

NEW YORK  
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**Guardian**



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**GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL**

**SEPTEMBER**

**General George C. Marshall  
A Can of Jam  
Dr. Solomon Drowne  
1939 Convention**

**1939**

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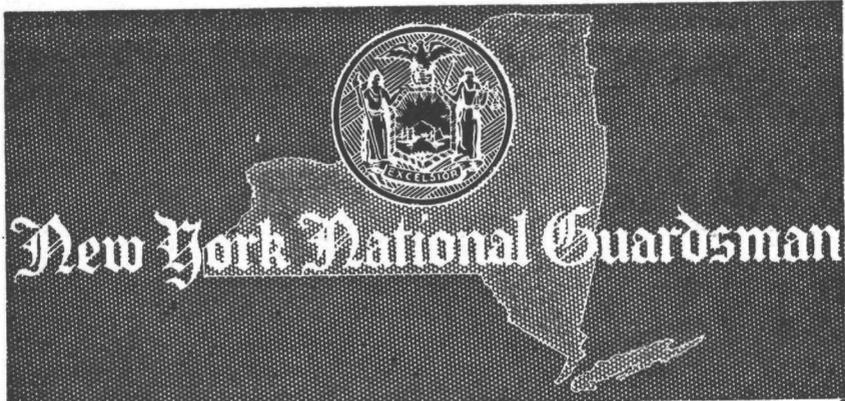
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## CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER	1939
A Can of Jam	
by Leonard H. Nason.....	2-24
Sons of Orion	
by Herbert E. Smith.....	4
General George C. Marshall.....	5
Brigadier General Humphreys Retires....	6
The State Camp.....	8-21
102nd Medical Regiment Welcomes Congress	10
General Hay Resigns Camp Smith Post....	11
Editorials .....	12
General Haskell's Message .....	13
New York .....	14
Dr. Solomon Drowne	
by Major H. Russell Drowne.....	16-27
Flushing's Military History	
by Captain Frank M. Foley.....	18
The Adjutant General's Page.....	20
Our Society .....	23
1939 Convention	
by Lieutenant Colonel Wm. J. Mangine	28
27th Division Reunion .....	30
Attendance Figures .....	32

The names of all characters that are used in short stories, serials and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

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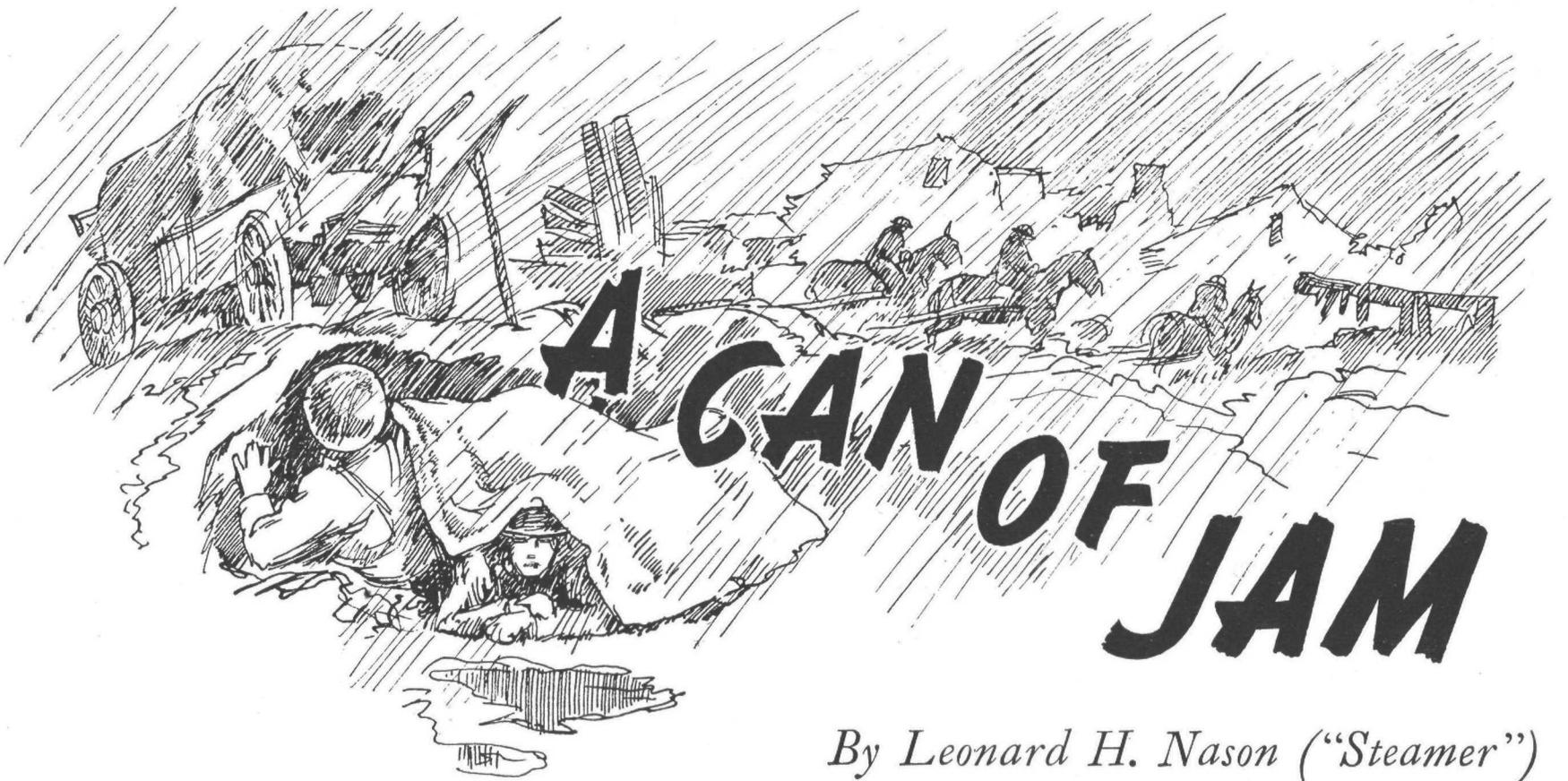
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# A CAN OF JAM

By Leonard H. Nason ("Steamer")

Author of "Eagles Eastward," "Three Lights from a Match," "Defenders of the Bridge," etc.

COLD, driving rain. Lines of wet, shivering horses, two or three wagons standing forlornly in the middle of the field. Indeed a cheerful scene. This was a regiment of field artillery in reserve. Each battery was by itself, its guns shrouded in tarpaulins, two or three pup-tents scattered about, a chow-gun giving off little spurts of steam where the rain struck it. Where are the gunners? In holes in the ground, in ditches, under the guns and wagons, anywhere that a slicker or a shelter-half can be stretched to protect them from the rain.

In an old shell-hole, huddled together for warmth, were four men of "A" battery. Truly, these men were above the common herd, for they had a tarpaulin to cover the hole. This meant that they were clever purloiners, for tarps were worth their weight in diamonds and were not issued for the comfort of enlisted men. One was a machine-gun sergeant, one a liaison corporal, and the other two were telephone-men. Said the sergeant, after an attempt to light a cigaret with a wet match:

"A bitter, deadly curse on the day that ever I enlisted in a combat branch. Would that my hand had rotted at the wrist, before I ever held it up and said, 'I do.' Dry the throat and withered the tongue that ever spoke to me of Fame's eternal camping-ground, and glory and honor, and hurrah, boys, on to Berlin. It is now a week since this drive started and we have advanced almost two kilometers. It has been said to me that Jerry is a coward. I wish I had the man that said it here."

"He took wings to himself at St. Mihiel, so he did," said a telephone-man.

"Many a good man has pulled out under a bombardment, and I would like to see the man in all the armies who has not run a few yards in his time," replied the sergeant.

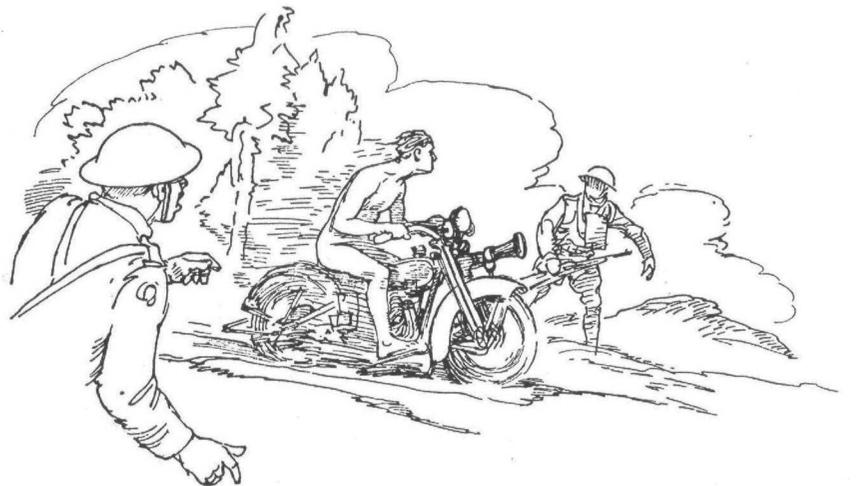
"No less a one than myself," said the liaison corporal, "for when I was with the French on the Chemin des Dames, and the Dutch came through, I went forth from a shower-bath and rode my motorcycle twenty-seven kilometers, as naked as when I came into the world."

Now this was a fact, and was well-known to the regiment; wherefore this man was called a name that I dare not write.

"How come you stopped then?" asked one of the four.

"I ran out of gas," was the reply.

"Back there," said one of the telephone-men, indicating the south of France, "are truck-drivers, engineers, hospital corps, aviators, clerks, M.P.'s, this, that and the other thing, dry and warm, living the life of



the well-known Reilly. Three squares and a dry flop every night, and threats of murder against the cook, in that there has been no pie for supper for three nights in a row. Such as they will go home some day and remark that it was a terrible war, and marry our girls, and take up our jobs, the while we stay here with a cross made of ration boxes at our head."

"And did we not," said another, "play duck on the rock in the rain this morning, it being so decreed by 'Dizzy'?"

"Ah, that unmentionable son of misery," muttered his listeners.

Four days the regiment to which these men belonged had waited patiently at the foot of this little hill, coming out of their holes to watch an air-fight, or to see a balloon shot down, or to climb up the hill and watch the ambulances and trucks going up to the front. Far off across the Meuse could be seen guns, winking and winking, and to the north, giant firecrackers going off in the air with a double bang. This was Jerry combing the woods with shrapnel, and making things lively for the steenth division, that had been in those same woods since daylight, and wished it were in hell instead, as being a much more pleasant place. Regularly every day would come the order to harness up to move forward, and just as regularly would come its revocation—

"Unharness and back into the ground again."

"I crave some jam," said the sergeant. "After that dinner today, I yearn for bread and jam, lots of jam, and thick slices of bread."

And he watered at the mouth.

"'Kickapoo'," said he to one of the telephone-men, so called because he had sold "Kickapoo Indian Remedy for Man or Beast" before the War, "since last pay-day, you have lost to me, shooting jaw-bone crap, the sum of two hundred and forty-four francs. If you will go forth into the rain and procure me some jam, I will call it square."

"And I," said the machine-gun sergeant, "will give you the next Luger that I find for a like consideration."

"It was in my mind that I would like a bit of jam myself," said the medicine-seller, "and I will see what I can do. Anything is better than lying in this hole, with the water running down the back of my neck, and this gomerel kicking me in the shins at every move. I hope I find some Frog that wants to swap some vin rooge for cigarets. However, I do not care to go alone. It is too wet and the town is quite far for all it seems near, and it is always well to do these things by twos."

The other men sighed and allowed that they would do without jam. The rain pattered on the tarp, and who wanted to be wet when it was not necessary?

"Go and get 'Shorty'," said the corporal, "and tell him you know where he can buy some cheese."

"I never thought of that," said Kickapoo, and at once he crawled out into the wet, and dragged his slicker after him.

Just back of the picket-line was a small two-horse wagon called a *fourgon*. It had a canvas top and curtains like a prairie-schooner, a high tailboard, and steps going up into it, that could be raised at will. On the march this wagon carried the portable forge, horseshoes, reserve rations, officers' baggage, the grain for the battery horses, the fire-control instruments, the picketline, spare saddles, spare harness, the two machine-guns, extra clothing for the firing battery, extra gas masks and extra blankets.

Two or three spare tarpaulins were lashed over the top and several pots and pans slung from the axle. At night this wagon would bristle with pistols and packs hung thereon by every man who was near enough to seize them off upon the approach of an officer. In camp it served as retreat for a sergeant, who rejoiced in the name of Shorty, and would go anywhere at any time upon being told that there was cheese to be bought.

Unto this wagon now came Kickapoo. The tailboard of the wagon was raised and the steps lifted. Shorty was within and had raised his drawbridge and lowered the portcullis, like any feudal lord. Kickapoo drew off somewhat as one making a reconnaissance and then threw rocks at the side of the *fourgon* from a safe distance. There was a scuffling sound, and Shorty's face appeared at the canvas curtains, like a sleepy owl.

"What is all this?" cried he, with peeve.

"Come out of that," said the gunner, "and go down into town with me."

"Get gone," said Shorty, with profane words, "for it is raining soup and stones to splash it, and I would fain sleep."

His face disappeared, and sounds were heard that meant he had flung himself on the floor and pulled the blankets over his head. The gunner drew near to the *fourgon* and whispered through a crack—

"There is a Frog canteen there, and one can buy cheese thereat with bugs on it."

*Bang!* The tailboard went down, the steps dropped with a rattle, and Shorty leaped forth, fully equipped in slicker and tin hat.

"Out of my way," cried he, and set off across the field at a run.

"Hey," cried the gunner, "not that way; the old man would break a gut if he knew we left camp, and well you know it."

"Well then, how?"

"Along the narrow gage, and when it goes out of sight behind the church, then we will be out of sight likewise, and well rid of this cursed camp. I have spent now four nights in an old shell-hole with Baldy and Ham and another accursed machine-gunner, and I have no craving to lie in it all day. Moreover, and beyond, I have lost my bones, and we have no matches anyway, and you are the only one in the outfit with

(Continued on page 24)

# Sons of Orion

by *Herbert E. Smith*

**H**ALFWAY across No Man's Land near Ronssoy, France, early on September 30, 1918, the first assault wave of Company H, 105th Infantry, was forced to take cover when it was raked by heavy German machine gun and artillery fire.

A group of men, including Private Harry P. Putman, of Fort Johnson, New York, were fortunate to gain the shelter of a large shell crater, where they were comparatively safe from the bombardment. But a few minutes after taking cover they heard cries for help coming from their comrades who had fallen wounded and were lying exposed to the hostile fire.

Without waiting for a call for volunteers, the Upstate men crept out of the crater shelter and went to the aid of their fallen buddies. In the van of the rescuers was Putman, who helped many of his wounded comrades back to safety. Putman's exhibition of heroism resulted in the saving of many lives, and was an inspiration to all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Corporal Edwin J. Rafter, hailing from New York City, and serving in L Company of the same 105th Infantry, on September 27th, in the same Ronssoy action, also distinguished himself by a brilliant feat of courage.

In command of a flank detachment of which all the men except himself had become casualties, Rafter remained alone at his outpost throughout the night. Several times enemy raiding parties rushed him, but the New Yorker drove each attack off by rifle fire. This single-handed act of heroism on the flank enabled Company L to dig in, reorganize, and consolidate the forward position it had won in that day's battle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near St. Souplet, on the afternoon of October 17th, Captain Charles A. Sandburg was leading his assault unit of the 108th Infantry against the strongly-held German lines, when he fell severely wounded.

Captain Sandburg, a native of Jamestown, New York, had his wounds hastily dressed on the field, and then dashed forward, under heavy machine gun, artillery, and snipers' fire, to rejoin his outfit and again place himself at the head of it.

Only when the regimental commander, noting this gallant officer's weakened condition and profuse bleed-

ing, ordered him to the dressing station at the rear, did he reluctantly leave his men.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Yonkers man, Edward W. Scott, was First Sergeant of Company L, 107th Infantry, when that outfit attacked near Ronssoy on September 29, 1918.

The morning's toll in that terrible action was terrific; by noon all commissioned officers of the company were casualties. First Sergeant Scott immediately assumed command of the outfit and led it forward until he received a severe wound in the arm.

