

## News Sent In By Our Division Units

### McAlLEN MILITARY POLICE.

"The King is dead, long live the King," so cry the loyal subjects when the royal court physician signs the last bulletin and counts his chances of collecting a title for helping the new incumbent to a soft seat on the cushioned throne.

Which may or may not be apposite to the subject under discussion. But the McAllen precinct has changed chiefs within the last week. Lieut. Charles N. Morgan, our popular commander, has departed hence, not in the manner of the taking-off of the monarch mentioned above nor has he been transferred to the goats up at Pharr. Ah, no, he was lucky enough to draw a thirty-day leave of absence and as this is being penned our erstwhile leader is arranging his business affairs in a land where M. P. means "Mix in Plenty." And to our midst has come 1st Lieut. Dean Nelson of the 2nd N. Y. Field Artillery, the new assistant to Chief Foster and the wielder of the baton at McAllen headquarters.

Lieut. Nelson inaugurated his reign by paying a hurry call to all the local joy-dispensers and the fat proprietors who had perhaps visualized increased profits from a resumption of the O. D. trade through the change of police regime, drew their heads back in their buckhorns like so many frightened turtles. In other words, Lieut. Nelson promised them the same immunity under his administration that they enjoyed under Lieut. Morgan's. That is to say, they will be immune from having soldiers pester them by buying drinks. And the new C. O. did not need an interpreter to explain this to the spiggotty bar-keepers. He just waved his club touched his blue arm band and smiled genially. The Mexes understood.

Lieut. Col. Foster is still Chief and says he enjoys it more than running the New York World. But the Colonel spoiled half his fun when he clamped the lid on so tight the screws nearly cracked. What's the use of being an M. P. if there is nothing to raid, say we as shouldn't. Not that I would go so far as to state no one in O. D. ever gets a drink in McAllen. Even Syd knows that once in a while a brown bottle is slyly passed out of a hole in the wall to the waiting hands of a foxy guardman. Then it's "on with the raid, let joy be now confined." The confinement is from ten to thirty days duration, and at the end of that time the fox sprouts feathers and takes on all the characteristics of a goose. In passing let me mention that there is a certain poetic justice in the appointment of an artillery officer to police captaincy at McAllen.

I have investigated the Texas game laws and discovered that the quail season opens December 1st. To my best recollection our M. P. Nimrods have bagged no quail in the past. Through an error in last week's letter I mentioned "quail" as the object of their hunting expeditions. I am no ornithologist. The birds which fall before their thundering 12's are properly known as Mexican doves, I have been reliably informed. I take it that is the same feathered songster that chirrup the peace notes at the sessions of the Mexican-American Commission. One variety of the Mex. dove family is known as White Wings.

Recently I wrote home that the boys were out shooting white wings and Mabel immediately envisaged a terrible strike riot with the McAllen street cleaners.

The boys have lately been equipped with business like Colt revolvers and instructed to use them in case of necessity. How bloodthirsty does that ominous phrase sound! Let the rollicking roisterers from Pharr now beware. Lead pills will cure more ills than O. D. ones, it is said. In this my correspondence, I am going to carefully refrain from the mention of certain individuals in any spirit of unbecoming levity. Perhaps all the force will have learned how to cock their pistols and then I should be greatly embarrassed were my veracity to be questioned or any comment passed among them as to my personal appearance.

Living on the stage of a moving picture theatre has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," when played upon a piano that was a relic before the Battle of Bull Run, is not calculated to soothe to sleep the tired M. P. But then one does not have to shell out to attend the bally cinema. There is more than one metropolitan flavor to this detachment.

Again have I cause to mention those two sterling guardians of the public peace and safety, the Terrible Twins before whom tremble the evildoers and the transgressor—Richard Croker Fitz Simmonds of the 7th and Mike Brady of the 12th. (Just a minute, boys, I do not wish to have you mistake the above statement which may seem ambiguous, as it were. Sentence above not to read that you two estimable gentlemen are the evildoer and the transgressor. Ah, not far be it from such. Those reprehensible guerrillas but tremble in your august presence.)

