

News From Our Division Units

FIRST CAVALRY.

I was trying to write something about the First Cavalry. For an hour I had sat with my head in my hands without being able to think of a single thing which they had done to justify their existence. Obviously the situation was grave.

"Apeles."

The voice came from between a straw hat and a basket, which stood at the tent door supported by a small pair of legs. The thing was a statement rather than an inquiry as to whether I wanted to buy anything. Fearing I might misunderstand it began to move away quickly.

"How much?"

A grin registering friendliness, but otherwise vacant, "quanto." "Three for a nickel." There in ended his vocabulary and therein lies the value of the Mexican salesman. If you buy, you buy. If you shake your head, they have no argument left.

What a relief for the tired business man if when the eternal dispensers of literature come around he could say "quanto?" receive the reply "five cents a week for forty years," then dismiss the whole thing with a graceful shake of the head.

I bought an apple on the friendship plan. That is, I got the nearest man to put up the nickel in return for which I took one apple as commission leaving him two, which is all one man should eat on an empty stomach.

"Drawwork."

This time it was a venerable bandit whose features from the eyes to the beard were suggestive of the Mexican goat. With his muzzle pressed against the screen door of the tent, he disclosed his whole sales campaign in this one word.

"How much?" I asked. He nodded to show that he was with me in anything I said. A shake of the head and he tottered quietly away, apparently tickled that the whole affair had passed off so pleasantly.

My mind aroused along commercial lines by these business transactions, I determined to do my "Christmas Shopping early" in order to keep the poor McAllen shop girls off their feet on Christmas eve. Postal cards struck me as being a very appropriate thing to send. It isn't the monetary value of the gift, it is the remembrance. Such being the case, why not get out or it as cheaply as possible. I went to town.

After five months on the Border, my selection of cards was limited to something like this:

(1) "Mexican beauties of Southern Mexico," having a remarkable resemblance to a couple of honest nigger wash ladies of San Antonio.

(2) "Hay bunnies along the Border." This highly colored photographic war scene depicted a pile of hay bales, evidently believed by the imaginative artist who colored them to have been shipped from the blue grass country. Draped about the sides of the pile asleep and in other characteristic poses was a headquarter's fatigue, evidently the defending force.

(3) "A typical camp on the Border." This interesting camp, which is apparently situated on the border of the Sahara desert, is formed from odd squares of canvas upheld at the corners by broom handles.

"The Rattlesnake, the soldiers' mascot" did not strike me as conveying quite the right impression and in the same way, I laid aside "The Soldiers' Pet," showing a gela monster sleeping in the palm of a hand.

For similar reasons I passed over the "Cremation of Mexican Bandits" as not being quite in accord with the Christmas spirit, besides being somewhat misleading as to our activities on the Border.

As a last resort, I considered a series entitled "Our Soldier Boys." In this group a dozen gay boys in blue uniforms might be seen doing all sorts of carefree things around a strange looking camp. The artist who colored the photographs had apparently been limited to two colors, blue and green. The uniforms he had made blue for realism. Everything else, sky, ground, tents and even the faces and hands of the soldiers were a pale pea green.

I felt that even these wouldn't do and turned sadly into a place which announced itself as a Mexican curio shop.

Here I was confronted with the choice of some Irish pine lace at \$20 a foot, a carved Japanese Ivory cane at \$10, a Navajo blanket, supposedly from Arizona, at \$15 and a silver whiskey flask, with "Border Service 1916" engraved around the bottom for \$12.50. With \$7 appropriated for Christmas expenditures, this was no place for me.

As I was turning to go my eye was caught by a small pile of post cards. The top one claimed to represent Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight. Struck by a sudden thought I examined those underneath. They were all the same.

English
Wrap
Puttees
may now be worm when off duty. Get a pair here. We are headquarters for the Valley.
\$2.75 a pair
January & Storms
Military Clothiers
Main Street McAllen

"Quanto?" I asked the gentleman behind the counter, the only genuine Mexican curiosity in the place.

