

The Rio Grande Rattler.

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By the
New York Division, United States Army,
with the authority of
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WE SLEEP NO LONGER

Last winter on the Mexican Border, toward the close of the service of the N. Y. Division, this newspaper, which acquired fame as "The Rio Grande Rattler," settled its accounts, suspended its animation and with deliberation and dignity began the period of hibernation which is ordained for the reptile species.

With the advent of a new crisis requiring the service of the New York Division, "The Rattler" comes forth after its period of rest with renewed vigor, greater strength, sharper fangs and an additional rattle, denoting a new year of service. This number is known as the "Mobilization Number," the first of others to come, which will appear as time and circumstances permit. It would seem proper in this initial edition of our new series to advise our patrons to secure copies of each number and to retain them for future reference. Already Mexican Border "Rattlers," which sold for five cents the copy, are now in demand at one dollar each. "The Rattler" will constitute a spicy and entertaining history of the lighter activities of the New York Division during the present war.

OUR GOVERNOR

"The Rattler," on behalf of the Division leaving the State for active Federal service, takes this opportunity to express to His Excellency, Charles S. Whitman, Governor of the State of New York, its gratitude and respect for the manner in which he has steadfastly labored in its interests. We express, on behalf of the men of the Division, their admiration for his refusal to permit politics to influence his official military acts, or to waiver for a single moment from his policy of efficiency first.

No governor of the great Empire State has ever given so much of his time, his energy and his consideration to the interests of the National Guard. No governor has ever before studied so carefully military preparedness and no chief executive of either state or nation has ever put through more legislation to make such preparedness an actuality, as Governor Whitman has in this great state, the one state in the Union to lead the nation in the get-ready program for this great war of democracy.

From the Division Commander, down to the last Yorker in the ranks, we thank you.

TO THE ENEMY

Dear Enemy: We ask you to subscribe to "The Rio Grande Rattler," the semi-official organ of the N. Y. Division, U. S. A. We suggest this not only because of our commercial desire to possess samples of your coin, but because this newspaper is uncensored and you will find in its columns, if not anything of value to you in a military sense, at least much that is sure to alleviate depression and develop a sense of humor—and you know, Fritz, you are repeatedly charged with lacking a sense of humor.

You will note our friendly salutation. This is not to be taken as a sample of "Rattler" humor, for it so happens you are dear to us, having already cost us a billion dollars. But you are also dear to us, because we know you, like you and have no quarrel with you. As our President has told you, our quarrel is with your Autocratic Government and with the hellish powers that have decreed and permitted certain of your atrocities. Don't misunderstand us, Fritz, we do not mean that we are going over to kiss you. As a matter of fact we are going to try to knock the hell out of you—if we ever get the chance. But we intend to use clean American methods in doing it. Some of these methods may be new to you, Fritz, it's true, but they will be interesting—and instructive. If you come to visit us in our positions, we will try to receive you with a generous and abiding hospitality. We shall not stand on ceremony—we may make the first call. Knowing your straightened circumstances, we shall bring our own cheer with us. Well, so long, Fritz, see y' later!

Every week or so the New York papers publish articles, the point of which is apparently to demonstrate that the German Army, the German Government and the German people are about to "blow up." Those in the military service, however, appear to have no misconception on this subject.

It has been said that the black, red and white of the German national colors have as their sentimental basis the saying: "Durch nacht und blut zu licht." ("Through night and blood to light"). Our friend, the enemy, have by years of rigorous training prepared themselves to live through a long night of darkness and blood. Of course we plan to show them a light, to lead them out of the darkness and away from the blood by another route than the one they have contemplated. We hold no foolish notion, however, that our leadership toward the light will be welcome or that our methods will be enjoyed, or that the result sought will be readily accomplished. We respect German tenacity of purpose and we repose confidence in German willfulness to stick to the darkness and blood until forcibly ejected therefrom. However, we like the spirit back of the motto: "Durch nacht und blut zu licht." It indicates guts.

August. — Just a year ago "The Rio Grande Rattler" made its initial appearance down in Texas. This August the "Mobilization Number" in New York City. Next August, the "Triumphant Victorious Number" in France? Who can tell!

Just as the New York Division represents the highest type of our country's citizenship, so "The Rattler" advertisers represent the largest, most successful firms of the largest, most successful city in our country.

