

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 Copy05
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
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
Corp. 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, DECEMBER 6, 1916

INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

There is no notion that a private soldier can cherish which is so erroneous and misleading as the idea that there is no opportunity or scope for individual success in an organization as large as the N. Y. Division.

The sooner the private soldier can see that the key to advancement in the military establishment, like any other human occupation, is simple loyal service, the sooner the private soldier, and every other soldier, will begin to advance.

The largest civil corporations learned this long ago, and every individual now forging ahead of his pack is well aware of it. Of course there are some both in civil and military life who belong to that lucky few who know that they can command success—but as most of us, like sempronius, only deserve it, it is wiser and a bit more becoming to set out diligently to work for it along the lines laid down by those whose endeavors have been successful.

In other words there are some soldiers, and some men in civil life, who have achieved success without perhaps paying adequate attention to the principle of affording ample loyalty and satisfaction to those with whom they deal, but none has clung long at the top without recognition of the cardinal principle of delivering loyalty, fair play and satisfaction with every consignment of goods.

Wherever one sees big business today, one finds the able men at the top devoting their energies to the effort of doing their work well. The large enterprises base their hopes of growth upon their ability to give the public more and better for its money than could any rival; and the graces of courtesy, of fairness and of appreciation are cultivated with unremitting earnestness.

It is in this fact that the opportunity of the individual soldier lies, for it is within his power to make sure that satisfaction is complete, and elicit the appreciation of his superior with each order he receives. From top to bottom of our military structure, despite all its vastness of numbers and the intricacy of all the apparatus we have contrived, the human factor—the individual personality in contact with other individuals—still hold the reins of power.

Soldiers, particularly U. S. Soldiers, are lucky in their opportunity for advancement, which has never before been so easy of accomplishment, if they will but realize that individual loyalty, service and satisfaction are bound to spell success and advancement.

GUARD SERVICE UNDER FEDERAL LAW.

Under the Federal law which makes the National Guard a wing of the regular army of the United States, National Guardsmen are virtually surrounded with all the impediments to a discharge from service that are incidental to getting a discharge from the regular army. Formerly discharges were comparatively easy and application in most cases were equivalent of assurance that it would be granted.

However, under the new law, although authority to grant discharges from active service, transfers to other National Guard organizations within the state, and the granting of a furlough to the reserves, is still held by the state according to a ruling made under the new law, and not by the war department of the United States, the state only grants applications for any of the changes in status enumerated after the most thorough inquiry into conditions and then in comparatively few cases. Application is made in all cases now, direct to the Adjutant General's office.

Further, under the new law, every guardsman must at all times give information as to his probable whereabouts, that in the event necessity arises for quick mobilization, orders may be issued and received with a minimum of delay. In a general way this condition was imposed on National Guardsmen before passage of the Federal law, but under the new act there has been a tightening in control in all phases of the service.

FROM A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER

"It is a fact that all our National Guardsmen on the frontier have performed their tasks in a very creditable manner. A large majority of them have developed soldierlike qualities." Right! But very mild.

The more the thinking people review the subject of universal military training as a solution of American defense the more popular it seems to grow. It looks, now, as though the real milk in the cocoanut was just what form of military training the universal system could adopt.

Don't forget the Incinerator's advice of a few weeks ago "Do your Christmas thinking early."

The heps should be disciplined—they seem to be laying for higher prices!

The hay crops along the railroad tracks have been harvested.

Next!

It's surely magic weather in the Magic Valley.

WHAT I DREAMED LAST NIGHT.

Yesterday afternoon I was sick in quarters, out of sorts, glum. I groused around, cursed out the Army, Texas, Mexico and Mexicans, cactus, hikes, drill, rifle practice, the heat, the Captain—and, and everything. Then my thoughts reverted to home. How attractive it seemed. New York with its wonderful activities, its street sounds, its busy offices, stores and shops. I wondered what the folks at home were doing at the moment. I pictured the place where I worked, everything so familiar—the boss, the fellows who worked with me, and things that kept us busy. Gosh, what fine fellows they seemed, so different from some of the savage non coms in this company, who threatened to beat your head off or send you to a summary court, if you don't look sharp every minute. The more I pictured the great difference, the worse I felt, and I guess I must have fallen asleep, for after a while my longings for home and the old job were seemingly gratified, for I was back on the job, the home-coming reception having become ancient history as it were in a few hours. And I found myself very much on the job. I was told to can the Mexican guff and smoke up on the work or I'd be fired. I didn't seem to be such a helluva hero with them. The boss was nothing like what I'd pictured him in the afternoon, for now he was unreasonably and mean—more so than any wet-nosed corporal I have ever met. The most aggravating thing was that the boss was so contemptible looking. I felt like knocking his block off on mere form. And the gang in the office. What a pie-faced assortment. They would last just about ten short minutes in the N. Y. Division.

