

News Sent in by Our Division Units

3RD TENN. INFANTRY

The camp of the 3rd Tennessee Infantry, at Pharr, was saddened Saturday by intelligence of the death of one of the members of the regiment, Private James Mourfield, of Company H, Bristol, Tenn.-Va., who died by drowning while swimming in the small lake about three miles from Pharr, on the road to Hidalgo.

Young Mourfield, with four or five companions out of his company, had gone to the lake to try their luck at fishing. While some of the party were out scouting for crickets to be used for bait, Mourfield and two others offered their clothing for a swim. One of the trio had crossed the lake, Mourfield had negotiated about half the distance and the third was still on the bank when Mourfield, evidently attacked by cramps, went down. One of his companions hastened to the drowning man and attempted to rescue him, but was himself dragged twice below the surface of the lake and had to give up the effort to save his own life.

The body was recovered about thirty minutes afterward from directly under where young Mourfield went down. As soon as the news could be carried to Pharr, an ambulance wagon was hurried out, Captain R. H. Newman, of the 3rd regiment infantry, accompanying it, but all his efforts at resuscitation brought no evidence of life in the drowned man. The body was taken back to camp in the ambulance wagon, division headquarters at McAllen notified and steps taken toward disposing of the body. The young soldier's father, W. H. Mourfield, of Bristol, was advised by telegraph of the young man's fate and arrangements made to forward the body home, comrades of the 3rd regiment paying military honors to the remains Sunday, escorting the body to the train, the regimental band playing a dirge.

Young Mourfield was twenty-one years of age, and his captain pays him the tribute of saying that he was an excellent soldier and a young man of much promise.

This is the second death in the 3rd Tennessee since it was called to the colors, the other being Private Bill Mabe, of Company D, Morristown, Tenn., who committed suicide while on recruiting duty, in East Tennessee.

Officers of the 3rd Tennessee much appreciated the compliment paid them by New York officers Saturday when they were invited to McAllen to be guests of the New York officers at luncheon and at the horse show in the afternoon. They also appreciated the compliment implied when their band was invited to play for the horse show. The boys of the 3rd are very proud of their band, and never lose an opportunity of showing this pride. That the band's playing is appreciated is shown by the large crowds that turn out to hear the concerts given in the Pharr park every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday night.

Members of the 3rd regiment selected to go to Jacksonville, Fla., as members of the Tennessee state rifle team, left Sunday for that place. The rifle cracks only regret that they have not had an opportunity this summer to get in any target practice, feeling they will be laboring under a handicap at the Jacksonville tournament because they haven't had the opportunity to do any work on the range. The other members of the team were chosen from the 1st Infantry, now at Eagle Pass.

According to press dispatches, troops C and D, Tennessee cavalry, have been ordered to El Paso. The 3rd regiment boys are sorry that they aren't coming here, but expected nothing else than that they would go to El Paso, one troop from the Volunteer state being already there. Troops C and D have been organized since the guard was called out and the boys of the 3rd would enjoy the spectacle of watching the "rookies" learn to ride. Seems that we can almost hear the day jingle. At least we hope so. We haven't had any money since we have been on the border, and that's really a deplorable condition.

The newly organized "Jay" company of the 3rd has already been disbanded. It was made up of officers of the line, and had Sergeant "Mickey" O'Brien, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, on duty with the Tennessee troops. The officers would rather drill than be drilled, and the company was never very popular. Sergeant O'Brien was relieved of this duty just in time to save his popularity. J. L. B.

INTRODUCING MOTOR TRUCK

CO. NUMBER TWENTY NINE

Lyman A. Shaw, Commanding Officer.

It is probably not known along this part of the "border" that Truckmaster A. J. Eiskant, and Assistant Truckmasters W. L. King, R. F. Neitzke and G. E. Anderson, now in charge of Truck Company Number 29, stationed at McAllen, Texas, were at one time actively connected with the famous Flying Squadron, which accompanied General Pershing's Punitive Expedition into Mexico.

