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News From Division Units.

1ST BATTALION NEW YORK SIGNAL CORPS.

"Sparks from Radio Island." Early last week, just as the Signal Corps were completing the reconstruction of the border telegraph and telephone line from Mission to San Juan Hacienda, a very nice assortment of several hundred iron poles were delivered at Radio Island, together with insulators, wire, etc., and this week the Border line system from San Juan Hacienda to Donna Pump is being reconstructed, the old wooden lance poles having served their day.

We welcome the return of Sergeant Callaway, who has been spending several days at the Camp Hospital. He reports that the care and food are excellent.

Private Lind has been transferred from Company B to the Medical Department.

Sergeant Gorman and Corporal McGraw have at last become acquainted with pyramidal tents, large and small.

First Class Privates Halloubeck and Young have set up light housekeeping in the telephone exchange.

Private Kloth has discovered that one of his mules is a trick mule. His last trick was to report for duty to the M. P.'s at McAllen. Perhaps he was thirsty, as he returned recently from the lost and found bureau.

Private Snow has been advised that his namesake visits the Rio Grande once in a while, and has even been seen at Point Isabel in past winters.

Sergeant Cole is trying to collect enough wood to keep the camp warm this winter.

Sergeant Childs informs us that we have royalty in our midst, for he delivers letters to a King in each company, one of whom is near the great Scott.

It is strange that we see Private Bishop in the kitchen so frequently and Corporal Baker is seldom seen there.

Company B is proud of its basketball record, probably because it has two Goodwins and a little Braun.

Private Nee has been promoted to First Class Private, and is in charge of the Hospital Corps during Sergeant Best's vacation.

Sergeants Strider and Droste and Corporal Baker have organized a Winter-in-Texas club, and expect to have a large membership by the first of the year. Send in your applications immediately, as the choice places around the club fire will be allotted in the order of election to membership.

We have not been advised as to the dues and by-laws, but the same will be furnished upon application. The club reports that Sergeants Wadleton and Childs are expected to join any minute.

Private Evans has joined the buzzer operating staff at McAllen station, while Private Keener is visiting Sergeant Conner.

THIRD AMBULANCE COMPANY.

The 3rd is back on detached service duty again. That's good for two reasons, one being that we like the work, the other that it makes more news for us.

McCormick is now assistant cook. Go to it, "Mack," you're taking your course of cookery under a good coach. We understand that Cohen has also been decorated with the prominent title of K. P.

First Class Private Moore has been transferred from his place of driver to a place on the pack section, his seat on the ambulance being now occupied by First Class Private Wilson.

Huh, What d'ye know about this? Twin beds in tent 9! Wonder where Austin and Driscoll got the idea?

Several of the fellows have been heard to remark that it seems good not to see the officers' mess look so lonesome these days.

Lieutenant Pickhardt is now home on a sixty day leave of absence, his place being filled by Lieut. Silleck.

The impression gained by the notice given the 1st Ambulance Company on its leavetaking from the Border, that the motor traction and ambulance trailers were in charge of that command, is erroneous. This motor train was turned over to the "3rds" command on its arrival and has been operated by them since that date.

The reason first call was sounded five minutes late a few mornings ago was this: Musician Gaillard, on arising, was shocked to find one leg missing from a certain garment, which he had hung out to dry the evening previous, preparatory to wearing the same the next day. Consequently five minutes were lost in borrowing the necessary pair. Gaillard was later heard to remark that "Tracy might have done a good job while he was at it."—D. E.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

Well, no one volunteered for the job of Headquarters' correspondent after we advertised last week, so little Willie-with-the-typewriter will punish the keys again and add fame to the names of a few of our members. First of all comes Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey is the smiling guy who says, "Here, take two slices of toast," and, "Sorry, dear, we're all out of butter." In other words, he is major domo of the kitchen, and consequently is a man to be feared. Only we don't fear him. We're used to Chauncey by this time.

Mister MacWilliams is still looking for new worlds to conquer, new faces to punch or new clerks to discipline. You've done well, Mac old top. And by the way, let's have that dinner at Delmonico's. Make it next Tuesday, Mac.

Sergeant Mackesy got his three stripes on each arm last week and the whole crew celebrated with chicken dinner on Sunday. At that rate we'd like to make him a major, with one degree a week.

Dan Dresser came back with wild stories about crossing the country on a motorcycle, and probably we'll all be tipping our hats to him shortly. But damn it, Dan, if you're as big a man as all that, why don't you stand up straight and throw out your chest? Try it once. We knew a man who worked hard instead of reading Chambers' novels in camp and he didn't have to be his own press-agent.

Gyp Hunt is still "knocking 'em under the pump," to use his own expression. Gyp is a lively little cuss. And his parents named him Leslie!

Jack Butler is accepting dinner invitations again. Fred Stott is saving money.

We are gradually coming to what is probably the model camp of the Division. It hasn't been easy, because when you get infantrymen, cavalry, artillery and quartermaster men living together you get forty-nine varieties of side-arms, haversacks and saddle-bags and junk in each tent. No easy job to police a tent, and inspections are no joke at headquarters. But Lieutenant Molyneux told us the other day the camp looked fine, and when the "Loot" says so, you know it's at least half true.

This Mexican buffet service is fine stuff, but it fell through the day Brownie left his mess kit for the "spig" Loupe to clean. Loupe sprained his digestion smoking Hiscoc's cigarettes and didn't show up. Result: Brownie was the little Gold Dust Twins of the crew for the two sunny days following.

Frank Leach has bought Navajo blankets and rugs for all his friends and now is trying to work the q-m for an extra O. D. blanket to cover his poor little self.

Corporal Max Wooster left hurriedly Friday night for a business trip to Rochester to insure a few thousand lives. When he gets enough cash in hand to stand a few more months of border life, Max will trot back to McAllen and spend the rest of the winter here. We hope he's a poor prophet.

FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 3.

Among the latest organizations to reach McAllen is the 3rd New York Field Hospital of Brooklyn, which was organized by Major Arthur W. Slee. The company has gained a fine reputation while at Camp Whitman, N. Y., when the 14th Infantry, 71st Infantry and the 3rd Infantry returned to the mobilization camp from Border duty.

Over seventy-five cases were treated at that camp by the Brooklyn Hospital Company under Major Slee's direction.

Lieutenant Robert J. Reynolds who is house surgeon of the Kings County Hospital of Brooklyn and Lieutenant Henry B. Smith, house surgeon of the Brooklyn Hospital, have treated many delicate cases and performed several operations while at Camp Whitman, N. Y.

Lieutenant Read B. Harding, was formerly house physician at the Kings County Hospital and is a specialist in Dietetics. First Sergeant George W. Callow is an experienced guardsman, having served seven years in the 13th Coast Artillery of Brooklyn.

The other Sergeants include Sergeant Bert Rankin, a Corpus Christi, Texas lad, Sergeant Ehrenback, formerly of the 47th Regiment, Sergeant George Fox, Sergeant Don Elmer and Sergeant Rube Meyersberg. Sergeants Sutliff and Richardson have been detailed to the Camp Hospital.

The boys all like McAllen and are looking forward with eagerness to a hike. The main attraction now is the breaking in of several "out-law" horses and mules.—B. R.

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