

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 Donald Emery, 3rd Ambulance Co. Art Editor.
Capt. A. L. Howe, Signal Corps Associate Editor
Priv. Edward Streeter, 1st Cavalry Associate Editor
Corporal Manuel F. Behar, 12th Infantry Associate Editor
Priv. 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, DECEMBER 13, 1916

THE LAST RATTLER.

This is the last regular number of The Rio Grande Rattler. At some future time and in some other place perhaps it may again uncoil. Who knows, ergo, who cares.

The winter is upon us, hence, it is fitting that the active, playful, enterprising Rattler, who has basked in the sunny smiles of admiring throngs, who has sported its fine colors and its playful greetings from the Rio Grande to the Saint Lawrence, who has made more real friends during its brief existence than many another of its ilk has made in a long lifetime, who has held the mirror up to Nature and made itself the companion of all those strong hearts who left their homes to march with the Flag—wherever it might lead them, who has reached out to the homes and friends of the 19,000 New York men, all of whom have played the game, for the game's own sake.

We repeat the winter is ours, and you need us no longer. Your work here is nearly done—so is ours, and if our work has been half as well done as yours—then we are satisfied.

There is no question but that The Rattler will live as long in the memory of the soldiers of the New York Division as the names of their organizations, and in this farewell it can say with good intent:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths you died I have stood beside
And the lives you led were mine.
I have told the tale of your lives,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In a jesting guise, but you are wise
And know what the jest is worth."

MAKE SERVICE IN N. G. U. S. MANDATORY.

The Rattler suspends life with this number. It has played a relatively important part in the maintenance of the morale of the New York Division. It has been a convenient agency for communicating news and views affecting the Divisional units. It has presented the professional aspect of our life in a serious way, and it has given expression to the humorous side of our existence on the Border.

It is fitting that The Rattler should mark this occasion by reference to a matter which is not only serious to the military service, but of serious import to our country. We refer to the total inadequacy of attempting to maintain the armies of the Republic on any other basis than by mandatory service. This view is not expressed as a conclusion which will appear novel to the soldiers of the New York Division, because in a superficial way, at least, they supported that view for some time before coming here. The view has not been developed by reason of shortcomings in strength of our organizations, for these have not only been maintained in substantial strength, but many of them have been so strong numerically that the country never before in its history possessed such regiments, either regular or volunteer. For example, the 71st Infantry had a strength of approximately 1500 men, the 3rd Infantry more than 1600, and the 2nd Infantry more than 1700, while the other infantry regiments ran from 1000 to 1300. All the auxiliary commands came here at approximately war strength and have been maintained at approximately the same strength, the 1st Cavalry having considerably more men now than when it arrived on the Border.

The view expressed is based upon a realization of what might have happened were we in the throes of a real war, and this realization has been brought home to us because our minds have been occupied with military problems during the past six months to the exclusion of everything else. There has been no campaign of education conducted here by regular officers or by guard officers in support of mandatory training or service. The realization referred to has come to us because the truth has forced itself upon our minds. It would therefore seem to be the duty of the personnel of the New York Division to urge upon our civilian friends the merits of this question, in order that they may turn aside from their domestic and business affairs for sufficient time to consider this subject in deadly earnest.

Whether mandatory service shall take the form of what some are pleased to call conscription for the Regular Army or mandatory training in the existing National Guard, or compulsory service in the Armies of the United States in time of war, or compulsory training and service in the Regular Army or the National Guard is a question which will have to be worked out in its details. If compulsory training and service is to be applied to the Regular Army and the National Guard it should be enforced by Federal laws, and the Guard service should make automatic the response to the colors of all young men upon reaching the age of 19 years. If this response were followed by one year of training in the Regular Army for that class who can best devote their full time to the business of soldiering, and by three of the summer months for field training in the Guard during the first year, and three weeks in each of the two succeeding years, all supplemented by the regular weekly drills, quizzes, week end exercises, etc., we would fast develop a mighty host of well disciplined and trained soldiers.