Sorry to take up your time, busy reader, with these explanations, but clarity covers a multitude of shins when shillalals are hefty and handy. Fitz and Mike are very thick—the honors for being the thicker are about even. Fitz, be it known, pounds a beat no longer but rides in state with Col. Foster on tours of inspection or sudden raids. That is, Fitz drives the "boiler," as he calls it, and the Colonel tells him which way to turn around a square corner. As Fitz and the Commish sail by in the official chariot, Mike may be seen doing the heel and toe act on the pavement outside of Schlitz's. Fitz has become very "400" as he himself would express it. As Richard only works from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m., the position seems something of a sinecure to Mike. But they foregather at mess and when Irish meets Irish—well, you know how it is yourself.

The other day a newcomer arrived in the detachment. Charlie Ferris sized up the late arrival and seeing the new M. P. looked as though he might be relied upon in a raiding party, he confided to him that there was "a blind tiger up near the camp and we're going to pinch it tonight." The rookie started, gasped and cleared his throat.

"Er—why not leave the poor unseeing beast alone. It must be quite harmless but there's no use in unduly annoying it. Perhaps it will wander back to the circus of its own accord."

Sergeant O'Brien of the 7th, who had been confined to the base hospital for a few weeks with an attack of dengue fever, has now entirely recovered and is back with the boys on the force. Needless to say, the Sergeant's return was the scene of a demonstration among the M. P.'s. for O'Brien has won popularity by his fairness and geniality while on the job.

### THE KNAVE OF CLUBS.

### 2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

D. street is in a state of soldierly hilarity. Small wonder. Major General O'Ryan, big chief of the New York Division, dropped in upon the camp of the 2nd Field Artillery on Saturday, and, after an inspection, pronounced D street a model thoroughfare of military canvas.

More than that, the General was not exactly satisfied with seeing it for himself; he wanted all his staff to see it, and consequently during the afternoon, all the officers of Division Headquarters came rolling down with the General to look over the perfect block. The great waving palms that for long have made this place a joy to live in as well as to walk through, all came under the gaze of those who are managing the affairs of 15,000 men.

The street was as clean and speckless as your lady's parlor on the evening you always call. A cigarette butt was as rare as a dime the day before pay-day. Each tent seemed to be just crying out with a boastful pride because it could look a house-wife in the face without a blush.

And not only was the street clean, and not only did the palms cry out their vindication of being there, but each tent was neatly encircled with tiny shells, ranged about the front, after the manner of a Bronx Park real estate office, with an entrance and a garden plot on both sides of the door. The effect of this decorative scheme was to make a remarkable change in the general appearance. The street took the eye immediately as contrasting so greatly with other streets. It took the dullness from the sandy stretch between the lines of brown canvas. It made a thing of symmetry as well as bringing optical relief where before the only symmetrical thing about it was two straight parallel lines.

2nd Field Artillery may well boast soldierly ambition. It not only has streets as excellent as that one of them may be picked as the model for the entire New York Division, but it also has an office force that never fails and, even though it seldom has a day off (and then uses it cleaning up odds and ends of such business as sweeping the office), always bears a cheerful mien and gets away with a whole bunch of labor. The clerk who thinks he isn't getting a vacation by coming down here to live under a canvas ceiling better try a day or so in the 2nd Field's adjunct office. He had better go ask Sergeant Major Pruter to show him the shelves of Special Orders that this office has gotten out—hundreds in a day—since the outfit landed near Mexico. Hours are 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. and then some more. Here is the way the force describes itself.

