

# THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

Published Weekly at Odd Places in Texas.  
 By the  
 New York Division, United States Army  
 with the authority of  
 Major General John F. O'Ryan  
 Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz  
 Chief of Staff

Letters and news items from the camps along the Border are solicited.  
 Advertising Rates  
 Furnished on request.  
 Subscription Rates

One year ..... \$2.00  
 Single Copy ..... .05  
 Post Office Address, McAllen, Texas.

Managing Editor  
 Major Franklin W. Ward, Asst. Chief of Staff

Major Fred M. Waterbury, Div. Ord. Officer	Editor
Private Howard Irving Young, Co. B., 7th Infantry	Asst. Editor
Lieut. Samuel J. Fisher, 12th Infantry	Asst. Editor
Private Donald Emery, 3rd Ambulance Co.	Art Editor
Lieutenant Gordon Grant, 7th Infantry	Special Artist
Capt. A. L. Howe, Signal Corps	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Percy E. Barbour, Corps of Engineers	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Wheeler C. Case, Aid, 3rd Brigade	Associate Editor
Lieutenant James L. Baker, 3rd Tennessee Infantry	Associate Editor
Priv. Edward Streeter, 1st Cavalry	Associate Editor
Private A. F. Jenks, Jr., Troop A, Squadron A,	Associate Editor
Corporal Manoel F. Behar, 12th Infantry	Associate Editor
Corp. Joseph T. McMahon, 7th Infantry	Associate Editor

Corpl. Fred B. Barton, 1st Cavalry	Business Manager
Private Stuart J. Saks, Troop D, 1st Cavalry	Acting Business Manager
Lieut. Col. H. S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.	Circulation Manager

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1916

## THE WISDOM OF G. O. NO. 7.

The practical unanimity with which the troops of the N. Y. Division have responded to the prohibitions contained in G. O. No. 7, indicates their appreciation of the desirability of such restraint, under the conditions which exist along the Border and which affect the health and morale of soldiers stationed there in large bodies.

But if any direct evidence were needed of the wisdom of the regulation, surely it has been furnished by the regrettable deaths of two soldiers one of the Infantry and the other of the Field Artillery, which occurred during the past few days.

The soldier of the infantry violated the premises of G. O. 7. He became intoxicated. We do not know whether mesal was included, but his later physical activities would indicate it. He became more or less violent, was returned to camp and the following morning dropped dead.

The soldier of the Field Artillery violated G. O. 7, and was shot and killed by a soldier of the Military Police. That is what this case amounts to. By this is meant that if he had not violated the regulation referred to, he would be alive today. But he violated the order. He drank intoxicating liquor. With the stimulation resulting from one drink he took another. Then followed with deadly logic—the usual sequence of events, the additional drinks, the blunting of discernment, the state of recklessness and bravado, the desire and determination to fight, to make trouble, the appearance of the policeman, the resistance to arrest in which the pistol was drawn, and the shooting by the policeman in self defense.

A tragic object lesson of the evils of liquor. A regrettable occurrence portraying in vivid colors the necessity for obedience, absolute and unquestioned, in the military service.

Soldiers, "hiv" the lesson! The rules and regulations governing your conduct are made by those who labor mightily and disinterestedly for your welfare. Regulations which at times seem needless and in unnecessary restraint of liberties will be found to be based on careful study, and judgment based upon knowledge and experience.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH

The Seventh Infantry leave for New York today—that is unless the returns are modified over night as they were on a recent occasion.

If the regiment does leave, its departure will occur at a time when the atmosphere is charged with rumors prophesying events of importance in their relation to probable military activities. The Rattler has never paid any attention to rumors, that prolific source of unrest and at times of unmitigated activity, but the rumor that conditions on the south were never more distressing and chaotic, that the Government supposed to be in power was never so unstable as at present, and that the bandit forces never before reached their present strength and degree of ambitious hope, is persistent, reasonable and apparently supported by circumstances.

Our good wishes go out to our neighbors of the mystic republic on the south. We have no personal desire to interfere with their affairs, their government or their activities. But the accumulation of evidence that we have almost unconsciously gathered since our arrival on the Border, points to a conclusion that for the benefit of humanity more than the safeguarding of property interests, some action looking for the establishment of real government in Mexico will shortly occur.

