

## News From Our Division Units

### 1ST CAVALRY.

Governor Whitman and the north wind have been the chief causes of concern to the cavalrymen during what has otherwise proved to be an unexciting and uneventful week. Of the two the north wind presented the gravest crisis.

The Governor arrived Tuesday night accompanied by his private car. It was confidently expected by many that, like the young adventurer, Horner, he would insert his finger into the official pie and pull out a plum for the delectation of the 6th Division. Things like this, however, are apparently only the delusions of scenario writer's brains. Like the old Roman politician Mr. Whitman "Weni, widi, went"—and the 6th Division remained as it was.

On Thursday morning, the Governor reviewed all the troops of the Division, many of them the same men whom he reviewed at Camp Whitman, Fishkill Plains, twelve months ago. These reviews are becoming as much of a social event to the inhabitants of the surrounding country as the International polo games to the New Yorker. With the age limit temporarily removed, every automobile in the country was lined up on either side of the gray official car to watch the troops march past.

As far as the review went it was very much like any other review. The usual number of horses ran away, the usual number of riders fell off, the usual number of infantrymen got sore feet, the usual number of platoon leaders told their commands that never in military history had such a rotten line been maintained and what thellstha matter any way and the Governor in the usual manner of reviewers undoubtedly turned to General O'Ryan and said "Sir, the New York troops are in fine condition. That was a splendid showing, sir. By the way, you haven't got a match, have you?"

Word was sent to the First Cavalry that the Governor would visit the camp sometime during the afternoon. Troop I, on exterior guard duty, was instructed to watch for the approach of the official car with a faithful eye that the guard might be lined up like neat little dummies as he swept by. To this end the two reliefs of duty hung over a small fire all the afternoon, warming their hands, and swearing softly at the loss of sleep. Like that devout woman Sister Annie in the story of Bluebeard, who was always seeing clouds of dust; the sentry at the entrance stirred up the guard as the nose of every Ford appeared over the irrigation ditch bridge.

Finally a machine which was not a Ford appeared, accepting this as conclusive proof that it would be no other than the Governor, the guard was called out. When Captain A. C. Goodyear of Buffalo drove into the Camp he was saluted by twenty-four respectful rifles much to his astonishment and pleasure.

The Governor did not appear, but on the next day, the relieving troop took up the watch. No one happened to consider, however, that he might come into the camp through the side entrance, which is exactly what happened. He left, however, by the main gate. While the guard peered down the road with shaded eyes, searching anxiously for some sign of the gubernatorial presence there was a whirr in the rear, the noise of a klaxon and they stepped aside just in time to avoid being run over by a large gray car, from the rear seat of which Governor Whitman's coat collar waved deviously.

On Sunday morning, November 12, the 1st Cavalry was perspiring. Some even went so far as to sweat. Then without a word of warning, the wind shifted into the north and fanned us with the breath of distant ice fields. That was not a good night for sleeping in Hidalgo county.

On the following day stoves were issued. The ordinary idea of a wood stove is a commodious affair with stubby legs and a place in which to build a fire. Not so, the army stove. With characteristic sense of humor, the quartermaster department issued quantities of iron cones about three feet high, with no bottoms, and a little iron door on the side covering a letter slot. When asked for the rest of this prehistoric cave heater, they merely chuckled and issued more.

We learn with experience that the "stove" is to be planted in a box of earth. To build a fire, the wood is pushed through the letter slot and a lighted match mailed after it on the chance that a fire might thus be started. The letter chute serves the double purpose of mailing the fire and afterwards of allowing the smoke to escape.

McAllen on the morning after the norther presented the appearance of a scene in the Klondike during the Season. Men woke up struggling tradesmen and went to bed mitten and comforter kings. Upon entering the barber shop opposite the station, we heard words, the meaning of which we had almost forgotten. "Come in, gents, and get warm. There's a stove in the corner." If anyone had said that 90 days ago, he would have been tarred, feathered and run out of town.

