

News From Our Division Units

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MALLORY STEAMSHIP COMPANY GALVESTON, TEXAS

1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS.

The Committee on Rumors has been discharged with thanks, especially for its excellent work last week. Sergts. Childs and Best did well, and deserve the highest commendation for the excellent brand of "inside" information with which they have fed us during our sojourn on the Border.

"NYA" reports that our old friend, "Static" was very busy last Thursday and Friday, much to the annoyance of Sergt. Droste and his assistants.

The "Winter-in-Texas" club, at their last regular meeting, decided to change the name of the club. Both members voted unanimously for "Christmas at Home" Club, hoping thereby to increase their membership. They also have an old tin stove for sale, which they will sell cheap to any irresponsible party.

We understand that last Friday was a busy day for a well known telegraph office in town.

Company A has decided to hold their annual Holiday Week dance at the old Armory in New York.

Captain Kennedy of the "Pill Department." Lieutenants Debaun and Ireland successfully occupied the seats closing the horseshoe ends, and between bites, operated the phonograph.

Captain Schenk's speech was short and to the point, for he remarked that a good dinner was not going to be spoiled by any bad speeches and sat down, and we fell to.

Due to the generosity of Mrs. W. F. Goodwin and the Veterans of Co. B, a splendid spread was set before us.

Mess Sergeant Griffin, with his capable staff of cooks, "Jake" Hoffman and Frietsche, together with his "K. P." Lovell, Petersen, Evans and Wyckoff, provided such a meal as we have many times dreamed about, but alas! in vain.

Just cast your eye over this menu:

- Olives
- Miscellaneous relish a la quartermaster
- Roast Texas Turkey, maitre d'Hoffman
- Dressing privilege special Griffin
- Brooklyn Cranberry Sauce
- Baked Sweet Potatoes
- Peas a la Frietsche
- G. O. No. 7 Mince Pie
- Fruits
- Depot Unit Plum Pudding
- Coffee (concentrated issue.)
- Cigars aux Veterans

Try to imagine our feelings, when instead of the familiar "NO, no seconds, fourteen men out!" we were permitted to have seconds, even thirds and fourths, until we regretfully had to say "NO—it can't be done."

We topped off the meal with fine cigars and coffee. "Ye gods," it was real and not issue coffee.

We were posed for a group photograph after dinner and hope "Old Sol" was kind to the photographer, for we expect to treasure that picture in the years to come. The sense of satisfaction that stole over us as we sat back contentedly puffing away, is one that will not readily be forgotten by any of us.

We are many thousand miles away from our homes and our loved ones, and many times our hearts leaped the miles between, for to all Americans, this day of Thanksgiving is essentially the home festival of the year. It is the day on which we make every possible effort to be with our home folks. This day, however, we men on the Border under arms, and prepared to defend our country and our homes. If absent we must be, what better or more laudable mission could we have? But as we looked around at the men we have lived with these many months, we found we still have the spirit of Thanksgiving with us.

We are thankful for the comradeship of the fellows who were strangers to many of us when first we came down here, and whom our intimate camp life has revealed to be good men and true, as no other occasion possible could.

We haven't fought any Mexicans and we are thankful for that, too, but we have fought the climate, the cactus and mesquite, the insects and the snakes,—yes, and we have bested them all. But we are proudest of our conquest of the enemy, we are especially organized to

combat, and that is distance, miles of telegraph and telephone wires radiating from the camp in all directions, and are continually humming under the burden of army messages and army business.

Far outside the camp limits, there are other wires to whose construction work is a story in itself,—wild rides in auto trucks, all night guards over them when hopelessly mired, miles from anywhere, connecting up the Border patrol outposts after dark, and amid the cactus and thorns, all this and much more will go to the telling of how the wires were strung along the Border, and of the wild and interesting country through which we worked.

We have all of us down here in "The Service," and that is both the keynote of our work as signal men—"Service."

The slogan of the great public corporations in our cities is "Service," and that means service for the public for twenty-four hours a day, and for every day of the year; such is the Signal Corps service of the army.

We are thankful for our work and for what we have been called to do.

We have grumbled and growled at times,—what true soldier does not? But we are thankful we have done our best to live up to the traditions of our branch of the service by endeavoring to render efficient service to "Uncle Sam."—A. G. K.

4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Members not only of the 4th Ambulance Company, but of all the sanitary units in the Sixth Division will find the following letter from Philip O. Mills, now with the American Ambulance Corps in France, intensely interesting in view of the articles appearing from day to day in the press and magazines. Mr. Mills writes:

"Through various channels, the highly colored articles in magazines and newspapers about 'the brave American boys' at the front come floating into our corps stationed temporarily within sound and almost sight of the guns beyond the town of Verdun.

"They are our greatest amusement and relaxation. I do believe our American public loves to be bulldozed and stuffed. The half-baked war correspondents who write the rot about the ambulance drivers at the front have an imagination that is stupendous and awe-inspiring. They should head their articles

War as She Ain't.

