

THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

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August 23, 1916.

AN APPRECIATION.

On behalf of the officers and enlisted men of the New York Division we desire publicly to indicate our deep and lasting gratitude to the ladies of the Active Service Auxiliary of the State of New York, for the cheerful, honest and patriotic services which have been rendered by them in assisting the families of soldiers requiring aid.

Perhaps there are societies which have rendered as good a service as this, but certainly there are no societies which have rendered a better service than this.

Acknowledgement is also made of our obligations to those whose generous contributions have made this work possible.

To you and each of you we send the expression of our profoundest thanks.

Never at any time nor under any circumstances has the axiom "they also serve who only stand and wait" been more fitting or more appropriate.

ELIMINATE THE WEAKLINGS!

General Funston says he is going to get rid of the "pests" who send out false reports of conditions in camps along the border. More power to you, General!

Every responsible newspaper man endorses your attitude.

There is another type of pest that should be located and drummed out of camp, that is the spineless gundrops who write home to credulous families, tales of imaginary privations and hardships.

The soldiers of the New York Division repudiate them.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COUNTRY.

Seven years ago the Town of McAllen looked like a company street in a typical "valley" rainstorm.

There was one restaurant—one store—one road, and just about one family of citizens.

Look at McAllen now. Look at Mission—at its new electric light plant, its filtered water. Look at Pharr, rebuilding its stores from the ruins.

It's a live country boys! And nothing shows this better than the advertising of local merchants carried here in our columns.

These advertisers flocked to get into The Rio Grande Rattler, and patronize our industry in the same generous way we have been patronizing theirs.

Read their offerings in our columns and continue to patronize these "home" towns.

It's the spirit of the country!

IN FAIRNESS TO THE PLATTSBURGERS.

It is one of the policies of the Rattler to present all sides of matters under discussion. We are filled with concern, not to say patriotic alarm at the spirit of levity which prevails in another part of this paper wherein the much discussed Plattsburgh Camper is held up to ridicule in the excellent cartoons of Lieutenant Dreher.

Amid the chuckles of the soldiers, the amused brayings of the pack train animals, and the convulsed neighing of the horses over these cartoons, it is feared that the sober minded men of the Division may be led to sentiments of unappreciation of the value to the nation of the work and training of the Plattsburgh Campers. Unless checked, such sentiments might gain headway and even sweep the country—and the Campers as well. It is, therefore, believed to be proper to set forth some of the facts upon which the Plattsburgh Campers might claim the gratitude of the nation.

In the first place it should be known that the ranks of the Plattsburgh Campers include thousands of very prominent persons, statesmen, writers and advertisers. How many men of the New York Division, at their several posts along the Rio Grande, are familiar with the hardships and the grueling course of training undergone by the Plattsburgh Campers for thirty days on the border—of Lake Champlain.

On several occasions the dance music at the Bluff Point Hotel was known to be below par. A number of wives of the Plattsburgh Campers are known to have complained of the crowded condition of the ball room when the course of training was in full swing. The regular soldiers who prepared the meals and performed the police are said to have been rude on a number of occasions, and we all know the effect of mental disturbances on physical fitness.

Why not be fair and give credit where credit is due? Does any man of the Division know any other University, Military Academy, War College or Service School, that produces trained officers in thirty days? Think of the work, therefore, being performed by the Plattsburgh Campers in furnishing trained officers in our large cities—men awaiting the call to command.

Here in Texas we are all familiar with the test made by one of our officers, who advertised in the New York newspapers for one hundred Plattsburgh Campers for service on the Border under exceptionally advantageous conditions. It is true that twenty-five answers were received and that none of these joined when it was learned that actual enlistment was involved. It is also true that in contrast to this there are graduates of West Point serving in the ranks of the New York Division. Nevertheless these circumstances are all explainable—by the Plattsburgh Campers. But it must not be supposed that some of the Plattsburgh Campers have not flocked to the Border for actual service in the units of the Division. The cartoons which are the subject of this criticism might give the impression that the mighty army of Plattsburgh Campers is represented in the New York Division by one of its graduates. Let the truth be known, all three are here and in the course of time will be graduated from the recruit class and turned over to their companies.