Adios! "Gray Jackets"—if you are really to depart. And if you have to return, we will bid you a royal welcome. If you remain—well, we shall have that famous Christmas dinner at McAllen.

It will be noted from the foregoing statement of contingent happenings that the Editorial Department of The Rattler believes in playing safe. It has not forgotten the lesson which it, with other great journals, received the day following election.

Many of the war bulletins are about as satisfying as election return wires. For instance, when we read that "The allied troops are pressing the German-Bulgarian rear guard north of Monastir," we hardly know whether we should move the pins on our war map or light another pipe and await further cablegrams.

It is announced that the official work day of the Sing Sing prisoners is now seven hours a day. This kind of life would be poor training for a soldier.

Never mind, while the snow and blizzards are in force in New York State, flowers and vegetables are flourishing in the Magic Valley.

Another "norther" is reported due. Perhaps it means the train to move the Seventh northward.

The busiest worker on the Border, evenings, is Charlie Chaplin.

## PRES. WILSON PROCLAIMS NOV. 30 AS DAY OF THANKS

President Woodrow Wilson, on Nov. 17, formerly designated by proclamation Thursday, Nov. 30, as Thanksgiving day. The President's proclamation follows:

"It has long been the custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings and mercies to us and to the nation.

"The year that has elapsed since we last observed our day of Thanksgiving has been rich in blessings to us as a people, but the whole face of the world has been darkened by war. In the midst of our peace and happiness our thoughts dwell with painful disquiet upon the struggles and sufferings of the nations at war and of the people upon whom war has brought disaster without choice or possibility of escape on their part. We cannot think of our own happiness without thinking of their pitiful distress.

"Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday, the thirtieth of November, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer and urge and advise the people to resort to their several places of worship on that day, to render thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of peace and unbroken prosperity which he has bestowed upon our beloved country in such unstinted measure.

"And I also urge and suggest our duty, in this our day of peace and abundance, to think in deep sympathy of the stricken peoples of the world upon whom the curse and terror of war has so pitilessly fallen and to contribute out of our abundant means to the relief of their sufferings.

"Our people could in no better way show their real attitude towards the present struggle of the nations than by contributing out of their abundance to the relief of the suffering which war has brought in its train.

"In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1916, and of the independence of the United States the 41st.

"WOODROW WILSON,  
 "By the President, Robert Lansing,  
 Secretary of State."

## NEW JERSEY MEN SERVING IN NEW YORK DIVISION

Although the several New Jersey units of the National Guard which were on duty at the Border long since have returned home, not all the New Jersey boys who did service along the Mexican line have come back and there are still a number doing police duty with regiments from other States. Among these are six Elizabeth men connected with the New York National Guard at Brownsville.

Major Edward Olmstead, of 700 North Broad Street, one of the Elizabeth squad, is a high officer in the New York Division, being assistant chief of staff and others are as follows:

Private W. Oliver Dunlap, of 678 North Broad Street, with Troop F, 1st New York Cavalry; First Lieut. N. Hillyer Egleston, of 707 North Broad Street, Squadron A, New York Cavalry and Private Philip T. Boone, of 515 Cherry Street; Private Alfred De F. Keys, formerly of 623 North Broad Street, all with Company F, 1st New York Infantry.

The Elizabeth men have done full duty since June, when the National Guard first was ordered to the Border. They have been making the long hikes, going through the endless drilling and training, performing the difficult and tiring work of clearing cactus and mesquite from the camp sites, digging drainage ditches, building camp shacks and all the other routine duty connected with camp life.

The drilling has included rifle practice, maneuvers, patrol and outpost along the Rio Grande, which is only six miles to the south of the camp.—Elizabeth (N. J.) Daily Journal.

## FOOD SPECULATORS

Food speculators are parasites the world over. In olden times they used to be hanged until they were dead, but evidently the breed was never thoroughly exterminated.

We always have had them in these United States, and the manner in which they elude the tentacles of the law is a mystery even to Philadelphia lawyer. But they do, and get rich at it.

In the warring countries of Europe the food speculator is at his lowest ebb morally. He wishes to take advantage of the patriotism of his fellow citizens and their dire want in the face of untoward circumstances by overcharging them "all the traffic will bear."