These four men on account of their knowledge of the type of trucks used and their familiarity with truck management, were sent here by the Quartermaster Corps of the Army, to take immediate charge of Truck Company Number 29.

Under the personal supervision of Lieut. L. A. Shaw, of the 74th, N. Y. Infantry N. G., this company has become the envy of the other Truck Companies stationed in this vicinity.

The repair department is in charge of Mr. William O. Hundley and the condition of the trucks at all times under the most perfect conditions, speaks well for him and his three assistants.

This company serves better meals than most high class restaurants serve their patrons, Turkey, Chicken, Fruit salad, steaks and chops, being served regularly to the men. The mess is in charge of Flem Sanders and Geo. Worley.

1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

Sparks from Radio Island

Wonderful work has been accomplished at the semi-permanent radio station at the New York Signal Corps camp since the installation of the new 1-4 K. W. generator, with 2-H. P. motor, and the 1915 radio pack set. This combination enables the station to work direct with Fort Sam Houston, Fort Ringgold, Brownsville and other radio stations along the border. Sergeant George T. Droste, a continental wizard in charge of the station, says that the ships at sea and in the Gulf of Mexico keep them busy tuning. The new 75-ft. mast, with the 12-wire umbrella aerial, enables them to obtain the time signals direct from "Radio, Virginia" (Arlington).

If you notice a flag drop from the radio masthead in the signal corps camp at 11.00, a. m., McAllen time, you will know that at that instant it is 12.00 o'clock noon in Washington. At exactly 9.00 p. m., local time, each evening, a ball of concentrated illuminous static drops from the same masthead. The flag and ball respectively raised to the masthead at about 5 minutes before the hour.

This station is busy twenty-four hours a day. In addition to official business it also receives the "Press" at night from the radio station at Key West, Florida, which includes weather reports, stock prices, latest war news and baseball results. Starting last Saturday we get the World Series by innings. If official business permits, press news will be obtained from Arlington direct.

Corporal Clark is busy endeavoring to invent a generator belt that won't break so that he can get his siesta during his off-trick. We wish him luck. He is charged with the care and serviceability of the motor belt, which he charges with malice, for it has a nasty way of waiting to hear his snores before it breaks, but permits him to pound the key without question when he is on duty.

Corporal Schreiber, expert Morse operator and typist, is gradually acquiring the fine art of radio propagation, but insists that a detective be detailed to find that elusive detector point.

"Sparks" Leason, who simply eats "Continental," says he has static "atmospheres" beaten to a frazel. That's going some, Sparks. When his trick is due, an alarm gong is hooked up with the generator and no gas is spared.

The Signal Battalion has just completed a reconstruction of several miles of the old Border telegraph and telephone line. The good results are very marked. The camp telephone system at Pharr is being completed under direction of Sergeant MacLean, who praises the efficiency of this detachment.

Major Hallahan agrees with the men that taking out a pointed "picket line hound" for a whole day is much gentler service than riding an auto truck along the new Border service line. With a high-powered machine it might be possible to jump the hounds.

1st Lieutenant Ira D. Hough, asst. to the District Signal Officer, was a welcome guest at Radio Island last week. We receive you, Lieutenant, and hope you will call again.

"Riverside Drive" has been much improved by a covering of gravel, and the "Northers" bring us less dust and sand.

Corporal De Wolf would not mind taking charge of Company A's camp, if five men could do the "details" requiring ten men at the same time.

Sergeants Strider, Holton, Smith Schuffa and Otto have finally decided that interesting question: "Shall the men fit the clothing requisition, or vice versa?" We do not know who won. They say it is still a secret.

THE SIGNALMAN.

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY

The guardsman will admit that diversions in the army are scarce. Therefore, when they come, sometimes from out of the air, sometimes from out of the ground, sometimes from out of the water, sometimes from out of the sand—when they do come they are hailed with gusto. Sometimes they come from out of Brooklyn. "Snowshoes," for instance, came from out of Brooklyn, and he was hailed with just as much gusto as if he had come from out of anywhere else.