The new O. D. uniforms which served their purpose so well a month ago, by starting the rumor that we were going home, were also issued. From the point of view of the Q. M. Department the issuing was a triumph of military art. When the last suit was taken, they had succeeded in disposing of all the small sizes to the big men and all the large sizes to the little men. Not a uniform fitted. The plan was perfect and there is great rejoicing.

Had the exterior guard been attacked on the nights of November 13th, 14th and 15th, respectively, they would have been formidable only as obstacles. So well were they protected, that it was doubtful whether many of them, having fallen down, could rise again.

To see one of those night guards dissolve after a trick of duty, was worth staying awake for. First the watch overcoat, with the collar buttoned round the head until the hair locked

like some vegetable fungus growing from the coat. Then a slicker, of the sheet iron variety, a couple of O. D. blouses, a sweater, a couple of O. D. shirts and all available undershirts.

It was food for thought that even with this armored belt of khaki cloth between us and the wind, the heat of a camp fire at the post was more of a necessity than a luxury. Working with this as a standard, how long would it take a U. S. Guardsman, dressed for a six-hour trick of fireless guard mount in a snow-swept pass of the Carpathians, to undress, and would he, or would he not be bullet proof.

After months of indecision, the 7th have finally received their orders and another gap is about to appear in the Division. With Thanksgiving a week away and nineteen ounces of condensed milk-fed issue turkey staring us in the face, we are brought face to face with what was regarded two months ago as a sensational fancy. We will eat our Thanksgiving dinner on the Border.

### SECOND FIELD HOSPITAL.

Yes, sir, we were inspected. The result, of course, we do not know. We can only conjecture. The result of our conjectures and cogitations on the matter, however, is that either we are so bad that everybody wants to get a look or else we are so good that it has taken the whole of the usual inspecting force and a couple of super-inspectors to find something to write about, besides the usual.

One morning last week we were inspected mentally, equipotentially, temperamentally and sanitarily. We exhibited the usual number of rust spots, possibly a few more, the usual stage fright in answering first aid questions and the usual apparent lack of knowledge regarding the contents of our hospital corps pouches which we have carried, cleaned, re-arranged and re-stocked for four months. We don't know why it is that we can never remember the names of the contents of that blamed pouch, and the foot part of it is that the name of every article is printed on the flap. Just because an ordinary jack-knife has a saw blade and a cork-screw attached we feel that it must have some mysterious medical name to disguise it, and we are usually unable to tell the inspector that it is a jack-knife with a saw blade and cork-screw.

In view of O. O. No. 7, 1916, we are unable to figure out just what that cork-screw is meant for, and not having any use for it, we have allowed it to go to rust. What's the use of taking care of excess and useless equipment? Possibly, by the proper use of the saw blade we could cut G. O. 7, Div., 1916, up in such a manner that the cork-screw might be of some use again, and we would then keep it bright in service.

The same thing holds true of our tourniquet snaps. Of what use are they? None of the "dough-boys" seem to be game enough to get an arm or a leg shot off so we could use them, so why keep them bright and clean? The tourniquet might come in handy to choke the cry of those misguided members of the federalized militia who want to stay on the Border and cry "On to Mexico," but we don't need clean snaps to take care of them.

And why should we worry whether our first aid sardine cans are inserted in the pouches with the loop up or down? We are told if the loop is up we might open the packet by taking hold of the loop. Well, what's the objection? There is not one of us that is going to pull that can out of the pouch unless he intends to use it, and, to use it, it must be opened.

After we were inspected that morning we thought we got away with it in pretty good style, but in the afternoon, when we were taking our usual siesta, in blower a couple of super-inspectors. They didn't care a snap about rust spots, in fact, didn't seem to be looking for any; they were super-inspectors, and they had to find something entirely different to inspect, so they attacked the ideas of uniformity.

As we understand it, everything is supposed to be uniform in this Army, so we made a practice of uniformly throwing our cigarette butts and burnt matches into the trenches. We made little uniform piles of butts, matches and peanut shells and even then we were criticized because some of our outfits had removed their piles and destroyed the uniformity. We can't even be sure of just what our neighbors are going to do. We should have told the other Sanitary Units on the PARADA SANITAS that we were going to have our piles left as they were; then we would have had uniformity. That was our mistake.

