THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

Published Weekly at Odd Places in Texas.
By the
New York Division, United States Army
with the authority of
Major General John F. O'Ryan
Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz
Chief of Staff

Letters and news items from the camps along the Border are solicited.

Advertising Rates
Furnished on request.

Subscription Rates

One year $2.00
Single Copy ..... .05

Post Office Address, McAllen, Texas.

Managing Editor
Major Franklin W. Ward, Asst. Chief of Staff

Major Fred M. Waterbury, Div. Ord Officer	Editor
Lieut. Samuel J, Fisher, 12th Infantry	Asst. Editor
Private Howard Irving Young, 7th Infantry	Asst. Editor
First Lieutenant. Clarence B. Martin, 3rd Infantry	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Percy E. Barbour, Corps of Engineers	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Wheeler C. Case, Aid, 3rd Brigade	Associate Editor
Corpl. Conrad Crawford, 7th Infantry	Associate Editor
Private Ralph W. Fredsall, 2nd Field Artillery	Associate Editor
Lieut. C. R. Baines, 12th Infantry	News Editor
Private Stuart F. Sacks, 1st Cavalry	Sporting Editor
Private Donald Emory, 3rd Ambulance Co.	Art Editor
1st. Lieut. Ernest C. Dreher, 71st Infantry	Cartoonist
Corpl. Fred B. Barton, 1st Calvary	Business Manager
Lt. Col. Henry E. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.	Circulation Manager
Corpl. George B. Barnhill, 1st Calvary	Asst. Circulation Manager

September 6, 1916.

SENATOR LEE OF MARYLAND AND THE N. G., U. S.

One of the strongest champions of the National Guard in the Senate of the United States is the Hon. Blair Lee of Maryland. From the commencement of the movement for the so-called Federalization of the Guard, Senator Lee has been a leader of those who have believed in adequate Federal control and in the dependability and efficiency of the National Guard as a Federal Force.

The record of the N. G. U. S. on the border has fully justified the faith of its friends and it must be remembered this record was based upon the old law and the old conditions with their many handicaps, for the new law did not become effective until after the President's Call.

Senator Lee in a recent debate in the Senate said:

It is a constitutional question, in the main, of the greatest importance. Here we have a group of men who have gone out from their homes and are now, more than 100,000 of them, receiving instruction that the militia of Switzerland get in their first military experience. The militia of Switzerland are given sixty-five days, every one of them, as a preliminary military experience, *and after that they are given as an annual and complete moblization* ten or fifteen days in camp every summer. Now, our National Guard has been called by the president, and they are getting a military experience that this committee was never willing to give them before. It has come about as a kind of accident, and I may say it has come about in spite of the military policies of the com*mittee, for the committee has never been willing* to develop the National Guard of this country as the national militia of Switzerland has been developed. When we are doing this kind of work and starting out on a new kind of military policy I think it is the duty of the senate to follow the precedents of a Republican form of government. I think it is the duty of the senate to respect the historical experience and constitutional tendencies of this *country, and when* we are to adopt any form of military development of a republic like Switzerland, rather than to adopt the concentrated military powers of the more imperialistic forms of government. That is why I am so strongly for the development of the citizen soldiery or the United States on the National Guard basis. It is a great constitutional crisis in this country, and I believe that the enemies of the National Guard and the friends of centralized military power—for they are the same group—have received a blow that they never expected to receive, and will be a long time in recovering from, in this mobilization and patriotic action of the National Guard of the United States. It has been a great epoch in our history, and it has an infinitely more significant meaning than most people understand. The characteristics of a free people that maintain their liberties are in the hearts and nature of those people. The young men of this country answered the call of the president, jumped clear over all the obstacles the new law put in their way—because the new law put more obstacles in their way than it helped their action—took this new oath without hesitation, doubling the years of service they were liable to render their states and their country, and went down to the frontier, leaving their homes and their business without a question to answer to their country's call. Far from being reflected on by the intimation of the senator from Colorado (Senator Thomas) that they will not go over the river unless their pay is guaranteed in advance, they should receive his congratulation, admiration and applause.

WORK!

We feel it essential to emphasize at this time the activities of the N. Y. Division since its arrival on the Border. The expression "waiting in a semi-permanent camp," might indicate to the civilian at sitting about of officers and men, with little to do but speculate on the probable outcome of the Mexican imbroglio. That such has not been the case is a fact well known to every officer and man of the Division. The troops of all branches have been trained and hardened along practical lines. Recently they have undergone the test of endurance developed by long marches. They have had small arms practice, limited 'tis true, but sufficient to teach recruits the method of loading and aiming; of fire discipline and fire control, essential in the training of soldiers.