Viva Los Plattsburgh Campers!

THE COLONELS

We expect to say something about the efficiency of the Famous 69th Infantry as soon as Col. William N. Haskell becomes acclimated.

It is as easy to think of the 2nd Field Artillery without Col. George Albert Wingate, as to picture the 1st Cavalry without Col. Charles I. De Bevoise.

Or Division Headquarters without Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz.

Some one has called Col. Edgar S. Jennings the "easy boss." The person who did so, however, never served in the 3rd Infantry.

Probably no officer in the service pays more attention to the personal comfort of his men than Col. Gordon Johnston of the 12th Infantry.

If you have any doubt as to who commands the 14th Infantry—start something with Col. John R. Foote.

Where on earth, outside of the New York Division can you find the spirit shown by Col. Henry H. Rogers, of the 1st Field Artillery, in traveling from China to join his command.

"Efficiency," so often heard of in military circles, is the motto of Col. James M. Andrews, of the "Peerless" 2nd Infantry, who is willing to match his enlisted band with that of any organization in the Division.

Col. Wm. G. Bates represents all those high standards of military spirit for which the 71st Infantry is famous.

The 23rd Inf. may lose Col. Frank H. Norton some of these days, but when they do, a Brigadier's equipment would be a very good gift.

Napoleon is credited with saying, "There are some poor Colonels; there are no poor regiments." Too bad he couldn't have procured men like Col. Willard C. Fiske of the 7th Inf. for all his commands.

And last, but not least, Col. N. B. Thurston of New York City and Buffalo, is bringing the 74th Infantry to the same point of excellence he has accomplished in other organizations of the Engineers, Infantry, Field and Coast Artillery. We are all with you, Peg!

INES FROM THE

DOUGH BOY'S BIBLE

Success in battle is the ultimate object of all military training; success may be looked for only when the training is intelligent and thorough.

The excellence of an organization is judged by field efficiency. The field efficiency of an organization depends principally upon its effectiveness as a whole. Thoroughness and uniformity in the training of the units of an organization are indispensable to the efficiency of the whole; it is by such means alone that requisite team work is developed.

Modern combat demands the highest order of training, leadership, and morals.

The duties of infantry are many and difficult. All infantry must be fit to cope with all conditions that may arise. Modern war requires but one kind of infantry—good infantry.

OFFICIAL CAMP PHOTOGRAPHERS

At the request of Division Headquarters, all officers are notified that Messrs Crawford and Rudolph have been designated as official camp photographers for the Division. They are making the photographs of all commissioned officers as required for filing with the individual Efficiency Record.

These official photographers are taken full face, with olive drab shirt and side arms.

Crawford and Rudolph are also taking panoramic pictures of every company and regiment in McAllen, Mission and Pharr. These photographs are similar to ones which these photographers have previously made for military schools and detachments throughout the country and are posed in such a way to bring every man's features clearly in focus.

Punctures



This newspaper proposes to publish all the facts connected with items appearing in newspapers over which there is any question.

INCREASING RATE OF ILLNESS?

In a recent number two of our distinguished contemporaries published the following "news" items.

"McAllen, Texas, Aug. 1.—Fifth of men in 12th now on sick list. Nearly twenty per cent of the men of the 12th were reported slightly ill today. The responsibility for this increasing rate of illness can be attributed partly to forty-eight hours of driving rain."

"As a result of the dampness it was said today that about 20 per cent of the total force of the 12th infantry was temporarily disabled with colds."

The official records of the 12th Infantry show that on July 31st, there were 28 cases of temporary illness, out of a total strength of 1146 officers and men, or 2.410ths per cent; while on the following day, August 1—the date the articles were published—there were but

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

If cactus has been cultivated in "the valley?"

If all the canal ditches were dug for irrigation purposes or to carry off the water furnished from above?

Where the stone quarries are located in Hidalgo county?

The name of the Commissioner of Highways who build the roads?

Whether the grapefruit in McAllen, when it becomes ripened, will cost more than it does in New York?