He insisted upon having it treated on the field. Then, hastily bandaged and treated, he rushed forward, caught up with his company, and continued to lead it forward in further successful onslaughts of the German lines until he was wounded a second time, this time fatally.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the fighting in the Ronssoy sector on September 27th, Sergeant James A. Sheret, of Company F, 108th Infantry, gave an exceptionally outstanding example of the kind of stuff of which New York's Guardsmen were made.

Alone, and armed only with his pistol, this courageous non-commissioned officer rushed first one German machine gun nest and then a second "pill-box," which he took single-handed. Later in the same day's action, however, this Albion (N. Y.) soldier made the supreme sacrifice, when he was killed in action while again making a single-handed attack on still another enemy machine gun position.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the height of the terrific engagement east of Ronssoy on September 29th, Company D of the 107th Infantry, one of the advance elements of the 27th Division's attack, was swept by heavy machine gun and artillery fire, and was forced to "hole up" wherever its individual men could find cover.

An Ogdensburg man, Sergeant Edgar M. Sholette, had taken cover in a shell hole when he learned that a member of his combat platoon was lying, helpless and badly wounded, out on No Man's Land.

Unhesitatingly, Sergeant Sholette left his position of safety, dashed out into the fire-swept open, reached the wounded soldier, and carried him to a nearby shell crater and safety.

*(To be continued)*

# General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff

ON August 5th, General Malin Craig having completed his successful tour as Chief of Staff, retired for age and Brigadier General George C. Marshall, Deputy Chief of Staff, succeeded him as head of the American Army.

This is a particularly noteworthy event not only because of the present tense military situation in Europe which means that the next few years may well be vital ones for the American Army and these United States of America, but also because of other more technical reasons which make this appointment a happy augury for the future. General Marshall, with the applause of the great majority of his brother officers, has been raised over the heads of some thirty other officers from the rank of a rather junior Brigadier General to the temporary rank of General. Since the inauguration of the office of Chief of Staff in Washington, he and General Leonard Wood are the only ones not graduates of the West Point Military Academy. To find the reason, one has but to refer to General Marshall's record. Without doubt, he is the most experienced and best trained staff officer to ever hold this key position; for he is the only one who has had the necessary school training, and the practical experience of an operations officer of a division, an army and at G.H.Q. in wartime. Combined with this wide war staff experience he has had unusual opportunities of troop command, varied experience with the National Guard, and has been Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School at Benning.

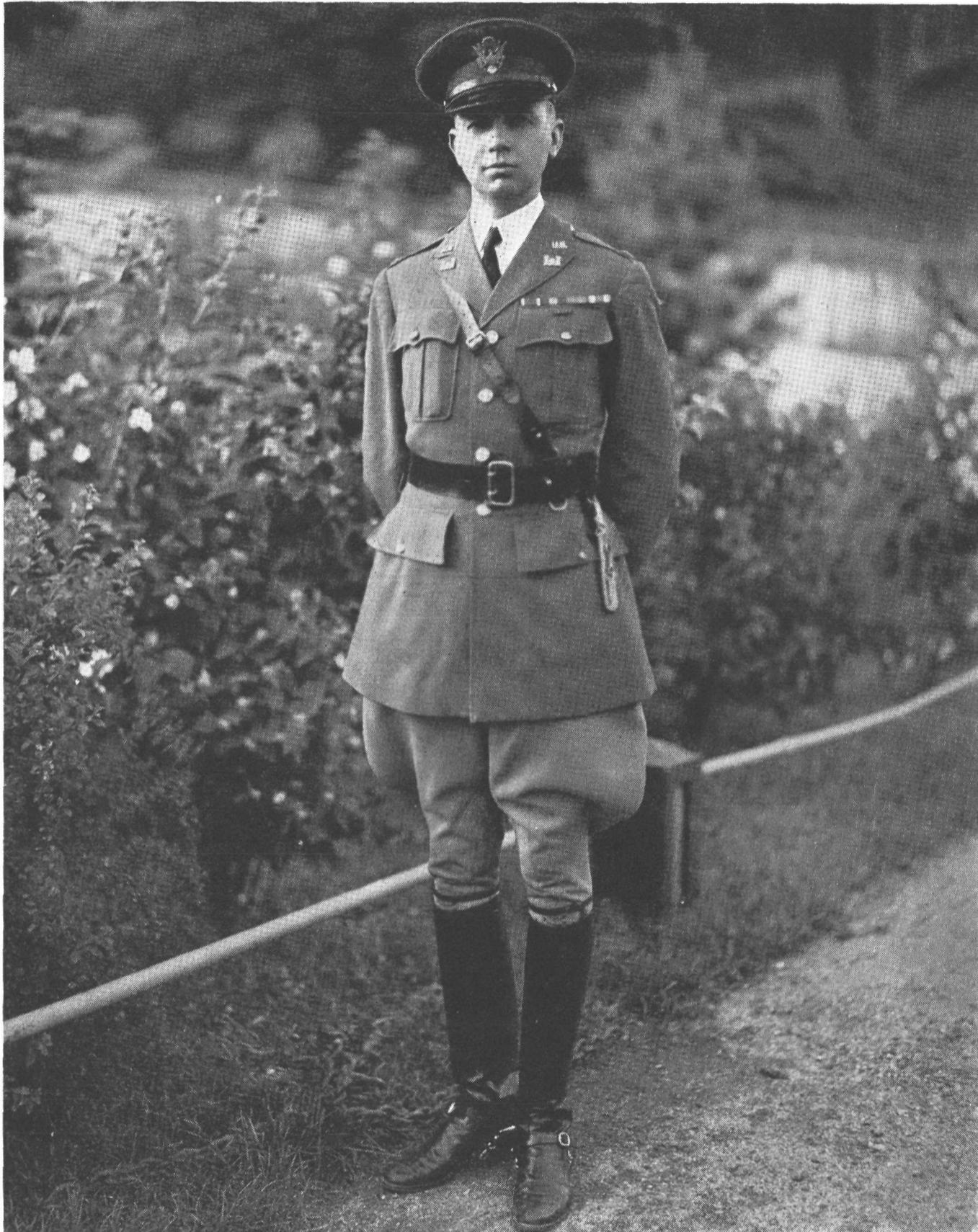
Born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, December 31, 1880, a descendant of the famous jurist, John Marshall, General Marshall graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1901. He had previously received an appointment at large to the army and was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Infantry on February 2, 1901. For the next sixteen years his service was similar to that of other junior officers in the Infantry: mapping details, schools, and service with troops at home and in the Philippines. He was promoted First Lieutenant in 1907, Captain in 1916. In 1907 he graduated top man from the Infantry-Cavalry School and next year graduated from the Army Staff College at Fort Leavenworth.

Young Marshall's mind analyzed and simplified tactical problems and he became a marked man as an instructor in tactics. One story is told of him at this period which well illustrates this. In the days before the world War it was customary in all regiments to

hold a Field Tactical Inspection once a year. Young Marshall, then in command of a company, made a bet with his brother officers that at the Field Inspection he could, with his company, commit at least three grave tactical errors and that the Inspector would not notice them. It is said that his company received the highest rating in the regiment at this inspection. Yet at the club, following the inspection, he pointed out at least four grave tactical errors which he had committed with his company during the field exercises, which had not been noticed. He won his bet.

After graduation from the Army Staff College, Lieutenant Marshall was constantly called upon for staff planning and was one of the key staff officers at the maneuvers held with the Army and National Guard in New England in 1912, with the result that when we entered the World War, he sailed for France with the first troops as Operations Officer of the 1st Division. He continued as Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, with this division up to the time of the formation of the 1st Army in the summer of 1918 and is credited with the extraordinarily difficult staff work of successfully moving the men of the 1st Army from the St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne sector secretly and in record time. He later became Operations Officer of the 1st Army and after the Armistice was ordered to report to the Commander in Chief as one of his personal aides. He served directly under General Pershing for the next three or four years during which time he was of invaluable assistance to him in the formulation and publication of the latter's memoirs of the World War.

Then followed a tour of duty with troops which included three years with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China, where among his other accomplishments, after an intensive study for six months, he passed the examination as Chinese interpreter and installed a Regimental School for instruction in the Chinese language so that, after a year and a half it is reported that the regiment had some 60 to 100 officers and enlisted men who could speak and understand Chinese well enough to be of inestimable value to the regiment and to its Intelligence Section. Returned to the United States he was Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School at Benning for four years. He was appointed a Brigadier General three years ago and was returned to the War Department as Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, in July, 1938, and appointed Deputy Chief of Staff last October.



**BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERIC E. HUMPHREYS**

*On August 2nd, 1939, the 30th anniversary of the purchase of the first Army plane; at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, General Arnold, the Chief of Air Corps, publicly read and presented to General Humphreys a letter signed by the Secretary of War.*

*This letter commended General Humphreys for his efforts in connection with early aviation and stated that he was the first American Army officer to fly it solo. The letter went on to say that since this was the first Military plane and General Humphreys the first officer to fly it, he was the first Military Aviator in the world.*



# Brigadier General Humphreys Retires

THE requirements of his business have caused Brigadier General Frederic E. Humphreys to terminate a distinguished military service to the State and Nation of over thirty-seven years. General Humphreys retired at his own request on July 11, 1939.

General Humphreys, up to the time of his retirement, in command of the 102nd Engineers, was born at Summit, New Jersey, September 16, 1883. He attended the Pennsylvania Military Academy from 1898 to 1902 and in that year received an appointment to the United States Military Academy. As a cadet he was a Corporal, 1st Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Cadet Adjutant and then reduced to 3rd Captain and finally to private for what the Superintendent (General Mills) called "escapades", the best known of which, was on "100 days till June" when nine cadets of the 1st class painted a "1906" on the "Dialectic Hall." They then took the hands off the Guard House clock and painted faces on it, mailing the hands of the clock to the Officer in Charge "postage due." In 1906 he graduated and was commissioned 2nd lieutenant, Corps of Engineers.

From September 14, 1906, to November 27, 1906, he was with Company K, Engineers, at Camp of Instruction, Fort Riley, Kansas; from December 7, 1906, to February 2, 1907, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; enroute to Cuba with Company L, Engineers, to February 10, 1907; at Camp Columbia, Cuba to (transferred to Company G, May 23, 1907; Battalion Adjutant, September 22, 1907, to January, 1908; with 2nd Battalion to September 22, 1908) September 22, 1908; Student, Engineer School, Washington, D.C., September 28, 1908, to June 11, 1909. He was on detached service on duty pertaining to aeronautical work under the Chief Signal Officer from June 12, to October 31, 1909. It was while on this duty he made the first flight credited to any army officer. The items from the publication "Aeronautics" for December 1909 are quoted, as follows:

- October 8—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 4 min., 15 sec.;
- October 12—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 7 min., 20 sec.;
- October 15—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 1 min., 32 sec.;
- \*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 31½ min.
- October 16—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 13 min., 18 sec.;
- October 18—Wright and Humphreys, 11 min., 47½ sec.;
- \*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 10 min., 13½ sec.;
- \*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 9 min., 37½ sec.

- October 19—Wright and Humphreys, 11 min., 17 sec.;
- \*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 18 min., 40 sec.
- October 20—Wright and Humphreys, 3 min., 25 sec.;
- \*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 27 min.
- October 21—Wright and Humphreys, 1 min.
- October 22—Wright and Humphreys, 42 min.
- October 23—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 8 min.
- October 25—\*\*\*\*Wright and Humphreys, 11 min.;
- October 26—Humphreys alone, 3 min.;
- \*\*\*\*Humphreys alone, 8½ min.;
- \*\*\*\*Humphreys alone, 24 min.

After serving from November 1, 1909, to May 30, 1910, with the 1st Battalion of Engineers, he resigned from the Army, because of business reasons, effective August 1, 1910.

General Humphreys was in the Federal Service for duty on the Mexican Border from July 7, 1916, to January 4, 1917, being mustered in as Captain, 22nd Engineers, New York National Guard. He was promoted to the rank of Major on September 30, 1916.

Called into the Federal Service July 15, 1917, as Major, 22nd Engineers, New York National Guard, which became the 102nd Engineers, he served with that organization at New York City to August 1917, and at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., from September 2, 1917, to March 1918.

On March 5, 1918, General Humphreys reported for duty at the Aviation School at Rockwell Field, Coronado, Calif. He was announced as on duty requiring him to participating regularly and frequently in aerial flights from March 7, 1918.

Relieved from duty at the Aviation School on May 23, 1918, he proceeded to Cambridge, Mass., where he attended the School of Military Aeronautics and, after graduating in the first class, he was retained at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as Commander of the School and in charge of the Department of Practical Aeroplane Design until January 22, 1919, when he was assigned to duty with the Technical Section, Engineering Division, McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. He served at that station until February 20, 1919, when he was honorably discharged from the Army.

On April 13, 1920, General Humphreys received an appointment as Lieutenant Colonel, 22nd New York Engineers, and on October 28th of that year he was advanced to the rank of Colonel.

In civil life General Humphreys has been connected with the Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Company, of which organization he is President.

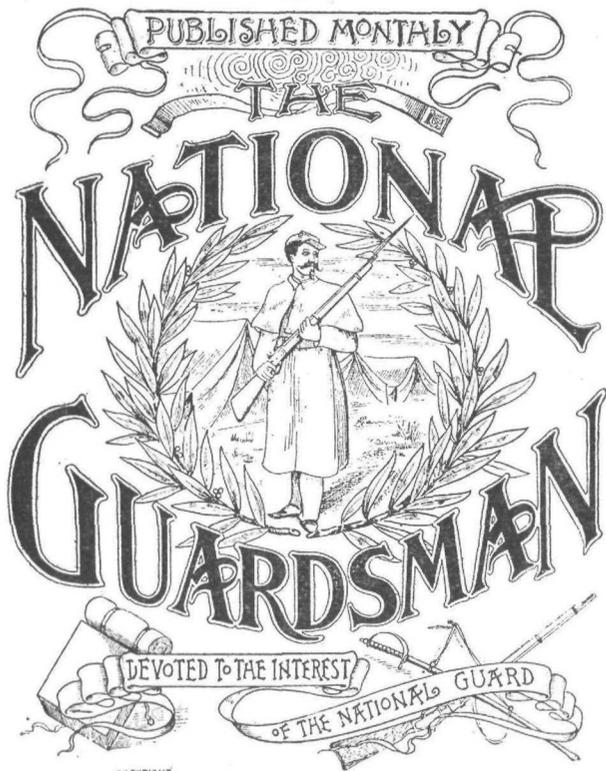
(Continued on page 22)

# The State Camp at Peekskill

From the National Guardsman, September, 1889.

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№ 1.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

THE Camp is the place to test the stuff a soldier is made of and form a clear judgment of his possibilities as an efficient warrior in case of war. When bad weather strikes the camp is the best time for such observations. Any man can make a fair soldier under favorable conditions of mild sunshine and gentle breezes, just as it is easy for a man to be good with a sufficiency of money in his pocket and a happy, contented, well-fed family at home. But as adversity tries the moral mettle of the private citizen in his struggle with the world, so does exposure to the inclemency of the elements test the endurance, patience, self-restraint, esprit de corps and every quality that goes to make up a good soldier.

This has been well illustrated in the experience of the regiments and batteries that have gone into camp at Peekskill this summer. First to go was the Seventh Regiment, under command of its old Colonel, Emmons Clark. It had a generally satisfactory week, as good as it has enjoyed in many a year. The discipline was well maintained, and the behavior of the men through the evolutions and duties of drill and guard duty was praiseworthy to a degree.

The most noticeable feature of the Seventh's stay at Peekskill was the visit of His Excellency, Governor Hill to camp and his conferring of the rank of Brigadier-General upon Colonel Emmons Clark, the retiring commander of the regiment. This was a memorable occasion.

Next to this in importance was the presentation to Colonel Clark of a fine statue of Augustus Caesar by the officers and men of the command.

Next went the old Seventy-first, 490 strong, under command of Colonel Kopper. It made a rattling record at the camp. In fact, it broke the old record for Grand Guard, the scene at night reminding one of army times.

Then went the Tenth Battalion of Albany, under Lieut.-Col. Fitch, and the Ninth Regiment from New York, under Colonel Seward, and the First Artillery from New York.

