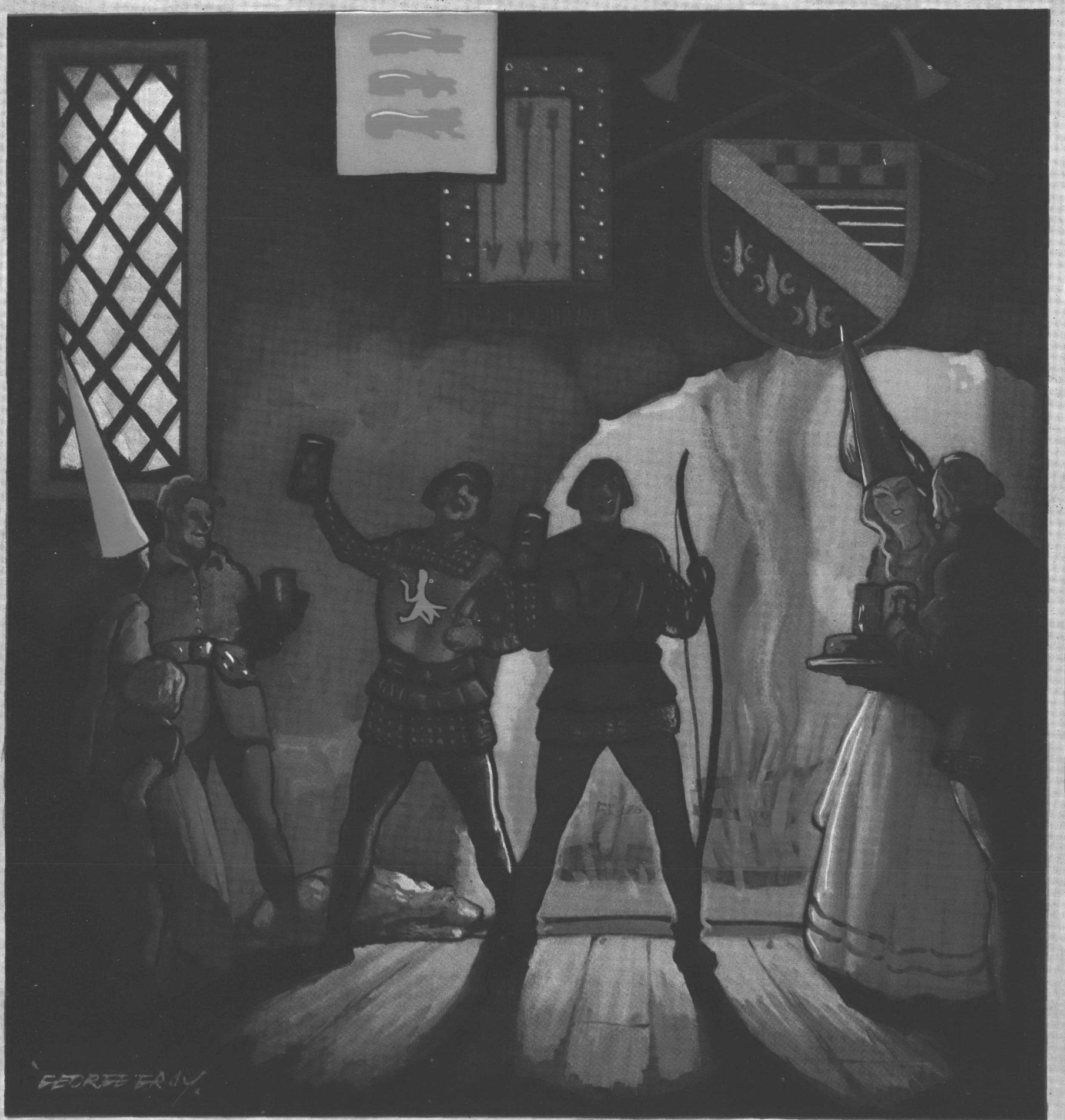


The New York National Guardsman



December, 1936

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Contents

COLONEL JOSEPH A. S. MUNDY, CHIEF OF STAFF, N.Y.N.G.	2	EDITORIALS	12
THE APPRENTICE STRATEGIST..Gen. Hubert Camon	3	MAJ. GEN. HASKELL'S MESSAGE	13
MILITARY BANDS.....J. R. Mandeville	4	SHADOWS CAST BY COMING EVENTS..Casual Observer	14
LT. COL. LAWRENCE J. GORMAN.....	5	BERTHA AND EMMA.....Pvt. Melvin H. Tienken	16
MAJOR CHARLES E. SALTZMAN.....	5	THE "SPIDER"	19
COMMUNICATIONS AND THE STAFF OFFICER		ODDS AND ENDS.....Corp. John Perlett	21
Capt. Wm. N. Van Antwerp	6	B.G.'S AND GEE-GEES MUST GO!.....	23
STOP AND GO!.....Major Alfred D. Reutershan	9	MR. F. B. STEVENS ADVOCATES PREPAREDNESS.....	24
ON THE PASSING OF COL. WM. R. WRIGHT—A Poem		TWO IRISH REGIMENTS SHOOT IT OUT.....	25
Maj. Gen. Franklin W. Ward	10	ARE YOU A LEADER?.....	30
		CHRISTMAS ON THE BORDER, 1916.....	31
		AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE.....	32

Illustrations

FRONT COVER—"GOOD CHEER TO ALL" ..George Gray		COLONEL WM. R. WRIGHT'S FUNERAL	
COLONEL JOS. A. S. MUNDY.....	2	Henry M. Moesinger	10
LT. COL. LAWRENCE J. GORMAN.....	5	PRACTICE GAS ATTACKS IN PARIS.....Wide World	14
MAJOR CHARLES E. SALTZMAN.....	5	ITALIAN TANK EXPERIMENTS NEAR ROME	
COMMUNICATIONS AND THE STAFF OFFICER		Wide World	15
George Gray	6	BERTHA AND EMMA.....George Gray	16
VISITORS' CARS PARKED AT CAMP SMITH		THE "SPIDER"	19
Herbert L. Walter	8	MR. F. B. STEVENS.....	24
MODEL AUTO FLEETS USED FOR TRAFFIC INSTRUCTION	9	LOGAN-DUFFY TROPHY	25
		MEXICAN BORDER CHRISTMAS TREE.....	31

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!"



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Blackstone Studios

Colonel J. A. S. Mundy

CHIEF OF STAFF

27th Division

N.Y.N.G.

Appointed

October 29, 1936

THE appointment of Colonel Joseph A. S. Mundy to be Chief of Staff of the New York National Guard, succeeding the late Colonel Wright, was announced by Major General Haskell on October 29, 1936.

Colonel Mundy brings to his new assignment intimate knowledge of the New York National Guard acquired during over thirty-five years of service with our Organization.

Enlisting in Co. D, 23rd New York Infantry on April 22, 1901, he remained in this company and after passing through the various grades became its Captain on November 20, 1913. He commanded Co. D on the Mexican Border and during its initial World War service until his appointment as Regimental Adjutant in which capacity he served with the regiment which was redesignated the 106th Infantry throughout the training period at Camp Wadsworth and the period of its active operations in

France. He was transferred to Headquarters, 27th Division as Assistant Adjutant General on December 12, 1918, returning to the United States in March 1919.

For his services in France Colonel Mundy was twice cited by Major General John F. O'Ryan and has been awarded the Silver Star Medal of the United States and the Conspicuous Service Cross of the State of New York.

Shortly after being demobilized he rejoined the New York National Guard as a Major in the Ordnance Department from which he transferred to the Adjutant General's Department in 1920 and in 1922 was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and assigned as Adjutant General, 27th Division, N.Y.N.G., which position he occupied until his promotion to his present assignment.

Colonel Mundy is a graduate of the Army School of the Line, Langres, France, and of the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth.

The Apprentice Strategist*

By GENERAL HUBERT CAMON

French Army

Reprinted by courtesy of the Infantry Journal

PART II

IN the first part of this article, we discussed the systems of battle used by the Great Commanders. Let us now turn our attention to the systems of maneuver.

Vegetius did not enumerate the systems of maneuver. Perhaps they can be reduced to four: (1) The maneuver against the enemy's rear; (2) the enveloping maneuver, which merely transfers the Cannæ system from the field of tactics to that of strategy; (3) the maneuver evolving from Frederick's oblique order of battle; (3) the maneuver from a central position where you have to deal with a numerically superior enemy who is advancing against you concentrically.

THE MANEUVER AGAINST THE REAR

This maneuver goes back to the remotest antiquity. Frederick the Great, who found it in Folard, thus described it in his secret instructions to his generals:

Our wars must be short and quick, since it is not in our interest to drag them out. One long war would diminish our admirable discipline, depopulate our country, and drain our resources. . . . You will force the enemy to give battle when you come upon him by a forced march that puts you in his rear and cuts his communications or when you threaten a city which it is in his interest to hold. However, in executing maneuvers of this sort you must be particularly careful not to put yourself in a similar predicament nor to take a position which will permit the enemy to cut you off from your magazines.

As we have seen earlier, Frederick had found this system of war in Chevalier Folard's *Commentaries on Polybius*. "The great Cyrus," wrote Folard, "had not so much his pleasure in mind when, in his youth, he gave himself up entirely to the chase, on the idea of fitting himself for war and the conduct of armies." He then recalls what Xenophon said on this matter: "This great man, committed to war against the King of Armenia, reasoned as if the expedition were a hunt undertaken in a mountainous country."

Cyrus explained to Olviasante, one of his general officers, whom he was sending to guard the entrances and



Wide World Photo

A group of "apprentice strategists," wearing gas masks, plan their "battle system" at the recent maneuvers at Camp Dix, N. J.

exits in the worst part of the rugged country: "Imagine that this is a hunt we are engaged in and that you have charge of the toils while I beat the country. Above all remember that the hunt must not begin until the passages are occupied and that those in ambush must not let themselves be seen lest the frighten away the game."

The *Secret Instruction* of Frederick and the *Commentaries on Polybius* of Folard were where the young Bonaparte discovered the idea for his maneuver against the rear, a system that he used some thirty times in the course of his career.

On the Russian front in 1914, Ludendorff thrice executed this maneuver against the rear. In each instance it was directed against the right wing of the enemy's strategical deployment, which led to battles in the Napoleonic style. At Lodz, at Bialystock, and at Vilna, he overwhelmed the right wing of the Russian's strategical deployment, hurling it back a hundred kilometers each time.⁴

THE LEUCTRA SYSTEM

This was the maneuver that engendered the Frederician battle, which in turn inspired Germany's initial maneuver in 1914. Of course there was no question of the oblique order in von Schlieffen's plan, but the same *idea* was there that had led both Epaminondas and Frederick to dispose part of their forces obliquely in order to prevent their engagement. When von Schlieffen was planning his initial maneuver against France in 1905 he expected his right wing, composed of the first three Prussian armies, to decide the issue. In his opinion, the remaining armies in the strategical deployment had only to hold the French armies they found before them, and not become involved in an action that might disrupt the general plan.

THE THIRD SYSTEM

This maneuver, as mentioned earlier, results from transfusing the Cannæ system from the field of tactics to

(Continued on page 27)

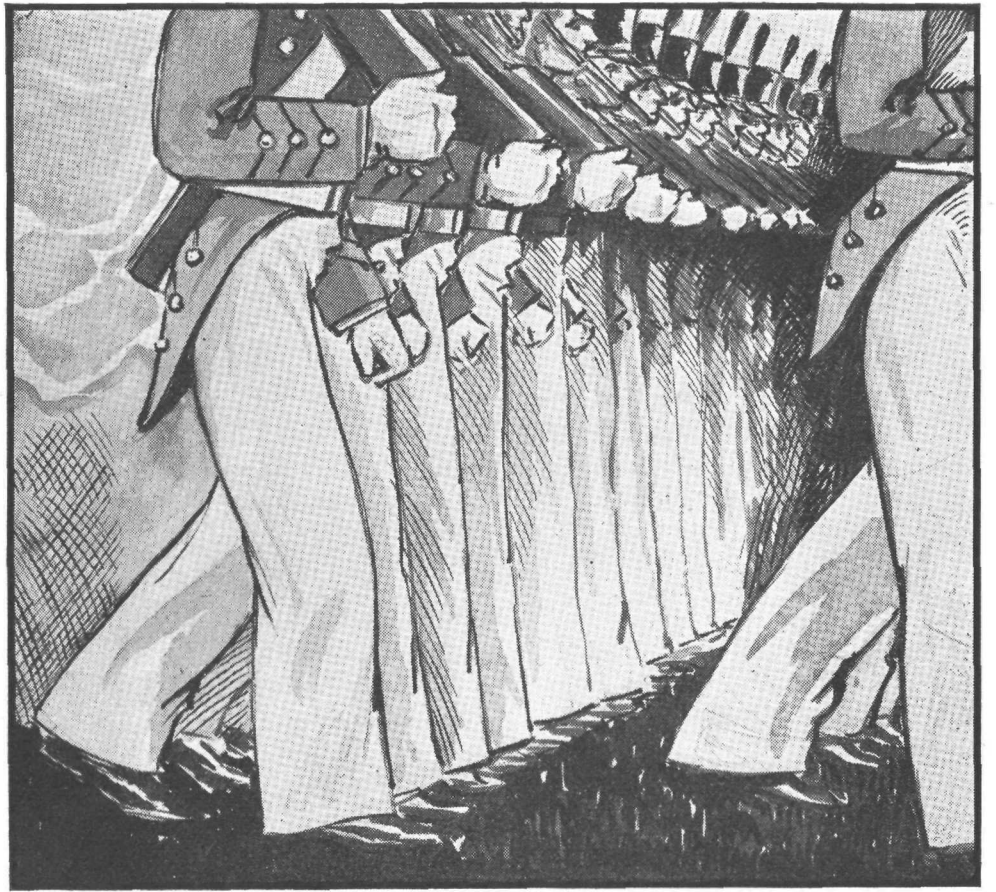
⁴ Above I said that on three different battles in 1914 Ludendorff employed a Napoleonic maneuver against the rear of the enemy's right wing. Did not these three maneuvers pattern after the system of Epaminondas at Leuctra rather than that of Napoleon, you ask? No, because in each case Ludendorff took pains to seize a strategic barrier, in rear of the attacked wing which clearly marks the Napoleonic system.

* Translation by Captain C. T. Lanham, Infantry.

MILITARY BANDS

The value and appeal of a good military band is recognized by every regiment. But what steps are taken to provide talented, well-trained band leaders?

By J. R. MANDEVILLE



IT seems to be a Military axiom that regimental Bands require no special standardized training, but like Topsy, they can just grow up, and become a credit to the regiment.

With the exceptions of the Navy, Marine and Army Staff Bands, there is not a regimental Band capable of competing with the many excellent Civilian Bands all over the Country; and for efficiency the National Guard Bands do not even compare with ordinary Public School Bands. What has brought about such a condition? A want of

properly trained leaders.

An efficient Band is an asset to any regiment. At all military functions—reviews, parades, military funerals, and on all ceremonial occasions—the regimental band is called upon to provide suitable music for the occasion. It is the band that gives a battalion its “swing” as it marches down Fifth Avenue—that provokes the greatest number of comments from the crowd. A good band builds up a healthy *esprit de corps* within a regiment and, for psychological reasons, is a powerful factor in enlisting recruits. In many countries, like England for instance, every regiment, like the radio orchestras, has its own “signature tune.” This is known as the regimental march and is always played at the conclusion of a band



concert before the national anthem. And this practice, in turn, has a powerful psychological influence upon the men in the regiment.

We see, therefore, that a good band plays many important parts in the routine of a military organization, and it is reasonable to ask what we have been doing to develop such a unit in our National Guard regiments.

It must be admitted that the inducements offered to efficient musicians to join a National Guard Band are very few. Hence it is necessary for the leader of the band to do a lot of training of partly raw material if he is to keep up a fairly efficient organization. But how can he do this, when he himself has had no special training for such a position as leader? When we want a drill instructor, we get a man who has been specially trained for that branch of instruction. Yet when we want a band leader we pick out any man who can play his particular instrument a little better than the other fellow and we ask him to go ahead and give us a well trained band composed of over a dozen different kind of instruments of which he knows nothing. When he fails, as he always does, he has to get out, and the band is back where it started from.

In England after the Crimean War in 1855, when the troops returned home, there was not a regimental band capable of playing the National Anthem. This was considered such a disgrace, that the War Office immediately organized a Military School of Music at Kneller Hall London for the training of musicians and Bandmasters. Incidentally, they had to send to France and Italy to get instructors for the School, and the first head of the School was not an Englishman but a French Jew, Professor Lazarus. Today at Kneller Hall Military School of Music there are always more than three hundred students training as Bandmasters, and English Regular and Militia Bands are noted for their efficiency.

