

STOTSENBURG GROWLS

Vol. I—No. 8

Saturday, September 11, 1920

GRATIS

9th Cavalry Grows

Troop "C"

On Guard the other night, Pvt. 1st Class Lawrence was asked by the Officer of the Day, "Do you know your orders?" Lawrence, who had been relieving the monotony of his tour with rosy dreams of "Diamond Dick's," replied smartly "Gin Rickey and Scotch high balls, Sir"

For the past two weeks it seems that THE GROWL had had a hard time getting GROWLS to GROWL. We offer this suggestion to relieve the situation—Let the personnel Section wire Washington and ask when the next raise in pay will be.

Pvt. Dean declares that, since having ~~forfeit~~ ^{lost} ~~the~~ ^{third} of his pay for two months, it is cheaper to charge around in a Wyllis-Knight than to charge around on a horse.

Pvt. Nance has decided to give the sick report a rest, after having ridden it for a long time.

Pvt. Tate has at last recovered from the illness that generally follows the festivities of a pay day.

Lance Jack Johnson is having the trial of his life trying to make the other lance jacks recognize him as their senior.

The Top Kicker of Troop C is now on a vacation in China. He has tried, for the last three years, to grow a queue, so that he could make the trip in safety, but failing in this, he took a chance and went anyway. We wish him luck.

Pvt. 1st Class Woods has returned after a pleasant stay in Manila.

Corporal Bailey Mack must have quit when he got paid off. We haven't seen him since he left the pay table.

Here and there in the Ninth

Mrs. Louis Vaughn had as a house guest, Mrs. Robinson from Ft. McKinley.

Sgt. and Mrs. Smith had as their guests, Sgt. and Mrs. Daniel White, from Ft. McKinley. Sgt. and Mrs. White are leaving on the September Transport.

Mrs. Vaughan gave a delightful tea in honor of Mrs. Walter Barfield, who is leaving on the September boat.

Pvt. and Mrs. Stevens gave a delightful dinner for Sgt. and Mrs. Walter Barfield, Sunday August 29th.

The 9th Cavalry A. W. M. I. Club gave a reception in honor of Mr. Walter Barfield, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~transmission~~ ^{the} of the club. There were several talks in the course of the afternoon; Mr. Barfield talked on the benefit of the club, socially, and Mrs. Barfield spoke of the progress of the club and urged all the American women to visit the club rooms and to become members. Mrs. George Johnson and Mr. Stevens, also spoke to the club. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Burns recited.

The visiting guests were Mrs. Daniel White, from Ft. McKinley, and Mrs. W. Robinson.

Mrs. Walter Barfield gave a delightful surprise party for her husband, Sgt. Barfield, on August 31st. Mrs. Louis and Mrs. Vaughn assisted the hostess in serving the delicious refreshments.

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

At the Post Amusement Hall.

Sunday School 9.45 a. m.

At Post Exchange Hall:

Song and Praise Service 6.45 p. m.

LOUIS A. CARTER,
Chaplain.

Air Service Grows

Our tent pitching team is getting ambitious. We wonder what the army record is. (Excuse our blushes).

WUXTRA! WUXTRA!!! POP STROTE WENT BROKE AT BLACK JACK.... What is the world coming to?

Private Flad would greatly appreciate it if some one of an inventive turn of mind would rig up an extension to the telephone receiver, so that he could answer the phone in bed.

We wonder if Sergeant Wiseman knows how near death he was last Monday Morning.

Won't some kind-hearter flyer go to Manila and bring back Private Jeter. It seem's he can't (or won't) come back to camp any other way.

Private Hohner ate ten plates of Spaghetti, thereby winning ten pesos from Private Rancaglione. On being paid the ten pesos he was asked what he was going to do with it. He replied, "I'm going up to the Post Exchange to get something to eat.

Somebody whispered to us that we were going to have some shelves in barracks. Can it be possible?

Everybody concedes the fact that Sergeant Higbie as making good as Mess Sergeant—Good luck Sergeant, and don't fail us.

If then GROWLER who is GROWLING about the 3rd Aero not GROWLING could come and see our kitchen store-room, he would understand why the GROWLERS of this outfit aren't GROWLING... Isn't it the truth though?

The Goldbricks Association is going strong... (6th Photo Section take notice.)

Military activities and military humor are ageless, as shown in this copy of the Fort Stotsenburg newspaper of 1920.

