

# 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'Regan  
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
Corp. Earl H. Walker, 1st Cavalry	Associate Editor
Pvt. Chester B. Bahn, 4th Ambulance Co.,	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 29, 1916

## WELCOME SENATOR WADSWORTH!

The 6th Division is surely glad to welcome their United States Senator, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of Avon, N. Y., to the Border. Senator Wadsworth is both statesman and soldier, but besides all that he's the typical, jolly, good fellow one not only reads about, but in New York State gets to know, for everyone in the Great Empire State knows him. He is a typical leader among men and can bring to bear a powerful influence in Washington for compulsory military training which he says he is in favor of and which we believe is the salvation of the country if we are to progress along the lines of preparedness.

The Rattler bids you a hearty welcome, Senator, and wishes your stay with us was for a longer period.

## THE HERD.

Strange as it may seem, advices from New York indicate that in the armories of many if not all the regiments that have seen service on the Border and returned to home station, there appears to be a desire among the men that their organizations be returned to Texas. This is manifested by the constant inquiries concerning the prospects of this or that regiment being ordered back to the Border. The newspapers state that in one particular regiment, namely the 2nd N. Y. Infantry, wagers of seven to ten are being made among the soldiers that they will be sent back by the first of next year.

We consider this a peculiar situation to say the least, in that it would ordinarily be supposed that men who have served on the Border for four or five months and returned would not desire so soon to repeat their experience. Of course it is customary for soldiers to wish to be most anywhere but the place they happen to find themselves, it is therefore natural perhaps that soldiers in Texas wish to be in New York and having had their wishes gratified conclude that after all they would rather be in Texas.

However, this is not the reason, at least not the primary reason for their desire to return here. In order to find the proper or logical cause, should we not consider what may be termed their herd instincts? Perhaps nowhere in the world are such instincts developed and satisfied to the extent manifested in military camps. It has been said that the state in which most men's minds can function satisfactorily is the herd state which therefore is the source not only of his opinions, his credulities, his disbeliefs and his weaknesses, but his altruism, his charity, his enthusiasms and his power.

Thus the returned soldier finds himself deprived of the daily companionship of his tent-mates, his squad, his own company and his regiment. Unconsciously he begins to long for what he usually terms the life in the open, but his emotion in reality is based upon his dissatisfaction with his solitary individualism.

In other words he misses the herd—his own herd, and his herd instincts inevitably cause him to regret that he is not with his herd in the Valley of the Rio Grande, working and playing, grumbling and laughing, but always stimulated in their activities by the herd instinct called esprit, that emotion which has made us all so proud of the efficiency and record of our herd—the N. Y. Division.

Verily "The Strength of the Wolf is the Pack."

## BETTER ADOPT "G. O. 7."

Plans to make New Year's Eve, which falls on Sunday, the greatest church going day in the history of Chicago were begun at a minister's meeting recently. Resolutions have been prepared endorsing the closing of the saloons and forbidding the use of hotels and cafes on that night and that all churches in Chicago will be urged to keep open house, to provide good music and refreshments and to emphasize the religious side of life as a means of welcoming the new year.

Good morning! Have you taken a ride on "Citrus Avenue?" It is to become the famous driveway connecting Mission and Sharyland. The responsibility of the name at present is laid to the many bumps in the road reminding one of motoring over large-sized grape fruit; however, it is the purpose of some of the "live wires" of the Magic Valley to plant the entire roadway, a distance of three miles, to citrus fruit and hence the name, "Citrus Avenue."

The highest court in the land is to review the lower courts decisions construing the new national defense act to hold state guardsmen in service for federal purposes, despite their refusal to take the new oath. Final ruling is thus sought to settle disputed questions of service obligations of state troops.

Why not begin to figure out a military society to commemorate the service in Texas. May we suggest as a name, "The Border Society of the New York Division," or better still, "The Military Order of the Rattler."

Even turkeys are high in Texas this year. Wonder if the National Guard encampment on the Border had anything to do with that?

