

# The Rio Grande Rattler.

Reveille

"Good Morning!"

Taps

"Good Night!"

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"The Strength of the Wolf is the Pack, but the Strength of the Pack is the Wolf"

## HOME ORDERS COMING RAPIDLY

With Departure of Troops, New York Division Becomes a Memory.

### SEVERAL UNITS MOVE NORTH TOMORROW

Orders were received from the War Department last Thursday for the return to home stations of the Headquarters 3rd Brigade, 1st Battalion, N. Y. Signal Corps, 2nd Battalion, N. Y. Engineers, 2nd N. Y. Field Hospital, and 2nd N. Y. Ambulance Company.

Headquarters 3rd Brigade, is stationed at Buffalo, the 2nd Ambulance Company at Rochester and the 2nd Field Hospital at Albany. The remainder of the organizations slated to leave are stationed in New York City.

With the departure of these troops and Squadron A, N. Y. Cavalry, the 4th N. Y. Division becomes a thing of the past, and the Division Commander with his staff and Headquarters Detachment will return to home station.

When the above organizations arrive in New York, over three-quarters of the N. Y. National Guard will be at home stations, there being nine regiments of infantry, one of field artillery, three of coast artillery, and one of Engineers at home, namely, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 10th, 14th, 47th and 71st N. Y. Infantry Regiments; the 1st N. Y. Field Artillery, the 8th, 9th and 13th N. Y. Coast Artillery Regiments and the 22nd N. Y. Engineers.

To these should be added the signal troops, cavalry and sanitary units.

The N. Y. troops remaining on the Border will in all probability be organized temporarily as a reinforced or provisional brigade, and will become part of the command of Brigadier General James Parker, U. S. A., commanding the Brownsville District.

Brigadier General James W. Lester who now commands the 1st N. Y. Brigade will in all probability assume immediate command of the troops remaining at Pharr and McAllen.

Orders for a further movement of N. Y. Troops are expected daily.

During the past week, rumors spread through the infantry commands that orders had actually been received for their immediate movement north; no orders had actually been received for Southern Department at San Antonio or at Division Headquarters at McAllen regarding the departure of any of the infantry regiments, although little doubt is expressed at either place but that such orders may be received at any moment.

### MICHIGAN GUARDSMEN ORGANIZE REVOLT

But New York Division Discipline Doesn't Make For Rioting.

The following article appeared in the New York Tribune under date of December 2, from El Paso, Tex:

Bearing his silver eagles from his shoulders, Colonel Louis C. Covell of the 32nd Michigan Infantry, invited the ringleaders in a mutiny in the Michigan camp here to meet him as man to man. The invitation was not accepted and the threatened revolt was stopped.

Five hundred men of the regiment organized a revolt during the night, demanding that they be taken at once from the Border. They marched through the streets of the camp, yelling "We want to go home!" When the camp of the 31st Michigan was reached Captain Isaac Godfrey and Captain A. C. Wilson turned the rioters back into the camp of the 32nd.

Colonel Covell met the men there and attempted to pacify them in a speech. They would not listen to him, and shouts of "Nonsense!" came from some of the men. It was then that Colonel Covell offered to meet the mutineers "man to man," and the revolt subsided.

Mint may still be grown in the South, but it isn't of much use only for remembrance sake.—Exchange.

Not while the New York Division is in the South!

## GREAT EFFICIENCY IN OUR DIVISION

As Seen By a Distinguished Correspondent on The Border.

### HAS TAKEN MANY OF THE HIKES HIMSELF

By CARL DICKEY

Special Staff Correspondent New York Times

Pale-faced clerks who remained contentedly at their \$18-a-week-desks and their smoky hall bedrooms when 25,000 men of the New York National Guard gave up their jogs and contracts ranging in profits from \$10 to millions to answer the President's call in June are now having their complexions contrasted with the horny hides of the returning guardsmen, who had "guts" enough not to back out when Uncle Sam needed soldiers wherever he could get them. And the pedestals are all for the men who made the sacrifices, the men who volunteered to spend their "vacations" on the Border as the guests and minions of Uncle Sam at the munificent "salary" of \$15 a month—that wouldn't have been even beer money if the General hadn't given the Division a general order No. 7.

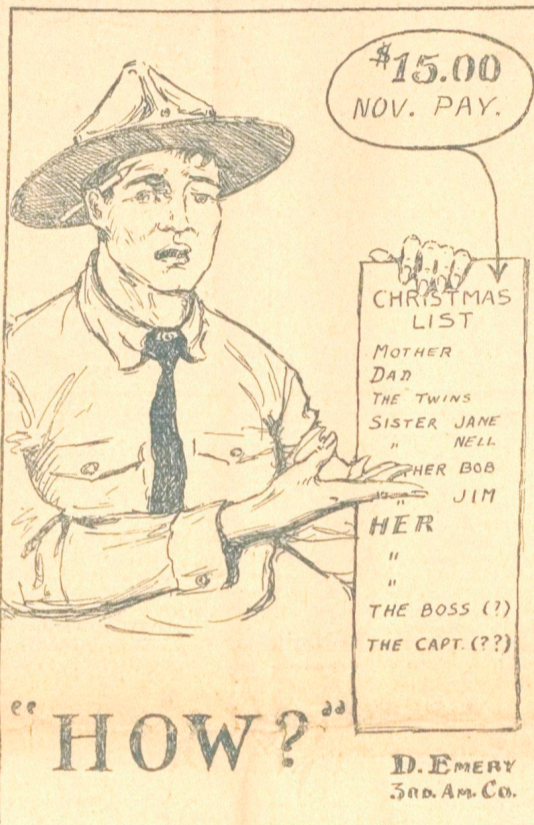
But the point of it all is not facetious, and it is not that any system has failed in operation or worked in a cumbersome way. All that will be fought out by the fellows who stayed at home. One point is that, when the President called in an hour of peril, we said in our intensely patriotic American way: "Oh, hell, let George do it"—George being the National Guard. And George has not only gone and done it, but he has done it well—if we are to judge from the outward appearances in the camps of the New York National Guard.

While all the returning boys are getting the kisses that the stay-at-homes might have sneaked in six months, while they are picking the cactus out of their hides, while they are telling lies about how much they enjoyed sleeping with rattlesnakes, how much they revelled in those Texas ones-in-a-century rains, how good Texas gumbo mud felt in a fellow's ears and Texas sand in a fellow's eyes, how much fun it was to see just how much space there was between the front of a person's personal commissary department and his backbone by going without rations for a couple of days, while the homecomers are telling all these lies, the rest of New York is sitting back to listen. It is because everybody believes these rosy stories of hardships that the old guard never dies, although its stomach might touch the ground occasionally.

No matter how much the general public—those who do not bear the name of George—believe that a fool and a National Guardsman are different terms for the same thing, certainly no persons can stretch the synonymy so far as to say that one is born every minute. Several million minutes have passed since June 18—and recruits can almost be counted on the fingers of a closed fist.

George was delegated to come to the Border, and, although many of the Georges found they had been misnamed or that the sacrifices caused by the service were bearing too heavily upon those who were in the family, but not in the service of the government, most of the soldiers are going home with the satisfaction that they have done all that the country asked—and perhaps more. Whatever he has paid to the Government for the vacation and the privilege of maintaining security and ease for \$18-a-week-clerks to retain their soft complexions, or whatever the government has paid George to watch waitfully or watchfully wait, George is at least going home with the opinion that the sage might have been thinking of him, but certainly not of the American public generally, when he said that every man owed his first allegiance to his country, then to his God and then to his family or home.

George is also going home with the opinion that if the difference between what a man thinks he owes his country and his country owes him were



payable in gold, Uncle Sam would receive about 90,000,000 "please remits" tomorrow. He believes also that it is an extremely sensible thing for a nation in danger of impending war to send 100,000 of its most willing and warlike citizens out as a peace offering.

Whatever George's opinions on all these things the country apparently is at last seeing, with the return of the militia regiments, that "they also serve who only watch and wait." At the same time the country must be acquiring the opinion that there is no harder strain upon military discipline and morale, as well as upon the patience of the individual soldier, than waiting to put the foot in the path of glory and what the poet says the path of glory leads to. The truth of this has been found in two historical instances when foreign forces were waiting to assail Mexico. Cortes prevented mutiny among his men only with difficulty when he held them under severe training for more than five months before it invaded Mexico. The effect storm the Aztec capital. General Zach Taylor, whose principal fame in this military road near Hidalgo and the old brick bakery there, held his troops in training for almost a year near Point Isabel, Brownsville and Fort Ringgold, before he invaded Mexico. The effect upon the morale and spirits of the army was seen in the number of desertions and discharges.

The Texas path of glory has been sandy and long with little water or anything else to drink anywhere along it. But it has been traversed thoroughly and every slip of glory has been picked from the mesquite. There were none of the unexpected thrills event of a real campaign to keep the men pounding away at a hike. They knew only that they had to traverse eighty or one hundred miles, lift their feet so many thousand times, and then return to camp. Only the pride of beating the record of the leading regiment, only the record of coming in with every pack and rifle on a real, live kicking man, only the knowledge that there was a hospital mark to excel, were the incentives for putting fourth every ounce of strength.

And who can say that the individual guardsman—George, to be more explicit—has failed in his duty. It is true that in some regiments George has whined and whimpered because a national exigency put not only a military burden but a financial burden upon him. But most of this whining and whimpering was done because George came to the Border to fight and overlooked the necessity of reducing his paunch, putting something besides lan-

guage behind his punch, and developing a bosom to put the medals on. When the powers reminded George that he was overfed and flabby, that he had to drop the powder puff and grab not only a rifle but a pitchfork and a shovel and a hammer and a saw and hold his tongue as well, George just grabbed and held on to everything as required by the rules and regulations of war and watchful waiting. If some part of George was forced to transgress the saying of the sage so that the first allegiance was paid to his family, whom the second part of the trilogy of county, deity and home couldn't help on \$15 a month, then George at least is to be forgiven for trying to follow the patriotic rule. George is the only person who can criticize himself justly on that point, because everybody "let him do it," and now he wants to finish the job by doing his own criticizing.

But George is going back a sport, whatever he might have said while he was here. If Mr. Hay or anybody else had a joke on George, George insists on doing the laughing. In his six months on the Border he has become too good a soldier to do anything else. And "the tumult and the shouting may die," but George still marches on, unmindful of his Texas hardships, remembering only that when the bugle called he marched out and that when the bands played he marched back. For George has done it!

Of all that has been said about the military system no word of praise has been withheld from the men who compose the Guard for their patriotism and their "I'll-do-it-and-lose-my-job" spirit. Regular Army officers have been unsparing in their praise of the regiments of this division, of the discipline and morale of the men, and of the great improvement made in the six months on the Border so that the old myth that regulars and militiamen were unfriendly cats in the same bag has been broken—at least in the New York Division.

"This body of troops has nothing to worry about!" said a Regular Army captain, an instructor with the artillery, who has visited all the camps on the Border. "I'll back the 2nd Field Artillery against any other militia regiment on the Border, and most of the other units have had a sergeant and a lieutenant as instructor with every battery, a captain or a major with every battalion and a lieutenant colonel with every regiment. There has been one instructor in the New York Brigade."

What the 2nd Field Artillery has done it has done without whining and whimpering. It remained five weeks

## THE JUDICIAL END OF OUR SERVICE

Courts Martial and Summary Courts Hand Out Punishment.

### THE RECORD OF NEW YORK DIVISION

Courts Martial, the name suggests drumheads, firing squads G. O. 7 and the articles of war. The soldiers of the N. Y. Division who have most intimate acquaintance with the system of military courts have either left on the 1:45 under suitable guard or have been tried by their Regimental Summary Courts and having done their time are loath to discuss the matter. "Suffer death or such other punishment as a court martial may direct" seems to the recruit who hears the articles of war read for the first time, to appear with alarming frequency. The average soldier who personally comes in contact with military court generally finds that he has violated one of the articles of war that he has no recollection of ever having heard of before. Its number is 62 and after listening to the other 61 it did not seem very important.

