

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN



June, 1932

THE ORION



MESSENGER

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"Between The Big Parades"

By

Franklin W. Ward

Between those big parades—that is, the going-to-war parade and the returning-home-parade, the book tells a thrilling story of the lives, fortunes, and misfortunes of soldier men during the actual hostilities abroad. The characters, from high ranking officers to high privates, pulsate with action, sometimes in laugh-evoking comedy and witticism, sometimes in tear-bringing pathos and tragedy.

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A WAR TALE BUILT AROUND THE NATIONAL GUARD

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PRICE \$2.50

(In the United States and Canada)

Publisher, FREDERICK M. WATERBURY, New York

ORDER THROUGH

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

80 Centre Street, Room 780, New York City

The NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

{Official State Publication}

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THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN is published monthly and is the only publication authorized by the National Guard of the State of New York. It is also the official magazine of the 27th Division Association of the World War. Subscription by mail, \$1.00 a year; Canada, \$1.50; Foreign, \$2.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Single copies, price 15 cents. Advertising rates on application. Printed in New York City.

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THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

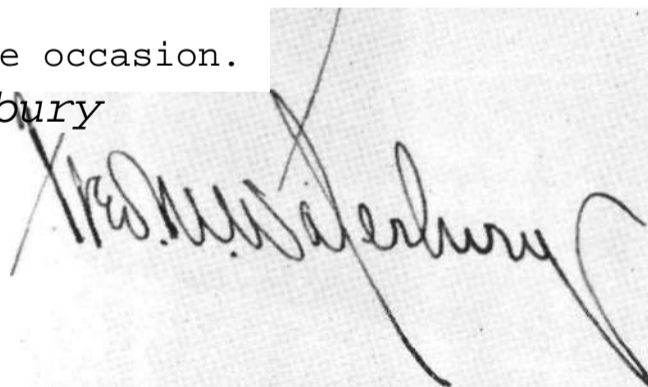
"It will be strictly non-political; it will not attempt to exploit any theme or theory or partisan lines; it will religiously refrain from 'undertaking' the ambitions or activities of any individual, public or private, it will be severely independent, making its appeal to the interests of the readers rather than to the vanity of those in charge; it will encourage that training which no successful business man can ignore if he desires his employees to be better disciplined and trained to give 100 per cent of duty to all work entrusted to the,—it will be a vehicle for the propagation of one policy and only one: Better Guardsmanship and Better Citizenship!"

*State of New York
Headquarters National Guard
Office of the Commanding General*

AN APPRECIATION

Permit me through the columns of The New York National Guardsman to express my sincere thanks, to all the organizations for their very kind words upon my leaving the active service after over forty years. The Special Number was giving the old editor rather more than he deserved and if my ego permitted me to believe all the compliments spread between the covers of the May issue, I'd be unable to ever wear the old uniform again. However, it makes sun shine on what otherwise would be a most sombre occasion.

Gen. F. M. Waterbury

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "F. M. Waterbury", written over a light-colored, textured background.

THE
NEW YORK
National Guardsman



VOL. IX

JUNE

Published for the members of the New York National Guard by the members themselves. All profits return to the Magazine, the only publication authorized by the New York National Guard.

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Old Soldiers Never Die!

"To part," so the proverb runs in France, "is always to die a little." But at the banquet given at the Harvard Club, New York City, on May 20th, in honor of and as a "farewell" to Brigadier General Herman A. Metz and Fred M. Waterbury upon their retirement from active duty with the New York National Guard, it was generally felt that the occasion, far from meriting the designation of a "little death," was more in the nature of a hearty self-congratulation, on the part of those present, that these two distinguished soldiers and steadfast friends of the Guard, although officially retired, were still to remain in our midst. "The Guard never surrenders"—such splendid friends as these. Our hearts have captured them and made them "prisoners" for as long as the Guard shall have its being. When all those who were present at the banquet have reached "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," the names of these two officers will yet live, for the very spirit they have shown, the selfless work they have performed, the great achievements they have won, are to become an intrinsic possession of the Guard itself.

Sixty-three officers, comprising three Major Generals, one Rear Admiral, nine Brigadier Generals, twenty-four Colonels and twenty-six officers of "other ranks," had traveled from every corner of the state in order to be present at the ceremonies. On an occasion like this, it is not difficult to understand why the New York National Guard has attained the efficiency and its position of respect which it holds both in civilian and military circles. There is always apparent a spirit of good-fellowship, camaraderie and geniality which it would be difficult to match in any other group of men. It is the spirit which must underlie all successful teamwork—a spirit which many

have been privileged to share amid the stress and hardship of war but which must be sought far amid the easier circumstances of peace.

When the customary rituals of reunion had been faithfully observed in the ante-room, dinner was announced and a grace was then offered by Captain A. C. Dineen, Chaplain of the 27th Division. Talk flowed freely during the excellent meal—the genial atmosphere reminded one of the last N.Y.N.G. Convention in Buffalo.

When coffee had been served, Lt. Col. Arthur V. McDermott, Judge Advocate of the 27th Division and Toastmaster of the evening, announced that the good time everyone had been having was at an end and the speech-making was about to begin. After listening to the Colonel's first brief introduction, there could remain little doubt as to his worthiness of the high position of Judge Advocate. His facile humor, his charming tact, his pungent shafts of wit (directed chiefly at the imposing galaxy of generals by whom he was surrounded) would melt the hearts of any "twelve good men and true."

He felt uneasy, he assured us, sitting among the "wax-works" at the head table, yet the task of Toastmaster on that particular occasion was one he gladly shouldered for, having been insulted and ordered about all his life by Generals, the tables were now turned and here was his chance to get a little of his own back. Some generals, nevertheless, were all right; he even went so far as to concede that even there, in that room, there were one or two who might be weighed in the balance and be found not wanting. Such an one, he intimated, was Major General Haskell, whom he then called upon to speak.

The Commander of the 27th Division obediently rose and remarked that it was obvious, from the Judge Advo-

cate's competence in handing out insults, that he was equipped with all the qualifications of a General himself.... He confessed he felt "like a kid" in having to introduce General Waterbury with his forty-one years of service in the National Guard. His association with "Fred" had always been most pleasant and he had come to know that there was nothing "Fred" might be called upon to do which would not be performed marvelously well. He had known him since those early days in Saratoga when he was in the newspaper game—he was quite a beau at that time and was forever hanging around hotel lobbies. (Laughter).

It was strange, the General went on, how quickly we become used to our friends and it was quite a wrench to see "Fred" step off merely because he had reached the age of sixty-four.

Speaking then of General Herman Metz, he praised the marvelous humor which had always endeared him to his associates. General Metz had always been of inestimable help to the Guard and as a Brigadier General in camp—well! (Laughter).

Both these Generals, to whom the Guard was bidding farewell, had helped build up and further the high reputation of the N. Y. N. G. Recently, when in Washington, Major General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., had told him that the N. Y. N. G. was considered at the top of all National Guards of the United States and that, after the mere formality of calling out one or two regular army units, the 27th Division would be the first to be mobilized in the event of war.

General Haskell then presented Generals Metz and Waterbury with gold pencils as slight mementos of the friendship and goodwill of all those present.

General Metz, after expressing his thanks to General Haskell and those assembled, briefly traced his career in the National Guard since 1905 when he enlisted in the "best regiment in the state," (the 14th Infantry). He had always noticed one thing which he now confessed: that he was invariably credited with having contributed far more than he really had. He remembered working with "Fred" once and, now that the truth could be told, it was "Fred" who had done 99 per cent of the work while he had merely contributed the balance. It was a shame, he thought, (and so did everyone, judging by the sympathetic response), to kick "old men" like General Waterbury and himself out simply because they had reached the age of sixty-four, and he deeply regretted this enforced departure.

Colonel McDermott then warned us that we might expect another long speech from a general as he was going to call upon General Waterbury to speak. "Fred" set everyone at ease by pointing out that he had not been a Brigadier General long enough to have acquired that habit, and went on to speak with feeling of his long association with the National Guard. All the service he had rendered to the National Guard had been a devotion and he had loved every bit of it. He had always found a pleasure in getting a job done as well as he could and such service had never failed to give him back one hundred per cent. His one regret in leaving was that it might sever the active friendships he had formed in the National Guard but he assured everyone that he was only leaving "officially" and that he would still see a lot of the Guard and maintain those friendships he so highly prized.

The Toastmaster, in introducing Rear Admiral Lackey, said that he had always liked Admirals, because he had never had anything to do with them, although if he had,

he'd probably think the same about them as he thought about Generals. However . . .

Admiral Lackey pointed out that the Navy, at this dinner, was heavily outnumbered by the Army, but he would give them a broadside to make up for it. The Naval Militia had deeply appreciated the work done and the assistance rendered both by General Metz and Waterbury. He had once gone so far as to play poker with Fred Waterbury and so had come to know a great deal about him. He wished to give them both the time-honored farewell, given by a pilot when he has taken a ship out of the harbor: "Good bye! Good luck, and God bless you!"

Colonel McDermott, still harping upon his innate dislike and distrust of Generals, now included Adjutants in his black list and warned us that the combination of both Adjutant *and* General was one of the most "awesome" things in the world.

Major General Ward, Adjutant General of the State, then rose and confirmed the opinion of all present that "retirement dinners" should never be regarded as "wakes." Instead of sympathising with, we should congratulate our retiring officers in that the Great White God had given them the privilege of living sixty-four full years when it was the fate of so many soldiers to die long before that time. Here were two officers who had given up everything for the National Guard. Herman Metz was a wealthy man, yet never for a moment had he neglected his National Guard duties, while General Waterbury, had he stuck to the newspaper game in Saratoga, would have been worth many more thousands today. Both these gentlemen would be even closer to us in their retirement than if they had remained active with us.

The Toastmaster then read letters from the following who, through sickness or other unavoidable cause, were unable to be present: Brig. Gen. Ransom H. Gillett, Robert W. Malone, Capt. Jos. A. Forgett, the Militia Bureau, Brig. Gen. John J. Phelan, Chas. W. Berry (former Commander of the N. Y. N. G.), and Colonel Wm. A. Costigan.

Generals Dyer, Byrnes, and Schohl, Colonels Kearney and Reynolds, Generals Grant and Austin, and Colonels Olmstead and Wm. R. Wright added further tribute to the fine record of both these officers to which the assembled officers warmly subscribed. Colonel Kearney presented "Fred" with a Life Membership, in the name of Saratoga, to the Saratoga Lodge, No. 161, B. P. O. Elks.

Among those present were: Major Generals Wm. N. Haskell, Franklin W. Ward and Elmore F. Austin; Brigadier Generals William F. Schohl, DeWitt Clinton Falls, George R. Dyer, John J. Byrne, Sidney E. Grant and Frederick W. Baldwin; Colonels Frederic E. Humphreys, Wm. R. Jackson, Clarence H. Higginson, Wm. R. Wright, Lewis M. Thiery, Edward Olmstead, Paul Loeser, Wm. A. Taylor, Edward McLeer, Jr., James T. Cassidy; Lieut. Colonels Charles Dieges, Foster G. Hetzel, John J. Lyons, George A. Vaughn, Jr., Emil M. Podeyn, Alan L. Reagan, John Reynolds, H. W. Taylor, Edward Bowditch, Otto Thiede, Bernard W. Kearney, Jas. A. S. Mundy, Isaac J. Lovell and Henry E. Suavet; Majors Timothy S. Mahoney, Clarence S. Martin, Robert H. Platz, C. Pemberton Lenart, Ernest R. Ullrich, John C. Mansfield, G. M. Herringshaw, William J. Mangine and Matthew A. Lee; Captains Vincent Melloy, A. C. Dineen, J. J. Burns, G. C. Feld, C. Keegan, V. O'Neill, C. Dunn, G. Lieber, C. W. Berry, Jr., J. H. Travers, Jr., and Alfred Huddleson, Jr., and 1st Lieutenants J. Mulahay, George F. Roesch and T. F. Woodhouse.



LIEUT. COL. HENRY E. SUAVET
ORDNANCE OFFICER, 27TH DIV'N.

Changes in the 27th Division Staff



LIEUT. COL. EDWARD BOWDITCH
INSPECTOR GENERAL, 27TH DIV'N.

To fill the vacancy on the 27th Division Staff created by the retirement of General Waterbury last month, General Haskell has appointed Lieutenant Colonel Henry E. Suavet, former Inspector General.

Lieutenant Colonel Suavet was born in New York City and, having safely accomplished that feat, started to look around for a suitable place to commence a military career. On May 27, 1912, he decided that Company E of the 23rd Regiment was the proper spot and was enlisted on that date. He soon became corporal and then sergeant, and went to the Border in 1916 as supply sergeant for the company.

Returning from the "Magic Valley," he was called into Federal Service again on March 31, 1917, and was promoted to First Sergeant. He attended the Division Officers' Training School at Camp Wadsworth from January to April, 1918, and soon after graduation went to France with the Division, participating in all engagements in which the Division took part in Belgium and France. On November 23, 1918, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and assigned as Battalion Intelligence Officer with the 105th Infantry. After the signing of the armistice, he was detached from the 27th Division and assigned to the Committee for Relief operating in Belgium and northern France, returning to the United States and being mustered out on June 13th, 1919.

On November 15, 1920, Lieutenant Colonel Suavet rejoined the National Guard as 1st Lieutenant of Company E, of the then 23rd Regiment, now the 106th. On March 13, 1922, he was transferred to the Ordnance Department, State Staff, and on April 1, 1925, he was promoted to Captain and appointed aide to Major General Charles W. Berry. On February 11th he received another promotion as Major, Ordnance Department, State Staff, and on December 12, 1928, he became a Lieutenant Colonel, succeeding Lieutenant Colonel Allen L. Regan as Division Inspector at National Guard Headquarters. He is now added to the list of well-known and efficient Ordnance officers who have served the State, and enters upon his new duties with the best wishes of all his associates.

Lieutenant Colonel Edward (or, as he is generally known, "Peter") Bowditch, who succeeds Lieutenant Colonel Suavet as Division Inspector, is a new comer in the New York National Guard although born in Albany, but is an officer of wide experience with a distinguished past career and should be a great asset.

He graduated from Groton School in 1899, from Harvard University in 1903, and from the Harvard Law School in 1907, being a classmate of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt at these institutions. At Harvard he was prominent in football and was selected by Walter Camp as "All American" end.

He started his military career in Battery A of Massachusetts, where he served from Feb., 1903, to May, 1907.

In August, 1917, he was assigned to the 301st Infantry at Camp Devens as Major commanding the 2nd Battalion, going overseas on October 9th, 1917, and serving as Assistant G-3, First Corps, and at the Army General Staff School at Langres until May, 1918, when he became Aide-de-camp to the Commanding General of the A. E. F., General Pershing, with whom he stayed throughout the war and after, except for a time when he was assigned to the Harbord Military Mission to Armenia (August to November, 1919).

He returned to the United States in November, 1919, and was discharged from the service on April 5th, 1920. On December 8th, 1920, he re-entered service again as Major in command of the 1st Squadron, 5th U. S. Cavalry at Marfa, Texas, was assigned as assistant to Major General Leonard Wood on the latter's special mission to the Philippines and then was transferred to Headquarters, Philippine Department.

Returning to the United States, he served at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley in 1923, at the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, in 1924, and was in command at Fort Ringgold, Texas (a post familiar to many Border veterans) with the 12th U. S. Cavalry in 1925. From November, 1924, to March, 1925, he again served with General Pershing on the occasion of the latter's mission to Peru. Major Bowditch resigned from the service on April 16th, 1925, and has been in business from that time until his present appointment.

He received credit overseas for participation in the Aisne, Champagne-Meuse, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives, and during his career has been decorated by the United States (D. S. M.), Great Britain (D. S. O.), Belgium (Order of the Crown), Italy (Order of the Crown), France (Legion of Honor), Japan (Rising Sun), China (Chia Ho), Montenegro (Order of Danilo), and Peru (Order of the Sun).

ARE YOU IN WORKING ORDER?

"I SHOWED a friend my gun case the other day. One

section held modern rifles, etc., and the other, German Mausers and other rust-covered trophies. Some of the latter were originally excellent specimens of craftsmanship, but my friend asked, 'Can you shoot with them or are they merely a collection to *look at*?' Which remark resulted in a determination to make them all shoot. Now, every weapon I own is in perfect order, rubbed rustless, taken down to the last set screw, all stocks scraped, treated with linseed oil and turpentine—*better than new*.

"Can we use *you* or are you merely part of a collection. When fired, will you blow up? Has hookworm rust eaten through your system and your spirit become battered and worn out, so that you merely answer 'Here' at roll call and let it go at that? The longer the cleaning up process is delayed, the deeper the rust eats in. Pick out the bad spots and *rub away*. Nothing is impossible. A little concentrated effort and elbow grease will bring out the original polish and the 'Collection' of Company C will be considered useful as well as ornamental."

*Capt. Arthur C. Beck,
Comdg. Co. C, 71st Infantry*

"NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE"

ONCE again the slogan of Company C, 71st Infantry, was justified when Corporal DeBruyn, who last year came in eighth in the Boston Marathon, this year in the same race swept all before him and romped home first.

In less than two years, this clean-cut youngster has filled a trophy case in his Company Room with medals, cups and other evidence of his determination to win out against great odds. A recital of the numerous events won by this hardy athlete would be only needless repetition.