The American-Mexican Commission has reached an agreement and adjourned for the present. Next!

There are a lot of lemons on the Border now!

## A MAGIC VALLEY IDYL.

She was a beautiful Texas maiden as daintily browned as a slice of toasted bread, graceful as a lily and guileless as a grass widow. He was a dashing non-com, full of bravery, boldness and brass.

The party near the outskirts of McAllen was over and they were strolling together beneath the spreading trees. The pale moonlight flickered through the bending palms, shedding its soft light upon the path. The gentle evening zephyrs stirred the leaves and nestled slyly among the folds of the maiden's gown. Suddenly the soldier spoke:

"Little one," he murmured in tender apologetic tones, for he was not faint hearted, "Who could you love best in the world?"

The beautiful maiden hesitated for a moment, while the soldier held his breath as he pondered over her probable reply. Did she love him because he was big and strong and brave, because he was a part and parcel of that army of northern men who had come into the south to protect the homes and lives of those she held most dear. Did the beauty of his O. D. form attract the affection of this dark-eyed daughter of sunny Texas? Or was it the wit of his tongue and his ready flow of soft speech that would win her heart?

At last the maiden spoke. "I could love," she murmured in musical tones that were little more than a whisper, "I could love Charley Chaplin best in all the world, for he is so funny—and besides they say he gets a salary of \$150,000 a year!"

And as he dashed madly through the chaparral on his way to his unpretentious cot, tears rolled down his bronzed cheeks as he thought despairingly that even here in the Magic Valley of the Rio Grande even love is not blind when it comes to the matter of spondulix.

## THANKSGIVING.

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;

Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!  
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due;  
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom  
on;

We murmur but the corn ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
The power to make it Eden fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil  
Than summer wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?  
Who seorns his native fruit and bloom

Or sighs for dainties far away  
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's  
arm

Can change a rocky soil to gold;  
That brave and generous lives can  
warm

A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these alters, wreathed with  
flowers

And piled with fruits awake again  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The early and the later rain.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## STRAY SHOTS

The line of detached posts on the Border were withdrawn Tuesday and the troops engaged in that service have joined their respective commands.

The great majority of the members of the 6th Division will enjoy their first Thanksgiving in the Service. Many of our forefathers who were the pioneer settlers of the country ate their turkey on Thanksgiving with their loaded rifles standing ready to drive off an Indian attack. Though in the service loaded rifles at the dinner will be dispensed with.

The 10th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., has added a Machine Gun Company to the Regiment, the headquarters of this company being Hempstead, L. I.

The men of the 6th Division will not be deprived of a Thanksgiving dinner on the Border as our genial Depot Quartermaster, Lieut. Col. W. H. Bertsch, has ordered 10,000 pounds of turkey for the New Yorkers.

The eighteenth anniversary of the return of the units of the 13th Coast Defense Command, N. G., N. Y. (formerly the 13th Infantry) from the service of the United States in the Spanish-American War will be celebrated in the armory Friday night, November 24. The command will be reviewed on that evening by Col. Charles O. Davis, retired, a former commander of the 13th.

The Machine Gun Co. of Squadron A has marched to Harlingen, where they will have a two-weeks' period of instruction at the Ordnance School.

Speaking of making the tents and officers' "shacks" attractive for colder weather on the Border, we thought that Division Headquarters had some cottages—but the prize goes to the Commanding Officer of the 74th Infantry at Pharr. You all know Colonel N. B. Thurston—well the Colonel has some palace. His Buffalo soldiers have a lot of artistic ability, and some hustle and the metropolitan finish to his little apartment is wonderfully homelike and comfortable. It is really a dream, and you should see it. The color scheme and decorations are, as they say in the play houses, by Montgomery, the Regiment's "Peerless" Surgeon.

The cheap fake, in high position or low, who talks of raising an army between sunrise and sunset, is worse than a murderer.—Major General Leonard Wood, U.S.A.

## PERSONAL

Lieut. C. P. Franchot of I Troop recently returned from a thirty day leave of absence spent in Buffalo.

