

The New York National Guardsman



**THE COAST ARTILLERY FIRES A FAREWELL SALUTE
TO
BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN J. BYRNE**
Commanding Coast Artillery Brigade, N.Y.N.G.

To the Officers
and Men of the **New York National Guard**



IN recognition of their splendid sacrifice in helping to keep our National Defense in a state of preparedness and of their readiness at all times to serve their country and our people with that devotion for which they have merited our just praise, time and time again.

—A Sincere Admirer.

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The NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

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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 them—it will be a vehicle for the propagation of one policy and only one: Better Guardsmanship and Better Citizenship!"



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN J. BYRNE

Commanding Coast Artillery Brigade

(Photograph was taken when Gen. Byrne was Colonel of the 244th C. A., N. Y. N. G.)



General Byrne (left) at his last Camp on active duty.

General Byrne Completes Maximum Service

Rose from Private to Brigadier General, commanding the Coast Artillery Brigade, in Forty-six years' long and faithful service

THE One Hundred Per Cent All-Service Man of the New York National Guard—that is the distinctive title we could bestow upon Brigadier General John J. Byrne, Chief of the Coast Artillery of the New York National Guard, who will retire September 12th on his 64th birthday, having passed through all the enlisted and officer grades during his forty-six years of continuous service.

As the minimum military age for enlistment is eighteen, no one could serve longer than forty-six years and General Byrne's has been continuous, faithful and efficient for the whole period. His service was based upon the fundamentals of the School of the Soldier—discipline, courtesy and the correct wearing of the uniform. For many years he commanded the Ninth Infantry, then the 244th Coast Artillery and has one of the largest circles of military friends in the country. We really believe that "General John" is going to miss his active life in the military service more than most officers going on the retired list as it has not only been his "hobby" but his life. And the military is going to miss "General John," unless he continues to appear at all military gatherings with his genial smile and cheery greeting. But we can almost vouch that he will continue to be among those present when there are any special military "doings."

General Byrne was sworn into the New York National Guard as a private, Company H, 7th Infantry, on the 13th day of January, 1890. After serving about four and a half years, he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in Company K, 9th Infantry, July 16, 1894. He succeeded to the Captaincy of the company May 20, 1899 (promotions were not so rapid in those days). February 14, 1902, he was commissioned a Major in the 9th Infantry, a new commission as Major, Coast Artillery Corps, 9th Artillery District, being given him January 23, 1908, when the regiment was reorganized as Coast Defense troops. Another four and a half years rolled round before he gained his opportunity to rise to the Lieutenant Colonel's grade on June 15, 1912. Nearly another five years passed before he took command of the regiment, being commissioned a Colonel on May 15, 1917. In two month's time he was commissioned a colonel in the U. S. Army and served until May 15, 1919, after which he resumed his old command and continued until April 19, 1929, when he was promoted to brigadier general to be the first commanding officer of the newly organized Coast Artillery Brigade—where he was still serving at the time of his retirement.

In Federal Service, General Byrne was in the Spanish-American War as First Lieutenant and Captain of the 9th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry from May 2 to November 15, 1898, and in the World War as Colonel, C. A. C., 9th Coast Defense Command from July 15, 1917, to January 24, 1919. He also served in the 26th Infantry, U. S. Volunteers as a 2nd Lieut. from July 5, 1899, to September 26, 1899.

General Byrne has also served on the military staff of three Governors—Benjamin D. Odell, Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In private life General Byrne is a Director of the Broadway National Bank, the Broadway Plaza Trust Company, S. M. Grier Stores, Inc., and Vice President of the Association of Army and Navy Stores, Inc. He is also the Coal Administrator of the State of New York, although the job is not so active as it was a few years ago during the coal strike shortage.

General Byrne's love of the military and conscientious attention to all matters pertaining thereto, have brought him face to face with many active jobs connected with such organizations. He is a past president of the Society of War Veterans of the Seventh Regiment; a life member of the Seventh Regiment Veterans Association; Commander General, Society of American Wars; Commander, Military Order of Foreign Wars; Past Commander and member of the National Council of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War; Historian of the New York Society of Military and Naval Officers of the World War; President, Metropolitan Association, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Member, Executive Council National Guard Association of the United States (Representing the Second Corps Area).

General Byrne is also a member of the following organizations—9th Regiment Veterans Association, American Legion, Army Athletic Association, Army and Navy Club of Washington, D. C., Manhattan Chapter Reserve Officers Association, Vice-President of the Army and Navy Club of America and President of the Military and Navy Club of New York City. He is an honorary member of the following—Veterans of Foreign Wars, Scabbard and Blade Society, New York University, Old Guard of the City of New York.

On the evening of General Byrne's retirement he is to be tendered a Testimonial Dinner at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton, New York City. The following committees have the affair in charge:

(Continued on page 29)



FIRST ARMY HELD AT

Greatest Concentration

were under canvas on the sandy plains, leaving about 22,000 who were scheduled to arrive on Sunday. Those in camp were mostly the First Division of the Regular Army and advance detachments of the National Guard divisions taking part in the operations. These divisions were the 26th of Massachusetts, the 27th of New York, the 43rd of the New England states, and the 44th of New York, New Jersey and Delaware. The 27th and 44th were quartered with the First Division of the Regular Army on a line just north of the Black River. Ten miles further to the north were the 26th and 43rd Divisions, just to the west and east respectively of Philadelphia, N. Y. (See map on page 12.)

The whole area had begun to take on the appearance of a country prepared for defense in time of war. Whole fields were lined with tents, army trucks and field artillery batteries. Officers were being billeted in farm houses; headquarter units had commandeered school houses for quarters. The roads were filled with well-ordered traffic and everywhere the local inhabitants turned out and watched the sweating army at work. Tents were being set up, kitchens established and sanitation requirements provided for.

IT is too soon to publish in these pages an authentic post mortem of the greatest mobilization, concentration and maneuvering of troops ever held in this country since the days when we were at war. As we go to press, the guns are still barking in the Pine Plains area and even when the final Cease Fire is sounded it will be some time before the umpires can decide who won the war or the authorities divulge the essential lessons learnt from these two weeks of strenuous maneuvering.

All we can attempt to set forth here is a résumé of the objects of holding these maneuvers, coupled with a general description of the concentration as a whole and a brief account by our Special "War" Correspondent of his visit to the front line. Further articles will be published in the October issue of the GUARDSMAN.

The exercises were planned, in the first place, to try out the simultaneous concentration of the First Army equipped for field service; to train all echelons in the logistics of mass concentration, and to assemble an entire Army in the field so that all organizations might gain experience in functioning smoothly and efficiently against any possible emergency that might arise.

To this end, thirty-six thousand troops of the Regular Army and National Guard from nine different states concentrated at Pine Plains, N. Y., on August 17th to take part in the greatest peacetime maneuvers ever held in the United States.

From Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, and New York, troops came pouring into the Pine Plains area by train, truck and taxicab. The four and five men "troop carriers," taxis hired in New York and other cities to fill out the Army's motor vehicle quota, withstood the test of mobilization well, reminding one of the valiant fleet of cranky Parisian cabs which bore Gallieni's troops out of Paris in those early days of 1914 and rushed them to the front line just in time to check the German advance.

Never has khaki been so familiar a sight in any locality in this country since the termination of the World War broke up the vast army camps and sent the troops back to civilian life once more.

By nightfall on Saturday, some thirteen thousand men

SUNDAY was the busiest day of concentration. From early dawn to dusk khaki-clad Guardsmen poured into this upstate region, equipped with every modern device for waging war. The majority arrived by railroad, and all day long troop trains, crowded with equipment, men, machines and horses, were unloading at little country sidings throughout Jefferson County. Units of the 27th Division, N.Y.N.G., detrained in their thousands at Great Bend; and the 44th Division (from New York and New Jersey), hot and dusty, were glad to stretch their legs when they pulled into the sidings at Felt Mills, Great Bend and Black River. These troops marched from their rail destinations to their respective camp-sites while heavy army trucks, towing balloon-tired "seventy-fives" roared along the dusty, sunbaked roads and troop-laden trucks approached the end of their long, long trail of mobilization.

By nightfall, Sunday, all the New York troops were under canvas—a little weary after their journey but all in excellent spirits. The following were the New York organizations taking part in the maneuvers: 27th Division Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Det., 27th Division Special Trains (less the 27th Tank Co.), 27th Division Aviation, 102nd Medical Regiment, 27th Division Q.M. Train, 102nd Engineers, 53rd Brigade Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Co., 105th Infantry, 10th Infantry, 54th Brigade Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Co., 108th Infantry, 52nd F.A. Brigade Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Battery, 104th Field Artillery, 105th Field Artil-

MANEUVERS PINE CAMP

Since the World War

lery, 106th Field Artillery, 87th Brigade Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Co., 174th Infantry, 156th Field Artillery and the 101st Signal Battalion.

Believed to be the largest single convoy ever to transport troops in America, 181 Regular Army trucks and 140 civilian taxicabs left Buffalo for Pine Camp carrying 2,000 New York National Guardsmen from the 106th Field Artillery and the 174th Infantry. The column trailed out more than ten miles along the road and its progress was supervised by the Army's newly developed radio control net.

ARRIVED in their respective camps, the men of the various organizations quickly settled down to the new conditions confronting them. Most of the New York units were accustomed to the well-ordered routine of Camp Smith and many were the wisecracks heard comparing the civilized atmosphere of their old camping ground with the rugged, sandy, rough-and-ready atmosphere which greeted them upon arrival. The comments were all good-natured and the men had little time for dwelling on the more uncomfortable differences between the two camps for as soon as they had stretched their legs and had got some warm chow inside them, they found themselves detailed for the thousand and one fatigue duties which had to be done around the camp. The weather was warm and several heat prostrations were reported in the several camps, the majority of these occurring in the 43rd Division (New England) who found the 92-degree heat particularly trying after the cool green hills of their native land.



On Sunday evening, there were 34,000 troops encamped in the area, representing every branch of the service. Cavalry, infantry, air corps, field artillery, chemical warfare units, medical regiments, engineers, anti-aircraft batteries were all ready for the word "go."

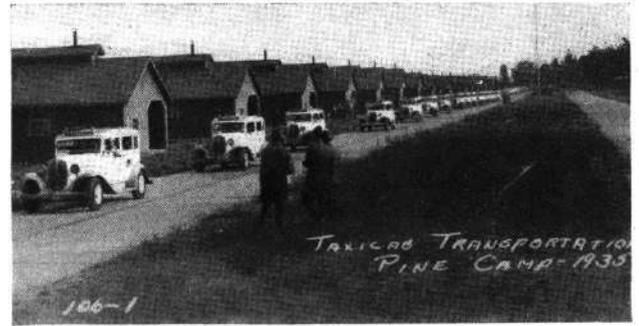
After a night's rest, the newly-arrived troops had a better chance to survey the territory which was to be the scene of operations. Sand, sand, sand—it was everywhere and in everything. Every time a vehicle went by, the khaki tents were smothered in great clouds of powdery dust; there was grit in the chow, sand in the blankets, and except for the fact that there was no ocean at their front door, the men might have pitched their tents on Jones' Beach, L. I.

But they liked it. The work was hard and they sweated under the broiling sun, but—they liked it. Monday was a fairly quiet day, policing their quarters and "shaking down" for the start of the intensive training to come. Staff officers were out reconnoitering the area over which the "battles" later in the week were to be fought, and commanding generals studied plans and prepared orders.



Photo by Associated Press

A long, long trail of Guardsmen arriving by taxi at Pine Camp.



Photos by Thompson, Official Camp Photographer



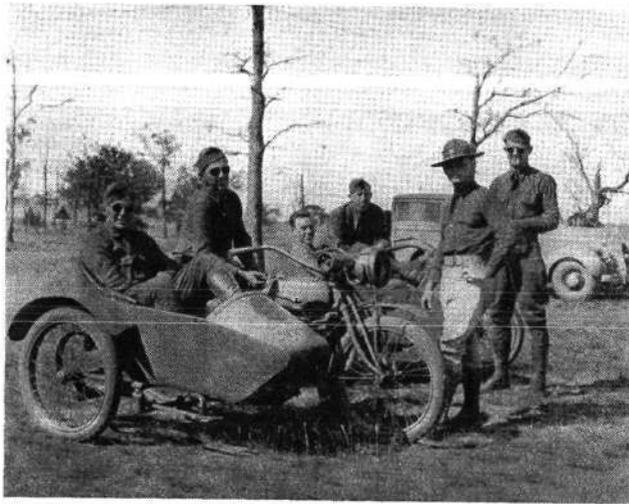
Photo by Associated Press

GETTING ALL SET FOR THE MANEUVERS

The N.Y.N.G. forces were sped to the scene of operations in truck and taxi, and above are views of their arrival at Pine Camp. As soon as they arrived, they snapped right into work, pitching tents, chopping wood for the field kitchens and carrying water down the dusty roads to the mess halls. It was hard work after their long journey by road, but the boys were in good spirits and worked with a will. The chow was good and boy! how they wolfed it up. On all sides one heard nothing but praise for the way in which the N.Y.N.G. organizations tackled their heavy fatigue duties and kept their camp areas spick and span.



Photos by T. F. Woodhouse



CONDITIONS IN THE FIELD AT PINE PLAINS

The three upper photographs give an idea of the road conditions in the sandy area of Pine Plains. A Field Artillery truck has been forced into the ditch by a column of trucks which disputed the narrow right of way; two artillerymen hold council how to hoist their bogged tractor out of a soft patch, and willing infantrymen (on the right) help a camouflaged car through the deep sand ruts. In the middle group (left) is shown a congested section of the Great Bend-Sterlingville road; two signallers can be seen repairing a break in the telephone wire. In the center, Capt. Harold C. King, 27th Div'n Aviation, swoops low to pick up a message from Division Hdqrs., and (right) a radio outfit finds cover in a sunken quarry. Below (left) are the "black-eyed Susans" of the 102nd Motorcycle Co. waiting for orders outside 27th Div'n Hdqrs., and on the right, one of the 105th F. A.'s 75's pokes its camouflaged snout from under an oak tree.

THE 27th Division, N.Y.N.G., swung into action on Wednesday, August 21st, when they opposed the 43rd Division (New England) and struggled for the mastery of Hill 300 which dominated the country near Sterlingville, N. Y. The 27th's advance guard, although it had further to travel, was the first to take possession of the hill, Company E of the 105th Infantry having the honor of first taking up its position on its prized slopes. Almost at once, however, it came under the attack of the 86th Infantry Brigade of the 43rd Division and although supported by the 104th Field Artillery (Binghamton and Syracuse), and nobly repulsing the attackers until long after midday, the 27th was finally ordered by the umpires to cede the hill to their opponents.