We believe that Corporal DeBruyn is now well known. However, the time has arrived to remind his comrades in the Guard that his many victories were won solely on merit against handicaps that would have discouraged any man not possessing a *soldier's heart*. Practically a stranger in this country two years ago and without a position or any backing, this man enlisted in Company C, 71st Infantry, and immediately plunged into every activity of his company. Unlike many athletes, he is 100 per cent attendance, and his training has been entirely done outside of regular duty periods. In everything, he is out to *win*, regardless of conditions.

All the little discouragements that too often are accepted as final, should be considered merely as personal challenges. If others receive promotion where you expected it: if you lacked a few points for qualification: if the depression starts to get you, etc., etc.,—remember, *you cannot be stopped*. Keep driving away at your objective and like DeBruyn, when victory finally crowns your efforts, you will say, "That was easy. I wonder what made it seem so difficult before I started."

R. S. Sutcliffe.

SIMPLE, MY DEAR WATSON!

HERE were three passengers on a train: Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson. The brakeman, fireman, and engineer have the same names, but in the following clues, in order to distinguish them, the passengers are called "Mr."

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit.
2. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
3. Mr. Jones draws a salary of \$2,000 a year.
4. The brakeman lives half way between Chicago and Detroit.
5. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, who has a salary three times that of the brakeman, is one of the three passengers.

6. The brakeman has the same name as the passenger who lives in Chicago.

Find the name of the engineer and prove it.

The names of the first three Guardsmen to send in correct solutions of this puzzle with a clear statement showing how the name of the engineer was deduced, will be printed in the July issue of the National Guardsman.

ANNUAL EASTER BALL OF THE TIBBITS CADETS

COMPANY D, 105TH INFANTRY

THE annual Easter ball of the junior and senior companies of the Tibbits Cadets at the Troy Armory Thursday evening, April 26, was one of the most brilliant social functions in the organization's history, with more than 500 couples on the dance floor and 1,000 spectators attending.

Lavish decorations transformed the huge drill hall into a veritable fairyland of splendor and brilliance and the many different uniforms and the beautiful gowns of the ladies added no small part to the attractiveness of the scene.

A feature of the military program which preceded the dancing, was the presentation of long service medals to four members of the company. Those honored were: Capt. Oscar G. Strobe, twenty years; Lieut. John L. Kelly, Sergt. Joseph A. Saunders and Corp. David J. McGivern, ten years each. The medals were presented by the reviewing officer, Lieut. Col. James A. McCarthy, during the military ceremonies.

Capt. Joseph P. Dwyer, commander of Company D, 105th Infantry, the junior unit of the organization, acted as major of the battalion, with Lieut. William Birkby, Jr., as adjutant. The five companies of the organization were commanded by the following: Company A, Capt. Oscar G. Strobe; Company B, First Lieut. Jess N. Slatery; Company C, Second Lieut. John G. Golden; Company D, First Lieut. Walter E. Vannier, and Company E, Second Lieut. John L. Kelly.

The decorations were of blue and white with boxes around the North and East walls of the hall. The reviewing officer, Lieutenant Colonel McCarthy, was assisted on his staff by Capt. John Livingstone, Capt. S. Morris Pike and City Treasurer John F. Shannon. Music for the military program was furnished by the 105th Infantry Band, headed by Warrant Officer A. Olin Niles. The 105th Infantry orchestra furnished dance music.

Following the ball, approximately 150 couples attended an after-the-ball dinner-dance party at the Log Cabin, Albany. Capt. Joseph P. Dwyer was general chairman of the ball committee, and Sergt. Robert G. Baird was secretary.

Initiative and Leadership

The Sergeant-Instructor's Conferences

by COLONEL WILLIAM H. WALDRON,
EXECUTIVE OFFICER, MILITIA BUREAU

TODAY, tomorrow, next week, in every regiment in the National Guard, a company commander will tilt back in his chair and study a list of names on a sheet of paper which lies before him.

A promotion is in the offing. The first rung on the ladder of military success is about to be mounted. The company commander is face to face with the age old problem of selecting the best man to take the step.

The faces, the words, the deeds, the work, the impressions of the men under consideration pass in review before him. To all of these he will add the age and years of service. Whatever questions he may ponder over in his mind there are two which he will not neglect. They are primary qualifications which every non-commissioned officer must possess. They will loom large in assisting the company commander to arrive at his decision.

"Which man is strongest in initiative?" he will ask himself. Then will follow the other: "Which man possesses, to the highest degree, the qualities of leadership?"

Other essentials being equal or approximately so, the man who measures up on these two qualifications will get the promotion.

When the man ahead steps up the line,
And leaves his shoes to fill,
Are you the man who the Captain says
Will exactly fill the bill?

Initiative is the courage to start things a-going. We have lots of men of ability, along certain lines, and good intentions, men who know about their duty as a soldier and do what they are told to do in an efficient way. But the trouble is that they lack initiative. They never do anything except that which they are told to do. They never start anything.

No man is so helpless, so hopeless, and so useless, as the one who is content to drag along in the even tenor of his way, having little or no interest than to draw his pay and keep out of trouble.

The soldier who lacks initiative in the ordinary routine of company economy will also lack it when he is out on his own and the lives of the men he commands depend upon his initiative.

Initiative is based upon will power. Along with strong will power will almost invariably be found self-confidence. With initiative and self-confidence comes that most valuable quality in a man—the willingness to assume responsibility.

In any group of men there are always two classes—the leaders and the followers. If a man is to be a successful non-commissioned officer in the National Guard he must, of necessity, belong to the leader class. For the success of an Army both in peace and in war must depend upon the human leadership ability of its officers and non-commissioned officers. In battle, direct responsibility frequently goes out of the hands of the officers and small groups of men must gain objectives themselves. These groups are under the leadership of one of their number. Such leadership naturally falls to the non-commissioned officer who happens to

be on the spot and he must be prepared to assume this responsibility.

The personal characteristics and character of leaders are many and varied. One man leads by sheer strength of his determination which sweeps all obstacles before it. Another leads through thoughts and ideas which stir and incite the minds of the followers to do the things desired of them. Others lead through the force of personal magnetism. And finally, there are those who command men through fear or brute force. The latter are not in fact leaders. They are drivers. The highest type of leadership is found in the man who leads because he is loved—because he is fair and just and human, because he knows his stuff and because he can inspire confidence in his followers.

Man is by instinct an imitative creature. There are few of us who are explorers. In the building of our lives we have the examples of men who have gone before—men who are with us now. We have these whom we may imitate and to whom we may look for inspiration.

The soldier who aspires to be a non-commissioned officer and to make a success of the job by going high in the ranks will do well to select men whom he knows: men who have these essential qualities—initiative and leadership. Follow in their footsteps. Study them and imitate them. Perhaps even improve on their methods..

Every man who aspires to a corporalcy should be considered with the idea that he is a prospective Sergeant. If he does not measure up to the two essentials stated here he should be set aside until he does measure up. It would save a lot of heart-breaks in the service.



WHO CAN BEAT IT?

THERE has been widespread interest of late in the claims of various National Guard organizations throughout the country concerning the number of brothers, fathers and sons, in single companies or regiments. The record is held at present by the Service Company and Band of the 168th Infantry, Iowa National Guard, with 14 sets of brothers, including several sets of three brothers or a total of 31 men (out of a strength of 50) who are related to at least one other man in the company.

The New York National Guard can place no such claim in the field of contestants for this "relationship record" and salutes the Service Co. and Band of Iowa's 168th Infantry for their host of—

"Sisters and their cousins by their dozens and their dozens, And their brothers and their uncles and their aunts."

(Editor: Disregard the "sisters" and the "aunts").

We believe, however, that the claim, put forward by Headquarters Battery, 244th Coast Artillery, N.Y.N.G., of five brothers all in the same regiment and the same company, must establish a record for the United States National Guard.

George McMillin, the eldest, is a sergeant with 12 years' service, while Thomas, the youngest, has just enlisted. "It was my father's wish," writes one of these brothers, "that every one of his sons get some training so that they could help defend their country." Their father's wish has been well carried out and these five sons set an example which it would be difficult to emulate.

A P.O.D. Remembers

By AN APPLEKNOCKER

LISTENING these days to the spring winds beating the rain against the windows and howling round the house, my mind invariably slips back to those happy, carefree days I spent last summer as a P.O.D.

Memories of Camp Smith come rushing back, tantalizing me with dreams of balmy days amid those beautiful hills. Again I see the long, brown lines of marching troops; the targets shimmering in the heat of midday. Once more I hear the range officer cautioning, "Hold and squeeze," as the targets come up, and the roar of the rifles in rapid fire. I recall how my ears were deafened by machine gun fire and how silent it seemed when the firing stopped. And I can still hear "Taps" as it floated out across the parade-ground—melancholy, piercingly sweet and sad.

You other P.O.D.'s who are reading this must remember these things, too. You must remember seeing the details returning one by one across the parade-ground when the morning work was done. You remember also the dash for the showers and the more speedy and noisy rush for the head of the line when the whistle blew for mess.

And those meals! Its not even faintly possible that any of you can forget those huge piles of "chow" which were dished out by the generous cook, Eric, and his K.P.'s three times a day; or the pleasure there was in listening to the good-natured banter which was forever being hurled back and forth across the tables.

Of course, you remember the afternoons, too; the horse-shoe pitching at which the "apple-knockers" excelled; the water-fights; the hunts for blackberries and the less diligent and enthusiastic hunts for copperheads. A certain few of you will recall swimming *an naturel* in forbidden territory.

Then when the afternoon waned and the evening meal had been properly disposed of, and the other fellows had left for the evening to enjoy themselves as best suited their taste (or pocket), wasn't our section of the camp a lonely spot? Some of us would go to Peekskill—perhaps to the Music Shop. The more thrifty ones would take in the free movies at the canteen, or the fights on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Those who had a weakness for dancing and possessed the civilian clothes necessary to indulge this weakness, spent their evenings at Penelope Park or Brookside.

We all remember how refreshing those cool nights were after the scorching heat of day and what a good feeling it was to lie between the blankets at bedtime and listen to the mosquitoes humming around outside the mosquito bar. But as often as not we'd awaken later and find that Brer Mosquito had found an entrance after all.

And weren't the mornings cold? Didn't we shiver and shake as we stood in the street at roll call? Of course, it always warmed by nine, and by noon it was usually so hot it made one almost wonder if he hadn't been imagining the cold of a few hours before.

Speaking of heat reminds me of the little bonfire the victorious members of the 102nd Engineers' rifle team started about midnight at the end of our first week in Camp. Those of you who were there that night will recall how a false alarm brought us dashing up the road clothed in denims, pajamas or whatever happened to be at hand; how we returned disgusted and tired to our blankets only

to be called out again five minutes later, this time by the burning strawstack; and how our gallant Sgt. Ryan called to mind the story of David and Goliath when he attacked the huge blazing pile with a tiny garden hose.

Then suddenly it was September. You remember the rumors that flew around the last month. We were going home two weeks early; we were going home a week early; we were leaving at the scheduled date! Finally, definite word that we would leave the 18th of September was given out, and before we realized it the last day had arrived.

I can still picture the hustle and bustle of packing, accomplished many hours ahead of time in fear of being late. Then the long wait for the pay checks and the subsequent paying of minor loans; Colonel Waterbury's flattering speech commending us on our work during the season; the loading of trunks on the trucks for the trip to the station.

The last few minutes saw handshaking all around; sincere wishes for future meetings, hearty farewells, and the P.O.D.'s, 1931, were a thing of the past.

As I sit now and dream of those happy days that can never return, I feel a bit downhearted. I doubt if any of us realized how much we'd miss those good times we'd enjoyed and those good friends we had made. The most we can do now is to look forward to seeing those friends once more and, if the Powers that be will it, to spending another glorious summer as a happy, carefree P.O.D.

THE ALLOCATION OF NATIONAL GUARD STRENGTH

AN inquiry concerning the allotment of National Guard strength to states in accordance with their representation in Congress received the following reply from the Militia Bureau:

"Immediately after the World War, the plan for organizing the National Defense provided that the number of enlisted men of the National Guard to be organized in each state should be in proportion to not less than 800 men per senator and representative in Congress, and a number to be determined by the President for each territory and the District of Columbia. This gave an aggregate strength of 435,000, which was allotted to the various states, territories, and the District of Columbia,

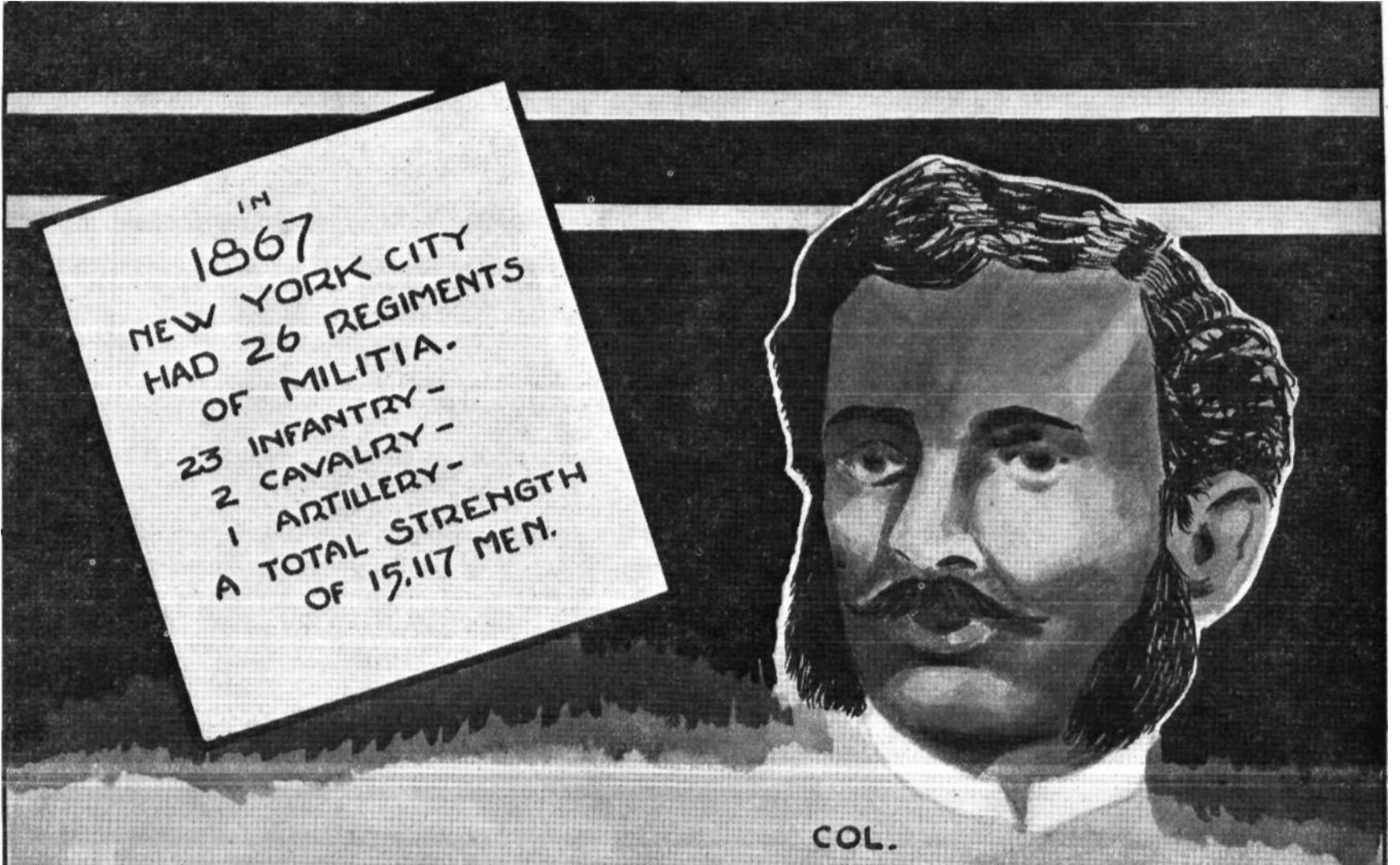
"It became apparent in 1922, due to the urgent necessity for reduction of expenditures, both state and federal, that this plan was entirely too comprehensive, and the strength called for was in excess of the peacetime needs of the National Guard. Accordingly, a modified program of National Guard development was decided upon. This comprised a strength of 250,000, and provided for the organization of 18 infantry divisions, 4 cavalry divisions, and certain corps, army, general headquarters reserve, coast defense, and special allotment troops. This strength has been further reduced and now stands at 190,000.

"It is obvious that the plan for organizing the National Guard had to be materially curtailed with these reductions. Such forces as were organized should be complete in all essential elements and ready to function in an emergency. States were accordingly assigned specific units to organize within their authorized strength. These units have been grouped into larger tactical organizations and represent 18 infantry divisions, approximately 84% complete, 4 cavalry divisions, approximately 59% complete, and some corps, army, coast defense, and special allotment troops."