The man that doped it out, however, adopted a shotgun policy of hitting everything in sight and the soldier who does or fails to do something that his Captain said should not be done or done, finds that old 62 just fits the case, "all crimes, disorders and neglects which a soldier may be guilty of" was the way the author put it, and it was rather comprehensive when properly applied by the summary court officer.

The summary court officer hardly comes up to the recruit's idea of court martial on first sight as the articles of war have rather led the young soldier to expect the real old drumhead style, but he soon dispels the illusion by handing out sentences of ten days and that "takes."

Each regiment and separate organization has its summary court martial, and we need but to tell you that in this Division since July 1, 2,132 men have been tried by these courts to show the effective way in which old 62 works as 9 out of every 10 cases tried is for a violation of that article. Some of the offenders evidently got by with a fresh shave, a newly cleaned uniform, a perfect alibi or some other defense, however, as only 1810 of these were convicted.

One class of man seems to make for the summary court the minute he lands in Texas if the figures tell the truth. This is the recruit, 1292 of the 2132, over half the cases tried, were men who enlisted in the New York Division after the 1st day of April, 1916.

There is another kind of court in the Division that really measures up to the recruits' idea of what court martial ought to be; that is the general court martial, and we have three of these at McAllen and one at Pharr. Each consists of 13 officers and a judge advocate, the latter prosecutes the case in the name of the United States and perform practically the functions of district attorney. About forty cases have been tried by general court martial since the first day of July, and a few men convicted of serious offenses, have been dishonorably discharged and sentenced to several year confinement in the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, designated as places for confinement. In the other cases, shorter sentences of two or three months confinement with pay forfeitures have been executed at the station of the offender's command. During the service on the Border, however, very few serious offenses have been committed by men in the Division and these few have been properly punished by the military courts.

Major J. Leslie Kincaid, Judge Advocate on the Division Staff has charge of the system of courts martial in the Division and Lt. Col. Croake McLeer, 1st N. Y. Cavalry, Capt. Wm. Donovan, 1st N. Y. Cavalry, Capt. D. J. Cadotte, 74th N. Y. Infantry, 1st Lieut. Cornelius Wickersham, 12th N. Y. Infantry, and 1st Lieut. Frank

## "THEY DELIVERED THE MESSAGE"

Dresser and Edwards Finish Three Thousand Mile Motor Trip.

### GOV. WHITMAN TELEGRAPHS GEN. O'RYAN

At midnight, November 21, Privates Daniel LeRoy Dresser of the 7th Infantry and Harvey Edwards of Battery E, 2nd Field Artillery left on a far-fetched for a record motorcycle trip to New York City via Albany, bearing a special message from Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan, commanding the 6th Division, to Governor Charles S. Whitman. They used a Harley-Davidson side-car machine. Each man carried his full equipment and the riding was continuous, except the time for meals, one man sleeping in the side car while the other drove. We haven't heard the particulars of the trip from the men so we cannot tell of the many hardships encountered or obstacles overcome, but the following telegrams tell of the accomplishment of the feat in a little over two weeks, most remarkable time.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1916. Major Gen. John F. O'Ryan, Headquarters 6th Div., U. S. Army, McAllen, Texas.

Dresser and Edwards arrived in Albany at 2 p. m. today, Thursday. Total mileage three thousand one hundred forty-six miles. Many thanks for your kind message. C. WHITMAN.

New York City, Dec. 8, 1916. Commanding General, 6th Division, McAllen, Texas. Delivered message to Governor Thursday, one o'clock after a hard trip. PRIVATE DAN DRESSER.

### CONGRESS WILL ASK FOR COMPULSORY SERVICE

War Department Will Introduce Bill Calling for One Year's Training With Colors.

A special dispatch from our Washington correspondent states that a bill looking to universal compulsory service will be introduced at the present session of congress at the instance of the war department. This was learned today from an official of the war department, who vigorously expressed his views upon the subject.

"For the next fifty years we will have to compete in case of war with armies trained on the field of battle," said this official. "I believe that to be successful in such a competition we must have a universal military training. Take our boys at the age of eighteen and give them a year's actual service with the colors in addition to six months' blackboard training and when the necessity comes you will have a trained, reserve army of millions."

### LAST DIVISION REVIEW

Tendered to Brigadier General Lewis Tuesday—General Parker and Staff Present.

Yesterday morning at 9:30 o'clock the last review of the 6th Division (N. Y. troops) was held on White House Field, being tendered to Brigadier General Edward M. Lewis, National Guard, Indiana, commanding the 13th Division, with headquarters at El Paso Grande. General James Parker, commanding the Brownsville District, and several staff officers were also present and were twenty-four hour guests of Major General O'Ryan.

The review was similar in character to the other reviews of the Division, except that many organizations have returned home and the column is gradually growing smaller. The Artillery was missed, as the Artillery Brigade is marching to Point Isabel. The Signal Corps and some of the Sanitary Units were absent because they are packing up for home.

It was a good review, however. Stoddard, 74th N. Y. Infantry, have been detailed from time to time as trial judge advocates of the various courts.

(Continued on Page 5.)

## WHAT UNCLE SAM OVERLOOKS

in the hardware line is usually just the personal items that make the difference between hardship and comfort. The wise soldier invests his money in a mattress, comfortable, flashlight and the thousand other things we carry for your comfort.

### Complete line of FURNITURE

See what 2 or 3 dollars will buy

**Gregory & Cardwell**  
MAIN STREET, McALLEN

## Hall's Grocery

"The Home of Clean, Well-Handled Groceries"

### FOR THOSE COLD NIGHTS

Stock your tent with a box of crackers, sardines and jam. Kills your bed-time hunger, makes you sleep better, provides all the necessary entertainment for a big evening.

Crosse and Blackwell's Jams Beechnut Jelly and Marmalade  
Magic Valley Honey Crackers of all kinds.

**A. P. Hall,** "The Grocer Who Sells for Less"  
McALLEN, TEXAS

### POST TAILOR SHOP

Turn out more neat soldiers than the Q.M.C.

Clothes neatly repaired and altered  
**PRESSING**

Work delivered and called for.

NEXT DOOR TO AMUSEM  
Ask for "Pete"

**Everybody Knows him**  
McAllen, Tex.

### TEXAS BANKS

are prohibited by law from cashing

### OVERDRAFTS

This protects the bank and the bank's other customers.

Never let your balance here run below one hundred dollars. We appreciate your co-operation in this direction.

### First State Bank of McAllen

R. E. HORN, Cashier  
C. R. ZACHRY, Asst. Cashier.  
J. R. GLASSCOCK, Asst. Cash.

## Private Privacy

Someone made the remark at mess that our brains were stagnating. After thinking the matter over I decided that there might be some truth in the rumor. In order to counteract this unpleasant tendency I decided to do some reading; not the desultory magazine kind but something heavier of the kind which makes one think. With this end in view I began casting round the tent for something to start on. Our library consisted of several back numbers of the Saturday Evening Post, a Cavalry Drill Regulation and "The Romance of a Lily." The first two obviously did not answer my purpose and I felt that the Lily was best performing its function in life by counteracting a tendency to wabble in our home-made table. Therefore I carried my search elsewhere.

After half an hour of dusty poking under coats and old newspapers I managed to bring to life "A Broken Heart," "Loves Dairy," "The Princess Ogloia" and a Rand McNally atlas was the most improving but not exactly what I should have selected. I was about to reconcile myself, however, to an hours contemplation of the torso of Europe when I happened to spy a dog-eared volume under a pile of shelter halves. The title of the book was Mnemonics.

Without any very clear idea of what Mnemonics were I assumed that they must be stupid enough to be improving and returned to my tent for a little mental discipline.

The thing did not start out very well. "The value of mnemotechny under certain aspects is incontestable considering that many in all walks of life—" I decided however, to give it a chance as it might get better as I got into the plot.

"One man from each tent to ditch the corral." I became conscious that the voice was aimed at me under the side of the tent.

"Well, arnt you the only man in the tent?" enquired the voice. Backed up as it was by the Top Sergeant I caught the drift of the argument and for the next half hour I abandoned the improvement of my mind while I dug a ditch.

Then I was once more flat on my back with the story of Mnemonics over

my head. "—but if these digits immediately appear as Ami by a scheme" which the pupil has already accepted then a clue or linkword is asserted to serve for a life time." I looked at the title page to make sure this wasn't the sequel to something.

The door opened and let in Beany. I nodded and continued improving. Like my horse, however, Beany is a man of one idea, he came over and sat down on the side of my bunk.

"Want to go down town for dinner?"

I gave the usual financial excuse, at the same time learning for the first time that for centuries no textbook on logic has omitted the five hexameter lines.

"Heard the latest?"

I lied that I had whereupon he told me. In the meantime I read that the tropical mnemonics of the ancients were adapted—

"Raps."

This time it was the Mexican bandit who mangles my laundry. Fifteen minutes elapsed while I made several small loans sufficient to reclaim a pair of socks and a suit of underwear. I sometimes wonder if it would not be more economical to treat dirty clothes like second hand automobiles and turn them in each time for new.

Beany had left in favor of something more exciting. I had just resumed the horizontal when Tom and Dick came in.

"I'll bet its true."

I read resolutely on, "I wont believe it 'till I'm on the train."

"But General O'Ryan said so himself."

"What does he know about it?"

"Well its a cinch he knows more'n you do."

I began again at the top of the page. "I don't believe he does, How do you know he said it?"

"His chauffeur—"

I found that I had skipped several pages without knowing it.

"All out for stables!"

I threw Mnemonics under the cot. After all we are here to learn how to drill not to improve our minds.

In the future I shall stick to the Cavalry Drill Regulations and the Saturday Evening Post.

### HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

The call has come and the men are to go home to their wives and families. It was with sad hearts that the news of the home going was greeted, but as true soldiers, not one single man entered a complaint. At first it was thought that the detachment would be sent back to their respective units but this stroke of luck was nipped in the bud, and as it is now, they are compelled to spend the holiday season in the city.

The camp, yea, the model camp is now a thing of the past and all the furniture is stored for the winter and the traveling clothes set aside for the long and dusty journey.

We have many things to remember and when one says, were you in Texas? We would naturally say, Was I? I should say yes, Why, I was in the headquarters detachment. We always led a simple life and at most times keep good hours and at all times was the "Old Jinx" G. O. 7 lived up to. At this point hum, (America.)

Wild cats, rattlesnakes, goats, burros, dogs, cats, turtles and a few horses go to make up the stock and on the way home it would not be at all surprising to read in some paper about some circus passing through the little hamlet. "Russ" Mott with his wild cat, Dick and Gyp with their fleet of quadrupeds and Harry Luodecke with his trained turtle all go to make up the big attraction.

At this point it would be well to say just a word about "the Top." Walter is a good old scout and proved himself to be the right man for the job. Always just with the men and accomplished things. I know I will never forget the early morn greeting, "Come on 'Sta' get up, its almost nine o'clock."

The first tent on the street at one time was the model tent but no more. It turned out to be the site for practical jokes. One night you find a cat in your bunk, then a turtle but when they try to anchor a burro to ones sleeping quarters, I think it's time to call quits or enlist white wings for policing. Anyway, it was good sport.

### 3RD AMBULANCE COMPANY

The outfit is at present much upset and disappointed over the loss of the fifth, last and most popular of the officers with whom it left New York. Lt. Sillick has from the first declared his intention of "sticking to the boys" even though it might, and did, result in overwhelming losses to him in a business way. Through influences outside his own control he was transferred from the "Third" to Squadron A, (at present the homegoing outfit.) This is greatly regretted by the boys of the Third.

