a big day.

How is this for a real sporting event? Troop C, 1st Cavalry, and Troop D, both have jitneys which they beg and persuade to run about the county of Hidalgo. There is talk of a cross country race back to New York City with a side bet from each troop.

"Tris" Speaker hails from Texas, but that does not necessarily imply that every man down here will be a base ball player when he gets home.

First Cavalry will conduct a steeple chase in the near future which should be a very interesting event in our interesting young lives.

McAllen Bath Run in connection with McAllen Hotel. Hot water always available. Soap and towel furnished. 'Costs a quarter but last a week'

Pool Room Right across from McAllen depot. Five Brunswicke & Balke tables, two bowling alleys. Soda fountain in connection.

You Knows Loui Gerlts. He Knows You

SOLDIER'S AFTERNOON IN TOWN

He brushes up and spruces up directly after lunch, removing as far as possible the traces of the morning's work. Those leggins don't look as bright as when they were first issued and the grease spots that serve to remind him of that dreadful day on kitchen detail refuse to come out, but still they have a bescrubbed soldierly appearance and look almost as classy as leather puttees. By the time the street sergeant sings out for town detail he is almost half dressed. With a parting look of admiration in the cracked mirror he pulls on his shirt, thus rumpling the carefully combed locks, and with his shoe strings flying loose in the wind, he dashes down the street to where the detail is impatiently waiting.

"Hey, buy me a bottle of ink,"—"Don't forget those magazines,"—and similar admonitions and orders from languid comrades who don't want to make the hot trip themselves, follow him down the length of the street.

The boys who are waiting give vent to the customary remarks about how it's damfunny we never get out of this blame camp on time. Now they're off and as the squad passes the Captain's tent our hero feels the "old man's" concentrated stare upon him. He nervously straightens his hat, pulls it down over his eyes just so, and tucks in the recalcitrant shirt-tail.

Once outside of the lines he skips several times, punches Dick between the shoulder blades and borrows a Fatima from Joe. Then it's down through the Mex. village, with a curious stare for every coquettish señorita, an answering frown for the ragged peons who bask and blink in the sun, and a friendly "Halloo" for the naked chocolate-colored kiddies—and so on through quiet little adventures to Main Street, McAllen.

The bunch want to visit the barber's but our soldier boy will waste no jot of his precious hours of leave with razor and clippers. He swaggers past the restaurant on the corner and then glances covertly backward to see if the girl at the register noticed his passing. She did and petulantly bites her lip to think her interested stare was detected. A gil's got to be careful with all these soldiers around.

As he notes the effect he has made he whistles self consciously, swaggers a bit more, and bumps into a major as he turns for a parting glance. A mumbled apology and a hasty salute are all that are vouchsafed the major. He wanders on past the ice-cream store, his thoughts on the girl in the restaurant. After all, there is a way about him that girls have always found attractive. A certain insouciance, if you wish. He likes the word and repeats it aloud until the boys sitting outside of the drug store nudge each other and make remarks about him.

Careful investigation of his finances convinces him that he can't afford ham and eggs back in the restaurant. Besides there's another "jane" in the ice-cream parlor. He's a regular sport so he'll risk a dime for a smile. Ah, dreams of fair women—and the bitter awakening. She doesn't give him a glance as he buys his check. He hazards a remark about the weather and is answered with a frigid toss of the head.

He seeks solace with his nose buried deep in a vanilla soda. As he drinks he wonders if Mabel still stops at the corner of 42nd street for her luncheon sundae. He frowns as he thinks of the red-headed salesman that used to buy her checks when he was late. Well, the field's open for Red-head now. He stumbles over a cavalryman's boots as he goes out and apologizes to a six-foot artillery sergeant by mistake.

Outside he meets Wally from the Engineers. Sh, Wally knows a place. Our hero is interested but asks doubtfully if it would go well on top of ice-cream. Oh, well, he'll take a chance, and arm in arm he and Wally stroll around the corner.

