

News Sent in by Our Division Units

(Continued From Page Two.)

fight not with their brothers, but Nature and the elements they fight with shovel and pick. I shall introduce this mode of warfare into my own country.' But we imagine that the Count, since he has struck his head in the nose for a three year term, will by that time become fully Americanized.—D. E.

1ST CAVALRY.

Even Texas conforms to national tradition at times. It rained on labor day. Troop B of Albany got so homesick when they saw the rain that they pulled off a labor day parade. Dressed in costumes which indicated property losses in every department from the cook shack to the picket line and which would have made the Mexican country gentleman of the local war turn green with envy, as they plowed through the muddy regimental streets.

Every affiliation and Brotherhood of this great thing which we call the army was represented with distinguishing banners. The Semented Division of Detail Dodgers hobbled along on crutches, covered with bandages, broken men, all of them. There was the Colonel and his orderly and the Brotherhood of Latrine Burners dressed in appropriate sport clothes. The affiliated Rumor-Mongers each carried a neat new rumor over his shoulder. All the old friends were in line; Christmas dinner in McAllen; Home in two weeks, dancing at new camp site, watering at midnight, detailed for service in Philippines, Bryan's over night peace loving grape juice and doves, romped lightheartedly along.

The Sun Dodger's Union wore a 12-inch yawn and every state of undress from the pajamas up. An undignified cavalry horse extravagantly dressed in two pairs of fatigue trousers and wearing the hounded look of one who realizes that he is making a public ass of himself, but can see no way out of it, led the stable mechanics. The stable mechanics were out with curry combs and brushes.

There was the hospital corps, the grave plumbers union. The canteen booster and miles of other stupendous spectacles. In the place of the steam piano, at the end of the parade came the smallest burro in captivity, carried his head and tail to make him sound more like a steam piano. Every other troop in the regiment raced back into mess line after the parade, wondering why in — they hadn't thought of something like that. They consoled themselves with the resolve to come through on Christmas day with a grand display of fireworks or some similarly appropriate exhibition.

The Y. M. C. A. has been running what might be termed continuous vaudeville during the week. Captain Fiala of the M. G. Troop demonstrated his versatility by lecturing on his polar expedition Thursday night and the Bible on Sunday. Captain Fiala lectured on his northern trip Tuesday night before the men of the 7th and 12th Infantry. He has consented to tell the men of the 1st Cavalry of his trip through Brazil with the Colonel as soon as we get settled in the new camp.

Spanish has become a fashionable sport in the regiment. Three Spanish classes have been started under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. with a present enrollment of 150 men. The classes are held in the mess halls of headquarters and Troops M and I. They are under the direction of Lieut. B. S. Briggs, Lieutenant C. P. Franchot and Private H. A. Luther of G. Troop. The classes are held Tuesday and Saturday.

The following men spoke at the Y. M. C. A. during the week: Wednesday August 31st—John Dalrymple, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., war kin the New York Division.

Thursday, Sept. 1—Monsieur Conely, Chaplain of the 12th Infantry. Sunday, September 3—Chaplain Shymon of the 1st Field Artillery, conducted the regimental services.

Secretary Louis Blase of the 1st Cavalry Y. M. C. A.

Captain Field started his first general Bible class Monday, September 4. Prof. F. W. Hannum, president of the Spanish Club, Chicago, talked on Spanish grammar and Spanish literature.

Many of the troops have been considerably upset over the proposed re-assignment of letters throughout the regiment as recommended by Major General O'Ryan. The purpose of this change was to bring the up-state and down-state troops into logical sequence.

A telegram cancelling this scheme for the present at least has been received by General O'Ryan, dated August 31, and signed by Adjutant General Stotescu, at Albany. The message states that it is not deemed advisable for the Governor to attempt to change the letters while the troops are in service. It is stated that the situation is complicated by civil organizations, depot units and property left at home and that all action must be postponed. Upon the receipt of this telegram all the supply Sergeants were seen bumping over the brow of the hill in a regimental truck. When last seen they were headed for McAllen.

A number of officers are now wearing their hair grey as a result of the recent regimental drill. This is the second time that a regiment of militia cavalry has drilled together since the Civil War. It has been suggested that a bill be passed preventing another such manifestation until the next Civil War. It is generally conceded by those who have any occasion to understand the orders that it would be a rest to manipulate New York Central for a 12-hour fatigue after two hours of regimental maneuvers. Fortunately few have occasion to understand.

