

News From Our Division Units.

TWELFTH INFANTRY

Following is a list of the 102 men who ran in the point-to-point race on Thanksgiving. With only several exceptions, they all finished the entire distance, and deserve a great deal of credit. We wish we could give the names of the runners as they came in at the finish, but the sixth, eighth and a couple of other races are disputed on account of two or more men finishing so close that only the moving picture film, if greatly magnified and carefully examined, could decide which of each "bunch" was leading. Besides, "there is glory enough for all."

Hdgrs.—Sgt. Goodman (Louis evident ly would have won if he'd trained instead of typewriting) and attended to G. C. M. matters) and Pvt. Bennett (Joe is a Mounted Orderly) nevertheless both finished strong.

Hospital Corps—Conlin, Fawcett, T. Fisher, Charles, McKenna and Bill O'Neill. (Though unused to hikes, they showed up well.)

White and Wild; Pvs. Britman, Seebach, Weintraub, Bernstein, Conboy, Hickey, McCoppin, Nathanson, Matheson, Meisel, Blicher, Devouville, Hunt, Matthews, Lapsley, Martinez, Hourigan, and Biesigel. (Best turn-out!)

B.—Sgt. Hearty, Corp. Chamberlain, Pvs. Boyajian, Dillon, Dugard, Gadarina C.—Pvs. Briscoe, Sands, Wetter, Wedler, Tirelli, Veldon, Peters, Nolan and Gillen.

D.—Blaney, Boreneman, McCoss, Fish and Wilkins.

E.—McEntee, Terrazzi (Kiddie Diamond and Purlois).

F.—Sgt. Murphy, Corp. Kirk; Pvs. Donath and Scully (And they got first and second out of that team.)

G.—Corp. Straub and Pvt. Hagan. (Both Walt and Jim carried much more than the minimum allowable—extra shoes, poncho, and so forth, thinking that the Saturday inspection equipment all had to be packed.)

H.—Corps. Carroll and Kenna, Pvs. Bertolotti, Kohl, Rogers and Rogus.

I.—Corps. Booth and Farrell, Pvs. Adams, Bunyan, Lory, Sproule and Maguire.

K.—Sgts. Masterson and Murray, Corps. Lederman, Stockman and Walker, Pvs. Giello, Goldman, Barnes, Raynor, Soloway, Stevens and Tullio.

L.—Corps. Brady Bryant and Campbell, Pvs. Cohen and Mayers.

M.—Sgt. Walker, Corps. Burnicke, Decker, Quay and Van Wyck, Pvs. Louis Fleck, Kuba, Lynchick, Phelan and Sylvan.

N.—Corp. Malone (Bobby had never carried a pack before, always having been assigned to "chauffeur") Pvs. Doran and Ryan.

Supply—Quinn ran all the way alongside of Donath, and coached him to victory. (Now the Supply Co. cannot be said to have been out of that race.)

More like a homecoming than a return from a furlough home was the reception tendered to First Sergeant Edward Murphy of the Headquarters Co. When he resumed his place as the head of the band, there was a big cheer all along the line of march. Everybody welcomed our popular drum-major, from the Colonel to the latest bunch of rookies.

Company F is a hog for glory. Not satisfied with one-two in the big race, Capt. Zorn reminds us that Malone, who came in fourth, is an old F man. Nor is this all. At the rifle range last week, 35 men, half of the company, fired both practice and record courses, and out of these there were 14 experts and 19 sharpshooters.

However, good old G will never be prevented from leading in at least one respect. This time it is in the Thanksgiving dinner. G's was the best in camp. The mess hall tables groaned with the delectable viands with which they were heaped, and the Colonel and Mrs. Johnston, who peked in before the voracious mob took possession, declared it was a great sight. Each cover consisted of two plates, one overflowing with varied fruits and nuts, the other with two different pies, two different cakes, candies, and other goodies we can't remember—though our stomachs did. The first course (Thanksgiving seems to have been all courses) was milk stew, teeming with fine little oysters of just the right size and taste. Then the celery, etc. Then the turkey—all you wanted—with a stuffing that Oscar and other famous chefs could not have surpassed, many fresh vegetables, and a lot of other trimmings. Plum pudding, of course. Choice of coffee, tea or chocolate. And—don't tell a soul about it—all you wanted of G. O.