More than that we would develop a nation of disciplined people. It is not generally known, but we learn from the records of the Division Judge Advocate that nearly all the men of the New York Division tried by general courts martial and by summary courts were men who enlisted about the time of the President's call. In other words they were recruits, men who had not had the benefit of military training in the National Guard. The officers of the National Guard prior to the service here did not themselves realize the value of National Guard training so convincingly demonstrated by these records.

Become apostles therefore in preaching the necessity for mandatory training in the Regular Army and the National Guard. Each man can do his share.

Remember The Rattler's motto, "THE STRENGTH OF THE WOLF IS THE PACK, THE STRENGTH OF THE PACK IS THE WOLF."

BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES PARKER TO BECOME A MAJOR GENERAL

There is no certainty, of course, about this, but every one in the New York Division who knows General Parker, from our Major General down to the trigger pullers, would like to see it brought about in recognition of his long service, his soldierly qualities and his friendship for the New York Division.

When the New York Division was mobilized and the information was received that we were to take station in the vicinity of Brownsville, General O'Ryan received a telegram from General Parker asking what he could do to aid in providing for the comfort of the New York troops. General O'Ryan and General Parker have been personal friends for years, and General Parker in advance of the arrival of the New York Division selected the camp sites at Mission, McAllen and Pharr for our occupation. General Parker has been a frequent and welcome visitor at our Division Headquarters. During the Connecticut Maneuver Campaign in 1912, General Parker commanded a brigade of New York Cavalry. At that time our cavalry learned to admire his dash and pluck. The General won an enviable record in the Philippines. No doubt his record, experience and accomplishments as an officer will be recognized by the War Department in due time by advancing him to the grade of Major General, but if wishing could effect the result Brigadier General Parker would become Major General Parker at an early date.

General, here's wishing!

To the Magic Valley we say farewell. May your memory of us be as pleasant as our memory of you will be lasting.

To all our readers and friends we wish a Merry Christmas. May our advertisers enjoy a prosperous New Year.

Truthfully Spoken

NEW YORK'S SOLDIERS.

"The Only Perfect Military Machine on the Border."

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: Those of us who have returned from five months arduous service on the Border feel very keenly the disposition of some newspapers to discredit the Sixth New York Division, United States Army, by saying that rampant disorganization exists on the Border, merely because Colonel Johnston of the 12th New York Infantry has resigned his National Guard Commission and because his board of officers has followed his example.

Those familiar with the form of military organizations are aware that far from being disorganized, the New York Division is the only perfect military machine existing on the Border today. There may be disorganization among the troops of other States which the Regular Army staff has failed to weld into divisional organizations. There may be disorganization among the scattered outposts of Regulars who desert by squads, but there is no disorganization in the New York Division. In fact, it is the only aggregation of units on the Border which may be said to have anything which approaches the organization of a fighting machine.

When the call for the National Guard came last June the State of New York, among all the States of the Union, sent to the Border a tactical division as prescribed in the Field Service Regulations, and that Division, somewhat depleted, but proportioned to all arms, is maintained there today to the astonishment of the Regular Army and their very apparent chagrin. It is easy to infer that the writers who seek to discredit this splendid machine do not appreciate what constitutes military organization. Regiments are not fighting units. They are the components of the division, which is the basic fighting unit of the United States Army. Alone in the field a regiment of infantry, artillery or cavalry would be all but helpless unless supported by the other arms and proper services of security, supply and information. Isolated regiments may establish outposts and do Border guard duty, but they do not constitute an army.

The division which New York State sent to the field consisted of three brigades of infantry of three regiments each, commanded by a New York General (please note that this left no opportunity for a Regular Army Colonel to draw a Brigadier-General's pay.) These were reinforced by two battalions of engineers, a regiment and an extra squadron of cavalry, four field hospitals, four ambulance companies, a battalion of signal corps, a supply train, and the only brigade of field artillery which has been assembled in the United States since the Civil War, consisting of two regiments of three-inch field pieces and a regiment of 4.7 siege howitzers. This entire organization is the 6th Division of the United States Army and is commanded by a New York Militiaman, and it is the only tactical division of troops in the United States which was sent into the field by a single State, and is the only division of any kind on the Mexican Border today.—Septimus.