But the thing doesn't work because over yonder the respective governments really govern just now. Every warring country except Russia has taken rigid steps to suppress the food speculator. The method applied in Germany and Austria are well known; but it is a fact that the strong arm of the law is at work in England, France and Italy also in connection with food speculators.

The most common way is to confiscate food stored for a "rise." Come to think of it, this might be a very effective way in the good old U. S. A.

## DIFFICULT PROFESSION

A well dressed youth recently stopped a tattered newsboy and asked him: "Do you think I could sell papers as easily as you do?"

The newsboy's reply was emphatic and philosophic:

"Well, do you think you can hold three dozen papers in one hand, lick three or four bigger boys with the other, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and yell last edishun at the same time?"

"No, I hardly think I could do that, said the man."

"Then yer'd be no good in the news line. Better get your people to 'prentice yer to something light."—Ex.

## PERSONAL

The Governor and Mrs. Whitman left for the North Thursday afternoon after an auto ride through the Division Camps and a personal visit to the hospital where the Governor talked to a lot of the patients from the Empire State.

Colonel James M. Andrews has received the resignation of Lieutenant John A. Goetz of Schenectady. He was in command of the machine gun company of the Second Regiment during the service on the Mexican Border.

Captain J. E. Bayles, M. C., U. S. A. and Lieutenant R. B. Molyneux, aide to Major General O'Ryan, went on a "forced hunting trip" this week to provide "game" for the Governor's camp dinner. They returned with twenty-six quail and forty white-winged Mexican doves, besides a small collection of wild ducks, rabbits, etc., as a forenoon's hunt. Some hunters!

Major Edward Olmstead, Assistant Chief of Staff, spent the week-end at San Antonio, where he was joined by Mrs. Olmstead, who has come to the Border for a visit.

Captain Guy Bates of the Engineers has been detailed as Acting Engineer at Division Headquarters to succeed Captain Daly, who has returned to the command of E Company.

Captain Hugo F. Jaekel, Jr., of the Quartermaster Corps, N. Y. Division, who returned home the first of September, sent a box of especially good palate ticklers to the members of the Moonlight Club at Division Headquarters. "Thanks, Jake!"

Captain E. H. Janes, one of the expert rifle shots of New York State, has been detailed to take charge of the target practice of the 12th Infantry at Penitas and San Fordyce. Captain Janes commands Company I, 12th Infantry.

Major George Chandler, Adjutant of the 1st Brigade, has completed the course of field firing for all the rifle carrying units of the 6th Division at La Gloria. It has been a most successful course of instruction and Major Chandler, assisted by Lieut. Barbour, of the Engineers, has given New York Guardsmen their first real taste of combat fire.

Mrs. Frederick Reynolds, wife of Lieut. Col. Reynolds of the Medical Corps, U. S. A., who has been visiting a few weeks in McAllen has gone to San Antonio for the winter. Colonel Reynolds is Medical Inspector of the Brownsville District, and spends some of his time at the 6th Division Headquarters.

Captain Edward M. Dillon, 69th N. Y. Infantry, N. G., U. S., has been detailed as assistant to the Chief of Military Police.

Lt. Col. Henry A. Shaw of the Medical Corps, U. S. A., instructor of Hygiene at West Point Military Academy, has been the guest of Lt. Col. Terriberry at Division Headquarters a couple of days the past week.

The Misses Young of Brownsville and party of guests attended the dance at Division Headquarters last week.

Mrs. John F. O'Ryan and daughter, Miss Dorothy O'Ryan left for their New York City home Monday after enjoying a month on the Texas Border. General O'Ryan and Lieut. McCann, Aide, accompanied them as far as Hurlington, the trip being made in the General's auto. Their presence has added greatly to the social life in the Magic Valley and they will be missed at Headquarters.

## ALONG THE RIO GRANDE.

According to all the reports that have reached McAllen, the big maneuvers of the "White" and the "Brown" armies in the Brownsville District are demonstrating the high efficiency of the National Guard. Military experts declare that the guardsmen are doing their share of the mimic fighting with all the thoroughness of seasoned regular soldiers. There is nothing to wonder about in all this, because if five months in the field could not season any intelligent body of American citizens, then the future of this country would indeed be hopeless.

