

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 Copy05
Post Office Address, McAllen, Texas.

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

Major Fred M. Waterbury, Div. Ord Officer	Editor
Private Howard Irving Young, 7th Infantry	Asst. Editor
Priv. Stuart J. Saks, 1st Cavalry	Sporting Editor
Private Donald Emery, 3rd Ambulance Co.	Art Editor
Lieutenant Gordon Grant, 7th Infantry	Special Artist
Capt. A. L. Howe, Signal Corps	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Percy E. Barbour, Corps of Engineers	Associate Editor
First Lieut. Wheeler C. Case, Aid, 3rd Brigade	Associate Editor
Lieutenant James L. Baker, 3rd Tennessee Infantry	Associate Editor
Priv. Edward Streeter, 1st Cavalry	Associate Editor
Private A. P. Jenks, Jr., Troop A, Squadron A,	Associate Editor
Corporal Manoel F. Behar, 12th Infantry	Associate Editor
Corp. Joseph T. McMahon, 7th Infantry	Associate Editor
Corp. Fred B. Barton, 1st Cavalry	Business Manager
Lieut. Col. H. S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.	Circulation Manager
Priv. Ralph W. Fredsall, 2nd Field Artillery	Asst. Circulation Manager

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1916

GENERAL O'RYAN'S ADDRESS AT THE Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening Major General O'Ryan addressed a large gathering of soldiers at one of the Y. M. C. A. buildings at McAllen. His subject was "The Making of Soldiers" and the features he specially dwelt upon were the development in the soldier of those many virtues which make men not only dependable but likeable.

There is so much misconception in our country concerning the ideals and customs of the military service, especially among those good, but misguided citizens who cause themselves to believe that military training works for love of might, and contempt for right, that a resume of the General's points will not be amiss here.

Having referred in complimentary terms to Colonel Johnston's address of the week before, in which the Colonel reminded his hearers that "God never made anything finer than a good soldier" General O'Ryan stated that this was true and added that it was also true that "He never made anything more dreadful than a bad soldier—the man of laziness, selfishness and lust—the man without ideals except the animal desire to satisfy the passions of the moment and without restraint except as the efficiency of the military law imposes it upon him."

"It is not my purpose," said the General "to paint the ideal good soldier as a holier than thou individual, who takes an unnecessarily solemn view of life, or an ascetic who wears a hair shirt possessing the hospitality of the cactus plant. The good soldier is a very human type of individual. He makes mistakes, he has his off days, and, in fact, is a regular fellow. But you will find in his character those fundamental qualities which we greatly admire in others, whether we possess them or not—generosity, courage, the habit of truth-telling, respect, and the sense of responsibility. The world has always admired the good soldier and it always will admire him, while men and women have hearts and ideals. And I say to you that the very people at home who call themselves pacifists, and who profess to see in you a menace to peace and happiness, do not dare permit themselves to know you as you are, but must continue to base their fears upon the picture they paint of you. The picture needless to say is that of the bad soldier. Were they to come here and see you as you are they would become infected with admiration for men who are practicing what they and others are preaching—courage, self-denial, respect for authority and truth telling."

The General then told of a soldier of the Headquarters detachment who was out after taps. The following day the General told him that the men of the detachment were expected to act as examples for the rest of the Division in the observance of regulations and asked him whether on the previous evening he had violated the regulation prohibiting men drinking any form of intoxicating liquor. The soldier was warned that the General had no evidence against him, that if he convicted himself he would be punished, but that the question was justified by the rumor that one or more men of the Detachment had violated the rule. The soldier promptly answered, "Sir, I did drink one glass of beer last night." It was the first drink he had taken since coming to the Border four months ago. The General then went on to explain that the soldier was tried the next day and sentenced to five days confinement with hard labor, and continued, "but he told the truth. He subordinated expediency to honor. His dependability was tested and not found wanting. He possessed the soldier virtue of self-sacrifice and therefore subordinated his personal interests of the moment for the ideal of truth. When he went into the guard house he took his self-respect with him and kept it untarnished."