"Stories of regiments returning from the trenches crowding around ambulances to thank them—are bull pure and simple. They are either too tired to do anything except keep walking or else are apt to sling the usual soldier jokes—same the world over.

"Any fellow who cannot distinguish the sound of one of his own guns going off from a shell coming is apt to spend a miserable life if he stays long in these parts.

Most wounded are too busy keeping their own nerve in both hands to bother about ballroom speeches. The first

wounded load I had any acquaintance with had one among them who spoke little English, and his first question was, when does the train leave for Paris?

"Rules of the road—there aren't any. Motors pass horse wagons because they are quicker. Camions pull out when they hear you, if they hear, and can pull out.

"One man has written: Ambulances come after troops, after ammunition and food wagons. Well, what is there left on the road after all these but ambulances? This road business is all a matter of expediency. If you can squeeze past a string of camions, you do, otherwise you fall in line and wait your chance.

"Because you see a star shell it doesn't mean you are within sight of the Besehe, and right behind the first line by a long shot, for you can see them twenty miles from behind the lines.

"Sentries asking for passwords on roads under fire is foolish—and you can go right up to any front line trench if you are big enough fool without worrying about any password. Everyone takes it for granted you wouldn't be around there unless you had to. One night I went way out toward Verdun toward the lines back through the town and half way to Bar-le-Duc and no one wanted to know anything.

"You can't make all life serious out here, and this 'driving by the stars with an iron grip on the steering wheel' may please some people, but I can't see why.

"I wish you could have seen our corps the other day indulging in an afternoon game of one-od cat when five German Taubes came sailing over. When they began dropping bombs everyone did a 220 in record style, and in all directions, and did not wait for 'Taubebomb' checks either. But even as they started to run the gang began to laugh, and it developed into a pursuit race in two minutes.

"Don't get the idea, though, that they come over every afternoon—they don't.

"Don't get the idea that the daring little ambulance driver lives in a constant atmosphere of shell strewn roads, dashing through fires of barrage, for he don't—thank heaven, I don't believe they ever put a barrage fire on a road an ambulance had to travel. They have put roads under heavy shelling for hours and days at periods, but no ambulance or anything else can go through a barrage—that's cold fact.

"At times the corps has been through periods of night and day work all night and day, but it hasn't lasted more than two or three weeks at a time—and the work has been dangerous to a degree. It has been a miracle that it has come through with no casualties, but mostly it goes on its way doing its daily task and making no fuss over it—but the French government and the army division to which it is attached are more than appreciative.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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THE THANKSGIVING DINNER OF CO. "B" SIGNAL CORPS

Glorious sunshine, a cool breeze and a bright blue sky; such was Thanksgiving Day on the Border. One of those days that will remain among our pleasantest recollections of the Texas climate.

After attending to all the details necessary in a camp of mounted troops, the Company turned in to help the cooks prepare that long-heralded big dinner.

The mess shack was gaily decorated with signal flags, which under less happier conditions we wave across the Company streets and surrounding country sending messages relating to the mysterious movements of those famous but elusive Generals X, Y and Z. With great delight we always managed to send most efficiently XXXXXX front. But today the flags signified in unmistakable language that we were expected to decode as "Welcome" and it surely was a welcome that greeted us as we entered our one-time mess shack and saw it transformed to a banquet hall. The benches and tables had received even more than their usual spotless cleaning.

Instead of the every day arrangement we beheld the familiar horse shoe formation of oldtime days somewhere in the city; and place cards, too.

At the center, sat our Captain Schenk, supported on his right by our Major Hallahan and on his left by our

GULF COAST LINES

Map showing routes from Galveston to Houston, Beaumont, and other coastal cities. Key locations include: GALVESTON, HOUSTON, BEAUMONT, NEW ORLEANS, BAY CITY, COLLEGEPORT, PORT O'CONNOR, AUSTWELL, CORPUS CHRISTI, KINGSVILLE, RIVIERA, EDINBURG, BROWNVILLE, and various smaller ports like SAM FORDYCE, MISSION, McALLEN, PHARR, SAUNDERS, DONNA, and MERCED.

Finish the Story Yourself

"We pulled into Galveston about nine the next morning—it's only two hours from Houston, you know—and got ready for a lovely day. A little chilly it was, but the water was just fine. Of course we went swimming, and those hot, dusty days back in the old army camp at McAllen faded away into memory. Maybe it wasn't good to get the feel of concrete sidewalks again, and eat at a regular eating place and be treated like an individual instead of one of ten thousand. But that wasn't all we did. We had a boat-ride, and a room at the Galvez, and the next morning....."

But finish the story yourself, laddie! You can go to Galveston. You can swim and eat and have the good time that everyone has when they visit this wonderful Gulf city. On your way you pass through Houston.

GULF COAST LINES

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