

News From Our Division Units

4TH AMBULANCE CO.

If asked upon their return to Syracuse on that "some day"—be it in the immediate future, or at the end of their enlistments—just what the most interesting experience of their Border life was, the members of the 4th Ambulance Co. will answer in unison, "The Trip to Fort Ringgold." The trip personally arranged by Major General John F. O'Ryan of the Sixth Division as a reward for efficient service, fully came up to the proudest expectations of the Salt City boys, affording as it did, their first real taste of life in the field.

The start was made from McAllen, the Fourth's home, at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning, practically the entire company going. The first halt was a brief one, but 15 minutes, at Mission. Resuming the march, the column moved to Chihuahua, the official railway designation of the ranch of Ramon Vela, arriving at about 1 o'clock.

With the clockwork mechanism of regulars, camp was established, the work being marked by a total absence of the confusion that generally distinguishes the militia outfit. In one half hour the ambulances had been lined up, the mules unhitched, watered and fed, the mess tent pitched and dinner started, the dressing station established and both the officers' tent and the line of pup tents pitched. In another 15 minutes the men were dining on vegetable soup, bread and jam, and lemonade. The remainder of the day was devoted to the score of recreations of the men in khaki—hunting, mapping photos, etc. The hunting blue ribbon went to Private Herbert Meyer, who brought down a six-pound jackrabbit. Taps blew at 9 o'clock.

The stars were still shining brightly when the first call blew in the morning and promptly at 7 o'clock the line of march was resumed. The only departure from military etiquette was a series of hearty cheers for Senor Vela, who reviewed the company from the upper veranda of his magnificent modern ranch house. Enroute to the next camp site at Los Ebanos, the Fourth passed through Vegas, a town wholly Mexican, and Sam Fordyce, the railroad terminal, also a station of the Twenty-eighth Infantry.

At Los Ebanos camp was established upon a plaza now used as a parade ground by detachments of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry and of the Twenty-second New York Engineers. Lined upon the plaza is a wagon train of the engineers bearing a full pontoon bridge ready for instant throwing across the Rio Grande, a grim reminder that, in the words of the Fourth's song, "We're here for business." The regulars at Los Ebanos are established in the ruins of an old brick kiln, a semi-fort, which commands a view of the Rio Grande and surrounding country. S. B. Schwartz carried a 7th Infantry man's

to line were posed for by the "Scalpmalive Motion Picture Company," composed of these "noted thespians, Fred Wells, Bob Clark, Clair Kompe, Walter Coolidge, Bert Moss, Ed Stevens, Charles Woodruff, Ray Lavoy, Thomas Halloran, George Jones, Herbert Meyer, C. C. Clearwater and "Director" C. B. Bahn.

At Fort Ringgold, the Fourth's men met two Syracusans, Major John Miller and Private William Young, both of the Twenty-eighth Infantry. The visit of the Fourth gave many of the regulars their first glimpse at an ambulance company, of which there are only eight in the United States Army, and only five in the United States proper.

The last leg of the trip was started with a call to arms at 2 a. m. at Chihuahua. With rumors of Border unrest flying for the previous few days, and the men under orders to sleep with guns and ammunition at their sides in the pup tents, the alarm had all the thrills of a call to arms in actual warfare. The first notes of the bugle brought every man to his feet, and when assembly sounded almost immediately the company to a man was in line and ready for the inspection of revolvers.

This was followed by the orders "strike dog tents, hitch ambulances and prepare to march." In just one hour and fifteen minutes the company was on the march, a remarkable record when it is considered that the call to arms was entirely unexpected, that the entire camp had to be struck, and the site cleaned, blanket rolls made, etc., all of this work being performed in the inky darkness or by lantern light. It was just 7:05 o'clock when the column moved into its home camp at McAllen. Since its return, the Fourth has celebrated (on November 10,) its first anniversary of its first year of existence, five months having been spent under arms in the field.

7TH INFANTRY.

The Seventh, fulfilling its part in the new program of augmented patrol along the Rio Grande is now living partly on the banks of the river and partly in McAllen with all the self-consciousness of a munitions millionaire with new town and country houses. Grim-visage Mars frowns his approval on the bronzed nephews of Uncle Sam as they sturdily swing out of their comfortable camp with shower-baths and canteens and set their shoulders resolutely as they start off down the road on their 8-mile hike to their outposts along the restless Rio. And as this is being written the 1st Battalion is serving flag and country within stone's throw of the enemy's lines—but no one is allowed to throw stones. Who knows what grave dangers may beset them there? Who can foretell the terrible consequences that would follow the forced forcing of the

FIRST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

To the Editor of The Rattler.
Sir: Wednesday, October 11, Mr. Hooper, who drives one of the Packard transport fleet, started from McAllen for Donna Pump with Private McCann and myself. For several days previous, contrary to the usual conditions in Texas, the dry season was interrupted by a steady downpour of rain. The road between Hidalgo and Donna Pump, were in condition only for snakes, frogs, toads, and in some places a boat might have afforded some pleasure.