HEADQUARTERS' DETACHMENT

7 refreshments. Oh yes! We nearly forgot. Smokes a plenty.

Company I are entitled to being recorded as having set down to the most sumptuous dinner. However, it was not held in camp but at the Methodist church, whose Ladies Missionary Society were their hostesses. And what decorations! Whoever would have thought the town of McAllen capable of such magnificence, such a dash and splash and mise-en-scene, such splendor and pomp and array.

Among the guests were Col. and Mrs. Johnston, Major Roosevelt, Captains Gauche and James and Lieutenants Abbott, Barber and Wikersham.

We are urgently requested by many men to express their thanks to the Ladies Missionary Society, the company officers and Mess Sergeant Alluisi, and it is a pleasure.

Thanksgiving was an occasion for Mess Sergeants and cooks and K. P. details. They deserve our thanks not only on such occasions, but all the year round. No one works more than they do. Not even we fellows in the Adjutant's office. Leaving that busy place late at night, we've often seen Paddy and Becker in Co. G kitchen still making pies and otherwise preparing for their sleeping company-mates' next days meals.

M. F. B.

4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

Announcement of the appointment of 16 new first class privates in the 4th Ambulance Company of Syracuse was made today by Captain Jefferson B. Latta, M. C., commanding. Those designated for the extra three dollars are: Frank Barfoot, John Brisbin, Walter Chuskel, Clayton Crandall, Frank Crandall, Arthur Hammond, Robert Hull, G. H. Jennings, Merton Jennings, R. J. Lanning, William Plant, Floyd Quiek, Bernard Tucker, John Stanton, 2nd and Fred Wells.

Private Claude Bentley, acting farrier of the Fourth, has been ordered on detached service at the camp veterinary hospital. Private Glenn Laidlaw has been detailed as orderly to First Lieut. W. E. Truex. Private Richard Harrison has been detailed as assistant to Acting Quartermaster Sergt. A. H. Smith. Private F. L. (Buddy) Hale has been detailed as chauffeur to General Lester, at First Brigade Headquarters.

The observance of Thanksgiving Day at the camp of the Fourth Ambulance Company of Syracuse rivaled the celebration of that unit's first anniversary on Nov. 10. The menu prepared by Mess Sgt. R. D. Glahn and Cook Walter Schindler was the acme of culinary art, and the decorations, which transformed the mess hall into a summer house, were an artistic triumph for Arthur Hammond, the designer. Dinner was served at 3 o'clock, the menu including pickles, celery, tomato soup, roast turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, creamed peas, apple dumpling, mince pie, chocolate ice cream, sweet cider, grape punch, fruit, nuts, cigars and cigarettes and demi tasse.

The menu cards formed a pleasing remembrance of the day. The inscription was printed in gold and also included the Texas State and the National flags in colors. On inside pages was the company roster, as well as the bill of fare. The mince pies served were sent from Syracuse by the Ladies Auxiliary, as was part of the fruit. Even Bull Korb, the prize bull dog mascot of the company, had a pie. As an honor guest, the Fourth had Mrs. Jefferson B. Latta, wife of the popular commander of the company. At the officers' table was also Lieut. Seymour C. Schwartz, now on duty with the Twenty-third Infantry at Pharr, who motored to McAllen for the occasion. At the enlisted men's table was Clifford Davis of McAllen.

The five hundred National Guardsmen who attended the high mass of Thanksgiving at the chapel of the 69th Infantry on Thanksgiving Day heard an interesting sermon advocating universal military service. A ringing appeal for greater patriotism, a scathing arraignment of those who declare republics ungrateful and a demand that "Service First," rather than "Safety First" be the Nation's battle cry, were contained in the sermon to the citizen-soldiers. The collection taken will be devoted to the relief of the war sufferers abroad. The President's proclamation was read during the service.