Major Mortimer D. Bryant of the 1st Cavalry has been granted a thirty-day leave of absence and has returned to his home in Brooklyn.

Major Charles F. Hader, Major Frederick W. Baldwin, Captain Charles W. Berry and 2nd Lieut. George S. Norman have tendered their resignations as officers of the 14th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., and have received their full and honorable discharge from the Adjutant General.

Major Charles Tobin of the 1st Cavalry has been granted a fifteen-day leave of absence, and has gone to San Antonio to visit his family during this time and participate in the Thanksgiving reunion of the Tobin family. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Carl Loeb, also of the 1st Cavalry, who has been granted a leave of absence for the same period. Major Tobin is a Texan by birth, his family being among the early settlers of the Lone Star State, dating back nearly two hundred years. The Major was formerly a Texas Ranger, and has several brothers prominent in the business circles of San Antonio.

First Lieutenant Walter H. Wells of the 47th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., has tendered his resignation as an officer of the National Guard of the State of New York.

Lieutenant Percy E. Barbour of the 22nd New York Engineers has been granted a leave of absence for thirty days and will return to New York City to straighten up business matters.

Captain Ranulf Compton, commanding Co. L, 2nd Infantry, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has forwarded his resignation to Colonel Andrews on account of his many business activities which suffered considerably during his service with the regiment on the Border. Captain Compton has made a very efficient officer. He joined the National Guard four years ago and was commissioned Captain of the company. At that time the company was at low ebb with thirty-four members and it was rumored that the company was to be disbanded. Under the administration of Captain Compton, who proved to be an efficient officer, the company was recruited until it had 138 men when it went to the Mexican Border last June. The company now has 122 men and three officers, sixteen men having been discharged or transferred.

Captain Wm. J. Evans of the 23rd Infantry has been granted a thirty-day leave of absence.

The Army and Navy Journal states that Col. William G. Bates, 71st N. Y., who has been ill with typhoid fever, contracted while on duty on the Mexican Border with his Regiment, has been improving steadily, but is not quite fit yet to resume active military work.

Major Lyman Wood of the 74th Infantry has left Pharr for Buffalo on a thirty-day leave of absence.

Officers recently commissioned in the N. G., N. Y., are the following: First Lieuts. Ridgely Nicholas, Squadron A; Michael F. Carroll, 69th Inf.; Francis W. Murray, Jr., 69th Inf.; Murray E. Cramer, 7th Inf.; Robert W. Maloney, Co. A, Signal Corps; William J. Schieffelin, Jr., 12th Inf.; and 2nd Lieut. Joseph B. Shelley, 2nd Coast Art. The resignation of 2nd Lieut. I. A. Seannell, 47th Inf., has been accepted, and Capt. J. S. Bollman, 1st Infantry, has been transferred to the reserve list.

Captain Wm. J. Cranston, M. C., attached to the 4th N. Y. Field Hospital has been detailed to Squadron A for temporary duty.

Second Lieut. James R. Knapp of Troop B, Squadron A, has been given a two-weeks leave of absence.

Second Lieutenant Wm. Chadbourn, 12th Infantry, has gone on a month's leave of absence and returned to New York City.

Captain Moses A. Stiver, M. C., attached to the 2nd N. Y. Field Artillery has been relieved and placed on duty with the 69th Infantry.

Captain A. W. Putnam, of the crack shooting troop of Squadron A, has been granted a two-weeks leave of absence.

Other leaves of absence last week were granted as follows: Captain Louis F. Kuntz, 2nd Field Artillery, thirty days; Captain Samuel McCullough, M. C., twenty days; 1st Lieut. Reune Martin, adjutant Squadron A, two weeks.

Captain Albert T. Rich, Inf., Torrington, Conn., has been ordered to Boston, Mass., for mustering out Supply Company, 1st Field Artillery, Mass. N. G.

We are glad to welcome Lt. Col. Reynolds back to the "Magic Valley." His duties carry him all over the Brownsville District.