Since June 21st, when we left New York, and since July 5th, on which date we arrived in McAllen, the boys have tried their level best to fulfill their duty as it was expected of them to do. Shortly after our arrival Lieut. McGuire left for home, never to return to the command; he was followed not long after by Capt. Shearer, who also failed to return. Lieut. Pickhardt left about two months ago also for good; his departure, with Lieut. Riley on permanent detail at the camp hospital, left us with Lieut. Sillick as our commanding officer.

Now comes the heartbreaking news that we are to lose the one man of the five who was able to stick to the company and I who, we believe, is still ready were it in his power to do so. To the boys of the Third who have played the game like men, this comes as a crushing blow.

But with all our troubles we extend to our new commanding officer, Captain Cranston, formerly of Squadron A, a most hearty welcome. His task is indeed a great one, and it is to be hoped that the duty of making it as light as possible will be performed by every man in the company with as good a faith as they have exercised in the past.

### A SUBTLE REVENGE.

"How did you break your wife of buying you cigars for a Christmas present?"

"I gave her a box of cheap chocolates."

## D. Guerra's Sons DO YOU KNOW

That Guerra's is the biggest store in town?

That Guerra's handles groceries of all kinds?

That Guerra's fruits are the best and finest in town?

And that we have all kinds of fruit?

GET ACQUAINTED WITH GUERRA'S

Location: Three blocks west of Main Street,

McALLEN, TEXAS

## Before Going Home

be sure and dine many times at Helen's Palm Cafe Might just as well go home well fed and at the same time enjoy your last days on the Border.

McALLEN, TEXAS.

## Don't Crow Too Soon

Over the price you paid for that lumber You might have been able to get it cheaper or better at Crow's Lumber Yard. Call on us for wood of all kinds. If it's something to drive nails into, we have it.

**Frank G. Crow**  
McAllen, Texas

## That Trip Home---

Will be Long. And HARD unless you are fully prepared. It is easy to catch cold especially when there is change of climate. See our pharmacist before you go and get whatever is needed to keep Throat and Digestion in shape on that long shivery trip.

We appreciate the business the troops have given us and we extend our best wishes for the coming year.

**Model Pharmacy Co.**  
Main Street McAllen, Texas

## MISSION PALACE OF SWEETS MISSION

A complete line of souvenirs for the folks back home. Pillow tops, leather goods, Christmas cards and many other suitable gifts. Make your Christmas dinner complete and place your order now

## For Ice Cream

We Sell Bulk Ice Cream at 90c per Gallon  
Phone, Write or Bring Your Order  
**Elliott B. Roberts, Prop.**

## Special to Soldiers Only 15 per cent Discount

We want your business and offer our entire jewelry stock in Mission

LAVALLIERS, WATCHES, CUT GASS, DIAMONDS AND OTHER SUBSTANTIAL GIFTS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Make your purchases in Mission

# HAYES-SAMMONS,

MISSION,

TEXAS

## Rankin-Hill Co. Inc.

Wholesale Grocers

CORPUS CHRISTI

Branch House McAllen, Texas

Complete Stock of wholesale Groceries to supply commissaries exchanges and canteens promptly.

Call, wire or telephone your orders.

## Now is your Chance

to make a wood chest to ship clothes home in. We have the lumber for the chest, and the necessary cypress or box-wood to make the tray.

Put your spare time into making a permanent chest and make a hit with the folks at home at the same time.

"McAllen's Friendliest Concern"

## Hammond Lumber Co.

Railroad Street - - McAllen

## McALLEN CURIO COMPANY

Bernard Levy, Proprietor

### MEXICAN SOUVENIRS AND NOVELTIES

Our big store is chuck full of Christmas suggestions. Drop in and get an inspiration. Next to Bank.

Mission, Texas

## McAllen Drug Co.

Have appreciated the soldiers trade and wish every one a merry Christmas and happy new year whether you are here on the Border or home.

Make your last purchase before leaving

Drugs, Toilet Goods, Cigars, Soda Fountain.

McAllen, - - - Texas.

## "Promoted" to New Friendships!



## "G. O. 7"---Some Training on The Border.

### ROUGH RIDING BY SANITARY TROOPS

Third Ambulance Company Enter  
Movie Theatrical World—Give  
Clear Performance.

An impromptu rough riding exhibition was given on the 3rd Ambulance Company's parade ground on Thursday of last week for the benefit of a "movie man" who set up his machine near the entrance to the Third's company street just in time to get a few feet of film showing how the pack section, under command of Sergt. Tracy, coming into camp after a hike to Hidalgo. This gave the boys time to arrange further features with which to embellish the screen.

Sergt. Burnfather was appealed to as to what horses were best to use for the purpose. "Take any of 'em," was the Sergeant's reply, "One is in as good condition as another." By time the pack section was photographed, Archie Manning was ready for his rough riding, giving an exhibition first on two and then on three horses, that caused even the unimpressible camera man to shout "Bully! Gallop around again," which Arch did.

The next event was an exhibition of rough riding in pairs by the following men: First pair, Sergt. Moore, driving, Arch Manning jumping; second pair, Sergt. McCarthy driving, and Dick Barrows jumping; third pair, George Truise driving, and Musicien Gaillard jumping. This event was divided into the following feats: first dismount and remount, landing on driver's horse, face to the rear; fourth, dismount and remount, landing upright with one foot on each horse; fifth, dismount and remount, landing on driver's horse face to the rear as both horses hurdle.

The third and last event was an exhibition of hurdling by Dick Barrows. Leading out the horse, known as Dan, he mounted and with neither bridle or saddle, "jumped" the horse over half a dozen hurdles ranging from four feet to five feet and a half in height, each time clearing the hurdle by eighteen inches or more.

The events closed with an ensemble of the company with which the camera man used up his few remaining feet of film.

The above mentioned performers are all charter members of Sergt. Moore's Rough Riding Academy, and proved most conclusively the genuine efficiency of that institution. The "Movie" expert himself who has seen many years in the business claimed that he never before had photographed so much action, real action, in a corresponding number of film feet.

It is hoped that the 66th Street Armory will be the scene of much first-class rough riding when the 3rd is once more safely installed there.

### SAD, BUT TRUE.

The kiddies write to Santa Claus, They forward mail in packs, But father hasn't time, because He's busy writing checks.

### "I'VE DONE MY BIT ON THE BORDER"

I've done my bit on the Border,  
I'm in God's country again;  
I've had my fill of the Border,  
Of Greasers and Border men.  
I've eaten the dirt of Texas,  
I've drunk of the Rio Grande,  
I've grubbed mesquite in the cursed heat—  
(The Lord never made the land!)  
I've seen all there is on the Border,  
I've felt all there is to feel,  
I've done my time in a sea of slime,  
I've lost all they didn't steal.

I've done my bit on the Border,  
At McAllen and Llano Grande;  
I've hiked and swet in the heat and wet  
From Pharr to the end of the land.  
I've done the camps at Mercedes,  
At Donna and San Benite,  
I've laid in the dust and gnawed a crust  
At Funston's judgment seat.  
I've eaten my meals with reptiles,  
I've quartered with bugs galore  
In a land where things are made with stings—  
From the trees to the rug on the floor.  
I've dug in the blasted trenches—  
The air was a hundred hells  
I've charged in the jungle cactus  
To the music of jackass yells.

I've carried a pack in the jungle  
Till it cut me down to the blood;  
I've sweltered and lay like a thing of clay,  
In a slithering swamp of mud.  
I've risen at five in the morning  
At the sound of the reveille,  
I've slaved all day for a newsboy's pay  
Till the night would set me free  
I've lived the life of a soldier,  
No chance to "beat it" or shirk—  
And the life of a soldier, believe me,  
Is little but damned hard work.

I've eaten the food of a soldier,  
Hard tack and Mulligan stew;  
Bacon and beans and a touch of greens,  
But, Lord, they were scarce and few.  
I've followed the flag of my country  
In khaki and plain O. D.,  
And up to date I'm standing straight  
In a way that is good to see.  
I've done my bit on the Border,  
I've had my fill of the same,  
But I wouldn't trade the friends I've made  
For all I've lost in the game.

I've had my fill of the Border,  
Of Greasers and Border men;  
I've done my bit and stand to quit,  
And won't take on again.  
But I seem to know when the bugles blow  
And hear the reveille,  
That my blood will heat and my pulses beat  
No matter where I may be.  
And I'll yearn to go—with a burning yearn  
That only the soldier feels,  
To slave and sweat in the heat and wet,  
But I've done my bit on the Border,  
And now, thank God, I'm free—  
Although I know, when the bugles blow  
They'll have a call for me. —Ex.

## A REAL DANCE SAYS TROOP D

Proceeds of Military Ball at Syracuse for the Syracuse Troopers

TO BRIGHTEN CHRISTMAS ON BORDER

(Special to The Rattler.)  
Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 12.—Syracuse's militiamen now at home have not forgotten their less fortunate comrades-in-arms still on the Border. Company C, 3rd Infantry, will give a New Year's military ball for the benefit of the 4th Ambulance Co. and Troop D, 1st Cavalry, whose members must spend their holidays, apparently, for neither have received orders, gazing at sand, mesquite and cactus in McAllen, Texas. Battalion parade and salute to the colors will precede the dancing, which is to begin at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and continue until 7 o'clock at the State Armory.

Major John B. Tuek will be the commanding officer and the company will be divided into three provisional companies making up the battalion formation. A concert by the band will be another feature. About 1,300 invitations will be sent out and all the proceeds over and above expenses will be sent to the troop, and the ambulance company.

In addition to the money raised from the dance, the company plans to send collection boxes to all the clubs in the city, with the request that the members and others interested in the soldiers on the Border contribute to the fund. This money is to be added to the proceeds from the ball.

Staff officers of the 3rd Infantry, Battalion and company officers from nearby cities, together with those of Battery A, First Field Artillery, of this city will be guests of the company.

The committee in charge of the ball consists of Lieutenant Jack Hartley, chairman; Sergeant Killian, Cook Heick, Corporal Jennings and Private Elmer Wentworth.

### SYRACUSE SOLDIERS MAY RECEIVE BORDER MEDALS

Other cities are contemplating following the example set by Brooklyn in presenting to its National Guardsmen civic medals commemorating Mexican Border Service. A letter on the editorial page of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Post Standard has this to say:

"Is there sufficient civic interest in Syracuse to follow Brooklyn's example? This is not a plea on behalf of the Salt City National Guardsmen. It is just a question which will avoid a further slight to the city's citizen soldiers, already smarting under the fiasco made of the welcome to Company C. "And while these same citizen soldiers are serving their country on the Border, what arrangements or preparations have been made in Syracuse to provide employment for those who have lost their positions by serving the colors? Or are they expected to apply to the State Employment Bureau when they return?"

"Why is it that apparently there is so little interest shown in the Syracuse guard units—that all suggestions for their interest must come from the members themselves? It is not that the militiamen feel that they must be rewarded; it is the lack of interest displayed in Syracuse in comparison with other cities that hurts."

### SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS.

After going into the McAllen Curio store, it brings home the fact that Christmas is slowly approaching. Mr. Bernard Levy, who conducts the place, has a very attractive line of goods suitable for gifts and the men here on the Border will have no trouble in selecting pleasing things for the friends at home from the attractive line.

Pillow tops of every N. Y. unit, very neat Mexican baskets, cameo jewelry, rugs, blankets, and hundreds of pretty souvenirs go to make up the line. Gifts purchased here on the Border have a certain thing about them that makes the present even more valuable than if it were bought at home. Mr. Levy expects a big trade, and at the same time strongly believes in preparedness, as he has the largest line in the Magic Valley.

### "MAC" MAKES GOOD.

As a climax to the meteoric career of Frank B. Mackenzie, having climbed from a raw recruit to Sergeant after three weeks' service, and then to civilian clerk at Headquarters, N. Y. Division, his resignation has now been accepted by the Division Adjutant, and his contract signed with the paymaster. It seems as if Border life must agree with "Mack," and we don't blame him for remaining here.