69TH INFANTRY

The five hundred National Guardsmen who attended the high mass of Thanksgiving at the chapel of the 69th Infantry on Thanksgiving Day heard an interesting sermon advocating universal military service. A ringing appeal for greater patriotism, a scathing arraignment of those who declare republics ungrateful and a demand that "Service First," rather than "Safety First" be the Nation's battle cry, were contained in the sermon to the citizen-soldiers. The collection taken will be devoted to the relief of the war sufferers abroad. The President's proclamation was read during the service.

Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York state was the guest of

HEADQUARTERS' DETACHMENT

With Thanksgiving over the men are looking forward to Christmas giving after the "great feed" last week every one is thinking the Army is pretty good after all. As yet there have been no announcements of deaths due to the effects of the siege of dinners.

Leach has departed to the 69th where he expects to spend a few months with the boys. Suppose we will hear about O'Leach or McLeach, anyway McNewman is a good old Irish name.

Russ Mott is still in the detachment, in fact you couldn't lose him on a bet. He is a typical cavalryman though, hard to get up in the morning and hard to keep still all day.

Our good old advisor, Sergeant Dorrey is now nicely located in his winter quarters and expects to spend a pleasant winter. I say "our advisor" because I remember the advice he gave me. You know we all dislike this Q. M. stuff and must show the sergeant the respect.

Don Wray was the lucky one to go as trailer on the 90 mile hike. Suppose Wray will come back claiming he is fit to be a Major.

Eddie Killner is now playing the "Oldfield" on the time off from his former duties and seems to thrive on the new assignment. Then old F. McNasty Mott takes the wheel from time to time.

Taken in all the Gurella's are still thriving and if allowed to continue will undoubtedly make a mark in the Border service. The camp greatly resembles a small farm, everything from chickens to a small sized goat. "Gyp" has been appointed the official caretaker and our little Leslie is doing his duty.

S. J. S.

1ST CAVALRY

Thanksgiving may come and Thanksgiving may go—but grooming goes on forever. Nothing remains today to indicate that the official machinery ever stalled but a few nuts which have escaped the cracker by rolling under cots only to roll out again late at night when we have taken our shoes off.

The last drumstick has gone into the inextinguishable mouth of the incinerator, the last pie crumb wiped off the bottom of our mess kit, the last speech made. As far as surroundings go it might be a fine day in late August instead of the 6th of December with less than three weeks between us and the possibility of a Christmas spent on the Border.

A person with any idea of a military camp could probably describe the general details of our day pretty accurately. To catch the spirit of the day, however, one had to be on the spot. It was the official recognition of five long tedious months of Border service. It was a brief reclamation of the old life of independence. It marked the passing of a certain never to be forgotten period of our lives. And it proved to us that even G. O. 7 was a human institution.

Each troop cut loose from its neighbors and celebrated the day in its own way. The only things which were standardized were excellence and quantity. The key note was food and the difference lay in the way in which it was eaten.

The tin mess kits were the biggest damper. There is something about the appearance of a Thanksgiving dinner packed into an army meat can which resembles a collection of old masters rolled up and pushed into a suit case like a last weeks wash.

Troop I produced a piano on Wednesday night. Formerly it was one of the proud possessions of a McAllen home which it occupied almost to the exclusion of all other articles of furniture. Today it sits on a platform in the Troop mess shack turning out the latest Broadway favorites (or at least what we think are the latest). As the neighboring troops heard it and realized that it was not some new kind of a phonograph they began to drop in with the result that there developed one of the best entertainments which the 1st Cavalry has given since they appeared on the Border. Relieved of the restraint of the official audiences at Division Headquarters or the sanctimonious influences of the Y. M. C. A. talent bursts forth in places where it has hitherto only been suspected. Who for instance would ever have accused that amiable wag, Smithy, of K troop, of concealing beneath his innocent exterior some of the things which he confided to us Wednesday night.

Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York state was the guest of

the First Cavalry for several days of last week. The Senator ate his Thanksgiving dinner with his old command, M Troop of Avon. In the morning a reception was given for him by the Headquarters troop. They called it an open house. For further information go to that connaisseur Sergeant Major Dallas. He knows.

On Wednesday the entire division was reviewed by the Senator on Whitehouse field. It is rumored that he protested against the review. We are not sure, Senator, so did we, but that is all the good it did either of us apparently.

