

# News Sent In By Our Division Units

## NEWS FROM 3rd BRIGADE

(3rd, 23rd and 74th Infantry.)

The 3rd, N. Y. Infantry, the only organization of the brigade at Pharr which could boast of an enlisted band, now has a rival in the 74th. Infantry, whose new band, enlisted in Buffalo, N. Y., arrived in camp Monday afternoon and made its first appearance at evening parade. The new band at present is composed of twelve pieces and will be augmented by aspiring musicians from the companies of the regiment. The veteran band of the 3rd. Infantry, which has nearly blown its head off at local regimental functions and while lending assistance at formations and ceremonies of the other organizations, will now be given a chance to rest up and talk shop with the junior wind-jammers. It is understood that the 23rd. Infantry also is soon to import an enlisted band from York state.

The 3rd. New York band took an important part in the informal going away party given to Major Edmund McCarthy and Lieutenant Lawrence Gardner of the brigade staff who recently left on leave of absence for their homes in Buffalo. All unbeknownst, the band took position in the lee of some baggage trucks at the Pharr railway station and the arrival of the departing officers at the station platform was the signal for the music to begin. A large delegation from the officers of the brigade was present to wish the home going officers good luck on their journey. The travelers were taken completely by surprise and the situation might have become weepy but for the fact that there were no ladies present. The band played the train out of the station to the tune of "Good-bye My Lover, Good-bye."

All the field and staff of the 3rd N. Y. report at mess regularly but some of them have recently come into the habit of taking their meals after the manner prescribed at buffet luncheons, declaring that the benches provided at headquarters mess are uncomfortable.

It seems that the commanding officer of this regiment believes that the riding breeches of his outfit were reinforced for a purpose, and he requires that his officers spend a certain number of hours in the saddle daily. Daily reports from the corral led him to believe that some of the mounts were not getting regular exercise. The moonlight had been glorious for several evenings past and somewhere the colonel had read that night riding is instructive and gives confidence to the seat of beginners. Other effects of the seat were overlooked. Sudden orders one night summoned all mounted officers to appear at the colonel's tent at dusk ready to ride. Two hard riding majors and a busy adjutant were excused. Six mounted orderlies accompanied the party and the riders took the main road south from the camp at an easy gait, all enthusiastic over the beauty of the moonlight, and the coolness of the evening breeze.

"Seldom see the old man ride off'n a walk. We'll hang his hide on the fence when we get down the line a piece," was the whispered comment among the juniors.

Two miles south the colonel took up the trot and turned his column eastward into a road trail, which, according to the land office maps, is a thoroughfare leading to the San Juan Road. The trail is overgrown with prickly bushes which slap the riders in the face and rake them under the ribs. Also the road beneath its bushy covering seemed to lead mainly through the bed of a spongy brook. For a time there was no sound save the *squash and thump* of laboring horses and an *occasional* noise as of many cattle passing through a moist barnyard. Eventually some of the riders found tongue. The chaplain, riding well to the front upon a powerful plough horse, inferred that he was enjoying the evening immensely, but requested that the other officers be given permission to express their views. Just as the colonel, in the lead, was beginning to wonder if he had mistaken his way in the darkness, his faithful black pushed its way through a mesquite tangle, and came out upon a fair and even highway that led northward. The colonel glanced over his shoulder, and made a hasty count of those present. The troop was well closed up. Out of respect for native reptiles and other bugs no one had dared fall off his horse or even lag behind in that brush heap. All settled down in their saddles and prepared for a breathing spell. Not so. "Gallop," was the command, and with a groan and a heave to get the sore places as far from the leather as possible, the faithful riders bumped up the road to San Juan. Thence westward and south, at a walk to cool the horses, they rode, and it was nine by the village clock when they ambled into camp again. Then they said good-night, and sought shower baths and pajamas, nor did they sit up late to tell the tale. It was more sothing to lie down, and carefully at that.

"I'll make riders of them yet," says the colonel, and continues his night prowling with such of his following as are physically fit.