I tried to picture them on the hike—hitting it off on the trail between Laguna Sea and Young's Ranch. I had to laugh in their faces when I thought of it. As I looked them over my contempt grew. Why had THEY not enlisted. And if they hadn't it in them to enlist, why were they forced in? If they had put in five months on the Border in our outfit, they would have been stepping around lively every minute of the time, and they would look very different. Two of them smelled continuously of liquor, as if they had never heard of G. O. 7, in order I used to cuss out myself in the beginning. I pictured the gasp these two guys would give if a couple of M. P's pinched them for entering a place where liquor is sold, when they went to the corner for their nip.

I thought that the kid who was helping me and who used to seem such a clever one before I enlisted, now appeared fresh as paint. Didn't have any sense of responsibility. His manner of not giving a tinker's hoot for anybody or anything got on my nerves—reminded me of my rookie days before I was moulded over. I gloated over the thought of taking him in hand and making him stand at attention, salute and say, "Yes sir" and "no sir." Then I began to beat about the unsanitary condition of the place, and its untidiness. It made me sore to see things so and realize that it was all lost on the poor boobies who were living their foolish lives under such conditions.

About that time I went out to lunch quite disgusted, and had some sinkers and coffee and a piece of pie. Next to me in the restaurant was an unhealthy looking gent who mechanically looked up from the paper he was reading to ogle unavilingly the shop girls who entered the place for lunch. He seemed foolishly gratified with his unrecognized attentions, and I felt like grabbing him out of his chair and sending him to the Division Dump—he was such a useless ass.

I had my 15 cents for lunch and felt like a piece of cheese. I hadn't eaten such a simple meal, but then I didn't have a real Border appetite any longer. I felt that the dust, noise and punk looking people had queered it. Walking back to the job, I ran into a bunch of burnt coffee smells that had the Mexicita of McAllen skinned both ways. The next block was filled with some kind of strong chemical odor or sick cologne. I don't know which, but it made me long for the gulf breeze and the smell of the cactus. As I entered the building for the afternoon's work, a couple of guys looked at me and at the clock and said "Good evening, get busy." I was not late and I heard someone say something about a smoke, and just then I was pounded on the shoulder, and I recognized my bunkie's voice say, "Quit the bunk fatigue, Mack. Don't you hear me? I want the makings! Wake up! The bread line call blows in ten minutes, and I'm so hungry I could eat a coyote raw."

With a gasp of relief that the office, the sinkers and the city smells were only dreams, I came across with the makings, and suggested that we all sing the regimental hymn "It ain't so bad, cause it might be worse."—El Soldado.

STRAY SHOTS

Hunters—We have your complete outfits,—coats, trousers, hats, guns, rifles, knives, cartridge belts, rubber hip boots, canteens, desert water bags, lunch cases, thermos bottles, leggings, etc. Best of all we sell U. S. waterproofed shot gun shells in smokeless and black powders. Walker Bros. Hancock Co., Hdqrs Dept.

Why do the expert hunters use U. S. shot gun shells and nothing else? There is a reason. Ask them. Frontier Wholesale Hivero Co., distributors for the Valley. Wholesale only.

Army locker trunks complete with heavy leather straps at \$4.75, \$5.00 and \$5.50. They sell regularly at \$6.00 to \$6.75. Get one now while these prices last. Many other styles at \$7.00, \$10, and up to \$25.00. We are headquarters for baggage of all descriptions and the only carload buyers. Walker Bros. Hancock Co., Furn. Dept.

National Guard recruiting officers in New York State are being mustered out of the Federal Service as rapidly as possible. This is taken as an indication that no further active service will be required from the Guardsmen for some time.

PERSONAL

Captain P. J. Keller of the 3rd N. Y. Field Artillery has been granted a fifteen days leave of absence.

Captain Lester C. Fox is enjoying a thirty day leave of absence. He is commanding officer of Battery B, 2nd Field Artillery.

Captain George G. Backhouse, Troop C, and George Schelling, John S. Keegan, Troop K, and Lieutenants Donald M. Ogilvie, Troop A, and 2nd Lieut. Daniel C. Munroe, Troop G, all of the 1st Cavalry will enjoy the holidays at home, all having been granted thirty day leaves taking effect some time this month.

Major George F. Chandler, Adjutant First Brigade, having been granted five days leave of absence has gone to San Antonio to meet Mrs. Chandler who will be a Border visitor for a while.

Captain D. Snyder of the 22nd Engineers has been granted a fifteen days leave of absence.

Several officers of the 23rd Infantry are planning to spend the Christmas in Brooklyn, leave of absence having been granted to Captain James P. Cooks, Lieut. Charles B. Ulrichs and Lieut. James W. Hughes.