Colonel Seward's men had a hot time during their stay, so hot that several men were placed hors de combat by the deadly heat which reached as high as 99 degrees. The ambulances of both the Ninth Regiment and the Tenth Albany Battalion were in requisition. Skirmish drill was the great feature of the Ninth's week in camp. A handsome sword was presented to Captain J. D. Walters, of Co. D, by his men, on the evening of July 8th. The presentation took place in front of Colonel's Seward's tent, in the presence of the Colonel and full staff.

Following the brave old Ninth Regiment, went the Twenty-third, the elegant "Ours," of Brooklyn, under command of Colonel PARTRIDGE. We have heard nothing but praise of the men from the officers, and reports of a delightful week from the men. All agree that never had the old Twenty-third a better camp report to make. The weather was fine, with the exception of but two days, when they caught the rain that fell so heavily on July 15 and July 19. The health of the troops was good, and the drills were thorough and well attended, without shirking. The joke of the week when off duty, was the song:

"Just a little sunshine  
Just a little rain  
Just a little happiness,  
Just a little pain."

accompanied by personal shower-baths from tin cups, pitchers, bowls, pails, or anything that held water. On the last night and morning at camp, they all got enough of rain. The Second Battery spent the week with the Twenty-third.

Next went the Twenty-second, under Colonel JOHN T. CAMP, to the number of nearly 600 men.

Here again was a week of hard and efficient work, giving the men such instruction and experience as can never be obtained in the armory, showing them a glimpse of what soldiering means. They acquitted themselves admirably, in spite of the dashes of weather that struck them.

But the Forty-seventh got the full benefit of the frightful rains that drenched us all and washed out July as with a waterspout. The week from July 27 to August 3 was a week to try men's souls, and squarely test not only their understanding of the word duty, but also their steadiness, courage and discipline. Every day the camp was flooded, and the guard mounts, manual and skirmish drills had to be gone through under the most depressing conditions. If any regiment knows more than it did of actual campaigning it is the Forty-seventh. Marching in mud and lying in puddles to fire, give a strong taste of the realities of a soldier's life, and are eye-openers to the carpet soldier who enlisted only for fun. It is due to the brave fellows of the Forty-Seventh, and to the influence of their officers, to report that, under the circumstances, breaches of discipline were rare, fewer by far than we expected to hear. The average attendance was well up to the mark, in fact, excellent and the physical condition and pluck of the men may be judged from the fact that the ambulance carried off but three men from camp who could not march. The men kept up their spirits admirably.

During the same week the camp contained also the Second Provisional Battalion, under Major WAL-LACE A. DOWNS, along with the Second Battery, already spoken of. These suffered the same discomfort and misery as the Forty-seventh, doing their arduous work under almost unprecedented disadvantages. Yet all compelled creditable records to be made of them. It was such a trying week as none of them had ever known before, and we trust that the health of all who spent that "bestly" time in camp may have received no permanent injury therefrom. It was only toward the end that the sun got a chance to shine through the sodden clouds, and the men made the most of it. The last night in camp there was a grand old time illumination and general jollification.

A very pleasant feature of the Forty-seventh's first Sunday at Peekskill, was a visit of a detachment of Company C, Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, who took advantage of the appropriate occasion to present a handsome sword to Second Lieutenant Michael Colligan, who has recently joined the Forty-seventh on invitation and election, and who was formerly a popular sergeant of Company C, Thirteenth Regiment. The sword was a token of the esteem in which the promoted and gallant Colligan is held by his old comrades.

On the third of August, the Twelfth Regiment, of old renown, went up from New York and the famous Third or Gatling Battery of Brooklyn, the former, under command of Colonel Barber, mustered 600 strong. The Twelfth struck it fairly rich in the

way of weather. The quality of it which the boys enjoyed was certainly a grand improvement on the deluge that washed out the Forty-seventh, though a couple of wettings slightly dampened them.

Special attention was given to skirmish drill, which was the great feature of camp work with all the regiments. The troops worked splendidly; their movements were made with a dash and correctness and effective ensemble that were admirable, and met the expectations of their commander, making an appreciable advance in the military acquirements of the entire regiment.

A notable feature of the work of the Twelfth was shown on the very first day of their arrival. They marched to supper in line, to the music of fife and drum. Those who have been at West Point at feeding time, will recall what a pleasing sight the Cadets presented as they lined in to the tables. This move of the Twelfth was a surprise to the Peekskill Camp, and a foretaste of the kind of work that was to be done by the regiment during the week of its stay.

It is a pity that anything should occur to mar the excellent record made, but truth compels us to report cases of infraction of orders which resulted in the arrest of five members of the Twelfth Regiment and two of Thirty-eighth Separate Company of Oswego. Leaving camp without a pass was the charge against some, "drunk and disorderly," with insolence to officers, was the crime of others. They were ordered to extra work as punishment. They refused with oaths. They were bundled into a bare tent, and afterwards into a veritable dungeon, with nothing to eat and only water to drink. This dungeon, was the new powder-magazine, that had just been dug in the side of a hill and covered with heavy planks and earth. It was a tomb. Some of the culprits relented and their captains got them out.

A court-martial was ordered by General Porter to try the four prisoners who remained. When the court commenced, there were found to be charges formulated against only two of the four. These were now pretty well shaken up and very penitent. The charges were that they had left camp without permission and stayed away three hours, from 10 at night till 1 in the morning; that they had lent a soldier's uniform to a citizen to enable him to pass the guard; that they were drunk, and had refused to work after arrests, etc. There is no doubt that the punishment will be severe. The entire proceedings after the arrest show that there is no nonsense about the discipline of the Twelfth Regiment; and the guilty ones who escaped charges before the court martial have been dealt with at home since their return to the Armory. There is no free-and-easy soldiering in the old Twelfth, and what might in some regiments be winked at by tolerant officers, is here treated with exemplary severity.

The Gatling, or Third Battery of Brooklyn, com-

(Continued on page 21)

# *102nd Medical Regiment Welcomes International Congress of Military Medicine and Pharmacy*

THE months of April and May were exceptionally busy ones for the officers of the 102nd Medical Regiment for upon their shoulders fell the very important task of giving the delegates from foreign countries to the International Congress of Military Medicine and Pharmacy their first taste of American hospitality.

The International Congress of Military Medicine and Pharmacy meets biennially in the country designated at the previous congress and is participated in by delegates designated by the various countries of the world from among the medical department officers of their military and naval forces. At its sessions important questions pertaining to wounds and diseases incident to the military service are propounded and discussed. The 1939 Congress, the tenth, convened in Washington on May 8th, adjourned on May 15th and reconvened in New York City on May 16th, finally adjourning on May 18th. By designation of the President of the United States, its deliberations were presided over by Major General Charles R. Reynolds, the Surgeon General of the United States Army.

As is usual in an undertaking of this character, there was a great deal of preliminary work necessary, an important part of which consisted in expediting the entry of the foreign delegates into the United States. They came from all parts of the world on the ship of many flags and of all sizes, from the majestic "Normandie" to the small boats in the South American trade. They arrived at all hours of the day and night but regardless of this

each was met by at least one officer with an automobile and a baggage truck. Several large delegations were met by a group of officers and a ladies' committee. In most cases an officer boarded the ship at Quarantine and did much to pave the way for a speedy entry into the United States.

The successful accomplishment of this task was made possible by the whole-hearted cooperation of the Immigration, Public Health, and Customs Services, all of whom did their utmost to release the delegates and their baggage as speedily as possible.

As soon as the delegates left the piers they were taken to their hotels, their baggage following promptly. During their stay in New York City, and prior to their departure for Washington, they were taken on sight-seeing tours, shopping expeditions, and such other trips as they cared to take. After their return from Washington, and following the final adjournment of the Congress, they were given a day at the World's Fair. The following day they were taken for a sail up the beautiful Hudson River to the Military Academy at West Point on the Cutter "Campbell," the flagship of the New York Division of the Coast Guard. At West Point, they were received by the Superintendent, Brigadier-General Jay L. Benedict, the Surgeon, Colonel Weed, and his Executive Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Danielson, given a buffet luncheon in Cullum Memorial Hall, after which they viewed the parade by the full Corps of Cadets, toured Trophy Point, the Mess Hall, and the Chapel.

All of this work was accomplished by the Hospitality Committee of which Colonel Lucius A. Salisbury, the regimental commander and Division Surgeon, was the Chairman. Other members of the Committee from the Medical Regiment were Lieutenant-Colonel Robert P. Wadhams and Captain Herbert J. Lucas. Members of the Auxiliary Committee were Majors Moore, Oeder, and Pierce, Captains Lucas, McCarthy, Camuti, Walsh, Grier, and Hadermann. Members of the Ladies' Committee were Mrs. Lucius A. Salisbury, Chairman, Mrs. Lambert R. Oeder, Mrs. Herbert J. Lucas, Mrs. Louis J. Camuti, and Mrs. Frederick E. Hadermann. Baggage arrangements were in charge of Staff Sergeant Edward M. Maher.

The headquarters of the Committee was at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where a full-time secretary was in charge. From this office all details for meeting delegates were handled, sight-seeing tours and shopping expeditions, hotel accommodations and railroad reservations arranged for, programs compiled and distributed, and club courtesy cards and maps secured. Since the close of the Congress, many letters have been received from delegates who have since returned to their home countries expressing their appreciation of the manner in which this Committee made them welcome into the United States.

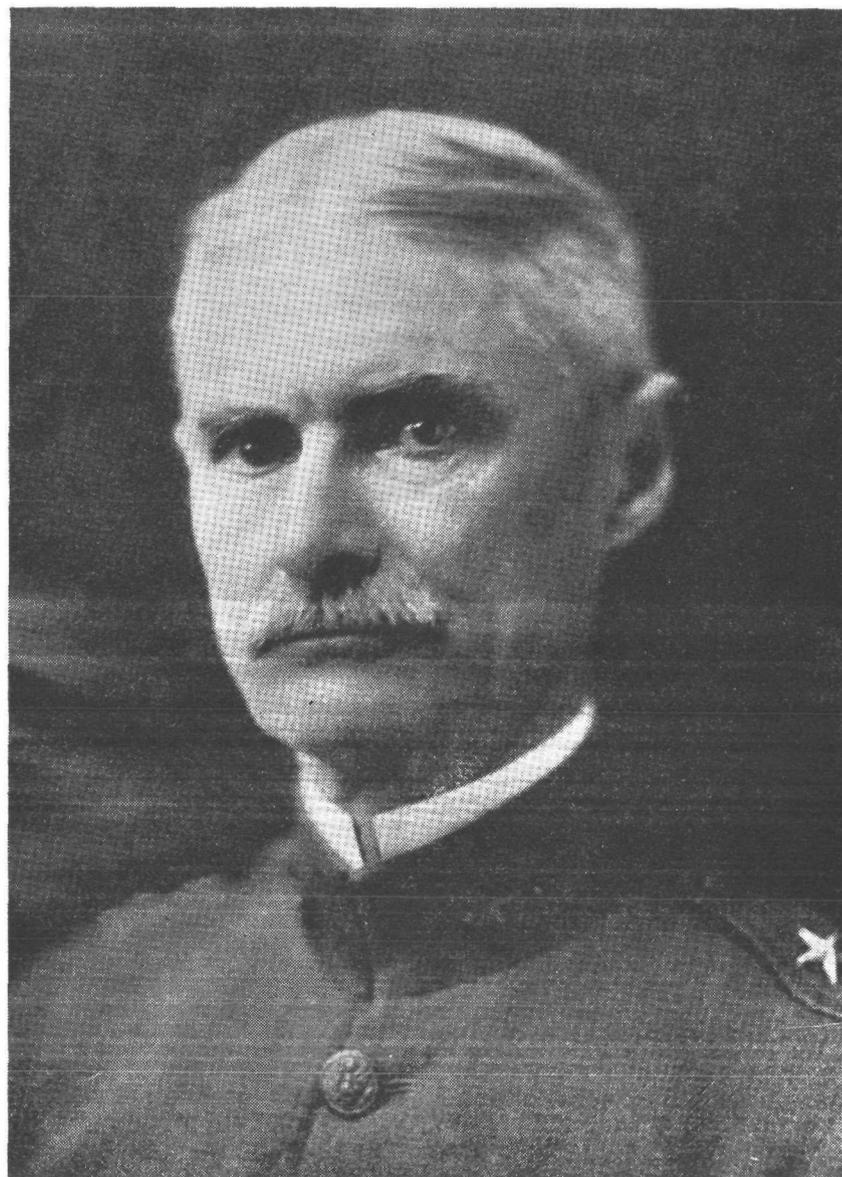
Colonel Salisbury was one of the recipients of the Order of Public Health conferred by the French Government through General Savornin, the head of the French Delegation.

# General Hay Resigns Camp Smith Post

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM N. HASKELL announced the resignation, effective October 31st, of Major General William H. Hay, U. S. Army (Retired), for thirteen years Superintendent at Camp Smith. General Hay will be succeeded by Colonel Hiram W. Taylor, N. Y. National Guard (Retired), of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., who, up to the time of his retirement last year, was Finance Officer of the 27th Division.

General Hay, who is a classmate of General Pershing, was appointed to his post as Superintendent at Camp Smith in 1926 by General Haskell, shortly after the latter assumed command of the Guard. General Haskell expressed keen regret at General Hay's decision and said, "General Hay is leaving the State service after fifty-seven years of almost continuous service with the Army and the National Guard. The position of Superintendent at Camp Smith is an important one. The plant and property there have a very large value, and the administration of them is a twenty-four-hour-a-day, all-year-around job. General Hay, in the course of his long service for the State of New York, has brought the installation at Camp Smith to a very high degree of efficiency. He will be a welcome and, I hope, a frequent visitor at Camp Smith as long as I remain in command of the New York National Guard."

General Hay's long and distinguished military career began with his appointment, in 1882, to the United States Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1886 as a second lieutenant, with assignment to the 3rd Cavalry in western Texas. He was subsequently promoted through the grades to major general, and in the course of his career saw service in many of the western states, in Washington, D. C., and in Cuba and the Philippine Islands as well. His overseas service during and after the World War embraced France, Germany, England, and Poland, and all of his service in France, prior to the Armistice, was in the front lines. His brigadier generalship in 1917 placed him in command of a brigade which trained at Camp Upton and went to France in 1918. As major general, he commanded the 28th Division



until it left France, on April 16th, 1919, and the day thereafter was assigned command of the 125,000 troops in the Intermediate Section of the Service of Supplies, holding this post until July 1st, 1919, when he himself returned from France. The several subsequent years saw him in command of Camp Custer, Michigan, and the Brownsville and El Paso border districts, and included also two years of service as Inspector General and Chief of Staff of the American Army of Occupation in Germany. General Hay was retired in 1923 for disability incurred as a result of accident in the line of duty, and in 1926 he accepted the position of Superintendent at Camp Smith.

Besides campaign medals, General Hay was cited for and received the following decorations: Distinguished Service Medal, U. S.; Commander of the Legion of Honor, France; Croix de Guerre with three palms, France; Commander of the Black Star, France, and Commander of the Order of Leopold, Belgium.

The General's successor, Colonel Hiram W. Taylor, was born in England in 1874, and enlisted in the New York Guard in 1905. Commissioned a second lieutenant of Infantry in 1917, he rose rapidly in the grades, and in 1921 was made a lieutenant colonel in the Finance Division. He served as Finance Officer of the 27th Division, New York National Guard, from 1921 until last year, when his retirement became mandatory, under the State law, on his sixty-fourth birthday.



**"For the propagation of one policy and only one:  
'Better Guardsmanship and Better Citizenship!'"**

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*N.Y.C. Advertising Manager*

### PRESENT ARMS

COMRADES! We salute you! The assembly sounds for guard mount! Being detailed for special duty, we toe the line with fixed bayonet, ready to go on post.