There may be an objection on the part of a guardsman or two to the use of the word "gusto" as describing how Snowshoes was hailed, but the correspondent wishes to remark, in the nature of an aside, that he uses this word because it seems not only to fit the way in which Snowshoes was hailed, but also it seems to indicate clearly the manner in which our hero made his entrance into the regiment. La, la! He came with much gusto. He came like a gust of wind. And he was as welcome as the flowers of Springtime, or of a picture postal card of Prospect Park lake.

Now Snowshoes is a rookie. A dog or a horse or a cat or a goat may be considered a rookie, but Snowshoes is none of these. He is of the genus MAN. (Man is spelled with capitals in order to emphasize the importance of this point.) Somebody might think we ought to say that he is of the genus MAN, for Snowshoes is a genius in a way. But that is neither here nor there. Suffice it to say that Snowshoes is a rookie who came from Brooklyn and made his entrance like a gust of wind. Yes, he "blew" in, as a rookie will, with famous stories about the glorious send-off he received from certain of his friends in the home town, these certain friends being of the genus WOMAN. (Etymologists, will please keep their hands off the correspondent for woman is certainly of a different genus—or genius, however you want to put it—from man.) At any rate, these ladies, realizing that Snowshoes, the rookie, was coming to Texas to be either shot or boiled or drowned or something, consequently gave him such a really glorious send-off that he simply could not confine it to his own small heart and had to relate the touching circumstances to his comrades-in-arms in all detail. In fact he furnished a very interesting entertainment for the boys, and with his graphic description of how he was kissed again and again before he could hop boldly and fearlessly

ly into his rolling palace-de-luxe, bound for Texas, gave everybody a sympathetic foot-ache. Thusly entered the rookie.

Now of course it would have been too bad if such a brave young man, after getting such a send-off, did not get a fitting reception at camp also.

A committee was appointed to decide what to do. It was clear that Snowshoes ought to have the stain of travel removed from his fair skin, even though he had washed for dinner, and that it was necessary that he be shaved, hair-cutted, shampooed, and massaged, etc., etc. Hence Barber Feleni was consulted and with just plain private Mason as his appointed assistant, agreed that he would hair-cut and shampoo while Mason and a number of his duly appointed assistants, did the massaging.

Someone suggested that Snowshoes being a marked man anyway ought to have a special kind of hair-cut, and Barber Feleni obliged. Also a brand new hair tonic was used, this being furnished by Sergeant Byrne of the C Battery's dining parlors. This new preparation by the way is very sticky and is sometimes used in the coffee in the morning, to sweeten and soften it. It comes in cans labeled "Clover," Snowshoes enjoyed it immensely, too, for it is certainly a marvelous discovery. Ah, how wonderful is science!

Of course, after the shampoo and the hair-cut and the other things, Snowshoes was very comfortable except that he needed a bath. This was furnished. Lieutenant Floore was then consulted as regard a fresh change, and then it was thought necessary that our hero be sent to Captain Weil, who at that time was busy on the picket line. Captain Weil—of course everybody knows that the Captain is from Battery Q—agreed that the newcomer should have a bit of exercise before being sent to his nocturnal couch in order that his muscles be in shape for the morning. Snowshoes got the exercise.

And in the morning he was transferred.

Moral: Don't try to enlist in a pair of white ducks—or, if you do, keep quiet about it.

Such a letter as the following, which concerns the death of one of the 2nd Field boys, ought to be sufficient to show every enlisted man that those distant "Powers that Be" are so closely interested in the welfare of each individual fellow who had the nerve to come to Texas—thinking he was going to Mexico—that they are not forgetting the people who love us most, nor forgetting us as soldiers, either. There is nothing more your correspondent can say about it. Here is the letter to the brother of William Johnson:

My Dear Sir: As Commanding Officer of the 2nd N. Y. Field Artillery, N. G. U. S., permit me to extend to you my sincere sympathy at the death of your brother, Private William Johnson of Battery E of this regiment.