What can be done to correct the serious deficiency which is so apparent to anyone with an ear for music who

(Continued on page 26)



LIEUTENANT COLONEL LAWRENCE J. GORMAN

LIEUTENANT COLONEL LAWRENCE J. GORMAN, formerly commander the 101st Signal Battalion, N.Y.N.G., was promoted to rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Signal Corps, N.Y.N.G., and assigned as Signal Officer of the 44th Division.

Colonel Gorman was born in Waddington, N. Y., April 3, 1886. After attending the local school and Waddington High School, he was graduated from Clarkman College of Technology with the degrees of B.S. and E.E. Subsequently he was on the teaching staff of Stevens Institute of Technology for four years as an instructor of Engineering. About twenty-five years ago he entered the engineering department of the New York Edison Company, by whom he is still employed.

Colonel Gorman enlisted in the 1st Company, Signal Corps, N.Y.N.G., in 1912. This organization later became Company A, 1st Battalion, Signal Corps, N.Y. N.G., a mounted radio organization, equipment being transported on pack mules. As a Sergeant, Colonel Gorman served through the Mexican Border service, 1916-1917, and because of his marksmanship earned his nickname of "Hawkeye." On induction into Federal Service in the World War in 1917, the 1st Battalion, Signal Corps, was reorganized into the 102nd Field Signal Battalion with an additional Company C added. Sergeant Gorman was commissioned as First Lieutenant and assigned to Company C. He served with the 102nd Field Signal Battalion during the entire World War period, participating with the 27th Division in all its engagements. Was awarded Division citation by Commanding General, 27th Division, for "personal courage in action at Esqueaufert and St. Souplet, France, October 16, 1918, in maintaining wire communications in Division" and was promoted to Captain of Signal Corps, in which rank he served until the discharge from federal service.

(Continued on page 29)



MAJOR CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

A VACANCY in the command of the 101st Signal Battalion occasioned by the promotion of Major Lawrence J. Gorman has been filled by the promotion of Captain Charles E. Saltzman, C. E., to Major, Signal Corps, N.Y.N.G., and the assignment of Major Saltzman to command this battalion. Major Saltzman is a son of Major General Charles McK. Saltzman, U.S.A. (retired), former Chief Signal Officer of the Army.

On September 19, 1903, at the Army Post at Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, Major Saltzman was born, where his father was on duty. His childhood was spent at various Army posts.

In 1921, Major Saltzman entered Cornell University. He was then appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point from which he graduated with the highest honors in 1925. During his fourth year at the Academy he was senior Captain of Cadets.

Commissioned a Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., in 1925, Major Saltzman then qualified as a Rhodes Scholar and from 1925 to 1928 was a student at Oxford University reading for honors and receiving degrees of B.A. and M.A. in romance languages.

Returning to the United States, Major Saltzman was assigned to the 13th Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., at Camp Humphreys, Virginia, and detailed as an Aide to the President for duty at the White House.

In 1930, Major Saltzman resigned his commission in the regular army and entered the employment of the New York Telephone Company. Simultaneously he was commissioned First Lieutenant, Engineer Reserve, and subsequently accepted commission of First Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, N.Y.N.G., was promoted to Captain in 1931, and detailed as Aide to the Commanding General.

At the present time Major Saltzman is attached to the executive offices of the New York Stock Exchange.

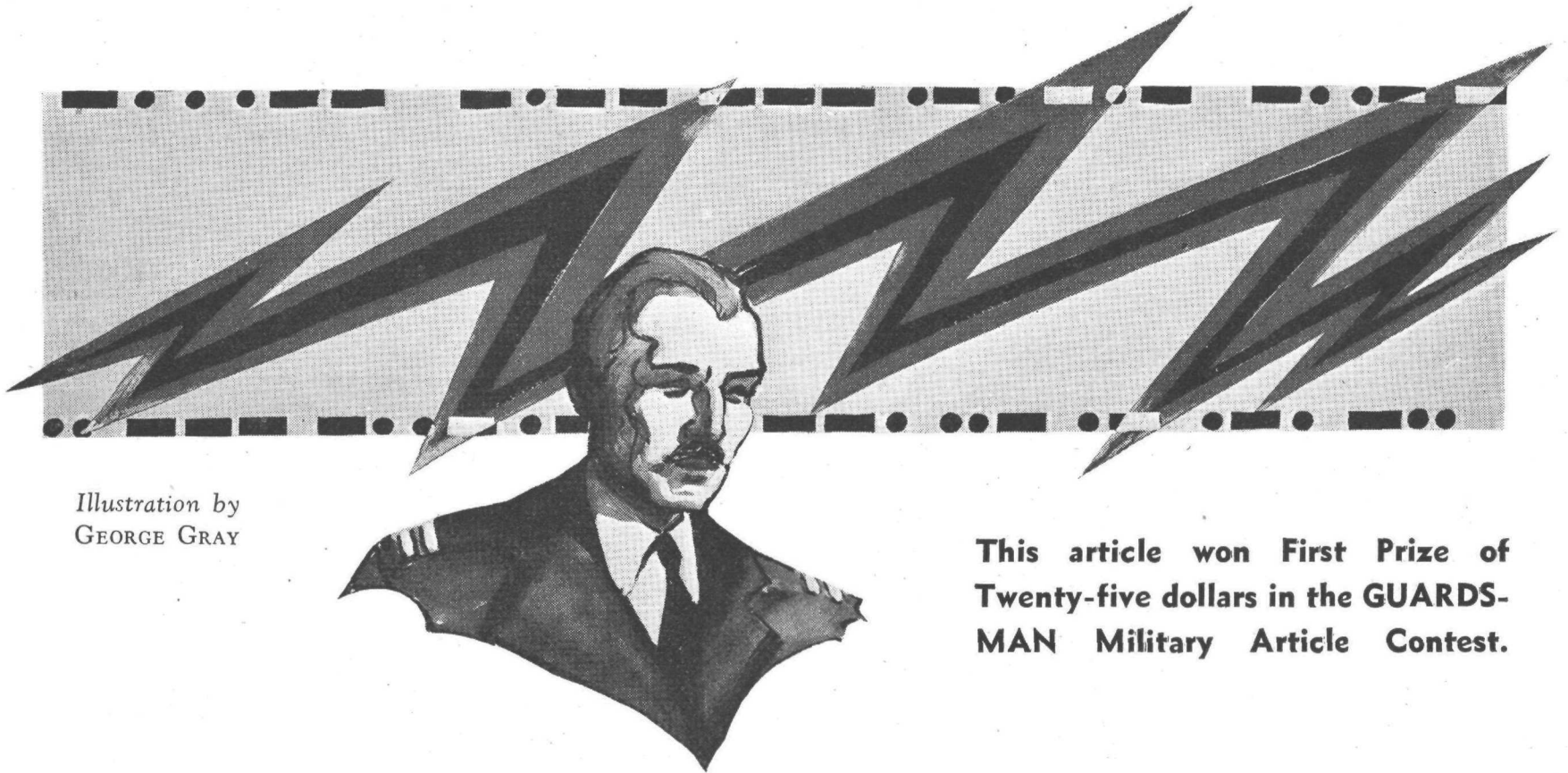


Illustration by
GEORGE GRAY

This article won First Prize of
Twenty-five dollars in the GUARDS-
MAN Military Article Contest.

COMMUNICATIONS *and the* STAFF OFFICER

By CAPT. WILLIAM N. VAN ANTWERP

Hq. Co., 53rd Brigade

MOST of us have heard of that silly conversation between the irate Brigadier and the switchboard operator as the B G attempted to contact one of his regimental commanders by means of the Brigade field telephone system. The General had grasped his hand set, turned the crank on the phone, and when the operator answered, the following words were heard by the occupants of the dug-out:

"Who?—Potato operator?—Who the hell?—Oh—well, get me Colonel Robins.—Who? Peanuts 6? No, Robins—R-O-B-I-N-S.—I don't care if it's Peanuts or Parsnips. I want Colonel Robins—and you get him damned fast."

We have all smiled at this story. But after his first smile, the communications officer has often sighed as he realized that behind this story is the answer to many of his problems—a lack of understanding by dozens of officers as to the functioning and requirements of "communications."

Following the First Army Maneuvers, "communications" came in for its share of criticism. Among many officers the feeling was prevalent that communications had failed. This judgment was a bit harsh, for the "signals" had done their best and communication did go through. However, every communications officer will agree that much of the criticism was entirely just as it applied to the mechanical side of communications. The communications personnel generally functioned most satisfactorily. Where communication failed was through lack of equipment, over-elaborate forms of procedure, and finally because of the lack of more than just a general idea on the part of the average officer of what communications has to offer and how the communications units are organized to work.

Lack of equipment. Already action has started to

remedy this fault. Over-elaborate forms of procedure. Immediately following the maneuvers, simplification of procedure was started. But lack of knowledge of communications. Has action been taken to remedy this fault?

To the officer unacquainted with "signals" work, field communication is unwittingly thought of by him in the light of his daily experiences with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company or the Western Union or Postal Telegraph Companies. The officer's business is urgent. He desires to contact his party in some rapid manner. Unconsciously he expects this contact to be gained as it would be were he sitting in a comfortable city office. But he is not in a comfortable office. He is probably sitting on a rock and the communication system at his disposal is not a permanent installation. It may have just been installed or perhaps be only a few hours old. But does he realize as he sits on his rock that this just-installed system is ready to serve him with men trained in their particular jobs; men who are ready to provide him with not only the usual civilian means of communication but with several other types of communication as well? Observation of this officer will shortly prove that he does not. In fact this observation, if carried far enough, will show that this officer through his lack of complete understanding of military communications, was one of the chief causes of the failure of communications to function satisfactorily in the First Army Maneuvers.

We all speak of machine-gunnery, combat practice, rifle marksmanship and other similar military arts in a casual, knowing way. Why not? Most of us have devoted hours to these arts and can talk of them with familiarity.

But Communications! Mention the word and the

average officer shrugs his shoulders and passes the subject by as too deep for him—a subject for “bugs” in this line. And why? Probably because the word “communications” immediately brings to mind codes, volts, simplex systems, electricity and other weird names which the average man associates with scientists and laboratory artists.

TO the 1936 National Guard and Reserve Company Officer's Class at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., the two most feared examinations were in Communications and Supply. A vote between these two would doubtless have shown communications as the most feared. Yet when this subject was met, the class found it far from difficult. Why? Because the instruction given to these officers was not instruction in laboratory functioning of communications equipment but an instruction to familiarize the officers with what means of communication were available to them in the field, how these means were handled, and most important of all, how the communications units are organized and trained to provide the service an officer must have. Of course the technical side was touched upon frequently but always with the knowledge that within the communications unit are trained technicians—specialists—to care for this side. It was most apparent in lectures and examinations that the aim of the instructors in communications was to teach the officer the means at hand, their organization, and how they should be used.

What does the communications unit offer? When fully equipped—as few units are under our peace time set-up—we find messengers, telephone, telegraph, radio, lamps, panels, pyrotechnics, pigeons, and airplanes.

Wonderful, we say. With all of these, communication certainly will be accomplished. And of course it will be—eventually. But when we read this list, do we not immediately picture the actual appliances and overlook a most important item? We do. We forget that there are men trained to work these appliances and a system developed so that these appliances will be used in the most advantageous manner.

How many officers are conscious of the traffic going on within the communications set-up of a unit? Do you, Messrs. Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Colonel, General, realize that while you write your field message, there may be several other messages ranging from your little note to routine reports and overlays which are all expected to go on their merry way at the same moment that your name is signed to your missive? It is doubtful that you do. And herein lies one cause of the criticism of communications, namely that lack of understanding of the application of communications.

DURING a visit to a command post during the First Army Maneuvers in 1935, an S-3 was heard to call another of his kind by telephone. His call went through and by actual timing the ensuing conversation

lasted twenty-five minutes. Meanwhile of course, this line was closed to all other calls. A colonel was heard to call a runner, give him a message, order him into a side car, and send him off to a battalion commander with no thought that had the colonel's message gone through regular message center channels, it would have been recorded, delivered just as rapidly, and with it would have gone three other messages to the same battalion. Instead these three messages were delayed twenty minutes, for a foot messenger was the only available means then at hand to send them forward.

At another CP three men from the messenger section spent the maneuvers acting as clerks to staff officers—result, an undermanned section and delay in deliveries. Again a brigade commander handed a forty-word message to an orderly with strict instructions that it should go by radio and raved because ten minutes later he had received no answer. From then on the general had no use for radio. This brigadier had often talked of codes, encoding, and decoding but had no acquaintanceship with the time required in this art.

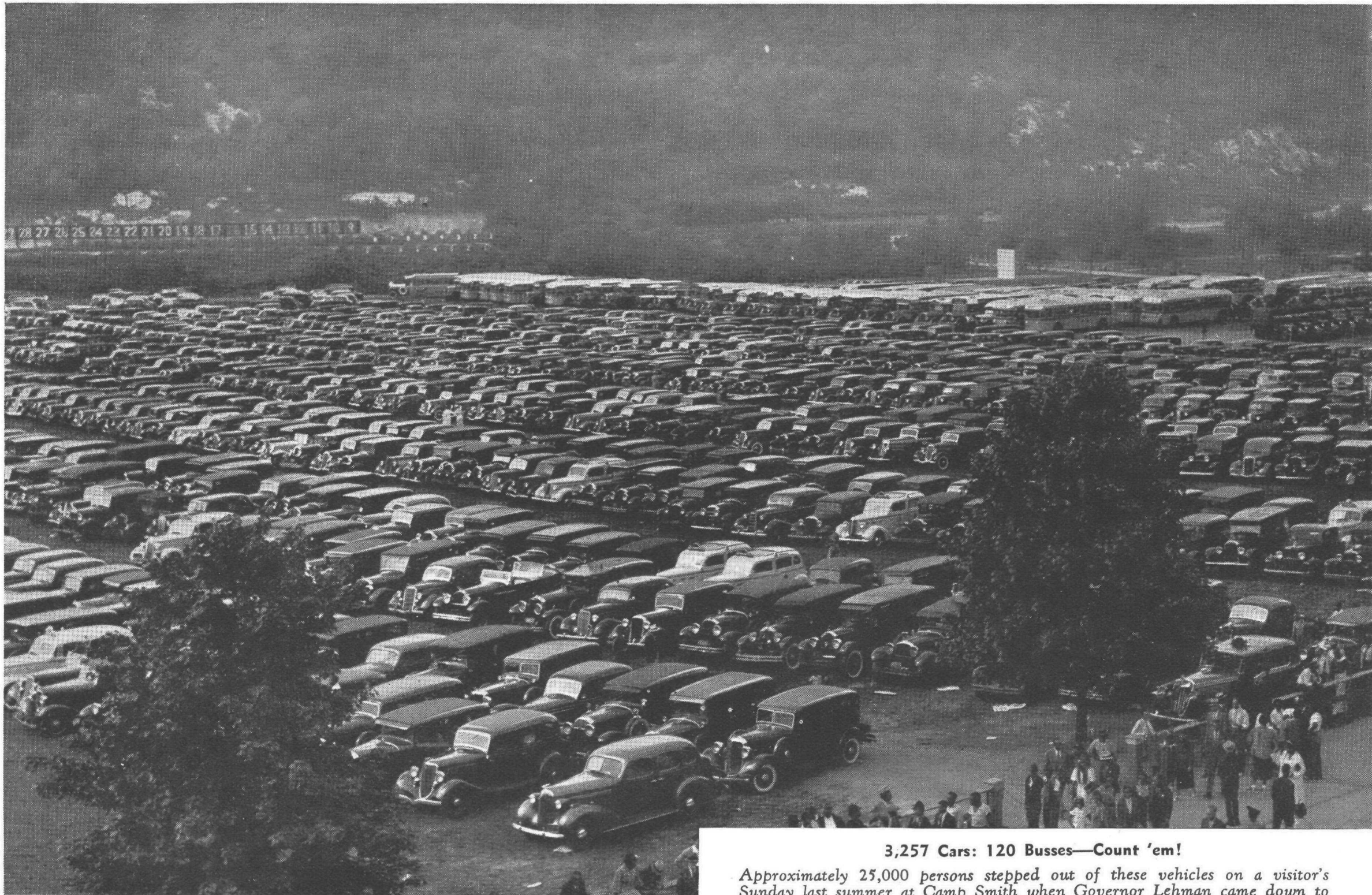
Of course these examples are not every minute occurrences. But they do occur and occur too frequently.

