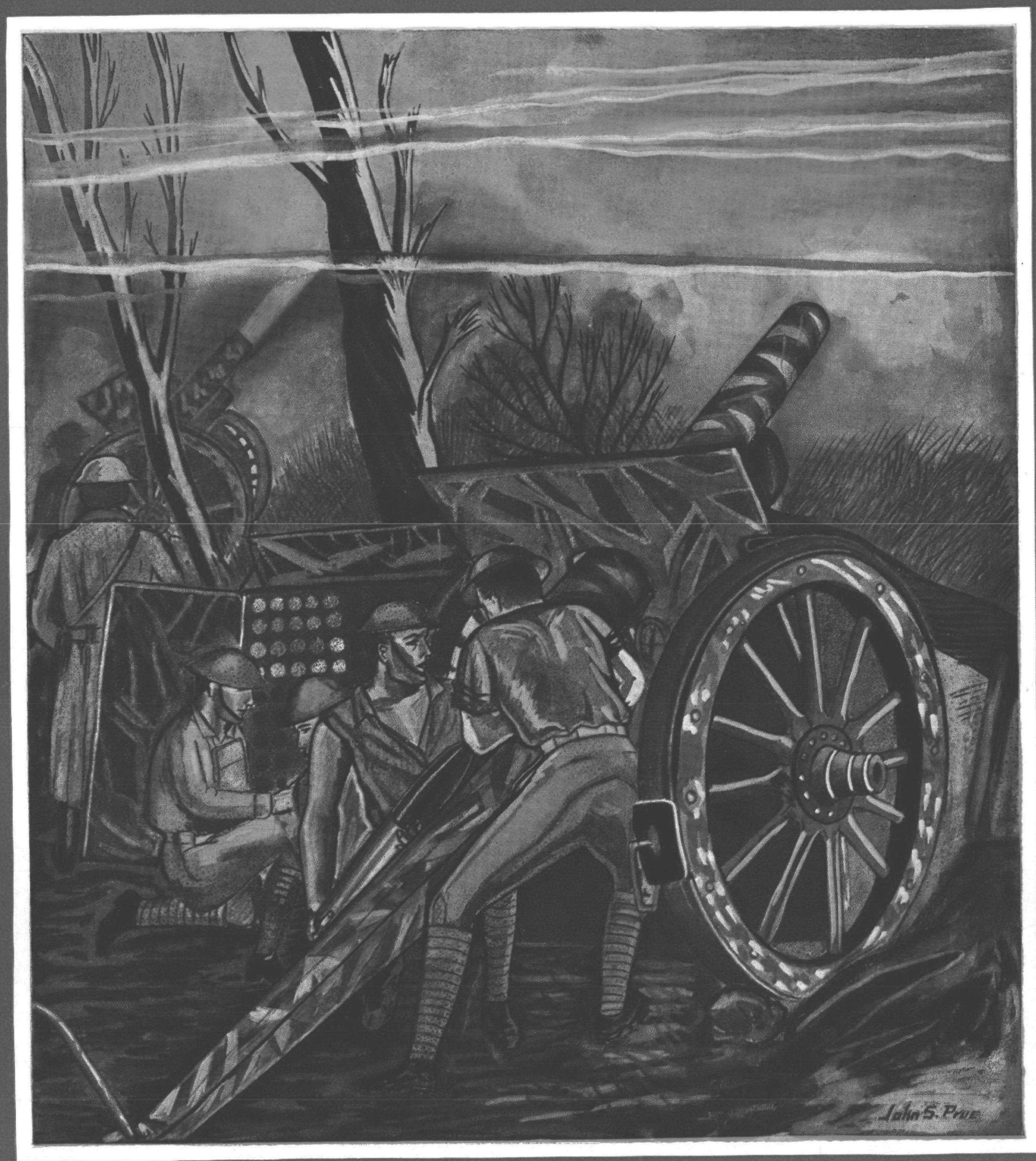
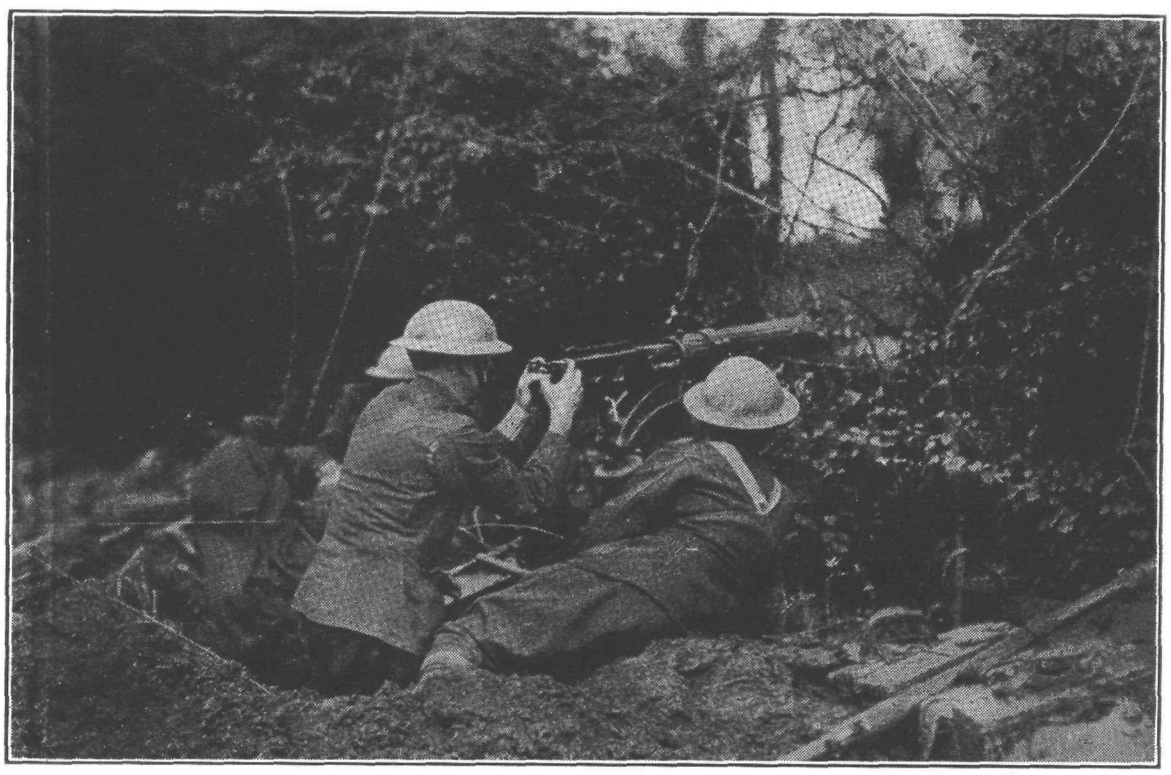
The New York National Guardsman



September, 1936 OFFICIAL STATE PUBLICATION 15c The Copy

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.

Circulation, 21,000

Established 1924

New York National Guardsman

718 State Office Building
80 Centre Street
New York

LT. COL. HENRY E. SUAVET
Editor

LIEUT. T. F. WOODHOUSE
Asst. Editor and Business Mgr.

LT. COL. WM. J. MANGINE
General Advertising Manager

MAJOR ERNEST C. DREHER
N. Y. C. Advertising Mgr.

(Official State Publication)

VOL. XIII, NO. 6 | NEW YORK CITY | SEPTEMBER, 1936

Contents

Illustrations

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!"

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

"And You Thought You Could Shoot"

An Open Letter

Reprinted by courtesy of The American Rifleman

The worst pest and bore is the shooter who is always looking for some excuse for poor shooting. The author of this letter points out some of the real reasons for low-scoring on the rifle range.

State University,
July 1, 1936.

My dear Jack:

YOUR letter from the rifle range was received with more than usual interest. Having taught you to shoot and coached you through four years of small-bore shooting while you were a member of the R. O. T. C. here, you are quite right in assuming that I have a deep interest in your ultimate success in rifle marksmanship.

The fact that you have made a place on the squad from which the team to represent your branch of the Service in the National Matches at Camp Perry this summer will be selected shows that you are making progress. Your success here in placing on the small-bore team that won the Hearst Trophy representing a National Intercollegiate Team Championship was the result of conscientious effort and intelligent practice on your part. When you graduated you no doubt felt that you were a good rifle shot and that it would be comparatively easy to take up Service rifle shooting. That assumption was quite correct provided you were willing to admit that there was considerably more to learn about the .30-caliber game than in small-bore shooting indoors, and were ready to put the same effort into mastering its technique that you did in indoor practice.

Your enthusiastic letter describing your qualification as an Expert Rifleman after a strenuous battle learning rapid fire was quite encouraging to me, for the lack of rapid fire in the intercollegiate indoor matches is regrettable. Too much slow fire tends to make a potterer out of a rifleman, whereas the addition of a little rapid fire makes him decisive in his aiming and squeezing, and he does not have the tendency to develop that abominable fault of "freezing"—not being able to get one's shot off when aim and hold are right.

Now you tell me you are meeting problems quite different from any you encountered in either small-bore or service qualification courses, and are wondering why you cannot make a respectable score at long range.

As I read your remarks about getting misses at a thousand yards in the middle of a string of twenty shots I could not help but smile, for you were experiencing the same difficulties that kept me on the anxious seat when I was trying for a place on my first National Match team. All long-range shots go through this experience in their tyro days.

The woods are full of fine small-bore shots, of excellent short-range military shots, and of men who can kill game regularly at short distances; but when it comes to that real test of a rifleman—long-range shooting with military sights, then the field narrows to a mighty small percentage of the rifled-tube fraternity.

An expert shot at long range is one who can not only "hold 'em and squeeze 'em" properly, but can accurately estimate the velocity and direction of the wind in points of windage on his rear sight, and who has developed that keenness of observation that notes the slightest change in those wind conditions. We might go a step farther and add that he is one who, when he does catch a sudden change, knows exactly what to do in making sight adjustments. Men who develop this ability with uncanny shrewdness quickly get the reputation of being good "wind-dopers," and that is "tops" in approbation to a long-range rifleman.

Your slight suggestion of an alibi, when you wondered if the ammunition could cause those misses, makes me take the opportunity to again caution you, if you want to save yourself much embarrassment, if you wish to make the most rapid progress, and if you would like to have your teammates respect you, "for Pete's sake" not to get into the

Wide World Photo

High Diving at Olympic Games

During an interval in the games at Berlin, a squad of German infantrymen gave a display of diving, swimming in full marching order. Try it some time!

habit of making alibis every time you make a poor score.

THE worst pest and bore I know of is the shooter who is always looking for some excuse for poor shooting—except the right one, and who insists upon giving everyone who will listen a dozen excuses for his poor score. Fellow marksmen can and will sympathize with each other when the breaks go against them, but they have little sympathy for the man who always makes alibis. If you will spend the time many use on alibis, in carefully analyzing your shooting and correcting your weaknesses, you will be much better off and will more rapidly overcome your difficulties. I recall a case of a new shooter who was trying for the squad one year and who could not make a good score at rapid fire. In every string he would yank one or more into the three- or two-ring, and then get up complaining about his position, or the fact that his foot slipped or his sling loosened, or any one of a dozen things. Finally came a day when the coach got mad, and blurted out: "For God's sake shut up and get down there and shoot! We're tired of your alibis."

Wide World Photo

A Battery of Greys

The 55th Field Battery of the Royal Artillery, famous for its grey team of horses, is shown passing through an old-world village in Kent, England. The village war memorial is shown in the foreground.

This remark, rough as it was, had the desired effect, and after the alibi artist got over being sore he forgot to think about excuses, concentrated on his holding, squeezing, and calling his shots, and soon began to improve steadily.

But to get back to your questions about those misses. Successful long-range shooting is nothing if not exacting. It calls for the very highest degree of concentration, and the slightest tendency toward carelessness produces disastrous scores. While you have mastered the fundamentals, it is always well, when you find yourself slipping, to check up on your position and hold, your method of aiming, the timing of your trigger-squeeze, and the precision of your sight adjustments. If these seem satisfactory then see if you are accurately calling your shots. All riflemen flinch occasionally, but less frequently and disastrously than pistol or trap shots. Flinching at long range, however, will give you a miss nine out of ten times. It is much simpler to prevent flinching than to cure the habit once it is established, so try to get rid of the causes first. These consist of firing while under an abnormal nervous tension, the result of worry and poor physical condition; of over-anxiety to make bullseyes on every shot; of firing from a cramped, uncomfortable position; of using a creepy, treacherous trigger, and last and least of all, the slight fear of report and recoil, especially when one's muscles are sore or his cheek or jaw bruised from excessive firing.

Do not let the stress and strain of trying for a place on that team get under your skin. It is not a case of life and death to you. If you do not make it this year you can try again next season. Worry begets nervousness and all the ailments that go with it. Keep your system in a healthy condition by sensible diet, reasonable exercise, and a proper amount of sleep. Have your trigger release clean and crisp. Do not fire too much, and when you do shoot, concentrate upon firing mechanically, and completely occupying your mind with the problem of aiming, holding, squeezing, and—most important of all—calling your shot. If your mind is intent upon calling the shot exactly, you will not be thinking about the recoil until after it occurs, and that is too late to do any harm to that shot.

YOU say you are having trouble with the blade front sight of your service rifle, and do not seem to get the same uniformity in aiming that you did with the aperture front sight on your small-bore rifle. This is to be expected, for the aperture front sight like the aperture rear sight permits you to focus on the bullseye much easier than with a blade or bead front sight. It may be difficult to change from an aperture sight to a blade, but judging from what you write your trouble is not so much the difference in sights but rather in deciding upon the best method of aligning them with the long-range bullseye.

The Army Training Regulations governing instruction in individual rifle marksmanship contain the following statement: "The top of the front sight is seen through the middle of the circle (peep sight) and just touches the bottom of the bullseye, so that all of the bullseye can be clearly seen." The Small Arms Firing Regulations in use just prior to the present training regulations advocated aligning the sights so that there was "a fine line of light between the bottom of the bullseye and the top of the front sight," and further stated that this method gave greater uniformity in aiming.

You should keep in mind that these instructions were intended primarily for men learning to shoot at ranges

not exceeding 600 yards, and mostly under 500 yards. Most men with normal eyesight have little difficulty in touching the bullseye with the front sight and still being able to see the former clearly and entirely above the sight at 200 and 500 yards, but many do have great trouble in aiming that way at the regulation National Match targets for 600 and 1,000 yards. Generally, it requires excellent eyesight to prevent the black front sight from blurring with the bullseye when both come together, and this results in erratic elevation, especially at 1,000 yards when light conditions are poor and the atmosphere dense and humid.

The question of long-range aiming is controversial, but many excellent shots get better results by aiming with a narrow strip of white between the front sight and the bullseye at ranges of 600 and beyond. Some even do better shooting at 300 yards on the 10-inch bullseye when using this method.

The more indistinct the bullseye is at 1,000 yards, the safer it is to aim below it and adjust your sights so that the bullets will center in the V-ring. There is a space of 18 inches in depth below the 36-inch bullseye of the 1,000-yard target, and if a rifleman will keep his sights aligned any place below the bull and above the butts he should not miss the upper half of the black unless he goes out for wind or poor holding. It is easier to keep your front sight clearly defined in the white or buff below than in the black of the bulls-eye; and as a corollary, it is easier to hold too high and get a miss over the top of the target when you attempt to align the top of the black front sight against an indistinct and blurred black bullseye.

THERE may come a day when you have to finish your string of 20 shots in a rain, as frequently occurred at Camp Perry back in the period from 1921 to '25, when the matches were held about the time the equinoctial storms hit the range, between September 15th and 30th. With a storm-cloud background, a misty atmosphere, and a soaked paper target, the black blends to gray and the buff to brown, and about all one can distinguish is the rectangular frame above the butts. Aiming at the bullseye under such conditions is almost impossible, and one must choose either the top line of the butts under his target or the top edge of the target frame, and make the necessary elevation changes on his sight to keep the center of impact of his group of shots in the bull. To do this without wasting a shot is an earmark of the experienced rifleman.

On bright sunny days when passing clouds cast their shadows across the face of your target or over the firing line, or both at the same time, you will be well advised to watch your step, and if time will permit, to fire only under the same degree of illumination. If you haven't time enough to hold your fire in order to do this, then you must be absolutely certain of the effects of light changes of this character, and be able to correct for them either by changing your aiming point slightly or by making a half-minute correction in your elevation. Without my discussing the reasons for it, you can accept the rule that in using metallic front sights of the blade or bead type in bright sunlight there is a tendency to shoot away from the sun in either windage or elevation. The amount of this error varies with the brilliance of the sun, the degree to which your sight is not blackened, and your method of aiming. Space will not permit me to go more into detail on this point now, but as there is no question regarding the soundness of this rule, you can accept it.

Do not become confused with the effects of the light changes just discussed and those caused by mirage. They are two entirely different problems, and unless both are thoroughly understood they will be disastrous to your long-range firing.

Mirage—to a rifleman—is apparent heat waves that rise from the earth on hot, cloudless days, and which can be easily seen with the aid of a telescope, or even with the naked eye on some days. These are of great assistance to a rifleman who knows how to use them; and while mirage does have some undesirable effects, these are more than offset by its advantages.

On hot humid days when there is no breeze stirring, these heat waves appear to boil up and down along the top of the butts or the top edge of the target frame. The effect is to give a false appearance to the bullseye, causing it to appear higher than it actually is, and to take on the shape of a fuzzy ellipse. If you fire under these conditions you will find your bullets going high, and usually *much too* high. A wise shot never fires when the mirage is boiling.