What special duty? Why, to look after everybody and everything connected with the American National Guard. A big job, say you? Well, yes, if we are to do the duty alone. But we are going to have big help by-and-by. We shall have the aid of every patriotic and progressive Guardsman in the country, as soon as we have won his confidence. And that we are bound to win. How, you ask? Strangely enough, by telling him the truth as we find it, the kindly truth, not the savage truth; by treating all men and all questions with fairness, making no invidious discriminations, or giving the news about one man or regiment while suppressing it about another; by scouring round for every fact that can prove of benefit or interest to members of the National Guard wherever located; finally, by throwing the force and weight of our pen into the work of deepening and broadening the patriotism of our citizen soldiers, by aiding the officers in obtaining the highest discipline and proudest esprit de corps, and by disseminating information among the rank and file that shall quicken their interest in and love for the noble tasks they have undertaken as defenders of the common weal, and can be obtained.

It is everywhere conceded in military circles, that a journal fully and impartially covering matters of importance to the entire National Guard, has long been a necessity. A special medium is called for, and the NATIONAL GUARDSMAN steps to the front to answer the call. It will give a concise, comprehensive, and correct record of events relative to each regiment, company

and man, whenever such record can possibly prove of interest to the Guard at large, and can be obtained.

When it is known that THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN is published by an association of gentlemen, members of the National Guard who have had broad experience in military affairs, both officers and privates will be prepared to look confidently to its pages for fair criticism or honest praise. We know that our success lies in catering honestly and cheerfully to the lively interest our Guardsmen take in military affairs, and we pledge every effort to win and hold the attention and support of the critical constituency in whose service we have volunteered.

The foregoing editorial is from Volume 1, Number 1 of "The National Guardsman"—"A Monthly Military Review—of all matters of interest to the National Guard, and to the Volunteer Land and Naval Militia of the United States," published in New York City just fifty years ago this month—September, 1889.

We are indebted to Colonel Ralph C. Tobin, Commanding the 107th Infantry, for this valued document and are reproducing elsewhere in this issue extracts from the 1889 "Guardsman" which we believe will prove of interest both historically and from a comparative point of view. While certain features have naturally changed, we find in the schedule of Peekskill calls, for instance, quite a similarity to our existing schedule.

Thus we find that fifty years ago we had a "Guardsman" and that the Guardsmen then, performed very much in the same manner as the Guardsmen now.

*Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose!*

### TEN AND FIFTEEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH IN THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

#### SEPTEMBER, 1924

General Bullard reviews troops at Camp Smith

\* \* \*

Governor's Day at Camp Smith

\* \* \*

#### SEPTEMBER, 1929

27th Division reunion at Saratoga

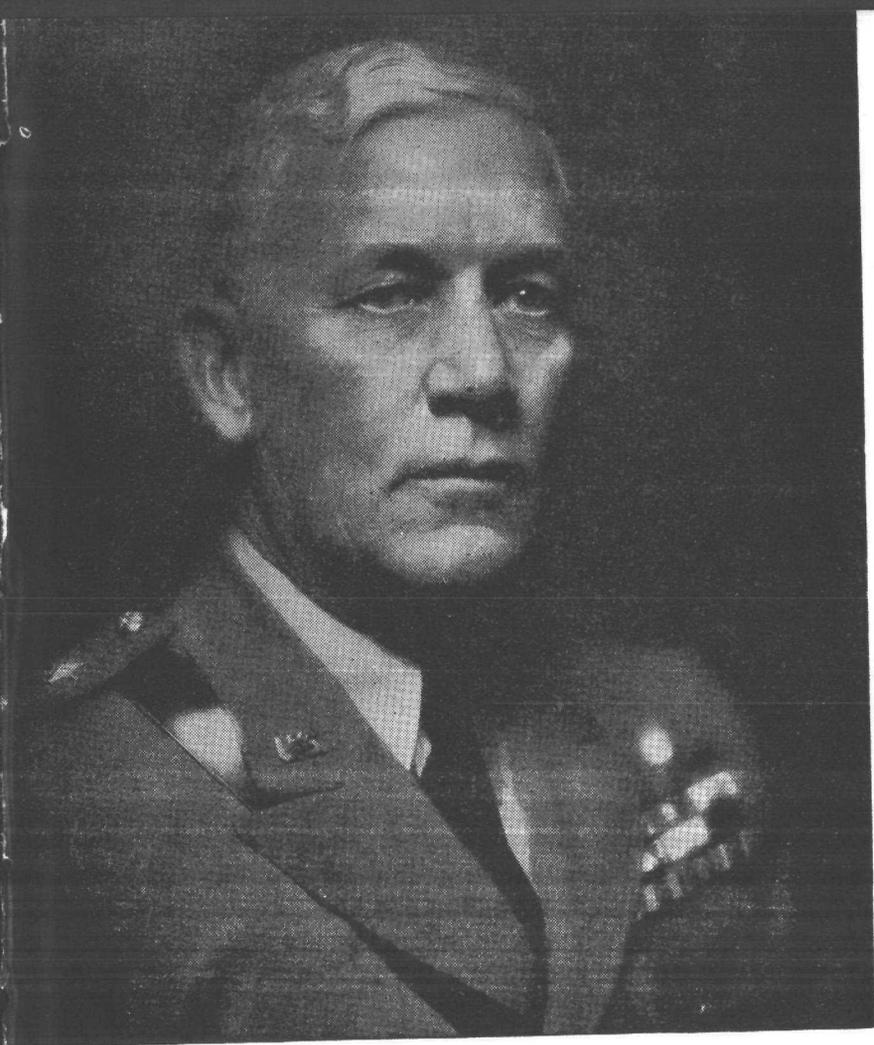
\* \* \*

174th Infantry baseball champions

\* \* \*

Colonel A. J. MacNab new Senior Instructor

# General Haskell's Message



WHEN this Message is read, the New York National Guard, or at least the major part of it, will have just completed their summer training as a part of the First Army, near Plattsburg, New York.

No doubt, every individual Guardsman who attended has learned something which has increased his value as an officer or an enlisted man. The more observing and more keenly interested men will naturally have learned more than the others. Every effort was made during these exercises to acquaint all concerned, both officers and men, with the tactical situations of each exercise, its objects and the conditions under which the exercise developed, as well as the lessons to be learned. In order to make this more intelligible to the man in the ranks, an unusual number of maps was issued, so that almost every non-commissioned officer, as well as officers, had a map of the terrain in his possession, and could therefore discuss situations and actions with his squad or section during inactive intervals in the exercises.

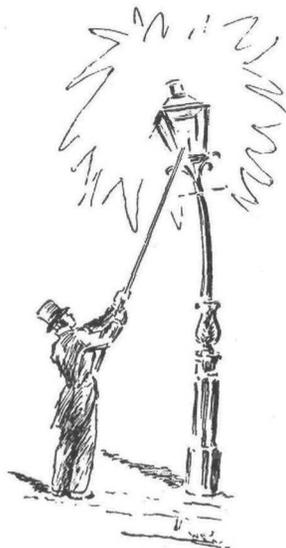
No doubt, the maneuvers at Plattsburg were worth all that they cost. Certainly they were valuable to the higher commands and staffs. A large experience was gained by all concerned with regard to field conditions, logistics, sanitation, the utilization of ground, and tactics.

In spite of all the good things that accrue from the maneuvers of large bodies of troops such as at the Plattsburg exercises, there are certain losses that must be offset against the gains. Among the losses that the National Guard sustains in a maneuver year are: the omission of the usual target practice, both for small arms and artillery; loss of intensive training with the various weapons, less detailed training for small units, and an unavoidable falling-off in discipline.

The last-named loss, i.e., falling-off in discipline, does not mean that discipline is not maintained during field exercises, but it is a well-known fact that after service in the field for a considerable period of time, troops usually are benefited by a period of strict and exacting close-order drills. In other words, the minor outward and visible signs of discipline such as saluting, personal appearance, precision, neatness in dress, and general "snap" are all more or less relaxed during service in the field, and therefore it is well for those troops that have participated in the maneuvers to pay particular attention to these matters immediately upon resuming armory training. For this purpose, it is recommended that a few short close-order drills be conducted, with strict attention to the individual soldier, and an insistence on uniformity and precision be required from all concerned.

I am hopeful that all of the New York National Guard will return from the maneuvers enriched in knowledge and experience in the field. At the same time, I hope that the knowledge acquired by the field training this summer will not to any great extent affect the good appearance, the strict discipline, and the snappy appearance that are normal for the New York National Guard.

In connection with the subject of close-order drill, the new infantry drill regulations have now been approved by the War Department, and will probably go into effect at the beginning of the forthcoming armory training year. While these new drill regulations are intended generally to simplify formations and movements—eliminating, for instance, the time-hallowed "squads right"—it should not be assumed that thereby they lack disciplinary value. Any military formation or activity, whether it be mounting the guard, or moving a platoon across country, or organizing a firing point, or feeding a hot meal in bivouac—even digging proper field latrines—has disciplinary value. The new drill regulations recognize this fact. They provide the basis for completing the many tasks which the soldier must perform in a willing, rapid, and simple matter. And that is what discipline means.



## New York's Lawful Racket

Greeley Square . . . New York's noisy spot . . . the din of pneumatic drills, pile-drivers, compressors, and blasting . . . the yelling of workmen trying to make themselves understood above the clamor (they're digging another subway and pulling down an El) . . . the swish of underground trains . . . the rattle of trolley cars . . . the horn-honking and loudly-voiced comments of impatient bus, truck, and automobile drivers . . . the put-put of motorcycles . . . the grinding of shifted gears . . . the screeching of brakes . . . the explosions of defective mufflers . . . the clang of ambulance . . . the weird sound of police car sirens . . . the chatter of shoppers . . . the pleading of beggars . . . the shouts of street hawkers, newsboys, and the "Wanna Red Cap?" of dusky porters . . . the off-key tunes of street musicians . . . the whistles and shouted commands of the young army of policemen on traffic duty.

Yet, above all this bedlam of sound one can almost hear the voice of Horace Greeley urging, from his pedestal on the Square, "Go West, young man, go West."

## FLY BALL

STRANGER than fiction is the story of the loss of a billiard championship and the death of one of the contestants, all because of a common pesty house fly.

The joint holders of the world's billiard championship in 1864, Louis Fox and John Deery, met in

Washington Hall, Rochester, on September 7, 1865, to decide who would be the champion.

The hall was packed with happy, enthusiastic fans, some cheering Fox who was ahead and others loudly encouraging Deery not to give up. Fox was so far in the lead that his victory seemed a certainty when suddenly a fly alighted on his cue ball. Fox managed to chase it off the ball but just as he was about to shoot, the fly swooped down again. Fox drove the fly away again, but he was nervous, mis-cued and lost his shot. Deery, taking advantage of his opponent's misfortune, quickly ran out the string and won the championship. Then Fox lost his control entirely, rushed out of the Hall, ran down to the river, jumped in and drowned.

## CONTENTED GOATS

ONLY about 250 quarts of goat's milk is consumed in New York City every day, as compared with some 3,500,000 quarts of cow's milk. The supply is furnished by three dairy goatfarms which are licensed and subject to the same rules and regulations governing other dairies.

Goat's milk averages 3 per cent more butterfat content than cow's milk. It is usually prescribed for young children when neither baby foods nor other substitutes have the proper results.

A reporter for the Federal Writers' Project of New York City learned recently that medical opinion is still divided as to the value of goat's milk; the demand for the product in New York City, however, indicates that there must be quite a number of doctors recommending it.

New York State's three goat farms are "scrupulously clean," the goats "contented" and the dairies produce certified as well as pasteurized milk. From three to five quarts daily in a goat's productiveness; they are milked three times a day.

## AN EARLY SCHOOLMASTER

THE teachers employed in the vast school system of the city of New York are living in clover if their lot is compared with that of the city's first schoolmaster. No teacher of today is compelled to be a part-time laundryman in order to eke out a living, as was the case in the early days of New York's educational system.

When Adam Roelantsen arrived in New Amsterdam in 1633, to take up his duties as the city's first schoolmaster, he had to start from scratch. He was twenty-seven years old, and full of pep. He needed it, for his troubles began at once. There was no schoolhouse for one thing, and the young man was compelled to set up quarters in his own lodgings. His salary was two beaver skins per year for each pupil, but pupils being scarce, he took in washing to supplement his meagre income.

Whether it was because of so inauspicious a beginning, or because Roelantsen was too sensitive a plant for the rough life of the colony, it was not long before the young schoolmaster was in hot water. He drank too much, he gossiped, got into brawls and was frequently charged with slander.

In 1642 Roelantsen married, and when he sailed for a brief visit to Holland four years later he was already the father of four children.

# New York

by the Federal Writers' Project, W.P.A.

His wife died during his absence and the civic authorities appointed three citizens, among them Roelantsen's successor, as guardians for his children and his wife's estate.

Upon his return home Roelantsen was immediately arrested for violating the customs laws. There is no record of the disposition made of this charge, but we do know that shortly afterwards he was arrested again on a more serious charge. He was accused of trying to force his love upon the wife of a certain Harck Sybatsen, "in her own house." He was found guilty and sentenced to whipping and banishment but "in consideration that the aforesaid defendant has four small children without a mother and a cold winter is approaching, the actual banishment of the above sentence is delayed until a more favorable opportunity."

This "favorable opportunity" took an unexpected form. Roelantsen was appointed jailer. Two months later, he abandoned his post, made a round of all the taverns, and wound up in a drunken brawl.

For the next five or six years, no more is heard of him. He appears to have kept out of trouble. When he popped up again, the occasion was the sale of his house to satisfy a mortgage.

In 1653 he is charged with selling rotten bacon. Here the dossier on Schoolmaster Roelantsen stops. Exactly how his "career" ended remains shrouded in mystery.

### LUCKY 13?

Is "13" really an unlucky number? This question has been the

cause of many headaches, for the number does turn up frequently and has to be reckoned with.

One famous Fifth Avenue Building around 42nd Street, New York City, for instance, has no 13th floor, yet the owners of the building as well as the hundreds of business and professional concerns that frequent the 60-story structure are no doubt all level-headed, modern-minded individuals who haven't much use for superstitions.

Some of the best known hotels in town have not only no 13th floor, but have omitted that number from all their rooms.

One large hotel has solved the problem quite uniquely; it rents no rooms on the 13th floor, but uses it for its own business offices, the owners themselves evidently wishing to show that they are not superstitious. This hotel's success might be cited as proof of the claim that 13 is a lucky number. The latter belief is also the conviction of a number of corporations, owning several of our famous skyscrapers, whose dividends show no decline by virtue of their uninterrupted rentings of their 13th floors.

### HABITAT: THE BRONX

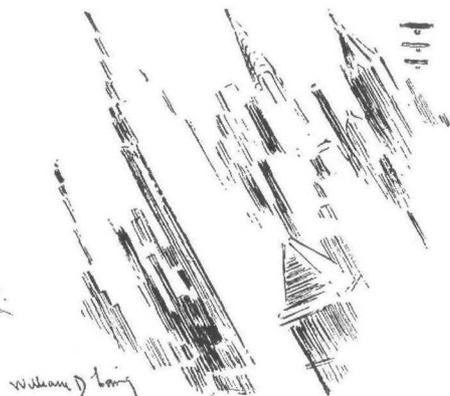
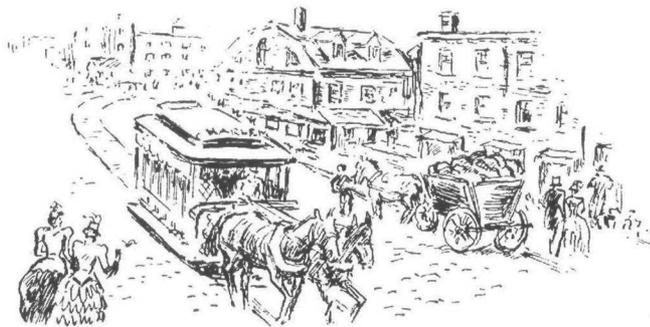
If a visitor to the World's Fair becomes blasé about trylons and fan dancers, a trip to that mammoth haven for animal exotica, the Bronx Park Zoo, will almost certainly revive his interest.