Capt. Carroll B. Hodges, Inf., Fort Thomas, Ky., is relieved from duty as assistant mustering officer and will return to New York City, N. Y., and resume duties as inspector-instructor.

Lieut. Col. James C. McLeer, of the 1st Cavalry has been detailed as Special Inspector of animal transportation in the 6th Division, and Major Edward McLeer, Jr., has been detailed as his assistant.

Lieut. W. A. Ronalds of the 23rd Infantry has gone on a leave of absence for ten days.

Captain J. Scott Button of Co. F, 2nd Infantry, Schneetady, writes that he wishes he was back in the harness on the Border. He says his company is in splendid shape, and would welcome another call to duty.

# "La Gloria"

Written by John H. Roach, Co. K, 3rd Tenn., 6th Div.

Climb to the top of the windmill tower  
That covers the ranchers' well;  
You see a painting of the sunset hour,  
You're grasped by Nature's spell!

Not shadowy glade, nor darkening dell  
That meets your wandering eyes,  
Just plane and sea of chaparral  
With blend of sunset dyes.

A barren stretch of deadened brush,  
Wherein is thy magic spell?  
Upon thee hast a sudden hush,  
An infinite presence fell.

One feels the nothingless of self,  
'Neath the glorious sunset skies—  
You see from your perch—the tower shelf,  
The moon begin to rise.

'Tis a lonely spot in the wilderness—  
Out in the chaparral—  
But yet with all its loneliness,  
Deserves its name full well!

# The Incinerator

The Incinerator burns low. Its faithful orderly, Howard L. Young, who for three months kept its fires burning, and its surface kalsomined, has departed with the 7th regiment for a colder climate. In departing, however, he was more fortunate than most of us will be, for he left behind him a tangible achievement, The Rattler. Out of the jumble of daily life, he found time to put into print the life of the 6th Division, both on and off duty, a history which will probably be used in future years as an alibi to prove to our grandchildren that we really amounted to something once. Through his weekly injection of personality and wit into The Rattler, Young was able to leave behind him, when he boarded the train, that most enviable and rare thing—an unfillable vacancy.

Now the bricks of the Incinerator are loose on the corners. The iron chimney has a tilt, which bespeaks a disregard of G. O. No. 7. The back part is getting filled with tin cans, (which, of course, must be flattened before they go to the dump) without the old fuel the fire smokes. Suffice if we can keep enough heat in the thing to burn off the scrapings.

The following drama has been submitted to The Rattler board for criticism. The writer does not wish his name to appear until the play appears on Broadway next month. In order to allay suspicion, however, we will state frankly that it is not Henry Ford.

## "A WELL EXECUTED COMMISSION."

A Drama.  
Censored by McAllen Board of Aldermen.

ACT I  
Place: Atlantic City.  
Scene: Meeting Hall of Mexican Commission in Summer Hotel.

Time: 10 a. m.  
[Noise of the board walk and barking of hot dogs heard outside.]

Enter Mexican Commission from left waving American flags. American Commission enters from right wearing Mexican flags in button holes. They bow formally, guide right and proceed to a general exchange of government issue cigars.

Spokesman of American Comm.—Blunoz Days, Senors.

Spokesman of Mexican Comm.—They are indeed, Sirs.

S. A. C.—Every day in which we work in harmony with such brilliant and educated men is a pleasure.

A short conference during which the Mexican Ambassadors frame up a suitable reply.

S. M. C. (advancing.) Every day in which we accept the hospitality of your kind and generous country, sir, makes this more and more a pleasure trip.

Much handshaking and interchanging of Government issue cigars. A note is passed out to the waiting reporters to the effect that the Commission is on the point of making an agreement.

S. M. C. Would it now be profitable to discuss the matter of Hon. Sr. Pershing and his company?

Short discussion as to diplomatic advisability of this point.

S. A. C. It would only be a pleasure, sir.

1st Am. Comm. (rising): Gentlemen, may I at this point sum up the situation as it has developed here during the last three months.