Captain Chester H. King of Troop D, 1st Cavalry, returned last week from his home in Syracuse where he enjoyed a thirty day leave of absence. Captain King was given a rousing welcome on his arrival in the troop street.

The resignation of Captain William Hanford Curtis, of Company M of Hoosick Falls, has been accepted by the War Department. Captain Curtis is the third commanding officer to resign since the Second Regiment returned from the Border. It is rumored about the army that a major, two lieutenants adjutant and three lieutenants will also resign within a few weeks. In every case the reason assigned is pressure of business.

U. S. Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., who has been stopping at Division Headquarters about three days left Friday morning en route to Washington. He says he enjoyed his visit immensely and will count it as one of the most pleasant experiences of his life.

The resignation of Lieutenant Robert D. Williamson, of Company A, Second Infantry, was handed to Colonel Andrews Tuesday night. Unless Lieut. J. Lansing Van Schoonhoven leaves the city he will be promoted. Sergeant Ogden J. Ross is mentioned for the vacancy which will be created.

Captain R. B. Trumble of Gloversville and several other officers of the 2nd Infantry are desirous of obtaining details with the regiments on the Border so as to continue in the service.

Lt. Col. W. H. Bertsch, Depot Quartermaster, was the guest of the 1st Cavalry for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Colonel Henry H. Rogers of the 1st Field Artillery, N. G., N. Y., Millionaire and son of the late H. H. Rogers, Standard Oil magnate, who was on the Border with his regiment this summer has tendered his resignation on account of continued ill health. He will probably be succeeded by Lt. Col. Merritt H. Smith.

Major and Mrs. Edward Olmsted, Major Allan L. Reagan and Captain J. T. Lorie of Division Headquarters moved to Brownsville Saturday and returned Sunday, visiting Point Isabel on the return trip.

General W. P. Hall, U. S. Army retired, and his staff of assistants, who have been treating the soldiers at McAllen to free entertainments of the "Drama of Creation," at the McAllen Airdome for a week, has closed the attraction here and gone to other camps on the Border.

Brigadier-General George R. Dyer, N. G., N. Y., reviewed the 71st Infantry, N. G., N. Y., in its armory last week. It was the first public assembly of the regiment since its return from Border service.

Lieut. R. R. Molyneux, aide to General O'Ryan, visited the 1st Cavalry camp Thanksgiving afternoon and finished up the turkey shooting sport. Being invited to take a shot with the "22" rifle, he knocked off Mr. Turkey's head and both closed and secured the game.

Major General O'Ryan was in receipt of the following telegram from Captain Hugo F. Jaekel, formerly in the Q. M. Corps on the Border, Thanksgiving Day: "Just to let you know my spirit is with you. Hope Waterbury has provided the usual good cheer and McCann arranged the entertainment to make the day a round of pleasure. Best wishes to all the staff."

1st Lieut. Dean Nelson of Battery E, 2nd Field Artillery has been granted a leave of absence for thirty days.

1st Lieut. Henry Adsit of Troop M, 1st Cavalry, has been granted a leave of absence for thirty days, having been called to his home in Buffalo on account of the serious illness of his little daughter who has contracted pneumonia. Lieut. Adsit came to the Border as a member of the Medical Corps, assigned to the 1st Cavalry and Troop I of Buffalo, but being fond of the drill accepted a commission in the line and became one of the officers of the Avon troop.

Colonel N. B. Thurston and his adjutant, Captain Robinson of the 74th Infantry were luncheon guests at Division Headquarters on Saturday.

1st Lieut. Morris C. Stockwell of Co. F, 22nd Engineers, has been granted a thirty-day leave of absence and returned to New York City.

The Rattler Office, No. 15 Headquarters Prado, will pay 50 cents each for all No. 1 copies of The Rattler.

E Pluribus Unum

Arthur Guiterman in "Life"

Widely called our fathers came;
Many the realms from which they drew
The force to strive, in blood and flame,
To build in vain, yet build anew.

These, that would not own Despair,
Forged a Nation proud and free.
One cause was theirs, one will, one prayer;
This made them one, and one are we.

We are one as they were one;
That which bound them still endures.

In peace or war, in storm or sun,
Dear Land of Hope, our all is yours:—

Strength of heart and arm and brain,
All to make you nobler still,—

Oh, lovely land of rolling plain,
Enchanted forest, heavenward hill,

Silver river, golden sands,

Billowy field and mountain wall,—

Our land that loves all other lands,

The land that shall be loved by all!

The Incinerator

Gosh, how can a fellow write the Incinerator with 19 ounces of turkey in him?

Did you see Bill Smith put away 20 ounces?

Some eater, eh? Gets it from his father's side.

Did you get any of the plum pudding?

Neither did we.

Now about Christmas! What do you want?