It was a trying day for the troops in the field. They had left their camps under a clear sky, but by 10 a.m. clouds were forming in the southwest. Rain began to fall shortly afterwards and a veritable deluge soaked the forces of both sides. In a little while the roads were slithery with mud and passing infantrymen were often called upon to push trucks on their way which had bogged down in the soft ground. When the rain stopped, a stiff wind dried the men's clothes as the advancing troops skirmished across country, taking advantage of hills, gullies, barns and ditches for cover.

The "taxicab" army took part in these maneuvers and it seemed strange to hear the hard-swearing New York taxi drivers in their radio cabs as they drove out along the narrow dirt roads on their way towards the enemy.

One amusing incident took place when an advance element of the 43rd Division had a brief skirmish with a swarm of angry hornets and retired, routed. Even the umpires, who waved the red and white flags, tagged the "wounded," and disposed of the "prisoners," paid the price of war. One umpire, in full view of a battalion, was pursued at an undignified speed by two cows as, clutching his red flag, he retired with all possible speed across a rocky pasture.

Thursday was more or less a day of rest (!) and the troops got ready for the Corps maneuvers which were to open Friday morning. The weather had changed considerably since the divisions had first taken the field and Thursday night was one which those who shivered under canvas will long remember. The two blankets issued to each man seemed mighty poor protection when the mercury was dropping to the thirties and by four a.m. most of those thirty-six thousand men were awake looking forward to the dawn. Your Special Correspondent can vouch for the chilliness of that particular night for having left Peekskill at 11 p.m. he was wending his way in an open car towards the area of operations. At dawn he pulled into the side of the road near Lowville, only twenty-odd miles from his destination, and watched the sun come rolling up out of the Adirondacks, flushing pink the soft lakes of silver mist which lay below in the shallow valleys.

GREAT BEND was a very different place from the quiet little village known to the Field Artillery regiments which usually spend their two weeks of field training at Pine Camp. Military police were directing traffic which seemed as thick as that at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Signal trucks, Q.M. Trucks, motor cyclists, staff cars, private cars, and a few ambulances were all passing through on their several errands. The roads were strung with temporarily laid telephone wires and marked with signs to this or that division, to headquarters of this and headquarters of that. The 27th Division was astir when we arrived and the smoke of many kitchens rose in the still morning air.

The operations on Friday and Saturday were carried out on a ten-mile front and were the first of the two important tactical exercises planned during the two weeks' maneuvers. The Second Corps, to the south, composed of three divisions (the First Regular Army, the 27th Division, N.Y.N.G., and the 44th Division, N.Y.N.G. and N.J.N.G.), opposed the First Corps, to the north, consisting of the 26th and 43rd National Guard Divisions of the New England states. The Second Corps outnumbered the First Corps, 20,000 to 15,000 approximately, and for this reason, the weaker force was obliged to take up a strong defensive position.

In none of the engagements along the 10-mile front did the opposing main bodies actually meet. The advance units of both the opposing armies jumped off early in the morning. Some of the men marched while others were conveyed by motor transport for several miles along the sandy roads until such means of locomotion was no longer safe when the troops detrucked and deployed across the scrubby, loosely-wooded country.

The first "prisoner" was handed in at 27th Division Headquarters in a surprisingly short time after the first troops had left camp. He



Photo by Associated Press

Regular Army Cavalry in Pistol Charge.

looked very sheepish as he passed through the crowded room, filled with officers and clerks, on his way to being questioned as to the enemy's movements.

27th Division Headquarters was situated close to the airfield where planes of the 27th Division Aviation were busy most of the morning dropping and picking up messages concerning the progress of the advance units "up line." Motor cyclists (complaining and swearing at their "old hacks" and wishing in no uncertain terms that they might be supplied with something a little more modern to ride) went bucketing over the bumpy grass to and from the airfield and seemed to enjoy the life in spite of their perpetual grouch! Inside Headquarters, groups were gathered round the blue and red-flagged maps watching the colored pins move up closer to the enemy each time a new message came over the wires.

Up towards the front, all along the rutted sand track leading from Great Bend to the village of Sterlingville, the troops were feeling their way towards the enemy. In scores of green meadows, stubbled fields or wooded areas, troops made their way, taking cover behind whatever natural objects presented themselves. Field Artillery trucks, camouflaged with leafy branches, ploughed through the soft sand, got stuck and were almost bodily lifted out again by troops in the vicinity. Your correspondent himself is grateful to the many sweating, good-natured soldiers who tugged his car out of deep-worn dust tracks time and time again as he made his way up front to where the advance units were already in contact with the opposing forces. On page 7 are some of the photographs he took which give some idea of the road conditions encountered on his trip.

MOST of the exciting action of the day occurred, as it had done earlier in the week, around Sterlingville and the bald, knobby crest of Hill 300, just northeast of the village. Here it was that a battalion observation post for the "seventy-fives" of the 152nd Field Artillery of the 43rd Division had been established on top of Hill 300 by a major and four lieutenants. The wire-laying trucks were on a road 600 to 700 yards distant and the major's men were in the road, and one or two in a field below the hill.

A wily regular army sergeant approached the hill from the rear, sneaked up behind the unsuspecting officers from New England, engrossed in their maps, and announced: "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but you're prisoners."

The officers' faces fell. There was a brief dramatic silence while they stared at the intruder, and then: "This is a hell of a note—captured before we do anything!" The sergeant put his prisoners under guard and proceeded to consolidate his hold on the hill. In a few minutes another lieutenant of the enemy walked unsuspectingly up the hill. He was captured to the jeers of his companions. Finally a corporal arrived with a first lieutenant carrying

a bunch of maps, some of them revealing the dispositions of the 43rd Division.

Six officers and a corporal—plus a handful of valuable maps; the sergeant decided that was enough. He commandeered an automobile and sent his prisoners to the rear. They could not believe their ill-fortune and seemed reluctant to move. "Get in, gentlemen," the sergeant said firmly. They got in, much to the delight of a group of regular army observers who had witnessed the sergeant's coup.

THE main effort of the Second Corps was to have been made on the left flank of the ten-mile front by the 44th Division, with the 27th assisting it against the 26th Division of the First Corps to the north. But, as the situation developed, the First Division, working on the right flank of the Second Corps' line, assisted by the 27th Division, N. Y. N. G., in the center, made probably more progress against part of the 43rd Division's line than in any other portion of the front.

The 26th Division (Massachusetts) bore the brunt of the attack by the 27th and 44th Divisions. After its front line had picked out a strong defensive position, the engineers were set to work making strong entrenchments while advance units of the infantry drove forward to delay the New York and New Jersey Divisions as much as possible. At the end of the day, however, the 43rd had been partly forced back, particularly on the left where it retired its line to an impassable swamp on Route 26. Operations ceased at 5 o'clock and the troops taking part made ready to spend the night where the tide of battle had cast them. Theoretically, the First Corps spent the night entrenching its strong positions, but actually no digging was done out of consideration for the farmers' property in the neighborhood.

The men, sleeping on the ground, with the thermometer sinking and a fresh wind springing up, rolled into their

(Continued on page 30)



Photo by Associated Press

Co. C, 108th Infantry, Practise a Bayonet Charge.

Amateur or Professional?

By CAPT. PAUL C. GREENE

Infantry Reserve

Reprinted by courtesy of Infantry Journal

ONE of the outstanding military facts of this generation is that war has come to be accepted as meaning "A Nation in Arms." We have gone far from the medieval idea of mercenary troops. In Italy, as an extreme case, we find that military training begins almost as soon as the boy enters the elementary school. Even in our own country the thought of universal compulsory military training did not arouse such a terrific storm of protest as one might have expected, when the idea was cautiously advanced shortly after the War. Two factors can be discerned which have caused this thesis to gain such wide acceptance.

The late war brought such enormous numbers of people into conflict on such a relatively narrow front that mass strategy, or a lack of it, pitted huge armies against each other in an attempt to overwhelm by brute force the fortified lines of the enemy. Modern industry and science had provided the defenders with so many death-dealing devices that it seemed that the only path to victory lay in the use of vast numbers of troops. What the moral effect of the appalling number of casualties might be, even on the victor, no one stopped to consider. The French were reported to have suffered 37,000 casualties in one unsuccessful attack which lasted less than an hour.

The second factor which has produced the mania for numbers is, curiously enough, both extreme autocracy and extreme democracy. Governments of the first type preach the supremacy of the state. Hence every man must be prepared to sacrifice his life for the state. Democracy arrives at the same goal by a different path. Under democracy every man has certain inalienable rights. Ergo, in return for these rights he must assume grave responsibilities. Contrast the cheerfulness with which our Selective Service Act was accepted by a great majority of our people during the World War, and the attitude displayed when the Civil War Draft Act was promulgated. Men certainly have a greater share in government now than they had at that time. Apparently they are now willing to accept the thesis of greater responsibility.

But what of the cost? This is no place to list figures too well known to all. Men's blood and the savings of nations were poured out on a scale beyond comprehension. Sixteen years after the close of the conflict the economic repercussions are

"I suspect that every company commander wished, as he went into combat, that he could quietly shelve at least a third of his outfit."

still increasing in their intensity.

What is infinitely worse than the loss of treasure, the magnitude of the struggle so enmeshed every person that the bitterness engendered threatens civilization itself. It is not simply that nation is arrayed against nation, but that the solidar-

ity of the national community is itself endangered on every hand. Certain tendencies show only too clearly the swing toward the despotisms of feudalism, if not anarchy.

The laborer curses the capitalist. The capitalist blames the meddling politicians. The liberal froths at the mouth when the conservative is named. And the demagogue is busy as never before in stirring class hatreds so that he may have his brief taste of power. Countries where democracy was a hundred years in the making have seen their gains swept away in a day. Dictators have climbed to power in an attempt to stave off anarchy. To some governments the burning question is: "Can we trust the army to fight against the people?"

Within the army itself a reliance on vast, mechanical armies may breed the wrong spirit in those responsible for the defense of the land. Instead of pondering on ways of outguessing the enemy, the staff may be wondering how many more battalions can be sent to the front. It becomes a game of guessing how much more one's own people will bear, rather than a case of knowing and applying the arts and sciences of war.

To the raw civilian levies it seems heartless and unjust

(Continued on page 18)

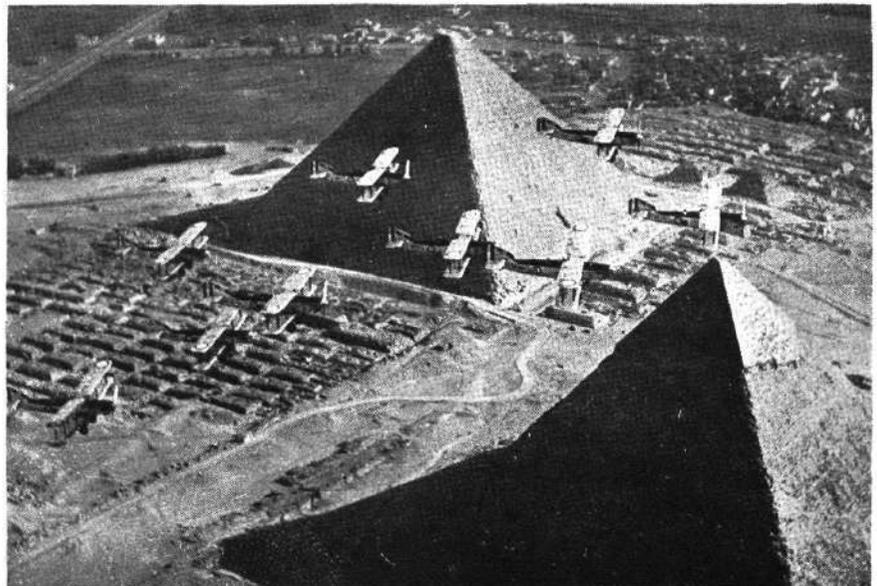


Photo by Associated Press

British Royal Air Force Squadron Visits the Pyramids

Facts and Fables

Some Thoughts on Published Reports of New and Super-powerful Chemical Warfare Agents

By A. L. KIBLER

Reprinted by courtesy of
The Chemical Warfare Bulletin

MOST published reports of the discovery of new war gases are so obviously absurd or grossly exaggerated that investigation of them is unnecessary. When the name of the gas is given in such accounts, a mere reference to its known physical and chemical constants is in many cases sufficient to show the impracticability of its field use.

The requirements for a satisfactory chemical warfare agent are so rigid that very few chemical substances possess even the physical properties necessary to meet them. For example, the melting point and boiling point of the acceptable agent must fall within fairly narrow limits; there must be sufficient volatility to allow an effective concentration to be built up in the air but not enough to prevent liquefaction and loading into shell; the substance must be sufficiently stable to withstand storage, contact with metals and earth, the action of explosives, and so forth, yet active enough chemically and physiologically to constitute a strong poison; it should be able to circumvent existing protection; and finally it must be fairly easy to manufacture in enormous quantities and the necessary raw materials must be easily procurable and comparatively inexpensive.

As a consequence of these rigid technical requirements, only about three thousand of the innumerable chemical substances known to science were considered during the War as possible chemical warfare agents. Of these less than twenty-five were actually used on the field and only five or six survived at the end of the war as effective military agents.

Although many compounds have been tested as possible chemical warfare agents in chemical laboratories throughout the World since the War, it is significant that practically all claims for the discovery of new and super-powerful agents, when investigated, are found to have emanated from the imaginative brain of some modern Jules Verne. Few such claims have appeared in scientific publications. Unless they do, chemical warfare experts are inclined to be exceedingly skeptical. They know, first of all, that the suitability of an agent for chemical warfare use can be established only after exhaustive tests by military staffs, and that decisions based upon such tests are not likely to be publicized in the daily press.

Of the many claims investigated, not a single one has so far led to the discovery of a practicable new

agent. Many reports of alleged new agents refer merely to well known chemical agents which were used or at least considered for use during the World War. A

few examples chosen at random will serve to illustrate how fantastic are many of the accounts which find their way into the news columns of the daily press.

In August, 1924, a New York newspaper, under a Paris heading, published an article with the following headlines:

1000 POISON GASES AVAILABLE FOR WAR
UNPRECEDENTED MASSACRES IN THE NEXT
GREAT CONFLICT ARE PREDICTED
EXPERTS REPORT TO LEAGUE

One paragraph of this article reads:

One of the most terrible gases is one which causes a fatal lesion of the heart, but which is entirely painless in its effects, so that the victim remains ignorant of his fate until he drops dead.

