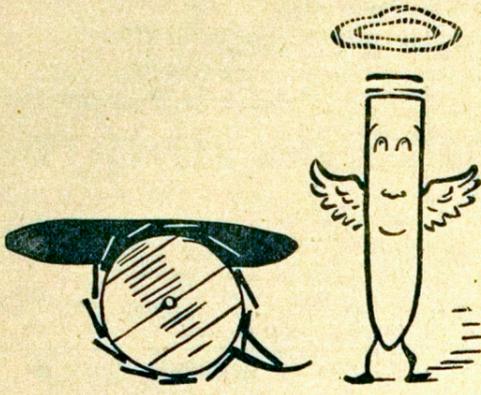


Is TOM KEENE for "Peace at any price?"



No. Preparedness for a good smoke and a half hour's solid Peace for 5c.

The price of that Presado Blend is divided by so many cigars that Tom Keene can be sold for only 5c. Come on in—the smoking's fine!



TOM KEENE the cigar with that Presado Blend

Yup, left here last Monday at midnight and went down as far as Ascension, 60 miles, as guard on a truck train. Got back Saturday night about 9:00 o'clock and was almost a wreck. That trip will certainly pull anyone's cork."

"Our 1st Lieut. was detailed to the truck trains. Well, immediately every one in our company wanted him to take them with him when he went, but he said the first couple of trips would be merely as a passenger, and he would have to say about selecting the guard. After that, he would probably go in command of a train, and then he could pick some of the guards from our company. He was scheduled to make his first trip on a train leaving here a week ago to-night, and just before taps, (11 o'clock) came to the company street and said he wanted two men to go. Well, he picked another man from my squad and myself, and we got our things together in jig-time and hustled over to the starting point just about in time to leave. I don't know how he happened to pick us, except that, as I am Corporal of the first squad, and as the company is arranged according to height, I have the biggest men in it and I guess that trip called for a husky alright. We only went so far as the Border Monday night, and waited from about 1:30 until daylight. Then we started for Las Palomas, eight miles below the line, and arrived there about 7 in the morning, after a heartbreaking trip over the poorest excuse of a road I ever saw. And the alkali dust from a train of 37 big motor trucks, 3 tank cars and a repair car I'll leave to your imagination. We unloaded a couple of trucks here, (there is a small detachment of 11th Cavalry at Las Palomas) and left about 10 o'clock for Espia, which we made, by great good fortune the same night. And the road from Columbus to Las Palomas is a boulevard compared to the wreck of a turnpike which runs the rest of the way."

We camped at Espia Tuesday night, and got started late Wednesday a. m. for the rest of the trip, and pulled into the camp at Ascension about 11 o'clock Wednesday night. The going is awful slow and the roads simply indescribable, they have been worn so by the truck trains and were poor enough before that. Made better time coming back, as we did not have to wait for any trucks to be unloaded anywhere. We left Ascension at daylight Friday, camped near Espia that night and got back to Columbus at 9 p. m. Saturday. And you should have seen yours truly, I lost my hat early in the game and wore a red bandana gypsy fashion around my head. I was caked with dust, and every time I stepped, it looked like some one beating a carpet. I would have had a picture taken if we had gotten in the daylight, although I was so tired the only thing I could think about was bed. At Ascension Thursday night I got the only sleep I had

on the entire trip, as it is utterly impossible to sleep on those trucks in the daytime, and nights we were doing guard duty. I didn't take my clothes off from the time we started until we returned. Most of the fellows who made the full trip, that is, clear to Colonia Dublan, where General Pershin's headquarters are, say they have to throw away their clothes when they get back, but I guess mine will be all right after a washing. Saturday night I stopped only long enough to take a shower (delicious) and get something to eat, and then piled onto my cot and stayed there until Sunday noon. Then I got up, shaved, put on clean clothes, and felt little the worse for my experience, except that I was awful stiff and sore from the jolting and jouncing, and my fingers were still cramped from holding on."

"While I think of it I'll put in my order for the first meal I'll have when I get home—whether its breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner or supper. A great big three layer chocolate cake and a vanilla nut cake with nice white frosting; a freezer of rich, yellow homemade ice cream, a horrible big kettle roast, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, corn and asparagus and lemonade and anything else you can think of; and the table all set nice, and somebody else will have to wash the dishes when we get through."

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, LAD.

By Clarence Cisin, Private, Battery C, 2nd Field Artillery.

When you wake up in the morning And the bugle's shrilling loud And you can't stop your yawning, And the sky's a huge dark cloud; While your limbs are cramped and aching, And you're feeling mighty bad With your neck so stiff and breaking— Why, you're in the army, lad.

And you hustle out about half dressed To be lined up for call. And while shaking off a clinging pest Slip in some mud and taxi; And stand around and curse a while, Just feeling mean and mad; 'Till your sense of humor makes you smile— Why, you're in the army, lad.

And each day's like the one before, And the next will be the same; While life itself becomes a bore, And dangerous things seem tame; When there's someone you're a longing for And your very soul seems sad 'Cause you can't see her for three months more— Why, you're in the army, lad.