Here the children say, "Mama, look at the dopey chicken," and point to a white peacock puttering about among the peanut shells. The Aoudad (Barbary mountain sheep) eats paper like a backyard

goat. The Himalayan tahr, who dwells "amid precipices so appalling that its chase is said to be the most dangerous mountaineering in India," likes pink popcorn. Pandora, the young giant panda, sleeps in her cage in the lion house, indifferent to the white glare of publicity beating down on her fuzzy head. The rare black jaguar glowers at the world; his beauty has not mellowed him. Exotic variations on the rat are the golden agouti, spotted cavy and that daintiest of rodents, the flying squirrel. The dingo, or Australian wild dog, howls in his cage, and the wild dog from the Andes (the first ever to be exhibited in an American zoo) howls back in answer. There are tame-looking wild asses, too, from Tibet and Abyssinia. There is nothing tame-looking, however, about the regal python as he lies, huge and swollen with slowly digesting meat, in his glass room in the reptile house. In this house, beautiful and moistly fragrant with tropical foliage, are all those blood-curdling mystery-story villains, the fer-de-lance, the cobra, the boa, the rattlesnake.

The term "bird" is a masterpiece of understatement for such hash-eesheater's dreams as the violet-necked cassowary, the pileated guan, the crested curassow, who sports a top-knot of black curls, the horned screamer, and the secretary-bird with his wildly sprouting head feathers.

Not to be neglected is the Zoo's excellent chimpanzee, a humorist who throws banana peels at the cash customers with a deadly aim, along with an occasional "Bronx cheer."





● Major Drowne with Dr. Drowne's collection and picture. ●

DR. SOLOMON DROWNE was the great grandson of Leonard Drowne, who came to this country from the West of England and settled in Kittery, Maine, shortly after the accession of Charles II. Dr. Solomon Drowne was born in Providence, Rhode Island, March 11, 1753. On November 20, 1777, he married Elizabeth Russell of Boston, in Holliston, Massachusetts. Elizabeth Russell was a direct descendant of William White, who came over in the Mayflower in 1620.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Drowne's uncle, Shem Drowne, has been referred to by Hawthorne as the "first American sculptor." He carved ship prows and was also a metalsmith. His most famous work was the grasshopper weather vane, which still stands on Faneuil Hall.

Dr. Drowne graduated from the Rhode Island College (now Brown University) in 1773, after which he received medical degrees from the University of Pennsylvania and from Dartmouth College, N. H. He entered the army of the Revolution as surgeon, serving under Dr. John Morgan, Director-General of hospitals in New York at the time of evacuation, and for several years afterward in the Rhode Island

hospital. He also served in Sullivan's expedition on Rhode Island, and in Colonel Cray's and Colonel Atwell's regiments.

During the Sullivan expedition, a soldier from Colonel Livingston's regiment received a severe skull injury, which was passed upon by the regular army surgeons as a hopeless case, and the soldier was about to be removed from the hospital tent, when Dr. Drowne said he would give the case his personal attention. He trephined (or trepanned) a

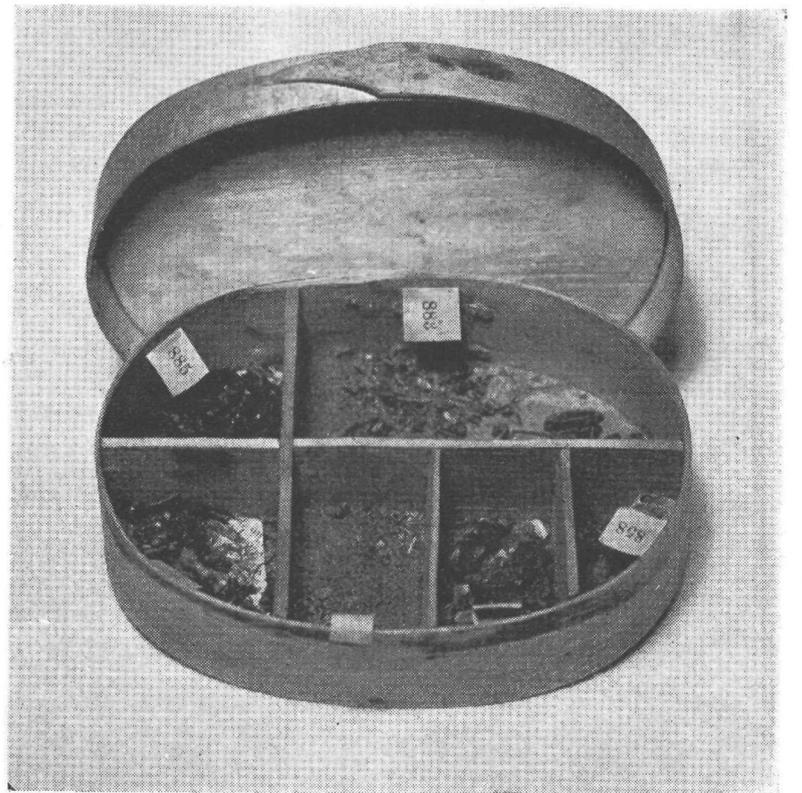
# Dr. Solomon A Surgeon of

By Major H.

part of the soldier's cranium, and after the operation, as the bone was raised from the brain, the wounded man, before he realized where he was, shouted out the balance of a command he had been giving on the field of battle. Dr. Drowne hammered down a Spanish silver quarter, and used it to replace the missing piece of skull. The man survived and lived more than thirty years.

The above remarks about this operation are almost exactly quoted from Dr. Drowne's own words to his grandson (who was my grandfather), Henry Thayer Drowne. The piece of skull that was removed has come down in the family and is now in my possession, as well as most of Dr. Drowne's surgical instruments, medicines, needles, mortars, scales, etc. (This collection now on exhibition at Fort Ticonderoga.)

● Box of herbs and blister flies. ●



# Drowne the Revolution

Russell Drowne, Jr.

Dr. Drowne won the regard of Lafayette, the Counts de Rochambeau and d'Estaing, as well as other French officers, to such a degree, by his medical ability and skill as a surgeon, that the chief of the medical staff entrusted their individual soldiers to his care when the French troops left for home.

In the fall of 1780 he went on a cruise as surgeon, in the private sloop of war "Hope," his original journal of which I also have in my possession. It was only because of an emergency at home that he undertook this voyage, as he had expressed a marked disapproval of privateering, as witnessed by the following quotation from his journal on that voyage. "As Virtue for the doing good to others, privateering cannot be justified by the principles of Virtue—though I know it is not repugnant to the Laws of Nature, but rather deemed policy amongst warring powers, thus to distress each other, regardless of

●  
Medicine scales (small set carried by Dr. Drowne in saddle bag during Revolutionary War.)



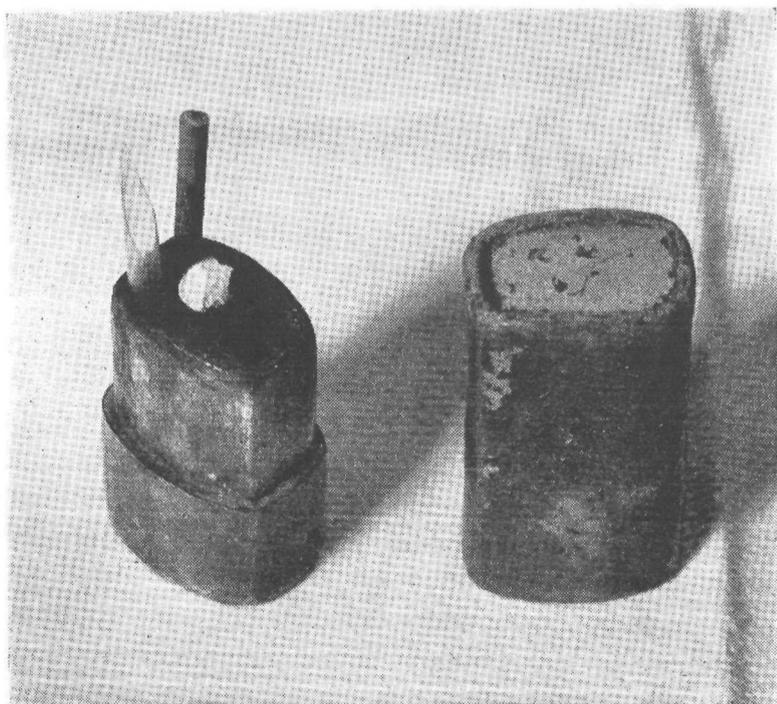
the suffering individual. But however agreeable to, and supportable by the rights of war; yet, when individuals come thus to disspoil individuals of their property, 'tis hard—the cruelty then appears, however, political."

In 1783 he was elected to the Board of Fellows in Brown University. A year later he went to London and spent several months in travelling over England, visiting the hospitals and medical schools, and also attending the lectures of Cline, Hunter, Pelletou, Louis, Brisson and others, and forming the acquaintance of Drs. Moreton, Pole, Sharp and Lettson.

In May, 1785, he visited Holland and Belgium for similar purposes, and then went to Paris. While in France he was often a guest of Benjamin Franklin at Passy, in whose society he met Thomas Jefferson and other distinguished men

of that period. On his return to Providence, he resumed the practice of medicine, but in 1788 journeyed to Marietta, Ohio, where he resided for nearly a year. While there, he delivered a funeral eulogy on General James M. Varnum, whom he had attended in his last sickness. He was also present, participating with General St. Clair and others, in the Treaties at Fort Harmar in 1788 and 1789 with Corn Planter and other Indian chiefs. He then returned to Providence and continued his practice until 1792, when in consequence of impaired health, he moved with his family to Morgantown, West Virginia, stopping en route to see General Washington at Mount Vernon. In 1794 the danger from boundary incursions of Indians being over, he went to Union, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, where he lived seven years. In 1801 he retraced his steps to Rhode Island, and settled in Foster. He called his place Mount Hygeia, and there he resided the remainder of his days, devoting himself to professional duties, to his botanical garden and to his scientific, classical and literary studies. Dr. Drowne filled several public offices. In 1811 he was appointed professor of Materia Medica and Botany in Brown University, and in 1819 was elected a delegate to the convention which formed the National Pharmacopoeia by the Rhode Island Medical Society, of which he was Vice-President. He took an active part in the organization and proceedings

(Continued on page 27)



●  
Writing set.

# Flushing's Military History

By Captain Frank M. Foley

Commanding Officer Co. I, 14th Infantry N. Y. N. G.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The world at large has come to know Flushing since the advent of the New York World's Fair and it is interesting to note that the Flushing Company (Co. I, 14th Infantry) celebrates its centenary this year (although, as Captain Foley points out, it may eventually be able to prove direct descent from the 1st Regiment, Long Island Minute Men of 1776).*

**T**HE Military History of Flushing is so interwoven with her civil life that to tell of one we must tell of the other. The first white men who settled in Flushing were imbued with a great ideal, expressed in the one immortal word, . . . FREEDOM!

Freedom of Speech! Freedom to Live! Freedom to Work! Freedom to Worship God, every man according to the dictates of his own conscience! They sought this freedom for themselves, and they offered it to every man with whom they dealt, the Indian as well as the White.

Mellowed by the early Quaker influence, the atmosphere of Peace has always pervaded the growth and development of Flushing, but in the time of need she has never failed to produce and provide the finest type of soldier.

A more peaceful community could not exist and yet in time of war her soldiers have exhibited that quality of calm deliberation plus boundless courage which makes the American combat unit the most deadly on earth.

At first glance we think of this condition as almost paradoxical. That men who hate war and love peace should have it in them to be able to fight like veterans. And yet as we study Flushing at greater length the answer begins to take shape. Flushing has simply never forgotten the advice of the first Commander-in-Chief, "In time of peace prepare for war."

The first white man who settled our Town were peace loving yet one of their first public acts was to build a "block house." By coincidence that block house, built in 1646, stood on almost the exact spot now occupied by the Armory. It is also interesting to note that the first, as well as the present building, was used as much for social and civil functions as for Military activity.

In the French and Indian war Flushing artillerymen led by Col. Isaac Casca shelled the Heights of Quebec and played a signal part in the fall of Fort

Frontenac. At the end of the war Col. Casca and his men returned to Flushing and resumed their places as private citizens.

In 1776, prior to the British occupation of the area, two companies of the Colonial Militia were organized and served throughout the Revolution. Following the signing of the Peace Treaty and the withdrawal of foreign troops the minds of our people turned to building their part of the new Republic.

The period following the Revolution while devoted to peaceful pursuits, saw the birth of a Federal and State system of co-ordinated Militia which was the forerunner of the present National Guard.

The Hamilton Rifles (The Flushing Guard) was the first uniformed military unit in Flushing and was organized on November 1st, 1839, as Light Infantry. It was attached to the 93rd Regt. New York State Militia as a flank company. Captain Charles A. Hamilton was its first commander. In 1845 this unit was changed to a Light Horse Artillery Battery.

On November 29th, 1861, this unit left for Washington, D. C., in answer to a call from President Lincoln for service with the Union Army during the Civil War. Under the command of Captain Thomas L. Robinson and later Captain Jacob Roemer, it participated in many battles particularly at Cedar Mountain, 2nd Battle of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredricksburg, Haynes Bluff, Vicksburg, Tennessee Campaign, Siege of Knoxville, Battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Siege of Petersburg. The Flushing battery was mustered out of Federal service June 21st, 1865, per S. O. No. 34 Hdqrs. Army of the Potomac dated June 4th, 1865.

On July 1st, 1876, several veterans of the old Flushing Battery of the Civil War re-organized under the official designation of the 17th Separate Company, National Guard State of New York. For its drill room it used the old Peck and Fayerweather Store which was located near Lawrence Street and Northern Boulevard, Flushing, New York.

In 1882 the State Legislature appropriated a fund to build an Armory in Flushing. In May, 1884, the cornerstone of the first armory was laid. This building stood in Amity Street and was the pride of the 17th Separate Company and the community for many years, until replaced by the present Armory on Northern Boulevard in 1905. The Armory is considered one of the landmarks of Flushing, housing a company which can trace its history back to the Hamilton Rifles of 1839 and perhaps to the

famous 1st Regt. Long Long Minute Men commanded by Col. Josiah Smith in 1776.

On April 30th, 1889, the Flushing unit took part in the large parade in New York City celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first president of the United States. The itinerary for that day included a boat ride from Flushing to James Slip ferry from which point the men proceeded to march up John Street to Wall Street then over to Broadway and on to 4th Street. They continued through the Washington Arch, thence up 5th Avenue to 59th Street and finally back to 34th Street and home to Flushing by way of the Long Island Railroad.

Our local Company was not called into active service as a unit during the war with Spain in 1898 since the war was of such short duration. However the call of "Cuba Libre" rang as strong in Flushing as elsewhere and forty members of our Guard Company then under the command of Captain John F. Klein volunteered.

In June, 1916, The Flushing Company was again called on for active service. This time for the Mexican Border trouble. However this trouble soon subsided and the company returned in late August from Greenhaven, New York, where they were in reserve training.

The World War shadows were beginning to fall upon the United States and once more the Flushing Unit was called to active service. On February 4th, 1917, and just prior to the United States entering the World War, this company was sent to guard the New York water supply on Long Island which was threatened by alien agents.

Congress declared war on Germany on April 6th, 1917, and then came the call of President Woodrow Wilson for the services of the New York National Guard. On August 11th, 1917, the company under the command of Captain Thomas Dooley was ordered to Camp Meade, Maryland, and on October 1st, 1917, to Spartanburg, South Carolina, for final training in preparation for combat in France.

On July 26th, 1918, the company sailed for France on the S.S. Kroonland and arrived in Brest, France, 12 days later. Upon its arrival in France the company was designated as Company I, 51st Pioneer Infantry, and participated in the St. Mihiel Drive and in the Meuse Argonne Offensive.

The day after the Armistice was signed, November 12th, 1918, the company as part of the American Army of Occupation, marched into Germany. It remained in Germany until June 1st, 1919, being stationed at times at Luxembourg, Bern Castle, Cues and Cochem.

On July 5th, 1919, the Flushing soldiers returned to Boston on the S.S. Mongolia having sailed from St. Nazaire, France, on June 25th, 1919. From Boston they were first ordered to Camp Devens, Massachusetts and 10 days later to Camp Upton,

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Yaphank, New York, where they were mustered out of Federal Service on July 15th, 1919.

After the World War, the Flushing Unit became known as Company I, 14th Infantry, New York National Guard and is so designated at the present time having become part of the famous "Red-legged Devils" 14th Infantry of Brooklyn.

At the opening of the New York World's Fair at Flushing, New York, on April 30th, 1939, commemorating the 150th Anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States, the Flushing Company under the command of Captain Frank M. Foley took part in the parade reviewed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States. The parade took place on the Parade Grounds in the Court of Peace at the Fair's site, Flushing Meadow Park, New York City.