When this copy of The Rattler appears the old camp site of the 1st Cavalry will be occupied by a herd of Mexican goats, a few tarantulas and an occasional mantilla. Many of us have lived, and sweated and ate and slept here for more than two months until, in spite of all its mud and bugs, we leave it with the feeling that we are turning our backs on an old friend, because we see a well dressed stranger across the street. It was in the old

camp that we first become acquainted with intemperate old Texas, with its floods and dry spells, its driving rains or burning suns, its bugs and its thorns, its Sweet Caporal sunrises and its unquenchable thirsts. It was here that we learned by constant training the one delightful march of the cavalry band. It is here where for two months the sun has never caught us in bed.

We have learned the camp so well that it was possible to walk from one end to the other in the dark through its amazing variety of architecture, which would put Medieval Paris on the San Francisco Exhibition to shame. Now we must stub the midnight toe over strance cactus roots.

Troop I of Buffalo is now champion of the 2nd and 3rd Squadrons. The final game for championship will be played with Troop C of Brooklyn, now champions of the 1st Squadron. Troop I defeated Troop F of Brooklyn last week in the semi-finals of the regimental series by a score of 20 to 10.

Corporal Gale Felton of Troop A is kept busy being led to water by the charger Friedella, now on A Troop's picket line. The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd squads hold their schools for privates every other day, and the boys say that they are learning fast under the tutelage of their gallant little corporals, Young, Felton and Shaw.

Pere Long and Carl Busch tried to beat Joe and Henry at busting broncos the other day, and had great sport. They were not thrown off once, as they never got on. They are in the dandy Fifth.

Artie Busch and Jack Burke, big boys in the Thorough Third Squad, have been receiving so much mail lately that the rest of the squad are starting a fund to buy the presents.

Doc Powers, the popular and heavy hitting Medico had C Troop worried every time he came to the bat in the recent A. C. game. Two homers, three bagger and a double is going some, Doc.

Sergt. Brook Putman, Leslie Heatherton and Walter Neison Bootay celebrated their birthdays by blowing the boys to ice cream. The boys wish them many happy returns of the day, but not in Texas.

1ST FIELD ARTILLERY.

The event of the week was the baseball game of last Sunday between the First and Second Battalion. The First won by a score of 10 to 7. The teams were made up of officers of the different batteries of the First Field.

Battery E has a member who specializes in equineobituaries. As this is going to press, he is industriously polishing his shovel for another trip to the cologne fields, as we have nicknamed the Division Dump.

Rumors are rife throughout the regiment that we will be home in one week from the time we start, while others have it that we are leaving the first — chance we get, neither is right, as the writer has inside information from "one close to the administration in Washington" that the regiment is or is not going home sooner or later.

All of the batteries have received additional horses. About half of them are all right, but the other half are real grouchy, and have a habit of playfully trying to crush one's skull with all four feet at once. It is surprising to note the scientific manner in which they handle their hoofs. One isn't safe within fifty feet of the danger zone. Leave it to us—we'll conquer them. Kindness and firmness is the rule which is sometimes repaid with hoof prints all over the anatomy, but our boys are stickers, and we've not met a horse yet that has us "Buffaloed."

Our "jug" is plentifully adorned with violators of Div. Order No. 7. Boys who have a thirst and were caught using it. Here's wishing them a pleasant ten days.

Since our band has been mounted, it is noticed that many of them sit down at the mess tables very tenderly as if they were afraid of taking the cross out of their breeches. This is probably due to the fact that they are used to soft chairs at home, and have not as yet been able to adapt themselves to the hard planks. Riding has not interfered with the excellent quality of the music, however.

The mounted muster and brigade review of the N. Y. Division Artillery by Brig. Gen. McNair held at Sharyland drill field was a sight long to be remembered. It was a history maker, being the First National Guard Artillery Brigade review ever held in the United States. Too bad the movies didn't get it to show our people up north what an efficient artillery brigade New York has put in the field.

Our horses have such a liking for eating halter shanks, that the writer suggests discarding oats and hay, and feeding rope and leather exclusively. This diet coupled with desert of fried stible posts, ought to make an animal that couldn't be beaten for toughness.—C. M. W.

22ND ENGINEERS.

Capt. Barrett is nursing an injured left leg as a result of his experience with a team of mules that got stuck in a ditch. The popular adjutant who is an excellent horseman, attempted to steer the mules from the ditch, when the animals fell, taking Capt. Barrett with them. Luckily the adjutant fell on the mules.

"Balky" Nevins, E. Co., teamster, who considers himself an expert horse and mule trainer, was thrown from a mule last week. He was slightly injured as regards reputation, feelings and body.

