News Sent In By Our Division Units

1ST CAVALRY

The horse show is over and from the point of view of the spectators it was a big success for not a man breathed there with a soul so dead that he did not believe that give his horse a chance to get over that sore on his back he could show up some of these pikers in a way that would send them scuttlingly north to their coal wagons where they belong.

As every automobile owner feels that under the hood of his car lurks a certain something which if known would startle the mechanical world so every good cavalryman feels that in his horse are certain qualities appreciated only by himself and his horse.

And now, on the theory that it is best to keep the men occupied lest they become discontented and poison the horses and hang the camp cooks a regimental field day has been planned before the last hack has barked his shins on the two rail jump.

While we are at it why not go right through the menu. How about a water day on the McAllen canal followed by a county fair. A mascot exhibition would bring forth a menagerie which would extract a nickle from every concave bellied Mexican child north of the Rio Grande and there is nothing like a poultry show to induce contentment in a large body of men.

During the last month Corpus Christi has become to the First Cavalry what Paris is to the Brooklynite. Scarcely a day passes in which the local stage driver does not dump a fresh batch at the door of the Nueces Hotel(Pronounced in old Castillian in the manner of a dinner party sneeze) to eat their way through five days of freedom much like so many wood ticks. Handsome things these furloughers wearing a motley collection of everyone else's blue ribbon clothes and looking like the window dummies of a Plattsburg haberdasher. There is one particularly fine khaki blouse which has already made the trip to and from Corpus four times without ever getting nearer to the camp than McAllen. Some of these show clothes will know all the conductors along the line by their first name before we return home.

A mile south of the city the long suffering Texas Infantry lie in their tents and look patiently under the sides over a forty-foot bluff and out across the Gulf. These brave lads will stop at nothing in defense of their native state, even the taking of sea baths.

Two things will impress the McAllenite deeply before he is in Corpus three hours. One that it is a dry town. The other is the eagerness of the average inhabitant to take the militiaman from New York to his bosom. This is very flattering until the taxi drivers tells one confidentially that them Texas guys aint no spenders and that the only way to save the town from bankruptcy is to get some of them millionaire guys from the north in here. Whereupon the millionaire guy from the north discovers that he hasn't even enough to pay for the machine.

As the travelers return to recount their strange adventures in the far east over the camp fire they all agree on one point. The camp of the 1st Cavalry is the most presentable between Mission and San Antonio. It is the only camp where an attempt has been made to carry improvements beyond the limits of mere sanitation. Most of the encampments give the impression that after pitching the tents and digging the few essential trenches and ditches the men had all lain down and remained in this horizontal position except when rendered temporarily vertical by drill and mess calls.

The First Cavalry has recently been the victim of a great misfortune. It has been discovered by the souvenir merchants. After three months of seclusion we now return from the shower baths to be waylaid by gentlemen with satchels suspended by a strap from their adams apples who offer for sale banners with the inscription "Mexican Border 1916" with room beneath for the insertion of three more dates. Whether or not these dispensers believe that we are going to drape our tents like Dink Stover's sitting room or whether they labor under the delusion that a horse is something like a Ford and that we are going to return home with banners indicating all the points visited tacked to their ribs we have been unable to discover.

We thought ourselves securely hidden behind our giant palms but they have proved useless against these keen nosed ferrets.

Among the recruits who appeared in our midst lately unannounced and unexpected were Messrs William Canty of North Carolina and Albert Lakeland of Louisiana, gentlemen of the old school of fire eaters both. They were quartered in the tent of Trooper Doc Scanlon of K Troop.

In order to give the southern gentlemen a bit of local color to make them feel thoroughly at home Montgomery blacked himself up like a Pullman porter and with an army cot under his arm entered the tent with the announcement that he had been quartered there.

Messrs. Canty of N. C. and Lakeland of La., took after the old rag at the gallop. They informed Monty that when they joined the troop they were under the impression that it had a certain social standing, an impression which they were rapidly overcoming. Being sports as well as gentlemen of the old school they agreed to take the colored person in with them and treat him with all consideration in that they would not cut his throat or knock him with a gun butt while he slept. He must expect no social recognition, however, and in return for the favors being heaped upon him he should act as striker for the tent, shining shoes, cleaning clothes and keeping the tent in order.

At this point Monty who had been sitting on the edge of his cot with his head in his hands crushed by the insults to his people, remarked that it hurt him to sleep there as much as it did them.

Personal violence was counteracted by the appearance of Sergeant Beamish with the announcement that the nigger had been consigned to the 10th Cavalry and was shuffled into the pink deck by mistake.

Morris Canty of N. C. and Lakeland of La. have been composing a note to their loyal congressman enquiring if the Jim Crow law does not apply to the National Guard, if not why not, and why the hell is this anyway. E. S.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

We have been reinforced by four mounted orderlies from Squadron A, so now we ask all Adjutants please not to be too curt in dismissing a Headquarters orderly. You might unintentionally give offense to Mr. Kinnicutt, who is a leading lawyer on lower Broadway.