General O'Ryan then proceeded to point out the necessity for Spartan training in the development of soldiers. He said that this was not generally understood, that the average person believed that soldier development had to do solely with learning the manual of arms, how to ride and shoot, how to make and break camp. He pointed out that these are qualifications requiring physical dexterity and are readily acquired; that war requires self-sacrificing and dependable men, men who will suffer and endure without unreasonable complaint and that these are qualities not grown overnight. That they are the result of a biological and psychological process, and that such process compared with the mere acquisition of manual dexterity, is slow. He mentioned that the hiker developed the good material and weeded out the weaklings. The rigid rule against liquor, while it safeguarded the health and morals of the Division to an extent that is difficult to appreciate, performed a most valuable service in the development of morals, in that it stimulated self-control and pride in individual accomplishment.

He said that it taught men to regard themselves as composed of a dual being—the commander and the machine, that when a man's stomach pleaded for a "beer," and the man had developed enough morale to say to his stomach "shut up, I am running this machine, nothing doing with the beer," he knew he had developed a MAN, a good soldier who would command his legs and keep them moving on the hike when they pleaded to fall out. Such training he pointed out was the best kind of fire training, because when the nerves of the body wildly telephoned to the head their fears in battle, his command over the body would dominate and insure a proper performance of duty.

These are the fundamental principles which have guided the training of the N. Y. Division for the past few years, and that training has been intensified during the past four months with results that speak for themselves.

Although the prodigal son was regaled with choice veal outlets he found no brass band at the station to meet him. We expect to make sure of our reception by taking ours right along with us.

ANOTHER MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION

A Special Dispatch to The Rio Grande Rattler by Frank A. Tierney of The Albany Times Union.

All hail our gallant men on the Border!
All hail The Rio Grande Rattler!
All hail Martin Green and all of the other newspaper correspondents who have been having lots of fun and getting paid for it!

We in our peaceful pursuits, enjoying the comforts of our homes and families and feather beds, salute you and thank you for doing a great patriotic duty which we don't have to do. It is great and grand of you all! Here at home we are doing our duty loyally!

Everytime there is a preparedness parade we go out in it!
Everytime our beloved Stars and Stripes go by in procession, we doff our bonnets to it!

We make patriotic speeches as often as we can and continue our loyalty to our country by hearing and reading as many others as our convenience will permit.

We cheer the loudest when we are the safest!
We are patient to hear now and then that all of our boys on the Border are well and comfortable, and we always welcome whatever scandal we can get.

We know you are all a great credit to your country and we hope you will find whatever service is to be done there congenial to your taste, to the end that ninety nine per cent of your fellow citizens, praising our valor and your patriotism, may feel certain of staying home and enjoying it!

We are sticking loyally to you here!

Some of our most eminent statesmen who are too old to fight and too ignorant of what war with any foreign power would really mean to this country, are busy abusing your distinguished President because he has not thrown the country bodily into a war which you would fight and they would criticize.

All hail the gallant soldiers!
If you can give us positive assurance that you will fight all the battles and save our glorious country, we can assure you in return of the instant mobilization at home of the greatest army of old ladies that ever entrenched upon the threshold of a political mass meeting.

They are the patriotic citizens!
They are at home cheering you on!
They are delivering all the stump speeches for you or at you!

We have known of your activity on the Border because of the numerous times they have talked about officers getting two salaries. We know they have been thinking of you affectionately because of the great many inquiries they were making as to what you were getting out of it.

They cheered you on to war and asked why you were there when there wasn't any.
They find them to criticize conditions which may at times impair your health and would go to your funerals when your bodies are sent home, if they could spare the time.

When the soldiers left this beloved town every public official crowded into the front lines of the weeping farewellers. The bands played and the officials marched and the crowds cheered.

When they sent a soldier's body home the other day there wasn't but one of the fleet to meet it and at his funeral you couldn't see city officials with field glasses. They were too busy. I saw but one official at the funeral and he was a soldier.

But as for from the category of men who would walk over your dead bodies to places of exalted honor in peaceful places, away from the gab of the fool and the roar of the faker, is that army of regular men who may not cheer the loudest but who think the best, the men who are ready to be with you at the drop of the hat and who wish you God's protection and the best that human hearts can hope for, while they are not.

In their ranks I beg admission and from their midst I salute you and thank you.