### DO IT NOW!

The man who waits till New Year's To swear off need not weep About the things he's giving up— His swear-off will not keep.—Ex.

We laugh at such "old chestnut stuff," And clearly point the way To "G. O. 7," which always keeps, yes, even on pay day!

"Going to do the stocking act this Christmas, dear?"

"Oh, Christmas stockings be hang-ed!"

"Certainly!"

## SIMPLE PLEASURES ARE BEST

Even the M. P.'s play Billiards. Must be good sport. Of course the place to play is at

## LOUIS GERLTS

Five new Brunswick and Balke tables for use. Price same as ever, 5 cents a stick. Best of service always.

## DO YOU BOWL?

Keeps your back limber. Try a Game today. Bring your friends.

Location: Railroad Street, opposite station,

McALLEN, TEXAS

# 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

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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 upon us 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 7th 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 the camps resound,  
It sends me back, dear girl, to you,  
For were homeward bound!  
Yet, hold I no grievous sin  
If 'mid the joyous shout  
I pray I may be mustered in  
When I'm mustered out.

There is a svive that presents  
Far greater charms than this;  
Its very highest recompense  
Is measured by a kiss.  
And two compose 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 fame 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 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 Headquarters 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 messkit 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 boquets. 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 sorry. "Yes, you are," he said, "go 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 criticize 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 worst had happened. Despairing of my 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.

—E. O.

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

# Athletics

By Stuart J. Saks

## BASEBALL BOXING FOOTBALL

### TO ACCEPT CHALLENGE.

There is a rumor around the 1st Cavalry that they are to get together their football team and accept the challenge of the 2nd Texas Infantry which was published in last week's Rattler.

Red Wilkinson, All-American half back of the Syracuse team will lead the Cavalry and from all reports, will be some team. Wilkinson just returned from the East where he has been playing football with a team in Ohio. He played with Thorp, Saucy, Buck and other big stars. There are all kinds of material in the Cavalry and with a little practice would make any team lustle. So far, the plans are incomplete, but it is expected the game will be played some time around Christmas.

### FOURTH'S QUINTET IN EVEN BREAK

The Fourth Ambulance Company's basketball team is out with a challenge to any quintet in the Sixth Division or amateur aggregation in McAllen and vicinity. During the last week, the Fourth's team played two games, losing one and winning one. The McAllen High School five was taken into camp by a 14 to 12 score, while the Ambulance men bowed before the team representing the Medical Detachment, 12th Infantry, to the tune of 22 to 13. A return match with the latter will probably be arranged. The Fourth lines up: Mendell and M. Jennings, forwards; Laidlow, center; C. Jennings and LaVoy, guards. All are block letter men of East Syracuse High School.

### BORDER BITS

Wonder if that cavalry football team will get together and play the 2nd Texas Infantry? No more can they claim that the weather is too hot for the game.

"Mike" Driscoll, an old time half-back on a Williams team also of the 1st Cavalry is trying out for "Guard." We often wonder why he spends so much time around the guard house. Cats.

Even though we had to follow the past football season by printers ink, we may have the good fortune to get in on some of the basketball games. And then maybe we might even be late for the opening of the baseball season. Never can tell.

Jim Cotter and Tom Stack of the 1st Cavalry should be made the official stake holders of the Division. They certainly have all the dope and coin more rumors than any troop combined.

As I near the end of the column I wonder, Have I lost my stroke with the broom, rake and shovel and do I remember how to clean a horse. Anyway, next week will tell.

### FOOTBALL STAE MUST DRILL

Drilling in the armory does not seem to appeal to Howard Berry, the University of Pennsylvania football star. He says he is too busy studying, practicing, and working nights. As yet he has not reported to drill since his return from the Border. The 1st Regiment, Pennsylvania N. G., U. S., especially Captain R. F. Heisler, wants to know why.

Matters have reached a serious stage. In fact, if the young athlete fails to report for drill next Tuesday night, a guard will be sent to his home and he will be brought before a summary court presided over by the Lieutenant Colonel.

### OUR BORDER SPORTS.

Athletics here on the Border have, as a whole, been few and far between. The chief reason for this has undoubtedly been due to the intense heat earlier in the year and of late due to the amount of work the men have been doing.

#### Baseball Popular.

Baseball was by far the most popular, and during the season many good regiment teams were developed. The 7th Regiment seemed to have the best playing aggregation, and made the most of the sport. Their team played consistently through the long series of victories. The team won the majority of their long schedule and only on rare occasions did the ball tossers sink in defeat. Aside from the 7th team, there are others that boasted of good teams, the 1st Cavalry, 22nd Engineers, and Squadron A, all rattling good teams, and at all times the competition was keen for championship honors.

#### Y. M. C. A. Help.

Thanks to the work of the Y. M. C. A., basketball and tennis came in for their share of the sports. Good courts were provided for most every regiment, and in the past month many inter-regiment games have been scheduled.

Football would undoubtedly have been the most popular had not the heat for the greater part of the time made this pastime impossible. The hard ground also helped to dampen the ardor of the followers of the game. The 1st Cavalry and Squadron A, combined, could have gotten out a team from their raft of material which would have been a credit to any university of the country. It will be most interesting if the 1st Cavalry accept the challenge of the 2nd Texas Infantry.

Track meets, rough riding, polo, and other sports were played from time to time, but not much enthusiasm was shown by the Guardsmen.

#### Interest in Boxing.

Boxing from the start was popular and many good fights were staged. Especially built rings can be found in several of the regiments and some lively young scrappers were brought out. One of the most popular men of this class is Kiddie Diamond of the 12th Infantry. Kiddie fought perhaps more battles than any one else on the Border and made an excellent record for himself.

#### Individual Athletes.

Of the individual athletes, John Kilpatrick of Squadron A was perhaps the greatest all-around man. He came down here with a big reputation and in every case lived up to it. Other athletes of note are, Mel Sheppard, champion middle distance runner; Eddie Butler and Marcus Wilkinson, All-American football players; Barney Williams, champion featherweight of the Army and Navy; Kid McCoy, a former champion in the ring; Ray Bigelow, All-American football player, Don Wray and Ben Forsyth, a pair of exceptionally good all-around men and Graney Miller, an old Cornell star. Taken as a whole, the New York Division has a class of men which could turn out teams that would make any National Guard on the Border work hard to beat in any branch of sports.

Frank E. Pershing, of Chicago, a nephew of Major General John J. Pershing, has been elected captain of the University of Chicago football eleven for 1917. Pershing is a quarterback. He has one more year to play.

Both of Dartmouth's touchdowns in the Dartmouth-Syracuse game were made by long runs. Cannell, after catching a punt, racing 55 yards for the first score and Gerrish, on a side line trick, carrying the ball 45 yards. Mehan, of Syracuse, scored a drop kick from the 30-yard line.

### STRAY SHOTS

As we stated in a former issue we believe with President Wilson that the mystic "13" is a very lucky number, so we call attention to the date on our last issue, December 13, bringing to a close the successful publication of The Rio Grande Rattler.—Editor.

It may be interesting statistics to some of the readers to give the strength of the N. Y. Division at the close of the various months of service. The totals varied according as troops joined from New York or were mustered out from the Border. July 31, 17,317; August 31, 18,186; September 30, 12,072; October 31, 11,349; November 30, 10,205.

Last evening the young ladies of McAllen tendered a "Leap Year Dance" to the 6th Division Officers at Division Headquarters. The mess hall was prettily trimmed by the committee of ladies in charge and refreshments were served at 10 o'clock. It was a most enjoyable event.

The 6th (N. Y.) Division had its maximum strength of horses and mules to look after—on November 15, 6286—quite a family to feed and take care of.

While we are mentioning numbers we might also add the Division had 252 wagons, 28 motor trucks, 54 autos and 79 motor cycles to keep moving not to mention many private cars owned by organizations.

"Home, Sweet Home" meant more when it was played at the dance last night.

### OFFICERS TAKE LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Captain Michael A. Kelly, Co. F, 69th Infantry, has been granted a thirty-day leave of absence.

Captain Frank J. McCoy, Co. B, 12th Infantry, has returned to New York City for the holiday, having been granted a month's leave.

Lieut. Frank L. West, 3rd Tennessee Infantry, is granted a thirty-day leave of absence.

Leave of absence for thirty days have been granted to Captain Robert W. Congdon, Co. A, 23rd and 1st Lieut. George K. Boyce of Co. G, 23rd.

1st Lieut. Harry L. Clark, 3rd Tennessee Infantry, will take a seventeen-day leave about December 14th.

Captain Jerome F. Langer, 23rd Infantry has been granted a twelve-day leave. He has gone to West Point, Neb.

Captain Sidney G. Daley, Company D, 12th Infantry goes on a thirty-day leave about December 11th.

1st Lieut. Lester E. Stoffregen, 23rd N. Y. Infantry, has been granted a thirty-day leave of absence and will go to Brooklyn.

Lieutenant Harley Black of Troop D, 1st Cavalry, left for his home in Syracuse last week on a thirty-day leave of absence. The Lieutenant well deserves this leave, and goes home with the best wishes of the troop.

Captain Henry S. Hiedreth, Co. K, 12th Infantry is enjoying a 30-day leave of absence in New York City.

Lt. John S. Callahan, Co. I, 12th Infantry, has been granted a twenty-day leave of absence.

Captain J. H. Scott of the Machine Gun Company, 12th Infantry, who is on sick leave, has been given a thirty-day extension.

Lieutenant Griswold Green, A. D. C., 1st Brigade, has returned to Troy on a thirty-day leave of absence.

### TOO LATE, BUT WE THANK YOU.

Letter from Business Manager of the Hoosier Guard, Indiana brigade newspaper, wants to exchange; says "The Rattler has interested all deeply." Thank you!

## "Somewhere in Texas"



### THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER OFFICE Closed today by "Home orders"

The Rattler has at last coiled and struck, having been killed after a desperate fight, for it was full of life to the end, seventeen rattles were counted to its credit.

(Continued from Page 1.)

in a desolate camp at La Gloria so that it could learn to shoot. Last week when it expected orders for return to New York, it received the command to hike 150 miles—and it went its way in a sandstorm without bickering, carrying out its orders without question or complaint. But there is an old military saying: "So the colonel, so the regiment."

But the discriminating New York public, that loves often too well but not wisely, pulls out its bands and banners for those who did most of the "fighting" and most of the talking as well, and neglects others because it is just as easy to overlook the excellent work of an obscure unit as it is for a woman to pick out the dashing trooper with the waxed moustache and with a head as much distended as his bosom.

Who is there in the division who knows that, while twenty-five miles is considered a long and hard march for the cavalry and the artillery, the 2nd Field Hospital last week hiked more than thirty-three miles—and that through a sand storm? And who knows that the sleek appearance of the "doughboys" is due partly to the work of the Division Field Train in getting up the "corned willy" on time. It's easy enough to be heroic with a rifle or a sabre in your fist, but the public doesn't know that in this "war" more men have been killed in carrying mules than by bullets. But the hands do not play for the mule skinner who came, saw, got kicked, but finally conquered.

Where, too, is the music for the Signal Battalion that strung hundreds of miles of wire, doing its work so cheerfully and under such perfect discipline that only eight men out of 170 took discharges from the service while there was not one case of court martial in five months. Who knows that the news of the bloody battle of Madero, where the 69th Regiment repulsed nine boatloads of uncarved wooden Indians, was carried over Signal Battalion wires, or that all the orders for the departure of troops and telegraphic requests for extensions of furloughs and the thousand other little messages of military business went over Signal Battalion wires or through their radio station?