"Right this way," Wally orders and they slip down the street, nodding in friendly manner to the boys with the baby-blue arm bands and sawed-off billiard cues. "Sure, I know them all," Wally boasts.

They stop outside and peer surreptitiously down the alley and then with an attempt at nonchalance, saunter to the corner and back. The captain passes in a jitney. Our hero salutes in trepidation. "Gosh, I'll bet he's wise," he groans but the more courageous Wally laughs his fears away.

An M. P. strolls up. "Hello, boys," he greets them. "Did you hear how they gave those boys from the 1st thirty days in the cactus field for slipping a drink?"

"By George!" our hero exclaims; "it's 4:15 now an' I gotta get back to camp."

Wally snorts in disgust but our soldier scurries away, remarking to himself, "I ain't thirsty anyway."

And he forgets to bring the bottle of ink and the magazines.

OUR HONOR ROLL

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
Maj. Scott Button, 2nd Infantry.
Lieut. Col. Henry S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.
Capt. Guy Bates, Engineers.
Horatio J. Brewer, Spokane Wash.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Newport, R. I.
Lieut. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Insp. Gen. Dept. N. Y.
Capt. Prentice Strong, N. Y. City.
W. J. Comstock, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lt. Joseph A. Pitts, 2nd Infantry.
Sgt. Herbert T. Slingo, Co. B. 7th.
Lt. W. B. Lester, M. G. Troop 1st Cav.
Homer G. Bell, Motor Truck Co. 35.
John G. Jansen, 1988 Broadway, New York.
Lt. S, A. Stover, Troop L, 1st Cav.
Lt. Col. Edward V. Howard, Asst. Adj. Genl., Albany, New York.
Commdr. R. P. Forshew, 2 Rector St. New York.
James M. Heatherton, 700 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

With The Soldier Poets

THE WINDJAMMER.

By Geo. W. Carner, Troop H, 1st Cav.

Did you ever stop to picture
The army's rank and file?
From General down to raw recruit,
Who is crabbing all the while?

There is just one fellow in the ranks
Who gets abuse from all—
That fellow is the bugler,
Each morning at First Call.

When you have been up till 2 A. M.
In a quiet little game,
You need the sleep when first call goes,
But he blows it just the same.

Fatigue call has a wierd tone,
And Drill Call even worse;
But First Call in the morning
Is the soldier's only curse.

At First Call in the morning,
When the stars are still aglow,
You would like to kill the bugler,
'Ere he got a chance to blow.

Of course there're other bugle calls,
That're not so bad to hear;
There's good old Mess and Mail call,
Sweet music to your ear.

Now when you quit the Army and
Go back to Ma and Dad;
You'll miss the old windjammer
That use to make you mad.

When you are snugly tucked away
In your feather bed again,
There's sweeter music in First Call
Than in your old Big Ben.

OMAR ON THE BORDER.

(For which Corporal Jack Harford, Co. I, 12th N. Y. Inf., apologizes.)

Reveille sounds and now the soldiers all
Jump out of bed in answer to the call.
The "Looey" gaily saunters from his tent.
The last two men on line the wood will haul.

I have no patience with the Mutt who tries;
When mess call sounds to beat the Other Guys,
By feeding early, then for Seconds come.
It gets him nothing for the Cook is wise.

When sick call blows we have a fleeting glimpse;
Of some sick men and some poor Faking Simps.
The Doctor soon gets next to Mr. Faker, tho;
And "Duty" marked—back to the street he limps.

A few, perchance, may have the luck to stick,
But oh!—how oft the poor Deluded Hick
Is given a good big jolt of Castor Oil.
An O. D. pill and then the Go-By quick.

The foolish Boob hunts up an Alibi
To get him out of drill—the Simple Guy
Fools no one but himself—for soon he'll do
Fatigue on Cactus—where the growth is High.