He was a splendid type of young American soldier, earnest and sincere in the performance of his duties, whether they were those of martial display and tiring deeds or the routine fatigue work so irksome to many, and his Battery Commander and the junior officers of his battery, as well as his comrades held him in affectionate regard.

He lost his life in the service of his country, in the performance of his duties, and gave that life for his country, just as he was prepared to do when the call of the President brought the regiment into the Federal Service, its membership believing that actual war with a foreign power was a certainty, and that many of them would not return to their homes. That his death was occasioned by the hazards of the mounted service instead of by an enemy's bullet may not have brought the notoriety that would follow the latter ending, but the country owes him the same debt of gratitude as it does to those soldiers whose lives have been lost in combat. Please accept from the officers and men of this regiment their sincere condolences and this letter as their expression of their regard for their comrade who has gone.

Very sincerely yours, (Signed) Geo. W. Wingate, Col. 2nd N. Y. Field Artillery, N. G. U. S.

SQUADRON A.

During the past week, the squadron has gone in for evening parades, formal guard mount, with pleasant intervals of inspection to relieve the ritual of existence. Those who look for cause and effect may learn that Captain Foy of the 3rd Cavalry U. S. A. is with us. We understand that he was agreeably surprised by the quick response to "Boots and Saddles" the other evening, despite the appearance of two troopers "en deshabille." The departure of our orderly neighbors, the 1st Cavalry, is a living example of the maxim to the effect that one man's meat is another man's poison. When they were moved to more pleasant plains, they did not realize what too-convenient drill grounds they left in tempting proximity. We have evening parades now and guard mounts and all sorts of parties every evening. Indeed a spirit of military formality has crept into every phase of our life, inevitable after years of service in the army. There is a solemn ritual in the change of horse guard, while the interior guard is turned out on the slightest excuse. The men don't rush helter-skelter to groom when "Stables" is sounded, but rather proceed in a dignified manner, slowly, but surely. Men detailed to the teams do not sprawl about in the wagon but sit erect on the front seat, as if they realized, after all, what was behind them, and what lay before them—that very definite end in view—the making of a soldier. It is true that a majority are quite firmly convinced that they have attained that enviable state. But how should they judge? Does not that rest on the knees of the First Executive?

Several extra curriculum activities have crept in. The First Cavalry horse show, and the Messrs. Eakins and Ceballos have interested us in polo and jumping. Generations of dead Mexi-

cans sleep uneasily when the polo ball crashes through the pales of their hunting ground. Back of the Machine Gun troop their descendants have built a jumping course, where there is good practice at the brush, rails, in and out, and water. Horse exercise on blankets in A troop led a paper chase with Private W. Kernochan, one time M. F. H. of Peapack, New Jersey, as Master of the Hounds. Several natives have been excited into volubility by the sudden appearance of feverish barebacked troopers leaping goat corrals and tearing wildly after small strips of paper; and it isn't as if they were back numbers of The Rio Grande Rattler. In a recent interview, Police Sergt. Bleeker Fox expressed his approval. "It is good practice for the men, following those bits of paper, excellent practice! If I had my way—" a look of passionate yearning came into his eyes and he broke into feverish speech in some foreign tongue.

But in general, the even tenor of our way has been unbroken. We usually manage to get in a drill of a morning, and we still groom-our horses faithfully. There is a growing respect for General O'Ryan's cheerful prophecy regarding Christmas Dinner, although there are some who even now are becoming indignant at the delay in our orders to entrain. They are the perennially young, who live on hope and the future—but, we may whisper, there are others who are most firmly convinced that we shall grow gray in Texas.

A. F. J., Jr.

NOTICE TO FIRST CAVALRY AND SQUADRON A.

Next week The Rattler—unless deterred by strikes, flood, removal of troops, death of the engraver or other act of Providence, will present to its waiting public a Special Cavalry Number.