Then, while every soldier talks about the record made by his company on the combat range at La Gloria, does he know that the range was constructed by a company of Engineers that remained in the jungles for weeks and that the targets were manipulated by another company that stuck patiently for weeks more?

Between their tasks of building roads, model trenches, drills in raft building and the handling of pontoons, the engineers found time to drill long enough to excel any infantry regiment in the review for Governor Whitman. Where are they going to get their music? They don't make it themselves.

There are a few men here who have received their pay for watching others work, whose job it was to watch others work; men who have had to follow every regiment in the five months' work. Their opinion is that the individual guardsman, George, has put forth his best efforts and that the result is shown in the general improvement everywhere, in appearance, discipline, in morale, and in health. Those who came to criticize have criticized, but their jobs have been finished quickly. Those who came to be impartial, fair, and just, have praised, and remain to praise some more.

George, the guardsman, has done his bit! Let him quaff of whatever he desires under the watchfully waiting eye of Old King Cole in the private Knickerbocker art galleries of "Billy" Regan.

### EXPLOSION OF LANTERN WIPES OUT CLUB HOUSE

A lantern exploding in the Officers' Club of the 4th Ambulance Company of Syracuse gave members of that unit as well as the Signal Corps, 12th Infantry and the 3rd Ambulance Company a live half hour Friday night. The club structure was practically destroyed, while the contents, including personal effects of Capt. J. B. Latta, and Lieutenants W. E. Truex, Reginald Ballantyne and R. H. Dunning, were either ruined or badly damaged. Fire call was sounded by all the outfit named above, and a volunteer bucket brigade prevented the spread of the flames to the remaining tents in officers' row. The club was occupied at the time. Several of the volunteer firemen suffered minor burns on the hands, which were dressed by the ambulance men later. The club was rebuilt on Saturday.

### ARMY HEALTH RECORDS BROKEN BY N. Y. DIVISION

Sick report of the Sixth (N. Y.) Division from July to December as taken from official hospital records:

Month	Per Cent Sick
July	0.145
August	0.139
September	0.248
October	0.266
November	0.253
December	0.253

The rate of admissions to sick report for alcoholism during these months has been practically nil.

Deaths

From injury	From Disease
8	16

Total ..... 24  
Any sick rate below 3 per cent is excellent.

Taken into consideration that there were over 19,000 in the New York Division on the Border, this is a most remarkable record, never equalled by the Regular Army.

## THE EIGHT N. Y. SANITARY UNITS

A Full Medical Quota in the New York Division—Excellent Work By All.

### ONE-HALF STILL IN BORDER SERVICE

With the mustering in of the 4th Field Hospital, the 6th Division now has its full quota of sanitary units; four ambulance companies and four field hospitals. These units are located as follows: Ambulance companies No. 1, Binghamton; No. 2, Rochester; No. 3, New York; No. 4, Syracuse. Field hospitals: No. 1, New York; No. 2, Albany; No. 3, Brooklyn; No. 4, New York.

Until the mustering in of the 4th Field Hospital, the 4th Ambulance Co. was the infant of the Division's sanitary troops, having been mustered in on Nov. 10, 1915. It, therefore, celebrated its first anniversary in the field and as well has spent five months of its first year of existence in active service.

Of the Field Hospitals, the 1st is entitled to credit for having performed the major part of hospital service. From the moment it arrived on the Border until practically its hour of departure for Little Old New York it was in the harness. Equipped for field service only, upon arriving it found it must perform the work of an evacuation hospital as well.

The First did both to its credit and the credit of the New York Division. When the new camp hospital was first constructed it fell to the First to man it, and again the outfit earned praise. The 2nd Field Hospital, of Albany, has pressed the New York City unit close for service honors, but of late the bulk of the work has fallen to the Third Field Hospital. The Fourth, now completely settled in its camp near the 22nd Engineers, is impatiently awaiting its turn for duty.

The ambulance companies have all had tastes of real work, but for continued service the cake goes to the Syracuseans. There's apparently a standing order at Headquarters when a sanitary or other special detail is required: "Ask the Fourth Ambulance Company." And there is always a willing response. The arrival of the Salt City boys brought a much needed respite to the 3rd Ambulance Company. The First, of Binghamton, already at home, had its busy days also, while the 2nd Ambulance Company, now under orders, has performed most efficient service at Pharr.

Here's the proofs submitted by the Syracuseans to back their claim to Border Service fame:

Was at full war strength when called to colors.

Has borne the burnt of the ambulance service in McAllen.

Set a record by spending five months of its first year in the field.

Is the only National Guard outfit in the United States to celebrate its first anniversary in active service.

Has men continually on detail at the camp hospital.

Was given a 10-day trip to Fort Ringgold by Major General O'Ryan as an appreciation of its excellent service.

Was entrusted almost wholly with the transfer service to San Antonio and Brownsville.

Was the first company to utilize the only hospital train in the United States to transport patients.

Through one of its men, introduced hypnotism as a medical science in the United States Army.

Maintains in Zeta Alpha Chapter of Phi Upsilon, the only active fraternity on the Border.

Has not had a death, court martial or summary court.

Has been highly commended for its work by Colonel William S. Terberry, Division Surgeon; Col. Burlingame, Acting Surgeon General, U. S. A., and others.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE

The one place in McAllen where the amusement is just as good as any theatre in New York.

### WEDNESDAY

POWER OF THE CROSS-Selig Feature EVELESS EDEN-Kalem Comedy And other pictures.

### THURSDAY

WHAT HAPPENED TO PEGGY and A CORNER IN WHEAT.

### FRIDAY

TWIN FATES SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST

### SATURDAY

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

Other pictures shown each performance with the fetures.

ADMISSION ALWAYS 10c

## Last Chance!

Back issues of

The Rattler

Write

S. J. Saks

Business Manager

1st N. Y. Cavalry

# Soldiers of N. Y!

THE MISSION TIMES greets you, bids you God speed on your homeward trip and wishes all of you a delightful Christmas and a happy New Year.

We are very appreciative of the liberal patronage you have accorded us. You have been generous indeed and sincerely we thank you. We have placed a special order for pretty holiday menus in colors for your especial benefit. Come see them.

The Art Printery of the Magic Valley—Printing When Promised

## News From Our Division Units

### FIRST CAVALRY.

How old is Anne?  
What has become of the Alabama Cavalry?

These two questions now occupy the mind of the civilized world. Almost two weeks ago when the news that Squadron A was about to return to the land of napkins, headwaiters and sheets was verified to our Missourian minds, we were also given to understand that a regiment of Alabama Cossacks were sweeping down upon us from the north, not only to relieve the Squadron, but to take the place of the 1st Cavalry as well.

Then the bewildering succession we learned of the coming departure of the Signal Corps, the Ambulance Corps, Division Headquarters and all the other do-dabs which, grouped around the Cavalry, go to make up a division. In the excitement, the Alabama boys were forgotten. For all we know, these mysterious mounted flying Dutchmen may still be whirling down upon us with no one to give them the order to halt.



Captain Alpers Taking a Hurdle

Sandwiched in between orders came the Norther. It picked the camp up and whirled it round its head for a few hours, then tried to pack it into the tents with moderate success. In the future, when we sit around on Government pensions we may laugh at these dips of death on the part of the Texas thermometers. Taken close up, however, they lack humor.

Preceding one of these affairs, you usually end the day by throwing off a blanket with some ridiculous statement about it being hard to realize that it is the middle of December. About 4 o'clock the next morning this realization is brought home to you when you wake up from an uneasy dream that you are a bottle of beer, which some one has put on ice. On your face you feel a fine drifting snow, which, upon closer inspection with the edges of the teeth, proves to be nothing more or less than the broom street borne in on a morning breeze which is rushing through the tent from the north as if it were in a panic to get some place where it was warmer.

You fumble on the floor for the extra blanket. It has crawled away in the darkness. If you are lucky enough to own an oil stove, you curse the fact that there is no oil in it (knowing all the time that you wouldn't get up to light it if there was.) And so it goes until First call makes the change necessary.

Finding ones clothes under these conditions (always provided that they had been removed the night before) becomes a matter of archeological excavation rather than dressing.

It is a wonderful climate.

On Friday night, what will probably be the last meeting of the Harvard Club of McAllen, was held in the Troop I Mess Shack. Colonel Conroy, who was the guest of honor, spoke on the relation of the Engineers to the Cavalry in times of war. Most of the 1st Cavalry entertainers were there in full form; Schmidtly, Halloran, Drummond and the B Troop Quartette, with the good old stuff which has made them famous from the Division Headquarters to the Division Dump.

It is rumored that the B Troop quartette are planning to take a short furlough and make a tour of the South in order to show some of those old Southern gentlemen that there are other institutions than Tuskegee capable of turning our quartettes. If there are any bouquets being handed up by the ushers, the B Troop Quartette comes in for the biggest.

In the face of the flood of conflicting rumors which have been occupying our attention all week, the troops have been indulging in a little midwinter pistol practice on the folding range below White House field. This practice was originally scheduled to be mounted. In consideration of this fact we notice the authorities have removed all the water from the irrigation ditch along which we were to ride. With their usual fore sight, Headquarters were taking no chances on our not being able to swim.

The old slogan that the Cavalry will be the last to go, will receive an awful body blow when the Squadron pulls out of its little home on the hill. Already, however, the pessimists are beginning to change it by inserting the word "First" before Cavalry. The withdrawal of the Squadron and Division Headquarters, however, shows that even divisions are mortal.

If Mr. Sancho Panza Villa takes it into his head to start anything now, he hasn't a chance of getting a review out of the 6th Division if he should take it into his head to run over to

McAllen for the week end.

Last week was college week at the Guard House. The only qualification, apparently, for getting in was an A. B. On this basis, an M. A. would have meant Leavenworth. The only thing lacking was a sign over the door, reading University Club. It is rumored that band of craftsmen whose curious occupation seems to be to remove the skin from mules, are framing a protest in which they are charging Regimental Headquarters with favoritism.

Well, we won't have to give any Christmas presents, anyway. That's something saved.

With this rather mercenary thought ends the history of the 1st Cavalry as far as The Rattler is concerned, 'cause there ain't going to be no more Rattler. It hasn't been a very accurate history. There are doubtless numbers of people who have done splendid things without ever becoming immortalized in print. The answer is modesty on their part and laziness on the writer's. Most of the time this column didn't have much to do with the 1st Cavalry at all, and might have been headed First Field Bakers or First Aid to the Injured without making it any harder for the reader to discover what it was all about. What's the use of worrying about that, however, we'll all be home soon?—E. S.

### 4TH FIELD HOSPITAL

At last we arrived at McAllen, after a short trip from New York City, on Nov. 15, guided by our commanding officer, Major Frank Harnden. To the majority of the men on the Border, we are practically unknown, as we are the "Baby" organization of N. Y. State. Our birth occurred on August 31st, 1916 in the 22nd Engineers' Armory. Our parents and guardians are Major Frank Harnden, M. C., formerly the surgeon of the 13th Coast Defense Command; Captain J. S. Parker, M. C., formerly attached to the 10th N. Y. Inf.; Lieut. Robt. Malcolm, M. C.; Lieut. Leo H. Costigan, C. D. C., 3th; and Lieut. Chas. D. Cromwell, M. C., also from the 10th Regiment Infantry. Our enlisted men were transferred from the 13th Regiment, the 10th Regiment and the 47th Regiment.

Captain Wm. J. Cranston, M. C., Division Supply Train joined us with five enlisted men on October 3, and on October 5, we were mustered into the Federal Service. We were fully equipped and despatched for the Border Service on November 10, and here we arrived 67 strong on November 15.

Since our arrival, two of our officers have been detailed, Captain Wm. J. Cranston to Squadron A, Lieutenant C. D. Cromwell to the 69th Regiment, and one of our enlisted men, Private Frank Rowe to the Camp Hospital, as chauffeur.

