

# Athletics

## 22ND ENGINEERS DEFEAT 12TH INF. NINE ON DIAMOND.

In a well played game the 22nd Engineers defeated the 12th Regiment last week on the 22nd parade ground. The feature of the game was the pitching of Dunn. He had the team from the 2th swinging at everything. In the ninth inning he struck out three men with nine pitched balls. The score follows:

22nd Engineers	PO	A	ABR	H	E
Bloom	2B	1	4	0	0
Neville	RF	1	0	1	3
Backman	SS	3	4	2	1
Dunn, F.	P	0	1	3	2
Coffey	LF	0	0	3	0
Rafferty	C	15	1	2	0
Vibbard	3B	0	1	2	0
Burke	CF	0	2	0	0
Dunn	1B	7	1	3	0
Callahan	CF	0	3	2	0

12th Regiment	PO	A	ABR	H	E
Scrutto	RF	1	0	4	0
Nicholas	LF	3	0	3	0
Bomkamp	1B	3	0	2	0
Gibson	2B	2	2	0	0
O'Neill	3B	0	1	3	2
Ritteriser	CF	0	0	3	0
Conlon	1B	3	0	2	0
Connors	SS	2	4	2	0
Dowling	C	10	0	3	0
Beatty	P	0	1	3	0

Two base hits—O'Neill; bases on balls, off Dunn 2, off Beatty 4. Struck out by Dunn 15; by Beatty, 10.

## SYRACUSE SCORES HIGH

The football season is now approaching mid-season form and the critics are beginning to select their favorites. So far, all the big teams have held up their reputation, with perhaps the exception of Harvard who suffered a defeat at the hands of Tufts. Tufts have wonderful playing aggregation this year and is making the greatest showing ever in the history of this institution. They won over Harvard by a 7 to 3 score and last Saturday lost to Princeton by the small score of 9-0.

Syracuse promises to have a team that will compare favorably with their last years pig skin chasers. So far this season they have fairly swamped, Grove City, Ohio, and Franklin and Marshall, with a total score for the three games 196 points, which is a remarkable record. The Syracuse-Tufts game will bear watching.

With games with Pittsburgh, Michigan, and Dartmouth in succession, the Saltine warriors will have to show all they have to register victories. Big Bill Hollenback is coaching this year and from his past records, Syracuse should have one of the best teams in the country.

Cornell is looking forward to the Harvard game and have begun their preparations for the game in Cambridge, October 25th. Cornell made an excellent showing against Williams last Saturday and all the men are in good shape to play.

Quarter back Smith of Yale was injured during the game against Lehigh. It is doubtful whether the Lehigh eleven will be the opponent of Yale another season. The game was unusually rough. Charlie Taft, who played center in last Saturday's game will return to tackle where he has much more experience.

## AMERICAN ATHLETES WIN

American athletes carried off the lions share of the honors on the opening day of the track events at the stadium in Stockholm. Competing against Scandinavian countries the Americans captured three races.

In the 400 meter run, Ted Meredith, the former quarter mile American National champion defeated J. Bolin, the holder of the 400 meter Swedish record. Joe Loomis of Chicago won the 100 meter dash. Americans won second and third. Andy Ward, second and Bob Simpson third.

The American relay team consisting of Loomis, Ward, Murray and Simpson won the 800 meter race, defeating the Scandinavian team.

## EXHIBITS SUGGESTED FOR DALLAS STATE FAIR.

Wax figure of McAllen merchant who doesn't overcharge soldiers. Financial reports from Magic Valley showing great value of Border raids. Moving picture of ten fearless Rangers disarming an ancient Mexican. Giant petition against recall of troops. (Note: When the troops leave the Border will be ruined. For details consult auto dealers and banks.)

## Saturday's Football Results.

Princeton 3, Tufts 0.
Syracuse 60, Franklin & Mar. 0.
Harvard 21, North Carolina 0.
Swarthmore 6, U. of P. 0.
Cornell 42, Williams 0.
Army 17, Holy Cross 0.
Pittsburg 20, Navy 19.
Yale 12, Lehigh 0.
Brown 60, Amherst 0.
Columbia 6, Vermont 0.
Colgate 15, Illinois 3.
N. Y. U. 13, Haverford 7.

