THE RIO GRANDE RATTLER

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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.

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September 13, 1916.

This newspaper bids God speed to the 3rd, 14th and 71st Regiments of Infantry, which left for New York last week.

They left New York in a business-like manner, ready and willing to do their duty—wherever that might lead. At that time men were wanted on the Border with guns in their hands. They were quick to help supply that need.

Like their companions who remain here, they have faithfullly and cheerfully performed every part of the trying work that soldiers are called upon to perfom—except "action"—and that, after all, is only one of a soldier's many duties, the most exciting perhaps, and certainly the most heroic. Yet who of us who have seen these regiments can have any doubt of their behavior should this requirement have become necessary?

UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE.

Officers of the Regular Army and the U. S. N. G., *know from* their studies of the conduct of the war by nations generally, and from their own observations of the manner in which recruits are obtained or are not obtained in this country both in peace and in war, that some form of compulsory military service is essential for us, if we are to reasonably insure our freedom from aggression.

To be weak is to invite attack. While this principle has many exceptions when applied to relations between individuals, it has few exceptions when applied to the relations between those aggregations of individuals known as firms, corporations and nations. Among those the struggle for existence and for success is continuous and keen. The rules of the game are liberally strenuous—the resort to force frequent.

In time of peace, prepare against war. Now is the time to formulate an effective plan, a plan which will insure automatic and certain response to the numbers required at the outbreak of war, and steady human streams of known volume and certainty to keep organizations at full strength throughout the period of actual war.

Some of those earnestly working in support of the principle of compulsory service, are injuring the cause mightily. We refer to the promoters of some of the defense and safety leagues and associations where arguments in support of compulsory service seem to have consisted for the most part of attacks upon the National Guard, supplemented by mythical statistics and inspired magazine articles of a sensational character.

The strongest ally of the cause of compulsory service is the U. S. N. G. *They are the men who are acting and not declaiming or theorizing.* They are the soldiers who cannot be charged with militaristic ambitions.

Their organizations, as well as those of the regulars, need more men to fill up the ranks. Voluntary enlistments are not sufficient for either force, and truth compels the statement that the attitude of some of the eligibles has been affected not only by the sensational and untrue newspaper accounts of service on the Border but by the policy of the promoters referred to toward the National Guard.

OUR EMPLOYERS.

Our contemporary The Illinois Cavalryman quotes at length in its current issue from our recent comments concerning employers of Guardsmen who now seek, in a hypocritical manner to repudiate their obligations voluntarily assumed, to continue the pay of their employees serving as soldiers on the Border. The Illinois Cavalryman agrees with our belief that publicity should be given the action of the Repudiators.

We believe it desirable in this matter that there should be a common sentiment throughout the National Guard of the United States and a well organized national plan to make that sentiment effective. Such a plan would have the moral support and perhaps the active support of these thousands of patriotic employers who have paid and propose to continue to pay the salaries of their men while in the active military service.

It is understood that Major General O'Ryan plans to organize at the proper time a *joint committee of commanding officers and* prominent citizens to take up the cases of soldiers of the Division who have been shabbily treated by their employers, and where necessary to secure other employment for them. If similar committees are to be appointed for the other Guard Divisions, some form of co-operation would seem to be desirable.

AN OPEN LETTER.

"Headquarters, Southern Department. To Commanding General, New York Division. Requisition for hats received this morning. They will be sent by express this afternoon.—Rogers."

This is one of the many telegrams and communications of a like nature, signed by Colonel Harry L. Rogers, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army, that have been received by this division.

In his relations with the New York Division, Colonel Rogers has wasted no time in haggling over technicalities or struggling in the meshes of red tape.

Everything with us has not been entirely to our liking. Many supplies have been slow coming in; many of our needs have apparently been ignored; and we have often felt peeved over what looked like neglect, but a last analysis has invariably shown that the Quartermaster of the Southern Department, has himself done everything humanly possible for the comfort and welfare of the troops.

We have never been personally introduced to Colonel Rogers, but deeds speak louder than words, and results speak for themselves. We judge him to be the type of man that would never allow himself to be confined to a time-worn rut, nor who would be bound by ridiculous and anachroristic customs. We judge a man by his works and unhesitatingly pronounce the present Quartermaster of the Southern Department a "Big Man."

The Rattler takes great pleasure in extending to Colonel Rogers its compliments.

PERSONALS

We haven't heard much recently about that cute little idea—the Continental Army

Talking about preparedness, pro and con, (mostly con), when it comes to real practical get up and get prepared*ness, they'll* have to hand the pennant to the National Guard.