Many times we have wondered at the shortsightedness of Congress in not raising our aviation service to the level of the flying corps of European countries, if not in numbers, at least in efficiency. During the five months that the New York Division has been encamped at McAllen, not an airplane or dirigible has been seen overhead. It is hard to imagine an army camp of today in any quarter of the globe without its circling planes and water-filled dirigibles. But latest reports from Washington may prove that America is at last waking up to the need of an adequate air army.

Governor Whitman expressed a wish that every citizen in New York could have seen the big review last Thursday. If our dreams of universal service come true, perhaps we shall some day have the pleasure of reviewing Broadway loungers, vaudeville actors, cut-price tailors, and pawn-shop keepers, together with Fifth Avenue Clubmen and cabaret dancers, all dressed in the democratic olive drab.

If Border Service has taught us nothing else, it has at least shown us conclusively that a good soldier cannot be made in one month. And by the same token, six weeks in a training camp will never make an officer. Plattsburg for all that we have joked about it in the past, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction; but it is only a step. Enlisting in the N. G. when war seemed imminent was a veritable leap that few training camp veterans took.

# The Subaltern

Among ourselves we used to call him Pet!  
 Not nasty-like, but only just in fun;  
 We'd snicker when his yellow curls got wet  
 And make believe we saw the color run.

He was so pink and white, so trig and trim,  
 So awful young, he was, to hold command  
 O'er us Welsh miners—Why, the likes of him  
 Each man of us could throttle with a hand!

Fresh from the schools, he was, and full of pride  
 In "England's warriors" as he called our show!  
 Say! "Rule Britannia" lengthened out his stride—  
 The best old anthem set him all a-glow!

Well, one day Morgan got his bit and fell,  
 With German shell-bursts jettling all about,  
 And, though their fire made all the place a hell,  
 Our cub subaltern ran to pull him out.

We let him go—I say it to our shame!—  
 Alone he went through all that roaring din,  
 And tugged and pulled—Oh, he was game as game!  
 Till, by the Lord, he brought old Morgan in!

Then he went down, a little crumpled heap,  
 But in his eyes there burned a somber bliss.  
 He spoke but once—like he was off to sleep—  
 "Perhaps the mater'll get the cross for this."

By O. A. C. Childs in New York Times.

# The Incinerator

Ring out, ye wild bells. Ring out, ye who pay those dues now.

Camp very excited. Didn't talk so much before, even about election, somebody said we weren't going back to N. Y. after all. Doctor fixed him up afterward. Tore up a lot of old letters and packed the rest in my box. Didn't eat any dinner. No one bothered about it anyway. Big celebration at tataroo. Colonel made a speech, everyone cheered and Joe hollered "Hurry, let's celebrate." Colonel looked wise and said, "Remember, Taps is Taps. You are still soldiers." Had almost forgotten it.

Very soon the Texas turkeys will have a great deal to say about Border atrocities. And so will the mess Sergeants who buy the turkeys—And the guardsmen who eat the turkeys.

But somebody must be thankful for something. The President so proclaims and urges every one to repair to his place of worship.

We believe in following out orders. At least, we do tonight.  
 How about the Little Church Around the Corner?

To think that California was never mentioned in the proclamation.  
 Does Mr. Wilcox concede Thanksgiving Day?

What happens to the Seventh Regiment turkeys? Perhaps they are as thankful as the Grayjackets that the formal introduction was never consummated.

It seemed to be a toss-up between Texas turkeys and Broadway chickens. You know who wins.

Who's pollyannic now?

We wonder if they are still wearing them as short as they used to. Is that so?

Then McAllen during a "norther" is no place for the latest modes.

Just when inspiration fires us and we commence the creation of a non-skid paragraph concerning politics and policies, the incinerator thermostat clicks its warning, and we cease inditing the indictment.

However, there will be no use for the thermostat next week, unless the fountain-pen of our successor is filled with gasoline and the fuel he carries with him is highly inflammable.

In this age of uncertainties and this month of concessions, one thinks of G. B. S.'s uneasy title: "You Never Can Tell." But shavian philosophy and army orders never would mix.

Philosophy doesn't help one much in paying off election bets, unless one chances to win on recall schedules. Which was the way it all happened.

At the risk of stealing some thunder from the Fellow Mabel Writes To we must tell about the urgent request we recently received from our class secretary. We were exhorted to attend the re-union on Nov. 25th. "Corporal Larry B— of Plattsburg will be the Toastmaster." Too bad the 5:15 will be behind time. We hate to miss this.