## BORDER BITS

Texas is not so slow after all. It was just 2:38 p. m., when the final score of the World series came in. Its strange that we knew how the game came out before it started but a little thing like the difference of time must be overlooked.

Granny Miller and Red Wilkinson have started the football season but Red takes exception when Granny breaks the little tub he washes horses in, using it as a ball.

P. S.: Will some foot ball fan present the 1st Cavalry with a fot ball.

Hunting in 'The Magic Valley' seems to be the latest sport. Every day the men go out and bring back a full bag of game. Rabbits and pigeons are being served in most every mess shack. As yet the troopers have not "fallen in" with shot-guns.

The Engineers bowling team defeated a team representing the 1st Cavalry Tuesday evening. The game was very close. The first game was won by 29 pins, and the second by 11.

In a recent issue of Collier's, Grantland Rice gave his selection of an all-star baseball team as follows: Catcher, Schalk, Chicago White Sox; Pitchers, Alexander of Philadelphia and Johnson of Washington. Chase of Cincinnati at first and at second base Collins of Chicago. Fletcher would hold down the shortstop position with Herzog on third, both from the New York Giants. The out field consisting of Cobb, Speaker and Robertson would not only be a fast fielding combination but would bring any team home a winner with their stick work. Sisler of St. Louis goes to make up the combination, as utility man.

Ben Forsythe, the old foot ball star of Syracuse, of Troop H, 1st Cavalry is planning to help his brother coach Erasmus Hall, if the troop stops in New York on its way home to Rochester.

Wonder which season Ben has in mind.

Harvard students probably heave a sigh of relief now that the World's Series are over. Now Coach Houghton will have time to make up for the defeat Tufts handed his team.

Last week Truck Company 29 defeated Truck Company 28 in a fast ball game at Hidalgo by a score of 12-10. Truck Company 29 have an exceptionally good team. A team representing the Field Bakery will be their next bacon and a hard game is predicted.

Another boost for the Lone Star State, Eugene Neeley, despite the handicap of having only one arm, won the position of left guard on Dartmouth Varsity. Neeley's home is in Dallas, Texas.

"Ale" Alexander deserves great credit for the way he has taken care of the horses of Troop D of the First Cavalry. Alexander at one time was the most famous jockey in England and his knowledge of horseflesh is a revelation to the troopers.

Send in the results of that game your troop might play. Let the world know what a great combination you have.

Reserve your New Year's Eve tables now.

Did your tailor send you a letter about his new Fall Suits?

## CANNED GLADNESS

The cold weather wont bother us this season watching the Army-Navy game.

## SOLDIER'S EVENING AT THE MOVIES

Blessed evening has come at last. Having baked and broiled the soldier unmercifully through most of the long day, the sun has relented and dimming its ardent fire has peacefully sunk to rest behind the cactus fields and the tumble down Mexican huts. As if to atone for his blistering treatment during working hours, old Sol has made the western sky a glorious riot of color. The spindly windmills rise in majestic silhouettes against a crimson and gold curtain of blazing beauty. A few wisps of clouds are incandescenced by the magic brush of the sunset. Near the zenith the gorgeous hues of the Sun's traveling robes blend exquisitely with the royal purple mantle of swiftly on-rushing Night.

Our poetic-souled soldier gazes entranced at nature's masterpiece. His heart is attuned with the ode to Departing Day and his whole being responds to the ineffable harmony of life. The wonder of the western sky holds him spellbound. And what does he murmur as he stands there transfixed? "Gosh, it looks just like lobster salad!"

It's the movies for our hero to-night. Yes, they're running some special feature at the show and he wants to get there early and sit down in front where the pictures look bigger. As he passes the mess-shack he glances in at the quiet little session and longingly fingers the solitary quarter in his pocket. He is tempted as he watches George draw in a sizeable pile of washers (poker camp currency) and for a moment seems about to enter the game but then he remembers what happened to him the last time when he mournfully dropped a pretty flush on top of Mae's nice full. No, it's the movies for our soldier boy to-night. Pay day's coming anyway, so the boys say, and then he'll demonstrate how the great American pastime ought to be played. Why with a good sized stack in front of him he'd show—

But here he is at the brightly illumined front of the air-dome and as he walks up toward the ticket booth he suddenly spies Joe headed in the same direction. His feet lag and he smiles in a calculating fashion as he spins the loaves of two bits in his pocket. Joe, apparently not seeing him is almost up to the ticket seller when our scheming soldier shouts, "Hello, Joe! What's the good word, old Sox?" Joe acknowledges the salute a little suspiciously but according to specifications, purchases two tickets and links his arm in that of our hero. The latter chuckles to himself at the economic trick while Joe looks forward to passing the buck tomorrow night. Thus it is everywhere young men gather, be it polished rail, railway station or every-where-ante.