Reprinted by courtesy of The Pennsylvania Guardsman

"The General always does K.P. on the maid's day off!"

With even the slightest breeze blowing the mirage takes on the appearance of rippling water flowing along the top of the target frame, and if the wind changes in either direction or intensity the change is apparent in the mirage. The heavier the breeze, the flatter the ripples of the mirage and the faster they seem to travel. The value to the rifleman of mirage lies in the fact that it affords the most dependable means of determining wind effect and of noting any changes in the velocity and direction of the wind. If you have the misfortune to be firing in a fishtailing breeze—that is, one that varies from five to seven o'clock or from eleven to one o'clock—you will find the problem

(Continued on page 25)

Two scenes, taken by Corp. D. A. McGovern, 244th Coast Artillery, while the regiment was in camp at Fort Ontario this summer. The lower photograph is a wonderful action shot taken when the gale was raging at its height through the Battery B street. You can almost hear the wind howling in trees and feel the stinging spray from the lake.

The Infantry and the Medical Department in War

"For my part, I would not care to lead any Infantry unit into battle more than once if that unit knew that no medical aid was at hand."

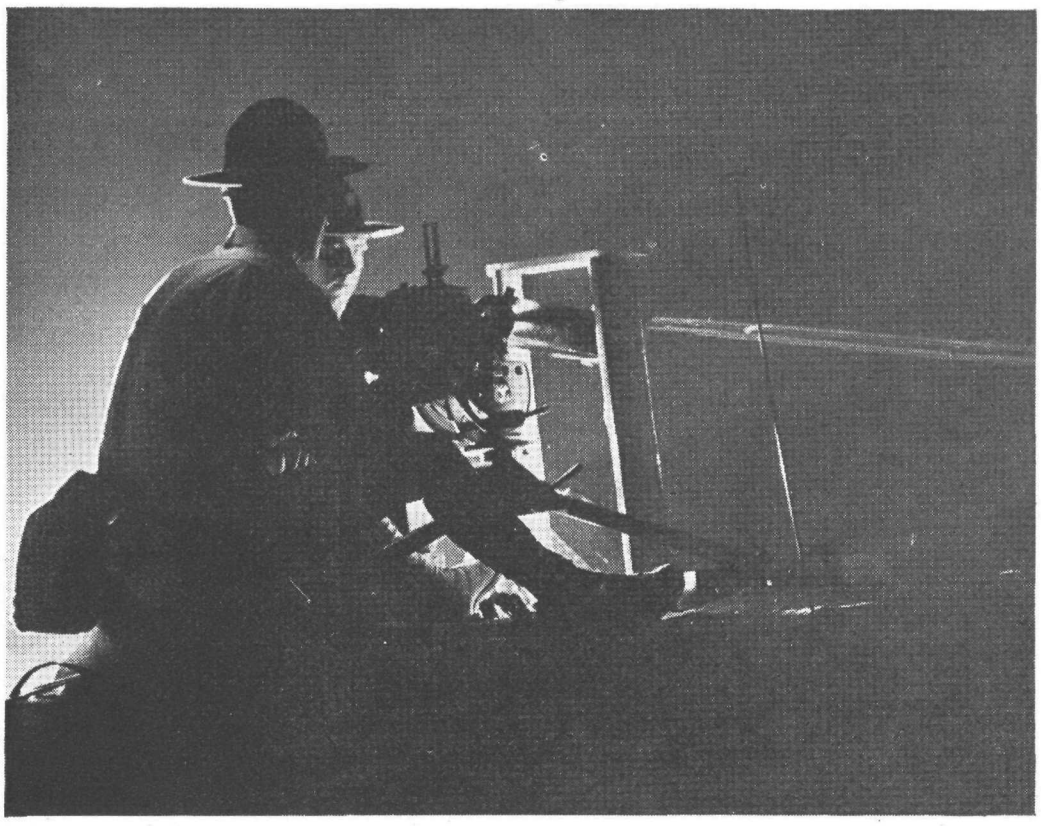
By Major General EDWARD CROFT, Chief of Infantry

Reprinted by courtesy of The Military Surgeon

IT is only natural that a particularly close moral tie should unite the Infantry and the Medical Corps in battle. Unfortunately the intimacy of this battle relation is somewhat impaired in time of peace. Of course, it is all a matter of viewpoint. For instance, the doughboy, whose effort to crash the hospital has been met with the celebrated iodine and C.C. treatment, is quick to dub the medical man a "pill-roller" and the medical man is equally quick in his reply of "goldbrick." But these things, like most of the garrison soldier's ailments, are not even skin-deep. When the fighting begins they disappear. Then if never before, do the goldbrick and pill-roller meet on common ground—and that ground is invariably the forefield of battle. There they live together, work together, and die together.

The relationship is an old one. Xenophon, in the account of his immortal Ten Thousand, speaks of the eight surgeons who cared for his wounded. Homer mentions Achilles' concern for the health of Machaon because Machaon was "skilled in cutting out darts and applying salves to wounds." Indeed since the dawn of recorded history the healer and the fighter have gone forth to war together.

Probably no other relationship in all time has been so fruitful. In fact the debt of modern medical science to the miltary surgeon and to the battle casualty is beyond calculation. Surgery itself is rooted in a thousand bloody fields where men have fought and died. What they fought for and what they died for may often be forgotten, but the hard-won knowledge wrested from their sacrifice endures.



Wide World Photo

Machine gunners of the First Division, participating in night firing demonstration at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

By and large the infantry has furnished the experimental material for the military surgeon. This is because the foot soldier has always borne the brunt of battle. From Marathon to the Argonne his name has invariably stood first on the casualty lists and his wounds have always been the most ghastly. Nor is it likely that he will lose that unenviable distinction in any battle of tomorrow. Thus the Infantryman has a vital interest in his medical comrade—an interest, incidentally, that finds the most unselfish reciprocation.

These two battle companions have traveled a long road together and the going has never been easy for either. Following the decline of the early civilizations this pair fell on evil days indeed. In Medieval Europe only a few scattered sparks remained from the great blaze kindled by the forgotten Hippocrates, and the proud rôle of the freemen who fought in the phalanx and the legion fell to the despised serf. The value placed on the life and well-being of this feudal infantryman was considerably less than his master placed on a rabbit in the hunting preserve. The foot soldier of that day should have enjoyed at least an equal place with the rabbit for as a rule he showed the same characteristics.

That his aggressiveness was no more marked can scarcely be wondered at. The marvel is that his armor-plated lords got him to battle at all. The prospect that loomed before him was not designed to foster a lion-like courage. In the first place, even discounting the probabilty of wounds or death on the battlefield, his chance of surviving the campaign was generally something less than one in two. The thousand and one pestilences that thrived and grew in the indescribable camps of that day took a toll that made the enemy's death-dealing prowess appear ridiculous.

But even if some natural or acquired immunity enabled the soldier to live in this moving cesspool he still had two hurdles before him. He might be killed outright in battle or he might be wounded. The first was infinitely preferable because it was over in a hurry. The mere thought of the second was enough to make the stomach of the most courageous do queer things.

Of course, a wound of any consequence was tantamount to a death sentence—not the quick clean death from a well-aimed bullet or a powerfully swung battle-axe, but the miserable lingering death from the crawling putrefaction of gangrene or from septicemia or tetanus. And medical treatment? Well, the nobility of fifteenth century Europe took their own surgeons to war with them. The attention their infantry received was generally confined to the predatory horde of camp followers who preyed on the wounded. As

late as Waterloo prostitutes and looters thronged the battlefield and under cover of darkness indiscriminately slit both the throats and the purses of the wounded.

THROUGH this unbelievable morass of brutality, ignorance, and prejudice the medical man gradually and patiently worked his way forward and upward. With every advance he made, the lot of the fighting man improved and that fighting man was preëminently the man on foot.

Fittingly enough, Ambroise Paré, the first great military surgeon, gained his early distinction in service to the infantry. His first active service came at the Battle of Turin in 1537. Of it he says:

". . . Monsieur de Montegau was colonel-general to the infantry of which I was the surgeon. A great part of the army having arrived at the Pass of Suze we found the enemy holding the passage. . . . Captain le Rat climbed with many soldiers from his company on a little hill whence they fired directly on the enemy. He received a shot from an arquebus in the ankle of his right foot wherewith he suddenly fell to the ground and said, 'Now the Rat is taken.' I dressed his wounds and God healed him.

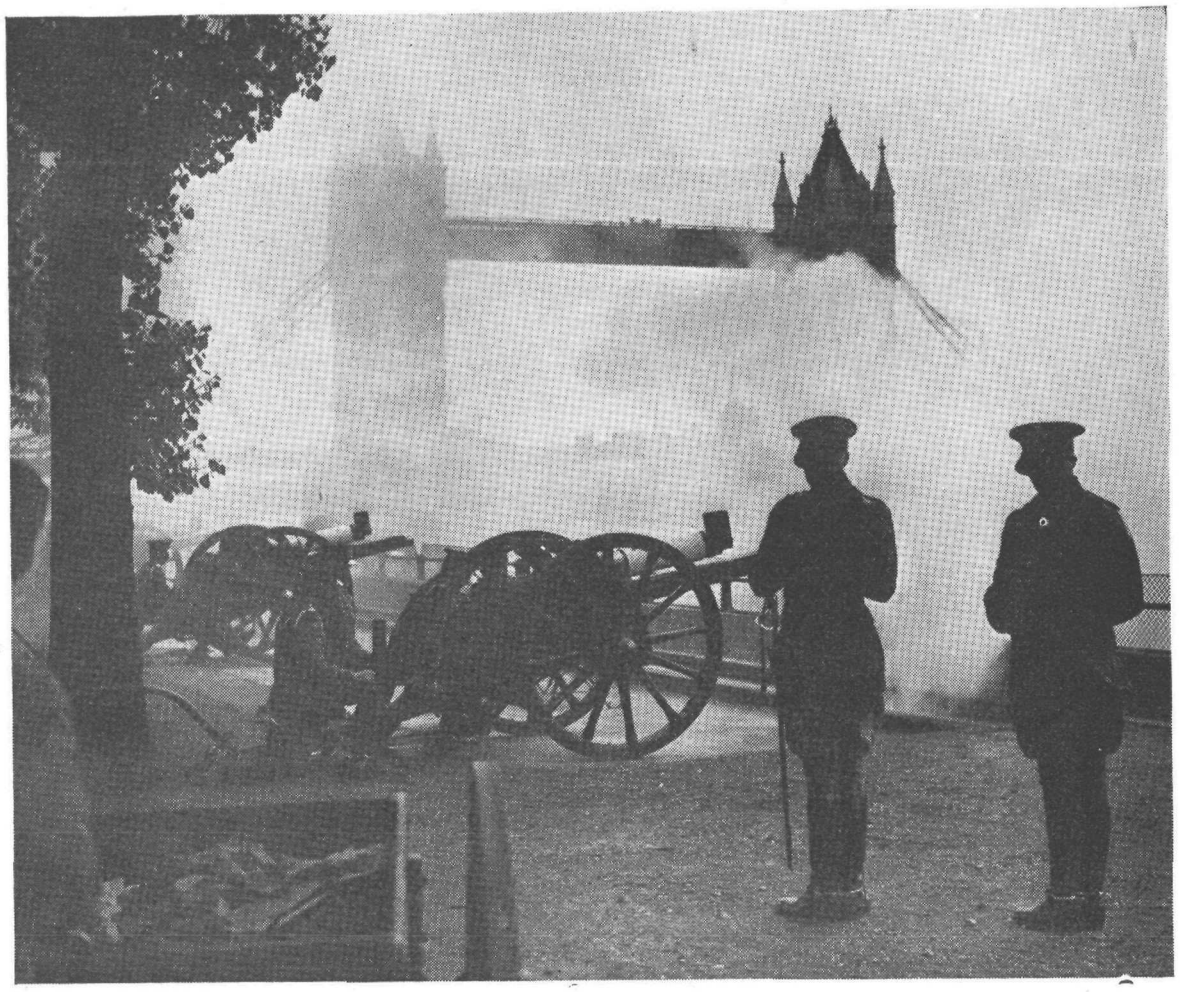
"We thronged into the city and passed over the dead bodies and some that were not yet dead. Hearing them cry under the feet of our horses made a great pity in my heart and truly I repented that I had gone forth from the City of Paris to see so pitiful a spectacle.

"Being in the city I entered a stable, thinking to lodge my horse and that of my man, where I found four dead soldiers and three who were propped against the wall, their faces wholly disfigured, and they neither saw, nor heard, nor spoke, and their clothes yet flamed from the gunpowder which had burnt them. Beholding them with pity there came an old soldier who asked me if there was any means of curing them. I told him no. At once he approached them and cut their throats gently. . . . Seeing this great cruelty I said to him that he was an evil man. He answered me that he prayed God that when he should be in such a case, he might find someone who would do the same for him, to the end that he might not languish miserably."

The picture that Paré draws is vivid. As to the action of the old soldier, more than one fighting man in the infantry wonders why the medical profession has never modified its ethic to handle such cases in a similar but less spectacular manner.

To return to Paré, it was in this same campaign that he broke with the long established treatment of gunshot wounds. According to the old dictum that "disease not curable by iron is curable by fire," surgeons of the day treated all gunshot wounds with boiling oil. Paré had the temerity to dress these wounds with simple bandages. The success of the innovation was instant. What his infantry thought of it we can well surmise.

It was this same giant of surgery who reintroduced the ligature for large arteries and brought it to the battlefield, thus making amputation on a large scale possible for the first time. Well might those who wrote of him in later days say, "The army adored him."



Wide World Photo

From a terrace in the Tower of London, with the Tower Bridge in the background, a salute of guns was fired in honor of King Edward's birthday.

From this point on the army surgeons began to move forward in earnest. But ignorance and prejudice could not be conquered in a day or, for that matter, in a century. Until the advent of the Great Frederick the regimental surgeons in Prussia were required to shave the officers. But progress continued. In 1714 the first school for army surgeons was established in Berlin; in 1785 a second appeared in Vienna.

The establishment of these schools meant one thing—leaders were beginning to think of the men they led in battle as something more than cannon fodder. The idea that infantry could be led farther than it could be driven was gradually taking hold. And with that began the conception of that *sine qua non* of modern battle—*morale*.

This quality has been elaborated on so often that many of us have lost sight of the bedrock upon which it rests; that bedrock is health. All other factors are secondary. I doubt if even a Bonaparte could inspire a typhus or typhoid case to combat. Military history reveals no instance of a disease-ridden command sweeping through one not so afflicted. Indeed it seems to be a truism that though men are willing to die in battle they demand health as a prerequiste.

TODAY we Infantrymen assume the health of our commands as a matter of course. Few of us ever consider the unending battle in both peace and war that our Medical Department wages. There are no rest areas in that fight, and if there has ever been an armistice declared I have yet to hear of it.

(*Continued on page* 27)

The "Goon"

"THE GOON"

By Major ERNEST C. DREHER

Things began happening, the night Pfc. Gilligan was selected for the detail of Orderly to the Colonel. That is why he was known as the "Goon" — which in the Army spells "Lady Tuffluck."

FIRST Class Private Lucifer Gilligan sat on the edge of his bunk in barracks, putting the finishing touches to his brass work before "First Call" for Guard Mount, when Sergeant Bruce MacPhearson, old "Gimlet Eye," veered from his straight course between the even row of army cots, and hovered menacingly over him.

"Gilligan, me boy," he sounded off, "As the best specimen o' manhood in the company, you'll be buckin' fer orderly to the Colonel this day, an' if ye fail us, an' let the ginnea in the next company beat us outa the honor, ye'll fry, me lad, for the rest of your hitch in the Army."

"Oh yeah?" replied the astonished Gilligan. "If it's all de same to you, and de Chief of Staff of de Army, I'd rather spend de time in de clink dan handle dat job again. I'm still burnin' up wit fond memories of de last time I had dat detail."

"Onct," continued the now excited Gilligan, "When I was in de Thirtieth, stationed at Fort Jay, I was picked on fer dat job, and dat I'm still here alive is one of de miracles of de service.

"It was a case of peeling down to our underwear to decide de lucky guy, an' because of a small hole in the toe of de other guy's brand new issue socks, he lost out an' de honor was mine.

"Reportin' to regimental headquarters after Guard Mount, I began me labors by histn' salutes all morning, and den dat night, the Old Man bein' invited to attend some kind of shin-dig in town, I had to go along, to lend swank to de occasion and see dat nobody was hangin' around witout service.

"About nine o'clock dat night, de Packard draws up, an' me, de Colonel, an' his glitterin' staff o' wax works, climbs aboard, me up in front wit a Corporal, what was chauffer for de Old Man.

"Well, after about an hour's travel to some dump up on Park Avenoo where de party is to be, we finally gets there, an' me, havin' doped out all de way to give service, like Pershing musta had when he was wit de A. E. F., I hops out, smart like, holds open de door to let em all out, salutin.'

"I musta still been thinkin' about Pershing, because, when I figures they're all clear, I slams de door shut wit a hefty left.

"The Old Man, who was the last out, must have forgotten his hat or somp'n, because he still had his hand in de door when I slammed it.

"When he comes to, there are the members of his staff figuring ways an' means to ease his pain an' temper, while all I could do was look sorry, salute everybody an' wait fer what was comin', takin' it on de button like a Roman.

"It came alright, on de installment plan, because just then the Park Avenoo Hill Billie what was throwin' de party comes down de steps, and de Old Man clicks, smiles all over an' acts like a guy wit ants in his pants.