It is obvious that the writer of this report was quite ignorant of the rigid requirements which all chemical warfare agents must meet. It is impossible that a thousand

(Continued on page 15)

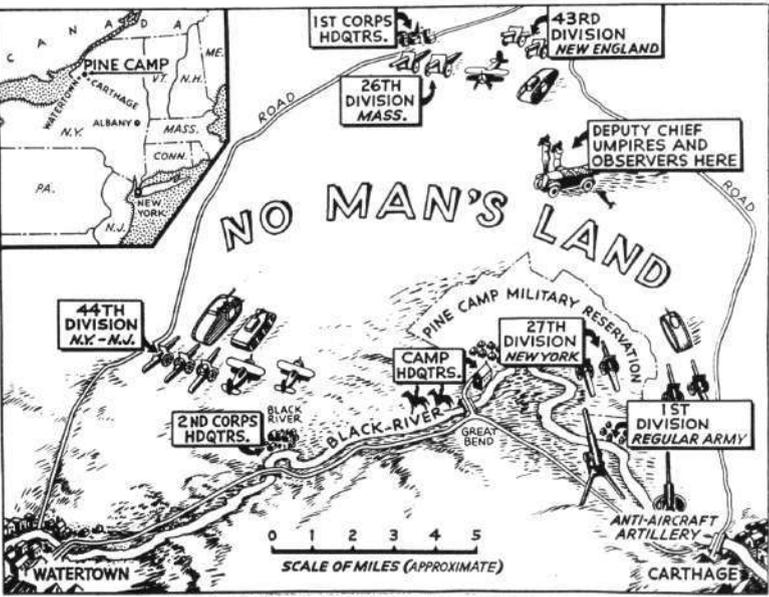
Newspaper facts are often fables, especially when prophecies of chemical warfare are headlined. Moral: Be Skeptical.



Photo by Associated Press

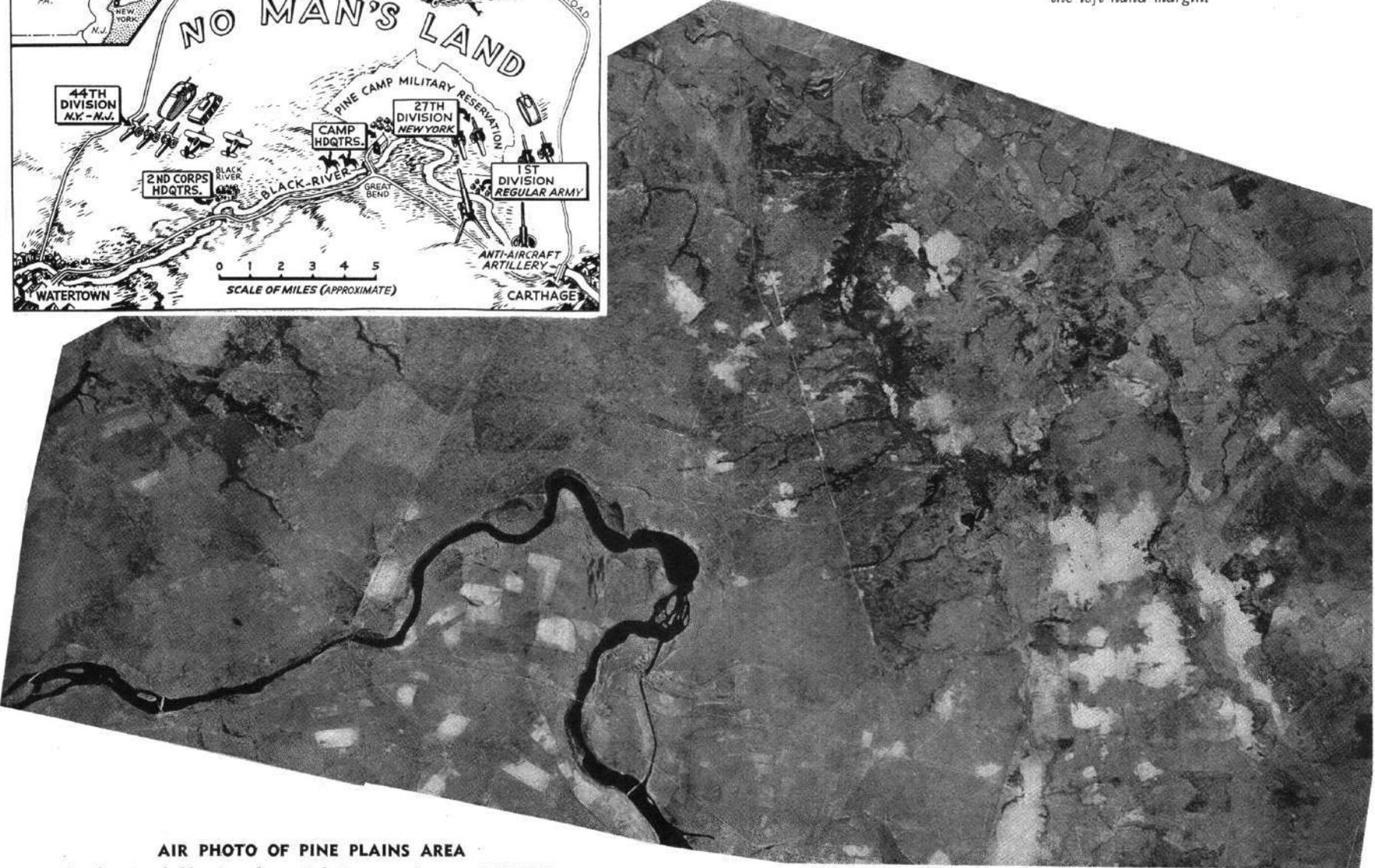
"Gas Attack" in England Causes "Casualties"

Gas-masked Red Cross women acted as stretcher-bearers during the "attack" and carried their "casualties" to special gas-proof shelters for medical attention.

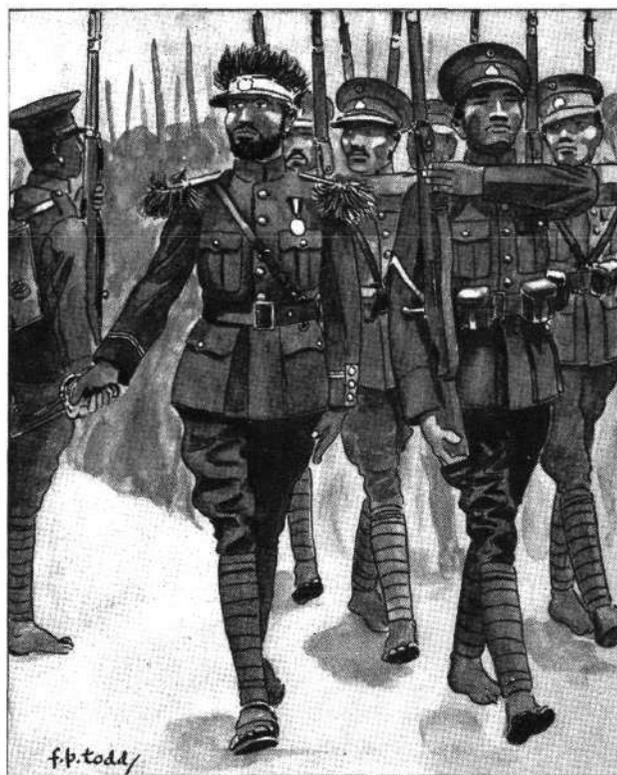


PINE CAMP AND VICINITY

Below is a mosaic air-map, made by the 27th Division Aviation, of the area round about Pine Camp where the maneuvers were held Aug. 17-31. The small map to the left shows the camp sites of the various divisions and their relation to Watertown and Carthage. Pine Camp itself is visible on the air-map, just north of the Black River where the roads converge about 2 1/2" from the left hand margin.



AIR PHOTO OF PINE PLAINS AREA
By the 102nd Obs. Squadron, 27th Division Aviation, N.Y.N.G.



INFANTRY OF THE WORLD

By Capt. F. P. Todd, 107th Infantry

11. Italy

FOR colonial service the Italian soldier wears a light weight, roll collar uniform of cotton drill, olive drab in color. The trousers are long and can be tucked into the high field shoes. For a hat he is given, in hot weather, the usual pith helmet and it is doubtful if the steel helmet will be worn in an African campaign. As many of the military exercises at home are conducted, during the summer, in nothing but shorts it is not surprising to find some of the men on duty in the kit worn by the man on the left. It has the undeniable advantage of coolness though perhaps not well adapted for the higher ranks who must forego such sartorial comforts!

12. Ethiopia

COMPOSED of about 3,000 men and containing all arms but engineers, the Imperial Guard represents the only really trained soldiers of Ethiopia. As the instructors are in the main Belgian, the uniform of the guard follows closely after that country, being of khaki drill or O. D. wool. The men go entirely barefoot as do most of the officers, a few, however, modernizing to the extent of sandals. Following an ancient custom the officers wear their caps and epaulettes fringed with the mane of a lion, this being the insignia of a tribal chief. The infantry of the guard is armed with the Mauser rifle and modern machine guns and trench mortars.

ITALY IS BENT ON WAR WITH ABYSSINIA

DEAF to concessions, averse to conciliation, blind to the growing sense of bitter criticism throughout the world, the Italian Duce—ex-corporal of the World War—is massing his troops preparatory to overrunning a friendly nation with which Italy has no just cause for quarrel.

By the time the GUARDSMAN is issued at the armories, the League of Nations will have met at Geneva to make a final (but it is feared, futile) effort to preserve peace. At this late date, it seems as if the only means to prevent war between the two nations would be for every member of the League Council to vote for "sanctions" against Italy. If Il Duce is not too far gone in his bombastic career, such a threat would make him think twice before launching his troops on the Abyssinian front. But because Europe is

extremely shy of being drawn into another expensive, bloody war, it is unlikely that sanctions will be voted. And even if they were, Mussolini has already been reported as saying: "We cannot draw back now. The 200,000 Italian rifles in East Africa would go off by themselves."

What are the underlying causes of this unjustified attack on Abyssinia? The three most commonly expressed are (1) Italy's need for expansion; (2) Mussolini's desire to draw Italy's attention away from serious economic conditions at home, and (3) revenge for the defeat of the Italian troops at Adowa—"a wound," according to Il Duce, "from which the heart of the Italian people has been smarting for forty years. It must be healed now once

(Continued on page 31)

Martial Law and the Guard

By 1st Lieut. DONALD P. MacARTHUR

Hdqrs., 93rd Brigade, N. Y. N. G.

THE recent calling out of the Nebraska National Guard in the Omaha Street Car Riots, as well as other numerous instances in which the National Guard has been drafted into state service under Martial Law, makes a discussion of this topic at the present time a most timely one.

The National Guard is subject to call by either the Federal or State Governments at any time, to suppress either a Federal or a State insurrection, to repel an invasion, or to suppress an internal disorder. When called by the Federal authorities it acts as a part of the army of the United States. When called by the State it is subject solely to the Commander in Chief of that State, the Governor, and it acts solely under his authority.

While a contingency may never arise, it cannot be overemphasized that the guard is at all times subject to immediate call. Where the civil authority is powerless to preserve order, the States have had and will continue to have frequent occasion for the exercise of Martial Law, for the sole reason that the preservation of domestic order in our country is primarily a State function.

In the history of our own State, Guardsmen have been used in quelling the Brooklyn Street Car Strike only a short time ago, and the Draft Riots of the Civil War as well as several food riots have been instances where troops have been used to good purpose and with satisfactory results.

Strictly speaking the term "Martial Law" is a misnomer. Military Rule or Martial Rule would be much more descriptive. Lord Wellington, speaking in the House of Lords, defined Martial Law as no law at all but merely the will of a commander of an armed force. Martial

Law in its present accepted sense is a military rule exercised at home by either the United States or a State,

over its own citizens. It differs from Military Government which is military rule as applied to an enemy territory.

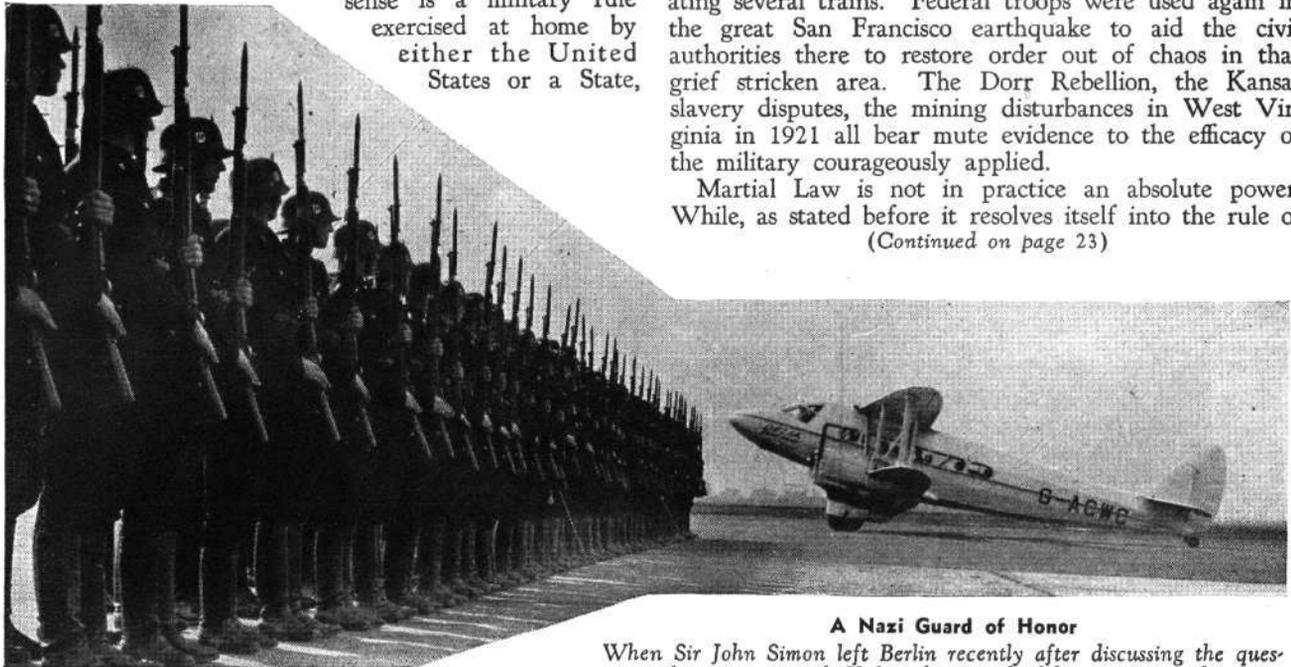
Martial Law when exercised supplants in whole or in part the existing civil law of that territory under its jurisdiction. It must also be differentiated from the use of troops used in quelling domestic disturbances as the latter upholds but does not supplant existing civil law.