It had rained the previous day, so that on our inspection day it was muddy underfoot, and our morning inspectors dragged considerable mud into our tents. We swept it out simply to keep the remainder of the morning inspection from interfering with our usual afternoon siesta. Naturally, we uniformly swept out the mud. We could see that it was in plain sight. Naturally, we uniformly did not move our bunks and sweep under them. What was the use? The inspectors did not drag any mud under the bunks and we had swept under them yesterday. Here again, our uniformity got us into trouble. It was our brand of uniformity that made us trouble this time. Had we uniformly failed to sweep out our tents, we would still have had the mud to point to as evidence of the fact that we had been inspected in the morning. The result of our uniformly erroneous uniformity—a call.

We hoped that we had seen the last of the inspectors for some time, but no, the next morning in walked a Sanitary Inspector. Well, as we figure, with uniformly hard work over a period of two weeks, we will catch up with the schedule of new improvements which he suggested.

The following day, we were inspected in full field equipment. We had some of all of the different kinds of brands of inspectors on the job. We still continued to follow out our ideas of uniformity. Our wagons were uniformly muddy, but our mules were uniformly clean, so was our harness, and they stood on a uniform line. We

pitched our pup tents, uniformly in a row at uniform distances, although our uniformity was broken up because the Government had issued three different types of pup tents. However, this breach of uniformity, being Governmental, was overlooked by the Inspectors as we were being inspected and not the Government.

In this show of uniformity the various inspectors apparently uniformly concurred.

In conformity of inspections we were reinspected a few days later, we suspect, in order to see whether our previous inspections had been of uniform benefit.

We feel that we have been uniformly inspected to death, and we are uniformly busy correcting the military uniformity, the uniformity which has been declared to have been uniformly erroneous. When this has been accomplished we shall not wait for inspectors to make their uniformly casual inspection, but shall invite them to inspect us in our new uniform uniformity.—G. W. P., Jr.

### 7TH INFANTRY.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things." Yea, verily, the time has come—it is the Seventh hour—but I, who have ever been ready, even eager, to become all too fluently discursive on many topics, some of which were viewed askance in higher quarters, find that my pen falls me and the words that I would here indite as my parting message from the Seventh, falter and breaking their lines, retreat "muy pronto" in philological confusion and etymological disorder.

Many things are better left unsaid at the parting hour. I remember too well the touching remarks of the boys from the 2nd upon their arrival in Elmira, as quoted in last week's Rattler. They were indeed eloquent and outspoken about the joys of Border Service. And if I should suddenly find myself transported from McAllen to Elmira, no words in the English language would suffice to compose an adequate and apropos paean of praise to McAllen. There are many places worse than the Bandit City of the Border.

But the Seventh is bound for Manhattan, not Elmira. And Manhattan through the misty vale of 2,500 miles, is indeed a garden of Eden, where soft-lipped, stary-eyed Eves await and—oh, all that sort of thing. Therein my powers of description again fail me; but it was a pretty and enticing picture as I envisaged it in my mind's eye but a moment ago.

Perhaps it were better that I do not linger before such striking tableau. That is to say, I may linger all I wish, but must refrain from expressing myself too broadly on such artistic subjects, principally because the Seventh happens to be the only party of Wilson's Tourists to board the waiting Broadway Express at this present time. You see, I must consider the feelings of those that remain here, yet a while.