On Monday of the same week Hooper succeeded in making the trip from McAllen to Llano Grande and return via the main road in less than five hours. This record pleased Major Hallahan to the extent of allowing McCann and myself to make the trip to Donna Pump presumably in the same length of time. Wednesday morning was clear without a cloud in the sky, and we figured not more than five or six hours for the trip. Our equipment consisted of the clothes on our backs and one canteen filled with the usual cold water fresh from the faucet.

Leaving McAllen our first stop was Mission. There the trouble began, when we took on a load of iron poles. Lieut. Hoff of the Texas Militia with Privates Amerman and Hart of the Regular Army Signal Corps were waiting for us with a second truck. About 10 a. m. both trucks started for Hidalgo. We arrived at Hidalgo in time for noon mess, which was the time we allowed for the whole trip. At 1 p. m. with fifteen miles to go, we headed for Donna Pump along the river road. Both drivers were making remarkable progress when suddenly we noticed the wild gesticulations of a dark-skinned native. Regardless of the fact that our Spanish vocabulary was limited to "Boenis dies" we realized that he was making every effort to warn us against the mud holes in our path. We stopped while Lieut. Hoff made a careful study of the road and possible detours. The combined forces of both trucks finally pulled through. This was a mere beginning, and for several hours all took part in an old-fashioned game of football consisting of line-bucking only. To gain five yards, it was necessary to fall back three and then plunge. We played four quarters of one hour each and no intermission.

Lieut. Hoff, believing in preparedness, brought with him a signalling outfit, and as he decided that we could not make Donna Pump, tapped in on the military line. It was an agreeable surprise to all to be allowed to order our evening meal by telephone while we were surrounded on all sides by cactus plants and mesquite trees. We drank the water left in the canteens and started on, when a rumbling in the distance warned us against an approaching storm. A storm never traveled so fast and lasted as long as this one. In less than ten minutes we were drenched. Luck was with us, however

Allen. Major Hallahan ordered a guard to be placed over the abandoned truck while the fleet commander sent out at once a rescue truck.

At 2:30 the next morning McCann and myself were awakened by Hooper. the rescue truck had pulled our truck out of the mud and brought it back to camp with the guard. Both trucks were waiting not far from our tent, to take us back. After arousing Lieut. Hoff to gain his permission to leave, this, by the way, was a very diplomatic move, we all started at once for Donna. At 6 a. m., after a rough journey, we passed through Donna. The balance of the trip was easy sailing along the main road and both trucks were in McAllen at 7 a. m.

After a hearty breakfast at Delmonico's, McCann and I pulled into camp, much to the gratification of Major Hallahan.

(Signed) PVT. J. KAELBER.

3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Four inspections in six days! Some record, and more to come we understand. Maybe they just happened to remember about some Ambulance Companies being in the Division, and they're making up for having neglected us so long. We appreciate the compliment (if it's not over done,) but we wonder what it is all about, and whether it means New York or Mexico.

Musician Tracy, Newfield, F. Sabater and DeLiso were chosen to fill the duties of inspectors of election last week by the 3rd's voting men, Tracy and Newfield representing the Democrats and DeLiso and Sabater the Republicans. Newfield was chosen by the other three to act as chairman.

Rose is back from his studies at the hospital, (he was taking up domestic science if you remember,) and says he expects to remain over the holidays. We hope he means in the "3rd" and not Texas.

Bill Logan changes occupations faster than we can keep up with him. He is now driving one of the motor ambulances attached to the camp hospital.

The pack section, under the command of Sergt. Tracy, enjoyed the novelty of a hike to Donna and back one day last week, loaded with coin of the realm; the whole distance of twenty-five miles, covered in about four and one half hours shows this detail to be in splendid condition, and ready for actual field service if necessary.

Anthony DeLiso is back from his pre-election duties on the Republican State Committee, and is again busy with camp duties. The "Count" says "the next time there is a presidential election his vote is going to count—and it won't be at Mack-Allen either." The bunch were about to begin counting "Money, Money Everywhere, but not a Cent for us!" When the welcome paymaster blew in one

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