The staff departments have been thoroughly exercised in the practical work of administration incidental to a division in the field.

The cavalry has been carefully trained in all the tricks of the trade of modern cavalry and could be depended upon for any of the numerous duties required by that branch during active campaigning. This is also true of the engineers whose activities have extended from road building to ponton bridge construction.

The field artillery has been worked over all the territory adjacent to the front covered by the Division. Up to this time they have not had opportunity for any extended field firing.

These activities coupled with the manual labor required in the establishing of the camps, and the regular routine duties of guard, police and sanitation, have kept both officers and men busy from daylight until dark.

Certainly the expression "soldiering," as applied to a person who makes a pretense of working is a misnomer so far as the personnel of this division is concerned.

Now that the arguments of the National Guard's carping critics have been knocked into a cocked hat the effective mobilization and the proven ability of the militia in the field there is nothing for them to pick on—except of course that the Guard would have been completely demoralized and demolished had it been sent across the line into Mexico.

The Rattler has pleasure in publishing its acknowledgments to Alfred Laurens Brennan, Esq., the distinguished New York artist, for his donation, of the "heading," now used by this newspaper. The generosity of Mr. Brennan is equalled only by the artistic excellence of his work.

"We're in the army now" but at least we still have with us some of the discomforts of home—taxi rates to and from camp and restaurant prices.

An ounce of experience is worth a ton of literature.

PERSONALS

There are some things in Col. Bates' interview, appearing in another column that every officer should cut out, and paste in his hat.

The new camp hospital, which has been constructed at McAllen, under the personal supervision of Lt. Col. William S. Terriberry, Division Surgeon, will be opened as soon as the twelve Red Cross nurses arrive from Washington. This will make it unnecessary for the forwarding of so many patients to the *base hospital* at San Antonio.

The citizens of Pharr are becoming alive to the advantages of advertising in our columns. Well, its better late than never.

Our fellow townsman, Capt. James T. Lorer, Q M Corps, is handling the Quartermaster problem at the field supply station, Monte Christo, in a manner that calls for congratulation by the entire Capitol district.

We have received the following from our old *friend, Martin Green*, of the New York Evening World: "During my recent pleasant sojourn with the soldier boys on the border, I noted in McAllen, Mission, Pharr and other towns a *scarcity of soup. The* restaurant menus were completely lacking in the matter of soup. The natives appeared to entertain what amounted, al*most to an* aversion to soup. The territory along the Rio Grande, as I *observed* it, was practically soupless. Since my return to New York, I have given this condition considerable thought. Often I have asked myself why the natives of the Texas border are never surrounding, as it were, a savory plate of soup. Not until today did the answer occur to me. And now I know the reason. It is practically impossible to convey soup to the face with a knife." We are always delighted to get letters from old friends, particularly when they contain plenty of news from home.—F. W. W.

Lt. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Inspector-General's Department, N. Y., who has been representing Governor Whitman with the New York *troops* on the border, has returned to camp, after spending eighteen days "on hike" with the various infantry regiments. He brought back a lot of tan and a good appetite and reports that it was fine soldier experience, and he enjoyed every minute of it.

One of *the busiest officers* in camp is Lieut "Mike" Kerwin of the "Peerless Pay Fleet" of Albany.

Speaking of "Peerless," Colonel Andrews lead the "Peerless Second" by Division Headquarters Friday morning in close order with martial music at 6:30 a. m., finishing his hike in good condition.

Captain H. F. Jaeckel of the Q. M. Corps has received a leave of absence to attend to important business matters at home. His genial presence and snappy repartee will be missed around Division Headquarters. The "Moon Club" will lose an enthusiastic early in the evening member, but the Owl *Committee* will have one less kick shouted at *them from his cot* "across the way."

Captain "Noisy" Humphries, Gen. *O'Ryan's* popular aide will soon become a *Major of Engineers.*

The Rattler extends congratulations to Major "Bill" Donovan of the Cavalry.

Our amiable companions of the early days, Lieutenants Louis Montant and Warren Barbour, of General Dyer's *staff will* accompany their chief to the eastern front. *With them go our hopes* of "the big drive."