In this number practically every military unit in the New York National Guard speaks to you.

If it's "Rattler" information, double your bet!

GAS BOMBS

Speaking of Division and Brigade Commanders, O'Ryan is the only Major General in the army, as well as the National Guard, who is a graduate of the War College. There are only a half dozen officers in the United States who ever did command a Division in the field. Among these are Pershing and O'Ryan.

Word comes from Denver, Colorado, from the Mayor's secretary that the war will end February 5, 1918. He said he doped it out from the first draft number, 258—"2-5-18." The Asylums are full of "dope" fiends!

The New York National Guard loses its old "6th Division" tag. In the new army it has been designated the "27th Division."

"Brigadier General James Parker, who was in command at Brownsville, Texas, when the New York Division was located in the "Magic Valley," has succeeded Major General Pershing in command of the Southern Department. As "The Rattler" said, editorially, when published away down in the Rio Grande valley, it seems about time for "Galloping Jim" to wear the two stars!

Then again, sometime ago "The Rattler" boomed Frank Tierney of the "Albany Times Union," as a War Correspondent attached to Division Headquarters and now General O'Ryan has decided to take "Frank," if Mrs. Tierney will let him go.

What a strange name the 15th Infantry has given Major Dayton's horse—"Lead Kindly Light!"

The "Rattler" announces the nomination of Captain H. Francis Jaekel to be an Aide to Major General O'Ryan. We met "Jake" recently and he wanted us to try on a \$10,000 fur coat equipped with heavy fur collar and cuffs. As the thermometer was something over 100° in the shade and we were packing for the Southern encampment, we refused to do so, even if he gave us the coat. "Jake" is a Fighter First and a Furrer Second and if "Old Sol" continues to indulge in these tropical tricks there'll be no second!

We have not seen the genial Adjutant General of New York, Brigadier General Louis W. Stotesbury, for several weeks. We understand he has taken up his residence in Albany, as his ever increasing military duties require constant application and long hours at his desk. General Stotesbury is the ideal type of soldier for a crisis like the present; his strong physique, tireless energy and general fitness helps him absorb the great volume of work which passes through his office.

AN APPRECIATION

Now that the New York Division has left the service of the state fully organized, if not equipped, it seems fitting that some mention should be made by this newspaper of the generous attitude of the state officials in assisting in every way possible the preparatory work of the Guard's mobilization. In this connection, each and all of them showed the efficiency of their several departments, as well as their patriotism to their Country, fully establishing the fact that the Electorate of the great Empire State chose wisely and well when they returned these gentlemen to their high positions of public trust.

In another column we have paid our respects to Governor Whitman and we feel the affection in which he is held throughout the length and breadth of the National Guard needs no further comment here.

Lieut. Governor Edward Schoebeck has shown a friendly and generous disposition throughout the entire session of the legislature.

The Secretary of State, Francis M. Hugo, has practically placed the entire powers of his office to work in the interest of the National Guard.

The Hon. Eugene M. Travis, Comptroller of the State, has left no stone unturned in rendering assistance in a broad and generous interpretation of the finance law as regards the military establishment.

While the functions of the State Treasurer's Office, have little in common with the National Guard, James L. Wells' prompt payment of military accounts, surely entitles him to a place in this article.

To all these officials, whose broad and generous policy has commended them to the public in general and the military establishment in particular, "The Rattler," on behalf of the 27th Division, U. S. A., uncoils and renders a salute that can be heard from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence and from the Hudson to the Rhine.

ONLY ENGINEER COMPANY SENT TO SPARTANBURG

The order from the Eastern Department, early in the week, calling for a company from practically each command in the Division to proceed at once to Spartanburg and assist in making the camp site ready for the 27th Division was recinded a few days later and only Company D, 22nd Regiment of Engineers, Captain Snyder, Commanding, was dispatched to South Carolina. The Company left Wednesday, August 1st, and are now busily engaged in laying out the camp site for the New York boys.

AND IT HAS BEEN DONE!

Uncle Ezra—"I hear your boy has joined the Aviation Corps."
Uncle Eben—"Yes, and I'm afraid he won't make good."
Uncle Ezra—"What makes you think so?"
Uncle Eben—"He's so darn forgetful that he's liable to take the machine up and come down without it."
"Puck."