ItH

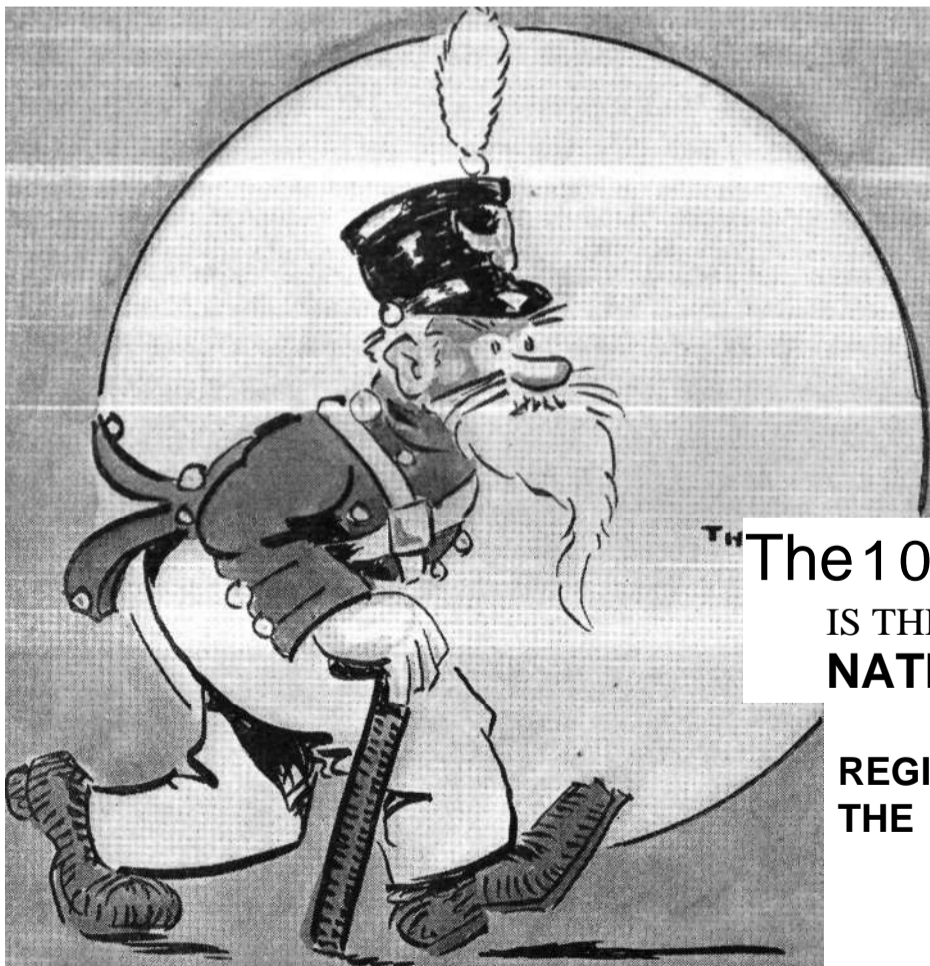
It Happened in the Guard...

SGT. M. J. GLICKMAN
27th Tank Company



Col. HARRY ROCKAFELLAR

COMMANDING THE
71 REGIMENT (1869-72)
HAD ONLY ONE ARM.



The 107TH INFANTRY
IS THE OLDEST
NATIONAL GUARD

**REGIMENT IN
THE UNITED STATES**

Soldiering in India--

"Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
An' a man can raise a thirst! "—Kipling.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant F. H. Deiler, 2nd Bn. Hdqrs. Bty. and C. Train, 258th Field Artillery, N.Y.N.G., has furnished us with the following account of a soldier's life in India, extracted from a letter he has just received from a friend of his in the 2nd Bn., Royal Sussex Regt. (British Army), which has been out in India for the past seven years. Karachi, north of Bombay, is an important port and military station, as well as being one of the largest airfields in the Far East. (It is the eastern terminal of the London-India air mail). The life of a soldier is pretty much the same all over the world, but there are one or two differences, noted in this account by a "brother-in-arms" ten thousand miles away, which may be of interest to our readers).



"You may talk o' gin and beer, when you're quartered safe out 'ere!" Refreshments are served in the ante-room of the Sergeants' Mess in India.

MY Battalion has been in this country since 1926 (7 years), six of which have been done either in the Northern Command (Rawal Pindi) or on the Frontier (Kyber Pass). Now we have moved south to Karachi by the sea—so we have practically "done India"—as your tourists say!

A soldier's life here is normally easy. Work commences at 6:30 A. M. or 8:30 A. M. (Summer and Winter) and finishes for the day, as far as the majority are concerned, about 12:30 P. M. So the normal hours are not long. But of course, all soldiers are fully trained before they are allowed to leave the United Kingdom. No work is done on Thursdays—this being a very old custom—as this day was set aside as a soldiers' holiday by the late Queen Victoria.

The weather varies in different parts of the country, as each part is subject to some sort of monsoon in a varying degree. Here in Karachi we seem to get perpetual sunshine, and would give a great deal for a couple of days' good rain. But in the Muree Hills (Rawal Pindi District) and on the North-west Frontier I have known it to rain for weeks on end, with a good fall of snow about Christmas time in the higher altitudes. Lots of visitors and residents in Rawal Pindi use the

Muree Hills as a winter sports ground and make quite a little Switzerland of it. The heavy rains often come on with very little notice or warning—so you may guess that "Sola Topees" are often worn with waterproof coats!

The service in India just at present is not quite so monotonous as of yore—Mr. Ghandi and his satellites, with their Congress activities, making life interesting at times. We haven't bumped into anything serious so far, but can never tell how soon we may.

Below is a list of the different Ranks of the army as far as Infantry are concerned—but on the whole it is pretty well the same throughout. I will not guarantee the list as being correct, as I am trusting a good deal to memory. The rates of pay are average for the rank against which they are shown—but I would like to state that the British Army is in the midst of a great economy campaign, and all soldiers who enlist at the present time are getting roughly 8% less than the rates shown below.

Rank	Approx. rate of pay per day			Remarks	
	£	s.	d		
Field Marshal	10	0	0	(\$50.00)	The pay of General Officers is sometimes increased when holding certain appointments.
General	7	10	0	(\$37.50)	
Lieut. General	6	0	0	(\$30.00)	
Colonel	2	15	0	(\$14.00)	After 5 years' service.
Lieut. Colonel	2	7	6	(\$12.00)	
Major	1	17	6	(\$ 9.30)	Under 5 years' service.
Major	1	11	6	(\$ 8.00)	
Captain	1	8	0	(\$ 7.00)	The pay of all officers will vary with the conditions and amount of service.
Lieut.	—	18	0	(\$ 4.50)	
2nd Lieut.	—	13	0	(\$ 3.25)	
Warrant Officer Cl. 1	—	13	6	(\$ 3.35)	Regt. Sgt. Major and Band Master
Warrant Officer Cl. 2	—	9	6	(\$ 2.35)	
Color Sgt./Staff Sgt.	—	8	8	(\$ 2.15)	Co. Sgt. Major and Regt. Q. M. Sgt.
Sergeant	—	6	4	(\$ 1.60)	
Corporal	—	4	6	(\$ 1.10)	Increased to 3/6d (\$.85) after 2 years.
Lance Corporal	—	3	9	(\$.90)	
Private	—	2	0	(\$.70)	
Boy	—	12		(\$.30)	

The pay of the Non-Commissioned ranks is, like Officers, sometimes increased when performing special duties—such as Garrison Provost Sgt.

The new rates mentioned above first came into force in October, 1925, and therefore all ranks should be drawing that rate by the year 1946. This allows for a man who had already signed a contract for 21 years on the old rate of pay.

The normal periods of enlistment are—firstly 7 years with the Colours and 5 years on the Army Reserve. This can be altered to 12 years with the Colours, after which a soldier may extend his service to 21 years—always providing that he is a good soldier and the Commanding Officer recommends the retention of his services.

Guard Mounting. Infantry units are liable to be called upon to find guards of all descriptions at various times. It may be selected as a guard for visiting Royalty—when everything must be "spick and span" or a humble stick guard (without arms) over a broken-down Military lorry. But, whatever it is for, it is considered the acme of good training and perfect discipline for a Company to be able to turn out a first class guard at any time. So you may be sure that a great deal of time and trouble is taken over this ceremony.



"Sola topees" and "shorts" are worn on maneuvers in the Karachi district.

It never seems to matter under what conditions an Infantry Unit is serving—just as much care is taken about Guard Mounting. You won't find more care taken at Buckingham Palace than there is on the North West Frontier Posts. The Guard "Falls in" ceremoniously on the "Tap o' the Drum," after which bayonets are fixed and the Guard is handed over to the Adjutant, who literally turns them inside-out. Even the most minute part of arms, accoutrements and man come under his "eagle eye." Bayonets are then unfixing and arms are inspected.

In this Unit we always mount one more man than is required, so that, after inspection, the smartest and cleanest is picked out and dismissed. This man puts away his arms and equipment and reports to the Commanding Officer, dressed in belt and side arms only and carrying a cane. He performs the duty of C. O.'s orderly for that day. The result is that he gets his night in bed while the remainder are doing sentry duty. This is marked up as a Guard for him in the Duty Roster—so, of course, he wins all along the line. This creates a great amount of competition among the men who are mounting guard together, and I have seen the Adjutant sorely puzzled as to who should receive the award.

Arms . . . Much the same as during the War. The same

Service Rifle and Lewis guns with a few minor improvements. Scientific Instruments have greatly improved and great strides have been made in development as far as Machine Guns are concerned.

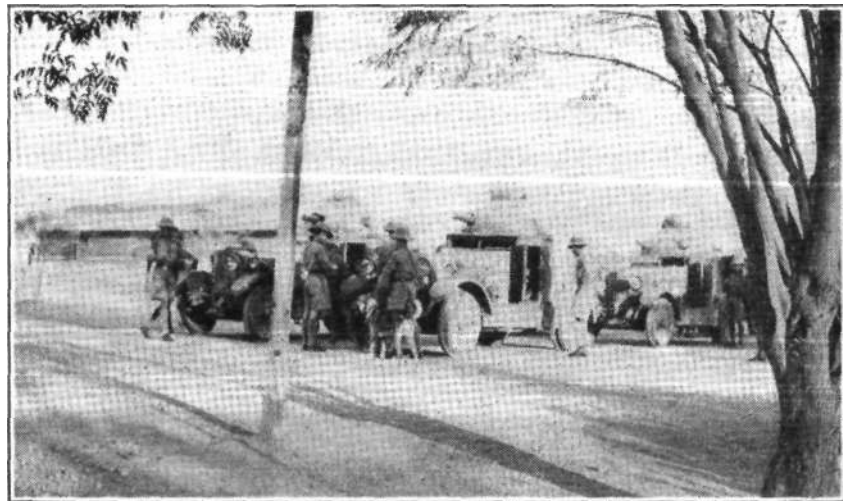
Equipment . . . Same as during the War, except that the little entrenching tool has been discarded.

Uniform . . . This can be summed up in the one word KHAKI. There is very little difference now from during the War—except of course we wear a light Khaki Drill when serving East of Suez. In the United Kingdom the same old serge is worn. There have been half-hearted attempts in some units to get back to the old pre-war customs and colours in uniform, but it hasn't come to much yet. I'm afraid that it will be some years before we can afford to get back to pre-war' uniforms. The financial situation does not justify it at the present time anyway.

Bugle Calls . . . The list is, I think, far too long for me to write them all, besides which I should probably forget quite a few. Anyway, here is a list of calls and the times they are blown, in daily use at the present time in this unit:

- 6:00 A.M.—Reveille.
- 6:15 A.M.—Defaulters.*
- 6:45 A.M.—Rations.
- 7:45 A.M.—Men's breakfasts.
- 8:15 A.M.—Sick call.
- 1/2 hour for Guard.
- 8:30 A.M.—1/4 hour for Guard.
- 10:30 A.M.—C. O.'s orders.
- 11:45 A.M.—Sick and Defaulters for recognition by Canteen, N. C. O.*
- 12:00 noon—Time signal.
- 12:45 P.M.—Men's Dinners.
- 1:30 P.M.—Defaulters.*
- 4:00 P.M.—Tea.
- 7:00 P.M.—Retreat (sunset—varies).
- 9:30 P.M.—First Post—Roll Call.
- 10:00 P.M.—Last Post.
- 10:15 P.M.—Lights out.

* NOTE: Defaulters are men who have committed some petty offense and have been punished by being confined to barracks for a number of days. They are not allowed to use the Beer Canteen except during certain hours—hence the necessity for a "recognition parade" held by the N.C.O. on Canteen Duty.



An armored-car section, quartered in Peshawar, where constant road patrolling is necessary.

At 1/2 hour intervals during the evening defaulters' call is sounded and all defaulters parade at the guard room in various dress for each call.

Continued on page 14



THE NEW YORK National Guardsman

Editor
(Official State Publication)
VOL. IX No. 3 LIEUT. T. F. WOODHOUSE JUNE, 1932
Associate Editor and Business Manager

Editorial and Business Offices
Headquarters New York National Guard
Room 782, State Office Building
80 Centre St., New York City

BEWARE OF "HOOEY"!

IN India, when a man goes walking in the jungle after dark, he usually takes the precaution of carrying a lantern to light the way of his feet and to give him due warning of the snake in the grass.

That sounds like common sense. The man who would deliberately venture without a light in such a place where the cobra lurks must be a fool. And yet we all do it. Our "snake in the grass" is "Hooey"—the poisonous serpent that lies in wait and strikes swiftly, silently, as we grope our way through this dark jungle of depression.

What is "hooey"? It is difficult to confine a definition to a single phrase, but there are several characteristics by which it may infallibly be detected. "Hooey" is a sort of propaganda, always flattering and designed to please a group. It is always plausible and camouflaged with an air of truth. It is always insidious and it always has some sort of ulterior motive. Often it is thrown out like a smoke screen to conceal the true direction of attack. Often it serves as an opiate to confuse the people's minds and assuage the pain of Truth. Its message is usually couched in high-sounding phrases which base their appeal upon widely recognized principles of religion, patriotism, civic pride, nationality, government, democracy, the "welfare of the people." By flattery, as the occasion demands, it may be used to induce self-pity, pride, self-complacency, resentment, fear, and always that very satisfying feeling that God is on one's side and that someone is "doing something" about it for one.

And light is the only means of discovering this "snake in the grass" before it has had a chance to inject its deadly poison—the light of reason and clear-thinking. We are in danger of losing the faculty and even the desire of thinking for ourselves, and only such action on the part of every single individual can shed light upon our difficult path of integrity and fearlessness.

Possibly there is more "hooey" being broadcast at this

present time than at any other time within the memory of those now living. It is to be met with at every turn. It is fed to us by the daily press, by our politicians, by those responsible for the maintenance of our civic institutions, by any individual or group which has any sort of axe to grind. Perhaps, in our present troubled state, the most dangerous "snake in the grass" we have to be on our guard against is the smooth-tongued politician who is trying in Washington to slip across legislative measures solely to promote his own interests by flattering his constituents or some other powerful group in order to make certain of their votes at the coming elections.

This is no idle accusation. There can be no other explanation of the frantic efforts, put forward recently by certain members of the House, which, if successful in their aim, would saddle our country with an outrageous, crippling burden of expenditure. And this at a time when the danger of an unbalanced budget is staring the country in the face.

During the past month, the veterans' lobby—always the first to boast of patriotism—tried to force the widows' pension bill through the Senate. This has been described as "another major step toward converting the veterans' relief system from one of compensations to those who *suffered* by war service into one for doles passed out upon the impossible, the unjust and the unpatriotic theory that anyone who wore a uniform is thereby entitled to government support for himself and his family in perpetuity thereafter."

Remember that "hooey" is "always flattering and designed to please a group . . . always has some ulterior motive . . . is usually couched in high-sounding phrases . . ." and no one can then fail to see the "hooey" underlying this pension business. If the truth is not apparent, then let each man use his own honest reasoning power and ask himself—bearing in mind that the Army has no vote while that of the veterans affected by these pension laws is very considerable—why Congress should cut 2,000 officers from the active list of our small army in order to save four or five million dollars and then, having effected that petty economy, propose to add \$20,000,000 a year to the existing pension legislation which already is costing our country the staggering sum of \$450,000,000 *annually*.

That pensions should be awarded to those who, in the service of their country, have suffered disability or to the dependents of those who have lost their lives in war service, none will deny. Every citizen would be glad to see these men and their dependents justly and amply recompensed for the sacrifices they have made. But no veteran—if he be honest with himself—can believe that he has anything coming to him merely because he once wore uniform at a time when it would have been disgraceful for any eligible man not to do so.

At a time like this, when "hooey" is seriously confusing the critical issues with which our country is confronted, it is imperative that every citizen should think, and think honestly, for himself. And particularly should we, of the National Guard, be careful and jealous of the high reputation we have earned before endangering that reputation by falling for the insidious "hooey" now being directed towards the veterans of the World War. We firmly believe we have here expressed the true opinion of *all* members, veterans or otherwise, of the National Guard. We have an integrity to preserve and, like Caesar's wife, we must "be above suspicion." Therefore—Beware of "hooey!"



GENERAL HASKELL'S EDITORIAL



GENERAL HASKELL'S EDITORIAL

ARMORIES AND ARMORY EMPLOYEES

IN my editorial in the February issue I mentioned as two of the items connected with the State Administrative Inspection: (1) Armories—their use, care, and preservation, and (2) Armory Employees—their number, organization, and employment.

These two subjects in reality are very closely related. If we have an efficient, well organized and hard-working armory crew, the result is an armory that is a credit to the Guard. If we have a laxly organized crew, or one composed of men whose principal interest is in their own personal comfort and affairs, the reflection of that laxness and lack of interest in their official duties is to be noted almost as soon as one steps inside the door of the building.

In the New York National Guard we have armories that are a credit to the State and the nation and above all to the efficient forces responsible for their care. We have also, unfortunately, other armories which are far from being examples of military neatness and organization.

The whole responsibility is with the Officer in Charge and Control and with the force which he "hires and fires" for the purpose of caring for the armory for which he is responsible.

In the first place, the Officer in Charge and Control must employ only good, able-bodied men—men who are capable, strong, and zealous—men who like their jobs and take pride and interest in them—men who realize that in order to hold their positions they must work, and work hard, and who cheerfully give a full day's work for value received. Duty demands that armory staffs be kept at the peak of their efficiency, and when common sense shows that an employee cannot keep the pace he should be retired (if worthy and eligible) or released.