Robinson Crusoe Wooster has finished his chest and now is considering accepting orders for hardwood trunks, price three dollars, F. O. B. McAllen.

Our corral just completed is the wonder of the natives and also the quartermaster. Where'd you get the lumber?

Hats off to Sergt. Kane, exquartermaster detachment, who resigned his job to become a private in the 23rd. Kane said he wanted to see some real soldiering if he was going to live in an army camp all his life. We hope he gets it.

Sergt. Walter Lee has completed the furnishing of his one room house and stained it a handsome oak color. Guests from Troop K are now a daily occurance.

New Jersey papers please note that Pvt. Whitlock, formerly of M. G. Co., 7th, is definitely attached to Division Headquarters.

The ribbon clerks of the Division Camp Exchange are messing with us now. It keeps Jack Harrowitz busy turning down kind friends who try to work him for a new O. D. blouse in exchange for one that "looks perfectly good but doesn't quite fit."

Sergt. Dougherty—pardon, first class Sergeant Dougherty of the quartermaster detachment—has found his calling. He runs a little Headquarters store where it's worth your life to draw out a shovel or a saw without a written permit. Next week he's going to stock up with kerosene. Perhaps.

Jack Butler and Harry Luedeke did Corpus Christi last week. Their furlough and their money ran out just about the same time.

Mess Sergeant Mackesy has made seven o'clock breakfast so popular that there's a line twenty deep waiting every morning for the door's to open. Mac's latest accomplishment is milk toast.

Art Fiske is fetching the mail nowdays. We knew those old motorcycles of Leach's would come in handy some time.

Sergt. MacWilliams, acting chief clerk of the Division and Pvt. Meakim have accepted their discharges to become civilian clerks in the Division.

Dick Sattler has junked his yellow glasses. They did their duty well. Ask Dick about that week in San Antonio, at nobody's expense.

"Sonny" Myers from the 7th, christened Michel but who prefers the former appelation because the girls all call him that back home, has become resigned to driving a Flivver for Uncle Sam until Long Beach opens up next summer or until "Moose" Taylor comes across with that sawbuck. "Sonny" claims he likes it here but we have our doubts. Instead of improving his idle hours, and they are all too many, by studying Spanish, "Sonny" is brushing up on French verbs. We wonder why!

Please Mr. Rattler, send a man around to interview Charlie Brown on the subject of how he likes Texas army life compared to fighting in France. Brown and Fred Scott and Sergt. Lewis were all members of the American Ambulance, over in Flanders, and all three of them happened into the U. S. service by accident. Lewis enlisted to drive a dispatch car through the Mexican brush and that sort of hero stuff, and Brown enlisted to show he wasn't afraid to do it. Scott's case was the most peculiar. He had been an "inactive member" of Squadron A while serving the French Government, and had returned to New York on a furlough when the Squadron was called out. When he gets his discharge from the U. S. he will have to take up his furlough from the French army and go back to Paris. But he says he won't mind that. Perhaps he prefers Paris to Texas.

Rutherfurd Lawrence came all the way from New York at his own expense to attach himself to Division Headquarters as Barney Oldfield the 2nd. "Ruddie," under the circumstances, claims a great affection for McAllen's palms. It's either that or admit he's a goat. But we really believe "Ruddie" is honest about it. Honest! We welcome Chauncey Depew back to our numbers. Like his famous namesake, Chauncey presides over the board. Instead of a dress suit, he affects a charming undershirt costume when he passes out the morning oats.

Bache Brown of the Squadron A aggregation is getting ready to return to New York, just as this is written. Will he get there? We don't know.

Writing for The Rattler has its troubles. Last week we mentioned one man in the detachment and he came around and borrowed a dollar. Never again, say we. From now on the signature on this column will be—Anonymous.

McALLEN MILITARY POLICE

For the last few weeks life on the force has been lifted from the humdrum plane of beat pounding and idle club swinging for the spice of variety has been injected. First there was Frontier and Field Day; most pleasant interlude in the Day's work.There was a lot to see and a great deal to enjoy and the boys with the shillalahs are nothing loath when a good time offers. That Saturday morning and afternoon was an agreeable vacation but evening brought a little work and much excitement as was to be expected with the town full of visitors. However, the M. P. detachment were equal to their jobs and nothing more serious offered than a few "jams" with the boys from Pharr who had an idea that the ancient order prohibiting the N. Y. force from using their nightsticks was in vogue at McAllen. They discovered that while some of the boys on post looked gentle and harmless, appearances oftimes deceive. And Dick Fitz Simmons cut another notch in his club.