THE STOTSSENBERG GROWLS

Published every Saturday by the LUZON PRESS

MANAGING EDITOR:

Captain A. L. P. JOHNSON, 9th Cavalry

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

1st Lieut. W. L. BARRIGER, 9th Cavalry

2nd Lieut. A. B. CLARK, P. S.

SPORTING EDITOR:

1st Lieut. R. H. BALLARD, 9th Cavalry

BUSINESS MANAGER:

Chaplain L. A. CARTER, 9th Cavalry

Camp Stotsenburg, P. I., Saturday, September 11, 1920.

ROSTER OF CAMP STOTSSENBERG, P. I.

Colonel John W. Heard, 9th Cavalry
POST COMMANDER

ORGANIZATIONS AND COMMANDERS

9th Cavalry,
Colonel A. E. KENNINGTON, Cavalry
1st. Phil. Field Artillery,
Major JOHN A. CHANE, F. A.

3rd Aero Squadron,
Captain ROY S. BROWN, Air Service.

Medical Department,
Lieut. Col. I. B. MARCH, M. C.

Quartermaster Corps,
Lieut. Col. C. E. REESE, Q. M. C.

Veterinary Corps,
Lieut. FRANK A. WOODRUFF, V. C.

Signal Corps,
Lieut. HARRY REICHELDERFER, S. C.

CABARET SUPPER AT THE OFFICERS CLUB.

A huge success.

The cabaret supper, given at the Officer's Club, Monday September 6, 1920, was one of the most successful entertainments ever held at Stotsenburg. Thanks are due to the K. C., and to the untiring efforts of the participants, as well as to the 9th Cavalry Orchestra and the Scouts who decorated. It would be impossible to thank each one who helped individually, so the Entertainment committee of the Club takes this opportunity to thank you all.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP

The following conversation between Sergeant "A" of Headquarters Troop, Sergeant "B" of the Medical Department, and Sergeant "C" of Troop "M" was heard at the Monarch Cabaret:

Sgt. "A": Say, Doc, every time I take an ordinary sized drink of Carbolie acid, it makes me powerfully sick—What do you suppose the trouble is?
Sgt. "B": Well, let's see, it couldn't be hypo-piecolo-hairtonicitis; I'm quite sure that it isn't accelerated shoe-polishitis; and I don't think it could be e-r-r-a—

Sgt. "C": Never mind, just give its serial number.

IF I WERE A KING.

If I were a King

I would reign

So that none of my subjects would have a pain;

I'd give them all

A chance to Gain

All the money that might be spent in vain.

Then just to keep

From going insane

Or to have anything for which to complain,

I think I'd declare

War on Spain—

And make her take the Philippines back again.

The Hqrs. Troop Nut.

Every Corporal's Ambition.

"ARM...e...e...e TEN...SHUN! COLUMN OF DIVISIONS, first company, first battalion, first regiment, first army corps... SQUADS R-I-G-I-T (Corporals repeat those commands) M-A RRR-CH.

When your heels hit hard

and your head feels queer,

And your thoughts foam up

Like the froth on beer.

And your knees are weak

And your voice is strong

And you laugh like hell

At some dam fool song—

What's the matter with you boy, what's the matter with you?

9th CAVALRY GROWLS

(Continued from page 1.)

C Troop had no Growls last week, due to the fact that the "Orderly Room Syndicate" was in China, and we were very well satisfied with the way things were running.

Pvt. Woods is having the time of his life trying to make a No. 10 foot fit a No. 6 shoe. The only way we see to do it is to have an operation performed.

First Trooper: When did the "Hawaiian Girls" come to Stotsenburg?

Second Trooper: Look here, soldier, I've got as much time in Stotsenburg as any other, eruit, but when did she join the 9th Cavalry?

Troop "F"

Pruitt: I certainly do feel sorry for that soldier.

Burton: Why?

Pruitt: His wife dances all the time.

Burton: Well, she might be buying rice.

"Can you read a fraction?" asked the C. O. of a certain soldier, who wanted to go to West Point and be a Cadet. "Oh yes", replied the young hopeful, "I have just finished reading a letter from my girl."

Doctor: What is your trouble?

F Trooper: I can't see out of my left eye.

Doctor: What do you expect at your age?

F Trooper: Well, my right eye is just as old, and I can see with it.