He shook his head and grinned, friendly but blank.

"How much?"

"Five each."

"I'll take them all," I said, and a feeling of rest stole over me.—E. S.

2ND AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Despite numerous rumors to the effect that the 2nd Ambulance Company was going home, we are still "doing business at the old stand." According to a Rochester paper, the Company was due to leave Pharr on Nov. 15th.

A great deal of attention is being given to horsemanship now, under the instructions of Capt. R. D. Richman, who is an experienced horseman. Under his direction, all the members of the Company are becoming good riders.

Long rides are taken in the country surrounding Pharr, and the men look forward to their riding classes with pleasure.

During a recent ride, Sergeant Harold M. Elwood did a peculiar acrobatic stunt, which passes understanding, when his saddle became loose and slipped under the horse. This is of course; liable to happen to any mounted man. But here is the point, Sergeant Elwood, as well as others who saw the incident, would like to know how he stuck to the saddle, with both feet in the stirrups even after it was under the horse, and by a twist of the waist, as it were, landed right side up, on his feet. If every mounted man could accomplish this feat they would often avoid a bad fall.

Through ignorance, or carelessness, ye scribe referred last week to the Company's timber wolf, "Villa" as a coyote. Allow us to humbly beg Michael Keating, Sergeant Ping Evans and others pardons for such a grave mistake. A wild cat is the latest addition to the Company's zoo.

—E. M. O.

4th AMBULANCE CO.

The 4th Ambulance Co. of Syracuse today has a vacancy in its list of commissioned officers, the resignation of First Lieutenant Frederick S. Wetherell, having been accepted by the War Department on November 17. Lieut. Wetherell's resignation, for business reasons, was submitted a few days previously upon his departure for Syracuse on a 30-day leave of absence. This makes practically two vacancies for First Lieutenant Seymour C. Schwartz of the Fourth has been transferred to the Medical Corps of the 23rd New York Infantry, reported to be next in line for orders for home.

The first anniversary of the Fourth duly celebrated by a banquet, the members of Zeta-Alpha chapter of Phi Upsilon Fraternity of Syracuse in the unit are planning a dinner to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the founding of the fraternity. Phi Upsilon is unique in American Greek letter organizations in that it is non-collegiate and non-scholastic, instead opening its ranks to young business and professional men as well as to students. It is incorporated in New York state and has members in two Syracuse National Guard units—Battery A, First Field Artillery, and the Fourth Ambulance Company.

Zeta-Alpha chapter, a provisional lodge for the Sixth Division was organized upon the Fourth's train, en route to the Border. Its president is Private Charles G. Woodruff, a former president of Zeta chapter of Syracuse, and the secretary, Private Chester B. Bahn, a past grand president. Its membership roll includes Sergeant First Class Bert Gifford, Acting Sgt. Arthur Gwynn and Privates Guy E. Mendell, David S. Earl, Beile Hutehinson, Edward Stevens and Claude Bentley. Another Phi U man, Harold Multer, is enrolled in the Fourth's depot unit, Battery A, until its departure for old Syracuse, was represented by Private Alfred Kenyon.

Although 2,800 miles from the Salt City, the events there hold a keen interest for the ambulance men. Several hundred dollars were wagered on the Colgate-Syracuse game, which the Orange dropped 15-0, while there were also several bets placed upon the Syracuse and Central New York interscholastic football race, both won by the first time in the school's history by Syracuse North High. Four members of the Fourth on receiving a bulletin announcing North's decisive defeat of Central High of Syracuse, sent a congratulatory telegram to Principal Marshall W. Downing of the North High School. Its reading was one of the features of the celebration at the school, press reports say.

While talk of orders forthcoming in the near future continues, members of the Fourth through the tent squads are preparing for cold weather and a possible stay through the winter, following the example of tent squad No. 6 which has transformed its tent into what its members term a castle and others a box stall. But there are no more cold feet in No. 6.

