

News Sent in by Our Division Units.

# HALL'S

## Grocery

We have plenty of everything for troop, company or regiment. Our store is splendidly stocked and our service rivals that of metropolitan stores.

For groceries that are clean and well handled, come to us.

The Grocer That Sells For Less

**A. P. Hall,** Main Street  
McAllen

### SQUADRON A CAVALRY.

Troop D guards Monte Cristo. Violent mosquito attacks repelled, and town business boomed. Good food for men, and horses turned out to graze rapidly recuperate.

Three birds were killed—not counting the doves and quail—with one stone by the week's visit of Troop D Squadron A to Monte Cristo for the purpose of guarding the base of supplies of the infantry hikes. In the first place the troop performed its duty in unloading freight cars and protecting from raid, the supplies thus obtained; secondly, the men under the bracing influence of the ranchland atmosphere, received a new lease of life while the horses grew fat and sleek on Mr. Sterling's rich, green grass; and thirdly, Monte Cristo, erstwhile a mere village, has become a thriving town with hotel, department store and tonsorial business, reaching the top notch of prosperity.

Even "Carranza," the most forlorn of equines, suffering from a variety of terrible diseases, hitherto unknown to science, was able to stand on all four legs after three days, and at the end he was able to gallop home with two equipments on his back. It was good to see them all rolling in the well grass, and rollicking home to the picket lines when they were herded in at sunset, with their bellies round and their backs sleek. And the men got valuable experience in cowboying, lassoing and many other forms of Texan outdoor sport, and grew fat themselves through a plentiful supply of food.

The work at Monte Cristo might be summed up as follows: Each morning four or five details were dispatched; one for 24-hour duty guarding the depot; one for unloading freight cars of their stores of hay, oats, bacon, hard tack and jam; one to guard the post-office and general store; and one to stay at home and herd the horses, clean the picket lines, and do the general stable work for the troop. Then there was a magnificent detail sent out every forty-eight hours to guard the water tank at Albon, and judging from their reports, they lived exclusively on fresh poached eggs, rich cream and quail on toast, and spent most of their time lying flat on their backs beneath the sun, while above, Private Robert Dasey was the bagger of the game for one of those details, and his first day's bag distinguished him forever as the troop shot. All day he was away and the remainder of the group lying in the cool, heard his repeated shots and made no effort to get mess, thinking with watering mouths and empty stomachs of the innumerable quail at supper. And just at sunset appeared Dazy, a triumphant smile on his face, bearing in one hand a wood pecker and in the other an English sparrow. The post-office detail furnished a variety of amusing experiences. The four men sent to guard this property soon discovered that sorting mail and grading it, occupied but a small portion of their time, so they soon bethought them of many little New York innovations which would rejuvenate Monte Cristo, and make of it a second wicked Gotham.

For example: There was the Sterling cocktail. Oh, brilliant Ed Hamilton, many are the weary, hike-worn infantrymen who will bless you for that remarkable concoction! A thrilling combination of the National Drink (you are welcome, Mr. Welch for the advertisement) lemon juice and many other flavors whose secret Ed will always carefully guard made up this restorative. No one knows how many thousands were sold, but, in the heart of doughboys throughout the land there is a sense of gratitude to Ed. And this was only one of the inventions which brought fame to Troop D and business to Monte Cristo.

The station guard was a pleasing detail. Working in shifts which gave each man two hours on and four hours off, the men found ample opportunity to sit in the cool of the hotel piazza, and swapping village gossip with the townspeople. And let us here dedicate a vote of eternal gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery whose hospitality was the finishing touch to the week at Monte Cristo. The sentry at post No. 3 of the station guard, if he happened to be on duty from 3 to 5, had the interesting opportunity of seeing the infantry regiments pass through on their way to and from Laguna Seca. Being a cavalryman, he naturally looked with amazement upon persons who could walk eleven miles on their own two feet and appear at the end of it singing, "What the Hell Do We Care," with an air of complete abandon and a freshness of expression that would have astonished our horses themselves.

Many were the rumors he gleaned from the passing of the doughboys. "Home in a week," cheerfully shouted the man from the Second. "Christmas at McAllen," waited someone from the 14th. "Mexico to-morrow," said one from the 69th. Till the guard felt quite at home and half believed himself back in camp. But always there was the same greeting from the doughboys: "Pretty soft for you guys!" And the guard after his two hour shift was not quite so certain of the meaning of this insinuation, but as his eyes wandered down the muddy leggings, and up to

the perspiring face, understood and returned somewhat shamefacedly to his military manner and walked his post with more alertness than before.

But the most exciting detail was the horse herding. Anyone has seen Mel Spencer galloping in circles after a dozen clopping horses or Charlie Frieder astride a naked mustang feverently driving a flying wedge into a herd of frantic bronchos would pronounce Troop D the finest of Texan cowboys. And towering above it all, mounted on the redoubtable "Justice," the winner of twenty-two blue ribbons, was the commanding figure of Sergeant Blodgett. Some say that the other horses were so green with jealousy of Justice that they straightway instituted a stampede. Others say the artistic temperament of the Sergeant began an epidemic of stampeding among the other steeds. Others say there was no stampede. But these are matters which must be locked in the bosom of the Sergeant, for he refuses to be interviewed.

In closing, let us not forget Charlie Frieder, the guiding spirit of the mess, who could, with a wave of his magic wand change army rations into a Shanley table d' hote (cabaret and all), and his able assistants, Brett, Carter, Steen and the Q. M. Department.