New York, December 7.

OUR AFFAIRS.

Before taps are sounded to the memory of this newspaper, it is deemed desirable that we submit to our readers a few facts and figures respecting its publication and management.

No officer or enlisted man of the New York Division has received any salary, compensation or monetary consideration, either directly, or indirectly for his work for this newspaper.

No officer has asked or received any money for expenses incidental to the publication of this newspaper. The necessary expenditures, such as would ordinarily be paid for the expenses of reporters, advertising agents, distributors and others whose work required them to be absent at Mission, Pharr or other points, for the transaction of business or the publication of the newspaper, have in each instance been paid by the business manager on vouchers approved by the managing editor.

The following statement, prepared by the business manager, has been audited by a committee consisting of the Editor, the art editor, and the sporting editor, and certified to be correct:

STATEMENT.

Receipts.	
Advertising	\$3,778.76
Subscriptions and sales	1,784.52
Total	\$5,563.28
Disbursements.	
Printing paper, 17 editions ..	4,150.00
Photogravures, cuts	223.97
Postage, stationery, circulars ..	273.00
and supplies	273.00
Telegrams and telephones	42.20
Miscellaneous expenses	366.08
Total	5,055.25
Balance on hand (Profits)	508.03

This money will be expended for such purposes as may be directed by a committee composed of the Commanding Officers of all the Regiments of the National Guard in the State of New York.

The Magic Valley has a new pest—"The Pink Cotton Boll Worm." Bet two to one it has a fancy bite or stinger!

PERSONAL

One of the keenest regrets that many officers of the Division Staff will feel upon their departure from the Border, will be that of parting with the companionship of Major Frank M. Bamford, 28th U. S. Infantry, detailed as acting inspector-instructor at headquarters. Major Bamford is a plain, practical soldier-man and one whose amability and professional accomplishments recommend him as the highest and most admirable type of American officer and gentleman. Au revoir, Major! Good luck—and may your tribe increase!

Major and Mrs. Edward Olmsted and Major J. Leslie Kincaid were dinner guests of Captain and Mrs. W. J. Donovan at their McAllen cottage last week.

Col. Frank A. Norton, commanding the 23rd Infantry, was in McAllen the other afternoon, sporting a new holiday costume for his Ford. It has been painted the O. D. color and artistically lettered on the back, while on the side, in the regular gilt and colors of the badge is the beautiful emblem of the regiment. "All the work of the 23rd boys, proudly remarked the Colonel.

A number of the officers of the Division were entertained to "Afternoon Coffee" by A. P. Hall Wednesday last at his store in McAllen.

Lieut. Col. James A. Gleason, 3rd Tennessee Infantry, has returned home on a thirty-day leave.

Mrs. George F. Chandler of Kingston, N. Y., has joined her husband, Major Chandler, Adjutant 1st Brigade, for a Border visit. She is stopping in McAllen.

Lieut. Col. R. L. Foster, 12th Infantry, is relieved as chief of the Military Police, and trains and has gone on a leave of absence, returning to New York City.

Captain Edward M. Dillon, 69th N. Y. Infantry, is detailed as chief of the Military Police and Trains. 2nd Lieut. Pasquale Franchet, 1st N. Y. Cavalry, is detailed as assistant.

The officers at Headquarters will say goodbye to Lieut. Col. W. H. Bertsch, Depot Quartermaster, with many a regret. "Billy," as he is affectionately called by his many army friends, has been a member of the Division family for some months. He has "broken bread" with us three times a day for so long, we feel he belongs to us. More than that he has helped the officers of the staff in every possible way. We only hope we may serve together again.