COLLEGE MEN BANQUET

Just as if there weren't any horrid war and greasy mess-kits to prevent their having a banquet whenever they chose, forty odd alumni of Amherst and Williams got together at the East Side Hotel, McAllen on Saturday night to sing "Lord Jeffrey Amherst" and the other songs of college days.

By universal request, all stein songs were omitted from the program, The Amherst men, who acted as hosts, were as follows: Bryan, Cornell, Drewsen, Welles, Treadwell, Tucker, Warner and Hofer, 7th Inf.; Pratt and McVaugh, Squadron "A"; and Stubbs, Hubner, Fuller, Boucher, Wadhams, Goodnow, Bacon, Morse, Bastine, Loomis, Proctor and Barton, 1st Cavalry.

HURRICANE HIKING

When the tropical hurricane that swept through this region last Friday was at the height of its fury the Third Infantry arrived at Mission, on the second day of its hike from Pharr. Every man was drenched to the skin and almost ready to drop from fatigue for every step on the road had to be made in the teeth of the driving wind. Before them they had the gloomy prospect of pitching shelter tents in several inches of mud. But the loyal town of Mission had different plans. The citizens turned out en masse to welcome the visiting regiment and every door in the town was thrown wide open for the accommodation of officers and men. Over half the regiment slept under roofs. School houses, churches, stores and even private dwellings were placed at their disposal, while the overflow were quartered for the night with the Fourteenth Infantry whose camp is located just outside of Mission. The ladies of the town generously prepared hundreds of sandwiches and many pails of steaming hot coffee for the visitors.

To the credit of the Third let it be said that not a single man, billeted in the town, took advantage of the hospitality of the store-keepers who had opened their shops to them for the night. Fifty men slept in the candy store and not one piece of confection was taken from the cases. The men of the Third have voted Mission "the best yet" and will long have cause to remember the thoughtfulness and generosity of its citizens.

NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE

Don't worry if it rains a little and the road to Mission disappears in a sea of mud. The Gulf Coast Lines, our only railroad, has added a motor car train in each direction from McAllen, effective immediately. You can catch a train for anywhere now, morning noon or night.

Leaving Pharr, westbound, trains for McAllen and Mission depart at 10:35 a. m., 12:35 noon, and 6:49 p. m. The running time to McAllen averages 15 minutes.

From McAllen to Mission, these trains leave at 10:50 a. m., 1:00 p. m. and 6:57 p. m. Running time averages 15 minutes.

Trains leave Mission for Brownsville and points east at 8:05 a. m., 1:25 p. m. and 4:55 p. m. Leave McAllen for Brownsville at 8:16 a. m., 1:45 p. m. and 5:10 p. m. Leave Pharr for Brownsville at 8:23 a. m., 2:03 p. m. and 5:20 p. m.

On account of the change in the railroad schedule, eastbound mails close at 1:00 P. M. or sooner, instead of 3:00 o'clock as formerly.

Motto for the Border entitled "Don't Worry"—If it's a little trouble light up yo' pipe an' forget it. If it's a big trouble, face it squarely—light up yo' pipe an' forget it!

"Tin"

By Lieut. Frederick T. Cardozo (International News Service Albany Correspondent)

"Tin" that's what they called them, The men that serve in the Guard. Who dance, play golf and dine at clubs And never have anything hard, Bending over counters and desks Has made them stoop-shouldered and thin And not as a Regular's painted to look; That's why they called them "tin."

But stooping shoulders straightened, The dancing lost its charms And golf and clubs were waved aside At the clarion call to arms! And not a mother's son of them Tarried to argue or lag; They put on their army suits of drab Saluted and followed the flag!

Most of them paled at the order To shoulder the gun and the pack— They knew that though the ranks were full That all of them wouldn't come back— Yet out they filed with stiffened jaws, And, though drawing soldier pay, Some called them "tin" beneath their breath As they watched them march away.

There'll be thirst and heat and snipers And rain and hurricane blows, But they'll eat the grub of the Regulars And go where the Regulars go; They'll dig their trenches just as deep And they'll ride and march as hard As Regulars ride and Regulars march, The men that serve in the Guard,

Though they watch the distant Border, Each company acting as one, Till their hearts and eyes grow weary Of cactus, sand and the sun, No one will wonder or question How long they will have to stay; Because they are soldiers, christened "tin" By some—when they marched away.

