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WELCH'S is healthful. It's a natural tonic. It is not a manufactured drink, not a make believe, but one of Nature's inimitable products pure and wholesome. The Welch Process is clean and quick and gives you the unchanged juice of premium price New York State Concord.

AT canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's

THE individual "Junior" bottle sells for ten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

SEE THAT IT IS COLD.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY,
Westfield, N. Y.



We have on hand a large supply of screen wire and screen doors. Why not screen up your tent and be comfortable while on the border. Call and see our line.

Hammond Lumber Co.

Catering to the Boys of the N.Y. Division

McAllen Hotel Baths

A real bath in a real tub, with hot water and soap and a towel. All for a quarter. Individual bath room provide. Makes you feel like a gentleman again.

"Costs a quarter but lasts a week." Come here and get really clean.

Gerlts Pool Room

Five Brunswick and Balke tables and two splendid bowling alleys at your service. Soda fountain in connection. Makes a handy place to spend an afternoon or evening and a good place to meet a friend.

Location, next to D. Q. M. office, across from McAllen depot.

Under the Management of Louis Gerlts

Roughing it in the "Wilds" of New York

Headquarters, Sixth Avenue Division of Jack's Restaurant, N. Y., U. S. A., Sept. 27.—A large Mexican porterhouse steak has just been captured by your correspondent in the underbrush surrounding the beer-pumping station here. Flanked by a heavy force of fresh asparagus mounted on toast, it made a furious charge on our small party and surrendered only upon the payment of \$3.50 indemnity. It was heavily armed with onions, which gave off deadly gasses.

Nothing has developed since then. Our camp is pitched in the south sector of the restaurant grove. The members of my command are without cots; many of them are sleeping on the floor. A corporal is sleeping with his head in a plate of oysters, in order to harden himself. I have just discovered a sentinel dozing on a snappy blonde's shoulder. He protested his innocence when I placed a relief on his post.

We have been without water for over twelve hours. The heat at this hour—5 a. m., is intense. My throat feels full of dust. I think we must have had a dust storm a few minutes ago. Either that, or somebody hurled a package of grape-nuts against the electric fan in the captain's quarters.

It is very wet in here. One of the patrols has just reported. He says there are ten or fifteen dark-haired women seated at four tables in the north sector, eighteen yards distant. The patrol thinks they are Mexicans but, not being certain, suggests that he make a more thorough reconnaissance. I don't know what the word means, but I know what he means. I have directed him to go, accompanied by a detail of sixteen men who, should the circumstances warrant it, will surround the enemy party and bring them to my table. If I find they are Mexicans I shall permit them to go, for we are not at war with Mexico and certainly have no desire to annoy or harass their women and children—particularly their children.

But, should the supposed enemy party be made up of representatives of friendly nations, I shall have them placed under military guard and sent to Healy's guard house in taxicabs. Under the rules, I suppose it will be necessary for me to go along.

The water—or something—is getting

fearedly deep in here. I can already feel it mounting to my neck. Somehow, my clothes seem perfectly dry. Maybe the stuff is wet on only one side. The others complain of it too. I'm beginning to feel rather queer. I seem to be getting drowsy. I ate some bread two days ago.

Three hours have passed and I have heard nothing from the detail. I shall send out a non-commissioned officer to investigate.

I have decided to lie down for a while. Reveille will not sound until noon and I can get up about 11:30 and make a tour. The cooks are already up; they have a good system here—the cooks work by reliefs so that one is always on. We have no band.

For a time I thought there were some tarantulas up here. I saw something big and black moving toward my face. I hit it with a bottle that happened to be lying near my hand. I hit a waiter's foot, it seems.

I have a report from the non-com. He tells me that the enemy party has captured our men and is drugging them with wine. A pretty member of the enemy party, about twenty-two, with brown eyes whose twinkling belies the feishness of the purpose, is taking the most prominent part in the dastardly work. I shall order each member of our detail into arrest when we make the rescue. The men should not have risked their lives without giving me an opportunity to taste the liquid. That is supposed to be one of my duties. Didn't I have to taste the coffee before the men drank it, at McAllen?

We have just captured the enemy position, taking fourteen prisoners, all young and good-looking. I am perplexed over how to dispose of their cases. All the members of our detail have been taken to the regimental hospital, sick or injured. The sick—only one is injured—have been examined by the surgeons and each have given a white pill. The injured man—his leg is broken—has been given a white pill.

One o'clock has come and the owner of the property on which we are encamped informs me that I shall have to take the company out to drill, or something. He isn't definitely desirous of having us drill, as I recall his words. I think he merely said, "Get the hell out of here." DENGUE.

drum major. All we need now is a brass band to make the thing complete.

Owing to a printer's mistake we are reprinting an item out of which it was difficult to make sense in the issue of last week. It follows:

Since the completion of our mess hall, the adoption of Sergeant Pascoe's system of separate table service and the installation of Dawson as Head Cook with Sassi as assistant the boys are unanimous in proclaiming a vast improvement in the mess.