Troop "D"

This troop has about the best appearing orderly room in the regiment—if you don't believe it, come and look us over.

Take notice, You Athletes, we are getting "Hold 'em" Spicer in trim for the next Field Meet, so BEWARE.

From what we can learn, it would seem that Private Ray outfought his man Saturday night. Keep it up Old Boy, you are doing fine and we are all proud of you.

The "H" Troop Tug of War Team pulled our team all over the parade ground. Well, we can't be expected to do much pulling with only HOT CAKES for breakfast.

"Cuties", get your slippers and riggins in shape. D. Troop is planning to give a BALL in the near future.

Troop "M".

Mess Sergeant Russel is going to Corregidor to get that two hundred pesos.

Pvt. Rector was found on the front steps last evening, about 12 P. X., carving a bamboo pole. "What are you doing out here so late?" asked the First Sergeant. "Making a case for a panama hat", replied Rector.

The Finance Office certainly complies with orders when it comes to paying off on either the last or the first day of the month. They only missed in twenty eight days on the

Gasoline Gus hasn't got the Midnight Special running yet, poor old Doc Jennings has the PINKS and BLUES waiting for it by this time.

Famous Saying of Famous Men

Master Sergeant Hunter: Give me a man with brains, huh.
Sergeant Schleuning: Yeah? Aw gwan, you've missed two transports.
Sergeant Higbie: What excuse have you for being late?
Corporal Dunham: I'm going to sleep.
Cook Willis: Beans to-day. . . !!!
Private Garcia: (at every meal) Gee, I have an awful appetite to-day.
Private Flad: Lieutenant, can you lend me five pesos till pay-day?
Private Botnick: Gotta smoke?
Private Banks: (Medico): I'm sick for you
Private Cox (Q. M. C.): There's a jinx. around somewhere.
Private Borden: I'm dizzy
Private Danielo: Never again!!!!!!
Private Clague: I DID
Private Dunkle: t-t-t-t-t-t-tish
Bug. Duran. Blaaa Bla-a-a-a

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED IN THE BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE REGARDING INQUIRIES, ETC., AS TO ALLOTMENT.

I ain't got no book burning and I am writing for inflammation.

She is staying at Dissipated house.

Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children.

Previous to his departure we were Married by a Justice of the Piece.

He was inducted into the surface.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.

A lone woman and partly dependent.

I was discharged from the army as I have a goitre which I sent home.

I did not know my husband had a middle name and if he did I don't believe it is none.

Caring to my condition have not walked in 3 months from a broken which is No 975.

Your relationship to him? (Answer) Just a mere aunt and a few cousins: I enclose loving yours.

I am left with a child seven months old and she is a baby and can't work.

I received my insurance polish and have since moved my post office.

I am his wife and his only air.

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

You ask for my allotment number, I have four girls and two boys.

Please correct my name, as I would not and could not go under a consumed name.

You have changed my girls into little boys, will that make any difference?

(Extract from a boy's letter to his mother). I am sitting in the Y. M. C. A. writing with the piano playing in my uniform.

To Whom it may consume.

Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten anything in three days.

(Letter to Mrs. Wilson). Now Mrs. Wilson I need help, and see if the President can't help me. I need him here to see after me.

Both side of our parents were old and poor.

Please send me a wife's form.

My Bill has been in charge of a spittoon, will I get more money?

I ain't received no pay since my husband was sent and gone from nowhere.

We have your letter. I am his grandfather and grand-mother. He was brought up in this house according to your letter.

I have not received my husband's pay and I will be forced to lead an immortal life.

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

According to the pink slip enclosed, I gave birth to a girl four months ago.

ARMY IF'S.

If you can rise every morning at 4 a. m. and never get tired of such punishment, you are a poor specimen of a soldier.

If you can think and keep what you think within you, you are stubborn.

If you can make all inspections, without getting a week's fatigue, you are a recruit.

If you can pull a guard, without getting your belt pulled, you are lucky.

If you can make three years without getting in the guard house, you are a deserter.

If you can eat beans, bacon, and hardtack for three years without getting diabetes, you are a glutton.

If you can beat the Summary, Special, and General Court, You'll get a Kick....you're to wise.

But if you can keep your mouth shut when everything about you goes dead wrong, you are an old soldier, and should retire.