Inspections by both National Guard and United States Army officers continue to practically feature the daily routine of the Fourth Ambulance Co., of Syracuse. Following inspections by Major General John F. O'Ryan and Major E. S. Steers, the Salt City Sanitary unit received a visit from Col. H. H. Bandholtz, chief of staff, of the 6th Division, accompanied by Col. William E. Terriberry, chief surgeon. The officers found much to commend and but little to criticize.

First Lieut. W. E. Truex has been designated by Capt. J. B. Latta as company sanitary inspector and quartermaster. Lieut. R. H. Downing of the Fourth who was with Troops I and E of the First New York Cavalry at Webb's ranch as acting medical officer has rejoined the Fourth.

Private Reginald Ballantyne of Troop D, a physician residing at Manlius, N. Y. is at present quartered with the Fourth. Dr. Ballantyne will take the examination for a commission in the Medical Corps.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

After much handshaking and sad farewells the men in the detachment from the 7th got away. Now the camp is quiet, not like a deserted village but quiet because now one can rest with ease. They are greatly missed, but their memory will endure forever. Received a postal from Hiseox from Houston, and though they are home-ward bound, something seemed wrong. Sam said "I arrived at and will leave Houston strictly sober," but then I suppose Sam's conscience must have bothered him.

The old 7th drum corps is missed, the "Top" claims that it's hard to get up mornings without them. Sergt. Lee is going to make the request that the 12th band be made to play louder or that he be presented with an alarm clock by his guerillas.

"Our Mac," the civilian who does all the work in the office, claims that he can do more work than any six in the outfit, but I suppose like other civilians, his views are very queer.

The crew will be treated to a real feast tomorrow, and with their first goes with it, the boys will not get that "they're in the army now." To make the event a memorable occasion, nice, pretty menus will be served with the names of the members of the detachment on the back. Wouldn't it be funny if they got the menu and the roster mixed. Can you imagine ordering a portion of Dave Lewis and Jack Butler.

Men in the other units of the Division seem to have the idea that everything that goes on at Headquarters is discussed with the men in the detachment. Why are we always asked, "When are we going home?" How do we know, we are not in close touch with Washington, and, furthermore, we are never consulted on important matters that might come up.

—S. J. S.

2ND FIELD HOSPITAL.

Of course we are going home. You know that just as well as we do. No, our orders haven't reached us yet. Oh, yes, sure. We expected them a day or two after the 7th Regiment pulled out, but they seem to have been mixed up and lost. A captain What's his name, whom we have seen around Division Headquarters a lot, told one of our officers, who told one of our Sergeants, who told us. Oh, yes, he knows positively that the orders were issued by the War Department ordering us home. They have been transmitted here, and we feel sure that the papers must have been packed away with the Division Surgeon's automobile and his folding camp furniture. We are going to have the matter looked into, pronto.

Do you want to make some money? Come over and see us. We will bet you anything you want and give you all the odds haven't you? We will bet you that tomorrow morning will be cloudy and that the sun will rise in a great big ball of fire; bet you that we will receive orders by tonight to move, or else we will bet you that we won't receive any orders before January 1st. If you will come over here some Thursday about next week, you will be able to place a bet that we are alive and get takers.

The arrival of the 4th Field Hospital and the coming of Thanksgiving and us a little hysterical and somewhat biased in our judgment. Outside of our desires to be home with the dear folks at this season of the year and the persistent din of the "dopesters," there is no basis of fact that we can discover for any homegoing call. As a matter of fact, the newspaper dope is rather against any return at the present. However, we are going to continue to kid ourselves along a while longer. Hope is a wonderful thing. We hope that tomorrow will bring us orders, and in that hope the work of the present day passes quickly and easily.

Sergeant Harry Folsom and Private Mike McCormack arrived from Albany Saturday. They have been trying for five months to break into the charmed circle of Federalized Militia and have just now succeeded. They look white and sick. That's just comparatively. They will look brown and healthy soon, and probably be just as sick as we are and not show it. Just think, they have been as anxious to get here to the Border as we are to get back home. Isn't life a peculiar thing? Nobody is ever satisfied.