Space will be taken to tell in true John Fiske style, the story of this encampment for all cavaliers. There will be pictures and anecdotes as well. A. F. Jenks, Jr., the breezy correspondent from Troop A of the Squadron, will handle one end of this issue in true war correspondent style. The First Cavalry's story will be told by Edward Streeter of Troop I. Streeter's scribblings have been the joy of all members of the regiment, and for next week he promises to put more laughs than ever in his copy. There will be serious matter, a well.

In the following weeks The Rattler hopes to present special issues for the Infantry, Artillery and all branches of the service.

There will be plenty in The Rattler or next week to interest all our readers, and no unit will be slighted. Correspondents will please send all copy in to Division Headquarters by Friday if possible. If delayed, advise us when we may expect it.

74TH INFANTRY.

The 74th rifle team, under the command of Lieut. Cadotte, left Pharr Thursday for Jacksonville, Florida, where they will compete in the big tournament.

Sergt. Vinton of L company left Saturday, on furlough, for Buffalo. His mother is very ill and the message called for him to come immediately.

Sergt. Lynch of L company was thrown from a horse Friday and badly bruised, but no bones broken.

Many of the men are taking advantage of the abundance of quail in the brush around Pharr and some tasty meals are resulting.

On account of the reduction of the Machine Gun Co. to peace strength, L company has had another squad added to it, made up from the former members of the M. G. Company.

Supply Company

Wagoner Arthur was sent to the against Texas. While driving into the dumping grounds his team got into some quicklime and he had quite a time pulling out.

Wagoner Arthur was sent to the McAllen Hospital a week ago for an operation, having his tonsils removed, but on Saturday, September 30th, when Col. White and Capt. Hubbel went to McAllen for his signature on the payroll and to muster him for pay, they found him trying to catch the greased pig at the field day exhibition.

The 74th rifle team took third and fourth places at the Horse Show at McAllen on October 7.

Top Sergt. M. J. Mulligan expresses himself very emphatically in regard to hikes. Just before he left Buffalo he purchased two brand new police uniforms and now he will have to make them over. There is enough cloth in each suit to make two for him now.

Company M received a shipment of baseballs, bats, and gloves, and a baseball team was organized. This stirred up enthusiasm in the regiment and a regimental team was organized, four men from M company receiving positions on the team, which is managed by 1st Sergt. M. J. Mulligan of M company and Lieut. Taggart of H company. A game was played with the 23rd, 5 to 5, game called on account of retreat.

"Boots," Co. M's mascot contributed her share for Uncle Sam by presenting the regiment with four new recruits of which the boys are very proud.

Sergt. Marshall accompanied the rifle team to Florida and expects to do great credit to the regiment.

Corp. North, who just arrived from Buffalo, wearing a suit of heavy flannels, was greatly surprised to find the weather still hot here.

Company K has adopted a novel and efficient method of dealing with those who "duck" details and "lay down," both figuratively and actually on the

hikes. The method of procedure is known to a select few, but upon being interviewed they refuse to go into the deeper details of the matter. Whatever the modus operandi it is apparently a howling success, if the shrieks forced into the stillness of the midnight air may be taken as a criterion. No second operation has as yet proven necessary. As was apparent the following morning, personal police was in order to erase the outer evidence of the treatment. A few nights before this, the captain was awakened by the precipitate, ear-splitting greetings of a burro which had supposedly wandered aimlessly into his august presence. A certain Sherlock Holmes instinct told the C. O. that these wanderings were carefully guided.

Captain Maliner has gone to his home in Tonawanda, N. Y., on furlough.

Private James Longeway of Co. G, was sent to the base hospital at McAllen to be treated for stomach troubles. Yesterday being pay day there was the usual number of crap and poker games and a good many looking forward for the next one.

The innumerable quantity of rumors about our going home have by now gotten the boys into a state that if they would only say we are to remain here all winter or go home would help both mentally and physically.