1st Lieut. Frank A. Spencer, 2nd N. Y. Field Artillery, has been detailed as aide to the Commanding General, Field Artillery.

"The Bread man," Captain Jesse A. Mallard, commanding the Field Bakery, brought his genial smile to Division Headquarters the other day. As they say in the country press—"Come again, Jesse!"

Lt. Col. George H. White, 74th Infantry, was a breakfast guest at Division Headquarters the other morning.

General Wm. S. McNair, commanding the Artillery Brigade and Lt. Col. Wm. H. Bertsch, Quartermaster Corps, took their ninety-mile test ride together Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Captain Robert W. Marshall, 2nd P. A. has been given a month's extension on his leave of absence.

Brigadier General and Mrs. James W. Lester entertained Majors Ward and Waterbury of the Division Staff to dinner last week.

Captain James E. Baylis, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, has been a member of the Sixth Division for several months, as Camp Sanitary Inspector. The officers at Headquarters feel that though they were parting with a true friend, no more will we have "the mighty hunter, shooting quail and ducks for the mess, but come to New York 'Doc' and we'll put up a real Metropolitan banquet for you.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

During the early period of our Border Service the New York Division had as many as thirty-three accredited newspaper correspondents within its lines. The number has gradually dwindled until but two remain, charter members of the Press Club, namely, Carl Dickie, New York Times and R. B. Kidd, New York Evening Journal. These gentlemen inform us they expect to remain until "the last galoot's ashore."

We wish them good luck and a quick return to Broadway, Adios!

OUR MAST-HEAD.

A glance at our Mast-head will show a noticeable shrinkage in the editorial staff of this newspaper. Our first issue showed those who started the work, our last issue show those who completed the work. The shrinkage has been caused by the fact that many of our active associates have returned to New York, and been mustered out of the Federal Service. In some few cases a loss of interest as indicated by lack of manuscript has made the hook necessary.

Mustered Out

By Edwin L. Sabin

Sweetheart (today a rumor flew
That rde the camps resound,
It sends me back, dear girl, to you,
For were homeward bound!
Yet, hold I no grievous sin
If 'midhe joyous shout
I pray I ma be mustered in
When I'm mustered out.

There is a svicet that presents
Far greer charms than this;
Its very highest recompense
Is measured by a kiss.
And two comose a company
In love ad faith most stout—
In yours I'd -enlist, you see,
When I'm mustered out.

I'm but a humble private, dear.
No stripe or straps are mine;
And claim to ame and glory here
I willingl resign.
To peace I lok, and not to strife,
For rank 'er all about,
If I may serve with you for life,
When I'm mustered out.

The Incinerator

The Incinerator burns low.
The last few sticks have been shoveled in between its cracked walls in an effort to retain its vitality for a few minutes longer. Walk quietly, it is dying.

During the past three months it has struggled faithfully to fill up a quarter page each week. It has served its purpose.

Now it is burning for the last time. Its funnel, choked with unremoved tins cans of past weeks, smokes. Its bricks are loose. It has the unshaven air of respectability of a G. A. R. veteran.

Give it a military funeral.
Headquarters are going.
No more rumors.
No one to court martial us.
No more orderlies.
No more Rattlers.
No more Headquarter details.
Is it possible no more G. O. ?

But the Border still remains.
McAllen: From mud it came, to dust it shall return.

The Book of Peter.
And Peter, the private, lay down beneath a mesquit tree and sleepeth; for he was wondrous tired.
And behold he had a dream.
There appeared before him a vision clad in snowy robes with a gold leaf upon him.

Then did Peter know it was a major vision and cast himself on his face.
And the vision spake and said "Rest, Peter. Rise up and go among the towns to the right and left and let there be a big smoke.

Then Peter wept and gnashed his teeth for he knew this could not be.
For the seventh utterance of the great master of all things no mortal might raise such a smoke that he did not suffer torture and damnation and half pay.