"After a lot of hand-shakin', we all ankles into de joint, me bringin' up de rear.

"When we finally gets inside, me not havin' been provided for, I anchors in de hall, where through a crack in de door, I can see what's goin' on, an' keep a eagle eye on de staff an' de Colonel.

"I been standing there quite a while, when a dame wit no back to her dress comes along an' hails me.

" 'Oh, Hello soldier boy,' she gargles. 'Where have you been, all my life'?

"NOW me, not bein' much of a hand wit women, especially dem Society Mackarels, I holds me poise, only stickn' an oar into de conversation once in a while, to be perlite.

"We begins understandin' each other a little better after a while, when a blue nosed Lymie butler barges by wit a large tray full of cock-tails.

"De Dizzy Twist reaches out both mitts, grabs off a coupla snifters, giving me one and holding de other high in de air to toast, "The Army Boys in Blue!" as she calls it.

"I'm about to make good when a guy, wit a lot of gold braid on de sleeve of his tuck, crosses de hall, and de Frill, glimmin' him outa de side of her eye, shrieks after him . . . 'Hey, Admiral! . . . Yoo-Hoo!' an' turnin' to me she says, 'Here, Soldier Boy, hold my drink for me while I find the Admiral. I must see him about something important, and then I'll be right back, and we'll finish the toast.'

"Well, there I was with both fists holdin' cock-tails, when de door opens again, an out comes de Old Man. . . .

"Now some guys, when they git all hot an' bothered, signal de fact wit a frown, which is de average way of lettin' a guy know that somethin' has went hay-wire, but de Old Man, nothing bein' average about him, smiles at me like a wounded badger, wit his good eye, an broadcasts 'Murder' wit de other. 'Having a nice time, orderly,' he purrs.

"I can't salute or nothing, an' I'm about to explain, when de dame wot got me into de jam comes back an' joins de drama.

" 'Now Colonel, it's all right. I asked this fine looking young soldier of yours to join me with a little drink because I know he isn't having any fun, and I am sure you don't mind, do you?'

"The Old Man, straining every muscle in his neck to smile for her wit one side of his face, an' look like a firing squad wit de other, he tells de little pigeon that it is certainly kind of her to consider me so, and den he makes a quick turn in my direction, T.N.T. loadin' each separate word of his.

" 'Orderly, would you mind very much getting my gloves out of the car? I think you will find them under my cape, on the back seat."

"Grabbin' de chance to scram outa de mess I'm in, I hands him one of de drinks, an' de dame de other. Salutin' wit both hands, I scrams while de scramin' is good.

"When I gets out to de car, which is parked in back of de chateau, there is de C. O.'s Corporal in a argument with a Navy guy, de pilot of the Admiral's bus.

"De argument gits hotter an' hotter, and pretty soon dey begins peelin' clothes, an' climbin' all over each other.

"De Army's on top all de way, when one of de on-lookin' taxi drivers, who had been cheer leadin' fer de Navy, hurls a hub-cap wrench, an' smacks de Colonel's lad right in de puss, layin' his scalp wide open.

"One of de other taxi jockeys makes a snatch, grabs our man an' piles him into his yellow cab, drivin' off like mad to de nearest hospital.

"A FEW minits later, I finds de Colonel's gloves, an' I'm about to take 'em back to him, when I hears de number of our Packard being called.

"Climbin' into de driver's seat of our pie wagon, I ease her around an' in less time dan it takes to tell it, I'm in front of de door, hoppin' out an' openin' it for de Old Man an' his staff.

" 'What's this?' growls de Adjutant. 'Where is Corporal Herring?'

" 'Oh, Sir,' I comes back, casual like, 'He has just went to de hospital.'

"HOSPITAL?' chirps Plans and Training. 'What do you mean, . . . HOSPITAL?'

" 'Well, you see, Sir,' I answers, 'When I got back to de car, him an' a Naval officer was havin' a fight, an' a taxi driver threw a wrench, an' smacks him in . . .'

" 'A NAVAL OFFICER?' roars de Old Man, wit his best field voice.

" 'Yes, Sir, a Naval Officer . . . one of dem guys wit a double breasted uniform, an' three stripes like a sergeant on his sleeve, only his was all gold, wit a curved bridge over de top wit a crow on it, an' a Ferris wheel in de center.'

The Old Man

"That holds 'em for a while, an' dey goes into a huddle.

"Pretty soon de Adjutant comes back an' asks, "Orderly, have you ever driven a car before?'

" 'Yes, Sir,' I replied, 'I usta be a taxi driver meself, in Detroit, before I signed up in de Army.'

" 'Very well,' he says, 'You will drive us all back to the post.'

"When they're all safe inside, wit no loose ends hanging out, I slams de door gently to, gets back behind de wheel, an' pretty soon we're hittn' a good clip down Park Avenoo.

"Knowin' dat an official military party has de right of way over all traffic, except de mails, fire engines, an' ambulances, I step on it, an' we're soon on de ramp of de Grand Central.

"At Twenty-sixth street, I sees de green light dimmin' up for a change to de red, an' I decides to give her more gun an' pass before the cross-town traffic has a chance to get started.

"We gits about ten feet beyond the light when it changes to red and I see dat it's too late to slow up. So I keep on goin', missing a big white milk truck by a whisper.

"By de time I can git hold of meself again, we're down to Twenty-third street, red lights all de way, an' I'm prayin' dat the fares I'm towin' all muffed de foul.

"Outa de corner of me eye I sees a small green coupe make a quick turn behind me, an' de next thing I knows, a voice like a drill sergeant's bawls out, 'HEY, mug, where de hell do YOU tink yere goin'? . . . DRIVE OVER!'

"We hit de curb an' there are a coupla lantern-jawed John Laws, one wit a little black book in his hand, an' a stub of pencil poised over it.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Three Victories to N.Y.N.G. Pistol Team

Inter-divisional, East Coast, and the new Stark Trophy matches are chalked up by our Guardsmen when they shoot it out with four rival teams at Camp Smith.

WHEN the New York National Guard was host to the pistol teams of the 44th Division, New Jersey National Guard, the 77th Division Organized Reserves, the 78th Division Organized Reserves, and the Quartermaster Reserve, on August 8th, its own crack-shooting 27th Division team carried off three victories in a row in the three important annual matches. These were the Inter-divisional match, the East Coast match, and the contest for the new Stark Trophy, presented for the first time for annual competition this year by Lieut. Col. Charles W. Stark.

In the Inter-divisional Match, the New York marksmen defeated their friendly enemies, the pistol team of the New Jersey National Guard, of which Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, former superintendent of the New Jersey State Police was a member. Colonel Schwarzkopf, donor of the Schwarzkopf Trophy which the New York National Guard has won two years in succession, had the second highest score on his team with a mark of 96.33 per cent.

The 27th Division team fired an average score in this match of 96.34 per cent, while the 44th Division, New Jersey National Guard, shot a score of 94.17 per cent and rated second place. The percentages of the other teams were as follows: 77th Division, Organized Reserves, of New York, 93.96; 78th Division, Organized Reserves, New Jersey, 90.44, and the Quartermaster Reserve, 83.57.

Details of the 27th Division's team's scores were as follows:

	Slow	*Rapid*	*Quick*	*Total*
2nd Lieut. J. R. Herron.....	98	95.5	100	97.83
Capt. R. A. Devereux.....	96	96.5	100	97.5
Capt. A. N. Gormsen.....	95	95.5	100	96.83
Pfc. P. H. Agramonte.....	95	95	100	96.66
2nd Lieut. H. A. Manin.....	88	90.5	100	92.83
			Team Average	96.34

The East Coast Match scores of the 27th Div'n follow:

	Slow	*Timed*	*Rapid*	*Total*
2nd Lieut. J. R. Herron.....	79	93	92	264
Sgt. Burr A. Evans.....	78	91	87	256
Capt. R. A. Devereux.....	85	85	82	252
Pfc. P. H. Agramonte.....	75	91	81	247
1st Lieut. H. J. Billings.....	74	88	73	235
Team Total	391	448	415	1254

1st Lieut. Billings is a member of the 108th Infantry (Syracuse) while Sgt. Evans is from the 102nd Engineers and broke the record in the Governor's Match this year during the State Rifle Matches with two perfect scores, 100-100.

The new Stark Trophy Military Pistol Team Match was fired over the following course: *First Stage*—Timed fire, 25 yards, Target L, 2 scores (5 shots each), 20 seconds per score. *Second Stage*—Rapid fire, 25 yards, Target L, 2 scores (5 shots each), 10 seconds per score. *Third Stage*—Rapid fire, 25 yards, Target F, 2 scores (5 shots each), 10 seconds per score. Value of shots: head, 10; chest, 7; shoulders, 4.

Again the 27th Division Pistol Team brought home the bacon with a total score of 1,288. Runners-up were the 77th Division Organized Reserves with a total of 1,256, and then followed the 44th Division, N.J.N.G., 1,173; the 78th Division Organized Reserves, 1,135, and the Quartermaster Reserve with 981.

Details of the 27th Division's shooting were as follows:

	Timed Fire	*Rapid Target L*	*Rapid Target F*	*Total*
Sgt. Burr A. Evans.....	96	91	97	284
2nd Lieut. J. R. Herron.....	96	89	88	273
Capt. A. N. Gormsen.....	91	90	77	258
2nd Lieut. H. A. Manin.....	82	81	76	239
1st Lieut. H. J. Billings.....	84	84	66	234
Team Total	449	435	404	1,288

The individual high scores (first three) in each match are listed below:

The Inter-Divisional Match

1. Captain Hubert W. Amundsen, 77th Div.—Score, 98.33 1/3.
2. 2nd Lieut. James R. Herron, 27th Div.—Score, 97.83 1/3.
3. Captain Richard A. Devereux, 27th Div.—Score, 97.50.

The East Coast Match

1. Second Lieut. Frederick B. Monell, Jr., Q.M. Res.—Score, 266.
2. Second Lieut. James R. Herron, 27th Div.—Score, 264.
3. Sergeant Burr A. Evans, 27th Div.—Score, 256.

The Stark Trophy Match

1. Captain Hubert W. Amundsen, 77th Div.—Score, 290.
2. 2nd Lieut. Elbert Norling, 77th Div.—Score, 289.
3. Sergeant Burr A. Evans, 27th Div.—Score, 284.

Brigadier General F. M. Waterbury (retired), former State Ordnance Officer, was executive officer of the matches, and the chief range officer was Capt. Joseph A. Forgett. Captain Charles W. Berry, Jr., was statistical officer.

Preparing For Camp Perry

New York is sending four teams this year including one for the first time from the New York Naval Militia

WHEN this issue of the GUARDSMAN comes off the press, the fate of scores of teams taking part in the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, will still be in the balance, but New Yorkers (and particularly National Guardsmen) will be keenly following the fortunes of the four teams entered in these matches this year by the Empire State.

Never before has the State of New York furnished so many teams, one of which, consisting of members of the New York Naval Militia, is making its debut on the firing line at Camp Perry.

August 24th was the date on which shooters from all over the United States started pouring into Camp Perry, changing this normally quiet camp on Lake Erie into a tented city of nearly five thousand population.

Anyone is open to back his own fancy as to whether any new shooting records will be hung up this year in the Matches, but there is no question as to the record in efficient management and improved facilities which will be established in the 1936 "Big Shoot." With Colonel J. L. Benedict as Executive Officer, assisted by a staff of able officers, many of them old-timers to Camp Perry, a smooth-running shoot is assured.

Team Captain of the N.Y.N.G. Rifle Team is our State Ordnance Officer, Lt. Col. Henry E. Suavet, and the Team Coach is Pfc. Thomas E. Brown, Jr., 107th Infantry (inventor of the Televation Score-Book which has been of such marked value this year in increasing the number of qualifications in our organizations).

The principals and alternates are as follows: Captain Alonzo S. Ward, 369th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Luther A. Smith, 369th Inf.; 2nd Lieut. James R. Herron, 105th Inf.; 2nd Lieut. Harry A. Manin, 102nd Eng.; Tech. Sgt. Joseph Cushing, 102nd Eng.; Staff Sgt. Peter Rizzo, 102nd Eng.; Staff Sgt. Peter Knob, 102nd Eng.; Sergeant Charles Mason, 107th Inf.; Sergeant Burr A. Evans, 102nd Eng.; Sergeant Chester P. Perkins, 105th Inf.; Corporal David C. Bradt, 105th Inf.; Corporal John P. Nicolai, 106th Inf.

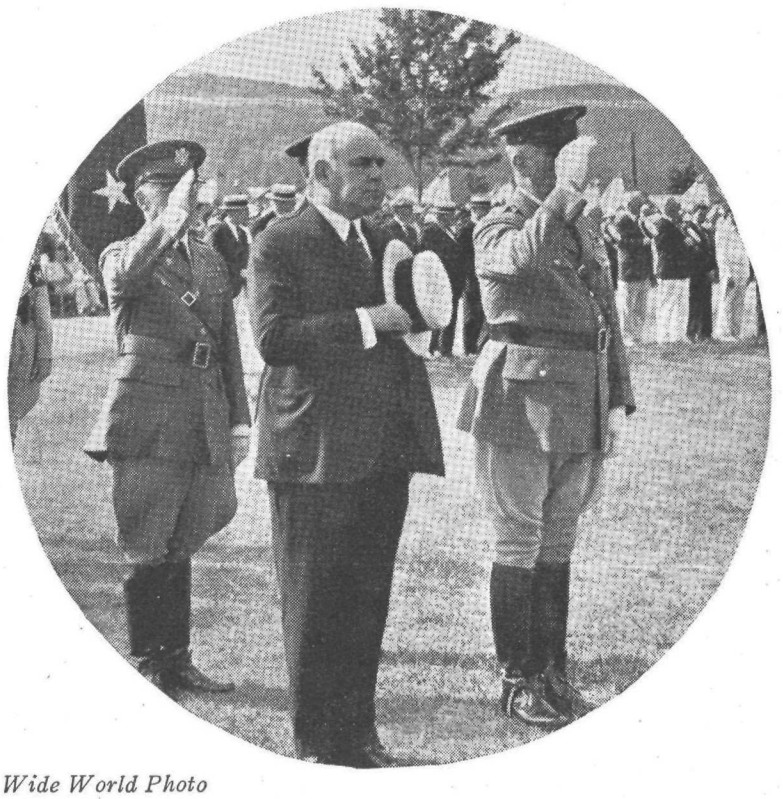
Two civilian teams, the first captained by Edward J. Dougherty of New York City and the second by Eugene B. Mechling, of Scarsdale, N. Y., and composed of civilian members from different parts of the state, are also competing and the New York Naval Militia Team, captained by Captain Leo W. Hesselman, Chief of Staff of the N.Y.N.M., and coached by Lt. Comdr. R. S. Saunders, Hdqrs. 1st Bn., N.Y.N.M., is made up of the following members selected on the basis of results of the firing in the State Figure of Merit competition, State Matches, and several try-outs:

C.R.M. R. T. Wachob, 14 Divn., 9th Bn.; G.M.1c J. A. Owellen, 9 Divn., 3rd Bn.; W.T.1c R. E. Mills, 11 Divn., 9th Bn.; B.M.2c A. A. Antinarelli, 10 Divn., 3rd Bn.; M.M.2c J. J. Philips, 8 Divn., 2nd Bn.; R.M.3c A. E. Robertson, 11 Divn., 9th Bn.; S.M.3c K. O. O'Corr, 10 Divn., 3rd Bn.; Sea.1c D. R. McAnn, 10 Divn., 3rd Bn.; Sea.1c F. J. Preston, Jr., 32 Fl. Divn.; Sea.2c W. J. Pfau, 16 Divn., 4th Bn.; A.S. G. A. Searle, 9 Divn., 3rd Bn.; A.S. T. McKinstry, 15 Fl. Divn.

As the result of selections made by the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, it is understood that the following members of the First Marine Battalion, N.Y.N.M., have been designated members of the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve Rifle Team for the 1936 National Matches:

2nd Lieut. M. J. Davidowitch, Co. B; Sgt. J. H. Hanly, Co. B; Pvt. Max Rosenblatt, Co. B.

Many of the finest shots in the country are entered for these matches and our teams will find the competition extremely stiff. Last year, considering the fact that all but two of the team members were new to Camp Perry, a very good showing was made and both Pvt. Agramonte and Sgt. Evans won places in the "President's Hundred."



Wide World Photo

Governor Herbert H. Lehman reviewing the 165th Infantry at Camp Smith. Major General Wm. H. Haskell (right) and Colonel Wm. R. Wright (left) are standing with him.

Several improvements have been made both in camp and range facilties. A new "U" shaped building has been erected on the main street in place of the several temporary structures which formerly housed the Post Exchange, Post Office and N.R.A. Entry Office. These will now be all under one roof.

No important changes have been made in the matches which will be fired over the same courses and under conditions similar to those prevailing last year. A radical departure in distribution of cash prizes will be in effect this year, however. The new distribution provides for a separate classification of competitors who shoot for cash prizes. These competitors will pay an

(*Continued on page 27*)

New York National Guardsman
718 STATE OFFICE BUILDING
80 CENTRE STREET
NEW YORK CITY

VOL. XIII, No. 6 NEW YORK CITY SEPTEMBER, 1936

LT. COL. HENRY E. SUAVET, *Editor*
LIEUT. T. F. WOODHOUSE, *Asst. Editor and Business Mgr.*
LT. COL. WILLIAM J. MANGINE, *General Advertising Mgr.*
MAJ. ERNEST C. DREHER, *N. Y. C. Advertising Mgr.*

NINTH REUNION OF 27th DIVISION VETS, TROY, N. Y., OCTOBER 16-17

THE ninth biennial reunion of the 27th Division Association, Inc., will be held in Troy, October 16, 17, 1936. Members of Troy Post, No. 2, of the Association, are making plans to bring about one of the largest gatherings of 27th Division veterans since the World War. The President of the Association, Eugene R. Collins, who served in the old 105th Infantry and the 27th Division Headquarters Troop, has the cooperation of Major General John F. O'Ryan, War-time Commander of the Division, in preparing the plans for the gathering.

