

THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

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with the authority of
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Chief of Staff

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1916

THE OPPOSITION TO THE NATIONAL GUARD

That there is a sentiment hostile to the National Guard, the Guard itself is well aware. That was made clear during the debates in Congress when it was made to appear from matter fed to the press that the Guard was playing politics; that it cared nothing about the country's defensive interests but was concerned solely with getting on a Federal pay roll. To the officers and men of the Guard who had contributed not only of their time but of the best that was in them and of their means, for the advancement of efficiency of this arm of the nation's military power, these charges were ridiculous. To the New York Guard in particular, which had for years opposed any Federal compensation for Guard troops, and who modified their views only when they realized that better discipline, property accountability and attendance at drills were dependent upon this measure, the charges seemed so absurd as to need no answer. The Guard made no answer and its opponents had full swing in their campaign of misrepresentation.

An interesting example of painstaking effort affecting the alleged shortcomings of the Guard is a two column news article in the New York Times of October 29. This article is headed "500 Guard Officers Quit in 3 Months. Border Units Held Men. Advo-

ON SEEING MY BROTHER HIDE AWAY TO MEXICO

By Bruce Barton, Editor of Every Week

At 5 o'clock in the morning I went over to the armory to see a troop of New York's Cavalry march away. My brother is a member of the troop.

They are just boys, in their twenties. Most of them have been members of the troop less than a year. They have ridden twice a week at the armory. A hundred times, perhaps they have been on horseback.

Brave they were; eager to be at the front; but unhardened, unequipped, and unprepared.

The pity of it, I thought—that we who pride ourselves on our efficiency in business, who spend more on life insurance and fire insurance than any other people in the world, should be so woefully inefficient in providing that life insurance called national defense.

I saw the brave Seventh march away, as it had marched in 1861 to meet the Confederates at Bull Run. "Two armed mobs," Count von Moltke called the forces at that battle. "Armed mobs"—it is with armed mobs that we have fought all our wars.

I saw the Seventh go away. One third of the men did not have even khaki uniforms.

We would not foresee the need of khaki: we would not prepare.

Two decrepit machine guns I saw at the Cavalry camp—of antique pattern, almost useless.

If the war in Europe has taught nothing else, it has taught the need of machine guns. But it takes more than a world war to teach us.

Unbroken, untrained horses, rushed on from the West—and eleven men in the hospital, kicked by horses.

We have shipped thousands of horses to France, but our own need of horses we would not foresee.

Only a part of the men had been inoculated against typhoid—the anti-toxin had given out.

At any minute in the past four years we might have been called to typhoid-infested Mexico; yet no one had foreseen the need of typhoid anti-toxin.

Not enough uniforms. Not enough guns. Not enough ammunition. Not enough blankets. Not enough medicine. Not enough food.

Once before we went to Mexico. We called for 50,000 volunteers. Our total force was 104,284.

But it took almost a year to get the volunteers equipped and trained. By the time they were prepared their term of enlistment had expired and the men went home.

I quote from Huidekoper's standard work:

"As a result of this loss coupled with the detachments necessary to guard the line of communications and a large number of sick, Scott's army was reduced to 5820 effective men. In the midst of a hostile country, and only three days' march from the capital, with virtually no enemy to oppose him, Scott found himself unable to budget for three months. . . . The Mexicans, in the meanwhile had gained

Our Honor Roll

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:

Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. F. S. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.

Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. 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 Button, 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. B, 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. Forshew, 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.

Mrs. Allen B. Sutcliffe, 16 Casenovia St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sergt. J. H. Clark, Co. B, 7th Inf.
Corp. Harvey K. Lines, Co. F, 7th Inf.

Wm. C. Relyea, 55 John Street, New York, N. Y.

Wm. B. Miles, 390 Cherry Street, New York, N. Y.

C. S. Andrews, 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Amos R. Storer, Needham, Mass.
Ernest C. Lewis, National Arts Club, New York.

Col. James M. Andrews, Schenectady, N. Y.

Co. M., 1st Infantry, Mohawk, N. Y.
Major Edwin W. Dayton, 1st Brigade, N. Y. C.

Army and Navy Club, N. Y. C.
Chas. J. McKenna, N. Y. 7th Regt. Assn. of Chicago.

James C. Nolan, Albany, N. Y.
Lt. Col. Lorillard, Spence, Military School to Gov. Whitman.

For Louis H. Eller.

THE NATION'S GUARD

By Howard Irving Young.

"Hell with the National Guard! It will never amount to anything."
—Extract from article in last week's Rattler.

"One hundred thousand men to guard the flag,
"One hundred thousand men with arms," the call
Resounded o'er the land, and far and wide,
They heard and heeded, answered one and all
The country's youth, its pride, the Nation's Guard,
Forsaking home and workshop, in the hour
Of need they gathered, glad to bear the cause
Of liberty and truth—Columbia's power.

The Nation's Guard! Untrained and unequipped,
Yet filled with fire and vigor, unafraid
To bid farewell to love and life down there
Upon the country's Border. Thus they played
The Game. But not for them the hero's role,
And stirring conflict with a gallant foe;
But dust and sun and dreary days to wait.
A soldier's lot? Ah, yes, they deemed it so.

But in the waiting they have built anew
The sinews of the Nation's strength—and Peace.
Unfaltering courage linked with brawn and skill
America's pride and safety will increase.
Who dares to call them worthless now? Who mocks
And jeers these stalwart sons? What trait'rous tongue
Blasphemes their name and honor? What man sneers
At these who gave their all—by Fame unsung?

Let that one face the hundred thousand men
Who sacrificed their own to higher needs,
And let him say their labors are for naught
Because no bursting shell marked heroes' deeds.
Then would he cringe who scorns the Nation's youth,
And sensing their devotion, understand
Their future is America's. Their name
Is "Regular"—These Guardsmen of the Land.

The Incinerator

Sober reflection, the only kind possible in the 6th Division, convinces us that possibly we were a bit premature with our last line last week. Perhaps it should have read, "Wilson—That's All." However, we still withhold our congratulatory telegrams.

What an ad for the safety razor people.

It surely was a close shave for His Excellency.

Our cautious contemporary the San Benito "Oklasodak" special extra-ed on Wednesday, "New York State vote to Decide the Presidency." It really

Maybe Mabel would be sorry, and maybe Elsie and Fay and the others would be, too. But Jim wouldn't and neither would I if he were shot entirely instead of half most of the time, especially when he writes me letters or sends messages and things. But it was cold in that pup-tent. Don't see why they call them pups, when they ain't big enough for a kitten, not even a small one.

Sunday: This may be a day of rest some places, but not on Border Patrol. Stood guard again. It wasn't so lonely by daylight, but it wasn't like a picnic in Mt. Vernon either. No one crossed the river while I was on post which was a good thing for me because I wasn't thinking of the river but about