The Twenty-Third New York Infantry staged a clever vaudeville entertainment at the camp at Pharr Saturday night. There was singing and buck dancing, black face comedy, and some boxing and wrestling that showed real feeling. Chaplain Cadman, who was in charge of the program, enjoyed the evening fully as much as any of the men did. The Third Infantry staged a program Tuesday night.

Captain W. E. Welsh, 30th U. S. Infantry, has been assigned as Lieutenant Colonel for the Twenty-Third New York and will report immediately. Captain H. W. Miller, 28th U. S. Infantry, is with the 3rd Brigade in the capacity of Officer Instructor. Captain G. A. Radelle, 28th U. S. Infantry, was the guest Monday night of General William Wilson while en route to his station at Fort Ringold. On the morning of August 17th the 3rd Brigade, less the 23rd and 74th Regiments, will set out on a twelve day practice march covering eighty-two miles. The stops will include McAllen, Mission, Alton, Sterling's Ranch, La Gloria, Laguna Seca, Young's Ranch, thence by Edinburg to the Camp at Pharr.

General William Wilson, commanding the 3rd Brigade at Pharr, is conserva-

tive in his speech when he says: "A redeemable feature of this border land is the beauty of its skies at sunrise and at sunset."

There is an officer of the medical department attached to brigade headquarters who refuses to talk on subjects relating to Texas and the weather. Also he considers bugle corps, and especially those which blow periodically for the organizations of this brigade, to the right and left of his tent, as abominations. When the crash of the brass and the "boom-boom" of the 3rd. Infantry band comes down wind at reveille, he is in despair. There were visitors at brigade headquarters one day and one of the ladies said, pleasantly: "Well, Captain, how do you like Texas?"

"I understand that the 47th is going to have a band," returned the doctor, musingly.

Special stress is being laid on the instruction of the recruits at this camp in the matter of guard duty. The students are enjoined to apply common sense methods in this work. A fine loaf cake made by the wife of an officer attached to these headquarters arrived at camp a few days ago and after it had been duly sampled by the officer's friends the balance of the loaf was tied up in a towel and suspended by a string from the ridge pole of the mess tent where it would be safe from ants. The following night the owner of the cake went to the mess tent, just before retiring, to see if the baked stuff was keeping all right. He broke off a generous portion of the cake, stuffed it into his mouth and stepped outside the tent to enjoy the moonlight. Just then a wakeful sentry came gunshoeing around the corner.

"Hey, you, stop," bellowed the sentry to the staff officer, who had turned to walk away. The officer strove vainly to overcome and swallow his mouthful of cake. The sentry brought his rifle to the charge and said, valiantly, "Prepare to be recognized."

Speechless, the officer moved up to what he considered recognizing distance from that nervous bayonet.

"Who are you?" shouted the sentry.

"Ur-r-mp, ur-r-mp," answered the officer, at the same trying to assist in the mastication of the cake with the back of his hand.

"Show your lantern," demanded the sentry. "Hold it higher, so I can see the other side of your face."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded the officer, who had at last succeeded in swallowing his cake.

"All right, Captain, beat it," replied the sentry, pleasantly.

Next to the mud and discomfort that goes with drenching, driving rainstorm, chasing stray mules is one of the things connected with border soldiering which causes perspiration and profanity and tests a man's loyalty. It seems, up at Pharr, that every time there is a shortage of halters and tiestraps in an outfit an assignment of new mules is sure to arrive. The new mules stand contentedly at the picket lines until the stable guard's back turned and then they eat up their rope halters and sneak away to where the grazing is good. Garden track attracts them. Their capture entails much hardship and broken vows, where the church is concerned.

A hatless man of the machine gun company of the 74th. Infantry came back from a recent mule chase. He was speechless, breathless and ill-groomed. He looked it. Previously he had worked long and hard, in camp, at ditch digging and housebuilding. While the mule leaned back on the lead rope, a company commander met and remonstrated with the mule hunter for his appearance and profanity. The man said aside his natural reserve and started in to relate his woes. His voice shook with emotion. "Yes'n' Gawd, Captain," he concluded, "if I had a hat I'd desert."