All veterans of the Division who are on the records in the Headquarters of the Association have received the Aug. 15th issue of the *Orion Messenger,* official publication of the Association. There are, however, many thousands of 27th Division veterans, throughout the state and country who are not listed on the Association's roster, and the officers of the organization are anxious to get in touch with these men.

There are a great many who are unfamiliar with the Eligibility rules of the Association, and, for their information, Article 1, Section 1, of the present by-laws, is quoted as follows:

"Eligibility. 1. The qualifications for membership shall be as follows: Any person who served as a member of the 27th Division between October 1, 1917, and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, or any person who was called into United States Service for the World War while a member of the New York National Guard on or before August 5, 1917, or any person who served as a member of the British Expeditionary Forces with which the 27th Division was at any time brigaded, and received an honorable discharge for such service, is eligible for membership in the 27th Division Association of the World War."

It is to be seen by the above rule that all men called into service in the various New York State National Guard units in 1917, but, who later were transferred or commissioned in other outfits, or served in various Pioneer Infantry Regiments, are eligible for membership in the 27th Division Association, Inc. Since news of the 1936 reunion has been broadcast, the officers of the Association have received many encouraging letters from members throughout the state, who have pledged their support in bringing about a successful reunion this year. Suggestions have been made that various Regiments and Machine Gun Battalions hold outfit reunions in connection with the state meeting. Further developments and news of these prospective Regimental gatherings will be carried in the Sept. 15th issue of *Orion Messenger,* and THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN. Anyone desiring additional information regarding the reunion, will receive the same by writing to: Headquarters, 27th Division Association, Inc., Observer Building, Troy, N. Y.

The present officers of the Association are as follows:

Honorary President, Major General John F. O'Ryan, New York City; President, Eugene R. Collins, Troy, N. Y.; First Vice President, John Leach, Yorkville, N. Y.; Second Vice President, William Robbins, Rochester, N. Y.; Third Vice President, Frank Cahir, New York City; Treasurer, John J. Tower, Troy, N. Y.; Secretary, Frank J. Mealy, Troy, N. Y.

The Executive Committee consists of the following:—

Fred Lovell, chairman, Rouses Point, N. Y.; Ransom H. Gillett, Albany, N. Y.; Ogden J. Ross, Troy, N. Y.; Stanley Bulkley, Flushing, L. I.; Louis H. Gibbs, Schenectady, N. Y.; Frederick B. Adams, Utica, N. Y.; William F. Finn, Cohoes, N. Y.; and, Thomas M. Sherman, Long Beach, N. Y.

The Honorary Members are as follows:

Maj. Gen. William N. Haskell; Brig. Gen. Louis W. Stotesbury; Hon. James W. Wadsworth, Jr.; Hon. Charles S. Whitman; Hon. Cornelius F. Burns; and Hon. Robert S. O. Lawson.

WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?

EVERY now and then we see some gesture of sportsmanship that almost restores our faith in human nature. The Golden Gloves Tournament held recently in the District of Columbia, furnished a splendid example. One Angelo Pappas fought his way through the eliminations. Just before he was to fight in the finals for the title, his mother died. Quite naturally, under the circumstances, he couldn't appear. Instead of accepting the forfeit, his opponent, Lester Mock, refused it, indicating his own willingness to forfeit to Pappas. The boxing committee exhibited equal sportsmanship and awarded Golden Gloves to both contestants.

Webster doesn't offer a very satisfactory definition for the word "sportsmanship." About the closest he comes to it is: "A good loser and a graceful winner." Perhaps that is all the academic definition required, but we all know the word means something deeper, some intangible quality that defies entire definition.

Perhaps we shall not be entirely agreed with when we laud the boxer who carries his battered opponent through the last rounds, content with winning on points rather than scoring a knockout. He takes a chance that a desperate punch might land against his own jaw; but that is sportsmanship.

A few years ago we saw Tony Canzoneri knock the protector out of his adversary's mouth, and Tony walked into a neutral corner to give the man time to replace it. It

(*Continued on page* 24)

GENERAL HASKELL'S EDITORIAL

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN AID OF THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES

THE National Guard is an integral part of our government. It is one of the most important parts of our government. In time of war it is instantly available for the national defence. In time of peace, when disaster such as flood, fire or earthquake strikes our country, it is to the National Guard that our people first turn for help. If internal disorder and violence temporarily paralyze the civil authorities, the National Guard steps in to preserve law and order and restore the power of the government.

The National Guardsman is really the most practical patriot in this country. He sacrifices his time, his money, his pleasure, and often his opportunities for business advancement. He even stands ready to give his life for his country, should that be necessary.

Functions of the National Guard in time of war are generally understood. The records of our National Guard divisions in France, (as related on page 14 of this issue) are part of the history of our country. But there has been a good deal of loose talk and rather muddy thinking about the use of the National Guard in aiding the civil authorities to preserve law and order, and a few words on that subject may not be out of place.

We in America have a reverence for law and order. We have set up our government based on political principles which we believe to be sound. In our Federal and State constitutions we have made careful provision for the means of changing such features of our government as a majority of us, at the polls, vote to change. Similarly, if social conditions develop injustice or conditions calling for correction, we have legal ways of remedying them. But the American way is to work by ballots. Bombs and barricades do not appeal to our people as legitimate arguments. Whatever element in our country chooses to resort to them must be sat upon good and hard by the rest of us.

This duty to come to the rescue of the civil authorities in aid of our government does not depend on our status as National Guardsmen. It is based on our citizenship. By Section 2095 of our Penal Law every person present at a place of unlawful assembly or riot is required to aid in suppressing the riot and in protecting people and property, and in arresting the rioters, if called upon by a duly authorized public officer, and if he fails to respond to such call, he is guilty of a misdemeanor.

All able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who are residents of New York, under Article XI of our State constitution, constitute the militia of New York, and under our Military Law may be enrolled by the Governor and called upon for public service whenever he deems is necessary. Any man, so called, who fails to appear, shall be treated as a deserter under the Articles of War of the United States.

So that every citizen of New York of the prescribed age, including many who through ignorance of the law attack the National Guard when it is called on to aid the civil authorities, is himself liable to this very duty and may be listed as a deserter if he fails to respond when called. It is true that by reason of its organization and training, the National Guard is better qualified to perform this duty than the ordinary civilian, and in practice is usually called out ahead of the untrained citizenry. For this it is entitled to the gratitude of the citizens whom it relieves from this important and dangerous adjunct of citizenship.

It is when called out to fulfill this supreme function of a citizen that the courage, discipline and common sense of the National Guardsman is put to the most severe test. He will have to suffer insult, abuse and perhaps injury from people with whom he has no quarrel and with whose cause he may even be in personal sympathy. He must conduct himself with patience and the strictest impartiality. He may under no circumstances take sides. It his his job to see that the peace is kept, that lawlessness and violence are suppressed, and that the authority of the civil agencies is restored. When law and order have been re-established and control reverts to the civil authorities in whom the people have vested it, the people themselves can proceed by their votes to rectify such conditions as they may feel require change.

That is our American way of solving difficulties, and the National Guard is here to uphold laws and traditions. The people of New York State may well take pride in the fact that it is many years since conditions have required the calling out of its National Guard to aid the civil authorities.

Wm. N. Haskell

Major General

Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. A.

The National Guard in Action in France

"Fighting Men of the First Caliber"—that was this country's opinion of the National Guard Divisions when they returned from France after the war.

By HERBERT E. SMITH

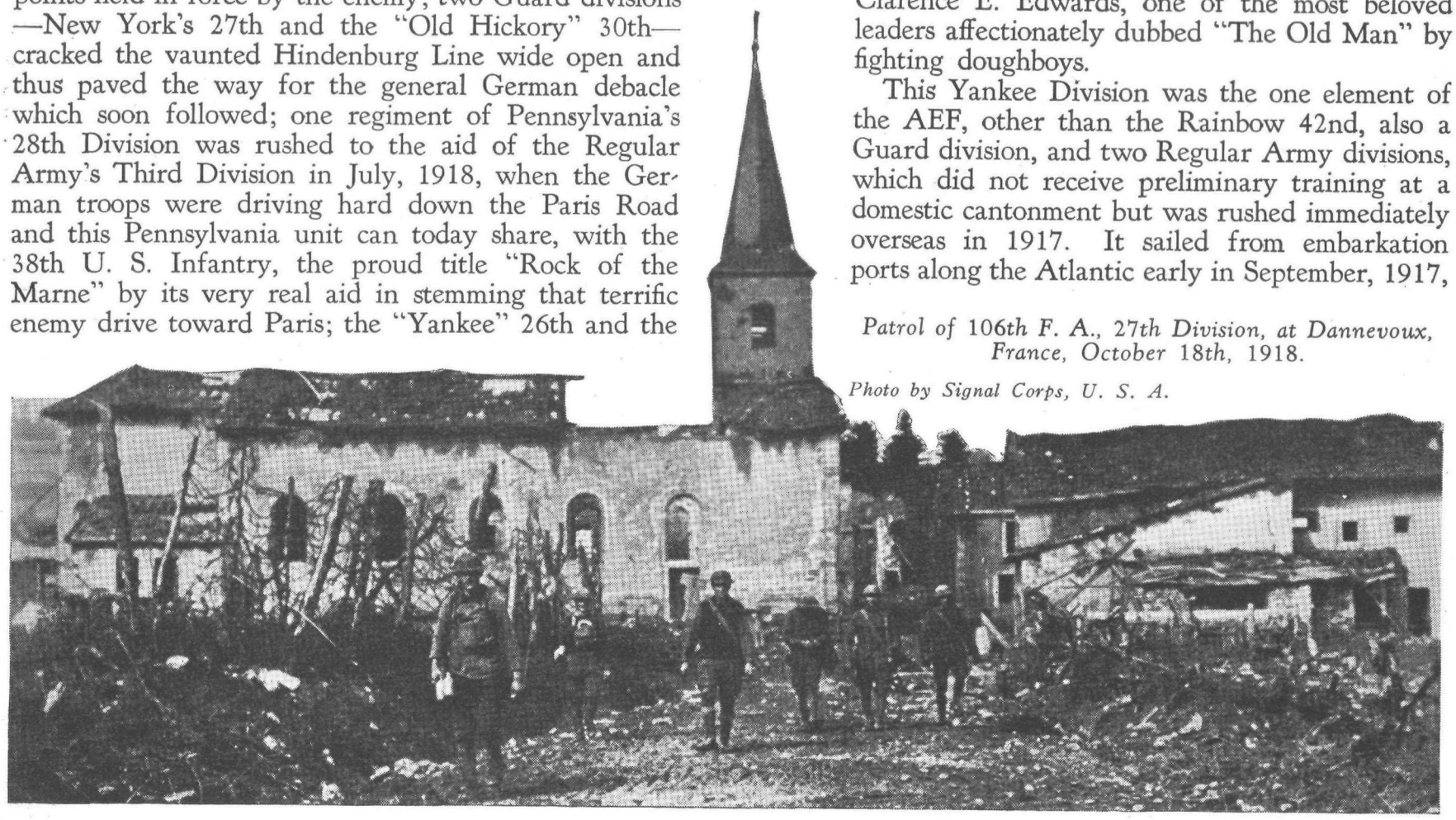
OF the forty-three divisions of the American Expeditonary Forces in France on November 11, 1918, seventeen were National Guard elements by origin and of these seventeen National Guard divisions eleven had participated in combat action along the Western Front as divisional troops.

These eleven National Guard divisions which proved up in the acid test of modern trench warfare were the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 36th, 37th and 42nd.

Not a foot of ground was ever lost by any of these premier fighting units of the AEF; not one objective set for any of these eleven divisions was not gained; several of these National Guard divisions were chosen by the high command of the Allied forces as shock troops to form the spearhead of attacking columns against especially strong points held in force by the enemy; two Guard divisions —New York's 27th and the "Old Hickory" 30th— cracked the vaunted Hindenburg Line wide open and thus paved the way for the general German debacle which soon followed; one regiment of Pennsylvania's 28th Division was rushed to the aid of the Regular Army's Third Division in July, 1918, when the German troops were driving hard down the Paris Road and this Pennsylvania unit can today share, with the 38th U. S. Infantry, the proud title "Rock of the Marne" by its very real aid in stemming that terrific enemy drive toward Paris; the "Yankee" 26th and the cosmopolitan "Rainbow" 42nd divisions both were holding sectors in France and under fire as early as February of 1918; the hard-fighting 32nd Division won the grim title "*Les Terribles*" from veteran French generals who saw those Michigan and Wisconsin guardsmen advance under a killing fire to wrest strongholds from crack Prussian troops at the point of the bayonet; Illinois' 33rd Division moved even the hard-boiled Anzacs to unstinted praise by its outstanding attack at Hamel, in Picardy, on July 4th; the "Buckeye" 37th Division of Ohio National Guard troops, under gallant Albert of Belgium, led the way across the Scheldt and into Brussels to drive the enemy from Belgian soil in the final stages of the war.

The 26th Division—the "Yanks"—hailed from the New England states and was commanded during the greater part of its hectic wartime activities by Major General Clarence E. Edwards, one of the most beloved leaders affectionately dubbed "The Old Man" by fighting doughboys.

This Yankee Division was the one element of the AEF, other than the Rainbow 42nd, also a Guard division, and two Regular Army divisions, which did not receive preliminary training at a domestic cantonment but was rushed immediately overseas in 1917. It sailed from embarkation ports along the Atlantic early in September, 1917,



Patrol of 106th F. A., 27th Division, at Dannevoux, France, October 18th, 1918.

Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. A.

and enjoyed the demonstrative acclaim of the French populace on landing at Saint Nazaire.

Affiliated with seasoned French troops, the New England guardsmen entered front line trenches at Chemin des Dames on February 6, 1918, to receive their baptism of fire.

So well did the Yanks acquit themselves in this the first test of American guardsmen in combat, that on April 3, they were given a part of the Toul-Boucq sector to handle on their own; moreover, as a result of several individual acts of outstanding heroism at Chemin des Dames, the French awarded many of their prized combat medal, the Croix de Guerre, to cited Yanks.

Shifted to the Aisne-Marne front, after participating in the hot Champagne-Marne Operation of June 15-18, the division again blazed through with typical Yankee doggedness to gain all objectives; it played a major rôle in the American reduction of the St. Mihiel salient in September and on October 14 went into further action along the eastern edge of the Bois d'Haumont, remaining in front line action throughout, without relief, until the fateful hour of 11 A.M., on November 11.

Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Corp. L. K. Knowlson, 102nd Field Signal Bn., 27th Division—first American to win the prized British Military Medal.

"NEW York's Own" 27th Division, after training at Camp Wadsworth near Spartanburg, South Carolina, sailed for France in the early summer of 1918 and by late June had arrived intact in France. After final intensive training with the British in Picardy and Flanders the Empire State guardsmen participated in the occupation of the Dickebusch Lake and Scherpenberg sectors in Flanders. They then swung into the great Allied action of Ypres-Lys and the momentous Somme "push"; the highlight of this movement was the part played by the New York guardsmen in taking the St. Quentin Canal tunnel, key position of the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg Line. This feat marked the beginning of the end for the enemy; with the "Line" shot wide open by the New Yorkers, the Germans were licked, and knew it, then.

While its doughboys and machine-gunners and engineers were smashing the Hindenburg Line, the New York Division's artillery brigade was keeping the same fighting traditions alive back in France by working its smoking field pieces in support of infantry elements of the 79th Division, AEF; the New York "red legs" were in constant combat action through October and until the last second had ticked away to zero hour of 11 A.M. on Armistice Day. New York's artillerymen were among the American troops which defended Verdun—"They shall not pass!"—in the final stages of the Meuse-Argonne action.

Major General John F. O'Ryan, wartime C.O. of "New York's Own," took the Empire State guardsmen over and brought them back. Upon the division's return to New York City, aboard the *Leviathan,* in March, 1919, it was greeted by such a tumultuous reception as the metropolis has never witnessed before nor since; not even the triumphal parade marking Lindbergh's return after his successful solo flight to Paris in 1927 eclipsed the riotous reception accorded the men of the fighting 27th when they marched along Fifth Avenue in the final divisional parade late in March.

THE regiment of guardsmen which was rushed to the aid of the hard-pressed Third Division when the Germans drove down the Paris Road in mid-July of 1918 was the 111th Infantry—old Third Pennsylvania—of the 28th ("Keystone") Division. Fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Regulars, these Philadelphia guardsmen met the several fierce thrusts of the Prussian Guards with such determined counter-action that the enemy was held at the Marne and Paris saved. It was a piece of the fine combat action displayed throughout the war by Pennsylvania's 28th Division which had trained at Camp Hancock, Georgia, and arrived in France in June. The highlight of this particular Guard division's exploits overseas was its smashing attack, through August of 1918, in the decisive Oise-Aisne action; it was the Keystone doughboys who captured the key city of Fismes from the frantically fighting German defenders.