We have observed Lieutenants Blaney and Webber working on their STUTZ GROUND HOG. We hope it will be success for all concerned.

LOST: Somewhere in the sticks of Angeles--ONE MASTER SERGEANT--Finder please return to the 3rd Aero Squadron.

Athletic and Sport News

In compliance with G. O. 41, H. P. D., 1920, a Post Field Meet was held on Saturday, August 28, with the following results:

1. Rescue Race.

2nd Squadron, 9th Cavalry.....First
3rd Aero Squadron.....Second
1st Phil. F. A.Third

2. 880 Yard Relay.

2nd Squadron, 9th Cavalry.....First
1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry.....Second
(time 1-39-2/5)
3rd Squadron, 9th Cavalry.....Third

3. Tent Pitching.

3rd Aero SquadronFirst
1st Bn. 1st P. F. A.Second
2nd Bn. 1st P. F. A.Third

4. Punning Hop, Skip and Jump.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Thomson, Tr. E.....First
(Dist. 42-2)
Pvt. 1st Cl. Bridges, Tr. M.....Second
Pvt. Spears, Tr. F.....Third

5. Running High Jump.

Sgt. Fruit, Tr. F.....First
Sgt. Outley, Tr. E.....Second
(Height 5-8)

Tied.

Sgt. Jackson, Tr. H.....Third
Pvt. Moore, Tr. M.....Third

6. Potato Race.

Corp. Mendoza, Battery D,
1st P. F. A.First
Corp. Beromeo Hqrs. and
Supp Co.Second
Pvt. Wright Tr. I, 9th Cavalry.....Third.

Results of the First Squadron Field Meet, Friday, Sept. 3, 20.

Platoon Equitation.

1st Troop "D"
2nd " "D"
3rd " MgT.

Platoon Drill

1st Troop "G"
2nd " "D"
3rd " A&B

Tent Pitching:

1st Troop "D"
2nd " "B"
3rd " "C"

Tug of War.

1st Troop "D"

Pony Express:

1st MGT.
2nd Troop "C"
3rd " "A"

Rescue Race:

1st MGT.
2nd Troop "A"
3rd " "C"

Potato Race.

1st Troop "C"
2nd " "D"
3rd " "B"

Roman Race

1st Troop "C"
2nd " "D"

Buglers Contest:

1st Troop "C"
2nd " "D"

Sergeants Equitation

1st William A. Paxler, Troop "D"
2nd Grofford Jordan Troop "C".

Privates Equitation:

1st. Charles Hubern Troop "D"
2nd Hovil Gibsor Troop "C".

Slow Horse Race

Won by Troop "E"

JUST SMILES

When that bunch of tourists return from China, they can tell us what a Chinese "Tong" looks like at close quarters.

Some of the Cavalry officers are great gamblers.

Hadn't heard it?

Well, a bunch of them broke Sergeants Johnson, Buch, and Franklin the other day.

Market report: Price of meat soaring. (No wonder, when the commissary has cornered the world's bacon supply).

Prof. Williams our celebrated writer of music, calls his latest effort the "Bacon Blues".

Having "got the hook", it now looks as though the Russians were going to get the "Pole."

A Chinaman by the name of Sam Tee was recently arrested in Margot for being loud and boisterous. Tee should remember that the "T" in Margot should be silent.

PHOTO GROWLS

Last week's GROWLS defined: HOSPITAL—A place of rest etc. We wish to change it to "HOSPITAL—Salts, Iodine, and Quinine."

A certain diminutive Sergeant in our midst is contemplating a sojourn in the jungles. Do you suppose that he knows the feeling of bamboo slats? We wonder.

We would advise that the next time Slim runs a race, he fall down a couple of times. He can undoubtedly cover more ground that way.

Again we beseech thee, O Mess Sergeant, when do we eat?