That man's wail savored of the rookie. The "if" that he modified it with shows that by the grace of the Division commander he will yet get to be a soldier. He is only one of the thousands New York has sent down here. He wouldn't desert if you tried to beat the notion into his brain with a brick. He has been going hatless ever since he lost his lid on the way south, leaving out of a coach window to get a last look at some Oklahoma girl who promised to write him. He has labored day and night in his soaked and mud-splashed uniform to keep the hospital tents and company kitchens from floating out to sea on "Lake Malaria" during the rains. Now they send him, before dawn, out through the wet mesquite, to play tag with a half-wild mule. It is annoying, to say the least, and he has left his job and a comfortable home, perhaps, to come down here to this, to Texas, because of a mistaken idea that all a soldier has to do is to hurrah and follow a silken flag to glory. It is really wonderful how the raw stuff is these war-strength regiments has stood up under the burden cast upon them by those who still think they can raise an army overnight.

Despite the spiders and scorpions and snakes, which the natives here regard no more than we do wasps and hornets up home, this camp at Pharr is not so bad a place after all. Not when compared with some of the other camps about here. We have plenty of luke warm water and shower baths and, actually, some grass has tried to grow since we came. It beats packing a heavy gun and marching kit across the suffocating sands of a waterless Mexican desert. We have had one blessing brought even by the recent rains. Over all the sun-parched clearings there has sprung up a growth of tangled weeds that does effective work in keeping the sand down when the wind blows.

Now that the men are learning what to let alone in the food and drink line, and the rookies are learning that a soldier's life never was a bed of roses anyhow, and that Chauncy and Archibald can't go to the movies every night but must live up to certain regulations to make the machine go, they take pride in being real sports and doing their bit uncomplainingly. Also they thank goodness and the sanitary officers that the fever does not waste them as it did the men in '98. Growing does not get them a thing. Not in the army, they find, and a slovenly soldier and a careless woman are given the same

consideration. So the men are learning to wear their hats jauntily, swag the mud from their clothing, swagger a bit, even when reporting for "old guard fatigue," and to look with calm eyes upon the noisy world. It is a rough school, but the training will show in more ways than one when these fellows get back to their homes and former associations. W. C. CASE, 1st. Lieut. and Aide, Hdqrs. 3rd. Brig. N. Y. Div.

### THIRD AMBULANCE CO.

The new motor ambulance train, the gift of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and which has been assigned to the 3rd Ambulance Company, is now well under way on the regular relief and camp work for which it is intended and is proving invaluable in that capacity.

This train comprises the newest and most complete in the service, being fully equipped with a mammoth Jeffrey tractor, and six "trailers." Of these "trailers" five are the finest equipped of ambulances and the sixth a supply wagon. The outfit is fortunate in being able to draw from its own ranks an auto driver with the necessary experience and mechanics knowledge to drive and care for this train as it properly should be done. Private Logan, formerly with the Board of Water Supply, New York City, has been detailed for this work.

The 3rd Ambulance Co., has inaugurated a new departure which seems to be spreading throughout the encampment, as its merits become known. It is that of establishing a Company Canteen or Exchange.

The second baseball game of the encampment was played at headquarters Ball Park on the afternoon of Aug. 10, between the teams of the 3rd. and 4th. Ambulance Companies. It is much to the credit of both units that teams of amateurs put up such an interesting and speedy game, each holding the other down to low score with no conclusive victory on either side.

### SQUADRON A

At least one rumor in Squadron A was never repudiated during the first few weeks; which was, that tomorrow we would probably water horses. Acclimating oneself is not mentioned in the Drill regulations, for it can be done neither with uniformity nor with speed. But its wisdom is proved by our full picket lines and our empty hospital tent.

The monotony was broken only by the chagrin of some who boasted themselves carpenters and masons and were straightway committed to the building of edifices undreamt of, more permanent than a world's fair. Others took a strange delight in laying out thermometers under the sun's rays and watching the little things burst trying to make good, and then writing home about the temperature. Still others out to Pharr as Military Police, glorified traffic cops where affairs were far more orderly than at home, although it was quite necessary to police the movies. And there was a great flocking to Hidalgo to feel ourselves cheated of a sight of the border.