In this State, like the United States and other States, the National Guard may be called out both for the purpose of aiding as well as supplanting local government. The Governor as the Commander in Chief may upon request order out the troops to aid the civil authority in suppressing riots. Even without a request he may satisfy himself that there exists a state of insurrection within the State and after declaring by proclamation the territory affected under Martial Law, may call out the National Guard to go in and quell it. In the latter case you would have Martial Law and in the former merely the use of the Guard to assist the local authorities in doing their duty.

Martial Law in its strict sense has rarely been declared by the Federal Government. They have, however, used both Federal and State troops to assist local authorities in maintaining order. Federal troops have been used in many instances in upholding the decrees of the Federal Courts as witnessed by the Great Chicago Railway Strike, where despite State protest, they were utilized in protecting Federal property, to insure the prompt handling of the U. S. Mail even to the extent of running and operating several trains. Federal troops were used again in the great San Francisco earthquake to aid the civil authorities there to restore order out of chaos in that grief stricken area. The Dorr Rebellion, the Kansas slavery disputes, the mining disturbances in West Virginia in 1921 all bear mute evidence to the efficacy of the military courageously applied.

Martial Law is not in practice an absolute power. While, as stated before it resolves itself into the rule of

(Continued on page 23)



A Nazi Guard of Honor

When Sir John Simon left Berlin recently after discussing the question of armaments with Hitler, this guard of honor presented arms as the British giant plane took off.

The Author of this article is Assistant District Attorney of New York County

FACTS AND FABLES*(Continued from page 11)*

gases suitable as chemical agents could be available. The "terrible gas" referred to suggests hydrocyanic acid, the action of which is quicker than that of any known gas. However there is nothing to prove that this gas, whatever it may be, is suitable for military use. Many substances that cause sudden death are totally unacceptable as war agents. Hydrocyanic acid was used in large quantities by the French in the World War, but was reported by the Germans to be very ineffective because of the difficulty of setting up a sufficiently high concentration and the fact that hydrocyanic acid is not a cumulative poison; today it is not seriously considered as a war gas.

A London newspaper in May, 1926, published a remarkable account under large headlines regarding an investigation of lewisite, the so-called "dew of death," developed in America during the War. One of the sub-headings was as follows:

How a South Kensington professor escaped by the narrowest chance from being killed by "Lewisite"—the odourless but devastating vapour that could bring death to Londoners in the streets without their knowledge of its presence.

Lewisite is not odorless and is regarded as less dangerous and less effective than mustard gas, partly on account of its instability in the presence of moisture, partly on account of manufacturing difficulties, and partly on account of other deficiencies.

A New York daily published in January, 1933, under a London dateline, an article with the following headline:

**MORE DEADLY GASES MADE FOR THE NEXT
WAR CAN WIPE OUT CITIES, SAYS
LORD HALSBURY**

This article turns out to be exceedingly sensational. Among other wild claims is one that a bomb filled with diphenylchlorarsine will kill everyone within a radius of a half mile. Diphenylchlorarsine is a well-known irritant used during the World War. It is extremely irritating to the mucous membranes and small quantities of it will induce nausea, but sufficient concentrations cannot be set up in the field to cause death. As a matter of fact, diphenylaminechlorarsine, a very similar compound, is being manufactured by a commercial concern in this coun-

try and put on the market in a munition to control dangerous mobs, it being acceptable for this purpose because it produces only temporary and noninjurious effects.

A New York newspaper in July, 1927, published a note concerning mustard gas under the headline:

TON OF MUSTARD GAS TO KILL 45,000,000 MEN

Mustard gas is the well-known agent introduced by the Germans during the World War and is still the most effective chemical war agent known. But World War data show that even of this "King of war gases" about a ton and a half was required under war conditions to produce one death. This figure is based on the fact that 12,000 tons of mustard gas are known to have been used during the War and that there were 350,000 mustard gas casualties (hospital cases) of whom only 2.5% died. The headline exaggerated the facts by some sixty-eight million times! In partial extenuation of this exaggeration, however, the article itself stated that 45,000,000 men could be killed by one ton if they would all stand still and inhale mustard fumes! Even this was an exaggeration by many millions of times, for in order to be true the lethal dose would have to be administered to each man separately in such a way as to *avoid all loss*.

A New York newspaper in September, 1934, published an article under the following headline:

**NEW WAR GAS WHICH CAN KILL AS EXPLO-
SIVE OR DEAL SILENT DEATH IS
PRODUCED AT M.I.T.**

The article described a compound which may be called fluorine nitrate, the preparation of which was reported to the American Chemical Society at the Cleveland meeting, Spring of 1934. Investigation by the Chemical Warfare Service revealed that no measurements of toxicity had been made and no consideration had been given to the suitability of the substance as a chemical warfare agent except that it caused coughing when it was smelled and that it exploded when heated. There is no information of the concentration which is required to produce coughing and coughing in itself is not a serious physiological effect. The explosive property of the gas would be a serious drawback to its use as a chemical warfare agent since this indicates extreme instability, it greatly increases the difficulty of manufacture and loading, and it destroys the identity of

(Continued on page 22)



Photo by Associated Press

Field Artillery Galloping Into Action—in Berlin

This battery of Nazi field guns is passing the Potsdam reviewing stand at the gallop under the eagle-eye eye of ex-corporal Hitler.

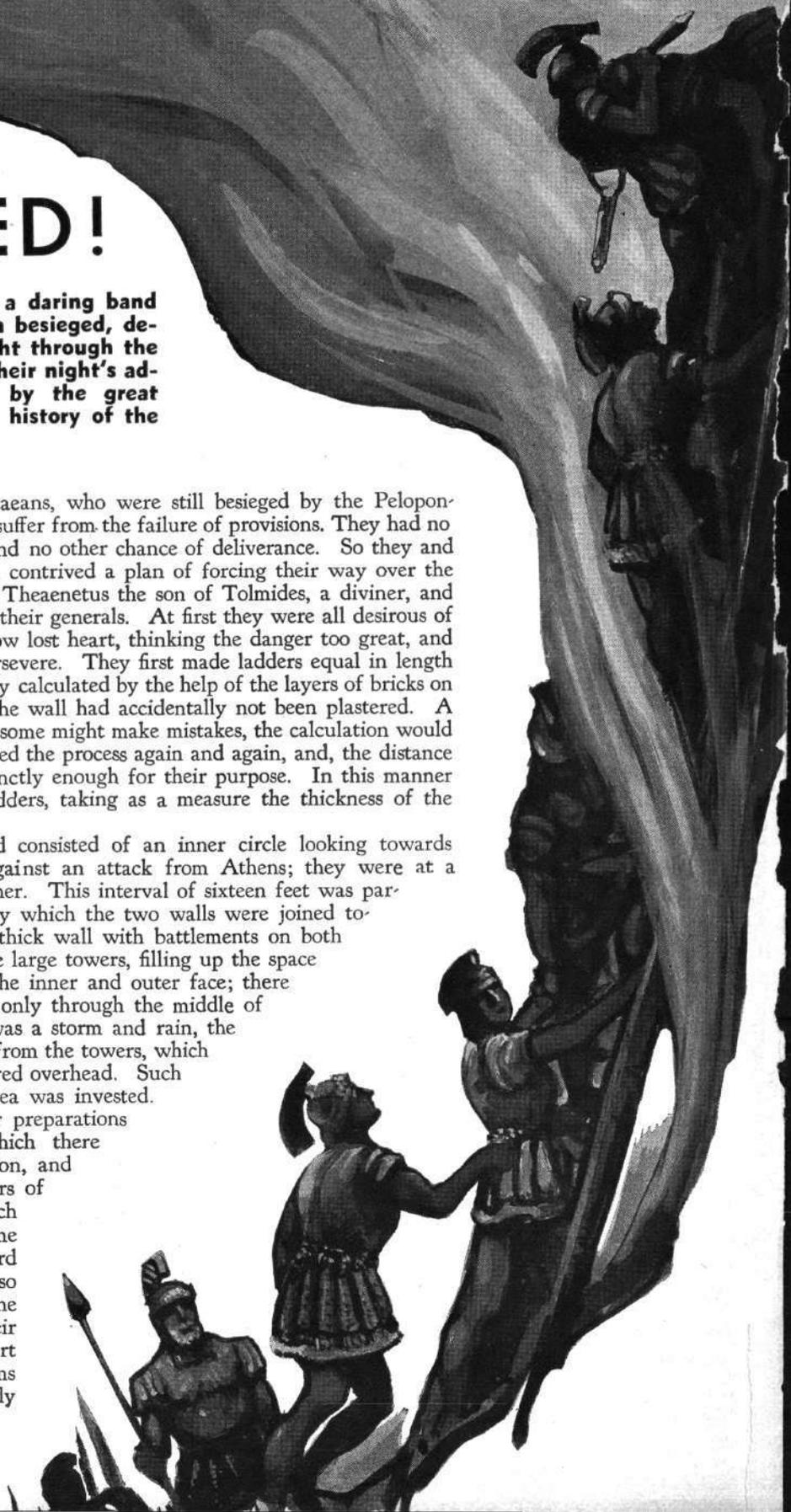
THEY ESCAPED!

Two thousand years ago (431 B.C.), a daring band of 220 men whose city had long been besieged, determined to make their escape by night through the enemy's lines. The exciting story of their night's adventure has been preserved for us by the great Athenian general, Theucydides, in his history of the Peloponnesian War.

DURING the same winter the Plataeans, who were still besieged by the Peloponnesians and Boeotians, began to suffer from the failure of provisions. They had no hope of assistance from Athens and no other chance of deliverance. So they and the Athenians who were shut up with them contrived a plan of forcing their way over the enemy's walls. The idea was suggested by Theaenetus the son of Tolmides, a diviner, and Eupompidas, the son of Daimachus, one of their generals. At first they were all desirous of joining, but afterwards half of them somehow lost heart, thinking the danger too great, and only two hundred and twenty agreed to persevere. They first made ladders equal in length to the height of the enemy's wall, which they calculated by the help of the layers of bricks on the side facing the town, at a place where the wall had accidentally not been plastered. A great many counted at once, and, although some might make mistakes, the calculation would be oftener right than wrong; for they repeated the process again and again, and, the distance not being great, they could see the wall distinctly enough for their purpose. In this manner they ascertained the proper length of the ladders, taking as a measure the thickness of the bricks.

The Peloponnesian wall was double, and consisted of an inner circle looking towards Plataea, and an outer intended to guard against an attack from Athens; they were at a distance of about sixteen feet from one another. This interval of sixteen feet was partitioned off into lodgings for the soldiers, by which the two walls were joined together, so that they appeared to form one thick wall with battlements on both sides. At every tenth battlement there were large towers, filling up the space between the walls, and extending both to the inner and outer face; there was no way at the side of the towers, but only through the middle of them. During the night, whenever there was a storm and rain, the soldiers left the battlements and kept guard from the towers, which were not far from each other and were covered overhead. Such was the plan of the wall with which Plataea was invested.

When the Plataeans had completed their preparations they took advantage of a night on which there was a storm of wind and rain and no moon, and sallied forth. They were led by the authors of the attempt. First of all they crossed the ditch which surrounded the town; then they came right up to the wall of the enemy. The guard did not discover them, for the night was so dark that they could not be seen, while the clatter of the storm drowned the noise of their approach. They marched a good way apart from each other, that the clashing of their arms might not betray them; and they were lightly



GEORGE GRAY



Of the 220 men who attempted to escape, seven men backed out at the last moment and one man was taken prisoner. Their success lay in their boldness and in the careful foresight with which their plans were made.

Illustrated by
George Gray

equipped, having the right foot bare that they might be less liable to slip in the mud. They now set about scaling the battlements, which they knew to be deserted, choosing a space between two of the towers. Those who carried the ladders went first and placed them against the wall; they were followed by twelve others, armed only with sword and breastplate, under the command of Ammeas, the son of Coroebus: he was the first to mount; after him came the twelve, ascending the wall and proceeding to the towers on the right and left, six to each. To these succeeded more men lightly armed with short spears, other following who bore their shields that they might have less difficulty in mounting the wall; the shields were to be handed to them as soon as they were near the enemy. A considerable number had ascended, when they were discovered by the guards in the towers. One of the Plataeans, taking hold of the battlements, threw down a tile which made a noise in falling: immediately a shout was raised and the army rushed out upon the wall; for in the dark and stormy night they did not know what the alarm meant. At the same time, in order to distract their attention, the Plataeans who were left in the city made a sally against the Peloponnesian wall on the side opposite to the place at which their friends were getting over. The besiegers were in great excitement, but every one remained at his post, and dared not stir to give assistance, being at a loss to imagine what was happening. Three hundred who were appointed to act in any sudden emergency marched along outside the walls towards the spot from which the cry proceeded; and fire-signals indicating danger were raised towards Thebes. But the Plataeans in the city had numerous counter-signals ready on the wall, thereby hoping to render the signals of the enemy unintelligible, so that the Thebans might not arrive until the men had escaped and were in safety.

Meanwhile the Plataeans were scaling the walls. The first party had mounted, and, killing the sentinels, had gained possession of the towers on either side. Their followers now began to occupy the passages, lest the enemy should come through and fall upon them. Some of them placed ladders upon the wall against the towers, and got up more men. A shower of missiles proceeding both from the upper and lower parts of the towers kept off all assailants. Meanwhile the main body of the Plataeans, who were still below, applied to the wall many ladders at once,

and, pushing down the battlements, made their way over through the space between the towers. As each man got to the other side he halted upon the edge of the ditch, whence they shot darts and arrows at any one who came along under the wall and attempted to impede their passage. When they had all passed over, those who had occupied the towers came down, the last of them not without great difficulty, and proceeded towards the ditch. By this time the three hundred were upon them; they had lights, and the Plataeans, standing on the edge of the ditch, saw them all the better out of the darkness, and shot arrows and threw darts at them where their bodies were exposed; they themselves were concealed by the darkness, while the enemy were dazed by their own lights. And so the Plataeans, down to the last man of them all, got safely over the ditch, though with great exertion and only after a hard struggle; for the ice in it was not frozen hard enough to bear, but was half water, as is commonly the case when the wind is from the east and not from the north. And the snow which the east wind brought in the night had greatly swollen the water, so that they could scarcely accomplish the passage. It was the violence of the storm, however, which enabled them to escape at all.