Don't be too fussy. What chance has old fat Santa got of climbing through the top of a pyramidal tent?

Villa is reported to have taken "Chiwawa."

Why doesn't he take arsenic and make a good job of it?

By the way what is this "Chiwawa" stuff? It sounds like one of those new patent sauces they try out on you in dining cars.

DIAZ ARMY 9 BANDIT ONE

—Brownsville daily

Interesting and right up to the minute but what in the world is it all about?

The Brownsville papers predict the early return of the troops. It looks like winter on the Border for the militia.

Are you anxious to form the newspaper habit? Start on the Texas papers, they won't take much out of your life.

The Eternal Question (from New York)

How do they feed those boys on less than 29 cents a day.

The Eternal Answer (from the Border)

They don't.

There's them among us who won't be quite so insistent on service when we get home. We'll get enough of it here. Things we have to be thankful for:

That the sun gets up later every day instead of earlier.

That we are not home in the cold bitter north.

That the average Mexican can't talk English.

That inspection only comes once a week.

That horses can't talk.

That Villa is alive and well.

G. O. 7.

That this is the finest Citrite country in the world.

That the Mexicans bring home half our wash.

That the commission has not collapsed from over work.

HIS DAIRY

I have been transferred to the Cavalry. I had two reasons for doing this. (a) A fellow in town gave me some sure dope that the Cavalry would be the next to go home. (b) I figured that it would make Jim and his Plattsburg stuff look like last year's straw hat when Mabel saw me prancing up the street on a horse.

I hope they give me a new horse before we go home. The one they have assigned me is willing but he is not cut out for parade work. His ribs are built too closely together. Viewed from the rear he might be using one set of ribs he is so narrow. The sergeant says this makes him faster. Less resistance to the air, I suppose.

No more walking for me. No more sitting either I guess from present indications. This game is a cinch as far as I can find out. No pack to carry when you go on a hike. Just tie up everything you own in the world into a bundle and hang it on your horse.

Today was my first day. I made a few mistakes at drill. It is a little different from the Infantry. The Lieutenant took me aside and confided to me that in going round corners I should

press my horse in the ribs with my inside leg. I suppose this is to keep him from skidding. I told him that I wasn't built that way. If he wanted me to hold my horse up as well as ride him he would have to take off some of the wrappings so that I could get at him.

I was excused after saber drill. I stuck my horse in the neck with my saber. I claim that if a horse hasn't any more sense than to turn round to see what is going on when a saber is sawing back and forth past his ear it is his own fault.

The Captain couldn't see it that way and said some things which lowered him considerably in my estimation as we don't even carry our rifle. It is packed in a little suitcase and hung on the side of the saddle. They call one side of the horse the off side and the other the near side. I can see why they call it the off side.

I just wrote Mabel. I told her I had joined the Cavalry and was no longer a Private but a Trooper. That's further than Jim ever got even at Plattsburg. I said it would be fun to do some riding together when we get homes, if ever. I also said that we could get a little express cart and pull Jim behind us if she wanted him along. I hope she gets the satire in that.

I had a letter from Elsie today. When I wrote her last I told her that although I would be glad when the orders came to die for my country, I just wanted to show her that I was independent. She wrote back that she thought it would be fine for the country. She said that if I made up my mind to take this step would I mind sending back her ring as she could think of better uses than coyotes for it. I never can tell whether she is kidding me or not.

I guess today was a general clean up day. When we got back from drill I went to my tent to rest. A fellow came along and said "Hey, what are you doing it there? Come down and clean your horse." I told him that it wasn't dirty, but he said that didn't make any difference. After I got my horse all smoothed out I went back to my tent to lie down. Another fellow came along and said "Hey, what are you doing in there?" I told him I was resting. He said come down and clean my equipment. I told him it wasn't dirty, but he said that didn't make any difference.

They gave me some stuff to clean my leather with they call saddle soap. It looks more like axle grease. I told the sergeant that it wouldn't make any lather. He said it wasn't supposed to. He said that I wasn't trying to shave my saddle but to clean it.

Now that we are through the fall cleaning I think I shall like the Cavalry better.

WANTED—To find a man who was born in Texas. To find a Mexican woman who is not washing.

A Mexican boy with some yellow shoe polish.

A Mexican curio.

Remember the M. P's. Its harder for them than it is for us.

Isn't it queer that all these big bugs who visit the camp are always reported as making wonderful predictions about the movements of the troops while they are several thousand miles away but never seem to say anything very startling when they are on the ground.

It's all right for Mr. Hughes to congratulate Mr. Wilson but what we want to know is who is going to pay our election bets?

"The finest country for raising grape fruit in the world" confides an ad. Where do they all go? You forget that this is the Magic Valley.

Did you ever get up on a hill top and look down over the Valley? Neither did anybody else.