The foregoing has not only given you the history and tradition of Flushing's Company I, but has also clearly shown the part this company has played in defending and protecting our nation. Although only a minute part of our National Defense, it has proved its ability to be classified with the finest military units in the United States, and is today composed of a highly disciplined and well trained group of men who will always be ready to serve their country in times of peace or war.



### Officers Commissioned in the New York National Guard During the Month of June, 1939

CAPTAINS		Date of Rank	Branch and Organization	Date of Rank	Branch and Organization
Brown, William H. ....	June	2'39..	O.D., Sp. Tr. 27th Div.	Carey, Francis A. ....	June 29'39..156th F.A.
Berger, David H. ....	June	5'39..	Q.M.C., 102nd Q.M.R.	Stein, Ernest W. ....	June 30'39..M.C., 101st Cav.
Egan, Joseph M. (Chap.)	June	6'39..	165th Inf.	2ND LIEUTENANTS	
McCallum, Dwight M. ...	June	7'39..	104th F.A.	Moll, Carl E. ....	June 1'39..174th Inf.
Lochhead, William ....	June	12'39..	156th F.A.	Fragala, Augustine M. ...	June 5'39..Q.M.C., 102nd Q.M.R.
Griffin, Donald C. ....	June	13'39..	M.C., 71st Inf.	Murphy, John J. ....	June 5'39..71st Inf.
Decker, Howard W. ....	June	13'39..	106th Inf.	Baker, William A. ....	June 6'39..245th C.A.
Huber, Henry S. ....	June	13'39..	M.C., 107th Inf.	Cameron, Charles A. ....	June 6'39..106th F.A.
Dowling, William B. ....	June	16'39..	Q.M.C., S.S.	Christenson, John ....	June 6'39..244th C.A.
Formoso, Alexander W. ..	June	20'39..	106th Inf.	Reynolds, William L. ...	June 7'39..104th F.A.
Fallon, Edward A. ....	June	21'39..	106th Inf.	Edwards, John E. ....	June 7'39..104th F.A.
Whalen, Thomas J. ....	June	29'39..	156th F.A.	Fallon, Joseph J. ....	June 7'39..93rd Brig.
Bock, Stephen K. ....	June	29'39..	156th F.A.	Sladich, George J. ....	June 7'39..212th C.A. (A.A.).
1ST LIEUTENANTS				Sigl, Richard L. ....	June 8'39..174th Inf.
Dispenza, Sebastian J. ....	June	5'39..	Q.M.C., 102nd Q.M.R.	Sutton, Jack D. ....	June 8'39..174th Inf.
Mitchell, Andrew M. ....	June	5'39..	156th F.A.	Anderson, Robert C. ....	June 8'39..258th F.A.
Antenucci, Mario M. ....	June	6'39..	212th C.A. (A.A.).	Basden, Norman F. ....	June 9'39..258th F.A.
Debar, Maurice ....	June	6'39..	212th C.A. (A.A.).	Wise, Henry A. Jr. ....	June 9'39..101st Cav.
Woodley, Forrest L. ....	June	7'39..	104th F.A.	Frank, Howard ....	June 9'39..258th F.A.
Copp, LeRoy S. ....	June	7'39..	104th F.A.	Ball, Littleton R. ....	June 9'39..258th F.A.
Cole, Robert F. ....	June	9'39..	M.C., 102nd Med. Regt.	Huntington, Robert W. ..	June 10'39..C.E., 102nd Engrs.
Powers, Donald M. ....	June	17'39..	108th Inf.	Howell, Donald S. ....	June 19'39..108th Inf.
LeGault, Leo F. ....	June	17'39..	108th Inf.	Neu, Warren E. ....	June 21'39..93rd Brig.
Nolan, James J. ....	June	20'39..	93rd Brig.	Borman, Cornelius H. Jr. .	June 21'39..245th C.A.
LaButis, Constantine A. ..	June	21'39..	106th Inf.	Firsching, John G. ....	June 23'39..165th Inf.
Sheets, Axtell ....	June	21'39..	104th F.A.	O'Toole, William S. ....	June 27'39..105th Inf.
				Bogart, Delmont L. ....	June 28'39..107th Inf.

### Resigned, Resignation Accepted and Honorably Discharged, June, 1939

MAJOR		1ST LIEUTENANT			
Wood, Thornton H. ....	June 22'39..	M.C., 369th Inf.	Welick, James J. ....	June 17'39..	106th Inf.
CAPTAINS		2ND LIEUTENANT			
Arnold, Jack R. ....	June 5'39..	101st Cav.	Harris, Joseph A. ....	June 13'39..	369th Inf.
Baird, Gordon F. ....	June 17'39..	93rd Brig.	Levy, Charles S. ....	June 5'39..	369th Inf.
Callin, Alfred W. ....	June 1'39..	108th Inf.			
Duffy, Edward F. Jr. ....	June 17'39..	106th Inf.			

### Transferred to Inactive National Guard, Own Request, June, 1939

1ST LIEUTENANT		2ND LIEUTENANT			
Clark, Alfred R. ....	June 26'39..	107th Inf.	Lunn, James S. ....	June 16'39..	107th Inf.

## THE STATE CAMP

(Continued from page 9)

manded by Captain Henry Rasquin, was represented by a detail of sixteen men under Sergeant George E. Laing; these succeeded the Second Battery, Captain David Wilson. It was expected that the Third would do excellent work, as the Second had done before them, and they did not disappoint their officers and friends. They have added materially to their experience by their week in camp, with the Napoleon guns instead of the Gatlings. In fact, the entire season has been profitable in knowledge and increased efficiency in the artillery park.

When the Twelfth reached camp August 3d, they found already there the Forty-third Separate Company of Olean, New York, who had arrived in the morning. These report improved work. This Company, with the Forty-fourth Separate Company of Cortland, the Thirty-eighth Separate Company of Oswego, and the Thirty-fifth Separate Company of Ogdensburg, composed the Third Provisional Battalion under the command of Major Henry Chauncey of the Eighth Regiment, who was detailed for this special service. He obtained very gratifying results, the troops working well together.

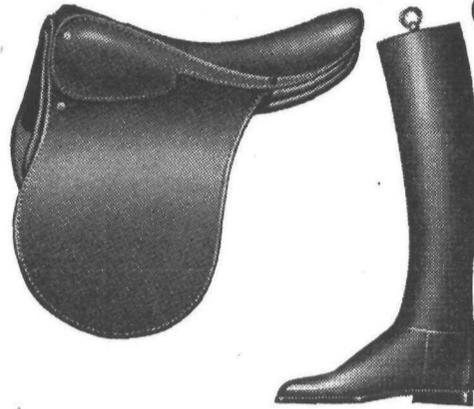
The grand feature of the Twelfth's week was the visit on the last day of Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, Governor Foraker of Ohio, Ex-Governor Cornell, of New York, and Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts. These distinguished visitors were accompanied by Gen. H. A. Barnum, Gen. Fredk. Townsend, Senator W. L. Robertson, Col. A. C. Barnes, Col. J. S. McEwan, Mr. S. G. Clarke, Mr. W. L. Bostwick, Mr. J. D. Warner, Mr. J. B. Foraker, Jr., Mr. Charles A. Cornell and Mr. Stephen A. Smith.

They were all received in a glorious military style that called forth unreserved expression of admiration. Every available man in the camp participated in the grand parade and review.

The Twelfth was the last of the New York city regiments bulletined to go to camp this year.

The Seventy-fourth of Buffalo, under command of Colonel Uriah S. Johnson, followed the Twelfth, of New York; also the Second Separate Company of Auburn, fifty-six strong, under command of Captain Maurice W. Kirby; the Third Separate Company of Auburn, ninety-six strong, under Captain W. Scott; the Twenty-sixth of Elmira, seventy-four, under Captain Robt. P. Bush; the Thirty-second of Hoosick Falls, seventy-nine men, under command of Captain W. Eddy; and the Twenty-fourth of Middletown, sixty-seven men, under Captain Chas. B. Wood. These separate companies all composed the Fourth Provisional Battalion, the largest body of men at the camp for the week. The Battalion was under the command of Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, late of the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn.

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One thing is to be noted. The week of August 10 to 17 was the most glorious one as to weather than any of the troops at camp this year have enjoyed. The heart of man could not wish for more beautiful skies, a clearer atmosphere, or more invigorating temperature, and enthusiastic work was the natural result. Many of the members of other regiments, returned home, hailed each other during that delightful week with such remarks as, "Ah! if we had only enjoyed such weather as this at Peekskill, what a royal time we would have made of it!"

The following is a daily bulletin of calls, with hours of service at the N. Y. State Camp, as observed during the camping season just closed:

- First (or Musicians) call for Reveille.....4:55 A.M.
- Reveille .....5:00 A.M.
- Assembly .....Immediately after Reveille
- Sick Call (by the Musicians of the Guard)..5:15 A.M.
- First (or Musician's) call for Drill.....5:40 A.M.
- Drill Call .....5:45 A.M.
- Assembly .... Immediately after Drill Call
- Recall from Drill (by a Musician of the Guard) .....7:00 A.M.
- First (or Musician's) call for breakfast.....7:25 A.M.
- Breakfast Call .....7:30 A.M.
- First (or Musician's) call for Gd. Mounting..8:15 A.M.
- Assembly .....8:20 A.M.
- Adjutant's Call for Guard Mounting.....8:30 A.M.
- First (or Musician's) call for drill.....9:20 A.M.
- Drill Call .....9:25 A.M.
- Assembly .....Immediately after Drill Call
- Recall from Drill (by a Mu'c'n of the Gd).11:30 A.M.
- First (or Musician's) Call for Dinner.....12:25 P.M.
- Dinner Call .....12:30 P.M.
- First Sergeant's Call (by a Musician of Gd.).1:30 P.M.
- First (or Musician's) Call for Supper.....5:25 P.M.
- Supper Call .....5:30 P.M.
- First (or Musician's) Call for Dress Parade  
40 Min. Before Sunset
- Assembly .....35 Min. Before Sunset
- Adjutant's Call for Dress Parade  
20 Min. Before Sunset  
(If there be no Dress Parade)
- First (or Musician's) Call for Retreat  
15 Min. Before Sunset
- Assembly .....10 Min. Before Sunset
- Retreat .....Sunset
- First (or Musician's) Call for Tattoo.....9:50 P.M.
- Tattoo .....10:00 P.M.
- Assembly .....Immediately after Tattoo
- Taps (by a Musician of the Guard).....10:30 P.M.

The last day of Camp was marked by a formal presentation to New York State by the National Government of the entire seacoast battery. The formalities began a little before 12 o'clock noon, when the band struck up, and the Fourth Provisional Battalion, and the Seventy-fourth Regiment marched to the rear of the battery and halted. Six pound charges were rammed into the big Rodman guns, and the

mortars were charged with two pounds each, half the maximum charge. The guns were connected by electricity with an electric battery in the rear. Precisely at 12 o'clock the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." General Porter and his staff took their places behind the flagpole with Captain John Greer, the engineering officer of the seacoast battery. As the last strain of the music died away, Captain Greer handed the keys of the magazine to General Porter. The soldiers in line came to a present-arms, and then Lieutenant Hamilton touched the battery again, and this caused the mortars to explode with a tremendous report. This ended the ceremony. The battery had become the property of the State.

**GENERAL HUMPHREYS RETIRES**

(Continued from page 7)

During the World War, General Humphreys received the rating of Junior Military Aviator, to date from May 23, 1918.

General Humphreys is a member of the Society of Military Engineers, The Association for the Advancement of Science, The National Foreign Trade Council and the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences.

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## OUR SOCIETY

**W**HATEVER the World of Tomorrow may hold for mankind, it holds want and poverty in varying degrees for a goodly part of it.

It was so yesterday. It is so today.

"The poor ye have always with you" is the substance of what was both a statement and a prophecy made twenty centuries ago, and there seems but little reason to believe that man, for all his genius, will ever be able to eliminate poverty entirely.

Perhaps it is best so.

If the distress of those who are in want, however, cannot be eliminated, it can be alleviated, and in any civilized country or community the prime responsibility therefor rests upon the constituted authorities. Certainly we recognize this in the United States. In the P.W.A., the C.C.C., the N.Y.A., the A.A.A., and numerous other organizations we find evidence of the responsibility which the Federal government has assumed in helping those who cannot help themselves; in the Works Progress Administration we have an example of cooperation between a state and the Federal government, and in practically every city, town and village in the land there exists a Department of Welfare, which raises its funds locally and serves a local constituency.

But these municipal, state, and Federal relief authorities cannot effectively carry the whole of the tremendous burden that is heaped upon them, generous though are the taxpayers' funds with which they are supplied, and there is a definite place in the social fabric for such organizations, supported by voluntary contributions, as the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the Charity Organization Society (to mention two welfare organizations in New York City); the American Red Cross, the Catholic Charities, the Army Relief Society—and, we hope, the National Guard and Naval Militia Relief Society.

As is of course known to the 23,000 men in the Guard and Naval Militia of our State, the National Guard and Naval Militia Relief Society of New York is a newcomer on the scene, but it's "going places," and it will get there the quicker if the support which it has received in the past from active members of the Guard and the Naval Militia is extended to it in its fourth (and current) fiscal year of 1939-40, which began on May 1st of this year.

Private organizations such as our Relief Society can and do operate with an absence of red tape, with a minimum loss of time in making their investigations and arriving at conclusions, and with a personal interestedness—all of which are denied to the larger municipal, State, and Federal agencies, overburdened

as they are with their multitude of cases, and operating as they must within a maze of technical rules and regulations.

The National Guard and Naval Militia Relief Society of New York merits the support of every officer and man in the State's military and naval service, and you—the individual—can help by making your contribution to its support *now*.

"Yesterday is gone—tomorrow may never come—*do it now.*"

The 106th Infantry Branch, one of the Society's "aces," has the distinction of being the first Branch to make its contribution for the fiscal year of 1939-40.

Battery "E" Section of the 212th Coast Artillery Branch is planning to hold a dance, with the Relief Society as the beneficiary, and the Society extends its thanks and good wishes in advance. To date, it has twice been the beneficiary of WPA circuses held by the 245th Coast Artillery Branch in their armory in Brooklyn, and of bridge parties held by the Officers' Wives' Section of the 165th Infantry Branch, New York City.

For this interest in, and devotion to, a splendid cause, the Society makes grateful acknowledgement.

Just once more, for the sake of the record, the address of the Relief Society is Room 756, State Office Building, 80 Centre Street, New York City, and all communications should be addressed to the Secretary.

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## A CAN OF JAM

(Continued from page 3)

any money. If we keep moving, we will not mind the rain so much."

Accordingly they set off down the track and dived through the ruined church, past a cemetery full of French graves with dates back to 1915, and then down through what were once gardens, and pleasant lawns, but now showed only torn and mangled earth, with broken bayonets, and rusty machine-gun clips, instead of flowers.

There was quite a lot of the town still standing. Corps headquarters had just moved in and was occupying the cellars, dripping orderlies were unloading great beddingrolls, and setting up cots, while natty officers, for all the rain, were stalking about, as if the fate of the Army rested on them. One of these, with a face that appeared to be carved out of rock, had two stars on his overseas cap.

"It is the old he-one himself," said Shorty.

And he and Kickapoo sneaked behind a wall lest that stern eye should light on them and inquire their business.

The two stopped at a rolling kitchen that was drawn up under a shed, dispensing bread and coffee to all and sundry, to walking wounded, casuals trying to find their outfits, M.P.'s on their way to or from the pens, traffic directors, telephone-linesmen, and all the flotsam and jetsam of that great flood that rolled ever toward the north. No jam.

"What the hell!" said the mess sergeant. "Ain't plain bread good enough for you? You're at the front, now, you know. No more pink shoes."

Now this was not fair, for both Shorty and Kickapoo had been on the Marne and at St. Mihiel, and the mess sergeant had probably never been nearer the front than he then was. Up the road near a huge sign that said, "Play the game, boys, obey the M.P.," was a Ford drawn up in the ditch, beside which was a straggling line of men.

"Y' man or Red Cross," said Kickapoo.

"Hey," said Shorty, "got any cheese?"