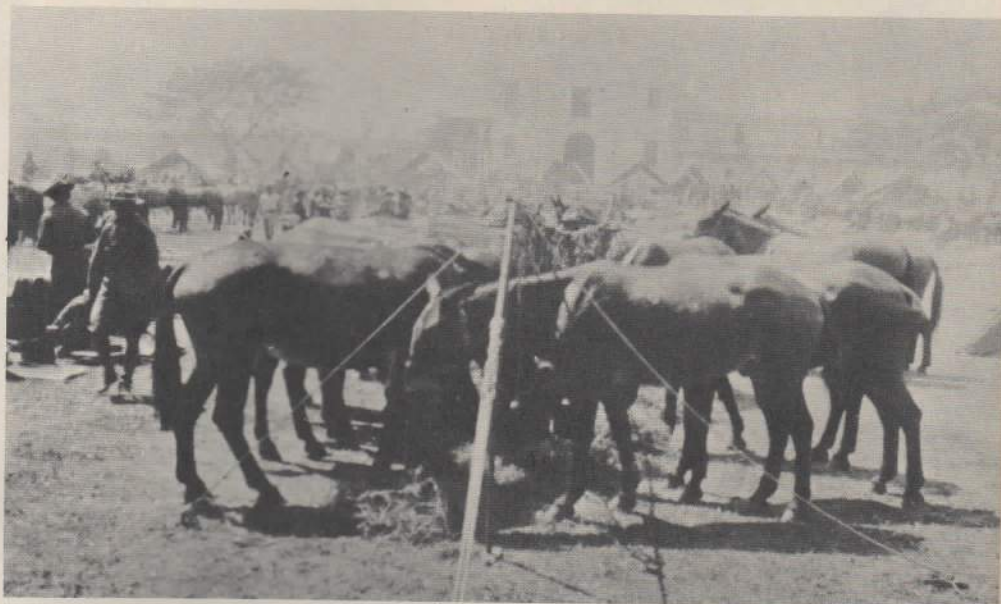
The mixture of ~~stalling and photog~~ graphic work makes us wonder whether we are photographers or soldiers. We originally enlisted in the Air Service. (NOTE—Since the Air Service is a very important part of the army this ought not to be so hard to decide, but a GROWL'S A GROWL for a' that.)

More KOPY

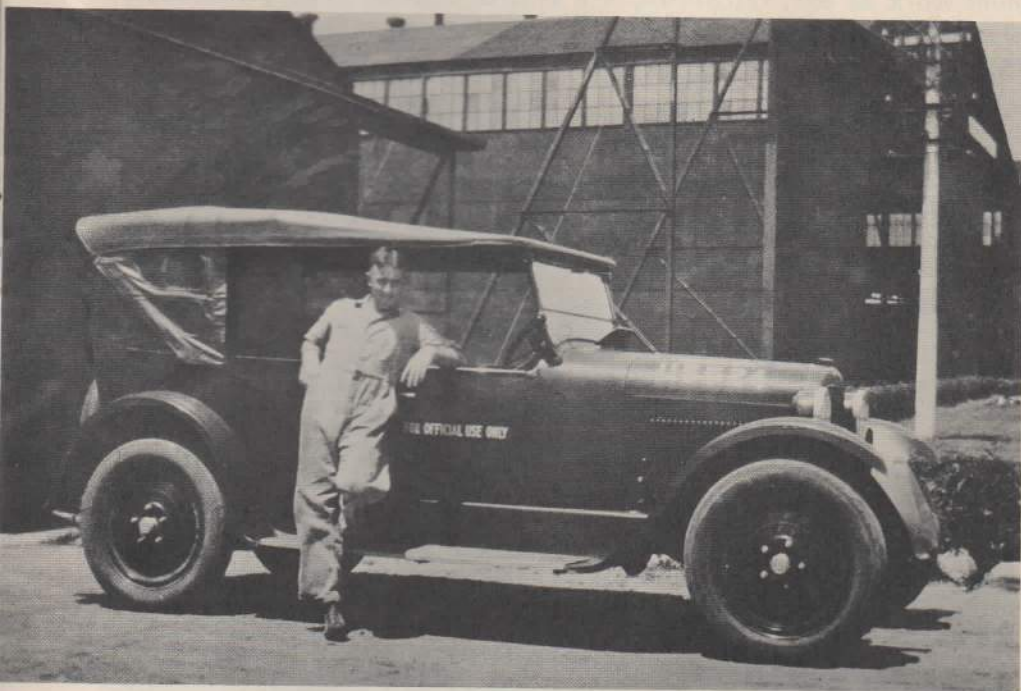
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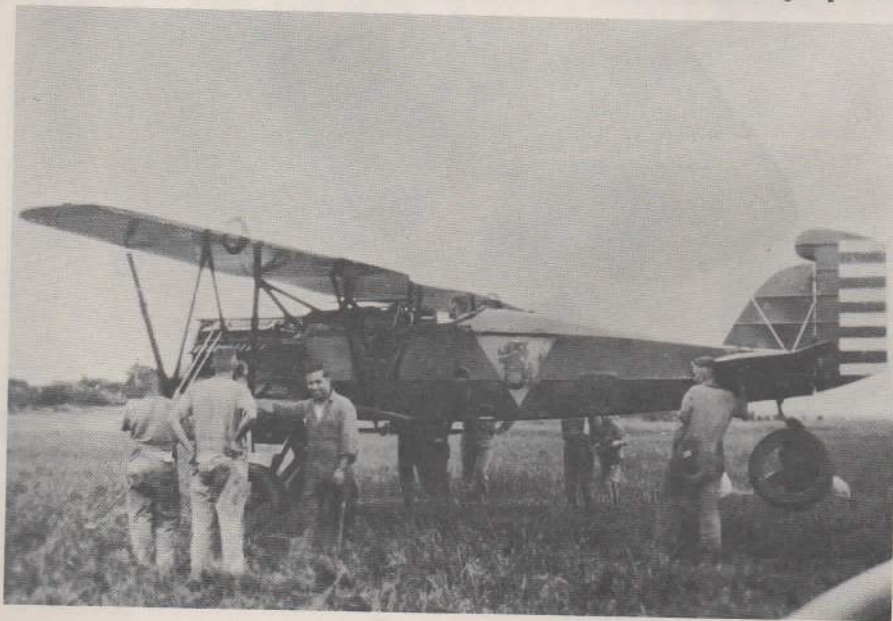