RATTLER STAFF THE GUESTS OF MRS. JAMES WATSON

Gone are the dreams of wild and woolly life in Texas. Gone are the sleepless, tossing nights when we wondered if we had any friends left in the world. We have at last found true hospitality with the Southern hall-mark right on the immediate shores of the Rio Grande. Mrs. James Watson, the editor and manager of "The Mission Times," who has for these past six weeks, proved herself a good friend of the boys in khaki, rose to the occasion last week, and taking the editorial staff of The Rattler unaware, commanded them to forget their military and journalistic duties for one night at least and be her welcome guests at a theatre and supper party.

A theatre and supper party on the Border! It sounds too good to be true. But the night was Friday, October 27, and somewhat in a daze we brushed up our O. D.'s and forgetting the worries of writing editorials, selling ads, and collecting subscriptions, we marched to Mrs. Watson's home in Mission, keeping close together for protection.

And when we got there, we found a large number of pretty girls in white and pink dresses and affable young business men in multi. There wasn't even a bandit. Here were regular people, who seemed glad to see us, and who didn't look as though they lived in terror for many nights when the bad Mexes rode about. We soon became well acquainted and when the ordinary folks of Mission and the soldiers in camp were preparing to retire, the party proceeded to the Electric Theatre where a special run of several photo-features were enjoyed. Supper was served afterward at the Palace of Sweets and was the delectable repast we have partaken of since arriving in Texas.

And we had a mighty good time and we like Mission folks—and we'd like to write six columns about that real Border party.

The right to votes does not guarantee you the right to knock the Govt. Wait until you're out of the army.

PERSONALS

Capt. John Joseph Finlay, N. G. N. Y., who has been placed upon the retired list, having reached the age of sixty-four years, enlisted in Co. B, 7th N. Y. Infantry, on May 14, 1896. He was promoted second lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps, and assigned to the 9th Coast Defense Command as quartermaster and commissary on March 13, 1913; was commissioned Captain Coast Art. Corps Aug. 16, 1916.

Major George Beavers, Jr., 69th N. Y. Inf., undoubtedly holds the National Guard record for rapid promotion. In May, 1914, Major Beavers joined Co. F, 7th N. Y. Inf., and was promoted to corporal in October, 1915. Three days after the President's call last June he was appointed a sergeant and five days later received his warrant as first sergeant. On July 22nd, last, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 7th from which rank it was but a step to the wearing of the Major's leaf in the 69th.

Major Beavers was graduated from West Point in 1908, being assigned as a second lieutenant to the 2nd U. S. Cavalry. After serving in the Philippine lines he resigned from the army and enlisted in Troop A, 1st Cavalry, from which organization he was transferred to the 7th Infantry, and started his meteoric rise in rank.

WHO'S WHO ON OUR HONOR ROLL

Major Charles Elliot Warren, N. G. N. Y., writes us that he thoroughly enjoys reading The Rattler every week, and eagerly looks forward to its regular arrival. His pleasure in reading The Rattler is equalled by our pleasure in placing him on the Roll of Honor as a yearly subscriber.

Major Warren was relieved of his command of the Artillery Service Detachment, Veteran Corps of Artillery in consequence of his assignment by the Governor to the staff of Major General Daniel Appleton, N. G. N. Y. General Appleton received recently a letter from Adj. Gen. Louis W. Stotesbury which said: "The Governor desires that I should express his appreciation of the efficient services rendered by Major Charles Elliot Warren in connection with the work of the Active Service Auxiliary. His voluntary assistance in that work, and also as aid on the Division Staff, cannot be too highly commended."

First Lieut. Paul G. Theban, Ordnance Officer, who has lately become a Rattler subscriber, has been detailed to succeed Major Warren in the command of the Artillery Service Detachment, V. C. A.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

Major General Frederick Funston on a recent occasion made a speech to some of the Illinois guardsmen at San Antonio in which he told them something of the urgency of the order, which brought them to the Border. "When you men of the National Guard were called out," he said, "of course you expected to go slam bang across the Border, and let me tell you that when history is written, it will show that the calling out of the guard in June was no child's play—that it was a question of hours. The reason for calling out the National Guard was absolute necessity. All of you will know why, some day, and I do not think there has been any time since when it would have been safe to reduce the number of men on the Border."

