

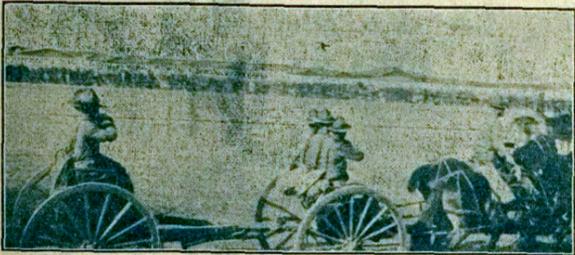
Our Division Unit News

TWELFTH INFANTRY.

Ordinary news items, the doings of companies or individuals, gossip and inevitable General Rumor all seem rather trivial this week. We are all more or less in a state of excitement. This is evidenced by a multitude of little incidents, each of little or no consequence, but significant when viewed in the aggregate.

Of course, the normal trend of things has not been upset. The interesting program of instruction through which we are being put goes on and consequent progress is one that we can be proud of. The 3rd Battalion has returned from its tour along the Rio, and so has the 2nd, and now the 1st is again there—rather it is there as a unit for the first time, though its four companies had been on outpost duty before, in sets of two.

By this time we have become accustomed to looking across at our sister republic, and at looking into the darkness of night, hour after hour, when on night duty along the Rio. We know a good deal about trails, orientation, field engineering, and all that. But of what use is an Infantryman if he cannot shoot as well as the enemy? "Superiority of Fire" is what wins battles, we are told. And so in order to acquire that, we are beginning a series of interesting pilgrimages to two places, called Penitas and Sam Forlysee, where we devoutly worship at a number of shrines consisting of



Field Artillery Passing in Review

large white squares with a black dot in the middle, and concentric circles. In plainer words, we go there for target practice. Companies L and M were the first to start out, last Friday.

Now all such things are easy to write home about. And they are interesting as bearing upon our progress, which we hope will soon make us the crack Infantry outfit of the country; but for all that, having told the folks at home all about them, in detail, we would not be satisfied that we had conveyed a COMPLETE impression. There's something "in the air," something intangible, yet very evident. Time seems to drag, and at the same time to fly. As illustration, one goes to Brownsville for change of scenery and mental recreation and returning the next day he finds a changed atmosphere, or rather the same atmosphere with a new element, defying analysis.

There is a new tenseness, a new seething, a new undercurrent of excitement. It seems unnatural, and it is. More-over one knows that it will soon pass. One always feels, on closer investigation that it is NOT due primarily to the news that the Seventh is going home. It is due to a readjustment that was bound to come sooner or later, and which the departure of our neighbor has only precipitated. All the harmless, but nevertheless tense excitement—at least that is our theory—is simply the evidence of the mental travail involved in CASTING OFF ILLUSIONS.

Moreover, an old-timer in the 12th may be allowed a little prediction: It is that this will soon be over, and the renaissance of the Spirit of the Twelfth will be of the greatest good to the regiment. It will mean that having seen our neighbor regiment on the south sent home, and now our neighbors on the north, we shall all of us have re-shaped our point of view, have emerged from this turning point with unclouded vision and strengthened will to meet the test.—M. F. B.

Hunting coats, caps, hunting knives, thermos bottles, shot guns in 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge, carbines and rifles in many makes and calibres, U. S. water-proofed shells, in fact everything for the hunter; Let us outfit you complete. Walker Bros. Hancock Co., Hdqrs. Dept.

SOME RATTLERS!

This makes fourteen rattles to the credit of The Rio Grande Rattler. And many skeptics said it couldn't be done.

1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS.

The Commissioner of Highways, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, and the Park Commissioner, got together a week ago, with good results for our little community.

Our streets have been recurbed and repaved with the latest crown effect. The plaza at the entrance, the park and the telephone grounds have been regraded. 1st Class Private Young says there will be real grass there in a few weeks. The telephone building and mess halls have received their annual fall coat of bright green. The Medical Department has several good landscape gardeners.

Corporals Wishart and Redfelsen and 1st Class Privates Laine and Logan, who are doing excellent work on the telephone system at the La Gloria range, report that snow fell in large flakes at their camp early last week. We thought we enjoyed the limit of cold from them. With sweaters and overcoats, mattresses on our cots and stoves in our tents, we managed to keep warm, even if we still dine *al fresco*.