Next, the work of armory employees should be organized. I visited two armories recently. In the first of these the armorer was unable to tell me what work had been planned or done in the building on that particular morning, and I soon saw that there was neglect and confusion, resulting in a slipshod effort and a very poorly kept building. In the second armory, however, when I asked the same question, I was shown a chart of the day's work, with the name of every employee listed, and opposite it, in black and white, the specific duties of such employees. And do not think that this was "camouflage," for I checked up and found that the work was actually being performed according to the schedule.

"Everybody's job" is bound to become "nobody's job," and in my experience the best-kept armories are those in which every employee is made responsible for definite work or definite sections of the building, with a certain reserve, if possible, for odd or emergency jobs. Then,

when the Officer in Charge makes his inspections, he knows just who is responsible for creditable results and who for poor work.

Moreover, an armory job is a full-time proposition; the position of guardian and caretaker of government property is an honorable one, and, as jobs go (especially at present), it is secure and well paid. Yet there is a feeling in some quarters that armory employees should

be allowed to run private enterprises on the side—in the armories; that they should be given the privilege of making extra money—in the armories. The average man cannot do two things at one time and do them both well, and when he tries to hold down two jobs simultaneously he will invariably slight what he considers the "sure-thing" position in favor of the side-line. No armory employee should be allowed to engage in a private business in or out of the armory during regular working hours, and if canteen or coatroom or chair concessions, etc., are to be given out, let the organizations get the benefit direct and then reimburse the employee for any extra work done.

I say "extra work" advisedly. We demand a full day's work from every employee, and when that work is done his time is his own (subject, of course, to emergency calls). If he

wants to use his own time for study or for making additional income, that is his privilege—provided, however, that such outside work does not interfere with his efficiency at his armory. The "job-on-the-side" should be entirely divorced from the armory position; it should be done entirely outside; it should be conducted from and at an outside address.

I frankly am not satisfied with conditions as I have found them in some armories; and those employees who believe that they have lifetime jobs, irrespective of the quality of their work, should be disillusioned. My information of existing conditions comes at first hand, from personal and unannounced inspections. These I propose to continue.

Responsibility for a full return to the State by armory employees is up to the Commanding Officer, who is the Officer in Charge and Control, and that responsibility cannot be avoided. No efficient employee has any cause for concern, but the man who considers that he can hold his job without giving a full and adequate return should take thought for his future.

Wm. N. Haskell,

Major-General



Continued from page 11

Now for an average day in a soldier's life out here. (I won't think of pay-day as it's above the average).

Rise at Reveille—or ten minutes later if there is no one looking. Make up your bed-cot and put all square and tidy. Wash and shave yourself in the common wash house provided. Get dressed for parade in whatever dress is required. 6:40 A. M. . . . Turn out for parade . . . It may be a drill parade or physical exercise or swimming, etc. 7:30 A. M., dismissed for breakfast. 7:45 A. M., breakfast. An average breakfast consists of the following: I pint of tea, porridge, rissoles, or bacon with mashed potatoes, jam, bread and butter. During the breakfast period the barrack rooms have to be swept and made ready for an inspection by the Company Commander. 8:45 A. M. . . . Turn out for parade as required. Parades last till 11:00 A. M. with short breaks every 45 minutes. 11 to 12 noon . . . Education period for all those who are not in possession of a 2nd Class Certificate of Education. Subjects taught include Mathematics, English Grammar, Essay Writing, Geography, The Army and Empire, Regtl. History, Map reading, etc., etc., etc. 12 noon Dismiss . . . 12:45 P. M., dinners . . . 1:30 . . . Go to sleep till about 4 P. M. (siesta). 4 P. M., tea . . . 5 to 7 P. M., Sport-Football (Rugby), Hockey, Tennis, etc. . . . 7 P. M., get into walking-out dress and go to the talkies to see Eddie Cantor in "Whoopie."

Every man of good character is given the privilege of remaining out of barracks until 1 A. M. A permanent pass to this effect is issued to the soldier. This enables him to go to a late show if he so desires.

Such is the life of Thomas Atkins in India! . . .

E. W. HOLE, Company Sgt. Major "A" Co.,
2nd Bn., Royal Sussex Regiment, Napier
Barracks, Karachi, India.

WONDERFUL WOMAN

INEVER find anything if I'm in a hurry. Even a cuff link in the top drawer fools me, although there be nothing else there but a shoe lace and a couple of handkerchiefs.

But my wife! She can open the big middle drawer in the dark, reach her hand in among the gloves, veils, handkerchiefs, old letters, new letters, half-written letters, shoe horns, old manicure pieces, fire insurance papers, powder puffs, silk stockings, silk this and silk that, budget books, note books, time tables, bedroom slippers, aspirin boxes, family photographs, string, twine, ribbons, vanishing cream, morning cream, night cream, cold cream, reappearing cream, invisible hair nets, half-worn visible hair nets, shabby purses, new purses, rouge, make-up boxes, vanities, library paste, china cement, check book, liver pills, side combs, back combs, cough drops, leather belts, string beads, laundry bills, unpaid bills, paid bills, lip sticks, nighties, lingerie, and playing cards and pick out a new, unwrinkled 2-cent stamp before I can find my hat to mail the letter.

Command Post (Col.).

MAP MAKING AT FORT SILL

AS part of the Gunnery instruction at the field artillery school, the Battery Officers' class goes thoroughly into the subject of doing their own survey work where no maps are available.

Contrary to popular opinion, it is an admitted fact that maps suitable for field artillery work are practically non-existent in this country, and, since a field artilleryman must have maps, he must be able to make his own when

necessary. If air photographs can be obtained, they may be used to a large extent but even then some survey work is necessary, according to the school authorities. If, on the other hand, no maps or air photographs are available, the field artilleryman must make a map with sufficient data to enable him to put the fire of his guns on the right spot at the proper time. The students at the Fort Sill Field Artillery School actually do this work and test the results by service firing.

71ST VETERANS HONOR ROBERT S. O. LAWSON

UPON the retirement of Major Robert S. O. Lawson after his six-year presidency of the 71st Regiment Veterans' Association, more than 500 members of the Association assembled to express their appreciation of his unceasing efforts on behalf of the Veterans.

Before becoming president of the organization, Major Lawson served for four years as vice-president. In addition, he has been connected with numerous committees and has been particularly active each year in the staging of the annual banquet and entertainment at the Hotel Astor.

At the last meeting over which Major Lawson presided, he was presented by Captain Harry Maslin with a diamond-studded past-president's jewel. The back of the jewel bears the inscription: "To President Robert S. O. Lawson, from his ardent admirers of the Veterans' Association, 71st Regiment, N. Y. N. G."

Major Lawson's successor is Major Fred C. Kuehnle who enlisted in the 71st on June 1st, 1897, and retired with the rank of Major, after twenty-eight years' service, in 1925.

N. Y. N. G. OFFICER CAPTURES BANDIT AFTER CHASE IN NEW YORK CROWDS

THE New York Herald Tribune, of May 19th, 1932,

carries an account of one more instance of resourceful assistance to the police in effecting the capture of a bandit, given by a member of the New York National Guard.

On this occasion, so the Herald Tribune reports, three bandits entered the office of a firm on the 15th floor of the Pershing Square Building, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, took \$200 from the president and the office manager, and fled. One missed the elevator, was chased down fourteen flights of stairs and overpowered in the lobby, and another was caught after an exciting pursuit in 42nd Street, but the third escaped.

It was 2.30 P. M. and the street was crowded. Hundreds of persons heard the shouts and blocked traffic while the man ran on. Patrolman Frank Geoghan pushed through the press, his revolver drawn.

In front of the Hotel Commodore, talking with a friend, stood Lieut. Charles P. Mooney, Jr., of the Service Battery, 104th Field Artillery. He saw the chase approaching, the bandit revolver in hand, well in the lead, and Geoghan behind, panting, "Get that guy!"

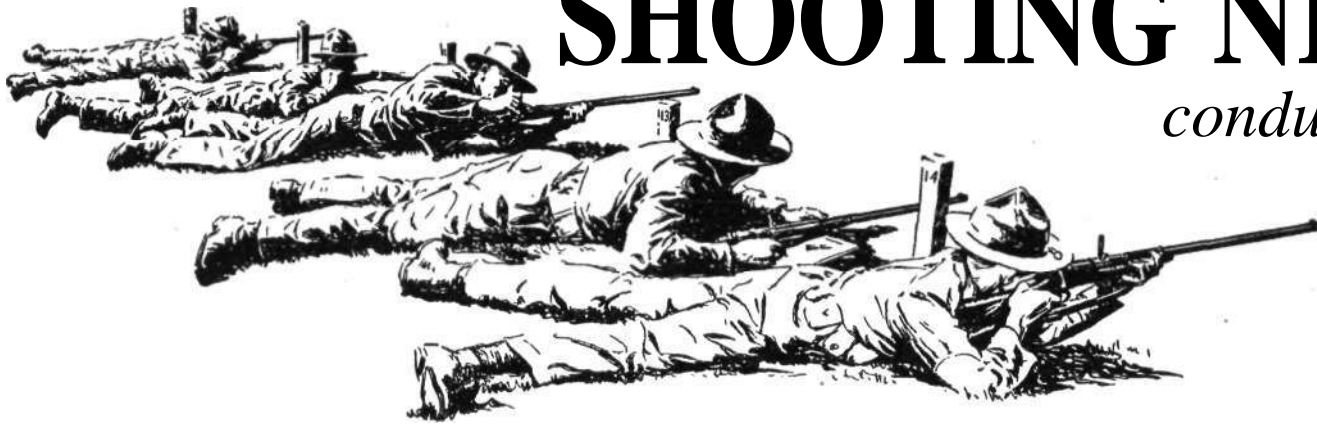
"Looks like a little crime here," he remarked, and thrust out his foot as the bandit passed. The man tripped and fell headlong. His weapon spun aside and was discharged, but the bullet went wide.

When Geoghan puffed up, Mooney and his friend were sitting on the bandit, and Mooney handed the officer the bandit's revolver. Then they took him to the Fifty-first Street station, of which Mooney's father happens to be captain.

It took all the force of eloquence which young Mooney and Geoghan possessed to convince the captain that the case was on the level.

SHOOTING NEWS

conducted by



NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

BARR BUILDING WASHINGTON D.C.

INDOOR SHOOTING SEASON CLOSES

ANOTHER indoor shooting season was brought to a successful close April 15 when the N. R. A. announced the Civilian Club metallic sights and any sights Gallery team champions for 1932. The four National Interclub Champion matches, in which winners of the 29 indoor leagues shot it out for National honors, were the final events of the Association's annual gallery program.

The new 50-foot and 75-foot metallic sights champions are: Chattanooga (Tenn.) Rifle Club, and the Hazleton Rifle Club of Lattimer Mines, Pennsylvania, respectively. In the any sights division, Wallace (Idaho) Rifle Club won the 50-foot title, and the Victory (Butler, Pa.) Rifle Club was the best scope-shooting team at 75 feet. All four clubs had earned a chance to participate in the finals by previously outshooting the other teams in their respective leagues.

Over the two-month period, January 20 to March 20, 218 clubs of the civilian class fired a series of weekly league matches arranged by the N. R. A. It was the Association's first effort to promote indoor interclub matches under the league plan. Teams were grouped into leagues, both geographically and according to their estimated shooting ability, and each club was scheduled to fire one match with every other club in its league. The N. R. A. prepared the schedules and match targets, then named league field managers, who handled the scoring and reports. Teams were privileged to enter any one or all of the four separate classes (metallic sights 50 and 75 feet, any sights 50 and 75 feet). Each league winner was eligible to shoot the appropriate national championship, which was fired under similar conditions and over the same course (teams of ten, five highest to count, 10 shots per man prone and 10 shots standing). There were 29 leagues, as follows: seventeen metallic sights, 50 feet; five metallic sights, 75 feet; four any sights, 50 feet; three any sights, 75 feet. The various league winners included:

50-FOOT METALLIC SIGHTS CLASS

- Harold A. Taylor, Post No. 47, American Legion Rifle Club, Chicago, Ill.
- Enfield Rifle Club, Thompsonville, Conn.
- Brooklyn Edison Rifle and Pistol Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
- Lake Region Rifle Club, Devils Lake, N. D.
- Stuart Rifle Club, Stuart, Iowa.
- Ladysmith Rifle Club, Ladysmith, Wisc.

- Nemadji Rifle Club, Superior, Wisc.
 - Indian Rifle Club, Lawrenceville, Ill
 - Chattanooga Rifle Club, Chattanooga, Tenn.
 - Bozeman Rifle and Pistol Club, Bozeman, Mont.
 - Santa Cruz Rifle and Pistol Club, Santa Cruz, Calif.
 - Hastings Rifle Club, Hastings, Neb.
 - New York Stock Exchange Rifle Club, New York City.*
- Standing and scores of the four Interclub National Championship Matches follow:

50-FOOT METALLIC SIGHTS

1. Chattanooga Rifle Club, Chattanooga, Tenn. 953
2. H. A. Taylor Post No. 47 Rifle Club, Chicago, Ill 951
3. *New York Stock Exchange Rifle Club, New York, N.Y.* 951
4. Nemadji Rifle Club, Superior, Wisc. 944
5. Indian Rifle Club, Lawrenceville, Ill. 943
6. Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club, Philadelphia, Pa. 939
7. Santa Cruz Rifle Club, Santa Cruz, Calif. 939
8. Lake Region Rifle Club, Devils Lake, N. D. 938
9. Shenandoah Valley Rifle Club, Berryville, Va. 938
10. Du Quoin Rifle Club, Du Quoin, Ill. 932
11. University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 930
12. Turlock Civilian Rifle Club, Turlock, Calif. 929
13. Bozeman Rifle Club, Bozeman, Mont. 925
14. *Brooklyn Edison Rifle and Pistol Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.* 923
15. Enfield Rifle Club, Thompsonville, Conn. 915

75-FOOT METALLIC SIGHTS

1. Hazleton Rifle Club, Lattimer Mines, Pa. 945
2. 33rd Methodist Rifle Club, Galveston, Tex. 938
3. Boston Rifle & Revolver Club, Boston, Mass. 924
4. National Capital Rifle Club, Washington, D. C. 923
5. Marin Rifle Club, Fairfax, Calif. 921
6. Liberty Rifle & Pistol Club, San Antonio, Tex. 918

50-FOOT ANY SIGHTS

1. Wallace Rifle Club, Wallace, Idaho. 965
2. Roosevelt Highway Rifle & Revolver Club, Whitefish, Mont. 959
3. Greenbush Rifle Club, Glenbeulah, Wisc. 951
4. Troy Rifle Club, Troy, Ohio. 930
5. Albion Rifle Club, Albion, Pa. 925

75-FOOT ANY SIGHTS

1. Victory Rifle Club, Butler, Penn. 967
2. Portland Rifle Club, Portland, Ore. 961
3. Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club, Philadelphia, Pa. 943



S SNIPED!

By MAJOR ERNEST C. DREHER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GRAY



SERGEANT JOHN PAUL CUMMINGS sat gloomily on the edge of his bunk in the dugout and watched the large muddy drops of rain seeping through the roof, edging closer and closer to the center of the roughly constructed table on which the short stump of a candle spluttered fitfully from the neck of an old Scotch whiskey bottle.

Strewn all about him, members of his detachment lay sprawled in various and grotesque attitudes, some snoring peacefully on the flat of their backs, others half-reclining in corners with legs spread wide, all blissfully unaware of the ever-present perils of a "trick" in the front lines.

Glancing at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, he noted that the hour still lacked some twenty minutes before "stand-to," when all hands would be roused out, served a scanty rum ration, and stationed, alert and watchful for two hours, ready to repel the attack which had been anticipated at dawn and dusk on every day since their entry into this hell-blasted sector.

"Tough sleddin', this," he mumbled,

between puffs on his damp cigarette. "Rain, rain, rain, ever since we took over from the British. Wet clothes, wet food, wet 'ciggies,' wet-be-damned!—everything in this cock-eyed world was wet.

"Why don't we start something? Why don't Jerry pull a show? Even a raid would be welcome—anything, so long as it afforded a break in the monotony of holding down this hunk of Western Front.

"Great stuff for ducks and snipers," he rambled on. "Five of the company's best men have been neatly bumped off since Sunday by those babies, and word goes the rounds that we mustn't start anything beyond what's called for in schedules. So here we are, with nothing to do but grin and bear it.

"Take Hoffman—good old Gussie Hoffman—one of the best corporals in this man's army,—slick, no word for it! And could that bird make a Springfield do things! Say, he could pot a cootie right off a tin derby without even scratching the paint on it!

"And I know where the coo-coo is that snagged him," he continued. "Saw him as plain as day, right back of the break in the Jerry lines, about seventy-

five yards opposite that sandbag in our trench with the dark blood stains on it."

Ah well, something maybe would turn up where he could get a crack at that "bozo" before the new relief came up, and if he did—Wow! Somebody was going back to the fatherland in pieces.

The slough, slough, slough of heavy hobnailed trench boots squelching in the mud above interrupted further speculation, and the short, curt orders of an officer: "Tumble out your men, Sergeant, and get a move on," put an end to his direful day-dreaming.

Slowly and painfully the members of his section roused themselves and adjusted their rain-soaked equipment. Rifle bolts were oiled and worked to assure free action in case of need, pocket flaps of cartridge pouches were unclashed and turned back to permit easy access to shiny clips of ammunition.