Even our old West Virginia "bunkie," I. V. McGlone, who was never known to read *any newspaper but* The Sun, asks to be placed on the subscription list. A check for $2, Mack, would make the request more interest*ing.*

We note with deep regret the retirement of Major Albert E. Denison, 10th Infantry. Like his father, Major Denison, *served* many years in the Albany Battalion. His retirement is a distinct loss to the service. It is lamentable that one Albany newspaper should have made his retirement an excuse for political mud slinging. On June 19, 1916, the National Guard of New York passed into the Federal service, becoming the National Guard of the United States.

This newspaper is an example of what may be done without the aid of any beverage except WATER. We hope this meets the eyes of the Hon. Lewis F. Pilcher, of New York.

REAL NEWSPAPER MAKING

Many of our professional newspaper friends, while wishing us all good fortune, seemed to think that the now famous Rio Grande Rattler would sing its swan song in its first issue. We admit that at times the difficulties which have beset our staff were sufficient to have made us feel that the day our scheme was conceived was indeed one of great misfortune for us. Perhaps at some later time we may publish the "inside facts," and tell the true bold story of the difficulties of publishing a newspaper in the desert. Such trifles as that of learning that a dependable member of our editorial staff was in the guard-house, for being out "after taps," the blowing away of considerable of our manuscript during a recent windstorm, or the soaking of our editorial office during our absence, or the breaking down of the only press, worthy of the name in the "Magic Valley."

Other little details such as the ordering of practically our entire editorial and circulation departments into the desert on ten day "hikes," the howls of correspondents whose copy is cut or deleted, the insistence of our friends to become yearly subscribers, and several other trifling difficulties, would at least furnish amusement for *many of our professional brothers.*

However, we feel bigger and stronger than ever, and with this issue we send assurances to our readers that The Rio Grande Rattler will continue to rattle "till the last galoot's ashore."

OUR HONOR ROLL

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Calvery.
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
Maj. Scott Button, 2nd Infantry.

BUT HOW ABOUT THE ARTILLERY

Who rises in the night and ere he feeds
Must manicure a dozen muddy steeds,
Who grooms and drills and grooms and grooms and drills,
And is treated for a saddle sore with regimental pills.
The Cavalry.

Who is it who each day with oily rags
Must polish guns and boots, and saddle bags;
Also sabers, saddles, spurs and cantle rings,
And hoop and slickers, and ponches and brushes and tails and manes and shelter halves and bed sacks and seventy dozen other things—
The Cavalry.

Who rises in the night and promptly feeds,
And through the day cares only for his needs?
Who lies for hours beneath the canteens sylvan shade,
Ragaling innards with cold cones and lemonade?
The *Infantry.*

Who it it who each day has naught to do
But shine the rifle and grease the army shoe?
Who rises early for the short parade
Or wanders on the roads 'neath cooling shade?
The *Infantry.*

Who is it who gets up at noon,
Then is begged not to get up too soon
Has his meals brought to him at the table,
And only works when he feels able?
Nobody.

Uncle Mort's Observations

I delight in telling what I think—I shall go on just as *before, seeing* whatever I can, and telling what I see. —Emerson.

New *York* has a habit of reaching out after big *men. It has just secured* one of the brightest and brainiest military men of the Regular Army, to be chief of staff of the New York Division on the Mexican border, and I rejoice in it because the officer in question is an old friend of mine. I refer to Colonel Harry H. Bandholtz, *who hails* from Michigan. Colonel Baudholtz was graduated from West Point about twenty-six years ago and was assigned to the Sixth United States Infantry as a Second Lieuten*ant. He* was one of the keenest, cleanest young men that *ever came from* the historic military establishment on the Hudson. My acquaintance with him began on his graduation. It so *happened* that in military and social service we were thrown much *together* and we became firm friends. With all his military activities and social requirements, he never forgot God. He was *one of* the finest christian characters I ever knew, and I have always been proud that I numbered him among my friends.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he spoke with me regarding an appointment in the Volunteer Service, and through the influence of Representative Burrows, of Michigan, his native state, Lieutenant Bandholtz was appointed Major of a Volunteer Regiment. He served in the Santiago Campaign, and was sent to the Philippines, where he saw much hard ser*vice, becoming very popular* with the soldiers and natives alike. So strong a character was he that when the new government of the Islands was organized, he was elected Governor of one of the provinces. He had a most successful administration, and later assisted in the organization of the famous Philippine Constabulary, and was appointed chief of that important branch of the service, filling this trying position for several years with great distinction. He has now advanced to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Regular establishment and is looked upon as one of the ablest administrative officers in the Army. Major General John F. O'Ryan of the New York Division, knew of the sterling qualities of Colonel Bandholtz and made an urgent request to the War Department to have him assigned as chief of staff. He is now serving with the New York Troops, among which there are many men who knew him back in the days when he was helpful to the Guard as a Second Lieutenant.