Then of course G. O. No. 7 must be enforced and the M. P's are the greatest little enforcers on the Border, if we do say it as shouldn't. While the boys encamped at McAllen have had the significance of the order firmly impressed upon them by reason of a few strenuous sessions with General Court Martial, the guardsmen visitors to town wot not of the penalties against looking upon the liquid when it is amber. As a result the M. P's have had more to do than to smile at the young lady at the soda fountain.

Lieut. Col. Foster is an on-the-job commanding officer of the Division police and makes his rounds with all the thoroughness of a metropolitan commissioner. Even Col. Bingham in his palmiest Manhattan days could teach our Colonel nothing. And Lieut. Morgan still continues to keep as his motto in the management of the McAllen precinct, "Efficiency and Service." The boys all try to live up to the precepts of their two popular commanders.

Under Corporal Sidney Sands, this branch has developed a real live detective bureau. To hear the Corporal talk and to glance over the elaborate filing-system would convince one that some M. P's out-Sherlock Holmes himself.

"Raidemalls" last "case" was a Missing Ingersoll and after four weeks valiant sleuthing he unearthed the fact that "some Mexican" had it. The only thing the bureau lacks is a Bertillion measuring outfit. What a collection of finger-prints the boys could compile!

Ralph M. Hegeman of Co. G, 7th Inf., who has been dubbed "Flagstaff" by his facetious comrades, had an amusing experience last week. At least, the bunch thought it humorous. Ralph refuses to be quoted on the subject.. There is an unwritten law that for every stray horse picked up by an M. P. and brought home to the rescue station behind the Fire House, the owner shall pay the sum of one dollar—to get the "caballo" out of hock as it were. Said simoleon goes to swell the mess fund and the force has been living high of late. Hegeman while out scouting near the 7th camp, stumbled over a stray cow that appeared to be homeless and friendless. Although a doughboy, Hegeman claims to be able to tell a horse and a cow apart—when they are together. Be that as it may, Ralph could see no reason why the dollar rule wouldn't apply to cows as well as horses so with a reassuring pat on the docile creatures head, he attempted to lead her back to Headquarters where a nice warm dinner and comfortable bed would await her. But Bossy rewarded him with no grateful gleam in her large brown eyes. In fact, the bovine refused to leave the succulent grass where she had browsed contentedly. With visions of cream for his coffee, Ralph edged to the rear of the lady and started to shove, which was no gentlemanly thing to do under the circumstances. She balked and raising her head, emitted such a mournful moo that No. I at the 7th called out the guard.

Just as Hegeman seized the rope and began to tug with awakened determination the owner of the cow strolled out of Vela's and onto the scene and strolled off again, the cow gently ambling along behind. "Much obliged for amusing her while I got my drink, sonny," he called back over his shoulder. A shout of laughter arose from an interested little group on the other side of the 7th's lines. M. P. Hegeman discovered urgent business at the other end of his beat.

Speaking about the mess, as we were a few paragraphs above, the detachment of late has been feeding on quail on toast, not through the munificenc of lost-horse owners but through the marksmanship of some of the boys who own shot guns. We refrain from mentioning their names because we wouldn't be too sure that the Texas game laws haven't anything to say on the subject of quail. Not that the M. P's would violate any of the laws of the land but we'll wait until next week before publishing the names of the Nimrods and in the interim we'll read up on the code of the Hunt.

Sergt. O'Brien, who has been confined to the hospital for the last ten days by an attack of dengue fever, is reported convalescing rapidly. We all hope that the popular Sergeant will soon be back in our midst. The boys have missed his genial presence.

Military Policeman Jordan of the 1st Cavalry spends his spare hours in teaching the doughboys (footmen, he calls them) the difference between a horse and a hack. Jordan's horse is a Horse—most others are hacks. Live and learn, say we.

Francis Thorne from the 7th still goes about his peaceful way, undisposed towards all who would make trouble and preaching "gentleness" to all who would disturb the peace on his beat. Mistaking his kindly smile for a pacifist's simper, a visitor from Pharr, who had loaded himself to the gunwales (undoubtedly before he entered McAllen) attempted to tweak Thorne's nose. When the visitor woke up he was a visitor no longer for he reposed in the guard house of his own camp. But such occurences are by no means rare. It's all in the afternoon's afternoon, as Fitz would say.

Sergt. Mike Brady objected most strenuously to our little anecdote about himself in last week's Rattler. The Sergeant wants it made very plain that he does not boast a brogue and that when we attributed to him the following speech: "Will ye come along peace able now?"—we were in error. It should have read, "Will you take it now or wait until I haul you down by the hospital?" Knowing Mike as well as we do we cheerfully make this retraction. So strong is our esteem that we'd retract anything he said—and do it in a helluva hurry too.

The boys have become so interested in their new work that they are taking out a subscription to "The Police Gazette." Now they will become very technical or extremely "country-club"—as Fitz would say.

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