The Incinerator

HIS DIARY

"The Incinerator," our new column was facetiously christened by a casual visitor to the editorial tent, just while we were racking our brains to discover some euphonious and snappy title for this "column of squibs." Our effervescent friend had offered his services to sort out the wheat from the chaffing contributions and as he playfully scattered the mess over our ears he chortled: "Put these in the Incinerator." So the "Incinerator" it shall be, although we still hold our own belief that "A Garland of Roses" would have been a much more refined title. On with the drill!

Contributing to a column is something like going up in an aeroplane—you never can tell how you're going to land.

The history of contributing goes back many, many years. In 1492 it is recorded Christopher Columbus started the sphere a-rolling by casually remarking, "I have landed" of which the Spanish is "Land-Lo!" Whereupon Queen Isabella lost her pawn tickets in the excitement.

No contributor barred because of "rank."

The fire is built and "The Incinerator" is ready for business. Remember the Incinerator Man can't supply all the fuel.

A waggish rookie from Squadron A upon spying a bevy of McAllen beauties pipes up "Column of Squabs." "I see they're using kissless powder in McAllen," replies his companion. Oh the drollery of those boys from the Squadron!

ANOTHER RUMOR?

"January & Storms" sell goloshes in McAllen, which may or may not be significant. "The Conning Towel" please copy.

If This Be Rumor, Make the Most of It. The other day we chanced to overhear (eavesdrop is the word) a conversation between our editing major and business-like manager. "Oh yes," speaks up the major, "Our circulation should reach the 25,000 mark by the middle of November." We regained consciousness a few hours later only to see Major Vanderbilt paying for a year's subscription to "The Rattler."

THOSE FRIVOLOUS TEXANS

Doughboy: "Have you lived in Mission all your life?" Native: "Not yet, sonny."

There ought to be a wheeze in Henry Ford selling autos to the army but we can't think of one just now. Peace, brother!

But the only things that seem to survive this climate are Fleas and Foris.

They told us this was going to be a "punitive expedition" but for the life of us we can't think what we are being punished for. However that's neither here nor there, as General Pershing remarked when asked concerning Mr. Villa's whereabouts. Which reminds us that back home, out Westchester way there is a sign stating: "Villa Plots on the Water." If we were waggishly inclined we'd refer that to the Naval Board of Strategy.

During the past damp days several sentries down at the 71st swore they sighted Mexican submarines cruising down the Hidalgo Road.

Many of the autos and auto trucks brought to Texas by the New York Division are laid up in camp suffering from "gumitusus."

Monday:—Arose early as usual and caught a tarantula for my pains. Missed my morning tub—the coffee reminded me of it. Laughed when the top sergeant slipped in a puddle. Dug ditches all day. Wont laugh next time. Mess as usual—think the name was well chosen. Got some fudge from Millie and gave it to a Mexican. Didn't know he was friendly. Hope his relatives don't find me out. They say we'll go home next week. Hope my mustache grows by then.

Tuesday:—Got up same time as yesterday. Never thought I could do it. Lieutenant fell over a tree-stump. I didn't even smile. Company went on a short hike this morning. Short hikes are like Texan short orders—it takes three hours to get them over with. Saw rattlesnake and jumped in some cactus to get out of his way. Next time I'll jump on the snake. Jim sent me a post card "Bathers at Long Beach." Never did like Jim. Nellie wrote me she caught cold on the Astor roof—it was so chilly. Oh, death, where is thy sting! Ate supper, standing up. Why is cactus? Went to the movies where they showed scenes on Broadway. They say we'll go home next month. I think I'll grow a beard.

Wednesday:—The man who writes "Comments of a First Nighter" in one of the New York papers, could learn a whole lot by lending an attentive ear at any of the movie shows patronized by the boys in McAllen. I can imagine the National Board of Censorship passing the show—very hurriedly. You know what you've often wanted to shout when the villain comes soft-shoed up in back of the handsome hero—and didn't dare because the usher had his eye on you? Jimmy J.

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