A hasty muster and inspection of all those present quickly completed, and the men, led by Cummings, filed up the roughly-timbered stairway out into the water-logged trench above to greet the cold gray drizzly dawn.



Blinking and yawning, they cautiously wended their way along "Woodbine Street," a zig-zag alley of slime and treacherous mud, until they reached a crudely-painted signboard which announced that the environs thereabouts were to be identified as "Piccadilly Circus."

A brief halt to permit stragglers to close up, and the weary, half-frozen column again continued its difficult progress until at last all men were posted at their "battle stations," as called for in Appendix A of trench scheme No. 9, inherited from the British garrison which they had recently relieved.

Cummings, now fully roused, scanned the territory of No Man's Land through the rusty tangle of barbed wire which extended toward the German lines. A vista of oozy mud, pockmarked by shell holes half full of dirty yellow water, and the charred stumps of trees long since nubbed short by shell and machine gun fire, greeted his gaze.

The sun was just peeping over the horizon, casting a hazy glow of its outline through misty clouds rapidly

sailing to the southward, promising a let-up of the rain which had been continuous for the past forty-eight hours.

The rum detail arrived and, after doling out to each man his share of golden warmth, slithered along its way, grumbling and cursing the dawn of another day in this grim spot of death and desolation.

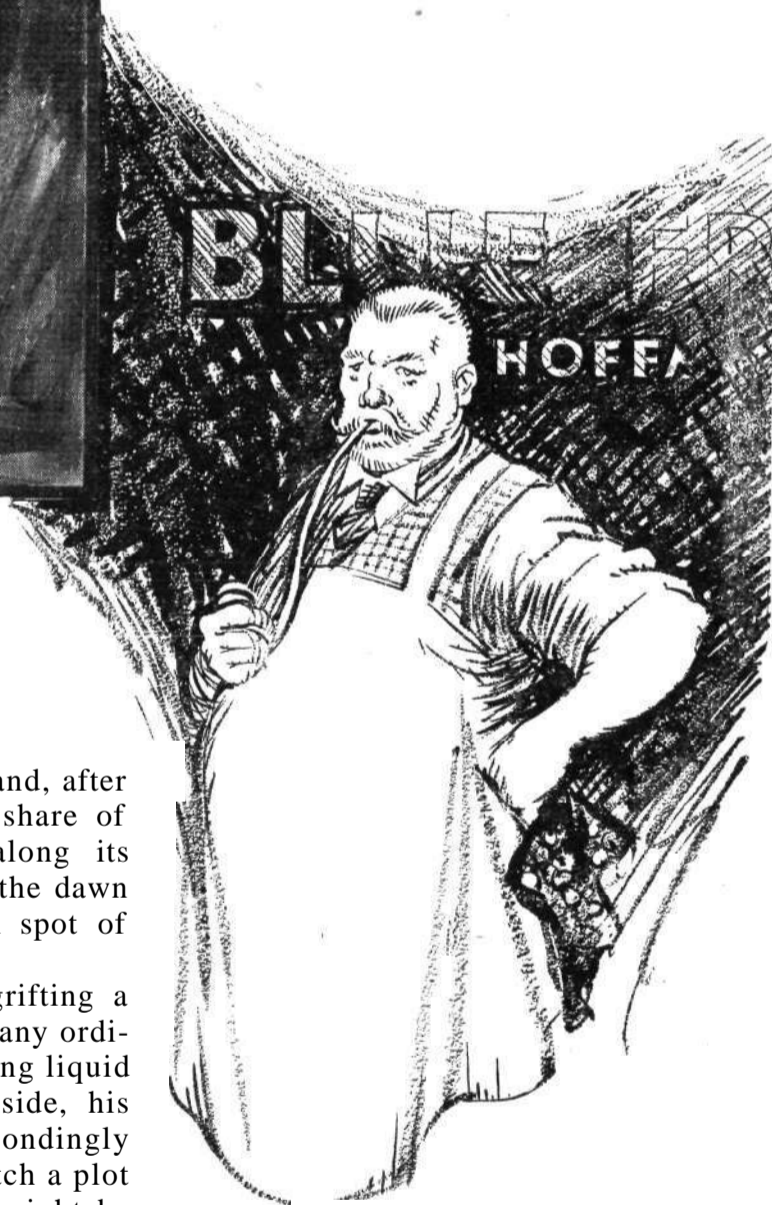
Cummings succeeded in grifting a slug that would have downed any ordinary mortal, and as the burning liquid found its way deep down inside, his thoughts took on a correspondingly rosy glow and he began to hatch a plot whereby his pal and buddy might be avenged.

The regular morning strafe of German shells sang their hymn of hate, answered pound for pound by competitors on the Allied side. Intermittent rifle fire could be heard along the line, and the rat-rat-rat of Maxim, Vickers, and Lewis gun, tuning up for eventualities, ushered in another act in the bloody drama of the Western Front.

"Stand-to" having terminated and

with it the danger of a surprise attack under cover of the semi-darkness and early morning mists, regular routine stations were manned and the garrison returned to normal occupations of guarding their sector and repairing demolitions which had been inflicted on their shelters during the previous night.

Cummings now found himself a free-lance with no definite duties until mid-day when he would be required at Company Headquarters to supervise the division of rations for his detachment. Time hanging heavily on his hands, he decided to smooch down to Gus Hoffman's old stand and have a good look at Fritz's layout across the way. A rapid but thorough examination of his spotless rifle and automatic pistol, the insertion



of a fresh dry clip of glittering cartridges in both weapons, and he was ready for business.

Arriving on the spot where his old friend had invited his untimely end, he cautiously settled himself as comfortably as he could, laid both Springfield and Colt automatic on the parapet in front of him, and concentrated his searching gaze on a spot in the enemy lines opposite where a howitzer

shell had blasted a niche in the sandbags and timbers of their parapet.

A full hour passed and nothing had changed to indicate that any sign of life existed beyond, yet he knew that the slightest careless move on his part or that of any of his comrades in the trench would result in another "service record" ceasing to repose in Compartment B of the company field desk.

Suddenly his attention became rivetted to a spot where a long narrow shadow seemed to change in outline and an oozy glob of mud slid slowly from the crest of the trench and splashed into a puddle of water at its base.

Raising himself cautiously, he reached for his rifle and, as in a slow moving picture, he carefully lined up his sights on the suspicious spot. Gradually the narrow slit lengthened and a shiny disc disclosed itself protruding from the darkness within.

At last! What he had suspected was true. A sniper's post, fully equipped, nestled right on top of them and had been inflicting casualties in the ranks of his unsuspecting men at an alarming rate.

The shining disc now outlined itself clearly as a telescope of an observer, working in harmony with a sniper who was evidently in close proximity and ready to pit his skill on any moving object designated by his mate.

Fury blinded him. The blood rushed to his temples and pounded like trihammers in his head. Disregarding all precautions for personal safety, he clutched his automatic in his right hand and scrambled over the top of the trench. For a moment he hesitated irresolutely in his tracks in full view of the German lines. The realization came to him instantly of what he had done, but it was too late now to go back. The danger was just as great no matter which way he might go. He decided to carry on with the mad scheme which had entered his mind when the rum-shot which he had taken that morning added boldness to his plan.

Hurdling the last few strands of rusty wire, he dashed at top speed across the scant seventy yards which separated him from his goal and plunged headlong into the sniper's trench.

He landed squarely on the chest of a burly German in mud-caked gray overcoat. The impact of his body tumbled that astonished individual over backwards so forcibly that he was rendered breathless and helpless, with his head tightly jammed into his great ugly camouflaged steel helmet.

Regaining his feet with cat-like agility, Cummings pointed the muzzle of his Colt into the broad chest of his foeman and pulled the trigger. A cloud of misty spray registered the effectiveness of the "shock power" of a forty-five at close quarters, and the German slumped forward, sinking slowly into the mud beneath his feet.

Turning about, he faced another occupant of the trench who seemed hypnotized with fear and astonishment at this sudden and wholly unexpected turn of affairs. Cummings, recognizing his sleeve insignia as that of a sniper in His Imperial Majesty's Guards, was about to let go with another load when the victim, raising both hands as high as he could, fixed him with pitiful gaze and a plea for mercy.

Whatever it was that made Cummings hesitate and do what he did, he never could tell to this day. Quickly he ordered the German to scramble over the top and follow him. His momentary hesitancy was rewarded by a shot so close to his face that his helmet buzzed. He scrambled hastily out of the trench and took up a frantic gallop for

the Yankee side, with Cummings aiding his speed from the rear by frequent pot-shots into the muddy wake of his flight.

The German garrison, now fully aware of what was happening, ranged a fusilade of rifle and machine gun fire at the two fugitives. Only a dozen yards remained between them and the safety for which they both sprinted, regardless of who was captor and captured.

Flinging himself into a perfect slide for the home plate, Cummings slithered in a spray of slime and poured over the parapet of his own friendly trench, to be received by the welcome hands of his cheering buddies of dear old Company "K." The German, entirely unprotected, was yanked by the legs and roughly hauled down into the maw of a struggling mass of olive drab.

"Gott in himmel!" panted the old sniper. "Blease do not let dem kill me—I beg off you! I haf a fambly vaiting for me after dis vor. I vos only doing my duty like you are doing yours, and now dot I am your prisoner, you should not kill me."

"That's right, you men," interposed Cummings. "This bird is fighting the war on his side, just as we are on ours; lay off and breeze back to your posts." Reluctantly they obeyed him and waded back to their stations.

"Say, Fritz, where did you learn to speak English so well?" asked one of the curious doughboys at his elbow.

"Ach, I vos by your country, in New York City, ven de vor proke oudt in nineteen fourteen und at dot time America vos der frendt of Churmany. My wife und tree sons vos all happy together und ve lived on Second Avenue und Twendy-furst Street.

"I had a butcher shop dere, und my two oldest boys helped me mit der business. Den, von day, I thought de Vaterland needed us, so I zold my store und come over mitt my two strong boys. De youngest we left mit mamma to take care off her if we didn't come home any more. Ach!" He began to cry, and the tears rolled down his weatherbeaten, mud-caked cheeks. "If dis vould only end and I could come back again to America, I'd be zo glad!"

"Yeah? That's what they all say," replied the curious soldier. "By the way, I live in that neighborhood, but I don't remember any butcher shop on Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street?"

"Is dot so?" asked the surprised prisoner. "You don't remember de 'Blue Front Meat Market?' I vos dere for ten years but I guess you vos only a liddle feller den und don't remember de name. My youngest boy should now be about your age and if you played in de neighborhood in dose days, maybe you remember him. 'Liddle Gussie,' all de fellers and girls called him,—Gussie Hoffman."

"Gus Hoffman!" whispered Cummings. "Say—are you his old man?"

"Yes, shure," replied the old sniper. "Maybe you knowed him—yes?"





KEEP SMILING

Times Are Altered

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down along the church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her silver slippers foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her childlike eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

Which War?

"So it was, gentlemen," Hotaire was telling his club brothers, "that the war started in 1919."

"You're wrong," said Knowall, just entering the room. "The war started in 1914."

"Well, I guess I know the year I was married," replied Hotaire.

—5th Corps News (Ind.).



Private

Officer: "What are the outskirts of a camp?"

Rookie: "Where the wimmen ain't allowed."

An Eye for Business

Just outside Aberdeen, a Scotchman came upon a fellow countryman lying in the road after a motor crash. "Did nae one see ye?" he asked.

"No."

"Weel, I'm insured, too. Wu'd ye mind if I lay doon beside ye?"



Come On, Think Again!

"Why, you know, my dear, I was going down for the third time, and if it had not been for that good-looking lifeguard, I probably wouldn't be here now to tell the tale."

"Oh, honey, and did he resuscitate you."

"Well, goodness knows, I was un-

--5th Corps News (Ind.).

The Good Earth

After they had asked the colored chauffeur if he would like an airplane ride on New Year's morning, he replied emphatically:

"No, sah. I stays on terrah firman, and the more firman the less terrah!"

In the General Store

Motorist: "What yuh got in the shape of auto tyres?"

Saleslady: "Funeral wreaths, cough drops, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

Suggestive

"I wonder who owned this car before I bought it?"

"Why?"

"Whenever it comes to a dark place on a lonely road, the engine stops!"

Not Quite Right

They were enjoying a coaching honeymoon, and the bridegroom tipped the driver not to reveal to any of the party that they were newly married. At breakfast, on the second morning, everyone stared at the couple, much to the bewilderment of the bridegroom, who called the driver aside and asked him if he had kept his promise.

"Sure," he said, "I told them that everyone on this trip was single."

In a Rather Bad Way

In a recent issue of the *American Metal Market*, the following letter written by a Canadian farmer to the Hudson's Bay Co. in London was published:

"I got your letter about what I owe. Now be pachant. I ain't forgot you. Please wait. When I have the money I will pay you. If this was the Judgment day and you was no more prepared to meet your maker than I am to meet your account you sure would go to hell. Trusting you will do this."

Try and Do It

During a convention of the 27th Division Association, an elderly lady, alarmed by some of the playful antics of the reunited members, rushed up to a policeman, saying: "Can't you stop them?"

"Lady," responded the cop sadly, "there's an old man in Europe who tried to do that, and now he's sawing wood in Holland."



He Could Not Satisfy

Overheard at the medical examination of a new recruit:

"Now, cough, please."

"Sorry, sir, but I can't. I smoke Old Golds."

—5th Corps News (Ind.).

At Miller Field

Captain: "How's the new man, sergeant?"

Sergeant: "He's all right from his own standpoint, but from the service standpoint he's so light that if he had an accident, he could land from a mile without a parachute."

THE ORION



MESSENGER

NEWS OF THE 27th DIVISION

ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD WAR, INC.

OFFICERS

JOHN F. O'RYAN, *Honorary President, New York City, N. Y.*
 DONALD C. STRACHAN, *President, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
 GEORGE B. BRADISH, *Vice-President, Malone, N. Y.*
 HARRY J. GAYNOR, *Vice-President, Rochester, N. Y.*
 WILLIAM F. S. ROOT, *Vice-President, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*
 C. PEMBERTON LENART, *Sec. Treas., Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.*

MEMBERSHIP

Any person who served as an officer, enlisted man, or field clerk with any unit of the 27th Division at any time between October 1, 1917, and April 1, 1919, both dates inclusive, or any person who was called into United States service for the World War on or before August 5, 1917, while an officer, enlisted man, or field clerk of the New York National Guard, and who, in either case, received an honorable discharge for such service, is eligible for membership in the 27th Division Association of the World War, Inc.

N.Y.N.G. WORLD WAR MEMORIAL

THE committee on the New York National Guard World War Memorial reports progress. In the near future, the names of those appointed on the Executive Committee will be announced and a concerted drive will start when economic conditions improve. In the meantime, here is one of the many letters we have received which proves that the interest is as great as ever:

Dear Major Lenart:

I am certainly in favor of a 27th Div'n memorial, but not to be erected in Camp Smith.... It should be in the same city as the State Capitol, for there is where it will be seen by most of the people of the state—for they are the ones most interested.

Camp Smith is only used about four months out of the year and then only by Infantry troops; and few of those who visit the camp are interested in our boys who were with the 27th Division in France—a damn few. . . . I am in favor of a shaft or a bronze figure, preferably the bronze figure, one of a typical 27th Division man.

There need be no worry about raising the money for this memorial and also for purchase of land if necessary, as there is no doubt in my mind but that a bill could be put through the Legislature purchasing land for so patriotic a purpose.

We all realize that we have spent the best part of our time training at Camp Smith years before the war came on, but we have to look forward to those who are to follow us, for they are the ones who will enjoy this monument and it is natural that a person visiting the capital of a state would, of course, look for points of interest and monuments. . . .

Sincerely yours,

H. W. TAYLOR, Lt. Col.

ROSTERS WANTED

MANY names have been added to the register at association headquarters through the cooperation of interested members of posts and other organizations representing units of the 27th Division, A. E. F., sending in rosters with addresses of the 27th Division veterans of their organizations.

Watch this space—Send in new names and watch us grow—

Registered to date.....4,608
Paid dues for 1930.....2,027
Life Members.....109
Paid dues for 1931-32 537

Rosters were furnished by Post 32, Post 23, the "Orion Club" of Albany, the Machine Gun Company Association of the 108th Infantry at Buffalo, Headquarters, 27th Division Post No. 27, Commander Post No. 34, Flushing, Commander Post No. 35, West New Brighton, S. I., Commander Post No. 71, 34th Street and Park Avenue, New York City, N. Y., a roster of the 107th Field Hospital Company, a roster of Headquarters Company, 52nd Field Artillery Brigade and a roster of Company C, 105th Machine Gun Battalion.

Several others have sent rosters since 1929, but those listed above were received recently. These are a great help if the addresses are reliable and it is hoped that any other veterans having such rosters in their possession will do their buddies a favor as well as the association by sending a copy of it to the Secretary.

Will each member try to introduce a new member to the 27th Division Association and help swell the number of those who have paid dues for 1931-1932?

ANNUAL "ORION" NIGHT

A MEMBER writes offering the suggestion that we have one night set aside each year, Decoration Day or Armistice Day, to be known as "Orion" night, on which occasion the veterans of the 27th Division and other New York National Guard units would assemble at the various armories throughout the State for a sort of local reunion.

Most of the regimental commanders of the present National Guard are members of the association and will probably take the suggestion under kindly consideration. If the commanding officer is so disposed he might hold an annual review and smoker on that night, with resulting benefit to the veterans as well as the commanding officer, inasmuch as it should help recruiting to some extent.