"I've got Frank Tierney's 'Toughest Experience' lashed to a lamp post," mused a soldier on duty at the Division Dump, as he stood in the warm Texas sunshine, giddily watching the flames consuming the carcass of a full-sized army mule.

Col. "Chan" Williams writes that after reading The Rattler, he feels that "the editor's Mission is being most efficiently accomplished not Pharr from McAllen." Well, as Col. E. V. H. used to say before the war—"Come in again, won't you?"

Captain Jesse Miller of the Q M Corps, has his "Dough" boys and they're real dough boys, too, in splendid nondition. His field bakery camp in McAllen is a model of neatness and a fine quality of bread comes from "the bake" daily.

We met Lieut. Griswold Green, aide to Brigade General Lester, at the "ham" counter the other morning. Of course as we were not running mess for general officers, we were looking for "Star" hams, but nothing like that in this "Lone Star State." At home "Griswold" orders most of his ham at the Troy Club.

Lieut. Hamilton Barnes of Troop D, 1st Cavalry is editing a phamplet on "What to Do With a Bucking Pistol." One cannot follow the instructions given unless standing on the bank of a good sized stream. If Former Trooper Francis Ware ever hears of Lieut. Barnes action on the Sharyland rifle range, he'll fine him ten dollars for the benefit of the small Arms Firing Committee, Troop D.

Colonel N. B. Thurston, 74th Infantry, returned to New York last Sunday, accompanied by Major Walter C. Montgomery. The Colonel's illness has caused much concern among his friends throughout the country. Unquestionably the change of climate will be greatly beneficial. It might be fitting to add that the recent notices in certain newspapers, announcing his demise, without any verification of the facts through their accredited Division correspondents has resulted in a great deal of unnecessary alarm, and must be characterized as an act of extremely poor judgment.

General Lester and his traveling companions arrived at McAllen on Monday last, and are occupying the *town house of General Dyer. They* expect to remain a few days, as the General has been assigned to command the infantry brigade at McAllen, which now becomes the 1st Brigade, while the Brigade at Camp Whitman becomes the 2nd. The Pharr troops remain as heretofore, the 3rd Brigade under General Wilson.

The Rattler regrets that, through an oversight, the name of its correspondent from the 1st Cavalry has been omited in previous issues. It is Private D. D. Streeter of Troop "I," a Buffalo newspaper man. Streeter's correspondence sparkles with humor and reflects well the varid interests and diversions of the cavalry camp.

Sergt. John I. McWilliams of Division Headquarts, who lives in the Municipal Building when the National Guard is not national guarding, spent last week in the base hospital where he says the eggs are very good. Mac is back on his job as chief clerk of the Division, looking fit and fat. Headquarters is glad to see him back.

QUICK ADVANCEMENT.

Fond mother of Absent Guardsmen—I knew Jack would distinguish himself with the regiment, and he has!

The neighbor who has dropped in—Ah! On guard on the Border, isn't he?

Fond mother—Better than that! Why, his letter says he's right in the guardhouse itself!—Judge.

ATHLETICS

An excellent card of fights was staged at Divisional Headquarters Saturday night by some of the better talent from the fistic world of the 7th and 12th Regiments and the 1st and 2nd Field Artillery together with a good musical program by the 1st Field Artillery band. The fights as a whole were clean *and much skill was shown* at all times. Private Rack, an old champion of the 13th Cavalry acted as referee. Private Grey, 133 pounds of Company D, 12th Regiment, got the decision over Private Cohen, 131 pounds, of the same Company. The men were very evenly matched and it was a question throughout four rounds which was the better.

Private Kinney of the 1st Field Artillery had little or no trouble with Private Simpson of the 2nd Field and in the second round a clean knockout was scored with a right hook to the jaw. In a four round go Private Bergen of the 1st Field Artillery battled to a draw with Private Pease of the 2nd Field.

The main bout of the evening was between Private Tarrazzi of the 12th who fights under the name of "Kiddie" Diamond, and Private Jaques of the 1st Field Artillery. Not a single one of the four rounds laged, action every minute with enough skill to make it one of the best fights staged since our arrival in McAllen. Both landed several heavy swings, but with clever guarding most of the fast ones were passed up. Round for round the fighting was fairly even. Refree Rack made no mistake in declaring it a draw.

The fencing match between Sergeant Allison and Private Wilson, both of the 7th Regiment, was well received. Sergeant Allison won by a 5-1 score then in turn lost to his brother, also from the 7th, 5-2.