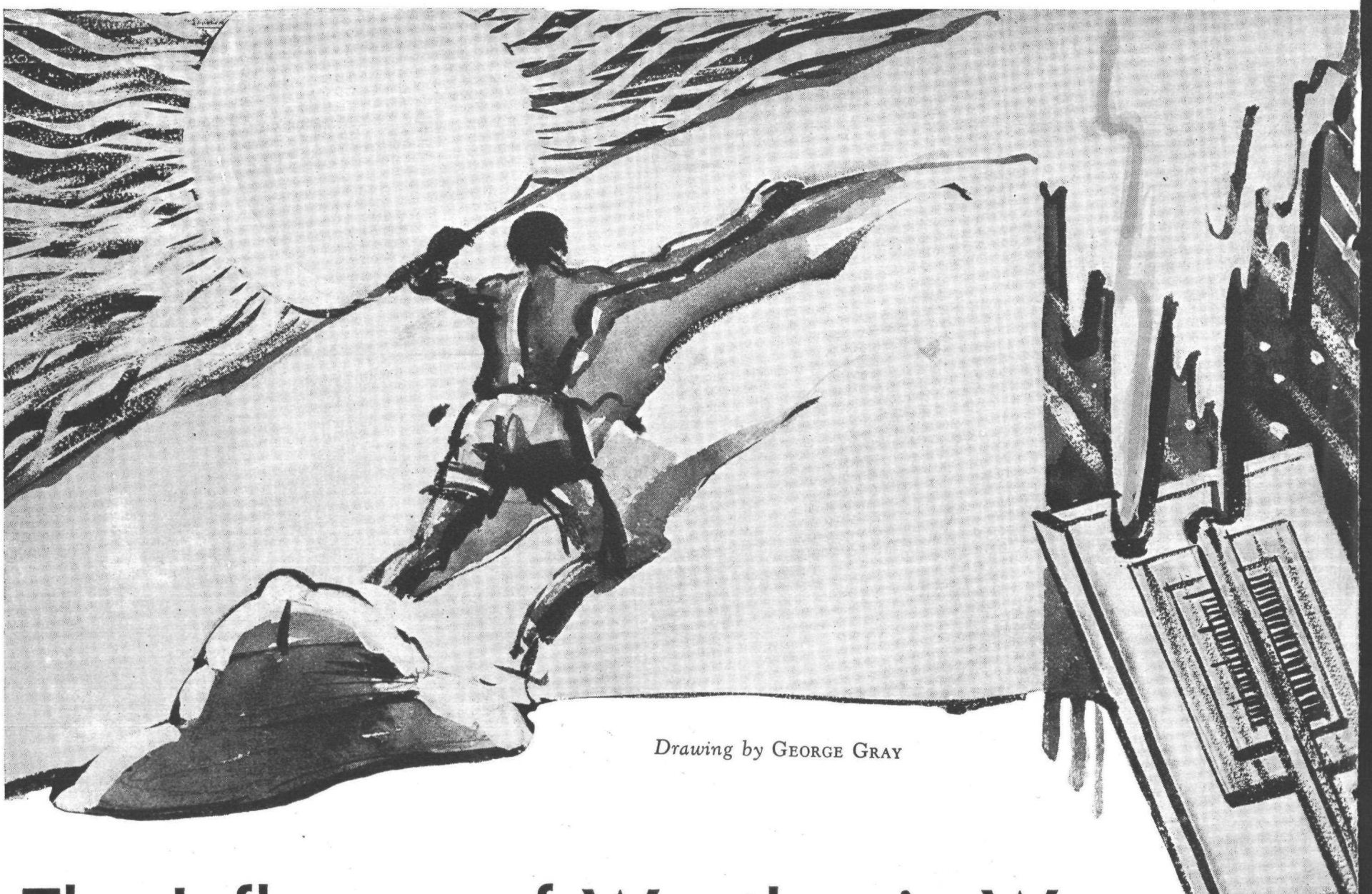
Major General Charles H. Muir commanded the Pennsylvania guardsmen in the major part of the 28th Division's combat action in France.

Happily celebrating the reunion in action of North and South, the 29th Division was made up of guardsmen from old militia units of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia. It trained at Camp McClellan, Alabama, and arrived in France in July 1918. Its first taste of front line action was received in the defensive sector of Haute-Alsace, from the Swiss border north to Aspach. Early in August the "Blue and Grey" guardsmen went on their own, taking over command of the Rhine-Rhone Canal Sector in Alsace. It fought brilliantly through the Meuse-Argonne offensive, driving constantly forward until, late in October, it took the vitally important stronghold of Grande-Montagne and, spent and decimated, was relieved from further front line action. Major General Charles G. Morton was "Old Man" to the men of the 29th.

Guardsmen from the Carolinas and Tennessee made up the orignal composition of the "Old Hickory" 30th Division which trained at Camp Sevier, South Carolina, and landed at French ports in May, 1918. It was this division of Southern guardsmen which fought with New York's 27th in Flanders and smashed forward, along the Hindenburg Line, to take Moated Grange, Lock Number Eight, Voormezeele, Lankhof Farm and other important positions from the stubbornly defending German troops. The "Old Hickory" division was commanded in action by Major General George W. Read and Major General Edward M. Lewis.

"*Les Terribles.*" The terrible ones! Such was the accolade conferred by the high French command upon a

(*Continued on page* 21)



Drawing by GEORGE GRAY

The Influence of Weather in War

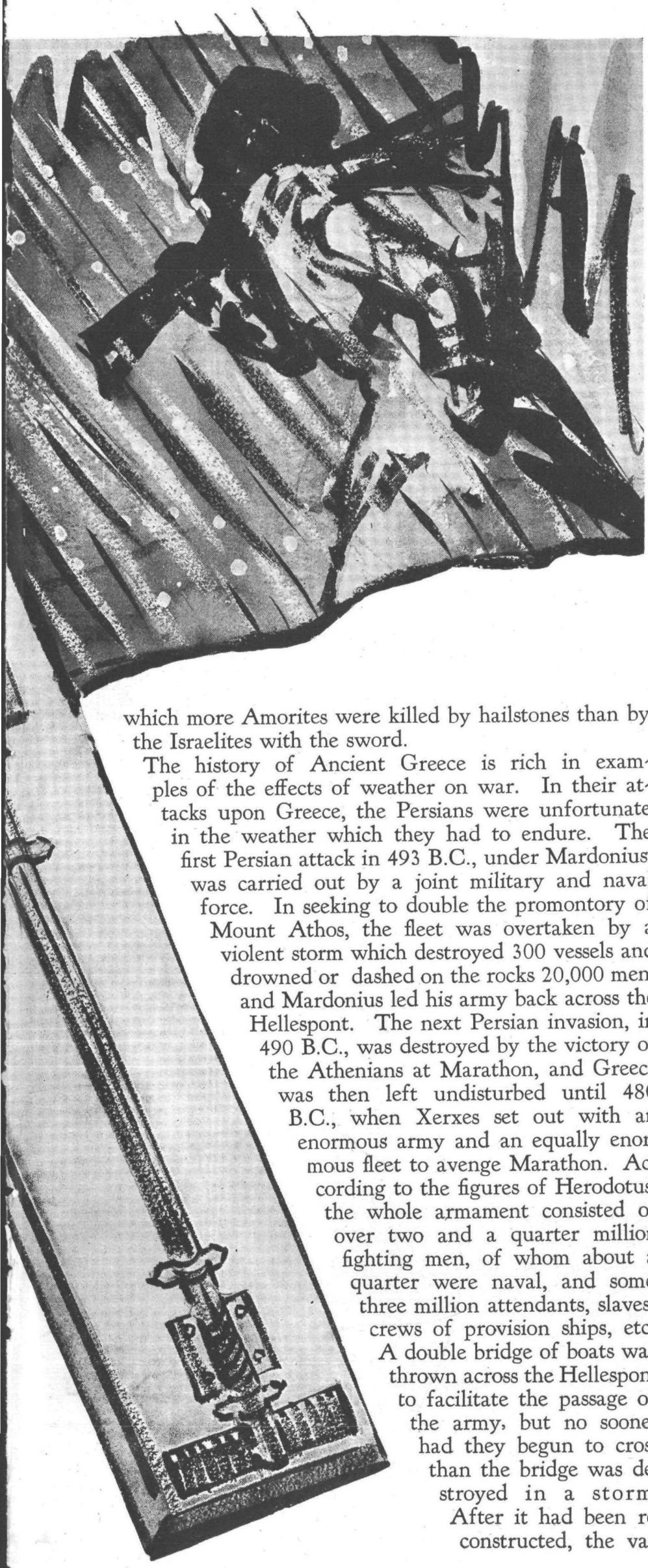
By D. BRUNT, M.A.

I HAVE never seen in the index to any text-book of history, or even in the index to such books as Hamley's "Operations of War," a single reference to weather, fog, rain, snow, wind, or any other meteorological factor. Most writers appear to regard the weather as so inevitable and ever-present as to be unworthy of discussion. In spite of this, there is available an enormous mass of scattered information relating to weather in warfare, and the difficulty I find in approaching this part of my subject lies, not in the lack of information, but in the fact that the information available consists of a vast number of isolated facts which do not readily admit of being presented as a coherent whole.

Weather can affect the course of war in many ways—by killing the soldier, and particularly the wounded soldier, with cold, by destroying his mobility by excessive rain or sudden thaw, by increasing his mobility through drought and frost, by hiding his movements in fog, by parching him with excessive heat, or by drowning him or his transport at sea. Indeed there is no feature of war which may not be hindered or rendered impossible by unfavorable weather, or facilitated beyond expectation by favorable weather. Many of the examples I have culled from various sources are of chance occurrences of fog, rains, storms, etc., which recall the dictum of one of Shakespeare's characters: "Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to show that she is fickleness and mutabilities, and variations": and on these chance occurrences have hinged events which have changed the destinies of nations. It is an instructive game to consider how history might have followed a different course had some apparently casual fog or storm not occurred at a particular time. I can only deal with a few selected cases in the limited space at my disposal, and no claim is made that these are the most striking cases which might have been selected.

As a general rule, we may say that in war fog favors an attacking force or a defeated army, while heavy rain or snow favors the defending force. Violent storms of wind at sea hinder any exposed fleet. In naval warfare under modern conditions, poor visibility favors the fleet with the best armored protection, while good visibility favors the fleet with high speed and long-range guns.

The conjunction of wind and tide which enabled the Israelites to escape from the Egyptians across the Red Sea is too well known to require more than a passing mention. So is the Old Testament story of the battle between Joshua and the five kings of the Amorites, in



which more Amorites were killed by hailstones than by the Israelites with the sword.

The history of Ancient Greece is rich in examples of the effects of weather on war. In their attacks upon Greece, the Persians were unfortunate in the weather which they had to endure. The first Persian attack in 493 B.C., under Mardonius, was carried out by a joint military and naval force. In seeking to double the promontory of Mount Athos, the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm which destroyed 300 vessels and drowned or dashed on the rocks 20,000 men, and Mardonius led his army back across the Hellespont. The next Persian invasion, in 490 B.C., was destroyed by the victory of the Athenians at Marathon, and Greece was then left undisturbed until 480 B.C., when Xerxes set out with an enormous army and an equally enormous fleet to avenge Marathon. According to the figures of Herodotus, the whole armament consisted of over two and a quarter million fighting men, of whom about a quarter were naval, and some three million attendants, slaves, crews of provision ships, etc. A double bridge of boats was thrown across the Hellespont to facilitate the passage of the army, but no sooner had they begun to cross than the bridge was destroyed in a storm. After it had been reconstructed, the vast army took seven days and seven nights to cross. After the Pass of Thermopylae had been forced, the Persian fleet, while anchored off the coast of Magnesia, was overtaken by a violent storm, which lasted for three days and three nights, and at least 400 Persian ships-of-war were destroyed, together with many transports and much treasure. The Greek fleet at Chalcis, being sheltered by the Island of Euboea, was not exposed to the storm. The Persians then sent a fleet of 200 ships round the island to cut off the retreat of the Greeks, whom they were confident of crushing, but during the next night a storm destroyed this detached fleet completely, and did considerable damage to the main Persian fleet. Even after the indecisive battle which followed, the Persian fleet still numbered about 1,000 ships-of-war, the Greek fleet being about a third of this number. But in the Battle of Salamis the Greeks gained a signal victory, and routed the Persian fleet, thereby removing the Persians' main source of supply. The Persian retirement to the Hellespont was endangered by snow-storms and extreme cold, and the bridge over the Hellespont was found to have been destroyed again in a second storm, and only a miserable remnant of the original force returned home. The Persian menace, thus checked by the weather and the Athenian fleet, was never renewed.

THE history of Ancient Rome is also rich in examples of weather affecting military history, as when Varus, the first Roman Governor of Germany, and three Augustan Legions, were destroyed by the Germans in the swamps of Lippe, after many days of continuous torrential rain.

The Norman Conquest of 1066 was vitally affected by weather. William of Normandy was kept weather-bound in port for six weeks. While Harold was awaiting him on the South Coast, word was brought that Harald Hadrada, King of Norway, had landed on the North-East Coast, and Harold had perforce to march northward to meet him. The invaders were almost completely destroyed at the Battle of Stamford Bridge, but three days later William landed at Pevensey. Harold marched hurriedly south with only a part of his forces, but even then, with an army sadly depleted by the losses at Stamford Bridge, he was only defeated at Hastings by a narrow margin. It is not unfair to assume that, had William not been delayed, so that Harold could have met him with fresh forces, the result of the Battle of Hastings would have been reversed, and the Norman Conquest would not have materialized.

Edward IV appears on several occasions to have been singularly favored by weather conditions. In the campaign which gained him his crown in 1461, after being proclaimed King in London, he pursued the Lancastrians who were retreating northward. The two armies met at Towton, the Lancastrians being in greater numbers, but one of Edward's subordinates, Fauconberg, took advantage of a snow storm which was driving into the faces of the enemy to gall them with arrows until they preferred to make a disorderly charge rather than endure it any longer, and Edward's victory was soon assured. Again in 1471 when the same king landed in England after some years of exile, his campaign virtually closed with the Battle of Barnet, a battle fought in fog

Reproduced from the original painting by Lady Butler

During the retreat from Burgos, during the Peninsular War in Spain, 1809-1814, rain fell in torrents and the roads became almost impassable. Men exhausted with marching, lacking food, and diseased from exposure to the dreadful winter, died in their tracks or fell by the wayside and were captured by the close-pressing French army.

so dense that each side outflanked the other without being aware of it. The centres fought desperately for three hours, and in the fog Warwick's men, mistaking Lord Oxford's silver star with streamers for the "Sun of York," made a vigorous onslaught on their own forces, and so turned the scale in favor of Edward, Warwick being defeated and slain.

During the following century inclement weather saved Vienna from the Turks, when Solyman the Victorious set out to take Vienna in 1529. The march of the Turks to the Danube was carried out in torrential rain, which made marching laborious, and the transport of stores almost impossible, and prevented the transport of any heavy siege guns. Cold and hunger forced the Turks to raise the siege after about a month, to the great relief of Vienna.

THE life of Napoleon affords an example of a great man who contrived on many occasions to rise superior to the chances of weather, and even to make use of them, but he was several times favored by weather. In 1799, when he was returning from Egypt to France with only two frigates, he had to run the gauntlet of the British fleet under Nelson, which was patrolling the Mediterranean. In a fog he contrived to pass in safety near the patrolling fleet, and landed in Provence in October, 1799. At this time, the Napoleonic Wars were yet to come. Ludwig, in his recent Life of Napoleon, states that it had been decided that the frigate which carried Napoleon should be blown up rather than surrender to the English, and so the fog which hid it from Nelson had an overwhelming effect upon the history of Europe.

In many campaigns, Napoleon showed great determination in the face of unfavorable weather. Just before the Battle of Wagram, in 1809, floods in the Danube washed away the bridge on which he relied for his communications not less than three times, and where a lesser man might have been frightened into retreat, Napoleon persisted, and won a signal victory at Wagram, which forced Austria to sue for peace. Again, in October, 1806, at Jéna, while the Prussian troops were shivering in the cold night fog, the French troops got through the defiles, and it was only when the sun dispersed the fog at 9 a.m. that the Prussians realized the magnitude of their danger, too late to avert defeat, though they were not disgraced, particularly in view of the fact that they were outnumbered by the French nearly by two to one. But on the same day, at Auerstadt, thirteen miles north of Jéna, a force of 27,000 French under Davoust defeated more than 35,000 of the choicest Prussian troops. Davoust had profited by the fog to seize the heights which commanded the high road, which was the line of march of the Prussians, and this became the deciding factor in a battle which ended in a complete rout of the Prussians. Thirteen days later, Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph.

Napoleon made use of fogs on many other occasions. In 1808 he captured the Somosierra Pass in Spain, which had been regarded as impregnable, with only a few squadrons of the Polish Cavalry of the Imperial Guard. Emerging from the mountain mist, thickened by the smoke of Spanish guns firing at the French forces below, the Polish Horse sabred the gunners, and threw the Spanish force into a wild panic.

But, on other occasions, Napoleon was curiously thoughtless of weather, particularly in his march on Moscow in 1812, which was made with complete disregard of the circumstances. The winter of that year set in later than usual, though when it did come it was severe. It is sometimes suggested that Napoleon was defeated by unusually severe weather in this campaign, but the truth is that he was defeated by his growing incapacity to face facts—the relevant facts being (a) that Moscow was not, as he had imagined, the heart of Russia, and (b) that there was a winter in Russia every year. Napoleon set out on his return from Mos-

cow on October 19th with 115,000 men, out of the original army of 600,000 who had crossed the Memen for the Conquest of Russia, and of these only 20,000 famished, frostbitten, unarmed spectres got away from Russia.