Many of the veterans of the war have sons of their own now who will soon be of enlistment age, and a commanding officer will be wise to encourage the "old timers" to come around at least once a year. We would like to hear from the commanding officers of some of the present National Guard regiments as to what they think of this proposition. There would be no more practical way to get the veterans lined up, and you can count on us for publicity of your plans.

There has even been talk of a state-wide radio hookup on that night so that we can hear from association officers and other important officials all over the State on the same night. Well, what say?

You probably have your own ideas on the subject. Will you write and let the Secretary know what they are so that he may form an opinion as to the feeling of the majority in this matter? Your suggestion would be appreciated.

Major General Stephen O. Fuqua, Chief of Infantry, U. S. Army, Reviews 71st Infantry

THERE was an atmosphere of 1898 at the review of the 71st Infantry on the evening of May 5th. In the first place, the reviewing officer was Major General Stephen O. Fuqua, Chief of Infantry of the United States Army, who made a brilliant record in the campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines.

Then there was a decoration conferred upon Brigadier General George Rathbone Dyer, Commanding General of



Photo by William Fox.

AT THE 71ST REVIEW

Left to Right: Major General Stephen O. Fuqua, Chief of Infantry, U. S. Army; Brigadier General George Rathbone Dyer, commanding the 87th Infantry Brigade, N. Y. N. G., and Colonel Walter A. De Lamater, commanding the 71st Infantry.

the 87th Infantry Brigade, N. Y. N. G., also with a record as Captain and Major in the Spanish War. And finally, the Seventy-first left for the front in May, 1898, and was the first National Guard Regiment called out by President McKinley.

Colonel De Lamater entertained Generals Fuqua and Dyer, and other notables in civic and military circles, at one of his delightful dinners at the McAlpin Hotel previous to the review, the guests afterwards being taken to the armory in automobiles, preceded by a guard of policemen from the traffic squad.

The regiment, 1200 strong, was lined up when the reviewing party reached the armory and General Fuqua, at the entrance, received the ruffles and salute due to one of his rank. In their blue full dress and their immaculate white duck trousers, the regiment never looked better and every seat within the drill hall was occupied by the Seventy-first's enthusiastic following.

The review was carried out with all the steadiness and precision that has made this regiment's ceremonies noteworthy. Every man was "on his toes" and the regiment's movements, difficult in so small a space, won general applause.

After the regimental formation in the review, General

Dyer had conferred upon him by His Majesty the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, through the Honorable Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Consul General of Italy, the decoration "Commendatore" of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The regiment then passed in review, General Dyer and the Consul General standing in line with General Fuqua. After the regimental formation in the evening parade, General Fuqua addressed the regiment from the drill floor and spoke in high praise of its character. He laid particular stress upon the value of a regiment with the Seventy-first's high general efficiency as an influence for peace.

The evening's exhibition was an attack upon a Spanish blockhouse by a platoon of the 2nd Battalion. The rifles and one-pounders roared and the blockhouse in due time capitulated, leaving casualties on both sides. The men were appropriately costumed and the Spanish War veterans, present in considerable numbers, pronounced the show a great success.

General Fuqua then presented the following trophies to Company A:



Photo by William Fox.

AT THE 71ST REVIEW

General Dyer just after receiving the decoration of the Order of the Crown of Italy at the hands of the Royal Consul General of Italy on behalf of His Majesty Victor Emmanuel III.

The Homer Trophy, for highest score Company five man Rifle team, Armory; the Zabriskie Trophy, for Company Rifle team of ten men, Armory; the Team of Three Trophy, for highest score three man Rifle team, Armory; the Martin Cup, for highest score Company eight man Rifle team, Armory; the San Juan Trophy, for highest score Company six man Rifle team, Armory.

Company K then "front and centered" and the following trophies were presented by General Dyer:

The Santiago Trophy, for highest general efficiency during the year; the General Dyer Trophy, for the highest general efficiency during the year; the Veterans' Trophy, for the best record of attendance for the year; the Hones Trophy, for highest yearly attendance; the Banks Trophy, for the highest score twenty man Rifle team, Armory; the Grant Trophy, for the highest percentage of State Figure of Merit, Record Shooting Day; the Commodore's Trophy, for the highest per-

Continued on page 32

174th Marches for Grey-Haired Veteran on his 50th Anniversary

A KINDLY gentleman, whose erect carriage and firm voice belie his 72 years, stood as the 174th Infantry at Buffalo, passed in review in a special ceremony in his honor last month.

He was Brig. Gen. George C. Fox, who that night was celebrating the 50th anniversary of his original affiliation with the old 74th infantry, parent organization of the present regiment.

While 5,000 persons looked on, the guardsmen put on a sham battle between Company M, under Capt. Lloyd E. Pike, and a platoon of riflemen from Company G, under First Lieut. Earl R. Chappell. Then came the elaborate review, during which Gen. Fox presented the State 20-year Service medal to Maj. Charles J. Donnocker, First Battalion commander, and the ten-year medal to Pvt. Clarence D. Waters, of Company G.

An extra touch of color was given to the ensuing parade by the appearance of the blue-jacketed members of the Third Battalion, 11th Fleet division, New York Naval militia, under Lieut. Commander Frank J. Bailey.

The affair was held under joint auspices of the military organizations and the 74th Veterans' association, of which Col. George S. Minniss, 392 Inf. Res., is president. Among the former officers of the regiment in the reviewing stand with Gen. Fox were Col. Charles J. Wolf, Col. Franklin S. Sidway, Lieut. Col. Edmund P. Cottle, Maj. Alexander R. Roberston, Maj. Lyman A. Wood, Capt. Alonzo M. Harp, Capt. Charles R. Hurley and Capt. Lawrence H. Gardner.

A reception for Gen. Fox was held afterwards in the headquarters room.

The following week, Gen. Fox was guest of honor at a dinner, at which many present and former members of the regiment were present.

Gen. Fox was born in Buffalo back in 1860. He remembers the closing days of the Civil war—dimly recalls an uncle who was killed in the siege of Ft. Wagner. In his early teens he joined a local cadet corps, and at the age of 19, he became a lieutenant in the old 65th Infantry, now the 106th Field Artillery.

On May 9, 1882, he joined the 74th as captain of Company F. He was promoted to major in 1889, and in 1891 became colonel of the regiment. He served 20 years in that capacity, being made a brigadier general in 1911. He retired soon after.

Gen. Fox well remembers the triumphs and vicissitudes of the organization during his nearly 30 years' association with it. He recalls that in the year he became captain, the State bought the original site for a training camp near Peekskill. For some time after that, the regiment only went to camp every three years, later increasing its visits to one every two years.

He remembers that when he joined the outfit there were a scant 300 officers and men—and that when he left it there were 1,000. He remembers the old armory, which became too small, and was replaced by a bigger one nearby. When that, too, proved inadequate, the State provided the handsome structure now in use.

He recalls the regiment's trip to New York for the dedication of Grant's tomb in 1897—what a holiday that was! Fifty-three thousand men marched in the parade,

and were reviewed by President William McKinley.

Though he retired in 1911, Gen. Fox's services to his country did not cease there. He was called upon again in 1916, to take charge of the Western New York section under the New York State Military Training commission. He continued supervision until 1921, when compulsory training was abolished.

Maj. Donnocker, who received the 20-year medal, enlisted in the regiment in 1911, became a second lieutenant in 1916, and served on the Mexican border with the outfit. After it was merged with the 108th Infantry following America's entry into the World War, he was commissioned "a captain. For a time he was attached to the Australian forces, and received the British military cross of valor for heroism during the drive on the Hindenburg line.



MUSKETRY CHAMPS AT FORT BENNING, GA.: *Left to, right, Back Row: Lieut. F. W. Ellis, 174th Infantry; Capt. H. S. Ryskind, 310th Inf., 78th Div'n. (Res.); Capt. C. B. Degenaar, 105th Inf.; Capt. W. R. Carr, 10th Inf. Front Row: Lieut. E. Alisch, 71st Inf.; Capt. D. M. Moses, 369th Inf.; Lieut. A. W. Collin, 108th Infantry.*

COL. WATERBURY'S TRAINING BEARS FRUIT

NEW YORKERS ARE CHAMPS AT INFANTRY SCHOOL

MANY were the tributes paid to Colonel Waterbury, our lately retired State Ordnance Officer, in the last issue of the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN, but one of the finest came to hand just too late for publication in that number.

This tribute was one not of words but of deeds, performed by seven officers of the N.Y.N.G. who form the 1st Squad at the National Guard and Reserve Company Officers' Class (Co. D), at Fort Benning, Ga. These officers, upholding the shooting traditions inculcated by Colonel Waterbury, carried off the musketry championship of the Infantry School by putting all their shots in the scoring spaces and 88% of the hits in the 50% zone, a feat never before accomplished at the School.

Our correspondent goes on to say, "The New York National Guardsmen here are holding their own with rifle, pistol, auto rifle and the machine gun. And when the first squad gets ready to fire, the entire group of instructors and students expect good results because of the reputation the state has for shooting. When they won the musketry match, they were serenaded by the class with the 'Sidewalks of New York'."

What better tribute than this could be paid our late State Ordnance Officer who has devoted so many years of his life to the improvement of shooting in this state?



The Whole Guard On Review

108TH INFANTRY

THE Companies of the 108th Infantry have had a busy schedule of inter-Regimental basketball games during the past season. It's no joke to have a basketball league made of up Companies as widely scattered as are the Companies of this Regiment, but the men never murmured a bit about traveling a couple hundred miles for a game. The elimination method was used in finding the championship team of the Regiment, and the men from Company D, Oswego, won the championship. The team from the windy city on Lake Ontario certainly knows how to play basketball under the leadership of Captain Max Ziel. The Oswego team traveled to Rochester for the final game, and there defeated the team from Company K, Hornell, in a fast game. Company K had worked its way to the finals after several hard-fought elimination games.

The officers of the Regiment met in Syracuse for a school and conference on Saturday and Sunday, April 30 and May 1. Captain Hutchinson conducted a school on troop leadership in combat on Saturday evening, and on Sunday Colonel Merrill and his staff outlined to the officers the plans for the tour of field duty this summer.

The Syracuse Companies of the 108th are rejoicing over the addition to their armory. The drill floor is nearly double in size now, giving plenty of room for Company C, Headquarters Company, 1st Bn. Hq. Company, and the Medical Detachment of the Regiment.

Auburn, the home of I Company, the Service Company, and 3rd Bn. Headquarters Company, has always shown great interest in rifle and pistol marksmanship, and under the leadership of Captain Claud Spicer, Company I, a rousing banquet at Springside Inn closed the season of competition among the twelve rifle and pistol clubs of the city. Think of it! A city the size of Auburn with six rifle clubs and six pistol clubs!

The Prison City Rifle Club walked off with seven of the ten matches this past winter, but the teams from the Companies of the 108th gave them a good battle. Captain Spicer handed out the awards to the winning riflemen, and Captain George Daly, Service Company, awarded prizes to the high men in the pistol shoots. Sgt. Sam Gower, Service Company, held high individual score with the rifle.

Major B. C. Mead, formerly in command of Company I, was the toastmaster of the evening, and was in his usual good form in introducing Captain Charles D. Osborne, Adjutant, 54th Brigade, and the other speakers. Sgt. Raymond Hart, Service Company, added to the entertainment of the evening with a number of vocal solos. Major Robert J. Halpin, instructor with the 98th Division, was the principle speaker of the evening.

165TH INFANTRY

IF you should observe any members of the Old 69th acting as though they were full of red ants, or perhaps tipping their hats to lampposts, or with a low swinging bow, taking the hand of their girl friends and implanting a fervent kiss thereon,—don't worry. There is an answer to it all. Vacant stares and goofy answers can mean only one thing—*Spring* is here!

Poets and playwrights, plumbers and pansies, long-haired men and short-haired women, will deluge editors the world over (*Editor: Don't we know it!*) with song and sonnet, odes to the moon and stars; blank verse and blankety blank verse which are all the result of gentle zephyrs and the languid balmy weather. Company M has re-acted to the general conditions by evidencing a slight falling off in attendance, but the whip will be cracked pronto and the delinquent ones had better snap out of it and start doing their stuff. Or else. . . . ! ! !

COMPANY G

CAPTAIN Bollenbacher's company has broken into print with a bang. Company dances and good attendance have done much to keep him from growing as bald as most company commanders, and he is most fortunate in having only one man whose re-enlistment is doubtful, before going to camp.

Cpls. Moran and Lentz are now sporting Sergeant's chevrons, and are they proud? Esk me! And Pfc.'s Gibbons, Harrington and La Monte are now busily engaged in sewing Corporal's stripes on their arms with smiles of satisfaction. Among the recruits received prior to March 31st were two young men, Conrad and Edward Smith. Known as the Smith Brothers, they refuse to wear beards according to the popular conception of their pictures, and 1st Sgt. Thompson is heart-broken because of their refusal. Gaelic football is now capturing the company's fancy, and it is not an uncommon sight to see several volunteers bending over while the football team practises kicking them in order to find out if they can "take it."

COMPANY D

CAPTAIN Westerman and Lieut. Crowley of Company D can be seen almost any Thursday between the hours of five and seven trying to beat Captain Gilgar of "H" and Capt. Clarke and Lt. Ritter of "M" playing Chicago. To date, Lieut. Ritter has been able to pay off the first mortgage on his house besides having it painted. He is now seriously thinking of buying himself a new set of store teeth and a horse. And can he pick horses!

COMPANY F

IF the bird who punctured Captain Hart's tires will leave his name and address at the office, he will receive a present of a beautiful baseball bat. (And how!) Are you listenin'?

27TH DIVISION SPECIAL TROOPS**102ND MOTORCYCLE COMPANY**

LIEUT. Colin R. Kidd is back on the job after his brief illness due to after-effects of service with the A. E. F. We are mighty glad you are with us again, Lieutenant, and hope you will enjoy many days of continued good health as C. O. Incidentally, Lieut. C. B. Howell is to be congratulated on his capable handling of the company during Lieut. Kidd's absence. Good old West Point!

Pvt. R. M. Embree received a letter of commendation from District Attorney Coyne for valuable service rendered in the apprehension of a murderer. That's the spirit, Embree,—but it's too bad that the depression has hit the city of Yonkers. Some small token of civic recognition should certainly be in order.

Sgt. T. Fennessey, of "pineapple fame," is developing into a first class physical instructor; but, confidentially, we think he advocates Wrigley's for stamina on the drill floor.

Then there is the story going the rounds about our good friend Pvt. M. Grubiak. It seems that one night, at the local theatre, a damsel turned to a young man sitting beside her and caustically remarked that some one was fooling with her leg. Nonchalantly, so the story goes, Pvt. Grubiak replied that he was the one, but he wasn't fooling.

We certainly appreciate the invaluable assistance rendered by Capt. Blaken in instructing the company in Pistol Marksmanship. Let's show the captain, on the range this year, that we are every bit as good as he hopes we are.



Drawn by George Gray

174TH INFANTRY

THE importance of courage to every soldier, whether he be a soldier in life, in the church or in the army, was stressed by Capt. James C. Crosson, chaplain of the 174th Infantry at Buffalo, in a sermon preached at the regiment's annual church parade and services held last month in St. Mary's-on-the-Hill Episcopal church.

"It takes courage to think clean, talk clean and live clean," the chaplain declared. "Courage is primarily

strength of heart. The highest type of courage comes from belief and trust in God. These times of economic and industrial chaos bring out the real courage of men by testing their ability to take the blows that come to them."

A special musical program was presented by the regimental band under John W. Bolton. The lesson for the day was read by Supply Sergt. Howard I. Marshall of Company D, a member of the congregation.

Headquarters Company—The annual spring dance of the company was held last month in the company rooms. Everyone voted the affair a huge success, and unstinting credit was awarded the committee under Technical Sergt. William Mullane. Refreshments were served in the officers' mess, under supervision of Mess Sergt. Leslie R. Pickering.

Company D—An old-fashioned dance brought members of Company D and their guests out in full force last month. The party was held in the Fire hall at Boston, N. Y. Square dances, Virginia reels and Paul Joneses were the order of the evening. Sergt. Arnold G. Walker's committee did a splendid job.

Company G—Pedro and bridge were the main items on the program of Company G's first annual card party and social in the armory ballroom April 30. Captain Blythe P. L. Carden and First Lieut. Earl R. Chappell, were honorary chairmen of the committee. First Sergt. Robert J. Propster was general chairman, assisted by Mess Sergt. Joseph A. Brogan. Others on the committee were Sergt. F. Speidel, Sergt. V. Craspi, Corp. G. C. Greenleaf, Pvts. V. Lepira, M. Metzger, J. Borailli, L. Vargo and C. Weider.

Among the guests were Mrs. G. Carden, Mrs. Blythe P. L. Carden, Capt. and Mrs. Raymond I. Waite, Jr., Lieut. and Mrs. Clarence L. Dorst, Lieut. Walter Land, 392nd Inf. Res., and Mrs. Rand.

14TH INFANTRY**COMPANY I**

THE drive for recruits, inaugurated when the Adjutant-General made April 1st the closing date for enlistments, was unusually successful. Eight new members have been secured. They are: James P. Gaines, Joseph L. Roeder, Thomas P. J. McGuirl, Peter Scimeca, William J. Schlee, Harry E. Howard, Jr., Carl Theis and Frank Angerame.

The recent examination held for sergeant resulted in the following marks: Cpl. Lawrence Hartung, 93.50; Cpl. Charles E. Edmonds, 91.50; Cpl. Joseph Kaelin, 85.50. Corporal Hartung has already been advanced to sergeant, and the other two men have an excellent chance of getting their three chevrons before camp.