Frederick de Figanerie, Captain, Adjutant (Regimental); Frederick Pruter, Sergeant Major (Regimental); Gimme A. Stover, Sergeant Major 1st Bat., (Once in a while); William H. Moller, Color Sergeant, Regimental; Chubby O'Neil, Sergeant, Headquarters Co., formerly Bat. C.; Herman Grebert, Sergeant, Battery F; Sniffy Lawrence, Porter, Headquarters Co., formerly Bat. E.

Col. D. W. Hand, who, as most every one knows, came to the National Guard from the Regulars, detailed to train the former dough-boys of the used-to-be 65th Infantry, N. Y., into artillerymen, paid a visit to the 2nd Field recently, and his remarks ought to make every soldier of us feel a good deal prouder of his outfit than he has been for weeks past. It seems strange but nevertheless it is a fact, that, after a few weeks of misery in the wilds of Texas mud and sun, the general patriotic love for itself existing in each unit of the division, waned and while the same patriotism which called men to the colors still existed, the loyalty to the unit faded, to some extent. But as soon as the acclimation process, so hard and stern but so efficient, had finished its job, and the boys became more comfortable in these unaccustomed surroundings, this love of the outfit sprang into being again. It was manifested in the fight ring and in the various contests between the regiments. Therefore when such an officer as Colonel Hand comes into your regiment, inspects it, and then compliments your own officers upon the completeness of the camp you have worked so hard to make, says that your guard mount is unbeatable by any outfit he has ever seen, and a lot of things of that sort, then you ought to feel that after all you have made something of a soldier of yourself. There is something worth while in it. Even if we never reach Mexico we have done something not to be sneered at.

### 3RD FIELD ARTILLERY.

We of the 3rd have learned something important already—something important about Texas, and of course anything about Texas that can be considered important must be very important indeed. We have learned not to judge the weather, not to anticipate it. We learned it while talking with a Texan.

"Do you think it is going to rain," we asked.

"Don't know," he replied. "I'm a native."

We thought that rather strange and failed to see why, if he was a native, he couldn't tell more about the weather than anyone else. He clarified the remark a bit however by saying:

"You can always tell a native down here by askin' him if it's agoin' to rain. If he's a native he don't know. Anybody who predicts weather in Texas is either a newcomer or a damn fool."

But the weather is not the only thing in Texas that surprises. Of course we

of the 3rd have heard a little about prices here but had no idea that the U. S. Eagle could possibly fly so high. A dollar is out of sight. In fact it is so small a soldier can hardly see it. Another thing that surprised many was the extensive camp of the New York Division. Most of the artillerymen had but little notion that they were a part of such a gigantic organization, and did not realize that to house such a crowd of drabbed men required many square miles.

The 3rd is not so green about everything as their neighbors may suppose, however. It is true that they have come into a camping ground already cleared of cactus, and to some extent of tarantulas and scorpions, and they will soon go into a much better site—when the 1st moves out. But it is not to be supposed that these boys know nothing about carving a camp out of the earth. They carved out their own home up in the old home state and made a camp that any regiment could well be proud of. While they may not be as well trained in the artillery game as those who have been at it for years, they are not a bit tender when it comes to being able to live right down close to Mother Earth like the rest of us. And in Colonel Hand the boys have a commander of whom they may well be proud, and who will soon bring them into a state of supreme efficiency as artillerymen.

### HEADQUARTERS L'ETACHMENT

This paragraph is dedicated to Russ Mott, who promises to buy five copies if we put his name in the paper. Well, Russ, you're in, but as for saying something clever or nice about you (he asked for that, too), well, you know even though you are a good fellow and give Chunky his oats every day or so, we can't be so all-fired clever on 50 cents a day.

Max Wooster hatched out the idea of taking on an hombre to shine shoes and scrub the floor of the non-com's tent. Now we have with us Señor Guadalupe, alias Lupe, alias Man Friday, alias Gunga-Din. Any time an inspection is pulled on the detachment, Frank Leach, Wooster, Mott and Sam Hiscox will be there with the nobby putts and the glad shoe-shine.

Mr. McWilliams now enters the field as a first class prize fighter. You know the details.