And Peter spake and said so.
And again the vision spake, saying: "Arise, Peter, and go forth and let there be a great smoke for Olympus and its gods hath departed on the 1:45 and with them their decrees and their armadillo baskets.
A great joy spread through Peter's breast.
He went forth and there was a great smoke everywhere.
And behold it was first call.

HIS DIARY.
This is the last entry in my diary. I shall no longer record my most private emotions and thoughts, for, if there is no Rattler, who is going to know about them?
I am a different man. Last night I received a telegram. The Sergeant said, "I guess your tailor is dead." I opened it hopefully. It said, "Married quietly last night—" then my eye caught Mabel's name at the bottom and I couldn't read the rest. The worst had happened. Despairing of my

ever returning she had taken Jim. I read the rest of the telegram, "Marmaduke Brown. Don't believe you know him."

I had often thought over the situation in relation to suicide or some other violent death, but always Jim carried the bogquets. Now I feel glad. I believe that I never wanted Mabel at all, but was just out to get Jim. That incident in my life is ended.

My horse died yesterday. It was not much of an exertion for him. It had been, he wouldn't have done it. He has been half dead, though, all his life. I attended the funeral. He made a better road scraper than he did a horse.

Having no horse, I thought my week would be pretty light now. After breakfast I went back to bed to rest up a bit until lunch. The sergeant came along and said, why wasn't I at drill. I said my horse was dead and pretty soft eh? "Yes, you are," he said, "down and help on the picket line." That's the kind of man the Sergeant is. Think's I'm like Napoleon and Nelson. No sleep needed.

A truck came along loaded with hay. Someone said unload it and pile it in the stable tent. A fellow on top of the tent threw down a bale. Then I stooped down to pick it up and he loosed another on my back. When I straightened up to remind him of how one stray broke a camel's back, once, he lowered another on my head. I wish my horse hadn't died.

Here I will close my diary. For three months I have kept it up. If I had thought it was going to last that long, I wouldn't have started it.

And so ceases forever my private emotions and thoughts.

The big chiefs used to criticise M. J. Y., the former Incinerator orderly, for making all his jokes on the subject of going home. They neglected to take one thing into consideration, however. It is the one big joke around here.

How about the good old business manager, Stu Saks.
Pretty soft until he started to make those books balance tonight.
Watson pass the needle.
Ask him how much the fare is to Brownsville and return.

If it is allowable for the Incinerator to be serious, we might say that only for S. J. Saks and his never-ending "pep" there would not have been so many Rattlers. It is always the business manager who has all the work and none of the glory. S. J. S. serves a whole lot of the latter.

The only good Mexican drawin' work we've seen round these parts is done by the burros.

The ladies of McAllen will soon be taking up the square dance again.

The Incinerator is dead. Its ashes are growing cold already.—E. S.

Away from McAllen, east through Pharr, The Gulf Coast Lines yank a jerky car. Faring forth in a blithesome way Towards God's Country, once each day, Summer or winter, dead or alive, They all go North on the 1:45.

Some for a furlough, out for a "time" Not to return till he hasn't a dime. At Brownsville, or Corpus, or San Antonio Where, for a time, his soul's his own, Trooper or Doughboy, dead or alive, They all go North on the 1:45.

Subjects of Surgeon or General Court, (Both go on tickets the Government bought) By hospital litter of gyves on wrist, Feeling they've each had a "hell of a twist" Patient or criminal, dead or alive, They all go North on the 1:45.

Some few, as a flag-draped caisson load, Go slowly home to their long abode. And the muffled drums beat their solemn call As salute to one who has finished all. Gunner or Engineer, dead or alive, They all go North on the 1:45.

Best way of all is to "do your bit" And then—and not until then—to quit, By furlough to Reserve for three years, then Wait Uncle Sam's call for trained men. Soldier or citizen, dead or alive, They all go North on the 1:45.

NOTE—There is but one passenger train daily leaving Mission, McAllen and Pharr for the North. It leaves at 1:45 p. m.