IN the campaign of Italy in 1796, Napoleon was defeated by Alvinzi at Caldiero after a stubborn battle in heavy rain. The French could not bring up their guns through the thick mud, and so could not cope on equal terms with the Austrians, whose guns were already in position.

The Battle of the Katzbach in August, 1813, between the French, under Macdonald, and Blücher's Prussians was largely determined by the torrential rain, since the French guns could only be moved with great difficulty through the mud, which before long had also exhausted their cavalry. The French muskets were rendered wellnigh useless by the ceaseless rain, and when in the afternoon Blücher led a dashing charge of Prussian and Russian cavalry against the French, the weary men of Macdonald's army broke and fled, leaving Blücher the gainer by 130 cannon, 18,000 prisoners, and vast quantities of ammunition and stores.

During the night before Waterloo, torrential rain fell steadily until 8 a.m. after which only a light drizzle fell intermittently, but the ground was so sodden that it was impossible to move men or guns freely, and Napoleon's attack upon the English army was delayed until 11:30 a.m. The delay in the attack, combined with Ney's failure to defeat the Prussians at Ligny, and Grouchy's failure to prevent Blücher's advance to Waterloo, combined to bring about the defeat of Napoleon. It is fairly certain that the issue of the day was largely decided by the weather. Had Napoleon been able to attack early in the morning, the battle would have been decided before Blücher could have brought up the Prussians. It is, however, questionable whether the fall of Napoleon could have been delayed for many years, in view of the strength of the enemies allied against him, and the fact that the French were at that time only half-hearted in their desire for the war. But at best we can only surmise what might have been the outcome of a French victory at Waterloo, which might have been a fresh inspiration to the French to pursue their military schemes.

There was a fog over Long Island on a night in August, 1776, which affected the destinies of many. During the preceding day, Howe had defeated Washington in the Battle of Long Island, and there was a British fleet in the East River to cut off the retreat of the defeated army. But in the thick fog, Washington and his army silently escaped to New York. There was more in this than the escape of a defeated army. It meant the eventual success of the War for Independence.

The detailed accounts of the American Civil War abound in examples of the effect of rain on military operations. Lee's movements to the Rappahannock in May, 1863, and his retirement after the defeat of Gettysburg were both hampered by heavy rain which made the movement of guns across the muddy ground a very slow and laborious matter.

Snow has always been a formidable obstacle to military operations, yet the Alps have been crossed by more than one army. Hannibal, the Emperor Majorian and Napoleon have all achieved this task. But of all operations carried out in snow, surely the most remarkable was the advance in 1241 of the Mogul invading army under Sabutai, from Lemberg to Gran, when these mounted troops covered 180 miles in three days over country deep in snow.

ICE, on the other hand, has frequently been of assistance in war. The Scottish army, under the Earl of Leven, which acted in conjunction with the Parliamentary forces in England, reached the Tweed in January, 1644, at a time when the river was covered with ice so thick that the entire army crossed without delay or accident and succeeded in reaching the Tyne in time to cross that river before the thaw came. In 1658 Charles X of Sweden marched his entire army, men, horses, guns and supplies, across the frozen belts to besiege Copenhagen. During the severe winter of 1794-95, the English troops under the Duke of York in Flanders suffered greatly from the intense cold. In a few weeks, the French Army, under Pichegru, overran the whole of Holland and captured Amsterdam. The canals, rivers and ditches were all frozen, and so offered no impediment to the advance of the French, who were not even confined to the roads, and thus their line of advance could not be foreseen. It has been said that the French even sent a force of cavalry and light artillery across the frozen Zuyder Zee in January, 1795, and captured the Dutch fleet frozen up in the Texel, but this is denied by Dutch writers.

FOG introduces a greater element of chance into war than almost any other aspect of weather. I have already cited several cases in which fog was kind to Napoleon. Another memorable battle in which fog played an important part was the Battle of Lützen in 1632, between Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Wallenstein, the mystery man of his age. The morning

(*Continued on page 23*)

Wide World Photo

A Tank's Worst Enemy Is Mud

Brick walls are easy obstacles to tanks, but what they really fear is mud. In the World War, scores of tanks were put out of action by the churned up mud around Ypres and remained where they were bogged "for the duration."

The 71st Infantry Went on the Spree

A welcome diversion was planned for the entire regiment when the Seventy-first found themselves confined to camp by heavy, continuous rain.

THE scene is laid in the Officers' Mess at Camp Smith, the dreary day of Thursday, August 6th, 1936. Already the 71st had put in ten strenuous days of hard labor, and still no let up, but the Brigade problem had been washed out by the deluge of rain which fell steadily all morning. At noon, Colonel Terry and his staff filed into the mess where only a few hungry officers had leisurely sauntered into "chow." Conversation lulled to almost a whisper, when suddenly like a bolt from Olympus, the Old Man declared, "I'm going to shake this regiment out of its lethargy."

This statement meant action, and the staff waited silently, for the decision. The Adjutant suddenly rose and left the mess only to return and whisper something to the Colonel. Here the features of the Old Man changed, but a gleam of satisfaction and determination burned from his eyes. Then in a flash of premeditated thought, the Colonel decided the fate of eleven hundred men for the afternoon, when he declared, "I'm going to secure the theatre in Peekskill and take the men to the movies."

Good old S-4 was charged with getting the gang on the march. First a station wagon, then a phone call to secure the theatre, a visit to Brigade Headquarters, and finally the manning of all the trucks, and station wagons in the truck pool. In an hour from the time of the decision, the first convoy was slowly moving out of the post. The M.P.'s were on the job, the traffic lanes were opened, the brown tops of trucks moved steadily down the highway.

Five convoys, each of twelve trucks, left the camp on a staggered schedule which permitted each convoy to unload its passengers at their destination and move out of the way before the next convoy drew up at the de-trucking point. In forty minutes from the time when the first convoy left camp, the entire regiment —officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men—were comfortably seated most orderly in Peekskill's first-class movie house.

All the belaying, gloomy thoughts of the morning had been forgotten; the chess, checkers, letter-writing, bunk fatigue, general letdown, and other useless activity became oblivion. Cheers rose as the men from the first convoy waited for the second to arrive. Songs of the regiment filled the theatre to the roof; "cat-calls" came as a matter of course to pals from pals across the way. Then as the men were all seated and filled the house to capacity the Colonel came in to take his seat.

Words of appreciation of the men could not be expressed except through channels, but the men knew they were there because of the human being who, in spite of channels, crashed all tradition and gave them an outlet for pent-up emotions created by long drawn-out rainy hours in the morning. Suddenly there burst into the air a most heartfelt and sincere cheer—the enlisted man's way of expressing his genuine thanks.

In retrospect, one wonders how such a movement could possibly have been affected at such short notice. Never before in the history of the camp has such a move been attempted; rainy days have always been days of boredom, more or less, for those whose lot it has been to be imprisoned by foul weather in camp.

That the problem was solved and carried out with such clockwork precision was due to the courtesy of the 174th Infantry (the other regiment in camp at the time) who permitted the 71st the use of their trucks and loaned the officers and men to man them. It was due, too, to the efficiency of Lieutenant Colonel Wm. J. Mangine who controls the truck pool, to the M.P.'s and to the Police Department of Peekskill who regulated traffic in such a way that the convoys moved through the town with the minimum of delay.

Interestingly enough the 71st moved out of camp very much as it might have mustered into action. Each battalion supply officer was on the job, and gained untold experience in the movement of troops. The experience was more than a frolic, or fun feast; it was entertaining, practical and tactically educational.

Drawn by Roy Smith

"Might I suggest—Private Kelly—that you release your grip on the rifle the next time an Inspecting Officer reaches for it?"

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN ACTION IN FRANCE

(*Continued from page 15*)

National Guard division of the AEF. This was the Michigan-Wisconsin 32nd Division, whose men wore a red barbed arrow as their shoulder patch insignia. It was one of the crack elements of the AEF, recognized as such by Allied forces and the German intelligence units. It was the only National Guard division, besides the "Rainbow" 42nd, which was picked for the signal honor of being one of the units to march to the Rhine, after the Armistice, as an element of the Army of Occupation.

It trained at Camp MacArthur, Texas, and sailed for France in the winter of 1917, arriving overseas early in January, 1918. "Red Arrow" men of the 107th Supply Train and 107th Engineers were among the troops aboard the British troopship *Tuscania,* torpedoed off the Irish coast, and the behavior of these guardsmen during that terrible period was later commendably remarked upon by English authorities.

DOUGHBOYS of the 32nd Division were within sight of Germany when they took over a sector of the La Chapelle front in Alsace early in 1918. Heavier action followed as the division swung into combat in the Aisne-Marne battles and along the shell-swept Vesle River valley. In August it won the French title when, acting as the spearhead element of Mangin's drive west of Juvigny, it leapfrogged the famous Moroccans, French subjects from Africa, and routed crack German troops at the point of the bayonet. Highlights in the divisional record are Mamelle Trench, Montfaucon, Cote Dame Marie, la Mustarde Farm, Bois de Gesnes, Hills 264 and 286 and Bois de Cheppy. At the Armistice hour it was driving steadily forward along the road from Damvillers to Jametz. Major General William G. Haan commanded the "Red Arrow" men throughout the wartime period.

From Chicago and other communities in Illinois came the men of the 33rd ("Prairie") Division. They trained at Camp Logan, Texas, and landed in France in May, 1918. After a final period of intensive training under the British in Picardy, an acid test was applied to this division. On July 3, 1918, a composite assault battalion was picked to go forward, into hot action, with the veteran Australian and New Zealand troops against Hamel, key village in German hands, at dawn of the following day. The battalion as finally made up consisted of Companies C and E of the 131st Infantry (old First Illinois crack Chicago outfit) and Companies A and G of the 132nd Infantry (old "Dandy Second" Illinois, also of Chicago); the unit mounted the fire-steps of the "jump-off" line of trenches shortly before dawn of July 4th—significant date!—and leaped up and over with the Fourth Australian Division, case-hardened veterans of the Gallipoli landing.

It was a stern test of the Chicago guardsmen's mettle. But they proved up, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the "Aussies" and taking Hamel and the high ground beyond after two days and nights of terrific battling. Later, the Illinois division displayed its intrepid spirit in the Somme "push," the Verdun-Fromereville sector, the Troyon front in Lorraine and in the bitter progress through the Argonne. Major General George Bell, Jr., commanded the Illinois guardsmen in action overseas.

Kansas and Missouri guard regiments constituted the original makeup of the "Santa Fe" 35th Division, commanded in France by Major General William M. Wright and Major General Peter E. Traub. After training at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, it sailed for France early in 1918 and entered front line trenches for the first time at Rospel-Wald in the Weserling sector in Alsace on June 20, 1918. It was one of the leading assault divisions during the "pinching" operations of the St. Mihiel action in September and then entered into the thick of the Meuse-Argonne action, terminating its front line excellent record with the brilliant taking of Vaux on November 7, 1918.

The 36th Division, composed of guardsmen from Oklahoma and Texas, chose the fighting slogan: "Remember the Alamo!" and ably lived up to it. It trained at Camp Bowie, Texas, arrived in France in July, 1918, and went under fire for the first time near Epernay, on the northern flank of the far-flung Sommepy sector, in early September.

A TYPICAL incident attests the fighting mettle of these "Alamo" guardsmen. Lieutenant Donald J. McLennan, scout officer of a battalion patrol of the 142nd Infantry (old Seventh Texas), was returning across No Man's Land with his patrol, after gaining much needed information, when he and his men were raked by a killing cross-fire from the enemy lines. He urged his enlisted men forward and was himself the last man to reach the narrow foot bridge leading to the 142nd's outpost lines and safety. In the middle of this bridge, still under heavy fire, Lieutenant McLennan faced about, shook his doubled-up fist at the Germans and shouted: "We're going back, but I'll face you!" He then backed up the remaining distance, refusing to turn his back upon the enemy. Today the regimental motto of the 142nd Infantry, Texas National Guard is: *"I'll face you!"*

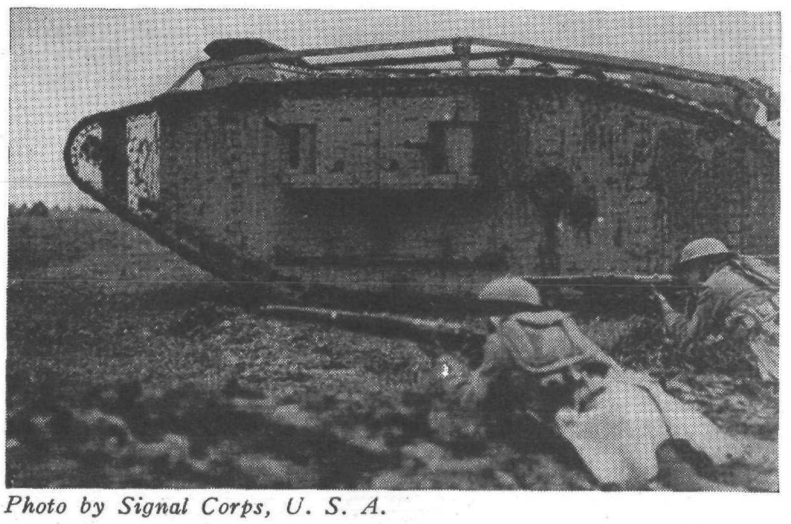


Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Co. B, 107th Infantry, in training with British tanks near Beauquesnes, Sept. 13, 1918.

The division saw much heavy action in the Argonne. It was commanded by Major General William R. Smith.

Ohio guardsmen fought overseas under the "Fried Egg" shoulder patch insignia of the 37th Division. It was this National Guard division which was one of the two crack outfits of the AEF personally picked by General Pershing to fight, with the Belgian-French force under King Albert of the Belgians, in Belgium during the closing days of the great conflict. Ohio guardsmen were in the van of this victorious Franco-Belgian-American force which swept the enemy back across the Scheldt and forced the Germans to evacuate Brussels. The men of the 37th Division wrote immortal history in early November, there in Belgium. On the morning of November 2 they advanced across the

(*Continued on page 22*)

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN ACTION IN FRANCE

(*Continued from page 21*)

Scheldt in the face of a withering machine-gun and artillery fire from the enemy lines; they took Heune in a hand-to-hand brawl of mortal combat, they went on to drive the Germans out of Syngem and Nederzwahn, two important villages which had been in enemy hands for more than three years before the fighting Ohio guardsmen launched their inspired drive at them.

The division trained at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, sailed for France in June, 1918, received its baptism of fire in the Baccarat sector in August, and was commanded by Major General Charles S. Farnsworth in its major engagements in France and in Belgium.

It is doubtful if any element of the AEF is so well known or nationally known today as the 42nd Division—the "Rainbow" men. This division was all-National Guard, with units hailing from more than half the States of the Union. The name "Rainbow" was given it by Major General Douglas MacArthur who, with Major General Charles T. Menoher, commanded it in France.

THE Rainbow Division, after concentrating at Camp Mills on Long Island, New York, in August of 1917, sailed immediately for France, arriving at overseas disembarkation ports through September and October.

On the night of February 20-21, 1918, it entered the front line trenches along the Luneville sector and before dawn New York's "Fighting Irish 69th" (165th Infantry), "The Alabam's (167th Infantry), "The Buckeyes" (166th Infantry; old Fourth Ohio) and "The Ioways" (168th Infantry; old Third Iowa) were hard at it, launching the first of the many brilliant offensive actions for which it made itself world famous.

Joyce Kilmer, noted poet who penned "Trees," "Rouge Bouquet" and many other pieces of verse, was one of several thousand distinguished soldiers who served in the ranks of this National Guard division. A sergeant in the 165th Infantry, he fell in action along the Ourcq River.

Every battle in which this crack National Guard division participated could with justice be called its "high light" but it is generally conceded that the Rainbow men especially excelled in that do-or-die, last-ditch action at La Croix Rouge Farm in late July. There, with July 26 marking "high tide," those American guardsmen fought an enemy superior in numbers and position, fought him tooth, nail and fist until that enemy gave; gave slowly at first then fled in routed panic before those National Guardsmen who would just not quit, no matter how heavy the odds against them. There are many other glorious engagements upon the proud record of that premier Guard division—Dombasle, Champagne, Champagne-Marne, Fere-en-Tardenois, Sergy, Cierges, Mercury Farm, Villers, St. Mihiel, Thiaucourt, Romagne, Cote Dame Marie, Chatillon, Bulson, Thelonne, Bazeilles—major battles all, leading up to the outskirts of Sedan itself on the eve of Armistice Day; but Rainbow veterans will confess no action was so gruelling, so much of a trial-by-fire of allegedly "green Guard troops" than was that terrible affair at "Red Cross Farm" in late July of 1918. There, as along every other front where they were engaged in mortal combat, American guardsmen proved up as fighting men of the first caliber.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON WAR

(*Continued from page* 19)

dawned thick with fog, and no movement was possible until nearly noon. In the meantime, Wallenstein had recalled Pappenheim, who had taken a large body of troops to attack Moritzburg, near Halle, and the delay gave Pappenheim time to arrive at a critical stage of the battle. A thick mist obscured the fighting, and Gustavus, when leading forward his centre, had in his eagerness outstripped all but a few of his men, and was wounded by a musket ball. As he was being helped back, faint with loss of blood, he ran into a party of Imperial Cuirassiers, at whose hands he met his death. After a grim struggle lasting till evening, the Austrian Army, under Wallenstein, was shattered and retired in confusion, losing all its guns and baggage. The issue of the Battle of Lützen was decided by the superior fighting and leadership of the Swedish Army, but the death of Gustavus must be ascribed to the fog. Without their king, the Swedes had no leader capable of taking full advantage of the victory of Lützen, with the result that the "Thirty Years'" War went on for a further sixteen years. The death of Gustavus was a disaster for the Protestants of Europe, who were left leaderless.