Private N. O. Smith's new racon, "Frank," has been adopted "mascot" by the battalion. Frank, an intelligent animal, is now the new chief comedian. His mighty boxing bouts with "De," the pet bulldog of D Co., are screams.

Mess Sergeant Harry Gaffney, the Beau Brummel of B Co., received a very pretty pair of white and pink pajamas last week. Q. M. Sergeant Lecor did not approve of such style, hence the tale of the "Injured Pajamas." Battalion sergeants "Louie" Widemeyer and Ed McLaughlin are the

"Bibi" information bureaus. Among the conflicting return home dates which these two have given out are; Sept. 15 (Sept. 20, Oct. 15, 24th, etc., to Dec 27, 1917.

Recently Corpl. Ed Frazer, junior one-half mile champion, and First Sergeant Joyce, both of B Co. held a "toast race." Frazer lost.

The officers of the engineers are having hard luck with their horses. Lieut. Crimmins' steed was stricken with paralysis, and 2nd Lieut. Whitteley's "bright beauty" is suffering with the colic.

Adjutant Bates is having the time of his life picking races for the steeds. Many officers think "Moonshine," an ordinary animal, consequently fall for the racing bait. However, Moonshine has trimmed everything in sight. The horse is a thoroughbred, having a pedigree "as big as his owner's arm," according to reliable information.

Among the members of A Co., who will become benedicts a week or less after returning to New York are Corporal "Apollo" Thomas, Corporal Clerk Halligan, Private J. C. Crawford and last but not least John Maher, the Irish wit.

"Charlie" Vagle, A Co. cook, has turned scientist. He is attempting to discover an appetising dish in which tarantulas and gnats predominate. (It can't be done.—Editor.)

This past week Halligan succeeded Corpl. Greisen as A Co. clerk.

Corpl. Smith is kept busy upholding the government's stand as regards working privates instead of "Mexes."

This past week Q. M. Sgt. McLaughlin, Devins, Hynes, Corpls. Greisen and Lawyer went on a rampage. Conclusion of story: Three new sombreros of the queerest colors and most fantastic style.

We wonder when Private Weinschank will tire of telling of his experience in Vera Cruz.

We wonder what is the cause of Private Brady's change of temper. We well remember that he sent a telegram to a little girl in New York upon his leaving Whitman.

Lieut. F. B. O'Connor left for New York, having resigned from D Co., on account of business. Lieut. Crimmins of A Co. will leave next week on 30-day furlough to look after a contract in New York, handled by his firm in which 300 men are employed. Labor conditions require his presence to keep the force from disintegrating.

Lt. Stockwell and part of old F Co., Engineers, left this week to join the new F Co., Capt. Johnson commanding, at Sam Fordyce, where the heavy ponton equipage is being overhauled.

Co. A, Capt. Ross commanding, has been ordered out along the line of hike to inspect and repair all bridges and culverts on the roads. According to present plans they will remain in the field until all units, including the field artillery regiments have traversed the route.

Co. C, Lieut. Palmer commanding, has gone to La Gloria, taking 15 days rations, to install a motor pump and water tank, and build an artillery range.

The Engineers' camp looks deserted and lonesome with two streets permanently evacuated and three companies away on detached service.

The U. S. inspection of the 22nd Regiment of Engineers took place Thursday, Sept. 7. The inspection included the regulation sanitary and infantry work.

7TH INFANTRY.

The famous eleven day hike, which was recently ordered for all of the infantry units of the New York Division is now a thing of the past so far as the regiment is concerned. Though the memory of this tour of duty will linger long in the minds of all those who made it.

Early on Saturday morning they marched through McAllen to their camp in splendid style, with all the snap and precision of a Fifth Avenue parade, and looked as rugged and enduring as regulars. True to its traditions, this regiment has gone through its part of the program, bravely, efficiently and cheerfully, like the well trained and distinguished organization that they are.

Of the hardships of the trip little may be said, except that they were endured with the take-things-as-they-come air of professional soldiers. When it rained, or when the mosquitoes were too plentiful for comfort, or when there was a scarcity of water, or on the hotter days that were experienced, the men made the best of things and did not complain. The long and tiresome marches were borne with patience and the officers were always given magnificent support in their efforts to make the hike another brilliant success for the New York "Grey Jacks."

