

News From Our Division Units

FIRST CAVALRY.

How old is Anne?
What has become of the Alabama Cavalry?

These two questions now occupy the mind of the civilized world. Almost two weeks ago when the news that Squadron A was about to return to the land of napkins, headwaiters and sheets was verified to our Missourian minds, we were also given to understand that a regiment of Alabama Cossacks were sweeping down upon us from the north, not only to relieve the Squadron, but to take the place of the 1st Cavalry as well.

Then the bewildering succession we learned of the coming departure of the Signal Corps, the Ambulance Corps, Division Headquarters and all the other do-dabs which, grouped around the Cavalry, go to make up a division. In the excitement, the Alabama boys were forgotten. For all we know, these mysterious mounted flying Dutchmen may still be whirling down upon us with no one to give them the order to halt.



Captain Alpers Taking a Hurdle

Sandwiched in between orders came the Norther. It picked the camp up and whirled it round its head for a few hours, then tried to pack it into the tents with moderate success. In the future, when we sit around on Government pensions we may laugh at these dips of death on the part of the Texas thermometers. Taken close up, however, they lack humor.

Preceding one of these affairs, you usually end the day by throwing off a blanket with some ridiculous statement about it being hard to realize that it is the middle of December. About 4 o'clock the next morning this realization is brought home to you when you wake up from an uneasy dream that you are a bottle of beer, which some one has put on ice. On your face you feel a fine drifting snow, which, upon closer inspection with the edges of the teeth, proves to be nothing more or less than the troop street borne in on a morning breeze which is rushing through the tent from the north as if it were in a panic to get some place where it was warmer.

You fumble on the floor for the extra blanket. It has crawled away in the darkness. If you are lucky enough to own an oil stove, you curse the fact that there is no oil in it (knowing all the time that you wouldn't get up to light it if there was.) And so it goes until First call makes the change necessary.

Finding ones clothes under these conditions (always provided that they had been removed the night before) becomes a matter of archeological excavation rather than dressing.

It is a wonderful climate.

On Friday night, what will probably be the last meeting of the Harvard Club of McAllen, was held in the Troop I Mess Shack. Colonel Conroy, who was the guest of honor, spoke on the relation of the Engineers to the Cavalry in times of war. Most of the 1st Cavalry entertainers were there in full form; Schmidtly, Halloran, Drummond and the B Troop Quartette, with the good old stuff which has made them famous from the Division Headquarters to the Division Dump.

It is rumored that the B Troop quartette are planning to take a short furlough and make a tour of the South in order to show some of those old Southern gentlemen that there are other institutions than Tuskegee capable of turning our quartettes. If there are any bouquets being handed up by the ushers, the B Troop Quartette comes in for the biggest.

In the face of the flood of conflicting rumors which have been occupying our attention all week, the troops have been indulging in a little midwinter pistol practice on the folding range below White House field. This practice was originally scheduled to be mounted. In consideration of this fact we notice the authorities have removed all the water from the irrigation ditch along which we were to ride. With their usual fore sight, Headquarters were taking no chances on our not being able to swim.

The old slogan that the Cavalry will be the last to go, will receive an awful body blow when the Squadron pulls out of its little home on the hill. Already, however, the pessimists are beginning to change it by inserting the word "First" before Cavalry. The withdrawal of the Squadron and Division Headquarters, however, shows that even divisions are mortal.

If Mr. Sancho Panza Villa takes it into his head to start anything now, he hasn't a chance of getting a review out of the 6th Division if he should take it into his head to run over to

McAllen for the week end.

Last week was college week at the Guard House. The only qualification, apparently, for getting in was an A. B. On this basis, an M. A. would have meant Leavenworth. The only thing lacking was a sign over the door, reading University Club. It is rumored that band of craftsmen whose curious occupation seems to be to remove the skin from mules, are framing a protest in which they are charging Regimental Headquarters with favoritism.

Well, we won't have to give any Christmas presents, anyway. That's something saved.

With this rather mercenary thought ends the history of the 1st Cavalry as far as The Rattler is concerned, 'cause there ain't going to be no more Rattler. It hasn't been a very accurate history. There are doubtless numbers of people who have done splendid things without ever becoming immortalized in print. The answer is modesty on their part and laziness on the writer's. Most of the time this column didn't have much to do with the 1st Cavalry at all, and might have been headed First Field Bakers or First Aid to the Injured without making it any harder for the reader to discover what it was all about. What's the use of worrying about that, however, we'll all be home soon?—E. S.

4TH FIELD HOSPITAL

At last we arrived at McAllen, after a short trip from New York City, on Nov. 15, guided by our commanding officer, Major Frank Harnden. To the majority of the men on the Border, we are practically unknown, as we are the "Baby" organization of N. Y. State. Our birth occurred on August 31st, 1916 in the 22nd Engineers' Armory. Our parents and guardians are Major Frank Harnden, M. C., formerly the surgeon of the 13th Coast Defense Command; Captain J. S. Parker, M. C., formerly attached to the 10th N. Y. Inf.; Lieut. Robt. Malcolm, M. C.; Lieut. Leo H. Costigan, C. D. C., 3th; and Lieut. Chas. D. Cromwell, M. C., also from the 10th Regiment Infantry. Our enlisted men were transferred from the 13th Regiment, the 10th Regiment and the 47th Regiment.