Barring mosquitoes, and flooded tents, all of Troop D was quite happy and came back in a very cheerful frame of mind to a camp which had vastly improved in their absence.

Drills are daily improving and the horses are no longer in the least alarmed by pistols shot off their backs.

Shooting practice has been held for most of the troops at Sharyland range, and some excellent scores have resulted. Pistol scores average on the whole higher than rifle.

The machine gun troop is sojourning for a week at Penitas for machine gun and pistol practice.

The persistent habit of machine gun mules of gnawing their halter shanks has caused them to be chained to the lines. This will bring about more quiet in the night time, say we, at least until the mules learn to eat their way through the picket line. Try more oats, Sergeant JUAN; the mule must live, sir, and hemp rope at best is indigestible.

Jack Agar in San Antonio hospital wires that his finger is perfectly O. K., and why won't they let him out to enjoy the town?

Charlie Frieder says it's a lie about that kerosene in those potatoes, and that our tastes are so coarsened we can no longer distinguish Delmonico seasoning from the coal tar products.

Pill Carson's water on the knee is all dried up. Bill is fatter, though, for the experience, and he come back with so many tales about hospital diet that a startling rise in the temperatures of his squad has been noted. Your correspondent, for one, can't say enough for Doc. Winslow's corn bread.

We all eat rumors alive here, but we have learned that just because the major goes to Brownsville in an automobile, it doesn't mean that we are all going to New York the minute he returns.

### 3rd AMBULANCE CO.

Friends of Sergt. Albert Dreyfus, who left the ranks of the "3rd" on August 15th, on a physical disability discharge, will be glad to know that he is resting comfortably at his home at 230 West 99th Street, New York City, and while still confined to his bed a large part of the time, is well on the way to recovery.

The "3rd" now has a well trained and well equipped pack section, consisting of four 3-year-old mules and five horses. The men detailed to handle this section are as follows: Sergt. Bolin, Privates Al. Manning, Clarence O'Neill, Henry Strebe and George Austin.

Private Hugh Ramsey has been appointed driver in the place of Private John Fleming, who is receiving his discharge on account of dependent relatives.

The boys of the "3rd" are adopting a scheme for sending home surplus baggage. It consists of packing all such things as extra uniforms, shoes, hats and other things not needed on the trip home, into boxes by tent squads. These boxes are shipped directly to the armory at 66th Street, where each may get his own belongings on arrival. This eliminates much expense in shipping separate boxes, and takes care of much extra weight which would otherwise be carried by the soldier. This idea, originating with Musician Tracy of the "3rd's" spreading rapidly as new reports of going home become known.

The Art Editor wishes to express through the columns of The Rattler his hearty appreciation of a meal consisting of crackers, cheese and fried rattlesnake, which was served by the boys of the "7th" Medical Corps on the evening of Monday, September 4. Contrary to the general opinion, the meat, dipped in batter and fried in deep fat was extremely sweet and delectable.

Found: In the ranks of the 3rd Ambulance Co., Count Antonio Guiseppe DeLiscio of the ancient house of DeLiscio in Italy. The count says he is here to study modern warfare, and is much pleased with our methods. "In Italy," he says, "they do not progress; they still fight with guns that kill. But in America, Ah, it is grand. They (Continued on Page Eight.)"

### What you want, When you want it

Our stock of everything in the hardware line is most complete and our goods are standard quality throughout. Prompt and able service at all times.

How's your jack-knife, Bill? Don't be without a good blade in your pocket. We have all kinds, also saws, hammers, screwdrivers. All material for screening in your tent.

You know our store. Come in.

## GREGORY & CARDWELL

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### The Best 40,000 Acre Ranch In the Magic Valley

#### FOR SALE

An abundance of grass. Artesian water from four artesian wells on the property. Also 16 shallow wells for stock. Never dry. Ranch contains 25,000 acres open prairie, now carrying about 5,000 head of white faced and poled cattle. Exceptional opportunity for investment. If sold at once can deliver for a ridiculously low price.

Get into communication with E. W. Keyes, Box 112 Mission, Texas.

### PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border

By Dreher



# The Kodak Studio

located near the 71st Y. M. C. A. Camp in McAllen has on sale

The new Ingersoll Army and Navy luminous dial wrist Watch, fully guaranteed by the Ingersoll Co. at \$4.00.

S. & W. Army & Navy Special seven jewel, nickel case, luminous dial wrist watch, with extra strap and crystal fully guaranteed \$8.00.

Luminous dial Swiss made pocket watch, guaranteed by the Knickerbocker Watch Co. N. Y. \$3.00.

Extra wrist straps of tan leather .25c

The new Eastman No. 00 Premo Film Camera, making a picture size 1 1/4 by 1 3/4; easily carried anywhere \$1.00. Films for above camera 2 rolls (6 exposures each) .25c.

Above goods can be sent parcel post, c. o. d. and money will be returned if same are not satisfactory.

## Delmonico Jr. Cafe---McAllen

"Quedara satisfecho todo mundo"

Buy your groceries and clothing supplies from:

Rodriguez & Co.

One block this side of Main Street, McAllen. Our big sunny store contains fresh fruits, bandanas, tan shirts, socks, towels, underwear and hardware. Prices low. We speak English.

Right across from Grow's lumber yard.

Come in, you will be pleased.

Best place for eats

Try our Steaks

Two doors south of Commercial Hotel, McAllen.

Allison & Allison, Props

### WHEN ON A HIKE

(Or Joyride) stop at the

POST BROS. & KREIDLER

Soda Fountain Ice Cream Cold Drinks

South of Picture Show Pharr, Texas