(Continued on page 26)



Wide World Photo

Here's an anti-aircraft gun in action during the First Army Maneuvers at Pine Camp. Communication has to be swift to keep up with these boys when they swing into action!



3,257 Cars: 120 Busses—Count 'em!

Approximately 25,000 persons stepped out of these vehicles on a visitor's Sunday last summer at Camp Smith when Governor Lehman came down to review the 369th Infantry. The M.P.'s were on their toes all day long, and they certainly did a fine job.

STOP and GO!

or

The Art of Regulating Traffic

By LIEUT. COL. ALFRED D. REUTERSHAN

ON the mid-Sunday visitors' day of the 369th Infantry at Camp Smith last summer, all records for visitors and traffic were broken. The parking facilities of the camp were taxed to their capacity when 3,257 cars and 120 busses came up the hill and unloaded their visitors. When the West Parade Ground was filled like a parking ground at Jones' Beach, the lines overflowed to the swimming pool area and then out to the Valley Range. Approximately 25,000 visitors were present to see Governor Lehman take a review of the regiment.

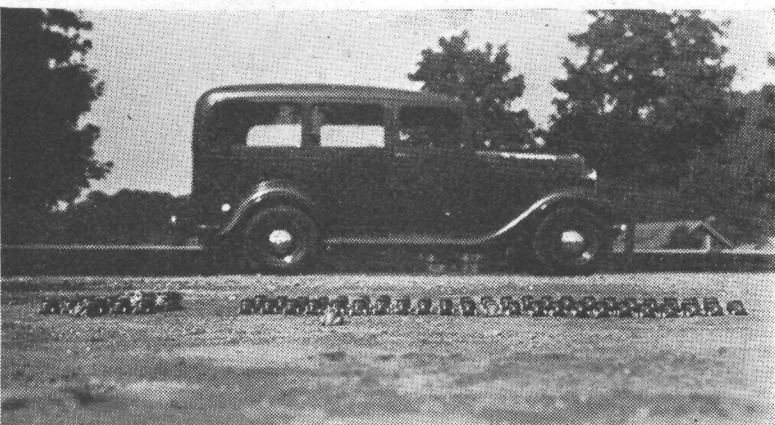
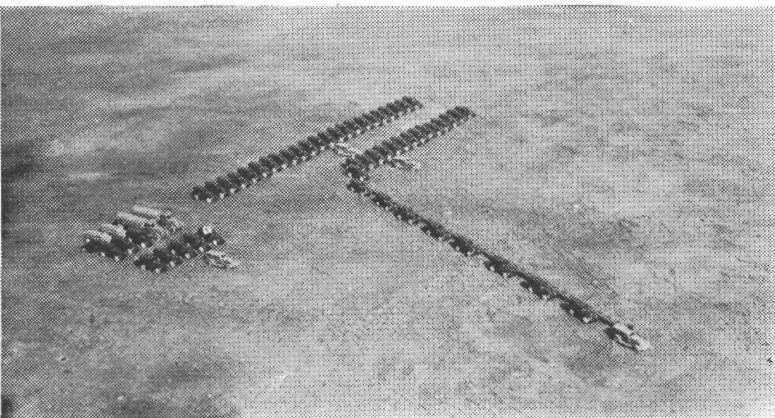
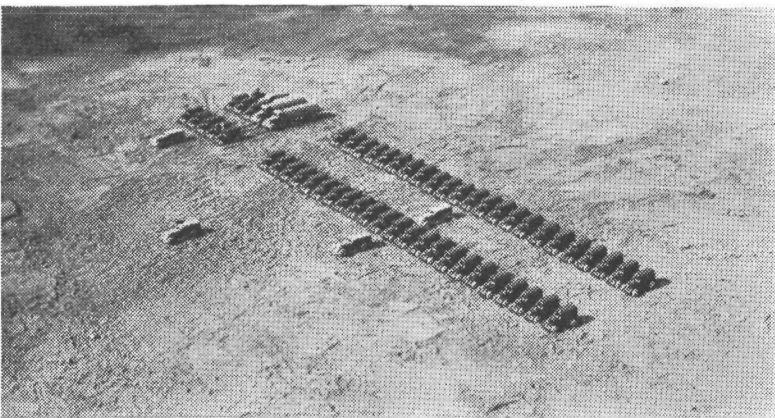
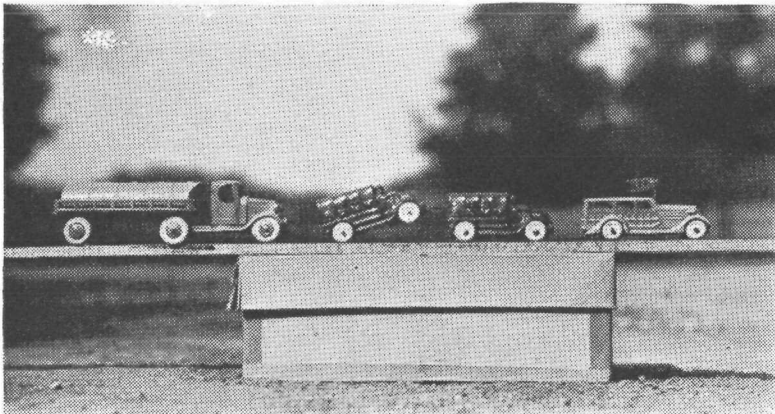
Traffic of these dimensions requires extremely scientific controlling and this can be effected only by very careful instruction to those who are on duty. A method of imparting such instructions was used last year at Camp Smith which grew out of a system I had devised for illustrating certain lectures I was called upon to give on Military Motor Transport and Convoy procedure. This was shortly after my return from the Motor Transport School at Baltimore and in working up these lectures I found myself considerably handicapped for lack of models.

Wooden blocks were not realistic enough; charts were a help, but when you are lecturing or instructing men on just what formations are correct in a motor convoy it is absolutely necessary that some flexible means be used to illustrate the ideas you are trying to put over.

Shopping around I found that a very realistic set of military model trucks, station wagons, trailers and tank trucks could be picked up in most five and ten cent stores and toy counters in the average department store. A little O.D. paint and some changing around were necessary to build a rolling kitchen, etc. Finally a complete war strength truck company was assembled and with this fleet of model trucks it was possible to work out almost any formation or situation that might confront the average convoy commander.

The pictures alongside show the use to which these models were put in instructing the military police at Camp Smith last summer. At the top, a group of policemen is receiving a demonstration with the miniature models on the gravel outside the Military Police quarters. Below that is a close-up showing one of the trucks *hors-de-combat* being hauled back to its base for repairs. The next two "shots" might be taken for airplane views of a complete war strength truck company, so realistic are the various models employed in this demonstration work. Actually, the photographs were taken just outside the M.P.'s quarters by the Camp photographer, Herbert L. Walter, at an altitude of some five feet! At the bottom, to give the convoy's comparative size, the models are shown ranged in front of an ordinary car.

This fleet has also been used indoors on floors and set up on tables. They have proved of great value in bringing vividly before convoy commanders and the Military Police the intricate problems involved in handling traffic—a value which can best be estimated by a glance at the photograph on the opposite page showing the "clean" way in which the parking problem was handled on one of Camp Smith's busy days.





On the Passing of Colonel William R. Wright

by

FRANKLIN W. WARD

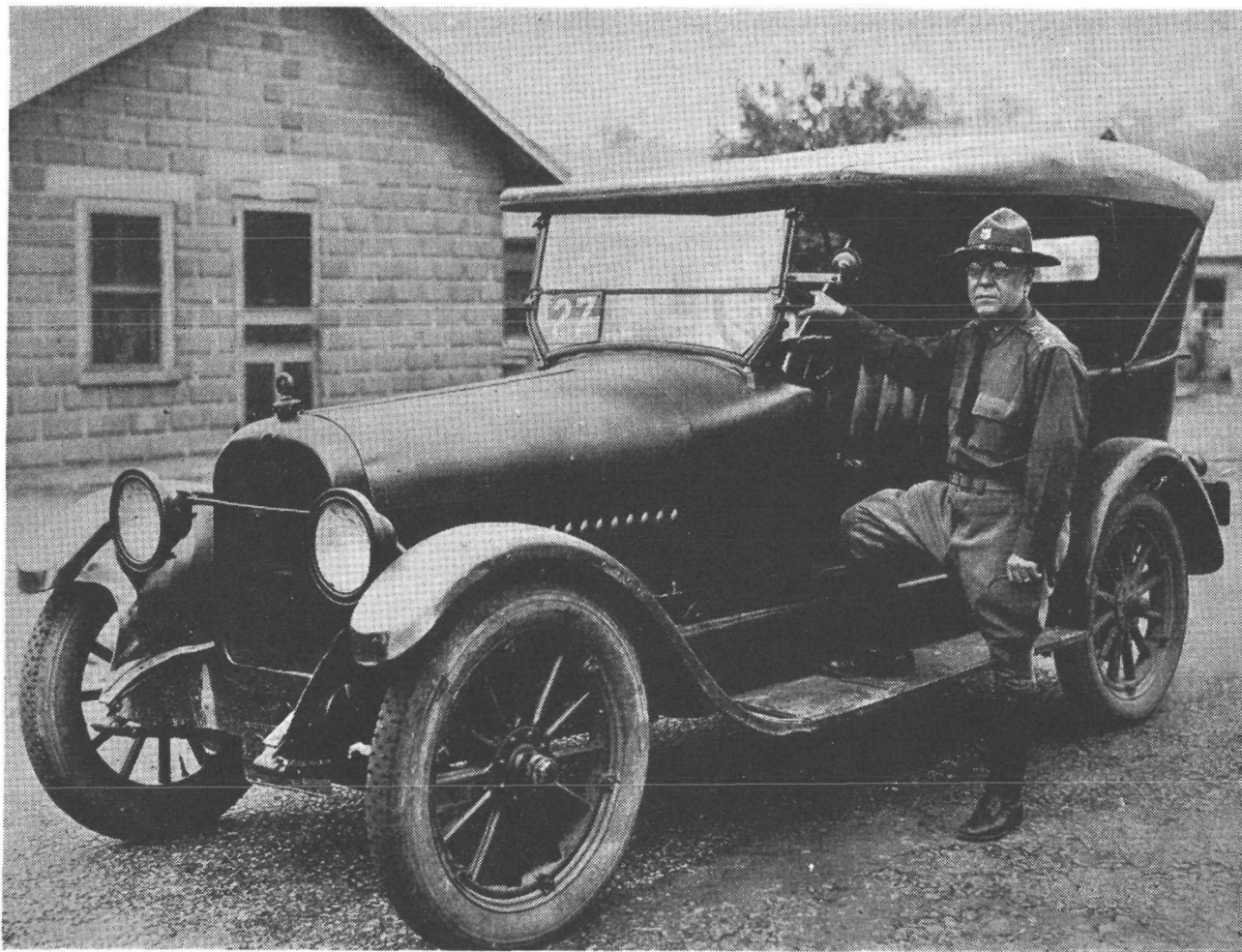
(With apologies to Grantland Rice)

*There's a vacant place in the ranks today,
There's a cross in the Eastern sky.
There's a vanished voice that we knew today,
As a soldier friend moves by.
The way is dark but the camp-lights gleam
Beyond his mortal route;
And there's rest at last by the singing stream
As we pray—"God-speed to the end of dreams,"
When one of The Pack goes out.*

*There's a gathering mist in the camps today,
And the crowded ranks look bare;
The voice of the winds is low today
With a call of a whispered prayer—
May his couch be soft in the guarding loam,
Where never a friend may doubt
That the Soul of a Chief has crossed the foam
And the Great White God says: "Welcome Home!"
When one of The Pack goes out.*

Photographs by Henry H. Moesinger





"The 'old man,' his Studebaker, his pipe, and his flannel service shirt."

DEAR GENERAL HASKELL:

The respect and honor displayed for my brother, Colonel William R. Wright, at the Armory, in the Military funeral, and services at the Church and at the grave on Sunday, October 25th, were a tribute that his family can never forget.

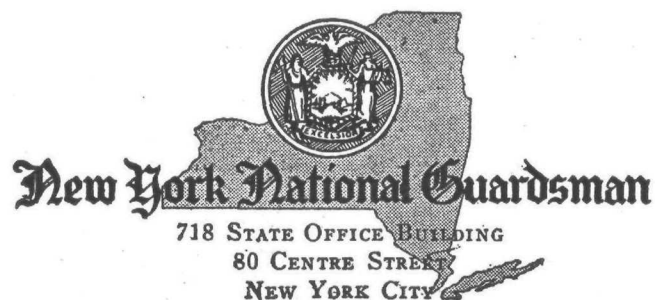
The fact that every organization in your command took part, as well as representative officers of the regular Army, showed how he was esteemed. But back of this was manifested a manly devotion without creed, rank or color, and this was further evidenced by affectionate references to "the old man," his Studebaker, his pipe, and his flannel service shirt.

Bill loved the Army. In return the Army obviously loved him. It would have been most difficult, without great personal readjustment, for Bill to have said good-bye by retirement. He has reported for duty to the Great Commander-in-Chief, to whom we all must report, and the Army has said good-bye to him. It is better so.

I wish I could personally thank Officers, Chaplains, enlisted men, all of you, but this is an impossibility. May this letter express the family's appreciation of a great tribute to a man.

Respectfully yours,

(signed) JAMES WRIGHT.



VOL. XIII, No. 9 NEW YORK CITY DECEMBER, 1936

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N.Y.N.G. COLOR BEARERS COMMENDED

Fort Jay, New York
October 31, 1936

My dear General Haskell:

General McCoy has asked me to express to you his appreciation of the participation of the Colors of the New York National Guard organizations in the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Dedication of the Statue of Liberty on October 28th, 1936.

The presence of this inspiring group, arranged against the foundation of the Statue and facing the President during the ceremony, was a distinct addition to the effectiveness of the pageant.

The appearance and conduct of the Color Bearers reflected the highest credit upon the organizations they represented. It is realized that much of the preparation of the Color Bearers was at a sacrifice of their time and this is greatly appreciated.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) A. S. WILLIAMS,
Colonel, 16th Infantry,
Commanding.

106th INFANTRY PLANS 75th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

PLANS are being formulated under the direction of Colonel Frank C. Vincent, Commanding the 106th Infantry, to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the 23rd—106th Infantry, during the week of January 16-23, 1937. Incidentally, this period also marks the twentieth anniversary of the return of the 23rd Regiment from the Mexican Border.

Both active and veteran members of the regiment will take part in the ceremonies which will probably be so staged as to present a colorful resumé of the regiment's history from 1862 up to the present date.

The details of the celebration are still in the process of development but are known to include a dinner on January 16th and a review on January 23rd.

All former members of the 23rd—106th Infantry are requested to communicate with Major E.S. Massel, Chairman of the General Committee, at the armory, 1322 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

N.Y.N.G. ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

THIS year it's Buffalo that will extend its hospitality to the delegates of the National Guard Association of New York attending the annual convention on January 15-16. All officers are urged to write these dates down on his mental calendar pad since these two days are the most important in the whole year for the officer personnel of the National Guard.

Little information is at present available regarding the exact plans being made by the various committees for the convention, but intending delegates are assured that every possible effort is being made to repeat, and even to exceed, the success of the last Buffalo Convention in 1932.

Colonel Douglas P. Walker, commanding the 106th Field Artillery, is both President of the Association and also Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Full particulars relating to hotel and car reservations, hotel rates, garage facilities, etc., will be published in the January issue of the GUARDSMAN.

FOR REAL AND PSEUDO HORSE-LOVERS

"IT'S a werry rum thing," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks in one of his sporting lectures, "ow few men there are who candidly say they don't like 'unting. And those that don't like it, had much better not give themselves the trouble of pretendin' they do, for they're sure to be found out, and branded for 'umbugs for their trouble."

Of course, Mr. Jorrocks was speaking some seventy-five years ago, before Harry Disston brought out his book entitled "Equestionnaire" (Harper & Bros., 189 pp., \$2.00), for after reading this fascinating questionnaire (and boning up on the answers at the back of the volume) there is no earthly reason why one should not be able to pose as a 10-goal polo-player, a M.F.H., a Chief of Cavalry, or a Judge at the National Horse Show.

"Esquestionnaire" is in the tradition of the "Ask Me Another" books, with the questions in front and the answers following. The divisions of the book are: (1) The Horse, (2) General Anatomy and Stable Management, (3) Tack and Equitation, (4) Horse Shows, (5) Hunting, (6) Racing, (7) Polo, (8) Cowboys and the West, (9) The Cavalry.