Prohibited by orders is the Cup that Cheers;
But here and there we find a man who fears
Not the Guardhouse, where he soon finds
Himself—with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Beers.

Say, Gentle Reader, can you tell me, pray,
What has become of all that Bright Array
Of rumors that we've heard these last three months?
Where are they calling for their mail today?

And still we're here—Resigned now to our Fate.
The Rumors we can count—and counting wait—
In hopes that some time soon, by Allah's will,
Some "Guy High Up" will give us all the "Gate."

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE.

(A poem of the New York Division, by Sergeant Louis Goodman, Hq. Co. 12th N. Y. Inf., N. G. U. S.)

The bugles blew Assembly
The Guardsmen gathered round;
They came from shop, from mill, from mart,
From tillage of the ground.
They shouldered packs and rifles
And cheered their native land,
Then left the Empire State to camp
Along the Rio Grande.

Along the Tex-Mex Border,
Beneath a blazing sun
They toil right on from reveille
Until the day is done.
They've dug all ditches, graded streets
Laid camps on every hand
Their tents lie pitched for many miles
Along the Rio Grande.

It's drills, reviews and skirmishes
It's "hiking" weary miles.
It's carrying pack, and swinging pick
Yet every soldier smiles.
From general down to rookie
They're proud of their command
And New York's proud of her dauntless sons
Along the Rio Grande.

Our Uncle Sammy's guarded
Where'er Old Glory waves
The Empire State boys sure can fight
Till Taps sounds o'er their graves.
Let danger come from South,
East, north or western strand,—
You'll find them ready, the New York Boys
Along the Rio Grande.

The last of the camps at Plattsburg closed on Thursday, October 5th. It is predicted that between 25,000 and 30,000 men will be under training at Plattsburg next year. Out of this number it is expected that at least 6 will enlist in the National Guard in the event of another call.

1ST CAVALRY HORSE SHOW 3 DAY SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1.)

2. Lieut. Rainor, 3rd U. S. Cavalry.
3. Lieut. Houston, 28th U. S. Infantry.
4. Col. Haskill, 69th N. Y. Infantry.

Class 3.—Enlisted Men's Mounts:
1. Private Ball, Troop M, 1st Cav.
2. Sergt. Dawes, Troop G, 1st Cav.
3. Pvt. Burton, Troop C, Sq. A.
4. Corp. Bayne, M. G. Troop, Sq. A.

Class 4.—Enlisted Men's Mounts:
1. Sergt. Ackerly, Troop H, 1st Cav.
2. Sergt. Moore, Sup. Troop 1st Cav.
3. Pvt. Kettles, Troop C, 1st Cav.
4. Sgt. Holbrook, Troop E, 1st Cav.

Class 5:
1. Pvt. Hogeboom, Troop E, 1st Cav.
2. Pvt. Creager, M. G. Troop, 1st Cav.
3. Corp. Bayne, M. G. Troop, Sq. A.
4. Pvt. Holmes, Troop E, 1st Cav.

Class 6:
1. Sergt. Ackerly, Troop H, 1st Cav.
2. Clapham, Troop K, 1st Cav.
3. Ackerman, Troop D, 1st Cav.
4. Sergt. Clay, Troop I, 3rd U. S. Cav.

Class 7:
1. Corp. Obayne,, 3rd U. S. Cav.
2. Pvt. Myer, Troop C, 1st Cav.
3. Sgt. Turner, Troop K, 3rd U. S. Cav
4. Pvt. Kettles, Troop C, 1st Cav.

Class 8:
1. Capt. Ruggles, 3rd U. S. Cav.
2. Lieut. McDougal, 1st Cav.
3. Corp. Davis, Troop D, 1st Cav.
4. Corp. Rives, Squadron A.

Class 9:
1. Lieut. Black, Troop D, 1st Cav.
2. Sergt. Clay, 3rd U. S. Cav.
3. Capt. Platt, Troop F, 1st Cav.
4. Capt. Sheldon, Squadron A.