From the ditch the Plataeans, leaving on the right hand the shrine of Androcrates, ran all together along the road to Thebes. They made sure that no one would ever suspect them of having fled in the direction of their enemies. On their way they saw the Peloponnesians pursuing them with torches on the road which leads to Athens by Cithaeron and Dryoscephalae. For nearly a mile the Plataeans continued on the Theban road; they then turned off and went by the way up the mountain leading to Erythrae and Hysiae, and so, getting to the hills, they escaped to Athens. Their number was two hundred and twelve, though they had been originally more, for some of them went back to the city and never got over the wall; one who was an archer was taken at the outer ditch. The Peloponnesians at length gave up the pursuit, and returned to their lines. But the Plataeans in the city, knowing nothing of what had happened, for those who had turned back had informed them that not one was left alive, sent out a herald at daybreak, wanting to make a truce for the burial of the dead: they then discovered the truth and returned. Thus the Plataeans scaled the wall and escaped.

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL?

(Continued from page 10)

that they must bear the brunt of battle, while those who have devoted their lives to military affairs are at the rear training or planning. The civilian officer is intelligent enough to appreciate his own lack of knowledge, but he knows who will be the actual platoon leader in action, and he may not always seem to relish advice from his professional brother in arms. This is but a small part of the cost of huge civilian armies.

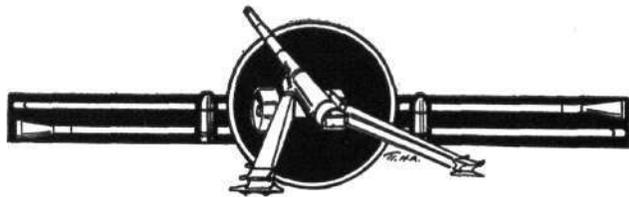
If the results of the use of enormous numbers of men were proven to be superior, or if their use was inevitable, we could but accept the burden as one of those due to modern civilization (?). But I wonder.

From past wars we learn that the great captains have been those who have not counted so much on numerical superiority over the total forces of the enemy. Rather they have planned to possess superiority of numbers on the field of combat *which they have chosen*. They have banked heavily on the morale of their forces. There are not many cases analogous to that of Grant in the closing days of the Civil War, where the foe was surrounded and submerged by vastly superior numbers and armament. On the contrary we have the Athenians at Marathon, Robert E. Lee and Jeb Stuart, and countless others of the truly great who seldom knew what it was to outnumber the enemy.

York and Woodfill are extreme examples of the power of determined and resourceful soldiers. In some degree their exploits were possible because they were not burdened with ill-prepared comrades who could only have hindered them. Their enemies would have had a much

easier time holding off the average war-time company.

I suspect that every company commander in France wished, as he went into combat that he could quietly shelve at least a third of his outfit. Entirely too many of our soldiers were decided liabilities. Their presence brought down the fire of the enemy because they would not or could not resist the temptation to gang up. They malingered and hurt the morale of the real soldiers. They kept the M.P.'s busy behind the lines, and formed the large majority of those who suffered from shell shock. Elimination of these actually unfitted for front line duty would have simplified problems of supply, would have increased the mobility of the combat troops, certainly would have raised the morale of the fighters, and would have decreased fire power very little if at all.



Our armies have become vast machines which will actually function well only under laboratory conditions. We demand cooperation between great numbers of rather poorly trained specialists, operating under actual conditions which can be appallingly difficult. Blessed above all outfits was that infantry regiment which could implicitly trust its own artillery support in the Argonne. We are attempting to coordinate a delicate machine spread out over many square miles of terrain, with a nervous system as unreliable as that of a victim of locomotor-ataxia.

Every new gadget we add means one more which may cease to function in a crisis. Every innovation presents a new problem of supply. And it must be remembered that in a major emergency these gadgets and innovations will be turned over to soldiers none too well trained at the very best.

We lack no genius in the matter of providing novel and effective means of destruction. But as yet no human mind can solve the problem of making this Frankenstein actually function, at a given time, on even a majority of its multiplicity of cylinders. Operating under peace time conditions our field maneuvers chiefly reveal mistakes, if we can believe the many reports written about them. What about those maneuvers when a determined enemy joins with the elements to make a mess of our plans?

Not in any sense as a military student, but as an interested novice, I'd like to offer a guess. Some day within the next twenty years, one of these ponderous and wonderful machines which we call a modern army will take to the field. Its opponent, through force of circumstances, will be sadly outnumbered. But it will have at its command an army of men chosen for their ability and eagerness to fight. It will be equipped for mobility. Its strategy will be to hit and run. By means of air raids and swift cross-country tanks it will paralyze the communications system of its unwieldy opponent, and wreck its supply system. David's swift moving, hard hitting infantry will then defeat Goliath's cumbersome, poorly prepared combat units in detail.

Then the master military minds of the world will say: "Why didn't we think of that?"



Burgomaster Beer and Fitzgerald's Ales

WERE IN GREAT DEMAND ALL
SUMMER AT THE
CAMP SMITH AND PINE CAMP
CANTEENS



A Soldier's Drink



FITZGERALD BROS.
BREWING CO.

TROY, N. Y.





KEEP SMILING

Helper

The truck driver had just gotten his vehicle to the top of a particularly steep mountain. He brought the vehicle to a stop, wiped his brow, and turned to his new helper. "Gosh, that was a steep grind. I thought old Bertha wouldn't make it."

To which the helper replied, "Gee, it was awfully steep. You'd have been going backward if I hadn't kept the hand brake on for you."—(*Army and Navy Journal.*)

A Steady Job

She—"Were you in the army?"

He—"Yes, I served overseas,"

She—"Did you get a commission?"

He—"No, just a straight salary."

Up in the Front Line

Attorney: "And what makes you think you are entitled a pension, Mrs. Gnaggs? Did you do any fighting during the war?"

Mrs. Gnaggs: "Yes, my husband and I fought the whole four years."

Call the Fire Dept.!

"I warn you, girlie. I'm dynamite!"

"Well, I'm your match."

A New Policy

"And what did the insurance agent say when he came to the door while you were in your bath, madam?"

"He wanted to know if I was fully covered."

Helpless Female

Smart Boy: "I've a great mind to rock the boat and frighten you."

Modern Girl: "Once before a young man like you tried to do that with me and the boat upset."

"And what did you do?"

"I swam ashore and notified the coroner."

Serious

Mr. Hott: "Doctor, I want to talk to you about our hired girl's legs."

Dr. Lott: "But I'm a psychiatrist. I deal only with the mind."

Mr. Hott: "Oh, that's all right. It's my mind that they're on."

Misunderstood

Abie: "I voik fer a pent house."

Mike: "Don't you mean you live in a pent house?"

Abie: "No, I mean I voik fer a pent house; I sell pent, you know, red pent, green pent. . ."



Hot and Bothered

Although I object to this undue warmth

And could easily do without it, It isn't the heat that I mind the most As the people who talk about it.

Wasting No Time

Three minutes after receiving a warning letter a darky appeared at the ticket window of the railroad station. The following conversation ensued:

"Cap'n, suh, when do de fastest train leab dis town?"

"Sorry, uncle, but the fastest train left five minutes ago."

"Dat's all right, boss; I'se in a hurry; jus' you sell me a ticket and tell me which track she lef' on."

Alarming

The colored preacher was describing the "bad place" to his congregation.

"Friends," he said, "you've seen this here melted iron running out of a furnace, ain't you-all, white-hot, sizzling and hissing? Well—"

The preacher pointed a long, lean finger at the frightened crowd. "Well," he continued, "they use that stuff for ice cream in the place I been talking about."

Passed the Test

"Have you the firmness of character that enables a person to go on and do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism, and heartless ridicule?"

"I ought to have, I cooked for B Company last summer."

Inattentive

"Does your wife ever talk to herself?"

"Not knowingly; she thinks I'm listening."

Hang on Tight!

Nervous Passenger: "Don't drive so quickly round the corners. It makes me frightened."

Chauffeur: "You don't want to get scared. Do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to corners."

Temporarily O. K.

Chorine: "You say your new sweetie is the fellow who just won \$500,000 on the Sweepstakes? Are you sure you've got the right dope?"

Danseuse: "Well, he'll do until a bigger dope comes along."

A Nightmare

Charley: "Last night I had an awful pain in my arms."

George: "Who was she?"

Thirty to One

A Thrilling War-time Story

By

Major Joseph A. McDonough
Hdqrs. 93rd Brigade

“**S**PEAKING of quick wit, do any of you fellows know Sgt. Pat Nager?”

Several of the old-timers in the group did know him, had soldiered with him in fact. You know how it is when a bunch of old army men get together and swap yarns. The talk may run from the Boxer Relief to the Archangel Expedition. And when the boys get reminiscing about deeds of daring, you are sure to hear something good in that line.

I remembered meeting Nager at Plattsburgh shortly after the war. I had dropped down to Post Headquarters to pick up a copy of an order at the Adjutant's Office and one of the boys had asked me to stay and mess with them. On my right was this Nager. A fine specimen of an Old Soldier he was. No more than medium height, with a well set up, rather stocky figure. One incident of that meal had stuck in my memory.

I had noticed his nicely fitting blouse of Chino-khaki which had been washed till it was several shades lighter than regulation, but still would never be mistaken for an issued article. On the left breast was a ribbon which had been so often tubbed with the blouse that it was itself a light OD shade. I commented on this fact and asked Nager what medal it might be.

“Oh that?” he answered as he glanced down at it. “I don't know which one that was.”

“So,” I replied, “you have so many of them you can't keep track of them. What might they be, all these medals?”

Sgt. Pat started to squirm and the boys all chuckled at his evident discomfiture.

“Well,” he said, “there's the Spanish American, and the Philippine, and the Mexican.”

“You are holding out on me,” I told him. “There isn't a hint of a stripe left on this one.”

At this juncture old Sgt. Mike Dunn broke into the conversation with “Maybe it had stars on it, not stripes, and maybe they were white on a light blue field.”

“The Congressional Medal of Honor,” escaped me.

“Now you shut up, Dunn,” commanded Nager. And as mess was about over he stalked out of the mess-shack. Nor could I get a word of the story out of Sgt. Mike.

“No, young feller, if Pat thought I'd give him away he would beat the tar out of me, worse than he did in the Islands the time I got licked up on native wine and started off all by myself to exterminate our little brown brothers. But that's another story.”



Illustrated
by George Gray

So I had to be content with the tale of Mike's little private war that would have landed him in Bilibid had not Pat strong-armed him and let him sleep it off.

I hadn't seen Nager again till the day they buried the Unknown Soldier in Arlington. He was one of the Medal men who had acted as escort and honorary pallbearers. So I picked up my ears at the mention of his name and sat back as the narrator went on to tell about Paddie Nager's quick wit.

Now the pipes were going, and the boys were well into the summer night with never a thought of First Call in the morning to slow up the yarn spinning. Sgt. Reid was holding forth.

“Pat and I soldiered together for a good many years. Mostly in the old Eighteenth. We shared the same pup tent in Mexico when Black Jack was chasing Villa, and we figured we would be together under the same boss in France. But we got fooled. Pat was commissioned a First Lieutenant and sent with the National Army. They tell me he was a riot for a while. It's hard to get out of the habit of saluting second lieutenants. His company wasn't much when they first reported. But beating a bunch of rookies into shape was duck soup for Nager. Been doing it for a lot of years. He got them so they looked like army men and could handle a rifle. His first sergeant was an old regular named Harrow, and he gave me all the dope I am about to spill.

“It seems the boys thought Pat was hot stuff, and they would hit the ball out of the lot for him every time. So when they got held by machine guns in the Argonne and started to click heavy casualties old Pat saw red. They couldn't go forward, and it was death to retire.

“Pat could see the muzzle-blast from one pair of guns off on his right. They seemed to be the ones doing the trick. There was no chance of any artillery assistance, they had to go it alone. He scribbled a message to his battalion commander telling him he was going to out-bank the m.g.'s and lit out with ten of his best men.

“Nager led them way around to the left flank. The

(Continued on page 25)

Letters of a Camp Smith "Rookie" to His Ma

As Edited by ALVIN E. BLOMQUIST

Camp Smith, Peekskill, N. Y.,
Friday Nite



Illustrations by Bo Brown

DEAR MA:

Well, this is like old times because I am riting you from my tent. I was kept in the guard house all of Wensday and all Wensday nite but yesterday morning I was released and Captain Reid talked to me strong and after he had talked more than 1 hour I sed "yessir." I am assigned to our company mess as kitchen police and except that I gotta wash a couple thousand dishes and peal millions of spuds, it aint a bad detail.

Yesterday morning for exampel in the icebox I found a quart bottel of cream which the first sarjin and the cook had held out for themselves so I drank about $\frac{1}{2}$ of it and filled the bottel up with milk. In the afternoon, just before supper, I found the sarjin and the cook examing the bottel and the sarjin was cussing and so was the cook.

Yesterday was cam and peaceful but today was not, and the cook is sore at me and sez if he loses his job it will be my fault and he will cut out my gizzard with his dullest carving knife. What has happened has been that after the men had breakfast and went out in the field this morning the cook went over the commissary to draw rashuns for the day or something. I snuck a look in the icebox and there they was another bottel of cream. So I downed about $\frac{1}{2}$ of it and filled the bottel up with milk and put it back in the box like I done yesterday. Then I went outside to peel potatos for dinner and supper but when I sat down and started in on the spuds I felt so full and comfortable, and it was so warm, I leaned against the mess shack and must of dozed off. Boy what a dream I had! I dremt the queen of Sheba was calling me her honey and that she was stroking my face but what do you think it was? We got a littel stray kitten running around the company street and it must of been that I forgot to wipe some of the cream I had drank from off my chin because the kitten was standing on her hind legs in my lap with her paws on my chest and was licking my face and chin industrious. Just then the cook comes round the corner of the mess shack, having come back from drawing rashuns, and he sez "Whats this mean and why is the cat licking your mug?" So I done some quick thinking and I sez me and the kitten is friends and she knows I have forgotten my shavings things at home, and my whiskers aint hardly begun to grow and she is giving me a shave. But he suspects something and its when he sees how thin the cream is in the bottel that he comes outside again and tells me about operating on my gizzard. But I aint afraid of that because he dassnt say nothing to nobody but the first sarjin, who is a louse, because if the men knew

the cook and the first sarjin was living extra fine they would tell Captain Reid and they would be a hot time.