Colonel Bandholtz has an interesting and devoted family, and if his life is spared, the country will yet hear more of this man. I wish that all the officers of the army were like him. He is of the stuff of which *great men* are made. In securing him for the responsible position which he has, New York has probably attached to its National Guard Division the very best *equipped man in the* army for the position.—Uncle Mortimer, in Sykeville (Md.) Herald.

The Desert Saint

Written especially for The Rattler by
FREDRIC T. CARDOZE, Author of "Tin."

Shy was Bijou Santochez,
The half-caste Spanish belle,
Shy her frequent blushes
And downcast eyes as well,
Her talk was low and tender,
In the midst of scenes of war
We'd strain our ears to listen
When she murmured, "si, Senor."

Ornaments that tinkled soft
Were strung about her throat,
Silver buttons dully shone
Upon her little coat;
And when we heard her Spanish songs
That echoed in the night,
They made us think of lovin'
More than Uncle Sam and fight.

Lace mantillas rested light
Upon her maiden braids,
She'd wear one every evening
When inspectin' our parades.
Her ways were cute and dainty,
But foreign-like and quaint;
Skirts were scarce and so she seemed
Just like a desert saint.

Not for privates in the ranks
Were her engaging smiles,
She wanted better quarry
As the victim of her wiles;
To Sergeant Mike Mahoney
All her burning glances went—
He supervised the fodder
In the commissary's tent.

Mike Mahoney had his points—
He used to bear the hod—
His face, the beauty experts said,
Was like the wrath of God.
Before he chose the soldier game
His history to sink,
He made his livin' posin'
As the only missing link.

Feed kept growing worse and worse
The boys were near a strike,
And things were breakin' roughly
For everyone but Mike;
He seemed to live in clover
And grew fatter every day
Besides a cornerin' the smiles
Of Bijou Santochez.

Phony rations got our goat,
For dainties never came
And we grew to hate Mahoney
Though we loved his Irish name.
We'd see him in the twilight
Seek the Senorita's house,
A sneakin' past the sentry
With a bulge beneath his blouse.

Corp'ral Rooney sez to me
One night when lights was out,
"Me block is *all but* bustin'
Yet I can't quite think it out;
I wonder phat the divil
Mike Mahoney has in mind,
He's actin' most peculiar
To the troopers of his kind."

An' so we sets a trap for him
One calm and moon-lit night;
A couple of us lays in wait,
Secure and out of sight,
Until we hears Mahoney's step
A crunchin' in the sand
When out we *jumps and collars* him
Just like a Villa band.

Mahoney looks us over keen
And calls us each by name;
But we ain't thinkin' much except
About the Spanish dame.
While one of us with pinted gun
Is watchin' him, alert,
The other with a itchin' hand
Is clawing 'neath his shirt.

And then we knowed the reason why
We had such common eats—
A livin' off of roughneck grub
Without a taste of sweets—
For like a human cannery
Mahoney's clothes assay;
Explainin' why he was that strong
With Bijou Santochez.

Out there where the cactus grows
Lives Gomez Gamitappa,
Lazy, long mustached and black,
Contented, rich and dapper,
The Greaser owner of a store
Where fine preserves is sold
To Gringo soldiers 'cross the ditch
For twice their weight in gold.

And Bijou Santochez sits by
The mistress of the shack—
For since Mahoney got the hook
She never wandered back—
A di'mond on her heathen paw,
That near puts out yur eyes,
She purchased with the profits
That was made from our supplies.

Her glance is bold and brazen,
Her talk is course and loud;
You wouldn't take a second look
If she was in a crowd.
And though the rookies think she is
I knows in fact she ain't,
Nor never will be, never was
No such a thing as saint.

The Incinerator

As we leap exultingly to press it seems that the Hegira has started at last—by the *numbers, so to speak* (3, 71,14.) Of couse there'll be a lot of puffing, chugging, squeaking and groaning before the army machine is cranked up, gassed up, lubricated and coddled, but before we know it the old thing will have worn all the red tape off the cylinders, and will be rolling lickety-split along the great highway to old Manhattan, the Bronx and Martini, and we aren't weeping much at the thought of leaving the Magic Valley forever. The only thing "Magic" about it as we can see is the way that five dollars grow where but one sprouted before. The Democratic administration has certainly brought prosperity—to Texas. But we are willing to wager six bits that the horn of plenty will soon be blowing "Taps" as far as the Cactus Cities are concerned.