A large corral has been built and all is under the direct supervision of Sergeant George Killian, commonly known as "Pop" Killian, and Pop, in addition to the mules, surely makes his gang step around.

Thanksgiving Day was surely a big one with the 4th Field Hospital. There was a dandy big dinner, due to the generosity of the Commissary Department. Lots of turkeys and the other delicacies, too. And there were seconds.

During the meal, the 3rd Field Hospital called us up on the telephone and requested a baseball game. Private Ludlow got busy at once and scraped up a ball team, before the meal was finished. After the dinner, the men repaired to the 22nd Regiment Parade Ground for a little practice. Finally all was ready and the curtain lifted, as we thought, upon a scene of our slaughter. But not so, our men defeated the 3rd Field to the time of 19 to 13. Some slugging match. Most prominent in the game was the work of our battery, Cuddihy and Jordan. The result has inspired us to such an extent, that we hope, in the near future, to have a team second to none in McAllen.

On Monday evening Sergt. George W. Henderson held the weekly Bible Study class, in the office tent. Nineteen men were present, and it surely was encouraging to George. These studies are under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A.

We had our first inspection last Saturday, and the men took it like ducks take water. It was nothing but clean and polish, and when the bugle blew, everyone was on line looking spick and span.—W. E. S.

### 74TH INFANTRY.

"Gen. Rumor" was easily the most popular person in the 74th Infantry camp at Pharr last Thursday evening. As one fellow expressed himself—"It may be only a rumor, but it is the best yet."

About 7:30 o'clock in the evening the 74th boys heard cheering coming from the direction of the camp of the 23rd Infantry, and heard from members of the Brooklyn Regiment that they would soon be on their way home. Then word was passed that the 74th was also included in the order.

Although the 74th boys were pleased, they were more inclined to wait for definite orders, and there was no display of enthusiasm. Then men had kept in mind Col. Thurston's statement in a recent talk to the boys in the Y. M. C. A. that he wanted his regiment to act calmly if orders came and to go about the work like men.

In striking contrast was the demonstration of the 23rd men. Forming behind a hastily formed bugle band at

least three hundred men marched around their camp in chain fashion. Then over the village and back to camp. Passing curio stands, they made remarks to the effect that these merchants had got the last of their money. One dealer sold out his entire supply of fireworks and soon the sky was lit up like a Fourth of July celebration up North.

Last Sunday night our men heard a good talk at the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bigelow of the 1st Cavalry speaking. The speaker was All-American tackle in 1907 and was in France with an American ambulance corps and told of his interesting experiences while there.

Mr. Bigelow described the tackle position on a football team, and told how a man must be on the alert. He then appealed to the men to play the game square, not only in the service, but later in civil life. He pleaded with the men to stick to the disciplinary habits that had come to them in the service, and when home again, not to say that "the lid is off," and lose the benefit of training acquired here.

On Tuesday night, the 74th men heard Dr. Cameron who has spent 29 years in Mexico, part of which has been in the consular service. The talk was very interesting and it was evident that Dr. Cameron had a varied career and has a wide acquaintance with many noted Mexicans. The men paid close attention to his statements, and after the talk, the speaker answered many questions from the men.

Thursday afternoon the 3rd Battalion of the 74th paraded and the remainder of the regiment drilled. The temperature rose to 98 degrees, and made drilling slightly uncomfortable. That night a north wind came up and by morning the sand was coming across the camp in clouds that resembled a snow storm. The temperature dropped steadily until it reached 30 degrees. The men put in a cold night Friday, many wishing for the warmth of Northern homes. Saturday morning the wind had calmed down and it soon became warmer.

### COMPANY NOTES.

The band of the 74th is fast rounding into first class shape under Bandmaster John W. Bolton. Coming to Texas with six players as a nucleus, the 74th band will compose 28 men on its return to Buffalo. The field music has been practicing the "general" call.

Lieut. G. A. Milson is back with the Supply Company, after a month with the Division Supply train at McAllen.

B Co. football team defeated A Co. 26-0 one day this week.

Lieut. J. C. Wright is detailed to the Division Supply train at McAllen.

Lieut. C. J. Donniker has been detailed from the Machine Gun Company to B Company.

Lieut. M. L. Baxter is on 20-day leave of absence and is at New Orleans.

Corp. J. Sidor, who was on the Regular Army Reserve has been ordered to join the 4th Infantry at Brownsville and has been discharged from the 74th.

Co. B's famous goat that was accidentally killed, has been replaced by Billy II.

Lieut. C. W. Crosby has been detailed to command C Co.

Corp. Wrigley is promoted to Sergeant.

Co. C beat Co. E at baseball 6 to 4 last Sunday. Co. C team remains undefeated.

1st Sergeant I. P. Donnelly of D Co. has erected parallel bars at the end of the street and is instructing a large class.

Lieut. A. B. Peterson of E Co. is back with the company, having left the hospital at San Antonio.

Private C. E. Hall is riding a motorcycle at 6th Division Headquarters.

Sergt. R. D. Wright and Corp. DeLaney King of Co. F are commissioned 2nd Lieutenants.

Sergeant Nielsen received his discharge and left for Buffalo.

Private McDougall is detailed as bookkeeper at Division Headquarters.

Corporal C. F. Backman is promoted to Sergeant.

Lieutenants Phillips is back with Co. F.

Private Famer is promoted to Corporal.

Capt. T. V. Keen is on a 30-day leave of absence.

Private Frank Gudenkoff is promoted to corporal.

Capt. Maldiner of Co. K, is back from North Tonawanda after 30 days absence.

Co. K Football team beat M Co. 14 to 0 this week.

Private J. A. Miklarz is detailed as color sergeant.

Privates R. F. Jenkins and A. J. McIntosh of L Co. are promoted corporals.

Corporals F. G. Shaw and A. Y. Feohringham are promoted sergeants.

Lieutenants C. R. McMichael and G. F. Wallace are on leave of absence.

The search for Private Wesley Smith who was drowned November 27 in the Rio Grande is still being continued. Co. M feels his loss, as he was popular.

The Supply Co. of the 74th N. Y. Inf., under command of Capt. Lyman P. Hubbell, has made a very enviable record in wagon drill. On recent parades the sight of the entire train in columns of four trotting past the reviewing office in perfect alignment and under absolute control has inspired many a compliment for the manner in which they have conducted themselves.

### SQUADRON A

What can one say of the Squadron now,—even after months of silence? It was regarded as lucky beyond all reason one night last week, and with that night died all the interest of other units. We were going home. What were we doing, what had we done? Probably packing up. Once again we hear the Infantry man's "Pretty Soft!"

In reality, the receipt of orders has made no visible change in our life. We might still be looking forward to all winter in Texas, as most of us certainly did look forward to it,—since it seemed unavoidable.

We still drill and groom and dig things and use agricultural implements, a way they have in the Cavalry. But underneath this orderly surface, the thought runs not: We are going back. So our speaking now seems hardly fitting, unless it be in the nature of a swan song.

There are many things we shall be glad to remember when life is resumed in the cold and rainy north, in the office, in the Subway. We have a certain pride in having done so well in the combat firing at La Gloria. And who can forget the posts along the river near Madero—patrol duty, regarded with apathy or with mixed feelings of pleasure and despair, which proved about the most enjoyable thing we've done. These were our more recent activities; the rest has been drill, once utterly interrupted by Thanksgiving dinner.

We leave, therefore, with many memories we would not lose, glad to have met and worked hard with our immediate and less fortunate neighbors, now that it looks as if we were going to miss those midnight maneuvers with the Twelfth. To those who remain we can only express our admiration of their equanimity and the hope that Gen. O'Ryan will make no prophecies about Easter. When these regiments do receive their orders, and even now rumors are alive again, they will begin to forget the interminable hours of guard duty, the hot, dusty hikes, the flies, the days under mosquito netting, the burial of dead horses,—even the manual of arms. This is pretty small consolation, but what else can we say? We meant this to be an apology, and a farewell, for we understand that with this issue The Rattler strikes at last. And that ought to be a good sign. Our departure, we hope, may cause some regret, though it is only a Squadron that goes; and that, perhaps, was the reason for our good fortune.

### UP STATE TROOPS.

The up state troops of the 1st Cavalry have made an excellent showing here on the Border and in most every case where a direct comparison could be made, it was found that the boys from up state led. In the shooting at La Gloria, out of the twelve troops that go to make up the Regiment, the up state units were found among the first seven. This is an excellent mark when it is taken in consideration that there are six troops in the Regiment outside of Brooklyn. Troop I, of Buffalo, Troop H, of Rochester, Troop D, of Syracuse, Troop G, of Utica, Troop B, of Albany and Troop M, of Avon, go to make the up state division.

Of the individual troops, Troop D, of Syracuse, has stood out over the rest. In the shooting, the troop from Syracuse leads all the Cavalry and only second to one company in the 7th Regiment for top honors of the entire N. Y. Division. In the horse show, Troop D also led and showed many blue ribbon winners. In rough riding, Troop D and Troop B, of Albany, share honors, and are superior to the other troops of the Cavalry in this branch. Taking the entire 1st Cavalry as a whole, it is one of the most efficient regiments here on the Border and their training has turned out a body of fit soldiers ready for any emergency that may arise.

## FOR SALE

One of the best Resturants in McAllen-Doing a fine business with best location in town. Reasons for selling.

Apply

Mrs Helen Jalufka  
McAllen, Texas

## KODAK FINSHING

and Supplies

PHOTOGRAPHS

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McALLEN, TEXAS

## Delmonico's Cafe

The place where the discriminating soldier dines.

Catering Especially to special Dinner Parties

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## W. P. Cribble

Candy, Cigars, Cigaretts and Fruit for the Soldier.

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Supplies always in stock

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The Brightest Spot in Pharr is LINESETTER'S

## Palm Garden

Adjoining Pharr Hotel Orchestra Music Best Cuisine With Every Meal

Best Service--Colored Waiters

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Reasonable Prices

Enjoy Your Dinner Here!

## The Border Restaurant

Located One Block East of Bank

Building in Pharr Now Open

Best place in city to eat

Meals and Short Orders--- American Cooking

Genuine Mexican

## OPALS

The Kind Which Outshine The Diamond.

Have a look at ours. It's a pleasure to show them.

Mexican Drawn Work Radiolite Watches will tell time, day or night. Tent Souvenir Stand Next to McAllen Hotel.

E. C. STAMM

TO AUTHORITY

A bets B that the Barber shop Jack Madison runs in McAllen is the best place to go to get a hair cut or shave. B bets. its not. who wins?

ANSWER

A Wins hands down.

McAllen, Texas.

Going Home On Furlough  
Or Discharge?

# Mallory Line to New York

Connecting for all Eastern and New England points; offers you the most convenient and cheapest way back East.

**SAILING FROM GALVESTON 3 P. M. EVERY SATURDAY.**

Brownsville to New York first class	.....\$54.55
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## A Red Hot Stack of Wheats

Browned to perfection  
and fit for kings.

All kinds of short orders

## PIES

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The little place just to  
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AMUSEM THEATRE

Wanted: A Name

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To have your pictures  
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We supply the quickest  
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## GOOD WORK

At Reasonable Prices

## E. E. SCOGGINS

Mission, Texas.  
Next door to Mission  
Times

# News From Our Division Units

### 1ST BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS.

The Committee on Rumors has been discharged with thanks, especially for its excellent work last week. Sergts. Childs and Best did well, and deserve the highest commendation for the excellent brand of "inside" information with which they have fed us during our sojourn on the Border.

"NYA" reports that our old friend, "Static" was very busy last Thursday and Friday, much to the annoyance of Sergt. Droste and his assistants.

The "Winter-in-Texas" club, at their last regular meeting, decided to change the name of the club. Both members voted unanimously for "Christmas at Home" Club, hoping thereby to increase their membership. They also have an old tin stove for sale, which they will sell cheap to any irresponsible party.