PERSONALS

Major Joseph J. Daly, Ordnance Officer of the 27th Division, U. S. A. who is just completing a course of training at the School of Musketry, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, was wedded on June 14th to Miss Ethel Rosson. Congratulations "Joey!"

Brigadier General William Wilson of Geneva, was in the city the other day on a visit to Governor's Island. It was most cheering to again see the General's genial smile.

The Ordnance Department of the State has lately been augmented by the addition of four officers: Major Charles E. Fiske and Captains William H. Ferguson, Edward J. Parish and Frederick D. Lockwood.

We have received announcements of the marriage, on July thirtieth, of Major Jesse Scott Butten, of the 2nd N. Y. Infantry, to Miss Etta Crittenden Hale, of Cranford, N. J.

And speaking of marriages, there is a persistent rumor in the air that Major Boswell, who has command of the Ambulance train, is about to become a benedict. Surely "Cupid," though wearing no uniform, is rather active in the war preparations!

Brigadier General James W. Lester, commanding the up-state brigade in the 27th Division, will take the field with a brand new staff, Major John H. Barker is the Brigade Adjutant, while 1st Lieutenants Roland J. Easton and Robert D. Williamson are the aides.

Col. Edward V. Howard, Adjutant General's Department, has been on duty at the Arsenal in New York City for several months, in charge of pay of troops guarding N. Y. water supply.

DOES THE GUARD DESERVE THIS?

RUMOR THAT GUARD OFFICERS ARE TO BE COMMISSIONED IN THE OFFICERS' RESERVE CORPS

A wicked rumor was circulated last week among the Guard regiments that the Federal Commissions to be given Guard officers after the draft are to read that such officers are commissioned in their respective grades in the Officers' Reserve Corps. In view of the announcement made some time ago by the Secretary of War that after the draft there would be no distinction between officers of the same grade in the Army of the United States, higher officers interviewed refused to believe that there was anything in the rumor. However, the reporter was directed to run down the rumor and to obtain expressions of opinions from officers of the Guard regiments concerning the degree of appreciation felt by them over the compliment which it is rumored the War Department has in store for them.

Various officers of Guard regiments were interviewed, and the following is a composite of their feelings expressed in their own words:

(All of these comments were of such nature that they were completely deleted by the censor).

The rumor is believed to be absolutely groundless. The National Guard probably deserves much, but not that. Officers of the Guard are not Reserve Officers in any sense. There has been an extremely active service for more than a year under trying conditions. From now on that service will be more active than ever. The activities of many of them will probably be terminated on the battle fields of Europe. No, they are not Reserve Officers, and the War Department will probably not compel them to put "U. S. R." on their collars.

"Say, Bill," said one Tommy to another, "orders are out that there mustn't be no cheerin' in the first line of trenches when peace is declared."

"What's the idea?" asked the other. "Why, you blinkin' fool, some idiot would be sure to get excited and fire a foo de joy an' start the bloomin' war all over again."—"Boston Transcript."

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried drill-sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger. "No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standin' to attention, an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"—"Tit-Bits."

Rattling good military news if found in "The Rattler."

And a whole lot of citizens have joined the New York Division to help "Kan the Kaiser!"

Don't fail to save a copy of the Mobilization Number of "The Rattler." They'll be worth a lot of money some day!

This special edition of "The Rio Grande Rattler" makes an extra addition to your Division newspaper file.

Brothers

You're a-scrappin' ev'ry minute,
Tommy A.
You have borne the brunt of battle,
Tommy A.
You and Frenchy and the Russ
Are a-holdin' that Fritz-cuss
In a way that's satisfactory,
Tommy A.

Now we're partial to your game,
Tommy A.
An' we want to share your fame,
Tommy A.
If you, Frenchy and the Russ,
Keep your weather eye on us,
Yqu'll admit we're in your class,
Tommy A.

'Bout a million boys, or two,
Tommy A.
Have a sneakin' love for you,
Tommy A.
And if there comes a day
When you hear our bugles play,
We'll make good the things we say,
Tommy A.

Of course we've got to train,
Tommy A.
And we hope we'll stand the strain,
Tommy A.
But if we had our say
We'd be over right away,
When a Brother calls a Brother,
Tommy A.

An' we're partial to your name,
Tommy A.
So we'll go with you to fame,
Tommy A.
Such a chance to powder smell—
None but slackers could repel—
Anywhere from here to Hell!
Tommy A.