Sergeants Childs and Droste are busy in their leisure hours, arranging an entertainment and dance for Thanksgiving week. Many of these cold evenings the camp has enjoyed entertainments furnished by the mandolins and guitars of Sergeant McLean, Corporal Goodwin, and First Class Privates

3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Eight inspections in nine days, and one review! Our military batting average increases. Schafter proposes throwing a cigarette butt into one of the trenches in order to put a stop to the surfeit of inspections. Some of the fellows are even beginning to suspect that we are being held here on the border for some definite purpose; maybe some Regular ambulance company is expected to arrive later in the winter which needs instruction. Well, we are more than willing to instruct, but if we may be allowed to make one suggestion, it would be that the Regular outfit come to the armory on 66th Street for its instruction. But, of course, as we implied before, this is only surmise on our part.

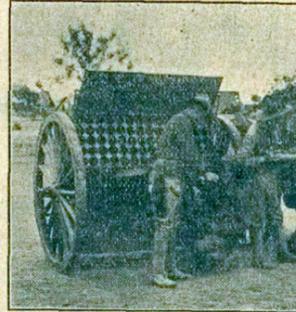
Sergeant Moore's Rough Riding School progresses rapidly in spite of "Northerns" and other obstacles. The stars of the institution at present are "Arch" Manning and "Dick" Barrows. After completing that part of the course, calling for the use of one horse only, these two indomitable drivers of four-in-hand tackled the Roman stunt of riding two horses with one foot on each, changes places with each other on the gallop, one carrying the other and half a dozen other tricks worthy of a Hippodrome production. Not content with this, they tackled three horses at once, selecting them at random from among the 3rd's eighty-seven animals. "Arch" maintains that only a shortness of lower limbs on his part prevents them from making it four instead of three.

The 3rd has been thoroughly inventoried and requisitions have been forwarded in order to bring equipment up to 1916 regulations.

Our incinerator has at last received its coat of whitewash and now presents much the same appearance as the "STORM KING" presented as I steamed up the Hudson River last June with our horses and wagons aboard. Why not name it "Storm King II?" Speaking of names, several have suggested the old reliable cognomen of "Spotless Town" for our company street. Well, that's as it should be since we are rated as a sanitary outfit.

McCormick is now our head cook and Bachman sticks well to his post as assistant; and they have done mighty well at that, all things considered. For one thing the coffee is recognizable as such, which is said to be an unprecedented occurrence in the history of the National Guard, (U. S.) Stick to the ship, "Mack," the boys are with you.

Seems rather good to see Dawson and Dwyer back at them old jobs as drivers in one of the ambulance pla-



Field Artillery in Action

STIRRING BATTLES OCCUR ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

"Brown" Army Retreats Before Victorious "Whites." San Benito Evacuated.

Brownsville, Texas, Nov. 20.—The "White" army defending the United States, today forced the "Brown" army, invading the country by way of Mexico, to evacuate San Benito, into which it retreated yesterday after its unsuccessful meeting with the "Whites" south of the Arroyo Colorado.

The evacuation was compelled by the theoretical shelling of the city by the "Whites." The "Browns" retired to trench positions from two to four miles south of San Benito. Indications today were that the maneuvers in and around San Benito will consume several days. The entire "White" division, about thirteen thousand strong, is now available for use against the "Browns."

toons. History does repeat itself even in the Third.

Newfield is now well on his way to Little Old New York on a fifteen-day furlough. Lucky Maurice! And lucky Mrs. Maurice.

The boys all wish Cohen God-speed on his trip home, although we are sorry he couldn't have gone under circumstances less sad.

A severe blow was dealt to the "northern" of last week, so far as the "3rd" was concerned, when Sergeant Pasco returned from the commissary store-house with fifteen of the sixty conical stoves the store-house boasted. Some captured! Each stove was installed and doing a rushing business within a short few hours of their arrival.

U. S. Black waterproofed shot gun shells in smokeless and black powders are the strongest shooting shells made yet cost no more than other makes. The only shells that will stand immersion in water. Duck and goose hunters will use no others. Walker Bros. Hancock Co. Hdqrs. Dept.

LOST—Gold Signet Ring, initials G. K. F. Finder please return to Private Krause, care of Supply Co., 12th Inf. Reward.

LOST—A Badge, Park Commissioner, Yonkers with name on reverse side. Return to Color Sergt. Charles N. Bajart, 1th Infantry. Reward to finder.