The reason the cook thinks he may lose his job is because what happened at supper and he thinks I done it. I aint sure myself if I done it but he cant pin nothing on me, I know. About twenty minutes before supper tonight I was in the kitchen alone for a minute. The differunt pots and pans of food was on top of the stove keeping warm, with a big pot of soup boiling away like mad on the front of the stove. I had washed my hands and face but soap got in my eyes and I was feeling around for a place to lay the soap and to find a towel when I slipped on something on the floor. I sat down hard but wasnt hurt but the soap flew out of my hands and when I went to look for it I couldnt find it after I had wipped my face and hands. Then I had to give up looking be-

(Continued on page 32)



"She was licking my face and chin industrious!"

FACTS AND FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

the gas when a shell explodes.

A London newspaper in July, 1934, published an article under the following headline:

POISON GAS BEATS EXPERTS; MASKS QUICKLY OUT OF DATE; EVEN WAR OFFICE APPALLED; PEOPLE AT MERCY OF CHEMISTS

The article revealed that the "horrible new gas" which was "the most devastating gas known" was diphenylarsine. The composition of this substance places it in the class of irritants. The compound is known and was described in the Journal of the American Chemical Society for 1933, page 1161. It is closely related to diphenylchlorarsine already referred to. Modern properly constructed gas masks offer complete protection against all irritant smokes. Diphenylarsine is probably less effective as an irritant than diphenylchlorarsine, since it is well known that the presence of chlorine usually increases the irritating effect of such compounds.

A Chicago newspaper of December, 1928, featured the story of the "reluctant" divulging of the terrors of a new war gas by an "internationally known research chemist." The headline was as follows:

SCIENTIST TELLS OF GAS THAT CAN DESTROY ARMIES

The following is quoted from the article: "He talked reluctantly about the new poison gas, which, he said, is called cacodyl isocyanide,—reluctantly—because, he said, the government has made it known that it does not wish to have the subject too much discussed. He said the gas is so deadly that although it is in the possession of all the great nations of the World, the rulers and military leaders would hesitate to start using it." The Chicago section of the American Chemical Society undertook an investigation of this and other stories emanating from the same source, and published its findings in The Chemical Bulletin of January, 1929. The "internationally known research chemist" was revealed as a professional lecturer with a flair for the sensational. As a matter of fact the cacodyl compounds were carefully investigated during the war and discarded as potential chemical warfare agents.

E. Alexander Powell in his new book "The Long Roll on the Rhine," MacMillan, 1934, writes: "I have been told by a chemical engineer of international reputation that the German chemists have succeeded in producing two new toxic gases and a new explosive far more deadly than anything heretofore known."

One of the gases he identifies as nitroso camphor, of which he says: "Odorless and colorless, it insidiously penetrates and dissolves in the mucous membranes, particularly affecting the lungs, its victims having no warning of its presence until it is too late. Its inventors claim that by pumping it into a town through concealed pipes the entire population could be wiped out in a few minutes."

The second gas he identifies as chloralkylarsenide of which he says: "It has a double-barreled effect, for it burns the skin as horribly as the so-called mustard gas used during the latter stages of the great war and at the same time enters the system and produces acute arsenical poisoning." The explosive he identifies as nitrogen chloride, saying of it: "Like nitroglycerine it explodes on con-

tact, but it is claimed to be many times more powerful." Of the two new toxic gases, it may be said that their chemical nature is not sufficiently disclosed to enable positive identification of their composition. However, it is difficult to believe that any derivative of camphor could have the properties attributed to "nitroso camphor" which, incidentally sound suspiciously like the properties of mustard gas.

The expression "wipe out the entire population" is a favorite of sensational writers who never take the trouble to tell what they mean by it. It sounds very terrible but means nothing. The idea of laying concealed pipes in hostile territory and pumping a poison gas through them to "wipe out the entire population" is very naive. The "chloralkyl arsenide" is probably a chlorarsine such as ethyldichlorarsine which was used in large quantities by the Germans during the World War. These compounds are very well known and do not present any unexpected hazards. Nitrogen chloride is well known in chemical literature and is not suitable for any kind of military use on account of its extreme sensitivity and its lack of explosive energy.

These examples are quite typical of all reports investigated. It appears of interest to add in this connection several well established facts which may be used to controvert most of the sensational reports that appear from time to time.

Lewisite, the so-called "dew of death" discovered in America during the War, although somewhat more toxic than mustard gas, is less well adapted for use as a chemical warfare agent than mustard gas.

Irritant smokes and lacrimators are irritating and not lethal agents. No deaths are known to have been caused by these agents. They are all readily caught by the modern military gas mask.

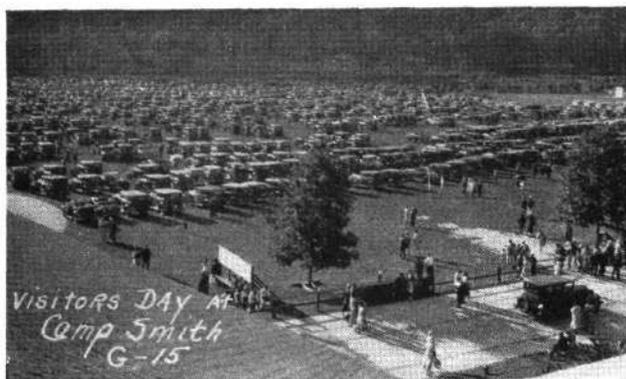
All known gases except the very highly volatile ones are caught by the modern military gas masks. Most of these very highly volatile gases (gases with very low liquefying temperatures) such as oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and so forth, are nonpoisonous. Even those that are poisonous,



like carbon monoxide, are not suitable for chemical warfare agents partly because they cannot be used in shell in the liquid form and partly because their comparatively low toxicity would require enormously large quantities to set up effective concentrations. Even the immense quantities of carbon monoxide which are discharged into our city streets daily from gasoline motors and from other sources are not sufficient to set up even harmful concentrations.

Lengthy and expensive tests by qualified chemical warfare experts are necessary to establish the suitability of any gas as a chemical warfare agent. Consequently when a report of the discovery of a new chemical agent or gas of highly toxic characteristics immediately couples it with military use to wipe out cities or armies or to make the soil sterile, we can be sure that the claim is premature, to say the least, if not entirely unreliable.

Many years are frequently necessary to work out effi-



WHEN THE M. P.'s ARE BUSY

Visitors' Day is always popular at Camp Smith and the Military Police have their hands full directing and parking automobiles.

cient methods of manufacture after a new gas has been made in small quantities by a laboratory method which produces it in limited quantities and in extremely low yields. Surveillance tests must be run to determine if the material is stable and can be loaded in steel shell. On account of the impracticability of testing the effects on human subjects the determination of the physiological action and the effective concentrations by roundabout methods is difficult and time consuming. Since it is not feasible to use a large number of agents in the field, it is necessary to make a decision whether a given new agent is better than a standard agent and should replace it, and this decision involves a great many factors, much experimental work to determine whether it has a sufficient number of desirable characteristics to a higher degree than the old agent, and is very difficult to make.

Published accounts of the discovery of new agents seldom, if ever, give any idea of the concentrations required to produce the effects described. The effective concentration is a fundamentally important technical factor. Any gas known, excepting only a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportions present in air, will cause death if the concentration is sufficiently high. If we ignore the factor of the effective concentration we could base very sensational headlines upon such well known substances as ether, chloroform, gasoline (especially if it contains lead tetraethyl!), ammonia, sulphur dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, carbon dioxide, and hundreds of others. Water itself can cause very sudden and horrible deaths if a person is immersed in it!



MARTIAL LAW AND THE GUARD

(Continued from page 14)

the commander, it must be remembered that we are dealing with our own people and over land of our own country. License and disorder under the guise of Martial Law cannot be and is not sanctioned. As long as the National Guardsman, when summoned into service, whether he be an officer or in the ranks, carries out his mission with firmness coupled with leniency towards those governed, with care not to disturb the even tenor of their ways and with a thought to their future, he can only be commended. If he exceeds the authority given him either by license or excess firmness he can be held civilly liable as well as being subject to military punishment. At best he is at all times in a difficult position and the necessity of firmness, joined with a human consideration of his task, cannot be stressed too greatly. In carrying out his mission he can use all necessary force in which to accomplish his ends and to carry out his superior's orders and in doing so his conduct is measured by the standards of actual war-time and not peace-time conditions. The necessity of acting decisively, wisely and rightly at the crux of a disorder presupposes a thorough knowledge of the conditions and what is the proper manner of righting them.

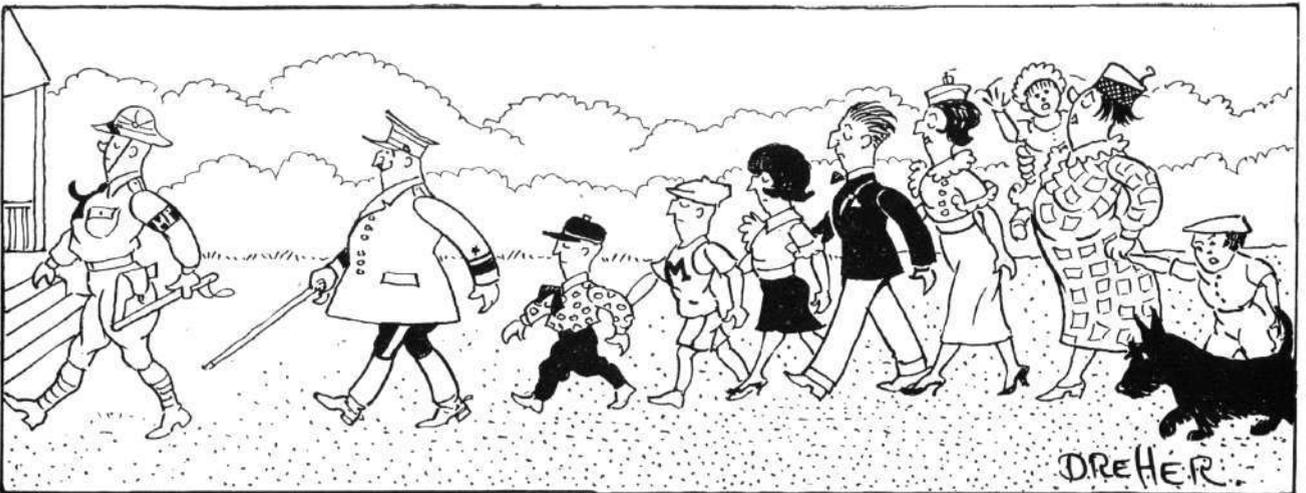
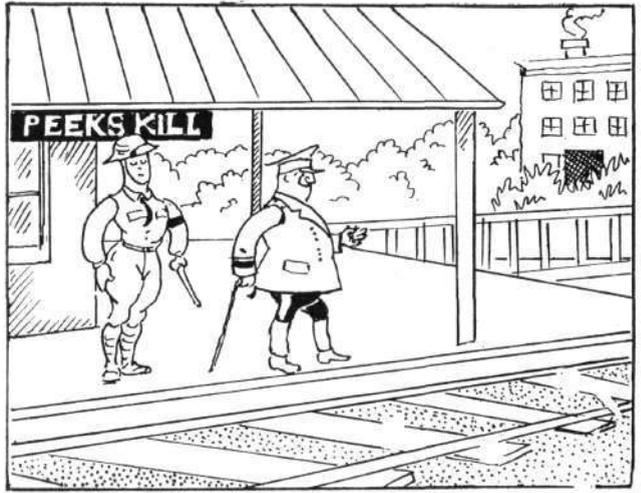
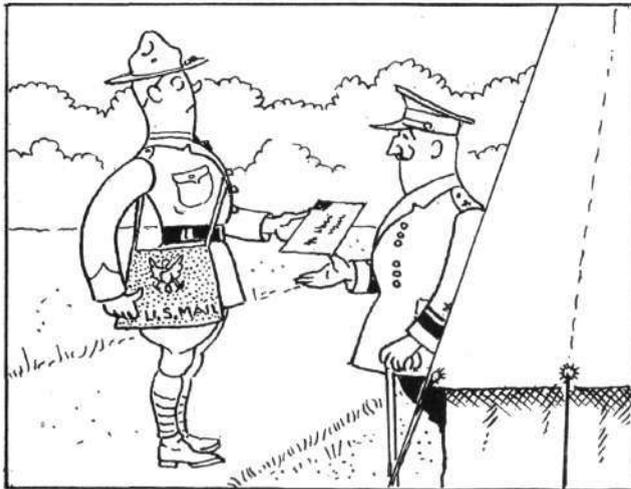
In closing we must remember that the people subject to Martial Law are not legally enemies. They are our own citizens. The Guardsman who, when called by his State into action to suppress internal disorder, remembers this and at the same time effectively uses that amount of force and firmness which will promptly carry out his mission of restoring order out of chaos, cannot be too highly commended.

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THE BRIGADIER Major E. C. Dreher



THIRTY TO ONE

(Continued from page 20)

ground was not very clear, lots of underbrush, and they made good going of it. About twenty yards from the guns which were firing slowly now, thinking they had the American attack well in hand, Pat gave the word and they let fly with a flock of grenades which did the trick. There didn't seem to be any fight left in Fritz so the boys stood up and rushed the position. That was their big mistake. Another pair of guns were right in front of them. As they had not been firing they had escaped the notice of the oncoming Yanks. The first burst wiped out most of the patrol.

"Lieutenant Nager was hit in the legs. He had the presence of mind to stick the bayonet of the rifle he was carrying in the ground and support himself erect, thus keeping out of the stream of lead flying around his ankles. With his automatic pistol he winged the gunner of number one gun, and as luck would have it the other gun got a jam and before the crew could clear it and get the gun working again two more of them had been taken out.

"There was a pause. A quick glance showed Nager that his men were all washed out. Not one of them left. Now here is the place where the quick wit comes in. He didn't know if there were any more Boche in the machine gun crews or not. But he figured there were plenty.

"He started to give commands to his patrol.

"Keep down you on the left! Do you want them Germans to blow your heads off? Take cover and stay there till I give the word."

"No, Billie, don't throw that grenade! You will blow them to smithereens and we won't have any prisoners. Don't be impatient over there. Stay out of sight like I told you, Mulligan. All set, boys? We will give the Germans just one more chance."

"Now you Germans, come out or we will blow you to Hell. You heard me. Snap out of it."

"All this was too much for the Krauts. They were holding a confab, and as it looked to them their minutes were numbered if the Yanks let go with the hand grenades. A Hun lieutenant finally stuck his head up and raised his hands in token of surrender. All the while Nager was issuing orders to what the Heinies thought was at least a platoon. He ordered the Germans to bring out all four machine guns and keep their hands well up above their heads.