These fights are held every Saturday night at Headquarters. *Each card* seems to outdo the preceeding one, and much competition exists between the different regiments.

The Syracuse University foot ball eleven of 1916, will play the Pacific *Coast College* champions at Pasadena, Calif., January 1, *1917.* This affords a good opportunity for the Syracuse students here on the border to drop *over and see* their Alma Mater in action.

Private Rack of the 7th Regiment supply train is a former welter weight champion of the 13th U. S. Cavalry.

Last week Batter A of the 1st Field Artillery held a battery field day. The events consisted of a *440* yord dash, running broad jump, vaulting a horse, and a tug of war. It was compulsory *for each man* in the troop to compete.

State Agricultural School at Jonesboro, Ark., claim the proud distinction of having a woman coach their foot ball team. Why not let them vote? That's qualifying.

The New York and Brooklyn Troops will not have to hurry home to see the world's series. Boston and Detroit, to say nothing of Philadelphia, have something to say about where they will be played.

The "Crap" season has closed for an indefinite period. Prospects are bright for the coming schedule. Wonder when pay day comes.

Last week The Rattler gave its selection of the *best camp football team,* judging the ability of the men by their past performance. Send in your selection to the sporting editor. Can you better it?

If war maneuvers were athlectics, McAllen would be the setting of the Olympic games *for 1916.*

Colleges throughout this country, *numbering* 211, have one or more baseball fields. There are *179 colleges* which have running tracks.

The greatestfield of quarter milers ever brought together competed at the A. A. U. championships at Newark, N. J., last Saturday. Meredith of Pennsylvania, Halpin of Boston, Sloman of the Pacific Coast, and Dismond of Chicago. All were capable of breaking the record for the distance.

Kicks and Knocks

As announced in our first number The Rattler intends to place before its readers both sides of all important questions, hence we feel impelled to *submit the following* Abderian comment from our esteemed contemporary, the San Benito Light:

"In speaking of the publication of The Rattler, a military journal issued by the New York guardsmen stationed around Mission, the Times of that city says: The Rio Grande Rattler is being printed in the Times office, this being the only newspaper in southwest Texas equipped to handle the work."

"The Light makes no claims of possessing thelargest plant in Southwest Texas. Previous investigation proves that the Light is one basement sky and *also several* stories are lacking from its building, *which precludes claims of* having the largest plant in southwest Texas, but in the Lower Rio Grande Valley the Light stands at the top with facilities and equipment when it comes to printing—real, honest to goodness, sure enough printing. The Oldakodak was issued from the Light plant on four days' notice, and there is enough type and other material left to get out the Rio Grande Rattler and the Mission Times."—San Benito Light.

All of which leads us to remark that whoever the gods would bring to grief they first adorned with a swell head. Another thing, no one ever blames a good apple from coming from a twisted

The Red Guidon

By Veterinarian Griffin, 3rd. U. S. F. A.

Come fill up your tankards, I'll give you a toast,
We'll drink to the Artillery,
The first in the battle, the last at the post;
Old comrades drink standing with me,
To the friends who have passed o'er the last long divide;
Their spirit is still marching on;
The spirit of those who once rode side by side
With the guns of the Red Guidon.

CHORUS
For me the crossed cannons,
They never will run;
The limber and rolling Caison,
The clank of the collar,
The rumble of gun,
As we follow the Red Guidon.

We've soldiered together, brave hearts ever true;
We've marched, we have fought and we've bled;
For that dear old flag with its red, white and blue
That streams in the breeze overhead.
We've joked and we've laughed in the campfire's red glare
From Cuba to Distant Luzon,
And told the old stories that drive away care,
Near the tents of the Red Guidon.

CHORUS
For me the crossed cannons, etc.

Come up with your tankards and dring long and deep,
Brave hearts ever gallant and true,
To those who now rest in their long peaceful sleep,
They once wore the red and the blue.
Prove true in the future as they in the past,
Old comrades of gun and caison;
Then go to your God like a soldier at last,
If you fall near the Red Guidon.

CHORUS
For me the crossed cannons, etc.

The Incinerator

Here's hoping the next crisis, if there must be one, decurs on the Yukon instead of the Rio Grande.

Let those who chaff the lowly enlisted men remember that there are glass doors in New York marked, "J. P. Morgan, Private," "John D. Rockefeller, *Private,*" etc., but not forgetting a ten-foot sign in McAllen proclaims "General Blacksmithing."