Class 10.—Mule Teams:
1. Jernigan, 28th U. S. Infantry.
2. Bonogero, Troop M, 1st Cav.
3. 74th Regiment.
4. 74th Regiment.

Class 11.—Polo Ponies:
1. Pvt. Anderson, Sq. A.
2. Pvt. Eaton, Sq. A.
3. M. G. Troop, Sq. A.
4. Pvt. Hicken, Hqt. Troop 1st Cav.

Class 12.—Artillery Class:
1. Battery D, 2nd F. A.
2. Battery E, 2nd F. A.
3. Battery D, 1st F. A.
4. Battery A, 2nd F. A.

Class 13:
1. Battery D, 2nd F. A.
2. Battery E, 2nd F. A.
3. Battery D, 1st F. A.

Class 14.—Guidon Class:
1. Corp. Babcock, Troop D, 1st Cav.
2. Sergt. Babcock, Troop D, Sq. A.
3. Sergt. Hummel, Troop F, 1st Cav.
4. Sergt. Durham, Sq. A.

Class 15.—Rescue Race:
1. Troop B, 1st Cav.
2. Troop C, 1st Cav.
3. Troop M, 1st Cav.
4. Sergt. Durham, Sq. A

Class 16.—Remounting Relay Race:
1. TroopB, Sq. A.
2. Troop K, 1st Cav.
3. M. G. Troop, 1st Cav.
4. Battery A, 2nd F. A.

Class 17.— Championship:
1. Col. Debevoise, 1st Cav.
2. Col. Johnston, 12th Reg.

3RD FIELD ARTILLERY ARRIVES IN CAMP

(Continued from Page 1.)

hospital

The fresh troops ordered out from their home mobilization camps, with the station to which they have been assigned, are as follows:

Alabama First, Second and Fourth Infantry and brigade headquarters, signal company, ambulance company, field hospital and three troops of cavalry, all to Nogales.

Georgia First, Second and Fifth Infantry and brigade headquarters, five troops of cavalry and a field hospital, all to El Paso.

Florida field hospital to Camp Wilson; two companies North Carolina engineers to El Paso; one company South Carolina engineers to El Paso; two troops Tennessee cavalry to El Paso; squadron Virginia cavalry to Brownsville; Company of Virginia engineers, signal company and field hospital, all to San Antonio; West Virginia troops to San Antonio; troop of New Hampshire cavalry to Brownsville; New Hampshire signal company to Camp Wilson; New Hampshire field hospital to Deming; New York Field Hospital No. 3 to McAllen; First Mississippi Infantry to Camp Wilson; two battalions Colorado infantry, one field hospital and a signal company, all to Douglas.

12TH INFANTRY NEWS

Regimental Supply Sergt. Pelzer received a letter from Lillie. What's the matter Bill, did the license expire?

If you are looking for trouble, try to get Regt. Supply Sergt. Aram to exchange a pair of shoes for you.

That's right, Sergt. Healy hold on to your shoes laces—you might overdraw your clothing allowance.

Sergt. Heffernan, alias Baldy, is working very hard on the Commissary books, Mess Sergeants beware. Sergt. Hoff is deeply in love with Viola and where is the furniture to come from? Watch your accounts.

Stable Sergeant Simpson still insists that things were different when he was in the Regular Army.

Corporal Kelly alias Corporal Hesitation may be heard talking to his type writer during the day, but the things he says are unfit for print.

Harry Masterman, High Private, Etc. detailed to the supply Company has a new supply of rumors which he will gladly furnish to any listeners.

Charlie Krause is taking a ten-day vacation upon request. How is the atmosphere there Charlie?

Pop O'Donnell, the H. C. Cook, never needs a hair cut. The other evening, one of the men he serves mistook his head for a glass cheee jar and wanted to lift it to get at the Limburger.