Nearly a century after Gustavus, the Swedes made the most effective use of a smoke barrier to cross the Dwina in 1701, in the presence of a strong Saxon army. There was a northerly wind blowing at the time, and the Swedes, who were on the north bank of the river, fired vast quantities of wetted straw in the Swedish camp. Under cover of the smoke they sent boats across the river, laden with more straw, to which they set fire on the south bank of the river. The Saxons were so blinded by the smoke that they were unable to prevent the Swedes from crossing. Was this the first use of an artificial smoke-screen?

Space will not permit of my referring to the fog which led to the defeat of the great Duke of Montrose at Philiphaugh in 1645; or the many occasions when Marlborough carried out movements in the face of the enemy by making the most of foggy weather; or the mirage which stopped the fighting north of Baghdad one day in April, 1917.

The Russo-Japanese War has another interest in that it was the first war in which a definite meteorological service was maintained in the field. Nothing is mentioned of this in the Official History, but Professor Okada, now Director of the Meteorological Office at Tokyo, once told me that during the war he was in charge of a line of meteorological stations behind the Japanese lines in Manchuria.

According to the English translation of the German Official History of the Second Boer War in South Africa, the heavy rain during the last week of February, 1900, turned the veldt into a quagmire, and forced Lord Roberts to delay his advance for a week, so giving the Boers time to concentrate their commandoes, and contributing to the protraction of the war till May, 1902.

SO far I have only dealt casually with naval operations, but there are a few sea events upon which I must touch before leaving my subject. The Invincible Armada of 1588, after a very warm reception from Drake in the Channel, was glad to run before the storm which arose suddenly, and of the 130 ships which sailed from Spain, less than a half returned there, the winds, waves and rocks of the north-west coasts having completed the destruction begun by the cannon in the Channel. This defeat was the end of the pretensions of Spain to dominate the civilized world. A second Armada in 1597 got as far as the Scilly Isles before it was blown back by a northerly gale, losing many ships in the Bay of Biscay. More than a century later, the Italian adventurer, Alberoni, revived the Spanish fleet, and in 1719, a third Armada left Corunna for England, with a view to restoring the Stuarts in England. Off Finistere this fleet ran into a hurricane which lasted twelve days, and only two frigates reached the coast of Scotland, where they surrendered. This loss, added to the destruction of another Spanish fleet off the coast of Sicily by the British fleet, ended the pretensions of Alberoni, and established British naval supremacy in Europe.

The destruction of the French power in India was much facilitated by the great hurricane of October, 1746, in which the French fleet holding command of the sea was caught in the open roadstead of Madras, and wrecked or dispersed within a few hours.

In the wars of the future, weather will be a vitally important factor to consider. On land the influence of wind on flying operations, of visibility upon gun-ranging and bombing, of wind and temperature distribution on smoke-screens and chemical warfare generally, of rain and sudden thaw on transport, suggest themselves as of vital importance to the conduct of war. I have endeavored to show that past history is strewn with events which were decided by weather. The lesson for the future, if I am called upon to provide a lesson, lies in the need to make use of changes of weather whenever possible, by watching for them and adapting operations to the weather. Beyond the question of any material lesson for the future, I suggest that the study of the way in which history might so easily have run a different course, provides a stimulating mental exercise, and helps us to attain a proper attitude of intellectual humility.

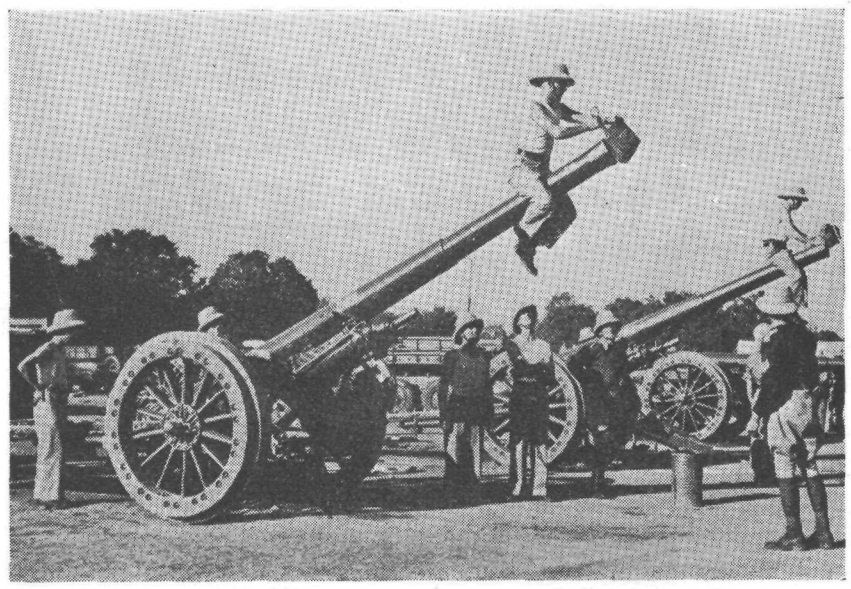


Photo by Keystone View Co.

"A Long Drink"

Just like giving a drink to a giraffe. After a day's shoot in India, the men of the 25th Medium Battery, Royal Artillery, pour oil down the barrels of their guns before going off to wet their own throats.

WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?

(*Continued from page 12*)

was a simple gesture of sportsmanship; and we joined the rest of the fans in the wild cheer of recognition.

Sportsmanship seems to be refusing to take undue advantage gained by twists of fate, known as the "breaks of the game." When Bridges of Detroit pitched eight and two-thirds innings of air-tight ball, allowing no hits, Dave Harris came up as a pinch hitter and slammed out a single, spoiling a perfect record. Some sports writers contend that Harris should have made no effort to hit; that he demonstrated poor sportsmanship. But there, we can't agree. Harris was sent up to do his level best. It would have been less sporting of him to deliberately fail, and we believe Bridges is too good a sportsman to have wanted him to.

There are many classic examples of sportsmanship: The duelist who withheld his fire after his opponent had missed; General Grant's refusal to humiliate General Lee; the football coach who jerked his star for slugging that had been unseen by officials; the well-known magnanimity of Saladin when he opposed the Crusades; the track star who refused to permit the starter to penalize the other contestants for false starts—but of all the classics, we pass on to you the one we recently read in the *Tennessee Tar*. It may be true, or it may not, but it certainly contains a moral that is difficult to overlook:

"The British bluejackets were conquering the Maori Indians in New Zealand along about the time Custer made his last charge on the Sioux Indians in Dakota. There is a story told of this New Zealand fracas which is truly indicative of sportsmanship.

"As you all know New Zealand had some very high types of aborigines. They were civilized and their organization are still mentioned by men who strive for a perfect democracy.

"It happened that one day the British made an attack on a rather large Maori coastal village. The fray, after a few hours' fighting, looked like a victory for the Maoris—the British were running low on powder and their men, who equalled in numbers the Indians, were getting doubtful and rather shaken as to the outcome.

"All of a sudden the British fire ceased—they were placed on the defensive—orders to 'cease firing' had come reluctantly from the Commander but only enough powder was left to cover their retreat—they must conserve it! Naturally the Indians noticed the abrupt cessation of fire and almost immediately they sent two runners to determine the cause. The British were rather surprised—in fact they were so surprised that they told the runners they were out of powder. The runners revealed this piece of news to their leader. Instead of attacking the British, the Maori leader sent over enough powder to resume the fighting—the battle ended in victory for the British bluejackets.

"Would we be as sporting as that nowadays? That is a question no one can answer off-hand. Sportsmanship is something that springs from a stout heart and it applies to everything we do—in our work—in our games and even in war. Sportsmanship is the thing that makes you play the game right—with your shipmates—with your enemies, friendly or otherwise. It is the thing that makes you stand up and cheer when an individual—a team—a ship's crew has done its best. It is the thing that chokes undeserved criticism and lends voice only to praise."

(Reprinted by courtesy of *The Leatherneck*)

"AND YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SHOOT"

(*Continued from page 4*)

of keeping in the bull at a thousand yards exceedingly difficult, especially on a cool overcast day when the mirage is not apparent. On the other hand, if the day is sunny and warm and the mirage is moving, you can catch the changes in a fishtailing wind very easily. If the breeze is from eleven o'clock the mirage will run to the right. As it shifts from eleven to one o'clock it may appear to die out for a few seconds, and the mirage to stop running and begin to boil straight up. As the air currents swing over to one o'clock the boil changes to a steady ripple moving to the left, and continues in that direction until another change occurs, when the same performance is repeated. A fishtail wind from seven to five o'clock affects the mirage in the same manner.

When doping tricky winds of this kind, one must observe the mirage very closely, for it may switch between two consecutive shots, and if a man takes too long in aiming and squeezing off his shot the first indication he will get of the change will be the appearance of his spotter out in the two space. This large deflection error is due to the cumulative error of a wrong windage setting plus the effect of the changed wind. It pays to watch the mirage of a fishtail breeze very closely, and to fire quickly once you have taken your eye from the telescope.

ON cool days when the mirage is hard to detect it may be picked up occasionally by focusing the telescope on the target frame or line of the butts, and then changing the focus to a point at about 900 yards. Reading the mirage at that point also gives a better average windage setting than reading at either 1,000 yards or near the firing point. Wind has the effect of taking hold of a bullet more forcefully during the last two hundred yards of its flight than during the earlier stages of its passage down the range.

If the weather is decidedly cool and there is no heat radiating from the earth so as to make an apparent mirage in the sunlight, one must then of course determine his windage by other means, such as the drift of smoke or dust, the movement of flags or pennants on their staffs, or the bend of trees, shrubs, or tall grass. None of these are as reliable as mirage, but a study of their effects should be made in case necessity requires you to depend upon them for your windage.

Do not make your "windage-doping" more involved by estimating the direction and velocity of the wind in miles per hour and then converting it into points of windage. Learn to determine your windage by reading the mirage directly in terms of points of windage, and you will be surprised how soon you can tell the difference between a wind effect of half a point and one of a full point, just by mentally comparing the height and speed of the mirage ripple.

On days when the light is changeable and the breezes variable, and the spotters jump from side to side and from top to bottom of the 36-inch bullseye, keep your fingers off that windage screw and your elevation micrometer off the sight until you can group your shots well enough to warrant a change in sight adjustment. When you are sure that a sight change is necessary, be positive about it and make enough to assure its taking effect. Creeping up and down on a target by making half-

minute changes in elevation is poor technique except when your shots are in the bull. Theoretically, a change of one minute in elevation at 1,000 yards will give a change of 10 inches only in the elevation of the bullets on the target, but it usually results in much more than this because of the fact that the marksman can neither aim close enough nor hold hard enough to group his shots within 10 inches at that range. Among the rifles issued for the National Matches you may find some that seem to make the bullets climb as they heat up, even though the elevation setting remains unchanged. Usually you will find that this climbing stops after a few shots, and if you will carefully plot in your bullseye scorebook both the call of your shot and the location of the spotter, you will soon be able to analyze any peculiarities of your rifle, and thus avoid unnecessary jockeying with the sight micrometer.

These points that I have covered may assist you to overcome some of your long-range difficulties, and aid you in your progress. If you will just keep up the old morale, have confidence in your shooting equipment, and "hold 'em and squeeze 'em"—yes, and don't forget to call 'em, they will soon be going down the groove and into the V-ring.

Sincerely yours for better scores,

H. ASBEEN.

"THE GOON"

(*Continued from page 9*)

" 'Where de hell do you tink yer goin', ya "Goon"! Is dere a war on or are ya just tryin' ter kill a lot . . .'

" 'Just a minute,' pipes de Adjutant outa de window, 'This is Colonel Harlott, of Governors Island, and this man . . .'

" 'Oh yeah?' sneers de copper, 'An' I suppose dis mug is Lindboig, making a non-stop flight to Paris! Here (Zipp!) you take dis, an' tell it all to de Judge in Traffic Court tomorrer'."

THE first bugle notes had sounded their warning call, and the two men fled down the long aisle of army cots, through the cool barrack halls, and out of the sally ports of the north gate to a point where the detachments of the new guard were already forming.

The Adjutant, making his inspection of each file with the Officer of the Guard at his side, had passed the first two squads and then he halted abruptly in front of Gilligan.

Pfc. Gilligan stood rigidly at attention with unflinching gray-green eyes levelled right into those of the tall inspecting officer.

"Your name, soldier?"

"First Class Private Lucifer Gilligan, Sir."

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" asked the Adjutant.

"Oh no, Sir . . . That is, not that I can remember, Sir."

"Strange," mused the officer, "That face is very familiar, but I just can't place it at the moment. Well, never mind it."

Turning to the officer of the Guard with a smile of approval, he instructed, "Lieutenant, I shall select this man, Gilligan, as Orderly, to report at headquarters as such—Orderly to the Commanding Officer, for the next twenty-four hours . . ."

PREPARING FOR CAMP PERRY

(*Continued from page* 11)

additional entry in each match, and such additional fees will constitute the cash prize pool which will be distributed in cash prizes to the high 10 per cent of those shooters who contributed to the pool. To those who elect to shoot for medals and trophies only, the entry fee will be but 50c in each match. (In team matches, 50c for each shooting member of the team.)

The N.R.A. program of matches started on August 29th and ends September 5th. These matches include .30 caliber, smallbore, and handgun events. Every effort was made to arrange the program so that those who wish to shoot both .30 caliber and smallbore or pistol would have an opportunity to do so.

As in past years, the culminating events of the National Match period will be the National Matches proper which will be fired beginning September 8th and concluding September 12th.

World Wide Photo

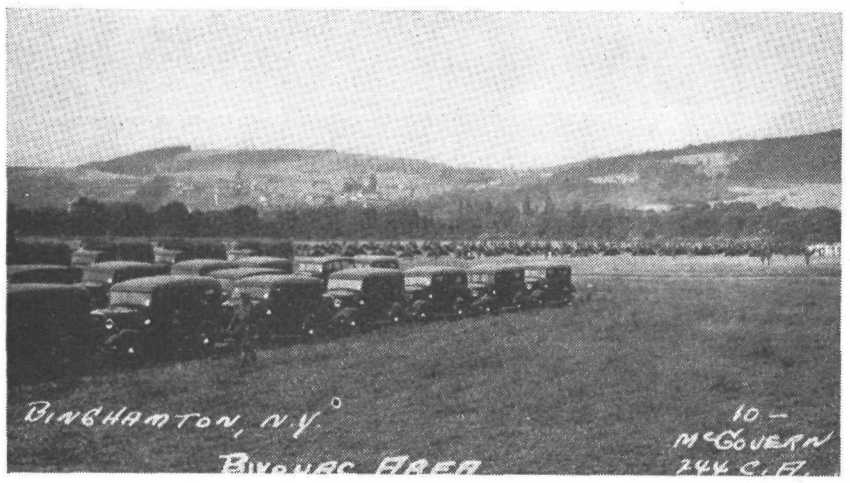
These men of the Pennsylvania National Guard went over the top in gas masks at the big Indiantown Gap Camp, Pa., during their summer training.

THE INFANTRY AND THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN WAR

(*Continued from page* 7)

At the beginning of this paper I stated that a particularly close moral tie united the Infantry and the Medical Corps in time of war. From the Infantry's point of view, the moral value of that tie cannot be overestimated. This is not a matter of "misery loving company" but of misery needing treatment. For my part, and aside from purely ethical scruples, I would not care to lead any Infantry unit into battle more than once if that unit knew that no medical aid was at hand.

To the civilian, the little medical detachment trudging along with the infantry battalion is an ominous and de-



Photos by Corp. D. A. McGovern, 244th C. A.

On their way to camp, the 244th C. A. bivouacked overnight on the site of the old airport outside Binghamton, N. Y. Below, Battery A is seen at work digging spade pits for the guns on the shores of Lake Ontario.

pressing sight, but to the battalion it is a guarantee and an assurance. From the point of view of the battalion commander it would be still more comforting if there were some way to augment this small detachment when his battalion faced a particularly difficult bit of fighting. In the last war the battalion and regimental medical detachments, depleted by heavy casualties themselves, often found it physically impossible to adequately handle all the wounded. This situation naturally occurred in those units charged with the most difficult tasks. This leads to the thought that it might be wise for the Medical Department to establish a pool with the medical regiment of the division which could be called upon to reinforce those medical detachments whose units are expected to encounter the stiffest resistance.

The very conditions of modern warfare create tremendous difficulties in locating and evacuating casualties promptly. In the first place the battlefield truce to bury the dead and succor the wounded is now a thing of the past. The medical man must do his work under the same fire that the infantryman does his. In the second place, ever since the advent of the firearm, frontages and intervals have been steadily increasing. Now that the infantryman is being equipped with the semiautomatic rifle, it seems reasonable to suppose that frontages will be still further stretched. And every yard added to the battalion front means an additonal yard for the small medical detachment to scour. If we couple to this the unbelievable rapidity with which an infantry battalion caught under a heavy fire can and must disappear, we add one more difficulty to an already difficult medical problem.