S. M. C. arises and bows deeply to no one in particular.

1st Am. Comm. (after several preparatory movements of the Adam's apples) It seems to be the general consensus of opinion that there are five courses open to Mr. Pershing. I will tabulate these as course A, B, C, D and E. I have prepared here a brief capitulation of these courses: course B, course A, remain stationary; course B, move north; course C, move south; course D, move east; course E, move west.

Sits down amidst exclamations of admiration. General exchange of Government issues.

S. M. C. (rising): Gentleman (all bow) I seriously feel that in the interests of my beloved country, Mexico, (all stand) that some sixth course should be found thus removing the seat of discussion.

1st Mex. Comm.: I move that we adjourn and sit upon this thing.

S. M. C. (Consulting watch): I heartily second the recommendation.

S. A. C. (likewise) and I. (Everyone bows.)

S. M. C.: Until later, caro mio.

S. A. C.: (Until later, Amigos. Exit.

ACT II

Scene: Lobby of same hotel.

Time: Ten minutes later.

(Hotel guests, French maids, reporters, visiting firemen, etc.)

Enter S. M. C. on right and S. A. C. from left.

S. M. C.: Ready?

S. A. C.: Sure, we're waiting for you down there.

S. M. C.: Hell, I'm sorry. Got a match?

(Exit arm in arm.)

HIS DAIRY

Wednesday: Shooting on Government ranges today. Very unsatisfactory affair. They called the place Glorious. What's in a name? I rode twenty miles to shoot twenty shots. Then they took most of it away from me and gave it to someone else. We walked for miles through the shrubland bushes. Then the lieutenant said "lie down and fire at the two targets on your left." I lay down on a cactus.

Someone yelled "keep down, you darn fool, you're under fire." I thought it was safer to be under an imaginary fire than lying on a real cactus. Then the lieutenant said "Cease firing and advance." I told him that I hadn't started yet. He said "Fine!" and took four shots from me. I saw him give them to Bill.

When we got to the last range I could see the targets alright. The lieutenant told me to fire at the ten on my left. I guess he thought I had a panorama rifle or something. I noticed a lot of people seemed to be shooting high. So I shot at the ground near the target and let them bounce through. They made me stop. They don't want a fellow to use his bean in the army.

Then some Major took a lot of the fellows down to the other end of the range and had them lie down flat on their hats. When they do this you can't see them even with the naked eye. If I ever got into a fight, I'm going to lie on my hat.

I picked up some bullets near the targets. I put 'em in an envelope and sent 'em to Mabel. I said, "Dear Mabel. These are some bullets showing their mutilated condition after striking Jim in the head." I thought that would show her what kind of a bonehead Jim was.

When I got back, I found a letter from Mabel. She says Jim's passed his examinations for a Lieutenant in the Reserve. Jim is accumulating a lot of things in reserve for him. She said that a man of intelligence and ambition should be a leader of men, not a private. That sounds like Jim's work. He's proved that he has more intelligence than I have. She said she used to wonder why I enlisted as a private, but that each man of course knows himself best.

Elsie sent me a post card of Grant's Tomb. I have an idea she was trying to be funny. Says she is knitting a tie for me for Christmas. I've bought some cards of a fellow in a blue uniform, kissing a girl under an American flag. It's called "Border Service 1916." I'm going to send one to her and Mabel. I'll show we are independent down here, anyway.

Thursday: A fellow came around today and inspected all the stuff in the camp. Then he condemned it and had it burned. I said, why not pile up the camp and condemn the whole thing at one crack.

I took round a slicker, a canteen, a shelter half, a mess kit and a lot of other junk to the Supply Sergeant to be condemned. He looked at them and said they weren't bad enough to condemn. So I got a hatchet and knife and took them down to the stable tent. When I got through, no Supply Sergeant could have kicked on their condition.

Then I took them all around again. The Supply Sergeant said, "What's that junk?" I told him it was some stuff to be condemned. He said, "You're too late, we've got all the stuff we can take now."

I'll be a fine looking boob now if it rains.—E. S.