The rifle team of the company has been successful in its last two matches, defeating the Elmhurst Post, American Legion, 488 to 469, and the Oscar Ammon Post, American Legion, 484 to 476.

The monthly dance of the company, held on April 23rd in the Mess Hall of the armory, was a social and financial success. This dance wound up the season for the company and the next will not take place until the Fall. The entertainment committee worked hard for the success of these dances and won the entire thanks of the entire company. The entertainment committee consists of Sgt. John F. Hogan, chairman; Sgts. Charles Dalton, Francis O'Brien. Edward Backora, Cpls. Charles Edmonds, Joseph Kaelin, Joseph Murphy, Robert Messina, and Pvts. Harry Knab, Alfred Toskas and George Schwab.

102ND MEDICAL REGIMENT 105TH HOSP. COMPANY

AN annual banquet, the most successful ever held by the 105th Hospital Company, was recently enjoyed in Corning to celebrate the sixth anniversary of the federalization of the Company.

The affair was attended by prominent military and civil figures from southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. Capt. Ralph H. Davis, commanding the company, presided at the banquet as toastmaster and introduced the visiting officers and guests, Capt. Davis read letters of congratulation from several unable to attend, including Col. Lucius Salisbury, commanding the 102nd Medical Regiment, Assemblyman Wilson Messer, Major Doane of Mansfield, Pa., and State Senator Leon F. Wheatley.

The Rev. Francis F. Lynch, pastor of Christ Episcopal church who was recently named chaplain of the 105th Hosp. Co., was introduced to the unit. He expressed pleasure at being able to work with members of the Company.

The toastmaster also read a letter from Col. Salisbury in which he paid tribute to the work of Capt. H. E. Auringer of the 105th Hosp. Co. in helping to build the unit since its acceptance to federal service on April 22nd, 1926. Col. Salisbury lauded the people of Corning for their support of the company and showed that the local unit is one of the crack outfits of the regiment by referring to the high rating given it by Col. Reynolds of the Regular Army. Col. Salisbury also remarked on the hopes of the other companies of the Medical Regiment of securing a new armory for the Corning unit.

An entertainment consisting of songs by a local musical organization under the direction of Lloyd Welsh, was well received by the group present. Four veterans of the Bath Soldiers' Home also added to the entertainment with jokes, songs, and impersonations.

104TH FIELD ARTILLERY THE BAND

WE have just lost our battery commander, Captain Wolfe, who was our skipper for years and years and who is now our regimental adjutant. Our new commander is the popular Captain Hughes, formerly of Headquarters. Here is wishing them both success in their new spots.

Hand us the medal for automobile casualty records. Last June, after playing at a concert out in Long Island, Cpl. Kennedy, our Tuby soloist, and all our trombone section, Pvts. Bonnelle and Harrington, were rendered *hors de combat* when the car they were riding in overturned. Results: Hospital for weeks (not so good), and financial recompense from the insurance boys (not so bad).

Next, Pvt. J. Healy, No. 2 man in our tuby sector, was hit by an auto. Result: hospital and a disfigured face.

Next, our own band leader, Warrant Officer W. J. Abrams, while driving on a dark rainy night, crashed and is still in hospital. Well, cheer up, Mr. Abrams—we're for you 100%. Hurry up and get out: your country needs you.

And lastly, we hope, our first clarionetist, L. Cleofe, was riding on a bus which overturned, killing six persons. Our hero, however, walked out with a broken nose requiring eleven days' hospitalization.

When General Pershing asserted that you can't make a soldier out of a musician, he had probably never heard

of Pvt. Larry Cleofe whom we consider the snappiest enlisted man, both in appearance and in military bearing, in the U. S. A., bar none. Here is a wee bit of his record: Gold Medal of Honor (Italy) for bravery in the late war; 1st Sgt., 6th U. S. Infantry, Graduate of the U. S. Army Band School, Washington, D. C., Champion Wrestler of the 2nd Corps Area, Pistol Expert, U. S. Army, formerly with the 2nd, 17th and 18th Infantry Bands, Champion Chess player of the U. S. Army and inventor of a new military leggin recently approved by the War Department. Not so bad for a musician?!

52ND FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE

WITH the closing of the basketball season, Brigade wishes to announce that they have now opened their baseball season. They are looking for bookings for Saturday P.Ms. and Sundays. Any teams that are interested in this announcement may get in touch with Pvt. James P. Walters.

Brigade also has an indoor baseball team which is willing to take on any National Guard teams within a reasonable distance. Cpl. John T. McGowan is the boy to see on this matter.

And while we are on the subject of sports, we might add that the Brady-Herweg duet of Brigade are looking for bookings in the handball field. Any teams interested in handball may make arrangements with Pvt. Thomas W. Brady.

Brigade wishes to thank its many friends who attended the Battery Dance on Saturday, April 16. The dance was a howling success, our non-coms proving that besides being able to handle telephone, radio, and topographical details, they can "shake a mean leg."



Drawn by George Gray

244TH COAST ARTILLERY BATTERY C

IN preparation for Camp, which is approaching with astounding rapidity, Battery C is manifesting remarkable enthusiasm in the practice of the many phases of the National Guardsman's activities, military, social, and athletic. It has become almost a habit for the unit to attain high honors at Camp, such as winning the Efficiency "E," which the men of the Battery proudly display on

their right sleeves, and also carrying off the track and pistol shooting trophies.

Much credit is due to Capt. Byrnes and the officers for their earnest efforts in the supervision of the men. Capt. Byrnes has achieved, without the slightest doubt, the admiration and respect of his subordinates, obviously demonstrated by their willingness to abide by the austere laws of discipline.

Due to competent tutelage from Lieuts. Mazzie and Sturges, Cpl. Eberial and other N. C. O.'s, who have been assailing energetically the intricacies of proper shooting in the last few weeks, Battery C may be able to qualify a large number of its members. It is somewhat amusing to observe the competitive mood of the individuals participating in the shooting exercises; nevertheless, it can safely be declared that it is this spirit which ultimately leads to success.

With great pride, Battery C takes this opportunity to congratulate Sgt. Popisil for receiving honorable mention from his major concerning the excellent manner in which the First Sergeant has conducted his office work.

At this appropriate time, we wish to extend our eager welcome to those men who have recently enlisted in Battery C. It is our foremost hope that they will uphold and further the well-established policies of the Battery.



105TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTERY B

IN an organization as large as the National Guard, there are sure to be found a great many curious characters. Some are noted for their mental prowess, others excel in an athletic way, many are known for their peculiarities in other lines of endeavor. It remained for Battery B of this regiment to number among its personnel an individual who, we are sure, stands alone in his accomplishment.

Pvt. Ben Gordon had always been most reticent regarding his abilities to digest anything other than normal food, but Capt. Orgill brought to light the astonishing fact that Ben possesses a remarkable gastronomic function. On the least provocation, Ben would proceed to chew into small particles a couple of drinking glasses, any kind of safety razor blades, pins, nails, needles, electric light bulbs, etc. He not only chewed these unusual articles of diet, but also swallowed and seemingly digested them. Can anyone tie that? On one occasion we thought we had him stumped when Sgt. Andy Strassel procured a straight razor, but when Ben was through with it there just wasn't any razor. Surgeons and X-ray specialists have studied him and are unable to explain how or what—but there you are.

Anyone being the least skeptical would be inclined seriously to doubt these facts, but Gordon performed the stunt many times for members of the Battalion.

We had hoped to have Pvt. Ben with us in Camp this year to entertain the regiment, but he decided on a military wedding, taking unto himself a wife to settle down in New Jersey, where the nails are tougher and the glass is sharper, and where he may contemplate a happy life of farming and indigestion.

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27TH DIV'N. HDQRS. DETACHMENT

IT is seldom that the Headquarters Detachment gets into the GUARDSMAN (the fault is ours, Mr. Editor), but a brief description of the beefsteak dinner which it gave on Tuesday evening, May 10th, is worthy of such immortality as publication in the GUARDSMAN confers.

What made the evening notable in the highest degree was the fact that the Commanding General was present for a short while, and distributed two Ten-Year Medals and a number of 100%-Duty Medals to members of the Detachment.

But even handsome medals and mercifully brief speeches do not make a "beefsteak" a success, and upon signal from Major Alfred D. Reutershan, commanding the Detachment, the forty-odd hungry members thereof pulled out their chairs and seated themselves at the two long tables which the caterer, Edward Esposito, had set up in the Detachment room. All of the beefsteak and most of the gravy got inside the customers. The casualties among the beefsteaks were terrific, though part of the credit for this must go to Master Sgt. O. V. Morrissey, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, who provided the accompanying refreshment. "This is near-beer," he religiously announced a hundred and twenty times, as he set the bottles down on the tables. "And there's not a 'kick' in a cabooseful." Well, you didn't hear any "kicks," did you, Ollie?

The entertainment for the evening was furnished by Caterer Esposito, who gave an amusing monologue in dialect, "The History of America, according to an Italian-American Citizen." We'd like to quote some of it, but we can't, for the Postal laws forbid—and the GUARDSMAN is a family magazine.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CONFERENCES

by
COLONEL WILLIAM H. WALDRON,
U. S. A.

The Old Sergeant and his wards—the Oracle and the worshippers at his shrine—assemble on the barrack steps after supper. The evening conference is on.

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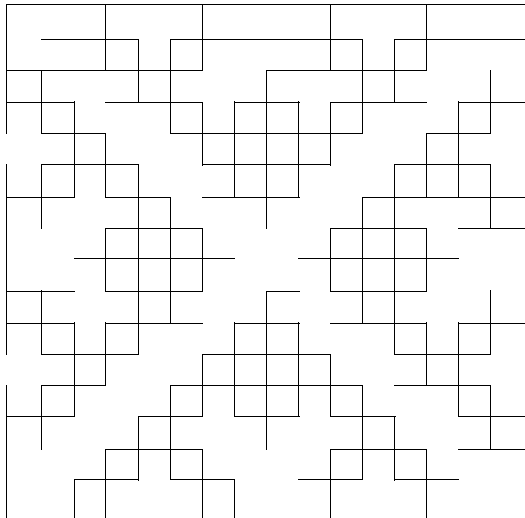
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ABOVE is the solution of the crossword puzzle, published in the last issue of the GUARDSMAN, and contributed especially for that issue by Corp. F. B. Ferrandiz, 14th Infantry. It is intended to publish other crossword puzzles from time to time, as space permits. In the meanwhile, put your reasoning powers to the test by trying to solve the problem, "Simple, my dear Watson!" on page 6 of this issue.



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The Adjutant General's Page

Officers Commissioned in the New York National Guard During the Months of January, February, March and April, 1932, with Dates of Rank and in Order of Seniority.

	<i>Date of Rank</i>	<i>Branch and Organization</i>		<i>Date of Rank</i>	<i>Branch and Organization</i>
COLONEL					
Vincent, Frank C.	Jan. 12, 1932.	.106th Inf.		Bowen, William J.	Feb. 16, 1932.. 106th Inf.
LT. COLONELS					
Thiede, Otto.	Feb. 17, 1932..	156th F. A.		Voelkle, Albert J., Jr.	Feb. 18, 1932. M. C, 174th Inf.
Davies, Samuel D.	Mar. 22, 1932..	106th Inf.		O'Brien, Frederick C.	Feb. 23, 1932.. 108th Inf.
MAJOR					
Doan, Louis.	Jan. 25, 1932..	165th Inf.		Bullock, Robert L.	Feb. 23, 1932. .108th Inf.
Vietor, Frederick A.	Apr. 4, 1932..	101st Cav.		Schumacher, Charles A.	Feb. 24, 1932. .212th C. A. (A.A.)
CAPTAINS					
Frank, William B.	Jan. 4, 1932..	258th F. A.		Alberts, Matthew A.	Feb. 24, 1932.. 165th Inf.
Murphy, Robert J.	Jan. 4, 1932..	258th F. A.		McDonough, John F.	Mar. 2, 1932.. 165th Inf.
Horowitz, Henry.	Jan. 4, 1932. .258th F. A.			O'Brien, Daniel E.	Apr. 13, 1932.. 104th F. A.
Goldfield, Bernard.	Jan. 4, 1932..	D. C, 105th F. A.		Longstreet, Maurice C.	Apr. 26, 1932. .165th Inf.
Axelson, Oscar A.	Jan. 6, 1932..	104th F. A.		Crowley, Joseph P.	Apr. 28, 1932. .245th C. A.
Gordon, George.	Jan. 26, 1932. M. C, Sp. Tr. 27th Div.			Dreyfus, James.	Apr. 28, 1932. .245th C. A.
Hamilton, William M.	Feb. 13, 1932. .107th Inf.			Babers, Frank H.	Apr. 7, 1932.. 105th F. A.
Bollenbacher, James T.	Feb. 23, 1932. .165th Inf.			2ND LIEUTENANTS	
Crier, Douglas R.	Feb. 29, 1932. .369th Inf.			Weber, Joseph C.	Jan. 5, 1932.. 108th Inf.
Westerman, Francis H.	Mar. 2, 1932.. 165th Inf.			Ward, James A.	Jan. 15, 1932. .174th Inf.
Mailer, Julius W.	Mar. 10, 1932.. D. C, 258th F. A.			Wise, John S.	Jan. 19, 1932. .101st Cav.
Lubitz, Benjamin.	Mar. 14, 1932. M. C, 102d Med. Regt.			Anderson, Leif.	Jan. 21, 1932. .71st Inf.
Morford, William H., Jr.	Mar. 19, 1932. .244th C. A.			Roszbach, William A.	Jan. 21, 1932. .107th Inf.
Jones, Harry P.	Apr. 8, 1932.. 53rd Brig.			Sowdon, Arthur W.	Jan. 23, 1932. .27th Div. Avi.
Haffey, Frank D.	Apr. 13, 1932. Inf. Sp. Tr. 27th Div.			Meyers, Paul D.	Jan. 23, 1932.. 27th Div. Avi.
Susse, John E.	Apr. 20, 1932. .101st Cav.			Kennedy, John.	Jan. 25, 1932.. 165th Inf.
DeBevoise, Frank.	Apr. 22, 1932. .101st Cav.			Lemmerman, Edward J.	Feb. 5, 1932. .244th C. A.
Thomas, Frederick C.	Apr. 25, 1932. .106th Inf.			McTigue, Harold A.	Feb. 5, 1932. .244th C. A.
Webb, Charles H. (Chap.)	Apr. 9, 1932. .165th Inf.			Noonan, Francis J.	Feb. 11, 1932. .Q.M.C., 27th Div. Qm. Tn.
1ST LIEUTENANTS					
Ettinger, Arthur.	Jan. 4, 1932.. 258th FA.			Stone, Raymond E.	Feb. 16, 1932. .106th Inf.
Hansen, Earl P.	Jan. 4, 1932.. 258th FA.			Jackson, John E.	Feb. 19, 1932. .104th F. A.
Hofberg, Arthur H.	Jan. 4, 1932.. 258th F.A.			Patrick, Oscar F. W.	Feb. 24, 1932.. 108th Inf.
Engelskirchen, Paul T., Jr.	Jan. 4, 1932. .258th F.A.			Weeks, Caleb C.	Mar. 2, 1932.. 165th Inf.
Sisler, Bruce H.	Jan. 4, 1932.. M. C, 102d Med. Regt.			Reilly, Leo J.	Mar. 14, 1932. Inf., Sp. Tr., 27th Div.
Roberson, William C.	Jan. 14, 1932.. 101st Cav.			Winslow, Hugh W.	Mar. 26, 1932. .27th Div. Avi.
Stallings, Allen P.	Jan. 21, 1932. Inf., Sp. Tr., 27th Div.			Conroy, Lloyd E.	Mar. 29, 1932.. 101st Cav.
Swope, Ralph E.	Jan. 23, 1932. M. C, 258th F. A.			Gould, Harold S.	Mar. 30, 1932. Inf., Sp. Tr., 27th Div.
Douglass, Edwin H., Jr.	Jan. 28, 1932. M. C, 156th F. A.			Junsch, Julian W.	Apr. 11, 1932. .165th Inf.
Separations from Active Service, January, February, March and April, 1932, Resigned, Honorably Discharged				Christiansen, Arthur J.	Apr. 11, 1932.. 107th Inf.
Kraissl, Cornelius J.	Feb. 8, 1932.. M. C, 27th Div. Avi.			Stewart, Leslie M.	Apr. 13, 1932.. 71st Inf.
Hair, Bryce A.	Feb. 15, 1932.. 107th Inf.			Tuller, Dale K.	Apr. 15, 1932. .165th Inf.
MAJOR					
Matthews, George, Jr.	Feb. 5, 1932.. 101st Cav.			Shea, Daniel P.	Apr. 20, 1932.. 174th Inf.
CAPTAINS					
Schatkowski, Henry.	Feb. 11, 1932. .244th C. A.			Moller, Albert M.	Apr. 26, 1932. .106th Inf.
Anthony, William.	Mar. 24, 1932. .71st Inf.			Dooley, James A.	Apr. 29, 1932.. 10th Inf.
Keresey, John W.	Apr. 14, 1932. .71st Inf.			Kinsella, Edward J.	Apr. 2, 1932.. 245th C. A.
1ST LIEUTENANTS					
Stohlberg, Evert L.	Jan. 28, 1932.. 165th Inf.			Beach, Clifford W. (Chap.)	Feb. 16, 1932. .258th F. A.

Transferred to the National Guard Reserve, at Own Request.