Troop C, is in camp for five days at Sterling's ranch, about fifteen miles from McAllen, news from there is good, no illness of horse or man being reported. Food goes to the men by motor truck at reasonable intervals, and the correspondent discovered one truck half full of grape juice, so we suspect a good deal of midnight revelry goes on at Sterlings.

The magnificent new hospital shack which had been carefully designed by one of our world-renowned architects fell with a crash as soon as erected to the great consternation of the Major and other officers who were within, inspecting the construction. The Major is said to have lost his wrist-watch among the debris but this is not vouchsafed for.

Much excitement was caused by the arrival of an ice machine, which has been presented to Troop D. It has caused more rumor than any one thing since we arrived. It weighs six tons and required two motor trucks to tow it out. It was at first supposed to be an artesian well, but the First Cavalry insisted it was a contrivance for shoeing the machine gun mules. The Seventh managed to construct it into a runner about going home, and are said to have started breaking camp as soon as they saw it. It is a fine thing, say we, but the correspondent has noticed that there has not been any ice in camp since it arrived whereas before there was abundant supply.

The Squadron starts on its second hike just as The Rattler starts to press. We hope the boys will leave their curry combs and brushes behind and fill their saddle-bags with cigarettes instead. We are going to the border so the correspondent expects to have great tales to tell in next week's Rattler of sniping and well-poisoning.

Squadron A's mess shacks are all built now, so the boys are wondering what they will do with their spare time. We hope our officers will find us some congenial occupation.

The latest rumor from the machine gun picket line is that our horses are all going to be pastured somewhere in the middle of the next hike, and we are all to mount aeroplanes and with drawn sabres fly back to New York. First Sgt. Benny Tonny of M. G. Troop says it's a lie but the correspondent believes it. It is a good way, say we.

### 22nd CORPS OF ENGINEERS

During the past week the organizers of the Harmony League of the 22nd Corps of Engineers, have been busy with the first trials. The entire regiment is enthusiastic over the innovation and consequently a large number of candidates for vocal honors appeared at the trials.

Lieut. F. A. W. Davis of A Co. is acting as head coach at present and Private Blakeman of Co. H. is his chief assistant in the work of whipping the glee club into shape. Both Lieut. Davis and Private Blakeman have had ex-

tensive experience in choral work. The leaders hope to give the first concert on the "Hill" within the next two weeks.

In 3 days 2 special voluntary reconnaissance party, Co. C, 22nd Engineers finished a road sketch from McAllen to Mission to Madero and along the Rio Grande river to Hidalgo and then back to McAllen. An additional leg to Pharr was also done between the time. The map covered 23 miles.

On Tuesday, August 8th, Acting Major Garrison received word that the resignation of Major Frederick Nelson Whitley 1st Battalion, 22nd Corps of Engineers, had been accepted.

Accompanied by Capt. Charles F. Dieges, F Co., 22nd Engineers, Major Whitley left for his Brooklyn home on Monday afternoon. All the officers and enlisted men of the Major's command gathered at the McAllen station to give the popular retiring officer a hearty ovation. Capt. Dieges left on a fifteen day leave of absence and will return to his command.

"Bum" Co., A's mongrel has either been stolen, lost or strayed consequently the frequent tears in the eyes of Corporal Greisen, company clerk. "Bum" was recruited by the energetic company clerk at Camp Whitman and during the six days trip to Texas "Bum" furnished most of the comedy for the company. Corporal Greisen during the past week has been kept busy hunting down clues as to the whereabouts of "Bum." The members of Co. A are of the firm opinion that "Bum" is hunting for the Federal paymaster and that he will turn up with that individual.

"Quoits" the famous Scottish game is now Co. A, 22nd Engineers favorite sport. The company is developing some star "quoits" and within a few days will send out a broadcast challenge to any company in the sixth division. Sergeant Cossenas is becoming the "Germany Schaefer" of the "quoiters."