In the official car beside the Senator and Major General O'Ryan sat a stout gentleman wearing walrus whiskers and a khaki uniform decorated with mother of pearl buttons the size of butter dishes. Those who had never seen the Senator immediately pointed him out in the person of this gentleman. He was excused on the supposition that perhaps his tailor had led him into it.

Rumor, however, very soon passed it down the lines that the gentleman with the butter plates was no other than Major Flores of Reynosa, Mexico. Just who Major Flores is has been a matter of some conjecture. Some put him on the Villa side others on the Carranza. Everyone who refers to him speaks of him so familiarly that no one likes to ask any more.

As for the review no one today wants to hear about such common places. They are getting so common that they alternate with drills. In the north it is said that one frequently overhears the following: "Been down in Texas? See the boys? Of course you reviewed them? Whoever that troop in the rear of the First Cavalry was they were running a fine race. (We know but can't say.)"

Pete, the pet ratoon of K Troop is rapidly accumulating a reputation seldom enjoyed by any coons outside of Jack Johnson and Maurice. Pete is one of the best behaved little fellows in the world and if he forgets once in a while and takes a hunk out of your leg you must remember that coons will be coons.

Out behind the Y. M. C. A. they are playing tennis. How is that for December among the idle rich. It all goes to prove the old contention that all one has to do to make a tennis court in this country is to pull up the weeds wherever he happens to be standing.

Are we going to hang out Christmas stockings from the rafters of a pyramid tent or from the foot of a brass bed? Oh, Mr. Carranza, don't you believe in signs? E. S.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES BUILDING NO. 3

The past week has proven to be what is probably the busiest week since the erection of our buildings and the large number of men who have used our athletic fields and indoor privileges is an indication that the soldier on the Mexican Border has not as yet lost his 'pep.'

The feature of our week's program was the concert given on Thanksgiving eve by the Third Artillery band. Large numbers of men who could not get in the building enjoyed the music in group on the outside. In addition to our motion pictures another feature worth more than ordinary mention was the entertainment staged by the men from the 2nd Field Hospital Corps. "The Battle of Too Soon." A crowded house enjoyed their stunt.

Among our athletic activities should be mentioned a hotly contested basketball game on Wednesday afternoon in which a team from the First Cavalry defeated a team from the 22nd Engineers, by the narrow margin of one point.

On Thanksgiving Day the Fourth Field Hospital Corps defeated the Third Field Hospital Corps in a base ball swat-fest by the score of 13-9.

A tennis tournament is being organized and all the division experts are invited to enter.

All who desire to enter a course in shorthand are requested to hand in their names at once as this course of instruction is now being opened for the men.

Three new bible classes have been organized and will add greatly to our program of religious work. The 22nd Engineers, the Fourth Ambulance Company and the First Cavalry each have the honor of having worked up one of these classes.

We are undoubtedly fortunate in having the services of Captain Fiala who addresses our meeting each Sunday night. His talks are unique being a connected series of talks each of which is complete in itself, and from the number of men who attend these meetings it is evident his efforts are well appreciated.

The correspondent had the pleasure of attending the Union Thanksgiving service held Thursday morning under the leadership of Chaplain Fell of the 22nd Engineers. The wonderful setting of the services and the impressive talk of the Chaplain will never fade from the memory of those fortunate to have been present.

1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS.

Company B had its Thanksgiving dinner at noon, while Company A and Battalion Headquarters sat down to theirs after retreat, thus permitting the hungry to be surely fed. Company B started the festivities early and Company A and Headquarters continued the mirth and song into night.

Sharyland Hall was decorated with the familiar signal flags Thanksgiving eve for Company A give its annual Thanksgiving dance there this year. The committee, consisting of Sergeants Childs and Droste and Privates Gillespie and Johnson worked hard to make it the success it was. Mrs. C. I. January, Mrs. Harry May and Mrs. D. W. Glascock were the patronesses and formed the nucleus of the bevy of charming daughters of Texas, who helped make one night of gladness for the New York signalmen. The 3rd Tennessee Band came from Pharr to play for us, and other musical numbers were furnished by the Company's Mandolin Club, with Sergeant Schultz at the piano.