There was no reply to this, except a muttered: "Git in line, guy. You ain't no better than anybody else," from divers of the standees.

"Fry your foot," said Kickapoo, "we ain't gettin' in your way. All we want to know is if this guy has got any cheese or jam to sell."

The argument waxing warm and acquiring adjectives, brought interruption from within the Ford. A spectacled face pushed through the curtains.

"I haven't any jam, or cheese either. Don't you men know that there is a war on?"

"Aw, how the hell do you know there is?" said Shorty. "You never saw none of it."

A gust of laughter shook the waiting line at this, and the two searchers went off with lighter hearts. Neither one noticed that the rain had stopped, for they were so wet that the actual stopping of the rain gave them no different sensation. It was only when

the sun came out that they noted it was low on the horizon, and bethought them of camp.

"Where is that canteen you said I could get cheese at?" demanded Shorty.

"Well, it was here yesterday," said the other. "Maybe they moved it back."

"Ah, you unregenerate dumb-bell, wait till I get you on detail again. You have brought me here on a wild-goose chase, and there is no more cheese in this town than there are teeth in a hen. I am going back to camp, for it is time for chow."

Accordingly they set off, Kickapoo protesting his innocence, and although they stopped at two more kitchens, they found neither cheese nor jam. By the time they got back to the battery, it was time for chow, and the line was already forming near the kitchen. As Kickapoo came in, his companions of the shell-hole approached eagerly and cursed horridly when they found that they were without luck.

"The top kick is looking for you," said the machine-gunner, "and I hope he details you for a stretcher-bearer with the infantry or something good like that."

So then the battery had supper.

"I wonder," said one of the gunners, pounding his French biscuit with his pistol butt, and then putting the bits into the coffee to soak, "who gets all the sugar they tell us the folks at home are denying themselves to give us?"

At this there was great nodding of heads and wise smiles.

"How many fingers gets into a bag of sugar between here and Bordeaux?" cried one.

"Were you ever back in the S.O.S.? Them guys lives like kings, and our own ammunition train takes what's left, and that is why," said another listener, who wore a wound stripe, "that we are now eating meat out from between the horns, and just above the hoof. By the time a side of beef has got by the quartermaster corps and the railway engineers and the gang at the ration dump, and the ammunition train, and finally gets to the firing battery, the mess sergeant and the cooks and the officers take what is left, and the soldier gets the hinder end, which is all he ever did and ever will, and is to be expected."

"When I was at Gièvres," quoth one, "upon a Sunday we had roast chicken and strawberry ice cream."

He fled, amid a storm of helmets and empty mess-kits. So then they fell to and let their victuals stop their mouths, albeit it was poor stoppage. The coffee would take the skin off the back of a man's hand. No milk, no sugar. These men had hoarded sugar for weeks while they were in rest camp, that they might have some to start the drive with, and when they had gone up to the front, the wagon with their precious load of sugar, enough to give each man a heaping spoonful, had broken down and been abandoned. No need to wash those mess-kits. They were licked and polished as clean as ever soap and water made them. And there were no seconds.

"Oh," said Kickapoo, "to have a full stomach for once."

The first sergeant bore down on him with malice in his eye.

"How come you beat it out of camp this afternoon, and me huntin' for you in the rain? Report to the supply officer at seven o'clock, the ration dump for yours, and help draw clothes for the outfit. Take along a grain sack. I hope they fill it full of bricks for you."

Then he went his way, for he was a majestic man and one mindful of his position.

Behold our friend Kickapoo, perched on an escort wagon and bumping over the road with six or seven other unfortunates. It was dark before they set out, although there was enough moon to make the darkness seem blacker. It would be a good night for air stuff, thought the vendor of remedies for man or beast, and he was glad that he was far enough back to be fairly safe. There was not much traffic on the roads as yet, only an occasional ambulance, its driver whistling shrilly.

No horns did these drivers use, for horns were gas signals, so they blew on whistles, and if one heeded not, one was run over. These whistles were the same as those used by non-coms, and new troops, up for the first time, frequently wore themselves to a fringe by falling in every time an ambulance went by. Later in the night, these roads would be choked with troops, on foot and in trucks, great guns being dragged along by tractors, field artillery, cavalry, *fourgons*, slat wagons, rolling kitchens, chow carts, cursing drivers, shouting officers, motorcyclists, staff limousines, everything connected with the advance of the Army. At times Fritz shelled one of these roads, when traffic was at its height. This last is not to be described.

It was some eight or nine kilometers to the dump, and the night was growing cold!

They were stopped once by a member of the military police.

"Where are you guys going to?" he called up to the driver.

"To hell, want to come?"

"Now never mind getting hard boiled," replied the upholder of the law. "I only asked a simple question."

"We are going to the ration dump at Blercourt," said the supply officer, from the back of the wagon.

"Who won the War?" cried Kickapoo, in a high tenor.

"Come off that wagon," cried the M.P. in a rage, "and I will knock you for a three weeks' furlough."

"Now never mind getting hard boiled," said Kickapoo, "I only asked a simple question."

At last, after many halts, and turnings down the wrong roads, they arrived. Kickapoo was so stiff with cold that he could barely stand, and the officer in charge was very brusque, and no one seemed to know what to do. They went here and there and waited patiently, and Kickapoo, having had his sack filled

with stockings, began to wander back to the wagon.

His mind had been a blank since supper, but now it began to function. Jam was an article of issue, although a rare one. It would not be strange if there were some in the dump. It would be worth a few looks at least.

The dump was a shadowy place, and men were running hither and yon with no apparent purpose, bearing boxes and bags, or yelling to unseen people to come and lend a hand. Kickapoo was frequently banged with the sharp corner of a box, or running headlong into a supply wagon. There were tons and tons of canned willie, but nothing that looked like jam—when there it was, and in an open box! Kickapoo was on his knees at once. Cans with paper round them, slim, tall cans, too thin by far for hash, and much too large for condensed milk. He peered at them, but could not read the label. What kind had a white label? Grapelade! Grapelade for a surety, and the poor man smacked his lips! Two cans in his overcoat pockets and two in his shirt.

A plane went buzzing by. *Crash!* The heavens had fallen. The gunner was shaken as by a mighty hand! Was that a shell? *Crash!* Cries, the thunder of galloping hoofs, falling debris, rattling stones pattering around like rain. The slow buzzing of a million flies. An air raid! The dump was being bombed! The gunner stood up and seemed to leave his other self upon the ground. Something flowed out of him, like water from a sieve. It was his courage, and he was left weak and trembling. He essayed to run. What use? He might run under a bomb. Ninety feet down they went, those bombs, and dug one up, and mangled one, and tossed one all about, so that there was not



so much as a spot of blood left, let alone an identification tag.

A dazzling light and everything was as bright as day. One of the planes had fired a light. The gunner threw himself on the ground as at the sound of a shell. Get up! Get up and run! He tore down an alley between piles of boxes, and fell over a dead

horse. Just ahead of him in a corner were four men, holding something over their heads, and cowering together like sheep. The gunner flung himself under the shelter, hurling himself bodily at these men, crowding them with all his strength.

Two more men came in, panting and sobbing. One had been hit. One looked out, and ducked in hurriedly, as a dark shape floated by overhead. The bombs continued to fall. Machine-guns were pounding somewhere, and a ruddy light was beginning to throw objects into relief. The dump was on fire. With a suddenness that stopped the breath, all was still. Low moans, and cries of "First Aid! First Aid!" The machine-gun fire died. The raid was over. The gunner crawled out and looked at what had sheltered him and his companions. It was an O.D. blanket, and these men had held it over their heads as if it were a sheet of impenetrable steel.

"Do you birds know that one of them bombs would go down into a cement dugout, and dig you up?" he asked.

"Well," replied one, "it felt good, anyway."

Howbeit, this was no place to stand on the order of going, for the dump was likely to blow up at any minute. Accordingly they took wings, every man to his own place, and none ran so fast as did the gunner, who dashed off across the fields, falling down and getting up, scrambling out of one shell-hole to fall into another up to his waist in water, and all the time waiting to hear the thunderous roar that meant the explosion of the dump. Some time later he learned that there were no munitions there—the dump was one for rations only.

The longest way round is the shortest way home. The mud was ankle deep, and there was old wire lying about that caught in his clothes and held him back, so that he yearned for the shell-hole and his three companions with a mighty longing. Water ran down his face, but whether tears or rain, he could not say. He dropped the two cans out of his shirt and dabbled in a puddle for some time before he found them again. When he at last found the road, and set out for the long hike back to the battery, he was on the point of yielding up the ghost, but he held ever to the four cans of jam. Where was the rest of the detail? Dead, perhaps. Anyway, they might find that he had jam, and demand their share.



A black shape that was the *fourgon*. A cautious fumbling and the corner of the tarp was in his hand. A warm and fragrant odor of Bull Durham.

"It's Kickapoo. Let down the blank, blank tarp."

"Shut the door, you're letting in a draft."

"Did you get the jam?"

"Light a candle, put down the tarp, in Pete's name, and break some bread," said Kickapoo, "for I have brought each you a can of jam, and the dump was bombed, and I am wet to my very heart. Hot dog! I wouldn't go from here to the picket line again tonight for all the jam in France."

The four then turned on their stomachs, and lying close together, awaited the production of the jam. The gunner handed out four cans, one to each, and then lighted a small end of candle. A curse from four throats at once. On each can were the words—"Chloride of Lime."

The picket-line guard, walking his solitary post by the horse line, was surprised to see a figure on a bale of hay, in the attitude of a famous statue.

"Hey, guy," said he, "ain't you got no home?"

"I am thinking," said Kickapoo.

"Thinkin'! Thinkin' about what?"

"It is in my mind," said the erstwhile seller of medicine, "how mildly Sherman said it!!!"

#### ON GUARD FOR THE GUARDSMAN!

WITH this notice, the Associated National Guard and Naval Militia Veteran Associations of the United States held its first annual dinner in the Veteran Corps Mess of the 69th Regiment recently.

The purpose of the Association as stated in its Constitution is:

"1. To unite in a national association the veterans' organizations of the National Guard and Naval Militia of the several States of the Union.

"2. To encourage and aid in the formation of a veterans' organization for every regiment and like administrative unit of the National Guard and every battalion or like unit of the Naval Militia, wherever such organization is non-existent.

"3. To provide for united action in all matters of common interest.

"4. To stimulate public interest in and appreciation of the volunteer military and naval forces of the United States, and to promote the proper maintenance and strength of the National Guard and Naval Militia as an effective part of the national defense."

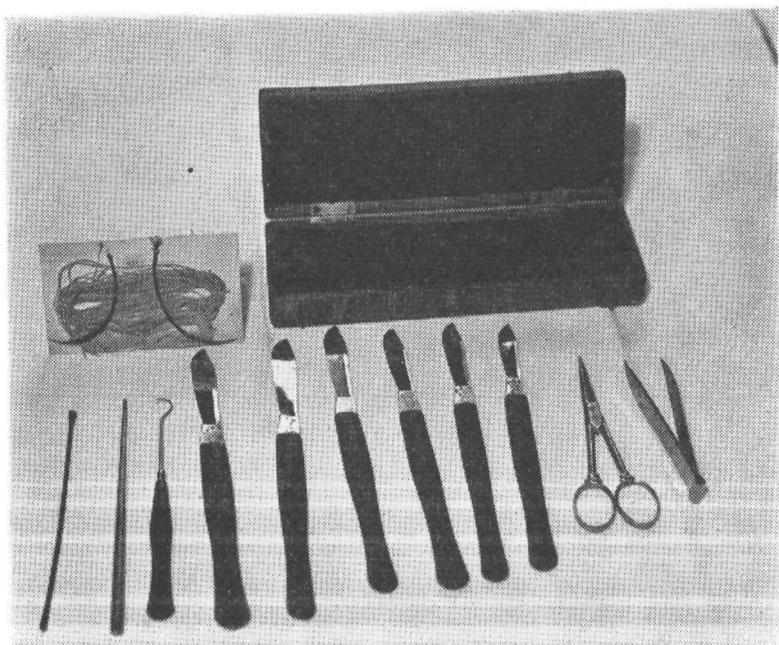
The present Board of Officers of this Association and the units of their affiliation include:

President Harold G. Dunn, delegate from the 9th Regiment Vet. Assn.; Vice President W. Woodruff Chisum, delegate from the 15th Regiment Vet. Corps.

Secretary Arthur A. Hayward, alternate from the 13th Regt. Vet. Assn.; Treasurer Joseph Farnan, delegate from the 22nd Regiment Vet. Assn.

**DR. SOLOMON DROWNE**

*(Continued from page 17)*



Scalpels, probes, scissors, tweezers and artery needles

of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, before which he delivered addresses on several occasions.

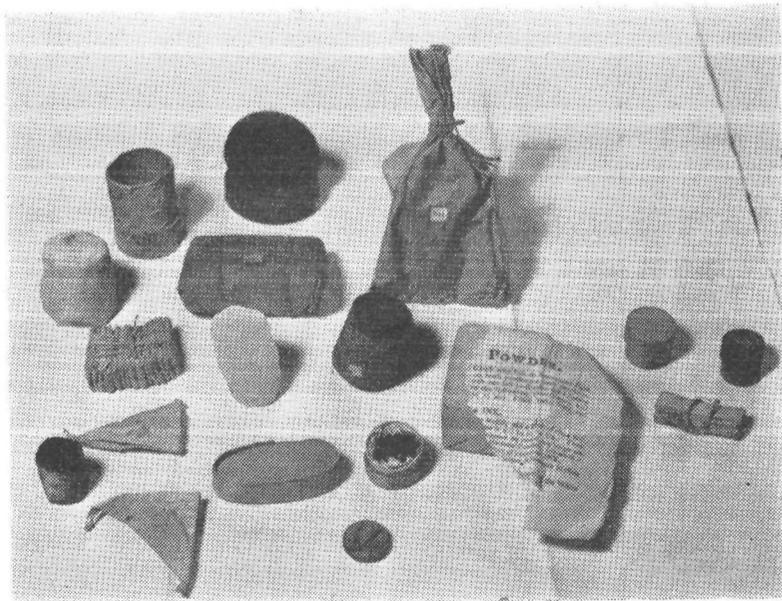
In 1824, together with his son, William Drowne, he published the *Farmers Guide*, a comprehensive work on husbandry and gardening. He contributed various scientific and literary articles to the *Journals of the Day*, and participated in the proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and other learned bodies of which he was a member. His "Lines to the Memory of Dr. Joseph Warren," written shortly after the battle of Bunker Hill, are truly patriotic and evince the brotherly regard that existed between them professionally and as "sons of liberty."

Among other addresses which he gave were his eulogy on Washing-

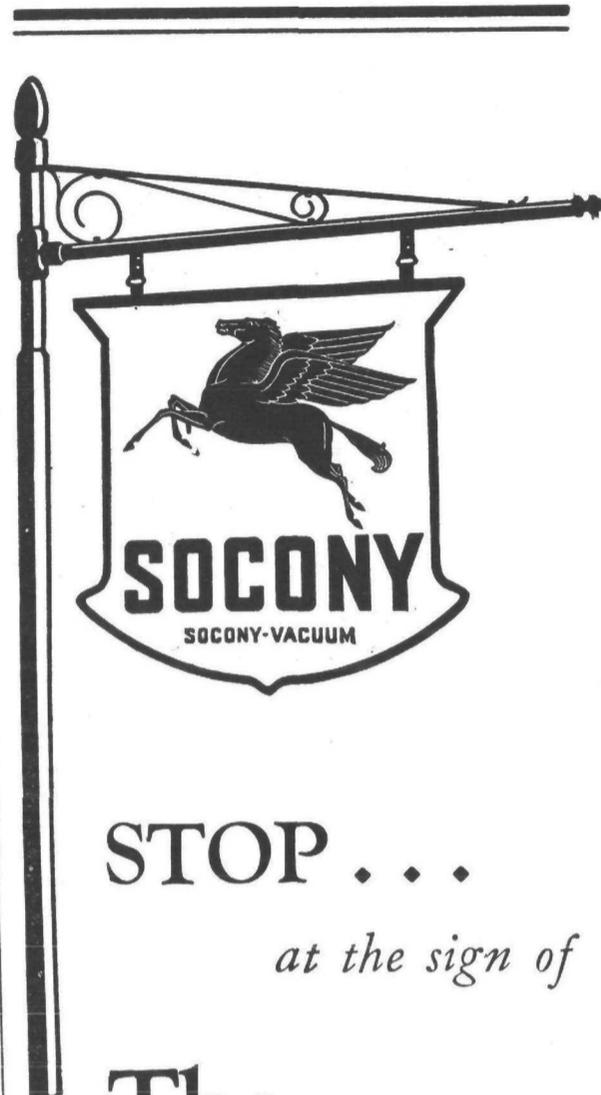
ton, February 22, 1800, and his oration "In Aid of the Cause of the Greeks," February 23, 1824. The latter was delivered by the venerable orator at the First Baptist Meeting House in Providence, when he was upwards of 70 years of age, with such remarkable fervor and pathos "that it was pronounced the most brilliant performance of his life."