I feel my face, of which I am usually very particular, suffused with gaudy blushes whenever I encounter a cavalryman or an artilleryman or even an engineer upon the highways of McAllen. And there are some infantrymen, too, before whom I stand abashed. Indeed, it is an easy task to tell a Seventh man from a heterogeneous collection of Border boarders. Usually, you cannot tell a Seventh man anything, but this example in point is an exception, which always proves some rule or other, as my learned professors used to point out. Why that should be so I could never quite fathom, but that is neither here nor there. The Seventh man, when discovered in his natural habitat or run to cover in the midst of a motley crew of artillerymen and all the others, invariably can be marked and classified as such by the broad and empty grin that defaces his usually soldierly countenance. Catch him unawares and tell him that Villa has taken Nox Vomic and he will grin widely. Yes, even tell him that McAllen is threatened by bandits and he will laugh uproariously. (Of course McAllen has always been threatened by bandits since they serve to make up the larger portion of its population.) Which proves nothing—but the aforesaid silvery smile is there and will not depart from there for many weeks to come. It started to grow early last Friday morning when shears of telegrams from congratulating friends in New York commenced arriving at camp, and it will finally culminate in a mighty roar of joyful merriment when the tourist sleepers pull through the picturesque stockyards and tin-canned back lots of spittle- Jersey City. Considerable smile, I mean.

This is one rumor that did come true, I pause to state. The other empty-futured ones have been cast into the limbo of forgotten things where will soon repose G. O. 7 and Taps. And by the way, it was a personal victory for me. Yes, indeed! Ever since the first of August I have predicted the departure of the Seventh. Day after day I have made a remark that has gone down in history with such sayings as, "Fire when ready, Gridley," and "If that be treason, etc." My prophecy was always the same, I never wavered, never vacillated. If I said it once, I said it, oh, hundreds of times. "We are going home next week." At last I have gained honor in my own country for we ARE going home next week.

Naturally in tearing ourselves away from the spot that has been our "home" these past twenty-one weeks (count them yourself if you doubt my honest word) we of the Seventh find our joyful departure tinged with several regrets. In the first place (which is the fashion in beginning logical arguments) we regret to leave behind us the hustling little Border town of McAllen. We wish that we might take it with us, back to God's own special country. We even feel so deeply about leaving McAllen that it is all we can do to restrain ourselves from pulling it right up by the roots. Our hearts go out to this bustling little hive of commerce where the busy little bees flit

from one golden-touched soldier to another, using their clever little stingers as they flit. How we will miss their gentle taking ways! Yes, the merchants of McAllen have always gone out of their way to accommodate a man from the Seventh. They even make us special prices on all their goods, which is certainly kind and thoughtful of them when you consider that some of these prices are not more than double the amounts charged to the natives. Honest! There is honor among them all, we admirably admit. We feel great regret as we said, at the parting. And we know that they will miss us, too, and will be inconsolable until another emergency pops out of the private emergency cage, just next to the crisis cabinet in the War Department's Chamber of Horrors.

All summer long and all through the autumn the Texans, near-Texans and Army officers stationed along the Border have done their best to entertain us and make our stay here more pleasant. We sadly recall their amusing little anecdotes of bandit raids and Texas Rangers. Perhaps we will never hear them again. But the most humorous story of all was the one which ran something like this. "Well, there ain't two ways about it. You boys are goin' across that river into Mexico just as sure as you're born. When? Why within two weeks he'll be poppin' right around here, son. You're a-goin' across that river." Ah, well, it sounded interesting in July and even aroused a flicker of wonderment as late as early this week—wonderment that such prophetic geniuses should not be given responsible positions in the war colleges as teachers of Possibilities and Probabilities. But I think that perhaps they would be more successful as "sure fire bettors" on 20 to 1 shots, down Havre de Grace way.

Although we regret leaving them with only a limited and rather incredulous audience we nevertheless have been repeatedly assured by them since our orders broke from cover that "ye'll be back again in a month or so. They'll make you come back. You see." And that would be our greatest regret of all.

But aside from those fleeting regrets that will be forgotten with the first flurry of snow in Times' Square or the first planked steak at Jack's there is one deep and abiding regret that we will carry away with us—the boys of the Seventh. We are truly sorry that we are leaving behind us our brothers in Olive Drab who, by our sides, have faithfully and efficiently performed their onerous and trying duties as citizen soldiers. We would like to take them all home with us. We will miss our comrades in the other regiments of the New York Division, and in the joyousness of our home coming we will not forget that they are not there to share it with us.