Gone are the cares and worries of day and on the screen flickers the shadow of that familiar world in which these two once sporadically moved and had their careless being. It is a new weekly and there before them is Broadway near Herald Square, showing the passing of wire-enmeshed street cars with guardian blue coats. The audience cheer madly for a minute. "Gosh, that looks good," Joe opines as they slip into seats down front. Bill (didn't we tell you his name before?) mumbles something about it being the greatest burg in the world and then with open mouthed longing glues his greedy eyes on that metropolitan street scene.

But the picture quickly shifts to hog raising in Southern Hokokus and their interest lags. The rest of the weekly, with its drill of school children at Walla Walla and the cornerstone planting for the Home of One-Legged Fish Peddlers at Kokomo, drearily lags until Bill and Joe fidget and light another cigarette, as they talk about what their girls wrote them yesterday.

"Well, my girl says that these guys who stayed home better not come around here," starts Bill when the newspaper is jerked to a speedy, spotty conclusion and the five-reeler begins. "Featuring Agnes Static and Barley Closeup," reads Bill on the screen. "Gee, I know her, Joe. She lives out next to Harry Brown in Flat-bush. Say, she's a flirt. Why when I—"

"Ain't this guy Closeup a souze?" Joe asks, which starts Bill off on some anecdotes of how "Barley" haunts all his (Bill's) favorite cafes, and so on while the first reel relentlessly tangles the fates of the sporadically young couple. Closeup escorts Agnes to a fashionable cabaret (are they ever fashionable?) little recking that devilish Dan is moodily demolishing highballs in a far corner or that sudden Sara has picked this very spot as the scene of her terpsichorean triumph. Of course if Closeup knew all this he would scarcely have jeopardized Agnes' young life and his own pull and—

But Bill neglects the plot in his hungry appraisal of the cabaret with its shaded lights, enticing corners, dashing girls, and obsequious waiters. (Note—Waiters are not obsequious in McAllen.) While Joe worries over the agonies of Agnes, Bill marvels at the bottles of champagne in their icy retreats and dreams of other nights and other places. When Closeup gets a death clutch on the wind-pipe of daring Dan or when Agnes slaps the face of saucy Sara, Bill remembers the time he and Bud and Mabel and Jane did the Midnight Frolic. What a night!

So it goes until the final clutch of the re-united lovers which sets Bill a-sighing and moaning and which even affects the stolid Joe. "Oh, for a chance—" mumbles Bill but the rest is lost in the scuffling of feet and the cheering of the exiled throng.

Exiles, that is what they are and they know it and feel it. Suddenly planted in a new and unfamiliar environment should we criticize Joe and Bill if their thoughts tend longingly towards the life they left behind? But what a blessing are the 'movies' to the wanderer in a strange land. For Bill and his comrades it is the one real and strong connecting link with the haunts of the past. Talking of home and the bright lights that shine some two or more thousand miles away Bill and Joe stroll out arm in arm. Suddenly Bill gasps inwardly as he sees where Joe is skillfully piloting him. The open canteen looms up in front of them and before Bill can utter something about not being thirsty, Joe shoves him inside and

## WE'LL ANSWER, UNCLE SAM

(By Private Sydney H. Giellerup, M. G. Co., 23rd New York Infantry.)

We are down here on the Border, We are camping on the edge Of the Land of Law and Order, And we promise and we pledge, Ev'ry drop of blood that's in us, That our manhood won't be sham, When we fight the foe agin us, Uncle Sam.

We came here from field and city, We came here from town and farm; And we came, tho' more's the pity, In the haste of war's alarm: We have biked o'er half of Texas, We have munched hardtack and jam, With a world of bugs to vex us, Uncle Sam.