A pleasant time was had by all who went to Brownsville on Thursday to do the town, these being Leach, Wooster and Barton, with "Carl and Hollie," two invited guests from Troop H, as royal escort. From the enthusiastic reports they brought back, we may expect Brownsville to become as popular a visiting place with the detachment as Corpus Christi.

Art Fiske and Leo McNewman, 69th Inf., had a narrow escape from joining the Engineers the other day. You will try to go home, will you Art?

There's only one trouble with Sergt. Walter Lee. He makes us do a fast quarter mile at Assembly now, and we get up a whale of an appetite—for what? Oh Mackesy, why must we always be kicking about breakfast.

Sergt. Dick Kamma and cunning little Gyp Hunt have qualified as specialists in roaching manes. Eventually we'll have some dressy looking picket line.

Jack Butler, esteemed correspondent of this paper, is giving riding lessons to Dave Lewis. What is there in it for you, Jack?

We welcome to our numbers one Stuart J. Saks, who rustles for the Rattler and keeps the detachment in good humor when he happens to be home.

Here after gentlemen will please leave the mess hall when supper is over, and don't leave anything behind you.

### THE ARMY MULE

Although the motor truck and the motor cycle are coming more into general use in our army every day, experts say that the army mule will never be completely displaced by the auto. After contemplating the many auto trucks that have been marooned in the mire as a result of the last heavy rains we were convinced of the usefulness and reliability of the mule. Stubborn and vindictive, his enemies, the motor's friends, call him. Yet there is no more patient or plodding animal built with four legs. Watch him and his "teammates" haul their heavy loads past some mud-stalled and useless haughty six-cylinder monster and if you scrutinize Brer Mule closely you will be rewarded by catching the derisive gleam in his eye and the curled lip that so eloquently expresses his amused scorn for the high-toned gas dray.

Long live the Army Mule!

### THAT WONDERFUL STATE OF TEXAS

Did you know that Texas is a wonderful State for home-grown life insurance companies?

That Texas laws compel a railroad to run one train a day in each direction, and that this train must be not more than 30 minutes late?

That prize fighting is a penal offense in Texas? (except in McAllen.)

That card playing in public is a criminal offense, second only to horse stealing?

That Texas is the only state where it can rain and shine at the same time? Or rain in McAllen and never touch Mission?

That Texas has more gambling devices on the cigar counters than all of New York's "Tenderloin"?

That Texas, and especially the Magic Valley, grows better oranges than California, finer watermelons than Georgia, sweeter grape fruit than Florida, and so on, and sells them for higher prices than they do in New York City?

That Texas is a great state for a Mason—or an Elk?

Did you know—well, what's the use? We wrote this to cheer you up, but we're just filling space. Let it go at that.

I. A.—Do you know you owe The Rattler two cents?

# SHOTGUNS

We have them, big boys and little fellow, all of them sighted and tested for quick shooting.

A dozen models to choose from. Also full stock of Remington and U. M. C. ammunition.

"The Lieutenant goes shooting, why don't you?"

## McAllen Hardware Company

E. D. CABLE, Manager

Be Sanitary, Keep Clean

## Eureka Laundry

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

Branch office next to Division camp Exchange.

Bundles left at office can be called for in three days.

Allen Archer, Agt.

McAllen, Texas

## It's three Days to Brownsville

Stock up with smokes, sweet chocolate and crackers. Snappy service always

## Jack Knows What You Want

Stop on your way to and from camp.

## First Cavalry Canteen.

# Welch's

## The National Drink

WELCH'S is healthful. It's a natural tonic. It is not a manufactured drink, not a make believe, but one of Nature's inimitable products pure and wholesome. The Welch Process is clean and quick and gives you the unchanged juice of premium price New York State Concord.

AT canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's.

THE individual "Junior" bottle sells for ten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

SEE THAT IT IS COLD.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY,

Westfield, N. Y.