It's a long cry from McAllen to Manhattan, but it won't compare to the lingering howl that will be *heard from* the rank and file if the 5:15 to Broadway is two months late.

Just when Mission had ordered a *great white way of its own. Well,* well, let's send them a postal of our own twinkling lights once in a while after we get back.

THE WARNING IS UNNECESSARY.

H. I. Y. Sir: Do you know that outside of Mission a sign says "City Limits, Go Slow."—J. B. G.

It *wouldn't have been so bad if it* had stopped with the employers sending down notices to the effect that salaries had been revoked, but when it comes to the point where every mail contains at least twenty-eight *engagement rings* —then its time to call "quits."

Rumor hath it that some of the boys are planning a big dinner to Irving *Berlin on their return to celebrate* the composing of his touching little ballad, "It's a Shame to Steal a Soldier's Girl When a Soldier Boy's Away." It's safer then than afterward.

ARTICLES OF WAR.

Shovels, picks, axes, mules, hammers and cigarette stubs, or such punishment as the court martial may prescribe.

MAD-WAGGERY ON THE BORDER.

H. I. Y. Sir: As we were digging the ditch and laying down the new 6-inch main, up speaks Albert and says, says he, "Aha, the piping times of peace."—Gussie.

MILITIA THOROUGHLY TRAINED BY BORDER SERVICE

—Headline.

At least we're trained to work for fifteen a month when we get back and find that fresh fellow who used to be out on the road has a 99-year lease on our old desk.

HIS DIARY.

Thursday: Lay late in my cot until the Sergt. pulled me out on the line by my feet. Sergeants are awfully rough. Was dreaming that the fellow next door was practising on his cornet, trying to play Reveille. Wonder who wakes the buglers up. Hope they over *sleep tomorrow. Somebody came* racing down the street shouting that three regiments were ordered home. Bet him a month's salary he was a liar. Must swear off gambling. Maybe I can borrow something from Luke. Great excitement in camp over news, everyone hoping they made an error in the numbers like putting a 1 after the 7 by mistake. Mabel wrote Jim sent *her some American Beauties.* Must send Jim a sofa pillow stuffed with cactus. The thorns will go well with the roses.

Friday: Helped put roof on mess shack. Why? When we are all going home—maybe. Dropped hammer on top of Mess Sergeant's head. Fritz told me Sergeants weren't allowed to strike Privates. Thought maybe the Sergeant didn't know the rules. Stayed on top of shack all day. Wasn't hungry anyway. A fellow from Co. C started circulating a petition asking the General to send us home last. They can't prove I hit him for I was too far away; but they're looking for the scoundrel who threw a keg of nails. Some of the nails got lost. Bill said he had read in a book where the Hottentots worked for less money than we do; but he didn't have the book to prove it. Still no letter from Alice and only a postal today from Mabel—all about Jim's new car. Don't care if I stay here all winter, I'll save my pay and buy a Ford.

The following charming bit of doggerel was written, probably in a dogtent, by a very, very distinguished officer. Our respect, so to speak, for his rank compels us to omit printing his name.

I dress myself in O. D shirt,
And O. D. breeches, too.
My shoes are full of O. D. dirt,
My hair of O. D. glue.
I wash myself from O. D. pail
With O. D. soap as well;
And when the O. D. bugles hail,
I only say O'H——.
But when I eat my O. D. fare
Which means my O. D. ham;
And come across an O. D. hair,
I then exclaim O' D——.

While our congressmen are becoming quite chummy over the matter of preparedness and are feverishly increasing the armament of the country's defenses, *why don't they* consistently carry out the program to its logical conclusion and increase the salary of the country's defenders.

Perhaps if the International Commission held its deliberative meetings on the cactus fields of McAllen instead of the beach at Portsmouth there would be more action and less deliberation.

"The Insinuator's" best wishes, not unmixed with envy, go forth to the men of the 3rd, 14th, and the 71st. Just a little tip before you go. When marching up Broadway don't start the whitewing act if someone shouts "Police."

"Peace and Plenty" are not synonomous in McAllen, Mission and Pharr.

The McAllen Monitor wishes "The Rio Grande Rattler" a long and happy life! Just when we've been rooting for "a short *life*, but a gay one."

Poets and etymologists may sit up nights doping out "the sweetest words of tongue or pen," but we'd like to place a bet that *off*-handed we'll strike the responsive chord in 100,000 olive-drabbed citizens.

Attention, men! since you ask us, *here they are:*

PREPARE TO ENTRAIN.

—H. I. Y.