We have had the downpour drench us, We have sweated in the sun; We have dug their bloom'n' trenches, From the morn 'til day was done: And our work has been inspected, And been called "not worth a damn," Just exactly as expected, Uncle Sam.

We've been training hands unsteady, We can hold our heads up now; We tell the world we're ready, If we ever have a row: We are sometimes apt to grumble, And at work we sometimes sham, But no enemy shall humble Uncle Sam.

Some may call it Luck that took us Far from home and all its charms, We can't say our Luck forsook us, When it called us out to arms; Tropic Capricorn or Cancer, We don't care a tinker's dam; Where e'er you call, we'll answer, Uncle Sam.

## "CONSIDER THE BUGS"

Having a more or less general interest in bugs up north and an unlimited desire to at all times give them plenty of room to avoid me, I was rather disagreeably surprised to note the almost playful familiarity with which the Texas bugs undertook to educate us regarding their cute little ways.

On first detouring, McAllen seemed all well enough even when it commenced to rain. For awhile I finished the ditching of our tents and the preparation of our "dry earth" beds we settled down in our pyramids for a contemplative smoke. Then it happened! Out from their crevices and cranies in the ground crept scorpions with such innocent looking curly tails and capable looking mandibles. Their friendships were most astonishing. I have known of a case where three of them slept between a rookie and a mule driver all night and the mule driver was not stung even once. The tarantulas were more reserved and seemed to have a lively regard for social etiquette, for one dripping afternoon as we were dolefully working out the "Tarantula Rag" with indifferent success as to harmony, a groan from a frightened rookie caused us all for a moment to sit dumb and staring at the doorway through which an old papa tarantula with a pair of six-inch jumpers was making his leisurely approach. We trumped his ace with a spade very promptly but the dream that night especially among our newer members were fraught with strange weird vagaries.

The bright spot in bug land was the carmine backed cochineal bugs who just naturally curled up and died of fright whenever we touched them. Their little velvety backs marked so close a resemblance to O. D. pills that many rookies were cured of divers complaints by having them served out as "fever cure" after dark.

Now the mosquitoes were not so bad, but the flies an ever increasing nuisance. The natives claim that we brought them down here on the trains with us. This may be so, but in calling that elongated little black devil with the doubled spiked tail and yellow back, "The New York Bug," they wrong is cruelly.

This pest has all army maneuverers stopped. In the first place his name is legion and then his inquisitiveness surpasses understanding. He will stick his feet in the coffee just to see it's hot, die in the milk and eat the sugar. Time and again when I have been about to take a spoon full of food his little beady head has appeared on the edge of it just as though I could not swallow without his inspection and O. K.

On our hikes we have seen tumble bugs, beetles, large and small fleas, red ants, and such, but this nasty little blacky with his inquisitive streak of yellow beats them all. A. E. O.

plants his own elbows with vindictive satisfaction on the counter as he orders, Shredded Wheat and a bottle of milk." (The soldier's after-theatre supper.) Bill groans inwardly as he thinks of his depleted finances and mumbles, "Glass of water." Bill pays the check, wherein he lives up to specifications and custom.

When Bill gets back to his tent, he takes out a pad of paper, and munching the end of his pencil as he sits beside the smoky lantern, he woos the elusive muse. And then, after much blinking and thinking, he begins the nightly letter.

"Dear Mabel:— Had a tough day of it. Hiked all day long and fought a lot of fake battles. Pretty darn hot here. Hope you are cool. We never get any fun. Stayed in my tent to-night and thought of you and all the rest. Never mind the rest. Suppose you and Jim are having lots of fun running around. Ask him about Edna, his old girl. Guess you don't know her, Mabel. She's a lulu. I don't think we're ever going home. But I sponge you all don't worry about that when Jim's around, hey Mabel? Well I'm going to bed as I got a sore foot and anyway I'm not feeling very well. Hoping you are the same. BILL.

## Reward

A steel tape, 100 feet long, in O. D. case, lost at corner of Main street and railway tracks. Return to George Schelling, 2nd Lieut. 1st Cav.

## A TEXAN HUNTING TRIP.

Upon Which Some of the Boys From the 12th Have a Stirring Time.