Harry Disston, by the way, is a member of the Seventh Regiment and has been playing indoor polo with their team since 1925. For many years he was a delegate to the United States Polo Association and the Indoor Polo Association, and is also a captain in the U. S. Cavalry Reserve. He has written a book which should prove a joy and delight to all horse-lovers and, candidly speaking, a boon to those who wish to avoid being "branded as 'umbugs."

A NEW HIGH FOR "THE GUARDSMAN"

AT the close of the most successful year the GUARDSMAN has had since its inception in 1924, the Editorial, Business and Advertising Staff wish to extend their sincere thanks to all those who by their literary or artistic contributions, by criticisms and support in their endeavors, have helped to make their tasks more profitable.

We wish our readers a very happy Christmas and a good grip on the prosperity that lies just around the corner of 1937. And keep your eye on the GUARDSMAN. It's going places!



GENERAL HASKELL'S MESSAGE



A NEW SCHOOL FOR SELECTED OFFICERS

ON Saturday, November 21, 1936, Major General Frank R. McCoy, Commanding General, Second Corps Area, presented twenty National Guard officers from New Jersey, Delaware, and New York, with the certificates that represented their successful completion of the first subcourse of the Corps Area Command and General Staff School for National Guard officers. This school, the first of its kind in the country, was authorized and planned by the National Guard Bureau early this year, and was experimental in its nature, to a certain extent. It is not intended that this brief two weeks' course, conducted each year for three successive years, shall replace the special course at Fort Leavenworth. It would be quite impracticable to condense and give at Camp Dix the very comprehensive course that has been so successful at the Command and General Staff School, and which lasts three months.

But I am well satisfied that there is a great need for this new Corps Area School affording a splendid opportunity to those officers of our Division, Brigade, and Regimental staffs who find it exceedingly difficult to sacrifice the longer period which the older school entails. It is not my purpose in this article to go into details as to the manner and method so successfully employed by Colonel George A. Herbst, our senior instructor, who acted as Commandant, and his most capable and efficient, even though small, group of instructors, to secure the maximum of results. All of this will be covered in the next issue of the GUARDSMAN.

I do want to congratulate and commend Colonel Herbst and his assistants, Major James N. Caperton, Major Manton S. Eddy, Major Thomas D. Davis, and Captain George B. Barth, for their valiant efforts in planning the school work, preparing the many interesting features of the courses and the lucid manner in which it was presented to the class. My hearty congratulations and deep appreciation go to those fifteen officers from the New York National Guard who comprised our quota of students. The reports which have reached me clearly indicate that the lessons learned in the Extension Courses have given these officers a firm foundation on which to build for future command and staff success. I am also informed that the zeal and interest displayed by all was most keen, that their cooperation with the faculty was marked by an earnest wish and desire to get every possible benefit from the lectures, conferences and exercises which made up the program. I am not unaware of the long hours so gladly and willingly given in an earnest

effort to absorb sound doctrines of the higher art of military science.

The first of the three subcourses is completed. You have returned to your respective organizations. During the next fifty weeks you will, I hope, find ample opportunity to absorb carefully and thoroughly the wealth of texts furnished each one of you by the school. And I am sure you will all want to act again the parts you each played in the map exercises so that smoother and more accurate performance will result in future courses. This can well be accomplished by your organization commanders utilizing your services as an instructor in your respective staff schools.

The successful conduct of any military operation depends on perfect and harmonious team play of the commander and his staff. The history of all wars indicate that the side making the fewest errors and mistakes is the winning side. And the more attention we give to the mistakes we make in our solution of map problems and to the errors of tactics and technique we are responsible for in our map maneuvers and table exercises, then the nearer we attain that degree of perfection to which we all aspire. History shows us that the nine principles of war are immutable; that they are the same today as they were when Joshua encircled the walls of Jericho, or as they were in the time of Alexander, of Caesar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and all other exponents of the art of military science, down to our present time. Due to changed characteristics of weapons and materiel the application of these principles change, and then we find the primary purpose of our schools is to keep us abreast of these changes in application. Hence we can never afford to stop in our research, our study, or our theoretic application of those truths and doctrines which come to us from the proper sources.

In my mind the Corps Area Command and General Staff course for National Guard officers was a grand success. It is no longer an experiment. I am sure the earnestness and keen desire of the student officers to absorb the doctrines presented has well repaid the instructors for the many hours spent in preparation. Again I want to congratulate and to thank all concerned, and to wish for this school the continued success which it certainly deserves.



W. H. Haskell

Major General.

SHADOWS CAST BY COMING EVENTS

**War in the air or war in the mud?
Critics differ in their forecast regarding
the next great clash of national
armaments.**

By A CASUAL OBSERVER

WHILE the year that is passing might be termed the year of Recovery, it might be more accurately summed up as the year of Re-armament. Never have the nations of the world been so war-conscious; never have they come out so frankly in the open with their pronounced war-aims nor given so much publicity to the preliminary efforts they are making to attain them.

We read of new weapons, improvements in war-material, massive airplane and tank formations, new methods of warfare devised in attack and defense to meet the threat of these new formations, plans to protect the civilian population from aerial bombardments.

These matters make the front pages of our newspapers every day and the man-in-the-street can hardly be blamed if he begins to view this apparently juandiced world with feelings, to say the least, cynical and tinged with scorn.

Glancing over the papers of the past month he would read the provocative speeches of Die Fuhrer and Il Duce, follow the news of fighting in Spain, learn of Russia's massed parachute-equipped infantry, and marvel at the size of airplane orders placed by European governments in the feverish race for air supremacy that is now going on.

Take this last item—the size of airplane orders. If war should break out tomorrow in Europe, the five great military powers on that continent could put into the air fleets of modern airplanes totaling approximately 17,900 ships. Recognizing that the airplane provides a modern army with the swiftest and most mobile weapon of attack; that it can wipe out strategic centers of industry, paralyze the movement of mobilization, destroy reserves of food and ammunition, and produce a psychological effect upon the sensitive civil population which will gain half the battle for a ruthless commander; recog-

nizing this, the governments of Europe are loading their airplane manufacturers with orders so rapidly that in one instance, at least, (that of Britain), there is talk of placing orders in this country since their own factories are unable to promise deliveries in time.

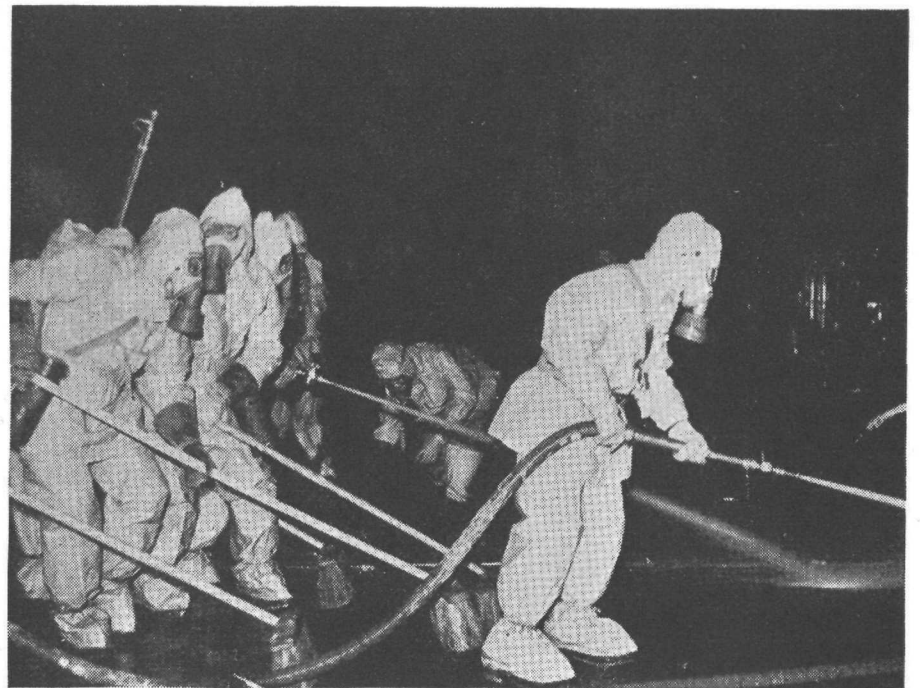
Latest figures obtainable in Washington, while admittedly a guess, since the progress of production is a closely guarded military secret, apportion the aerial forces among the five major European powers thus:

Russia	4,500
England	4,000
Italy	3,600
France	3,000
Germany	2,800

But none of these powers is satisfied with its present rating and if war can be held at arm's length for another two years, these totals will be vastly increased. France, for instance, has just adopted a new aviation program calling for an expenditure totaling twice as much as the Air Ministry has ever asked for at one time. This program will raise the French aerial force to a strength of 4,000 fighting planes.

England has launched a new program for the coordination of industry in the production of airplanes and, according to one report circulated in Washington, is determined to augment her air force to a total of 8,000 planes by 1939.

The recent maneuvers held in Russia, when an entire



Wide World Photos

European countries are turning their thoughts to the problem of protecting their civilian populations from aerial bombardments and the effect of gas. These photographs show the rescue and treatment of gassed civilians during a practice air raid on Paris, and a squad of firemen clearing the streets of imaginary mustard gas.

brigade including field artillery was dropped by parachute behind the hostile front lines, make it obvious that a great change has been introduced in the employment of aircraft in war. During the World War, the principle functions of aircraft were to observe, bombard, or to destroy enemy aircraft. In other words, they could attack, but they could not hold territory.

The new employment of airplanes to transport troops of all arms and drop them behind the enemy lines in sufficient numbers and with sufficient equipment to maintain positions, places a doubly-effective weapon of surprise in the hands of a commander-in-chief. It introduces a new conception of warfare and may result in air forces maintaining supplemental corps especially trained to act in much the same way that marines act after naval ships have taken coastal territory.

Criticisms have been made to the effect that such a force could be half-destroyed while floating down, defenseless, on their parachute lines, while the other half—unsupported by reserves of men or ammunition—could be "mopped up" in a very short while or starved into surrender. These critics seem to imagine that such an attack would necessarily be made at some heavily defended spot where anti-aircraft guns and machine guns could get into action while the "jumpers" were still in the air and where those who succeeded in landing could be heavily attacked before they had had time to assemble and bring their own weapons into action. But the actual point of landing will be chosen only after careful consideration and with the element of surprise always uppermost in the mind of the commander. The ultimate fate of the brigade thus dispatched may be suicidal, but the effect achieved before complete annihilation has overtaken the invaders may be of such far-reaching proportions as to make the loss of a single brigade comparatively negligible.

MAJOR General Frank Parker (retired) made certain skeptical comments last month about the possibility of securing a final decision in the air when

war is next declared. It is his belief that the next war "will begin in the mud and end in the mud." If the General's forecast is correct, then heaven help the poor infantry. But soldiers of the old school often find it difficult to adapt their minds away from the old business of rifle, machine gun and bayonet to the newer order of tanks, gas, and airplanes. The recently devised uses of these three weapons alone increase the elements of mobility and surprise which were so often ignored by those who planned attacks during the last war—attacks which resulted in such appalling pieces of obstinate stupidity as displayed by the British Command at Passchendale. That proved to be the "mud-war" par excellence and cost Britain more than 500,000 casualties.

The fruits of victory (all other factors being equal) are gathered more cheaply in men and material through surprise than by any other method, and the efficient use of the new weapons at our disposal should have the effect of reducing casualty lists while at the same time increasing the scope of the success secured.

Some military observers foresee the swoop of a hostile air fleet and a war won and lost perhaps in half a day. Obviously the agony and the human sacrifices of such a "war" cannot approach the sufferings and gigantic cost when millions of men are deadlocked for years in the mud.

The European nations are building for themselves vast armaments composed of "civilization's" most modern and most destructive weapons with which, some day, to settle their claims for or to defend their commercial markets in this world of ours. Machines don't fight of their own accord and success will attend that nation which can produce, at the right moment, the men with minds elastic enough to seize the import of the new weapons in their grasp and adapt their strategic and tactical knowledge to meet the conditions of modern warfare.

A word of warning was uttered the other day by F. B. Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State. "War is not a problem which concerns the Old World alone. America is as vitally concerned as Europe. If another great war tears across the world, the United States can no more escape the consequences, economic or otherwise, than a carefully barricaded householder could escape the consequences of an oncoming cyclone."

His solution calls for international trade agreements unhampered by high tariffs. But failing that, America must look to her armaments just as other nations are doing in face of this seemingly irresistible fate, and must be prepared for all emergencies.



Wide World Photos

If the next war is fought in the mud, as Maj. Gen. Parker predicts, the Italians will insure mobility with the use of their new tanks which make light of ground conditions. Liquid fire, directed from tanks, is another adaptation of a World War weapon with which the Italians recently experimented at their army maneuvers near Rome.



BERTHA and EMMA

This story was awarded the First Prize of \$25.00 in the recent GUARDSMAN Short-Story Contest.

By PVT. MELVIN H. TIENKEN

Troop I, 101st Cavalry

"WHICH one of you guys is goin' to drive the wagon?" I looked at the speaker, Stable Sergeant McFarland, and then at my companion, Beaver Sloan, the other half of the stable guard detail. I looked at the obviously ill-matched team of horses—big, boney Bertha and little, fat Emma—and my eye traveled back to the contents of the "Honey" wagon to which they were hitched. The huge, brown, straw-flecked mound, steaming in the hot rays of the bright June sun, represented contributions from sixty-four trusty mounts of Troop D, garnered that morning by the sweat of our brows and the pitchforks in our hands. Its aromatic odors, wafted from the wagon by the gentle summer breeze, were eloquent of the healthy effect camp life had on a cavalry horse.

"Well, which one of you guys is goin' to drive the wagon?" The Stable Sergeant was manifestly piqued by the total lack of enthusiasm on the part of his stable guard.

Licking the dust from my lips, I cautiously cleared my throat. Bertha and Emma enjoyed a wide and unassailed reputation for being the worst draft team in the regiment, and I had no particular desire to number myself among those martyrs who could boast that they had driven "that team of dog food." Desperately, I stalled for time, hoping against hope that Beaver Sloan would be the first to weaken and volunteer his services; but, alas, my hope died a-borning, for my morning's work with Sloan had taught me that he was a man of few words and even fewer actions. It had been with a great bitterness in my heart that I had come to realize the irony of the sobriquet "Beaver."

Slowly I opened my mouth to make the sacrifice, but it was too late. We had overestimated the patience of Sergeant McFarland.

"All right, wise guys! If you're so anxious for this job, you can both go!"

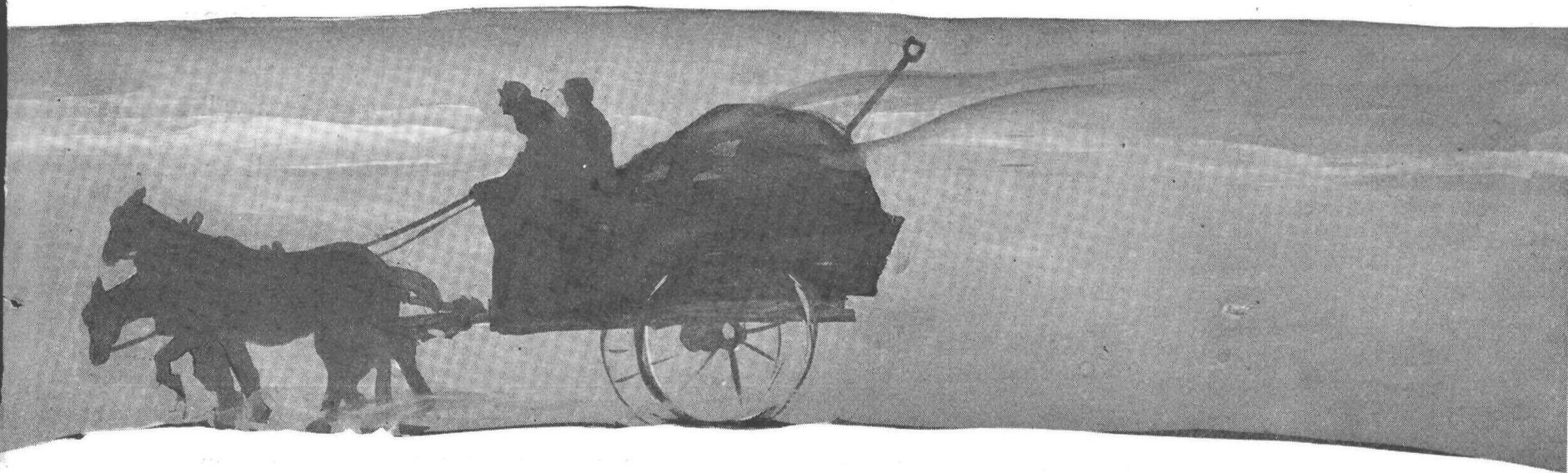
This heartless and inappropriate attempt at levity fell upon barren soil, and we turned with anguished faces to mount the springboard of the "Honey" wagon. At



this point I scored a slight success by stepping nimbly ahead of Beaver and planting myself firmly at the far end of the seat, forcing him to take the driver's place. With a sigh of resignation, he gathered the double reins in his hand and gave them a tentative jerk or two, indicating to Bertha and Emma that their wandering attention was urgently desired.