Captain Wm. J. Cranston, M. C., Division Supply Train joined us with five enlisted men on October 3, and on October 5, we were mustered into the Federal Service. We were fully equipped and despatched for the Border Service on November 10, and here we arrived 67 strong on November 15.

Since our arrival, two of our officers have been detailed, Captain Wm. J. Cranston to Squadron A, Lieutenant C. D. Cromwell to the 69th Regiment, and one of our enlisted men, Private Frank Rowe to the Camp Hospital, as chauffeur.

A large corral has been built and all is under the direct supervision of Sergeant George Killian, commonly known as "Pop" Killian, and Pop, in addition to the mules, surely makes his gang step around.

Thanksgiving Day was surely a big one with the 4th Field Hospital. There was a dandy big dinner, due to the generosity of the Commissary Department. Lots of turkeys and the other delicacies, too. And there were seconds.

During the meal, the 3rd Field Hospital called us up on the telephone and requested a baseball game. Private Ludlow got busy at once and scraped up a ball team, before the meal was finished. After the dinner, the men repaired to the 22nd Regiment Parade Ground for a little practice. Finally all was ready and the curtain lifted, as we thought, upon a scene of our slaughter. But not so, our men defeated the 3rd Field to the time of 19 to 13. Some slugging match. Most prominent in the game was the work of our battery, Cuddihy and Jordan. The result has inspired us to such an extent, that we hope, in the near future, to have a team second to none in McAllen.

On Monday evening Sergt. George W. Henderson held the weekly Bible Study class, in the office tent. Nineteen men were present, and it surely was encouraging to George. These studies are under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A.

We had our first inspection last Saturday, and the men took it like ducks take to water. It was nothing but clean and polish, and when the bugle blew, everyone was on line looking spick and span.—W. E. S.

74TH INFANTRY.

"Gen. Rumor" was easily the most popular person in the 74th Infantry camp at Pharr last Thursday evening. As one fellow expressed himself—"It may be only a rumor, but it is the best yet."

About 7:30 o'clock in the evening the 74th boys heard cheering coming from the direction of the camp of the 23rd Infantry, and heard from members of the Brooklyn Regiment that they would soon be on their way home. Then word was passed that the 74th was also included in the order.

Although the 74th boys were pleased, they were more inclined to wait for definite orders, and there was no display of enthusiasm. Then men had kept in mind Col. Thurston's statement in a recent talk to the boys in the Y. M. C. A. that he wanted his regiment to act calmly if orders came and to go about the work like men.

In striking contrast was the demonstration of the 23rd men. Forming behind a hastily formed bugle band at

least three hundred men marched around their camp in chain fashion. Then over the village and back to camp. Passing curio stands, they made remarks to the effect that these merchants had got the last of their money. One dealer sold out his entire supply of fireworks and soon the sky was lit up like a Fourth of July celebration up North.

Last Sunday night our men heard a good talk at the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bigelow of the 1st Cavalry speaking. The speaker was All-American tackle in 1907 and was in France with an American ambulance corps and told of his interesting experiences while there.

Mr. Bigelow described the tackle position on a football team, and told how a man must be on the alert. He then appealed to the men to play the game square, not only in the service, but later in civil life. He pleaded with the men to stick to the disciplinary habits that had come to them in the service, and when home again, not to say that "the lid is off," and lose the benefit of training acquired here.

On Tuesday night, the 74th men heard Dr. Cameron who has spent 29 years in Mexico, part of which has been in the consular service. The talk was very interesting and it was evident that Dr. Cameron had a varied career and has a wide acquaintance with many noted Mexicans. The men paid close attention to his statements, and after the talk, the speaker answered many questions from the men.

Thursday afternoon the 3rd Battalion of the 74th paraded and the remainder of the regiment drilled. The temperature rose to 98 degrees, and made drilling slightly uncomfortable. That night a north wind came up and by morning the sand was coming across the camp in clouds that resembled a snow storm. The temperature dropped steadily until it reached 30 degrees. The men put in a cold night Friday, many wishing for the warmth of Northern homes. Saturday morning the wind had calmed down and it soon became warmer.

COMPANY NOTES.

The band of the 74th is fast rounding into first class shape under Bandmaster John W. Bolton. Coming to Texas with six players as a nucleus, the 74th band will compose 28 men on its return to Buffalo. The field music has been practicing the "general" call.

Lieut. G. A. Milson is back with the Supply Company, after a month with the Division Supply train at McAllen.

B Co. football team defeated A Co. 26-0 one day this week.

Lieut. J. C. Wright is detailed to the Division Supply train at McAllen.

Lieut. C. J. Donniker has been detailed from the Machine Gun Company to B Company.

Lieut. M. L. Baxter is on 20-day leave of absence and is at New Orleans.

Corp. J. Sidor, who was on the Regular Army Reserve has been ordered to join the 4th Infantry at Brownsville and has been discharged from the 74th.

Co. B's famous goat that was accidentally killed, has been replaced by Billy II.