We understand that last Friday was a busy day for a well known telegraph office in town.

Company A has decided to hold their annual Holiday Week dance at the old Armory in New York.

Captain Kennedy of the "Pill Department." Lieutenants Debaun and Ireland successfully occupied the seats closing the horseshoe ends, and between bites, operated the phonograph.

Captain Schenk's speech was short and to the point, for he remarked that a good dinner was not going to be spoiled by any bad speeches and sat down, and we fell to.

Due to the generosity of Mrs. W. F. Goodwin and the Veterans of Co. B, a splendid spread was set before us.

Mess Sergeant Griffin, with his capable staff of cooks, "Jake" Hoffman and Frietsche, together with his "K. P." Lovell, Petersen, Evans and Wyck-off, provided such a meal as we have many times dreamed about, but alas! in vain.

Just cast your eye over this menu:

- Olives
- Miscellaneous relish a la quartermaster
- Roast Texas Turkey, maitre d'Hoffman
- Dressing privilege especial Griffin
- Brooklyn Cranberry Sauce
- Baked Sweet Potatoes
- Peas a la Frietsche
- G. O. No. 7 Mince Pie
- Fruits
- Depot Unit Plum Pudding
- Coffee (concentrated issue.)
- Cigars aux Veterans

Try to imagine our feelings, when instead of the familiar "NO, no seconds, fourteen men out!" we were permitted to have seconds, even thirds and fourths, until we regretfully had to say "NO—it can't be done."

We topped off the meal with fine cigars and coffee. "Ye gods," it was real and not issue coffee.

We were posed for a group photograph after dinner and hope "Old Sol" was kind to the photographer, for we expect to treasure that picture in the years to come. The sense of satisfaction that stole over us as we sat back contentedly puffing away, is one that will not readily be forgotten by any of us.

We are many thousand miles away from our homes and our loved ones, and many times our hearts leaped the miles between, for to all Americans, this day of Thanksgiving is essentially the home festival of the year. It is the day on which we make every possible effort to be with our home folks. This day, however, we men on the Border under arms, and prepared to defend our country and our homes. If absent we must be, what better or more laudable mission could we have? But as we looked around at the men we have lived with these many months, we found we still have the spirit of Thanksgiving with us.

We are thankful for the comradeship of the fellows who were strangers to many of us when first we came down here, and whom our intimate camp life has revealed to be good men and true, as no other occasion possible could. We haven't fought any Mexicans and we are thankful for that, too, but we have fought the climate, the cactus and mesquite, the insects and the snakes,—yes, and we have bested them all. But we are proudest of our conquest of the enemy, we are especially organized to

combat, and that is distance, miles of telegraph and telephone wires radiating from the camp in all directions, and are continually humming under the burden of army messages and army business.

Far outside the camp limits, there are other wires to whose construction work is a story in itself,—wild rides in auto trucks, all night guards over them when hopelessly mired, miles from anywhere, connecting up the Border patrol outposts after dark, and amid the cactus and thorns, all this and much more will go to the telling of how the wires were strung along the Border, and of the wild and interesting country through which we worked.

We have all of us down here in "The Service," and that is both the keynote of our work as signal men—"Service."

The slogan of the great public corporations in our cities is "Service," and that means service for the public for twenty-four hours a day, and for every day of the year; such is the Signal Corps service of the army.

We are thankful for our work and for what we have been called to do.

We have grumbled and growled at times,—what true soldier does not? But we are thankful we have done our best to live up to the traditions of our branch of the service by endeavoring to render efficient service to "Uncle Sam."—A. G. K.

### 4TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Members not only of the 4th Ambulance Company, but of all the sanitary units in the Sixth Division will find the following letter from Philip O. Mills, now with the American Ambulance Corps in France, intensely interesting in view of the articles appearing from day to day in the press and magazines. Mr. Mills writes:

"Through various channels, the highly colored articles in magazines and newspapers about 'the brave American boys' at the front come floating into our corps stationed temporarily within sound and almost sight of the guns beyond the town of Verdun.

"They are our greatest amusement and relaxation. I do believe our American public loves to be bulldozed and stuffed. The half-baked war correspondents who write the rot about the ambulance drivers at the front have an imagination that is stupendous and awe-inspiring. They should head their articles

War as She Ain't.

"Stories of regiments returning from the trenches crowding around ambulances to thank them—are bull pure and simple. They are either too tired to do anything except keep walking or else are apt to sling the usual soldier jokes—same the world over.

"Any fellow who cannot distinguish the sound of one of his own guns going off from a shell coming is apt to spend a miserable life if he stays long in these parts.

Most wounded are too busy keeping their own nerve in both hands to bother about ballroom speeches. The first

wounded load I had any acquaintance with had one among them who spoke little English, and his first question was, when does the train leave for Paris?

"Rules of the road—there aren't any. Motors pass horse wagons because they are quicker. Camions pull out when they hear you, if they hear, and can pull out.

"One man has written: Ambulances come after troops, after ammunition and food wagons. Well, what is there left on the road after all these but ambulances? This road business is all a matter of expediency. If you can squeeze past a string of camions, you do, otherwise you fall in line and wait your chance.

"Because you see a star shell it doesn't mean you are within sight of the Besehe, and right behind the first line by a long shot, for you can see them twenty miles from behind the lines.

"Sentries asking for passwords on roads under fire is foolish—and you can go right up to any front line trench if you are big enough fool without worrying about any password. Everyone takes it for granted you wouldn't be around there unless you had to. One night I went way out toward Verdun toward the lines back through the town and half way to Bar-le-Dus and no one wanted to know anything.

"You can't make all life serious out here, and this 'driving by the stars with an iron grip on the steering wheel' may please some people, but I can't see why.

"I wish you could have seen our corps the other day indulging in an afternoon game of one-od cat when five German Taubes came sailing over. When they began dropping bombs everyone did a 220 in record style, and in all directions, and did not wait for 'Taubebomb' checks either. But even as they started to run the gang began to laugh, and it developed into a pursuit race in two minutes.

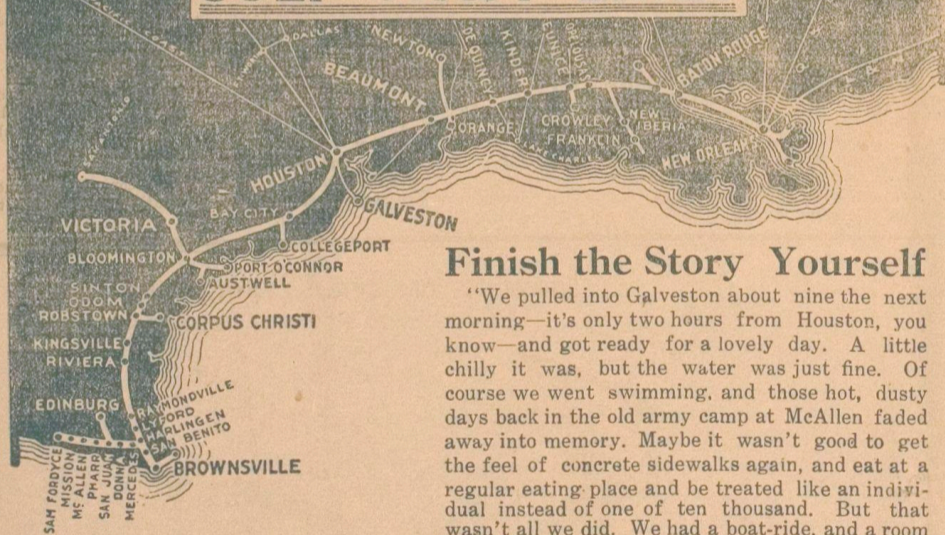
"Don't get the idea, though, that they come over every afternoon—they don't.

"Don't get the idea that the daring little ambulance driver lives in a constant atmosphere of shell strewn roads, dashing through fires of barrage, for he don't—thank heaven, I don't believe they ever put a barrage fire on a road an ambulance had to travel. They have put roads under heavy shelling for hours and days at periods, but no ambulance or anything else can go through a barrage—that's cold fact.

"At times the corps has been through periods of night and day work all night and day, but it hasn't lasted more than two or three weeks at a time—and the work has been dangerous to a degree. It has been a miracle that it has come through with no casualties, but mostly it goes on its way doing its daily task and making no fuss over it—but the French government and the army division to which it is attached are more than appreciat-

(Continued on Page 8.)

## GULF COAST LINES



### Finish the Story Yourself

"We pulled into Galveston about nine the next morning—it's only two hours from Houston, you know—and got ready for a lovely day. A little chilly it was, but the water was just fine. Of course we went swimming, and those hot, dusty days back in the old army camp at McAllen faded away into memory. Maybe it wasn't good to get the feel of concrete sidewalks again, and eat at a regular eating place and be treated like an individual instead of one of ten thousand. But that wasn't all we did. We had a boat-ride, and a room at the Galvez, and the next morning....."

But finish the story yourself, laddie! You can go to Galveston. You can swim and eat and have the good time that everyone has when they visit this wonderful Gulf city. On your way you pass through Houston.

## GULF COAST LINES

OIL-BURNING PASSENGER SERVICE—NO SMOKE

J. S. PYEATT, Pres and Gen. Mgr., Houston  
C. W. STRAIN, Gen. Passenger Agent Houston  
G. M. McCLOURE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Houston.



"THE NATION'S BEST"

# News From Our Division Units.

## 4TH AMBULANCE CO.

(Continued from Page 7.)

ive of everything it does, as the corps citations prove, and they have repeatedly expressed their confidence in it by putting it in every big attack for well over a year since the war was started—and it has 'made good.'

"They have asked for another section (i. e., thirty ambulances and sixty volunteers) under the American Red Cross—and to be commanded by our 'Chief' Richard Norton, and that is another proof that the Harjes section (going since the beginning of the war) and Norton's section the same have filled every requirement and proved that they could handle their jobs right.

"The work is interesting and has a good element of chance, but it is not filled with nights and days of daring deeds, but good solid, helpful effort where it does count.

And, of course, our close association with all the business of war has a never-ending thrill—for we are a little part of the big game."

The Fourth has annexed a new mascot. Sergeant Grover C. Johnson is the owner of a six-foot rattlesnake, which will be presented to the Syracuse City Zoo when the Fourth returns home. "Texas," the Fourth's burro, will find a permanent home at the company's armory. Acting Sergt. A. J. Farnett has added another accomplishment to his long list and is now the unit's official snake charmer. He won the title by default after playing with the reptile. The snake when disturbed keeps up a continuous rattle and may be used instead of a bugle to sound calls.

Private George Jones has returned from Brownsville and rejoined the unit. Sergeant, First Class, Bert Gifford, who was called to Syracuse by the serious illness and death of his father, has been granted a 30-day furlough extension.

Private first class, Richard Harrison of the 4th Ambulance Company has been called to Syracuse on furlough by the illness of his brother.

Private Charles G. Woodruff is temporarily serving as Quartermaster's clerk during his absence.

Lieut. R. H. Dunning and Privates F. L. Hale and Claude Bentley of the 4th Ambulance Co. have returned from a visit to Brownsville and vicinity.

Private Leroy Reese of the 4th Ambulance Company has transferred to the 2nd Ambulance Company of Rochester, his home city.

Privates I. B. Hale and William Plant of the 4th Ambulance Company spent the week end at Brownsville.

## FIELD BAKERY.

"The Field Bakery!" Why we never hear a thing about them. All we hear is what the Cavalry, the Infantry and the Artillery are doing and all about their hiking, and you hear them telling about the dust and rain, and how hot it is, but just stop and think of all the dust and heat the bakery boys must live in. Is not the dust of flour worse than the dust of the roads, and you can appreciate the heat from the ovens. Just suppose the boys in the Bakery forget to get up some morning, then maybe you wouldn't hear some holter from the rest of the Division for the staff of life. It would be up to them to eat hard tack. Look over the routine of the bakery, up at two in the morning and start mixing, then at five start to bake, working until four in the afternoon, nothing to do from four on except clean up and rest so they can be up bright and early the next day. They bake for the entire New York Division and some of the Regulars.