Snorting his ridicule at this meager effort, Sergeant McFarland strode over to issue his parting instructions and advice: "No goldbricking! Ya understand? Get out to that manure dump and back here before water call. And if ya have any trouble with these nags, use the whip. Now get goin'."

Thus admonished, Beaver Sloan jerked the reins once



The stubbornness of mules is proverbial, but this pair at Pine Camp was galvanized into action by a heaven-sent miracle in the shape of a runaway "honey" wagon.

again and moistened his lips: "Tch, tch! Giddap there!"

As the echoes of this command were dying in the distance, Bertha languidly raised her head to twitch an inquisitive ear while Emma, a perfect example of still life, stared stolidly at the ground between her forefeet. Assured by the calmness of her companion that nothing was amiss, Bertha again lowered her head to return to whatever inner contemplation had been disturbed by Beaver's interruption.

"C'mon now! Get up there! Giddap!"

This second attempt was successful insofar as it created a slight stir where before all had been peaceful and quiet. Bertha pricked her ears and gingerly eased into her collar so as not to take the wagon by surprise, while Emma steadfastly and phlegmatically ignored both the commands of Beaver and the efforts of Bertha. Naturally disheartened by this lack of cooperation, Bertha rapidly lost what determination she had displayed and settled comfortably back on

her haunches at the precise moment that Emma, suddenly and inexplicably surged forward with an intensity of effort that was evidently to atone for her delay in starting.

The net result of these uncoordinated attempts was pitifully apparent. We remained absolutely stationary, while Beaver, who was fast reaching a state of acute agitation, alternately shouted "Giddap" or "Whoa" according to whichever animal he was addressing at the moment.

However, Sergeant McFarland, a hitherto silent and

disgusted witness of the proceedings, was not the man to dilly-dally with goldbricks, whether human or equine. Striding over to the wagon, he reached for the whip and soundly thwacked the rumps of Bertha and Emma. This action had the unexpected, though laudable, effect of consolidating their efforts, and the wagon lurched forward with such a jerk that Beaver and I were nearly precipitated into the soft brown mass behind us.

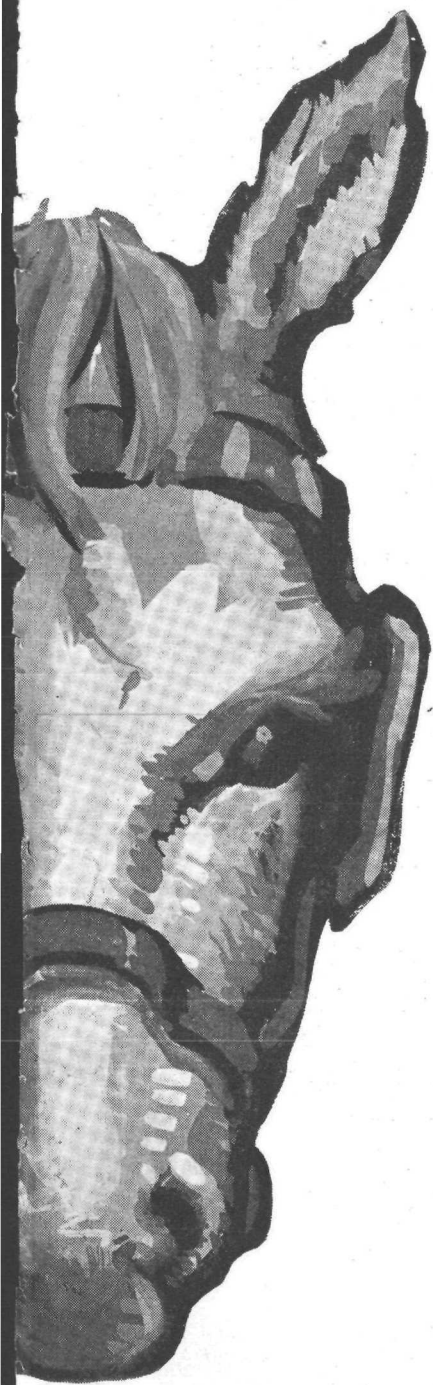
"Now keep 'em going, Beaver!"

Bertha and Emma had apparently received enough to keep them going for some time, and they plodded sullenly along, obviously touched to the quick by the ungracious conduct of the Sergeant. Around the picket shed and past the water trough we creaked and groaned. Our dusty path stretched across the parade grounds and along the road which led out of camp and, incidentally, into the manure dump.

As we joggled erratically on, I regarded the actions of Bertha and Emma with increasing fascination. Never before had I seen a pair of horses with such a complete lack of teamwork between them. They seemed to share the mutual understanding of a bridge couple just gone down a hundred on a doubled score. When Emma lagged, Bertha would strive to pull the wheels from underneath the wagon, and if Bertha showed an inclination to wander a bit to the left, Emma would immediately veer to the right. The wagon weaved drunkenly from one side of the road to the other; now slowing down until the wheels barely turned and at other times jerking suddenly forward or sideways, so that our position on the springboard became increasingly precarious, and we were in constant danger of being pitched either forcibly to the ground or ignominiously into the manure.

We proceeded nervously in this fashion until we reached the turn in the road where it mounted the ridge which divided the camp proper from the rest of the reservation. Confronted, thus suddenly, with this obstacle, Bertha and Emma evinced a unity of purpose that would have been praiseworthy under any other circumstance. They both decided to stop.

This process of laying down on the job was carried out



with the subtle touch of masters of the art; they did not halt suddenly and violently, thus laying themselves open to the justifiable accusation of balking. Ah, no! Bertha and Emma slowed down with the gradually diminishing motion of a team of horses forced, at the point of utter exhaustion, to cease their heroic efforts. Perceiving their evident intention, and remembering the practical advice and demonstration of Sergeant McFarland, I reached back for the whip only to find my hand vainly waving in the air above the socket wherein it should have rested. It was gone!

At this precise moment, Beaver Sloan turned to me with a glare of impatience: "Well, why don't ya give 'em a whack?"

"Geez! What'll we do now? Once they stop, we'll never get 'em started again! C'mon now, get up there! Good ol' Bertha and Emma! Gee'up! Gee'up! Gee'up!"

Bertha and Emma, however, cynically ignoring this flattering invitation to "get up," slowed to a stop with the finality of a railroad train puffing into a station, leaving us stranded at the very bottom of the hill and smack in the middle of the road. Beaver halfheartedly made one or two attempts to start the team, but his efforts were those of a man foredoomed to failure. Glomily we eased ourselves to the ground to light up and view this discouraging situation through soothing clouds of tobacco smoke.

Bertha and Emma had reverted to the positions they had assumed at the start of this fateful journey. Had we been on a scouting expedition and suddenly found ourselves in the vicinity of an enemy camp, their complete immobility would have evoked our everlasting gratitude. As it was, no such romantic situation existed, and so we simply glared our hatred at the indifferent hulks which some practical joker had sold the army for a draft team.

"Got any sugar on ya?" asked Beaver.

"What's the matter, are you hungry?"

"Naw, but I thought if we had some we could sort of tempt 'em along."

I glanced at the objects of our conversation: the idea of tempting those two hide-covered glue factories with anything seemed fantastic. Their present positions indicated quite clearly that they were beyond any mundane desires except, perhaps, those of eternal peace and quiet. But something had to be done; the Sergeant's admonition concerning water call preyed upon my conscience. Besides, Stable Sergeants can assign some mighty nasty details.

"C'mon Beaver, we'll have to get out of this. Got any ideas?"

It appeared that he had several, and for the next half hour we earnestly endeavored to bring them to a successful conclusion. We coaxed and we petted; we wheedled and we stroked; we pushed and we pulled. We hitched them singly and we hitched them tandem. We blindfolded them and we unblindfolded them. We appealed to their feminine vanity with lavish flattery, and we abused them with a string of cuss words so all-embracing in their variety as to evoke the immediate respect of any living creatures save that of these two old cavalry horses. Our efforts availed us nothing.

"Just look at those plugs," said Beaver. "I bet you could touch off a ton of dynamite under their bellies without them even winkin' an eye."

"Oh, I don't know. McFarland got results with that

whip. Say! I've got an idea! Why don't we use our belts?"

"Naw, ya can't. The metal tips'd cut the horses."

"Well, then, it looks as though one of us will have to walk back for that whip."

"O.K. Let's toss to see who goes. Heads I win, tails—Hey! What's that?"

There was a faint rumbling noise like distant thunder, and we automatically jerked our heads up to scan the sky. Not a single cloud marred the brilliant blue to herald the coming of a storm. Puzzled, Beaver and I exchanged glances as the rumbling became louder and louder.

"Sounds like a troop goin' for the mail," said Beaver.

"It can't be. No captain would gallop his troop so near camp."

"Whatever it is, it's headed our way. Listen!"

Faint shouts could now be distinguished above the steady rumble which rapidly developed into the rhythmic pounding of galloping hoofs. Someone was coming into camp on the road which our team and wagon blocked! Even as Beaver and I jumped to our feet, the noise increased in volume to burst suddenly upon us with the intensity of a thunderclap. What happened next left us rooted in our tracks.

Over the top of the hill, churning the dusty road, leaped a madly galloping team of horses—necks stretched, tails flying. After them bounced a "Honey" wagon; a pale, taut figure clinging to its heaving springboard. Down the hill and straight for our team plunged the foam-flecked runaways, and nothing short of a brick wall or exhaustion was going to stop them.

In a flash, my mind was filled with the horrible sight of a head-on collision: the terrific crash; the splintered wagons; the screaming, writhing animals; the spattered blood; and the limp figure of the driver flung hard and far.

Gone was the indifferent attitude of Bertha and Emma! They were two terror-stricken horses as the maddened team, blinded by fear, plunged toward them. I wanted to close my eyes, but imminent disaster held me spell-bound.

And then the miracle happened!

At the last split second, the runaway team swerved off the road, missing Bertha and Emma by the fraction of an inch! By the gods of horsedom, it was unbelievable!

On thundered the horses and wagon to disappear across the parade grounds in a cloud of dust. It was anybody's guess what would happen to them.

The crisis over, Beaver and I turned our attention to our own team and wagon. Poor old Bertha and Emma! Their hazardous encounter had left them trembling from poll to hoofs and stark terror transformed their otherwise stolid countenances. If ever there was a frightened team of horses, it was these two old goldbricks. Beaver saw his opportunity and made the most of it.

"Now, ya see what comes of laying down on the job? I almost wisht they had banged into ya. It'd taught ya a lesson. Ya oughta be ashamed of yourselves. Why you're the—"

"Just a minute, Beaver," I interrupted this tirade. "Let's get on the wagon. I don't think you'll have any trouble with them now."

We climbed aboard and settled in our seats, and once more Beaver gathered the reins and sung out: "Gee'up there!"

(Continued on page 28)

THE "SPIDER"

"Spider" Hennessey, runner-up lightweight champion, was put wise to himself by a Regular Army Top-kick. The World War gave him the chance to make good.

By MAJOR ERNEST C. DREHER

Illustrated by the Author

"SPIDER" HENNESSEY might have been a great lightweight champion in his time if he hadn't been too fond of the old bottle. "But wot de hell," as he used to say. "You know how it is, and wot can a guy do when he's got a flock of friends—pals, you might say—who 'phone him out o' bed every morning, take him places all day, and tuck him in during the milkman's matinée, when Old Sol is just creeping over the horizon?"

It was after just such a night and at the break of dawn that the "Spider" found himself in a cheap hotel in Harlem—broke, and with a terrific hangover.

Peacefully slumbering, a sudden knock on the door awakened him and after he had painfully crawled out from between the dirty sheets and opened the door, there was the owner of the joint with a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound bouncer in his wake.

"Hey, eagle-puss," he purred. "How about de room rent?"

"Room rent?" the sleepy Hennessey echoed. "Sure. Wait a minit. I got a pants full of iron men, and if you'll have dat fat walrus behind ya git me a shot o' rye, I'll clear outa dis joint pronto."

A hasty search of his clothes, however, revealed that Hennessey had been cleaned of all his valuables and that not even a thin friendly dime was his to call his own.

"Lissen, tough guy," he said. "I've been cleaned—either in this dump or outside. But never mind! I'll call up a pal o' mine an' he'll be right over with de do-ra-mi. So hurry an' git me de rye."

"Oh yeah?" from the bouncer. "Lissen, mug, you'll pay right now or we'll take it outa your hide, see?—Two minits is de limit an' den we begins slappin' ya down."

As he spoke, the pair cautiously entered the room until they towered beside Hennessey, who was slowly putting on his clothes while sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Maybe I better introduce meself to you two guys," he said while sizing up their good points. "I'm Philip Hennessey—'Spider' Hennessey, if ya like—contender for de lightweight title. An' if ya cares ter call de



Garden, I'll talk wit somebody dere an' identify meself over de 'phone."

"Lightweight Hennessey hisself—'Spider' Hennessey!" mocked the bouncer. "Well, well, well! So what?"

"Nuttin' else, pal—just 'Spider' Hennessey! Like dis!"

With that, he rose from his sitting position and approached the big bruiser. Feinting with a lightning right, he brought his left to the button on the bully's chin with such force that he crashed that astonished individual over the small white dresser in the corner of the room. Then, with his Sunday punch, he sprawled the corpulent hotel owner over on top of his pal.

Hennessey ignored their whimpering apologies while he finished his dressing. Then he left the hotel and walked briskly east on 125th Street, turned south on Third Avenue, and entered a small Coffee Pot where he was known to the proprietor.

"Lissen, Louie," he confided in his friend. "I just woke up in a Harlem clip where I musta been frisked, an' here I am witout a cent on me an' as hungry as a bear. Let me have some breakfast an' a little change, an' I'll square wit ya as soon as de banks open."

"Why sure, 'Spider'! Anything for you!" the Greek replied. "Jes tell me how much you want and I'll clean my safe to please you."

"Oh, give me fifty bucks. Dat ought to be enough to hold me for a few hours. Fifty bucks, Louie—an' make it snappy!"

The canny Greek disappeared into the rear of his restaurant, called the "Spider's" bank and was told by the teller that the account of one Philip Hennessey had been overdrawn to the amount of one hundred dollars. He further learned that no further checks would be honored until the balance had been deposited in the bank.

"Lookit, 'Spider,'" the Greek grinned when he returned to the waiting Hennessey. "I ain't got a cent in



Wide World Photo

The Infantry does other things than fighting and over in Spain some of the Rebel battalions are building a new road for their heavy transport in their slow advance on Madrid. "It's the same the 'ole world over!"

de place right now. It's too early an' like you I can't get any until the banks are open. Stick around a bit and have some breakfast, and by that time the banks will be opened up and we can both go together."

"O.K., Louie. I'll do dat little ting fer you. Scramble me a coupla eggs, fry me some toast, and draw one—black. By de time I finishes dat I guess everyting will be swell."

Glancing about the empty tables for a suitable spot, Hennessey spied a uniformed soldier over in a far corner. He was one of those chaps with three stripes and a small diamond on his sleeve—a type known to all ranks in the military service as the "Top Kick."

"Hello, pal," he greeted as he approached the table. "How's de Army dese days?"

Formalities having been quickly dispensed with, he was soon pouring out his troubles to a pair of patient ears, receiving many sympathetic smiles to urge him on to the conclusion of the gruesome details of his last twenty-four hours.

"Listen, big boy," the Sergeant finally interrupted. "Why don't you get wise to yourself and get back to where you started? You're a good guy and should stay right. We need men like you in the army to teach a lot of softies how to take it on the chin and keep smiling. There's a big war on over there and we may get into it any day. . . . Think it over, old man, and if ever you decide to join up, come on over to Governors Island in the Bay and ask for me. First Sergeant Jeremiah Fitzpatrick is the name—Top Kick of D Company of the old Sixteenth Infantry."

Having paid his check, the soldier waved a farewell to his recent friend and departed.

When Hennessey had finished the last crumbs of his breakfast, it was well after nine o'clock and the Harlem banks had been opened for some time. Joining the Greek, he left the Coffee Pot and soon entered the portals of the bank's branch in which both men had checking accounts.