ARMY HORSE IS ON RETIRED LIST

Earns Veteran's Honors and Goes on Retired List

STORY OF FOXHALL, ARMY HORSE

Guardsmen who are seeing the Southwest for the first time have not ceased to be impressed by the strange customs of the Texans, and the tender sentiments hidden away in their hearts are strangely contagious. One militiaman told a touching tribute paid to an army horse at Fort Sam Houston in a letter to his family here recently, says the New York Times. At the time he was convalescent at the army hospital, having had a slight attack of fever. The letter said in part, "With in easy walking distance of the Fort is a grave, marked by a small tombstone, on which is carved:

Foxhall, Faithful Army Horse, Died Jan 10, 1916, at the Age of 38.

"This legend is followed by a brief history of the horse's faithful service and the unusual honor he enjoyed after retirement.

"Foxhall was the only animal on the retired list of the army. He was retired in 1913 by Secretary Garrison for twenty-four years of meritorious service, including campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico, and an overland march of 1,000 miles from Fort Riley to Fort Sam Houston. Secretary Garrison directed that the horse be attached to Battery A, Third Field Artillery, for care and maintenance, contrary to the usual practice of selling army horses when they are condemned.

"In 1889, when Foxhall was 12 years of age, he was purchased for the army at San Francisco. He was assigned to Light Battery K, First Artillery, and at various times served with Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, in Cuba and Porto Rico, in the Quartermaster's Department, again in Light Battery F, Third Artillery, and in Sixth Battery, Field Artillery, and finally with Battery A, Third Artillery. In the latter part of 1904 and in 1905 he was used for hauling supplies from the commissary and Quartermaster storehouses and the post bakery to the Battery kitchen.

"He would make these rounds daily without a driver. Each morning the stableman would hitch Foxhall to his cart and start him off from the Battery kitchen. There the cook would place

in the cart a note of the supplies needed for the day, and Foxhall would proceed to the commissary, the butcher shop, the post bakery, and then return to the Battery kitchen. At each place he would back the cart up to the door, and at the bakery he would be rewarded with a small loaf of bread, refusing to leave the spot until he had been served.

"When the battery was transferred from Fort Riley to Fort Sam Houston, Foxhall marched overland with the outfit, arriving apparently as fresh as the younger horses, though he was then 9 years old, and it was a 1,000-mile trip, made at regular army marching speed.

"During the last few months of his life, Foxhall failed rapidly. He had barely enough strength to climb the hill from the stable to the battery kitchen to get his morning ration of bread. Finally he contracted a bad cold, which threatened pneumonia, and the officers decide to put the animal to death. The soldiers are all devoted to the memory of the horse and very proud to relate the history of his career."

BRIEFS.

The Drum Corps of the 7th will certainly know all about plain and fancy drumming by the time they reach the North; if there is anything left of the drums.

General's Wilson's Brigade is the only one of the three having completed rifle and pistol practice, the 74th Infantry finishing last week. Owing to the rainy season a few weeks ago and the recent "hikes," the 14th and 71st Regiments of Infantry did not make practice.

White Rock and White Wings were served at officers' mess at McAllen last week.

"Safety first." Seventy-First home first.

The "Magic Valley" isn't getting any rain at present, and likewise not many fresh vegetables; not much fresh fruit and very few fresh eggs. If this "Magic" spell could be lifted from the "Valley" perhaps the residents and squatters could obtain more of the sunshine of life in the good eatable things grown in other communities, not "magic."

You couldn't really call an automobile ride a "joy ride" in Texas.

The Signal Corps, commanded by our genial friend Major William L. Hallahan, is doing effective business with their radio station at McAllen. It's a busy station, too.

An exchange says that the American army rifle has not been changed since 1893—23 years ago, and the time is ripe for a drop to a still smaller bore.

Officer: "What would you do if you were asked to 'order arms?'" Recruit (from rural districts): "Send for a Chicago mail order catalogue." —Puck.

WANTED—A man in each National Guard unit on the border to act as agent for "The Camp Toilet Kit." Very liberal commission. THE CAMP TOILET KIT CO. INC., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

FROM CORPORAL REAGAN'S LETTER HOME

Major Allan Reagan's son, a corporal in the 2nd Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard writes: "Almost feel as tho I were home again. For I've been into Mexico!

A Message for You---

When that big longing comes for a change from the daily sameness in mess rations, try Grape-Nuts--a delicious food with a mansize smacking flavor that goes to the spot, and Satisfies

Grape-Nuts

is a concentrated food--the entire nutriment of whole wheat and barley in small bulk. Its high energy value, and ease of digestion--generally in about one hour--make Grape Nuts unparalleled as a hot weather food. It nourishes and refreshes without heating the system.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat, protected from moisture, flies and other enemies, in wax-sealed packages. Even under severest conditions the crisp, nut-like granules keep fresh and delicious a long time. It is not affected by proximity to other foods.

Grape-Nuts makes for health, comfort and pleasure---and every table should have its daily ration of this delightful food.

"There's a Reason"

Ask your commissary or grocer.