Anyway, it was a fine hunting trip. So Fred Braender does not regret his burned hand and dislocated shoulder; neither does Harry Mathis regret having missed a meal (a calamity to that epicurean); while Jimmy Zecola, with the placidity of a Sancho Panza, avers that "it no maka keeta beeta, dif france." Of course Jim's english is really above reproach, but what good is a story without some local color such as a brogue or accent? All things considered, we'll retain the dialect in Jimmy's case. Be it understood, however, that apart from that single departure from the path of verity, the following recital is uncolored.

"Well, I don't know that there was anything specially interesting," said Fred when he was sought out. Nor was there to him, as he is the son of a trapper and has forgotten more about hunting than the average Nimrod has learned. But the Rattler's unerring "flair" had sensed a story, and we obeyed it. "How many birds did you bag?" "Hold on!" cried Mathis as Fred and Jim were beginning to blurb. "Do you know anything about the game laws in this blessed State of Texas? You don't eh? Well, you'd better find out, for the number of trophies that fell before our invincible shotguns is just one short of that allowed, in the case of each kind of game. But the interesting part of our excursion was the weird and mysterious Texas night under a cloudy sky, the wonderful—"

"Da funny parta, she was when Berrandrera he fall and host his—" "There wasn't a thing happened worth talking about," asserted Fred.

"I tell you, Mal, you'd never forget that night, with a hundred coyotes howling and screeching and yawping and growling—"

"Gee, it maka me laugh when Harry Matees he look for da eats and he no can finda darning, He wanta turn da ottomobel opsiddaway—" "—and yelling and whooping—"

"Put away that pad and don't take out that pencil. I tell you nothing happened!" "—and screeching and screaming and shrieking like tortured souls in Hell, and their eyes gleaming in the darkness all around us—"

"Harry he hadda charge all da eats. He putten in a bag, canned chicken, canned asparagus, and lotsa swell stuff. He say he poota da bag on da ottomobel, but when we get way out, twenty mile away, and we tell da chof-foor to stop, and we get out, and we pay him tree doll, we no can finda no bug. Maybe da man he was sore dat we don't give him ten doll, and he keepa da bag. Anyway all we had left was bread and coffee, so we say 'All-right, we can have swell feed on broiled quail on toast, fried pigeon on toast, snipe a la Maryland on toast, with demi-tasses and toast to fineesh.'"

"And we did," averred Braender. "We certainly did," supplemented Mathis, "but we had underestimated the amount of water needed, and after that Saturday night dinner, we hadn't any left, and, as you know, there is little use looking for springs or brooks or ponds in this region. We grew very thirsty during our sleepless night. It was an exciting night, all right, though at first, with our dinner put away, we felt happy and looked forward to a good sleep. We had brought two blankets and one poncho and made a bed for the three of us, poncho on the ground, then one blanket, then the other to cover us. We didn't build a bonfire at first, because we feared no animals and did not want to attract any of the humans that might be roaming around. Yes, we expected coyotes, but the best books on the wild and woolly deny that they attack men, and consequently we felt safe and snug and cozy and comfortable until about ten o'clock when we began to hear their full-mouthed yapping. Then we came to the conclusion that maybe the particular pack that we heard might not have read the books stating that they never attacked men, and might be so absent-minded as to overlook the rule and start chewing us up. So we built a bonfire, after which we turned in again and went to sleep."

"But not for long. The pack, which had been cursing the woods rather aimlessly, headed straight for us in full cry when they saw the glare, and the first thing we knew, we were surrounded. We gave them four barrels—two twelve-gauge singles and Fred's sixteen-gauge double—but that only increased their din. It seems that the wounded were quickly eaten by the rest. Not only did it sound that way, but Sunday morning, we found a few horrible-looking vestiges like pieces of furry skin, etc. The effect of our shots was not reassuring, and in view of their evident hunger we decided to take turns on guard, which simply meant remain awake. That worked all right for just fifteen minutes. Fred Braender had the first trick, and Jim and I tried to doze off, but at the end of the quarter-hour there came a sudden increase in the yelping that sent shivers along our spines. That was the trouble all night long. If only they had kept up a steady hullabaloo, we would have got used to it, but it was constantly changing, both in amount of noise and in nature of cries. It would be almost still for a few minutes, then some old leader would give out a hoarse yarr, and others would join with shrill caterwaulings and pretty soon the whole blooming bunch would unite in a blatant Babel of bellows and barks and blares and howls—"

"Bull Durham!" broke in Bab Malone, who had just stuck his head in the tent. Bab was feeling good that day, because he had killed two M. P.'s that morning instead of his usual single before-breakfast cop. He suggested that Fred tell how he came to break his arm.