We'll save a lot of time skipping over the grim details

of the world-old story of no money—no friends. No ringside following—no cheers. In time, many well-known fight managers who had on many previous occasions wanted to add the "Spider" to their stable of fighters, turned on the ice and found urgent business elsewhere whenever Hennessey barged onto the scene.

HIS money gone and no easy way to get more, he soon began sleeping in Bowery flop-houses, begging butts, pennies, an occasional shot of "smoke," and—in short—going from bad to worse.

He still retained his lightning speed, his well-knit figure and his scientific boxing skill which stood him in good stead whenever some Bowery bum, mistaking his slenderness for physical weakness, challenged the comforts of his hard-earned luxuries or of the few necessities which he

had been successful in garnering during the day. From flop house to cheap beanery, from bread line to Bowery Mission, he now made his daily rounds. Thus did the days pass while Fate was silently spinning the Spider's web.

Months later, on the morning of April 10th, 1917, a cold, gray, dismal dawn cast its chill over the harbor of New York. A cutting north wind scattered flimsy wisps of mist across the water, frosting America's Sweetheart, Miss Liberty, with a glistening mantle of ice. The few Bowery bums, sleeping on the Battery Park benches, huddled closer together to keep their meagre bodies from freezing to death.

Alone, and wide awake, the "Spider," from his narrow ledge of pier under the Staten Island ferry house, stared gloomily into the dim distance, far out to the hazily outlined Statue of Liberty. A sudden idea came to him.

"Geeze!" he mumbled through half-frozen lips. "Geeze! Why didn't I tink of dat before!"

The "Spider" unlimbered his stiffened limbs from among the stringers of the ferry pier and slouched along to the small boat office at the Battery where, every half-hour, a steamer leaves with visitors for Governors Island in the Bay. The sentry on shore duty asked his mission.

"Nobody allowed on board, mister, unless you got urgent official military duty on de Island. But if you was thinkin' of enlistin', dat might make it different.—Is dat so? Well, you'll have to report to the receiving office on the other side, right next to where you get off."

Arriving at last at his destination, Hennessey was soon put over the jumps, outfitted with uniforms, overcoat, equipment, a clean bath, clean underwear, and the first square meal that he had enjoyed in many months.

His military training was rapid and efficient. Finally he was assigned to a company of Infantry that was soon to go overseas as a draft for the Sixteenth.

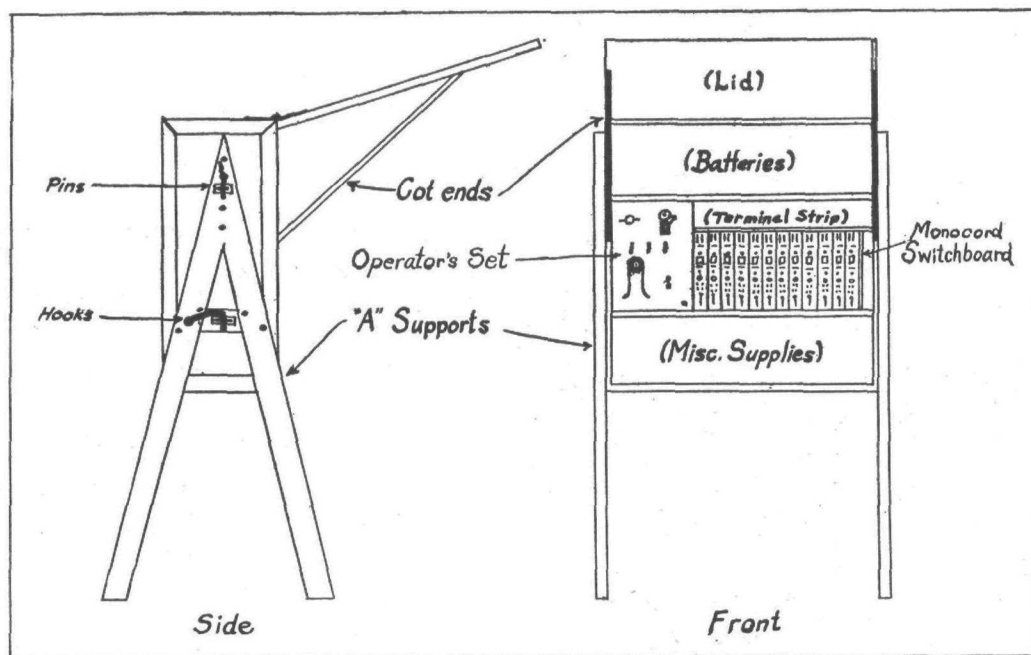
One day, while he was sipping his steaming coffee in the Post Exchange, he asked the sergeant behind the counter if he had ever heard of a chap by the name of Fitzpatrick.

(Continued on page 28)

ODDS and ENDS

Small appropriations are often
the mother of invention.

By **CORPORAL JOHN PERLETT**
Hq. Co., 54th Brigade



GUARDSMEN are often called upon to exercise their ingenuity in improvising apparatus from odds and ends of material lying around and from time to time we have published descriptions of lockers, indoor ranges, .22 calibre machine gun attachments, etc., constructed at nominal cost by members who have the efficiency of their organization at heart. Here is an account of how a discarded machine-gun repair chest, bits of salvage from war barracks at Fort Knox, Ky., a few years ago increased the effectiveness and efficiency of the BD-11 type (12-drop switchboard) for the Headquarters Company, 76th Brigade, Indiana National Guard.

The chest was one of a surplus issued by the U.S.P & D O of Indiana for packing, shipping or what-have-you. Other materials were gathered from the post salvage piles, regulations notwithstanding, and from the Indiana Bell Telephone later on as the set was improved. Credit for the final design can be given no one man, for all twenty of the company had a word in it.

Roughly the chest was divided into three long sections and one of those subdivided. The center section held the board and an operator's set (Type EE-63). Batteries were

placed in the bottom section, and the terminal strip was carried in the upper section, along with the tool kits and other odd items.

The chest lid formed a roof when open, being supported by a couple of cot ends. Three shelter half-sections, laced over the sides and top, gave the operator complete protection against wind, rain and air observation at night. Legs were built of two-by-fours in an "A" shape, the cross bar and point of the "A" being slotted to receive the chest handles. A chin-pin locked the handle in the point and a flat metal hook locked the one located in the cross bar.

This particular item was a two-man load, but since the signal equipment was moved in a truck this was of no importance. It could be set up any place, in the woods, fields, tents, buildings or even the truck. The speed with which the board could be put in operation outclassed any other signal communications unit in the 38th Division. The set-up drew the attention of all officers having signal communication functions—even to a demonstration before Maj. Gen. Robert Tyndall, 38th Division commander, and won his commendations.



Wide World Photo

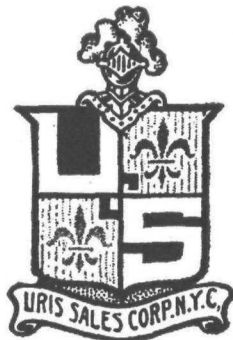
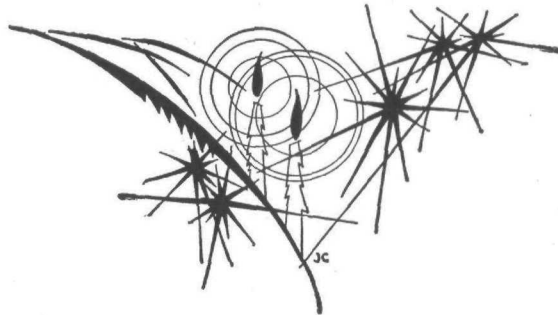
A pistol charge of the 3rd Cavalry during the Pine Camp maneuvers last year.



**A Happy Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year
to all**

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

*May the coming year bring each one of you all
that you may wish for—Health, Happiness,
Prosperity, and a new high in
regimental achievements*

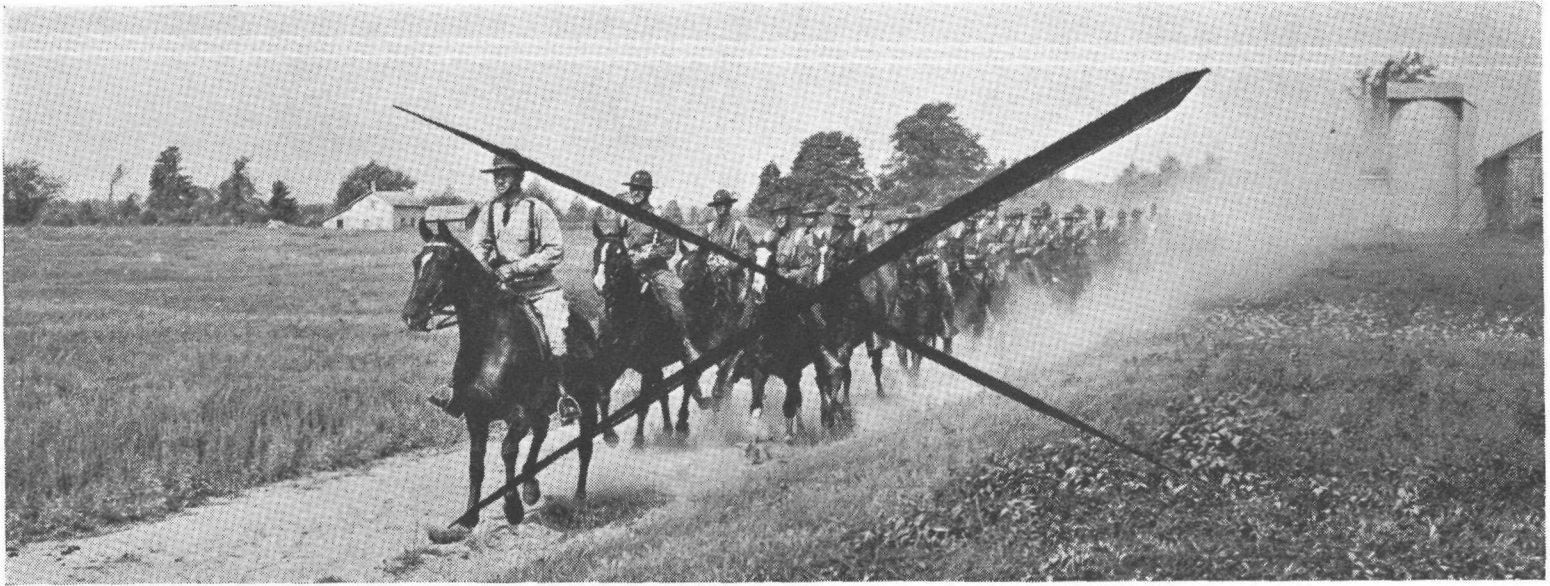


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Wide World Photo

B. G.'s and Gee-Gees Must Go . . .

Compact Motorized Division, minus Brigade Commanders and cavalry, will be tried out in U. S. next summer.

A PRACTICAL test of the maneuverability of an army division of 13,000 men—less than half the size of the unwieldy division that operated during the World War—will be undertaken next Summer. In reporting the details of this plan, the *New York Times* reports Secretary Woodring as having said that it was simply a test, but one which he believed would prove successful and would result in revolutionary changes in the entire military establishment.

The test will be confined to an infantry division, and a preliminary "trial" will be made during the Winter months in theoretical training at army schools. No particular division has been selected.

Originally conceived by General Douglas MacArthur, then chief of staff, who realized the importance of motorization and mechanization in the army, the plan has been approved by General Malin Craig, successor to General MacArthur, by the general staff and finally by Secretary Woodring. It was suggested by the rapid improvement of motor vehicles, rifles and other field equipment.

One advantage of a smaller and more maneuverable division, it was explained, was that in the future all arms and services, instead of being prepared at the expense of large numbers of men and a great volume of material to be all things unto themselves, must trust one another to perform their assigned functions.

In the trials next Summer the ordnance department will be responsible for ammunition supply to combat units; the artillery will be charged with all artillery support, high explosives and chemical supplies, and aviation will continue to operate under independent command, though in complete accord with the ground forces.

The most drastic change in the experiment will be that brigade commanders will be eliminated.

Three infantry regiments and one field artillery regiment will be the real fighting force of the division.

THE infantry regiment will not exceed a strength of 2,400 enlisted men. It will be completely motorized except for rifle companies. It will not include field trains, a band, nor a howitzer company. The service company will be combined with the headquarters company.

The field artillery component will be organized into a regiment consisting of four battalions of three batteries each. There will be three direct supporting battalions and one general supporting battalion.

The cavalry component will be the divisional reconnaissance unit, consisting of a squadron of motorized cavalry as an organic part of the division.

The Signal Corps component will consist of a divisional signal company and unit signal detachments for the infantry, artillery and cavalry units, while the division engineers will be organized into a battalion.

Medical units within the division will be organized on the basis that all should normally have sufficient personnel and facilities for the care and evacuation of the sick and limited battle casualties under field conditions.

The general staff is proceeding on the theory that aviation will play an increasingly important part in whatever changes are made in ground organizations. Radio development is keeping pace with airplane progress, and scouting, attack and bombing planes will be at the call of ground troops. And the more mobile the motorized, small division, the more deadly the combined attack of the two.

(Continued on page 29)



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Mr. Frederic B. Stevens

LEADING ALBANY BANKER STRESSES NEED FOR PREPAREDNESS

A FRIENDSHIP which has grown steadily over a long period of years deserves comment in these columns. Members of the New York National Guard are well acquainted with the sincere and enthusiastic cooperation which Mr. Frederic B. Stevens, President of the National Savings Bank of Albany, N. Y., has

given to us on innumerable occasions.

Mr. Stevens expresses his interest in the Guardsman with these appropriate words—"We both stand for preparedness. You in times of public and social stress and we, the savings banks, in all times of personal emergencies."

As far back as the World War Mr. Stevens and his progressive institution were active in organization work. A savings plan to encourage the sale of Liberty Loan Bonds among its depositors was a very successful undertaking. Thousands of bonds were sold on an installment basis. The depositor accumulated funds through regular deposits over a given period of time and when the full sum was reached it was converted by the bank into Liberty Bonds.

After the War the bank organized its "On to Paris Club"—a weekly savings plan which helped many a vet accumulate funds to join his buddies on that memorable holiday back to the fields of France.

And later, after the passing of the Bonus Bill, the bank set up an attractive booth in its lobby to service the applications of all veterans. Members of the bank's staff took the burden of the work from Veteran organizations in the city which were handicapped by inadequate facilities. The central location of the bank in the downtown area was a great convenience for the Veterans. When the bonds were delivered the bank again played an important rôle with its facilities of certification. Bonds were mailed to Washington for payment or accepted for safe keeping without charge in the Bank's Safe Deposit Department. This service will be carried on indefinitely—as long as there is a need for it, Mr. Stevens says.

According to the records the National Savings Bank has served in one way or another fully 90% of the Veterans of Albany County.

Mr. Stevens is a firm believer in community banking. He has guided the policies of his institution into channels which have been most helpful and useful to many community groups. The ideal of working in and for the community is certainly, in these times, a commendable note in banking.

While in the Capitol City visit the National Savings Bank and chat with this friend of ours. You will be made to feel at home and to feel you have shaken the hand of a true friend.



THE LOGAN-DUFFY TROPHY
TO BE COMPARED FOR ANNUALLY
BY THE 165TH INFANTRY N. Y. N. G. (69TH N. Y.)
AND THE 101ST INFANTRY MASS. (9TH MASS.)

TWO IRISH REGIMENTS SHOOT IT OUT

THE Rifle Teams of the 165th Infantry, N.Y.N.G., and the 101st Infantry, Massachusetts N.G., competed on October 12th, at Wakefield, Mass., for the possession of the new Logan-Duffy Trophy and, after an extremely closely contested match, the Massachusetts contenders' score won them the Trophy.

The 165th Infantry (the old 69th, N. Y.) and the 101st Infantry (the old 9th Mass.) are friends of long standing, having been brigaded together during the Civil War. At that time, General Duffy was in command of the New York regiment and General Logan, the father of the present 101st Infantry's commanding officer, was in command of the Massachusetts regiment. In token of this long friendship, the officers of both regiments have subscribed for this beautiful cup, to be competed for annually by rifle teams of both regiments.

The match was fired under rather poor conditions with a 35-mile-an-hour wind blowing throughout the firing. The course fired was the "A" target at 200 yards: 10 shots prone, 10 shots rapid fire, and 10 shots standing.

101ST INFANTRY, MASS.