SANITARY UNITS TO VISIT FORT RINGGOLD

Field maneuvers are at last in sight for the units of the Sanitary Train of the 6th Division still at McAllen. Starting on Thursday and at intervals of two days, the field hospitals and ambulance companies will leave on a seven day trip with Fort Ringgold at Rio Grande City as the objective. The first stop overnight will be at Los Ebanos, 22 miles from McAllen. Garcias, where patrols of the 28th Infantry and 3rd Cavalry are located, will be the second halt. Fort Ringgold will be reached on the third day and a day will be spent there to afford the men and animals a rest. Fort Ringgold is a permanent United States Army Post, and practically every arm of the service is represented by detachments. The Second Field Hospital of Albany which has been expecting orders daily to return north will be the first sanitary outfit to depart on the hike. But one unit of the Sixth Division has visited Ringgold. The Fourth Ambulance Company of Syracuse went there over a month ago on a ten day trip.

ON HUNTING TRIP

Privates T. Francis Dolan and William Grimes of Troop D, 1st Cavalry, returned to McAllen after spending a short furlough at Youngs Ranch. During their stay on the ranch the troopers got several deer and came home proudly flaunting several big rattlesnake hides. Grimes killed an eight footer which is almost a record for any enlisted man of the N. Y. Division.

Our Honor Roll

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff. Maj. S. F. Corbett, 2nd Field Artillery. Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry. Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf. Colonel George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery. Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf. Capt. Charles E. Fliske, 1st Cavalry. Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav. Major 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. Lieut. Joseph A. Pitts, 2nd Infantry. Sergt. Herbert T. Slingo, Co. B, 7th. Lieut. W. B. Lester, M. G. Troop, 1st Cavalry.

Homer G. Bell, Motor Truck Co. 35. John G. Jansen, 1988 Broadway, New York.

Lieut. S. A. Stover, Troop L, 1st Cav. Lieut. Col. Edward W. Howard, Asst. Adj. Gen., Albany, N. Y. Commodore R. P. Forshaw, 2 Rector Street, New York.

James M. Heatherton, 700 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Major Charles Elliot Warren, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Daniel Appleton, N. G., N. Y.

Lieut. Col. R. L. Foster, 12th New York Infantry. Capt. D. M. Hooks, Binghamton, New York.

W. F. Hutchinson, 120 Broadway, N. Y. City. Col. Wm. G. Haan, C. A. C., U. S. A. Col. Chauncey P. Williams, Div. Staff. Capt. Charles Currie, 1st Cavalry. 1st Lt. Chandler Smith, Paymaster, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York.

1st Lt. and Ordnance Officer, Paul G. Thebaud, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York. Mrs. Frederick E. Humphreys, 41 Riverside Drive, New York City. Mrs. Allen B. Sutcliffe, 16 Casenovia St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sergt. J. H. Clark, Co. B, 7th Inf. Corp. Harvey K. Lines, Co. F, 7th Inf. Wm. C. Relyea, 55 John Street, New York, N. Y.

Wm. B. Miles, 390 Cherry Street, New York, N. Y. C. S. Andrews, 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Mrs. Amos R. Storer, Needham, Mass. Ernest C. Lewis, National Arts Club, New York.

Col. James M. Andrews, Schenectady, N. Y. Co. M., 1st Infantry, Mohawk, N. Y. Major Edwin W. Dayton, 1st Brigade, N. Y. C. Army and Navy Club, N. Y. C. Chas. J. McKenna, N. Y. 7th Regt. Assn. of Chicago.

James C. Nolan, Albany, N. Y. Lt. Col. Lorillard, Spencer, Military Secy., to Gov. Whitman. Major Louis H. Eller. Color Sergeant Charles N. Bajart, 12th Infantry, 55 Sherman Ave., Yonkers.

Captain E. E. Guellic, 12th Infantry. Advertisers find it pays!

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A Pathe Gold Rooster

Thursday, Dec. 7

Hazil Dawn in THE FEUD GIRL

A Romance of the Mountains

Friday, Dec. 8

Florence LaBadie in FEAR OF POVERTY

Saturday, Dec. 9

Myrtle Gonzales in THE GIRL OF

LOST LAKE

Sunday, Dec. 10

Mignon Anderson in HER HUSBAND'S

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