Well, we certainly must admit that the "Movie" people are doing their best to keep us contented. If they insist on continuing their contracts with Miss Munson and Miss Kellerman, they will sure get us to like it down here yet.

The attitude of Big Jack, the cook seems to have changed. We suspect he has made a hit somewhere. He comes back to camp nights smilingly contented. We are sure that Jimmy Deau and Snuffy Prescott don't want to go home. They are a couple of million-aires' sons. Riding about in automobiles with pretty girls, and always broke because the night before they had been trimmed out of fabulous sums at poker at some mysterious hotel.

Sergeant Frey has become reconciled to his fate. We know this because he admitted to us that he drank Bevo. Anybody who knows Sergeant Frey knows that that's going some. Sergeant Luby, his pal, won't admit it, but we suspect him of having also become a Bevo drinker.

Buffalo Wade is getting thin. He must be pining away for his lieutenant who is at Fort Ringold. Cheer up, Frank, he's coming back soon.

Now that President Wilson is positively re-elected, the muscles on Kadie Malone's jaw are beginning to show signs of atrophy.

The rest of us are interested in our "I. O. D." tents. What's going to happen to them. We don't know of any particular reason why we should be particularly interested in the ultimate disposition of these tents. The Government owns them and the Government can do as it sees fit with

them. But just the same, we would like to have the Government do with those tents as we want. We don't know what we want yet, the diversity of opinion is too great and it has not crystallized to such an extent that any definite conclusions can be drawn. However, we always want what we want when we want it, and as usual in the army when we get what we want we won't want it. Well, no matter what the ultimate disposition of those I. O. D. tents is going to be, we do hope that the Division Surgeon's staff will be able to locate that misplaced order by the time they've got that automobile and camp furniture unpacked again.—J. W. P., Jr.

3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Well, well! Now that the 7th Infantry has gone home the "3rd" is the oldest outfit in the 6th Division, so far as the Border Service is concerned, having reached Harlingen on the afternoon of July 4th, being followed by the 12th Infantry some five or six hours later. We wonder if that means we will get those welcome orders next time our turn comes and will we be singing "Twas Christmas on the Border and the 3rd's brave boys were there?" Not that we complain, since duty well performed is its own reward (indeed it has to be in some cases), but as some wise gazabo remarked a long time ago, "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick," (and was it "soap long deferred maketh the dirt stick?" Anyhow, either will fit our case well enough since this cool weather struck us.

Kehee and Briggs are now back with us again after an absence of some weeks in San Antonio.

The Top Sergeant's tent seems much more presentable and fit as a place to carry on the "3rd's" business since it was remodeled, refurbished and re-systematized; not that the work has not always been most efficiently carried on, but now the whole thing will be much simpler and much easier on the "Sarge."

Donovan has been removed from his place on the picket line and has been detailed to the new veterinary hospital now in operation, Ramsey having taken his place at the stables.

The picket line has been changed so that our eighty-six animals are now being picketed on one single line. This simplifies matters in many ways, giving a much neater appearance, and necessitating much less labor to keep in good condition.

Everybody is suddenly interested in the discovery of ebony. Funny thing these Texans didn't find out before what it was that dulled their glow shares every fall. Well, it's not too late now to capitalize the discovery. Maybe the next time the troops are called out it will be to Alaska. Then perhaps the boys will utilize all this digging practice in prospecting for gold.

Our 7th Infantry friends promised most solemnly to give our regards to little old Manhatta, and to lay aside enough red paint for us to put on our own little coat when we get back. That is, if fortune favors us and we ever see the promised land.

Since our Incinerator man left his post on the staff and let his fire die down to a bed of coals, we wonder if our new fireman possesses the three qualities of courage, a sense of humor and plenty of spare time, and whether he will stoke up the old fire or build a new one altogether.

Speaking of Incinerators, Sergeant Bolin now has charge of the "3rd's" sanitary squad. Keep up the good work, "Boly," our spotless reputation is at stake.—D. E.

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