Rank	Name	Company	Total Score
Captain	Whittemore, H. H. P.	I	141
1st Lt.	Brattin, W. C.	E	126
2nd Lt.	Geddes, R. W.	I	138
Sgt.	Byrne, E. J.	K	135
Sgt.	Byrne, R. J.	K	126
Sgt.	Gramm, A. L.	B	134
Sgt.	Manley, F. W.	B	134
Sgt.	Prato, D.	B	133
Sgt.	Stuart, C.	C	135
Corp.	Sgroi, A. V.	B	128

1330

165TH INFANTRY, N. Y.

Captain	Westerman, F.	D	127
1st Lt.	Brousseau, G.	K	128
1st Lt.	Maloney, W.	HZ	138
1st Lt.	Ross, H.	L	134
1st Sgt.	McCullough, F.	F	133
Sgt.	Brown, F.	K	127
Sgt.	Castle, R.	E	130
Sgt.	O'Brien, T. J.	A	127
Pfc.	David, F.	F	137
Pvt.	Lutz, H.	F	137

1318

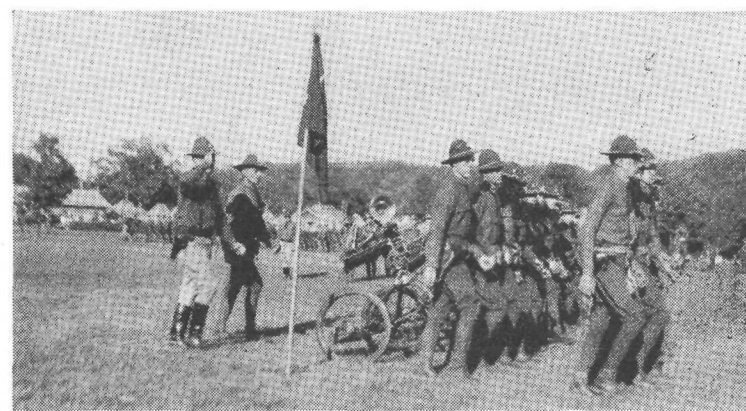
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Clear, Healthy Condition of Your Eyes
Write for Free Eye Care Book, THE MURINE CO., DEPT. , CHICAGO

COMMUNICATIONS AND THE STAFF OFFICER

(Continued from page 7)

And when they occur, communication is naturally slowed down and the communication personnel, trained in their jobs, cannot help but wonder—what is the use of it all when we are not used as we should be? Why all this stress on our training when our message center chief, a specialist in routing messages, is entirely overlooked? And the communications officer tears out what hair he has left.

Criticism of communications? Merited in many ways. But should this criticism be laid entirely upon the shoulders of the communications units? Should not a portion, a good-sized portion, be laid upon the shoulders of officers who know of communications only in a general way, who are entirely unacquainted with the functioning of the men who are being continually trained to serve them?

Cannot this fault be rectified by instruction to all officers in the functioning of a communications unit? If time is too limited, would not a mere few hours of instruction by a communications officer pave the road to smoother and more rapid communication? Cooperation and coordination of all arms is essential. Is not cooperation and coordination between officer and "signals" equally essential?

MILITARY BANDS

(Continued from page 4)

listens to the average National Guard Regimental Band? In the first place, it is obvious that a man's performance upon a particular instrument does not therefore necessarily fit him for the duties of training a full band, and secondly, it is equally apparent that the position of band leader calls for specialist instruction in the art of training a band.

The Stokowskis and Toscaninis of this world, maybe, are "born and not made"; but the average conductor has to be trained before he can truly lead.

It seems to the writer that if there could be established an Army School for the training of Band leaders, to which promising young musicians could be sent for training as leaders (after competitive examination and recommendation by the Commanding Officer of each Regiment), then, whenever there was a vacancy as leader in any regiment, one of these men could be drafted from the School to fill the vacancy. Such a man would bring with him the standardized methods of training necessary for the building up of an efficient band.

We have the talent (a fact easily tested by studying the leaders of many civilian and military staff bands), but we have not the organization of training and developing leaders and are therefore put in the position of always having to apologize for our Regimental Bands.

THE APPRENTICE STRATEGIST

(Continued from page 3)

that of strategy. It is possible to show that Frederick's three-directional invasion of Bohemia in 1757 derived from Cannæ. The same system of maneuver was employed against Napoleon by the Coalition in 1813 and 1814. Moltke used it against the Austrians in 1866 and against the French in 1870. Perhaps it was because the Moltke of 1914 was attracted to this maneuver that he failed to reinforce the decisive right wing with all available troops as contemplated by von Schlieffen.

THE FOURTH SYSTEM

This maneuver, from a central position against an enemy advancing from several directions was used by Napoleon in Italy (Rivoli), in Germany in 1813, and in France in 1817. It was the system constantly employed by the German general staff during the World War.

If, in 1914, our commanders had known that Germany's initial maneuver was a gigantic enlargement of the Frederician maneuver, they would undoubtedly have prepared a counter-offensive far different from that actually used. If they had been familiar with the Battle of Prague, if they had taken the trouble to think about the Napoleonic battle, they would have augmented Maunoury's flanking attack, and then prepared a penetrating mass opposite the junction of the German First and Second Armies. Of course, this penetrating mass should have been formed from some other source than the exhausted little British army or our own equally worn out Fifth Army. Had these things been done our Marne victory would have thrown the enemy back beyond our frontiers and that would have changed all that followed.

But however that may be, we invariably come back to the need for studying history. On this point I can not do better than quote from Colonel Le Roy de Bosroger's book, *Principes de l'Art de la Guerre (Principles of the Art of War)*, which was published in 1778. He wrote:

A young officer must first study the purely technical means of using the various arms, then those that pertain to grand tactics, and finally he must learn the realities of war by reading the memoirs of the great generals and the histories of their campaigns. . . . The historical part of war provides matter for infinite reflection. There one will profit by the examples of the great and the mistakes of the stupid.

Then, after giving a list of the books that he recommends, Bosroger adds:

Do not skim through these books as a form of amusement the way most people do. In reading, ponder over the smallest details; painstakingly search through the account for the true causes of success and failure; carefully compare the different circumstances which at first glance seemed alike. By this process you will acquire in time the most unerring knowledge and you will congratulate yourself for your pains when the occasion arises to use those resources with which your mind has been imperceptibly stored. . . .

. . . A good battle plan demands a broad mind, a wide knowledge, and above all great foresight in order to prepare for those contingencies that arise when hostile action upsets part of the original scheme.

On this note I shall end.



There Are No Stone Walls

The TANK, as a destructive power, is an important auxiliary in warfare, but its maximum effectiveness depends entirely upon human intelligence and direction. A stone wall in its path may slow its progress but not for long.

ADVERTISING, as a constructive force, is an important factor in industry, but like the TANK, its effectiveness is equally dependent on human intelligence and direction. Stone walls of mental resistance may delay its progress, but eventually it will overcome them.

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The Advertising Manager

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

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80 Center Street

New York City

THE "SPIDER"

(Continued from page 20)

"Fitzpatrick?" replied the sergeant. "Let's see . . . Oh yeah, now I know. Used ter be a Top Kick with 'D' of the Sixteenth. That's right! He was commissioned and transferred some time ago to a National Guard outfit from the west."

THREE grim-visaged Infantry officers, huddled over a piece of military map lighted by the flickering flames of some candle-ends stuck in the necks of empty bottles, had been studying the terrain opposite their front for several minutes. Their shadows, grotesquely outlined on the rough boarded wall of the dugout, sometimes swayed to and fro as one of the officers straightened up, lit a cigarette, and again gave his concentrated attention to the problem in hand.

"Here's where I think they are," one of them was saying. "I don't see how they can be anywhere else. It stands to reason their captain knows of this spot if he studied the ground before leaving the lines, and that his patrol could find shelter there all night from rifle and machine gun fire."

"Well, I don't know," replied the eldest, a lieutenant colonel. "You may be right, Collins. Anyway, it's worth a chance. . . . Who's going over to find out and help them back to their lines?"

"Let me go, Colonel," Collins requested. "I'm curious to prove my point and I have two good sergeants who will go along."

Permission granted, Collins hurriedly left the dugout and soon arrived at D Company headquarters which had been established in an old abandoned mill, close to the battalion's front lines. A short parley with the officer in command ensued; the two sergeants were sent for and, after the mission was explained, were soon in readiness.

Lieutenant Collins gave his small detachment a final word of caution. "Now, remember this, you men. The slightest sound may mean death to all of us, and to the officer and his men who were trapped out there last night. Those men are National Guardsmen who tried to get information of the highest value to us and to our support on our right. We've got to get some of them back to our lines. . . . Let's go!"

The "Spider," one of the two sergeants chosen, was the first to crawl through the wire that protected the front of the Sixteenth. Having reached a point about midway between the two lines, he heard a faint groan about twenty yards to his left front.

Cautiously approaching the sound with cocked automatic, he again heard whispering voices, indicating that he was the first to stumble into the hiding place of the lost patrol. Cupping both hands to the sides of his mouth, he whispered that he was Sgt. Philip Hennessey, Company D, 16th Infantry, sent out with an officer and one other man to stand by and cover the retreat of the patrol to their own lines.

A head appeared over the lip of the shell hole in which the lost detachment had taken refuge for the day and night; a whispered voice invited his approach and Hennessey slid into the midst of the weary National Guardsmen and their severely wounded officer. The latter, badly wounded, had been propped up on the spare equipment and clothing of his men and it was to him

that Hennessey made his way, hoping to be of help in getting him back safely to his own trench.

On reaching his side, a Very light suddenly burst in the air right over them, lighting the area as brilliantly as day. For a few moments Hennessey saw a face, deeply lined with pain, strangely familiar but which he was unable to recall. The wounded man, still conscious feebly raised himself on a wobbly arm and peered intently into the eyes of his rescuer.

With a deep, painful breath, he extended his hand, smiled wanly, and whispered, "Well, I'll be damned if it isn't Hennessey . . . 'Spider' Hennessey! Good man, old chap! . . . Good man!"

Puzzled, Hennessey gently lowered the Captain to his crude bed, giving rapid instructions to the other men about leaving the shellhole and returning to their lines. Alone for a moment, he wondered where he had seen that smile before. But his memory would not click and he was at a complete loss to identify the wounded leader.

Finally he turned to one of the Guardsmen and asked, "Who's the Skipper, buddy, an' what's his name?"

"You mean de Cap'n?" answered the kid in olive drab. "He's an old Regular. Usta be Top Kick of D Company of de 16th. Name's Fitzpatrick. 'Jerry' we calls him—when he ain't around."

71st REGIMENT HOLD COLONEL MARTIN DINNER

IN keeping alive the memory of Colonel Henry P. Martin, commanding officer of the 71st Regiment, N.Y. N. G., during the Civil War, the Veteran Association of that organization meets every year on his birthday, to enjoy an evening of good fellowship and to drink a silent toast in his honor.

The dinner this year, on Friday, November 13, held at the Hotel Astor, was attended by three hundred members of the veterans of the 71st, a few officers of the active regiment and special guests.

This was the twenty-eighth annual dinner, marking the 109th birthday of this much beloved old character who did so much for the 71st Regiment. His great interest in his regiment led him to bequeath a large sum of money so that the veterans who followed him could meet once a year at this dinner.

BERTHA AND EMMA

(Continued from page 18)

tion. They moved willingly, nay, exuberantly! With the precision and power of an artillery team going into action, they moved up the hill. Up, up, up we went, and when we reached the top, Beaver spoke in undisguised admiration.

"Just look at 'em pull!"

Turning in my seat, I glanced back at the slowly settling wisps of dust which marked the path of the runaway team across the parade ground straight for the line of tents. Through the haze, I could discern tiny, animated figures running about in great confusion while in my ears was the sound of distant cries and clamor. Pandemonium was breaking loose in camp.

I turned back to look at the rapidly approaching manure dump.

B.G.'S AND GEE-GEES MUST GO!

(Continued from page 23)

Although the change does not require approval of Congress, except that it might involve larger appropriations for motor and mechanical implements in future, officials predicted that Congress would approve the plan.

Mr. Woodring also disclosed that today he exhausted the last of the funds for procurement of airplanes during the present fiscal year. He awarded a contract to the North American Aviation, Inc., of Inglewood, Calif., for 120 new-type observation planes. The cost was \$3,429,600, or \$28,580 per plane.

The new ships are of three-place instead of the conventional two-place design, and will have a top speed at least twenty miles an hour better than existing types. Their size and design will permit them to be used as light bombers and their speed will allow them to fly as fast as smaller craft.

HQ. BTRY., 244th C.A., WINS INDOOR BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

THE Headquarters Battery team was crowned the new champions as a result of the Regimental Indoor Baseball Tournament of the 244th C.A., N.Y.N.G. The final match was played after the regimental drill on Monday night, November 9, and it was a fine, hard game with the result in doubt until the last out was made.

With the score early in the game 18 to 4 against them, Headquarters staged a rally to win 24 to 22. To clinch the title they had to defeat a very strong team in A Battery in the semi-finals, and the 1934 winners, C Battery, in the finals.

Rumors of numerous challenges have been received. The first match will probably be, at an early date, with the Essex Troop of the New Jersey Guard.

Other organizations having indoor baseball teams and desiring games should contact the team captain, Sergeant L. Frank, of Headquarters Battery, 244th C.A., N.Y.N.G., 125 W. 14th St., New York City.

LT. COL. LAWRENCE J. GORMAN

(Continued from page 5)

On the reorganization of the New York National Guard following the World War, Captain Gorman was commissioned Captain of Signal Corps, N.Y.N.G., assigned to command Company C of the 101st Signal Battalion, which rank he held until January, 1931, when he was promoted to Major, Signal Corps, and assigned to command the 101st Signal Battalion.

Although Colonel Gorman is officially assigned to the 44th Division, he still remains an officer of the New York National Guard attached to Headquarters of the Commanding General. In addition to his other duties he has been assigned to the position of Director of the New York State National Guard Short Wave Radio Net.

At the Armistice Night dinner of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion, which Major Gorman served during the World War, he was presented with the insignia of his rank.

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD WINS PISTOL MATCH

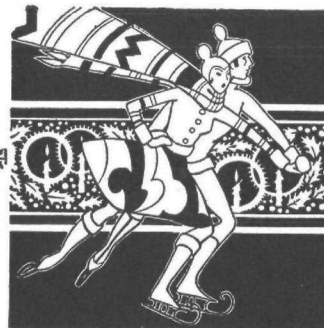
A TEAM representing the New York National Guard entered in a pistol match sponsored by the Police Officers of Nassau County and the Patrolmen's Association of Suffolk and Nassau Counties which was held at Port Washington, L. I., on October 24th and won the cal. 45 trophy for this event. This was contested for by the Coast Guard and a Regular Army Team from Mitchell Field.

The New York National Guard Team was captained by P. H. Agramonte and made the following score:

	25 Yds. S.F.	25 Yds. T.F.	15 Yds. R.F.	Total
Sgt. E.J. Walsh, Tr. A, 101st Cav.	98	95	98	291
Pfc. P.H. Agramonte, Co. G, 107th Inf.	98	96	94	288
Capt. R.A. Devereux, Co. I, 107th Inf.	99	93	95	287
Sgt. B.A. Evans, Co. F, 102nd Eng. (c)	95	95	96	286
Pfc. J.B. Morrissey, Co. I, 107th Inf.	93	87	93	273

TEAM TOTAL 1,425

In the individual match, open to any civilian or National Guardsman in Nassau or Suffolk Counties, Pfc. F.H. Glinsman, Co. I, 107th Inf., won 4th place and a medal with a score of 99.



A Christmas Gift Suggestion

The New York National Guardsman
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As a Christmas gift from me, please send a subscription for the GUARDSMAN for one year to:

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signed: Name
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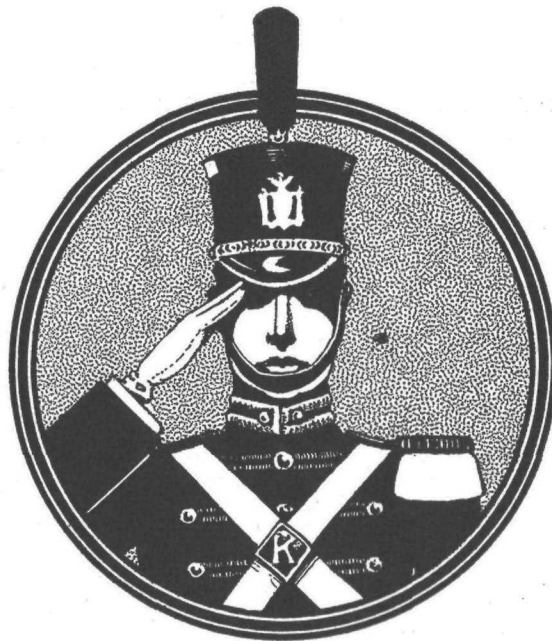
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MILITARY COURTESY

Military Courtesy should be extended not only to all officers of the military forces but to all who have the interest of those forces at heart. Guardsmen are therefore requested to extend the courtesy of their patronage to all firms advertising in the NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.