He died in Foster, Rhode Island, February 5, 1834. He had nine children, six of whom survived him.

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# 1939 Convention Plans

By Lt. Col. William J. Mangine, Secty.

WITH discussions and suggestions on the Army's new Organization Tables and how they eventually will be applied to the National Guard, slated to come up at the next convention of the New York National Guard Association at Albany, September 22 and 23, this convention, in all probability, will be one of the most important meetings of the association in years.

That the National Guard will, in the not too distant future, reorganize along the lines of the new tables now in effect in the Regular Army, is regarded as almost a certainty. This leaves many questions in the minds of National Guard Officers. How can these tables best be put into effect in the Guard? What is to be done in instances where units of a

regiment are widely scattered in a dozen different Armories? How are the many problems peculiar to the National Guard going to be solved in conformity with the new tables?

These are questions which every officer is asking and questions upon which much information may be received from the prominent military men of this and other states who will address the session.

Also of prime interest to the delegates will be the reports on the greatest peace time concentration of troops in the nation's history — the Plattsburg maneuvers. The maneuvers and the lessons learned from them will figure prominently in the discussions, and the reports and explanations on the conclusions reached at the great "war laboratory" will be of the greatest interest to all officers.

This is probably the first time in the history of the association that the convention has been conducted in September, the idea behind the change which was voted at the last convention in Syracuse, being to hold the state meeting a few weeks prior to the National Convention in October so that resolutions adopted by this association may then be carried to the national organization for further action.

Hon. Bennett Champ Clark, U. S. Senator from Missouri, has been invited to be the principal civilian guest speaker at the convention with Maj. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps invited as the principal military guest speaker. Addresses will also be given by Maj. Gen. William N. Haskell, Commanding General of the New York National Guard; Brig. Gen. Walter G. Robinson, The Adjutant General of the State, and Rear Admiral Frank R. Lackey, Commanding Officer of the New York Naval Militia.

One of the items of business scheduled to come before the convention will be consideration of several proposed changes in the by-laws, made necessary as the result of procedures to which the association has committed itself previously.

Initial plans for the September convention were put under way at a meeting of the executive committee at Albany July 21. Lieut. Comdr. John M. Gill of the Naval Militia, president of the association, heads the executive committee and Col. Willard H. Donner, commander of the Tenth Infantry, Albany,



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(Knickerbocker News Photo)  
Left to Right—Col. Hetzel, Brig. Gen. Kearney, Lt. Com. Gill, Col. Gauche, Col. Donner.  
Standing—Lt. Col. Mangine, Major McMeniman.

is chairman of the convention entertainment committee.

With better travel conditions existing in September than at the former mid-winter meeting time, the convention committee looks forward to a record attendance. It has also been pointed out that at this time, federal inspections will not be interfering with the attendance of officers.

The convention banquet will be conducted as usual on Friday night, with the many "open house" programs following. Convention headquarters will be at the Hotel Ten Eyck, with which many of the officers are familiar from previous gatherings.

A large number of prominent guests, both military and civilian, are expected at the two-day meeting, including Gov. Herbert H. Lehman and Maj. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, Commanding General of the Second Corps Area.

Others of the entertainment committee assisting Colonel Donner in the convention plans, are: Col. Charles N. Morgan, 121st Cavalry; Col. Ogden J. Ross, 105th Infantry; Lieut. Col. Patrick H. Clune, 10th Infantry; Lieut. Col. Frederick A. Thiessen, 105th Infantry; Maj. James F. Rooney, 102nd Medical Regiment; Maj. Thomas C. Dedell, 10th Infantry; Maj. William F. Toole, Hq., 53rd Brigade; Maj. Reginald H. Wood, 121st Cavalry, and Lt. Comdr. F. Kenneth Gundlach, 31st Fleet Div., N.Y.N.M.

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### 27TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION REUNION

Following a conference with Mayor Carter of Amsterdam, Colonel Ames T. Brown, President of the 27th Division Association, announced that the annual reunion of the Association would be held at Amsterdam October 13th and 14th, 1939.

A General Committee, consisting of the prominent citizens of Amsterdam and the surrounding towns and headed by Mr. Arch D. Anderson, is working on the plans and the preliminary report of the Committee indicates that the members can all look forward to being royally welcomed.

### QUALIFYING WITH NEW SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE

Crack shots in the Army will welcome the change in qualification scores for the MI rifle (the new Garand semi-automatic) which will enable them to qualify as expert riflemen with reduced scores. According to instructions issued this week from the office of the Adjutant General of the Army at Washington, D. C., the new score required to qualify as expert on Course A is 192 out of a possible 300. The former score required was 203 out of a possible 300. Soldiers who are qualified as experts are entitled to additional pay of five dollars per month. Sharpshooters do not fare so well in the Course A firing. Their new score to qualify requires 180 out of a possible 300, where they formerly needed but 175. There is no change in the qualifying score for marksmen in Course A. It still requires 140 out of a possible 300.

Course B requirements for expert riflemen have been changed to 174, compared to the former 186.

Sharpshooters, whose pay is raised three dollars per month when qualified, must hit 164 instead of the former 160. Marksmen, to qualify under the new score requirements, need but 128 instead of the previous 135 to increase their pay two dollars per month.

Expert riflemen shooting Course C benefit by twelve points. The new score required is 122 and the old was 130. In firing for qualification as Sharpshooter on Course C, 115 points are needed, or five points more than the former 110. Marksmen's qualification scores are raised five points from 85 to 90 under the new regulations.

Firing Course D, expert riflemen are given the benefit of eleven points, qualifying with 139 compared to 148 under the former regulations. Sharpshooters again lose in favor of the new requirements by being compelled to make 131 points, or eleven more than the old score of 120. Marksmen likewise are on the losing end by twelve points difference between the old score of 90 points and the new one of 102 points out of a possible 300.

—Army and Navy Journal.

### GOOD PUBLICITY

Sergeant Alexander Stuppin, code expert attached to the message center of the 27th Signal Company, New York National Guard, of this city, spoke on "Discipline" at a meeting of Cook Post Squadron 321, Sons of the American Legion, last night in the Y.M.C.A.

Sergeant Stuppin, who was accompanied by Corporal James M. Hassett, company clerk, urged the group of 40 boys to obey commands of superiors. The address was the first in a series to be given through a speakers' group of the National Guard company under the direction of the commanding officer, Captain John E. Susse.

—Yonkers Herald-Statesman.

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### REAR ADMIRAL LACKEY SCHOLARSHIP TESTS AT BROOKLYN ACADEMY

THE annual Admiral Lackey scholarship tests were held at Brooklyn Academy July 1. Official notices were sent out from the Naval Militia Headquarters to each unit in New York State and fifteen applications were filed, most of them from the Metropolitan Area but the 14th Division in Buffalo, the 12th Division, Dunkirk, the 17th Division in Whitestone, and the 13th Fleet Division in Watertown were represented.

Papers were written in English, Algebra, Geometry, and an Aptitude Test. Captain Leo Hesselman, Chief of Staff, N.Y.N.M., was present and in a short talk to the applicants stated that they all had a sincere desire to enter the United States Naval Academy, but he emphasized the fact that to attain this objective it was essential that they be persistent and that they be willing to do the hard work which is required.

On July 13 Admiral Lackey sent out the results of these tests. The three standing highest on the list were:

Edward Wibur Conklin, First Battalion, First Division, whose average standing is 90.25

John Joseph Cryan, Fourth Battalion, Seventeenth Division, whose average standing is 89%

Harry Robert Bernet, First Battalion, First Division, whose average is 87.75

Conklin, the man who heads the list and is the winner of the scholarship, lives at 88-24—166th St., Jamaica. This scholarship entitles the winner to preparation without cost for the Naval Academy entrance examinations held in April, 1940.

The next scholarship examination will be held in June, 1940.

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# AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE

MONTH OF JUNE, 1939

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE FORCE (June 1-30, Inclusive).....91.60%

Maximum Authorized Strength, New York National Guard..1499 Off.	22 W. O.	19520 E. M.	Total 21021
Minimum Strength, New York National Guard..... 1467 Off.	22 W. O.	17467 E. M.	Total 18956
Present Strength, New York National Guard.....1416 Off.	21 W. O.	19456 E. M.	Total 20902

NOTE

(1) The small figure placed beside the bracketed figure shows the organization's standing on last month's list as compared with its present rating.  
 (2) The "How We Stand" page has been condensed into the "Average Percentage of Attendance" page by showing, beneath each organization's percentage, its maintenance and actual strength.

<b>106th Field. Art.</b> <b>96.25%</b> (2) <sup>4</sup>	Maintenance.....647	Actual.....699
<b>369th Infantry</b> <b>95.59%</b> (3) <sup>3</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1128
<b>121st Cavalry</b> <b>95.16%</b> (4) <sup>2</sup>	Maintenance.....571	Actual.....618
<b>156th Field Art.</b> <b>94.97%</b> (5) <sup>6</sup>	Maintenance.....602	Actual.....649
<b>174th Infantry</b> <b>94.22%</b> (6) <sup>7</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1146
<b>10th Infantry</b> <b>94.05%</b> (7) <sup>16</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1110
<b>212th Coast Art.</b> <b>93.36%</b> (8) <sup>5</sup>	Maintenance.....703	Actual.....784
<b>102nd Med. Reg.</b> <b>92.57%</b> (9) <sup>15</sup>	Maintenance.....568	Actual.....703
<b>Spec. Trps. 27th Div.</b> <b>92.16%</b> (10) <sup>10</sup>	Maintenance.....318	Actual.....381
<b>245th Coast Art.</b> <b>92.04%</b> (11) <sup>14</sup>	Maintenance.....739	Actual.....875
<b>105th Infantry</b> <b>91.86%</b> (12) <sup>21</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1116
<b>244th Coast Art.</b> <b>91.67%</b> (13) <sup>9</sup>	Maintenance.....648	Actual.....705
<b>27th Div. Avia.</b> <b>91.53%</b> (14) <sup>26</sup>	Maintenance.....118	Actual.....131
<b>104th Field Art.</b> <b>91.47%</b> (15) <sup>13</sup>	Maintenance.....599	Actual.....649
<b>108th Infantry</b> <b>90.97%</b> (16) <sup>20</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1106
<b>14th Infantry</b> <b>90.69%</b> (17) <sup>8</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1127
<b>105th Field Art.</b> <b>90.36%</b> (18) <sup>19</sup>	Maintenance.....599	Actual.....663

HONOR ORGANIZATION	No. Dr.	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
<b>102nd Qm. Regt.</b> <b>96.41%</b> (1) <sup>1</sup>	Maintenance.....235	Actual.....339		
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	5	5	100
HDQRS. CO. ....	5	39	38	97
HDQRS. 1st BN. ...	4	2	2	100
COMPANY A .....	4	51	49	96
COMPANY B .....	4	50	50	100
HDQRS. 2nd BN....	5	2	2	100
COMPANY C .....	5	50	47	94
COMPANY D .....	5	50	49	98
HQ&HQ.DET. 3rd BN.	5	8	8	100
COMPANY E .....	5	35	34	97
COMPANY F .....	5	31	27	87
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	12	12	100
	335	323	323	96.41

<b>54th Inf. Brigade</b> <b>97.56%</b> (4) <sup>3</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....41
<b>51st Cav. Brigade</b> <b>93.58%</b> (5) <sup>5</sup>	Maintenance.....69	Actual.....79
<b>87th Inf. Brigade</b> <b>93.47%</b> (6) <sup>4</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....46
<b>53rd Inf. Brigade</b> <b>93.47%</b> (7) <sup>9</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....46
<b>Hqrs. 27th Div.</b> <b>92.06%</b> (8) <sup>6</sup>	Maintenance.....65	Actual.....64
<b>93rd Inf. Brigade</b> <b>90.90%</b> (9) <sup>7</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....43

<b>106th Infantry</b> <b>90.32%</b> (19) <sup>23</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1101
<b>101st Signal Bn.</b> <b>90.20%</b> (20) <sup>11</sup>	Maintenance.....184	Actual.....191
<b>101st Cavalry</b> <b>89.82%</b> (21) <sup>17</sup>	Maintenance.....571	Actual.....678
<b>258th Field Art.</b> <b>89.56%</b> (22) <sup>25</sup>	Maintenance.....647	Actual.....672
<b>165th Infantry</b> <b>89.10%</b> (23) <sup>12</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1135
<b>102nd Engineers</b> <b>87.81%</b> (24) <sup>22</sup>	Maintenance.....475	Actual.....524
<b>71st Infantry</b> <b>86.85%</b> (25) <sup>18</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1145
<b>107th Infantry</b> <b>85.12%</b> (26) <sup>24</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1069
<b>Brig. Hdqrs. C.A.C.</b> <b>100.00%</b> (1) <sup>1</sup>	Maintenance.....11	Actual.....8
<b>State Staff</b> <b>100.00%</b> (2) <sup>2</sup>	Maximum.....78	Actual.....74
<b>52nd F.A. Brigade</b> <b>98.11%</b> (3) <sup>8</sup>	Maintenance.....36	Actual.....53

BRIGADE STANDING

<b>52nd F.A. Brigade</b> <b>92.62%</b> (1) <sup>5</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Battery 104th Field Artillery 105th Field Artillery 106th Field Artillery 156th Field Artillery 258th Field Artillery
<b>51st Cavalry Brig.</b> <b>92.46%</b> (2) <sup>1</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Troop 101st Cavalry 121st Cavalry
<b>Brig. Hdqrs. C.A.C.</b> <b>92.41%</b> (3) <sup>3</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Detachment 212th Coast Artillery 244th Coast Artillery 245th Coast Artillery
<b>87th Inf. Brigade</b> <b>92.23%</b> (4) <sup>2</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 71st Infantry 174th Infantry 369th Infantry
<b>53rd Inf. Brig.</b> <b>92.10%</b> (5) <sup>6</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 10th Infantry 105th Infantry 106th Infantry
<b>93rd Inf. Brig.</b> <b>89.91%</b> (6) <sup>4</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 14th Infantry 165th Infantry
<b>54th Inf. Brig.</b> <b>88.28%</b> (7) <sup>7</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 107th Infantry 108th Infantry

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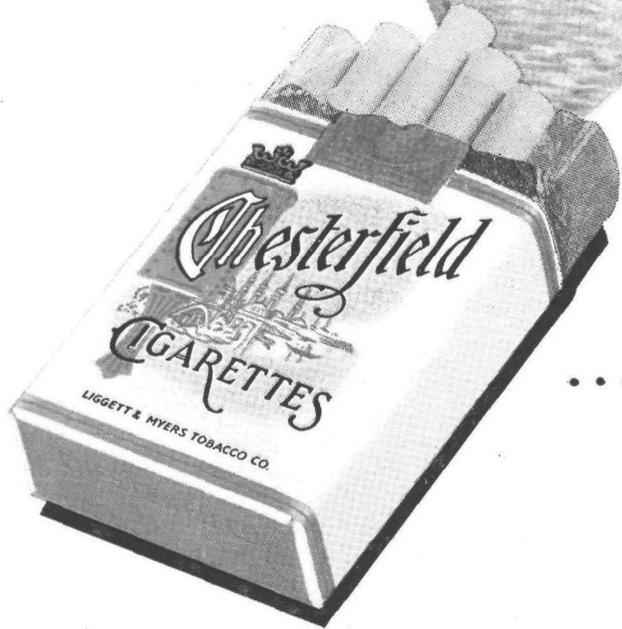
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