"Then he pulled his classic.

"Sergeant White will take command. Continue on your mission Sergeant. Keep down, you damn fools! I'm wounded so these Germans will carry me in with the machine guns. Good luck to you boys."

"So off they went, a badly wounded American, thirty Bavarians and four machine guns. I'd like to have been at the Battalion C. P. when they breezed in.

"Some months later, the Big Boss himself pinned the Medal of Honor on his chest or hung it around his neck as the case may be. Pat was a captain by then, having been promoted while still in the hospital.

"Captain Nager," asked General Pershing, 'how did you happen to think of that ruse to capture all the Germans and their guns?'

"I wasn't thinking of capturing Germans, General, merely of saving my own life," replied Pat."

THE END

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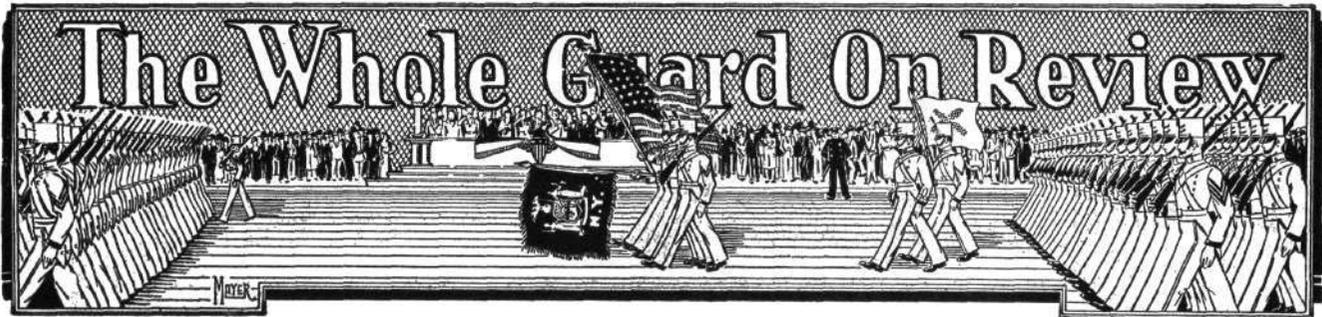
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102nd MEDICAL REGIMENT

Headquarters and Service Company

BY the time this appears in print the Service Company will have returned from Pine Camp—for better or for worse!

Prior to departure the morale of the Company was at its highest, attendance well-nigh perfect, and Rookies were strewn all over the drill-shed.

This year will see our new Band function for the first time in the field, and the various sections of the Company will assume active and effective duties in the field; heretofore these sections existed as "paper units."

New motor trucks have been assigned to us, and from the care they are receiving, will be on the road in the Camp Tour of 1935.

The Rookies have nearly sweated themselves into oblivion struggling with rolling packs, and pitching pup tents to the satisfaction of the Non Coms and Officers.

A novel part of this year's camp tour will be the proposed filming of a Company History with a motion picture

camera. All members will help to defray the expense of this project and if it works out as expected, it will give them many a laugh to see themselves on the screen as others see them.

We wish to welcome the following new men into the Company through the pages of the GUARDSMAN:

New Recruits: Louis A. Cahoon, Rodney J. Edwards, Michael A. Grieco, John S. Hindle, Hubert A. Nichols, Eugene D. Sequist, Daniel E. Sniffen, Richard L. Storey, Maurice L. Stuyck. Band Section: Anson J. Van Steenberg, John C. McGee, Wilfred D. Genest.

156th FIELD ARTILLERY

AS the entraining day for our annual encampment draws near the various armories hum with excitement. Our Kingston units have prepared for their long tedious ride by car; but one destined to be not so tedious when it was later discovered that they would be traveling during the day and be able to view the many sights along the way. Other units are scheduled for their yearly night ride through the northern part of the state to our new rendezvous at Calcium, New York. Everyone expects that this will be the camp of camps and enthusiasm waxes high as the boys give a last minute lick to their equipment.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of our Regimental Adjutant, Lieut. John W. Richardson to Miss Marian S. Cameron of Newburgh. It is expected that the marriage will take place in the late fall. Congratulations!

From reports received, the over-night bivouac held at Montgomery, New York, on the dates of August 3rd and 4th, proved quite successful. Conformance to road discipline and the making and breaking of camp proved an additional incentive to the boys upon their yearly departure for the north country. It is expected that more of these over-night bivouacs will be held in the coming year.

Scarcity of news available for this issue would indicate a greater volume in next month's, when the camp news is compiled for the Whole Guard in Review.

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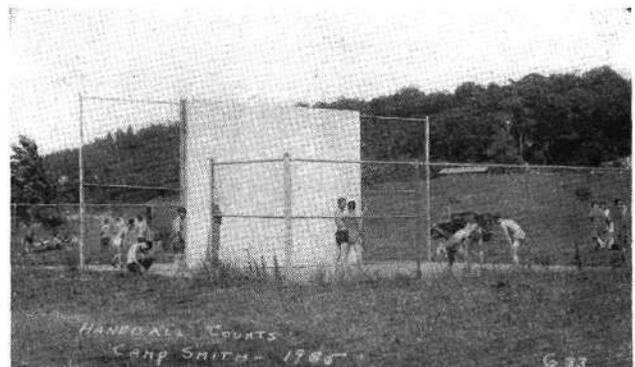
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JULIUS CAESAR'S STRIKER IN THE 212TH C.A.?

IN the June issue of the GUARDSMAN appeared a photograph of nine members of the Headquarters Company, 54th Infantry Brigade, Buffalo, whose total service added up to 107 years (an average of approximately 12 years' service apiece) and the question was raised at the time as to whether this record could be equalled or beaten by any other unit of the N. Y. N. G.

Now come the following record-smashing figures from two different batteries of the 212th Coast Artillery. In Battery A there are twelve active members who have totaled 207 years of service and in the Service Battery, the fourteen longest-serving members have donated 263 years of their lives to the country's military forces. Taking the first nine members of the Service Battery (for purposes of comparison with the nine members of the 54th Brigade Hdqrs. Co.), we find that they have served 212 years—or virtually double the aggregate service of the original claimants to the long-serving record.

The names and number of years' service of the members in the two Coast Artillery batteries follow:

Service Battery

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|----|-------|
| Master Sgt. John P. Fennell..... | 43 | years |
| Lt. Albert S. Murray..... | 28 | " |
| Staff Sgt. John Auer..... | 25 | " |
| Lt. Fred W. Leers..... | 24 | " |
| Warrant Officer August Heubscher..... | 20 | " |
| Staff Sergeant George Deninger..... | 20 | " |
| Staff Sgt. Walter Newman..... | 20 | " |
| 1st Sgt. William J. Evans..... | 17 | " |
| Master Sergeant John A. Wallace..... | 15 | " |
| Captain John F. Moriarty..... | 11 | " |
| Sgt. John Moore..... | 10 | " |
| Sgt. Joseph Keenan..... | 10 | " |
| Corp. John Hedgecock..... | 10 | " |
| Corp. John Holst..... | 10 | " |

263 years

Battery "A"

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----|-------|
| 1st Sgt. C. C. Mendell..... | 35 | years |
| Staff Sgt. Frank Lombard..... | 29 | " |
| Master Sgt. John Trottier..... | 20 | " |
| Sgt. M. Badoyan..... | 20 | " |
| Sgt. M. McCormick..... | 17 | " |
| Capt. Fred W. Young..... | 16 | " |
| Sgt. J. Griffin..... | 16 | " |
| Sgt. Lawrence Hawkins..... | 13 | " |
| Lt. Charles A. Schumacher..... | 11 | " |
| Staff Sgt. O. Gorman..... | 11 | " |
| Sgt. J. Sturcy..... | 10 | " |
| Lt. F. E. Engelsberg..... | 9 | " |

207 years

Colonel William Ottmann, commanding the 212th C.A., writes that he is "amazed at the number of young old-timers in the regiment and is fearful that perhaps further research might disclose Caesar's orderly or Napoleon's first sergeant in our midst."

For our part we should like the Colonel to undertake the search and would be only too glad if it were successful. Think what a scoop for the GUARDSMAN it would be to have a genuine article in it by Julius Caesar's own



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striker! There are many questions we should like to ask him about his famous master: Was Brutus (who stabbed him in the Capitol) really a son of his (as it was whispered by the Walter Winchell's of his day)? Did the behavior of Calpurnia, his wife, really place her above suspicion? And what, if anything, did Caesar do for his baldness?



27th TANK COMPANY

FOR the first time in over twelve years the Tank Company partook in an armory review and parade. The occasion was on May 25th, at the 102nd Engineers' Armory, N. Y. C. The Troops, inspected and reviewed by Major General Haskell, consisted of the 102nd Engineers and the 27th Division Special Troops, the latter being made up of the 27th Headquarters Co., 102nd Ordnance Co., 27th Tank Co., 27th Signal Co., 102nd Motorcycle Co., 27th Military Police Co., and the Medical Dept. Det. Making the review particularly novel and impressive was the fact that the Engineers wore their traditional bright colored dress uniforms while the Special Troops were clad in khaki. Each company of the Special Troops could be identified by a characteristic difference in uniform. Some wore regulation brassards, the M.P.'s carried clubs, Headquarters had boots and spurs, etc. Guests at the review expressed their opinion of the demonstration in terms most complimentary. Incidentally, it was learned by way of the "grape-vine route" that General Haskell praised the manner in which the parade was conducted, and in particular the marching of the Special Troops, whose general "soldiering" has little to do with "Squads Right." The attitude of the enlisted men in the Tank Company is directly in favor of more reviews.

In the Spring the Tank Company captured the 27th Division Special Troops Pistol Trophy, after "shootin' it out" with other companies of the Special Troops. The trophy was presented to Captain Bell, commander of the Tanks, by Major Mansfield during the Company's camp tour at Peekskill. Members of the team, receiving well earned medals follow: 1st Sgt. Casey, Staff Sgt. Frank, Supply Sgt. Nagy, Sgt. Roby, Sgt. Guarino, Sgt. Nieb, Sgt. Schepp, and Pfc. Cohla.

Major Mansfield also presented the following officers and men with 100 percent Duty Medals for the year 1933. Staff Sgt. Frank, 5 years; Sgt. Roby, 4 years; Sgt. Nieb, 3 years; Capt. Bell, 2 years; Lieut. Stallings, 2 years; Cpl. Pizzutiello, 2 years; and Lieut. Reilly, Sgt. Schepp, Cpl. McCarthy, Pfc. Marek, Pvt. Grenko, Pvt. Kachma, Pvt. Taylor, 1 year each.

Following this the Major awarded Cpl. McCarthy, Cpl. Scheidmuller, Pfc. Kriesel, and Pfc. Kinsky, rings with the Company insignia, for work in the Non-Com School. These men received them on basis of a competitive examination given by the Sergeants.

GEN. BYRNE COMPLETES MAXIMUM SERVICE

(Continued from page 3)

Major General William N. Haskell, General Chairman; Executive Committee—Colonel William Ottmann, Chairman; Captain C. E. Jacobs, Secretary; Major T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Treasurer, and Brigadier General Walter A. DeLamater, Col. Mills Miller, Col. Bryer H. Pendry, Lt. Col. William J. Mangine, Lt. Col. Edward E. Gauche, Major Philip K. Rhinelander, Major James P. Hogan and Major Nicholas W. Muller.

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Advance information from the Executive Committee indicates that the number of guests at this banquet will be in the region of five hundred.



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MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK Interesting Military Collection on View

THE Museum of the City of New York, located on Fifth Avenue at 104th Street, is opening this fall an entire gallery which is to be devoted to the military history of the city. For some years it has had a small collection of uniforms, medals and the like on display and now around this is being built the new exhibit.

The collection embraces all periods commencing with the days of the old Dutch musketeers and pikemen and ending with the modern regiments of the National Guard. It contains the uniforms, arms and equipments of the American Militia and Volunteers who fought for Great Britain in the early Colonial Wars, of the Continental Line of Revolutionary days and of the British Regulars and Loyalists who, in those times, were far more commonplace in the city than were the Americans. Following this it deals with the development of the Militia—from the period of the gay uniforms and the independent organizations to the business-like units of today.

A section is devoted to each of the wars in which New York soldiers have participated, showing in each one the typical field kit of the time. One will be able to see the ill-equipped, if gaudy, zouaves of the Civil War, the plainer khaki and blue volunteers of the Spanish-American and the sober overburdened men of the last conflict. The exhibit contains as well a display of many incidental items such as recruiting posters, war songs, medals and decorations, cartoons and other interesting material connected with the soldiers who have at one time or another made their home in the city.

This collection should be of special interest to every guardsman for, though many of the Armories have their own private Museums, there has been as yet no attempt made to arrange a general collection in a manner to enable him to see and appreciate the history and traditions that stand behind his own organization. For the general public too the gallery should be very worth while—showing as it does the serious and important part played by these same organizations in the history of New York.

Although the collection is fairly complete for its purpose there are still many gaps and an appeal has been made for any items connected with the military history of the city which the owners might be willing to give or lend for this exhibition. Communications should be addressed to the attention of Capt. Fred P. Todd at the Museum of the City of New York.

OMISSIONS OF REGULAR FEATURES

Major General Haskell's editorial is omitted this month on account of the First Army Maneuvers. For the same reason, the Average Percentage of Attendance figures for the month of July are being held over until the October issue.

FIRST ARMY MANEUVERS

(Continued from page 9)

blankets and prepared for a chilly night. The day had been the most strenuous one so far and they went to sleep with the thought of another equally strenuous day ahead of them.

The attack on Saturday morning ended in a complete victory for the "big battalions"—the Second Corps which outnumbered the First Corps by four to three. The 1st, 27th and 44th Divisions which formed the Second Corps under Major General Lucius R. Holbrook, attacked in force at dawn, following the laying of heavy smoke screens, particularly in front of the 26th Infantry of the First Division. The 44th Division pushed back one brigade of the 26th Division of Massachusetts about three miles and a half. The 27th Division, N. Y. N. G., forced its way north from one to three miles against another brigade of the 26th and the First Division drove the 43rd (New England) back from one to three miles.

This result was expected owing to the unequal strength of the opposing forces but the purpose of the exercise was to combine divisions into corps and to give corps commanders their first opportunity to handle large units of men. Major General Dennis E. Nolan, commanding the whole maneuvers, wanted to give staff officers an opportunity to work together and at the same time train the National Guard units for actual field conditions.