CAN YOU MANAGE MEN?

If a man wishes to judge his own ability to manage men, let him put the following sixteen questions to himself, and if he can answer "yes" to eight of them he can claim to be an efficient manager. So says the editor of the *Efficiency Magazine* of London, England.

1. Can you express your own ideas without causing others to feel that you are overbearing and narrow-minded?
2. Do you control your temper and not "fly off the handle" when things go wrong?
3. Are you usually cheerful without "grouchy" spells?
4. Do you think for yourself, and not let the opinions of others unduly influence you?
5. Do you give credit where credit is due?
6. Are you calm when your own mistakes are pointed out?
7. Do your men respect you and cooperate with you?
8. Can you maintain discipline without resorting to the use of authority?
9. When thrown with a group of strangers, do you adjust yourself easily?
10. Can you adjust a difficulty and retain the friendship of the person with whom you have differed?



11. When talking to superiors, do you feel free from embarrassment?
12. When interviewing subordinates, do you put them at ease?
13. Can you meet opposition without becoming confused and saying things you wish afterward you had not said?
14. Are you sought by your friends to handle delicate situations because of your ability to do such things?
15. Are you patient when dealing with people who are hard to please?
16. Do you make and retain friends easily?

This Could Be Done, If

Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.—*Charles Sumner.*

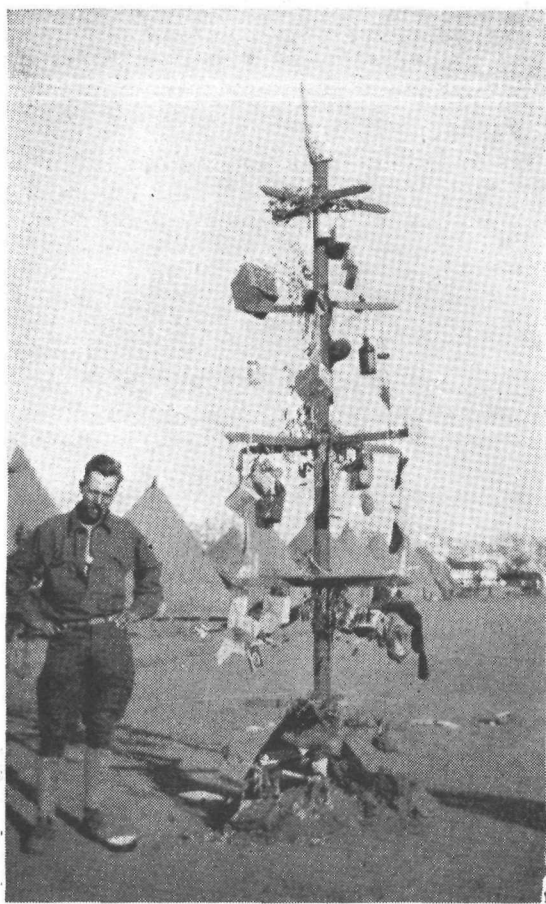
The Scotch patient was fumbling in his pocket.

"You don't need to pay me in advance," said the dentist.

"I'm no going to," was the reply. "I'm only counting ma money before you give me the gas."—*Troy Times-Record.*

Teacher: "Willie, give the definition of home."

Willie: "Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car."



CHRISTMAS ON THE BORDER, 1916

IT may interest many of our readers at this time, with the Christmas holidays on our threshold, that back in 1916 when the troops of the old Sixth Division, our present 27th of New York, served with the American Punitive Expeditionary forces against the Mexican banditti, some of our less fortunate detachments were still guarding the Rio Grande, with longing eyes and hearts back home, for all that Christmas can mean to a soldier and a New Yorker.

However, like true campaigners, they made the best of their dismal situation.

The accompanying illustration of a Christmas tree, the ingenious product of Franklin (Buck) Wilson, of old Battery "B," 2nd Field Artillery, now Battery "B" of the present 105th, indicates the spirit of this festive occasion, in celebration of which these members still meet annually in New York.

Fashioned from a tent pole and pegs, decorated with odds and ends of equipment and gifts from home, it was as beautiful to them then as any gorgeous tree laden with glittering gifts and decorations of today, and meant perhaps more to this assemblage of men who, 3,000 miles away from home, celebrated in this fashion the important Christian holiday.

Walter H. Hereth, a member of the Premier-Pabst Sales Company, has loaned us this excellent photograph.

The Makers of MARLIN GUNS
 FAMOUS SINCE 1870
bring you this amazing offer

Marlin
 FIRST QUALITY, DOUBLE-EDGE
BLADES
 40 for 50¢



80 Blades \$1

Buy a hat with the savings

160 Blades \$2

Buy a pair of shoes with the savings

For Double-Edge Holders

LAST CHANCE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Marlin finds a way to bring you guaranteed, first-quality blades at one-fourth the regular price.

For the first time you can get a nationally advertised blade, backed by a 66-year-old reputation, at this amazing figure, way below customary retail prices.

A Major Operation

This sensational low price, just a fraction over 1c per blade, is made possible by cutting to the bone the cost of doing business.

Blades are no longer specialty items. They are staple merchandise and must from now on sell close because patents have expired.

Marlin makes big savings by selling in wholesale quantities to individuals. Packing 40, 80 and 160 blades in a box, instead of 5 or 10.

The formula is simple: big volume, small profits, quick turns.

And the savings are passed along to you. On a box of 80 blades for \$1, you save the price of a good hat. On a box of 160 blades for \$2, you save the price of a good pair of shoes.

SEND NO MONEY

Unless you wish. Pay the postman \$1 for 80 blades or \$2 for 160 in Bakelite Gift Box. (40 for 50c) plus 18c for C. O. D. fee. Or, send stamps, money order, check or currency and save 18c fee.

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Fine surgical instruments are made from the identical Swedish steel used in Marlin blades.

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You will enjoy the top-quality of this blade because it shaves like a head barber's razor. It gives you a fast, smooth, clean shave and your face looks and feels fit.

Skin blemishes and annoying ingrowing hairs disappear because this blade cuts close and at exact skin level.

Compare the Marlin blade with any blade you now are using, even though you paid 3 and 4 times more in price.

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Try Marlin blades for 10 days at our risk. If you don't agree they are the best you ever used, we refund the purchase price, PLUS POSTAGE. This guarantee carries my personal endorsement.

—Frank Kenna, President.

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Please send me:

-Christmas Gift Box of 160 Blades, \$2.
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Name

Address

City

AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE

MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1936

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE FORCE (October 1-31 Inclusive).....86.27%

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.....1415 Off.	20 W. O.	18613 E. M.	Total 20048

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.

101st Cavalry 90.73% (2) ⁹ Maintenance..... 571 Actual..... 654
369th Infantry 90.59% (3) ¹ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1106
212th Coast Art. 90.44% (4) ⁵ Maintenance..... 705 Actual..... 713
106th Field Art. 90.22% (5) ³ Maintenance..... 647 Actual..... 666
244th Coast Art. 89.34% (6) ¹¹ Maintenance..... 646 Actual..... 686
102nd Q. M. Regt. 88.81% (7) ² Maintenance..... 235 Actual..... 289
156th Field Art. 88.65% (8) ⁶ Maintenance..... 602 Actual..... 616
102nd Med. Regt. 88.43% (9) ⁷ Maintenance..... 588 Actual..... 659
27th Div. Aviat'n 88.09% (10) ²⁵ Maintenance..... 118 Actual..... 127
104th Field Art. 87.85% (11) ¹⁶ Maintenance..... 599 Actual..... 630
101st Signal Bn. 87.56% (12) ¹² Maintenance..... 163 Actual..... 173
Special Troops, 27th Div. 87.38% (13) ¹⁰ Maintenance..... 318 Actual..... 333
71st Infantry 86.75% (14) ⁸ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1097
14th Infantry 86.26% (15) ¹⁴ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1056
245th Coast Art. 85.87% (16) ¹⁷ Maintenance..... 739 Actual..... 780
258th Field Art. 85.38% (17) ²⁶ Maintenance..... 647 Actual..... 682
10th Infantry 85.03% (18) ¹⁵ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1095

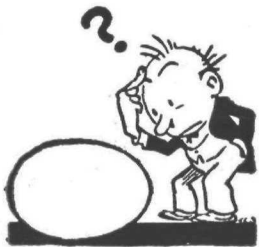
HONOR ORGANIZATION	No. Dr.	Aver. Pres. Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
121st Cavalry 92.82% (1) ⁴				
Maintenance..... 571				Actual..... 602
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	7	7	100
HDQRS. TROOP	4	65	61	94
BAND	4	32	27	84
MACH. GUN TROOP	7	65	57	88
HDQRS. 1st SQUAD.	4	1	1	100
TROOP A	4	65	61	94
TROOP B	5	66	61	92
HDQRS. 2nd SQUAD.	4	2	2	100
TROOP E	4	66	61	92
TROOP F	4	68	62	91
HDQRS. 3rd SQUAD.	4	2	2	100
TROOP I	5	67	65	97
TROOP K	5	65	61	94
MED. DETACH.	4	28	28	100
	599	556	502	92.82

Hdqrs. 27th Div. 95.71% (4) ⁶ Maintenance..... 65 Actual..... 71
54th Brigade 94.45% (5) ⁴ Maintenance..... 27 Actual..... 43
51st Cav. Brigade 94.87% (6) ⁷ Maintenance..... 69 Actual..... 78
53rd Brigade 93.02% (7) ⁸ Maintenance..... 27 Actual..... 42
52nd F. A. Brigade 91.83% (8) ³ Maintenance..... 36 Actual..... 49
93rd Brigade 83.78% (9) ⁹ Maintenance..... 27 Actual..... 37

BRIGADE STANDINGS

165th Infantry 84.64% (19) ¹⁸ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1025
105th Field Art. 84.39% (20) ²⁴ Maintenance..... 599 Actual..... 649
105th Infantry 82.84% (21) ¹⁹ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1094
102nd Engineers 82.60% (22) ¹³ Maintenance..... 475 Actual..... 508
108th Infantry 82.52% (23) ²⁰ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1093
174th Infantry 82.17% (24) ²³ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1101
106th Infantry 81.76% (25) ²² Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1100
107th Infantry 81.30% (26) ²¹ Maintenance.....1038 Actual.....1048
State Staff 100.00% (1) ¹ Maximum..... 140 Actual..... 82
87th Brigade 100.00% (2) ⁵ Maintenance..... 27 Actual..... 47
Hdqrs. Coast Art. 100.00% (3) ² Maintenance..... 11 Actual..... 10

51st Cav. Brig. 91.89% (1) ¹ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Troop 101st Cavalry 121st Cavalry
Coast Art. Brig. 88.51% (2) ³ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Detachment 212th Coast Artillery 244th Coast Artillery 245th Coast Artillery
52nd F. A. Brig. 87.37% (3) ² Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Battery 104th Field Artillery 105th Field Artillery 106th Field Artillery 156th Field Artillery 258th Field Artillery
87th Inf. Brig. 86.69% (4) ⁴ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 71st Infantry 174th Infantry 369th Infantry
93rd Inf. Brig. 85.42% (5) ⁵ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 14th Infantry 165th Infantry
53rd Infantry 83.31% (6) ⁶ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 105th Infantry 106th Infantry 10th Infantry
54th Inf. Brig. 82.19% (7) ⁷ Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 107th Infantry 108th Infantry



----- *There's
something in this!*

THINK IT OVER!

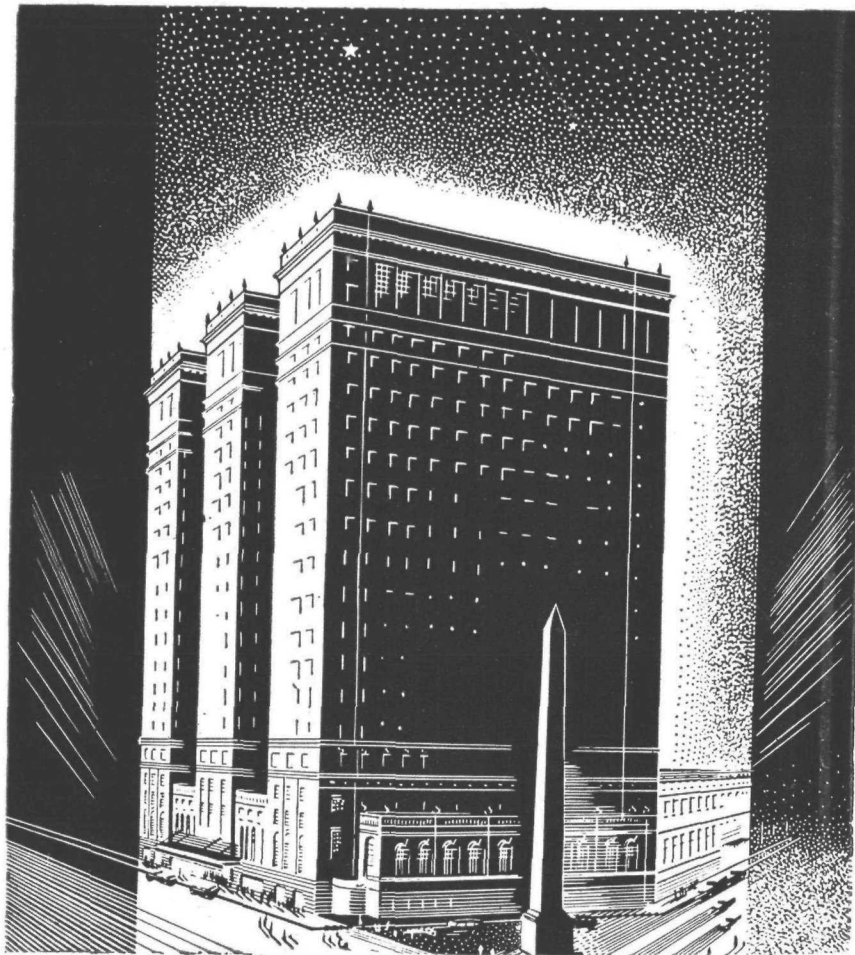
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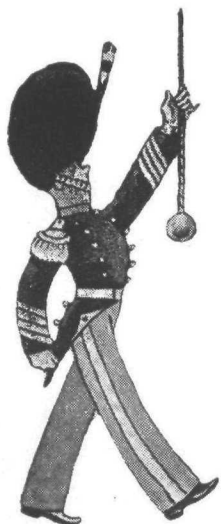
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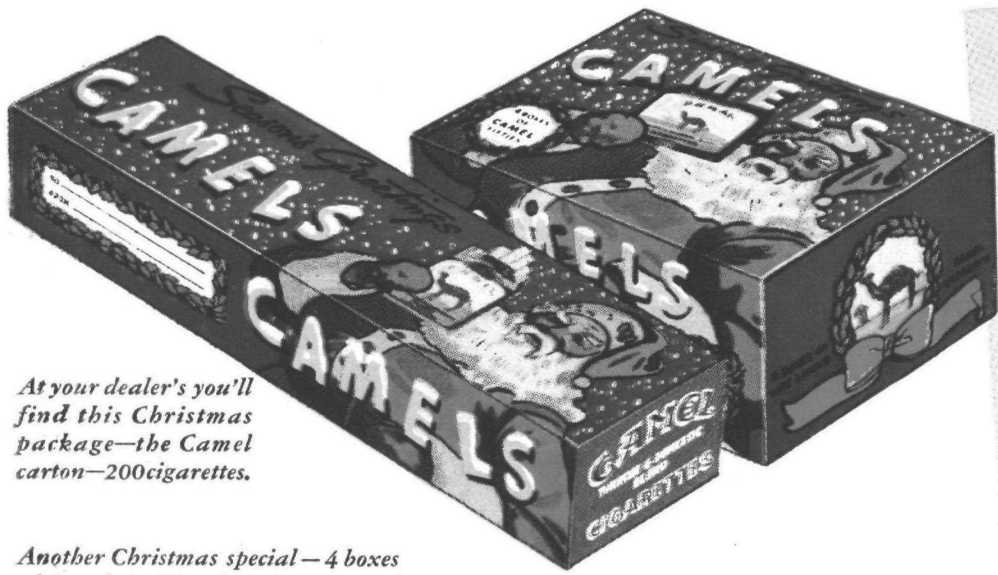
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There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And enjoyed! With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)