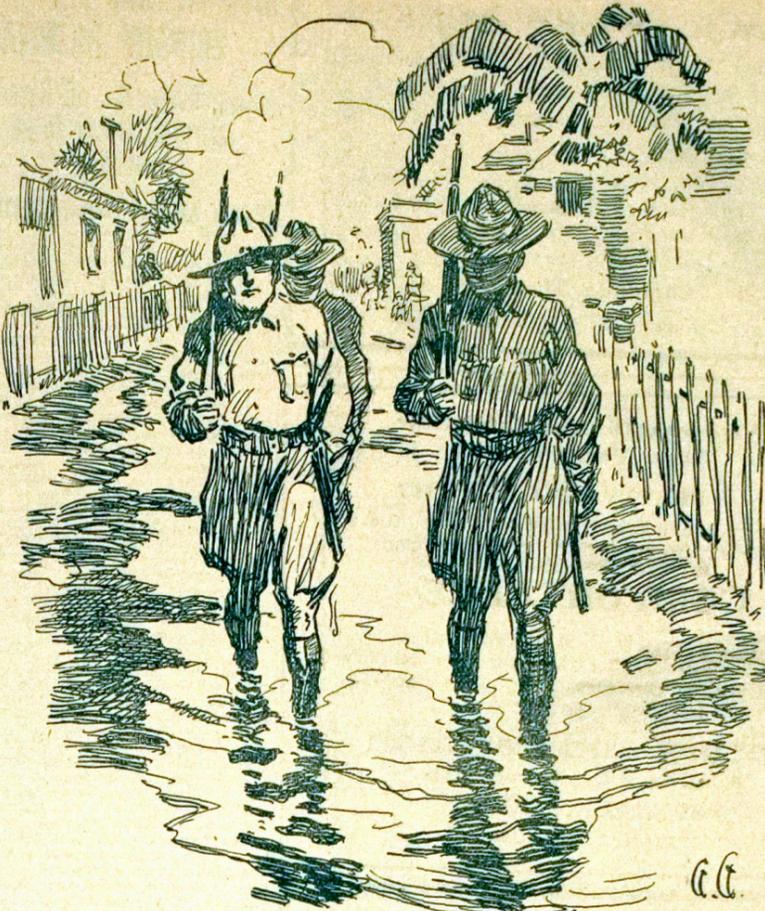
LOST—Wrist Watch, name on strap, A. Manheim; on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 18, near Wells Fargo offices in McAllen. Finder will please return to Rattler office at Division Headquarters.

KODAK FINISHING

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HOW MUCK ALLEN GOT ITS NAME

CONCERNING ORDERS AND SUCH

Orders may be divided into fifty-seven distinct and separate varieties. They may be thus divided, we say, but, lest you wearily drop this page and turn to the advertisements and editorials for mental relaxation and entertainment, we refrain from pursuing to the bitter end the complete classification. You must take our word for it that there are 57 kinds of orders. If we attempted to enumerate them all we would find ourselves in a pickle indeed.

Speaking of pickles brings to our mind the most famous order ever issued for the delectation of the 6th Division. General Order Number 7, of course. Perhaps you may have forgotten how that far-famed order reads. Since we have no copy of G. O. 7 near at hand we will explain how the earnest seeker of knowledge may become acquainted with its purport and even its text.

The *modus operandi* is simple. The next time you are down in the village of McAllen stroll casually into the nearest cafe or buckhorn. The more casually you stroll the better the results will be. Upon reaching the teak rail behind which smiles a bald-headed robber of doubtful ancestry, crook slightly the little finger and ask nonchalantly for a "snooker." Upon demolishing said liquid gravel seize hold of the rail with both hands and shout, "Police." As far as we know this is the most direct method of learning the intricacies of G. O. 7. Perhaps later, when busily chopping out cactus, you may become familiar with other and more complex orders. G. O. 7 is very simple and is the best example for beginners on the subject of Orders.

Another class of orders is the schedule, program, or extensive training order. Complete and intensive study of these, together with the following of all the ramifications of duty bulletins and special orders, often leads the eager student back to the point from whence he started—G. O. 7. Did we say "leads him?" Perhaps "drives him" would be more appropriate and precise phraseology.

These are orders for morning, noon and night, and for all times in between. Sometimes they are issued in the same manner as are shoe laces and "comical stoves." At other times their promulgation becomes a ceremony. No tent is complete without them. They are as numerous as beans in the mess or as flies in a canteen. They may drop singly upon your head like the first gentle taps of a shillalah wielded by a cross-eyed M. P., or they may pounce upon you from the rear and assail you from all sides with the same perversity and avidity as the armor-plated bugs or the little yellow perils. Everyone issues orders except the low private. He is the goat. Some orders are typewritten and mimeographed. Others are shouted and bawled. When a Corporal utters an order you wither him with a look of scorn and light another cigarette. When a General promulgates one you leap for the nearest shelter as though a hurricane were approaching from the Gulf.