Lieut. Pickhardt wishes the men to know that he is not only greatly pleased with the behavior of his company through the two-day hike of last week but proud of them as well. Proud of the quiet and efficient way in which the dog-tent camp was pitched, the animals cared for and the camp work done; proud of the resourceful way in which they broke camp in the dead of night and moved away without confusion and discord.

Thanks Lieutenant; we were well trained and couldn't help it.

THE SQUAD OF SQUADRON "A"

(Washington Papers Please Copy.)
When the Squadron left the city
With enthusiasm blind
All our hearts were filled with pity
For the men we left behind;
For we thought to be embattled
In a gory glory war,
While the rattler's gaily rattled
On the Rio Grande's shore.
But alas for fond delusion!
We have scarcely seen a Mex,
We are lonely in seclusion
Down at Camp McAllen, Tex.
And the girls we left so sadly
Waiting till our journey ends,
Though they said they loved us madly,
Have been marrying our friends.
Yes, the friends we truly trusted
Both of stern and gentle sex;
All our hopes and hearts have busted
While we linger here in Tex.

From the mesquite skeets attacked us,
Where coyotes mourn and squall,
Mid tarantulas and cactus,
Alkali—not alcohol;
Where we sweat and where we swelter
In the superheated sun,
Where we vainly seek for shelter
Till the hurricane is done;
Though we rile on sagging horses
On an endless seeming hike
While the perspiration courses
In a stream along the pike—
Still our dreams are tinged with splendor
When we dream of our return
And in fancy play the spender
With the fifteen that we earn.
Spend it where the gay lights twinkle
On the well known Great White Way
And the ice goes tinkle-tinkle
In the bars along Broadway;
In the restaurants the rustle
Of the silks the ladies wear,
And the waiters quickly hustle
With the whole damn bill of fare.
Now we eat the camp cook's cooking
And though many joys we lack,
There's the joy of forward looking
And the joy of looking back.
And next time when trouble's brewing
And when things begin to lump,
If there's really something doing
We'll be back here on the jump!

News Sent in by Our Division Units

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Our picket line has an electric light burning over it now, and the boys are so proud they don't bother to turn off the juice either day or night. Besides, we don't know how the electrician having forgotten to put in a switch.

Charlie Brown of the 7th is learning points of the horse from big boss Corp. Wooster. No clues, but there may be an announcement later.

Regular weekly inspections are the rule now. Last week General O'Ryan inspected the detachment in person. It doesn't worry the boys much because a Headquarters man is always supposed to have his shoes shined anyway.

Pvt. Mortimer Gibson of the 1st Cav. made a hurry-up jump back to New York with the 2nd Inf. the other day on a furlough. Pvt. Don Wray of Troop H also went home, being a college football captain and hence too valuable a man to waste doing guard duty on the border. At that, he hated to go. Maybe.

Some one suggested to Sergt. Lee the other day that he call the roll, and when he did so he found the Headquarters Detachment tallies up to just 52 men. A dozen of these are cavalry orderlies, then there's a gang of lusties that drive the cars and guide the motor cycles through McAllen's bottomless roads on hurry-up dispatch trips. The rest of the detachment consists of quartermaster corps men, unassorted and unclassified. It takes a lot of men to keep Division Headquarters running.

We have a mule team now and driver, Pat Rooney. As Goldberg says, "what are we going to do with it?" We don't know, but we expect we'll find out.

3RD INFANTRY COMPANY

The afternoon siestas of Co. A are becoming more popular, since the recent arrival of new cots. Pvt. Barney Egan hit the nail on the head when he made the remark, "make up for lost time boys, we have only six more months to enjoy them." What! Privates, Westgate, Collins and Coban of the "Fighting 5th" squad are planning a hunting trip in the near future, providing of course if we are fortunate enough to remain here. This trio of Nimrod's are crack shots and well versed in the art of woodcraft.

Private Isaac Hall, also known as "Burr" Hall, proclaims himself as "The Champion Clog Dancer" of the 6th Division. He is open to meet all comers.

Last week Co. A was the recipient of a valuable stocked medical emergency chest, presented to them by the Veteran Captain. "Doctor" Congdon is a busy man these days in his unsuccessful efforts to find a sick man. We are deeply grateful to the "Vets" but we trust we will have no occasion to sample its contents.

In a voting contest held recently by our members the designations were as follows:

Most popular man—Sergt. H. Smith.
The handsomest man—Ditto.
The champion eater—Ditto.
The hardest worker—Sgt. Phil Fox.
The laziest man—Phil Langhurst.

We don't wish to brag about ourselves, but when it comes to progress we feel quite sure we have it on any other M. G. Co. on the border. It is now our pleasure and privilege to spread the glad news that we have received a fleet of automobiles on which to mount our trusty weapons and the occupancy of the seats is a much discussed question. Nobody wants to walk. The only apparent solution of the problem at present is to give them all roller skates and let 'em hitch on behind.

We understand that there will be several anxious hearts in Greenpoint this week as Sgt. McKee has been on

guard twice and his correspondence was sadly neglected.

Because our Mess Sergeant's name is Gorman, would you call the consumption of good eats by the company "gormandizing"?