We shall eagerly look forward to the day when they come marching home, and no one will be happier to see them safely back than the boys of the Seventh. We depart from their midst with the sincere, heartfelt hope that it will not be long before they follow. We have done our bit—they are doing theirs, just as capably, just as earnestly, and just as faithfully as did we. May the best of luck be with our brothers-in-arms and may they soon bid a final and happy farewell to the land of cactus and sand and follow the Seventh Regiment to "Home, Sweet Home."

### 4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

With Captain Jefferson B. Latta, M. C., commanding, absent on a 10 day furlough, which will be spent at Corpus Christi, with Mrs. Latta, who joined him at Robstown, First Lieutenant William E. Truex is today acting commander of the Fourth Ambulance Co., of Syracuse. The Fourth is also at present, minus two other commissioned officers, Lt. S. B. Schwartz, transferred to the 23rd Infantry at Pharr, and Lt. F. S. Wetherlet, returned to Syracuse on a 30 day furlough.

The Salt City men's gridiron aspirations are in the hands of Privates Jack Walsh, Harry Yakeley and Walter Zion. Walsh is a former Rochester amateur player of note, while followers of interscholastic and amateur football in Syracuse need no introduction to Yakeley, an old North High player, and Zion, who was one of the galaxy of gridiron stars who graced the gridiron machine of Teah High in seasons gone by. The Fourth squad also includes Bide Hutcheson, a one time noted exponent of the association game in England.

Private Robert Clark has been designated acting saddler of the Fourth, and Private A. J. Farnett has again been appointed acting sergeant.

The Syracusans were honored by a personal inspection by Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan and Col. William E. Terribury.

### 22ND ENGINEERS

The rifle range detail of 32 men from E company is still doing duty at beautiful La Gloria the most isolated nearby place in Texas. The water supply is very limited and is dependent on the operation of what was once one probably a perfectly good gasoline engine but it is a heluva bunch of junk now. It is being nursed steadily by Sergt. Welsh who has made an ignition spring out of a piece of steel cut from a shovel has one can held in place by a half inch round twig tied in place with a rag, etc. By the Grace of God and Welsh's genius the water has been kept flowing. Sergt. Skiff is Control Officer and Sgt. Boelun and Corp. Sminke are scorers on the range.

Get your trunks and grips now. The car is going fast and will not last long. \$4.75 buys an army locker trunk with heavy leather straps. Many other styles at \$5.00, \$5.50 and \$7.00. (In genuine vulcanized fibre) \$7.50, \$8.00, \$10.00 and up to \$35.00. See our new steamer wardrobe trunk. It fills a long felt want. Our prices are from 15 to 20 per cent lower than in other stores. Walker Bros. Hancock Co. Furn. Dept.

## Going Home?

Then buy your "cits" here and get clothes that will fit you. That suit you left back home may be out of date and moth eaten. We have new styles that fit.

## Civilian Clothes \$18 up

You won't miss the money you put into a suit down here. Buy the clothes before you leave. They may come in handy.

## January & Storms

Agency for the Royal Tailors

Main Street

McAllen, Texas

The Brightest Spot in Pharr is  
LINESETTER'S

## Palm Garden

Adjoining Pharr Hotel Best Cuisine Orchestra Music With Every Meal

Best Service--Colored Waiters

Best Surroundings

Reasonable Prices

Enjoy Your Dinner Here!

## The Border Restaurant

Located One Block East of Bank Building in Pharr Will Open

November 25th, '16

Meals and Short Orders---  
American Cooking

Genuine Mexican  
OPALS

The Kind Which Outshine  
The Diamond.

Have a look at ours.  
It's a pleasure to show  
them.

Mexican Drawn Work  
Radiolite Watches will  
tell time, day or night.

Tent Souvenir Stand Next to  
McAllen Hotel.

E. C. STAMM

JACK MADISON

The best Barber in the  
Valley

Conducts the Best Sani-  
tary Shop

and  
Gives the Best Service

5 Chairs

The Best place for the man  
who is particular.