KLAUBERG, THE RATTLER PHOTOGRAPHER

The special Infantry photographs in this number of The Rattler were taken by Private Charles J. Klauberg, our official photographer. Private Klauberg now serving with the Seventh Regiment, is one of the firm of C. Klauberg and Bros. Inc. the well-known cutlery and kodak concern of New York City. Their big store in the Woolworth Building is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Private Klauberg has secured many interesting views of camp life in Texas which will be printed from time to time in this paper.

The firm of Klauberg are selling many cameras to the men of the New York Division and for the O. D. trade they are making a special discount. This concern has enjoyed an uninterrupted existence since 1819 and before the advent of the kodak, specialized in fine cutlery.

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

The recruiting officer at San Francisco has secured the services of a dozen, ultra-attractive young ladies to assist in the Bigger Army program.

IT SOUNDS RATHER FAMILIAR

H. I. Y.
Sir: What do you think of this one? An irascible Irish colonel was leading a regiment on a long and difficult march in Belgium. Fagged and worn out, they halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on the colonel gave the order, but the weary men remained stretched upon the ground. He repeated the order peremptorily, and still there was no move. Then his temper was at a white heat, and he thundered out: "If you don't get up and start at once, I'll march the regiment off and leave every damned one of you behind!" They started at once. E. S. N.

PSI U DINNER TONIGHT

The members of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity of the New York Division will foregather at the Pharr Hotel this evening at six o'clock. The train for Pharr leaves Mission at 5:10 P. M. Those who have forgotten to make reservations are nevertheless expected to attend. There will be room for them, says H. I. Y.

We borrowed that paragraph from the news editor, just to prove to him that at least the Psi U's read "The Incinerator."

The Other Man.

I'm here on the Border a-serving the Flag,
I'm a soldier of old Uncle Sam;
In the dust and the heat from "First Call" to retreat
I'm doing my bit as I am.

The Other Man sits in some gay cabaret,
Where there's Wine, and there's Woman and Song,
And he laughs at the cares that a poor devil shares;
While the hours of the ev'ning grow long.

I hike through the cactus and thick chapparal,
In the wind and the sun and the rain;
But the other man rides, tangoes, one-steps or glides,
As he squanders the ripe Golden Grain.

He knows not the thrill of the glorious East,
When the sun sets a torch to the sky;
For the dawn of his morn finds him weary and worn,
Till the roseate hours slip by.

He knows not the sweat of an honest man's toil;
He has never yet shouldered a gun;
Though his country may call he'll be deaf to it all,
For his Soul and his Body are one.

Though weary the days and though weary the nights,
Though the Wherefore is not understood,
Would I barter my lot for the things that he's got?
Would I rather be him? Sure I would!

The Incinerator

This is one incinerator that has not been constructed according to army plans and specifications, with so many bricks here and the fire-box just that way, but sometimes we shiver with apprehension when we see the Judge Advocate judicially approaching with the grim expectation of receiving summary orders to raze the rickety structure and re-build it with the Articles of War as an exemplar.

At last we have found an esteemed contemporary right here on the Border of Nowhere. E. G. K. with his "Pass in Review" column, appearing weekly in "The Oklasodak," published by the men of Bullard's Brigade at San Benito bids fair to put us completely to rout. Be it known that E. G. K. is a "regular" column contributions in "Line O' Type or Two" formerly appeared in the Chicago Tribune. And we're only a rank volunteer playing at newspaper writing the same as we played at soldiering. The worst of it is that we can't even spoof him a bit because he's a real Lieutenant, and we're only a—well, we aren't drawing a Colonel's pay, yet. But we extend a cordial welcome to E. G. K., and sincerely congratulate him upon bringing so much sunshine with him to this benighted land of hurricanes, downpours and short-orders.

To E. G. K.
Dear Lieut.: How about organizing a regular union since it seems to be the popular thing. Let us call it: "The Benevolent Order of Border Conductors." Then we can go on strikes, and everything. You pay dues, and I'll be a walking delegate or treasurer or something. How much (or many) dues should a Lieutenant pay? Do you or don't you favor a 8-month basic stay?
—H. I. Y.

Speaking of Benevolent orders, we wonder when ours will arrive.

They promise us a warm welcome when we reach the Big City. Temperately speaking, we'll need it.