For Sunday dinner the boys are to be treated to a real spread. Cook "Slim" Huguerin and Mess Sergeant Loomis just came in from a foraging trip to Hidalgo, coming home Friday. Many of the boys will have their first taste of goat meat.

Private Edward Szymanski of Co. G, who was operated on last week at the hospital, is progressing nicely.

Last Thursday Co. G left for a return trip to Hidalgo, coming home Friday. A record was made on this trip that will stand for a while. The 14 miles was covered in 3 hours and 25 minutes, which, after the work of Monday and Tuesday in the war maneuvers, is something they can be proud of.

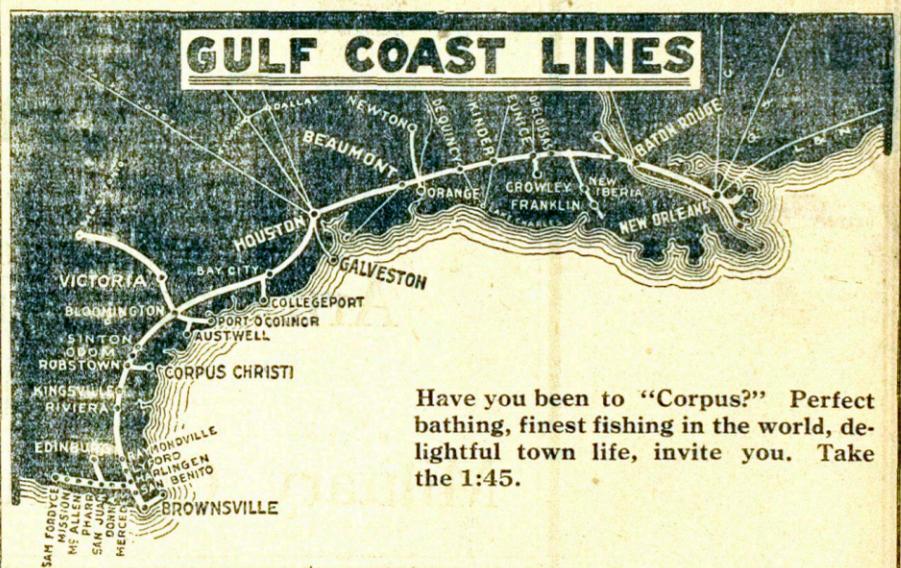
1st Sergt. Prior and Pvt. Lohouse spent two days last week visiting in Brownsville.

Co. G has the honor of having on its rolls probably the oldest of any of the enlisted men in the N. Y. Division. Artificer George Meisner has been in the service 32 years, and is one of its most faithful workers.

Enterprising promoters, take notice. The Gulf Coast R. E. has been trying for the last month to run an excursion to Corpus Christi on Saturday but have been unable to on account of the different events in our little sport world.

Coming Athletic Contests.

1st Cavalry Track meet	Oct. 22.
Frontier Day	Oct. 21.
Championship Fight	Oct. 21.
Cavalry Steeple Chase	Near future.



Have you been to "Corpus?" Perfect bathing, finest fishing in the world, delightful town life, invite you. Take the 1:45.

We Serve the Country

Back and forth, day and night, move our freight trains, often 100 "loads" to the train, bringing supplies and mail and express to the men at McAllen. We focus all the roads of the country on this spot.

The service we furnish the Government would be impossible but for two factors.

1. An excess of 100 miles of switching track permitting the passing of trains at frequent intervals.
2. Shell ballasted roadbed, averaging less than 1-4 of one per cent grade.

Our passenger service benefits from these advantages. Excursionists are invited to consult Mr. H. W. Pinnick, G. A. P. D., in charge of the McAllen depot, regarding "rates to everywhere".

GULF COAST LINES

OIL-BURNING PASSENGER SERVICE--NO SMOKE

J. S. PYEATT, Pres. and Gen. Mgr., Houston
C. W. STRAIN, Gen. Passenger Agent, Houston
G. M. McCLURE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Houston