MAJOR					
Dwinell, George W. I.	Apr. 28, 1932..	107th Inf.		Etling, George F.	Feb. 5, 1932.. M. C, 174th Inf.
CAPTAINS					
Brush, Edmund J.	Jan. 7, 1932..	107th Inf.		Squire, Frank H.	Feb. 5, 1932.. 165th Inf.
Baker, Charles J.	Jan. 12, 1932..	165th Inf.		Roach, Bernard V.	Mar. 7, 1932.. 156th F. A.
Snyder, Charles T.	Feb. 29, 1932. M. C, 102d Med. Regt.			Wilhelm, Albert D., Jr.	Mar. 26, 1932.. 174th Inf.
Lawson, Edward C.	Mar. 7, 1932..	156th F. A.		Hussey, Joseph P.	Apr. 19, 1932.. 71st Inf.
Byrne, Stephen A.	Mar. 26, 1932..	106th Inf.		2ND LIEUTENANTS	
Timm, Charles J.	Apr. 21, 1932..	106th Inf.		Ahrens, Edward P.	Jan. 8, 1932.. 101st Cav.
1ST LIENTENANTS					
Daly, Charles B.	Jan. 7, 1932..	108th Inf.		Mehling, Andrew J.	Jan. 21, 1932.. 165th Inf.
Mains, Claude H.	Jan. 12, 1932..	104th F. A.		Warner, Frederick A.	Feb. 15, 1932. .369th Inf.
				Jordan, William H.	Mar. 7, 1932.. 156th F. A.
				Meyers, Charles.	Apr. 19, 1932. 71st Inf.
				Van Valkenburg, Arthur D.	Apr. 19, 1932.. 174th Inf.

HOW WE STAND

APRIL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE GUARD.....88.43%

Maximum Strength New York National Guard	21,483
Minimum Strength New York National Guard	18,987
Present Strength New York National Guard	22,102

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS	
Maintenance Strength	61
Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, 27th Division	71
CAVALRY BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS	
Maintenance Strength	69
51st Cavalry Brigade	81
FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE HDQRS.	
Maintenance Strength	32
52nd Field Artillery Brigade	49
INFANTRY BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS	
Maintenance Strength	28
53rd Brigade	45
54th Brigade	45
87th Brigade	46
93rd Brigade	41
COAST ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS	
Maintenance Strength	11
Headquarters Coast Artillery	11
HEADQUARTERS 44th DIVISION	
New York Allotment	10
Headquarters 44th Division	8
STATE STAFF	
Authorized Strength	137
A. G. D. Section	6
J. A. G. D. Section	3
Ordnance Section	28
Medical Section	2
Quartermaster Section	31
SPECIAL TROOPS	
Maintenance Strength	318
Special Troops, 27th Division	363
DIVISION QUARTERMASTER TRAIN	
Maintenance Strength	247
27th Division Quartermaster Train	270
AVIATION	
Maintenance Strength	118
27th Division Aviation	130
ENGINEERS	
Maintenance Strength	473
102nd Engineers (Combat)	522

MEDICAL REGIMENT	
Maintenance Strength	632
102nd Medical Regiment	731
SIGNAL BATTALION	
Maintenance Strength	163
101st Signal Battalion	180
INFANTRY	
Maintenance Strength	1038
10th Infantry	1189
14th Infantry	1194
71st Infantry	1243
105th Infantry	1193
106th Infantry	1137
107th Infantry	1126
108th Infantry	1244
165th Infantry	1174
174th Infantry	1234
369th Infantry	1089
ARTILLERY, 155 How.	
Maintenance Strength	647
106th Field Artillery	756
ARTILLERY 75's	
Maintenance Strength	602
104th Field Artillery	718
105th Field Artillery	688
156th Field Artillery	691
ARTILLERY, 155 Guns	
Maintenance Strength	647
258th Field Artillery	823
CAVALRY	
Maintenance Strength	587
101st Cavalry	774
121st Cavalry	681
ARTILLERY, A.A.	
Maintenance Strength	705
212th Coast Artillery	799
ARTILLERY, C.A.C.	
Maintenance Strength	646
244th Coast Artillery	781
ARTILLERY FIXED DEFENSES	
Maintenance Strength	739
245th Coast Artillery	901

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Average Percentage of Attendance, N.Y.N.G.

APRIL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE GUARD.....88.43%

SOMETHING NEW

(1) The small figure placed beside the bracketed figure shows the unit's position on last month's list as compared with its present standing.

(2) "Excellent" units (90-100%) in CAPITAL LETTERS; "Satisfactory" units (80-90%) in ITALIC CAPITAL LETTERS; "Fair" units (70-80%) in Regular Type; and "Unsatisfactory" units (below 70%) in Italics.

No. Aver. of Pres. Aver. UNIT Rep. and Rec'd Abs. Att. % Att.

No. Aver. of Pres. Aver. UNIT Rep. and Rec'd Abs. Att. % Att.

No. Aver. of Pres. Aver. UNIT Rep. and Rec'd Abs. Att. % Att.

121st Cavalry 95.47% (2); HEADQUARTERS 4 7 7 100; HDQRS. TROOP 4 34 74 96; BAND 4 NO 73 91; MACHINE GUN TR. 4 70 66 94; HDQ. 1st SQUAD 4 78 77 99; TROOP A 4 76 74 97; TROOP B 4 78 71 95; HDQ. 2nd SQUAD 5 79 73 92; TROOP E 4 76 75 99; TROOP F 4 28 27 96; HDQ. 3rd SQUAD 4 686 655 95.47; TROOP I 4; TROOP K 4

The Honor Space 27th Div. Av. 97.69% 102nd OBS. SQUAD 4 100 98 98; 102nd PHOTO SEC 4 23 22 96; MED. DEPT. DET 4 7 7 100; 130 127 97.69

108th Infantry 89.72% V-V19 REGTL. HDQRS. 4 7 7 100; REGTL. HDQRS. CO. 4 67 60 89; Band Section 4 48 35 73; SERVICE CO. 4 50 47 94; HOWITZER CO. 4 65 54 83; HD. & HD. CO. 1st BN. 4 34 31 91; COMPANY A 3 68 62 91; COMPANY B 4 64 54 84; COMPANY C 4 69 55 80; COMPANY D 4 66 59 89; COMPANY E 4 30 28 93; COMPANY F 4 64 58 91; COMPANY G 4 78 75 96; COMPANY H 4 65 61 94; COMPANY I 4 67 62 93; COMPANY J 4 27 25 93; COMPANY K 4 66 62 94; COMPANY L 5 79 69 87; COMPANY M 4 78 74 95; COMPANY N 4 67 59 88; COMPANY O 4 38 37 97

104th Field Art. 92.35% (3); HEADQUARTERS 4 6 6 100; HDQ. BATTERY 4 55 51 93; SERVICE BATTERY 4 72 70 97; HQ. 1st BN. 4 3 3 100; HQ. BAT. C.T., 1st BN. 4 40 38 95; BATTERY A 6 83 80 96; BATTERY B 4 75 67 89; BATTERY C 4 76 66 87; HDQ. 2nd BN. 4 3 3 100; HQ. BT & C.T., 2d BN. 4 40 38 95; BATTERY D 4 81 69 85; BATTERY E 4 74 67 90; BATTERY F 5 80 77 96; MED. DEPT. DET 4 31 29 94; 719 664 92.35

102nd Med. Rgt. 91.12% 1 * V 9 HEADQUARTERS 4 8 8 100; SERVICE COMPANY 4 80 7a 94; HDQRS. COLL. BN. 4 6 6 100; 104th COLL. CO. 4 69 65 94; 105th COLL. CO. 4 71 61 90; 106th COLL. CO. 4 68 5 100; HDQRS. AMB. BN. 4 5 54 95; 104th AMB. CO. 4 57 45 92; 105th AMB. CO. 4 49 6 100; 106th AMB. CO. 4 52 58 83; HDQRS. HOSP. BN. 4 6 75 97; 104*A HOSP. CO. 7 70 51 82; 105th HOSP. CO. 5 77 45 94; 106th HOSP. CO. 4 66 667 91.12; 102nd VET. CO. 4 48 732

105th Infantry 89.29% V A V 21 REGTL. HDQRS. 4 6 6 100; REGTL. HDQRS. CO. 5 70 59 84; SERVICE CO. 4 109 94 86; HOWITZER CO. 4 109 60 94; HD. & HD. CO. 1st BN. 4 64 29 88; COMPANY A 4 33 64 91; COMPANY B 4 70 61 87; COMPANY C 4 70 51 81; COMPANY D 4 61 64 81; COMPANY E 4 61 28 96; COMPANY F 4 67 61 87; COMPANY G 4 29 65 93; COMPANY H 5 70 65 100; COMPANY I 4 69 24 89; COMPANY J 4 65 67 96; COMPANY K 4 72 56 82; HD. & HD. CO. 3d BN. 4 27 61 92; COMPANY L 4 70 69 96; COMPANY M 5 68 33 87; COMPANY N 4 1166 1068 89.29; MED. DEPT. DET. 4 38

174th Infantry 91.40% (4) i, REGTL. HDQRS. S 6 6 100; REGTL. HDQRS. CO. 72 66 92; SERVICE CO. 98 84 86; HOWITZER CO. 63 57 90; HD. & HD. CO. 1st BN. 35 31 89; COMPANY A 72 66 92; COMPANY B 67 61 91; COMPANY C 73 69 94; COMPANY D 73 65 89; HD. & HD. CO. 2d BN. 36 36 100; COMPANY E 79 76 96; COMPANY F 71 61 86; COMPANY G 74 73 99; COMPANY H 6 68 57 84; HD. & HD. CO. 3d BN. 2 41 36 88; COMPANY I 4 74 71 96; COMPANY J 4 70 66 94; COMPANY K 5 74 68 92; COMPANY L 5 72 63 87; MED. DEPT. DET. 5 38 36 95; 1256 1148 91.40

156th Field Art. 91.06% (7) 4 HEADQUARTERS 4 5 5 100; HDQRS. BATTERY 4 54 47 87; SERVICE BATTERY 4 75 70 93; 1st BN. HDQRS. 4 3 3 100; 1st BN. HD. BT. & C.T. 4 36 32 89; BATTERY A 4 74 67 91; BATTERY B 4 72 61 85; BATTERY C 4 75 71 95; 2nd BN. HDQRS. 4 3 3 100; 2d BN. HQ. BT. & C.T. 4 37 36 97; BATTERY D 4 72 67 93; BATTERY E 4 75 68 91; BATTERY F 5 75 68 91; MED. DEPT. DET 4 38 34 90; 694 632 91.06

258th Field Art. 89.21% (1D) HEADQUARTERS 4 5 5 100; HDQRS. BATTERY 4 69 55 80; SERVICE BATTERY 4 79 73 92; 1st BN. HDQRS. 4 4 47 89; 1st BN. COMBAT TR. 4 53 64 85; BATTERY A 4 75 66 96; BATTERY B 4 69 46 87; 2nd BN. HDQRS. 4 3 67 86; 2nd BN. COMBAT TR. 4 53 74 93; BATTERY C 4 78 4 100; BATTERY D 4 80 41 85; 3rd BN. HDQRS. 4 4 72 88; 3rd BN. COMBAT TR. 4 48 39 98; BATTERY E 4 82; BATTERY F 4 83; MED. DEPT. DET. 4 40

101st Cavalry 91.29% (5) n HEADQUARTERS 4 7 6 86; HDQRS. TROOP 5 81 73 90; BAND 6 27 24 89; MACHINE GUN TR. S 66 60 91; HDQRS. 1st SQUAD 4 2 2 100; TROOP A 6 89 82 92; TROOP B 6 76 68 89; HDQRS. 2nd SQUAD 4 2 2 100; TROOP E 5 109 100 92; TROOP F 5 104 94 90; HDQRS. 3rd SQUAD 4 2 2 100; TROOP I 4 73 67 92; TROOP K 5 109 100 92; MEDICAL DET. 5 34 33 97; 781 713 91.29

71st Infantry 90.81% V * ^ 3 REGTL. HDQRS. 5 7 7 100; REGTL. HDQRS. CO. 5 70 63 90; SERVICE CO. 5 108 100 92; HOWITZER CO. 5 71 65 92; HD. & HD. CO. 1st BN. 4 34 29 85; HD. & HD. CO. 2d BN. 4 68 57 87; COMPANY A 4 68 59 87; COMPANY B 4 71 65 92; COMPANY C 4 73 62 85; COMPANY D 4 33 29 88; COMPANY E 4 71 70 99; HD. & HD. CO. 3d BN. 4 70 61 87; COMPANY F 4 68 64 94; COMPANY G 4 71 63 89; COMPANY H 4 34 33 97; COMPANY I 4 71 65 92; COMPANY J 4 73 69 95; HD. & HD. CO. 3d BN. 4 78 69 88; COMPANY K 4 76 70 92; COMPANY L 4 37 35 95; COMPANY M 4 1252 1137 90.81; MED. DEPT. DET. 5

105th Field Art. 88.67% (12) 15 HEADQUARTERS 5 6 6 100; HDQRS. BATTERY 6 49 48 98; SERVICE BATTERY 5 67 66 99; 1st BN. HDQRS. 4 5 5 100; 1st BN. HDQRS. BAT. 6 42 36 86; Battery A 7 74 54 73; BATTERY B 6 73 61 84; BATTERY C 4 74 68 92; 2nd BN. HDQRS. 5 4 4 100

State Staff	100%			
A. G. D. SECTION...	4	4	4	100
T. A. G. D. SECTION	4	4	4	100
ORDNANCE SECT...	4	29	29	100
MEDICAL SECT. ...	4	3	3	100
Q.M. SECTION.	4	29	29	100
		69	69	
Hdq. Coast Art.	100%		(2)	4
HEADQUARTERS	5	4	4	100
HDQRS. DET.	5	7	7	100
		11	11	100
Hdq. 27th Div.	98.59%		(3)	3
HEADQUARTERS	4	26	26	100
HDQRS. DET.	4	45	44	96
		71	70	98.59
53rd Inf. Brig.	93.33%		(4)	9
HEADQUARTERS	4	4	4	100
HDQRS. CO.	4	41	38	93
		45	42	93.33
93rd Inf. Brig.	92.68%		(5)	2
HEADQUARTERS	4	5	5	100
HDQRS. CO.	4	36	33	91
		41	38	92.68
51st Cav. Brig.	92.59%		(6)	5
Headquarters.	4	7	5	71
HDQRS. TROOP	4	74	70	94
		81	75	92.59
87th Inf. Brig.	91.30%		(7)	7
HDQRS. CO.	4	5	3	60
HDQRS. CO.	5	41	39	95
		46	42	91.30
54th Inf. Brig.	91.10%		(8)	6
HEADQUARTERS	4	5	5	100
HDQRS. CO.	4	40	36	90
		45	41	91.10
52nd F. Art. Br.	87.75%		(9)	8
HEADQUARTERS	5	8	8	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	41	35	85
		49	43	87.75

INFANTRY REVIEW

Continued from page 21

centage of marksmen on Record Shooting Day; the Colonel's Cup, for the highest percentage of marksmen on the State Range.

General Dyer, in his talk with this fine company, dwelled upon the remarkable record it had made and emphasized the meaning of leadership in a regiment with the high efficiency of the Seventy-first.

General Fuqua arrived by airplane

from Washington, unaccompanied by staff officers. In the Colonel's quarters he spoke to the officers of the regiment regarding the great progress being made in army equipment. He outlined in detail many advances already adopted in arms and in organization and announced that they would be in use at no far distant date.

Colonel De Lamater, commanding the Seventy-first, was a fellow student in the Staff College in France with General Fuqua.

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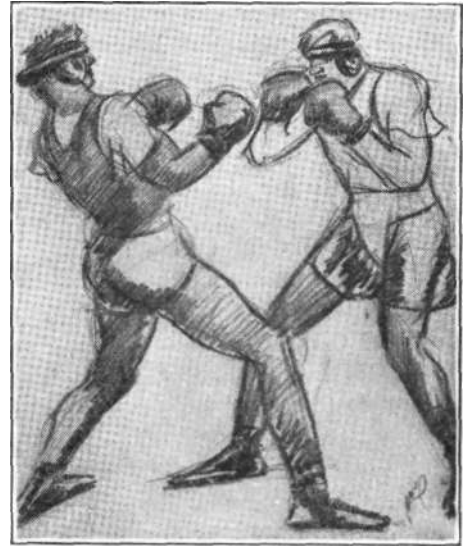
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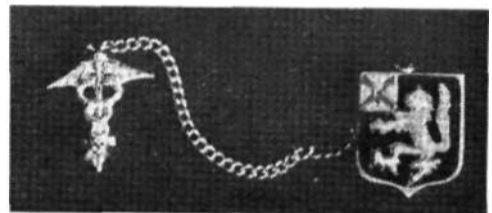
NEW YORK



AN ANNOUNCEMENT

WE are pleased to announce that we have been awarded the concessions for the operation of the General Stores at Camp Smith, Peekskill, New York, and at Pine Camp, Great Bend, New York. May we take this opportunity of assuring the Officer and Enlisted personnel of the New York National Guard who will train at the aforementioned camps during this coming season, that every effort will be made to extend the same courteous treatment to them as has been our policy at Camp Smith during the seasons of 1930 and 1931. A complete assortment of general merchandise, notions, novelties and toilet goods will be carried in stock to meet the requirements of those patronizing our stores at either camp.

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Every ring is guaranteed to be of genuine sterling silver, beautifully chased on either side with the insignia of the U. S. Army and surmounted by the regimental coat of arms, carefully enamelled in full colors. Only a few examples of our stock are illustrated on this page, but a full line will be on display in the General Store both at Camp Smith and at Pine Camp.

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