Cheer up. We'll get home by degrees. Saying which, we've probably reached the Zero of Humor.

Villa seems to have arrived at the Boiling Point. "Out of the frying pan—"

The Rattler may be the official organ of the New York Division, but when we pulled out the tremulo stop and prepared for a sympathetic rendition of "Home, Sweet Home" someone confiscated all of our sheet music.

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME
The recruiting officer at San Francisco has secured the services of a dozen, ultra-attractive young ladies to assist in the Bigger Army program.

IT SOUNDS RATHER FAMILIAR
H. I. Y.
Sir: What do you think of this one? An irascible Irish colonel was leading a regiment on a long and difficult march in Belgium. Fagged and worn out, they halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on the colonel gave the order, but the weary men remained stretched upon the ground. He repeated the order peremptorily, and still there was no move. Then his temper was at a white heat, and he thundered out: "If you don't get up and start at once, I'll march the regiment off and leave every damned one of you behind!" They started at once. E. S. N.

PSI U DINNER TONIGHT
The members of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity of the New York Division will foregather at the Pharr Hotel this evening at six o'clock. The train for Pharr leaves Mission at 5:10 P. M. Those who have forgotten to make reservations are nevertheless expected to attend. There will be room for them, says H. I. Y.

We borrowed that paragraph from the news editor, just to prove to him that at least the Psi U's read "The Incinerator."

H. I. Y. Sir: Do they call them puppets because we're supposed to be leading a dog's life?
—PHILLIP.
Wrong! again, Phillip, a dog has a day for himself now and then.

Our brief sojourn in the land of journalism convinces us that the shy little violet is not cultivated in the gardens of the Fourth Estate.
Sentry on post giving instructions to relief. "This is Post No. 1. Men are allowed to enter here without pass up to 9:45 p. m. after that they'll have to sneak in through the Y. M. C. A."

Forgotten Phrases.
"Go a date!"
"Through the Park—"
"Two down front."
"Say when!"

Like unto the Peace of God is a Diplomatic Victory.

Oh, certainly. Don't you ever listen to the Chaplain? "The Peace of God passeth all understanding."

Danish West Indies swept by storm, causing \$2,000,000 loss and rendering two-thirds of islanders homeless.
—News Item.
It would have been a bad bargain, after all. But it's a fiscal pity there isn't a mortgage now for Uncle Sam to foreclose.

General Crowder says that conditions here are those of actual war. True talk, indeed! We agree with him and with Sherman. We must be at war with someone, else why would we, who have been away from home and business for four months, be looking forward to a Texan winter. Only war could keep a force under arms that is from ten to twenty times the size of the roving brigand bands across the restless Rio. Perhaps a crisis has developed between us and Patagonia. It is a very complicated problem. Sometime, someone will explain to us just what is all about, this war with the sun, the rain, the mud, the dust and—Home Hunger.

THE PAY MASTER
Soon after our arrival at McAllen they told us that the pay master had left Brownsville and would soon arrive with the wherewithal, so that we might purchase additional supplies of near-tobacco and ginger-pop. History does not record this fact, but we have a strong suspicion that after leaving Brownsville, personal business called the pay master to Madagascar, Yokohama, Iceland and Ipswich. After transacting multitudinous affairs in each of these geographical points visited, the pay master looked on his cuff when he sent his shirt to the laundry and was startled to find that McAllen was his real destination, and he promptly wrote a complete history of the world in long-hand on the back of 10,000 postage stamps and walked or swam the 10,000 miles in between, with the pay satchel in his teeth. At last, when the Recording Angel was about ready to balance his books for Judgment Day, the P. M. arrived in McAllen, and we were paid. At least that is how it seemed.

In less than a week we'll be alone with an 8 foot ballot. If there were a place on it for remarks they'd have to add 12 or 16 feet to accommodate our statements.

War Dept. orders expenditure of \$246,550 for framing up the tents of the militia on Border for Winter Service.
—News Item.

How fortunate the linotype man didn't nod and omit the phrase "the tents of."

The Recall Schedule is or is not completed and we are or are not at war with Mexico so we'll all go home, perhaps, now, then or "in the near future." Oh, perfectly clear, Professor.

The railroad timetables have the right idea.
"This schedule is subject to change without notice."
—H. I. Y.