To date they have turned out five million pounds of bread. Captain Millard has charge of the work and seems to be the man of all work on the job. Georgie, the cook, who hails from the Bronx, has the rep. of making the best flap jacks in the camp and everyone in the little unit will hold up his case. Then there is Healy, the man who is always receiving the nice long

letters from New York. Anyway, the bakery is some place, and boast of the liveliest crowd here on the Border. Just because they work in the bakery, you wouldn't call them "Dough Boys," would you?

## CAMP Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Lew Dockstader himself would have been envious had he used his famous "property" aeroplane to fly down to McAllen on Dec. 6, and attend the minstrel performance staged by the 22nd Engineers and the 4th Field Hospital at Y. M. C. A. No. 3.

The stage was decorated in an effective manner, banks of palms being grouped about paintings of the official insignia of the two units, the eagle and the caduceus, while over all was draped in graceful folds a twenty-five foot Old Glory. The lower front of the stage was concealed beneath a mass of palms and bunting, and from the top and sides drooping palms completed the military and tropical setting.

Red and white costumes were used for the end men with blue and red for the men in the circle. The interloctor was in white flannels. The costumes were imported for the occasion.

The only comment necessary as to the rendition of the program is to state that when the curtain went up and the spot light was turned upon the stage, the audience broke into a riot of applause in the middle of the chorus of the first song. Generous applause was given throughout the performance, which was carried out in its entirety without a break.

The Minstrels were given for the entertainment of the officers of the above mentioned units and for the officers and men of the First Cavalry.

The officers rewarded the efforts of the men by filing entirely the section of seats reserved for them.

At the conclusion of the program a flash light of the performance was taken by Murff so that all who desire may have a souvenir of the occasion. The members of the cast were as follows:

End Men—J. B. Rall, Co. D, J. G. Maher, 4th Field; Jno Phillips, Co. D, W. E. Severe, 4th Field; E. Y. Eytel, Co. D; J. G. Lutz, 4th Field.

Interloctor, Sgt. E. J. Hynes, Co. D. Circle Men—V. Winkler, Co. D; Jas. Cuddihy, 4th Field; Harry Allen, Co. F; Geo. Katzman, Co. D; C. Millon, 4th Field; W. A. Strohmeyer, Co. F; R. O'Keefe, Co. E; F. Hawthorne, 4th Field; H. Rothing, Co. E.

Pianist—Lou Drummond, First Cavalry, M. G. Troop.

Others who assisted in the program were: E. L. Syringe, 22nd Engineers; Curtains; A. Shackels and R. J. Weiler, First Cavalry, electrical effects.

Secretary Maurice, under whose management the show was staged wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Wm. Halloran of Troop E, First Cavalry and Sgt. J. H. Kjelberg, Co. D, 22nd Engineers, for their valuable assistance in coaching the troupe.

An account of the evening would not be complete without mentioning the mentioning the faithful efforts of the men to practice during the rare intervals between their company duties. The success of the men was materially aided by the co-operation of Adjutant Captain Lane of the 22nd, whose encouragement was unstintingly given the men.

The men are to be congratulated upon their signal success and the evening thus spent will long be a pleasant memory for the audience of six hundred who witnessed the performance. It will also be a happy recollection for the participants, and when they shall have completed their "bit" on the Border they can recount to the fellows back home the story of the big minstrel show they staged down on the Rio Grande.

The question is, is army drill essential to the football stars? Off hand I should say, yes, that is, if he had signed those papers in Van Cortland Park.

## TWELFTH INFANTRY.

But—it's so old that one's ideas are all frozen. But this last issue must not be allowed to go to press without a line of 12th Infantry news. And as to news, why, there's little, as far as personals go. Of course, there's big news, but that is not within the province of this column, the limelight is really too intense.

One bit of news would be a corker, and around it could be written a lot about the cheering, the packing-up, the hurried purchasing of last mementoes, the frenzied work of company clerks and others concerned with paper work, and so on. But, alas, that bit of news has not "broken" yet, as they say on Park Row.

Park Row is misleading—we should have said Newspaper Row. But a certain street begins where Park Row ends—a certain famous street with which those blessed correspondents connect us now and then, to our amusement.

If these few lines are not satisfactory, Uncle Sam must be blamed, or his postal system to be specific. We had it all figured out to run in a fine account of the history of our regiment with special reference to the glorious meaning of the silver rings on the pike to which our colors are attached. 12th to get their orders, because we're entitled his letter a few days ago. But the booklet itself must be at the bottom of some sidetracked mail bag, for it has not yet reached us, and this is Tuesday night.

Be careful how you spend yesterday's pay, boys. It may have to last us until we entrain, and no one knows when that will be.

Goodbye. See you in New York. Any old time is good enough for the 12th to get their orders, because we're here for SERVICE; and no matter what happens, the 12th is the 12th Infantry.—M. F. B.

## A TRIP INTO MEXICO.

Mrs. James C. Lester, wife of General Lester, Mrs. George F. Chandler, wife of Major Chandler, of General Lester's staff and Mrs. Edward Olmsted, wife of Major Olmsted, Assistant Chief of Staff, escorted by Mr. C. W. Beeson of the U. S. Immigration Service and Dr. Ramirez of Hidalgo, visited Reynosa yesterday afternoon. They were received by Major Julian Saenz Flores, commander of the garrison, the president and a number of ladies, among them Senora Flores and Senorita Rodriguez and Garza and were served with a collation at the municipal building. They were driven about the city and were shown the Cathedral, the Plaza and other points of interest. The ladies were enthusiastic over the courtesy and cordiality shown them while in Mexico. A concert was given in honor of the visit of the Americans.

We read about the Magic Valley being the richest on earth on account of its crops, which reminds us of the remark of a leading ranch owner the day when he referred to the big crops harvested in the Valley, and in closing, said, "Yes, we've had some big crops, but no such crops as the New York boys!"

Notice advertisement in another column about back numbers of The Rattler. If you want any, speak quick. None for sale after leaving Border.

Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz, our very efficient and genial Chief of Staff who has been steering the 6th Division craft through its Border experience has gone to San Antonio to report to Southern Department Headquarters where he will accept a detail as Officer in Charge of Reserve Organizations and Citizens' Training Camps in the Southern Department. The best wishes of Gen. O'Ryan and his entire Division go with him. The officers of the Division Staff feel it has been an honor to serve with such an efficient officer.

## LIGHT VOTE CAST ON BORDER

But Sixty per cent of the New York Militia Used the War Ballots.

## COUNTIES AFFECTED BY SOLDIER VOTES

Only sixty per cent of the New York National Guardsmen who were in the Federal service on Election day voted under the terms of the sections of the election law relating to the voting of troops in "time of war." This was learned when the election bureau of the office of Secretary of State, Francis M. Hugo completed the work of comparing the soldier ballots voted at the Mexican Border and in the home stations of men still under federal officers, with the poll books.

A final tally of votes cast showed 5,992 ballots which are being sent to the various county officials throughout the state. This is about 60 per cent of the soldiers in service at the time the ballots were cast it was stated by Henry G. Adams, chief of the election bureau. Of the soldiers in Federal service, about 15 per cent, were not of legal voting age, it was found, and about 25 per cent, who could have voted did not avail themselves of the privilege.

Six ballots are being held by Mr. Hugo because of the statement as to residence. In one case the voter gave his residence as Colorado, one from Ohio, two from Connecticut and two from Pennsylvania.

The number of soldier ballots cast by each county follows:

- Albany, 162; Alleghany, 1; Bronx, 469; Broome, 81; Cattaraugus, 10; Chautauqua, 73; Chemung, 4; Chenango, 5; Clinton, 1; Columbia, 2; Cortland, 1; Delaware, 11; Dutchess, 14; Erie, 697; Essex, 1; Fulton, 3; Genesee, 6; Greene, 1; Herkimer, 7; Jefferson, 1; Kings, 1,285; Livingston, 47; Madison, 3; Monroe, 152; Montgomery, 1; Nassau, 58; New York, 1,975; Niagara, 39; Oneida, 92; Onondaga, 177; Ontario, 4; Orange, 19; Orleans, 2; Oswego, 3; Otsego, 1; Putnam, 4; Queens, 211; Rensselaer, 13; Richmond, 74; Rockland, 11; St. Lawrence, 1; Saratoga, 4; Schenectady, 2; Schoharie, 1; Schuyler, 2; Seneca, 2; Steuben, 7; Suffolk, 30; Sullivan, 2; Tompkins, 2; Ulster, 6; Warren, 1; Wayne, 3; Westchester, 207; Wyoming, 1.

## COLONEL BANDHOLTZ ACCEPTS SPECIAL DETAIL

Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz, our very efficient and genial Chief of Staff who has been steering the 6th Division craft through its Border experience has gone to San Antonio to report to Southern Department Headquarters where he will accept a detail as Officer in Charge of Reserve Organizations and Citizens' Training Camps in the Southern Department. The best wishes of Gen. O'Ryan and his entire Division go with him. The officers of the Division Staff feel it has been an honor to serve with such an efficient officer.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We want to take this opportunity to thank the management of the Mission Times for their co-operation in making The Rio Grande Rattler a success, typographically speaking. Every facility of the office has been ours and it's a "print shop" full of up-to-date type and machinery with expert workmen in command.

## Our Honor Roll

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

- Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
- Maj. S. F. Corbett, 2nd Field Artillery.
- Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
- Capt. Edward P. Dillon, 69th Inf.
- Colonel George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
- Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
- Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.
- Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
- Major Scott Butten, 2nd Infantry.
- Lieut. Col. Henry S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.
- Capt. Guy Bates, Engineers.
- Horatio J. Brewer, Spokane, Wash.
- Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Newport, R. I.
- Lieut. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Insp. Gen. Dept. N. Y.
- Capt. Prentice Strong, N. Y. City.
- W. J. Comstock, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Lieut. Joseph A. Pitts, 2nd Infantry.
- Sergt. Herbert T. Slingo, Co. E, 7th.
- Lieut. W. B. Lester, M. G. Troop, 1st Cavalry.
- Homer G. Bell, Motor Truck Co. 35.
- John G. Jansen, 1988 Broadway, New York.
- Lieut. S. A. Stover, Troop L, 1st Cav.
- Lieut. Col. Edward V. Howard, Asst. Adj. Gen., Albany, N. Y.
- Commodore R. P. Forshaw, 2 Rector Street, New York.
- James M. Heatherton, 700 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Major Charles Elliot Warren, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Daniel Appleton, N. G., N. Y.
- Lieut. Col. R. L. Foster, 12th New York Infantry.
- Capt. D. M. Hooks, Binghamton, New York.
- W. F. Hutchinson, 120 Broadway, N. Y. City.
- Col. Wm. G. Haan, C. A. C., U. S. A.
- Col. Chauncey P. Williams, Div. Staff.
- Capt. Charles Currie, 1st Cavalry.
- 1st Lt. Chandler Smith, Paymaster, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York.
- 1st Lt. and Ordnance Officer, Paul G. Thebaud, Veteran Corps Artillery, New York.
- Mrs. Frederick E. Humphreys, 41 Riverside Drive, New York City.
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- Sergt. J. H. Clark, Co. B, 7th Inf.
- Corp. Harvey K. Lines, Co. F, 7th Inf.
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- Co. M., 1st Infantry, Mohawk, N. Y.
- Major Edwin W. Dayton, 1st Brigade, N. Y. C.
- Army and Navy Club, N. Y. C.
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- James C. Nolan, Albany, N. Y.
- Lt. Col. Lorillard, Spencer, Military Secy., to Gov. Whitman.
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