(Above) The mobile cavalry of yesteryear is duplicated on present-day Clark Air Base by mounted security patrols which augment guard posts and vehicular patrols. (Below) The staff car driver of the twenties was just as proud of his "vehicle" as is the driver of today.





(Above) Men of the 8th Aero Squadron, U.S. Army, began the grueling work of building the first runway at Fort Stotsenburg in 1918. (Below) Today's aircraft armament and electronic equipment is synchronized so that the weapons, radar, navigational gear and pilot work as one, integrated, fire control system. The problem in this "gun testing" photo was to be sure that, when the pilot pressed the machine gun trigger, he did not shoot off his own propeller.





(Above) Pilots in the early days wore boots with spurs, and carried crops to make the planes go faster. (Below) Bread delivery vehicle at Fort Stotsenburg/Clark Field. Circa 1920.



HEADQUARTERS PHILIPPINE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER
MANILA, P.I.

April 16, 1921.

Brigadier General John M. Carson, U.S.A.
Office Quartermaster General,
Washington, C.D.

My dear General,

I am sending you a photograph of Camp Stotsenburg just taken by the Air Service.

You know how long Stotsenburg has been in existence and when the buildings were constructed - that is the framed ones. They are standing up, that's all you can say, for they are rotten to the core.

The whole question depends entirely upon what the policy of the United States is going to be as a result of the report of the Woods-Forbes commission. If they say that we are to stay here for 20 or 25 years longer (as the newspapers seem to think will be the case) then the Quartermaster Corps must obtain from Congress approximately eight million dollars for the construction of absolutely necessary quarters for officers and enlisted men. It is no use to continue patching here and patching there as "the cloth wont stand it".

I dislike to keep sending these letters yelling for money, money, money - but something must be done for the Philippines if, as I say, we are to stay here for a few years longer. This money will be spent at Stotsenburg, Fort McKinley and Corregidor.

The day that this picture was taken another one was taken of Manila Bay - the photographer flying from Stotsenburg to Manila (approximately 62 miles) making the exposure, returning to Stotsenburg, developing and printing the picture and delivering it back in Manila all within two hours. Several excellent pictures have been taken by the Air Service and if I run across any more which I think you would like to see I will send them on to you.

By the way, I was told not to send this picture as it would be poor policy to send a picture of such a good looking post as this, but I am taking a chance.

Remember me kindly to General Rogers and with best regards to you, I am,

Sincerely,

s/t/ W. S. SCOTT

This letter proves that the concern of command for money to maintain facilities is eternal and everlasting.



(Above) Fort Stotsenburg Post Office in 1920. (Below) This group photo of the Mustache Club was taken on the steps of the Clark Field Operations building in 1932. Of the men pictured, four became general officers.