Cross-section of the mind of a sentry on post No. 8 from 12:30 to 2:30 *a. m.. Flurry of snowflakes* as seen from a limousine in Central Park; Sunset on the Hudson near Grant's Tomb; *Noon-day in Wall Street; Tea time at* Bustanoby's; Nine o'clock on the Majestic roof; After the Theatre on Broadway; Old King Cole smiling down on a Bronx; Riker-Hegeman's; Five o'clock in the subway; Latch-keys and violets; White furs and spats; Orchestra and lobster; Head waiters and hat boys; Taxis and ten-dollar bills; Klaxton's and "Fi' Star Tellys;" Siphons and stiff collars; One-steps and waxed floors.

Milton must have written "Paradise Lost" after enlisting for Border "Patrol."

ITINERARY OF LAST HIKE.

Hofbrau, McAlpin, Herald Square, Brown, Knickerbocker, Dowling, Astor, Globe, Garden (formerly known as Sterling Branch), Cumberland, Pabst, thence to Pell Tree, Hunters' Island and Blackwell's Island or $10 Fine

If a Miss is as good as a mile, proposed hike will embrace as many miles as possible.

Men may spread out laterally, but must keep forty inches between ranks. Full pack must be carried. Men are cautioned not to lose their rolls. *Shelter tents to be pitched at every stop.* During bivouac, Officer of the Night must make rounds last five minutes.

Ambassador Designate Arredondo says that the Democratic Government of the United States has the same ideals as the Carranza Administration. Well, well! That's either an issue or a crisis. "Clerk!" Yes, y'r honor!" "Make a note!"

Things that Dante missed in his "Inferno" tour:
Tarantulas, scorpions, horned toads, sand-fleas, cactus, Texas Rangers, and Hikes.
Ham and Eggs a la McAllen, Army-beef, hardtack, inspections, Laguna Seca, and Hikes.
Soda Clerks, pay-rolls, barbed wire, rattlesnakes and Hikes.
Kitchen detail, special orders, Military Police, and Hikes,
Reveille, pick-mattocks, and Hikes.
O. D. pills, and Hikes.
Hikes.

MAD-WAGGERY ON THE BORDER.

H. I. Y. Sir: Down at the "railroad" station when I sees two mess sergeants, our company chef and three fellows from the kitchen detail climb on the train for Brownsville, I ups and speaks like a flash, "Ah, this must be one of those Cook's Tours!" Get me?

—The Little Corporal.

The War Department informs us that guardsmen may and are hereby encouraged to join the Regular Army. Don't crowd, men—sign on the dotted line. Once the warden at Sing Sing college invited us to sit in the Chair of Applied Electricity, just to see how it felt. We accepted. When we left he said that if we ever wanted to come back and make a good, long visit, he'd go out of his way to help us get in. Moral: A burnt child gets wise quicker.

NO, PETER, WE SIGN OUR FRIENDS' NAMES

H. I. Y. Sir: Isn't it true that whenever you think of a bum joke, and need it to fill the column, you print it anyway and sign a fake name? —Peter, Sergt.

ARE AMERICAN SOLDIERS PEOPLE?

Every Saturday night the Mexican road brigade line up at the Quatermaster's office to receive their regular weekly wages of seven dollars from the U. S. Government.

American soldiers are "paid" fifteen dollars a month.

Pay for service in June from the Federal Government has not arrived to date.

July's salary was over two weeks late.

August seems to have been left off the paymaster's calendar.

Remarks? There are none. Remember that an ounce of discretion in time saves nine articles of war from severe fracture. Wait, gentle reader, until we don *mufti.*

"Congressional Record" please copy. Thank you!

"The Rattler" is a non-partisan newspaper. It refuses to take sides in the acrimonious debate of politics. Some of the men in the N. Y. Division are Republicans, *some are Democrats,* and a great many, at present, are Prohibitionists. First and last "The Rattler" is for the National Guard, but it believes in "Votes for Soldiers," and an 8-hour basic day in the trenches.

"The Incinerator" is the second cousin to the *Melting Pot. It's functions* are the same. Its motto is "Throw on the fuel, let the cinders fall where they may."

The sunrises and sunsets in these parts are beautiful—and the patriotic citizens can't charge us for the privilege of enjoying them. But distance would lend an awful lot of enchantment to the Magic Valley.

Don't kick so much about the weather we've been having. Ask any Texan. Did you?

"You'll enjoy it more between October and May."

—H. I. Y.