"I didn't come to break my arm, you bum Flivver-tamer. I came to hunt. The way it happened was when those coyotes suddenly broke out loud after having been quiet a few minutes. That got my goat and I made for my gun, which was on the other side of the fire. The ground was soft and I slipped and fell in the fire, my hand right in the middle of it. I sprung my shoulder, too, but emptied both barrels at the

sons-of-guns—which didn't do my shoulder any good."

"Ha-ha, de nexta morning, Freddy spots a rabbit and grab his gun and Bang—Bang—he putta da shoulda on da blink."

"The next morning," said Harry Mathis, reuming the story, "was SOME forenoon. Breakfast was nowhere in sight. Not a drop of water, no more punk, nothing but a big hole in each one's stomach. We got up at six, feeling rather stiff, and the first thing we did was to climb a tree to look for a windmill. First, Jimmie Zecola went up one, but he couldn't see any, so we started walking in the general direction of McAllen, and about two miles away I climbed up another tree. I saw a windmill that looked as if it was a mile away, and we resumed our march Fred gritting his teeth but not slowing up a bit. Well, the more we walked, the farther that windmill seemed. It must have been five miles away. And when we got there, "the cupboard was bare," meaning there was no agua. So we started over again and two miles further along our pilgrim's progress we hit a deserted house. There was a well and it took us only a few minutes to haul some water—Safety First, you know—and cool it to drinking temperature. With that water we were able to prepare more game for breakfast, after which we continued our return journey. We passed several other deserted houses and then we came to one that was inhabited by a woman and her daughter. There we had a real breakfast, which fortified us for our return hike. That return march should be mentioned in some General's report, as showing what New York Guardsmen can do. We were over twenty-five miles away as the crow flies, and on account of the terrain we marched over thirty miles until we saw the McAllen water-tower. We were fortunate in meeting a road there, and we waited for some vehicle. A Ford soon passed and the man and woman aboard it gave us a lift to McAllen. Next time we go out a hunting, we'll reverse what we did—instead of riding out and hiking back, we'll hike out, and keep within two or three miles of some main road, so that we can ride back. Put that in as a bit of advice to others. Of course it's possible to ride both ways, but that means abandoning the car while you hunt, because the driver wouldn't want to be left out of it—or else hire a car, which is simply out of the question on fifteen a month."

"Besides," rhapsodized Harry, "you don't want to miss that wonderful night in the open, far, far away from any human habitation, in the tropical stillness punctuated by the noises of Nature, the twittering of birds, the chirpings, cacklings, crowsings, cawings, cuckooings, buzzings, blatterings, hummings, chirrupings, clackings, gobblings, gugglings, cooings, croakings, hissings, squeakings, brayings, neighings, bayings,—"

"And rattlings—don't forget that," M. F. B.

**B-r-r-r!**

Read this from last week's RATTLER:

If you feel a kind of cold feeling creeping up your spine and find a little trouble locating an extra blanket from the q. m., invest a little of your extra pay in a real wool comforter at Zachry and Cawthon's, alongside The Palace.

Come here for that

**Blanket!**

Also Suit Cases \$1.50 and up

**Zachry & Cawthon**

McAllen

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A Bank where "COURTESY IS CURRENCY"

Where you are treated as a gentleman here intelligent service greets you from behind the grating

And where hundreds of New York officers and men place their money. Accounts of \$100 and over solicited.

First State Bank of McAllen

R. E. Horn, Cashier

Zachry, Asst. Cashier

Glasscock, Asst. Cashier

**McAllen Bath** Run in connection with McAllen Hotel. Hot water always available. Soap and towel furnished. 'Costs a quarter but lasts a week'

**Pool Room** Right across from McAllen depot. Five Brunswick & Balke tables, two bowling alleys. Soda fountain in connection.

**You Know Louis Gerlts. He Knows You**