But the greatest order of all is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Entraining. You often hear that it is on its way but you are sadly incredulous. That order is somewhat like the Millennium. It is always on its way but it never arrives. However, when you are told emphatically that it is here, you gaze stupidly around you and wriggle your fingers in an earnest endeavor to realize the full import of it all. You glance up at the sky and see the fleecy clouds floating serenely in the limitless blue. They look just the same as they did yesterday. You peer down the line of tents and are surprised to see them all standing. It cannot be true after all, else why are not these same tents sailing joyously up through the clouds and why is not the Colonel standing on his hands and waving his heels exuberantly at the sun. You seat yourself dully on an abandoned cactus plant. As you leap to your feet in sudden exaltation of spirit you hear the roar of

hysterical delight from a thousand leather-lunged men. Your tent-mate clasps you around the neck in uncontrollable hilarity of blessed hope and someone pounds you joyfully on the shoulderblades in the culminated ecstasy of sweet realization. It is true. THE Order has arrived.

Our little talk on Orders would hardly be complete without a few words about orderlies. The latter belong to a strange species and are neither human nor spiritual. Like the thorus on the cactus they are claimed by some to be necessary in the general scheme of things. Knowing that it takes all kinds or objects to make a regulation universe we will accept their presence on the upper crust of the globe with patience and fortitude. There they are and there is no more helping it than the horns on a horned toad. Orderlies may be roughly divided (the only way they can be scientifically handled) into two classes; self-effacing aids and rumor-spreaders. The former are about as numerous as snowflakes in Hidalgo county during August. It is of the latter that we will especially concern ourselves.

Nine-tenths of all rumors begin, orderly at Headquarters told me that—"The wise man listens no further but promptly slays the speaker and goes on his way rejoicing. Ten minutes every day the orderly devotes himself to his duties and the rest of the time he slips through the company streets and leaves behind him such sterling bits of information as, "You're going home next week. I saw the orders," "Your recall orders have been cancelled. You are not going home until Spring. I heard the General say so," "Too bad. The 109th are going home in your place." How he escapes a timely end at the point of a bayonet is more than most of us can understand.

Ware the orderlies who know it all and ware all rumor-mongers. Believe what you read in the Bible and never look for information in the Brownsville papers. Make up your mind that no one knows anything, not even the authorities at Washington. You can't go wrong. But obey orders and pray for the day to come when you will again see "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Remember your friends at home would appreciate a copy of The Rattler. Send them one!

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

With the passing of the Seventh, fades the memories of the men who served so faithfully at the Headquarters detachment. The trails here on the Border were hard, but, like true soldiers, they faced every condition like a man. Brown will be greatly missed; perhaps not at the camp, but surely in town. Yes, our little Brown did break the hearts of the town maidens. And then there is Hiscox; his smiling face will also be missed along with half of our mess kits, and other necessary implements of war. Stacy Sullivan, who had recently been made chief domo of the kitchen, will no longer have to hide at 11:30 and 5 o'clock; and no longer will Whitlock have to "worry about her back home."

The fellows will be missed and it will be hard to find others who can sleep so long, and scheme as they did. Though Lee's guerillas will be greatly weakened, other strong men are expected to take their place.

Frank Leach has signified his intention of settling down in Texas, and though not perfectly contented with military life, feels that Texas has many opportunities for the promising young men of the country.

Ruddy Lawrence, another detacher, makes the following statement for the press: "Even though I can go home at this time, I feel that it is my duty as a true American to stay here on the Border until the last man departs." Some one suggests that Ruddy join the N. Y., N. G. here in McAllen. Why not, the work is easy!

SHOT BY MILITARY POLICE.

Early Saturday evening about 8:35 o'clock Private R. Flynn of Battery D, 3rd N. Y. Field Artillery, while in an intoxicated condition, created a general disturbance in McAllen in the vicinity of the public park, just east of the railroad station. Flourishing a revolver, he threatened the lives of both soldiers and civilians until one of the military police came upon the scene and attempted to arrest him. He pointed his revolver at the M. P. and threatened to shoot, whereupon the military policemen fired at him with his 38 calibre revolver, the bullet hitting Flynn in the abdomen. He was hurried to the camp hospital where an operation failed to save his life, and he died shortly before midnight.



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