The Incinerator

HIS DAIRY

The old war dairy again! Who would have thought when I laid this away on the Border that in three months I would be once more setting down here my deeds of valor on the bloody field of battle? If wars keep piling up at this rate I will have to put them down in a note book so that I can see just who I am fighting if any one asks me. They say that the Boshes are leopardizing our very existence, though, and if that is the case why of course I will do anything necessary to stop them.

I went to a recruiting meeting a few weeks ago and a fellow who had been in the trenches for years got up and told how the fellows over there got all their hands and arms shot off. Interesting, but I couldn't see how it helped recruiting any. I told Mabel, but she said not to worry too much about it for by the time the war was over some one would probably have invented a glass that you could pick up in your teeth. I wish she would take me more seriously.

The officer said that the casualties were greatest in the infantry, then came the medical corps (probably because they tried to doctor each other) then the aviation, then the artillery.

I have been transferred into the artillery. I figure that if things got too hot a fellow could pull one of those guns over him and be pretty safe. Told the recruiting officer that I had been down on the Border for nine months. He said that the fact that I told him before enlisting showed that I was honest anyway but that they needed men badly and it wouldn't show on my papers.

I and the rest of the regiment were mobilized two weeks ago. Took Mabel for a ride the night before we reported. From the way she went on I guess she had an idea that they were going to shoot us all as fast as we showed up at the armory. Sherman may have been right, but war has a few compensations.

This game is a little different from the infantry. There are a lot of things that I don't understand but I don't think anyone else does either. We hitched up the teams the other day. It takes six horses to drag a gun. Suppose that is the reason they call it light Artillery. All six horses were saddled. I and two other fellows got on the three left hand horses, but no one seemed to want to ride the three right ones. When the Captain called over and asked if our section was ready the sergeant said "Yes," but I saw what was up and said "No, sir, the three men who ride the right hand horses haven't showed up yet. He said he was glad I had called his attention, but that the three men who rode those horses had been detailed to build a barrage fire in the incinerator so that he would have to ask us three to drive the six horses if we didn't mind. Of course when he put it like that I said I'd be glad to. It's no cinch though. I got thinking if the horses ever fell down and a fellow got underneath them and the gun rolled over the whole business

there would be no telling what might happen.

One of the Majors gave a talk to our battery last night. He said that the shells we use cost the government \$29 a piece. Went up to him after and asked him why the government didn't buy them wholesale, say a hundred at a time. He thought it was a great idea; said he'd write the War Department about it right away, so maybe I've done my bit to help save expenses after all.

Bought a post card of a fellow in a gas mask the other day and sent it to Mabel. She is always talking of how good looking Jim is. I said "If Jim would wear one of these things he would be a lot more dangerous rival than he is now." I hope she got the irony in this.

Found an artillery drill regulation the other day and not having anything better to do, read a couple of pages. It said that when the gun was preparing for action that number 2 jumped for the trail hand spike, number 1 sprang for the breech and number 3 leaped for the fuze setter. The fellow who wrote that book must have thought we were a bunch of grass hoppers.

Congress is trying to take the honors away from "G. O. 7."

Speaking of "The Melting Pot," after last week, no publication should be allowed to use such a tragic heading anywhere in New York City.

Mabel: "What's the matter, Jim, you walk so queerly?"
Jim: "I've been troubled this way ever since I got mixed up with the draft!"

Mabel: "You must mean the military draft, there hasn't been any other kind around lately."

"His Dairy" is running through all branches of the service, the author was first in the Infantry and wound up on the Mexican Border in the Cavalry; now he's "doing his bit" in the Artillery, and yet up-to-date he hasn't captured "Mabel!"

It must make the merchants of the "Magic Valley" weep to read about the New York Division going to Spartanburg. As old "Pop Sterling" remarked: "We've had big crops in Texas, Major, but no such crop as the New York boys!"

Uncle Sam has decided to drop all Hypkens, Borders and Sharp Notes and take up real fighting.

Someone just interrupted us and asked how many of the "wild, dead-shot" Texas Rangers had enlisted for war? Stop bothering us, the hot weather and mosquitos make us cross and besides, you forget that there are still some unarmed Mexicans roaming around the Magic Valley.

Mexican Border Soldier—Wonder what Spartanburg looks like after a rain?