Cabrera suffering from acute indigestion would be of vital concern to more people than the Atlantic City doctors.

Steady, commissioners, steady. Pax volubiscum or adios.

The following songs have been amended, altered, and improved by The Rattler's Censor.

"My Little Gray Camp in the West."  
 "When Johnnie Comes Marching to McAllen Again."  
 "Gee, But It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Mobilization Town."  
 "Pharr, Sweet Pharr."

## HIS DIARY.

Friday: Didn't feel very well this morning until I got a wire from Dad saying regiment was ordered back. Wired back quick for fifty dollars while he was still happy. Didn't believe it for a while though until Lieutenant shook hands with me and laughed at a joke I pulled. While the news was still fresh, got a letter from Mabel saying that as I was going to be away all winter she had accepted Jim's proposition to be season escort to the Fort-nightly Club. Would like to have seen Jim when he heard the big news. Saved all Jim's letters and the Bustanoby check he sent me. Latter may come in handy to get a new overcoat, preferably one of fur. Got two bills from my club in morning mail. Guess I'll have

Camp very excited. Didn't talk so much before, even about election, somebody said we weren't going back to N. Y. after all. Doctor fixed him up afterward. Tore up a lot of old letters and packed the rest in my box. Didn't eat any dinner. No one bothered about it anyway. Big celebration at tataroo. Colonel made a speech, everyone cheered and Joe hollered "Hurry, let's celebrate." Colonel looked wise and said, "Remember, Taps is Taps. You are still soldiers." Had almost forgotten it.

We all lay awake late, talking about what we were going to do when we got back. I didn't talk much. Was wondering if Jim had signed up Elsie and Fay for all season, too. Joe said he would have gotten married when he reached New York, only his girl ran off with an actor last week, and sent him a picture postal from Little Falls. Must have been some actor.

Harry said he had a lot of drinking to do when he got back, he had lost so much time. Nearly everybody agreed but Irv said, "Shut up and go to sleep. You aren't back yet." and everyone did, but somebody is always taking the joy out of life.

Saturday: Inspection today, but nobody swore—much. Everyone worrying more about their last winter suits than whether their bayonet was clean, or their gun polished. Bayonets would be useful in spading a garden or hanging on the wall like Jim and the other Plattsburg graduates do. Suppose they put them there so they can reach them quickly after the declaration of war. Wonder if that old waiter is still at the Majestic. Have been wondering a lot about that hotel since yesterday. Everybody looking forward to a Turkish bath and getting up mornings at 10 o'clock.

Got a short letter from Elsie. She said, "Oh, what do you think. Dear Jim has a bugle and he can play all the calls most beautifully. You must hear him when you get back. I know you will enjoy it. It sounds so stirring the way he plays it. Makes you want to start right in and fight." Wouldn't be surprised if it had that effect on me.

Well, I guess I've written all the diary I'm going to. When you're in the army life is an open book, but I'm going to close the volume next Monday.

After reading the latest dispatches from Atlantic City and Washington, we solemnly pause to state, "It's a long Lane that has no turning."

Just received a telephone call. It was our Corporal. "Report to me, at once," he ordered in no uncertain tones. "Your cot is packed up and your tent is down." "But where are we going to sleep?" we wailed. "You're lucky if they let you sleep. You guys on that Rattler have had it easy for three months. On the job now." We were so upset we forgot to answer him back and hung up quickly. What one is allowed to drop in and chat with Generals occasionally, one forgets that one is still under orders to such insignificant cogs in the machine as Corporals.

We'll be minding policemen next. Oh, well, we fancy we'd better be sharp about answering that call or we'll miss the Manhattan accommodation.

Business of covering a yawn with an attitude of utmost nonchalance.

Hurried calling of taxi, and an air of disheveled excitement.

Curtain lowered for a few moments to indicate passage of hours.

Tableau of Incinerator man standing with gun on shoulder and hat set at rakish angle. Fountain pen concealed in haversack.

Tableau of weeping McAllen tradesmen—plotting bandits, and back files of The Rattler.

Fan-fare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals.

We wave madly at the multitude. Loud cheers. Chorus from Squadron A: "Give My Regards to Broadway."

Exit laughingly on Tourist Sleeper. —H. I. Y.