Now, although the Infantry has and continues to expect prodigies from its medical friends, it does not expect the impossible. We know that despite their characteristic devotion to duty, they will be unable to reach many a casualty whose life depends on prompt and intelligent treatment. We know that men will be isolated by fire, cut off by the enemy, or unable to signal their presence. And if the next war develops along the open slashing lines we expect, we know that the number of undetected wounded will be enormously increased. I believe that the solution to this disquieting thought lies in broadening the scope of our existing first-aid instruction. In this suggestion there is no intention, and indeed no desire, to infringe on the medical domain, but there is a very real desire to help in a difficult job—a job, incidentally, that every professional soldier in this country hopes will never arise.

THE Medical Corps, even more than the Infantry, knows the full horror of war. That very knowledge must cause them to look with the Infantry in amazement at those glib fireside critics who speak so confidently of the *increasing* horror and brutality of warfare. These people evince a curious blind spot in their reasoning. They compare the machine gun to the javelin, long-range artillery to the catapult, and the tank to the war-elephant or the scythe-wheeled chariot. They then state that these modern implements are more destructive and that war today grows increasingly terrible. The premise is correct as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. They overlook on the javelin-catapult-chariot side of their picture such items as typhoid, tetanus, typhus, septicemia, cholera, amputation without benefit of anesthesia, and so on. They have no ear for Ardant du Picq when he cries

The Adjutant General's Page

Officers Commissioned in the New York National Guard During the Month of July, 1936, with Dates of Rank and in Order of Seniority.

CAPTAINS	Date of Rank	Branch and Organization
Cuthbertson, Harry A.	Jul. 9'36	71st Inf.
Olsen, Frederick O.	Jul. 23'36	105th F.A.
Brown, George W.	Jul. 31'36	174th Inf.

1ST LIEUTENANTS	Date of Rank	Branch and Organization
Bogoluboff, Nicholas A	Jul. 1'36	244th C.A.
Delahanty, John W.	Jul. 13'36	71st Inf.
Still, Herbert B.	Jul. 14'36	102nd Engrs.

2ND LIEUTENANTS	Date of Rank	Branch and Organization
Seredin, Alexander C.	Jul. 2'36	244th C.A.
Havenick, Nathaniel M.	Jul. 3'36	102nd Q.M. Regt.
McManus, John J.	Jul. 3'36	108th Inf.
Moore, Phelps S.	Jul. 3'36	108th Inf.
Dunne, James E.	Jul. 9'36	71st Inf.
Maskiell, James, Jr.	Jul. 9'36	71st Inf.
Lewis, Frank	Jul. 12'36	165th Inf.
Weston, John J.	Jul. 13'36	71st Inf.
Milau, Edward C.	Jul. 14'36	71st Inf.
Lee, James P.	Jul. 28'36	27th Div. Avi.

Transferred to Inactive National Guard, at Own Request

CAPTAINS		
Horowitz, Henry	Jul. 22'36	258th F.A.
Lang, Elfried J. W.	Jul. 13'36	369th Inf.

Separations from Active Service, July, 1936, Honorably Discharged

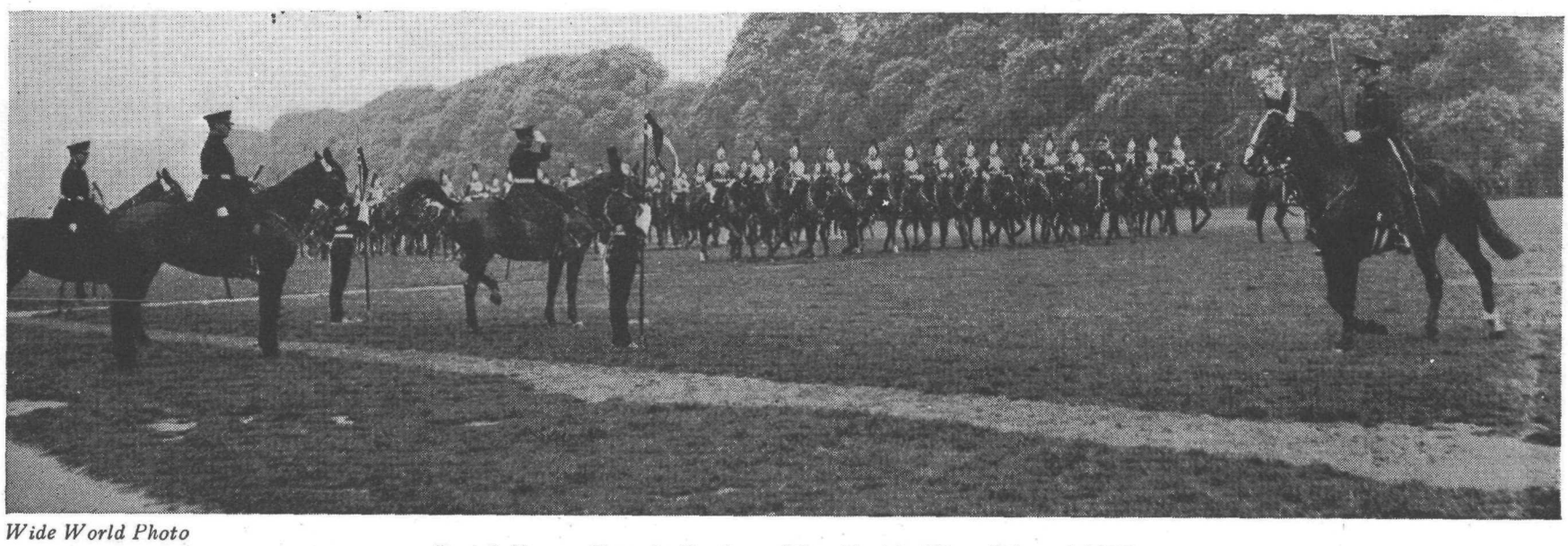
CAPTAINS		
Droste, George T.	Jul. 30'36	101st Sig. Bn.
Richardson, Warren M.	Jul. 31'36	174th Inf.

(*Continued from page 28*)

"In the Crimea one hundred per cent of the French operated upon succumbed." They have forgotten the robustious custom of putting all prisoners to the sword. They have no memory for those festering cankers called armies that moved across Europe sowing pestilence in their wake. They share the sentiments of Miniver Cheevy:

"Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing.
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing."

These well-meaning people delude themselves with romantic tales of what passed as chivalry. That old infantry surgeon Paré could tell them a great deal on that score if they elected to read his quaint writings. The infantrymen who fought those wars under their armored lords could tell them still more. And for our part, we of today's infantry say without qualification that if fighting has to be done we would rather do it in a "khaki suit," in a twentieth century world, and with the aseptic hands of the Medical Corps conveniently close.



Wide World Photo

Royal Horse Guards Reviewed by H. M. King Edward VIII

Everyone visiting London has seen the sentries of the Horse Guards in Whitehall, with their gleaming breastplates and plumed helmets. Here they are passing in review before King Edward (their Colonel-in-Chief) in Hyde Park, London.

THE EYES HAVE IT!

Guardsmen should care for their eyes since often their lives will depend on them.

ONE of the first, and most important phases in the instruction of Military Rifle Marksmanship, is aiming, and sighting. Good eyesight is most essential to this procedure, because a rifleman must see three things at the same time. The rear sight, the front sight, and the small bullseye on a distant target.

How many people constantly neglect the care of their good eyes until one day they become reddened, and irritated with fatigue, vision is blurred, and they no longer function with crisp outlines to every object within the zones of sight?

"Eye Life" means the span of clear vision, and care should be constant in keeping it as long-lasting as possible.

Aside from target shooting, good eyes are an essential requirement to health, happiness, and your business success.

A pair of clean eyes is the first step to a happy "Eye Life," and they are more essential today than a hundred years ago.

Dust, dirt, minute particles of foreign matter, grit, smoke, automobile gas, all these were never included in nature's gift of good eyes, but today they are the common enemies of your eyes, and constant vigil is necessary to combat their serious evil effects.

Sight is priceless; it cannot be bought in the open market. It is given to you at birth, by the Creator of all men, and it is within your power to prolong this priceless gift.

Medical science has today perfected many lotions especially for cleansing the eyes, safely, and effectively; use them, use them twice daily, in the morning, when you care for your teeth and body, and at night before you retire.

At the first signs of imperfection, consult a good Eye Specialist, one who is known for his professional efficiency, and in whom you will have absolute confidence.

In the matter of a good eye lotion, be sure to select one that is free from acids, and as near the natural eye moisture as possible. Cheap lotions may make a temporary change for the better, but are often harsh, causing a shock to the eyes, which peps them up for the time being but results in more actual damage than good.

The Expert Rifleman knows what a good oil means to his rifle, and, by the same token, he also knows that a reliable eye lotion prevents impairment to his keen sight and the lasting efficiency of his marksmanship.

A moment's thought on the matter of blindness will urge anyone to a serious consideration of the above facts, and it is your bounden duty to yourself to care for the priceless gift of sight, without which you would be numbered among the many unfortunates who live, not by their own choice, in constant darkness.

DR. G. W. MCFATRICH, *Oculist.*

AN IRISH SERGEANT EXPLODES

The basis of the following story is true. The Guard had his orders; he did flag down the train, and the Irish sergeant did give him hell—as follows:

"GOD Almighty, I have soldiered in the British army in the Irish Fusiliers, and I have soldiered in other armies including this outfit here and just how long I have been soldiering I don't know, I don't know. But never ye mind how long it was, and never ye mind how many bone-heads I have met with, coming here and going there, I niver in all me loife met anything, *anything* loik the loiks of ye. It makes me Irish blood boil just to look at the loiks of ye.

"Any three-year-old sapleen could have did what I told ye to do when I put ye on this post. I sized ye up, that's what I did, just because it was work a child could do. All ye had to do was to stop anyone from going across those railroad tracks when the big guns were being fired. And did ye do it? Ye did nothing of the kind. Ye had nothing to do and ye did just that. Ye was too doom busy watching someone else work. So I comes to tells ye to get busy on the job.

"Did I says anything to ye about a railroad train, any kind of a railroad train? I did not. I tells ye not to let any person over that crossing. Is a railroad train a person? Ye know doom well it isn't. Tells me now, if ye can, how a railroad train could leave its track and go down there an' annoy the men firing those guns? Ye can't, can't ye? Then why in hell did ye flag down that railroad train? Why in hell did ye do it? Answer me. Ye can't, can't ye?

"Ye know doom well it is a criminal offense to stop a passenger train when there is no need for it. Ye was obeying orders! Whose orders? Did I tells ye to stop the railroad train? Did anyone tells ye to stop that train? Ye know they didn't. So ye didn't have any orders, did ye? Then why in the name of God did ye do it? That engineer didn't thank ye, did he? I have been an artilleryman and I thought I knew all the swear words in the book, but that engineer had some I niver heard before and I would loik to know them. When he struck the ground as that big gun let go, could ye blame him for thinking his engine had been blown up by a boom? Ye couldn't, couldn't ye? Ye'll be doom lucky if they don't try ye and send ye up for loif."

This happened at the junction of the roadway leading to the firing point on Johnson's Farm, Fort Ontario, where the tracks of the New York Central Railroad Company cross the property, while the 258th Field Artillery were there August 2d to 16th for its field training and target practice.

Willie Weems: "Honey, don't you think you could manage to live on $25 a week?"

Dora Schultz: "Get the license. I'll try it a week."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Overheard at Camp Smith

Supply Officer: "Such crust! The least you can do is take your hands out of your pockets while you are talking to me."

Private: "I'm sorry, sir, but I came to ask you for a belt for these pants I'm holding up."—*Our Army.*

AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE

MONTH OF JULY, 1936

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE FORCE (July 1-31 Inclusive).....90.16%

Maximum Authorized Strength New York National Guard..	1499 Off.	22 W. O.	19485 E. M.	Total 21006
Minimum Strength New York National Guard.....	1467 Off.	22 W. O.	17467 E. M.	Total 18956
Present Strength New York National Guard.....	1439 Off.	20 W. O.	18976 E. M.	Total 20435

NOTE

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

258th Field Art. 95.38% (2)[9]
Maintenance.....647 *Actual*.....690

14th Infantry 94.79% (3)[16]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1101

156th Field Art. 94.77% (4)[7]
Maintenance.....602 *Actual*.....629

244th Coast Art. 94.64% (5)[4]
Maintenance.....646 *Actual*.....686

245th Coast Art. 93.94% (6)[14]
Maintenance.....739 *Actual*.....775

27th Div. Aviation 93.54% (7)[6]
Maintenance.....118 *Actual*.....125

102nd Med. Regt. 93.41% (8)[2]
Maintenance.....588 *Actual*.....660

121st Cavalry 93.18% (9)[5]
Maintenance.....571 *Actual*.....605

104th Field Art. 92.91% (10)[18]
Maintenance.....599 *Actual*.....635

106th Field Art. 92.01% (11)[11]
Maintenance.....647 *Actual*.....688

102nd Q. M. Regt. 91.80% (12)[3]
Maintenance.....235 *Actual*.....306

212th Coast Art. 91.75% (13)[1]
Maintenance.....705 *Actual*.....740

174th Infantry 91.49% (14)[21]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1118

101st Cavalry 88.96% (15)[8]
Maintenance.....571 *Actual*.....649

106th Infantry 88.36 (16)[17]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1112

105th Field Art. 88.03% (17)[23]
Maintenance.....599 *Actual*.....649

Special Troops, 27th Div. 87.93% (18)[13]
Maintenance.....318 *Actual*.....346

71st Infantry 95.41% (1)[10]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1122

HONOR ORGANIZATION	No. of Dr.	Aver. Pres. & Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
REGTL. HQ.	4	7	7	100
REGTL. HQ. CO.....	4	64	55	86
SERVICE CO.	4	93	91	98
HOWITZER CO.	4	62	55	89
HQ. & HQ CO, 1st BN	3	27	27	100
COMPANY A.....	3	63	62	98
COMPANY B.....	3	68	62	91
COMPANY C.....	3	68	64	94
COMPANY D.....	3	64	58	91
HQ & HQ CO, 2nd BN	4	30	30	100
COMPANY E.....	4	69	66	96
COMPANY F.....	4	67	65	97
COMPANY G.....	4	64	62	97
COMPANY H.....	4	65	62	95
HQ & HQ CO, 3rd BN	4	28	27	97
COMPANY I.....	4	67	64	95
COMPANY K.....	4	66	66	100
COMPANY L.....	4	63	62	98
COMPANY M.....	4	65	63	97
MED. DEP. DETACH.	4	35	35	100
		1135	1083	95.41

101st Sig. Bat. 87.91% (19)[25]
Maintenance.....163 *Actual*.....179

369th Infantry 87.91% (20)[15]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1127

165th Infantry 87.03 (21)[19]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1093

10th Infantry 86.02 (22)[12]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1111

105th Infantry 85.86% (23)[20]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1104

108th Infantry 84.42% (24)[24]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1111

107th Infantry 83.50% (25)[26]
Maintenance.....1038 *Actual*.....1085

102nd Engrs. (Com.) 83.10% (26)[22]
Maintenance.....475 *Actual*.....520

54th Brigade 100.00% (1)[7]
Maintenance.....27 *Actual*.....45

87th Brigade 100.00% (2)[5]
Maintenance.....27 *Actual*.....42

Hdqrs. Coast Art. 100.00% (3)[3]
Maintenance.....11 *Actual*.....11

State Staff 98.88% (4)[1]
Maintenance.....140 *Actual*.....89

Hdqrs. 27th Div. 96.15% (5)[6]
Maintenance.....65 *Actual*.....71

52nd F. A. Brig. 96.00% (6)[9]
Maintenance.....36 *Actual*.....49

93rd Brigade 94.11% (7)[8]
Maintenance.....27 *Actual*.....34

51st Cav. Brig. 91.13% (8)[2]
Maintenance.....69 *Actual*.....79

53rd Brigade 90.47% (9)[4]
Maintenance.....27 *Actual*.....42

BRIGADE STANDINGS

52nd F. A. Brig. 94.60% (1)[3]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Battery
104th Field Artillery
105th Field Artillery
106th Field Artillery
156th Field Artillery
258th Field Artillery

Coast Art. Brig. 93.50% (2)[2]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Detachment
212th Coast Artillery
244th Coast Artillery
245th Coast Artillery

87th Inf. Brig. 91.67% (3)[4]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company
71st Infantry
174th Infantry
369th Infantry

93rd Inf. Brig. 90.95% (4)[6]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company
14th Infantry
165th Infantry

51st Cav. Brig. 90.71% (5)[1]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Troop
101st Cavalry
121st Cavalry

53rd Inf. Brig. 86.89% (6)[5]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company
105th Infantry
106th Infantry
10th Infantry

54th Inf. Brig. 84.31% (7)[7]
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company
107th Infantry
108th Infantry

Where to STOP When you GO to New York

Smart Park Avenue is only a block away from your hotel when you stop at the Lexington. And the Lexington is convenient to other famous New York sights...Radio City, Times Square, the famous Fifth Avenue shops. You'll enjoy your visit to the Lexington...801 modern rooms from $3 a day.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

48TH STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK

Charles E. Rochester, Manager

Directed by National Hotel Management Co., Inc.
Ralph Hitz, President • Hotels Book-Cadillac, Detroit; Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati; Adolphus, Dallas; Van Cleve, Dayton; and Nicollet, Minneapolis

Delightfully different Scotch . . .

DEWAR'S*

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

● Everybody admits the Dewar flavor is different. Most people agree it's better. Taste it! Straight or in highballs, you'll like it better

*Pronounced "Dewer's"

because it's Smoother!

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD.

220 Park Ave., New York . . . . 1 N. LaSalle St., Chicago . . . . 111 Sutter St., San Francisco

"They DO hit the spot!"

When Irish Eyes are smiling . . .

They Satisfy

..all you could ask for

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*