M. F. Campbell, the Child of the Regiment, has a hobby for collecting hounds His company street looks like a kennell, or like an Eskimo village, as one or the Medicos put it.

In Company L a new command has been developed by one of the Sergeants and goes something like this: "Squad, HALT; Dooley, WHOA!"

The mounted orderlies have named all of the horses, and promise a complete list for next issue, but without waiting for that, we can give some of best-known names. Garbage, D. D., Villa, New York, De LaTrine, T. N. T. and Socks. M. F. B.

All regimental correspondence should be at the Rattler office, Division Headquarters, by Saturday morning.

COL. JOHNSON ON "SERVICE" IN NEXT WEEK'S RATTLER

The next issue of The Rattler will contain the speech that Colonel Gordon Johnston 12th N. Y. Infantry, delivered to the men of his command on a recent occasion. Unfortunately the article arrived too late to publish in this number but as the subject of the Colonel's speech was "Service," which is always a timely topic with the soldier, we feel sure that our readers will enjoy and appreciate the able address of the 12th's popular commander.

BACK NUMBERS OF RATTLER

The editorial and circulation departments of The Rattler have received so many requests for back numbers, that arrangements have been made this week for their distribution. Heretofore there have been no depots and while they might have been obtained at Division Headquarters this was not generally known. Now all issues from that of August 30, which is the second number, to the present, are on sale at Phansteel's News Stand, on the corner of Main Street and West McAllen Road, McAllen, two doors from the McAllen Hotel; and also it may be obtained at the several Y. M. C. A., buildings in regiments where demand has made it necessary. The circulation department regrets to state that there are no more copies of issue number one, the initial Rattler which contains the now almost famous poem entitled "Tin." Also the supply of number two's is very limited. Of the remaining, however, all who seek may find.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

From a time table published jointly by the merchants of McAllen, we glean the following useful information:

Population, 2,500; about 40 per cent Americans, 60 per cent Mexicans.

Banking hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Postoffice hours: 8 a. m. to 12 m.; 1 p. m. to 6 p. m.

1 bank, 1 electric light plant, 1 ice factory, 1 creamery, 1 theatre, 1 bowling alley, 2 pool and billiard parlors, 4 churches, 3 hotels, 1 water works, 1 fire department, 1 telephone company, 1 newspaper and print shop, 1 elevator company, 2 school houses (and a large one under construction), 1 bottling works, 2 wholesale houses, 3 garages and every kind of retail business to be had is here.

Distances from McAllen to anywhere are given as follows:

Sam Fordyce, 18 miles; Mission 5 miles; Pharr, 3 miles; Donna, 12 miles; Llano Grande, 18 miles; Mercedes, 21 miles; La Feria, 26 miles; Harlingen, 26 miles; San Benito, 41 miles; Brownsville, 60 miles; San Antonio, 291 miles; Houston, 382 miles.

For the information of members of the Division we append the fact that New York is 2,117 miles from McAllen and that it would take a husky man 121 days to walk it.

HAYES-SAMMONS Hdw'r Co.

Have a store acros the street M. Guerra & Sons

McAllen,

Saddles, Small Firearms
Spurs Rifles
Riding Crops Shot Guns
Flash Lights Belts
Bottles Ammunition
Bulbs Tin Shop

Hats in Stetson Style, $3.50
English Wrap Puttees
Mexican Drawn Work
Shirts. Underwear, Neckties
The Most Complete Stock of Soldiers Clothing
Supplies of Any Store in
The Valley.

January and Storms
Main Street - - McAllen

A Bank where "COURTESY IS CURRENCY"

Where you are treated as a gentleman here intelligent service greets you from behind the grating

And where hundreds of New York officers and men place their money. Accounts of $100 and over solicited.

First State Bank of McAllen

R. E. Horn, Cashier
Zachry, Asst. Cashier
Glasscock, Asst. Cashier