Our company has discovered a new species of border insect; Private Mosser has been bitten by it. On every occasion since the "camera bug" bit him, like the fabled youngster of Lady Chiff, he is "there with his camera."

Our Corporal Formoso is responsible for the new Italian-American lingo that is achieving some popularity in Pharr. "Me ketchum a box of candy" or "Me ketchum a nice long letter from the sweeta bebee" are cant expressions around these here diggins.

We wish to acquaint the gentle readers of "The Rattler" with the words of the Machine Gun Company's song, composed by Sgt. Giellerup and ably executed on the mouth organ by George Washington Robinson, first class cook and harmonica artist, as follows:

Our Machine Gun's going to make some showing
Way down in Mexico.
It's going to show those Greasers how to scrap;
It's going to wipe those bandits off the map.
Just see those autos starting as we're departing—
Hear those Klaxons blow!
Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,
we're going to wipe a blot from you,
With our little machine gun
We will make them all run,
Way down in Mexico.

3RD. AMBULANCE COMPANY.

The 3rd. had the novel experience of being the only unit present on the two day maneuvers held last week by an army consisting of the following organizations: 7th. Infantry, 12th. Infantry, 69th. Infantry, 1st. Cavalry, Squadron A, 2nd. Field Artillery and the Signal Corps. The duties of the 3rd. consisted in caring for the sick and wounded of all these organizations, acting both as transporting company and field hospital. This necessitated constant and obedient work on the part of the men as well as much planning and display of leadership on the part of the different sergeants. Sergeant Jacobs was in charge of the ambulances, assisted by Sergeant McCarthy; Sergeant Tracy was in charge of the pack section, Sergeant Moore of the dressing station. Sergeant Smith of the litter bearers and Sergeant Bondfather of the picket line. Sergeant Wilson had a general oversight of the entire company which was under the command of Lieut. Pickhardt. Dawson and his detail lived well up to their reputation as a feeding organization which may account in part for the good work all around. Captain Bayliss as Control Officer also comes in for his share of the credit.

"Some army!" remarked a by-stander as General Lester and his staff rode through the streets of Hidalgo closely followed by Sergeant Smith's rabe-bearing squad. We mercifully refrain from further mention of names.

At a meeting of the Jewish men of the New York Division at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday, September 18th., a committee of two, both boys of the "3rd," was selected to gather the names of all Jewish men in all the Sanitary units and medical corps of the Division and to inform them concerning the arrangements for the coming Jewish holidays. Privates Maubeim and Cohen were the men selected for this work.

Look! The "3rd" already has a

CHALLENGE TO PISTOL MATCH

Troop B, Squadron A, challenges any Troop, Battery, Company or Headquarters to a five man (officers or enlisted men) team match with the regulation Colt Automatic Pistol, Cal. 45.

All other terms and conditions (viz. length of range, time in firing, number of shots, etc.) at option of team accepting challenge.

1ST CAVALRY

The most difficult of all details we find is the task of trying to fill this column with news in the interesting humorous manner of our absent representative, the distinguished Mr. Streeter. Friday last the 1st Cavalry rode out to the parade grounds, and took part in what might be termed a days-rehearsal for the review held Saturday morning in honor of General Parker. The curtain of yellow dust which all but enveloped the platoons, did not however hide the perfect alignment and order preserved by the troopers. As Hermione would put it, "They looked just perfectly splendid!"

The third or "Milk Squadron" set out to Hidalgo last Tuesday afternoon to take up a position on the bank of the Rio Grande as a part of the Red forces. Breathlessly they waited the morrow's battle. For the "Reds" were the outlaw forces from Mexico who had crossed the river preparatory to their dash on McAllen. Dark and early three horsemen silently stole away as an advance guard for their main body. But the New York forces not to be caught napping, had long before deployed as an impenetrable net in their path. They clashed. The "Reds" with small loss accomplished an orderly retreat to Hidalgo only to find that Squadron A had flanked them, coming in behind and taking up a well protected pontoon dismounted. The troop commanders, perhaps being informed of this flank de tour had taken their commands in off the Hidalgo road there keeping them out of a fire zone that might have proved deadly.

Returning to McAllen the Milk Squadron engaged in a running fight with the 69th N. Y. Inf. and the 7th Inf. This proved to be a lot of fun for the cavalrymen. There was a lot of scout work, fast riding and dismounted actions that is a delight to every "yellow leg." Lieutenant Lester had a happy faculty of always bringing up one of those ugly looking machine guns in the right time and place.

The writer of the editorial in one of the New York dailies who stated that the New York troops were laying around doing nothing and thereby getting soft might receive a surprise if for example he could be accompanied by K Troop for a few days. Starting Monday, Sept. 19th, this troop besides its regular duties stood a rigid inspection. Tuesday afternoon proceeded to Hidalgo with full pack. Wednesday engaged in mimic battle. Thursday running fight all the way back to camp. Friday morning took part in Division review. Friday afternoon proceeded to Mission for 24 hour guard duty. Saturday afternoon returned to camp. Sunday night, regimental guard duty. Monday Regimental fatigue duty. Tues. Guard duty at Mission again—Pretty soft, Eh?

(Continued on Page 8)