Probably the most essential and important factor in maneuvering any body of troops in the field, is its mule train, and in the case of the 7th, the wagons under Captain Halsted and Lieutenant Robertson were exceptionally well handled, and these officers and the men under their splendid team work. With no exception, the wagons were immediately behind the regiment, at each of the different camping points, and there was no delay in pitching the mess tents and serving a meal as soon as the men were ready. The one exception was at Young's ranch, where the almost impassable condition of the roads from Laguna Seca, due to the heavy rains the day before, made it practically impossible for the wagons to keep up with the regiment. Even under these conditions, the men had only been encamped for about an hour and a half before the wagons came up.

Throughout the hike the wisdom of the commanding officer was clearly in evidence, and he had the interests and comfort of the men under him at heart at all times. The marches were all started so as to insure arrival at the next camp before the heat of the day commenced. This made it necessary to start before four o'clock on many mornings, and it reflects greatly to the credit of the officers and men that on nearly every morning they had mess,

broke camp, removed all traces of their stay, and were on the march forty minutes after reveille.

These early starts made the marches much more comfortable than would have been the case if the regiment had gotten under way later in the day. The men invariably arrived at a camping place in a more or less freshened condition. Naturally they were tired out, but never were exhausted, and were thus able to make camp immediately, and have the rest of the day to clean their equipment and rest for the morning.

At Edinburg the third rain storm of the hike struck the camp at about one o'clock in the morning. The night before Colonel Fisk had planned to start the men on the last lap of the trip at 4:15, but due to the fact that the men were all awakened by the storm, and as it did not look as though it would long continue, he wisely decided to break camp a couple of hours earlier and so the regiment started on the home stretch at 2:30, reaching McAllen over an hour before they were expected. The home detachment had kept the camp in perfect condition, finished

the mess shacks and shower baths, and it almost looked like "home" to the boys. They settled right down to the original order of things and the machinery of the organization did not miss a beat.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion among the men that Sterling's Ranch was the pleasantest, and most interesting of the camping points while Alton and La Gloria ran a close race for being the most unpopular location. The delicious shower bath at Sterling will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed them, nor is it liable that the mosquitoes and the scarcity of ice and water at Alton will be neglected in the future when the men gather in the army on winter evenings and tell tales of their service on the border for the benefit of wide-eyed rookies.

Altogether this hike can take its place beside the Connecticut and Massachusetts maneuvers, both as a test of endurance and efficiency, and as another success added to the already long list of the crack New York Regiment in its 110 years of history.

NOT COMDE. R. P. F.

Commodore D., who was one of the last officers in our Navy belonged to the old school.

Objecting vigorously to the installation of steam power on the battleships, he refused for years to use the engines on any vessel that carried him. When he could not proceed under sail he was towed by one of the other ships of the squadron.

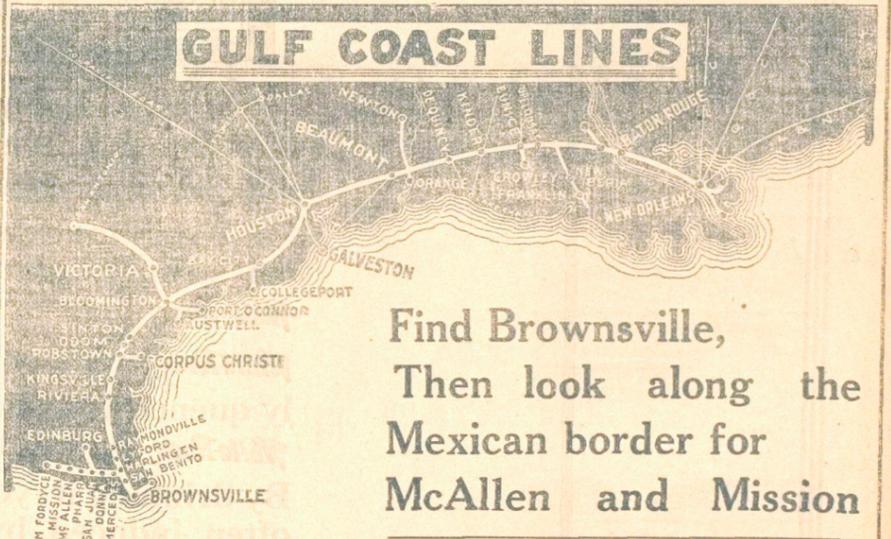
On one occasion, passing through the Strait of Gibraltar in this fashion, the captain of the towing ship found that he could make no headway against a swiftly running tide and in the face of a high wind. With no thought of disrespect and no consciousness of rhyme, he signalled to the flagship: "Unless the wind and tide abate, I cannot tow you through the Strait." Promptly a reply was wigwagged forward from the doughty Commodore: "As long as you have wood and coal, you'll tow this ship, godurn your soul!"

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