Lieut. C. W. Crosby has been detailed to command C Co.

Corp. Wrigley is promoted to Sergeant.

Co. C beat Co. E at baseball 6 to 4 last Sunday. Co. C team remains undefeated.

1st Sergeant I. P. Donnelly of D Co. has erected parallel bars at the end of the street and is instructing a large class.

Lieut. A. B. Peterson of E Co. is back with the company, having left the hospital at San Antonio.

Private C. E. Hall is riding a motorcycle at 6th Division Headquarters.

Sergt. R. D. Wright and Corp. DeLaney King of Co. F are commissioned 2nd Lieutenants.

Sergeant Nielsen received his discharge and left for Buffalo.

Private McDougall is detailed as bookkeeper at Division Headquarters.

Corporal C. F. Backman is promoted to Sergeant.

Lieutenants Phillips is back with Co. F.

Private Famer is promoted to Corporal.

Capt. T. V. Keen is on a 30-day leave of absence.

Private Frank Gudenkoff is promoted to corporal.

Capt. Maldiner of Co. K, is back from North Tonawanda after 30 days absence.

Co. K Football team beat M Co. 14 to 0 this week.

Private J. A. Miklarz is detailed as color sergeant.

Privates R. F. Jenkins and A. J. McIntosh of L Co. are promoted corporals.

Corporals F. G. Shaw and A. Y. Feohringham are promoted sergeants.

Lieutenants C. R. McMichael and G. F. Wallace are on leave of absence.

The search for Private Wesley Smith who was drowned November 27 in the Rio Grande is still being continued. Co. M feels his loss, as he was popular.

The Supply Co. of the 74th N. Y. Inf., under command of Capt. Lyman P. Hubbell, has made a very enviable record in wagon drill. On recent parades the sight of the entire train in columns of four trotting past the reviewing office in perfect alignment and under absolute control has inspired many a compliment for the manner in which they have conducted themselves.

SQUADRON A

What can one say of the Squadron now,—even after months of silence? It was regarded as lucky beyond all reason one night last week, and with that night died all the interest of other units. We were going home. What were we doing, what had we done? Probably packing up. Once again we hear the Infantry man's "Pretty Soft!"

In reality, the receipt of orders has made no visible change in our life. We might still be looking forward to all winter in Texas, as most of us certainly did look forward to it,—since it seemed unavoidable.

We still drill and groom and dig things and use agricultural implements, a way they have in the Cavalry. But underneath this orderly surface, the thought runs not: We are going back. So our speaking now seems hardly fitting, unless it be in the nature of a swan song.

There are many things we shall be glad to remember when life is resumed in the cold and rainy north, in the office, in the Subway. We have a certain pride in having done so well in the combat firing at La Gloria. And who can forget the posts along the river near Madero—patrol duty, regarded with apathy or with mixed feelings of pleasure and despair, which proved about the most enjoyable thing we've done. These were our more recent activities; the rest has been drill, once utterly interrupted by Thanksgiving dinner.

We leave, therefore, with many memories we would not lose, glad to have met and worked hard with our immediate and less fortunate neighbors, now that it looks as if we were going to miss those midnight maneuvers with the Twelfth. To those who remain we can only express our admiration of their equanimity and the hope that Gen. O'Ryan will make no prophecies about Easter. When these regiments do receive their orders, and even now rumors are alive again, they will begin to forget the interminable hours of guard duty, the hot, dusty hikes, the flies, the days under mosquito netting, the burial of dead horses,—even the manual of arms. This is pretty small consolation, but what else can we say? We meant this to be an apology, and a farewell, for we understand that with this issue The Rattler strikes at last. And that ought to be a good sign. Our departure, we hope, may cause some regret, though it is only a Squadron that goes; and that, perhaps, was the reason for our good fortune.

UP STATE TROOPS.

The up state troops of the 1st Cavalry have made an excellent showing here on the Border and in most every case where a direct comparison could be made, it was found that the boys from up state led. In the shooting at La Gloria, out of the twelve troops that go to make up the Regiment, the up state units were found among the first seven. This is an excellent mark when it is taken in consideration that there are six troops in the Regiment outside of Brooklyn. Troop I, of Buffalo, Troop H, of Rochester, Troop D, of Syracuse, Troop G, of Utica, Troop B, of Albany and Troop M, of Avon, go to make the up state division.

Of the individual troops, Troop D, of Syracuse, has stood out over the rest. In the shooting, the troop from Syracuse leads all the Cavalry and only second to one company in the 7th Regiment for top honors of the entire N. Y. Division. In the horse show, Troop D also led and showed many blue ribbon winners. In rough riding, Troop D and Troop B, of Albany, share honors, and are superior to the other troops of the Cavalry in this branch. Taking the entire 1st Cavalry as a whole, it is one of the most efficient regiments here on the Border and their training has turned out a body of fit soldiers ready for any emergency that may arise.

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E. C. STAMM

TO AUTHORITY

A bets B that the Barber shop Jack Madison runs in McAllen is the best place to go to get a hair cut or shave. B bets. its not. who wins?

ANSWER

A Wins hands down.

McAllen, Texas.