A merry little race is going on among the members of squad five, Co. A. regarding the numbers of letters received by the different members from the fair maidens whose hearts were snatched enroute to McAllen.

Battalion Q. M. Sergeant McLaughlin, first battalion 22nd engineers was treated rather roughly by a few non coms from Co. A., Sunday afternoon. He was the proud possessor of \$2 up to the time he reached Mission with the aforesaid "scoundrels." What happened in the two hours that followed the crews arrival in Mission is a story for Mac to tell.

### SECOND FIELD ARTILLERY

"This place looks like something new doesn't it?" said a Second Field Artillery man the other day to a reporter for The Rattler. The remark seemed trite at the time, probably because it has been made a million or so times since that eventful night arrival. It seems that every time some nice new white latrine appears, to disturb the skyline, it has the effect making the camp look more like a place to live in, rather than a place to hunt scorpions in; and when a new mess shack or a hospital goes up over night, like a row of New York two family houses, the whole vicinity takes on a settled appearance that at once refers the mind back to the first week of slaughtering cactus—the days when the rattler and the tarantula were wild animals.

And as the boys of the Second Field look back over the days they have labored through and think of that first discouraging week, they are able to see with pardonable pride—that they have done their part in the huge, new discernible system of making a military home, and have done it well. The slowest visioned private has discovered by now that he has been a little cog in a great wheel, and he begins to feel a certain well-earned pride in doing his duty as he knows it should be done. What a difference there would have been in his spirit during that first week, if he had then known just what he was driving at.

Second Field did its part on regimental guard, in as efficient a manner as possible, and Captain W. P. Fox and his officers of the guard, Lieutenants J. D. Butt and T. H. S. Andrews and also the Corporals of the guard Bellis, White, Weipert, Mullen and Greenwald and Sergeant Keating, have been complimented on the rapidity with which they took action, and the care taken to prevent unnecessary alarms or any disorder. The slickest Mexican raiders from across the Rio would have met with awful disaster had they tried to run into camp that night. The several town huggers who always hate to come home at the proper hour, walked into difficulties on this particular evening. The whole division showed what it could do in the line of double quick *asmos*.

And as far as the individual soldiers know they were actually about to repel a real attack. The various street and stable guards along the line told of shots scattered here and there around the First Field camp and there was everything to indicate that there was "something doing"—something more than a mere trial call to arms. Nobody could prove the source of the shooting and it is the opinion of many that someone in the vicinity felt like warming the atmosphere and proceeded to do so, forthwith. The result may have been disgusting to old Morpheus but it was very satisfactory to those who are taking the responsibility of making a high standard for the national guard.

Moving picture tent—Pennsylvania Guard passing by equipped with the new packs and provided with cots.

Voice from the New York Guard audience—"and somebody said Philadelphia is slow."

# A. P. Hall

## GROCCER

If A. P. Hall sells it, you know it is good.

A. P. Hall supplies groceries and provisions daily to the staff officers at Division Headquarters.

Also to officers and company mess in every regimental camp in McAllen.

Call on us for Welch's grape juice, Beechnut canned goods, N. B. C. crackers, etc.

Main Street

# McAllen, Texas

# McAllen Drug Co.

F. E. OSBORN, M. D., Prop.

Purest fountain drinks, well served

We carry a complete line of Eastman Kodaks and films. Our films are shipped fresh from the factory. Buy them here.

We sell "Kreso-Dip No. 1", the famous solution to drive away flies. Get a can and a sprayer and keep your squad tent free from flies. Good for your sleep. Pint bottle \$0.25. Gallon can, \$1.25.

McAllen Drug Company

"The Rexall Store"

Main Street

# McAllen, Texas

# Where to Buy the Rattler

Next week The Rattler will be on sale at convenient stores in McAllen, Mission and Pharr. Arrangements will also be made as quickly as possible, to care for mail order subscriptions.

Full announcement of this will be made later in these columns. Meanwhile, help our circulation Manager by buying a postage stamp yourself and "send a copy home."

Speak up--say "I saw it in The Rattler"