The most bitter fighting on Saturday was around Hill 300. On top of the hill was a Vermont battalion of the 43rd Division, whose orders were to hold it at all costs. The First Division (Regular Army) launched a surprise attack under cover of a smoke screen, a heavy cloud of white smoke which for more than three-quarters of an hour covered a square-mile area round the hill. The Vermont battalion, which had passed the night in its fortified position, began to cough as the sweet-tasting vapor entered their lungs. Half of them covered their faces with handkerchiefs. The clouds hung low, drifted

along slowly and under that screen the 26th Infantry of the First Division advanced.

AT 9:30 a.m. the Army put on its most spectacular demonstration when three tanks and two experimental tanks, all of the most modern type, came roaring out of a wood on the left flank of the Vermont troops with machine guns spitting blue smoke. Tearing their way through barbed wire fences, they raced on at thirty to forty miles an hour, tore half way up the hill and then turned back towards their own lines. Almost immediately following them came the infantry and very soon the umpires ordered the resisting battalion to surrender the hill.

For the first time in the American Army, a commanding general followed the progress of his troops from the air. This flight was made by Major General Nolan who flew over the maneuver area observing the battle along a ten-mile front, in a Martin Bomber 12, the newest type adopted by the army. By looking through a glass window in the floor, General Nolan was able to observe the operations of the troops below while the plane maneuvered at 240 miles an hour above the battleline.

The New York Division was visited on Saturday, after operations were concluded, by Governor Herbert H. Lehman. A nineteen-gun salute, fired by the 105th Field Artillery, greeted him at the stone gate leading into Pine Camp. Later in the day, after inspecting the various camp areas of the N. Y. N. G. organizations, he said, "I found the New York National Guard right on its toes. I visited many of the units and was terribly impressed with the morale and interest of the men."

Such, too, was the verdict expressed by all who came into contact with the troops from New York. On all sides one heard comments concerning the smartness, the discipline, and the good behavior of the N. Y. N. G. Wherever there was work to be done, our National Guardsmen were willing and eager to undertake it; jobs were performed with a will and, no matter how hot or how cold it was, one heard laughter and joking on all sides.

On Monday, August 26th, the second inter-corps exercises commenced, this time with the balance of power shifted to the First Corps, composed of the First, 26th and 43rd Divisions, which attacked the Second Corps comprising the two National Guard Divisions—the 27th and the 44th. The fighting was largely a series of bitterly contested advance guard actions in which the Second Corps was thrown back by the First, striking from the North, on to its main line of defense where, on Tuesday it was planned to make its last desperate stand.

THE 27th Division, N. Y. N. G., under Major General Wm. N. Haskell, was given the task of holding off the First Division, Regular Army, and part of the 43rd Division. The New York troops pushed up towards Sterlingville and Hill 300 toward Reedville, but quickly met stern opposition from the stronger enemy forces. The main bodies were held in reserve for the second day's operations which commenced at five-thirty on Tuesday morning.

By nightfall on Monday, the Second Corps was being hard pressed all along the line and, after both forces had spent the night bivouacked in their positions, a smashing attack was launched by the First Corps which drove back the Second's outposts, and with the aid of tanks and



Photo by Associated Press

These Three Musketeers Mean Business.

advances concealed by smoke screens, pushed forward in a stubbornly contested action.

While operations were in progress, great banks of massive thunderheads piled up and announced a coming storm. The Second Corps, beneath a lowering sky, continued their withdrawal, fighting every inch of the way until the line rested almost on the northward bend of the Black River. The First Corps, however, in spite of their superior numbers, encountered difficulty in the center of the line where the 27th and 44th Divisions joined forces and the attack was partly held up by the 174th Infantry of Buffalo and the 108th Infantry of Rochester and Syracuse.

Shortly after the tank raid, which which strove to crush the 27th Division's machine gun resistance on the "Hog Back," the sky opened and both armies were drenched in the down-pour.

So terminated the maneuvers proper. Wednesday was devoted to the instruction and training of small units, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday the majority of the National Guardsmen and Regulars broke camp and returned to their home stations.

Secretary of War Dern arrived in the theatre of operations on Sunday night and followed the two-day corps maneuvers. He highly praised the morale and conduct of the men and the "remarkable progress" made since the maneuvers started. Major General Nolan, commanding the First Army and commander-in-chief of the Pine Plains maneuvers, agreed with Secretary Dern and particularly praised the progress made by the National Guard units which had taken part in the operations. While he confessed that "things were mixed up" in the first day's maneuvers, the Guard had progressively improved with each maneuver thereafter.

The foregoing is merely a rough sketch of what has been taking place in this first of what some believe to be a series of maneuvers planned for every third year or thereabouts in the future. Next month THE GUARDSMAN will publish articles which will point out the lessons learned at these maneuvers and will show, not only what were the objectives aimed at, but also the wide or narrow margin by which our New York organizations failed to attain them. Mistakes were made, of course, by every division in the field, but it is only through mistakes that perfection can be arrived at.

ITALY IS BENT ON WAR WITH ABYSSINIA

(Continued from page 13)

for all." How "reasonable" are these three reasons?

Italy has already been offered territorial concessions both by Abyssinia and by Great Britain, so that the first excuse is not wholly reliable. She would have room to expand, if she wished it, without recourse to war. The second reason is a favorite trick with dictators whose plans and promises to the people have gone awry. A small diversion on some other front keeps the masses from enquiring too closely into affairs at home. The third suggested cause probably contains a great deal of truth. But if wars of revenge are tolerated, when will war ever cease?

Mad bulls in china shops have seldom been known to listen to reason and it looks as if Mussolini is determined to smash everything in the Abyssinian china shop before he's through. This is what he calls "introducing civilization into a backward, barbaric country."

Well, his little war is inevitable but it still remains to be seen whether his most powerful opponent will be the Abyssinian tribesman or the Abyssinian climate with its scourging fevers and diseases.

The Worker

"Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of."

"Oh, that's probably the person who actually does the work."

A NIGHT ATTACK, 490 B. C.

THE Phocians, who had with them as soothsayer Tellias of Elis, were blocked up in the mountain of Parnassus, when the following stratagem was contrived for them by their Elean ally. He took six hundred of their bravest men, and whitened their bodies and their arms with chalk; then instructing them to slay everyone whom they should meet that was not whitened like themselves, he made a night attack upon the Thessalians.

No sooner did the Thessalian sentries, who were the first to see them, behold this strange sight, than, imagining it to be a prodigy, they were all filled with affright. From the sentries, the alarm spread to the army, which was seized with such a panic that the Phocians killed four thousand

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of them, and became masters of their dead bodies and shields. Of the shields, one-half of them were sent as an offering to the temple at Abae, the other half were deposited at Delphi; while from the tenth part of the booty gained in the battle, were made the gigantic figures which stand round the tripod in front of the Delphic shrine, and likewise the figures of the same size and character at Abae.

—Herodotus.

LETTERS OF A CAMP SMITH "ROOKIE" TO HIS MA

(Continued from page 21)

cause the cook come in and in about 15 minutes the men all trooped in and sat down at the tabels. The cook had bragged a lot about his soup and the men seemed unusual hungry, so I served the soup to the tabels and when the first sarjin blew his wistel they all fell to. But in a minute they was a roaring and a cussing from most everybody. "I'm poisoned" yells one. "Communism" shouts another, "the cook is a Communism and is trying to murder us!" Theys such a shouting and disorder that finely Captain Reid hears it and come into the shack. He tastes the soup but spits it out quick and sez "Murder! the soup tastes like yaller lawndry soap. What kind of cook are you" he sez to the cook, "your

fired!" "But no" he sez suddin, "your hired again because you got Dummjohn helping you and I bet he knows something about this." "Nossir Captain Reid," I sez because I know they cant pin nothing on me. What must of happened was that when the soap flew out of my hands it must of landed in the soup and been melted away. The men was sore and most of them went over the cantene to eat, and boy was the cook sore. Any how, things finely became as cam as you can expect from a bunch of soreheds which wasnt so very cam, and after I had cleaned up the kitchen and got reddy for tomorrow morning I went to the movies in the Camp theayter.

The talkie had begun when I come in the theayter and the place was dark as a ton of coal at midnite. They was a Mae West talkie showing so the place was jammed pack but I spotted a seat on a sorta raised plat-

form in the back of the theayter and I made for it. First thing I know though I tripped over a ladys feet and fell plum sprawling in the lap of the officer sitting next her. I tried to ketch myself but couldnt and I lay there 1/2 a moment with my face down in the mans lap and my hands gropin on the flore. I grabbed his legs to raise myself and felt some spurs and slick boots. Gosh it must of been Generl Pershing hisself because the boots was so slick and the spurs so sharp. Anyhow the lady lets out a little scream and the officer calls for the M.P. who was supposed to be on duty. "Ill have you broke for desserting your post" hisses the officer to the M.P. "this section is reserved for officers and there guests. Show this man out" meaning me. But the M.P. must of thought the Generl said to throw me out, for he handled me ruff and he was getting set to fan me with his club outside the theayter when I kicked him real hearty in the shins and then beat it away in the dark. I heard him pokin around looking for me but he didnt find me and finely I worked my may back to my tent to rit you this letter.

I hope things is more Jake with you at home than it is with me at Camp.

Your loving son,
Pvt. AUGUST DUMMJOHNS.

BELIEVE IT NOT It's Not So!

The Irish potato is not a potato and did not come from Ireland. It's a tuber plant and came from Peru.

—mustard gas is not gas nor is it mustard: it is a volatile liquid;

—a June bug is not a bug: it is a May beetle;

—the Egyptian Sphinx is not a sphinx: it is the statue of the Goddess Armachis;

—sealing wax contains no wax: made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar;

—the white ant is not an ant, nor is it white: belongs to the order of orthoptera and is brown;

—a pineapple is not an apple, nor is it pine; it's a berry;

—rice paper is not made from rice: it's made from a pithy plant called "tungtsau";

—catgut does not come from a cat: it is obtained from sheep;

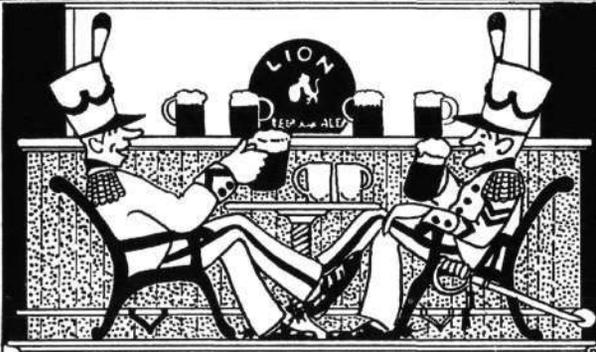
—the silver fish is not a fish; it is an insect.

California Guardsman.



"Aren't you surprised? I packed your lunch in your parachute case."

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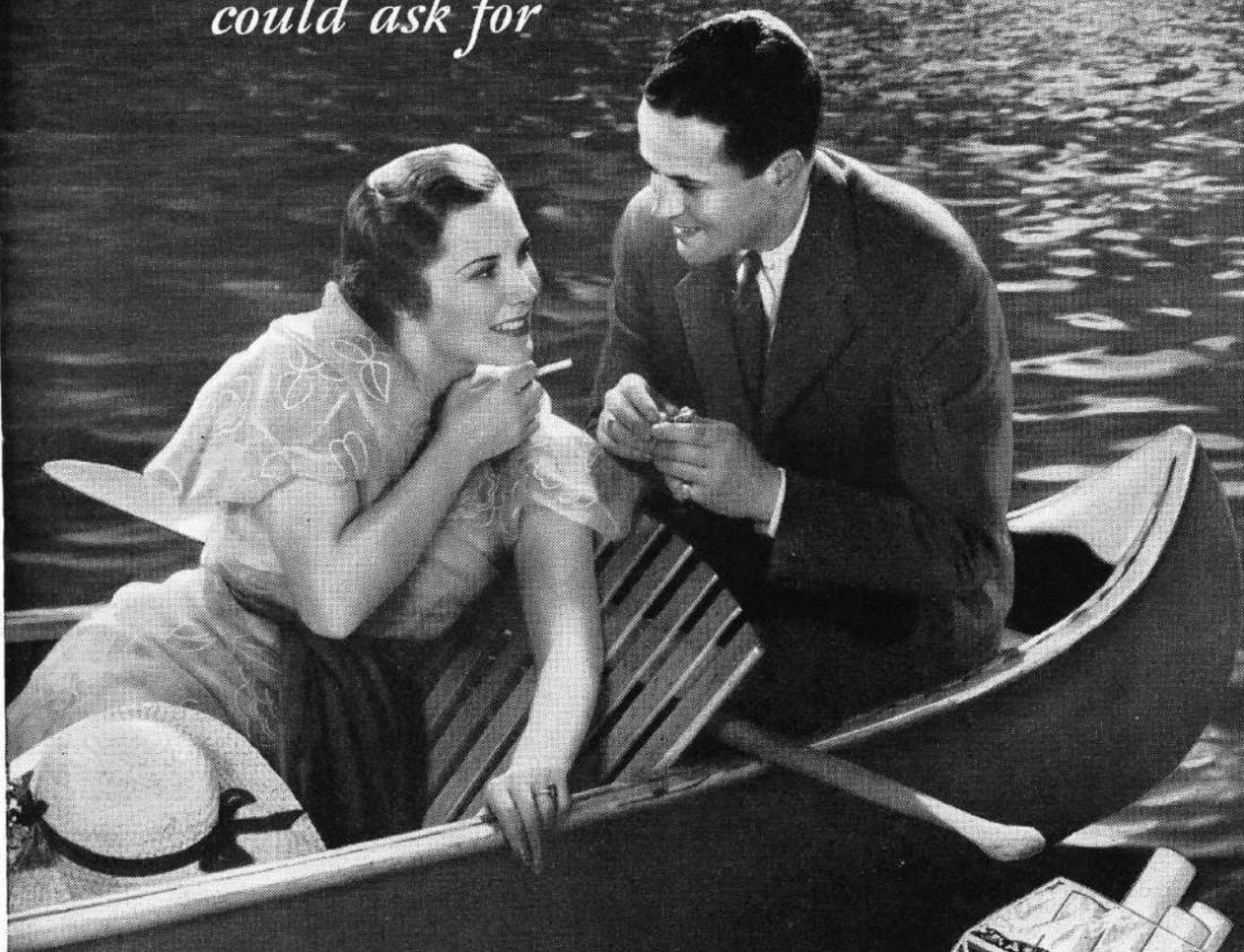
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